



# High School Young Writers

Writing is the  
painting of  
the voice...

*Edited by Ana Elizabeth Zepeda Díaz  
Note by Juan Manuel Molina Campos*

**Second Edition  
2016**

*Voltaire*

## *PROLOGUE*



"Inspiration is what I feel when writing has to appear..."

It seems like a day ago that this new creating trip started; however, a new year is ending. New opportunities for producing letters arrived. Thirteen writing lovers have appeared a new time to let the spirits flow just the way authors know. This has not been an easy task. Sometimes we have dealt with blocks that vanished away our inspiring muses, but deep inside the speaking voice started to rise again to give way to endless imagination that comes from everywhere as stories, poems, essays or articles. It does not really matter what we write. The only issue is to communicate the multiple ideas produced in the mind but felt in the heart.

Colleagues would agree that some other occasions this activity becomes hard due to loads of things going on in everyday life. Let us be honest; delivering new literary products takes time. The length of a work does not determine the duration of the writing exercise. It is the urgent need of expression what controls giving birth to pieces of art. Language, words, punctuation, grammar, syntax; all of them are the tools of the author to draw up what will become a new assertion of the intellect captured in pieces of paper.

Either as an observant or as a performer the artist will emerge to provide desserts to bookworms. Each paragraph scribbled will be part of the decoding feast that you reading lovers can live without. Our composers have given their souls and bodies to generate this Second Edition of Young Writers' Anthology of the Instituto Mexicano Madero Campus Centro. We are glad to present this fresh artistic attempt to be more like the classics from our own perspectives. We hope you enjoy it. I am sure every writer has experienced a Eureka moment each time they come up with another composition. Just to finish I will add another phrase referred to the artistic process which authors will relate to: "We finally coexist: Me, Inspiration and Creativity." Feel free to savour this banquet to your senses.

Ana Elizabeth Zepeda Díaz



*NOTE*



Compiling a collection of relevant pieces of writing might be an easy task but it takes passion, devotion, encouragement, and motivation to gather pieces of work which have been written from the bottom of the heart.

It's an honour to write the presentation of this anthology; along this year a group of students from high school have given away their time and talent and now they want to share part of their inspiration. I would like to recognize the Young Writers who took part in this project, 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.

In a constantly changing world where the new technologies are slowly taking over old practices, life style has changed drastically. In the last decade, the speed of evolution regarding technology seems to advance at an incredible pace. Computers and gadgets along with social networks have bombarded the last generations with a number of applications which simplify tasks.

The term digital native is becoming more and more popular among educators who are mostly digital immigrants and find hard if not impossible to

persuade XXI century students to keep on writing. I personally believe that writing is a skill which has decayed in the last years.

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 as well to be the one to introduce this piece of work which has been written by high-school students.

On behalf of Instituto Mexicano Madero, I really hope you enjoy this Anthology written by the best Young Writers.

Juan Manuel Molina Campos

June 2016



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## JOSHUA CORONA POBLANO



My name is Joshua Corona Poblano was born on June 11, 1999 in the beautiful city of Puebla. Due to circumstances of my birth I had trouble speaking for that reason one of my first ways of expressing was through drawing and writing and that made me love writing. So when I started writing poems I loved it! I felt shocked how I could create ideas and joining them into a single line in such little time.



My hobbies are:

- Watching movies or series of any kind at any time,
- Cycling throughout the city,
- Reading science fiction books,
- Playing guitar and video games, and
- Spending time with my friends.

## FIRST LOVE



Her name was Belinda!  
We were six when we met;  
We had become friends yet.

She was a beautiful girl  
With black eyes and hair,  
Her skin was fair, too!  
I started to feel something  
Within myself.

Time kept walking  
And under the snow



We started thinking  
That feeling called love  
Had begun to grow.

We began to see each other's eyes  
And the little space between our faces  
Became closer,  
Finally our lips came together.

I refused to open my eyes again  
Because of the infinite world called kiss,  
Where a poor second has a life of happiness,  
And the only language is the rose within her skin.

That was the best time we could have wished,  
A sweet passionate kiss that I have sensed  
During all my years.

But now I have lost her lips, no retry  
And my heart's broken into many pieces  
My soul and hopes became a hard ice  
I'm dry!  
I guess it's time to say goodbye!

## LOVE



When I saw that special girl,  
I fell to the floor,  
Butterflies began to grow,  
And my heart started beating more and more.

Because the love came to me  
And the only thing I knew  
Was the phrase I love you!

For a joke of the destiny  
I became closer to her  
Only to see her beautiful eyes  
Because she was my new drug.  
The one I needed every day.



Then, finally, it came, that day  
When I was going to say  
All the things I felt.

I started to tremble and sweat

My breathing became heavy

And I started to say.

- "Please, accept this rose

That represents my love!"-

She took it with her delicate hands.

She thanked me and gave me a kiss.

Then my body melted like ice.

I kissed that lovely bunny!

My days became sunny.

Happiness smearing me like honey.

So I considered myself lucky!

I went to her house on the weekend.

She opened the door and I said:

- "Please, be my girlfriend!"-

My darkness came light

And was a complete success

Because the word out of her mouth

Was a huge: -"Yes!"-



Aranzazú Gómez Mendoza



My name is Aranzazú Gómez Mendoza and I am 17 years old. In this little paragraph I want to introduce the reason why I like to write. I think that

all started when I was like 6 years old. At that age I wrote rhymes that for me were like poems. Then as I was growing up, at the age of 8 I started writing songs and poems. This is how I have been developing writing.

I like to write because it is a way to express how I feel, what I think and also it is a way to distress myself.

I rather write poems or songs, because I like to rhyme, and also because I'm good at that more than writing a story or stuff like that.

### THE LOVER WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME



I am the only one  
Who loved you from the start.  
I've never understood  
What love was really like,  
But I felt it for the first time  
Looking in your eyes.  
I wanted to kiss your mouth.  
I loved you firstly.  
Why can't you see

You don't have to do  
Anything else  
But be yourself?  
I don't even know your name.  
All I remember  
Is that smile on your face.  
You'll never know  
What you did to me.  
And now that you're gone  
I can't stop thinking about you.  
Maybe I'm just a kid in love  
And maybe I want to understand  
If this is what it's like  
Falling in love.  
I don't ever wanna grow up.  
I really hope  
You fall in love  
Not with her,  
But yes with someone else.  
I only wish that  
Because I know that  
You're going to be  
A perfect dad.  
I want to be the one you remember;

I want to feel your love like the weather,  
And print our hands in the pavement.  
Maybe it's hard to understand  
What I really want.  
It's not complicated,  
But you have to be the one I deserved.  
Remember that weekend  
We got out of town.  
The smell of your perfume,  
Reminds me what I wanted from you.  
I can't believe  
That you haven't noticed yet!  
My feelings for you  
Are like a loaded gun  
Without control.  
I want to tell you: 'I love you!'  
And do you guess what?  
I don't care it's obvious.  
I just can't have enough of you.  
Sometimes I think about me and you  
In a relationship,  
But then I remember  
That you told me last September  
I was a great friend,



And everybody knows  
What this means the friend zone.  
I can say you're perfect,  
But obviously that is not true.  
At least I know that I have loved!  
You're my first love;  
The only person that I really trust,  
The only one who laughs at my jokes.



## Eva Rebeca Mata Cavazos



My name is Eva Rebeca Mata Cavazos; I was born in 21<sup>st</sup> December 1999. When I was a teenager I really wanted to show that you can express everything you want with words. One of the most important ways for me to gain inspiration is with an instrument; I played the piano since I was 6 years old that is why I started gaining inspiration with music.

I am a sentimental, expressive, sensible and dreaming person. In addition, it is easy for me to write poetry and share my opinions with others. Generally, I wrote poems in English and Spanish with the inspiration of my favorite poet who is Edgar Allan Poe, because he shows different feelings in a poem.

In conclusion, that is why I really enjoy the time I spend writing poems about different aspects that you live in your daily live and expecting that other people can also read them.

### JUST A DREAM



Once upon a time  
I had a dream;  
A beautiful dream  
That I wanted to make real.

My dream started with him.  
He wasn't tall or perfect,  
But with his help  
I could fly away.

He hold my hand.  
I looked at his eyes.  
I fell in love  
With a romantic lyric song.

When I needed help,  
He was right there.  
I wanted my dream to be real  
So I fought for him.

I don't know how it started.  
I gave him my heart,  
And I fell again  
In his love game.

I thought it was a perfect matching,  
But it was a perfect mismatched.  
Now my heart is crying  
And doesn't want to say goodbye.

Now you aren't the same.  
Thinking for a minute  
We weren't perfect after all  
Because you said: --"We are done!"

This can't be how this ends!  
I'll never comprehend  
Why you left me for dead.  
It's the same story every day.

And now I'm dreaming  
On rewriting the beginning,  
So our love story  
Can't have ending.

Here is the winter,  
And I need you the most.  
But now, where are you?  
There were so many lies at the same time.

Take back your lies  
Before we say goodbye,  
And take care my dear  
Because I won't be here.

I have many questions:  
Why did you used me?  
Why did you play?

Why did you replace me?

Now you are with another girl.

I hope you don't give up with her

Because my feelings for you

Won't be the same!

I hope you remember

The feelings of yesterday.

You won't be in my heart.

Because of you; I'm falling for a man.

I have one last question

Before I set you free.

If you promised me you would be here,

Why did you leave my heart for free?

It's time to say my last goodbye

It's the moment to liberate my heart.

## NIGHTMARE



I'm going to sleep.

Although I won't dream.

This is a different day.

What is it happening in my head?

Where am I?

What is this place?

Nobody is here.

Can you listen far away?

Wait, I can see something,

Something that's really weird.

--"Stop, and don't look at his eyes."

A voice whispered clearly at my ear.

I can't move,

But I really want to run,

To escape from that spirit

Who is approximating here.

--"This isn't a good place" he said.

--"I just want to go far away."

--"You can't escape, look at your legs."

--"No, I won't give up!" I said.

I can feel his presence.

He's a demon!

He wanted something

Or someone to eat!

--"Please... let me go!" I cried.

--"I will never leave you."

I couldn't hold it anymore.

I looked at his dark eyes.

I fell in a different place;

A place which has only one way.

I don't think it twice.

I really want to escape from that dark night.

The road doesn't have an end.

I'm only running far away.

My mind is completely scared.



I feel a presence behind myself.

--"You will never leave this place!"

I don't know what to do next.

I only fell to the floor.

And close my eyes. I become blind.

I woke up.

I'm finally here

In the real world

Without nightmares behind me.

I will never sleep again.

That dream was horrible!

Although I feel something,

It's impossible to believe.

The presence wasn't a dream.

The presence is real!

--"Why are you here?" I said.

He didn't say a word from that dark  
place.

My room was in complete silence.

I thought this was a dream.



Why is this presence here

Really close to myself?

I can hold it anymore

The lights turn on.

What a weird thing

The shadow of that jacket was the presence of it!

I can't believe

I couldn't sleep

Because of a jacket

That made me feel like this!

I hope I don't have again this dream!

That nightmare will be here

Forever and ever

And will never let me free!

## THE BUTTERFLY



The presence of a butterfly  
How a beautiful nature  
Delicate and elegant  
With wings like rainbow.

If I were a butterfly  
I will always reach the sky  
Flirt with the flowers,  
And sleep wherever I want.

Beautiful butterfly  
You are too perfect.  
You deserved love and poems  
Because you don't hurt others.

Teach me butterfly  
How to be like you  
With a physical beauty  
But with mysterious and quiet personality.

Butterfly who has feelings  
Tell me if I am correct,  
Are you keeping anything?  
Something isn't clear yet.  
I know you will leave,  
You aren't always near.  
The nature is jealous.  
You are always choosing new things.



Have you ever fell in love?  
Oh wait, you can't feel it.  
You are just an insect.  
You can't feel this love!

I want to tell you something  
About this wonderful feeling.  
I can't live without it.  
This feeling is perfect as you take care about it.

Love is that feeling;  
The most powerful feeling  
Humans can really feel it.  
The feeling will never vanish.

This powerful feeling  
Can be good or bad.  
You can suffer because of love  
Or smile because of love.

You can cry because of love,  
You can miss because of love,  
You can feel many things with love.  
Why can't butterflies love?

I hope you understand.  
I hope you tried to feel.  
There are many feelings.  
You can chose which one to feel.

Just think about this  
Before you go forever;  
If you want to love hardly,  
Good luck because you can get real hurt.



Víctor Daniel Rodríguez Rosas



My name is Victor, I was born on July 26<sup>th</sup> On Puebla City in Mexico, I don't have any brothers but I do have 2 dogs that have a Muslim cat kind of complex. I want to be a doctor, such as my mother. I love playing video games and messing around with my friends especially if destruction is

involved, recently my passion for drawing has resurrected. My favorite author is Koshun Takami who wrote "Battle Royale" which I recently read. My main motivation when writing is to keep the ideas and stories I make from time to time on my head. I hate writing as an obligation and writing biographies.

### ODE TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH



Colourful Mexican celebration

A notable artistic expression

A delight to the eyes

Enjoyed by the old men and the young guys.

Orange, purple... black or white

Shining through the dark, by a soft light

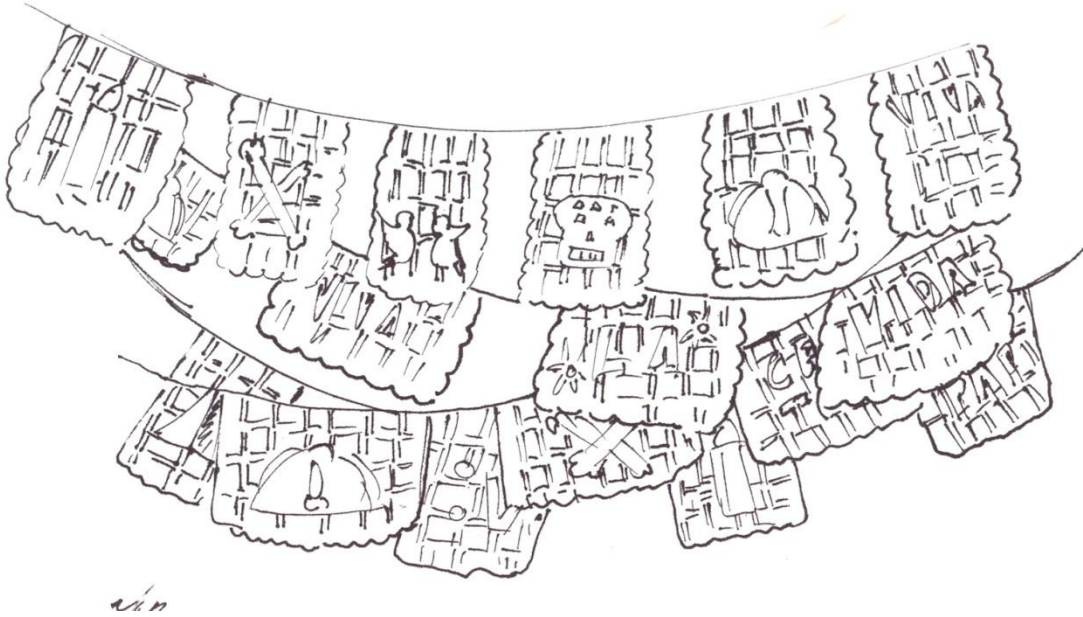
Replacing the air with copal incense.

What a delicious essence!

Mixed with fragrance of jealously prepared delicacies

A nasal ecstasy!

Brownish, bone themed bread  
That resemblances death.  
One thousand colour fruits  
Which produce the sweetest juice,  
Contrasting with the scent of the 20 petals flower  
Stroking my nose with its soft pollen powder.



Similar to the sweetness of sugar candies  
Shaped as skulls and death bodies!  
  
Disgusting or scary to lots  
A unique delicacy for many of us;  
All accompanied by the most beautiful music  
All this together creates something really; aesthetic.



A day in which a bond between life and death is created

A day for the souls of the deaths to be resurrected

A unique opportunity to joke about stop living

By laughing, dancing and singing.

Like if we would never die,

What a lie!

A day to comprehend that death is not the end

But an opportunity to transcend.



Elisa Breton Illescas



My name is Elisa Breton Illescas, born in Puebla in the 3rd of August 1999 and am 16 years. I started writing when I was 12 years old. Writing for me means a way to express what I think and feel.

When I write I feel more confident, and it helps me to express myself when I can't feel comfortable to talk about things. It also helps me to reflect on the opportunities I've had in my life. My favorite author is Paul Young and my favorite book is The Cabin. My hobbies are listening to music, playing volleyball and singing.

### A DREAM OF LOVE



One day in my bed I was dreaming.  
I was dreaming that I was in a crystal glass  
Feeling sad, lonely and empty.

I started to feel cold,  
That kind of cold that you feel when you are  
alone.

In split seconds a bright light appeared,  
And I started to think.

What would happen if I run to the light?  
I decided and I ran to it.  
Then something happened;



Something came out of the light.

I couldn't see what kind of thing was coming to me.

When the light started to lose its brightness

I saw a man coming to me.

My skin started to get chills and happiness.

When he was in front of me I got a weird feeling;

A feeling that I never felt before

Like butterflies in my stomach.

I've heard about that feeling,

But in that moment I didn't care about it.

The man told me something that surprised me.

He said that we were born to be together.

I thought that he was joking,

But he didn't laugh and I felt something for him.

I felt love and happiness, then I started to cry.

He asked me why I was crying.

I told him that I didn't know what had happen to me.

He put his hand on my face

Smoothly wiping the tears from my sadness.

I stopped crying.

He told me something that put me out of my head.

He said: --"I promise you that if you feel sad

I will take out all of your sadness

And stay by your side whenever you need it."

Then we kissed and I woke up in tears.

I looked by my side hoping he was there,

But he didn't appear.

I realized that it was only a dream;

An amazing dream that I couldn't get again.

It was so real and special,

It made me reflect about love.

After the dream I was sure that

my perception about love has changed.

I was sure that love came to us in different ways.

Lovers are always gonna be there for us.

Now, I can say that I'm in love with the man of my dream.

I know that it is complicated to understand

How it is possible, but

Love is never easy to comprehend.



## Ernesto Espinosa Abarca



I guess I should start this biography thing by saying: "Umm... Hi! My fellow readers! My name is Ernesto Espinosa Abarca. I'm so happy you can read about me! I'll make sure my life sounds as interesting as I can to hopefully amuse you!" Yeah, that should do.

Ok first off, my birthday: I was born in August 29<sup>th</sup> in 1999. I'm from Puebla. I... actually do not know what else to say, so let us move on with my kith and kin.

My father: Salvador Espinosa Balderas and my mother: Silvia Abarca López are the best parents in the history of the entire universe, so as my friends, they're feisty, jolly, funny, the list of compliments goes on and on, probably that's why I wrote a poem to them.

As far as achievements are concerned, I haven't had much of them. Well, I used to earn a diploma every 2 months when I was in elementary school. Does that count? I believe it does. Oh! I also have gotten 2 Cambridge certifications, one in elementary and the other one in junior high school.

Now that I've covered the achievements, I think I'll write about my nature, my temper, etc. I'm mental, as mental as they come! Sometimes I can be feisty and chipper but sometimes I can be glum, vexed a bizarre combination of those three. But if you take your time to chat with me, know who I am, I swear I can be mellow. Also I'll have you know that I'm quite bossy, but that is probably due to the fact that I want things to be made the best way possible, also I'm competitive lazy (seldom) but most of the times I'm hard-working and responsible.

Well that's pretty much it. I hope you now love my life as much as I do.

## MY FRIENDS AND ME



I might not look like the friendly type.

I might not be smart.

But at least I have my friends.

Who won't leave me apart.

Emilio is such a good pal

Being clever is his job

Though sometimes is a snob

He is a good friend overall.

Victor is no one to be taken lightly

He might be a bit childish

He will play with you deadly.

Until you completely vanish.

Not really, he is not murderer.

He's only a love deliverer

Mauricio may be silent.

Yet he's not violent.



Woefully he is in Taiwan.

To be the best, he is the only one.

Alexis might speak blurry.

She might speak in a hurry

But you don't have to be clever.

To see she's the best person ever.

You may think Andree is dumb.

But the truth is, he is coy.

He will never be glum.

When being Alexis's toy.

Joshua is my newest fellow.

He's rather cool and mellow.

He always makes a great conversation.

He would be your friend with no hesitation.

My friend Alfredo is the last.

His love for cars is vast

When it comes to autos he's a go-getter.

Because no one knows about them better.

So this is are my good partners.

Being their friend is my honor.

I would never change them.

Not even for a million dollars.



Sara Lucia Sanchez Castro



My name is Sara Lucia Sanchez Castro. I was born in April the 18th of 2000, in the city of Puebla. I love music. It is what makes me happy and I don't know how I would live without it. I play the piano since I was 12, but I don't think I'm really good at it.

Like everyone who is part of this project I like to read and what I personally love about it is how I can see things through different perspectives. I wouldn't say I have a favorite author but I do have a favorite genre and that would be novels. I like drama and romance like The Great Gatsby or Of Love and Other Demons but I also like mystery and thrillers like The Inspector's Banks sagas or The Madman's Tale.

About writing I honestly don't write a lot but when I do, I really get into it. I obviously know I need much more practice and experience to start improving my writing something that with participation in projects such as this will help me.

### Flower Boy



I go to this park every single time I get bored, and what I love about this place is that you can see so many different kinds of people. Little kids playing hide and seek with their parents and old couples that feed birds. I love going just to watch them. As creepy as it sounds I just like to see how everyone is living a different day as mine.

I was there, just sitting in the awful dirty bench when I felt someone approaching "My, darling. I finally get to see you again" said this short chubby old man; his name was Terry. He came to this park to walk and do

some exercise. I liked Terry. He tells the funniest inappropriate jokes ever. I met him one day I was reading some pamphlet a woman handed out to me and as he saw me looking through it he said "That's pure rubbish!" I liked him instantly. "Yeah!" I said as I turned to help him take a seat next to me. "So... what kept you so busy you couldn't come and spend time with your favorite person?" he said as he tried to catch his breath from the effort he made to sit down. "Oh, you know schoolwork and family stuff, but I'm back so tell me one of your stupid jokes" I responded waiting to hear the old man.

After spending the afternoon in the park I returned home. It was always the same routine: Waking up, going to school and then home, going to the park and then returning home, eating dinner, doing the school work, taking a shower and throwing away hours and hours on my phone. As much as I hate routines I can't live my life without one and I hate that.

The next day I went to the park I noticed something was different, there was someone new: male, 6 ft something, broad shoulders and a camera hanging from his neck. It was impossible not to see him and being the awkward person I am I just stared at him but luckily he never noticed or at least he didn't show it. "You should talk to him" said Terry, who arrived unexpectedly making me jump in surprise. "Talk to whom?" I said intending to look as I didn't know who he was talking about. "Oh for goodness see. He is like the only person in this entire park that looks like your age. Just do it" He said and this time he seemed to be enjoying the fact that I was... nervous? So I said "I'm just going to watch him for a

while, what if he ends up being a creepy dude who likes bugs or something. He could be a serial killer. I won't take any risks Terry." And he just laughed at me, and I swear I had never seen him so entertained in all the time I've known him. "You are such a girl, it's so cute" he said in between laughs. "HEY! Let's not get sexist now. Shall we? Shut up and leave me alone." I said trying to look somewhere else but to the boy with the camera as Terry just smiled at me with a huge grin.

Days passed and I couldn't take my mind out of the boy from the park. Each day I saw him I noticed different things about him, like he only took photographs of trees and flowers. And he was always sipping in a cup of what seemed to be coffee or tea. That's when I realized that I was being the creepy one. He should be scared of me or something. But I didn't really care because every now and then he looked up from his camera and looked at me with a little smirk, and for me that was something.

One time, flower boy as I nicknamed him, was sitting in my bench so as expected I walked to the bench next to where he was. "I don't bite, you know." a raspy voice said and I squalled in the inside because that's exactly how I imagined his voice would sound.

"What's up?" I said and cringed at how stupid that comment was. "Not much!" he said laughing under his breath at how awkward I was. I guess he noticed I didn't plan on moving from the bench I was sitting on so he got up and sat next to me. "Your friend, Terry..." he said as scratching the back of his neck "I have been talking to him. He's cool." And with that said I remembered I haven't spent time with the old man for a couple of

days. I didn't realize when I zoomed out of the awful small talk until he started to repeat my name a couple of times. "How do you know my name?" I said a little weird out. "I just told you, I've talked to your friend Terry." Then, a pause was made, even though it was only made for a couple of seconds it seemed it took forever. "Look, I didn't intend to make this awkward. I just wanted to talk to you because you seem to be an interesting person." He said as he stood up, "I don't want to force it or anything so, if you want me to leave you alone just say it and I'll do it." he said already starting to keep distance between us. "No, no. I'm sorry I was a little rude. I just started to worry about Terry, sorry." I said with pauses "Let's start over again, yeah?" and that time I looked at him in the eye.

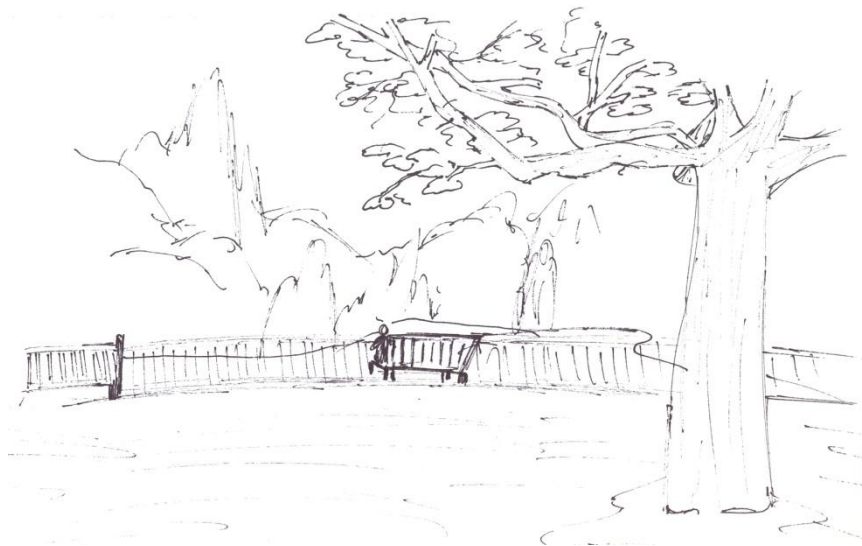
That's how it all started. We spend every single day together in the park, just hanging out. Sometimes we didn't even have to talk, we just enjoyed being with each other. By the way, Terry had stopped coming to the park, each time it was more difficult to him to walk so instead we visited him in his home, because I couldn't stand loosing contact with that old funny man.

A couple of months passed and flower boy and I where so much closer each time. But something odd was happening with him. I could feel it. He started to talk less and less every day. Until one day I had enough and I confronted him. "It's just... ugh!" he sighted "I already know every little corner of this park, every single detail of it and it's not exciting anymore!" he said looking deeply in my eyes and I was hurt by his words.

I don't know if it was just me being paranoiac but something in the way looked like he wasn't only talking about the park. I knew we weren't in an official thing but I definitely knew we were something special, at least for me. I didn't say anything after that.

That day was the last time I ever saw him in the park. He never gave me a reason of why he left. One time after months I saw him walking passed the corner of the street next to the park, and everything came back to me and I realized how much of my heart he had taken.

Months have passed and I still think of him as pathetic as it sounds as the person who taught me to appreciate things around me; the boy who loved flowers and trees.





Andrea Alicia Zambrano Bello



My name is Andrea Zambrano Bello I was born in April 25<sup>th</sup>, 2000 in Puebla, Mexico. I have been interested in reading since I was a child, because of my father's influence. It is a habit that remains until the present.

My favorite author is John Katzenbach because of the nature of his novels.

In general I really like those kind of stories. Also another author that I

really like is Paula Coelho especially one book called *The Alchemist*. Recently I started writing and honestly I loved it. It all started because I read some stories with really young authors, around 16 or maybe 18, so I thought to myself: why can't I do that?

I love writing because it is a way of expression and there exist no limits. It is you, your thoughts, and a piece of paper. No one can stop you; no one can say no. It is all up to you. You feel free and I love being able to create something limitless. I do not have a lot of written material yet but I do certainly plan on doing it soon.

#### WHEN LIFE IS NOT THERE



Life was there and so did dead.

Everyone loved life

Not the same for dead

'Cause almost nobody knew how good she could be.

It was until the end that they could finally see,

But it was too late

For them to appreciate it.

I thought they were saying nothing but lies.

I even looked at them with despise,

But time goes by and so do thoughts.

The wind made me forget

That once this crossed my mind.

Time passed.

My life was plenty and with so much love

I couldn't ask for nothing more

And it continued like that for a long time.

Life was still there but not for much.

I got pale and weak

I could not even stand.

They said I wouldn't pass the week.

It was rainy and all blurry.

I was lying in my bed

Hardly breathing

When someone appeared.

I knew who it was

And I apologized:

--"Take my pain away!" I begged.

She hugged me as if we were old friends.

She received me as if we were okay.

She didn't even doubt.

I felt so relaxed

Surrounded by her arms.

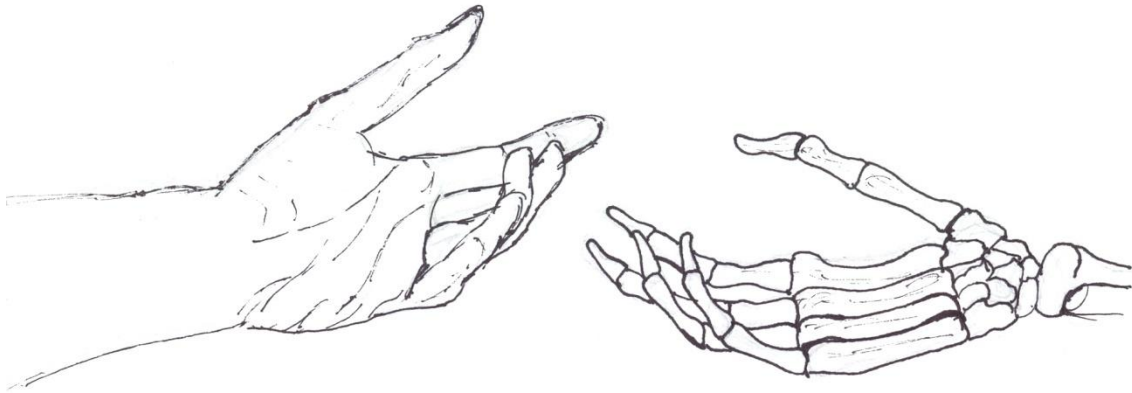
I could finally see her charms

And just then I understood.

We can love dead

Because it is our best friend

When life is no longer there.



María Fernanda Cortés Quintana



November 25th of 1998 was the day I was born. Since that day I searched how to touch the sky and when I was falling towards abyss I started flying, with that feeling in mind I decided to believe in others, to believe in magic...

Without looking for it the universe explained me that helping people touching the sky was what I was meant to do. What would you do if the world lost hope? I would still believe in magic, in people, in change; because a fairy can't stop believing, perhaps it would turn a little off but it would always shine in the eyes of who does believe. That shine is the spark that makes me who I am; I do believe in the world, I still have hope in humanity. Maybe that is what I am... Hope

### DEAD ALLEY



It is hallucinatory how life has changed for me. Yesterday I was just a child believing that everyone was immortal, but time has changed and now that little boy knows that the most ephemeral thing in the universe is life. Lately death has been with me. I find it in the sky, in the sea. I can also feel it in the air. Moreover, I know death is everywhere and every time.

The first time we met I was only 16 and obviously I got scared. At that time death for me was grisly and lugubrious; I thought it couldn't give me anything so I walked away death.

It didn't return until I was 33 but by that time I already knew death would bring magic to my life so when we gathered I hugged it and it started showing me the world through its eyes.

In the years death left me alone I found out my grandma was a "Dead Passing Sorceress". When I was 29 she told me it was her time to pass through death and her legacy lay on me. She also told me I had to believe in death and feel its wisdom because death chooses only once and I was chosen before I was born. When my grandma expired I knew what I came here for.

My most important mission is to make people believe in death. Actually, that is the reason why people find me when they are dealing with dead. For example: Last week a neighbor begged me for help. Her husband was dying at the hospital. I heard her issues and I fixed her. Her husband died the next day but she wasn't sad because she understood life is nothing without death.

Understanding life is difficult but facing death is even worse. I understood life when the little brother of my best friend, Irene, was murdered. We found him outside Irene's house. He was naked and in his back it was written "New Lesson". I knew immediately that message was for me. Death was trying to make me strong. I got mad with death. I couldn't understand what the purpose of it was, so I stopped seeing death and its wisdom vanished.

I was no longer able to give hope because I have lost it too. Every time I saw Irene, I felt guilty about her dead brother. I couldn't give her peace.

Day after day I saw her suffering in silence. She used to tell me she loved her brother more than life. One day she decided to kill herself. She called me to say goodbye. In her funeral I received a note that said: "If you lose hope, you lose life."

When I read the note I realize I have failed the lesson. My mission with Irene was to show her that there are millions of reasons to stay alive. My mission was to make her understand that the one who commits suicide is brave but the bravest is the one who faces life.

After that I understood life and forgive death so we continue our journey together. Life is about enjoying every piece of the Universe; it is to believe in the breeze; it is about the sun on your face and the touch of your lover's hands. You may wonder why I am writing this...

Well now I am facing dead. Tomorrow I was supposed to turn 70 but I will die this night at 11:59. I didn't have kids so I have to continue the legacy my grandma gave me in a different way.





I am writing because I know that you, yes the one that is reading, dead has chosen you, you will continue my legacy and I know you will do it greatly. The only piece of advice I can give you is to trust duality: life and dead always know what they do.

Vladimir Hernandez Moztalac

"The pain that comes today, is here, then goes away."

Whitley

### THE MAGIC THING



"Every dancer knows that being technically perfect isn't enough; we need to know why we dance..."

Dance Academy

For me it is to be connected, to get blind and let me go, it is to shout the universe desires and find my demons down. When I dance the world seems to be brighter; I can feel every piece of matter moving, every atom reaching its place on the Universe. The time gets suspended in a limbo, gravity disappears and I start flying. In that moment I am free of the world around me and even better I am free from myself that is why I continue dancing.

I started dancing when I was 7 years old, at that time I wasn't clear about all physic phenomena and those ideas brought me a lot of problems. The

only thing I knew was that every day seems to be the last one on Earth and to survive I needed to dance.

I used to dream people touched the sky when they reached their luminous part. Then, I started growing and I began realizing that to find our luminous part we must touch our darkness. Dancing for me is the bridge between murk and sparkle. It is the connection of my demons and angels. At the time I noticed it, dancing became better for me because the air tasted different.

I danced for 4 years but when I was 12 life pulled me away from it. I started doing different activities between them swimming, singing, running, playing soccer, and drawing, but none of them gave me the chance to fly.

Two years of searching something that could give me the feeling where gravity does not exist were enough to notice I was out of breath and the only thing that could make breath again was dancing. That was the reason I returned to my universe. This time my type of dancing changed because I knew it was the only thing I had to meet my demons, the only thing could take me to ecstasy.



Dance is part of me, it lives all around myself and I don't want to stop it because with it I get lost in the clouds.

At the age of 16 I lost myself and I fell from my eternal flight: I was fighting to stay alive. I survived because music helped me to find my sparkle and movements let me feel how my soul and body were still together.

Dance is where I am meant to be because it has rescued me for years. It is where I can hug my darkness and it gives sense to my life.

Everyone has something similar; that one thing that makes them free of themselves, that unique thing that brings them chaos letting them touch the sky with their fingertips.

Life is about finding that one thing that brings us equilibrium, that little magical thing that encourages us to see the universe. That thing unspeakable you know is what makes you breathe. I have found that thing, for me is dance and for you?



Jesús David Martínez Hernández

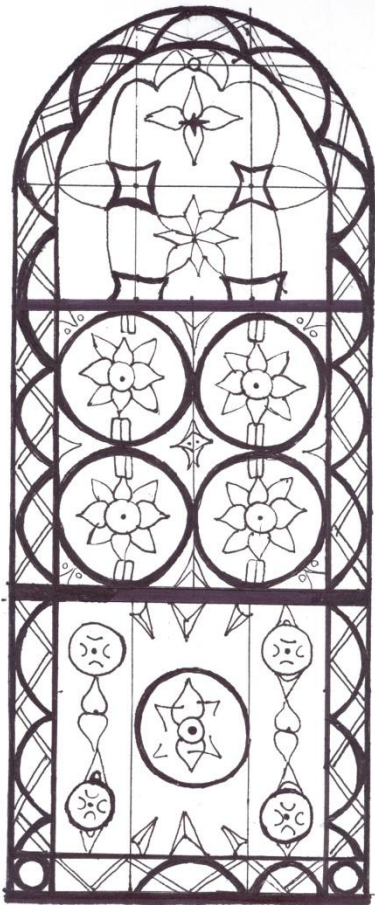


My name is Jesús David Martínez Hernández. I am 17 years old. I consider many aspects of my life important, but the most important for me are the ones that get through my writings. Writing is my way to clear my mind and create new ideas with all my raw processes and ideas. It is my way to

express my most powerful and deep desires. It is where I can express myself, to basically. Me.

I hope my writings can be useful to create new ideas or at least to make you reconsider something that you have already thought because after all; that's the purpose of every mean of expression.

### A TRIBUTE TO ROGER BALLEEN



Drive yourself to your most childish memories, remember the first time you entered an old church? A cathedral? Maybe the capital of your country has plenty, maybe you live in a small town, that still has subtle tributes to its past. Maybe you just encountered one.

Remember those, almost magical portals in the walls? Your father told you that they were constructed years ago. That they were really important, and beautiful, and COMPLEX, and so on...

BUT DID HE TELL YOU WHY?

You are now a PEASANT, A SO CALLED PEASANT OF THOSE TIMES. You have not been allowed to educate yourself. You only work. Pay your fee for the land THAT IS NOT YOURS, but you worked and really HARD, according to your beliefs that are everything.

It is your only free day, you are headed to the church. YOU MUST GO TO CHURCH IF NOT YOU ARE GOING TO HELL. YOU SOMETIMES ASK YOURSELF: Why am I here? WHY? WHY DO I PAY THEM? IS NOT GOD MERCIFUL? But, you enter church and SEE MICHAEL ANGEL HIMSELF TOUCHING YOU!, YOU SEE ANGELS. YOU NOW KNOW why you are there. You are promised the HEAVENS. (Obviously, only if you pay your fee and work hard every day).  
BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD.

Bad that you don't know that, that magical portrait of colors is just the creation of an artist, PAID BY YOUR KING, to amaze YOU, the people, TO MAKE THEM STAY, TO MAKE YOU STAY, TO MAKE THEM PAY, TO MAKE YOU PAY. AMAZING, amazing is the only word with which I MYSELF can describe such manipulation; amazing how THOUSANDS OF PIECES of tinted glass in such varied and powerful colors, can take you to the heavens.



What do you see in this photo? Do you see the feet? Do you see the hand?  
Do you see the dirtiness? THE BIRTH? DO YOU SEE THE BABY COMING OUT OF  
HER MOTHER? What makes this photo art? Composition, composition,  
COMPOSITION, COMPOSITION!

What makes you rethink a paragraph one thousand times? What makes that  
movie so intense? What makes that book enter the mind of thousands?  
What makes that scene shock the nerves of millions? Does that photo  
expand consciousness? COMPOSITION!

Every frame is a painting of light. Every book is a sculpture of ideas.

Every speech is a dance of words.

I declare myself fanatic. A fanatic of how persons can arrange thousands  
of elements into one, and direct approach that simply transmits what the  
author wants to transmit, what he wants to be executed; a fanatic of any  
person that can arrange things, arrange elements of his surroundings, and  
capture the essence of his thoughts in a picture, sentence, frame, anything

that helps him to express what he feels and what he wants to take out. I  
DECLARE MYSELF A FANATIC; a fanatic of any person that can apart from  
expressing his own feelings and emotions arrange thousands of elements in  
one piece of art, the person who can also manipulate the others' feelings  
and psyche.

The person who can arrange everything he wants and make it into one  
single, photograph, book, song, film, event, etc; and manipulate its receptor  
at his mercy is the person that has the power.

The job of all of those persons before mentioned is simple to manipulate.  
Whatever person that can in a controlled and deliberate manner manipulate  
the pieces in the game of life, has the power. I declare myself a fanatic  
of that; of control and precise execution.





Stephany Valeria Jimenez Victoria



My name is Valeria and I decided to write this kind of letter because I think it is a part of how I feel with the love or maybe just to have an idea of how it is. I like drawing. It's one of my favourite hobbies the other is listening to music.

## THIS LOVE



He was waiting for his love in the garden with a letter, just a letter.

--"It really didn't make sense. Why does you think about me in the way like I do? I could be the one who make you feel happy, like free. Only you and I." --he thought. --"Maybe if I give you my heart you will destroy it or you will take care of it."

He lost himself without her. He had tried to say how he felt when she was with him, it would take a minute to say it but he'd rather say it every day. So he waited for her. He waited for the correct moment.

She scrambled to his feet and started to walk, without knowing what to say or how to show those words which sometimes are not enough when it comes to love. Even if she doesn't know what to say, she will always find the way to show her feelings for him. Sometimes she thinks: the less you speak the more you feel.

He is the most amazing and warm-hearted person that she had seen before. Even though people told her that they are too young for love, she couldn't believe that idea because love is never too early or too late.

It used to be hard to remember like loving now it's the most important thing. She thinks that it is like falling on roses. This love is like the only way that they could feel alive.

Suddenly she felt the look, the only look that she wants. She looked at him and smiled. She went with him, but she couldn't talk. Then she thought: If only he could hear the sound of my beating heart.

So he finally said: "You are the most important thing in my life and I want to be with you forever. Even if you are afraid of what will happen, I will make that you find the love with me.

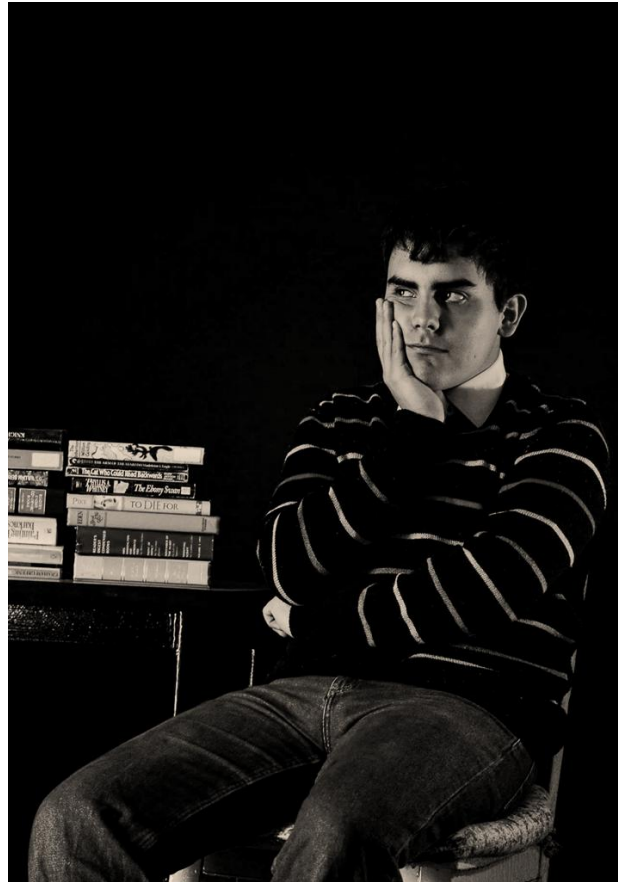
--"You are so nice, you are my love!" she said. "In your eyes I have found the peace in the difficulties."

--"I always want to be with you, only with you," she said.

He already knows that her love is fire. She will take care of his heart and will hold it in her hands. Never mind the past of both. They will love.



Oscar Renato Herrería Montalvo



"People mock me for being different, but I laugh at them for being the same."

-Kurt Cobain

I am human. This is how I like to start describing myself. I feel, I hope, and I cry. Every time I think about this I feel perfectly normal. You might start thinking this is very dumb, but I have had a very hard time with social issues. Feeling excluded was something I consistently felt. The

only things I had as a friend were books. After reading plenty of them, I decided to start writing stories on my own. In the stories I can actually identify myself with some of my characters. The aforementioned sentence applies with ALL my stories, even the gruesome ones. Love, Despair, Hope, Rage, Confusion, Happiness, Insanity, Arrogance, Disdain; I can feel those and so much more, and I do not think that any of those feelings are incorrect, because those are what define us as human. Since I started making music, things such as feelings made more sense to me. I have found myself, and I am happy with it. Even if people think of me as a "weird" person, I have always thought that being different is better than being normal. Being average is boring and unattractive for me. That is the main reason why I write "unsettling" stories; just because they are different like me.

### Boyfriend



At last the weekend had arrived, and she was both nervous and excited. She was going to have a date with her boyfriend. As she got ready for the important event, doing her makeup, she had a very nasty thought: "What would happen if he didn't show up?" She froze in fear, facing herself at the mirror, not looking at herself, but staring into her own soul, deep

into her mind, racing into it. She felt herself descend deeper and faster into herself, like a person descending into a long, dark spiral stair, with no end at sight.

She stayed like that for a long time, but she suddenly said, in a low whisper, cold and unnerving as a harsh winter blizzard. "He can't ditch me, he will not. It isn't like he can escape from me." As she was finishing her makeup, she heard a loud band coming from downstairs. "He is here!" she shouted excitedly as she opened a door that lead to her hallway. Her home had always had pink etched somewhere in every room even her cold, moist basement. In her hallway, pink was the main color, with her dresses and clothes hanged in racks, which were in one of the sides of the hall. She happily leaped her way through her hall, leaving her door ajar, as she always did when she went on a date.

She slid down her stairs to her kitchen, and seeing its door opening and closing frantically, she bellowed loudly: "He isn't here yet, unless..." she smiled as she saw her basement hatch padlock unlocked... "He wants to play hide and seek with me!" She said gleefully as she opened the hatch and slowly descended into her basement, hot and moist as it had always been, even before she had a boyfriend. She knew the basement was her boyfriend's favorite hiding spot. He always hid in a specific location, in the furthest corner, where the light dared never to reach.

"Darling!" She shouted enthusiastically. "I know where you are hiding!" She started to walk, towards him. "I'm coming for you." As she reached him she noticed the usual silence she often heard when she found him. She threw

herself at him, embracing him with all her forces, wanting to gain his full attention. "Sweetheart, I feel very happy that you have come with me." She kept hugging him, smelling a very odd stench coming from his sun and stars, his light in his life. "What's wrong darling? Do you feel OK?" She asked as she looked at his eyes, dark as a starless night.

Stark silence followed as she perspicuously listened to it. "Oh, I see." She suddenly said. "You don't feel fine today, do you??" Another long silence took place for that very moment. "Let me take you upstairs, where we will play all night long." and casually flirted.

She took his full weight on her arms, feeling thankful he was as light as fear and headed for the stairs. When she reached her kitchen, she took a long breath in order to avoid smelling her boyfriend's reek. She slowly climbed the stairs up through the hallway. As she took the last step and finally got to her hallway she realized that her boyfriend had fallen very sleep. She smiled as she walked through her hallway which was not as she thought it was. It was rotting away, the putrid paint falling apart the old, battered stinky robes full of maggots and moths. Her basement, filled with the old bones and that smell she always loved, the scent of death. Her room, a rare place which scent was a mixture of perfume and decadence. Her makeup, when was nothing but colored water. She giggled as she moved into her room, closing the door which she had left ajar. She loved her boyfriend very much. She would love him forever.



## HOPE



The darkness longed towards me. I could feel it reaching my bed, pulling my sheets, slithering through the door, the windows, and the ceiling. It wanted me. This feeling, Fear, had materialized in my bedroom. He stares at me deeply, as if he was trying to read my soul. His expensive Italian grey suit and his cigar are the only things I can see in this abysmal blackness. He scorned me, and he openly showed his disdain. I screamed at him with my fullest might, and he vanished. But, just as he disappeared, another grim figure showed up. As I shrieked in terror, Insanity came to



me, and yanked my hair. His dishevelled appearance, messy and unkempt, reminded me of a Psychiatric Patient. I bellowed loudly as he ripped my hair, my skin, my nose and lips. As adrenaline kicked in and I agonized, I wished for Death. In that moment, Insanity left as quickly as it had shown up. I felt my muscles and joints bleed relentlessly, stark naked in my pitch-black room.

Another guest came to the party, trying to keep up with his other friends. Despair sat beside me, trying not to touch me. His attire was eccentric, as he looked like what a Middle Age Executioner might have dressed for carrying out a Public Execution. He mocked me for a while, and then, seeing that I had not given up just yet, started to cut my limbs with his scythe, slowly tearing me away. When nothing but my head was left, he smiled at me with his crooked, rotten teeth and stared at me with black, insane eyes for a moment. Then he smashed my head, and took my severed, mauled body with him.

Then I wondered: Was this Death? What humans can't conceive nor they bear mind to it? Something was awfully wrong about this, and I do not know what it is. Then, the last guest arrived. I would have guessed it was death, but it wasn't. It was me. I looked at myself, and I was significantly surprised when I (my body) spoke. "You are on the verge of Death. You have two choices: Fall into despair and die, condemned to eternal suffering, or to follow me and live without regret". I realized I was speaking to Hope, someone who was not supposed to be there. So I agreed. I decided to follow him, thinking his strange chapter of my life was closed. Just as I was

taken towards the Light, Hope turned to look straight into my eyes and said: "I won't be able to save you if this happens again, so whatever you do never lose Hope." Suddenly, I woke up. My bed was white as snow and the sky was blue and clear. I felt renewed, clean, and safe.



My day was perfect. I did my job flawlessly, ate healthy, hung out with my fellow co-workers and finally headed home. I took my clothes off, walked past my shotgun, and took a bath. As the warm water touched my skin I remembered the darkness I had felt before, but I decided to shake the nasty thought off and move on with my life. I put my pyjamas on and lay back on my bed. But then, I felt darkness creep upon me again. That is when I understood what Hope had wanted to tell me all along. I was going to die

anyway, because those "Feelings" weren't mine and they were after me. Those nasty monsters disguised as my feelings and tried to take my life in my sleep, but Hope saved me from them. What Hope had wanted to understand is that I could die the less painful death by taking my own life. I ran to my old shotgun and reloaded it. It was time. This was I needed to hope for in that dreadful abyss; a better way to die, where I could at least decide how I wanted to go. I mocked the monsters who were eavesdropping on me from afar as I took the shotgun, put the muzzle in my mouth and gently squeezed the trigger. As I felt my head explode into a million pieces and my conscience fade away, I only felt one thing Satisfaction.



## Eduardo Villalobos Cisneros



I was born in Puebla, although my family isn't completely from here. It was the 21st of July of 1997, a Monday. I was told many times of curiosities about my birth, like for example, that I was supposed to be born on the first week of August, or also that on the pregnancy tests, my mother was told something about the possibility of twins. The story of my possible twin has sense, because my mother had twin sisters, so the idea of me having a twin is something that has chased me all my life. My family

is from many different places, like for example Tlaxcala, Oaxaca and Veracruz.

Life for me has not been fairly good. I've suffered many things, and thought many things about life, but all of them have in some way made me the person I am.

I do not believe in luck, in faith, nor destiny. I do think that what you want, you have to fight for it.

### ~~They Say that Love is Not for Everyone~~



People say that love is not for everyone. They also say that love is not necessary that you may never love and you can still go on with your life. However, they finally say "All you need is love".

What do I think about this? Honestly, I used to not give a crap. In fact, when my friends started to talk about it or my relatives started asking me if I had already found it, I preferred to put my eyes in blank and turn away from them. But then as everything that can go wrong in life, you get to fall in love. That kind of feeling that you cannot really explain even when you are facing it and blah, blah, blah.

Well, this is not the purpose of this story. This is not another book that tells you that love is wonderful and that the princess gets to marry her

prince at the end of the book and since then everything is happiness and happily ever after and flowers and love and senseless stories that always follow to the same path: illusion.

I'm not saying that love is false, and that what you feel for your mom and dad is not real. Of course not. What I'm trying to say is that they have made us believe that once you find your true love, nothing else will matter as long as you're with that special person. Well, that could be true in another society because in the one I leave, at least love is just one part of life. Then there's study, work, money, health, time, energy, self-stem and many more things that could influence how love goes, and that's my problem. I cared about all of those things before getting in love because when I like a person, I think of all the problems it might cause, how it will influence in my life, and even what cost it is going to have. This story, however, tells how a moment of distraction, can certainly make you commit great mistakes.



It all began a day of spring, when one of my friends asked me to hang out to a carnival that arrived to the city, but in the end turned out to be one of the worst decisions of my life agreeing to meet at a friend of his' house. He phoned me twice, and by the third I answered:

- "Hey, I'm almost arriving; I'm five blocks away from the direction you sent me."

- "Well, hurry up because there's someone here I want you to meet."

I heard a woman's voice saying - "Stevie! Hurry up!", and the call was over. It may seem not as an important moment of life nor a big important call or not an interesting conversation, but those 30 seconds of call were going to change my life in so many ways I wouldn't even expect them to come; however, they did.

I met her, her name was Lisa. She was pretty cute when I saw her for the first time. Instead of going to the carnival that day, we got trashed and during that I might have kind of flirted with her. When I was leaving, my friend, whose name is Denis, asked to leave with me. I had no objection, after all, he was my friend.

When we were half the way to his bus station, he started:

- "She is really cute, isn't she?"

- "Yeah, she's a little bit pretty." I said.

- "Stop it."

- "Stop what?" I could see that he was staring at me with no friendly intention on his face. "What? Did I do something wrong?"

- "You flirted with her!"

- "Yeah? So what? I liked her. Wasn't it why you asked me to meet her?"

- "Of course not!" He was now screaming. "I wanted you to meet her so you could tell me if things could go well between me and her! I didn't want you to flirt with her!"

- "Damn man, why didn't you tell me before? We could have avoided all of this mess."

When we arrived at his bus station, he just stared at me and said: - "Only promise me that you won't flirt with her again."

- "I promise." I said. At the moment it seemed like the thing I've said with the most security I've ever had in my life, but it was a short term illusion that will only bring complications.

The next day, I received a text message from Lisa, she wanted to hang out with me and Denis, but when I arrived to the place, I only found her. When I asked for Denis, she said that he was never invited, that she just wanted to spend some time with me, get to know me better.

I really didn't see any problem with that. We did hang out like that for a couple of times, and when I started to see a great friendship coming on, I found out that she was actually into me and that she wanted to go on a relationship with me. At first, I was scared to think what my friend would say to me, but after all I liked her too, so we started dating.

It went well for a month or so, we went to parties, saw many movies, played with her little brother and even I've got to meet her mom, who was really nice. Everything was going well, until Denis appeared in my house door with an expression that suggested immediately that he had found out.



"Tell me it isn't true." He said.

"Tell you WHAT isn't true?" I replied.

"THAT YOU'RE DATING LISA!" He started to yell.

"Oh, crap."

"OH CRAP!? IS THAT WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY? OH CRAP? YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULD STOP FLIRTING WITH HER! AND NOW, LOOK AT YOU! DATING HER!"

"Okay! In my defense, it was her who started flirting with me, not the opposite. Also she said she liked me, so stop saying it is my fault."

"SO WHO'S FAULT IS IT? MINE?"

"Well if you hadn't presented her to me, this would not have happened."

"YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU AND SHE CAN GO TO HELL. DO NEVER, EVER, TALK TO ME AGAIN. YOU'VE EARNED THIS, NOW LIVE WITH IT." He said, while he started running towards the corner of the street.

"Denis! Stop it! Let's talk about this! I'm pretty sure we can fix this!" I yelled to him, but it seemed that he preferred to ignore me and continue his way.

When I told Lisa what happened, she started laughing, and asked me if it was real that Denis liked her because she did never notice.

A week or so after that, I received a message from Denis, where he said he wanted to speak to me about something of my matter.

I arrived early to the café, and asked for a delicious mocha and took a seat. While I was waiting, this girl who was seating next to me started talking to me. I really got to like her. She told me her name was Angela, and that she was waiting to meet a friend at the mall. When she left, I

felt some guilt because in some way I really liked Lisa, but she was not bad either. In that moment I wished I could ask her out, but that would be considered as cheating, and I am not the kind of person who cheats.

When Denis arrived to the café, he pulled me from the arm and dragged me to a corner of the mall, then to a staircase and then to a machine room. I was pretty scared.

He started talking.

- "You're in big trouble."

- "Look, if this is about Lisa, I'm sorry, but you should really let it go. It is no good for you." I stated. "If this is what it was all about then maybe..."

- "This doesn't have anything to do with me. Well, not in that way." He interrupted me.

- "Then, what is it about? Spit it out."

- "Lisa has a boyfriend." He was looking me directly in the eye. "Well, apart from you."

- "What are you talking about?" I was kind of confused, but at the same time angry. I thought it was all a bad joke that Denis was playing on me.

- "His name is James, and they've been dating for about a year and he's from the upper grade." Denis seemed kind of happy.

- "From where did you get that? Imagination? Jealousy?" I said with a sarcastic tone.

- "No kidding. My friend Rose, the one who introduced me to Lisa, told me yesterday. As long as I knew it, I phoned you." He was talking with a serious tone.

- "And I'm supposed to believe in that?"

- "It's up to you, but you should know that Rose told me that James is getting suspicious, and she says that he can get pretty violent when it comes the time."

- "Yeah! Sure. You know what? Maybe we should hang out later; I've just remembered that I was supposed to go out with my cousins." I said, and then started leaving, but just before I left the staircase, he grabbed my arm again.

- "Just be cautious, okay?"

- "Yeah, whatever." I said and pulled my arm back again.

Half of my way home, a feel of guilt, anger and suspiciousness filled me. Then, I decided to go to Lisa's house without telling her. If what Denis told me was true, maybe with an inch of luck I could get to see James.

When I arrived at Lisa's, there was a car parked outside, a black Mustang 96. Gorgeous, truly, but it was definitely not from her family. Her bedroom light was on and I could hear laughs coming out from there. I decided to ring the door.

When it opened, her little brother appeared, followed by his mother. She asked me to come inside and told me that Lisa was upstairs with some friends. She said it was okay for me to go up, and so I did.

When I appeared on her bedroom door, she felt silent, and turned with an expression of just have seen a ghost or something like that. There were 5 friends, two men and 3 women, it seemed like a little improvised party for friends, and I felt a little bit bad for interfering on it.

Then she said:

- "Steve... what are you doing here?" She seemed anxious.

- "Nothing, I was just around and wanted to see you for a while, sorry I interrupted. Hi everyone." I said and waived my hand. The others did the same.

- "Oh... Ammm... Don't worry, let me introduce you, these are Anna, Johanna, Kevin, Emma... and James. Everyone, this is Steve."

- "Hi!" Said Anna.

- "Nice to meet you." Kevin said.

- "Hello Steve." James finally said followed by a short but eternal silence.

- "Yeah, right so, can I talk to you Steve?"

- "Yeah, why not?" I said, while she passed beside me, towards the stairs.

- "Nice to meet you guys." I said before I left.

As soon as I left I could start hearing the laughs again.

- "Steve, it is not that I do not want you here, but my friends... I want to introduce you to them later." She started.

- "Why not now?" I asked.

- "It's because... It's not the moment I've planned."

- "That's okay then. Before I leave, I have to tell you something."

I told her what Denis told me, but omitting the name of James and the one of his friend. When I finished, she looked a little bit scared.

"Did he told you what was this mysterious boyfriend's name?" She then asked.

"Yeah, and that's funny, because she said it was James, like your friend over there. Hahahahaha! It's funny, he seems really nice." She did now look a little uncomfortable.

"Yeah, ha ha, he is. Look, you have to leave now." She said roughly.

"Why?" I felt offended.

"I'll tell you later. Don't worry."

"Okay..."

I was about to kiss her when I heard James shouting.

"Lisa, dear. Are you coming or what? I miss you, love."

"I'm coming!" She shouted.

"Dear? Love? You should be really good friends" I said. I was starting to get angry.

"Yeah we are. Please go." She said.

I was about to ask her why she was in such a defensive way, when James appeared and asked Lisa:

"Sweetheart, why are you taking so long? I want to spend the night with my girlfriend."

And that was it, I got it, and I needed no more explanations.

"SO IT WAS TRUE!" I said, really angry. "YOU ARE DESPICABLE."

"Whoa dude, calm down, take care of how you talk to my girl" James said.

I wanted to punch him, but was it his fault? No, it wasn't. So I just turned around and walked away, leaving her behind, leaving the lies, leaving my heart.

After that she tried to call me several times, but I never talked to her again. What happened to her? I think she and her boyfriend have been dating for 2 years and a half now. I don't care. She told me things that I would never know if they were true or not, and I would probably never want to know.

I apologized to Denis, several times, and in the end he forgave me with the condition that I would never flirt with his friends before asking him, with the help of the fact that he was grateful that he didn't pass through the situation I had passed.

And so was it, since then I've got many other lovers in my life, but each time it seems that no one is the correct one.

There was one time, when Denis introduced me to other of his friends, before introducing her to me he told me that he liked her, and as I promised, I was about to keep my distance.

When I met her, I recognized her; I remembered the café, the talk and the stupid felt of guilt I experienced in that moment. I knew that not trying to flirt with Angela was going to be an impossible quest, but that is a story for another time.



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