

EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL

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Issue I

Safe in My Arms

By Aymee Carrillo

My heart hammers against my chest. A shot of pain goes up my leg with every step I take. But no matter how much it hurts I keep running. I run for my life: her life.

All that runs through my head is "Why her? Why did it have to happen to her?" These questions haunt me as I run.

No matter how hard I try, I can't get to her. Tears block my view making everything blurry. Although I can't see clearly through my tears, I can see her slender figure on the cold pavement by the end of the tunnel. Light embracing her. Her beautiful long hair rests by her side covering her pale and fragile face. Only the white of her eyes can be seen from the gap between her eyelids but I know she's alive. I can see her body rise and fall with every breath she takes.

Now more than ever I run. This shouldn't have happened! We weren't supposed to be in this cold tunnel. She isn't supposed to be lying here.

She is my light. The only family member I have left. She is the reason I work hard. I work hard every day to make her feel like she's a

normal girl again.

Although our parents aren't here anymore, she pretends they are. It breaks my heart to see her talking to the pictures of our parents. Telling them how her day went and every single

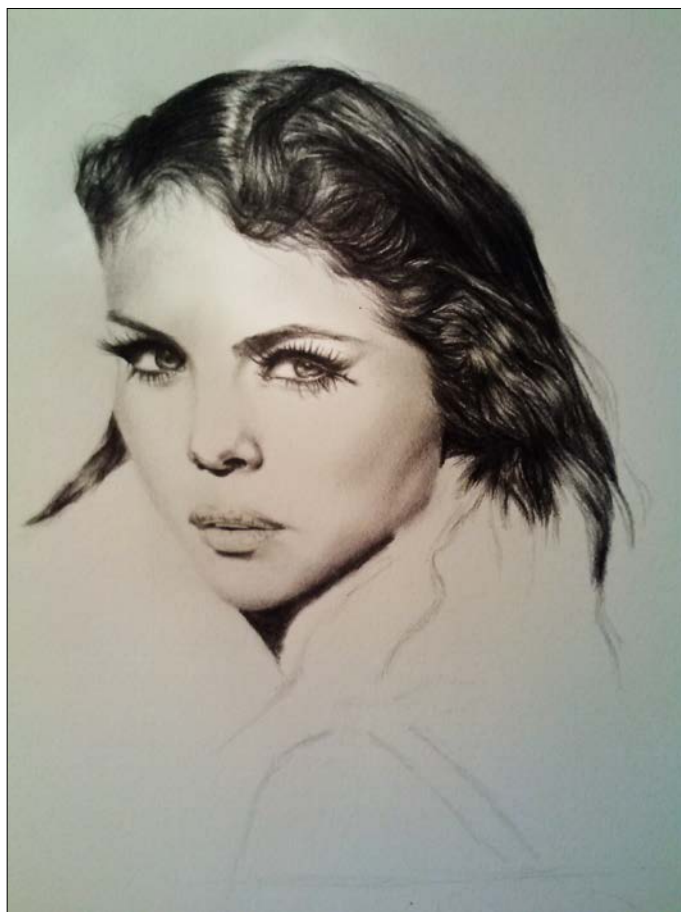
"I scream and yell her name at the top of my lungs. I scream and scream until no sound can come out."

time asking them, with her soft voice, tears running down her eyes, when they will come back.

It's because of her I'm running. It's because of this love I have for her; I'm trying to reach the end. It feels like I'm getting close but the tunnel never ends.

From afar I can see her body breathing less often. In my head I'm aware that if I don't get to her soon I will lose her forever and I don't think I'll be able to go through all the pain and suffering again.

I scream and yell her name at the top of my lungs. I scream and scream until



Artwork by Sophia Maggio, grade.

no sound can come out.

I'm getting tired. My steps are getting smaller, I'm slowing down. So many negative thoughts run through my head. "You won't get to her on time. If she dies it's your entire fault!"

I wipe away the tears and I notice I can see the outline of her body more clearly, against the blinding light. I'm getting close. I'm so close I can hear her call my name. The sound of her voice motivates me and I sprint to her.

As I reach her, I stop. Shock, fear and relief wash over my body. I stare in wonder at the girl in front of me: my sister. Her beautiful hair is damp and full of dirt. Her face pale as if all the life had been sucked out of it. Her favorite white dress with the butterflies, that always cheers her up, is stained with her blood; her hands clutching her wound.

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"Esperanza. Y-yo-you're here." She whispers. The sound of her sweet

Safe in My Arms

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voice makes the tears start dropping from my eyes.

I kneel by her side. I try to hold her but at the touch of my hands she screams.

“Stop! Stop! It hurts!” she yells in pain. I let go of her immediately. She slowly opens her eyes half asleep and whispers, “Please hold me.” And fresh tears come pouring down her cheeks.

Once again I try to pick her up, but with more caution. She winces at the touch of my hands against her back and arms. I hold her close to me, never wanting to let go.

“I’m sorry,” I manage to say through my sobbing. “Please, it’s my fault. Forgive me.” Her small slim hand strokes my face.

“D-don’t cry. It’s not your fault,” she whispers, “Esperanza? I’m cold!”

I hold her in close. Her body is cold, colder than ice. Suddenly her body starts shaking softly. Her breathing becomes more rushed and sharp. She cries in pain.

I need to do something to save her, anything. I try to get up, with her in my arms, so I can go get help but she stops me.

“Don’t. Don’t. Don’t get up. It hurts. Let me just lay here for a little bit,” she exhales. But I know that if we stay here any longer she won’t survive. “Esperanza,

I’m tired. Let me- let me rest my eyes for a minute and then we can leave.”

I freeze. Horrible memories start racing through my mind. Those were the same words my mom said to me as she also died in my arms and I let her close her eyes. I LET HER CLOSE HER EYES!

“I need to do something to save her, anything.”

I yell at my sister desperately, “No! Stop! Wake up!” I shake her weak body. “Please don’t! Don’t leave me!”

“Esperanza. It’s okay. I miss mommy and daddy. I want to see them.”

I lose control and start sobbing uncontrollably. Her hand touches my face once more.

“Esperanza, take care. Promise me,” I shake my head, “Thank you for all you have done for me all these years.” I cry harder. She tries to use her strength to pull herself up but she can’t so I meet her half way. She gives me a kiss on the cheek. She rests her head down on my arms again. “I-I-I love you.” She whispers. For the last time she looks in to my eyes and those beautiful brown eyes, that used to be full of light, flutter shut.

My hearts breaks and I hug her closer to me because I know I have lost her.

Puzzle Pieces

By Samantha Wilson

I’m like the piece to a different puzzle

No matter how hard you try,

No matter how you turn me,

I simply won’t fit in.

Yet, you won’t give up

You push and you pull

You tear me apart

Then paste me back together

However, when you tear something to pieces,

It never goes back together quite right

I’m already different due to this disastrous, destructive, disposition you take.

However, after all your cutting and gluing

And breaking and mending

I still won’t fit in the other puzzles

In fact, I will never fit in the other puzzles

If you can’t accept that

And I’m tired of being torn apart

Then we need to go our separate ways

I in my puzzle and you in yours



Artwork by Leigha Sweet, 10th grade.



Artwork by Xandra _____, grade.

The Unknown Face

By Cheyenne Muniz

Just the thought of you
 makes me smile
 Just the sound of your
 name makes my heart skip
 a beat
 Oh tell me how, oh tell me
 how
 How is it that you make me
 feel this way?
 We have never met but I
 know you like I know my
 own skin.
 I never have seen you but I
 know what you look like.
 So familiar so graceful is
 your face

Are you my angel?
 We never held hands.
 But I know your touch.
 And it leaves lingering
 warmth where ever it
 touches.
 Oh tell me how; oh tell me
 how you do it.
 Is it sorcery or is it witch
 craft?
 Did you pay the old witch
 doctor avised?
 Did you have my heart
 stolen for you?
 For we have never met.
 But I know you like I know
 my own skin.

I never have seen you.
 But I know what you look
 like and I dream of you
 every night
 We never held hands.
 But I know your touch.
 And it leaves lingering
 warmth where
 Ever it touches.
 Oh tell me how, oh tell me
 how
 How is it that you make me
 feel this way?
 Just the thought of you
 makes me smile and blush.
 Just the sound of your
 name makes
 my heart skip a beat or two

Rome Romance

By Jonathan Corey
 Peebles-Owens

“I can’t imagine you
 cooking in this kitchen,
 it would be a disaster!”
 said the old lady to the
 girl.

“WATCH OUT!” the
 girl shrieked as the eggs
 that were boiling on the
 stove exploded.

They both looked
 at each other and ex-
 claimed, “Who forgot to
 add water to the pan?”

“Speaking of a disas-
 ter...”

“Oh lookie here a
 funny guy. You must be
 the other brat staying
 here,” said the old lady to
 Jon with an angry look
 on her face.

“Lucky me,” said Jon

sarcastically.

Pulling his phone out
 he asked, “Who wants
 pizza?”

“Put that phone
 away, I’ll take care of
 it you two brats march
 yourselves outside to the
 pool.”

“Gladly” said both
 Jon and the girl.

“Are you okay?” Jon
 asked the girl as they
 walked outside.

“Yeah, thanks for the
 save” said the girl.

“Anytime, you looked
 like you needed it.”

“I did, so what’s your
 name?”

“It’s Jonathan, but
 my friends call me Jon.
 What’s yours?”

“It’s Christina. Where
 are you from, Jon?”

“LA. You?”

“Cool. I’m from
 Houston.”

“Ah, a cowgirl. Nice.”

“Thanks,” said Chris-
 tina with a smile.

“Let’s try not to let
 what little miss grumpy
 says get you down. She’s
 either got something up
 the wrong place or her
 apron on just a little too
 tight,” said Jon, laughing.

“Or both,” replied
 Christina, chuckling.

“Probably. If you’d
 like I can teach you how
 to cook” offered Jon.

“So not only are you
 funny, you can cook,”
 replied Christina.

“I don’t know about

that. I can make chicken alfredo, garlic steak, barbeque chicken, and eggs that don't explode," listed Jon.

"Wow, that's impressive," said Christina.

"What do you say, can I be your teacher?" asked Jon.

"That sounds great, just not in that kitchen," said Christina jokingly.

"Now that would be a disaster," laughed Jon.

"Agreed," replied Christina laughing.

"Come on you laugh boxes. Breakfast is ready and then it's time to unpack," called the old lady. Jon and Christina reluctantly went inside.

"I don't really feel like eating anymore," said Jon.

"Me neither," said Christina.

"Well go unpack, I don't have all day," said the frustrated old lady.

As Jon was unpacking, he heard a knock on his door and opened it to find Christina in a two piece swimsuit.

"Hellooo?" asked Jon.

"Hey, I was going to the pool. Want to join me?" asked Christina.

"Sure, let me grab my shorts," replied Jon.

"Okay, I'll meet you down there."

As Jon arrives at the pool, Christina asks, "What's your family

like?"

"I have four brothers and my mom. How about you?"

"Just my mom and my two sisters," replied Christina.

"Interesting," said Jon as the old lady came out.

"Out of the pool, time to explore the wonders of Rome!" the old lady yelled. "Man, she has bad timing," thought Jon and Christina getting out of the pool and heading back upstairs.

After changing clothes Jon knocked on Christina's door. When the door opened, John asked Christina if she would like to tour Rome together. Christina stated that she thought that was a great idea. They headed downstairs to get instructions from the old lady for the tour.

"Here you go children, five hundred Euros to buy souvenirs and other junk," said the old lady.

"Don't miss us too much while we're gone," said Jon sarcastically as Christina and him walked out the door.

"I'll try to hold the tears," replied the old lady, even more sarcastically.

After exploring Rome, they headed back to the house. When they got to Christina's room,

Jon surprised Christina by kissing her goodnight and then hurried to his room.

When morning they head to breakfast and Jon asks Christina, "Hey how'd you sleep?"

"Good. About that kiss last night..." she replied

"What about it? It was just a friendly good night kiss. I won't do it anymore if it's too weird," replied Jon.

"NO you don't have to stop. It wasn't weird at all. It was nice it's just the first time I've been ever been kissed," said Christina giggly.

"Oh okay. Do you like me?" asked Jon.

"YES!" blurted out Christina. "I mean, do you like me too?"

"Yes. I was even going to ask you to dinner" said Jon.

"REALLY?" exclaimed Christina.

"Yes." said Jon "I wasn't going to, considering we leave tomorrow. I didn't know how you felt but now it's worth asking. So how about it?"

"Sure and we can still call and text after we leave," said Christina.

As the old lady arrived, she said in her annoying voice that would make a lion cry.

"Breakfast is over. Time to get out of those

jammies and explore the rest of Rome."

"Yes miss bad timing," said Christina and Jon laughing.

"What was that?" asked the old lady even more annoying with each word.

"Nothing ma'am," both replied heading upstairs to change.

First down was Jon in black dress pants a black dress shirt with two buttons undone and a black suit. Then came down Christina in the most beautiful red dress

"Wow one word b-e-a-u-tif-ul," said Jon trying to keep his jaw up.

"Says the handsome boy who cleans up nice so ready to go," asked Christina.

"Yes but first I got something for you," pulling out a diamond bracelet. "I had them put your name and hearts on it" said Jon putting it on her wrist.

"Thanks it's beautiful," replied Christina kissing Jon as they headed to the restaurant.

As they were eating Jon stood up and said, "Will you dance with me?"

"I don't know how to," said Christina.

"Then just move with me," replied Jon taking her to the dance floor and holding her close

"I have something to confess. I'm in love with you," said Christina.

"I love you too," replied Jon kissing her.

Then after a few more minutes of dancing they headed home and started making out when then got to her door "night Jon love you," she said pulling away from him.

"Night beautiful, love you too," he replied leaning forward kissing her one more time then heading back to his room.

When morning came they both packed up and headed to the airport "Here's my number" said Jon handing Christina a piece of paper

"Here is mine," she said doing the same.

"Flight 105 to Houston, Texas now boarding at Gate 10" said the flight attendant over the terminal.

"Well that's me," said Christina.

"Fight to Los Angeles now boarding at Gate 25" said the flight attendant.

"That's me. Well don't forget to call," said Jon.

"I won't. Don't you forget to either," replied Christina giving Jon a hug.

"Never," said Jon as he kissed her and walked his gate and she walked

to hers.

"So how was your trip" asked the voice on the other end of their phones.

"Wonderful," they both replied.

"The limo will be waiting with us when you land," said the voice on the end of Jon's phone "thanks and thanks for sending the jet" said Jon as he lay down on the bed on the plane. "I've got news that's going to shock everyone."