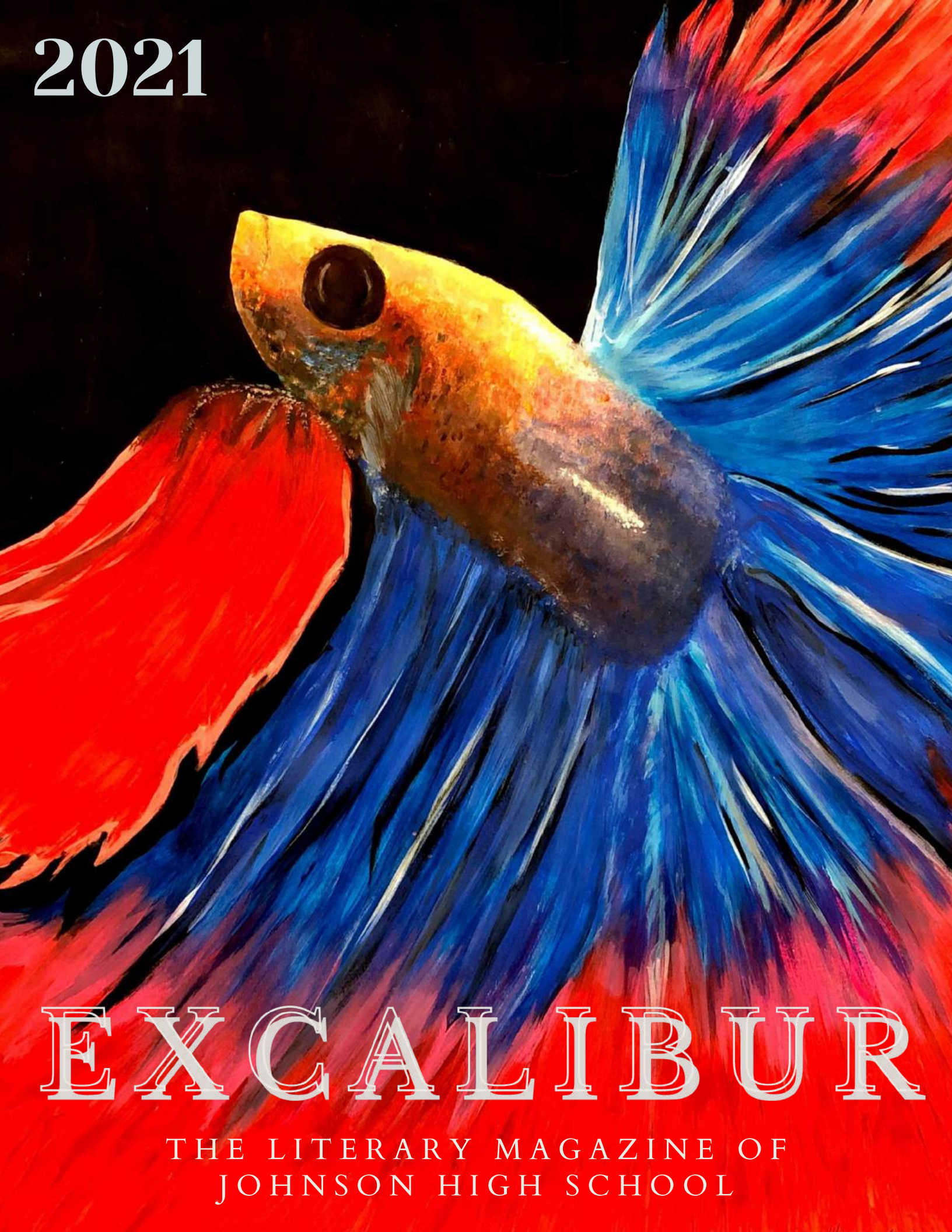


2021



EXCALIBUR

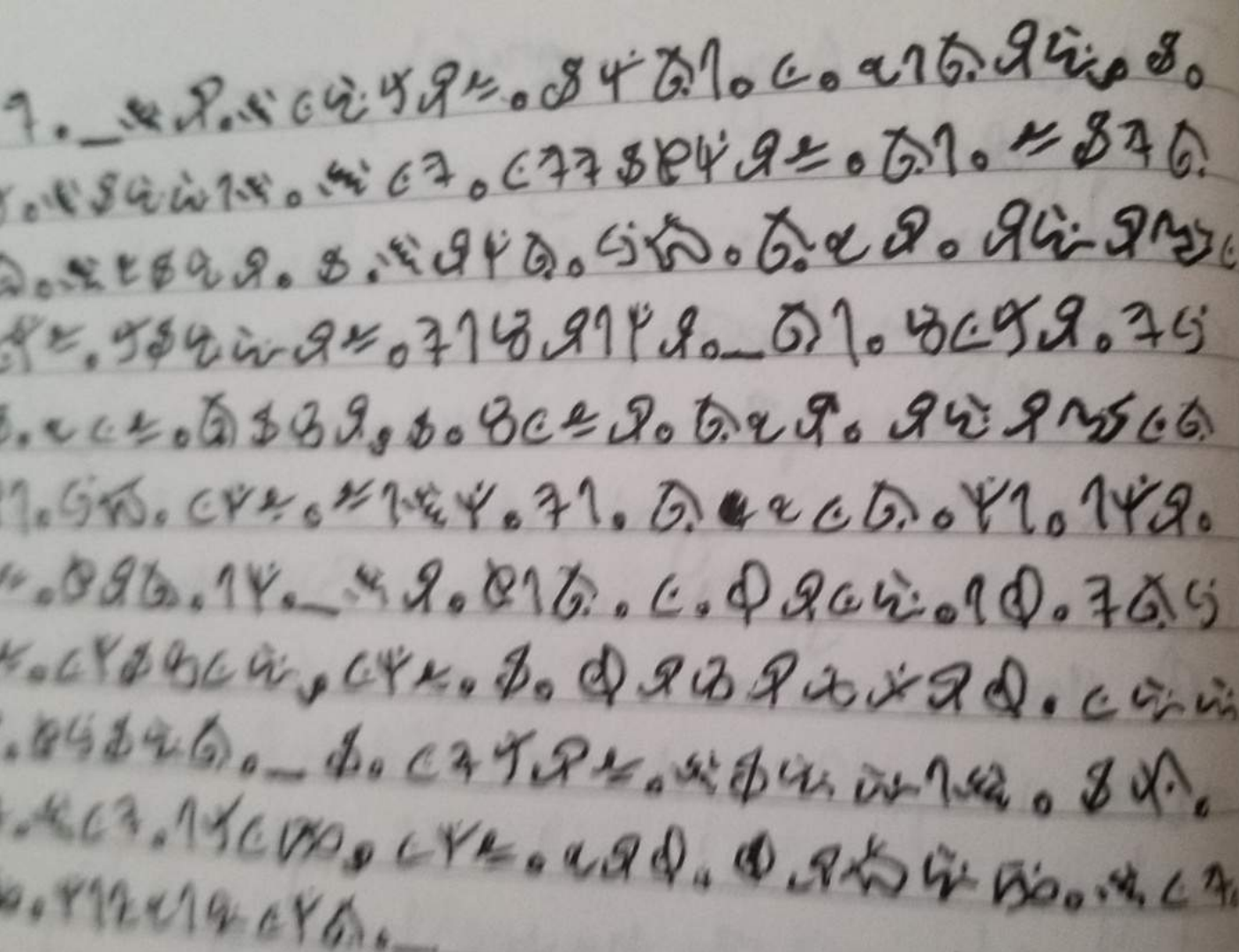
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JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

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"Decisions" by Jocelyn Romero

**"We are what we choose,
The people we allow in,
the people we lose."**



Art by Marijane See

The Truth of Reality

Hilario Arroyo

Your thoughts create your reality,
Grey being relayed to me twice,
Pulled out of this dream
Shown reality beyond the screen.
Knew it was the truth,
immediately.



Evelyn
Magana
3/21/11

Evelyn Magana

THE BLACK ROSE

By: (T.O.E.D)

In the darkness no different then
the dark side of the moon the
Black Rose will come alive
Sweeping the nation in dark and
light, with blood and love
Thoses who fall to raise again
And to come back to meet their
friends

As a protector to keep them from
being in the wake
Of The Black Rose that will make
With the quake of the drake's
with fallen snowflakes
to have bodys fall with love raise
in this wake

People will fall but only to rise
Many will wonder the
motivation of the Black Rose
weather it is there to help,
...or to hurt

To see the light rise upon the
West as the sun carries light
The Moon signals its Rose to hide
So the light can not turn it red
and make them weak

The rose slips away with the
night sky and what is left it the
rise and fall of the human race



Mimi



Evelyn Magana



Photo April Cerritos
Poem: Faith Brazil

One Day I'll Bloom,
Bloom So Big,
Bloom So Pretty.
Then Shriveled Up,
And Die.

I'll Watch My Brother's,
And My Sister's Bloom.

Bloom So Big,
Bloom So Pretty.
Then Shriveled Up,
And Die.



Loneliness

You always seem to find me

You do me no good

-Jade Mota



"Hemera and Erebus" by April Cerritos

Drawing: Mia Gomez

She was day and he was
the night;
darkness surrendering unto
light.

The stars bowed to them,
queen and king they were,
for none other had loved
quite so sure.

Her smile was his joy, his
passion her calm.

Together, they were each
other's balm.

When they kissed, the
heavens fell from the sky.
Hell opened below, a fiery
divide.

They were the in-between,
neither heaven nor hell.
though in the end, they were
their own death-knell.



Danielle



Pity

Jade Mota

Why have you come here?

I've stopped loving you

You know this well

Your prints have been erased from
my skin

My lips no longer remember your
taste

My eyes don't miss you anymore

I left your memory in yesterday

It's been so long since I forgot you

Now you've gotten your hopes up, for
what?

What a pity

Your clock has come to its hour
the time of my love has come to an
end

What a shame

You've been absented
Of the love that was once so
passionate.

The Rabbit that Cried Wolf.

Shiro T.

I said I loved you.

I know this was true

I left you with a smile

And a little blush too.

But you, my love, are a snake

Coiling, twisting, into fate.

You wrap your arms around my neck

Choking me of my breath

Everyone said you were toxic waste
And god knows did I make a mistake.

You were sweet and your laugh
brought joy

But your anger and sadness how it
destroyed

A train, as you called it, running right
over me

The blinding lights, that I couldn't see

The ropes that prevented me from
being free.

I called you "bunny" but now, you are
a wolf.

A creature that's teeth white and bear

Biting down making a tear

Rabid animal that is you, I swear.



A moment in time

it seems so picture perfect

yet memories fade

Art by: Kaitlyn Shelton

Poem by: Aaron Reyes

Why are people so cruel?



I am
past
slaves

I am
built
with
dirt
and
dust
I am
the
earth's

roots
I am
illegal
Made
of
their
hard
work

I am
dirt
of
pasture
I am
thrown
around

Used
for
my
skills

I am
weak
and
old

I
do
not
know
why

We are here to love not hate.

Daniela A.



April Cerritos



April Cerritos



Marijane See

Daniela A.

Chapter 1: The End

It's another day in
this world.

I have tea with a
Hatter, a Mouse, a
Cat, and a Hare.

That's all that ever
happens here.

The hero has
returned, the little
girl in blue.

There is no room in
this story for two.

I fly away to
school on the
nimbus broom I
own.

My wand at my
side,

Classes in session,
classes with the
boy who lived.

Cunning,
ambitious.

What is a snake to
do?

They don't need
another villain,
nor another hero.

So to another
story I go.

Swords clashing,
Half-bloods slain.

Greek and Roman
times, in our
modern-day and
age.

Our hero still
rises,

His wise girl is still
brave.

Our ghost king,
our superman, and
our little flame for
brains.

But alas the Oracle
lied, another hero
is not needed.

I wish Olympus
luck as I run
farther away.

Neverland was
nice,

No one aged a day.

Peter pan's
laughter was
music,

His lost boys, his
chorus.

Pirates battled,
crocodiles ticked.

And little fairy
bells are still
ringing in my ear.

But still this
wouldn't be my
home,
for I am just a
child in a bigger
body.

One that no story
wants, especially
when a Wendy
bird landed on our

I lay in my bed
now,

Still sobbing
tomorrow.

I'm not the main
character of my
own story,

I don't fit in other
stories.

They showed me
love, I had
admiration for
them all.

But now this is my
final curtain call.
My final chapter,
the last turned
page.

I can smile slightly
while I say,
"The end."

Poem: Kaitlyn Shelton

shore.

Photo: April Cerritos





"I had no other choice."

"Why? Why did you do it?"

Art By: Shiro T.



Poem by: Meryck Bales
Photo by: April Cerritos

**My witness is my own
I walk to the juries stand**

**And testify against myself
My points are compelling
My evidence is convincing**

**My guilt is more than clear
The guards walk me to the cell
Yet, I feel happy and concluded
For my punishment has been averted**



Down in the Dark

Where no one roams

The cold-hearted screams alone

Standing tall over 100ft

No one who enters leaves

The same

Down in the Dark

Stands a black steel gate

guarded by the Black Rose

The divided of the land of the free

And the land of the tormented

This is what they call

The Steel Divided

Keeping people out and people in

That is why it stands black as night

Yet clear as day

Everyone fears this wall and its gate

Afraid of being dragged in

Into the place where screams never stop

Otherwise known

As The Steel Divided

The Steel Divided

(T.O.E.D.)



Art by Gisselle Bernadac

3 A.M.

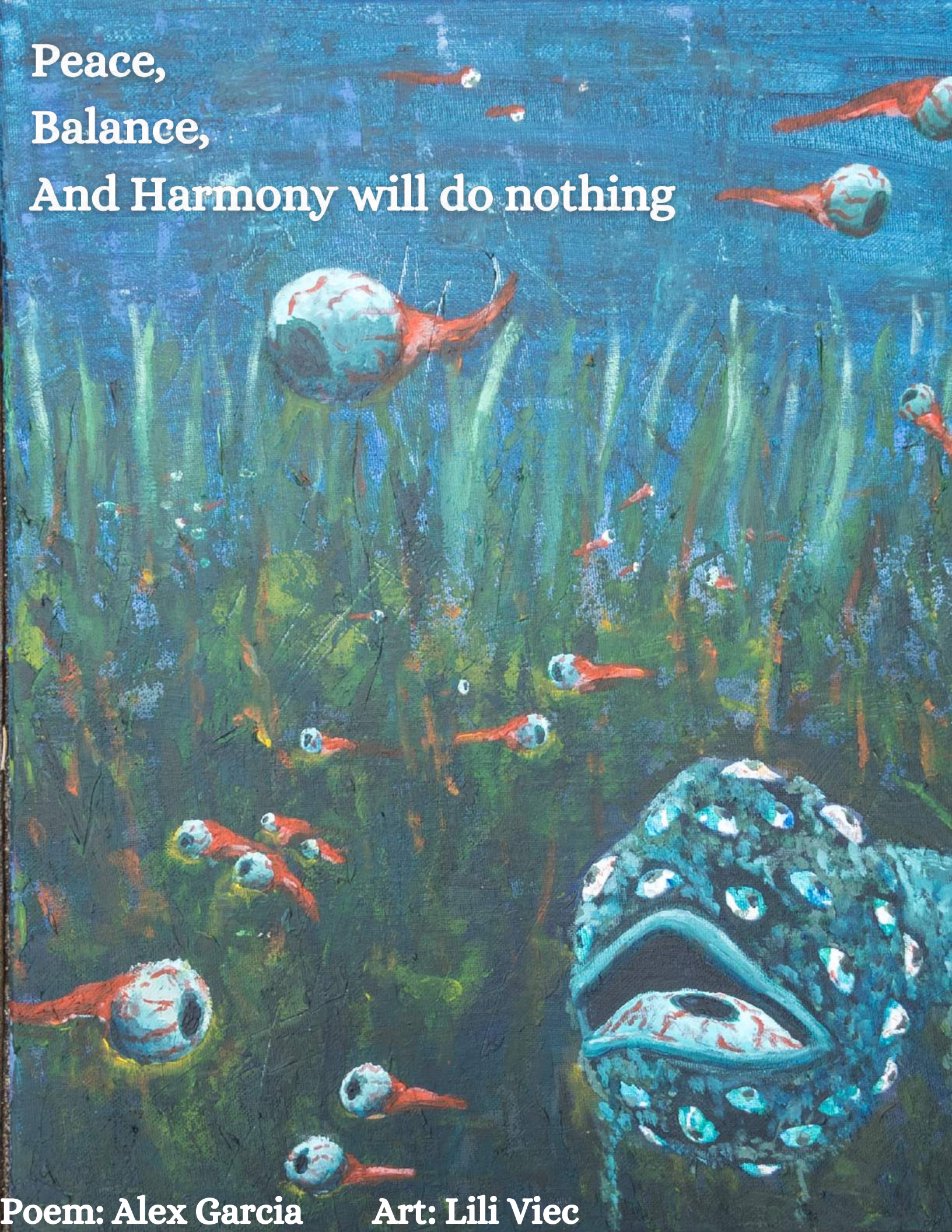
Norman Maldonado

3 AM is when I cry and cry till I fall asleep to wake up with swollen eyes, wake up with the same mindset “another disappointing day.” nothing surprises me anymore, my soul is so dry and full of pain. I have no emotions towards anything. Adults, kids my age waste their time to try and consult on what’s wrong with me. “Nothing” is the word I use to describe what is wrong with me. “Are you sure” is what people who don’t care say next, “yes I’m sure” before they say anything more

I leave and have my eyes full of tears almost falling down while walking. I tend to only have a small group of friends, each of us have a different type of problem.

Nobody knows what each of our problems is, that’s what kills me more.

Peace,
Balance,
And Harmony will do nothing



Poem: Alex Garcia

Art: Lili Viec

The background of the image is a dark, cloudy night sky. In the foreground, there is a tree with many small, brown, autumnal leaves. The tree is positioned on the right side of the frame, with its branches extending towards the center. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

The Moon.

By Jocelyn Romero

**The moon is drifting
away from the Earth.**

**The rise and fall of
the tides on Earth is caused
by the moon.**

We are people of the moon.

**Drifting and reaching back
into existence,**

**bringing light to the
surface.**



The universe
sees
What humans
have
forgotten
Just how
small we are

Lili Viec




There's
people on
my street
I can't see them
clearly,
Just their shadows,
I sit on my
window sill and
watch them,
They
watch me.

They start to dance through the early sunrise,
That bleeds through the autumn trees.
My knees fall weak to the sound of their singing.
As they dance,
my eyes shut and i feel the breeze through the open
window.

A burning, stretching pain enters my body.
My eyes close and everything evaporates.
I wake up and see nothing.
No more are the beautiful sounds outside my window.
Just me and the autumn evening sky.

Poem by: Nora Little



*Puddles appear ever so often, unlike a rainbow
Revealing a shadow thanks to the clouds
sorrow*

Okay!
By Alyiah Moon

*Many times unacknowledged, other times
leaped in
Welcome to the dejection of yours truly
Your reflection*

Artwork By: Lillian Martin

“Alone”

By: Bryan Juarez

A small cat cries. Scared in the dark in the
middle of nowhere
searching his way back
home
all alone
with no
one
around
him
not
noticing
the sound
creeping
behind him.



Artwork by
Lili Viec

Poem by: Andy Robles

Art by Pamela Alvarez



*Not with a
camera click*

But while we're in it



Paper Crown

Rina Bandini

I sit with a paper crown upon my head. Perfect, Pristine, Pretty.

This is not my crown.

This is not the crown I chose.

This is the crown they gave me;

And the crown I must take care of. To keep it perfect, clean, white.

For a while I did a good job.

Everyday I wore it;

And everyday I would bring it back without a scuff or stain.

Eventually though,

The crown began to grow tattered. It's stiff and pointy peaks turned flat. It started to collect dirt.

I got paint on the crown.

Colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple.

The crown was beautiful.

It was mine.

They hated it, said it was ugly.

They never complimented my crown again. I continued wearing my crown.

Everywhere I went.

My crown looked better than ever. The dirt seemed to wash away, The crumbles started to flatten out, But my crown couldn't take the pressure. My crown started to crumble, it started to tear.

I tried to keep my crown on my head but it would always fall to the ground.

Some days it stayed on the ground. Some days I wore it, trying to keep my head up high so it wouldn't fall.

I was trying my best.

No one saw.

They only saw my torn up paper crown, littered with band-aids, washed out paint, and tears, and reminisced on what it used to be, on what I used to be.

art: Shiro T..

I feel remorse

for those who haven't
lived as they truly are

Zoe Bugg

3 AM is when I cry, I scream, I get stressed, I get overwhelmed, overthink. All because of the decision I've made.

But, whatever I did in the past, I'm becoming someone new every day by those who bring inside.



I did is what I past, I'm who wants to become someone in the future. someone new every day by those who negativity

3 A.M.

NORMA MALDONADO

I have been who I am because of you.



The Man Who Sings To **The Bloodborne Moon**

**There is a man who sings
to the Bloodborne Moon
As the liquid flows turning steel to red
The floor as well
As the man sing the blue comes down
The man falls as the same steel he turned to red
Fails to save him now as Iron Clad cuffs
Takes his life as he has done**

**There is a man who cries
to the Bloodborne Moon
Through Iron clad bars
He used to sing but not anymore
As he waits for the gavel to pound
For it to be set in stone
For it to spark and for him to feel something
For once in his life**

**There is a man who howls
to the Bloodborne Moon
As the electricity flows
As did the red
Down he goes to the dark realm
Past the Steel Divided down the halls
To End it All
To meet The Black Rose
And to be Known as the man
Who Sings to the Bloodborne Moon**

Poem by T.O.E.D
Art by Rachel Kerce

De toda la gente de este mundo tú eres la mujer que me dio la vida y estoy agradecido con Dios por esto y quiero que en el futuro te sientas agradecida.

Tú has creado a un soldado que crecerá y formará un estilo de vida. Una persona que se enfrentará a lo peor y que, aun así, tú en él confías

Yo soy tu hijo, divina señora Yo pelaré por ti como tú lo hiciste por mí. La señal de la esperanza que tengo es una foto tuya; que, al mirarla, me da más fuerzas para luchar.

Lamento lo mucho que te he hecho sufrir porque al tratar de entender, ignoré tus consejos y ahora que miro el verdadero mundo surgir, solo trato de despertar mis reflejos.

Mamá, que con tus suaves brazos de nubes iluminas mi mente y me mandas para otro mundo. Un mundo de arrepentimiento y dolor terrible al recordar las acciones malas que por mi culpa van pasando.

Te pido de favor criar a los demás guerreros los cuales quieres que tengan algo en esta vida. Y reconoceremos tu trabajo, y yo y mis hermanos te sacaremos de esa pobreza, madre querida, Sé que a veces lloro por no soportar mi vida. Me hundo en la temible oscuridad, pero tu consuelo y tu dolor por mi pienso es lo importante y llego a la felicidad.

Yo no podré vivir sin ti, mamá adorada porque eres más valiosa que mil tesoros. Mas única que un millón de cosas y si mueres, mi dolor será de mil espadas.

Yo seguiré adelante por ti y por mi familia ya que es lo más valioso que me dio el mundo. Y hare que crezca su orgullo. Mil gracias mamá, por creer en este bijo tuyo.



Of all the people in this world, you are the woman who gave me life and I am grateful to God for this and I hope that in the future you feel appreciated.

You have created a soldier who will grow up and form his own lifestyle. A person who will face the worst and even then, you will still trust in him.

I am your son, divine woman. I will fight for you as you have done for me. The sign of hope I have is a picture of you, that looking at it, gives me more strength to fight.

I lament how much I have made you suffer because by trying to understand, I ignored your advice, and now that I see the real world emerge, I only try to awaken my reflexes.

Mom, with your tender arms like clouds you illuminate my mind and send me to another world. A world of deep regret and terrible pain by remembering all the bad things that are happening because of me.

I ask you to please raise the other warriors, the ones that you wish to have something in this life. And we will recognize your work, and my brothers and I will take you out of that poverty, dear mom.

I know that sometimes I cry because I cannot stand my life. I sink into a fearful darkness, but your solace and your aching pain for me I think is what is important and then, I arrive at happiness.

I will not be able to live without you, adored mom because you are more valuable than a thousand treasures. More unique than a million things and if you die, my pain will be greater than a thousand swords. I will continue forward for you and my family since it is the most valuable thing the world has given me, And I will make your pride grow.

A thousand thanks mom, for believing in this son of yours.

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