

# AHI VIENE CASCARRABIAS

UNA REVISTA LÚDICA VIRTUAL PARA APRENDER Y CONOCER.

ABRIL





# EDICIÓN

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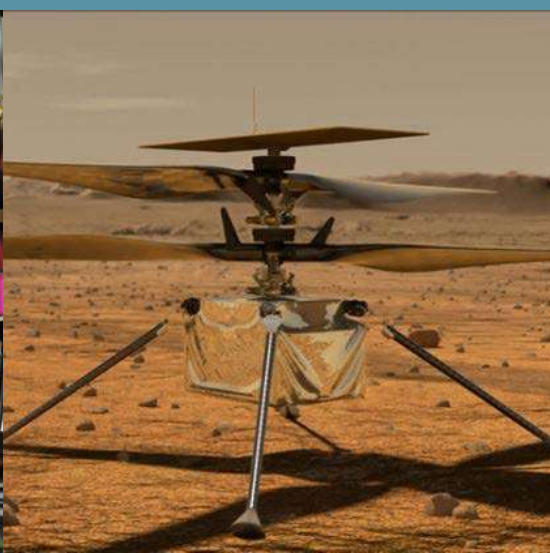
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# Johnson & Johnson Vaccine: The Controversy



Por: Martina Boga  
12º



Among the multiple SARS-CoV-2 vaccines available to the public, there has been controversy surrounding the Johnson & Johnson vaccine, which is the only vaccine that requires a single dose, being 66.3% effective in clinical trials. Out of 7.4 million individuals that have received the J&J vaccine, 8 (7 women and 1 man) developed blood clots, of which 7 were in the brain. In response, the Food and Drug Administration, as well as the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, recommended pausing the administration of the vaccine to further investigate this concern. In the U.S, businesses and clinics, including CVS Health and Walgreens, have temporarily stopped the use of the vaccine.

Although there has not been a definite cause identified behind the rare blood clot disorders, researchers are currently studying a similar condition in AstraZeneca recipients in Europe. Scientists say that the issue is a direct product of the immune system's reaction to the vaccine. When the vaccine enters the bloodstream, an immune response occurs, producing antibodies to combat the disease if contracted. If the reaction is too intense, these antibodies may activate platelets—cell fragments that form clots as a means to prevent or stop bleeding—and abnormal

bleeding occurs. This disorder has been identified as “vaccine-induced immune thrombotic thrombocytopenia,” and scientists do not have a way of predicting which individuals are more susceptible to it. While there has not been enough research to confirm who the individuals at risk are, 7 out of the 8 cases occurred in women between the ages of 18 and 48. However, since the sample size of people who contracted the disorder was so small, it could all just be a coincidence.

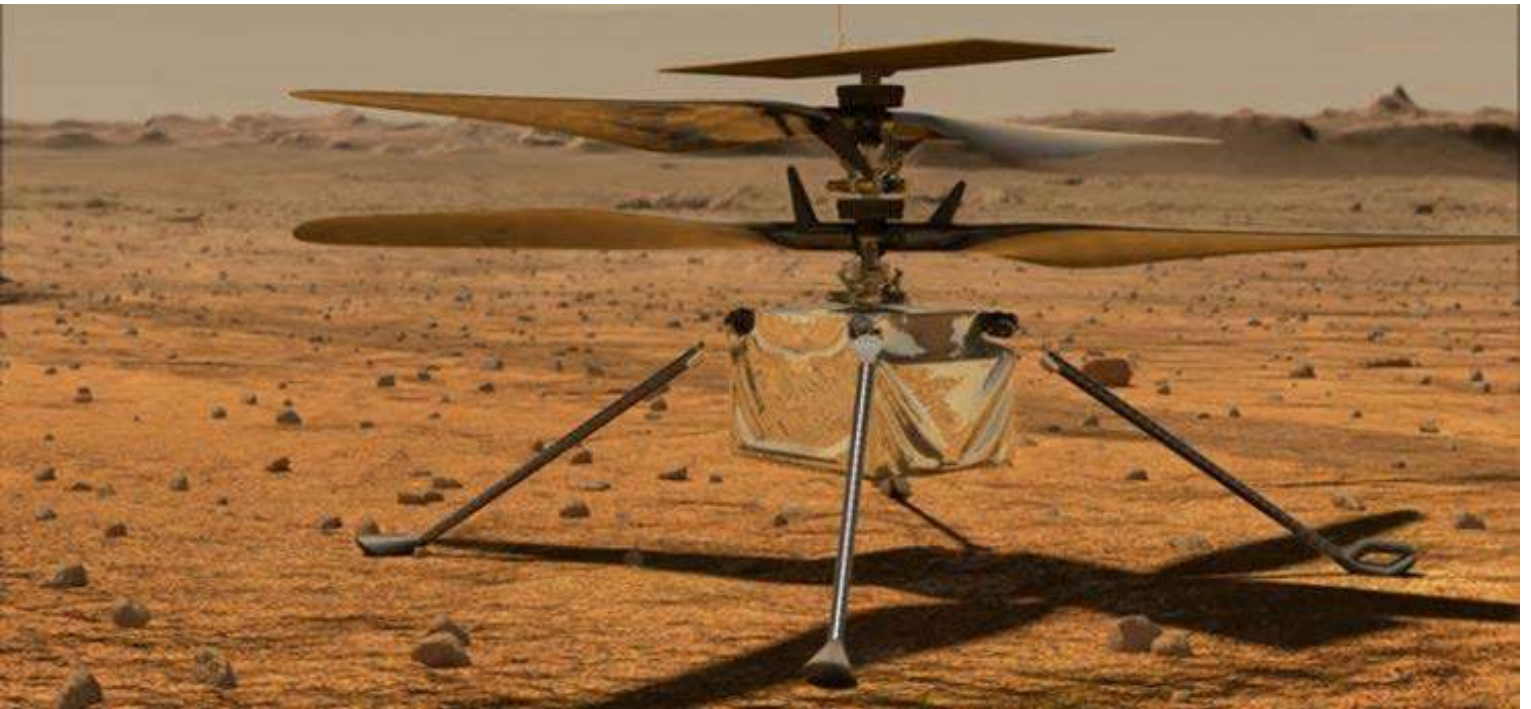
Is this concerning? Beyond the rare physiological impact the vaccine may have on some people, the existence of the disorder may increase anti-vaccine propaganda, as people may use this data to justify not getting vaccinated or to persuade others into avoiding it. However, when this information is compared to other data, it can be concluded that the risks associated with the

vaccine are extremely low, as the chance of clotting is 0.0001%, or approximately one in a million. The chances of developing serious blood clots from birth control are much higher (3-9 women out of 10,000), yet there seems to be no controversy around it because the media has not politicized hormonal contraceptives.

Dr. Fauci, the director of the U.S. National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, explained that “by Friday, we should have an answer as to where we’re going with [the vaccine].” He then added, “my estimate is that we will continue to use it in some form. I doubt very seriously if they just cancel it. I don’t think that’s going to happen.” If the pause is put to an end and its distribution is continued, there will most likely be a warning or risk assessment, limiting the vaccine’s use to people at risk.







# *Primer vuelo propulsado de una aeronave en otro mundo*



Por: Lionn Pérez  
11º

El helicóptero Ingenuity de la NASA, hizo historia este 19 de abril, al ser la primera nave en lograr un vuelo controlado y motorizado en Marte. El dron hizo historia al haberse alzado a 3 metros de altura de la superficie del cráter Jezero en el planeta rojo. El vuelo fue completamente automático y duró solamente 39 segundos, pero representa un gran esfuerzo de 6 años de parte de la NASA.

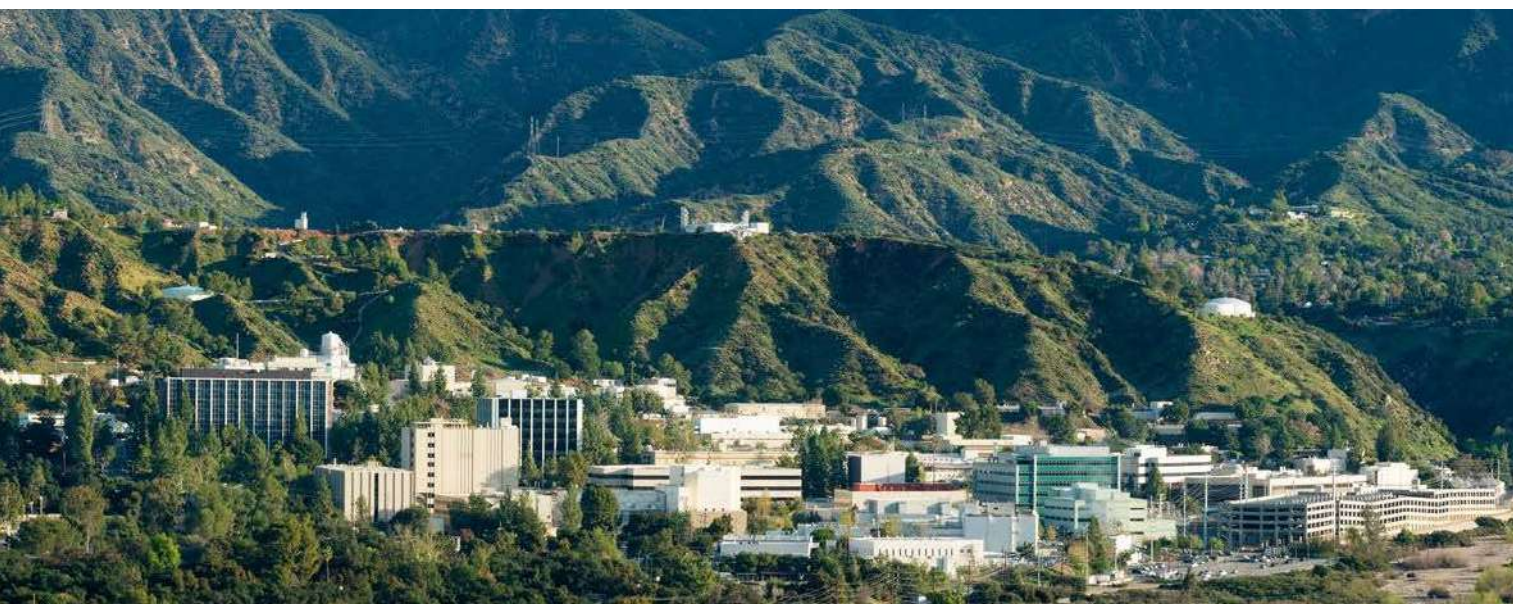
El Ingenuity tuvo que ir adherido al vientre del rover Perseverance de la NASA para poder llegar hasta Marte. El Perseverance fue lanzado en julio del año pasado y aterrizó el 18 de febrero, ¡casi un año después! Ya estando en Marte, su primera tarea fue transitar hacia el "aeródromo" donde Ingenuity tuvo 30 días marcianos, o soles, (31 días terrestres) para realizar su campaña de vuelos de prueba.

A pesar de que la gravedad de Marte es tan solo un tercio de la de la Tierra, volar de manera controlada es mucho más complejo. Para empezar, la atmósfera de Marte tiene 1% de densidad comparada con la superficie de la Tierra. Además, la superficie del planeta recibe aproximadamente la mitad de la cantidad de energía solar que llega a la Tierra durante el día y las temperaturas nocturnas pueden llegar a 90 grados Celsius (130 Fahrenheit), lo que puede hacer que el *hardware* de cualquier componente eléctrico se congele y se atrofie.

Con el fin de resolver estos problemas, los científicos de la Nasa se embarcaron en una investigación que les demoraría varios años y un proyecto que costaría alrededor de 80 millones de dólares (El *Ingenuity*). "Cada paso que hemos dado desde que comenzó este viaje hace seis años ha sido un territorio inexplorado en la historia de los aviones", dijo Bob Balaram, ingeniero jefe de Mars Helicopter en JPL. "Y aunque ser desplegado a la superficie será un gran desafío, sobrevivir esa primera noche solo en Marte, sin el rover protegiéndolo y manteniéndolo encendido, será aún más grande".

Por fortuna la investigación resultó fructífera y los científicos encontraron maneras de hacer que su proyecto funcionase. Primeramente, tuvieron que decidir una de las cosas más importantes, el diseño del dron. La complejidad de este acabó siendo pequeño, para que cupiera en el Perseverance, y liviano, para que volara en el entorno marciano. El segundo mayor problema era que el Ingenuity contará con la suficiente energía para alimentar sus calentadores internos para que éste sobreviviera a las extremas temperaturas bajo cero del planeta. Con este fin, el sistema, desde el rendimiento de sus rotores en aire enrarecido hasta sus paneles solares y otros componentes, fue continuamente probado en el Laboratorio de Propulsión a Chorro de la NASA.

Gracias a los grandes esfuerzos y avances tecnológicos del equipo desarrollador del Ingenuity, fue capaz de volar. Aunque el proyecto se desarrolló sin ningún motivo ulterior en mente, aparte del objetivo principal de hacer un vuelo en Marte, este logro podría evolucionar a algo más. El equipo responsable piensa continuar con el proyecto y hacer más pruebas de vuelo para así desarrollar la tecnología de aeronaves marcianas y posiblemente algún día asistir en investigaciones aéreas.





# Fuchi-chima



Por: Néstor Cabral

12º

Japón ha anunciado en el mes de abril que se vertieron al océano Pacífico 1.25 millones de toneladas de aguas residuales tratadas y contaminadas por el accidentado centro nuclear de Fukushima Daiichi. El gobierno dijo que es la mejor manera de tratar el tritio y las trazas de otros radionúclidos en el agua de acuerdo a los estudios que han estado "realizando".

"Liberar el agua tratada en el mar es una solución realista", dijo el primer ministro Yoshihide Suga en una reunión del Gabinete que respaldó el plan. "Haremos todo lo posible por mantener el agua muy por encima de los estándares de seguridad". Un funcionario del gobierno japonés aclaró posteriormente

que, los detalles de la liberación deben ser elaborados y aprobados. Las descargas graduales y de prueba podrían comenzar en dos años y podrían tardar hasta 40 años en completarse, una eternidad.

Los grupos de la industria y los científicos nucleares, afirman que otras centrales nucleares han eliminado las aguas residuales de este modo con un impacto mínimo. Sin embargo, los grupos ecologistas, las organizaciones pesqueras y los países vecinos condenaron inmediatamente la decisión, alegando las enormes cantidades de residuos que se tratan. Los científicos marinos expresaron su preocupación por el posible impacto de lo vertido en la vida marina y en la pesca.







El anuncio se esperaba desde hace tiempo, tanto desde que tres reactores nucleares de la central de Fukushima sufrieron fusiones tras el terremoto y el tsunami del 11 de marzo de 2011. Los restos de combustible fundido ardieron a través de las vasijas de contención de acero y en las bases de hormigón de los edificios de los reactores. Desde entonces, los trabajadores han bombeado agua a través de las ruinas para evitar que los restos se sobrecalienten y causen más daños. También han recogido toda el agua contaminada que ahora representa más de 1.000 tanques de acero

apilados en el campus de Fukushima.

Históricamente las acciones y decisiones de unos pocos han sido el mal de muchos, de millones y en este caso tan particular de todo el planeta. La liberación de dichos químicos a cuerpos de agua tan importante como lo es el océano Pacífico, representa uno de los mayores ecocidios en la historia humana, uno que no podemos pasar por alto ni tentar el corazón al oír lo que sucede. Lamentablemente, hoy el panorama para detener dichos actos es poco prometedor, sin embargo esperamos esto cambie en los próximos días.



# *How Social Media has Given Women a Voice*



**Por: Paulina Villanueva**

11<sup>a</sup>

Social media has revolutionized how news and media are delivered around the world. It has allowed for information to be more accessible and for a single post to become widespread in a matter of time. Most importantly, social media has given the marginalized groups a voice in society. One of these groups that has benefited from social media is women.

In the present, “women are still under-represented in the traditional media” (Powell). In 2017, in a study conducted by Women’s

Media Report, it was revealed that women only receive “38% of bylines in print, TV, Internet, and wire news” (Powell).

With the rise of social media, the playing field is becoming leveled due to the fact that women from distinct backgrounds and countries are starting to be heard. In a study done by Qatar Computing Research Institute, “researchers found that in countries with large gender inequities in offline life, women were more likely to have significant online presences.”



It was only four years ago when we saw the notorious presence of women online. In 2017, the #metoo hashtag became viral overnight. These two words were so impactful that they were able to show the magnitude of sexual violence in our world through both professional and citizen journalism. Even though this movement had already begun 10 years earlier, it was taken to the next level by actress Alyssa Milano's tweet. Since that first tweet, the hashtag has been used 19 million times in the span of two years. This and other hashtags, have come a long way and have gone from internet protests to the real streets.

In Mexico, we are able to see how social media, especially hashtags, have created a feeling of unrest and bravery. One of the most famous Mexican hashtags began last year when a feminist group 'Brujas del Mar' tweeted the idea of a national protest. The hashtag #UnDiaSinNosotras, A Day Without Us, called upon all women to not take part in their daily activities on March 9, 2020. This meant no women in the streets, in their work,

in school, and no consuming. This hashtag was made to bring attention to the amount of femicides in Mexico and to demand justice against gender violence.

The social media hashtag had such an impact that 70% of women across the country participated in the national strike. It was very clear in the streets, the businesses, and the country's economy. In only one day, the economic impact was 30,000 pesos, 15% of what had been estimated. These protests and strikes are caused by a series of historic fights that have occurred for the past 10 years. It wasn't until 2020, with its spread through social media, that these efforts were actually visible and impactful.

Throughout the world, there have been various hashtags and movements that have begun in social media. This new way of spreading news and information has been successful. Whether it be an international movement or one within a specific country, change is being created. Women are starting to be heard and this has created hope within each of us.



# *The Africa Women Journalism Project: Reshaping Newsrooms Across the Continent*



Por: Makenna Brissette

11<sup>a</sup>



The African Women Journalism Project was initially launched in July of 2020, bringing together 18 female voices across the span of five countries in an effort to provide a platform for under-reported stories, in addition to allowing for greater opportunities for women to develop their careers in the newsroom. The stories reported are oftentimes those that go under the radar, as they pertain more to the female gender, which is severely underrepresented in positions of leadership in offices in Africa. These include topics such as sexual health, obstetric fistula (a medical condition relating to childbirth) and female genital mutilation (FGM), among other health and development issues, which many women in the continent didn't feel comfortable speaking out about until now.

The project, shortened to AWJP, was founded by Catherine Gicheru, a journalist and editor credited with being the first female editor at the *Nation Media Group*, the largest independent media house





in East and Central Africa, and the founding editor of *The Star*, a newspaper in the capital of her home country Kenya in Nairobi. Speaking on the objectives of the project, Gicheru stated that “the main focus is [to seek] new ways of reporting issues that are not being reported and under-reported issues that involve women and other marginalised communities.”

The project spans over five countries, including Nigeria, Ghana, Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda, of which were selectively chosen as they are major English-speaking nations and face similar challenges. For instance, due to the ongoing COVID-19 outbreak, markets in these areas have been closed down to limit social settings, leaving many merchants and farmers with no job. Gicheru commented on this pressing issue and how the AWJP has helped: “A lot of the women are the ones who have found new ways of using [the] media or using the digital space and continue writing and podcasting. They may have lost their jobs, but they haven't stopped trying to see how they can amplify their voices in those spaces.”

Women interested in becoming part of the project are provided with an array of resources and support, including a mentorship program designed to help newcomers develop their skills as a writer. The more-experienced journalists are able to guide others in important subjects, such as how to interview professionally and safely,

especially when it comes to controversial topics, such as FGM, where opinions may vary from country to country. With this, the project strengthens the voices of its authors, driving coverage on a variety of topics. Some recent articles include: “Market vendors cold as COVID-19 research lists them most-at-risk populations”, “Blood scarcity looms for childbirth, malaria, sickle cell patients”, and “COVID-19: A double tragedy for women and girls in refugee settlements.”

Gicheru continued on to say the project “has pushed newsrooms to think really seriously about how to make themselves sustainable and think about new ways of monetising their content.” She mentions this in regards to not only how newsrooms compensate their workers, especially during the pandemic, but also for how they ensure they continue on in order for their journalists to maintain stable work, which greatly benefits the growing number of female journalists.

Catherine also leads a pan-African network known as WanaData (“Daughters of Data” in Swahili), a group of women data scientists and technologists that promote the use of data in underrepresented stories. For example, the recently-launched Trafficking Africa project reports national and international data on human trafficking. Furthermore, the project GenderGap sheds light on the gender wage gap in Africa, as well as inequality in property rights and education. Through the works of WanaData and the African Women Journalism Project, women have been granted opportunities in the newsroom to amplify their voices in the media by featuring more female professionals, focusing their efforts and bringing attention to under-reported stories that affect them, which hadn't been given the same recognition in the news prior.

# *Think Before You Click: How the Media Can Ruin the Lives of Women in the Public Eye*



Por: Lucía Bonnin

11<sup>a</sup>

After the Oprah interview with Prince Harry and Meghan Markle revealed the role the media played in their departure from the British royal family, a conversation has opened up about tabloids and their effect on the mental health of celebrities. This conversation is not new since earlier in the year, a documentary about Britney Spears was released which revealed how badly she was treated by the media and how misogynistic it is. Following the documentary, celebrities like Kim Kardashian opened up about their struggles with the tabloids and their specific and incredibly cruel treatment of female celebrities in particular.

Any public figure faces struggles regarding paparazzi and unwanted headlines. However, these struggles are augmented when it comes to women, especially women of color. Since non-famous people are so obsessed with these female celebrities, tabloids get the most engagement from headlines that either invade their privacy or tear them down, and more engagement leads to

high sales and ad revenue. We are all guilty of clicking on an article or a post with an exaggerated title or an unflattering photo because a part of us wants to see these famous women humanized. However, we often don't think about how this can feed into a narrative of misogyny and racism.

Think about it: when you see gossip articles about celebrities, what gender is it dominated by? Of course, many articles invade the privacy of male celebrities, but the cruelest usually focus on women. Common examples of these are body-shaming articles. Although these are less common now than in the early 2000s, news outlets still gain attention for posting stories that tear women's bodies down by examining everything about them from their legs to their stomachs and their breasts. Clicking on these articles propels the narratives that female bodies should look a certain way, and that any sign of aging or weight gain is something to be noted and shamed for.



Another way the media attacks women is when it comes to their dating lives. The love lives of celebrities have always been something that the public is extremely interested in, but there is a clear contrast between the way these are portrayed for males and females. Taylor Swift, for instance, was constantly shamed for dating around and writing songs about her ex-lovers, while many male artists who do the same were never even questioned on it. Angelina Jolie and Jennifer Aniston were also treated extremely unfairly by the media during their relationships with Brad Pitt, Jolie being called a homewrecker and Aniston a villain not worthy of Brad's love and attention. Did anyone ever take a moment to think about the fact that Brad Pitt is a man responsible for his actions?

These issues are even more prevalent amongst women of color. As Markle and Oprah discussed in the recent interview, the press had a completely different treatment of Meghan than of her sister-in-law Kate Middleton. Some glaring examples included attributing Meghan constantly touching her baby bump to "pride, vanity, [and] acting" while praising Middleton for "tenderly" cradling hers. They didn't only treat Meghan differently but blatantly attacked her. During her time as a member of the British royal family, news outlets would find any excuse to try and paint her as a villain even when she did something as innocent as eating avocado toast.

Markle revealed later in the interview how the attacks from the media were incredibly damaging to her mental health to a point where she didn't want to be alive anymore. This ultimately led to her departure, along with her husband and son, from the royal family.

Meghan Markle's case is one example. However, there are so many other female public figures that have had mental health struggles due to the media's horrible portrayal of them. Celebrities are not superhumans. Although most of them chose to be in the spotlight, it doesn't give us an excuse to treat them as if they don't have feelings and to perpetuate the idea that women should look and act in a certain way. It isn't possible for the press to suddenly become more respectful and less misogynistic, but there are a few things you can do as a consumer of media.

The first and most important thing you can do is think before you click. These outlets that disclose celebrity drama are always looking at what will get them the most engagement to drive their revenue. Most of the time, these over-the-top reports aren't even true. Before you tap on a link, like, or share a post, consider what you are doing. Is it tearing someone down? Would the post be different if this person was of a different race or gender? Celebrity gossip is something most of the world can admit to being guilty of enjoying. A line must be drawn between what is entertaining and what is belittling to a human being.



# Democracia en peligro



Por: Karen Herrmann  
12<sup>º</sup>

El 29 de Marzo de este año, el líder nacional de morena y ex-senador Mario Delgado Carrillo afirmó durante una conferencia de prensa en Tabasco que, el Instituto Nacional Electoral (INE), el organismo que regula los procesos electorales de forma equitativa para establecer la democracia en el país, aplica prácticas a favor del PRI y del PAN, y que el Congreso de la Unión debería tomar acción para renovar o exterminar al INE.

Estas afirmaciones se dieron a cabo debido a la negativa hacia Raúl Morón Orozco y Félix Salgado Macedonio para la candidatura a la gobernatura de los estados de Michoacán y Guerrero respectivamente. El Instituto Nacional Electoral decidió anular sus candidaturas a gobernador de ambos morenistas por distintos motivos.

En el caso de Raúl Morón Orozco, presidente municipal de Morelia, la terminación fue por causa de la falta de reportes de ingresos y gastos de precampañas. Después de que la decisión se hizo oficial, Orozco culpó al INE de haber decidido la anulación para preservar los privilegios políticos de aquellos que no eran parte de MORENA. Igualmente, se reiteró que el registro de Salgado Macedonio, fue anulado por la falta de registros de gastos de campaña, al igual que la presión social por la controversia que surgió recientemente sobre las varias acusaciones de abuso sexual y corrupción por parte de ex-compañeras de Salgado Macedonio.





El pasado 5 de Abril, Delgado Carrillo y Salgado Macedonio dirigieron una protesta de varios días fuera de las oficinas del INE, con la meta de restituir la candidatura a gobernador de Guerrero. Durante la protesta, Salgado marcó su argumentó; que tal anulación fue una falta a sus derechos constitucionales, y que era una farsa de parte del consejo del INE para afectar la democracia del país. En los días consecuentes, Macedonio y otros simpatizantes morenistas amenazaron al INE con una posible disolución del organismo por corrupción y falta de transparencia: “Yo digo que el INE ya cumplió y debe desaparecer”. Al final fue notificado que el problema sería resuelto por el tribunal electoral, pues la decisión del INE ya había sido confirmada, por lo que la protesta se movió frente a las oficinas del tribunal electoral. Ciro Murayama Rendón, consejero del INE, aclaró que la institución no está en contra del gobierno y su partido, pero que tampoco se alinearían con sus ideales.

Al final, el tribunal electoral decidió devolver el caso al INE (a punta de amenazas de parte de Salgado Macedonio), ordenando que el caso debería ser discutido de nuevo y que deberían considerar la anulación, pues la sanción era demasiado rígida. Mas sin embargo, el INE consideró las intimidaciones violentas que se hicieron en su contra durante las protestas y las que se realizaron frente al tribunal, por lo que reafirmaron su decisión de anular la candidatura de Salgado Macedonio. El caso, en consecuencia, volvió a manos de la Sala Superior del tribunal el 15 de Abril del presente.

El peso de las afirmaciones y las protestas implican un tiempo de precariedad moral dentro de la política nacional, pues se usan amenazas para prevenir que la ley mantenga el orden de aquellos que nos gobiernan. Solo falta esperar a



que el tribunal electoral, el cual se encuentra en la mirada de todos los mexicanos, no haga caso de las amenazas y decida de forma imparcial y justa si la anulación debería confirmarse o revocarse.

# Entrevista a María Teresa Andruetto



Por: Laiza Escoto

11<sup>º</sup>



*"No sé si la literatura lleva a una mayor felicidad, pero sí estoy segura de que lleva a una mayor conciencia de nuestra presencia en el mundo"*

-María Teresa Andruetto

María Teresa Andruetto es una multifacética poeta y escritora argentina, ha creado innumerables cuentos, poemas, novelas, obras de teatro y libros informativos. A lo largo de su vida ha recibido importantes premios y reconocimientos por sus obras; en el año 2012 recibió el premio Hans Christian Andersen, considerado el premio Nobel de Literatura Infantil. Tuve la oportunidad de entrevistarla virtualmente y puedo decir que es realmente encantadora.

**¿Desde qué edad supiste que querías dedicar tu vida a la Literatura?**

M.T.-La verdad no sé si la literatura es mi vida. La literatura entró a mi vida como parte de ella, no fue algo a lo que pensé dedicarle toda mi vida. Trabajé en la docencia, en la formación de lectores, crié a dos hijas, me ocupé de otras personas queridas y en medio de todo eso, estuvo la literatura. Hacia mis 30 años, logré trabajar en cosas relacionadas con los libros. Empecé a dar clases, a coordinar talleres, hacer reseñas, críticas y por supuesto, la escritura. Con relación a la escritura, yo lo que tuve tempranamente es, primero la apetencia por las historias, por escuchar historias, después por leer. Me convertí



Me convertí en una lectora muy desahogada. Luego, empecé a escribir cosas en mi adolescencia y eso tuvo un carácter catártico, como de entretenimiento para mí misma, hasta los 28 años. En ese momento tuve un problema de salud muy severo que me puso en un temor de morir e hizo que algo se ordenara y empezara a escribir de otra manera. Comencé a escribir una novela y ahí sí empecé a tener deseos de publicarla. Tardé 10 años en encontrar cómo. Fue a raíz de un premio. Yo escribí esa novela cerca de los 28 a los 30 o 31, a los 40, obtuve un premio que me permitió publicarla. A partir de ahí, comencé a publicar mucho y cada vez había más lectores, aunque fue bastante lento. Hizo una explosión 10 años después, se fue gestando por abajo y no ha dejado de crecer, pero nunca sentí que le dediqué mi vida a la literatura, nunca lo viví de esa manera.

**¿Si no hubieses estudiado Letras Modernas, qué otra carrera te hubiera gustado estudiar y por qué?**

Siempre tuve dos pulsiones, una que tiene que ver con la ayuda a los otros y otra que tiene que ver con lo estético, con el arte, con la escritura, con la palabra. Cuando era adolescente en algún momento pensé que quizá sería la abogacía, trabajo social o psicología pero enseguida eso se definió por literatura y me alegra mucho de que haya sido así, porque fue ir más hacia mi deseo que hacia mi sentido del deber. Siempre me interesó mucho la docencia, que reúne las dos cosas.

**¿Por qué te llamó la atención escribir a los niños y jóvenes?**

o ya escribía cuando me uní a un grupo de mujeres que estaban formando un Centro de Literatura para niños y jóvenes, entonces empecé a leer y a

reflexionar mucho sobre la escritura destinada a ellos, y en algún momento de los años 80, yo no había publicado entonces nada, pero sí había escrito cosas para adultos, la Editorial Colihue de Argentina convocó a un concurso de cuentos llamado “El Pajarito Remendado”, entonces yo tomé un recuerdo de mi infancia en mi pueblo y con eso escribí Campeón, obtuve una mención y entró a una antología llamada Ocho Cuentos Ocho y eso fue lo primero que salió publicado.

**¿Cuál de tus obras es la que te ha dado más satisfacciones?**

Stefano es un libro que está traducido a muchísimas lenguas, al coreano, al turco, al alemán, al italiano, al portugués, al chino, al macedonio, al esloveno, tiene ediciones en España, en Colombia, en México, también se han hecho obras de teatro, y varias cosas relacionadas a Stefano, tiene muchísimos lectores y reediciones. Lengua Madre es una novela que ha circulado muchísimo en lectores de lengua castellana, en Argentina, hay una edición colombiana, otra italiana, no tiene tantas traducciones a otros idiomas, pero hay muchos trabajos académicos, tesis de grados, de doctorados, de maestrías, está por estrenarse una obra de teatro, que tiene muchos lectores. La Mujer en Cuestión tiene una edición en Alemania y es una novela que ha llegado más a un sector de estudios políticos, y hay muchos trabajos académicos de la Academia Italiana, Española, de distintos países latinoamericanos, de Estados Unidos, de Canadá. Extraño oficio, acaba de salir hace dos meses y ya se reimprimió, pues se agotó rápidamente. El árbol de lilas es un cuento que, aunque no tiene casi traducciones, lo cuentan narradores de todas partes de la lengua castellana. Cada libro tiene su camino y es muy distinto uno de otro.

**¿El libro de Stefano, es un libro biográfico o es meramente fantasía?**

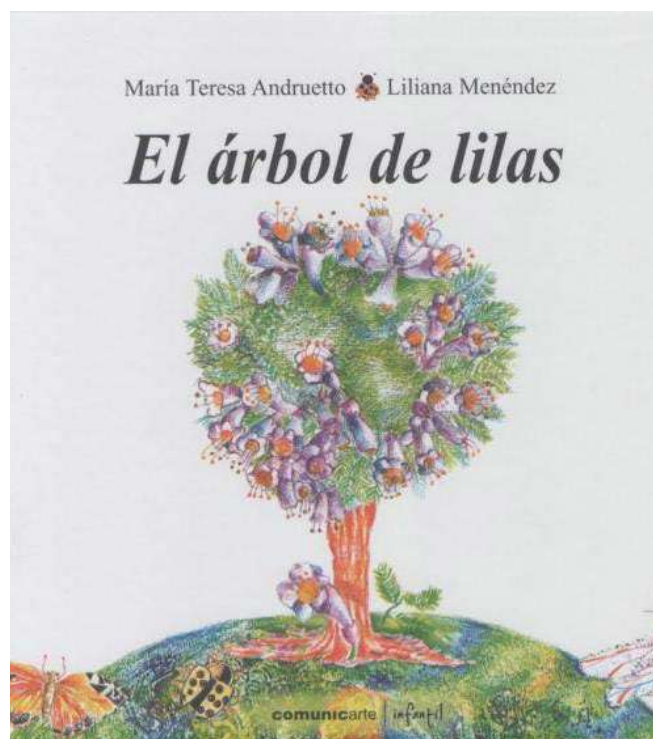
No es la historia de mi padre, como algunos dicen, es un libro ficcional pero sí tomo muchas cosas de otros inmigrantes que conocí y de mí misma, hay una mezcla siempre en toda mi obra entre cosas que vi, que escuché, no tanto de que viví; pero también de cosas inventadas porque yo creo que lo biográfico y lo autobiográfico se mezclan en la ficción de un modo astillado; es decir, aparecen como esquivlas, no es mi vida lo que me interesa contar, tampoco era contar la vida de mi padre, pero sí que Stefano, de algún modo, le rinde homenaje a mi padre que era un inmigrante italiano que vino a Argentina.

**En *El árbol de lilas*, la mujer sale y el hombre espera. ¿No crees que según la cultura latina, es al revés, que el hombre sale a buscar y la mujer espera? ¿O crees que los tiempos han cambiado y los dos, tanto hombres como mujeres andan en una búsqueda continua de su “otra mitad”?**

Sí, yo puse a la mujer buscando y al hombre esperando, no sé por qué lo puse y resultó ser a la inversa de los cuentos tradicionales. La cuestión de género siempre fue muy fuerte en mí, pero yo no tenía conciencia de esto. Yo escribí *El árbol de lilas* en el año 1990, lo pude publicar 16 años después como libro ilustrado, antes había salido en una Antología. Este cuento tiene 31 años, cuando no se discutía esta cuestión de las mujeres en Argentina; pero claro, tal vez porque yo soy una persona que ha salido a buscar, no sé si exactamente el amor de un hombre, pero sí he salido a buscar la vida, he tenido esa actitud de salir a hacer, no de esperar. Ahora, ya hemos puesto mucho sobre la mesa eso de que, quién es el que espera y quién es el que busca, porque cada persona puede alternativamente buscar y esperar.

**¿La ilustración de tus cuentos los escoges tú o te los impone la editorial que los publica?**

En el caso de *El árbol de lilas* yo se la di a una ilustradora amiga, Liliana Menéndez y así lo ofrecimos, algo así sucedió con *La durmiente* que ilustró Istvansch, y en *Selene*, cuento largo que salió hace dos años yo le pedí a la editorial que en lo posible se lo dieran a un ilustrador, que no era un amigo pero yo conocía su obra. Lo habitual no es eso, en todos los otros casos yo ofrezco el texto a la editorial y ahora con los reconocimientos que tengo, la editorial sugiere y me manda enlaces, no me importa que sean ilustradores reconocidos, lo que me interesa es la estética, a veces siento que ciertas estéticas se hermanan con el texto y pueden hacer buen maridaje. La editorial propone y yo opino, nunca decido del todo yo sola, pero siempre me escuchan. No es que quiera una cosa determinada, sino una apertura a lo que otro pueda imaginar con mi cuento, me parece que mientras más se vuela un ilustrador, mejor será el resultado.





**¿Las ideas para tus obras te llegan de golpe o tienes que buscar el lugar y el momento óptimo para la inspiración?**

Generalmente aparece más que una idea, una escena que me da vuelta a la cabeza, a veces dura años, 10, 20 años y en algún momento, eso se impone porque queda en una especie de “background” mental y aparecen cosas que me recuerdan esa escena, tengo el tiempo necesario y quizás hago unas primeras anotaciones en la computadora, escribo algunas cosas y lo dejo, al tiempo lo retomo porque siempre tengo muchas cosas, creo que escribo por capas, hasta que llega un momento en que eso me interesa mucho y cobra, calor, fuerza, potencia y entonces sí, dejo todo lo demás y me dedico a ese texto.

**¿Cuál es tu libro favorito?**

Hay tantos libros extraordinarios...

Las Dulzuras del Hogar, de Flannery O’Connor,  
Eisejuaz, de Sara Gallardo

El Desierto de los Tártaros, de Dino Buzzati  
Escribir, El Amante de la China del Norte, Emily, El  
Hombre Atlántico, de Marguerite Duras  
Río de las Congojas de Libertad Demitrópulos,  
Zama, de Antonio Di Benedetto

La Revolución es un Sueño Eterno, de Andrés  
Rivera

Pedro Páramo, El Llano en Llamas, de Juan Rulfo

**¿Qué opinas de los libros digitales?**

Yo prefiero leer en papel. Los libros digitales son un soporte, a veces uno puede leer en digital, ya sea porque no se tiene acceso al papel, o porque le es más cómodo o más económico, hay que distinguir mucho la literatura del soporte, el contenido de ese soporte en el que uno lee o accede a leer o a escuchar porque ahora con los Podcasts también uno puede escuchar una novela.



**¿A quién está dirigido tu blog y cuánto hace que lo abriste?**

El blog Narradoras Argentinas estaba dirigido a personas a las que les interesara la literatura argentina o la escritura de mujeres de Argentina, se quedó detenido, yo ya no lo he alimentado más, se hizo en la época de los blogs, estuvo alimentado un tiempo y el blog está ahí con algunas entradas y luego eso devino en otros intereses, empecé a hacer unas columnas para el diario con estas mismas características, paralela al blog, y después ya el interés fue tan grande por las narradoras argentinas olvidadas que convoqué a otras dos mujeres, Juana Luján y Carolina Rossi y entre las tres diseñamos una colección de Narradoras Argentinas Olvidadas, colección que se edita en la Editorial Universitaria de la Universidad Nacional de Villa María en la provincia de Córdoba. La editorial se llama EDUVIM, ahí se puede comprar la colección en papel y también por Ebook.



### **¿Tú crees que todos llevamos un poeta adentro?**

La idea de un poeta es como de otro tiempo, incluso para los que escribimos poesía. Hay momentos en los que uno puede percibir una cierta condición poética en el encuentro con la naturaleza, con otra persona, con los procesos de escritura, como quien puede percibir por un momento la belleza del mundo o una epifanía, o una condensación de dolor, pero eso no sucede todo el tiempo, ni siquiera para quien se dice poeta, es una posibilidad que se encuentra en todos los seres humanos, pero no es una condición permanente que a uno permita ponerse esa etiqueta.

### **¿Ahora con las redes sociales, crees que la gente en general, lee más o lee menos?**

Con las redes se lee de otra manera, se leen muchas cosas en Internet, muchas personas leemos muchas cosas por ahí y no sé si ha bajado la lectura de libros, me parece que no tanto, porque el público que lee libros ha seguido leyendo. Habría que investigar un poquito esto.

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Fue un gran honor y una grata sorpresa tener la oportunidad de entrevistar a una escritora tan reconocida y famosa en el mundo entero como lo es María Teresa Andruetto.



# Nightcrawler Review



Por: Alessandro Leone  
9º

Nightcrawler is a neo noir crime thriller written and directed by Dan Gilroy. It was released on October 31st, 2014 (United States) and stars Jake Gyllenhaal, Riz Ahmed and Renne Russo. Right after its release, the film was met with widespread praise, with highlights on Gyllenhaal's performance and Gilroy's script and was even nominated at the 87th Academy Awards for Best Original Screenplay.

Plot: When Lou Bloom, desperate for work, muscles into the world of L.A. crime journalism, he blurs the line between observer and participant to become the star of his own story. Aiding him in his effort is Nina, a TV-news veteran, and Rick (Riz Ahmed), his camera assistant and business partner.

After scrapping his original idea of making a story that followed the life of a photojournalist, writer director Dan Gilroy decided to take a darker approach after discovering the unique possibilities in the stringer profession and wrote the protagonist as an anti hero, basing his new approach on the ideas of the american dream, unemployment, capitalism, and how far a person

will go until they decide to take unethical and immoral actions for their own sake and financial success.

One of the most interesting things I found in watching this film was the fact that the protagonist in the story (Lou Bloom) is an antihero. What is an antihero? An antihero is a central character that isn't necessarily good, that lacks your typical heroic traits, but we root for him throughout the story anyways. This type of character has been seen throughout some of the most notorious pieces of cinema like: The Godfather, Goodfellas, Pulp Fiction, The Social Network, and many other films.

What defines Lou is his beliefs about the world, that you can earn success by exploiting and manipulating people. And we see those beliefs transferred to other characters in the story, he follows a flat character archetype which means that "he" doesn't change, his beliefs change the people around him and his own external situation as he holds strong to what he believes in (and I won't tell you whether he does earn success or not because that's for you to find out).





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# "Light and Space"

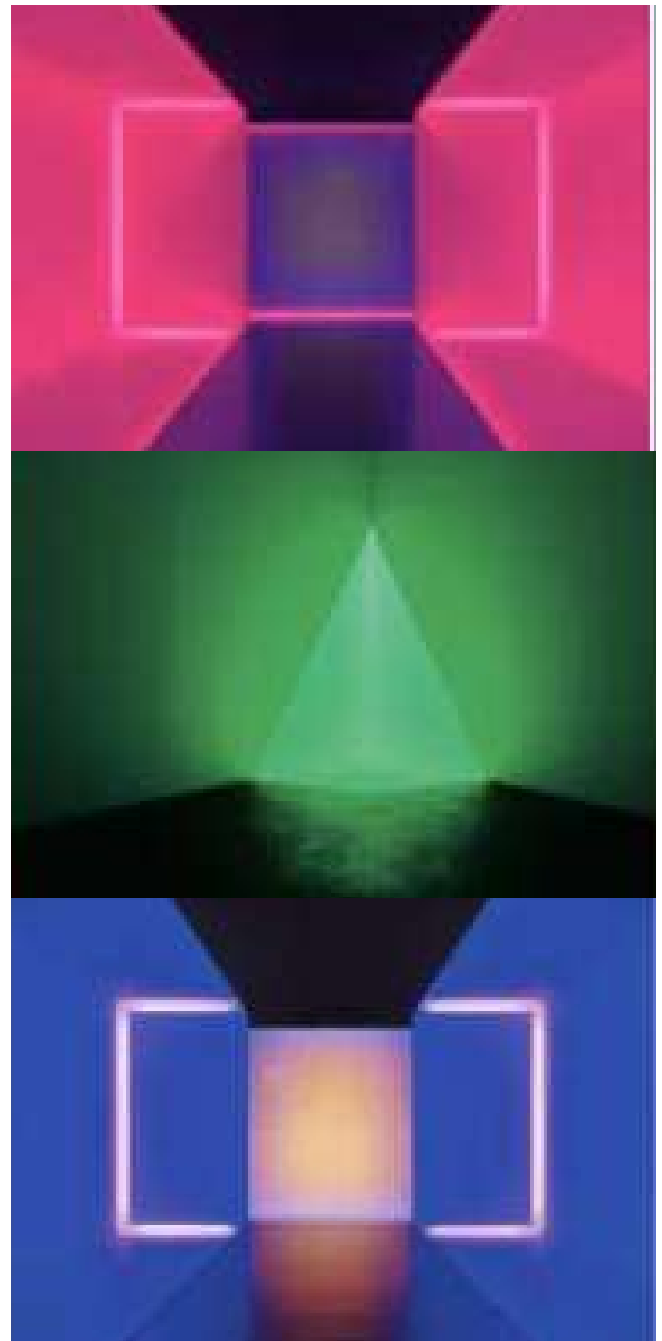


Por: Alan Patiño  
12º

Describir el arte con palabras es complicado por razones que no es necesario explicar. Así como no podemos hablar de la música en olores, cuesta trabajo expresar los sentimientos que una pieza de arte provoca sin verla apropiadamente; por tanto los invito mientras leen esta breve reseña, a buscar en línea la obra de James Turrel, uno de los más fantásticos artistas contemporáneos que nos han deleitado con trabajos que pasarán a la historia por su innovación, técnicas y simbolismo.

Norteamericano, James Turrel nació en Pasadena, California en el año 1943, donde creció y desarrolló su amor por la luz y el espacio. En la universidad, consiguió títulos en psicología, matemáticas, geología y astronomía para posteriormente dedicarse al arte. A partir del año 1966, con apenas 23 años de edad. Un año después, por suerte para el mundo, se le dio la oportunidad de presentar sus obras de la colección Projection Pieces en el Museo de Arte de Pasadena.

Al utilizar proyectores de alta intensidad, logró modificar pequeños espacios a través de su luz y consiguió crear figuras tridimensionales con aspectos naturalmente geométricos. Pronto, Turrel fue invitado a diseñar y desarrollar nuevas obras en espacios como hoteles, restaurantes, aeropuertos y diversas galerías de arte de renombre mundial, tales como el museo Guggenheim, Whitney Museum of American Art, galerías en Los Ángeles, San Francisco y Varese.





Sus primeros trabajos se convirtieron en grandes temas de conversación para la comunidad artística. La característica que más sacudió al público fue el manejo único que Turell tiene de la luz en espacios, la cual les da una sensación de espiritualidad e intimismo. El reportero Clavin Tompkins comentó para *New Yorker*: “Su trabajo no es sobre la luz, o una alabanza de la luz, es la luz; la presencia física de la luz manifestada de una forma sensorial.”

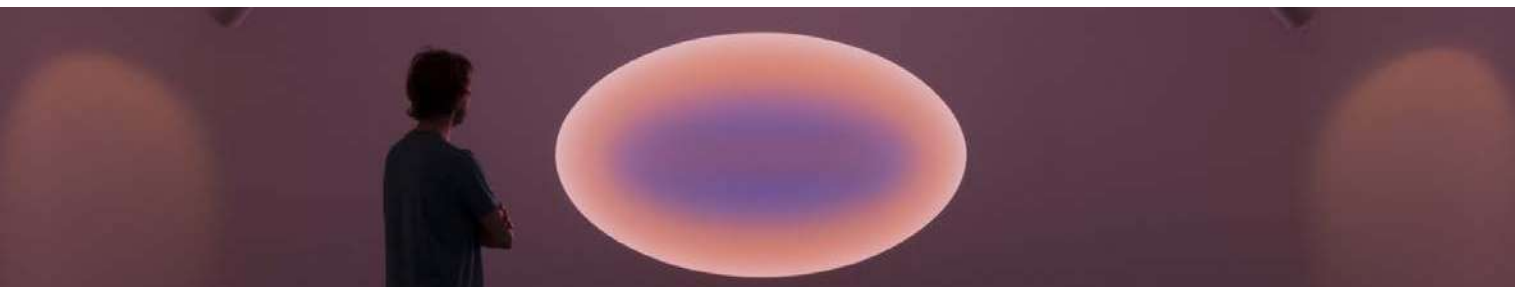
Sus antecedentes filosóficos llevan a Turell a constantemente inspirarse en la cueva de Platón como base para la percepción de las cosas a través de la luz “nuestros sentidos están limitados por nuestro entorno y cultura: nuestra realidad es la que nosotros creamos.” A partir de esta ideología surgieron sus emblemáticos *Skyspaces*, los cuales consisten en habitaciones con un pequeño hueco simétrico en el techo donde se puede apreciar limitadamente al cielo. Con este hueco, Turell les da a sus espectadores la oportunidad de formar su propia visión del cielo y sus alrededores a través de los cambios de las luces y los colores.

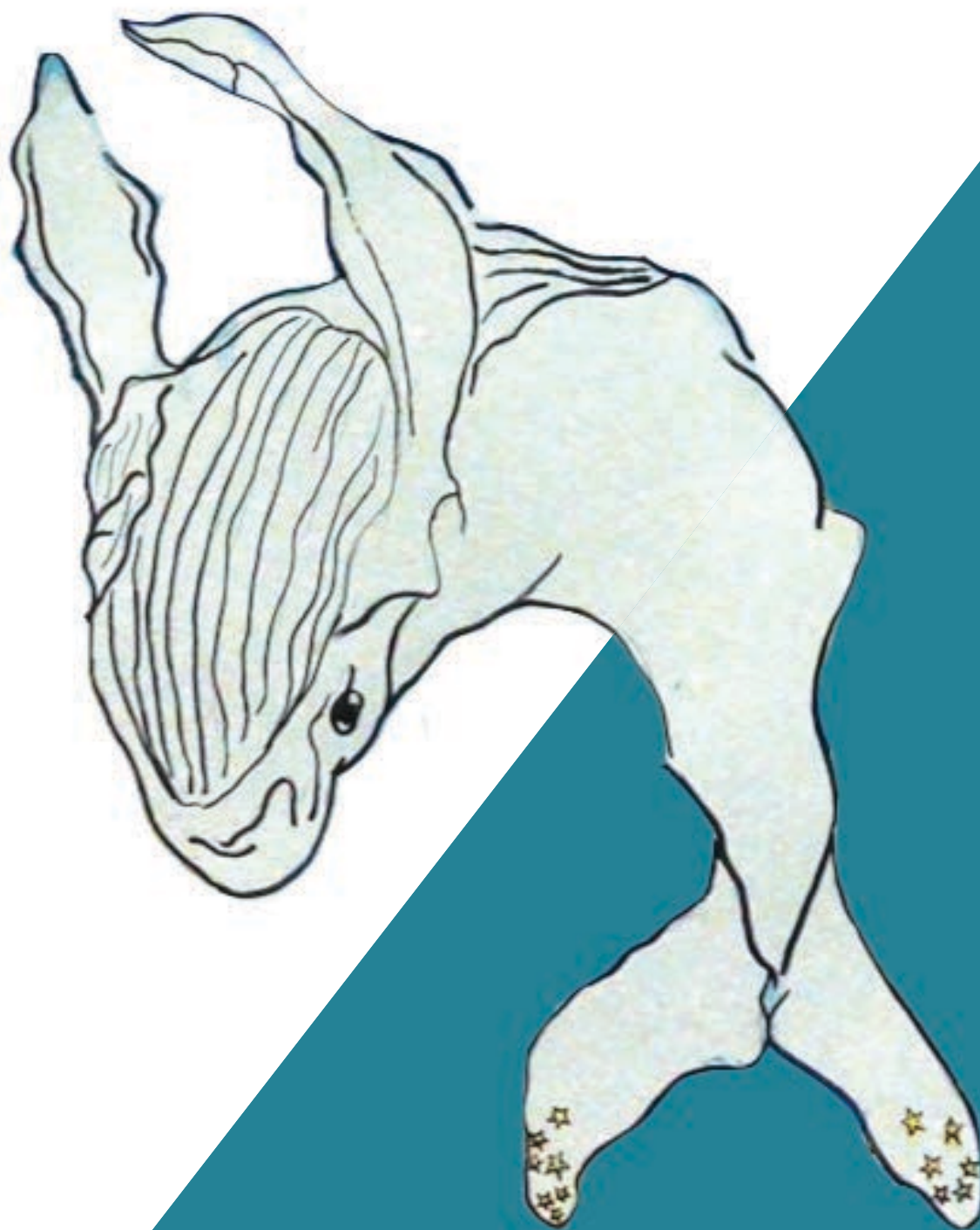
Uno de sus más reconocidos y ambiciosos *skyspaces* es uno que todavía no está terminado y se está llevando a cabo dentro del volcán inactivo Roden Crater en Arizona. Con esta obra, Turell está creando su propio paisaje desde el interior del volcán mediante excavaciones de túneles y pequeñas cámaras. Este proyecto lleva en construcción desde el año 1974, y hasta la

fecha sigue en construcción. Múltiples imágenes del *skyspace* han sido exhibidas en diversos museos y se espera estar abierto al público para el año 2024.

Premios y galardones se le han otorgado por su aportación al mundo de las artes tridimensionales que han transportado a una realidad alterna a todo aquel que presencia su arte. Ha sido honrado con la Medalla Nacional de las Artes e incluso el Premio de Arquitectura dado por el presidente Barack Obama. Hoy en día, sus obras se encuentran en todo el planeta, desde Europa, hasta el Museo James Turrell en Argentina e incluso en nuestro país dentro del Museo Jumex en la Ciudad de México.

Hasta la fecha, los admiradores de las obras, de Turrell siguen preguntando desde donde exactamente se debe de mirar estas obras. James mismo contestó esta pregunta diciendo que no existe un punto en específico, su obras pueden ser observadas desde múltiples perspectivas, ya que cada persona tiene su propia mirada. Al fin y al cabo, la principal intención de Turell es que sus espectadores crean sus propias visiones de sus obras. Si el arte es capaz de enseñarnos una cosa es que los sueños se hacen realidad y que las oportunidades están a la vuelta de nuestros tiempos más complicados, es por eso que encuentro a James Turrell con una verdadera innovación de que cualquier puede hacer arte, y que el arte lo puede hacer todo.





SECCIÓN LITERARIA

***ALTER EGO***

## *Ella se encontraba enamorada*

Por: Lionn Pérez

11º

Ella se encontraba enamorada en el puerto de la ciudad,  
esperando ser visitada y jadeando al ver volar a las gaviotas;  
esperando sentirse encontrada por cierto navegante,  
pero, como agua que espera ser desembocada, estaba atrapada por un cauce.

Mientras sentía las brisas y escuchaba las olas,  
se sentía alterada y con prisas, maldiciendo la libertad.  
Y entonces escuchó risas y vio un barco más grande que una ballena  
y como parada en cornisas, sintió nervios y cantos

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## *Por la ciudad vuela una gaviota*

Por: Paulina Villanueva

11º

Por la ciudad vuela una gaviota enamorada,  
una gaviota que le da a cada rincón una visitada.  
La gaviota busca un navegante para poder ser encontrada.  
Sale de la ciudad siguiendo el cauce, y llega a una desembocada.

La gaviota se encuentra perdida entre las olas y las brisas.  
Sin navegante, ni libertad, la gaviota sigue con prisas.  
Al encontrar a unas ballenas se queda con ellas y pasa unas risas.  
Entre risa y canto, la gaviota se olvida y sus lágrimas ya no penetran las cornisas.



## *Ella se encontraba enamorada*

Por: Lucía Bonnin

11º

Recordó los días en los que estaba enamorada, mientras caminaba sola por la ciudad,  
cuando se sentía visitada con el canto de las gaviotas  
cuando el mundo era su isla encontrada, viviendo juntos como navegantes.  
Un río sin desembocada, su amor más profundo que los cauces.

Las brisas más dulces, el cielo más azul y más grandes las olas,  
nunca tenían prisa, siempre llenos de libertad.  
Ahora sus risas no más que un eco del llanto de las ballenas,  
ahora se siente cómo una casa sin cornisas, cuando las gaviotas sueltan sus cantos.

# Telepathic Travel

By: Anonymous

I may be the only person  
Who you could find alone  
and swallow your worry  
Cause you know they're in their zone  
For my place is where  
the silence is loud  
The clouds are around  
And the people remain unfound  
Where the wind caresses my skin  
And the mockingbirds sing you a song  
To which the trees pirouette along

I was twelve the first time I found it  
It was right when the madness began  
It first manifested as the top of a mountain  
However, the place shapeshifts with time  
It's not much of a place, but a mindset  
The silence there is so loud  
It balances the sound within  
Allows me to wonder  
what is, what was, and what will be  
Without it, I would probably go insane  
Without it, I would not know my name.

Anyone could go there,  
Regardless of where they are  
All you need is a horizon to stare at  
And when the world becomes too messy  
You can come to my place with me  
We may not see each other,  
But it does not matter,  
As long as we know we're not alone,  
Telepathically speaking we can get along.

# Full of Colors

By: Katie Rios

12º

Eighteen years I have spent at home; eighteen summers and winters  
And still, I look around me and am surprised at how lucky I am,  
Lucky to look around and see this paradise.  
Water running, rushing, racing down the streams, jumping through the rocks  
Leaves whispering into my ears, telling me the secrets of nature  
Taking me to the biggest treasure of all, the beach  
Where soothing sand stands around me,  
Whooshing wind wraggles up my hair.  
And then comes out the dancing sun, bringing light, love, life  
To start a new day full of colors.

I close my eyes and just feel my surroundings; thinking and reflecting.  
I breathe in and out, feeling the energy rush inside of me  
Running from my feet all the way up to my head,  
Until my smile wore a million stars around it.  
I feel free, fearless, full,  
And happy to call this place my home.  
To wake up every morning to see the waves  
Quickly running onto the shore and back into the ocean  
Rushing my heart to pump out love full of colors.

Here you will feel at peace and fulfilled,  
There is truly no place like home.  
This paradise may take you anywhere you want to go,  
Just let your head dance along and imagination fly.  
Let the wind meditate with you and calm you down,  
Let the sun smile down and hug you in its golden arms,  
Let the smiling shore rock you back and forth,  
And let the palm trees whistle in the wind,  
All giving you a life full of colors.



# *Primrose Hill in my Pocket*

By: Premma Mehta

12<sup>a</sup>

Primrose Hill Park, I keep you in my pocket,  
Or around my neck in a silver-heart locket.  
Despite the greyness from above and around,  
Countless daisies grow out of your grassy ground.  
With land so soft, I wish I could lay on it all day,  
The bright blades call out my name when I walk away.  
From the top of the hill, I could count every shallow tree,  
On the way down I would race the flying bumblebees.  
As I think back to your beauty, I regret ever saying goodbye,  
To your bucolic wonders and surrounding serene sky.

This heavenly landscape was my family's idea of peace.  
In one deep inhale we would take all of our worries, and then we could release.  
Into the crisp air, I was able to set any negative thoughts free,  
So the brisk wind quickly brushed by to take them far away from me.  
Because of the open space, there was so much we could do:  
Have a picnic, collect dreamy dandelions, or simply admire the view.  
Together, the five of us smiled at the nature that we liked to see;  
In such a monochromatic world, the park was our sacred spot of green.  
There is nothing that the enriching environment can't heal.  
The scenery now just lives in my head, but continues to feel so real.

I can only visit the memories that I hold so close,  
I envy those who can still get their weekly dose.  
I hope they see that there is no better medicine or cure,  
than sitting at the peak of the hill, where the energy is pure.  
On the park's tasteful tranquility people are allowed to feed,  
After starving themselves in the metropolitan coldness and greed.  
Families should explore the sweeping grounds,  
So they can discover that comfort is what will be found.  
Primrose Hill Park, I owe you a big thank you,  
And I know that others, one day, will too.

# Endless Wonderland

By: Nicole Foster

12<sup>º</sup>

Like a fairies cottage  
Deep in the woods, it stood  
The place where everything got quiet  
But where the crickets took advantage  
When no one was there  
To take part in an orchestra  
And sing with the flowing air

Waiting for us to return  
The grand forest awaited  
Gleaming under the night stars  
The water on the grass sparkled  
Seemingly blending with the horizon  
The sunset welcomed the endless wonderland.

In the middle of the terrain  
I sat with my feet on the grass  
Smooth and caring  
Mother nature caressed my skin  
With comfort and love  
Alone I was no more.

Being free never felt so good,  
Natural, pure, and angelic.  
I was set to fly  
And was able to think  
of the thought that was before interrupted

With a clear mind and space  
My imagination grew big  
Bringing me to places,  
Exposing me to emotions,  
and enlightening me of feelings  
that were all new.

I was open-minded,  
Renewed and trouble-free  
Whatever had seemed important before  
Was no longer a demeanor towards me

I wish all people could feel this  
I wish all people could learn from this  
I wish all people could live from this  
And diminish all evil from their lives.

As everyone walks, works, and wallows  
A land of happiness awaits  
For creatures to discover its magical powers  
And secret corners of wisdom

For all they know,  
This is a simple forest,  
But little do they imagine  
That its the key to their future,  
And ultimate self-discovery.

# Hidden Behind the Ranges

By: Rajah Chari

12<sup>9</sup>

A swift breeze ran through my hair.  
 Art splattered the sparkling sky,  
 Shades of yellow and rose paint the clouds.  
 The water was left serene, untouched.  
 Struck by the sun, hidden behind the ranges.  
 Why does it turn more sour as it falls?  
 The mountains fall into a darker shade.  
 We listen to the subtle murmur of the lake.  
 Our chairs point towards the landscape,  
 With our towels protecting us from the coming  
 cold. Listening for something, but nothing arrives.  
 Not a soul for miles on end, we listen alone.  
 Not a tree swayed, nor a bird chirped.  
 No insect bugged nor creaked,  
 They sat admiring the sound of silence.  
 My gaze transitions to the tip of the flames.  
 Bringing warmth on one side, coolness on the  
 other.  
 So much comfort but too much harm.  
 The trees repel a sappy appeal,  
 Yet is contested by the smoke of the flames.  
 A land that is golden, not riddled with anger.  
 Lush foliage and nature fill the land,  
 Hills that take the shape of a silhouette.  
 A shadow of a man lying with us,  
 Staring up at the now sweet-colored sky.  
 The holes in the blackness begin to fill,  
 Covering their starstruck sight with twinkles.

Uncovering the somber from under my eyes,  
 The scents the relieve the pores on my skin,  
 A certain magicality the lands unveil.  
 The purity of the air revitalizes your body.

Muscles untense, my head decompressed.  
 The thoughts in my mind begin to slow,  
 Easing the anger and grief I learned.  
 Comfort in a place so open,  
 Unlike those of which I yearn.  
 Feeling vesseled to a time we have not yet  
 roamed, The silence and the brutality of  
 nature,  
 Giving it the paleolithic sensation.  
 A widened perspective we have gained.  
 On the way the world used to run,  
 Before it was ruined by one.

A sanctuary burrowed between the cliff tops,  
 Asks to be radiated and unleashed to more.  
 Admiring the crystal waters,  
 I long for my kin to experience the serenity.  
 For my forefathers and their lovers before.  
 Their animosity towards the ways they walk,  
 Deserves compensation from here.  
 Being people of integrity and solidarity,  
 I hope in the sky above, they've earned this.  
 Those enveloped in the cloak around me,  
 Earned the embrace of true tranquility.  
 Though, my egotistical drive resists.  
 Mine yet never mine is this living bliss.  
 Alone I wish it to retain,  
 without trouble, anguish, or pain.  
 With more visitors, its essence can be  
 destroyed.  
 A personality that rides on solitude and space,  
 Can be altered with too many fates.  
 Is it selfish or is it grace?



11 / 03 / 2021

Elisa Ruiz López

## Los quince años

Un día un señor tuvo una hija, con el pelo más suave que nada la madre la llamo Laika. Cuando Laika tenía catorce años se le torno el pelo color blanco y su voz se le fue acabando o desapareciendo.

A los quince años se le fue la voz por completo, sus padres no tuvieron otra opción que sacarla del colegio y educarla en casa. Laika se puso triste había perdido todos sus amigos pero no tuvo otra opción que aceptarlo y sacrificar sus amistades.

Finalmente solo era una enfermedad y solita se curó al día siguiente fue a la escuela felizmente.

Scribe

# ¡Quédate en casa!



Por: Izabella Vedd  
5<sup>a</sup>

Cuando la escuela anunció por primera vez que cerrarían por el coronavirus y que todas nuestras clases serían en línea, yo estaba muy sorprendida. Al principio no sabía qué iba a pasar, ni qué realmente era el coronavirus o qué tan grave era. No sabía si iban a cancelar nuestras actividades extracurriculares o si ya no nos iban a dejar salir por completo.

Los primeros días me sentía rara porque no tenía que despertarme a las 6:30 de la mañana, ponerme mi uniforme, e irme a la escuela. Todo ha sido muy diferente. Han habido cosas buenas y cosas difíciles, por ejemplo ahorita estoy pasando más tiempo con mi familia en casa, o no me tengo que despertar súper temprano; lo difícil realmente, ha sido no poder salir de la casa y siento que la tarea está un poquito más difícil porque lo estamos aprendiendo en casa y no en la escuela. Pensé

que cerrarían la escuela por poquito tiempo como una o dos semanas pero ya han sido más.

Durante este tiempo, he aprendido apreciar el tiempo que tengo para hacer las cosas que me gustan hacer, como meterme en mi alberca y hacer manualidades como dibujar y pintar. También jugar basket con mi papá y hermana y pasearme en mi bicicleta. Lo que yo les recomiendo a las personas pasando por esta situación, es que se laven las manos, se queden en casa, coman saludable, disfruten este tiempo con sus familias, y si pueden que ayuden a las personas que no tienen con qué comprar comida.

Cuando todo regrese a la normalidad, voy a estar muy feliz y agradecida de poder salir y disfrutar las cosas que me gustan hacer, como montar caballo y al mismo tiempo voy extrañar el tiempo extra que tenía en casa.

10/03/2021

Estefana ~~Marin~~ Olmos

## La sirena y la ciudad perdida

Había una vez una sirena que se llamaba Victoriasla, a ella le gustaba jugar y hacer burbujas. Su mamá Tania le decía la niña exploradora, le encantaban las quesadillas. Ella nunca se sentaba. Un día encontró un mar desconocido, sus amigos Clara y Lolita le advirtieron. 5 minutos después regresaron cansados, exhaustos y sedientos.

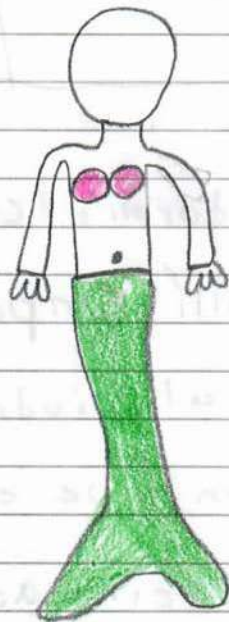
En la madrugada no podía dormir con la emoción de saber que había allí. Empacó una mochila y comida y fue a la ciudad, sus amigos la acompañaron llegaron y se estaban cambiando. Personas, su mamá era la reina así que a todos conocía.

Scribe



Victoriasla, Clara y Lolita des pueo de 10m  
de caminar victoriasla cayó y sus amigos tam-  
bién en un pozo grande y estaba todo oscuro.

Finalmente alguien llegó y los ayudo a salir  
del pozo, regresó con su mamá y se comió  
2 quesadillas. Sus amigos le escribieron  
y salieron a jugar colita de sirena blanca.



Buen trabajo Estefana.

☺

Scribe

# Bloody Popcorn



Por: Maria Valentina Avelar Cruz

4º

"Auuuuch, it hurts a lot!" the voice of a girl is heard between tears.

The blood is all around me, I can not feel a part of my body, maybe I lost it. That is me Lola. If you want to know what happened to me, we need to go back a little more.

On a summer morning at my house, very early, I woke up and my stomach made a noise -Grrrrrrrrr!, a hunger noise.

My mom was asleep and I really do not want to wake her up.

She obviously will give me all those healthy things all the moms give to us, you know what I mean! Eggs and broccoli for breakfast.

"Tu Cccccc!" I really do not like green food.

Well I am a big and intelligent girl, I remember I saw a delicious butter popcorn on the top of the shelf at the kitchen .

This was an easy mission for a six years old girl, who graduated with honors in kindergarten, it will take only a few seconds.

What could go wrong in this mission?

I think of two options: the folding ladder that was in the garage or my grandmother's old chair, that was just near to me.

What do you think I pick?, for sure the grandma chair has wheels but also brakes.

I took the chair to the kitchen , on the floor were many tools of my dad, he was fixing the sink the other night, but I don't care if I have

my powerful crocs to jump on them.

I put the chair near to the shelf with the brake , I felt I was climbing Mount Everest, everything was going exactly like my plan, just as I was about to reach the popcorn and finish my danger mission, I heard "Lola I'm going to tell my mommy you are here!", he was my brother with his malevolent and mocking voice.

I got distracted, the chair moves and breaks, all happens really fast, the next thing I remember was me on the floor and blood and more blood, all around me.

My gossip brother fainted when he saw me, with all the blood coming out I couldn't see what had happened to me or how graceful it was.

For my black cat luck, I finally could see that it was my arm. I cut it with a sharp metal that my dad left, I thought it had detached, it was a pain so deep that I never felt it , many things went through my head like losing it.

"Mooooooooooooom help me ! It's huuuuuurts!!! Mooooooooomy come here quickly", was me screaming desperate. I cry and I cry , I know you think I am a tough girl but it really hurts, anyway everybody cries and what.

My mom came down afraid to the kitchen quickly, my little brother woke up and helped

my mom, she took me in her arms and got me in the car.

On the way to the hospital, she scolded me. "What were you thinking, popcorn in the morning ? why do you do that?, your dad told you not to enter the kitchen! OMG Lola!", my mom says with a worried and scared voice.

She drives very fast, I have never seen her do it like this before, although for me it was a long way, my pain and my mom, what a combination.

We arrive at emergencies, my mom calls my dad and she explains to him all the situation, "you need to come to the hospital as fast as you can, Lola fell down in the kitchen and cut his arm !", my mom says with her serious voice. The doctor checked my arm, he took the metal out and he gave me 17 stitches.

I was lucky, he explained to us, that if the cut had been a little higher it would have cut an important vein and I could have bled.

"You got lucky , you can go home" the doctor says with a kind voice.

"Wow, looks cool!, you are a smart sister, you already look like Frankenstein for halloween, can I have one too please mommy", my brother said laughing.

I hit him when my mom was not looking.

Finally we went home, my parents gave me a big hug, they were really happy that everything was fine with my arm .

My dad gave me a big speech about the importance of asking for help, following my parents rules, instructions and not being lazy, no take the easy way to get things.

"This time was only your arm but could be more serious, my dad says with his angry voice.

"What did you learn from all this?", my mom asked me.

And I answered "The next time I will go for the gummy bear in the refrigerator", I winked.

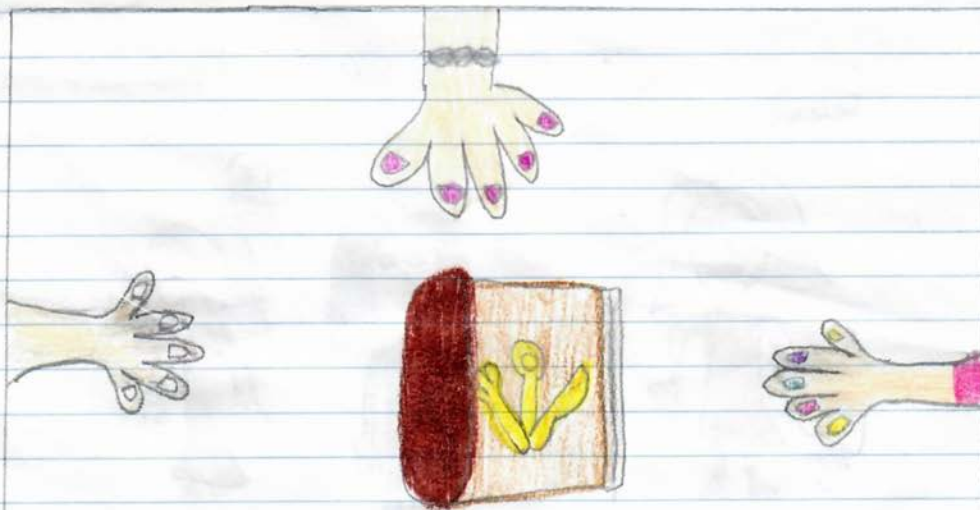


Natalia Rodríguez Guerrero

03/03/2021

## El recetario mágico

Erase una vez un recetario mágico que tenía recetas mágicas. Había tres dueñas que se llamaban María, Teresa y Mía, lo usaban cuando era necesario y estaban agradecidas por tenerlo pero un día Mía se había cansado de la magia.



- ¡Que!, ¡porque te cansaste de la magia? -  
- me canse de la magia porque nos  
emos metido en problemas y muchos -  
- admitelo no fueron tantos problemas  
eso creo - - ah no solo es por eso  
también quiero ser una persona normal -  
- esta bien es tu decisión - exclamo  
Teresa con tristeza.



Natalia Rodriguez Guerrero

05/03/2021

Finalmente se volvieron a hablar y se perdonaron, también se volvieron a hacer amigas, aunque se perdonaron y se volvieron a hacer amigas. Mía todavía no quería volver a usar la magia, -todavía no quiero volver a usar la magia- exclamo Mía -okey- exclamo María -¿eso nos va a romper nuestra amistad?- se pregunta Mía -¡claro que no!- exclamo Teresa. Una semana después Mía vio que estaban ayudando a las personas con magia y se estaban divirtiendo y Mía quiso volver a la magia le conto a María y a Teresa y se emocionaron. Fin





# In Between Worlds



Por: Elijah Luna  
9º

Emily stood in front of the final enemy on the final stage. She was worn out and could barely manage to stand up. Her jean jacket had been ripped to shreds but she still refused to take it off. What little of it remained she kept on her. She was breathing heavily. Adding on to the fact that she could barely stand up, she could barely breathe.

The only thing that kept her going was the feeling of her finally getting over the grueling task she had been ordered to complete.

As her legs started to buckle, she was caught by someone. It was Matt, looking at her through the long bangs of his brown hair. During this long battle, he had lost many of the features that made him handsome. He still looked like that standard athlete, wearing their school's jacket provided to him and his teammates. It was navy blue and had the crest of the school. Under the jacket, he wore a white long sleeved shirt. He had on a pair of jeans and black high tops.

"Matt?" Emily said, startled.

"Hey Emily," Matt replied with a weak smile. He pulled Emily into a hug and they stayed still for a while. He grabbed a strand of her brown hair and said, "Stay strong. I may not be able to fight, but you-"

As quickly as Matt had appeared, he disappeared again, launched backwards by

wind magic. The planet Emily and Atlas stood on wasn't very large and its gravitational pull wasn't strong. Matt flew off into space. The transporter that they had used to arrive in that universe had been destroyed. Without the transporter they couldn't get back to the base.

"Matt!" Emily yelled as she outstretched her arm.

"Never turn your attention away from your enemy!" Atlas snarled.

Emily whipped around as fast as she could and placed her hands in front of her just in time to counter the electricity that emitted from Atlas. However, there was a consequence to this. The barrier she had placed in front of her was weak. It exploded in shards that showered around her and the sudden explosion caused Emily to fall to her knees.

"You're not very fun to play with, are you?" Atlas taunted.

"Shut up!" Emily said as she gritted her teeth.

"Mathew is supposed to be the chosen one, right? Yet, he seems to be floating in space with no destination and no way to get home. What could a class three wizard like yourself do if I could easily destroy your friend, who is a class one wizard?"

Atlas let out a menacing laugh. Emily focused her eyes on what she saw standing before her. Atlas wasn't human anymore, he

was gone too far. Biologically speaking, he was half human and half Dragonar, so that meant he technically had some human blood in him. The way he was acting, however, meant that the dragonar part of him had fully taken over his brain. There were also some physical hints of this. He had grown a devil-like horn on the half of his body that was human. The horn grew from his brain and went straight out of his head. The white of his human eye was now black and his dragonar part had spread into his human side, almost completely engulfing it.

What remained of his human side was quite charming. He had light red pupils and white hair. He was muscular and wore the latest fashion. Emily could barely tell that though, because Atlas had ripped off his shirt at the start of their fight. He only wore his designer pants.

His Draganor side, however, was utterly terrifying. The skin on that side of him was rough and you could see the inner organs through it. Despite it being see through though, it was so tough that sword blades couldn't pierce it. Emily found it so disgusting that it made her want to throw up.

Atlas wasn't always like this. When he was born, he had a simple patch of Dragonar on his arm. As he aged, the Dragonar patch slowly spread across his body. This happened to all half-bloods, it was an unfortunate fate. They had to be executed after their beast part took over their mind, which was what Emily and Matt were instructed to do.

"I need to kill you," Emily cried out.

"You cannot kill me, child," Atlas replied coolly.

"Child? Really? We're the same age!"

"Still, you cannot end me."

"I know," Emily said as she got back onto her feet. She dusted herself off and finally took off her jacket. It was carried away by space and disappeared from view. She gave a confident smile and started sprinting to her right.

She added, "But I can weaken you until help arrives."

Emily formed a finger gun with her hand and aimed at Atlas. She cocked it back and a beam of light emitted from her index finger. It flew faster than a bullet and as it got farther away from her finger, the beam got shorter and shorter from the back and bigger and bigger from the front.

The finger gun was her signature move. It was easily learned by any sorcerer. In fact, it was the first thing any sorcerer learned at school.

She couldn't see anything in the direction she had shot, because a medium sized mushroom cloud had formed from the beam of energy connecting with its target.

"Warning, your boots are unstable!" a robotic voice said that came from her boots.

"I know, I know," Emily said as she gritted her teeth.

Fighting on low gravity planets or moons was the hardest geography to fight on, because a sorcerer had to concentrate on transferring Magika to their gravity boots in order to not fly away. High class sorcerers like Matt, didn't need the help of these boots. Their high amounts of Magika and Magika flow allowed them to stay on the surface with no difficulties.

Emily took a step forward, only to fly upwards.

"You need to concentrate!" she scolded herself.

Emily fell back onto the ground quickly and continued running. The mushroom cloud was almost gone. Once it cleared, there were no signs of Atlas.

"Is he dead?" Emily asked herself. She continued running and continued her train of thought, "No, he's not dead. I couldn't have killed him. I'm too weak."

She was cut off by the sound of something entering the planet's atmosphere and falling above her.

"Shoot!" she screamed in her head.

Emily had been too naive. She assumed he was dead because she couldn't see him. But if he wasn't on the ground, then he was in the sky.

She formed a level two shield by crossing her forearms in front of her in the shape of an X. This was the strongest shield she could create. As soon as she did so she could feel a strong headache come to life. Her head throbbed like crazy. She had used too much Magika.

"Hang in there!" Emily repeated over and over in her head.

She aimed her shield upwards. She just made it. Atlas's Dragonar fist slammed into her shield. The sheer force of it pummeled Emily into the ground. She went through layer and layer of the planet's core until she arrived at its center. Her shield had evaporated long ago.

Several of her bones were fractured and she could barely move. She had no Magika left. She was useless. She had caught a glimpse of Atlas before the impact. He didn't even have a scratch. Emily was that weak.

She noticed that when Atlas used his human side, she took almost no damage when placing a level one barrier to stop it. This meant that his human side was indeed weaker than his Dragonar side which was the case for most half-bloods. Judging by how his attack broke through her level one shield and her previous training, his human form was slightly stronger than her.

She blinked once and her eyes became very heavy. She obeyed her body's needs and went to sleep.



# Sobre la portada



Por: Camila de la Peña  
12º

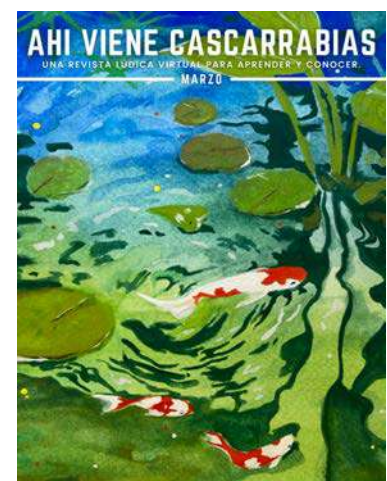
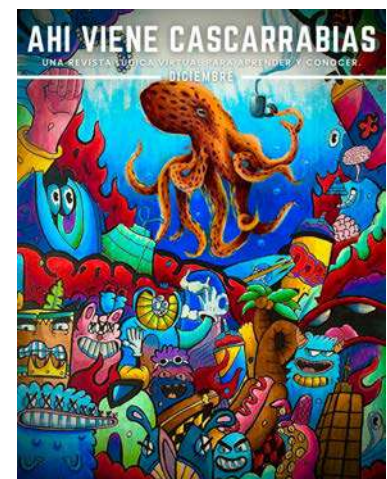
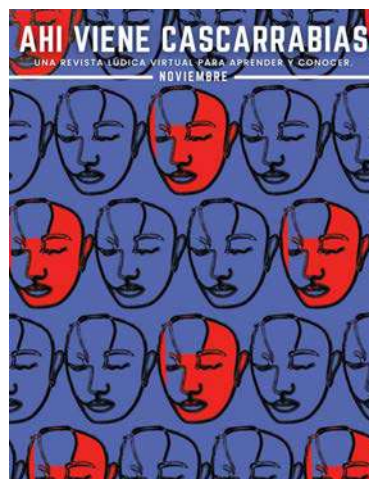
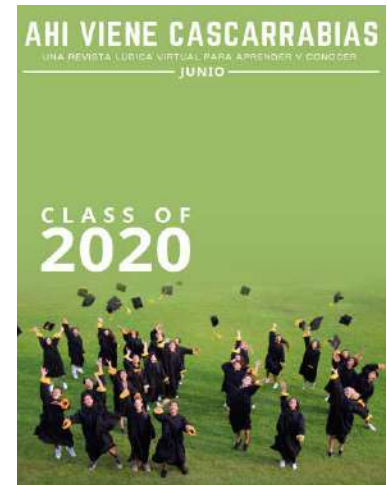


Me llamo Camila de la Peña y soy estudiante de 12vo. Para esta portada mi inspiración principal fue, claramente, la belleza del océano y las creaturas que lo habitan. Para lograr capturar esa majestuosidad de las especies marinas como la ballena, y la fluidez del agua, decide usar el medio de la acuarela.



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