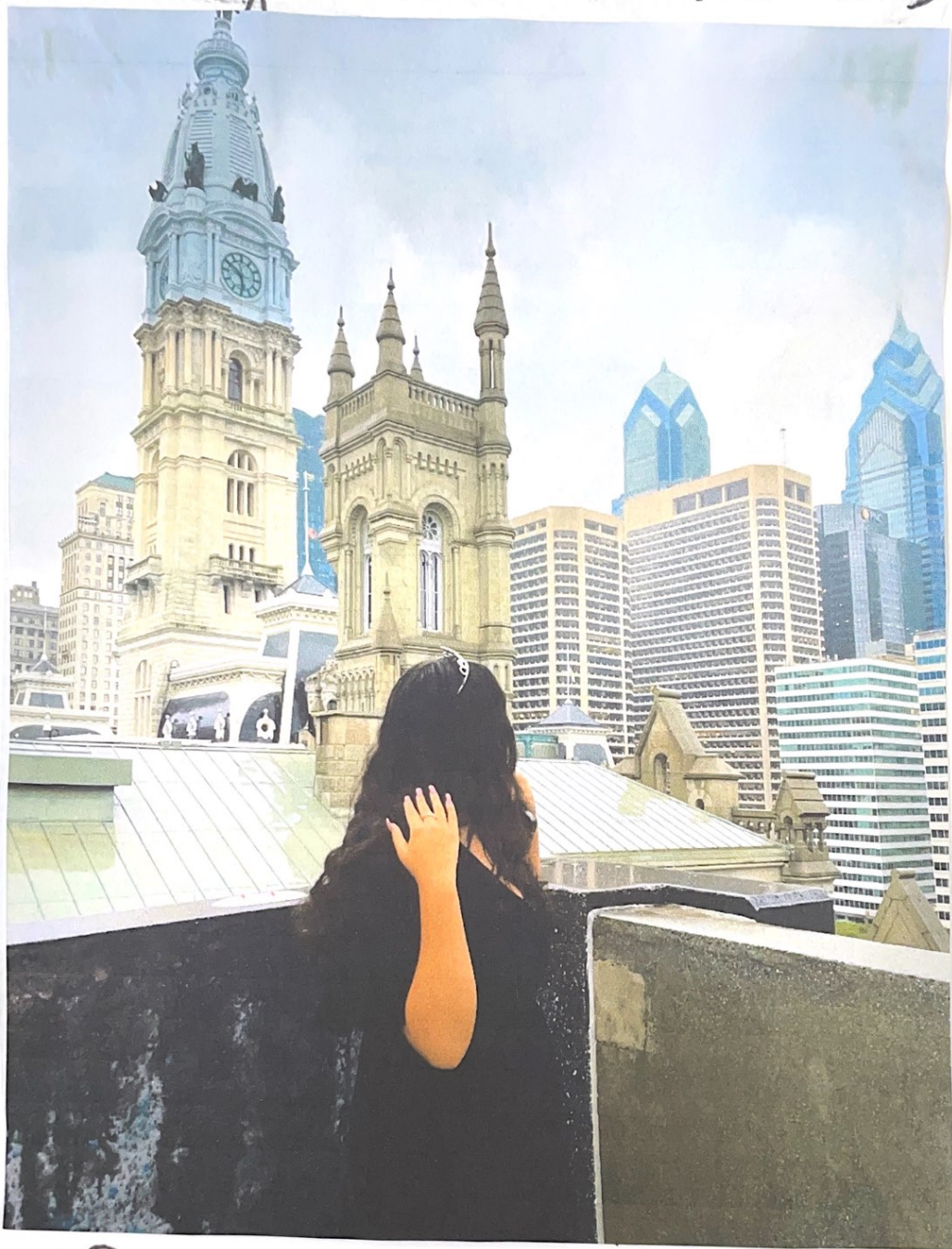


Magdalena's



Interlude

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Dear Readers,

My name is Magdalena, and this is Magdalena's Interlude. In my magazine, although it is crowded with bright colors, an array of pictures, and over a thousand words, there is one theme- one pattern. Which is- there is no theme. When I make art, I express myself, not just the carbon copy of what it is I'm showing. And I am a messy, creative muse, with dynamic ideas stretched across my life. This is what I am reflecting in my magazine, MY form of art, and how it blends into who I am, and who I aspire to be. I see myself like a tree, hundreds of leaves, ones that bloom flowers, and ones that turn brown and rebirth. My mind flexes like branches, but my heart stays with me, always. My heart is my roots. My heart inspires every line of poetry, every splash of paint, every fine line from the tip of a pen.

My magazine shows this tree. It shows the effect the bark that sits on my skin has, the bird nests of the people who live with me, or even just living in my head. The blossoming flowers that have given me a new gift. And, the unexpected weather, rain, wind, or rays of sunshine. Maybe even a rainbow- that guides me along my journey to that eternal sunshine of knowing my tree, needs, dreams... secrets.

I am a tree, and this is my story.

Sincerely,
Magdalena



Magdalena Johnson
Red Stream
SLA Center City

Vignette First Draft

“A child is a beam of sunlight from the Infinite and Eternal, with possibilities of virtue and vice, but as yet unstained.” — Lyman Abbott, American Congregationalist minister

Early March, dead spring. I was only 4, with a mind that stretched across a billion universes. I skipped onto the porch with my ladybug backpack and little plum shaped cheeks. A sweet little smile spread across my face and my mom smiled back at me.

“Hey pumpkin- how was school?” she said, with her eyes focused on the grill. I remember the smoke burning up my eyes.

“It was goooooood. Today we learned about the woman who got kicked off of the bus because of how she looked. I think it was Black History Month.” I said, fidgeting with my tiny manicured fingers.

My mom raised her eyebrows and looked back at me. She just observed, unable to respond before the question escaped me.

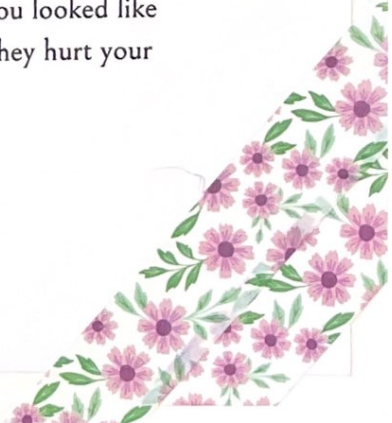
“Mama.. would I have to sit in the back of the bus?” I inquired.


My mom put her spatula down and sat me on a porch chair on her lap.

“Yes baby. You would.” she said, ready to give me the explanation I needed as a small, brown girl.

“Is it because of this?” I asked, with my squeaky voice, pointing to my hairy, honey colored arm. She nodded.

“Our country’s rules were created by very unkind people who didn’t love people you looked like you. They did not give rights to little girls or boys of color, they hurt the people, they hurt your people.” she said softly- trying to not let her voice break.





A white woman trying to tell her little Mexican daughter that America hates her. Not so easy.

“Is that why they drank out of different water fountains? And ate at different restaurants?” I asked. My eyes glimmered with curiosity. Weirdly- I did not feel bad or hurt. I was simply confused. Just like everyone else.

Confused.

Scared.

“Yes love, it was very rough back then.

“So, they love me now.. right?” I asked.

A tear slipped down her cheek and she couldn't wipe it away quick enough.

“Not quite honey. It's so much better now though. We are working on it together, we are fighting. And soon you'll be fighting, then your kids, then your grandkids. We won't stop fighting for you baby.”

She rubbed my hand and comforted me, even though she was the one crying. I gave her a big hug, and kissed her on the cheek.

“Thank you Mama! I'm excited for the chicken. Yummy.” I giggled happily. I crawled back off her and ran inside to go see my little sister.

My mom was left in a state of shock. That was the first talk. The first conversation- where she had to tell me I was different.

I don't fully remember this, but I remember how she handled it. I remember how she held my hand and told me that no matter where I would get on the bus- I am always loved.

But the truth is- I am different from my family. My moms grew up in peace. Milky skin and blonde hair, money was tight, families were distant, but no little girl had to fear being shot in the street. Not like now.

Not like me.





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MAGDA'S ♥♥♥ ♥♥♥ WORLD!

what does magda usually do around the house?

marsha: magda loves to put makeup on, and do her hair, and lounge in her bed, and- do all kinds of things with her phone... AND pet beanie! she's good at petting beanie on the head with her... acrylics.

tracy: she doesn't wear pants... umm sometimes she does tarot readings for her friends, sometimes she hangs out with her sis, sometimes she watches awesome horror flicks with me, um, she likes to talk about politics with me- and life, and politics.

ana: hmmm you go on your phone, do your makeup for fun sometimes.. and umm sometimes you just randomly bake.

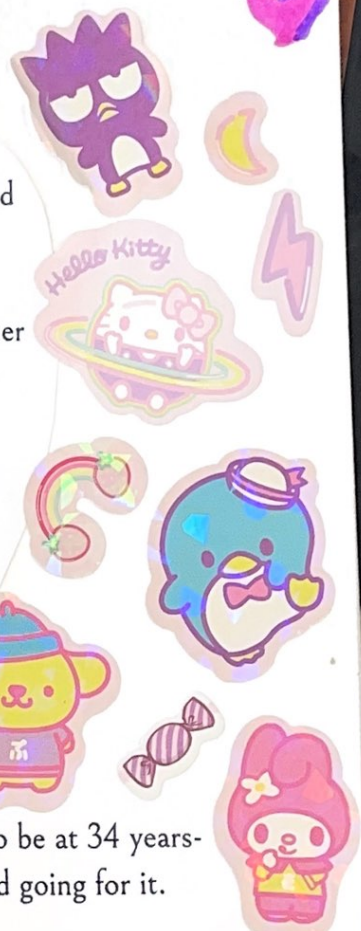
where do you think magda will be in 20 years?

marsha: ...I think Magda will be wherever she wants to be at 34 years- Magda's really good at figuring out what she wants and going for it.

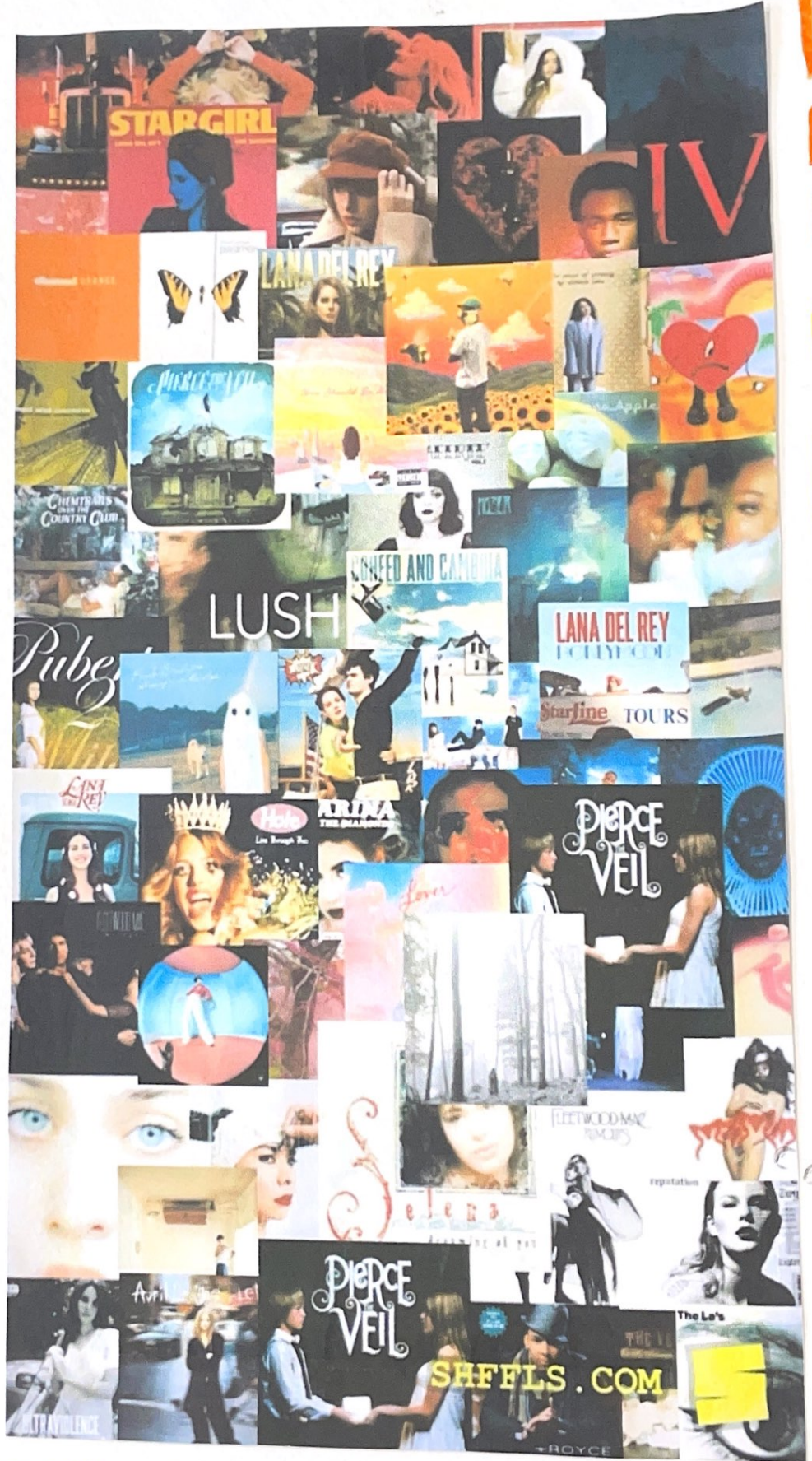
Tracy: Living her best life! Like, lots of good friends, andddd.. happy, andddd.. with several pets, and a career, andddd a partner that's really good to her.

ana: uh- I think you'll- have kids- and.. you'll be an elementary school teacher.

Continued
on
page



My  ALLBUMS



what are some of magda's favorite things?

marsha: magda loves.. blasting Bad Bunny. Magda loves spirituality- and magda loves having fun with her friends.

tracy: the moon.. ozzie, chips and dip! umm.. doing fun things with her friends, DEFINITELY going shopping- learning new things! Anddd roller coasters.

what is one thing that symbolizes magda to you?

marsha: (silence) the Moon.

ana: a mole rat! and an evil eye... and the moon.

tracy: let's see.. um.. the moon... crystals.

what is a core memory you have with magda?

marsha: one of my other favorite memories is- you were a very expressive, creative child-

me: oh god...

marsha: so I LOVED when you would do your interpretive dance. we'd put some kind of dramatic music potentially and you would be.. rolling around, and making dramatic gestures- but what I liked is... y'know, most people feel self-conscious when they do that- you just didn't care. And I loved that you felt free.. to just do whatever the music inspired you to do and that made me happy to see you feel that free.

Tracy: hmm, well, the core memory I think about you being very sweet and laughing but also super smart and fiery was when you came to me and complained about baby Ana taking all your things, and me saying that "She's just a baby, she doesn't know better sweetie." And you looked at me with your cup under your arm, you said, "Well you're an adult, and you know better." And you stomped away.



ana: (silence) ummmm hello kitty.. um.. (*chokes on a strawberry*) umm..
Magda really likes.. Making TikToks.. Taking 0.5x pictures... what DO you
like.. OH- Tristan! You like Tarot, and crystals, and you like getting your nails
done. You like.. umm.. Starbucks! And Studio Ghibli!



what is ONE thing everyone should know about magda?

marsha: *sigh*.. they have to know a lot about you! (silence) They should never
mistake your kindness for weakness.

tracy: (sniffles)you're gonna make me cry.. um.. that you have a beautiful
heart.

ana: uh-hh-

marsha in the background: she's ticklish!



ana: she needs a lot of attention- or she'll get bored with you.

lastly, what do you think magda's funeral will look like- impact wise?

marsha:that's a terrible question- well I know what song will be playing!
You've already requested that we have to play Gypsy by Fleetwood Mac- but
yeah so I think it will be a HUGE funeral- because you have a way of
impacting a lot of people in a significant way. so I think it will be a HUGEEEE
funeral of people being terribly broken-hearted- but also knowing that you're
not afraid of what happens after death, and they'd know that you'd want them
to celebrate. Because I don't think you're afraid of death and I don't think you
think it should be something that isn't part of a cycle of life. So I think you'd
want people to sort of celebrate also. NOT just be broken hearted that it's the
end of something, because you think all things are cyclical.

tracy: i don't like this question.. um.. because you touch people's lives.
(*crying*) you do a good job of taking care of people, and creating community.
You're a good friend.

ana: Uh-hh.. You're going to want people to celebrate Dia de los Muertos for
you.. umm.. well I feel like you're going to have one of those caskets that are a
lot of money, but are handmade to the person... like a banana casket! I would
get a minion casket.. you could be the banana to my minion.



washing machine skin

castor oil and orange juice
where the sun meets the sky
that midsummer morning
where judgment day arrived.

when two porcelain women
carried out a honey baby girl
people began to stare and ask
"who will she be in this world?"

i am a coconut girl
who came from bodies like mangos
swaying hips and salsa verde dip
but couldn't quite fit in.

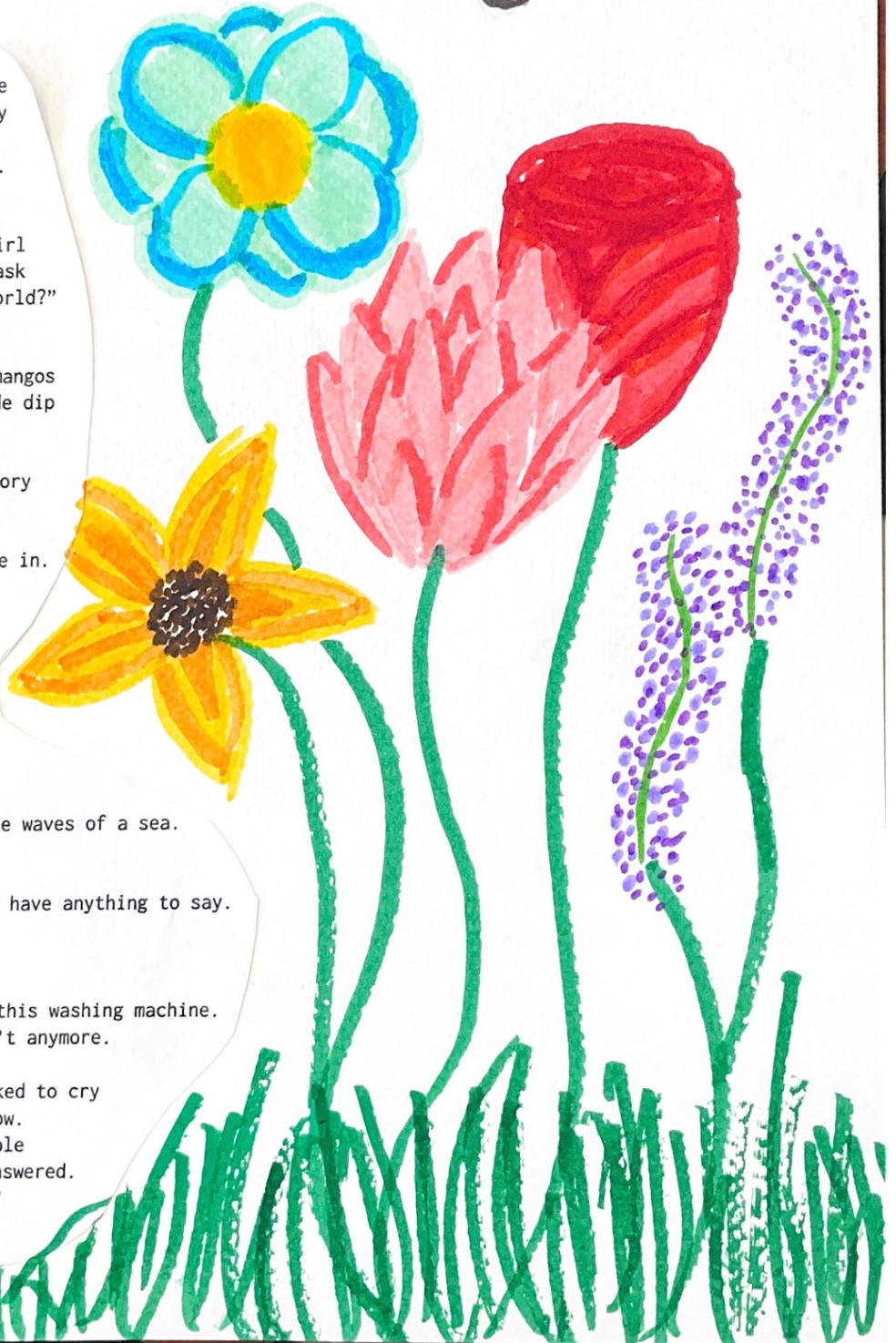
so instead of telling my story
i told the one i was giving
i was giving latte skin
so you told me i should give in.

you took my world
so you feel more safe
you rejected my culture
that i was too young
to choose to embrace.

a load of laundry
filled with what makes me
scars, lunares, and hair like waves of a sea.
they poured some soap
to wash it away
and told me that i shouldn't have anything to say.

and when they pulled me out
i was fresh and clean
smelling like flowers after this washing machine.
i wanted to cry but i couldn't anymore.

i turned to the world and asked to cry
but it said it would not allow.
so i kept myself in this bubble
waiting for my question be answered.
"am i simplified enough now?"



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Words, Wishes, and my Wildest Dreams

Every night I look up at the sticker stars on my wall and dream. I dream about how my words sew together and show a story. I tell a story as deep as a knife cut and as shallow as a kiddie pool. In the middle of a rushing city, I skim through my notes app and write. Sometimes about a conversation, like the deep talk about buying dreams that two strangers with raspy voices had on the subway, or maybe just the auburn color of the Starbucks employee who served me my Pumpkin Cream Cold Brew. Sometimes after enough tears have fallen, I find the scary words I couldn't dare to scribble.

Writing is my passion. A melody of letters means so much, people just don't always have the patience to tune them. I write to fill empty pages, empty feelings, and empty cups.

I started to write in the 5th grade. I wrote little entries about two girls saving Mother Nature. They did magic, things we as an economy could put billions of dollars into, and not succeed. They were my first inspiration- walking so many other empowered female characters could run.

I wrote chapters, pilot episodes, movie ideas, anything I could imagine was in my diary. A secret kept safe, at least until I knew I wanted to write.

During the high school application process, I found myself drawn to CAPA for its Creative Writing program. But- the problem was, I had never ACTUALLY written.

So I tried non fiction. I tried short stories, I tried plays. Nothing spoke to me- until I tried poetry. I always mocked poetry, just as everybody does, but to me, it's sort of a hidden gem. I wrote and wrote, about the things that weighed me down deep into the earth's surface, and about the things that lifted me into the stars, singing me to sleep, to once again- meet my dreams.

But- even after acceptances were released, and I was waitlisted for CAPA- it wasn't just a placeholder anymore. I wrote poems through every storm- every holiday- every day was a new page- a page that could go from blank to scribbled top to bottom in seconds.

With my sudden love for poetry, I registered myself in Creative Writing as my final elective at ICS. The teacher also happened to be my advisor- and she put in a good word for me. Due to that, I was accepted into this class! I was over the moon to be able to have an hour to make my art.

Our main assignment was what changed everything, with the most basic, but controversial question.

Who are you?

I was stuck. Like gum on a shoe. Everything I wrote was erased- and I ended up with a blank page filled with faded writings.

Until I realized what that question could mean.



The question could have an answer of a sentence- or an entire essay. It could be fun facts- or it could be deeper. And for me- that depth laid in the question, because I am that question; and always will be.

The poem I wrote, the one before this- is what is currently changing me. Changing my life.

The poem is my foundation; but the only real thing that could change my fate, was me.

I entered my poem in a contest, to kill some time in class. I had zero belief in my work- but, I knew my teachers would be happy- so I took the leap of faith- and I won.

Everything I worked through, the notebooks, the full storage of notes, the pen in my skin from the random thoughts, it all would've never manifested if it weren't for me.

I love to write, and because I voiced what I love, what's important to me, my passion is not a hobby anymore- but an opportunity.



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Had a rough day? Feeling homesick? Make yourself a Ponyo Drink! In the breathtaking Studio Ghibli animation, "Ponyo" - Sosuke & Ponyo drink a hot, sweet drink during a tsunami. This is what I call Ponyo Drink! I found a recipe, but it wasn't exactly what I was looking for - so I made my own :) I make it for my little sister when she cries, or when I have a long night of studying ahead of me. It's a comfort drink, for everyone!! ♡

Make yourself at home -
With Ponyo Drink ♡



★ PONYO DRINK ★

ingredients



- 1 cup of milk
- 1/8 tsp of ginger
- 1 tbsp of honey
- 1/8 tsp of cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp vanilla extract
- pinch of ground cloves
- 1/4 tsp of nutmeg

instructions →



Instructions

Microwave

1. pour a cup of milk into your favorite mug!
2. put it in the microwave for about 90 seconds (watch it to make sure it doesn't boil over!
3. while it's microwaving, do all your measurements.
4. take it out of the microwave & add everything! mix well.

Stovetop

serve warm ♥

(do the same - just boil the milk & mix in your ingredients)



My Idol Princess Diana

the people's princess -
the woman who
inspired me to speak
my truth & always
spread love - not fear.



↙
thank
you



Squishmallows

