

Deerfield's

Spring
2018

Literary Magazine

ART

POETRY

FAN FICTION

SHORT STORIES

PERSONAL NARRATIVES



Helen Zhang

FEATURING
CREATIVE
ART AND
LITERATURE
FROM
DEERFIELD'S
MIDDLE
SCHOOLERS

INTRODUCTION

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the first issue of Deerfield's literary magazine!

Since the idea was born earlier this year, students flooded my mailbox with submissions illustrating their unique expressions of creativity across different mediums. I was overwhelmed and excited at how many students were willing to contribute original and personal works to be featured in the magazine - another glowing example of the unique talents present at Deerfield Middle School.



Grace Garcia

Folio's first edition features creative writing and artistic pieces from 6th, 7th, and 8th graders. For the pilot year, we launched Folio as a TEP, and we are hoping to expand into a club for next school year, to include more student involvement.

We've been looking forward to this magazine's release as a means of sharing interesting and well-developed pieces, but also in hopes for others to be inspired to let free their creativity. We hope you enjoy the magazine!

Best,
Miss Onore

By:
Sara Martin

TITANIC

Fan Fiction

As I saw the distant lifeboat sail closer and closer, I stopped blowing the worn out whistle I stole from the frozen man next to me. For a minute, I thought I was getting used to the water, but every time I thought of it, the sharp, stabbing pain of cold returned and spread throughout my entire body. Right then, I had a thought of Jack, from the first time we met. He told me the story of when he had fell through thin ice before, into the cold water like this. At first, I remembered not believing him describing how cold it was, but now I know, and I cannot believe it happened to him again, but at least he's not in pain anymore.

When I looked up from my thought, a bright light was shining through my eyes, nearly blinding me. To the right of the light was a pale, shaking hand reaching out to me. When I finally saw the lifeboat the hand came from, I grabbed it, and with the two percent of strength left in me, I managed to climb up the boat's edge and carefully rest my frozen body inside.

Once the man in the boat covered me in a bundle of thin blankets, I felt tired, but I couldn't fall asleep. I gazed up to the glittering stars in the ebony, night sky, and thought about everything. I suddenly thought of Mother and Cal, if they were still alive, or if they still cared about me. Even though Mother was wrong about everything, I still loved her, as any daughter would. I then remembered when Mother first met Jack, and I could tell from the pinched, stern look on her face that she hated him. Jack. How could I continue to live without him by my side? I then brought myself to the unbearable realization that the only person I had ever loved, had just died- for me. As I looked back up to the stars, I knew that Jack was looking down at me, smiling, and I smiled back at him. And just before I fell into my heavenly dreams of him and I together, I hummed "Come Josephine" over and over in my head.

Fan Fiction

STRANGER THINGS

BY: ERIN HILONGOS

Swoosh! I jump up and I hear loud noises. The lights are flashing. I need to help them, but I have no strength. They all look so scared.

**"Is it dead?"
Dustin asks.**

It breaks the door down. Mike, Lucas and Dustin rush to get the weapons that they have to fight it. They try so hard to stop it, but I know it won't work. I use all the strength left in my body to get up. I look at it and with all the fight that I have left, I pin it to the wall, so that it can't hurt anyone. I walk toward the demogorgon as I have it pinned to the wall.

**"Eleven, stop!"
Mike shouts.**

He walks toward me. I know he is going to make me stop, so I shoot him back because I have to protect them. I know that I have to kill the demogorgon, and that it will kill me too.

"I'm sorry Mike, I have to. I have to make sure that this happens to no one else," I say.

I am ready to use all I have to blow it up. I start to see it crack. Then I see Mike soar in front of me, and then I feel his hands on

my shoulders as he pushes me back. The monster takes Mike, then vanishes with him.

**"Noooooooooooo!"
I scream.**

I run to the chalkboard, but there is nothing left. I break down. Dustin and Lucas rush over.

**"We'll get him
back!" Dustin
says.**

**"How could we
possibly do
that?" I scream.**

Right when I say it, I regret it. I race out of the room to get as far away from here as possible. I run to the woods as far as I can get. I slump down. It was supposed to be me. Mike was going to have a future. We were supposed to be together. I cry and cry until I can't cry anymore.

**I hear
footsteps.**



Tiago Monteiro

THE JOB

BY: ANONYMOUS

"Why is your dad home now?" my grandma asked.

"I don't know," I said, as I thought the same thing.

I ignored the fact and yelled, "Bye Gram, love you!"

I walked inside the cold, wet, garage and took off my shoes.

"Hello! I am home! Hello?"

I saw my dad pacing back and forth in the kitchen, and he was wiping his eyes.

"Dad?" He came over and kissed my cheek. I could tell he was crying, and the only time he had ever cried in front of me was when my grandma first got cancer. I ran upstairs to find my sister.

"What happened to Dad?" I asked.

"I don't know."

I ran back downstairs past my dad, and to my younger brother and sister.

"Guys! Dad is crying!"

"Why?" They both said at the same time.

"I don't know."

Reasons of why this was happening were rushing through my head. Someone died? Someone has cancer? Something happened at work? Someone got hurt? I tried telling myself there was no reason at all this was happening, so I began my homework. Homework, homework, homework. *Oh ya! I need to read, I thought.*

"There is some good in this world, and it's worth fighting for..." What happened? What could it be? I heard my dad talking on the phone.

"I'm just so shocked," he said. I became afraid to ask him what happened. I heard him again. "I might be a financial planner," he continued. Did he lose his job? My mind drove off and my feet began to fall asleep all of the sudden. My



Lexi Santos

mom came home, and she went into their room to find my dad.

"Are you okay?" my mom said. I heard my dad replying in the distance.

"It's okay. We can do this," I heard her reply.

The beeping sound of the dishwasher made it harder for me to hear. I ran downstairs and opened the dishwasher. I let the hot steam hit my face as it rose into the air. It hurt as it became hotter and hotter, but I wouldn't move my face. I was just thinking. Thinking about what happened.

And why I didn't know about it?



Dylan Proctor

THE CHANCE

BY: ALLISON POST

AMERICA GIVES YOU

CREATIVE ESSAY

"We decide to do it for all the little girls across the country and around the world who deserve to have a voice, and if we don't leverage the voice that we have, we are letting them down." -Alex Morgan, USWNT forward, who is part of the Equal Play Equal Pay movement with US soccer.

Having the freedom to be able to speak out for more equality is a gift. I'm thankful to be living in a generation where women are allowed to speak out for what they believe in without getting punished. I'm thankful to be living in a generation where women's rights are growing each and every day. I'm thankful to be living in the "Z" generation.

Over the past years, we have had many women step up in America. History is being made. For the first time ever, we had a women candidate run for a presidential election. Although she may not have won, this is a great sign for America's future. Women from the USWNT are also stepping up to get equal pay. The US Women's National Team has won three World Cups and four Olympic gold medals. The men's team recently got eliminated before even qualifying for the World Cup. So, why does the men's team get paid more? That's what these women are fighting for. They are stepping up to earn what they deserve and they are helping to change the future for young girls across America. I'm grateful to have women who are using their voices to speak up for what's right, and I am grateful that they are allowed to do this.



Emily Liu

Less than a 100 years ago, women got the right to vote and drive. Women who fought for these rights changed America. America has changed over many years to become more fair, but fair isn't equal. I believe that America gives women the potential to fight for what they believe is right. I'm thankful to have these women who are capable of changing America's future forever. Everyone is allowed to talk, but not everyone has a powerful voice. I am grateful for all those women who use their voices to help fight for women's rights. Their voices could change America forever. America's gift to my generation is not only having womens rights, but having the right to be allowed to strive for more and more equal rights each and every day.



Fan Fiction

The town of Motunui was still bright and green. The white coconuts hanging on the trees were ready to be picked. The beautiful flowers blossomed in shades of radiant red and illuminating orange.

"Mommy," she tapped on my back. "Did you really fix our island?" She clung onto my leg. Walking with a toddler on your leg was like lifting weights.

I stared into the distance from up high. The clear, blue water swayed as the trees danced from side to side. The wind whistled as the sun beamed down on us.

"Set your mind to something, and go out and do it," I said back.

She looked up to me. I love her innocent, little smile. Her eyes glittered. Her flower crown was still bright and beautiful. She reached for my head. "Go have fun!" I told her as I hugged her goodbye. Her tiny feet ran as fast as they could. Her little friends were calling for her to come and play. She's so popular. She must be like her mother.

By: Gianna Ciccimarra



Helen Zhang



Angela DeBella

ALLISON
POSTWINNERS
FIND A WAY

The sun burned on my face as sweat dripped down the side of my cheeks, onto my tryout jersey. Every time I turned my head to check my shoulder, the hot sun glared into my eyes. In the heat, the long grass made it harder for me to pick up my feet and run. Despite the heat, I was determined to make the team. As the ball was placed through to me, I ran up to it. I took a touch with the inside of my foot. **Shot. Bang. Goal.** I knew the evaluators had been watching, but was one play enough to earn me a spot on the team?

As the ball got kicked out of bounds, the trainer blew his whistle, signaling for the final water break. My head pounded from both the heat and stress. As I gulped my ice cold water, I thought back to the tryout last year, when I didn't make the team. I remembered the moment in precise detail. My mom and I were driving home from practice that day. The music was glitched for a second, and then the Bluetooth ring came through the speaker. I saw on the screen of my mom's phone, "New Jersey Youth Soccer Olympic Development Program." My heart started racing and my mom answered the phone. "Hello?" The bad news poured into my ears like gallons of water. For me, that was it. I stopped listening to the conversation and grabbed a piece of paper and pencil. I wrote down,

"I did not make the team, but one year I will."

The trainer blew his second whistle, snapping me out of my dreaded memory. As I jogged back out onto the field, I was ready to give it my all, just have fun, and play the sport I was born to play. I

trained and worked so hard. All my sweat and energy had to go into the last fifteen minutes of the tryouts. I didn't drive hours for nothing. I was going to do it, and this was my time. The ball was zipped into me, with my back to goal. With a defender on my left side, I cut behind to the right. It was just me and the goalie. As I got closer and closer to the goal, I struck the ball with the laces on my dirty cleats. The goalie dove, and for a moment I thought she saved it, but as I saw the back of the net shake and the ball roll into it, I knew I had scored.

The tryouts came to an end, and everyone circled up around the coaches. He talked for about five minutes until he finally wrapped up and said, "Thank you all for coming out." As the coach finished talking, I went up to thank him and shake his hand. As he looked down at me, I looked up.

Our eyes met and he said, "Congratulations, you have made the team."

"Thank you," I said as a smile came up onto my face, and happiness flowed through my body. After the year of work and training, I was proud to have finally made the team. All the work had paid off.

It was that day that I realized you have to set goals and work towards them- not only in soccer, but in life. Goals bring meaning to life, and without them, much of life would be aimless. **If you set goals for yourself and achieve them, you have something to be proud of.** I still have the note that I wrote when I didn't make the team. For me, the note is a reminder of a key factor to succeeding in life - working towards your goals.

Fan
Fiction

Forest

Inspired by Original Song

By: Anonymous

"Forest"

by Twenty One Pilots

All the rain that was coming down on him felt like bullets smashing into his back, yet it felt like the rain was washing away the anger that was building up inside him. He is alone; it was just him walking down that street. He would never walk down this street by himself, but now it's just him. It might always be just him now. All this anger soon melted into tears; he couldn't fight the pain anymore. He's now bursting with emotions; his colors are slipping away, kind of like chalk when you run water over it. He collapses to the ground, crying and letting his emotions get to him. He wants people to think he's strong, but he's not, yet no one knows he exists. He's slowly losing himself into a dark world. He's been trying so hard for so long and today, he gave up. He's choking on his tears; his legs get numb, so he slowly lies down. So many thoughts are racing through his mind. He slowly brings his hand up to his cheek - that's where Tyler slapped him. His eyes close, then slowly open again. He needs to get back to the tree house. He pushes himself up with the strength he has left, and runs towards the forest.

It was so difficult to keep his eyes open with all the rain smacking him in the face. He puts his arm out in front of him, trying to block the

rain from going into his eyes. Josh runs fast, really fast. Tyler always tells him how fast he is when they run through the forest together, but now it's only Josh running through the forest. He is coming closer and closer to the treehouse; he needs to get there. Tyler might be there, and Josh needs to find him. The treehouse comes into Josh's sight. As he comes closer, his running slows to a stop. He's numb again. He stares blankly at the burnt down treehouse.

"Tyler, are you there?" Josh runs to the tree and struggles to climb up the ladder; something inside him doesn't want to get to the top, but his feet don't stop moving. He pulls himself up and stands there. He sees something he doesn't want to see, but maybe if he squints his eyes, what he sees would look different. Josh sees the lighter, and the knife Tyler used to carve T-E-R-R-I-F-I-E-D into the wood.

Tyler and Josh were the kings, and that treehouse was their kingdom. Now there is only one king, and the kingdom is gone.



Art by: Otabek Hudaybergenov, Olga
Brazhnikova and Kat Manna

OLD

FLAME

BY: ANONYMOUS

Sticks and stones, may
break my bones,
What you said, will
forever hurt.
You broke my heart and
you left me to fend.
We came to a dead end.
It's funny how easily you
walked into my life.
And just as easily you
walked out.



Helen Zhang

Though I saw
it coming, it
still hurts.
You've got
me all in my
head.

The tears won't let you
see the stars,
you cry when the sun
is gone.

In my mind it's repeated
again.

I would have saved so much
hurt and pain.

If I could go back to the
first day we met.

And just walk away.



Helen Zhang

Phantom Hands

I try mustering up the courage I need to take my first step into this new uncharted and treacherous territory - Greenwald Middle School. I reach up for the phantom hands that were forever placed on my shoulder, the phantom hands that *should have been* my mother's, comforting me and ushering me into what she would call a "wonderful new day!" I take a deep breath and step into the unknown variable - my new school.

Wandering down the hallowed halls, I wished I hadn't second guessed myself and brought that long ugly brown polyester trench coat I found in the donation pile at the group home. The bitter hallowed halls seemed to last forever, like they just went on and on without end. Walking as slowly as possible, I finally arrived at the looming door, towering over me, leaving me in the shadows of its presence. I try to twist its greasy handles as quietly as possible, but with no such luck. The door lets out a vulturous screech as I crack it open, as if to alert its friends that fresh meat has arrived.

Everyone inside stares at me with hollow, dead, eyes; unfriendly and unwelcoming. I give them a sheepish shrug with a plastered, forced, smile. Even as the teacher coos me in, I still feel out of place, like she wants me to feel welcomed, but knows I'll be eaten alive.

"This is advanced algebra, right?" I ask. The teacher looks upon me with hopeful eyes, like she had given up on the rest of her students, and nods.

"You're Franceska, right?"

"I go by Frankie now though." I'm quick to correct her; my voice pained. I haven't heard anyone say that name in a long time, and that was fine with me. After all, why would I want to keep a name given to me by people who didn't want to keep me? She cocks her head to the side at this, but then she blinks and goes right back to talking.

"Right, of course. I am Miss Dean. It's nice to meet you! Class, this is *Frankie*. Frankie Foster, a child genius! Frankie, welcome to Greenwald Middle School! Would you like to say a few things about yourself?" I try declining, but it seems like she wasn't asking me, but telling me, so I stand up in front of the class and begin.

"I moved here from... Canada. I was, uh, home schooled for most of my life. I don't play any sports, but I was on the Mathletes when I was in school. We never lost a match." I suck in my breath. That was a lie.

By: Connelly Jaqua

I never moved here from anywhere. I was only in the Mathletes because of a community outreach program. They talked to my group home, and they told my old school about me - same thing we're doing this time. I let my eyes wander the room, looking at all my possible new friends. I had a friend, back at the group home.

She was the only one who was nice to me, but then she got adopted. I haven't seen her since. Maybe I would find a new Crissa here. I stop to see a boy of about average height, with wavy brown hair and glistening green eyes, glossed over by his big round spectacles, that made his eyes look almost bug-like. He had on a baby blue shirt that seemed to whisper, "Hi friend!" His hand lingers in the air, waiting for me to call on it, so I do. I point at the boy with his hand in the air, and he shoots me a lopsided grin.

"What do you think of joining the Mathletes here?" the boy said with a gleam in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 12)

I stare at him for a split second. I didn't even consider the fact that this school might have a team!

"So?" the boy asks eagerly, pulling me from my fantasy. I open my mouth to say "Yes," but the alarming sound of the bell drowns out anything I were to say, so I nod in reply. I reach my hand up to my shoulder, half expecting my mother's hand to be there, congratulating me, but I feel nothing; just a phantom hand that was never really there.

"Ok students, file up. Time for gym." I hear a wave of protests and objections, but after one glance, the teacher has the entire class under her control. "Except.." her voice lingers. "Frankie, you stay with me, I believe we have something to discuss." I nod and watch the class walk out, leaving me on my own. I knew what she wanted to talk about. I'd be stupid if I didn't. When the class is out of sight, she abruptly turns to me. "Is there a reason you said you were home schooled?" Her voice is firm, but her eyes are concerned.

"I don't want anyone to know." My eyes are pleading, persuading her not to reveal the truth.

"Frankie, I understand that you might be ashamed that you don't have parents."

(Continued from Page 11)

"I have parents," I interrupt her, firmly. To tell you the truth, even I don't know why I defended them. I mean, they left me.

"Yes, I'm sorry." Her voice softens; she must have known she crossed a line. "But no one will make fun of you! We have a strict no-violence or bullying policy." She searches my eyes for the truth.

"I know."

"Then why?"

"Because no one needs to know." Another lie, but I can see she uncovered the truth anyway.

She gives me a understanding nod and says, "Okay, well, you better get going, and by the way, join the mathletes. It'd do you some good. We meet every Thursday after school in my room. Lock up, will you?" With that, she tosses me the keys and walks out. This school is weird. Weird with a capital K. Now, I know that makes no sense, but neither does this school. But what do I know? I've lived in shelters and group homes all my life.

Playing dodgeball in gym wasn't as torturous as everyone made it out to be, but that might just be me. I mean, I got roughed up in the group home a lot, so I've learned a thing or two.

I did however, get hit in the ribs when I let my guard down. This makes me wince, but it's not enough to catch me off guard too much.

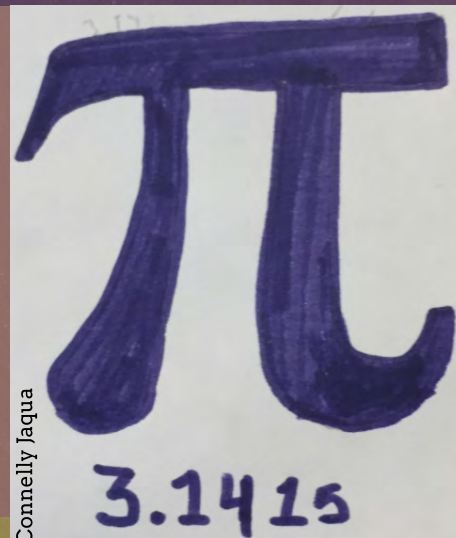
So I think fast and snatch the ball out of the air before it hits the floor. When gym ends and we're walking out, I can't help but rub the spot where I was struck. They nailed me in the same spot Regina did after she heard about my opportunity. Regina Faye was the 'big bad bully' of the group home. It stung, but hey, there's a price to pay for being smart, having opportunities others don't; but at least smart doesn't mean weak. I can hold my own against Regina and her equally evil goons: Diana, Julie, and Molly Isadora. Miss Dean sees me rubbing my side and takes action. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, it's just that this is kinda a sore spot." She nods slowly.

"Mathletes practice is three to five after school." I don't know how this is relevant, but it pops out of her mouth anyway, like word vomit, and then just like that, she leaves. I watch her go, and when she's gone, it's like my first day in the group home again - alone and unprotected. Bare, like when someone yanks off a warm blanket on a cold day. I search desperately for another blanket to surround

Phantom Hands

To continue reading, turn to page 19



Connelly Jaqua

GOOD DOG:

BY: JACKIE FILIACI

A CHILDREN'S STORY

It was a gloomy Sunday morning, with fog and mud every place you can imagine, but Cooper the Cavapoo did not mind.

He was on his daily walk with his owner, Sam. Cooper walked by the big trees that hovered above him, and he passed the other dogs, with different shapes, colors, and sizes. Today was different though. Sam's friends were coming over, and they were bringing their dogs!

Anyway, after three minutes of walking, they reached home. Cooper wiped



Lucio DiCosmo

his feet on the outside door mat, and hopped over the steps and inside. He was so excited for the new dogs to come over, that he even put out his favorite toys for them to play with. "Rrring!! Rrring!!" Rang the doorbell. He was so nervous, but excited at the same time to see his new friends. There were three dogs: Teddy the Terrier, Piper the pitbull, and Phil the Pug.

STORY CONTINUED
ON PAGE 14

All of them were much bigger than Cooper, but he did not even care. Piper had a big, fierce face, with drool running down her slippery lip. Teddy was a bit bigger than Cooper, and Fluffy and had wide eyes. Phil was chubby and had a pig tail; curly and tiny. Cooper's tail was wagging so fast, it could be a fan. The dogs got unhooked from their leashes and ran inside, without wiping their feet! *That's odd*, Cooper thought. All of their muddy paws were getting on the floor and carpet; there were paw prints everywhere. They were running around, on the couch, and biting the pillows.

"Come on little buddy, join! You don't want to be a wimp, do you?" Piper the pitbull yelled.

"Umm, okay!" Yelled Cooper, unsurely. He jumped on the couch, and slowly put his teeth on a pillow. Faster than a blink of an eye, he took his teeth off of the pillow and jumped off of the couch. He was a good boy, and he would stay that way. Phil the pug started nailing his claws into the carpet, and then followed Piper and Teddy. There were three big marks in the carpet, but the other dogs wanted Cooper to join in.

"Come on! Dig with us, you're not a wimp, are you?" said Teddy.

He didn't want to make cleaning harder for Sam, after all. He loved her, but he did want to make friends too. Cooper didn't know what to do! He jumped on the ground and put in one tiny dig, and regretted it right after. Soon, Piper started to let out a growl and bark at her owner! Then, followed Teddy and Phil! "Ruff! Ruff!"

"Join the club, Cooper! Bark with us, it's fun!" yelled Piper.

Cooper had had enough! He decided to take a stand, and he screamed as loud as fireworks on the Fourth of July.

"You cannot make me bark at my owner! You cannot make me bite my couch! And you cannot make me ruin my perfectly white carpet! I will not be peer pressured into doing wrong! I am not going to misbehave anymore!" he barked. "What you are doing is not right, and you should know that. I am sorry, but I can not be friends with you!" Cooper put his paw down, and the other dogs were so silent, that you could hear a pin drop. Cooper felt like the leader of the pack!

"We're sorry, they said in shame. "We didn't realize how bad we were being, and it was not right to pressure you into doing bad things with us. We will stop, we promise. Can you give us a second chance! Please?" they begged.

"Okay, but we have to be good doggies, and no more nonsense," replied Cooper. The other dogs reassured Cooper that they would not act up anymore, and they all learned a lesson. A lesson not to disrespect, and to stand up for what you believe is right. After that, all of the dogs became best friends- behaving best friends, that would hang out every Sunday.

GOOD DOG:
A CHILDREN'S STORY

Save of The Century

POEM BY:
JIMMY RUBAN

It was a great day for a soccer game
The thoughts of winning and losing
raced inexplicably in my head.

It was a brief pep talk before we took the field
With the refs blow of the whistle the game was on its way.

It was less than 45 minutes until we were up 2-nothing
But the other team quickly responded
The Score 2-1, there was a
foul
Inside the box
The ref pointed to the
penalty line
Signaling a penalty kick.

It was all on the line
The game and winning the
last game of the season.

The ball was placed on the
ground,
The kid took four steps back,
And now, all I had to do was block the ball from the net
And we would be victorious.
The kid started to run up and kick the ball
I quickly made a choice to dive left where the ball was going
As my hands made contact with the ball I saved the shot.
As quickly as I could I got up and punted the ball away
And with the last blow of the whistle
The game ended and we had won.



The Deepest Eyes

Poetry and Photography by Cat Domingues

I drummed my foot impatiently against the hard, tile floor.

I could hardly wait to finally meet the sister of my dreams.

Minutes barely ambled by, feeling like hours.

At last, I heard a quiet knock on the light wood door of the hospital room.

Out came a round nurse, dressed in scrubs and decorated with random toys,

Holding the one person I wanted to see - my sister.

Alexandra was passed onto me by the nurse, and her warm body filled me with bliss, so small she could fit inside one arm.

I examined her calm, fresh face; she had cheeks like a chipmunk's, so round you could fit a golf ball in each of them.

Her hair was short and smooth, like peach fuzz.

What caught my attention, however, was her eyes. They were the deepest and grayest eyes I had ever seen. I never thought gray could be such a beautiful color, and I found myself becoming mesmerized by them, as if they were reaching into my heart, making it melt. I felt a smile inch its way onto my face, slowly growing wider.



Cat Domingues

She blinked softly, looking around
the room for the final time,
Before long she is fast asleep in my
arms, such a beautiful little baby.
I had been sad after moving to a new
town with no friends,

But her birth is like a flower
blooming again after the cold, hard
winter.

I gently placed her into her bed,
coating her in a blanket.
It was as if the serenity was seeping
out of her, enveloping me with a
feeling of peace and ease.

She let out a soft, hushed sigh, as I
melted into a chair near her,
dreamily,
Excited to create memories with her.

PICTURES OF THE PAST

POETRY BY: ANONYMOUS

I'm going back in time
I'm coming out of the past to see
the bright light shining in the sky

I'm going back in time keep
flipping through or I'm going to
lose you to the time

As the day goes on and the night
fades away keep staring at the
pictures
of your
past.



Keep
hoping,
praying,
the time
will
come
back.

Joe DiCosmo

Poetry

By: Anonymous Student Authors

Warriors

Light, graceful,
It moves with a finesse
That can easily beat that of a
human.

Paws tapping
Delicately on the ground,
It can bound across distances
Stretching as long as a continent.

Or creeping silently,
Then pouncing,
Killing its prey with one swift bite.

They are peaceful but warlike,
Calm but fierce,
Graceful but skilled.

As the sky slowly turns to inky
black,
And stars appear,
One by one,
The creature silently makes its way
back into the forest.
And with a rustle of the bushes,
A twitch of the tail,
It is gone.



Emily Liu

How Will You Know?

A girl staring out a window.
A mother saying goodbye.
How will you know
If this will be the last time?
Your last farewell?

A one-way trip.
A night out to dinner.
How will you know
If someone's out there?
If this could be the end?

The Earth has seen empires rise and fall,
Felt the forces of Mother Nature gouge its surface,
Heard the relentless, never-ending, tick-tock of time
As it paved the path for the future.

So how do you see through this powerful force,
This stubborn, decisive fate?
How will you know?
You don't.



Lexi Santos

Gianna Ciccimarra

(Continued from page 12)



myself with.

That's when I see the boy again. By impulse, I run up to him and grab his wrist, which catches him by surprise. He yelps and spins around; the sight of my face calms him. He chuckles, then puts his hand on his chest, trying to slow his heart rate, I suppose.

Tucking my hair behind my ear, I scoff and apologize quickly, looking for a reason to explain to him why I came here.

"Umm, I never caught your name." Now it's his turn to scoff.

"Hugo Dixon."

"And... you're on the Mathletes?" He nods and my grin grows. I tilt my head slightly so the light hits it and muffles the size of my smile. Nodding slowly, I walk away, letting the day wander on until the end nears.

"BRINGGGGGGG!" The piercing sound of the bell ushers me out of history class and into the secret headquarters of the Mathletes. Hugo's face brightens at the sight of me, as does Miss Dean's. I take a seat next to Hugo, and wait for initiation to begin.

"Alrighty then, Frankie, let's get right to it! Peter," she says, nodding at a boy with

caramel eyes. "Would you care to take it away?" He gives her a look that shouts, "Of course!" nice and loud.

"What is four plus four?" When he grins, it's ugly, like a snarl, with the tips of his mouth turned up. I shake my head; he had to be kidding.

"I'm not stupid. Give me a real equation," I demand. I'm getting tired of him now. If we were back in the group home, he'd already be beaten up. Peter rolls his eyes, but obeys.

"Two to the fourth power multiplied by three over twelve." I blink.

"Four." I don't miss a beat. I return his taunting grin, as I see he has to check himself to get the correct answer. When he's done, he nods reluctantly and moves on; question after question until an objection arises.

Phantom Hands

"That's quite fine." I look to see who interrupted me, and see Miss Dean. She's shooting Peter a nasty look, but then her gaze refocuses on me, however it's kinder now, reformed. "I believe you have made the Mathletes!" A smile spreads across my face as she congratulates me. I give her a respectful nod and turn to Hugo triumphantly.

"I'm a force to be reckoned with," I say sarcastically.

"That you are, Frankie Foster." We share a smile that seems to last forever, and I wish it did, because that was the day everything changed. The day I finally found a real friend, a real family, but I had to go through a lot to get there. "That you are."

Weeks passed, and then weeks turned into months. Hugo, Miss Dean, the Mathletes, even Peter, and I were basically so close we were family! But one day, that all changed.

"Can I talk to you?" Miss Dean corners me at the end of the day near my locker.

I'm about to agree, but she cuts me off. "Not here... somewhere more private." I nod in agreement, uneasily. She seemed off today; I couldn't decode what was going on. She leads me to her classroom and asks me to sit. "What I'm about to tell you is big. We will have to go over it and talk about a lot more." She's scaring me now.

"Yeah sure, of course... Is anything wrong?" She won't look at me, muttering something to herself over and over, like a actor who was trying to remember her lines. She finally finds the courage to meet my gaze, and say the only seven words that scare me more than anything.

To finish story, turn to page 20

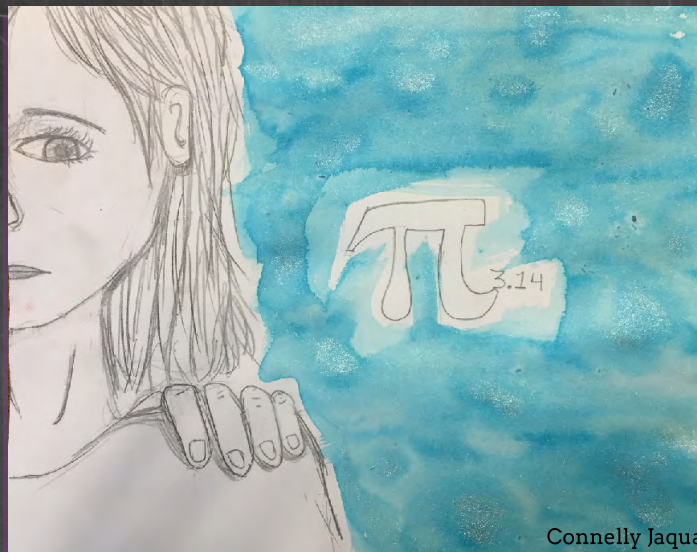
"I think I want to adopt you." My stare turns blank and my mind flashes back to when I was an infant, crying in my crib. I was hungry and lonely with a full diaper. My parents would leave me like that for days, weeks even... until they never came back. Without thinking, I turn around and start walking into the waterfall of rain outside; I don't care where I'm going, I just know I never want to come back. When I hear her try to protest, I start to run.

"You don't want me! I drive people away!" I yell to her without looking back. Then silently I whisper to myself, "If you do adopt me, soon enough you'll never come back either." And with that, I let out a burst of speed and I'm airborne; running into whatever the world had in store.

I wind up crouching between two dumpsters, getting shot by hard pellets of rain, trying to ignore the smell. There's a tiny space behind me, it's just big enough for me to suck in my stomach and squeeze through if needed. The narrow trail opens up into a hill that could take me far away. The faint echo of voices are getting closer and closer, bellowing my name. I smell the desperation in their voices, the scent grows and it burns my nose.

"Frankie!" It was Hugo. "Frankie where are you? We need to talk!" I see a bright yellow raincoat through the thunderous storm, slowly walking, waiting for me to respond, but then he stops. He closes his eyes and lifts his face to the storm. His yellow hood falls off and dangles at his shoulders, revealing locks of his brown wavy hair.

"She's not coming back, is she?" I think I see a tear, glistening like a star, and that only makes me feel guiltier. I shift my weight so the pressure is on my left, making it easier to spin



Connelly Jaqua

around and run away if needed.

"SNAP!" A twig gives way underneath me. This is loud enough to turn Hugo's head. He squints through the rain. Luckily for me, he probably can't see me; I'm decked in black and his glasses are patterned with droplets.

"It was just an animal Hugo! We have to head back, the storm is too strong!" Peter bellows over the wind. I wait silently for Hugo to obey, but he just blinks away the rain and starts walking towards me.

"Frankie... are you there? Please. Please come back." I start to panic; he's inching closer and the storm has gotten so strong I don't think running up the hill behind us out of here is on the table anymore. I'm about to turn around and run anyway, but then Hugo speaks up, and this time, I have to wait and listen. "I get it. You don't want to get hurt again; your childhood wasn't the best. Your parents left you and you think it's your fault, but it's not! My parents got divorced and I know it's not the same thing, but it's not our fault! You can still let others get close to you; you don't have to push them away, because if they really do care about you, they won't leave! Frankie, we're right here. We always have been and whether you like it or not,

we're not leaving."

Maybe he was right... and even if he wasn't, I trust him. And I don't want to run anymore; I'm tired of it. I crawl out of the space between the dumpsters and lift my dirty, unworthy face to see who was there—everyone. Miss Dean, Peter, the Mathletes—

everyone.

"I'm so sorry..." I say between sniffles. I kneel down and sit on both legs, wiping away the trail of tears. Miss Dean and Hugo rush to my side and help me up. Miss Dean turns me to her and tucks my mangled hair between my ear.

Instead of yelling, she smiles through the rain. Her face seems to glow and her tears are sparkling. Her brown eyes look like they had a thousand stars trapped beneath them. There are rain drops on her eyelashes which only add on to her beauty.

"Don't be." She wraps me into a warm embrace.

"If you still want to adopt me," I chuckle, "I'd really like that." I gaze into her eyes, and she laughs and nods.

"Let's go home," she says. We turn around and walk back. Hugo wraps a towel around me and keeps his arm on my shoulder as I lean my head on his.

"You're going home," he whispers.

"I'm going home." I reach up for the phantom hand that was on my shoulder all my life, but it's not there. Instead, Hugo's hand replaces it, and Miss Dean's is on the other side. "Home." I think I like that word. Very much.

THANK YOU!

Dear Readers,

Thank you so much to everyone who helped support the magazine! We would like to thank Hannah Tao, Alexis Cox, and Saywer Chan for help along the way, and Mrs. Tiscia for helping with art selection. Lastly, a special thanks to

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Have a great
summer!

Best,
Miss Onore

Haley Motz



Noreen Healy