



-Oracle-

LIT MAG
2018

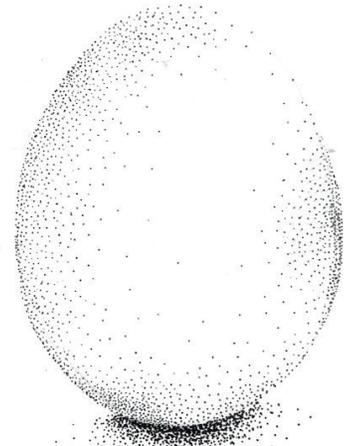
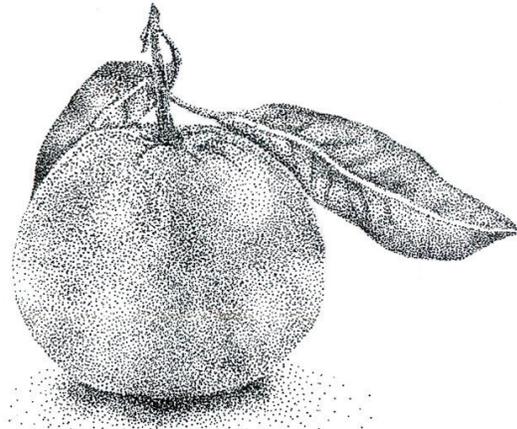
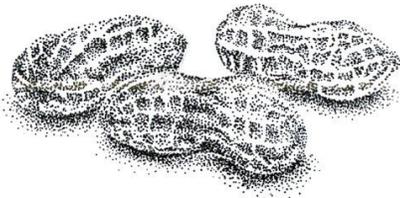
The Oracle staff thanks all contributors for submitting their works of art to this year's Literary Magazine.

Due to the volume of submissions, we were not able to publish all the pieces received. Please visit the Oracle Facebook page to view more entries.

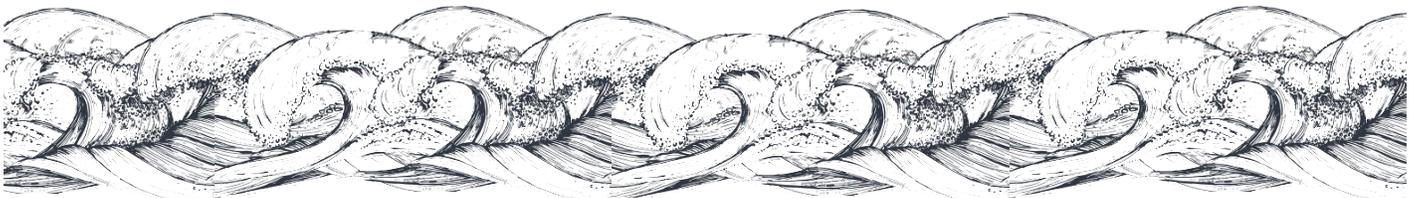
LIT MAG TEAM

Ashley Fan
Hannah Ro
David Hou
Caroline Zhu
Julianne Kim
Lex Park
Christopher Lee
Ariana Chow
Jenny Ji
Raga Kavari
Sejin Kim

Cover art by Lucy Lee & Ida Kazerani



▲ *Sky Jung, freshman*



the fools' paradise

▼ Amber Huynh, sophomore

he presses a kiss
to the back of her pale hand,
his smile a twisted perversion of what used to be.
she does not recognize him

she giggles, she cries
he whispers, he screams
they are two fools hopelessly in love
but only in the eyes of company

his heart belongs to another: his Helen, his Elena.
he locks himself away to stare at the beautiful doll,
and smiles in morbid fascination,
unable to tear his gaze away from her unseeing glass eyes

she pretends not to notice and accepts his
gestures of affection with open arms
because she loves him: she does
“alone, always alone,” he mourns, voice small. he glares.
“you’ll leave me, too”
her promise of constant companionship
is lost in the midst of booms and screams.

when he presents her a bouquet of red roses
(a conventional appeal
for forgiveness),
she almost wishes they were foxgloves instead
when he gets on his knees and pleads again,
she smiles and lets him slip the garnet ring on her finger,
sealing their fate.

on their wedding day, she practically floats down the
aisle
smiling underneath her suffocating white veil
standing in front of the altar,
he smiles back and offers a superficial
compliment

their chaste Kiss
awakens inside her a deep, intense
feeling of sorrow
for as sweet as it is,
their Kiss tastes of goodbyes.



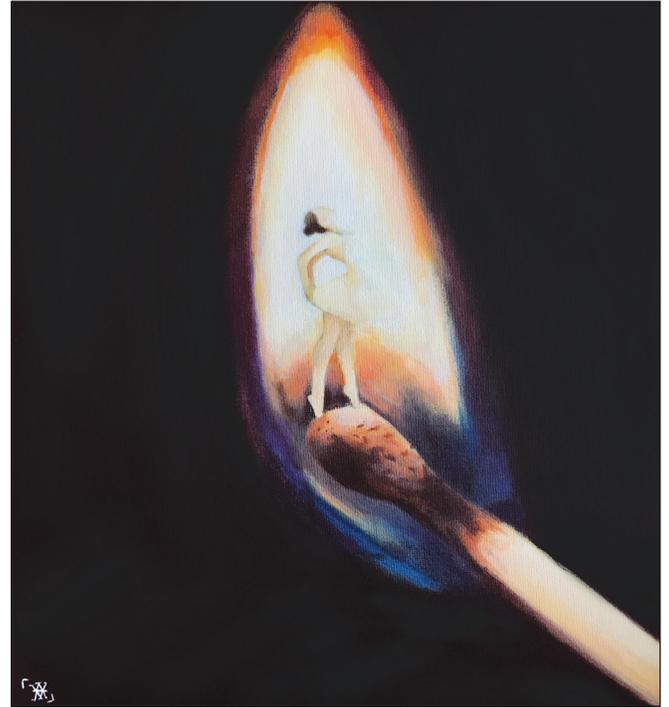
▼ Julianna Sabile, junior ▲ Angelique Cobilla, sophomore



▲ Kavya Immadisetty, junior

I am not a millennial,
 I am not a boomer,
 I am not of the greatest,
 I am a product of centuries of worldwide turmoil,
 But this poem isn't about government and "big oil",
 This poem is about MY generation.
 A product of the 24 hour news cycle,
 A product of a constant bombardment of information,
 My generation is the generation of not caring,
 Not out of apathy but necessity.
 For if my generation gasped or cried at every act of terror and atrocity,
 We wouldn't get anything done,
 Homework incomplete, tests and quizzes failed, and essays forgotten.
 My generation is the generation of apathy,
 And it seems all trivial to me.
 Because I care,
 And others care,
 And one day the oil shall rise to the top of the water.

◆ Joseph Alcaraz, junior



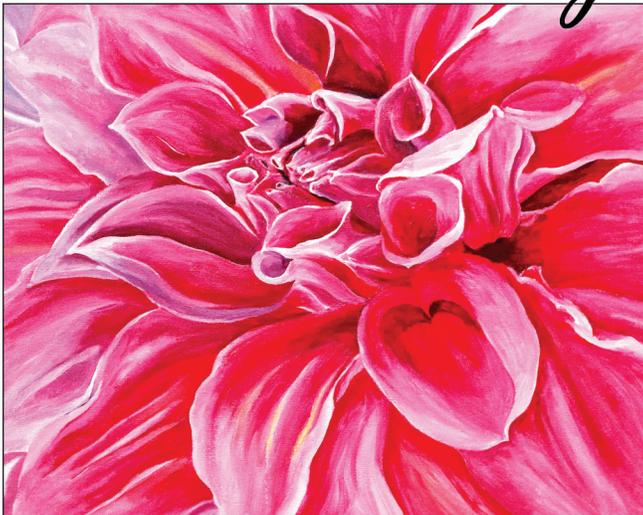
▲ Alexis Raya, sophomore

VIBRANT TREES



▼ Iris Kang, senior

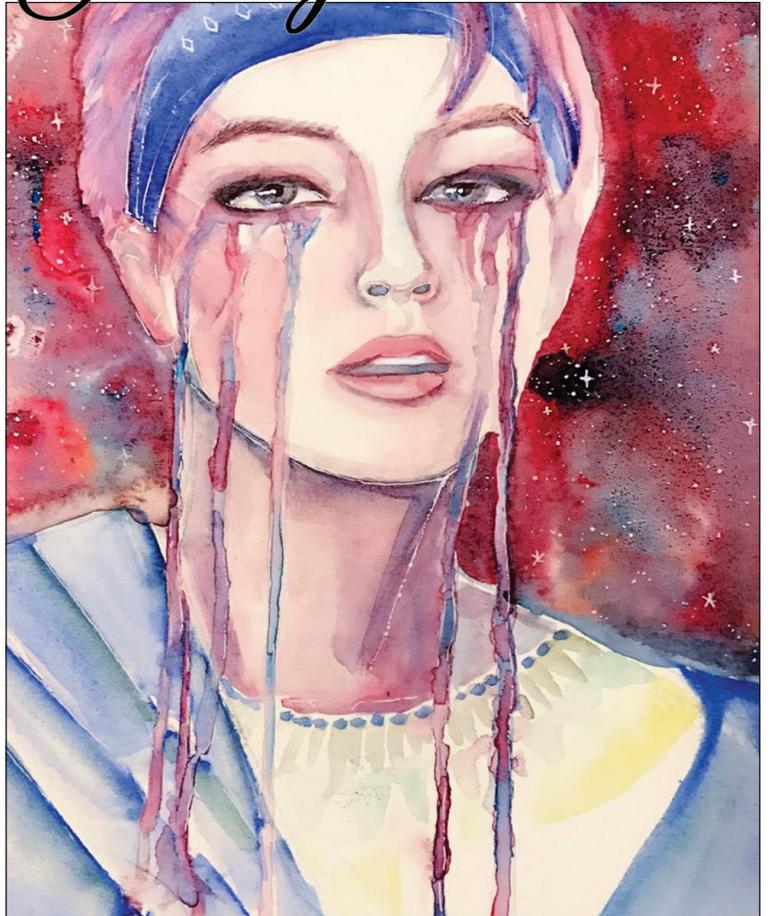
Artery



GRACEFUL FLAME

Gravity

Rowena Luminarias, junior ▼



Belligerent Force

▼ Alexis Rylaarsdam, freshman

Be a crow scavenging for the last piece of meat, tearing into the flesh of the left over scraps.
Be a lion, sure of your place on the court.
Be a pack of unstoppable wolves, never showing mercy to your prey.
You cannot lose, not now.

Stay low, do not ever let them see you standing.
Now you are tired, get lower.
Never stop, never ponder why or you will inevitably perish.
As you see that piece of meat lying there, snatch it before your competitor does.
Guard it as a mother protects her child.
Be aware, if they see a flaw, they will attack to kill.
And they never miss.

When all eyes are on you, failure is never an option.
Display your lioness facade and execute.
Do not fail, if you do they will attack.
And they never miss.

Always look for weaknesses; if they are down, keep them there.
Succeed as they fail.
Prowl the court until you find the stray gazelle, suppress them.
Become vicious as they try to pick on your pack.
Do anything to survive, no matter the cost.
If you have the chance, attack.
Never miss.

You will not lose, not now.

▼ Andrea Nguyen, freshman



Kayly Luong, senior ▲



▲ Kavya Immadisetty, junior





She was tempted to go back to him
To let him close, to let him in
A poison rose who's jagged thorns
Had left their friendship tattered, torn
They weren't in love, had never been
She still had yet to talk to him
Since he crossed the line that he saw
blurred,
But to her had seemed so straight and sure
And even still in spite of that,
She wanted to have him back
In her life and with her friends
Instead of trying to pretend
That their relationship was fine
But she knew they were both confined
By the moment they had shared
That trapped them both in a nightmare
A twisted tangled web of lies
A daze, a broken butterfly
What was once bright and hues
Was utterly misconstrued
And ripped apart along the way
Leaving the bright colors gray
She knew there was no return
Just that they should live and learn
A shattered glass cannot be fixed
Nor could their hazed conflict
She turned her back and said goodbye
And dreamed of dark gray butterflies

▲ *Alessandra Gonzalez, sophomore*

▲ *Joseph Sung, junior*

To the Moon

▼ *Anonymous*

I want to shoot for the moon
I want to reach up high
To pluck that light from the
heavens
But I know what happens
If I miss
I do not land among the stars
Because space is much more
Vastly populated by a dark abyss
The emptiness where nothing
travels
And everything suffocates

Cassady Ekaphan, sophomore ►





▲ Joseph Sung, junior



▲ Jennifer Long, freshman

UNTIL

▼ Julianna Sabile, junior

You
 created a tornado
 in my mind
 caused an earthquake
 through my spine
 made me
 feel all these emotions
 combined
 You
 stole my heart
 made sure
 nothing kept us apart
 and I let You
 chop down
 every part of me
 like a spruce tree
 Until
 I realized
 silence
 is all I need
 to hear
 to know
 the rhythm
 of my beating heart
 matches
 the rhythm
 of Yours

We sit beneath the open air, the moonroof of your ancient, silver Kia propped agape. Under the constellations that speck the nightfall, we are concealed—hidden. Even as Claire de Lune tenderly dances out of your radio, we are stuck in a comfortable, lulling silence. Yet, I want you to speak, to murmur alluring memories of the day and sigh in the recollections of “us.” I glance at you, watching the streams of moonlight kiss your jaw, and see your red lip bit between your teeth. So I wait.

Unspoken words trail the soundless wind between us and we are encompassed by the stillness, unable to say the truth that lingers on our minds. The night holds more weight. The words we have the rare ability to mutter are more complicated after twilight descends, the darkness making us vulnerable.

I glance at the digital clock below your dashboard: 3:56 A.M.

It is peaceful. There is no annoyance, no unease or anxiety. I do not plea to break the silence because I feel discomfort, but rather the opposite. I am more comfortable than I’ve ever been in my whole life.

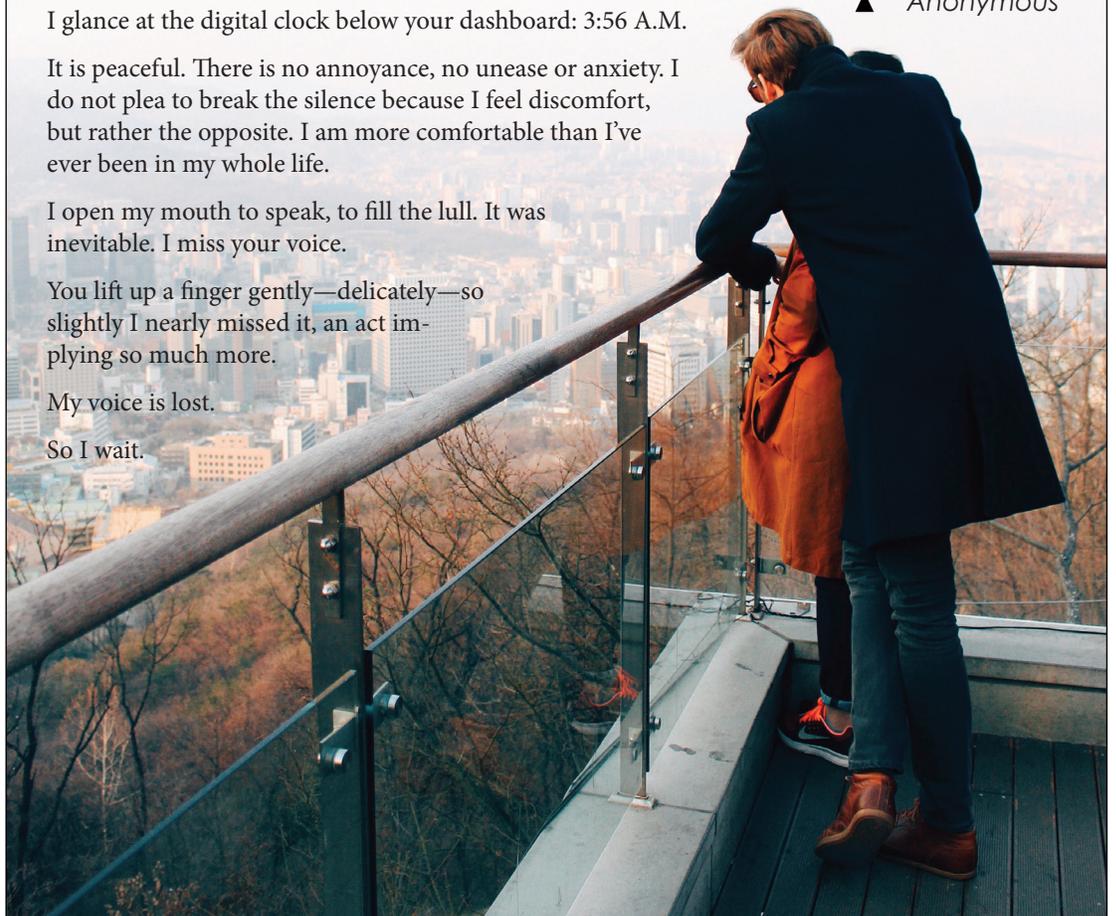
I open my mouth to speak, to fill the lull. It was inevitable. I miss your voice.

You lift up a finger gently—delicately—so slightly I nearly missed it, an act implying so much more.

My voice is lost.

So I wait.

▲ Anonymous



▼ Rowena Luminarias, junior



Reflection / Reflection



▲ Kaitlyn Han, sophomore



▲ Melody McBride, sophomore

Where the River Runs Red

Here stands a messenger

Trudging his way through the cold
Keeping his face up; trying to be bold
Haunted by his visions of the past
Acts that would have left others aghast

As he walks home from his daily route
His soul begins to feel some doubt
"Is this the route I dare to traverse?"
He yells along with a loud curse

Woe is to me and my never ending endeavour
To fight the unknown foe, whoever?
The foe ever changing in his appearance
The foe ever changing in his perseverance

So who am to see who is fit
To live, to die, to lie, to admit?
To admit to their faults with a shiver
As I let loose a dark crimson river

But Who am I to try to change the tide
Who am I to try to stand up but abide
Who am I to try to decide who moves on past
the hours dread
Who am I to decide where the river runs red

▲ Alexander Lee, sophomore

Golden Seas

▼ Sunny Zhang, senior

The hills of wild lupine-
Of iridescent blue.
Daturas lay supine-
an ever sacred hue.

Unknown Deities,
Bring forth your bounties!
Bless this land nine thousand oaks,
And fill the valley, mild ones.

No lasting joys,
No blessed days.

The unyielding fought in vain,
As trampers ran wild.
Bloody was the rain,
With fresh grounds to defile,

Countless seeked,
the blissful solace.
And though their hands unspoiled.
Still reaped the land alike.
Futile are words,
To cast what's not been given.

Only,
Swept tainted bloods aside.
Let vile stench subside.
May time polish sharp edges,
And mask past ungenerosity
Yet,
an ancient voice still chants
Of unforgiven sins.

Spirits still untamed,
recalcitrants hostile.

Short Film Sour



Liam Fink, junior ▶



STRETCH

Yuvika Salman, freshman ▼

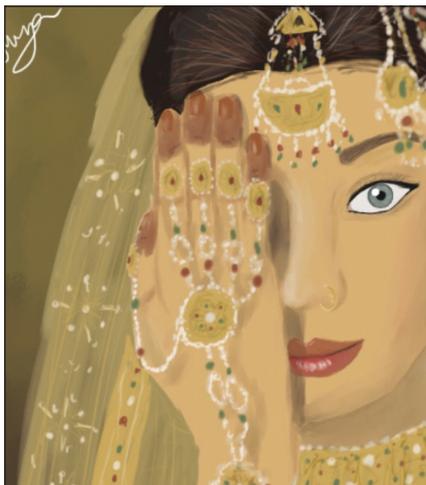


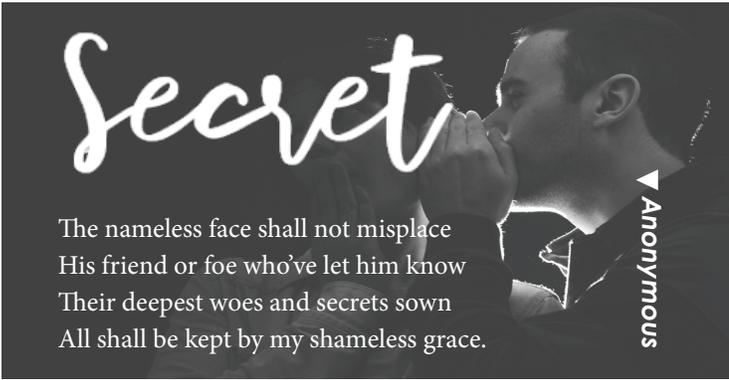
Rebeca De La Cruz, senior ▼

IDYLIC ITALY



Shreeya Jayabharathi, freshman ▼



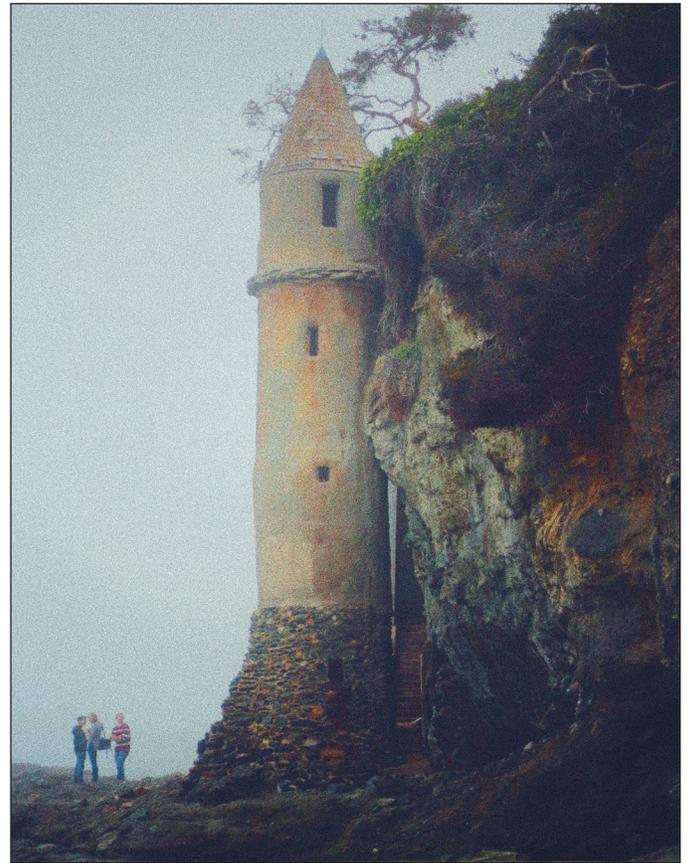


The nameless face shall not misplace
 His friend or foe who've let him know
 Their deepest woes and secrets sown
 All shall be kept by my shameless grace.

▼ Anonymous



▲ Houses in Padova, Italy
 Rebeca De La Cruz, senior



▲ Yuvika Salman, freshman

Observation



I am a spectre always standing on the outskirts
 Observing the winds and the music they carry on their backs
 Inhaling each puff like a died out cigarette
 With each breath, colors add to the painting of society
 Some bright as day, others darker than the nebulous abyss

As the melodies attempt to harmonize in spontaneous order
 Mine is nowhere to be heard or criticized
 As I fear it will get lost and broken in life's symphony
 Will my notes make a difference or be shot into infinite oblivion?

These verses are an attempt to explore the opportunities
 The risks I take to soar
 To set my word out into rough waters
 With no fear whether it returns or not

▲ Kaila Ganzon, senior

Paradise

▼ Kayly Luong, senior





early morning thoughts

▼ *Shreeya Jayabharathi, freshman*

Tiny fleeting birds
Fly around my head.
Pecking and flirting with my thoughts
Consuming everything
Until all I know are strands of waterfalls
Draped on rich soil,
Beauty that makes the heavens shudder
And cry down fallen stars
So that their tears may light up your eyes.

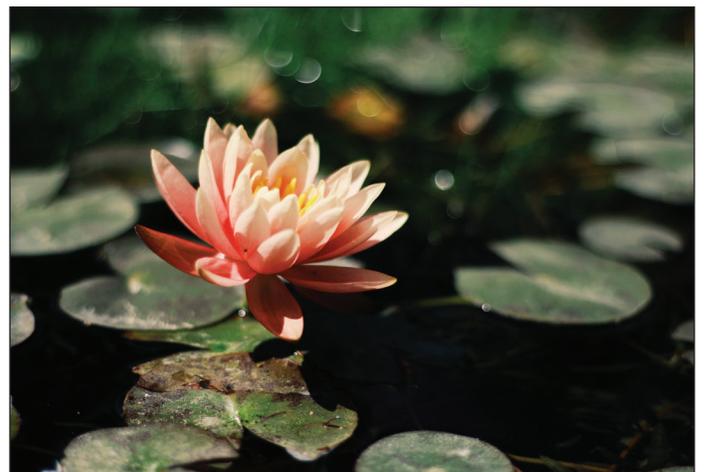


◀ *Jillian Warren, sophomore*



▼ *Bea Rosete, sophomore*

▼ *Yuvika Salman, freshman*



Pensive

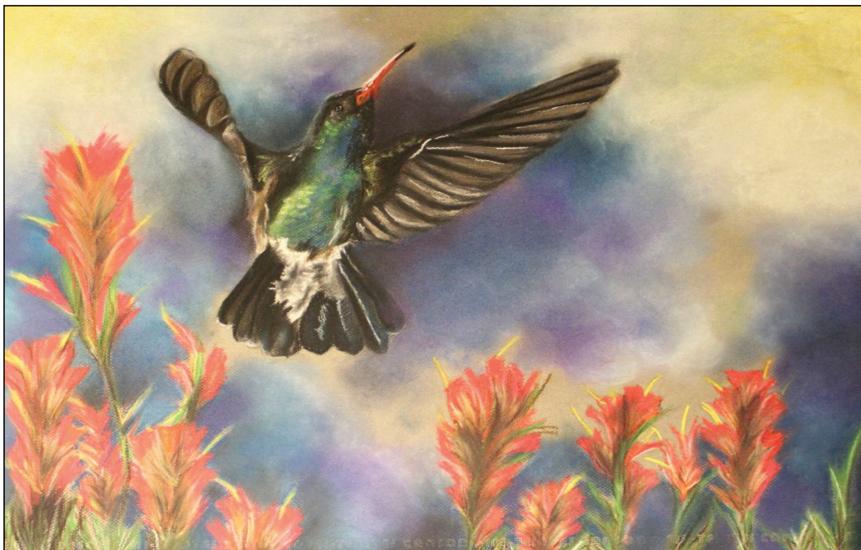


▲ Alana Huitric, junior

Jonathan Del Rosario, senior ▼



▼ Prince Wang, junior



Wild Things

▼ Caroline Zhu, senior

in the wild of the forest-sea
there are bucks great as the ages
eyes aglow and antlers bright as stars

in the lost and ancient trees
there are ravens feathers across the floor
oil spills across a bed of leaves

webs stretch like gossamer
wide as a sails
endless, endless

the woods swallow up sound
and the wind through the branches
is not a howl but a whisper
of a long forgotten language.

the trees are too tall
the shadows too long
as far as the eyes can see
(not far.)

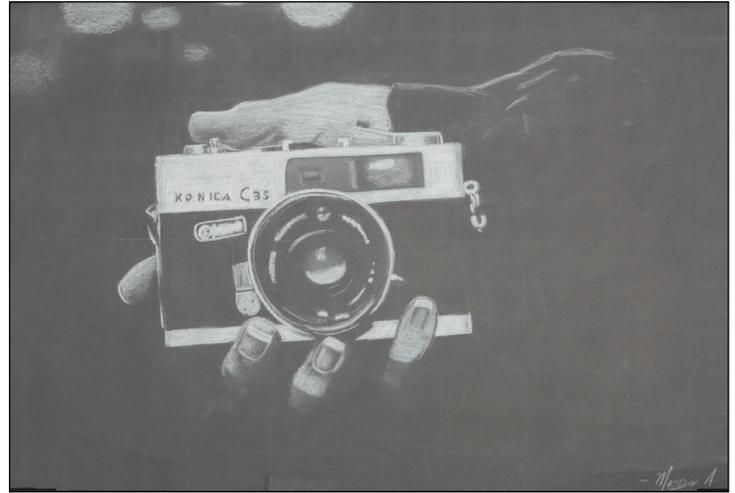
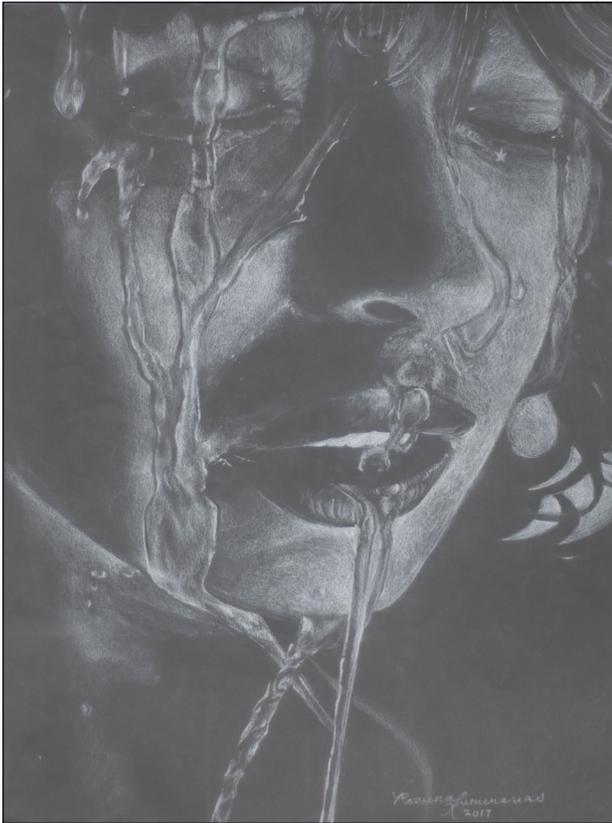
but before the fire,
far from any forest-sea
a crow sits on the sill
croaking,
lamenting the wild things of the world.

▼ Melody McBride, sophomore



— SHALLOW —

▼ Rowena Luminarias, junior



▲ Maria Alexandrescu, junior

**MY
FATHER'S**

cologne

▼ Jazmin Spillan, sophomore

SOUTH CHINA TIGER

▼ Hayley Amo, senior



My father's cologne was not a spray of scent at all.
 Instead, it was the smell of deteriorating love,
 Deteriorating lungs, and coughs.
 My father's cologne had made me feel small.
 The smell of burning hearts and dreams,
 Dreams that once he had scoffed.
 My father's cologne was strong.
 Seeping into every crevice of his skin,
 Oh how I clung on to him, and smelled that way, too.
 My father's cologne was wrong.
 It was as though I was sick too,
 As if he had passed this onto his kin.
 My father's cologne brang destruction.
 Messed up, stirred up construction,
 Bringing me down to complete obstruction.
 My father's cologne was his absence,
 Leaving me alone and never coming back,
 Asking for just a father, and I couldn't have that.
 My father's cologne followed no pattern,
 It was once a day or twice sometimes,
 Or one pack and a half.
 My father's cologne was his breath on my face,
 Telling me he loved me but that was a lie,
 For the cigarettes told me what he truly valued,
 And it wasn't me, nor his life.

student reel

Short Film




Sarah Jeong, senior ▼




Short Film Sonali Chugani & Ryan Vo, seniors ▲



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