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YOUNG
Writers



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YOUNG WRITERS LITERARY ANTHOLOGY 2017

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PROLOGUE

“You can make anything by writing”

C.S. Lewis

By writing, everything is possible and ideas are as endless as our imagination, and this collection of writings is a proof of the quote above mentioned.

There is much to say about the art of writing, however four words are needed to describe the assortment of relevant pieces shown in this Anthology: passion, devotion, encouragement and inspiration.

It has been a nice surprise to see a number of “Digital “students interested in expressing their inner feelings and thoughts. The term digital native is becoming more and more popular among educators who are mostly digital immigrants and find hard if not impossible persuade XXI century students to keep on writing.

I would like to recognize the Young Writers who took part in this project: students from high school who not only have given away their creativity but also their time, and now they want to share part of their inspiration, without their commitment this compilation wouldn't have been possible, needless to mention the guidance and encouragement they had from the present and past teachers who once sowed the seed of hard work and inspired devoted students who now have turned into Young Writers.

Despite the obstacles teachers might find along their way, it is a pleasure to see that XXI century students still love poetry, literature, and any way in which they can express part of their inspiration, I am totally sure that every single word printed in this document will transmit the power it has been given to convey the thoughts of its author.

I feel so proud to be the one to introduce this piece of work. On behalf of Instituto Mexicano Madero, I really hope you enjoy this Anthology written by the best Young Writers.

June 2017

Nefertiti González Valdez

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IT IS INCREDIBLE!

How someone that you love
Can be either the reason of all your pain or it can be the cure to all your grief.

It is incredible!

How your eyes begin shining
Only by watching that special person
Coming through the hall,

It is amazing!

How that unique person
Turns upside down your world
Only by giving you a big smile
Because only for you
That smile is one of the most beautiful

Things you have ever seen

It is amazing!

How can you give all your love
And share all your soul
To someone who may not notice you,
But for you
That person is the only human in the universe.

It is wonderful!

How someone can even be in your dreams
How someone can be in your mind all the time
Because that person controls every moment in your life
Even though that person doesn't know.

It is wonderful!

The way that person helps you breathe
The way you smile when you think of them,
The way you fly when you are with them,
cause the clouds aren't far
And the stars are so close

that only happens when you are with that special person.

It is wonderful!

How someone can love that much

And give everything

Only for making that person happy

Because that is the only thing that matters.

Be you and that person against the world

Be like two happy lovers chasing the sun.

Loving each other with no condition

That is why you give so much

Because it is so incredible.

It is so amazing!

And so wonderful!

How can a person change all the world?

You are living in

Only by existing.

That is why love can change everything.

By Andrea Vallejo Navarrete

MY LITTLE BROKEN HEART

Are you sure this is the end?
Cause I'm not accepting any regret
I know you are the one who has been mistaken
And I'm sorry my heart has already been taken
I won't accept tears or other cheap play
Because since that moment you ruin my whole day
I learnt by myself how to fly,
But it didn't matter how hard I tried
You always kept pushing me down.
I tried to live with hope
But you were the one
Who turned off my happy mode.
I'm not used to giving second chances
But I was deeply in love with you.
That I didn't see the clear proves
Cause you were really trying new moves.
I'm disappointed of myself
Cause I played all your games
According to your fake rules
But at the end
The only person I blame
Is me for getting trapped
On your awful game
How can you be such a coward?
How can you break my heart and pretend it never happened?
Why didn't you stop me before it went too far?
Then I realized you were in love too
But you were afraid to accept the truth.
Why are you letting this beautiful story
Go directly to the trash?
You broke my little heart.

And I'm sure you were affected too
I know we are not officially talking
So I guarantee this is the end
The end for you and me.
So please do not try to speak to me
Because once I hear your voice again
I will be able to play one more game.
It doesn't matter how many times
You broke my little heart;
I'm sure I won't be able to get you out of my mind.
Yes, you ruin my life
And you avoid me to reach every star
Of your precious sky.
It doesn't matter how harmed my heart is;
I will love you more than one thousand times
Because you are the owner of my little broken heart

By Andrea Vallejo Navarrete

BETTER TOGETHER

I want you forever even when we're not together
But I see that you think I'm crazy
Don't think that I can explain it, it's complicated
I have scars on my body so you know that

Everyone comes with scars, but you can love them anyway
That's why I love the pain and I love the way you breathe
Something else is missing, we were too different
Only you know how to love me

When I look in your eyes, I see through to my soul
I just want to be well
Can start again, there ain't nothing to erase
Take your time; I will never change my mind
Just come with me, I will take you to Paradise.

By Alejandra J. Quiñones Elías

THROUGH MY WINDOW

Rain is finally here
Always after sunlight
Just as a lullaby spilled
Through my window

This is the closest
I've been to Eden
The closest I have
Been to life

My poetry hasn't died,
As summer sunsets
Crying skies looks the way
Fields are filled with taint.

Hunting imperfections
While reaching my silk
I am lamenting
The dawn

By Damian Saucedo Hernández

WHY DO YOU WORRY?

Do not worry, you still have time.

And even if you did not have it,

You would not have to worry

As you won't die.

Just like us, you come and go,

But you return to your life.

Like a flower starting to live

You open your eyes

You grow and get to the time

When everything is chaos

Like the stormy night

And as pleasurable as

The fresh morning breeze.

You start to decay as the

Orange leaves of the trees fall

And your heart is getting colder

Now there are no more

Leaves to see, all of them

Have fallen.

You only have the cold white

Dust lying on the ground.

Even thus, you are still

Beautiful.

And when people celebrate

Your death. They are

Celebrating your rebirth.

So don't worry, you still

have time.

By Saulo Gaytán Sosa

BLINDED

Nobody can see, what I see,

Nobody can feel the warmth of the sunshine

Or the cold of the drops when the rain comes

Nobody is conscious of what they have lost.

What is the point of having something beautiful?

If no one can enjoy it?

When society is going to realize that

Cutting a tree or contaminating the air and water

Is not happiness?

Now everything is dark,

With no life

The soil is not fertile

Any plant can't grow.

And I cry everyday, I ask myself

What happen with us?

Why we can't open our eyes

And see how wonderful nature is

But what is the point of saying this

If everybody is blind.

By Blanca Esmeralda Sanchez Estévez

LOVE ACRONYM

Lost in your eyes.

Only one I see.

Very beautiful.

Experience that never ends.

By Melanie Salazar Flores

DARLING ACRONYM

Don't be afraid, honey.

Accept my help.

Raise your head and stop crying.

Let me be by your side.

I will follow you, don't ask why.

Nothing is going to stop me.

Get lost in the stars with me

By Jessica Hernandez Padilla

LATENT NATURE

I will live eternities just by my will to create.

Wandering inside the man's mystery cave,

Planting rose pink flowers to reincarnate.

Within my slumber, stuck in fate

Captivating beauty, inside my eyes that engrave,

I was never eager to escape.

And peacefully lying, the creatures behave.

Just asking the impossible to the airwave.

My feet walking above ethereal shapes,

My hands touching the ulterior maze.

The endless wasteland as if it never breaks

How even the malevolent soul shakes?

Delicacy is everything it reflects.

Here comes time-change and enchantment displays.

In the foliage leaving a stain that did not amaze,

But in nature my fragments never dephase.

By Emilia Torres Buerba

TREES

I see my shadow in the trees
It's night and most people would feel scared

But I don't
I feel safe, because of the trees.

Trees get sad.
You can see it in autumn
When their leaves get orange
And they make everything blue.

Trees get angry
When the wind blows
They make noises of fury
And even the birds get scared.

But most of the time trees are happy
You can feel them
When the birds are singing in them
And every problem in your life is fixed.

By Marian Avalos Abirrached

HEAVY RAIN

We never value what we have until we lose it, but how willing are we to fight for something or someone we love no matter what happens? My name is Jane and this is my story. I was 5 years old when my parents got divorced, in fact I had no idea why, but I could not do anything about it. Since that day my life collapsed! We decided to move to a very rainy place. Ten years later I have already overcome the divorce of my parents. My mother is a really special person for me; she always takes care of my brother Ethan and me. I tell her everything about me and what is happening to me, or well that's what I did before that call...

In the new place where we lived, there was a really popular story about an assassin, "The Killer of Origami". The story says that he studies the life of each and every one of his victims no matter if they are teenagers or adults, but the point is that he questions how willing you are to save the life of someone you love even though they lied to you almost all your life. That was the first question he asked me... to save my father.

At first everything was confusing, I did not know who was calling, I did not know what was going on, until I finally understood it; the man that so many people talked about in the news had my father. He studied me, he analyzed me, he chose me, and he took someone I love and now it's my turn to save him no matter what happens. In that call he said that if I agreed to complete three challenges my father would live, but if I tried to tell the police my father would die. I had no option so I decided to take the first challenge. However, it would not be so easy, because it was a race against time, the murderer told me that he had left a box under my bed. That was the only thing he told me and then the murderer hung up. I quickly went to get the box and no doubt the box was there, I closed

the door of my room and I opened the box, in the box there were three origami figures, a phone, and a key.

I began to cry out of desperation, but I knew I did not have time for that, I took the phone, turned it on, and it showed me a video that left me without words. It was my father locked in a water well while it was raining. That is why I needed to do it fast, if there is more rain, the water well is going to get filled and my father would drown. After that short video a few lines appeared on the phone screen with very few letters. At that moment I realized that according to each challenge that I exceed more letters would appear and the complete direction I would get. I took the first figure of origami, inside it was a challenge. The first challenge consisted of going for a car to a car deposit and the rest of the challenge was in the car. I told my mom that I would stay for a few days at my best friend's house and it was like that; my best friend is 18 years-old so she already had a house and I could stay a few days there.

I went to leave my things to my friend's house and I quickly went for the car. I looked again at the origami figure and there came the model of the car and the plates, I asked a man who worked there for the car. He told me that the car had been there for 3 years waiting for someone to claim it, so he showed me the car, I got in the car and opened the glove compartment and there was a GPS, and an audio note that said my first challenge. "For your first challenge you will have to go to the road and drive 5 kilometers in the opposite direction at more than 90 kilometers per hour without stopping to get more letters ... Are you willing to put your life at risk to save someone you love?"

At that moment the tears came out of my eyes, but I had to save my father, but just before leaving there was another note in the glove compartment of the car that said "Every time you overcome a challenge you will find out who your father really is and it will only be up to you to save him." From that moment everything I believed about my father was upsetting, however he is my father and no matter what, I am going to save him.

I went to the road; the fear consumed me, but I needed to find my father so I drove to the opposite lane and traveled the 5 km, however the police was chasing me so I had to accelerate. Once I had traveled the 5 kilometers I tried to break but there was a closed curve which caused the car to collide, then I left the car quickly and I escaped.

Once I got to my friend's house, she saw me hurt, but I told her that I was fine, that she did not have to worry about me, and that if she trusted me, she did not have to tell anyone.

I went to the guest room where my stuff was, and I turned on the phone again. There was another video, the water well had more water, but after that little video more letters for the address appeared. I knew it was not much, but at least I was a little closer to find my dad, but then on the phone a message appeared that said "10 years ago your parents got divorced but you never knew why..." at that time the message caught my attention completely. So I continued reading ... "your father cheated on your mother a year before their divorce; he already had another family. A wife and children, but those children are not your father's children. They are only his wife's children. All this time you believed that these people (your stepmother and step-brothers) had met years after the divorce of your

parents but it was not like that, your father is nothing more than a liar who hurt your mother ... Do you still want to save him? "

At that moment I began to cry, my father was a liar and he did not care about what would happen later to our family! However, it did not matter how much I might be angry, I had to save my father, so I took the second figure of origami and I read what it said inside. "For your next challenge you will have to go to the Dyer hotel that is abandoned, in room 34-B and you will find an audio note and a video camera ... How willing you are to lose something of yours to save someone you love?"

I had no idea what it meant to lose something of mine, but I decided to continue to save my father. I took the key from the box because it probably was the key of the hotel room and then I went to the hotel "Dyer". Once there I entered the room 34-B with the key that was in the box. Inside the hotel room in the middle there was a table with a video camera and an audio note that said the following: "For your next challenge you will have to cut the last phalange of your little finger in front of the video camera, you have 4 minutes". Time was running, and I was in shock, but this was not about me. This was about the life of my father, and I had to save him. There were different types of weapons beside me: an ax, a knife and a chainsaw ... I needed to make a clean cut so I took the ax and without hesitation I cut the last phalange of my finger! The pain was horrible so I went to the bathroom to look for water but there was nothing; I went quickly to the kitchen and found some bandages and a bottle of alcohol with a label that said "You'd probably need it"

With tears in my eyes, I took the phone and again a video appeared. The water well was almost full but later letters for the address appeared and although there were not many but I was getting closer to find my father.

Out of nowhere my best friend appeared at the hotel room, she had been following me all the time. When she saw me, she realized I was very exhausted and without the last phalange of my little finger. She ran to me and took me to her car, she said she should take me to the hospital but I told her that there was no time, so I told her to go back to her house and that I would explain her everything.

Once at my best friend's house; she went for a first aid kit, but while she was taking the first aid kit, I took the phone to discover another truth about my father, the message said "7 years ago your father, the person who you admired and trusted, threatened to leave your mother alone and destroyed and he swore that if that happened she would never see you and your brother again... Do you still want to save him? "

I always believed that my father was a very good and fair person, and that what had happened between him and my mother was not such a bad thing, but now everything was different, but no matter how unfair he was, I had to save him, he is my father, and we'll talk later...

I took the third and last figure of origami and I read what it said inside ... "I did not think that you would go so far, but are you willing to give your life for someone you love...?, if so, go back to the Dyer Hotel to the same room"

At that moment I only cared to save my father so I decided to continue. When I was about to leave, my best friend came with the first aid kit, then I had to tell her everything that had

happened and she wanted to go for help, so we made a plan, once I completed the third challenge she would come to help rescuing my father. So once we had planned everything we took different roads and I quickly returned to the hotel "Dyer". When I entered to the hotel room it had completely changed, it looked like a luxurious hotel room, however in the middle of the room there was a table, an audio note, a bottle with a blue liquid and a video camera, and I reproduced the audio note. It said "For your last challenge and to demonstrate your love towards your father, you will have to drink that blue liquid, that by the way is a poison that will kill you in exactly 2 hours."

At that moment I thought "All this, to end up death?" However I still wanted to save my father's life so I took the poison and when I looked at the phone the direction was completed! I called my best friend and planned I would be on the move.

When I got to the address that the killer had given me, I found my dad in that water well, I was angry at him, but in that moment the most important thing for me was to save his life so when I found him, I looked for something to open the water well. To my right I saw a lever and with that I managed to open it. Then, out of nowhere the killer appeared behind me and he said "I'm really surprised that there are people who would give their lives for their family, you do not have to worry about the "poison" you took". "It will not hurt you, but wait I certainly did not tell you the last truth about your father" "... Your father loves his wife's daughter more than you, he always introduces her as his only and dearest daughter." "When you were sick in the hospital he did not want to see you because he was traveling with his other family ... Do you still want to save him? "

The murderer laughed in my face while I was crying and trying to get my father out of the water well, but at that moment my best friend arrived with the police and they took the murderer to jail and victoriously I saved my father ...

Nowadays my relationship with my father is not very good, I don't know if I love him, but I also know and I'm happy to know that he did not die thanks to this heavy rain.

By Andrea Buganza

I NEED YOU

What is this? Is this a dream? I need to wake up. Stop this! Why my hands all are covered with blood? I'm shaking, the tears are falling down my face; I need to wash out the blood, but where are they? I need to find them. My only friends left me, but why? The last happy memory that I have from them is the last day that we were all together; we were having a good time until... Vi jumped- from the girder to the river, that was hard to see. We know that he had many problems but that day he was not right, I think that he needed his space. But the 7 of us had our own problems and nightmares, like for example.

Jay. He is the most charismatic and he always smiles, but his problem is that he has a suicidal mind and is always trying to lose weight.

Sury. She is the funniest person and she always tries to make others feel good but her problem is that she is a pyromaniac.

RM. He is always in silence and shy and his problem is that he doesn't care about anything in life.

Karly. She always tries to go with the flow and she loves being with us but her trouble is that she gets into many fights.

Hermy. He's a freak. He is weird and he is an antisocial person and his big problem is that he takes a lot of medicine and that does not allow him to reason correctly.

And finally Vi...

Vi. He is cute but, his worst nightmare is that he probably killed his father with his own hands. Vi almost always tells us about a dream that he recurrently had, where he is killing his father; well we don't know if it's a dream or not.

I think that day he wasn't well because he was thinking about that. But I realized that at the end of that day everyone was thinking about their own problems because everyone was distracted. Sury was lost playing with her lighter, Hermy was counting in a low voice how many pills he needed to take in an hour, Karly did not stop staring at his knuckles and the scars of her hands, RM only saw towards the sky without saying anything and Jay was playing to nail a blade on the floor and he did not stop doing that until he cut his hand and started laughing, after that, the barrier of silence broke and we all started laughing. The next day we went for a ride on RM's car. We didn't care about anything but the 7 of us being together, we wanted it so much that that moment lasted forever that we took our polaroid and began to take photos, I remember taking a picture with Sury and we were so happy that we did not stop laughing and so we appear in the photo like that, it was funny.

We liked the photos so much that in order not to lose them we put them in the glove compartment of the car. After laughing non-stop like for 3 hours we decided to rest so we all got in the car and we slept for a long time. I think RM was the first to wake up because when most of us were awake we were by the river and I assumed that RM drove us there. Karly, Hermy, Sury, RM and I got out of the car and sat to watch the river and waited for Vi and Jay to wake up, after a little while they woke up, they got out of the car and only Jay joined us and sat down next to us but Vi just stood there looking at the girder that was a few meters from us. We didn't pay any attention to Vi until he started to run towards the girder and began to climb, we worried a little because the girder was really high; it took a while but Vi climbed to the top and stared at the sky for a while; we were frightened because we thought he was going to fall, and then out of nowhere he started running and jumped.

That was hard to see; we thought he had died, because it took him a long time to get out of the water. After that, nothing was the same, we separated for a while and I did not understand why. We are supposed to be best friends and we must support each other no matter what, I know none of the 7 are okay, I know we all have problems, we need each other and at the same time we need

our space to recover from everything. For a long time I did not know anything about them. Sometimes I called them on the phone but they did not answer and that made me feel bad. Because of everyone's situation, I always imagined the worst, when they did not answer I imagined Jay in a bath tub submerged for a long time screaming under the water and trying to drown, or I imagine Sury in her room drinking and playing with her lighter until she became desperate and threw alcohol and the lighter to burn his room with him inside. I would imagine Karly when she did not answer me it was because she was beaten up in a stupid fight that she had got in and she could not move. I would imagine her lying on the street with no one to help her; or I would imagine Hermy taking his usual medications and because of us he took more for his depression and overdosed because we were not with him; it was too late and we could not save him. The one that worried me the most was Vi. Seeing that he is not at all well and that he really needs help. I do not know what he is capable of. I'm starting to suspect that he really killed his father but he had a valid reason, his father is mean, but anyway he is still his father no matter what, maybe the day that Vi jumped the girder he realized what he really did or maybe because of the fact that he slept a lot & the nightmare came back and made Vi think it was real and wanted to solve it in the worst way possible before he even realized that we were there with him.

The least I worried about was RM, I know that he cared because we are his friends but he will always carry on alone, I think he does not want to talk to me because he does not answer me either, but it does not matter, at least I know he's fine. It's been a long time and I think it's time to talk. Today I went looking for them at their homes, first I went to Vi's and he was not there then I went to Surry's and she was not there either, I'm on my way to Jay's but in the middle of the way I see a lot of copses and I do not know what's happening, I get closer and I see Vi and RM both handcuffed and laughing, but what happened to them? They are not like that, I try to go with them but something stops me, I scream but they can't listen to me, so I run to Jay's house and there I see that Sury, Jay, Karly and Hermy are celebrating but they are acting weird, I open the door quickly

to tell them about Vi and RM but no one pays any attention, everyone is screaming and laughing like crazy, everyone is in their own world. Out of nowhere Sury begins to break everything and throws chairs to the wall, I think she had a panic attack as she always does. I try to run to her and calm her down, but I do not know what happens, she does not look at me or react to me, I move a side and I sit on the floor and see everything around me, I think I'm crazy, my head hurts, I don't know what's going on.

All this gives me a huge feeling of impotence, because everyone ignores me as if I did not exist? That hurts me a lot, the only people who understand me and who love me as I am hate me and act as if I don't exist, but I do not know what I have done to them, I know I'm a bad person and sometimes I feel guilty for all their problems but also, I always support them in everything and I'm always with them whenever they need me. This is so unfair.

I wake up watching the six of them run into a tunnel but I do not know what they are doing, they are causing a traffic jam as they hit the cars; what is happening to them? I don't know what to do, I can hear the cops from a distance, I shout at them to run and they do not listen to me, so I run towards them; out of nowhere they start to run, so I follow them, I saw RM with his car waiting for them, to help them escape faster, I try to reach them as fast as I can but at that moment I have a dream or maybe a thought, where I find myself falling into the water and I only see a blinding light. I try to go up to breathe but the more I try the more I sink and it hurts; I'm cold and everything is dark. My mind blurs and I quickly go back to where I was. I see my friends walk away and I can only see that Karly turns and looks me in the eye, I feel a little astonishment and fright, but then she smiled at me as I go back to the floor where I was. I don't know what just happened and everything hurts, my hands are bloody, I'm crying, I really miss my friends, I do not know what happened, neither do I know where I am or where they are, I need to find them. I'm completely desperate, I take my phone but everything is blurred, I close my eyes a moment and just suddenly every memory that I have lived with my friends passes like a movie in front of me, It took me to the day where we

were in the campfire all immersed in our problems but I realized that nobody was seeing me and I remember that moment, I turned and I saw a projection of my complete life. It was like if they were seeing through my eyes and that was weird. I immediately heard Vi shouting that he missed me but why?

My mind continues with memories and transports me to the next day when we were happy and we took photos; they were outside the car and I immediately entered and opened the glove compartment and took the photos of that day, but I do not appear in any photo. I do not know what is going on, I looked at a picture I had taken with Sury, but she is the only one that appears in the photo. Everything is confusing, then I am transported to the day in which Vi and RM were arrested, I see them just laughing, then I go to Jay's house and see them celebrate but what are they celebrating?, then I saw a cake and a sign that says my name and I see Sury turn to the poster and go crazy, at that moment I realized that she feels the same as Vi, she missed me but I still do not understand why?

Where was I? Where did I get lost? Everything began to become clear after a while, I remember everything, that day I took many pills because I wanted to relax and forget about all my problems, I was tired of people calling me freak, pyromaniac, suicidal, depressive, problematic and all those horrible things. I had enough of that, I got in my car after taking the pills and drove fast, I did not reason well with all my medicine, after that I saw the light of another car and I was completely blinded, my car fell into the lake.

It's not possible, my friends, my only friends in the world, everything seemed real, and those moments together, everything that we shared. Is it real that I am crazy? Now no one wants me, nobody loves me! I gave a name to my problems and turned them into friends. I hate myself so much, I try to progress with that but I am lost in a world without return. My friends are my problems. Vi is the representation that I hate my parents, Sury is my pyromaniac part, Jay embodies

my suicidal thoughts, Karly is my bad temper and my lack of self-control, Hermy is my sick part and RM is the representation of how I see life and that I do not really care about anything.

It has always been my imagination, but I wanted so much to have friends who really understood me. I'm a disgusting person and I know that no one would ever like me. It all makes sense, they knew I had died even though they were in my mind, that's why they ignored me.

Poor Vi and Sury I took them to their limit and I ended with them. But what happened to Karly? Could it be that in the end they exist and she finally saw me? All I know is that I can no longer be with them, I will not be happy, at least I know that they are free now, I know that I am dead and nothing will change that, my body is cold and now I no longer feel pain and there are no problems in my life, that means that I am free. I will try to close my eyes and imagine myself and my friends in the best moments and I will imagine that we are together and that I am finally happy.

By Valeria López Acevedo

I SAW MY FEARS THROUGH MY DREAMS

I woke up a Thursday morning at 3:00a.m. feeling tired, worried, anxious, for some reason I was sweaty and my heart was beating a thousand miles per hour, and I simply couldn't find the answer of my questions: "What is going on? What had happened?"

I couldn't see clearly, my sight was blurry and my hands were shaking, I wondered why I seemed so nervous, what had happened in my sleep?

I tried to calm down as I walked towards my bathroom. I rinsed my face and looked into the mirror, but for some reason I still felt like something was getting on my nerves, I was worried and stressed about something I simply couldn't remember.

So I screamed to relief my anxiousness, and tried to clear my mind. I walked around for a while; I went for a glass of water, calmed down and sat down to find a reasonable answer. But I simply couldn't, I was too tired to think, so I just went back to sleep and hoped I could remember something next time I'd wake up.

I woke up that same Thursday at 8:00a.m., and kind of forgot what had happened, like it was all a dream, but the dream was not what I thought it was. As the day went by I noticed my family wasn't telling me something, they were acting weird. I didn't bother to ask, so I simply ignored it.

Later that day, as I was walking, I could feel the presence of someone following me, so I looked back to see no one was there except for my shadow. I started hearing someone was laughing, but couldn't tell who, and suddenly it came to me:

-I've heard that laugh before – I thought – But, where?

As I kept walking, I could still feel that someone was behind me, so I stopped walking. As soon as I stopped walking I felt how a hand touched my shoulder, and that was when I remembered how I had woken up.

It was because of my dream; I had heard that laugh in my dream. It was a little brunette girl I somehow knew. It was me when I was little.

In my dream, she was talking to me from the other side of a red river, wearing a white dress, she warned me about something, that something bad was going to happen really soon, and that I should be careful with what I did, and that I needed to appreciate what I had. She said I probably wasn't going to understand what she was talking about until it happened, she said:

–“You're too blind to see what's in front of you”.

She looked at me and laughed; as I saw her body turn into a flock of crows that dispersed into the sky, but one of those crows attacked me and I fell into the cold red river. I felt as if I couldn't swim up, something was pulling me down, and suddenly I fainted; then I woke up, and that was why I was so nervous.

I could feel the hand was starting to hurt my shoulder, so I started running to escape from whatever was behind me. As I ran, I looked behind me and noticed that my shadow stayed on the wall, so I stopped and wondered what was going on. I started to head back towards my shadow as I noticed my shadow was walking towards me too. We met at one point and unexpectedly something started to appear on my shadow. It looked like my grandmother was sitting next to one of my dogs as she was petting her, and one of my sisters (Ana) was standing next to her. Suddenly, my shadow started turning red, and it resembled the red

river as it got higher, finally my whole shadow was red and it started to die in front of me. It looked like when I was drowning in my dream. I couldn't bear watching myself die, so I panicked and ran home.

-What is going on? What is this? – I kept asking myself – Am I going mad?

I tried to ignore how weird and creepy that was and tried to think what it meant.

I asked my mom what her opinion was about what had happened to me and what she thought my dream meant, she got worried something bad could happen, so she called my grandmother Zoya to check on her; she was weak and tired, but mostly fine; and our dog Rayo looked very healthy, so we didn't worry that much.

I wasn't totally sure everything was fine, so I went to visit my dear grandmother. She was so glad to see me, she was full of joy and so was I. She was a ray of sun, so kind and heartwarming. I spent the rest of the day with her, not mentioning what had happened.

A week passed by, it was Thursday again and everything seemed normal, everyone was fine and I couldn't remember a single dream. I thought everything had ended.

That Thursday somewhere around noon, I walked down the stairs and towards the kitchen, and with no apparent reason I started coughing, and felt I had something in my throat. After I had coughed 4 times I felt I had coughed something out, I looked at the floor and saw some drops of blood; I ran to the bathroom and spit out some blood, I looked into the mirror and not only was I coughing blood, but it started dripping down my nose. I felt I couldn't breathe, and I remembered my dream.

-“No! This can't be happening!” – I thought I was dying

My mom and dad came after they heard me coughing and helped me breathe. After a while I was fine. So I went to bed to sleep for 5 minutes and relax; I started dreaming, and this time my dream felt it was real, I felt I was conscious; it was weird but interesting.

This time the scenery was different. I was in my house, in my kitchen, and my dog Rayo was sleeping right there. I tried to walk towards her, but something kept pulling me back just like before. As I tried to fight the force that was pulling on me, I fell and hit my head, when I looked up to see Rayo, she was in front of me looking so peaceful, and talked to me. She said:

-Goodbye, I lived a happy life – as blood dripped from my head

I was in shock, so I rubbed my eyes, when I looked at her again, she was suffering, something was happening to her. Her back was curved up as she was howling of pain. It was too much. I tried to reach her, but the unknown force kept pulling me back. I screamed and cried.

-No! Rayo! I'm sorry!

Everything was turning black, when suddenly I woke up to a howling noise.

-No! It can't be! – I said as I ran to the kitchen where I found Rayo just like in my dream

-Nooo! Why? – I screamed

I was right there, witnessing one of my worst nightmares. She didn't make it. I held her in my arms as I cried and her body laid still, but I knew she was old and had a good life.

Three days passed and my eyes still looked dull, I was sad because of who I had lost. Finally, I think I knew what it all meant the first dream, what the girl had warned me about, everything about appreciating what I have. I then knew what was happening, but I was scared, sad and worried for the future, because I didn't know what was going to happen next.

-Oh no!... - I said as I realized something

I realized what I had seen in my shadow was coming true. I saw my dog, my grandmother, my sister and myself. I had already had a bad experience with almost drowning in my own blood, and my dog sadly passed away, the two people that were left were: my grandma and my sister. I was afraid of what would happen.

Two months later, my birthday came up (May 23rd), and we celebrated my 15th B-day. My family was happy, and my parents were proud, but my grandma was as happy as she could be. She was really worried she wouldn't make it to my 15th B-day, but no one told me a thing about how she felt health wise. Being able to attend to my birthday party and see me waltz with my Dad was her last wish; and it came true.

Two weeks went by and nothing had gone wrong in a long time. And suddenly it came, the third dream.

This time the scenery was peaceful and calm, it looked like a field with soft green grass, tall colorful flowers, bright blue sky, white fluffy clouds, and big majestic mountains in the background, and a rocking chair under a big leafy tree, where my Grandmother was sitting.

This time, I was scared something bad was going to happen right in front of my eyes, but I really wanted to accompany my dear Babu (we used to call her Babu [grandma un Russian]).

I walked towards her and I was able to approach her; she looked so calm with her eyes closed feeling the warm sun on her skin, I grabbed her hand and said.

-I don't want to lose you, I can't lose you – I sobbed – I need you! Don't leave me.

She held my hand with both her hands and smiled.

-My dear Alexandra, don't beg me to stay, I'll need to go soon; I'm tired, I'm weak, I need to rest. – She answered – And I want you to know, I will never, ever leave your side. I will always be with you, taking care of you. Be strong okay? Take care of your Mom, Dad and sisters; they love you with all their hearts. And don't you ever doubt I love you with all my being. I am proud of you, and if I could spend more time with you, believe I would.

-Babu there are not enough words to explain and describe how much I love you, how much I need you, how much you mean to me, how lucky I am to be able to say I'm the granddaughter of such a remarkable and beautiful woman like you. You are my inspiration. – I said – And I couldn't be happier to carry your name. I knew this time would come sooner or later, but whatever I did, I would never be prepared for it.

She looked at me and smiled. I hugged her and said.

-I will never let go...

We stayed there looking at the sun set, waiting for the time to come.

Some days went by, as I had once more dull eyes.

My sister's birthday came (June 9th), and early in the morning my parents came into my room with tears in their eyes. My Dad looked at me and could barely speak.

-Babu is gone... – He sobbed

With a horrible feeling inside and a knot in my throat, I couldn't stop crying.

I reached out to hug my Dad. I changed my clothes to go see her.

Once we got to her house, I went to her room and saw her laying down on her back, looking as peaceful and beautiful as always. She left this world like she wanted to.

Right before she passed away, she heard my Dad's voice over the phone. She tried to answer, but she couldn't, she just smiled and fell into an eternal sleep.

After her death, she had the most unforgettable memorial service, and her ashes were buried with my Grandfather's ashes in Colorado Springs.

After everything not only me, but my family has gone through, I understand the meaning of the first dream with relationship to my shadow, second and third dream. They all represent my fears. I am so afraid of drowning or bleed out. I'm afraid of losing a pet that you raised and has accompanied you always. And I am afraid of losing a family member and even worse, the same day of your birthday or someone else's birthday. And life wants me to overcome every single one of these fears someday.

My experience doesn't end there. I'm sure there'll be more in the future. I don't know when it'll happen, and I'm not going to worry about that. I'll just enjoy, appreciate and spend time with the ones I love and make the most of my life.

By Alexandra Zoya Miller Varela

DREAMS WILL NEVER DIE, BUT YOU WILL

I am Cyanide. Technically, I'm not called that but it is practical and sounds *way* better than my actual name. I keep repeating that to myself as I walk across an empty street. In the desperation to get out, I did not manage to grab an umbrella and nothing but a loose sweater covered me. Luckily, a thick jacket is tightly packed in the heavy bag that holds onto my shoulders. Just in case.

My earbuds are clung to my ears and the volume is turned to the top, not a single noise can possibly reach me. Nothing to tie me back. Either way, I'm sure the streets are as silent as graves. The sky's clouds are twitching gray, blue, pink and lighting, my skin is damped in sweat and petrichor has slipped past my nostrils and into my lungs.

After a few more minutes of walking on the dry grass that always dominated the view from my window, I reach the bus station. There is already one of the giant vehicles waiting for passengers to swallow and I soon as I climb the dirty stairs, the motor increases its roar and advances in slow, sickening motion. Without looking -maybe afraid that looking into anyone's eyes will uncover my intentions and that then I will be shamefully stopped- I hand the driver a few coins and sit at the very back of the silent monster. There's nobody else in.

I take off my earbuds and save them and my iPod inside my bag, the music still playing. The bus continues moving in the city constantly, like a ghost through empty carcasses, not a single soul shows up in the streets and it seems as if the sun has taken a

break from his descent only to keep the buildings painted gray. A strange feeling sits on top of my shoulders with a devilish grin and the tips of my fingers go numb. This might be a way the world is letting me know I am wrong, it has paused all of its cycles in an attempt to stop me as well. But ration kicks in and I am a normal person once more -which is kind of a relief. After all, lighting was made to keep people afraid and secured inside their houses.

Time passes by and we -the driver and me, my shame and me, or maybe my insecurities and me- arrive to the other end of the city. The bus stops in front of a massive building and I know it's time to get off. I grab my backpack -that seems larger and heavier than when it was resting under my bed- and jump down before the transport slides away and disappears behind a curve. I take a deep breath before opening the crystal door and entering. Contrary to my predictions, there is people inside that move slowly yet systematically from the panes to the platforms where they are to depart. I take a wrinkled paper out of my back pocket and straighten it slightly. It reads *Irvine* in black ink.

Then, I proceed to walk to the one platform placed in the far left of the building, staring intently at the floor. It's just three quarters past six and my bus leaves at seven, but it is already waiting and the passengers are getting inside. I follow them and enter the dark chamber. I take one seat at the second row and hug my bag tightly against my chest. It reeks of vomit and cheap deodorant and that is the reason why I have always loathed traveling, but this time I had no other option, I've got to endure it.

The trip will take me more than a day but I am willing to pay that price and more, I will always be. In order to pass the time before we start moving I check the insides of my

backpack. The zipper gets stuck slightly as I slide it open due to the impressive amount of stuff I managed to pack inside: a dark jacket, three bottles of water, a dozen packs of *Skittles*, my old iPod, a pair of jeans, some books and my cellphone. I take the latter out and turn it off without looking at the screen. Then, I reach out to open the curtains to my right and make sure that the sky has darkened. Yet, an alarm goes off somewhere in front of me, the doors close and we leave the platform. I decide I am better if I do not look outside –for what might be the last time– and snuggle closer to my seat.

While some people that suffer from motion sickness decide to take tranquilizers, sadly, I cannot afford them and instead I grab my iPhone and scroll until I stumble on an album I have not listened to lately: *Nothing Above, Nothing Below*. Sounds about right. My head falls backwards –the seat is softer than it seemed at first– and I close my eyes. I fall asleep.

And the next thing I know is that I am not in a bus anymore and the vomit has disappeared –but my disgust prevails. Instead, my body is covered by a light blanket and I am inside my room. The only difference is that everything is snow white. My limbs ache as I sit on the edge of the bed, *Diluted* is still playing but it feels far and fading, as if it had to pass through a mass of water before the words reached me.

“Well, I can see you are getting better at this”. The voice comes from a figure standing on a corner. He is wearing black, a few locks of brown hair hang over his pond-like eyes and his slim lips curve up in a strange grin. I just glance quickly at him and fall back onto the bed again. “I can see you are getting better at giving compliments”.

He shrugs and walks slowly, like a feline, towards the other corner of the small room. "I did not think you would actually be able to do this. But look, you hopped into the bus as the adult you are not. How fast have things changed".

I perceive the sting in his voice, after all, I ignored all his warnings. What surprises is that he decided to show up anyway. I had expected him to vanish for the rest of eternity in a pathetic attempt of revenge, but I underestimated him. I mentally cross losing him in the list of things I was risking for this trip. "You don't have to worry about me, and, besides, I'll get back home as soon as I do what I've got to do. And everything will be as if nothing had happened. Zhor". He stops his careless pacing upon the mention of his name and the threatening glimmer in his eyes dimmed slightly. "...I wonder if you will always be this stubborn".

I reply with a smile before he sits next to me and places his hand over my shoulder. And I feel he is trying to tell me he will not go.

He began showing up in my dreams when I was thirteen. It was a warm night of summer, those when you leave your window open to let the breeze cool down your slumbering body. It was a few weeks prior school began. Nothing relevant was to happen and you could say mine was the average boring life. Until that day. As soon as my head touched the rough pillow and my eyes closed I felt wrapped into another place although the same pillow rested under my head and the same blankets covered me but as soon as I opened my eyes, I encountered a pair of dusty brown eyes hovering over me. I tried to inhale or scream or jump away, instead, the only thing that my body could possibly do was to look

into those deep orbs and even my heart skipped one, two, three beats until his voice echoed in the room. "The name's Zhor"

Starting that day, the same thing would happen every time I fell asleep, no matter the place or the time. It would always be my room and I soon as I woke up I would forget his face and the color of his eyes. Still after years of the same thing happening over and over again, I would wake up with a feeling of emptiness rippling in my chest; I never discovered if he was an independent being or just one of my minds creations. Either way, I prefer to remain oblivious to that fact.

We talk about everything, anything and nothing even after *Nothing Above, Nothing Below* ends. And he says goodbye. I wake up to an odd sensation coming from a spot under my ribs and takes me a few minutes to realize it is, in fact, hunger. Before I know it, there's a bag of *Skittles* in my hands and the colorful candy is poured into my mouth, the only thing I hope for is that it eases my hunger, since it's the only food I brought and I am short on money -yet another complication in my senseless plan.

I lift my iPod from my lap awkwardly and go through all the albums I can think of before I decide to let it play randomly. As *I'll Let You Down*'s careless guitar begins playing, a random light hits my face and blinds me for a few seconds. I barely recover from it and another one does the same. When the third comes by, I realize the curtain to my right is wide open and the bus is not moving. In fact, it seems to be perfectly parked to a side of the road and seconds later I discover the door is open. It takes me a few moments to stand up from my seat, take my backpack, and swing it safely to my shoulders and descent from the

bus as quietly as I can. The bus is parked next to a decrepit restaurant. The pink neon sign that hangs dangerously over the entrance is undecipherable due to the mix of both dark and bright lines that form it. Its sides have long been washed away their original pale yellow paint and are now stained with humidity. There are a few herbs crawling from the edge formed by the wall and the floor and I am not able to recognize the shape of their leaves nor the color of their spiky flowers. Behind the restaurant, the desert extends beyond anything else, even beyond the sky.

My eyes soak in that sight slowly, trying to process it from only one glance. But the task is impossible; this living being is just too wide, too complex to be comprehended. The desert is both cruel and docile, merciful and piercing like venom. It can not help but take my breath away as I -a tiny figure- stand beside the bus -still tiny compared to the beast that slumbers beneath us. There's an orange light that outlines the mountains against the midnight blue of the sky, sparkled with dozens of stars. I feel bad that I am not able to recognize a single constellation.

After making sure that the driver and most of the passengers are inside the pale restaurant, I climb up the bus stairs and look through the window at the cars speeding down the highway. I wonder what is their destiny?, if they are, contrary to me, heading to see their families and friends, or, like me, are trying to get away. I wonder about their jobs and their dreams. If they have any. I hope they do.

Everyone returns to the bus eventually. They are silent like ice dolls. I realize I have not heard a single human voice for hours -discounting Zhor's and the ones coming from my earbuds-, even my throat feels a little tight from the lack of verbal activity. The bus advances

again and for the next day and the day after that one I fall into a cycle of sleeping for a couple of hours, talking to Zhor of anything that did not involve my current situation, waking up, stretching, swallowing *Skittles* without properly tasting them, listening to my now monotone music, staring through the window and restarting. And just when I think I am about to go insane, a loud beeping fills my brain and the bus parks in a building that resembles the one I boarded in.

I go down hesitantly and question the veracity of my destiny. After all, as far as I know, the bus could have gone in circles and I could be in my starting point, but that is when I look up and see the unmistakable sign. *Welcome to Irvine*. I call a cab in a pane next to the exit door and in less than five minutes I am already inside it. The seats are oddly clean and it smells like neutral soap, but at least it is better than vomit. The dark windows make it difficult for me to see anything that is outside, but it does not bother me, there is solely one thing that requires me to be here. The ride to the north is brief, I pay the driver a generous amount without asking and as soon as I am outside, he goes away.

I am in front of the local cemetery. The gates open with a sad cry and as I step inside, someone appears next to me. "It's time, isn't it?" I start walking toward a small hill in the back, with Zhor by my side. "It is indeed". My voice is broken. The stone pathway is rough and it hurts my feet even through the thick sole of my boots, as if in rejection. I can only hear the rustle of the birds that look over me like a thousand guardians and the calls of mating crows. All the graves look almost the same but I know his is different. It is under a willow, a willow growing far from any water body. Or maybe the mysterious tree has been feeding on the tears that he always kept in his chest, there is no way to know.

I find the grave and sit in front of it, Zhor stays a few meters away. Now that I am actually here, I ask myself if I am real at all, or just the writing sketches of some twisted divinity. I toss those thoughts away and open my backpack to take out the books. "These are the ones I never showed him". I proceed to leave them beside the white stone. That night Zhor and I sleep beside each other and next to the grave, even after the gates close. The next morning I wake up and surprisingly find that he is still here, muddy eyes and all. He is actually real. We take the bus back home and I decide I will never return to Irvine.

By Angélica Sierra

LIFE CAN CHANGE IN SECONDS

And he woke up, thinking of that moment. Realizing that it wasn't a dream. He was all wet by the sweat of the last night, it wasn't even morning. He had to wake up at 7 o'clock to go to work, but he was up at 4 o'clock morning thinking about the nightmare, however; he hadn't realized at all that the nightmare wasn't fiction that it was real life, it was his new life.

Audric was a mid-age man, he fulfilled years last October, he was 40 years now. Everyone was afraid of that age the crisis of the forties, but he wasn't. Audric had a great job, no family; physically he was a Caucasian man, some considered him handsome, some others didn't. He was an average man.

He tried a couple of times to get married, but he was afraid of all kind of commitments, the only one in his life was the work, as current men, he was a workaholic. He didn't work for money; he did it for pleasure. Always the same routine, he woke up at 7 o'clock, got a quick shower, got dressed, even the suits were the same, Hugo boss navy blue that his last girlfriend bought as a present and also in a way to change his way of being, a white shirt and the only change were the ties, Mondays the pink one, Tuesdays the black one, and that was it. Then he arrived at work at 8 o'clock with his average car, he had the money to buy a Mercedes, or a BMW but no, he worked for pleasure, and received money because he had to buy food, the rest was kept on his financial bank account. He was the boss of the business; he managed the bank accounts of big industries.

That was Audric's life, on weekends he was also working, at home but working. He lived in an apartment on rent, he wasn't interested in buying any property, what was the point?

His childhood was average, with two sisters, both of them older than him, he was the nerd of his family, always with the best moral, and the honesty was his first principle of life. He was catholic; he went to church every Sunday until he moved out to college. But even then he prayed every day before sleep. He studied at YALE. He graduated with honors. After all the life was boring, don't you think? At least Audric was. Until that September the night, he wasn't ever going to be again the same person, the same boring person.

Everything started when he left his work, the event wasn't clear, everything happened so fast. The next thing he knew was that he was covered with blood, at first he thought it was his blood, he checked himself, but at one point he saw the corps. What happened? Was he a murderer? He couldn't be.

He took his car as fast as he could and drove back home, there he took out his clothes and took a quick shower; there he started thinking about what was happening.

One month ago, exactly one, he broke up with his girlfriend. He made up that he was too busy and that he had to focus on his job. Her name was Mila. She was 25 years old. They met on an accident. They got confused with their coffees so at the end they started talking, he was so serious, but she saw something in his eyes, they were full of soul, or maybe he was with his best watch (his father's Rolex), we don't know exactly, but we do know, but she started looking for him at work and going up with food until he accepted that she was a nice girl. I mean, she wasn't ugly, she had a beautiful 20 years girl body, her teeth were a

little bit yellow because of the cigarettes and her hair was of different ugly colors, but besides that she was a nice girl. So they started dating

Months passed, and he started to give her excuses because the work was his priority, she acted like the normal girls, and answered him like understanding the situation, but let's think of the entire panorama, he is always working, and she always received him at night with a smile, after the 5th time it isn't nice, but after the 20th it is really exhausting, so she made an scene and he broke up with her.

The morning of the event, he received at his office a letter with a kiss and a flower, he thought it was mistaken and all day long was apparently normal, like little things were out of normality, but he didn't notice until he was at the shower analyzing all the day, and the event that has happened.

The water down his back gave him shaking chills, he was on shock. Everything was too much for him, he went to bed atonic and slept with his mind blind.

Next morning he realized that all the bloody clothes were on the floor, he decided to call to work and cancel everything, he didn't know what happened to the corps or if anyone found out about the responsible of the crime, so he acted sick and canceled all meetings, he put on the only pants that were hanged in his closet and burned the clothes. He was a little fan of murder films, so he decided to follow the steps he had learned in the movies. He burnt his Hugo Boss suit with his favorite tie (the pink one) and he washed the car and the bathroom, then he sat on the floor of the same, and started crying like a little baby, he wanted her mommy, he didn't know what to do, everything was a joke, or what, that wasn't possible, but it was there, so he had to deal with the responsibility.

The first option of his list was to go to the police and confess the crime, but who wanted to go to jail, so he passed to the second one, go to church as a kid and confess to the priest so to take out the guiltiness of his mind, but he was afraid of confessing against the eyes of god, the third one and the last one was to stay calm, and go over with the situation and do as if it was just a dream. That was the best option and I don't mean in a moral way. It was the best for him, in this way his work wouldn't be affected, and the event would be like if nothing happened.

So he normally returned to work, the same routine, the suits, the clock, everything the same. First day like normally, but the second day after the event, a letter with a big note of TOP SECRET came into the room, he opened, and there it was, a proof of his biggest fear, a picture with the shirt cover with blood, a proof of the crime, and a person knew it. What he was going to do, he closed the door with lock and took out the missing paper that said:

We know what you did, don't you think you are going to get free, we are going to wait for you to give yourself to the police, we thought you were an honest guy, but YOU AREN'T, we have all the proves, for your luck we had hidden the body, so you have a choice, look for all the mistakes that you have done and repair them, you have two days if not, we are giving you to the police.

ATTE: your worst nightmare.

He was amazed, what mistakes has he done, he was an angel, the only thing in his life was working, what harm can cause that?

He started walking all around the room, then he sat on the executive chair and starting writing the list.

- *Kill a turtle at the age of 5*
- *Throw away a sandwich at the age of 8*
- *Leave waiting her teacher when he needs a summary*

The list was going on, the memories of all the mistakes were appearing as time pass, it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon and he had a list of 45 things, the last one was.

- *Break up with Mila.*

There was the clue, but she couldn't do that, she was like a butterfly, like an angel. That wasn't possible. Then he remembered, the flowers of that day were sun flowers, and he gave her the same flowers in their first date. It had to be a coincidence, it couldn't be possible. There was just a coincidence. But it was his only shot.

He took the phone up and call, the ring was going on and on until a woman and sensual voice picked up with a simple, -hi sweetie.

Which he answered – I think I needed to apologize, that wasn't the way. Do you know who I am? – Sweetie I have being waiting your call since the morning, I clearly know who you are, I wait for you in my apartment at 9 o'clock, don't be afraid, sweetie, we know each other since a long time ago, the adress is 11526 kirkmeadow Dr. Houston. TX 77089.

The phone went black.

Audric took his jacket and drove into the night, searching for the adress; he only went there once, so he got some trouble during the journey. One of the problems was basically the darkness. Everything looked the same, dark and pretty nice houses, but then

after a lot of driving around the houses he remembered that orange big home, it was her house.

He parked his car across the street, turned off the car, and waited a minute until he was ready to find out the truth. So he knocked the door, she opened less than a minute before. She was just like he remembered, with that white smile from side to side of the cheek, he thought of that moment as awkward but she was as always, she hugged him and kissed him. He was shocked.

Then they sat on the kitchen table; she got out the wine and started to talk like if they were friends since childhood. He at first was pretending that nothing had happened, but then a flash came into his mind, he was there for a reason, not for a chatting. Finally he could say, - let's stop our silly chat and talk about the real stuff.

- You want to get to the point so early; we are only having fun. - She answered.
- Yes! I don't know what is happening here, I'm getting nervous, and the real ones explain me what is this all about.
- Do you want answers?
- Yes I do, I really do! Don't play with me as if I were a 5 year old child
- You know perfectly why you are here, you seem confused but you really know all of it, deep down your conscience is all there, you only have to look down and finally discover all.

He didn't seem to understand what was happening, everything was a trap, he knew it, so he took his jacket of the chair and started walking down the hall, until she finally said - you seem really anxious to know the truth. Go to the second floor bathroom, there

is what you are looking for. He stopped and without hesitation he redirected his way to the stairs, he was all cover with his sweat. He felt dizzy, until he opened the door, and there was everything, all the wall was cover with photos, of him, first the car, then the blood, and then he saw her mother's house. He was confused, what was doing the neighborhood of his childhood as a background of a murder, until he opened the shower, and she was laying down, all covered with blood, he found out that he had killed her mother.

By Mónica Renee López Huerta