



Arts Out Loud Winter 2024 - 2025

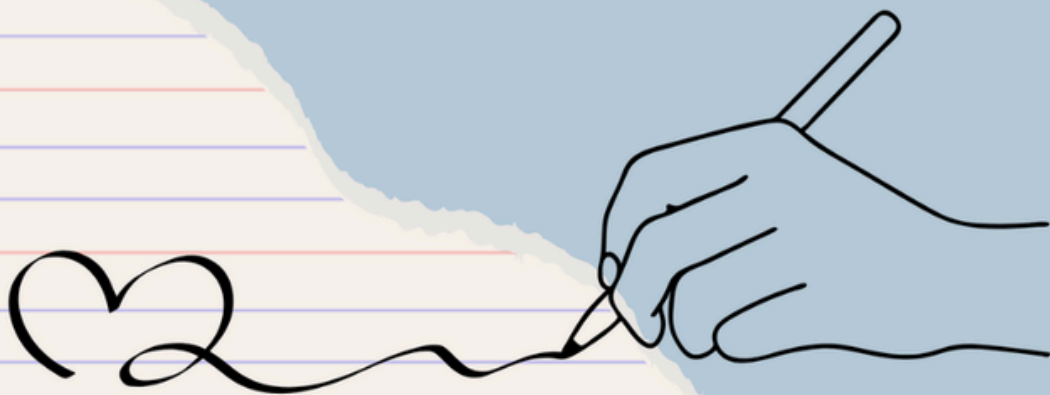


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Have fun reading!

Your Love Is a Heartache

The only thing your heart holds is greed.
That's why you left me there to bleed.
You never cared about me,
Left me in the debris.

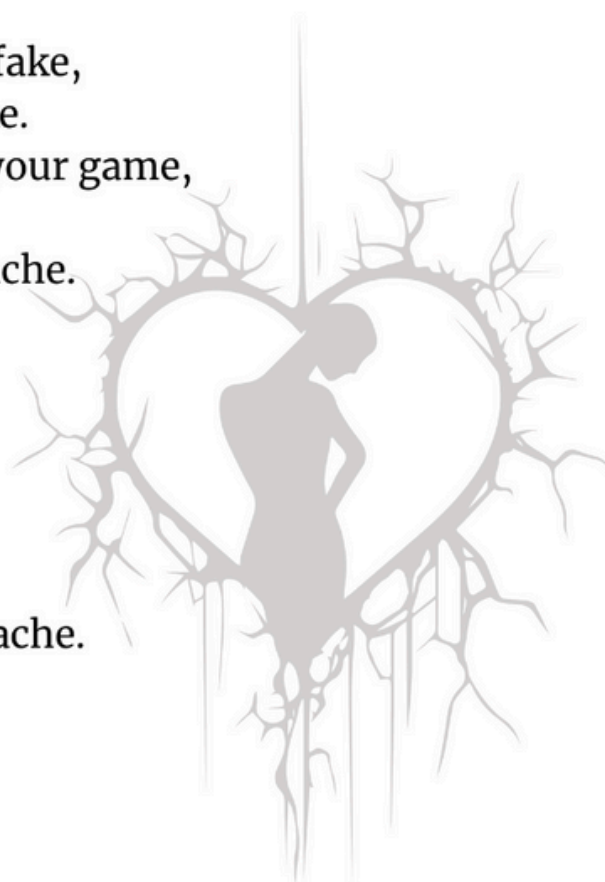
While the house was up in flames,
I was bound by those chains.
The chains that held my heart,
Pulled me apart.

I knew your love was fake,
Our love was a mistake.
Hated how I fell into your game,
But now I see,
Your love was a headache.

I was stupid.
I was blind.

But now I'm awake.
And now I see how,
Your love was a heartache.

By Ketsaly Velazquez



As part of a Halloween-related national writing contest LMA students were asked to write fright-themed stories of no more than 100 words. Here are a few:

Mianaki walked briskly to her apartment. The awful weather and downpour only worried her more. After the disappearances in Sunamoto, she didn't feel safe at all. "Don't worry, you're leaving soon," she would say to herself under her breath, making a cloud of steam with every word. She finally made it to her apartment and closed the door with a "slam!" Dashing to her bed, she let out a long breath. The clock ticked. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps and an abrupt stop sent her into a quiet panic. Looking up... There at the door... Stood the Sunamoto Serial Killer.

By Skye Hill

The Stalker

I woke up in the middle of the night, gasping for air. I had that dream again. "I need some water..." I say to myself, still panting. I get out of bed, the floor creaking under my feet, giving.. I hear a creak behind me. I turn around. It's dark. Squinting, I see something dark standing in the doorway. I gasp turning away. I start to run as fast as I can. I hear dark heavy footsteps charging towards me. The person grabs me, whispering in my ear with a deep dark voice "You will be a nice addition."

By Angelica Santos

Fright stories continued:

She made a mistake. She stood in front of the ruined gravestone, cursing herself out for being so stupid. She broke down, sinking to her knees as she heard voices, and they were coming closer. She felt the way the spirits pulled at her, trying to pull her down with them. She had just wanted to play with the rock, she hadn't known the grave would break... "Zagra...ZAGRA..." The spirits were getting louder and louder, and the footsteps were getting closer until...it all stopped. She found herself in a white liminal space. She honestly didn't care. She was dead.

By Rai Stokes

My family's been ignoring me these past weeks, I'm not sure why, maybe I've done something wrong. I start my day off by saying hi to my family. I don't know why they always seem so scared when I do. Maybe my hair looks bad. I go outside with Mom, Dad, and my little sister. There's a stone where they visit. Sister always cries, I'm not sure why. There's a name on the stone, but I can't see it. My glasses go right through me. Maybe I've lost weight, I haven't been hungry in a while. What's that light?

By Erica Cefalu

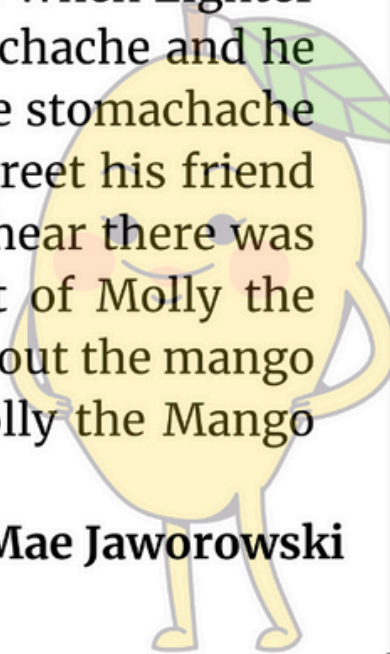
Fright Stories Continued:

“Why live only to die?” That was the last thing I said to myself before the wine filled the cup. I held on tight to the boulder before I jumped in. Splash. The bubbles filled my ears and mouth. The bubbles soon turned to wine filling up the blue water. In reality I was sinking, but in my head, I was rising past the clouds, all the way to the sun. The rays lifted my soul, finally putting me at peace. My time has finally come.

By Olive Clark-Ortiz

Molly the Mango

Once there was a mango named Molly. One fateful night a man named Lighter ate a mango....but he didn't know this mango wasn't normal. When Lighter went to bed that night, he had a stomachache and he didn't know why. When he woke up, the stomachache was gone, so he was glad. He went to greet his friend Burnice, she looked worried. “Did you hear there was a toxic mango possessed by the spirit of Molly the mango?” She asked, Lighter thought about the mango he ate last night... “Oh, he knows” Molly the Mango answered.



It's fun being a ghost, scaring people whenever you want without them noticing you, floating around wherever and whenever you want. No one's annoying you, bothering you, or even talking to you. Sometimes I wonder if people ever think about me, though I know my chances are really low. Like 6ft kind of low, but hey, only the people with kind, warm blood in their hearts can believe there's a kindness deep inside of everyone.

Every now-and-then I go to visit the graveyard just to roam around and hang with my ghouls. They killed me, then themselves. They were crazy.

By Haley Kern

I woke up on the ground. I opened my eyes open and saw nothing but darkness, a void of nothing. My heart racing, I heard footsteps but saw no one until a hand was put on my shoulder. I felt the warmth of the hand bleed into me and then I heard his voice. He said, "my boy, for what you have done you will suffer." Then his hand was removed from my shoulder. I fell to the ground, falling for what felt like years. I landed in a void of fire. That was my end.

By Josh Cummings

Fright Stories Continued:

With her dying breath the curse was unleashed as her body shook forward lunging from her resting position and the blue gas exited her mouth. Slime dripping from her skin as the highest of shrieks sounded through the abandoned hospital, her lonely corpses rising on their own. I was hiding in a closet when I felt her. Looking up the slime dripped as she spoke. "I was never the one you loved." My heart stopped as the words registered in my mind. This wasn't just some patient that was left. It wasn't just a curse it was my wife.

By Alayza Nunez-Rodriguez

Monster in Disguise

I still have nightmares about it, his voice. I don't know his name, what he looks like, I'm not even sure I know what he is, all I know is his voice. His voice was the only thing I had all those months ago, the only thing I held onto as the world crumbled around me. Even though I only knew his voice, that was enough for me to do whatever he wanted. Even though a screen separated us I was sure he was just like me. He isn't like me though, he's no man, no human. He's a monster.

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By Melody Tyson


Dizzy

It's following me, I hear their footsteps. My stomach doing flips as I push through the tent. I trip on my own shoe, ripping it off my feet as I get back up as it follows me. I can hear it laughing behind me. I can feel its breath on my neck. I throw my arm back, smacking it as I pick up my pace. I run into another tent, the lights shining in my eyes. It grabs my neck, spinning a power pendulum, my eyes locked onto it. I'm done for. My body numb, its whispering in my ear.

By Ketsaly Velazquez

“It can't be that scary, Iris. Don't be a scaredy-cat.” Alice said, dragging Iris into the haunted house before the door shut suddenly behind them. “Guess it's too late to turn back now, huh?” A wispy, almost ethereal voice said to them. The girls instantly clung to each other like their lives depended on it; and they just might. As Alice and Iris walked through the haunted house, something became clear to them; This wasn't a prank. Alice let out a sharp scream, right before getting snatched by something. Right as Iris thought she made it out... CHOP!

The Lehigh Valley chapter of the Paralyzed Veterans of America invited AACMS students to write poems of up to 75 words on the topic of accessibility. Here are a few:



I take the stairs to class
She stays stuck at the bottom
I open the door with ease
He struggles greatly
Maybe you wouldn't waste the chances I have,
maybe you're more deserving
So I walk back down, help her
Maybe I hold the door for him
I should, why don't I?
Maybe I can encourage others to help
To help build ramps,
I'm not good with a hammer,
But can maybe lay a foundation.

by *Erica Cefalu*



Life is not paralyzed.
Life is messed up.
Life is unrecognizable.
You've stepped up.
Thank you

Now you have troubles,
But troubles can stop.
Solutions can start.

Not everyone is on top.
People like you have lots to live for.
People like you have fought in the war.
The world needs more people like you.
We need to step up too,
Stop blocking the way.
Help make sure that life goes on.

By *Olivia Clark-Ortiz*

**More PVA
Poems**

Wheelchair
Crutches
Eye patch

Ramp
Elevator
Guide dog
White cane

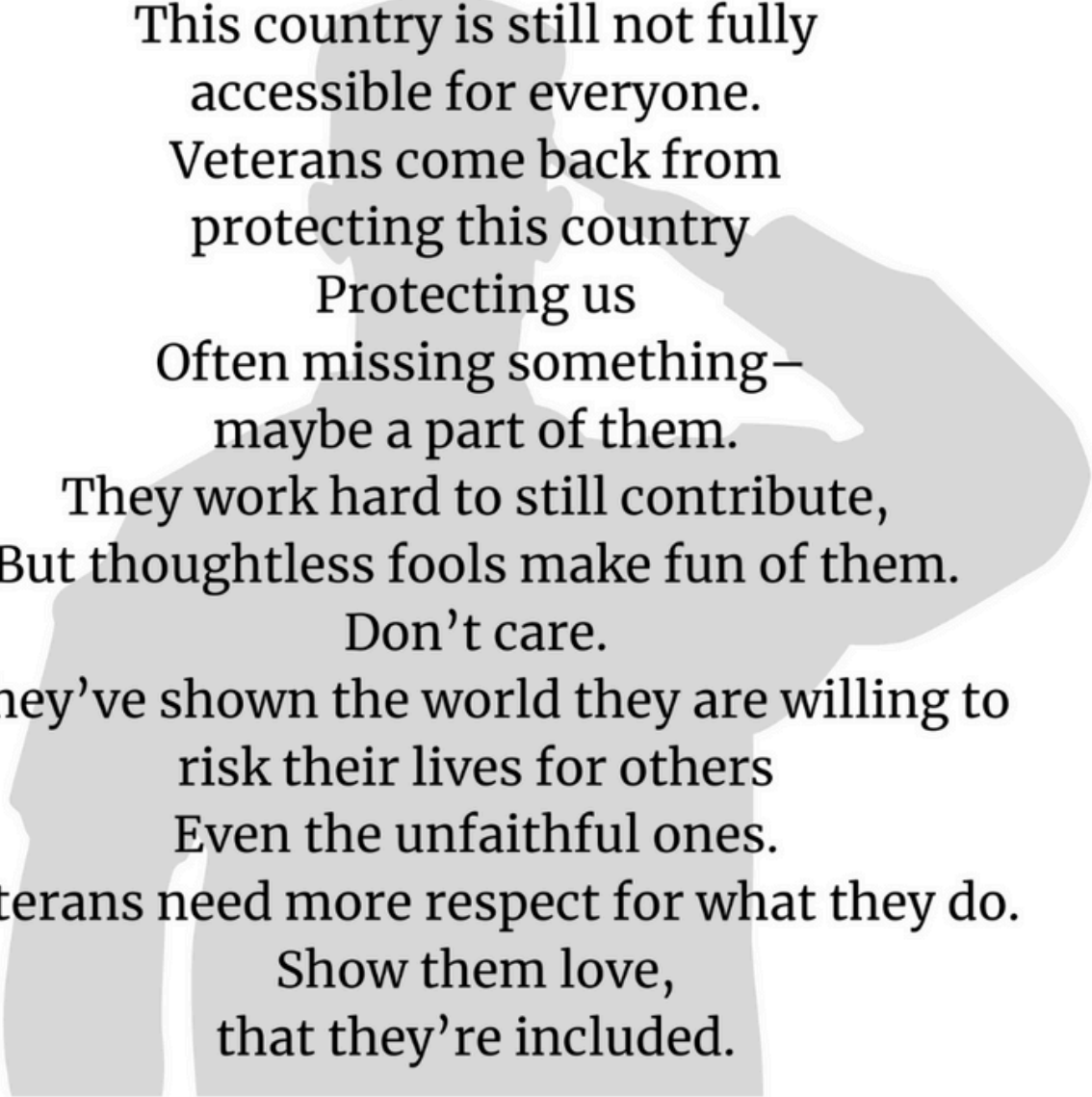
Friends
Family
Hearing aids
Sign language

Mad
Upset
Frustrated
Angry

“You can’t”
“Why?”
“I wish I still could”

How can I help? I don't know, I am a kid.
I can tell people. Make a poster, paint something.
It won't matter, people are the same, they won't listen.
But I can try
I hope I try

By Reinaldo Gonzalez



Sad but true:
This country is still not fully
accessible for everyone.
Veterans come back from
protecting this country
Protecting us
Often missing something—
maybe a part of them.
They work hard to still contribute,
But thoughtless fools make fun of them.
Don't care.
They've shown the world they are willing to
risk their lives for others
Even the unfaithful ones.
Veterans need more respect for what they do.
Show them love,
that they're included.

By Davina Jaimangal

PVA Poems Continued:

Though I cannot fix the past I can help
the future.

To write the story your body can't write
with what you've lost.

Thank you for your sacrifice, but sorry
for what you've lost.

I will stand for you and speak what you
can't and hear your praise for you as
we roll down the ramp of your
achievements.

By *Alayza Nunez-Rodriguez*

Over many years and decades
This nation is still inaccessible
For people who are not able
So, this world is disabled
For people who are not able
Despite many

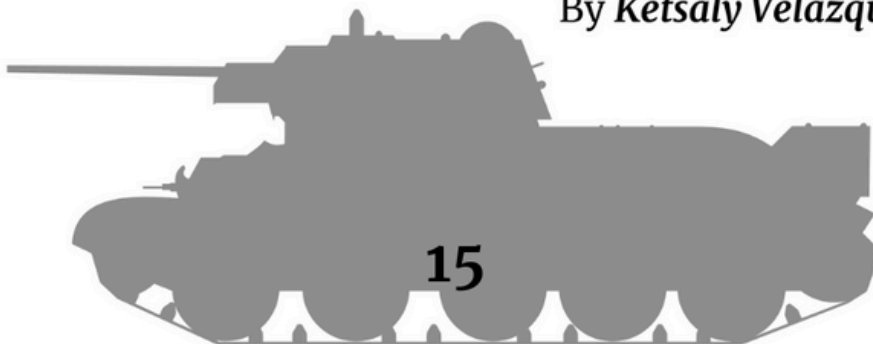
People tried to make the nation accessible
But This nation is still inaccessible
To the people who are not able
But this world is still disabled
To people who once were able





How can we help,
We can help clear the path
Make sure they are safe.
Those people that need our help,
Because our world is inaccessible.
The least we can do is hold the door.
Or at least help them cross the street.
We take them for ourselves,
Those handicapped spots reserved just for them.
We don't need them
They need them
We can help
Our world that is still inaccessible

By *Ketsaly Velazquez*



It's fun being a ghost. Scaring people that break in, flickering lights, and sometimes writing, "GET OUT!" on walls. I've missed my wife ever since I crashed my car into that house in '98. I wonder how she's doing without me. Without my wife, I'm a puzzle with a missing piece. I wish I could tell her that I still love her. Her blonde hair, her hazel eyes. Those were the days. It's been so long I've forgotten our names. Other than missing my wife, I'm doing fine sitting in this dusty old house, even though I can't leave the house. I want to escape, I must escape, I try everyday, but nothing works. I must find a way out and set my soul free from this prison. As I'm writing this, I'm looking for an exit. It must look weird for a human to see a floating pen but, nobody is here but me now. Now let's talk about my human years. I was a very smart person, and I had my master's degree. I worked at this Pizzeria down the street from my house. One day, me and my wife were thinking about having a baby, I didn't think much of it until she asked me the question, "What would you do if I was pregnant?" I froze still, "I'm not sure." I said as I was shaking because I wasn't ready. It turns out she was pregnant and a couple months later we find out the gender, The baby was a girl. We got so excited because I always

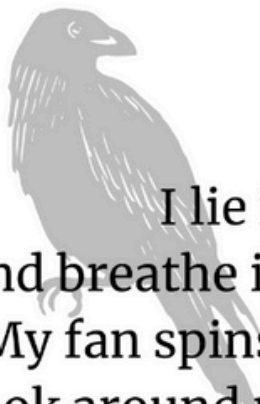
wanted a girl. We were thinking about having a baby, I didn't think much of it until she asked me the question, "What would you do if I was pregnant?" I froze still, "I'm not sure." I said as I was shaking because I wasn't ready. It turns out she was pregnant and a couple months later we find out the gender, The baby was a girl. We got so excited because I always wanted a girl. 4 months pass and my wife is in the hospital. The nurse came out with the baby and the minute i saw the baby I shook, "I can't raise a baby." I said to my wife. I ran out the door as fast as I could to the car. The car took off without my wife or the baby girl. I wasn't paying attention when I was driving, I drove so fast that I drove the car off the road. The car collided with the abandoned house off to the side. My body flew into the window and soon realized I was dead.

I wonder how my girl is, I don't know what year it is, so I don't know how old she is, I don't even know her name. This is why I need to escape. I want to see my family again. If my wife is dead, I want to let her know that I still love her, and for my kid? I wish the best for her. Back then, I had a buddy, I forgot his name so let's call him Charlie. He was the friend anybody else would want, Loyal and Friendly. He never forgot my birthdays and always looked out for me. I miss him. To whoever reads this paper. I don't know who you are or when you are reading this but make sure to leave the door open.

by Aiden Statler

*This is an expanded version
of Aiden's 100-word story.* **17**

I Could Have It Worse



I lie in my bed, staring at the ceiling
And breathe in deeply, for I already know this feeling.
My fan spins in circles as my stomach ties in knots,
I look around my room, I'm all alone with my thoughts.

I lie here and I wonder to myself
How the toys feel while sitting on the shelf
How the flowers feel when it's too cold to rain
And if when I walk across the room, do the floorboards
feel pain?

I look to the toys, with their sewn on happy faces,
And wonder how I would feel in the object's places.

Rai Stokes



MEMES

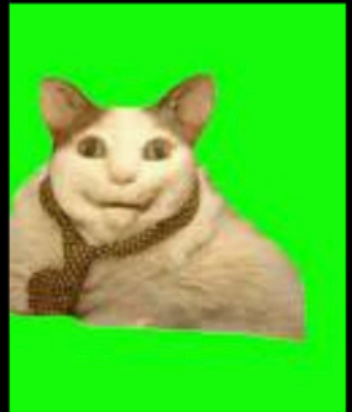


Joshua Cummings

me putting "etc" after
using up my two examples:



Aubree Walters



Who invited him?



Melody Tyson

8 Lit Media

Joshua Cummings
Jeylianni Lopez
Alayza Nunez - Rodriguez
Carlos Perez
Haleigh Shaw
Melody Tyson
Ketsaly Velazquez Santana
Aubree Walters

7 Lit Media - Primary

Gianni-Marie Martinez
Rai Stokes

6 Lit Media - Primary

Octavio Duque
Luian Garcia
Skye Hill
Jayden Leon
Jania Reaser-Melton
Jaziya Robinson
Angelica Santos
Destiny Whitaker
Kianna Womer

5 Lit Media

Hannah Coggs	Vanessa Kim
Juliana Conklin	Ava Miles
Arialys Dilone	Joshnell Morla Filez
Emmalynn Fiallo	Desire Ralph
Terrlance Hawkins	Leilany Rivera Pena
Laylani Ingram	Janiya Robinson

Mr. David Maslow
Mr. Karl Eisenhart
Ms. Zoli Heft

7 Lit Media - Secondary

Erica Cefalu
Julianna Cintron
Olivia Clark-Ortiz
Diana Genao
Reinaldo Gonzales
Davina Jaimangal
Mae Jaworowski
Haley Kern
Aryana Richardson
Allyson Rivera
Kyoto Rodriguez
Aiden Statler
Aleyna Vazquez

6 Lit Media - Secondary

Kylie Alvarez
LaJonnique Andrews
Guadalupe Cortes
Jayleen Cruz
Dalanyis Duran Delgado
Kat Peterson
Schuylar Springer
Kailey Stewart
Liam Taylor
Nabellie Velez-Hernandez
Harry Vera

