



Roberto Clemente  
Center  
Student Magazine

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**A Waterways Project Publication**

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Waterways  
Project  
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## **Honesty is the Best Policy**

### **Cecilia**

When a person is honest you feel you can trust him or her with just about anything. Most people that are dishonest eventually get caught. Whether a person realizes it or not, there's a heavy price to pay.

Being dishonest can cause you to lose your job, friends, and even go to jail. And in some cases, you're labeled for the rest of your life. It's difficult to trust a dishonest person. You're always skeptical of him.

I remember a very close friend of mine whom I really trusted. One day she stole something from me. I think it was more of a shock to learn it was her who stole from me, than the stealing itself. It hurt so bad. I never felt comfortable around her again. Our friendship ended.

Honesty is best. When you're honest, people don't mind doing business with you. There are more opportunities for an honest person than for a person who is dishonest.

It's sad to say, but today there are so many dishonest people out there. You just have to use wisdom. We need to teach our children at a very early age to be honest. Children learn fast how to manipulate. They need to be taught to be honest. I believe it will make a difference in their lives one day.

## **You're More Than A Friend** **Carmen Olmo**

I have a special feeling  
that I scarcely comprehend;  
in my deepest thoughts sense  
you're more than just a friend.

I wouldn't want to rush us now,  
as friendship we explore,  
but there's a growing warmth inside  
that I just can't ignore.

I enjoy our time together.  
We're so comfortable and free.  
I think of you when I'm alone.  
I think of you and me.

I feel we have much to share;  
our secrets to uncover.  
There is a whole lot more to life  
that we can both discover.

I don't know where we're heading,  
or just where this road will end,  
but you're truly someone special,  
who is more than just a friend.

## **Ten Year Old Killers**

### **Norberto Padilla**

What makes two ten year old kids kidnap a two year old boy and kill him? When I was ten years old, I remember going to the park to play ball, but never to kidnap anyone or kill them.

Going back to the ten year old killers, what made them do that? Was it drugs? Or their mother? Or maybe their father? I really don't know what happened or what made them do that type of thing.

I feel that their mother and father should be the ones to be in jail because our kids today look up to us. What should they do with the kids? Not put them in jail. If you put them in jail it would be a waste of tax payer's money. In a few years they could come out of prison only to commit the same crime and maybe worse. I feel that the kids should go to a disciplinary school. Put the mother and father where they belong.

**Es Bien Dolce**  
**Sandra Ortiz**

Es bien dulce  
pero no es miel,  
vale mucho pero  
no es dinero,  
es divertido pero  
no es un juego,  
da calor pero no  
es una llama,  
mejora con el tiempo  
pero no es vino,  
brilla cada dia  
pero no es el sol,  
te das por vencido . . ?  
"ERES TU"

## **Creo En Ti Mama** **Sandra Ortiz**

Creo en ti Mama  
en tu sonrisa  
llena de alegría,  
de tu ser creo fielmente,  
en tu mirada llena de honestidad,  
creo en tus lagrimas simbolo de  
compartir tristeza, o alegría,  
creo en tus labios contandome  
historias para hecerme olvidar  
todo lo que me preocupa,  
o me entritece, creo en tu tus  
palabras expresandome consejoa  
de lo que espera o deseas de mi,  
creo en ti Mama por que se que  
no deseas un mal para mi, sino  
todo lo mejor y creo en ti porque  
me diste la vida!



## **When I'm With You** **Christine Gonzalez**

I think of no one else,  
but I know in a couple of hours  
I'll be all by myself.  
I really care for you with all of my heart.  
I have to admit I've been feeling this  
way right from the start.  
You make me feel like you care.  
You make me feel right.  
If you feel the same way,  
why don't you stay the night?

## **Understanding A Friend**

**Judith N. Rodriguez**

A handful of hugs is cuddleful.  
A handful of joys is colorful.  
A mindful of thoughts is caring,  
although love is always sharing.

A part of you, a part of me,  
that's the way it will always be,  
until the day that we see  
that love will never grow on a tree.

It grows from our hearts  
and never ends, until you understand  
I will always be your friend.

## **A Mystery Of A Rainbow**

**Judith N. Rodriguez**

There is a mystery up above  
Below is a bird called the Dove  
But between there is a beautiful sky  
Where all the birds like to fly

There is a pot of gold left behind  
That really knows how to shine  
And when that rainbow goes away  
It will be a dreadful day

Then before its time  
The gold begins to lose its shine  
And it will be this way  
Until the rainbow comes  
Another day

## People of Today Ray Herman

First we started smoking Marijuana  
to get high,  
then we went to Cocaine to  
find something new,  
after that we started shooting  
up Heroin to make our  
problems go away.

People started using Crack  
then we started dying;  
if we think DRUGS are the  
way to make our problems go away --  
it's not because it's ruining  
our LIVES.

Don't use DRUGS to make the  
bad problems go away,  
because DRUGS are not the way.  
If you want to solve a problem  
do it yourself. If you don't,  
you won't LOVE yourself.

## **My Prerogative Dr. Andre Sanders**

Hello Everyone!

My name is Dr. Andre Jamal Sanders. I do have a dream like Martin Luther King. My dream is to stop the racial tension and help the poor. This is a problem that has to be dealt with.

The first thing that I would try to do is to bring everyone together; because we are all God's children. I believe that we are equal, no matter what the color of your skin is. But, I don't believe in turning your other cheek. If someone hits you, you have the right to fight back. That goes for all people of all races. And I also believe that our government should take the poor into consideration.

But, if we can come together, we would make a difference. And not only for ourselves, but for our children. They are the future.

We as people have to take it step by step. I know the struggle, but we have to come together. And **WE SHALL OVERCOME SOME DAY!**

## A Song Anibal Nieves

Oh girl - you don't know what you have done.  
You left all your love inside me.

Now you have broken all my trust for you.  
And now you're saying "come back to me."

Oh girl - There's a time

I have to say your love won't be the same.

Oh girl - You don't know

what you have done to me.

I was able to love you "Mi Amor,"  
and now you wake up in another dream,  
wondering what you have done to me.

Is it too late to wake up this time?

At the time you think I'm so wrong?

Just relax and think what you have done.

Oh girl - I just want you to be "Mi Amor."

And there won't be a guy between me and you.

Yo mas quiero que te quedes con migo  
and forever for us to stay together.

## Love

### Ruben Mendez

Love is a feeling that one holds deep down  
in the uncharted water flow of one's heart.  
Love is like two birds on a tree.

One without the other  
there would be no place to be.

Love is a many splendid thing.  
True love is when two people give  
to each other selflessly.

Love can cause us to move mountains.  
It can also deprive us of our sanity.  
Real love is respect for one another  
and giving each other space to grow  
and in so doing walk the road of life  
in love and understanding.

## Isolation Anibal Nieves

When far from home  
I start to feel alone;  
Around me it's all black,  
It reminds me of my cat.

In the darkness it feels  
Like someone is out there:  
I start to cry feeling I am  
The next to die.

When I think tables and chairs  
Are moving, it feels like my  
Spirit is out to boo me.

My mind thinks of the past:  
I look around me, then  
Knowing I'm the last:  
Hopefully tomorrow there's  
A new task.



## A Game Anibal Nieves

Seeing you again made me want you  
More. But I don't want it to be the  
Same as before. You said you were  
Sorry with tears in your eyes. But  
I found out much later it was  
Just another lie. I knew deep inside  
That you were still the same. Because  
I found instruction to your little game.  
You made your move, but lost your turn.  
Don't play with my "FIRE" 'cause you will  
Get burned.  
You're not going to take me again as a  
Fool. 'Cause I made my own game with  
My own set of rules.

## Love

### Judith Niomei Rodriguez

Love is like a gust of wind.  
Love is like a rightful sin.  
Although life is just the way it is.  
It's just another life of quiz.

There is a life beyond our dreams  
That flows forever like a stream.  
Though times are hard and life is rough  
Your love to me is just enough.  
I'd like to know all your ideas  
So that I can end all my fears.

## **World War III**

### **Anibal Nieves**

time: 4:30 pm

date: 1/20/00

Andrew Stevens walked down the dirty marble staircase of his Wall Street office building and out into the misty evening. His mood was vivid and flirtatious as he looked forward to the rest of the evening with his girlfriend, Laurie. Driving towards the Brooklyn Bridge, Andrew turned on the radio and began listening to some music, when suddenly it was cut off. "This is the Emergency Broadcast System. As of 4:00 pm this afternoon, the President of the United States declared a national state of emergency. All citizens must immediately, I repeat, immediately, report to underground shelters, subways or fallout shelters and await further instructions. This is the Emergency Broadcasting System . . . "

Andrew couldn't believe what he was hearing. Already sirens could be heard in the distance and people were scrambling out of their cars to find shelter. Andrew immediately stopped his car, got out, and began running with the crowd. Stumbling and out of breath, he managed to make it to the number two train station. It was stuffy and crowded. People were screaming for room and answers. From the crackling of the loud speaker, it was clear that someone was about to speak. The entire station quieted down in order to hear the voice that was barely audible. "May I have your attention, please? We are currently in a state of national emergency. Russia, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Iraq have threatened

the United States with nuclear destruction. The President is at this moment negotiating with all parties in order to prevent this from occurring. We strictly advise all persons to find immediate shelter underground. Do not come out until notice has been given to do so. We appreciate your cooperation. Thank you."

The static droned on like a tide of rushing water as the crowd stared at one another in bewilderment. Andrew still couldn't believe what he was hearing. He found a small corner at the end of the platform and sat down thinking not only of his life, but also of Laurie's, his only love.

Hours went by and Andrew fell asleep. He was awakened by sirens wailing in the night, on the street above. The people in the street began panicking and pushing up against one another. Somewhere in the distance, two extreme explosions sounded. The ground began to tremble, shake, and crack as the first two nuclear bombs touched down on New York City.

In the station people were screaming hysterically. Some were even running into the tunnels to escape. Then terror struck as flames rushed down the stairs into the station and began torching everything that was combustible.

Andrew stared in amazement as the flames rushed in his direction. He knew all too well that there was nothing he could do. He watched as the flames engulfed him and the pain took away every thought and every action. The darkness overtook him and Andrew was no more.

Above, in the streets, buildings were shattered and torn. Bricks, cars, bodies, and everything else lay strewn red. The temperature dropped considerably

and the sky turned in all directions. No one seemed to be left alive. The entire country lay in ruins. Every major and minor city, every small town had been utterly destroyed. The great plains burned uncontrollably along with the forests of the Rockies and the Appalachians. Where the bombs had detonated lay mile wide craters. Nothing moved. The United States had met its fate.

Due to the tremendous impact of more than 2,000 nuclear bombs, the shock-waves caused major earthquakes in all parts of the world. Tidal waves smacked the shores and touched down miles inland. The entire globe began to quake, cracks split much of the world apart and molten lava began shooting into space. The cracks multiplied until an immense explosion caused the whole planet to blow up.

This story could happen. Because the United States and Iraq are planning the Persian Gulf War part II . . . God Bless America.

