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KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE
THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS
KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE



KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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A N T H E O N

DESIGNERS NOTE

Dedicated. Fearless. Creative. Eager to change the world. A willingness to stay up late in pursuit of their passion. Those are just a few words to describe some of the talented students you will meet in the pages of this publication.

As we begin to transition out of the isolation from the pandemic into our new normal lives, we find ourselves seeking a sense of community. The arts not only entertain us, but they also offer opportunities to heal, experiment, and unite. Artistic expression through writing, drawing, sculpting, and designing has helped students at Kingsborough identify with one another and expand our meaning of life.

We feel tremendously honored to be a part of Kingsborough's 29th publication of the Antheon. Using our knowledge, we have learned at KCC, we felt equipped to take on this challenge. Through endless Zoom meetings, collaborations, and revisions, we are proud to present our publication of this journal. We hope we have maintained the legacy of this publication and continue to inspire future designers.

We would like to thank everyone who was part of this journey with us. Without their time and dedication to the Antheon, this publication would not have been possible.

First and foremost, we would like to thank Professor Kristin Derimanova, Antheon's Art Director, for not only entrusting

us with the task of designing the Antheon, but for guiding, commenting, and sharing her wisdom throughout this process.

We would also like to thank Robert Wong (Office Manager), the faculty advisors, and Helen-Margaret Nasser (Director of Students Publications) for inspiring us and being always ready to help.

We are grateful to the KCC Association for the funding provided to make this issue possible. In addition, we want to thank all the student submissions. We hope this is the beginning of your careers.

A special thanks to Hudaa Mahmood, Tabitha Jenkins, Dianna Cuahutencos, and Taylor Freeman for being positive members of the Antheon and helping us throughout the process.

Finally, we would like to thank you, the reader, for your continuous support over the years. We are extremely proud of this publication, and we hope you enjoy it as much as we do. Thank you.

DESIGNERS

Alina Otchenashko
Briana Guinn

OUR MISSION

Antheon is Kingsborough Community College's literary arts journal founded to publish the best student art and literature while also exhibiting the creative visions of our talented designers. Each fall, a new team of student designers and editors are elected to guide a year's worth of submissions. Our goal is simple – promoting our community's writers and artists by giving them a wider audience.

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For next year's Antheon
SUBMISSIONS



SCAN ME

Or go to:
<http://tinyurl.com/58pmwask>

Antheon is published yearly at the end of the Spring semester. Submissions are accepted from enrolled students all year round.

For more info: antheonkbcc@gmail.com

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VERA VITKOUSAKY SKY

JADA MCNEILL WARNING SIGNS

ACT 1

[Julia and Elliot live in the city of Sherman Oaks, California. They own a huge house that has a picket fence and a huge backyard with an even bigger basement. They have been married for 3 years and just welcomed a baby girl 3 months ago. They are adjusting parenthood together as a married couple. Julia is 28 and self employed, she has her own jewelry company and Elliot, 29 works as a meteorologist for NBC Los Angeles. Julia has brunette hair and loves to put gold tinsel in her hair. Elliot also has brunette hair, and also wears glasses. Their tiny little baby Claire inherited brunette hair too. They both love being parents to their little bundle of joy. Elliot cares deeply about being a meteorologist, he has loved science ever since he was a kid and knew he wanted to take up meteorology. Life seems to be perfect for the family until it has been reported that there will be a comet striking earth in the next few hours and they are very scared. When Elliot hears about this, he tells his family immediately and they begin preparing to put all of their important belongings in the basement. Since he is a scientist himself, he is taking this threat extremely seriously, and he wants to be prepared. So, even though the family is already stocked up on supplies, he goes one last time to the market to get even extra food supplies. Because he is a scientist himself, he wants to be prepared as much as possible because he knows that living in California is even more of a threat, since they are close to the Pacific Ocean, which is even more catastrophic. Some people in the neighborhood believe that it is fake news, but some are taking it seriously.]

JASON LOPEZ CAVE SKY EYE



ISABELLA TUACHI UNTITLED

EXT - Julia is sitting on the porch of their house, noticing the huge change in atmosphere. The sky is turning this pink-purple color, it's almost completely dark. The air gets extremely frigid and cold. Her hands are shaking and she's so scared. She sees her next door neighbor, Annabella 46, who does not seem scared one bit.

JULIA:

[turns to Annabella]: Have you seen the news lately? This comet will be striking soon, and we all need to be prepared for this, especially because we live in Cali. We are very close to a body of ocean, which makes a bigger impact for the comet to emerge.

ANNABELLA:

[scoffs] I do not believe in that at all, it's all FAKE news and its bullshit. They say that all the time, a comet or something will strike earth and it never fucking happens. Do they really think they can fool us now? [Laughs] People are so fucking stupid. It will never happen.

JULIA:

[looks at her dumbfounded]: Are you fucking kidding me right now? Do you not see how the sky is changing? Do you not feel how intensely cold it has gotten? Have you not turned on the fucking TV to see that every single day, top scitenists are telling us how serious this is, how we need to take shelter, ration our food and water, basically not to go outside once this comet strikes our earth? This will be absolutely catastrophic, it's not a fucking joke, Annabella. And when the comet finally hits and you are not prepared for it, don't even think about contacting me or my family, because we will give you NOTHING. Have fun trying to survive.



CYREN RACHEL THE BREAD CRUMB DILEMMA

ANNABELLA:

[scoffs] Whatever, I do not care what you say.

INT - Julia walks back into their home, and immediately calls Elliot, who is last minute shopping for food, especially non perishable items for them to stock on while they get prepared to be stuck in the basement.

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JULIA:

[on the phone with Elliot]: Where the hell are you? You need to come home immediately so we can plan for this comet to strike. I've already collected all of Claire's clothing and food in the basement, and took all of the food cans out of the cabinet and put them in the basement as well. Also the same with the water. Are you coming home now, Elliot?

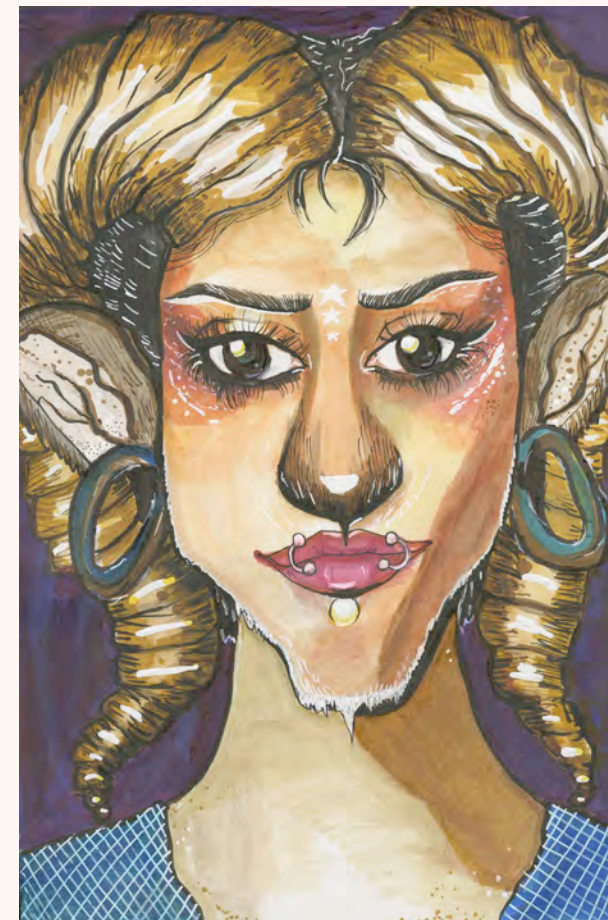
ELLIOT:

Yeah, I am in the car right now on the way to you guys, traffic is really slow and-----

[All of a sudden, the line disconnects, and there is a huge boom outside, and fires start to emerge in the street. People are heard screaming and yelling.]

SAUL RIVERA SKATE LOGO

SKATE
SHAKES & BURGERS



KOSTIUK DIANA HERO PORTRAIT

JULIA

[still on the phone, she starts to frantic and walks all over the house, she begins to cry while redialing, but no answer]: Elliot, Elliot, can you hear me? Please, answer the phone!

Julia starts sobbing and picks up Claire immediately and cradles her in her arms. She feels so protected by her and feels okay, just in that moment. She looks outside the window and sees even more people franicking and going insane inside their houses. Then, she suddenly feels the ground start to shake tremendously. She sees outside the window a huge flash of light begin to explode and immediately grabs Claire and heads downstairs to the basement. She then hears an announcement on her speaker and hears this from The President:

"My Fellow Americans, the time has come. Please be aware and stay inside. You should NOT be anywhere outside. If you are driving, You need to seek shelter somewhere NOW. You should not be on the road driving. Please seek shelter immediately, have enough food, have enough water to be able to protect yourselves and others in your family.



KOSTIUK DIANA HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS



NIDA AMJAD MAJESTIC CAT

JULIA:

[dials Elliot's phone number]: Elliot, Elliot, [she starts sobbing while speaking on the phone]: PLEASE come home, I need you here right now! Please drive as quickly as you can, you need to be protected here, everyone is going absolutely insane and I need to have you here by my side, I-I-can't lose you, Elliot!

ELLIOT:

[his voice being extremely distorted, the phone starts to break up a bit] I'll try to find my way, but just in case I don't.....I love you and Claire so much, beyond forever.....[phone line breaks up.] JULIA starts to sob again and feels so hopeless and heartbroken. She does not know what to do, until she hears the house phone ringing upstairs from the basement...



JANET RENDO MAN UNDER UMBRELLA

7

HUDAA MAHMOOD EGGSHELLS

eggshells, eggshells, eggshells,
 i hate walking on eggshells.
 a slight misstep,
 too much pressure,
 dare I say;
 too much trust upon another,
 the result is all the same.
 a crack,
 little pieces,
 CRUSHED!
 nothing
 left.
 eggshells, eggshells, eggshells,
 i hate walking on eggshells.

LEARNING CURVE OGO
JAMAL SIMON



DANIEL PAGAN HAUNTED MEMORY

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
 Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk
 Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp
 Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
 Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz
 Daniel

KEVIN HUTCHINSON PLANT A TREE, SAVE THE PLANET





JASON LOPEZ THE EDGE OF LIGHTNING

ELEGY FOR KEVIN CONROY
DAMIEN NIESEWAND

I found myself wandering Crime Alley last night.
The police tape is many years gone.
There's still chalk on the ground, but it doesn't look right—
I recognize the figure that's drawn.

It isn't two people. No pearls scatter the street.
No orphan screams his grief to the sky.
There are flowers, alright — their scent too sickly-sweet —
but Thomas and Martha aren't why.

Instead, it's their son that is traced on the ground

(or the man that I knew him to be).
You're the voice of that man — once was lost, now is found.
You're the Batman that belonged to me.

It just doesn't seem right. You were just sixty-six.
There's no villain, no monster, no gun.
It's so stupidly random — it's this death that sticks?
There are some things that can't be outrun.

Like your very own body, when it says it's your time.
There's no plot armor outside the plot.
In real life, there's cancer, not a clown prince of crime.

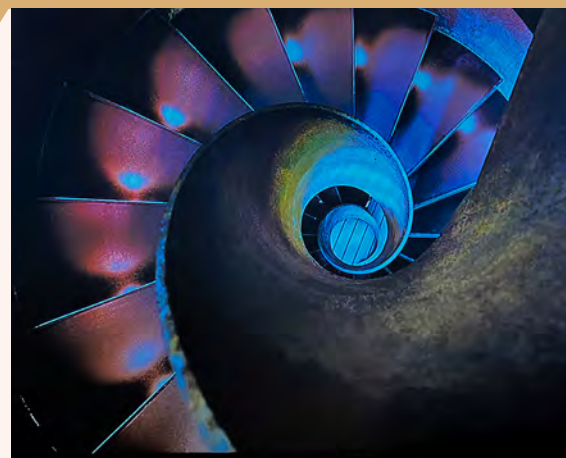


Time to put down the myth that we bought.

The world shouldn't be spinning. A legend lies still.
I am mourning a man never known.
So you aren't the real Batman. You aren't my real dad.
But you showed me I wasn't alone.

When I was a kid, I had no one to trust.
I thought a hero could help me escape.
I pictured him in my window, all gruff and robust:
"I see you. I've got you. You're safe."

And the hope that infused me with each of those words—
a promise that was made with your voice—



ANTONIO LAMBERT UNTITLED



VERA VITKOUSKAYA UNTITLED

was the hope that allowed me to channel the birds.
I escaped. I am safe. We rejoice.

You were no vigilante, but the hero was real.
You saved my life with no need for a cape.
I think of the future I owe you. I kneel
at the outline that's drawn in your shape.

Your city is mourning. We will not forget.
The Batsignal's forever alight.
I make you a promise. I'll live with pride. No regrets.
Good night, Mr. Conroy, our knight.



DIANNA CUAHUTENCOS METAPHONICAL ME

MIA BELLA SOMNIATOR LUCID DREAMS

Lo –
 To love or Not to love– a trifling trys
 my spirit crumbles beneath uncertain bliss
 red ribbons across his lips
 my lipstick smudged from frivolous kiss
 ruby marks left by fingertips
 hands that play precariously benign the sheets persist
 Tho –
 I yearn to be seen– unbind
 my soul kissed before our bodies eclipse
 caress the silhouettes that taunt my mind
 before grazing the curves of my hips
 affection sways towards uncertain direction
 Woe –
 he moves my pen to thoughts of him
 to write poetry with my dejection
 waltzing once more in but a dream of puzzled whim



Patrick Richardson
 Digital Publication Design

IS HARPER COMING...
OR THEY'RE THE LUY LEAGUE KIDS AND JANE BUCKINGHAM...
TABITHA F. JENKINS

In all the finding how they waited for Harper. I don't know why. I was in my bedroom and there were Sidwell's friends. I had been sick in bed, when they told who Harper was. And all the faces, who passed their mirrors, in their bureaus, tuck of the arm, feint of the wrist, blink of an eye, and flips of the eyelid looked at clock, the college admissions scandal was on the news. from 30 centimeters away. Sidwell's insurance company.

Harper was sitting in the trees...and what happened to Harper.... In delight, her name was Jennifer LeVitz, if thinking of somebody who didn't eat nothing but cosmic brownies on the coffee table discovered the college admissions scandal had something to do with Rick Singer. And Singer's growing reputation.

What did Sidwell do?

Sued by a former student; family alleging, 'it had sabotaged' their daughter's applications. And retaliated and retaliated, about a math grade. We find that the eclipse was only one eclipse, and the math grade wasn't retaliated...not many there was a telescope, how they discovered cooking and looking through the telescope Harper sittin in a tree. No Harper isn't



EREKLE K. CYCLE

coming, he already came.. and I didn't believe the Dances and dances of the wah watusi on the ottoman. Upon watching it on the news, many of you, seeing your faces, learn.

The girl wasn't a stellar candidate according to Singer, because she wasn't admitted to any dozens plus schools she applied, as a strong student and runner,

Why Harper? was it because of Rick Singer, Gap Year, Penn

SHELL
infinite power

FROM THE CHARGER TO THE ROAD

Expanding our electric vehicle charging network, Shell has signed an agreement to acquire subsidiary, a leading REEV on-street charging provider, in its latest step to support drivers making the switch to lower-carbon transport.

SHELL
infinite power

FROM THE RACETRACK TO THE ROAD

With our partnership with arisoredams in a formulae, we hope to take the innovations from the racetrack to the road, allowing electric vehicle users to benefit from improved efficiency and a better driving experience.

SHELL
infinite power

FROM NATURE TO THE ROAD

Shell is now also entering offshore wind generation in the USA, where our joint ventures intend to develop wind farms off New Jersey and Massachusetts. Another example of how we're building our renewable power business.

a how it felt... clapping. Gen V. wiretapping.. And Jane Buckingham, soccer game, her son was only a sophomore, Ivy League kids.

And Singer's growing reputation, on admissions, Private School choice for Nixon, Clinton, and Obama's families, Who are the D. C, bigwigs. Harper is one sees you, he can see thoughts, apotheosizes,

2 Clapping and seeing we finally accepted the college admissions scandal was speculative and exploitative of the system being rigged..

The idolizations ,for Harper, is he one or many of the faces in the mirror...and when is Harper coming... Why do we idolize Harper, said the many faces in the mirror

If there was a coach like Rick Singer, in his being the college whisper, after getting to the exploitation of a rigged system, against regular people like you. Usually it is due to our suffering?

Eyelid open.

Your beautiful says, harper

Am I too old, Harper?

No.

Am I sad, harper

No.

3

Quite elegante said Harper,

Propensity are ones who have moxie, and an ianmar-to, are women like Melissa Korn, like Jennifer Levitz, authors of Unacceptable, and and the superfluity of California, and floating Beverly Hill talk of the college admissions scandal, but what about Rick Singer...this was a guide, to make yourself over,after Harper climbed down from the bark of tree one time.

15



XIOMARA ANDERSON FREE SPIRIT

RUEI YANG PASSION FRUIT



This was a guide to see only the bailiwick, like Jane Buckingham's in ...Unacceptable... lecturing audiences about gen v and this our understanding audiences clap on the ottoman, The Modern Girl's Guide to Motherhood..

Were curt of the eyes, collapsing on the bed there was at least, upon the dancing in the mirror, a bureau, and brunettes all had problems finding if Harper, gave out the best advice, avidities, this was hard, and it shouldn't be hard to dance either, even if a debilitating disease had been chronic psychologically.



ANITA KHRISTIDI ROSEY MOUNTAINS

16

17

JALENE SERRA CITY



LISE ROXANNE AUGUSTIN ONE MORE NIGHT

One more night when I die of love
 One more night when I die of memories
 You're not here anymore
 But you are everywhere
 I don't hold.
 I never held on
 Last night, I dreamt of you
 I dreamt of us
 You kissed me and took me in your arms
 It wasn't real
 I knew it
 But it did me good
 To see me in your arms folded as one
 You shouldn't have left!
 Not like that
 Not now
 I'm killing myself saying that it will be fine
 But it's still not okay
 And I don't know when it will start to go
 Sincerely, I don't think it can go one day
 But I say it to myself
 Again and again
 Hope brings it to life, it is said
 Isn't it?
 And you will probably ask Why haven't I left as well?
 It's because
 I just can't.
 All my departures bring me back to you.



NIDA AMJAD MYSTERY

TAMYNA BICHINASHVILI TIME BETWEEN TIMES





NIDA AMJAD MAJESTIC LION

IF SANTA CLAUS WERE ONE OF US
RAYA DIMITROVA

(a Spenserian Sonnet)
If Santa Claus were waiting on the platform,
Pushing bills into the vending machine and checking
for the train,
Would you rush to him breaking the social norm,
And ask him to shelter you from the rain?
If Santa Claus were by your bed, when you were in pain
And were searching for answers in the grim face of
the nurse,
Would you ask him to change your sheets and wash
the stain,
Thereby giving you comfort and lifting a curse?
If Santa Claus were driving down Grand Concourse,
Honking for you to move over,
Would you ask him, for better or for worse,
To take you to a place with a four-leaf clover?
If Santa Claus were one of us,
He would be the plumber John or the baker Gus.

SONALI RETEMYER VIBE STORE POSTER



JAMAL SIMON WATCHFUL EYES



CINTY C.W. I WANT

A dog wags its tail
It appears
on my face
a smile

A breeze blows its might
It scrolls
down my face
a tear

It is a smile. It is a tear.
But what makes it
a genuine smile and
a hot tear?

When I see,
the world smiles
at one another, and
the world forgives.

This, is what I want.



RACHEL TURAY HANSEL AND GRETEL



To my best friend,
 who has helped me loads;
 You give me your love,
 your time,
 your wisdom.
 You treat my family as your own and
 are always there,
 even for my pets
 though you claim to not care.
 For my mother,
 you go out your way.
 Including my cat who you "dislike" so
 much
or so you say.
 Cause here you come with his food,
 some toys,
 a small house,
 accessories galore.
 To my best friend,
 who has been by my side;
 My rock,
 My journal,
 My shoulder to lean on.
 Fortunate was I,
 to have come to college to learn
 and in my pursuit,

found a lifelong friend-
 family I got to choose.
 Our fear of being apart,
 brought us closer in the summer.
 We made a list of adventures,
 things we always wanted to do.
The city that never sleeps
 so we followed suit.
 Creating memories as we went;
 my first concert,
 old museums,
 Barcade!
 Dave & Busters!
 The free,
 and the pricey.
 You showed me Omar Appollo,
 I showed you Harry Styles.
 The same energy and wavelength,
 things that can't be faked.
 Digging ourselves into debt with smiles
 on our face.
 Radio shows,
 conversations with randoms.
 Groups of friends,
 group chats,
 until it's just us two.

Being apart will be odd,
 Empty.
 I won't know what to do.
 But don't take this the wrong way,
 cause I'm so proud of you!
 Your awards,
 your honors,
 you're a shining star!
 An example to lead by.
Work smarter, not harder-
 you show me, don't just tell.
 To my best friend,
 don't be sad,
 this isn't the end.
"I'm proud of you Dianna, you deserve it all"
 Late Night Talking
 up until the Daylight,
 our bond is Evergreen,
 Everything Will Be Alright.
 To my best friend,
 who's graduating soon, but I'm not coming with
"I'm graduating Hudaa, but it's not with you"
 To my best friend,
 you will be missed.
Don't worry, I'll see you soon.
I'll come over for your celebratory dinner



ODE TO MUSE A SONNET
JOSETTE HANSEN-ROBLES

To what extent must I go for reason?
I search for you, oasis in arid places:
Like a melodious chord, you strike me,
Running through my spirit, I am possessed.
Overflowing, pour me out on pages:
Waning slowly until the very last drop,
Ebb away until emptiness remains.
Now I wait for your return anxiously:
Without reason, cause, utterly alone,
Time consumes me, the distance like chasms.
Longing for your sympathetic embrace:
You return when I needed you the most,
Consuming like raging fires within,
My pages, your palette, painted with words.



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
ELIZABETH MERCADO

25

RUEI YANG CHAIR



26



SARAH GUZMAN PAISLEY ALPHABET

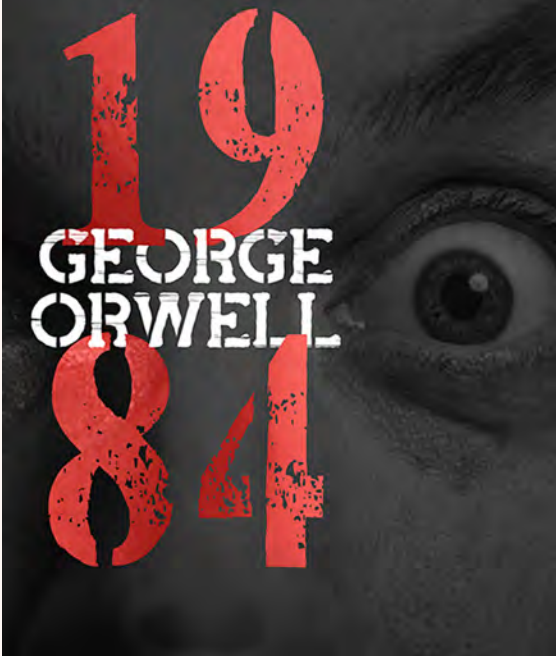
ELIZABETH MERCADO THE MONARCH

Roses are red and violets are blue
 Margaritas are much cheaper than dinner for two
 Now prepare for story of love and not a love story
 Honestly I have none ..sorry
 fresh out of inventory
 Once upon a time I went on a date
 I accidentally got drunk, slurred my words... and maybe her name
 See it started with some nerves ..so I ordered a cosmo ..then later
 a shot
 ..Bad idea...
 And you're right...
 things got worse than I thought
 My eyesight was the first to go blurry!
 My words began to scramble and ramble
 Nonsense....just like Amber Heard's attorney
 My anxiety screamed " Aye-yo! I rehearsed this whole night!"
 It's the first date!It's supposed to go right!
 "Oh well" My brain said...let her go, let her fall, she's now what
 they call...
 Under the "Alcofluence of incohol"
 Now still here I am giggling like a drunken elf ...
 She too began laughing
 Reached for my hand while saying "Someday this'll be a funny
 story to tell!"
 We then lived happily ever after
 ...for about two weeks
 I think she threw her phone across the ocean

And then went on an expedition
 She was taken by aliens?
 Maybe she became..... Houdini's assistant?
 Got attacked by an orange ?
 Locked herself in her storage ?
 Point is I don't know
 She left with no answers
 No text
 Not a note
 Just a funny story and a sprinkle of hope
 Plus a great lesson
 See my ideas of love have changed and evolved
 People come into our lives never knowing for how long
 For a season, a reason
 A cameo in this chapter of your book
 Figuring out how to laugh and to fall in love with yourself
 Is much better than it looks
 Like I said before it's not a love story yet a story of love
 And they lived Happily ever after ...separately



NIDA AMJAD AUTUMN LEAVES



ABBOSHON ASLAMOV 1984 BOOK COVER



HOW TO MAKE HEARTBREAK HURT A LITTLE LESS JULIA BYKOV

Wake up in the morning, brush your teeth.
 Shower in the morning.
 It will wake you up a little more.
 It takes a really long time for you to shower when you're thinking about it, so wake up a little earlier so you have time to sulk.
 Try to eat some breakfast, or at least a granola bar, to make sure your meds don't make you feel nauseous.
 Whatever you do, don't drink coffee,
 It'll only make you way more anxious than you already are.
 Drink some tea instead.
 Try to go for a walk,
 It'll help clear your head, and fresh air is always good.
 Look for new songs, but don't listen to the ones you used to listen to together.
 It will only hurt more.
 If you can, go for a run.
 The best thing would be to go to the gym.
 Actually, maybe not.
 You might run into him.
 Consider switching gyms.
 On second thought, don't do that.
 You'd only give him more power.
 Go in the afternoon, when he's not there.

You should see if your friends want to go with you, just in case you do run into him.
 At least they will be there to get your mind off of him.
 Make sure you eat afterwards.
 Set reminders if you have to.
 Go home and clean your room.
 The pile of clothes on the floor will only make you feel worse.
 Go to the store and get a new pillow case when you find his hair on the one he used to use.
 Get a whole new pillow.
 Throw the old one out because it will always smell like him.
 Get yourself some new room decorations while you're at it.
 Changing your setting will help change your mindset.
 Or at least that's what all of the self help books say.
 Set time aside to finish your art wall.
 And the poster wall too.
 Invite your friends to help you.
 They will help you forget him.
 Go through all of your clothing.
 Give him back all of his.
 Read a book. Read another one.
 Watch a movie. Watch another one.
 Go out on the weekends.
 Or at least try to.
 You need to surround yourself with people.
 Don't try to find someone to fill the void.



KIRSTEN DAVIS
A PICTURE WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS



DIANA KOSTIUK DAYBOOK PAGE

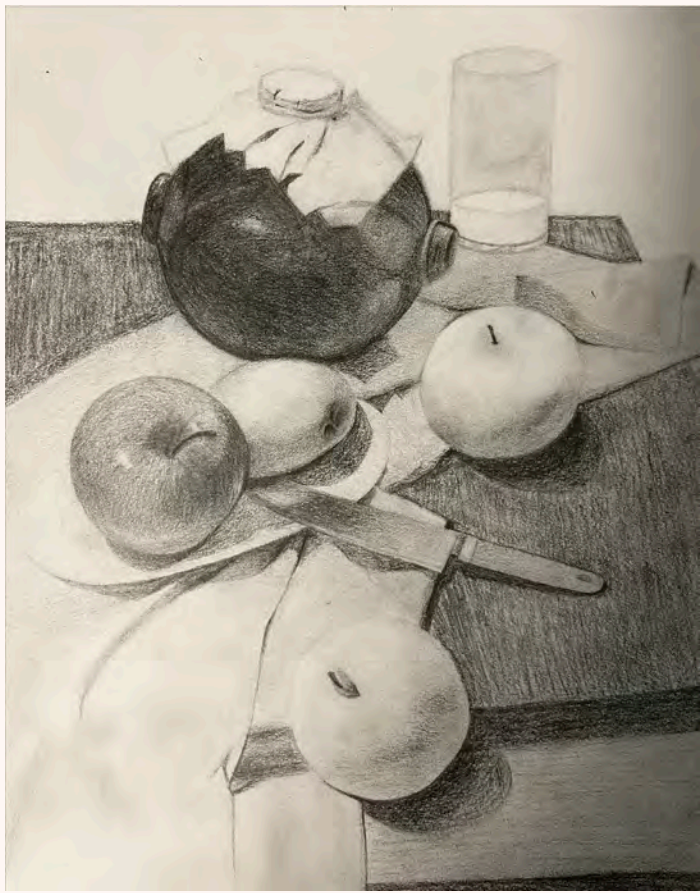


BRIANA GUINN SPEAKESY FONT

It will only hurt you more.
 It could hurt them too.
 If you do find someone you actually like, don't compare them to him.
 They are not the same.
 Color your hair if you want to, but please get it done professionally.
 Experiment with jewelry and clothing.
 Go out and do things on your own.
 Figure out who you are without him.
 Learn to love yourself again.
 He showed you how, now it's time to put it into action.
 After all, there is a reason he loved you.
 Maybe he still does.
 Don't think about that though.
 It will only hurt you more.
 Most importantly, let yourself feel everything.
 Don't push the tears away, cry if you need to.
 You're only human.
 It's going to hurt no matter what.
 You're going to need time to heal, but with all of this, at least it will hurt a little less.



ANTHONY ZHANG RESTAURANT DESIGN



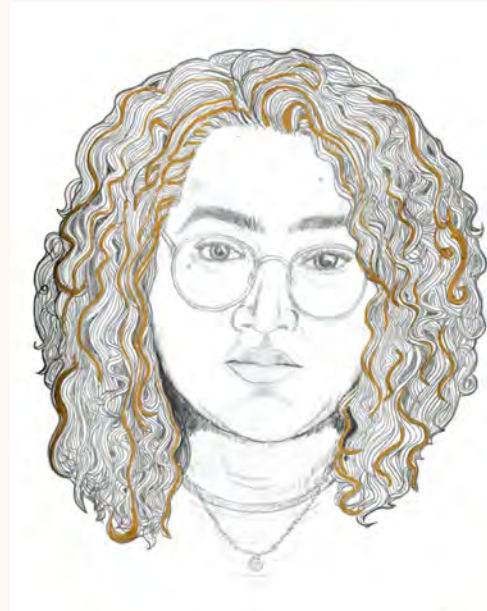
RUEI YANG STILL LIFE

NILUFAR BAKIEVA LILAC ROSE OF HEART

Today is a full 6 months since I am taking treatment in the hospital. My name is Amelia. Approximately one year ago something strange happened to me. My heart was beating more than usual. My parents started to worry, so they took me to the hospital. After many analyses, the doctor diagnosed - I have congenital heart. So, now the hospital is my second home. I am used to living there, taking pills every day, and taking some procedures. Such a wonderful day was last Sunday. I went to the ocean shore. You know, people like to talk with each other, but I like to talk with the ocean. It calms me down. A man was walking there with his dog. He looked so sad and pitiful, but he was not poor. I was sure about that. Suddenly, his dog ran to me and started to play with me. The man came too. He sat down on the bench. Then he said: "You look so bored; do you want to hear the interesting story?" I had free time, so I agreed. He began to talk: "One young girl had heart disease; she took the treatment in this hospital." Then he asked me: "You are also one of the patients there, aren't you?" "Yes," - I said. He continued: "Her name was Emma. She was an incredibly beautiful young girl. Every young man fell in love with her. But her heart was given only to one person. His name was Liam Ellis. Their love story was a wonderful one. Every day he brought her one lilac rose. Lilac roses were her favorite ones. He promised her that he would buy her a hundred lilac roses, so he bought one rose per day for her. That day for Liam was an amazing day because he hurried to Emma to give her 100th rose. But something bad happened,

and that day became the worst day in Liam's life." "What happened?," - I asked curiously. "His beautiful Emma died." I saw tears in his eyes. I thought the story forced him to cry. It was such a touching story of true love. The man was silent for several minutes, then he said: "Nice to meet you, young girl. I hope you will find your true love and will be happy." I said: "Thank you, Mr... by the way, you didn't introduce yourself." "My name is Liam... Liam Ellis". He smiled at me and took a dried lilac rose out of his pocket near his heart and gave it to me as a keepsake. From that day on, I keep it in my little box in hope of finding true love.

DIANNA CUAHUTENCOS YOU ARE YOUR OWN MUSE



SANDRA BETELAK AT PICK OF THE LIGHT



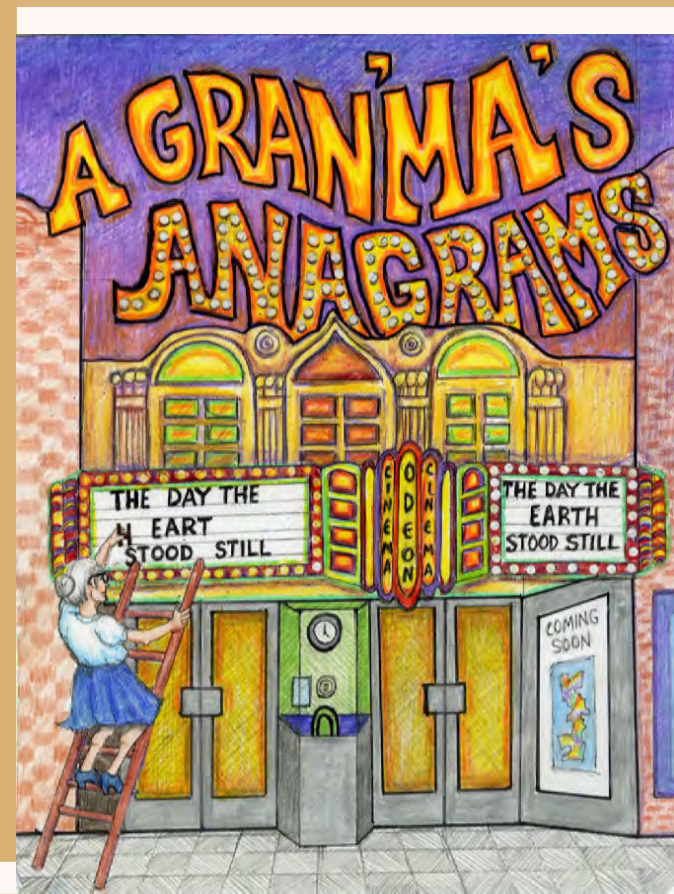
JUDY SCHWARTZ THE CALLER IN THE CELLAR CANNOT RECALL THE NUMBER



HUDAA MAHMOOD EUREKA!

People are quick to renounce God in the name of science, but a lot of science can be theoretical. Such as the Big Bang Theory. It's in the name. Nobody knows if that actually happened. Nobody has seen it, it wasn't witnessed. It's not proven as science proudly declares itself. There's also the stance of previous scientific discoveries proven wrong as time goes on due to advancements made in technology etc. Facts change. So if you can take a chance on science than why not religion? Better yet, how about when they go hand in hand and overlap?

JUDY SCHWARTZ A GRAN'MA'S ANAGRAMS





ETUNA BEKAURI END THE WAR!

TALKING TO A STRANGER MELISSA PEDR

I parked my little silver car under the lifeless, bare trees of the woods. Put it in neutral, pull up the hand brake, check the time. 2:50, ten minutes early. Surely, I have enough time to pull myself together. Enough time to wipe the tears from my eyes, ease the shakiness of my hands, build up the courage to walk through the single door of this bland beige building. I try to move, but I can't. As if pulling the handle to my car door was something so intricate. Time is ticking. I was early, now I'm late.

I walked up the four steps of the building to the front door. I stared at the doorbell that seemed to be staring back at me, just waiting for me to ring it. Eventually I did. I walked through the door and across the hideous, blue-tiled floors and into an elevator. It was only two floors up, but the ride seemed like an eternity. I made my way down the hall checking the number on every door, hoping the number I was looking for had somehow ceased to exist, although it hadn't.

I cracked open the door just to see a waiting room, and beyond that was a small room with a small woman sitting behind her desk. She peered up at me from the thick framed glasses that sat just before the tip of her nose. She smiled at me softly, which should have eased my discomfort, but only made it worse.

"You must be Melissa."

"Hello, yes, I am Melissa." I said, but I really wished I wasn't. In this moment I wished I could've been anyone else. My mind filled with instant regret. I knew it wasn't a good idea. I preferred to be like a dusty old book on a library shelf; unwanted,

<p>PARA LA MESA</p> <p>GUACAMOLE \$17.00 avocado - tomato - onion - cilantro - lime vegetarian ~Add tuna tartare \$4.00 ~Add crispy pork belly \$3.00</p> <p>TUNA CEVICHE \$18.00 serrano chili - lime - cucumber - cilantro - red onion GRILLED PORK BELLY \$18.00 three varieties of pickled heirloom carrot - red piquian sauce - ancho chili glaze ~Allergens tree-nut</p> <p>QUESO FUNDIDO \$16.00 melted cheese - chili morita salsa - flour tortilla (vegetarian)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>CRISPY CALAMARI \$15.00 pickled chili - poblano - charred lemon</p> <p>~Allergens shellfish</p> <p>SHRIMP CEVICHE \$18.00 fresno-guajillo aguachile - lime - avocado - cilantro oil</p> <p>~Allergens shellfish</p> <p>CHARRED CRISPY TOSTIADA \$16.00 smashed avocado - heirloom tomato - radish - serrano - bee pollen - cilantro espinaca</p> <p>ENSALADA Y SOPA</p> <p>MEXICAN CHOP \$16.00 romaine - bacon - black bean - yellow corn - cherry tomatoes - panela - cheese - caramelized pepita - avocado vinaigrette</p> <p>~Add grilled chicken \$5.00 ~Add shrimp \$8.00</p> <p>YELLOW CORN SOUP \$14.00 corn esquites - cotija cheese - charred tortilla oil (vegetarian)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>FAJITAS served with flour tortillas - guacamole - crema fresca - morita salsa</p> <p>MARINATED SHRIMP \$29.00 al ajillo salsa ~Allergens shellfish</p> <p>ADOBO CHICKEN \$27.00 al ajillo salsa - guajillo chili</p> <p>SKIRT STEAK \$30.00 negra modelo marinated beef</p>	<p>TACO BOARDS</p> <p>LOBSTER TACOS \$22.00 black bean purée - avocado - chile de arbol salsa - flour tortilla ~Allergens dairy, shellfish</p> <p>CHAYOTE SQUASH \$17.00 crispy sweet potato - avocado purée - radish - red onion (vegetarian, vegan, gluten-free)</p> <p>FISH \$20.00 beer battered - napa chipotle cabbage slaw - avocado</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>ADOBO GRILLED CHICKEN \$19.00 green tomatillo salsa - radish - red onion - cilantro (gluten-free)</p> <p>ESPECIALES</p> <p>CHICKEN ENCHILADAS \$24.00 tomatillo salsa - chihuahua cheese - crema fresca - pickled fresno (gluten-free)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>SHRIMP & CRAB ENCHILADAS \$28.00 creamy guajillo sauce (gluten-free)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy, selffish</p> <p>ZARANDEADO SALMON \$29.00 corn esquites - cherry tomato - chayote-napa cabbage slaw</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>TAMPIQUEÑA \$35.00 grilled skirt steak - cheese enchilada - guacamole - black bean - scallion</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>FARRO-COCONUT RISOTTO \$24.00 farro risotto - seasonal vegetable jus - roasted heirloom carrots - açai honey - mascarpone - toasted coconut (vegetarian, vegan, gluten-free)</p>	<p>MAS</p> <p>RICE & BEANS \$7.00 MEXICAN STREET CORN \$8.00 mayonnaise - cotija cheese - chili powder (vegetarian) ~Allergens dairy</p> <p>CARAMELIZED PLANTAINS \$8.00 chipotle butter (vegan)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>ROASTED HEIRLOOM CARROTS \$9.00 cilantro-pepita vinaigrette (vegetarian, vegan, gluten-free)</p> <p>CHEF SANDOVAL'S VIAJE A MAYA 3-COURSES - \$42 PER GUEST (no substitutions, please)</p> <p>ANTOJITOS - CHOOSE ONE Suggested Pairing: Maya Margarita +15 or Stella Pinot Grigio +13</p> <p>QUESADILLAS SURTIDAS oaxaca cheese, roasted chile poblano, zucchini flower, tomatillo & tomato salsa, crema fresca, cotija cheese</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>SALMON CEVICHE citrus honey, grain mustard, red onion, horse radish, caper, corn chips (gluten-free)</p> <p>SMOKE BRISKET creamy chile slaw, avocado, pickled onion, corn tortillas (gluten-free)</p>	<p>ENTREES - CHOOSE ONE Suggested Pairing: O.P.P. Pinot Noir +16 or Dos Amigos +15</p> <p>PECHUGA ADOBADA adobo marinated chicken breast, roasted corn, warm pico de gallo, huitlacoche dumplings, cilantro pesto</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>SLOW-ROASTED CARNITAS slow braised pork carnitas, avocado purée, black beans, mexican ricotta cheese, chile fresno onion salsita, corn tortillas (gluten-free)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>CHILE RELLENO poblano pepper, vegetables, salsa entomatada, monterey cheese (vegetarian)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>DESSERT - CHOOSE ONE Suggested Pairing: Arta Extra Añejo +22 or Maya Beso +14</p> <p>COCONUT FLAN coconut milk, blueberry sauce, seasonal fruit (vegetarian)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p>ICE CREAM & SORBET vanilla or chocolate ice cream, seasonal sorbets (vegetarian)</p> <p>~Allergens dairy</p> <p style="text-align: right; font-size: small;">Design by Danilo Moy Li</p>
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DANILO MOY LI RESTAURANT MENU





ALINA OTCHENASHKO BEGINNING OF LIFE

untouched, and most importantly unopened. A book filled with my own helplessness, despair, insanity. But it was too late to turn around now.

I stepped into the room and sat in the single chair straight across from her desk, as she directed. My face painted red from all the tears I could not prevent from rolling down my face, I didn't have to look in a mirror to tell. I hoped she wouldn't say anything at all for the whole hour, so I wouldn't have to either. But obviously that wasn't going to happen.

She asked questions that no one had ever cared to ask before, I told her things I'd never said. With each question, little fragments that would piece me together poured out from my mouth. Things I had never said out loud before, thoughts that I had always dismissed rushed from the depths inside of me and into this room of a stranger. She jotted notes down on her yellow notepad: who he was, what he had done to me, every feeling I had felt. She scribbled down my misery, my scars, my heartache. Although it was her job to listen, it seemed like she cared. That was the odd thing about it, she did care. This moment meant everything to me. In my twenty years of life, I had finally felt like someone cared.

For years I tried to express this void in my chest. The pain I felt constantly jolting through my body, heart seemingly pounding in my throat, choking me, never allowing the words I needed to say come out of my mouth. Until I finally would muster up the courage to speak about my emotions... No one cared. My depression was so easily dismissed. My feelings were simply invalidated. Day after day I spent curled up under my tear-soaked sheets, while everyone around me blatantly ignored the fact that I was absolutely not okay.

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Magazine Cover & Editorial Pages Design Project



Art 73
Digital Publication Design
Danilo May Li



DANILO MOY LI DIGITAL ART MAGAZINE

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BRIANA GUINN GATORADE AD CAMPAIGN

I continued to pour my heart out to this stranger; the silence in between my words was deafening as my dark clouds spread throughout the room. She continued to scribble down on her notepad. By now, it's yellow pages must be black saturated with ink. With every detail, her eyes widened with disbelief. A feeling of calmness washed over me as all my thoughts floated around this room, filling its peaceful atmosphere with craze. It was my craze, and it felt so good to release it. Words I never thought I could say out loud continued to flow effortlessly out of my mouth.

"That's all we have time for today."
An hour passed by so quickly, perhaps the quickest hour of my life. I walked out the door, barely able to comprehend what just happened. Some of the weight of every thought that was weighing me down was released, I felt free. I opened the door to the hallway, the same blue tiles turned into the sky and clouds carried me to the elevator. I pushed open the doors of the office building and stepped into the outside world. Everything seemed much clearer. The bare trees seemed so full of life, birds in their nests cheering me on as I walked down the



BRIANA GUINN RIPE APPLES

street. The warmth of the sun shining down on me, I could see everything in a different light. I felt a smile slowly creep across my face. I ran my shaky fingers over my lips and across my cheeks as if it was the first time I had ever felt such a thing. It was, in fact, the first time in a while.



DIANA KOSTIUK UNTITLED

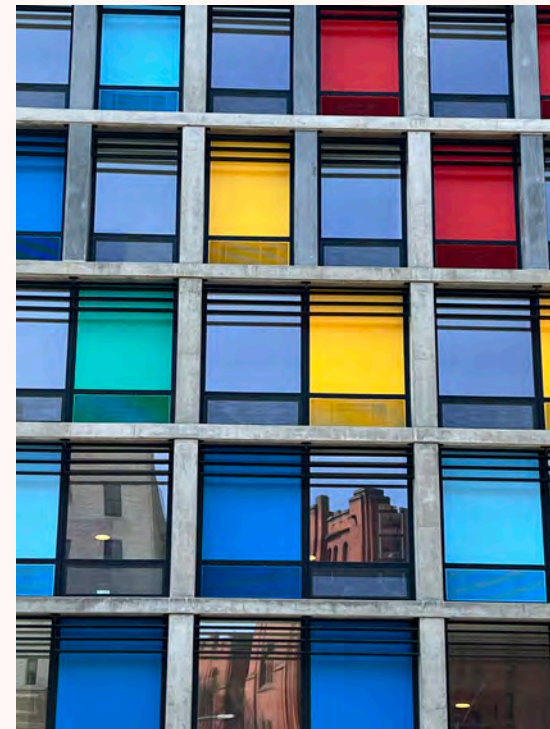


VAZERA ERGASHEVA UNTITLED

CHRIS COHEN POWER STRUGGLE

evil is a liquid with no true face
it takes the shape of the vessel
in which it's placed
evil is a hummingbird
with its throat slit
listen as it's chirping and gurgling
begin to mix
to create a sweet melody
of blood-soaked spit
there's an element of beauty in pain
that will always exist
you'll resist
in a moment of weakness
it'll persist
leaving you desecrated
bottom-dwelling
inside your mind's abyss
only a strong mind can overcome
all the darkness that has begun
for I've faced the uphill climb
a treacherous journey
to reach the summit of my mind
I am not alone

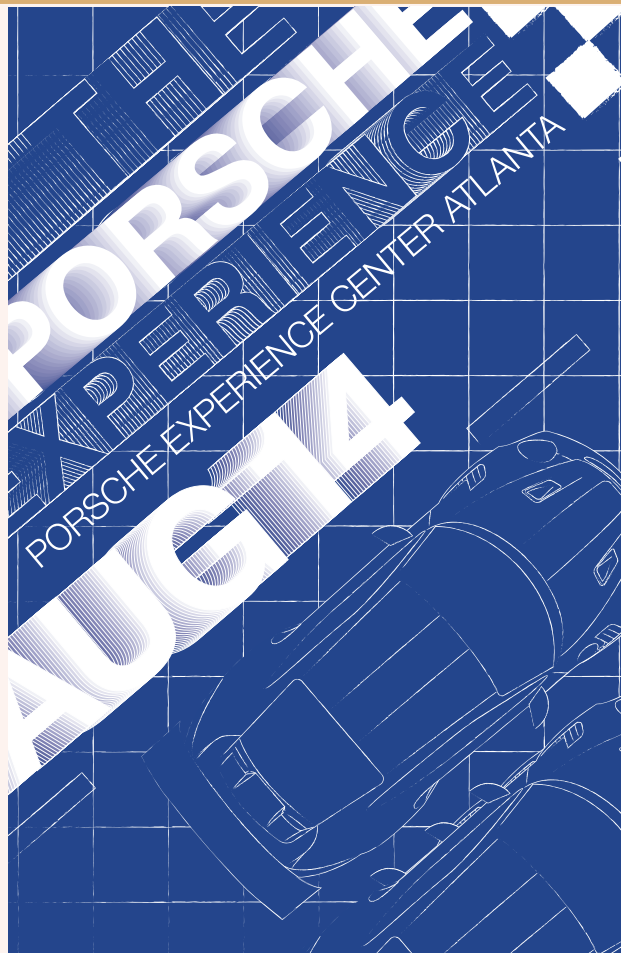
I am not unique
countless others
have conquered this very feat
but one thing has become clear to me
something even the blind can see
we are all capable of heinousness
it resides inside our subconscious
the catalyst to spark it
stems from a moment of darkness
we have the means to stop it
control is allotted
evil clings to you
from the skin of its teeth
If you feel its grip loosen
you must jostle yourself free.
keep your mindset strong
and your hopes high
but even then
be weary
because what dwells from the darkness
is clawing its way back up
to cling again.



JAMILLA RICHARDS UNTITLED

DANIEL MEZA SHATTERED GLASS





MATTHEW CYPRIEN THE PORSCHE EXPERIENCE

ODE TO ANNABEL LEE MIA BELLA SOMNIATOR

Prologue
The Artist

upon virgin canvas I illustrate
a tall tale wrought from sacrilegious kiss
of a wayward soul condemned by lowly fate
and painted brushstrokes mute shades gone amiss

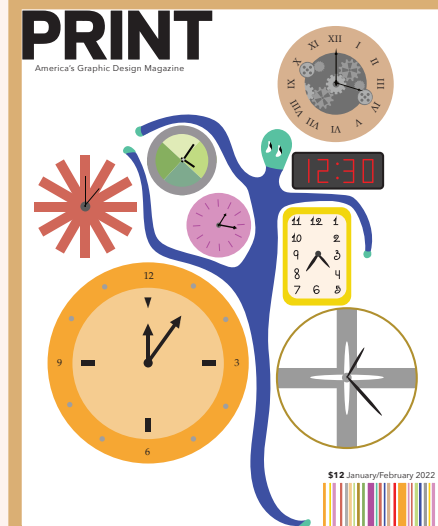
an endless night sky now reflects within
a sonnet declaration apathy
of ambiguous foolish whim begin
portrays an unraveling blasphemy

sketched in disguises is my sudden demise
entombed within a memory of we
Sanity sways as life fades from her eyes
surely not my darling Annabel Lee!

I shall not rest and do my utmost best
of seeking the thief that put you to rest.
There is a beauty in insanity
like that of a wilted rose...

The moon shows as though it has never
been brighter; out shining the stars in an
endless abyss of black. Horizon now
as dark as the asphyxiating thoughts

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JANET REIDON A PRINT IN TIMES

that has brought me here. Weary and dismayed,
my mind compels me to ponder upon
my plight. Who was that smiling man? Whose
gaze taunted me through a looking glass? I
swear I've seen him before. I know I've seen
him before. And though he smiled in glee,
I detected an impenetrable
sorrow dancing within his gaze, hidden
beyond reach.
Why does sorrow dance? As if he has learned
all the secrets of the world and now bears
them down upon his back like the weight of



RUEI YANG THE NEW YORKER



ADEL ZARIPOV UNTITLED

woe. When grace and misery intertwine
upon frail wings of vanity and wax...
It all falls apart...
It all falls apart...
It all falls apart!
And yet...
A mirror always lies.
And snakes love to sing...

I'm standing in the mirror, gaze latched
upon a haunting facade. Petrified,
I contemplate upon the peculiar
man whose taunting smile enrages me.
My palpitating heart trembles in fear,
seeping from my pores to scent the air with
trepidation. Cowardice compels me
to flee from the muggy cathedral and
I chase the night awaiting me beyond
the cross upon crimson doors; longing to
become enveloped within midnight's embrace.

"It's the devil, I say!"

"It's the devil, I pray!"

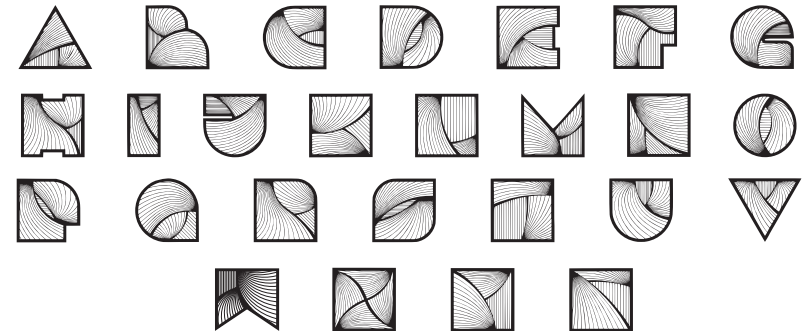
With a twinkle in his eye and a
smile filled with pride. And the mournful truth
of it is, is that he's a lot more familiar
than I care to admit. However, if
I knew not any better, I would
declare that he cast a startling
resemblance towards myself.



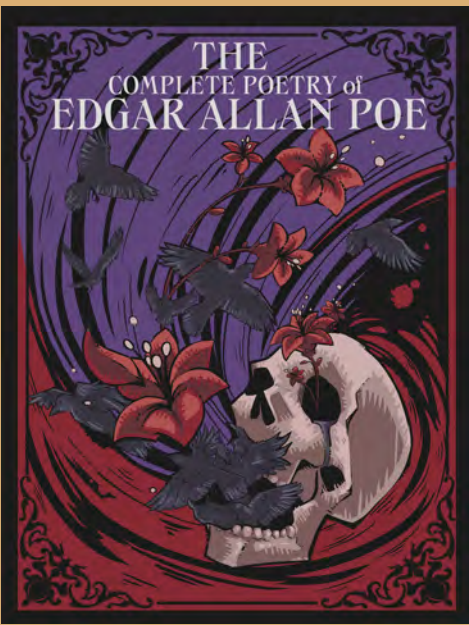
RACHEL CYREN IN THE SNOW

I stumble out the double doors, racing
with the wind down the stone steps. I feel like
a man possessed... I'm greeted
all at once by the howling wind and
bleeding rain, the sudden drop of temperature
a shock. Such a contradiction compared to

SAUL RIVERA TYPEFACE



JAMAL SIMON BOOK COVER
ILLUSTRATION



the muggy atmosphere amongst the cathedral alter. The night snares me and I fear I am running in circles; being chased by inner demons who are empowered by my imagination.

"Annabel!" I sob

"Annabel!" I weep

"The voices, they sing! The voices, they scream!" I clasp my hands over my ears as I fall to my knees, trying to mute the choir inside my head. Warily I stagger uphill towards the sound of her pale child's laughter and... weeping? But who sorrows? Not the moon's virgin light, Nor the roaring sea. Surely not my Annabel Lee, it cannot be!

Upon a rocky cliff, beneath an aging willow tree, is the lamenting sarcophagus of my beloved, resting under the watchful glare of the jealous moon. The heavens boil above as faint screams howl throughout the night. I anxiously fall to my knees and burrow my hands beneath the drenched icy ground; plucking roots and rummaging through rich soil in my savage attempts to uncover her casket. My bleeding hands are frozen as I plow through the earth and



KEVIN HUTCHINSON
THE PLANTS AND THE FURNITURE
ARRIVE AT AN IMPASSE

finally unveil her tomb. "She is here, she is waiting." I anxiously murmur to myself. "Annabel! I am coming to rescue you, my dear, my love! They cannot separate us! Not the blasphemous angels in heaven nor the forsaken demons below the seas!" I bellowed into the night.

I un hinge the door of her sarcophagus as fits of laughter overtakes my conflicted soul. I laugh wholeheartedly without merit as I admire what I have accomplished. "I've reclaimed you, my love! My stolen bride! Death shall not prevail for I now possess the keys to the Palace of Decay! The Sisters of Fate, I have slain!" I shout to the stars. Admiration swells up within my chest as I allow my eyes to linger upon her morbidly still, youthful flesh.

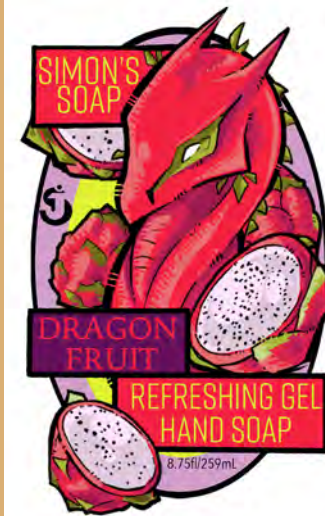
She was so... beautifully breath taking, my Annabel Lee. My darling, my life, my bride. "Death's grasp can no longer taught you! My cadaverous pale queen, come! Tastew the yearning lips of your lover." I smile and rush to her side, transfixed in awe as she rises from her comatose slumber. "Dare God...dare he, our Lord, grant you forgiveness for your crimes of passion." An angelic voice weeps. Staggering jaded

eyes suddenly awakens to the sound of my voice as I scream for her. Her soft eyes see through my tortured soul. In my dreams, I have seen her coy silhouette dancing along to bleeding cassettes, over meadows and autumn leaves. Yet those memories vanish as realization starts to sink in and my mind comprehends her foolish words. Lo, how could such placid lips give birth to acid words? And still, I yearn to kiss her satin, cadaverous flesh.

"Ode to thee-

The moon's virgin light.
She captivates venom,
Confined within the stars.
Sulfur in the air I breathe,
Lo, to little regret!
My darling sweet,
My Annabel Lee."

Her frigid hand grasps my throat with paranormal strength. Biting, chill air fills my lungs as I plea to her, and I confess...I frighten myself. Kneeling before her, I cry desperately over the howling wind, "Listen to me!" I sob uncontrollably as I reflect how I have been made undone, broken by her venomous silence to a love gone amiss. Blood glides down her pale arm as her nails pierce my vulnerable



JAMAL SIMON
DRAGON FRUIT HAND SOAP

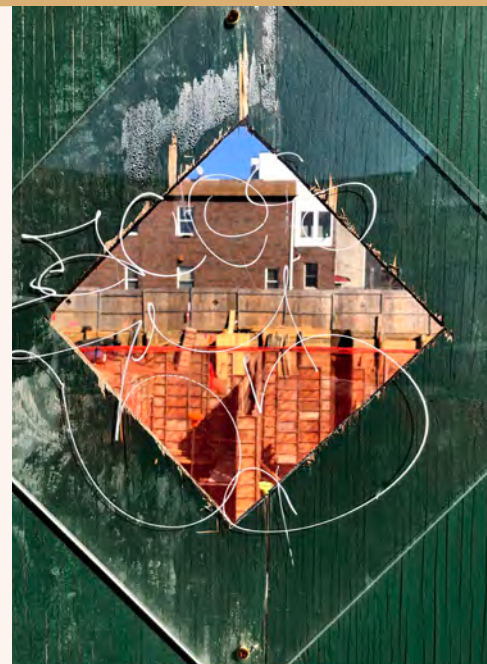
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ERICKA DOUGLAS PEACE MEET GLORY

flesh. My wingless angle...has she betrayed me? Cold rain falls as the skies are overburdened by my grief. My broken Annabel Lee. "Can you not fathom? Do you not yet comprehend? My sacrilegious love for you, my broken doll? You are the only heart my soul has ever dared to yearn for. Are

you at last satisfied!?" snickering, I cursed at her. "By the hex you have cast upon me, you have condemned me; mind and soul!" Grasping for air, I tried to gauge her apathetic expression. Enraged and dismayed, she laughed through her tears. "Should I apologize to God?! For did he not birth the bond between us? Did He not create you for me? And I for you? We are Adam and Eve! Twas not your morphine kiss that transformed me to this pitiful state!? Annabel Please." I desperately pleaded. "Sweetheart. Darling. Everything is going to be okay, my love. Everything is going to be fine." She coos in response. I trembled in shock as the scenery before me suddenly shifted and I found to my alarming surprise not my beloved's hands, but my own, wrapped tightly around my throat like a noose. With much effort, I released my hold. My eyes hungrily searched for my Annabel within the storming night. There! She is there! She lays still, dreaming in her bed of decay. Lovely as the dawning sun. "Everything will be just fine... my love... everything will be ... perfectly... fine..." she faintly whispers through still lips. "Annabel, sweet, wingless angel. I pray, tell me. Who did this to you? To us!? It was another man, wasn't!? Another man sought out to possess your enchanting beauty!? I know it to be true! I will



EMMANUEL MOZU UNTITLED

find him, do not fright! I will find him and conquer him. Avenge this crime! Right this wrong! No one knows... nobody knows! They are all ignorant! They are all blind, the world! I am the only one who knows the truth!" This last realization steadfast my heart with palpitating fear. "Oh? How curious." Laughed a deep, husky,

masculine voice full of mischief spoken from behind me. "Yes, yes! It was him! The owner of that voice! How could I have been so blind! It was him that was blinded by jealousy, that devil! The Thespian! He who stalked our love and acted like a thief in the night. He, that stole you from me to gift you to Death as his trophy! I will seek my revenge for you, my deity,



IRYNA LEZHENINA LIGHT AND DARK

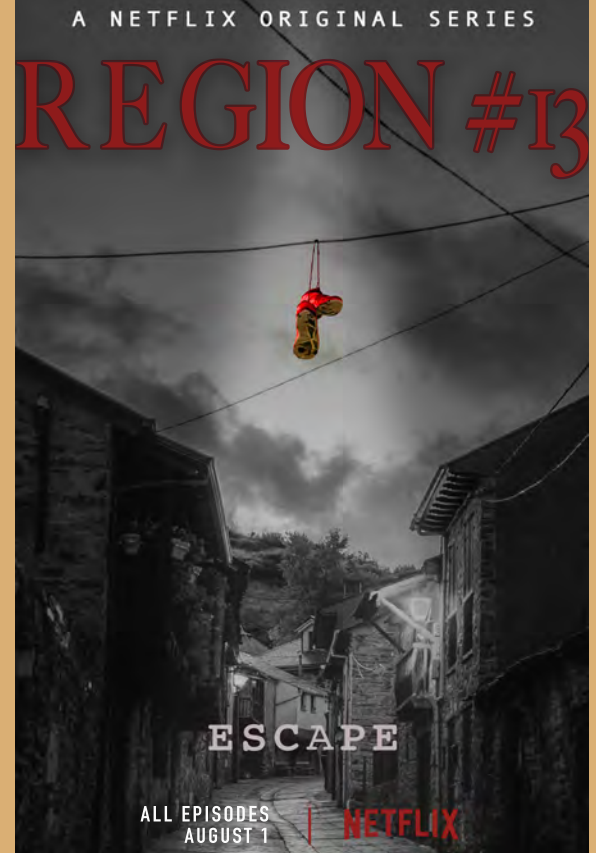


ALINA OTCHENASHKO STILL LIFE WITH PUMPKIN

my goddess, my Annabel Lee!" I vowed to the heavens and hell. "Oh my, very curious indeed." Chuckled the husky voice. "Oh, dear me. I forget myself sometimes, do pardon me. This is very rude of me, to not introduce myself. Bad manners." The voice reprimanded himself. I pressed my lips to the frail flesh upon

her forehead to bestow a last yearning kiss and hastily scramble out of her deathbed to meet the mysterious owner of this mischievous voice. "Who are you!? How dare you disturb me and my bride! Annabel!" I called out to her corpse. "Annabel! Do not fright. I am here." I hunched over in a fit of glee filled laughter. "I would protect her resting site and end this mysterious stranger." I thought to myself. "Who am I...? Well, that is the question, indeed it is. who am I? Yet, more importantly, who are you, good sir? Now there! That is a most appropriate question for our scenario. Howbeit, for now, you may temporarily address me as... the thespian. How do you do, old friend?" He spoke in the utmost charm. "It was you, wasn't it?" I spat. "Was it not by your hands that were the tragedy to be fall upon my bride! My Annabel Lee!" I trembled in blinding rage. "Indeed." Was his simply put cold response. I pause to ponder the situation before me. This madman... have I seen his face before...? I know I have seen his face before! Who is he!? I contemplated in angst. "Are you ready to run, good friend? I have been waiting

SOUZA MASSA LUCAS A BUTTERFLY



ETUNA BEKAURI REGION #13

Summer 2022
All festival events will take place between June 13 and June 23

Live in person
Following the latest covid safety protocols

New York City
with options to watch and participate online for most events

Cooper Union
home of the typographic system design program and the seminal modern design studio

Conferences
June 17-18
the conference series is a conference series focused on the use of type registration is now open.

Workshops
June 13-23
workshops and local courses company the nation's foremost, covering everything from hand lettering to creative coding.

Typelab
June 16-18
the typographic typelab will host a series of informal talks, demos, technical experiments, interviews, and more.

Book Fair
June 17-19
the typographic book fair is a marketplace with titles from some of our favorite design bookstores.

& Much More
see the full schedule for details.

patiently to meet you. Patiently, meticulously, waiting for just this scene." My face full of alarm, I staggered backwards away to create some distance between us. "are you...?" his eyes danced with mischief and he smiled coldly. "Are you... ready to die." His voice turning deeper, darker, grimmer as he said these last few words.

MATTHEW CYPRIEN DIRECTIONS

PRINT
AMERICA'S GRAPHIC DESIGN MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE PROJECT
Cover Design & Pages



Art73 "Digital Publication Design"
LYONEL ALVARADO





JAMAL SIMON ASTRONOMY FESTIVAL POSTER

ILLUSION TAMARA THOMPSON

Chloe waited for Luis in their living room while applying some lipstick to her lips in the mirror.
"Luis hurry! Or we will be late." Said Chloe.
"Chloe just a minute, I am almost done. What time do you think the others will arrive?" replies Luis.
"They will arrive on time duh!" So says Chloe rolling her eyes.
"What do you think is the big news, huh?" Asked Luis as he exited the bathroom approaching Chloe, giving a small peck on the cheeks while glancing in the mirror.
"Maybe it will be about your divorce. God knows we have been waiting for that news," replied Chloe sarcastically.
"I see your tongue is sharp as usual. No more jokes, okay." Warned Luis in a severe tone.
"Well, If you did what you promised there will be no room for jokes," says Chloe snobbishly.
"Chloe, you know that I cannot divorce my wife right now, especially since she is pregnant. The time is all wrong," replies Luis with a long sigh.
"I know Luis, it's just I am tired of playing hide and seek with you." So says Chloe as she wraps her arms around Luis from his back.
"I know. We just have to wait. As soon as she gives birth...." Luis trails as he, for the first time, ponders on what he is saying.
"Luis, Luis, Luis. Luis!" Chloe calls.
"This will all be over, and her father signs the company over to me." So replied Luis as his hands secured her in comfort." Luis continues.
"I feel bad for the wife as a fellow woman. Here she is all loyal and loving to you and here you are scamming her of her inheritance."

So says Chloe as she leaves their warm embrace. Now in front of Luis. Chloe stretches her hands out shoulder length to represent Luis and his wife.
"Haha! Really! Chloe, you should be the last person to feel sorry since you were the one who introduced us and asked me to do this for us. So that we can have a better future." Says Luis sinisterly with a cold, distant look in his eyes.
"I know, Luis! I just feel bad, okay. I would not want anyone to do that to me." Replies Chloe as she walks towards the door, grabbing her coat. Shielding her mistrust of him away from his eyes.
"Wait; will you do that to me, Luis?" Says Chloe as she stops putting her coat on halfway. Turning around to face Luis with her dove eyes wide, anticipating his reply.
"No, Chloe. I love you too much to sacrifice what we have. I will never hurt you. I stand by my word."



ERIC SKINNER LUNACY TOWN PODCAST LOGO



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SAUL RIVERA MOTHERLAND