

Now that you have a good idea about the many realistic, fantastic, and surreal contemplation themes, here are **samples** of their **contemplations**:

### **Contemplation #5**

I thought about me, not just me, but my family, like my father. He works from 9 AM till 1 AM at night. I hardly ever see him—just on the weekends. If I want to visit someone with him, he gives me money and tells me to go buy something for myself. My mother comes out of work at 3 PM and goes straight to college. If I want to go out with her, she tells me to leave her alone, she's too busy, or to ask my father. After school I have nobody to talk to unless it's on the phone. I feel that I don't care about anything.

**Glennie Llano**

### **Contemplation #6**

Fear is something each of us carries inside ourselves everyday of our lives. When you're little, you're scared of the dark. When you're old, you're scared of death. You can be afraid of scary movies and you can have the fear of getting hit by a baseball when batting. You fear going to sleep one day and not knowing if you're going to get up the next. There's the fear of not knowing whether you're going to win or lose a big game. You can have the fear of nightmares when you wake up at 3 AM all sweaty and anxious to go back to sleep. That's something that gets you to do childish things like sleeping with the lights on. It's like smoking cigarettes or doing drugs. Once you do it, you do it again and again. The idea is not to let the fear take you over. You overcome the fear.

**Francisco Rosado**

### **Contemplation #2**

When I closed my eyes, I saw a dream I once had. It was about me and twenty other people who were on a train that kept riding and riding. I looked out the window and watched the houses passing by. Suddenly, the train began going faster and faster. There was no engineer. The train was out of control. The only way out was to jump. The train kept going and going. Each time five people jumped and landed safely. Soon there were no more people left except myself. The train passed my house, I jumped to safety, and went home.

**Lonnie Zuckerman**

### **Contemplation #17**

As the music played, the walls started to come in on us. We all started screaming. Finally, we were in the middle of the room. The walls, suddenly, stopped moving. And right over us, a bright light appeared. It was like the sun over us. We tried to look for the door, but there was no way out. One of the children said, "Why don't we try to climb into the bright light?" So we did. We ended up on the roof of the school. Everyone said, "Let's jump!" So we did, and landed safely. We all decided to go home. But when we each got to our house, there was no one home. As a matter of fact, there was no one, anywhere. It was just us. And we all met at the front of the school and stood there frightened.

**Angie Cosme**

### **Contemplation #23**

As I listened to the tape, I started laughing to myself just to get the Jewish girl out of my mind, but she wouldn't leave. I laughed even harder and I still saw her. I am so shocked. I used to see her everyday with two braids. She was so conservative. She was so covered up when she dressed that she wouldn't attract anyone. When I saw the TV news, and when the detective came to my house, as well as Channel 7, it was the real thing happening in my building. I felt it in my heart as if she was real close. I saw her. I saw her every morning and now I won't. I won't see her again.

**Glennie Llano**

### **Contemplation #15**

I was very mad. I told Raul, Quincy, and Lonnie to stop bothering me. Quincy and Lonnie stopped. Raul kept calling me names and talking behind my back. I told him to leave me alone, but he didn't listen. All my anger came out and I snuffed him. He punched me in my face. Then I threw him down on the ground, grabbed him, kept him down, and started punching him again. The girls tried to pull him away, but I got hold of his hair and brought him back and punched him. Mr. Pflaum came and stopped it. I heard Lonnie say that he was trying to jump in. He would never have dared. I have somebody who would have jumped in, too. Lonnie and Raul would have gotten beat up. Now I'm very angry, but I calmed down a little bit. I don't know if Raul is going to ever bother me again. If he does, it's just going to be an instant replay, but other people are going to be there. He just better leave me alone.

**Michael Garcia**

### **Contemplation #8**

I once had a dream that I was lost and couldn't find my parents. I was so scared that I didn't know where to go. I didn't have anything to eat and walked all around trying to find my mother and family. A lady asked me, "Are you lost?" and I said, "Yes, I want my mom and dad. Mt name is Janelle \_\_\_\_\_." And the lady was my mom! She said, "Oh my God, Janelle, it's you. I can't believe it!" She grabbed me and hugged me and then she took me home. Everybody was so happy. The End.

**Janelle Viruet**

### **Contemplation #20**

While the music played, I thought about yesterday when we came back from lunch. Irvin got me mad. I felt like a bomb ready to blow up because he said that I am always sweatin' Juan. He started ranking me by the way I dress. He called my sneakers "Burger Kings" and said I have a nerdy haircut. Then he said to me, "What do you have to say?" I stood quiet, but in my head I said, "I have a few things I can say about you, but it'll start trouble." So I kept quiet. I felt like hurting him.

**John Arce**

### **Contemplation #3**

This morning, when my alarm went off, I didn't want to get out of bed. I finally got up to turn off the alarm. I turned on the bright light and it woke my sister up. Then, I was so worried about coming to school because I thought that she had my book bag with my homework, but she didn't. I went and bought a soda across the street. I felt so cold and I was drinking a soda.

**Nicole Agostini**

### **Contemplation #21**

I really got into the music. I fell into a very good mood. I felt like dancing. I was really relaxed. It was great. The music burned a smile on my face. It just woke me up. I felt like the music was inside of me. It lit up my day. I mean, if it wasn't for the music, I wouldn't get into anything. I never thought that contemplation could be this much fun.

**Irvin Lopez**

**Contemplation #11**

I had a picture of a lot of bubbles, and inside of them were kids from the class. Everyone tried to get out. But suddenly someone came. Nobody knew him. Everyone said, "Who is that?" He took out a giant pin and started popping everybody's bubbles. We were all free. But I didn't find out what happened because the music went off.

**Angie Cosme**

**Contemplation #17**

I remembered a story my cousin told me. Her best friend began drinking because her parents split up and her father moved away. She had a little sister who asked her to tell a story. The girl got so mad that she hit her little sister. Their mother came in and said, "What happened?" and the little sister said that she hit her. The mother asked, "What is wrong with you?" She told her mom that she was drinking. Her mom took her to A.A. meetings every week. She also took her father, the two sisters, and herself to see a psychiatrist. Everything worked out fine. Her mom and dad worked out their problems and she stopped drinking. Now they sit down at dinner and talk about their problems. They tell each other what they did that day. I think it's great when people get to work out their problems.

**Diana Arroyo**

**Contemplation #12**

I thought about what happened the other day. My friend Yanadi and I were walking down the street and my other friends, Jennifer and Wilda, came by. Jennifer is fat and Wilda is medium. Jennifer wore a purple outfit and it looked terrible, but I kept my mouth shut. The outfit made her look fatter, twice as fat. Yandai and Wilda asked her if she was the Goodyear Blimp. Later, much later, I got a word in and said, "Yeah, that's right." But when Jennifer and I were alone, I told her that I didn't mean it. I was just kidding. The next day, an elder from my church talked to Yanadi and Wilda about what had happened. Jennifer had told on us, but her mother told the elder (who shall stay nameless), that she would take care of me. I told Jennifer that I was kidding. We always play like that. Somehow, I think, somewhere along the line, she took me seriously.

**Sarai Tejada**

### **Contemplation #16**

I wonder how I will be rewarded in the years to come. Sometimes I wonder if I'll be famous and have a mansion in Beverly Hills with a new BMW. Or, will I be on the corner of Broadway waving a coffee cup saying, "Five cents, please." When you start to think about it, it's pretty scary. It's hard to tell what the future holds for you. You know, it's not something the average man or woman thinks about all day. As a matter of fact, nobody thinks about that stuff. I guess nobody realizes that there are two paths in life. One leads to success and the other leads nowhere. I wonder which one I'll end up in.

**Francisco Rosado**

### **Contemplation #27**

While the music played, I thought about the letter Mr. Pflaum wrote home to me this weekend. His last line on the letter really said a lot about what I'm doing in school—which isn't very much. He wrote, "I'm an old song which can become a sad one if I keep doing what I'm doing in school." Now I think I understand about putting more effort into all my work instead of just saying, "Well, this is easy so I'll do it another time when I can do it quickly." I also found out that my father went through the exact same thing I'm going through now. I said to him the next day, "If you know what happened to you, tell me before I go through that phase of life." I realized that I have to get my butt back on course before I end up working as the guy in the zoo who picks up after the elephants.

**Hiram Quesada**

### **Contemplation #16**

I felt horrible. You see, my parents are thinking of getting a divorce, and it makes me sad. I feel as if I'm being pulled in all directions. I'm being torn from limb to limb and it hurts. I see them fighting all the time. Every time he comes home, my sister and I go to our rooms so we don't have to hear them—even though we do. My sister and I start crying because just listening to them gets us upset. Yesterday, they really went at it. My mother was very upset. She looked like she was going to explode. I feel as if I made them angry and it's my fault, but I know it isn't. I just wish they would stop fighting. My mom said that we are going to move out.

**Katrina Irizarry**

### **Contemplation #29**

I was thinking about myself, how sometimes I want something, but I don't know what. Or, sometimes, I am in a sad mood and I don't know why. Sometimes I don't want to talk or hear anyone. I just want to escape from everything, but there is no hiding place. There is no door with a key to lock myself inside because someone always knocks on that door. Sometimes I feel isolated when I feel that I don't know anything at all. I feel...confused.

**Glennie Llano**

**Contemplation #35**

While the music was on, I thought about my cousin. He's nice and all, but he's always correcting me. He thinks he's perfect. It's kind of like a pencil writing and another pencil behind it, erasing away all the words the pencil wrote.

**Anthony Rivera**

**Contemplation #10**

As the music played, I felt the sound of the flute go into my head. I thought about whales in the deep blue sea. I just imagined the whales going in and out of the water. The splash of the whales was gigantic and their skin was sky blue and the sea looked so wonderful. The flute always makes me think about the wilderness or something peaceful like that. Just thinking about their tails swinging across and then splashing back into the sea makes me relax and feel calm. The flute always echoes in my ear.

**Anthony Rivera**

**Contemplation #13**

I felt good and relaxed and happy. I saw myself fly like a bird and call all the other birds. I was light as a feather drifting in the air. And then I started falling and landed on a big pillow that looked like a giant marshmallow, all soft and bouncy. I fell asleep: 1, 2, 3...

**Katrina Irizarry**

### **Contemplation #14**

I thought of, well, I wasn't thinking about anything but mind-pictures. They kept coming to my head, like a baby in a carriage, the face of a little girl crying, a casket with a dead person inside, mountains, and then there were little dancers dancing on my head. I saw a peace sign, guns, and a bag of drugs all flashing in my mind. I saw Jesus, and then there were bombs flying, fires flaring, and the American flag was on the ground. My last mind-picture was a black person looking at a white person.

**Glennie Llano**

### **Contemplation #19**

I started to think back when I was smaller—about seven years old. I had problems in school because I was kind of slow and dumb. I was in the bottom class (2-3). I always got everything wrong. The kids laughed at me and I got really sad. I didn't know what to do. I told my mother and she asked me why I didn't tell her before. She said that she would have helped me. But I guess it never crossed my mind. From then on she helped me with my work and it did make a difference. As a matter of fact, the next year I went to Class 3-1, and then to 4-E, 5-E, and 6-E. Probably, without my mother's help, I would have gotten left back.

**Irvin Lopez**

### **Contemplation #12**

I remembered last Sunday's hockey game. I couldn't play because my leg was hurting, but I showed up to see my team play the Wolverines. They are the worst team to play against. They cheat, fight dirty, and they tell things to the referee that never happened. In the 1<sup>st</sup> period we scored 2 goals and were surprised to see that the Wolverines didn't start one fight. In the 2<sup>nd</sup> period we started off well until one of their wingers shot in a 20 footer right to our goal. It hit the crossbar and fell straight down onto the ice and on the goal line. The Wolverines raised their sticks in celebration thinking it was a goal, but the referees disallowed the goal. The Wolverines complained to the ref. After that, all hell broke loose. Everybody started fighting. This was the first time I was glad I didn't play.

**Hiram Quesada**

### **Contemplation #10**

Sometimes I get mad at my mom and dad because they are always giving me lectures about how I have to go straight home after school. I tell them, “What are you going to do when I’m a teenager? You’re not keeping me here.” I went inside my room and wrote in my diary and felt a little better—though I was still angry. “I understand that you don’t want me getting hurt, but sometimes you have to take risks,” I tell them. So then they say they’re sorry and I say sorry and we all watch TV.

**Nadia Burgos**

### **Contemplation #33**

Today I’m going to get a jacket called “Major Damage.” But I always think about what “Major Damage” really is. It’s a disaster. It’s terrible. People die. People get killed and shot up for an 8 ball. Is it worth getting killed for...no meaning? That is stupid!

**Quincy Calhoun**

### **Contemplation #11**

I felt as if I was drifting away to another world. As I was floating I saw darkness, nothing but darkness. It felt real weird because my eyes were like glued shut and I couldn’t get up. I realized that I was half an inch from falling asleep. Then the music stopped. I didn’t fall asleep, but throughout the contemplation, it was the first time I actually relaxed in a long, long time, and it felt good.

**Katrina Irizarry**

### **Contemplation #30**

When I was listening to the music, I drew Bart Simpson. It came out pretty good, and I didn’t make one mistake. I’m a good artist and I work real fast. I’m proud of myself. I’m supposed to be proud of myself. Everybody is when they do something that makes them feel good.

**Gregory Ketrles**