



The River Pen Gazette

Vol. 1 - October 2022



MY BELOVED BARRANQUILLA

By: Valery Sierra

The salty wind inhaled by tanned nostrils,

A river flowing and ending its course in the magnificent ocean, birds flying a placid sky.

You are alive .
Places around, some busy, others for more lonely souls.
loud and cheerful people.

The power of its history makes us understand,
Know ourselves, accept others.
You are alive.

Every tree, every flower, every branch.
Standing still and at the same time free.
Every person is part of this,
It makes us go forward,
helps us find what we want
Our future is our now.
You are alive.



DIARY OF A FAT DUDE

By: Santiago Ramirez

Lately, I have been through some hard shit, like, for real man, I don't know what's wrong with me at all, but I do know what's wrong with me, I'm fat.

I've come to the conclusion that hitting the gym might be a life changer, since it would practically solve a lot of my insecurities of mine, and, who knows man, I might get a girlfriend!

But I'm not really sure about that, and I don't really care about women (or men), I just want to, i don't know, release hormones? Idk, i've heard that exercise makes people happy or something like that, and i really need that right now.

I gotta say that, this diary it's just to feed my ego in the future, for me to notice how miserable I was, and to actually feel the change.

Nobody is going to read this, so I'll just write whatever I want, i'm not really sure why, but at this point, it doesn't really matter.

Also, no grammar teacher will read this, so please, don't force yourself into a perfect english, future me.

Day 1:

So, i was expecting some absolute mess today, like, not lifting a thing, muscles hurting, you know, but, it felt like nothing at all.

The first day was... pretty normal. Like, I just got comfy with the gym, with only 1 hour of being at it.

I even spoke to the gym's owner, and of course, I put on my fake smile and pretended to be a nice guy to him (He also lifts, so, he's not "small").

Anyways, my arms still hurt a bit, and tomorrow is leg day, i'm just waiting for something interesting to happen so i can note it.

Day 2:

Nothing special as well, I'm just getting comfortable with the gym, i won't get lost anymore.

Of course, my brother makes it a lot easier.

Also, my brother is like my coach. He's been into the gym since he was a teenager or more, and he really knows a lot, like, the muscles, what exercises work what, how many sessions, resting, you know, the advanced stuff.

It's also not the first time I exercise, I've done stuff before, like, walking in the morning and quitting the second day, swimming and quitting the first month, jumping rope and quitting because of not knowing how to use it, etc.

Day 3:

So, I'm gonna stop doing this everyday, since only 2 days have passed and I'm already thinking about quitting this diary because of how useless the first two days look, so i'm just gonna note the relevance. Nothing special today btw, I got really tired this time, I felt my heartbeat in my head (which was weird).

Day 6:

So i've started improving a little bit, but nothing too abnormal, i'm just starting to add light weights to everything, and actually doing the amount of reps my brother tells me to.

Day 7:

Ok, first week at the gym, and honestly it feels like i've been in here for months, which is not really bad, but i already got used to the routine.

Ah, yes, good old routine, the reason why my life is so meaningless.

Wake up, go to school without wanting to, leave school with my head bumping at the car's windows because of how sleepy i am, arriving home, playing video games and checking social media, do the homework in the night, going to sleep.



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Ah, yes, good old routine, the reason why my life is so meaningless.

Wake up, go to school without wanting to, leave school with my head bumping at the car's windows because of how sleepy I am, arriving home, playing video games and checking social media, do the homework in the night, going to sleep.

It's honestly pathetic, I even considered suicide in a metaphorical way, like, instead of living with the fear of death, knowing that death is.

Day 13:

Guess what, the unlucky number goes to a bad day.

One of my "Friends" found out I'm going to the gym. I didn't really tell anyone, he just saw me walking into the gym, and immediately it spilled everywhere, everyone was making jokes about it.

Ha! The fat guy wants to get hot, he's going to crush us all with his massive muscles! Said one of those idiots.

Of course, it affected me, but in the end, I decided to not give a shit.

Day 20:

I'm actually progressing now, I'm lifting heavier and heavier, I'm actually starting to grow muscle and lose fat (of course, nothing too special, it's not even a month). I'm not even excited about it, I just want it to happen, eventually.

I know it's only been a month, but I'm starting to feel a little bit confused about my presence at the gym, like, I've argued against myself about why I'm going to it every day, and I've concluded that it is because I am desperate.

I really need a change right now, and I know it, but at the same time, I don't know what I want.

Today, I was really tired after some lifting. I was panting while my sweat ran all over my body. My face was all red, and my body temperature was high as the ceiling. Therefore, my brother asked: "Kid, when you are tired, what keeps you motivated? Why are you here?"

I made a joke about it, I said that "I do it for women", but it wasn't true, and he knew it, and I lied not because I like making jokes, I lied because I didn't really have an answer.

It's already been 20 days of damaging my body to the point of collapse, and I still don't know the real reason why I'm here.

Day 31:

Just read the whole diary, and, I think the thing has gotten really personal, so I think I will just take it back to the gym.

Day 33:

Today, the gym owner's daughter congratulated me for my progress, she said I'm starting to look in shape, which, compared to my initial body, it's true, but still, I don't really feel like progressing in only one month, so, I will just keep my thoughts to myself for longer and train more before adding anything to this diary.

Day 40:

Just started deadlifting, and I thought it would be an exciting exercise, but honestly, it just feels like another exercise to me.

In deadlifting, you use a lot of parts of your body to lift a really heavy bar, with lots of weights, of course.

Some people say that you're supposed to feel like a king in that instant, but to me, it's nothing special at all.

Day 51:

Today was quite an odd day.

My mother and I had a discussion, where, basically, I am the villain.

My mother is one of the few persons I'm honest to, I feel free when talking to her, like, I have no doubts on asking her why, or disagreeing with her, because I know she would come up with a structured argument, but, what about me? My mother said that sometimes I am extremely mean to her, which was really heartbreaking to me, since she is one of the few people I really trust in life, and one of the few people I feel real affect for.

She said that sometimes she feels overwhelmed when I meanly speak to her, she says I use the voice tone of an ogre, that I'm brutally honest sometimes, and she even feels offended about it sometimes.

This was really confusing for me, since, in my opinion, I think I'm quite a calm person. I even try really hard to have a relaxed voice tone, not offend, and argument calmly, but it seems my perception of myself failed, again.

Now I'm trying to be less talkative, since sometimes I just feel like dropping words like a machinegun, and I don't like it.

But, it really hurt knowing that I'm not what I thought I was, and, I was even hurting my own mother. Now, how do I know what is true about me and what is not? Do I even have the right concept of myself?

Day 59:

I had an entire week to think about the next thing: I should go to therapy.

Like, lately I've been feeling really empty, I don't find happiness in the things that used to complete me, like video games for example.

I don't know if it's because I've been playing the same game for months, or because I don't enjoy it anymore. Or maybe it's because I never enjoyed it, maybe it's because, all this time, I have been using it as a distraction of my pathetic life.

Of course, gym helps with all the hormones and weird things that make me feel peace, but I know that it is fake, I know it's just some cells activating parts of my brain, but, my real state it's at its lowest, I got to say.

I have been constantly reflecting with myself, I have been trying really hard not to, but my brain simply keeps bringing back the bad memories.

I don't know what to do anymore, I might need someone else that helps me manipulate those cells so I can be a happy kid again.

Day 72:

It has gotten worse.

I feel like absolute slag, I have absolutely no reason to stay in the gym, but I'm going anyway, why wouldn't I? Do I have anything else to do? No, right?

I don't work, I don't help with the house chores, I don't do anything else other than overthinking extremely hard.

I have no friendships that I want to strengthen, I have no girlfriend to care about and spend time with, my parent's life is good enough for me to interrupt them, as well as my brother's.

I'm the only one confused, I'm the only one crying every night because of how much of a scumbag I am, I'm the only one overthinking about my future, I'm the only one fearing death, I'm the only one with these depressive tendencies.

I am not ok, I need help, but the therapy would probably make it worse. What am I going to do then? Just cry about it? I guess so.

Day 100:

This month was extremely gray.

Reading this diary has started hurting me, but at the same time, I've never been so aware of my own life, and honestly, it feels that in order to reach the happiness I'm so desperately looking for, I must keep thinking, I must keep analyzing, I must keep reflecting about everything, and maybe, just maybe, I will achieve that clairvoyance I'm looking for.

Oh, and, happy 100 days going to the gym, I hope you are a happy person by the time you are reading this, future me.

Day 109:

It's been a week since day 100, and it all feels the same.

Days feel longer with time, weights have gotten lighter, my body is starting to change, but, unfortunately, there aren't gyms for the brain.

Day 120:

Nothing else to add, the same as always, emptiness, confusion, sadness.

But at least I deadlift 100 kilos now, that's a good physical improvement.

But does the physical stuff really matter? Like, I will be just as skinny as the skinny guy from the class when I die.

Death, my biggest concern.

Even if there is an afterlife, I can't think of dying without doing anything of relevance before dying.

Dying and being forgotten with time, it's overwhelming to even think about it for me, my head gets dizzy every time I think about it, my stomach starts rumbling in disgust.

If I don't save a life, discover the cure for an illness, or make something that feeds people philosophy for eternity, I would feel like absolute scrap from my grave.

And, even if there was an afterlife, I think it would be just like this life.

I'm not even worried about hell, I know that, if god exists, and he is smarter than average human being, I know that he wouldn't be as religions describe him.



An old man that hates tattoos and abortion, that forces you into following his word, or else, punishes you in the cruelest ways, that will take you to hell if you weren't baptized, and is also responsible of starving kids in Africa, corruption, murder, torture and other horrors.

No, I think that, if God existed, he would be like a friend, that may have a defined personality, but at the same time, would be as every person wants him to be.

I think that, god is capable of drinking a cold beer at the beach with a good man, and have a conversation about life with him, while eating human food, like a burger.

But that feels like fantasy, and no dead person has told me what's after death, so, I can't trust anything I think about death.

Or even what other people think about death.

Honestly, it would be great if I died at an early age.

Day 162:

It's been quite a while since I've touched this diary, and it doesn't feel wrong at all. Right now, I'm in a state of not giving a shit about anything, and honestly, it is working. But it is not the way I'm supposed to live, and it feels wrong, but it's the way of living that works the most for me.

Of course, I have my occasional mental breakdowns, and they hurt a lot, but, at this point, there is nothing I can do about it.

Adolescence, school and its inhuman amount of unnecessary homework and study, having all my material necessities covered, my body, my brain, everything its making me a total mess, its making my life a total mess.

At least, I will have the advantage of a body I can be proud of, I will be able to go to the beach shirtless, I won't have to use oversized shirts, I won't have to be ashamed of myself.

That won't save me from misery but will help me maintain this good guy facet that costs me so much.



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Day 210:

It's been a long time, and my metabolism is helping in the muscles and fat loss, actually I already look really well when using clothes. My muscles aren't beautiful, but they have a really great shape. Of course, my brother is proud of me, and I'm actually starting to attract some girls that would have never spoken to me before.

Day 250:

Ah, yes, more problems, how exciting. So apparently my mother has been cited to the school because I argued against one of my teachers about god's existence.

Everyone falsely agreed with god's existence, just to agree with the teacher, and I'm not of that kind, I argued against it, and of course, she toked my arguments out of context, and made them look like offenses to the coordinator.

I don't care, I know my mother will agree with me, not about god, but about the fact that it was absolutely ridiculous. I hope that, with the same freedom the teachers can reduce my grades and cite my parents, I can kick them out of school. Anyways, no progress on my brain, only pain, only confusion, lots of gaming and exercising.

Day 320:

I finally got wait I wished so much, a therapist. First days were simple, it was just me talking to her, but afterwards I decided to just show her my diary, I thought that it would help her out with whatever is happening to me. Turns out I am completely healthy, there is nothing wrong with me, and it will all be gone with adolescence. Hilarious, the classic "It's just a phase". I expected something more professional coming out of her. I didn't pay for it, but I felt scammed.

I thought I would finally get the help I needed so much, but it's really far from helping.

Day 398:

Another big jump in time, and guess what, it's the same as always. The routine feels more like a routine. I even tried to get ready to go to school with my eyes closed, and guess what, I didn't even trip once.

Day 432:

This gym thing is starting to get absurd. I'm lifting heavier and heavier amounts of weight. I'm getting heavier in muscle mass, not in fat. Every once in a while, I upload a photo of my body to Instagram,

just to experiment with girls, seeing how easy it is to pretend to be someone you are not in the internet, being an absolute fuckboy in the internet, and feeling like a scumbag in real life.

Day 487:

Feeling worse than ever.

Day 520:

Nothing changed, except my body.

Day 584:

Nothing new, just got a girlfriend, but she is just one of those Instagram girls I used to play with, she is just there to activate my love hormones, and she knows it, she is ok with it, she will just leave me as soon she finds someone she actually loves, and I'm ok with it.

Day 625:

I did it, after so long. My abs are hard as rock, my biceps look like mountain Everest in a plain, a smith can craft a weapon using my back as a table, my legs can carry more weight than most people.

I have reached the physical perfection I was looking for, and still, I'm not even close to happiness.

I am at the same state I was when I was fat, in fact, I think I'm worse.

Of course, instead of crying every night with a fat and ugly body, now I do it with a perfect body.

I'm not supposed to, a man like me should be a confidence king, I should sleep like a baby every night thinking about how I'm going to be a great dude next day, and how many girls I'm going to hook this week.

But instead, I'm having the same feelings as always.

Emptiness, doubt, concern, sadness, anxiety.

My good guy facet has gotten better than ever, and people are liking it a lot, but I don't.

I keep distracting myself from my problems with videogames, and now, I don't even have to worry about money, since my dad will inherit me his business. School is better than ever, not because I love it, or because I'm learning a lot, but because grades are getting better, a group of numbers is increasing, and apparently, that's something that will change my life.

Even millionaires say that the most important thing in life is not the doctorates, not the big professions, but the investment, the advertising, the administration, and all of that stuff I don't know about.

I don't have any life goals, all I want is to do some actual good guy stuff before leaving this world,

but I know that I probably won't do anything about it, just like always. It's simply depressing, nothing that I do has any value now, I can't find myself, I don't know who I am, or what will be of me.

I'm scared to get closed, and I hate being alone, along for that feeling to not feel at all. The higher I'll get, the lower ill sink. I can't drown my demons, they know how to swim.

I think this is it for this diary, it's just notes of the same thing over and over and over again.

There is a popular quote from a character from the videogame "Far Cry 3" Vaas Montenegro, the secondary antagonist of the videogame, with a particular personality, a clear insanity and an addiction to drugs.

This quote was said to the protagonist after Vaas kidnapped him for the third time.

"Did I ever tell you the definition of insanity? Insanity is, doing the same fucking thing, over and over and over and over again, and expect shit to change"

I think that, from the point of view of Vaas, I'm insane.



FIGHT FOR MY FREEDOM

By: Hellen Arango

It had already been two months since Tomas Brown started looking for a job, two long and disappointing months. During these months, every day, he went to the same three places in search of a job vacancy, got up early, dressed in his best suits, combed and perfumed just for that, although he knew that the probability of being told "yes" was not very high, since he suffered from a disease that although it did not limit him, did not favor him when it came to getting a job.

Despite all the "no's" he had received in response to his job applications, Tomi, as everyone called him, decided to persevere in his situation.

On August 27, exactly two months and two days had passed since the first day he went to look for a job, he didn't think about this, he just thought about all the good he had to offer, in a good presentation to give a better impression, so he was very determined to the first two places,

Two spacious and beautiful libraries, where they again rejected his request to work. Not at all discouraged, he arrives at the third library, where Lilith, a beautiful young woman attended him.

- Hi Tomi! Just by seeing you, I know it's 8:06 a.m, and I also know that you're here for a job vacancy. Do you know why I know this? Because you have come here every day, for two months at 8:06 a.m. exactly, looking for some job vacancy. I envy your perseverance - Lilith smiled.

- No, it's not true, I don't come here every day, only from Monday to Saturday at 8:06 because six is my lucky number - Tomi said.

As Lilith and Tomi talked, a customer came to the library - Hey, Emm Sorry, Do you know the name of a book I need? I was asked to do so in college, but I don't remember its name....

- Of course! Could you tell me what the book you were asked for is about? - Lilith said kindly.

- Ummm.. - The costumer thought for several minutes, and then he said - I remember that the name of the work is a woman's name that began with the letter "M", is Latin the book, And it was published in the year 1867.

- Oh! Sure must be "Manuela" of Eugenio Díaz Castro.



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- No, It is "Maria" of Jorge Isaacs, "Manuela" was published on 1858, and "María" was published in 1867. This novel narrates in the first person the love of Efraín for his cousin María, a fifteen year old young lady, sick with an incurable disease. Efraín goes to England to continue his studies and on his return, precipitated by Mary's illness, her sister Emma tells him the last moments of the young woman's life: "Beautiful novel, it's so great that you will read it"

- Tomi said so focused that he did not notice how all the library employees and some customers looked at him in amazement. Among these people, was the owner of the library and in charge of hiring the staff.

The client, also amazed, thanked the help and went to get the book he needed, while this was happening. The owner, Gregory Saunders, walked over in awe of Tomi's knowledge, he cordially greeted Liliith, and asked who this boy was.

- He is Tomi sir. He has come here many times applying for a job here, but there are no vacancies available, just that's what I was telling him - Liliith said nervously at the presence of Mr. Gregory.

Mr. Gregory analyzed the situation carefully, and although Tomi did not understand it, and even it made him a little uncomfortable, his first step towards his independence was about to be taken.

- It's decided! If this smart guy looks for a job here, we will give him a job, he will help us a lot with the clients, and he looks calm, maybe he will not bring any problems to this peaceful library, What do you say buddy? - Mr. Gregory said with a friendly tone.

- Of course yes sir, Thank you for the opportunity - Tomi said.

Mr. Gregory moved closer to Tomi and stretched out his right hand, in order to Shake Tomi's hand, But Tomi felt uncomfortable and stepped back a step. There was a little silence, until Tomi decided to talk about his illness.



- I have Asperger's syndrome, it is not as serious as it sounds, this disorder does not allow me to socialize as others would or understand emotions as everyone does, I am uncomfortable with noise, clutter, and physical contact, but that will help a little in my work, I will try to maintain a calm, orderly environment, and physical contact is not mandatory here - Tomi said nervously.

- Besides, Tomi is very perseverant, calm, orderly and punctual, he will not bring trouble, his illness has not limited him so far - Liliith interrupted to support Tomi, as her admiration for him overcame her nerves to speak like this to her boss.

A seriousness invaded Mr. Gregory's facial expression, He stood silently thinking for a few minutes, until a joy invaded his tone of voice and his Smile. - If that disease will not bring problems to this business, I have no problem, you start tomorrow at 7:00 a.m. when the workday begins, come with me to talk about the contract and what things your illness allows you and not.

Tomi was somewhat confused by the apparent bipolarity of his future boss, although he thought that looking confused would give him a bad impression, so he replied - Of course! Thank you for the opportunity, Let me introduce myself, My name is Tomas Brown Star, I am 23, I studied library and archival science at Stanford University, I graduated with honors, and I would love working here.

Tomi and Mr. Gregory went to the main office, where they chatted, about Tomi's life, about how much she would earn and about her schedules- Tomi and Mr. Gregory went to the main office, where they chatted, about Tomi's life, about how much he would earn, his schedules, his uniform, among other things, The talk lasted 1 hour, after Tomi signed the contract and went home.

When he got home, he greeted his parents, took off his shoes, disinfected them, everything was like every day, his face and vibes were the same, so his parents thought that they had also rejected him that day, so they came over to comfort him.

- Son, are you ok? Everything is going to be fine, You're going to find a work, I'm sure, just keep looking - Jenny, his mother, said to try to reassure him, although he didn't look distressed.

- Your mother is right, just give time to time, You are going to find a job at your height, as your mother said, keep looking for it - Benjamín, his father, said to support his wife.

- Actually, parents, I already have a job, it will not be necessary to look for another, it would be exhausting, don't you think?

- Tomi answered normally while finishing taking off his socks.

- You have a job? - Both of his parents said.

- Yes, sorry, didn't I say it clearly? Wasn't it understandable? - Tomi didn't understand his parents' reaction, he thought they hadn't understood him, and so their question, his parents were amazed because they didn't believe Tomi would get a job, or at least, not in the places where people always used to reject him.

- No, no, honey, we are only amazed that you have got a job, why not better tell us more in detail as a step? tell us how much you will earn, when you start, they will give you a uniform? Will you have lunch there? Did you mention that you are uncomfortable with noise? Do they know about your Asperger? - His mother was amazed and terrified.

Jenny could not even imagine her son alone, She still saw him as a helpless child who still depended on his care and attention. She remembered that time when she told her son that the garbage smelled bad, and asked him to help her, She expected Tomi to take out the garbage, but he didn't understand, he just noticed his mother's complaint about the bad smell, so he perfumed the whole house with his mother's most expensive perfume. She knew she couldn't do much, she knew how much Tomi longed for a job, how much he longed for his independence.



MICHAEL GOT ALIVE

By: Isaac Pérez

CHAPTER I

-One, two, three... Happy birthday, Michael!!!

This is the story of our dear friend, Michael.

He was a normal kid, a little shy with others, but very smart. He always excelled in everything he did, he was practically every parent's dream child.

"You are now 9 years old Michael, congratulations!!!"

His life was pretty simple for a long time, but that was about to change.

"Have you made your wish yet?" — Michael's mom, Molly, was very happy, probably more than he was for his birthday.

"I want to grow up" — said Michael, with a big smile on his face.

Laughing, his mother said, "I know you're going to be a very good person Michael, I know it."

Like any other party, Michael got presents, balloons, cake and lots of hugs. It was the perfect day, and it looked like our little friend was having a great time.

Night fell, the guests left and Michael was pretty tired, "I'm sleepy, mom. I'm going to bed" — he said, with a big yawn on his face.

Already lying down, Michael started to feel a strange sensation, he looked around with a little bit of fear, "What's going on?" — he asked himself.

Suddenly, he felt something, something that had never happened to him before, "It's probably from eating so much cake" — said Michael.

But no, it wasn't cake, was it something new? Yes, our friend had suddenly become aware of himself and of everything that was going on around him.

— Hello, Michael
— "What?? Who is talking to me?!"
— I'm your Consciousness, I'm inside of you.

— "How did you get in there?" — Michael asked, this so-called "consciousness" kept talking to him.

— I don't know, I just know I'm part of you.
— "Oh, are you that little voice in my head that teacher was talking about in class yesterday?" asked Michael.

— I think so.
— "...what are we supposed to do now?"
— Well, you're supposed to be the one controlling me, I don't know.

Our little friend and his new consciousness didn't stop talking for hours. Apparently, they got along quite well.

— "so, what are you supposed to be?"
— Well, I'm something like the immediate or spontaneous knowledge you have of yourself, your environment and all your decisions.

— "ohhhh, I still don't understand."
— Just kidding, I'm the one responsible for the things you think and do, kind of like the manager of your thoughts.

After a long talk, Michael fell into bed as if dead, it had been quite a strange day for him.

"See you tomorrow, Michael, have a good night".



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CHAPTER II

"Good morning, Michael, it's time to get up!"

— "I'm very sleepy mom, I don't want to go to school today" he said, in a rather bored tone.

— "You have to, otherwise you'll miss your exams" Molly, his mother.



Finally, Michael got up, bathed, dressed and had breakfast with a rather depressing face, but still, he did it, he thought that missing his classes was not the solution for his laziness.

— Hey! Come on man, it's not like you're going to fall asleep all your life, cheer up, let's go to class! — his conscience told him, which under no circumstances was going to abandon him.

— "okay, I'll try to do it"

On the way to school, he started to think, but he wasn't thinking like he always did, this time he felt he was thinking differently, even though it was just an imaginary scene from Stars Wars, it was pretty good to be honest.

Classes started off simple enough, it was just writing and going to the blackboard, the usual.

— "When will this class be over?" Michael thought to himself.

— I don't know, I hope it's soon, I don't like the "go to the blackboard" thing.

— "Okay guys, now, make groups of two, we are going to do an activity, and you need a partner" — said their teacher, Miss Susan, a very kind and nice teacher.

Michael was very shy, so he didn't have anyone to make group, still, he didn't care much, he was determined to do the work alone...

— "Hey... do you have a group?"- the new girl, Amy

— "umm, I-I d-d-don't know" — Our little friend was frozen in front of this girl, so much beauty in just one person were enough to make him even more shy than he already was.

— "uhh, hello? Umm.... I'll take that as a yes" — Amy thought he was mute, so she decided that working with someone mute would not be the best option.

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— HAVE YOU SEEN THAT GIRL? SHE'S WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL!!!! — Michael's conscience was just as stunned as he was.

— "Why don't you talk to her?"

— "Ohh, Amy!"

— "oh, you finally reacted" -said Amy a little shocked at how pale he was.

— "I w-want to work w-with you..."

— "perfect! By the way, what's your name?"

— "my name is Michael, nice to meet you he-he".

— "Nice name, Michael"

— "DID SHE JUST SAY SHE LIKES MY NAME?!?!?!"

— YEAH, ISN'T THAT AWESOME?

Apparently Michael and his consciousness were experiencing something new...

..... Love?



— "Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, your jokes are really good!!!!"

— "thanks, do you want to hear another one?" —Michael was having a great time with Amy, it seemed like they were the perfect couple, even though they had just met.

They didn't stop talking all day long, jokes, stories, laughter...

— "I have to tell you something, Amy."

— "Don't worry, you can tell me anything you want."

— "Anything?"

— "umm, yeah, it's not like it's a crime to talk"

— "in that case, I think I like you, Amy..."

—Michael didn't quite know what this meant, but he'd heard it on TV, so what could go wrong?

— "....."

"I think I like you too, Michael..." —said Amy blushing.

— "Really?"

— "well yes, I don't think I'd say it as a joke"

— "oh... Amy, I..."

RIIIIIINNNNGGGGGG!!!!

— "okay, the bell has rung, I think I have to go," said Amy, followed by a little kiss on Michael's cheek.

After that, our friend, flushed by what had just happened, left.

It had been a long time, Michael was at home, resting a little, after all, it was a wonderful and at the same time exhaustive day.

Had he found the perfect girl? We don't know, but at least she was for him.

"Rest, Michael."

CHAPTER III

Today doesn't look like it's going to be a good day...

— "Michael, what happened to you?" — said his mother, worried

— "Nothing, I'm just disappointed." — He said between tears

But... What happened to Michael? As shy as he was, he never used to be sad, this is worrying to say the least.

Oh... I see...

It seems that Michael had a rough time at school;

— "Hey! Michael!" —Amy shouted from across the corridor.

The two ran to meet each other;



— "Hey Amy, what's up?"

— "Not so good..." —Apparently, Amy had some bad news for our friend.

— "Oh, I see, what happened to you?"

—Michael didn't expect at all what she was about to tell him, even less that it was going to break his heart.

— "I will have to leave the town, my parents are having a really hard time with their work lately, I don't think we will be able to see each other again for a long t..."

Without even being able to finish the sentence, Michael replied with an angry tone;

— "I understand, you can go now."

— "But... You're not going to say goodbye?" —Said Amy, who had been impressed by his sudden change of mood.

— "I have to go, Amy, I'm sorry..."

—in tears, Michael said.

He was completely devastated, the only person who seemed to really care about him was gone, possibly for a long time...

— "You didn't care? You don't know how much it hurt me to tell you that..." -Amy said in a low voice. She was disappointed and sad at the same time, Michael was the only one who really listened to her, the only one who made her laugh.... He was...

He was happy with Amy, there is no other explanation for this event, the happiness was going to be lost and nobody wanted this, but...

— "Why does life have to be like this?"

Michael now understood what being truly sad meant, he had reached a point where no words could comfort him, he finally understood that, things are not always the way you want them to be, but the way you least expect them to.

Michael sat down under a large cherry tree, this tree....

— "This tree is just as beautiful as she is..." —he said to himself.

Looking at the leaves of this wonderful tree, Michael got a little distracted from reality, so much so that he didn't notice the time;

—Um, Michael, I think we have to go home now -his conscience told him.

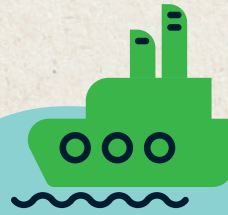
— "Oh, that's right, I just got a bit distracted..."

Michael arrived home, this time he didn't really know how to feel, was he tired? Was he angry? Was he disappointed? He didn't know, but he did know he was empty, he didn't know in what way exactly, but he knew that in some way, he wasn't all right.

"Oh, you seem to have matured Michael, I congratulate you."

The River Pen Gazette

“WRITING FLOWS LIKE THE RIVER”



A NIGHT OUT WITH A FRIEND

By: David Ortega

Jake was in a tavern, a moment later, Death came to share a beer with him.

“How are you Jake?, why so sad?” Death said while giving a beer to Jake.

“I don’t know man, everything is going bad for me, stupid new year, I got fired, my girlfriend left me and I don’t have where to go now, I wish I would die... wait, can you kill me?” Jake replied.



“But what should I do man” Jake replied while looking at the floor “I don’t know how to start from zero, even if I start from zero ,how do I keep being a good person, I just want to stay drunk until I die, please take me”.

“I can’t steal lives that wanna di-”.

Death cannot end the phrase when, suddenly, Jake’s phone rang, his girlfriend was thinking they didn’t need to break up, and surprisingly, his boss was his girlfriend’s father.

He came into the office again and Jake’s girlfriend told him to move into her house.

“Did you hear that? my life is happy again, now I don’t wanna die” Jake said.

“I see you’re happy now, ha ha ha!”. Death gave Jake the keys of his car.

Jake was so drunk he that couldn’t even see the difference between the colors of the traffic lights. He tried to drive to his girlfriend’s house and death got a new soul.

And everyone became happy... Almost.



Death saw him and said “No,no, no, I can’t take the life of someone who wants to die”.

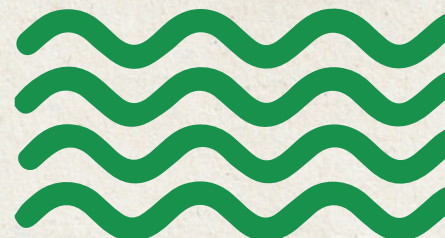
Jake looked disappointed.

“You must not die” Death continued “you have a relationship to fix and a job to fight for, you need to keep your head high, not the bow down, come on man, take one more beer”.



Claudia Martelo is a journalist, academic, activist and speaker. She is an ELT consultant for the SED.

EDITORIAL



Releasing students’ emotions through writing (ENG).

The literary pieces that you will read in The River Pen Gazette are re-creation initiatives that have allowed high school students to explore and identify emotions. Beyond the figures and literary resources, the symbols and the creation of real or imaginary characters, their stories represent a creative act that allow the release of imprisoned sensations and highlight the subjectivity of the students. In this way, writing becomes a means not only to develop creativity but also represents a tool for the search and construction of identity, the channeling of emotions and the development of self knowledge.

In our Writing Lab sessions we have worked with the writer’s unblock, identifying feelings such as empathy through the creation of characters and developing problem solving skills. We have channeled insecurities and conflicts through writing exercises, that go from simple narrative challenges to short fiction and non fiction stories, including poetry and other literature genres of daily life topics.

Liberando las emociones de los estudiantes a través de la escritura creativa (ESP).

Las piezas literarias que leerán en The River Pen Gazette son iniciativas de re-creación que han permitido a los estudiantes de secundaria una exploración e identificación de las emociones. Mas allá de las figuras y recursos literarios, los símbolos y la creación de personajes reales o imaginarios, sus historias representan un acto creativo que permite la liberación de sensaciones aprisionadas y resaltan la subjetividad de los estudiantes. De este modo la escritura se convierte en un medio no solo para desarrollar la imaginación, sino que a la vez se constituye en una herramienta para la búsqueda y la construcción de la identidad, la canalización de las emociones y el desarrollo del auto conocimiento.

En nuestras sesiones de Writing Lab hemos trabajado desde el desbloqueo del escritor, la empatía a través de la creación de personajes, cómo encausar nuestras inseguridades y conflictos mediante retos, ejercicios y narraciones auténticas de nuestra cotidianidad y de la ficción.