

# Deerfield's Literary Magazine

FEATURING CREATIVE  
ART AND LITERATURE  
FROM DEERFIELD'S  
MIDDLE SCHOOLERS

# Folio

## FEATURES:

ART

POETRY

FAN FICTION

SHORT STORIES

GRAPHIC DESIGN

PERSONAL NARRATIVES





# Letter from the Advisor

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 2025 issue of Deerfield's own Literary Magazine!

I am thrilled and honored to have been able to follow in Ms. Onore's footsteps and to serve as the advisor of Folio as we produce the magazine's eighth edition. The work that our middle school students have created this year has simply blown me away. Thank you to the Deerfield staff, administrators, Board of Education, and members of the Mountainside community for your support of our magazine each year.

This year's magazine includes a variety of visual artwork including drawings, paintings, collage, and photography. Writing genres range from poetry, to personal and fictional narrative, fan fiction, and creative essay, all from our incredibly talented Deerfield Middle Schoolers! We hope you enjoy what we have come up with and look forward to seeing some of your work here in the future!

Sincerely,  
Lori Topel



# The Hidden Gift

**EMA DINIC**

Does a dream sparkle in the air  
like rainbows and butterflies?  
Or does it disappear  
like the glow of the sun on a burning day?  
Does it smell like fresh clothes out of the washer?  
Or is it an overload of happiness  
like a cake with too many sprinkles?  
Maybe it bounces  
like a child eating candy?  
Or does it dance around  
like a flamingo?  
A dream is something  
so confusing, but yet so  
sweet.  
Dreams are what we  
unknowingly  
thrive on, the reason we keep  
going.



Emma DiBella

# Flipped

*Deleted Scene*  
by Amelia Wu

I can't stop wondering about Bryce. What has he been trying to tell me? What is he thinking about? Right then and there, I decided to go over to Bryce's house and thank him for the sycamore tree. All I wanted to do was talk to Bryce and meet him in the proper light.

As I walked up his porch steps, my heart thumped rapidly in my chest. I came to a stop at his front door and hesitantly reached for the doorbell, my hand shaking. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! I began to fidget with my hair, waiting for the door to open at any moment.

"Oh, hey, Juli!" Bryce exclaimed with an awkward smile as he opened the door.

"Hey, Bryce. I was wondering if you could talk," I responded. As I looked at him, I noticed he seemed nervous.

"Yeah, sure," Bryce replied, "we can sit on the porch." He led me to the porch chairs, and we sat down.

"I want to thank you for planting that sycamore tree for me; it really is beautiful. Having a sycamore tree of my own means so much to me," I told him with a grin on my face. The tree was growing quickly and was thriving.

"I'm really glad you came over to talk to me. I was hoping you would. I have been meaning to tell you something, but I wanted to give you some time to think," Bryce replied. "I'm really glad you like the tree, and, um, I really like you," Bryce stuttered awkwardly. I froze; did Bryce Loski actually just say those words to me, Juli Baker? Was this what he had been trying to tell me? Now, it all made sense. I felt a rush of blood on my cheeks, and I quickly looked down at my shoes. When I looked up and looked into Bryce's face, I knew the answer to my question.



Amelia Lee





# Serene Seashore

by Jada Santos

Your arms get goosebumps as wind blows,  
Making strands of hair dance 'round you.

Silky sand squishes between your toes  
As you soak in this stunning view.

Seashells and rocks fill the shore,  
Making the sand sparkle like a star.

A sudden spark, a desire to explore,  
No distance feels too far.

Your mind relaxes, finally at peace  
And your worries wash away,

Like foam reclaimed by the sea,  
But will soon return some other day.

You watch the sky turn midnight black,  
You turn to go, knowing that you will be back.

# Powerless Deleted Scene

by Megan Hanna



Amelia Wu

I stole food again. This time, the guards did not catch me. Adena does not like the fact that I have to steal food, but it is the only way to survive in the slums. I walk back to our hiding spot, checking the flyers. They posted the list of participants in the Trials.

I spot Adena and run to her. “Hey, A. I got us some sticky buns from the cart on the street,” I say. Sticky buns are her favorite food, so I hope this cheers her up.

“Thank you, Pae,” she exclaims with gratitude. “I have no clue what I would do without you.”

“Me too,” I say, flinching at the strain in my voice.

“Is it me, or are the guards getting more aggressive? I saw them whip someone in the street today for stealing.”

“It’s crazy what they’ll do when they are mad. Don’t worry, A, I’ll be careful. Did you see the signs on the street?”

“About the Trials? Yeah. They are so terrifying, forcing people to fight to death to “honor” their country.” The disgust was evident in her voice.

“Let’s hope we never get chosen,” I say with a breath of relief.



# The Missing Piece

## Ema Dinic

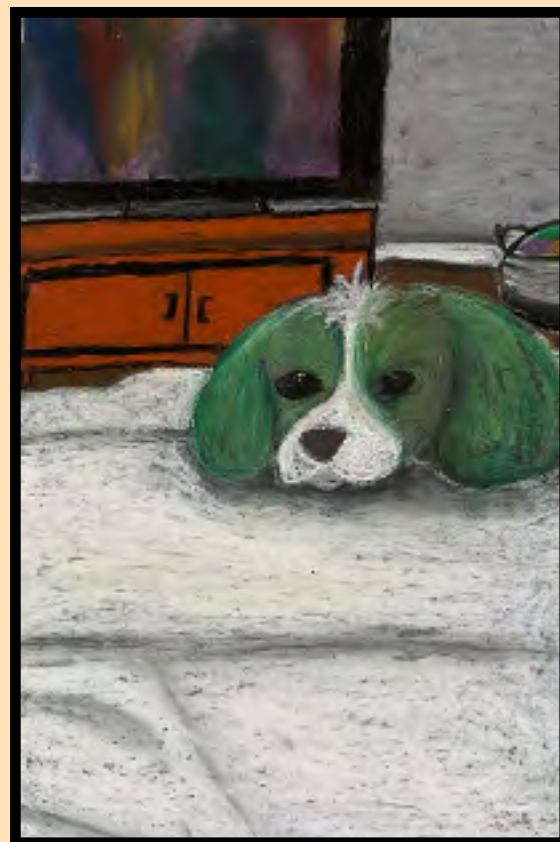
My sisters and I always begged our parents for a puppy, but we would always get the same lecture: "Girls, good things take time to arrive. Be patient, and maybe you will get what you want unexpectedly." Growing up with immigrant parents who escaped war is very different from the parents of other kids my age. My parents would always tell us stories about their parents, and how my sisters and I have it much easier. Having to flee their country, leaving everything behind because of their nationality, at a young age, was not easy. That is why my parents are so different from others.

My mom would always tell me stories about her beloved childhood dog, Saro. Saro was like a best friend to my mom, but because of the war, Saro was, unfortunately, left behind. I remember my mom telling me a story about how she would always take Saro for walks, happy and lively. Saro, well behaved and loyal, would always walk at a calm and slow pace. There was a time in my life where I did not have many real friends. I did not have a best friend, and I felt as if the dog that I desperately wanted would fulfill that longing. I believed that a dog would be like a cure to me.

Three years ago, when I was ten years old, my mom picked me up from school, and tears started to stream from my eyes. I felt like I had no friends who actually cared about me. My mom reassured me. "Ema, it is hard right now, but it will take time until you find your special person," she noted comfortingly. I kept thinking that having a dog by my side would instantly repair everything. No matter what, I would always have that eternal longing. I felt as if there was something wrong with me. I would question if there was something wrong with being myself, the feelings consuming my whole body, slowly.

I was obsessed with the idea of getting a puppy. I would scroll on the Shake-a-Paw website endlessly, my fingers furiously tapping on the screen. One day, I came across a Jack Russell Terrier, special and unique. I knew it would not be good for me to get attached, and I knew that puppy would never leave my mind. Days later, I arrived home from school. I saw something that looked like a tiny cloud, rolling in the grass. I leaped out of the car, leaves crunching as I dashed across the lawn. In front of my eyes was the most adorable puppy with the purest eyes. I ran rapidly, exhilarated, and unable to contain myself. I was given the cutest puppy, waiting for me; I felt impatient and elated. Right away, I knew what their name would be; *Lucky*. Lucky, with soft and silky fur, was perfect and playful. I'd be forever complete.

Life had to throw obstacles before it gave me something that made me happy forever. Lucky showed me that I am not always going to get everything right away. It took time before it was my reality to have something so special in my life. At the time, I had never quite connected with anyone deeply; I do not feel that way with Lucky. Lucky is all I need, and there was a reason for the tears I shed and my struggles before Lucky. Now, I appreciate Lucky even more. I am grateful for how long it took and how tough it was for Lucky to actually become mine. I now strive to show others the beauty of waiting for something amazing to happen.



Kennedy Moore

Everytime

Everytime we walk, everytime we fall  
 Everytime we talk, everytime we call  
 Everytime we laugh, everytime we cry  
 You will never be off my mind.  
 Everytime I see you, my smile lights up.  
 Everytime I hear your name, it echoes in my mind.  
 My wishes come true, when I talk to you.  
 Even if we are afar, I will never move on.  
 I will wait as long as it takes for you to come back,  
 For me to see you face to face.

Forever And Always

True love.  
 One that flies beyond days and nights.  
 One that is real, not just a joke,  
 Because otherwise, I think I might never grow old.  
 One that love never fails and never bails,  
 One that soars like birds in the sky.  
 But other times, I think,  
 Could I have just dreamt it?  
 Could it all be fake?  
 Could it all just be unwanted feelings I don't want to confess?  
 What if there's someone else?  
 Or what if I can not get over what I've wished to have happen for years and years to come?  
 What if I never overcome the dreams I have at night?  
 I don't know this all to be true, but I know there will always be a place for you.  
 No matter the time or the place,  
 No matter the age or the date,  
 I can never stop thinking about us,  
 Forever and always.



# poetry

Lexi Windt

## Wasted.

*Wasted thoughts, wasted words.*

*Wasted time, wasted moments.*

*Wasted sunsets, wasted sunrises.*

*Wasted fires, wasted nights.*

*Wasted feelings I wish to never think back to.*

*For what?*

*For it to all fall?*

*For it to all burn?*

*For it to all cave into what we have become?*

*For it to all crinkle and disperse?*

*I hate the way I feel, but I know one truth:*

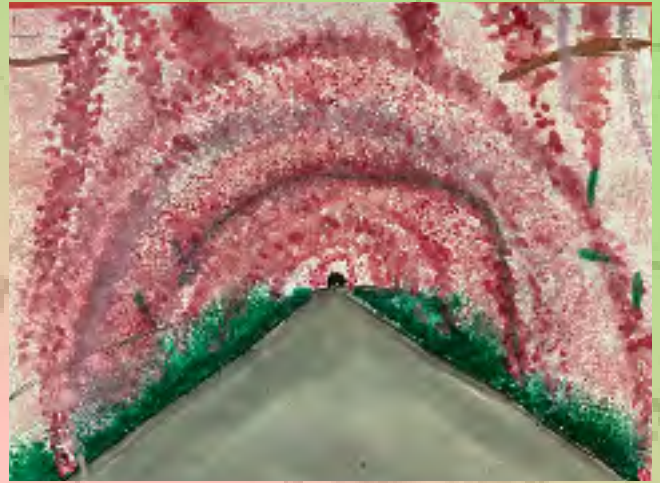
*I could never go back to the feelings I felt for you.*

Photo: Kendrick Malet



# WICKED FAN FICTION

NICKY WOODARD



Lia Perkins

I hollered to Elphaba as she swung the Wizard's guards back with her broom.

"Come on, Elfie. We could all talk this out later!" I pleaded. But, to no avail. Elphaba jumped off the tower and rose into the sky on her broom. "Please come down, Elfie, I'm begging you!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

"Never! You're a liar!" Elphaba screamed at me. As time was running out, I devised a plan. Sweat trickled down my forehead as I started back into the dusty clocktower to find something to bring her down with. Finally, I grabbed another broom, just a random one, and decided I was going to try to fly, too.

"Elfie, this is your last chance, or I'm coming up to get you!" I screamed.

"You never had any powers! You can never get that broom off the ground!" Elfie taunted.

"Really? Watch this," I said confidently. But inside, I was scared to death. I took two steps back and started running, full speed, right at Elphaba, as she chuckled. Time felt slow as I jumped off the edge of the clocktower and into the air. I felt the cold wind on my face as I flew into the air. I started to fall for about two seconds, until I caught hold of the broom and started levitating.

"What? It...it can't be!" Elphaba pleaded confusingly.

"You haven't known it all along, but I can do the same things you can. I'm magical too," I broke.

"No!" screamed Elphaba, and she started to whiz away. I followed her in pursuit with her black cloak flying in my face. I grabbed onto the cloak, trying to steer Elphaba out of the sky, but to no avail. Elphaba took a left turn and started out of the Emerald City. *I can't let her get out, I thought to myself. She will become evil.* I mustered up all my strength, took one last push towards Elphaba, and ran into her back, making us both tumble off our brooms and descend rapidly into the meadow a few miles outside the Emerald City.



# We'll Always Have Summer

Beatriz Silva

I follow Jere outside of the reception hall. Conrad was busy, so he didn't see me walk out.

"Belly, I just wanted to say I-I still love you." Jere has a tremble in his voice.

I don't know what to say. I was over Jere; I didn't want that anymore. "Look, Jere-" I try to speak, but then he cuts me off.

"Belly, I don't need to know if you still have feelings for me. But Belly, that girl I brought... that's just trying to get over you. But I can't. I just can't," Jere desperately says.

"But Jere, I'm with Conrad. I'm with your brother," I say, becoming mad. I can't believe Jeremiah. He could have never said anything, or he could have chosen another time. But this is my and Conrad's day. No one's here to ruin that.

"Belly, you don't understand how much it hurts watching you two. I need you, Bells," Jeremiah says, beginning to cry.

We stand there looking at each other. I never once thought of Jere after Conrad and I got back together. But now, I don't know what to think. I think I still love him.

"I need you too, Jere. I need you, too."

Before he says anything, we both cry into each other's arms. Staring from afar out of the corner of my eye, I see him. I see Conrad.



Natalia Perafan-Mendez



# Ten Things I Hate About You

Gabby DiDonato

The bell rings. I lay back in my chair, annoyed from the horrible night before. Mr. Morgan starts his lecture.

“All right, I assume everyone has found time to complete their poem, except for Mr. Donner, who has an excuse,” he says while chuckling. “Shaft, lose the glasses.”

I look over and see Joey take off his glasses, slowly, while looking around the classroom, and everyone laughs. I don't find it funny. The reason he has a broken nose is because of me. If I never took that stupid deal, Bianca would've never punched him at the dance, and Kat and I would still be talking.

“All right, anyone brave enough to read theirs aloud?” Mr. Morgan looks around the classroom. I hope he doesn't choose me. I firmly look down at the desk and play with my dark silver rings. The ones Kat gave me, and the same ones she has on. From the corner of my eye, I see Kat look over, and then, a motion from her hand. She raised it.

“I will,” she says softly.



Ava Paone

“Lord, here we go,” Mr. Morgan says, rolling his eyes, and stepping away from the front of the classroom.

As Kat walks up I see her long, blonde, beautiful hair in a braid.

She's wearing a white blouse and a long purple skirt. She opens her notebook and starts reading.

“I hate the way you talk to me and the way you cut your hair. I hate the way you drive my car; I hate it when you stare. I hate your big dumb combat boots and the way you read my mind. I hate you so much it makes me sick. It even makes me rhyme,” I see her glance over at me once.

She's talking about me: My voice. My hair. My driving. My combat boots.

She takes a deep breath and resumes, “I hate it- I hate the way you're always right. I hate it when you lie. I hate it when you make me laugh, even worse, when you make me cry. I hate it when you're not around and the fact that you didn't call. But mostly, I hate the way I don't hate you, not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all.”

She's in complete tears. Now she's not glancing at me, but staring. She shuts her notebook hard and rushes through the columns of the chairs, out the classroom door. I stare into nothingness in complete shock. My head swings down, and my eyes start to tear up in regret. That deal was nothing. I know I loved her from the start, I truly do.

# Heartless

(Marissa Meyer)

Deleted Scene

by Mia Di Bella

Catherine's eyes were dry from tears, and her face had been pink from bawling in her room for days. Catherine had never felt this strange way before; there were hard times, and bad times, and times where she wanted to lock herself up in her room and never leave, but those times were overshadowed with bliss whenever Jest was around. He isn't around anymore. She could feel the tears starting to come, and she didn't even try and stop them anymore.

*Knock. Knock.* Catherine had forgotten about an existence outside of her grief. She hardly thought it mattered anymore. The one thing she loved in this world had slipped through her fingers.

"Lady Catherine?" She heard Mary Anne question like she was innocent. She wasn't innocent-- she was why Jest was gone.

"Leave me alone," Catherine mustered begrudgingly. She didn't want to hear from her again nor did she want to try and act polite.

Mary Anne opened the door, and Catherine's face switched from pink to red. Mary Anne didn't look hurt, she didn't have tears, she didn't care about me anymore. "Mary Anne, leave my room at once!" Catherine hollered at her.

"Cath, we can open the bakery once you're queen! You don't have to be sad any--"

"Sad? I'll always be sad because of you! The bakery was a foolish dream from some old Catherine who thought she could somehow obtain a life she actually wanted to live. I am going to be queen. You are going to get out of my life."

Mary Anne looked like she had been shot in the heart, and, to Catherine's dismay, she opened her mouth again. "Cath--"

"I am *Lady Catherine* to you," Catherine told her, and she pointed her hand to the door. She didn't want to cry, but everything wasn't how it was supposed to be. She should be with Jest; she should have opened her bakery in Chess; she should not be the future queen of Hearts.

Mary Anne walked out the door. "You're nothing like my old friend Cath."



# NOTHING LIKE THE MOVIES (PREQUEL)

Lexi Windt

I need to let her go. It is not good for me, and it is not good for her. His voice is circling. Round and round. You are not good enough for baseball, so why would you be good enough for her? Snap out of it, Wes. Your dad is dead. He is not actually there. But what if he is right? What if I am not good enough for Liz? What if it was never meant to be? She needs to let go of me, escape my prison. It is time.

Later that night, I come to my senses. I text her: "Liz, we need to talk." She calls me; I do not answer her. She calls me again. This time, I pick up.

Liz starts off by saying, "What's wrong?"

I just blurt it out, the phrase I was avoiding and did not want to realistically say. "This long distance thing just isn't working for me. I can't do this anymore, with you on the other side of the country."

Her voice sounds confused and troubled. "What are you saying?"

"I think we should take a break. It just doesn't work, living separate lives. I think it's better if we just do our own thing and move on."

Her voice begins breaking down. "Ar-Are you breaking up with me, Wes?"

I feel horrible. I am trying my hardest to stay strong. The voices in my head, my dad's voice, are spiraling again. "Yes. Please know that it isn't you, Liz. You're amazing and perfect and beautiful, but it's just not meant

to be. I'm so sorry, Liz." I can not believe I just did that. I just broke up with the one and only Liz. The love of my life. The girl that helped me through everything. I just threw everything away, straight out the window.

"I know everything's a mess right now, so it's okay if you want to take a break while you're dealing with all of it. I still want to be here as your friend--"

I cut her off, "No, Liz." She is not quitting. It is making this harder and harder for me. "No. Don't you get it? I need a clean break."

"You don't even want to be my friend anymore?" she says, sounding the most heartbroken ever.

"I think it is best if we just call it "over" and walk away."

"Wes," she says, wanting to talk more. Just with that voice. The voice that has always loved and cared for me. The voice that has nurtured me. The voice that I have loved to hear for years.

"I need to go. I can't." I hang up. I. Just. Broke. Up. With. Liz. My Liz. The only Liz in the world that loves me the way she loves me. Stop, Wes, trust your dad. She does not love you anymore and will never love you the same. We are done. We are over.

All because of me.



# NOTHING LIKE THE MOVIES (PREQUEL)

## Ashely Batista

I lay my head against my UCLA Bruins pillow. It has been four months since I started at UCLA, and three months since... No, no, nope. I am not going there.

I glance at my phone's screen: 7:56 pm.

God. Why does time quite literally slow down when I clearly do not want to stay awake. I turn my body sideways to find my roommate's bed vacant. It is Friday night and I cannot find the energy to go out, yet college students dream of the weekend. But here I am when it comes, dreading every aspect of my life, into my university mascot pillow. Maybe if I stare out the window I can find some sort of clarity for this miserable night.

It is funny because the moon makes me wonder. It makes me wonder if Wes is looking at this very same moon right now. The moon makes me remember our first week together at UCLA. Everything was perfect.

I quickly feel the way my throat starts to tighten, and my eyes automatically begin the blinking method, but there is no point; it has never worked before anyway. I feel my stream of tears clawing its way out of my eyes. Okay, great! I guess I am going in this direction.

The direction of the late August breeze. I can still feel the warmth of it all. I feel the ocean and the sand that were somehow in our shoes and mixed into our empty In-N-Out burger wrappers, but I don't think Wes and I necessarily cared. Everything I had known beforehand that was imperfect simply became perfect in the matter of seconds.

Okay, enough! I mentally slap myself from going any further into our memories. That's it. This whole "no contact" thing ends today. I know Wes needed time, especially after his

dad's death. I understand that because I was there through it all with him. I just do not understand why he pushed me away when he needed me the most, but I am going to find out.

I pick up my phone. I still have not changed the background Wes set as my lock screen, and that makes me smile, even through the tears. I can do this. I can really do it this time.

I mean, what would he even say if he were to answer?

Oh God, what would he think if he saw my call and purposely ignored it? No, no, no. I cannot do this.

That night on the beach, Wes told me a secret. He told me he would never leave me, and, foolishly, I believed him.

Why do I grieve for someone who is not even dead? I miss him and love him to the point where it hurts to breathe. But he was the one to end it all without explanation. He rejected my offer of staying friends after our break up. How could he just throw us away so easily?

I shut off my phone.

Then immediately tap on its screen.

8:14 pm.

If Wes wanted me back throughout these months, he would have known I was here, waiting for him. We were both aware of that, but now I am certain of something else that he does not know. I no longer want to be an empty space. The space someone can always return to because they know they can always find it in its same place at the end of a long Friday night.

I finally close my eyes and sleep, accepting the truth. Our unfortunate truth.



# everything to wait for

*Ashely Batista*

people wait all day for night

all week for the weekend

all summer for winter

all winter for summer

all of middle school for high school

all of high school for college

and all of life for happiness.

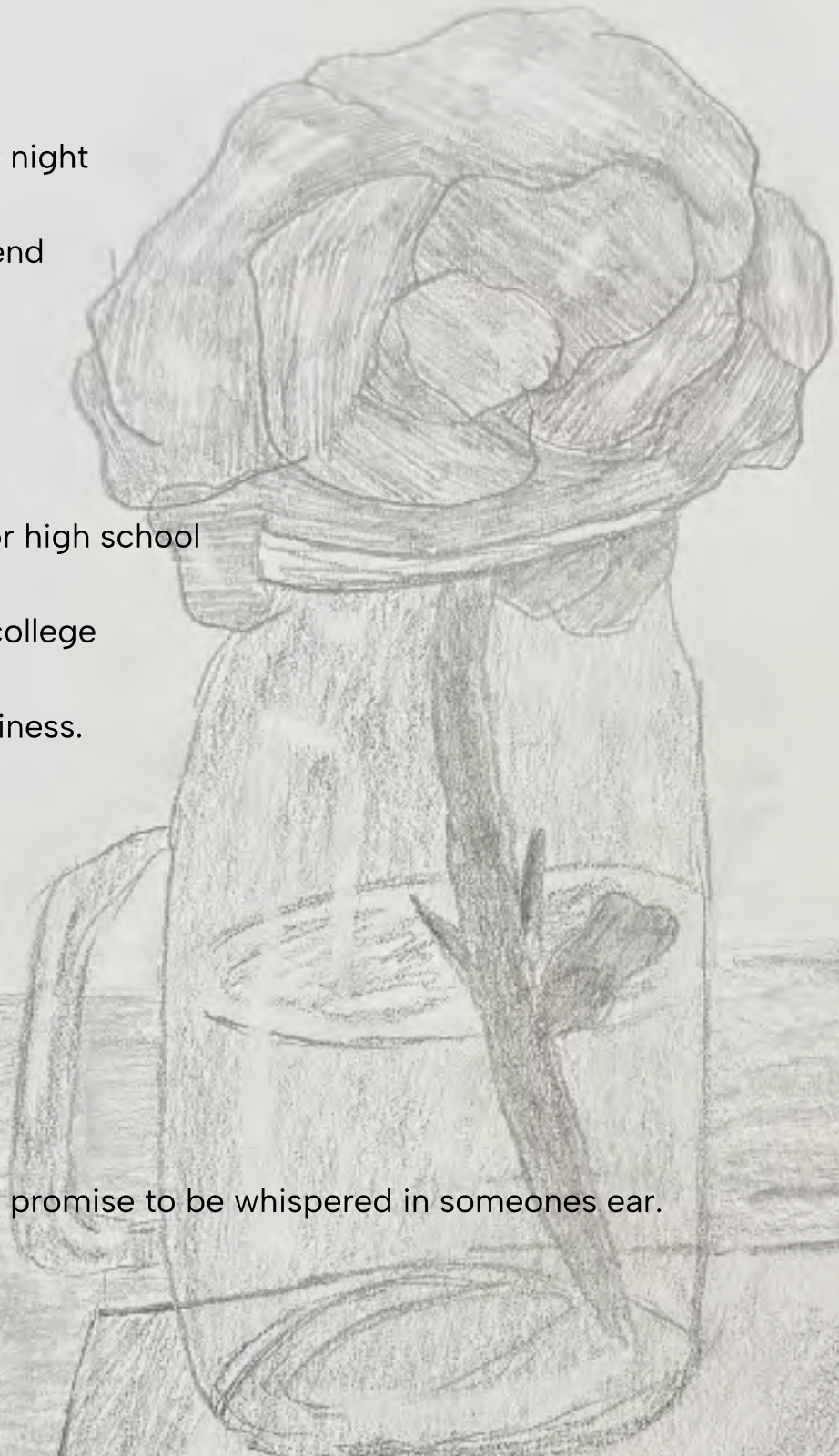
life is day by day

moment by moment.

yesterday is history

today is alive

and tomorrow is not a promise to be whispered in someones ear.



Art: Maryam Ali



# Stay

Ashely Batista

I say I don't care,  
And I wish it were true.  
I'll say it's not fair,  
But only because I'm talking to  
you.

I'm never right -  
at least that's what you tell me.  
Yet, I'll stay, and stay.  
and stay.

I hear things about you,  
whispers,  
rumors,  
but who knows what is the  
truth.  
Because why should they be?  
I know you.

You say, "I don't care,"  
or the effort isn't there

but what can I do  
to show you that's so far from  
true?

I should start something new,  
walk away,  
yet, I only want you.

I want it to be you,  
but I feel you're someone  
who knows me so few.

Conversations can begin with  
"I'm sorry,"  
but never from you.  
Blind apologies, for what?  
For something I didn't even do?

How can I tell you I'm still upset?  
It's not something I'll just  
forget.





Gabby DiDonato



# The Inheritance Games

**Megan Hanna**

**Alternate Point of View**

I cannot believe that random girl, Avery Grambs, is at my grandfather's will reading. I doubt she will inherit anything; she was most likely a person he met on the street.

"Now, if I may continue..." Mr. Ortega, my grandfather's lawyer, said in an exasperated tone. "To my grandsons, Nash Westbrook Hawthorne, Grayson Davenport Hawthorne, Jameson Winchester Hawthorne, and Alexander Blackwood Hawthorne, I leave two hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece.

What is happening? His grandchildren, the ones who were guaranteed everything, were left with only \$250,000 each?

"What is going on here?" I ask, trying to be as deadly and precise as I can.

The only person left is Avery, that poor girl from Connecticut. He could not possibly have left everything to her! I quickly do the math in my head. My brothers and I were given a million dollars, my mother and aunt- a hundred thousand, the servants (in total) were given half a million...

This left the rest of his money, properties, and possessions to...

"The remainder of my estate, including all properties, monetary assets, and worldly possessions not otherwise specified, I leave to Avery Kylie Grambs."

To her.





# GOSSIP GIRL PREQUEL

*By: Vicky Ribeiro*

It has been three years since I secured a scholarship to Constance, making me a junior in high school. I gave my all to

get into this school while the spots for the filthy rich have already been secured. I despise these pretentious, wealthy adolescents. Their lack of empathy for others and cluelessness for the hardships of life infuriate me to no end.

“Watch it! This is couture, Janitor Jamie!” I was cut off in my train of thought by one of the pompous girls who could not bother to learn my actual name.

As an outcast, I was treated as if I were invisible. For the first two years of my time here, I made sure to keep my head down. However, I was always there, always listening. Always being attentive, I obtained insights on nearly every individual at Constance. I have intentions to carry out revenge on every conceited girl at Constance.

Since my Freshman year, I worked a nine-to-five at Darla’s Diner. My primary motivation for working was to assist my mother with daily expenses in the absence of my father. Additionally, working also provided me with money to save up for a computer. A personal computer was necessary to execute my plan perfectly.

The night after I purchased a computer, I made a list of everyone who had wronged me in the past. I smirked to myself after writing their names down.

Gossip Girl.

I felt puzzled about the first piece of gossip to post on my new blog. Until....It came to me: Graduation.

Graduation Day, I finally sent out the message. I spread all the gossip I had on these kids. Revenge was gratifying.







# Lamb to Slaughter

**Eli Bednarcik**

Mary Maloney wiped her hands on her apron and leaned against the counter, listening to the policemen talking in the living room. They were still there, their voices getting louder with each bite of the lamb.

"Best lamb I've ever had," one officer said with his mouth full. "Can't believe this was just sitting in your freezer."

"It's my husband's favorite," Mary replied with a smile, folding her hands in front of her. She felt the tension easing from her shoulders. They suspect nothing.

"Shame about him," another officer said. "But we'll find whoever did this, Mrs. Maloney. Don't you worry." Mary nodded, lowering her gaze to hide the satisfaction in her eyes. "Thank you. It means a lot to me." As the clock ticked past midnight, the officers began gathering their things.

"We'll come back tomorrow to finish the investigation," said the lead detective, wiping his hands with a napkin. "Get some rest, Mrs. Maloney. We'll get to the bottom of this."

"I'll try," Mary said, her voice trembling just enough to sound convincing. "Thank you for everything."

After the last officer left and the door clicked shut, Mary stood in the silence of her kitchen. She glanced at the empty platter on the table and let out a small laugh. They had eaten every bite.

Mary walked to the living room and sat in Patrick's armchair, staring at the empty space where he used to sit. The room smelled faintly of roasted lamb, and the subtle echo of the officers' laughter sounded in the air.

Her mind was crowded with thoughts of what came next. The policemen's investigation would continue, but she had no doubt she'd covered her tracks.

She looked down at her hands, pale and shaky.

"For you, Patrick," she whispered to the empty room, though she wasn't sure if it was a lie or the truth.

She leaned back in the chair, closed her eyes, and smiled. For the first time in years, she felt free.



**Karissa Malet**



# FALLING SUN

by Joseph Hanson

**WARNING:  
THIS PIECE CONTAINS  
DESCRIPTIONS OF WAR**

June 4th, 1942, IJN Akagi: You see three planes diving on you. You look up. They keep getting closer, and closer, and closer. They drop their bombs, and two miss, making towers of water. But one strikes, dead center. You and the rest of the waiting Pilots are thrown to the floor; your skin is hot, you feel your arm get scraped and cut by the chunks of shrapnel. Then, you black out.

## (CHAPTER 1) TASK AT HAND

(A few months earlier) Just 230 miles from Pearl Harbor, the Kido Butai lays in wait. Admiral Nagumo comes over the loudspeaker, "Men of the Kido Butai, good luck on your missions to Pearl Harbor, may the blessing of the Emperor be upon you!" The crew and airmen, yourself included, all cheer. You yell, "BANZAI!" from your open canopy. You then take off, headed for Pearl Harbor.


## (CHAPTER 2) OVER THE HORIZON

You and your squad see the island come into view; it's a crisp, beautiful morning, but it's about to go to... Two minutes later, one of your wingmen, Ren Mitiu, drops his bomb over the largest ship. Then you drop your bomb into the turret. You see a group of what seem like civilians, including a young child, run for cover on the biggest ship. You, Mitiu, Hoshi Kirka, and your other wingman swoop over a group of four Americans. Two look like pilots, with one officer and a normal soldier. You then see the two airmen running for the airfield, which has been bombed severely within just a few minutes.

## (CHAPTER 5) THE WHISTLE OF DEATH

The American planes come closer, and closer, and closer. The drone of engines gets louder, the shake of the ground heavier by the second. They are in two attack groups, one on the airstrip, the other on the barracks, control tower, and hangars. You see the American planes getting closer to you and your crew; you all scatter like rats when the cat meows. Then, the whistle of death rings out, the bombs coming closer, and closer, and closer. The control tower is hit, along with the communication tower, meaning any and all hope for rescue is now gone, like sand from a child's hands...





# Patriot's Pen: My Voice in America's Democracy?

by Jada Santos

Clara Barton was a nurse during the American Revolutionary War who worked tirelessly to take care of injured soldiers. Although she did not fight on the battlefield herself, she worked hard to assist those who were in need of medical attention. I am like her in a strange way- not because we are both women, but because we both indirectly contribute as a patriot to our nation. While I am unable to vote as an eighth grade student, I still play a crucial role in America's democracy, because my voice can be used to support eligible voters in making informed decisions when they vote.

By encouraging eligible voters in political discourse, younger Americans like myself can influence voters to make the most knowledgeable decisions possible. I can speak with adults about their political opinions and values. For example, I can have conversations with senior citizens, veterans or people with disabilities about issues and candidates who may represent their needs. When we express our concerns to others we are able to hear other viewpoints, therefore allowing voters to make a more informed choice. Even without the ability to vote, I can be an important part of this process..



While speaking to a group of people, I will also ensure that the conversation is productive by conducting my own research. This includes watching local and national debates, as well as staying up to date on a variety of different news sources. By doing this, I, along with the voting-aged adults, will have a wide range of information. I will also encourage them to consider the needs of younger generations. What may seem like a great idea now might not benefit America in the future.

By expressing concerns, completing research, and supporting voting-aged citizens to think about the necessities of future Americans, I am using my voice to help voters make the most educated choices.

So, while I have five years until I submit a ballot, this does not prevent me from taking an active role in the voting process today. Through advocating for social support, listening actively to the needs of our community and holding conversations that lead eligible voters to make informed decisions, I can contribute to the strength and future success of America. This is my voice in our democracy and my responsibility as an engaged American citizen.



Isabel Silva



# The Scholarship Jacket (Deleted Scene)

*Alexandra Caixinha*

"Mr. Boone, please come down to the office. I repeat, Mr. Boone, please come down to the office." The loudspeaker blared as Mr. Boone walked into his classroom. What could this be about? He quickly ran through the options of what he could have done as he walked through the door.

"Mr. Boone, the Principal will see you now," the secretary told him. He took a deep breath and walked into the office. As he walked in, he heard the voice of nightmares, the voice of Richard Smith, Joanne Smith's father. This was the voice of the man who determined if people would keep their jobs. He froze. As soon as he walked in, he heard the Principal mutter something about leaving his car on, mostly to himself, and saw him walk out the door seconds later, leaving him here alone. He shivered in his seat.

"What took you so long?" Mr. Smith asked.

"I'm sorr--"

"Doesn't matter. Anyway, as I was telling your Principal earlier, I think there needs to be an... adjustment to the rules of the scholarship jacket," he said.

"What do you mean?" Mr. Boone stammered.

"Well, my darling Joanne wanted the jacket, because It would match her new room and, well, she told me that she couldn't get the jacket. Why is that?"

"Well, the jacket is a prize for the student who has the highest grades and--"

"If my darling Joanne can't get it, then who is going to get it instead?"

"Well, we were thinking that Marta--"

"Marta who?"

"Marta Salinas."

"You can't seriously be thinking of giving it to that girl."

"With all due respect, Sir, Marta has a straight A-plus average," Mr. Boone said.

"Joanne's grades are, well, average."

"How dare you say that about my little Joanne. She is not average; she is the best."

"Her grades say otherwise," Mr. Boone grumbled to himself.

"Do you enjoy your job, Sir?"

**"Why, yes, but--"**

**"Well I hope you like your job enough to keep it. When the School Board hears about how you 'forged' Marta's grades, YOU'RE DONE, BOONE!" Mr. Smith's fists slammed on the desk.**

**"But sir--"**

**"No 'buts.' If Joanne doesn't get the jacket, I swear I will ruin your life--"**

**"I'LL DO IT!" Mr. Boone knew it was wrong, but he loved this job, and decided he would do anything to keep it.**

**"Glad to hear that. I'll see you after school." Mr. Smith chuckled to himself as he walked out. Mr. Boone felt terrible, but he loved his job. He would do anything for his job. Unfortunately, Mr. Smith knew this. Mr. Boone called Mr. Schmidt, who was the other person in charge of the scholarship jacket.**

**"Hey, Tom, can we meet after Fourth Period?"**

**"Sure, Will. Why?"**

**"I have to talk to you about the jacket. I think we have a different person we should consider."**

**"Who? Wait, don't answer that... there are too many students, and we don't want to spoil the fun."**

**"Yeah, see you after Fourth Period."**

**"See you." Mr Boone hung up the phone. The pit in his stomach grew larger as he opened the door for his First Period class. The classes that morning seemed to blend together as he opened the door for his Fourth Period class. As he saw the students walk in, he suddenly saw Marta. The pit in his stomach grew larger and larger. After he dismissed his class, he painfully waited for Mr. Schmidt. A couple of minutes later, Mr. Schmidt walked in. "Hi, Will. What's up?"**

**"I think we should... you know... give Joanne the jacket." He shifted in his newly uncomfortable seat.**

**"Why? Martha has had the best grades all year, no question about it."**

**Mr. Boone shifted his gaze to the floor as he spoke. "Well, her father said that if we... you know, say that Joanne had the better grades, and--"**

**"I refuse to do it! I don't care who her father is. Her grades don't even begin to compare to Marta's. I won't lie or falsify records. Marta has a straight A-plus average, and you know it." Mr. Schmidt's voice boomed across the classroom. Mr. Boone thought of what else he could possibly say to convince him and save his job.**



**"Look. Joanne's father is not only on the Board, he owns the only store in town. We could say it was a close tie, and nobody will say anything about it." Mr. Boone hoped this would suffice in convincing Mr. Schmidt.**

**"Absolutely not. I won't do it! I'll resign before I do that!" Mr. Boone couldn't muster up the courage to stop Mr. Schmidt from leaving. Before he walked out the door, Mr. Schmidt turned and said to Mr. Boone, "...and If you believe that this is the right thing to do, maybe you shouldn't teach anymore." With that, he turned and walked out the door. Mr. Boone stood still for a while as he processed what Mr. Schmidt had said. He knew in his heart that it wasn't right, and that he couldn't just give the jacket to Joanne. He knew what he had to do.**

**When the school day finally ended, he waited for Mr. Smith. When the man finally showed up, a smile appeared on his dreadful face.**

**"Hello there, Boone. When can I pick up the jacket?" he said as he relaxed into his chair.**

**"Never. I decided to give the jacket to its rightful owner, Marta Salinas. You can leave my room now." Mr. Smith slowly stood up.**

**"You'll regret this, Boone. I swear," Mr. Smith said as he threw a cup filled with pencils onto the ground. "And now, you'll always be cleaning my messes." He then walked out the door.**

**Mr. Boone shut the door behind him. After cleaning his room, he walked towards the door, but stopped. He had one more thing to do. He picked up the phone and left Mr. Schmidt a short voicemail before leaving:**

**"Hey Tom, thanks...for everything."**





# The Outsiders (Deleted Scene)

*Anonymous*

I couldn't sleep. The house was quiet except for the creak of Darry's chair in the living room. I stepped out of my room and found him sitting there, staring at his coffee.

"Couldn't sleep?" he asked without looking up.

"Not really." I sat across him. "Thinking about Johnny and Dally."

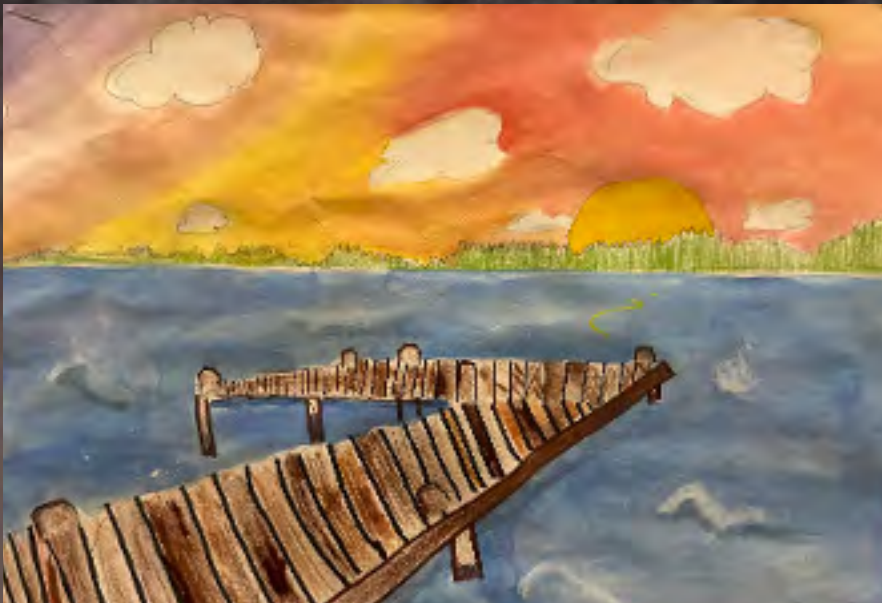
He nodded. "Me too."

The silence stretched out, but it didn't feel awkward. Finally, he said, "I never wanted this, Pony. You and Soda deserved better."

"You've done your best," I say quietly.

He gave a small, tired smile. "Sometimes, I'm not so sure."

We didn't say much after that, just sat there as the night faded into dawn. For once, it felt like we understood each other.







# A LOST DREAM

Nicholas Woodard

What happens to a dream deferred?  
Does it plummet to the ground like a  
Deceased bird?

Or does it shrivel up  
Like a dead leaf on an autumn day?

Does it fall over  
Like a dead tree in a windstorm?

Or does it slouch  
Like a grumpy old man?  
Maybe it just flies away  
Like a graceful swan?  
Or does it just fall into an  
Endless void?



# Are You Stronger Than Gratitude?

Ashely Batista

airports have seen more sincere hugs and kisses  
than wedding halls

hospitals have heard more prayers  
than places of worship

graveyards have heard more whispered regrets  
than any love letter written

empty rooms have heard and secured secrets  
more than any trusted friend

people receive more flowers at their funeral than  
on their birthdays

because love, regret, and hope are always most  
felt for in their absence.

Photo: Kendrick Malet



# Thank You!

Reagan Flynn

Thank you for your support of Folio's eighth edition! As always, thank you to Deerfield's art teacher and art club advisor Mrs. Tiscia for helping with art selections, and Language Arts teachers Mrs. Ridley, Mrs. Scanlan, and Ms. Onore for assisting with creative writing submissions.

I also want to thank the dedicated Folio student staff for all of their hard work on selecting works for this magazine and helping to put it all together! The amazing staff of eighth grade editors is pictured below: Ashely Batista, Mia DiBella, Megan Hanna, and Jada Santos.

Lastly, I want to thank Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Walling, and the Mountainside Board of Education for supporting the magazine and allowing our vision to come to life! Have a great summer!



Sincerely,  
Lori Topel

