

# *The Mirror*



Seventh Edition  
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## *Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief*

We all enter this world on a journey, ultimately leading us to pathways that unfold new adventures before us. In each of us, there is a desire to seek that thrill and excitement that adventure leaves behind. Creative writing and art are adventures within themselves; they inspire us to think outside of the box and to explore the wonders of the world. Thus, adventure allows us to make dreams a reality. And so it begins....

~Kelly Esparza and Sophia Fox

# *Acknowledgements*

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# Ad'ven(t)SHur

Alana Wong-Martinusen

The dictionary describes it as engaging in hazardous and exciting activity.  
There are stories of heroes defeating villains,  
Of knights wooing the fairest maiden,  
Of people seeing other worlds.

As an average human being,  
My adventures never seemed big enough.  
Going camping and hiking a trail is nothing compared to backpacking  
through a whole country.  
It was a long time before I realized that my greatest adventure has been  
growing up.

I have learned to be my own person  
And how to write my own story.  
My biggest fear has become my reality.  
Becoming an adult is something I can only do once.  
I must live my life fully and not shy away from adventures to come.

# A journey is a path to anywhere

Catherine Dugoni

A journey is a path to anywhere:  
Up, down, left, right,  
Two steps forward, five steps back.  
Even if we stand in place,  
There is a possibility of a journey.  
Adventure can be found in the deepest crevices of our minds.  
Voyages can be trekked when we least expect it.  
Travels can be made with unwanted company,  
But it's all the same.  
A journey is a journey if we experience change  
Whether it's movement or mental,  
Emotional or physical.  
A journey is a path to anywhere,  
Even if anywhere is right here.

# To the Unknown

## Anneke Zegers

Day descends, night nears,  
Gone is peace, come is fear.  
With beating heart and panting breath,  
Nearly evading the claws of death,  
We toil on unknown terrain,  
Slyly courting death and pain;  
And yet we seek the sense of thrill  
When we survive on wit and will.  
Adventure is a noble art  
For those who own a hero's heart  
And dare to venture through the door  
To where no man has gone before.



“The Road to Adventure”  
Kelly Esparza



# My List of Adventures

## Emily Angela

Jump.

Jump out of the plane  
Open up that parachute

Drive.

Drive for miles to a new location  
“Feel the wind in your hair”

Fly.

Fly across the ocean, across the world  
Pack up and go

Speak.

Speak your thoughts  
Do not be afraid

Feel.

Feel every emotion in existence  
Open up your heart

Think.

Think about your life  
It's full of adventure

# The Warrior's Poem

## (A Personal Adventure)

Eliana Kontokanis

### *One.*

You close your eyes, and the shouts become victorious.  
The crowds chant your name,  
Each familiar syllable coated in a stranger's cadence,  
And you couldn't be happier.

### *Two.*

Your favorite color reflects more than light.  
It is the oceans you sang along to harmoniously  
In your childhood, forgotten to everyone but you  
Because your throat still swallows a lost voice.

### *Three.*

A silent house seems more like a prison cell.  
Monsters creep out from under your bed and through  
locked doors  
To cover your ears with their smiling hands;  
You scream in the face of ignorant bliss, spitting poison.

### *Four.*

Somehow, you still forget to breathe when you need it most.  
Lungs create forest fires in protest, chest swollen  
With the idea of emptiness and hollowed happiness,  
A creature you'd never admit to knowing.

*Five.*

Your footsteps waver at the crossroads.

No one has gotten this far before, and they remind you  
Of the undeserving luck that engulfed your unrecognizable  
footsteps.

You run; they may chase you, but they will never catch up.

# Ode to Free Falling

Sarah Larson

I felt something in the pit of my stomach which  
kept me on the edge and up at night

And when the sun cracked through the window  
glass  
It shattered onto my living room floor  
and  
Bleached my cinder hair

I shed my faux coats  
and  
the confines of my bed rest

Wanderlust  
I sought an unspeakable freedom  
Found in suspension  
    between water and sky

# A Letter to the Universe

## Sophia Nguyen

Dear Universe,

I don't really know what you are.

I don't really know what you do.

I don't know how big you are, or how much life you are.

But what really matters

Is that sometimes at night,

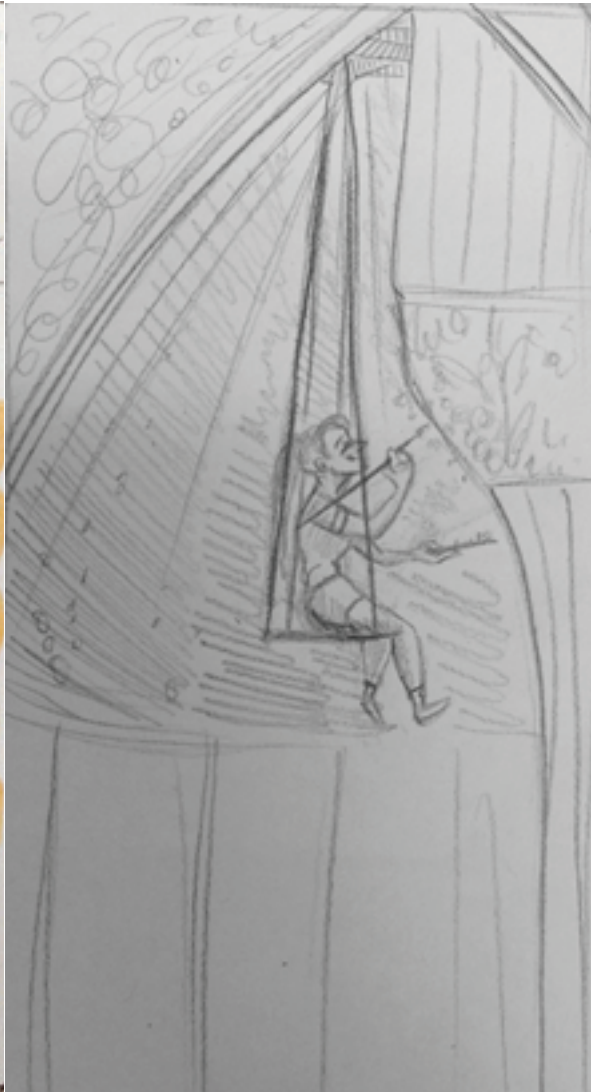
I look at the moon and the stars.

I look at that night sky and somehow

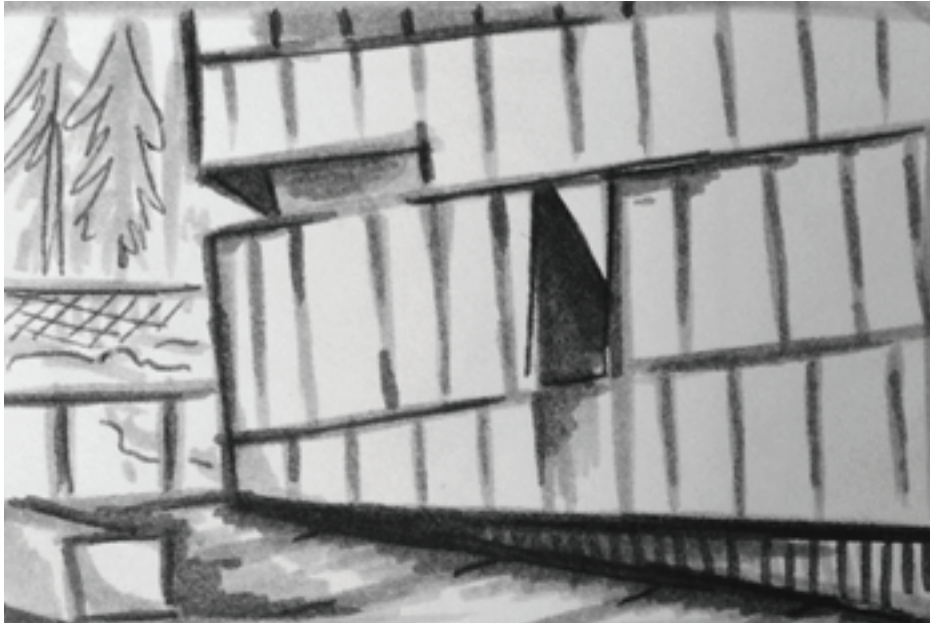
I lose myself in you, and I become a child

Filled with wonder again.

“Sketchbook” - Maggie Anderson







# Next Chapter

Kate Fernandez

An adventure is on the horizon, waiting  
An epic to be written  
Mount the gangplank  
Touch the rough wood of the bow  
So you know it's not a dream  
Feel the deck lurch beneath your feet  
Wind filling the white sails  
The smell of salt on the air  
Turn your face towards the east  
And your back towards the setting sun  
Let one chapter end  
Another begins



# Simple Journeys

Catherine Dugoni

Take my hand and we can traverse these velvet hills,  
Into the fields of wild grass far from the hum of humanity.  
These rustling meadows hold the secrets of the world.  
And if we dare not speak, we can hear the whisper of the leaves.  
We'll follow the path on the left  
and see things we never dreamed of.  
In the pureness of nature's song,  
filled only with the sounds of those that belong,  
We can explore new depths of unimaginable worlds.  
In the end, it's the simple journeys  
that make for the greatest adventures  
And it's the forgotten treasures of the world  
that hold the most meaning

# Breathe

## Kelly Esparza

The world as I'd once known it, is all a lie. What was normal at one time, now isn't. How could I have been so clueless--so naive? My family, friends, and allies were all gone, and there was nothing I could do to bring them back.

Jonathan never said living this new life would be easy though. I find myself waking up at night in a sweat, screaming as if I am about to be murdered on the spot. My lips begin to tremble, and soon my entire body is shaking. The screams pierce through my mind, and I scream louder, trying to block it all out. I feel as though I am made of glass, and each time I see a dead man on that battlefield, my body shatters into a million shards. *You're breaking*, says my mind.

What is war? Is it merely a test to see who's stronger? *That is* what this uprising feels like. I never signed up for this, but then again, who did? Everyone counts on you to win this war. Jonathan told me once that being a hero, or rather, a leader of one's people, was a difficult job. He said someone has to do what's right even if no one else takes a stand. How could I possibly lead my people when I feel completely out of control in my own life?

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I woke up from another nightmare, shaking uncontrollably. *Pull yourself together*, I thought. Looking around the small room, I noticed Sadie sleeping peacefully. *Lucky*, I thought bitterly and

and sat up in my small bed. Setting my feet down on the rough wooden floor, I grabbed onto my bedpost for support as I pulled myself out of bed. My wounds were still healing as it was difficult to walk, but I needed some fresh air. I needed a sense of normalcy--some freedom in my life. My first few steps were unsteady, but I managed to keep myself upright. Opening the bedroom door, I slipped out into the hallway and began walking. I had no idea where to go. I just knew that it was a desperate need of mine to feel free for once. As I held onto the wall to support my body, I walked onward. A beautiful sound entered the hallway. Curious, I followed the sound to its source. It was Jonathan at the piano. He seemed too absorbed in his piano playing to notice me behind him. I sat down quietly on a small stool and continued to listen to the beautiful music he played. The song sounded sad, but relaxing and extraordinary all at the same time. When he finished, I stood up and clapped quietly, causing him to turn around to stare at me in surprise.

“I didn’t know you were there,” he said softly. He seemed slightly uncomfortable.

“I’m sorry. I just couldn’t sleep again, and I went out for some fresh air. Then I heard music playing. I didn’t know you could play the piano. You’re quite the pianist,” I replied. His expression relaxed a little.

“I’ve been playing since I was a young boy. It relaxes me when I need a moment to think.” He paused for a minute. “You said you didn’t sleep. Is something bothering you?”

Jonathan looked at me earnestly as I hesitated. “Well, yes. It’s just...ever since I’ve started this new life, I’ve felt lost, scared, and anxious. Everything and everyone I once knew beforehand

is either gone or dead, and it is just destroying me on the inside. This war is killing me, and I'm not sure how to move forward or even how to be brave. I'm lost," I said finally, almost in a rush as if I had a time limit to speak. There. Now I said what I'd kept inside my heart for too long.

Jonathan ruffled his hair and took a deep breath. He walked toward me. Then he placed his hand on the small of my back and pushed me softly forward. "Come on. I want to show you something," he said as he opened two big glass doors in front of us. He guided me to the balcony. Moving slightly away to hold onto the railing, he turned to me and motioned his head toward the sea that lay before us. "What do you see?"

"The sea?" I inquired more than answered him.

"Well, yes, but what's beyond that sea?" He asked me. I looked back towards the ocean and thought for a moment.

"I don't know. The sea just keeps going on. I don't see anything beyond it," I replied.

"Bingo. The ocean is a strong force of nature. You know why that is?" He looked over at me again and leaned harder against the railing. I shook my head slowly in reply. "It keeps moving forward with each passing day, and you can see that through its waves."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not following what you're trying to tell me, Jonathan," I said, confused.

"What I'm getting at here is that you are like the ocean. At first, you were a small wave, tentative to do anything. Now *you*, whether you realize it or not, are a bigger wave where you are stronger and more resilient than you were when you first started. You keep moving forward even when times get rough," he

explained.

“I guess that makes sense,” I said slowly and nodded.

Jonathan smiled a small, genuine smile at me. “Now, take it all in. Close your eyes. Feel this moment. Feel at ease because tomorrow we will be moving again. Just breathe,” he said and turned away from me, going back inside the house. Taking his advice, I let myself go for once. I closed my eyes softly and listened to the waves in the distance crashing against one another. I felt the cool wind run through my hair. I was at peace, and I felt free.

*Breathe*, I repeated Jonathan’s words to myself. *Just breathe.*



“Dover Beach”  
Nicole Danuwidjaja



# An Adventure

## Excerpt from My First Novel

### Julia Lathrop

That night, my foster mom and me ate a big dinner and “went to bed early.” Well, *she* did. *I* didn’t. Insomnia struck for several hours until the clock hit 1 a.m. Another half an hour went by and I started dozing off, somewhere between dreaming and awake. In my dream, I heard a buzzing. It took me a while to realize that it was actually real, and coming from my nightstand. My phone was vibrating, ringing and a picture of him and me on the screen was illuminated in the darkness. I crawled over and answered it.

“Hey. Are you awake?”

“Uh...Well I am now,” I mumbled grumpily.

“Remember last night? When I asked you what you wanted to do and had never done before?” he asked me.

“Uh...yeah, why?” I wondered, rubbing my eyes.

“I was thinking about what you said and um—”

“Forget about what I said. I could never manage to sneak out of my house. My foster mom would—”

“This is going to sound crazy. Come to your window.”

“What?” I asked.

“Come. To. Your. Window.”

Silence. Then I inhaled sharply, spying movement outside my window. I shifted a bit, then slowly got to my feet and tiptoed to my window, sliding it open.

“What the—!”

“SHH!” he said, leaping to cover my mouth.

“What the heck are you doing on my roof at 1 in the morning? Are you crazy?”

“Crazy about you,” he whispers back.

I groan at the cheesiness and roll my eyes. “Ew...”

“Get dressed. We’re going on an adventure,” he whispers excitedly.

“It’s 1 a.m...”

“Don’t act like you don’t want to.” There he went, seeing right through me again. I crossed my arms stubbornly. “C’mon,” he urged. I smiled and then disappeared into my room to change into more appropriate clothing.

When you’ve lived in a house for so long, you learn where to step and where not to step in order to follow the particular house’s creaking rules. So when I snuck around my room and changed into some black ninja clothes, I stepped carefully and quietly as to not wake up my foster mom in the next room.

I put on a beanie, not that Malibu ever even got cold. I tied back my hair.

After I stuffed pillows under my covers and locked my door, I opened my window even more than it had already been and clamored out onto the roof beside him, who took my hand and steadied me.

“You’re insane!” I whispered.

“I know that!”

I closed the window a bit and stood up, my arms out beside me like a bird. Adrenaline pulsed through me as I followed him. I was being crazy, reckless, and it felt awesome to break the rules for the first time ever. We tiptoed around the side of the house to the chimney, where a big patch of grass existed on the side of my



house along with a long roof covering the porch.

He slid on his butt to leap lightly on the roof below whilst gripping the chimney a bit. Then, I followed suit. We climbed into a tree and climbed down there. When we hit the ground, I turned to him and asked, “What exactly do you have planned?”

“Nothing.”

“Then what are we even doing?” I grumble pessimistically, though I couldn’t deny the ecstasy that flickered in my chest.

“I don’t know. I guess we’ll find out.” He then laced his fingers with mine. “C’mon.” A smile illuminated his face.

And so, the best night of my life began.

# In That Moment

## Emily Angela

In that moment, we feel our heart beating fast,

We know the dangers and risks.

In that moment, we think of the consequences,

We think of the opportunities.

But we know that in that moment,

We feel the thrill and excitement

We feel the anxiety and pressure

We feel the happiness and joy.

In that moment you know you are alive

We dream.

We imagine.

We create.

We become.