



mariah

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2014

Art & Literary Magazine of The Morristown-Beard School



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The first piano note is struck and an image ensues the pianist's mind. At first all he could see is the tall grass plain that swayed leftward and rightward, unable to resist the strong breeze's beckoning. The tall grass smelled of fresh morning dew, which would soon effervesce with the summer sun's sweltering light and heat. When such heat came, the pianist could taste it, often seeking safe haven in a nearby cliff's shadow. However, for now the plain was cooled by the breeze. With the early morning sunlight came the plain's small sapphire goblins and firebrick vermin. These creatures were soon followed by their natural predators, the rustic behemoths and pumpkin-colored flan monsters. This marked a normal summer morning on the plain. As the music and time in the steppe progressed, the pianist could see more of the surrounding lands. Soon the grass-covered cliffs and stone grey mountain-tops became visible. The mountain range's apex was a sight to behold, reaching far into the sky. Discordant notes' advent brought with it a silent but blinding flash. When the image came into view again, the sunlight had become occulted by colossal clouds capable of causing frigid cataclysms. Within moments, the plain became soft and boggy. Terrifying lightning signaled cacophonous thunderbolts. In circumstances like this the pianist would seek the high ground of the cliffs, cognizant that like the discordance in his music, this destructive weather was only ephemeral and would soon pass. The clouds quickly vanished on cue upon the return of the jovially sweet and quiet music. The warm summer sun was again visible, but the scorching heat was replaced by refreshing air, similar to that of dawn. The music quieted till it became silent, darkening the pianist's image of the Archylte Steppe.

Junior Alphonse

What is Beautiful?

What is beautiful?

Beautiful is the way your eyes flutter when you read a book.

The sky bleeding colors as the sun sets on an autumn day.

The sound of laughter after crying.

Strength in the hardest of times.

The warmth of hot tea on a cold day.

Being embraced by a loved one you have been apart from.

Beautiful is not the size of your jeans, or the number on the scale.

Beautiful is not the color of your skin, the whiteness of your teeth, or the clothes you wear.

Do not allow society to instill a common definition of what beautiful is.

You are who you are, there are no rules that say that you must look, talk, and think like the person standing next to you.

You were born an original, do not die a copy.

Eva Rago





Christian Capocci

Resting Place

The rain had fallen heavy in the night. With the rain came the end of the Indian summer. The temperature had fallen, and the birds were silent. I awoke to the patter of water dripping onto the window-sill above my bed. I turned and watched the water for some time, as it slid slowly towards the sagging center of the sill. With each drip I felt as though I could see the white paint peeling the slightest bit more. Focusing farther from myself, I could see the willow tree had dropped many of its long, green leaves. The few still attached had gone yellow with the sudden cold and matted themselves down over the skeletal branches.

The water was quiet. A fog had rolled in with the brightening of the sky. The sun seemed as though it was trapped behind a veil of grey mist. Its light was hazy. It did not cast any shadows. I arose, and dressed, as though in a trance. My mind was numb. It seemed as though my mask had washed away with the rain, and looking in the mirror, I was startled by my own reflection. I sat by the window – the world out of focus, studying the place where my face – reflected – merged with the blurry trees outside. I had to talk to her. That was the first clear thought that pierced the fog that had clouded my mind. It was like a headlight in the night. It seemed a guide, a purpose; however, I could not judge the distance, or clearly see what it was that I was moving towards. I decided that it didn't really matter. I just had to see her. To talk to her. And then it would be all right.

I found myself standing in front of the heavy oaken front door. My jacket hung heavily on my shoulders, my boots squeaked on the hardwood floor. I stood there for some time. An oaken door is not the same as a screen door, or a porch door, or, perhaps, any other kind of door. It is a solid barrier. One cannot see through it, or move through it without purpose. It stands vigilant. A steadfast guard to the world outside. And so I stood there. I felt the words that I needed to speak welling up inside of me, just as the rain barrel had filled and overflowed in the night. I could feel the weight of the words, but I could not see, nor speak them. The tide of the words rose in me, and I stepped forward, and opened the door. The soft autumn air raised goose bumps on my arms, and the slight breeze tousled my hair. It seemed as though the colors had drained from the world

overnight. The grey sky, the fog, and the sickly yellow grass all seemed dull in the shadow-less light of the veiled sun. The low mist swirled around my feet as I stepped onto the matted lawn. My feet sunk into the saturated ground. There was no sound. The world was entirely silent. I knew where to find her. She was always there. I'd walked the path a hundred times, but this time seemed different. I passed through a stand of birch where the fog swirled higher into the branches of the snow-white trees. A solitary yellow leaf floated down from the unfathomable heights above, and lighted wetly on my shoulder. The moisture made it cling to my suede jacket. I did not brush it off, nor react to its arrival. It seemed a fellow traveler, a companion in my quest.

I came upon the road quite suddenly. Its vast expanse of cracked pavement with the occasional tuft of grass loomed out of the fog like a barrier, and I paused to contemplate its unnatural emptiness. I felt akin to that emptiness, and it was as though I sought safety as I stepped out from the grass to the road. Again I stopped. The fading double yellow lines swirled beneath the mist around my feet, and I questioned what I hoped to accomplish. I knew that I could follow the lines, and reach her, or I could turn back. Follow the lines home. For lines have no true direction. One can follow a line. It's the easiest thing to do – and then one can always follow that line back – but I wondered if I could. Could I go back without first going forward? I turned slowly, back in the direction of home. The dark shape of a white pine that had died years ago and been bleached by the sun loomed darkly from the fog. Atop the highest branch of the tree sat a dark shape. Perhaps a bird. Perhaps nothing at all. A trick of the light, a broken branch that I had not before seen. I wondered if I should turn back. Perhaps I didn't need to see her at all. Still, my feet remained poised. Ready to follow the line to her. The shape in the tree stirred, drawing my eye. I could see now that it was a crow. It opened its beak wide, and the sound of its hoarse call resonated oddly in the fog. It seemed to float towards me like a breeze, and turned me around. I had decided. I would go to see her. I set off at a brisk pace, down the center of the road. The crow had not called again, and the silence was complete. Dense. As though it were a tangible thing, draped over me. I felt as though it impaired my sight, my thought, much as a snowstorm blankets the windows of a home, and darkens every-

thing within. There was one clear thought. My headlight in the night. She guided me forward, into the silence.

After some time I reached the gate. I stood looking at it, then slowly took a step to the left, over the line, and towards its rusted iron spires. The gate was not latched, nor had it been in many years. It seemed to open without my touch, ushering me forth into the expanse beyond. The grasses beyond the gate had not been cut since the spring and had grown up to my knees. However, with the rain, they had bent and fallen, and matted down over the ground. A few strands stood, held up by the stones, or the ancient pines. When I stepped, I could feel water well under my feet as the grasses were crushed into the soggy soil beneath. The stones seemed darker than I remembered. Colder. But perhaps it was only the stark contrast provided by the mist that swirled around them.

I knew my way like the back of my hand. I could almost see my own path, trodden down day after day, but the rains and the grasses had long before wiped it from existence. It was still there though. All it needed was for me to see it, to feel it under me, and it was there.

I found her at the end of the path, just where I had left her. Just where I knew she would be. The grasses had fallen away from her, creating a kind of a shallow bowl about her. I stepped forward, the words welling up within me, and I fell to my knees. The moisture penetrated my jeans – a sharp cold biting through me. The birch leaf slowly slid from my shoulder and I watched it fall to the ground, sliding out of focus into the grass. It seemed to shudder when it landed, and then settle. I opened my hands, and stared down at it, the leaf, a bright point in my peripheral vision. I took one deep breath. I could feel the moisture in my lungs, and the words came pouring out, like the sprouting of seeds after the first rain. I told her everything. I don't know how long I sat there, but when I had finished, head turned towards the sky, I waited for an answer. Silver droplets of water had settled over me. A crow cawed. The mist circled. But then there was only silence.

Marc Kamil



Ashley Young



Ryan Corbett

Dancing in Heat

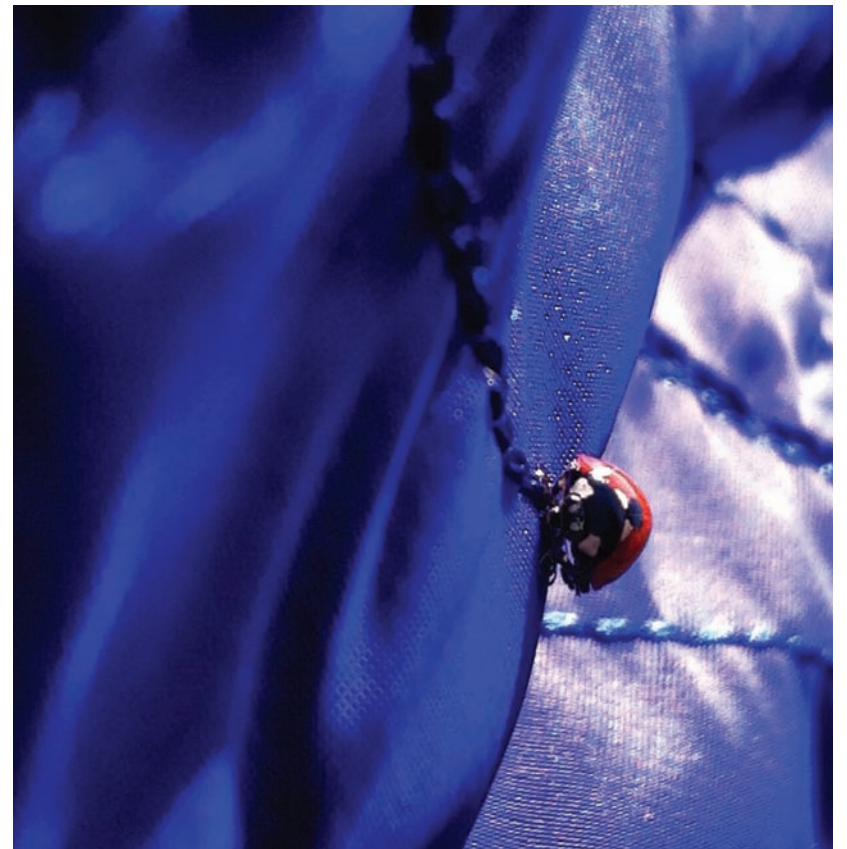
All pain, washed away.
 You hold me close, and my heart sweats.
 The fire is ablaze, the walls I built, incinerated.
 My heart let you in.
 He swam in jealousy, and I watched until he drowned.
 But now, with You, my heart's on fire.
 I'd rather dance in heat, than float in still waters.

Dominique Diggs

Buzz

A buzz hums the air
 Sunny gold and midnight black
 We work day and night

Sam Aronwald



Kaitlyn Tatulli

Humanity

Humanity
 Hopeful, Different
 Living, Dying, Surviving
 We are all fighting for the same thing:
 Peace

Erin Hargrave-Kerns

Benjamin Leigh



The water gently lapped up against the beaten stone. It was finally calm after two days of destruction. The sun peeked out from behind the clouds as I walked down to the bay from my waterfront home. I sat down at the edge of the property and hung my feet off the seawall's edge. The frigid water just touched my toes.

I listened, hoping to hear children's squeals as they ran around the yard or the hum of a boat soaring past. But I heard nothing, just silence. It was an unnatural silence. In the sixty years I have lived here, I have never been surrounded by such an emptiness of sound. There is always a child splashing in the water or the chatter of old women on their back patios. But now there was nothing. I was the only soul brave enough to face the storm and protect our homes.

I dropped a pebble into the water and watched the perfect ripples that formed. As the rings now floating in the I peeked over my houses surrounding from the young four hous-

longer had a roof. The old lady just two houses to the right of mine had a tree slicing through the center of her house. My grandchildren's tree fort was strewn across my yard and the tree, cut in half, lay beside the house. My house was destroyed. The roof and upper floor were no longer intact and the walls of the first floor had washed away.

I walked back to my house. I could barely recognize the home I grew up in, the kitchen where my mother had baked cookies and cakes. The study, where my father had smoked cigars with his friends, was blocked off by furniture that had migrated in front of the door. I slowly walked to the addition I had built for my wife when she moved in. The little glass room didn't have a chance against the hurricane.

I walked back to the cellar door and climbed down the little rickety ladder. It had been my little sanctuary for the past two days. There was a cot on the cement floor with the quilt my grandmother had made me. There was a stack of canned food and bottled water adjacent to the ladder. I had a lantern set up next to the cot and four photos beside it. One was of my parents the day they bought this house. My mom had me on her hip and my older sister was clutching my dad's leg. The sun was shining bright and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. This was how I wanted to remember this house. It was the house I grew up in, and the one I raised

my children in.

I picked up the second photo. It was of my wife and me at our daughter's wedding. Elizabeth had on a dark grey dress, almost the same color as the house. I ran my finger along the photo. "Lizzie, oh Lizzie, what do I do? Our house is ruined. I couldn't leave, but seeing it like this has broken my heart."

It's as if she came alive from the picture: "Henry, my love, you have to leave. It isn't safe here. Please, honey, pack up what meant the most to us and leave."

I was sobbing. "How can I go? How can I leave you here?"

"I'll be okay. Just go." Her voice was soft and calming. She was the one person I needed the most right now. I could almost feel her hug and kiss me. I wished more than anything that she was still alive.

"I love you, Lizzie; I love you with all my heart."

"I love you too, my Henry. Now go."

There were clothes already in an old suitcase at the foot of the cot. I put the quilt and the photos into the suitcase, closed it, and hoisted it up to the first floor. Elizabeth's locket was hanging off the lantern. I tucked it into my breast pocket and turned off the lantern. It was time to go. Tears started to stream down my face. My home was gone, and there was nothing I could do right now. I put on my coat and tied my scarf.

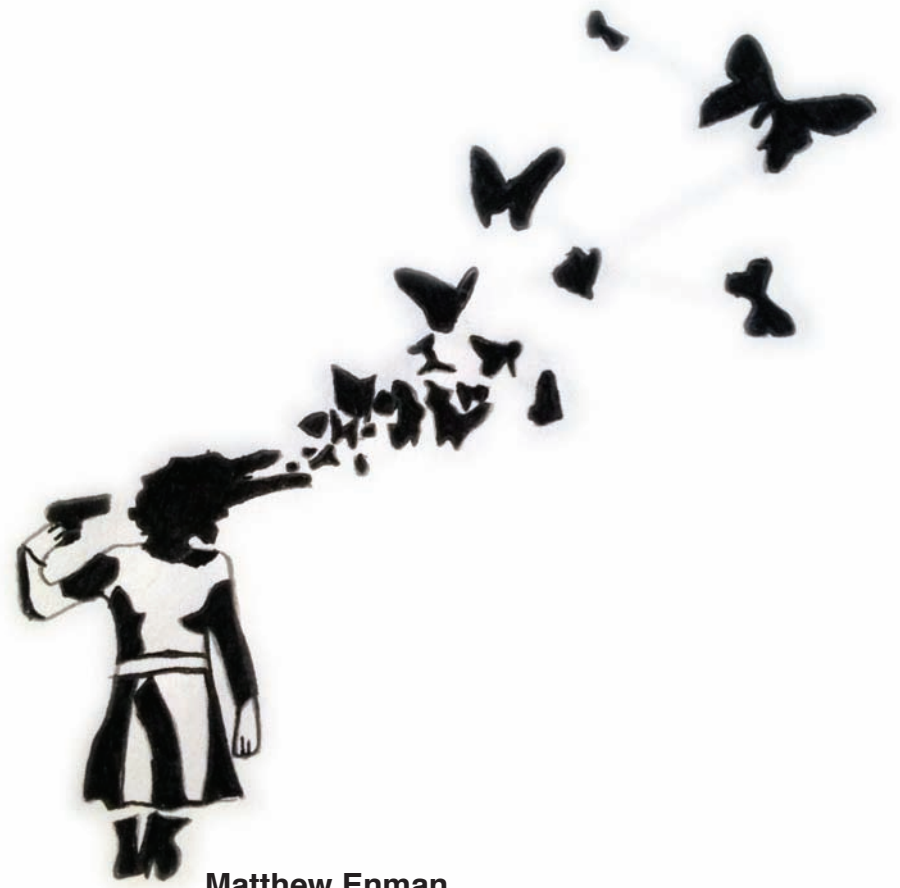
I walked around the house for one last time, remembering all the happy times I had spent in the house. The birthdays, celebrations, and just simple family dinners. I walked out the front door and said goodbye to my home. I stopped at the bottom of the steps, closed my eyes and remembered. I could picture the kites in the sky, and the flower bushes in full bloom. I took one last glance at the house and whispered, "Goodbye."

The rest of that week is just a blur in my mind. I walked for hours that day; I passed ruined towns and had to climb over pieces of wood and debris. Once I was off the closed-off island I called up my daughter. I remember her picking me up from the curb of a collapsed Walmart. She cried as she hugged me. She had thought I was dead when they showed pictures of the collapsed homes down the street from ours on TV. I had never felt so guilty about protecting my home.

It has been three years since the hurricane. My daughter renovated the house and moved in with her husband and three children. I have yet to return. She says it looks similar, but I can't think of the study without the wall-to-wall bookcases or the glass addition without my wife's piano in it. It hurts too much to return to place I used to call home.



Kyle Larsson



Matthew Enman

I am not alive

I am not alive in the least bit
 I breathe air that is poisoned by hateful words
 Think thoughts that involve the death and destruction of
 myself and others
 I talk to people that are considered my makers and
 watch them wonder why they even bothered being my
 makers
 I talk to people who will never understand me despite my
 clear speech
 When I look at nature, as a whole, it's fading in the shadow
 of a smirk
 When I look at people, as a whole, they argue and kill each
 other and think of new ways to do it every day
 But, my heart beats, my legs work fine, I have both eyes, a
 nose ten fingers and ten toes
 And the next guy says, "You're as alive as I am"
 And he's not even breathing.



Ryan Corbett

Ode to White Out

The guardian of embarrassment,
the slayer of mistakes,
the corrector of what never was.
You pass no judgment
always providing a fresh start,
a new beginning to those in need.
Without you, dispenser of fresh writing pavement,
how could I possibly take risks? You bestower of courage,
White out, you grant me the power to write the unfamiliar
and draw the unimagined. The creator, and the destroyer,
forever to be found in my pencil case.

Benjamin Leigh

Uganda

My feet are brown again. I slide one flip-flop off to expose a pink, sweaty v; the only part of me not covered in redbrown dust. I stick my foot back into my shoe and my feet become part of the packed earth once more. I walk until the painted, familiar metal of the gate is in front of me. Ducking my head, I push through the integrated door; locks hang from the hinges. I pull it shut behind me.

Patterns of rust and dirt weave around the children's chalk drawings. They've added more to the black metal since I've been out. A flower, a car, a chair. I remember how my sister and I used to scribble onto the sidewalk in front of our house, sign our names next to our creations. The gate is the only sidewalk here, a massive chalkboard.

The day is fading but there's enough light that the generator is silent. In an hour or so it will groan to life and complain through the night. The English classes have ended and the compound is emptying. Several women touch my arm as they glide past, back through the door from which I just came.

The mornings here are the busiest. Students arrive for class, bits of collected paper and pens in their hands like makeshift notebooks. Everyone is talking. Women wander in, hand in hand. In the afternoons the local children all come home from their different primary schools. They poke their heads through that door in the gate and wave, dressed in variations of the same uniform, shoes cracked with dust. Some walk by but others come in, wondering who's doing what and whose mother is where. Then the older girls appear, scattering the little ones. They bring a CD for one of the teachers to play and they dance, barefoot in the redbrown dirt.

This is dusk. This is calm light and quiet, fading heat. Classes ended hours ago and only a few people remain. My cousin Kelly sits in the office talking with Bolingo and Luciano, something about classroom expansion. I wave. They wave.

Jaielle and her daughter, Rebecca, sit on the porch of the house I share with Kelly; the volunteer house. It's a brick rectangle. A concrete porch is carved out of the front, painted foamy green. Hard, plastic chairs scatter the floor, overlooking the tiny courtyard. They call my name.

Jaielle sits with her back against the porch railing, spilling over the sides of the plastic chair. Her hair is wrapped, today green fabric winds around her head, secured at the base of her neck with an unyielding knot. She sits calmly, reclining in that chair, insisting that I take the seat next to her. Rebecca tsks at my sunburn, touching my angry shoulders with her big hands.

Someone I don't recognize sticks their head through the door in the gate.

"Mama Rebecca!" They call, peering around the now dim compound.

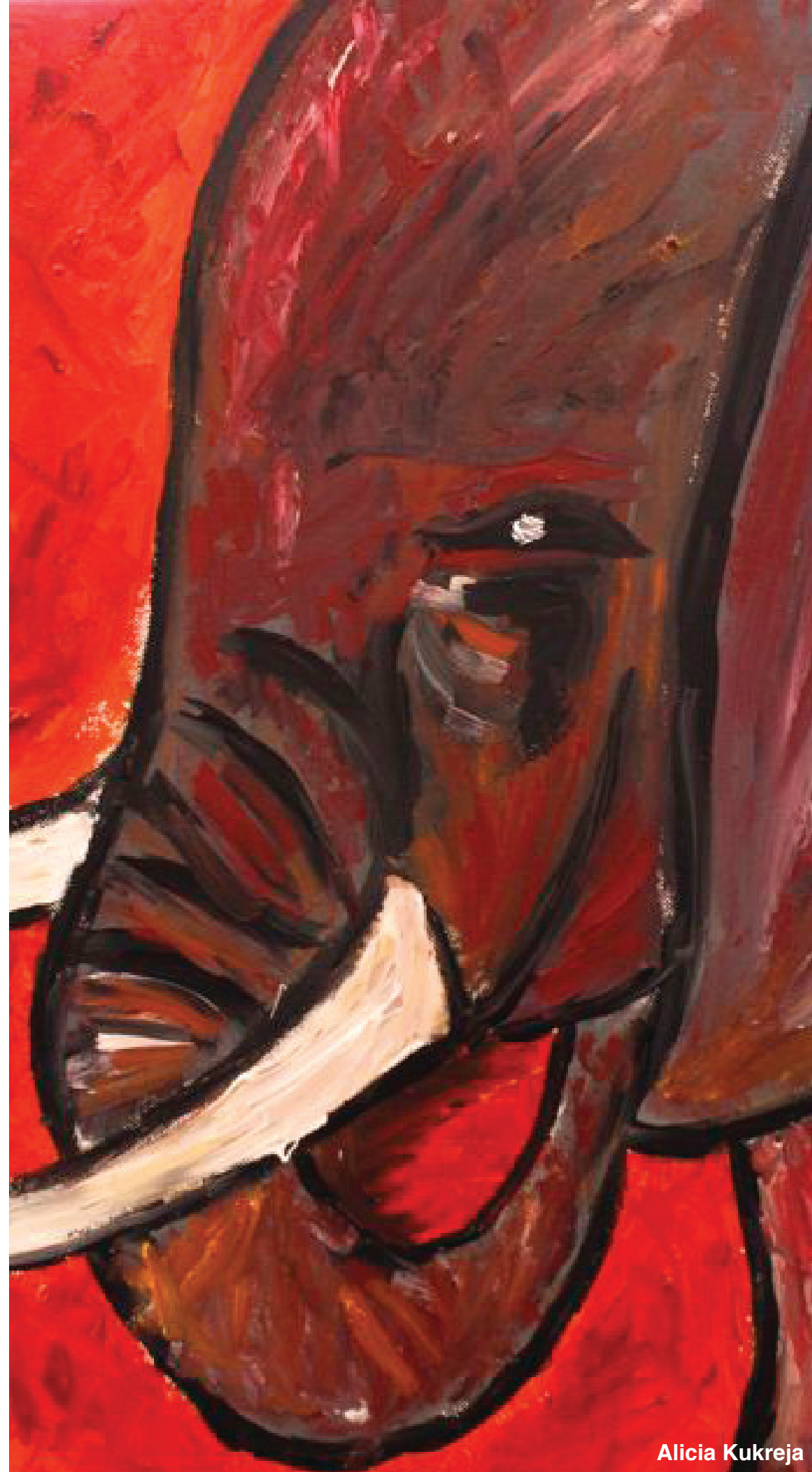
Here, women are called by the name of their first child. Jaielle calls back.

"What are you doing?" The voice asks. Torso through the door now, I recognize Grace, another of Jaielle's daughters.

"Sitting here with our sister." Jaielle tells her.

I lean against the cool concrete, soothing my sunburn and letting her words sink in. I think I might cry, or my heart might burst. Emotion floods me. Grace and her mother switch to Swahili. Jaielle, at fifty-four, speaks only broken English. She is unaware of what she has just given me with that one sentence. She doesn't know that I will never forget the ease or finality with which she integrated me into her family. Grace takes the seat next to Rebecca and the four of us just sit, content to watch the red dust fade into the darkness.

Katie Sidlowski



Alicia Kukreja



Ashley Young

Dear Holden,

You remind me of my brother, like a lot. You guys would probably be good friends, the kind of friends that just click, the personalities that just mesh really well, you know? Maybe he's not as abrupt as you are, or sharp as you are, but you're very similar. You're both very mature, beyond your years. But then again, you have your moments where you're 13 again, and make me want to pull my damn hair out. So to start, I'm not going to sit here and give you "advice" cause I know you, Holden. I live with you. I use the same sink as you, every morning

covered in your tacky toothpaste. I step over your boxers lying in the

dusty hallway, your odd music drifts through the paper-thin walls while I try and fall asleep to the queer rhythm; you are my brother. So just listen to me, I'm going to talk to you like I do to my brother. I'm not hounding you, or lecturing you like Mr. Spencer did. Trust me -- I'm nothing like that. Cause I know that when my mom does that to my brother, it's like some switch just turns off in his brain and her voice isn't even there. It's actually kind of funny. Though I know

Dear Holden

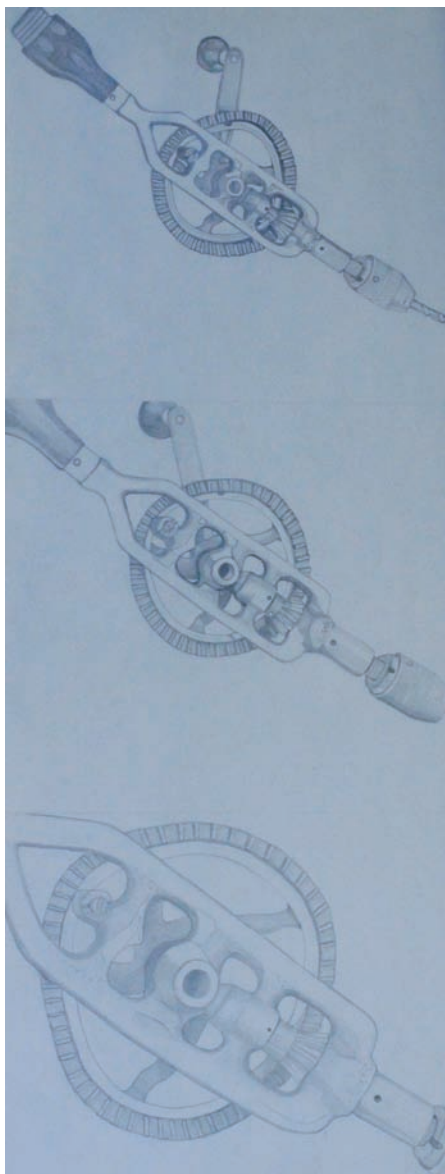
it's just a mechanism for him, not wanting to hear her or to face the truth. But you Holden, you have to hear it.

Let's talk about people. Holden, they're fascinating creatures, I swear. It's just you have to dissect them; you have to manipulate your own brain to understand each one of their personalities. To be able to connect with them on that level, become a brand new person when you're with them. Tiring? Yes, I know, I've been doing it for a long time. Holden, you're in high school and high school is a game. It's a long, hellish game, and sometimes you have to fake it. God I probably shouldn't of said fake, cause I know you despise phonies. But to be honest, the phonies always win. Go to the stupid high school football games. Fake that you're having a great old time (see how I didn't say grand?) I know; people are idiots. I get it, and you feel like you're surrounded by them, but fake that you like them, I'm not saying be their best friends or anything, but smile, don't look like you always have a stick up your ass. For an example, let's chat about Mr. Haas. I have to admit he really does sound like a phony, like shaking of hands to a "specific" type of parent, screw that, he's a jerk. Listen Holden, the awful truth is that jerk is going to be putting a grade on your paper, maybe even dictating where you go to college. This guy is important, so for now ignore his phoni-ness, even if it drives you insane, you are in it for you Holden, life is a game and you have play if you want to win in the end. Although these don't seem like the easiest times in your life, they are. We don't have to pay taxes, or drive a car load of snotty kids around, or go to boring cocktail parties with bad wine, we have this little period of time to just be "kids" so enjoy it, it's not as bad as it seems. So take a breath, and just live.

Though I can relate to you Holden, you seem so aggravated by people, like you can't connect with this weird, foreign species. Sometimes you feel like you're in another world, like they're all speaking some foreign language and there're no subtitles for you to follow. The crook thing that you mentioned totally got to me, I go to a school where honesty is the best policy. Though ironically, it seems we have way too many missing things-- opened backpacks, lost jackets, book, and shoes even. It's bothering, I totally get it, but you can't let such trivial things ruin your day. Is that stuff going to matter a year from now? Or let alone five years from now? You won't even remember it; trust me. You might have some missing

ties, or shoes, but come on they won't even fit you by then. Before I end my letter of "advice," here're a few tips to remember until the next time we talk. Learn to make yourself happy, fake it if you have to. Enjoy the times you have now, even if they're shitty, don't get upset over unimportant things or people. Lastly, this kid in my English class, Rob, he said something really cool the other day, "Don't avoid embarrassment." Holden, don't live on the edge trying to run away from every possible mortifying moment, holding your breath, it's all part of growing up. Those moments will shape you; form you into a really cool guy. The guy that always has awesome and funny stories to tell in doctors' waiting rooms. So just let it be and live, you might experience something amazing along the way. God I sound like my mother, I should stop, for now. Hope to hear back from you Holden, hang in there.

Kendall Cairolì



Connor Cairolì



Jillian Griffith

The Fool of Literature

I am the fool of literature
But I have not come to entertain
I reel, I spit, and dance and prance
But my rhyme is said in vain

My life has been but a ticking clock
Whose cogs have become the king's
Who, with a look of boredom, say
Fool! say something!

Why yes sir, course sir
Your wish is my command
I become your very instrument
My life is always grand
For under or over the king's good crown
I always happily stay
For as the years do come and go
My life shall never gray

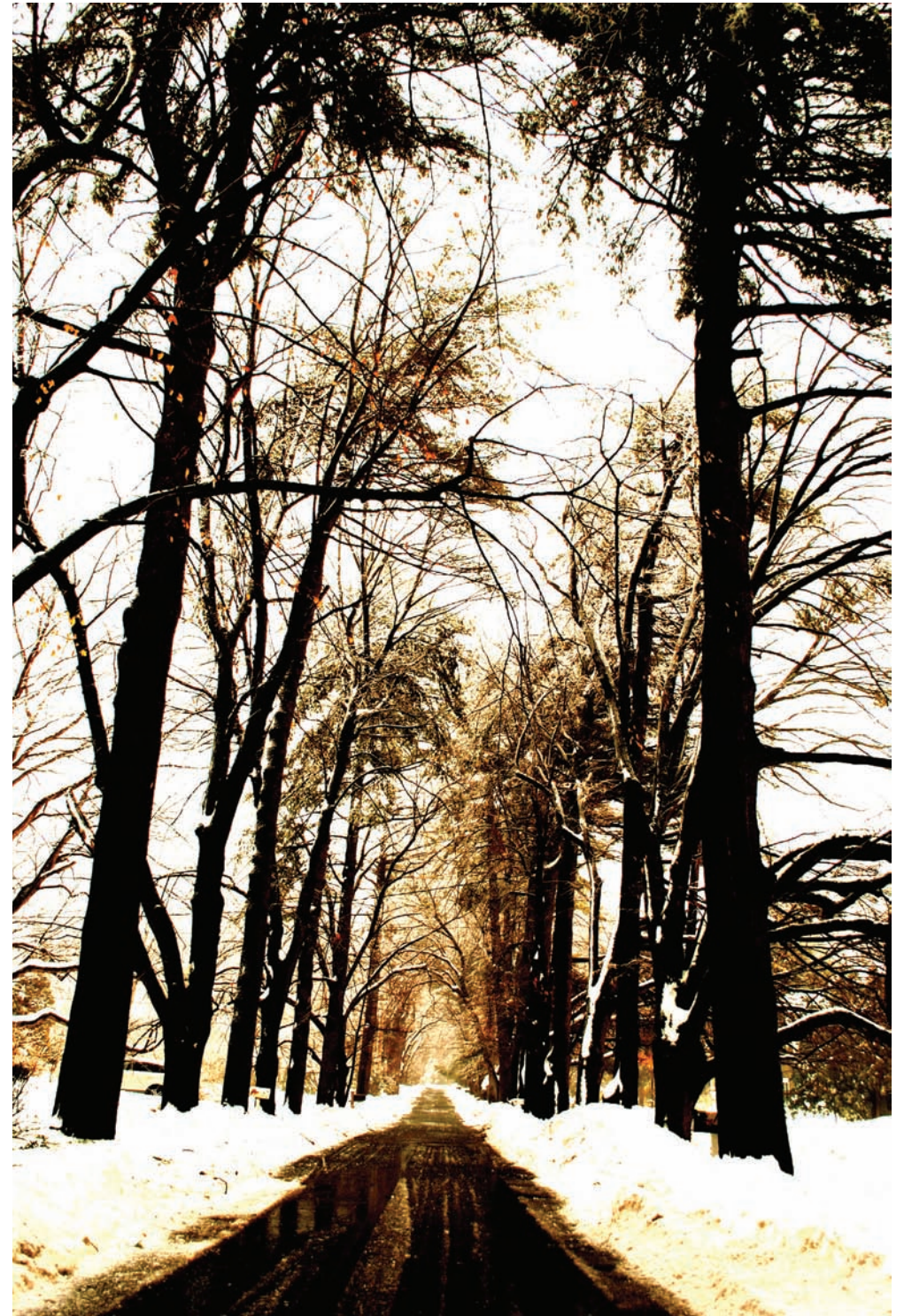
The kings laugh and gallantry too
For they always love a fool
But they shall be surprised
For I do not dumbly drool

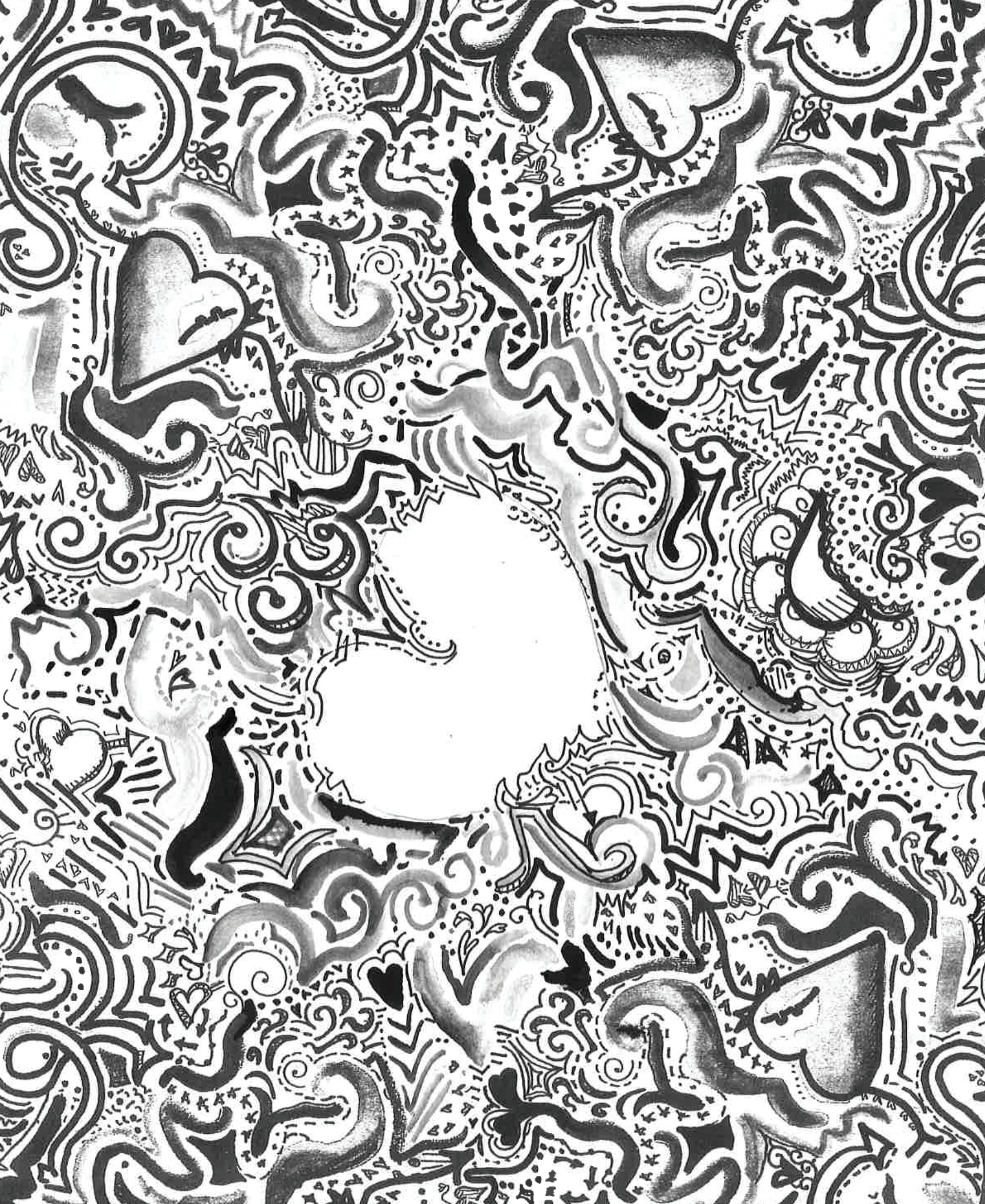
But wait your majesty and guests
My verse I can maintain
For I have a message to deliver
And for you all to obtain

I bed your wives
I soil your drink
My good royalty and fools alike
If I could I would have now
Killed you with a spike

The gallery now shouts enraged
But fall with an ample clung
For the wine that they all drink
Has been touched with an asp's tongue

I take the crown and coin alike
And prance away so gay
For I am the fool of literature
And I shall be here to stay





A hopeful start; too promising it seems,
When obstacles lay hidden and quite rare.
But child's play can change and so do dreams,
As rules, the game, become a rough affair.

When once the board seemed lined with easy wins,
And goals, ambitions, clear and evident,
Each player could resist the trap of sins,
But now, the cards hold tricks and lives are spent.

Yet some find beauty in the unknown road,
When chance and turns can merge two paths to one.
When love becomes the prize, the secret code,
The game becomes a gift and you have won.

The game of charm, where love's the greatest prize,
Will you remember its profound disguise?

Rachel Leung



Christian Capocci

The sound of the siren woke me; soon I heard the toddlers' cries, the children's' screams, and the heavy breathing of everyone around me. I could not fathom what was happening. The pilot came over the loud intercom and mumbled, clearly frightened, "This storm came out of nowhere. I can't see. We are going down for an emergency landing, fasten your seatbelts and hold on." What felt

like forever took only about sixty seconds. I could hear the thunder cracking outside my window. Even after I closed my eyes, the bright

Trapped

white flashes startled me. I reached out for my sister's hand and when I felt her clammy palm touching mine I clenched it harder than ever. My stomach dropped as if I was on a roller coaster. Only this time it did not go away. The plane went black, which is the last thing I remembered.

My eyes opened, but I was in a state of shock trying to process what had happened. Doctors rushed the halls, tending to the dozens of bodies in care. I observed everything, but that was all do. The flashes of light kept coming back to me. I could not get the screeches out of my head. I had never felt like this before. I could not move, not even turn my head or raise a finger. I was a vegetable. My entire body was paralyzed.

I had never been more frustrated. I could not feel my body. I was excruciatingly angry, yet no one could hear my screams. I wanted to know what had happened to everyone else. Where was my family? Were they okay? I had no sense of time. What felt like a day to me could have been a mere ten minutes and the only entertainment I had was what was happening beyond my hospital room door. I just lay in the bed and could not move a muscle. Finally, outside my window, I saw a friendly face. My mom was talking to a doctor as tears streamed down her face. Finally she looked at me like she never had before. It was like she did not recognize me, but she kept looking with a blank stare. They walked in the room and she kissed my forehead, but the two kept talking like I was not even there.

Soon a nurse walked in and the doctor fed her information, "Elena Brown, five foot three, dark brown hair, and green eyes." My mom

in

Time

looked at me again with a confused expression before tearing up and turning away.

The crash must have been weeks ago. My mother looks fine aside from her red eyes and nose. My sister is probably at school and my dad must be at work because my mom has not mentioned them. I hear everything that the doctor says, “I know Mrs. Brown, it has been only a day since she got out of the coma. We are not positive how long she will remain like this. She suffered severe brain damage and is extremely lucky to have woken up.” They use the term vegetable. I am conscious but only partially aware. It seems like they are indecisive whether my condition is permanent. My mom just keeps crying. All I want is to yell, but as hard as I try I cannot even separate my lips.

Everything is being done for me: bathroom, meals, the only thing I can do is open and close my eyes. So I keep drifting off to sleep hoping to make time pass. But it is hard to sleep; all I want is to recover. That was all I thought about aside from being able to shout at everyone who acted as if I was not there. The only person who would still talk to me was my sister, Ana. She came to visit every day after school and would tell me all about her day. Those were only the good days though. Some days she would come in grab my hand and start to cry. She would pray and weep, “I’ll do anything to have her back, anything to have her come home.” It hurt the most when my sister cried. We were closer than most siblings, and I knew how much she missed me. She was younger, she looked up to me, and I felt terrible not being able to be there for her.

Weeks passed and they began losing hope. It killed me. What if I really did not recover? I heard them talking about this being permanent. I could not stand it; I had been in the same position for weeks. I was bored out of my mind and trapped in my body. I was either alone, or seeing other people do everything I could not. Either way, it was torture. I knew it had to be killing my family but I was mostly worried about Ana. My parents did not tell her it could be forever, but she was becoming doubtful I would recover. I hated watching everyone lose hope. More and more of her visits became depressing.

As her hope dwindled, so did her visits. She visited less and less frequently. My hope started to drain like everyone else’s. After what seemed like a week without seeing her, I felt more alone than ever.

When I heard the door creak, my eyes opened. My sister was standing next to me, yet she was different. It was dark outside. Why was she visiting so late? She was in a hospital gown. She had bags under her eyes. Her hair was a mess. After a while she uttered a word. I was still in shock to see her. “Mom had me committed. I’m not crazy, just alone. I miss you and I have no one to talk to, no one to look up to. I’m desperately lonely.” I tried with more force than ever to hug her but I failed. I tried to tell her I was right there listening, and would be forever, but I could not. She started to cry but kept talking, “She’s afraid I might do something and maybe I might.” Her words were unbearable. I could not let her suffer. I had never felt this much pain; her tears were like needles in my eyes. I finally really felt something. I had to show her she would never lose me. Suddenly I looked at her and our eyes locked. A single tear fell from my eye onto my cheek, she held my hand and I gently squeezed hers back.

Tori Krouse



Sam Aronwald



Emily Nickson

American War Museum

As I walked through the halls of the War Remnants Museum, amongst my Australian classmates, I felt overwhelming sadness hit me like the harsh Vietnamese humidity when I stepped outdoors. From the moment I walked in, I saw an astonishing array of photos. From a distance, looking left to right and tilting your head upwards, to the high ceilings, this place looked beautiful. The walls were white and littered with black and white photographs of people and places, but looking closer, things were not as attractive as they seemed. These photos depicted well-fed American soldiers, smiling and holding their guns high in the air, with pride. Thousands of dead Vietnamese people surrounded them. Some of them were women and children; some of them were elders. Most of them were soldiers.

This museum affected every single person that walked through it. If you didn't like seeing animals hurting, you sympathized with the Vietnamese for the massive loss of their livestock. If you were heartbroken at the thought of innocent children being killed, in a world they never had the chance to fully understand and live within, then this museum broke your heart. If you couldn't stand seeing old people suffer, if that just about broke you in half, then, like me, you would not be able to walk through this museum, undisturbed. If you hated the idea of war, but tolerated it on a certain level, this museum would change your mind. It was empowering, but almost gave too much power. This was only one side of the story, but looking at it, how could you ever think that there was another side? How could you even begin to side with the enemy? The enemy who took everything from them, and caused the Vietnamese people nothing but pain, could not be innocent. No amount of wrong could make this right.

As I stared at the black and white picture of a small Vietnamese girl, looking at the camera with inconsolable eyes, watered with tears and surrounded by dead people- her own people, I couldn't take it. The whole time, I had tried not to cry and held it back as if it were my job, but that picture broke my perseverance. As I shed

tears for this poor girl, for these poor people and for this country that still took the beating of America's actions, I looked around me. The annoying, loud, American couple that walked into this museum shortly after I did, were now standing next to me doing the same thing: crying. However, it wasn't a heavy breathing, catch your breath kind of cry. It was deep; it was sad. It was the kind of cry that went on for a while, yet didn't make you feel any better when it ended. It was a soft cry; a cry that sinks deeply into itself. As we cried in unison, I felt united with them. Although I had not spoken to them, I understood what they were feeling and could comfortably stand there, in silence. It was not an awkward silence but a silence that acknowledged what was going on; a silence in which we acknowledged America's wrong doing and my American identity.

Elyse Waterman



Andrew Grohowski



Jillian Griffith

Killer

She sprinted up the steps one by one,
Breathing in and out not taking any chances.
Glancing back she realized she was done:
He was following her, making advances.
She got to the roof top, found a place and hid.
She did not want to run anymore.
He had as much energy as a kid.
She had fear coming out of her pores.

Searching for her, he turned around corners and
She was face to face with her killer.
She stared at the blade he held in his hand.
Everything went dark, her blood a red river.
She would only be recognized as a name-
Meanwhile, her murderer received all the fame.

Present in body, missing in person.

Chris Pooler

**I saw you.
You saw him.**

Danny Tetzlaff

**More gray heirs
than money earned.**

Alex Motley



Hailey Winterbottom

Wild Thoughts Go Away Now

Wild thoughts go away now

You are too untamed for this life I will follow

Watch me as I slowly walk the narrow path;

my paw is held tightly, pulling me quickly, steadily

But I clench the flesh of dirt from another;

clawing so hard it splits my bones

I step over

Rough, disheveled, but alive,

So alive, this path lures me,

drags me down with a heartbeat that drones my own,

Paralyzes my fears, ignites my dreams

I gaze down the path I'm destined to walk,

8 am lectures, lifeless paper filled with blurring symbols,

Tired voices buzz my brain, watering my eyes,

slowly puts out my flame,

No, no, I've lived that, I crave more,

Let me go

I want to prowl through Paris streets that have touched the

skin of beings, soaked their blood, and stole their hearts,
injecting into their veins

Wander through galleries only hearing my own footsteps and
the echo's of my soft breaths, numb by the beauty,
captivated by the stillness

Swim through the Italian currents at blackness,

Tasting the sweetness, letting the arms of the ocean rock me,
undertake me as my laughs escape me

Get lost in words that have slipped

off the tongues of unmolded people

Not understanding their foreign voices, but studying their
eyes the way they flare, the lines that run through their age-
less faces like flowing streams, their palms the way they
grasp another so fiercely

Hold the hand of a man that sells his thoughts on the curb
instead of Wall Street

Cigarette lounging in between his teeth, he recites the words
that light his soul, bleed into my mind,
and capture my striking heart

The sounds of exotic rhythms posses my body, pounding
through my ears, moving through my fingertips to my hips,
the beat thumps to my pulse, I dance

Blinded by the light that tears through
the newspaper curtains,

Awaken at 8am by the sounds of another City, my eager
heart is ecstatic, ready to be tugged, mangled, set on fire

Brain is ready to burst, let me walk, let me be lost in this path.

No. Come here now, that's not what you want,

This is where you will walk, start training your mind, set the
time, study that script

Did curiosity kill the cat?

No, No, the lion does breathe, but does not live

Tempted by the crooked, enduring path that waits to be
dissected, explored,

Never tasted nor touched, for your paw might get burned
while walking that way

Though the biggest loss was not being burnt at all, staying
unharmd, virgin to the pain

Wild thoughts go away now

You are too untamed for the life I have lived.

Kendall Cairolì



Benjamin Leigh

The Bridge

Edward, being a well-mannered boy, let the maroon Subaru

pass before he crossed Canterbury road. The woman gave a sincere wave to Edward at the end of the awkward competition of who's nicest. Being very experienced at these sorts of competitions, Edward had won. He made the gesture for the woman to go ahead while sitting on the seat of his bike.

The Subaru sped off down Liberty Corner Road, probably on its way to the Liberty Corner Middle School. The neighborhood of Canterbury was filled with beautiful mansions on each side of the winding road. In these houses lived the prosperous families of Far Hills, and Edward always enjoyed pedaling by the nicely groomed front yards. It reassured him of what a classic American neighborhood should be like. He passed by Mr. Tyson's house, seeing Mr. Tyson with his bushy mustache. He was tending to his flowers as usual.

"Nice day out Mr. Tyson."

"Good day for a bike ride" he called back, keeping his focus on his plants.

Edward knew Mr. Tyson was smiling as he spoke with gusto like laughter.

"They look great!" Edward yelled as he flew down another hill.

Mr. Tyson kept on with his garden and Edward kept on with his ride. He held a straight line down the sidewalk, feeling the drop between the slates. He was happy to be far from home. Being a little boy gives you so little freedom. Edward reached the end of the sidewalk and the beginning of a busy interstate road. Like always, he made a long U-turn to the other sidewalk, checking both ways before doing so.

Edward was a joyful child, with dark curly hair. He had round, happy cheeks to complement his big grin, which was usually displayed for everyone to see. As he was on his way back home, his big grin turned into a serious glare. Edward came to a stop at the same intersection where he had let the maroon Subaru pass before. He promptly turned his head to see more road to the right of his front wheel. He had never been down this road, simply because he had never needed to. He thought of adventure and of fun, and not of his mother scolding him not to go as far as Canterbury. These rules were not on his mind at that moment. He thought of what could possibly be down the unknown road. Maybe it was more houses like Canterbury, he thought. Edward turned the front wheel of his neon green bike to the right, but did not move.

He thought of how he might as well have a demon on one of his shoulders and an angel on the other. He shook his head to rid himself of the thought and, without haste, he hopped back onto the old rubber seat. His training wheels screeched as they turned. He fled down the unknown road. He was escaping. He left everything behind right at that moment. He left it behind, but still planned on picking it all up later. Now Edward felt the breeze pass over his body. The sun was a buttery spread on his face. He felt a sense of freedom that an astronaut would feel stepping on an alien planet for the first time. Edward felt free.

He looked around to see not houses, but driveways. There were many driveways leading to unseen homes, hidden by the green forest of

Far Hills. I guess these people like the unknown road too, he thought. Edward now had a better sense of the world around him, and was more open to it. His bike was his Mayflower, being pushed into the new world. Then it happened again. He came to a short skid of a stop. His training wheels came to stop. He promptly turned his front wheel to the right. There was another road, even more mysterious than before. Edward pondered his next move carefully. He pulled out his water bottle, cold with condensation. He examined the road sign that he had stopped next to.

"Fore Rd and Wright Ave?"

"How much more lost can I get," Edward whispered to himself sarcastically.

"Very much so" a voice retorted with concern. It sounded far in the distance.

Edward flinched. He felt his serenity with nature violated by this visitor he had. Yet, he could not see this visitor.

"It is your choice to get lost, however it is your choice to find your way back as well."

"Hello?" Edward spoke out with uncertainty. "Who's there?"

"It is only I" the voice said, now closer. "No need for fear now."

"Why?" Edward declared.

Suddenly a bird perched itself on the road sign. He was looking at Edward with only one eye, as birds do. It rested on the green metal strip with Fore Rd on it.

"Because you shall not get hurt if your intentions are right."

The bird spoke. The bird spoke words. The bird is speaking to me Edward thought. This was no parakeet, but a simple yellow chickadee. Edward froze. There was a chill in the air.

"..."

"Excuse me, but have you made your decision?"

"... What decision?"

"Shall you keep going down Fore Rd, turn tail back homeward bound, or see where adventure can take you? You cannot stay still all day. And it is a good day for a bike ride."

Edward twisted his body backwards, looking back at where he had come from. Without hesitation he hopped on the old rubber seat again and began steadily pedaling, turning to the right. Seeing that there were no cars on the quieter Wright Ave, he decided to go in the middle of the right hand lane. Maybe it was to feel rebellious or maybe more free. Not even Edward knew what he was doing; he only knew that he was doing it.

"Very good" the bird murmured. "Very good"

This road was much more winding now. It was built around the environment it was set in, not a straight path for busy cars. This was a road for Edward. It was decorated with quaint little houses on both sides, all their own unique structure. He gained speed with each turn, letting the wheels run when he had enough momentum. He then went back to the sidewalk, feeling better on the tired cement. The grass was pouring over the sidewalk; it was being engulfed by the nature around it. Edward then passed the last house and looked around to see open fields with scat-



Kyle Larsson

tered trees. The grass was tall and feathery, tipped with grains blowing in the fall breeze. No trees were the same, all having their own identities, just like the houses. Edward glanced to his left to see the chickadee again. It was flying right next to him, right next to his silver racer helmet. It was a graceful sight, watching the bird fly.

“Very good” it said again, “you have decided to get even more lost, yes?”

Edward thought about this for a moment. He began to slow down until he came to a sluggish glide.

“But what if I get too lost?” he asked.

“Impossible,” the yellow chickadee cheered. “You can only get lost, or get found.”

Edward was distraught. He began thinking over what he was doing.

“My parents will be worried sick about me, I can’t miss supper, and I don’t even know if I can make it back.”

“You don’t need to make it back” the bird happily replied. “You can go wherever your heart tells you to go, and I will help guide you of course.”

This hit Edward hard. He stopped. The chickadee broke the short silence.

“Well apparently getting lost is not your cup of tea,” it said.

Edward turned his bike around, screeching his training wheels again. He crossed over to the other sidewalk on the left. Now he was facing back where he came from, only on a different path. This sidewalk was surprisingly clean. Fresh slates of cement made up the path, and it looked well groomed. Edward was feeling better already. He had a good day of adventure, but now needed to be getting back home.

“Leave with these words” the chickadee called out, “Now, there is a need to fear the unknown, for the way back can be treacherous. Stick to your wits, and do not look down.”

“What is there to be scared of? I already know where I came from.”

The chickadee already began flying away.

“Thank you!” Edward shouted to the bird.

“Don’t look down!” Edward heard in the distance.

Now Edward was alone. He did have his wits, and he always had his bike.

“Look down at what?” he asked himself aloud. He kept on with his journey to return home. Home to his loving mother and father. Home to his warm house. Home to his life. Edward began to pedal hard. The quick slope that he had once cruised down was now a shallow hill. He was working against the road. He felt the road persuading him to go the other way, to get more lost. He had to resist the urge to turn around. Edward got to the top of this first slope and stopped. He pulled out his water bottle. It was cool, and still refreshing. He adjusted his silver racer helmet and was off again. Edward came up to an intersection. He did not remember this intersection while he was going the other way. He stopped at the stop sign and looked both ways.

“Turn around kid, this isn’t what you want.”

Edward looked up for the faithful chickadee to be back, but no bird was in sight.

“Up here idiot” the deep voice said.

This was not the soft-toned bird he had conversed with before. Edward slowly turned his attention to the stop sign.

“Turn around, this isn’t the way you want to go” the sign repeated.

“Yeah? Why is that?” Edward was now used to the strange things that happened on Wright Ave. Being so far away from home on his own for the first time, he kept his composure thinking that this was somewhat normal.

“It’s much tougher than before, and you look tired already. Why waste all that time and energy when you could just cruise the other way?”

Edward took these words to heart. He knew that going down the slope again would be much easier. This road might even loop back to his house for all he knew.

“I have to go back though, and it’s getting late.”

“It’s your funeral,” the stop sign said rudely.

Edward looked at the stop sign one last time, checked both ways, and then crossed the intersection. He saw a red car in the distance, the only car he had seen the entire trip. More maroon, he thought. It reminded him of the nice woman again.

“It is good day for a bike ride,” the stop sign murmured to itself.

Edward was motivated to get back home. He had no idea what time it was. He hoped he would not be late for dinner. This made him pedal even harder. He turned up his speed. The hill he was riding against was so steep. Edward had to stand on the pedals just to move. He pedaled with all his might. He soon made it to the top of the slope. He stopped and stumbled, almost falling off his bike. His heart was a beating drum and his legs were pumping like used engines. His muscles felt very tired and worn out. Edward pulled out his water once more. It was luke-warm, but it was still water.

After a short rest, Edward kept on with his ride, now with a downhill slope that he did not remember. He thought that he had probably just forgotten and was so relieved he got through the worst of it. Then he

saw the bridge. He did not notice it when he was going this way either. Edward was convinced that this was a different way than before. The bridge was concrete and meant for cars, but no cars were in sight. It was quiet. The kind of quiet you hear when everybody bows their heads in silence for some terrible event. Edward walked over to the side of the bridge and rested his elbows on the concrete wall. His legs were weary and limp. He looked out to the beautiful landscape before him. The trees were a sea of greens, yellows, reds, and oranges. He looked down to see his reflection in the vast pond below him. It was a deep greenish blue and was completely still. He smiled at his image in the pond, thinking over how much he had accomplished with his ride.

He stood up straight with his hands placed firmly on the top of the wall. He then climbed up on top of the wall and rose up in the fall breeze. Edward put his hands on his hips, taking a deep inhale. He exhaled, looking down into the blue of the pond again. His reflection was looking back at him with peering eyes. It raised a hand and gestured Edward to come on in the cool water. Edward smiled at the gesture like it was an old friend. He was preparing to jump. Edward began to slowly timber like a dead tree in the woods.

"Incoming!" a voice shrieked.

The faithful chickadee had crashed right into Edward. It came with so much force that it sent Edward backward onto the bridge. He landed on the asphalt to see the chickadee on the ground.

"Did I forget to tell you to not look down?" the chickadee whispered sarcastically.

The impact the bird took when it hit Edward was brutal on its small body. Its right wing looked as though it was the wrong way. Its feathers around its neck were ruffled and out of place. Edward gently picked up the bird. He could feel its pain.

"What just happened? What was that?"

"You almost fell to your death, look down once more. Now with a realistic attitude perhaps," The chickadee pleaded.

Edward heard the busy traffic before he saw what was really under the bridge. On the right were hundreds of red car taillights and the left was the same, just white headlights instead. Edward looked back to the chickadee in his hands.

"But where is the pond? I saw my reflection an..." Edward paused.

"I know what you saw. It beckoned you to jump, yes? You decided to get lost once more." The chickadee sounded weak. "As I said, the way back can be treacherous, and I will help guide you wherever your heart tells you to go, of course!"

"But now what? What about you?"

"You can make it I just know it. Just keep going, it is only a bit further now that you truly know."

"Know what?" Edward demanded.

"You want to live."

The chickadee took a big breath and Edward could feel the fragile life in his hands.

"Besides... it is a great day for a bike ride."

These were the faithful chickadee's last words. Its body was limp in

Edwards trembling hands. He closed his eyes as his tears hit the feathers one by one.

"I want to go home," Edward murmured.

Edward opened his eyes to see a different place. The first thing he saw was the big blue sky, still light in the day. Mr. Tyson was over him with distress on his face. Edward could not hear the words Mr. Tyson was saying, but just watched his bushy mustache move with each syllable. Edward was lifted into the air on a stretcher. He peered over to see his majestic bright green bike, practically broken in half in the intersection of Liberty Corner Road. The woman in the maroon Subaru was on the curb with the police, hysterically trying to explain what had happened.

"How does he look?" Mr. Tyson asked. "Will he be all right?"

"I think so, just some head trauma, broken bones, and bruises," the paramedic said. "It's surprising that his eyes are open at this point." Edward was still looking at the sky. Just then, he saw a bird. It swerved left and right over the scene of the accident at the intersection.

"It's too bad," the paramedic said. "It was a good day for a bike ride."

Sam Aronwald



Matthew Enman





Lindsay Reeth

Ode to Snow

To the white blanket that tucks in all the houses in our neighborhoods. To the blinding blizzard of chill that makes inside all the more cozy. Traffic maker, Jack Frost's rain, delayer of school, sledding enabler. You come together as a team when a snowman is born. You create friendly wars between bundled up children and playful adults. What would be of the family ski trips and baby's first toboggan ride? How you make me want earmuffs and mittens go hand and hand with your freeze. Shaun White would be nobody if you did not fall from the clouds. Powdered sugar, crisp puffs, hibernation enforcer. Winter would not feel true without your brave martyrs descending from the heavens.

Sam Aronwald

Time
There was never enough

As seconds drift into days into years
It slips out of our palms
Out into the waves
Of the fitful lives we live

We crave
What we have in reach
But won't provide ourselves
So we wait watching the clock
Deteriorate before glazed eyes
Talking about the should, the would, and the if

Stuck in the same place
Racing and fighting
But at the end of the day
We end at the beginning

Meaningless obstacles that consume us
Taking the dreams, the things we love
And turning them against us
Just as you think you've won
You get dragged back to the start

Looking at the blank stares of the people
Who watch and listen to
The click of the clocks hand
But do nothing but stare

All we need is the fiery rebellion in our minds
To explode
forcing the truth; it says
"Enough"

The power is in us
We have the opportunity to do what we love
To do, the should, the would, and the ifs
It is our path of life
And we can change that
But we are scared of the thing we crave

There was never enough
Time

Leah Seldin

Time

Je vous donne trois mots
Et vous me donnez des fleurs
Et puis elles meurent.

Jillian Griffith

My dear Panera
You are the love of my life
Bread bowls forever!

Molly Glick

She tweets at you--yay!
You have made her day un-grey
She loves you, she does.

Nick Fazio



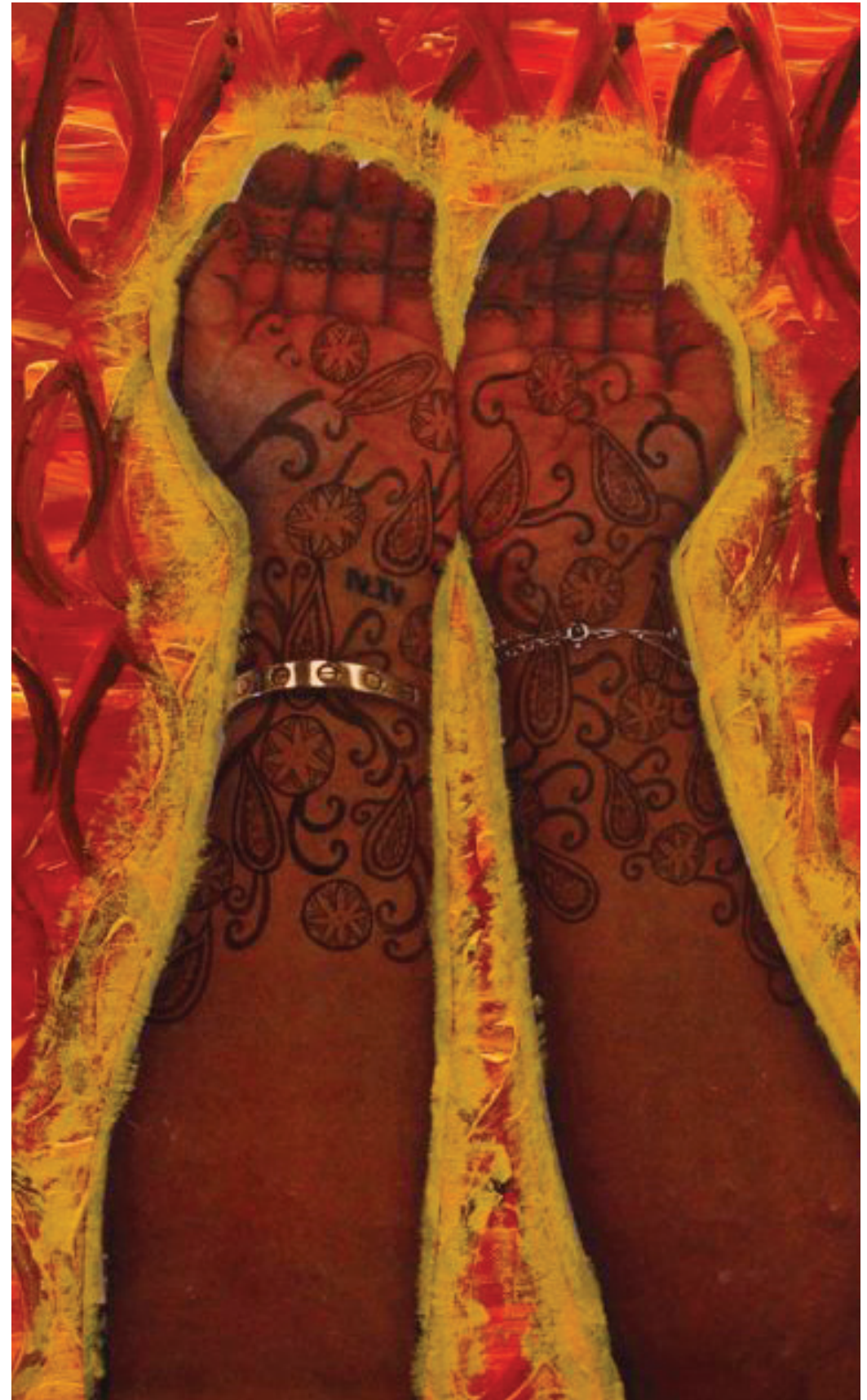
Matthew Enman

On Valentine's Day
Spend some time with my old ex...
Box 360! Ha!

Elijah Green

You saved me from my
Darkness. You unlocked my heart
And then gave me yours.

Mahdiyyah Karriem



Alicia Kukreja

Types of Teachers

Starting off a new school year, unaware of whom your teachers are or how tough they will be, is a frightening feeling. Of course you've asked the upperclassmen what each teacher is like, but you never truly know until you meet them on the first day of school. First impressions mean a lot and students base how much attention they will pay in class or how much work they will put into the class based on their first impression of the teacher. Before you walk into school, you need to be aware of all the different kinds of teachers you may encounter. So, here's the guide to every teacher in the book.

1.The Newby

If you end up with a new teacher, consider yourself lucky. These are the easiest teachers to test your power against because they are looking to get on your good side and start relationships with their new students. They're the most vulnerable, and easiest to take advantage of. They're like a baby antelope dropped into a lion's den. You're the lion. Before you test your power on them, you must gain their trust. Gaining their trust will allow you to convince them to change due dates, let you out early, avoid getting caught skipping classes and any other necessities of your choice. Always be aware that time provides experience, so take advantage of the perks that come with having a new teacher early on in the school year; they won't be that baby antelope for long.

2.The Clueless

The Clueless teachers aren't necessarily the new ones. While many of the Newby's can also fall under this category of teachers, there are many teachers who have years of experience who still remain as clueless as ever. Clueless teachers are another breed who are insanely easy to take advantage of. Excuses that generally never work with other teachers or are considered generic, work very well with the clueless teachers. Students can typically talk their way out of punishments without any difficulty as well as steer the class discussion completely off topic. Students also put on an overly happy and friendly façade when interacting with these kinds of teachers. They laugh at their jokes and compliment them often. I cannot exactly tell you why this is, but it works. These clueless teachers get so caught up in the friendliness of their students that they let everything else go within the classroom.

3.The Power-Hungry

Beware. These power-hungry teachers must be avoided at all costs. If you know which teachers fall under this category within your school and have the option to choose your classes, make sure to choose wisely and stay away from this breed. These teachers do not care what is considered fair and what isn't. They will do whatever it takes to make their authority known inside and outside of the classroom. Don't ask to go to the bathroom. Don't ask to leave early. Don't ask to eat in class. And don't even bother telling them about your early dismissal. The answer will always be NO. Warning: DO NOT test them. DO NOT see how far they can be pushed.



You will fail. You have now become the baby antelope and they are the lion. It does not matter how much control they actually have; it only matters how much they think they have. They will use it, and the higher you are on their bad list, the more you will suffer from it. My best advice when dealing with these kinds of teachers: smile politely at everything they say; always say “hi” in the hallway; and show as much interest in their class as possible, even if you want to rip your eyes out from the insane boredom and torture you are experiencing.

4. The Might’ve-Gone-Insane Teacher

Being in this kind of teacher’s class will feel as if you’re on a roller coaster. This teacher might make your least favorite class more bearable, but when it comes to tests and quizzes, you probably won’t feel prepared at all. Walking into class, your goal will most likely be to make it out alive. The teacher will often go on crazy tangents consisting of loud sound effects. Each tangent will have little relation to the subject you should be learning. Once this teacher starts with his or her stories, the student should work hard to keep that teacher off topic. The stories are often more fascinating than the subject. You will always end up walking out of class thinking, “What just happened?” But one thing the student must keep in mind: be prepared for that teacher to one day assign a test or quiz. Most likely, the student will not be ready for it and they’ll end up having to hire a tutor the night before.

5. The Relatable Teacher

The easy to relate to teachers are often the teachers you will feel most comfortable around. They’re the ones who you’ve probably been around for a longer time and who know you the best. They are also the ones you can vent to about other teachers and they will often join in. Even if you don’t have them as a teacher, you will still go to them for help or advice. When in high school especially, try to develop this kind of a relationship with one teacher. It can sometimes be a life saver to have someone always on your side.

6. The Overload Teacher

This teacher has no consideration for any of the other classes you will be taking. They have no limit on the amount of homework they assign, nor do they care how late you are up trying to complete it. It is as if you show up to school just to go to their class and their class only. They often assign extensive homework with short time limits. Sometimes, you will go weeks without any homework. Don’t be fooled. One day they will just cram in test after test, quiz after quiz, essay after essay. And don’t ask for a time extension. It will not be granted. Typically, the cramming method is used to benefit their own schedules. The Overload Teacher can also be known as the Selfish Teacher. They choose weeks where they have little to grade from other classes they may teach and that is when they attack you with work. There is not much you can do to avoid this, just stay on top of your work and endure.

7. The Coach

This kind of teacher shouldn’t even be a teacher. When schools have outstanding and competitive athletic programs, they hire coaches without taking into consideration the classroom teaching abilities of that coach. But, to save money, the coach must teach a class as well. This is where you can benefit. The coach often does

not have extensive knowledge on the subject they are asked to teach. Therefore, their tests are easily passable, because let’s be real, they probably have the same chances of passing a difficult test in that subject as you do. Because of their easy tests, you can most likely guarantee yourself an A in that class. Go into this class expecting an easy year; however, don’t expect to walk out of it smarter than you were before.

8. The Unorganized

This teacher is probably the most frustrating of them all. They will assign you work, make you hand it in, and then you will never see it ever again. Teachers usually hate when you ask them repeatedly when you’re getting your assignments returned. However, after about one month’s time with this teacher, I think it is acceptable to ask. They’ll give you one of three answers: “I keep forgetting it at home,” “I am waiting for everyone to hand it in,” or “I have had so much to grade, I haven’t gotten to it yet.” But see, as students, we don’t care what your lame excuse is. The fact of the matter is: you assigned us work, we did the work, we expect you to do your job and give us our graded work back. It works both ways as far as I’m concerned. If you don’t do your job, why should we do ours? We then are completely blindsided by our final grades due to the fact that our unorganized teachers have never handed any graded assignments back to us. These kinds of teachers will make you want to scream your head off at them. I mean, I guess you could go for it considering they’d probably lose the detention slip they’d write for you too.

Whenever you’re entering a new school year, you always need to be prepared for the wacky, overbearing, frustrating, lacking, or possessive personalities of the teachers you will be forced to deal with over the course of the year. After observing each of your teachers, make sure to review this guide so that you can ensure yourself the most productive and stress-free year possible. No matter what teacher you have, never be caught off guard.

Devon Flinn

A young boy said to his lover:
I'm quite sorry, but there is another
She was feeling sad
But soon, quite mad
So she gave a gun to her older brother

Benjamin Leigh

There once was a girl in school
She thought she was very cool
When she tripped one day
She became new prey
And she changed into someone cruel

Erin Hargrave-Kerns



Never-ending journey; always changing destination

Hunter Kronk



Kaitlyn Tatulli

Something appeared on the fallow field

Nick Fazio

Two people, one mistake, now three

Erin Hargrave-Kerns

Aliens Exist

I can see the green creatures from above.
Though I don't understand their space language,
you must believe they are here out of love.
Inside and out, they carry no baggage.
The X-Files poster hangs on the wall
of my room because it inspires me.
Documentaries: I have seen them all,
plus look at the pyramids, you agree?
If you think about it for a second,
you'll realize, we are not alone.
From deserts, to the city of Portland,
there are extraterrestrial zones.
You must believe, though it's not rational.
Just look above, and see the space capsule.

Benjamin Leigh

Ode to the Carpet

Fuzzy divider, indoor lawn, foot cushion, dirt catcher
and spill soaker. You are the humble fibers under my
feet. You do not complain as the weight of furniture
dimples your vast physique. How you match the
drapes. How you roll out red for the famous. How
rugs hide your wine stains. Den cozifier, woolen
ocean, and woven sea. Without you, rooms would
have an uncertain chill. Heel scratcher, floor blanket.
You make hardwood seem unreasonable, and put tile
to shame. A home would not be a home without you
welcoming at the door.

Sam Aronwald



Connor Cairolì



Kyle Larsson



Kiki Fitzgerald

sdrowkcab

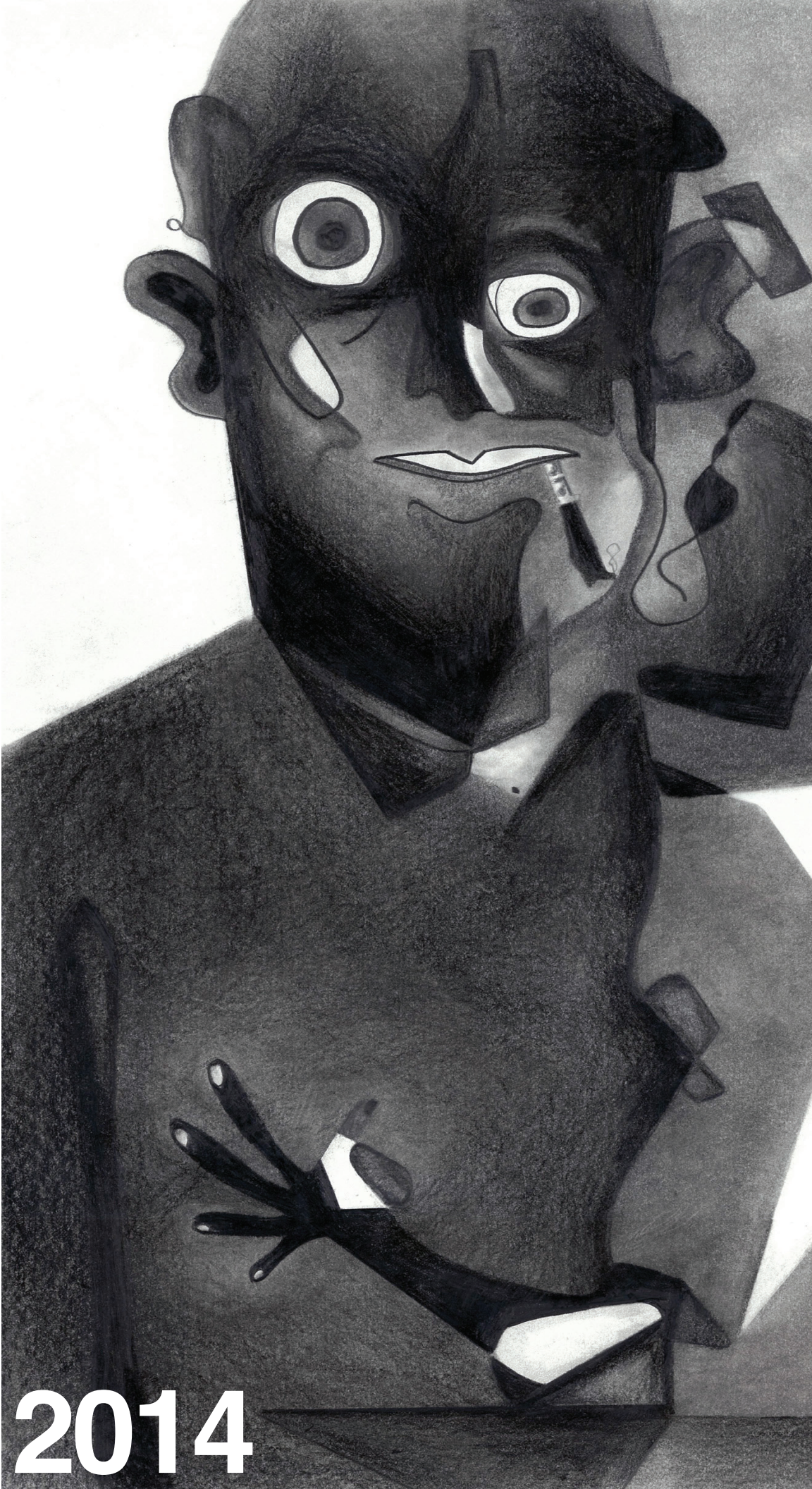
kcaB

To-
Get-
Her-

kcaB

Againagain

**Coleman Schultz
Cole Steinfeldt &
Samantha Siragusa**



2014