

Serendipity



Spring ~ Summer

2020~2021

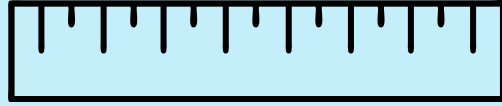
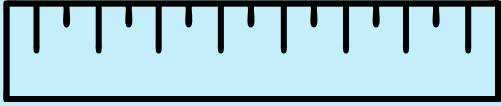
Serendipity Needs YOU!

Attention writers and artists! Those who want work submitted into this magazine can do so by emailing it to mferraiuolo@ridgefieldschools.com

Anyone is still welcome to join!

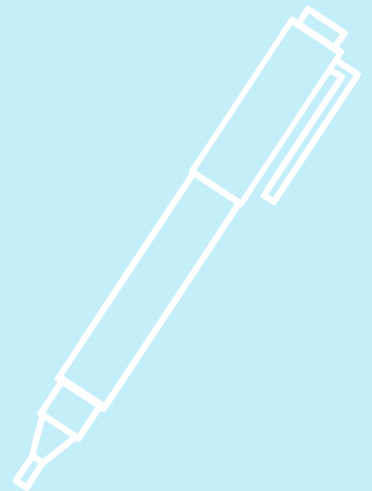
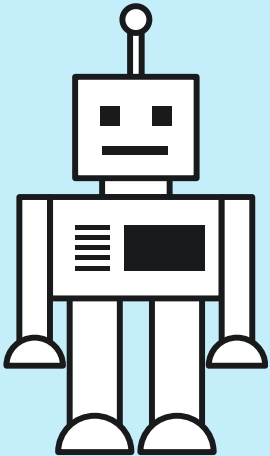
****Please state if you want your work to be submitted anonymously.**

****If submitting poetry, state if you allow the format to be manipulated.**



THANK YOU to all the members of Serendipity who submitted fantastic poems, short stories, and artwork and who attended meetings and critiqued magazine submissions. A special thanks to those who worked tirelessly in creating such a wonderful book for everyone to enjoy.

Miss Ferraiuolo





yu-na yi

Lily



hair



clothes



accessories

이름:	릴리
생일:	02월 21일
취미:	고양이랑 놀기, 정원 가꾸기, 요리, 산책
키워드:	#봄 #분홍분홍해 #꽃 #사랑스러움 #삼콤발랄



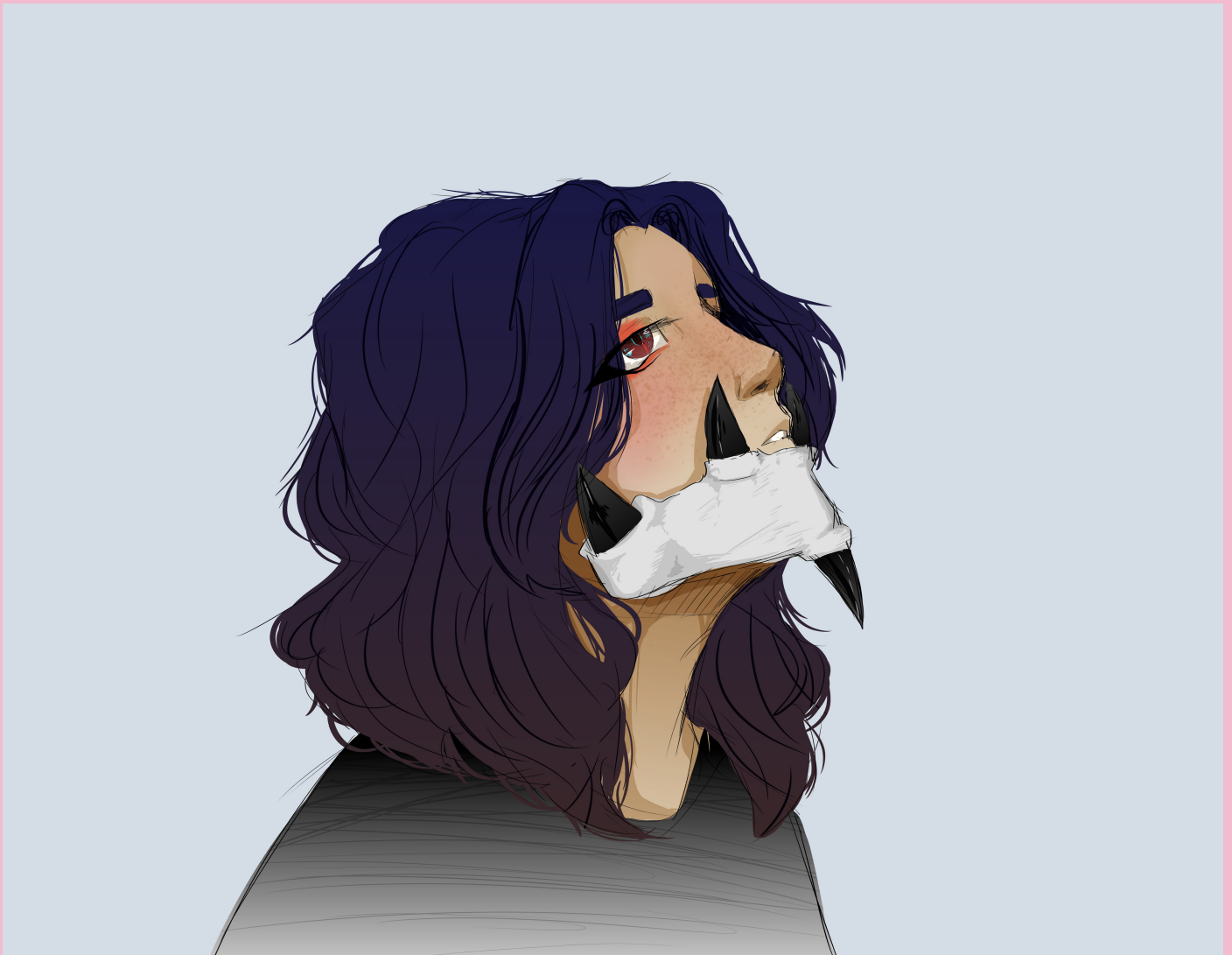
pet

color chart :





Suleina Houston



Ash Sor-to



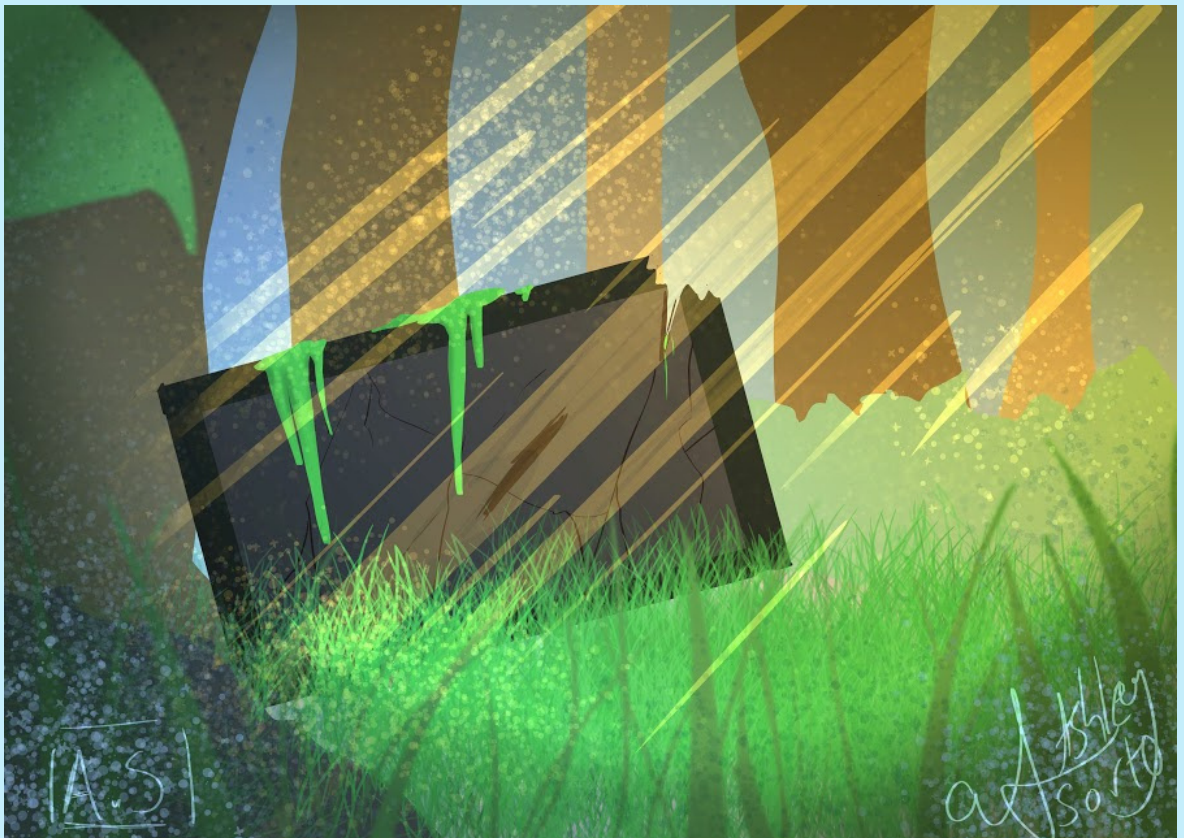
Ash Sorto



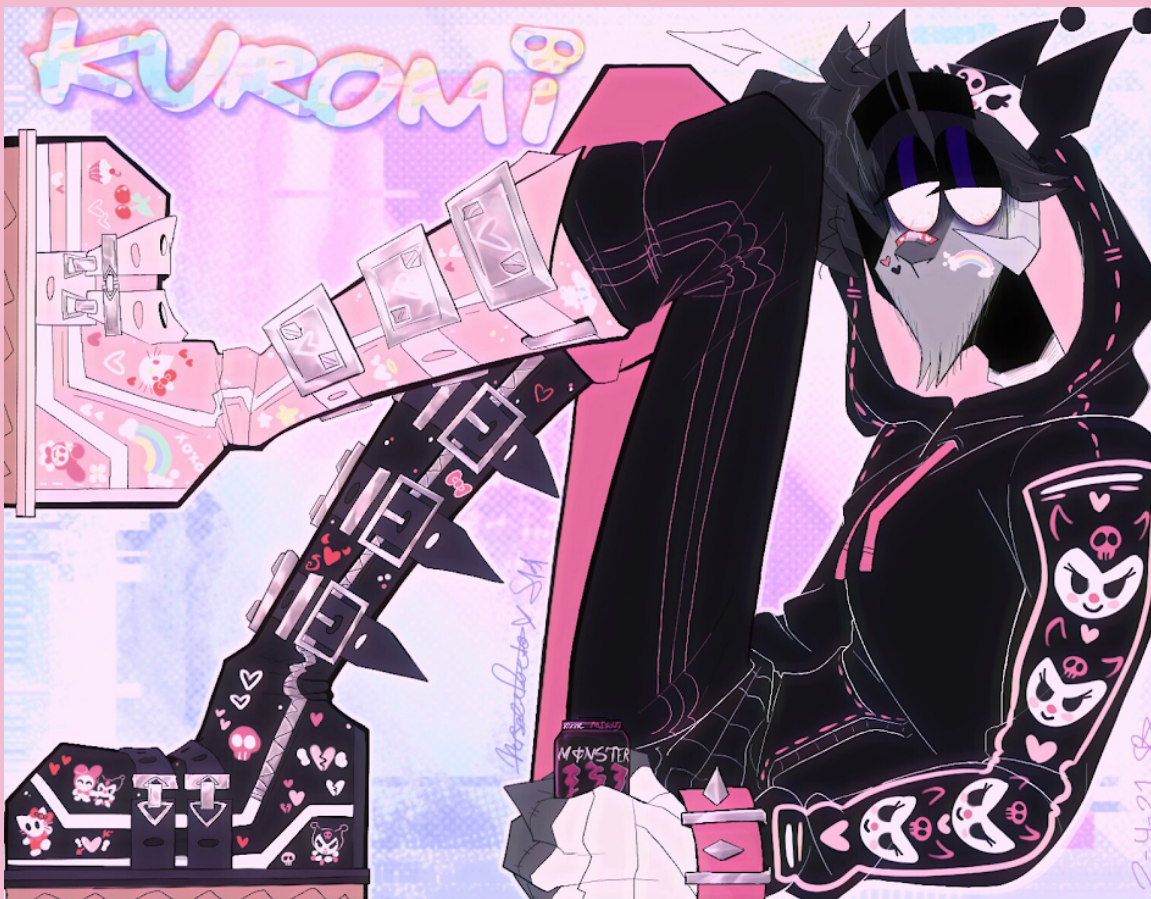
Nina Shehigian



Angelica
Perez



Ash Sorto



Suleina
Huston

Andy
Shehigian



The Gold Hermit

Angela Han

algae appears
overtaking the clean surface,
trapping the currents of thoughts inside

the Quiet room
the false blades of green,
attempting to please, to deceive

the silent Shell lies dormant in
the vast ocean
the gold hermit
serenading the song of the sea

waiting for fresh nourishment to work on
attempting to swallow the bitter
before desperately latching onto
good

“awake? how is your foot?”
(peering into the window)
how empty, how suffocating

must climb to the surface to breathe
temporary solace from the swirling vortex
“so close, just a little more”

the toes curling from change,
attempting to hide away
terrified by the incoming flood



Liz
Garcia



Africa
Aliva



Victor
Suarez

Untitled

Andy Shehigian

I look around this vast field of life
knowing it will only bring me strife

Voices shout in my head, both vile and shrill,
though while I'm with you, they all remain still.

Your eyes fill with a golden glow,
when I say "I love you so"

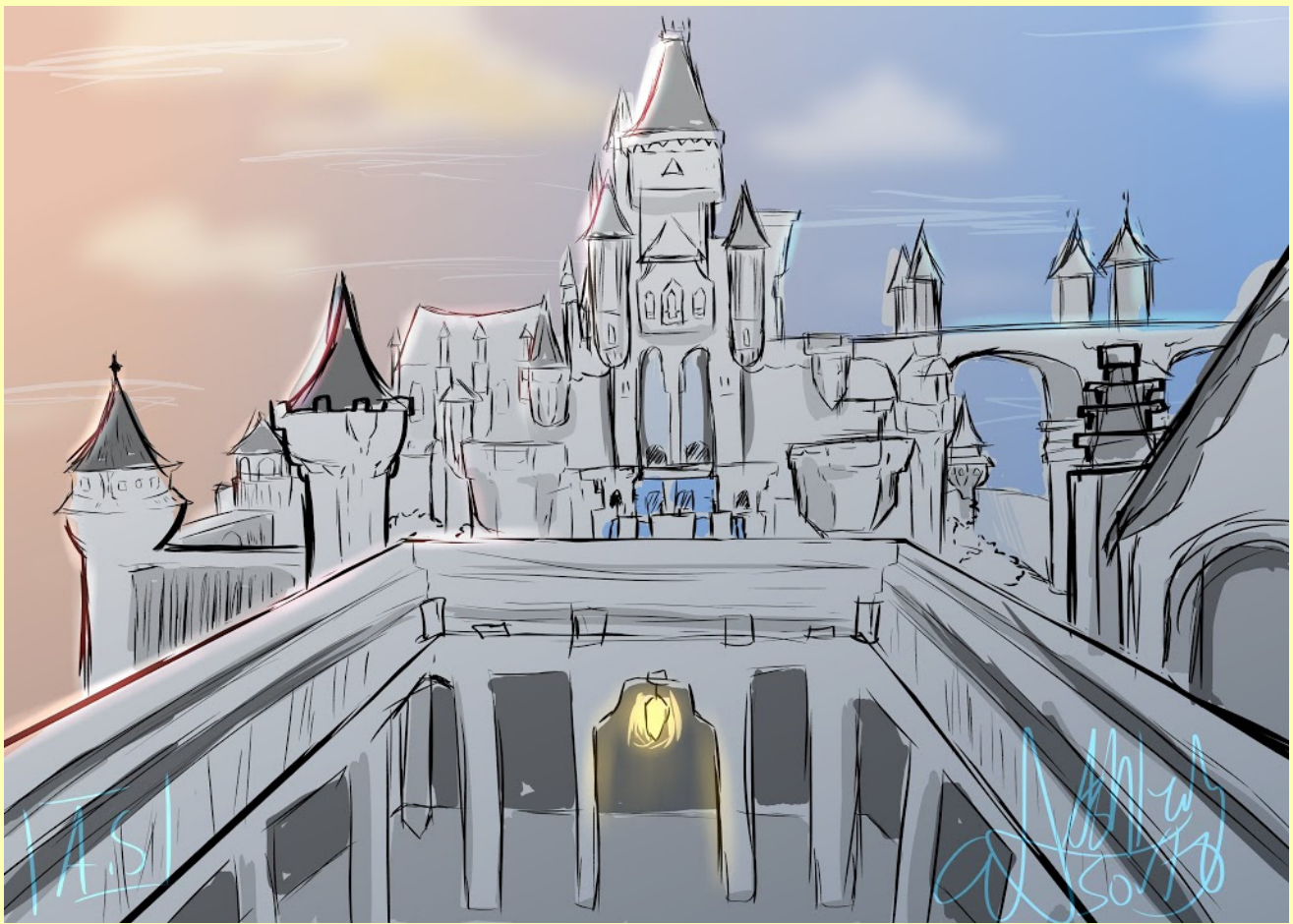
Your smile crinkles around your eyes,
like tiny little butterflies

The way you cry, it breaks my heart,
knowing that we must one day part

So while we're both here, healthy and wise,
My love for you will only rise



Ashley Kim



Ash Sorto





Jessica Dominguez

Fallen Awake

Sebastian Zhao

I met him on the park bench looking lonely
There he was--tall, strong, handsome
He looked like he was from a dream
I hoped he would reach out his hand if I tripped and fell
That would never happen, I thought...
After mesmerizing over his stature, coincidentally, I tripped
The ground? I didn't touch. Him? Not there
Who is holding me?
Are you okay? A calm deep soothing voice called out
Y-yes I am...who is this?
My name is Jake, he smiled
His smile was like the most perfect thing in the world
A smile that gleamed brighter than the sun
I was astonished, stunned, frozen by the sight of beauty
Who do I choose ? The man who saved me from hitting my head? The
guy who basically made me hit my head?
It would be obvious for the guy who saved me, but the first guy
keeps popping up.
Then Jake disappears. Why is everything turning dark?
I feel like I'm falling down a pit.
I woke up. Feeling like a rat dehydrating on the Sahara desert.
It's quite a sunny day, I guess it's a nice time to take a walk to
the park.
There he was, the man on the bench...



Andrea
Solis



Andy Shehigian



Angelica Perez

The Humors of Falling in Love

Anonymous

"I really am quite unenjoyable, though" he spoke as if he was thinking out loud, gazing out of the open window at the green pastures that surrounded her tiny house.

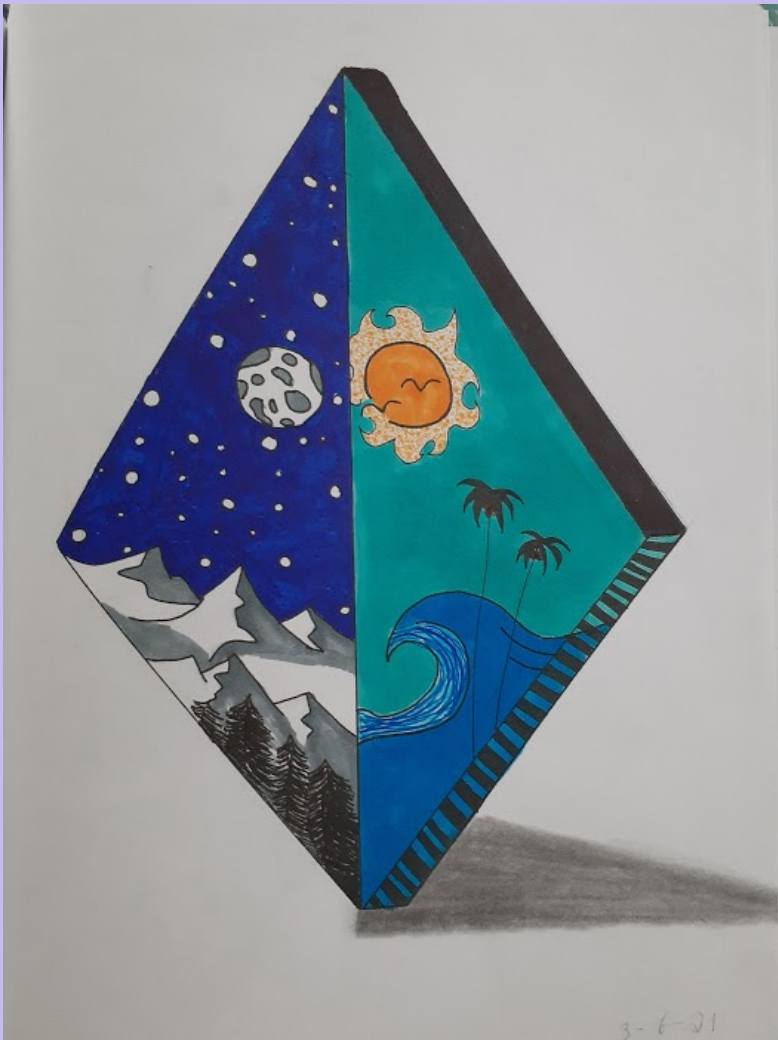
She looked at him in silence, pondering her next thought. "Well," she paused to turn his face towards hers, "I don't think so."

"You don't?" he asked, genuine surprise laced the contours of his face.

"I don't," the small girl stated once again as if it were a fact, placing her delicate hands on his strong face.

The green eyed boy looked down at her. She was perfect, with rose colored lips, hazelnut eyes, and skin as smooth as porcelain. As he counted the freckles on her face, he realized; *Oh dear, it seems I've fallen in love.*

Anonymous



Angelica
Perez

Depart

Yaeun Jung

I remember the time I left after I ruined everything hopelessly.

I fled from the harsh winter wind to where I could find warmth.

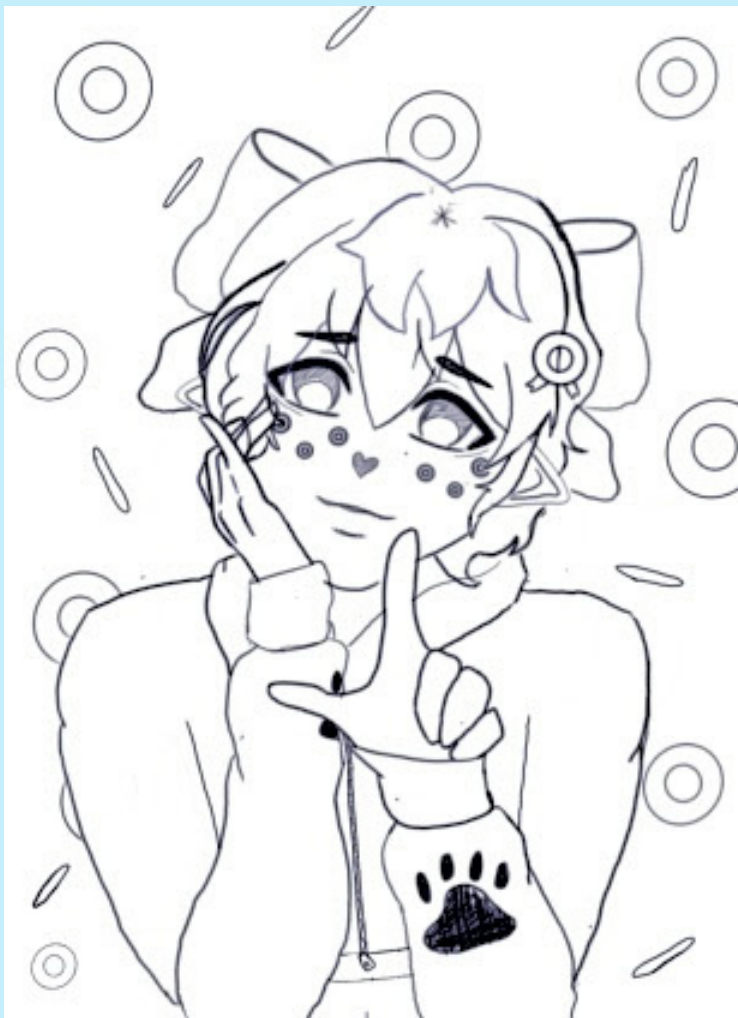
There, in the strange country, I was finally in serenity.

On the day that my world seemed to fall, I found myself in a new world.

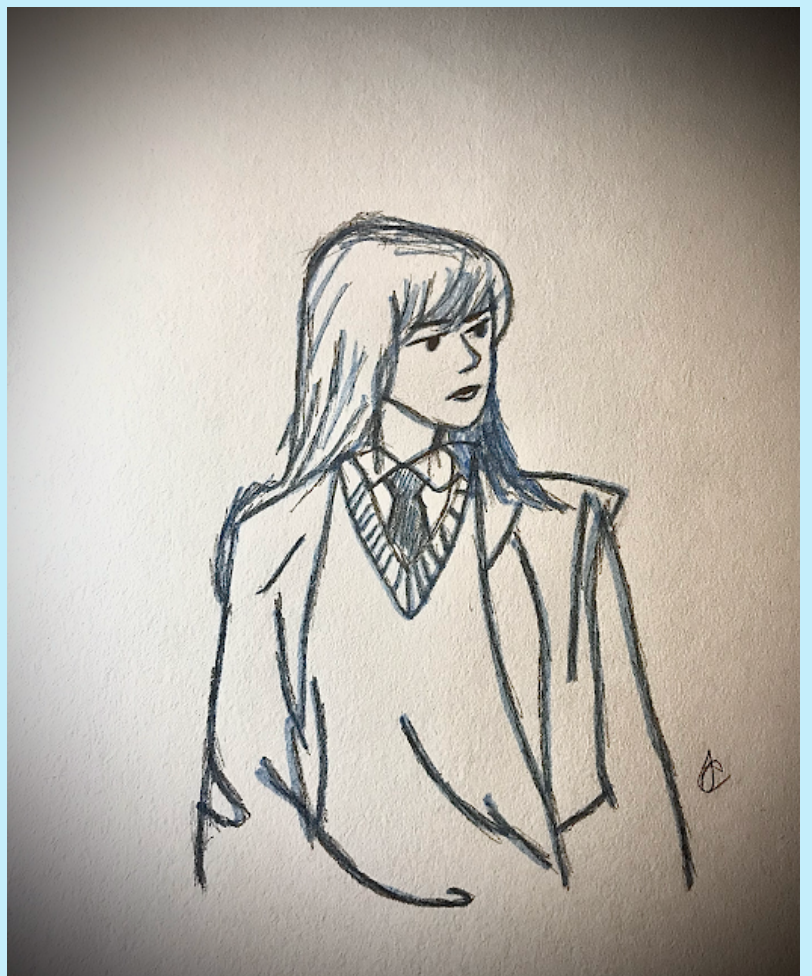
Dead Soul, Alive Body

Sophia Russell

I stare at the piano with fear in my eyes. The piano continues to play all on its own, no one in sight. My heart starts to race as the playing of the piano quickens. The music is going at a ridiculous pace and I can't keep up. The playing stops, I kind of wish it continued to play because now I'm met with a tall black figure. The figure makes its way to me and all I see is black. I have no control, I feel dead while this creature takes over the body that used to be mine.



Jessica
Domingues



Mine

Sebastian Zhao

Flying high, Soaring through the sky
When will I find that guy
The one that lets me smile
For which I would run a mile
Feel the words from his heart
I know we won't be apart
Let the day glimmer and shine
It's not too late to call you mine

Angelica
Perez





Angelica Perez

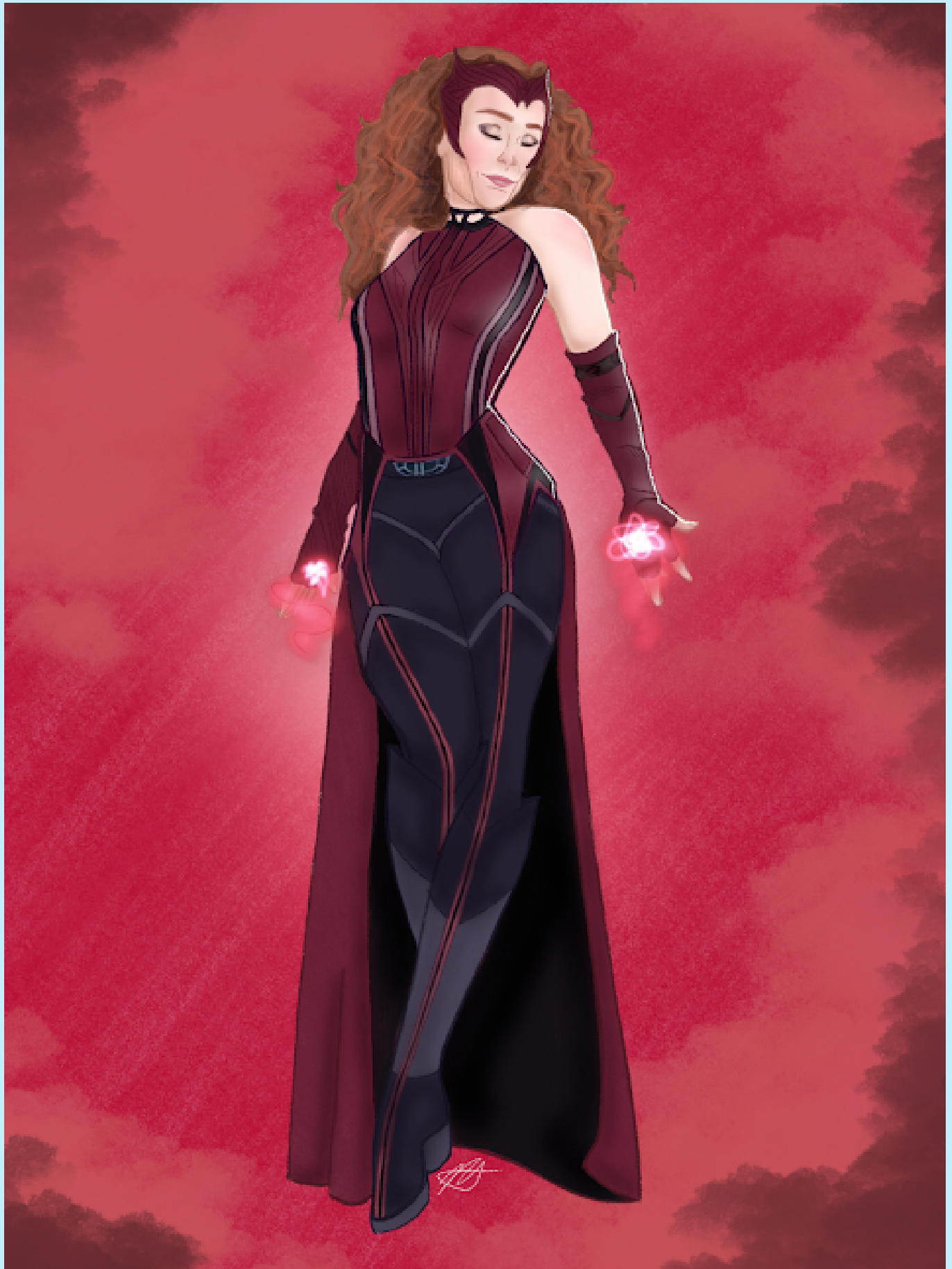


Jessica
Dominguez

Liz
Garcia



Conoscenza



Nina Shehigian

COVID
Ryan Kim

The two week break in the middle of March was a blessing sent from God
Or so I thought
Two weeks turned to Three and three weeks turned to Four
it was no longer a break It was an end

And ending to pick up games at the park or Sarges after school
Things were different
I felt like a bird stuck in its cage striving to fly
I was in prison

The world was flipped upside down to the point of unrecognizability
Or so I thought
The sun still shined through my glass window the birds still chirped on
Shaler
So what had changed

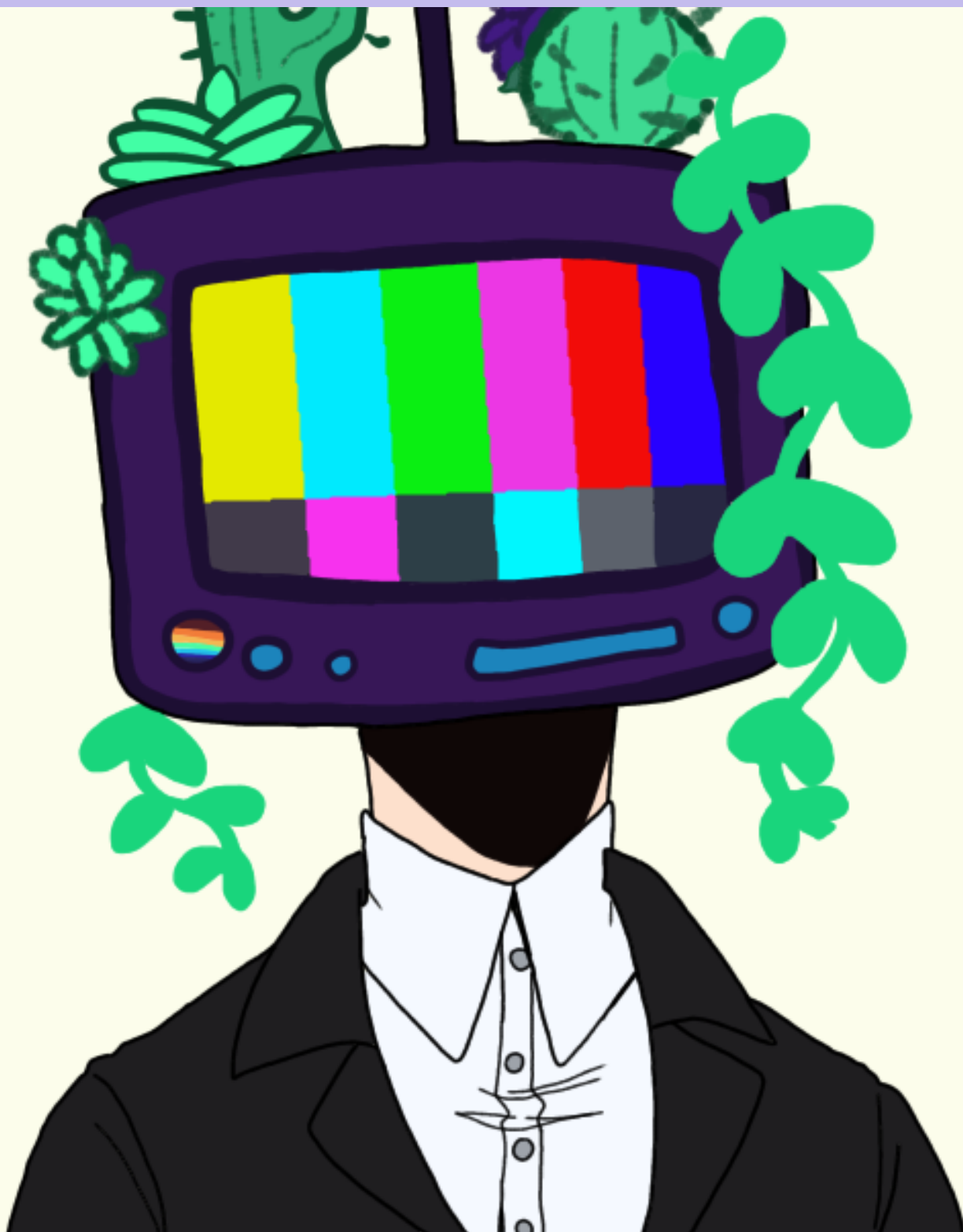
The sun still shone and birds still chirped but
Now the sun was brighter and vivid flashes of green leaves and the blue
sky
Hugged me as if they were urging me to
Embrace the change

I had changed

Something inside of me something revolutionary
I was comfortable in my own skin
No more fear of missing out or stress of standing out
I was utterly alone

I liked it

A time of isolation for my mind and soul
Provided a time of healing and comfort
That was what I had needed
Time



Andy Shehigian



Jessica Domingues

Right Person, Wrong Time

Hope Koloszuk

Sometimes I think saying right person wrong time is just a dejected excuse to help us endure the miserable reality and to help us make sense of things since we could be confused. Someone we loved unconditionally who returned the feeling. An indescribable memorable relationship. Something so rare to find, that we were told when we found it to never let go because it's likely we would never find it again. We could travel across seas and search every inch of every country but still nothing. So, when we do connect with the right person and the end of the love story isn't happy even though the ends and beginnings of the previous chapters and all the pages in between were marvelous, why do we isolate that single story? Every second of it was a beautiful experience to unravel in, but with an unexpected drastic end. That's what makes a good book, right? A plot twist, a storyline with surprises and overwhelming emotion? So why, when we live the story that if we were to have just read and would have loved, do we hate it? Why all the tears and the wishes that the time would pass by faster? It's a good drama to read, a perfect detailed writing to examine but we cannot examine every detail of our own experience because it is not written for visuals and observation. We cannot travel back and reread it. So, right person wrong time. If we considered that, what was supposed to be undying still died, we'd be left absolutely hopeless. It's an excuse. A way to put such a complicated heartbreaking situation into a simpler perspective with a glimpse of hope in it. If it was the wrong time, there's a chance you can always meet again. So here instead of saying those words, I'll end it with this. In another life, my love.



Nina Shehigian

Anchor

Gabriel Genao

Letting go of the pain of the sorrows that rain on my day
I stand my ground, hold my breath, and raise my sail for
the wind to carry me on

But alas my ship does not move?

It's the weight. I must get rid of it.

Boxes of thoughts, memories, regrets, walk the plank as if
no worse crime was possible.

It's not the answer.

It's the course; I must change it.

I take my pen, chart dozens of different courses, all
unique, to serve as my guides for the journey

It's not the answer.

It's the wind, for it I must wait.

I wait--minutes turn to days, days to weeks, and quickly my
wallows of sadness feel endless

It's not the answer.

I am lost, I say, this sail was not meant to move

At the edge on deck, I stare at the endless void

Then a shimmer gave me the answer.

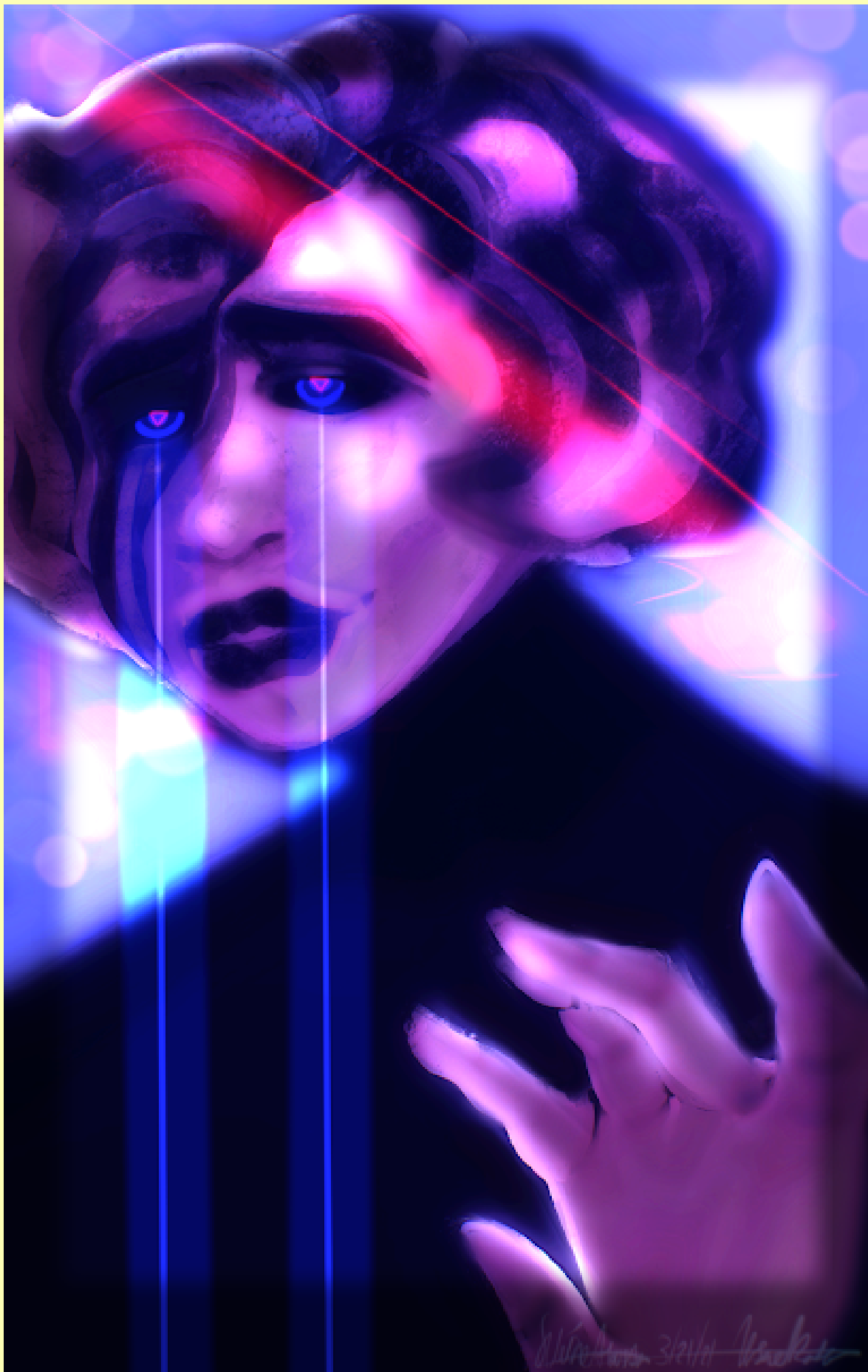
Years spent, quickly felt like seconds.

Boxes lost felt meaningless, they held no weight.

Courses charted were no longer a maze.

I picked up my anchor, and put to sea.

I had finally let go, my past had set me free



Suleina Houston

Of Modern Love

Eric Jung

The love of the soul is the song of loving
In a way that will complete. It has not always been
To love: the lyrics were written; it repeated
The same song all had repeated before.

Then the tune was changed
To a different lullaby. Making all love of past sleep.

It should be imperfect, to learn the beat of the place.
It should face the conflicts of the time and meet
The compromises of the time. It should think about wounds
And it should think about the scars it leaves. It should
Construct a new, off-beat measure. It should be with that tune,
And, like an aria singer, melodically and
With elegance, sing words that into the heart,
In the most vulnerable heart of the soul, repeat,
That which it longs to feel, at the voice
Of which, a crowded theatre listens in silence,
Not to the song, but to the melody, expressed
In a sound as of an off-tune orchestra, as of instruments
And voice becoming one. The songstress is
A musician with her voice, twanging
Her instrument, twanging the delicate chord that gives
Sounds passing through a unique beauty,
Embodying the soul, below which love cannot sink,
Beyond which it has no reason to float.

It must

Be the discovery of harmony in dissonance, and may
arise in a man's crooked smile, a woman's snoring, a woman
Stumbling. The love of the song of the soul.



Madelyn
Suarez

Ash
Sorito



Mahal Kita

Sebastian Zhao

Granny said to me, "Ethan, mahal kita*, when you grow up...you must learn to love the people around you

The days for me are like the cherry blossoms, waiting for the right time and letting go.

You're an unripe mango, full of sour emotions that can make someone's day if you spread your love and become sweet.

After I go, find yourself a partner in life. Become the sugar to their coffee.

If they don't love you, chase after them. Because there might not be another chance.

It's better dying knowing the people you love are still near you, no matter if they acknowledge it or not."

I'm now fresh out of college, and there is this cute girl I like. I tried chasing her throughout my years of school, but she didn't like me back. She is bitter like a cocoa bean, but quite sweet if you show some love.

One day I asked her "Will you go out with me, my Ferrero Rocher", she replied "Why haven't you given up?"

My Grandma told me this, you must learn to love the people around you...it's better dying knowing the people you love are still near you." She smiled. "My grandma said something similar to that...Yes Ethan, I'll go out with you."

It has been 30 years since I asked her out. I would like to thank my grandma for her help.

"Mahal Kita Lola**" <3

*Mahal Kita – I love you in Tagalog

**Lola – Grandma in Tagalog

Who Said That?

Steven Bustamante

“Kaylee...!!” the voice echoed across the hallway. I was sitting at my desk in my room when I heard my mom calling for me from the basement. She was doing laundry so I rushed over to help and, as soon as I made my way to the basement, the door to my left opened and an arm pulled me into the small, narrow room. It was dark and I was hyperventilating, but the person in the room with me lit a lighter and it happened to be my mother. She whispered to me, “Don’t worry I heard it too, it wasn’t me...”



Ash Sorto

The Blurry Spot Across the Street

Hamza Oksuz

There was a blurry spot across the street and there was always someone who was interested in it. This time it was John from apartment No. 13. Old people on the street say that “People who are interested in the blur have gone missing.” John didn’t care. He built up courage to check out the blur. Right as he crossed the street, a group of cars appeared and blocked the vision of the viewer. When they were gone, so was John. When his mom came home from work, John wasn’t there, just the scent of burning coal in the air.



Ash Sor-to

torn between worlds

Sofia Acevedo

“this vast universe is one of several
floating in time:picture

Now a pair of eyes that look for
to fulfill their purpose but

find interest in delicate paper
walls covered in swirling
Black”(and She frowns
frowning)“all it takes is

the blink of an eye
and you find pages hold
souls”The are tall
with crowned heads

yet endless laughter & tears spilled
can't Be shared nor thanks
given;nostalgia is ever present,a
longing unable to be

conveyed.Distance like pride are
trivial,for in between She stands,
one of her arms dipped in a sea of ink,the other
cradling such emotion to Later rest

(spring marks the beginning,
summer nurtures with a mother's warmth,
fall witnesses the change of tone,
winter lacks leaves to turn)



Nina Shehigian

The Wilting of a Rose

Hope Koloszuk

Petal by petal... The rose was healthy and vibrant until the sun faded into the night, never arriving again. The world's a dark place. It's an odd-shaped room with thick walls and no escape. Sometimes I like to imagine the breeze; it no longer can pass beyond the walls. I wonder if the sunlight might reach my skin again. False hope for a new beginning always occurs when there's a drastic end, but we all know a wilting rose cannot be replenished back to its youth. I put myself in here, this room, this asylum..all because I was sad.



Ash Sorto



yosep yun

Loathe

Suleina Houston

Screeeeech. The hardwood floor screamed underneath the chair that was dragged along it until it rested up against faded-colored drywall. A series of heavy footsteps driven from boots continued, followed by the sliding of a window screen, and now the pouring pattering of rain against wilted hydrangea leaves and bushes. The quick rainstorm left a soothing, calm melody to the man who listened on this grey afternoon. A deep sigh escaped his old withered lungs; he lifted the cigarette to his lips and inhaled the contents, which made his lungs the way they now were. *How long had he been here?* he pondered to himself. How long, had he been here *alone*? The home he lived in belonged to a deceased father and a missing mother a long time ago, with a thoughtful child who was left to fend for himself and been doing so all until now.

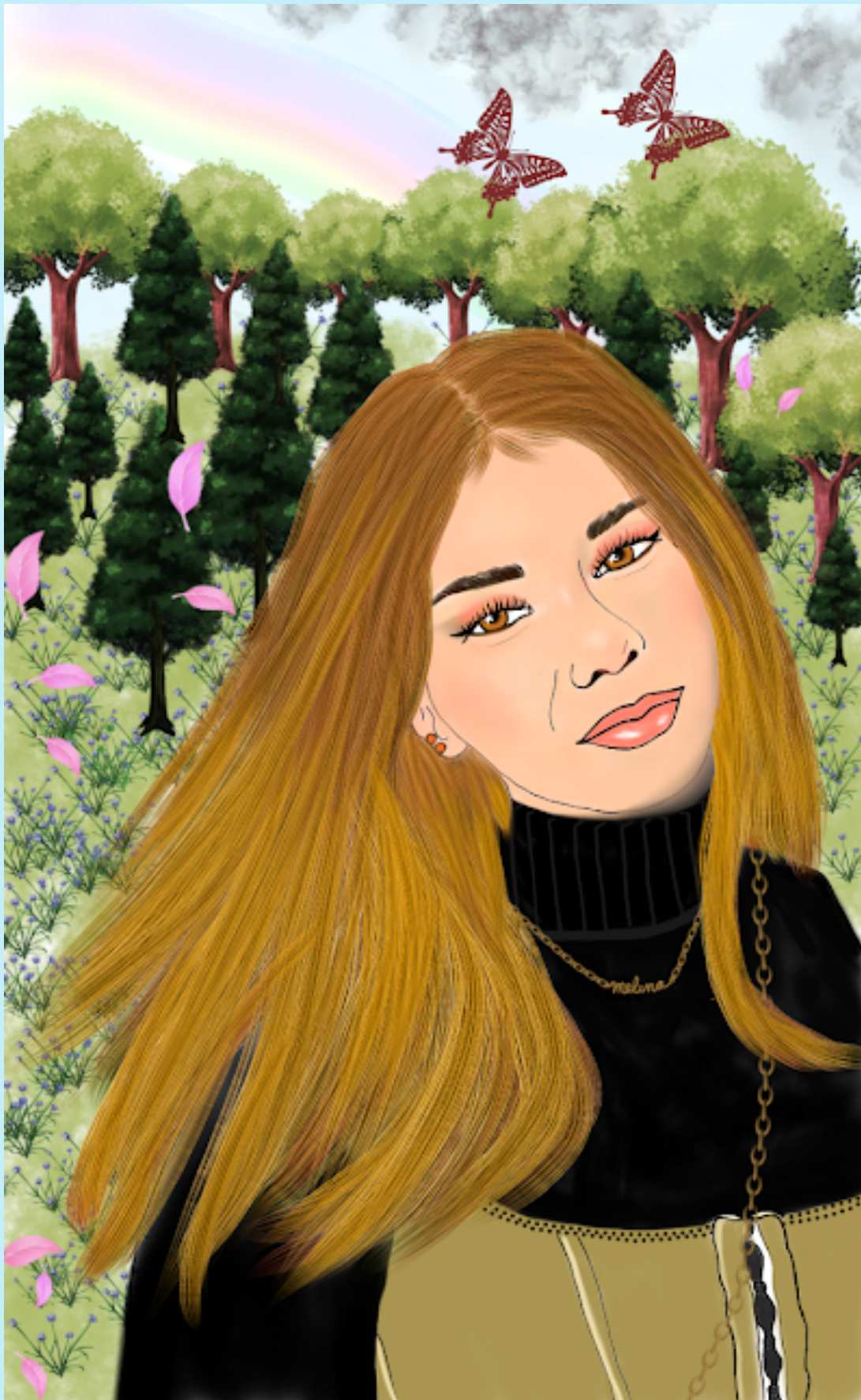
The quietness that hung around day after day, was interrupted by faint rain droplets that seeped through a crack on the roof overhead. This place was abandoned, for sure. He nodded to himself as his thoughts talked with one another, gathering words from one another, and preparing them for him to speak.

I haven't seen the sun in days. Must I stubbornly stay put in this broken-down place? My stomach hungers, I should step out again; the world has not seen my face--

His hand quivered and tensed around the small stick of cancer that was still left lit. His brows furrowed slightly, and his eyes clouded with brewing anger. The storming anger in his eyes put the rainstorm outside to shame.

If he recalled, the world had not seen him. No, not physically, but mentally. Not a soul on this planet acknowledged his existence. Sure, he could easily step out of his home and mix into the city crowd, bump into busy little bees who buzz at him and deliver stinging words before heading off to their hives. But what more? Everyone is in their own little world, too caught up in their own problems' attention rather than the people around them.

The man lowered himself to sit upon the chair, groaning as stiff muscles unwillingly contract, and his bones shook with old age. They'll give up on him soon. Just as society already has.



Liz Garcia



Jessica
Dominguez

Suliana
Houston





Hyeunseo Lee

Through the Pains

Brian Cho

Through the Pains
That were suffered—
Through the Promises
That were only offered—

Behind the facade they maintain
The skies still stay— Red—
As the constant Cries continue to call
Many still lie down — Dead —

A false hope— Liberty—
Brings only— Death—
Lives looking for change
Come to a Last breath

Betrayal from the one who was meant to
protect
The backs shown from Society
Seeking — Division — of our community
Agonizing us — the Minorities —

One is Like a Daisy

Fatima Hijazi

One is like a daisy.
Delicate little petals adorn a facade –
Shielding life's torment from the outside world.
The hurt, the sting, the pain life brings
Can never be exposed –
The fallacy is the truth.
Flourishing in youth – invincible.
Until life becomes too much.
The grip is lost and petals fall
Dry – crumbling to dust.
Beauty wanes
As autumn emerges in May.
Stalks droop and leaves dissipate.
Only then does the world see you
For who you truly are.

Alrica Avila





yu-na yi

Kobe Bryant

Wassan Aqil

A legend who will never be forgotten

None other than Kobe Bean Bryant

The man who fell in love with basketball at the age of 6

And one who set the world on fire with his custom-made
kicks

You gave the world everything you had the day you left us
was truly sad

From the moment I watched you in 2004

I knew that nothing like this would ever occur

You inspired the world to do more

Through your hard-felt game 7 battles

I knew there was no one ever like you before

You defined hunger and passion

Not to mention you shocked the world with your game 7
action

You never give up, You don't stop

Unstoppable, right at the top

Although you have left this world

You will never be forgotten

Your legacy will be preserved

For we will never allow it to go rotten

The shot clock is ticking 5...4...3...2...1...

Kobe... stop playing and take him 1 on 1

New York

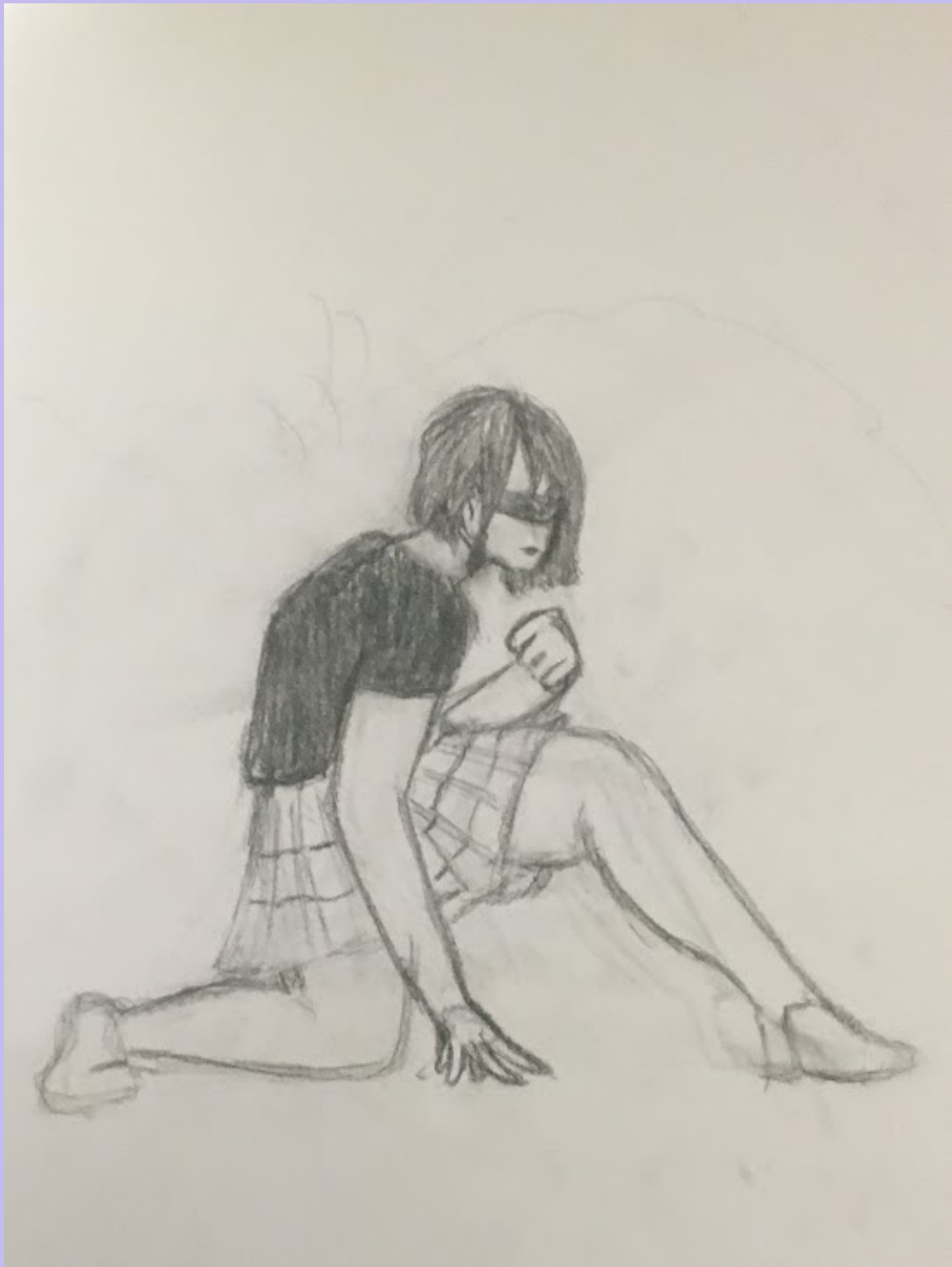
Jayson Abreu

You can go to Brooklyn and watch the Nets,
You can watch them at the Barclays Center,
Or go over to Queens and watch the Mets,
Citi Field is where you can go enter.

If you are not into sports then go shop,
Many things can be done while on your walk,
At a food stand you go can buy a pop,
There are many people who like to talk.

This city is the jungle of concrete,
There are many shining lights at Times
Square,
You can hear all the music on the street,
Now look as they are dancing over there.

New York has great food so go grab a bite,
Admire the city which shines so bright.



Africa Avila



Ash Sorto

Black Death

Yaeun Jung

“Ah, bloody rats!” Dain exclaimed when he heard the beasts’ noise outside the door. The rats were appearing more and more frequently nowadays since the night lengthened in winter. Amelia glanced at him as she mended the fire. The squeakings of the rats soon died down.

An epidemic broke out in Europe, or rather, a curse; it drove the rats mad and turned them into hideous beasts. The rats now devoured the living, not the dead. The bodies were piled up in the streets like dead leaves. Humans had control over neither the rats nor the disease, except to hide from them.

“We need to check the trap today,” Amelia stood up from the fireplace with two lit torches in her hands. She hoped they caught something they could eat. Last time, it was a person's mangled upper body. Where the other half went, she did not know or wanted to. The two walked out of the hut with each holding a torch. “Don’t let the fire die this time. You almost got both of us killed.”

“Yes, yes. I bear in mind, no worries,” Dain bantered at her nagging. “I don’t plan to die anytime soon.”

The rats feared fire or light, and we feared the rats. This discovery saved mankind from perishing. People lit every fire they could light up in every possible place. Firewood was running out quickly; soon there would be no more trees to chop down. The price of oil rose exponentially and coal was a luxury that no one could easily afford. The amount of fire lit quickly became a new measure of wealth.

As they approached closer to where the trap was, Amelia gestured to Dain to hold her torch and peaked behind the bush. Something was whimpering in pain and struggling in the trap. But the tree was on the way, blocking from a clear view. She leaned more forward. Crack-. Amelia's feet stepped on the twig.

"Is someone there? Help me! Get me out before they come!" the man perked his head up at the noise and desperately wailed. He saw the faint light behind the bushes. But they did not approach any further. He began to plead in panic. "I-I'm not sick, I swear! Please, have mercy on me!"

"I hoped for a deer and turns out we caught a grown man," Amelia sighed, clenching her lips. It was pitch black at night in the forest, but there was a lit small torch to chase away the rats in the trap, allowing her to see what was there. The man's leg was

pierced with a sharp stick.

“Let’s help him,” Dain cautiously looked over the man. “His clothes look noble, at least. Maybe he’s a lord of some manor and has some gold he could spare to us.”

“Have you gone mad? We are no saints,” Amelia spat out. The blood was oozing from his leg. The smell of blood reeked in the wind. If they leave him there, soon the rats will come in no second and take their meal.



Andy
Shehigian

My Daddy is Not a Liar

Lewis Miramontes

My daddy is not a liar.

Even when the mean men in green coats took my mother away, my daddy said she will come back.

I asked him where mommy went and he said she was going to see my Grandma.

Grandma had been gone for a while so I thought it makes sense that mommy would want to visit. I wish I could go, daddy said he wished he could go too.

Every day it gets colder in the little town we moved to.

The streets are so gray and wet, there is little sunlight because of the tall buildings towering overhead.

There is less food on the table each night, but my daddy says that he will find a better market soon.

I asked daddy why we must wear a badge every time we go outside and he said that it's because I'm his little shining star and that wearing one will help him find me.

He smiled as he sewed the badge onto my clothing. Daddy said I was his little star because I always brighten up his day.

One day, he brought home a big loaf of bread.

I was so happy but I noticed the cuts on his face and blood on his hands.

I asked daddy if he was hurt and he told me that he was alright. He said that there were bad men trying to steal our bread.

I'm glad daddy was able to bring home the bread, it was the best dinner since Mommy has gone visiting grandma.

I wanted to stay with daddy. I didn't want to stay with the strange man in the basement.

Daddy said he had to go now and visit mommy and that I would soon be able to join them.

I cried for daddy to stay as the mean men in green coats dragged him away and pulled me from his arms.

When the car started to drive away with him inside, he yelled that I would see them again.

Daddy promised me that I would see him, mommy, and grandma again.

I know I'll see them again. Daddy promised. My daddy is not a liar.



Victor Suarez



Emerging

Junnie Chung

Emerging cicadas and blooming flowers
Sun tans and plans for trips far away
There's nothing like the cool spring showers
In the corner of the attic is the sleigh
A time of leisure and fun is soon to be ours
But for now it's just another weekday



Victor Suarez

Hopelessly in Love

Hope Koloszuk

I don't love you, not yet. Not like that. I love you as a person but I'm not in love with you; although I know I am eventually going to fall. I wouldn't be surprised if it happened sooner than I'm imagining it; my emotions are coming in all so rapidly that it's terrifying and confusing. Even though I'm not in love with you yet, I don't want to stop loving you like that before it even happens. I want to continue, I want to fall even if it hurts me everyday and pains me to look in the mirror only to see a lonely person standing without you by her side.

I don't care, because at least loving you will be like having a piece of you that would be nearly impossible to lose. We don't have to be together; we can wait, but the wait seems like an endless road and my anxiety is telling me the road leads to nothing but another dead end and I'm scared because all I want is for it to lead to what I've been manifesting my entire life. So, please let me fall in love with you. Don't worry about me getting hurt. I want to have a piece of you that wars would have to be fought over in order for it to get taken because then maybe if I cling to that piece tightly enough we can make it to that day we get to decide what we want to be together. Let me be hopelessly in love until my love for you can be the thing to possibly fill me with hope.



Ash Sorto

Hajima... Dont go

Sebastian Zhao

Winter flurries tap dance in the sky

I look at my phone, asking why?

He should be off of work by now

Does he think I look like a cow?

My heart hops faster than a kangaroo

Am I just a toy in his zoo?

Thinking about him makes me shudder

Why do I feel like I'm in the gutter?

I text him "hey," hopefully he replies

Why is water coming from my eyes?

Slowly...more and more roll down

I think...I might have a meltdown...

I gave him my heart

He gave me his

But his isn't beating for me

Not anymore

I miss him, please...hajima*...don't go

*hajima-Korean for 'don't do it'



Victor Suarez



Divided

Sofia Narvaez

Why must we hate?

I thought the moral was to love everyone as they are,
But I only see hatred behind your eyes,

As if you have been consumed by this anger that I
personally didn't cause,

Why does the texture of my hair or the language my
family speak affect you?

We both value the same things,

So why the divide?

If we strive for the same thing, then why do you
despise that I wish to get as far as you?

Are you afraid of being something that is uncommon?
Perhaps you do not wish to accept the outlandish or
strange?

It's as if you only want the best for yourself,
But how can that be if we crave one thing everyone
else wants?

I didn't know wanting to pursue happiness was so
negative in your mind.



Eli Nietzel



Traveling Through Time

Sofia Narvaez

Take me back to then,
This day, this hour, this minute, this moment,
Those brief moments when there was still hope for new things
to happen,
Friendships that were unbroken,
Honesty that was still believed,
The overall hope that lingered,
Holding onto each other as if we were the last things on
earth,
Playing like we were imaginative toddlers,
The voices of those I felt closest to in my mind,
Now they only exist as a memory,
Now I sit here alone while the wind whistles,
The rocks and the trees and the branches keep me company while
I sit gazing at my past,
Perhaps if I close my eyes and listen I can hear the memory I
so desperately wish to relive

yu-na yi



It's Okay

Hope Koloszuk

It's okay if you want to leave. I understand completely. Everyone thinks they can handle it until they can't. They see what I want them to see when I'm not yet comfortable and, when I break down because I'm not able to pretend anymore, they reassure me that they are strong enough to withstand whatever storm I hold within myself, that I should unleash it and be proud of it, that I should turn it into a powerful tool and rain over dying plants to water them and that they will become the clouds within my storm, that they will become my allies. I don't understand why I think something will change, that someone will keep their promise and be powerful enough. The hope I cling to seems as endless as the pain that comes with holding on.

It's not their fault their strength does not lie within the liking they took for me or that their love for me is not strong enough to build the strength to stay with me but I'm tired of hearing things that seem to be true but are disguised as an indistinguishable lie..so it's okay if you want to leave, and it's okay if you have to. I want you to stay, I want you to be different, I want you to be the one to withstand my storm..but I understand that everything we hope for, cannot always happen and that you might hurt yourself in the process of trying to heal me. I don't want you to cut yourself while trying to piece together my shattered mirror and if this must be our goodbye, I love you..I am sorry I did not have the strength for the storm to pass into a clear summer day, but I guess we were both too weak for one another in different ways.



Eli Nietzel



To See, or Not to See, What is Invisible.

Liz Garcia

In a world full of fresh air,
Plenty of water and fertile land,
In killing happiness Lucifer cares,
Igniting fear to give peace no stand.
Don't you see one should not fret?
What is the need for your senseless dare?

It is not a matter of "daring" or not
As you please to call my worries for us,
I simply listen to the desperate cry of Mother Earth
That you so conveniently choose to ignore.

But don't you see the clear air we breathe?
The beautiful blue sky and clean water we drink?
You trouble your nerves for no reason,
Please sit down and come to reason.

(O God! To see, or not to see, what is invisible.
God, may I ask why our world is so divisible!)

Sir, if I were you I would truly come to reason,
For reason is the thing you use to study,
Such as data in scientific studies.
Please, let me ask you a question before I go;
I would like to ask what you do when you are feeling low.
Do you conclude the state of your health and wellbeing
By the diagnosis of a doctor or from that which you are seeing?
If we did not listen to those who know more,
To those who devote their lives to science and investigation,
Then everyone would be going about carelessly,
Showing no symptoms yet infecting others with Covid.



Victor Suarez





Victor Suarez



Books

Dren Sapunxhiu

On the shelves these valuables reside,
Wonders hidden beneath their pages.
A turn of the page is like a trip outside –
A journey enjoyed by all ages.
It may at first seem cumbersome,
But reading is a wonderful relief.
The quest makes many adventuresome.
Digesting the words is not so much of a
peeve.
The books tell a variety of tales.
From facts to fiction, to ancient lore.
Shall it be today that your mind sets sail?
To ancient places and distant shores?
Books take you places you've never been.
Reading a book is where I'll always be seen.



Africa Avila



Africa Avila



Ash Sorto



Suleina Houston

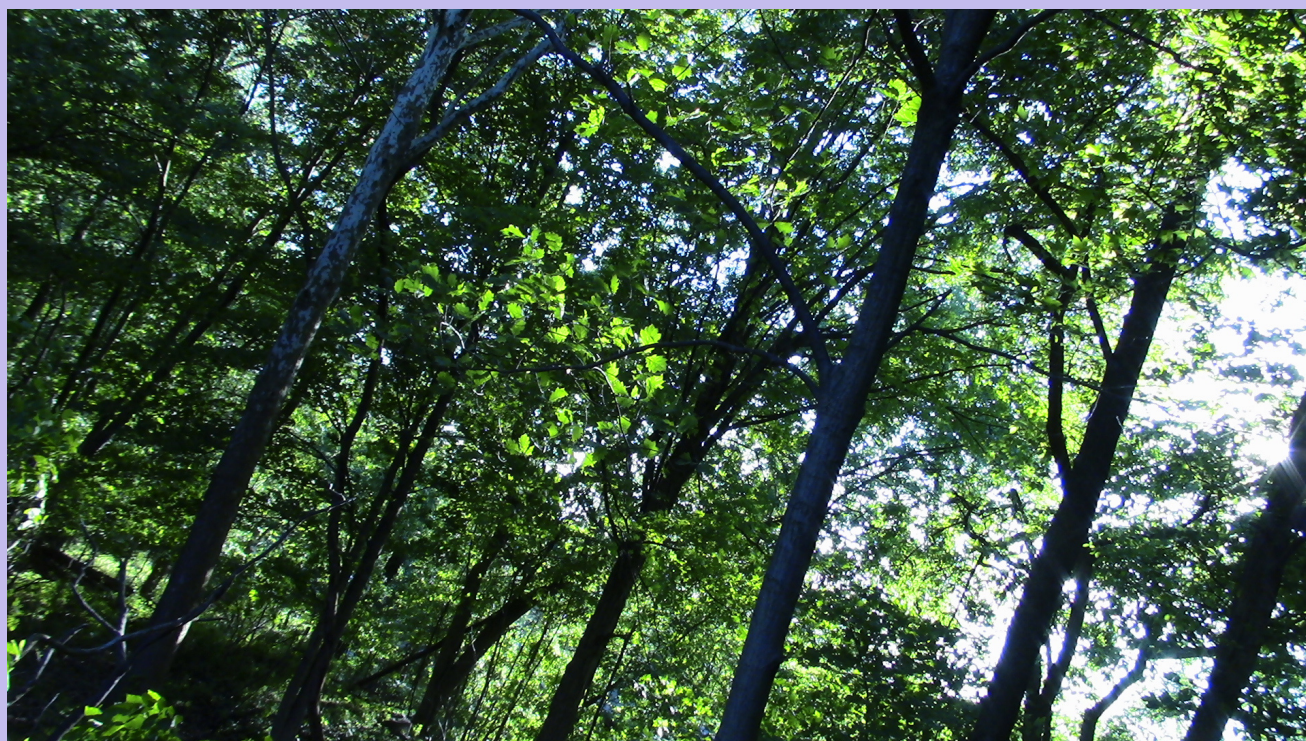




Suleina Houston



Victor Suarez



Eli Nietzel

Nothing but Water

Sophia Russell

I'm running to get my son in this disaster. He was just pulled from my hands and I feel like it's my fault for not holding him tighter. Jacob is just six-years old, what is he going to do when he sees I'm not right next to him, holding his hand? The tsunami hit so hard that houses were destroyed and people around me were trying to revive their loved ones. The sky is gray and the wind is so strong that it's pulling me in the direction it's going. I've looked almost everywhere where the water would've taken him. At this point, the water is calmer and everyone is trying to regroup.

"Ma'am, we need you to go somewhere else, it's too dangerous out here," an officer said.

"I'm not going anywhere without my son." I walked away from the police officer as I heard him calling out for me. Then, I see a young boy sitting on a bench on the water. I run over to him and see that it's Jacob. Then we sit together on that bench and continue watching the mess that the disaster has made. And all I can see is nothing but water.

Heartbreak Weather

Rashell Amaris

When he saw her smiling, it immediately broke the silence
Telling him just what he wanted
In that moment, he was reminded
He hasn't felt this way in a while
His whole life he was sleepwalk living,
Running around the same places he's already been in
So lonely in this city
But it felt different when he was with her
He was blinded by the sparks
Holding her close in the darkness
Finding reasons to stay where they were
Thinking to himself it was never going to get better
All of his life, it's been heartbreak weather
Thinking to himself it won't get better

If You

Kaylene Pena

Times get harder and harder without you

If you loved me, why did you leave?

If you loved me why cause me so much pain?

Me and you were supposed to be together forever

We were an unbreakable chain

If you loved me, why did you leave me all alone?

I was so little, I couldn't have known

I hated you for all the things you told me

You said you'd die for me but I didn't actually
think you would so soon

You said nothing will happen to you, but here I am
looking down on you

But if you loved me, why make me want to be there
with you

If you loved me, why make me hate you

If you loved me, why make me cry and feel so alone

But if I loved you, I would've let go

But if I loved you, I would've let go

Online School

Jungwoong Min

I have to stay in school for five hours
And I am forced to study all night long
Need to stay home and use my brain power
My hatred towards online school is strong

To start the day, I wake up at seven
Then I turn on my computer and chromebook
Why would they remove lunch at eleven?
I am suffering from the break they took

School has finally gone by in the noon
This painful cycle will repeat until June
I can't even meet my very own friends
I guess this routine will never end



Jungwoong
Min

Envy

Seongjun Park

It infects us and spreads like an illness,
tortures us with envy and objects we cannot possess,
and blinds us from futileness.

This illness blinds us from the white-like truth,
Some try to avoid the sickness, some do not,
Many try to avoid it but they cannot, thus,
This black dark illness exists in all of us
The only thing we can do
Is to not let this illness consume.

Angelica
Perez



Brighter, Shinier Days

Lewis Miramontes

“Sam, help me with the grocery bags!” my father pleaded from outside the window.

I opened the blinds slightly, counted three and gave him a look of unease which was enough to satisfy his request. The sun was still out while the silver pavement shone in the light; it was still too early to be outside.

Hello, I am Samson. Before you think nothing more of me than a shut-in teenager who never got over the loss of his mom, it is my obligation to inform you that I have been diagnosed with heliophobia* and a slight case of photophobia.** Unlike the usual assumption that those diagnosed with photophobia are irrationally afraid of the light, it is actually a case for an individual to experience discomfort in the eyes under exposure to light. Heliophobia is the accurate term for the fear of light, in my case it is specifically sunlight.

What I am about to tell you is the real reason as to why I’m afraid of the light while residing in the shadows. I was not always a heliophobic case, it was...well let’s just say I picked it up from a “traumatic” experience.

Remember when your parents, perhaps your teacher, would warn you not to stare at a Solar Eclipse? Well

**heliophobia-fear of sunlight*

***photophobia-fear of light*

don't just listen, obey it to the letter. I was a child when I made the worst decision of my life. Hopefully you won't make the same mistake as I did but I am aware that there are those who have done just that or might one day. Unfortunately, you will take one of these routes. Depending on your case it can be good, bad, or worse.

- 1.The good route is that your retinas will be damaged by the sun resulting in permanent blind spots and/or distortions in vision. I never said that you would get off scot free.
- 2.The bad route is that you turn out blind, a self-explanatory route.
- 3.Then there is the worse route: you turn out like me. If you are like me, you will feel a burning sensation in your eyes to the point where your head starts to ache. The feeling will somehow keep you in a trance as you fail to look away. All you can do is stare at the spectacle overhead. Your mind turns blank as you watch the moon make its way across the sun's silhouette. When the event is finally over, you may blink profusely or end up collapsing and waking up in the hospital like I did.

The doctors labeled me as a particular case since my vision was relatively unaffected but there was a noticeable change in my tolerance to light. Many tests were run before I could be released from the hospital but luckily it only took one night. The next morning, my mother had brought me home while my eyes were covered

with specialized sunglasses.

After two days of resting, I was finally able to go outside and play in my backyard. My father had gone to work while my mother stayed and was preparing a meal for us. My screams rushed my mother to my side; by then, I was a blubbering mess on the grass, hiding my face, my eyes, from their gaze.

Do you ever feel those burning sensations when you're outside in the sun? Perhaps they feel like a small itch. It may cross your mind that the itch you feel is from a piece of scratchy clothing, maybe a bug that bites into your skin. In some cases that is true, but, from my personal experience, I can tell you that the usual case is much deeper than that.

You can't really see them in the daylight, but they are always there. Much like the creatures that lurk in the dark, these beings inhabit the light. Not to say that the monsters in the dark are less scary, but trust me when I say this, you do not want to be a target for these entities. They are much more difficult to avoid.

Ever since that day with the Solar Eclipse incident, I have been unable to feel safe. It's ironic, many people feel safe in the light as they hide from the terrors that are in the dark, meanwhile, I do my best to stay out of the light. If I happen to be in the sunlight while some of them are around, they will notice me and tend to follow me. I soon figured out that it is their stare that causes the burning, itching

feeling. If I can't stay in a dark room, I resort to the shade; the shade is my friend. It's as though I am under a sort of blanket that obscures myself from these light beings. Staring at them, however, will catch their attention. It is at this point that my eyes start to be in pain, which is what many of the doctors speculate as a symptom of photophobia.

You may be wondering why I haven't told my parents or another adult about these creatures. Well you should try convincing adults that there are invisible entities that are standing right next to them. Besides, the best result that came out of that option was a diagnosis from a doctor claiming I was a paranoid heliophobic.

Because of this, I was considered the weird kid who stayed in the shadows. The weird kid who always wore sunglasses whether it be inside or outside, hot or cold. Soon after, picture days in school were out of the question. My dad used the doctor's diagnosis to get me around most obstacles I faced in school which I am thankful for. Thanks to him, I have been able to stay safe, but he never really understood; all he knew was that I had a discomfort to the light and he tolerated most of my behavior.

I stopped going to school one day when I stared at one of the beings for what I now know had been too long. Usually I would stay inside a class, alone, and read a book or take a nap for some of the time, but that day was different. It was at this point where I

made my second worst decision. As a reminder, I wear my sunglasses everyday in order to maintain my eyes at ease; taking them off just for curiosity was an idiotic idea.

I stared through the window and saw the creature; I took note of its features: slender form, simple-like appendages, towering height, and an abstract-shaped head. By the time I took a good look at the back of its head, it turned its direction straight at me. What I just witnessed sent a shiver up my spine. Never have I seen one of these entities be in possession of an eye. That's when the pain started to intensify in my own eyes. Falling back, I rubbed them extensively in hopes to ease the aching sensation. There was a short moment where I noticed the being had positioned itself right outside of the window, its arm reaching out as if to touch the glass. Instead, the being continued to move through the glass window and entered the classroom. I scurried back, hoping the shade would protect me.

To my unfortunate realization, the shade would not stall the entity. The being just kept inching forward as though I were in the light. I looked down at its legs to ease the pain in my eyes; the shadows that surrounded me were receding as if there were shadows being casted on the ground. I screamed, screamed not from the pain as I stared into its lonely eye but from the eye itself. The being's eye was just like the solar eclipse I observed many years earlier.

My teacher found me bawling on the classroom floor as the class period was about to start. Of course she didn't see the entity, but she saved me from the hellish nightmare I would have experienced. In a swift moment, the being retreated into the light outside the window as her shadow covered its frame. My parents were called and there was an emergency meeting between my parents and a few of the school staff who were involved.

Going back home that day was full of discomfort from my mother who blamed my dad for the outcome. I wished I could tell her the truth, but that would be met with my mother's scolding.

If only I could have proved it to my mom. If only I knew better then.

I was in the living room reading a book sometime in the evening. It was only me and my mother at the house as my dad had to work overtime that day. The sun was setting and the blinds were open. The window faced the west; I am pretty sure you understand where this is going. As the sun lowered, more rays of light entered the house. I was too preoccupied with reading as I didn't notice the light moving towards me. And that's where the horror commenced. I noticed a ray of light inching across the paper, each inch sent a tingle up my neck. The moment the light touched my finger I immediately felt a stinging sensation. That's

when I saw the being with the eye in my room. I screamed and jumped onto the couch to avoid the light. The being sauntered closer to me with its hand reaching out; the heat emanating from it was scorching. I was cornered in the room, there was no way around the being and all the while I cried out for my mother.

“Samson, you better shut your mouth this instance or I will shut it for you!”

My mother stomped into the room and headed over towards my direction. Her body met the creature's hand as she phased through the rest of the being's body. Her movement ceased as her eyes stayed on me. Her eyes...they were filled with so much pain, so much fear.

My father called the police and EMT as soon as he arrived home. He found me in a daze. Investigators found no clues of forced entry or any cause of the horrific scene which had happened. Without any leads to make a case, they ended the investigation with the assumption that my mother died from a Spontaneous Human Combustion incident. There was no apparent external source of ignition so they packed up and called it a freak accident. Only I know the truth about what happened to my mother and not even my dad wants to listen to the coping stories of a young teenager.

Take it from me that you do not want to deal with these beings. I have no idea where they originate from,

but I know that the sun has something to do with them.
So do yourself a favor and do not stare at the sun
during a solar eclipse.

As I look out the window again to see my father
carrying in the groceries from the car into our new
house, I count again, one, two, three...four.

This one has an eye.



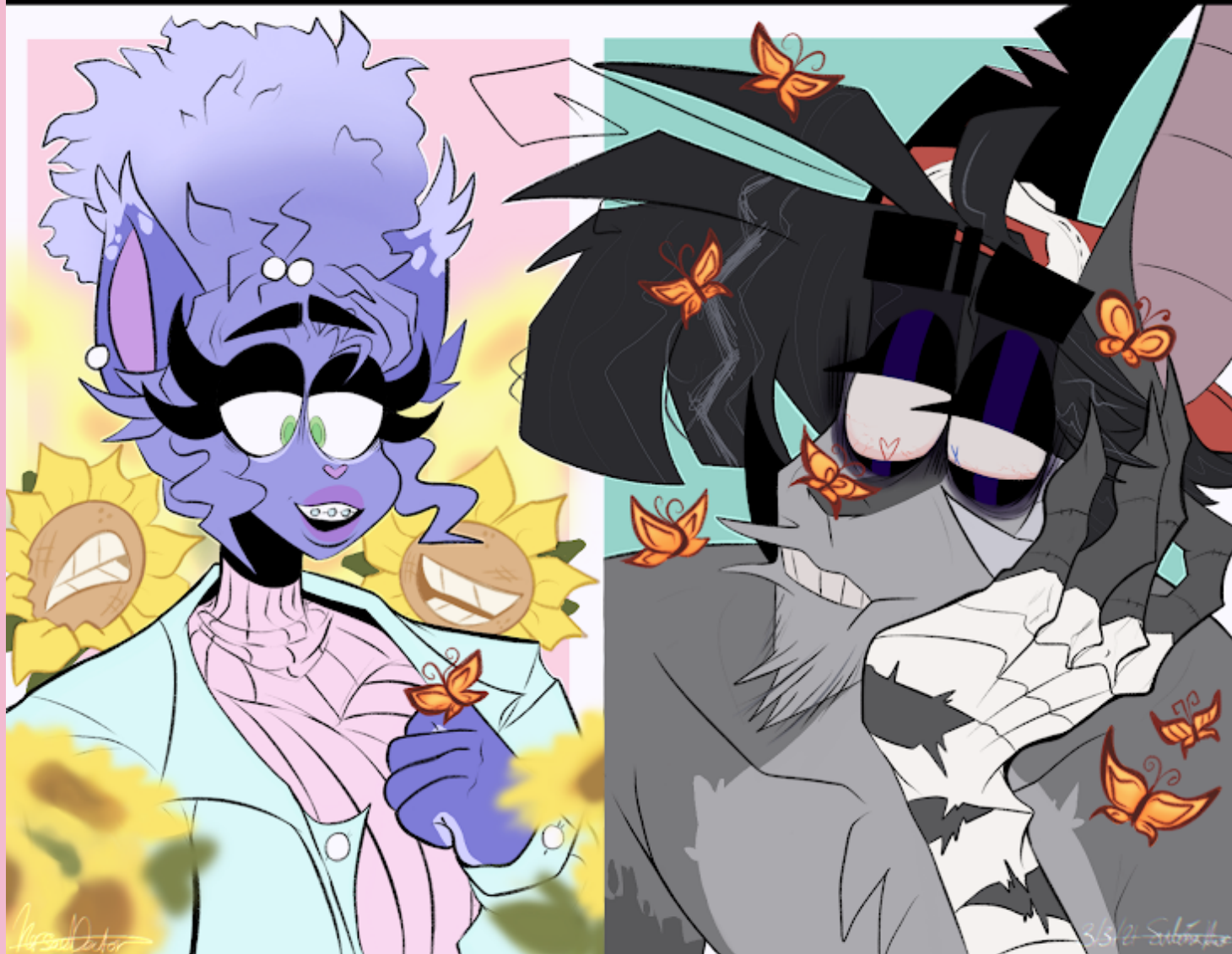
Nina Shehigian

Noiseblockers

Sofia Narvaez

The Noise,
The terrible yells make me flinch,
The anxious headache rises up to the sides of my ears,
They spit ugly words that replace the usual terms of
endearment,
Suddenly there is a blast to the past,
A moment of deja vu from the number of times they repeat their
foolish behavior,
That's when I find my safe haven,
The sweet melody of a song,
It seems to ease the pain,
I cover my ears and heal my trauma with guitar riffs and soft
voices,
The singer uses an inside voice to calm my soul compared to the
forbidden outside voice used inside,
And such lies and harshness,
How such things can scar,
Tainting the mind of a child to fear noise,
Yet the screams from the child don't silence their ugly words,
So I put my noiseblockers on to avoid my reality,
Even when things are spectacular,
It clears my head and makes me think critically about something
worth my time,
The ugly words go away,
Silly words and melodies emerge,
I find my inner peace,
And then I am better despite my sour experiences.

-I know that there could be,



somethin' for you and me.

Suleina Houston



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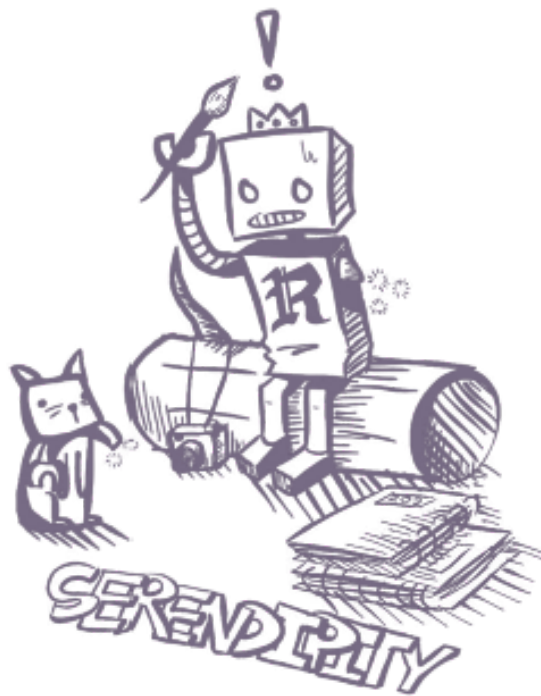
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