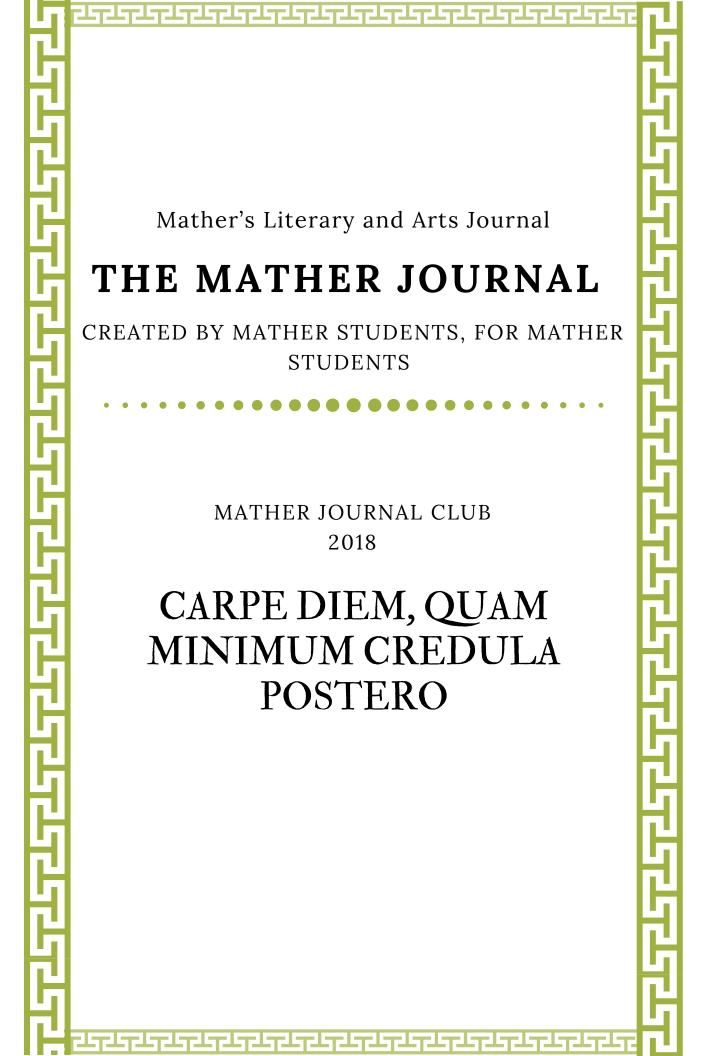


Carpe Diem THE MATHER JOURNAL LITERARY ANTHOLOGY



CARPE DIEM CARPE NOCTEM CARPE VITAM

DEDICATION

Dedicated to all those who enjoy reading and writing literature.

To those who joyously choose to create and digest art

May we continue to view the world through one another's eyes

CONTENTS

Preface

Poetry

Stories & Essays: Fiction/Nonfiction

Student Art Submissions

Photography

Thank You Letter

PREFACE

Created by the Mather Literacy center, the LitHub, Carpe Diem aims to showcase student literature within the Mather community. Without being limited by genre, Carpe Diem functions as an outlet for students to express themselves through writing and art. More than just a magazine, we wish to be an inclusive literary circle - accepting writing of all subjects and genres. Carpe Diem is organized into two sections: fiction/nonfiction and poetry, with art in between. Not bound by any subject, we encourage everyone to submit pieces that they find truly represents their personality, culture, or academic identity.

The LitHub, led by Ms. Belmonte and Ms. O'Shea, founded Carpe Diem and led a group of students now formally called the Mather Journal club.

"Expectants"

BY EMILY ENG

One day you're fine.

The next moment you're not.

You could be smiling and laughing,

then it all turns to anger

Thoughts and emotions that intervene

We create it all with the life we live in,

between.

How we react to situations.

How unhappy we are with ourselves.

Or how happy we are, thinking we reached the expectations we didn't need to follow.

They told us we would be fine if we followed their expectants,

But will never tell us we are to accept ourselves and others for the sake of our health

For us.

For you.

For me.

Dark and the Light

BY EMILY ENG

The dark and the light are both life and relationships forever.

Whether it's dark rain or light rain, we're under it together.

It's a matter of teamwork,

Like the moon and the sun.

Starts off with a walk and ends with a run,

Bright like the sun and as loving as the moon

they rely on each other

On which they swore to never go against the wall of their brother

They are best friends.

else..

More like lovers who give each other light The dark and the light do everything together within a distance

And once they meet, they created the difference
The individuality that we create in society
The love between ours and the others
Is that it's incomparable
It's a work of Art,
that will remain different and apart from everyone

YOU'REMY REMEDY" When my veins endure pain, and that pain plays with my feelings, you are the one who rinses it all out like the blood that rushes through my body.

"CONTENTMENT"

Contentment depends on how you view situations, on how you make certain decisions and how you deal with complications.





"YOU CAUGHT MY EYE" BY TAHIRA J, AMANDA K

There is a lady whose eyes sparkle like stars in the sky

There is a lady who has the beauty and who always keeps her head up high She is a woman who sees no wrong She is a woman one can always count on And a woman whose beauty shines from the inside Her smile shines beautifully like the sun rising over the horizon

My love for her flows like a journey down a long route

Her wisdom, intelligence and hard work are not surprising.

The lady that caught my eye



In the Car

THE IDLE CARS DOTTED ALONG
THE RUGGED ROAD
A GLARE APPEARS
FROM THE PURPLE
SUNSET
CRISP AIR
TRAVELS THROUGH THE
OPEN WINDOW
LISTENING TO THE
RADIO

A DROP OF WATER-THE REPLENISHER OF ALL BLOOMING AS THEY DRINK

THE BLUE SKIES COLOR
THE BLANK CANVAS OF THE WORLD
FILL AS THE DAYS PASS
THE RIPE PERSIMMONS
PLOPPING ON THE MOISTENED EARTH
CHILDREN FLYING KITES

THE BARREN BRANCHES

AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF

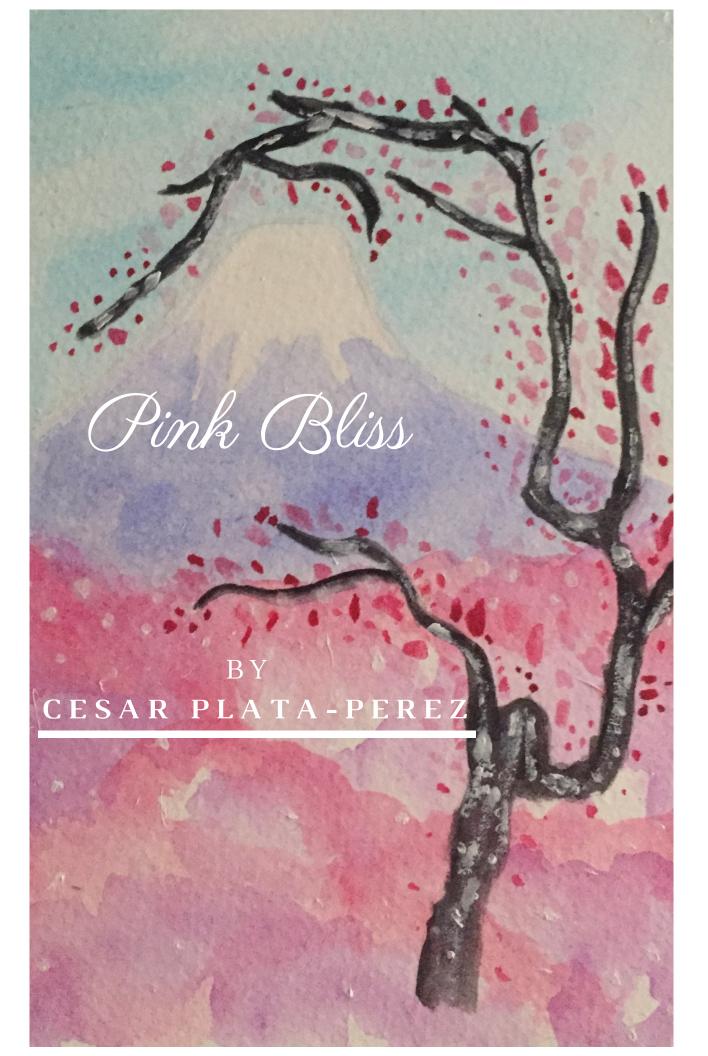
CHIRPING BIRDS AND LEAVES



"Happiness"

Seeing the people I love Eating delicious food Watching the plant on the windowsill grow Listening to music Reading a good book Having a nice conversation Looking up at the sky Breathing in the air Knowing the people I love are happy Knowing everything is going to be alright

HAPPINESS



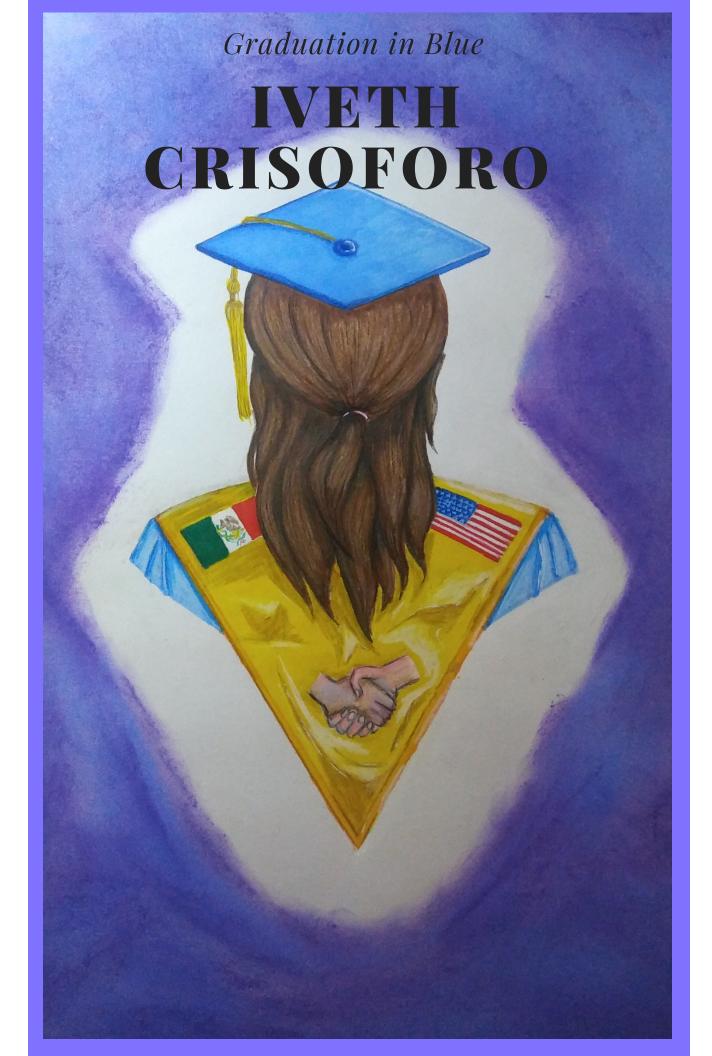
"GROWING UP" BY MILDRE GARCIA

They all come
Clinging
A lone neglected
Playground
Where children once
Escaped
Now replaced by
Studies

"CHILDHOOD" BY MILDRE GARCIA

Once a pointed
Crayon
Now a red
Remnant
Appeared under a
Drawer
Forgotten from their







So much depends
Upon
A cooling fan
Spinning
Low Medium High
In the hot
Summer

So much depends upon
Cars we use everyday
We drive to places
It takes us everyone
So much depends upon
Music that's helping
everyone
We hear it everyday
..."
It gets us hype

"So much depends upon..."
So much depends upon
Phones we use everyday
It's a big habit
We distract ourselves
online



Red is just a color, some people tend to say,

Just like any other, purple, green, or blue Red can be a ruby, beautiful in a way, But don't be fooled oh innocent one for red is evil too.

Red can be roses, elegant in bloom
The symbol of two hearts when she said,
"I do ".

She promised to love eternally to her beloved groom

And he promised back "my love is all for you".

Red can be blood, dark maroon
For when promises were broken
She decided to kill him at noon
Keeping her lover's heart as a token,
This is the tale of the couple who,
Red destroyed and murdered two.

BY RUKHAYYA ADIL

"ITS NOT ALWAYS WHAT IT SEEMS"



BY ANA MANCERA



Ruka Matsumura

Ey Antitled "Nonymous

I FEEL BEAUTY HERE

OVEIS BEAUTIFUL

JUST LIKE

HER SPARKLING EYES

"LITERATURE" BY SYED A.

Running on solid ground is a difficult thing. But I do it anyway. Trampling over hurdles and a Cat's Cradle,
Just in time to get to the Breakfast of Champions.
The World was New, it was Brave,
I was just too soon, born too late.
What if a pig could think? Could talk? A man asked.
Such ideas are silly, said The Stranger with a shock.
His friend wrote a note, something to do with Being
Or Time?

The moment the orange clock ticked eight,
I dashed out, into the fray.
The Trial was over,
Metaphorosis, complete.
Lunch, already?
On to learning the Gay Science
Or as the Greeks like to say, drinking in The Republic.

After the long day is over and done,
After feeling like a Galactic Hitchhiker,
I finally had the time to rest.
Running on solid ground was difficult.
Maybe one day I could visit the famed Animal Farm.
Maybe one day I could see the famed half-horse, half-man.

Dinner came quick. It was just a Jurnt match.
I guess
It was a pleasure to burn.

"DEAR WORLD" BY AMIRA LIVADIC

Dear World
What goes through your head?
As you wake up in the morning, with the warm maple syrup
drizzling down your throat
Fighting with your little brother about who gets the tv remote
Or do you think about something deeper
Broken hearts? Hair dying?
Gun violence? Suiciding?

Dear world
What goes through your eyes
When the flowers in the front garden die
Or when grass is knee-high
A smiling face, eyes open wide, corners of the mouth rising
Or a jaw clenched, veins popping, dark squinted eyes

Dear world

What goes through your ears?

Listen to their feet, what do they speak?

Clack clack clickety clack or tap-tap tap-tap

Dear world
Why do similarities bother you?

If we have the same size foot,
why can't we both have the same shoe?
And differences, we need them
So let us sit next to each other and be friends
Men and women, women and men, same qualities
So why not gender equality?
We ask "why all the hurt, why all the pain?"
And they answer, "you can't have a rainbow without the rain"

"The Manifesto of a Middle Class White Girl"

BY EMMA SAGARTZ

Hello, I am privileged.

Mama is from a south side suburb

My Dads campus untainted of diversity

They are surprised I believe in the things I do

Dad doesn't believe that I believe that everyone

in this room is equal.

Mama doesn't believe that I believe that my body

is my choice,

I don't know why they expect me to think any different

Love is not a choice

But i decided that everyone is deserving of mine My family has misgendered my best friend more than once.

They still believe that gay, lesbian, transgender, bisexual is a choice

I am sorry

I can't make these choices for myself

Walking in this church

The same hymns sang in different places

The holy water I was given has been poisoned

My heart belongs to all of you

White, black, latina, catholic, muslim, jewish, transgender, gay, straight

I love you



I love the way we all dance to the beat of our own drum

And try to harmonize

There are people that throw bombs at us

Bombs at planned parenthood's

Gun shots at synagogues

bombs at mosques

bullets in boystown

Laced drugs and hate crime in the alleys

Ropes around necks in bedrooms

The bombs of words that can never be taken back

When that happens we stop playing our drums and

Sing we sing kumbaya

We sing kumbaya until our lungs start to bleed We all pray to different lords but that doesn't matter

when we are all praying for the equality we deserve

You must give love to receive love
Mama and dad got divorced because they did
not love themselves enough to love each other
Romantic love is not the same as platonic love
I will hold your hand but i will not give you
chocolate and flowers

I cannot and will not sugar coat what is wrong I am sorry

45 is wrong



Pence is wrong

In some way we are all wrong and we are all right

We have give our fair share of gun shots We have spent days with our shaking hands aiming but never firing

We have shot in the night

We were wrong

In the days before both parties changed The republicans were the ones to break slaves out of chains

When the kkk came

We learned how to fight with the dreams of MLK

You gotta sit in the front of the bus
I go to sleep with the words of the unqualified screaming at one another with justifiable ideas
I wake up knowing that we need to grow with the love of one another

I spend my day knowing that this is a rebirth of our nation

Good night peaceful lovers

"Phone"

BY MARYAM AMIN

No man is an island but it's an ocean
Seek life and ye shall find
It's a sea that refuses no river
Day by day I am drowning in it

I set time, I sleep, I am gone
It wakes me up after crack of dawn
Window to the world
Makes me hitch my goals to a star

It's a peace and a headache
A tangible thing
For you it's a little handy device
For me it's a piece of rejoice

Refreshes the depth of memories
Sunken deeper in my mind
I think, therefore I phone,
I think, therefore I am



SHE BRIGHTENS UP MY DAY WITH HER
ROSY PINK CHEEKS, CURLY OILY HAIR, SOFT SKIN,
CHUBBINESS, ADORABLE LAUGH, AND HER TWO YEAR
OLD SELF.

EVERY MOMENT THAT I AM ABLE TO SPEND WITH HER AND THE MEMORIES WE SHARED I CHERISH.

IT'S HER RUNNING INTO MY ARMS AS SOON AS SHE SPOTS ME FROM ACROSS THE PARK AND MAKING MY MOOD EVEN MORE DESIRABLE I CONTINUE TO SHOW HER AFFECTION EVERYDAY. I LET HER LIVE HER CHILDHOOD AS I MATURE AS A PERSON.

SHE EVEN CALLS ME, "MAMI"

I BLUSH AND GIGGLE

BUT I ALSO REALIZE THE..

STRUGGLE, TROUBLE, BATTLE, AND

SACRIFICE A MOTHER FACES WHEN YOU RAISE A MINI

YOU

SHE HAS FOREVER CHANGED MY OPINION ON THE DIFFICULTY OF RAISING A CHILD

Ben Batkhuyag

I STILL SEE THEIR SHADOWS IN MY ROOM
MY MOOD IS ALWAYS IN A GLOOM
AM I TRULY HAPPY HERE
I AM HAPPY IS A TEMPORARY LIE I HEAR
DISTRACTIONS, DISTRACTIONS, DISTRACTIONS
INADEQUATE INTERACTIONS
WOULD I BE ABLE TO GIVE IT ALL UP
I NEED A MOMENT TO BACKUP
HOMESICK, HOMESICK
MIND GOING CRAZY WITH A SOFT TICK

A SMALL TOKEN; MONEY MAY IT BE
FOLDED BY A LOVED ONE
WITH A VISION FOR HIS GRANDSON
EVERY CREASE MADE WITH AN INTENT
TO NEVER FORGET THOSE YOU LOVE
AND WHAT YOU LOVE
A KEEPSAKE IF YOU WILL
LIFE IS BETTER HERE THEY SAY
I DON'T FEEL IT THOUGH
MAYBE I'M GREEDY
MAYBE LIFE IS UNFAIR
DOES THIS MAKE ME GREEDY
AM I A BAD PERSON FOR WANTING MORE
ENVYING THOSE WHO HAVE EVERYTHING
WHILE I HAVE TRULY NOTHING.

"When they are in my ears"

By Ibrahim Solangi

These vines spill the soothing melody through my ears like an IV in an ill patient,

the sound reaches my drums and for a moment my heart is at peace.

I feel as though I am live in concert

And the artist is dripping sweat on me as I gaze from my

front row seat.

The pain in my soul has been stripped away and it craves for the chorus like a yearning beast.

The waves and sounds created give me a nostalgic feeling.

As if I am an infant again, being cradled in the warmth of my mother.

I am like an old guitar, intact and in tune for once, I am well aware of how I feel

I am well aware of my hopes and fears when they linger in my ears.

I feel free like a cub in the wild

I feel free like a few toys with a child.

The amplified base gives me fuel, like a car being pumped.

with gasoline. eyes like an addict or a fier

They dilate my eyes like an addict or a fiend.

They make me feel like I can accomplish every single dream

Or sing any song i want to sing.

I can scream and jump from every mountain top
I can reach for the stars and no one can make me stop.

With them I feel as powerful as an electric circuit.

They persuade me to do what makes me happy singing in my ears that it will be worth it.

They make me feel like I am in love and my life is so perfect.

When they are in my ears

Blazing like the morning sun on a summer day

The world stops spinning and the rain goes away

And for once I feel whole.



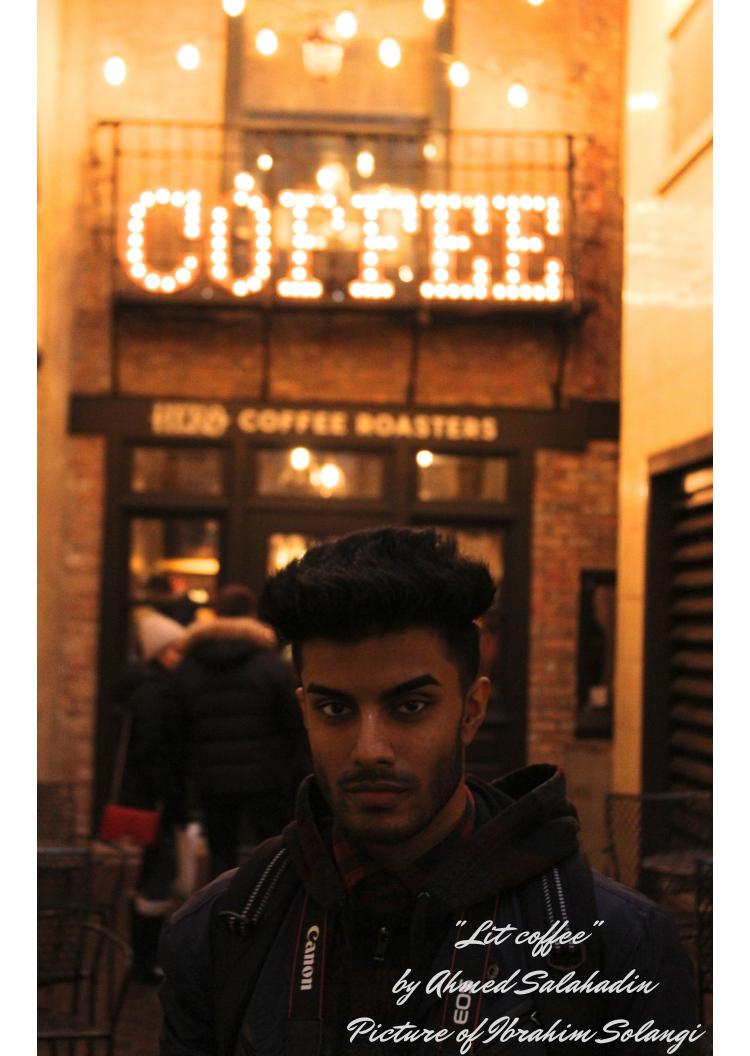
I look through a square hole,
And I see a different reality.
A reality where things turn out to be just like
you imagined them to be.
I see myself in control of everything.

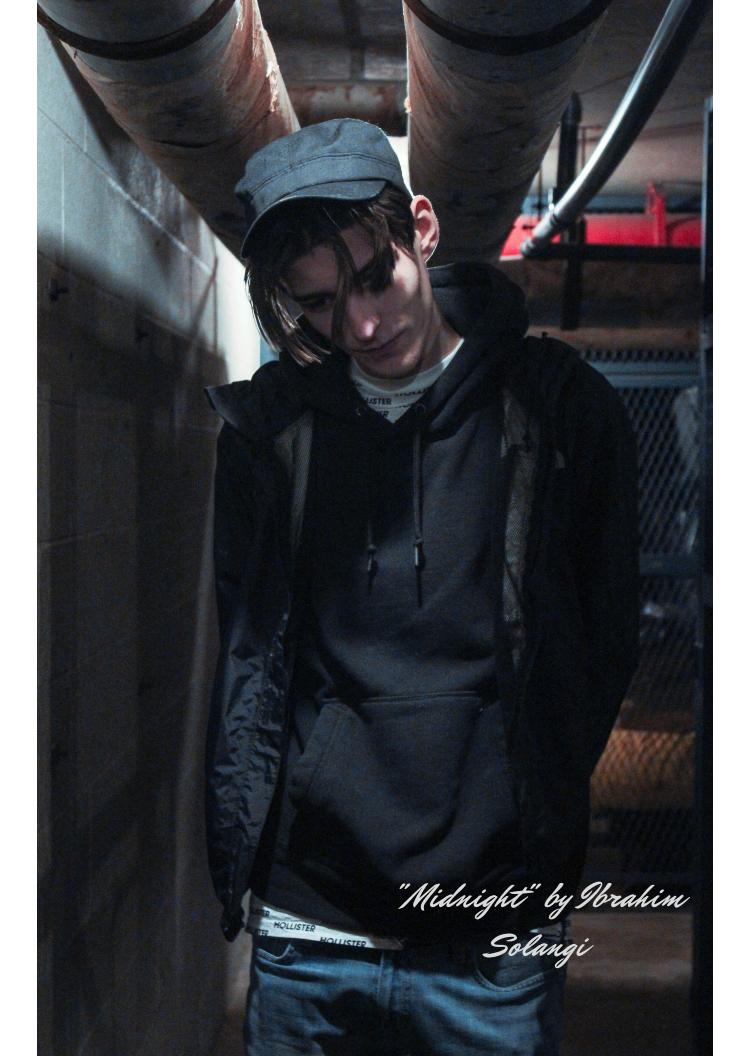
I see many eyes lighting up the streets, And smiles on the leaves. I see people's feelings and capture their moment.

I let my imagination change the photograph, While I think about what I could've done differently.

My critics whisper in my ears telling me "that's too dark!", "get that damn angle right!" I make jokes outside of an imaginary box and hear people laugh on the the inside, Capturing their smiles that can last forever.

Reflections from past to present, Their memories will live on, Within the pages of the heart.





"YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH"



BY CONNIE LE



"ON THE TIP OF MY NOSE"



BY JERRY PINK

"Coin Collection" By Hung Tran

Every time I look back into my coin collection, all I see are hours and hours of hard work. All I feel are the cherished and joyful moments of attending coin shows with my best friend, Thomas. When I was twelve, I didn't go a day without thinking about our collection and now that he has moved far away, I have nothing to remember him as except for these coins and a few photos. The variety and complexity of these coins is what brought us so close together. Coins weren't the only thing we did all day; we were both wickedly active and those days when we weren't inside, we were always outside biking, playing basketball, swimming in his brisk pool, and so much more. His house was like a second home to me, the way his parents always took care of me whenever I was over and took me places I never thought I'd go to like a haunted houses, parties, and beaches. Even though now that he's gone, I still look back and enjoy those memories we created.

"I AM NOT AN OBJECT"





El Huapanguero

By Alejandro Lopez

When I arrived to Santa Barbara after spending Christmas in San Luis I knew it was time to see for my ownself what my cousins were talking about, the Huapangos. It was my cousins 15th birthday. It i is dusk and the flashing lights dimmed everywhere, I stood leaning next to the wall with one foot up, my teeth compressing against each other - I'd expect Mexico to be warm in December but I guess one sweater was not enough- I was next to my friend Chuy, eyeing for which girl I should ask to dance with me. Huapangos and Norteñas is what they play at the parties majority of the time. The street was full of people from the village. This is the first party that I have been to in Santa, so I did not know how the parties were here. The music was loud, you could almost hear it from the entrance of Santa. "Vete a sacar a una" Pablo told me, it is easier to say than it is to do, but I was ready.

After the norteña song finished, the street cleared. I had to find someone quick before the thirsty guys in the village who know more girls than me would ask. Time was running out and I soon found her, she was standing next to her girlfriends across the street, there were three. I discreetly pointed the girls to Chuy and signaled him to go. Jinetes en el cielo played. Chuy, Pablo, and I are speed walking to the beat of the huapango without realizing when I asked one the girl with a smirk on my face, "quieres bailar?". She grabbed my hand while I nervously made my way to the dancefloor turning to her and began to dance. I knew that this was only the start and first of many girls to meet and dance with.

Islamic Terrorist Gets Caught Crossing the Road

By Abrar Member, Ali Alfadhel, and Ashor

It was six in the morning when a group of hard working police officers were taking their hourly break to grab coffee and donuts. They spotted a suspicious person crossing the road heading towards the mosque. According to the police, he fit the description of an Islamic terrorist: big beard, Islamic garb, turban and a very frightening smile. The heavily armed, yet courageous police officers decided to embark on the noble act of racial profiling the terrorist. The threatening Islamist was found to be unarmed, but seemed very dangerous due to his radical appearance. The small group of 10 officers took further action to contain the threat that the terrorist manifested, by calling in the swat team. The swat team showed up after a while with big rifles, heavily armed vehicles and choppers. They all teamed up to block up the area around the mosque so no pedestrians are would be at risk. The only issue was the local group of 100 Islamists would miss their ritual morning prayers in the mosque. After being questioned for just 3 hours, missing his prayers, being unable to take his kids to school, and missing work, the Islamist got unreasonably angry.

After being questioned for a very short period, he stops cooperating with the law enforcement and unjustly abuses his right to remain silent. When this didn't help him get off the hook, he started to feel anxiety, stress, and nervousness. He tried to manipulate walking by pedestrians by pleading to them for help. Due to his heavy accent, passerbys thought he was saying "Allahu Akbar" which was a clear indication that an explosive attack was about to occur and that they would all be killed. At this point the suspect has had enough of everything that he decided to run as fast as he could towards his car, but tripped over an officer leaning on the hood. Due to the officer's life being put to risk, he was forced to pull the trigger, ending the suspect's life. Unfortunately, the terrorists left his Islamist wife and two potential future terrorists children behind, who are being discreetly racially profiled for potential threats to the security of nation. Luckily, everyone came out to be safe and the incident had no victims. The police are now citizens to be cautious and report any suspicious people like the radical Islamist, that could have taken the lives of so many people if it wasn't for the courageous actions of the police officers and the swat team.



Anxiety
By Taylor Serpa

I noticed you late one night, slowly creeping in. Dark eyes, wide and round. Your heavy breaths cut the negligent silence of the small pink room. Shock rushed through me. Not knowing who you were or what you wanted, I turned over and ignored your presence. You're no one.
Bliss came under the sun's kiss, and well into the cool sheets of midnight.
Until you crept in again. This time faster, as though you were upset by my ignorance. We came face to face. You took my breath away, stole it from me. Beady eyes, a crooked smile, and a sinister aura that radiated off you like Acqua Di Gio.
Your thin long fingers wrapped around my neck. Dragging me down into oblivion. Walls start to spin and color start to fade into nothingness.
My chest is painfully tight, my lungs constricting for air. You stare down at me watching as I slip further away. You press harder into me as I finally break, taking my last breath of safety.

Carpe Diem

THE MATHER JOURNAL

THANK YOU LETTER

THANK YOU TO ALL

OF THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO CARPE DIEM. EVERY WORK THAT WAS SENT TO US HOLDS A SPECIAL PLACE WITHIN THE JOURNAL, WHETHER IT WAS REPRESENTED OR NOT. SOME SUBMISSIONS WEREN'T INCLUDED FOR A REASON - WE WISH TO PLACE THEM IN A FUTURE ISSUE - AND ULTIMATELY, CARPE DIEM HOPES TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE GOAL OF SHOWCASING THE STUDENTS' CREATIVE WORKS. SPECIAL THANKS TO MR. AUFFANT AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF FOR FUNDING AND SUPPORTING OUR ENDEAVOR.

"When they are in my ears"

Ibrahim Solangi

These vines spill the soothing melody through my ears like an IV in an ill patient,

the sound reaches my drums and for a moment my heart is at peace.

I feel as though I am live in concert

And the artist is dripping sweat on me as I gaze from my front row seat.

The pain in my soul has been stripped away and it craves for the chorus like a yearning beast.

The waves and sounds created give me a nostalgic feeling.

As if I am an infant again, being cradled in the warmth of my mother.

I am like an old guitar, intact and in tune for once,

I am well aware of how I feel

I am well aware of my hopes and fears when they linger in my ears.

I feel free like a cub in the wild

I feel free like a few toys with a child.

The amplified base gives me fuel, like a car being pumped with gasoline.

They dilate my eyes like an addict or a fiend.

They make me feel like I can accomplish every single dream Or sing any song i want to sing.

I can scream and jump from every mountain top

I can reach for the stars and no one can make me stop.

With them I feel as powerful as an electric circuit.

They persuade me to do what makes me happy singing in my ears that it will be worth it.

They make me feel like I am in love and my life is so perfect.

When they are in my ears

Blazing like the morning sun on a summer day

The world stops spinning and the rain goes away

And for once I feel whole.



I look through a square hole,
And I see a different reality.
A reality where things turn out to be just like
you imagined them to be.
I see myself in control of everything.

I see many eyes lighting up the streets, And smiles on the leaves. I see people's feelings and capture their moment.

I let my imagination change the photograph, While I think about what I could've done differently.

My critics whisper in my ears telling me "that's too dark!", "get that damn angle right!" I make jokes outside of an imaginary box and hear people laugh on the the inside, Capturing their smiles that can last forever.

Reflections from past to present, Their memories will live on, Within the pages of the heart.





"YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH"



BY CONNIE LE



"ON THE TIP OF MY NOSE"



BY JERRY PINK

"Coin Collection" By Hung Tran

Every time I look back into my coin collection, all I see are hours and hours of hard work. All I feel are the cherished and joyful moments of attending coin shows with my best friend, Thomas. When I was twelve, I didn't go a day without thinking about our collection and now that he has moved far away, I have nothing to remember him as except for these coins and a few photos. The variety and complexity of these coins is what brought us so close together. Coins weren't the only thing we did all day; we were both wickedly active and those days when we weren't inside, we were always outside biking, playing basketball, swimming in his brisk pool, and so much more. His house was like a second home to me, the way his parents always took care of me whenever I was over and took me places I never thought I'd go to like a haunted houses, parties, and beaches. Even though now that he's gone, I still look back and enjoy those memories we created.



"I AM NOT AN OBJECT"



El Huapanguero

By Alejandro Lopez

When I arrived to Santa Barbara after spending Christmas in San Luis I knew it was time to see for my ownself what my cousins were talking about, the Huapangos. It was my cousins 15th birthday. It is dusk and the flashing lights dimmed everywhere, I stood leaning next to the wall with one foot up, my teeth compressing against each other - I'd expect Mexico to be warm in December but I guess one sweater was not enough- I was next to my friend Chuy, eyeing for which girl I should ask to dance with me. Huapangos and Norteñas is what they play at the parties majority of the time. The street was full of people from the village. This is the first party that I have been to in Santa, so I did not know how the parties were here. The music was loud, you could almost hear it from the entrance of Santa. "Vete a sacar a una" Pablo told me, it is easier to say than it is to do, but I was ready. After the norteña song finished, the street cleared. I had to find someone quick before the thirsty guys in the village who know more girls than me would ask. Time was running out and I soon found her, she was standing next to her girlfriends across the street, there were three. I discreetly pointed the girls to Chuy and signaled him to go. Jinetes en el cielo played. Chuy, Pablo, and I are speed walking to the beat of the huapango without realizing when I asked one the girl with a smirk on my face, "quieres bailar?". She grabbed my hand while I nervously made my way to the dancefloor turning to her and began to dance. I knew that this was only the start and first of many girls to meet and dance with.

Islamic Terrorist Gets Caught Crossing the Road

By Abrar Member, Ali Alfadhel, and Ashor

It was six in the morning when a group of hard working police officers were taking their hourly break to grab coffee and donuts. They spotted a suspicious person crossing the road heading towards the mosque. According to the police, he fit the description of an Islamic terrorist: big beard, Islamic garb, turban and a very frightening smile. The heavily armed, yet courageous police officers decided to embark on the noble act of racial profiling the terrorist. The threatening Islamist was found to be unarmed, but seemed very dangerous due to his radical appearance. The small group of 10 officers took further action to contain the threat that the terrorist manifested, by calling in the swat team. The swat team showed up after a while with big rifles, heavily armed vehicles and choppers. They all teamed up to block up the area around the mosque so no pedestrians are would be at risk. The only issue was the local group of 100 Islamists would miss their ritual morning prayers in the mosque. After being questioned for just 3 hours, missing his prayers, being unable to take his kids to school, and missing work, the Islamist got unreasonably angry. After being questioned for a very short period, he stops cooperating with the law enforcement and unjustly abuses his right to remain silent. When this didn't help him get off the hook, he started to feel anxiety, stress, and nervousness. He tried to manipulate walking by pedestrians by pleading to them for help. Due to his heavy accent, passerbys thought he was saying "Allahu Akbar" which was a clear indication that an explosive attack was about to occur and that they would all be killed. At this point the suspect has had enough of everything that he decided to run as fast as he could towards his car, but tripped over an officer

leaning on the hood. At this point the suspect has had enough of everything that he decided to run as fast as he could towards his car, but tripped over an officer leaning on the hood. Due to the officer's life being put to risk, he was forced to pull the trigger, ending the suspect's life. Unfortunately, the terrorists left his Islamist wife and two potential future terrorists children behind, who are being discreetly racially profiled for potential threats to the security of nation. Luckily, everyone came out to be safe and the incident had no victims. The police are now citizens to be cautious and report any suspicious people like the radical Islamist, that could have taken the lives of so many people if it wasn't for the courageous actions of the police officers and the swat team.

Anxiety by Taylor Serpa

I noticed you late one night, slowly creeping in. Dark eyes, wide and round. Your heavy breaths cut the negligent silence of the small pink room. Shock rushed through me. Not knowing who you were or what you wanted, I turned over and ignored your presence.

You're no one.

Bliss came under the sun's kiss, and well into the cool sheets of midnight.

Until you crept in again. This time faster, as though you were upset by my ignorance. We came face to face. You took my breath away, stole it from me. Beady eyes, a crooked smile, and a sinister aura that radiated off you like Acqua Di Gio.

Your thin long fingers wrapped around my neck. Dragging me down into oblivion. Walls start to spin and color start to fade into nothingness.

My chest is painfully tight, my lungs constricting for air. You stare down at me watching as I slip further away. You press harder into me as I finally break, taking my last breath of safety.