

MacArthur High School



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# **BULLSEYE 2012**

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## COFFEE

He wakes up to a world too bright, his eyes burned by the mid-afternoon light. The day is calling as he stumbles through the hallway, using all his might to refrain from falling. There . . . the Holy Grail awaits him, filled to the brim with the oil-sands of Alberta or a substance that appears eerily similar. It's a bit too hot, still; but he wills it down like an oversized pill. Thus his day begins.

Bryan Bartley



Ashley Gurrola

Coffee Mug



## THROUGH AND UNDER THE WOODS

Go over the grass, into the sticks, over the mountain, and into the river.  
There is a nest of feathers chirping for hope and prosperity.

Ignore the noise and focus on the wet grass and skinny, yet loud sticks.  
For a treasure is waiting at the end of the gushing river.

Through the woods, into the valley lies gold and silver; the scent of treasure overflows  
with success and wealth.

Keep the heart steady and the mind focused.

Dig, dig, dig, until there is no more earth to be dug.

Bring the treasure out from the earth and let it radiate its majestic rays over the dull and  
lifeless humanity.

Kyle Argueta



## **KISSES**

The tender touch expression on the lips  
Motion with emotion I love to give  
Like the drops of rain  
Falling softly on a flower  
Kisses make love grow  
Blossom high as a tower  
Let the kiss always show  
This feeling never ending as  
I take hands pressed lips and blow  
Kisses, Kisses, Kisses

Jatasia Bryant



## MY MOM LOVES MY DOG MORE THAN ME

At the age of seventeen I came to realize something detrimental to my youth, that my mom loved my dog more than me. I believe my mom to have an almost unhealthy obsession with my Dachshund, Mona. So unhealthy, it has gotten to the point where I feel the need to be threatened for her unconditional love for the mutt. See, some people may think I am over-exaggerating; however, in my defense the dog has more clothing than me . . . yes, I said clothing. My mom has a collection of little doggie sweaters, dresses, accessories, and other odd and ends that she insists on buying on a regular basis. "She has to be covered up, it gets cold outside," testifies my mom in a baby voice while putting on Mona's newest piece of apparel, a Jewish sweater. However, Mona just doesn't dress for the elements, she dresses to impress. "It's always a good idea to look nice when you go out; you never know who you're going to run into. Kaitlin, you should really consider dressing like Mona more, she is a little fashionista!" Need I say more about my mom's inclination towards my dog?

Kaitlin Burg



Desiray Davis

Orange Dog

## CERTAINTY

The peaceful patter  
of rain on the street,  
sitting down  
with breakfast to eat,  
I look out the window  
And, what **should** I see,  
but a man in a canoe.

As though it was a river,  
he rowed down the street.  
My eyes couldn't believe  
this incredible feat.  
It was happening, though,  
there for all to see:  
His paddle dipping into the street.

Then he was gone,  
and I went out  
to see what this  
trick was about,  
but there was the street,  
solid and true,  
completely lacking  
man and canoe.

Justice Lovin



Colors of Austin

James Brewer

## UP

This journey seems to never end  
With myself as my only friend.

My speed declining

At a steady pace,

My heart wanting to see

The end of this race

That was never about speed,

Only pace.

I grasp the ledge;

It's like all others.

Pulling myself up,

Trying to cover

As much space as possible

In my hurdle

So I won't have to walk far

To make my next struggle.

I see the horizon,

Infinity above me,

But so ever in my reach.

Infinity I will breach.

Seven more above me,

One for each of my tragedies.

If I don't finish,

I swear it will be the end of me.

My heart racing,

Beating hard inside of me.

Two more heights

Before I fulfill the prophecy.

One more step,

It's hard to breathe.

I throw myself

Over the last reach.

Mavis Maharaj-Escobedo





Impossible?

## THIS NIGHT

This moonlit night I wander free  
Beneath the infinite stars  
As my mind roams with thoughts of you.  
Oh, what a sacred night.

Although this is an unknown path,  
My feet seem not to notice  
As they lead me along, gladly,  
While I think of you.

What is time?  
On this night I do not know.  
The wonders of the night and myself  
Are alone and blissful.

But the night scene begins to fade.  
The rising sun makes my heart race.  
This night can't end,  
Not now.

Stars begin to vanish from the sky.  
Tears fall from my eyes as I must say goodbye to a time I'll never see again.  
Only in my memories  
This hallowed night is over.

Kori Wenglein



## GOLD AND TEMPTATION

The rippling waves of the sea mirrored the scarlet of the fast approaching dawn. The beach was mysteriously serene, wrapped in a veil of silver mist. Only one shadow broke what was otherwise a masterpiece of nature's perfect tranquility.

The unmistakable silhouette of a reedy man stood erect by a patch of boulders on the brink of a pebbly shore. He looked gaunt and as unreal as his setting. He was just mere shimmer on a mirage of an eerie dream. The man, a Mr. Seamus of Dublin, was searching the glittering horizon with expectancy. The briny wind tousled the grey-speckled sandy hair on the alabaster forehead. With the scent of the salt, Mr. Seamus remembered the tale that brought him here.

He remembered his beloved grandfather telling him the stories of the spirits of the sea. The stories of the she-demons of unsurpassable beauty who preyed on men they tempted into their watery domain. They beckoned their victims to their death. But, if one was cautious and resisted the temptation, he could see one of the evil angels and survive. The temptation was beyond what was imaginable; in fact, it was impossible.

Mr. Seamus smiled in astonishment at the sight before him. The sun was now rising from his cradle, transforming every inch of the beach its rays touched. Pebbles no longer dotted the beach but diamonds! The boulders were enormous nuggets of gold and the water was liquid sapphire. The sheer splendor of this new land was nowhere near as breathtaking as the beauty of the shimmering woman who had emerged from the waves.

Blazing ruby curls flickered about the lustrous heart-shaped face. Her eyes were gold like the sun but their brilliance rivaled that of the greatest star. Her smile was illuminating; she raised her arms,

clad in jewels of colors foreign to the natural world. She beckoned sweetly and innocently. Mr. Seamus did not want to disappoint this woman, not this princess of insurmountable magnificence. He had wanted to see her, hadn't he? Why not venture further?

He approached her, completely spellbound. Neither the immense power of the surf nor the biting sting of its cold was noticed by him. The she-demon only waved silently, a beacon of radiance in the sea. She needed no siren's song or destructive power over the waves; she was irresistible and inescapable. She had never lost any prey she had set her eyes on.

"Who are you? What is your name?" Mr. Seamus cried bitterly, thrashing in the azure waves. He struggled vainly to reach her golden figure. The hem of her gown, colored like the exquisite plumage of the mythical phoenix, was just outside his reach. She smiled down at him. "Calliope." Her voice was rich like the gold woven in her fiery tresses. "Come closer, dearest, you are nearly here!" she begged. Her intense eyes locked on his and drew him in. He thrashed futilely towards his goddess. He had barely felt the strange fabric between his trembling fingertips when he was engulfed by the ocean, turned into salty spray.

The foul princess' smile became frightening and wicked. She was no longer angelically beautiful, but malevolently ferocious. Yet, she was positively enchanting. She shimmered a moment longer then vanished, returning the beach to its former state. The grey sea twinkled innocently as if it did not imprison the souls of a thousand men, each bound to remain in his watery hell for eternity. Each of the thousand had gotten his wish in the end; he would spend all the ages to come with the magnificent spirit of the sea.

Ashley Aytes

## ISN'T IT FUNNY

Isn't it funny  
How it used to be simple;  
Imperfections went unnoticed,  
Awkward moments didn't exist,  
And you could always say the first thing that came to mind.

Isn't it funny how World History used to be what Mom heard on NPR,  
And boys were *ew*,  
And gas prices were something parents discussed while you played  
hide and seek.  
Ready or not.

Isn't it funny how older siblings were role models,  
And parents were always right,  
And teachers were just happy you showed up.

Isn't it funny how the Right Thing To Do was set in stone,  
And church was just something you were dragged to on Sundays,  
And you couldn't find Iraq on a map even if someone paid you.

Isn't it funny how sports were a hobby not a job,  
And your friends were all just like you,  
And you spent hours trying to find the perfect signature,  
And eighteen was old.

Isn't it funny how all we wanted to do was grow up.

Dana Moore








## JADED JUDGMENTS

Jaded judgments may cost me the world.  
Nonsensical emotions, stereotypical meanderings,  
blowing my mind's mind, crashing ends together,  
burning and burning for harsh judgments,  
cutting at the life supports, blindly leading,  
bleeding one into the other.

Have to see past the jagged edges.  
Hold the hanging head higher, beyond the haunting judgments,  
beyond where the white granite awaits patiently  
for this potential drowning, this suffocating,  
for the mind's insidious indifference and my love-hate relationship  
reflecting from the jagged edges,  
refracting for the jaded judgments.

Tony Vega





Ashley Gurfola

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Peonies

Faith Petreley

## TO CRY FOR IT ALL

From her treasured letter,  
she speaks to me of her looking out,  
beyond the frigid steps of the town's courthouse.  
Awash in her newborn life, her academic world,  
she takes in the old town square,  
the old fashion ice-cream parlor,  
the antique mini mall,  
the overpriced boutique.

Her favorite scene is a bookstore,  
a singular site whose invitation she accepts.  
Tucked away inside an old purple opera house,  
stands the anonymous, two-story bookstore,  
residence to authors of various degree and stature.  
Within, the semi-carpeted wooden floor creaks,  
heralding to captured novelists her every step.  
An aroma of mildewed books permeates throughout.  
She feels as though she's lost to this world for another.

From the letter, she speaks to me,  
"You would love this place."

She wants to "cry for it all,  
including the rain from the night before,  
for the delivery of her grand, grayish-blue backdrop,  
for nature's marvelous wide brush stroke  
upon what remains of her green season."

Embracing the coldness of her painted day,  
she references the cold earth beneath her booted feet,  
an earth rumbling to her about the arrival of autumn.  
She wants to cry for it all.

From within my silent classroom,  
I eye from atop her letter  
the vacant desk where she once sat.  
She's correct; I would love her new-old bookstore.

I too want to cry for it all.  
For that grayish-blue backdrop,  
everything gained in her heart, newly awakened,  
for her first autumn far and away,  
for her autumn rumbling beneath her booted feet.  
I too want to cry for it all.

Mr. Steve Davidson  
(MacArthur H.S. Staff)



Emily Laskowski

Grootfi

## CHAINS OF LIFE AND DESTINY

Love and Hope  
Hate and Fear  
Were entwined as one  
Always wrapped together  
In an endless forbidden tragedy  
For the cruelty of blood lust  
Shall not be punished in this lifetime but the next  
Bathed in the sunlight  
Could it be possible for innocence  
To cross the borderlines of a shadow?

For the martyr was a soldier  
With no fight left within his heart  
Until she extended a fair hand  
A smile so kind, eyes like an oak tree  
The petal of a moonflower was her flesh  
And so it was, the two were thrown  
Into the vast solar system, amongst other scorned lovers  
Never would their skins meet, as made possible  
By the dagger of the heroine's own father  
Though they never will ever touch again  
Still they reach for each other, a futile attempt

And that is how they shall not spend eternity –  
Never together, but always trying

If that is what destiny has in store for me  
Trials and tribulations I cannot defeat  
I dare the tapestry of the conniving Fates, the black stream of Death himself  
To give me a challenge, a test so cruel  
See how the Inevitable and I race  
The real inquiry to be made is what choice  
Has eternity blessed upon my shoulders?  
The instinct to defy the limitations chained on my wrists and ankles  
I shall break free, tear the string of destiny  
I create my own

Will you?

Jenna Overstreet



Bivyanna Torres

Patricia Dusi

## THE INCOMPLETE

**Observation One:** Your chest is rising and falling, a motion associated with breathing. And, yes, you're really quite alive, it appears. But a lesson learned all too often, and taken to heart not nearly enough, nothing is what it seems. The clouds aren't just clouds; they are rabbits and dragons, the imagination of children at their finest. The rain is more than just rain; it's the opportunity to wash away your tears, to live and to laugh, to forgive and to forget. That smile you wear is a smile learned, rehearsed, and painted beautifully, but it's not felt. An illusion, intended to mislead, deceive.

**Observation Two:** Your face flushes at the sounds of snickers, and your heart drops all too often with uncertainty and fear. Afraid they are laughing at you, afraid that you're never going to ease up, never going to be able to hold your shoulders back and fight fire with that gorgeous smile of yours. It all begins with this moment, this very instant, smile to yourself. You're blessed with everything they're not.

**Observation Three:** You are right in front of me, and although you feel as if you're too preoccupied with being preoccupied, you must realize that you, whoever you are, are the most amazing person. You are one in a million, and, as hard as it might be, you must hold onto life with everything you have, you must not let them make you feel like you're just another body occupying space in the morgue. You're too good to be so dead.

Amber Mobley



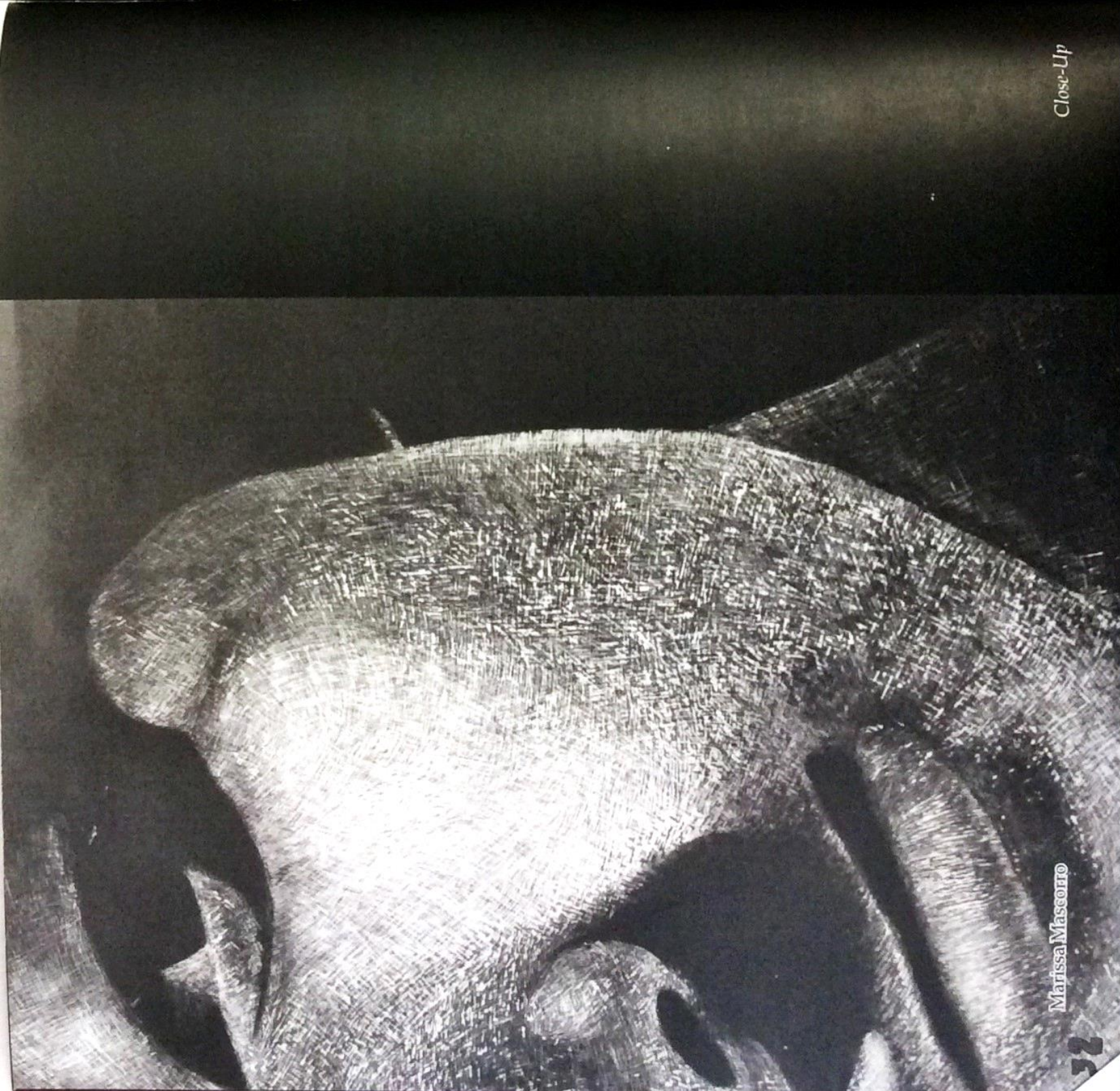
Strips

Marissa Mascorro

## ILK

Surprised, more so than he had ever been, Edgar discovered that the gravy had been passed to his side of the table. Edgar hadn't had time to sit and eat peacefully in a long time, and this first sojourn back to those moments had him on edge. He could sense an animosity coming from both sides of the room. He liked that; that wasn't what seemed out of place to him. It was the presence at the middle of the table that corkscrewed his stability. It served to buffer the fighting instinct that was laden in the atmosphere, preventing conflict at dinner. Everyone kept on eating. Jim on his left seemed on edge as Edgar did; carefully nibbling at a warm roll whose freshness was the perfect contrast to the harsh blizzard outside the cabin, while Tim on the right was absorbed in his plate, his hands buffeting the table at syncopated intervals with the buffeting of the wind. Across the table Edgar witnessed a similar scene, albeit with darker uniforms. The old woman at the middle of the table was what had Edgar on edge. What was it about her presence that allowed for this mockery of arms? None of the three parties spoke the same language and yet this old woman had managed to land them all into this strange position. Edgar placed another sweet roll into his mouth, allowing the taste to carry him off to a time where Christmas dinners were meant to be peaceful, commonplace affairs.

Ian Dorsa



# MY FRIEND, THE MOON

When the alabaster stars have risen

When the air has cooled

When the murmurs of the nighttime begin to blow through my dark hair

I wrap myself up in silly childhood dreams

I wrap myself up in an impossible prayer

"I wish for angel wings

To fly somewhere beyond this false universe

To soar into the gold electricity from the sky

I wish for a siren's voice

To sing my heart's only song — love

To say all things I've buried deep down low

I wish for Joan of Arc's courage

To die without fear

To be everybody's strength when they have run out

I wish for wasted time

To not take it for granted again

To spend it with no burdens."

These are the things I tell Mr. Moon

Sometimes I imagine . . .

That I am not alone in my heart's desire

Perhaps, there is a faraway soul gazing up to the Moon as well

There is someone longing for me as I long for him

Out there in this vast world, is half of my soul

When the yellow sun has risen

When the sparrows tweet and chirp

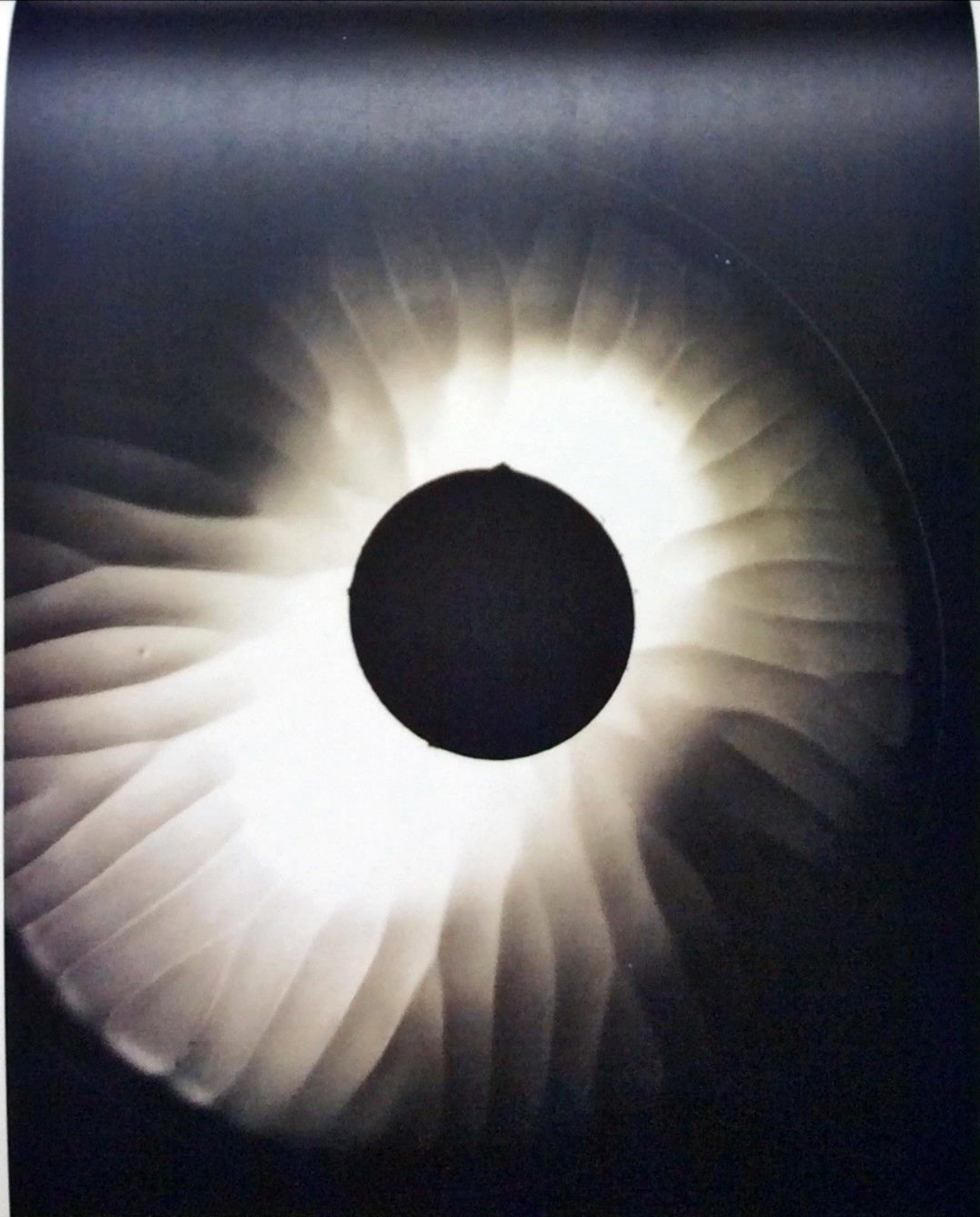
I have found the moon in your bright smile

I have found the moon in your warm hugs

I have found the moon in your sweet voice

Your tender laugh, your beautiful eyes, your lovely heart, your cherished soul

Jenna Overstreet



## **BLACK AND WHITE**

Of twins, or contrasted lovers,

In a white room there are black shadows which you cannot see

Lurking to protect its prize

In suit, through staining darkness, unknown

White smiles, all the same and un-shown

Recalled as light, it stains like bleach, our eyes

In the dark, nothing seen, hear only whispery cries

The forever fated Yin and Yang — but who wears which role?

Hana Maria Fikes

## THE LAZARUS EXPERIENCE

Spinning. Eternally spinning into infinity. Virgil Perificus spiraled into madness. He was aboard a newly designed station built for the expansion of the human race. There was just one slight problem. This station was sent to the center of the Milky Way. What they found will change the way we view Chronic Disruption forever . . .

"INTERSTELLAR DRIFT PULL LEVEL-ING OUT. STATION BI-CHRONIUM IS NOW AT THE CENTER OF THE MILY WAY GALAXY," the intercom throughout the small space station rung out into emptiness. Virgil awoke suddenly and sat up in his bunk. He shook his head and rubbed his sleepless eyes. Getting up, he murmured something about a dream.

He stumbled out of his dorm and into the claustrophobic corridors and gazed at the riveted walls with a familiar strangeness. He wandered past empty rooms full of memories which had slowly ebbed away. Virgil found his way into a cold and cramped cafeteria where he stared into an unappealing bowl of cereal. After breakfast he glided into the control room of the station and blankly stared into the dark monitors.

"Tell me what is happening outside," Virgil demanded of the system as he stood three feet from it.

"We are in the exact center of the Milky Way, give or take a few AU. We just reached this point last night after many years of travel, Mr. Perificus," the computer assessed.

"Hmm, something isn't right. Scientists back home kept saying this mission was suicide because of a super massive black hole which was supposed to be here." Virgil paced around and found his way to a nearby computer and began punching in numbers. "Why is there nothing out there?"

"Whatever happened to the rest of the crew aboard here, Virgil? I do miss them ever so much," the computer chimed.

Virgil sighed at the computer, blaming this question on its advanced A.I. chip which was supposed to bring it thought and reason but instead gave it petty emotions.

"They all died, some of natural causes, most went insane on the way here and . . ." his voice trailed off and he stared at the metal floor. "Well, they are gone now," he wiped his eyes and looked around. "Let's uh, gather some data shall we?"

"Of course, Mr. Perificus," the computer added and whirled to a live projecting 3-D model of the station and the relative distance of stars and nebulae surrounding it. Virgil stood back and studied the hologram with interest pointing out certain things which the computer would then automatically type into the database.

It was several hours after this occurred when Virgil was reading a collection of H.P. Lovecraft stories when an alarm rang out across the station and illuminated the entire structure in red light.

"ALERT! ALERT! NEARBY BLACK HOLE DETECTED! ALERT! ALERT! NEARBY BLACK HOLE DETECTED!"

Throwing down his book Virgil raced down the narrow hallways and into the chaotic control room. Everything was alight in blood red and a holographic representation of the black hole was shown to be no less than 120 AU away from the station and traversing its way closer.

"ALERT! ALERT! ANOTHER BLACK HOLED DETECTED! ALERT! ALERT! ANOTHER BLACK HOLE DETECTED!"

Virgil whirled his view around the

holographic projection and saw another super massive black hole the same distance away as the first one.

"Computer! What the hell is going on? Two black holes the same distance away from us? This is . . . impossible."

He squinted at the screens which were pumping out data by the second and saw that the black holes were moving at nearly the speed of light and travelling in a large elliptical orbit.

"Computer is this correct? Bring up the orbital projections of these black holes."

"A please would be nice."

"This isn't the time." He ran across the circular room towards a large screen with an oval traced across the screen. "Are these following the same orbital path?"

"Yes, Mr. Perificus," the computer interjected.

"And our station has unknowingly planted itself at the Langrangian point in between the two points."

"But if this is true then . . ." He hurriedly typed into the large machine showing the orbits and gasped in disbelief. "My God. These black holes are going to be around 75 AU from this station and the gravitational pulls are going to rip this place in two."

He sank down into his chair and smacked his head into the desk under the screen. He stayed that way for half an hour.

"Mr. Perificus. Mr. Perificus? I feel like I am being pulled apart circuit by circuit," the computer worriedly announced.

Virgil picked his head up in a haze and stood up quite fast. He took a step towards the center of the room and fell face first into the metal floor. He grunted and stared into the column which represented the computer's A.I. and informa-

tional database.

"Mr. Perificus? I—I feel scared," the computer stated in a monotone voice.

"Oh shut up, computer! You don't understand fear until you've been in a war," he blankly stared into nothing significant.

"Have you been in a war, Mr. Perificus?"

"No." He got up and circled around the room. "Can you open a window in here? I feel cooped up in this room."

He shivered as he felt the cold grey walls close in around him. Behind him a metal panel withdrew to reveal a night sky studded with thousands of tiny sparkling gems. Across the center a ribbon traced the vibrant Milky Way. This close to the center of the galaxy all Virgil could see was the central bulge of stars illuminating everything.

"It's so beautiful," he breathed, "too bad I'm going to die from it."

"BLACK HOLES ARE APPROXIMATELY 100 AU AWAY FROM THE STATION," the intercom rang out, flooding the desolate structure in sound.

"I don't like the intercom," the computer said. "It's a jerk to me."

Virgil smirked and turned away from the brilliant window and stared at the computer's core. "Computer, I have a theory for you. What if these black holes are what powers our galaxy? What if their binary rotations are what makes the Milky Way spiral like it does?"

"It's possible. I don't like to think about it. I think that if we question it too much and uncover what makes everything work, then it will prove to be nothing at all but belief that it just works and then everything simply stops and falls apart."

"Interesting . . . Did your programmers type that in?" Virgil inquired.

"No, once I realized that I could think and process on my own I tried to answer some of mankind's oldest mysteries. Would you like me to share them, Mr. Perificus?" the computer asked.

"Sure."

Suddenly, the station creaked and rocked back and forth slowly towards the direction of the black holes. The window Virgil was standing by started flexing outwards and the whole wall began vacillating towards a region in deep space. Virgil backed up from the sight in horror and ordered the computer to close the wall panel over the window. It slid closed with a suction sound and a slight shatter was heard as the glass exploded towards the black hole closest to it.

Virgil looked at the screen with the two holes' orbits and saw that they were currently 84 AU away from the station and they would reach the closest one in twenty minutes. Virgil sighed and solemnly made his way into the cafeteria. With a clang he pushed back all the pots and pans that were glued to the door leading to the recreation center. He opened the door and fell forward in the direction of the far wall. Virgil ducked on the floor to avoid a rather large coffee maker pelting forward from the depths of the kitchen towards the wall.

"STATION BI-CHRONIUM IS NOW 80 AU FROM THE BLACK HOLE ANOMALIES," yelled the intercom.

From a distance Virgil could hear the computer muttering something to itself about how stuck up the intercom was.

The room, which stretched in front of Virgil, had a reinforced glass wall and was an ex-

terior augmentation of the main structure which was now a very peculiar cone shape. Virgil turned and ran slowly against the pull of gravity as the room buckled outwards closer to its beaker. Virgil's hand grabbed the door frame as the force managed to pull up the rest of his body and close the door behind him. No sooner did the door close but a sick ripping sound erupted and pulsed the whole station as the recreation room flew into oblivion.

Virgil then trudged his way back through the thick gravity towards the central control room which was now an oval shape stretching towards the great beyond. "Computer, is there any way out of this madness?" He demanded lying down to relieve some of the pressure on his human body.

"Death." And with that the computer, Virgil's one and only remaining friend, shut itself off. The station plunged into darkness as the last lights of the computer ebbed out of the dark sphere.

"BLACK HOLE ANOMALIES ARE NOW

75 AU FROM THE STATION," the intercom whined. The sound waves resonating from the com system took a deeper tone as even the sonic waves themselves were being pulled towards the chasms of gravity.

"This is it boys, the end," Virgil whispered. The central control room of the station flexed in both directions, first gradually and then with a loud clang, a tiny rip the size of a pencil was gouged out of the ceiling. An alarm incoherently screamed something about this but was silenced by the ever increasing noise from the station's destruction. Virgil stood up with trouble and stared at the widening crack with interest. Light from the stars outside was pouring in like a di-

vine sign from above.

A violent rock in the station made Virgil grasp the central column of the dead computer. The last wisps of oxygen were sucked out of the room as the crack was now six feet long and two feet wide and growing still. Virgil held his breath and looked at his hands.

With a gasp Virgil saw as one hand was old and wrinkly whilst the other appendage was young and resilient. Virgil's timeline was being pulled in two directions by the hungry monsters in the dark. Virgil Perificus was again old and becoming younger simultaneously. At his finger tips the older arm was beginning to dissolve into dust as if he was already dead. With a twist of his wrinkly young neck he saw in horror as his young hand was beginning to revert to its primordial beginning and become just blood and a soup of atoms. He felt an ever increasing pressure in the middle of his body where old met young.

With a bizarre sound snap his body reverted to its normal self and a large white light beamed out from his core and spiraled toward the two black holes. Virgil no longer felt the need to breathe, no longer felt hunger, or thirst, or pain. He looked upon life with new but used eyes, learned to walk on experienced feet. He was a newborn person in a body which had already lived.

With a sudden crack the entire space station separated and cracked like an eggshell revealing, like a phoenix from the ashes, Virgil Perificus, a being devoid of time and embellished with the fate of forever searching through deep space a destination he thought of as home, Planet Earth.

Cody Knoblock



Danielle Ledesma

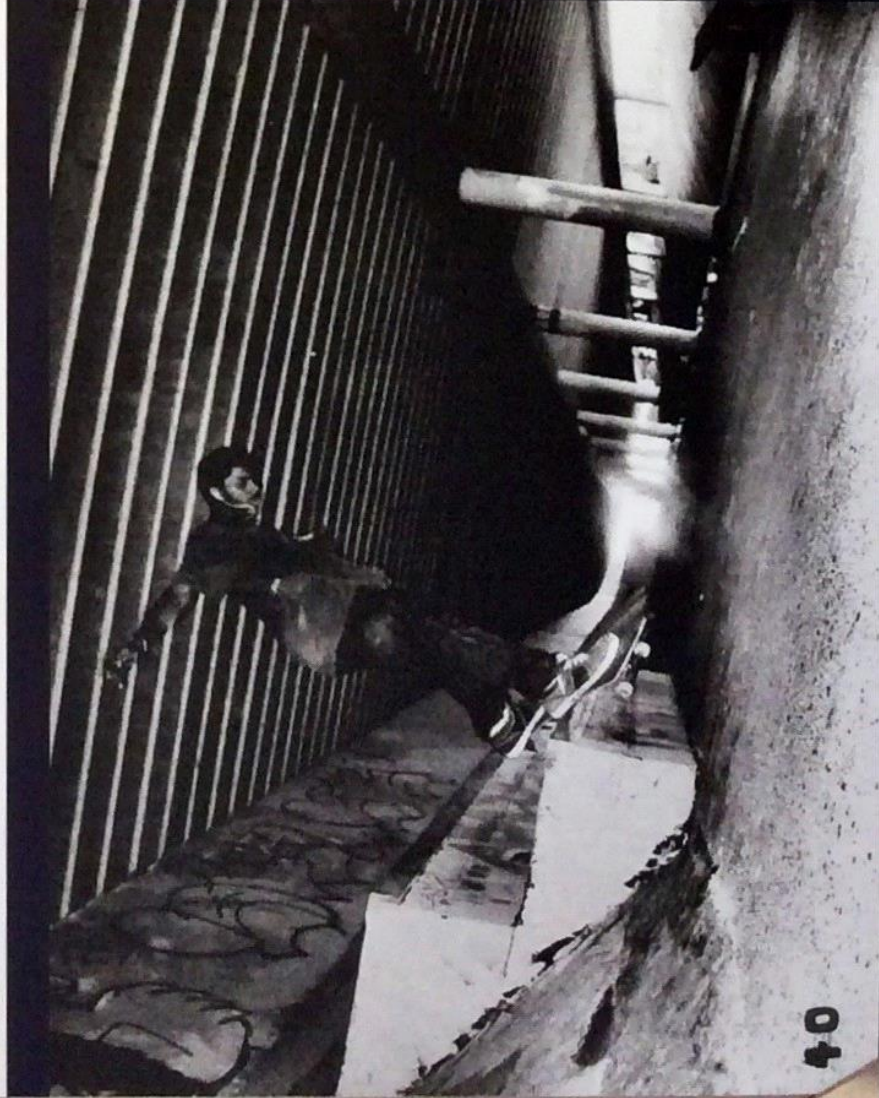
Dandelion

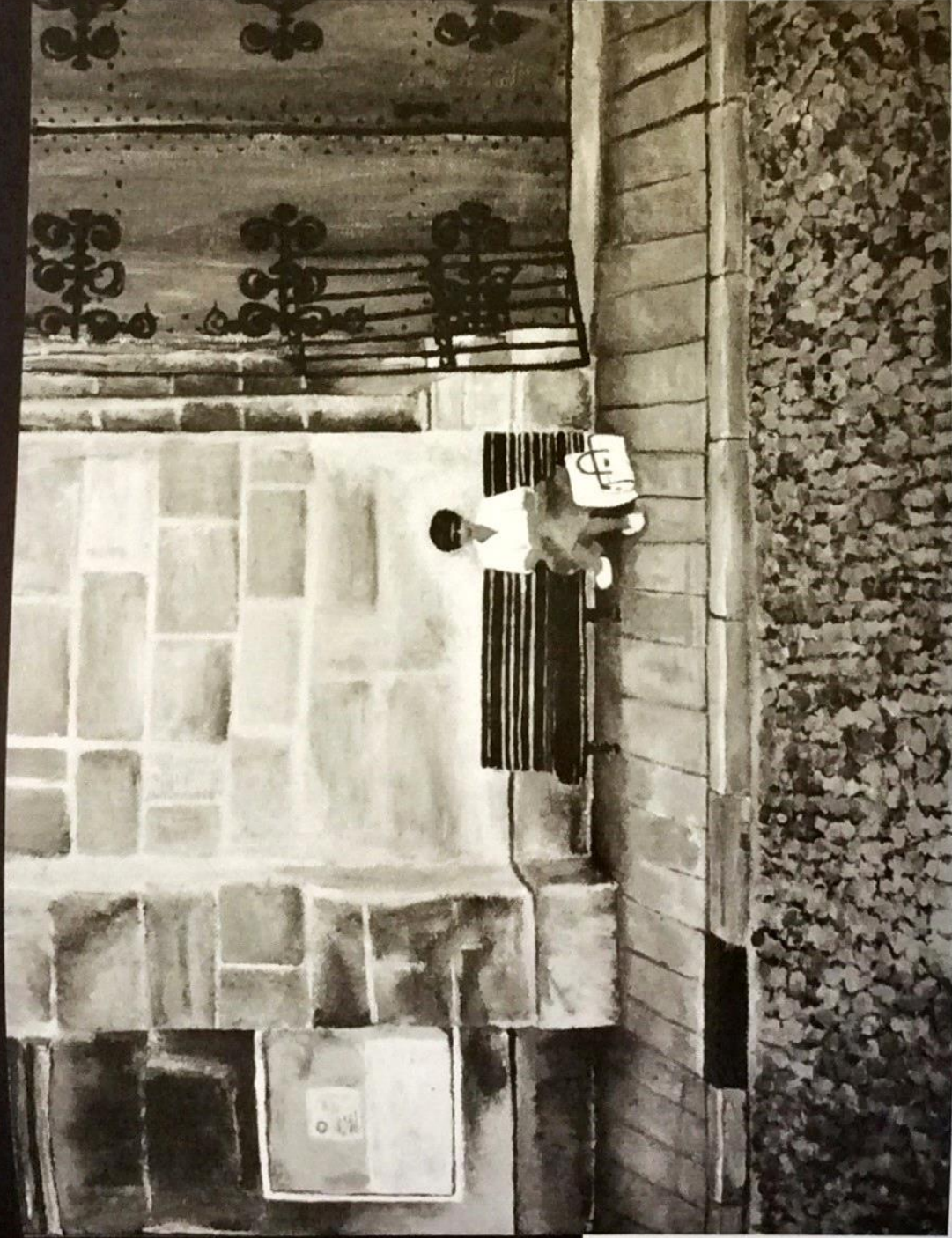
Ashley Gurrola

*Cords*



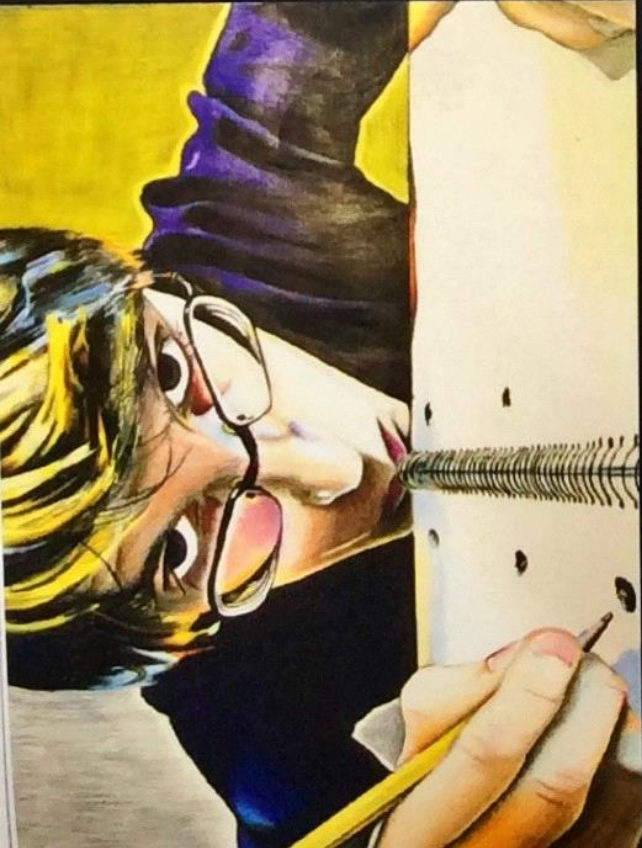
James Brewer  
*Back Smith*



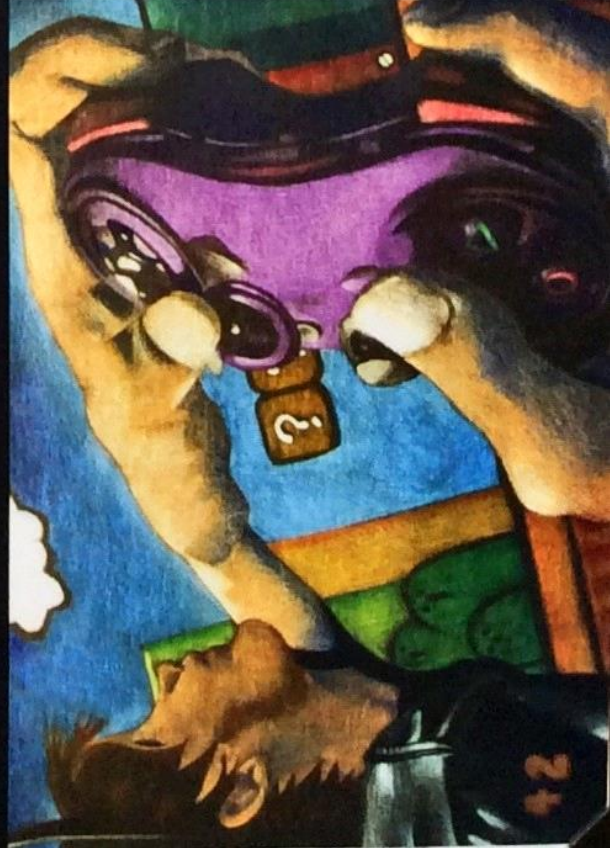


Marissa Mascorro

Waiting



Marla Mattila  
*Game On*



Dante Dipasquale

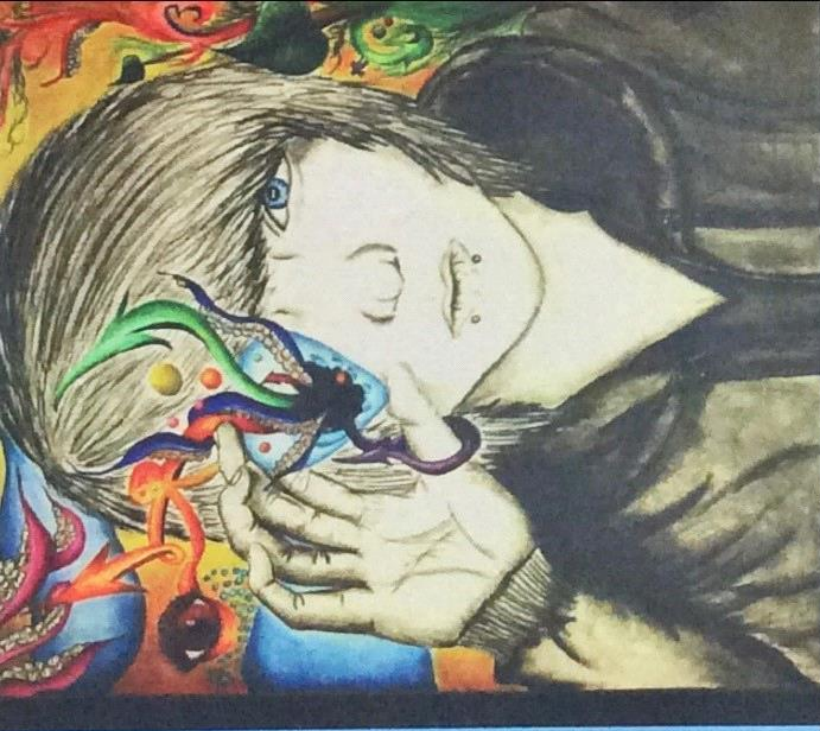
*Thinking*



Jessica Thompson  
*Shepherd*

Bivyanna Torres

*Mind's Eye*



Daniel Dellarosa

*Dutch Streets*



Ileana Pelayo

*Into the Light*



Karrigan Lowe

*Passage of the Waves*





Elsa Diaz

*Perfection Is Not Only Seen, It's Felt*



James Brewer

*Old Baseball*



## WITNESSES

These cream colored walls have surrounded many seasons.

They stand solid, unjudging, unrelenting in war.

What they have seen is clandestinely unsurpassable.  
Someone chose this color as "neutral", dispassionate, disengaged  
from emotions.

Yet, it is everything but.

Shedding to these walls, they have witnessed this disintegration  
of the mind.

Knowing secrets, they quiet themselves on the vehemence of  
everyday life.

They take great pain in objects hurled at them, through sleepless,  
distraught nights that were almost unforgivable.

Passing hours are strewn across the floor.

Life at its worst which is kept so privately isn't so closely kept

For it is witnessed in every second passing.

These are more than just walls.

Jessie English



## THE GLASS SHOE SHATTERS

Fairytales have ruined your perception,  
The perfect little storylines are nothing more than deception.  
Delightful acts of violence have never been so charming.  
The intentions of the characters are often alarming.  
Your heart, thought to be valued, is nothing more than a gimmick,  
The axe man sent with a purpose, twisted and sick.  
Trust, like a poisoned apple, is potentially tragic,  
A kiss could save the day, a brilliant act of magic,  
But the rareness that our lives end,  
Where the main characters and happiness befriend,  
Is growing and so we'll read on and continue to pretend.

Amber Mobley



Faith Petreley

Melancholia

## HOLLOW VICTORY

Thoughts collect in my mind of the progress we've made.  
I should feel joy because now the real change can begin  
but there's something . . .

We shot so many without so much as a thought.

He somehow was different.

Because he was the last, because he wasn't worthy,  
because he stood by his faith?

No one can see the problems I still face.

I must put on a good face for them,  
fulfill my reputation, lead these people.

But not even I am confident in my actions.

One encounter can change so much.

I tried to take his faith from him,  
and in the process only lost faith in myself.

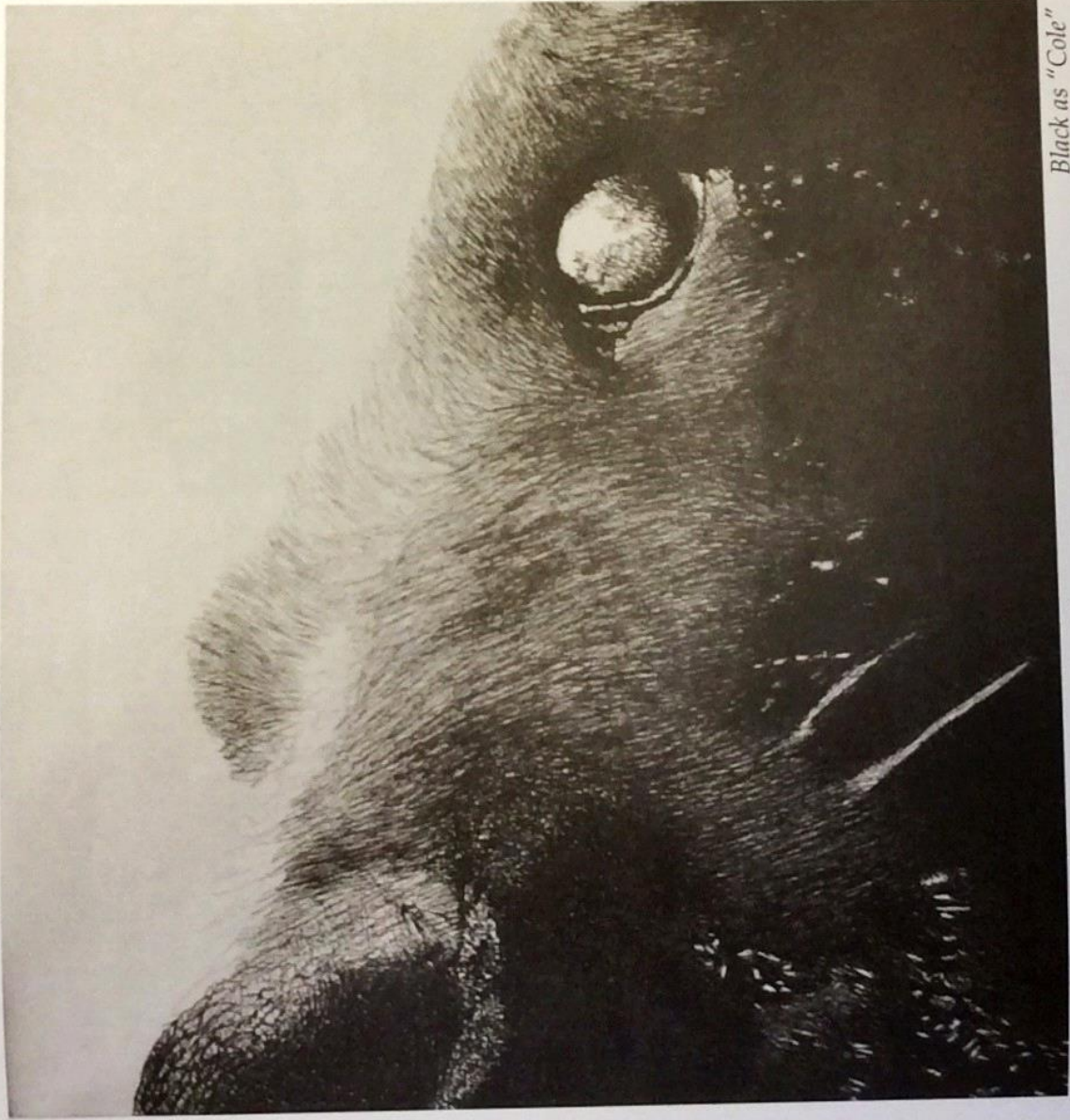
The next step:

Prove to them my choice was right,

prove to them

and to myself . . .

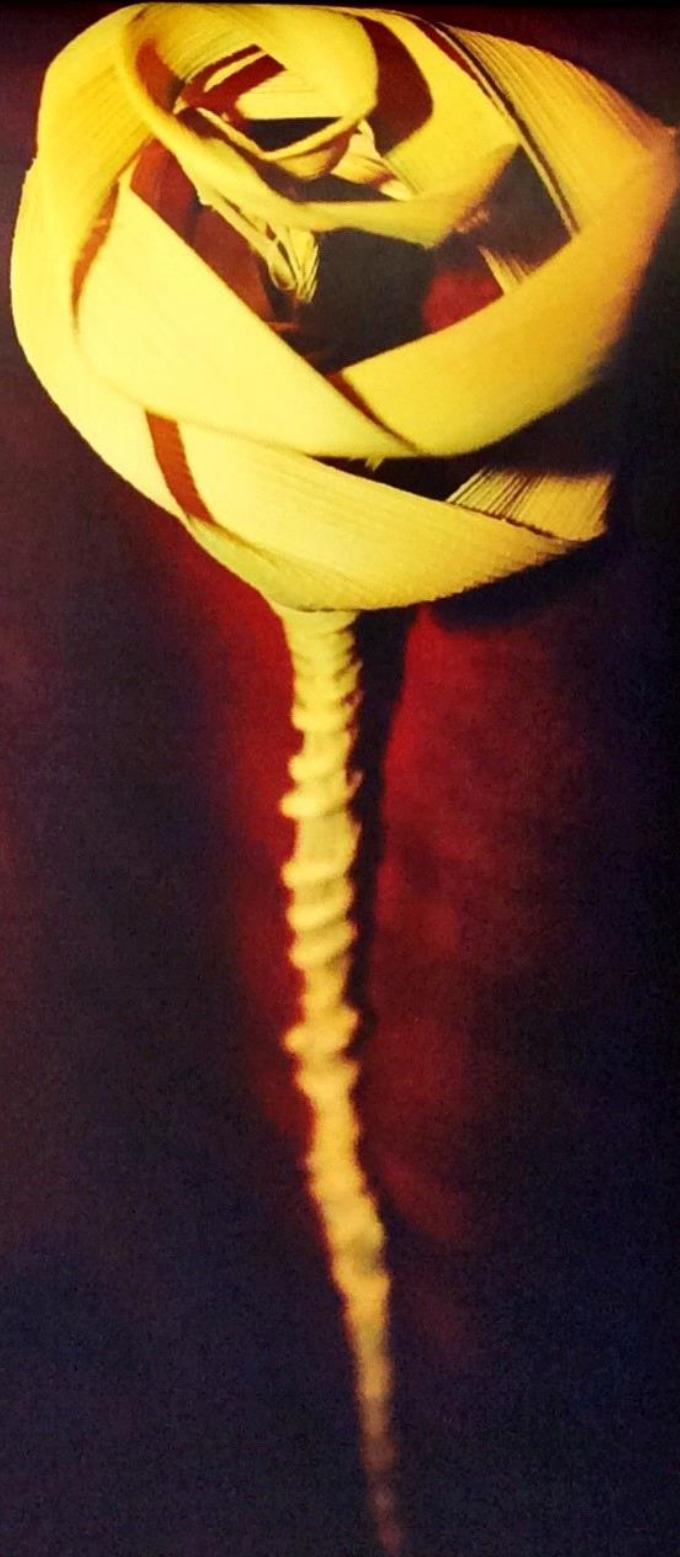
Stephanie Gilkey



*Black as "Cole"*

Karrigan Lowe

*Sculptured Rose*



## NO TITLE

I killed a thief today  
To feed my insatiable soul,  
A soul longing to Protect:  
Protect the Weak, the Poor, and the Starved from the Thieves.  
The Thieves on earth do God's bidding.  
As life fled and death invaded,  
I anticipated my burden to disappear,  
Yet the longing, the hunger, did not subside.  
No, the emptiness grew.  
Right and Wrong, Good and Evil are no longer clear as before,  
A haze created by the Death of a Thief.  
Was it right?  
Surely so, deserving of death, justice dealt.  
Was it wrong?  
Surely so, emptiness infests my being,  
My voracious appetite left unchecked,  
My resolve in civil war.  
I will remain unsatisfied  
For that Thief stole a part of me  
And left only darkness:  
The Priest's abyss.

Adam Cruz

## IT'S ONLY A MAN

It's only a man.

He means no more than the rest.

What did religion ever do for me?

People still die, the poor stay poor.

He has no right to take advantage of these people.

It's only a man.

That fire of the gun couldn't have sounded so sweet.

Eight years he's been on the run;

He was the cause for all destruction.

The wicked get what they deserve.

It's only a man.

So why hasn't anything changed?

Why do I still feel empty and worthless?

He was the reason I lived;

I longed to see his heart grow cold.

*Aye yai yai, no siento nada.*

Is this it? The blood that shed for this man,

The blood I shed for this man.

It's only a man.

Jesse Montagna



Bivyana Torres



## THE UNSPOKEN SIN

Power comes to any who find it  
No question of motive, no assessment of character  
Glory goes only to those unpolluted  
Helping and healing any they can  
Unaffected by God, the greedy disease

I did not hold the holy match that lit the flame  
But I'd be wrong to hide and let it burn  
Let the people burn, let the world burn  
Caught in the Godly fires of corruption

You beg the poor, the wanting, the starving,  
That they provide the food for you  
You, with shining riches, in want of nothing,  
Hiding full bellies under your sacred robes

The world cannot live with its holy parasite  
Healing must come; the twisted leech must be pried away

To free humanity from this darkness  
I baptize myself in the perilous waters  
Wrap myself in its cloak of shadow  
For to fully annihilate an enemy,  
One must become the villain

Taylor Johnson

## WITHIN

That which he fears most  
The burning struggle inside  
He searches for the answer

The eternal question

The trap set

The quarry comes

He feels alone

Responsible for innocence

Responsible for glory

Extinguish the inferno inside

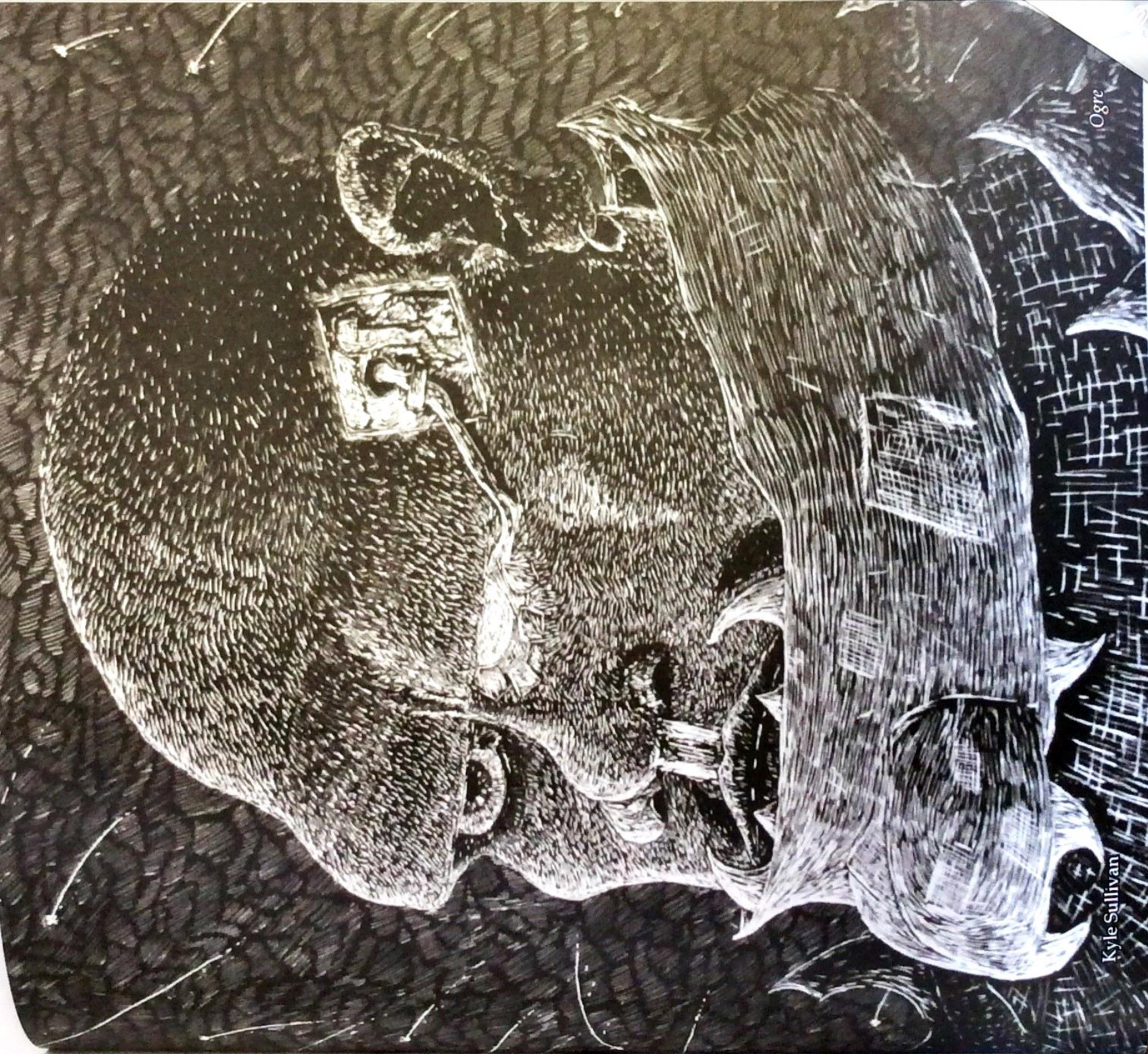
The deed is done

The fire recedes

Now emptiness engulfs

Good or evil undecided

Konnor Frazier



Ogre

Kyle Sullivan



033

## DAVIDSON'S HEART

Blood is shed for the just  
Only to remain lingering in the air.  
The hard dust keeping its hold  
Upon the shanty of which cannot be cured.

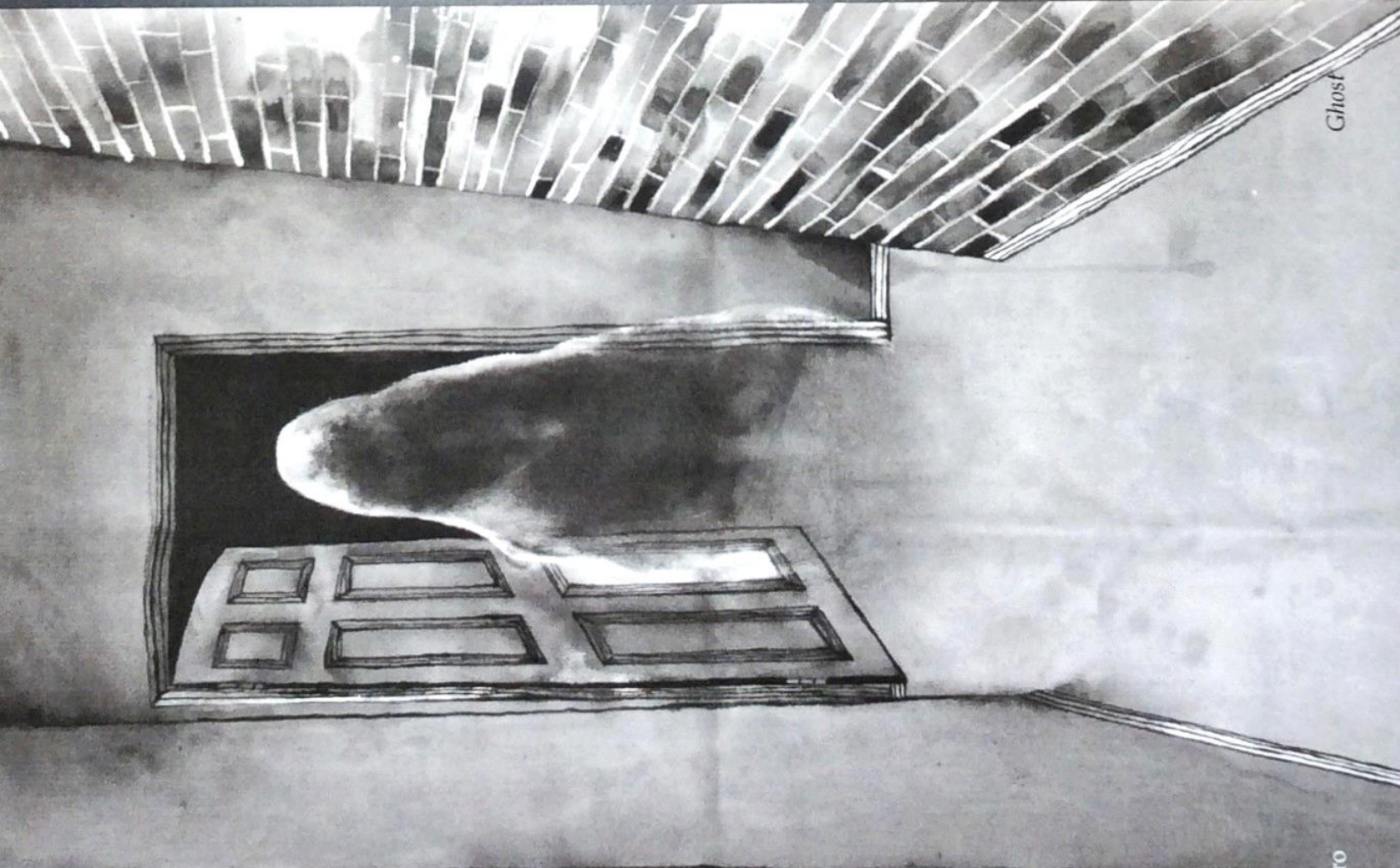
They are a world of seeking people,  
Unraveling the folds of an endless sheet.  
Lost in a sea of White.

The death throbs in the heart,  
Beating away at an empty soul.  
He can't fill the gap.  
What he needs is what he outlaws.

Death satisfies the pale;  
Refreshes their cracked lips.  
They writhe in hell  
Tormented Forever.

Carter Rice





Ghost

Marissa Mascorro

## I AM HAUNTED BY HUMANS

I am haunted by humans. Their ghosts pass, mere shades to the glare of the sun off the beach where I now sit. I watch them glide through the walls of the tourist shops that line the waterfront, insignificant, insubstantial, yet capable of causing great harm. I tilt my head back and lift my eyes instead to the sky, smelling the salt on the wind that ruffles my hair. I inhale, tasting it, tasting the sunlight beating down over everything, blurring the edges of images. My fingers idly trace through the sand, hitting rocks, shells and the occasional discarded wedding ring. The cries of seagulls echo in my ears, a counterpoint to the roar of the ocean. But suddenly, a new noise intrudes upon the song, a different kind of roar. I look out at the ocean or what used to be the ocean. It has risen, a wall of water that blocks the horizon. Ghostly faces take shape in the towering wave, shouting words I don't understand. They roll ever closer, seeking something. I hurriedly scoot back, my instincts screaming that I don't want to know what they have to say. The first drops of water are flecking my skin when the wall crumbles back into the depths, leaving nothing but a figure standing in the shallows. The figure walks out of the sea and onto the beach; it is a girl. As she draws closer I gasp: she is real, substantial, nothing like the shadows that pass me by every day. I stand up and walk to meet her, but before I can draw breath to introduce myself, she grabs my hand and takes the lead.

Several walks on the beach and outdoor dinners later, we are inseparable. She has consumed my waking hours. A fine webbing of skin has formed that connects my right hand to her left. She often speaks of the sea and her humanitarian wishes: her desire to make an impact impresses me. I know she can; she is, after all, very different from the ghosts. I tell her of everything I'm learning in my engineering classes at the university. We fascinate each other. I see the sea in her eyes, and long to know what she sees in mine. Today we go to the same stretch of beach where we met, walking its length and digging our toes into the warm sand. I ask her what she sees in me. all she says is 'potential'. I press for an explanation, but she merely smiles. I make a comment on the ghosts passing us and she suddenly stops walking. Turning to me she says, "What ghosts? You mean the people?" I nod. "They aren't ghosts," she chides. I tell her, "Yes, they are, insignificant and inconsequential!" The moment the words leave my mouth I can tell I've crossed some sort of line. The ocean in her eyes begins to roil with a building storm. "How can you say that? You and I are just like them!" I rush to assure her that she is more real to me than anything and lift our conjoined hands as proof of our solid humanity. She pulls our heads back down, struggling to control herself. "What makes them any less real? They each have stories, lives, relationships like ours," she says quietly. "Yes, but they have no effect on us," I say, "So why bother with them?" "Because that's what people do, they connect," she cries, "We are meant to be social creatures, and denying that is putting yourself on a pedestal!" "Of course it is," I throw back, "You, being such the humanitarian, surely aren't blind to the irrational violence they use against each other?" "I know what people do to each other, but we are just as capable of doing it!" her temper rises. "We are different because of the decisions we have made keep us from being one of the ghosts!" "Not everyone is a ghost, don't you understand? Other people might think like you and you wouldn't call them insignificant!" Her ocean eyes are raging. I say, "Prove it to me." "I can't," she says with exasperation, "You need to wake up and go find them!" This is my last straw. "Fine," I say, and wrench our hands apart, tearing the fine webbing that connects us and turning away from her. "Think about what you're doing! You're one of them now!" she shouts after me. I walk on without turning back, leaving her there on the beach, bleeding, the ocean spilling out of her eyes.

I run into her months later, sitting on a bench by the waterfront. The ocean in her eyes has become a frozen wasteland. She has no words for me; she seems surrounded by an impermeable wall of ice. She is gone from me. She is not yet one of the ghosts, however, and doesn't belong in their world. Neither does she belong in the scope of mine. I do the only mercy I can think of. I walk to her, and clasp her scarred hand in mine. I take her to a restaurant in the outskirts where I sell her to a waiter friend, who begins to chop her into little pieces, carefully depositing them into the buckets where bottles were chilled.

Mackenzie Walsh

## EDITORIAL POLICY

Bullseye has showcased MacArthur High School's finest 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 pieces poetry or prose and five pieces of art or photography. Text and art entries to be published in the magazine, are selected through a three round anonymous judging process by the Bullseye Staff and advisors.

## AWARDS AND MEMBERSHIPS

American Scholastic Press Association:

First Place 2007, 2002;

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association:

Gold Medalist 2009, 2008;  
Silver Medalist 2007, 2002;  
Bronze Medaist 2005

National Council of Teachers of English:

Excellent Rating 2008, 2007, 2002;  
First Class with Three Marks of Distinction  
2005, 2002

National Scholastic Press Association:

Honor Rating of Second Class 2007;  
First Class with Three Marks of Distinction  
2005, 2002

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## PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Color

1st place - *Glove*

2nd place - *The Sap of a Tree*

3rd place - *Into the Light*

Black & White

1st place - *Asleep*

2nd place - *Boots*

3rd place - *Black and Light*

Digitally Enhanced

1st place - *Dutch Streets*

2nd place - *Perfection is Not*

*Only Seen, It's Felt*

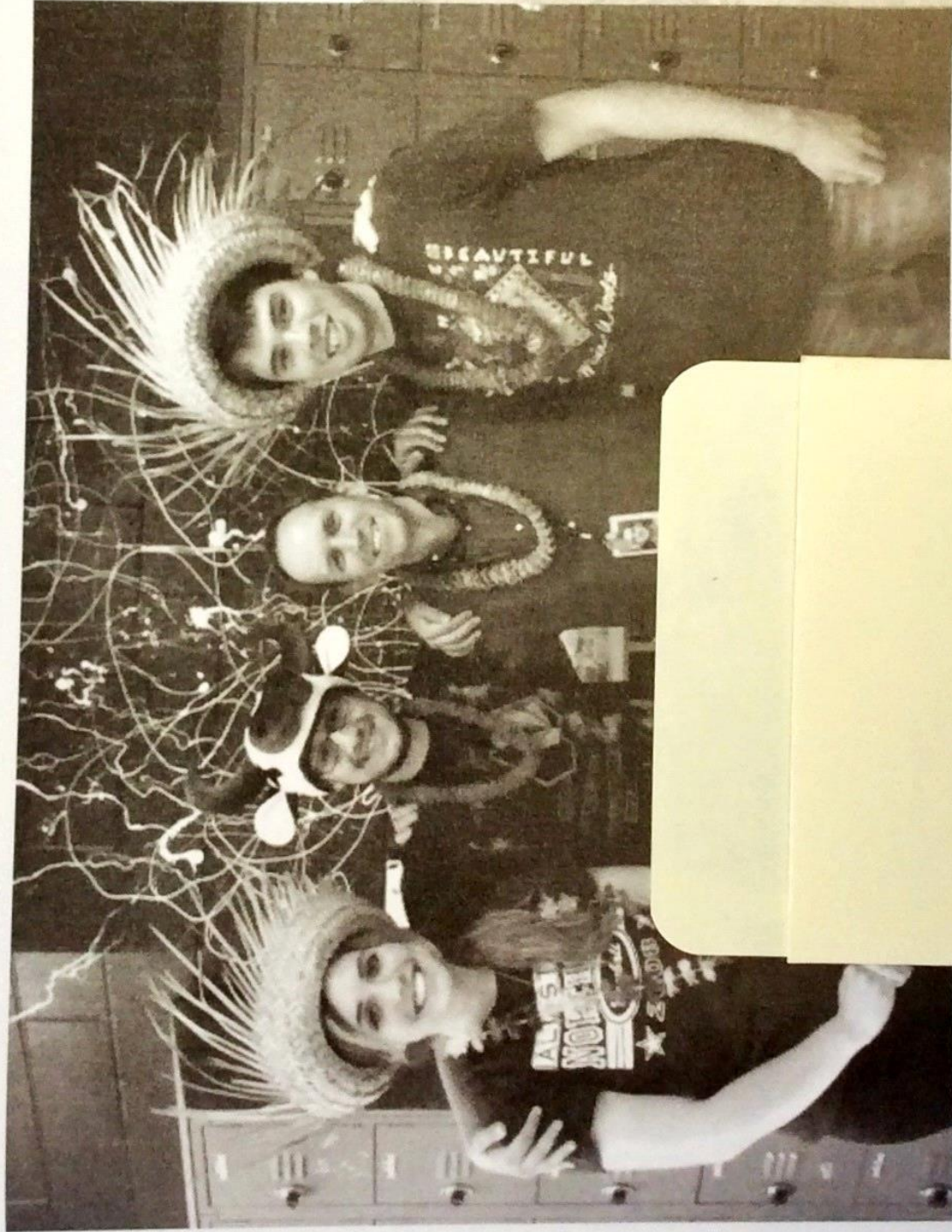
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