

MEMORIES

Advanced
one
Teacher Lucia

OF

A

SILENT

PAST

FOREWORD

You will face pasts. Some of them can be happy, even cheerful and shining. Others, not that much. They can be indigestible, disturbing and even touching. You are not just diving, you will be drowned. Drowned onto a narrow and intense road, which may change your view and your mind about the most ordinary things.

The long road does not apply only to the ones reading it. The writing of this ebook had the same intensity and joy.

In the end, it's all about poems. Poems which inspired our stories. The same stories that fill and color these pages.

You are about to start your walk along this road. Trust us, it is worth it.

It is a critical road, paved by critical stories, written by critical students who are still lucid about society.

Welcome to this alerting trip. Do not let blindness overpower your lucidity.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

We, from Advanced 1, are a very diverse group. We have incredible illustrators, amazing writers, those who are passionate about politics and the ones who love a good romance. True, we are not the most focused group, but our excitement makes us peculiar and you can expect that in our stories.

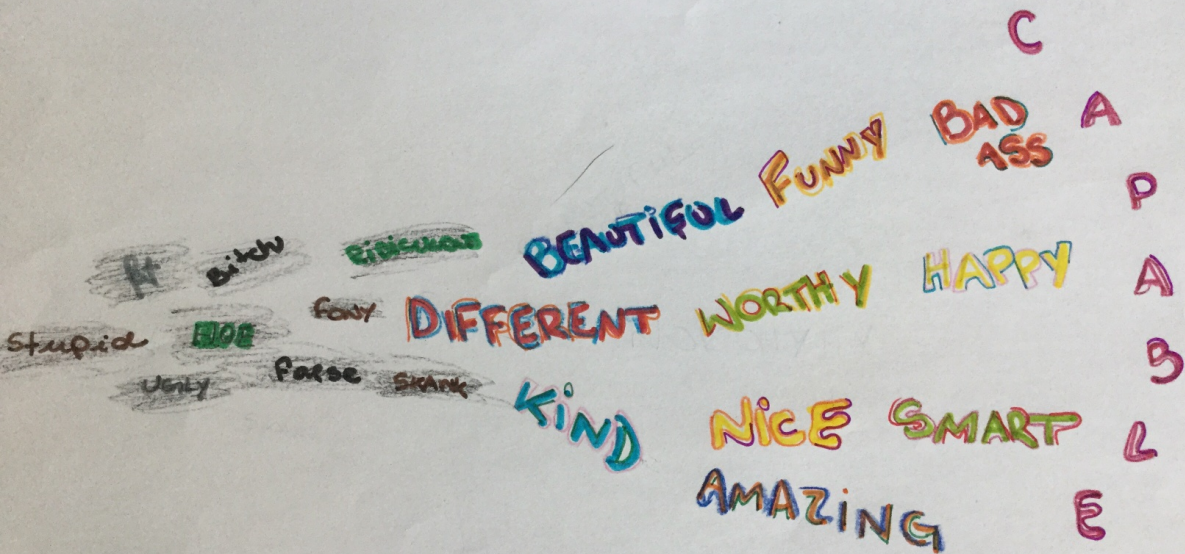


Dreams

Langston Hughes, 1902 - 1967

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.



Second Chance

Carolina Carvalho, Lucas Mattos and Sofia Farias

It was the last week of May, 2007, and it was surprisingly cold for summer. The weather was like this because of the wind. At that time I was only 17 years old and it was on my way to school that I ran into Don, who hated me. He was a classic high school bully, so, as usual, he made fun of me. However, that didn't hurt me anymore.

On that specific day, the thing that was most annoying was the weather. Everyone seemed sad even though it was the end of high school, and I blame the weather. When I got to school, Diana came to talk to me straight away. Diana was my only true friend and the only one who encouraged my dream: to go to Juilliard in New York.

I lived in a small town in England so going to America was a big deal. And there was Reed, who was sometimes my friend, other times not... she couldn't really decide how she felt about me, to be honest. That day went on as normal as ever, but when I went to bed I was a pile of nerves. The next day was the day that would determine the rest of my life.

When I woke up, I immediately ran to my mail box and there it was, the letter I'd been waiting for my whole life. As I read those words, my eyes were filled with tears. I had been accepted. I ran down the stairs to tell my parents and when I did, their faces were very serious.

'My darling,' said my mom, 'we hoped we wouldn't have to say this, but we don't have the money to pay for your studies at Juilliard.'

'We are very sorry, honey,' my dad said.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, I didn't know what to say or what to do. So I just turned around and went back to my room, quiet. I sat on my bed for some time just wondering why. The idea of not going to Juilliard had never ever crossed my mind in my entire life. Everything I wanted was there, the chance of a new life, new people, new places, new everything. I couldn't stand not even one more second in this place, where everyone is the same and has the same ideals. I had to do something. So I packed my bags and bought a ticket to New York with the money I had been saving for the day that I would get in that plane to go study at Juilliard.

The flight was long and bumpy but I was determined and nothing would stop me. When I was on my way to the school, I saw the type of houses that I'd wanted to live in my whole life, the ones with the four steps in the front. 'My dream is here, the rest of my life is here. I can't let that get away,' I thought.

My idea was to walk in that school and just try to explain what my situation was. Of course it was a really bad plan, especially for someone who had had an entire flight to think about a better one. I talked to the Dean of the school, who said there was nothing they could do about it, even though he understood what I was going through. He said that he had read my acceptance letter and was very impressed, but the lack of real life experiences was the factor that prevented the school from giving me a scholarship. Which, if you ask me, makes no sense at all since we are talking about high school students. He told me that maybe in a year or so they could reconsider my application, and honestly, that was perfect.

As I left the building I could picture myself there,
so I got inside a restaurant, found myself a job
and then went after some place to live. Also not
the best plan, but if it's for a dream... how high
and crazy are you willing to go?

Inspired by **Dreams**, *by Langston Hughes*

1914

by Wilfred Owen

War broke: and now the Winter of the world
With perishing great darkness closes in.
The foul tornado, centred at Berlin,
Is over all the width of Europe whirled,
Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled
Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin
Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's
thin.
The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled.

For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,
And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,
An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,
A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.
But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need
Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

The Bowels of the War

A story about those who history books have forgotten

By Julio Parente & Antônio Gandour

The battle was going on. The French forces were quickly repressing and knocking the German troops out of sight. Cantaux, the first soldier of the vanguard, led the attack. The odds were against them. The enemy had almost two thousand heavy armed soldiers, trained to fight to death for their nation. But still, the seven hundred French men were giving the German veterans a war class. They were damn bold to risk something like that. And even so, they managed to end the attack in the battle, with a victory by nightfall.

The generals were all pleased. They did not even help the soldiers at war. For them, the battle was already lost and they were ready to start a bargain. Surprised, all of them, they gathered the soldiers for a feast to celebrate.

As soon as the troops were all at the dining hall, the Marshall came to address a beautiful speech to recognize how brave his soldiers had been. This was the first time the Marshall had been proud of his soldiers.

When the speech was over, the cooks brought the several tons of ratatouille and wine gallons by the dozens. They started serving the starving soldiers.

The Marshall, then, climbed down the steps of the stage to compliment each of the soldiers. He wanted to know who were the ones responsible for this difficult, but quick victory.

Cantaux, who had been observing the Marshall's movements with attention, noticed that he was talking to the generals and one of them, Max, was pointing at him. He was even more scared when, right after that, the Marshall came fast in his direction. He stood still, but deep inside, he wanted to run.

He didn't hit the poor soldier. He came almost an inch close and suddenly stopped. There was something about him, that he couldn't even explain to himself. He turned around and started running, running away as fast as he could.

The soldier didn't know what was happening, but unwittingly, he went after him. They ran as fast as they could, until they both realized that they were not chasing each other. Instead, they were running together in perfect chemistry.

The Marshall stopped. Five feet further from where Cantaux stood.

They looked around and the only thing they could see was strawberries. No matter how far they looked, it was infinite. Strawberry fields forever.

The Marshall turned around and started to take off his uniform. Meanwhile, the soldier gave tiny steps in his direction.

No more than five minutes later, they found each other.

* * *

The ship set sail at noon. It was heading a better world, a better place at that time.

They arrived in Rio de Janeiro a month later. It could be seen on their smiles that both were loving it.



They had deserted the French army, renounced their militarchy and started a new life in Vila Isabel. They adopted a single child; his name was Noel, Noel Rosa.

* * *

After failing a scientific invention, Cantaux killed himself twelve years later. The Marshall died at the age of 67, on a farm in the south of Minas Gerais. As for Noel, honoring his parents' legacy, he turned into one of the most genius Brazilian musicians ever. He died of tuberculosis at the age of 26.

Inspired by **1914** by Wilfred Owen

Moon-catchin' net

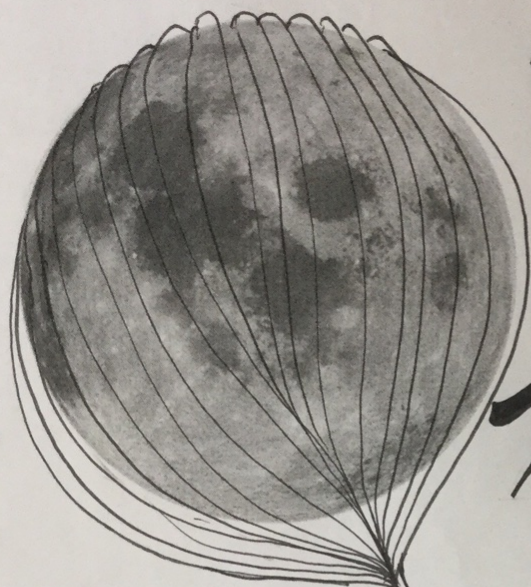
By Shel Silverstein

I've made me a moon-catchin' net,
And I'm goin' huntin' tonight,
I'll run along swingin' it over my head,
And grab for that big ball of light.

So tomorrow just look at the sky,
And if there's no moon you can bet
I've found what I sought and I finally caught
The moon in my moon-catchin' net.

But if the moon's still shinin' there,
Look close underneath and you'll get
A clear look at me in the sky swingin' free
With a star in my moon-catchin' net.

City of Moonlight



CITY OF MOONLIGHT

Maria Junqueira Netto de Sá e Benevides

Maurício Pellegrino

Dries Alzugaray Van Steen

The thing I am most fascinated by can be spotted all around the world.

I was sitting on the roof when the dark light of the moon shone right through the highest bit of the Eiffel Tower. Although many people say Paris is a fascinating city, I disagree. The moon, with its glamorous light and smile that can sparkle life itself, beats Paris in every way.

I'm tired of spending all 13 years of my life waiting for night to come. I always found the moon beautiful and was jealous that everyone loved it as well. I could not help but think how it would feel to have the moon all to myself, hanging from my room's ceiling, shining softly as I dream.

Peering through the windows of buildings, I see what those people are like. I usually watch every single one of them and wonder what their dreams are, if they are a bit like mine. That's when I see it. This kid running around with this butterfly net and the dashing smile planted on his face.

The idea seemed too rough at first, but the more I thought of it, the more I wanted to do it: build a moon-catchin' net, as I would call it. Tomorrow I will wake up early, knit a perfect net and wait for the sky to turn dark. I will finally have the moon in my hands.

In the next morning, I walked to a wool store and asked for the most resistant and soft wool. I figured the moon-catchin' net should be strong enough to bring the moon to me, and soft, so the big ball of light would not crumble.

By noon, my fingers were tired, but the silver lining was the catchin' net was perfectly done. I sat at the roof and impatiently watched the sunset fire Paris.

By noon, my fingers were tired, but the silver lining was the catchin' net was perfectly done. I sat at the roof and impatiently watched the sunset fire Paris. I was starting to spot the constellations as the moon, even prettier today, danced with the stars.

I ran along the roof, swinging the moon catchin' net over my head. When my fingers let go of the net my eyes shone as I saw the knitted strings wrap the moon and bring the big ball of light towards my hands.

This night I could finally go to bed and my dreams would be fulfilled. But maybe my dreams had changed. Maybe, thinking of Paris, the City of Light, without its big ball of light to brighten it up... I felt selfish. I could not do it. I could not deprive the world of her beauty.

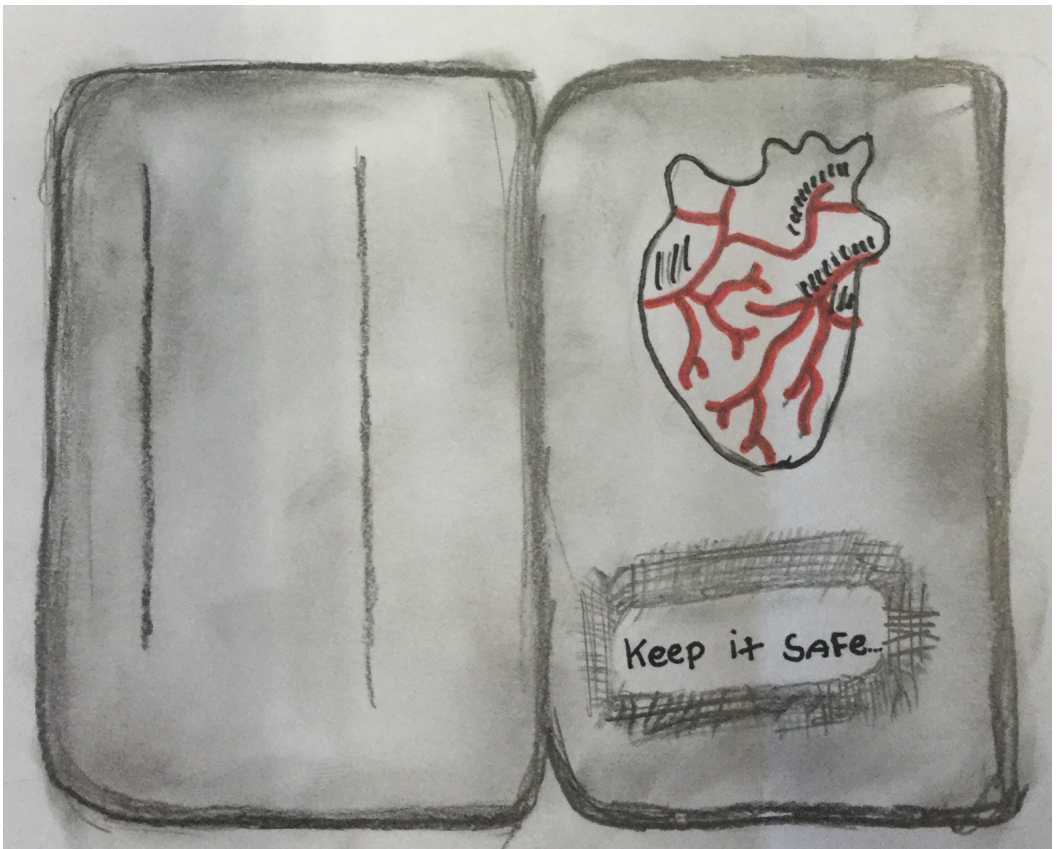
So I threw the moon with all my strength back to where it belonged, but I never stopped swinging my moon catchin' net.

So if you look closely at the sky, when the stars dance, you will find me swinging free with a star in my moon catchin' net.

Inspired by **Moon Catching' Net**, by Shel Silverstain

Suicide's Note

The calm,
Cool face of the river
Asked me for a kiss.
by Lanston Hughes



The Kiss of the River

by Ana Luiza Politi, Kether Ribeiro, Nina Klotzel

Here I am. 10 steps from being free from all the things that surround me and pull me down every day. I could have dealt with all the others, but the two of you, the only people that mattered and had an actual impact on me, I could never ignore. You knew it, and you never cared. From the day I came to this world, you showed me that I wasn't supposed to be here. I know that I was a mistake, but I was your mistake. And you should have learned how to deal with me.

I remember that once, when I was 7, you were arguing. That was the night she left, remember, dad? And with her, she took all the hope that some day we could be happy. With her gone, you lost control of yourself. You couldn't stop drinking and looked at me with eyes of hatred, worse than the ones you had on the day I was born.

Every day that passed by, it got worse. More anger grew inside you, and you threw it all on me. It started with a scream, and it ended with my body hurt, broken and violated. That made me afraid, like a flower's petals being torn apart, one by one.

She was never there. She could have understood me and defended me, stopping you, keeping me safe. But she wasn't. Despite knowing the type of monster you are, she left me with you. Since she left, I've had no one. I am alone in my small painful world, where I have my mouth shut by pain and I am unable to call for help.

Right now I am only 12, carrying stones in my pockets, and living a life that no person, no one, should live. I am looking down and I am sure that this is my only escape. Now, the calm, cool face of the river, is asking for a kiss. Something that you, dad, never asked me.

Inspired by **Suicide Note**, by
Langston Hughes

Funeral Blues

by W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the
public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton
gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was
wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every
one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Shattered

Valentina Dutton and Isabela Miranda

She walked away quickly, hugging herself tightly, as if it would protect her from the real world. The only sounds that could be heard were the soft clicking of her black, shiny high heels against the pavement and the smooth droplets hitting the countless marble stones.

She could feel something wet rolling down her cheeks, but she wasn't sure if it was rain or her unshed tears starting to spill. Behind her, she could hear the bells in the chapel and the weeping of others that had known him as well.

'Why are they even here?' she thought. 'They never cared enough to call, never mind visit him, so why do they care?'

Not knowing what else to do, she ran. She removed her heels, throwing it over a bench somewhere, and ran until her lungs burned.

She felt as if she was drowning, suffocating; yet, she was floating. She dropped to her knees, exhausted, once she realized how far she had run.

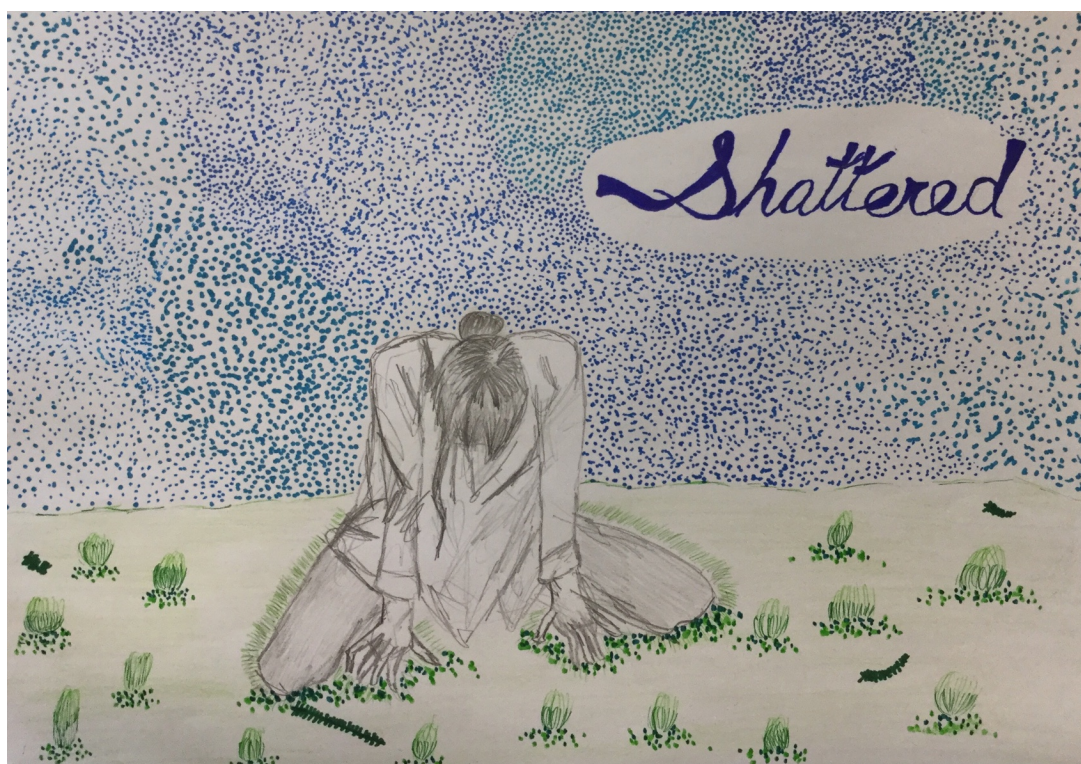
Conflicted and torn apart. Her bottom lip quivered as she noticed a few cigarette butts on the floor, her stomach clenching as she remembered he had quit smoking because of her. 'Anything for you, honey bee,' he had said.

Her whole body was shaking, sobs leaving her parted lips uncontrollably. All parts of her body were hurting so much she thought she was dying. She felt as if there was a knot up her throat, she couldn't breathe properly. Why did it hurt so bad? When would this pain end?

Her heart was shattered. Shattered in a million tiny pieces. Without him, she was just an empty shell of whom she once was.

She missed him. She longed to hear his horrible puns, to eat the burnt toasts he would make her

on Sunday mornings. She longed to listen to him talking about those crazy, yet delightful bands he worshipped. How she longed to fit in his arms in that uncomfortable bed, listening to the annoying beep of the heart monitor, a comforting reminder that he was still with her. 'Don't worry about me, honey bee. You're not getting rid of me so easily.'



And she actually believed him. Now she just wanted to lie awake with him at night, even if it was for one last time.

But lying six feet under?

Kneeling under the freezing rain, helpless, it dawned on her that, from then on, nothing, nothing, could ever, ever come to any good.

Inspired by **Funeral Blues**, by W. H. Auden

TRUTH

by Kari

Shut your mouth and listen to what I have to say,
I'm going to take you back to that one specific
day.

I was laying in bed alone while listening to you
and him talk on the phone.

You said, "Well if they have the money I don't see
why not,

She'll be ready by 9 o'clock"

You came in and said it's time to get up,
Shower well and I'll make you pretty with make
up.

In a pretty white dress and hair done to match,
You told me I'm a breath-taking catch.

I sat on the couch waiting with you,
But what was in store for me I had no clue.

They came in, three men.
I will never forget the sight of them.

They tossed you a wad of money,
while grabbing my hand and saying come with
me honey.

I didn't want to go but you made me,
You let them rape me for money!!

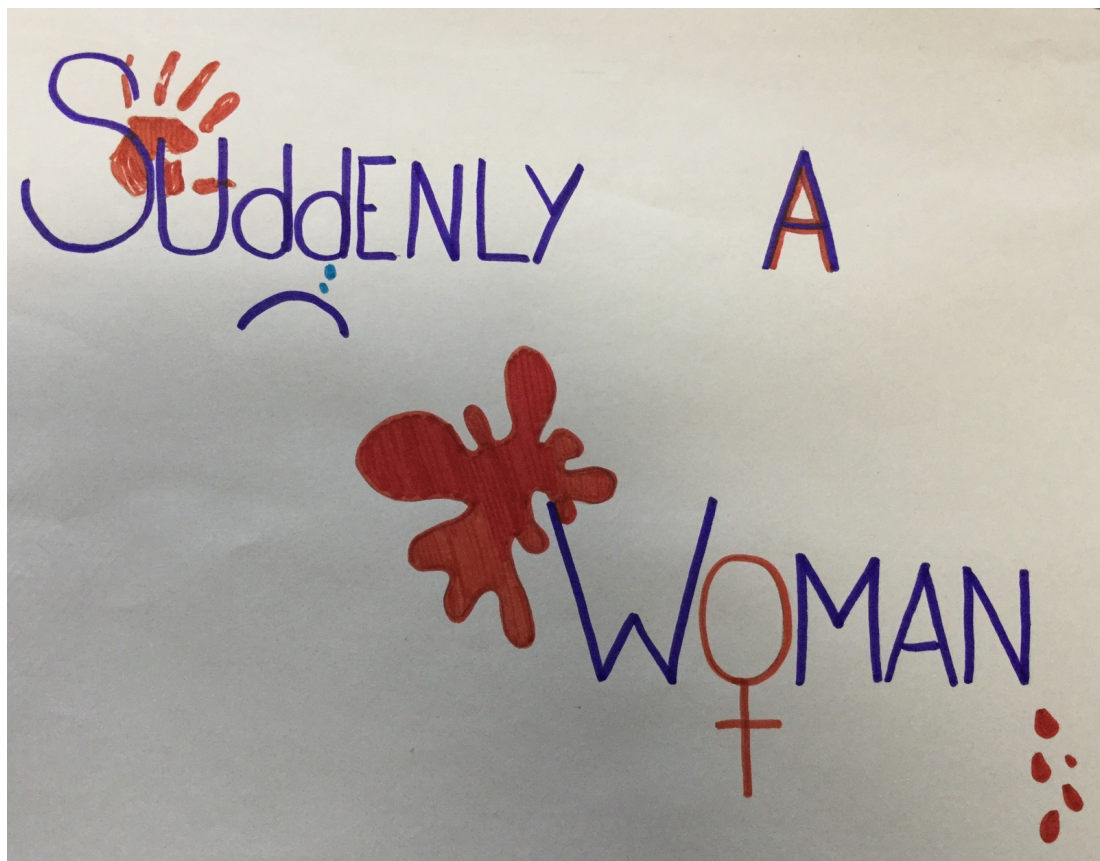
I cried and tried to run away,
But you helped them push me on the bed and
screamed STAY!
You said to be a good little girl or I'll make you
sad,
So I shut my mouth and let them do the things
that were bad.
I was only 7 years old and already my innocence
was lost,
You needed the money but at what cost?
Every day those men came over and brought
more,
Each time you just watched at the door.
I ran away at the age of eight,
Why was I put into this fate?
I was ashamed of what was done,
So of course I could tell no one.
The day you found me you said things changed,
That I won't have to do those things.
Well mom it was that way for a month then you
started again,
through the door each day came the men and
their friends.
Well I'm ten now and things got to come to an
end,

You see I became a "woman" at the age of 9 with
my monthly "friend".

Tonight while you're asleep I'm packing my bag
to quietly leave,

But I want you to know that while the men were
doing their "deed",

One of them impregnated me with their seed.



Suddenly a woman

Alice Forghieri and Danilo Sztutman

I'm Madeleine, I'm here to tell you guys a story that happened to me two years ago. I used to live only with my mom in a small apartment in a very poor neighborhood. My dad passed away before I was born, so my mother needed to take care of me on her own.

I remember it as if it was yesterday. It was a dark September night. I was lying on my bed while listening to mom talking on the phone. I heard just a single phrase. 'Well if you have the money, I don't see why not, she'll be ready tomorrow at eleven a.m.'" I couldn't sleep. Obviously, she was talking about me.

On the next day, I saw a light beam coming through my window. It was the sun rising. A moment later, my mother came into my room and without answering any of my questions, she told me to get ready. I took a shower and she gave me a pair of panties to wear.

I waited in my room until three men came through the door with a strange smile on their faces. They gave my mother some money and even after they had closed the door, I could hear my mother crying in the corridor. I noticed that something was wrong. I tried to escape, to run away, but at the same time that one of the men held me, my mother told me to stay inside, to be quiet. They did what they wanted to me. At this time, when I was just seven years old, I lost my innocence.

They kept coming every week and my pain was never gone. I know that my mother needed money, but at what cost? When I was nine, I ran away. I started to live on the street, but instead of losing weight because of hunger, my belly just kept getting bigger. After eight months, a woman met me at the sidewalk. She told me that she was a doctor and that she could make me feel better.

Therefore, she operated on me and my belly came back to its normal shape. After the surgery, the doctor invited me to live with her family. She had a husband and a daughter. When I first went to her house, her husband was at work and I played with her daughter, who seemed to be a really cool child. It was now dinner time, and the woman's husband arrived. As soon as the man came through the door, the pain that had stuck to me for two years came back.

This man. I had already seen him more times than I wanted.

Inspired by **Truth**, by Kari