

Adviser Note: This is the first Diman Literary Magazine in several years. Due to time constraints, this issue is only available online. This first piece is the beginning of a longer body of work composed by Noah Arruda, Class of 2027.

I'VE BEEN REINCARNATED AS A POWERFUL DARK KNIGHT WITH MY DIGITAL FRIEND IN THIS INTO FANTASY WORLD... BUT I LOST ALL MY MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

MC (Main Character) buys some Ramen and a Cola

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Robber enters store

“Everybody, hands where I can see them or I'll shoot,” robber says.

Main character steps up

“ Hey, what are you doing?”

*Robber points gun at MC *

“Hands where I can see them, says the robber.

MC grabs gun and puts it to his own mouth

“HEY... HEY... are you crazy,” Robber says

“Kill me I dare you I have nothing to live for, “ MC says.

sirens blaring in the distance background

“ HEY LET GO OF MY GUN KID “

after there was some struggling

the robber accidentally shoots MC

“ ahh what did i do....” robber

robber runs away as our MC loses consciousness

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“Hello, Masaru Toshihiro from earth, you have accidentally killed you..... so how about this offer a new life you will be incredible strong in *winks*, I will reincarnate you with amazing powers but you have to sacrifice your memories. But I will let you choose one item or person to bring with you,” God says

“So can I pick an item and a person?” Toshihiro says

“Didn't i say Only one Item Or Person,” God says

“Come on you just killed me, Can't I atleast have something more than that,” Toshihiro says

“Fine, I will allow one person and item,” God says. “Find one item and one person. Don't ask for anything or more I will curse you to wander for the rest of eternity.

“Alright then, I choose to bring a book that allows me look at stats and change them and also let me multiplate things with in the world, ” Toshihiro says

“Ok,” says God. “And for the person you are going to bring with you?”

“ I would like to bring my online friend Hindo with me,“ says Toshihiro

“Ok when you transfer to this new world you will only remember our conversation but nothing about your past life. Also if you call on me I can give you wisdom and guidance and your friend will be reincarnated with you. So go on and live the life that you always wanted,” God says.

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...

WHAHHHHHH

WHAHHHHHH

WHAHHHHHH

WHAHHHHHH

“Oh honey the baby is crying,” Dad says

“Is the baby alright,” Mom says

“It’s okay ..

“Shh, go to sleep,” Mom says.

A bandit group knocks on the door, this group is called Raitohantā

“Go on get out of here, I'll distract them,” says Dad

“What, No, We can all escape,” says Mom

“Please, Go,” Dad says

I see a big light and explosion from the fight

The MC and his Mother run from the house escaping the bandits....for now

*As we got to the river, the group of bandits close in and as my mother is running the opposite way *

As I was flowing downstream and drifted off to sleep

END OF CHAPTER 1

Note: These are lyrics to a song "Book of Rhymes" by sophomore Noah 'Flaim' Davis, Class of 2025

"This ain't my book of revelations, nah it's my book of rhymes
I'm just chilling and working on my grind
I'm here because I decided to do something with all this time
I don't expect anyone to help me with this dream because it's mine
You can't connect with me because I barely know what's going on inside my mind
I'm really not ok if you ask me how I'm doing and all I say is fine
I live by two rules, that's honesty and loyalty
If your honest with me you're good, if you're loyal to me you're good, that mean you're not going
back and forth, there ain't no buoyancy
Don't leave yet because there's so much more to see
I appreciate the honesty, but when you're lying to me you're boring me
If you can be honest and loyal then we can live in conformity
But if you can't, me and you will have quite the opposite of courtesy
I ain't expecting to become a rap god and treated like royalty
But what I really want is for these lyrics to be admired like a novelty
Switching up my flow in this song because I don't really know what else y'all want from me
Like amazon I can rhyme any word from a to z
I don't even know what I'm saying anymore, think I'm going tone deaf
Spitting fire on the mic, got some dragon breath
Surprised you're still here because to be honest if I were you I would've already left
You can call me cocky
Since this is my first alum and my my flow is still choppy
But I'm knocking out this first album like I'm Creed or Rocky
Cooking it up like teriyaki
Kicking it to oblivion like Mr.Miyagi
This is fuego like taki

I write every word of this, not a copy
I'm mentally irregular, I'm dotty
Don't at me cause I don't sing
I'm just tryna get my 10 rings
These punches hurt more than a sting
Knock yo teeth out and I'll wear them as bling
Or maybe put them in my crown cuz I'm king
I'm very confusing
The pot I'm just stirring
This music is violent but I don't swear
It's odd, I know, I'm fully aware
But I don't care
Because that's what sets me apart, so you can't compare
I know what I'm doing and it's completely fair
I don't care if this flops, I ain't in despair
If it's a battle you want, then it's war I declare
I'm playing my cards write even though I'm playing alone, it's solitaire
This game is broken and I'll repair
Don't worry I'm putting in my share
I mean it's hard not to be violent when I live by the way of the fist
And I look up to Em because he's it
This is so fire that you can't touch me without an oven mit
I'ma rhyme till I slur up spit
Even passed that because I'ma make myself fit
Then I still won't chill out because this is too lit"

*Note: The following is an untitled poem written by sophomore Jose Velazquez,
Class of 2025*

You fibonacci fib to yourself off your formula
You form inside your mind everyday.
The presence that you bring inside a room,

Is the result of your mental-
It's sickening. I made mine up in seven days.

I severed my connections with the person in the mirror
Who would train a fake smile and just go on with their day.
Eyes were low, but he was still breathing
Feet were still walking on a path;
A road that he would only know as "the same".

No Turning back.
I ran away.
I'm running fast.
Run from the mass, the Recursive Mass.

The following are wildlife poems written anonymously by students in the class of 2023. Students conducted journal assignments outside and composed these pieces.

-Endless outcomes

Wildlife is the key to nature
It's what connects us to the air we breathe
It's beautiful with the colors and light
To be free with endless outcomes
Never know what's going to happen.

-On a sunny day

When I think of wildlife
I think of birds chirping and sunny days,
Green grass, blooming flowers
All you smell is summer
Even if the pollen makes you sneeze
You see smiles on faces
When you think of nature and it being so nice:
Beautiful warm weather on a beautiful sunny day

Will always make your day

-Love in the Air

I hear the birds,
I see the trees,
I feel the heat of the sun,
I feel the love in the air.

Rolling Rock

Life is like a rolling rock on a hill
And you are the rock
Your goal is to dodge all the obstacles in your way
Until you reach your goal

Note: The following prose was written by junior and the founder of the second Literary Magazine generation, Paige Diogo, Class of 2024

Silence

The air is void of sound, and what once filled it with joyous laughter, the ambience of conversation and the gentle chaos of everyday life was replaced by a muted atmosphere that carried no emotion with it at all. The absence of the convivial atmosphere forced you to give every last ounce of your attention to the silence, as if it were some kind of authoritative presence.

The silence wrapped itself amongst all of its surrounding; every person and object in the room could feel itself in that moment of pause surrounded by the embrace of the silence that was neither friendly nor aggressive, not warm or cold. The silence was neutral, it simply hung in the air over everyone's heads, letting itself be known.

But when a sudden sound interrupted the silence, everyone turned their attention away, and all heads were turned to a pin that fell from a surface and made its way to the floor, a pin that was dropped and shattered the metaphorical glass of the silence. That was all it took, but people began to whisper about the pin that fell from a tabletop, and the whispering grew louder, and before long, all conversation and activity resumed, and the silence was lifted and gone as if it were never there at all.

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Note: A poem by Raul depina dos Santos , Class of 2025

*How many times have you lied?
Blank canvas, but it stays white..
Drowning in your lies, I'm Baptized
Shock of emotions left me paralyzed*

*Waiting for you, but I ain't got the patience
I wasn't blessed with that virtue
For you I wasn't nothing but an acquaintance*

*Blinded by your looks, I couldn't see the real
Real you, for me it didn't make a difference
You were a drug and I was under your influence.*

*Calling out to you but you wouldn't listen
Us two wasn't nothing but a fiction
Baptized in your lies but I ain't a christian
Waiting, make your decision.
In your game I wasn't nothing but a victim...*

How many times have you lied?
How many times have you cried?
...it stays white.-