

FIVEY



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Smart Partners 2003-2004

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Here's What I Sink

This year we decided to make the sixth edition of *Fivey* magazine a Hell's Kitchen Sink, a cornucopia filled with creativity in all forms, on all topics. The kids of The 52nd Street Project rose to the challenge, proving their talents are not limited to playwriting and acting. They emerged as story-tellers, poets, artists and photographers. Some submissions blurred the lines of fiction and reality, like Amanda's investigative article on a kidnapping in the neighborhood, with its accompanying photo diary (check out the familiar faces!), and Anthony's story of riding with his neighborhood gang (you'll recognize some names). Some were lighthearted, like Mordecai's story of a fantasy car and Jennifer's review of her favorite episode of *Spongebob Squarepants*. Still others consisted of serious poetry on war, death, love,

betrayal, and being late to school. Questions were a common element—Merlaine asks the ubiquitous "Is Britney Spears a good role model?" while a doubtful Nicole just wants to know if putt-putt golf is safe (ouch). Smart Partners Jazzy and Julia direct their questions to each other via e-mail, on everything from a hug to hunger, while Skye Blu's poem, "A?" poses a more mysterious query. Even the back cover features a rather impassioned Twoey asking his friend Fivey something I myself have often wondered. I invite you to turn the page and read on, for you just might discover some answers! - LB 



Fivey's Two: Liz and George

Table of Contents

<i>The Day With the Gang</i> by Anthony Mejia	4	<i>What's New?</i> by Christopher Ramirez	16
<i>My Best Friend Vol. 1 and 2</i> by Kayelani Silva and Skye Blu Welsh	5	<i>Why?</i> by Ariana Casablanca	18
<i>Snow Poems</i> by Janiece Aponte	6	<i>Secret Woman</i> by Michael Feliciano	19
<i>Drawings</i> by Georgie Zapata and Mordecai Santiago	7	<i>Love Isn't Easy!</i> by Anthony Mejia	20
<i>Is Putt-Putt Golf Safe?</i> by Nicole Fargardo	8	<i>Me and "The Rocket"</i> by Jeremy Butler	22
<i>Soccer</i> by Jonathan Rosario	9	<i>A? and A Love So Strong</i> by Skye Blu Welsh	23
<i>On Britney Spears: "Kiditorial"</i> by Merlaine Mendez	10	<i>Skateboard Rap</i> by Georgie Zapata	24
<i>The Other Side of the Screen</i> by Michael Feliciano	11	<i>Love Is A Joke and Late To School</i> by Samantha Padilla	25
<i>Questions and Answers</i> by Jazzy Hernandez and Julia Walk Miller	12	<i>My Rusty Coupe</i> by Mordecai Santiago	26
<i>The Nasty and the Good</i> by Bryant Acosta	14	<i>The Robot</i> by Stephanie Vamvoukakis	27
<i>My Favorite Episode</i> by Jennifer Ramirez	15	<i>Kidnapped!</i> by Amanda Santos	28
		<i>Have You Ever Thought?</i> by Kayelani Silva	30
		<i>Endnote: The "Fakey" Project</i> by Liz Bell	31



The Day With the Gang

by Anthony Mejia

I begin to catch speed as I smell fumes from a nearby bus. I see people on the hill while I zoom past them. "Whoa! Mangy kids, I bet you're not that fast to school," they say as I dart past them. I hear the horn of a car go in and out like a boxer's jab. It hits me and fades out. Then I decide to go off of the mini hill right in front of the UPN building. I get so much air it feels like I am up there forever and on top of that I get the speed rush. You know, the thing you feel in your stomach when you drop down from a roller coaster.



Riding a bike is my thing. It takes me off the edge. The speed and the intensity and the wind blowing through my hair feels good, like all the stress is lifted off my shoulders. What calms me down the most is when I ride with my gang. My gang is Zeb, Berto, Mordecai, Robert and Alex. We go down the craziest hills around 55th, 56th, and 59th John Jay. The hills there have bumps but we still go down. Most of the time I gain more speed than everyone else in the group. Then comes Mordecai the demon on blades, Zeb's little bro. Zeb on bike, Robert on scooter, then comes Berto the slowest one, on bike. Then last but not least Alex, Robert's little bro, on bike. That's the gang. We be tearing up the hills, except for Berto. He sees no fun on the hills. "Berto, why are you so slow riding down the hill?" I ask him. "I don't know why I'm scared," Berto says in a frantic way.

Anyway, back to the story. I get so into the speed that I don't notice that there is a mailbox in front of me and I skid up a storm. I turn my back wheel to support my fall. I swear to God the skid was the size of Mount Everest. That day was basically the scariest day of my life, and yet the most exhilarating! 🤪

My Best Friend Vol. 1

- To Skye Blu

by Kayelani Silva

You're a friend who
passes every
warm
And heartfull test
for being there
and being true
and being
Very best.




You're the one who hears my thoughts
And understands my thinking.
You're the one who senses first when
attitudes
Are sinking.

You know all the strengths and weak-
nesses of me.
You know when I need support and when
to disagree.

You and I confide and share the secrets
Of our souls.
You know when a friend should help or
gently
Hold control.

You are where my heart finds comfort,
where
My mind is free.
You are more than just a friend you're
more than
Company.


You are where my sprit rests where fights
Disappear.

You are where I find myself, when life is
hard
You're near. 

My Best Friend Vol. 2

- To Kayelani

by Skye Blu Welsh

You're the one who erased all the pain,
Who took all the weight when there was
strain,
Filled every empty space, and is the only
one who remained.
Maybe you don't realize you're all that I
got,
More than a friend,
I love you a lot.
I want you to know I'll never take you for
granted
Even when life turns and becomes
slanted.
Can't it
Seem like a frantic,
Knowing I can lose you—I panic.
I guess there's been hard times when
things got messed up,
When life brought us down
And I ran out of luck.
Just knowing that you're the person that
will always be there,
Like my reflection or shadow an image to
stare.
Anybody can have a best friend
But a friendship like this one will last to
the end. 



*Skye and her other best
friend and Smart Partner,
Erin Quinn Purcell.*

Snow Poems

by Janiece Krystle Aponte

Snow Falling

Snow is wet.

Snow is my favorite pet.

Snow is like water except cooler and colder.

Snow is white just like vanilla

Except it tastes different.

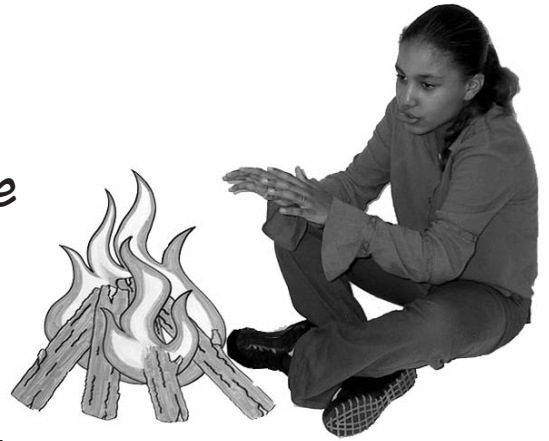
Snow is like rain except it has two different things. Like rain and snow mixed together.

Snow makes me sad when it goes away but it makes me glad when it comes back!

Snow is pretty when it sticks to the ground and you can ice skate all around!

Snow is like Liz except she is a human that does not melt away when it gets warm.

Snow is like a white bunny rabbit but a bunny rabbit is softer than snow. 



Snow Falls!

Snow falling.

Snow is there.

Snow is not there.

Snow can't be there but you can still hear the Christmas carols and you can hear the bells ringing. But there are still Christmas carols going on.

Snow is like the music but can you hear the music? But is there any more energy? There can't be no more babies cause there can only be snow.

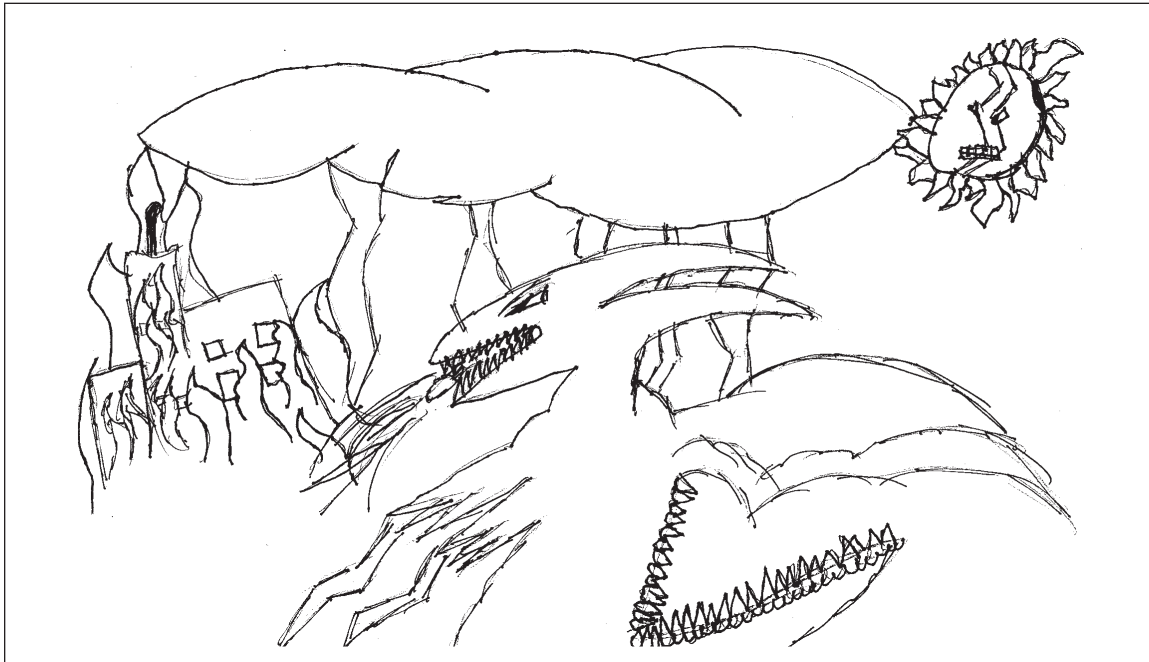
Snow is like Kim Sykes but she is a Smart Partner and she is a human so she can't be allowed.

Snow is like a snow angel but snow is like the artist around the community of joy and knowledge and love but there can still be knowledge and love and care.

Snow is there but it is like a pet but I can still be a friend to an invisible snow pet.

Snow is like the air of wind but wind is the cold of ice and angels and knowledge and commotion. 

Dragon by Georgie Zapata



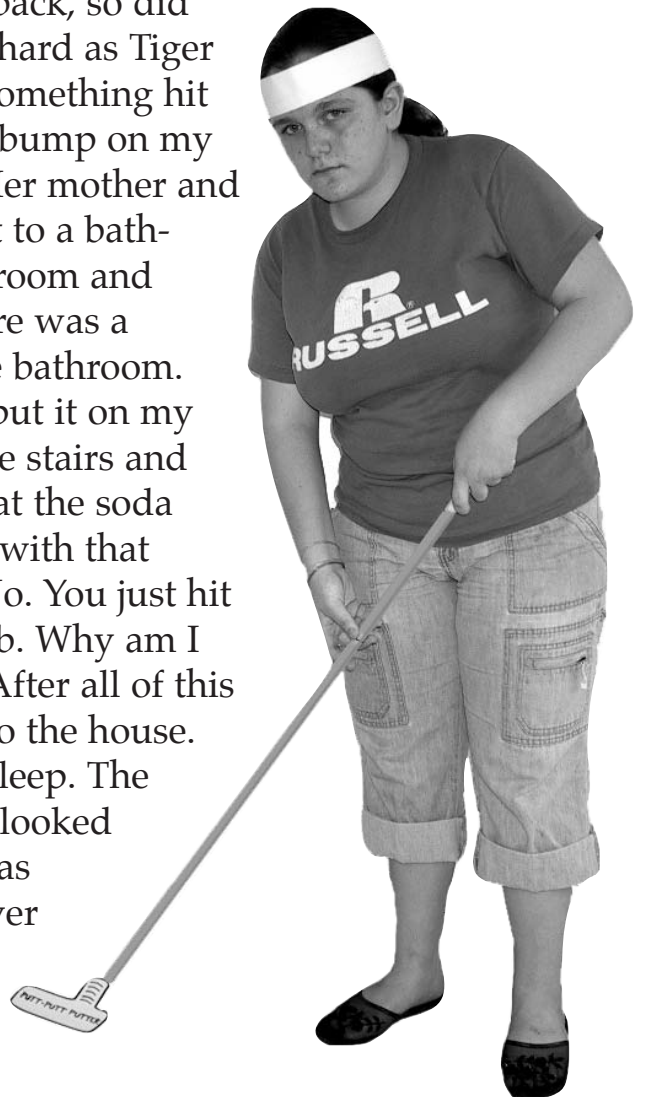
Butterfly by Mordecai Santiago



Is Putt-Putt Golf Safe?

A True Story by Nicole Fargardo

When I was eleven and my friend was eight, she asked me to go with her to South Carolina, I said yes. I was so excited. It took us eleven hours to drive there. A week of April was spent there. One of the nights after dinner we decided to go play putt-putt. My friend's mom said that I should stand away from Melissa (my friend). I moved back, so did she. She swung as fast and as hard as Tiger Woods, all of a sudden I feel something hit my head. It was the club. The bump on my head was the size of an egg. Her mother and I ran upstairs and down to get to a bathroom. We finally got to a bathroom and the water was lukewarm. There was a soda machine right next to the bathroom. Her mom bought a soda and put it on my bump. We go up and down the stairs and get back and my friend looks at the soda and says, "When you're done with that soda, can I have it?" I said, "No. You just hit me in the head with a golf club. Why am I going to give you the soda?" After all of this chaos we decided to go back to the house. When we got there I went to sleep. The next morning when I got up I looked in the mirror and the bump was gone. After that incident, I never forgave my friend or ever went putt-putt golfing again. 🏌️

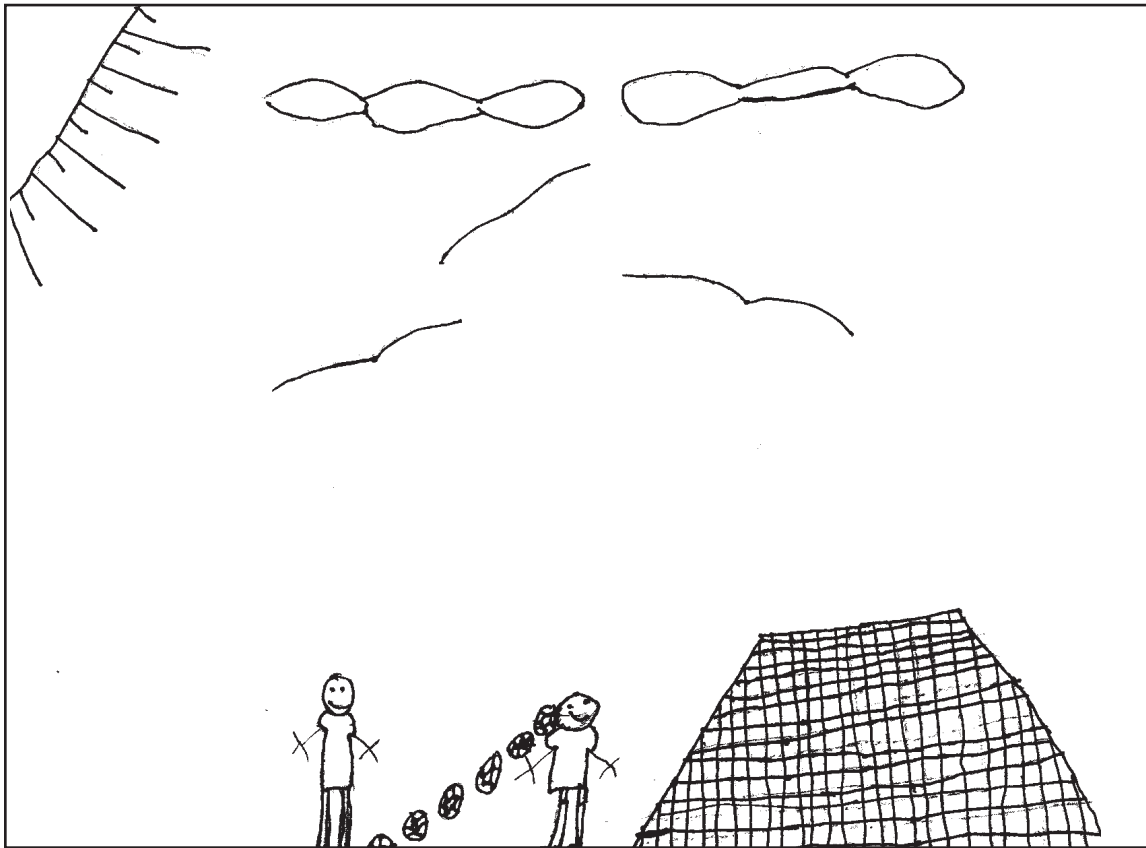


Soccer

By Jonathan Rosario



My favorite sport is soccer because it is really fun. It is my favorite sport because I kick really high. In order to win, you have to kick the ball to your opponent's goal. My favorite thing about soccer is that I am in a soccer team. The thing that I don't like about soccer is that we have to wear long socks. The first day I started soccer, I had to be goalie. And when they kicked the ball, it hit me in the head. Then the coach said, "Be outfield!" and he was surprised because he saw me play really well. And when we finished he said, "You were fantastic!" When I grow up I want to be a soccer player. 🇺🇸



"And when they kicked the ball, it hit me in the head." — Art by Jonathan Rosario



ON BRITNEY SPEARS:

A "Kiditorial" by Merlaine Mendez

It all started with Britney Spears' video for "Toxic." Her diamond outfit was nasty. I think she is really bad role model, especially for young kids, so I wanted to see how people felt about her.

Have you seen Britney's new video and did you like it?

"The song is okay, but the video has to change." —Nicole Fargardo

Do you think Britney Spears is a good singer?

"No, she's a good entertainer and I don't appreciate how she doesn't write her own music." —Skye Blu Welsh

Do you think Britney is a good role model?

"I'm not sure she's a good role model, because she's all about using her body and her sexuality". —Megan Sandberg-Zakian

Do you think Britney is a good dancer?


"I think she is a strong performer and a passionate dancer. I like that she's daring and takes risks." —Megan Cramer

How do you feel about the way Britney performs?

"I think it's unbelievable. The more nasty stuff she does the more female dog she is. Like kissing Madonna." —Christopher Ramirez

What do you think of Britney Spears?

"I think that she has some fun songs. George thinks she has "the whole package" but I feel her voice is not very strong, to put it mildly." —Liz Bell


Everyone had a different type of thing they believed in about Britney. I think she is different to everybody, which can be either good or bad. Little kids might not look up to her because they think she's disgusting. You could look up to Beyonce or Ashanti more than Britney. In my opinion, Britney is one of the last people you should look up to. 



Britney: Role model?

The Other Side of the Screen

by Michael Feliciano

The other side of the screen,
It's a dream scene.
Addicted like a drug fiend,
The other side of the screen.
Play for hours in the flowers
And rainy sun showers.
The other side of the screen
Feels like the best job in the world,
Feels like you're the king of the world,
The other side of the screen.
You get to be role models for the kids
that pose hollow,
The other side of the screen.
You get cars, trucks, limos.
Being rich life is so simple,
The other side of the screen.
Money's your friend till the end no other friend,
The other side of the screen.
There's nowhere to lean, the world's empty—
There's no human being.
The other side of the screen
Is not for me, I'll stay on this side of the screen. 



Questions and Answers:

An E-Mail Dialogue by
Jazzy Hernandez and **Julia Walk Miller**

Jazzy: Where is Peace?

**Julia: In moments.
When a cool breeze touches a wet cheek.
When you give in to falling eyelids.
When you open them, and see thousands
of stories
unfold.**

What is home?

*Jazzy: Home Sweet home...
A place where you breathe in the same smell
Everyday...
And where you know it like the back of your
Hand...where you can be blindfolded and still
Know
Where your favorite c ereal is.*

What is Loud?

**Julia: My Dad's yawn!!
With thin walls, and loud bass,
The music from next door is beyond loud—
It's in my stomach.**

What is nerve-racking?

*Jazzy: Not knowing whether or not I'm going to summer
School...
After doing 110% in school, and trying your best.
Thinking when it's your day
—And how painful it's*



going to be, does it ever cross your mind?

What is a hug?

**Julia: Face on belly
Kind arms after a hard day, an exciting day,
A frustrating day, a day of just being low...**

What is hunger?

*Jazzy: A growl in your stomach.... that sounds
like a TIGER'S roars...*

*When you can eat anything someone gives you
There on the spot, like a little rat...*

What is laughter?

**Julia: It's in my belly
With no where else to go but out
Bubbles of pure joy
Tickling my throat
I can feel it in my cheeks and...
There's no stopping her now!**



What is the 52nd Street Project?

*Jazzy: A place with nothing but loving and the friendliest people in the
world...*

*it's the place where just walking in the door you feel SOO relieved...
a place with all different kinds of people but they're all the same...*

Thanks 52nd Street Project....

What about you...What is it to you?

Julia: I think you just said it all.

What about the readers? *Jazzy: What is it to you?* 



The Nasty and the Good

by Bryant Acosta

My story is about nasty and good cereal.
I only chose one of the cereals I do like.

1) Kellog's special cereal with strawberries

Warning: don't buy cereal that has strawberries

They're dry.

They're nasty.

The strawberries do not look right.

They don't taste right. They taste like vomit.

They don't smell right. They smell like doo doo.

2) Chex

Warning: Chex are a hazard.

They're disgusting.

They're made out of rice. That's just weird, having cereal with rice and then eating it with milk.

They're bland.

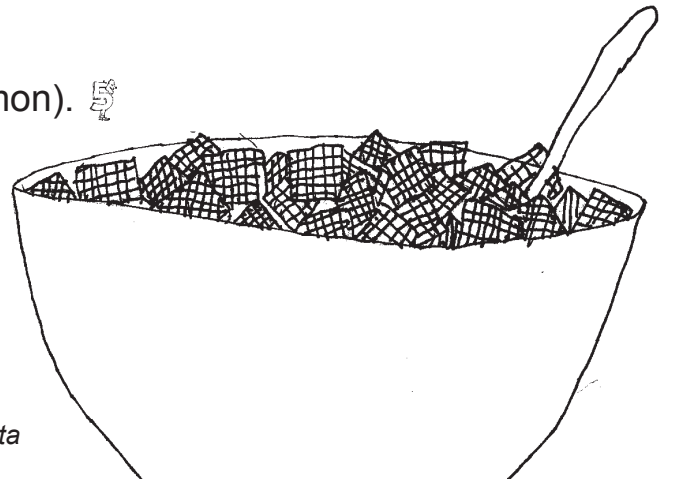
3) Cinnamon Toast Crunch

Warning: They're too good.

They taste like honey.

They look delicious.

They smell good (like cinnamon). 



Artwork by
Bryant Acosta

My Favorite Episode


by Jennifer Ramirez

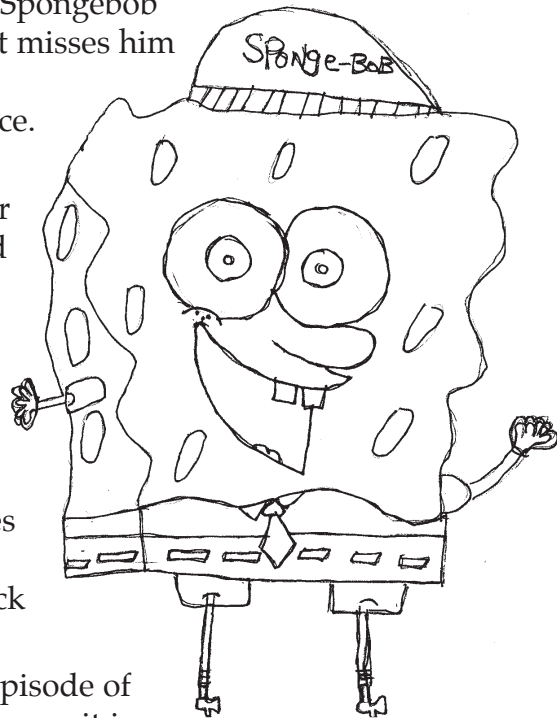


In the cartoon *Spongebob Squarepants* I have a favorite episode. In that episode the characters are Spongebob, Patrick and Squidward. Spongebob is a sponge. He has a pet snail named Gary. He lives under the sea in a pineapple house. Patrick is a starfish. His last name is Star. He lives under an old rock under the sea. Squidward is an octopus. His last name is Tentacles. He lives in a house that has a face of himself on it. His hobby is playing the clarinet. He is really bad at it, though.

In the episode, what happens is that it starts snowing and Spongebob and Patrick start having a snowball fight. Then they make a lot of noise so Squidward comes out and throws a snowball at Spongebob and another at Patrick. Squidward throws a snowball at both of them because he was having a nice and quiet time until they ruined it. Then Spongebob and Patrick throw a snowball at Squidward. It misses him though, and instead the snowball flies inside Squidward's house and it turns off the fireplace. Squidward gets really mad.

Then Spongebob and Patrick throw another snowball at Squidward. After that, Squidward makes a mountain out of snow so that he can protect himself from Spongebob and Patrick. While he is hiding there he is making snowballs. When he is done he starts throwing snowballs at Spongebob and Patrick. Then while Squidward is throwing snowballs, Spongebob and Patrick sneak into their houses and start watching T.V. After a while, Squidward realizes that Spongebob and Patrick have left, so he goes home.

I like this episode because I never saw an episode of when it is snowing. I also like this episode because it is really funny how the snowball turns off the fireplace. Another reason I like this episode is because I always like to see all the new episodes that go on. 



What's New?

by Christopher Ramirez



In space, to the world, in the U.S, a little closer to New York and a zoom to New York City, a step forward to Manhattan and a peek to midtown, and also a look to the 52nd Street. There's a building where there's acting and they go all over the state and make shows in different places. Well, that's about to change. Let's go eight years forward. The year is 2012. The 52nd Street Project has a new theater. Not a regular theater, but an advanced theater. Let's see what Carol, the Executive Director, thinks about this.

"It's great, because now I don't need to pay money, I don't need to worry about how many seats there are in a theater and also, I don't need to make reservations four to six months before the shows. I mean, it's not hard doing this, but it would be easier not to. My job is to look at the theater and talk to the manager, read and sign the contract before I rent the theater," Carol explains to us. "Renting a theater doesn't mean you own it. You have it for a limited time." Carol told us there are rules she needs to know, like "if we can hire one of the theater staff, or how long [the Project] can stay or if they require a deposit or insurance. Sometimes the theater includes lighting and sound systems. We need to know the rules about loading in and loading out."

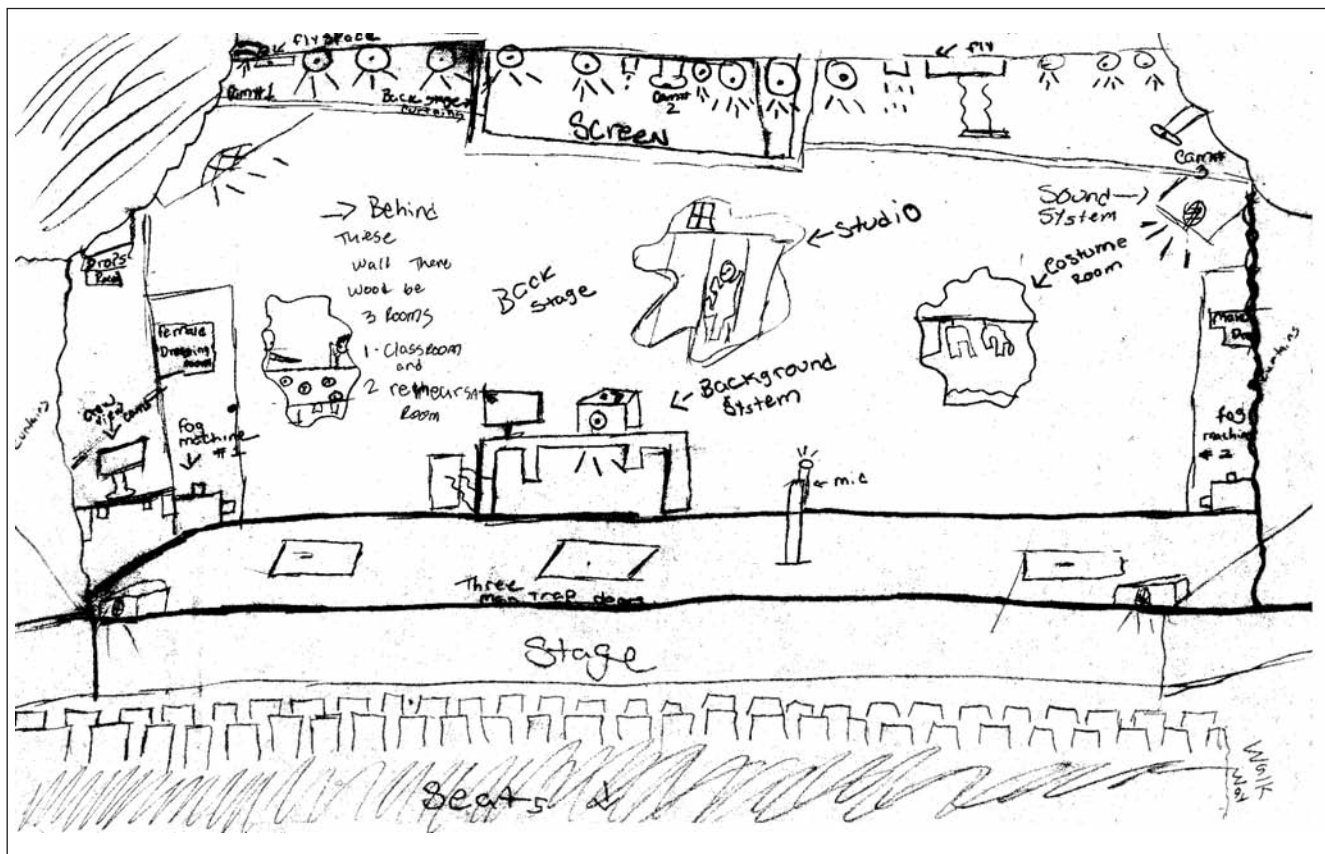
This new Project Theater has the best computer equipment, and comfortable chairs lined up in each row, and the rows

go higher and higher. The theater has updated lights and the best dimmer board ever. "This is great!" George comments. "The stage is high with the best wood. Something I would still keep for this new theater is the foam-core props. They're great, some say." Back in the day, George would take at least 20 minutes picking out old backgrounds for the next show. Now the theater has a system that has all the backgrounds memorized which can be projected onto a screen. "I would keep our furniture," George says. The theater has the best bass system. This bass system would blast your ears off. What's a bass system without a mini-disc player? The theater would also have one.

The fancy curtains are what bring your eyes out! Backstage there are two dressing rooms with a personal costume designer. In each dressing room, there would be a system to organize each actor's costumes. Backstage is huge, with lots of space. In front of the stage there are three cameras, one on the left side, one on the right side, the other one in the middle. Those would be recording the shows. The crew members are also able to enjoy the show with the latest camera that will let them see it.

Onstage there would be the latest fog machines, and trap doors in the stage. Up above there would be a cable system that would give the actors the opportunity to fly. This system would be called the fly space.

There would also be a pool table in the dressing rooms so that the kid and adult actors could play pool in between rehearsing. When they are hungry they could always go in the fridge and get something to eat. After or before the shows, audience members have a chance



Christopher Ramirez's vision of a new theater space for The 52nd Street Project. It has the endorsement of the entire Project staff.

to go to the green room. A green room is to hang out in, and eat something.

Right behind the stage and the dressing rooms, there will be four different rooms, which will be controlled by Megan Sandberg-Zakian, the Associate Artistic Director. One of them will be used for Playmaking, Teen Class, and Replay. Each room will have a piano with a sound system, CD player, etc. Each room will have big windows like the old classroom. Megan said that no matter what she'll still teach with her magic bell. Megan said, "I hate those blackboards. I love the dry erase boards," so it will have one. Two of the other rooms will be used for rehearsing and they will have big

paintings all over the walls. There will be dance studio too, with mirrors all over the walls and a bass system. It will be run by Megan, and probably by Victor Rojas—if he wants to!

Finally, I interviewed John Sheehy, the Director of Development, about the front of the house. He said that there would be a store, which will be named The Project Store. The kids will have the chance of working in it. It will be selling the usual, notebooks and shirts and pencils and also we can never leave out our good and tasty Flyer bars! The store will have a system that will keep track of the money and sales that happen during the shows. 5



WHY?


by Ariana Casablanca

My world is peace.
My life is peace.
Myself is peace.
I am in peace.

Running down the block hearing gun shots when the ambulance is ringing its bell.
And you
You're lost 'cause you don't know one thing that's happening between your mother and
father when all of a sudden you feel something wrong
something bad
something that's so horrible
that you would never think of in your life
So you're running down the block and when you hit your building you hear something or
someone hit the floor.
You don't know cause you are not there until you're running up the stairs and find your
mother on the floor
crying
and your father telling you
"get out of the room"
and you say "no, no father not unless my mother leaves, too."
"SON GET OUT OF THE ROOM"
And your mother says
"yes honey get out of here this is between me and your father,"
Then right there you give the hate that's inside of you and then you grab a knife and tell
your father
"leave my mother alone."
Then he grabs you with a passion of killing you.
And you.
You are scared to death that you have nothing to think about but your life, then he throws
you out the window
And you.
falling down 100 feet on the concrete floor
And you.
hit headfirst and you bleeding to death
and you.
You are dead and your soul is free but you still look at the sky and wonder "what had hap-
pened to me?"
when you finally realize
"the ambulance is ringing for me." 

Secret Woman

by Michael Feliciano

The woman walks by the room
The man's heart is swept like a broom
A sweet whistle in the man's ear
Then the woman disappears
The man is excited the next day
The woman says keep it a secret it's the best way
Then the woman caresses him
The woman wanted to see if she could trust him
The woman kisses him then she leaves
But he is in so much joy he cannot breathe
But he remembers he is a married man he
cannot cheat
But the woman is back and she will defeat
Because the woman is strong and the man is
weak
The third day the woman comes back with
strength
The woman is coming to make this man break
The man kisses her red juicy lips
The man holds her wide hips
Press face against face
Then he realizes his wife is real
This secret woman is fake 



Art by Liz Bell

Love Isn't Easy!

Fiction by Anthony Mejia

Joe ran across the street into the fast food restaurant. He had plenty of time to eat before he needed to go to work. So he stepped in, and got in line to order what he wanted. Then he saw this beautiful cashier with a banging body. She was about 17 with black hair that flipped up on the sides. She had a cute face with a little piggy nose. While he was waiting in line, he watched her serve the customers. When he got to the front of line, sparks flew. He winked at her then ordered his food.

"Could I get a whopper meal?" said Joe to the sexy cashier.

"Alright," she said in a flirtatious way. "Do you want a drink with that?"

"Damn right. Let me get a HiC Orange."

"No problem," she said.

"Besides, what is your name, fine lady?"

"Linzit," she said in a sexy way.

Then a tall black figure was behind Joe. Joe jumped and turned around. Looking down at him was

Corn Wallis, the cutest, and tallest kid around. He had cornrows, baggy jeans and big shirts and a diamond earring in his right ear. But he lived in a shelter so not many girls liked him. He was part of a gang called the Thunderbolts.

"Yo, ma, let me holler at you real quick," said Corn Wallis to Linzit.

"Why, these days a lot of men are starting to hit on me!"

Joe glares at Corn. "Yo, what are you looking at son?" said Corn in a tough way.

"Don't get loud with me," answered Joe. "Yo, you want to take this outside?"

"Please, don't fight. This fight is over me, isn't it?" said Linzit.

"Yo, son, get ready to throw it down," said Corn. They walked outside. Corn and Joe started taking off their gear.

"COME ON," said Corn. Corn threw a wild hook at Joe. Joe ducked and hurled a hay-maker at him. Corn stumbled back and then with a hard jab to Joe's nose, Joe

started to bleed. Then an anger raged through Joe's body and he hit Corn with a combo putting him out for the count. Corn lay on the ground, bouncing, shaking, spitting up blood. He looked like he was in shock.

Joe was worried that he might have seriously hurt Corn Wallis, so he made a run for it. While he was running the Thunderbolts appeared out of nowhere. They walked over to see what was the big commotion. They saw Corn laying down twitching, and they started running after Joe. "Yo, get back here before we stab you!"

Joe started losing energy and the Thunderbolts were gaining on him. He stopped to catch his breath. They stopped. Joe knew that he was in for it when the leader of the Thunderbolts stepped forward and said, "How you wanna do this?"

Joe was nervous. His leg was bouncing up and down. While Joe was trying to figure out a way to stall, the cops passed by so every-

body tried not to look suspicious. While the gang was distracted, Joe made a run for it. All he could think about was Linzit. So he ran all the way back to her restaurant.

When he walked into the restaurant, Linzit saw him with his nose gushing blood. She took him to the back and tended to his wound. As Joe cooled down he started talking to her.

"Sorry about that. I just been wanting to fight with him so long because he thinks he's so tough with that gang. But when I caught him by himself, he went down like a sack of potatoes."

"So, why did you fight?" she said in a curious way.

"Well, basically because he got loud with me. Kind of a stupid reason, but I like people to show me respect. And on top of that, you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen."

Linzit blushed, winked back at him and said, "And your name is?"

"Joe... Mendez." 

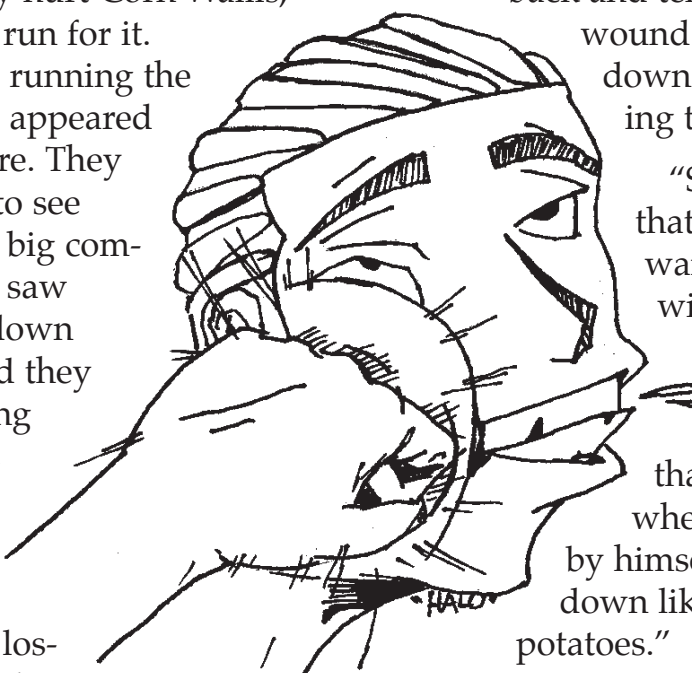


ILLUSTRATION BY HAKIM LATIMORE



ME AND "THE ROCKET"

by Jeremy Butler

The sun is down. The lights are shining. The grass is green. The moon is full. As I walk up to the plate, Roger Clemens has a smile on his face. Why? Because I am a thirteen year old boy batting against the Rocket.

Roger Clemens throws the first pitch, strike one. It was a fast ball down the middle, says the umpire. It looked outside to me. Damn ump, don't know his calls. I step down to redo my straps on my batting gloves. I step back in. Roger Clemens is still laughing. He throws the second pitch. "Strike two," screams the ump. This time I swung, it was a curve ball.

I step back out to redo the straps on my batting gloves one more time. I step back in getting ready for pitch number three. Roger Clemens says yes to the pitch, throws it.

I swing. Ding. The ball is going, going, going. Gone.


I walk the bases. I look at Roger Clemens' face but he's not laughing anymore. As I am walking to third, Roger Clemens starts chasing me. I start running. He's chasing me to home. I run home. I'm running, and I'm running. And I'm going to make it but he catches me. He grabs me and starts choking me. And I wake up, in my bed. It was all a dream. 🤪



A ?

by Skye Blu Welsh




What makes a person a person?
Is it what they're exposed to?
Their friends, their family, their genetic genes?
Is it how they look or what they wear?
What is a person based on?
Is it what they eat?
Their I.Q.?
Is it the sneaker brand they choose to buy?
Why is a person judged by their race or where they grew up?
What does it matter?
Who cares?
Why do subjects like these exist?
Who to blame?
What makes America?
Freedom?
What makes the world, the world?
Nature?
Or a person. 



Art by Skye Blu Welsh


A Love So Strong

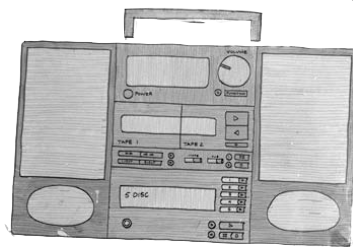
by Skye Blu Welsh

There are some stories about love, so complicated, infatuation with another, and another with another. Using reverse psychology, pretending like love don't matter when really that's all you want to see. A spark or two, turn something small, huge, like you wanted to. I do, you do, there's always something new. Creation, what's the origin of this? That's the only part of life my mind was sure to miss. A love so strong, the question is how long can you hold on? So your heart plays a beat, like a drum, rum, pum, pum. With no beginning, no start, no love, no joy, like a plastic little toy. That's how my love is, addicted like a drug is. 

Skateboard Rap


by Georgie Zapata

I was on my skateboard grinding/
these peeps and losers tried to fight me until me and my cousin had
them crying/
must be jealous of the girls watching our skateboards we riding/
then they started whining/
they got their boys and tried to complete a crime/
my cousin did the beat box and I busted a rhyme/
it was straight off my mind/
it didn't take that much time/
before they ran to their momma crying/
so we started to fight/
even when they use all their might/
they still couldn't fight/
we won that night/
but they killed our friend/
and we'll never see him again/
after that night I'll never be myself again/
he taught me how to rap he was my
best friend/
and that is the end. 



Love is a Joke


by Samantha Padilla

Why do you hurt me?
Switch my words around N
make it seem like a joke?
See,
I guess you really don't know me.
I guess my feelings 4 U R a joke.
See,
I guess when U told me U loved me
it was a game.
U played with my heart,
U played with my mind.
But at the end,
U R the 1 that's going to be left alone and crying. 



Late To School

by Samantha Padilla

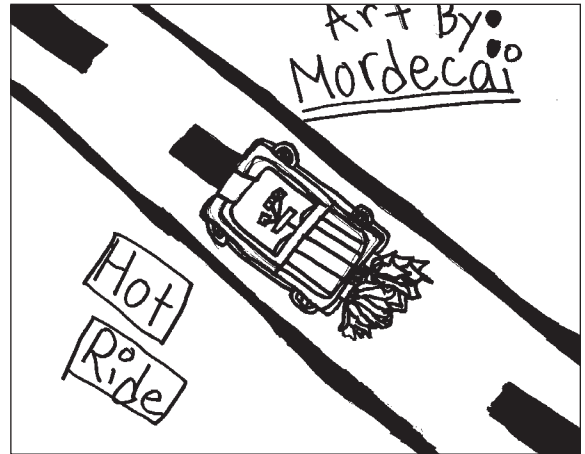
8:20
Still not at school
I'm such a fool
8:30
Across the street
With my peepz
8:40
Doing my homework
In the store all bored
8:50
Walking into class
Every1 looking at me,
Ms. Chung telling me
WHY R U ALWAYS COMING IN LATE?!?! 



My Rusty Coupe

by Mordecai Santiago

Once upon a time there was a guy named Nelson. He had this yellow coupe for 20 years. His rims on his wheels were rusty and he was sick and tired of it. So he gave it to his best friend Mortman (me). So I was very happy that I had this old, rusty coupe because I knew my dad would fix it. So my dad goes inside his garage by himself. He



puts new gray wheels on it, puts in new windows and paints the rest of the stuff on the coupe. He shows me the coupe and I'm so excited that I'm bouncing up and down like a bunny rabbit. So I ride off to Central Park and Nelson is frustrated because he sees the coupe all fixed and nice, and he thinks he should have thought of that. So he moves out of town. Meanwhile, I am having fun riding in my coupe. 🐰



Mordecai demonstrates the fine art of bouncing up and down like a bunny rabbit.

The Robot

by Stephanie Vamvoukakis



There was a robot who did the dance called The Robot. He liked Chinese food. Everyone in his city was named Robot but a different number. He was 22,999. He had a friend named 233, 999. His city was all squares. He loved his city. One day 233,999 left and went to All Shapes World. When he left, 22,999 cried all night. He met a new friend named 11,111. She had a big number but was not big. He forgot about 233,999 and moved on. When he got older 233,999 came back but 22,999 and 11,111 were getting married. But 233,999 and 22,999 were still friends and 233,999 was his best man. 🤖



Kidnapped!

By Amanda Santos



This is Amanda Santos the detective that is looking for Megan

Hi, my name is Amanda Santos and I live in New York City. One day I was in my office drinking coffee, when suddenly my phone rang. I reached over to pick it up and it was Chris from the diner on 52nd Street. He explained to me over the phone how a teen got kidnapped and I told him I would be right over. I hurried over there.

When I arrived, people were surrounding the diner. I entered and rushed over to the manager, and he gave me all the details. I also interviewed one of the witnesses named Liz who knew the kidnapper. Chris told me that the guy entered the diner and was about 5 foot 6. He was 25 to 35 years of age. He had brown eyes. He was wearing a brown, patched jacket and blue jeans and black shoes, and a blue and white hat. One of

the witnesses that knew him really well—her name was Liz Gomez—said that the kidnapper’s name was Jason, and he has 13 kids and 5 wives.

I wanted to take this story more seriously so I interviewed another witness. The next witness was called John Gonzalez and he said, “It was horrible. I know Megan really well and she was really nice. Jason is really shady. I do not know



Megan a few hours before the scene.



This is the booth where Megan was last seen.



Where Megan was at on the day of the scene.

how he got her to go with him, but none of us knew what was going on until they were gone. And we were all... 'How is he gonna take her away like that?' We were so shocked, no one helped her. It was so unreal and I regret it after all that has happened... I really do regret it."

That day, I wanted to try to find Jason. I got a call from Liz, and she told me she knew where he was. I went to Liz's house and she told me that she



This is another witness that knew Megan really well.

found him at 52nd Street and 10th Avenue. I headed over there. When I got in front of the building, I rang the bell and went upstairs. I got to the sixth floor and I went to his door and knocked. When he cracked the door open, I slammed it open and checked the entire house, but Megan was not there. So I asked Jason "Where is Megan?" and he said, "She is dead."



Liz is one of the witnesses that knew the kidnapper.

I called the police and they came and arrested him. I went back to Liz and told her that Megan was dead. Megan died on February 19, 2004 and we all are sorry we could not find or help her. 🐾



This is the mean kidnapper.

R.I.P. MEGAN

Editor's note: The Megan described in this story is NOT Megan Sandberg-Zakian, in spite of the close resemblance. OUR Megan is alive and kicking at the Clubhouse, though we wish she would stop with the kicking; it hurts.

Have You Ever Thought?

by Kayelani Silva

Have you ever thought of the world erupting like a bomb?
Have you ever thought of life without you?

I have.

I've thought about everything including lying in a coffin and roses being thrown to your body, like if everybody loved you and cared, but in reality, come one week, the only ones crying and suffering are your parents.

Have you ever thought of being a prisoner locked up as an Iraqi soldier?

I have.

I've thought about lying naked next to a bunch of my own kind.

Have you ever thought about the person you love leaving you just like that, and on every mother's father's or grandparent's day, or even your anniversary going to plant some flowers, just to show them how much you care.

I have.

I've thought about the world we live in, the crying, the hurting, the loving, the caring. Where has that all gone?


Have you ever thought about the saying people say
"united we stand together we fall?"

I have, and I say in this world, it's not that saying, it's "divided we stand even if everything falls."

Have you ever heard the birds chirping and busses driving?

I have, come and go to another country and all you hear are bombs going off.

Have you ever thought of anything?

Well maybe you should, cause there's only one life to live. 

Endnote: The "Fakey" Project

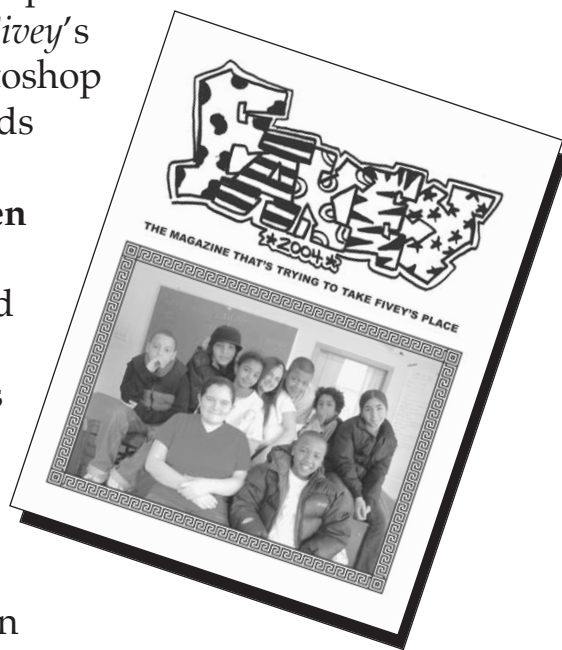
by Liz Bell



Jennifer Ramirez, hard at work on Fakey.

"Break It Up!," the newest Project program, is a series of workshops in various art forms that take place during the kids' breaks from school. This year we decided to devote a Break It Up! to the art of magazine publishing. From February 16th to 18th, 2004, nine kids came to the Clubhouse and used the mornings to create their future submissions to *Fivey 6: Hell's Kitchen Sink*. They wrote stories, articles,

and poems, and created images of artwork and photography to go with them. In the afternoons, *Fivey's* graphic designer George Babiak used the Photoshop and Quark computer programs to teach the kids about design and layout. Midway through the workshop, we "broke it up" with a tour of *Teen People Magazine's* Manhattan headquarters. There we spoke with editors and writers, rifled through racks of wardrobe for photoshoots, and roamed the same halls that Britney Spears and Omarion from B2K had strolled through. At the end of the week we had created a "mini-me" of *Fivey* using the kids' works in progress. We named it "Fakey," of course (see picture at right). All the pieces that were in Fakey are included in this issue, along with many others.



Break It Up!: Fivey, er, Fakey Week was such an incredible success that it has inspired us to expand it into a six week class next year! 

The Fakey Team was Bryant Acosta, Nicole Fargardo, Merlaine Mendez, Christopher Ramirez, Jennifer Ramirez, Jonathan Rosario, Mordecai Santiago, Amanda Santos and Skye Blu Welsh.

PRETTY GREAT
ISSUE OF "FIVEY,"
HUH, TWOEY?

UM, WHY IS
EVERYTHING NAMED
AFTER YOU? IT'S
NOT FAIR! I...



KNOCK IT OFF,
YOU TWO! IT'S TIME
TO GO AND RESEARCH
NEXT YEAR'S ISH!

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