Through Our Eyes

New Hope-Solebury Middle School
Art and Literary Magazine
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Mr. Charles Malone, Principal
Dr. Raymond Boccuti,
Superintendent
Dark clouds
Cover my window
Shutting out all the light
A fleeting nightmare
Covered by a scarf
I begin to move…
Goodbye
Even now
I don’t understand
Goodbye
As if calling out to the utter stillness
Letting out all my emotions
to the world
Goodbye
Please sing for me…
Grief is not the sea, you can drink it down to the bottom!
The white snow
Blows through the wind
Putting splotches on the moon
I hear death
By the calling of the crow
I begin to move…
Goodbye
Even now
I don’t understand
Goodbye
Calling out to the stillness
Shutting out all of my emotions
I am changing! So I sing to the …world
Wind sweeps across an open meadow
Rippling like ocean waves
Wisps of white cotton float aimlessly through blue
Vivid light shines down from above
Watching over the animals below
Twenty four pairs of paws tread
Dad, a lumbering elephant
Mother the watchful bear
Sister deer leaping
Youngest readying to pounce
Eldest horse is patient, observing the scene from a reserved eye
While brother, the dog sniffs the air, always curious
In the green of the grass the family of six is quite a mix.

Juliette Dignan
Baseball Games

I like watching baseball games, baseball games,
Nine innings, 27 outs are what you got games.
    Beaming and gleaming lights,
        Big blasts,
            High and far.
Losses are what you don’t want days.

Baseball games, baseball games,
    Green grass,
The stands, filled with fans,
    Loud and proud.
Of baseball games, baseball games,
Nine innings, 27 outs are what you got games.

Kyle Smith

Kyle Smith
"Inherit the Wind"
(A play by based on the Monkey-Scopes Trial of 1925)

The Scope’s Trial was a famous trial in Dayton, Tennessee, 1925. Mr. Scopes challenged religion with science and was sent to court for his action. ‘Inherit the Wind’ is a story based on that trial. Brady and Drummond are the two attorneys that face in court, they symbolize free thinking vs. religion. In the end one of them dies, but there is an ironic twist. You find that they are more alike than you may think.

Brady is a colossal character. He is known as a religious leader and a three-time candidate for president. He is from Weeping Water, Nebraska and has a deep southern accent. When talking with his friends he is kind and funny but when in court he is vicious and knows how to win a case. He is very stubborn though and in ‘Inherit the Wind’ he refers to the Bible much more than to the law. In Hillsboro, the ‘Bible Belt’, popularity fuels him and makes him confident, but when people start to laugh at him instead of because of him, well “The laughter is painful to Brady” (99). He seems proud but its only hubris, self-confidence formed from previous achievements and he breaks, in more ways than one.

Drummond is “a slouching hulk of a man, with his head jutting out like a wild animal” (28). He is a famous lawyer from Chicago and is known as an atheist, he turned Brady’s stubbornness and pride against himself and left as a new, unexpected, idol. He believes in science and free thinking, and is angered when Bertram Cates is sent to jail for questioning the Bible and God. When he argues with Brady in court the jury and judges are so biased against anything against the Bible that they don’t allow his bringing of scientists to the stand or agree with any of his clear points.

In the end it turns out that Drummond, the well known atheist and non-believer, is actually Christian, or believes in God and the Bible. “Drummond took the Bible in one hand and Darwin in the other. He half-smiles and half-shrugs. Then he slaps the two books together and jams them in his briefcase, side by side” (129). Besides Brady and Drummond both being religious, they are also huge men and well-known attorneys across all of America.

‘Inherit the Wind’, was about the two famed attorneys meeting in Hillsboro, Tennessee and fighting with the Bible and the law. In the end Drummond lost the battle, but he won the war. Schools started teaching science and religion, and ironically Bertram Cates (Scopes) only got fined 100 dollars. The ‘Monkey Trial’ was actually in Dayton, Tennessee and the two attorneys Darrow and Bryan clashed over Mr. Scopes, science teacher and football coach, questioning the Bible.

Jonathan Li
Facing the Depression

Irene Harvey was a normal girl living in a small apartment building on Leonard St. Philadelphia in the 1930s and 1940s. She was 10 years old and had thin, brown hair with emerald green eyes. Her dad, Charles, had chestnut hair and eyes like his daughter. He owned a produce company down the street. Her family, which consisted of her (the second youngest), her dad, her mom, her brother, and her two sisters, was an average middle to high class family. She, like any other girl in the 21st century, liked to hang with her friends, go to the movies, and eat candy (especially chocolate). No one, not even the high class families, could have been prepared for the biggest depression in U.S. history.

Overnight the banks just closed; all the money that anyone had in them went to the government. In the beginning no one was used to the banks being closed and many people thought the world was failing on them. People needed money for food and people were starving. Most families got books of food rationing stamps that they could use to get butter, milk, and on rare occasions they could get shoes, and sometimes a steak. In the Harvey family each person got their own book of rationing stamps. Charles Harvey (Irene's dad), though, helped almost every person in the neighborhood out by giving them food baskets from his produce store. That is why he was the one who helped her family the most.

As the Depression went on, kids started to make their own spending money. The kids would get recycled jars and go out into their yards and collect Japanese beetles. They would sell them to local stores for 5 cents a jar. This was the town’s way of getting rid of the invading beetle species. At one point there were so many beetles that they could reach into a bush and pull out a whole handful of them. The kids would get to keep the money to spend, save, or do whatever they wanted to do with it. Irene’s mom, in particular, gave each kid in her family a dime every Saturday. They would use this money to see a movie for five cents and do whatever they want with the other five.

They didn’t complain, though, no matter how bad things were. If anything, they were happier than normal kids because the Depression made them appreciate what they had more. They had fun like normal kids would. The kids grew up only knowing depression life, so they grew up just the same as they would if the depression wasn’t going on. They jumped rope, played outside, played with their friends, and the boys played baseball while the girls watched. Over the summer they would all rollerblade. Irene and her friends would skate everywhere. They would go through three sets of strong, metal wheels per summer.

Charles helped her family the most out of every family member, friend, or neighbor. His produce store helped support the whole family, plus the food stamps. Her dad did not only help his own family during these troubled times, though. He helped families that lived nearby and were starving. He was a very generous man. Not only did he bring baskets of fresh produce to their doorstep, but he did not charge them a single penny. Even though Irene did not really know what was going on; she knew that her dad was helping out them and their whole community. This was why the Harvey family did not suffer and starve like many families did during this time period.

Her parents took care of her and her siblings and handled the difficult times. Since she was so young her parents worried about everything. Her and her siblings just played and went along with the flow. Money was especially hard come by since there was no social security or government assistance. Her parents prevented her family from starving and she was grateful for that.
People started to see light during this dark time period when World War II ended and depression started dying down. The depression did not just end though. Things gradually started getting better and improving. The banks started to reopen. Less people were starving and suffering than before. Kids played just as they did during the depression, though. They did the same things as though nothing ever happened; unfazed. Everyone was relieved, especially the adults. Irene’s parents, in particular, were relieved because they did not have to watch people starve and suffer anymore.

As people started picking themselves and their lives back up they needed to find jobs again. This was why the government instituted the WPA or Works Progress Administration. A lot of new buildings were built to provide work for millions of unemployed people. Most of these people were men, but some women were also employed. It only provided them with a job for eight years and the maximum hours worked in a week was 30. Youth were also employed using the NYA, but the average age of the workers was around 40 years old.

CCC camps or Civilian Conservation Corps were another way to give jobs to unemployed citizens. It gave jobs to people between the ages of 18 and 28. During the time period in which CCC camps were being used they planted almost 3 billion trees to help replant America. CCC camps were only for men; unlike the WPA. Most of the pay went to the worker’s parents. The officers from the US Army ran the CCC camps, however there was no military training involved. Men who worked in these camps worked 40 hours a week for over five days. The CCC camps and WPA helped many people through the depression and even after the depression. However, Charles managed to keep his job through the depression so he did not need the CCC and WPA to fall back on. Most people that were qualified for the job did need it to put food on their table and pay their expenses. The Harvey family was lucky because they had money to pay for food and taxes, plus they had some extra spending money.

Though, Irene never thought twice about how the food got on their table or how much it cost. She was like most people. They just ate what they got and didn’t think about it. It wasn’t a bad thing because it wasn’t her fault since she was only 10 and she wasn’t the one who had to put the food on the table. She did not take it for granted either. She, and all of her siblings, ate what was on her plate and didn’t complain.

There were not really any good things about the Depression, since so many people everywhere were starving and/or suffering. The only good thing that came out of this terrible economic time period was everyone was willing to help out and lend a hand to anyone in need. Everyone helped each other through that experience. Charles’ job supported their whole family and community and they were grateful to that. No one could have gotten through the depression without each other.
“My Grandfather’s Courage”

When I think of courage, I think of my grandfather. He fell in his barn and broke three ribs, two arms, and had a minor concussion. He could not go in the barn, ride a tractor, or go anywhere on the farm for six weeks. He was always singing, “Beans for breakfast, beans for supper, baked beans for tea”. He was courageous because this was the first time he broke a bone in his life. He HATES doctors, and he refused to go for an hour or so after he fell. He was in the barn for a while, and it was time for supper, so my grandmother went to get him. He was on the floor covered in grease and dirt. My grandmother's friend was there, and she panicked a little bit. When I heard about his accident, I PANICKED! Luckily he went to a doctor sooner than later. Now he is fine.

McAfee Madding

Life is always moving
The picture of me getting clearer
Adding more and more
but never erasing.
Still things can be forgotten or fade
sometimes they are rewritten,
or they are just left to be replaced.
Our mistakes are there forever,
but they aren’t always visible.

Victoria Kalinovich

Earth
Streets, Sky
Beach, Water, Summer
Woods, Animals, Grass
Shining, Lights
Wonderfulness, Delicate, Exquisite
Stand
Perfect, Admirable
Children, Sports
Love

Christian Scotto
In 2004, when I was three years old, a major injury occurred to me. My dad was in Chicago when it happened. I was getting out of the bathtub and then ran and jumped on the bed and then *CRASH*! I jumped off and landed on my forehead. Unconscious and crying for a few minutes, my brother and my mom called the hospital. I woke up weeping in an ambulance. In the emergency room my older brother tried to cheer me up; I had to get stitches on my injured forehead. People have been questioning me about the scar ever since. It’s a mark that I’ll always have for the rest of my life. It is the only big injury that has happened to me. A month or two of after recovery, I got the stitches removed and had a scar left from the damage.

I felt very foolish and learned to be much more careful when doing things, not even knowing why I did that. My mom was worried sick about me because I could’ve died from the impact and lectured me about safety after the accident. The incident that happened stood out for me because it shows how foolish I was when young, and how I need to learn not to do unsafe stunts like this one. The learning experience has caused my mom to watch me closely. I felt stupid after the incident, and when brought up by other people’s curiosity, I have the same flashback over and over.
There is a place, not extravagant in its ampleness, decoration, or charm
Where the beauty of nature is calmly interrupted by the occupation of man
Higher than where I am, a low mountain rises up, its real contents obscured
by brushed trees against a calm blue sky

Dull orange and yellow, with dark crimson peeking through,
green still stands true
Below, the slate grey roofs,
white paneled walls rise up in groups
Leaving its mark, the emptied common ground slopes downward
in remembrance to the forest which once thrived here

When I find the need for solace in my work
and a perch above my troubles,
I go here
High on the hill
On the deck
Insects sounding off,
My cat basking in the sun
Peace, work, and life as one

Anthony Lagana
Stat's Threat

Scissor right cut left. The man lunges to the left where Stat had faked his direction. Stat sprinted down the left sideline toward his opponents goal. He looked up to see two of his teammates ready to crash on the net for a header. Stat knew he was still too far out to send a cross. The cross would most likely be inaccurate, and the goalie could take the ball. Stat’s team couldn’t afford that. Usually he might try but, when down two-to-one with five minutes to go you must make the most of every attack. So he pulled the ball away and turned around, only to find all of his possible trailing balls covered and a man taking the ball out from under his feet. The man zipped back the other way. Mazer was the name that Stat read as he raced after him. He was prepared to crash into him, and gain the ball while he was at it. When Stat finally reached him he put all of his body weight into Mazer and tipped the ball backward to one of my teammates.

They only had about two minutes left in the game, Stat’s defense looked carefully for the perfect ball. They found Driver, the left midfielder. One of the best. Stat came close and he passed hard on the ground. I cushioned the ball with the inside of my foot. His defender came toward me as I tipped it past him to Driver. Driver, so skilled. He was the captain of his team, and was the best leader they could have. Stat watched his movements carefully. He tried a move, nothing that would get him past his defender. Driver was planning something, something I had seen Driver do so many times in practice. Driver lunged, the defender moved back a good yard giving him space. The defender was not expecting him to cross anytime soon. The other team’s intentions were to run out the clock. Driver knew this. He knew how to use it to his advantage. Stat made a clever run to the back of the goal knowing the great chance of what might happen next. Driver did his move well; better than anyone Stat had ever seen do it. The space left from the lunge gave Driver just enough time to swing his foot back and send a beautiful cross into the box-right where Stat was waiting.

Stat watched the ball soar, with almost no spin. It came in slow motion to him. He jerked his head back waiting for the thud on his forehead. It came. Almost immediately after was another. It had been blocked. It was going to be blocked all along. Stat recognized the face he hated. Mazer. The whistle was blown and they had lost two to one. The times lined up to shake hands. Mazer. Stat wanted to scream at him. Everyone said good game and slapped each others’ hands. He turned around to head back to my bench. Mazer was standing in front of Stat. Their eyes met for a second, but both quickly looked away. Stat, a smaller boy and Mazer, a larger, both looked very different. Despite Stat’s size, he nudged Mazer. Mazer quickly spun around, Stat wondered if he had predicted that he would push him.

“Do you have a problem?” said Mazer.
“Look at the scoreboard, idiot.”
“As an individual.”
Stat saw Driver shift toward them. If something broke out Driver would step in.
“You couldn’t beat me for your life,” said Stat.
“Stat.”
He turned to see Driver. Stat knew he was going too far. He still had one more remark he wanted to let at him. But when he looked back the other way, Mazer had already walked a yard away from him.

Stat and Driver, the only ones left to pack up at the bench while the rest of the team had already traveled halfway across the field to go home. They packed their stuff and started across the field.

“Stat, do you wanna get your face busted?” Driver asked.
“Shut up, Driver. You know the kid was askin’ for it. We should go tell him.”
“Stat, play soccer! Beat them with that. Show ‘em your better.”
“I know.”
“Then why are ya’ trying to fight Mazer?”
Stat didn’t answer. Driver was a perfect captain, always knew what was right, and it didn’t always involve soccer. Nevertheless, Stat knew he shouldn’t try to fight Mazer, but he wanted to show him who was on top.
“Huh?” said Driver, with a sarcastic but bossy voice.
“Just once.”
“No, never.”
“But.”
“Shut up. When you fight the kid it won’t be an act of valor. And when you lose, well... it’s just pure shame.”

They climbed into the Hummer. Being rainy, the yellow paint on the car wasn’t as shiny as usual. Nothing was as usual in soccer either. Stat’s team, having been moved up to the top league of the “Seven Leagues of Delco”, things were tough in Stat’s way of life... soccer. If Stat could play soccer instead of go to school everyday, he would. Anyone even remotely better, it was a challenge to Stat. No, not a challenge, a threat. A threat to his lifeline.

Jake Zimmerman
The Biggest Christmas Present . . Ever

Every Christmas my family, my Uncle’s family, and my Aunt all go to my grandma’s house. We exchange gifts, have dinner, talk, and play with our gifts. We have loads of fun.

My grandma can be really silly sometimes. I’m talking mega silly. We all say she acts like a child, and she agrees. Once, when she had a milestone birthday, she wore a tiara and a wig out to eat just because she felt like it, but that’s another story.

One Christmas, a few years ago, grandma said she had a special gift for the grandkids. We all sat in the awkwardly, quiet living room, wondering what it could be, while she “got” the gift, we later found out she was putting on the gift, but I’m getting ahead of myself. Our excited parents had their cameras out, because they knew what our crazy grandmother was planning next. Since we didn’t know, we sat there whispering and giggling to each other as we all waited in anticipation. Finally, she came out. It felt like someone flipped a switch, because one minute it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop, the next everyone burst out laughing so loudly you wouldn’t be able to even hear a fire alarm.

Why were we laughing? Well, because our kooky grandmother was not holding any gift, she was the gift! She was dressed like a present, and had a bow on her head! Wouldn’t you be laughing if your grandmother did that? Anyway, we all were laughing hysterically! Once the laughter died down a little, my grandma said something I hadn’t realized before.

She said that there was a little more meaning to this than just the laughs, although, with my grandmother, the laughs were part of it—a big part of it. My grandma said that this means that she is a gift to us. She told us that Christmas, and other holidays, are not just about the presents. It’s also about spending quality time with your family.

We sort of understood that, but we were a little caught up in the moment. Our grandma knew we would be, and hoped we would be, it’s funny to see your grandmother dressed like a present. But, she also knew that we would revisit it later, and maybe understand it a little more. She was right. At the time it was funny; on the car ride home it was purposeful.

Every Christmas we have fun, but I think this was the most meaningful Christmas, and we will never forget it.

Emily Wiseman
The Car

It was a warm, dark night. I was outside. The month was July. I was just out in my yard minding my own business. That was when I heard the noise. It was a terrible shrieking noise. It was then that I realized all peace was about to be broken. "Well there goes my peace and quiet." I sighed. "Flbbbbnfmremnfr!" My sister was shrieking as she ran up the driveway.

"Gosh darn it, what do you want?" I said. She was speaking in inanimate language. I had no idea what she was saying.

"Stop!" I said. "NICO NICO NEEEEECCCCCCCCCCCCO!"
"Yeah that's my name don't wear it out!" I said.
"FFGHAHTWJSBVXT!"
"SHUT UP!"
"FLARBG!"
"I will kill you!"
"YGBUFIG B HGVJMHJNB JKUHN!"
"This is going to be the worst night ever!" I’d never been more right about anything in my whole life!
I sprinted down the driveway. She followed me. I screamed at her, "GOD, STOP FOLLOWING ME!"

"Nope", she said.
"Holy lord you learned a new word. Go tell mom."
"Noo!" She said.
"Why not?" I said.
"I don’t wanna." She said.
"Fine just leave me alone." I said.
"No." She said.
"LEAVE!" I said.
"No!" She said.
"I HATE YOU SO MUCH AND I WISH YOU WERE NEVER BORN!" I yelled.
"Sausage." She murmured.
"What?"
"Sausage." She said.
"Whatever," I said.
The talk went on like that for at least 15 minutes.
Finally, I said "You know what? I don’t even care." I said. I then ran down the driveway as fast as I could up until my pond. She followed me.
This is the life changing part. Trying to evade my extremely obnoxious and annoying sister, I ran back up the driveway. As you probably know my sister is much younger than me. So she’s much slower than me. When I got to my house, I looked back and saw a car and my sister. My sister was running down the driveway away from the car, but the car was gaining on her. I then sprinted down the driveway as fast as I could. I had to save her. I got to her, viciously threw her into the grass and a dolphin dove into the grass. I had saved my sisters life.
That is the day I regret the most. My sister is the most annoying thing ever. I wish I had never saved her. I will never forgive myself. Well now it is all over and nothing can be done. I still have a sister.

Nico Marino
Memories are Turtles

Memories are turtles
Swimming through your mind
Not knowing where they’ll end up next
Not knowing what they’ll find
All these little memories
Are very important to you
Even if you have a favorite
There’s still the big ol’ blue
Some may nestle close
Others found only in a book
Memories are turtles
But only if you look

-Katie Warren

Dear Mrs. Lee,

Garrett Zalewski

I really like your book To Kill A Mockingbird. I liked it because there were a lot of surprises and thrills. One of my favorite events in the book was when Jem destroyed Mrs. Dubose’s flowers. It was a surprise that affected the entire book and had Jem affiliated with Mrs. Dubose. Another highlight in the book would be when someone was chasing Jem and Scout at the end of the book and eventually killed himself. This really made my heart race. I felt like the part where Atticus was in court was one of the most attention-grabbing parts, but it looked like Atticus had won in the middle of the court. Why did you make Atticus lose after it looked like he was winning? Why didn’t Atticus appeal to a higher court? It was brought to my attention that there was a rumor that Truman Capote wrote the book, but let you put your name on it because you were such good friends. Is this true? Please write back, Ben Dupont
Simple Pleasures

What is a simple pleasure? To me, it is doing something that I enjoy, and I may enjoy more than one simple pleasure. I like simple pleasures because it is a time when I feel calm, relaxed, and entertained.

I have many simple pleasures. I make amazing, groundbreaking inventions playing the game of Minecraft. Minecraft is a simple game, but when I make inventions, it gets extremely complicated. At another time, my simple pleasure is that I love watching Mythbusters. This is a simple show where the hosts, Jamie and Adam, try to bust myths. It may seem simple, but it is not. The science involved in making it safe is huge. If the experiment fails, they get some C4 explosive and blow the experiment up. Jamie and Adam have proved that sugar has no traits that might give you a sugar rush. They also confirmed the myth of the cannon that fires 200 flaming arrows at the same time. This gives me a happy feeling and is a great simple pleasure. Of course, these are just a harmless game and a T.V. show.

Another simple pleasure that is important to me is dancing. When I dance, I feel free. When I tap, I look big and I sound loud. Unlike ballet, when I look small and light. Jazz makes me feel in between the two. Dance of all types is a simple pleasure that I will do for a while because it makes me feel great.

So now you know all my simple pleasures. Some are T.V. shows, some are games, some are dancing. They are all my simple pleasures that make me feel calm, relaxed, and entertained.

McAfee Madding
Authentic Setting

Towering above the blades of grass surrounding it,
a haunting shadow is cast at sundown.
Its frailness gives the illusion of weakness,
hiding its strength from the world.
When the wind blows and the rain descends,
it stands tall, a midnight sentinel.
Every leaf a different shade of amber,
emitting warmth and happiness from its core.
Sensing the cold yet to come, the birds have long gone,
filling the air with an eerie silence.
Bark lazily peels off its hide,
finally, the trunk is bare.
Preparing for the winter,
leaves begin to curl and start the dive.
One by one, leaves tumble
until the final leaf descends.
Falling into slumber,
waiting for the spring, when it shall awake.
A fallen leaf wisps through the air, then all is still again.
The Paths We Take

Though you take the
Straight and narrow
Few of us travel
Up above your path
Instead of
Seeing just yours
We see beyond
Farther, and in the distance
Our goal
Though we take
Different paths
You might arrive first,
Moving faster
As you see only your path
And little more
Ours, full of turns
Ups and downs
Takes us to
The same goal . . .

SUCCESS

“Ode to My School Shoes”

I bought them myself.
I use them with love.
They look good on me.
It's colors are navy blue, red and white.
My favorite colors.
I love my shoes with all my heart
Just like a friend, I like them too.

Alexis Columna-Fuentes

Ode to my ATV

My ATV
From when it comes
out of the barn
to when it gets stuck
in the mud to when
I get high speeds
to when it was broken
down in the shop my ATV
is the best thing I have,
when my dad has to pull
me out of the mud to when I
pull a tree out of the woods
When I have raced down the street
I will ride it until it dies and try to get
it running again.
It is the best thing I have.

Nicholas Vitelli
The Dance

I dance slowly in my lover’s arms
He gets me with his charms
Twirling gracefully around other couples,
As my dress ruffles
I swoon with you here
We dance to the side getting ready to disappear
We go outside laughing as we go
And continue dancing in the snow
You kiss my hand
The music stops by the band
About to leave
I know I’ll never forget the night on New Years Eve
I wave goodbye sorrow in my heart
Because it kills me to part
Tomorrow I’ll see you
This I knew

Grace Leister

I dance and leap to the rhythm of my heart
This is the loudest melody that sets me apart
The lush bouquet sprinkles flowers
As great applauds start to shower
With grace and swiftness my skirts blooms
Viewers might say I’m the fruit of the loom
I carry on and look into the sun
Because I know I’m the golden one
But my feet start to tire
And I hear the evening choir
Thus I shall stop
Before I finally drop
I bow and curtsey to show I am complete
Thus I have completed the rhythm of my feet

Morgan Amberson
I usually laugh a lot, especially with my friends. Especially on my 12th birthday party. A day or two after my birthday, my mom picked up me, my friend Nico, and my other friends Laszlo, Aaron, and Beckett from school. We decided to go to WaWa to get a drink and then we went to Kid's Castle which is a giant playground in the shape of a castle. We were there for about an hour or two, and played all sorts of running games such as tag and infection. But Kid's Castle is made for little kids, so we ended up hitting our heads a lot.

After Kid's Castle, we came back to my house and played Xbox. We had tournaments and everything. After that we went outside on my deck and ate Chinese food from a local restaurant called “Fu Li” for dinner. We each got to choose our own food. I had the chicken and broccoli which I get every time. Beckett and Aaron had a food fight and they were just nailing each other with chicken.

Then my brother and our friend Skye showed up as Beckett left. We all went downstairs and drew on our “SkyLanterns”. My mom brought down a LOT of candy! We all got our own SkyLantern, except for my brother Trevor and Skye, who shared one. After we finished drawing all over our SkyLanterns, we brought them outside near my pool. We set the bottom part on fire, then they flew up into the sky. It was awesome! They were like mini personal hot air balloons!

After we were finished with the SkyLanterns, Aaron left and then Laszlo, Nico, and I went downstairs and we started to watch The Avengers. We ate popcorn with pretzel M&Ms mixed in and it was the best! After the movie I went to bed and Laszlo and Nico were just dancing with really loud music and they woke me up. After that I went back to sleep and Laszlo woke me up just to show me “Gangnam Style” and I got SO mad at him. I jumped up and Laszlo screamed “OH GOD!” and he flew back five feet because he was so scared. I got them to settle down and we went to bed. I’m not really sure what happened when we woke up, but I had a really good time at my party.

Matt Jopling
I have been happy so many times in my 12 years that I have been alive, but there is just that one time where I feel perfectly happy. That time is in the Outer Banks, North Carolina! Every year my family and cousins rent a house in Duck, NC, and it is so much fun we stay there for a week, Sunday to Sunday. We always bring our dogs. I have one dog and my cousins have one dog. It is a great fun family trip.

Our house is amazing and big, it is aqua colored with white shutters and white trim around the outside of the house. There is a balcony outside of every room and there are seven bedrooms and three floors. It is a weird layout. There is one bedroom in the first floor, four on the second floor and two on the third floor. The kitchen and family room are on the third floor, the movie theatre is on the second floor and the pool table and foosball table are on the first floor.

We drive eight hours to get there and it’s all fun. I get carsick, so I can’t do much, but I can rock out to music and talk. The car ride is a real mix of emotions, so excited and happy you feel like you are going to bounce off the walls. Since my dad is techy, my sister can watch movies, television shows and even download apps! We usually pack a cooler filled to the brim with food. We only stop once and that is four hours into the trip.

When we finally get there, we grab our suitcases and run into our usual rooms. We get into our swimsuits, and jump into the nice crystal blue pool. We always race to see who gets into the pool first. We swim for about an hour, then, our parents ask us what we want for dinner and since we don’t have any food in the house, we order from an amazing place called Duck Deli. I usually get a cheeseburger and fries. When they order the food we have to go in and take showers and get dressed. Every night we always walk down to our favorite ice cream place called The Fudgery. There is a man named Omar that works there, he knows us because we have gone there every night for six years.
On day two, we get up really early and go into the kitchen. My aunt and mom ask us what we want from the grocery store. They usually do their large shop the day after we get there. When they leave, we all get in our bathing suits and jump in the pool. My cousins and I all love the pool and it is very warm and so is the hot tub. After we swim for an hour or two we all go in the golf cart. I usually drive, we drive down to the Fudgery and get lemonade. Here is my favorite part, the gag store; it has all kinds of pranks. For example, fake homework torn up in a ball, soap that when you put it on, it turns black, and a piece of gum that when you pick it up, a little lever snaps over on your finger, sort of like a mouse trap. We bring a lot of gags home and put them all over the house. My favorite places to put the gags are the showers. I always put the soap in there. The pack of gum goes into my sisters room. She falls for that almost every time.

There was a knock at the door. "Mom's home!" My sisters always yells, we all go downstairs and help with the groceries. It is easy: we have my mom and aunt on the unloading station. My cousins and sister bring them in the house and place them in the elevator. My uncle, dad and I are taking them out of the elevator and putting them either in the fridge or the pantry. My mom is very controlling, so she made this arrangement. We make lunch and relax.

The wait is finally over, we get to go to the beach on day three! When we got to the beach I sat on the beach and played with my dog. He loves the beach and swimming in the ocean. My cousin plays football with me and he also plays baseball. We go into the ocean until it is up to our necks. It is so much fun!

It is the last day and we are all tan and relaxed. It is time to go souvenir shopping I got a crystal from this store and my cousins got it too. After the souvenir shopping we go to the go carting place in Corolla NC. This is my favorite part of the vacation. There are single car with one seat and a double car with two seats. People need to be a certain height to ride in the single car which means that they get to drive by themselves. If people are over 16 then they are allowed to drive other people in their car. I am finally tall enough to ride by myself! I am such a fast driver that I lapped everyone, my cousin is usually second and my uncle third.

All in all, I love everything about this vacation, from unloading groceries to go-carting. If I love North Carolina, then you will too. This is my dream house. This vacation, I sometimes don't even know if it is a dream, or reality. It doesn't matter where or when, North Carolina will always be my second home.

Zoe Palau
Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. Every step I took, I heard that loud, constant noise. It echoed inside my head while I tried to think. But no, I couldn’t think. All I could do was listen that infinite, that irritating, that horrible crunch. I couldn’t take it! “Just stop! be quiet! SHUT. UP!” I screamed into the empty field. I almost completely forgot that I was holding my son, Owen’s hand. Owen turned his head slowly, his big brown eyes full of confusion.

“Mother...who were you yelling at?”, he asked quietly. I could tell he thought I was insane; which I am starting to believe myself. Owen was clueless as to what happened yesterday and what was about to unfold before his own desperate eyes. All he knew was that Mommy had to leave our house for reasons that were too distracting to discuss as they sneaked out of the stone castle late that night.

I noticed the sun starting to hide behind the dark grey clouds, illuminating what before appeared to be a polluted, neglected river. Before, I never would have time to stop and peer out to the mysterious blue sky at twilight. Now, however, I had nothing else to do.

I noticed my tan cheek brushed up against a single tall weed in the path my son was currently playing in. He swatted and snapped the tall ones knocking them down to his feet. When he spotted the medium or small weeds, he had a much different approach. His posture improved instantly. He straightened his back, lowered his shoulders and placed his small hands on his bony hips. His chin was raised to the highest it could go without it looking ridiculous. She looked as if a cub lion was looking in a mirror, fixing themselves up, imagining how they will be in the future, their true destiny. Brave, strong, and loyal. A true ruler. My son looked like a small cub lion, soon to be the king of the land.

I smiled. This was what I needed. This was the proof I have finally discovered. My son was fit to be the true ruler of the kingdom. He is the king everybody will look up to, the one that will fulfill their needy expectations. But why would someone try to slaughter that one last hope? Who would stomp on their own dreams, cracking what could have been a better way to live in this oh-so-woeful mess of a kingdom. Of course, I knew the answer. And it is the answer I could not escape from; so instead, I will continue to run. Run deeper down the vast fields, the empty, dangerous valleys that harbors thieves, and the spine tingling mystical forest. I will run away from the man I used to run to.

“Come on sweetie,” I hollered to Owen, pausing him in the act of stomping on the large weeds. Small brown fuzzies escaped from the air surrounding him and made their way towards me. I swatted impatiently. “Mother needs to take you somewhere safer.” I said.

“Okay! Wait, why do I need safety?” Owen asked curiously.

“I will explain later.” I replied.

“Okay...oh, and Mother...where is Father?” He asked, this time more cautiously.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. I am sure he isn’t too far behind us.”

Maura Furtado
Miracles
inspired by Walt Whitman

Miracle
Manhattan bagels
bright skies
eating with mother
love everywhere
talking with strangers
open endless fields
every breath of air
bright stars
man in the moon
loving eyes
all of space
endless sea
endless discover
endless miracles

Jay MacDowell

Found Poem Using “Miracles” by
Walt Whitman

I stand under the light coming from
the sky
I walk with naked feet
in the edge of the water
on a humid summer forenoon
fish swim
to the motion of the waves
boatmen are busy
at the sight of fish
I see myself in the water
like a figure in glass
men, women, and children talking
with concerns of unspeakable DARK
as sun-down approaches

Julia Mycek
I love softball, softball
Give it all you got ball
Players slapping, bunting and hitting
Great hit, into second I slid
On the bench sitting and sunflower seed spitting
Hustle like never before ball

Short Stop makes a save, the fans start the wave
The winning team shouts as the losing team pouts
Uniform dirty, parents worried,
To beat the traffic we must hurry
And remember softball, softball
Always give it all you got ball

Marissa McDermott

Ode to my Trophies

They’re my most favorite possession.
I love to show them off.
They shine, like the stars in the night sky.
They all have their own special story.
I have football, baseball, soccer, and basketball.
The best are my football ones.
They shine the brightest.

Gavin Grondahl

Cheerleading is amazing
Pom Poms, braids, football, cheers
Laughter, flips, cartwheels

Tiara Page

Ode to my Trophies

They sit there on my bureau,
Shining brightly from the sun’s rays
shedding through the blinds
They all have something different about them; one is wrestling, next soccer, and a baseball
Here and there, and another wrestling.
I work and work for them, only one left
until my collection is complete,
All of them waiting for another friend to make it ‘46’.

Patrick Costello
I like Soccer, Games
kicking is what you got games.
people cheering and screaming
louder and louder.
Whistling and yelling.
exciting fun game days.
Forwards, running, timers clicking like
there’s no time,
Kicking, sprinting, defense, and punting
balls.
with Soccer, games
I like Soccer games.

Alexis Olivera

I love soccer games, soccer games,
some goals are what you got games.
Balls wizzin’ from citizen to citizen,
players shooting,
booting and scooting.
Save another goal games.
Refs tweeting, old friends meeting,
big white tents, so many scents,
and a nice green field to play in.
I’m all about soccer games, soccer games,
some goals are what you got games.

Maddie Hausner

Ode To Basketball

It can be as rough as a lion
Or as smooth as a peach
It can bounce to the moon
Or can droop to the bottom of the beach
When you hear the sound of the buzzer
And the swish of the net
You know it’s always there for you
And that you can never forget.

Ryan Meyers

There was a boy named Tim
His favorite class was gym
He threw the ball
it hit the wall
and came right back at him

Jacob Gleason

Halle Mohr
The Hawk that Caused a Storm

It was an early spring Sunday in 1988. Bohdan Paschyn, a United States Department diplomat, was hiking through Peace Park in Sofia, Bulgaria. His blue eyes and brown hair shined in the pleasant spring sun. He had just come back from taking his weekly hike on the inviting trails that now stood gloriously behind his tall six foot two frame. The grass was slowly beginning to regain its distinct green color, and the tree’s leaves were slowly coming back from winter. The trunks of trees were as strong as Mr. Paschyn’s stare. The Peace Park has bells all around to symbolize the peace that communism brought to Bulgaria.

Clouds were white, and it was just beginning to snow in Sofia, Bulgaria. Fulfilled by his hike, Bohdan Paschyn began heading toward his car when a stranger approached him. The stranger said he recognized Mr. Paschyn from a recent opera concert. The man intrigued my grandfather, he spoke Ukrainian, my grandfather’s native language. For nearly two years, my grandfather only heard and spoke Bulgarian. His tongue danced on the roof of his mouth as he spoke to this stranger in Ukrainian. It was as if the words coming out of his mouth were sweet sugar to his ears bringing back memories of his childhood and personal life in the United States. For a while the two men made small talk. My grandfather is still shocked that this episode, which burns scars into his memory and haunts his nightmares, started with a conversation about the weather. And even though this so-called “soft approach” KGB recruitment took place on a nice spring morning, a storm was coming for Bohdan Paschyn.

The man asked if my grandfather could give him a ride to his apartment that happened to be two blocks down from his own. Mr. Paschyn agreed. As they were driving, the man suggested they go for a cup of coffee. Coffee, the warm liquid that soothes a tired man’s soul; it was coffee that ignited and set this challenge in motion. Bohdan Paschyn didn’t want to go to any restaurant knowing how bad Bulgarian coffee tasted. So, they agreed to go to Bohdan Paschyn’s apartment. Inside Mr. Paschyn’s apartment, the stranger sat down on the couch and Mr. Paschyn went to prepare a cup of coffee. As the conversation began to flow between the two men, the dark roast began to slowly spill into the cup. Then all of a sudden this casual meeting formed into a dangerous one.

The two men continued to talk causally. Mr. Paschyn explained that he was working in the Unite States Embassy and was in Bulgaria for a few more weeks. Bohdan Paschyn had been stationed in Sofia, Bulgaria for two years while his wife, Kit Paschyn, and two teenage children, Alex and Meka, were living back home in the United States. He wanted to make sure he did not give too much information away to this stranger about his family, job, or anything personal. However, the stranger did still seem to know an awful lot about what was happening in the embassy.

"Just out of curiosity, Mr. Paschyn, what is your position in the State Department?" the man asked.
Bohdan Paschyn slowly sat down on the couch and looked warily at the figure that was sitting before him. This question of his came so quickly, and he had only known the man for a few hours. Bohdan Paschyn decided to play it safe; he did not reply.

"Very well," the stranger sighed taking a sip of his coffee and continued to press. "Does your ethnicity seem to hold you back from advancing in your career in State Department?" The stranger was referring to Bohdan Paschyn's Ukrainian heritage.

My grandfather's lip quivered. He was very proud of being born in Lviv and having a strong Ukrainian heritage, but it had never held him back from any work related opportunities. He was an American citizen no different than any other United States citizen, and his loyalty to his country was stronger than any bond. He had proven his loyalty to the United States on many occasions; one time being when he served as a Navy officer aboard the Forrestal in the Vietnam War. Mr. Paschyn wondered why this man was asking such personal questions that were not his place to know. Bohdan Paschyn’s mind quickly flooded with awful thoughts of who this man was and what might become of him after this encounter.

"Not that I have experienced." Another safe answer my grandfather offered.

"Do you have any immediate contact with anyone in Ukraine?" the stranger questioned.

It was as if my grandfather was speaking to a snake. A snake that had cleverly slithered into Mr. Paschyn's home and was biting down on him harder with each question, inflicting its venomous words into my grandfather's head. Bohdan Paschyn knew everyone in his family had emigrated from Ukraine except for his grandmother who was very old. And based on the letters she sent to Mr. Paschyn's father, she was going blind with cataracts. My grandfather had to void off this stranger that was in his apartment. He had to figure out a way to throw him off track and out of his home.

"I have no contact with anyone in Ukraine except for my grandmother who is very old, and I don't even know if she is alive." My grandfather replied hoping that uncertainty would bring any other questions to a standstill.

"Bohdan, I know your grandmother is alive in Ukraine and suffering from cataracts. If you cooperate with us, we will send money in to perform laser eye surgery for her."

My grandfather's stomach dropped. He was no fledgling State Department worker. He was very aware of who was sitting before him. He knew what he meant by "cooperate with us." He could hear his heart pounding, every muscle tensing. He said the word under his breath, "KGB." Oh yes, the Committee for State Security. The Soviet Union secret police, spies. He knew from his family’s stories what the KGB was capable of doing. All the stories of people being held hostage, tortured, or hurt in some fashion, were all coming to life before him. Bohdan Paschyn wanted to yell, run, do anything to get away, but he was frozen stiff with fear. He sat there on what felt like a very cold couch in a very cold room. He stared at the man like a field mouse looks at a hawk that is swooping in for its kill. Mr. Paschyn was very much the mouse, and the now obvious Ukrainian speaking KGB officer that had been sent specifically to recruit my grandfather was very much an imposing hawk.

"I hear college is very expensive in America. I'm sure we can help your children in some way if you would just cooperate."

The stranger spoke, playing the role of a KGB officer. He was no longer the Ukrainian friend Mr. Paschyn had met by chance in the park.

Mr. Paschyn was feeling sick at this time. The potential screams of his children were ringing in his ear. They were now an aspect of this KGB recruitment attempt. His thoughts ran to the letters from his family. Of course, the KGB had been in his apartment. Bohdan Paschyn was supposed to have disposed of the letters, shred them, burn them even - just as long no one got to them. Whatever
feelings of home those letters had given him, when he had reread them during his long two years in Bulgaria, were all gone. Bohdan Paschyn knew that someone must have read the letters and relayed their contents to this man while Mr. Paschyn was out of the apartment. What if his children got hurt? Captured? Taken away? All because of him. Mr. Paschyn wanted to get out of the apartment and away from the KGB officer as quick as he could. He began to feel dizzy and very vulnerable. The walls were getting closer, and this conversation was going in so many directions that Bohdan Paschyn was lost in his own thoughts.

"Bohdan, if you would like to cooperate, tell your father to include the word Africa somewhere in his next letter to his mother. This will be the code to let us know you would like to work with us. We will then send the money in to help your grandmother." The officer stated, “And I know you will have to report this meeting, but that doesn’t mean we can’t continue to talk.”

My grandfather now realized that this man knew more about him than Mr. Paschyn knew about the stranger. The KGB officer knew his father was writing letters to his grandmother. He knew about his children and of Mr. Paschyn’s career in the State Department. Bohdan Paschyn needed to get the man out of of his apartment!

"I'm sorry, but I have to go." A simple excuse made by Bohdan Paschyn.

The KGB officer also knew all State Department personnel had to report any communication with the Soviet Union. Mr. Paschyn didn't need a mirror to see that his face was clean white, flushed from any pigment. The man had taken everything out of him. Bohdan Paschyn reached for the phone. He couldn't call his wife Kit Paschyn; she would be too scared. He couldn’t call his parents, Eugene and Maria Paschyn; they would be extremely alarmed. His only hope was to call the embassy’s head of security, Chris Andrew.

"Andrew, I need to talk to you." These were the exact words my grandfather said over the phone. Bohdan Paschyn suddenly felt a sense of relief because he would face this problem no longer alone but with the help of the embassy and the Central Intelligence Agency, CIA. Being a State Department diplomat, he had to assume that all phones were tapped and that all buildings were bugged. Therefore, nothing personal could be said over the phone. Mr. Paschyn went over a few city blocks down from his apartment to where Andrew was staying. Each person on the street no longer seemed like just any other Bulgarian citizen. It was as if their faces changed, their identities, everything changed. It seemed like everyone at the time was a spy out to get my grandfather.

Mr. Paschyn went up to Mr. Chris Andrew’s apartment. Andrew was a husky man. He stood about five ten. His short gray black hair sat neatly on his head, and he had a little bit of facial hair on his cheeks. His complexion was darker than my grandfather. Mr. Andrew’s apartment was a standard Bulgarian apartment. It was much like my grandfather's apartment only bigger to accommodate Mr. Andrew’s family who was staying with him. Mr. Paschyn could only relay the story by writing it down on paper with the radio playing in the background to drown out any sound. So that if the apartment was bugged no one would hear what just happened.

It was difficult for my grandfather to relive his nightmare again on a piece of paper. Those feelings of vulnerability and fear swept over him again. He felt as if he was a ball being kicked over and over again by life. Each kick reminding him of the danger, the evil, and the power a moment can possess. Chris Andrew advised him to report it to the State Department.

The next day Bohdan Paschyn went into the embassy and into a room with members of the CIA, other embassy workers, and the American Bulgarian ambassador. He explained his story once again. This time when sharing the story verbally because this was a secured room where embassy workers could speak freely.

The story was relayed to Washington where the State Department was preparing a civilized protest to the Bulgarian Ambassador about my grandfather's KGB encounter in Bulgaria.
It was as if a war was coming from a storm that was far from passing. Bohdan Paschyn felt more supported and relaxed by the situation than ever in the embassy. He was receiving overwhelming support from his co-workers as he continued to follow the procedures in reporting the recruitment.

The following days, Mr. Paschyn found the most peace during his walks in the park near the Embassy. The park provided comfort for my grandfather. Although small, the quietness of the city park allowed Bohdan Paschyn to escape from the commotion that was occurring in his life. He wished he was like the few birds that lingered in the park, free from the pain and danger that humanity faces. He wanted to be free of the vulnerable feeling that so viciously held my grandfather in its clutch. Everyday he would go on this daily walk with his security guard nearby just in case he was approached by anyone suspicious, any hawk that wanted this free bird in the park.

During one of these walks, his guard had to go off to take care of some business. Mr. Paschyn decided to continue his little ritual on his own.

"Богдане!" My grandfather froze. He heard that familiar Ukrainian voice from before. His head flicked to the street. Are there others? Are they going to kidnap me because I didn't join? Have they already hurt someone? The stranger knew I had to report the meeting? These were the thoughts that ran through Bohdan Paschyn's head as he slowly turned around to see him. The stranger from the park, the venomous snake, the hawk, the KGB officer.

"Are there any problems?" the officer inquired.

"I'm not interested!" My grandfather said walking away. He was angrier this time than afraid. Mr. Paschyn was angry that the KGB approached him, and furious that they questioned his loyalty to his country. Mr. Paschyn knew that if he joined he would have to relay his country’s secrets to the Soviet Union. My grandfather would have become a professional in espionage, a villain to most American citizens. The thought disgusted him. From that time on, he never went anywhere without his bodyguard.

Several weeks passed and the KGB officer never approached Bohdan Paschyn again. He flew back to Washington D.C. for a State Department meeting. He was relieved to find out that he did not have to return to Sofia, Bulgaria to complete his assignment. He could be safe at home with his wife and children.

Bohdan Paschyn currently lives with Kit Paschyn, his wife of 45 years, in Annapolis, Maryland. His challenge was used in a training video for other State Department workers about the recruiting approaches by the KGB and reporting procedures. Looking back on this challenge, he is glad that he counted on the embassy and CIA to keep him safe. From this challenge, he learned that seeking help is not a sign of weakness and that one cannot handle everything on his own. He has not met the stranger from the park or any other KGB officer ever since he left Bulgaria, and I think it is safe to say that the storm has passed. But, is the hawk still carefully watching American prey?

Max Chuma
Crimson

The afterimage floating in the moonlit night
Is my transient black memory
In a distorting moment of disgrace,
I sail a voyage of corruption

If it's an unrequited love,
Then at least let us bond in the other world...
I’ve been making that wish countless times,
Like a beast hungry for your blood!

I am after all, a servant of death, always ready to kill you or our love
The curtain that's dyeing the earth red, I'll kick it into pieces
The records and films of souls and memories
Are what I earnestly seek, as I strum my blood-stained delusions

Tonight I’ve just had a very faint dream,
Where I delineate, with my sneering blade
The eccentricity of death,
In the moonlight

The old folklore and my red drink,
Please allow me to feed them to you...
As I dye that wish red with blood,
My trap starts to dazzle, as if to numb you

And still I am a lady of death, always entertaining you
Being rained down by bloody tears, I dig my nails into the night sky
In the analog of memories, we make fun games, happy smiles,
Shrouded in drifting ecstasy, inflict wounds to each other, and then start drowning away

I am after all, a servant of death, a bright crimson butterfly
As I send a red sigh into the empty air, it blows through and shakes the curtain
The enticement of love stabs through the memories,
While I simply yearn for a crimson dream in the eternity of a brief instant

Heather Borochaner
I enjoy evening time, families dine
Homework is what you got assigned
Flipping through channels
Cats purring
TVs sometimes whuzzing and whirring
Happy time, Happy time

Sun falling, falling
Parents Calling
Texting friends, Relaxing time
Parents come home and help you just in time,
with homework
Evening time
Families dine

Thomas Detlefsen
Who makes such a miracle
Like darting under trees by day
and the curved new moon by night
also the admirable sight of insects
Every man and woman and every child in the world
Every cubic inch on yard my mother beholds
Every walk with strangers
The unspeakably delicate frames
and the exquisite machinery
Miracles can be as simple as bees making honey
Behold the wonderfulness of the opera
Or the elegant figures in glass
all miracles to me are continual motions of space

Will Darling

Inspired by “Miracles” by Walt Whitman
Words taken from “Miracles” by Walt Whitman

“Secrets I know”
I know of the fish in the sea
of every cubic inch of space
of nothing else but miracles
Of the exquisite and delicate moon in spring

I don’t know whether I go among others well
Whether to stand alone and wait
Every hour, light or dark
Brings more wonderfulness to me
Then anything you can see
I question mechanics, boatmen, and farmers
Out at sea, or with their machinery
To me, every distinct thing
Should be watched by strangers
Loved by anyone
Cherished by everyone
Known by the sea and only me
Oh the secrets we will keep

Words found from Walt Whitman's: "Miracles"
Found Poem by- Mathilde Scarlata
There was once was a man named Justin Drew
He could do everything there was to do
He could sing out loud
He made his fans proud
And he had great hair too!

Chloe Miller

The ghost girl
sang a spell
of a life remembered

The afterlife
Dancing on the edge
Standing in the light

Isabella Mailer

There was once was a man named Justin Drew
He could do everything there was to do
He could sing out loud
He made his fans proud
And he had great hair too!

Chloe Miller

Last summer I had a fun time on my annual summer trip.
This time, I went to Germany, Austria, Greece, Turkey, and Amsterdam. On this trip, we saw World War II sites, Mozart’s house, we went to The Greek Islands, we went to Troy, and we saw Anne Frank’s House. We had funny and sad times.

On the Greek Islands, there was so much to do! At our hotel in Athens, there was a pool on the roof with a view of the Acropolis. It really helped on the hot days when we were walking all over the city of Athens. In Mykonos, I got certified in Scuba Diving. It was one of the best days of my life. I also saw the Mykonos pelican; I was mocking him and I was flapping my arms behind him for a few minutes.

After Greece we went to Turkey. In Turkey we went on two excursions to Troy and Cappadocia. In Cappadocia we had a blast and had a lot of funny memories. One of the days we went on a camel ride when we were taking a photo with the camel before we rode it. While I was taking a photo of my dad the camel whacked him. He was thrown! You could even see that he fell. The camel bit him, too. It was so funny that I tried not to laugh as much!
The Ones I Love

The ones I love are the ones I know
The ones I can talk to
The ones that look toward the sky
The ones I love will wait a long while
The ones that will be with me
When I look in the glass
I find that who I love loves me
And to have that much love in the world
Is truly a miracle

Morgan Grabarz

Moods
Weather can change
Just like how your moods can change
Like sadness and rain

Changing Minds
The clouds in the sky
Different shapes and sizes
Like your changing mind

John Ockey

Spring
The sun is calming
The grass is full of flowers
Spring is in the air

Storm
The blue sky is gone
The trees shake in the cold wind
A storm is coming

Anna Fitzsimmons

Laura Nagg
In 1965, Jaroslav Pala lived with his wife, Jaroslava, and their son, Peter, in Czechoslovakia. He goes by Jerry and Jaroslava goes by Jarka. During that time, Czechoslovakia was under Communist control and not a nice place to live. The government controlled everything. The people didn’t have any freedom. The buildings were in shambles, and the government controlled the education and religion of the people living there. Jerry said, “Since the Russian invasion, the situation in Czechoslovakia was showing further deterioration of human rights and liberties. We realized that our children would be denied freedom of thought, education and development of their own choices.” Jerry and Jarka dreamed of getting out of there. But leaving there would be a challenge. It would be hard to leave behind family and friends and move to a strange country. Jerry started traveling to America for business. He was an importer of Czech made crystal and glass. He brought beautiful glasses, bowls, lamps and chandeliers to America. During his travels, he loved America. He brought Jarka and Peter to America for vacation. They fell in love with America. Jarka’s brother was living in Colorado. They also loved the freedom in the U.S.

So in 1968, after the Russian army took control of Czechoslovakia, Jerry was sent back to America on another business trip. He brought Jarka and Peter to America with him. While staying in New York City, Jerry and Jarka decided to try and defect from the Communist control of Czechoslovakia. It was scary for them because if they were caught, they would go to prison. They decided life would be better here. They were sad about leaving family behind. They didn’t know when they would ever see them again. It was a hard decision.

One day, Jerry got word from a friend in Czechoslovakia that he and his family would be ordered back to Czechoslovakia. And after they came back, they would not be allowed to leave Czechoslovakia again. The trips to America would stop. So, this was the time. They had to defect before they had to go back, or they would never be able to leave again.

Jerry and Jarka were staying in an apartment building in New York City. They had made many friends, Americas and immigrants. In the same building was a member of the Czechoslovakian Secret Service. Under the cover of diplomatic assignment, he was watching them for possible contacts with American citizens, so they had to be careful. If the Secret Service agent got word that they were going to defect, he could have arrested them and send them back to a Czechoslovakian prison.

So with the help of their neighbors, an American family and a Czechoslovakian friend, Jerry and Jarka would sneak a few things out during the middle of the night. They would hide their things in a neighbor’s house. For several nights, they would move things to the neighbor’s house. Then one night, they moved all their things to their car, parked several blocks away. Later in the night, they drove to a friend’s house to stay. Without the help of these neighbors, Jerry and Jarka wouldn’t have anything. They would have started life in America with just the clothes on their backs. A few days later, they moved to Washington DC. They live there for a while. They received political asylum, so that they could stay in America legally. From there, they moved to Colorado to stay with Jarka’s brother and his family. Jerry and Jarka were courageous and wanted a better life for their family. They risked a lot to move here. For many years they were not able to see any family in Czechoslovakia. In 1989, Communism fell in Czechoslovakia, so then they were allowed to travel back. It was a very tough time for them, but they have no regrets! They are happy to be American citizens now.

My grandparents were very brave. I’m not sure I could leave the only home I know and move away from my parents to a strange country. That takes a lot of guts. I would be scared of getting caught, and I would miss my family. But they made the decision that was right for their family, and I am glad they did.

Hunter Pala
I remember the day that we said goodbye to the place I had come to know and love, packed and squeezed into the truck as we prepared for the tiring journey into the next chapter of our lives.

And holding that warm, fuzzy bundle of fur for the first time, with it purring in my arms, and it later painfully ripping my arms to shreds during the car ride back home.

I remember sitting in that comfortable fabric chair as I looked out of a small, round window at the patchy ground thousands of feet below us, our lives in the hands of the pilot.

I remember seeing the long, thin, golden rows of corn from the seat of a combine—just my grandfather and I—and watching the grain slowly filling up the container behind me.

And I remember being hot and sweaty, my hands slipping as I tried to land what I knew was a monster, and hearing the accolades of my dad and the captain as they cheered me on.

I remember plunging my hands into the gooey mass of seeds and pumpkin guts, and trying to force the knife to cut decent shapes through the hard, orange rind.

And the exuberance that I felt the day I read that letter, feeling the seal at the top with quaking fingers and staring at the signature of a very important man, pondering over its legitimacy.

And I remember the fear I felt as the house creaked under the intense wind and the roof leaked under the heavy rain of a hurricane as the killer ravaged the coast.

I remember hearing the eerie quiet of a winter’s day after the earth had been blanketed in white, and shivering under clothes a little too thin for the weather.

Collapsing on the shifting ground, my throat dry and my eyes watering, exhausted after struggling out in the blue, briny sea, but that was yesterday.

Evan Patrohay
December

I love December, December
snow is what you go days.
Crops don't grow, when there is snow
white Christmas, wrapping paper ripping
yelling and screaming.
I love December days.

Christmas cookies nibbled on
as the days press on
icicles dripping, kids' sleds slipping
dress warm and have fun
with everyone, sliding and slipping
I love December days

-Drew Houlton

I like cool, winter days
Heat is what you need days
Mittens worn, as soft as kittens
Winds whistling
Twirling and twisting
Chilled to he bone days

Children playing out
Parents working about
Pinecones lay, scattered astray
Playing and staying out
On cool winter days
Heat is what you need days

Victoria Siano

The snow falls softly
Like a thick shining blanket
Burying the hard ground

Riley Brennan

Winter

The snow sprinkles down.
The sun reflects off the snow.
Tracks are everywhere.

Austin Patrick

The snow falls softly
Like a thick shining blanket
Burying the hard ground

Riley Brennan

Winter

The snow sprinkles down.
The sun reflects off the snow.
Tracks are everywhere.

Austin Patrick
What makes a miracle?
Whether I walk on the edge of water with naked feet
Or walk through the streets of Manhattan
Or watch honey bees buzzing around the hive
Or animals running in the field
Or the stars shining so bright in the night
Or the thin curve of a new moon
Or children at their sports games
Or my own eyes looking at the glass
These things to me are miracles
Every inch of grass, men and women, and all the concerns
All these to me are unspeakable perfect miracles
To me, the ocean is a continual miracle
With the fish that swim
The rocks that float
The ships with men on board
What other miracles are there?
Found poem “Miracles” Written by Walt Whitman

Tommy Cavanagh

“Jump in” it whispers,
The ocean’s breeze taunts me,
Crashing one and all.

Emily Madara
**SUMMER DAYS**

I like summer days
Food is what you got days
Bees buzzin’ from flower to flower
Kids laughing
Swimming and splashing
Tanning by the pool days
Ice cream dripping
Kids ripping
Lazy days, kids play
Tanning and fanning
With summer days, summer days
Food is what you got days

Erica Brennan

**A Summer at the Beach**

I love hot sand on my feet, hot sand
and a hot sun is what you got days.
Waves crashing, children laughing
surfboards swaying
outdoor showers and seashells
days.
Darker skin
sunscreen and sand castles
bikinis and sunglasses
beach towels and jellyfish
Of all the days, I love summer days
I love hot sand on my feet

Makena Kramli

**Summer:**
Down goes the sun
The sky melts orange
Palm trees sway

Derek Donohoe

Found poem from Walt Whitman's Miracles
“Time Travel”

“Man, you really do not understand the real world,” said Bill’s grandson, Joey. Joey is 15 years old and does nothing but sits at home and uses all the latest electronic devices. On the other hand, Bill, 82, doesn’t even know how to use a radio. He always speaks to the microwave, and calls Siri a hippie.

“I just wish we can go back to those simple days, there just too many of them hippies in this world.” As you can tell, Bill is one of those old grumpy guys who sits in a chair wishing he could go back to the simple days. Sometimes, he cries and begs God if they can make this world what it used to be. Bill’s son, Daniel, is inventing a new piece of technology. Daniel is a famous inventor. His new invention is the Z5000, and it is supposed to travel back into time. Daniel thinks it would be great for Bill, so can he can go back to his old, boring, simple, run-down life.

On December 21, 2012, Daniel’s Z5000 is complete. Daniel wants his dad to go inside and try a test launch.

“You couldn’t even give me a penny to go in that, that machine with 1000 buttons!!”

“Dad, listen to me, this is a new Z5000 machine. It can take you back to any time period you want to go to. All you have to do is go inside, press the time period you want to go to, enter the passcode 1967, then press the auto-lock button.

“What can it do?” Said a very confused Bill.

“Never mind. Just please hop in. What year do you want to go back to?”

“I loved them 50s’. Great time to live.”

“O.K. Bill, hop in.” The machine buzzed a couple of times, and without warning, the machine disappeared. Bill was inside the machine, looking at all the buttons. He pressed 1950, then entered the passcode, 1967. Then, Bill found the auto-lock button in 10 minutes, and pressed it. Suddenly, the machine stopped. Bill stepped out, and he was looking at his old house in the country.

“It worked! Praise God for them gadgets!” Bill went inside. He was back to his real home. Bill went inside and sat in his big red chair. Suddenly, the room started to grow dark, then it was black.

“Anybody home?” Bill yelled. Suddenly, he was being sucked into a white light, and there was nothing.

Back at the city, Daniel kept a close eye on the video camera of the time machine. Daniel hadn’t seen Bill since he stepped inside the house, and he started to worry, but then again, he probably just went inside and took a nap. Daniel sent Joey into another time machine, and then the time machine was gone.

“Wow!” Said Joey when he stepped into the country.

“It did work!” Joey went inside the house, but he couldn’t find Bill.

“Bill, where are you?” Joey started to worry. What could have happened to him? There was nothing else but a house, so where did he go? Bill went up to the attic, and he found Bill sleeping on the spare bed.

“My gosh, old people just nap all day!” When Joey started walking down the stairs, hundreds of creatures started climbing on top of him.
“Help me! Someone!” But no one was there. Bill was lying dead in the attic, and Joey was being eaten to death. Then they were both sucked into a white light, and then, there was blackness.

Daniel and his employees were also getting worried about what could have happened to Joey. Daniel thought that something was very wrong. Daniel took another time machine and was in the country in seconds. He rushed inside the house and found Joey lying on the floor.

"Joey, speak to me!" Daniel screamed. Suddenly, he heard a loud noise that at first sounded like a waterfall, but then picked up to sound of a jet. The hundreds of creatures came from out of nowhere and began eating Daniel alive. Daniel screamed in agony, but there was no one alive, just an old country house and a time machine.

No one knows how Bill, Daniel, and Joey died. The most realistic answer is that the machine had a malfunction. To this day, most people in the world rely on technology. There will be certain point when technology will ruin the world. People have to start using their minds, or the world will end from some piece of technology. This is a famous quote from Albert Einstein about technology.

Albert Einstein- “I fear the day that technology will surpass our human interaction. The world will have a generation of idiots.”
I remember seeing the coruscate of the glistening, frothy water quickly disappearing beneath my feet as we advanced into the never ending sky.

And panicking in my seat as I looked up at that 456 foot, green monster and taking a few last breaths as the brakes sounded.

I remember that beautiful, January day when my sister and I stared out onto those mounds of sparkling snow, and our grandma hung up the phone, telling us that we had a brother.

I remember that empty morning when I tiptoed down the stairs, a pit beginning to form in my stomach, and when I didn’t hear the jingle of his collar, it only widened.

And my dad’s hands on the actuator of our contraption, the 4 of us having laughter attacks, and feeling the centrifugal force as my head flung back and my arms aviated at my sides, a dizzy bird I became.

I remember peering over into his corral for the first time, his wide brown eyes looking up to me curiously, the eyes that I instantly knew I would never refuse.

And that momentous morning when I gazed into the bowl of colors, macerated in milk, thinking of where that white speck could have gone, and the exuberance overcoming me as I stuck my tongue through that brand new gap.

And the cheers sounding on every side of me when I stood in front of that white net that I dreaded, my reputation dwindling as the ball went the opposite way that I had intended.

I remember cautiously ambulating around the house, searching for him, until I found him, a little, and frightened ball of fur, clearly befuddled by my appearance.

Twirling, skipping, gliding across the smooth floor with a plastic wand, but that was yesterday.

Sarah Antell
I Remember

I remember the picturesque horizon, the prominent sun setting into a pool of vibrancy, giving off glorious hues in the sky

And the devastation leaving me paralyzed from the pain, not being able to retain a steady conversation

I remember the ticking that made my stomach sink deeper every time we progressed higher and the whoosh that involuntarily forced the multitude of people scream in unison

I remember the vigorous wind whipping my face as I hiked through the numbing snow until I reached flat ground And sprawling out from the toasty blankets, into the nippy air to sprint as fast as I could so I could stroll into a conglomeration of multi coloration in my foyer

I remember the second pair of lips on my brothers face as the blood gushed from his head captivating everyone’s attention

I remember the numbness throughout my body as I perceived my dog laying on the harsh metal counter striving to survive And skipping exuberantly from door to door collecting my sweets receiving hundreds, children laughing in their diverse attire

And being surrounded by the loving faces of friends and family on a tranquil summers day splashing and laughing all day long

Elevating higher, glimpsing down on the Lilliputian buildings that used to be enormous, but that was yesterday.

Micaela Sullivan

Kellyann Reidy

Chloe Miller
Spring
Newly fresh cut grass
Baseball season starting up
Birds are chirping loud

Derek Smith

I Wonder
When I’m in school I sit and wonder
What if my clothes don’t match
What if my friends hate me
What if I failed the test
What if I get straight F’s
What is my make-up bleeds
What if I fall and scrape my knees
What if I don’t get asked to a dance
What if I don’t even get a chance
What if my crush hates me
I wonder....

Alex Buchler

You feel the warmness
The flower starts to bloom
Say good-bye to snow

Daniel Khouri

I feel jagged, mad
like Yosemite’s mountains,
bare spikes of granite
I am enlightened
like a sea of yellow rays
the sun has given

Aaron Hafner

Mikey Duncan
I Remember

I remember gazing over the entire city of Chicago, balancing myself inside of the transparent box jutting from the building.

And looking out at the exuberant crowd while they cheered, “NHS oooohhhh YES!” as I cartwheeled on cue to the music.

I remember darting down the field with my trusty stick and hearing the cry of the wind as I snapped the ball into the goal.

I remember admiring the beautiful masterpiece in front of me as I held onto the sturdy railing, embracing the mist from the falls.

And strutting eagerly out of the station, taking in all of the high rises and billboards with eye-catching designs knowing that this is where I was meant to be.

I remember sitting in the uncomfortable plane, waiting to view the sparkling, turquoise water against the white, pristine sand.

And seeing her bouncy, blonde curls and personalized guitar as we sang along enthusiastically to her hit single.

And going through the sliding glass doors and seeing her smiling from the hospital bed and right then, I knew that everything was going to be all right.

I remember clutching onto my dad’s hand as the winding and noisy track pulled us higher and higher up the hill, but it seemed to stop for a split second before our cart flew down the hill.

Taking my first glimpse of the majestic, “golden” pillars as they peeked above the morning fog, but that was yesterday.

Caroline Rubino

Bailey Hendricks
John’s Conflict

Have you ever had a really bad headache? John’s story is all about a really bad headache, a loving family, and learning to accept help from others. John was born in Rochester, New York in 1968. He was the third to be born, and has two older sisters. John was a very active child. He wrestled, played trumpet in the band and enjoyed skiing and biking as a family activity. After high school, John moved to California. In California, he attended school and continued his love of skiing and biking. John would often escape to the mountains in the morning for a couple of runs and in the afternoon, he would bike around the streets of Fresno, California. He relocated to New Jersey in 1989. While attending a real estate class, he met his future wife. After several years of dating, the couple was married in 1996. Currently, John is living in New Hope, PA and has four well-behaved adorable children.

John is not a superhero or a national hero. He is a dad. He is about five feet ten inches tall with a smear of brown hair on top of his head. He wears glasses over his brown eyes and always has a smile on his face. He loves to wear the color black to work and listens to the coolest music ever. He was not looking for adventure and was hoping to squeak by with a quiet uneventful day. That was not going to happen!

The day of the accident began like every other day. It was July and the sun was shining and John was walking the floor of the Lawrenceville “Bed Bath and Beyond” store. John was on his daily routine, and went to check the recovery crew’s progress from the previous night. John was talking to one of his employees, Dominic, about how the recovery crew can improve. As part of the management team, it is the responsibility to alert the crew to their strengths and weaknesses. While no one likes to hear criticism, it is upper management’s job to help and improve the look of the store.

Since John and Dominic were out on the floor discussing possible solutions to the display of end-caps, an annoying customer approached John and Dominic for assistance. It is a company rule to always please the customer, so Dominic left and helped the customer with her pots and pans, and left John to finish up his inspection of the recovery crew’s progress.

While John was inspecting the work the crew completed, an accident was just waiting to happen. Without John knowing there was a large box on the top shelf, about 12 feet up, the box of metal shelving was teetering on the edge of the shelf. After John was almost done inspecting, the teetering box plunged down with such force it fell on John’s head and he collapsed to the floor. He dropped like a sack of potatoes being unloaded at the grocery store.

John was dizzy and needed help. It was if he was seeing birds circle around his head chirping softly. What had happened! Was he dead? Would he recover? What needed to be done? Was John really down for the count? The flurry around John seemed to be filled with panic and stress. The manager of the store was sprawled out on the floor and was not able to direct the associates. Someone needed to take control and get John the help so desperately needed. Dominic came back from assisting the customer. When Dominic finds John on the floor, he is shocked and scared. Dominic quickly assesses the situation and John has regained consciousness. John is able to talk and claims he is in pain. Dominic calls for assistance to help John. They knew that an ambulance would take too long to get to the hospital, so an associate of John offered to take him to the hospital. John accepted the ride and was rushed to the local Emergency Room.

John called his wife on the way to the hospital. She was worried and concerned. What would happen to this family? Would they survive this tragedy? John arrived at the hospital around 30 minutes after the accident happened. He was rushed to waiting gurney and given immediate attention. After a brief intake examination, a neurologist came to look at his injury. John was at the hospital for about four hours. During this time, he was given pain relief, x-rayed, and simple reflex tests were given to John. While at the hospital, John was going to be fine. He was able to talk and perform simple tasks. John found out that he had a concussion. The doctor prescribed pain relievers and an anti-inflammatory medication which helped the swelling of the brain go down. Rest was going to be the only activity on his activity list.

John visited his doctor twice a week at first and then weekly. John still visits his doctor but now only goes about every eight weeks. For a while his wife had to drive him to his appointments because the doctor says he couldn’t. There is no expected recovery time. The doctor performed an X-Ray, MRI, and Cat scan. John is feeling better but not 100 percent yet. He had trouble reading, driving, and sleeping. John’s wife and children helped him through many daunting tasks. It was difficult for him to accept help from others, because he is not the kind of guy who usually gets help from others. Simple tasks seemed too difficult for John to complete. He would often roam the house trying to remember what he was looking for. The family rallied together to help John remember simple tasks. At first, he would always have a child escort him to the next room and provide clues for John. In a short time, John was able to travel throughout the house with a small note pad to aid his memory. After about a week, John’s memory was restored. He had difficulty remember simple names of objects, but he was always able to describe the object with words. John was haunted with the inability to remember names with faces. He knew family and close friends, but associates and acquaintances names always seemed to slip his mind. With time and perseverance, John was able to return to work in September. He is grateful that this injury was not more serious, and believes that prayer and well wish of family and close friends helped his recovery.
This event could be prevented in the future by securing the item better on the shelf. This accident taught not only John but everyone around him and whoever helped him through this tragic event, that however safe something is it could actually be very dangerous.

If John had a relapse of his condition he could trust his family and doctor to take good care of him. John is sensitive to others because he now knows what it is like to be in a constant state of pain and have to rely on others for assistance with everyday functions.

I am glad that this person is my father because he is able to recognize when he needs assistance and is able to accept the help that is offered.

Jack Slominski

I-pod

Here’s the story of my I-pod and me
Me and my I-pod, we were meant to be
I play games all day and text all night
I play music and turn up the backlight to make it bright
Then one day while I was staring at the screen, I started to shift
My eyes became apps like Instagram and kik
A camera appeared on my forehead and the time was right below it
My face became the screen
And I started to scream
As my bellybutton became the home button
All of a sudden my ears became volume buttons
And my hair shrunk to the power switch
My stomach filled up with more apps like the Appstore and Google
Oh how will I tell which is which?
Finally the transformation was complete
It is very neat to be an I-pod, but I’d rather just be me.

Audra Moore

Jack Lally
Barry Fitzsimons was born and raised in the Bronx, NY in the 60’s and 70’s. He went to medical school, got some degrees, met my mom, and now has a lovely life and job at Johnson and Johnson, where we find him now. But let’s go back about 3 months to October 22, 2012. Barry was sitting in his apartment in Doylestown while having lunch and watching football. This is no unusual thing. After about 30 minutes of watching the Eagles take on the Giants, he got bored and started flipping through the channels, when he stumbled upon the hourly Fox News weather forecast. But something wasn’t right. A satellite image shows a huge swirling white spot hovering near the equator. The newscaster comes on and announces that a hurricane named Sandy is making its way towards the Northeast. Computer models show possible paths for the “Frankenstorm,” named for its combining with another system and because it was almost Halloween. At first he didn’t think much of it, but as the days passed, it crossed his mind. Many weather stations suggested a lot of possibilities predicting Sandy’s path, or others were not sure. He called his sisters in Queens, New York and they said that they thought it would hit them so they were preparing. This left Barry with a decision. Would he prepare? It seemed like everybody else was. The date was October 25, 2012 and Sandy was at peak intensity as it slammed the tropics. The thought repeated itself in his head as he stopped at the grocery store and saw families purchasing very ample amounts of water, non-perishables, diapers, and other things that one may need if trapped in a building for days on end. After picking up a few items, he left the store thinking that those people were being irrational and crazy.

After marveling at the irrationality of the people at the Doylestown ACME, he went to pick Ian and Logan, his 12 year old children, up because they were going to sleep over at his apartment. When they got back, they played Monopoly, watched the Three Stooges and some Pawn Stars on the History Channel and at around 10:30, everyone smartly decided to hit the sack. The next morning, Logan was the first one up and she put on the news which woke Barry up. Ian usually sleeps in until about 9, but today he woke up at around eight to the sound of newscaster Walter Perez on 6abc. After throwing some Jimmy Dean microwaveable breakfast sandwiches into the microwave and grabbing 2 Diet Cokes (one for him and one for Barry), he walked over to the plush, brown chair and plopped down into it and tossed a Coke to Barry and tuned in to the news. At first, the usual was broadcasted, things like “Shelter of the Week,” upcoming events, and things like that. But then, an update on Sandy aired and everyone instinctively turned their heads to the screen. Sandy was getting nearer. Computer models still displayed different paths, each one having a different effect on Bucks County. “I wonder how it’s going to affect us,” Ian said, as Barry turned his head from the screen. “I’m not sure,” he replied. Logan asked if she could put on her show, and he nodded. He also enjoys Logan’s show. The three of them watched attentively until the “Beeeep” from the microwave signaled that Ian’s breakfast was ready. He sat back down with breakfast in hand and ate as Barry put on Pawn Stars.

“Here you go,” the waitress said as she handed Barry his Visa credit card depicting a mountain after he took Logan and Ian to Perkins for lunch. “Thanks,” he replied as they stood up and walked out the door. After he had driven Logan and Ian home, he noticed a dark cloud hovering over him. “Huh,” he thought as he drove on. He hadn’t expected to see any signs of Sandy for days. He wondered if he really should prepare if he was seeing signs this early. On Monday, he drove to work at Johnson and Johnson. It was just like any other day at work; first meetings, then more meetings, some phone calls, lunch, go for a run, things like that.
saying hi to Ian via telephone, he left work and headed home. More dark clouds. “Wow. This could be serious,” he thought. When he pulled into the parking lot of Regency Woods right outside the F building, he glanced at a family carrying food, water, and cat litter/food into their townhome. “Maybe I should ask Logan or Ian what I should do,” he thought. At 5:30, he picked Logan and Ian up to visit for a couple of hours. “Hey guys. What do you think I should do about Sandy? I mean, Nobody really knows how it will affect us, but I just wanted to hear from you guys,” he asked. “Well, it couldn’t hurt to make a few preparations,” Ian suggested. “But what if it turns out to be merely a large thunderstorm?,” Logan proposed. “I think you should pick up a couple of things from the grocery store and possibly clean out the gutters, just in case. It looks like we’re going to get a lot of rain,” Ian concluded. “Sounds good to me,” Barry approved.

The next morning, he got up at 6:30 and got ready for another day at work. He sat through another day full of phone calls, meetings, and such. While on the way home, he stopped at ACME to pick up some goods and ended up settling on a case of 24 water bottles, a monumental box of Goldfish, and a lantern since his apartment lacked one. As he walked into his apartment, his phone rang. It was Ian, who regularly calls him to see how he is doing. Barry informed him that he picked up some supplies. As he hung up the phone, he proceeded to drive home. The next morning, Sandy arrived as expected. Gale-force winds, crashing rain, and the suffering of being trapped inside with no power and nothing to do certainly took its toll on Barry. Ian called him once in awhile to make sure that he was ok. Instead of going out for a morning cup of coffee, he was forced to just crave it. His other rather irrational option was yelling, yes yelling, for 8 years, 7 months, and 9 days, which will generate enough energy to heat 1 cup of coffee. At about noon, he normally would be at Panera Bread just down the street enjoying a nice panini. But today, the weather and lack of power left him no option but to create a measly, cold quesadilla out of dry tortillas and suspicious cheese. Luckily he did not get sick. Meanwhile, Ian and his mom and sister were just chilling, as it’s commonly referred to by today’s urban youth. Bored out his mind, Ian decided to check in with Barry. After exchanging some questions that were all answered with “fatigued” or “bored” or “restless”, they both started reading. This kept the two of them content for a while, and when the weather calmed down in the late afternoon, Meg, Logan and Ian’s mother, took them out for breakfast. After carefully navigating through fallen tree branches, they came upon a diner that had power. But they were quickly turned away when they saw that the line went out the door. They were desperately searching for an establishment that had power and decent lines. Barry was keeping himself busy by tidying up his apartment. All of the sudden he saw a flicker in his lights. “Power!” he thought excitedly, as he grabbed the television remote and quickly turned on the news. To his delight, Hurricane Sandy would be good and gone by the next day. He also made a nice, warm microwavable meal to soothe his soul. At Logan and Ian’s house, they just arrived to their delight to find the house fully illuminated in bright, glorious light. Luckily they weren’t hungry, but if they were, they would surely get sick due to the fact that everything in the refrigerator and freezer had gone bad. That night, the wind slammed into Barry’s apartment but didn’t do anything to it. Other apartments were less lucky. Siding was ruthlessly torn off, outdoor furniture was all distraught, and a tree even fell on one townhome.
The next morning, he turned on the news and realized what his northern neighbors had just gone through. Horrifying clips showed entire towns engulfed in water about 3 feet deep, boats in harbors strewn everywhere, crumbled houses, a cancelled New York Marathon, and a very angry Chris Christie. Overall, Hurricane Sandy caused about 63 billion dollars in damage and 131 casualties, just in America, with many more in the tropics. However, his sister in the hardest hit state of New York luckily escaped with a fallen tree. In the end he was pretty happy with his decision, and extremely grateful for his family and their well being.

Ian Fitzsimons

My Summer inspired by “Summer”
by Walter Dean Myers

I like riding days, riding days
Horses what you got days
Quench your thirst from time to time
Horses jumping
Trotting and cantering
Catch a trail ride days.
Bugs biting
Horses fighting
Trail riding, riding along the rail
Grazing and gazing
Of riding days, riding days
Horses what you got days

Abigale Joshi

Perfect Days

Perfect days, perfect days
To walk the beach with bare feet
You can feel the hotness of the sand
As you yell hey! hey! Running straight to the bay
Feel the waves in motion
Look out to the sea
And you will see
All the men, women, and children will be
Perfect days, perfect days.

Penelope Roberts
**Summer Days**

I love summer days,
If sunny days is what you got then I love them a lot.
Swimming all day,
playing Xbox all night,
shorts and smiles,
Oh, on summer’s sunny days.

Quad-running, texting,
horseback riding, ice cream,
music, camps,
my B-Day and reading all night.
With family and friends having fun on summer’s sunny days.

*Miracles*

Why? Who makes a miracle
As to me miracles are everything
Whether I talk everyday with anyone
I love
Or sit at dinner with my mother
Or honey-bees around a hive in
summer
Or the bright stars
Or the exquisite moon in spring
Or children at sports
These are perfect miracles to me

Molly Stretch
I Remember by Emma McLaughlin

I remember the sand blowing, wind coming at me in sudden gusts, shielding my eyes from the glare of the sizzling sun, waiting for the sun burn that I will soon encounter.

And floating in the current, feeling a sense of fear wash over me as my flotation device shook in response to the constant rapids.

I remember being thrust forward hastily as we move gradually up a hill only to be shot down as quick as it could go, you could see my emotions on my face, fear in my eyes.

I remember dashing up the side walk as fast as my legs could carry me, umbrella closing itself just as a multitude of raindrops pelt my face steadily at first then going into a torrential down pour.

And being awoken by the realization of what day it finally was, rushing to wake everyone up and finding the tree glistening and discovering what lay beneath it.

I remember digging in on a scrumptious, award winning cupcake as the chocolate flavor envelops my taste buds.

And smelling the scent of rose buds as I frolicked in the summer breeze on an otherwise mundane afternoon.

And I remember scurrying in the halls, hearing the sound of the bell as it blared in my ears.

I remember meandering along a winding dirt road as giraffes tower over our 2008 Honda Accord, licking the windshield as we moseyed on down the path.

Seeing the smiling face staring up at me with love in her eyes having just learned to crawl, but that was yesterday.

Emma McLaughlin

Katie Steele

Lola Dardzinski
Worries

I worry about my crush,
I worry about death,
I hope it doesn’t come soon,
The tests I take make me stressed
What if I get bullied?
My hair must be brushed before I go out in public,
The school can be overwhelming,
My friends could turn on me at any moment,
What if my brothers’ friends come over?
What if my room is a huge mess?
That would make me very stressed,
I worry about finishing a book,
I stutter with oral reports,
The projects due make me procrastinate,
My instrument is hard to perfect,
And my clothing can’t be crooked.

Nicole Hauch
I remember being wrapped up in a blanket while there were brisk winds, and feet of snow piled upon the house

And pondering in a massive deep pile of brown, moist leaves, as every movement I made caused a chain of leaves to crunch beneath me

I remember hard, wet, muddy dirt as I hit the ground, and the sound of a high pitch engine noise circulated through my ears along with a sharp pain going through my left arm

I remember clouds spitting rain down on us, my mouth was dry and weak, my legs were about to collapse, but then the sound of a piercing whistle went through my ear

And darkness rolling over the buildings bringing an exuberant, bright, midnight city to the streets for people to have fun and hours of partying

I remember the hot, moist summer days of running on the hard immaculate turf field preparing to conquer our next opponent

And waking up to a multitude of alarms frowzy on a cold, frosty, morning along with spending what feels like an hour on the mundane, barren and ominous sidewalk

And I remember playing with Tonka toys on the tires of a 99 Discovery on a cool, sunny day with a refreshing breeze passing by

I remember vividly looking at the license plates of the loud, fast, bright cars that crackled by with their obnoxious mufflers breaking the eerie silence of the night on the highway

Eating salty chips in the car, I always thought the police would fly by with flashing lights to halt the speedy bandits, and they never did, but that was yesterday

Oliver Colvin
Worries

I worry about my awful poetry,
It is hard writing this you know!
Then if my hair’s done badly
What if potatoes come alive and eat us
Ugh school, we have to do reports, I worry about that
Then at randomness what if I fall?
North Korea’s going to kill us all!
My pencil will get lost and I’ll die
Lastly unicorns, they’re going to take over, oh my!

Kelly Hauch

My attention is drawn to the pale orange sun setting behind the barren branches of the trees. They stand there like skeletons, lifeless and skinny. It is late afternoon, but the light of the day is almost gone, certain not to return for an eternity. The light fades like my memories of the season, although I fear they may not return. I shiver from the cold as I vow to myself that even though the games have seceded, I will not allow the memories to do the same.

Out of the ominous bright blue sky loom two long arms that flow down to the base. They stand guard over the now-abandoned grass. The ground is cold and cracks as I cross the field. This feeling under my feet is unfamiliar. I feel as though I am breaking each blade as I hear them crunch under my feet. There is no more meaning to this place. The sun has also set on my time here. My final season is over. No more fans cheering on the team. No more catches and touchdowns. No more big hits. No more playing the game I love most.

This is the worst time of the year. I fear Spring may never arrive, bringing with it the hope of warmer days and the promise of summer, like the sunrise brings a new day. I imagine the hot summer sun beating down as camp starts anew. This time I again shall step on an unfamiliar field, with new uprights waiting for me. The open arms welcoming me, and beckoning me to return.

Tom Flavin.
I remember the sweet scent of freshly cut grass as we lay on the hill trying to beat the sweltering heat with the shade of marvelous trees and icy cold popsicles.

And the day I came home from a never-ending day at school only to come home finding my parents sitting on our front steps, waiting for me, their eyes full of tears. They gave me the heartbreaking news that our elderly dog had died. I was utterly devastated that I didn’t even get to say goodbye.

I remember the screaming concert crowds, everyone singing the lyrics of the song as one. We were dancing without a care in the world, we had never felt so free!

I remember meandering around the neighborhood with my vibrant yellow net, looking for more of my favorite winged creatures to capture for a short time to admire their beauty.

And the butterflies in my stomach before we ran out onto the brightly lit blue mat. The emotion that overtook me when they called our name for the first place trophy was absolutely indescribable!

I remember getting so furious when an older mean-spirited boy made fun of my little brother on the filthy yellow school bus. When we got off the vehicle on that frigid winter afternoon, I took a handful of wet, freezing snow and shoved it down his puffy jacket.

And urgently begging my mother to buy me flawless Barbies every time we walked into the enormous toy store, hoping that she would reluctantly cave in and get me that one more piece of plastic that I “needed”.

And I remember the exuberance that my brother and I felt on Christmas morning. We would stand on the top of our staircase in anticipation, racing down the stairs once my dad was finally ready at the bottom to take a picture of the emotional expressions on our little faces.

I remember sitting on the balcony of the impressive cruise ship, watching a monstrous portion of the beautiful glacier collapse, sending humongous waves toward our boat with a colossal crash.

Losing amazing friends for absurd reasons, and gaining life experiences that I will keep with me forever... but that was yesterday.

Annaliese Keller
I'll tell you about Polly's PC,
And how a computer is all she'd ever be.
She stayed on the computer in a horrible mood,
Never getting up to eat any food.
Little by little her face turned to glass,
While her family kept wishing this was the past.
By day Polly was just bitter and mean,
But by night she became a computer screen.
There was a webcam in the middle of her forehead,
"Get out of this phase" her family said.
Polly's brain became Google Chrome,
Knowing everything there was to be known.
Her hands became computer mouses,
Interfering with electronics in all the houses.
There's a keyboard where her stomach once was,
Documenting everything she says and does.
Her ears transformed to volume controllers,
Along with her search history replacing her molars.
Her family never meant to use her,
But after all, she was a computer.

Ally Mangano

I'll tell you a story about a girl named Brooke
And, if you’ll listen let’s have a look
She was a big fan of her phone,
And everywhere this was known
The touch screen was with her day and night
Which she watched movies
This gave her parents a fright
Her face turned thin with glass
Everyone wishing this would pass
Messages would light up her face
She was changing, without a trace!
Her skin turned rubber, like a case
Apps spread all over her face
The next day, her family didn’t think she was home
Because now all she was now, was a phone

Brooke Walsh
March Madness

March is here
the crowd gives a cheer
March Madness has started
the best tournament of the year,
upsets and buzzer-beaters
the game winning shot,
you never know who will win,
no! you will not
from the first round to the second,
all the way to the final four
very close games, the crowd gives a roar!
two teams in the finals,
only one can win
the crowd cheering, coaches yelling
last play of the game, you better be ready
the game is on the line, this win is every team’s wish,
up goes the ball and there is a swish!

Taylor Kruopas

Thomas Muzekari

Eric Cammarata

Victoria Kalinovich

Ryan Meyers
Laughter, faint music, and even the warm summer’s breeze can be experienced through the collection of warm photographs that are strung up against my wall. Although these events may never be repeated, their memory remains alive using only a glimpse of these photographs.

As life continues on, we forget our past and the simple gestures that once put smiles on our faces. I love to imagine the moment right when the flash went off. What was going through my mind in that single instance? How has that changed from the present-moment me? Has this even impacted my life at all?

In one photograph, my family members are gathered for a pose. Plastered smiles lie on their faces, how uncomfortable! In another portrait, it is as if I can feel the damp clothing clinging onto my skin, while I suppressed laughter; all the while linking arms with my cousins. I can remember as if it were yesterday!

All of these moments are compiled together and create us. Through the tough times to the fun-filled and care free days, these events somehow shape us. Sometimes simple moments like these can easily be forgotten, but upon a glance, sudden flooding of recognition may resurface and carve a smile onto our faces...

It all begins with one click.

Keanne Marcelo

Ten years of tennis
It is a part of me
Strings cover the eyes that help me see
My face is turning into a racquet head
As I am dreaming in my bed
My eyes turn round
Like the tennis ball I just found
My neck turns into a grip
When I wake up, in the back of my mind, the dream will slip
Away
The adrenaline rush
The next ball I will crush
Excitement, nervousness, exhilaration,
Fun
Why tennis?
Why would I bother?
Well, it was passed down from my father
Tennis is my favorite sport
I love the indescribable feeling in the court.

Adrian Roji

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Keanne Marcelo
The foliage behind it is a lush green with tiny speckles of range and yellow peeking out. A chill is in the air, along with a light breeze that sways the branches slightly. There, surrounded by nature, stands a structure that is man-made. Arms raised, it is a loud and prominent yellow, the color arranged in a familiar shape. Easily recognizable by most, but it is more than what meets the eye. Triumph or defeat is its meaning. Every player knows and understand that. Proudly branded on the front is the team name declaring home turf and town. Eyes wander above it to a backdrop that is shaded with blues and white puffs of clouds. Green, soft grass grows at its feet with lines painted every ten yards to measure each possession’s progression or lack thereof. This is where the men are separated from the boys through tests of skill, determination, stubbornness, and pride. Entering this end zone here makes dreams come true and creates memories more substantial and everlasting than can ever be molded from steel.

Tommy Lupo
Technology: An overview of the effects of the technology we use every day.

Technology. Today it is almost impossible to live without it, turning us to fish without water when we are parted from our precious televisions, ipods, phones, and laptops. See the problem? 51% of households own at least one Apple product, 85% of adults have cell phones, and 70% have laptops. Technology has evolved in copious way, in a very short amount of time, so it seems like it was ages ago that the Jobs and Wozniak team created Apple 1. Today, the amount of people working, and learning from home are growing. Also, treatments for various diseases, including the removal of cancerous tumors, have increased in efficacy and survival rates. These things are superb, but the problem lies in what we have access to on a regular basis. People do not know what to do with themselves when they cannot use it. While fifty years ago, children would play outdoors, or even a board game, today they are glued to screens for hours. Even adults stare mindlessly at screens all day, for work or other purposes. With which come a plethora of health problems. So, do we use too much technology?

When people think of that shiny package containing your newest iproduct, they usually don’t think about what is really lying under that sparkling hood. In reality, the computer you will spend time and money on upgrading, will most likely acquire some sort of virus, trojan, etc. And mac users aren’t any safer. Hackers are getting smarter and creating viruses that can penetrate through macs. In fact most macs do have malware, and although some of it is made for pcs so it cannot do anything, some contain malware specifically made for macintosh. To protect your computer, you must buy a program, such as norton, or pc matic, to prevent a virus from entering, which will cost you more than your computer could be worth, over time. A virus impairs the functionality of a computer, which could render some things you need, useless.

We all remember our mothers telling us not to sit too close to the television, but we slave over laptops and cell phones when we do homework, or for busines. That over time, can impact your health in many different ways. For example staring at illuminated screens, can strain your eyes, and affect the quality of your vision. Also, in some companies, the work is so intense that the employees sit for hours, in the early hours of the morning, into the dead of the night. This is a growing problem, because even if you sit for the regular nine to five hours and were training for a marathon, that wouldn’t be enough to make up for the hours of inactivity. Sitting down for long periods of time, can also wreak havoc on your legs, kidneys, heart, etc. Or how about addiction? There are a growing number of people becoming addicted to the internet. This is just as serious as any other addiction, because in the most severe cases, they cannot part for one minute. In fact recently, a man and woman were arrested for taking care of a virtual baby, while blatantly ignoring their own, leaving her to die. Technology seems to be the answer for everything, we can lessen or eradicate a disease in a person, and send an email, soon afterward. We are living in the future, but it seems we cannot put two and two together when it comes to technology related illnesses.

Almost all adults own credit or debit cards, and a large percent of them use the internet for banking, shopping, etc, making identity theft much easier. There are programs for certain banks that allow you to take a picture of a check and send it to your bank account over your cell phone. But what would happen if you lost your cell phone? Underestimating hackers and thieves could be one of the worst things you could do. People today can edit anything online and forge anything, why should this be any different? Knowing people who have gotten their credit card stolen three times, one can only guess the causes. Did you know that your credit card can be scanned while it is still in your wallet? Or let’s say you were eating at a restaurant, you hand the waitress your credit card, and when she leaves she swipes it through a little machine about the size of an ice cube. She now has your number. And the worst thing is to get your credit card stolen, because you will never see that money again.

Technology today is making things faster, and progress can not be stopped. Quoting Inherit the Wind, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, Henry Drummond had said, “You can fly on an airplane, but birds will lose their wonder, and the clouds will smell of gasoline.” This shows that there is a price for everything. So you may use the technology available, but you will risk health problems, identity theft, and extra cost. The effects on your health will affect you more than you believe, with the long periods of inactivity. Identity theft is a rising possibility that has been occurring more and more. And the virus that can infect your personal computer, mac or pc, should not be ignored. Our use of technology has risen tremendously over the past decade, and the consequences will come out. So the questions to ask are, do we use too much technology? Are we coddled with the fancy machines, that require us to barely lift one finger, living in a world where everything is done for us.

-Emma Skuban
Have you ever forgotten your phone?

When did you realize you’d forgotten it? I’m guessing you didn’t just smack your forehead and exclaim ‘oops’. The realization probably didn’t dawn on you spontaneously. More likely, you reached for your phone, pawing open your pocket or handbag, and were momentarily confused by it not being there. Then you did a mental retake of the morning’s events.

In my case, my phone’s alarm woke me up as normal but I realized the battery was lower than I expected. It was a new phone and it had this annoying habit of leaving applications running that drain the battery overnight. So, I put it on to charge while I showered instead of into my bag like normal. It was a momentary slip from the routine but that was all it took. Once in the shower, my brain got back into ‘the routine’ it follows every morning and that was it. Forgotten.

This wasn’t just me being clumsy, as I later researched, this is a recognized brain function. Your brain doesn’t just work on one level, it works on many. Like, when you’re walking somewhere, you think about your destination and avoiding hazards, but you don’t need to think about keeping your legs moving properly. If you did, the entire world would turn into one massive hilarious QWOP cosplay. I wasn’t thinking about regulating my breathing, I was thinking whether I should grab a coffee on the drive to work (I did). I wasn’t thinking about moving my breakfast through my intestines, I was wondering whether I’d finish on time to pick up my daughter Abby from nursery after work or get stuck with another late fee. This is the thing; there’s a level of your brain that just deals with routine, so that the rest of the brain can think about other things.

Think about it. Think about your last commute. What do you actually remember? Little, if anything, probably. Most common journeys blur into one, and recalling any one in particular is scientifically proven to be difficult. Do something often enough and it becomes routine. Keep doing it and it stops being processed by the thinking bit of the brain and gets relegated to a part of the brain dedicated to dealing with routine. Your brain keeps doing it, without you thinking about it. Soon, you think about your route to work as much as you do keeping your legs moving when you walk. As in, not at all.

Most people call it autopilot. But there’s danger there. If you have a break in your routine, your ability to remember and account for the break is only as good as your ability to stop your brain going into routine mode. My ability to remember my phone being on the counter is only as reliable as my ability to stop my brain entering ‘morning routine mode’ which would dictate that my phone is actually in my bag. But I didn’t stop my brain entering routine mode. I got in the shower as normal. Routine started. Exception forgotten.

Autopilot engaged.

My brain was back in the routine. I showered, I shaved, the radio forecast amazing weather, I gave Abby her breakfast and loaded her into the car (she was so adorable that morning, she complained about the ‘bad sun’ in the morning blinding her, saying it stopped her having a little sleep on the way to nursery) and left. That was the routine. It didn’t matter that my phone was on the counter, charging silently. My brain was in the routine and in the routine my phone was in my bag. This is why I forgot my phone. Not clumsiness. Not negligence. Nothing more than my brain entering routine mode and over-writing the exception.

Autopilot engaged.
I left for work. It's a swelteringly hot day already. The bad sun had been burning since before my traitorously absent phone woke me. The steering wheel was burning hot to the touch when I sat down. I think I heard Abby shift over behind my driver's seat to get out of the glare. But I got to work. Submitted the report. Attended the morning meeting. It's not until I took a quick coffee break and reached for my phone that the illusion shattered. I did a mental restep. I remembered the dying battery. I remembered putting it on to charge. I remembered leaving it there.

*My phone was on the counter.*

*Autopilot disengaged.*

Again, therein lies the danger. Until you have that moment, the moment you reach for your phone and shatter the illusion, that part of the brain is still in routine mode. It has no reason to question the facts of the routine; that's why it's a routine. Attrition of repetition. It's not as if anyone could say 'why didn't you remember your phone? Didn't it occur to you? How could you forget? You must be negligent'; this is to miss the point. My brain was telling me the routine was completed as normal, despite the fact that it wasn't. It wasn't that I forgot my phone. According to my brain, according to the routine, my phone was in my bag. Why would I think to question it? Why would I check? Why would I suddenly remember, out of nowhere, that my phone was on the counter? My brain was wired into the routine and the routine was that my phone was in my bag.

The day continued to bake. The morning haze gave way to the relentless fever heat of the afternoon. Tarmac bubbled. The direct beams of heat threatened to crack the pavement. People swapped coffees for iced smoothies. Jackets discarded, sleeves rolled up, ties loosened, brows mopped. The parks slowly filled with sunbathers and BBQ's. Window frames threatened to warp. The thermometer continued to swell. Thank god the offices were air conditioned.

But, as ever, the furnace of the day gave way to a cooler evening. Another day, another dollar. Still cursing myself for forgetting my phone, I drove home. The days heat had baked the inside of the car, releasing a horrible smell from somewhere. When I arrived on the driveway, the stones crunching comfortably under my tires, my wife greeted me at the door.

"Where's Abby?"

Oh god.

As if the phone wasn't bad enough. After everything I'd left Abby at the nursery after all. I immediately sped back to the nursery. I got to the door and started practising my excuses, wondering vainly if I could charm my way out of a late fee. I saw a piece of paper stuck to the door.

"Due to vandalism overnight, please use side door. Today only."

Overnight? What? The door was fine this morni-.

I froze. My knees shook.

Vandals. A change in the routine.

*My phone was on the counter.*

I hadn't been here this morning.

*My phone was on the counter.*

I'd driven past because I was drinking my coffee. I'd not dropped off Abby.

*My phone was on the counter.*

She'd moved her seat. I hadn't seen her in the mirror.

*My phone was on the counter.*

She'd fallen asleep out of the bad sun. She didn't speak when I drove past her nursery.

*My phone was on the counter.*

She'd changed the routine.

*My phone was on the counter.*

She'd changed the routine and I'd forgotten to drop her off.

*My phone was on the counter.*

9 hours. That car. That baking sun.

No air. No water. No power. No help.

That heat. A steering wheel too hot to touch. That smell. I walked to the car door. Numb. Shock. I opened the door. My phone was on the counter and my daughter was dead.

*Autopilot disengaged.*

Jeremy Pether
Thank you to all of our contributing artists and authors, as well as to the teachers who encouraged you to submit your work for publication. Your poetry and prose captures your world of 2013, all that is important to you, everything that you treasure, think about, and observe. *Through Our Eyes* is also available on our District website: nhsd.org