



incandescent

Literati 2021 volume 32
Our Lady of Lourdes Academy

VOL. 32 *Literati* 2021

incandescent

Our Lady of Lourdes Academy

incandescent

Literati volume 32 2021

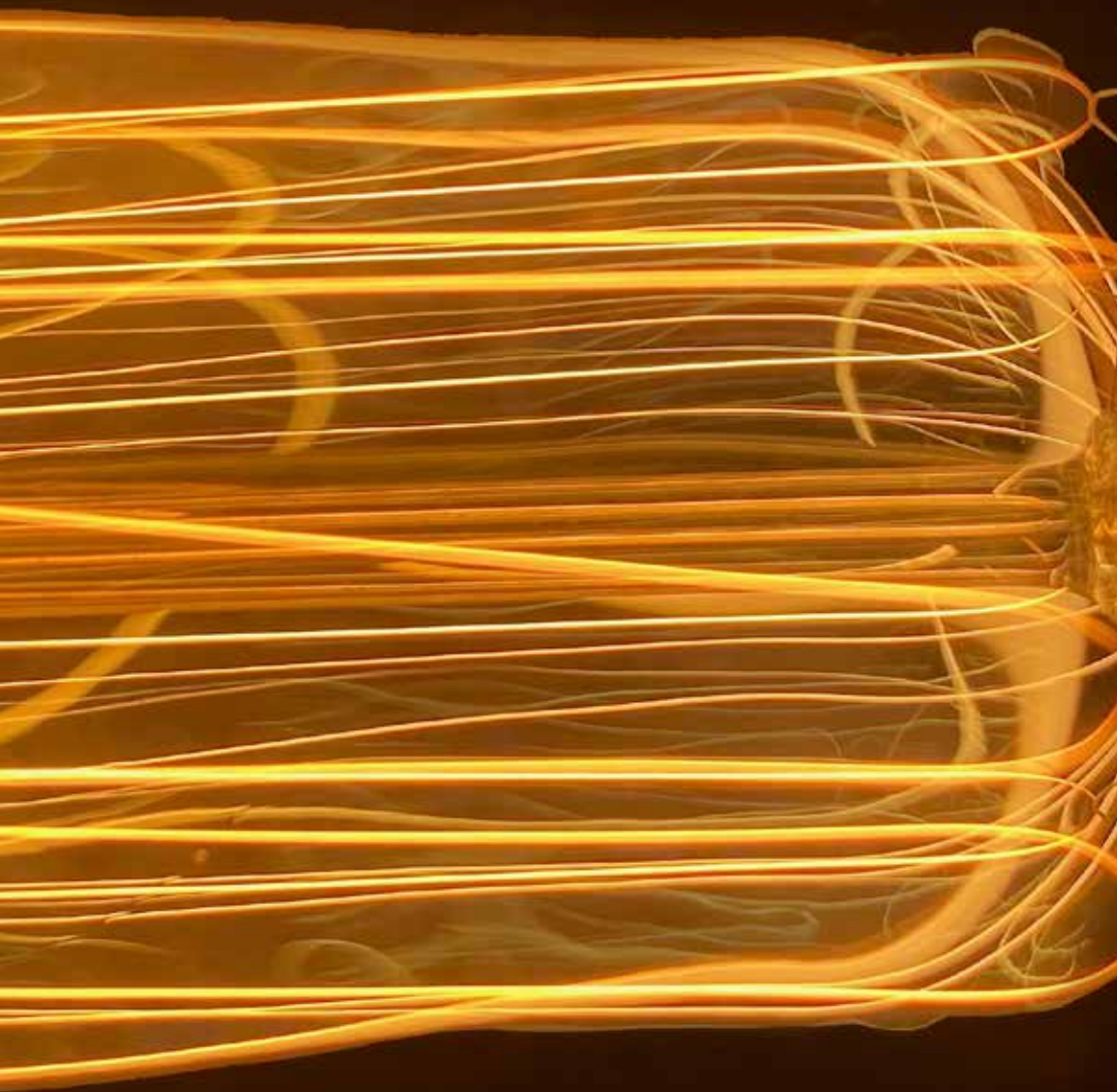
Our Lady of Lourdes Academy

5525 SW 84 Street

Miami, Florida 33143

(305) 667-1623

grotto@bobcats.olla.org





dear reader,

The definition of Incandescent, “emitting light as a result of being heated,” if looked at closely, implies a profound deeper meaning. It suggests the fact that a catalyst is the necessary source of the beauty that the object ultimately releases. Similarly, the hardships we face act as the fuel that draws out the best version of ourselves. Reformed and continuously evolving, we are a culmination of our past trauma. These challenging times teach us our greatest lessons that manifests our constant evolution as a person.

“Incandescent” is a student-run anthology that features a dark-to-light gradient. It is reminiscent of the natural course our lives take. Through a collection of both literary and artistic pieces, the book is able to truly capture the color or lack thereof that we often experience. Moreover, the lack of division mirrors the gradual progression of an individual’s path through life. Like our lives, we move in a gradient that results in our fully formed selves. We encounter struggles, we reflect and learn from them, and eventually, we reach the other side.

The dark portion of the book reflects the intense obscurity that is the turmoil we face at the lowest points in our lives. Blinded, we make our way through to the gray portion. Light is beginning to peer through but its foggy climate draws out deep reflection, awareness, and action before clarity can be reached. The last section of the book, the light, is the precipice that juxtaposes the darkness. It features the calm at the end of the storm. Armed with the knowledge of our struggles and mistakes, we find pure lucidity.

The story of “Incandescent” is the formidable reality of the human condition. We are born, we grow, we fail, we learn, we rise and we move on. We are always looking forward.

table of contents

- 2 Reader's Note
- 4 Table of Contents
- 6 *The Hollow* **Cecilia Barrientos** '23 Poetry
- 7 *Exhale* **Anna Bunge** '22 Mixed Media
- 8 *Gut Feeling* **Katerina Roig** '22 Mixed Media
- 9 *What It Means to be a Girl* **Isabella Motola** '21 Poetry
- 10 *Wall Discourses* **Lucia Moglia** '23 Poetry
- 11 *Telescope* **Carolina Vilato** '21 Digital
- 12 *Alaskan Dandelion* **Kathryn Ortiz** '23 Oil Paint
- 13 *A Sleepless Night with the Mind* **Natalie Gonzalez** '23 Poetry
- 14 *War in My Head* **Carolina Cepero** '23 Poetry
- 15 *Insomnia* **Emelie Gonzalez** '22 Mixed Media
- 16 *Skies of Blue* **Julia Reich** '24 Photography
- 17 *Deception* **Lucia Moglia** '23 Poetry
- 18 *Moni the Indian Orphan* **Miranda Guerra** '23 Pencil
- 19 *Dima the Russian Orphan* **Miranda Guerra** '23 Pencil
- 20 *That Stupid Decision* **Gabriela Roig** '24 Poetry
- 21 *Wandering Eyes* **Ella Romero** '23 Digital
- 22 *Art of Light* **Sofia Santamaria** '23 Photography
- 23 *He Visits & Brings Me Flowers* **Amanda Rodriguez** '23 Poetry
- 24 *Constellations & a Caged Bird* **Stephania Lopez** '22 Poetry
- 25 *Come Out of Your Cage* **Amanda Janulionis** '21 Mixed Media
- 26 *Head Over Heels* **Ana Perez** '23 Mixed Media
- 27 *Forks* **Lauren Quintana** '21 Essay
- 28 *Solace of the Moon* **Natacha Gamby** '24 Poetry
- 29 *Sit like a Lady* **Angelina Cueto** '22 Digital
- 30 *Leave your Comfort Zone* **Amanda Janulionis** '21 Acrylic Paint
- 32 *Jeopardy!* **Nicole Calderon** '21 Essay
- 33 *Troubles* **Carolina Vilato** '21 Digital
- 34 *Swimming into the Self* **Erica Hengartner** '21 Digital
- 35 *Hands: An Unspoken Agreement* **Sofia Zarran** '21 Poetry
- 36 *Vistas* **Liana Sierra** '22 Poetry

37	<i>The Boy who lives Alone</i>	Miranda Guerra	'23	Pastels
38	<i>To Dust you Shall Return</i>	Alexandra Gonzalez	'21	Digital
40	<i>Medusa</i>	Lily Courtney	'21	Essay
41	<i>Body Dysmorphic Distortions</i>	Veronica Vilato	'21	Digital
42	<i>Fortunes & Visions</i>	Carolina Vilato	'21	Digital
43	<i>An Unfinished Novel</i>	Jillian Diaz	'21	Essay
44	<i>Words of Empowerment</i>	Stephanie Lara	'21	Essay
45	<i>The Mystery of a Woman's Mind</i>	Isabella Trujillo	'24	Pencil
46	<i>Annie</i>	Ana Valcarcel	'24	Digital
47	<i>Happiness</i>	Camila Alvarez	'23	Poetry
48	<i>Girl with a Pearl Dream</i>	Erica Hengartner	'21	Digital
50	<i>The Power of Mother Nature</i>	Carelyn Gonzalez	'21	Essay
51	<i>Rouge Rocheux</i>	Isabella Incera	'23	Photography
52	<i>Friends</i>	Natalia Perez-Rodriguez	'24	Digital
53	<i>Padron Sisters</i>	Paola Padron	'21	Essay
54	<i>That Dam Smile</i>	Camila Young	'22	Poetry
55	<i>Here Comes the Sun</i>	Victoria Cainzos	'24	Acrylic Paint
56	<i>Emotions in Between the Lines</i>	Catalina Giorgio	'23	Watercolor
57	<i>Inspiration</i>	Corina Belfort	'22	Poetry
58	<i>39. 5809 N, 2. 3508 E</i>	Andrea Valdes-Sueiras	'21	Essay
59	<i>Power of Vision</i>	Gabriella Battistini	'23	Oil Pastels
60	<i>Design</i>	Carolina Lizama	'21	Media
61	<i>Beyond it All</i>	Sofia Zarran	'21	Poetry
62	<i>Finding My Oxygen</i>	Daniela Arana	'21	Essay
63	<i>Mechanisms of the Heart</i>	Erica Hengartner	'21	Digital
64	<i>Sleepover at Abu's</i>	Olivia Jo Lambert	'23	Mixed Media
65	<i>Sunday Breakfast</i>	Isabella Lista	'21	Essay
66	<i>Syzygy</i>	Carolina de la Vega	'22	Poetry
67	<i>Guiding Star</i>	Carolina Vilato	'21	Digital
68	<i>Agape</i>	Olivia Brouwer	'22	Digital
69	<i>Ocean Psyche</i>	Massima Ponce	'23	Poetry
70	Colophon			
71	Staff Page			

the hollow

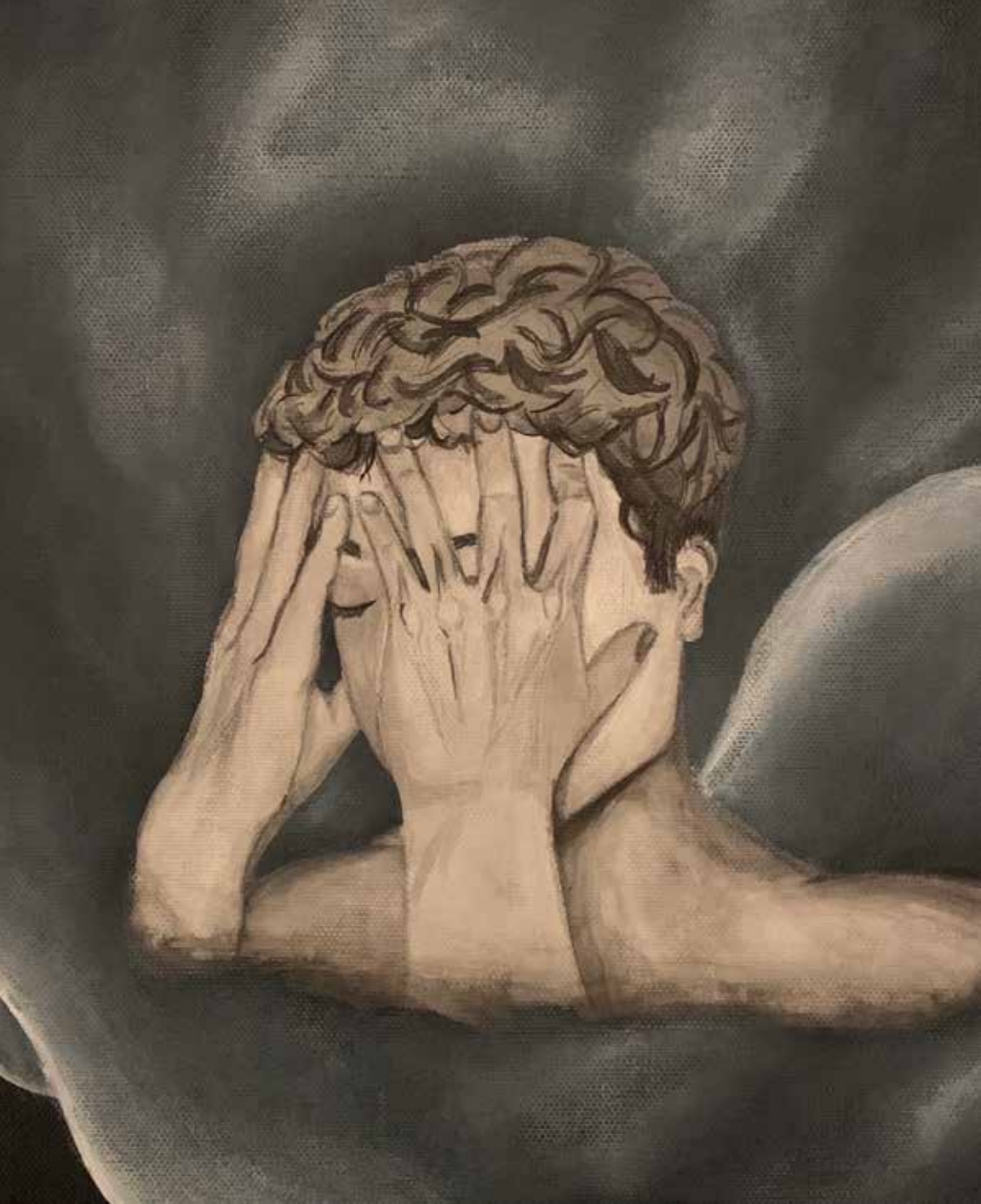
Cecilia Barrientos '23

The Hollow,
Not an ominous destination,
Or a quizzical creature,
But mere emptiness.

A gaping hole expands
In the center of a body,
Until all one can discern is numbness.

The lack of sentiment consumes,
Invokes internal inquiry,
And promotes the isolation of its victim.

At last, I surrender
For the hollow has won.



exhale

Anna Bunge '22
Mixed Media

gut feeling

Katerina Roig '22
Mixed Media



When I was younger, I thought a lot about
what it meant to be a girl
Be skinny, be pretty, be funny, be smart
(but not too smart)
Paint your nails, do the dishes, think about
boys (not like that, you slut)
You are the sum of your parts; so I did my
part to make them perfect
I starved myself until I lost 20 pounds
Until the thought of food made me sick
Until every meal became a battle
Spent all my money on makeup
Learned how to put it on (Not that much;
now you look like a harlot)
But the thing about being a girl is that, no
matter how hard you try, it's never enough
Because even though our bodies are
capable of tearing themselves apart and
putting the pieces back together,
We can't put our own pieces back when
someone else tears us apart.
(Too fat to be pretty)
(Too dumb to stand out)
(Doesn't do housework; no man will like
you)
What will we do if no man likes you?
And the words cut deeper than knives,
leaving imprints in my mind
That haunted me at night until my body
shook with sobs
And then I would pray
Pray to God to be pretty, and smart, and
skinny
And prayed for a boy to love me
Because what was I without a boy who
loved me?
I prayed to be a girl.

I thought a lot about what it meant to
be a girl.
When did it become like this?
When did my beauty define me as a
person?
When did a man measure my worth?
And my thoughts drifted from frivolous
things
But the thing about scars; they get
better, but they never heal completely
The little girl will live in me forever, a
phantom of my past, gnawing at me
slowly There is no hope for that little
girl; no point in praying for her
I still pray at night though
I pray for the next little girl
That she may see her body as her
vessel; glorious legs that take her places,
arms that get her through the day
That she see food as fuel, and not as the
enemy
That she may realize that thinking of
men does not make her slut, it makes
her human That she does not have to be
what society wants her to be
That she is not raised like cattle to be
sold to the highest bidder
That men do not define her
That she does not fall asleep,
accompanied by tears and dark
thoughts That she does not see her
gender as a weakness, but a strength
to embrace That she knows that even
though God made Adam first, he made
Eve when he needed something more
Because that's what it means to be a girl

what it means to be a girl

Isabella Motola '21

Sometimes I whisper to the walls
and pretend they are listening
humans need communication,
and this is me communicating.

I wish I had a creek
because I'd gain a listener
and a mirror.
I don't often admit
to the state of my sanity
or the luster of my vanity
but the walls don't actually care,
it's comforting.
like a receiving end
that serves as a silent friend.

I know a girl whose battery is ambition
a need for power and mighty recognition.
It's sad that despite my gained wisdom,
I too will use my three wishes
on fame and my own kingdom
where I tax my soul for riches.
When did I stop living for happiness,
and instead for the world's witnesses?
Cent by cent this fever is my sickness,
buy myself a lie
built on this business.
When did the price get so high?
What is this pessimist eye,
but a well I'll eventually climb.
Rather the walls listen to my cries
and use up the creek's time
than to fall into that enterprise.

wall discourses

Lucia Moglia '23

telescope

Carolina Vilato '21

Digital



alaskan dandelion

Kathryn Ortiz '23
Oil Paint



Memories come and go,
The ones that are depressing and kind. But
they always remain inside of us In a powerful
thing: the Mind.

I've had sleepless nights
Remembering moments of pain
As well as ones of torture,
Sadness, and disdain.

But amid those sleepless nights
As I look among the stars
I remember happiness, bliss,
And a joy that is ours.

Seconds come and minutes go
And those stars continue to shine
I know I have school tomorrow
But these memories are benign.

My thoughts are running in circles As I put on
a song

Because music is a powerful object That keeps
me going along.

While we are apart,
And I cannot shut my eyes
I look to those stars

Until the sun starts to rise
The music gives me power
And my mind still keeps me up
Because the music reminds me
Of all of my love and luck.

I try to shut my eyes
Because I can see the sun rising

My room is lighting up
With a speed that is very surprising. My mind
has corrupted me

To feel while I am alone
Like I could conquer the world

Thanks to these memories that are my home.

Memories come and go,

The ones that are depressing and kind. But
they will always remain inside of me In my
powerful thing: my Mind.

a sleepless night with the mind

Natalie Gonzalez '23

war in my head

Carolina Cepero '23

There is a war in my head.
All these voices screaming, raging,
Never silent, never quiet,
Always arguing.

These screaming voices contradict each other,
They all say different things.
What do I believe?
Which of them tell lies?
Which of them tell the truth?
I do not know what to believe.

Shut them off.
Make them be quiet.
These endless wailings,
All screaming wanting to be heard.
They toy with my mind,
They make me confused.
What should I believe?

They wage war in my head,
Like angels and demons.
But which voices are angels,
Which voices are demons?
I cannot tell.

And I cannot silence them.
All these voices screaming, raging,
Never silent, never quiet,
Always arguing, endlessly.



insomnia

Emelie Gonzalez '22
Mixed Media



skies of blue

Julia Reich '24
Photography

deception

Lucia Moglia '23

Look up at the sky and see stars,
Or the planes you thought were stars.
You went outside to not be deceived,
but deception trails into the dark.
The birds that are your company,
are just bats.
and the monsters you fear
are just trees.
Your shadow is gone
because the night sets it free.
The crickets chirp,
but never show themselves.
The frogs are hiding,
they fear the night as well.
Turns out things that are trick of the light
are really tricks of the night.
And, therefore, you wait for day,
to test if trickery is there to stay.

moni the indian orphan

Miranda Guerra '23

Pencil





dima the russian orphan

Miranda Guerra '23

Pencil

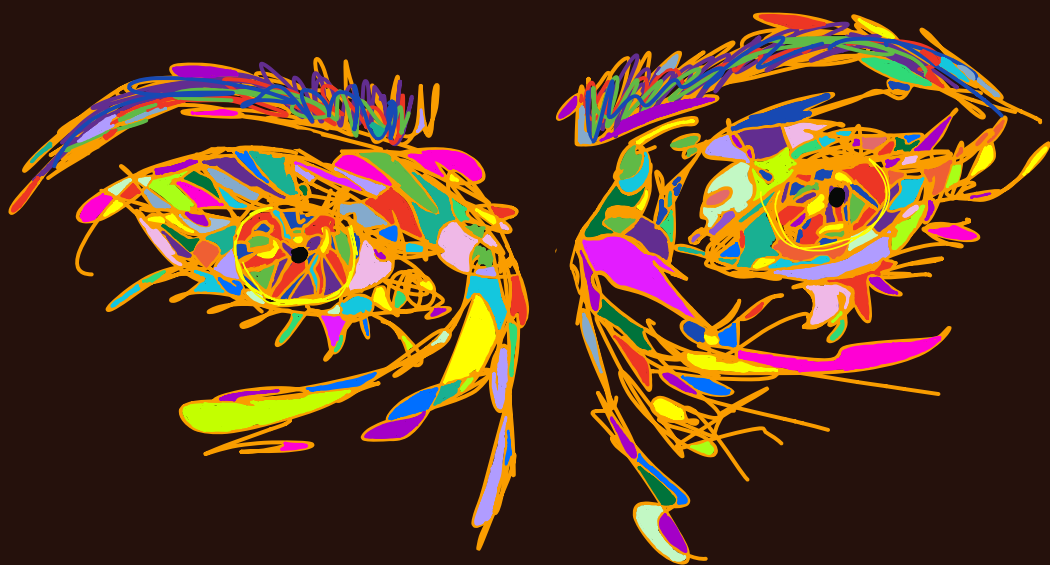
that stupid decision

Gabriela Roig '24

It all started with that stupid decision.
I didn't think it would affect anything.
I thought we would have gone on with
our lives.
I thought that I wouldn't have cared.
Cared for you or even thought about
you
But I do.

I think about you.
I think about that night.
I think about what happened.
I think about how I felt.
And I wish you did too.
But you don't.

You don't think about me because
To you, I am a distraction.
To you, I am not important.
To you, I am just that one stupid
decision.



wandering eyes

Ella Romero '23
Digital



art of light

Sofia Santamaria '23
Photography

he visits & brings me flowers

Amanda Rodriguez '23

Every Sunday afternoon,
and I bend my neck to the door of my home
and hear him say
all that has happened
all that reminds him of me
all that he has encountered.
Or at least that's what I can manage to hear.

Sometimes I'll knock and he'll get startled
I'll hear him
walk away
crunching unsaturated leaves.
I guess it must be autumn.

In the winter it's harder to hear
or rather,
I assume it's winter
and snow is muffling his voice,
I believe he lays next to me
or rather,
diagonal to me
continuing on about all that I've missed.
It's too cold to let him know that I'm listening.

It's spring because my home is now damp
filled with all types of friends,
beetles, maggots, flies
come to visit
they kindle close to my skin and lay beside
me,
feeding on me.
It's all that I have in my home to offer.

And then I hear his walk,
he says he's brought me flowers.
So I bend my sore neck
and he talks for hours.

constellations & a caged bird

Stephania Lopez '22

Constellations ignite the midnight sky
A bird looks up, ready to fly
The wind brushes its ruffled feathers
A cold night in this delicate weather
Lift! She cries,
Unable to go high
Enclosed by delicately gilded bars
She yearns to speak with foreign stars
The door is fully open
Yet she feels completely broken
Remember, even with these endless scars
The power to leave is inevitably ours



come out of your cage

Amanda Janulionis '21
Mixed Media



head over heels

Ana Perez '23
Mixed Media

forks

Lauren Quintana '21

It was dinner time when I felt my breath hitch. I flailed, kicked, and screamed in an effort to free myself. In short order, I was suspended in midair by a figure much larger than me. With a thump, my three-year old body was dropped into the seat. Restraints were put into place with clicks that sent chills up my spine. My eyes began to sting. The rest of my body went cold for the people who were inflicting this torture were the ones I trusted most, my parents.

I watched my fallen angels trek behind our kitchen counter and prepared to face the object of my nightmares. I was not so much afraid of the act I was about to undergo but rather the instrument. A clicking of rolling mechanics caught my attention. The chamber was opened. Hiding in it was the utensil of terror. As my mother sifted through the metal lollipops and sharpened metal sticks searching for the gut-wrenching, four toothed metal trident, my father prepared the substances. With a ding from the magic metal box, it was ready. My screams portrayed the anxieties I was still years away from articulating.

The substance was placed on my torture slab with the horrific thing piercing it. My mother began making absurd noises to entice me into opening my sealed mouth. The vessel inched closer, causing my eyes to cross while it entered into my personal space. The weapon's four chiseled tips grazed my lips causing me to inadvertently open my mouth. In a motion, the substance was placed on my tongue and the trident was withdrawn. This process repeated until the substance was gone and in the depths of my stomach cavity. My parents quickly rose to their feet cheering and releasing me from my restraints. I had faced my fear of the trident they called a "fork."

As the years progressed, the magic box turned into a microwave, the metal lollipop was now referred to as a spoon, and the restraints

disappeared because I no longer needed a high chair. When I was a child, I had behaviors that seemed odd. I was terrified of a specific fork, couldn't eat a hamburger if the bun was missing sesame seeds, and needed to feel evenness on both sides of my body at all times. Although we didn't know this at the time, these were all early signs of what I later learned was Generalized Anxiety Disorder with Obsessive Compulsive tendencies.

I had gone my whole life believing the world was a scary place and that my brain was wired the wrong way. I experienced intense waves of emotion and had extreme difficulty doing things most people wouldn't think twice about. The day I was diagnosed was the day the world started to make sense. The feelings that made living difficult weren't just random. They were real. My brain wasn't wrong, it was just different.

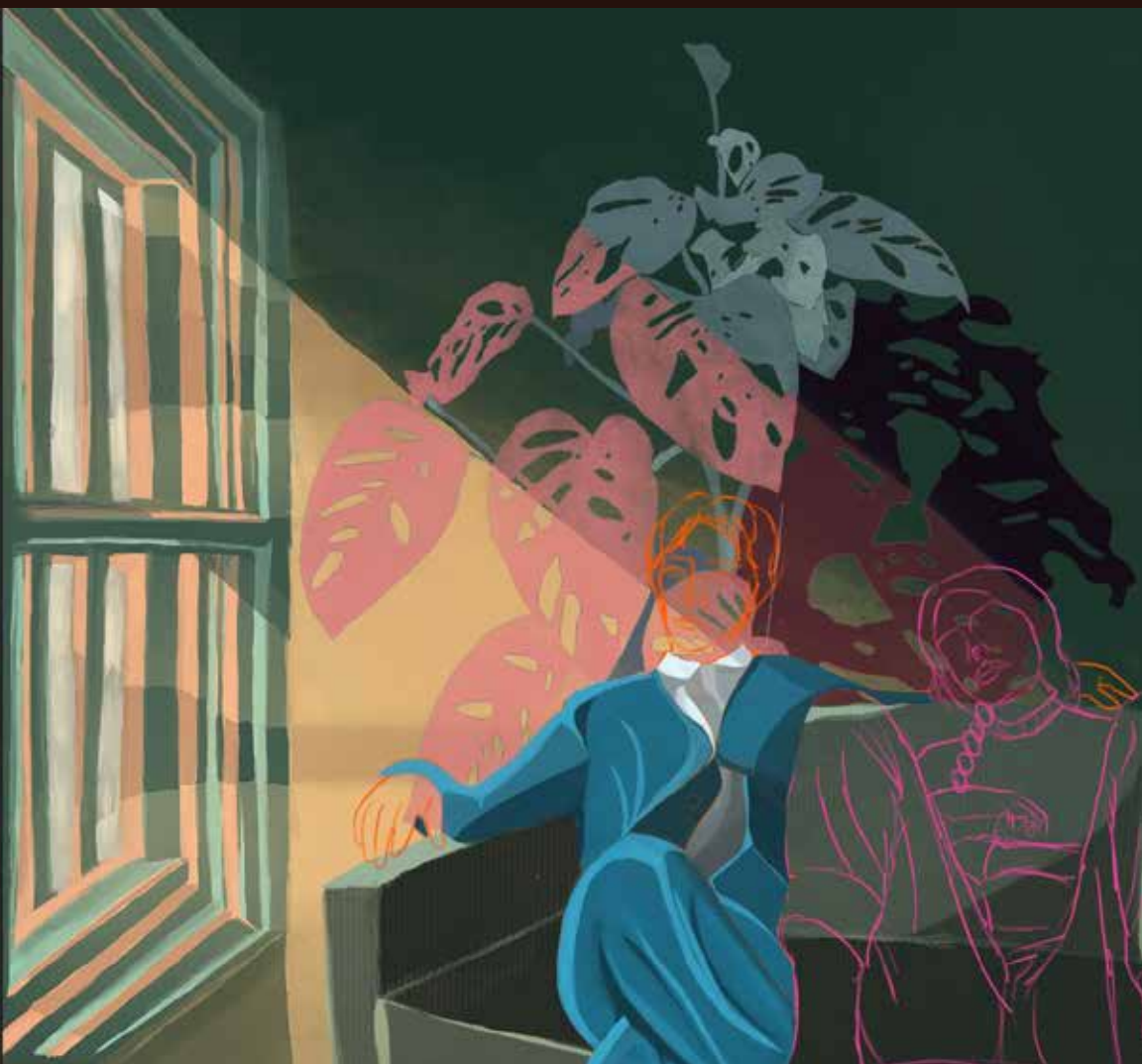
This brings us to today, three year after my diagnosis. I'm a 17 year old high school senior who has developed a tic disorder from her anxiety and hates when people touch her. A senior, who sings at all times, snorts when she laughs, cracks jokes, and dreams a little too big. I'm a 17 year old who has learned that although my brain may be different it is also extraordinary.

GAD and OCD tendencies are still very much present in my everyday life. The difference is they are only one part of my life. They no longer take over my every thought or define me. I have learned to cope and overcome, and that has made life a little easier. These forks in the road look less like behemoth tridents and more like petite dessert forks. And while I may always have these intrusive thoughts, I am persevering. And on the bright side, at least I'm not scared of forks anymore! (Well, maybe sometimes.)

solace of the moon

Natacha Gamby '24

I'm sitting in the old library,
A tattered book lay open on the table to my left.
Romeo and Juliet, a classic love story.
My gaze shifted to the moon as I sat deep in thought.
I never understood the purpose of love,
A love so deep it could reach over any distance,
And reach through all space and all time.
I never understood how one could be so in love with another,
That they could lose themselves in their thoughts for the other
The fire of love spreading stealthily throughout their hearts.
I never understood it, until I met you.
I never realized how I could love so deeply for another,
How I would give the moon, the sun, and the stars to be with you.
But I can't.
Because I'm here,
And you're there.
The only thought giving me solace,
Is that at night we lie under the same moon,
Under the same stars.
Maybe in another life,
You could've been my love.
And I could've been yours.
I hope when you look at the moon you think of me as I think of you.



sit like a lady

Angelina Cueto '22
Digital

leave your comfort zone

Amanda Janulionis '21

Acrylic Paint





Every weekday night my parents and I settle in for “family time.” I bring my mom dinner and curl up next to her with mine, while my dad brings a chair to the foot of the bed and we start the recording of that night’s Jeopardy!.

My mother’s two below-knee amputations as well as severe IBS-D, a result of colorectal cancer she was diagnosed with when I was eleven, make it incredibly difficult for her to be out of bed for more than a couple hours. So that means we eat dinner in bed 99% of the time. During the day, my dad is my mom’s caretaker, but in the afternoon I take over the responsibility so he can work. We’ve had this system for as long as I can remember.

When I was younger I didn’t really know what was going on with my mom. When I’d ask her, she would give me an answer that she knew would not worry me. But that wasn’t enough for me. In my freshman year, I decided to volunteer with chemotherapy patients to see the other side. My biggest takeaway from that experience was that people need companionship even if it’s simple time together.

As my mom’s condition worsened after that, I couldn’t help but see that the same applied. So while I took care of her, I made it a point to talk, tell stories, ask for advice, and really enjoy our time together. I even picked up some new skills I wouldn’t have under different circumstances: I have a signature grilled cheese recipe (her favorite), and I’ve mastered the art of a bedpan (believe it or not it takes skill). Television ended up becoming a major pastime for us. Jeopardy! was always on, so we gave it a try.

Slowly this became a tradition that was there to stay. All of the classes I had ever taken helped me out on those Jeopardy! boards. And though I probably shouldn’t admit it, sometimes I’d study not just for the class but

so I could answer more questions at home. I can sweep the categories about art history, scientific discoveries, and vocabulary, but I always defer to my mom on questions about the eighties.

For the first time, I feel that I really understand her. Maybe I’m getting older or wiser, but I’m starting to see our similarities more clearly. I get my ambition and cunning from her. And my confidence and ability to take command of a room, too. Together we’re unstoppable.

That’s not to say that we don’t have our troubles. She has incredible faith in me but it sometimes translates to very high expectations. But even when I get frustrated with the situation and have a bad day, or when we butt heads (I am still a teenager after all), she asks the question: “Are we watching Jeopardy! or what?” to which I always respond “Yeah, I’m coming.” And just like that (well maybe not just like that) we find common ground again.

It hasn’t been easy for many years, but I still would do it twice over for my mom. I can see in her where I get my passion, my dedication, and my desire to help others. Focusing on school has been an outlet for me to pour my time and energy; I can achieve without anyone knowing what I go through. Rather than give in to the darkness that can come with seeing someone you love so sick, I choose to shine and be more passionate about what I do.

I’m tempted to try and sum up my life into a Jeopardy! question but it’s not possible. What I have achieved up to now is only a portion of the impact I will have on the world in the future. My question cannot be written yet.

jeopardy!

Nicole Calderon ‘21

troubles

Carolina Vilato '21

Digital



All troubles you have can pass
away very quickly.

swimming into the self

Erica Hengartner '21
Digital



It's all connected
The nerves all meet
Every road in my body
Crosses eventually
The veins of passion
The cells of anticipation
The sensation of living
They are my sculptor's clay
I'm made by my hands
Incapable otherwise
Everything is guided
By 5 fingers and chipped nail polish
They turn the knobs
And I listen in response
They pluck the strings
And I blister to keep the memories
They press record
So I smile accordingly
They hold the mic
So I sing passionately
They hold the pen
So I write fervently
They press the keys
So I push down thoughtfully
They hold the paint
They hold the instruments
They hold the paper
The camera, the music
But they are not them, and I am not me
Because it is all connected
Can't you see

I am my hands
I am the painter
I am the sculptor
The player, the poet
We perform the actions
We are the arts
I am my music
I use them to carve
The grooves in the record
The meaning in ones heart
My hands are the wizard
But I am the great and powerful oz
We are not partners
Or separate beings
If anything is being used
I demand them through nerve endings
I owe them a debt
My reason for being
Thank goodness they are mine
I can't imagine them revolting
Them taking my ability
But they are not them, and I am not me
There is no vs.
If there was I'd be winning
All my roads meet
Eventually
They have met my mind
And are at my bidding
I would thank my hands if I needed too
It's a beautiful thing to be able to do
beautiful things

hands: an unspoken agreement

Sofia Zarran '21

Walking through the thicket
The chirping cricket
The fireflies you have yet to jar
Standing by the ocean
The steadiness of its motion
Thinking of those who have traveled far
The sailboats we see
Are empty
Those sailboats are not for fleeing
Across the pond
Exist those far from fond
With their current situation
Revolutionary drums
The sound of quick guns
Ring in their ears with a burning sensation
The streets they once knew
The bricks how they flew
All reduced to a pile of rubble
Without time to cry
Time to wipe an eye
They zipped away from the island bubble
Those who did not make it
Had their lives at stake, yet
Never lost sight of the horizon
For their dreams
Above all things
Children needed to quickly wizen
The men who once put pen to paper

Happily switched to broom and
bucket
Because that was better than living
under the dictator The women of
the hour
Sewing steadily, mixing flour
Their faces never turned sour
They asked for nothing
They were not begrudging
They only wanted to give their
children a chance to be grounded
Safe from the camps
Safe from the watching
Free to speak
Free to feel
Free to dream
Now given the chance to enjoy
The reasons for which this country
was founded Walking through the
palms
The birds' glorious psalms
The lizards they have yet to catch
Standing by the ocean
Enjoying the steadiness of its
motion
At home
At last

vistas

Liana Sierra '22

the boy who lives alone

Miranda Guerra '23

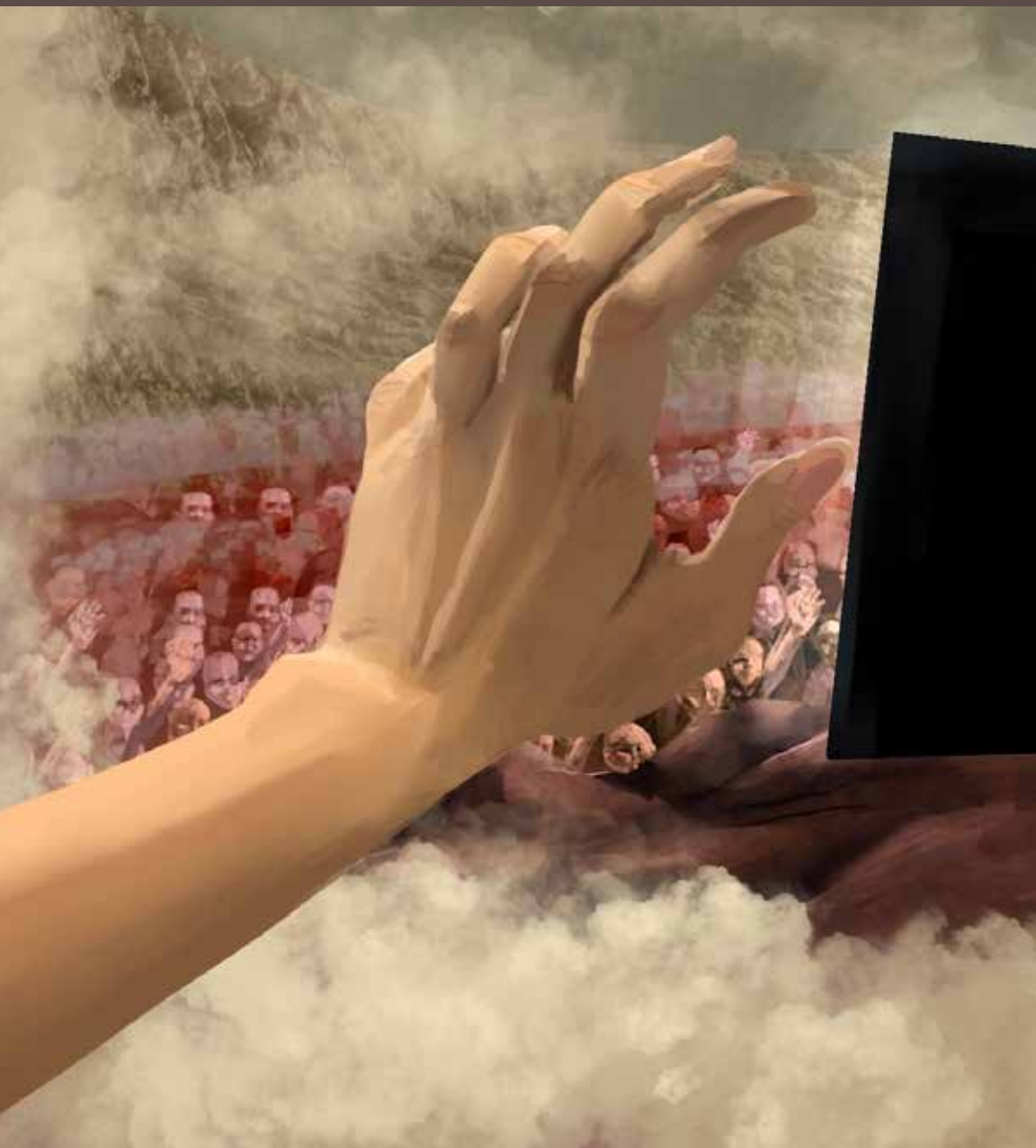
Pastels

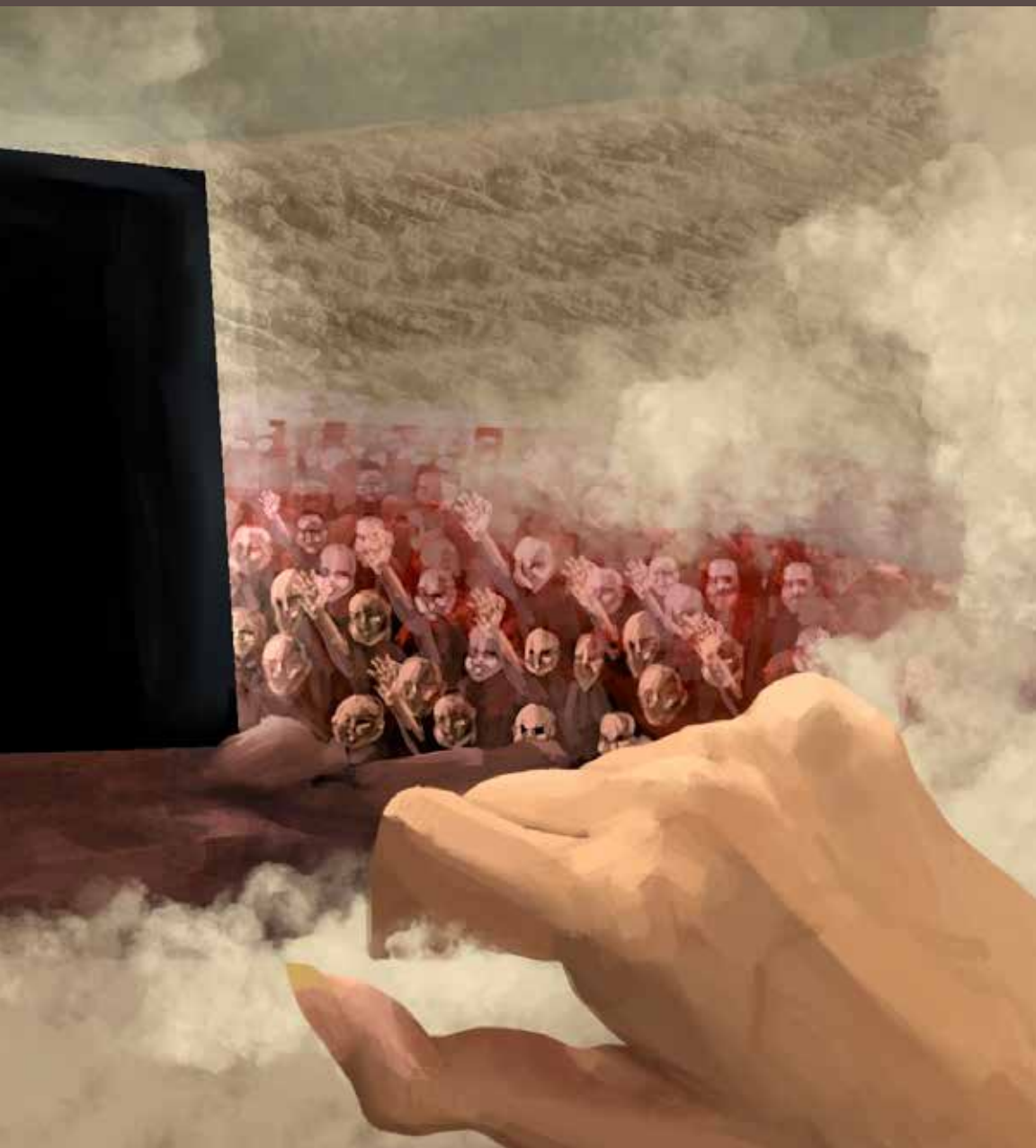


to dust you shall return

Alexandra Gonzalez '21

Digital





medusa

Lily Courtney '21

Using the prehensile abilities of her fiery red hair, Medusa reaches out and wraps her tresses around the neck of her nemesis "No-it-All..."

Who better to embody the essence of an inhuman than Medusa herself? She is such an acclaimed figure in Greek mythology that Marvel made her a modern day comic strip character. Her hair morphed from an ancient den of snakes that turned onlookers to stone to a mass of powerful red waves, tougher than steel, that are delicate enough to take control of her enemies.

I received a Fantastic Four comic book as a young child that featured the character Medusa and was immediately hooked as I also possessed fiery red hair. Growing up with red hair and blue eyes in Miami, where most of my friends are Latina with brown hair and eyes, I always stood out. Extremely shy, the last thing I wanted was strangers constantly coming up to me to admire my hair. I even designed my look-a-like American Girl Doll with the hair I dreamt of - basic brown. Medusa fully embraced her exotic hair and allowed it to be her best feature. I wished I could be more like Medusa and embrace the power of my looks rather than resent them.

I was excited when my World Literature teacher announced we would be reading the Iliad, as it featured my ally Medusa. The day the verses about her were read aloud in class, I wanted to speak up and share my empathy for the tragically misunderstood character. However, I was overshadowed by Catherine Chattersley, "No-it-All", babbling endlessly about what a monster Medusa was. When Medusa's head got chopped off in the climax by Perseus, "No-it-All" cheered! I wanted to channel Medusa's wrath. I imagined my hair elongating and tightly wrapping itself around

the mouth of my nemesis to silence her. Did she not comprehend that as a sexual assault victim Medusa shouldn't be victim-blamed but revered as a feminist icon? Instead, I went home and channeled my power for writing. I journaled endlessly about the demonizing of female rage in the epic poem and throughout history.

Because spoken words sometimes elude me, I have favored writing to communicate and fight my battles. Recently, however, I pushed myself out of my comfort zone to investigate other means. I enrolled in the elective class Visual Communication that explored the world of advertising. In an assignment, I was asked to bring the meaning of words to life by experimenting with colors and fonts. As I instinctively typed the word "PASSION" in crimson red capitals, I began to think about what I communicate visually. Red, the color of fire and blood, connotes violence, danger, and rage. People might assume that as a redhead I'll be outgoing, short-tempered, and perhaps even manipulative. I realized I am a walking example of what my teacher calls a "false advertisement" because I am in fact introverted, patient and caring. Yes, I am passionate - particularly about writing and women's rights - but these things are demonstrated by my actions. My last name, Courtney, perpetuates the redheaded myth. Most people assume I am Irish, but Courtney is actually my abuelo's adoptive surname. My red hair, ironically, traces back most recently to the Puerto Rican side of my father's family.

False advertisement may be deceptive, but it is an effective strategy used by marketers. Taking the class has encouraged me to embrace my bold built-in advertisement and what it conveys. I have learned to adopt some of the characteristics of my alter ego and assert myself in class by contributing to

body dysmorphic distortions

Veronica Vilato '21
Digital



animated debates and sharing my writing. I plan to continue challenging myself and confidently exploring my combined passions for creative writing, marketing, and psychology

in college. Just as Medusa uses her red hair to convey her righteous feminine rage, I will use my uncommon characteristics to explore the psychology behind new ways to communicate.

HAVE A VISION
BE DEMANDING



fortunes & visions

Carolina Vilato '21
Digital

an unfinished novel *Jillian Diaz '21*

I cannot think of a better word to describe the distinct aroma of a room full of books other than home. For as long as I can remember, one of my favorite pastimes has been going to the bookstore with my mom. We would walk into our local Books & Books and wave to the clerks who recognized us from our weekly visits. The two of us would divide and conquer; my mom to the historical books and me to explore the autobiographies in the Young Adult shelves. We would wander for countless moments, gathering books full of potential until we found ourselves in a quiet empty corner at the back of the bookstore.

I was always in awe at the amount of information my mom knew about different time periods and the cultures of many regions of the world. I aspired to obtain the same amount of knowledge and read page after page every chance I had. One of my most meaningful accomplishments was when I finally began to read at the same level as my mom and was even able to recommend books to her. From *The Nightingale*, to *Unbroken*, to *Beneath the Scarlet Sky*, we started to share favorite books in common.

The novels I have read serve as a source of entertainment and play a vital role in the acceptance of who I am today and how I react to situations. I have not only learned from my own errors and misjudgements, but I have also learned from the mistakes of the characters in the novels I have read. When I feel abandoned or alone I think of *Unbroken* and how Louis Zamperini exemplified that no one has the power to break my will but me, and even in the worst circumstances I can choose to remain strong and hopeful. For instance, as I struggled with not making the varsity soccer team my sophomore year despite the fact my

freshman sister did, rather than sulking in self pity, I cheered my sister on at her games. While helping my sister improve her soccer performance, I also worked tirelessly to strengthen mine and even made the team the following year.

Through *Jane Eyre* I learned the importance of maintaining my principles and being educated. I chose a challenging high school that would give me that opportunity. The classes and levels were rigorous and NOT easy for me, however with every lesson learned I grew stronger, understanding the benefits the knowledge would do for me in the present and in my future. Struggles in the classroom became battles won, sticking with my principles and integrity all along.

Some of the novels I have read reflect my own family's history. Flight to Freedom mirrors my father's flight from Cuba through the perilous Florida Straits at age eight. The Red Umbrella and 90 Miles From Havana capture the desperation my grandparents endured when they sent their children unaccompanied to the promises of freedom offered by the United States. These stories replicate the melancholic world of refugees my family understands all too well, assimilating and yet never forgetting the struggles we have endured in our search for freedom.

Perhaps it is my love for stories and interest in the character's quandaries or my own family's past that have sparked my awe of history and fueled my dream to become an attorney. I am driven by the fact that my own novel is still full of numerous blank pages to fill and I humbly treasure the thought that there is a possibility that one day my own name could go down in history as inspirational, just as the stories of so many characters have done endlessly for me.

words of empowerment

Stephanie Lara '21

I believe in me. A simple opinion really, yet one that to some may seem rather “progressive”. Not to sound corny but I haven’t always been this way, I’ve had sort of an awakening, an enlightenment along the years. Male validation was something I so deeply craved before.

It’s crazy to imagine my past mentality of going out of my way for the sake of someone else’s opinion towards me. It wasn’t until about 7th grade that I first began to feel self confident. It wasn’t till 8th grade that I began to stand up for myself against misogynist jokes rather than laugh alongside them. Then, a fiery passion lit up inside of me come freshman year, I discovered the powerful world of... feminism.

A word so controversial yet so honorable. I can go on to talk about my personal trials and tribulations of high school romance and how it affected my belief, but I’ll spare the details and let you know overall, sometimes... no most times, boys suck. I really only became vocal about how I felt a year or so ago, I would blame it on the internalized fear of disapproval from others.

As expected, I began to engage in a couple arguments with people, mostly immature and misinformed prepubescent boys. There was something about the satisfaction of having people dislike you because you realize your own self worth, one that society has taught you is forbidden in women, that was really a driving force to

what people call my “hobby”.

I have to give credit to my parents as well for their contribution in my “radical ideologies”. I’m privileged to say I grew up in a household where both parents graduated with a degree, work full time jobs, and raised, equally as hard and with the support of one another, this hectic family.

My parents always had this rule, they would take turns every night in which one was in charge of cooking dinner, while the other had dish duty. I know, it seems like a very small and irrelevant thing, and it is, but it’s truly impacted me. It’s funny actually because I mentioned it to them and they were just left confused. They didn’t think of it as a big deal, that it was just simple co-parenting, equality in the two. Which is exactly what I believe, the equality in two.

It’s not that I hold women to a superior moral authority than men, it’s that I learned the amount of power they really hold. It’s been a long road towards self love, I am definitely not even halfway there, but the amount of relief I feel that I’ve finally broken free of holding myself up to society’s standards is inexplicable.

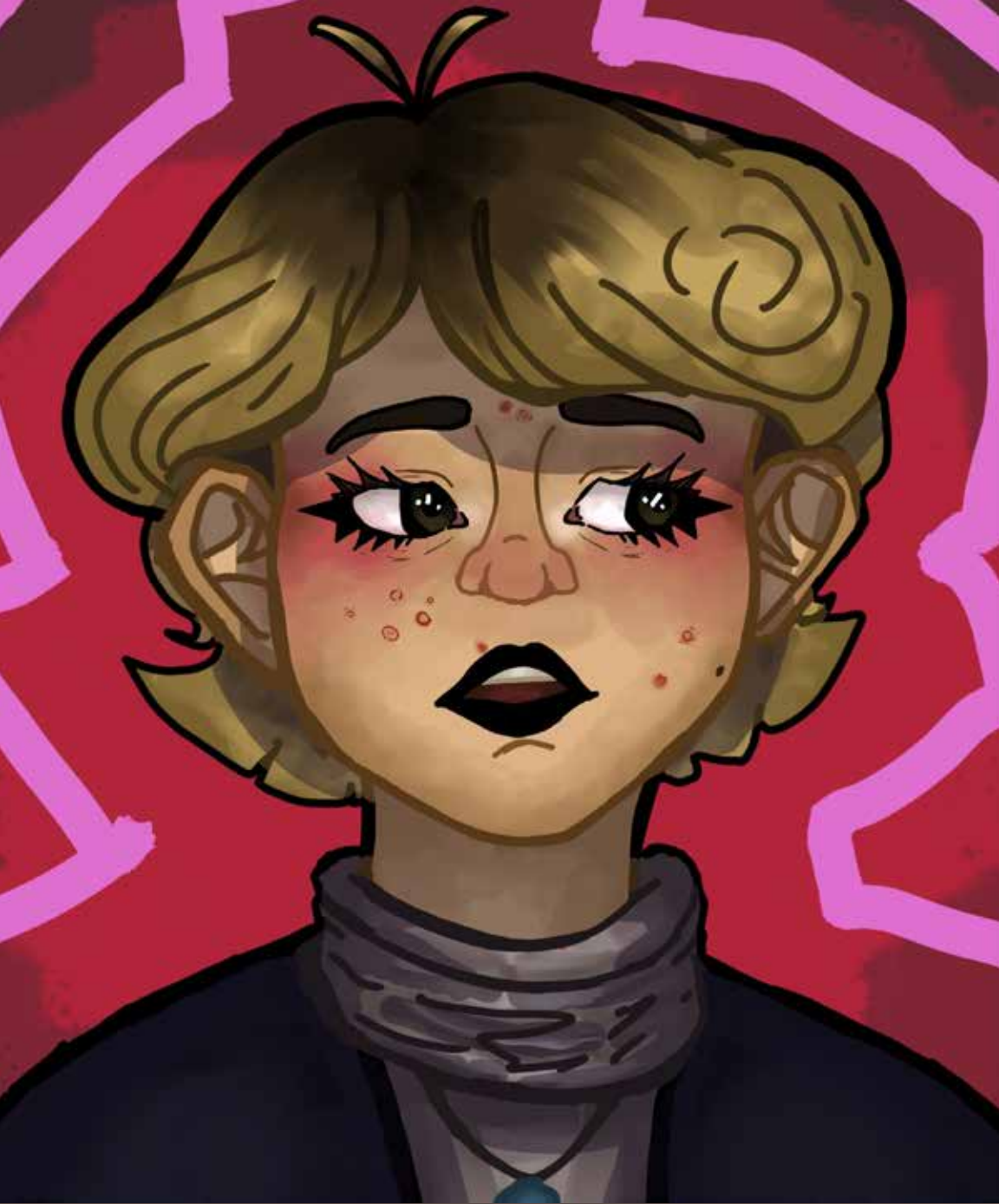
To this, I’d like to thank the many boys in my life who have doubted me, questioned my credibility, and degraded me over the years. I believe it is in their failure that I have succeeded to find my own worth.



the mystery of a woman's mind

Isabella Trujillo '24

Pencil



annie

Ana Valcarcel '24
Digital

happiness

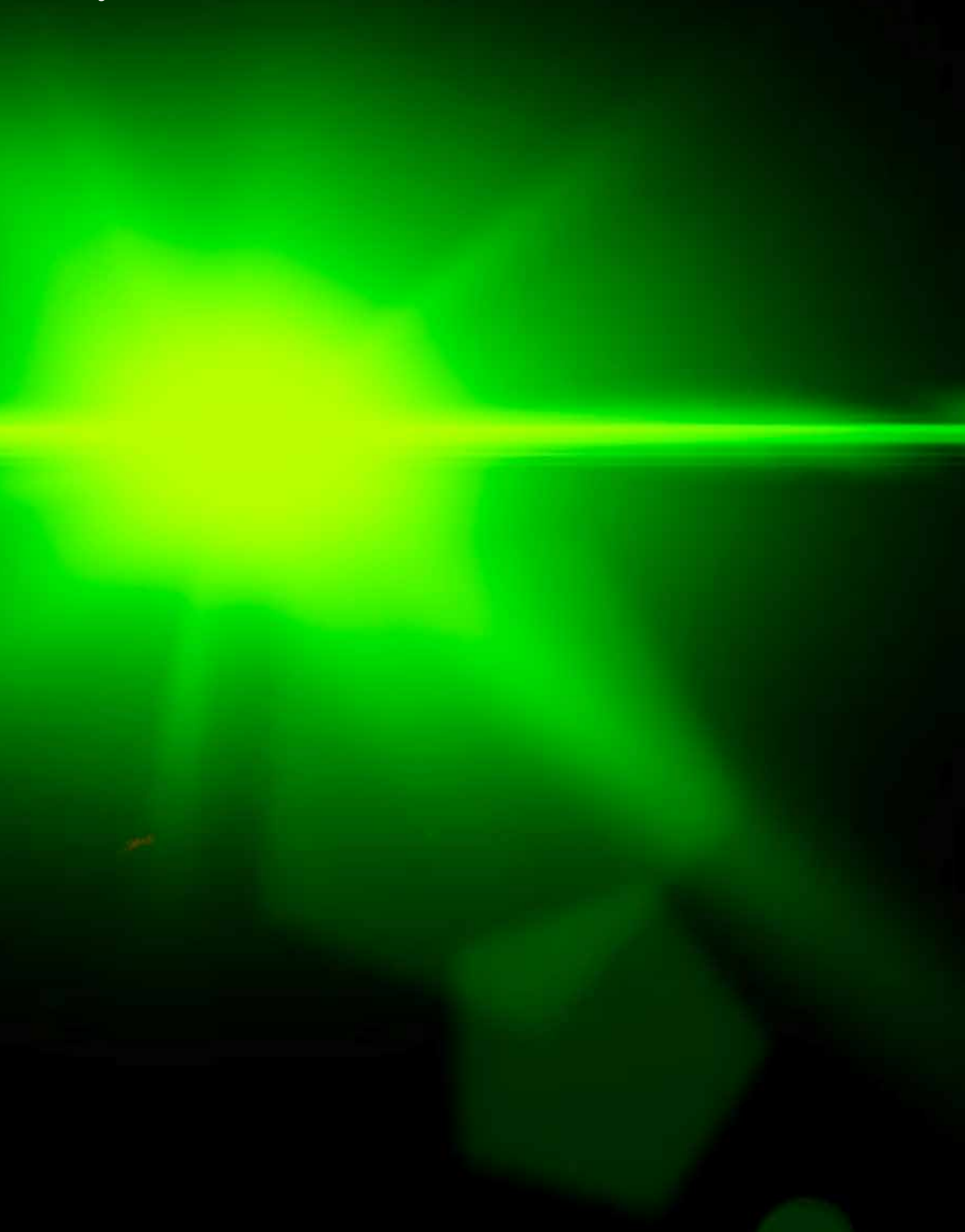
Camila Alvarez '23

They say happiness is not out there but in you
But I believe there's sadness too
It emerges from the dark
Lurking in the shadows
Like time it goes unnoticed
Until it hits you
You fall through a hole that you thought was solid ground
The waves of sadness and despair carrying you deeper into its abyss
Until the darkness consumes you and then and only then do you
realize that you are alone

girl with a pearl dream

Erica Hengartner '21

Digital





the power of mother nature

Carelyn Gonzalez '21

I believe mother nature can change our life. It can change the way we think, the way we see things, but most importantly it can change the path our life takes. It can mold our life like the wind in the sand making dunes. My life has changed drastically three times due to mother nature. When I was in the ninth grade a hurricane struck the island that I lived in leaving it unrecognizable for about a year, so I had to move away from my home to Boston for a year and even change schools.

After that I became more observant of how mother nature shapes lives. I lived through a snowstorm and I experienced making adjustments to my daily routine in campus and classes due to the snow. After that experience I went back home and to my old school only to be hit with an earthquake that left the building of my school unsafe and due to the uncertainty, my parents sent me away again: this time to Miami.

After just two months of being in Miami a pandemic broke out and the whole world had to adjust to the new normal which was being looked up at home. This time there was no safe place to run to.

My point is mother nature is really our mother in the sense that it tells us what to do and shapes our lives. I believe we should take better care of mother nature and not abuse it because we are the ones that will lose.

The importance of recycling, emission of fossil fuels, and global warming are all topics that I never gave much importance to until

mother nature changed my life, not two, but three times. I would be dumb to think it won't happen again.

I believe if there is something certain in life is that mother nature will keep changing my life. It makes me feel like I'm making a difference by being aware and spreading awareness of how important it is for me to take care of mother nature.

I've always had a place to run to when catastrophe struck but the pandemic just showed me that I can't outrun mother nature. She is our mother, the "lady of the house," the "owner of our home" and the only way to live in peace with her is by respecting her and treating her well, but most importantly loving and caring for the house.

My house, our house, her house, planet earth, if not there won't be a place to run to when something happens. I learned it's not a matter of running away it's a matter of staying and being proactive.

In the beginning I believed mother nature controlled my life but at the end I learned it's much more. Mother nature shapes our life and has the ability to make it unbearable for us to be on this earth. The first two natural disasters I could run away from but not the last one. That's when I realized I should do more. Now I am fully aware of the importance of taking care of mother nature, respecting its boundaries, keeping it clean and that is the key to maintaining the balance between nature and mankind.



rouge rocheux

Isabella Incera '23
Photography



friends

Natalia Perez-Rodriguez '24
Digital

padron sisters

Paola Padron '21

As I step into the fantastical fabrication of billowing blush-like satin, I feel like a glamorous debutante that has finally made it to the ball. No longer a flower girl (I had eight winning performances), I am making my debut as a bridesmaid at my eldest sister's wedding...

THWACK. My reverie is interrupted when the stiff organza ruffle smacks me in the face. Back to reality. And the chaos that is created anytime my three sisters and I are together. We want this day to be perfect for Stephanie, our leader, but although our hotel suite is spacious, it feels as if we are clumped together in the old, cardboard box we used to use as a lemonade stand.

I sit on the couch to calm my nerves and, as is often the case when observing my sisters, the scene begins to unwind in slow motion, as if in a novel. Nani, the bride, is having her makeup redone because she can't refrain from crying. Andrea is tugging at her stubbornly stuck zipper. When Cristina rushes to the rescue, her sleeve brushes the dangerously hot curling iron. There is a collective gasp as the satin begins to melt into a hole oddly reminiscent of the pink roses in Nani's bouquet.

I laugh at how reminiscent this scene is to one in my favorite novel, *Little Women*: Jo burns off her sister Meg's curl right before a fancy party. I identified with the memoir of four sisters and read it again and again starting at age nine.

Like my counterpart Amy, the baby, I was never allowed to go to the party. I resented her characterization as selfish, however, and didn't recognize my sisters' personalities in the other characters. Over time, I realized Alcott simplified the sisters to present a sort of moral handbook for girls: a guide I didn't need because I had my sisters.

Nani, an exceptionally hard worker, never gave up her dream to become a doctor. Even though school and tests didn't come naturally,

however, she dropped everything days before her boards to help me learn piecewise functions, reigniting my passion for math. Her success as a distance runner reflects her drive. I followed in Nani's footsteps on the cross-country team, but when I confessed I dreamt of playing soccer, Nani encouraged me to try the sport I now excel in.

Andrea, a fantastic writer and natural comedian, excels in the innovative marketing field. Growing up, she carried a journal everywhere she went. When I became annoyed she wouldn't let me read it, she told me to write my own stories. That's exactly what I did in the pink diary she gave me for my seventh birthday. Eventually, we co-wrote scripts for plays and staged dramas for our family members, not unlike the sisters in *Little Women*. I still journal every day.

Cristina Sofia, despite facing medical challenges, always focuses on ways to help others. A rare condition delayed her growth, but her tiny size fostered an affinity with children that led to an Elementary Education degree. Her dedication to health prompted me to volunteer at Flipany, a nonprofit where I assist nutrition and physical activity classes for underprivileged children. Her selflessness also inspired me to tutor a disabled third-grade girl struggling with virtual learning during the quarantine.

Each of my sisters' have contributed to who I am. Nani encouraged me to push past preconceived limits and be my own person. Andrea taught me to stretch creatively and not take myself too seriously. Cristina Sofia taught me how to put others first. Like the sisterly examples in *Little Women*, who transcended societal norms in their day, my sisters have instilled a unique desire in me to forge my own path. I want to further my passions.

that dam smile

Camila Young '22

A smile.
As bright as rain.
A grin.
As joyous as thunderclouds.
That smile stared her down,
Full of starry eyes swirling in the sand.
That dam smile, holding back the water;
Persuading compassion, commanding attention;
Yet straining to let one drop come through.
Just one:
Would make the whole thing collapse--come to a quiver.
The rain, the thunderstorms would come rumbling,
The sandstorm would bellow through.
But for now,
A smile.
Just a dam smile.
:)



here comes the sun

Victoria Cainzos '24
Acrylic Paint



emotions in between the lines

Catalina Giorgio '23
Watercolor

inspiration

Corina Belfort '22

I am simply me
I let my imagination run wild Its takes me to new places
where I thought I'd be as a child

I adventure through places and see gracious faces
I think outside the box
never looking at the clocks

I imagine a world of beauty it is simply a duty
I do it with peace
and I become more quiesce

Now that I've grown
My imagination has flourished And that is why
I am simply me

39.5809 N. 2.3508 E

Andrea Valdes-Sueiras '21

I've always been fascinated by the way the sense of touch ties together with travel. I'd leave anything that my hazel irises have witnessed in the dust because the sense of touch would override it.

I disassociate myself from the present and think about my future self. How she'll be able to say that she rubbed the Porcellino's brassy snout in Florence, kissed the stingrays off the coast of the Cayman Islands and even rolled the grains of colorful spices through her palms in the Bazaars of Istanbul.

However, it goes the other way as well. My future self will think back to a definite moment. This mixture of nostalgia and awareness is tossed together to create a mindset that comes as a side effect of travel.

And with all this in mind, comes the story of my rings. The golden accessory that has touched surfaces at all altitudes

and in all climates. The monogrammed signet serves as a memento of the distant locations it's reached. Almost like it has hazel eyes of its own. Except it has only one and its laced with my cursive initials, AVC.

Soon after this addition, I slid a curved cuff ring onto my pointer finger. It would be a memento of my second favorite place in the world. Over 195 countries and I chose the coordinates of a city located off the rocky coasts of Mallorca to have a place on my most esteemed extremity.

Who knew that a small Spanish beach town could hold such a place in my mind. A few hours in a private beach were enough to convince me of my favoritism. I hope that everyone is humbled by their experiences abroad. I know I am. And in times like these, I am forever grateful for the images that run through my head and that have hopefully run through yours.



power of vision

Gabriella Battistini '23
Oil Pastels



dreamscape

Carolina Lizama '21
Color Pencil & Watercolor

beyond it all

Sofia Zarran '21

Beyond the oval rooms
Beyond the white walls

There's families of different shades
Hearts from foreign soils
Eyes that have seen the stars
Dreams that have broken
Bones that have bent
Lives that have changed
And they change without end

Beyond the pens and papers
The meetings and treaties

There's lives that are waiting
And hearts that are hoping
Children making wishes
Dreams forming anew
Families growing and shifting
And arms that salute
Red, white, and blue

There's more to formalities
There's more than words
The world is waiting
And it begins with the words
"I do solemnly swear..."

Breathe in, breathe out... I sprint from the starting line, and I can hear my coach's fading voice yelling, "Go out fast, watch out for roots." It was only the beginning of the race, and I could already feel the August sun's blazing heat on my skin. One hundred meters in, I am alarmed as I feel my breath shorten - I need to focus on my breathing as it supplies oxygen to my blood and organs. "Just one foot in front of the other," I say to myself. The logical voice in my brain tells me I only have to take 5,128 steps to finish the race. I fight every other voice in my mind saying, "It's too hot, I'm in pain, I can't breathe."

Breathe in, breathe out... At the mile marker, I find myself alone with the pounding of my heartbeat and the sound of my feet crunching the fall leaves. I catch a glimpse of a *Plumbagoauriculata* along the trail, an indigenous purple beauty. My mind wanders. I think about how long it takes for that plant to grow - from embryo to fully mature Angiospermae. I think about my time at Costa Farms, conducting research at the Development Facility, measuring pH levels, oxygen output, and the efficacy of biodegradable pots. I think about my long summer days in Miami's extreme heat, dedicated to 7 AM practices, working at the R&D facility, and evening runs.

Breathe in, breathe out... the sound of the spirited crowd brings me out of my reverie, and I realize I have reached the second-mile marker. I am entering the last mile and going deeper into the course. I know I must pick up my pace soon. I turn the corner around a *Pinus elliottii*, commonly known as the slash pine. Seeing this tree reminds me of my trips accompanying my dad to the Miccosukee Tribe Reservation

in the Everglades National Park, which holds a special place in my heart. I think of my dad and his tireless work handling cases to protect the environment. I feel like I could recite every detail about his case representing the tribe against those polluting the reservation, a case he fought all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Pumping my arms harder, I visualize the *Zamioculcas* sitting on my window sill, my green and hardy ZZ plant, which my mother gifted me. As General Counsel for a plant nursery, she regularly brings home plants for me to take care of, teaching me to love nature and sharing her passion for protecting and advocating for the environment. I smile to myself, thinking about my volunteer work with Communities in Bloom and Greener Thumbs, visiting hospitals, shelters, and after school programs. I create beautiful green spaces, hoping to promote a love for plants and the environment in our local community. I look forward to teaching children how to appreciate and care for nature; install and maintain gardens to beautify their facilities, and connect seniors with nature through plant donations.

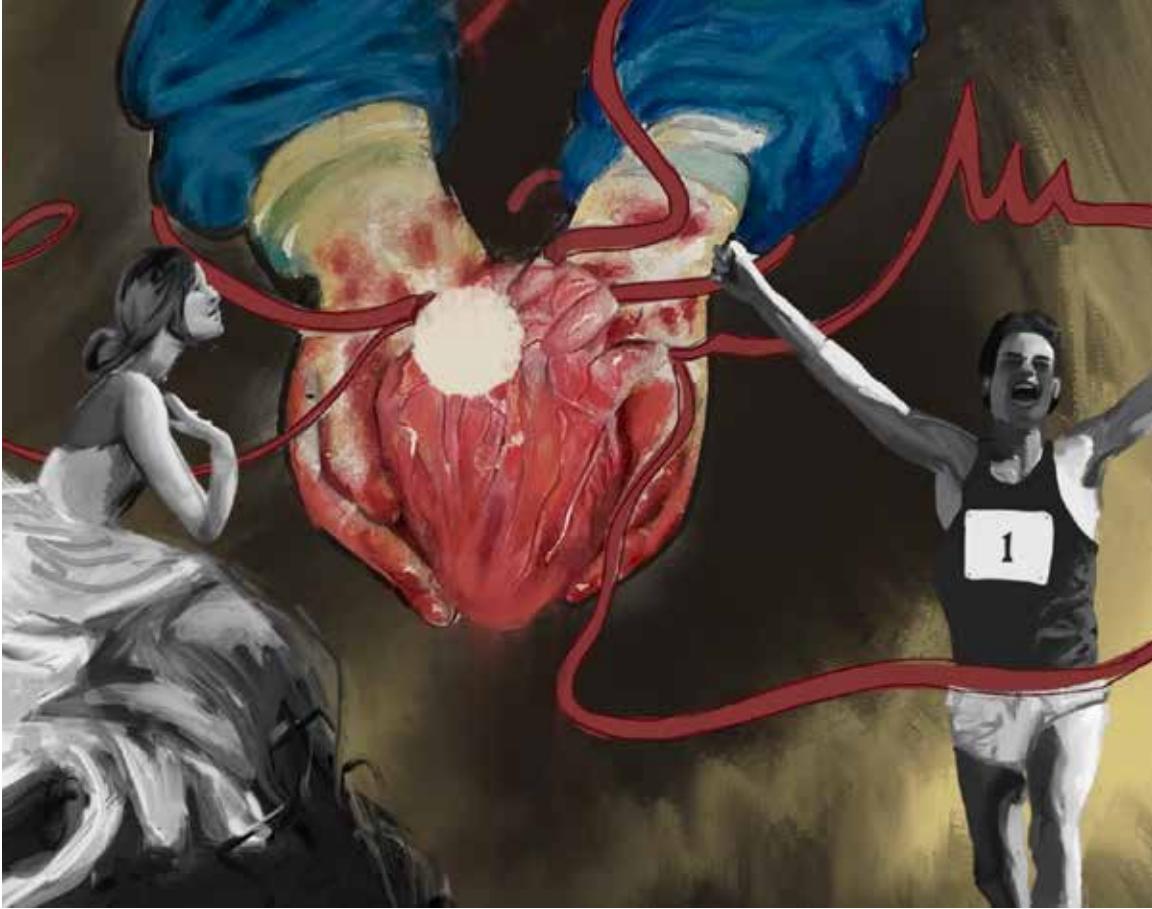
Breathe in, breathe out... I begin my final push and cross the line breaking my personal record. I fall to the floor in complete exhaustion. As I feel the grass below me, I think, "thank you flower, thank you slash pine, and thank you grass, for giving me the oxygen I needed to get through this race." Trying to catch my breath, I realize I probably never will, as my CO₂ is already on its way to converting energy through photosynthesis for the next tree or flower in our circle of life. I would never have thought that running through nature would lead me on a path to discover my life-long passion.

finding my oxygen

Daniela Arana '21

mechanisms of the heart

Erica Hengartner '21
Digital



sleepover at abu's

Olivia Jo Lambert '23
Mixed Media



I believe in Sunday Breakfast. Eating breakfast on a Sunday morning might seem like a typical, or even mundane act that everyone carries out, but for me, it means so much more.

I grew up in a family where the key value was family itself. We travel together, throw parties together, and enjoy little things such as brunch or dinner together. I have always loved the idea of family - where everyone comes together to support, love, and teach one another. For as long as I can remember, my family and I have gone to my grandparents house every Sunday morning without fail, or, as my grandma likes to call it, "Nana's Kitchen."

We all come together every Sunday morning just to catch up on our lives and eat mouthwatering homemade croquetas. What I enjoy most about Sunday breakfast is all the love and laughter that comes from the dining room table. We always pull up extra chairs and laugh (or argue) about different topics while my little cousins play with the Legos and barbie dolls nearby. Of course, the smell of fresh Cuban bread and tater tots also makes me very excited for Sunday breakfast.

From gooey chocolate chip pancakes to fresh frittatas, my grandma serves it all. Just before I run up the stairs of her mint colored home, I can already smell the aroma of warm breakfast foods. As soon as I step inside, I run to the kitchen and witness the beautiful buffet that my grandma makes for all of us. My heart warms up because I am so grateful for everything she does for us. Then, it's time to dig in.

I believe that Sunday breakfast has taught me the importance of what family really means. Being given the opportunity to have such a wonderful and blessed family has helped me to see the true importance of kinship and all it has to offer. They have taught me to always be humble, always care for others and to be content with the little things.

My family has taught me to become the responsible, kind adult that I am slowly turning into today. Although I am most definitely not perfect, I am glad to say I am part of an amazing family that teaches me new things everyday. Sunday breakfast has been a fundamental part of my life and has taught me the true meaning of love, family and all it's worth. And this I believe.

Sunday breakfast

Isabella Lista '21

A silver moonbeam shining down
on empty, ghostly, moonlit towns
and no one dares to steal a glance
although the moon may be their chance
to ride a comet, surf the stars
to see the sun and dance with mars
but i will see the silver light
and let it lead me through the night
so wax and wane and pull and push
i'll be there someday, there's no rush
i'll set a course for the dark side
and try to reach the light inside
and when i see her phantom face
i'll chase her orbit all through space



Carolina de la Vega '22

guiding star

Carolina Vilato '21
Digital



agape

Olivia Brouwer '22
Digital



Seas of blue
Azurite engulf
My body and soul afloat
The sun a king of sky and earth
The fire that fuels my soul.

Bright like honey
Raw ocean breeze
An island, the heart of the sea
Natural delight and life of ease
And a spirit that yearns to live free.

ocean psyche

Massima Ponce '23

colophon

“Incandescent” is the 32nd volume of *Literati*. It is based on Thomas Edison’s milestones as an innovator, specifically his manufacturing of the incandescent lamp which uses electricity to heat filaments and ultimately emit light. The transition from dark to light is obscure. Hence, the absence of dividers add a subtle gradient until the final glow. “Incandescent” allows readers to better understand the complexities of the emotional transition from dark to light of the writers and artists featured in this volume.

Advised by Mrs. Rebecca Q. Retana, the *Literati* staff explored several themes before deciding on “Incandescent.”

Seniors Sofia Pereda and Andrea Valdes-Sueiras developed the theme with the input from Junior Mia Aviles. Seniors Bella Lista & Caro Lizama designed and visualized the concept.

The editorial staff sifted through hundreds of submissions from writing, to photography, to art. Each staff member revised submissions in order to narrow down the collection which is included in the book. Fine Arts teacher Mrs. Cristina Zibold provided the staff with the AP Studio Art class’ portfolios and shared submissions from the art classes. The English department encouraged students to submit poems, narratives, and essays.

To express the journey of overcoming the wake of life’s adversities, the design motif was chosen to start off dim and black. As each of the pieces gain more luminosity, the artwork becomes less cumbersome. By the end, the content is white and airy; you have overcome your journey, lit your flame. The progression of the work resembles the process of heating filaments: the darkness, the shadow, and the subsequent after glow. It’s a gradual development that is mirrored in the gradient. All of the following works are integrated: photographs, poems, mixed media, narratives, and art pieces to develop a more cohesive flow.

The cover and theme page photos were taken by Bella Lista capturing the glow of light.

The magazine uses 6” x 9” dimensions to fit the theme. The visual layout and design is credited to the Editors through Adobe InDesign Creative Suite 2021. Along with checking for grammatical accuracy and writing fluency, the editorial content at the beginning and end of this book was written by Sofia Pereda and Andrea Valdes-Sueiras to introduce readers to the concept of “Incandescent” and how the staff has interpreted it in the book.

From the start, it was decided that the student produced pieces would be the focal point of the magazine. Some of the artwork and images bleed off the page, allowing readers to experience the art to its capacity. The body text font, Verlag Light and Book, were chosen for their simple legibility. The titles are in League Script, a typeface that resembles glowing filaments inside a light bulb.

The members of the *Literati* staff would like to extend their appreciation to all of those who supported the *Literati* from invention to publication. The staff would like to thank, first and foremost, the school administration for its support of this yearly publication. The staff also extends its gratitude toward both the Fine Arts and English departments who encouraged and inspired students to submit all types of artistic content.

Special thanks are in order for Mr. Michael Herold at R & C Management, Inc. for cooperating with the staff in the printing of this magazine.

Literati has frequently been recognized by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association as a nationally renowned literary magazine. The publication has received the Gold medalist award from the association in 2005 through 2018. The magazine was honored with a Silver Crown in 2009, 2013, 2016, and 2017. It was also honored by a Gold Crown – the highest award given to a publication – in 2005 and 2010, as well as the NSPA’s All American Award in 2013. Most recently, the 2018 and 2020 *Literati*’s were recognized as NSPA Pacemaker Finalists.



editorial policy

As the official literary and art magazine of Our Lady of Lourdes Academy, *Literati* provides a means of showcasing the broad, creative scope of the student body. Works are mainly solicited through Art and English classes, but all students are invited to submit entries in March of each production year. To be eligible for publication, all submissions must be accompanied by a certificate of originality. To maintain the high standard of excellence for which the magazine strives, submissions are carefully reviewed by Journalism II and III Honors students and advisers, who choose only the most exemplary pieces to be included in the publication. The magazine production is part of the curriculum of Journalism II and III Honors and is completed during the second semester of each school year.

staff

Co-Editors

Sofia Pereda
Andrea Valdes-Sueiras

Creative Directors

Isabella Lista
Carolina Lizama

Copy Editor

Mia Aviles

Adviser

Mrs. Rebecca Q. Retana

