Dear Students,


If anything ever deserved a tagline, it is this publication composed of written pieces from you. This journal was once called The Newsletter – a title issued by LA Probation. One of my first tasks as Writing Program Director was to finalize a new title. After reading and re-reading your words, a co-worker challenged me to describe your writing. “Gut-wrenching. Funny and wounded. Furious. Beautiful. Frightening. Pretty damn brilliant. Brave. I don’t know; it’s a lot of things. The kids really go in-depth.” “That’s it,” she said. “In Depth.” Next, a teacher advised me to call it a literary journal (thanks, Rob). Thus The Newsletter became In Depth Literary Journal of InsideOUT Writers.

Yet something was missing. I questioned what it took to become the memorable writers you are. Well, IOW provided pens and paper but there was a third element that you brought: perseverance. So there it was: Pen. Paper. Perseverance.

Over the last three and a half years, I’ve sat in on every unit and substituted all but two. It never gets old – being witness to you writing and reaching your work aloud. I don’t care if snacks, boredom, a teacher or a love of writing brings you into an IOW class. What I do care about and what has made all the non-stop administrative tasks in the office worth doing, is getting to play a small role in you using the written word to shed light on how you have managed and will manage to stand firm and endure when so much has tried to knock you down and lay you out cold.

In the end, we did not come up with the tagline that serves the literary journal and the larger IOW family; you did. By the time you read this, I will have exited my role as program director. Yet I won’t be leaving. I’ll have the opportunity to teach and help more students realize what you hopefully know: Each letter and word you choose to write on a weekday evening or Saturday morning is a testament to your desire to move forward and honors who you have been, who you are now and who you are determined to become.

See you in the halls and then on the outs.

Keep writing,

Leslie Diane Poston
Former Writing Program Director
Fellow Writers,

InsideOUT Writers has pretty much become the focal point in my life. This program and these people have been nothing but great to me. I’ve been out of six months now, and go to every (yes, EVERY) Writing Circle. IOW is a home for me: warm, inviting, fun, and therapeutic.

I recently coined the term “Bible study” when referring to the writing classes because they’re almost synonymous and serve the same purpose: self-improvement, enlightenment and/or enrichment. Yeah, some people go their whole life looking desperately for what I just so happened to stumble across via severely poorly planned choices, and that’s why I can’t let them go. I have built a family with IOW, they’ve invested in me, and I in them, and now we all (not just IOW & myself, but everyone) make one hell of a team. Changes are being made, issues are being pushed and bad days are being pushed through, all while more people are picking up pens and being exposed to the beauty of InsideOUT Writers.

I use the word beauty very sparingly because my definition of it is: anything that is pleasing to ALL of the senses. InsideOUT makes me feel like I am exactly where I need to be. They’ve opened doors and opened my eyes to them, the words and the stories I hear from everyone reveal this unearthly resilience that seems to come as a package deal with alumni and IOW affiliates, and of course, we all know that those snacks in the circle are the bomb, and it smells like Christmas only because you end up giving more than you actually get, but you wouldn’t have it any other way. I know I wouldn’t. IOW isn’t in the business of giving up on people or turning them away. They’ve got a habit of bringing out the best in people. You all might be away right now, but you’re not forgotten. We will be here when you’re ready.

“Life’s not about waiting for the storm to pass, it’s about learning to dance in the rain.”

Anonymous Friend & Alum, Age 20
An Ode to My Dreams

Dear Ode to my dream,
You speak to me as if you know my future in plans
you give me wisdom to stock up these bendz
You give me the knowledge to provide for my kid to the end.

You tell me dreams as it’s coming true from heaven
you open my eyes & show me the path
you show me ways how I can get out
of the pain & the depression
you show me ways how I can make it out the ghetto
& take care of my family
& in giving back to the streets
You told me I was slowin’ but you brought me back to life
I had a vision of being in the pain of darkness
then you show me a vision & I’m coming to the light.

Dear Ode to my dream
you speak to me as if you know my future in plans
you give me wisdom to stock up these bendz
You give me the knowledge to provide for my kid to the end.

Revontae P.
Unit Boys P, 2/29/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

Dreams

To start young and sleep
was to visualize wants not needs.
I hoped for happiness but always tend to regress.
I cry, my friends die.
but this earth is going through suicide. (delete)
Tears, joy, envy, lust, wrath.
Every night I wash my emotions away with a bath.
Death watches over me but Jesus protects me.
God trusts me while the devil deceives me.
My heart breaks and my soul creaks.
My shackles shake and my spirit quakes.
My daughter cries and my mindstate fights.

Ezra H.
Unit Boys KL, 1/29/20
Central Juvenile Hall

Time is valuable

To me, I think time is priceless.
And I think you should be afraid of time.
Anything could happen through time.
Your whole life could change.
You can even die.
But I think you should use your time wisely.
If not, your time could be gone any day.

Edmond W.
Unit Boys RS, 1/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall
Central Juvenile Hall is where I'm at.
I miss my family.
I made some mistakes and hope they are not mad at me.
I live my life in a fantasy world.
Everything I saw didn’t happen to be.
All my problems are like hide ‘n go seek.
Life in the streets is like demons to me.
Whatcha think is scary is funny to me.
Life is so cold.
Everything I saw is getting old.
I’m tired of getting judged by the way the story was told.
Fighting this case the Judge expects me to fold.
Mom is working hard making sure we have some clothes.
I try not to tell my mom what I was doing.
So i kept it on the low
I tried to show my mom I was on the right flow.

Anonymous
Unit Boys CARE, 3/11/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

Change
The last time I felt innocent was when I was 6-years-old. I started to notice a lot of change in myself and my life. There were days that I stayed thinking about the world-changing and becoming someone better or worse than my younger self. There are times when I want to go back in time to change my ways I went through at a young age and not follow the bad environment that I grew up in...

Anonymous
Unit Boys J, 3/7/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

Life & Death
Life is waking up to another day.
Life is having my family and my parents still with me.
Death is something that people fear.
Death is being in a room with four walls and a locked door.
Death is being told when I get to eat and shower.

Kyontay H., Age 15
Units Boys RS, 5/29/10
Central Juvenile Hall
To Survive
To survive you have to fail.
Because in order to survive, you have to learn from your mistakes.
In order to survive, you have to have your own experience of surviving.
Because you can’t survive from other people’s mistakes.
You survive by learning from your own experience.

Sam M.
Unit Boys ESU, 1/18/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

"You survive by learning from your own experience."

The Ocean
I often sit and draw pictures of the ocean.
The ocean makes angry people calm down.
When you breathe the air near the ocean, you feel like you got all the air you want.
When I hear the waves, it makes me calm down, it makes me feel better.
When you put your feet in the sand, it feels warm – makes me feel in love with the sand.
But here I sit, drawing pictures of the ocean.

Arnulfo C.
Unit Boys P, 3/7/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

Untitled
Jail is not life’s gate.
It is a place for horrible days.
A number for company rates.
Murder to robbers names the date.
Ephemeral demands.
Made by my own hands.
Tear stained grass.
All out blast.
No second chances.
No lucky breaks.
Years to be served.
For simple mistakes.

Kai F.
Unit Boys CARE, 3/4/2020
Central Juvenile Hall
Addiction and me have an amazing relationship, but it isn't a healthy one.

Since I was a kid, I've had to deal with this unsteady relationship. My first experience may not have been drugs but it was the beginning of something ugly and dangerous. In a sense, I started with sugar. When I was upset I would eat something sugary in a way to try and cool myself. This combined with being put on Adderall since the age of five has transformed itself into my biggest struggle, addiction.

At the age of nine, I smoked my first cigarette. At the age of 10, my first drink. And at 12, I smoked weed. From the age of 12, my life’s taken a horrible turn for the worse. By the age of 13, I was smoking every day and I started moving on to harder drugs.

Addiction has had its grasp on me since I was a little kid but at 16, I got to my lowest and worst point. I was out partying almost every night, not really coming home, except to get more money and alcohol. I started hurting those around me horribly, especially setting a horrible example for my little sisters. I stopped caring about others and myself. My parents hardly knew what I was doing except that I was probably under the influence. By the time I was 17, I had smoked DMT, done fentanyl, methadone, used Xanax laced with MDH and fentanyl in the same night forgetting who I was, and almost dying. I was abusing opioids, especially oxys, blacking out daily and gone for five days a week. If I wanted to do anything from taking out the trash to partying or talking to girls, I had to be under the influence.

For this, I am glad I got locked up. I haven’t been sober for more than a week since I was 13. I’ve been five months sober now and have been struggling to keep my sanity. One way I do this is by trying not to mess up at all and apologize profusely if I do, and by constantly cleaning or bettering myself. I want to do better and I truly hope I can. Maybe I can and I pray for strength.

Kai F.
Units Boys CARE, 9/21/19
Central Juvenile Hall
My Story
The words I’m about to say are going to change someone’s life someday.
The drugs don’t kill your pain and running away doesn’t do anything.
It just throws your life away.
Trust and believe
I know what I mean.
I’m just a human being.
Here is a little story about me and methamphetamine.
At the age of thirteen,
I low key thought I was a dope fiend.
Because I did crystal meth.
And that was when I felt death.
Her love is a powerful drug.
That I can’t get enough of.
She tried to take me with her.
But I said forget her.
I am fed up with her.
I don’t want to use no more.

Kane B.
Unit Boys ESU
Central Juvenile Hall

Tell me why I did not listen to my mom
Tell me why I’m locked up right now
Tell me why I don’t listen to the laws in the world
Tell me why I don’t like the addictions that I have
Tell me why I hurt the people I love

Christian,
Boys ESU, March 2019
Central Juvenile Hall

Tell me why you cheated
Tell me why you lied
Tell me why you love me
Tell me why I’m locked up
Tell me why you hating
Tell me why I attempted murder
Tell me why you pranked me
Tell me why you cried
Tell me why you get high
Tell me why you’re losing your mind

Alexander,
Boys ESU, March 2019
Central Juvenile Hall

Tell me why
All I want to do is get high
Tell me why
I sometimes want to end my own life
Please tell me why
Tell me why
I think God isn’t on my side
Tell me why
I think I am losing my mind

Kane
Boys ESU, March 2019
Central Juvenile Hall

Tell me why you lie
Tell me why you wanna die
Tell me why you cry
Tell me why so I can try
Tell me why you’re sad
Tell me why you’re acting badly
Tell me why you’re hating
Tell me why so we can start debating
Tell me why it’s so much hate
Tell me why before it’s too late

Nati
Boys ESU, March 2019
Central Juvenile Hall
If
If I grew up with good parents, maybe I wouldn’t be like this.
If I grew up with loving parents, maybe I would show love.
If I grew up with caring parents, maybe I would be more caring.
If I grew up with role models, maybe I would be a better person.
If I grew up with fairness, maybe I would learn fairness.
If I grew up with my parents, maybe I wouldn’t feel alone and instead, be proud of me.

Ryan S.
Unit Y2, 2/29/20
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall

Growing up, I saw a lot.
I saw poverty, anger, and violence in my life. I feel like my environment was what changed me and be something that I am not. What if I grew up with a mother and a father that never left, I would be someone in life and not in this position.

To this day, I ask myself how would it be if I would’ve grown up in a good family. I really think about if things would’ve gone good but ‘till this day, I still don’t know.

Acevedo
Unit Y2, 2/29/2020
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall

The room is dark and I am quiet.
My rights have just been read to me after having surgery. I lie in the hospital bed with a gunshot wound and a shattered femur with only one thing on my mind, “What’s gonna happen to me?”

Andres E.
Unit Y2, 1/18/2020
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall
Kobe was the reason why I started playing basketball. He encouraged all the young kids growing up, even people my parents' age were inspired by him. On and off the court, Kobe Bryant was an iconic player and person. He cared about the community. He was also a very family-oriented person. Kobe Bryant was a real legend world wide. His death impacted billions of people.

Kobe Bryant is and was the best player to ever do it. He came into the NBA as a young teenager with an arrogant attitude. But soon he had to check that behavior and he became an all-around team player. He had 5 championship wins. He has won the dunk contest. He won the 3 point contest. Kobe was the MVP numerous times. He has played in the All-star almost every year. He has gotten a couple of Olympic medals as well.

Kobe was and is a legend. He will forever be a hero in my books. If it wasn’t for Kobe Bryant, I would’ve never stepped on a basketball court. I am sorry for his loss and I pray for his family. RIP Kobe and his daughter.

He was drafted at the age of 17 years old. He played for the Lakers for 20 years straight. In his first game, he missed 5 straight air balls. Then he challenged himself by shooting 5,000 shots after every game. I feel that Kobe Bryant was one of the best players to touch the basketball court ever.

Shundre H.
Unit Z1, 2/1/20
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall

In my opinion, what I think about the death of Kobe is sad because he was very loved. A lot of people admired him. He was a person that made it happen in and off the court. When this happened to Kobe, it made me realize that don’t take life for granted because tomorrow is not promised and good people are taken early. It’s sad because in this life nothing is eternal. RIP Kobe Bryant.

Anthony L.
Unit Z1, 2/1/20
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall

Kvay M.
Unit Z2, 2/1/20
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall
My dream is to get out of here, which is probably the dream we all want to come true.

But my dream is to get out and just wait for the system to forget my name, watch them wait for me to come back, but never even show up. I hear them talk about me saying that I will come back, sooner or later. But little do they know. I’m waiting for my mom to come home to give her the big news that I made it… That I’m becoming a lawyer. I would wait for her facial expression and just tell her “Gracias, Ma”. Because thanks to her, I am who I am now.

I’m grateful for my mom. I’m grateful for God that gave me what I have now. I’m also grateful for all the things I did in the past because now I could see what a horrible person I was. I would do it so often to so many different people, that it became part of my life, part of all my days, part of my hours, and the worst part, I enjoyed doing it. Now I look back at it and I’m grateful for my family because they helped me become a whole new person from who I was. And I’m grateful for myself because I now have the strength to say no to myself.

Lisbeth L.
Unit Girls C, 2/22/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

I was judgmental to myself.

I thought I wasn’t going to succeed in life. I believed I was still going to continue my bad habits. I started to believe I was going to be a nobody. I used to think I was too weak. But as I got older, I found myself and learned how to love myself and think positive, try different things. I also learned I’m just different and my mind is stronger than my soul and my soul is as deep as the ocean can go.

I learned to appreciate myself ‘cause I wouldn’t want to be like anybody else. Because everything I’ve been through and have seen defines me as the strong-minded individual that I am today.

The last thing I love about me is that I’m not too nice but I’m still willing to forgive. As I get older, I’m willing to learn and transform into a smart young lady.

Amya C.
Unit Girls D, 10/5/19
Central Juvenile Hall

I learned to appreciate myself ‘cause I wouldn’t want to be like anybody else.
I See You

I see you struggling, hurting, still finding yourself. It’s okay do not be sad. I see you growing. I see you trying to fit in, and I want you to know you do, but only when yourself. You can’t be everyone else because everyone else is taken. You are perfect just the way you are. You don’t need to be a gangbanger. You don’t need to do drugs or drink alcohol. You don’t have to fight or be rude. You don’t need attention because we see you. I see you. You’re a strong person with many personalities. You have a bright future. I know my words mean nothing to you but as time goes by you will see. You will find yourself. You don’t know to go throw things to fit in. I can see you been through a lot. It’s supposed to make you a stronger and better person not to make you cool. What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger. Remember that. I see a person who needs love, who needs to be remembered, and you will. You have to be you so people can remember you not some gangbanger or person who loves sex and drugs. OBGYN.. I see that’s what you want in life. You do that.

Focus on what you wanna do, not what people want you to do. You’re strong, beautiful, smart. You have your ups and downs, you’re still finding yourself.

Don’t worry Lil bro, I see you.

D.C.
Unit Girls 0, 3/7/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

Dear King,

You are a true artist. Thank you for being a kind friend, brother, and funny person. Thank you for making everything fun. You’re a funny person. I read your letter. Thank you for the advice. I will be that OBGYN and not a gangbanger.

J.H.
Units Girls 0, 3/7/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

a letter to a friend
**Food Love**

My favorite food is when my granny makes roast and she puts gravy on it with onions and all the ingredients inside with a side of mash potatoes. She puts cheese and butter and garlic inside and then she has corn, and then she has butter and pepper for the corn. She has cabbage with bacon and some special sauce that she puts in it.

It's a little spicy and tastes so good.

My momma cooking smack whatever she make.

*Ikia*

Unit Girls D, 10/12/2019
Central Juvenile Hall

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**Mama**

Dear Mom,

There are so many things I wish I could explain to you so you can understand me a little more. You are my best friend even though you might not know that.

When you kicked me out at 16, I never thought I would be able to forgive you. But when I was out there, it ain’t one day that passed that I didn’t want to call you. I never used to understand why you used to keep me from things. But when I was out there, I ran into all that sh** anyways. When my dad passed away, I was 16, my heart broke into 1,000 pieces and you were right there to help me reattach every piece.

No matter what I do you never leave my side. You are my biggest advocate. No matter how big I get I still need you. When I mess up, you right there. When I’m doing good, you’re right there. I just want to let you know that I love you. I can say it a million times. I love you. I adore you. And most of all, I care about you.

*Samiyah D.*

Unit Girls D, 2/8/2020
Central Juvenile Hall
I'm blessed because I'm fed.
I'm blessed because I have somewhere to lay my head.
I'm blessed because I'm breathing.
I'm blessed because no one can take my mind and hope.
I'm blessed because I have my mom.
I'm blessed to be healthy and strong.
I'm blessed to understand my emotions.
I'm blessed to be able to see, walk, read, and talk.
I'm blessed to know what a blessing is.
I'm blessed to be born in this century.
I'm blessed not stressed.

Breayanika J.
Unit Girls CARE, 2/28/20
Central Juvenile Hall

I'm blessed for having a family who wants me and loves me.
I'm blessed for having my pets, Fatty and Teddy.
Blessed for having food.
I'm just having a hard time with my life.
But at the same time,
I'm not very blessed because of all my sins I hope God could forgive.
I really wish I could just go through this and get a chance to be better.

Estrellita A.
Unit Girls CARE, 2/28/20
Central Juvenile Hall

I'm blessed because I'm fed.
I'm blessed because I have somewhere to lay my head.
I'm blessed because I'm breathing.
I'm blessed because no one can take my mind and hope.
I'm blessed because I have my mom.
I'm blessed to be healthy and strong.
I'm blessed to understand my emotions.
I'm blessed to be able to see, walk, read, and talk.
I'm blessed to know what a blessing is.
I'm blessed to be born in this century.
I'm blessed not stressed.

Anonymous
Unit Boys EF, 2/29/20
Central Juvenile Hall

I'm blessed being in here
cause I could have been shot or stabbed.
I'm blessed cause God stopped my life.
I was living too fast. I had to put a stop to it.
I feel like that’s a blessing from God cause I call my mom.
She tells me one of my friend’s died so I felt sad but happy for myself that I’m still alive.
I am the tears that make your river.
I am the sorrow, you bottle up.
I am the waves of emotions that drown you
into your dark places.
I am your oxygen, you need me.
I am the thing you seek, to your wounds.
I am reality.
You could never leave me.

I am a tree with thorns around me.
I am in a deep hole trying to find my way out.
I am loved by people just blind to see.
I am a small flower waiting to bloom.
I am my brother’s keeper.
I am one in a million.
I am honey brown.
I am Audrey.

Audrey L.
Unit Girls D, 2/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall

I’m tired of these people in here.
I’m tired of the staffs.
I’m tired of being in here.
I’m tired of being in a jail cell.
I’m tired of being told what to do
Of being told when to shower.
I wanna be able to do anything whenever.
But my actions took me to this spot where I’m at right now.
Now I know how it is, how it’ll go,
so I wouldn’t be surprised what’s next if I was in here.

Martinez
Unit Girls ESU, 3/7/2020
Central Juvenile Hall

I am a small flower waiting to bloom.
I’ve learned that things I figured out on my own have been already figured out by many others. But this time around, they have been put into a certain perspective that makes me remember those lessons again. Thankfully bringing me back down to earth. It’s hard growing up I must confess, but nonetheless I find its journey beyond rewarding.

Tea T.
Unit Girls D, 10/2/2019
Central Juvenile Hall

As a helicopter flies by, breaking the silence
Two people riding their bicycles pass by a kid holding a balloon standing by the river
As the balloon is released into the air a heart breaks a war starts and someone faces a fear instead of running like a kid scared of a clown

Angela H.
Unit T/V, 11/2/19
Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall

If there’s one thing I could do over, it would be my whole life.
I started doing badly and being disrespectful at a young age. I wanted to be grown so badly. I wished I got a do-over at trying to be grown so fast. Also, tryna party and just hang out with the wrong crowd. But people say, things happen for a reason. All i can do now is move forward and more as a child being with that wrong crowd didn’t make me cool or whatever. I know me being in here is temporary and this is just making me stronger. I have already changed since my first time getting locked up and this time, I just had to change a little more. I got this. Imma push through it.
But there’s more to my story and this is NOT THE END!

Mia H.
Unit Girls CARE, 2/15/20
Central Juvenile Hall

I have learned to be opened to people’s opinion because you might just learn something. I learned to give a chance to people that don’t deserve it. I learned to choose your battles and your actions. I learned to change your strategy if the first strategy didn’t work out, instead of trying the same strategy that made you fail. I learned to go over and above what people expect you to do - do a little more than people expect you to do. I learned that the journey is never over; even if your journey is over, a new one comes up. I learned that you must overcome and believe you can. The last thing I learned is to forgive yourself because it’s easy to forgive somebody else, but it’s hard to forgive yourself.

Byron E.
Unit Boys P, 6/29/19
Central Juvenile Hall
What melts my heart is when people are kind to me out of nowhere.

My mom always told me never talk to people I don’t know but there are some people who really mean no harm and wish nothing but the best for you.

Alex P. CJH,
Unit KL, 1/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall

Someone that melts my heart is when I see my nephews and nieces.
I’m more kind to them than anyone else in this world.
They’re my soft spot to my heart when thought they can annoy me sometimes.

Victor J.
Unit KL, 1/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall

Something that melts my heart would be every time
I see my younger brother look up at me with his energetic smile. What breaks me up is when I realize he will have a painful life of growing up by himself because I might not be around for his teenage and young adulthood.

Jones A.
Unit KL, 1/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall

Tow Truck of Love

After getting held in jail for as many times as I have, I found that there are certain people who really care about me. Like if I call someone they will make it a point to ask me how I’m doing and some will say that “I scared them” because they haven’t heard from me in a while. That makes me feel great, and feel loved because it shows that the person is thinking of me.

Matthew A.
Unit KL, 1/22/20
Central Juvenile Hall

You gotta be humble and I know it’s hard

Life ain’t a game but I’m still playing with my best cards
Baby, I’m a king searching for a queen
Baby, could you play the part?
I don’t know how to love and it’s sick, girl
I don’t have a heart
Life was wicked from the start
Father never played his part
Stepped out on me and moms
Ma, I know it really had to break your heart

Tayler Adams, Age 16
Unit Boys RS, 6/26/19
Central Juvenile Hall
A SPECIAL THANK YOU

We extend our gratitude to the staff at Probation headquarters, Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall, and Central Juvenile Hall. ... and to our current teachers who continue to inspire, guide, and encourage our students to express themselves one word at a time.

our current and past teachers

Fax Bahr
Ana Lilia Barraza
James Becerra
Aaron Bergman
Alessandro Camon
Anna Carey
Elizabeth Cooper
Jason Cruze
Susan Cuscuna
Davion Davis
Shelley Diamond
Jacques Edeline
Dunia Elvir
Gary Gilbert
Michelle Gubbay
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Gale Holland
Lesley Hyatt
Howard Ibach
Deborah Kanter
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Ben Lear
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Matt Mizel
Hud Morgan
Jared Nigro
Natalia Orendain
Leslie Poston
Maria Elena Rodriguez
Gabriel Vallejo
Laura Van Vranken
Mindy Velasco
Roberta Villa
Adam Weissman
Sherreta White
Troup Wood
This mission of InsideOUT Writers is to reduce the juvenile recidivism rate by providing a range of services that evolves to meet the needs of currently and formerly incarcerated youth and young adults.

Using creative writing as a catalyst for personal transformation, these young people are empowered with the knowledge and skills necessary to successfully re-integrate into our communities becoming advocates for their future.

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