

Young
Writers
2019

IMM
INSTITUTO MEXICANO MADERO
Sistema Bilingüe®

Foreword

“It is time for parents to teach young people early on that in diversity there is beauty and there is strength.” Maya Angelou

This anthology represents the diversity in: literature, topics, ways of addressing those topics, and finally, the diversity in our school. In these present times, taking into account the vast richness of humanity is crucial to understand the complex world we live in, and build new ways of coexisting.

Likewise, this anthology embodies the student’s work, their passion, their feelings, their view of the world, and their talent. Writing is not as easy as one could imagine, it requires time and effort, recognizing mistakes, reading and proofreading over and over again, until the last comma is in its perfect place.

It is important to note that this anthology is divided into six sections. The first two were written by second semester students. Their topics are: *Epic Stories* and *Chemical Reactions*, both are related to their current lessons on World Literature and Chemistry. The following three sections –*Mars, A Genie in a Bottle?*, and *Time Travelling*- were written by fourth semester students, the categories are the product of the Creative Writing workshop; and finally, the last category that falls into no categories: Free Style! In which students from any semester take part, especially those that are currently in sixth semester.

Many thanks to the illustrator of the Front Cover: María Fernanda Cantero Salazar; and to the illustrators Gael García Durán, Fernanda Revuelta Pérez, Arum Chang Cabrera; and to those students who dared to illustrate their own texts or that asked their brothers and sisters for help to do so, thanks to them too!

Nashely Morales, April 25th, 2019. Puebla, Puebla.

Epic Stories

Aranza Izel Rubalcaba Silva (16)

Paula Giulianna Sánchez Camacho (16)

Fátima Paola Martínez Fuentes (16)

Polette Tolama Rojas (16)

2ºD

To us literature is a bomb of feelings and emotions that everyone should feel at least throughout all their lives. It is not a simple word, literature is a wonderful feeling.

“Beowulf vs Cthulhu”

Two years after all the disaster, Beowulf was resting in his boat watching the sunset, before he made his way to the Deep Ocean.

The reason was the terrifying story that he heard in one of the ports he visited. The story talked about the most enormous, terrifying and nasty creature you will ever see.

Suddenly, when he was thinking about his victory, he felt a dark vibe behind him, before he was able to realize there was something wrong, the whole sea started shaking.

There was an enormous, green, nasty and scary creature watching him with its cursed big red eyes. Beowulf was petrified to see the size of this creature, watching him.

And in that moment, he realized it was Cthulhu.

He pounced on him and began the most epic fight ever told before.

Cthulhu started the fight, attacking, and Beowulf realized in that moment, it wouldn't be an easy battle. In a second when he was on the floor after receiving a cut of flesh, he went through it:

-¿How can I defeat him? He thought.

He noticed that Cthulhu's eyes did not move at the same time as him, then he realized that Cthulhu was seeing things after these were happening. So, he took advantage of that and moved as fast as he could and his body allowed it.

Beowulf climbed Cthulhu as fast as he would ever can and strongly introduced a knife in four of five Cthulhu's eyes. But he was not fast enough, and when he was going to introduce the knife in the fifth eye, Cthulhu grabbed him and ate him.

A few seconds later, Beowulf's sword pierced Cthulhu's stomach, and it tore almost one hundred meters. Cthulhu started dying and making noises, the hell noises of Cthulhu's roar, but after this happened, Beowulf did not come out of the ocean.

This was the epic death of Cthulhu, but also the disastrous death of Beowulf.

Even today we remember this story as the most epic battle of the ocean, and also, we remember Beowulf as the savior of it.



Illustrated by Alexis Sánchez Camacho

“NDE’E –A Mixteco battle”

On a Mixteco village named Yanhuitlan was harvest day, Itzamatul went to the street market for some supplies to add to the meal that her father was cooking at their house, when she returned to her house she took into account that the fence was broken and her father wasn't cooking.

-Hey tata I'm home!

Some strange noise resounded, she turned back and recognized the face of an awful creature that disappeared immediately, she saw her father laying in the floor while he whispered to her:

-The village is in your hands.

She started crying, confused because of her father's last words. Itzamatul looked up and saw three spectrums. She was stunned about everything that was happening, she understood nothing.

-I'm Dzahui, god of the rain and the protector of the Mixteco people and he is Tonatiuh, god of the Sun. We are here to help you avenge your father who was the warrior of the village. And now, because of his absence, you will become our warrior.

The words weren't able to come out of her mouth. Without explanation both spectrums vanished, leaving her alone with her confusion and sadness.

After several months of her father's death she was at the downtown, when the priest approached her and said:

-Hi Itzamatul, how is the planting going?

-Fine! Thank you. This time we have good crops.

The priest walked her to her house and just when they were going to say goodbye, he hanged Itzamatul, leaving her without air. Before she was able to move, he tied her, he bandaged her eyes, and took her to a temple. The one which was the place where he planned to kill her.

Just before sunset was over he untied her and uncovered her eyes, so she could watch what was happening.

-What are you? - Itzamatul asked concerned, knowing that he was the murderer of her father.

-I'm a nahual. My name is Idu, warrior of the underworld. I'm here for you! From the moment you are dead, my kingdom will take over Yanhuitlan and over all the Mixteco people. – He answered with evilness on his voice.

Itzamatul started running away from him but Idu caught her and scratched her, she was bleeding out. Anyway, Itzamatul rode on him and tried to hang him but Idu was stronger. He threw her away and started hitting her, making sure that she almost had no breath. When she didn't have enough strength, Idu was prepared to throw the mortal bite to end with Itzamtul's life.

-Where are your gods to help you now? – Idu screamed, mocking her.

Suddenly, it started dawning and the sunlight beam burned him, letting her get away of the claws of the monster.

Itzamatul kept being the protector of her people until the end of her days. In gratitude for her bravery, the gods named the temple, where she avenged her father, as her name for the Mixteco culture to remind her forever.



Illustrated by Paula Giulianna Sánchez Camacho

Elías Alejandro Esma Cruz (16)

Galilea Ivette Percastegui Muñoz (16)

Arantza Aguilar López (16)

2ºD

Literature for us is one of several art forms where you let your imagination fly, also in literature we find and discover ourselves because generally we like what is reflected in us and we discover things that we didn't know that we like.

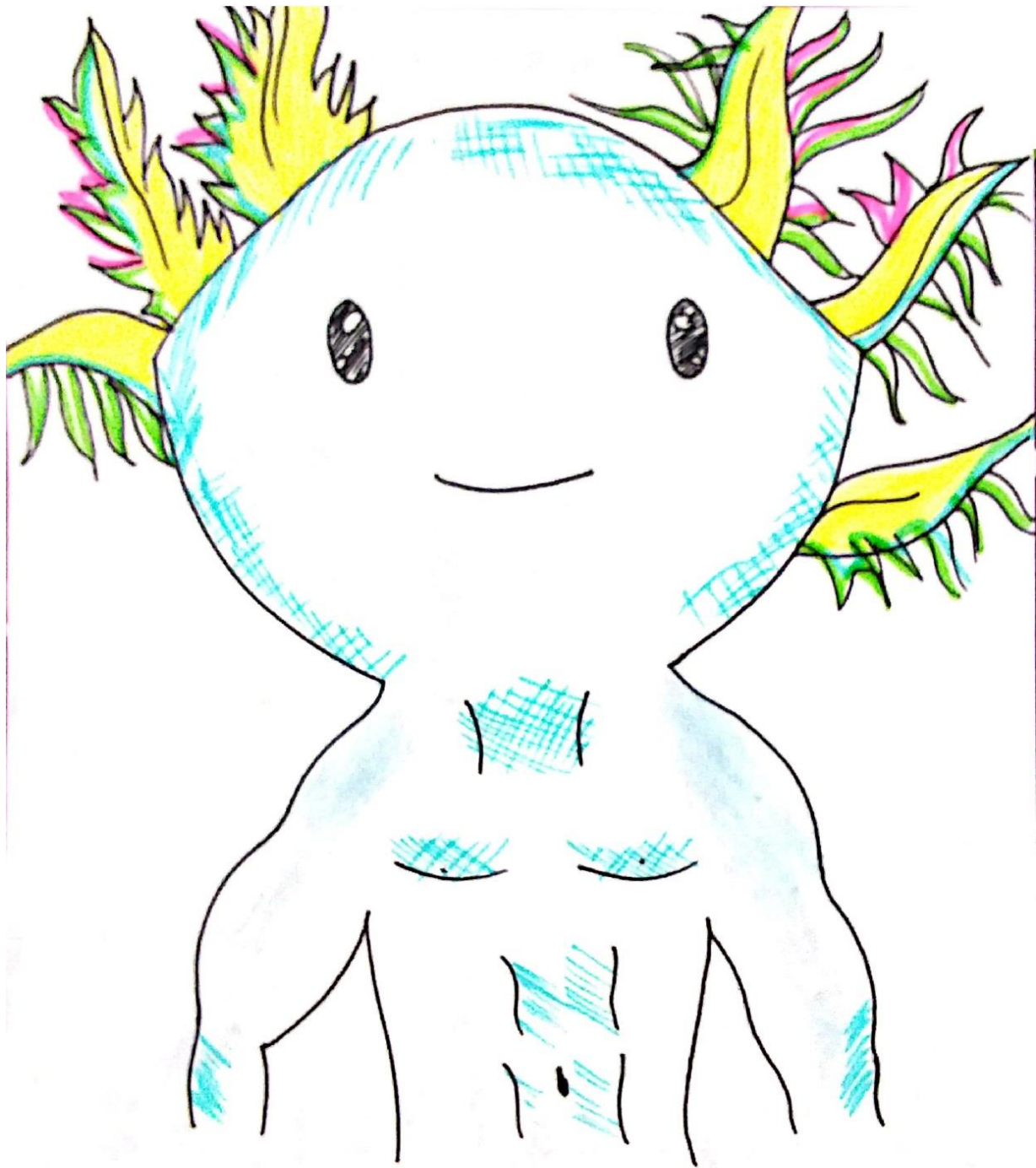
“Axokichtli”

He´s the protector of the central Mexican rivers and lakes. He was very strong, tall, handsome and powerful. When he was out of the water he looked like a very handsome man part of the Mexica nobility but when he entered to the water he adopted axolotl characteristics.

His mission was to protect the river land people and fight against the people who damaged the environment.

He defeated many monsters specially Ahuizotl, a dog shaped creature with hands of monkey and a long tail that finished in a human hand, when Axokichtli noticed that something was drowning people, he decided to find and defeat the one who was doing that, the battle between them was epic but Axokichtli finally defeated Ahuizotl in the dark using his magical bioluminescence.

In the end, Axokichtli died in the hands of Hernan Cortés army because they thought he was a demon.



AXOKICHTLI

Ora
Eiras 1ºD
Gali

Chemical Reactions

Isabel González Rodríguez (16) 2°C

I write because sometimes crying and laughing is not enough to express my feelings.

“The relativity of life”

And so time goes by
And with time, our lives
And with our lives, the density of mysticism
But the phenomenon of memories remains
That in time they are lost.

And for the cosmic river of the universe
The immensity and energy absorbs us
Even when everything is gone,
Life goes on
And without it, we continue.

The divisibility of time does not stop,
Life only overwhelms us
And the old loves go,
To open the way between impenetrability to new ones.

If I could hug a memory
Feel it, Feel it as it was,
As happened at the time
Eternity and inertia would not earn us,
And people would live dreaming,

Laughing and drowning in the same memory,
Life would sink into the hardness of an eternal dream
And there would be no more things to dream about.

The influence of the language would be
Null in the lives of people
The society mix would not be corrupted,
And the cities would not die
Long before birth.

But the memories are only
Matter of memories and true loves
will remain in our hearts, their essence and weight,
It will remain in our soul and we will embrace them,
While we remember them.



Illustrated by Gael García Durán

Eric Javier Solís Gómez (16) 2°C

The best part about Literature is that it lets your thoughts and feelings flow
in every word you write.

“We are a molecule”

Nothing can measure our love,
Not even Avogadro’s number or his mole
You just need to watch the sky above
Even though our love might be Acid, we will join as a whole

My love for you can’t even be measured
We are like Atom and Ion
I’ll make sure our love remains forever treasured
Your love radiates the energy of a Lion

Our love doesn’t have an Oxidation Number
My heart is Melting for you, dear
Oh my love, we’ll someday get older
But our bond from breaking is not near

We are a double-bond, which is ridicule
But still, as I said, we are a molecule.



Illustrated by Gael García Durán

José Eduardo Cabrera Landero (16) 2°C

Life is the reality from which you can never escape, but imagination is the only way you stay alive.

“Do you think my feelings are malleable?”

It seems that I need an Indicator
Because, you make me feel like I'm in a simulation
I know I might not be the right one for you
But I believe I might help you go through

I know I might not be like a Cation: positive
But I believe that our love would be like an Electron, Indivisible
Your hair transmits Waves of Heat
But I believe the best for me is to leave

Do you think my feelings are malleable?
If so, my mind might not be stable
I'm like a Halogen, I often tend to have affinity with people
But your freezing attitude makes me want to quit

Your love might need a Flask
And my heart will need an Indicator, but I'm too afraid to ask.



Illustrated by Gael García Durán

Ana Karen Márquez Torres (16) 2°C

Literature is the most profound and complete way of expressing myself through my thoughts and truths, it is my way of reading life and the art of the world.

“Chemical Love Poem”

There is chemistry between us
every time I look at your eyes
There is no way back,
how beautiful it feels
when our hearts react.
We work together
as an equation,

Chemically bonded by elements of love.
Your lips are magnets attracted by desire.
and your arms are the solution to my loneliness.
Your love is therapy, your smile makes me lose control.

and my heart is truly in your hands.

There are no words to describe the effect it causes me.
What did you do to keep me in this state?

Whatever is between us
it just doesn't want to die,
Tell me why

Is it because the energy does not lie?

Ximena Muñoz Ahuatzin (16) 2ºD

Literature has nothing to do with fancy words or hidden meanings. I believe that literature is that little fragment of the soul, which can only be explained by words.

“The man with the red tie”

When I wake up in the middle of the night the creaking noises that every step on the stair provokes make my mind ache and my throat hurt. That’s the moment when I realize, they must come from the man from above.

My fingers grasp the light blue blanket as if every bit of force could stop the fear trying to escape from my mouth. My eyes can only look at the shiny black shoes that are going upstairs. I don’t realize how stiff my back feels until the shoe faces me. I freeze when he stops moving, and when he does it again, I release the breath I was unconsciously holding. I thank God for sleeping under the stairs that night.

Those damn shoes look at me laughing in a mixture of amusement and pity. And then they are gone. Just like every other night. Except for this one, sounds louder. The night screams for help and I try to ignore it. I cover my ears in an attempt of hiding from my own cowardice. But then the blow of a fist against a fragile pink cheek is heard.

As I try to follow the noise with my ears, I cannot pinpoint the moment in which the sweet words he spilled every single day, became acid rain. In which a sweet laugh became a sadistic one. The moment I flinched by every movement he made. The moment in which I started to fear the man with the red tie.

The echo from upstairs screams and cries makes me angry but mostly sad. The magnetism that drags me to spy, becomes inevitable and lethal at the same time. I feel like melting as I get closer to the tiny hole on the wall. A rush of rage attacks me, but the adrenaline makes me move by the miracle of fear.

The golden watch on my father's wrist shines blindingly towards me with every movement; with every punch. As the numb body of my mother lies on the floor, covered in bruises that scream “let me go.” Her mouth only mumbles “It is my fault.”

I can't comfort myself thinking "Well, he's drunk after all, alcohol has taken the worst out of him" because he's sober. I can't blame the abusiveness, the cruelty and the sadistic nature of that man into some addiction that doesn't exist. And then I think about my mother.

I think of her as an emulsion when I see her with him. The opposites mixing together, an impossible bond that shouldn't even exist. She's conformed by that hydrophilic part that doesn't even try to fight, that wishes to be loved by my father. And the hydrophobic part that just wants to escape from him. She keeps falling onto that toxic inertia of hers. And I just can stand there, watching in impotence so much greater than my fear.

I just want to do something, to scream and run away from all of this.

I can't keep crying. But I do it anyways

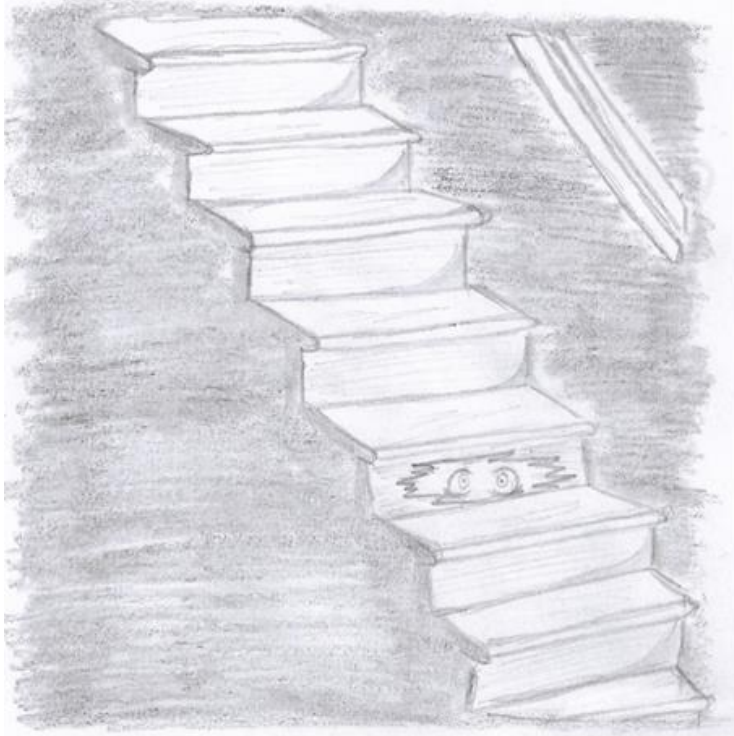
Until my lungs can't anymore.

Until my eyes become hollow with every drop

And I hide again under the stairs,

like the coward I am.

And wish out loud to grow up fast.



Illustrated by Ximena Muñoz Ahuatzin

Arum Chang Cabrera (16) 2°D

Literature is something that allows me to express myself, when I write something I imagine the situation of the character and I just create the perfect scenario for my story.

“The Insect”

Once upon a time there was an especial laboratory, in that place researchers were creating mutations with animals and nuclear plants.

They mixed the DNA with other kinds of animals.

The scientist, Mike, was the director of these projects. But he wanted to make something new, so he started to think about what kind of project he would do.

After one week, Mike had a dangerous great idea. He wanted to make the most powerful insect in the world.

Many scientists approved the idea of Mike, so they started to make the new project.

Mike didn't want to make the insect with metal, he wanted an insect with bones and skin; he really wanted a real insect, a big insect!

The volume was incredible, the project was almost finished.

But, after they put the last piece of the insect there was an accident.

All the nuclear plants exploited, many radioactivity was dispersed in all the area.

Unfortunately, Mike died with other many scientists in that place.

All the air and water were contaminated, and there was no life there.

The years passed ...

After 10 years, some scientists, detectives, and reporters were investigating the event.

Until one scientist called Mark found a weird thing, he found... the biggest insect.

This insect survived the nuclear explosion.

The project was transferred to the New Research Laboratory, many scientists were astonished by the great mass of this creation.

After some revisions, they tested the prototype.

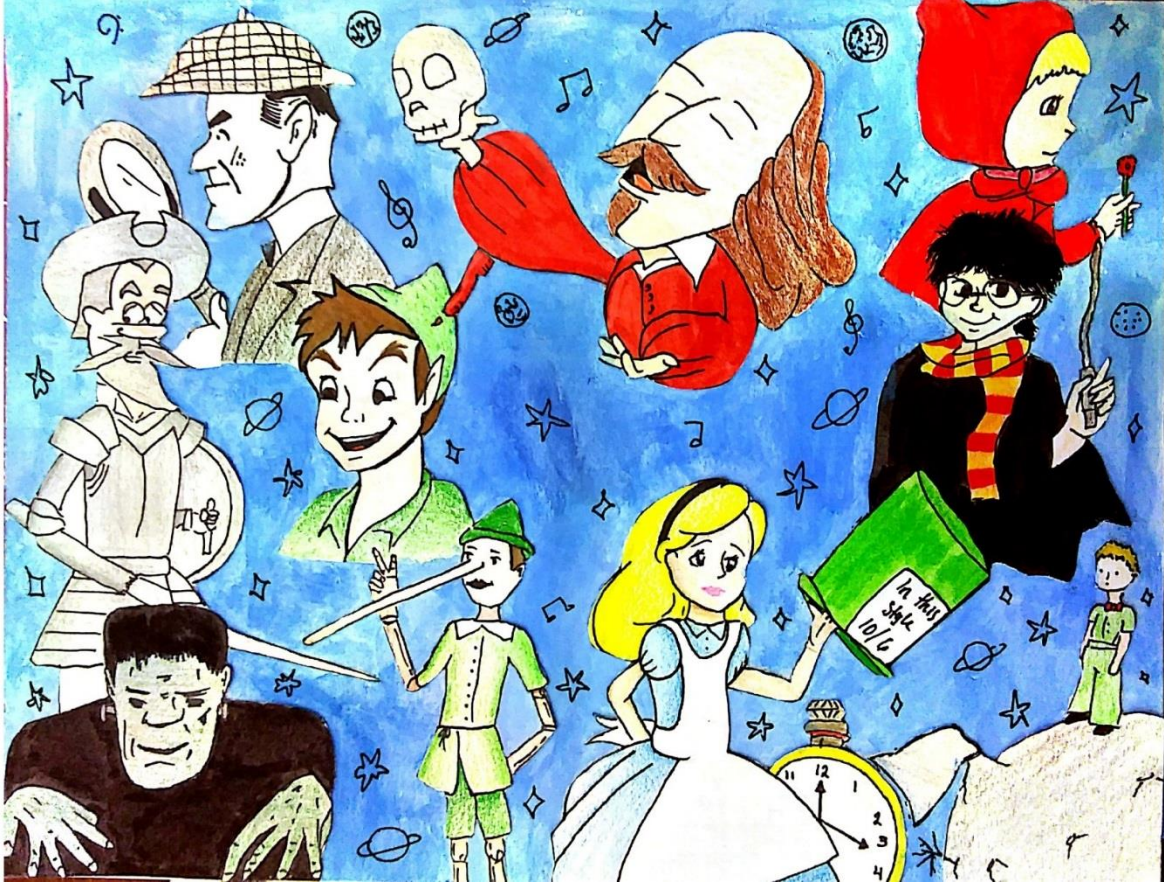
Mark saw something unusual with this thing, he stared to notice that it was not only an insect, this insect had bones with a lot of calcium, the calcium was very high so that this prototype could run rapidly, faster than the speed of light.

Also, the insect had strong arms that could take out crystals and minerals in caves and mines.

But, all things have an ending.

At the end, the insect was properly taken care of with a good way to use it and a good point of science.

Mark was thankful with the scientists that died with the radioactivity, if they hadn't made this project, he wouldn't have known what would happen in the future.



Illustrated by Arum Chang Cabrera

José Ricardo Barraza Padua (16) 2ºD

Literature is beautiful because with so little, with a single paragraph, with a single sentence, with a single word it allows you to feel everything.

“Is that bad to be an aldehyde?”

Is it that bad to be an aldehyde?

I'm not as important as a carboxylic acid

Everyone wants to be with them, I'm not part of the tide

They are so complex, I'm easier, more basic

I hate the alcohol's hypocrisy

Who they are depends on who they are with

By themselves they are just cool hydroxyls

With a double bonded oxygen they feel like world's pith

I hate being an alkyl

I deserve way more than that

They are stealing all the credit of mine

Now they are on the top rack

At least I'm not the last

Maybe I should leave this things in the past

Alejandra Camacho Serrano (16) 2ºD

I like literature because it is a way of expressing myself that implies the beauty of art and of knowing others and connect with them. In addition, it improves your creativity and expands the possible ways of saying just one thing.

“Emotions”

Is it just chemicals that grow and flow
the reason to undergo in great joy?
Wouldn't it be, as we all know,
more than endorphin the laugh of a boy?

Is it a reaction that produces hate,
and induces an explosion between brothers?
A lack of cortisol enough to irritate
and face humans one against the other?

Not a substance alone results in love
as strong as covalent bonds.
To care for their children, parents behoove.
More than dopamine, nature responds.

Not just molecules balance the equation
soul and will resulting in compounds of creation.

Aranza Izel Rubalcaba Silva (16) 2ºD

For me, writing is to create imaginary worlds that bring us closer to reality.

“Periodic Table School”

“It will be a new school with new friends, new teachers, and new routine.” I started thinking while I was walking through the main hallway.

“Have you seen him?” I heard someone saying.

“He looks rare.” Another said.

I was the typical student that was invisible for everyone but everybody was paying attention to me, as if I had a big pimple on the forehead or something similar. They made me feel uncomfortable.

“The day couldn’t start better” I thought.

The bell rang and my martyrdom was almost over. Everyone started going to their classrooms and so did I. My first class was Chemistry: Introduction to anatomy of atoms.

“Hello! My name is Oxygen...” I said to the classmate next to me. She ignored me; she looked like the kind of girl that talks to nobody unless it’s her friends.

At lunch I didn’t know where to sit, there were different squads, like the Noble gases, the typical mean girls. There were the Metals, so rude for me and the Metalloids, the crazy but cool ones.

“Hey guy! Come, sit with us.” A girl shouted and I was surprised: She was shouting to me. She was my salvation.

“Hello...My name is Oxygen” I said hoping not to be ignored this time.

“Hi guy! I am Carbon and she is Hydrogen, you seemed too lonely, how are you?” The guy said with a big smile on his face.

“Fine since you shouted...” I started saying.

We talked and laughed, they were part of the Non-metals and I felt like they would be the friends that one day would become my family, literally.



Illustrated by Aranza Izel Rubalcaba Silva

Iñaki Laguna Ramírez 2ºD

For me, Literature is an art, is magic and inspiration that allows me to see everything that surrounds me. In the moment when I am writing I feel that I am talking and sharing my own ideas with other people, like a bird, like a great writer, forming part of the story.

“The Fall of the King Jacob”

Once upon a time, many years ago in a faraway place, there was a town called Einswood, surrounded by streams of crystal water and huge mountain ranges where the sound of the air felt like a song.

In Einswood, there was a malicious, ambitious and jealous king called “Jacob the Great”. The king received many necklaces, monuments, money and diamonds made of bronze and precious metals from the citizens of Einswood.

Instead of this Jacob gave his citizens inflammable and poisonous liquids, when they did not want to give him any gifts. In response to this the people decided to create a conductor of radioactivity, which contained a family of dangerous gases, which were used to kill the king.

Then the people arrived to the palace with an ager which felt like a hard electric charge, they defeated the security of the king and they took Jacob into the conductor, where minutes later he died.

Jorge Aguilar Moreno 2ºD

What I like about literature is that no matter the text, each reader is able to give it a whole new interpretation.

“How to write a Chemistry sonnet”

What have alkenes to do with Shakespearean sonnets?
Or corrosive mixtures whit big pieces of art?
I can't try to tell, for being honest
But I should try it out, so I'll just start.

Maybe there's chemistry in tools they're used
Like paper, which is an organic compound,
Or the alcohol which make them confused.
At least two relations, that's all I found.

Like two covalent atoms unify
I'll make up a chem's ambitious sonnet
I'll make that terminology go by,
Literature and chem's on it

Even though it didn't go as expected,
Guess sonnet's done, so I don't regret it.

Oscar Angel Flores Cevada 2ºD

Literature has changed humanity, it is a strong force that can inspire scientific development, it can help people get answers for their problems, and most importantly, it lets humanity express what's on their messy minds.

“Probably the loveliest poems...”

Probably the loveliest poems aren't written on air,
That's why we use chemistry to compare,
Because there isn't any force stronger,
Than two atoms pulling each other.

We together melting in our heat,
Creating a love song with our heartbeat,
Making contact with every molecule,
Like our distance, which is minuscule.

Our bodies create a chemical equation,
Creating balance without hesitation,
Creating a number without a measure,
Sending the message without any pressure.

Quantum talks that create strings,
Keep us looping like if we were rings,
And when our mouths touch to react,
The most beautiful bond comes into act.

Like two black holes making contact,
Keeping the same rules that they have,
Making sure to counteract,

Each one being the perfect half.

Crafting the theory of everything,
Creating a universal constant,
Defying the laws and changing,
Any statistic in an instant.

The randomness of us meeting,
Like electrons in an ordered mess,
But if I was the one remaining,
I would probably get lost in your absence.



Illustrated by Gael García Durán

María Fernanda Cantero Salazar (16) 2°C

If you cannot talk, try to write.

“Only You”

When that day came, my dear oxygen when I found you again,
I vowed never to make the same mistake.
I knew an atom like you ... I would never let you go,
my nitrogen monoxide is now complete in a way I cannot show.

For eternity I will spend atoms making you believe,
You are the sole molecule that I breathe.
My valence electron is yours, my hopes and desires too.
Until my dying day, me, the nitrogen is reserved just for you.

We are the compound I could ever need and more,
More than I deserve or would dare wish for.
You are my butadiene, my angel, my covalent bond
I'm thankful every day that you are my whole world.

For the time, I know you are not a transition metal, but my heart truly sings.
My one, my only, my everything!

Joshua Manuel Gómez Herrera (17) 4ºD

The literature is an art and with it you can create the most beautiful gift you can imagine because you can inspire and motivate people to become better humans.

“The calling”

I’m here on the SpaceX base here in Colorado. I woke up with the last message from our Astronaut Joshua and when I started reading it, I started to cry: Here it is:

“Hi everyone I am reporting from Mars, obviously I’m not the first human that has arrived over here, It’s amazing, all the things that are over here, there are too many stations, buildings and vehicles, but this place is weird, there is air but you need to wear a specific suit to work outside. I feel bad because now that I am here, I pray every single day to be on Earth and do all the things I wanted to when I was a child, all those beautiful places that I should visit and to thank every person that supported me and helped me in my life.

It’s sad because I will work here for other 15 years and the idea that I have on my mind is when I return home, I will not have energy or time. So if someone is listening to this: hi my name is Joshua I’m an astronaut, people on Earth take care of your planet, it is where you live, tell your family and friends how much you appreciate them.

Mars is an awesome place but nothing compares to Earth, without anything else to say, I’m Joshua, have a good life.

Sherly Aristil Sánchez (17) 4ºD

I don't really like to write stories, tales or poems because I consider I am not really good at it. However, when I do it, I am able to express myself through words and be creative.

“Exploring Mars”

Crew of the Nazca to Earth:

It's been eight years since the Nazca Rocket launched from Earth. This has been a long trip with a lot of difficulties as time went by. We almost crashed into a huge meteorite, we lost part of our rocket and we nearly got caught in a black hole. The team and I were very tired and frustrated, for a moment we thought we were going to die. However, we never gave up, and finally, thanks to the crew's courage and determination, we can inform you that we landed on Mars on Saturday, February 16th of 2019.

When we arrived, we set up the control base on land, and since then, we have been exploring our surroundings and examining the ground and the atmosphere, in order to check if future plans of building human colonies in here are possible. So far so good. We have found amazing things, such as a river-like stream of water flowing through the floor. The water was examined and surprisingly, it is drinkable. Investigating if there is fertile soil for us to plant crops comes next. We are hoping for the best.

We will stay in touch. Until then, the Nazca crew says goodbye to the Earth inhabitants and to SpaceX.

Santiago Castelán Martínez (17) 4°C

What I like of literary creation is that you can express the same story from different points of view, provoke an emotion to readers, and express yourself.

“First Man”

Dear everyone on Earth:

Hello my name is Santiago, astronaut of the space shuttle “Challenger 2.0”. Today my space ship landed on Mars, after a ride of 162 days.

The voyage wasn't an easy thing, I've prepared for years, and now that I'm here I miss everything of Earth; my family, food, air, and talking to someone.

Well Mars is a very unique experience, I'm very glad to be the first man here, this place is so lonely, so peaceful, a sensation that I have never had. I agree that we need to socialize with others, but this is a new world, without war, without frontiers, without pollution, without so many problems.

I don't know, the only lesson I learned is to return to our principles, let's forget our differences and let's change the world.

I'm very afraid, I don't know if I will return to Earth to see my family again, if things go bad I want to thank everyone who supported me.

Thank you for listening to me.

Mildred Rossainz Becerril (17) 4°C

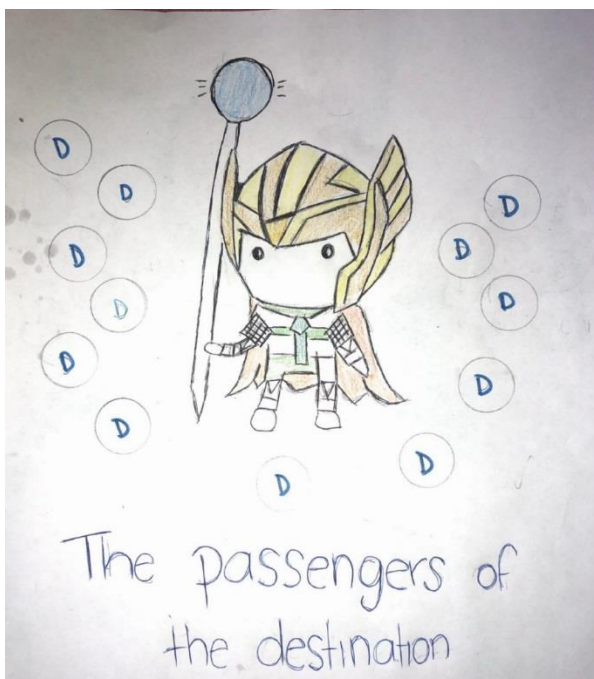
What inspired me to write that story was that I really like science fiction and action, if we lived in such a world, it would be more fun and interesting; there would be more heroes, we would learn to be more humble and value what we have.

“The passengers of the Destination”

After landing on Mars humans began to give classes to build giant spheres where there is oxygen inside, nursery gardens, artificial waterfalls, an environment resembling the Earth so that they felt comfortable. One day they got divided into 13 spheres called “districts”, the bigger sphere was where all the high class people were, it was called “Capitol” and there were many economic resources, the Capitol was exploiting the spheres, they created laws, where each year a member of each sphere had to fight to death with the other members.

One day the spheres were raised in arms to defeat the Capitol but the Capitol had advanced technology so that the spheres had to train several years to finally overthrow the Capitol.

After several years the spheres won so they had the entire Capitol on their hands, they distributed all the resources to each sphere, the schools and jobs were in the Capitol, the houses, parks were in the spheres, everyone had to work and cultivate food and generate oxygen for all the spheres, to avoid repeating the same story.



Illustrated by Mildred Rossainz Becerril

Venedig Miranda Reyes (17) 4°C

I have always admired how writers create a whole new world and express their feelings just with words. I'm not as good as them, but I'm hoping to do the same.

“From Mars to Earth”

Hey! Can somebody hear me? I hope so. I am talking to you from Mars. Can you believe it? We have done it! This is incredible, we all are here! I still can't believe it! It is so exciting to have the opportunity of exploring a place in which no one else (or at least a human) has been before. The place is not so different from the images that rovers had gathered in previous occasions. Its terrain is too rocky; it looks like a desert full of reddish rocks.

We have not seen too much since we arrived, sending this message to Earth was the first thing we did. Now we are going to search for proofs that some time ago there was water in this planet, the existence of active volcanos, explore all the land we can and be prepared for any surprise this place could have.

We are going to try staying in touch with you constantly during our visit here. This is a huge achievement for humanity. The world must remember this forever: finally, a group of humans were capable of arriving to Mars and... they were Mexicans! Yes, sir. Mexico is the first world's nation arriving to Mars! Greetings to our families, we could not be here if they hadn't supported us.

See you soon Earth!

Leonardo Pineda Reyes (17) 4°C

Do we really need to put a limit to our minds and try to fit in when we were clearly born to stand out?

“Space Xplorer”

It is the year 2049, 3 years after the spaceship from the company “Space X” was sent to Mars; which supposedly landed on the red planet on January of 2048, but we had extreme problems with the communication because an unknown electromagnetic field ruined our devices. Thanks to that, the mission of the astronauts was almost without any communication since the middle of the trip to Mars.

Our drastic solution was to send another mission equipped with new communication technologies, but it took almost a year until the supply reached the astronauts, so during that time we could only observe the mission with our telescopes, but we were only able to see where the spaceship landed thanks to massive sandstorms on Mars.

Now on September 16 of 2049, the supply ship finally reached the astronauts and we are receiving our first message from the astronauts since the last year.

- “Hey Space Xplorer, do you receive me?”

(Interference)

- “I require an answer...”

(Strange phrases on Nahuatl and Egyptian appear on text messages)

- “We are going to conquer the Earth again “(a strange alien with armor appears on camera)

- “Holy sh*....”

Signed- Elon Musk

Jimena Molina Hernández (17) 4°C

My writing wouldn't be here if it weren't for a project. I never thought I'd write my ideas down and show them to others. When they told me that my story was going to be published, I was shocked because I didn't feel capable. Now I know that you always have to risk it; maybe the result is good or bad but you will never know if you don't try.

“Living in Mars”

Let's imagine we are employed at the NASA and a rocket is thrown to Mars.

Sat in the center of command we receive everyday reports of the people on board of the rocket called J72. If one presents some difference we (the command) will know it.

Today on April 2, 2080 at 7:30 am we are in the 325th of the second year since J72 was thrown. They have informed us that the team will land in 16 hours.

22 Hours; Mail of the team comes.

- Hello station we messaged the J72 team. After so much time and wait we have crossed Mars' atmosphere. The place is of difficult access but it is possible to complete the trip. Coming to the planet we will stabilize the supplies and will study the climatic conditions to begin this new investigation. End of the communique.

- Station, today is our second day in Mars. On the basis of the past investigation we could discover that the gravity here is 3 times minor than in Earth. This makes us less heavy, we believe it will be an advantage. The problem is that temperatures are extreme, during the day it's very high and at night very low. It's difficult to find water out of our refuge. We will continue searching and investigating on this planet. We trust that it will be an inhabitable place. End of the communique.

Zamar Cisneros Ramírez (17) 4°C

Ignorance should be seen as an opportunity to discover all the first books that are ahead of you.

“First communication sent back to Earth from Mars”

-Houston, Houston *glitch* Do you copy? We will turn on the camera, we are about to land and everybody has to see this-.

-We are approaching slowly but surely to the red planet’s surface successfully-.

Journal, Day 1

First approach:

In the distance we have located a surface that may have constructions on it, it appears to be a civilization, and we will be going there shortly.

Additional report from USHER20 crew to Houston

Since we arrived on Mars, very odd things have been happening.

At first it was really exciting, we even found an intelligent form of life.

These creatures are anthropomorphic, have red skin and yellow eyes, they speak telepathically and, therefore, they understand us perfectly.

The most outstanding characteristic about these creatures is that they don’t seem to care that we traveled from another planet, they treat us in a very strange way.

I wonder if anyone hearing this message has read “The Martian Chronicles”, because it’s spooky how many similarities are really happening. We need to go back. Now. Mars it is not adequate for humans.

This message is being sent just in case, the official report will be sent soon.

But, if we don’t come back, if we don’t have time to warn you... just know that Bradbury had it all figured out.

Mars is dangerous.

It is powerful.

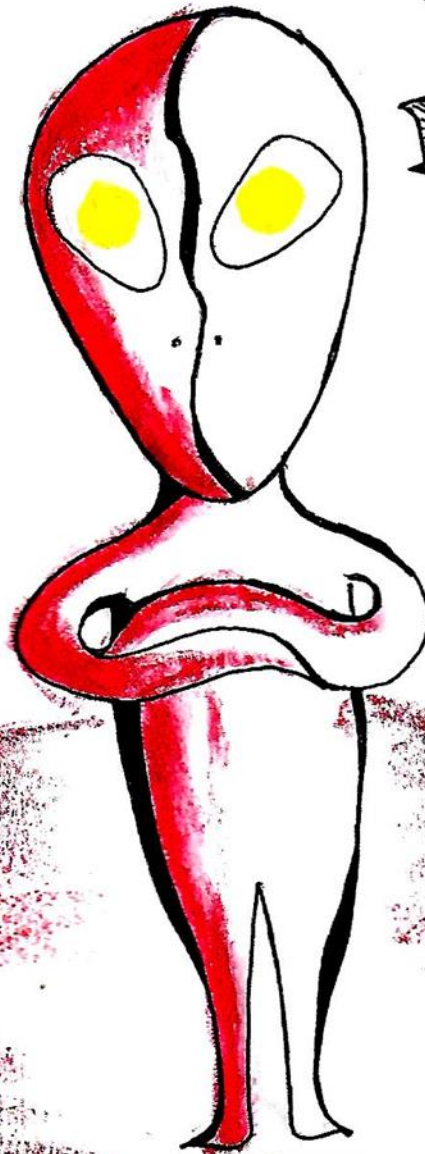
Do not even try.

Captain Williams; USHER20, out, Back to Houston.

MARS is dangerous

Is powerful.

**DO NOT
EVEN
TRY.**



01/05/2019
Ditzali

glitch

Illustrated by Ditzalí Cisneros Ramírez

María Fernanda Esquivel González (17) 4ºD

The creation of literature is a way of escaping for a moment from the reality, and when you land again in reality you will have a new dream, a new way of looking at life. That's why I like it!

“Mars”

(The recording starts)

Hello! Is somebody listening? Well, I hope so. For the first time humans are on Mars, it is amazing right here! There are a lot of rocks but not the common rocks, they are like some kind of jelly or something like that.

And we keep forward and we are just seeing the same things that we saw at first, it is like we are just walking in circles. In a moment we will be back to tell you more about the things that we find.

Well, it's been ten minutes already and finally we arrived to a different place. In here are like some type of trees, they are brown and blue, unbelievable, right?

But just in case we are not going to touch them, they look somewhat dangerous.

Here is also like a... lake, a lake! Can you believe that? People are always saying that on any other planet water cannot exist.

There are a lot of things in this planet that are unreal, but now we feel that someone... or maybe something, we are not sure, is following us.

We are close to the spaceship but now we feel that the things that live in this planet don't want us here. We are not welcome in here and now we are running towards the spaceship. Hope we see you on Earth.

(Some weird sounds and the recording is cut)

A GENIE IN A BOTTLE?

Omar Galán Arce (17) 4ºD

I like literature because there is a lot of art, imagination and feelings. And I like to write because there I can express more than I do by talking.

“Genie”

One day, at night, I was in my bed when I was going to sleep, suddenly, from a shiny spark a genie appeared and he granted me three wishes, then I told him my wishes, the first wish would be, to be loved all my life because that's something very important for me, then I would ask for a healthy life because I want to enjoy my life without any disease and finally I would wish more wishes, so in those other wishes I would ask to be rich so I can help poor people and also I would have whatever I want by being rich, also with all that money I would travel around the world and that leads me to another wish, it would be to speak many languages.

After the genie listened to my wishes, he told me that I will sleep and dream with all my wishes and if in the dream I felt happy and satisfied, then, the next day all my wishes would become real.

José Manuel Méndez Santellán (17) 4ºD

When you write with freedom it is not just putting words on the page, it is trying to express what you feel and live what you write without fear of anything.

“A genie grants you three tiny wishes”

To begin, if I had the possibility of asking for three wishes to a magical genie, I would not waste them on anything foolish.

First, I would ask for the health of my family and myself, because it is very important for all of us. Second, I would ask for love, it is true that everyone is loved and that we all love something or someone, but to never have a lack of love with yourself and at home is something essential for life and much more important than money. And as a third wish, I would ask for three more wishes, I believe that if it is allowed it is a very smart move to have wishes forever.

I think that we do not need a magical genie to have what we want, we just need to learn to value the things that life has given us without charging a penny and we will be happier. But obviously if a magical genie appeared to me, I would not waste the opportunity.

Dira Zuriel Vázquez Rodríguez (17) 4ºD

I like to write only when I am inspired, I also feel that it is necessary to get rid of worries, I like to write because it is my way of knowing myself more and talking with myself, to express my thoughts and my emotions, which are what make me myself.

“Genie”

It was a rainy day and as every afternoon I was going back to my home, but this time I decided to take a shortcut to arrive a little earlier and be with my family.

In a small moment I got distracted, I hit someone.

At that moment the person apologized and told me he was a genie, but he was not a genie like the one in movies, he was a person who was quite familiar to me.

Then he said: it's your lucky day, you have three wishes that you can tell me.

My first wish was: I want to have a lot of money to travel around the world with my family.

The second wish was: when I grow up I want to be the happiest person.

Ant the third one was the hardest to decide, this wish is something I have always wanted, I said: I want my grandpa to live all my life with me, then he answered me: darling you can achieve everything you want without asking me, about your last wish I just want to tell you that I cannot be physically by your side, but remember everything I have taught you, and all the love I have for you, always live happy, I love you so much.

When he finished talking, I hugged him and the dream ended, that dream was the most beautiful dream I have ever had.

Diego López Flores (17) 4°C

Writing isn't always easy, but that shouldn't stop you from trying.

“Mysterious lamp”

I remember that day, it was a hot day of August. I was on a trip to India looking for people who liked to sing, also I was looking for old stuff that could be worth a lot of money. A lot of things caught my attention, but an intriguing lamp caught it the most. It looked like a really old lamp, but it was weird, I felt like it was new, despite all the dust over it.

Once I was back at home, I cleaned the lamp with a cloth and placed it in a stand for my collection. I didn't expect what happened after that. I went back to work when, suddenly, a magic guy came out from it, I got shocked for that until he told me with a powerful voice “You have freed me, so in gratitude I will grant you 3 wishes.” I couldn't believe it! How no one could have discovered this before?!

After thinking about it for a while, I used my wishes for something you wouldn't expect. As my first wish, I wished to have good luck for everything in my life. For my second wish, I asked to have an ability of earning money without making any effort –the money would go to charity. At last, I wished to be immortal, not longevity, but being indestructible and that kind of stuff.

Now with these abilities I will change the world to a better one.

Valeria Hernández Rosales (17) 4°C

I believe that literary creation does not only consist of writing words, it is about expressing yourself, leaving your feelings, your opinions, and a part of you in each letter.

“3 wishes”

I think that if a genie appears, it would be like in the movies where you find an old lamp with a phrase without reason and that at the moment of rubbing it and saying the phrase, a genie would come out, like in Aladdin, a big and blue genie with black hair and a huge sense of humor.

So if he grants me three wishes I would wish:

First of all I would ask for my dog to have the yard that he deserves and all the food and toys he can have.

Secondly I would like to wish to become the best lawyer of the nation and be recognized to feel proud of myself and also to have a lot of money to give my mom everything without exception.

To conclude I would wish to have a big house where all my family and the people I love can feel comfortable and also with a big space where I could bring all the stray dogs I see.

Leonardo Pineda Reyes (17) 4°C

“Where am I?”

Everything is black, and I can't remember anything, the only thing I can feel is the necessity of going back to somewhere. But, what do I have to do first? My only option is to follow my instincts and start walking.

But my body does not respond well and when I started checking myself, I discovered that I had a bracelet completely attached to my arm, it seemed to be made of gold and had one button that was emitting a strange light. So I decided to press it since it was the only extra thing I knew in that moment.

Suddenly, all the darkness disappeared and turned into bright white, then a voice on my back told me:

- “You have only 3 wishes to escape from here”

Then I turned and saw a man wearing black clothes and a hood covering his face. But I could notice his smile while looking at me, just like he was expecting something from me.

So the first thing I did was to calm down and decide my first wish.

- “Tell me why am I here and why I can't remember anything except of going back somewhere?”

- “We are in your mind but I blocked all your memories because I'm testing you”

- “I order you to return all my memories!”

The last thing I can remember was going to bed, so this might be a dream.

- “Wake me up”

- “As you wish”

I opened my eyes and everything was normal, the 6 o'clock alarm was on and all seemed like everything had been a nightmare.

So I decided to go to the bathroom, washed my face and continued with my day, but what I saw on the mirror left me speechless, the bracelet was still on my arm.

Zamar Cisneros Ramírez (17) 4°C

“The toilet paper genie”

One day, for no reason at all, the toilet paper ran out in the house. And that was a huge problem for everyone.

-Zamar! - My mom screamed- Go to the store and get more toilet paper! - So I did.

Arriving to the store I saw this little but imposing roll of toilet paper; it was majestic, I had to have it at any cost.

It was way too expensive, but somehow I sensed it would be worth it, but my mom didn't share that opinion. –How could you spend so much money in a tiny pathetic roll of toilet paper?! –I don't know, I just did; it felt right-.

I went to my room, thinking about how I could have done something that stupid – I wish that I could have my mom's money back!- when, suddenly, it appeared right on my hand.

-Your wishes are orders, my master- said this fuzzy figure coming out of the paper roll-

-No wait! That doesn't count! Who are you? What are you doing here? And I'm not master of anyone!-

-You are my master, indeed- said the fuzzy figure- And I am Salistair, The Toilet Paper Genie, at your orders. Now you have two wishes left-.

-What am I doing? I wish I hadn't said that-

-Done my master, now you have one wish left-

Then I decided to shut up, because I was wasting the opportunity of a lifetime, but in the middle of the thinking my little sister entered my room and sneezed, using the toilet paper to liberate herself from the boogers.

And I never saw the genie again. But I hope to find him someday because he still owes me one wish.



Illustrated by Ditzali Cisneros Ramírez

María Fernanda Esquivel González (17) 4ºD

“Three wishes”

When I was in my grandma’s house I met a genie. That sounds crazy, I know but, it really happened. I was laying in the bed in which I sleep every time that I stay with my grandma, and suddenly I heard an unusual noise, I arose from the bed and I went to the place where the noise came from.

The noise came from the living room and in there a genie was waiting for me.

He introduced himself and told me that his name was “Genie”, that made me laugh so hard and he just looked at me as if I was a crazy girl. I just stopped laughing and I told him my name. Then he told me that I should ask for three wishes and that I had to be careful with what I asked for.

My first wish was for my family to always do well and for them to always have love, something really important for me. My second wish was a present for my family, something that I can’t even explain and I think that there is nothing that can equal the love and all the things that they gave to me.

The third wish was difficult to think about because I knew that it would be the last.

Now I am twenty years old and I’m waiting for the genie to visit me as he usually does since I met him. And I know that he is going to ask me if I’m ready to use my last wish and all that I know is that my answer will be “Not yet”.

Nohemi Camberos Domínguez (17) 4°C

I am Nohemi Camberos, I like writing because I love expressing my ideas and I find writing a good way to spark your singularity.

Weird Peculiar Wishes

One day, a girl called Nohemi was alone at her house, so obviously she turned up the stereo and listened to K-pop out loud.

–Oh my god! I really love that song, especially the rap line part, I do not care if it is in Korean, who cares about pronunciation? I am alone, and even if I was not, I have practiced it enough.

She obviously sang all the lyrics incorrectly and suddenly a small explosion left a smoke of colors.

–Ahh! What just happened? –Nohemi said really confused while coughing.

–We are the genies of the lamp –said a group of nine gorgeous Korean girls.

–I can't believe it, are you really *Girls Generation*!? –she asked in amazement.

–Yeah! –They said while performing the chorus of their single *Genie*–. We are here to grant you three wishes, in other cases Christina Aguilera appears but, since you are a K-pop fan we were the ones who appeared. By the way, do not feel bad for that, having unlikely preferences is completely fine.

–OK, that's awesome but why are you here? I have not rubbed any lamp or something.

–Well, but you sang this ancient chant of the invocation rite...

–What? No, I did not, I was just singing the rap line part of my favorite song... Oh, now I understand... –she said a little bit shocked.

–So, then which are your wishes? Everybody knows the rules –they asked insistently.

Nohemi needed to think this wisely, a single wish could change the entire life of a person or the whole way the world is going, she needed to wish carefully.

–Well, there are some things I've wanted to eradicate since a long time ago and they are actually three –she said a bit nervous–. They are conservative paradigms and stereotypes such as male chauvinism, excessive consumerism and hatred itself, I know they sound like the typical wishes someone says to avoid looking like someone selfish but they are actually indirectly affecting me, so I would consider them pretty selfish, but I think those are my wishes.

The beautiful genies satisfied her wishes and disappeared.

Time Travelling

Víctor Manuel Cabrera Landero (17) 4ºD

Actually writing is not something that I am passionate about, but it is a way in which I can express what I feel without publishing it, I can simply write it in a sheet of paper and release my ideas.

“The UTTM”

Welcome! To the Ultimate Time Travel Machine or UTTM. The place where your dreams come true or your biggest nightmares come alive. Please follow the instructions that our attendants give. Above all, don't forget to enjoy the ride. Once that was said, let's start!

I. How it works:

- First, adjust the time travel watch on your wrist and enter the teleportation portal. Choose the present date and enter it into the machine. This is to ensure the machine returns you to the correct time zone. Then, dial in the year you want to visit and press the 'Go' button to have the machine take you there.
- To come back to present day, press the knob on the right of the watch you are wearing and it will zap you back to present day.
- You can find a barf bag just in case the journey leaves you dizzy, and a pack of mints to freshen up. Good breath is appreciated across time zones.

II. Precautions:

- Don't forget to enter the present or enter the wrong one. You don't want to be stuck in another time zone. It is very disorienting. Worst case scenario, you can get lost and die. Don't get killed.
- No metallic objects, buckles or ornaments are allowed in the portal. Trust me. It's for your own good.
- Don't interact with the people you meet on your trips. Do not also try to influence their behavior or help them make a choice. You cannot change the past without changing the future.

- If you do not like the future, please refrain from screaming or acting in any manner that may be mistaken for lunacy. You will be put in a strait jacket and locked up in an asylum. Your claims that you need to get back to your own time zone will especially not help your case.
- Don't steal things from the future. You are not invisible when you time travel. They will see you and they will arrest your ass.
- Eat an hour before and after time travel. Never during the trip. Your stomach will come undone during the journey.

Have a safe journey, enjoy your trip and see you back in this time zone.

Fernanda Revuelta Pérez (17) 4°C

For me, writing is creating something that is impossible for others. I really love to write things that are a mystery to discover, like a treasure beneath the ocean.

“A different world”

It is difficult to be a scientist and at the same time, you realize that you have a brilliant mind, although sometimes I have thought about the creations I have made... I don't know if they will be affected by those unconscious humans, who also see humanity as crap, sorry for that but I had to say it! I feel that I'm the only one who knows that this time machine really is a new beginning for life, I'm so proud of what I have made, but when I think about it, I feel distressed when I imagine what would happen if it falls into the wrong hands. I don't know what to do anymore, I'm really old, my time is almost over, I wish there was an elixir for eternal youth but there is not. This time machine is so valuable, is my legacy, I'm not exaggerating things, and this is the pure truth. If someone reads this, please take care of the machine, it is not something which you or someone else can play with. This machine can cause a revolution or an outbreak of war. Another detail that I almost forgot is that this machine can take you to another dimension, which will guide you to where I'm still alive or dead. You will know what to do.

Although, if you risk venturing into the machine, first kit out yourself well, and don't think it's a paradise, it's just the opposite, it's a Jurassic world, a spot full of huge animals that consider you as a delicious snack, don't be alarmed but be conscious that it won't be easy. Good luck and take care if you dare to enter.

Sincerely, your worst nightmare!

Diego López Flores (17) 4°C “Time Guide”

Hi time traveler, this is a basic safety guide for you. There are some things you need to do before travelling in time:

1. Make sure you do not have heart diseases.
2. Put on the time travel suit and turn it on.
3. Close the doors of the time machine to prevent causing a *Time Glitch 1*.
4. Never talk when travelling in time or you could create a time paradox in space-time.

Time Glitch 1: Moment when time stops at a specific moment in Time and makes you repeat the same Moment for eternity.

Notes/Suggestions: -Travel with a time engineer prepared for repairing the machine if it fails or if it is damaged.

-Try to follow dark and hidden roads to avoid being caught by time police and executed at the same moment.

-Always be prepared for the worst.

Thanks for reading the time travelling basics. Now you can travel in a safe way and be prepared for any possible issue or struggle.

If you have other problems, please contact us to this phone: X|^34”) (20. Or to our mail: time.t@gdfus.com

Aarón Martínez Rivas (17) 4°C

“HELP WHILE TRAVELING”

We present to you the new time machine that will give you a lot of help for an important situation or just to enjoy the moment.

This time machine has the purpose of helping people in a situation like traveling to the past to change something that maybe you did not like or travel to the future to know and see what awaits you.

For this time machine you need to follow some instructions:

- Once you are inside the time machine you can't perform any activity with your body because it can harm you.
- What you see during the trip to the past or the future you cannot talk to anyone, it will be private.
- You can only take a trip, so take advantage of it.
- If you want to travel you will have to help a foundation of animals, elderly people or children with diseases.

Leonardo Pineda Reyes (17) 4°C

“The ring of time”

It has been about a month since my father died and let me a house as heritage.

Right now I'm trying to clean all the disaster he left behind. And on his room I found a gift box that had my name. I really want to cry but it is better to hide that feeling.

I opened the box and it was a very nice black ring that looks like has some roman numbers on it, and when I touched the numbers I noticed that the numbers could spin because the ring had a type of wheel inside the ring, but no matter how many times I spin the wheel, the sequence of numbers seems to be infinite. Moreover, the colors of the numbers change between green, red and blue, each time I touched them.

I didn't understand anything about the ring. But there was a little message on the top of the box next to my name. Which said green for days, blue for months and red for years.

I'm still shocked about the ring, but since it was a gift from my father I configured it with my father's death day just to remember him. But when I finished the configuration, the worst headache I could ever imagine, attacked me and I fell down unconscious.

When I woke up the first thing I heard was “good morning son”.

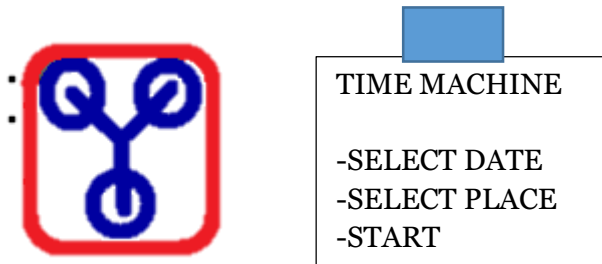
Kevin Moreno Carmona (17) 4°C

I like literature because I can put down all my feelings and expressions without censorship, and because you can discover new ideas and identify with the characters you are creating.

“Back to the present”

Year 2019, hello my name is Charlie McFly, at this moment I’m in the Doc Simi Lab, he gave me the job of destroying an old red “vochito”, he did not tell me why, but he told me not to enter the car, but the curiosity is killing me, I cannot wait more! Now I’m inside of the “vochito”, this thing is amazing, Doc Simi has transformed the backseats into a strange artefact, it’s made up of 3 tubes and inside there are lightings, this is so strange...

Next to the artefact I found a paper:



I cannot believe it! Doc Simi has made a time machine, that’s why he wants me to destroy it, because if this thing falls in the wrong hands, the consequences are totally terrible.

But wait, now I remembered that my Creative Writing teacher failed me today because I didn’t give her my Writing Challenge homework.

I’m going to take advantage of this machine in order to get a ten in my class.

Date, place and start...

Giovanna Serrano García (17) 4ºD

I like literature because I think that in this way we can communicate things that we may not be able to express or don't have the courage to say.

“The day Bruno came to my life”

I was already used to playing alone, eating alone, and laughing alone, because I did not have siblings. I had been asking for a brother to come to my life for years. After 8 long years, finally one day my mom called me saying she was pregnant. When we got home that very same day, I could not contain the emotion and with all my heart I asked God to please let me have a brother.

9 months later, the day finally arrived, the day when I would see his face, when I could see that baby.

To this day, I will never forget the day I ran to the hospital just to see my little baby, that I did not sleep all night and that, to this day, I see him and my heart is full of love.

Ximena Reyes Portillo (17) 4°C

I like writing because it helps me to think about new possibilities and decide what happens in the stories. I like it very much.

“The princess of fire”

Once upon a time there was a princess whose heart was so big and pure that was made of fire. She was so fair and kind that everyone on the kingdom loved her. Every guy on the village dreamed to gain the love of the princess but she wanted to marry someone with a heart as pure as hers. One terrible day an evil wizard told the princess to marry him otherwise he would put a curse on her... The princess didn't accept and the evil wizard turned the heart of the princess to stone. She couldn't feel love or pain for anything or anyone and her kingdom became dark and isolated. The wizard threatened the princess saying that her heart would be colder and harder every year that passed and that the spell would only be broken if she fell in love with a person with a heart as pure as hers. The father of the princess, the king Louis thought the possible solutions that could help the princess feel love again, and he decided to make a decree which said:

“Every man who thinks is worthy of the princess come to my palace this afternoon for a test, if you pass the test you will be able to marry my daughter, the princess Alice, and help me break the evil wizard's spell.”

That afternoon almost every man on the village went to the palace, they were really excited to have the possibility to gain the hand of the princess. But they didn't know how hard the tests would be. The king explained that the test would be divided into 2 steps.

The first one began right away, the king gave to every man on the room a little flower pot with earth and said that the seed in it was from a rose, the flower that grew the most in 1 month would be the winner of that test.

The days passed, and finally it was time to see the results. The men in the room had wonderful roses, they were tall and really healthy.

Only 2 guys had said to the king that their plants hadn't grown.

The king said to the poor 2 guys: “That's ok, because you are the winners of this test”

Everyone on the room was upset and surprised. The king explained that he had given them a flower pot with some earth but that the flower pot didn't contain any seed plant, so that meant every man that had wonderful roses had cheated.

The 2 guys were really shocked and happy, the king told them to meet him the next day on a labyrinth far away from the village because they had passed to the second test.

The next day both appeared on the outside of the labyrinth very early in the morning, they waited for the king approximately 10 minutes.

The name of the 2 guys were Peter and Michael and they had met before on the village, but not enough to be buddies.

They looked really scared and nervous since they knew that who entered the labyrinth would never come back. When the king arrived he told them the instructions:

“You must go through the labyrinth and bring to me the heart of the enormous beast that lives on the middle of the labyrinth if you do it you will pass the test and marry my daughter.”

They accepted and ran with some swords and shields provided by the king .When they arrived they didn't see any beast. But out of the blue an enormous giant gorilla with big fangs and enormous hands started to follow them.

Curiously the beast had a necklace on the neck. Both of them felt confused about it. What could a beast do with a necklace?

Peter ran into some rocks and jumped right to the neck of the beast, he buried its sword on one of its eyes and tried to kill the beast...

Nevertheless the beast took him with his enormous hand and ate him.

Michael yelled: “Noooo Peter”. He was so angry about it that he jumped into that beast from behind and when he was nearly killing the beast, he realized the gorilla had expressions of a human and remembered an old legend about a human who was also cursed by the evil wizard who lived there, he decided it would be wrong to kill the gorilla since it could be a human.

So he decided to cut the necklace off of the beast's neck. And when the necklace touched the floor it caused an enormous explosion, the enormous gorilla turned into a beautiful woman that looked like a ghost.

Michael was really stunned. The woman got close to him and gave him a stone that looked like a heart

“Thank you” –said the woman while she was starting to disappear.

Back on the outside of the labyrinth the boy gave the king the rock and the king said:

“You have passed the last test, you have liberated the woman of the labyrinth from the enormous beast she had been turned into, this rock is her heart and it is a proof of your enormous boldness and bravery... CONGRATULATIONS!”

Back on the kingdom the king presented Michael to the princess. And after some months together the heart of the princess became softer and softer, until she had her fire heart again. She was madly in love with Michael who was as noble and fair as the princess. They got married and eventually when their time came they were the most kind, trustful, and respectful kings their kingdom had ever had.

Venedig Miranda Reyes (17) 4°C

“Another normal day”

Here I go again. Another week is starting. Another week full of stress, traffic, classes and topics I don't understand, projects, training routines for the competition...My mind and body plead me to stay in bed, but I know I have to get up. I don't have an option. I drink my chocolate milkshake, get dressed and ride the car to go to school.

On the way, I start to fall asleep again. Oh God, that's the consequence of staying up late just for chatting with a guy that isn't really interested in me. Or is he? Boys are so complicated...*Hey! I'm so tired* has just started to sound on the radio. Such a weird thing, it's like hearing my actual mood. I simply start to sing the song; it really cheers me up.

Biology, Literature, Maths...PHYSICS. OMG, my mind is about to explode. I hope today's topic isn't too difficult to understand. Let's see. Thermodynamics. Mmmmmmh... Wow! It isn't as difficult as I thought it would be (or at least for the moment). The point is...I'm finally understanding a physics' topic! This is awesome! Wait a second...What's the teacher saying? Oh no, not again. I got lost in my thoughts (as always). Great, I am ready for getting again a 2.4 in my exam. I should stop getting lost in my mind, I would be doing a favor to myself.

Ok. Just one more time, just one more. Oh no! My hands are starting to sweat again. I need to climb the pole but if my hands continue like this I won't be able to reach the top. I need to do it. I need to be able to perform my *Superman* figure. Please Miranda! One more try, just one more...Ok, here we go. Please don't slide, please don't...Yes! I did it! I finally did it! I can't believe this. Oh God, I'm so proud of myself!

8:20 p.m. I just want to sleep. I'm so exhausted, 3 hours of training were too much for my body. Fortunately, today there isn't any homework. I'm dying for reaching my bed and getting lost in the darkness of my room. But first, I need a shower (URGENTLY!). I think today wasn't a bad day, actually it was pretty good. I hope the rest of the week is as good as today, it would be wonderful. Oh! Another message. Great, it's him again. Should I answer? No! I shouldn't. He is forbidden for me. But I can't avoid it, he's so cute...

Mariel Orduña Rodríguez (17) 4°C

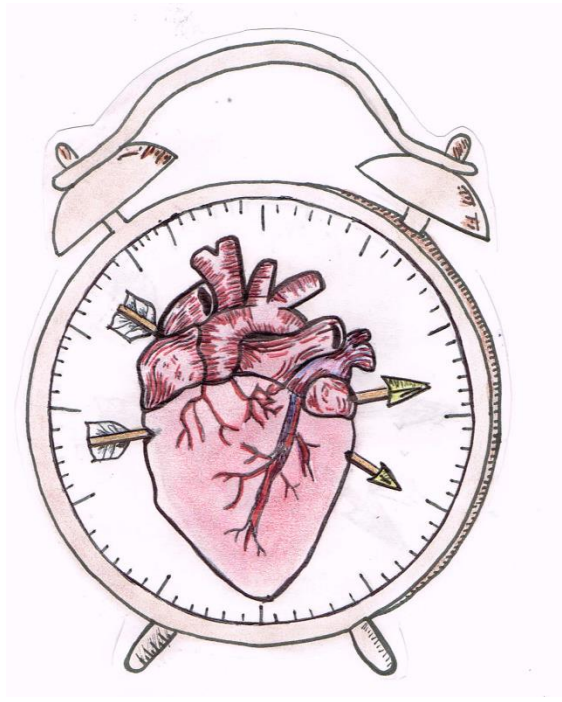
My name is Mariel Orduña and I like literary creativity because writing helps us to talk with ourselves and at the same time with the world.

“Leave time”

Years passed and I continue with this curse of remembering your sunny eyes and your poisonous lips; which made me fall into the mistake of writing your name on my heart cause you crave control that left me in darkness without a soul.

All the stars can see it, they know that it is difficult for me to get out of here, the voices in my mind whisper this bittersweet love that I have lost.

I only find awkward conversations and cold looks in the trunk of memories with your letters. I am convinced that by letting it go I will find peace. It will be hard to forbid me to think that you will not come back because it is also difficult to read us in the same sentence. I will leave time, to breathe thousands of times and oxygenate the habit of forgetting eyes that will not look at me the same. You will have to love yourself because you leave and I stay.



Illustrated by Mariel Orduña Rodríguez

Nohemi Camberos Domínguez (17) 4°C

“A short story without the letter ‘e’”

This is a story about Minhyuk, a charming Asian boy who was bad at maths, his tutors always got angry as this guy was always singing and dancing around all rooms, Minhyuk found school abhorring and without a spark, just impractical.

At night, with his singular pajamas on, he was consulting with his savant pillow what to do, with all its wisdom, his pillow said:

–You and I know that what you abhor the most is school.

–...And tutors... –Minhyuk said.

–So... Why do you go to school if it just maintains you in a constant pain, just... agonizing? What if you start training to work singing and dancing at Starship Company? You had that opportunity a month ago, why don't you look if that company is still hiring brilliant guys as you?

At morning, Minhyuk was full of his particular vitality, joyful and shouting “I know what I want to do, I am not afraid and I will do it!”

Zachiel Urbina Hernández (18) AIV

I love literature because it is a scape of reality that shows us a better one and helps us to solve our problems.

“Uncertainty”

It is incredible how life changes, in a blink of an eye everything is different. Friends you think you had are not there anymore and the person you thought would never fail you fails you.

Life is unpredictable that is the only certainty we have. You may be sad today but tomorrow can be the best day of your life and vice versa.

The only advice I can tell you is to never let your opportunities go for someone else, and never but really never force a situation just because you want things to be in one specific way. Destiny is so uncertain that the worst ways can lead us to the best results, of course I am not talking about doing bad things but to withstand difficult situations because they may be good in the future.

It was the year of 1945 in Puebla, Mexico I was a 5 year old child who believed everything that his mother and friends told him. My name is Jonathan and I will tell you my story.

I grew up in a poor neighborhood, my father left my mother when he knew she was pregnant so my mother and I lived with my grandmother. I used to go out every afternoon after doing my homework, in Zaragoza, there were many kids and I got along with most of them.

Zaragoza was near the Military Camp that on those times was opened for everybody. Since I had many friends and curiosity we used to go to the shooting camp when nobody was there. We grabbed the bullets and took the gunpowder away to whistle through the empty bullets.

One day my friend Oscar gave me one empty bullet, I never thought something bad would happen but when I whistled just like I had done it thousands of times before, something was different but I did not have time for reacting when the bullet exploded in my hand.

I heard a strong buzz and I was not aware of nothing but of my bleeding hand. Crying I ran directly with my mother who only wrapped my hand with an old rag and took me in the bus with a friend of us. I saw how quickly the rag was staining with the red of my blood. We were poor so we did not have money for going to a good hospital and we went to the Red Cross. I remember the exact hour 9:38 pm, at that hour there were no doctors so the ones attending were tired interns.

The girl who attended me that horrible night was no more than 24 years old and she was so nervous that she took a decision that ruined my life. She decided it was better to cut my 3 fingers completely and so she did.

As a 5 year old child who lost 3 fingers I felt bad because my biggest dream was to become part of the military but since that moment it was impossible. In my school everybody looked at me as if I were a phenomenon and I could not play sports anymore.

I had to study to become a teacher and honestly for so long I was angry at my mom but then I realized that it was not her fault. She always gave me what she could and now I am grateful.

I always wanted someone to tell me what I will tell you now: Do not let external situations affect your attitude at life, you will never face situations you cannot stand and people who are not in your worst times are not worth it.

You will find someone who loves you for who you are and for what you have passed. And if you have a physical limitation just go beyond it because there are no limitations, only obstacles.

“TOXIC”

I see blurry
Everybody is in a hurry
Why do I feel
Am I worth nothing?
Why do I lower myself
For you?
I know I deserve more
But you are all I want
And all I need
You are toxic
And that's chaotic
Because I want you
But I love myself more
I am sick of uncertainty
I am sick and tired
Of the same discussion
Should I stay or should I go
You are toxic
And that's chaotic
I don't want to give you my love
We've arrived to the end
You ruined it again
Everybody says being with you is toxic
That I always chose the worst
But not anymore
I am gone

Farhana Mena Marcello (18) AIV

I write to feel and make sense.

“Lost”

Losing when it hurts

Losing when you forget

Losing when you are excited

Losing that love

Lose your time

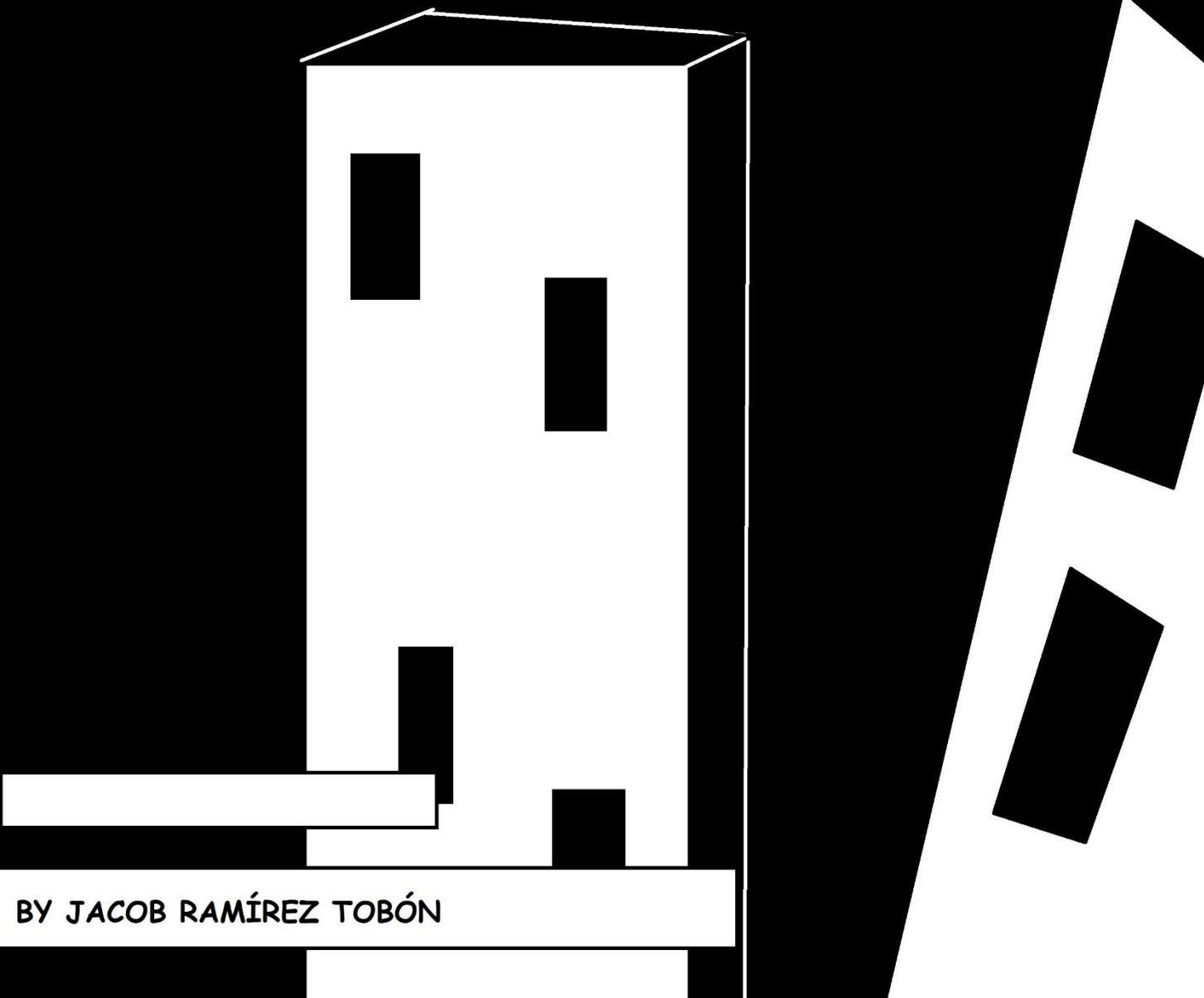
You lose, both during the day and in the future, however, we must not leave hope out. You are no longer what you used to be, you are a body that feels too much and, yet, you never feel anything, and you just wait for someone to come and give you a hug. But do not confuse it with false affection if you are the king of narcissism, maybe you confuse your pain, in a nicer way, with your empty happiness, but do not worry, you're just losing and you're lost.

Jacob Ramírez Tobón (18) AI

Comics are kind of a closed Door between us and a whole New World in which everything is possible, but it's UP to you if you want to open it to enjoy it...



SHADOW GUY

A stylized, high-contrast illustration of a character's head, possibly Shadow Guy, with large white eyes and a jagged, mask-like outline.

BY JACOB RAMÍREZ TOBÓN

Have you ever thought about how quick our lives are?



They are as fast as a lightning...

In just a moment our lives could end...



and that's how this story begins.



with a car accident and my parents' funeral



without them I was alone taking care of my sister Claire "I have to be strong" for Claire...



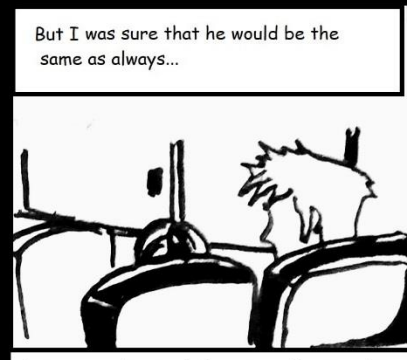
That was the phrase that I used to say to myself all the time, but I was too ruined...

That I couldn't be strong...



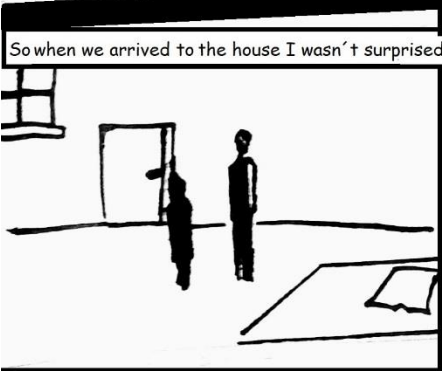
Two weeks later, we moved to my uncle's house to "forget" what had happened but it was so strange...

because we hadn't seen him since that Christmas party of 2009.



But I was sure that he would be the same as always...

A scientist obsessed about traveling to other dimensions.



So when we arrived to the house I wasn't surprised.

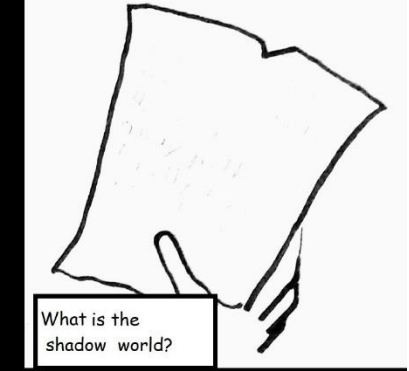


Our uncle was not in the house, there was only a note.

I remember that the note was confusing...



There was a lot of strange stuff and rare theories about something called the "shadow".



What is the shadow world?



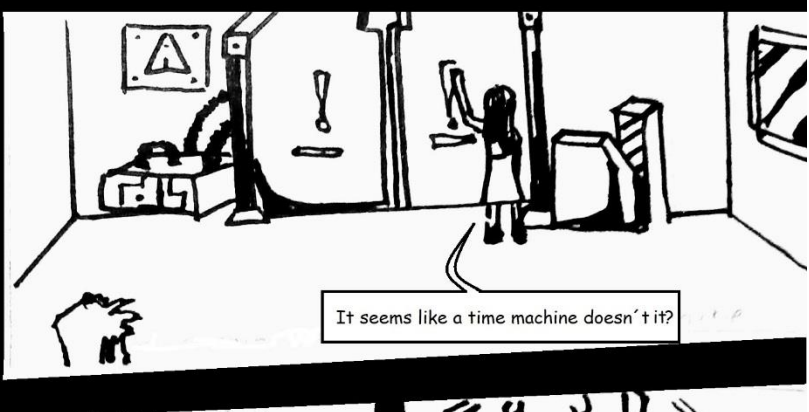
In that moment I heard my sister calling me from downstairs.

So I walked to that part of the house when...

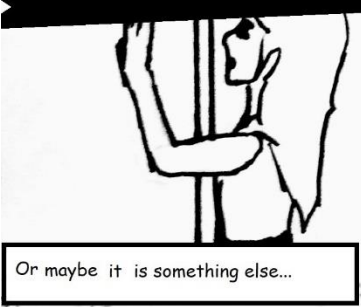


I saw that thing...

What is that?!



It seems like a time machine doesn't it?



Or maybe it is something else...



Claire, it seems dangerous, Stay away from that thing!



Don't worry i'll be careful

Claire!



What have you done!?

In that moment I saw the "lightning" of life.



Stay out!



O BROTHER!



WAAAAH!!!

In just a flashlight, all my body was on fire.



AHHH

"This is the end", I thought...



But then I just woke up, the doctors said that I was unconscious when they arrived to the house.

But that was not the most strange thing that happened.



There was something more strange when I woke up...

I dont know why, but i looked up for something when...



Wait a minute where is my shadow?

I'm here...



Whaat?!

Just like in a horror movie, my shadow was there looking at me..



This is just a dream.



No, you are not asleep

That machine took me out of you...



no!, it can't be

yes it can...

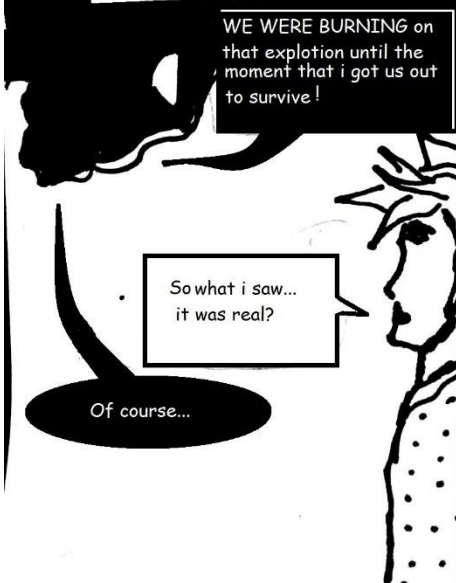
I'm part of our dead person



No, I was only unconscious...



WE WERE BURNING on that explotion until the moment that i got us out to survive!



So what i saw... it was real?

Of course...

I dont know why or how but that machine divided us into two different things...



If you are real, why don't you try to return to my body to be complete?

That's why I'm here...



Your uncle is the only one who can help us to be just one Eddie instead of two

Wait a minute, what?

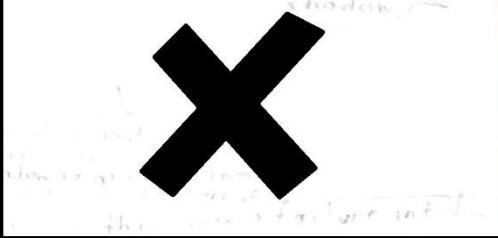
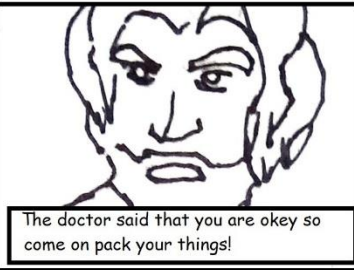
Where is him?

I dont know, when we arrived he was not at home, remember?

And in that moment my uncle entered to the room, talking about the atomic risks in wich my shadow and I are, being divided.

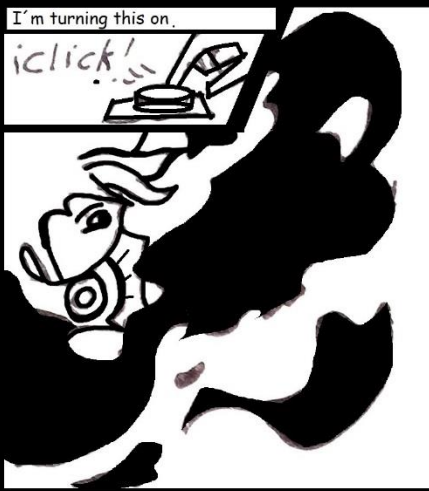
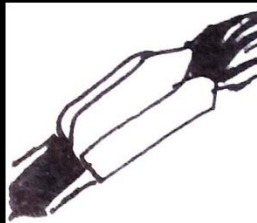
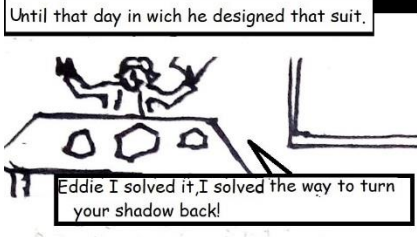
I know it was not your fault, your sister told me, but we have to fix this.

Besides my uncles's optimistic attitude to help me ,everything that he tried ended up in a failure.



If we don't put your shadow back into your body both are going to die!

The doctor said that you are okey so come on pack your things!



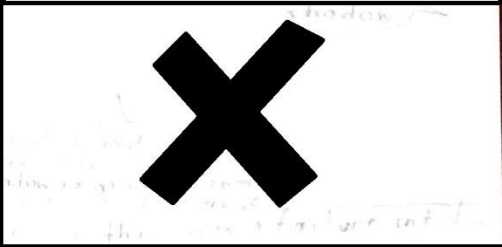
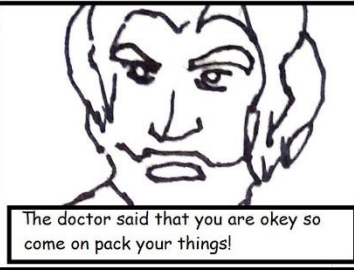
And in that moment my shadow was back.



And in that moment my uncle entered to the room, talking about the atomic risks in wich my shadow and I are, being divided.

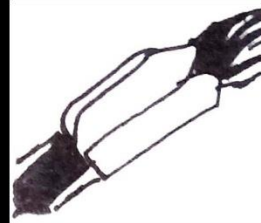
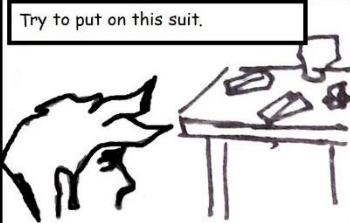
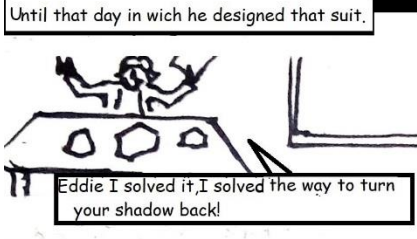
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If we don't put your shadow back into your body both are going to die!

The doctor said that you are okey so come on pack your things!



Since that day, the time passed and I was forced to go on with this unusual appearance.



But it wasn't completely bad, with the shadow I acquired new abilities



I used to ignore them most of the time ...

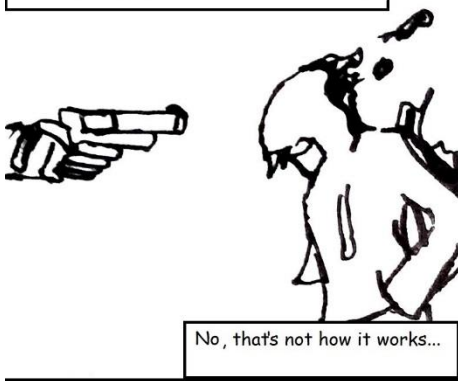


But one day, i just couldnt resist...



Leave alone...

I'm not joking give me your freakin money!



No, that's not how it works...

I'm not going to give you nothing.



I told you to leave me alone!!



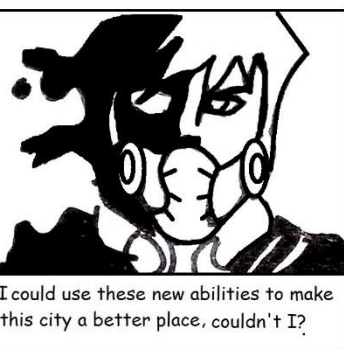
in that moment I couldnt believe it. I was punishing a criminal and it was so easy!!

and funny, don't forget that



yeah, and funny...

So I thought ,why do I have to stop here?



I could use these new abilities to make this city a better place, couldn't I?

so I decided to have a new purpose for my "ruined" life, I decided to become the shadow that protects the city



And make it a better place for those who need it

To be Shadow Guy!



And there is my story.



And if you are wondering, did I choose to be a hero as a hobbie? let me answer that... YES! I did it ...

I know is to short to be an epic origin for a hero.



But, you know what?

This story is just about to begin...



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Young
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