



**VISIONS OF UNITY ::: LITERARY ANTHOLOGY
2010**

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Visions of Unity

Martin Luther King, Jr.
Literary Anthology

2010



High School Students of Torrance
address the themes of
racial unity; ways to unite
rather than divide;
prejudice, peace, and conflict;
empathy for others;
promoting harmony and understanding;
and furthering Martin Luther King's dream.

Sponsored for the 10th Year

By the Human Relations Forum of Torrance,
with Torrance Memorial Medical Center, Volunteer Center South Bay-
Harbor-Long Beach, Torrance Unified School District, League of Women
Voters Torrance Area, and the Palos Verdes Chapter LINKS, Inc.

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Dorothy Wu

Participating High Schools:

Torrance High School
North High School
South High School
West High School
Shery High

About the Anthology

This literary anthology is published annually, not only in memory of Martin Luther King, Jr., but also in memory of the late Jan Jackson. Ms. Jackson was a piano teacher who raised a biracial family in Torrance. She was determined that her grandchildren would grow up in a different world than the one her children faced. Her personal initiative, with the support of the Baha'is and the Community Unity Task Force, helped launch the arts contest, the anthology, and the first civic observances of Martin Luther King Day in Torrance.

For the past ten years after her passing, from 2000 to 2010, the anthology has been edited and published by the Human Relations Forum of Torrance, which unites education, business, and civic organizations in fostering greater appreciation of diversity in the community. The Forum is convened by Lea Ann King, Commissioner, Los Angeles County Commission on Human Relations.

Dedication

This year's anthology is dedicated to the continuing legacy of commitment to *unity in diversity* inspired by Lea Ann King.

It is also especially dedicated to the teachers who have worked tirelessly, consistently and creatively to encourage a generation of students to apply their creative skills and improve their communities through arts advocacy over the past decade.

Tenth Year Teacher Recognition:

Craig Druitt (Torrance High);
Ken Anderson, Jonathan Sperling, Lisa Nichols (North High);
Joan Davidson, Julie O'Brien (South High);
Dr. Aura Imbarus, Mary Lange (West High)

Tenth Year School Participation Recognition:

Torrance, North High School

Acknowledgements

Thank you to the students who shared their ideas, their creativity, and their hard work—and to the parents, guardians, and role models who encouraged and supported them.

Thank you to the teachers who taught the skills, then urged, encouraged and inspired the students to submit their work.

Thank you to the judges who evaluated the student work: Jean Adelsman, Coordinator, Kamy Akhavan, and Cassandra Alexander, prose judges; Teresa Langness, poetry judge, anthology editor and oral reading editor; arts judges Deanna Griffith, Greg Thune, and Kit Mok from Ashcraft Design.

Special thanks to the lead Contest Coordinator who has given so generously of her time and expertise for the past decade: Lea Ann King; To the Facilities Coordinator, Shirley Ho, and the Visual Arts Coordinator, Heidi Ashcraft.

Thanks also to the South Bay Baha'is, who funded the publication of this Anthology, and to Clint Ellis for the musical accompaniment that adds so much to the readings.

Special thanks to Shirley Starke-Wallace and to the Palos Verdes Chapter, LINKS, Inc., for the Awards Reception hospitality.

Final thanks to the many others who work throughout the year to coordinate the contest, including Contest Committee members: Helen and Paul Nowatka, Janet Baszile, and Terry Ragins.

Visual Arts Contest Awards

Painting and Drawing

First Place: Diana Han, West High School
Second Place: Sa Ra Kim, South High School
Third Place: Michele Ahn, South High School

Mixed Media

First Place: Madhumita Ganesh, West High School
Second Place: James Telfair, So Cal Roc

Sculpture and Ceramics

Honorable Mention: Johanna Macias, Torrance High School
Honorable Mention: Rebecca Handley, Torrance High School

Congratulations to all the artists!

Visions of Unity

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Visions of Unity Through the Ages

“True peace is not the mere absence of tension; it is the presence of justice.”
(*Martin Luther King, Jr.*)

“There can never be peace between nations until it is first known that true peace is within the souls of men.” (*Oglala Sioux*)

“We have reached the point of regarding each other only as members of a people either allied with us or against us. Now we must rediscover the fact that we—all together—are human beings, and we must concede to each other what moral capacity we have.” (*Albert Schweitzer*)

“Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth.” (*The New Testament*)

“Let all people sit together and find a proper solution to problems on which there are differences.” (*Gandhi*)

“If your enemy should incline to peace, do thou incline to peace also...”
(*Qu’ran*)

“Woe is me... Too long have I had my dwelling among those who hate peace. I am for peace...” (*Jewish Scriptures*)

“... The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts...”
(*George Eliot*)

“Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule.” (*Buddha*)

“I charge you all that each one of you concentrate all the thoughts of your heart on love and unity...
... So powerful is the light of unity, it can illumine the whole earth.”
(*Baha’i Writings*)

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First Place Short Story

Kylie Petty

West High School

Grade 11 – Dr. Imbarus

A United, United States

Today Ms. Johnson gave us an assignment that we must finish by class tomorrow. We are supposed to write a whole page front and back. That is too much for a fifth grader! Ms. Morgan told us that we need to write about who and what we want to be when we grow up.

After she explained the assignment she asked us to raise our hands and say what we wanted to be. When she called on me I told her I wanted to become famous like the president, or a fabulous movie star.

When I said this, all the white kids laughed at me. Johnny Smith was guffawing while saying that there would never be a Negro president and that blacks don't belong on the movie screen. They said that there is no way a Negro like me could ever be famous for anything but breaking the law.

I think the other kids are wrong. What makes them any better than me, anyways? The only difference I see is the color of our skin. Sure, my skin is darker but what difference does it make.

Sometimes I hear the moms of the "white" kids talking about how it was better before "them Negroes started coming to Washington Elementary." It's a new decade and

we are into the 1960s yet many people still can't see that we are all the same. If I can figure it out then why can't everyone else?

In church, our Pastor tells us that what really matters is what is on the inside. He tells us that God does not care about the clothes we wear, the way we do our hair or the color of our skin. I know the kids in my class go to a Christian church too. This does not make sense to me. God would not lie to us would he?

My father was sitting in the kitchen when I sat down to write about what I will become. I tell him about what the "White" kids said about my dreams. He asked me why I would like to become the president.

I told him, "Because everyone should receive the compassion they deserve and be treated equally. I would make it so that everyone realizes that this country is supposed to be about being united. I think the people of the United States should be united, and would do my best to make that happen. I want to be the president so I can show everyone that no matter what color my skin is, I can still do things just as good as anyone else."

Then my father began to cry. He looked down at me and said "Michelle, all your life, I never want you to forget what you just said to me. Honey, if you follow your dreams, you will do whatever you set your mind to".

After having this talk with my father, I went right back to my room and finished my paper. When I read my dreams about becoming president, I ignored the kids who snickered at the thought of a Negro becoming president. Because I know that change is possible. Compassion for each other is possible no matter our differences. And one day, we will achieve a truly United States of America. All it takes is one person to make a change.

Second Place Short Story

Hannah Huntoon

West High School

Grade 11 – Dr. Imbarus

My Story

My name is Farha. I was born on September 12, 1987 in Afghanistan. I am not a terrorist. I am not a member of al-Qaeda. I am not a hijacker. I don't believe in murder. I have done nothing wrong. I am a loving, caring human being. However, some don't want to believe that.

When I was 10 years old, I moved to California with my mother and my father. The new culture I saw around me was so prominent. I felt like everyone could see that I didn't belong. I had no chance when I started 5th grade, since my English was so broken, few could understand me. Slowly, teachers and the other students began to reach out less. All the other pupils were excelling in math, history and science, while I had trouble even reading the language. I tried to find somebody to blame this on--my parents, the teachers, myself, and the world. I didn't want to be stupid; I didn't want to be stared at when I stumbled on simple words, so I kept trying. I studied late with my parents, I read books as often as I could, I practiced speaking in my new American voice, and eventually I caught up. My grades improved and my confidence rose.

My first 9th grade report card had the letter. The letter everybody wanted, the letter I always thought was never going to happen for me. But I did it; I got an A in World History, taught by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis was the one teacher who helped me. He saw when I didn't understand something, and if needed, he would stay at school late and tutor me. He believed in me and I trusted him. For his birthday, I bought him a glass apple cup where he could put his pencils in an organized circle. When I saw the apple placed on his desk every time I walked into his classroom, I smiled inside because I felt that I was officially a part of that room.

Then it happened--the day the world changed forever: Tuesday, September 11th, 2001 9:03 am. I remember it just as every other person does. Confusion, doubt and pain filled my heart when the second plane crashed into the World Trade Center. I was scared, when would the fires stop? I was heartbroken for all of the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, children that would lose a loved one trapped in the mess of melting surroundings. How could somebody do this? And on purpose! I was angry, for nobody deserved this. I was disgusted about all the innocent lives lost for this awful terrorist attack. Little did I know, all these emotions that I felt towards the hijackers were going to be directed toward me.

The next day, my birthday, was forgotten. I understood. I didn't feel much like celebrating anyway. That day was a day of mourning. America had lost many great people, and for a moment, our pride had been broken. As more and more information began to spread across the country on how the attack happened, my peers began to notice the superficial similarities between myself and the terrorists. The skin color, the accent and clothing matched me. Once again, I was an outcast. Classmates ignored me other than the burning glares and whispers that erupted when I entered the room. When I noticed Mr. Lewis' glass apple had disappeared from his desk, I realized that the whole school wanted to blame the attack on me, just as, years before, I wanted to blame my trouble in school on anyone I could find. Only this time I had my confidence. I wasn't going to let this poor example of my race define me. I felt the racism, I saw the judgment, I heard the rumors, but I didn't let it get to me. I knew I had done nothing wrong. I was innocent. It was the simple fact. I didn't need a tutor or late studying to help me see that. So I continued my life. I knew soon they would realize that I was just like them.

I am one person, living one life, at one school in a small city, in one state, one country, one mind, but I will be great. I have made a difference. By ignoring the name calling and hate, I let the discrimination die. It had no weakling to feed off of. These people were hurting, and if they needed to blame their pain on me, I would let them, because I was ahead of my time. I had already felt the need to blame problems on innocent people. Deep down, they knew it wasn't my fault and soon they came to terms with reality. I am an American and on that day my heart bled the same shade of red.

I am Farha.

Third Place Short Story

Melissa Mischka

West High School

Grade 11 – Dr. Imbarus

I Knew

On the wind-chilled morning of September 11, 2001, I sat at my school desk, awaiting the first true test of my third grade year. I was scared out of my mind because I had not studied the list of ten words on which I was being tested. Just as our teacher, Mrs. Frangis, put the daunting piece of paper on my desk, the counselor walked into the room. As a young woman in her late twenties, Miss Corey was always happy. Everyone loved her because she was always smiling and smelled like fresh cinnamon buns. However, the tall, brunette woman was not smiling at this moment. In fact, her lips curved in a tense frown.

Miss Corey shuffled over to Mrs. Frangis, and instantly began to whisper something I couldn't hear. Mrs. Frangis looked up, her eyes immediately fixed on my face. I felt as if I had been caught doing something strictly forbidden, and I hastily looked back to my test. Yet, I still could not concentrate on the blank sheet of paper in front of me; I was only interested in straining to hear the conversation between the two women.

"Melissa, could I please see you in the hallway for a moment?" Miss Corey's voice was hushed, and her hand felt like lead on my boney shoulder.

I robotically stood, thinking of any excuse as to why I had been watching them whisper instead of taking my vocabulary test. My stomach twisted into complicated knots as I followed her into the narrow hallway. When I saw my seven year old brother

slouching against the wall, though, I became confused instead of worried; he looked just as shocked as I was.

“O.K. Melissa and Michael, I was sent to let you know your father was not injured today. He will be home later than usual tonight, but he will be home.” Miss Corey spoke in a tender tone that put me at ease, but I was still confused as to what she meant.

Miss Corey told us we could go back to class. As I wandered slowly into the room again, my mind was suddenly filled with question.

Why would my daddy be hurt? Why wouldn't he be home for dinner like usual? Did something happen? No, surely nothing bad could happen in our small, cozy town in northern New Jersey.

These thoughts were swirling in my head when Miss Corey entered the room again. However, she bent over at Margaret Hamilton's desk now. Margaret was one of the funniest girl's in the third grade. She was the only African American girl, and was sometimes made fun of for this fact. So, she was always trying to find the bright side of any situation. While she was usually loud and rambunctious, she silently trailed behind Miss Corey into the hallway.

It seemed as if Margaret had been outside for hours before she re-entered the classroom. I tried to get a glance at her, but I could only see that her eyes were red and swollen, her nose dripping from crying over some recent news.

The pattern of kids exiting and entering, some crying and some simply confused like me, continued until lunch time. No one seemed to be as fun or as excited for lunch as they usually were. I had no idea why everyone was acting peculiar, but could feel the strange mood in the air nonetheless.

When we were called to return to class, the seats were rearranged in our room. Mrs. Frangis was sitting in the middle of a circle of chairs, and she gestured for all of us to come and sit down. As we all slowly filed into our seats, Mrs. Frangis stood up and gave Margaret an enormous hug. I was still puzzled at this point, but decided to only sit down and remain quiet.

“Today was a day for history, class. Not a happy, welcoming day, but a terrible, distressing day. In New York City, two planes crashed into the World Trade Center. Many people were unfortunately killed today. I wish there were an easy way to talk about

this, but sadly there is not. I have moved the desks into a circle in order to share our feelings, soothe each other, or ask any questions we may have about today...”

Mrs. Frangis went on to explain how the sharing would work for the rest of the day, but I was no longer listening. I couldn't help but stare at Margaret. Her eyes were suddenly glossy with the promise of tears. I knew she needed a hug because that's what my mom always gave me when I was sad. I didn't care if I would get in trouble; I knew it would help. I abruptly stood and scurried over next to Margaret. I wrapped my arms around her, and I instantly felt her body collapse into mine. A few more people joined in our embrace, and I noticed that these people were the ones who made fun of her skin color before. It was the first time I realized that today was not about how my father survived; it was not about what color skin another classmate had. I knew it was about needing to help someone when they deserved it most, no matter who they were or what they looked like.

Honorable Mention Short Story

Jenny Nguyen

North High School

Grade 11 – Mr. Anderson

Starting Steps

In the summer before my freshman year of high school, my parents forced me to move with them into a nicer neighborhood. Most of the residents in the new area were predominantly white. There were very few strays of Hispanics and Asians. I was one of the few Asians.

The first day of school was probably the most life-changing encounter I have had over the issue of race. In most of my classes, we were able to choose our own seats. I was new and didn't know anyone so I picked random seats near the front. In one class, I chose to sit next to a White girl, who in turn glanced over at me, decided to get up and move to a new seat farther away from me. I was quite puzzled but decided to shrug it off. A Latino girl picked up the abandoned seat and smiled at me. I smiled back and prepared myself for the upcoming lesson.

When lunch rolled around I walked over to my locker and saw that what appeared to be a group of junior or senior boys were blocking my path.

“Excuse me,” I politely murmured, “Can I get through to my locker?”

None of the boys responded, nor did they even look at me. I thought that maybe they didn't hear me clearly. I tried once more in a louder tone. One of the boys finally looked over and gave me a long, cold stare. He tapped one of his buddies' shoulders and told a quick remark about some “chink” behind him. After that, the whole group turned around to look at me, chuckled about something, and then left. I was taken aback by their actions but I decided to let it go. I brought out my lunch and looked to find a place to sit.

Most of them were full but I managed to find an empty spot on a bench, half of which was occupied by about a dozen White girls. When I sat down and smiled at them, I noticed that a few looked over at me and whispered something to their other friends. Soon enough they started to scoot away from me. I still didn't get what was happening. Did I happen to smell bad? Did I happen to wear something inside out unknowingly? Did I happen to have something gross stuck in my teeth or hair? As I was thinking about the numerous possibilities about what might be repelling these people from me, I opened up my lunch sack. I then noticed that almost everyone around me carried their lunch in a brown paper bag. I carried my Oriental utensils and boxed lunch in an unusual tie bag. Could the repellant factor be the fact that I was culturally different from almost everyone else? I packed up my belongings and headed for the library.

I picked up a random book from the shelf as I entered the library and sat down at an empty table. I got a few stares but I didn't let them get to me. After a few minutes, the same Latino girl from earlier and her friend sat down with me. We exchanged greetings and I decided to ask them something.

"I don't know why, but can you tell me why I'm starting to feel that everyone is acting weird around me because I'm Asian?" I quietly asked.

"Well as you can see," the Latino girl replied, "Most of the people at this school are of one race. Some people aren't quite familiar with people of other races than theirs. Therefore, they tend to treat us as if we are inferior to them."

"WHAT?"

"Sshhh!!" scolded the librarian.

"Oops," I mumbled. "That's just ridiculous. Why can't they disregard our cultural differences?"

"That, we do not know. Life remains a mystery. You just got to go with the flow," answered the Latino girl's friend.

"But, that's just... not right. Friendship shouldn't be based on the cultural background you come from. It should be based on who you are."

"I agree with you," spoke a girl from another table. She was of some Caucasian background, yet she didn't put me down the way some other people had. "Sorry for

eavesdropping, but what can you do about it? We can't control who they talk to and don't," she said.

"Yeah that's true... We might not be able to control who *they* talk to, but we sure can control who *we* talk to. Look at us. We're all of different races but we're all still able to talk to one another just fine. Let's not have our differences get in between anything and just all be friends, yes?" I declared.

"Yeah!" exclaimed the other girls delightfully.

"Shhhhhhh!" hissed the librarian again.

"Oops," we all giggled.

From that day on, we quickly bonded together like paper and glue. Along the years of high school, we made quite a diverse group of friends. I realized that I can't make everyone treat others equally, but I can, as an individual, and any small step towards unity will lead to a fulfilled dream.

Essays

First-Place Essay

Julian Hopf

West High School

Grade 11 - Dr. Aura Imbarus

Nonviolence in the Struggle for Unity

The struggle for unity is one that is nearly universal, yet few understand the underlying factors that are central to conflict resolution. Whether you are fighting for freedom from a foreign nation or for social change at home, most struggles can be understood using a simple model that helps bring to light why some movements lead only to failure or mayhem, while others are wildly successful at achieving their goals. By understanding how negative and positive social energy contribute to conflicts, one can arm oneself with a simple tool for conflict resolution and begin to grasp how larger conflicts are solved. This model of negative and positive social energy is admittedly over-simplified, but it provides a solid foundation for those unfamiliar with the principles of nonviolence.

Begin by realizing that each action or thought you have can be either negative or positive, depending on the intentions behind that thought or action. Generally speaking, introducing positive social energy into a negative situation causes a more positive outcome, and vice versa. For example, imagine that you are walking your dog through the park. On the way through the park, you accidentally trip a stranger, who thinks that you tripped him purposefully and becomes angry, perhaps swearing at you or trying to elicit a fight. Your response is to begin fighting with the other person. By creating bad energy in an already negative situation, you get a terrible outcome. You or the passerby is injured, and one of you could possibly be facing criminal charges. More importantly, you

are both damaged emotionally, either by egotism if you won the fight or feelings of inadequacy because you didn't. Now imagine that you took the opposite approach by apologizing to the passerby and clearing up any misunderstanding. Maybe you even strike up a conversation, but you certainly don't end up fighting. By having a positive attitude, you avoided a lot of trouble and you may have even made a new acquaintance in the process. One only needs to apply this idea to a Greek classic to imagine the effect that positive energy can have on a situation!

While this model may be rather simplistic, it is definitely valid. In fact, this model applies not only to simple situations, such as an incident with a passerby, but also to much more complicated situations, like global conflicts. Take the Vietnam War for example. The situation in Vietnam was already negative after the French withdrawal, and the US made it worse by attempting to solve the situation using force. What could the outcome have been had we used positive action instead of negative? What would the situation look like now if, instead of fighting in Vietnam, we had used the money that we spent on the military during those years and used it instead to build public buildings or to subsidize farms? While that example may seem idealistic, one needs to look no further than the life of Martin Luther King to see how powerful this outlook can be. MLK led a peaceful movement of sit-ins, rallies, and boycotts that revolutionized the way this country viewed African Americans. While some of MLK's techniques may seem negative on the surface, they all used peaceful, positive means of communicating dissatisfaction to the rest of the community.

According to Dr. Michael Nagler, a nonviolence professor at UC Berkeley, this idea of using positive energy instead of negative energy forms the definition of what is described today as "principled nonviolence". How does nonviolence solve problems? Dr. Nagler's explanation is that by using nonviolent means of problem solving we avoid scaring or angering our opponent, in turn letting them see things from our point of view. This promotes diplomacy, and in extreme cases our opponent may even end up agreeing with us, for example by giving women the right to vote after the women's suffrage movement in the early 20th century or relinquishing sovereignty of India after Gandhi's nonviolent independence movement.

The positive/negative energy model is a simple way to approach the nonviolent teachings of such leaders as Martin Luther King and Gandhi. These teachings can be applied to both global struggles and personal conflicts. Just asking yourself, “Are my motives positive or negative?” can make a big difference in your life. At the very least, you may learn some important lessons about yourself and your community.

Second Place Essay

Soo Yun Kim

North High School

Grade 11 – Mr. Anderson

For You, For Me, For Us.

It was a banal day. I woke up late, had a pancake and an orange juice for breakfast, and ran to school so I won't be late. I was in third grade when it happened. As soon as the principal's nervous voice filled the classroom's air through the PA system, our teacher hurried over to the television and turned on channel 7. The television repeated the same video of two airplanes crashing into two tallest buildings I have ever seen, and it was my first and last time I seeing those buildings. Her cell phone rang. We remained silent.

Within 30 minutes, many of my friends were picked up by their parents. Some of our parents who could not come called the school and made sure we were safe. Later that day, my Dad, who lives outside of the country, called and explained that because we live near Los Angeles, the second biggest city in the United States after New York, it could also be a target of terrorism. I could not understand what he was saying. On televisions and newspapers, I saw the same images and videos over and over, soon became tired of them, and decided to ignore them. September 11th, 2001 was an odd day full of words and images I could not understand. Now, it is a different story.

Americans have not yet fully recovered from the shock of terrorism on September 11th, 2001. After the incident, the level of mistrust and the prevalence of stereotypes among different races deepened. Looks exchanged between strangers on streets and in supermarkets were filled with unquestionable animosity instead of kindness. There was a feeling of unreasonable hostility if you were different, whether it was about their race, religion, skin color, language, culture, clothes, or even the food they ate for lunch.

Because I am also an outsider in American society, I was able to closely witness the hostility from the experiences of my parents. My mother's frustrated silence in public places unveiled another side of American society that I had been unaware of. Under a flawlessly decorated, united society, there was a world filled with discrimination and suspicion below the surface. Soon, I began to fear the world outside of school. The cashiers in local markets scared me, as if I could read their minds telling me to go back to my country and stop interfering with their once-perfect life. Through multiple readings and experiences that were truly enlightening, however, I was able to shed the immature and ignorant me and dream of another goal: to study social science in college and help promote unity among people in American society.

I realized how much I was trapped inside my little world I had created based on fear of the unknown and of people who were different from me. That is, I was also surprisingly discriminating and developed stereotypes against people who may be a little different but were also a part of this big salad bowl called the United States of America. As a lawful citizen of America, I started to understand the mechanism of such a diverse society existing under the name of America, how different ideas will continue to collide doubtlessly, but they do not have to be hostile to each other; in fact, there are more ways to agree to disagree peacefully than to disagree with hatred, which I once believed to make up an inevitable aspect of our society.

Now, I have another dream. It may be the biggest challenge I will encounter, but I desire to study International Relations, work in an NGO or in the United Nations and endeavor to spread mutual understanding and goodwill among people around the globe. An event on the morning of September 11th, 2001 shook my world upside down and showed me a new vision of my life. Although the path to my dream seems rocky and unpredictable, I will continue to follow this road – for the happiness of fellow Americans.

Third Place Essay

Chloe Pi

North High School

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

Together, We Shall Rise

The world is not united. We refuse to join together, like a box of grainy sand. There are many reasons why we are so stubborn to accept others, and many of them include skin color, sexual orientation, religion, or merely their outer appearance. For the littlest irregular details, we use it against the people who we think are different, creating a mass epidemic of useless hatred, genocide, war, terrorism and so on. Because of those insignificant differences that we choose to breed our preconceptions upon, we pay no attention to who they really are and instead we label them as social outcasts because they do not follow the so-called social norm.

Many people say that the solution of uniting the world is to stop racism, terrorism, sexism, and other acts of violence against different beliefs, cultures, races, or sexual orientations. I, on the other hand, propose a different solution. Preventing acts of violence against different beliefs, cultures, races, or sexual orientations will not unite the world for several reasons. One reason is that the prevention of violence does not mean that it will prevent others from continuing to exercise misguided thoughts. The second reason is that preventing violence will not help others to understand why people choose to be the way they are, or why certain people cannot help to be who they have grown to be.

We need to show that we are always here for the discriminated, for the poor, for the people that have no voice. It doesn't matter who you are, how you look, or even what you are. But we need to make sure that whoever needs us for help, we should always be there to lend a helping hand, and understanding their situations. We shouldn't listen or

trust the rumors of certain groups of people just because they practice a different type of lifestyle, and we most certainly shouldn't develop hatred towards a group of people without knowing them first-hand. Just because one is socially different doesn't give us the right to hate them, and just because many people agree upon a common preconception doesn't make it the truth.

As a wallflower, I have noticed how preconceptions get the better of many people, thus causing grudges, fights, and cliques. We can begin uniting people together by fixing these smaller dilemmas, which are the building blocks of a hate crime society. We need to begin to accept everyone the way they are. It's only fair to do so. Everyone has their differences, and they can't help it if they are born the way they are. It is also not fair to pick on people who choose to lead a different lifestyle than others. I hope we can open our eyes one day to clearly see that oppressing the minorities is what we are not meant to do. America is based on the freedom of speech, the freedom of being able to choose our decisions without being hated, the freedom of being able to express ourselves to the fullest extent. And I want to take that freedom into full charge, as any citizen in the United States. By taking that freedom, it should mean that no one should be oppressed, that everyone should have the chance to be heard, that everyone should have the chance of not being judged before hand, and that everyone can receive help when they need it without fearing malicious consequences such as people judging their character without understanding the situation.

Violence in general cannot be prevented, unless one understands why it must stop. The key to reuniting the nation is to let out the true emotions and stories that social outcasts feel and have gone through. We should take the time and listen to them, and help each other out through their dilemmas. By letting out the truth, we can have the ability to understand and accept the opinions of others, and be able to provide help to everyone who needs it. In return, we will be able to slowly rebuild our world and hopefully become a closer networking community with a stronger infrastructure. Let us not conform to what is a social norm. Let us be who we are meant to be, and let us choose the path that our brain and our heart tell us to. Besides, it is only a matter of time where we can finally embrace what Mother Nature has given to us.

Honorable Mention Essay #1

Alexandra Shurlock

North Torrance High

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

Visions of A Different Shade

A single person can change the world. In this day and age, anything is possible. Many of today's youths have open minds. They understand that racial harmony is a major part of this “world peace” that so many hope for, advertise on their clothing, promote through music, and encourage amongst friends. One individual can tremendously impact their community's sense of harmony and interracial peace by openly creating friendships with those of other races, overcoming hurdles that none other of a particular race have, and by generally promoting the true equality of all mankind.

Everyone loves building new relationships. When these companionships are with someone of another race, this may stir up some questioning, and even criticism. There are a few with ignorant minds that do not see beyond the color of a person's skin. These are the same people that also do not approve of interracial friendships. By incorporating people of all origins in your life, these people will be forced out of their bubble of judgment and hatred. They will be made to realize that harmony between all races is the only way to achieve a greater vision of unity and happiness for all.

Rebecca Lee Crumpler was the first African American woman to receive a M.D degree. In the late 1800's, many believed that African Americans did not have the same ability as Caucasians to learn, and to be successful, solely because their skin is of a darker hue. She was one of the many people that proved all of those people wrong. By being the first of your race to accomplish something, even if it is just at your school, you are

showing that every race is equal, intellectually. Though slavery was abolished long ago, some remain slaves to their biased, ignorant beliefs.

Many think that racial equality was attained back in the day of Martin Luther King, but they are mistaken. Today, there are hundreds of hate groups, and thousands of cases of hate crimes every year. Both of these entities exist because of the unintelligible belief that one particular race is superior over all others. By creating greater awareness of the horrendous occurrences caused by racism, and inequality, interracial harmony may be easier to achieve than we ever thought possible. By simply creating posters, starting a website, or even t-shirts that promote unity and equality, major changes may occur. These changes could be school-wide, city-wide, or possibly even state-wide. Sharing facts and statistics about racism, and its destructive effects on the world may successfully change the view of your friends, family, and community. This is a huge accomplishment for one person. One cannot change, if one is not aware; that is why one individual's promotion of understanding can make all the difference.

Through the promotion of equality, the accomplishment of things that none other of a certain race have ever before done, and the creation of interracial friendships, one can accomplish the work of millions. Changing the biased views of some members of our society can definitely lead to the possibility of a better tomorrow. More ways to spread this message exist than ever. With the ability to understand, and accept that today's youths possess, interracial harmony does not have to be a far-off dream any longer.

Honorable Mention Essay #2

Brandon Yee

North Torrance High School

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

Inspiration across the Nation

Throughout time there have been class struggles in America. During the 1960s, African Americans struggled to gain equality in this country. In 1963 Martin Luther King Jr. gave his famous “I have a Dream” speech; that has been one of the most influential moments in history and one that I wish I could have been a part of.

The 1960s were defined by liberal movements and influenced the Civil Rights movement by African Americans and student protests at Kent State and Berkeley. During the Civil Right movements, both Blacks and Whites joined together to oppose oppression. At Martin Luther King Jr.’s famous speech, every person present was unified in the goal for universal equality. In today’s society, it has given us an example of a time where people have been bonded upon an ideal, regardless of race or gender. I hope that someday our nation can once again rejoice upon a unifying idea like the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s.

Currently, some in the United States of America have shown prejudice against the Middle East. This is an opportunity for us to return to our founding fathers’ belief in maintaining this nation as the “land of the free”. One thing that we can take from the 1960s is that people cared about the principles of this country. The foundation that our independence has strived upon has been based on a level of complete equality. We can learn from that generation that selflessness benefits the greater good, and increases the respectability of our nation. I have been inspired by that decade to strive for an ideal of

equality in our generation. In my school years, I have pursued a desire to keep everyone accountable for their actions, and to not discriminate no matter what the circumstances.

Our communities are very diverse because we are the melting pot of this world. Our country is based upon the idea that everyone's cultures and beliefs are welcome. The lesson that our ancestors have left us provide us with the knowledge that tolerance of other cultures leads to prosperity. The United States of America has been an inspirational nation to the rest of the world. The democracy that our country provides to each and every citizen allows rich and poor, black and white, the opportunity to have their voices heard. Though I am just one young citizen, I believe I can make a difference because the system of government that we live in allows for equality between individuals.

Even during one of the most divided moments of our nation's history, the Civil War, both the South and the North attempted to unify the entire Nation. The Northern States strived for the freedom of slaves and knew that it would be important for our nation to have racial equality. The Confederate nations wanted a nation based on agricultural success. We cannot assign blame based on each person's intentions during that moment in history, as many on both sides wanted the prosperity of our country.

Though the Civil War was a low point in the United States' history, it still provided a valuable lesson. People in this community need to stand up for what they believe in because it is each citizen's responsibility to hold our shared beliefs as a matter of utmost importance. Our society has been preserved through times of racism and prejudice because of the obvious diversity. Unity and healing in this nation are a result of many people's efforts to not take the Civil Rights Movement for granted, and to extend the basis of our nation's foundations: that every person has a right to the same liberties as anyone else.

The ultimate lesson that I have learned throughout my life is that no matter what place you hold in society, you can make a difference. Specifically, I have tried to extend my belief in equality amongst races to my peers, to further advance our great nation.

Honorable Mention Essay #3

Chloe Gross

West High School

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

Immigrating to Korean Class

I was a foreigner in this country called Korean class. Not many people know this, but I have a hidden identity. At a quick glance I may appear to be just an ordinary Caucasian American girl, but what most strangers don't realize is that I am also Korean.

I wanted to learn more about my culture, so I chose to learn Korean as my elective. The first month of my freshman year in Korean language class was frightening. I forgot why I decided to take it at all. Being the only half white student I stuck out like a sore thumb. I knew the least Korean out of everybody in the class. The students would give me strange looks as if they were saying, "*Why are you here you're white?*"

The students in that class shared a bond I would never share with them. Most of them were children of immigrants, grew up together in Torrance, and went to the same Korean Church a block away from school. My mom, the daughter of Korean immigrants, was born in America, does not go to Korean church, or know any Koreans in the neighborhood. I had always thought of myself as being Korean but I realized how distinctly non-Korean I was when I saw what real Koreans were in that class. I was an outsider and I didn't like it. I wished I had straight black hair and distinct almond eyes like every other Korean. But my frizzy brown hair and wide eye lids were markings that would automatically classify me to the world as white.

This world that I felt distanced from was the place of my family's origin, the place where they belonged. I was always fascinated by my mother's stories about her family. My grandfather spoke fluent Korean and Japanese due to Japan's occupation of Korea. During that time it was illegal to speak Korean, and my grandfather was thrown in jail for using his native tongue. My great grandmother was also arrested for secretly teaching it to her students. In their homeland my grandparents were successful, passionate people. In America they became poor second class citizens. Their identities were lost with their emigration. My grandparents are both dead now and my mom knows very little about their lives before she was born. The traces of their old lives are gone. When I took Korean class my identity as a Korean American was lost. I regretted my decision to take the class. I despised myself for believing that I was Korean American.

I felt that way until I read *To Kill a Mockingbird* , and my English teacher told me that people are like mirrors. I see reflections of myself and my mother in my peers. Mom has that same arrogantly strict philosophy on life that all Koreans share. Just because I am not the sheer image of the typical Korean American does not mean I have no traces of that culture reflected in me. I may not be that in touch with the Korean lifestyle, but I am a little closer to my family. Being a foreigner in Korean class gave me a better understanding of how my mother and grandparents felt as aliens. As a child my mother struggled in school because she didn't speak English, she was a target for discrimination, and her classmates treated her differently because she looked different.

Now I appreciate the higher rewards of being different. The world has been so cruel to my mother, but she still found a place in it. She finds purpose in her family. She found strength and stability in this country that shunned her. If she can conquer alienation then so can I. I know who I am without the need for understanding or acceptance from others. I am different. I was an outsider in Korean class just as my ancestors were outsiders in America. Their experiences taught me that acceptance begins with oneself.

Honorable Mention Essay #4

Fatemah Mirzah

North High

Grade 12 – Mrs. Stover

Land of the Free

My family moved to Riverside when I was seven because homes are much cheaper there. My mother was able to find a job at a local school, but my father still had to drive 75 miles every day to his office in Los Angeles and even further to get to jobsites. He had to leave home every day at 4:00 AM. Some nights, he wouldn't come home at all but slept on the office floor in a sleeping bag. He fell asleep while driving many times and I still wonder that he was never hurt. Because he was stressed, he gained a lot of weight. His eyes were always red, and he was often angry and irritable. I didn't like him much when he was like that. I didn't understand that he did what he did for our family's happiness.

My mother had had enough after a year. Since she had the summer off, she and my father took us to the South Bay area every day. While my father worked, we looked for apartments. We filled out applications everywhere there was a vacancy.

When my mother got a job at a private school in Hawthorne, my parents decided that it would be best to look for homes nearby. Because my father's company refused to pay for the gas that he used driving from Riverside to Hawthorne everyday to look for a home, we moved to a motel right across the street from the school. In the month that we stayed in the motel, I grew up. I learned to finish all my homework at lunch so that we could all go apartment-hunting after-school. My three-year-old brother would cry from exhaustion. My mother would too, but she would never let us see that. Although I didn't realize it then, that summer and the month we stayed in the motel were the toughest times of our lives. Tougher, even, than the year before when my mother was pregnant with my little sister and had to walk for miles and miles looking for work.

On September 11, 2001, I woke up on the motel floor. My parents were sitting on the bed, halfway ready for work, their eyes wide and transfixed upon the television. Instant replay upon instant replay of the twin towers crashing flashed on the screen. I didn't know what was going on at first, but when we got to school, I learned. My mother doubled her efforts to get us an apartment. Early in the mornings, we would leave the motel. At nights, my father had to carry us up the stairs because all three of us would be asleep. We were too tired to change.

For that whole month, no one was willing to give us an apartment. When my father went alone to fill out applications, managers would be friendly. But when they saw my mother and her Hijab, their faces quickly lost their warmth. My father tells me that insulted his pride the most. They spoke to him extra-slowly, as if he couldn't speak English. They would mutter curses and epithets at us under their breath, thinking that we didn't understand English. But one night, my father told us that one of our applications got accepted. My brother jumped up and down. I cried. My sister giggled. My mother tells me that she was just happy to finally have a kitchen to cook in. We packed our things immediately and drove up to our new place. When we got there, the apartment manager told us that she already had filled the vacancy. She said that she had given our home to someone else. My father was very angry. His face turned red. But he kept quiet.

That night was very hot. But I dared not complain for fear of setting off my father. I could see that he was very frustrated. Both my parents worked the hardest they possibly could, but they still could not achieve what they wanted. But they never gave up.

Two weeks later, we moved to a new home. The manager was quite friendly, but the neighbors refused to make eye-contact. My new bicycle was vandalized with spray paint. None of the other children played with us.

Eight years later, all my neighbors wave and smile at me when I pass them. (Some even wink.) They send us cookies and fresh fruit and gossip with my mother in the laundry room. After September 11, 2001, America was scared. It had every right to be. Its image of invincibility was shattered. But there is a difference between fear and hate. As I grew up, America healed and slowly shed its ignorance. And now, I call it my home.

Honorable Mention Essay #5

Daniel Phillips

North High

Grade 11 – Mrs. Nichols

A Great Loss Makes a Greater Gain

Unity can be caused by a big catastrophe or event bringing many together during this time. On September 11, 2001 terrorists attacked the twin towers killing thousands of innocent people. The statue of liberty was closed due to fears of more attacks around the area and was deemed unsafe. During this time everyone came together to honor the lost lives and to comfort each other and their fears. In 2009 the Statue of Liberty's head has been reopened to the public. To me this represents unity because we stuck together and made the world safer by coming together during the time, liberating Iraq, and allowing our monument to once more represent our ideals and sense of freedom.

The attacks were very violent but they allowed the world to stop fighting and for a brief while have the dream of unity. After the attacks many people had died. Not only did the people in the towers die but also the people on the planes and those who tried to rescue others after the attacks. This huge amount of death overwhelmed America along with the world. All hate and grudges were forgotten and were replaced with a vast amount of caring towards one another. In the streets people would honk horns at each other in a friendly fashion and complete strangers would give each other hugs. Families came together to honor the dead and mainly just to be with other loved ones during this

time. For a brief while the world achieved a dream of unity and forgot all hate and worked together to fix what had happened.

The unity across the world to fix what had happened was great when we first went to the Middle East. The nation's eyes turned to Iraq, which was run by a cruel dictator under whom the people suffered badly. With the world still unified, we decided to take a step to allow others freedom by taking away the dictator and freeing Iraq. Though it came with more losses, I think it was necessary, to allow other humans to have freedom, thus enlarging the dream of unity where everyone is equal and free to do what they wish with no harm to one another.

Opening the Statue of Liberty's head showed to the world that the dream of unity could be accomplished. By coming together during a time of crisis, we overcame by uniting everyone be they a different race, gender, or religion. We worked together in harmony to free others and give them the chance of unity as well as comforting others around us whose loved ones were hurt by the attacks and killed. By opening the head, it showed that the world had united and overcome the horrible obstacle that took so many lives.

Poetry

Awards are based on poetic merit as well as thematic criteria.
Honorable Mentions in this category are not ranked
but appear in an order based on the anthology's thematic development.

First-Place Poetry

Sydney Kraft

North High

Grade 10 - Mr. Sperling

Erased

At my table, a workable family
My gaze rests on the oldest woman
Her past, filtering through me
She, Chinese
He, from Detroit
Offered money not to marry
She left her home
Trading it for America
Diversity, erased.

Second-Place Poetry

Andrew Nguyen

North High School

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

The Birds Tell All

Diving into the sky,
The birds tell all.
Combusting feathers of silky charcoal,
A flock they be,
Born from eggs such as we.
Soaring through the winds
From lands afar,
Meeting at once,
Through thickness of tar.
Holding through strong,
Drifting into the sky,
It's everything except,
A deeply thought lie.
Birds of color,
Each ready to flutter,
A people we are,
Simply ready to call.
For only
the birds tell all.

Third-Place Poetry

Devrianna Shelby

North High

Grade 11 – Mrs. Nichols

I Can Make a Difference

This is to every woman,
Every man and every child.

This is THE generation
we have no time to wait,
our future began long ago
and look we're already late.
Everyone is looking for a way
A way to stand out,
A way to be better each day.
We need no more broken promises,
No more off to war,
unless it's Love and Peace,
we are actually fighting for.
Let us destroy evil,
Let us conquer Hate,
Put away our weapons, raise our voices,
and join hands today.
We need for someone to lead
So I sought for a leader,
but found out it was me.
I don't want to wait for destiny;
I will start the change that I want to be.
I am a part of THE generation
I have no time to wait,
our future started yesterday
Yet, I'm already late.

This is to every woman
Every man and every child.

Honorable Mention

Zac Daley

North High School

Grade 10 – Mr. Sperling

Unity through Diversity

Help us through these times of hardship,
For I am no different than you,
I have worked until these fingers bled,
On the crops of which you grew.

Help us stand united,
For alone we only fall,
Without difference we are nothing,
Oh please answer to our call.

We survived for Mr. Luther's
Speech straight from our hearts,
He descended with speech aloud for us,
To stop the hatred in their hearts.

Just take these tired hands,
And carry me to the top,
Just like you have repeatedly,
To help the boycott stop.

This will continue to our graves,
But congregation will slow it down,
For there is only one key to true freedom,
Unity through diversity, not by the crown.

Honorable Mention

Alina Nakano

North High School

Grade 12 – Ms. Shankle

Saving Humpty

September 11, 2001

The day Humpty Dumpty sat in the sun.
He sat so high, perched on his wall,
But then Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
Everything came crashing down,
With a bang, it hit the ground.
All the kings' horses, and all the kings' men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again.
Although they tried their best to repair,
The sadness and grief and all the despair
The day had caused in just an hour.
It would take forever to fix a tower.
Then a farmer found a piece of shell
That broke off of Humpty when he fell.
They began to find more, and piece him together.
This was helpful, though it took forever.
Years passed, but Humpty's still here,
But missing an eye, missing an ear.
Missing a few other pieces too,
But then someone said something long overdue.
It was the maid, who worked in the palace,
Had found the rest of Humpty, but kept it in malice.
But lately she had seen the kingdom unite,
The farmer, the merchant, the wife of the knight
All join together to help a friend,
Forgetting their differences in the end.
The maid, she came forth with the shell,
And with that, Humpty was well!
July 4th, 2009.
Oh, how that nation shines.

Honorable Mention

Kyle Beaulieu

North High School

Grade 12 – Mr. Sperling

Antidote for Humanity

Discontent with society,
Unleashed storms of hatred,
Continuous strives for superiority,
Unloading rounds of frustration,
Unearthing insanity.
Confusion dwells in each soul.
Answers are scarce;
Nobody appears to search,
For distractions are laid before each step,
Misguiding.
I have discovered a few to be genuine,
They have led me to delusions,
Hallucinations of a perfect world engulf my reality.
Self-trickery of the mind plays along,
Holding my heart on a platter for all to indulge in,
Only to be regurgitated at my feet;
I'll put it in a zip-lock until they're hungry.
Plentiful are the sedated minds,
Uncommon are the unleashed.
What is that must occur to disperse the antidote,
Letting rays of sun shine through the darkness
That has consumed our world,
Enabling us all to wander free,
Connected only by vibes of positivity,
Grasping answers in the wind?

Honorable Mention

Tina Tran

North High School

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

Beyond the Masks

I dream of a milk and honeyed land,
Where sweet water flows into a golden sand.
Here the masked children laugh and play,
Singing songs, making each other's day.
These masked children come from all over the world.
The details on the masks reveal differences unfurled.
But the children always dance together.
In unity they are 'birds of a feather.'
Are the children just innocent and don't understand?
What about all the other stained minds, on the other hand?
The children are able to see past each other's masks,
'Cause they are on a mission, with very difficult tasks.
The masked children will in unity tour the universe
Breaking the humans' plainly wrong curse.
Humans should work in unity, *because* we are culturally diverse.
The masked children make it a point
Although some people they may disappoint,
To look past our masks a little deeper,
Even under that of the grim reaper.
Tell me, do you see anything different on the inside?
We have our humilities but we *all* share one pride.
This pride connects humans to be one in the same.
We are all made equal in life's little game.
Working together, looking at masks from beyond,
We will find unity and peace, a new-found bond.
With other people's masks we will learn to accept,
Thinking as one we'll become skillfully adept.
In unison and unity I'm able to recall,
In reality, no one, not even the children, are really masked at all.

Honorable Mention

Denay N. Rogers

North High

Grade9 – Mr. Sperling

The Rainbow of Hope

Different parts of a salad, people are,
Although not very far.
Many colors, sizes, and looks
Nothing like one reads in books.
Cliques surround us, far and wide,
People feel like they have to hide
Among their own race and kind.
Yet I do not stay within mine.

A radiant day, it was,
One could hear the bees buzz.
Cliques and groups throughout the school,
Only a fool
Would dare drift into another wolf's pack.
Everyone wonders, but no one acts.
Here with my group, I look and see,
A group very different from you and me.
More colors than a rainbow,
Squinty eyes, stiff hair, all in a row.
Some were as creamy as white milk,
And to their surprise, I wrapped my silk
Coat closer around me
And joined their sea
Of diversity.

If everyone came together
We could make the weather
Have bright blue skies everyday,
And the world just may
Become a better place.
Seeing everyone's face
Smiling together and executing good deeds.
Planting fresh trees from tiny seeds.
Accomplishing many achievements, sharing much love,
Releasing great amounts of doves
In this world for you and me
Full of peaceful diversity.

Honorable Mention

Robert Garcia

Shery High

Grade 11 – Ms. Marckesano-Jones

A Grasp of Racism

It sounds *ghastly* to the human ears,
Like a cry for help;
Racial slurs directed at an individual
Sounds exactly like HATE!

It looks unjust to those treated differently.
It appears to be exposed to everyone;
It looks like *some* Mexican cutting my lawn.

It reeks of sweat and work,
A stench almost unbearable to all human life;

It sounds excessively loud,
Then suddenly dead silence.

Honorable Mention

Chris Andreika

Shery High

Grade 11 – Ms. Marckesano-Jones

Ignorance

People cry out against
the dirt you pass off as intelligent.
Jealousy builds up inside when you are not heard.
Steam releases when the innocent prove you wrong.

The morals you live by crumble against facts.
Hatred you spew when someone does right.
I see how you try to make others think like you.

The decaying odor of defeat when you have nothing becomes the sweet
smells of victory when the wise outsmart you.

There are moans and groans and you hang your head dejectedly.
You retreat to the place that comforts you, your own voice.

Ignorance is not bliss; it's shame.

Honorable Mention

Ashley Michelle Gilmore

West High

Grade 11 – Ms. Imbarus

Judging

You look at me and judge right away
Too short, too young, just not your way
You look at them and it's just the same
But not in the same way
You go oh that one is Asian he must be smart or
that one is this or that one's that
You look and judge right away
Didn't we all learn it's what's on the inside that counts?
Then why don't we do that--
Look on the inside to judge someone, not what's outside?
If we did that, wouldn't the world be a better place?

Honorable Mention

Nigel Soriano

North High

Grade 9 – Mr. Sperling

The Distraught Conformist Silently Speaks His Mind

A voice echoes in the night,
Courageous with a hint of fright,
Boldly challenging the norm,
Daring no one to conform,
The echo crawls along the walls
Of empty rooms and bathroom stalls
Yet the ripples disturb no lily
Floating, and it was quite silly
To do so, I guess.
Did I not perform my best?
Show them my wings, how I can fly,
Yet how lethargically they lie
Like dropped dough,
Like a slaughtered sow,
Nobody dares move a muscle
In fear of a tussle
With their neighbor, instead they rot
Like dead flowers in a broken pot.
No one is *one*, there exists no one mind,
Why, how can there be with illusions of this kind?
If unity is to be achieved,
That *mankind is one* we must perceive.

Honorable Mention

Diana Tran

North High School

Grade 9 - Mr. Sperling

Complex Simplicities

Multiple colors of leaves swelter in a gust blown towards the East,
day by day, the leaves would slowly separate and de cease.
Content with the thought of having space,
it made the leaves run wild, to only be displaced.
Looking at each and every leaf,
it made me stare in awe and disbelief.

They're spreading farther apart and mocking one another,
rather than learning new cultures from each other.
Just by going to North High will bring everyone together,
it will teach you to accept others, now and forever.
The atmosphere is refreshing and clear,
it's a feeling that people haven't felt in years.
Being proud of who you are and your ethnicity,
makes others believe that race was never a complicity.

Knowing that we are entirely free,
we are still from the same loving tree.
