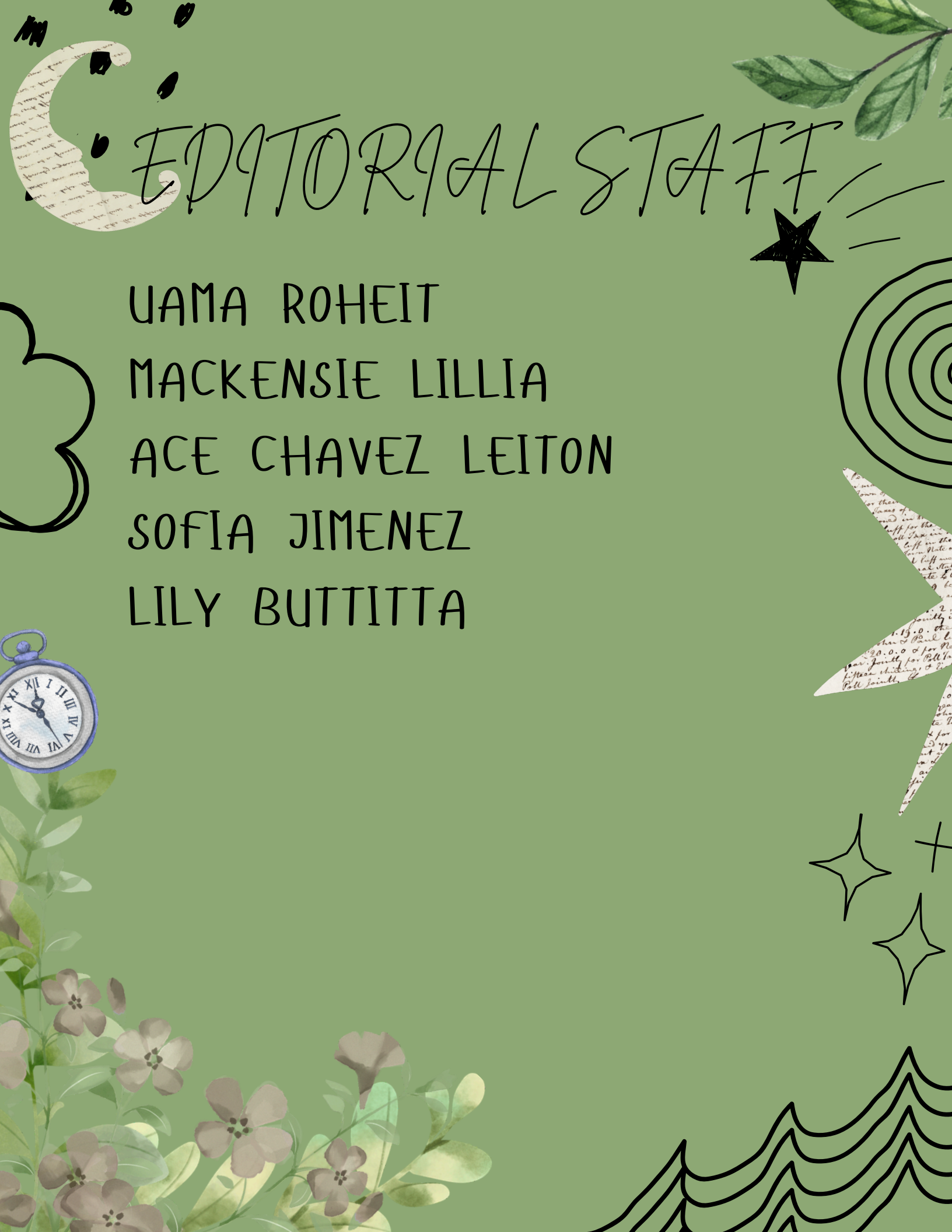




Tiger Tales
25-26



EDITORIAL STAFF

UAMA ROHEIT

MACKENSIE LILLIA

ACE CHAVEZ LEITON

SOFIA JIMENEZ

LILY BUTTITTA



POETRY

THANK YOU - BY SKYLAR BOOS

THANK YOU FOR BEING THERE

IN THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN
YOU'VE SEEN ME ON MY BEST DAYS AND MY WORST DAYS

YOU'VE HELD ME WHILE I CRIED

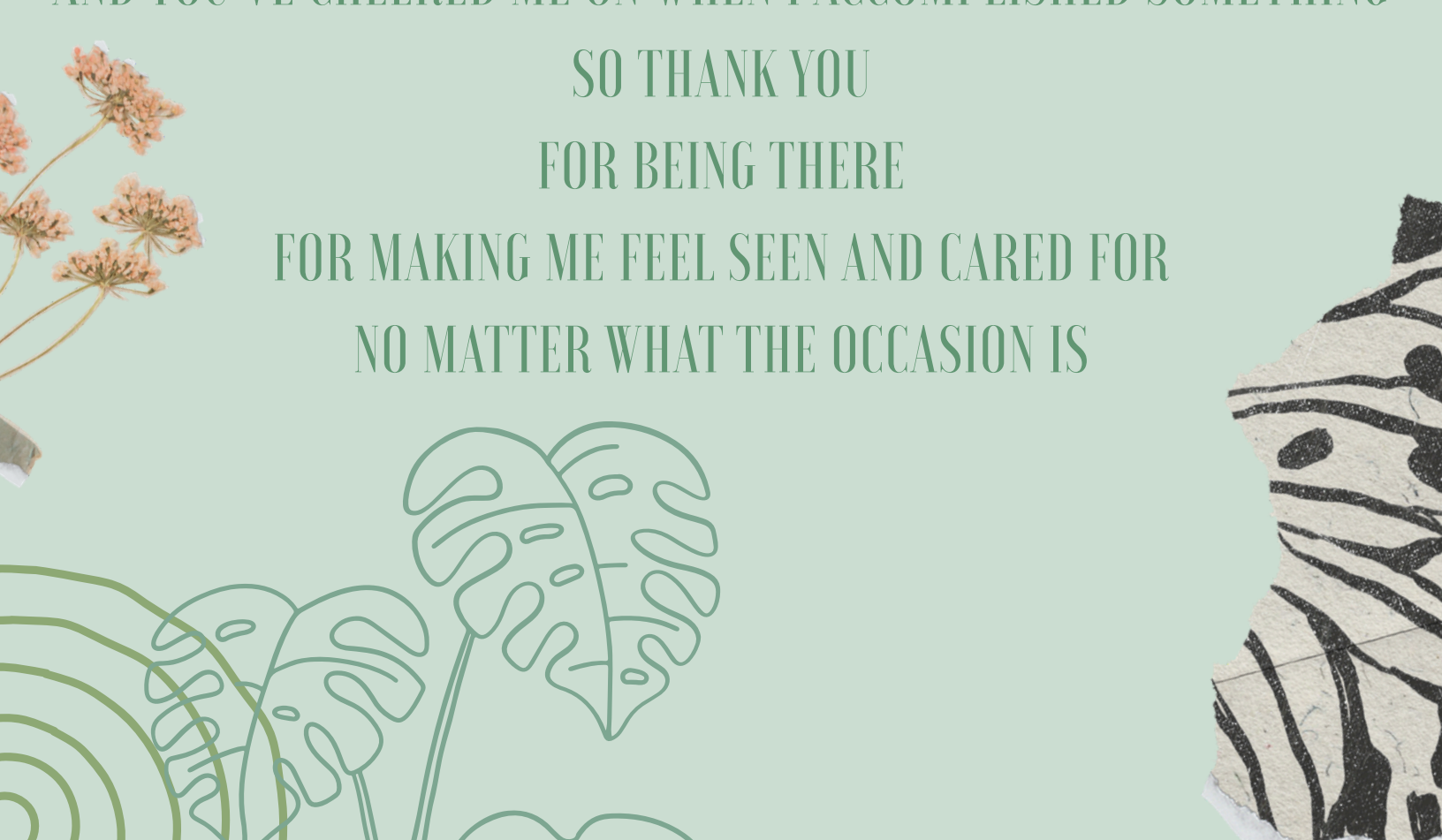
AND YOU'VE CHEERED ME ON WHEN I ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING

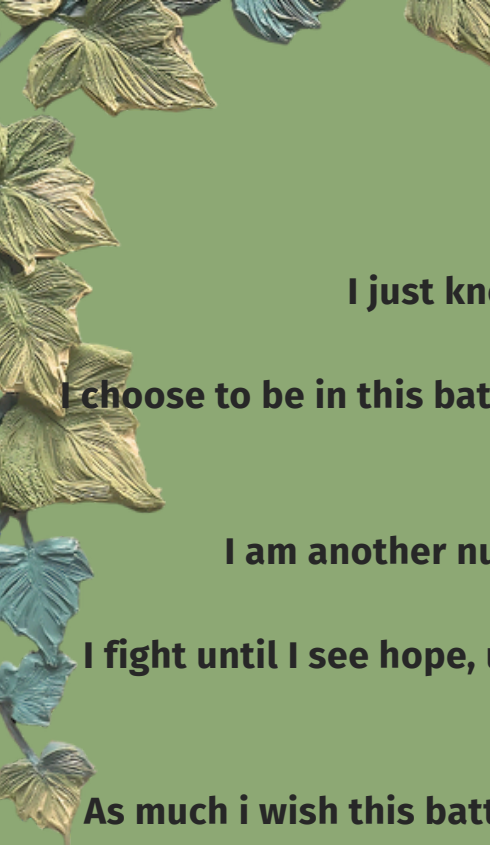
SO THANK YOU

FOR BEING THERE

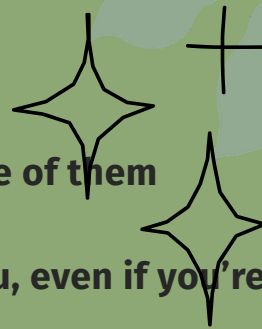
FOR MAKING ME FEEL SEEN AND CARED FOR

NO MATTER WHAT THE OCCASION IS





I am a soldier
I am loyal as a soldier
I follow like a soldier
I don't question your action or choice
I just know I should stand by you for every one of them



I am a soldier
I choose to be in this battle, I choose to be in the field with you, even if you're not in the front lines

I am a soldier
I am another number to you while you decide if I get out of here alive

I am a soldier
I fight until I see hope, until I see a day were we both get out of here together living a happy quiet life

I am soldier
As much i wish this battle was over, you continue the war as you are familiar with war

I am a soldier
After the war, after the lost we experienced together, after my body and soul has lost all it's human in it

You continue another battle, with or without me
Even when you see that I am tired, you see my heart been torn out of strength

You continue another battle just because it's a cycle you cannot break
As I find peace for the rest of my days in a quiet house, with the sun setting within the forest we use to hid together all I will remember is

I was a good soldier

I am soldier

Until every breath I was your soldier
But you don't want a soldier, you want a battle

A fight you cannot win

A war that never ends

A cycle that repeats

I have given my years and loyalty
days, hours and minutes

How much more can I give

How many wars will you go thought before you see, their is no war only within yourself

I am a good soldier

With my final moments as your soldier, I will take the bullet and departure

One that will hurt to remind me

To never become a soldier again





AS THE SCARS FADE
THE MEMORIES DO NOT
THE PAIN OF THE PAST WILL ALWAYS COME BACK
THE TRUE PAIN INSIDE IS ALWAYS FELT
THE GUILT THAT ATE YOU ALIVE
THE MAGGOTS TASTE WHEN YOU DIE,
THE TASTE IS METALLIC,
THE TASTE OF YOUR BLOOD
WHEN YOU BITE YOUR TONGUE
TO KEEP THE WORDS DOWN
BUT THE SILENCE GREW LOUDER THAN ANY SCREAM,
GIVING YOU THAT SHARP PAIN IN YOUR CHEST
THOSE WHISPERS THAT DON'T LET YOU SLEEP



THE WALLS HAVE EYES
AND THE WIND WHISPERS
THE SHADOWS ARE PEOPLE
AND THE BUGS PEAK OUT OF MY SKIN
YOU SAY I LOOK "OUT OF IT"
BUT I COULDN'T BE MORE INTO IT
INTO ALL THE THINGS YOU CAN'T SEE,
ALL THE THINGS YOU CANT HEAR,
AND INTO ALL THE THINGS YOU CAN'T FEEL
YOU TELL ME TO COME BACK TO REALITY,
BUT THIS IS MY REALITY
THE REALITY I CAN FEEL IN
ONE THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL NUMB
BUT AWARE...



SHORT STORIES

The Witches' Curse by Mya Perez

Right across the river, isolated from the rest of the town was a small wooden cottage. This cottage was inhabited by a lonely woman. She had neither a family, nor a pet to keep her company. One day, she had fallen very ill, and so with no family to cater her illness, she had but a choice to go out on her own in search of medicine.

The ill woman got out of bed, stepped over the rocks in the river, and stumbled over toward the town square. She paid no attention to the boisterous sounds of the village, tunnel visioned on getting to the shop and back home as quickly as possible.

When she got to the shop, there was no-one behind the counter. She assumed the merchant had merely stepped out for a minute and would be back shortly.

And so she waited.

And waited...

And waited...

And waited...

But nobody came.

The ill woman was very determined and dead-set on getting her medicine so instead of going home and coming back later, she decided to stand there until the merchant arrived. As she waited, she couldn't help but commend the shop stand. The merchant's shop was very honorably decorated, showcasing a giant wooden cross, decorated in silver.

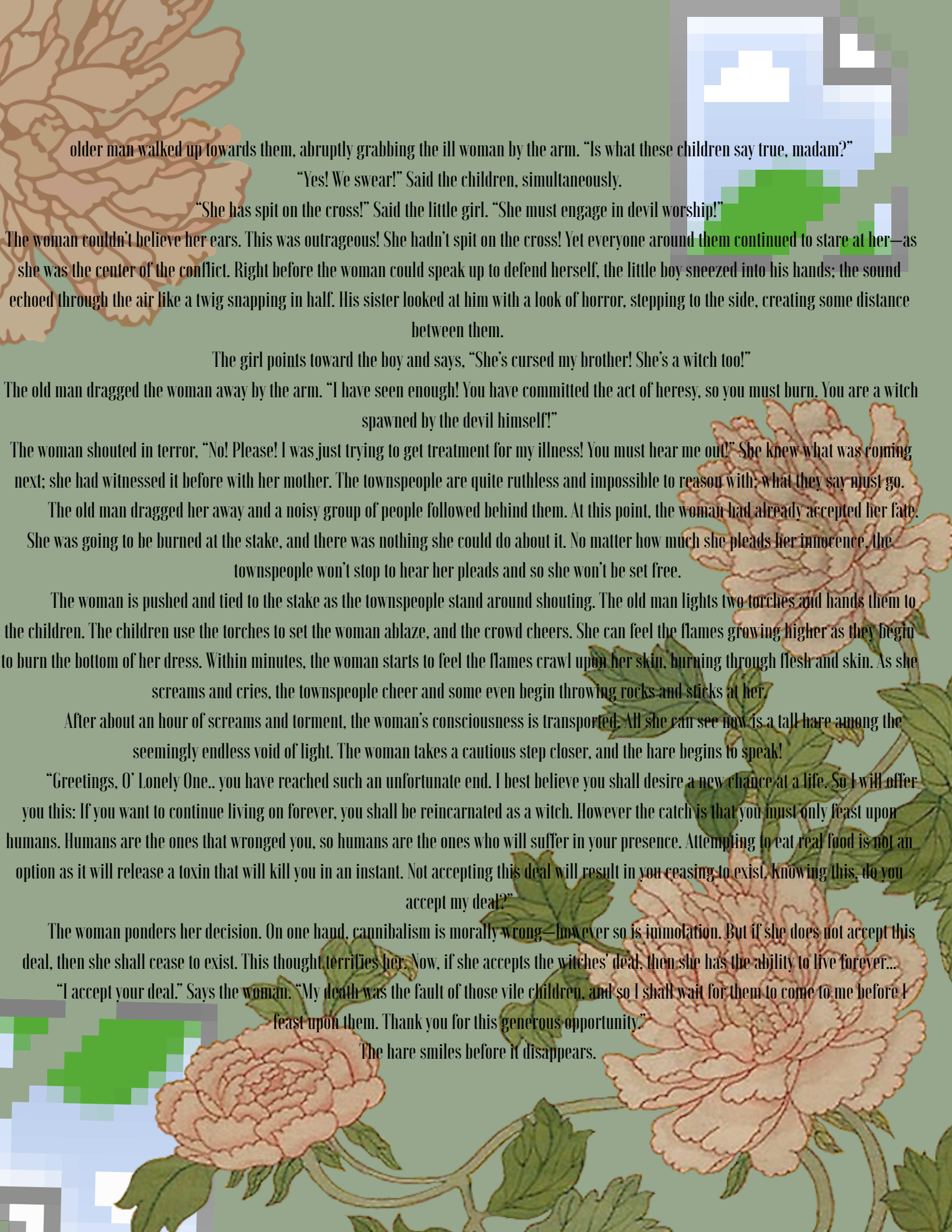
It had been about 25 minutes since the woman approached the shop, when suddenly two small children ran up to stand in line beside her. One of the children was a little girl with lightly colored hair separated into two braids. The other was a little boy in leather boots.

The ill woman felt a tickle beneath her nose and let out a sneeze. When she turned back to glance over at the children again, their faces were contorted into a look of horror. She looked at the children in confusion until suddenly the children pointed towards her and yelled out "DEVIL WORSHIPER!!"

The woman was stunned. She's never been accused of such outlandish blasphemy before. By now, the three of them had become the center of attention; thousands of eyes looked upon them, some beginning to walk towards them.

"Children, what makes you say such things!? I am no witch, nor a woman in support of the devil." The woman says, "Do you insolent children have no decency?"

An



older man walked up towards them, abruptly grabbing the ill woman by the arm. “Is what these children say true, madam?”

“Yes! We swear!” Said the children, simultaneously.

“She has spit on the cross!” Said the little girl. “She must engage in devil worship!”

The woman couldn’t believe her ears. This was outrageous! She hadn’t spit on the cross! Yet everyone around them continued to stare at her—as she was the center of the conflict. Right before the woman could speak up to defend herself, the little boy sneezed into his hands; the sound echoed through the air like a twig snapping in half. His sister looked at him with a look of horror, stepping to the side, creating some distance between them.

The girl points toward the boy and says, “She’s cursed my brother! She’s a witch too!”

The old man dragged the woman away by the arm. “I have seen enough! You have committed the act of heresy, so you must burn. You are a witch spawned by the devil himself!”

The woman shouted in terror, “No! Please! I was just trying to get treatment for my illness! You must hear me out!” She knew what was coming next; she had witnessed it before with her mother. The townspeople are quite ruthless and impossible to reason with; what they say must go.

The old man dragged her away and a noisy group of people followed behind them. At this point, the woman had already accepted her fate. She was going to be burned at the stake, and there was nothing she could do about it. No matter how much she pleads her innocence, the townspeople won’t stop to hear her pleas and so she won’t be set free.

The woman is pushed and tied to the stake as the townspeople stand around shouting. The old man lights two torches and hands them to the children. The children use the torches to set the woman ablaze, and the crowd cheers. She can feel the flames growing higher as they begin to burn the bottom of her dress. Within minutes, the woman starts to feel the flames crawl upon her skin, burning through flesh and skin. As she screams and cries, the townspeople cheer and some even begin throwing rocks and sticks at her.

After about an hour of screams and torment, the woman’s consciousness is transported. All she can see now is a tall hare among the seemingly endless void of light. The woman takes a cautious step closer, and the hare begins to speak!

“Greetings, O’ Lonely One.. you have reached such an unfortunate end. I best believe you shall desire a new chance at a life. So I will offer you this: If you want to continue living on forever, you shall be reincarnated as a witch. However the catch is that you must only feast upon humans. Humans are the ones that wronged you, so humans are the ones who will suffer in your presence. Attempting to eat real food is not an option as it will release a toxin that will kill you in an instant. Not accepting this deal will result in you ceasing to exist. Knowing this, do you accept my deal?”

The woman ponders her decision. On one hand, cannibalism is morally wrong—however so is immolation. But if she does not accept this deal, then she shall cease to exist. This thought terrifies her. Now, if she accepts the witches’ deal, then she has the ability to live forever...

“I accept your deal.” Says the woman. “My death was the fault of those vile children, and so I shall wait for them to come to me before I feast upon them. Thank you for this generous opportunity.”

The hare smiles before it disappears.



By Florencia Gunawan

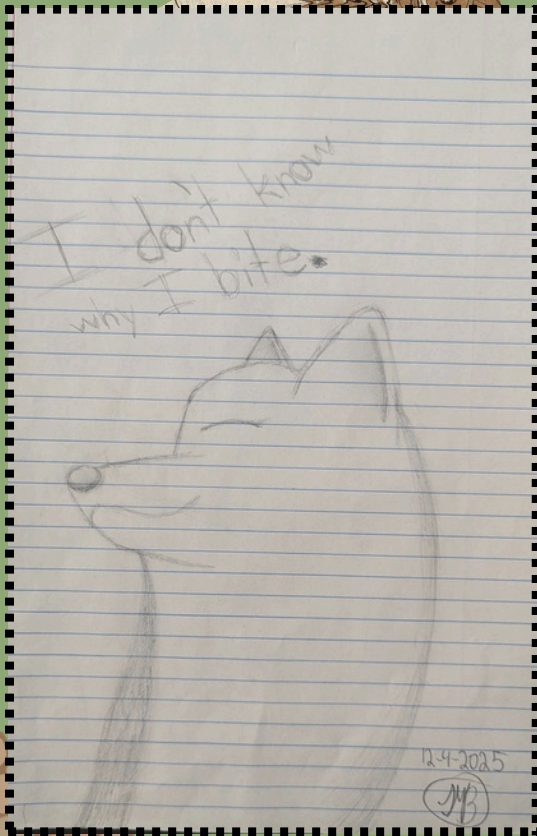
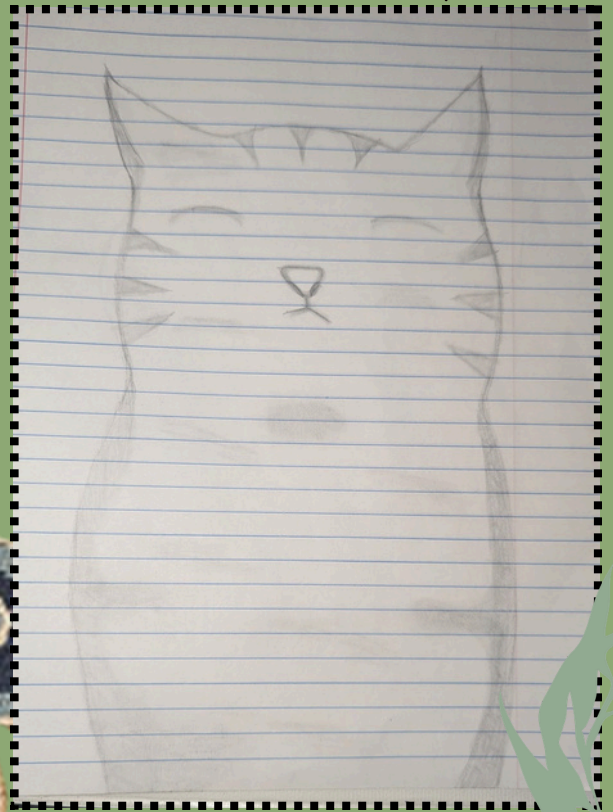
Dr. Jekyll, “a well-known respected man of science.”
I wonder why good and evil must battle within one soul.
I hear the echo of footsteps, my own, chasing me through fog.
I see polite smiles that know nothing of the monster beneath.
I want to control the darkness before it controls me.

I am Dr. Jekyll, known for my calm and virtue, but the mirror tells another story.
I believe I can separate the darkness from the light.
I feel the thrill and terror of my own creation.
I touch the cold glass bottle and feel both power and regret.
I worry that “man is not truly one, but truly two.”
I lament the day I opened that door inside myself.

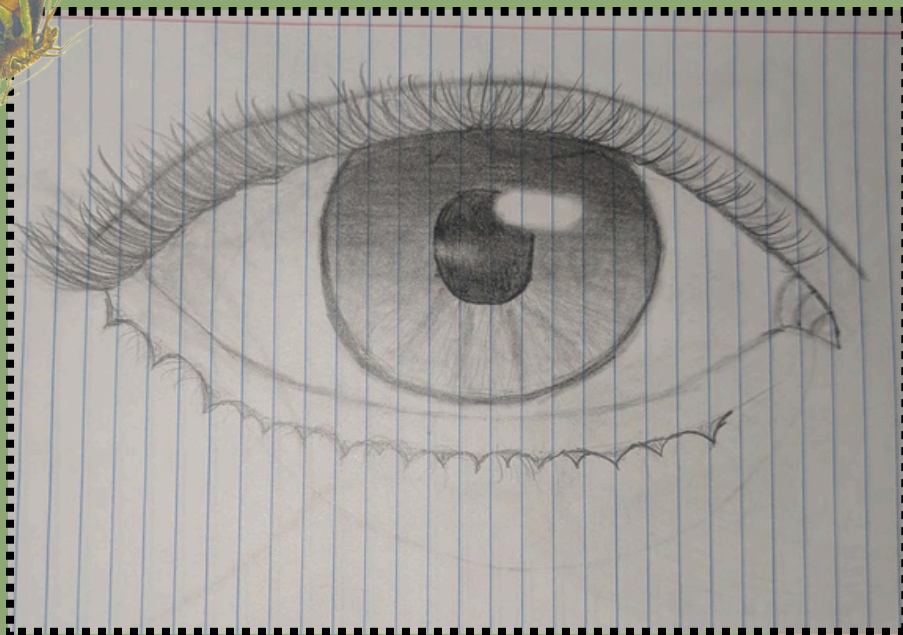
I am Dr. Jekyll, but the edges of Hyde are creeping in, fighting for the same body.
I understand now that you can’t destroy a part of yourself without losing everything.
I claim the shadow I once feared as part of me.
I dream of being whole again, even if it’s just for a moment.
I strive to master the beast, though I am fading.
I hope my story warns others before it’s too late.
I am Dr. Jekyll... and I am Mr. Hyde, trapped between who I am and who I became.

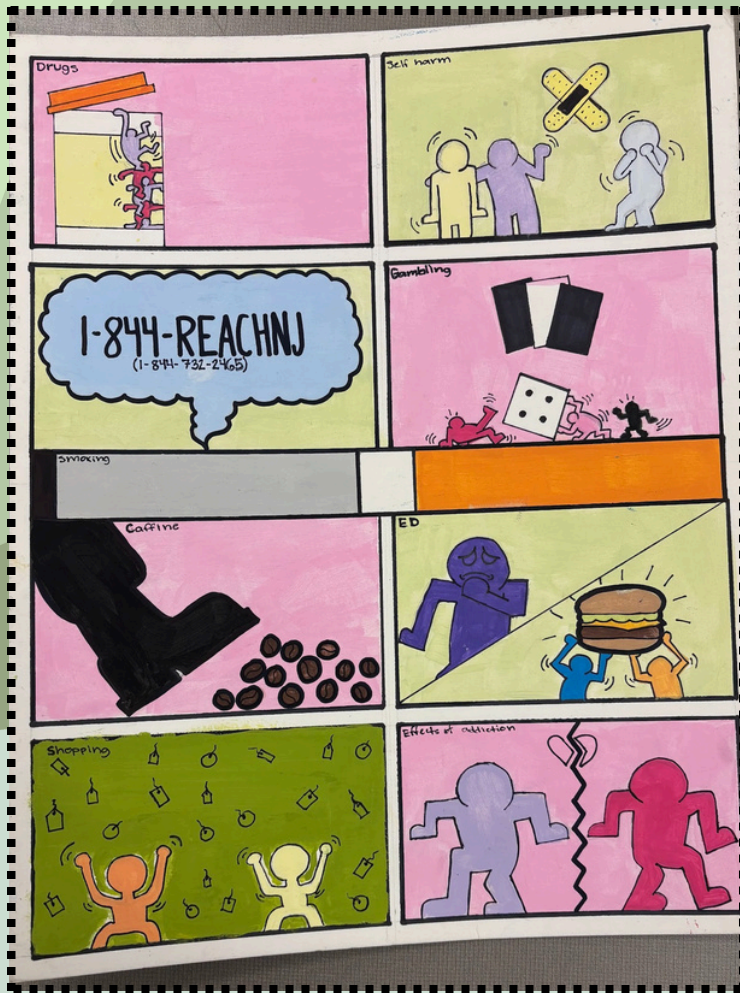
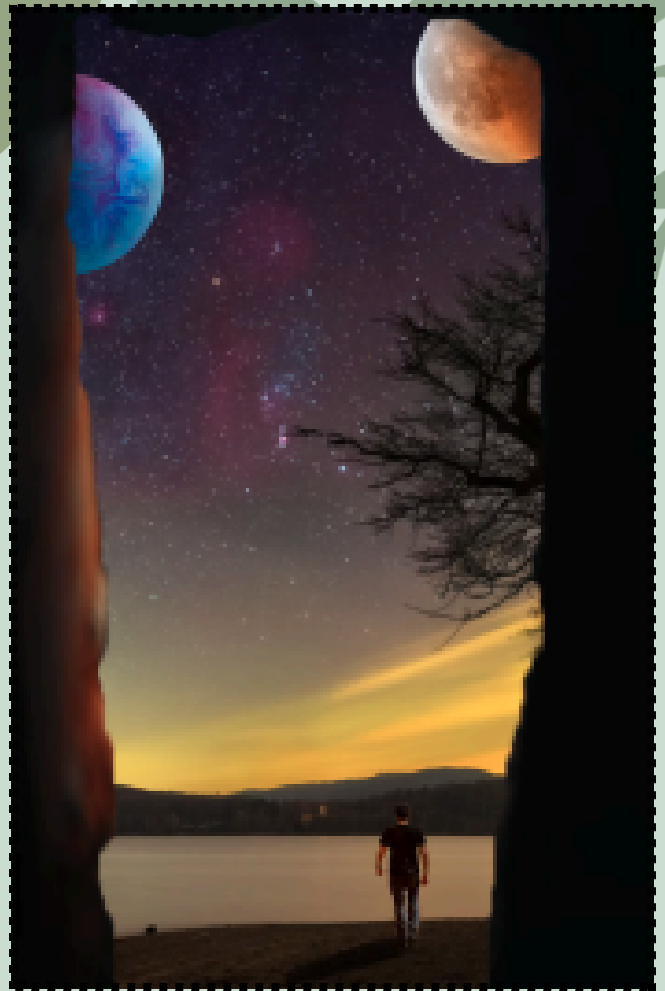


ART



Made by: Skylar Boos





Made by: Skylar Boos





Made by: Aiden Balazse

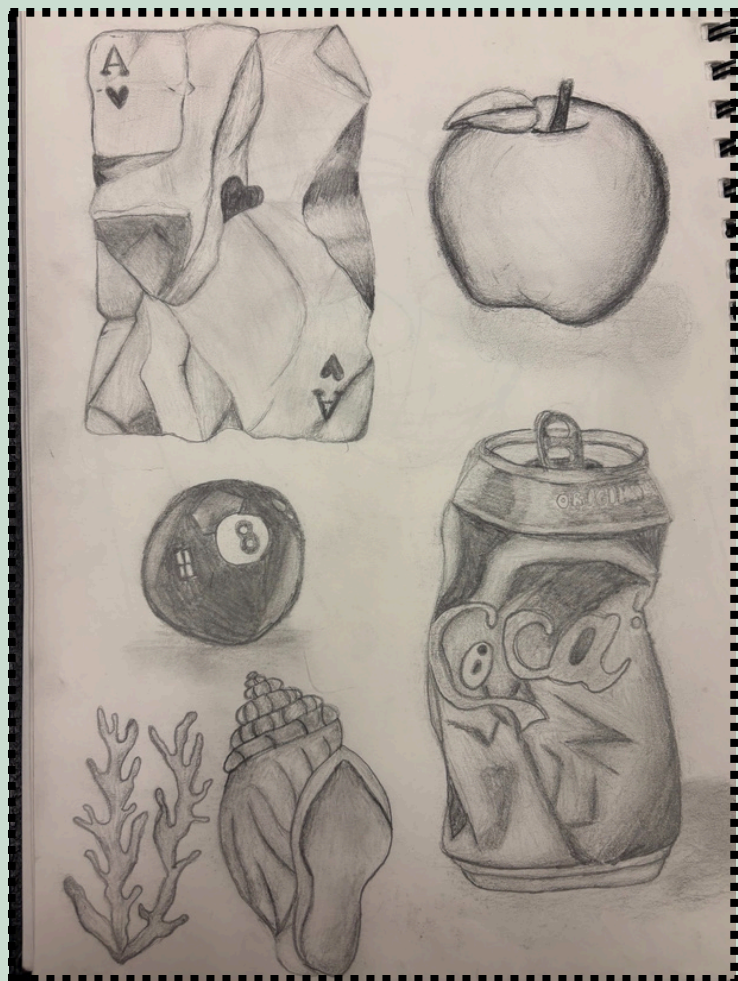
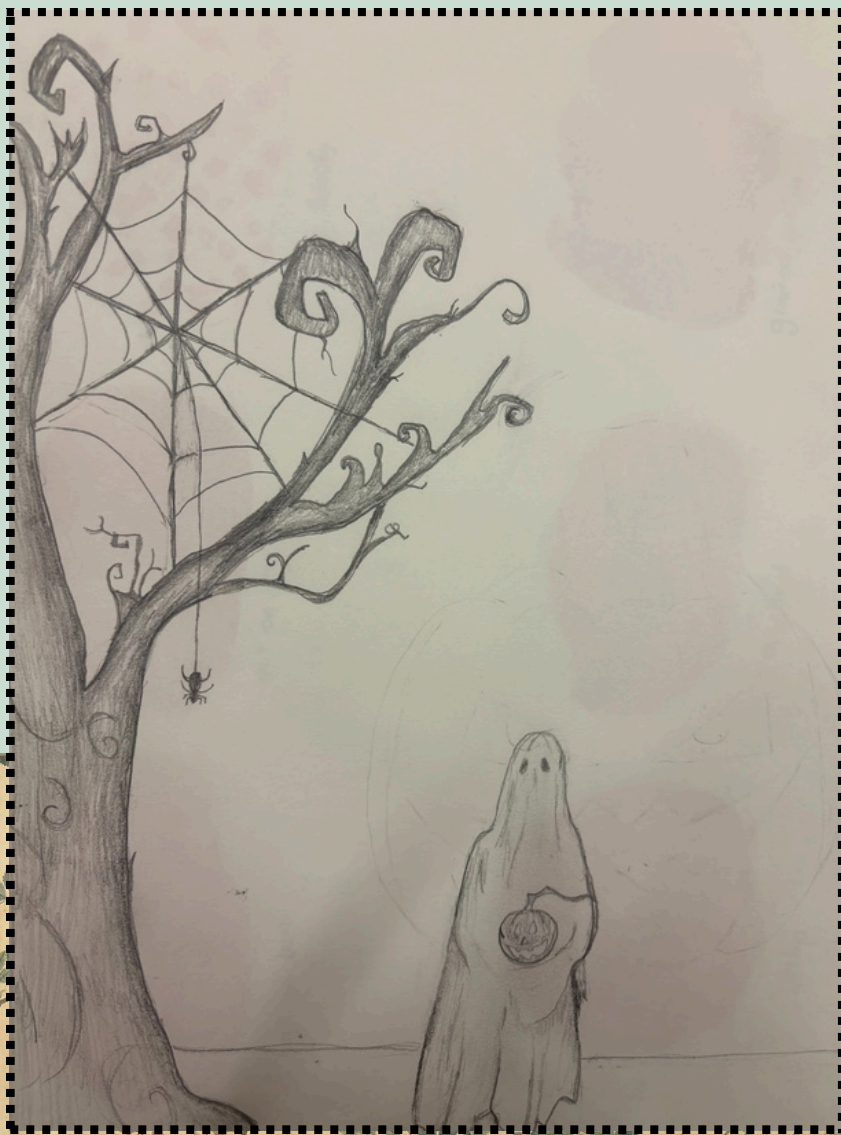


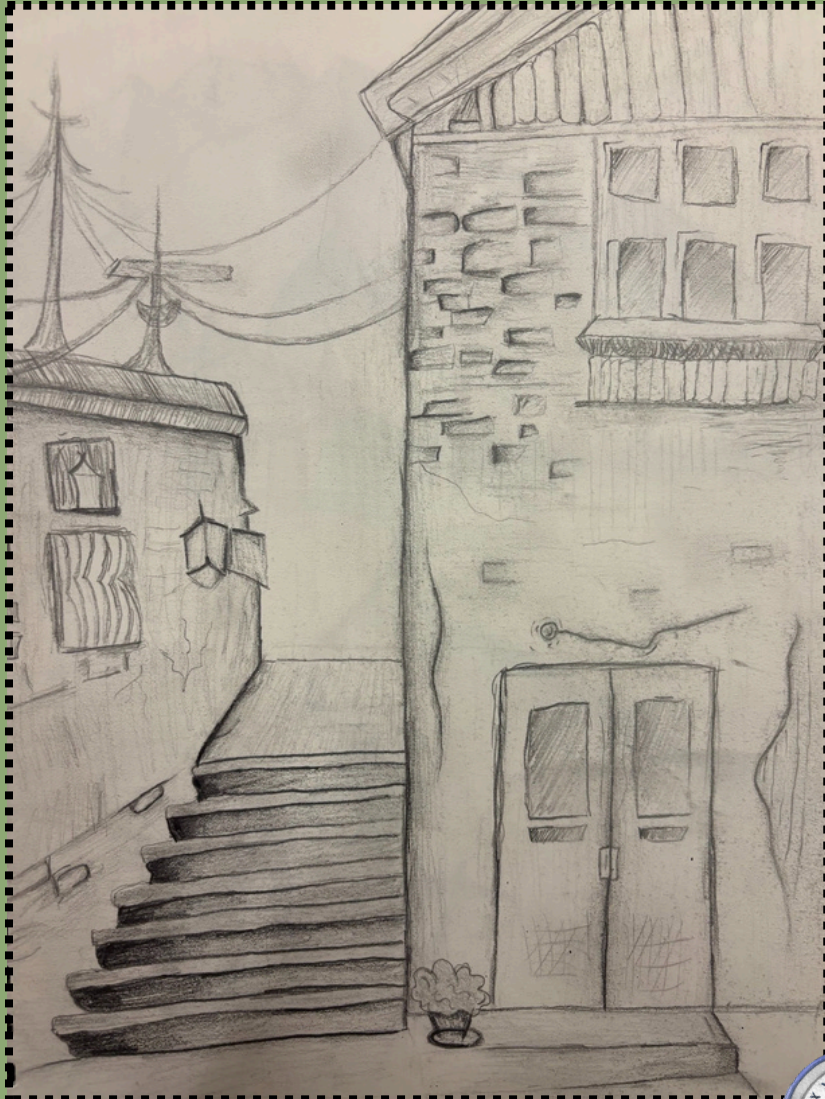
Made by: Reily
Makowski



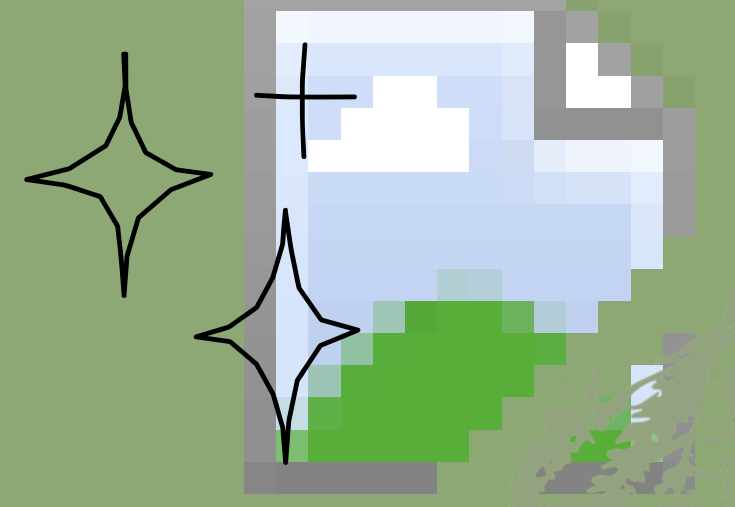


Made by: Reily
Makowski



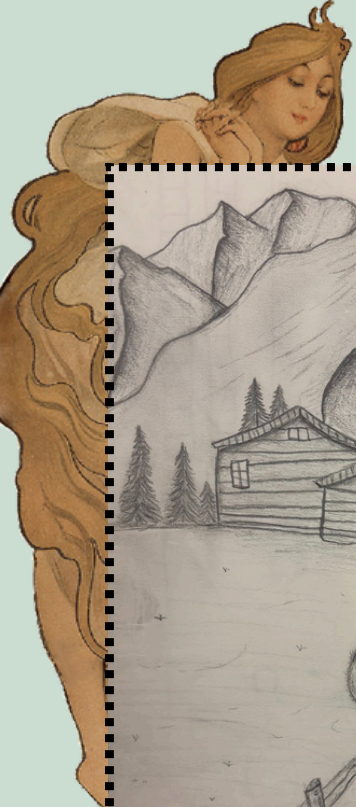


Made by: Reily Makowski



Made by: Reily Makowski

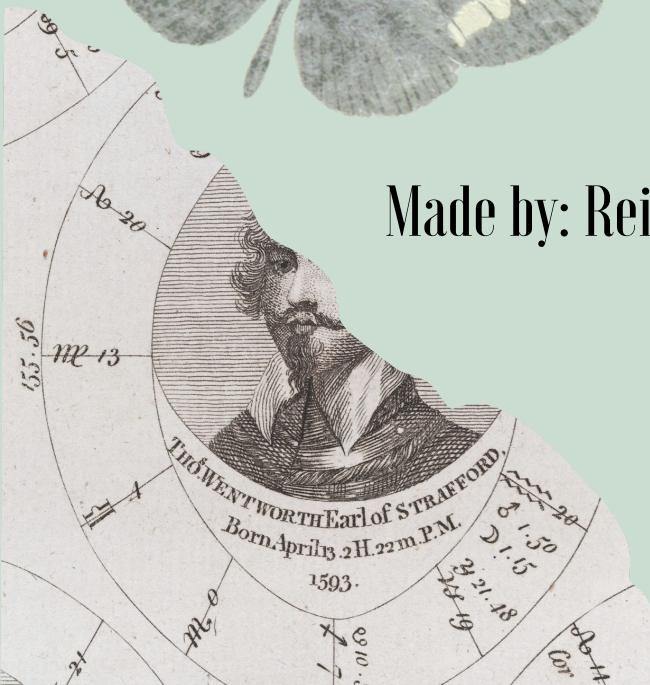




Made by: Reily Makowski



Made by: Reily Makowski





Made by: Reily Makowski

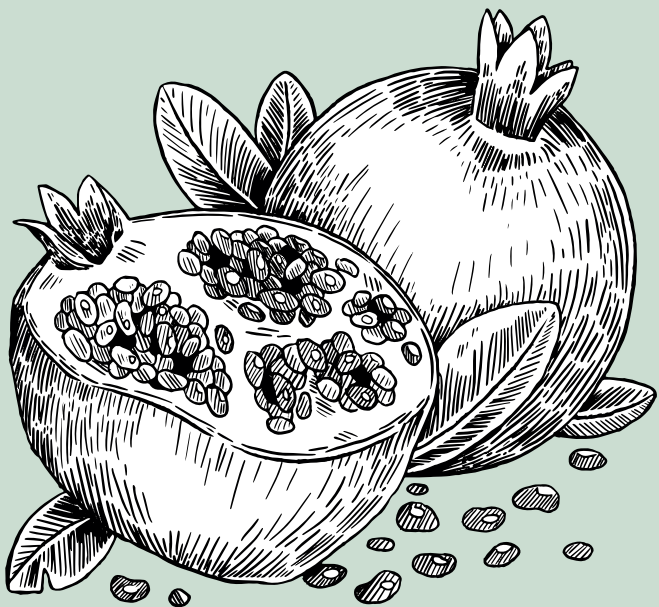
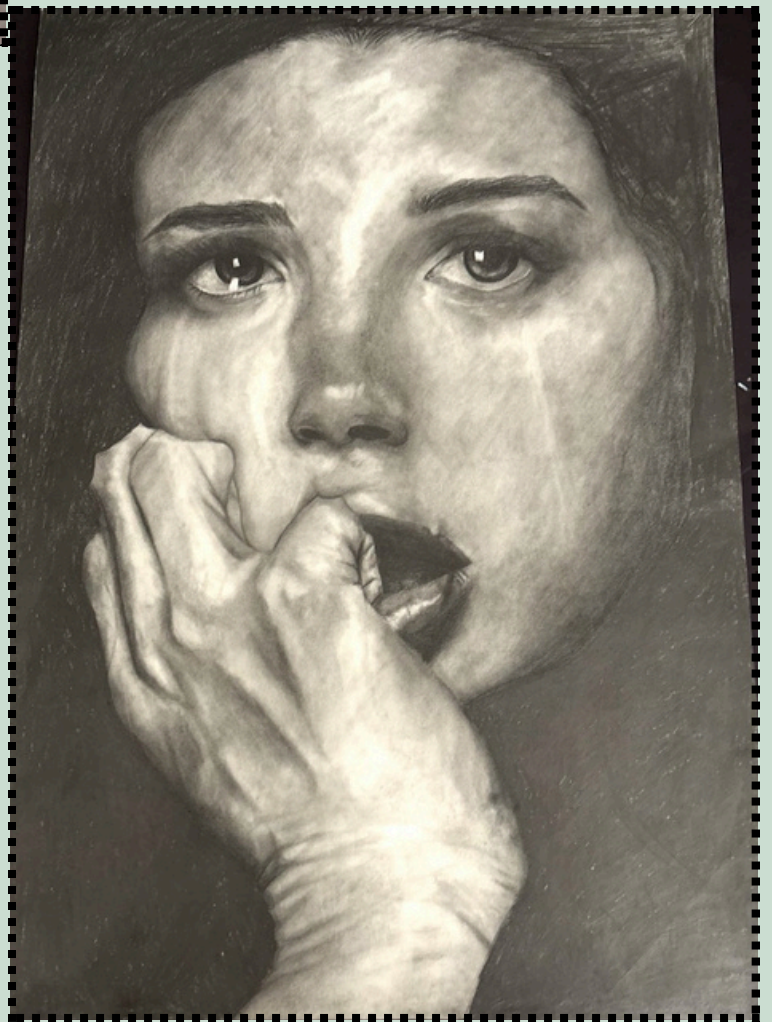


Made by: Sofia Jimenez



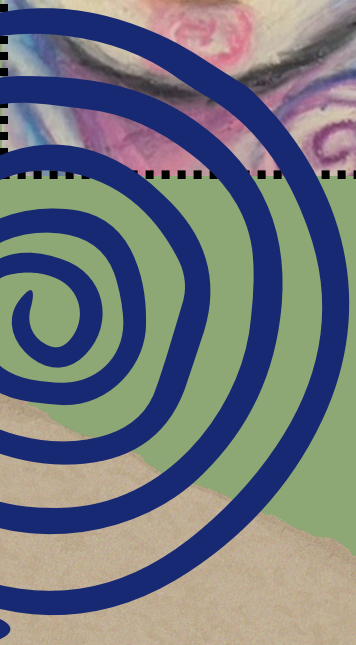


Made by: Sofia Jimenez

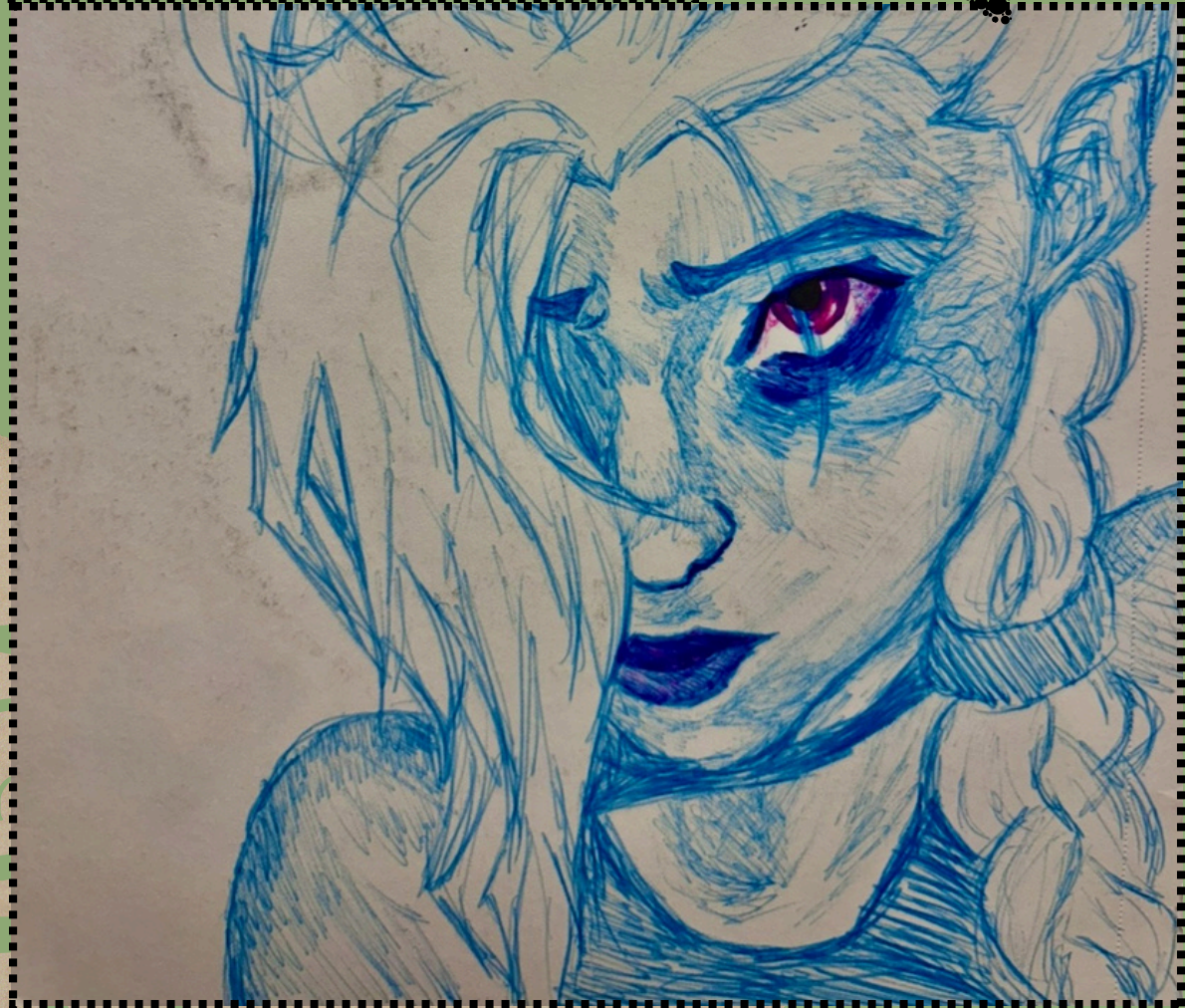




Made by: Sofia
Jimenez



Made by: Sofia
Jimenez



In a room full
of people, I
look for
you.



Made by: Sofia Jimenez

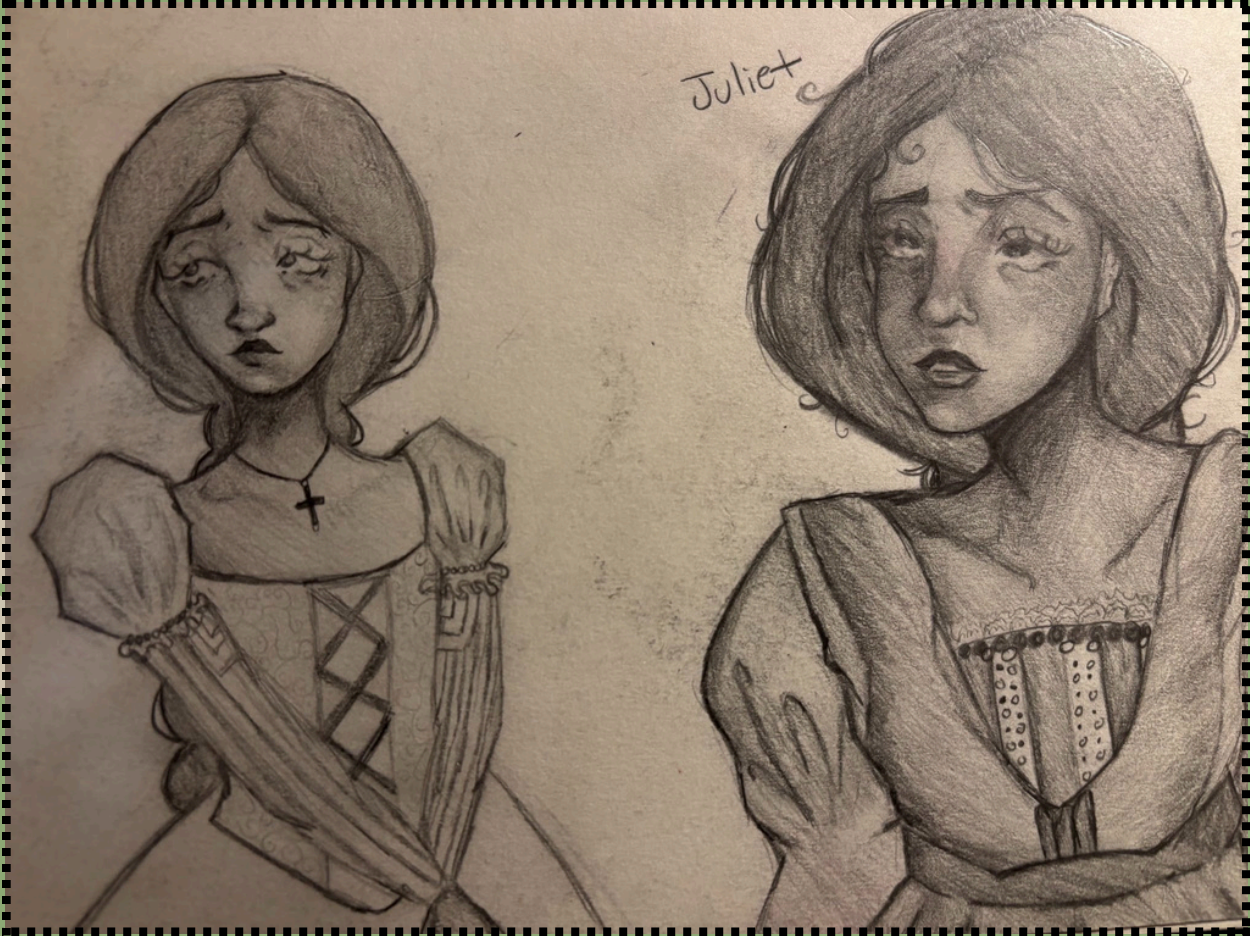


1950 American child

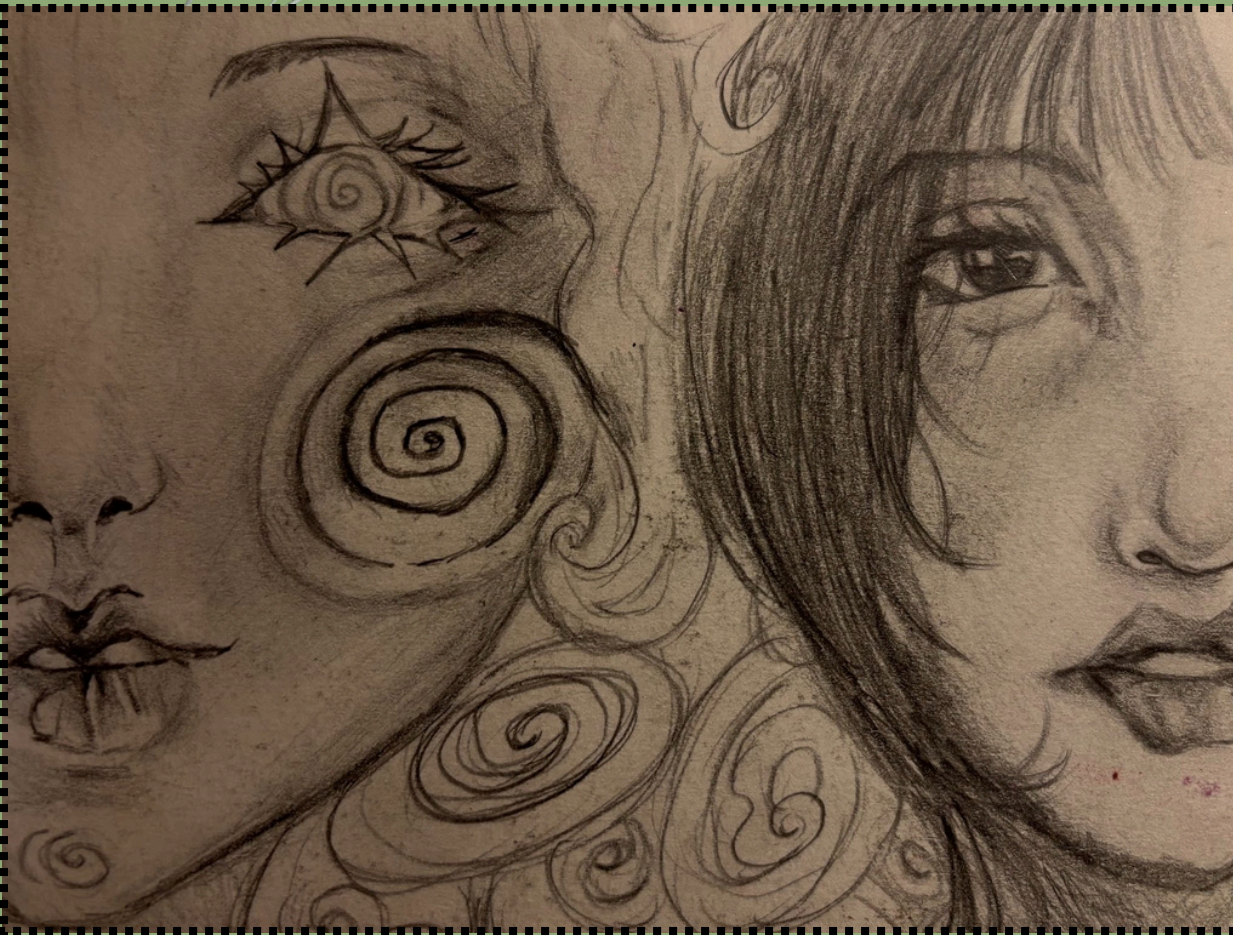


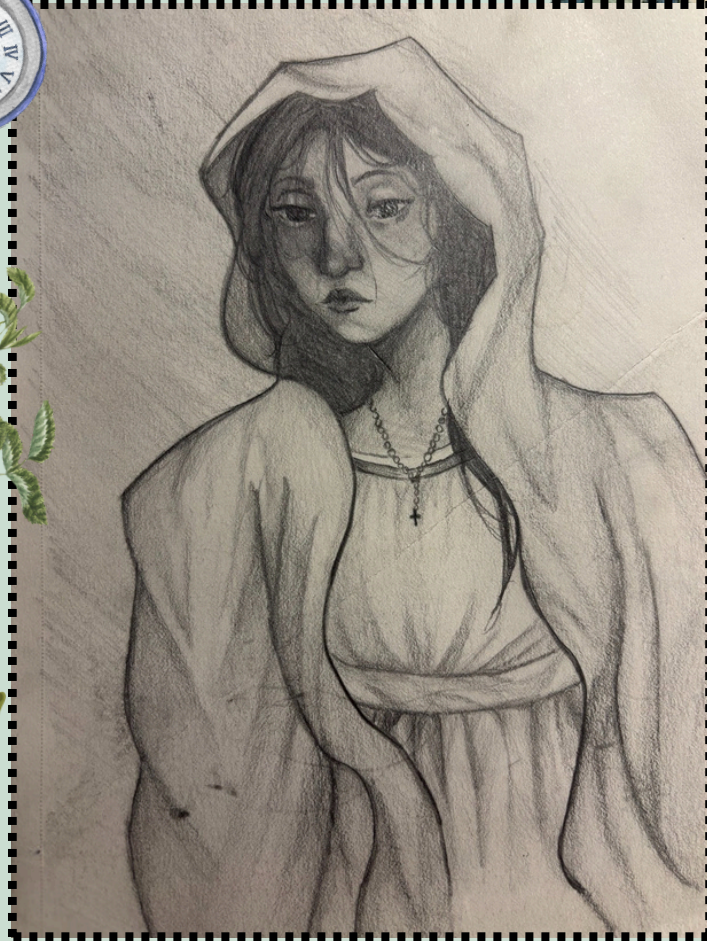
1692 American child





Made by: Sofia Jimenez





Made by: Sofia
Jimenez





tfxdQrzsaw











Made by:







