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All These Things I’ve Done

Background: In New York City, 2083, water is rationed; paper, flowers, and fruit are incredibly rare and expensive; chocolate and coffee are both illegal. Anya is the 16-year-old daughter of New York's most notorious crime boss: the former head of the Balanchine Chocolate Supply Company. Following the assassination of her mother and murder of her father which she and her younger sister, Natalya, were present for, Anya must take care of her older brother (who is mentally challenged as a result of being seriously injured during the killing of their mother the shooting of their mother), Natalya, and her dying grandmother. Win, the son of the new District Attorney and new kid in school, befriends Anya and the two begin to see each other, against the advisement of Win’s father. With her criminal family now offering her brother a job, Anya tries desperately to keep her family safe and away from the illegal activities that her father was involved in. These attempts prove useless when Anya’s ex-boyfriend is poisoned with a piece of chocolate that Anya gave to him weeks after she assaulted him in the cafeteria of her school and Anya is accused of attempted murder.

Soaked in the crippling corrosive of lies and deceit,

Twisted and warped under the crushing weight of expectation,

Seeded amongst death, decay, and the killer elite,

A soul grows up in need of salvation.

Born to reign over a crime-ridden empire

And command the wicked ruins of a crumbling urban land,

Standing alone in a hail of gunfire,

With a father’s crooked ways staining crimson a girl’s hands.

Trouble haunting her, feeding on doubt and sorrow,

She no longer lives, but only exists

In a world where a guardian feels no promise of tomorrow,

Filled with sinful temptations that she must resist.

Plagued by the blood of a mafia father,

Interwoven in a tangled web of illegality

Innocence long gone, a tiresome bother,

A daughter painfully aware of fragile mortality.

A heart beats in the footsteps on the well-worn concrete,

Trying to maintain her sanity in a world where chocolate is contraband.

A corrupt reality where caffeine is a drug pushed on the street,

And rare fruit and flowers are in high demand.

A sister sacrifices her comfort, putting herself last,

Her resources rationed with none to spare.

Paper, the sought-after privilege of the past,

Grows on the fruitful trees of her prayers.

A student, determined and strong,

Keeps the Christian faith of her mother.

This belief in God is the way she gets along

Until she finds love in the heart of another.

Suddenly now, in the blink of an eye

A guiltless criminal has stumbled upon a friend.

A most faithful and trusted ally

Holding by her side until the bitter end.

No longer silent, a warrior stands

Strong in the wake of blame.

Her fate lying in another’s hands,

She teeters on the cusp of redemption and shame.

A soul,

A girl,

A guardian,

A daughter,

A heart,

A sister,

A student,

A friend,

An guiltless criminal,

A warrior,

Living, breathing, feeling.

The agony,

The bliss,

The desperation,

The rage,

The loss,

That would break most men.

But she holds steady,

Tall and proud,

With the blood of a criminal and the blood of a cop flowing through her veins,

At the head of a powerful family,

Innocent of all crimes but love,

In the wicked ruins of a crumbling urban land.