



# Mélange 2014

# Mélange

Writing and art from  
Morristown-Beard School  
2013-2014

“Melange mine own, the unseen and the  
seen, mysterious oceans where the streams  
empty.”

-Walt Whitman

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## LITERATURE (*Art and Photography credits in back*)

L. Garland	4, 41	C. Hardman	30	E. Taggart	59
J. Lawrence	4, 18	A. Penizotto	30, 49, 42	M. Sitt	60
J. DePoalo	5, 57	J. Adel	31, 33, 54, 59, 65	A. Shah	60, 61
C. Bernardon	5, 20, 26, 68	C. Gronning	31, 40	D. Dertouzos	65
O. Lombardi	5, 12	H. Hawkins	32, 63	E. Duffy	67
J. Mariano	6, 20, 41, 65	J. Trombetta	32	L. Smith	69
S. Nwadiozor	6, 28, 35	K. Wright	33, 48	T. Abbot	70
A. Esposito	6, 57, 65	G. Johnson	34, 40	M. DeSimone	71
R. DeStephano	7	M. Logan	36, 70, 52	K. Lavoie	71, 55
Q. Harris	7	B. Collins	37, 39, 50	Z. Esposito	71
B. Allinson	8	S. Yamashita	38, 47, 59, 65	E. Kim	73
T. Polaski	9	I. Warner	38, 59	J. Gorayeb	73
Erin Green	9	R. Carchia	39, 50		
T. Weitzman	10	A. Quigley	40		
Elijah Green	11	P. Guenther	40, 71		
T. Won	13, 73	M. Smith	41, 69, 73		
S. Picozzi	13	Matt Karrat	42, 69		
R. Heffernan	14, 62, 16	Max Cassella	42		
L. Leever	14	C. Fagan	42		
A. Lightbourn	14	A. Burns	43		
R. Tone	15	A. DiNorscio	43		
F. Bryla	16	M. Tatulli	43		
M. Corcoran	17, 45	P. Luckowski	44, 68		
T. Clemson	17	I. O'Brien	47, 64		
N. Pruitt	19, 36, 51	T. Alveras	48		
S. Beck	20, 38, 58	C. Ober	48, 56		
E. Buscemi	21, 25, 43	S. Laferriere	48		
L. Parker	21, 35, 6	M. Williams	48		
G. Hromin	22, 41	R. Wright	50, 53		
P. Williams	22	F. Randazzo	52		
B. Kernan	23, 29, 36, 67, 52	J. Rogala	52		
J. Cohen	24, 42, 55, 58	C. O'Connor	52		
S. Popat	24	P. Ryan	53, 65		
C. Heffernan	25, 36, 38, 50	P. Giaquinto	53		
L. Pinkin	27	W. McCann	53		
K. Bernstein	36, 74, 52	G. Hutchinson	54, 59, 65		
N. Aiello	30, 52	P. Easley	56		

## EARTH

The water, land, sand, and much more is what Earth is. I am but a speck on Earth, but that speck can make a difference. We swim in the seas, ski on the mountains, and rejoice in the cities. I am but a youngster in the wisdom of the world, and I have much to observe and much to taste. For I have not been to Asia nor Africa or Australia. I have yet to do that, but, at the same time, I don't have to do that. I can stay where I am, being in school until 3:00pm, being with friends on weekends and just hanging. I'm just here to make a difference for all the specks of the Earth.

By Liam Garland

## SOULMATE

Your hair gracefully billows in the wind  
But your smile is not so bright  
As you strolled around the bend  
I grabbed you and held you tight  
Alone you were left to fend  
For your parents had left your side

You feared that I would do the same  
And I looked deep into your eyes  
For we shared a love no man could tame  
And I held you as you softly cried  
I told of my new found riches and fame  
And promised you'd always be mine.

By Jadyn Lawrence

By Ethan Kim



## SPRING

Spring is here  
The beautiful flowers are blooming  
The warm sun shining and beating down on my head  
Watching my dog running around the yard  
With the green beautiful grass  
laying by my feet  
And the huge trees standing up tall  
With their protective shadow  
I'm so excited that Spring is here

By: Joseph DePoalo



By Caden Strauss

## THE BEACH

I stand in the open  
looking out at the sea  
The sun slowly setting  
The cool breeze passing me

With each new step  
The sand sinks lower  
And with each new wave  
my steps move forward

With the setting orange sun  
And the warm water over my feet  
My thinking is done  
As I walk across the beach.

By Caroline Bernardon

## CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas Time is my favorite time of year  
There's joy in the air and lots of holiday cheer  
The decor makes me happy  
and the lights are so flashy  
The food is delicious  
But not too nutritious  
Receiving gifts is lots of fun  
And it's sad when it's all done  
The best part of the holidays to me  
Is spending time with lots of friends and family.

By Olivia Lombardi

## JUSTIN BIEBER

They say bullying isn't right  
They say to be kind to everyone  
They say nobody's perfect  
Yet they bully him everyday  
They never show him kindness  
And all because he's not perfect in their eyes  
But how would you feel if you were being judged by the whole world?  
Justin Bieber.  
They are envious of him because they want to be him  
For envy is the same thing as jealousy  
What they don't do is look as it from his point of view  
If they took a walk in his shoes they would stop the hate.

By Julia Mariano



## MEMORIES

By Connor Heffernan

Memories can hold you down  
Like an ex-best friend that keeps coming around,  
a friend that used to make you smile but now  
No mas  
And it haunts you to the core  
How you used to let them in your open doors, but now you don't even talk anymore.  
Oh, the memories.

By Sundia Nwadiozor, Laurel Parker, Alli Esposito



By Elijah Green

## EN POINTE

I put on the lambs wool padding  
They protect my toes  
Then I slip on my shoes  
They are tight, but nevertheless I love them  
After, I tie the ribbons  
Most people would think strings.  
Soon I stand up and go  
This is the best part of my day, despite the pain  
Tuesday nights, 7:00-8:30,  
The time of my life.  
After class I get dressed and go home  
And wait until next week.

By Quiya Harris

## GONE

The sweet smell of chocolate  
Dripping down my face  
My father wiping it off  
The memory of my birthday  
Lights up in my head  
I wish I could be with him  
But I can't.  
He's gone.

By Rylan DeStefano

## ALL ALONE ON THE OUTSIDE

All alone, they don't understand. Am I different?  
Nobody understands the way that I feel, the way that I think.  
Maybe someday I will be accepted...maybe even welcomed.  
But for now the only time I will be on the inside is in my dreams.  
They say that dreams come true, but I'm sure that isn't so.  
Dreams don't come true for outsiders.

By Brooke Allinson



By Ashleigh Scully



By Sean Moseson



## THE ONE BOY

Ding, ding, ding  
Eleven fifteen  
“Have a good lunch kids,”  
Get coats and run outside,  
Listening to all the kids play in the rain,  
Splash, splash, hahaha  
Watching  
Walking by myself  
Wet and sad  
“Just want to go home.”  
“Yes, best lunch ever,” I tell myself  
Breakfast for lunch.  
Scout the lunch room.  
One empty seat,  
As always.  
Sitting by myself.  
Eating silently.  
Ding, ding, ding.  
Twelve o'clock  
“Recess!” I hear  
Splash, splash, hahaha  
Watching, walking, lonely.

By Thomas Polaski



By Sarah Laud

## THE FORCE

I feel like I am trapped outside of a crowded room,  
yelling, screaming, wanting to get in  
I get close but they just push me away  
The force of popularity lying between us  
They isolate themselves from me  
I am a lone island floating in a deep, dark sea  
I am alone.

By Erin Green



By Grace Hromin

## POETRY IS...

Poetry is an art of writing  
It takes a good amount of work  
yet it is fun  
You can rhyme  
it can be funny  
it can be serious  
Poetry takes time  
but in the end it makes you feel very accomplished  
Poetry can be loud  
it can be quiet  
it can be long  
it can be short  
it can be fast  
it can be slow  
There is so much to poetry  
It can be romantic  
or harsh  
I do not know what you think  
But this is...  
Poetry.

By Todd Weitzman



By James Harvette



## POETRY IS...

Poetry is the rhythm of words placed into a sequence to make a tune.

Poetry is the placement of words to make a good beat.

Poetry is the best type of rhyme.

Poetry is a way to pass the time.

Poetry is used to write letters of love and letters of appreciation.

Poetry can be described in a million different ways.

It can probably be translated into 100,000 different languages.

Poetry: P-O-E-T-R-Y.

Roses are red, violets are blue, I like poetry, do you?

Poetry is the beat to the music that goes through your ears.

It is the rhyme that sticks in your ear, until you forever go to bed.

Poetry doesn't have to make sense, and you don't have to use real words.

It can be a puzzle, or it can make you think hardly.

Pipo, hilo, keelo, my mind is a big junk of chico.

To make rhymes, it doesn't take much time.

Poetry is a story that is so good it doesn't need complete sentences.

Poetry stands for

Poetry

Openly

Entertains

The

Readers for

Years upon years.

By Elija Sheldon Green



## ANIMALS

The animals felt they were treated unjust  
The people claimed their land  
They were there first though  
How could they do this?

They called to their angels for help  
They talked and talked about how they felt  
The animals were there before the Indians and Brits  
They just didn't think this was fair

The Indians and Brits were discussing the land  
The animals felt so left out  
They weren't even a part of the conversation,  
but the angels told them everything would be okay

By Olivia Lombardi



By Jady Lawrence



## ORANGE TREE

After the immense blizzard,  
the heat from the sun  
starts to melt  
the snow and ice which uncovers the golden, sparkling sand, the shining sea, and  
on  
the  
seemingly  
dead orange tree,  
The perfect orange blossoms.

Theo Won



By Justin Adel

## SEASONS

Spring time, spring time  
Why can't you arrive already?  
Snow is still melting  
Flowers not blooming  
Sun is not rising  
Spring time, spring time.

Summer time, summer time  
Why can't it be forever?  
Radiant, blaring sun  
The sound of waves  
From the cool, dark blue water  
Summer time, summer time.

Fall time, fall time  
Why can't it be over?  
I put on my costume  
I am an orange  
Halloween is here  
Fall time, fall time.

By Sophia Picozzi

## THE ZOO

The zoo, extravagant and diverse.  
Full of life, all kinds of life.  
Intelligent life, wild life, plant life.  
No matter what something may be,  
It's welcome in the zoo of life.  
From monkeys to lizards,  
From zebras to fish,  
all are welcome, because after all,  
the world is just one great, big zoo.

By Ryan Heffernan



By Nick Aiello

## THE BALLOON

Through the deep and dark smoke  
Something red appears  
Through the keyhole,  
You observe that it seems to be floating by.

You look closely,  
Closer and Closer,  
Suddenly you see it,  
It has a string holding on for its life,  
As the wind carries it into the sky.

By Liza Leever

## THE WHITE BALLOON

Through the keyhole  
There is a burning fire  
The smoke is creeping out  
No one is inside  
Sparks fly  
Instantly everything is on fire  
Nothing left  
Nothing to spare

Except

The white balloon  
As the house burns  
The balloon flies away  
All that is left to see  
Is darkness.

By Alexa Lightbourn

## ON THE FLOOR

Ice falls  
To the floor  
Cracking, breaking, shattering

It leads me  
Down as well

Joining the company  
on the floor

A long lost ribbon  
velvety smooth

Remnants  
of a snack years old

Papers  
Crumpled and torn  
but still legible

Coins  
Of various sizes  
Silver, gold, copper  
Some rusted  
Some shining

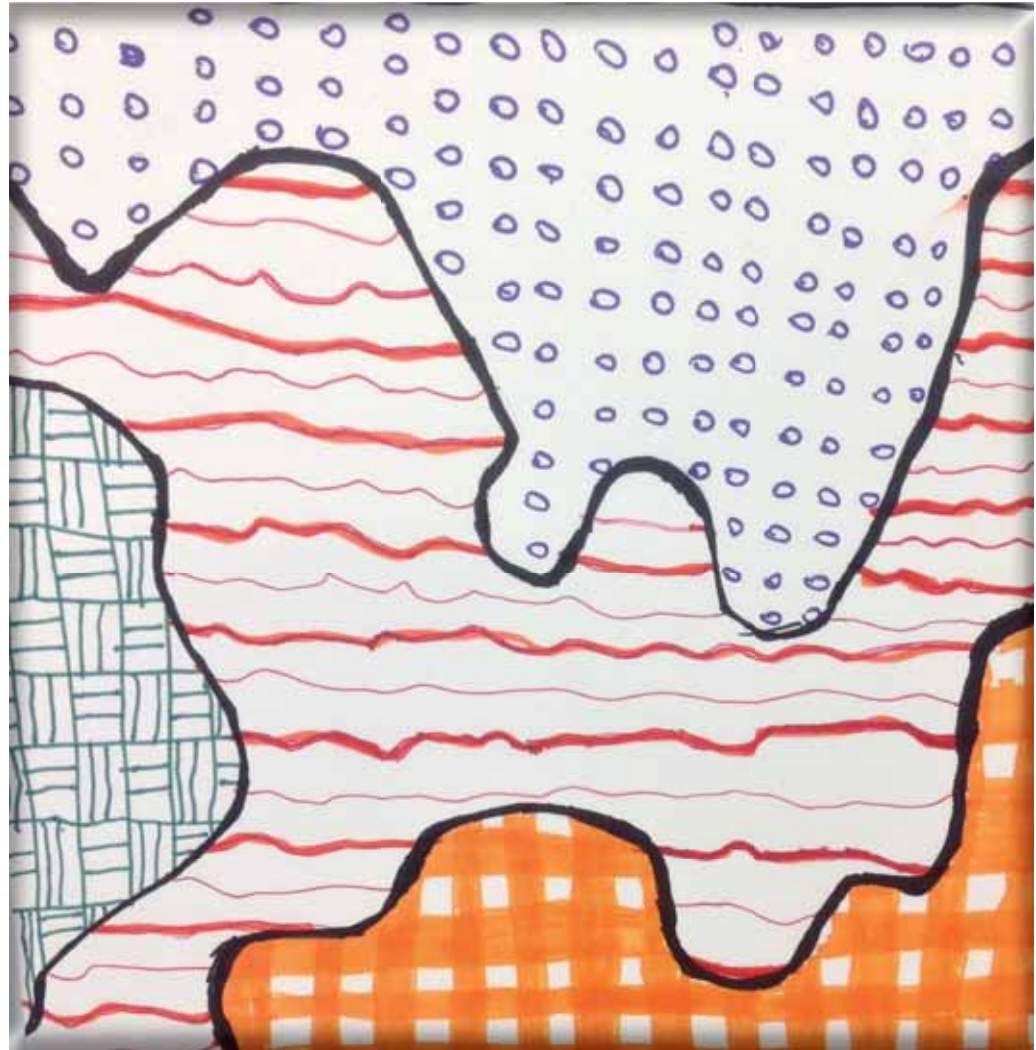
Cobwebs  
Spiders working  
Blocking my view  
of the corners

Hidden  
behind the webs

A box  
with treasures  
yet to be discovered

I look  
I see  
I find  
On the floor

By Rebecca Tone



By Timothy Abbott



By Tina Alveras



## LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND?

As she lays on the moist ground,  
Another sleepless night,  
The thought of betrayal circling through her head.

Everyone was gone, leaving her alone  
in the darkness of her room.

The scent of lavender soap brings her back to earth,  
as she had been lost in thought for a while,  
thinking about how she could escape it all.

One plane ticket  
can change it all.  
She can leave it all behind,  
Her house,  
Her family,  
Her life.

But once she leaves it all behind,  
She can never go back.

By Fiona Bryla



By Stephen Yuhus

## CHRISTMAS

The fire is burning, sending smoke into the early morning sky  
In the kitchen eggs are cooking, bacon is eaten,  
Nothing can cool the fire of the children's spirits, not even an ice tray,  
because...it is Christmas.

The secret boxes, wrapped in foil,  
sit under the tree, waiting to be opened.

The kids finish their breakfast,  
eager to open their presents, for the smiles they will share,  
last forever.

By Ryan Heffernan



## LOCKED UP AND FROZEN IN TIME

I have a secret  
in a box  
It's locked away for good,  
but once it opened  
opened wide  
telling the whole world.  
I keep it shut now, every day,  
for what it might unfold  
I tie it up  
with a ribbon  
as fine as velvet holds  
and now it will not open  
It's locked away in time

I also have some anger  
frozen in some ice  
I keep it on an ice tray  
hoping it won't melt  
but once it did,  
telling the whole world.  
Now I keep it frozen  
hiding in a tray  
I try to keep it hidden away from human eyes  
I cannot tie it up, though,  
so I put it in a freezer  
frozen in time

By Michelle Corcoran



By Paris Luckowski

## COLONIZATION

Colonization is a pack of wolves, where the alpha dog leads the way and the rest follow bursting with curiosity on where they are going

By Trevor Clemson

## COLONIZATION

Colonization is a pack of wolves,  
Innocent at first, but eventually becoming a savage beast.  
The first come with curiosity and bravery,  
followed by the defenseless and their caretakers.  
When everybody arrives, though,  
they do not try to adapt to the new surroundings and welcome new discoveries with open arms.  
They ravage through,  
teeth bared and claws out,  
transforming everything into a reflection of what they used to have,  
but it's a mere reflection.  
It's a new place,  
and it will never be the exact same as what they used to have.

By Jadyn Lawrence



By Henry Gregory



By Julia Mariano

## THE FORGOTTEN ONES

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

Their dirty noses and tiny hands pressed against the filthy window panes. Only half a dozen orphans remained. Watching. Waiting. For their parents, for a sign, for death. For they were the forgotten ones. When Captain Wilder left quickly with the remainder of his crew, no one was left but a few scattered families. At the time, there were nearly thirty children of all ages, but disease and insanity from isolation slowly riddled out all but the seven. Some discussed the old days. Some prayed for the future. The rest of us focused on the present, for we were the tough ones who fought to remain. I shook off the voices I heard telling me that searching for help was pointless. I ignored the constant feeling of hunger that seemed so natural after three days with just one meal. It was my job, my duty, as their leader to fight until the end of the line but in a dirty orphan house on an abandoned planet, the end of the line was approaching too fast. I was only fifteen years old. I shouldn't be the leader of the loony bin.

"It looks all clear, Sage. Do you think we can go out now?" Eleven-year-old Wren asked eagerly. "Pretty please my legs are cramping and I'm just dying for fresh air and sunshine." I sighed. I only let them out twice a day. Like dogs. I'm afraid the shape shifters will steal them and I will be left alone. Eventually, we will have to leave our awful shelter and seek for help, but only five days have passed and we are holding up all right.

"That's fine, Wren, but if you leave the fence don't go alone. Stay close though. And take Esther, Laurence, and Levi. Alexander is watching over little Imogene. She's running a fever you know." He nodded and ducked through the doorway with the rest of the little rascals. I gazed through the grimy window at them as they ran through the protection of the rusty iron gates, the ones that barely opened as if to subtly hold you back into its familiar boundaries. I thought of the land I was sending them into and I was abruptly brought back to reality with a desperate cough from our baby Imogene. She was tiny for seven years, not even reaching my hip, and you could see her ribs clear as day. Now with a fever, her already pale skin held a translucent affect. She looked as though death had already visited her. She would not hold on much longer.

"She's stable now," Alexander murmured. "Im might just hang in there."

"Oh thank god." I say, relieved. "I better get more water for her. When she comes around she will be thirsty"

With the children gone to play, I had nothing better to do so I stocked up of supplies. With the tin, speckled bucket in hand, I gingerly opened those iron gates and stepped into the world. I approached the old well humming an old tune from my few days on Earth. "Imagine all the people Ill... Living for todayyyy. uh uh ohhh" My mother used to sing it for me. The singers had a silly name. The Bugs? I forget. My mother died when we came to Mars. She named me Sage after the "wisdom that will lead us to the new world" Cheesy, I know. My father left me in a panic to get back to Earth. The well has the same amount of water as yesterday, a small blessing. I look over the well at the glassy surface and gasp in horror. I was expecting my reflection; same dark, curly hair, my pale skin dotted with freckles across my nose, my steel grey eyes. But instead I saw a gaunt girl, her see through skin pulled tight against her skin, her eyes wide and panic stricken, yet the color was dulled. I touched my face and realized, this is what has become of me. I shook off the scare and scooped up some water.

I whistled as I heaved the heavy bucket back to the building when it hit me. I couldn't hear the children. This couldn't be happening. I dropped the bucket, which was suddenly weightless now. And the water sloshed everywhere. I didn't even notice. I was already running head first into the woods.

I sprinted further and further into the dense forest and all I could hear was my uneven breathing. "Wren? Levi! Where are you come out now! It's time to go inside!" I screamed desperately "Esther! This isn't funny! Laurence please come now!" I slowed to a walk and let the exhaustion of running so long wash over me. "Please. Anyone." But I knew no one would come. I was a forgotten one.

By Natalie Pruitt

## THE LONE SURVIVOR

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

It was early September in 3057. The only sound you could hear was the quiet screeching of the rusty metal swings swinging back and forth against the wind. The once green grass that surrounded the old Martian park was now nothing but dirt. The brown plastic pieces piled on the soil were once a vibrant red slide that kids would play on for hours. It's been this way for over a thousand years ever since the planet, its cities, and its inhabitants were reduced to rubble. However, this day was different than any other. A small frog, only a few months old, made its way slowly across the playground chips. It made a sharp turn as soon as its tiny green eyes saw a puddle of rain water resting beside the swing. With as much energy as its tiny structure could muster, the little frog hopped over to the puddle with surprising speed. Once at the pool of new water, the frog put its parched tongue into the water without hesitation. Suddenly, electric sparks flew into the air. The frog's body shook uncontrollably and collapsed. The last living thing on Mars now looked exactly like its neighbors: a pile of metal on the floor.

By Julia Mariano and Caroline Bernardon

## WAR

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

I look around at the purple mountains glowing in the sun.  
They look like a bunch of grapes.  
The rough texture slides across my hand, I'm mesmerized by staring at it.  
I resist the urge to climb it and turn around.  
I find the most beautiful tree behind me, the pink peddles dropping to the ground.  
The most magnificent smell comes by.  
I look around, taking it all in, the dead martian city, and the dark blue lakes, and the rocket,  
and all the beauty.  
I then look at the rocket, thinking about Earth, and how much I loved Mars.  
I would keep the rocket in case I wanted to go back home for some reason.  
What, though, would be the point of ever leaving?  
This is a picture too perfect to be true.  
I will never leave...I will never leave...I will never...  
But then I wake up. Thinking about how I wish that was real and how I wish that I was on  
Mars. It was too good to be true and I can't go because they took my rocket for the war.  
Boom..... Earth is now rubble and everything and everyone is gone.

By Sydney Beck



## THE FORTUNATE ONES AND THE STOWAWAYS- FEBRUARY 2061 (INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

The old rockets came to Mars far and few in-between. Used by earth people with enough money or power to escape a decomposing planet. People desperate enough to take their chances on unknown terrain, as they came, far from home with the ones they loved the most. Then there were the stowaways. The con-artists, murders, thieves, and sociopaths who had hid in the dark corners of the rockets of the lucky. The ones that broke the law for a living and killed because it was fun. The ones who had no one to call family. People with nothing left to lose. Yet both people from the two opposite ends of society had one thing in common. The will to survive.

By Ellie Buscemi



By Izzy Warner

## APRIL 2072 THE SWING SET (INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

The swing didn't move. The only thing that had touched it was the wind, and that day, the light breeze couldn't gather enough strength to push the plastic seat.

It had been that way for awhile.

Abandoned.

Completely and utterly abandoned.

The factory-built swing set didn't like that. It desperately sought someone who was willing to position themselves on the seat and swing away. Maybe with a companion on the adjacent swing. The only flaw in this was the emptiness that surrounded the area. It was empty like the milk bottle that laid just a few feet from the feet of the swing set. Just a glass bottle full of the limited oxygen the trees on Mars produced. Not a sign of milk to be seen.

It couldn't wander to find the children either, so it just stayed there planted to the ground. Something soon changed though. The wind picked up, and the seats moved. However, the wind still wasn't strong enough. It was the children that moved the swings. They came like a unexpected present. Each of them with a smile plastered on their small faces as they approached the swings.

They were all happy. The parents had equally large grins as they watched their children push one another, and the children laughed as their feet could no longer touch the dirt floor, and the swing set creaked for it was no longer abandoned.

By Laurel Parker

## THE METEOR FEBRUARY 2030

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

Mrs. B was sitting in her creaky, old rocking chair on her porch one evening, like she'd been doing for the past five years. Her cup of herbal tea on one side and her favorite book on the other. She sat there as she watched the stars and the comets pass by. Tears rolled down her brown, rough checks. This was her husband's favorite thing to do. She wiped her eye with her small tentacle and walked backing into her little home. She took the kettle off the stove and poured some more tea. As she was walking back outside, she noticed light coming from the living room window. As she walked closer it got brighter and brighter. She wiped the dirty glass with her tentacle and realized that there were brought orange flames moving across the sky. Meteor!, she thought to herself as she made her way out of the house and on to her orange dirt lawn. She ran away from her house as fast as she could. She felt heat waves coming from behind her and it got harder for her to run. She looked behind herself, trying to see if she got enough distance away from the house, when she tripped and fell. She looked up at the sky and saw the orange flames move closer and closer towards her. Her old and fragile skin burning away by the second as she tried to call out for help. But, it was to late. She was burnt away by the fire and crushed by the metal ship that followed. Her house, and her life, destroyed in an instant.

Then, a tall man stepped out from the shipped and said "Men! We've did it! I, Nathaniel York, lead the first men to Mars! I declare that this go down in history!"

By Grace Hromin

## THE ROCKET

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

Timothy awoke to the unfamiliar sound of a rocket. At first he was confused then he remembered that they were expecting company. He ran outside in his pajamas and stood next to the rest of his sleepy family members, his father holding tightly to is mothers hand. The rocket landed and with the sound of exhaust the door opened and three little girls, two parents and a dog came slowly out of the rocket. Both the parents, who were long time friends, ran to each other in excitement. The children introduced themselves and they all went inside for breakfast. They talked and ate for almost two hours, excited about the plans for the future. The children, three boys and their sister from one family and three girls from the other played soccer underneath what was the ruins of the martian stadium. They realized that they were meant for each other, and fifteen years later there were three marriages, three babies, seven puppies, and four grandparents on the red dust of Mars.

By Paige Williams

# TERMINUS

(INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

It was an ongoing debate which spread faster, the news of the disease or the pandemic itself. Birthed within the disarming farms of Mars, the rural, the good country Martians, fell first, yet the higher folk heeded little warning to their impending doom:

Terminus

Ulcers pushing against their skin then blossoming like spring geraniums; man, woman, and child are dragons with thick ruby scales and fiery hot skin, fathers passing it on to mothers, mothers to brothers, brothers to sons and daughters, each leaving just one gift to the following generation:

Terminus

Then to the mendicants, the travelers, the trailblazers, those who did not belong; reports of mangled bodies uncovered in the blue martian sand, bloated faces and cherry-blossom scars across their shriveled brown skin. Everybody knew, nobody cared. Each short column story, concerning for just one moment, then flipped to the back of the Martian's mind. Nobody stepped forward to claim the dead, that says something:

Terminus

Nobody quite recalled when it happened; it was all so fast. A blur. It felt like a wrinkle in time; because time, it didn't pass, it just slipped by, like sand through an hour glass. The disease came like a tsunami, a massive wave, and dragged everything into the tumbling tide. There was no hiding; not for anyone. The News Reports wouldn't stop, but each word just got lost in the:

Terminus

The chase, just as it had started, stopped. Abrupt. Sudden. Not a heart to beat. Not a coin eye to see. Just one soft call to hear.

Just one.

Every Broadcaster sung, and they sung the same tune.

"Welcome to Terminus." "Welcome to Terminus."

Welcome to Terminus.

By Blake Kernan



By Katherine Bernstein

# THE END OF HUMANS AND BEGINNING OF MARTIANS

## (INSPIRED BY RAY BRADBURY'S *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*)

There he was all alone on a planet filled with nothing but rocks, dead civilizations, and forgotten towns. This man's name was Alex Johnson, a lawyer from San Francisco, California. He was one of the last humans left alive on Mars after the war on Earth and the escape of only dozens of families. Johnson was one of the fortunate ones. He arrived on Mars with the idea of going to where everyone else landed and stay with them, but his rocket malfunctioned and he was forced to land in a Martian city with no seen lifeforms. He looks around in the city; through the streets, into the houses, only hearing the sounds of bones being played like a xylophone and sees foot steps in the ashes of the Martians. He looks to the west and sees a near by river. He goes there and sits by the side thinking on what he will do. He landed in an unpopulated part of Mars with no way of going anywhere else.

He said, "There's no one here. I can't get anywhere, I don't have any food. Ugh. This is a terrible turn of events. OH MY GOD! I'M GOING TO DIE OUT HERE BECAUSE OF A STUPID ROCKET I BOUGHT FROM A CRAZY SCIENTIST!"

He looked downstream to see where the river went to follow it. Johnson walked for a mile, half a mile, two miles, he didn't know for he had no way of telling. For all he knew, he was half a planet away from any other humans. He continued along the river, dehydrated, tired, light headed, and hungry. It started to become darker and darker until the sun was only a glimmer of light far away on the horizon. It became suddenly freezing and although he had heavy clothes with him, they still weren't sufficient for all his needs. Finally he fell asleep, shivering in his smelly sweat.

The next morning, Johnson woke up with dust on his face and half his hand in the water. He stood up and saw a figure in the distance, running towards him.

"Hey you! Sir! Hugh, hugh. I was just walking back with my family to our city about a mile behind you from a camping trip. Are you alright?" the man said.

Johnson responded with, "Yes I'm alright. Although, I could really use a bite to eat and a drink. A shower wouldn't be bad to."

"Well whatever you need. By the way, my name is William. What's yours?" William said.

"Johnson, Alex Johnson. So can we go back to your city and eat? I'm famished."

They went back to William's city and they ate lunch. As Johnson ate, William's family was in the other room talking about the stranger they just met. The children were asking questions like "Who is this man?" or "What is he doing here?"

Eventually William and his family walked back into the room and asked Johnson, "So, how long will you stay? Do you have anywhere to go?"

"I was hoping that I could stay in one of these houses in your city here. Its so peaceful here and I wouldn't be a bother. Oh, please?" Johnson said.

"Well I think we will be happy for you to stay here. Don't you all agree?" William asked his family.

They all responded with an enthusiastic "Yes."

William then said, "Then it's settled. You will stay here as a guest in our city. Unfortunately we don't know how long we will be staying here because we have some friends who are coming to Mars and we want to repopulate Mars."

"Ok but I will stay with you guys until then and we will talk about what to do when the time comes. But from now on, I will live with you and be a part of your family." Johnson said.

Alex Johnson lived with William and his family until they all went to populate Mars where Johnson met a women who would later be his wife who would provide two beautiful twin babies and start the repopulation of Mars.

By Jarod Cohen

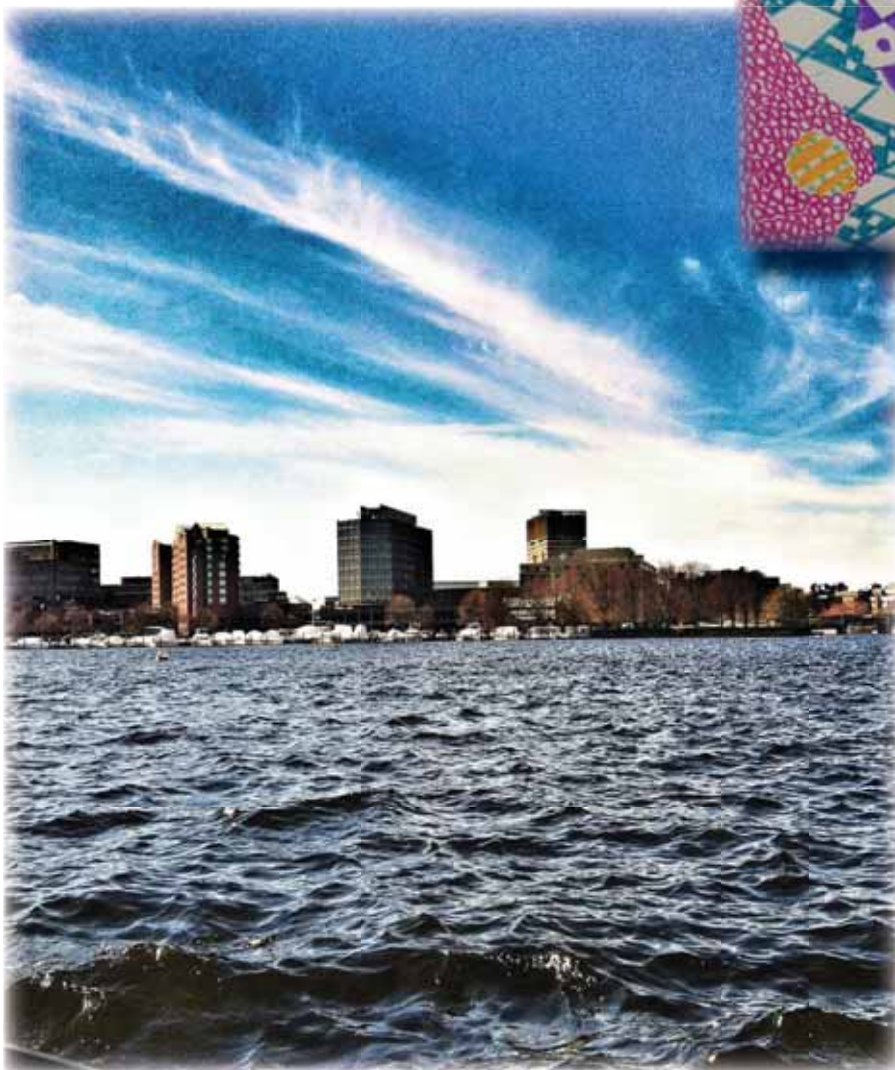


## THE LIFE

I'm stripped from my cage and lifted in the air  
I'm placed next to a mysterious figure  
Again, I'm lifted up in to the air. This time much higher.  
Before I know it, I'm being drowned in a strange liquid.  
I think this is the end, I can see the light.  
When I'm lifted back up,  
A savior has rescued me.  
Suddenly, I'm ripped to shreds.  
A savior, made a traitor.

This is the life of an oreo.

By Connor Heffernan



By Curtis Fagan



By Leslie Phillips

## TIME

Tick tock tick tock  
Watch as Day turns into Night  
Tick tock tick tock  
Watch as April turns into May  
Tick tock tick tock  
Watch as Winter turns into Spring  
Tick tock tick tock  
Watch as the years pass you by  
Tick tock tick tock  
Watch as time flies by

By Ellie Buscemi

# I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

Pawns.  
Players.  
Slaves.  
Pieces in their game.  
That is what I must be.  
I am putting myself in a permanent nightmare.  
But why?  
To keep fear alive in the citizens of this newly formed country  
To keep rebellion  
To tear families apart  
To entertain the rich and the greedy  
To keep children wondering if they will have to become a killer  
or it they will be the ones dying  
Twenty four children enter a horror filled landscape  
After forcing them to take their lives, one will come out  
Only one.  
I have been chosen out of the hundreds  
One slip of paper  
One slip with my name on it and my fate is chosen  
I will die.  
Or  
I will live bathed in riches  
But at what cost?  
It will cost everything that I am  
I will see children die  
I will watch innocent kids turn into monsters  
And if I am going to live, I will have to be a monster myself  
Someone's life will be slowly drained because of me  
Families heartbroken  
Because of me  
One less living breathing person  
Because of me  
My hourglass is losing all of its sand until just one grain remains  
One grain of hope  
I will never leave this nightmare  
I will never be the same again

By Caroline Bernardon



Monday the 14 of October, 1635

## COLONIAL DIARY

Dear Diary,

It is a beautiful, sunny fall morning here in Massachusetts, and I woke up with the largest grin. Today marks my 5<sup>th</sup> year in Massachusetts. I have enjoyed life so much more in Massachusetts than in England. In England my family and I were to follow strict rules of the King. The charter in Massachusetts allows more independence than in England. My mother and father seem very happy today too. My brothers and sisters are acting very different today. I expect they are full of joy because they remember the day we left England. My brother Will was born after we left, so of course he would not remember that day.

Today I have school with some of my siblings and friends. My school is based on the bible, and we have to learn how to read every word in it. I am in 7<sup>th</sup> grade this year, and expect this to be my last year of school. Many girls do not get to extend their education like men do because women and girls do not have as many rights as men. I wish for this to change.

Today I rose from bed excited for school. I got out of my room and beseeched my mother for my usual cup of porridge. After consuming my fullsome meal, I began to prepare for my classes. I completed my usual chores of cleaning the dishes and sweeping the den. Betwixt walking to school, I stop by a house adjacent to mine to pick up a friend. My friend and I then began to walk to school. Our school is located next to a church. We often learn about reading and writing. The teachers want us to be able to read the bible. Today we read another passage from the scripture.

After school, I had to stop by the bakery to pick up rye bread, a very popular bread in Massachusetts. The ladies working at the bakery that I usually purchase bread from, know me. They attend the same church as I do. Right after I purchased the bread, I rushed home with it for dinner. I am helping my sisters and mother prepare dinner. Tonight we are making broccoli stew and rye bread on the side.

Sincerely,

By Lily Pinkin

 E. Collins

# HUMANITY

I am the meeting of a man and a woman  
I am their unification and the reason they are drawn together at the heart  
I am what they create  
And I am human  
I can walk  
I can talk  
I can even sing a little tune every once in a while  
I am the roots of a sprouting tree  
I am the drum beats of the past  
I am a daughter  
I am a son  
I am an answer to the many problems people have been seeking answers to  
I am a problem to the society I was born into  
But I am still me.  
Me.  
A person sent into the world where one thing is greater than another  
Another greater than the other  
The other greater than another  
I am diverse.  
My skin cream  
Pale  
Tan  
Chocolate.  
My eyes brown  
Grey  
Blue  
Green.  
Oh, how I am so unique.  
I am the shoulder you lean on when things go wrong  
I am the girl you pick on  
because your expectations are too long.  
I am the supporter.  
The defender  
The defeated  
The completed.  
I am  
The weakened  
The strengthened  
The broken  
The token.  
I am the key,  
Because I am me,  
No matter who I may be.  
I am humanity.

By Sundia Nwadiozor



## FATAL CONTAGION

We are the youth  
and the elders  
of our generation

We lead  
and are led by  
our own population

Not alike  
Not different  
A strange combination

Many choose  
to call us  
a hazardous situation

True:  
not always safe  
but proud  
of our unique creation

Just happy  
with our  
fatal contagion.

By Blake Kernan



By Peter Giaquinto

## SPACE

I was in space  
Dancing with the stars  
Literally with the stars  
When a distinct smell came running across my nose, I knew it was a rose  
The smell was as fragrant as perfume  
When I closed my eyes I felt like I was in a backyard full of flowers  
Oh, how wonderful it felt  
BEEP...BEEP...BEEP...it was time to wake up.

By Shyam Popat



By Samantha Hutchinson

## LAND ROVERS

The little mice  
went to the ice.  
They laced up their skates  
after they ate their cakes.

They hop off the bench  
Some players are French.  
They shot the puck  
but their shot had no luck.

The practice was over  
The drove home in Land Rovers.

By Nicholas Aiello

## 100% LUCK

When Graham shot the puck,  
the goalie decided to duck.  
The puck went it,  
we called it a win.  
It was all 100% luck.

By Chris Hardman



By Richie Carchia

## VICTORY

I went to the track  
The go carts were running  
I got a good snack  
Some weird guy was humming

No one said a word  
I wanted to win  
Every sound could be heard  
Even the drop of a pin

We walked to our carts  
my cart was red  
To win you need smarts  
This helmet was killing my head

I want to win the race  
I really hit the gas  
Now I have my game face  
I just might make a pass

The checked flags waves low  
And this is the end of my story  
But you should probably know  
I have secured a victory!

By Austin Penizotto

## A TRUE GAME CHANGER

We were just playing  
How could this have happened?  
It was just a bruise on his arm  
A cut on his hand  
A scrape on his head  
How serious could it be?

How could a game turn into this?  
Just a sudden trip  
And all things that were good in our little world  
Started crashing down  
Nothing was ever the same.

By Justin Adel

## THE LOVE OF THE GAME

People play it for the love of the game  
As fathers and sons sit down together  
Tonight is the biggest game  
And if they lose, all is lost

If they lose, sons will be crying  
And you will be too  
Then you say "next year bud"  
Then your son says "but they came so close"

A year has gone by  
And your team is in it again  
It's game 7  
Dimaggio at the plate  
2 strikes  
The next pitch  
It is high, it is far, and see ya  
Celebration fills the air  
as the Yankees go on to win the World Series

This is why we watch  
For the love of the game

By Colin Gronning



By Lily Pinkin

## MYSTERIOUS

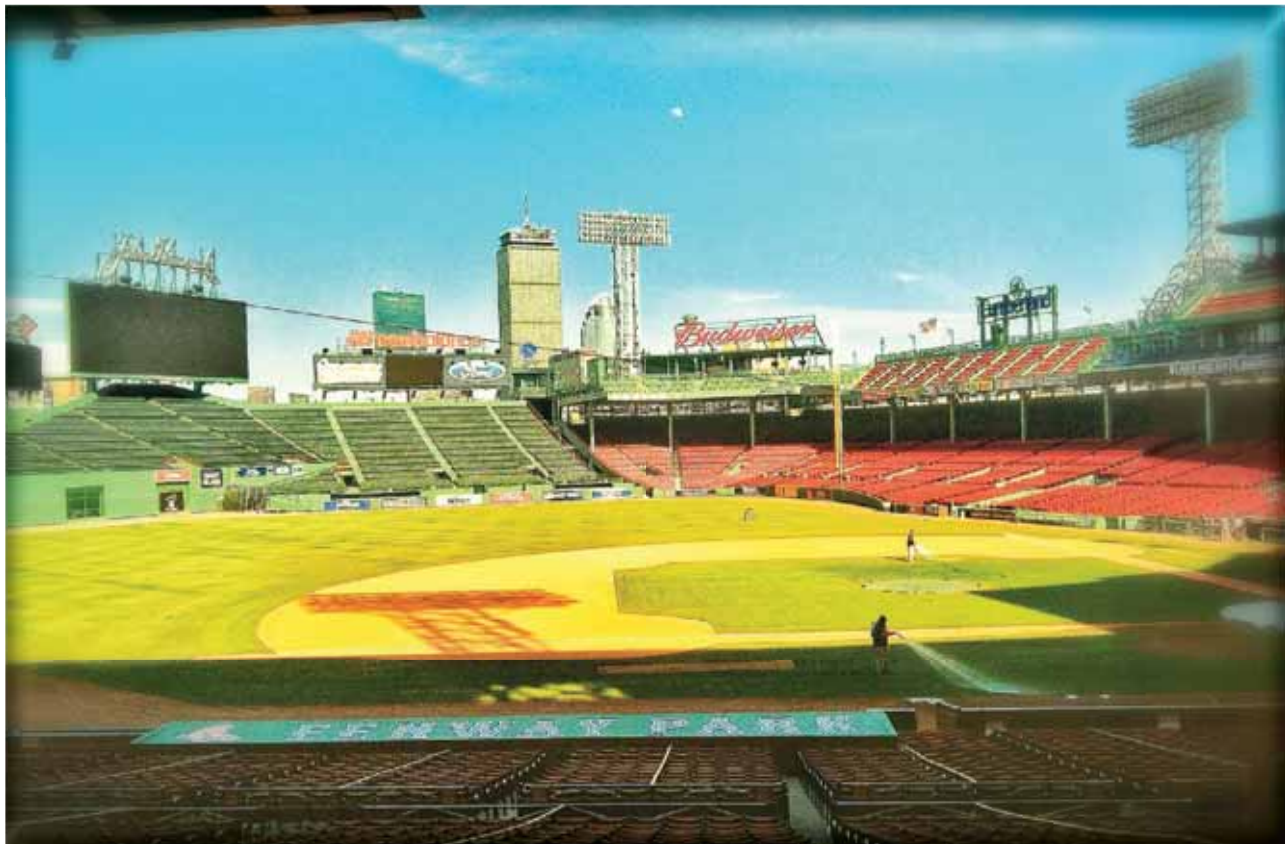
They travel in groups, like the meteor storms  
full of beautiful dots and sparkles  
they see the best and worst of both worlds  
they travel very far, for little reward  
you look at them in the center pupil of the eye  
they seem ever so mysterious.

By Henry Hawkins

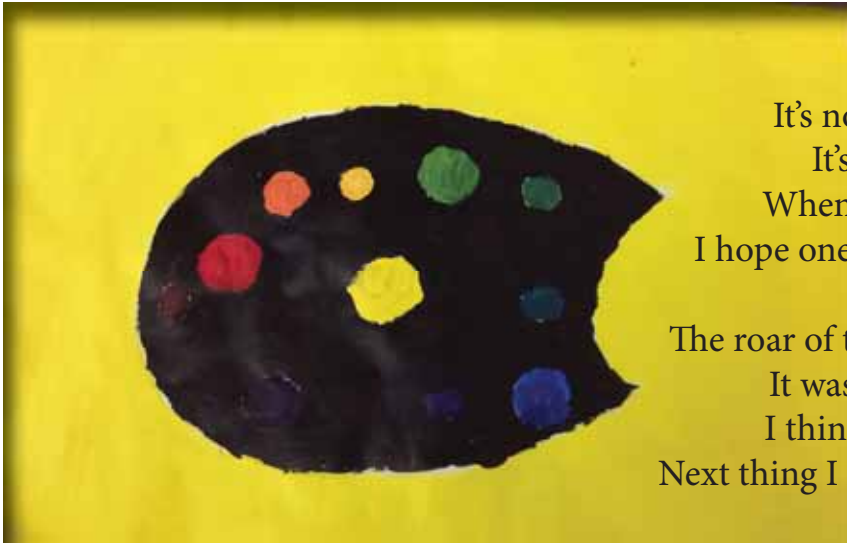
## THE GLISTENING RED CHERRY

The glistening red cherry,  
Sat on top of the sweet vanilla ice cream,  
I still remember it on a burning summer day,  
While I mourned for something chilly.  
My mom and I sprinted towards the ice cream truck,  
As we bought that chilly, sweet vanilla ice cream  
with a cherry on top.

By John Trombetta







## MY LIFE

It's not just a ball and a bat  
 It's more than a game  
 When it gets hot, wear a hat  
 I hope one day it will all turn to fame

The roar of the crowd when I hit the ball  
 It was an amazing moment  
 I think it went over the wall  
 Next thing I knew, I had my own segment

By Megham Karrat

It was just the beginning of my career  
 This is more than a game, it's life  
 I could tell my fame was near  
 I hope people still recognize me in the afterlife

The amazing feeling I get while playing is like no other day  
 I love this game more than anything in the world  
 I would not want it any other way  
 I never like to be disturbed

You may not know me well  
 When you see me play on the field I'm nothing, but me  
 It's not very easy to tell  
 I get intense, I can give you a whoopee

## THE MEMORIES

We play  
 We sing  
 We dance  
 We laugh  
 A rush of excitement rushing through our bones  
 Never truly having a dull moment  
 The memories won't ever fade.

If you don't know yet  
 This game is more than a ground ball  
 You will definitely break a sweat  
 This is my life, softball

By Katie Wright

By Justin Adel





## JOY

When I am sailing  
I go so fast  
There is no failing  
I'm like a blast

My sail is flailing  
It's up on the mast  
I've started bailing  
Finished at last

I'm in the sun  
On the tow  
It's so much fun  
I don't have to row.

By Graham Johnson

By Graham Johnson

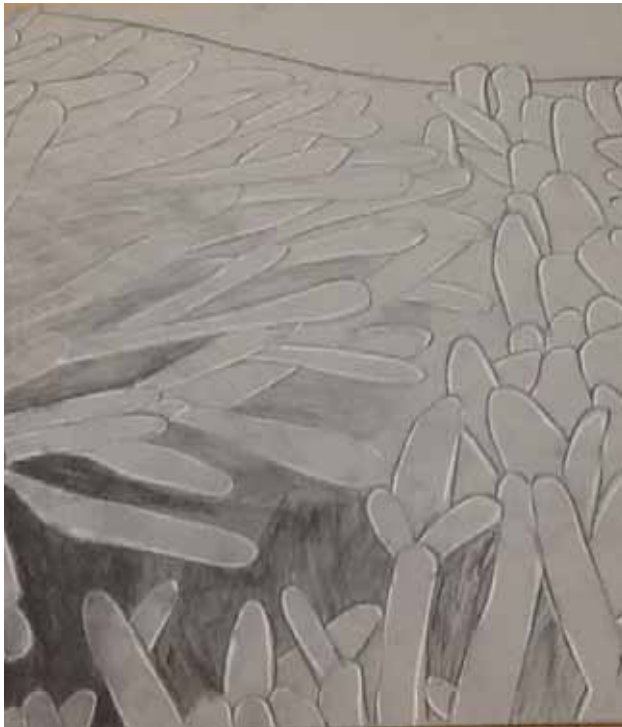


## LOVE STRUCK STALKER

I watch you as you walk past  
your eyes in a distant daze  
and sometimes I wish these moments would last  
your hair a messy maze  
my heart beat gets so fast  
even if our beings don't graze

And as you hum your tune, and you smile so bright  
my hands caress my chair's handle  
as you sway so swift and light  
you turn to me, smile, wave, and then I look away, while picking up my melted candle  
I'd never thought we'd meet this way, consumed by the evening night.

By Sundia Nwadiozor



By Dan Francis-Manshel

## THE GIRL

Her footsteps were light, like the wind that blows  
Each one beautiful and full of grace  
Her skin was almost as pale as the snow  
With rays of sun reflecting on her face

Her eyes put the sky to shame  
Both brighter than the stars above  
But he doesn't even know her name  
It's something he's unworthy of

They haven't made small talk  
Nor have they passed  
So he just gawks  
Through the window store glass

But he wishes he knew more  
Like her favorite food  
Or who she cares for  
Until then, she'll stay pursued.

By Laurel Parker

## THE LIFE OF CHARLIE

There once was a baby named Charlie  
Oh this baby loved to shout  
His parents fed him parsley  
But the more he began to pout

Charlie was now a growing boy  
Who ate more than he ever had  
A five year old with much joy  
Whose favorite style was plaid

Charlie was now a teen with new priorities  
Entering high school was a dreadful time  
For Charlie was getting sick of his authorities  
When would be his turn to demand and shine?

By Connor Heffernan



By Ashleigh Scully



By Henry Hawkins

## OLD MEMORIES

Old memories are an old sweater,  
They might not have been the most beautiful gifts in the world at the time,  
but even after the yarn frays,  
the color fades,  
and the holes appear.  
you never want to let it go.

By Blake Kernan, Maeve Logan, Katherine Bernstein, and Natalie Pruitt



## A GROUP OF BIRDS

For on the waveless hills  
dull grasses in the field  
sat groups of birds with bills  
nothing to make them yield

A flash of light and they took flight  
unburdened and unflawed  
off into the distant light  
as if reaching out to God

One more crack of thunder  
the birds' feathers turned jet black  
and I saw my answer of which once I wondered,  
“when would the birds come back?”

By Brian Collins



By Ashleigh Scully

## SKYDIVING

A leap of faith.  
Your mind is spinning,  
you can't feel your legs,  
your limbs a jumble of whirling thoughts.  
All you can hear is the blurred sound of life passing you by  
and others pressuring you to make the jump.  
You can't.  
You can't leap,  
for fear has taken over and your body is frozen.  
Frozen in one moment,  
cold as ice,  
but soon,  
yes,  
a moment of warmth approaches.

By Connor Heffernan and Sarah Yamashita



By Ryan Heffernan

## EARTH

Being on Earth is indescribable. Asking a human what it is like to live on earth is similar to asking a lion what it feels like to live in jungle - there is no response. Earth is like a car, fast moving and busy, but sometimes at a stand-still with time moving slowly. Earth is thousands of things working together to achieve a simple task and at night everything comes together with the stars shining bright in the sky. Earth is a beautiful thing with birds chirping, flowers sprouting, and snow falling.

By Sydney Beck and Izzy Warner

## TIME

It feels like a big piece of clay. You first get it and it is rather confusing; you have no idea what to do with it. As you grow older, you try making it into different things. You try making a statue of a baseball player with it or a guitar with it. When you have fun, it smells sweet, but when things become hard, you might ignore it's smell. Sometimes, you are unfamiliar and don't know what it smells like. The important thing to remember is time will look like what you mold it into, and it is your job to appreciate what you make. The sound time produces is the most realizing way to appreciate what you've done. You can relax all your other sense while listening to the sound. As you grow older, the clay becomes harder to mold, which make you bored of what it looks like. The sound it makes and the way it smells become more faint, almost as if nonexistent. Eventually, your clay will harden, but the life of it will not be forgotten.

By Richie Carchia

## A LONG ROAD

A Long Road,  
the longest road;  
the longest road you will ever walk.  
A road full of twists and turns,  
forks and intersections.  
You take one turn;  
behind you becomes could-have beens and never to be's.  
The road is cold,  
radiating heat and slowly sucking out life,  
heartless and unforgiving.  
Rough asphalt, cutting, scathing, and scarring.

By Brian Collins



By Courtney Ober

## A BULLET

So short. Life, I mean. It's your one shot, one bullet in a revolver.  
You're fired onto this earth,  
flying straight and quick,  
just waiting to ricochet or be blown by the wind.  
You can curve and weave to avoid slowing down,  
but you're always slowing down.  
Slowing down to such a point where you stop.  
You come to rest like you are laid to rest.

## MEMORIES...

As my family and I go on about past memories,  
My brother comes out with a birthday cake  
I can feel the light gleam on my face  
Almost like a burning sensation.  
Camera flashes stunned me as I made a wish and blew out the candles,  
The lights finally turned on,  
I ate my cake,  
Then after everybody went home,  
It was all gone.

By Andrew Quigley

## UNKNOWN HERO

I whisper cries into the wind  
hoping my words will be misheard by those near me  
But heard by someone who will save me

By Paul Guenther



By Griffin Hutchinson

## ENJOY IT

Being a human on Earth feels extremely tiring,  
when you need to get up at 6:00am.  
Being a human on Earth feels boring,  
when your mother nags you about school.  
Being a human on Earth feel good,  
when you are alone on your boat by yourself and relaxed.  
Being a human on Earth feels amazing,  
when you are left alone and decide to take a hike in the woods.  
We are all humans on Earth,  
and we should enjoy it because we only live once.

By Colin Gronning and Graham Johnson



# MEMORY

Memory is a blank canvas.  
Stained over the years of experience  
If you try to think of one specific moment  
it just gets lost in a sea of emotions and life  
A blank sea, a dead sea

Memory is an old toy  
Once filled with life and joy ,  
now set aside only to be looked at with rough nostalgia  
Its sits in an empty shelf in the attic  
Hoping to be remembered

By Grace Hromin, Julia Mariano, Matt Smith

# MEMORY

Memory tastes like a swig of cold water  
Everything rushing back at you

Memory is but a sponge  
Soaking up everything it can

Memory is a galaxy to the eye  
Every star a transmitter, every planet a figment

To the taste buds, memory is apple pie  
For the delicious taste will never leave you

Memory is hearing your grandpa  
For everything he says is forever engraved in the endlessness of your memory



By Liam Garland

By Patrick Merrigan

## I'M NOT ALONE

Being a human being on Earth feels like I don't know my place.  
I don't know where I originated from,  
and I don't know where I will go once I die.  
It feels like I am a lost sailor at sea, hoping to find the answers I seek.  
But it also feels like I am not alone.

By Jarod Cohen

## LIFE OF A KING

The snake guarded its young, like a bear guarding honey  
The winter ended  
The snow was thawing  
The snake was like a king, sitting on a throne made out of snow  
The young, sitting below  
Slowly the snow was melting  
The throne was disintegrating  
Then comes the bird  
Quickly the snake strikes, leaping from his throne  
The snake and his young would eat like kings that night.

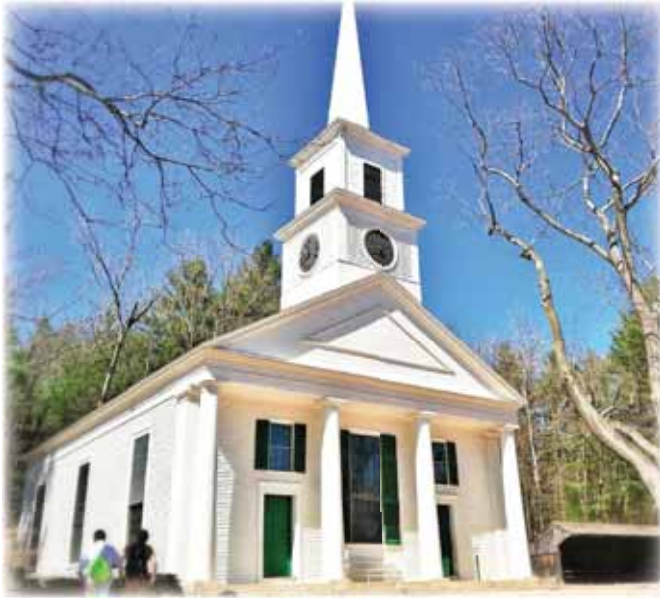
By Matt Karrat, Maxwell Cassella, Curtis Fagan



## MOONLIGHT

12:00 at the ripe of night  
My sister's footsteps pacing outside my door  
As I walk through the doorway, she grabs my waist  
I stroke her long brown hair and she holds me tighter  
Before I ask her why she is here, she tells me to listen and walks to her room  
I follow her as I listen closely  
I get to the foot of her door and here a loud howl  
jump back in fright  
then step toward her window  
Everything is black and the only light is the moon  
I look as I listen for the howl  
I hear it again, and I search  
Looking at the ground I see a dog howling at the luminescence of the moon  
I put my sister to sleep and I sleep through the rest of the night

By Anna Burns



By Curtis Fagan

## TIME

Time smells like sunflower, blooming in the spring sunlight.  
Time looks like a runner, winning a long marathon.  
Times sounds like rain, hitting an unstable house.  
Time feels like sand, slipping through out fingers.

By Alexa DiNorscio and Mattison Tatulli

## WILLOW TREE

Have you seen the Willow Tree?  
Sitting on the hill  
Have you seen the Willow Tree?  
Lonely and gray  
Have you seen the Willow Tree?  
In the middle of the city  
Have you seen the Willow Tree?  
Ancient and Wise  
Oh yes, have you seen that Willow Tree?

By Ellie Buscemi



# Une Visite Au Zoo

## Pastèque

En France, il y a une ville. Dans la ville, il y a un appartement. Dans l'appartement, la famille Picon prépare pour une visite au zoo. Monsieur Picon porte une chemise rouge, et un pantalon bleu. Madame Picon porte une belle robe, et un tee-shirt rose.

Arnaud et Thérèse portent un jeans, et un chemise. Arnaud porte un chapeau rouge aussi.



A midi, la famille va au zoo. Ils arrivent dans dix minutes. Arnaud et Thérèse vont aux lions. Madame et Monsieur Picon vont aux cage des singes. Ils regardent les singes. Monsieur Picon dit, "Une singe est s'assied à un arbre." La cage des singes casse et les singes courent dans la rue.

La famille voit un homme qui met des bananes dans le cage et les singes courent vers les bananes. L'homme ferme le cage des singes et tout le monde est content.



# LE VACANCES

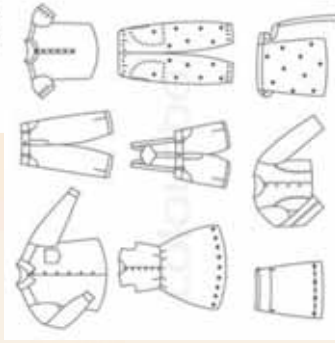
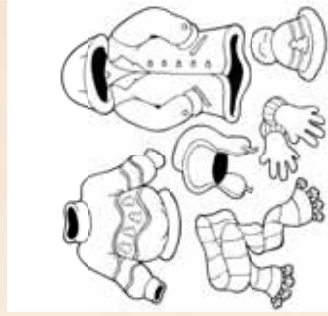


Le famille Picon veut aller en vacances

Arnaud veut aller au ski dans les Alps, mais Therese veut aller nager en Espagne. Madame et Monseir Picon compennent que leur enfants ont besoin du froid et du choud en vacances. Les Picons decide d'aller nager dans Espagne et faire du ski dans les Alps.

Mais Arnaud ne nage pas et Therese ne skie pas. Therese et Arnaud decident d'apprendre comment skie et nage en vacances.

Madame et Monsier Picons se preparent pour les vacances aussi. Ils achètent des vetements d'hiver et d'ete pour la famille.



Le voyage est samedi, le 8 Mars 2014. Aujourd'hui c'est lundi, le 24 fevrier, 2014.

## **El aguacate**

**Los árboles se movían en el viento.**

**Yo miré un aguacate en una rama.**

**El aguacate cayó en el suelo.**

**Yo saqué el aguacate y lo puse en mi boca**



**¡Es horrible!**

**Por Rosa, Lupe, y Katerina**



By Matt Angelo and Justin Adel

## ESTOY BROMEANDO

Yo quiero ir a la playa.  
El sol es luminoso,  
El océano es azul verdoso,  
¡Qué estupendo!

Yo quiero ir a la Chipotle,  
El olor es picante,  
La música es moderna,  
¡Qué delicioso!

Yo no quiero ir a la escuela.  
Las clases son aburridas,  
Los niños son ñoños,  
¡Qué mal!

...(¡Estoy bromeando!)

Por Sarah Yamashita

## THE RED EYED SNAKE

There it sits, waiting for the right moment to strike its prey as it stares into their souls  
It lives in my garden.  
It's evil red eyes stare into my soul.  
It is an evil snake.  
Its whitish greenish scaly skin looks like it has just been thawed out of a block of cold hard ice.  
I believe it will get me.  
It has invaded many territories of animals and has even killed many animals.  
It has invaded hives that are honey filled, invaded groundhog holes, and invaded my neighbors porch.  
It sits and waits in the grass and waits for minutes, hours and days.  
I know it will get me.  
I know.

By Ian O'Brien



## ON EARTH

What does it feel like to be a human on earth?

There's more to earth than we can travel

Being a human feels like being a lost puppy, thinking that everything is at your finger tips, but it does not come as easy as it looks

There's so many people, so many different places, yet we all live in one bubble

We live through our daily lives thinking about what we can run into in the future

Living life is like a storm, there is always a bright side waiting for you to come

So many opportunities to take, yet most people don't take advantage

At the end of the day, put a smile on your face and never regret anything

By Sophie Laferriere, Katie Wright, Tina Alveras, and Courtney Ober



By Mattison Tatulli

## WONDER

It has been a long time  
since I have had a good memory

Until yesterday,  
when my dad told me  
that we were going  
to eat ice cream.

I wasn't sure  
whether I was conscious or not.

I am troubled.  
And in wonder.

In wonder...  
I will always be.

By Max Williams





By John Cohen

## THE SOUNDS

The cool breeze on an autumn day.  
The sound of snow crunching under my boots.  
The crack of thunder on a gloomy day.  
The ring of the church bell every hour.  
The swoosh when I send a text.  
The crack of my baseball bat.  
The ping of the golf ball off my driver.  
The hiss of my cats when I annoy them.  
The wagging of my dog's tail.

These are the sounds of my day.



By Austin Penizotto

By Austin Penizotto

## THE FISHERMAN

The thin, tall man stands in his boat shoes, staring out into the ocean,  
He opens his tackle box and fixes his rod,  
He casts his line far out into the sea,  
luring in fish hoping for a hook

He struggles as he reels in his catch  
He struggles for his life,  
Aiming to reach the ground as metal pierces his throat,  
He takes his last breath as he is lifted out of the water.

By Connor Heffernan & Richie Carchia



By Ricky Wright

## THE HUNTER

He sat there.  
Perched, sitting.  
Waiting.  
Waiting for something to come.  
Something vulnerable.  
Wanting to plunge his sharp knives into his next meal.  
Then, gone.  
Life gone.  
Picked up  
by the large hands of a large man.  
Overpowered.  
Outsmarted.

By Brian Collins and Ricky Wright



By Zach Esposito



By Andrew Dumas

## WASTED TALENT

Old Mr. Peck sat on his deck  
which was old and rotten.

While he was there,  
he'd stop and start,  
hoping he'd be forgotten.

He remembers the old days,  
remembers the new,  
remembers how the old dog died,  
and when it had grew.

His hair is white and barely there,  
and it blows in the wind when he stops and stares.  
His teeth are gone, his eyes, pitch black.  
as he sits on the deck, behind his shack.

You may find his strange, you may find him scary,  
but old Mr. Peck is quite contrary.  
He can play a mean fiddle, and stroke a guitar,  
well at least he could, until he hit the bar.

Poor Mr. Peck, no music is heard  
What a shame, Mr. Peck, your talent was preferred.  
So now you are old, so close to death.  
Wasted talent, and you're on your last breath.

By Natalie Pruitt





## WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER

Leaves crunch under his shoes  
as he weaves through the long grass camera dangling from  
his  
sweaty  
pale  
neck  
he spots the herd  
sneaking up the plateau trying to get the perfect shot  
Mud slips off his chocolate coat  
a hot gasp of breath escapes his muzzle  
his pattern  
his stripes  
blend with the grass for the perfect  
shot

By Blake Kernan, Maeve Logan, and Katherine Bernstein

## WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER

By Austin Penizotto

exploring the jungle floor  
snapping all the pics  
looking for the perfect shot  
and when he develops his photos  
he feels so alive  
like a cheetah  
stalking its pray  
such as a gazelle

By Francis Randazzo, Julian Rogala, Nick Aiello

## DANCING

Dancing in the cold of the darkness  
The pitch black room blinding my eyes  
The sound of rain drops dropping on the tin roof  
Dancing  
The smell of lilacs permeated the room  
Until the sun rose  
When the dancing stops  
And my eyes come back to life

By Colin O'Connor





By Olivia Lombardi

## THE FLOWISH LAXER

## BASKETBALL

I grab my helmet  
 Sternly put my gloves on  
 I grab the black and yellow bat  
 I swing the bat to warm up  
 Then I walk to the plate  
 I look at my coach  
 He gives me the sign  
 I step in  
 Me and the catcher trash talk for a bit  
 I'm saying "I'm hitting a homerun"  
 I show him who's boss  
 I hit a homerun  
 I run the bases, I round third base, my team crowding the plate  
 I touch home-plate  
 My team jumps on me  
 I look back at the catcher  
 "You doubted me for one second"

By Ricky Wright

The laxbro in all white cradles down the field  
 he toe drags the two defenders  
 splits the slide,  
 fakes the pass  
 swim dodges for style points  
 runs down to the crease  
 he fakes the shot  
 the stick gets checked, but nothing happens  
 he flies into the net.  
 Top Cheddar

By Patrick Ryan, Peter Giaquinto, and Will McCann

# MORRISTOWN BEARD SCHOOL

My second home,  
Waiting my arrival every morning,  
Headmaster by the door,  
As I pull into this beautiful campus,  
All I can see are opportunities waiting to happen.

By Griffin Hutchinson and Justin Adel



By Henry Hawkins

## MBS

Morristown-Beard is like an eagle.

For the 1st year, we are guided.

For the 2nd year, we fall out of the nest and begin the harder part of our careers.

For the 3rd, we begin to learn to fly and prepare to do things on our own.

In the 4th year, we are given more responsibility and are expected to be more mature.

In our 5th year, we begin the journey to look for the perfect nest after our guidance.

In our 6th year, we go to flight school and learn to get everyone on our own, without the parents.

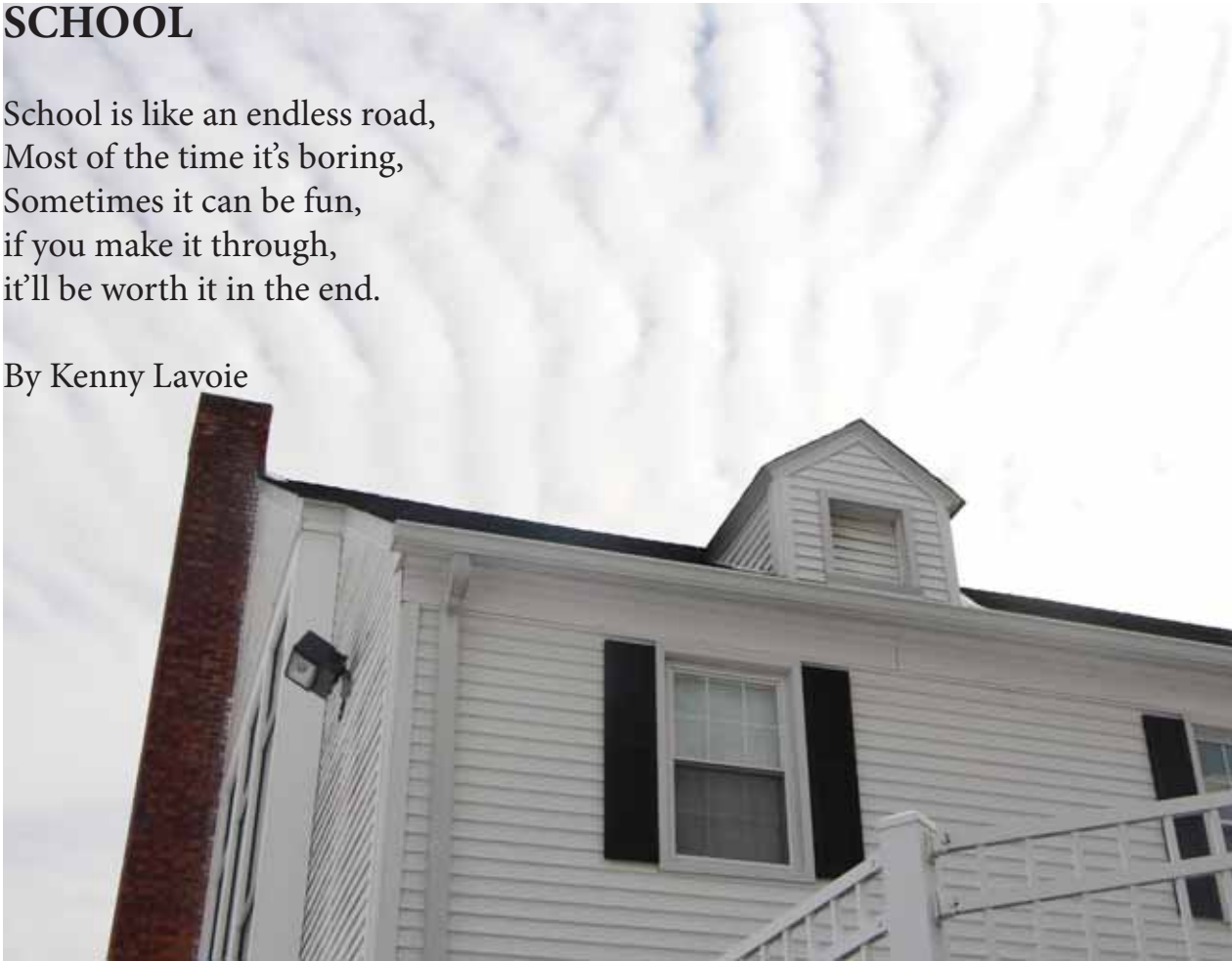
In our last year, the instructors tell us to take flight and fly,  
for they have prepared us well for the journey of adulthood.

By Jarod Cohen

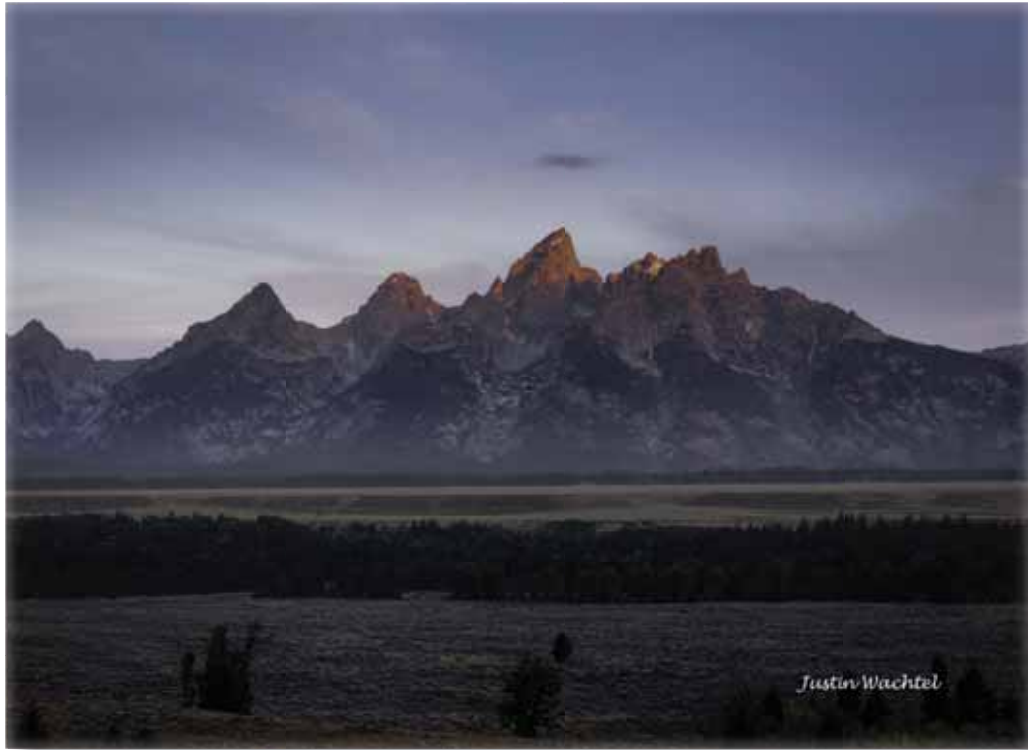
## SCHOOL

School is like an endless road,  
Most of the time it's boring,  
Sometimes it can be fun,  
if you make it through,  
it'll be worth it in the end.

By Kenny Lavoie



By Sarah Yamashita



## MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

She walked into the room.  
Her hair flipped over her shoulder.  
Her face as exquisite as a flower that had recently bloomed.  
Goose bumps running up and down her body,  
looking like she couldn't get much colder.

Bright blue eyes that nobody could miss.  
Her lips, so plush, smooth, and red.  
Men stared at her up and down, hoping for a kiss.  
Everyone was hoping that she had not been wed.

Mysterious woman, whose name is unknown.  
Hope to see you soon.

By Courtney Ober

## OH, THE GOOD OLD DAYS...

Oh, the good old days  
I remember them from long ago  
I recall a pleasant memory  
Strolling on the pebbled-sprinkled sidewalk  
Hearing the hushed whisper of the wind  
My feet thumping along the path  
The sweet smell of the freshly planted lilacs  
The aroma sneaking into my nostrils  
The memory of me feeling infinite  
Oh, the good old days

By Perri Easley



## TWO DOGS

Having two dogs  
Can be lots of fun  
But when it comes to attention  
You have to give them some

After walking the dogs  
And giving them their treats  
I went up to bed  
Because I was beat

They still wanted to play  
Of course with their ball  
So I went back downstairs  
Half asleep, hoping not to fall

I soon found out  
That they can't be alone  
So they slept in my bed  
And we all snored the same tone.

By Alli Esposito

## THE ROMANTIC NIGHT

I walked into a room  
It was pitch black, for some reason  
Suddenly, I smelled roses  
The most beautiful smell in the world  
Then the lights turned on  
The room was empty  
With roses and candles around me  
It was so romantic  
Then there she was  
The prettiest girl I had ever seen  
With long, brown hair and a beautiful red dress on.  
We danced all night.

By Joseph DePoalo

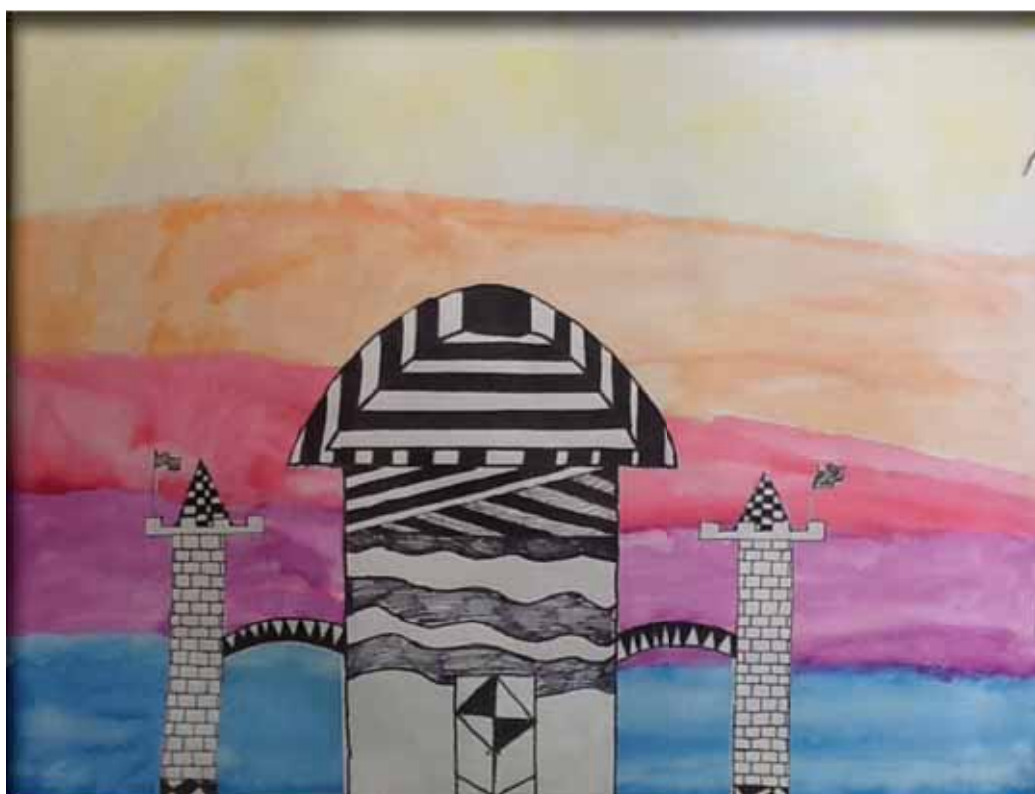


By William Watson

## ANGER

Anger feels like you want to punch or kick or scream at everything and everyone  
Anger sounds like a sudden high pitched scream into your ear.  
Anger looks like a bat breaking when you smash it into the group.  
Anger smells like a salty sweat, dripping down your face  
Anger tastes like the seed of a Jabenero, so spicy yet so sweet.

By Jarod Cohen



By Aiden Hughes

## WAITING

She sat at the edge of the door step  
Waiting.  
1:00pm. 2:00pm. 3:00pm  
Nothing, the street is as quiet as a ghost  
The cherry blossom tree shedding its petals on her, wind blowing across her neck  
The warm stones of the steps on the bottom of her feet  
She sits there thinking about what a great year

By Sydney Beck

## THE FAT CAT

The fat cat wants to play  
A game of tug of war at the bay  
But he soon realized  
He had no one to play with all day.  
The fat cat wants to eat  
A delicious succulent fish  
But he soon realized  
He had an empty dish.  
The fat cat wants to sleep  
In a comfy cozy bed  
But he soon realized  
A dog named Ted was in the bed.  
The fat cat wants to fly  
Up high in the crystal blue skies  
But he soon realized  
He had no wings.

By Sarah Yamashita and Izzy Warner



By Perri Easley



By Jenna Kurz

## SUSPENSE

suspense is like going off of a ski jump and waiting to hit the ground

By Erik Taggart

## MY PIGEON

Flaps his wings til the moon rises,  
Swoops down to its cage,  
Waiting there,  
Waiting for me,  
To release the latch,  
That unlocks his cage.

By Griffin Hutchinson and Justin Adel

## THE ROSES

There's a sound from the door at the end of the hallway  
Faint footsteps and cold, raspy voices  
Yet when I step into the room, all I see is blackness  
The footsteps are gone, and the voices are gone

I hear a slam; it's the door behind me  
My heart beats faster, and I know that the door is locked  
I think I see a hooded figure, but it's just a shadow, my shadow  
The scene of roses waft into my nose  
They smell sweet and innocent  
Suddenly, something within me snaps  
And I fall to the cold, hard ground  
It's the roses, and their sickly sweet scent

As I look across the room,  
And instead of seeing nothing  
I see a girl, and she is dancing  
I don't know why she is dancing  
But then it hits me  
I can't survive the scene of roses unless I dance  
Unless I fight against death instead of letting it win the battle

By Madeline Sit

## THE WALK ON A SPRING DAY

A faint memory,  
Greenery, me  
Walking along

Spring day,  
One with nature,  
Hint of lilac in the air,  
Picnics in the grass,  
Stroll down the sidewalk,  
A faint memory of a spring day.

By Anoushka Shah



By Joseph DePoalo





By Michael DeSimone

## THE ISLAND OF GRANDE JETTE

Families laying in the field  
Dogs running and playing  
Sun is shining

Children dance  
Relaxed vibe  
Butterflies fluttering  
Flowers ready to bloom

Picnics  
Flowers and their aroma  
Quality time together  
The trees and grass are bright green  
On a Sunday afternoon on the island of Grande Jette

By Anoushka Shah

## A HOWLING DOG

A howling dog  
whistling at the moon  
the dog has a life like no other  
He is someone in my family  
He is strong,  
the dog.

By Harry Gregory

## THE NECKLACE

The necklace, dangling from your neck,  
will have more of a story than its wearer.  
Forged in ancient smithery, made for someone...  
special.

Time passed, as it always does,  
and the time came for the owner to give.  
As they gifted the necklace, gold like the sun,  
to the next of kin...something happened.

A heartrending pang of regret, bitter as vinegar,  
when the necklace, wrapped in the box,  
Never to be seen, by the old lovers, but by a newer...  
stranger?

As night came back to day, the box was gone.  
Along with the necklace, kept for so long.  
The box was recovered, by someone new.  
In hope of love, just to find...you.

You, the one, with the box.  
Do you know, the story of the necklace?  
Before you know the story,  
It will just be a necklace, plain as day.

The story is important,  
some would say, more important than the wearer.  
So, does the necklace, glistening like the sun, really matter?  
Or, is it the story beneath it...

By Ryan Heffernan



## WHAT IS THE PURPOSE?

On their fin another creature might lay  
seeking shelter and nutrients from the beast  
they don't seem to mind  
they're enchanting and mysterious  
inspiring and supporting for millions of years.  
Yet what is the purpose?

By Henry Hawkins



By Ashleigh Scully



By Laurel Parker



## THE SKY IS HOME

By Cian Mullane

Calm, cloudy clouds  
Whooshing, wicked winds  
Beautiful, bright birds  
Raucous, rambunctious rains

The Sky is home to the birds that frolic and dance in the sky as they travel south  
The Sky is home to the dark clouds that are reminders of darkness, like a pitch black room.  
The Sky is home to the petals that fall off the trees and remind us of the beautiful lilac smell.

The Sky is home to the sun that beats down its bright rays on us.

The Sky is home to the snow that falls down our brisk, cool faces.

The Sky is home to the airplanes that soar through the sky at lightening fast speeds.

The Sky is home to the lightening that strikes and flashes at great speeds.

The Sky is home to the clouds for those who need shade upon the hot faces.

The Sky is home to the rain that beats down on the ground and floods the streets.

The Sky is home to the moon that gives us a glimpse of light when darkness is upon us.

The Sky is home to so many things.

By Ian O'Brien



## OPPORTUNITIES

There is always something new to learn, but opportunities come and go. If you get the chance to do something, you have to take it because down on Earth your time eventually runs out. Most of the time, I'm scared. I feel as though danger is everywhere, and I'm just waiting to die. But since I'm down here, I might as well take advantage of the opportunities on Earth.

By Justin Adel and Griffin Hutchinson

## STARRY NIGHT

The stars shined  
The wind was blowing  
The town was silent  
The world was frozen

It looked whimsical  
It looked magical  
It looked spooky  
It looked fascinating

I didn't know where to go  
I didn't know what to do  
I wanted to sit and stare  
I never wanted to leave this starry night

By Julia Mariano

## VAN GOGH'S BEDROOM AT ARLES

A quiet room  
Without a book

You fall asleep  
Without a creep

You see something mean  
A monster that's green

You wake up  
And it was all a dream

By Dyan Dertouzos



## **'I WILL WORK HARDER', Inspired by *Animal Farm***

When Old Major died,  
And Snowball and Napoleon took charge, Boxer stated proudly,  
    'I will work harder.'  
When the Seven Commandments were written, On the tarred wall in the  
    big barn,  
Boxer cheered and declared, 'I will work harder.'  
When the Battle of the Cowshed had been fought, And Boxer learned he  
    had killed a boy,  
Boxer murmured gravely, 'I will work harder.'  
When Snowball was run out of Animal Farm,  
    By none other than Napoleon's cronies,  
Boxer whispered uncertainly, 'I will work harder.'  
When the construction of the windmill began,  
And Boxer strained his weary bones day and night, Boxer stated firmly,  
    'I will work harder.'  
When Boxer fell,  
    His body glistening with sweat,  
    His mouth trickling with blood,  
He tried to utter the words, "I will work harder,"  
But Boxer had no voice left.

### **BOXER, Inspired by *Animal Farm***

I work so hard everyday but with no reward.  
Why do I do such a thing?  
I know why. Because if I don't I'll be killed right on the spot.  
I receive barely any food and also get treated unfairly.  
I do so much for my leader, and the only thing I get it is....  
Nothing.

By Sarah Yamashita

By Patrick Ryan

### **EVERYONE IS EQUAL, Inspired by *Animal Farm***

Everyone is equal,  
but some drink alcohol,  
    some sleep in beds,  
    some have more food,  
    some have no work,  
some walk on their hind legs,  
but some are more equal than others.

By Alli Esposito

## ABANDONED

the unsteady stairs creak as I set my foot on them  
I merely tapped the doorknob and it slid open  
I stepped into the abandoned building's doorway  
seeing the flickering lamp gave me an uneasy feeling,  
the lamp shade stained with what looked like blood.  
I looked back at my group of friends with a not so convincing look on my face.  
My eyes planted on what looked like an antique vase.  
Reaching for it with shaky fingers, I noticed a spider climbing out of the inside.  
I screeched as I stepped on a loose tile, slipping on the slimy floor.  
That will leave a bruise, but at least I completed the dare.

By Emma Duffy

## MY LOVE LIFE

My love life is a tumbleweed;  
it rolls along the lonely road,  
getting run over by cars.

By Blake Kernan



By Ashleigh Scully

## GARE SAINT-LAZARE

I am locked out.  
Separated from the rest of the world.  
My hands run across the metal bar.  
I feel my heart sink as each one proves to be stuck.

All night I will wait until the metal padlock will release me.  
Until I run away from my guardian.  
Until I can finally go home.  
Until I will be free.

I wait.  
My head rests on the icy bars throughout the night until the night sky recedes.  
As the morning light shines through, I try to unlock the doors,  
yet they don't open,  
so I wait.  
I wait until the day I will be free.

By Caroline Bernardon



By Rebecca Tone

## VIEW OF TOLEDO

A Greek city,  
Overwhelmed with darkness,  
That loomed from the sky...

People were scared,  
They were troubled,  
They were sullen...

Time seemed interminable,  
Like a broken clock...

After months in this barren city,  
The darkness vanished away.  
And out came the light...

People became overjoyed,  
With mutual respect...

Seeds germinated,  
And the town was forever blessed...

By Paris Luckowski



## THE GREAT WAVE OF KANAGAWA

The Great Wave crashed onto the ocean water,  
the water ripples onto the sand,  
it brings shells, seaweed, and sand to the ocean floor.  
The surfer takes the wave onto the shore  
He tramples on the rough waves crashing on the shore  
The surfer is going out for more action  
He takes the next wave and tumbles to the ocean floor  
He swings to the surface  
He gets on his board and goes with the flow of the water  
He spots the next wave and takes it  
He takes the next wave into shore

By Matt Karrat

## THE GREAT WAVE OF KANAGAWA

Waves crash, as the boats smash  
Flash goes the lightening  
Bash boom, there is doom

Canoes go ba-boom  
Broken and hurt, all the fighters try to beat the powerful sea

Powerful ocean crashes  
On top of the sand  
And washed it away

By Lindsay Smith



By Matthew Dertouzos

## REACHING

The struggle of the never ending hike  
A fight to get to the top  
Always trying to reach the allure of something like  
a mountain to stand atop  
Or a childhood bike  
Just memories that can never stop.

By Matt Smith

## DON MANUEL OSORIO DE ZUNIGA

the little boy  
who shows no joy  
his heart will never bloom  
the little creatures are so shocked,  
as they realize that the future has much doom

he was poor  
yet he died at four  
he never had a wife  
he missed most of life

poor little child  
who died so young  
he may not have experienced  
any fun

By Tim Abbott

## FAREWELL EUGENE

I walked slowly into the park  
Birds were flying above  
A group of people gathered for a street performance

I sat down on the bench,  
As various colors and faces swirled around me,  
I felt alone

Soon after the sun faded  
And the people went home  
I was alone

By Maeve Logan



By Leslie Phillips

## WATER LILIES

The day grows old  
The sun burns into the distance  
The moon rises for its shift  
The light is just fading

Water lilies float above the water  
The water gleams to life  
It starts to get cold  
The weeping willows droop

Before complete darkness  
The sun shows its last colors  
It is so beautiful  
Capture the moment

By Michael DeSimone

## DEAD WEIGHT

Life is a bag of disappointments.  
You try to skip a stone on a quiet, still lake,  
but it sinks out of sight,  
without a single jump.

By Paul Guenther



By Amelia Hawkins

## MEMORY

Memory is like space  
It is deep and endless,  
and things can be forgotten,  
but if you traverse your way through it,  
you will find where you want to be.

By Kenny Lavoie and Zach Esposito

## RISING SUN

As  
the sun appears  
over the horizon  
the sky becomes a  
nirvana of solitude and peace  
at the rise of the orange blaze of the sun  
the ocean of clouds is beneath you  
the moon is shining above your head  
the memory burnt into your memory  
you revel in awe, as the clouds become golden  
the sky fills with the heat of the hearth warming you  
the clouds seem like cotton  
as you look at the beauty of the sun  
snuggling with friends and family, you thinking that you are in heaven.  
You are not in heaven; you are at the peak. The internal joy you feel is unique.  
It is like none other, it is the rising sun.

By Ethan Kim



By Erin Fay



By Ashleigh Scully



## WITHOUT MISGIVINGS

Just one glimpse of the eternal light  
And the gift that won't stop giving  
Was borne with us out of nought  
And here we are, hopelessly lying  
No purpose, no reason, just fear of the night  
So be free and persevere without misgivings.

By Matt Smith

## FATE

My neighbor and I wake up  
The galleon rocks side to side  
We go outside to the deck to bide  
Our time here.

I gaze at the serene sight in front of me.  
A cardinal  
Red as a tomato, soars to the trees of  
A marshland we docked by.

I look down at the crystal clear ocean.  
Shoals of fish, of every color  
Swim together in an aquatic ballet.

A sharp sound rings out  
The horn blast breaks the quiet and peace  
Which I must leave now.

I set out for Barbados  
As I am merchant  
I must travel across the sea  
To places of wonder

Fate has brought me here  
To this wonderful place

Who knows where  
Fate may lead me  
In the future.

By Theo Won



By Ian Cooke



## HOURS

What a nice morning  
Bright lights like any other day  
Sleeping through windows

In the dark of night  
Where no creature stirs but one  
A time for some silence

By James Gorayeb

By Ashleigh Scully

## A TOAD

creek, creek, but I must be strong  
squeak, squeak, but I must not be afraid  
groan, groan, but I must be courageous  
thump, thump, but I must show them  
that I am not a little girl  
but a fearless one

faster and faster as the lines become one  
the forces throwing you back, you have no where to run  
speeding down the track, there is no turning back  
as the plane rises up, right off the track

staring into the sky, as the sky turns black  
wondering what lies beneath you, under your path  
trying to look down, but all you see is your reflection  
and all you know now is, you can't go in the other direction

equality, equality, if only you knew  
only someone so naive would believe, such as you  
but as he was taken away along the road  
you realized it wasn't equality, you weren't a princess, but a toad.

By Katherine Bernstein

## ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Ethan Kim	p. 4, 56	Matt Angelo	p. 47
Caden Strauss	p. 5	Mattison Tatulli	p. 48
Connor Heffernan	p. 6	Austin Penizotto	p. 49, 52
Elijah Green	p. 7	John Cohen	p. 49
Ashleigh Scully	C, 8, 36, 37, 63, 67, 72, 74	Ricky Wright	p. 50
Sean Moseson	p. 8	Zach Esposito	p. 50
Grace Hromin	p. 9	Andrew Dumas	p. 51
Sarah Laud	p. 9	Olivia Lombardi	p. 53
James Harvett	p. 10	Sarah Yamashita	p. 55
Dyson Mitchell	p. 10	Justin Wachtel	p. 56
Massimo Banfi	p. 11	William Watson	p. 57
Jadyn Lawrence	p. 12	Aiden Hughes	p. 58
Justin Adel	p. 13, 47	Jenna Kurz	p. 59
Nick Aiello	p. 14	Perri Easley	p. 59
Timothy Abbot	p. 15	Joseph DePoalo	p. 60
Tina Alveras	p. 15	Michael DeSimone	p. 61
Stephen Yuhas	p. 16	Laurel Parker	p. 63
Paris Luckowski	p. 17	Cian Mullane	p. 64
Henry Gregory	p. 18	C. Fitzsimmons	p. 65
Julia Mariano	p. 19	Rebecca Tone	p. 68
Izzy Warner	p. 21	By Matthew Dertouzos	p. 69
Katharine Bernstein	p. 23	Leslie Phillips	p. 70
Leslie Phillips	p. 25	Amelia Hawkins	p. 71
Curtis Fagan	p. 25, 32, 43	Erin Fay	p. 72
Peter Giaquinto	p. 29	Ian Cooke	p. 73
Samantha Hutchinson	p. 30		
Richie Carchia	p. 30		
Lily Pinkin	p. 31, 62		
Meghan Karrat	p. 33		
Oluwafemi Gbayisomore	p. 33		
Graham Johnson	p. 34		
Reagan Waters	p. 34		
Daniel Francis-Manshel	p. 35		
Henry Hawkins	p. 36, 54		
Ryan Heffernan	p. 38		
Courtney Ober	p. 39		
Griffin Hutchinson	p. 40		
Patrick Merrigan	p. 41		
Samuel Ephraimson	p. 42		

