

# FTVEY

**DRUGS**

# FTVEY

**SCHOOL**

# FIVEY

**WAR**

# FIVEY

**POVERTY**

# FIVEY

**PEER PRESSURE**

# FIVEY

**Careers**

# Fivey

**Love**

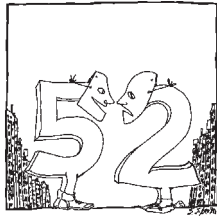
FIVEY #9, 2007 - THE "ISSUES" ISSUE

# Fivey

**Death**

# FIVEY

**ART**



The 52nd Street Project

# FIVEY

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF THE 52ND STREET PROJECT

Smart Partners is the one-on-one educational tutoring/mentoring program of The 52nd Street Project. Fivey is the program's literary magazine.

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**Top Row, L to R:** Kevin Kulego, Stephanie Marion,  
Maximo Jimenez.

**Middle Row, L to R:** Kyle Fargardo, Janiece Aponte,  
Doris Alcantara, Chamel Rodney.

**Bottom Row, L to R:** Mordecai Santiago, Mari Ulloa,  
Jamie Yip.

Design and Photography by George Babiak





## THE "ISSUES" ISSUE

Welcome to the latest edition of Fivey magazine, the Project's completely kid-written periodical! This year we focused on issues, because let's face it--we all have them. Plus, it made for a snappy cover title: *Fivey #9: The "Issues" Issue*. We asked the Project kids to write about anything that incites passion in their hearts-- be it Family, Friendship, Love, Art, Politics, or War. This left things wide open for our kid contributors, and as always, they proved just how thoughtful and opinionated they are. More than ever, the kids' musings took poetic form, with some essays and a rather long "short story" (Chris' *A Change in Time*) thrown in for good measure. Both Jamie and Maximo took to the streets with cameras, illustrating their pride in Hell's Kitchen through photographs (see pgs. 4 and 36).

Some issues were serious and sad, like Death and War. Mordecai misses his late Grandfather *Welo*, while Kevin questions the war in Iraq. Several pages are devoted to the happier issue of Love. Although Azalea denies hers for a secret crush, it shines through in the poem *Ten Things I Hate About You*. Stephanie professes her love for the Project; while Luz has much for her aquatic friends, the dolphins. More than one kid took issue with annoying insects. On pg. 20, Andy Reyes battles a bee that has invaded his classroom; Gabby DeJesus finds spiders utterly repulsive on pg. 19.

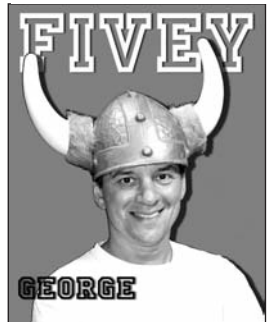
As always, some renegade artists ignored the theme. The editors of Fivey, however, did not take issue with this. Heh. Enjoy! - Liz

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Liz Bell, Editor




George Babiak, Editor



GRB


## ISSUES

BY STEPHANIE MARION

Everyone has issues.  
Issues Issues Issues.  
We all have issues.  
You think you don't have them  
but you do.  
Be careful and run!  
The issues are coming after you.  
Ahhh!  
Here they come.  
Oh no!  
They got me.  
Well...you're not the only one with  
issues...I do too.  
Issues Issues Issues.  
We all have issues.  
You think you don't have them  
but you do,  
Issues Issues Issues.  
Issues are everywhere.  
Do you like issues?  
Issues are sometimes  
annoying, mad, or sad.  
I hate Issues.  
How about you? 

## PROJECT

BY STEPHANIE MARION

Sing  
Dance  
Act  
Laugh  
Remember all the good times  
Smile  
Cry  
Shout  
Clap  
Remember all the audiences  
I step into the Project  
I feel like a shining star  
Thanks for all the help  
I had good times  
Never forgetting  
Trips  
Smiles  
Laughs  
Funny faces  
Staff  
Kids  
The Project  
My second family, my second home  
Oh no, I have to go!  
I'm growing up, trying to see where  
I belong  
I belong here  
In the Project 

## GARBAGE BY KEVIN KULEGO

The governor has to pay one million dollars every day,  
for sending the garbage out of the Big Apple.  
We have so much garbage.  
When there's garbage around, more rats come.  
The city gets filthy.  
When the garbage man doesn't come, it gets stinky.  
And mice run around buildings.  
They're everywhere spread out in the whole building.  
Then it becomes a problem.

In the old days, the milkman had to come fill up people's  
bottles.  
They didn't have to throw away the bottles.  
And today we buy bottles and throw them away.  
It would be much better if we still had a milkman.  
We need to recycle. 🇺🇸



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## CHINESE SLAVES BY KEVIN KULEGO

Sometimes I wonder if Americans still have slaves.  
Because almost everything you buy says made in China.  
I have seen those stickers all over the stores. 🇺🇸

## POOR BY KEVIN KULEGO

It bothers me when you see poor people  
in Africa, on TV, and in the Big Apple streets.  
It makes me feel that if I don't work harder I might be one of them one day.  
And if I get famous someday, I will build an area with a lot of houses.  
I'm going to buy my own land and hire workers to pick up poor people.  
They will be sent to the homes if they want to.  
The poor people may live in their own apartment.  
They will get new clothes and have a chance to rebuild their lives. 🇺🇸

## THE HEART POEM BY KEVIN KULEGO

Sometimes I see people in the streets that are so hungry that they are crying.  
When I was little, my dad and I went to KFC, and bought a big bucket of chicken.  
And when we went out, I saw a poor man. I gave the bucket to him.  
I don't know why but I just felt good after it. I will never forget that feeling. 🇺🇸

PORTRAIT OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD  
PHOTOGRAPHS AND LAYOUT BY JAMIE YIP



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# I'M FROM BY DORIS ALCANTARA


I'm from Hell's Kitchen where  
I laugh and play.

I'm from Hell's Kitchen what  
can I say.

I love Hell's Kitchen  
no matter what.

Hell's Kitchen is where  
my soul is set.

You can take me from  
Hell's Kitchen.

But you can never take  
Hell's Kitchen from me. 

**unsmooth ride**  
Mathew Ortiz and Kim D. Sherman



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# UNSMOOTH RIDE

A SONG BY  
MATHEW ORTIZ  
AND  
KIM D. SHERMAN



**unsmooth ride**



2

**unsmooth ride**



3


**unsmooth ride**



4



## A BOY NAMED KYLE BY KYLE FARGARDO

He's a boy named Kyle Fargardo. He is eleven. Kyle hates seafood and being on the piers. The way it's built, the wood, it's above water. He likes sports—football, basketball, baseball—biking, traveling, and hippos. He is from Hell's Kitchen and has three sisters. He goes to school at P.S. 111, grade five, for a living. 

## WHY DO KIDS FIGHT IN SCHOOL?

BY KYLE FARGARDO

Why do kids fight in school?

Is it to get attention?

To be cool??

Those kids probably don't learn  
any lessons.

I bet they don't even care  
who could fight better.

They should do what's in their  
hearts.

Play basketball like Vince Carter  
or build schools in Africa like Oprah.

Or be the best that they can be  
in everything they do.


Giving 100% effort.

Being respectful,  
hardworking,  
helpful kids.

Not trash talking,  
bullying  
showoffs,  
who try to show how tough  
they are.

The real power  
comes from  
your mind.

So kids should think  
before they fight.

It's just not worth it,  
It's just not worth it. 



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## A CHANGE IN TIME

BY CHRISTOPHER RAMIREZ

Daniel Croft is a fourteen year-old boy, who lives in Chicago. Every day of his life he lives in a home where there is a wrestling match between his parents. Daniel's father, Billy, is a crack head. He likes beating his wife for no reason. Due to Billy's torture, Daniel's mom, Shannon, has become an alcoholic. Every day Daniel wants to express his feelings with his mother, but he can't. Daniel is not used to having deep conversations with his mother.

*December 12th, 2000*

*Mama is drinking again! Papa left the house like a mad man, slamming the door behind him. Papa thinks that mama stole his stash, so she can buy beer, but that is not true. He doesn't believe her. He never does! Oh mama if I only had the guts to tell you what I think about papa. You need to restart your life. It's never too late! But I can't do that! I don't have the courage. You see I'm not used to talking about those types of things. I never did it, she never taught me, so now it feels... wrong! Taylor tells me to drop those feelings, that I need to speak up. He says that if I don't speak now, when I do, it won't be good. Taylor is my best friend, Diary. He is the only one that listens to me and the one I can really express my feelings to. We made a promise to always look out for one another. As you can see, Diary, my life is a rolling movie playing over and over again! If I only could stop it!!!*

"Morning, mama"

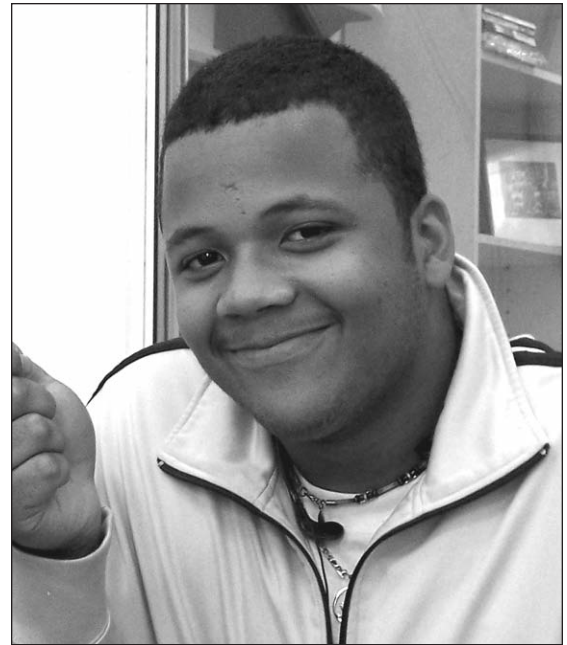
"Morning, babe, how was your night, hon?"

"Good. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just asking, can't a mother ask her son how his night was?"

"Oh sorry, it's just strange that you asked. You never do. Anyway, mama, I'm so hungry. What's for breakfast?"

"Sorry, honey, we have no cash. But I get paid today! I promise you a great breakfast tomorrow."



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Daniel puts on a disappointed face as his mother tries to convince him that nothing is wrong.

"It's okay. Mom! It's okay; it's not like I'm not getting used to having school breakfast."

Home wasn't his only problem. Another obstacle in his life was school. Jimmy and Loft, the school's biggest bullies, ever! Jimmy, the leader, ruled the school. He got into trouble everyday. He had been expelled from six different schools, and suspended twenty-two times.

*December 17th, 2000*

*Yeah, I know! I'm a punk, like it or not, I'm not changing! I sell coke, weed, crack, knives, and cigarettes, anything. You name it, and I have it. If you owe me money, its okay with me, just get prepared to get beat up by one of my crew members. No one touches my stash! Like stealing? Cool with me, but don't dare to touch my stuff, because I'll cut you. Loft is one of my closest buds. He does what I tell him to do! I hate school! The only reason I go is because it's the best place to sell the merchandise. Not to mention, Diary, I've been left back three times in the eighth grade. (I'll be seventeen soon.)*

"Yo! What's in the bag," shouted Loft.

"Nothth... Nothing, Loft, just a PB and J sandwich," stuttered Taylor.

"My favorite! Why don't you share it with us?" requested Jimmy.

"Yeah, why don't you?" Loft asked.

"Umm, I-I-I," stuttered Taylor.

"Umm, nothing. Come on, Taylor, let's go!" said Daniel.

Daniel grabbed Taylor and they walked away.

"Whoa! Whoa! Where do you think you are going? Let's play a little game," suggested Jimmy.

"Leave us alone, Jimmy! I'm asking nice!" Daniel shouted.

"Yeah, I don't care, give me the sandwich, now!" yelled Jimmy, holding up a baseball bat.

"Here! Here! Okay!" cried Taylor.

"Thanks, that's what I like to see, Baylor!" Jimmy said.

Both Daniel and Taylor ran to school, scared to death. They knew that they couldn't report it to the principal's office, because they knew of what Jimmy was capable of doing.

"I hate those guys. What I hate the most is that we can't do anything about it, because if we do, they said that they would cut us," Daniel explained to Taylor as they entered their math class.

"Yeah, me too," said Taylor.

### **February 22nd, 2001**

*I just want the best for my son, Daniel. If I report his father, then our family will fall apart. I want my son to have what every boy in the world has, a united family. I know Daniel doesn't like it when I drink, but what can I do, it's what calms me down when Billy beats me. Diary, sometimes I feel that I'm doing the right thing, sometimes I don't.*

"You crack head! Leave! Get out my house! All you do here is complain and brag about everything. You're not wanted. Get out!" yelled Shannon.

"That's what you always say and you end

up begging me to come back. Now where is my money?! I left it under the pot. Where is it?! Shannon, don't make me!" Billy shouted.

Billy smacked Shannon. Shannon fell on the floor like a basketball. Shannon began to cry. Billy continued to smack her. At that same moment Daniel walked in along with Taylor.

"Where-is-my-money!" shouted Billy as he continued to smack Shannon.

"Come on, Daniel, now is the time," Taylor encouraged Daniel.

Daniel thought to himself, "Come on, you can do it."

"Stop, Billy! Stop hitting me! Maybe you lost it or something. I did not take it. Stop!" begged Shannon.

"Papa! Stop it! Why are you always doing this? Just leave, leave now! Don't come back. All you been doing has been tearing this family apart. Leave, just leave!" yelled Daniel, relieved that he had spoken his mind.

"You stop talking to your father like that, young man," scolded Shannon.

"He doesn't deserve respect from me. Why should I respect him if he can't even respect you? Taylor's dog gets more respect than you. You need to let go, mama. It's time to restart," explained Daniel.

### **March 1st, 2001**

*Tired, tired, tired of being bullied! Maybe I should restart my life, just as Daniel told his mother to do. I know, Diary, I'm going to join Jimmy's team. I hate to do it, but well, it's for the best of my safety.*

"Jimmy!" shouted Taylor.

"Oh, look who it is. Baylor," said Jimmy.

"I'm joining your team," said Taylor.

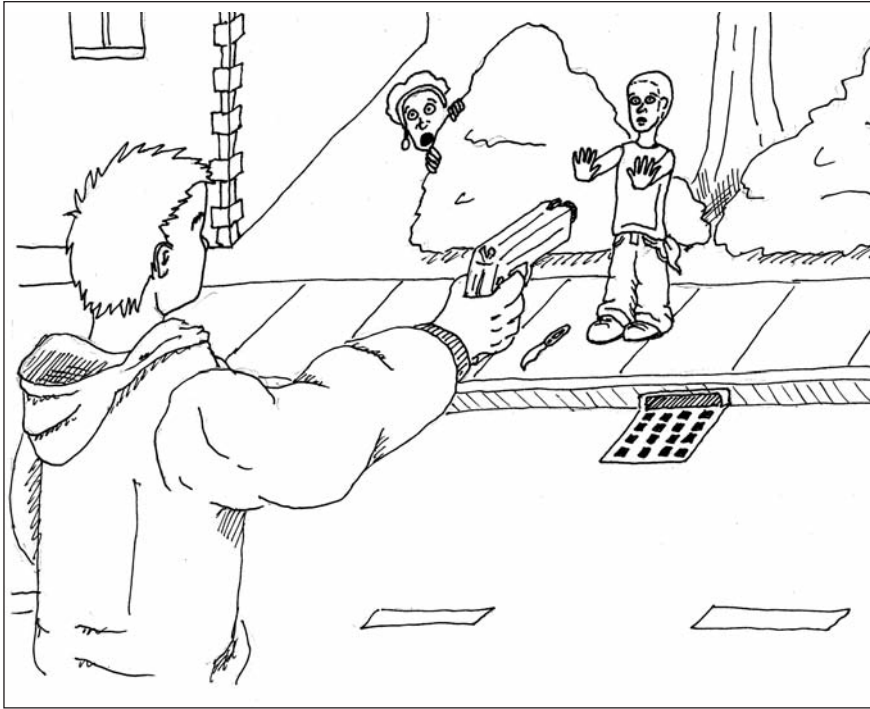
"What?" questioned Jimmy.

"You heard me, don't make me repeat myself twice!" shouted Taylor.

"Alright, that's what I like to see, welcome," said Jimmy.

Now Taylor was part of Jimmy's team and what Jimmy was teaching was not good.





Taylor's grades soon began to drop. He forgot about his friendship with Daniel. Taylor was lost in the world that Jimmy had created for him.

### March 29th 2001

*What's wrong with Taylor!? Why has he joined Jimmy's team? Ever since that happened, Taylor has been doing bad things, like beating me up almost everyday after school. I must put a stop to this. Oh yeah, Diary, Papa left and hasn't come back. Everything in the house is running better. Mama is not drinking. I still don't want to talk to her. She doesn't deserve for me to talk to her. She must earn my trust back.*

"Morning, hon, breakfast is ready," Shannon told Daniel.

"Not hungry," Daniel said with an attitude.

Daniel slammed the door. His mother noticed that something wasn't right so she decided to follow Daniel to school. At school Daniel went to the back of the yard where Jimmy and his friends hung out.

"Jimmy!" yelled Daniel.

"I knew you would join soon or later,"

Jimmy said with a smirk on his face.

"No, I've come to tell you to leave me and Taylor alone!" Daniel shouted, making a face.

"Leave Daniel! Just leave!" Taylor suggested.

"No, Taylor. Let him stay, let's see what he is going to do about it," Jimmy said.

Daniel pulled out a pocket knife. Daniel's mother was watching all of this.

"Oh, that's how it is?" Jimmy shouted reaching in his bag.

Jimmy took out a pistol and pointed it to Daniel's chest.

"Daniel, no!" yelled his mother, as she ran in to stop Jimmy from shooting.

PUSHHHHHH! The air went silent. The birds stopped chirping.

"Daniel, baby. Honey. Just hold tight. I need an ambulance, please! Can somebody help me?" shouted Shannon. "I'm sorry, baby, I'm sorry!"

"Mama, don't worry, be strong. I love you," Daniel said.

Daniel died. His mother laid there in the middle of the yard. The ambulance arrived. As they picked up the body, a note fell. The EMT handed the note to Shannon. Shannon began to read the note.

*Dear Mama,*

*I forgive you. It's never too late to change, to switch your life around. Pressure, whether it's physical or mental, should never hold you from making changes in your life. You have changed most of your life. Now change the rest. Mama, I love you, and no matter what, I will always be there for you. Life is precious.*

*With all my love, your son, Daniel Croft* 

# AMERICA THE...

BY NICOLE FARGARDO

We are the land of the free and the home of the brave. Was this being thought about when we owned slaves? America isn't all its cracked up to be, it might not be that way to you but it's that way to me. Bombs being dropped like every day, war is the new bubonic plague. People being sent to Iraq, their families wondering if they're gonna come back. A fighting soldier can't determine his fate. Why can't love seem to defeat hate? Why is it so hard for those children to eat? Why are people forced to live in the street? Why do all these people depart from us? Why can't we depend on each other and give them our trust? I thank those people who gave me my rights and those people whose first priority is to fight. Why do we start problems we know we can't stop? Why did the first bomb have to be dropped? Why is the bomb getting the last word, and why did the army have to draft her? 9-11 left people broken hearted, but we could have stopped it before it ever started. Everyone's life is full of regrets, some like this are worth trying to forget. 🇺🇸



GRB

## WAR

SONG LYRICS BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

We should stop  
the war, war!  
We should stop  
the war, war!  
Open your heart  
and open those  
doors, doors!  
Listen to me, I'm not lying!  
Listen to me, people are dying!  
People fight with  
all their might!  
We should stop war.  
This is not right, right! 🇺🇸



GRB



Gabby's cat Lulu is not missing. She's right here.

## MISSING CAT!

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

"Where's my cat?"  
 How hard is he  
     to find, he's fat?  
 I checked in the back.  
 He's a black cat.  
 He could do magic and  
     things like that!  
 I went to the first floor  
     and checked there.  
 But I noticed he wasn't  
     anywhere.  
 When I go to Uptown,  
 I see my cat  
     but he keeps running back! 🐾

## LULU, MY CAT

BY GABRIELLA DEJESUS

"Meow, meow," she said.  
 She's hungry.  
 I go to get her the food,  
     tuna.  
 "Yum, yum," she said.  
 I go to her bowl  
     and put in her food.  
 I also put water  
     in her bowl, too.  
 She starts eating,  
     then slurping.  
 "Meow, meow."  
 She walks away from the food.  
 She was full.  
 That's Lulu, my cat. 🐾






## I AM FEELING OUTTA LIFE

BY SAMANTHA TORO

I am feeling  
outta life.

I told my sister, who  
told me to tell my principal,  
and asked me to tell my teacher,  
who told me to tell my parents.

But why should I?

I'm going around in circles,  
but never noticed. 



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## NOTHING

BY SAMANTHA TORO

Most of the time poems  
are really about something.

But in my poem it's about  
a world with no thoughts.

It's mostly where people can  
NOT think about nothing.

So here's a good poem to read  
because it's mainly about  
nothing.

It's NOT about:


Love

Hate

Death

Raps or even

Robots.

It's just a lonely poem of  
Nothing and only Nothing! 



GRB

## THE PRESIDENT'S SON

STORY BY HASHEM HAMED

MJ's brain was about to pop into tiny little pieces, because he was wondering how he should say that he is the president's son. MJ was scared because his friends were not going to treat him the same.

MJ woke up in the morning to practice on his three pointers. Then it was time for school. MJ's mom did not like how he was dressed. MJ's mom groaned, "Go to your room and dress like a regular person."

MJ teased, "This is the modern look." Then MJ groaned, "OK." When MJ was going upstairs he was so upset that his door was about to break when he slammed the door. Then he went to the school bus. MJ was so fed up that he didn't eat his breakfast and did not kiss his mom.


When MJ got to the school bus, he saw his girlfriend. MJ wanted to say something but nothing came out of his mouth because he was too scared to tell that he was the president's son. He was so nervous that he didn't even talk the whole way to school. And then his girlfriend said, "What's up with you not talking at all?"

MJ said, "I argued with my mom so I felt sorry that I was talking back to my mom."

MJ wanted a regular life and he wanted to have a regular father because his father was always busy in the White House and he could only see him Friday through Sunday. So one day he told his girlfriend that he was the president's son. She treated him the same way that she treated him before. After that MJ was not worried about how he should say it to his girlfriend anymore. 🐸

# LOVE

BY LAUREN ROBINSON


What is love?  
Is it high in the sky?  
Is it up above?  
Does it taste like pie?  
Does love make you  
    care about people?  
Does it make you cool and hip?  
Can you have fun?  
Do you know what love is? 



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# THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE

BY LAUREN ROBINSON

You are the love in my heart  
The soul and my pain  
That thing that makes me insane  
The warmth in my heart  
The hole inside of me  
That thing that makes me want to  
    love, care, and have fun  
Makes me want to talk out loud  
Have a good time  
    and be myself  
That is what you are 

# LIFE

BY LAUREN ROBINSON

Why do people have to live this way?  
Why do they have to gamble outside  
    of the school?  
Does that make them look cool?  
No, no, no my friend, this has to end.  
Selling drugs is not cool.  
It makes you look like a fool.  
Get a job, get some friends.  
Then it will all end.  
Save the stress for your family.  
Maybe one day you'll become a  
    daddy.  
One day this will all end, my friend. 

*I wrote this because I know a lot of people  
that live this way in Canarsie in Brooklyn. I  
know this because I used to live there when I  
was born. But it wasn't as bad as it is now.*






GRB

## LOVE IS POWER


BY LARON HOLT

Love is power.  
To get it you have to take a shower,  
for a couple of hours.  
The day is almost done.  
So hurry up and run,  
so you can meet her,  
and greet her.  
Remember to buy something special,  
nothing confidential.  
Say bye.  
A few days later,  
you're going to be  
on a honeymoon in the sky. 

## LOVE

BY LARON HOLT

Do you have a relationship with someone?  
Can you tell me, do you have love for  
someone in your life?  
Do you feel happy when you see someone  
in the street?

I had the same feeling before when a girl  
dissed me.  
I felt happy when she did that  
because she stood up for herself when  
people said that she could not do it  
and I called her a bad name.  
She proved me wrong.  
That's what I mean when she stood up  
for herself. 



*This picture of a Frenchman by Laron and his Smart Partner Josh Moody could be interpreted as a personification of love.*

# IF MY DAD MADE NO MISTAKES

BY AZALEA ROSARIO

If my dad made no mistakes he would be at work,  
maybe working with my mom in the hospital.  
If my dad was home he would clean,  
fix things, and watch his football and baseball games.  
He would bring all of us out for dinner,  
decorate our rooms,  
and videotape us for memories –  
then we would watch it on TV.  
If my dad was here he would help me with my homework  
and sports.  
He would do my hair in styles and buy me clothes.  
My dad would take us to the park and to the beach when  
it was summer.  
We all would be on a cruise or on vacation.  
A family vacation,  
in Florida or many other places.  
I would be able to hug him and I would speak to him every day.  
I would have so much fun having my father be there.

This is what he could have done –  
but I grew up.

If my dad made no mistakes.  
Wow,  
I highly doubt that. 🤔

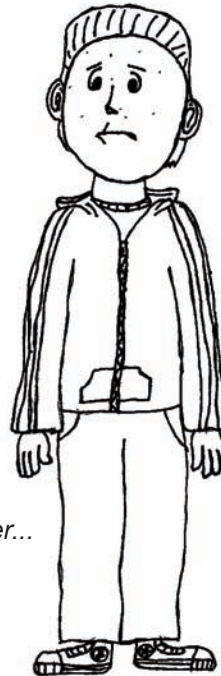
# MY BROTHER

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

He's very nice  
and for some reason  
he likes to eat ice.  
He's very soft and gets  
stepped all over just like a  
little four-leaf clover.  
He eats a lot.  
When you see him you say "Dag."  
He eats more than my dad! 🤔



GRB



Maximo's brother...  
...as drawn by  
Maximo.

## WELO


BY MORDECAI SANTIAGO

I remember when I was little I used to go to my grandfather's house. Ever since I was a baby I always called him "Welo." At his house we watched boxing and other shows. But the place I most often saw him was in his office. He was the super of my building, Clinton Manor. Once I was playing with a dolly made of wood and a piece of wood got in my eyes. He said, "Stay still," and he blew in my eyes and it came out. We use to talk at his desk and I remember one time there was a black and white scooter in his office with wheels that had air in them. Welo asked me if I wanted it and I said yes. If I was in the back yard he would give me two or three dollars. But sometimes he would give me more.

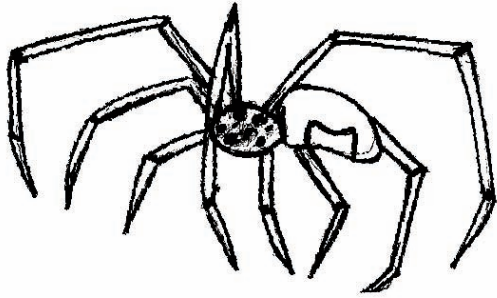


GRB

A few years later he moved into another building. He lived in the twin building before. In the new building, he lived on the first floor with Wela, my grandma. He was living there for a while and then he got sick. He was in the hospital. I visited him and the doctor said that he'd be there for a while. I went back home. Every week I would visit him but I didn't know what was wrong with him. I found out later he had a stroke. He was there for a long time and the doctors had to cut off his leg.

One day I was visiting my dad's job and he told me that Welo died. His heart stopped at the hospital. When I heard that my heart almost stopped too. Wela set up a funeral and a guy who looked like Welo was playing a guitar and singing a song. My cousins and I were crying. I went to the casket and saw his face. He looked kind of pale. I started to pray in my head. I told God to watch over him in heaven. When I was about to leave I kissed him on the forehead. I went to the graveyard and saw him get buried about six feet deep. My family members were throwing flowers in his grave. It was sad to see him get buried but I will never forget the times we had together. 





*Illustration by Mordecai Santiago.*

## SPIDERS

BY GABRIELLA DEJESUS

I hate spiders.  
They make webs on corners.  
Things get stuck in the weeds.  
“III!”  
They make webs around stairs.  
I need to go up and down  
the stairs.  
“Not fair.”  
I wish spiders weren’t alive. 🕸

## JUST SCARED

BY SAMANTHA TORO

I’m there looking around,  
just scared.  
A whole bunch of kids talking, yelling.  
It’s just me all alone.  
Kids making fun of others,  
and maybe me.  
But my feelings are the same  
in every way.  
But when I step in the school  
everything changes my feelings  
and the way I am.  
And one thing that doesn’t change is  
who I am,  
and what I do. 🕸

## I’M SCARED OF CLOWNS

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

I’m scared of clowns.  
They look like they have evil frowns.  
Good thing there  
are no clowns in downtown! 🕸

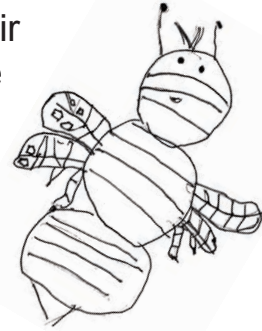


*“Spooky Hand” drawn by Muhammad Cunningham.*

## THE BEE

BY ANDY REYES

A yellow and black creature flying through the air  
All the kids staring but the teacher doesn't care  
The creature crashing from wall to wall  
All the kids hoping it won't fall  
My eyes are beaming  
The rest are screaming  
Boys grabbing on each other  
Like if they were all brothers  
The teacher waiting on her chair  
The students wasting time that isn't fair  
In my head I am saying fly through the door  
And leave the third floor 🐝

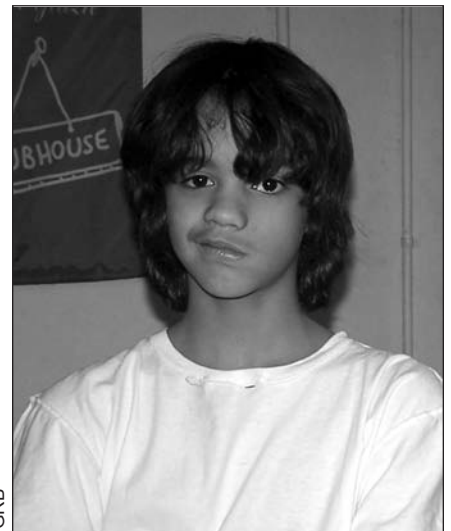


*"Bee" drawn by  
Chamel Rodney.*

## MY DREAM

BY ANDY REYES

My dream is cool.  
My dream is fun.  
My dream is scary.  
My dream is crazy.  
My dream is the best.  
My dream is funny,  
but most of all it's a dream. 🐝



GRB

## WHY I LOVE DOLPHINS

BY LUZ MALDONADO

I love dolphins because they are cool, amazing and smart. They are cool because they are funny looking mammals. They are funny looking because they have a funny smile and their face always looks like it's smiling.

I also love dolphins because they are smart. The reason they are smart is they know how to talk by clicking, moans, chirps, creaks, barks, squeaks, yaps, mews, and whistles. When they whistle they are calling each by their names. They can hear how far away you are by the echoes and how many times the sound repeats.

Another reason I love dolphins is because they travel in pods. A pod is a school or a group. When they travel they dip with each other and jump or swim. We can also swim or ride with them. If I could I would swim and ride with them. 🐬



GRB

## GLOBAL WARMING


BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

We should stop  
global warming.  
We got a lot of warnings.  
It will get more hot  
in the morning. 🐬



# 10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

BY AZALEA ROSARIO

I hate the way you make me smile  
when I don't even plan to.  
I hate the way you make me laugh  
when I don't want to smile.  
I hate the way you talk to me,  
because  
it's all I think about later on.  
I hate the way you comfort me when  
I'm feeling down.  
I hate the way you dress,  
I hate the way you smell,  
because when I'm with you  
all those things  
make me melt.  
I hate the way you  
sing to me like if I'm all you've got.  
I hate the way you make me  
cry when a tear rolls out of my eye.  
I hate the way you walk,  
I hate the way you talk,  
but most of all,  
I like you a lot. 

*Dedicated to my crush.*




*Illustration by Josh Moody.*



GRB

# FIGHT

BY OCTAVIA RODRIGUEZ

I won this fair and square.  
How can you use Nair  
on your little leg hairs?  
I truly don't care.  
I just want to eat a pear.  
Don't you dare  
glare at what I wear. 



# HOW I FEEL, WHAT I NOTICE

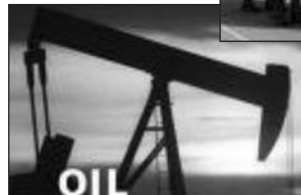
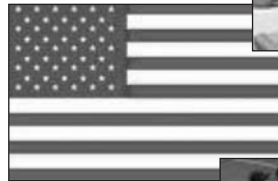
BY KEVIN KULEGO

PICTURES SELECTED BY KEVIN KULEGO

March 26, 2007

I think that the war in Iraq should stop because a lot of people die and their families have to suffer for them. I have heard people are talking about Iraq. They say that Iraq is not a good country but it really is a good place. I know because three years ago I saw a TV show. It's called "Passport To Asia." They didn't have a war then. It was a beautiful country.

America cannot go to a country and take what they want and then start fighting about it. I notice that if that would happen to America the President would not be happy and they would start fighting back. That's just what Iraq is doing. The President of the United States of America should call his troops back to the U.S. because fighting about oil is stupid. 🇺🇸



GRB



## STEAM SCREAMING

BY KEVIN KULEGO

This night I went to sleep,  
    dreaming my wonderful dreams.  
Even though I don't remember,  
    I know they were beautiful dreams.  
But suddenly I get shot and I wake up  
    and realize it's my dad.  
Screaming like an old fashioned steam engine. 🤖

## THE DREAM

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

I couldn't wait.  
I wanted to  
    crush him.  
I even tried  
    to rush him  
The day was near.  
I had fear.  
I got on my bike.  
When I got there I spiked him with a sandal.  
When I crushed him I figured out  
    his name was Randle.  
But he was already dismantled.  
I bought an ice cream.  
Suddenly I noticed this was a dream,  
    and I woke up with a loud scream! 🤖



GRB

## WHO SAID

BY LUISA SANTIAGO

Who said I couldn't go ice skating  
in the summer.

Who said.

Who said I couldn't eat cereal  
with a fork.

Who said.

Who said I couldn't climb the  
highest mountain.

Who said.

Who said I couldn't  
dodge bullets.

Who said.

Who said it was a dream.  
What if it was real life.

Who said. 

## SHE'S A PENCIL

BY GABRIELLA DEJESUS

When she's bored she  
runs upside down,  
And leaves marks on  
the ground.


When she's happy she  
dances around,  
And cleans up every  
mark on the ground.

When she's sleeping  
she lays down flat.  
And when she's having  
a great dream,  
she rolls around.

When she's sad,  
she goes to her  
best friend Sharpy.

He cleans her hair and  
makes her shorter.

When she's in a giant's hand  
she feels like a robot  
upside down.

When she says "hi"  
she rocks side to side. 

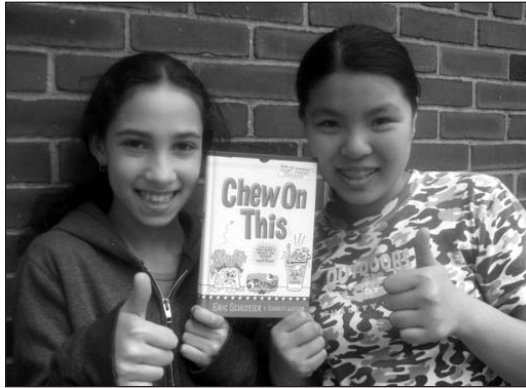


"Pencilgirl" drawn by  
Gabriella DeJesus.

# THE BAD FAST FOOD!!!!!!

A BOOK REVIEW BY JOYCE CHEUNG, WITH HELP FROM MARI ULLOA


PHOTOS BY MELISSA JONES



Before I read *Chew On This : Everything You Don't Want To Know About Fast Food*, by Eric Schlosser and Charles Wilson, I thought fast food was unhealthy. I ate at fast food restaurants only a few times a year at the most. I never thought about how it was cooked or where the food came from. I like how it tastes when I eat it but afterwards it has a weird taste. Some kids only like the toys that the fast food

restaurants give out, like me. Even some grown-ups think that fast food is healthy. I wanted to read this book to learn about fast food, so when I grow up I can be healthy.

Fast food is bad because of all the ingredients that the makers put in it. Some ingredients you don't even know how to pronounce it, because of how difficult the word is. It's a weird chemical like "Cinnamyl Isobutyrate" (pg. 114), one of sixty-three ingredients in a McDonald's strawberry milkshake. In our school we just have juice machines, that's good. I heard in the news that some schools have three or four soda machines. It's bad because the soda, also known as "liquid candy" (pg.143), has a lot of sugar and high fructose corn syrup in it. I learned from the book *Chew On This* that "drinking too much soda as a child may lead to calcium loss and a greater likelihood of broken bones" (pg. 143). This is why no child should be drinking a lot of soda at schools or fast food restaurants.

I picked this book because I want people to know that fast food restaurants need to be more careful with their ingredients and the way they make the food. There could be some ingredients, like the chemicals from the milkshake, that you are allergic to or could make you really sick and could eventually kill you. That is why I like the food that my grandma makes because it's healthier. Now you know part of why fast food is bad for you. I will give two thumbs up for the book *Chew On This*. 





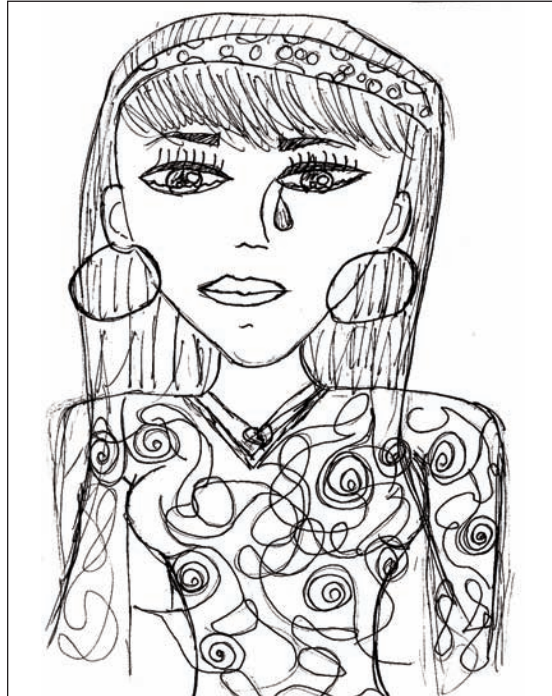
## UNWANTED, THE COLD POEM

BY AZALEA ROSARIO

At times I feel unwanted  
At times I feel like snow  
So cold I cannot speak  
So cold I cannot glow  
At times I feel like a ghost  
So invisible no one can know

At times I feel like Azalea

But I mostly feel  
Unwanted  
Cold  
Alone  
And so invisible 🇵🇷



*Illustration by Azalea Rosario.*

## BOXED

BY LUISA SANTIAGO

I am Closed,  
Sealed,  
Zipped.

I feel lonely scared and hollow.  
Waiting for someone to save me from my depression.

Waiting for someone to reach  
in and pull me out to freedom.

Someone save me  
from this dark, hollow box.

Not trying to get out.  
Just waiting, waiting, and waiting. 🇵🇷

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE?

BY ARMANDO COSME

When the train goes express  
it sounds like my mom's cooking.  
Pot lid going up and down.  
When you arrive I hear you squeaking your  
monitor.  
When the doors close you're ringing your  
screaming bell because of your pain.  
I look at a shiny train and see  
my reflection in you.  
I see you blinking out sentences  
to our destination.  
I feel bad you when you have to  
pick up all those people and they don't even  
care about what you think  
they just pee on you.  
You must be so strong pulling all  
those people like the  
Empire State Building holds them. 🐛



GRB



Illustration by Maximo Jimenez.


## PAIN

BY STEPHANIE MARION

Pain.  
Can you feel the pain  
she's in?  
She runs away and never comes back.  
All she remembers is...  
empty houses and empty family.  
She wonders what happened.  
When she walks in the house,  
it's just empty.  
Empty houses, empty rooms, and  
empty souls. 🐛

# WILL MY WONDERS BE ANSWERED?

BY GABRIELLA DEJESUS

I wonder what I'm going to be when I grow up?  
Am I going to get married?  
Have kids I just wonder?  
I wonder what age I'm going to die?  
Am I going to be a devil or an angel?  
I wonder.  
Am I going to college?  
I wonder if I'm going to have a good job?  
Am I going to have a daughter or a son?  
I wonder if I'm going to get my  
    driver's license at the age of 18?  
What car am I going to get?  
Am I going to move someplace else?  
Is my mom going to die?  
How am I going to die?  
Are my best friends now going to be  
    my best friends then?  
Am I going to be rich?  
Am I going to be famous?  
I wonder, I just wonder. 

# I WONDER WHY

BY LARON HOLT


Women smell so good  
Some people say they smell like  
Strawberries  
Blueberries  
Turkeys  
Potatoes  
Hamburgers  
Hot dogs  
Men must be hungry all the time 



Illustration by Luisa Santiago.

## THE MOON

BY LUISA SANTIAGO

I am lonely in the  
dark never ending  
space.

With no one beside me to help me with my mistakes.

I go through phases as  
I pace through space.

And I think there's  
something missing.

I need a face. 🐛

## THE MOON, PART 2

BY LUISA SANTIAGO

Why I am so plain with just  
craters and seas?

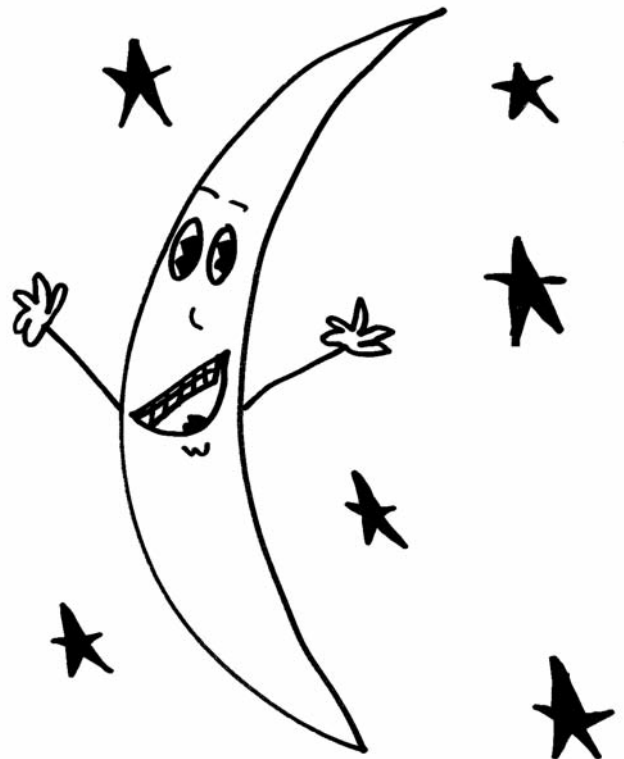
With nothing  
to please my needs?

Why am I so small and far,  
far away from  
the beautiful planet Earth?

I wish I had trees and leaves.

And other things like people,  
animals, and Saturn's ring.

I am who I am and I will always  
be the..... Moon. 🐛



*Moon Illustration by Luisa Santiago*



# THUNDER WONDER

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

I wonder how's  
there thunder in  
the middle of the night?  
It gives me a terrible fright.  
Ain't I right!  
I won't be afraid of the thunder.  
Not tonight!  
I'll let go of my fears  
with all my might!!



GRB

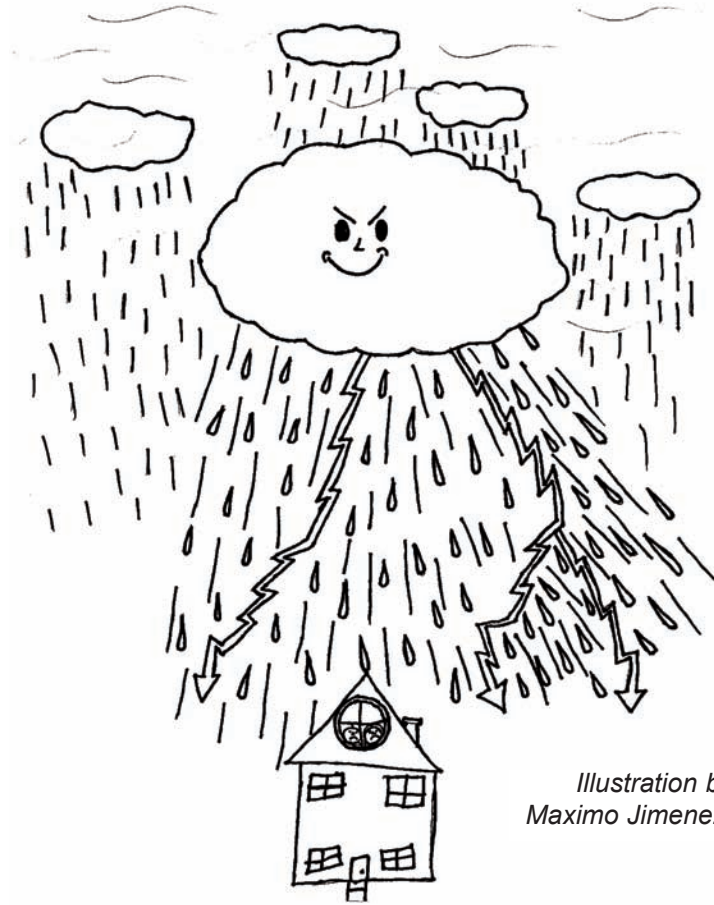


Illustration by  
Maximo Jimenez.

# STOP SMOKING

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

You should stop  
smoking it's not good.  
It will make your breath be  
stinking! What were you thinking?  
If you smoke you could die fast.  
Just like that, it could make your  
kidney go black!  
You'll die and you have to go  
to the hospital and very fast.  
See smoking is a lot like trash!

# IT!

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ

I'm scared  
when I stare  
up there. Buzzing  
around like a clown.  
People were scared.  
Teacher got mad.  
It might have come from  
another class. We skipped  
writing 'cause it  
was frightening. It was  
fast like lightening.

# VIRGINIA TECH

BY STEPHANIE MARION

Hear a gun shot.  
People scream.  
See people cry,  
    makes me shiver.  
I look around  
    to see what's happening.  
I ask people but  
    they stay quiet.  
I keep wondering  
    what's going on.  
Hear another gun  
    shot and people  
    scream.  
I hold on to you  
    to keep  
    me safe. 🇺🇸

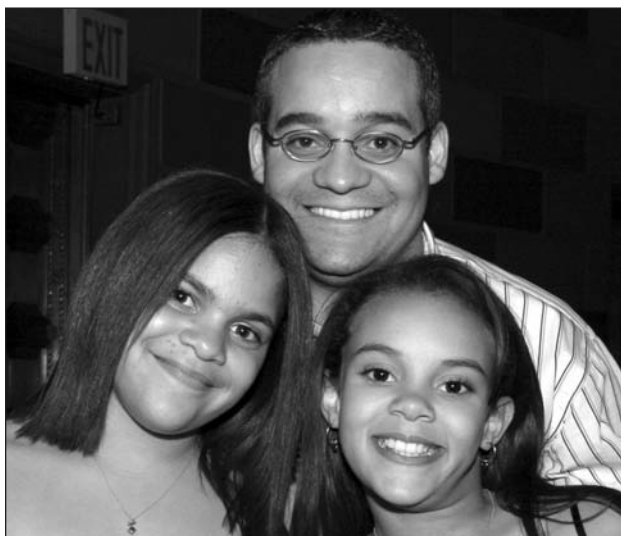


## A HEARTFELT GOODBYE

BY AZALEA ROSARIO

It was one sunny afternoon when my two cousins Cathy and Fifi excitedly told me that one day they would move to the state of Florida. Once I heard the news, my heart filled with sorrow. I thought to myself, "Why did this have to happen?" I grew up with them all my life, and now they are moving? I looked at them and said, "Oh, cool! So when are you guys getting a house?" I said it in a happy voice, even though I was crying inside.

The next day at school, they told me that they were going to move next year. I had nothing to worry about, at least for now. I felt like so many things could happen in one year, and maybe their parents could change their minds. As days turned into months, I was getting the feeling that I would jump off a bridge if they left. They were packing everything to send to Florida. I still had hope that they could at least stay for one more year.



WENDY STULBERG

*Cathy, Fifi, and their Dad. We all miss 'em.*


We spent every day like it was our last. We did not want to separate. I was going to be all alone. I still had my sisters, but they have their own things to do, and they are much older. I knew it was not going to be the same. My life was falling apart. The month of July they moved.

They all came over to my house to say goodbye. We cried and hugged. They left that summer of 2006.

I speak to them on the phone sometimes, but it is not the same. I miss them. My heart is half empty, half full. I hope the empty side fills up when I get to see them again. The lesson I learned from this is never spend too much time with that person, because when they leave, you will never want to say goodbye. 🐾


## FREEDOM

BY LUISA SANTIAGO

Don't worry  
Be happy  
Touch  
Breathe  
Run  
Walk  
Say I love you  
Say I hate you  
Have a celebration  
Take down the decoration  
Have an argument  
Make up  
Say I love you  
Say I hate you  
Run through the meadow  
Look at the sun  
Run through the rain  
Get soaked  
Feel dry  
Get sick  
Feel better  
Go shoe shopping  
Get blisters  
Let them heal  
Say I love you  
Say I mean it 

## LOVE IS LIKE

BY GABRIELLA DEJESUS

Love is like...  
A big red heart pounding  
Two dogs kissing on a beach  
A family loving each other  
Marriage  
A relation between  
    a boy and a girl  
Close friends, friends forever  
A crush  
A hug  
A heart shaped chocolate  
An angel flying around love  
Heaven  
God  
A diamond ring shining  
A cloud floating away  
Valentine's Day  
Cupid  
A pink and red rose  
A river flowing softly  
Two flamingos holding hands  
Twelve fish forming a heart  
That's what love is like 



*Illustration by Gabriella DeJesus.*



## DOGS ARE CUTE

BY JANIECE APONTE

Dogs are cute  
Dogs are precious  
But unfortunately  
mine passed away  
These are memories  
I will never forget anyway  
But today  
I will never regret  
or forget all the mistakes 🐕



GRB

*This dog? His name is Wilson.*

## SONG

BY JANIECE APONTE

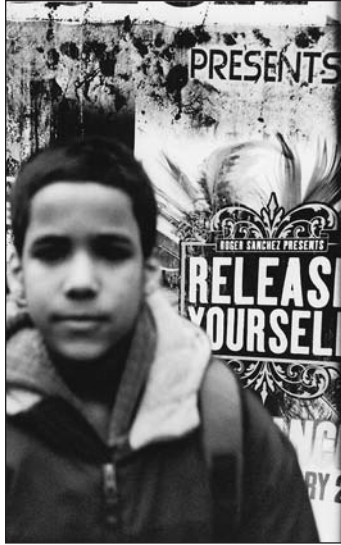
When you left away  
All the shadows had shedded away  
I have gone through the drain all the way  
But hopefully I will bring all the memories that have gone away 🐕



GRB

# MAXIMO'S PHOTO PAGE

BY MAXIMO JIMENEZ AND BARNETT COHEN



BARNETT



MAXIMO



MAXIMO



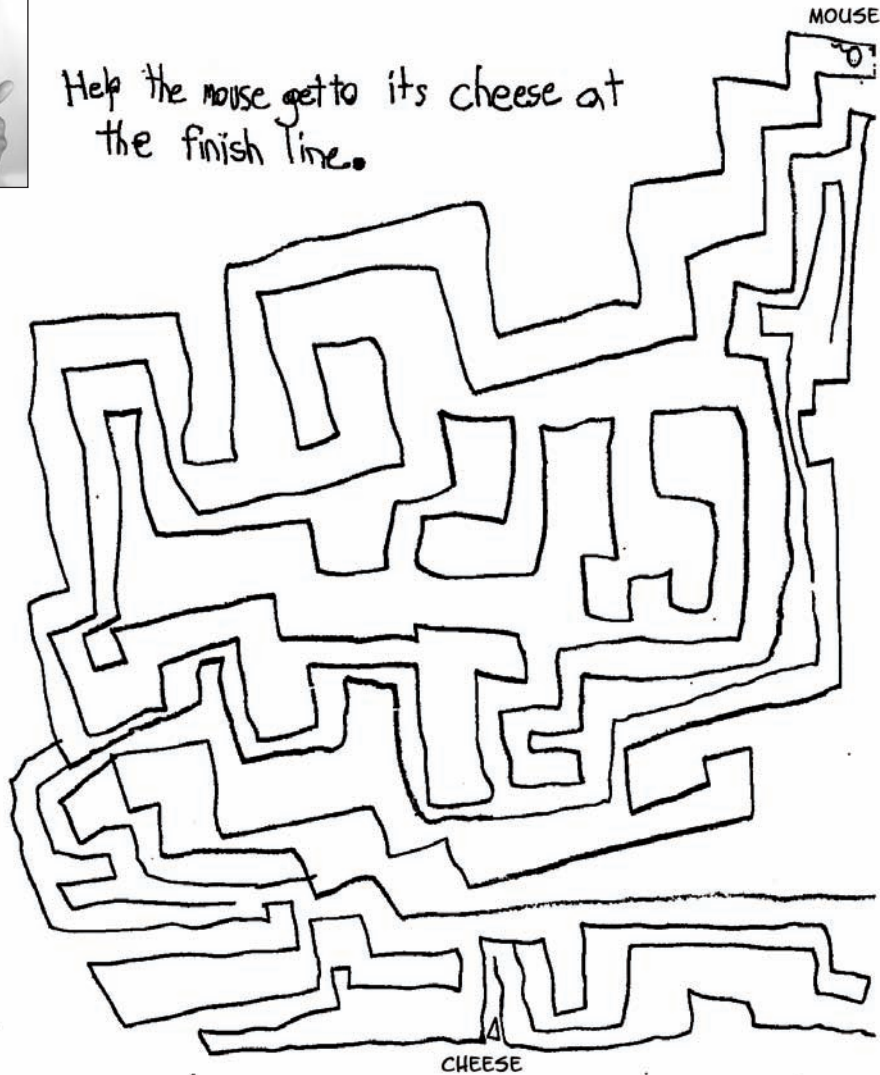
MAXIMO



## PUZZLE PAGE

BY PUZZLEMASTER JASON GIL

Help the mouse get to its cheese at the finish line.



### ON THE BACK COVER:

**Top Row, L to R:** Nicole Fargardo, Samantha Toro, Lauren Robinson, Mathew Ortiz, Carlos Muentes.

**Middle Row, L to R:** Laron Holt, Hashem Hamed.

**Bottom Row, L to R:** Joyce Cheung, Azalea Rosario, Devin Gonzalez, Jason Gil, Gabriella DeJesus.

Design and Photography by George Babiak.



