Great World Texts is a collaboration between NYU Gallatin’s Writing Program faculty and students and New York City public high school teachers and students. Each year we choose a canonical work or "contemporary classic," and develop complementary multimedia classroom resources.

Through a special tutorial, undergraduate students become mentors in the high schools, assisting in the reading, discussing and writing about the text. Over the course of the semester, the mentors assist the high school students in developing writing projects inspired by the book.

In 2010, our third year, participants worked on Gabriel García Márquez’s Chronicle of a Death Foretold, and students developed creative writing projects exploring magical realism and the everyday, experimental narrative strategies and the role of the bystander.

Student Writing from New Design High School

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Ms. Moreno had a dream that her son Max was up to no good—which he always is, but she doesn’t know that. In her dream, he was getting into big trouble with the cops. There were 10 cops standing outside his door, getting ready to raid his house. As she watched them knock down the door, she couldn’t believe it. Her son Max had turned into what his father had been: a drug dealer. After the police told her that Max would face up to 10 years in prison, she broke down in tears. She couldn’t believe what she was seeing. As she woke up, her thoughts went through the roof. “Is Max really up to no good,” she said as she picked up the phone to call him. Then her door bell rang. It was the police there to tell her that Max was found dead in his apartment.

Earlier that day, as Max woke, he thought about all the things he had to do: make sales, go to school, do some food shopping. Max’s first sale was made to a good friend of his. As he made the sale his friend John told him, “Yo, did you hear about that big drug dealer that got busted by the cops?” Max acted like he didn’t care; he thought he would never get busted buy the cops.

On his way to his class for the day, he saw some young guy around his age getting arrested. Max laughed, thinking that he’s better than everyone because he hadn’t got busted. After class Max went to the corner store on Gold St. to get a few things he needed for the house. In the store he saw a wanted sign; as he looked at the picture he saw his face. Max tried to shake the idea out of his head and looked at the picture again. The picture wasn’t of his face. He started to wonder if he should change his ways before he does get busted one day. As Max left the store, there were two guys outside of the store watching him. Max started to walk faster towards his building, wondering if he was going to get robbed, if the guys were still watching him. Gun shots rang into the air. Max didn’t even turn’ around; he just ran home, wondering whether the two guys he saw outside the store shot at him.

Max couldn’t stop thinking about that gunshot. Was it for him? He was so scared he called his friend and asked for a gun. Max felt he was going to die soon. Were people after him or after his money? Max didn’t want to take any chances; he was too young to die. He was thinking about whether he should stop selling weed. He knew his mom would go crazy if she
found out what he was up to. Then he was thinking of the money: if he gave it up, he would have less money and he was a big spender.

A knock at the door. It was his friend with the gun. He asked for the gun and it was pointed right in his face. His friend thought it would be a funny joke. Little did he know, Max was scared for his life already. As his life flashed before his eyes, he saw himself dead on the floor in his apartment.

Max had pictures all over his house from his childhood. His apartment was pretty clean and smelled clean—until you walked into his room where the aroma of marijuana was overwhelming. The white carpet was drenched with Max's blood. There was the shell of the bullet lying in a pool of blood. There was a big screen TV, and a lot of other expensive things in his house. There was no way he could afford to pay for all these things—beautiful suede sofas, marble floors—with a part time job. It was a very nice apartment.

“There was not much noise,” said the lady that lived across the hall from Max. As she was looking through her peephole she saw two men dressed in black running into Max’s house. All she heard was “Give me the stuff! Give me the stuff!” Then the gun went off. The two guys ran from the apartment. Then she went to go check to see if Max was okay. She saw him dead on the floor and two other people she didn’t know where standing there, calling the cops. “They saw the whole thing,” she said.

The lesson learned from this murder case? Never get involved in things you know you shouldn’t or that aren’t good. I say this because a lot of people end up like Max. Killed for what? Drugs? A little extra money in your pocket? Your life is worth more than that money. I’d rather keep my life and be broke than be rich and have to worry about death.
“As I woke up I saw something fall off my shelf. It was a basketball from my collection. It fell onto my dog’s head, and he got scared. Then, while walking to meet my boys, I heard a gunshot and someone screamed, but I didn’t pay it no mind. Afterwards, I saw a bird fall on the train track right before me. I was scared. I felt bad, empty, weird, so I turned to look at my building.

That Saturday morning I woke up and brushed my teeth, took a wash. Then I did breakfast for my siblings, because there are ten of us. I played some video games for like 3 hours, and then I went to the basketball court and I played ball till my girl called me and I went upstairs and took a shower. I re-dialed my girl and spoke to her till she fell asleep. Then I got a phone call from one of my boys, so I got permission from Ma and I left. As I waited on the block, I felt cold and empty.”

*   *   *

As the hours went by that night on a Queens street, he waited for his boys on the side of the projects. It was a dark street with one store and one light. As the trees swayed from left to right, he stood in the cold night waiting for his boys. Two cars parked in front of him and a huge space in between. On his left he saw a black path, almost as if it were a black wall. When a black van rolled around the block twice, he backed up and looked up at the train tracks above him.

*   *   *

“The night before I felt cold, and I didn’t want to go to sleep, but I did. I tried to think about different things so I could go to sleep, but as I had the feeling of this coldness, I couldn’t. Then I saw myself next to some lady who said she was my mother. I did not want to believe it, but she looked like the women in the picture I seen when I was ten. So I woke up scared, shocked, not knowing why she was in my dream. I knew she was dead, but I didn’t think she was ever going to appear in my sleep.

*   *   *

“I did not see his face for seven days, and I knew that was weird because every day after school he would see me on the block. My dad did not want to ever see him. I seen him flying away in my dream, then I screamed to him, telling him, “Take me with you.” He said to
me, “Baby girl, I’ll come for you--if you let me go.” Then I felt a breeze and I woke up sweating from my sleep. I heard my mother scream, and called me downstairs and I saw my boyfriend dead on TV.”

* * *

I spoke to the 1st witness. She seemed really sad. She wore a pea coat with high boots and her hair done. She spoke and spoke. I asked her, “What’s your name?”

She said, “I am a neighbor down the street.”

I asked, “Why does it affect you so much?”

She replied, “As an elderly, 67 year old woman, I cry my eyes out because the same way this young man died was the same way my son died and both their deaths were in my face exactly the same.”

After speaking to this elderly woman, a young lady appeared. She was beautiful: light skin, long hair, and a pretty face. I walked up to see her and said, “How come a pretty lady is crying like that?”

She replied, “Because he was my boyfriend, my best friend, my diary, my dream, my hope.”

I said, “Really? Oh my god! You saw it happen.”

She said, “Of course. I’ve seen everything. I did not want go to sleep after I hung up with him. I felt very shaky, nervous. So I sneaked out my house. I went over to his father house, and I asked if he was there. And he said that my boyfriend went out. As I walked away, I felt cold and colder in every step I took, but I continued and when I got to the corner where I seen him standing, this black car passed by and did a drive by on him.

“As they shot, I felt as though they were taking a part of me. I ran towards him and when he dropped, he seen me. He smiled, he dropped in my arms. I screamed, cried, shouted—all because they took my four-year relationship and tore it apart.

“His last words were, ‘Tell everyone I love them. You the most beautiful thing that ever happen to me.’ Those were his last words.”

I could not take any more notes, because I felt her story, and I cried, too.

* * *

As he saw the black car go by, he thought about his foster parents and his sibling. As he saw his girlfriend run to him, he saw a light, a light of joy and happiness. He told her he loved her. He said, “Remember my first game? And you came out on half court to do your cheerleading dance? I thought of you as a beautiful rose.”

His girlfriend saw him close his eyes. She felt like she wanted the ground to take her.
She didn’t want to let go of the victim’s body. She asked to bring him back to life. She screamed
and screamed for him, and she felt as if she were a nobody.
Her last words to him were, “I'll see you soon, don’t worry.”
Brent Duncan was wearing his sneakers and his suit. When he was all ready for his girlfriend’s birthday party, he drove his 1993 Nissan Maxima, which his father gave him when he was 16 years old. He was happy and everything was good. But when he was driving, he was careful, looking right and left. When he looked left again he saw people walking right straight to him, and they had guns. They fired six times; he got shot three times. The killers were gang-members and Brent Duncan was dead—all because he teased a pregnant high school classmate more than a year ago.

* * *

Brent Duncan was always happy—until he went to his girlfriend’s birthday party. Before getting out of the house he had a bad feeling that something was going to happen. But he didn’t know if it was a good thing or bad thing. Every time he got closer to the birthday party his body was trying to stop him. He didn’t listen and just went. At that moment, out of nowhere, there were six bullets coming right toward him.

* * *

The night before, he went to sleep after talking to his girlfriend and telling her what he was going to wear. It was late, around 12.00 pm, when they both said “good night” to each other. He started dreaming. First he was all good and everything was perfect. Then out of nowhere his dream changed to a different place and everything was different than normal. It was scarier and more realistic. Everyone was after him. He was running away from everyone. Even his family was chasing him, everyone was against him. A girl appeared who he couldn’t see very well. She took a small black gun out and shot him three times. He woke up all scared and sweating. But he didn’t think his dream was important.

* * *

There were houses all over the block when he was driving. He was driving his car that his dad gave him when he was 16. The car smelled like old people and the color was gray. He was driving around 65th Ave. and 35th St., and the birthday party was at 89 Ave. and 35 St. There were mostly houses around. There was not lot of people outside. He really loved the car, because it was his first car, and his father gave it to him.
The first witness I talked to was a boy with curly red hair and he was short. He looked like he was 16 years old. He saw what happened to Brent. I went every block to find him. I saw him around 64 Ave. I didn't know his name so I yelled, “Red haired boy.” He looked back at me like, who is this lady? I asked for his name.

He said, “I'm Bobby.”

I asked him, “Do you remember what happened at 65 Ave.?”

He said, “Yes.”

I asked, “Do you know anyone who shot that boy.”

He said, “No, I was just walking back home. When I heard the gun shot I hid under a car because I didn't want to get shot.”

I looked around to see what kind of people lived here, and it wasn't a loud place. It was quiet. The people who live around 65 Ave. didn't seem so bad. After speaking to the witness, I went to the victim's house. Brent's father Frank said, “He was a great kid and it was his second year of college. I was looking forward to his future and this happens.” His voice didn't show any sadness. He sounded normal, as if nothing happened.

He had two younger sisters who both loved him so much. When I got to their house, they didn't want to talk about him. Frank tried not to show his sadness later and when we finished talking, he went outside and started crying.

His little sisters were around, one was 15 years old and the other one was 13. I saw some of his friends. They said, “He was cool and really a nice person to chill with.” I asked them if they knew if Brent was in any gang or doing something that he was not supposed to do. But they didn't know if he was involved in any gangs. When I finished talking to Brent's family and friends, I did wonder if Brent’s friends knew something but they were not telling me.

* * *

Brent Duncan was driving by 65th Ave. He was thinking how his life was perfect. He finished high school and was now in his second year of college. He had everything he wanted. When he was driving, he saw a girl from his high school who he had made fun of because she was pregnant. He thought about what happened back then and he really felt bad about what he said. But it was too late for him to feel bad because out of nowhere six bullets rang out and he didn't even see it coming.

* * *

I was driving around 65th Ave. thinking about how Brent was so young. I felt so bad for him. He hadn't even lived his whole life. His family loved him so much and he was the only son they had. He hadn't even lived yet. I thought that they should find the killer. The family offered a
reward of $30,000.
A Connecticut Chronicle

ANGELICA ESTEVEZ

I was getting ready in the morning for school. I saw it was sunny and breezy out the window as I rolled up the curtains, so my tabby cat could look outside, too. Good Morning America was on like usual. While I was flat ironing my hair I was watching the story about this murder case. I was terribly shocked because the murderers raped Jennifer, and her two daughters, Hayley, 17, and Michaela, 11. When I heard this I gasped and paused, my hair got burnt without me noticing. Then they continued and said that they set them on fire, and left. I completely froze, I thought could how this happen?

*   *   *

The brown brick, 19th-century home has never been so still, the wildflowers have died and won’t bloom until next July. You can still hear one of the girls running around the house looking for her purse, the one that she placed in her sister’s room so that when her mom asked her for the receipt from Forever21, she would say that she couldn't find it. The house had five rooms, two and a half bathrooms, white windows, and a red door and it looked like it was deserted. The ash from the fire was still there.

My mom opened the white garage door, and a breezy wind hit her, which was strange because it was 85 degrees that morning. It was so humid but the breezy wind still lingered around her. She was a tall-athletic shaped woman wearing her casual outfit: black tennis shoes, black shorts, and a pink v-neck tee that she got when she was a participant in “Avon’s Walk for Breast Cancer 2006.” Her hair was in a ponytail with her side bangs out. She stood in front of her car and took a deep breath. Out of the corner of her eyes she caught greenish-yellow eyes looking straight at her. She turned around to face her neighbor’s cat, a tabby that always came over to her house to eat the catnip she planted early in April. When my mom turned to face the cat, the cat ran and hid under the family’s van. She kneeled down on the hard cement floor to try to get the cat to get out. “Come here little kitten, come here,” she said in a hesitant sweet voice. The cat just stared with his big eyes, she continued saying, “Come here little kitten, come here.” She tried to reach for the cat, when suddenly she heard me scream.

*   *   *

I hear everyone is yelling “Jump,” over and over again, my feet tumble and I try not to
look down but I got some courage to slide my head and look towards the deep ocean. It’s deep blue-green, and twenty feet down from where my feet are. For a moment everything is silent, I struggle to take a deep breath, but somehow I did it, all the people’s voices start fading in. I secure my red bathing suit top, and take four steps back. I take another deep breath, and then run towards the cliff, and jump.
It was a cold, dark Friday night; someone named Brent Douglass was shot and killed by gang bangers, for taunting a pregnant girl. The girl was arrested, but her brother and his friends— are on the loose. As I get closer to the house, I feel the sadness and guilt of the surrounding houses, the brisk smell of bloodshed on the street near Flatbush Ave. The nearest precinct was buzzing with activity a week after his death. I felt myself recapping his last moments alive. He was at school full of smiles, but in his eyes the saddened heart of a victim thrived. On his way down the street, trying to shake off his stalkers, he saw a man. He pleaded for help, but the man just watched. Feeling helpless he ran toward the police, faster and faster, block after block, his heart racing, his lungs slowing down. Brent collapsed with guilt after hearing the boys behind him mention their sister.

“Oh,” he figured, sitting up ready to go, “that's why.”

It was too late to run now. They did away with him after a few punches and gunshots. Brett asked himself, “How did I get myself into this mess?” Then he died.

* * *

The pregnant girl, Ria, was so sad and overwhelmed by her situation that she remembered the guy who picked on her. That night she saw her child talk. Ria was a little older in body and mind, but her guilt lingered as her daughter spoke. Her girl was crying; it didn’t feel like bruise-and-cut cries, but real down-to-earth cries. She said she felt sad because everyone was mean to her and no one liked her because she didn’t defend herself. Ria looked at her in shock. She told her daughter that it wasn’t a big deal and that she should ignore them, but deep down in her heart she knew she was lying. She felt that she couldn’t ignore what happened. Even if was years ago. In that dream, she was determined to stand up for herself and her baby, to teach her that it’s not good to be picked on.

* * *

It’s too bad I didn’t actually know this guy because his mom bawled her eyes out.

“He was my only son,” she said. “My baby, my only.”

I tried to calm her down, sweet talk her with promises, but she knows as well as I do there’s no guarantee. We move to the first question.

“He was never bad in school, he had lots of friends.” She looked down at some old
photos and says, “He didn’t seem to have any problems . . . at least, none that I knew of.” I jot down some notes. From what I know about him, his favorite color is blue, he usually hangs out at the GameStop at the mall, and he had bad reflexes.” I need to know more.

“Did you know about that incident about a year ago?” I ask.

“What? You mean about that big-bellied bitch?” she taunts.

I feel as if that’s a bit inappropriate, and I tell her that in fact he bothered her, not the other way around.

“Well I hope she’s happy now, even I wouldn’t be stupid enough to trouble a pregnant girl.” This is going nowhere. “But no, I just found out about it.”

As I said, no help.

I get up, shake hands, and walk out with just a little bit of knowledge about what’s going on. I sigh with frustration as I start on my way.

*   *   *

Brent was playing basketball with some of his friends in the school playground. He didn’t want to be alone that day. He didn’t want to keep to himself. The safe smell of the new ball reminded him of something, something that happened a little while ago. That’s when he saw them. Five boys, and he knew what they wanted; they gave chase until he reached a place where nobody could possibly find him. He fell in exhaustion, crying until someone could help him, but no one did. The boys beat him blind, made him feel horrible. Then one of the boys pulled out a tiny Glock and shot him. It wasn’t necessary, but it had to be done.

*   *   *

The night before Brent’s death, he dreamed that he was in a war, on the losing side. In the trenches, he looked up to see a bunch of people peer down upon him and fire. He woke up that morning in a pool of sweat, and he swore that there would be trouble that day.

*   *   *

I met up at the local Tex-Mex restaurant to talk to Brent’s homeboy.

“Yea I know that girl, she was from the block. Had mad beef wid him. But she never really messed with him.” He sighed, “I mean, com’on. She was pregnant. Why would he do dat to her? She had enough problems with her mom at home but damn.” Yea, Brent seems like real slime now. “That’s why she tracked him. Let her brother beat the shit outta him. I can tell you. He really deserved it.”

“Ok, so they had beef. Any idea about the culprits? As in gang members?”

“Well . . . yeah those guys. You know those guys that cut school and smoke back in Vandervere. But it’s gonna be really hard to catch them.”
He gives me some names and we finish our meal. I have a lead but no evidence and no direct witnesses. Except for . . .

* * *

I just stood there, just stood there and watched. I felt the warm tears flow out of my eyes. Why were they harming him? What did he do to deserve this? I felt a slight pain in my heart; it reminded me of my brother who died in a shoot-out. I wasn’t there to help him, and I blamed the people there who didn’t help him. And now I see how truly terrifying it is to even watch, let alone stop. I cried. I cried not because of my mental handicap or my sudden paralysis, but because of the reason why they were mauling him, killing him. Why were they so cruel? Why I thought, as I ran to the nearest precinct hoping to go far enough before the gunshots went off. Why was the world so cruel?

* * *

Daniel James was walking down east Flatbush when he heard 11 shots go off and saw 5 kids run away by the sound of police sirens. I only had a chance to get his testimony for 5 minutes because of his “busy work.” He was a very curious man and I knew I couldn’t trust his word 100 percent. But he’s the only one I had right now. He talked about the kids like they knew what they were doing, organized, skillful, and experienced. He didn’t know what to do at the time and just studied. They were taunting Brent and laughing at him like little devils. But he stood there long enough to get a good look at their faces. I felt better now that I’m going somewhere. I got up, took a nice long stretch while he was hurriedly leaving the room, and breathed in. It felt like justice was finally served.
One day there was a little girl named Lisa who had long jet black hair and brown eyes. She was wearing dark blue jean pants, a purple shirt and sneakers. This little girl was walking home from school when she saw a man of a height 6 ft, with cut brown hair, brown eyes, black jean pants, brown eagle shirt sneakers and a scarf. The kids got out early this day and she had no one to walk with. She knew something would happen but she didn’t know it was her; she thought it was a feeling of another person.

She was minding her own business until this guy known as G offered her a ride. Now this girl was only 12 and her mom trusted her. She didn’t know what to do and she tried saying no a couple of times, but the guy wouldn’t take no for an answer. She ran and he caught her. He said, "Why are you running from me, I won’t hurt you." She said, “My mom said don’t talk to strangers, I’m scared.” He said, “Don’t be. I’m not gonna hurt you. Your mom wanted me to drop you off home. She called me.”

The girl believed in her heart that her mom hadn’t told him that but she went with him anyway. Late at night the little girl was missing, hadn’t come home for hours, and her mom was so worried that she called the police and found a loose photo of the missing girl naked. This girl was missing and murdered.

* * *

I was lying in bed watching TV, and as I dozed off I could see the symbol of the True Religion jeans sign. It’s funny because I thought it was nothing, a design of a piece of clothing. Since I kept thinking about it and dreaming about it, I decided to look it up. When I looked it up, it said it was a symbol of someone dying. I was kind of anxious because I didn’t know if it was meant for me or my family or a friend. I was really nervous. The next day I stepped outside to go to the store and there was a man holding a gun to my head. BOOM. I found out that symbol was for me.

* * *

I had a dream about how it felt to win the lottery. If I won the lottery, what would I do with all that money? Pay my tithes, make an offering and give it to God. Pay my debts and everything. After that buy a big house with a pool, hot tub, clothes, sneakers, and eat all the ice cream I want. Help the homeless, have kids look up to me, even have my own show. As I wake
up I see a person with a black mask on and black clothing with black heavy boots as if I was dreaming of him killing me. I was held hostage and killed that night.

* * *

It was me giving birth to a beloved child name Christian. He had soft black wavy hair, he was mixed colored and he had little cute chunky eyes with a white suit on. I was looking strangely at him because he was dressed in a white suit and had little angel wings. It was weird because I just gave birth to a little baby as if it was him. I woke up and the doctors told me I lost my child.

* * *

It’s October 2, 1993, at 62 Sterling Place. It was one of those little tiny popular apartments. When me and my team stepped in to observe the place, I saw a small piece of clothing on a broken mirror. My other teammate found a loose photo of the victim and his murderer. The victim was a 17 year old young adult with a dark fade brown cut, wearing a blue Aeropostal shirt, light blue jeans, blue Pradas and a blue G-Shock, also known as a watch. The murderer was light skinned, looked Spanish and white, with a brown shirt, dark blue jeans and dress shoes with a ponytail up to his shoulders. We found a couple of pieces of evidence and loose images.

* * *

I asked the witness: Do you swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth? She said yea. It appears that she was held hostage that night. I asked her a few questions like what happened that night. She told me she was at her house with her two kids and husband when the men broke in and took the kids down stairs to the basement and tied them up and put gasoline around them. They told the mother to go to the bank and take out 1 million dollars. So the mother did whatever they said to save her, her kids and husband’s life. She told the bank people that she was held hostage and she had to take 1 million dollars out. They called the police but after that the police took too long and the kids died by the time the police came.

* * *

I was due in court the next day because me and my friends had robbed a bank and killed 5 people that day. We were charged with murder and robbing a bank. I felt bad because I hadn’t known what I was doing. I was just being a follower. We had made a pact. I’m scared because a loose photo of my friends and I dropped out of my wallet and many witnesses are there to tell the judge that we killed 5 people and robbed the bank. I don’t want to die. I apologized but that still can’t help me. My mom is disappointed and I’m staying in jail.
Officer Donald Reagen is greeted at home by his wife, after walking into the door of their 4th-floor house, just 3 blocks from the house where his kids are having a sleepover. His wife, Divana Greenwood Reagen, takes his coat after he walks in the door from a busy day of patrolling the town. He looks at his wife, who is hanging up his coat in the closet right near the door. He notices the house is very quiet and that no playful laughter comes from his 2 daughters who he believed were upstairs.

"Honey, where are the kids?" he asks, walking into the kitchen and sitting down at the dinner table. He leans on the table with his left elbow. His wife looks at him strangely because she always notices that he leans on the table with his right. She walks towards him worried that his other arm may have been harmed while he was on duty. She examines his coat while he sits at the table. She notices his coat is a little dirty and has a few rips near the outer elbow. The leather on the coat is so delicate even the smallest scratch in the fabric can be seen without glasses.

His wife asks him what he was doing in order to scratch up the coat he was wearing. Normally during pursuits he never scratches up his coat, but this time he must have been through a lot to make his coat as damaged as it is. He clearly notices that she is starting to worry about his arm due to the amount of damage it looked like he had taken. Since Divana is a forensic DNA investigator he really couldn't keep any lies from her. Even his own sister, who is an investigator, watches his moves every chance she can get.

Shortly after their little conversation, they hear a knock at the door. Donald gets up slowly from his seat and moves near the door. He stops before asking, "Who is it?"

"It's me, dummy," replies his sister. His mood lightens up as he opens the door, greeting his sister with love and respect like any sibling would. He greets her, leads her to the living room area, and tells her to sit down in any of the seats in their living room. He offers her a drink or anything she would like to have, and she responds by slightly shaking her head no.

"David, I wanted to warn you that the guy that you've just arrested is an ex-convict and is known for escaping and killing the officer that arrested him."
After hearing this, his wife was alarmed that her husband was in danger of being murdered. Divana thought back to the daydream she had when she was performing an autopsy. She had imagined that she was walking back to her bedroom while talking to her sister-in-law on the phone. Her steps were short and light because she knew that her husband was sleeping in the other room. She turned, slowly walking to the threshold of the door. She paused, and then looked at the bloody body in the bed that she had just cleaned and made up several minutes before. She looked under the covers to see her husband’s face, eyes open, with no pupils, showing that he was in shock when he was attacked. She looked at his face with tears streaming down. She noticed that he was shot in the heart and head. Divana turned around and faced her husband’s killer, fearing that she was going to die herself. She was scared to blink but forced herself to look around and noticed that the killer was gone. Her husband was just getting up from a well-deserved rest.

After remembering this daydream, she let one tear fall and got up slowly from her seat. She stood there wondering about her husband as if she just married him yesterday. Her moments and times of joy and sadness flashed before her eyes. She wandered about in her memory, thinking about every waking moment she spent with him. As this happened, she thought of some things that could help her figure out who might kill her husband in the future.

While looking at his worried wife, he goes back to his dream about crows hovering over the dark gray sky as he walked back to his house. The crows had landed one by one on top of his room. When all the birds landed, the house looked like it was covered is a giant black feathery sheet. You could see the house 400 miles away even in cloudy dim weather. The birds opened their wings wide and started to cry as loud as their voices would allow them to. Then the flock of shadow birds flew into the sky like a giant black cloud and formed the shape of a giant crow.

A girl with black, silky hair, fatal blue eyes, and wearing a black dress appears behind him. She mouths the words, “Your time is running out and fast. . . .” She raises a hand open to him while crossing her left arm over her chest. At that exact moment a teddy bear appeared in her hands with an evil smirk on its plush soft face. His mouth was sewed together but was still loose enough for him to speak if given the ability. She dropped the teddy bear on the floor and took one step towards him. Then the teddy bear disappeared and reappeared right behind him. It spoke with a low frightening whisper, “Watch and be cautious about what you do, hear, and
see . . . it’s not always the right thing you know. There will be a time when your survival skills on this planet will be tested to the max of their limits. . . Stay armed and aware because the predator has gone looking for its prey. . . .” After that, the dream faded. He awoke, sweating, and filled with fear for his own life.
Bread Delivery or Dead Delivery

DESMOND HARRIS

Jorge Martinez lived in a quiet little part of Queens, New York. He never had any problems out there. He did not expect for anything crucial to ever happen. When Jorge got the call saying he had another bread delivery, he was expecting the area he was going to would be decent and nice. Instead, when Jorge finally got to Avenue X, where he was going to deliver the bread, when he least expected it, Jorge was struck by a bullet.

* * *

On Friday September 3, 2010, Jorge Martinez was struck in the head by a sniper bullet, at 10:30 p.m., near the Marlboro houses on Avenue X in Brooklyn. Jorge might have been killed by 3 gunmen. That’s because 22-shell casings were found near the rooftops of the Marlboro projects, where the gunshots were fired.

* * *

The night before he died, we heard Jorge had a dream he had often about him running through a forest full of animals and while the animals were running from him, he was running from the one thing that would scare most people. Jorge was running from himself. When Jorge awoke from his dream he was scared because, instead of his alarm waking him up, he awoke to a pigeon pecking at his window. Jorge was very confused by his dream and the bird at his window, but he did not let it bother him.

Ever since that day when he had that dream he’s been having trouble getting through the day. He had been seeing things and he couldn’t really think clearly. Jorge had been dealing with it though because he could not let that little thing screw him up, so that’s why he did not and, eventually, he forgot about it. That was the last time he’d ever brought that dream up.

* * *

On that same night, Jorge’s daughter told us that he had a nightmare the night before he died. He had a dream that he was being chased by a flock of birds with razors for beaks. When they were flying over him they began to spit all over him. It was disgusting but at the same time horrific. Jorge did not know what to think.

All we could think was that these were signs telling Jorge that he was walking into something he could not quite understand. He never knew what to expect from his dreams; he did not know what would happen. No one knew what would happen to Jorge Martinez until it
eventually happened.

In conclusion, Jorge died by some people who were not even planning to kill specific people but when they saw Jorge, they leapt at their only chance and they killed him. Jorge was never expecting it, but his dreams did.
The sky was bleak; it had just rained the other day. The wind was chilling, and the weather certainly fit in with the mood of the crime scene. Concrete tables and benches were scattered around the area. Just by looking at one, it was easy to tell how many people came by to just sit on them and relax. A tall building stood in the background, shading the sitting area. The building showed signs of wear, as some paint was chipped off the walls and a deep red peeked through the grays. Trees were lined up on the street of the building, some thin and some thick. The smell of breakfast seeped out of a deli nearby.

Cheyenne fell asleep just after talking to her friends about the plans they had the next day. She had a confusing dream that night. It was menacing; random shadows lurched around, the setting was dark and murky and she couldn’t really make out details. However, she did see some shadows that looked like bullets shoot right by her. She turned to them, but by then, the bullets seemed to disappear into thin air. Everything happened in a flash, and as soon as she knew it, she was awake.

*   *   *

Cheyenne’s mother lay on her bed, thinking about the plans she had with her daughter next weekend. As she drifted asleep, she had neutral feelings, no worries and no doubts. She slept peacefully that night—or so she thought. She had a dream about her daughter and herself, just laughing. It was an extremely calm dream, and her mom slept with a smile on her face. But just as she was about to wake up, the dream seemed to wash away into a dark, empty room.

*   *   *

Cheyenne had just woken up, and it was early, really early. She had plans with her friends today, so she stood up and headed to the bathroom to brush her teeth and get ready. After finishing, she went to the kitchen to grab a quick breakfast. Once she finished it, she headed down to where her friends were. They planned on going to the movie theaters. As Cheyenne walked outside to meet up with her friends, she looked up at the sky. It was dark and murky. The little sunlight cast dark shadows onto the cold concrete street. The clouds were gray and it almost seemed like it was going to rain, maybe even storm. It definitely looked like an awful day to be out. As she walked outside, her friends decided to sit in the courtyard and hang
out for a few until the movie. After awhile, a shady van pulled up.

Cheyenne sat on the concrete bench, along with her friends. The cool weather made the benches stone cold, sending a chill up her spine. She asked her friends, “Do you think today is a good day for movies?”

“We’ll be inside most of the time, so it’ll be okay,” one of her friends replied. Cheyenne shrugged, still unsure about their plans. “Let’s just listen to some music for a bit, and then we’ll head out,” her friend told her. The music was loud, ridiculously loud. You couldn’t even hear the car screech. But as the bullets were shot, it broke the sound barrier, and that was the last thing Cheyenne heard.

*   *   *

In order to find out more information about this murder, I had to investigate. So I walked up to one of the witnesses standing nearby. “Hey, I’m going to have to ask you some questions.” The woman stood there, hair slicked back in a ponytail, and a plain black over-sized t-shirt with a pair of jeans.

“Yeah, what do you want?” she replied, nonchalantly.

“Do you live around here?” I asked.

“Yeah, right ‘round the corner there. I was gettin’ some breakfast right here.” She pointed right behind her with her thumb, at the deli sitting right on the street.

“Ah, so did you see anything happen?”

“I heard the shots go off, and the van drive away,” she replied, ruffling through her paper bag, revealing a sandwich.

“Okay, then do you have an idea of what happened?” She was acting a little too casually for a murder to just take place.

“It was probably some relationship thing—y’ know how teenagers are nowadays. Crazy little things.” She unwrapped her sandwich and took a bite. The smell of eggs started to fill the area.

“Oh, really? Well then, thank you for your time . . . Enjoy your sandwich.”

“No problem,” she said, as she walked across the street, toward her building.

*   *   *

I decided to look a little deeper into the crime. Even if it was an “unfortunate relationship,” there is always something else for a case. I went to talk to one of the victim’s friends. “Hello, I know it’s a hard time now, but I would like to ask some questions,” I said, trying not to upset Cheyenne’s friend. Her eyes were red and puffy, she had definitely been crying
recently.

“No, it’s alright. I would like to get everything cleared up,” she replied softly, still affected by what had happened to her friend. I decided not to go little by little and just flat out ask her.

“Do you know why she was targeted? Was there anyone who didn’t like her?” It was a harsh first question, but I didn’t want to ask her meaningless questions. I wanted to get to the core issue—the motive.

“That’s the thing. This was just another useless, mistaken shooting. Cheyenne had nothing to do with it. They confused her with someone else. . . .”

“They? Who would ‘they’ be then?” I asked, as she hinted she knew more about this than she was saying.

“It was this guy . . . I don’t remember what his name was but it started with a B? Sorry, I’m not that sure. . . .” Her voice faded off, as she turned her face up toward the sky. “She died for nothing and now she can’t come back.” She was in a personal place now, so I decided to give her some space.

“Thank you for your time,” I said quietly, as I walked off into the distance.

* * *

Her apartment had never been so gloomy. Cheyenne’s mother was standing by the bed of her late daughter, taking it all in. She was dressed in a black shirt and a pair of jeans. It had already been a week since the murder. It was also the day the two were supposed to have a day out, to the movies. She walked back to the kitchen, where the microwave just finished beeping. Taking the two bags out, she grabbed the TV remote and clicked play. As she sat down, she set the two bags of popcorn on the table and began to watch the movie.
Calm and Unsuspicious
ALLYSON LOBO

Recently 21-year-old Maximilian Moreno was shot to death on the morning of Wednesday, September 21, in the apartment which he used to sell drugs. It’s unclear if he was robbed of his drugs. No suspects were named; however, there was a few neighboring witnesses who heard the disturbance from their dorm rooms at Pace University. The cause of his murder is undetermined, but to start my investigation, I went to the college at 161 William Street, in Manhattan.

It was partially sunny downtown. The day was slow paced, with working people on their lunch breaks. Looking around, people seemed to be calm. It was a place that looked as if anything hardly ever happened here. The university was at the corner of a street full of traffic, where swarms of cabs, buses, and cars seemed to zoom past. At Pace University there wasn’t a soul in sight. Walking into the building, the silence crept up on you at every corner, almost as if the halls were trying to keep the murder a secret.

*   *   *

The hall of the floor in which Max lived was long and quiet. His door was clean of the blood that was splattered there the night before; however, when you looked closer, you could still see splats of blood across the doorknob. Walking into the room, everything was semi-organized. There was no doubt that this student was a bit messy, but indeed he was a good student, with his due papers all together and ready to go.

I came across his journal, which was full of thoughts, stories and dreams he had recently. His last entry was on the night of September 20th, a dream he had the night before his murder. I was more like a nightmare. Max was smoking a cigarette outside the doors of his school; he was just released from his last class. The sun was setting, but next door to his school was a loud, noisy construction site. The sound of all the banging along with the machines seemed to annoy Max. He described it as a constant sound that kept getting louder and louder.

So here he is minding his business and one of his friends passes by. Max was trying to say hello when a huge bang startled him, and then the whole block seemed silent. All of a sudden, it was just him standing out there as huge clouds of gray rolled up and covered the sky. Before he knew it, it was pouring. When Max went to run inside, an excruciating pain spread throughout his right leg, which caused him to trip. He was flying towards a wall, and from there
red liquid covered the floor. He then flew onto the floor, and before his face could hit the floor, he woke up.

Max was startled, scared of the thought that this could actually happen to him one day. Although he sort of saw signs, signs he was unsure of. Max was a big fan of Hawaiian punch, seemed like he had a good supply of that in his fridge. Both his counter and floor appeared sticky as if he spilled some.

* * *

I had the opportunity to talk to a close friend as well as a next-door neighbor of Max’s, named Joshua. He told me all about the morning of the murder in the best details he could. “All I heard was anxious unfamiliar voices next door.” He described the yelling as rushed, impatient calls to Max, “GIVE US THE STUFF! GIVE IT TO US NOW,” said the murderers. I then asked him if he had the urge to open the door and look next door to see what was going on, but Joshua described himself as scared and clueless about what to do. Before he knew it, he heard loud gunshots. Then it felt as if the world had gone silent, and he heard someone fall to the floor. He peeped out to see if the murderers were running his way, but instead he heard glass shatter from his wall, which just happened to be the wall adjacent to Max’s bedroom.

“There was the sound of glass breaking and objects being thrown around the room, I don’t know what they were doing but I was three seconds from calling the cops,” Joshua said.

Apparently, before Joshua even had the chance to pick up his cell phone and call 911 or even the guards downstairs, the murderers fled the building. Joshua made sure the murderers left and then stepped out of his apartment and walked over to Max’s house.

“There was blood everywhere! I just couldn’t believe it! Like, it left me speechless, quick to sickness, that’s how much blood there was!” Joshua exclaimed. He told me it looked as if they pointed the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, because it seemed there was a direct hole through his head. He then ran downstairs to tell the guards and from there he couldn’t tell me anything more.

* * *

I went to interview a guard who was on patrol the morning of the murder. He claims that the two guys who entered were looked upon as just another couple of people visiting the tenants. “They seemed calm and unsuspicious.”
The Mysterious Case of Jorge Martinez

EMILY PIMENTEL

The Victim's Dream

For some reason, I was running. I was out of breath. I didn't know what I was running from, but it was like I didn't have control of my body. I ran inside the dirty train station, letting out a sigh of relief. I noticed nobody was around. When the train came, I ran inside and slammed myself against the other side of the door, hoping this train would hurry the hell up and move. And when it did, I calmed down a bit. I sat down on one of the seats, leaning my head against the wall of the train. Out of nowhere, I heard a buzzing sound so I opened my eyes to see a ladybug on my knee. I glared at it, and smashed it with my hand. That's when I started hearing the gunshots.

October 12th, 2001

Jorge Martinez was done with his final delivery. He was riding his bike to the park. The weather looked horrible; it was very cloudy and humid. He had an urge to go to the park that was 2 blocks away from his home. He always loved the park because there was a beautiful river with ducks in it. He parked his van, and sat on the same old chipped paint bench he always sat on for 26 years. It was dark, but very humid. He sighed and looked at the full moon. He loved his life: a beautiful wife and kids. He was always happy. Then he did something he hadn't done for a long time; he cried.

The Murderer's Dream

I'm in the hospital. In every dream that I've had, I always end up in the hospital. The same doctor comes up to me, telling me I'm going to jail once I leave. I panic. Suddenly, the lights turned off. I jumped off the bed, and ran towards the door with some difficulty since I couldn't see. The hallways were green. I walked along the never-ending hallway. I stopped when I saw a man in front of me, looking at me with fear in his eyes. If he was scared of me, why wasn't he running? I looked down to see a gun on the floor. Why would there be a gun in a hospital? Out of nowhere, my body started reaching for it. I was trying to stop, but it was like my body had control over my mind. I grabbed it, and pointed at the man with tears in my eyes. I blinked, glare at the man, pulled the trigger . . . BAM. That's when I woke up, after I pulled the
trigger. I have been having this dream for a year, and I have been scared and confused. But to make it stop I need to find this man. Now, I know exactly what to do to make these dreams stop.

Murder Scene: Detective’s Point Of View

The murder scene took place in an alley. Maybe the murderer dragged Jorge Martinez from his van and into the alley, for no one saw him kill Jorge. But this alley way is a place where no one would want to walk into. It is long, wide, with trash cans scattered around. It’s cold, creepy, and you can just feel an aura, knowing someone was killed here.

I shivered, and looked around. There’s still blood on the ground. I shook my head, but something caught my attention--a book. I picked it up, and it was Jorge’s, it had his name on it. It was full of addresses. This gave me an idea. Maybe we’re closer to the murderer then we thought, or maybe not. But either way, I would find out who did this to Jorge and put that bastard to jail, and he would suffer for what he has done. With that, I walked out, with my head high, face determined.

The Detective Interviews Witnesses

The first witness I talked to was a wrinkled elderly man, with baggy gray sweats and a big faded green sweater. His window faced the murder scene.

"I didn’t get to my window when I started hearing noises," he said. He was shaking, because he was so surprised that something like this would happen to a nice delivery man. “All I heard was grunting and punches. Then that's when I heard the gun shots," he said, wiping his forehead. “I wish I had gotten up to see who did this, but I was taking sleeping pills, so I was too tired to move."This elderly man wasn’t making too much sense, but he was kind of shaken up, so I moved to talk to the next witness.

The second witness I spoke to was Jorge’s best friend Kevin. I went to a clothing store to buy a shirt for work, and he worked as the cashier. “There wasn’t anybody I knew that hated him," he said. Kevin was gripping the cashier with both hands, a sign of anger. “Every person liked him, and I just don’t understand!” he almost yelled. I left the store, because I didn’t want to upset him more. But I gave him my number, in case he found out something, which may be hard because there wasn’t that much evidence. This is a very hard case that I intend to finish.

Last Day Before Jorge Died

I’m 10 minutes late for my last delivery. I park my van in front of a tall, old building. I go to the last floor, and knock on the door. An elderly woman opens the door, and when she looks
at me her sad eyes widen. Her order is $6, but she gives me $20 instead, and tells me to keep the change. I walk out of the building, surprised. I park my van in front of my home, but instead of walking in, I walk a couple of blocks more. The sun is already setting, the chilly night making me shiver. I feel like someone is watching me. I look to my left, and see a man covered in black from head to toe. He is just standing there, watching me. I leave right away to my home, and when I get there, there is a box in front of my door. Nervous, I lean down and open it, finding a dead pigeon. I hold in my scream, throw the box away, and run inside my bedroom, shaking with fear.

Two days after Jorge Martinez's Death, daughter’s point of view:

    My daddy's gone. I couldn't understand why anyone would want to kill him. Everybody loved him. Today is his funeral. I looked at everyone in my family, crying. My mother was on her knees sobbing, while my older brother was behind her, with a crazed look in his eyes. I know that he is going to find out who killed our father. I stepped up front, and put my rare blue flower on top of his coffin. While everyone chose red roses and lilies, mine was blue for a reason. It was our favorite rose. When I was little we would go to different stores to find it, since it was rare. The same day he had died, I was at Phoenix, and I found it. I was happy, until I came home. When everyone left the funeral I stayed. I kneeled in front of his stone with my head down. Suddenly, it started smelling like bread. I looked up and smiled. I knew that my father wouldn't want me to cry. He raised me as a tough, brave woman. I left the funeral with a smile on my face. I knew that he would always stay by my side.
We’ll Miss You, Breadman
SHANICK QUINTANA

He dreamt he was running around, chasing my children. They were in a park; it was a beautiful day outside. He said he had never felt more calm and relaxed. Suddenly, people started screaming. He turned around and saw someone holding a gun, running straight towards his family. When he tried to block him, the man swung at him, knocking his tooth out. He got up and searched for his children, but they were nowhere to be found. Jorge could only hear the faint laughter of his children, slowly fading away. Suddenly he was alone, but in the blink of an eye, everyone was back. He spotted his family. They were crying. When he walked up to them, he began asking them what was wrong. But it was as if he wasn’t there. Like they couldn’t hear him.

“Daddy can’t be dead, mommy!” cried his youngest daughter. Jorge kept screaming that he wasn’t dead, but it was useless. He was gone.

* * *

On the morning of the tragic day, Jorge awoke startled by his alarm clock. It was 6 in the morning, but the sun wasn’t shining. Instead, eerie clouds covered the sky. Jorge continued on with his normal routine. After having his breakfast, which consisted of warm bread and butter, he went to watch the morning news. They were reporting on a man who had gotten killed. When the picture of the murder weapon appeared on the screen, chills shot through his body, making him drop his coffee.

“Crap!” he yelped.

His wife, who had watched the whole scene then said, “What’s wrong with you this morning?” She proceeded to clean up the mess he made.

“I just can’t believe this kind of stuff still happens,” he whispered.

“I can’t imagine how the family of that poor man must feel like right now,” his wife commented.

After finishing his coffee, Jorge said goodbye to his family and left for work. As he walked to his truck, he ran into a co-worker. They had a conversation about the news report and asked each other about their families before going their own ways. When he got to his truck, he
turned up the radio and drove to his first stop. After a couple of deliveries, he stopped at a diner to get something to eat. Before going in, he looked up at the sky, it was still gray but at least it stopped raining.

* * *

The gun on TV from the news report was a long, black sniper’s rifle. According to the police, this was the gun used to kill that man. Then the crime scene popped up on the screen, it looked like a tornado had passed by that street. After staring at it for a couple of seconds, he picked up the remote and turned the TV off.

* * *

The first witness I interviewed was a man named Ronald Martinez. He was the cashier working in the deli that night. Since the deli is right across the street from the murder scene, I figured this man should have seen something.

“It was a pretty peaceful night,” he told me. “The Yankee’s game was on, so I was watching it most of the time . . . Up until I heard the gunshots, that is.” I proceeded to ask questions but this guy wasn’t giving me much. “When I looked up at the roof, I saw someone, but they ducked immediately,” he said.

“Do you see a face?” I asked. He hesitated but then responded, “NO!” I think this guy was scared of something, or someone. But I didn’t push it any longer.

* * *

“He kept running. He wouldn’t stop! I tried catching up, but he seemed almost like a flash of light. Traveling at the speed of a bullet. Next thing I know, he disappears! I ended up tripping and I lost a tooth in the process. When I looked up, I was in a cemetery, lying on his grave.” His wife’s dream is just IRONIC.

* * *

I spoke to many people from around the neighborhood that knew Jorge from his deliveries. Everyone said that he was a very calm and friendly man. Then I spoke to the landlord of a nearby building. “Yeah I know the man. He wasn’t wanted around here!” he said.

“That’s odd,” I thought to myself, since everyone seemed to like him. I asked him why he said such things.

“Trouble maker he was. . . . couldn’t mind his own business. Cost him his life!” He wasn’t making any sense, and I was getting anxious. Then he finally told me, “Couple of kids
were messing around with another boy. Breadman decided to play ‘hero’ and got involved. The boys threatened him and left. Next day he’s dead. That’s not just coincidence.” Now I had something to work with, but first, who were these “boys”?

* * *

The scene of the crime was like those in the ‘hood-rat movies. Except this was reality, which meant it was all the more trashy and disgusting. Graffiti everywhere, garbage all over the place. It was sad. The buildings were tall and dreary. Not much sunlight came in. The people kept to themselves and they all seemed to have the same fear in their eyes that the cashier had. Who were they all afraid of? Maybe the “boys.”

This case has taught me one important thing. “Super hero” is a label meant for the indestructible. But if you’re just as human as the next guy, with your only power being good intentions, it’s best to mind your own business. Because good intentions can only help you consciously. Unfortunately, this man stepped in at the wrong time, messing with the wrong people. He didn’t deserve it, he was just trying to help, but the people who did this thought he deserved it. May he rest in peace.
Marcelo saw it all happen before his eyes. Seven high school students were in a hateful mission to hunt down a Mexican immigrant. It was their purpose for living. Not until months later, did one of the murderers feel humble and guilty enough—he was a Mormon—to tell the truth about Marcelo’s death. It was November 11, 2008, when Marcelo died on Long Island, right next to one of the murderers’ neighbor’s trash can. The neighbor discovered the dead body the following day.

On November 10, 2008, at 7:36 a.m., Marcelo woke up from a sweet dream. When Marcelo realized that it was Monday he remembered that he still owed money to pay the rent. Later that morning he knocked on my door and asked if my father could loan him some money to help him pay his rent. He promised that he would pay him back. I then said to him, “If you never had stayed up all night drinking, then you wouldn’t owe money to pay your rent.” He smiled. My father loaned Marcelo $500 dollars so that he could stop asking for more. He left with an even bigger smile and went off to work or to his bad hobby of selling drugs.

I don’t drink, smoke, or take harmful drugs. You take a sample and you may end up in a bad situation. I left my house as well and caught up to him. As I was on my way to school my friends came along. His name is Jordan Dasch, a guy who loves heavy metal and beats the crap out of anyone who messes with him. He once defended me when I was getting my butt kicked by a 12-year-old kid in the 4th grade; now that kid doesn’t mess with me anymore. Jordan asked me if I knew the guy I was staring at. I knew him since I was 5, but I always hated him because he invited me to drink. I always hated that.

Jordan didn’t like when people messed with me. It’s as if I was his little brother and his favorite one to. He asked me if I “wanted to go fuck him up?” but I was like “nah, lets save it for later.” Not until Nick came along and heard about my situation with the guy I was staring at.

Nick suggested, “Whenever people got problems with you, just let me know, alright?” “Okay,” I told Nick.

We finally got to school while passing Marcelo, eating his daily breakfast, while waiting for me to pass by him. This time he missed the boat. It was November 10, 2008, at 3:03 pm as I remember.
School is a drain. No time for hide outs. I’m coming out of school when a guy runs up to me, taps my left shoulder, and takes me between two large buildings. He pushes me in to the ground. He takes out a knife but when Jordan sees that I’m on the ground, the guy quickly runs and drops his knife. Jordan picked me up and I told him that I was fine. I know he saw something, but he’s acting like he didn’t see anything, so he agrees with me and left to my crib. On our way to my crib me and Marcelo saw 7 birds chasing a single worm and thought of it like a weird déjà vu.

On November 10, 2008, Marcelo went to his aunt’s house to help her fix her the television. There was no problem with the TV; she was only putting the input in the wrong channel. He then left home and got there at 6:14 pm. He took a small siesta. He starts dreaming about 7 huge birds chasing a large worm because they were hungry and he was the only worm left. He wakes up and looks for a beer then goes back to sleep. Again he dreams of the 7 huge birds but they grow up a few feet and now they are looking for food. He stops at a puddle and sees himself. He saw a worm. The big 7 rock doves begin chasing him and one of the birds gets his tail and right at that moment he wakes up.

Jordan had a dream the night before Marcelo’s death. His father was running away from the cops, and he stops at the corner of the street and hides. Marcelo was next to Jordan with a rifle, aiming at his father. He tried to push Marcelo but had pulled the trigger. He wasn’t quick enough. He wakes up and has this hate for Marcelo.

January 3, 2009. Marco Polanco, another witness to the crime, is the neighbor of Kevin. On November 11, 2008, at 11:45, Marco saw Jordan forcing Marcelo to go in to Kevin’s house. Along the way he saw a guy who was majorly high and couldn’t walk properly, while 5 other people were staring at this stupid guy. He was drunk, talking, and had no meaning to what he was saying. An hour later Marco hears screaming and yelling for help in Kevin’s house. There was silence and he went back to sleep.

January 3, 2009. As the judge called me to testify as a witness to Marcelo’s murder, I bravely went up and said the truth. “Marcelo’s death wasn’t fair. I told Jordan that I hated Marcelo, when he invited me to drink every time he was drunk. Jordan took my situation serious, and wanted to
do something about it. I remember when Jordan and 3 guys came to my house to talk about the situation. They said they were going to kill him, but I replied with a no.

“Then I drank my soda and dropped to the floor. I had no control of my body and did what Jordan wanted to do. To kill Marcelo. They put something in my cup.” Everyone who heard this was surprised. I did not finish telling my story because I couldn’t remember. I could only see tiny flashbacks of the death. This case was no longer a mystery.

* * *

The cops took Marcelo’s body for an autopsy to see how he died. The autopsy wasn’t a success since the body was cut in too many chunks and some were burned. The only option the cops had was to take DNA samples to identify the victim. They figured it was Marcelo since he had been missing for 2 month. Their prediction was right.

* * *

I had learned to say the truth, not only to my friends but to strangers. I had forgotten that Jesus sees my every movement. Now I just want god to forgive me. Now I just want people to forget what have done.

November 11, 2008 2:05 am. Jordan felt anger and hate. His was unhappy about what Marcelo did to his best friend Chris. The only way he would get over it is to get rid or Marcelo. Marcelo, on the other hand, was all drunk and had a headache. Marcelo went out to smoke. Jordan and Nick were in front of the house while Chris was behind them, all fucked up. They were waiting for him with an ax and a knife. They had to do it since Chris didn’t have control over his body. From there 4 more guys came along and beat the hell out of Marcelo, but they still weren’t finished. They took him to a place where they were going to make him suffer. Hours later Marcelo died and the 7 guys chopped Marcelo’s body and put it in the trash in someone’s house.

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November 11, 2008, 2:09 a.m. I felt like if I was going in circles but really wasn’t in real life. I saw a face. It had red shiny blood and still looking at me. My hand was holding a knife. It was already used since the knife was all covered with blood. I can hear my heart beat, pumping over and over. Each pump was only pumping harder and then I felt my warm vein going by. Then I felt my legs then my arm and last I felt my soul. I realized that I wasn’t controlling my body; my body was controlling me.
The Last Delivery

JULYSSA VELIZ

The first witness I talked to was a young man named Edward Benzyl. He wore jeans with a leather jacket and black sneakers. “I was coming from the supermarket in 125th street,” he said, as he was holding bags of groceries in his hands. “All of a sudden I heard a loud voice scream, thinking it was just someone messing around. As I walked outside the supermarket there was Jose lying on the ground by his truck.” The murderer left behind no evidence. Jose’s family wasn’t informed about his death until later that day at 1:30 am.

After speaking to the victim’s family, who told me that Jose wasn’t a troublemaker, and wouldn’t get into any problems, I felt certain that Jose was being robbed for money, or anything valuable he had on. Or he could have been secretly envied. If robbing him was the case, then I assumed that he was murdered for refusing to give the criminals his belongings, which is why they decided to murder him.

Jose’s house was a nice big casual place. It had two floors, well-painted white walls. From the outside it was a beige color, very neat. It also had a small porch with two chairs facing the street. Inside, there were about two rooms on the first floor and three rooms on the second floor. The room on the right, on the first floor belonged to Jose. The room was very organized. Jose’s personality said it all: he was an innocent man. In the kitchen, there was a big table, two windows at the side of the front wall. The living room had a glass table with flowers on top, and pictures of Jose and his family.

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The block where Jose was murdered, was nothing like where he lived. The block where he was murdered was completely dark at night. It looked very suspicious and was always empty. It had grocery stores, a small park, a liquor store, and a supermarket, which is the store that Jose was in front of when they murdered him.

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Elysa Nievez, Jose’s mom, had a strange dream the night before her son was murdered. “He was walking home from work, and all of a sudden a bird dropped a bullet on the floor. After that, the bird flew away and Jose was no longer there. Then I heard a loud voice scream, a scream that sounded just like Jose.”
After hearing about this terrible dream, I was told that Jose also had a dream, which could have been a sign for Jose. “He told me that he dreamed that he woke up to get something to drink from our kitchen and was walking in complete darkness. When he turned on the kitchen light, he saw a shadow through the window, and the window broke with a loud shudder of broken glass.” The victim’s mother said he had woken up terrified.

The day after the murder, around 2:00 pm, I spoke to Jose’s closest friend, Eliot Rodriguez. “We had plans that day, on going to a bar at 118th street,” he said. “I called him to see if he was still coming, but he never answered. The following day, I found out that he was killed. I didn’t expect this to happen to such a decent man.”

I imagined Jose delivering bread, which was his job. While inside of his truck two men appeared with guns threatening him before killing him. He fell out of his truck once the bullets hit him, and was found next to his truck, in front of a supermarket. He left behind his family, and left nothing but great memories to his loved ones.

I kept driving up and down Avenue X and 125th Street, where the crime scene took place. I was hoping to find evidence that would lead me to the Jose’s murderer. As I drove around the street, I felt like the murderer was closer than I thought. I won’t give up until I find him and put him in jail for killing an innocent man.
Maximilian Moreno was in his huge apartment that he had all to himself, with his Scarface movie posters, and money coming in every day. He begins his day with the thought that his life is going all good and nothing could go wrong and nothing could stop him. His cell phone rings, as it is one of his usual customers, and he prepares his drugs to be ready for sale. He goes outside his apartment and meets his customer who was with his friend. They continue to do what they do when suddenly two gunmen rush toward Moreno and demand all the cash and drugs he has on him. But then: BANG! He is shot, dead.

On a normal day in Moreno’s life, he wakes up and checks his phone as he arranges different times and places to meet up with all of his customers in the mornings before he has to go to his classes. So he goes outside his apartment, and begins calling all of his customers and meets up with them. He feels somewhat untouchable as he counts the hundreds of dollars he just made within minutes and heads off to his school.

Maximilian was dreaming the night before. He dreamed as if he was living his normal perfect life. He is walking on the Brooklyn Bridge, close to the edge, but suddenly he trips and falls off the bridge. But before he reaches his demise, he awakes from his dream, and can’t go to sleep again for the rest of the night.

An investigator spoke to one of his alleged customers, who decided to not have his name published. This customer has informed the investigator that Moreno was a flashy kind of guy. He wore the latest and most expensive clothing, always had the new phones, and flashed a lot of cash. He seemed like he never thought he would get caught up in any dangerous or life threatening situations or get caught by the police or anything, he felt untouchable. Possibly, because he was so seemingly untouchable, he believed that was the truth, and it could have even been his downfall.

A report from another investigator who spoke to one of Moreno’s teachers at the Lubin School of Business informed us that the teacher stated that she always had suspicions about
Moreno possibly doing something shady, and having a lot of money from it. She informed us about Moreno being on his cell phone a lot, always being in and out of school at many different times. Or even not at all. She also told our investigator that he was always the cool guy and one of the most popular and seemed like he had all the friends, and was living the perfect life.