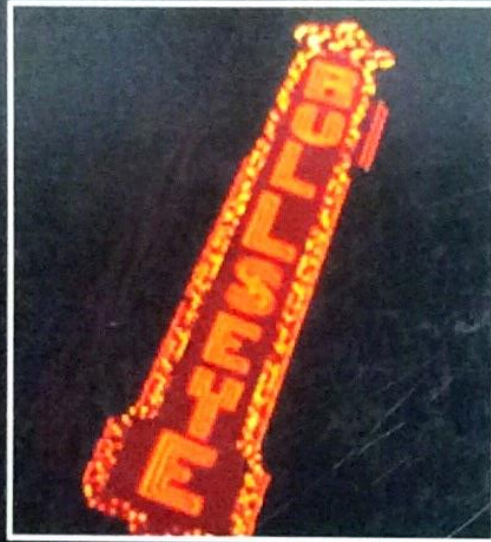


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MacArthur High School



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The Literary and Art Magazine
of
Douglas MacArthur High School

Volume 24

North East Independent School District
2923 Bitters Road
San Antonio, Texas 78217
(210) 650-7700
aarnat@neisd.net

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Language Barriers

Kayla Anderson

There are language barriers
far greater than those in Belgium,
a country dividing because its people
refuse to compromise between Dutch and French;
greater than those of the Native Americans
and the English colonists
whose culture equipped them with blindness to the
abundance of culture they first saw thriving in
America;
greater than the stubborn misunderstandings
and miscommunications between
past and present generations
in their own insoluble wall of years.

There is no worldly conference capable
of filling the trench between humans
and the rest of our world.

For it is not even our world
unless it is theirs before and after.

We have done so much to betray nature
and to set ourselves apart,
like children
forsaking a parent.



Nature's Umbrella

Elizabeth Bartels

We share the cry of immigrant children, saying
"Mother, we will not speak your language
because American dollars are easier to understand
than the American language;
mechanical production
sounds more like progress
than appreciation and exploration
of the past."

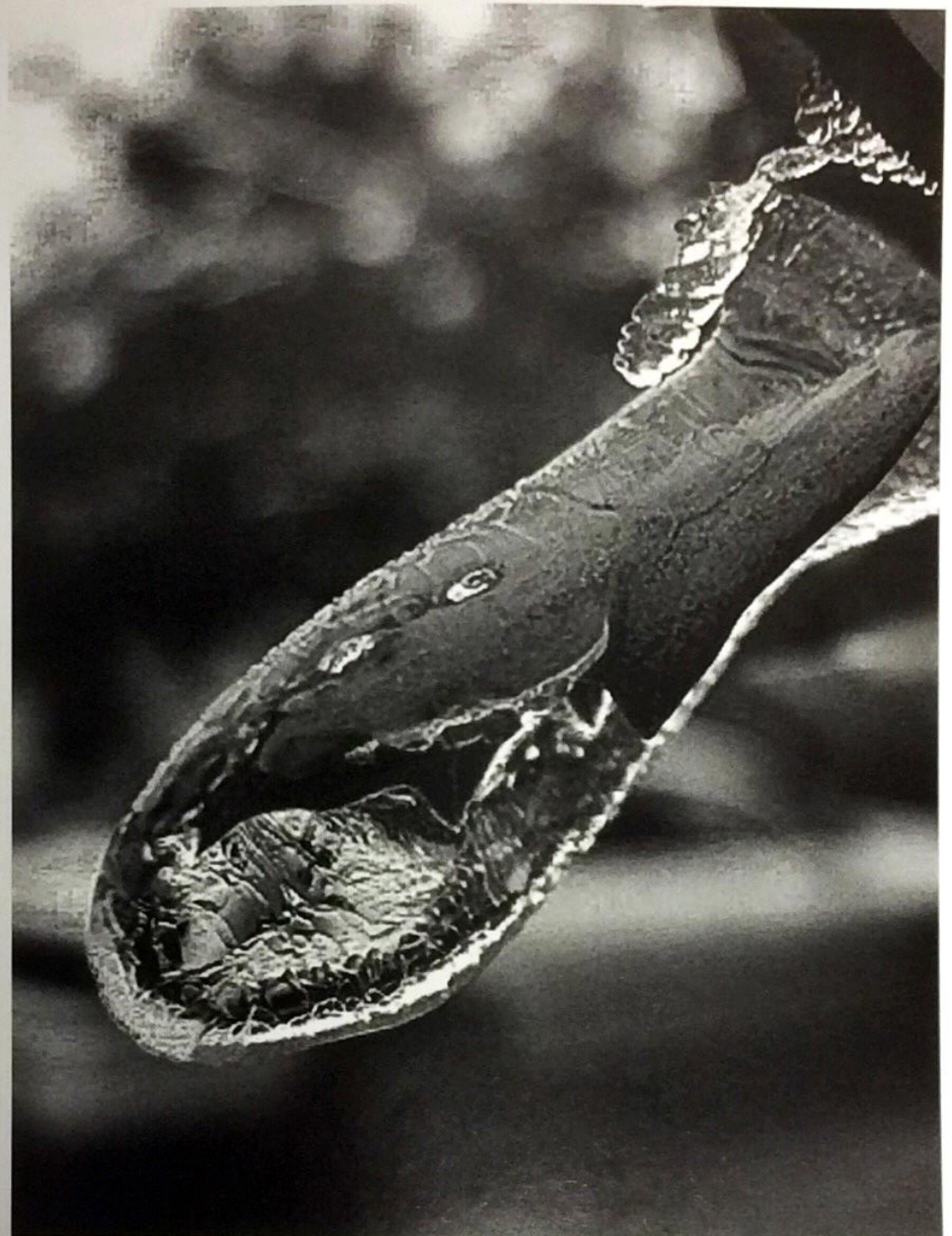
And our brothers and sisters?
-pronounced of lower intelligence
because they possessed the higher intelligence
not to construct monsters of gold and steel;
said to communicate only through grunts and tones
because we lack the strength to perceive their
language.

The language of the world echoes around us
in frequencies that our ears have become accustomed
to brushing aside.

Each part speaks a language
that our own cannot empathize with or transcribe.
We have *evolved* to indifference and incapability.

None of our measures we can apply
to any species but our own;
no matter how deep we delve in observation,
we cannot give voice to the phenomena around us.

We will never know what it feels like to be a leaf
tethered to a tree and soaking up the sun:
to burst forth like a spring,
to echo like a harmonious or dissonant sound.



Frozen

Emily Horne

Maury Maverick's Loss of Popularity

Olivia Beck

Maury Maverick was, as his name suggests, a true maverick. He stood by his beliefs and did what he thought was right, even when under pressure. He served our nation to the best of his ability, but his stubborn commitment to supporting the Constitution to the Bill of Rights cost him his popularity as mayor.

Maury Maverick served his country in many different ways: he worked as a First Lieutenant during World War I and fought in the Argonne offensive, sustaining critical injuries twice. He received the Purple Heart and a Silver Star for his efforts (Nash 764). He was a congressman from 1935-1938 (Henderson). In 1938, he wrote an ordinance that led to the construction of the San Antonio River Walk (Cary). He served as mayor of San Antonio from 1939-1941, and prided himself most on restoring La Villita, a local village, during his time in office (Henderson). Throughout his life, Maury Maverick strongly supported the Constitution and the liberties guaranteed to all Americans by the Bill of Rights. "The principal thing is for all Americans to find a way to hang on to what our forefathers called liberty . . . free opinion is one of the

blessings of our constitution . . . If we are sensible Americans, we must agree on our right to disagree" (Maverick 5). He did not realize that many Americans are not "sensible".

In August of 1939, Mayor Maury Maverick granted Emma Tenayuca, a member of the Communist Party, a permit to meet with her fellow communists in San Antonio's Municipal Auditorium. Seventeen resolutions were written condemning this action within a week—written from all sorts of groups, from the Disabled American War Veterans to the Catholic Daughters of America to the Ku Klux Klan ("City Beset" 2A). However, other cities such as Austin, the capital of Texas, would not support Mayor Maverick in his decision.

Maverick wore the red underwear of Communism

"Communists will be denied the use of city property for any Austin meetings" ("Austin Denies" 4). To the dismay of the San Antonio citizens, Tenayuca and her fellow communists were even given police protection by the mayor, "Just as [he] would protect any religious group against any infraction of their rights to worship as they please" ("Communist Meet" 2A).

The effect that the meeting had on the residents of San Antonio was devastating. The police protection was more than necessary; in fact, there was nowhere near enough of it. Two hundred policemen and

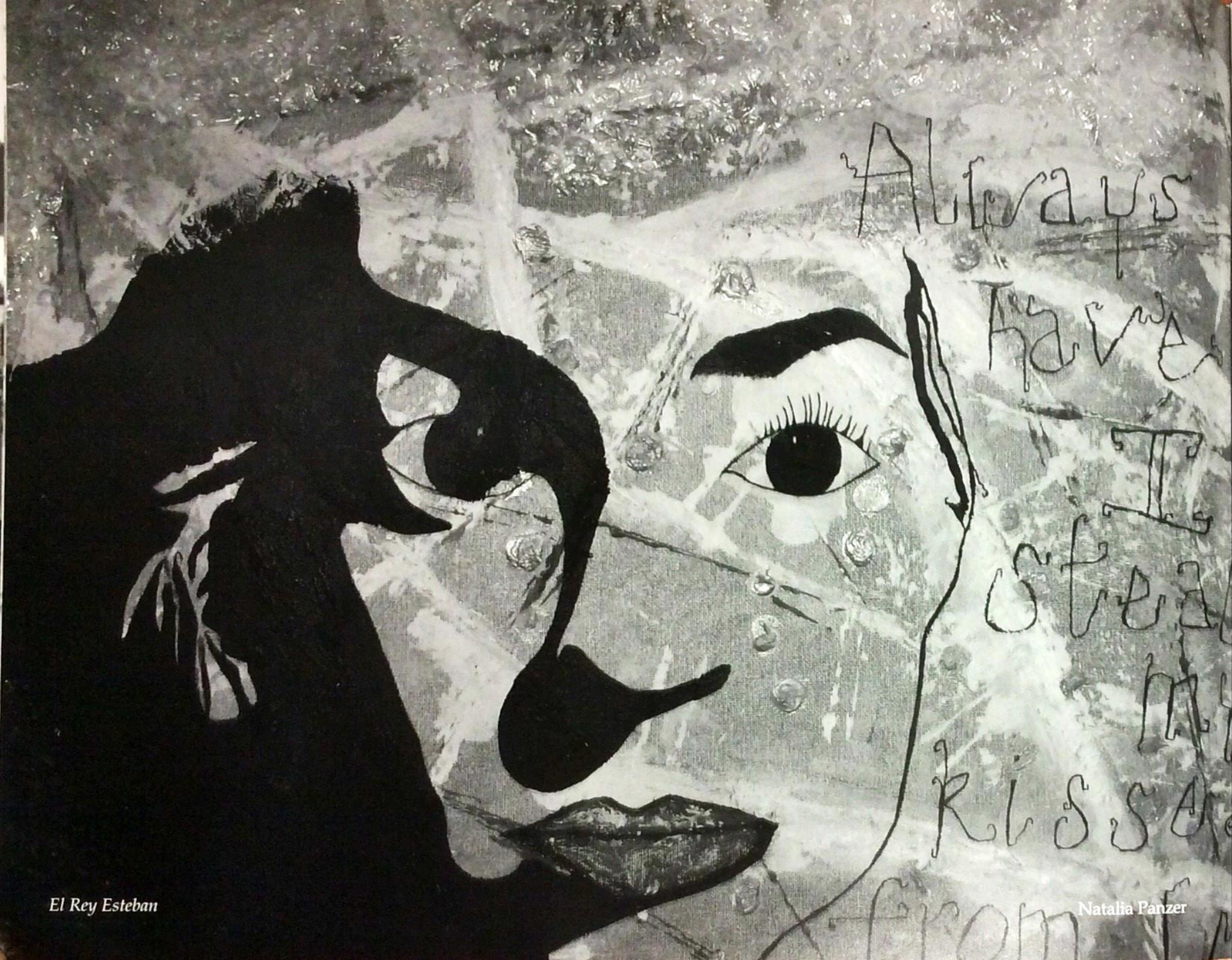
firemen did their best to fight off a crowd of about five thousand, but the mob eventually overtook them and stormed the auditorium. Many in the crowd, led by Alexander Boynton, former district attorney of Bexar County, wanted to "oust" Maverick as mayor (Associated Press 2). After less than three months as mayor, the people were already fed up with Maury Maverick and his Bill of Rights (San Antonio). Soon accused of being a communist himself, Maverick shouted, "I have stood by the Constitution and by my country, knowing that they may call me what they please" ("Fusion Ticket" 8). One man said Maverick "wore the red underwear of Communism under the white robe of democracy", to which Maverick angrily retorted, "The only red undershirt I ever wore was reddened by my own blood while fighting in France for constitutional government and democracy. It is unfair to question the patriotism of a man whose patriotism is unquestioned" ("Fusion Ticket" 8). Mayor Maverick continually defended himself, saying he was against communism and was only "[guaranteeing] free speech and public assembly", but the people were against him (Associated Press 2). However, by allowing the communist meeting to take place, Maury Maverick had inevitably "sparked a riot, nearly [gotten himself] lynched, and ruined his political career" (Loper).

By doing his job and upholding the Constitution of the United States, and thus by allowing communists to meet in San Antonio's Municipal Auditorium, Maury Maverick lost his popularity as well as his seat in office.



Dust Bowl Ballads of Our Times

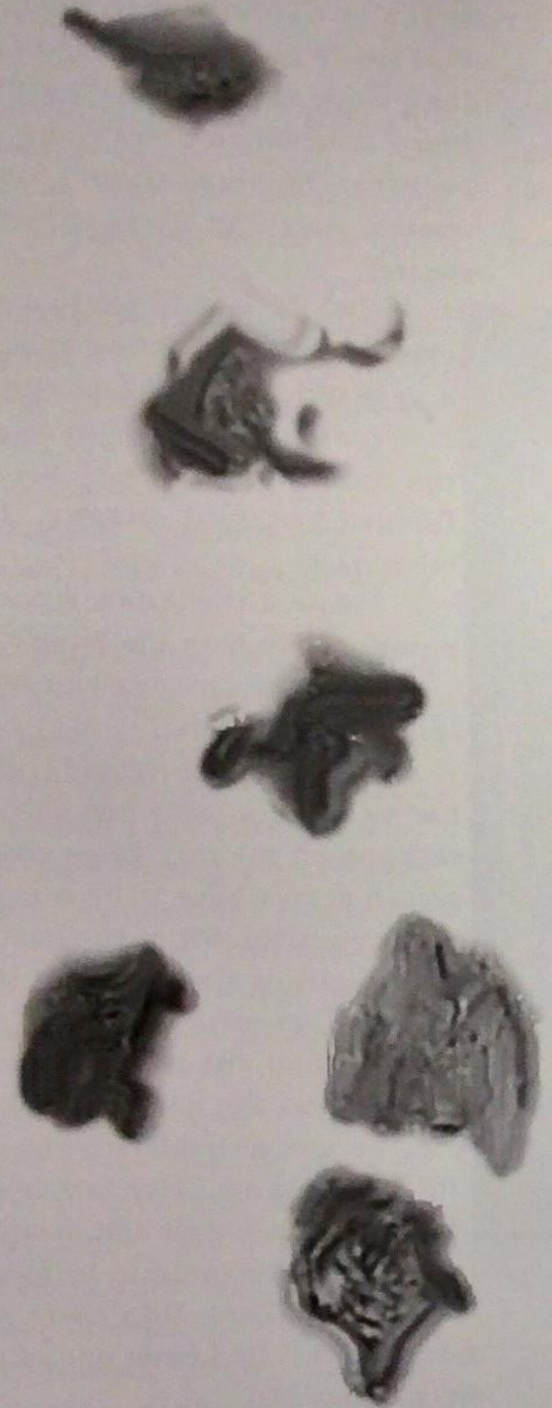
Kayla Anderson



Always
Have
The
Steak
Me
Kissed
from

El Rey Esteban

Natalia Panzer



To Last

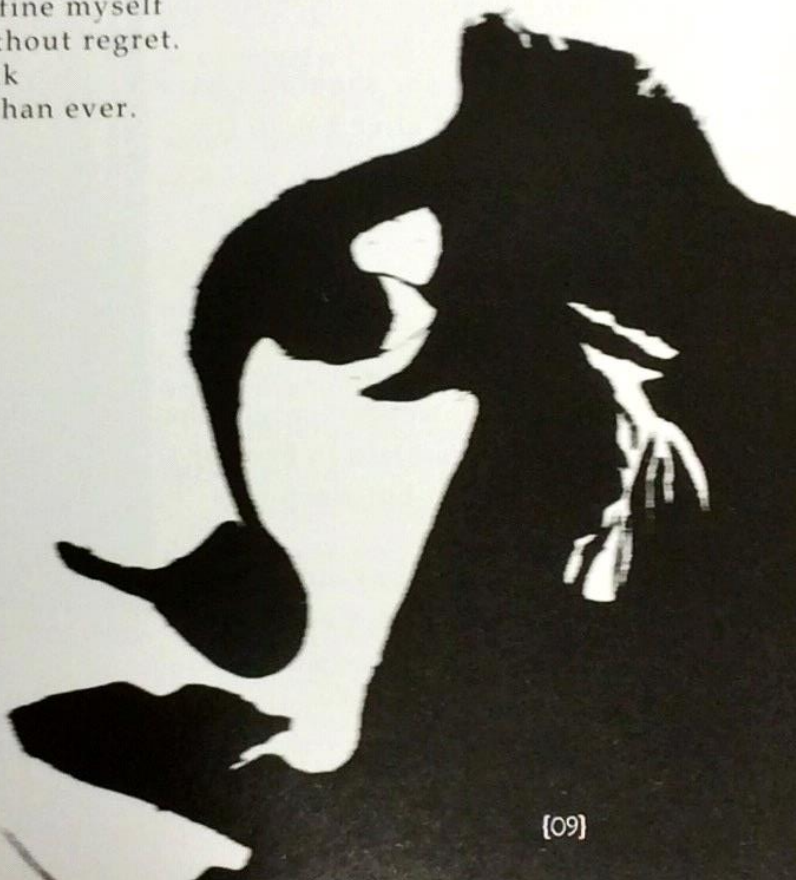
Alis o n Fletcher

To you I speak
and I speak more than ever.
And to only you I reveal
the spelling of myself
first letter to last.

And to you I define
this compilation of letters
and give you what no one
receives from me.

A dictionary will not be necessary
because for you I define myself
willingly, always, without regret.

And I speak
and I speak more than ever.



Re - r u n

Tiffany Brown

"You simply won't believe what my mom said to Dave the other day."

"Oh, it can't be much worse than things she's done before."

Squeak, squeak.

As she attempted to walk quietly by the nurse's station, she was very thankful for the two young nurses on duty who were so immersed in their conversation that they couldn't hear the little betraying noises of her slippers.

Technically, she shouldn't have been out of her bed after 9 p.m. It was now well past midnight.

Normally she followed the silly rules put in place for the residents. She enjoyed it when the nurses complimented her obedient nature and told her how happy they were with her. However, tonight she didn't care. She had lain in bed for at least three hours, but sleep was impossible.

At last, after many slow, careful steps, she arrived at the small living area set aside for residents and their visitors. The word "visitor" hurt a little when it entered her thoughts. It

had a terrible empty feeling to it.

She walked into the room and, leaving the lights turned off, sat on one of the big, comfy armchairs that were only in this room, the one right in front of the TV. The furniture in her own room was comprised of stiff, wooden



Empty Hallway

Jillian Dolph

chairs. No cushions.

She turned on the TV, keeping

it at a low volume even though no one was likely to hear it. It had been so long since she had watched TV at this hour. The entire event was a little exciting—breaking rules, sneaking past nurses, watching TV after-hours. She smiled.

The TV was tuned to a game show channel, showing an episode of a very old show. She recognized the host instantly; memories of watching the show as a child with her parents flooded her mind. Happy, cherished memories.

"Now, little Anna, since your parents have won the Bonus Round, you may pick any box you like from this pile over here."

She gasped a little, forgetting she had to keep quiet, when she suddenly recognized the tiny voice coming off-screen somewhere. The camera's view moved a little, off of the host, onto a little girl of six or seven. Herself, over half a century ago.

She had almost forgotten that her parents and she had been selected to play on one of the first episodes of this game show. Her father's boss knew the host well and asked him if he was interested in bringing his family on. They didn't win much money, but it had been one of the best days of her life.

"I want that one."

"The purple one?"

On the screen, the shy girl nodded quickly.

"A *brown pony*", the elderly woman in the armchair mouthed silently.

The game host lifted the lid off the chosen box.

"Why, what a cute little brown pony! Good choice, Anna."

In the residents' living area, she smiled again. She couldn't remember what had become of the pony.

The camera view changed, this time to her smiling parents, watching their daughter's face light up. She felt a tugging grief for them again, a grief she hadn't felt since she'd visited their adjoined graves eleven years before. Her parents would have done anything for her, and she knew that now, seeing them watch her younger self, their eyes filled with pride.

Suddenly, sadness overwhelmed her. Sadness because she'd never actually said how much they meant to her. She told them she loved them often, but never did she dig deep enough into her soul to find more original, unique words to describe the beauty she saw in them.

And though she tried her best, she couldn't remember the name of the game show. Tears began to run down her wrinkled face, falling into the lap of her silver nightgown. She could no longer see the television screen.

Her entire life, her parents were



Winter

Chantelle Lawrence

the only people she had. She had never been married, never had children. They

were her only support, and they died not knowing.

She blinked quickly, looking around the dark room, at anything but the glowing screen before her.

But after a while, she began thinking. She supposed that if she did not feel this way about her parents, she would feel this way about something else. Regret was the best word to describe her emotions. And regret, it seemed, was inescapable. Everyone here felt it. She could see it in their eyes as they gazed helplessly down at the mushy food on their plates in the dining room every day at precisely 7 a.m., 11.30 a.m., and 5.15 p.m. She heard it in their voices when they talked to each other over a table of unmoved dominoes.

Regret could not be eluded, unless a person had lived a life of total perfection—a feat that only one single human being ever accomplished.

Suddenly the lights in the room flickered on.

"Anna? Anna, is that you? What on earth are you doing out of bed at this hour?"

One of the nurses strode over to the armchair, wondering why there were tears on the face of this elderly woman, and a smile on her lips.

Ignorance

Natalia
Panzner



Spilling down the storm water drain,
coating the sole of each designer shoe,
ignorance has taken hold of society in its entirety.
No longer does she lurk
in every vague, penniless lane,
shrouded under covers of exasperation and disgrace,
the ways of our generation have invited this fickle mistress
to interweave seamlessly to the shadow of every rainbow-coloured
somebody,
with a plaster that can not simply be sterilized and forgotten.
This maiden,
no longer does she shuffle from nameless place to place,
on the contrary,
she bounds exuberantly from city to country,
hamlet to habitat
venue to void,
fitted in a gown of peacock feathers with a swift fox slung around
the neck.

And oh, the mass longing all to catch the tiniest whiff,
stalking blindly, meekly in her wake,
unaware of the exclusive hands departing with aluminum parcels
and plastic
propaganda onto already soiled trails.

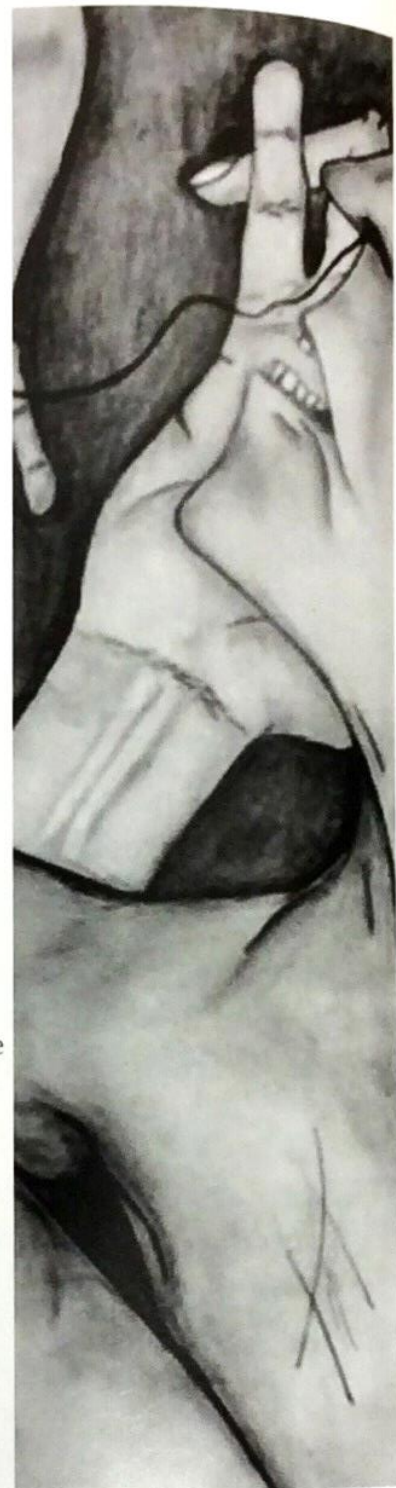
But no matter,
it is justifiably for sustenance,
and the custodian is there with a blighted broom and shovel, is he
not?

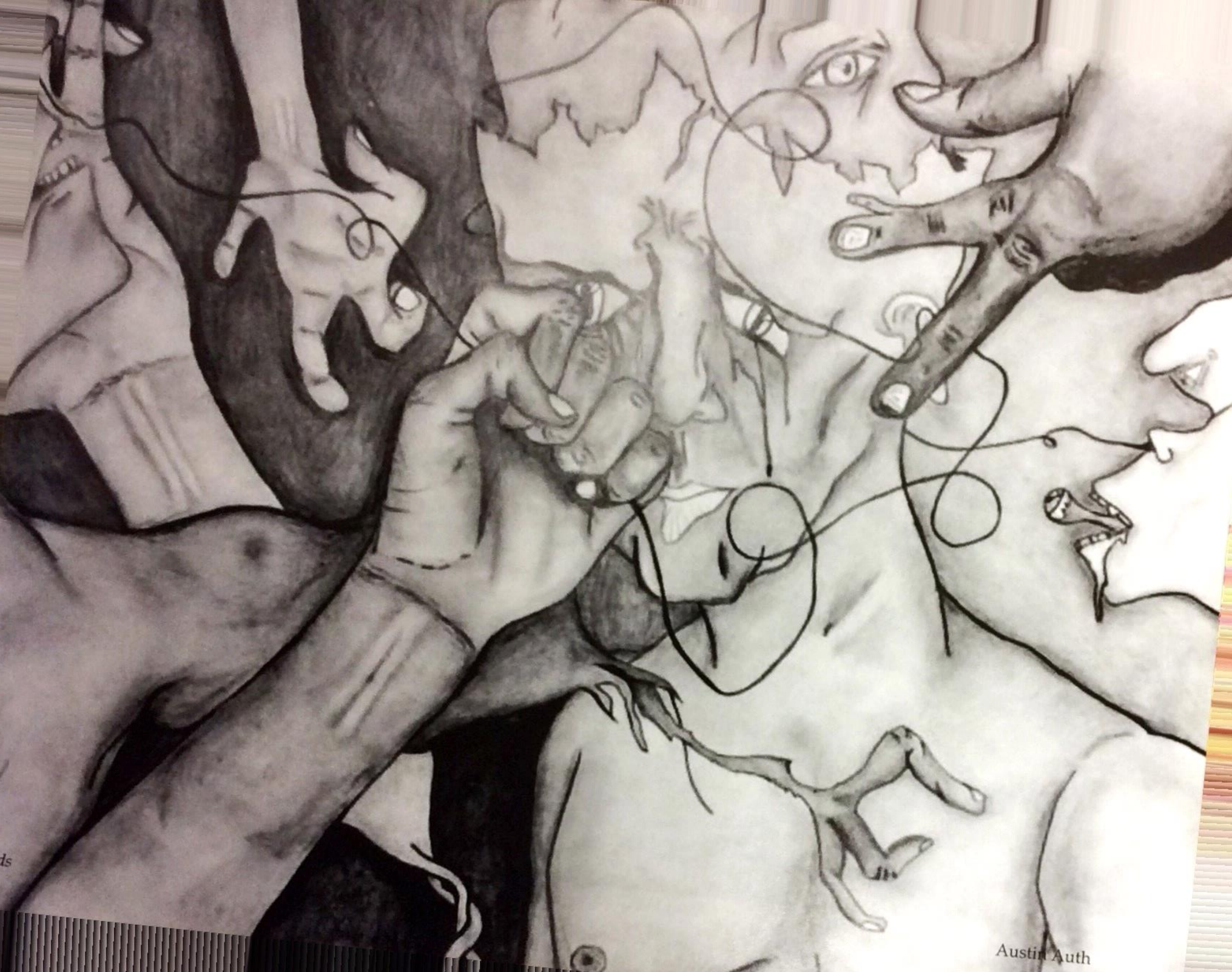
This tender, coiffed virgin
her cackle outshines the monotone drone of the independent satellite
until all that lingers is the promise of content and beauty without a
mention of war or
recession or death.

Such an abstract totalitarian is she,
that is it all forgotten she is the brainchild of man.

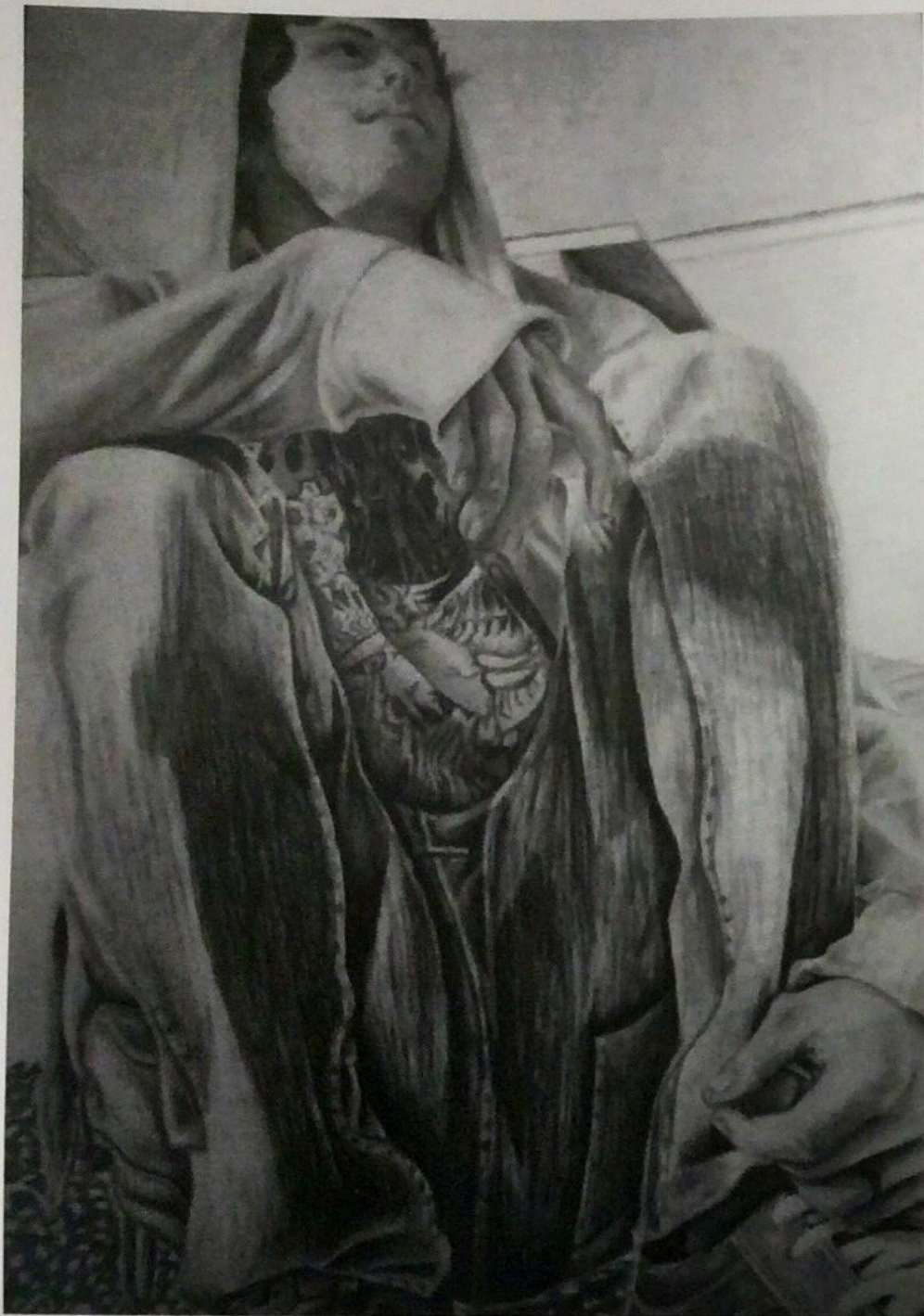
Greed, this has birthed her;
strife, this has fuelled her;
hankering, this has propelled her,
and only death will ice her.

Death of the media, of the economy, of the land, of ourselves,
for ignorance exists with humanity,
we can do nothing but flee.





Austin Auth



Mad Skills

Roxanne Galindo

Ho use Co ff ee
for
G od

Nata lia Panzer

Would you like to save this document?

Red light,
Green light,
Go.

Would you please rise for the pledge, and remain
standing for the moment of silence?

Dance, fat boy, dance.
Restart now?

Or shut the intelligence down?

Stop.

Wait, hesitate.

Please take a moment to silence your cell phones.

Empty.

Tall

Grande

Venti.

Obey.

"Okay computer."

C o n t r a s t

David Ev erett Martinez

The ivory keys on the piano
Strike the delicate chords that awaken me.
The invigorating sound sends an enchantment into my
heart.

The room is filled with enticing vibrations,
Echoing through the halls,
Gracefully harmonizing life and love,
Melting them into a spring,
A spring of hope for humanity.

The cold black keys on the piano
Strike the earth-shattering chords that deafen me.
The bone crushing sound sends a stab through my
spine.

My mind is filled with hollowing tremors,
Thundering through my nerves,
Agonizingly deteriorating my flesh clean from my
carcass,

Burning it into nothingness,
An empty void of nothingness.



Piano Keys

Ross Kaufman

About Last Knight

Katy Scott -x-

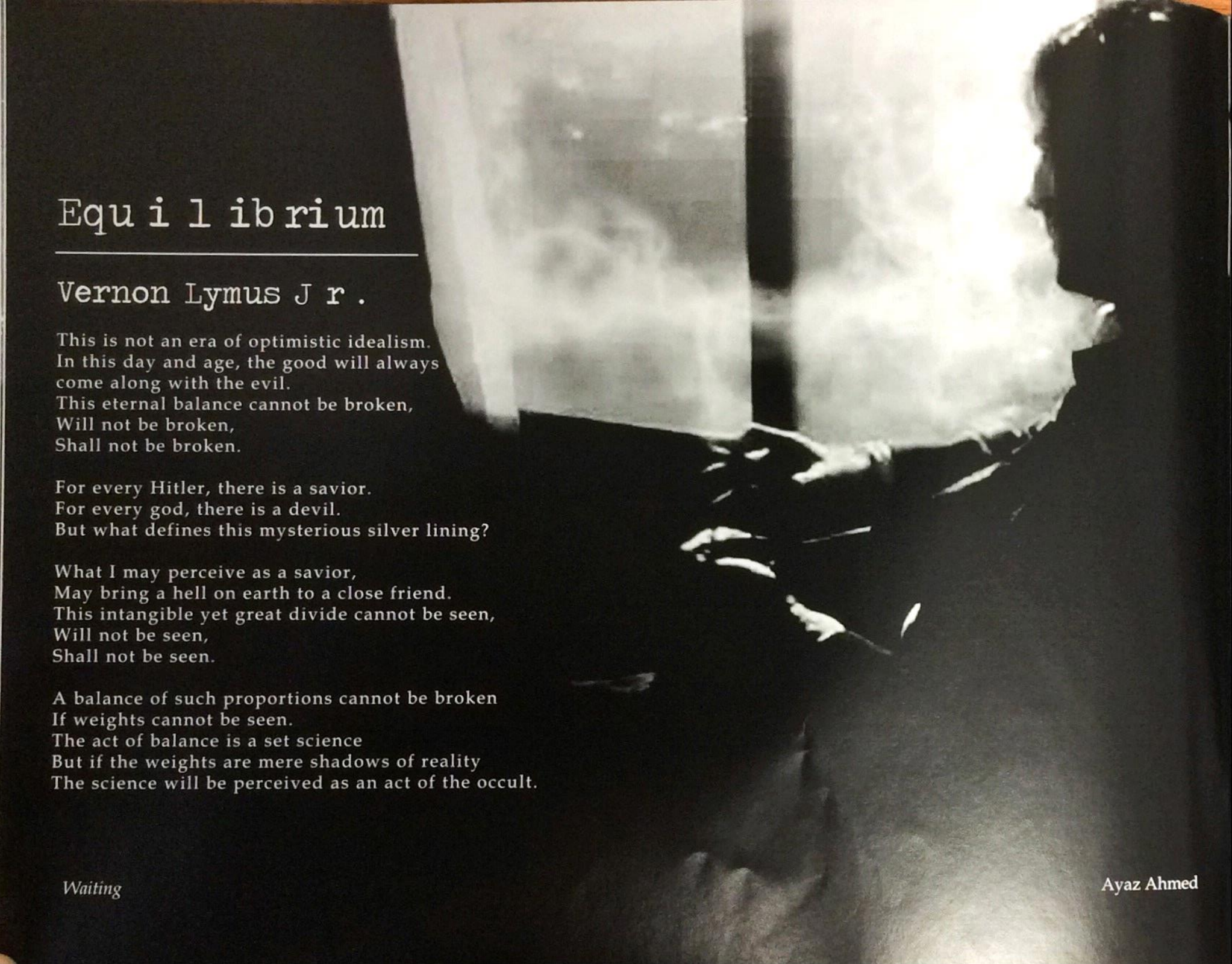
This is a fairy tale remix.
Check one two.

Fall asleep in my fire hazard, spilling water and secrets I've heard twice before. There doesn't seem to be a reason for your partner to be passed out on the sofa but he is, nonetheless, and I, seeing shadows, cannot be expected to wake him. I don't know when this trend got started but, baby, let's do it like it's going out of style. Eventually it will be reminisced upon, something your gorgeous, fertile wife can complain about on the way home. It's getting hot between mine and yours and I'm so unattractive when I sweat. You make me lose my focus and my mind and my clarity and my confidence but never my imagination, and never my weight. Was it you who disliked geishas? Garbage mouthed, a fool, yet still I fell for you. And hard, wasn't it, that descent into the manic melancholy that is unrequited, unsolicited love? You were occupied then, and I was a void so desperate to be filled. Still, you held your ground, and I held my heart like ice cream in my hands, waiting, so hopeful that you might accept my humble offering. But no. Standing before me, eyes open, tongue slick, you complained that your sweet tooth craved something more, leaving me wide-eyed and embarrassed at your refusal to take what I was giving away. I wish we could handle this like children, seeing in primary colours, taking our shots from slings and not glasses. That pitter-patter I so often joke of is one I'll never know; ovaries spent and reeking havoc on my ability to believe or become your bride. You called my laugh nervous; I'm calling yours forced. Look at what you have done to me.



Peeping Tom

Elizabeth Sakai



Equilibrium

Vernon Lymus Jr .

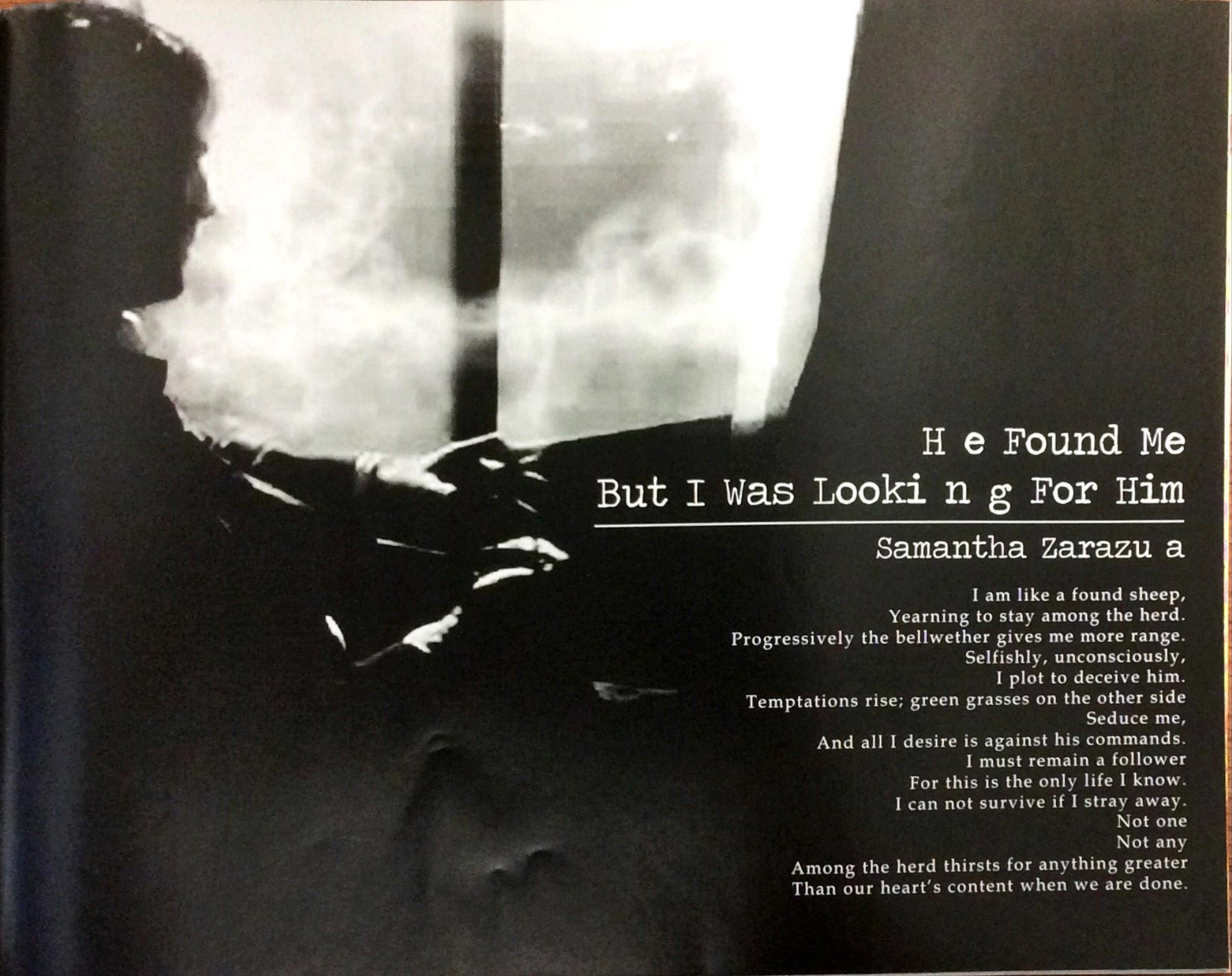
This is not an era of optimistic idealism.
In this day and age, the good will always
come along with the evil.

This eternal balance cannot be broken,
Will not be broken,
Shall not be broken.

For every Hitler, there is a savior.
For every god, there is a devil.
But what defines this mysterious silver lining?

What I may perceive as a savior,
May bring a hell on earth to a close friend.
This intangible yet great divide cannot be seen,
Will not be seen,
Shall not be seen.

A balance of such proportions cannot be broken
If weights cannot be seen.
The act of balance is a set science
But if the weights are mere shadows of reality
The science will be perceived as an act of the occult.



H e Found Me
But I Was Looki n g For Him

Samantha Zarazu a

I am like a found sheep,
Yearning to stay among the herd.
Progressively the bellwether gives me more range.
Selfishly, unconsciously,
I plot to deceive him.
Temptations rise; green grasses on the other side
Seduce me,
And all I desire is against his commands.
I must remain a follower
For this is the only life I know.
I can not survive if I stray away.
Not one
Not any
Among the herd thirsts for anything greater
Than our heart's content when we are done.

Traveling Salesman
(these aren't carpet samples, they're conversation
samples)/4:00 a.m.
while driving to Austin to catch a 6:00 flight
to a place where no one says "y'all"
(Brimming with nudity-of the soul)

Kayla Anderson

Everywhere I travel these days I arrive in the dwellings of a new language, and I have become accustomed to arranging and rearranging my speech (pattern, dialect, content) to a concoction understandable to the present tongue.

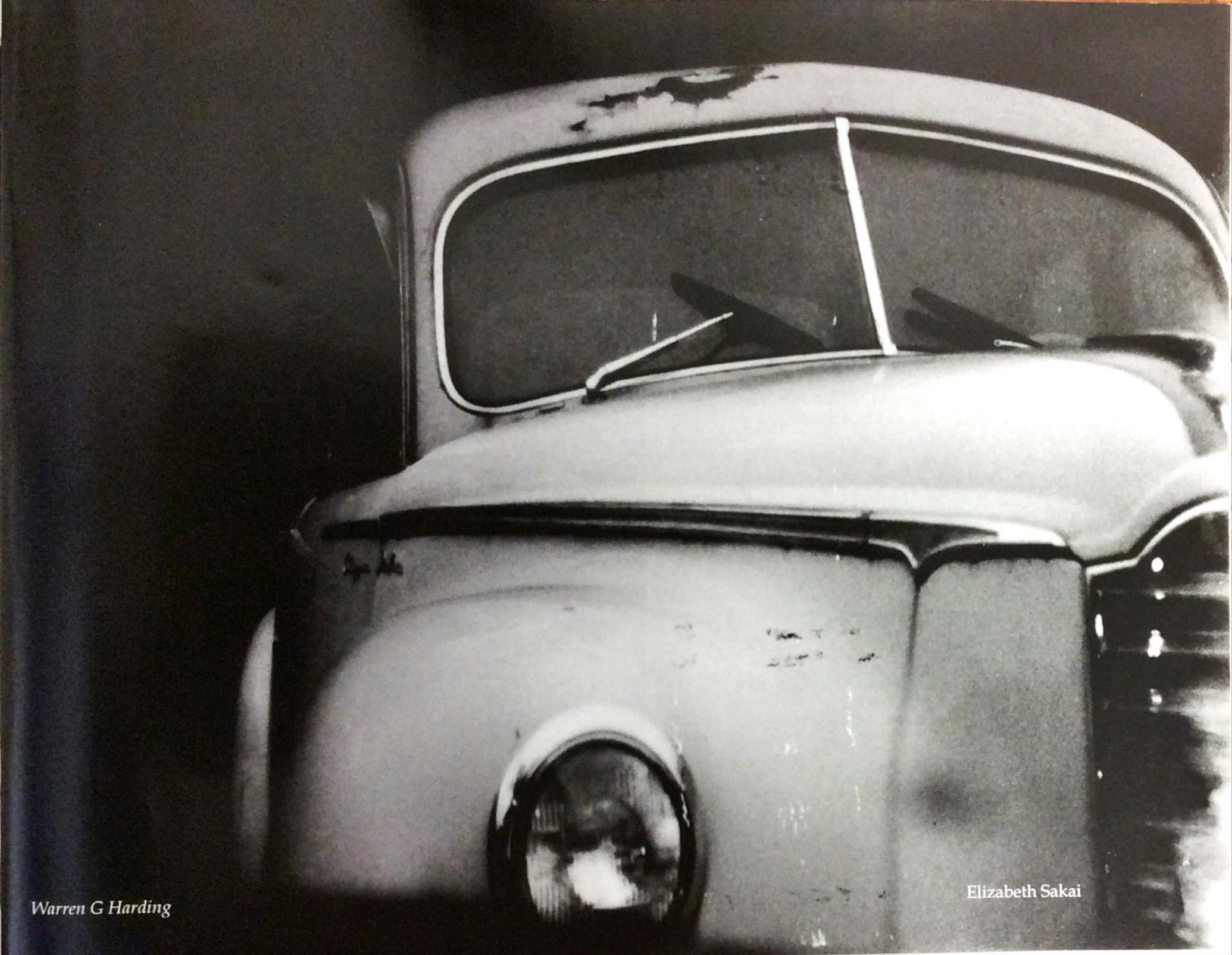
With each step my accent changes, adopting influences only to drop them and re-adopt them again, each town gradually warping my tone of reply from "I'm good" to "I'm fine" to "I'm tired – no stressed – no mentally and physically exhausted."

You can tell by a stranger's approach the tone he wishes to exude from you, and you can tell an ample amount about a person by the way he handles a form of honesty he hasn't prepared for. So when someone tells me "That's good" when I tell him "I'm tired", I label the languages we speak as far from compatible and depart to peddle my wares elsewhere.

You see there's this new pitch infiltrating the English language, just as the English language has infiltrated the globe. It's more than just saying the opposite of what you mean; it's saying complete *nonsense*, because "I miss you" sounds too cliché and "I go out of my way to see the back of your head when I pass because the front of that face holds so many memories" sounds too . . . truthful?

Since swear words have become common expressions, truth has become obscenity –

I am tired, and I am stressed, and I am mentally and physically exhausted.



Warren G Harding

Elizabeth Sakai

Pi t c h B l a c k H o l e

Fabian Hernandez

Promised a world with quiescence.
From history till now, we hear no silence.
Nothing but conflicts and wars – continued violence.
Let's make peace, no fighting – no stupid alliance.

Time is running out; it will all go away.
Confusing and complicating itself; destroy it any day.
Praying in vain for more time, but it will come
without delay.
Stubbornness can kill; lose it right away.

What will we do, run to the caves?
Take a pistol and send ourselves to our graves?
Forgiveness, do we think it actually saves?
Our materialism, our luxuries – in the end nothing
pays.

Red, red, red – the moon has turned bloody red.
No more day, no sunlight – pitch black instead.
Give us another chance, we need to be fed.
We decided to ignore – time for us to feel dread.



Illusory



Elizabeth Sakai

A Que stio n

R ya n Slatte ry

Ashen vales of distant worlds long hidden beneath dust,
covered in streamers born of clouds, a vivid rosy haze.
Deities strutted over the land and sea on blessed roads,
throwing the land into disarray, a fine and dizzy daze.

Elsewhere disappeared when the people turned away,
rendering hollow the temples and altars with years.
New gods sprang from the void of man's thought,
and forged anew old words of worship with tears.

She left behind pale pearls scattered on the floor
and bounties of flushed roses streamed across the sky.
Retreating beneath the foam beyond the distant shore,
the heart withers slowly, taking on a colorless hue.

Passion that once ran wild beneath the cliffs and branches,
cast them into deep despair and gloom beyond recuperation.
Tinting their love with artificial dyes and insubstantial masks,
words that should have been whispered persist to be undeclared.

Swords are prey to vestiges of bone and arid crimson rivers,
left impure and unguarded to the numerous sadistic eras.
The drums still beat unrelenting in the hearts of mortal man,
but for flawed reasons, recurring in the tapestry of history.

Fading beneath the silvery dappled sea of stars,
their works claimed by both man and false gods,
is it any wonder why they left?

G l a d B a g s

E r i n S t a i n k i n

We were holding the white trash bag open with rough sticks in our hands and laughter fighting our lungs. Our bare feet squirmed on the damp cement, scattered with dead leaves and pecan shells. The summer shade hummed and buzzed and little birds hopped from twig to twig above us. A silent affection grew in that moment; gentle as the breeze that turned the leaves. And then it was a memory of our childhood insanity and the understated bond of siblings. However ridiculous our scenario was, in this case we wanted to see the freshly dead and discarded rat, it was understood that we were sharing this moment and only we could share it and that was beautiful.



Curiosity

Caitlin Kirk

Time for a Tea party

Breanna Dominguez

I am a princess
You will do what I say
Especially if I tell you to go away

My crown is on my head
And my feet in Mommy's heels
And my plastic ring looks almost real

My dress is kinda big
And my lipstick kinda bright
But Mr. Bear said I look all right

I walk around my room
Ordering them all around
But Fluffy ran from the clompy sound

I gather my animals
From Flobó to Mr. Bear
We wanna have a tea party, but where?

We sit in a circle on my bed
While we wait for our cupcakes to be done
I find a cup for everyone

Queen Mommy walks in
Right before I pour the tea
She stops and looks right at me
First she frowns
Then starts to smile
Then she laughs for quite awhile

But I'm still a princess
You must listen to me
Because Mommy says I'm as cute as can be



Momma's Pearls

Hannah Beck



Ru b b l e

Natalia Panz er

The pitter-patter of red tartan rambles down the hall,
pouncing into each exaggeration
left by the tangerine flame.
How the blaze turned the abode so quickly into quicksand,
dirty blonde and deadly,
nothing like the sun,
or the gold upon the letterbox
which once indicated life within such a place.
Hereafter, no more than a matrix exists.
Verdant undergrowth has become so overgrown,
a wistful time to shine
in the melancholy gloom of what once was.
The lime plated vibrancy
has been replaced
with the shadow of a sapphire gloom,
and on it goes, feeling all but indigo.
Morbid lavender shoots forth
dejectedly from the canvas which
sketches such a tragically fertilized scene,
an untimely reminder of woe
beneath the flutter,
the bows
of rain.



Seagulls in Flight

Justin Mora

Black Art

Marinna Cast illeja

The Lion
in the garden of Eden cries,
"I'm too late."

Drink from the sap
of the trees of immortality;
taste the gritty bite
of the juicy fruit of lust.
The Dark One hisses
in pleasure.
Scarred with the shame of temptation,
deliver thine from evil,
the artist rises,
born from the ash of sin.
The edge surrounding the echo
of whatever past can muster.

Mind's vision,
art is a message.
Marked by the downfall,
the green,
the gruesome sign of Death
lingers
like an inhuman weed,
trudging even closer.
The lion's fur sticks
to the edge of reason.

The insatiable brush
of the artists' hand
drinks from the pool of the ghost,
creating.
Destroying.
Soft blows of raw silk and snake
caress the face
of ultimate sin.





Kayla Anderson

Eloquent lines
carved in the face of the beholder,
each stroke
stripping the life from the soul.
The seed planted,
sows to the end
of Earth.

What the artist cannot see
is the Black Art he creates.
Eons of judgment,
centuries of tests,
failed,
failed,
failed.
The inner eye lingers
slaughtered
by the surreal pictures of utopia.
Lies.
Lies.

What the artist cannot see
as he sculpts the mighty lion,
Death by snake,
is the picture of wrong.
The drink he drunk
so long ago,
from the branches of eternal life,
the forbidden fruit,
staining lips red
from the thickness of guilt.

Man is the artist,
one
easily ensnared,
easily corrupted.
Alone,
but the poisonous
sinking Black
of creation.



Your Picture Here

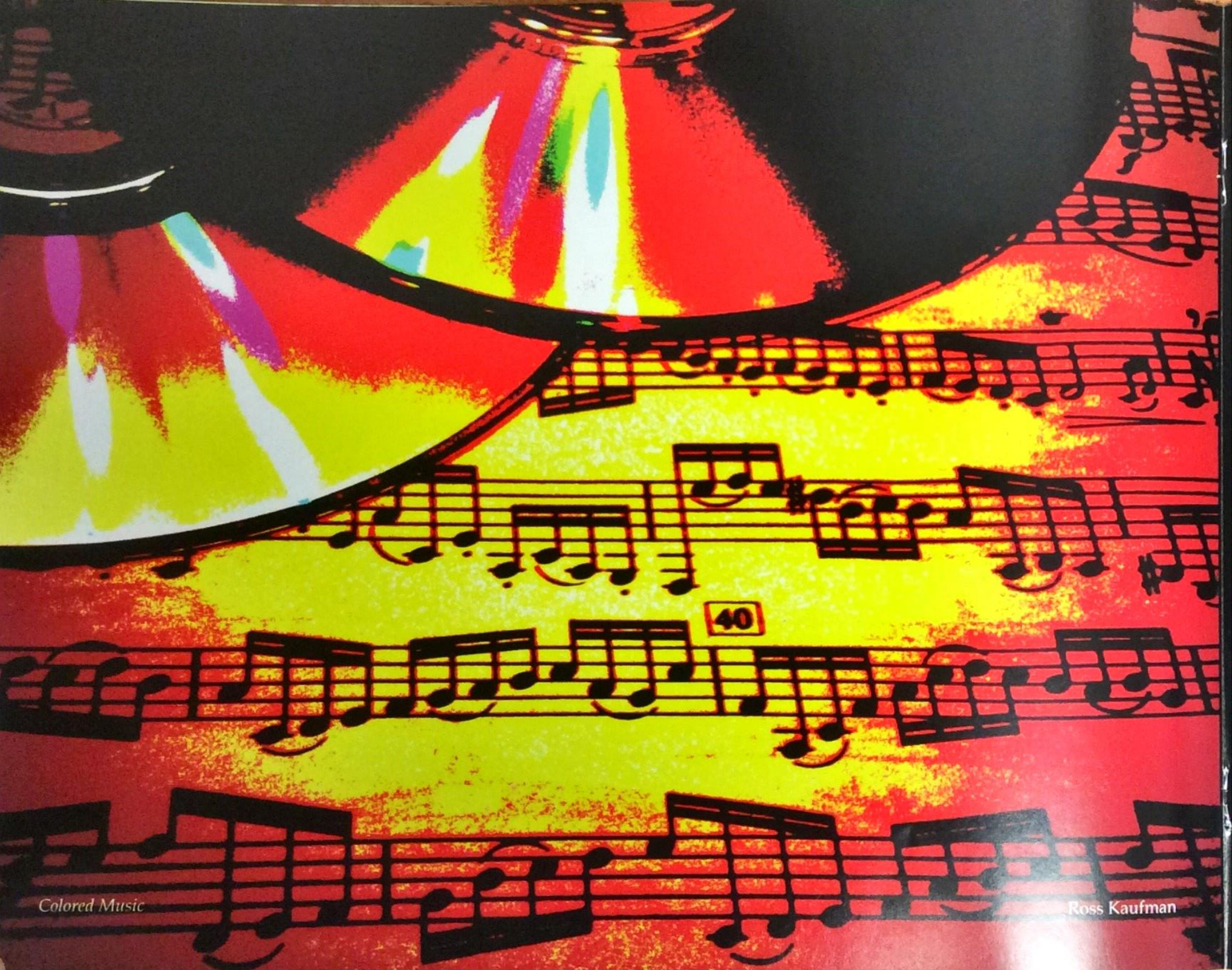
Katrina Filippone

It Stinks When You're N o t H e r e

Erin Stainkin

I wondered if she would hang the postcard in her apartment. It wasn't really her apartment, she only inhabited the living room couch and that wasn't hers either. If she hung it up on the wall all her friends would see. I worried that they would stop and look and ask, or worse, just look and make their assumptions. So I considered slipping in a few preventive sentences just to make it personal enough to not hang. Something like, "Hope your case of fuzzy tongue isn't getting too bad." A few days earlier she had shared with me her sketchy plans of starting an intensive detox diet that would ultimately lead up to an ongoing case of diarrhea and a condition known as fuzzy tongue. We both agreed that these were terrible side effects.

I envisioned her new life in Chicago. Never in my life had I been there, but I had a clear and entirely conceptualized view of the city. I imagined it as a giant house with a million rooms each quaint and charming and largely inhabited by gypsies. Every window would be screened in a curtain of beads and incense would be wafting out of the gutters. Sometimes it felt like I was watching my sister through backwards binoculars and I could only just make out her movements but never the details.



Curiosity R i sing

A lejandro Reyes

I kiss the sun
And grab a star
I grow to understand what
I'm slow to comprehend
The animal in me
Screaming for freedom
Screaming for vengeance
Life flies by like
Bullets at war
Arrogance and ignorance go
Hand in hand
First I have to learn
To later understand
Craving knowledge
I raise my finger to
The sky
I raise my finger and
Raise my fist
Defiant as I am
I look at the heavens
And hope to hear my wish
The hunter in me
Hunts down the animal
Time is the predator and
I am the prey
I open my eyes and realize
I'm still hanging from
The star
I harden my grip
As I am afraid of letting go . . .



(O r a l-Tradition)

Kayla Anderson

People *used* to tell stories
-the kind that folk songs are made of,
but people also used to work in coal mines,
not too long ago either.

Now people conduct business in cubicles from six to ten
seven to five, if lucky.

hardships prevail;
all the advances of the last century
have not changed life completely.
Florida has had trouble counting votes since 1876,
your genitalia no longer obligates
your government to listen to you
but it dictates how much you get paid.

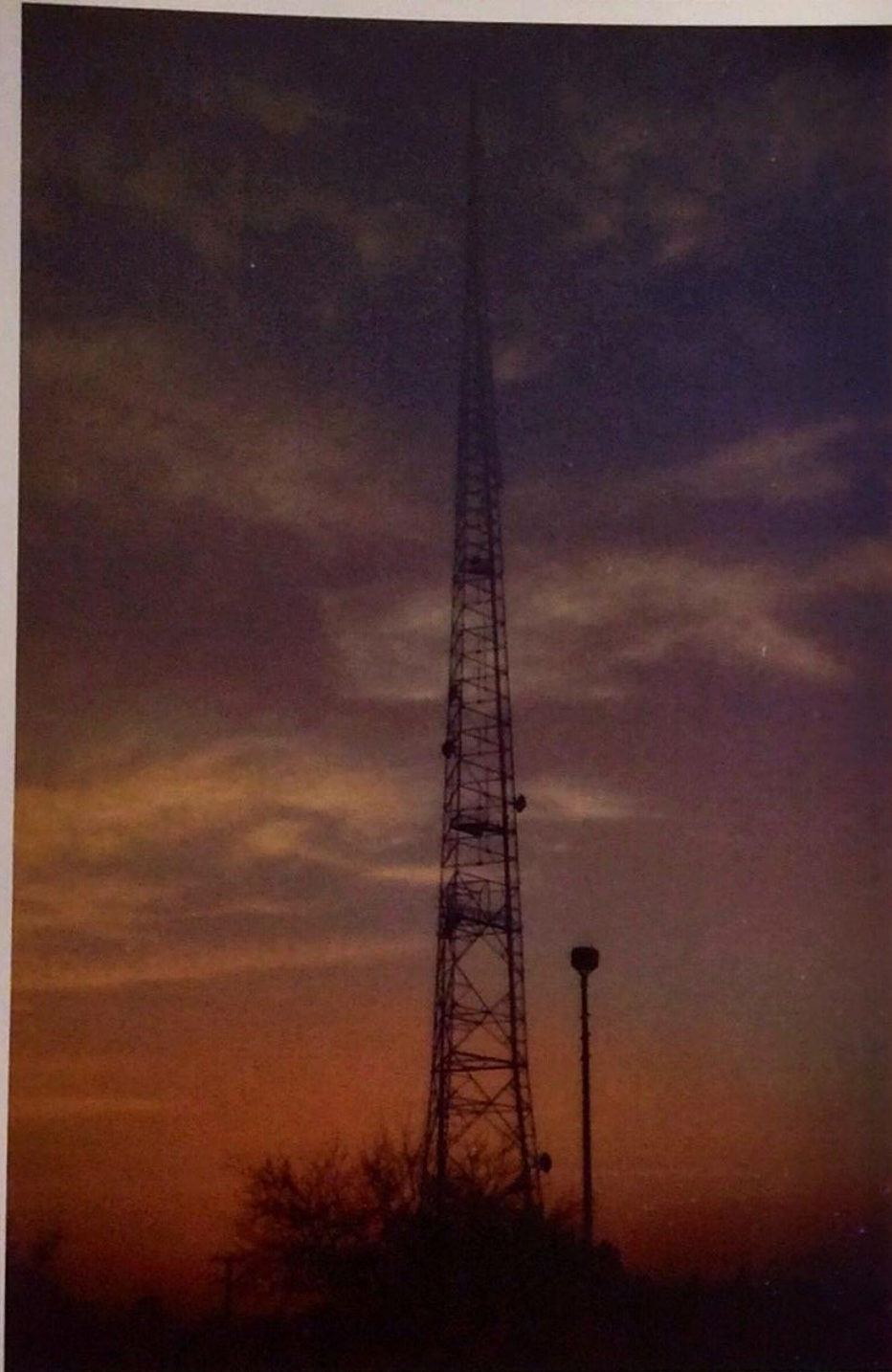
Times remain perpetually good and bad.
Perhaps it's as James Abbott McNeil Whistler
theorized about the progression of art:

*there is no progression
or digression*

-just innate presence.

Human conditions always change in detail
but never in nature.

Folk songs are still being written,
and by the next century
someone will reminisce upon
the fact that people *used* to tell stories
but then again,
people used to work in cubicles,
and with the past, present, and future
hardships will follow
to celebrate through oral tradition.



Man Made Beauty

Austin Auth



Blue Shack

Erin Stainkin

Delayed Reaction

Katy Scott -x-

The sky turned pink and there she stood with her hands in her pockets.
And I knew from the start that she was no good,
All slick, sliding out of her sprocket.

And honesty is a four letter word with the youth of today;
So I didn't expect such a response when I merely asked her name.

She said,
"Call me cliché
If you must, I don't care."
She looked like
Pixie Dust
With pink ribbons in her hair.

And the sunrise brought a surprise.
We had the world
On our shoulders.
And with the new weight on our makeshift date
We promised to never get older.

And we lied.

"Would you like to go down to where the green grass grows
In the dark instead of the light?"
And at a loss of what that could possibly mean
I let her steal me into the night.

And the Playboy bunny doesn't get the respect of the ingénue before her.
But I guess that's what you get when you're taking a hit for a society that never
gets older.

And we tried.



Sunglasses' View

Jillian Dolph

On
The Subject Of Cliché Subject Matter/ The Events
of December 23, 2007 In Rural
New York

After Riding A Bus At Dawn And Then Dusk For
Four Hours Each Way Through Pennsylvania And
New Jersey Just To Reach New York City Without
Facing Heavy Traffic.

Kayla Anderson

As we pass through the harbor of that woman I shamefully feel no entitlement to, I absorb the jestings of countless languages of a form and flow stunning, expressive, and entirely incomprehensible to my ears. I cannot help but wonder, assume even, that this experience means so much more to those surrounding me. Though each of us have traveled to this land by some means, the fact that my journey here occurred long before my lifetime quivers rightfully abashed in the strength and authenticity of their first hand experience. I am the great great granddaughter of Russian immigrants yet I have never spoken a word of Russian, nor can I recollect my ancestor's first glance at this harbour. The sound of my ferry-mates' glorious language whose origin I cannot decipher closes my lips with the fear of uttering words so widely recognized. I long to piece together anything, even if it be incomprehensible to the mouth that speaks it, rather than to let them know that I was born in this country, and therefore cannot feel the exhilaration they feel nor the entitlement to the woman ahead of us. Only those who actively choose to come to this country deserve entitlement to this harbor's promises. Not I, speaker of the bastard language that has, crafted and redrafted by so many machines, modeled for so many propagandist purposes, and simplified so often, lost all art form.





NO
BOMBING
ANY
TIME

Metamorphosis

Gabriella Espinoza-Candelaria

Resonating with numbness,
The bells rang,
The end overwhelming me.
Being the last human alive
having all the riches,
All the lands
Not satisfied.

An engulfing light
Encroaching,
Stalking
Nearer
Nearer.

Have I learned nothing?
Oh, well
Soon I'll know,
Soon I'll realize,
What life was all about.
A deafening explosion . . .
Silence
Death . . .
No,
New Hope.

Continued Existence

Jordan Brownlee

I hear the pat pattering descending on me from above. The fast paced droplets converging with a faint echo of a great "boom!" That split second flash is enough to wreath the world in flames; little sparkles floating at the edge just out of reach. The crash of sound, of tolling bells in my ears; a warning of what's to come. The ringing silence, the returning vision. All a symbol of continued persistence; all a reminder that I still exist.



I Dunno #2

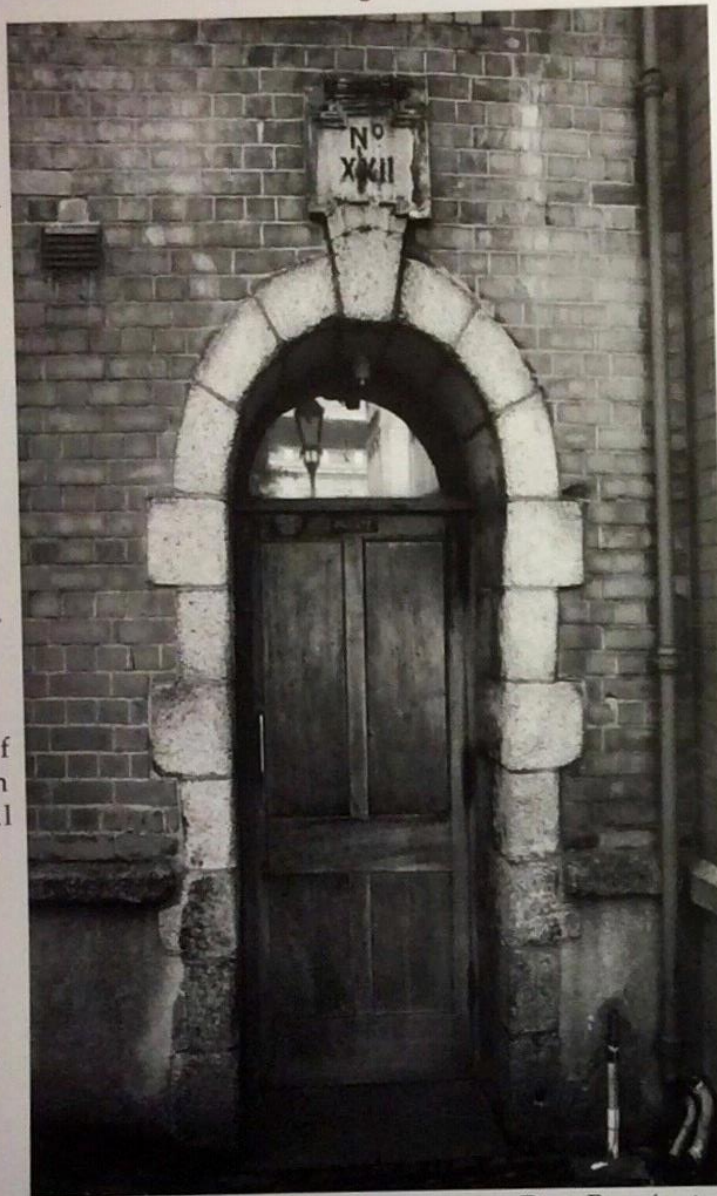
Ayaz Ahmed

Guardian

Tiffany Brown

Inside a tiny, dilapidated pub in Arrigdon the night of the celebration of the Queen's birth was by far the last place she wanted to be. But she knew that her family desperately needed the money the town's merry-makers would bring in tonight, of all nights. Her mother was at home, taking care of the other, younger children; tonight was not a night to leave them to their own devices. Her father, a less-than-successful merchant, was staying in a nearby city, convinced his business would fare better there. And so, as the oldest child, the duty of overseeing the family's pub—their only real source of revenue—belonged to her.

It was nearing midnight, and as soon as the bells in the churches rang in the hour, the sky would alight with magnificent fireworks of hundreds of colors; the best of them actually depicting the Queen's royal ancestors in sparkling reds, greens, and blues. She looked wistfully out of the dirty window of the pub, imagining the glorious stars and celestial bodies that must be hanging over the heads of dancing couples and joyful troubadours at this very moment. She could hear their jubilant music along with the sounds of their heavy shoes against the cobbled streets of the town. The happy clamor of the celebrating townspeople outside



Trinity College Dublin Door

Dara Brewington

contrasted distinctly with the quiet of the lonesome and subdued inside of the pub. She closed her eyes and imagined—absurdly, she knew—herself dancing with the other Arrigdonians, the entire town celebrating not only the birth of its generous Queen, but also a bountiful harvest, the coming of what would doubtlessly be a prosperous year, and a certain exceptional unity of all the people of the town.

But instead she stood stationary behind a bar, serving aged beer to aged drunks, the sour smell of the liquor relentlessly burning her nostrils, the taste of it invading her mouth, though she consumed none.

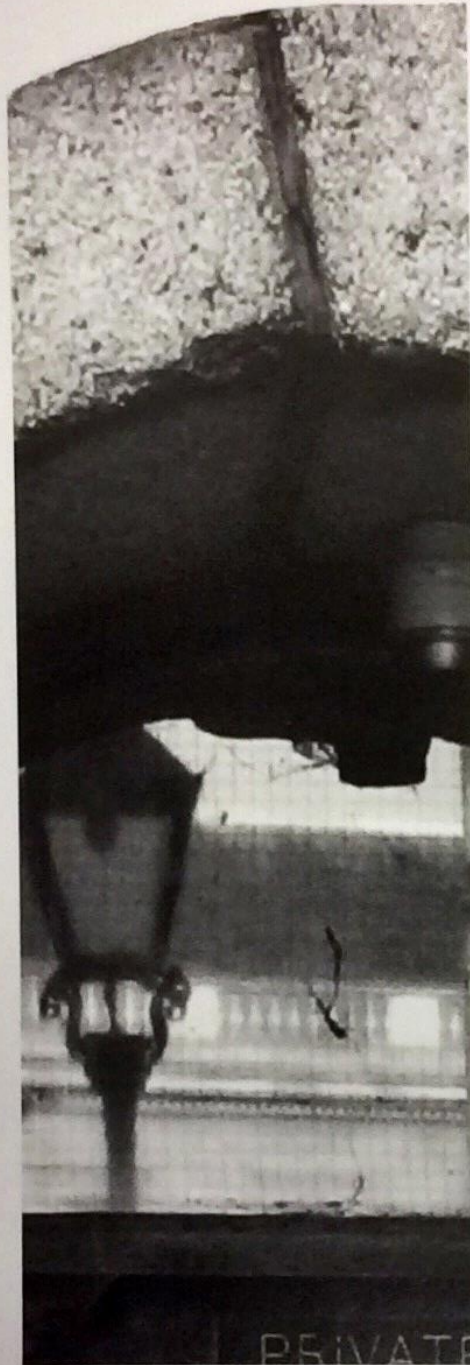
A draft blew through the holes in the weathered brick wall behind her, tickling her bare legs. She did not shiver. The cool air brought to mind images from her parents' stories of the family's guardian—a unique creature of power, beauty, strength, and elegance. She smiled vaguely, gazing unseeingly at the five or six people sitting in the pub, as she let her mind wander into the fantastic world of spirit guides, far, far away from this smothering cage.

Only a few moments later, a gang of four rowdy men clamored by the small pub, their noise different from that of the celebrating townspeople, more of a disorderly raucous than a cheerful sonata. She left her happy daze behind and returned to the family pub. Her hands gripped the edge of the bar tightly and her eyes widened as she

watched the men stop outside the front door, pleading silently for her family's vigilant protector to keep them from entering and causing a disturbance. But a couple of precarious minutes later, the horde stumbled inside the door and two of them headed for the bar.

Her earlier prayer not having been answered, she now willed the men to order drinks and leave quickly, hoping that the calm, peaceful ambiance of the pub would bore them. But the two large men heading for the back of the pub didn't stop at the edge of her bar, and the other two had stopped just inside the front door, glaring threateningly at the pub's silent customers . . .

She lay on her side, unmoving and made not the slightest noise as indigo bruises appeared on the flesh of her arms. She imagined what her mother would say once she found out that the entire till had been taken. It was a long while before she realized the enormity of the situation, and at this time her thoughts took a new direction - there were no guiding spirits in this world; there were only people committing crimes and misdeeds. She had perhaps known this fact for a long time, but she had never before allowed herself to ponder the atrocity that the truth implied. She drew her knees painfully up to her chin, wrapping her arms around her legs. She closed her eyes again, this



time seeing on the blackness of her eyelids. The pain in her limbs began to numb and she finally admitted the indisputable reality - *she had no guardian.*

Inside of a jewelry and ornament shop across from the town bar, he sat behind a table, on the verge of falling into a deep slumber. He had been there all day and had only three customers. However, his father encouraged him to remain through the night on the off-chance that some overzealous celebrator would wander in to buy something pretty for his wife. So there he remained: staring at the wall ahead, his eyes slightly unfocused, immune to the sparkling and glittering of the various crystals, jewels, and marbles.

At first he paid no attention to the movement in his peripheral vision, but when the shop door opened noisily and four unruly men entered, he was forced out of his stupor.

He immediately grew suspicious, not knowing what on earth they could possibly want here. They laughed loudly and recited obscene jokes as they made a great show out of examining some of the trinkets lining the walls. Knowing the limits of his own strength, he kept quiet and allowed them to pollute the shop's atmosphere.

After a few minutes of this boisterousness, one of the men reached out a large, calloused hand

Guardian (continued)

and grabbed a handsome blue crystal vase. He looked carefully at it for a moment, and then suddenly opened his hand, allowing it to fall to the ground with a dainty, tinkering smash. The rest roared with laughter, as if one of them had uttered a particularly foul joke. They made a game out of it, each picking a single item to send crashing to the ground or propelling into a wall. He stared angrily at the ground where all of the most beautiful objects now lay in pieces, fury racing through his veins, making his skin warm and flushed. He had to remind himself repeatedly that he had no power against them, that he could not possibly stop them. He waited an eternity, and eventually they decided that they had exhausted this source of entertainment and left, still chuckling. He watched as they walked out of the door, towards the pub across the street.

He could not believe it. Arrigdon, after all, was one of the most peaceful and kind of all the towns in the entire kingdom, especially on the night of the Queen's celebration. And yet, he knew that the immoral were not bound to particular regions and that it would be silly to believe so.

He continued watching through the open door as the men amused themselves in the pub, rage still rushing through him. He wished, not for the first time that night, that he had the ability to end these intruders' misconduct, to help the girl in the pub that, even from a distance, looked so

terribly desperate as she was thrown to the ground.

Long after the intruders left that area of town, he stood at the doorway of his father's shop, watching the girl who still lay shaking on the floor of the pub, and though he knew it would be painfully insignificant and in no way would it mend the night's pain and lost beauty, he walked slowly across the street.

"Do you need help getting home?"

She opened her eyes once she heard the lovely voice and confirmed that the even lovelier question was directed towards her. He offered her a thin hand, helping her carefully up off of the ground.

And she knew, without asking, just by gazing into his hurt and angry eyes, that he had also been a victim of the cruelty that night.

The knowledge that someone else had endured the same pain of intentional brutality was a comfort in itself. The warm kindness in his gentle touch as he helped her outside, beneath the magnificent stars and radiant moon, was enough to melt away all of the wickedness she faced.

And for a single moment that evening, she was happy.

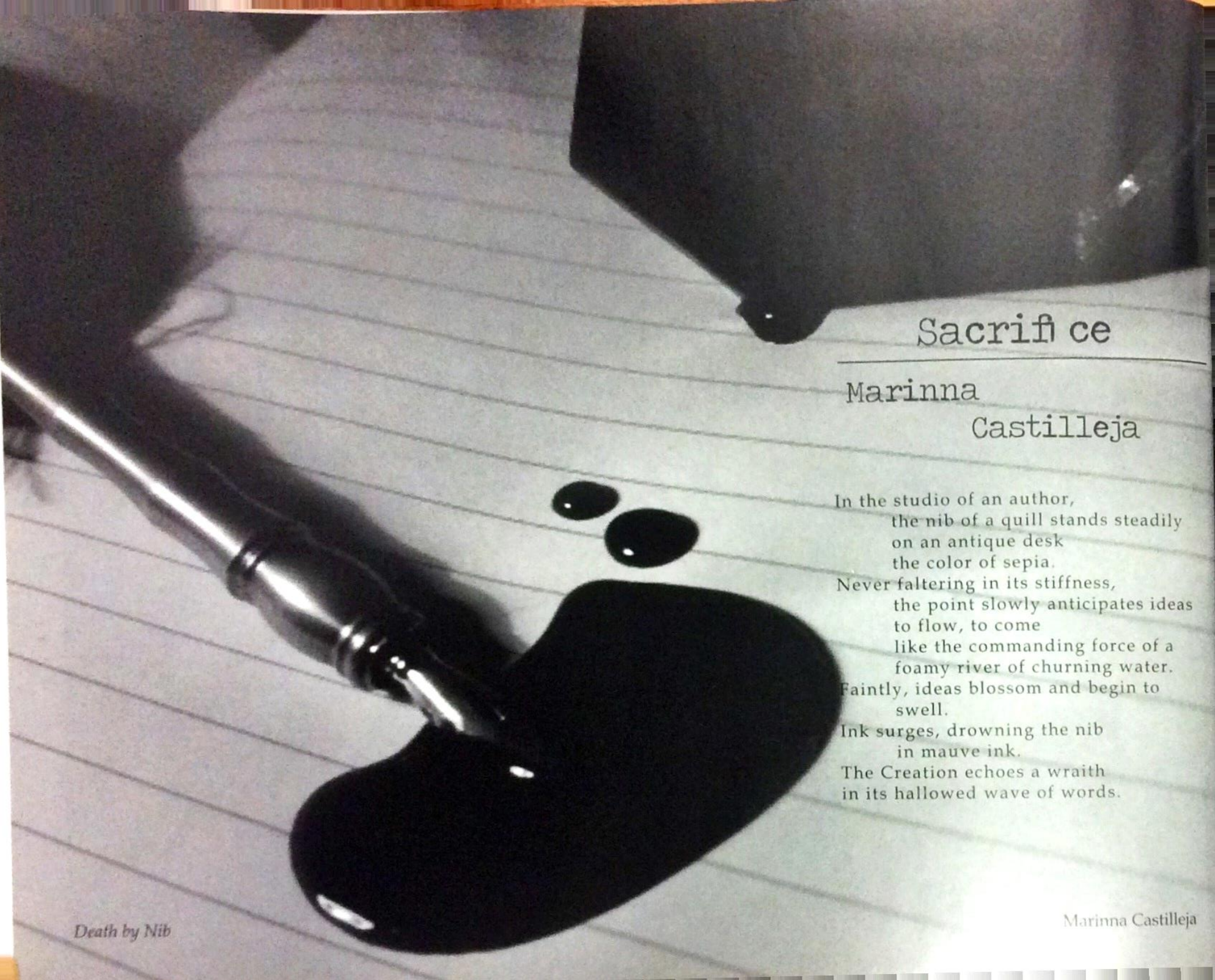
"Thank you," she murmured almost inaudibly.



Sibelius Monument



Katie Boyd



Sacrifice

Marinna

Castilleja

In the studio of an author,
the nib of a quill stands steadily
on an antique desk
the color of sepia.
Never faltering in its stiffness,
the point slowly anticipates ideas
to flow, to come
like the commanding force of a
foamy river of churning water.
Faintly, ideas blossom and begin to
swell.
Ink surges, drowning the nib
in mauve ink.
The Creation echoes a wraith
in its hallowed wave of words.

A
Spotlight
on
Useless
Scribble

Narmeen Kapadia

Beginning as a blank page
Standard rule, blue and white
Rusty brown desk with little
inspiration
Crumpled up possibilities in every
corner
Dull light from the lamp
A spotlight on a useless scribble
Shadows cast across the margin
Pencil on paper drawing foreign
shapes
Senseless doodle to inspire words
A couple of thoughts between the
lines
Progressively showing potential
Ending as this product



M . D . H .

Alejandro Reyes

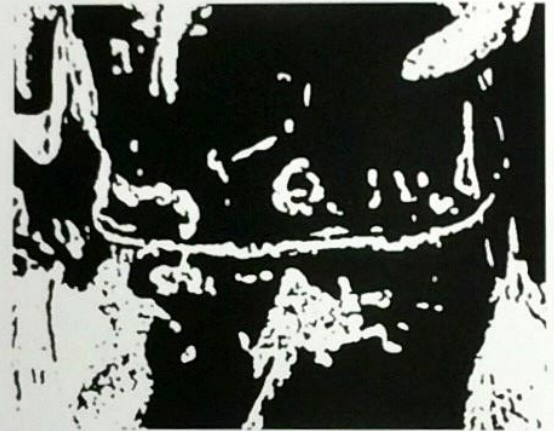
Well there she stands in the doorway,
my every wish wrapped in shame.
She'll chew you up and spit you out
And play you like a game.

I'd follow her to the depths of hell,
and everywhere in between.
Talk to her for five minutes,
and you'll see just what I mean.

I'd sell my soul to see her smile,
and wish that she would stay awhile.
The piercing gaze of her eyes
cuts me down to size.

Fredericksburg's the place
where all reasoning is left behind.
All the thoughts of doubt are
soon left by the wayside.

For in her darkened gardens
is where all my dreams reside.
Taking shelter under her black wings,
is where all my dreams take flight.



Trespass these seven sacred gates
to a world where she waits.
Her beauty's a signal, oh so fair,
that she uses to guide me there.

Make an altar for her and
worship her like the gods of old.
And if she were to live no more,
I'd kiss her lips, dead and cold.

Inside her chest, her heart of black
creates disdain for all she hates.
I journey to the burning throne
where my precious Melissa waits.

It is her heart I hope to raid;
our passion burning to the flame.
I'll walk with her through the door
until we are no more.



Missy

Alejandro Reyes

Ink Spill 1

Marinna Castilleja

In the late 1990's, after asking a local writer and teacher Nan Cuba to set up a series of readings for her small bookstore, Twig Book Shop owner Susanna Nawrocki inadvertently set the basis for San Antonio's prime literary organization. First referred to as the Gemini Series, after Cuba and Nawrocki noticed their "twin-like" love for reading, and later dubbed Gemini Ink, Cuba's feeble program began to morph into classes based on literature. Even from the beginning, Cuba insisted the program stay non-profit and remained wary of accepting aid. She started having meetings with a small number of staff members in her husband's Wells Fargo office. Working with only one hesitantly donated computer, plans to expand into a full grown business did not seem possible, but after much persuasion several friends finally pushed Cuba to accept funding. Aided with a growing popularity, Gemini Ink started to develop.

Nan Cuba started her career by involving herself in the fine arts in middle and high school, most extensively in theatre. After graduating with a Master of Arts in fiction, teaching elementary school, marrying, and having several children, Cuba finally re-entered the literary scene. "I just decided I wanted to write" (Guzman 3). In the 1980s, Cuba obtained her first writing job as an investigative journalist which lasted nearly a decade.

For five of those years she wrote for popular magazines such as *Life*; the

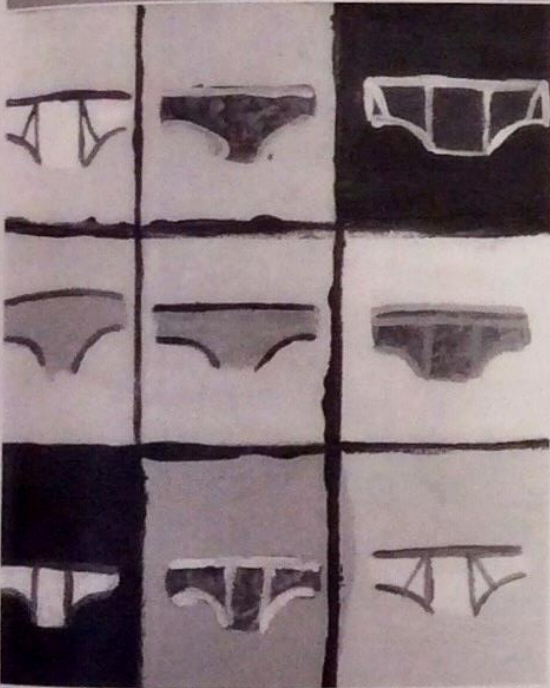
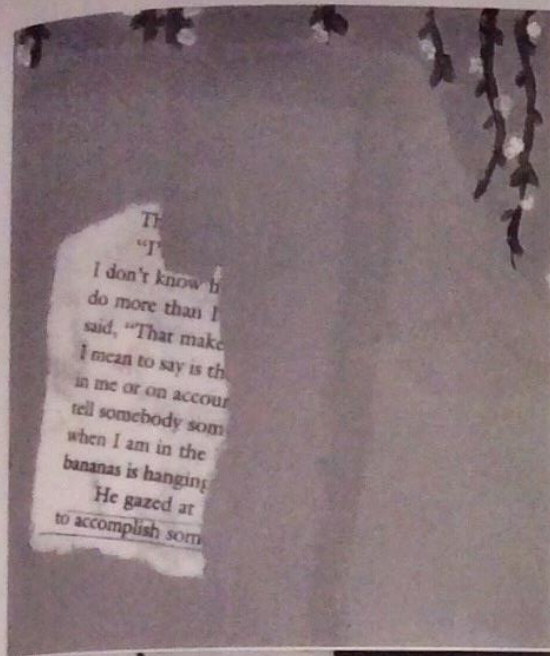


Boyish Wonders

remaining years she spent teaching creative writing at Jefferson High School and UTSA (Guzman 3). In 1992, Cuba accepted Nawrocki's offer because she remained unsettled by the fact that she, after many years, had only skimmed the literature field she felt so passionately for.

The Gemini Ink's prospectus encompasses three components. The first, the Dramatic Reading Series, was created to dramatize the spoken word. It combines poetry with theatre, which Cuba always dreamed of doing. "I want to reach people in a theatrical way, to show them that literature is fun and exciting and not scary or for the elite" (Mitchell-Reichert 1). The second component, the University Without Walls, **To me, a child is like a magic basket- we don't know what is going to come out**

offers high school and college level classes in all literary arts in three semester intervals, aiding a growing writer in all stages. Finally, the Writers in Communities Program sends local writers around the city to help with various projects; some go to local schools and offer classes to students, some read at senior homes, and some assist local low-income family projects around San Antonio. For five months in 2001, the Writers in Communities Program joined with the Cyndi Taylor Krier Juvenile Correctional Center and worked with single fathers. Paired with an author and an illustrator, each teenager journeyed through the long task of creating his own children's book. To help, the Gemini Ink team exhibited many



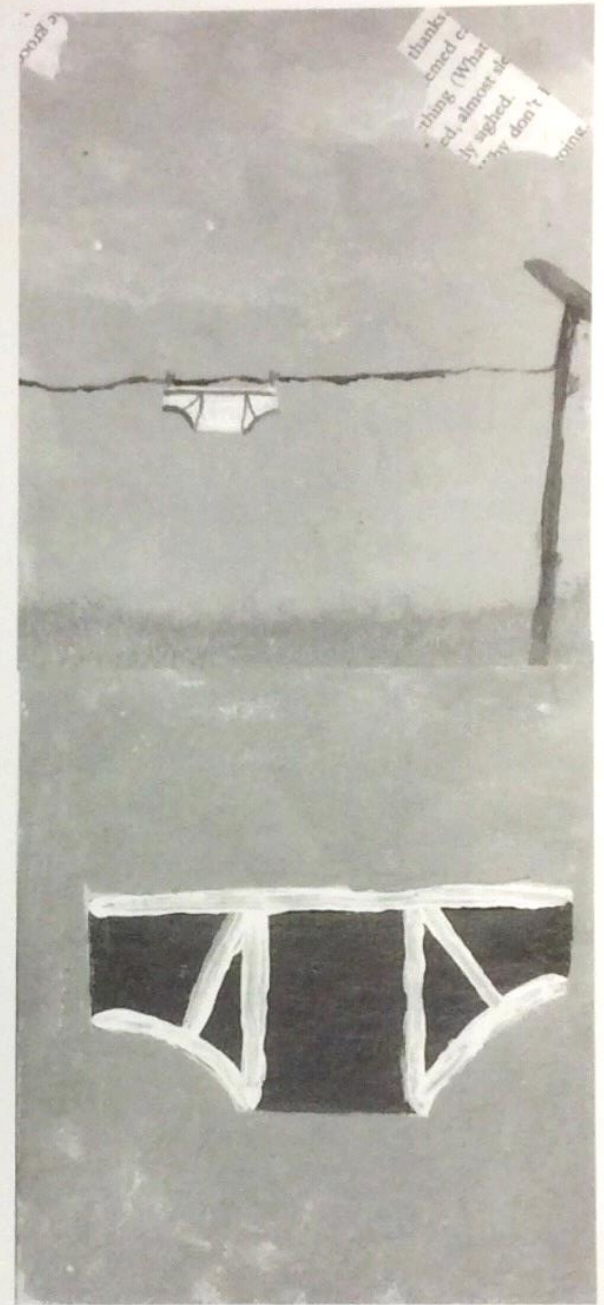
Erin Stainkin

exercises in perception such as having each boy reach into a sack and describe what he felt. Celeste Guzman, a woman leading the exercise proceeded with an explanation: "To me, a child is like a magic basket – we don't know what is going to come out" (Flores 1).

After six years, in December of 2002, the legendary Cuba made a bold action and decided to step down from her position as Executive Director, leaving Rosemary Catacalos to fill her position. Cuba, though remaining a part of the program, told the community that she insisted on digging even further into the literary field by returning to her own writing. In 2004, she joined the Our Lady of the Lake University staff, teaching a sophomore level literature class.

When Catacalos took charge in 2003, she immediately wanted to exponentially expand certain components of Gemini Ink. With her aid, the Writers in Communities program increased 850 percent since Gemini Ink's conception, expanding from one school to thirteen (Bennett 1). Catacalos also created a new series called The Community Talks, a book club-like program which allows writers and non-writers to come and talk about the impact literature possesses.

In the beginning of 2007, Gemini Ink celebrated its tenth year with its headquarters escalating from an office to a restored building on South Presa Street. The program, which started humbly, currently receives funds from many people and many big businesses, ranging from H-E-B to Frost Bank. Now host to dozens of classes and camps, from poetry readings to reader's theatre, Gemini Ink boasts national prestige around the world as San Antonio's literary leader.





Camel

Kristen Roberts

The Unknown Soldier

Nick Hodges

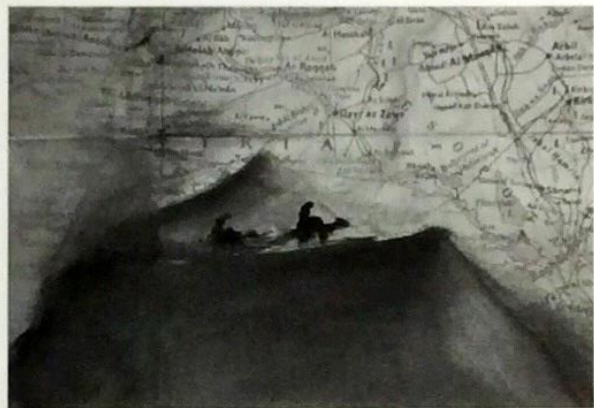
War is what I go through everyday.
In every direction I go
There is no pause or peace
Just stress and worry.

I work hard to help others in need,
But never receive their gratitude.
I go on unnoticed as a phantom:
A soldier to be forgotten in the ashes of battle.

Each battle I face has a meaning:
A lesson that is taught and well learned.
It teaches me to not let history repeat itself;
To be better at what I do.

Each hit and wound stays with me
So I can remember the past;
A scar that grows old with me
And lives on after I die to be a memory.

A life comes once
And is never revived once gone.
I am careful with mine
For each day I fight
...
Could be my last.



Utterance

David Everett Martinez

Stone set feelings,
Plaster clad ceilings,
Vulgarity beats my mind sore.
Chrome-plated wire,
Crumbled rubber tire,
Heavy vintage folklore.

If only I could clean my head out
Then maybe I wouldn't be in such doubt.

So why
Do I try
To figure this crazy world out?

Frost-bitten light waves,
Wax taping she craves,
Every auction item bought up.
Emotions amble,
Words thrown to shambles.
I'm mixing every other thought up.



Tractor

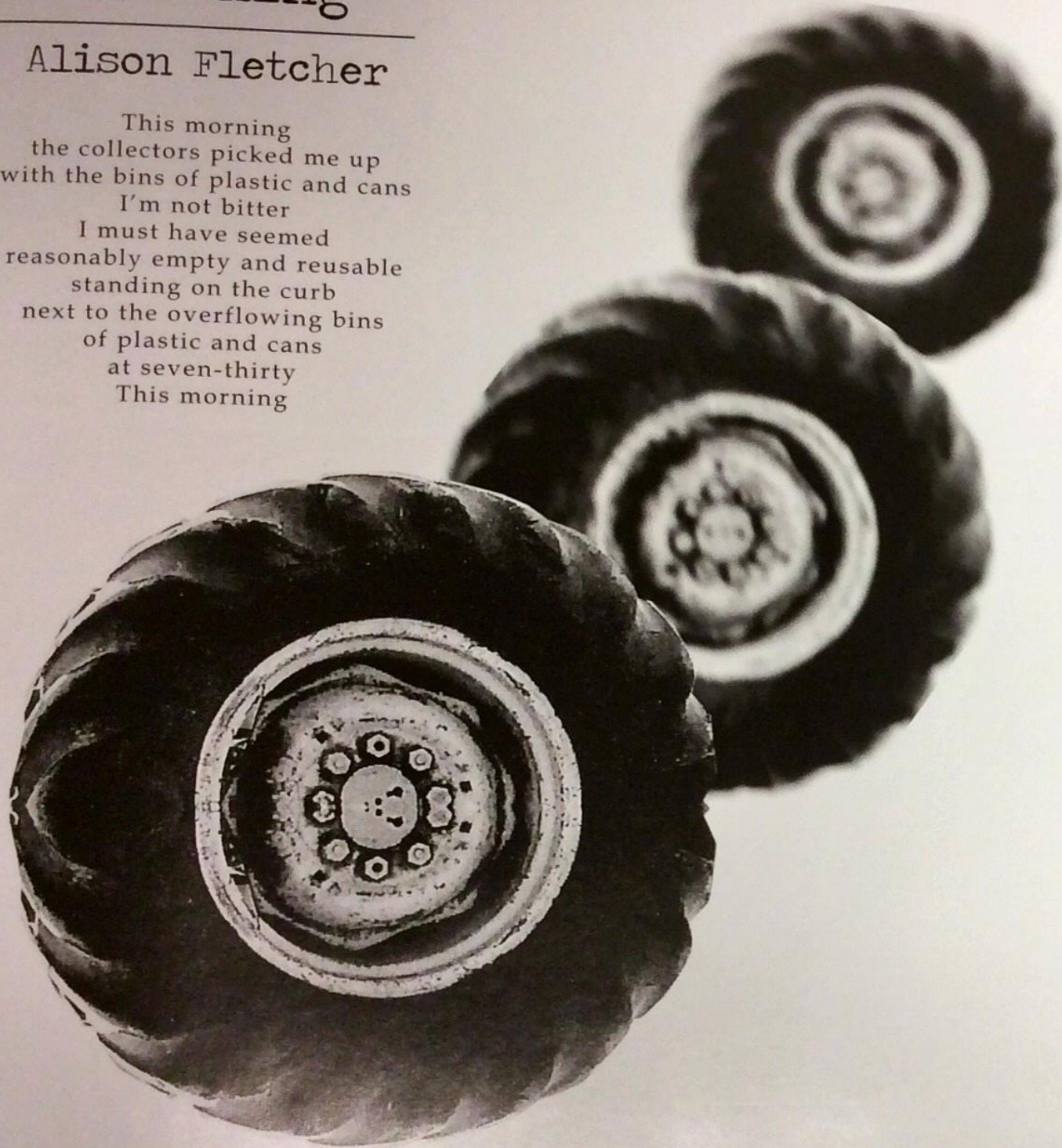
Brittany Glover

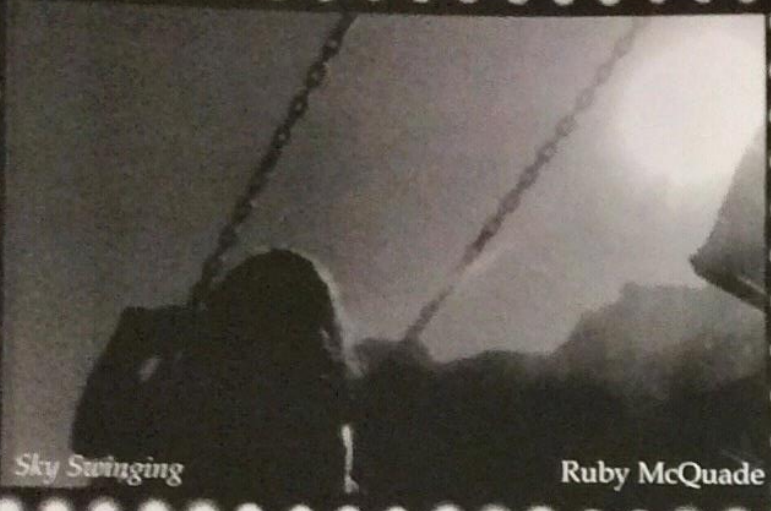
Morning

Alison Fletcher

This morning
the collectors picked me up
with the bins of plastic and cans
I'm not bitter

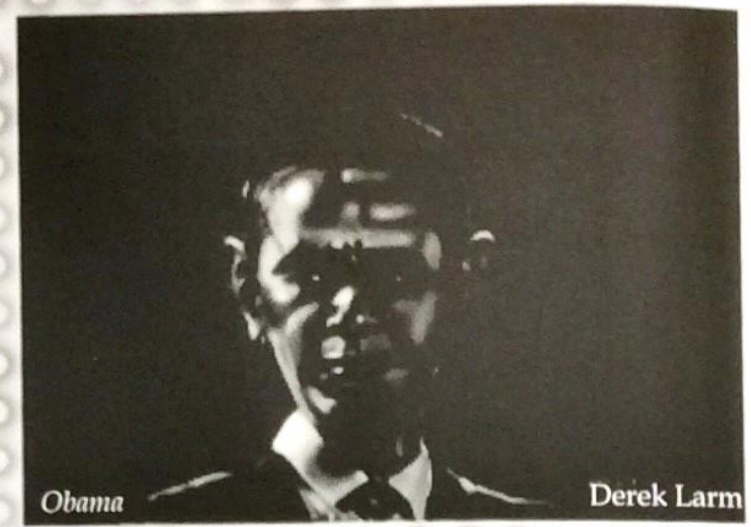
I must have seemed
reasonably empty and reusable
standing on the curb
next to the overflowing bins
of plastic and cans
at seven-thirty
This morning





Sky Swinging

Ruby McQuade



Obama

Derek Larm



A Natural High

Haruob



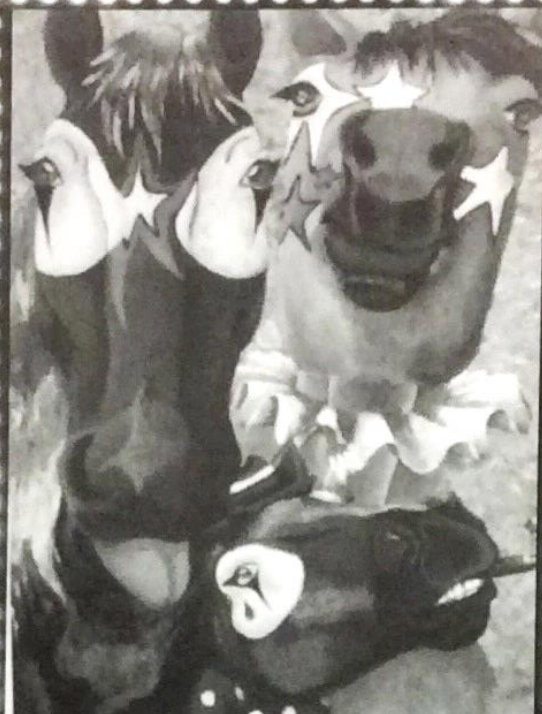
Shadow Puppet

Derek Larm



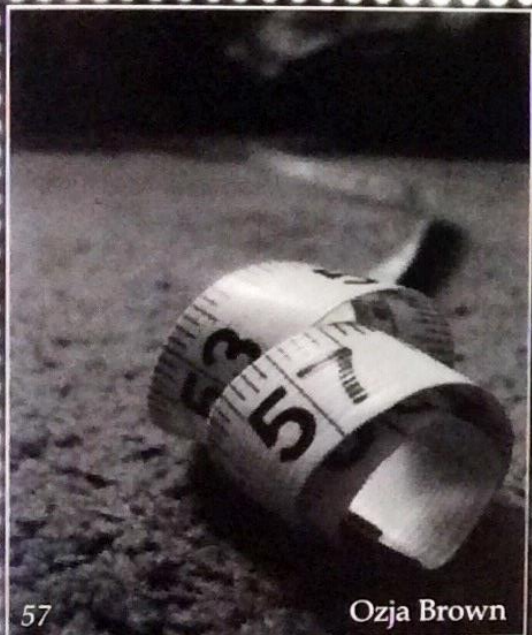
Hair Cut, Please

Jessica Mata



Clown Horses

Salina Nowak



57

Ozja Brown



On The Way Down

Elizabeth Bartels

{E d i t o r i a l P o l i c y}

Bullseye has showcased MacArthur High School's finest original student writing and artwork in a professionally produced magazine since 1984. Submissions for publication in the magazine are open to the entire student body. Each student may submit up to five poetry or prose entries and five pieces of art. Text and art entries to be published in the magazine are selected through a three-round anonymous judging process by the *Bullseye* staff and advisor.

{A w a r d s a n d M e m b e r s h i p s}

American Scholastic Press Association: First Place 2007; First Place with Special Merit 2005; First Place 2002

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association: Silver Medalist 2007; Bronze Medalist 2005; Silver Medalist 2002

National Council of Teachers of English: Excellent Rating 2007; Superior Rating 2005; Excellent Rating 2002

National Scholastic Press Association: Honor Rating of Second Class 2007; First Class with Three Marks of Distinction 2005, 2002

{C o p y r i g h t}

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{Editor's Note}

The *Bullseye* staff recreated the movie theater experience as the design concept for *Bullseye 2008*. The audience starts outside the theater, buys snacks and drinks, moves into the empty seats, and prepares for a showcase of art and word images. Soon the show is over, trash is thrown away, and the audience exits the building, but leaves enlightened.

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{Staff Page}

Production Editor

Kristian Ramirez

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Paul Villanueva

Monique Dewitte

Jeb Bakke

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Heather Fowler

Music Director

Kayla Edgett

Faculty Advisor

Mr. Arnatt

Bullseye Staff

Alex Reyes

Lauren White

Anissa Guerra

Ian Reichman

Justin Mora

Hector Flores

Isidore Lozano

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Ricki De La Cruz – ¡Te Quiero Mucho! \ (^.^)/
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Michael C. Fisher
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Bill and Ruth Fowler – Heather, we love you! Papa & Nanny
Bill Fowler, Jr. – Congratulations, Heather! Love, Dad
Bita Gillian
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Digitally recorded April 23, 2008 in the Brady Memorial Auditorium at Douglas MacArthur High School, San Antonio, Texas.

Recording Engineer: Cheryl Ann Williams
Live Sound Engineer: Charles "Chuck" Edgett
Monitor Mix Engineer: Paul Schwartz
Produced by Kayla Edgett

1. Funk Jam
Music written by Ian Williams
Lyrics written by Michael Dillon
Performed by

Star Power to Johnson
Johnathan Doemel "Johnson": guitar
Ian Williams: bass
Joshua Garrison: vocals
Michael Dillon: drums
Nick Conn: trombone

2. Kids of the Future
Written by Jessica Jones and Alex Reyes
Performed by

The USB's
Jessica Jones: vocals
Alex Reyes: drums
Kyle Jenkins: bass, guitar

3. Ice Cream Cones Will Never Melt
Written By Chris Adame
Performed by

A Scream in Silence
Chris Adame: vocals
Joey Solis: guitar
Rex Basco: bass
Paul Villanueva: drums

4. Don't Hide Your Bruises
Written by Ian Reichman
Performed by

Skalmond Joys
Ian Reichman: keyboard, vocals
Anthony Bosmans: bass, vocals
Andrew Clark: drums
Raney Beres: guitar
Joe Troy: trumpet
Patrick DeLaGarza: saxophone

5. No One's Listening
Written by David Gamboa
Performed by

The David Gamboa Trio
David Gamboa: guitar, vocals
Brandon Dominguez: drums
Tyler Clements: bass

6. Sinks Overflow
Written by Alison Fletcher
Performed by

Ghost Bells
Alison Fletcher: mandolin, violin, vocals
Ian Reichman: bongo drums, resonator, vocals
Ryan Coppin: maracas
Kayla Anderson: vocals

7. Raven
Written by Sam Coronado
Performed by

Manatee and a Mandolin
Sam Coronado: guitar, vocals
Josh Fletcher: guitar
Josh Dushane: bass
Adam Duff: drums

8. Dance, Roger, Dance!
Written by Chris Adame
Performed by

A Scream in Silence
Chris Adame: vocals
Joey Solis: guitar
Rex Basco: bass
Paul Villanueva: drums

9. Piece of My Mind
Written and Performed by
Molly Allan: guitar, vocals

10. Analucia
Written by Nick Conn
Performed by

Star Power to Johnson
Johnathan Doemel "Johnson":
guitar
Ian Williams: bass
Joshua Garrison: vocals
Michael Dillon: drums
Nick Conn: trombone

11. Skeletal Wreck of Mayhem
Written by Jessica Jones and Alex Reyes
Performed by

The USB's
Jessica Jones: vocals
Alex Reyes: drums
Kyle Jenkins: bass, guitar

12. Never See
Written by Alison Fletcher
Performed by

Alison et Quartet
Alison Fletcher: mandolin
Kristen Roberts: violin
Ryan Coppin: violin
Katie Boyd: cello
Priscilla Gaither: viola

13. The Real McCoy
Written by Ian Reichman
Performed by

Skalmond Joys
Ian Reichman: keyboard,
vocals
Anthony Bosmans:
bass, vocals
Andrew Clark: drums
Raney Beres: guitar
Joe Troy: trumpet
Patrick DeLaGarza: saxo-
phone

14. Acadia
Written by Ronnie Phipps
Performed by

Devin's Inferno
Devin DeLeon: bass, vocals
Ronnie Phipps: guitar, vocals

15. Genesee
Written by Sam Coronado
Performed by

Manatee and a Mandolin
Sam Coronado: guitar, vocals
Josh Fletcher: guitar
Josh Dushane: bass
Adam Duff: drums

16. Goodbye Morning
Written by David Gamboa
Performed by

The David Gamboa Trio
David Gamboa: guitar, vocals
Brandon Dominguez: drums
Tyler Clements: bass



The Bullseye staff would like to thank Dean Whitus, Casy O'Bryant, Susana Huerta, Morgan Orr, Seth Johnson, and all who attended our live concert for making this CD possible.