

# Scrap Paper



WHS 2018

## *A Note from the Editor in Chief*

This magazine is a combination of the most creative artistic and literary achievements from our school. *Scrap Paper* has always been, and continues to be, a place where students have been welcomed to share their creative work. Art and literature are the best ways for students to express themselves and their ideas. Having spent countless hours on this issue of *Scrap Paper*, I can say that the entire editorial team, especially myself, is proud to present our latest publication.

There are a few people who we would like to thank for their continued support for *Scrap Paper*. We would like to thank the Art and English departments for encouraging students to submit their work. We would also like to thank Mr. Schenker and Mr. Novak for their continuing support of our publication. The literary magazine team would also like to thank Mrs. Gelard, our teacher advisor, for her support. We hope you enjoy the latest edition of our literary magazine.

Sincerely,  
Katie Burns



Alexa Sputo



Ava Zadrima

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Ava Zadrima

## *Featured Artwork*

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Inside Front Cover Credit: Alexa Sputo

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Inside Back Cover Credit: Ava Zadrima

Back Cover Credit: Ava Zadrima

*Secrets*

Ava Zadrima

I belong to the silent.  
The trusted, the closed lipped, the quiet.

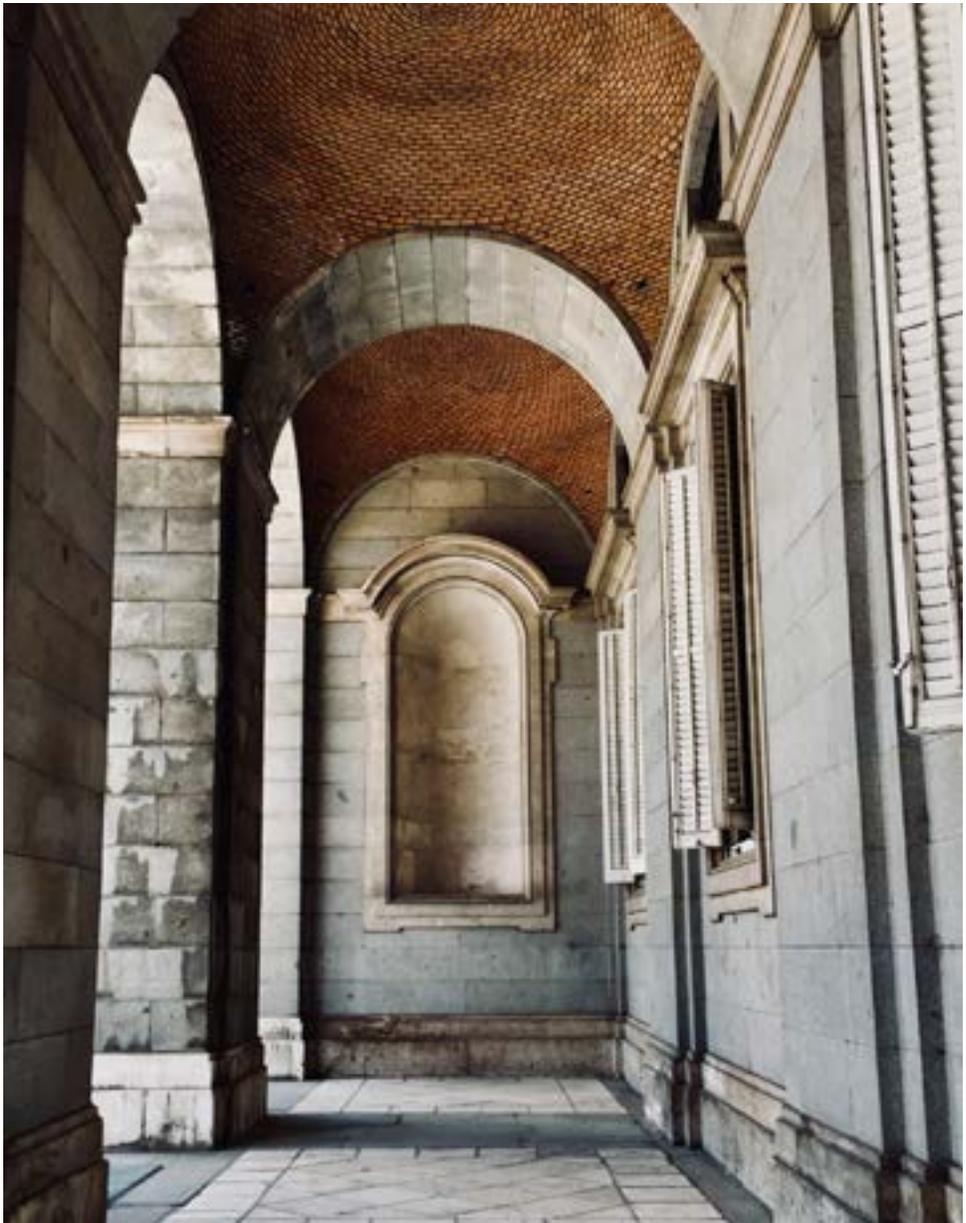
I belong to nature;  
The wind, the stars, the body.

I belong to the darkness,  
And all that hide, run, steal.

I am lies, and I am loyalty.  
I am silence.



Josh Joseph



Sarita Servidio

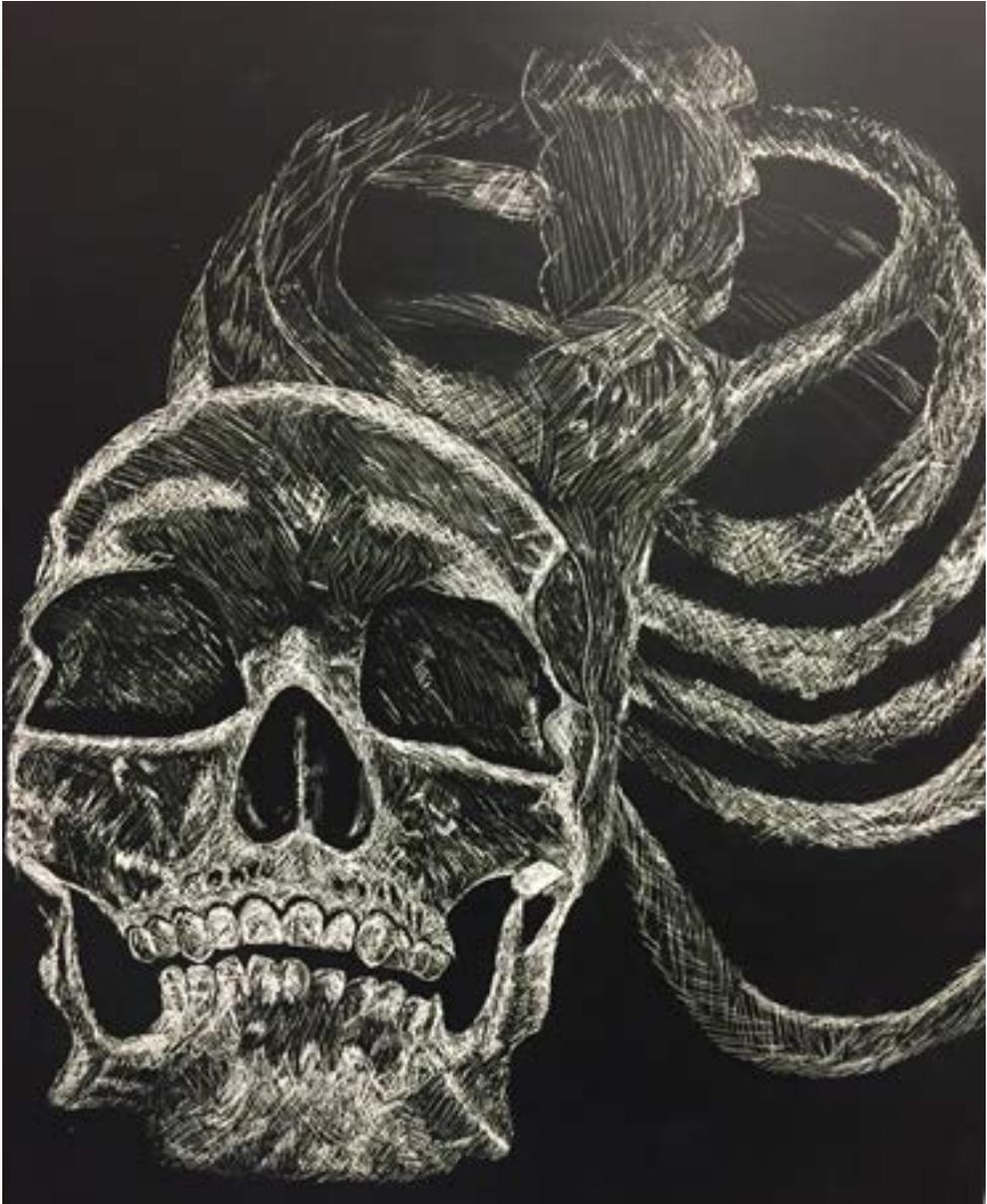
## *Forceful Reality*

Rebecca Cross

For the evil, that feeds them;  
they ignite their passion.  
For the darkness, that engulfs them;  
they cast their energy.  
For those who blindly lead them,  
they run their eagerness over.  
For the forces against them;  
they bellow their souls.  
For the power—  
The dominating power  
For what?  
They later cry out in infamy.  
For the evil, that feeds them;  
for the chains, that incite them;  
for the pit, that enlightens them;  
Is their creed.  
For what?



Matthew Mynes



Rachel Faso

## *In Dreams*

Michelle Flynn

Her one dream is to fly, to be free and run wherever the wind scatters her soul.  
She dreams of ripping through life like a bullet with butterfly wings.

No limitations and no chain.

Loving fearlessly.

To have fire in her veins and a hurricane in her bones.



Ava Zadrina



Katie Burns



Angelica Seigler



Rachel Faso

## *The Hundred Letters*

Gabriella Muratore

A hundred letters written back and forth,  
Two years till love's reunion.  
It's wintertime;  
The war may be bitter,  
But the feel of love blooms.  
Worlds apart, yet hearts so close;  
The tattered scribbles  
as an emblem of love.  
The heartfelt writings are blown away to her loved one  
miles away.  
Isolation in the face of war  
Cannot divide their love.  
He looks up at the star,  
She looks up at the sky.  
The same star above, yet miles apart.  
Nothing can divide them,  
but the letters they write that come from their heart.  
For two years will pass before the time comes  
to reunite under the stars where their hearts fell in love.

## *My Deadly Relationship with Black Pants*

Isabelle Joseph

When it comes to the pants I wear, I am arguably one of the most predictable people you'll ever meet. Ever since the eighth grade I have managed to consistently wear some form of black pants. In high school, I managed to become even more consistent by only owning one pair of pants per year that I would confidently wear in public. When these pants failed me, I returned to the same store, Walmart, and got myself the same pair all over again. So really, it's my fault when my pants decided to embarrass me in public. I knew what I was walking into when I bought a pair of pants from Walmart. During my relatively short time on Earth, I've owned three pairs of black pants and all three have ripped while I was in a public environment. The first pair ripped while I was in eighth grade. I dropped a pencil, bent down to pick it up and heard the tell-tale, RIIIP. Lucky for me I wore a long shirt that day and I think, or at least hope, no one noticed. You'd think that after this first near-death experience I would give up the pants, but no I couldn't tear myself away from my beloved black pants from Walmart (no pun intended). Instead, I went out and bought another pair from Walmart. I don't buy overly tight clothing, so the phenomenon behind my clothes tearing itself apart is beyond me. Maybe they can't stand me and would rather die than be worn by me. Maybe black isn't my color and my body is subconsciously forcing the pants to rip so I won't be able to wear them. Either way, I've managed to be strong and pull through to another pair of black pants. Now this next pair ripped only a couple days after Halloween, so I'm pretty sure Halloween was partly responsible for the incident. In ninth grade, I managed to come late to school almost every morning. Now this morning, I had just finished haphazardly shoving my books into my locker, before squatting to collect the books I would need for my class. I was by now familiar with the sound of ripping fabric and heard it loud and clear. In a way, I'm asking for my pants to rip. My fashion sense includes wearing black pants with long shirts, so I'm infinitely more times prepared for ripping pants than the next person. Back to the pants, my pants ripped right before class and since I was already late, I walked carefully and slowly, but not too slow since I was late, to my class praying my shirt was truly long enough to prevent my classmates from seeing anything. Although the pants had betrayed me, I couldn't throw them away; instead I stitched them away and wore them again and again and again. Before they promptly ripped again and I stitched them up again and wore them some more. Now comes my final pair of pants.

By this time, if my theory is correct, my pants had warmed up to me and decided to stop ripping in inconvenient locations and occasions. This rip clearly happened from wear and tear and was not spontaneous. Instead, one day I noticed a slight tear in the left knee of my pants. Over time, this tear grew until my entire knee could be seen through the hole, but I acted as if my pants were pre-ripped and simply continued wearing them. I misstepped bringing these “pre-ripped” pants to India, where I was viciously judged for my fashion choices by my family members. Nonetheless, I continued to wear my black pants, and to this day I still wear my black pants.



Caitlyn Lyons



Alexandra Leitch

## *Fairytale Illusions*

Samantha Karlosky

The stories have it wrong.

There are no glass slippers, no bell towers, no fairy godmothers,  
And you cannot fall in love in a dance.

Love is a waltz that takes a lifetime, not a song.

The stories have it wrong.

There are no curses, no magical roses, no beast-like princes,  
And you won't find talking teapots here.

You cannot force someone to change, they change themselves.

The stories have it wrong.

There are no evil queens, no poisonous apples, no seven dwarfs to be seen,  
And you cannot walk into a stranger's house.

Trust is something earned over time, and lost so easily.

The stories have it wrong.

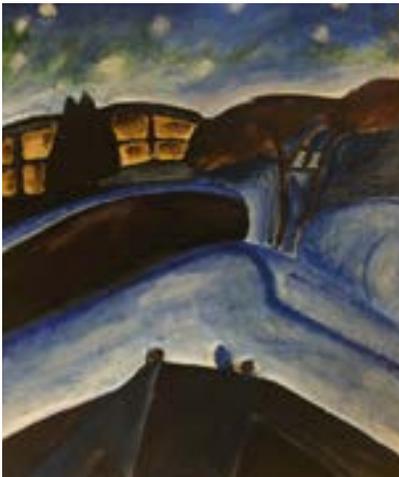
Seeing is believing and dreaming is deceiving.

Happily ever afters don't come around so often.

But that's what makes them all the better.



Caitlyn Lyons



Denise Nguyen



Ava Zadrina



Kiara Terrero



Megi Syku

## *Youth*

Alexandra McGill

The moon smiled, its elegant lips  
ensnarled by the wisp of clouds.  
Perfect she thought, as she  
stared at the clear sky, no threat of rain.

Ensnarled by the wisp of clouds.  
Parents and children alike,  
stared at the clear sky, no threat of rain.  
They smile, the giddiness intoxicating.

Parents and children alike,  
each different, yet both the same, and  
They smile, the giddiness intoxicating.  
Age is only a number, and clouds are only water.



Stacie Kinlen

## *Empty Words*

Mikaela Birch

Promises are supposed to be kept.  
Words are supposed to have meaning.

For too long I have wept,  
Their words empty and demeaning.

Forever is overrated.  
Nothing is guaranteed.

No apologies were stated,  
But that's my life indeed.

I don't know what I did wrong.  
They said everything was okay.

I'm trying my best to be strong.  
But there's nothing else left to say.



Estefania Gomez

## *The Grandfather Clock*

Michelle Flynn

I love my Grandfather's home, in a world full of constant change and chaos, his home is the one place in which I find stability and comfort. The same smell of pine is always there to greet me at the door. As I walk in, I wander off into my grandfather's bedroom because I love looking inside his closet- three rows of white turtlenecks, and three rows of navy Adidas track pants- the same outfit he has been wearing for 50 years. I then find myself in the kitchen, and I am instantly greeted by the memory of a referral I got in the 4th grade for skipping band class- which he has hanging on the fridge. He puts down a plate of the best Mac and Cheese- the same dish he has been making for my father and I our whole lives. Afterwards, I find serenity in running around the backyard and laying under the willow tree I used to sleep under as a child. I then go back inside only to be greeted by Paul Anka's Greatest Hits, the only record my Grandfather ever listens to. I find my Grandfather polishing his fine china, I then find myself staring at the massive grandfather clock he bought in Ireland and notice that the time had stopped, but then I look around and notice that time had stopped for my grandfather too.



Serena Dell'Orto



Caitlyn Lyons

## *Westlake High School Haiku Contest Winners*

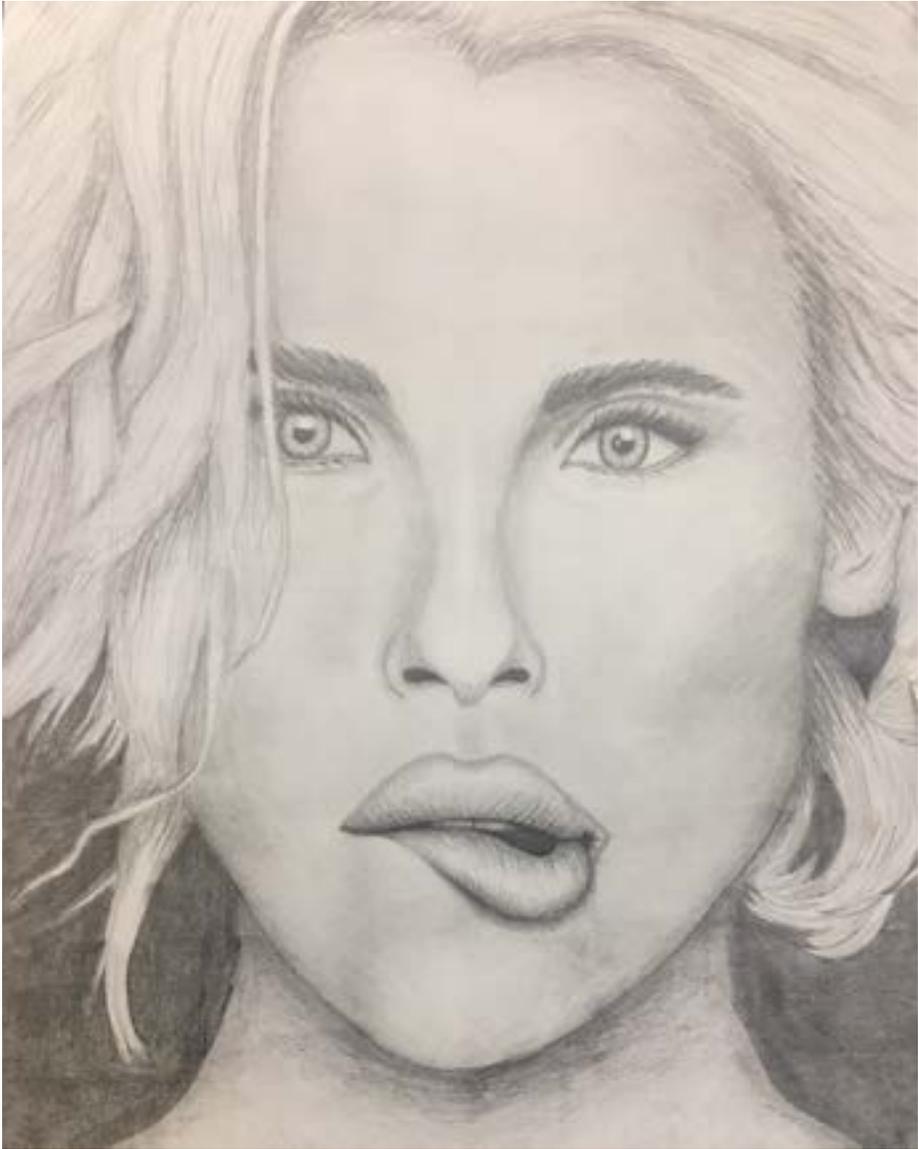
A day ends sun sets  
Souls are ardently renewed  
After, the dawn breaks  
-Rebecca Cross and Julia Behring (First Place)

The awakening.  
Buoyant moods surround our way.  
Luminosity!  
-Connor Cronin and Mrs. Frawley (Second Place)

Plentiful shadows  
Hide at the light of morning  
Leaving before dawn.  
-Mac Varga (Third Place)



Jennifer Hutnik



Lauren Lyden



Jessica Prauda



Michael Dilapi

## *Five Roses*

Michelle Flynn

I remember it was snowing and it was cold.

I remember the sky, a stunning gold.

I remember the charcoal-colored shoes my father was wearing.

I remember the yellow flowers my aunt was carrying.

I remember the smell of fresh soil.

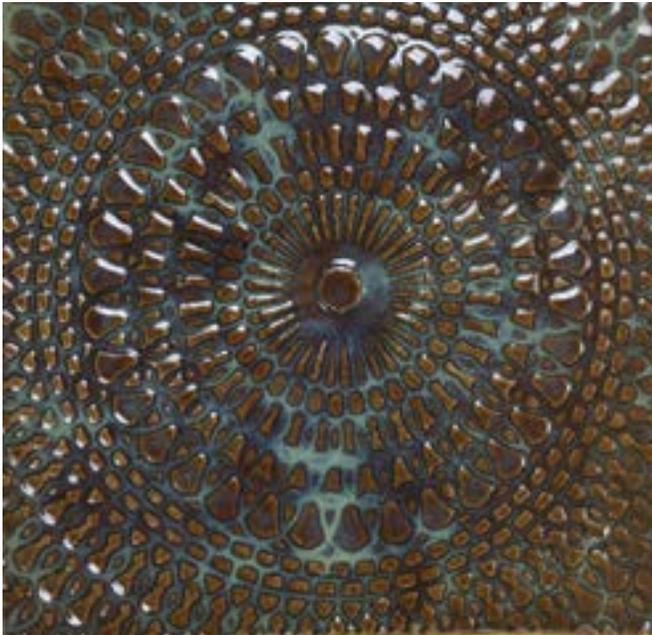
I remember the sound of bagpipes.

I remember the thoughts and prayers,

and I remember the only thing I found comfort in that day were those five roses.

And even though I might forget the color of the sky, my dad's shoes, and even the roses,

I will always remember you.



Marissa Tradito

*I'm sixteen*

Milenka Ramón

I'm sixteen,  
and my life has taken a turn  
an unexpected turn,  
far from my family,  
away from my friends  
away from my school  
nothing is as it was before  
I'm sixteen  
and not everything is as planned.

New school, new language  
just like the young  
they want to learn to dance  
for their graduation night  
an adventure and at the same time a challenge  
with fears and insecurities,  
Insecurities that are bigger than me  
and fears  
that are always my company

I take refuge in my room  
with the usual music  
trying to forget  
my reality.  
Feelings betray me  
the tears too,  
I'm sixteen  
And like most,  
insecurity, fear and sadness  
It takes over me.



Mikaela Birch



Leah Castellano

## *Rebirth*

Katie Burns

As winter's work reaches its end  
the frozen world thaws  
to make way for the dawn of life.

Flowers begin to bloom in the rising sun.  
And with the sound of spring fast approaching,  
the frosty world is set to become a distant memory.

The cheerful songs of the returning birds  
cast away winter's grim shadow  
and life awakes from its seemingly eternal slumber.

What was once bleak and lifeless  
is filled with sounds of critters scurrying about the green earth.  
Winter's work is undone.

And even with the sinking sun,  
the blanket of darkness covering the earth  
cannot stop the spread of life.

With the frozen world's farewell  
spring scatters to fill the empty earth.  
Once winter's icy grip on the world fades,  
life returns in a world reborn.

Dawn comes forth into  
the world. All is met by life,  
and all turns to dust.

-Katie Burns

The earth remains still  
As the crack of dawn appears  
Light consumes the dark.

-Emily Rubino and Divya Mundackal



Maeve Verna

*I am Sixteen*

Michelle Miranda

I am sixteen, even if I don't  
Have the perfect view I can see  
What other people feel,  
Without using my glasses,  
With the help of my heart  
I know what you feel.

Every morning when I wake up,  
I think about how I lived a long time ago,  
Thinking about my past in my country  
Of eternal spring,  
How to get used to this big change,  
That I know will make  
My future great.

No one knows what someone  
is going through and feels until they live  
It in their own flesh  
Waiting for them to open their eyes,  
To try to be better, and  
Help someone who makes a mistake.

As dawn comes closer,  
So does the devil named school;  
this is the last line.  
-Kyra Higgins and Sarita Servidio

I want a new Dawn,  
Watch it wash away the dark  
And bring me the light  
-Emily Salvi



Juliana Urrico

# *Acknowledgements*

## *Editorial Staff*

Katie Burns – Editor in Chief  
Kyra Higgins – Editor  
Samantha Karlosky – Secretary  
Denise Nguyen – Treasurer  
Sarita Servidio – Editor  
Freyja Varga – Secretary

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Donna Gelard

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## *Awards*

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Second Place, American Scholastic Press Association (2017, 2016; 2014)

First Place, American Scholastic Press Association (2015)

## *Contact Us*

*Scrap Paper* meets weekly for planning and fundraising activities. Submissions of poetry, prose, and visual arts are accepted throughout the year. If you would like your work considered, please email [katie.burns@mtplcsd.org](mailto:katie.burns@mtplcsd.org) or [dgelard@mtplcsd.org](mailto:dgelard@mtplcsd.org).



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