



The third type of friendship is the friendship of virtue. Aristotle says that these are the highest types of friendship and the longest lasting. In friendships of virtue, the friends desire what is truly good for the other person. These types of friendships are the most meaningful but also require a lot of sacrifice. If one friend is truly concerned about the good of the other person and that she grows in virtue, the friend will sometimes have to challenge the other friend to turn away from harmful behavior and practice virtue. These types of friendships benefit both friends and lead both friends to be better people.

True friends lay down their lives for one another. This means that they are willing to consider the good of the other person, even over their own. They are friends who serve one another and are even willing to suffer for the good of their friend. They know you so well that they know when you're upset, frustrated, embarrassed and tired, or when something is on your mind. They put you first before others, laugh at your jokes even if they aren't funny, are there when you need a shoulder to cry on and most importantly, they accept for who you are.

In conclusion, friendships of all types are important. Most people have had friendships of pleasure, use and virtue at some point in their life. The friends that mean the most, however, are those that are willing to sacrifice and even suffer for their friends if it will lead them to be a better person. A quote I think describes friendship very well is: "Don't walk ahead because I may not follow, don't walk behind because I may not lead, just walk beside me and be my friend."

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# Friendship

Carla Romero

“Friends Forever.”

“Friends are inseparable.”

These are but some of the common sayings about friends in our generation. The idea of friendship, however, is not always what it seems. Friendship is complicated and there can be many types of friends.

Aristotle describes three types of friendships: friendships of pleasure, use, and virtue. The lowest type of friendship is pleasure, in which two people enjoy each other's company. Aristotle says these types of friends are very common, but they don't last long. When the pleasure ends, so does the friendship. In my own life, I have experienced many of these friendships. One example, are my teammates with whom I play volleyball. They bring me happiness when we're playing volleyball but after that, we really don't have anything in common.

The second type of friendship is friendships of use. In these types of friendships, two people come together because they are able to help each other in some way. They find the other person useful for something that they want or need. This might include a study partner, a mentor relationship, or any other type of friendship in which the friends benefit from their relationship. According to Aristotle, these friendships usually end when the friends are no longer useful to one another. For example, just talking to someone when you need their homework or they have something you want.

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## Writers' Block

Angelica Ortiz

Words that flow  
Or words that rhyme  
To speak of love  
Or speak the mind

Long or short  
Black or white  
Insightful or funny  
Dark or sunny

What to write and how to write it  
What to say and how to say it  
Thinking for hours  
But nothing comes  
I can't think  
All I get is the kitchen sink  
My head is pounding  
My fingers have stopped dancing

The key board not sounding  
The pencil not cracking  
Silent and still  
All I hear is my breathing

Something new and something different  
But I have nothing of interest  
I'm done for the day  
I'll let my head rest and get away



# Ode to The Morning Sunshine

Jesus Lopez Bustillos

The dew on the grass,  
Rubs on my feet as I pass.  
I feel so tired.

The sunshine is here,  
For it has not fear  
It beams warm light  
Not so bright  
Just right  
It is the sword of everlasting life

The morning sunshine is the best  
It is better than the rest  
It comes and goes  
Yet wakes up even the pros.

It is better than a laser  
Its gentler than a taser  
It brings warmth to my heart  
Bringing light is its part

## Bittersweet

Alexa Roldan

As I anxiously open the door, the icy cold feeling of the metal door knob sends a shiver down my spine. Glancing outside, I confirmed the source of the pounding noises on the roof. A smile sweeps across my face, bringing a feeling of joy, excitement, and relief to hear the sound of raindrops plummeting into the ground. I excitedly set one foot on the ground outside my dripping wet door, then bring the other foot out with me. Satisfied with the feeling of cold raindrops caressing my skin, I breathe in the familiar smell of wet grass. The gloomy scenery, taking control of the world I see, triggers distant memories. Slowly, my mind drifts away, back in time. Filled with a bittersweet feeling, I wander around. Through the rain, I can still see sunshine, snow, clouds, and night from my imagination. I stop for a moment and smile, thanking God for the rain. Even though it brought to me a bittersweet feeling, I'm glad it did. It brought back memories that I would never forget, even if they're already lost into the past. I squished my way back through the grass, muddy and wet from the walk towards my doorstep. Although I was already soaking wet, I enjoyed the rain for a little while longer. I took one last look at the rain's beautiful scenery and walked back inside. I hesitantly shut the door, leaving behind a whole new world that carries my memories within each raindrop. I smile again because I cannot wait until the rain and I meet again.

I wake up terrified. There is a sharp screaming noise. Of course how could I forget about the tea kettle! I rush towards the kitchen to stop the noise. A small fire is surrounding the kettle. I don't panic. I watch the fire building

up trying to take the kettle into its arms. I continue to watch it. The flames rise then lower as if wanting to talk to me. It lures me into conversing with it. I run my fingers through the flames only playing with them. Out of nowhere a huge flame singes my finger. I only hiss with slight pain. The flame told me I had harmed it and only did it out of reaction. In complete anger I remove the kettle, grab an ice cold cup of water, and hurl it at the flames. It dies but only to try building back up. I turn off the stove with a slight smirk on my face. There is no more light.

Tap...tap..tap. The rain continues. My soul still filled with loneliness. I let the cold wrap itself around me. I feel nothing. I am numb to everything around me. 9:30 a.m. Still early. My childhood cartoons are still on; I sit in a ball on the corner of my bed, letting my childhood sink into me. Even with that, I still feel nothing but cold and loneliness. The T.V. is the only light filling my room. Sleep comes back. I don't fight it this time. I surrender completely to it. It slowly takes my soul. Sleep and my soul leave, they only leave my body on the bed. For sleep has taken my soul to a warm place that is filled with happiness and not loneliness.

## Out of the Darkness

Matthew Paradise

Out of the darkness  
comes an old smell—  
old water, dry carpet, childhood waiting—  
Out of the smell  
appears an old house—  
crumbling over rotten wood and  
asbestos ridden siding and  
carpet stiff from years of lion claw tracks—  
Out of the house comes a family.

Into the house I go to find  
pictures, pictures, and pictures,  
like lonely wallpaper politely quietly  
keeping the old glue company.

It's so quiet, but for time  
a solitude ticking away the tallies  
of a family fading into history.  
And the wallpaper faces are immune.

Out of the darkness blows a wind—  
splintering wood, broken glass,  
dead mice, loose gravel and dust—  
But for the green stairs to the basement,  
the house is barely left alive.  
And the wallpaper—  
shredded and shattered in the shards—  
Stands its ground  
through time, wind and death.

## Alone

Jessica Santana

It taps against my window. Tap...tap..tap. I rise with wonder. The tapping continues. Sliding out of bed, I feel a cold breeze. It wraps itself around my body. I shiver and jump out of bed only to feel the cold wooden floor. I drag my feet to where my phone is, touching the cold plastic case, I check what time it is. 7:30 a.m. The tapping rises as if yelling out to me to come to the window. I look out. Rain is pouring down. The tree branches sway back and forth at a violent pace. It seems that they are suffering and want to abandon the trunk to find shelter. Violently swaying against the old wooden fence, I only look at what she is doing. She is harming her own skin. Mother Nature is beautiful and viscous all at the same time. I look away and go to the kitchen.

Loneliness is here. Loneliness spots me. He pulls out a bow and arrow and aims at me. The arrow shoots right through me. I feel a dull pain. The emotion of loneliness surges through my body. Unable to control it, I let it fill me. Nothing new really. All is silent. You can only hear my footsteps. I go over and reach for the tea kettle, I turn the faucet on and ice cold water touches my hand. I shiver, I feel as if Death has touched my hand. I ignore the feeling and turn on the stove. A flame ignites. Suddenly there is light that illuminates my cold pale face. The warmth of the fire slowly creeps up to my face, but before it can reach out and touch my face I place the tea kettle on it. A sizzling sound travels through my ears, slowly fading as I drag my feet back to my bedroom. I slowly crawl back in my covers. The cold air has kidnapped the warmth of my bed. Cold. Being cold and lonely is all my thoughts are surrounded by. Nothing else occupies my mind. I roll myself up in the corner with my cold blankets. The remote to the television feels like it was lying in the freezer. Skimming through the channels I find my childhood. Only a small powerless flame ignites in my soul. For a moment I feel content. The volume increases slowly. I watch with no emotion. Sleep is knocking at my door. I try to fight it but I slowly begin to lose the fight. I start to lose consciousness, I still try fighting but to no avail of my power I lose.

## Beauty

Carla Romero

Piercing the damp soil, the green straws tickle my feet and fill me with a fluttering heartbeat that mimics my footsteps. The weather, not mad or sad, evokes emotions that feel calm, caring, gentle, and goosebumps emerge from my skin as if by request. As the rays caress me, my skin seems to illuminate and so does my smile. As if my feet have a mind of their own, they guide me towards the half circle of light on tip of my fingers – or so I think. The sun, playful with my mind, gives me a vision of closeness. Hypnotized and embraced by its magnificence, nothing else matters to me at that moment. Laying my body to a horizontal line, my face inches closer to a colorful bed of flowers. Attacked by exotic perfumes of roses, wet soil, and a sweet scent of honey, my nose is overwhelmed. Absorbing the perfumes, my body sinks into the earth as if we are molding into one. Relaxed, my head starts to blur and unfocus. The last clear thought I had before everything turned black was how bright my smile was when I gazed out into the sunset.

# Loddigesia mirabilis

Aluel Doldol

Evil seeks my conscience  
For death is an invite  
Tomorrow is a dream  
They say my dreams are lies  
Never learned to say good byes  
Yet I do it all the time  
Father Time left me behind  
A long time ago

Mother Nature gave blessings  
That are curses  
Hatred rules man's ways  
Emptiness rules mine  
Never dine  
For I don't know where enemies lurk

This skin of mine is cursed  
Yet I still love it's mahogany  
I am Loddigesia mirabilis  
I cheated death  
I think I was cheated  
Auspicious I am

I only live because I hope for better  
I receive worst  
My life is a storm,  
Thunder is the only light I see  
I've been everywhere,  
Yesterday was where  
Today is just where  
Tomorrow is just where?



# The Tear Excerpt

Samuel Guerrero

He received a text. It was from the demon again trying to communicate. He grabbed a notebook and pencil and began to scribble out the message. When he was done, the product was garbled shapes. He wanted to weep.

The shapes were confusing. A submarine, an anchor, a bow and arrow, and a staircase. All of these were encircled in a huge blob that looked like a fish. Matthew tried to read the words to himself. It was impossible. Then he turned the page sideways and observed a difference.

Suddenly, his eyes changed to red. As if on command, he wanted to act. He wanted to punch someone to fall off a cliff and fly. He wanted to run forever. Then his face began to cringe. The pain swelled inside his stomach. He crashed upon his bed with the word on the notebook:

*Huricani*  
*Or guide me demon*

# Raining on Vandeventer

Matthew Paradise

It's funny how I thought of it,  
36000 miles above Albany.  
But I heard that song I heard before driving,  
when it was raining on Vandeventer.

A flash of memory, of peace  
and windshield, windshield wipers,  
to the lull of a distant song  
that for a moment reminds me of who I was in September:

Searching for everything I didn't know I didn't need.  
And loving one who never answered,  
My self-composed memory of vacant hope  
that never really settled.

Rain spackles my windshield,  
a duet with an Athlete that puts me to sleep.  
I'm stopped. I'm waiting for green.  
I'm rushing the semester on for this moment:

Accompanied by flashing red and white wing lights,  
echoing the bass chant of the 777 engines,  
three stars' solos barely survive the noise of up-state New York,  
and leave me flying into an unwritten symphony.

Turbulence disturbs my dreams,  
and I'm jolted back to the reality  
that one in a million things could go wrong,  
dooming me to a death in the dark, north Atlantic.

# My Name

Jesus Lopez Bustillos

In English my name means “Savior”. In Spanish it means “Son of God”. The miracle maker. It means light. It is no number. It is something of its own. It is clear. It is the idea someone gets when they grow tired or when they pray.

It was a name given to me by my parents. A miracle that I am here. U-know-besides-the-fact-that-I-wasn't-supposed-to-be-able-to-talk-and-walk-and-all. No biggy. I am an Ox. Creative, intelligent. Well according to the China Animals. That's what I call it. That's all I see. Twelve animals that are meant to say who we are and what we do. But that isn't me. I am me. I will choose my own path. The one that is untaken. The one with the least number of footsteps by the beach.

My Great-great -grandmother. I would like to have known her. She raised my mom. She was old, but strong. She took care of the farm, the animals, and another 16 kids. I would've gone crazy with that many siblings. Luckily, I don't have as many brothers – I only have two. But it is also a sad thing. I should have had four siblings. But they went off without me. I should've joined them. I was born too small and needed a lot of medical support, but somehow I got better. Still a few months early and all but I don't mind. It gets bothersome sometimes. It makes me look younger than I really am.

Although my age isn't much of a problem, my name is. The way my name is spoken is always different – either by language; by what people expect of me; by nicknames they give me; or simply by what they refer to me as too many times. They say my name like I am *supposed* to do something. Help them in a special way or do something extremely different. The way they say it. Like I'm not normal. Like I am important to an extent of only having that name. But I'm not. I won't be like that. I AM different, but I am also human. I will remain as myself as I clear my own road of maturity. Because maturity isn't acting like everyone else, it is acting like yourself in a certain area.

I would like to baptize myself in a new name, a name more like the real me. One that only a trusted few see. Like *Hope*, *Thinker*, *Light*, or simply *Unnamed*. Yes something like *Unnamed* will do. That way I will have no need to be expected to do something. So I have no references to other things. My own life.