SCHOOL METAPHOR POEMS

Our school is a piece of glass,
Reflective of that around it
But transparent so all can view
Reflecting the light, the knowledge that spreads
And I am a shard
The light reflecting on me
But showing what is around
Showing what is the truth.

-Ryu Saez
Stands big and tall
It grows bigger each day
And will never fall
And I am a seed
Waiting to grow
I am waiting till I am big and strong
So I can show the rest of the world who I am
And what I am going to be

-Sophia Dahiya
Our school is a chess game
Each move you make
Decides what can happen to you next
Your opponents move can help you or break you.
And I am a chess player
Strategizing every move I make
Striving for victory
Making others proud.

- Evan Chambarry
Our school is a video game
Every grade counts
Battling day and night
Strategizing every round
And I am a gamer
Hoping I don’t make a wrong move
Leveling up every day
So I can get an A.

- John Gim
Our school is a rainbow
Full of different shades
Different personalities
Different views on life
And I am a shade
Hoping one day to shine
And show my true color
Wanting to turn darkness into light.

- Kendall Rowe
POETIC THOUGHTS

What we think we see is color
When we turn to see the world
But the truth is it’s become duller
As its edges are scarred and curled
We think we live in a time so wonderful
But the truth has been hidden behind walls
And something that was once colorful
Wasn’t colored at all

-Daniela C.

My mindset is a storm
Part of it is the rain, beating down on my head
Not always being a raindrop
Then there’s the thunder – loud and obnoxious
Scaring away any ounce of courage I have left.
Lightning can’t be forgotten; it’s always there.
Shining, shimmering, but not splendid
It announces the thunder in all its fake glory.
Giving that split-second knowledge of what is about to happen.
And the clouds, so fluffy above everything else
Wishing this storm to be over so they can breathe once again.

-Gracie
**Shin Guards**

Shin guards are the shields that protect us from the hurt
From the stinging kicks
From the throbbing of bruises
And from the burning of the cuts
So if we all walked around wearing shin guards
Maybe words wouldn’t hurt so much.
-Emmy Morello

**Basketball**

Fun, aggressive
Dribbling, jumping, passing
Good game of tricks
Shots
-Stefan D.
A Life Lesson

If you find the love you give
The light that waits inside your soul
It can give you the headspace and the excitement to live
The strength and the feeling to become whole.

Fill up your youthful mind
With the words of the wise and repeat your teachings
Spread your findings to all of mankind
Take value of the importance share your preaching.

Explore your opportunities
Sit back and enjoy the warmth of the sun
Find gratefulness in large quantities
Heal the earth and leave nothing undone.

Reject the hate and find love
Extend limits and give someone something to be proud of.

-Ava Johnson
first love

in the corner of my memory
a brown piano settled on one side
the keys touched my small hands
and i was mesmerized

i remember that moment
of you way taller than my height
then i grew taller than you
and pushed you away with all my might

i came back to your keys that collected dust
though gone for a long time without repulsion
you accepted me
when i deserved disgust you said
“i’m here for you, eternally”

when i was fed up and lost
in a pit of despair
you played your soft tunes
and offered a chair

even when I resented meeting you
you were firmly by my side
you didn’t have to do anything but did
so don’t ever let go of my hand
don’t even try

-emilee rigdon
Love others as they love you
Never show fear or hatred for one another
Let them knock down your walls
That took you so long to rebuild.

-Fernando Barroso

A Concrete Poem

I will miss you. You were and
always will be my best friend. I will miss
everything that we did together. I will never
forget you or all of the things that you did for
me but I hope I move on eventually. I love you
but I don't want to spend the rest of my life
grieving you. You will always have a
special place in my heart and I
hope you never forget
me too.

– anonymous
A Free Verse Poem

I love baseball.
The smell of the fresh-mowed grass;
The sound of fans cheering in the crowd;
The sound of bats smashing balls into the outfield;
The pressure of making a play.
The winning and the losing.
Baseball is great!

- Jayden Alvarado

School
Pencils, paper
Working, laughing, sitting
Teachers planning our lessons
School

- Natalia
Twins

I am half of a whole
My sister is the other
We never agree
Buy one get one free

-Patricia Kim

Figure skating, a beautiful sport
Step onto the ice, and glide away
Perform great spins, both long and short
When it freezes, you can skate on the bay!

Figure skating takes lots of practice
Wake up very early, to go to the ice
When you perform, you’re just like an actress
When you land jumps, it feels so nice

Figure skating a great sport,
But don’t be like Tonya Harding ‘cause you’ll end up in court!

-Anastasia Avlonitis
The Spear of Vengeance

Kalista is always present
In the face of death
To seek vengeance will she visit
An apparition of malice and death
With impassive, cold eyes seeking who to blame
She asks, “Shall we bind souls today?”
For those who have lost their beloved
Retribution in the spirit of Kalista will have been summoned
An offer she gives in exchange, for those who have resolve
A spear she will pierce through your chest
To achieve a tether, a link, among the spiteful for their loss

-Chloe Hong
You have beautiful eyes they say,  
but I’ve always argued that I do not  
I wish I had green eyes,  
It has always been a thought  

Green eyes glisten,  
they shine in the light.  
Like the color of trees,  
I guess it just was not my birthright.  

-Rachelle Bailey
**Haiku**

**Spring**

Flowers are blooming  
Bees are collecting pollen  
Spring is here right now.

- Patrice Pascual

**Haiku**

Green and speckled legs  
Hop on logs and lily pads  
Splash in cool water.

- Julian Alejandro

**Haiku**

The beach is sandy.  
There is a lot of water.  
The smells are salty.

- Jem Marchan

**Haiku:**

Flowers are blooming  
The sun is shining outside  
It's finally spring

- Daniel Seyideu
A Fish Named Shadner

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful chromide that swam in the depths of an aqueduct over a part of the African Sea. One day, two people were skidding across the aqueduct in a hydroplane at full speed. These egotists were not thinking about the actual fish in the water. Unknowingly, the chromide was swimming near the surface of the water. Suddenly, in a matter of seconds, the hydroplane appeared next to the chromide. Before the chromide could react, the people in the hydroplane swept the chromide, causing it to become badly injured. The chromide slowly descended to the bottom of the aqueduct. The fish laid there, like a corpse among the hydroponics, struggling to keep his grip on life, slowly dying with nobody there to help him.
Minutes passed by; every second felt like a year to the young fish. Hours passed. The fish was reaching the border of death. The chromide heard another sound of the hydroplane skidding across the water. Oh no! This truly is the end of me, the fish thought. Little did the chromide know this was going to be his rescuer!

The chromide heard the hydroplane as it halted to a stop only three feet above him. He saw a large figure dressed in black reach out to him, pulling him up to the surface. This figure was an aquanaut, exploring the depths of the aqueducts, a feat many do not try due to the biohazardous conditions. The chromide was swept out of the aqueduct and instantly put into a mobile aquarium.

With the help of the aquanauts and hydrotherapy, the fish slowly recovered. People were so inspired by his journey of survival, many biographers wrote of the great fish named
Shadner. Shadner was a worldwide hero. Everyone loved Shadner.

— Nilay Kane and Alberto Sciuto

Rebecca the Scientist

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Rebecca. She lived in Machias, Maine. Rebecca was a good student in school and she had a large ego. She always loved science, but she never really thought of pursuing science as a profession. Once she graduated from high school, Rebecca went to the University of Maine at Machias. While she was in college, Rebecca had to pay for her books, so she went to look for work. She ended up working for a corporate company named Walmart. While paying for her books and learning in her classes, one subject caught her eye: biology. After class one day, Rebecca decided to visit her teacher.

“What are the things that you do if you are a biologist?” she asked.

Her teacher smiled. “Basically, you study living things. You can study certain living things or many.” She paused. “There are also other professions like this. There are biochemists and aquanauts.” Rebecca was puzzled. Her teacher, Ms. Hollanden could see that she was confused. “A biochemist is someone who studies the life chemistry of plants and animals. An aquanaut is a scientist that works in the water”, she explained. Rebecca thought about this. She then decided to go on the trip that was offered with her biology class.
The next month, Rebecca and her class took the trip to study animals in the water. “I know there is going to be a bunch of water around us, but make sure that you bring a water bottle to hydrate yourself!” her teacher reminded them all. They ended up riding far out to the Atlantic Ocean on a hydroplane. “Okay; we will stop here,” Ms. Hollendan started. “Now students, look here. Do you see these fish?” Everyone looked down. “These are chromides.” Rebecca looked down.

“Wow!” one of her classmates exclaimed. “These are chromatic!” Rebecca now knew that she wanted to become an aquanaut when she was older.

— Kyle Rozario and John Che

A Short Story

One day, Isabella was working on a hydraulic car in her workshop. She needed hydrogen for the car, but she did not have it. She took a break and went to her friend’s house. When she walked into Aria’s house, she encountered her friend’s corpulent cat. Aria was telling Isabella about her studying biology, but Aria said that she wanted to change her
major to biochemistry. Isabella wanted to tell her friend what to do, but she knew that it was up to Aria to figure out.

Isabella tried to think of a way to cheer up Aria; she thought they should go to the aquarium. They drove with excitement to see rare and beautiful sea creatures. When they arrived, they looked at almost every exhibit in the aquarium. Then, Aria said “I want to be an aquanaut!” Isabella just stared at her in shock because she did not think Aria would change her mind so quickly. Isabella knew that she could not do anything about Aria’s spontaneous decision. “Oh, look at this amazing seaweed!” hollered Aria. They soon left the aquarium and went home.

-Natalia Madrid

Once upon a time in a small, gremlin village called Ugertown, there was a gremlin biologist named Timmy. Timmy was really passionate about learning about life outside of his species. Timmy lived in a village that was against the opposite species: humans. All the other gremlins hated humans because those beings would always compare ugly things to their kind. The whole village was very supportive of other gremlins that were aquanauts. Obviously, Timmy is not interested in anything other than biology and the study of life, but all the other gremlins make fun of him because of what he is passionate about. The only thing that Timmy wanted to do was to keep on learning about humans and how they live. But, the king gremlin, Norman, would take none of that. If King Norman even saw a glimpse of the study of human life, he would immediately hold a meeting including the whole town that helped King Norman figure out who even let biology inside the village. When King
Norman finds that out, he will arrange an assassination. A huge biohazard, yes he is that serious, if King Norman saw a human, the whole village was sure that he would flip. But, just to be safe, Timmy found a very exclusive spot that no one goes in the village to practice his studies and to learn more about biology secretly.

One day, Timmy found a corpse next to his aquarium in his secret spot where he learns his studies. To his surprise, it was a human! He picked up the corpulent body excitedly and slowly examined it. But Timmy was sure to be quiet so that no one could hear his excitement. Suddenly, a huge sound alarmed the village. BANG! Timmy jumped, scared, and saw that the village was being attacked by humans. Timmy quickly hid the body and his behind his new hydrotherapy machine. His door slammed open and a human walked into his shed. Timmy should have been more secretive, but a limb of the dead body was showing. The human picked up the body and screamed “Who lives here?” Timmy slowly stepped out and looked up at a crying lady and a huge man carrying the body. The lady seemed very upset. Apparently, the dead corpse was her son. The lady screamed at Timmy as he stood stiffly in front of the woman. Timmy knew that he would be in huge trouble with Norman, so he listened and said with a shrug “I’m sorry. I just love humans.”

-Ava Johnson

_The Chromatic Great White Shark_

*Once upon a time there was an aquanaut named Lucas.*

*He was a very corpulent person. He was an egotist and tried to win every argument. Lucas was into biology and like to study the sea, and he had a gigantic aquarium with a bunch of chromides. He also did not believe in great white sharks.*
So, one day, he brought out a hydroplane and went to a biohazardous sea where it was known that there were many deadly sharks. He went in with scuba gear. It was very dark and scary; it was not that he had hydrophobia, but he was afraid of the dark. Suddenly, he felt a bump from the back and it broke the cage. It was a great white shark! It was actually a very colorful, chromatic shark. His cage finally broke all the way through on the third shot from the shark. After that day, no one knew where Lucas was; no one saw him at his lab.

A month had passed and no one found his corpse. It was a very large ocean, but one person saw a boat floating on the water. He went in with his scuba gear and never came back up. Everyone who went there did not come back to the surface. In the end, no one bothered to go looking for the corpses. – Taka Nakahara and Kevin Yi
“Water you doing?” Ellis’ mom asked as she walked through the door. A little known fact about Ellis’ mom: she was very connected to water. She had spent her career as an aquanaut; she was an aquarium; and, she had memorized all known aquatics.

Ironically, though, Ellis’ dad had hydrophobia and had walked in right behind her with a look of disgust. “Dew whatever you want, but it’s late and I’m tide of your puns.”

“Wow. That comment was shallow, but that was good. This is why I love you,” she replied as she leaned in to kiss her husband.

Ellis looked away. “Oh, gosh. I would rather be a corpse than sit here and watch you guys make terrible puns. I’m going to sleep. Good night.”

“Good night, honey,” they said as an immediate reply. “Sleep tight.”

Ellis climbed the stairs, opened his door, and walked into the bedroom. She discovered that her aquarium was gone! Her tank was filled with aquatics of different colors and sizes, and the reason why she had the tank in the first place was because she wanted to be a marine biologist like her mother. Though, not only were all her aquatics missing, but Chris, her corpulent, egotistical, talking fish was missing as well. The story of finding Chris is a long one, so the details will be
spared, but Ellis believed that she was able to get through to Chris who, conveniently, had an undeniable hatred for people. But, now, he was gone.

“No! What happened?” she whispered as she patted the table that once held the aquarium. Looking around the room, she even got on her hands and knees to see if someone had hidden it under the bed. “Where is it?!?”

Ellis saw moving shadows and heard a faint whisper behind the door. “She’s taking it better than I thought.”

“At least she hasn’t broken down yet.” Ellis got up to slam open the door and found her parents crouching beside it.

“What is going on?!?”

“Oh, this is a bit awkward….well….” began her mother.

“We’re concerned for your mental well-being,” Ellis’ father finished, indeed showing a look of concern on his face.

“But, why would you take away my fish tank? Didn’t YOU give it to me as a Christmas present because you know that I want to be a marine biologist?” Ellis asked, directing the question at her mother.

“Yes, I did…but the way you kept obsessing over that big, fat fish – claiming it could talk – we thought it was best to take it away,” her mother said looking at her husband.

“Yeah, it was a biohazard to your mental state,” he said, taking hold of her shoulder and giving a sympathetic pat.

“I know Chris, and I think that he brainwashed you guys because he hates people, but he can talk! I know he can!”

“And this is why we need to help you, sweetie,” her dad said giving her yet another sympathetic pat.
“You guys are actually the worst! You’ll see that I’m right. You’ll see.”

- Grace Choi

The Life of Fred

Throughout his life, Fred dreamed of having many jobs. As a child, his dream was to be an aquanaut. But, when Fred was eleven, he was at a pool party and he almost drowned. Since then, he has had hydrophobia. Throughout middle school, Fred enjoyed art and chromatic things.

His career was as an autobiographer. He was an egotist, meaning he was very full of himself. He wrote two books about his life, but they did not end up being as successful as he expected. He soon became depressed and turned to food for comfort. Before he knew it, he was corpulent. People started making fun of his size, so he ran away using a hydroplane. On his way, he saw a lot of chromides. He found an island and stayed for a while. Because he had no food, he decided to return home. He wanted to change himself into a better person.

First, he wanted to rid himself of his biggest insecurity: his weight. For the next six months, he worked out and had a better diet. He also changed his personality and became more humble and understanding. People complemented him about his weight loss and suggested that he write a book about it. He soon became a very famous autobiographer and had a very happy rest of his life. Things had changed for the better.

- Reemas Alwalan and Sophia Perri
Daniel and the Aquarium

Once upon a time, there was a biologist named Daniel who visited an aquarium. As he was strolling around, he noticed that a gang of sea creatures were trying to attack one corpulent animal. Unfortunately, there were no aquanauts in sight. Because of this, he decided to take a hydroplane and break through the glass of the aquarium. As he was about to enter the hydroplane, Daniel found out that he was hydrophobic, as he was scared of water.

Daniel was a great thinker, so he thought until he had a great idea. He left the hydroplane, with the broken glass, behind and noticed that there was a vent in sight. He decided to go up the vent and, thankfully, it led straight to the aquarium. Right below him, a gang of sea creatures was targeting the small and innocent creature. Daniel was pleased by this so he decided to jump into the aquarium. The animals were looking curiously at him. Believing that
they were trying to eat him, Daniel tried to fight the animals. He slapped the leader of the gang and noticed a sense of anger emerging from the captain. Daniel’s face flushed with fear; he realized that he was going to soon be swallowed. Before his demise, Daniel said his last goodbye to the world and soon became a chromatic corpse. After this, the group ignored the innocent animal. It seems that the mob was hungry and needed some food to replenish their hunger. At least Daniel’s attempt shows his true bravery and courage, but he was a fool to sacrifice his own life for a foolish whim.

- Kyle Rozario and John Che
Little Jimmy Goes For a Swim

In the depths of the universe, on the great planet of Earth, Little Jimmy came into existence. Now, you mustn’t think this specimen was an intellectual one. When observing the vast popularity Little Jimmy had in his hometown, any sane mind would crumble; he wasn’t the brightest of people, which was probably an understatement, and he was very visibly a corpulent child. Not only that, but his massive ego could have inflated the bouncy house he begged his mom to buy for him. His dense brain and pitiful personality did not easily register reality to him, making him think that he was the embodiment of the perfect human being. Even so, there was one thing that the egotistical Little Jimmy couldn’t deny which was his overwhelming case of hydrophobia.

It was a bright, sunny day in the midst of summer and Little Jimmy’s ego was at its very peak. Each day, he would walk around town with all the shiny watches he could fit onto one arm and the basketball shoes he bought with stolen lunch money. Today, however, was a new day, and Little Jimmy decided to catch a conversation with Big Jim, a classmate of his who could be found helping his father by the local aqueduct each morning.

“Yo, Big Jim! Wassup!” Little Jimmy shouted, his eyes widening as he realized that his greeting skills were truly majestic. He noticed Big Jim’s hairy, large head turn his way.

Big Jim wasn’t menacing at all. In fact, he was actually a very caring and positive person. As he heard Little Jimmy’s unmistakable
squeaky, whiny voice, hydrophobia immediately popped into his mind. It was one of the very few things that anyone knew about the inner workings of Little Jimmy, so, upon the memorization of this important fact, he decided he would give him his own method of hydrotherapy. The catch? Not only was this “method” very informal, but Little Jimmy and anything to do with water simply don’t mix well.

“Ey, if it isn’t Little Jimmy himself!” he replied, trying to sound as enthusiastic as possible. When seeing Little Jimmy light up at the realization that Big Jim recognized him, the latter paused momentarily. Of course, Little Jimmy was too preoccupied with feeling proud of himself to respond, so Big Jim continued to lead the conversation into the topic of water. “So, fancy a swim? It’ll be fun. You can be the fish; the aqueduct can be the aquarium. Deal?”

“E-excuse m-me?” Little Jimmy squeaked, his large, fleshy legs taking a step backward before making a run for it. As far as he was concerned, he was in a life or death situation that he needed to escape. Fast.

“Oh, no you don’t!” Big Jim roared. Although he had never experienced Little Jimmy’s antics himself, he knew from the accounts of others that Little Jimmy pretty much deserved every ounce of hate the world could muster. With seven long, monstrous strides, Big Jim caught up to his fleeing foe, grabbed him with one, humongous arm, and heaved the corpulent figure into the aqueduct. It was fun, he noticed, watching Little Jimmy’s struggling, round form flopping about in the water. His desperate screams, full of terror and pitches that could single-handedly wake up the whole town, went right through the heads of the people of that very thing. You see, no one liked Little Jimmy
except for himself, so the help he was trying to get wasn’t ever going to come. Fortunately, he was able to get himself out of the foot-deep aqueduct that was, in his eyes, the greatest biohazard in the existence of mankind. In the end, one thing was very clear; Little Jimmy’s possible career as an aquanaut was well over before it had even started.

-Milosz Fecko
Perspective Poems

Innumerable amounts of trash are thrown and spread
As darkness overcomes the water that was once light blue
When you stop and try to see it
From the ocean’s point of view.

Harmful pollutants fill the air
Around me, flying birds begin to die
When you see it from the viewpoint
Of the sky.

There is no light, for darkness is all there is
As everything seems to deteriorate, I soon knew
That life was starting to crumble away
From the Earth’s point of view.

-Emily Kim

Perspective Poems

Polluted and trashed upon New York
Clouds of carbon covering up the sky that was once blue
When you stop and try to see it
From a citizen’s point of view.

Trash bags and plastic on the surface
In front of me I see a side dish
When you see it from the viewpoint
From an ocean fish.

Pollution and trash to the Earth
The people trying to help, only a few
I remember those peaceful days
From Earth’s point of view.

?
Perspective Poems

The times have changed, it’s not 1787
They still yell “It’s our right!” quoting amendment #2
But is that really important when you stop and try to see it
From the perspective of the kids who thought their lives were about rights, too.

More innocent lives are gone each month
At the fault of weapon worse than a handgun
When you see it from the viewpoint
Of a parent who has lost their beloved daughter or son.

You watch the news see another kid who saw his best friend be killed
Drills, speeches, marching for prevention, but this will not do
As the people with power won’t change because they will never see it
From the victim’s point of view.

-Hannah Jacobowitz
THROUGH HIS EYES

My wrong is not always wrong,
My truth is not always true,
When I stop and try to see it,
From my enemy’s point of view.

Mistakes are not so blatant,
Mean is not necessarily mean,
When I see it from the viewpoint,
Of my own personal beast.

Oh, how I thought I was always right,
And he would never be true,
Until I stopped and looked at my foe,
From my foe’s point of view.

Enya Goonetilleke
Figure Skating

Figure skating; the sport so relevant.
The moves so beautiful and elegant.
Yet to be a skate, not very nice;
With your face pressed against the ice!
I am so sharp, with an innovation so smart...
yet for me skating is not the best part.

Although I am quite sleek,
my design practical and chic,
It hurts quite a lot to be skating in streaks,
maybe just because I’m pretty weak. . .

No matter what the moves my owner desires,
I am always filled with pains like fire.

When nationals approach
I am pushed further by my owner’s coach.
Axels, crossovers, and loop jumps too.
At the end of each practice I always go
“PHEW!”

Figure skating, so pretty to watch....
Best for me, I see from the bottom not the top.
I am a figure skater,
But figure skating I CAN wait!

-Anastasia Avionitis
&
Danyoung Kang
Points of View

Drawing on paper
Line after line
Writing many words,
Erasing to refine
However it’s time to get a clue
And take a look at it from a pencil’s point of view

Being used time after time
For such frivolous reasons
Such loyalty is not defined
Rather, it is more like treason
It is time to be more reflective
And look at things from a pencil’s perspective

Pencils are so useful
Writing and drawing
So joyful and crucial
At least that has always been my view
Until I stopped and looked at a pencil
From the pencil’s point of view.

Julian Alejandro & Kyle Rosario
RESPECT IN BASKETBALL

Respect in basketball
It is important to rise and fall
Remember this before you brawl
Think about how other players feel
Before you make a steal
The actions of players can sometimes be carefree
It all depends on how they act, you see?
Players can be rough
Because they think they are tough
They become aggressive on the court
So when you are about to fight... Abort!
And remember, whether it is an opponent
or a friend
Make sure
To shake hands at the end.

-Sean Sailer & RJ Labon
RULES FOR BEING HAPPY

You don’t want to live in a dark hue, do you?
If you want to achieve happiness, here’s what you need to do
First, you must love yourself;
In order to love someone else
Second, you must really smile
For happiness to stay awhile
Third, you must show gratitude
To gain a positive attitude.
Fourth, you must communicate with others
So you can truly love one another.
So these are the things that you need to do
To always be happy and in a good mood.

-Sabina Kim Grace Choi
POINT OF VIEW OF A GUITAR PICK

Hearing the scream of pinch harmonics
And hearing the chime of string
All guitarists use us
From Clapton to B.B. King
What Van Halen was famous for doing
It's starts to look like a war crime when
You look at what guitar picks are viewing'

The arpeggios of legend are dizzying
Sweep picking is tiring and strained
Pick scraping is painful and challenging
And palm mutes feel very chained

End to end a guitar pick is severly misunderstood
It's used by nearly every guitarist you hear on the radio
Though thankless, to execute, guitar picks are the true hero
For when you look at their point of view, it's a job they can't let go.

-Daniel Ko
MY RULES FOR TAKING CARE OF A FRENCH BULLDOG

If you want to keep a French bulldog, here's what you have to do.

You must brush its teeth three times a week,
    Walk it three times a day.
And you must keep it from the heat.
    Buy chew toys for it to play.

Train it from a very young age,
    And take it to the vet.
Never put it in a cage
    Its loyalty will be set

Last of all but definitely not least
You must love your bulldog with all your heart,
    Treat it like a friend, not a beast
And you will never part.

Tamara Hillman
GROUNDHOG DAY

Every year on February 2nd the tradition holds
He peeks his head out to see his shadow
And low and behold the fortune is told
The options he has are only two
They tell the future very soon
The fate of the season can be seen in light that rises after the moon
Here he comes so fluffy and brown
Burrowing up from the ground
He wants to appear to scan the town
If he sees his shadow away he’ll go
Then six more weeks of sleet and snow
And now he tells us...OH NO!

Jennifer Haemmerle
To Be A Dancer
If you want to be a dancer, here’s what you must do:
You must learn to tie your pointe shoes,
And know how to cure a bruise,
And put your hair in a bun,
And stay in class until you are done,
And be respectful to the teacher,
And never be a nasty creature,
And practice at home.
You must brush your hair with a comb.
And – hey – where are you going?
- Victoria Grabois
To Be A Teddy Bear

If you want to be my teddy bear, here’s what you need to do:
You must be there to comfort me when I get sick with the flu.
And be wholly made of cotton and wool,
And be lovable with two beady eyes,
And be the one to hear my singing and spiels,
And the one to hear my cries,
And be the same teddy bear that I love.
No matter how much you’re stitched or sewed,
And even after I outgrow my naivety,
Be watching with the heart I gave to you.

- Cougar Hashikura
If you want to be relevant, here’s what you must do:

You must follow the trends and not be you,

Wear fake nails and designer clothes

Cover your face with one hand whenever in photos.

Delete the ones that don’t get enough likes,

Use the dog filter, #Yikes,

Copy homework from a friend,

Because you’re too busy typing messages and clicking send.
Talk nicely to someone’s face,

Turn around and talk trash for days.

-Emilee Rigdon

Best Friends

If you want to be my best friend, here’s what you’ll have to do:
You must know how to have deep conversations with me,
And know how to climb an oak tree,
And taking long walks on the beach is a must,
And you should be the only one that I can trust,
And be the shoulder that I can lean on for reassurance,
And you can be like my life insurance,
And when times are hard, however,
We will always comfort each other forever.
And – hey – where are you going?

- Emily Kim
ODE TO PICKING FLOWERS

Daisies for a sickbed aren’t so stunning,
Bright sunflowers are dark and blue,
When I stop and try to see it,
From the flower’s point of view

Valentine’s Day is a sorry affair,
Birthdays are quite morose,
When I see it from the viewpoint,
Of a carnation or a rose.

Oh, how I picked and plucked at flowers,
And danced in their petal’s dew,
Until I stopped and looked at my bouquet,
From my bouquet’s point of view.
A Strange Day In July
Part I

It was a bright summer day in the middle of July, a normal one by all means. The sky had thin clouds high up in the sky, seeming to fade away as the sun brightened. Not many people were outside because of the heat, but Banjo and Chlorine were, just like they always were. They lived in a suburban town close to Compton, a residence fairly close to the beach. However, they did not have a large sum of money. In fact, most of the people in the neighborhood struggled for it, helping one another to get by.

Banjo led Chlorine to the empty lot, both of them sporting a gleeful smile on their face, just as they always did. They began to look around the lot for activities to take part in. Normally they would find a bug or a snail that would keep them entertained, but this was not the case today. There was nothing there due to the scorching heat.

Banjo and Chlorine, being energetic children, were quickly bored of the lot. They stood up, and began searching the surrounding area. There Chlorine came across one of the most spherical rocks she had ever seen. If not for it being grey and surrounded and grainy, it would have been the prime object to throw around. However, today was a boring day. Nothing was there, and there were no people to play with. Chlorine, seeing this, picked up the rock, and called out to
If Mom and dad won't buy a ball, we’ll play with a rock instead, Chlorine thought with a smile on her face. “Look at this!” she exclaimed, pointing to the rock in her hand.

Banjo walked over to Chlorine and regarded the rock with great interest, possibly spouting from his prolonged boredom. He then motioned for Chlorine to toss it at him. She did, with a light underhand toss, which Banjo caught with ease. Banjo, being the more spontaneous of the two, startled Chlorine with an overhand toss, which Chlorine caught, though she stumbled backwards. Chlorine grinned, and though she was scraped by the rock, she threw an overhand toss just like Banjo, though this time with more power. Banjo, not recognizing the speed of the rock, caught it just like he did with the underhand toss. However, once he did get a grasp of the rock, a small cut was formed, a small stream of blood dripping down from his hand. The blood flowed like a river, extending from his hand to his forearm. Banjo, overcome with a feeling of pain, pelted the rock back at Chlorine, but missed.

Both siblings turned, looking at the path of the rock as it flew through the air and crashed into the window of a nearby house. Frightened, they immediately walked into the house to apologize. Please tell me I didn’t break anything inside, my mom would kill me! Banjo thought.

As they ran, Chlorine accusingly said, “What were you doing?”

Banjo, still overcome with pain, snapped back, said, “It was your fault. You got me hurt.”

Chlorine, still worried about the house, exclaimed, “We’ll talk about this later, but right now, we need to apologize to the owner of the house!”

Both agreeing, they picked up speed and ran towards the house, up the staircase, and knocked on the door. Their adrenaline was high, and they were pacing around the porch, waiting for an answer. They felt more and more weight come
across their shoulders as they continued waiting, the wait seeming to last for eternity. They were normally more patient than most children, but this time was not a time to be patient. After a minute of receiving no reply, they knocked again, though this time with more ferocity. To their surprise, the door’s hinges were weak and it slammed to the ground, revealing the inside of the house.

The house was mostly beige with many paintings on the left side. There was a staircase in the middle of the house which seemed to lead up to three rooms, two on the left and one on the right. There was a kitchen on the left side of the house with apples being stored in a bowl. However, there was a part of the house that was overlooked by both siblings. Right at the door was a broken window with an old lady underneath it, blood spilling from her head. No! No! No! Banjo.

She was a 70 year old woman who had been living in that house since the day she was born. Her head was covered with short grey hair, that seemed rough to the touch. Her skin was wrinkled and pale, her eyes seeming to sag in their sockets. Her cold eyes were obvious to Banjo and Chlorine, who looked at them in horror.

Chlorine trembled, asking with a soft voice, “What happened to her?”

Banjo turned towards the door and grabbed Chlorine by the hand, and whispered: “We have to go right now. She’s dead. We can’t tell anyone about this.”

They ran towards the exit, jumping over the door, and rushed home, not looking at anything behind them.

The old lady, though dead, was slowly moved across the floor and through the open backdoor, leaving a blood trail as she went. Her body was moved to the beach, and was washed into the ocean, all while none of her body parts moved. The world was once with her, but now she had left it.

Part II
The next day, the twins decided to go to the beach to try and forget the incidents that occurred the previous day. They were sleep deprived and were trying to go as far away from the house as they could, though there was a constant nagging feeling in the back of their head. Over the night, it had finally registered with them that they were accountable for the old lady’s death. They had killed her, a thought that would not come into their minds before. Neither of them were energetic, neither of them smiling. They wanted to escape what had happened, but the deafening silence brought their minds towards it.

Realizing this, they decided to partake in an activity, and Banjo reluctantly picked up a rock, and lethargically threw it into the ocean.

“Bet you can’t skip it farther,” Banjo challenged, though he said it with a voice that did not seem interested.

The rock skipped twice before falling into the ocean, sinking slowly, leaving a small amount of foam in its place. Chlorine followed suit, throwing the rock with a little more power. She threw it like a frisbee, and the rock skipped five times and splashed at the end, seeming to float for a little while before eventually falling down.

“Banjo look, look how far it got,” Chlorine exclaimed in excitement.

Banjo had a small smile at the edge of his face, for he had found an excellent skipping rock. He lined up the throw with precision, not wanting to waste it. His arms loosened and his eyes widened as he was about to let go of the rock, attempting to catch it’s path. He threw with all his might, but the third stone came skipping back. It approached Banjo at a ferocious speed, barely giving him any time to react. He moved out of the way at the last second, but the rock scraped him on the arm. He shivered, just realizing the event that occurred. His pristine rock, the one that went far into the ocean, had just come right back to him.
“What happened?” Chlorine questioned with worry.
She walked over to him, attempting to see his wounds. It was a soft cut running across his arm, seeming to sprout out like a tree. Banjo winced in pain as Chlorine touched the wound, attempting to see how deep it was. Chlorine found out that the cut was not deep, and it would be fixed with a simple band-aid when they got back home.

Banjo then looked around at the beach, attempting to find the rock that had hit him. He glanced around, finding it ten feet behind him. He pointed at it and Chlorine walked over to pick it up, noticing a small stain of red on the surface of the stone. When bending down to pick it up, she noticed a crease in the rock, a straight one that seemed to be able to open. When she saw this, she tensed up for no apparent reason, though she felt a sudden sense of dread.

After a few seconds of staring at the crease, she decided to pick it up, ignoring her emotions. She looked at the rock once again, this time with more interest. It was a small grey rock, alike to any other, though it was much more flat. She decided to open the crease with little power, expecting it to be a crack just like any other. However, even with a small push, the top of the rock flew open, revealing a small slip of paper. It was yellowed and ripped on the sides, and upon seeing it, she flipped it over, only to find the words *I’ve found you* in sprawled handwriting.

She suddenly backed away from the rock, fearing who must have found her. She took the hand of Banjo, and pulled him up to make him start running. Banjo not knowing what was going on, paused for a few seconds, seeing Chlorine sprint away, leaving him behind.

He suddenly felt a tug at the back of his foot. It started small, and soon became an iron grip on to his leg, pulling Banjo closer to the ocean. Banjo tripped over, his face planting onto the ground like a board, his mouth wide open, not registering the event that had just happened. He turned
back to the ocean, seeing a hand that extended for 50 feet into the ocean grabbed onto his leg. He began screaming, alerting Chlorine who was a fair distance away from the beach already. Her last sight of him was Banjo being pulled into the ocean, the face of an old lady with ripped skin, looking straight at her.

-Arvind Unnithan

The Third Floor Bedroom

Lesa Jae

It all began when someone left the window open.

Beauty that had gone to waste, Alice Park was what some would call peculiar. While most would help out with the meals, read, or play the worn down bored games, Alice sat in her room, the third floor bedroom. Unlike most, Alice did not share her bedroom, as it was noticeably smaller than the others. It contained nothing but a simple bed, an antique dresser, and a rusty heater. Nevertheless, even with her bare room it was quite messy. Paints, brushes, old water cups were scattered on the wooden floor, which was in desperate need to repair.
Every day she painted the walls, which were no longer bare but filled with doves and vines in a diagonal pattern. She would look out the window, something that was considered taboo nowadays. Alice sighed with a longing to be free from the indoors, but she knew better.

For her entire life Alice has never been outside, never breathed in fresh air, never felt the sun’s rays on her body. But she is not the only one. Everyone else, just like her, never been outside. There are stories of those who did burning to a crisp, other falling over unable to handle the air filled with fine dust particles.

The other children learned to appreciate living indoors, eventually learning to accept their current life, but Alice refused to conform. Days, weeks, years passed, making Alice more restless. She wanted to be free. She wanted to feel what can not be felt indoors.

She stared at the window in her room. It was the only window in the third floor, constantly tempting her to touch it, look through it, but she...
had refused. But then again, the dust, grey fuzzy bits, had been collecting on the window sill, begging to be cleaned. Her hand, pale and delicate, reached out only to quickly retract.

*Don’t touch it, Alice!* Her sub-conscious thought. Her body shuddered as she recalled the days where she was scolded by her mother whenever she touched the window.

“Why is there a window if one is forbidden to even glance at it?” She wondered aloud. Realizing what she had said, her hand clamped over her mouth, eyes darting around in fear someone had heard her.

Slowing putting her hands on her lap, she gathered her senses. She did not fear the outside nor the window, but merely the judgment of those around her. The bed that she was sitting on creaked and groaned as she lifted herself off the bed, walking towards the window. Her hand grazed the translucent curtains, tinted a shade of off-white, until it reached the edge, where her hand formed into a fist. She yanked the curtain aside, revealed
the outside, its floors green with flowers of colors that she long to see more of inside. There were brown wooden pillars, rooted into the ground, sprouting up into smaller pillars. Each pillar covered with green specks.

Alice placed her hand on the glass separating her, reminding her once again of her boundaries. Her other hand traced the edge of the windows, the white paint chipping off, revealing the wood behind. With a deep breath, Alice placed her hands on the window and attempted to open it.

At first it remained closed refusing to budge a single inch. She tilted her head, taking a step back, angrily staring at the window.

I can’t back out now, Alice thought, determination surging through her. She examined the window, looking at every corner, every inch of it. Her hands fumbled around the frame of the window until she felt a small handle at the top of the lower panel. Balancing on her tippy toes, she grabbed the handle, twisting it until it opened with a pop.
Breathless, Alice fell down to the floor, feeling as if she had moved a mountain.

“İ did it. I did it. I did it!” she cried. Her body protesting against her, Alice stood up, pushing the window open. Her face lit up with a smile that reached the edges of her face.

Wind that could only be felt by a fan in the summer, rushed in, blowing her hair back. Her trembling hand went through the window, waving in gentle waves. Feeling a strong gush of air, Alice jerked her hand back, clutching it tightly to her chest. Her heart was thumping wildly, every beat begging to be free.

Alice examined her hand, looking for a mark, a scar, a cut, anything that would tell her to stop now. There was nothing. The window, still open, with milky white curtains floating, calling out to her, Alice stepped forward. Adrenaline bubbling in her forced her to take another step, and another, and another, until she was at the window, hands resting on the dusty window sill. Holding her breath, Alice stuck her head out the window. She looked to her
sides, beneath her, above her, her eyes widening in wonder. A gasp fell from her lips, prompting her to realize that she was no longer holding her breath.

At first she was terrified. Terrified she would die, the outside air consuming her, killing her from the inside out. But she was also dumbfounded. Alice felt similar to what one would feel eating a popsicle on a hot summer day or sitting in front of a fan after a long day of chores. The fear she had previously felt washed away and was replaced by an inviting weariness.

Crawling back into her room, Alice reached her arms above her stretching with a sleepy yawn. Her back leaning against the corner between the mirror and her dresser, she slid down, heavy eyelids forcing her eyes to close.

Aggressive flapping, like book pages being flipped repeated, Alice’s brain scrambled to function. Her body still lethargic from her nap, moved in clumsy, uncoordinated movements, compared to her racing mind, struggling to find the source of the sound.
The room appeared to be normal, still messy, but a sharp scream came from her lips as she looked above her.

There was a dove, not a single eye on its head, its wings paper thin, flapping vigorously above her. Despite having no eyes, its head faced Alice, staring at her, studying her next move. Alice, unable to comprehend the current situation looked directly behind it, at the wall she painted years before. The wall was patterned with doves, all in a orderly design, except there was a missing dove.

“How did you-” Alice began, trailing off before she could finish, as the sound of flapping caught her attention. Next to the missing dove was one that was peeling off, one wing off the wall flapping with large motions. Fearing the worst Alice rose to her feet, and ran to her bedroom door. Her hand twisting and pulling the doorknob, doing anything to escape the doves.

“its locked, Alice concluded, panic rising in her as she continued to pull on the door knob. Hands
forming into fists, Alice cried out for help, banging on the door.

Feeling a sharp peck on her neck, Alice turned around, her face confronted with the head of an eyeless dove. She shooed the bird away, running around her room, the floorboards creaking with every step, as she looked for an escape route. However, even when moving, Alice continued to feel the pecks of birds on her body.

The pecks soon became more frequent, more sharp, causing Alice to shout in pain, the birds increasing in number.

“Stop!” Alice shrieked, “Please stop!” With panic consuming her, Alice felt as if the room was getting smaller, the air suffocating her, as she gasped for breath. She fell to her knees, still continuing to swat the birds away, with little success.

“Help!” Alice screamed. Her voice had gone hoarse and sparks of pain were constantly felt. Alice’s hands shielding her face limited her sight, as well as the tears falling from her eyes, blurring what she could only see as a flock of birds around her.
Alice staggered across the room, desperate to save herself, she flopped down onto her bed, attempting to use her blanket as a barrier. Using her remaining energy, Alice hauled the blanket over the body, curling up into a ball.

Alice shook uncontrollably, tears dampening the blanket around her. The doves, with their piercing beaks, continued to strike her, ripping the blanket into tiny shreds. Alice knew there wasn’t much time left before they would rip through the barrier, forcing her to think.

The window! She thought. Alice flipped the blanket, or what was left of it, off on to the bird, buying her some time. In stiff, yet uncoordinated movements, she crawled to the window, stumbling off the bed in a painful fall. Her hands gripped the ledge, feeling the layer of dust press against her fingers, Alice heaved herself upward.

With half of her body outside, Alice realized that the room was no longer where it was before. The green floor that appeared so far down below was a mere yard away, but before she could jump out,
Alice recalled the countless times in which she was scolded for even glancing at the window. Nevertheless, time was ticking. With no other choice Alice leaped out the window, landing awkwardly.

Barefoot with nothing but the clothes on her back, Alice ran blindly. The green ground feeling wet against her feet. The wind blew against her, blowing all the tears on her face behind her. Her mind fought her body telling her to turn around, stay inside, but she didn’t. She did not look back and when it felt like she ran for what seemed like an hour, she fell to the ground, tired, and weary. Facing towards ceiling, Alice did not see a limit to the outside. Instead, she saw a light blue wall with no boundaries, with stains of white, but it’s calming atmosphere still did sooth her racing mind, though. She was traumatized, hand shaking uncontrollably, and at her current state, still in disbelief on how it all began when someone left the window open.
Six Word Memoir

The Day I Came To America
- John Che

Responsibilities Come With Privileges and Stress
- Ashley Chung

How Music Changed My Entire Life
- Sopha Curran

My First Best Day of School
- Samara Spence

Procrastinating Until the Very Last Minute
- Natasha Leyva

The Happiest Trip of My Life
- Reet Kaur

Life is a Crazy Unique Roller Coaster
- Alec Abjuga
Six Word Memoir

Last to Swim, Last to Place
-Annika Moon

My First Big Fat Greek Wedding
-Loucas Georgiou

When the Tables Turn
-Eujin Im

Trying To Capture That Summer Breeze
-Daniel Ko

The Time I Questioned My Life
-David Meyer

You Work Harder; You Achieve More
-Ethan Coskay

Big Changes Happen for a Reason
-Patricia Kim
HAIKU

The tree shakes and sways
A leaf falls onto my ear
Autumn has begun
-Emily Kim

In the lion's den
Goals and achievement roaring
Leonia pride
-Hannah Jacobowitz

You must remember
Don’t let yesterday take up
Too much of today
-Katie Thorn

Don’t bring yourself down
You are stronger than you know
You will get through it
-Yoomin Noh
Seeds in Springtime bloom
The fresh breeze carries them through
Touched by the rain drops.
-Aidan Schurr

The yellow feathers
Crowning trees majestically
Wondering flyers
-Aidan Schurr
Baked Goods, Ready in the Oven

Back then, everything was fine. The world was small and life was good for a six year old, tempted to eat delicious treats and sweets, I could never have enough for dessert. It was a time when I smelled the best cooking by my grandma and my mother. My favorite was pan de yuca, a simple taste but it has everything to want in delicate bread whose chewy textures and delightful cheese filled my mother’s home in Ecuador. Like any child, I wanted to create drawings and buildings out of my logos. But what I wanted most was to learn was to bake pastries... a sweet dessert to enjoy after a big dinner, something to be proud of and share with my family.

I went to my mom and she said she would teach me to make the best cookies she knew how to make; chocolate chip. My mother began making the dough and sprinkled the chocolate chips in. I could never remember all the steps but I know she put in all of her love. That was the secret ingredient. We put the unbaked cookies in the oven and waited. The fresh smell of the chocolate melting was so nice. It toasted my cheeks until the cookies were ready. And when they finally were done, it was a scene of delight. The first bite into a familiar taste of soft dough and the right amount of chocolate was intoxicating. The smell was so appealing and the taste so lovely to the stomach. I remember those years and all of the memories with my brothers. The cookie became what would bind us together: something to be proud of...to share with my family...A new cookie ready to eat...to be passed on from generation to generation.

Zuellie Ponce
A Captivating Painting

It was a normal evening for Sou Kuri. Her birthday was today and she wanted to go to the art museum. Ever since she was little, Sou loved art. Her father took her to the art museum every month. Sou was fascinated by the paintings; they came to life in her head when she thought of them. She decided for her 7th birthday that she would go to the art museum with both of her parents and wear her special dress. Going in, she was enveloped in the warmth inside the big hall that always seemed to look twice as large as it actually was. Sou ran off, knowing exactly where she wanted to go, upstairs into the deep colors of the canvases. This time, however, she spotted a new painting; she’d never seen it in all of her years. The painting had a strange black
inked sky and the stars seemed so bright to her gentle eyes. The flowers were mesmerizing with warm colors that highlighted small shadows behind. Sou decided to pocket a red flower that matched her skirt, it smelled sweet as chocolate. There was a girl on a hill, dressed in white; Sou thought of an angel when looking at her.

Sou stood in one place, relishing the beauty that the textures give, more alive than any painting she had ever seen. Sou sat down feeling tired from all of these exotic colors. Sou rubbed and fluttered her eyes back open. Suddenly the environment was different. She was sitting upon grass. Sou stood up quickly brushing the grass off her red skirt and looked around and found a scene that struck her. A vast black sky as if she was in a picture; was she? Sou was very confused and decided to go up the small hill where she discovered a familiar figure. The girl’s blond hair went down her back with a silky look. Looking closer, a flower crown sat upon her head like a royal symbol. Sou had no voice to speak up, the girl was so stunning that she stuttered her cry for help. The angel turned, the blue eyes and kind face gave Sou a feeling of relief but Sou’s eyes would not stop shedding tears.

The girl started walking towards Sou, singing a strange melody that she could not understand. Sou was hit by fear, the girl’s face was kind but the aura she brought scared Sou. All of a sudden Sou started running away, not wanting to know why she was so afraid. As she ran, her environment became different; the dark sky turned to gray and there were barren trees in an empty field. Bushes appeared around her, and she soon stopped to catch a breath. A large, abandoned looking structure came into view. All of this was happening too fast. Sou couldn’t believe that she was in another world.
Thunder strikes could be heard all across the new place she was in. Sou approached the structure. It was an abandoned house, long neglected and discarded. Cold and wet, she sought shelter and decided to knock on the door “Knock Knock,”...no answer. Lighting crept in and torrential rain began to fall... “CLASH, tap, tap, tap.” Sou heard faint footsteps from inside the home. “Click,” the door had opened but the strange thing was that there was no one on the other side.

Sou carefully walked into what was a large hall in the home. The floors were full of dust. She looked around and saw a small figure in the darkness of the next room. Sou called out to it, but it swiftly moved away as if afraid of Sou. It was then that things would start turning upside down. Sou decided to follow the figure by entering the room it was in, but her heavy steps made the floorboards creak, then crack sending, “THUMP.” Sou fell onto the lower floor, into what she thought was a basement, but she didn’t have time to look. Her ankles had begun bleeding due to the impact, and the stinging pain distracted her; she proceeded to pass out at the sight of her own blood.

Sou woke up, her back aching, as if she had been dragged across a cold floor. Where was she now? She looked around, thoughts going through her head quickly. Where...The art museum? Sou believed that it was once again where she was, but somehow it appeared different. She was not met by the warm embrace she usually felt; instead a cold wind chilled her spine. “Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle,” Sou began making her way across the hall, navigating her route using the wall for support. She slowly ascended the staircase, trying not to lose hope. There were people at the top of the
stairs, but when she attempted to go near to them, they became transparent to her touch. It was then that she saw her parents in front of the same painting that had first drawn her to this room. The inked skies and bright flowers now made her sad, and Sou wanted to go back to her parents. She screamed for help, but no one heard her cries. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the painting. She begged to be taken back. “Sob, sob, sniff,” Sou opened her eyes but she was still in the same place; was she dreaming? No, it was too real to be a dream. She looked at the painting once more, then she realized what she had not known until that moment: Sou had been trapped in the painting the whole time. And to the left was yet another painting; it was of a run down cabin with a little girl at the window, a little girl who in reality was Sou.

Sou starred in thought. It became clear that what she thought was the reality of the museum was yet a parallel world, one that had trapped her inside two artistic settings. She decided that the only way back was to go through both paintings into the world that she once knew and loved. She began to run, slowly at first, then quickly outside the structure. The trees passed in the corner of her eye, as the wind blew harshly. Sou struggled, as her knees ached. The wind blew once more and she rubbed her eyes only to see the familiar colors of the flowers on the land, the land inside the world of the first painting. The trees became brighter, the colors grew vibrant. but she was still afraid, afraid of the angel near the hill. Sou sneaked passed the angel and lay down where she first woke...in a bed of beautiful flowers. She remembered how they smelled sweet as chocolate. She closed her eyes exhausted, wanting only to rest.
Soon, a flash of light grew brighter, so much so that it hurt her eyes. Sou rubbed them once more. When she opened them again, she was, standing in front of the original painting in the exact spot that she occupied when she first went into the museum. She turned around and her parents were there. Sou was speechless; her tears spoke for her. Her father ran to her and picked her up.

“Didn’t you miss me?” said Sou.

“Miss you? What do you mean? You have been standing in this same spot for quite awhile. You haven’t moved...you didn’t go anywhere” said her father giving her a heart-warming smile. Sou was confused; how could this be?

Sou started explaining her entry into the painting and all the details of her adventure. Her mother dismissed it and said she was daydreaming. But Sou remember the flowers that she had put in her pocket. She reached inside her pocket and took out the bright red flower with a spiral middle of pollen, the sweet aroma calmed Sou. Her mother was stunned. Sou knew her mother had researched flowers since she was a little girl. “Oh my is that the chocolate Cosmo? Why that’s one of the rarest flowers in the world. It would never grow here” she said shocked. Sou smiled and pointed. “I found it there” and pointed at one of the small red flowers in the painting.

Zuellie Ponce
Mount Vesuvius

Giuseppe Ferraro limped through the gates of Pompeii, memories flooding back as he set foot in his worst nightmare once again. A sense of deja vu came over him. *I’ve experienced this one too many times*, he thought. A group of historians sat patiently, waiting for the veteran to slowly make his way over to Igor Mitoraj’s centaur sculpture. When he reached them, they greeted him warmly, aware of the memories that were pestering him. However, the man sat down and exhaled, seeming very composed, for the moment.

Giuseppe had summoned these historians, wanting to share his recollection of the events of the ‘44 eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He had insisted on coming back here because, though it was his worst nightmare, he been raised and had raised children on the outskirts of Pompeii. The memories of his wife and two beaming children made Giuseppe want to crawl up in a ball and never talk again. His hands started shaking and his eyes filled with tears.

To Giuseppe, Stella Romana had been the most beautiful woman on the earth. It was love at first sight for both of them. The two married within the first year of seeing each other and bore two beautiful twins, Francesca and Anna, just two years after. When his daughters were merely five years of age, their father had gone off to fight for the Italian Fascist army in World War 2. Giuseppe rarely came home, save for Christmas and Easter, as a true Roman Catholic. In early March of 1944, the Allies bombed the Vatican for the second time, so Giuseppe was sent up to help. On the 17th of March, late in the day, the
horrible news was broken to him that Vesuvius had erupted. He immediately jumped on the first train, desperate to know if his family was okay. The commander refused to leave because the eruption was still going on. Intense grief flooded through him. Depression overcame his senses and he could not work until 7 days later when it was deemed safe enough to inspect the destruction done.

When Giuseppe arrived in Pompeii, he searched and searched, but in vain. He dug around where the family home had been on the outskirts of Pompeii, a small farm on the fertile soil. For ten years after the eruption, the depressed man could do nothing but cry. He never secured enough sleep, and repeatedly jolted awake from nightmares of the horrors about the 1944 eruption.

Now, after ten years, Giuseppe was ready to reveal the destruction he witnessed. He described to the group of young historians how the ash had covered everything around Vesuvius for miles and miles. As he spoke, tears flowed down his cheeks as if they had been held in since that fateful day in 1944. Most of the buildings collapsed from the weight of the ash. Twenty-six people were killed during this eruption, three of the members of his immediate family. The mere mention of the event left Giuseppe shaking...and as he relayed the information, he fell to his knees, again asking God why this had happened to him.

At that moment, one of the historians recalled a legend called *The Boy and his Tear*. It recounts the story of a little boy who, separated from his parents by the panicked crowds, died shedding one tear, not out of self-pity, but for
my unborn sister. The legend of this boy unfolds in this way:

I could hear the shrieks of women, the wailing of infants as I searched in vain for my lost parents. My mother, pregnant with my unborn sister, as the village soothsayer had stated, had been in bed during the first cries. Soon, every person was pouring into the streets disregarding the stepping stones and charging through the cobblestone streets, which were covered in waste from sewage. My father woke my mother and told me to run. “No!” I had screamed, refusing to comply and staying glued to Mother’s side. She told me to go, not to worry. I finally gave up and dashed out of our small hut, attempting to avoid crowds, but finding they were all over. I saw the ash rising above and spreading around the Great Vesuvius. I screamed louder, desperately hoping and praying my parents would turn up. “Mother! Father!” It was no use, I decided. All there was to be heard was screaming and panicked cries from every corner of the village. There were people everywhere hopelessly pushing against one another, trying to escape this horrid place of a nightmare. I sat down but did not cry. Everyone around me shed tear after tear, but I held back with all my might. The dust cloud rose and blocked the sunlight, rocks and boulders shot out from the dark abyss within, people screamed louder, if that were even possible. A piercing scream erupted out of nowhere right near me and everyone in the direct vicinity cringed away from me. I realized it was me, hanging onto sanity by the one thread that believed I’d find my parents and sister in this chaos. My hands subconsciously raised toward the sky, I slowly dropped to
the ground on one knee and said a long prayer to God, begging him to have mercy, not on me, but on my sister, who had not yet lived to see the green of the grass, or the light of the sun, the light of fire. No, she would never see these things. I begged him to pity her, to bring her up with him to heaven. My sweet, innocent sister who would never see light. “Please, please, have mercy on her!”

As the ash smothered the town and its people, the little boy who had prayed so hard for his unborn sister shed a single tear, and it was caught as it fell halfway down his cheek, to be frozen in time.

“Would you be willing to show us around Pompeii a little, Mr. Ferraro?” asked one of the historians who had been listening to the tale.

Giuseppe rose from his seat and started walking towards the cobblestone street. “Okay,” he replied, his tears used up, eyes dry.

“The ancient Romans were really quite smart, not having a sewage system. They funneled all their waste on the streets and created elevated sides called Kerbs for people to walk on. They also made stepping stones for pedestrians that were placed exactly in the middle of the road in order for carts to still pass over them.” Giuseppe was slowly regaining his confidence and composure as he lectured the historians on Pompeii. He continued to talk about the various genius ideas of the Romans as they continued on with their impromptu tour.

The historians were all chattering about the amazing structures around the ancient town when Giuseppe came to a sudden halt. The group had reached the “Garden of the
Fugitives,” which was known to contain many of the famous plastered bodies, including *The Boy and His Tear*. These fossilized human remains stood on display behind panes of glass to protect them from the elements. The entire group proceeded to the glass pane and quickly noticed an empty spot, where another body had obviously been.

Giuseppe stood and stared at the bodies in silence for many minutes, an air of sadness and regret on his face. His eyes filled with tears but refused to spill. After what seemed like an endless amount of time, Giuseppe could not hold back his grief. He dropped to his knees, raised clasped hands towards the sky, and whispered, “Please, please have mercy on my sweet, innocent sister.” Then, he vanished as these final words left his lips and a single tear ran down his face.

Caitlyn Park
LMS 2019 Literary Magazine

Congratulations on a job well done!

Mrs. Pawlick & Mrs. Richter

Advisors