

Anthology



Young Writers

2016-2017

Bachillerato

Plantel Centro

Prologue

Writing is an art in which the blend of imagination, emotions, beliefs, and experiences are not easy to convey but the passion and willingness have surely overcome the struggles and battles each student might have faced when they decided to write their work.

Through composing, no matter the length nor the genre, young writers have proven that setting a goal, having inspiration, displaying courage, awakening creativity, playing with words in order to get a message across, ideas and thoughts, are the basic constituents to achieve what they pursued without hesitation or fear to be criticized: their own masterpiece. Moreover, through accepting the invitation to be a "Young Writer", every composer has had the opportunity to identify one of their many gifts; now it is up to them to be disciplined to develop that inner talent.

The present work gives the students the chance to express themselves, promoting writing for enjoyment and generating a sense of pride in creating something unique.

This Anthology displays the inner talent of good writers who undoubtedly have been avid readers. They have immersed themselves in an ocean of words; a lexical background that enables them to go beyond their own expectations and without a doubt reading has awakened their desire to write.

Young writers, the ones who stand out from the rest of the students have the courage, enthusiasm, creativity, and the talent to catch inspiration to create the stories, letters, poems and the most exciting pieces of writing that this anthology holds.

The 2017 Young Writers show determination and courage, this compilation will be from now the inspiration for the generations still to come; it will last forever on the shelves of our library but above all in the hearts and minds of readers and Young Writers.

Congratulations to those who didn't give up and made this Anthology a proof of their true willingness and talent.

Juan Manuel Molina Campos

Editor's Note

"A word is dead when it is said some say. I say it just begins to live that day."

Emily Dickinson

To start writing sometimes is a difficult task even when you are a word lover; however, reading others' works is always inspirational and helps the spirit to set the flowing letters appear as an extension of oneself. The courage that each student has had in sharing their works has proved that their words are starting to live in the Literature book as Dickinson said.

Every writer knows that each letter, comma, period, or mark is a extension of oneself is transcending and going outside of the mind and heart is living through the language. It is making words grow as babies. Writing is compulsive, indispensable just for being what we are inside: writers but deep inside also creators.

I thank life this new opportunity of being the editor of this the third Anthology of Young Writers 2017 of the Bachillerato of Instituto Mexicano Madero, Campus Centro. It is a great pleasure to be the person to interact with students attempts of polishing their texts. In this edition we have poems, short stories and even essays which tell a lot about the interests and nature of every student. Imagination is always present as an element that combines with what they have experienced as performers and observers of reality.

I will end this note by add the words of Ray Bradbury: “He may not be a great writer, but if he applies the old-fashioned virtues of hard, constant labor, he'll eventually make some kind of career for himself as writer.”

June 2017.

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Jorge Adrian Montes Pimentel



My name is Jorge Adrian Montes Pimentel, I was born in Las Choapas, Veracruz, but I lived in Puebla, Puebla until I was 5 years old, due to my dad's job I had to move to Agua Dulce, Veracruz then I switched living in Tabasco and Veracruz. When my sister joined the BUAP, we finally moved again to Puebla. I am 17 years old and I love writing because it allows me to show my opinion and my ideas. Then who reads can enjoy them.

When I was in the elementary school I wrote some rhymes, it was so easy for me that I began to write more serious stuff and it went better each time. Also, I really liked fairy tales, that is why I have tried to write some of them, but I never knew exactly what to write because I had too many ideas, so I left gaps between each idea and it was terrible, day after day it began to be more consistent and coherent. Nowadays I try to put all of them, but not in an explicit way.

Since I was a little kid I've loved video games because they allow you to live different lives just as books do. I think that's where my love to read comes from because I love detailed great stories.

My free activities are mostly playing video games and reading, these keep my imagination flying. My favorite author is George R.R. Martin due to his way of showing stories from different perspectives, but my favorite book is "L'Évangile Selon Satan" by Patrick Graham. I love it because it has accurate demonological data and the way the story is told.

Decide to be free

Freedom isn't about doing what you want.

It is not about getting drunk with wine.

Freedom means to make your choice

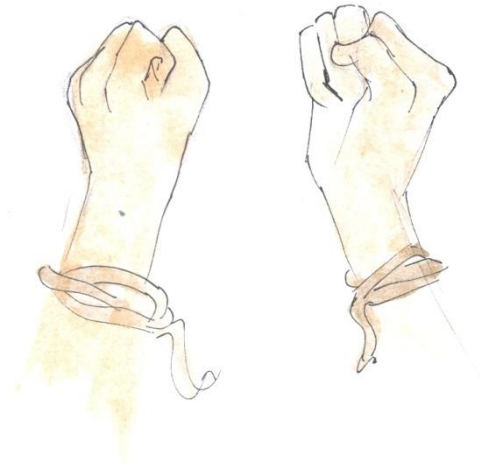
Even between eating beans or rice.

To be free you have to be careful

Because something can hurt you.

That doesn't mean you must create a shell

Neither locking you inside a cell.



Love is a peculiar way to be free.

Your choice who you spend time with

That is the most interesting side of freedom.

Everyone decides the way to be hurt

But being hurt is not that bad.

When you know how to figure out

You can learn from those mistakes

And teach another to handle them.

Love is so beautiful and terrifying.

It can destroy you, but also be your light.

It all depends on what you decide.

Legacy

My name is Dovah I have lived here since I was born and I have never gone out of this little town called Canton. My mother told me that it is in some part of the U.S.A., but it is hard to reach it. That is the reason why we do not have many services like something called T.V. or the internet.

I spend most part of my time in the library because there are many interesting books that allow me to go away from this town. I have read some stories and also some culture's history books such as Greek or the Celtic culture but my favorite has always been the Oriental culture. They have those beasts called dragons that I love.

I am about to turn 18, but I have had recent nightmares. Well not all of them were exactly nightmares because there are sometimes dragons, but the situations are really scary. One of the most terrifying was when I was lying on a bed. I was tied to the bed and some kind of cultists were around me. People wearing black robes around the bed and speaking to each other in a language which I did not know, but I understood. They were saying something like

- "He is about to reach the age!"

- "But he is not ready yet. He has too much to learn."

- "But he has studied all the books."

- "But he does not know about the power that lies within."

-BE QUIET!

Suddenly a deep voice was heard. It felt like an ethereal entity. I couldn't see it but I felt it. Too strange to be real because I felt it like I knew him. Then, he started saying.

-I know that my bairn has not received training, but he is ready to start discovering the world.

-But, my master, I think he must be trained to fight the foes.

-I agree with you. Then, you will train him to defend himself.

-Yes, my master.

Suddenly after that, I woke up and my room felt warm and I noticed a strange smell like ashes if there was some fire. I think the strangest thing about that dream was that when I woke up I had lashing marks in my wrists and my ankles, just where it must be if the dream were real.

Joshua Corona Poblano



My name is Joshua Corona. I'm 17 years old. My free time activities are cycling, playing soccer, playing music with my guitar and going for a walk. My favorite author is Katherine Neville and my favorite book is "El Ocho". So, without order or priority here is a list of things that inspire or have inspired me in my life.

Love: In all contexts, love is an amazing thing. The support and respect and magic that it provides never fails.

My Parents: Their love, support and hard work to raise, shelter, educate, push and nurture me is commendable and I know that I am lucky to have them.

My Friends: No matter where I have lived in my life I have had great friends around me. They have helped me go through tough times and celebrate with me in good times. They have shown me the kind of love that exists through respect and mutual adoration.

Music: Great songs move people. The creativity and talent that it takes to make music amaze me in a wonderful way.

Beauty: I'm not talking about people as an example. I'm talking about the little things that are beautiful. Flowers and sunshine and the way nature presents pictures to us in real life that sometimes can't be translated into photographs or paintings.

"What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What is the magic fluid that surrounds us and conceals the things we most need to know? We live and die in the midst of marvels."

Napoleon Bonaparte

The boy and the moon

Her lips always lie

As the time dies.

Something in her eyes

Told me the fool that I was!

Feeling guilty as well

Knowing that all was my fault,

Forgetting her smell.

Now we're like sugar and salt.

Said the boy to the moon:

Do you want to know my horror tale?

First, your heart devours all that you are

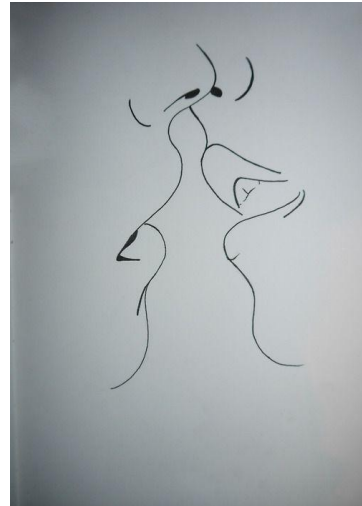
And when it finishes burst into flames.

There's no one to blame.

Do you know what it is?

It's Love!

Making play its game.



Said the Moon to the boy:

Relax little boy.

Forget her name.

Forget she used you like a toy.

There' ll be no place to remember her grave.

Someday you will rise again

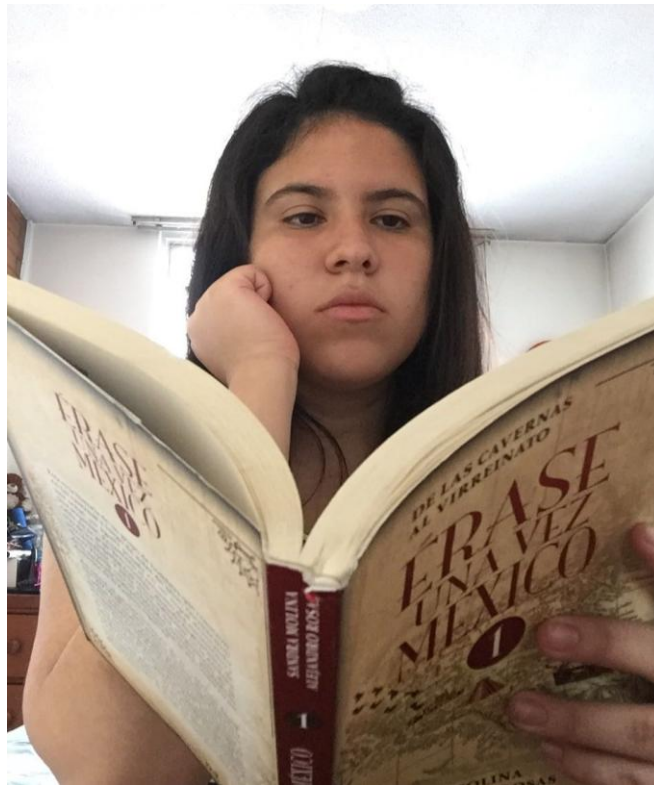
Because you're making a rain.

News blue skies there coming soon,

You will appreciate with a different point of view.

It's time to make a change
So take out your range.
Wounds she caused will never mend
And you will never end.
Remember I'm old,
I have more knowledge than you.
Don't make your soul be cold
I am always with you!

Aranzazú Gómez Mendoza



My name is Aranzazú Gómez Mendoza. I'm 18 years old. Some of my free time activities are drawing and writing.

My favorite author is everyone that has a story to share or inspire.

My inspiration is based on what I believe and how is my perspective I just like to share my one point of view about how I see the world.

Untitled

And I find it kinda funny;

I find it kinda sad.

The world that I'm living in

It's a little dark.

At least I know I'm happy

But now I'm dying.

I know I can survive

In this kind of war

But I have to decide

What's wrong and what's right.

I see a light

In a world that is dark

But when I see around

I know that I can change that.



Not all the people are bad.

Some people are humble and kind.

It's such a cruel world

But I can find something good.

This is a place

That we call home

Because we don't have

Where to go.

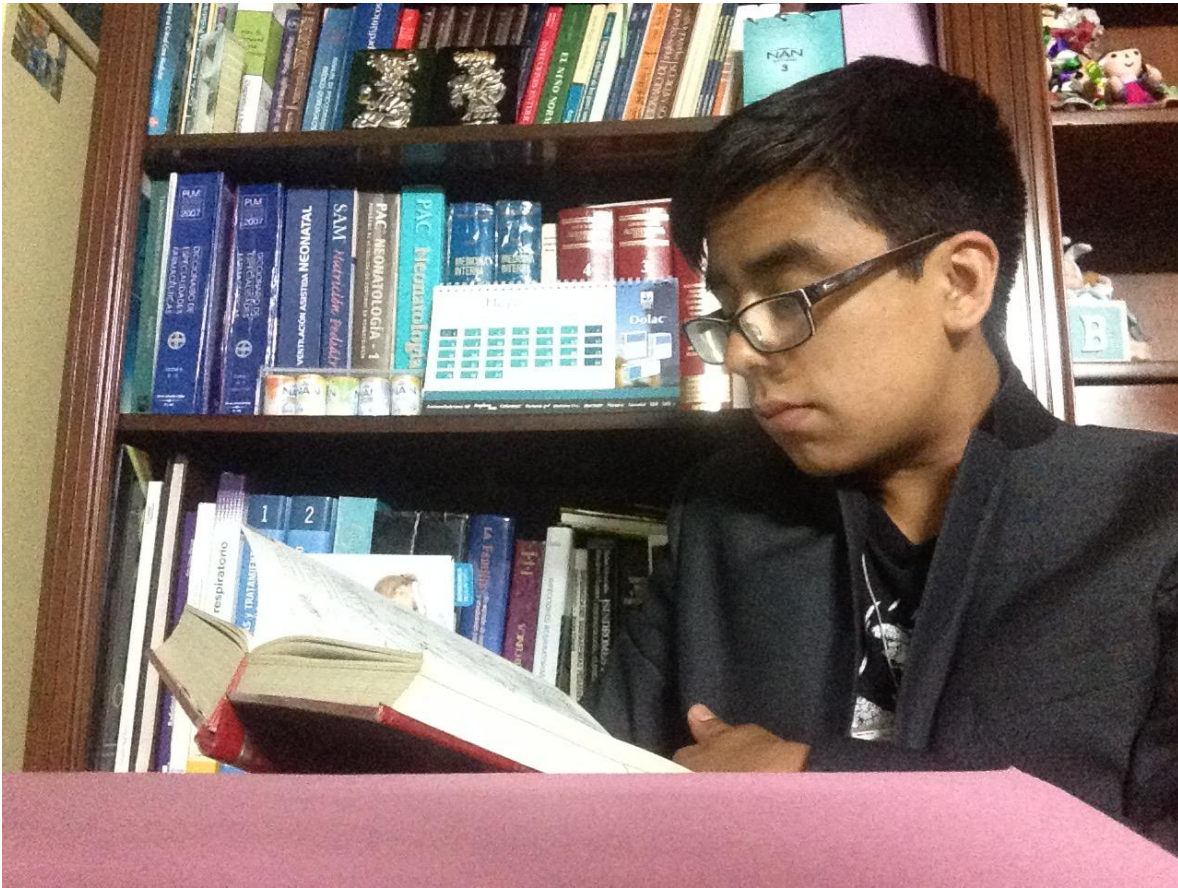
Maybe it is cold

But to be warm
We have to love,
Some people are lost,
Some people believe in God,
Some people are tired,
To live in this war.

I wonder to know why?
Some people die,
Some people live,
Some people laugh.

I wonder to know
Everything of this world.
Although if I knew tomorrow
I guess I wouldn't need faith
I guess if I never fell
I guess I wouldn't have learned.

Victor Daniel Rodríguez Rosas



My name is Victor Daniel Rodríguez Rosas, I am a 16 years old student from Mexico, Puebla.

I'm currently studying high school; I'm in my 4th semester, which is almost over. I was born in this city, my mother and I live together. She is a doctor. I think her work is wonderful, especially since her duty has to do with newborns.

I'm studying German. I can speak Spanish and English. My favorite subjects in school are Biology and Literature.

I'm kind of a lazy dude, but that is not because I don't care about stuff or so. It is just that I lose easily my attention on something or I can just fall asleep when I don't care about anything. I play video games. A lot of them. I also enjoy taking photos.

Due to my mother's influence and the way I think, I want to become a doctor when I grow up. Although I'm not talented enough I have a huge passion for drawing. It is actually my favorite hobby of all I have, drawing for me is not only a way to waste time, it's the moment in which I have control over all my senses and I truly feel peace. As well as drawing, writing is also a way for me to calm my emotions, and concentrate. Many times I may have a problem in school or at home, and writing is simply my way to analyze the situation and find a solution to these problems.

Writing to me is not only about writing about sad or turbulent stuff or me, it is a way to store memories by encoding them into complex detailed stories; it is being able to share my ideas with the world surrounding me.

Actually, it is something common to find small texts on the back of my notebooks, or knowing that every time something important happens, I tend to turn it into some sort of fairy tale, usually, something involving a knight or so.

Writing has also helped me build and improve my relations, such as those with my girlfriend, I tend to write some poems for her, which I think she really likes.

Silver heart

I never got to know her name, but I remember her...I really do.

I used to live in a small city near the coast, sunny and comfy during most of the year, but with really cold winters, my sister and I used to build snowmen outside of our house and dress them in our clothes....sorry I missed the point. Well since we live in a small city everyone kind of know each other. Well, not everyone! There was this cute Asian girl, who some called Yumi. It wasn't her real name, but since nobody has ever talked to her that's all we had. Yumi was... well, weird?

Her story is interesting, she came to the town every Tuesday and Thursday in the daily 9:30 am bus. She was a small, fit girl; with dark hair and beautiful Asian slanted eyes, she usually wore yoga pants and big shirts, sometimes a pink dress. She always carried with herself a small backpack where she kept her books and other stuff, I think she was in college or something. Well, most of that wouldn't make people notice her, but as you may imagine, she had some particularities. Yumi always came to the main square of the city to dance!



She carried a small tape player, which she used to play classical music. In her backpack, she carried a pair of salmon ballet shoes, which as you may think, she used to dance. Yumi usually played some sort of Russian Ballet and danced with the grace of water drops falling on the leaves. It was amusing. It was never clear why she came to the town just to dance and later return to "God knows where" on the afternoon's bus. The weirdest part is that she never talked to anybody, and when people tried to talk to her she just hid or walked away.

People used to gather around her and stare amazed of her dance. I was one of them; since I was in 7th grade at the time, and mom worked the whole evening I had to get home by myself. I actually enjoyed that, since it gave me the opportunity to run to the main square of the city and see my muse dance. Her moves just caught my heart. It made me happy to sit on the cold floor just to see her enjoy the music. It was.... simply perfect. I even remember recording her music with an old audio recorder and trying to copy it with my guitar. She just drove me crazy.

If I didn't go to ballet classes it was because I would rather die before using lycra pants as a male, but I even considered it!

One day I decided I wanted to do something for her, like a gift.... Nobody knew what she liked since well, she never talked to anybody. Nevertheless, I had a plan! I would follow her to the bus stop and look for anything related to her likes. It was an autumn Thursday afternoon when I executed my plan. My mom was covering extra hours and my sister was hanging out with her friends. It was my only opportunity! And I wasn't willing to lose it. It was around 4:30 pm when she started keeping her things

in the backpack. I was there with my camouflage cap and black shirt; looking back to her. I may have actually called more attention with my outfit than what I mixed with the people around me. As usual, Yumi started her journey to the bus station that was around 5 streets from the main square, I followed her from behind. We were almost there and she just kept walking, which made me think I was never going to know what she liked, until... she stopped near the harbor, to sit on a bench. I thought she might just be exhausted, till she pulled something from her hoodie pocket. It was some sort of small metal box in the shape of a heart. I tried to find out what was inside it, but before I was able to do so, she closed the small box and continued her journey. I don't know how much time she was there just staring at that silver heart, but one thing is for sure, it was enough time for the bus to arrive at the station. Because of that, she hesitated to the bus. She was quite a good runner; I wasn't able to reach her. Luckily for her, she was able to reach the bus before it left.

The bus was an old model, like the ones that appear in the WW2 films, but it wasn't what called my attention. What did so, was a glittering object on the floor, which I only noticed because of the sun on the horizon, it was the silver heart she carried with her! Poor Yumi she must be anxious or scared after finding out she was missing it.

I have always been aware of privacy and personal objects, but curiosity was too strong, I wanted to know more about her! So I opened it and I saw a couple hugging a young girl. They must have been she and her parents when she was younger. I couldn't imagine what it would feel to lose something that seemed so important. In that exact

moment, the perfect gift idea appeared in my mind. I would give her a necklace to attach the silver heart to her neck, that way she would never lose it again!

I ran home, as soon as I got into my room I smashed the piggy bank I kept on the bookshelf to the floor. 30 dollars was all I had, but it was enough to buy a nice necklace. On Saturday I went with my sister to the jewelry stand on the bay. I bought a silver necklace to match the heart. I even had enough money to buy an ice cream for my sister and me.

I couldn't sleep on Monday I was too nervous. What If she thought I actually stole it from her?! But there was no time for regrets.

The school bell announced the end of the day and the start of my journey. I put both the necklace and the heart in a red box my mom used for her earrings when I arrived at the place where she dances there weren't as many people as usual and that was because she wasn't there! For the first time, Yumi was missing! Could she be sick? Maybe she was never coming back! No! there must be an explanation for it, but I didn't know what it could be. Until... two old ladies passed by, talking about a young girl on the bus stop searching for something, It must be her, I thought. it must have been less than 5 minutes, the time it took for me to reach the bus station, and surprisingly she was there! Scared....

I pulled the box from my backpack. It took a bit for me to overcome my nerves. Thank God I did. I pushed my finger against her back. A soft nervous voice suddenly appeared:

-...yes?

I almost faded, but I was able to talk to her.

-ammm...well... last Thursday I was walking near the bus station and I saw this fell from your hoodie, so I picked it up and....I even got a necklace for you, so that you will never lose it again...

She said nothing for some time...I thought she was about to punch me right in the face, but no... she just said:

-Thank you

And hugged me!! I was holding back my emotion. After that, she said it wasn't necessary for me to give her the necklace, but I said it was a gift for all the great times I have had looking at her dance.

-Then, how about if I buy an ice cream for you gentleman?

She said. We both went to the bay and ate ice cream. She told me she came from a city on the other side of the state, and that she came here to practice because she found it peaceful and quiet, perfect for a ballet dancer to practice. She was in college at the time, but her passion was ballet. She wanted to dance for a great company and travel around the world. I was even more amazed about her now! When the sun set, she told me she must take the bus. She kissed me on the cheek and thanked me for the gift.

Two days later I came to watch her dance and she even said hello. She was carrying the necklace I gave her! It was swinging alongside her movements. Time passed, 1 year or so, for that time I would come to the main square of the city and watch her dance until the day when she told me she was, well... following her dreams! She was moving to New York! A big dance school had accepted her request to study

there! She hugged me and told me she would never forget me. We both went for an ice cream and she said goodbye, that night I cried but I also knew I would get to see her again. I didn't know how... but I would!

15 years passed till I saw her again, I was with my wife visiting New York. We were on vacation with our daughter, who was well... a ballet dancer! That night we came to a ballet function in Broadway, "The Nut Cracker" by Rodgers Dance Academy. We took our seats; my little girl was eating her popcorn, she was between my wife and me. The music started, she was really hyped, and me too. I felt like a young kid on the cold floor of a small city watching ballet. As soon as the first dancer came to the floor my blood got ice cold! The shine! Something in the neck of a beautiful dancer was shining. She had black hair and slanted eyes. She was her! My muse! My friend! Yumi! I spent the whole function amazed in my place looking at her, I could almost hear the old tape player and the sea birds, while she danced. At the end of it, I clapped like if there was no tomorrow! My muse had accomplished her dream! She was the prima ballerina. I asked my wife if we could stay until everybody had left. She was about to say "no" when my little daughter said:

-Please, mommy!?

My wife just smiled back to her, it was almost midnight when the dancers started coming out of the theater and there she was! I ran into her, she instantly recognized me! She hugged me and told me:

-I still have it!

I introduced her to my family. My little girl was super excited to meet her! Yumi kindly requested the operators to light on the scenario and play some music for her,

they did so! She took my little girl in her arms and carried her to the scenario. She danced with her! My wife was almost crying, I took some photos of both of them! After that we four got to the only store in the whole city that sold ice cream at 1:00 am. We three talked about what had happened in this whole time while my little cutie slept. She told me that we may gather again and that if my young ballerina needed some help, she was there to help her.

Since that day we usually meet every 2 or 3 months, and the next year my daughter is willing to enter the Dance Academy "Young Swans". I could not imagine how my life would be if I had never picked up that silver heart from the floor.

Elisa Bretón Illescas



My name is Elisa Breton Illescas I was born on August 3rd, 1999. I am 17 years and studying at Instituto Mexicano Madero High school 4th-semester.

Since I was very young I liked writing poems, stories, and tales a lot about situations in which I find myself. In the past 3 years, I have been writing poems about my feelings at the time.

What inspired me to start writing poems was the poem of some of the best writers and poets according to my criteria, Mario Benedetti, which is called "I love you". My favorite line of this poem is "... Your mouth that is yours and mine, your mouth is right, I love you because your mouth knows shout defiance."

When I write what I do it is to think about a problem I had on the day, see images of landscapes in my terrace and listen to music quiet, regularly I love to listen to songs about love and even heartbreak for some strange reason that kind of songs much stimulates my imagination.

I like writing because it generates a sense of freedom and I even prefer to write about my problems that speaking about them. Somehow writing generates me greater satisfaction than talking about them.

I believe that the art of literature is very important because through it, we can reflect our feelings, ideals, and opinions, besides, it brings two very important areas: writing and reading; those that help us to a better communication and expression with the world.

My parents and my Literature teachers have been the people who have supported me more in my taste for writing. I hope to continue writing in the future. My plan with the literature is to continue learning in order to develop my writing skills and achieving a top level to be able to publish some of my writings.

I would like to finish with one of my Frida Kahlo's favorite phrases " If I could give you a thing in life, I would like to give you the aptitude to meet you same across my eyes. Only then you will realize the special thing that you are for me ".

In a Matter of Minutes

My soul is slowly dying and I do not know what to do.
I cry day after day without knowing why and I'm drowning.
My increasingly slow heartbeats suffer through time.

And I do not think my heart would endure so much pain.
I feel life passes through my fingers and I cannot stop it.
I need somebody to help me.

I cannot deal with so many emotions, nor with so much pain.
I only have a few days of life and I find no cure for this!

I begin to enter to that dark place.
That place where I was only once years ago.
Why did I have to return here?
Somebody, please tell me! I cannot continue with this doubt!

This place fills me with insecurity and mistrust.
Why right now?
Right now that my life...
Why can I just have these last days of peace?
I don't feel my lungs breathing.
I am scared and I feel cold in my soul.
I'm dying and I feel alone in this place.

My eyes cloud over the minutes
And I stop listening to those screams that come from outside.
It's cold and I cannot find anyone nearby.

I start to feel sleepy.
My eyes are closing.
I try to stay awake
But I cannot. It's too strong for me.
The last thing I can say is
GOODBYE.



What I Never Said to You

Sometimes I think what we could be,
What we did not say while we were united.
It hurts me too much that love that could have happened.
I feel sorry as my eyes cloud over for my tears,
Those that fall down from your item.
I can feel the emptiness that exists in my heart.
The echo is so strong that I have remained deaf.
Since I wanted to return the time
But the destination that joined us ultimately I separate us.
Maybe we were not one for another.
The idea of one "together forever" was feeling royal.
This idea that with time was dying,
Falling ill of deceptions, your fight, and jealousies
That with the help of the distrust wrapped us in its bows.
So loudly that slowly killed us.
And today in this letter corresponded with my last breath.
I say to you that even I can listen to your name in my mind.
Later I remember everything that we have spent,
I am still being surprised with the same.
I know that it is very late to say pardon,
Pardon for not feeling the same thing that you.
I know that you need alone time from me my friend
I understand it. I cannot force you to love myself back

But I need for this silence that one finds my throat.
I need to shout it and you have to listen
Before that my last drop of hope eliminates.
You must listen to these words that can be
The end or the beginning of something I praise.
Taking the whole value that one finds in this stretcher,
To which cancer has caught me.
You must know only two words that did the difference in me.
Those that changed the way of meeting.
With my last breath of life, you must know that
I LOVE YOU!

Andrea Alicia Zambrano Bello



My name is Andrea Zambrano Bello, I'm from Puebla and I'm seventeen years old.

In my free time, I like reading and obviously writing. Going out and exploring different kinds of food and places to eat, it is one of my favorite things to do. This because just as writing it is another form of expression, an art and I'm a huge fan of art.

There are plenty of authors which I enjoy reading, but a special one would be Paulo Coelho. However, my favorite book is so much different from what he does. It is called "Saving Max" and it is about Asperger syndrome and the problems, discrimination, and issues this brings, taking those issues to a whole new level.

What makes me write? It is simple. There is much I can't say or tell out loud, beginning with how I feel about myself, but also about the world and expressing through writing is just so easy, so wonderful and liberating. It is a feeling that can only be understood by the ones who can't talk but instead write.

HISTORY: AN OUTDATED ISSUE

It is the early morning in Mexico, Guanajuato Miguel Hidalgo is focused and ready for what it is coming, he knows what to do, he knows why he is doing it and he has no doubt, his heart is beating really fast, he will give his life, if it's necessary, he will fight till the end. Firmly he starts ringing the bells.

Many years ago, millions of people, now called "national heroes" gave their lives for their country, fighting for a change. The way they impacted this country and our lives it's a really important matter and it is so deplorable how now we are forgetting about it.

Nowadays schools have stopped teaching Civics and also have drastically reduced History causing the new generations to lose the opportunity of learning all the historic knowledge, it is true that they also ignore the huge legacy we are part of.

History which not so many years ago would have been one of the most important subjects is now losing relevance, the modern teaching does not give the proper relevance, putting it on hold.

But the system is not the only cause History is now an outdated issue, the students themselves simply do not care anymore. History seems to be the least

favorite subject in former students, even though this matter that covers one of the most basic and important questions of human beings "Where do we come from?", even though it is a basic key to understand our behavior as humans, to analyze our mistakes and to stop repeating them. With all the new stuff we now have like the internet, smartphones, video games, in general technology new generations are now too busy to care about History.

Restating our point, an evaluation performed on 2010 testing for the first time the knowledge of the elementary school children about the History of Mexico, the Secretaria de la Educación Pública SEP found out that 8 of each 10 former students had a deficient level, and just the remaining two reached average or excellent results. The results of this test called Evaluación Nacional de Logro Académico en Centros Escolares ENLACE were presented by the Deputy of SEP Alonso Lujambio who said: "the results are interesting in a disturbing way, because of how the level of the Mexican children is so underneath the basic knowledge". Lujambio added "looking at this shocking results, systematically changes would be implemented in favor of the quality as a whole".



So now with the results of this evaluation it is a fact that people, especially children do not know national history, now we know for sure this real and it is a problem, the thing is we are not doing much, commenting about this issue Antonia Tovar Saldaña History teacher at Instituto Mexicano Madero says " Nowadays young and also adult people show almost no interest in knowing about the past of their country" and she is totally right, she adds "perhaps it might be the new technology which people spend most of their time, but also because people do not read anymore"

She thinks that one of the obvious solutions would be to read more and make some time in our now so "busy" schedules, and I agree with her. With all the activities that parents and also children have during the day, it is difficult. Let's face it new generations are the "I want to do everything", they have planned schedules or just so many things to do, as well as their parents, who do not seem to be really interested in doing activities with their children, but that is exactly the reason why they should make a little space and spent at least 15 minutes to read with their them. The reason if reading is executed regularly it would become a habit and this would help tremendously with learning not only history but any other assignment.

Good habits and values start at home; they are reaffirmed on school and are practice everywhere.

If new generations are starting to forget about their history, let's fix it, let's start caring again, we still have time.

It is always important to know about our past because it helps us to have a better understanding of what is going through in the Mexican reality.

Finally, Tovar adds: "Who does not know the history of their country tends to repeat past mistakes"!

EDUCATION; A KEY FACTOR FOR DEVELOPMENT

A long time ago the wealth of nations initially depended on the territorial extension, a number of functional factories, working tools, and machines but nowadays societies and so their nations have developed, opening ways to other important factors, nowadays knowledge and the abilities of the human capital is the main catalyst of economic growth. This because of how the today's world experiences constant changes and developments, motivated by the huge advance in science and its applications.

Most developed countries have seen a substantial rise in the proportion of their young people receiving higher education. According to the Organization for Cooperation and Economic Development (2011), an additional year of schooling increases the GDP per capita of a country between 4 and 7%.

(IBRD, 2000) While the benefits of higher education continue to rise, the costs of being left behind are also growing. Higher education is no longer a luxury, it is essential to national social and economic development (p. 14).

The developed world is reacting quickly, with education a major priority. We may say that education is a key factor for development requiring high-quality human

capital, and so this human capital must be developed in high-quality education systems, with tertiary education providing the advanced skills required for the twenty-first century. Unfortunately counting with a high-quality educational system is a struggle most countries in development face. Taking for example Mexico, only 5.2 % of its annual GDP is invested in education (UNESCO, 2011), so how it is economy going to develop if the key factor is not being considered as such an important one? It is a vicious cycle, no investment in education, no economic development, no money, and no investment.

So in conclusion, education should be taken how it is, as a serious matter, we cannot conceive a global economic development without our human capital having high-quality educational systems, and so a developed world with children outside of the educational scheme.

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María Fernanda Cortés Quintana



"The origin of our identity is love"

Vanessa Diffenbaugh.

I decided to start my autobiography with this quote thanks to the fact that the idea it involves defines my perspective of people. For me, bad and good people don't exist. They are only loved and unloved ones. Maybe for you, it sounds weird but try to analyze the idea. I'm not wrong at all. If people grew with true love at home, they would act as they were taught, but, if they grew with an insufficient love then they would share a middle love. Do you understand me?

If your answer is positive then my inspiration for writing has been accomplished, because I know you comprehend my perspective.

Changing my own and others point of view is what makes me a good writer. Empathy, the way people name what I love to show in my writings. It doesn't matter what kind of text I write because all them have only one purpose make the reader feel. My name is María Fernanda Cortés Quintana and this is a bit of what I loved to do. I'm 18 years old. I enjoy dancing, drawing, writing, and cooking. My favorite Anglo-American writer is Vanessa Diffenbaugh and my favorite book is 'The language of the flowers' by her.

The Creation of the Universe

Someone once said, "Tell me where you come from and I would tell you who you are" since that day humanity has struggled to find its genesis. People want to answer where they come from, where they belong to and who created them. Society has sought for objective answers to subjective questions because people believe that having the knowledge of its origin will define them without any doubt. Human beings need an explanation to feel secure.

For example, the Boshongo people of Central Africa used to believe that at the beginning there was only darkness, water, and the God Bumba. One day the God

vomited up the sun. The sun with its high temperature dried up some water leaving the land. Then the God vomited, again, but this time it vomited the moon, the stars and then animals including us.

Another example may be Aristotle who believed the universe has existed forever. He truly believed something eternal seems to be perfect than something created.

Another example and the most common one, the Big Bang Theory that is based on the observations of galaxies. If they are moving apart that would mean at some time they were together.

But who gives us the assurance that God Boshongo did not exist? Who decides if the universe had a beginning? Or who has the exact tools to prove the Big Bang was veridical?

For years humans had tried to explain how the universe was created or where it came from. However we do not have guarantee that the answers given by scientists are true. How can we believe in their theories if they also admitted that having an answer to those kind of questions is difficult because they do not have the enough theoretical understanding of the observations? How can we believe in someone that uses as an argument the beginning of the universe to promise God existence?

So we continue searching for the answer. We remain to ask more questions. I do not know how the universe was created or if it has always existed; maybe the

universe is only a piece of paper and we are characters written by an upper body, or maybe we are just dust in a tiny object that flows into an unknown world, anything can be possible.



I am supposed to answer how the Universe was created, although I do not know enough, or maybe I know a lot to answer that question. Socrates said "I only know that I know nothing" and I think he referred to the idea that we cannot know anything with certainty.

But you didn't...

–I still believe our time will come, I haven't lost hope. – you told me while I was writing a full stop to our story.

–I hope she will help you fulfilling your dreams.– I answered while a crack came up in my eyes.

I started walking, believing you were going to shout my name or maybe, just for once, you were going to take a risk and run after me, but that kind of things only happen in movies. So you didn't ran, I didn't turned around and we didn't kiss like in happy endings.

That happened three years ago and I couldn't forget a single detail of our journey in life. I felt detached from every piece of me, that fairy that was yours, until he hit me with his incandescence colors. He rescued me from the abysm of your memory Milo; he made me enjoy our story, and he showed me how to let you go by keeping you in my heart.

Now you appear, millions of words of your wings pronounced, thousands of sighs on your honor and hundreds of nights later. What was I supposed to do? How did you expect me to act? When did I give you the power to cross my whole atoms? Where did you go? Why you came back? Milo, you broke me in pieces and now you returned searching for the girl you left.

I thought we could be friends, I believed your homecoming was genuine; I assumed you had forgotten our journey and how every atom of myself shined when I heard your voice. But you didn't!

You have been holding every element of my essence and you kept your promise. Now, it seems I am the Nefarious one. It is like we have changed characters and today I looked like the villain. However, that perspective will change when you read my eyes. Milo, it is time for you to feel our story in my character, is time to put on my shoes.

All started when we first kiss. We were on the "Patsy's Camp" the whole group was sleeping in my cabin, I was on your chest with the eyes open, thinking our friendship

was unbreakable. Then you started pulling me upwards so I closed my eyes and I felt your breathing on my forehead because I was at home. After that, you took my chin lovingly and you put your lips on mine, we kissed. It was my second kiss and I was so nervous I didn't know what to do but you guided me and it felt like a dream. Then, I couldn't sleep.

When we woke up the next day you acted like nothing happened, as a consequence, I supposed you were somnambulist and I was okay with that. But later you decided to talk with me and you revolved my entire existence:

–Isis, the kiss of last night...- you made a silence and I was aquiver. –I love you and I want you for real.

–Milo, I don't know if my reality is the same as yours. I feel like there are two stairs, one for friends and another one for love. I feel I have one foot on the love stair while the rest of my body is in the one for friends.– You looked me like searching my heart.

–I am afraid that in the transition for one to another you pulled both and I fall to abysm.–

– I know for you is difficult, but I really want you to be with me so I will give you the faith to cross and I will wait for you.– You took my hands and you smiled at me with fear. –Just stay there, please don't try to come back to the stairs of friends. I beg you.–

I saw your soul kneeled and your words made me a caress, I accepted not to move until I was ready to be in the stair of love and I believed; I had hoped that the time would not be large.

We started flirting at every moment, all my reality was upside down and you were his owner. The camp finished and we had a gala. Do you remember what happened? I

knew Ariana was in loved with you although I trusted you would never give her a chance, I was really stupid! An innocent!

I remembered the first blow was when she introduced you as her boyfriend and you didn't deny her words, maybe because they were real, did they?

At that moment I had to get away from you but it was too late to do it because I was in your power. Since that blow, I knew I will end wrecked. A part of me used to have hope for you. What a fool!

That night was the last I flew, to be precise the moment I felt down was at 4:10. Maybe that is the reason why I will always remember 4:09 as the last time of our journey.

After the gala, we talked a lot about your confusion between Ariana and me. Do you want to know what I felt? I felt like a toy... A toy for your fun... I was for you at any time and I used to do everything for you, I preferred your happiness above mine but it wasn't enough for you... Milo, you asked for more, every second and the pathetic part is that I used to give you what you demanded. I lost me and I turned on your fairy.

However, you choose her.

– Isis, I want you for lasting, for a real relationship... I would like you to be my wife.–

You sigh and I realized you were saying goodbye. –I am not prepared to have that kind of relationship now. I am still not enough for you.–

You believed you weren't enough for me Milo but you were the only thing I needed to stay alive. I broke down in that second and I decided to pull you away from my eternity.

Every night I whisper to the stars we will have our instant trying to give me hope although those crude words just nailed my skin leaving sores I haven't still cured.

Two years passed and I used to lose myself in time searching the place where I conceived you loved me once. It hurt; it erased my whole movements; it mashed the good moments; it flashed life and dead...

I was devastated when he appeared, he was my hero, he saw through my wreck soul and found fairy dust, hope and the real me. He touched my tears, armor, and showed me how to fly with broken wings. He banished the pain you caused me, Milo. He brought light to the darkness you had spread.

I won't lie you. I fell instantly for him. I gave him my heart. I have been loving him like I've never loved anyone for months when you arrived overturning life again, remembering me I loved you once, carrying me back to my failure.

I can't be with you either with him.

Now take a step forward. Let my eyes touched your skin; give to my lips the opportunity to kiss your soul; let me stop the time and picture the instant where we are lovers out of time.

Laura Daniela Guzmán Carrillo



Hello, my name is Laura Guzmán. I'm 17 years old. I love to play volleyball and, of course, to read. In fact, there are many things I really love. I look for perfection in my life. Maybe that is one of the reasons for not reading my writings, because everytime I read them I want to change something even if people say that they are perfect. I do not have a favorite author because I have many favorite authors! I read many types of writing, and I find something special in every book or poem I read. In spite of this, of course, I have a favorite book which is "El beso" by Elizabeth Hickey.

There are so many things that inspire me to write, since a good cup of hot chocolate, a song, a rainy day, or even a person. I just need a pen and some paper, maybe my cell phone or my computer, somewhere to create a new universe and I do. If

I had to describe myself in one word, I may choose simplicity. Having said all of this, I am expecting you to enjoy my writings, because an artist is not an artist without the public.

The letter

During the dark nights, such as this one,
I'm glad to remember your face,
The sound of your voice on tape
And also, the cute letters you'd write to me.

I remember that letter,
Written on a black shit of paper,
With white words giving
My cheek a little of color on.

You said, in that wonderful written
That you loved me, that you need me,
That my eyes where the most beautiful you've seen
And I, I trust you, I always trust you...

I'd never forget how you entered into my life
Disturbing everything such as a hurricane;
Making the butterflies came crazy inside of me;
Thinking that I would give you everything:

Give you a kiss under the rain
Feel your arms hugging, warming me
Supporting mi head on your chest and closing my eyes
Feeling well, feeling loved, feeling yours.

But the real life is hardly like you imagine.
There was no rain, no kiss, and no love.
There was a secret, a lie, a broken heart
And two strangers praying for a second
chance.

On your last letter, I remember
At the bottom of the page,
In the space you keep to write: I love you
Just one expression more:
there is no longer an us!

The last letter, the last word, the last shit of
paper
The last love declaration and the last promise
But I'm still questioning myself,
What had I done? Was it my fault?

With the time I understood that
It wasn't my fault; that it wasn't my error.



With the time I will procure not to come in love
Not to come in love with an imagination product.

Once in the bus

The cold wind was crashing with the mirrors of the bus, the rain was falling vertical, over everything. The wipers of the bus were creaking, right, left, right, left, and L... I was just thinking about him, although I had a book in my hands and the eyes looking at the letters there written. I couldn't keep my attention to what I was reading. It did not matter how much I try it. The words had no significant for me. It was just like... like they were written in another language.

The hot wind blew over my face, my body; with that intense smell of wetland. He was sat there, under a big tree, looking at me with that smile that makes my heart beat, and this sensation that I feel in my chest is just like... like if I had never been so happy like I am right now.

I forced myself to close the book and to put off my glasses, I kept both in my bag and I took a lock of wet hair for my forehead. I looked at the window, watching the most I could, the water getting accumulated in the streets. People under their umbrellas, the cars moving slowly, the dance that the drops of water did in the window of the bus.

I was seeing him sleep, his constant breathing and his curved lashes. I have heat, spite of my naked body, he is hugging me, and I am feeling happy, in love, I just want to stay here in the bed and never, never go out.

I closed my eyes, my makeup must be a disaster, and the wet socks in my boats start to be disgusting. Every time that the door of the bus opens to let one person go out, I

feel the cold wind of outside chilling me to the bone. My wet hair felt over my back, I just wanted to get home, naked myself and get into the shower.

My knees started hurting thanks to the cold. I felt like I couldn't open my eyes. I had cried a lot of time. «This is not happening,» I thought, all my body was shaking, my head was killing me I knew I was bleeding but I didn't care, I had rejected the doctors more than once. «I just wanted to know one thing» I felt an intense pain in my stomach. I bend forward putting my hands on the wall to not collapse, «I just want to know one thing» - He is my husband- I answered to a nurse, he nods, something broke inside me – Mrs., I am really sorry...

I am so cold, my teeth start making noises. I just want to get home, the door of the bus open again, I just want to get home.

Sorry lady, may I have that seat? – My heart stopped beating, that voice, that smell, is he...

I love you, but you are not here. – I answer – It is impossible, even if I beg that you were here, you are not, you are not here anymore... - and he answered back to me such as you.

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