

MAY  
2022

SPRING ISSUE

# HBA

ART, POETRY, PROSE MAGAZINE



## ELIE WIESEL COMPETITION

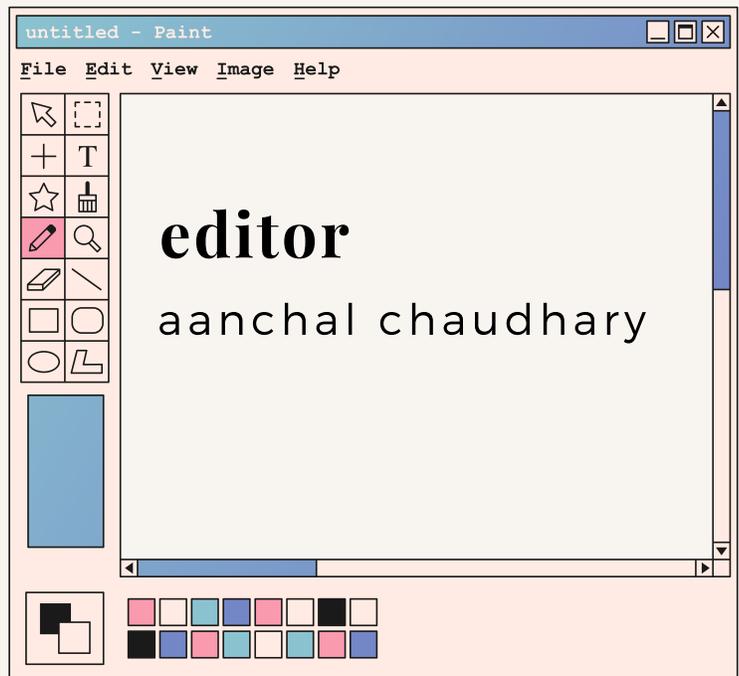
Questions about community, strife, and the experiences with prejudice from the world around us.

## ART

Expressionism, whimsical collages, graphic art, watercolor make up the bulk of this issue's art.

## POEMS

A peek into the state of the world, a cynical view of society, and memories at the beach.



<b>contributors</b>	
roaa aldarwish	5,6
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SPR  
3/8/22

# INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S 8/12/22 DAY

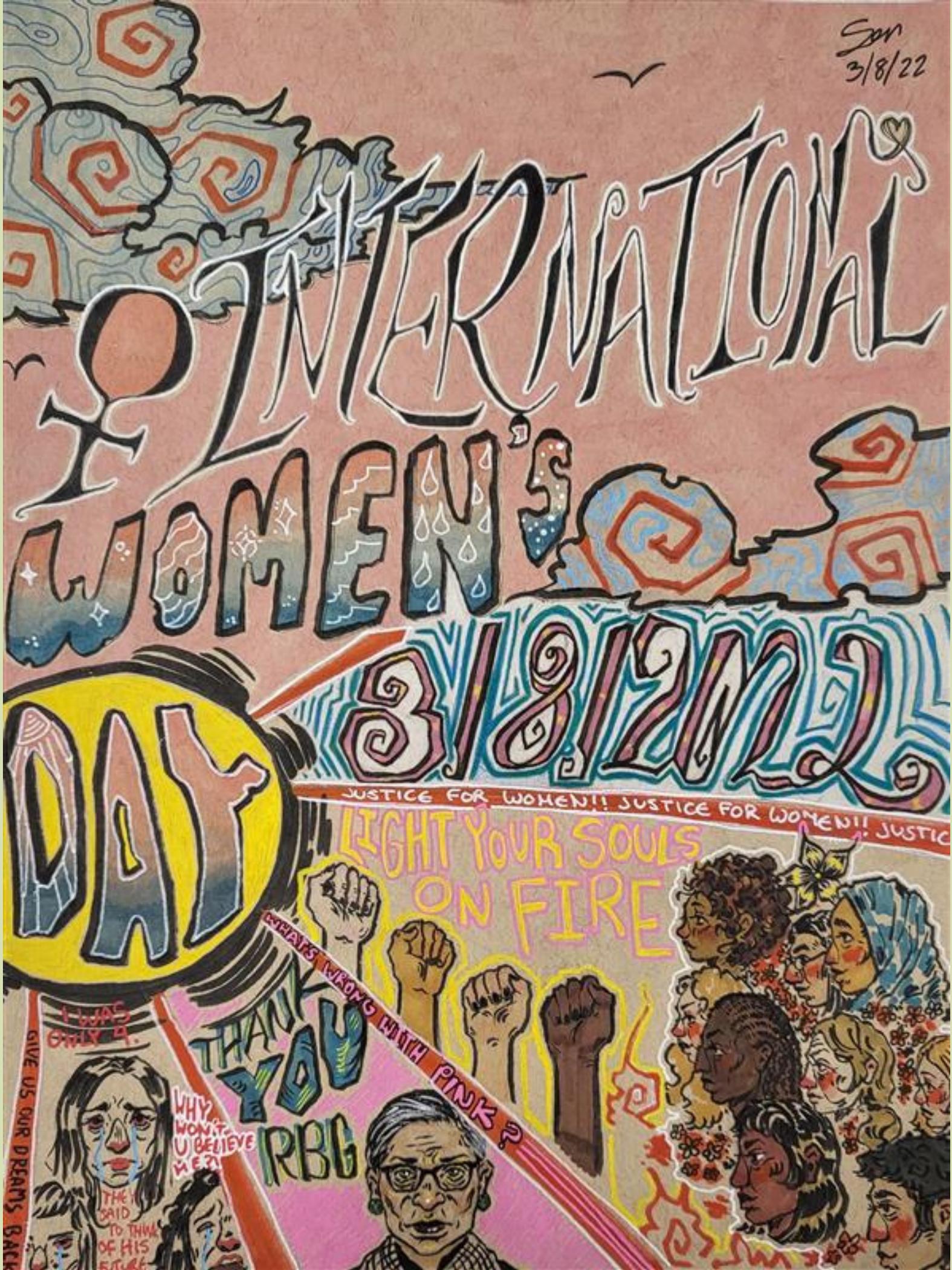
JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!! JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!! JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!!

LIGHT YOUR SOULS  
ON FIRE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH PINK?  
THANK YOU RBG

I WAS ONLY 9.  
THEY SAID TO THINK OF HIS FUTURE  
GIVE US OUR DREAMS BACK

WHY WON'T U BELIEVE ME??



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# "IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO DECIDE, YOU HAVE STILL MADE A CHOICE"

- RUSH, FREEWILL

BY BENJAMIN SINGER

In modern urban society, bigotry, and the acts that spawn because of it, is taught as one of life's cardinal sins. Discrimination against another human being for something that they are born with--whether it be their ethnicity, gender identity, sexuality, etc.--is an act that is validly put on-par with some of the other worst crimes a person can commit, such as aggravated assault or battery. However, many people's response to bigotry still manages to differ from their response to one of these other offenses. When someone sees assault or murder, their response is often to get others to help with the situation, usually from authorities like the police. However, when someone sees bigotry, their response is often to walk away and do nothing. Why is this? And what can we do to fix it?

Outside of some minor experiences in my life, I have not directly experienced many acts of bigotry towards myself or towards those around me. However, my family history is littered with these experiences. As a Jewish child emigrating to North America from Soviet-era Uzbekistan during the height of the Cold War, my mother dealt with being constantly singled-out by her peers growing up in Ontario, Canada, and during her adult life in the United States. From her smalltown middle-school classmates mistaking her for being Chinese, leading to incorrect racial epithets being added on to horrid xenophobia already thrown at her; to her chemistry professors at Western University being baffled that she could get straight A's in their courses due to their prejudices towards women; to extreme sexism from higher-ups at her jobs at Proctor & Gamble, the Federal Court of Appeals, and other law firms. Although my mother has an unmatched work ethic, which led to her being successful despite everything thrown her way, she should not have had to deal with all these extra hurdles simply because of who she is.

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So, how do we prevent discrimination like this from happening? In my mother's case, she attributes the bigotry she experienced to the unwillingness of those around her to help her. From her friends, to her school executives, to human resources departments, to my own grandparents, no one was truly willing to listen to her grievances and help her out. Along with this, it seemed as if those around her were never willing to view her as an equal, always ready to put her down for their own bigoted reasons before she even spoke a single word to them.

I think that several overarching options should be able to fix the issues my mother experienced. Two of these should be emphasizing integrity when it comes to hiring someone for a job, and teaching young children to be fairer to others. Although this seems like a solution that should already be on society's mind, no one seems to be making it their priority. As it has always been in American history, it seems as if society is too concerned with providing compensation for victims of bigotry and discrimination, without also addressing the roots of these issues. Along with focusing on providing compensation for those who have been bullied at school or harassed by their bosses for who they are, we should also add on teaching sources of bullying to not discriminate in a children's school environment, and replacing sources of harassment in a work environment by hiring someone who has more integrity to take their place.

The third of these options is for victims' families and friends to be more receptive of their issues. On a personal level, many victims of bigotry often struggle to express their issues due to the environment around them being unreceptive. To deal with this, we should do our best to let victims know that their problems are valid and should be expressed. If you see a stranger having issues with a bigot, do your best to find aid. If you have a family member that is dealing with bigotry, let them know that you sympathize with them. The choice to stay inert is the most harmful to everyone around you.

Although bigotry is one of society's ugliest blemishes, it is a blemish that is beginning to slowly heal. The progress the United States has made in just over one hundred years, changing from a society that excluded Black people and women from participating in it, to a society that is emphasizing equality more than ever before, is absolutely astounding, and this pace will not decelerate. However, through conscious change within society's largest institutions, along with individuals becoming more receptive of victims around them, we should be able to help the vehicle of change accelerate towards the future.

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# Roaa Aldarwish



# (THE TRUTH OF SOCIETY)

ROAA ALDARWISH

It begins with regretting,  
then ends with accepting.

Being the victim of society,  
getting oppressed for the family.

Judgmentally ill because of your  
nationality,  
being called a terrorist by the most  
trusted humanity.

Bigotry and hatred received  
from the people around us.

Life-threatening messages  
tearing you down into little pieces.

Eyes shut, just let it go.  
Let the silence encounter the whole  
area.

Get skinnier, get taller.  
Be yourself, and not another.

Although we are humans,  
bigotry is never ending.

Dracula



Sen Chan

# "A New Perspective" 8

Anna Glinni

Parking in Del Mar is a struggle. Meanwhile,

I bounce in my seat impatiently.

The door opens;

I run free until Dad holds my hand along with  
everything else.

I despise the feel of sand in my flipflops.

Dad gets out the sunscreen which I refuse,  
but I can't play without it. The cold spray  
makes me shiver.

I abandon the hot sand for cool water, then  
look for treasures the beach has to offer.

The pretty shells weigh down my bucket and  
before I know it, those hours are over.

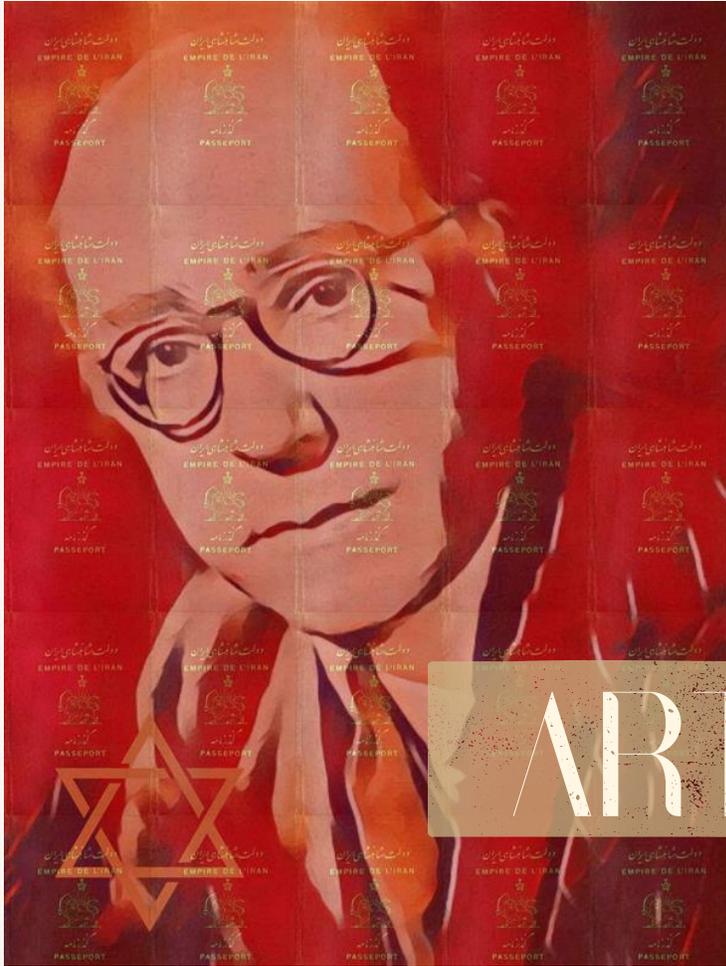
I never fully appreciated the shimmery waters  
in sunlight or the colorful sunsets. Now I feel  
shame that the only times I see it are from the  
car window even though I live so close.

I shouldn't have stopped visiting the place I'm  
so lucky to have grown up nearby.

Next time, I will  
admire the sun glistening on the water and the  
seashells that once captured all my attention.



*"Before I know it,  
those hours are  
over."*



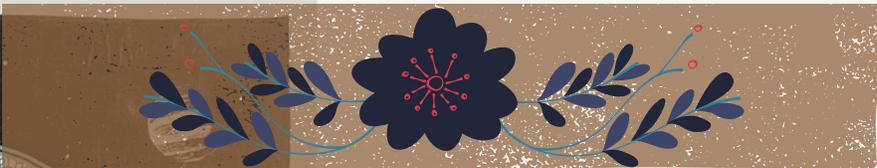
# ARTISTS

Elvis Tang

Nikki Maleknejad



# PAGE



SPRING  
2022

Anna Glimmi



Paige Pidgeon



# HONORABLE MENTION

ELIE WIESEL  
WRITING AND  
VISUAL ARTS  
COMPETITION  
2022

"During the war, people had a lot of suffering. Some people's families were destroyed because of the war, some people's children and parents died because of the war. In this painting, the woman's husband is a soldier, and this soldier lost an arm because of the war. However, he and the woman's baby has just been born and he will never be able to hold their baby. The reason for this painting is that I want to see the suffering and humiliation that humans endure all the time."

- Amber Wang

# "THE HOLOCAUST"



11

ELVIS TANG

"THIS PIECE SHOWED HOW WORTHLESS HUMAN LIFE WAS DURING THE HOLOCAUST. THIS PAINTING PREDOMINATELY USES BLACK AND RED, WHICH PORTRAYS BLOOD AND SMOKE. DURING THE HOLOCAUST, THE CITY WAS DYED WITH BLOOD. I USED AN ABSTRACT WAY TO FINALIZE MY OWN UNDERSTANDING OF THIS HUMAN DISASTER."

# [abysmal alliterations]

AANCHAL CHAUDHARY

famine, fortune, & fame fascinate folks.  
channels captivate the 'catch of the day,'  
a sick smorgasbord of sadness & sabotage.  
violence & viruses vacating villages,  
venom spewing, victims violated.  
accusations against Asians,  
assault and avoidance accumulating across the  
assembled.  
slurs swinging, striking souls,  
suffering in silence saddened by the  
devastation dealt.  
wicked weapons wringing their way  
into benevolent Black bodies.  
police painting a paltry picture,  
fabricating feeble fables  
as an attempt to abolish  
the tyrannical truth.  
gaggles of girls galloping away,  
fearing for our flesh from  
grimy, grotesque souls garishly glaring.  
today's teens talking,  
children collaborating on content.  
plenty posting on platforms.  
raising revolutionary remarks  
boldly becoming  
mouthpieces of magnitude  
for families fighting fanatical faith.



## **(s)mall talk**

**by Anna Brown**

The chatter and excitement at the mall on a Saturday were reasonably expected. The sun was out but not too bright, hitting the patio umbrellas and pavement at seventy-two degrees. Distant music played, threading in and out of the buzzing and shopping that vibrated throughout the stores and outside lounging areas.

**“Kacy! Peach iced tea refresher! Jack! Venti iced oat milk latte with two pumps sugar free vanilla!”**

I thought about how the Starbucks barista must lose her voice everyday having to shout over the loud volumes of people. Lines were long at brand name stores like Hermes and Louis Vuitton, as well as the boba shop that had people waiting for at least thirty minutes. Different people of different backgrounds could all find stores that interested them. Whether to show off their wealth, buy things they need, or just splurge. I was here to buy some gifts. But the most interesting thing about going to the mall is listening in on conversations, the humorous ways in which one interprets someone else's behavior. It is fascinating really, hearing the stories that seemed far from the reality of even being true.

**“He just. Stood up and left. How do you even respond to that? We were drinking coffee and talking about the future and he left.”**

The two girls of about 20 brushed through the clothing racks in Forever 21.

**“I mean I had just said that if we were to get married, I would not be speaking to his mother.”**

The girl picked up a skirt, shrugged her shoulders, and put it back on the rack.

**“I had heard that his mother was extremely protective over her son, that any girl he was with was questioned. How many kids were you ready to have? What cleaning supplies were used to clean the house? How would holiday parties be handled? Ugh.”**

The two girls walked out of the store heading towards Zara. The conversation became more and more distant.

**“He told me we would be done if I would have no contact with his mom, so that was that.”**

It was one o'clock and the mall was at the peak of business. Workers on their lunch breaks making quick calls. Dogs sniffing a food truck from miles away as they were tugged by their leash. Sephora was filled with girls and women when I entered, all looking to buy JLO's new serum or Rihanna's new lip gloss. The line to the cashier was long with girls whose shopping bags were completely full.

"It's true, there are soooo many rumors about it. Stevie Wonder isn't blind. He just wears glasses all the time so cameras never see his whole face, it's like a disguise."

"OMG, that would make so much sense!" a woman with long acrylic nails and fake eyelashes said to what seemed like a sister because of the same nose job and matching tattoo on her wrist.

"It's a whole conspiracy theory, but fans never really know what happens in celebrities' lives anyway."

The store smelled of that fresh makeup smell, powdery and perfumey. I walked through the aisles and put some things in my basket. Perfume, check; cleanser, check; gift card, check...

When I left Sephora, I knew I was running out of time. I needed to meet a friend by three. I walked quickly to a new up and coming clothing store which carried workout clothes and lounge wear. Two very different styles. It was May, leading into summer, which meant clothing colors will have changed since my visit in March. Orange, pink, blue, and white all caught my eye the second I walked in the store. Eighties music played as people rushed from one rack to the next, and employees ran from one customer to the other as people laughed and toddled over to the dressing rooms. Mannequins were now all sizes and the store shop window showed real people as models instead of Barbie dolls with fish lips and photoshopped abs. People of all kinds felt welcome and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. I was too, and as I was grabbing a tie-died sweatshirt and leggings, a voice spoke somewhere nearby.

"She has been in Germany for the last six months. I think the family plans on staying there for another two or three."

"Do you mean Anna? Anna Brown?"

"Yes, I think she stopped dancing before the trip and plans on resuming when she gets back."

My urge to turn around and have them see me standing right here was strong, but I decided to wait and hear 'all about Anna Brown.' I thought about who could be speaking but wasn't able to pin point it.

"Why did they go?"

"I think to visit family. I don't know, my cousin, who's friend, who's sister, who does dance told me." I smiled a little smile facing away from the two girls having the conversation.

"I was also told she would be working on the family's farm there."

I laughed a little out loud and purchased apparel that would *not* be suitable on the farm. I walked out of the store without the girls ever seeing my face or me theirs. I decided I would let them think Anna Brown was in Germany, working on the family's farm.

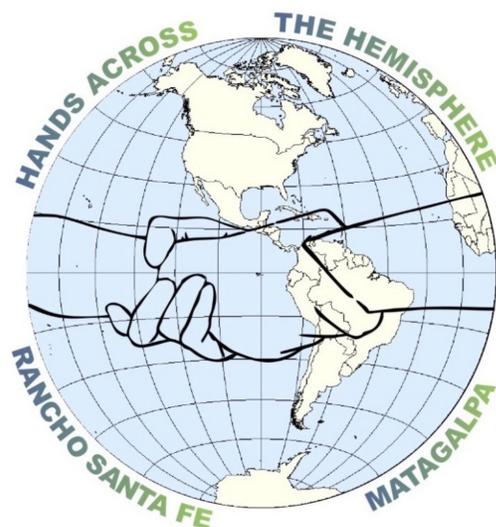
# TATIANA

Like most developing nations, Nicaragua struggles to preserve its natural environment in the face of extreme poverty. It is a daily challenge for citizens to get access to even basic services; according to the World Bank, about 12 percent of the population lives on \$3 or less a day. It can be hard to imagine what that really looks like for those of us who spend more than that on a single cup of coffee. Coffee which may have come from Nicaragua. And growing coffee can have a devastating impact on the environment. So, High Bluff Academy launched the Hands Across the Hemisphere Club to sponsor Tatiana, an eighth grader at Escuela Vera Angelita (EVA).

It is inspiring to be a part of EVA, which is on track to be a change agent for the girls and the environment in Nicaragua. Investing in the education of girls is one of the most effective ways to realize economic and environmental change. Educated girls become productive entrepreneurs and - increasingly - community leaders. They become better mothers of fewer children, and through their education accelerate changes in environmental awareness. Not only does EVA offer young women a bi-lingual (Spanish/English) curriculum with hands-on learning, it is also fully committed to environmental sustainability and eco-education.

EVA is tucked into the Vera Angelita Estate, an entirely self-sufficient, environmentally sustainable and organic oasis of 437 acres encompassing a nature preserve, coffee plantation, plant nursery, botanical gardens, fully functional farm, and eco-resort, all aimed at supporting the school. The future of our planet rests on the understanding that the human-nature relationship must change, and this change starts with education. The radiance and energy of Escuela Vera Angelita's 69 new students, and the expertise and commitment of the staff at every level in creating, maintaining, and teaching environmental sustainability is truly awe inspiring.

**The change the world needs is happening here, and the change is happening now.  
And we at High Bluff are a part of it.**



Hola el motivo de escribirles esta carta es primera mente por todas las cartas que me enviaron de la escuela HBA les quiero compartir que me hicieron muy feliz y que estoy muy agradecida por todo su esfuerzo y quiero que sepan que los aprecio muchisimos.

y me gustaria compartirles que me gusta muchisimo cantar y dibujar y pues cuando sea grande me gustaria ser cantante. y mi sueño es cumplir mis metas y una de ellas es ser alguien grande en la vida y que mi familia este muy orgullosa de mi

AATM= Tatiana Leonor Urbina Mendosa.

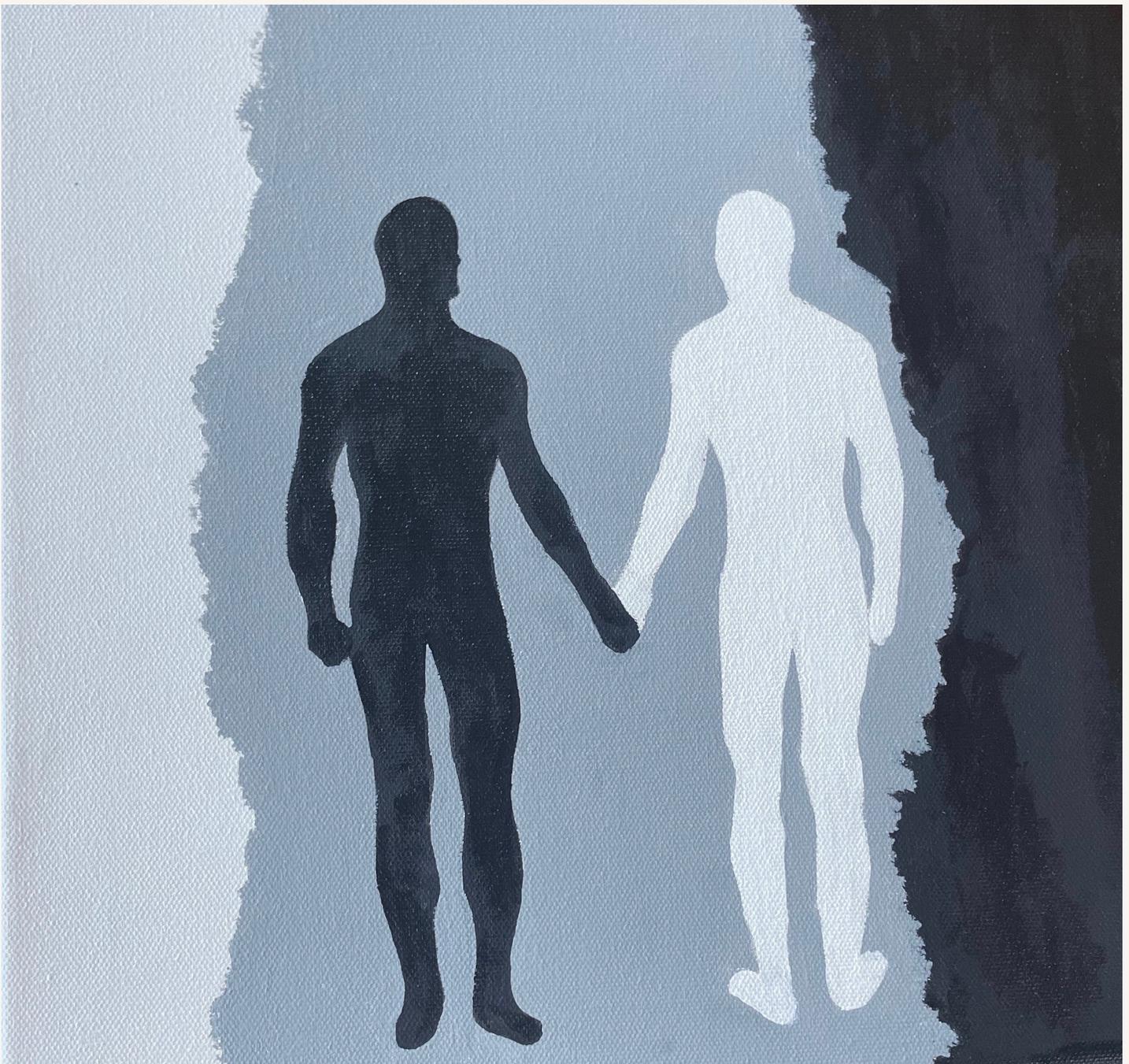
¡Los quiero muchisimos!



Para= la escuela HBA y mis padrinos  
Departe= de = Tatiana Leonor Urbina Mendosa

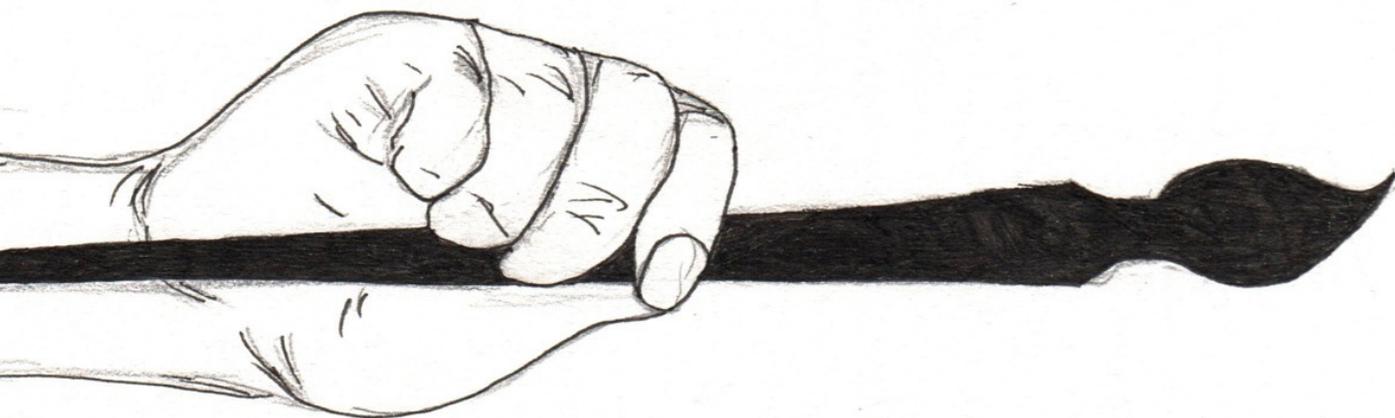
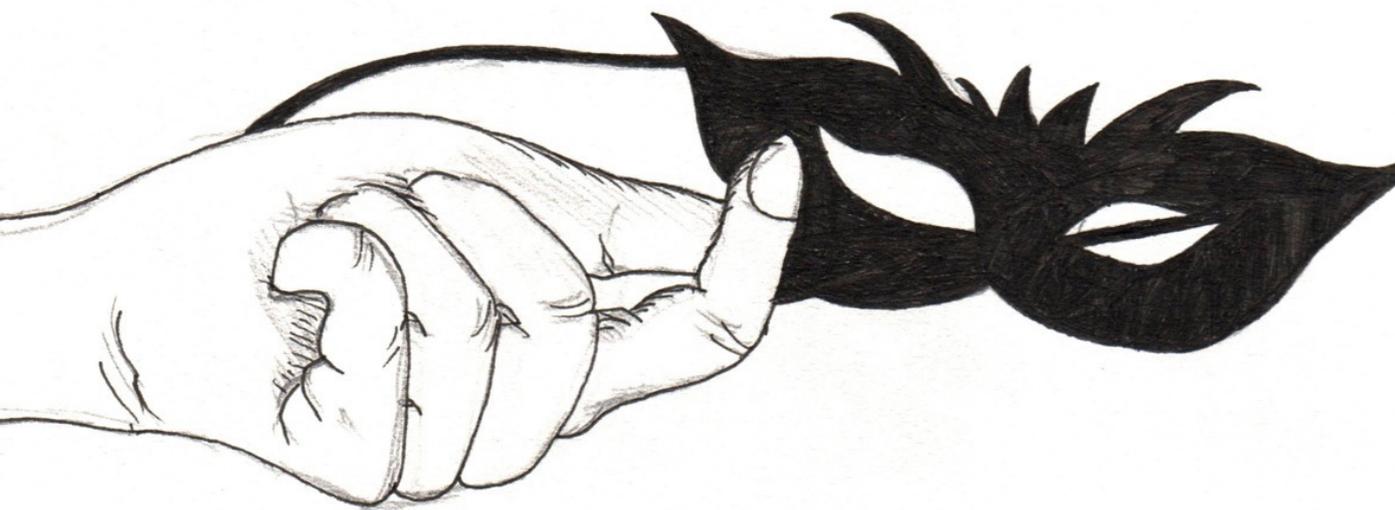
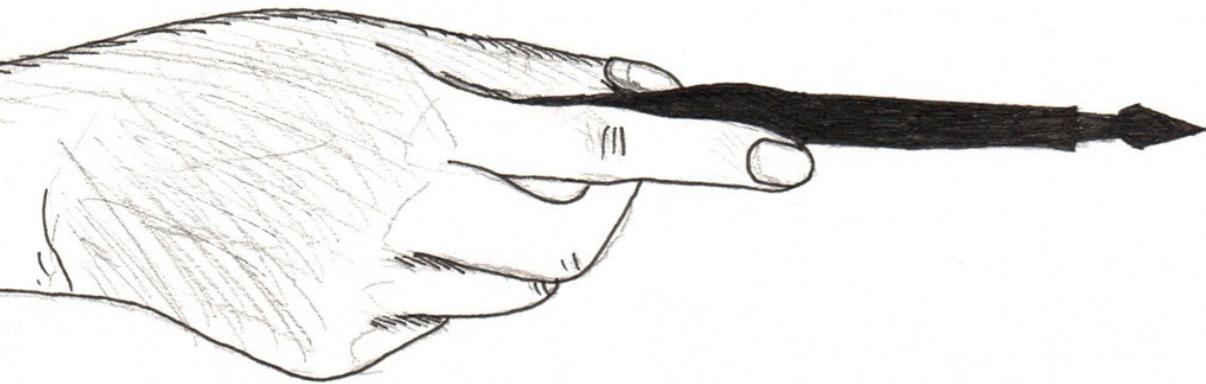


A letter from Tatiana (above)  
A drawing of a rose from Tatiana (right)  
The decorated envelope from Tatiana (below)



### **Neutrality by Natalie Licosati**

Neutrality is one of the biggest necessities in our society. No matter your size, shape, or color, we all deserve meaning and love. In our world today we have so much discrimination, even if it is not apparent to you it may be to someone you love. Speaking out for those who cannot speak for themselves is what empowers the victim rather than allowing the bully to succeed. Standing together as one can show that even when you feel alone, you are not. By using the contrasting black and white, the neutrality of the grey in the middle shows that when we work together, we can help show that there is enough love for everyone.





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