VOICES

2024

Literature & Art Magazine

Fiction • Non-fiction • Visual Art • Audio-Visual

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

The Department of World Languages and Literatures is proud to present the 2024 edition of the VOICES literature and art magazine. VOICES is a magazine developed by the students for students and faculty to enjoy. Without the contributions made by the students within the Department of World Languages and Literatures and support from the faculty, this would not have been possible. We thank those who shared their personal and creative works with us and allowed us to share them through this medium.

This year, our goal was to showcase a variety of creative works, representing various languages. Students' contributions ranged from literary to visual works and we would like to properly acknowledge everyone's contributions.

We deeply appreciate the support of the faculty of World Languages and Literatures and English for encouraging their students to create and contribute their creative works and collaborating with our team.

Our sincere appreciation goes to Alysha Timmons, Multimedia Language Center Coordinator; Dr. Esteban Córdoba; and Dr. Sarah Dowman. They provided us the opportunity to create this project and encouraged us throughout the process.

2024 Editors: Cynthia, Yaire, Ericka, Wendy, Robert, Raquel, Xenia.

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ABOUT THE COVER

Recreation by Carolina Isabel Gutiérrez Martínez
of Luis Tristán's painting, *Mary Magdalene*

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English Translations are located after each creative work.

QR codes are provided for audio & video content.

EN EL UMBRAL DE LA OTRA NADA

Ganador del Premio Bombal 2024

Abraham Villegas

Mi cuerpo yace en el piso de la que hasta hoy fue mi habitación, el escaso frío que emana de él apenas logra atenuar el calor intenso que me embiste por dentro. Los frenéticos latidos del corazón son punzadas cada vez más constantes que me roban el oxígeno y empiezan a disipar mi agonía. El cuerpo no me responde, intento ponerme de pie, pero no lo consigo, el corazón se acelera aún más y la mente se nubla. Yo no tenía conciencia de que me estaba muriendo, quizá porque nunca llegué a dimensionar lo que significaba morir. Tuve la fortuna o la desgracia de haber nacido con ciertas carencias, no tuve la capacidad de emitir palabras, pero eso nunca me impidió disfrutar de la infinidad de maravillas de este gran escenario. De hecho, creo que fueron precisamente esas carencias las que me permitieron tener una mirada más auténtica sobre la realidad y encarar la vida de la única manera que supe hacerlo: disfrutando el momento, gozando de los peculiares aromas cotidianos, sin agobiarme recordando un pasado inalterable, ni preocupándome de un futuro inexistente. Sé que para algunos, esa ideología puede resultar intrascendente, pero ahora me doy cuenta de que en realidad uno no sabe cuándo ha experimentado algo por última vez. La vida se compone de vínculos que nos tocan las fibras, de momentos efímeros que nos hacen brotar las emociones, y no por años plagados de obscena superficialidad. Por lo cual, a pesar de haber vivido solo diez años, tengo la certeza de que he tenido una vida amena y de que he entendido todo, aun sin poder decir nada.

Desconozco desde cuando la muerte empezó a contemplarme con su pasmosa voracidad, pero ahora que me encuentro inerme en el ocaso de mi existencia, me queda claro que se ha instalado en mí, y por primera vez reparo en mi irremediable finitud. La muerte es para siempre, es la consecuencia final de la vida y la acepto, no con resignación, sino con la misma naturalidad que acepté la vida. Ya no me quedan fuerzas, las ráfagas de lucidez se han vuelto más esporádicas y mientras mi espectro de luz va disminuyendo, no cabe en mí ni un ápice de aflicción, me aborda una sensación de paz y serenidad. Desde luego que no fui un ser perfecto, pero siempre procuré navegar por la vida sin importunar a nadie. Mi etapa dentro del paréntesis se cierra y comienza el trayecto hacia el olvido que estoy destinado a ser.

MACHU PICCHU

Photo taken by Eve of Machu Pichu in the Andes Mountains of Peru.

Eve Granados

GATEWAY TO THE OBLIVION

Winner of Premio Bombal 2024

Abraham Villegas

My quivering body lies on the floor of my bedroom, the fierce fire raging within me is hardly soothed by the slight chill from the floor. I can feel my heart beating faster with each beat, triggering the lack of oxygen, but shortly it will be all over. My body fails to react, I try to get up, but I'm unable to; my heart starts beating even faster and I feel fuzzy. I was not aware of the fact that I was dying, perhaps because I never really understood what dying entailed and what it felt like. For reasons beyond my knowledge, I was born with certain limitations, I did not have the ability to speak. However, that never stopped me from expressing myself and enjoying the endless marvels of this world. In fact, I believe that these limitations allowed me to have a more authentic perception of reality and to face life in the only way that I knew how: living in the present, taking in delightful scents, and not wasting time dwelling on the past or fantasizing about hypothetical future. I know this principle may seem shallow for some, but it just made sense to me, and even more so now, because the fact of the matter is that you just don't know when you've experienced something for the last time. Unfortunately, we live in a superficial world and often fail to realize that it is the bonds we make throughout our lives and the brief moments of joy that make life worth living. Therefore, although I've lived a relatively short life, I am certain that I have had a very pleasant life and that I have understood it all, even though I could not speak a word. I'm not sure how long Death has been watching me with its ferocious voracity, but now that I'm in the twilight of my existence, I'm fully aware that it has settled in me, and for the first time I ponder over my inexorable demise. Death is permanent, it's the end result of living and I embrace it, not with sorrow, but rather with the same symmetry that I embraced life. I have no more strength left in me, the flares of clarity have become more sporadic, and as my spectrum of light fades away, I reflect on my life and have no regrets; a strong sense of peace and serenity comes over me. I was certainly not perfect, but I always tried to sail through life without being a burden to anyone. As my chapter within the parentheses comes to an end, the journey towards the oblivion begins.

HUCHETI TSIPIKUA

Ji juchet tsipekua enkan ji harapk irekin juchet iretinjimpo enk ish arinjka Michoacán ka Estados Unidos.

María Martínez

Ji imán pueblunimpo antamhmushka enka ish arinka San Isidro Michoacán. Ji min irekashpka 12 año atir, ka kanikua recuerduenchin miashin enkan ji sapichuepk. Maruksh recuerduech sesi ka maruksh recuerdech no hambe. Enk ji irekingjapka no harashpt trabajo para walitich nomas harashpt para achamashitsh. Imbishi juchet tat intiejku anchikuarini iman tiempon jimbo par un jucchan nitamachin. Per jucha sesi irekaspka, tatsikua juche nand ka tat nirashtikshi matur estado jimbo ima ish arinka Estados Unidos. Imajtsin jurajkushpt parish julan shush anchikuarini ka par shantin tuminu para jucha. Tatsikua, juchar papaker shexan juchan ka imakhs jalaspt paritsin juchan shepin. Jucha no kamishen tumuni ni sikier para sapatuchin piakcuel ka cudernuchinmpe. Tashikua, juchar nad juarkulpst juchan xush par jucha sesi irekin ka nutur ish sufririn eshk jucha na sufriripk juchar pueblun jimbo. Enka jucha niaripka California, jucha no mitesk guantan iman idioman inglés ka españolin. Jucha shu julegulishpk iman tsiman ifiomachin guantan, tatsiku julengishpk guantan ka ji graduarikulisp iman escualan impo ka seguirishpk ka mendurin uentashkp matur escuelajimpo 2022. ji tatsik seguiripin julengulin, ka yashi in universidadid jimpo graduarikurek enkan tata dios hintskushk tsipeku para ji erekurin más ishu parakpin jimbo.

Scan or click for author's recitation

Bonus content

bit.ly/5WOFuQVa

MY STORY

This is a story about my life living in Michoacan, Mexico, and immigrating to the United States.

María Martínez

I was born in a town called San Isidro Michoacán, I lived there for 12 years. I had many experiences, some good and some bad. Where I lived there was not much work for women and at that time my father worked alone to support a family of five. Well, I lived very happy moments with my parents but unfortunately, they had to leave the town in search of a better life for us. Since then my grandparents took care of us. We were poor, because many times we did not have money to buy school supplies, much less school shoes. I remember my parents sent us money from the United States, so that we would not lack anything. A few years later, my parents decided to bring us to the United States, because it was a great future for my sisters and me. When we arrived in California, we expected to go to school without knowing how to speak Spanish and much less English, because we were born speaking another language called Purépecha. Of course, it was difficult for us to have to start over in a country we had never been to before, but within a few years I learned to speak English and Spanish. It was not easy at all. On the contrary it was very difficult, but in this life you have to fight for your dreams and learn new languages to be able to fit into this world. That's how in 2018 I graduated from high school and continued with the hopes of continuing to study. So I entered College of the Desert full of dreams and graduated in 2022. Then I transferred to California State University, San Bernardino and I am about to graduate. This was a little of my story. I have many more goals to achieve if God gives me many more years of life.

LOST CHILDHOOD

This is a poem dedicated to children who currently live oppressed under wars.

Wendy Y. Villanueva

In lands of struggle and pain

In a place where peace is a distant dream

There are the children.

Despite living in a insane world

Despite being in the midst of chaos and pain

Their innocent smile rises like a glow.

The war is taking away their childhood

They are taking their shelter from them and their home

When will they play again without fear?

When will they have the life they deserve?

My dear children,

I hug you with my soul

I hope you find the peace you long for

I wish that love envelopes your wounded hearts and that one day you can see the light of Freedom on your horizon.

الـطفولـة المـفقودة

هـذه الـقصيده لـلأطـفال المضطهـديـن الذيـن يـعيشون فـي ظـل الحـروب

Wendy Y. Villanueva

فـي بـلاد الـنضال والألـم

فـي مـكان حـيث الســلام حـلم بـعيد المــنال،

هـناك الأطــفال.

رغـم الـعيش فـي عـالـم مــجنون،

رغـم مـا نـعيشه مـن فـوضـى وألــم،

إبـتسامـتهم الـبريـئة تشـرق مـثل الـوهـج.

الحـرب تسـلب طـفولـتهم،

يـأخـذون مـلجأهـم مـنهم ومـن مـنزلـهم،

مـتى ســيلعبون مـرة أخـرى دون خـوف؟

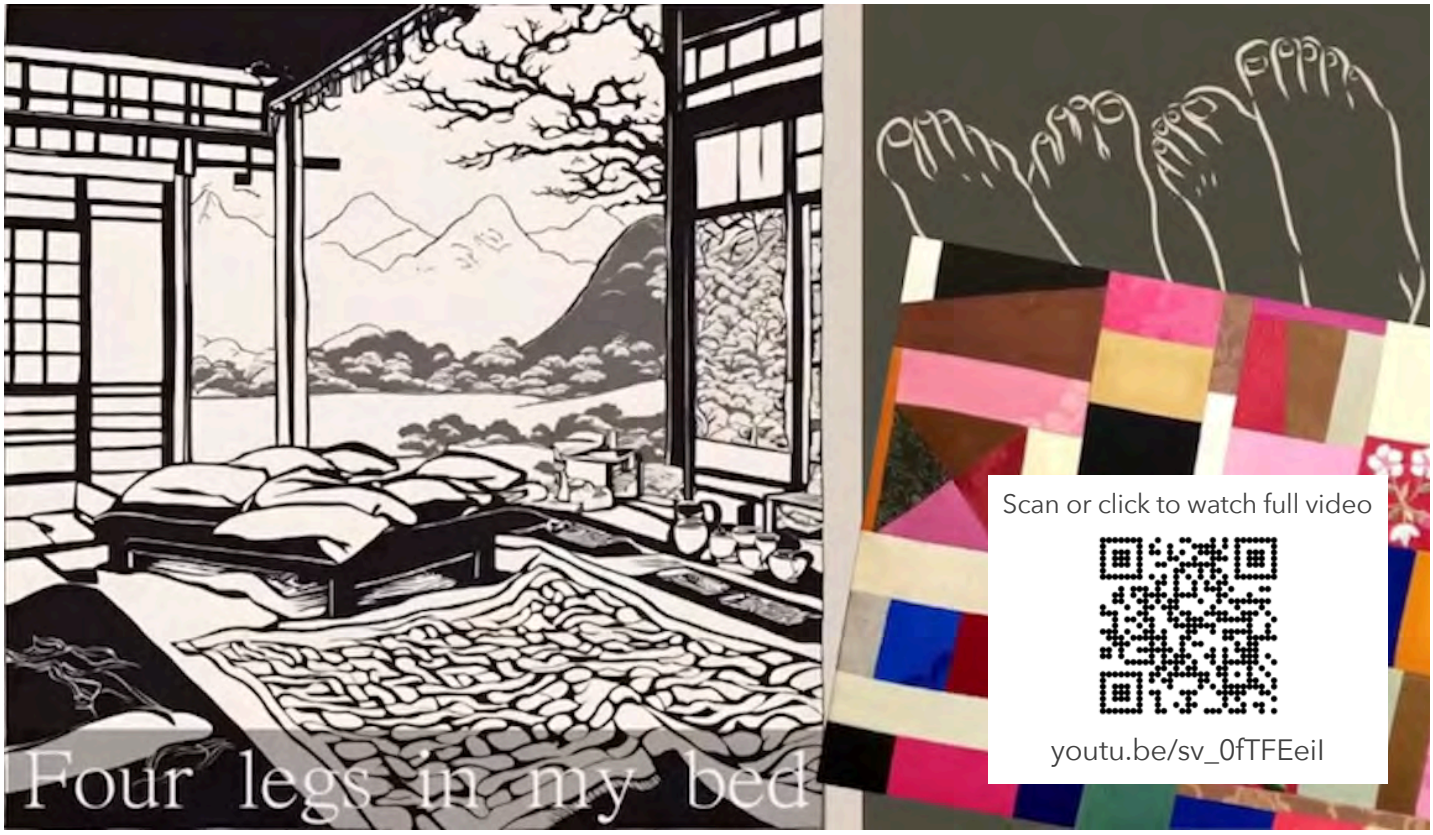
مـتي ســيحصلون عـلى الـحياة الـتي يســتحقونــها؟

أطـفالـي الأعــزاء

أحــضنكم بـروحـي

أتـمنى أن تجـدوا الســلام الـذي طـالمـا حـلمتم بـه

أتـمنى أن يـغلف الـحب قـلوبـكم الجـريـحة وأن تــتمكنوا يـومـا مـا مـن رؤيـة نـور الحـريـة



CHEOYONGGA

Animation inspired and based on a lyrical Korean literary work, “Cheoyongga”.

Hyewon Seo

EN UN INSTANTE PUEDES CAMBIAR TU DESTINO

Eve Granados

Hoy hablé con una persona y estuvimos conversando acerca de cosas de la vida. Abrí mi corazón y le conté mi experiencia en el amor. Me aconsejó y me guió y mi alma sintió un suspiro de paz de luz y de entendimiento. Cuanta sabiduría puede brotar de esas canas. Cuando te das la oportunidad de escuchar a alguien con tu alma esa conversación puede cambiar tu destino. Te aseguro lo hizo. Gracias por cambiar el rumbo de mi destino.

IN AN INSTANT YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR DESTINY

Eve Granados

Today I spoke with a person and we were talking about things in life. I opened my heart and told them my experience in love. They advised me and guided me and my soul felt a sigh of peace, light and understanding. How much wisdom can come from those gray hairs. When you give yourself the opportunity to listen to someone with your soul, that conversation can change your destiny. I assure you it did. Thank you for changing the course of my destiny.

MI PEQUEÑO AMOR PLATÓNICO

Una historia de amor con un giro inesperado

Gizel Ortiz Arriaga

Sabes, hoy te estuve esperando. Te esperé, en aquel pequeño restaurante donde un día quedamos en vernos. Te esperé, estaba convencida que vendrías. Ordené una soda mientras te esperaba y me senté en una de las mesas de atrás donde me imaginaba que un día platicaríamos. Cada vez que una persona entraba alzaba la mirada con la esperanza de que fueras tú, una y otra vez la decepción me inundaba al ver que cada una de esas personas no eras tú. Seguí esperando, dentro de mí había un nerviosismo enorme, como la vez que nos vimos en persona por primera vez. Ese sentimiento crecía con cada minuto que pasaba. De repente pude sentir tu presencia, levanté mi mirada llena de esperanza y vi tu silueta entrar por la puerta.

Mi corazón se rompió en mil pedazos al darme cuenta que no eras tú y la realidad me pegó tan fuerte que supe que no vendrías.

Qué patética soy, ¿verdad? Esperar por alguien que ni siquiera sabe que esperó por él. Pero ¿cómo puedo sacarte de mi corazón?, ¿cómo puedo lidiar con este amor tan grande que siento por ti?

Imaginar lo que pudimos ser es lo único que me da un poco de alivio. Las citas, las llamadas y todos los momentos lindos que pudimos tener estarán solo en mi mente. Tengo la esperanza de que algún día, este amor platónico deje de doler tanto.

MY LITTLE CRUSH

A love story with an unexpected twist.

Gizel Ortiz Arriaga

You know, I was waiting for you today. I waited in that little restaurant where we were supposed to see each other one day. I waited for you, I was convinced you would come. I ordered a soda while I waited for you. I sat on one of the back tables where I once imagined we would talk. Every single time a person entered the restaurant, I raised my gaze, hoping it was you. Over and over again, disappointment flooded me when I saw that each of those people was not you. I decided to keep waiting, inside me there was enormous nervousness, like the time we saw each other in person or the first time. That feeling continued growing with each passing minute. Suddenly, I could feel your presence, I raised my gaze full of hope and I saw your silhouette coming through the door.

My heart broke in a thousand pieces when I realized that that person was not you. Then reality hit me so hard that I realized you would never come.

I'm so pathetic, ain't I? Waiting for someone who does not even know I am waiting for him. But how can I get you out of my heart? How can I deal with this love I feel for you?

Imagining what we could have been is the only thing that gives me a sense of relief. The dates, the calls, and all the beautiful moments we could have will only be in my mind. I hope that one day, this crush I have on you will stop hurting so much.

L'AMANT VIRTUEL

Delli M. Kennedy

Aujourd'hui est un don, j'en suis certain
Quant à demain, je n'en sais pas encore
Alors pourquoi pas faire le meilleur du moment
Pour un demain meilleur, si jamais on y arrive

Ça fait du bien, tu sais, de flirter avec toi
Grace aux applis, aux textos et tchats,
Nous passons des heures à parler, sans pourtant nous voir
Sans pourtant nous voir, à l'un et l'autre, nous disons je t'aime

Je voudrais bien te croire quand tu dis que tu es qui tu es
Et ces jolies photos, je veux bien qu'elles soient de toi
Mais comment prouver qu'elles sont les tiennes
Et pas de quelqu'un d'autre copiées d'Instagram
Si tu refuses de faire facetime et réellement montrer ta face?

Tu es d'accord avec moi que pendant des mois
Que bien qu'on se parle et que même on se dise qu'on s'aime
Nous ne sommes rien que deux étrangers
Victimes [du fait] que tous deux nous recherchons l'amour

Alors, amant virtuel, vas-tu me laisser perdue dans ce grand web
Me privant de ce désir ardent qu'est de voir ta face
Ou vas-tu, à mon secours venir, ôter la voile et montrer ton beau visage
Pour un demain certain avec toi l'homme que j'aime?

Scan or click for author's recitation

youtu.be/A4kxDiax7h4

TODAY IN THE VIRTUAL

Delli M. Kennedy

Today is a gift, and that's for certain
As for tomorrow, it has yet to come
So why don't we make the best of the moment
For a better tomorrow if that ever comes?

It does feel good, you know, to flirt with you
Through dating apps, through chats and texting
We spend hours together though we've never met
Though we've never met, to one another, we say 'je t'aime'

I want to believe you when you said you are who you are
Your pics are nice, and I want them to be of you
But how can I tell that yours they really are
And not someone else's copied from Instagram
If you refuse to Facetime to simply show me your face?

You'd agree with me that now for weeks and months
Although we chat and although we say je t'aime
We are nothing but strangers to one another
Victims of the fact that we are both in quest of love

So, my virtual love, are you going to leave me lost in this vast web
Denying me the desire to see your face
Or will you today unveil yourself
To ensure my tomorrow with you the man I love?

Scan or click for author's recitation

Bonus content

youtu.be/hvRa5jPIoFM

HONRADO EL CAMPESINO.

El poema está inspirado por la dura vida de los campesinos.

Andres D. Uribe

En tierras vastas y deshabitadas,
sus sueños labran los campesinos honrados,
bajo el cielo claro, tan despoblados,
olvidados por los señores, que los han marginado.

Cada surco, cada semilla sembrada,
un gemido por la vida ardua y ganada,
sus manos curtidas ya por la edad agotadas,
solo recogen miseria, sin aplauso ni alabanza.

Abandonados por quien los debería amparar,
los campesinos luchan por subsistir, sin cesar,
en bravías tierras, suyas, más sin su hogar,
mientras los grandes señores los miran sin piedad.

¿Dónde el fruto de su arduo afán?
Solo un misero pan para saciar.
¿Dónde vive la justicia que clama con ardor?,
cuando la indolencia solo trae dolor.

Pero en cada rostro curtido por el sol,
con paso firme entre el lodo y el arroz,
la esperanza vive y jamás se irá,
en sus hijos el futuro brillará.

Hijos del campo, simientes de ilusión,
recibirán el legado, el viejo terruño,
con tesón y brío transformarán su entorno,
la áspera verdad, en el Edén de ilusión.

¡Escuchen, señores de opulento poder!,
el clamor del campesino por justicia resuena,
sus manos laboriosas alimentan las naciones,
en sus hijos, la esperanza del futuro se prende.

THE HONORABLE PEASANT.

The poem is inspired by the hard life of peasants.

Andres D. Uribe

In vast and barren lands
Their dreams are tilled by honest hands,
Beneath the clear sky, so desolate,
Forgotten by the lords, their fate.

Each furrow, each seed sown,
A moan for the arduous life they have known,
Their weathered hands, by age worn down,
Only reap misery, without acclaim or crown.

Abandoned by those who should protect,
The peasants fight for survival, without neglect,
On wild lands, theirs by right, yet without a home,
while the great lords watch them, without sympathy to roam.

Where is the fruit of their hard labor's gain?
Only a meager bread to ease their pain.
Where does justice dwell, that cries with ardor?
When indolence only brings sorrow.

But in each face tanned by the sun,
With firm steps through mud and rice they run,
Hope lives and will never be undone,
In their children, the future will shine.

Children of the fields, seeds of illusion,
They will receive the legacy, the old land's infusion,

With tenacity and vigor, they will transform their surroundings,
The harsh truth, into an Eden their own soundings.

Listen, oh lords of opulent power!
The cry of the peasant for justice resounds every hour,
Their hardworking hands feed the nations,
In their children, the hope of the future takes its stations.

LAKE COATEPEQUE

Photo taken by Wendy of el Lago de Coatepeque, Santa Ana, El Salvador.

Wendy Y. Villanueva

EL PRECIPICIO

Damion Mora

Sentado aquí, me estoy dando cuenta de muchas cosas de la vida. Seriamente, todo lo que ocurre en esta vida sucede por alguna razón. Tal vez en el momento no tenemos ni podríamos obtener la razón, pero aún así tiene que suceder. Las cosas no ocurren por bueno o malo sin necesidad. Nuestras personalidades son la culminación de nuestras experiencias en la vida. Debemos agradecer la oportunidad de tener experiencias y con ellas intentar ser la mejor versión que podamos ser. Con mis piernas colgando sobre el farallón, siento la brisa fresca del atardecer. El horizonte está rojizo y el sol está bajando sobre el mar. Parece estar flotando sobre el agua, que pensamientos tan ilógicos, pero así es la mente.

Me paré para ver claramente el atardecer sobre el mar. Justo donde estoy físicamente, igual estoy en el mismo lugar en mi mente. Sé que vienen cambios que están fuera de mi control pero tienen que cumplirse. Estoy a punto de cumplir metas de la vida y cosas que como adulto forman parte de la experiencia humana. No hay vuelta atrás ni modo de detenerlas, estas cosas ya están escritas en la ley de la vida. Lo único que puedo hacer es tener fé, de que todo saldrá bien. En mi mente, pido que alguien me de alguna señal por lo menos que me asegure que estoy en el camino correcto; que no he cambiado el camino principal por vereda. Es uno de los tres consejos más inculcados que me han guiado en la vida. Hasta este punto, han sido indispensables. Estando parado me da la confianza de que voy bien, pero como confirmación absoluta de Dios que estoy bien, una ráfaga corre hacia arriba del acantilado tirándome con fuerza para atrás.

Me paré de nuevo para dar sentido a lo que había ocurrido, pero no lo encontré. No había nadie ni nada que pueda explicar de dónde llegó ese soplo de viento. Da igual, mejor si me concentro pueda buscar esa señal que tanto espero. Sentándome y cerrando los ojos, me pongo a reflexionar sobre mis experiencias durante mi corta vida. He tenido el privilegio de experimentar cosas hermosas e igual cosas llenas de dolor. Sin embargo, uno tanto como el otro han contribuido a formar parte de quien soy en el presente. No los cambiaría ya que por más que uno quiera no tenemos una máquina capaz de regresar el tiempo.

No le hablo a Dios con frecuencia pero en este instante, siento necesidad de buscar guía. Ya sea el Universo, Yahweh, Dios o los ancestros quisiera que alguno me pudiera responder con las palabras justas que me ayuden encontrar paz interiormente. Aquí en el borde busco dentro de cada esquina la respuesta adecuada. No sé quiénes ni cuánto tiempo pasan a mi alrededor pero cuando por fin abro los ojos veo la luna elevarse del océano. Es una vista tan bella que se me llenan de lágrimas los ojos. Sé que no es realístico esperar una respuesta vocalmente de un poder sobrenatural. No obstante, viendo algo tan natural que ocurre todos los días pero tan singular a la vez, es la respuesta justa que me esperaba.

Acepto toda la incertidumbre y miedo que me ha estado atormentando. Acepto la incertidumbre de si existe un más allá o un ser omnipotente. Acepto que las cosas que ocurren en la vida son necesarias para ayudarnos a buscar la fuerza de ser las mejores versiones que podemos ser en esta vida. Me alejo del precipicio, centrándome en continuar mi vida con la fé de que todo saldrá bien.

THE PRECIPICE

Damion Mora

Sitting here, I am realizing many things in life. Seriously, everything that happens in this life happens for a reason. Maybe at the moment we didn't and couldn't get it right, but it still has to happen. Things don't happen for good or bad without necessity. Our personalities are the culmination of our experiences in life. We must be grateful for the opportunity to have experiences and with them try to be the best version we can be. With my legs dangling over the cliff, I feel the cool evening breeze. The horizon is reddish and the sun is going down over the sea. It seems to be floating on water, what illogical thoughts, but that's the mind.

I stopped to clearly see the sunset over the sea. Just where I am physically, I am still in the same place in my mind. I know that changes are coming that are out of my control but they have to be fulfilled. I am about to accomplish life goals and things that as an adult are part of the human experience. There is no turning back or way to stop them, these things are already written in the law of life. The only thing I can do is have faith that everything will work out. In my mind, I ask that someone at least give me some sign to assure me that I am on the right path, that I have not changed the main path for a path. It is one of the three most instilled pieces of advice that have guided me in life. Up to this point, they have been indispensable. Standing still gives me confidence that I'm doing fine, but as an absolute confirmation from God that I'm fine, a gust runs up the cliff, forcefully throwing me back.

I stopped again to make sense of what had happened, but I couldn't find it. There was no one and nothing that could explain where that breath of wind came from. It doesn't matter, maybe if I concentrate I can look for that sign I'm waiting for so much. Sitting down and closing my eyes, I begin to reflect on my experiences during my short life. I have had the privilege of experiencing beautiful things and equally painful things. However, one as much as the other has contributed to being part of who I am today. I would not change them since no matter how much one wants, we do not have a machine capable of turning back time.

I don't talk to God often but right now, I feel the need to seek guidance. Whether it is the Universe, Yahweh, God or the ancestors, I would like someone to be able to respond to me with the right words to help me find inner peace. Here on the edge I look inside each corner for the right answer. I don't know who or how much time they spend around me but when I finally open my eyes I see the moon rising from the ocean. It is such a beautiful sight that it brings tears to my eyes. I know it is unrealistic to expect a response vocally from a supernatural power. However, seeing something so natural that happens every day but so unique at the same time, it is the right answer I expected.

I accept all the uncertainty and fear that has been tormenting me. I accept the uncertainty of whether there is an afterlife or an omnipotent being. I accept that the things that happen in life are necessary to help us seek the strength to be the best versions we can be in this life. I move away from the precipice, focusing on continuing my life with the faith that everything will turn out well.

ROMEO Y JULIETA

Un relato de ficción inspirado en el icónico cuadro de Edward Hopper, *Habitación de hotel*.

César García Luis

Era un día de verano como cualquier otro. Hacía un calor insoportable. Alrededor de las 7 de la mañana, Julieta se despertó con el cabello desordenado. Se dirigió a la cocina para saludar a su marido, pero para su consternación, lo encontró besando a la criada. Julieta, con dolor en el pecho y lágrimas en el rostro, regresó a la habitación. Mientras regresaba al dormitorio, chocó accidentalmente con una maceta, lo que provocó que se cayera e hiciera un fuerte ruido. El marido, Romeo, y la sirvienta se separaron inmediatamente al oír el ruido. El infeliz marido fue al dormitorio y encontró a Julieta llorando. En tono sarcástico, le preguntó: "¿Por qué lloras?" Julieta sin decir nada sacó una pistola y disparó a su marido, dejándolo muerto. Después de haber cometido el desgarrador acto, Julieta condujo con sus maletas a El Bosque, un hotel muy popular de la ciudad. Al llegar a su habitación, se semi desnudó y dejó en el suelo sus zapatos, su vestido y sus maletas. Después se sentó en la cama a leer una carta que su marido le había escrito unos días antes. Con gotas de lágrimas cayéndole sobre la carta, Julieta se arrepiente de lo sucedido, pero ya es muy tarde porque ya mató a su esposo y ahora se encuentra sola, herida, en una habitación de fantasmas.

ROMEO AND JULIET

A fictional short story inspired by Edward Hopper's iconic painting, *Hotel Room*.

César García Luis

It was a summer day like any other. It was unbearably hot. Around 7 in the morning, Julieta woke up with her hair messy. She headed to the kitchen to greet her husband, but to her dismay, she found him kissing the maid. Julieta, with pain in her chest and tears on her face, returned to the room. While she was walking back to the bedroom, she accidentally bumped into a flower pot, causing her to fall and make a loud noise. Her husband, Romeo, and her servant immediately separated when they heard the noise. The unhappy husband went to the bedroom and found Juliet crying. In a sarcastic tone, he asked her, "Why are you crying?" Julieta, without saying anything, took out a gun and shot her husband, leaving him dead. After having committed the heartbreaking act, Julieta drove with her suitcases to El Bosque, a very popular hotel in the city. When she arrived at her room, she undressed half-naked and left her shoes, her dress, and her suitcases on the floor. She then sat on the bed to read a letter that her husband had written to her a few days before. With drops of tears falling on the letter, Julieta regrets what happened, but it is too late because she has already killed her husband and now she finds herself alone, hurt, in a room of ghosts.

الـحب LOVE

Sarah Mohamad

الحب لا ينتهي أبدا	Love never ends
كل الناس يحبون مثل	All people love like
القهوة في يوم الشتاء	Coffee on a winter's day
الحب مثل رؤية القمر من خلال السحاب	Love is like seeing the moon through the clouds
الحب يبقيك دافئًا	Love keeps you warm
مثل الشمس في الصيف	Like the sun in summer
الحب معك أينما ذهبت	Love is with you wherever you go

CHEOYONGGA ANIMATION

This animation was inspired and based on a lyrical Korean literary work called "Cheoyongga". This kind of lyrical poem is called Hyangga and originated during the Unified Silla period.

Irene Ruano

Scan or click to watch full video

youtu.be/YZOOt1KN7Xs

DR. ELIZABETH MARTIN

CSUSB FRENCH PROFESSOR & ARTIST

Yaire Leandro, Robert Plaza & Raquel Gutierrez Gomez

"WHEN WE SEE OUR STUDENTS CHEER EACH OTHER ON [...] WHEN THEY GIVE EACH OTHER ENCOURAGEMENT, THAT'S A SPECIAL THING FOR US. WE JUST KIND OF SIT BACK AND WATCH IT UNFOLD." - Dr. Martin

Dr. Martin has been a French professor here at Cal State San Bernardino since 2007. Originally from Illinois, her desire to live on the West Coast motivated her to apply for the position. After several years in the private sector and teaching at prestigious schools such as Georgetown, Dr. Elizabeth Martin came to CSUSB. She recalls the job description being "***a perfect fit for [her] background…***" and was set on moving to the West Coast.

After coming to campus, interacting with staff, faculty, and students, Dr. Martin decided CSUSB was the right school, stating "***….it was the right decision…***". Recalling her memories and decision to come out to California brought a content smile to Dr. Martin's face.

Throughout Dr. Martin's time teaching, her experience at CSUSB has been wonderful. After working for about 17 years at CSUSB, she describes the multicultural and multigenerational environment within her classrooms as amazing experiences and opportunities to learn from different people. The students she has taught have varied in age. Her eldest student she recounts was about 70, and the youngest 18. Although the range in age is wide, Dr. Martin's impact is notable; without a doubt, she became an important part of different chapters in students' lives.

Due to the nature of her job, she enjoys it very much expressing: "***I am never bored, there are always surprises***." She expressed the French program at CSUSB being small, yet impactful. She has been able to teach art, cuisine, music, literature, business and advertising, and the French language itself.

Dr. Martin characterizes the students attending CSUSB as students who "***know why [they are] here… and appreciate [their] degrees***", resulting in her experience of seeing many of her French major students study abroad.

Dr. Martin is very big on encouraging her students to study abroad. ***"I tell them about study abroad early on [...] They become these ambassadors for the culture."*** She recounts her memories of seeing students visit her with souvenirs or t-shirts from the places they visited. Her proudness in witnessing her students using the French language builds her own happiness. These are a few words Dr. Martin beautifully used to recognize

Hummingbird in watercolor by Dr. Martin

her students' accomplishments, ***"That's something I'll carry with me… into my retirement, thinking of the students who have taken that extra step… taking their French and traveling with it…"***

Dr. Martin also provided us (the editors) with resources for studying abroad or obtaining an opportunity to work abroad. Her efforts in guiding, encouraging, and motivating students are undeniable; hence, her distinguishable outlook and passion for teaching is inspiring.

Before Dr. Martin's decision to pursue a French major and teaching occupation, Dr. Martin was a music major as an undergraduate. She later decided to pursue a major in French due to encouragement from the French department in her university. During her first year in France, she played in orchestras and chamber music. After obtaining her double major, Dr. Martin's trips to France continued, attending as a study abroad student on many occasions. This journey allowed her to work on her French, later influencing not only the love for the language, but her interest in art.

Inspiration may come from anywhere: your surroundings, people in your social circles, and experiences. For Dr. Martin, the person who inspired her to give art an opportunity was Alysha Timmons, who is our Multimedia Language Center coordinator. Alysha encouraged Dr. Martin to pick up varying media and explore her artistic skills.

Additionally, Dr. Martin shared a few recent artists whose art she enjoys, and described her inspirational artists like French impressionists and contemporary impressionists such as Erin Hanson.

Dr. Martin's passion for teaching, humor, and kindness transmitted through the screen. Her advice and experiences are amazing to not only hear, but must be shared. Dr. Martin's radiating positive aura inspires students to experience new things, to not be afraid of learning something new, and to never put limitations on yourself when pursuing your happiness.

Paint and Sip May 15, 2024

During finals week, Dr. Martin allowed students to enjoy a Paint and Sip, where they created Eiffel Towers using origami and pointillism, while enjoying refreshing sparkling French water on the side. With this activity, students experienced the art style of numerous impressionists. She recognizes the mutual learning experiences that occur in her classrooms. Her students learn from her and their peers, but she also learns from her own students:

"THERE'S NO CHALLENGE THAT'S TOO BIG."

- Dr. Martin

J'AI MAL

Inspiré par la tragédie du décès de mon mari

Delli M. Kennedy

J'ai un mal minime mais qui affecte tout mon être

Un mal qui persiste et entraine pas mal de maux

J'ai mal au cœur que je suis tout seul

J'ai mal à la tête à force d'y penser

Et plus j'y pense, plus j'oublie à quoi je pense

Puis, l'émotion m'emporte

Sans maîtrise, ni contrôle, mon cœur se fond

Dans le silence, tout seul je pleure

Mais pourquoi je pleure je ne peux vraiment le dire

Car, il m'arrive d'oublier même pourquoi je pleure

Et puis mon nez, lui coule sans arrêt

Quand je me mouche, ou quand je le sèche

Il devient tout rouge et très sensible

Et ces doux sanglots me laissent avec une toux

Une toux pas si grave, mais seulement qu'elle est très sèche

Elle est si sèche qu'elle sèche ma gorge

Oh, que c'est horrible, ce mal qui m'arrive

Il sèche ma gorge mais ne sèche mes yeux

De toutes ces larmes d'amour ou de son absence

Chaque fois que j'y pense

Ou quand ce mal m'arrive

Oui, j'ai mal

Scan or click for author's recitation

youtu.be/sQ5Rn8N_pBg

I ACHE

Inspired by the tragedy of my husband's passing

Delli M. Kennedy

I ache from a minor ache that affects my whole being

An ache that persists and causes other aches

It hurts my heart that I'm all alone

And headaches too when I think about it

And the more I think, the more I forget what I think about

Then I get depressed

From deep inside, I can feel my heart melt

In the silence, all alone I break down and cry

But why I cry I cannot really tell

And oftentimes I forget even why I cry

Except that when I do [cry] it does bring some relief

My nose clogs up or runs nonstop

But when I blow it or when I pat it dry

It turns all red, and it does get sore

And those soft cries leave me with a cough

A cough not too serious, but only it is dry

It is so dry that it dries my throat

Isn't that terrible what this ache can do?

It dries my throat but does not dry my eyes

Of all the tears that the ache of love or lack of it

Causes me to shed time after time

Yes; that hurts

Bonus content

Scan or click for author's recitation

youtu.be/YW6HCHnszHY

EL TIEMPO SE DETUVO

Un cuento inspirado por la fotografía de Robert Capa de una mujer corriendo, sin saber que fue tomada durante un ataque aéreo en España en 1939.

Yaire Leandro

Al despertar, Elena levanta la cabeza y voltea a ver el reloj rojo colocado en la pared en frente. El reloj le informa que son las siete y cuarto. La mujer libera un suspiro, se envuelve más entre las sábanas y se voltea. La luz, entrando por su ventana, le cala resultando en abrir un ojo. Mira unas palomas volando y el reloj gigante del centro. Cierra los ojos dándole bienvenida al sueño, pero los abre inmediatamente con terror.

Se desenreda de las sábanas despertando a su perro que dormía a un lado. "¡Son las ocho y quince, se me hizo tardísimo! No lo puedo creer, ¿qué pasó?" Se levanta rápido y brinca hacia la puerta de su recámara. Tarzán ladra y sigue a su dueña. Elena entra a su baño agarrando su cepillo de dientes y sigue declarando su sorpresa con la boca llena de espuma.

"No, pero definitivamente puse mi alarma anoche. ¿Cómo pasó esto? Tarzán, ¿fuiste tú?" Tarzán levanta sus orejas y contesta con otro ladrido. "Sí, es cierto, no alcanzas".

Sale del baño para su habitación, con el cepillo de dientes en la boca. Se para en frente del reloj y lo mira fijamente. Luego se da cuenta de que las agujas están atascadas.

Elena deja escapar un gemido. "No, no puede ser". Corre al baño para terminar de arreglarse. No tiene tiempo para pensar qué ponerse, así que toma un vestido negro, abrigo negro, tacones negros y una bufanda negra. "Oye Tarzán van a pensar que voy a un funeral, ¿no?" El perro sale de la recámara, "No tengo tiempo para cambiarme, ni modo. ¡Espérame, Tarzán!"

Agarra su bolso y sale, pero se acuerda del archivo y los papeles importantes para la presentación de hoy. Choca con su escritorio y su lámpara baila encima de unos libros en la esquina de la mesa, rápido estira la mano y la coloca suavemente arriba del escritorio, suelta el respiro detenido y sale corriendo.

Al salir de su casa no se fija que Tarzán escapa. Voltea al reloj grande de la plaza y empieza a caminar rápido. Tarzán se queda un poco atrás, esperando que volteara su dueña, pero Elena camina más rápido.

Ahora en la plaza mira que pasan de las nueve, se detiene y se pregunta si debería regresar. Tarzán también se detiene, con una pata alzada y moviendo su cola. "No, no puedo regresar a casa. ¡Llego, me disculpo por la tardanza y presento el proyecto excepcionalmente! No es como si siempre llegara tarde, mis compañeros del trabajo saben que me he esforzado para esto, entenderán… Bueno eso espero". Elena respira profundamente. Espantando a la gente que camina alrededor, la mujer corre. Tarzán, un poco sorprendido, también corre, la alcanza y se le atraviesa. El perro le ladra saludándola. La mujer voltea hacia el perro con ojos bien abiertos. "¿Qué haces aquí?" El perro le responde con más ladridos. La mujer sonríe y le dice a su perro "¡Vámonos!"

SMASH FASCISM

Recreation of a poster by Pere Catalá-Pic, in response to rising fascism in Spain during the Spanish Civil War between 1936-1939.

Cynthia Jose

TIME STOPPED

A short story inspired by Robert Capa's photo of a woman running without knowing that it was taken during an air raid in Spain 1939.

Yaire Leandro

Upon waking up, Elena raises her head and turns to see the red clock on the wall in front of her. The clock informs her that it is a quarter past seven. The woman releases a sigh, wraps herself more between the sheets, and turns around. The light coming through her window hits her and she opens one eye. She sees some pigeons flying and the giant clock in the center. She closes her eyes welcoming sleep, but immediately opens them in terror.

She untangles herself from the sheets, waking up her dog who was sleeping on the side. "It's eight fifteen, I am super late! I can't believe it, what happened?" She gets up quickly and jumps towards the door. Tarzan barks and follows his owner. Elena enters her bathroom clutching her toothbrush and continues declaring her surprise with a mouth full of foam.

"No, but I definitely set my alarm last night. How did this happen? Tarzan, was it you?" Tarzan perks up his ears and responds with another bark. "That's true, you can't reach."

She leaves the bathroom and heads toward her room, with the toothbrush in her mouth. She stops in front of the clock and stares at it. Then notices the clock hands are stuck.

Elena lets out a groan. "No, it can't be." She runs to the bathroom to finish getting ready. She doesn't have time to think about what to wear so she grabs a black dress, black coat, black heels, and a black scarf. "Hey Tarzan, they're going to think I'm going to a funeral, right?" The dog leaves the bedroom, "I don't have time to change, oh well. Wait for me, Tarzan!"

She grabs her bag and leaves, but she remembers the file and the important papers for today's presentation. She collides with her desk and her lamp dances on top of some books on the corner of the table. She quickly stretches out her hand and gently places it on top of the desk, releasing a breath she holds and runs out.

When leaving her house, she does not notice Tarzan escapes. The lady turns to the big clock in the square and starts walking quickly. Tarzan stays a little behind, waiting for his owner to turn around, but Elena only walks faster.

Now in the square, Elena notices it's past nine o'clock; she stops and ponders if she should go back. Tarzan stops too, with one paw raised and his tail wagging. "No, I can't go back home. I go, apologize for my tardiness, and present the project exceptionally! It's not like I'm always late, my co-workers know that I worked hard for this, they'll understand... At least, I hope so." Elena breathes in deeply. Startling the people who are walking around her, the woman runs. Tarzan, a little surprised, runs and catches up to her, crossing her path. The dog barks, greeting her. The woman turns to the dog with wide eyes. "What are you doing here?" The dog responds with more barking. The woman smiles and says, "Let's go!"

UN VIAJE HACIA MI IDENTIDAD

Mi inspiración para escribir mi historia vino de mi propia vida. Vengo de una ciudad llamada Jalostotitlán, donde las creencias ancestrales están profundamente arraidagas en la sociedad, particularmente con respeto al papel de las mujeres, que se espera que sean madres y esposas y que actúen como mujeres para ser aceptadas en la sociedad. Mi historia refleja mi experiencia cuando visité España, donde me impresionó cómo se valora a las mujeres como individuos importantes y no simplemente como objetos. En España, las mujeres son vistas como seres valiosos con su propia voz, una perspectiva que contrasta con las expectativas tradicionales de mi ciudad natal. Durante mi viaje, descubrí la importancia de encontrarme a mí misma. Aprendí que la verdadera belleza y la fuerza provienen de la autencidad, de seguir los impulsos del corazón y, sobre todo, de sentirme orgullosa de ser una mujer.

Aunque mi ciudad está progresando, sé que todavía hay mentes que necesitan cambiar para lograr la igualdad. Sentí que era importante compartir un poco de mi vida con un toque de drama para captar la atención del lector.

Carolina Isabel Gutierrez Martinez

En un tranquilo y hermoso pueblo llamado Jalostotitlán, Jalisco, México, vivía una joven soñadora y valiente, llamada Isabella. Esta gran mujer soy yo, una señorita que aunque su corazón anhelaba explorar nuevos horizontes, su entorno estaba impregnado de ideologías arraigadas sobre el rol tradicional de la mujer, las cuales siempre consideré restrictivas. Mi hogar estaba marcado por una fuerte influencia católica, se esperaba que siempre cumpliera con ciertos estándares de comportamiento que no resonaban con mis propias convicciones. La sociedad con la que estaba rodeada siempre imponía reglas estrictas, justificadas por creencias religiosas que yo a mi edad cuestionaba. No se diga en la prohibición de usar ciertas prendas, alegando que la mujer era responsable de los pecados del hombre. Esta mentalidad me resultaba absurda y aunque intentaba rebelarme, era catalogada como la "oveja negra" de la familia.

Mi escape de esta atmósfera opresiva llegó con la oportunidad de ir a conocer un lugar lejos de mi pueblo llamado: España. Al mencionarle esto a mi padre, no solo no me creía, sino que tampoco lo aprobaba. Sin embargo, decidí arriesgarme y embarcarme en este viaje, aunque sintiera un temor palpable al enfrentarme a lo desconocido. A pesar de la desaprobación de mi padre, sentí una llamada interna a buscar mi propia identidad, lejos de las limitaciones de mi pueblo natal. Fue entonces cuando mi mejor amiga, Esmeralda, se convirtió en mi cómplice en esta aventura. Su personalidad alegre y su apoyo inquebrantable me dieron la fuerza para seguir adelante. Juntas, nos embarcamos en un viaje hacia lo desconocido, hacia un continente lleno de posibilidades y libertad. Tomamos un vuelo de 13 horas que nos pareció interminable. Yo me encontraba un poco nerviosa, pero a la vez emocionada.

Nuestro primer destino fue Madrid, donde quedamos maravilladas por la majestuosidad de su arquitectura. Cada edificio parecía contar una historia y me sentía inspirada por la belleza que me rodeaba. En el Palacio Real, me permití soñar despierta, sintiéndome como una princesa en un cuento de hadas, aunque con ojeras por el cambio de horario. Cada vez que recorría las calles de estos lugares y conversábamos con la gente de allí, me daba cuenta de que no me importaba cómo me miraban o cómo hablaba, pues ya estaba acostumbrada a callar para ser aceptada, algo que aprendí con la sociedad de mi pueblo. De hecho, un evento curioso y revelador ocurrió cuando visitamos Sevilla. Mientras explorábamos las estrechas calles del barrio de Santa Cruz, nos topamos con un grupo de mujeres flamencas bailando con una pasión y una fuerza que me dejaron sin aliento. Nos unimos a la multitud que las rodeaba, absorbidas por la energía y la emoción del baile flamenco. De repente, una de las bailarinas se acercó a nosotras y nos invitó a unirnos a

ellas en la danza. Esmeralda, siempre lista para una nueva aventura, aceptó de inmediato, y yo, aunque al principio me sentía un poco tímida, decidí seguir su ejemplo y lanzarme a la pista. Bailamos con todas nuestras fuerzas, dejando que la música y el ritmo nos llevaran, por un momento, todo lo demás desapareció. Sentí una libertad y una alegría que nunca había experimentado, como si finalmente hubiera encontrado mi verdadero lugar en el mundo. Fue en ese instante, cuando estábamos rodeadas de mujeres fuertes y poderosas, expresando su arte con una voz propia y poderosa.

Al regresar a nuestro hotel, Esmeralda y yo reflexionamos sobre cómo en España, la mujer no solo tenía voz, sino que era celebrada y admirada por su fuerza y pasión. Esto me dejó tan pensativa que durante el resto de nuestro viaje, una idea persistía en mi mente: quería quedarme en España. Aunque no me animaba a decírselo a mi amiga por temor a su reacción, finalmente, dos días antes de regresar a nuestro pueblo, visitamos el Museo del Prado. Allí, quedé impresionada por todas las obras de arte, pero una en particular, *La maja desnuda* de Francisco de Goya, me cautivó. Observándola detenidamente, aprecié cómo representaba la feminidad libre y poderosa. A través de esa obra, reuní el valor para confesarle a mi amiga que no tenía intenciones de volver a mi pueblo, que quería forjar mi vida en España. Esmeralda, sin titubear, me brindó su apoyo incondicional, aunque me insistió a que hablara con mis padres para hacer las cosas correctamente.

Al comunicarles mi decisión a mis padres, les expresé con sinceridad:

"Padres, quiero agradecerles por todo lo que me han brindado a lo largo de mi vida, pero creo que ha llegado el momento de emprender mi propio camino, de ser escuchada en el mundo y de encontrar mi verdadera identidad como mujer".

Inicialmente, mis padres se sintieron molestos y preocupados, pero al final no les quedó más remedio que apoyarme.

Desde entonces, he hecho de España mi hogar, descubriendo mi propia identidad y voz en este país rico en historia, cultura y vida. Todo comenzó con ese mágico momento en Sevilla, donde aprendí que la verdadera belleza y fuerza radican en ser fiel a uno mismo, en seguir los latidos del corazón, pero sobre todo en sentir orgullo de ser una mujer que lucha para que el mundo reconozca que la mujer también tiene voz. No me rindo; planeo regresar a mi pueblo para luchar por los derechos y la voz de las mujeres.

الـحياة LIFE

Gina Kasfy

يقولون أن الحياة جميلة
لكن هناك من يعيش حياة ثقيلة
يقولون أن تحلم بأحلام كبيرة
لكن تحقيق الأحلام ليس سهلاً
يقولون أن العالم مكان آمن
لكن هناك خطر يختبئ في كل زاوية
الحياة ليست كما نتخيلها جميعاً

They say life can be beautiful
But some live a heavy life
They say dream big dreams
But achieving these dreams is not easy
They say the world is a safe place
But danger lurks around every corner
Life isn't as we all imagine it to be

A JOURNEY TOWARDS MY IDENTITY

My inspiration to write my story came from my own life. I hail from a town called Jalostotitlán, where ancestral beliefs are deeply ingrained in society, particularly regarding the role of women, who are expected to be mothers and wives, and to act as ladies to be accepted in society. My tale reflects my experience when I visited Spain, where I was impressed by how women are valued as important individuals and not merely as objects. In Spain, women are seen as valuable beings with their own voice, a perspective that contrasts with the traditional expectations of my hometown. During my journey, I discovered the importance of finding myself. I learned that true beauty and strength come from authenticity, from following the heart's impulses, and, above all, from feeling proud to be a woman.

Although my town is progressing, I know there are still minds that need to change to achieve equality. I felt it was important to share a bit of my life with a touch of drama to capture the reader's attention.

Carolina Isabel Gutierrez Martinez

In a tranquil and beautiful town called Jalostotitlán, Jalisco, Mexico, lived a young dreamer and brave woman named Isabella. This great woman is me, a young lady whose heart longed to explore new horizons, yet her environment was steeped in entrenched ideologies about the traditional role of women, which I always found restrictive. My home was marked by a strong Catholic influence, where I was expected to always adhere to certain standards of behavior that did not resonate with my own convictions. The society I was surrounded by always imposed strict rules, justified by religious beliefs that I questioned at my age, not to mention the prohibition of wearing certain garments, alleging that women were responsible for the sins of men. This mindset seemed absurd to me, and although I tried to rebel, I was labeled as the "black sheep" of the family.

My escape from this oppressive atmosphere came with the opportunity to go and explore a place far from my hometown: Spain. When I mentioned this to my father, not only did he not believe me, but he also did not approve. However, I decided to take the risk and embark on this journey, even though I felt a palpable fear of facing the unknown. Despite my father's disapproval, I felt an internal calling to seek my own identity, far from the limitations of my hometown. It was then that my best friend, Esmeralda, became my accomplice in this adventure. Her cheerful personality and unwavering support gave me the strength to move forward. Together, we embarked on a journey into the unknown, towards a continent full of possibilities and freedom. We took a 13-hour flight that seemed endless. I was a little nervous, but also excited.

Our first destination was Madrid, where we were amazed by the majesty of its architecture. Every building seemed to tell a story, and I felt inspired by the beauty that surrounded me. At the Royal Palace, I allowed myself to daydream, feeling like a princess in a fairy tale, albeit with dark circles under my eyes due to the time difference. Every time I walked the streets of these places and talked to the people there, I realized that I didn't care how they looked at me or how I spoke, because I was already accustomed to keeping quiet to be accepted, something I learned from the society of my hometown. In fact, a curious and revealing event occurred when we visited Seville. As we explored the narrow streets of the Santa Cruz neighborhood, we came across a group of flamenco women dancing with a passion and strength that left me breathless. We joined the crowd that surrounded them, absorbed by the energy and excitement of flamenco dancing. Suddenly, one of the dancers approached us and invited us to join them in the dance. Esmeralda, always ready for a new adventure, immediately accepted, and I, although I initially felt a little shy, decided to follow

her example and take to the dance floor. We danced with all our might, letting the music and rhythm carry us, for a moment, everything else disappeared. I felt a freedom and joy that I had never experienced before, as if I had finally found my true place in the world. It was in that moment, surrounded by strong and powerful women, expressing their art with their own powerful voice.

Upon returning to our hotel, Esmeralda and I reflected on how in Spain, women not only had a voice but were celebrated and admired for their strength and passion. This left me so pensive that throughout the rest of our trip, an idea persisted in my mind: I wanted to stay in Spain. Although I was not encouraged to tell my friend because of fear of her reaction, finally, two days before returning to our town, we visited the Prado Museum. There, I was impressed by all the works of art, but one in particular, *La maja desnuda* by Francisco de Goya, captivated me. Observing it carefully, I appreciated how it represented free and powerful femininity. Through that work, I gathered the courage to confess to my friend that I had no intentions of returning to my hometown, that I wanted to forge my life in Spain. Esmeralda, without hesitation, gave me her unconditional support, although she insisted that I talk to my parents to do things properly.

When I communicated my decision to my parents, I expressed sincerely:

"*Parents, I want to thank you for everything you have given me throughout my life, but I believe that the time has come to embark on my own path, to be heard in the world, and to find my true identity as a woman*".

Initially, my parents felt upset and worried, but in the end, they had no choice but to support me.

Since then, I have made Spain my home, discovering my own identity and voice in this country rich in history, culture, and life. It all began with that magical moment in Seville, where I learned that true beauty and strength lie in being true to oneself, in following the heartbeats of the heart, but above all, in feeling proud to be a woman who fights for the world to recognize that women also have a voice. I won't give up; I plan to return to my town to fight for the rights and voice of women.

CHILDREN

أطـفال

Inspired by my children

مسـتوحـاة مـن أطـفالـي

Abu Maryam

My sons Ibrahim and Omar, and their sister Maryam, who is the eldest at nine years old, follow in that order. They all light up my life like a bright moon. I am known as Abu Maryam, or the father of all of them, my friends. My eyes watch over them continuously, except during the moments of sleep until the time of dawn. I pray to Allah for their success, guidance, health, and ample provision.

إبناي إبراهيم وعمر، ثالثهم مريم في التاسعة من العمر بالترتيب. هـي االولى وهما بعدها. كلهم في حياتي كالقمر المنير. أبا مريم سموني أبو كلهم يا أصدقائي. عيني لهم ناظرة ما خال لحظات النوم إلى وقت السحر. أدعو هللا لهم ولي بالتوفيق والهدى والعافية والرزق الوفير.

ADIOS, MEXICALI.

Un cuento sobre el momento en que salimos de México para vivir en California.

Crysol Mendoza

El color del coche era un azul intenso. Así lo recuerdo. Se alejaba a cierta distancia con mis primos en el asiento trasero. Sus cabecitas y sus cabezas grandes sobresalían del asiento y podía distinguir claramente quién era quién por la forma y el color de su cabello. Mis primos se marchaban y yo me iba a otro lugar ese día.

Así íbamos siempre a la escuela en México. Ya hiciera calor, frío, lloviera o lo que fuera, el coche siempre estaba lleno de niños en una mañana de colegio. Corriendo porque siempre llegábamos tarde, un coche llevaba tantos niños como un autobús escolar. El no tener espacio era una mentira. Teníamos espacio en la cajuela.

Hoy, la mañana estaba húmeda, pero mi cara estaba mojada por mis lágrimas.

"Hoy no vas a ir a la escuela", repitió mi mamá. Recuerdo que casi tuve un ataque. Me tiré al suelo como lo hizo La Sirenita cuando su padre destruye la estatua de Eric. Y aunque exagero, mi corazón no lo hace.

Mientras que a otros niños les gustara la idea de no ir a la escuela, para mi fue lo opuesto. Apreté mi mano alrededor de la mano de mi mamá, sintiendo sus palmas, casi demasiado frías para un día soleado en Mexicali.

Mi mamá terminó de empacar el coche. Y mientras me sentaba, pude olerlo. El olor de los cigarrillos era fuerte. Olía como mi papá. No lo había visto en semanas, pero sabía que íbamos con el. Llevaba meses trabajando en Estados Unidos y finalmente pudo conseguirnos una casa. Una casa a la que no quería ir. Tenía una casa aquí. Todo era perfecto. ¿Por qué cambiarlo?

Me aferré a una almohada, tratando de imaginarme adónde iríamos, a qué escuela iría, cómo sería nuestra nueva casa, sin saber que no sólo me mudaría a un nuevo hogar sino a un nuevo país.

Cruzamos la frontera. Y aunque sabía que no nací en México, me sentía como en casa. Y la estaba dejando atrás.

NIHON/ JAPAN

Japan has a lot of world famous things such as language, food, temple (shrine), nature, anime and so on. In addition, Japanese people culturally tend to be humble.

Miyu Yamamoto

The letter in this image (日本) means Japan in Kanji, a form of Japanese writing.

MEXICALI, GOODBYE.

A short story about the moment when we left Mexico to live in California.

Crysol Mendoza

The color of the car was a vivid blue. That's how I remember it. It was driving away at a distance with my cousins in the backseat. Their tiny and big heads would stick out the back and I could clearly tell who was who by the shape and color of their hair. My cousins were driving away, and I was going somewhere else that day.

That is how we always went to school in Mexico. Whether it was hot, cold, raining or whatever, the car was always crammed with children on a school morning. Running around because we were always late, one car took as many kids as a school bus. No space wasn't an option. We had trunk space to spare.

English translation

Today, the morning was humid, but my face was wet with tears.

"You are not going to school today," is what my mom repeated. I remembered myself throwing a fit. I threw myself on the floor like the Little Mermaid does when her dad destroys Eric's statue. Although I am exaggerating, my heart wasn't.

While other kids would be excited for the idea of not going to school, I wasn't. I tightened my hand around my mom's hand, feeling her palms, almost too cold for a Mexicali sunny day.

My mom finished packing the car and while I was getting inside the car, I could smell it. The smoke of cigarettes was pungent. It smelled like my dad. I hadn't seen him in weeks, but I knew that's where we were going. He had been working in the US for months and finally was able to get us a house. A house I didn't want to go to. I had a house here. Everything was perfect here. Why change it?

I held onto a pillow, trying to picture where we would go, what school I would go to, what our new house would look like, Not knowing that I was not only moving to a new home but to a new country.

We crossed the border. And although I knew I wasn't born in Mexico, it felt like home. And I was leaving it behind.

ILOPANGO LAKE

Photo taken of el Lago de Ilopango, San Salvador, El Salvador.

Wendy Y. Villanueva

AÑORANZA

Ericka Renteria

Tengo añoranza… de un lugar que ya no existe,
de un lugar que ya no está….
del tiempo que ya fue y no puede regresar
esta tierra es muy fría, me falta el calor de hogar
mis raíces están lejos, no puedo encajar,
en esta cultura fría, que ni los buenos días da.

No conozco a mi vecino, no sé quién viene o va
aquí todos están corriendo, solo piensan en llegar
en llegar no sé adónde. ...la vida se les va,
solo trabajan y duermen y vuelven a trabajar.

Cuando llamo a mi familia siempre fiesta hay,
el cumpleaños del vecino o del amigo, eso que más da
siempre es pretexto para celebrar, sea lunes o viernes
inicio de quincena o final, allá se vive la vida sin tanto trabajar
en cambio, aquí solo se vive; para las facturas pagar
el tiempo no me alcanza, para salir a pasear
termino tan agotada, que solo quiero descansar.

Tengo miedo del tiempo, que rápido se va
que mis padres ya están viejos, que pronto
se me irán, que algún día me timbre el teléfono
y que una mala noticia me vaya a dar.

Pido a Dios que ese día, ese día alcance a llegar,
A ver con mi vida a mis padres y poderlos abrazar,
despedirme con un beso y la bendición de mamá.

Cuando pongo todo en la balanza, no sé cómo expresar
que me he dado cuenta, que lejos de haber ganado
he perdido mucho más, perdí el sentido de la vida,
Y de la felicidad, lo cambié por unos cuantos pesos
según yo para mejorar, ahora me doy cuenta;
que la vida se me va, que ni más rico ni más pobre
esta vida voy a dejar, que los grandes momentos
que dan felicidad, muchas veces, son aquellos
que no se pueden comprar, que son las memorias
lo único que me voy a llevar.

Extraño mi tierra, no dejo de añorar
esos tiempos felices, que no van a regresar
Cuando me vine deje todo, deje todo atrás
Ahora lo que tengo, ya no me sabe igual
Ahora me doy cuenta, que no sé dónde voy a quedar
unos me quieren aquí, otros me quieren llevar
como inmigrante que soy “No soy de aquí, Ni soy de allá”.

LONGING

Ericka Renteria

I am longing... for a place that no longer exists,
from a place that is no longer there…
of the time that has already been and cannot return
This land is very cold, I lack the warmth of home
my roots are far away, I can't fit in,
in this cold culture, which doesn't even give good mornings.

I don't know my neighbor, I don't know who is coming or going
here everyone is running, they only think about getting there I don't know where they go or how they get here. ...their life is passing away, They just work and sleep and work again.

When I call my family there is always a party,
a neighbor's or friend's birthday, that doesn't matter
there is always an excuse to celebrate, whether Monday or Friday
beginning of the week or end, life is lived there without working so much
On the other hand, here you only live; for bills to pay

I don't have enough time to go out for a walk
I end up so exhausted that I just want to rest.

I'm afraid of time, how fast it goes
that my parents are already old, that soon
They will go away, someday my phone will ring
and that I'm going to get bad news.

I pray to God that, that day, that day will come,
Let me see my parents and with my life be able to hug them,
Say goodbye with a kiss and mom's blessing.
When I put everything on the scale, I don't know how to express
that I have realized, that far from what I have won
I have lost so much more, I lost the meaning of life,
And out of happiness, I exchanged it for a few dollars
according to me to I would improve, now I realize;
that life is leaving me, that neither richer nor poorer
I will leave this life, let the great moments
that give happiness, many times, are those
that cannot be bought, the memories
are the only thing I'm going to take with me.

I miss my land, I can't stop longing
those happy times, that are not going to return
When I came I left everything, leaving everything behind
Now what I have, it no longer tastes the same
Now I realize that I don't know where I'm going,
to be someone who wants me here, others want to take me as an immigrant that I am "I am not from here, nor am I from there."

DASHI

This is from my hometown festival. It is called "dashi".

This is a traditional festival, in which the men push and turn the float only using their hands.

Yume Kato

RUVALCABA AND RUFINO

Creative folklore that was inspired by Américo Paredes when he wrote *With His Pistol in His Hand*. Mexican men take their pride to the grave to prove they are honorable, brave and strong.

Karla Licea

Ruvalcaba

This folklore story was told to me by my partner. I had just picked up my boyfriend from a late night with his friends. As soon as he got in my white Chevrolet Cruze he asked if he could play a song. As he started talking I could smell the alcohol coming from his body, and the slurs as he spoke. He starts playing a corrido I have never heard before, he begins to share the story of his great grandpa, he said he had a lot of respect for a man he has never met before. Before he goes on he says to me, "Just listen". The part in the song said , "Dos hombres valientes que se quitaron la vida porque así tenían su plan." He proceeds to tell the story as I enter the freeway.

How they remember Salvador Ruvalcaba and Ramon Rufino

Till this day it is mentioned in the pueblo of Tetitlan Nayarit of the two honorable men who took each other's lives, it is said in this pueblo that this is how real men go down. The last names of Ruvalcaba and Rufino hold honorable value in this Pueblo. A corrido was created to share the respects of these two whom in order to protect their families from grudges and rivalries promised to end it with each other and took each other's lives.

How Salvador Ruvalcaba and Ramón Rufino become rivals

In the small pueblo of Tetitlan Nayarit, power is based on the amount of property one owns. Salvador was a tall dark skin toned man. Aside from his full head of gray hairs, the man did not age. Salvador owned almost half of the land in Tetitlan. He and his partner, Ramon Rufino. The two grew up together and built a business in agriculture. They grew crops and sold their agriculture not only to the pueblo but to the neighboring cities. They made it so big they distributed it to Tepic, the capital of Nayarit. This business made Salvador and Ramon some of the most powerful men in the city, since without food people will starve. Rufino began a family of his own and decided to go his own route.

How Ramon Rufino betrayed Salvador

Salvador and Ramon grew up together, they knew everything and everyone. With power and money comes greed. Ramon Rufino noticed how much they were making but wanted more for himself. He did not like having to share his authority with Salvador, so he began to go behind Salvador's back, buying more land and growing crops on his own. He separated himself from Salvador and started taking away clients. This and many more disagreements and hatred began to form. From one to another the two men began to threaten each other's families.

How Salvador Ruvalcaba and Ramon Rufino took each other's lives

Salvador and Ramon were both honorable men who prioritized their family. They knew something had to be done in order to end this rivalry over who owns the pueblo. Two men of heavy actions and little words knew how to fix the problem. They met around 8pm, as they encountered each other Salvador said, "Ya sabemos lo que tenemos que hacer," as they then pointed their guns at each other and shot at the same time. Salvador Ruvalcaba fell to the ground. Ramon Rufino had shot Salvador and Salvador missed. Ramon walks up to Salvador and says "Asi se matan los hombres." Ramon then takes his pistol and shoots himself. Ending the Rivalry of the Ruvalcabas and Rufinos. It is now said that no family threatens one about who killed who. The two men went down honorably.

How both families now live

The two men ended each other's lives to stop the hatred from each family, and not blame one another for the death of either of them. After the tragic death of Salvador and Ramon, the two families grieved separately. The Ruvalcabas came to the United States, not because they were scared but to get their children away from the violence. It was not said what happened to the Rufinos after that night. All we know is that Tetitlan is a safe place for the Ruvalcaba family to visit whenever they want. The people in the pueblo still remember and honor both these last names. Random people stop by at the Rancho of the Ruvalcabas to pay their respect and simply say hello. The legend of these two continues and there is now peace.

AKIRA IS...

Inspired by the Japanese anime Akira

Jules Teena Sarmiento

Scan or click to watch full video

youtu.be/bymnFiAyNm8

CRUZANDO FRONTERAS UN VIAJE DE FAMILIA, ESPERANZA Y PÉRDIDA

La vida de una familia da un giro inesperado cuando su padre sale de la cárcel, lo que lleva a un viaje lleno de emociones encontradas y desilusión.

Abigail Gutierrez Deniz

Este evento fue significativo en mi vida. La escuela acababa de terminar y las vacaciones de verano estaban por comenzar cuando recibí algunas noticias buenas y malas de mi madre. Una vez que mi hermano y yo llegamos a casa, mi mamá quería hablar con nosotros. Nos dijo que mi papá había salido de la cárcel y ya llevaba una semana en México. Al principio, nos alegramos de escuchar eso, no había visto a mi papá en 10 años. Nos dijo que nos mudaríamos con él para finalmente ser la familia que siempre quisimos. Pero también nos advirtió que había una posibilidad de que las cosas no funcionaran entre ellos, y ella no podría regresar a Estados Unidos. Mis hermanos estaban emocionados y querían ir. Yo estaba confundida y en conflicto, quería ver a mi mamá feliz. Le dije que estaba bien, pero en el fondo, ni siquiera sabía lo que quería. Lo que sí sabía era que quería a mi papá en nuestras vidas. Así que empacamos lo que pudimos y nos dirigimos al otro lado de la frontera para tomar un autobús hacia nuestro destino. Nos llevó tres días llegar allí. Durante ese tiempo, estaba triste, pensando en todo: mis amigos, la escuela, la familia, y cómo esto iba a cambiar todo. Para hacer la historia corta, estoy aquí con mi hermano menor en el alto desierto. Mis padres tuvieron otra hija, mi hermana, antes de divorciarse, y mi hermano, en la primera caja, falleció a los 14 años en un accidente automovilístico.

CROSSING BORDERS A JOURNEY OF FAMILY, HOPE, AND LOSS

A family's life is turned upside down when their father is released from prison, leading to a journey filled with conflicting emotions and eventual heartbreak.

Abigail Gutierrez Deniz

This event was significant in my life. School had just ended and summer vacation was about to start when I received some good and bad news from my mother. Once my brother and I got home, my mom wanted to have a talk with us. She told us that my dad had been released from prison and had already spent a week in Mexico. At first, we were happy to hear that—I hadn't seen my dad in 10 years. She told us we were moving there with him to finally be the family we always wanted. But she also warned us that there was a chance it wouldn't work out between them, and she wouldn't be able to come back to the U.S. My siblings were excited and wanted to go. I was confused and conflicted—I wanted to see my mom happy. I told her it was great, but deep inside, I didn't even know what I wanted. What I did know was that I wanted my father in our lives. So we packed what we could and headed across the border to take a bus to our destination. It took three days to get there. During that time, I was sad, thinking about everything—my friends, school, family—and how this was going to change everything. Fast forward, I am here with my younger brother in the high desert. My parents had one more child, my sister, before getting a divorce, and my brother, in the first box, passed away at 14 years old in a car accident.

صنوبر PINE

تـنمو أشـجار الـصنوبـر بـمفردهـا، ومـع ذلك فـهي تـزدهـر.

Pine trees grow alone, yet they thrive.

Luis Bermeo IV

صنوبر يقف شامخاً، وحيداً على الجبل

A pine tree stands tall, alone on the mountain.

صنوبر يقف بنزاهة وصبر وحياة

The pine tree stands with integrity, patience, and life.

شامخا يقف الصنوبر، مُطل على الكُلِ

Proudly stands the pine tree, overlooking all.

بدُون نزاهة، ال تُوجد حياة

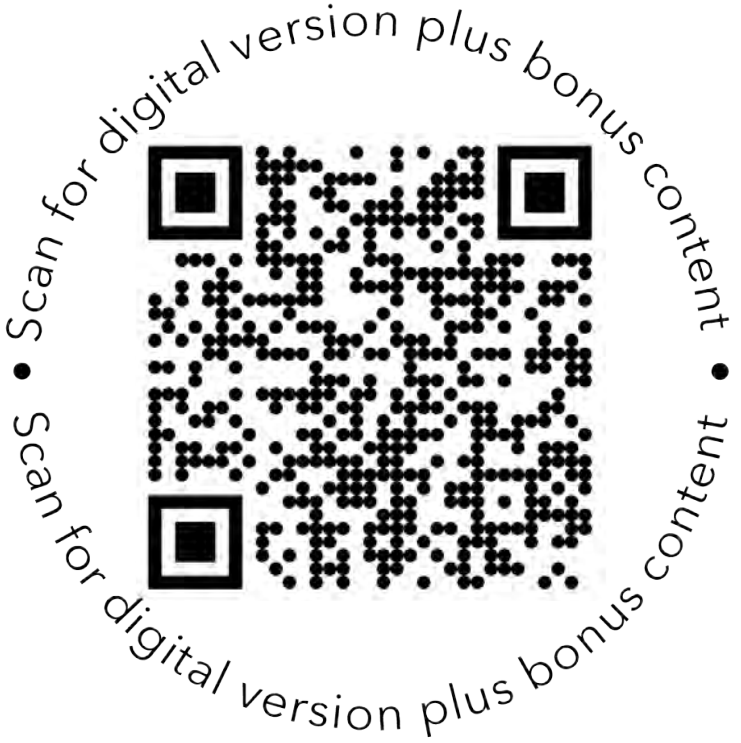
Without integrity, there is no life.

夏の盆栽

SUMMER'S BONSAI

This drawing was created for my tutor and friend, Noriko. She has contributed to my Japanese learning as well as teaching me her culture. The old Japanese paintings inspired me to draw a pencil and charcoal illustration of a Bonsai. The Kanji characters shown are "盆栽" which just means Bonsai, but written in charcoal to give that old Japanese feeling.

Robert Plaza



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