



The Mirror

Fourth Edition
Spring 2015

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

Transformations are something we experience throughout our lives. Each year we change a little bit more. As we change, the world around us also changes. The seasons pass and with the last drop of rain comes the bloom of spring. People get older and new life comes into the world. We are never the same person as yesterday; nothing is permanent. This is my last edition I will be working on as I transform from a high school to college student. Although the fourth edition is bittersweet for me, I know that the magazine will develop with the students. With each edition, The Mirror will continue to reflect many talented writers and artists. Thank you for being a part of the dream.

~Brooke Aprea

Acknowledgements

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Chelsea Franklin	

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“Day”
Cassandra Peralta

Vacancy

Natalie Hahn

She smiled back at me.
The whites of her eyes, gleaming.
The corners of her pneumatic lips,
drawn up like a marionette.
Wrinkles around her face,
folding into pages of her story.
And like slow moving piano keys,
it faded.

The strings,
clipped from the shape of her mouth.
The gleam,
shadowed by the ghost of Reality;
black, bleeding into bleak ivory.
Her skin, taught,
to drooping,
withered.

This omnibus portal that hangs on my wall,
this lustrous mural,
this glass of chief deceit,
cannot be so beautiful,
if the reflected persona be mad.

After All the Makeup Is Off

Frances Divinagracia

I come home and I throw my purse on the table. The date didn't go so well. I had to pretend I knew anything about college basketball. All he did was talk about how he might not be on the bench next season.

I take off my makeup, one section at a time; I start with the foundation and the blush, then the eye shadow, eyeliner, and mascara, and finally, the lipstick and lip gloss.

I stare at my face in the mirror. I had just taken off a mask. I whisper, "This isn't me."

I change from a black cocktail dress to a t-shirt and sweatpants. I tie my hair up.

I take out my contacts and put on my glasses.

I read a few chapters of this book my friend recommended.

I realize I'm still hungry and heat up the leftover pizza from last night. I binge watch *Grey's Anatomy*.

And as I lay on the couch about to fall asleep, I smile and think to myself, "This is me."



“Growing Up”
Kelly Esparza



“Beautifully Bloomed”
Kelly Esparza

Kids

Cassandra Peralta

I used to have this crippling fear of the dark.

It started from when I was four years old and my cousin and his friends thought it would be hilarious to leave me locked in my bedroom closet. I was in there for about two hours which was, suffice to say, more than enough to leave me in a pool of tears and paralyzed just by the thought of being surrounded by any semblance of that pitch-black abyss again. Looking back on it now, I honestly don't blame those young boys. I don't feel any contempt for them either. They didn't know any better.

Yet still, that traumatic event left a stark imprint in my life. Up until last year, I needed a minimum of two night lights in my bedroom. They weren't brilliantly glowing at their maximum capacities? Throw them away and find a better brand. I'd leave my actual ceiling lights on really if it weren't for my parents' insistence that I spare their electricity bill. I couldn't help it. A second without at least one source of illumination would leave my mind and its thoughts running untamed— shadows from outside casting otherworldly shapes on my window, the faint sound of maniacal laughter in my closet I could've sworn hearing, the slight movement of my mattress that might as well have been the ghost of Christmas' past. Don't even get me started on the sudden gusts of cool air that would brush

directly past me, forcing me to wrap myself completely in pillows and blankets like some human burrito. It was quite an ordeal.

But then, of course, I met you.

I like to think that you became my own kind of light, except this time you'd always be by my side. You thought it was odd when I asked you to keep the headlights of your beat-up Chevrolet on whenever you dropped me off somewhere at night. You found it peculiar that I needed you no more than three inches away from me when we went to the movies. It was the darndest thing you'd ever heard when I told you that for my birthday, all I wanted you to buy me were a couple of packages of triple A batteries and some light bulbs so I could refill my lamps—all six of them. At least you decided to be creative and add in a lava lamp. That was much appreciated.

You understood, though. Above all, I think that was what really put it all together. Unlike most people in my life at that juncture, you didn't question my desire to triple-check that all my light sources were plugged in and working. You didn't give me a weird look when I asked you to turn on the lights of my house before I went in. You went as far as to offer installing motion lights in my room. *Motion lights.*

With all those incredible factors you put up with, the greatest you provided me with was, without a doubt, the solace and ease. It was this sanguine release that made me forget about the invisible threats that lay beyond what my eyes could capture.

Whether it'd be only for a second or for a day, you made those ungodly monstrosities lurking in every unlit corner disperse into thin air. You warded off the shivers that ran up my spine and left me a heaving mess, eyes blinking rapidly in an attempt to prove to myself that yes, there was someone behind me. I never thought ridding of those terrors was still an option at that point, but there I was. I was no longer bolting away from the horrors, but ambling right beside it. Truth be told, if it weren't for you, I don't believe I would've reached that point. It kills me that I can't string the right words together that would be adequate enough to express how thankful I am.

I do have a confession, though, and I'm not proud of it. In spite of it all, I'm still selfish enough to want more. In fact, out of everything I'd received while being around you, it was what I wanted the most. I simply hadn't realized it till now. Then again, it was something even you couldn't give it to me.

What I want the most out of anything in the world was more than a light source, some triple A's, or even someone to remind me that I had nothing to fear. What I wanted was for someone to tell me that like every candle, lamp, glow stick, spot-light, nook, and cranny— you fade, too.

It's been about three months since you went away.

I sleep with the lights off now.



“Change is Just a Step Away”
Brooke Aprea

Nothing Stays the Same

Frances Divinagracia

My friend told me once that
she didn't believe people change.

They can dye their hair and
buy new clothes, but ultimately
they will always be the same.

And I told her she was wrong.

I told her everyone changes, that in fact,
it is in the very essence of human nature
to change.

Because I know that when I turn 17, I'll look back
and know I am not the person I was
when I turned 16.

Because I know that when I move into my first apartment
as a young woman at the age of 23, I'll look back
and know I am not a little girl at the age of 6
when my parents bought our first house.

Because I know that when I'm married with two kids
at 31, I'll look back and know I am not who I was
when I got my heart broken at 19.

So I'm telling you right now:

Change. Grow. Alter. Refine.

Transform.

There's no fun in being afraid to become different.

Don't be a seed in the dirt when
you could be a flower in the sun.



“Typical Fall Day”

Jana Reyes

Chrysalis

Sophia Nguyen

Never too brave
I was unwilling.
Never too outspoken
I kept silent.
Never too vibrant
I saw black and white.
Then I noticed
I was unsure.
Then I noticed
I had kept myself from others.
Then I noticed
What I saw made things dull.
But this morning I woke up
And realized that it was a new day.



“Transform Into... Your Wild Side”
(Modeled by Brooke Aprea)
Chelsea Franklin



“Transform Into... Your Natural Side”
(Modeled by Sarah Huber)
Chelsea Franklin



“Transform Into... Your Dark Side”
(Modeled by Olivia Righton)
Chelsea Franklin

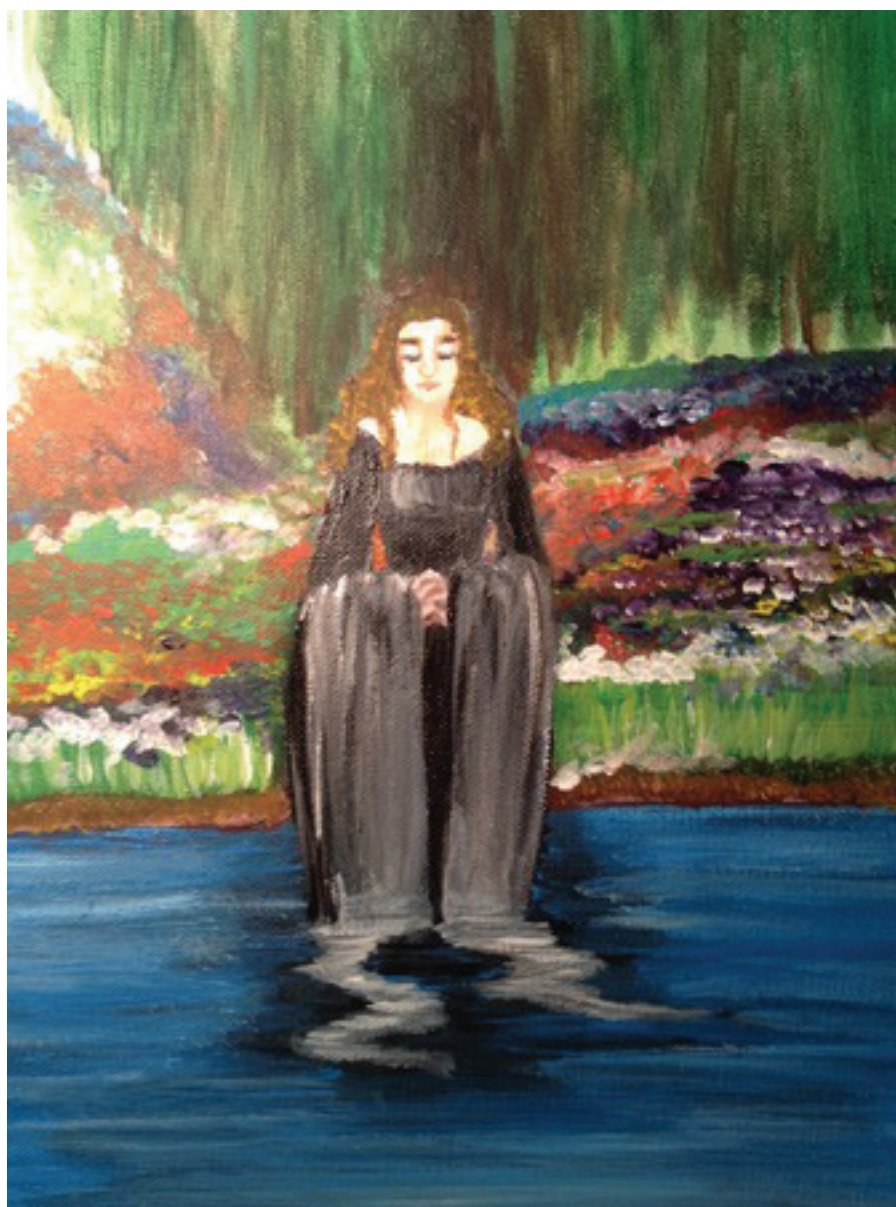


“Transform Into... Your Colorful Smile”
(Modeled by Serena Ramos)
Chelsea Franklin

Self-Transformation

Catherine Dugoni

To jump, to scream, to hide,
To seek, to laugh, to cry.
What I wouldn't give to escape this box inside—
Around my heart, caught in my throat—
Ever pressing down upon my very being.
Confined to the ordinary,
Always wishing for the extraordinary.
Hiding my insanity, only to seek normalcy.
Where have I gone?
Who have I become?
And how shall I return?



“Ophelia”
Maggie Anderson

The Blink of an Eye

Kelly Esparza

“High school will seem like the blink of an eye,” they say at St. Francis orientation.

I don't believe them. Four years will go by slowly. Can I handle this?

Will I have time to balance homework and time with friends?

Will I be able to study hard and receive good grades?

Will I meet new people? Can I ace finals?

I think I'm ready.

Am I already a senior?

Graduation is just around the corner.

Will I be too overwhelmed with college work?

Will I find out who I will become and what I will accomplish?

Will I meet new friends? Will I be able to leave my family and my home?

High school went by like the blink of an eye. I know I'm ready to fulfill my dreams.



“Green”
Kendall Cecchettini



“In Bloom”
Bailey Aguilar



“Remember to Smile”
Lacey McCormick

Changes of the Dark

Catherine Dugoni

In the darkest of the night,
The shadows betray my sight.
What once was a lamp is no more,
But a ghostly figure waits by the door.
In the corner, over there!
The chair became a menacing bear.
Creaks of the floorboards mimic the laughter
That haunts my dreams hereafter.
With a racing heart, I reach for the switch
To change that looming witch.
In the lightness of my room,
I no longer feel the impending doom.
Everything changes in the dark,
But light is a special spark.
It casts away fear and reveals the truth.
It even soothes the crying youth.
One must remember that the changes of the night
Can always be reversed with some light!



“Nature’s Painting”
Jana Reyes



“Goodbye Daylight”
Anna Gregg



“Time Will Erase All”
Brooke Aprea