



eighteen

BULLSEYE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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QUIET

GABRIEL GUERRA

I walk alone along the street
think inner thoughts of when we meet
loneliness is where I hide
yet quiet is what I try

the quiet is loud
and the social
is quiet

no one speaks what they think
'cause no one thinks what they speak
social norms, they start to talk
but the loudest noise is the clock

the quiet is loud
and the social
is quiet

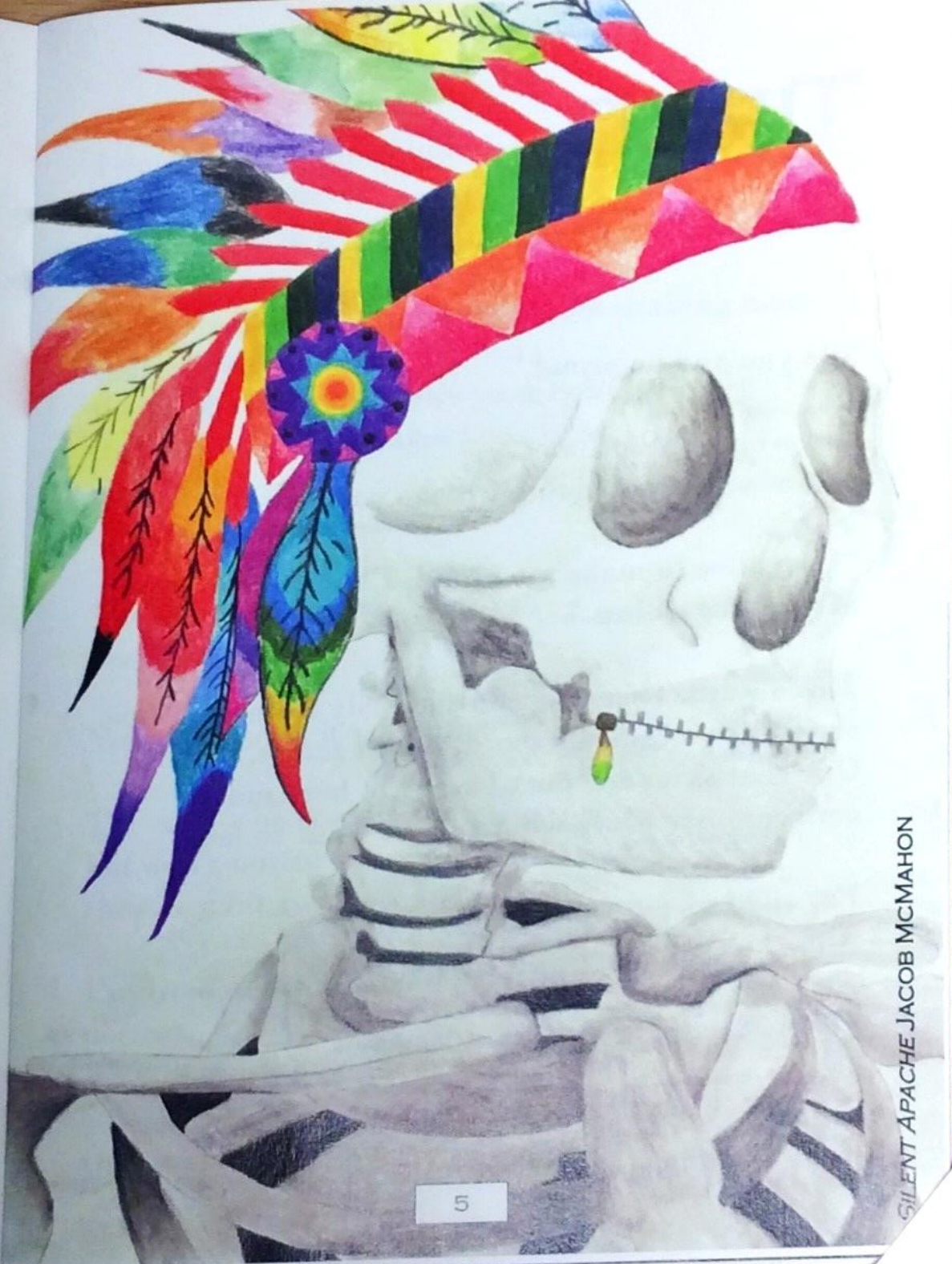
time is lost on pointless talks
the loneliness begins to stalk
the social ones try to hide
the lonely ones begin to stride

the quiet is loud
and the social
is quiet

the social are scared
the lonely, confident
the dead are the loudest
the living
quiet

they yell to the quiet

they whisper
to the loud.



TIRED

SAMANTHA SYKES

“Be you and be proud.”

But what if who I am
is someone that wouldn't make you proud?

“Don't live to make me proud. I'll always be proud
of you, regardless.”

These words that ring continuously from your lips,
sound like a broken record. A bad remix.

One that skips the part I want to hear most,
continuously plays what I don't want to hear.

I'm tired of your platitudes.
And the silence that follows them.

Tired of smiling as if I understand,
as if I am moved.

As if I believe them.

I don't want to be manipulated into believing
what you claim
like I'm a little girl.

Don't want you to think that I am nothing more
than your shadow,
the darkness that follows your light
the darkness that makes your light
more blinding
to the oblivious ones.

The ones that see the picture
perfect picture.

You've painted it perfectly.

The ones who see the smiles,
but don't notice
they're a bit too forced.

I'm tired of smiling and pretending to be picture
perfect.
We will never be picture perfect.

Only tired.

ACÁ UN SUEÑO, ALLA TU PESADILLA

DARIANA TERRAZAS PLAZA

Todos los hermanos tienen sueños y aspiraciones por cumplir mediante los esfuerzos que hacen durante su existencia. Pero casi nunca se logra ya que se encuentran con muchos obstáculos cuales les impide conseguir esas ambiciones aunque se esfuerzen por lograrlo. Lo interesante es que muchas personas arriesgan todo por obtener esos sueños y se van con la intención de conseguir una vida mejor y así escaparse de sus problemas.

Tal es el caso de muchas personas que deciden emprender un viaje en búsqueda de algo que quizá no encontrarán, pero de todos modos se arriesgan a explorar nuevos rumbos intentando cruzar la frontera en busca del supuesto sueño Americano. En muchos casos, ni siquiera tienen esa oportunidad porque mueren en el transcurso del intento cuando en realidad las únicas personas que logran cruzar son muy pocas.

Al principio es muy difícil y muchas personas que vienen en busca de una mejor vida a veces son maltratados en el país que no es de ellos como por ejemplo, los acusan de robo, vandalismo y otros delitos injustificadamente. Porque si hay algo de lo que estoy segura es que siempre trabajan duro y merecen ser tratados con el mismo valor y respeto que el resto de los seres humanos. Porque el ser hispano no los hace diferente de las otras personas quienes llevan una vida entera aquí.

All humans have dreams and aspirations to fulfill through the efforts they make during their existence, but some people never succeed because they encounter many obstacles that prevent them from achieving these ambitions, even as they strive to achieve them. The interesting thing is that many of these people risk everything to accomplish their dreams. They leave their home with the intention of having a better life and escaping their problems.

Such is the case for many people who decide to embark on this journey, searching anyway. Try to make things better without knowing what awaits them. And of those people, many who try to cross the border in search of the so-called American Dream, don't even have that opportunity. Because they die in the process. In reality, only a few people manage to cross.

In the beginning it is very difficult. Sometimes those people who come in search of a better life are treated badly, in a country that is not their own. For example, they are accused of theft, when they simply came to fulfill a dream. What I think is that Hispanics help to support the United States. And if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's that they always work hard. And they deserve to be treated with the same respect as all people. Being Hispanic does not make you less than. We are not different from anyone else.

HERE IS A DREAM, THERE IS A NIGHTMARE

DARIANA TERRAZAS PLAZA

TO TRAVEL IS TO LIVE

JAYLYNN YBARRA

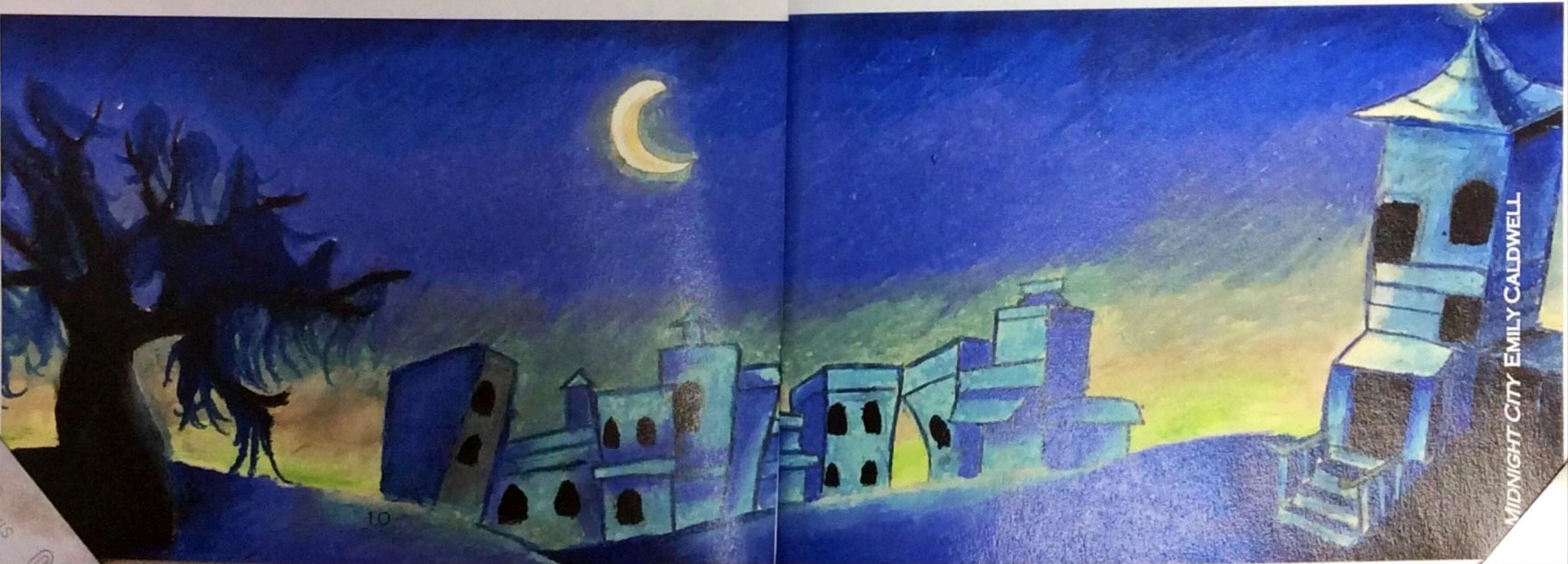
When I say I want to travel, I don't mean I want to stay in resorts, go on tours, or collect keychains. I don't want to be a tourist.

When I say I want to travel, I mean I want to explore other states and countries. I want to discover small coffee shops, diners, and browse bookstores in Italy or England. I want to take long walks on the beach,

go cliff diving, and capture California and Hawaii with my camera lens.

I want to come home realizing I have not come home whole, but left a piece of my heart in each place I've visited. This, I think, is at the heart of Adventure.

I plan on making mine the one I'll remember forever.



WRONG NUMBER

JULIAN RODRIGUEZ

EXT. SUBURBS—NIGHT

A soft wind breezes through the street. Looks like a storm is coming. Two friends, JULIAN and JOHN, walk alone, feeling the atmosphere seeping in. They pass by a phone booth which starts to ring. The boys pause and look at each other. JOHN walks over, not knowing what to expect. He hesitates and looks to his friend JULIAN. JULIAN nods, urging him to do it.

JOHN

I've never answered a ringing phone booth before.

JULIAN

That's because nobody uses phone booths anymore. Come on, see who it's for.

JOHN

What if it's a drug dealer?

JULIAN

Just do it.

JOHN grabs the phone.

JOHN

Hello?

GENIE (O.S.)

Hello, John.

JOHN

Hey, how do you know my name?

GENIE

I have something for you. Do you want to know what it is?

JOHN

If it's candy, I don't want it. Stranger Danger.

GENIE

I can make your wishes come true.

JOHN

Okay, that's even more creepy.

JULIAN

What did he say?

JULIAN runs to listen to the phone.

GENIE

You get to choose. You can have the car of your dreams, the girl of your dreams, or the concert of your dreams. Only one wish can come true. Decide.

JULIAN

Dibs on the car!

GENIE

And you, John?

JOHN

Wait, hold on—he didn't ask you. He asked me. It's my decision.

JULIAN

Dude, this guy's offering us a free car. A girl will only disappoint you, and a concert ticket sounds lame. We should get the car.

JOHN

Okay, fine. We'll take the car.

The phone cuts off. The boys hear a beeping sound emitting from the machine. JOHN hangs up and JULIAN continues walking.

JOHN

Hello? Hey, where's the car?!



JULIAN

Ah, man. Told you ya shouldn't have answered it.

JOHN

What do you mean? It was your idea!

The boys round the corner and find an unmarked Ferrari sitting with the door open. They stare in disbelief.

JULIAN

Sweet! C'mon, dude! Let's take it!

JOHN

Hold on, what if that belongs to somebody?

JULIAN

What do you mean? Of course it belongs to somebody, it belongs to us! The guy on the phone gave it to us.

JOHN

That's what I'm worried about...

JULIAN checks inside.

JULIAN

The keys are just sitting on the dashboard. Come on, there's no one inside.

JOHN sighs.

JOHN

Alright, fine.

JULIAN

I'm driving!

JOHN

As if!

JULIAN

Rock, paper, scissors, for it.

Cut to JULIAN in the driver seat and JOHN in the passenger seat. The doors shut and lock themselves.

JULIAN

Ah man, I told you this would happen!

The car begins speeding down the street. The two begin screaming. JOHN gets a call on the car's built-in phone. He answers.

JOHN

Hello?

GENIE

Only one of you is supposed to be in that car. One of you needs to die.

JULIAN and JOHN turn towards one another. The screen fades to black.

BLUEBELL

THOMAS JAMES

My beloved Bell

My sweet, sweet, beloved Blue Bell

Flavors of every taste

Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry

Even Cookies 'n Cream

I wish I had it

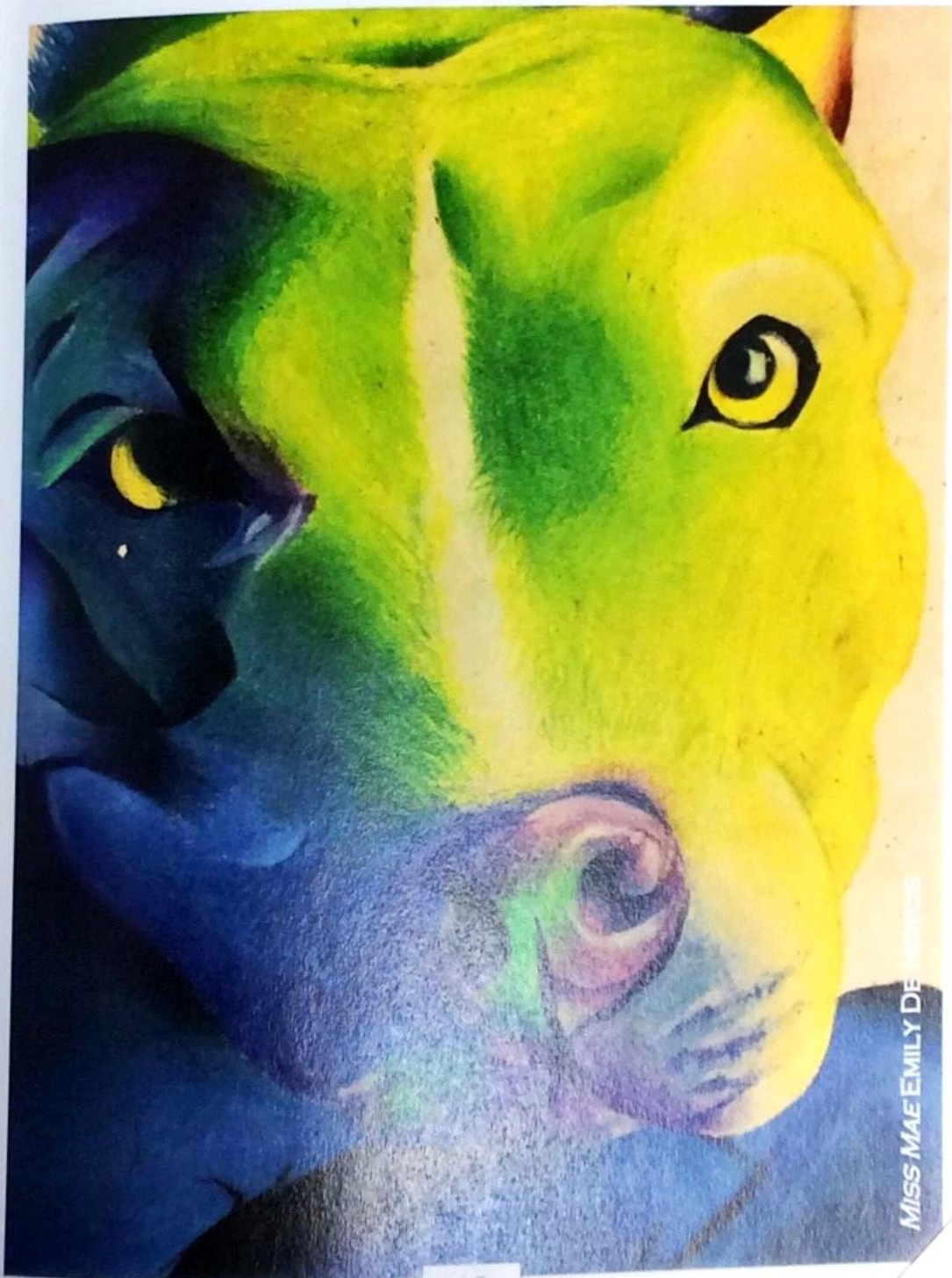
Right here, right now—Vanilla

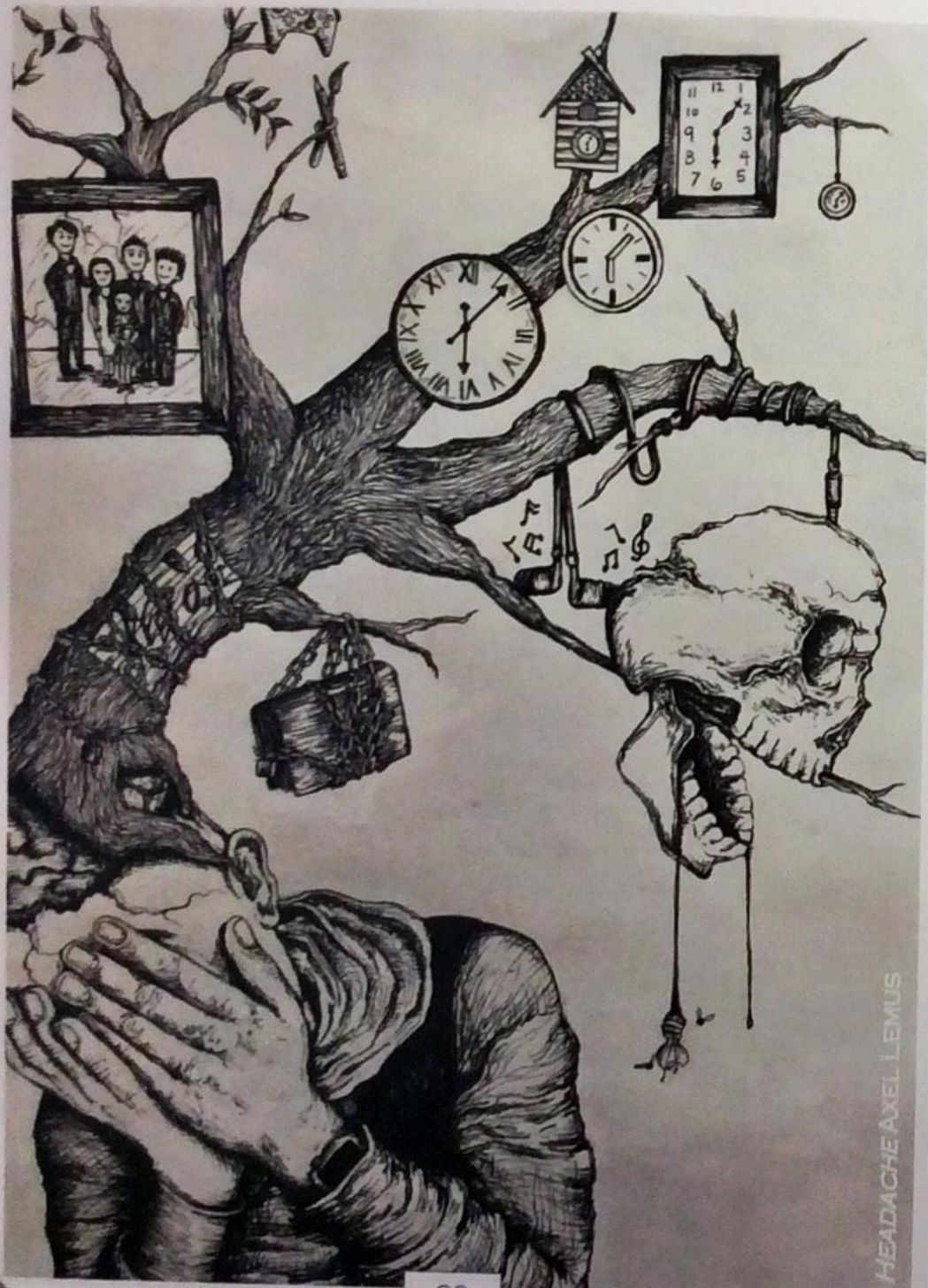
With a silver spoon

My beloved Bell

My sweet, sweet, lovely Bell

My beloved Bell





HER

FERNANDA CASTILLO

My toys all over the floor,
the TV on, playing my favorite show
I see no one there, but her hands,
her soft hands, like clouds in the sky

And I ask myself, where is he?
Why isn't he there like she is?
I see my toys all over the floor and
the TV playing my favorite show

Once the show ends I know it's
time to end. My toys are not
on the floor anymore. She stops singing
her song. Her hands holding mine and
then I stop wondering why.

This is how to be the perfect girl:
First, you must sleep with rollers till your scalp bleeds.
Now, you must wake up at five a.m. for the improvements

You Must
push up the tits
twine the lashes
cover the imperfections
smear the lips
line your lungs
with the smell of Beauty.

Then stagger into class. Don't worry.

You look Perfect.

Too jaded to think.
But that's alright.
The teacher won't call on *you*.

And that's okay
'cause you don't want to be smarter than
the boys.
They don't like that.

Congratulations!
You're killing yourself to be
The Perfect Girl.

PERFECT GIRL

FABIOLA CEPEDA

ANOTHER LOVE

IVY FOWLER

I was looking for love when I found her. It wasn't like destiny, where everything in your life happens only to create the electric moment when you first lock eyes and see everything you want finally become possible.

It wasn't one of those things where I saw her and was instantly in love.

It wasn't a gripping love story to keep you on the edge of your seat, clutching your pearls.

No, nothing like that.

To be honest, when I first noticed her in my class, I dismissed her almost entirely. I had already established this image of her in my head, based off of my limited interactions with her in the past. I knew she was nice enough. Loud. She had more friends than she knew what to do with.

Realistically speaking, if I had asked myself, "I wonder what's she's like," I would've been able to conclude a few more, slightly less general, details, but I didn't care enough to know anything

else. As far as I was concerned, she was just another pretty girl with a pretty life and a pretty family.

For as long as I remain a hopeless romantic, I will tell you how wrong I was.

It was the start of a new year. She, by the magics of an alphabetized seating chart, was my lab partner. Even though it wasn't chemistry, that's exactly what we discovered. I quickly saw that there was much more to her than the outgoing socialite I originally perceived her to be. I saw her. Pure faith, believing what she knows even when people tell her it's only what she thinks. Raw talent, hiding behind "there's someone better." Dual hearted, wearing one on her sleeve and hiding the other away.

My eyes had been opened to her substance, and they didn't want to close. It was like I had been color blind, never knowing anything but the same gradient gray, and she was the one to introduce me to rainbows.

So it's said, nothing good ever comes easy.

I can definitely testify to that.

The experiences she gave me were astounding enough to compete with traveling to an alien planet. It had the potential to be the single greatest thing of my young life, but we were just so differ-

ent. With each day it seemed there was a new problem coming from these differences, threatening to tear us apart.

So many of my tears and countless nights of anguish went towards keeping her. Some days I would wonder if all the struggle—the loss of self, the lying, the big identity question of the century—I would wonder if she was worth it.

But at the end of the day, I still loved her.

Even with the constant problems and secrecy, I never pictured the end.



As if it would solve everything, her conflicted eyes would stare into mine and say the things she couldn't manage to say out loud. In that moment, I would know she was worth everything. I could stare into those eyes and get lost in the stories they unwillingly told. With each beautiful second that passed by, I'd fall deeper and deeper into a naive bliss. Unfortunately, not every love story, no matter how seemingly perfect, can end with a romantic kiss in the rain right before the credits roll.

I wouldn't trade my love for another, but I couldn't help but wonder...would things have been better if my love loved another?

I guess there's not much point in asking now. She does love another.

Like I said, not everything can have a happy ending. But I wouldn't say our ending is sad. Like all memories, they are to be remembered how you wish to remember them. There's a bright side to everything, even if it takes a while to find it.

Now all there is to do is wait.

Wait for someone else to walk in.

Wait a minute to talk to her.

Wait a month to ask her out.

Wait for the courage to kiss her.

Wait. Wait for another love.

LOVE

I am always in my feels, always fallin' head over heels.

Girl you got me slippin' like love is banana peels.

Girl you got me trippin' trying to confess
my feelings with these verses that I'm rippin.

Going gentle on this track, Girl you bring it back.

Sometimes the love thing can be so whack,
so nervous with you here, my mind don't track
my brain goes slack.

Tryna keep on a steady pace, the perfect speed.

Can't you what you want, so Girl, just take the lead.

Girl we got a history, we got chemistry,
let's take the time to talk about you and me.

I just want you to know, these feelings--they're hard to show.

So out of it--couldn't even make a free throw,
got dreams of being a halftime show

and I want you by my side. What if we just run away and hide?

Go against the flow, fight against the tide

Tell me, Girl, if you're down to ride.

Told myself I didn't need you. You know I lied..

Might not have shown it on the outside,
but you know it--it hurt me deep inside.

Got a love for you that's ten miles wide

and I know you feel the same way.

Love's the game and I want to play,
but only for you. Wishin' we were together
every moment we're apart.

You got a hold--a hold of my heart

And I'm just praying--please don't let it go.

BRYNDEN ROBINSON

Bullseye has showcased MacArthur High School's original student writing and artwork in a professionally produced magazine since 1984. Submissions for publications in the magazine are open to the entire student body. Each student may submit up to five written pieces and five pieces of art. Text and art entries to be published in the magazine are selected through an anonymous judging process by a panel of judges.

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621 MARISA QUIN