

THE APOCALYPSE 2018



Welcome to the 2018 Edition of *The Apocalypse!*

TRUE STORY!

“What’s this?” asked a squinty-eyed eighth grader with a frown when he saw my sign that read “Join *The Apocalypse!*”.

“It’s the school’s literary magazine,” I replied with my chipper voice and sunshiny spirit. I had several copies of previous issues fanned out on the table beside me.

“What’s that mean?” he questioned doubtfully.

“Here,” I said as I proffered a copy of last year’s issue, “It’s for people who like to write, draw, and...”

“I don’t like writing,” he proclaimed as he turned away and trudged towards “Motorcycle Repair”.

Oof! Right in the gut.

I wasn’t sure why the club fair was giving me gym class flashbacks, but I knew that standing on the court, waiting to be picked, was not the highlight of my high school career. Maybe it was time to take a different tactic.

Rather than pigeonhole ourselves with the classification of “literary magazine”, it was decided that *The Apocalypse* should be re-categorized as an “expressive arts magazine”. The students who came to our first meeting this year were very excited by the possibility of change, and it made me think about how very crucial change can be - despite the often upsetting nature of upheaval.

Schedules change. Interests change. Relationships, yeah, you guessed it. The one constant we have witnessed is that people still feel, worry, dream, and try to capture those intangible moments with words and pictures and whatever media they have available to them. *That’s* what we’re here for - to help them express themselves in an artistic and accessible forum.

Submissions came in from various directions at assorted times throughout the year, and it’s been fun poring over poetry, and savoring stories. Here’s hoping your experience is just as enjoyable as ours has been.

Be Open to Change,

Erica Martinucci

Apocalypse Advisor

Emerson Jr./Sr. High School



A Cheer-ful Sonnet

How long the winter's been to my dismay,

But the warmer weather is finally near.

The boys will start football - their time to play,

The team has been waiting so long to cheer.

It's been a few months so let's get in shape,

The miles we run may not be that easy.

There's no turning back you cannot escape,
Coach does not care if the team gets queasy.

We stand on the side cheering with our pride,
Swift and stiff our bodies move with high kicks.

At halftime dancing on the field in stride,
Pyramids, tumbling, stunts, so many tricks.

Perfection is what the teams endeavor,
Memories fill our hearts and minds forever.

Ashleigh Mulligan



Photos by Erica Martinucci

Atrocious Exams

While eyeing the pencil in my hand,
I decide that test taking should be banned.

Sweat drips down my forehead,
My headache starts to spread,
I've studied so much, my grade should be grand.

Emilia Dul

Playing football with my friends is so fun,
Frankie is a really good quarterback.
After he throws a pick I am so done,
Big Joey can't let the QB get sacked.

I am a receiver, I catch the ball,
My job is to get a lot of touchdowns.
It's better to play football in the fall,
I think we can beat the bad Cleveland Browns.

Free safeties' jobs are to prevent touchdowns,
Middle linebackers have to stop the run.
O-line men need to weigh a lot of pounds,
O-line men can not wear the number "one".

Football is so fun, everyone should play,
Hopefully everyone will play one day.

Jude Mazzola

Basketball is one of my favorite sports,
Me and my teammates have a lot of fun.
We travel and play at a lot of courts,
We do not like when Charlie makes us run.

The Emerson gym is waxed and looks good,
Our practice at the gym is very smooth.
The floor of the gym is made out of wood,
Our team is strong, we knocked out someone's tooth!

The way it feels to dribble up the court,
When I shoot the ball it always goes SPLASH!
The speed is what I love about the sport,
When I yell "Shoot!", it goes in, they yell, "Cash!"

I might not make it to the Hall of Fame,
It would be nice to make it, so I'll aim.

Tyler Reissner

Basketball is my favorite sport,
I like running up and down the court.

I love shooting the ball,
But not hitting the wall,
I am fast like planes at an airport.

Dillon Buono

Spring is Here

The flowers are growing in the garden,
The beach is near and people are ready.
The birds are hatching and their beaks harden,
The people are swinging and not steady.

Baseball is here, with a lot of good times,
If only it were always this nice out!
The birds all gather and you can hear chimes,
People are happy and there is no pout.

Now it is time for summer break and pools,
Laughter fills the air when the sun is out.
Everyone behaves so we are not fools,
The flowers are ready to grow and sprout.

My friends and I play lacrosse in the spring,
Always we are happy and often sing!

Emma Wolf



Haiku

In the early noon
Frogs come out to swim and hop
From the silent stream

Kevin Legaspi

Yellow Sunbursts

Yellow sunbursts on the ground,
 Sadly frowned at when they're found.
 Tugged and pulled at with chagrin,
 Toxins sprayed where they had been.

Why do people hate you so,
 When all you do is cheer and glow?
 Can't they see what I can see:
 Your gleeful and simple beauty?

It's a joy that you exist,
 And yet your roots they rip and twist.
 People get all in a huff,
 O'er your small sweet wish-filled puff.

Erica Martinucci



A Pastel Glow

*Lush and frothy pink petals,
 Like a bubble bath,
 Or frosted cupcakes,
 Create a pastel glow.
 Sweet, soft, and fragrant,
 Blossoms blow in the wind,
 A wond'rously gentle snowfall,
 Swirls and glides.
 In a shadow of shade,
 'Neath a curtain of blooms,
 I dance and rejoice,
 In nature's beauty.*

Erica Martinucci





S-special
 P-pretty
 R-relaxing
 I-innocent
 N-nurturing
 G-graceful

Jennifer Interiano



Make A Wish

*Seeds with small white tails
 Close your eyes and wish a wish
 Blow out a light breeze*

Joanna Augelletta

Sonnet

Shorts and sunglasses, weather to dream of,
They say, "April showers bring may flowers".

Outside enjoying life, falling in love,
With nature admiring the long hours.

Waiting all year long for the best season,
High temperatures and smiles on faces.
At the beach feeling the cool breeze come in,
Grab a good book, sit outside and embrace.

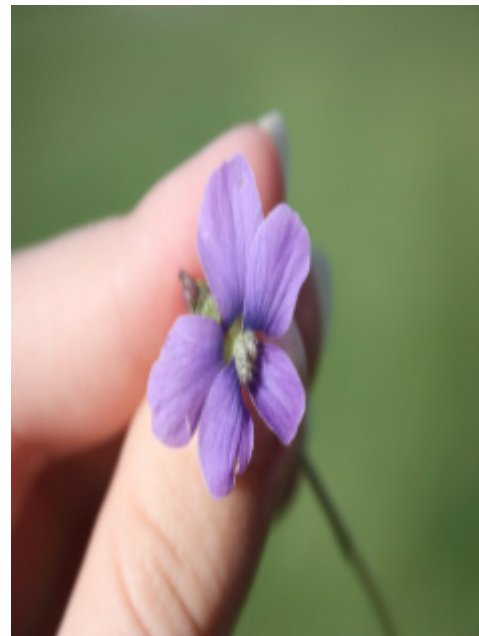
Look up at the clear blue skies all day long,
No clouds in sight, only rays of sunshine.
Chirping of the birds as they sing their song,
Out there lives a horizontal skyline.

Weatherman says, can't help but overhear,
"After the wait, Spring is finally here!"

Ava Mokrzecki



Artwork by Samantha Steidl



Artwork by Kathryn Cambrea

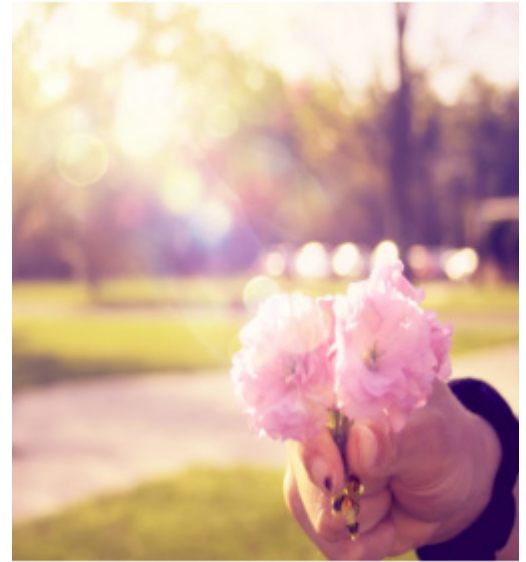
*I looked out the window and saw the sun,
I ran to the door and opened it wide.
I knew it was time to have some spring fun,
Winter is gone now time to go outside.*

*It snowed for days and days without a stop,
All hope was gone that the warmth would appear.
It's sixty-six degrees and climbing up,
Snow don't come back, you are not welcome here.*

*The students want to get up and walk out,
Of the dreary building they are trapped in.
The clouds whisper their names without a doubt,
They have been waiting for spring to begin.*

*Senioritis is in, no more essays,
I have to go absorb the summer rays.*

Emily Burns



Artwork by Haley Prancing



Dreaming about Summer

Flowy clothes and the sun is so bright,
Smiles all around, that are with delight.
Sunglasses on my head,
And sunscreen is all spread,
No more skin that is so pale and white.

Isabella DelValle



Artwork by Tyler Callagy

Summer

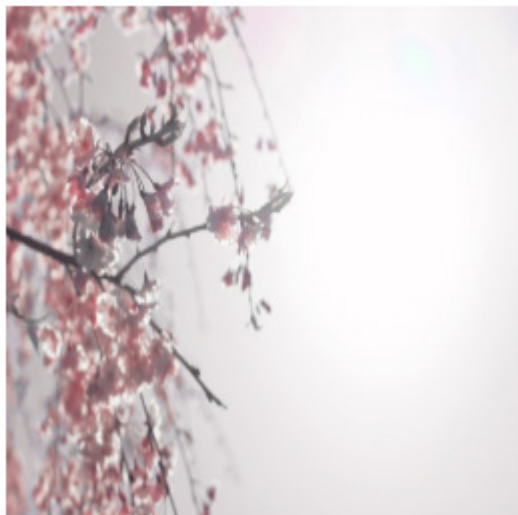
The weather is beginning to warm up,
Cute and little animals start to sprout.
Iced tea so sweet can't wait to have a cup,
Wonder what it's going to be about.

Denim shorts, showing off a little skin,
No more sweatshirts, boots, or being so pale.
flip flop season going from thick to thin,
Painted vibrant colors on my toenails.

Really late nights, and passing out at twelve,
S'mores, sticky fingers oh so delicious.
Then deciding to wake up by myself,
Catching fireflies and making wishes.

Oh summer I wish it was here sooner,
When it comes then I will feel much cooler.

Isabella DelValle



Artwork by Jennifer Lorber

So over the cold and dark winter days,
 The freezing animals and iced bridges.
 Tiny snowflakes fall on the ground to stay,
 All of these cars slipping off the ridges.

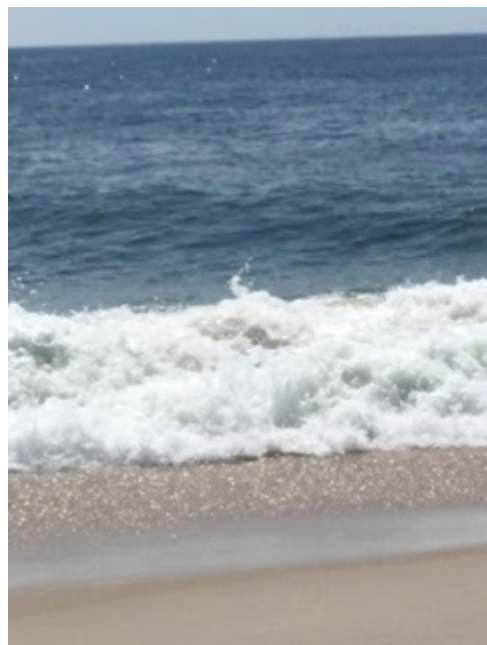
The snow needs to stop, and let the heat rise,
 The temperature needs to be beach weather.
 I want to tan under the big blue sky,
 Watch birds fly above me, dropping feathers.



Summer needs to come, so winter can end,
 Beaches, vacation, and fun is needed.
 For me to explore, and I recommend,
 Sunblock or you may feel overheated.

Amazing summer days will always thrive,
 The heat and sunshine will keep me alive.

Adrienne Sabatier



Photos by Erica Martinucci

Autumn Trees

The streets were covered in fresh leaves,
With colors of candy apple, amber, and tangerine.
It created an illusion of disbelief,
Because there were no more olive green.

Now the branches of the trees were bare,
With nothing else on them.
Surrounded only by air,
Seemed like a plant with no stem.

The leaves began to lift from the ground,
Up high.
As they danced around,
Into the dawn sky.



Flor de los Muertos

On October 31st at midnight,
The heaven gates unlock,
And the warm spirits are guided down by the moonlight,
Like a crosswalk.

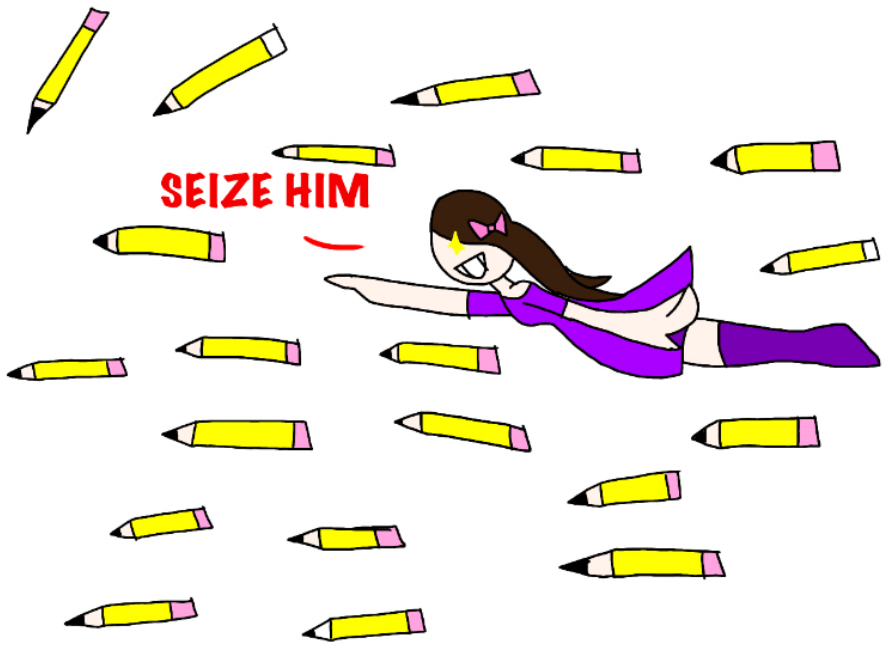
On the table,
I put the Flores de los Muertos by the food and candles,
In brown pots to help it be stable,
Now it was time to turn off the lights and turn on the candles.



My paper! My drawings! MY WORLD! AHAHAHAHAHA



I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
 I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
 I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry!
 I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
 I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
 I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry



Julianna Reyes

People...

Rule number one: Don't ever speak of me,
Anything you say, say it to my face.
Rule number two: Don't try to take a knee,
Maybe you should just give me my own space.

You always thought that I wasn't enough,
Saying to yourself that I was so cute.
We knew that it was going to be rough,
But, in the end, you wouldn't wear a suit.

You repeat the same things over again,
So, what do you mean by still being friends?
You don't realize the pain that I have gained,
Because of you I bought myself a Benz.

Rule number three: Don't try acting so fake,
In the end, you will just make your heart ache.



Artwork by MacKenzie Spollen

Anonymous

You are my fire, the one desire,
Believe when I say I want it that way.
Far apart, your heart I can't acquire,
Please believe me that I want it that way.

Tell me why, ain't nothing but a heartache,
I never ever want to hear you say.
Tell me why, ain't nothing but a mistake,
Believe when I say I want it that way.

Now I can see that we're falling apart,
From the way our sweet romance used to be.
I say this from the bottom of my heart,
I can feel it deep down inside of me.

I never ever want to hear you say,
That I will forever want it that way.

Katherine Haight

Sonnet

To lose a loved one is to lose yourself,
A part of yourself, the worst pain of all.
Forever they stay, ashes on a shelf,
Spiraling depression, try not to fall.

And grieving time will be so very long,
Denial, anger, depression, and more.
Your life will feel like a very sad song,
The stages of grief will knock on your door.

Soon enough, you'll finally recover,
And confidence will be your new style.
All of the bad sadness will be over,
Your face will be pretty with a smile.

Eventually there will come a day,
You'll see them again and you will feel gay.

Erica McDonald



Photo by Erica Martinucci

You'll Never See It Coming

With teeth bared and growls very quiet, a normal person wouldn't notice the beast in hiding.

They'll get that weird sense of fear and panic even though it feels like they're alone.

Like an assassin in the night, the beast stepped forward. The fangs seemed sharp as knives, and the growls were like a car engine.

That cold dread seemed to manifest inside those people. The ones who felt their minds tell them to run away and stop worrying so much at the same time.

When the mailman went towards the door, the family's dog started barking through the window.

Steven Belloise



Artwork by Allison Damsky

Alligators are scaly and quite cool,
 They are reptiles with long and spiked tails.
 If you get close to them they can be cruel,
 People who see them let out high-pitched wails.

Alligators bask in the nice hot sun,
 In Antarctica you will not find one.
 Florida is one place they live; it's fun.
 If you see one you should probably run.

Alligators are reptiles, you know.
 They have been around for millions of years.
 You may be surprised but they don't move slow,
 Alligators hear quite well with their ears.

Ashlyn Sterinsky

Monkeys Always Welcome

Monkeys always welcome,
 And sometimes kangaroos,
 And maybe even wombats,
 If they'll just wipe their shoes.
 I'd have to nix cockroaches,
 And just say "no" to rats,
 But of course my door'll be open,
 For dogs and also cats.
 I've got no beef with cattle,
 Or even three-toed sloths,
 The ones that give me problems are:
 Spiders and Visigoths!

Erica Martinucci



Roses are red

My shoelaces are in a knot

My dog is being held up because she barked a lot

Steven Belloise



Emily Burns

Posh little pastel houses lined the streets. Each house so similar to the next, it was hard to even tell them apart. One cherry blossom tree in the front yard of each house, to the left of the brick front pathway that led to the sidewalk. The sidewalk was alarmingly flawless, without a single crack or weed peaking through. Birds chirped, the sun shined and the clouds formed swirling clusters in the sky.

The sun fell and as the night crept near, the streets grew so silent that you could hear a pin drop. The perfect neighborhood lacked any pollution, so the night sky was as clear as can be.

Inside one pastel baby blue house along Luna Lane, Amy slept peacefully in her mahogany crib, with illuminations of stars projected on the ceiling spinning in slow circles. Her parents slept soundly in the next room.

They were as caring as parents can get. Always attentive, filming every little milestone Amy reached. Her mom and dad were the parents who would force everyone to watch as they scrolled through countless pictures of Amy.

“Oh my little squishy muffin, she is just a hoot and a half, isn’t she? Here is her first time at the zoo pointing at the monkeys, and here is her first doctor appointment, and her first time using a bottle herself, and her first time rolling over. Oh, this is a good one! In this one, we were taking a walk and she said ‘Cah!’ and we just know she meant car! Since that was her first word, we can assume she is going to design cars when she gets older and we can just imagine her owning Ford already! Of course, only Ford though because those are the cars she is growing up with and she will have an emotional attachment to Ford vehicles!” They would go on and on, all while whoever their newest victim was had to just sit patiently, nodding and smiling until they could find a way out of the conversation.

Amy looked so peaceful in her crib as she slept. But no amount of peace ever lasts. Suddenly, Amy’s eyes shot open and she smiled so wide her lips stretched tight enough that they cracked open and one thin dribble of blood oozed out. Her nimble limbs guided her out of her crib like a spider. She landed softly on her feet and spread herself onto the floor into a star shaped position. The barely audible voice glided out of her teeny, rosy lips. Her teeth had not even grown in yet and she shouldn’t have been able to speak yet, never mind walk, never mind climb out of her crib. Never mind sing.

But Amy was special.

The first time it happened, her parents thought nothing of it. They heard the voice of a young girl singing “Twinkle Twinkle Little Star” coming from Amy’s nursery. Mom went running but when she opened the door, she found Amy sound asleep in her crib, still swaddled in her blanket and her starry night light still shining.

Night after night, they would hear the song until it haunted them so much they set up a camera.

They watched as Amy, who could barely even hold her head up on her own, climbed out of her crib and laid on the floor, arms and legs spread wide. They saw her mouth move as she sang...



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.

Artwork by Matthew Harada

Her parents were scared to take her to the doctor, for fear they would lock Amy away, so they just kept her there in that perfect baby blue house and ignored the strange behavior. After all, during the day she was just a normal child, right?

Every night the singing continued until Amy's first birthday.

The evening ritual began as usual and the singing began. Now, her parents slept right through the song because they were so used to the melodious tune.

But this time, they awoke. The song was getting louder and louder. And repeating and repeating and she was not stopping and going back to bed. And her voice had changed from that of a young child to one of an aging adult man. One with bellowing, low notes, and a mocking tone.

Her mom's heart began pounding in her chest when she heard huge crashes coming from outside. The noise sort of sounded like lightning or as if electronic feedback from a television had been amplified. She swung open the curtains and looked around. Cherry blossom trees, pastel houses, cars parked in the driveways, the perfect sidewalk. Nothing out of the ordinary. She looked up at the sky.

The song was getting louder and louder.

One by one, the stars were exploding in the sky and then disappearing. It was actually quite gorgeous. They exploded with bright colors of red and orange and then the remnants would all disappear at once.

Louder and louder.

Mom looked down at the ground again and this time she saw the parents of all the children in the neighborhood venturing outside of their cute little houses to gaze at the sky, leaving their front doors wide open.

Louder and louder.

Could they hear the song as well?

Mom began hearing screams coming from outside and she opened the window to listen closer, trying to tune out the bellowing ballad of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star". From the open doors of each house, a piercing scream echoed through the neighborhood. Every mother was outside staring at the sky so this womanly scream couldn't be coming from them. The screams slowly morphed to a cackle. All of the adults outside seemed to be deaf to the hysterical cackling coming from their homes and the deep, slithery voice singing from her house.

All of a sudden, one by one each adult's head began exploding. Just like the stars. There was no blood or brains like you see in the movies, but instead a bright flash of red and orange dust and then nothing at all. Except, of course, a headless body collapsing into a heap. The streets were now lined with headless bodies all twisted together in ways a body should not be able to twist.

Louder and louder.

Mom went to turn around and see what had happened to Amy. She didn't know what to expect. Was Amy even there? If she wasn't, who, or even what, was in her place?

Louder and louder.

Now, the voice was so loud it was ringing in her ears. Her ears actually ached. Her head was pounding from the noise and now she was starting to feel really light-headed.

She opened Amy's door and saw Amy's lifeless body floating above her pink fluffy carpet. There seemed to be beams of light puncturing her body in every which way. With every puncture, her body twitched and constricted in ways human joints should not be able to bend. The stars were literally shooting into her. Well, the term shooting stars really took on a new meaning.

Louder and louder.

Mom's headache was so bad she could barely see or hear anything anymore and now she was so dizzy she didn't know if she could stand. Then all of a sudden poof. She saw the red dust start to slip out of her mouth. Then her nose. Then her ears. Then nothing.

Maybe she should have taken her to the doctor.

November Story

Steven Belloise

“That’s a lot of leaves,” pointed out a boy with three layers of jackets on.

“What gave you that idea?” Another boy asked sarcastically.

“It’s the season of November! The season right before Christmas! You got the turkey and stuffing and leaves! You need a very slight attitude adjustment,” the first boy fired back.

“Your optimism annoys me, Mark,” he stated blankly.

“Oh, come ON, Dennis! Christmas is less than a month away. It’s the season of presents and gingerbread and eggnog for my parents to get drunk off of!” Mark grinned.

“You’re never this happy. I don’t comprehend it,” Dennis said cynically.

“I’m just trying a more positive mood for once. I can go back to being depressed tomorrow. For now, I’m going to transfer myself into that pile of leaves,” Mark dove into the leaves without knowing they were wet.

“Still feeling positive?” asked Dennis with a smirk as he squatted next to the pile of leaves.

“Shut up and let me think of something positive about this situation,” Mark wiped the leaves off himself.

“Maybe a turkey could make you feel better? Also, why do you like Thanksgiving at all? It’s just turkey genocide, and the Thanksgiving Day Parade,” Dennis asked.

“What about actually giving thanks?” Mark argued.

“The thing that nobody does?” Dennis rebutted.

“Stop derailing my argument with facts!” Mark exclaimed.

“See you in class,” Dennis walked away.

Mark said a very unkind word under his breath.

The Day After This Current Day So... Tomorrow?

“Oh my God, I am ashamed to acknowledge your existence,” Dennis sighed and looked away from Mark.

“What? I’m just showing a little spirit and vitality!” Mark laughed.

“Could you do it without the turkey costume?”

“Nope!” Mark smiled.

“What’s with the Christmas hat?” Dennis pointed.

“Well, if your social status can survive this, then all will be well. I, for one, plan on bleaching my brain,” Dennis went to his first class which, unfortunately, was shared with Mark who stalked behind him in his cooked turkey outfit.

By lunchtime, Dennis was done.

“If I show ‘spirit’ and ‘vitality’ and all that bullcrap will you take that off?? I’m embarrassed for you!” Dennis was having a migraine.

“Sure! Oh wait, I can’t,” Mark realized with a frozen smile. “I ran out of here because I was late, so I just wore this and nothing else...”

“Never mind.”



“Camp No-Be-Bo-Sco”

Josef Zierer, Jr.

A pack on your back, and you're walking under the cables. BANG! claps the thunder in the distance as you approach your resting place for the night. It's dark and you make your way with your gear to the cabins. Flashlights scurry around the stone path in front of you. Again another flash of lightning lights up the camp for a split second. You see the faint outline of Sand Pond. An indigo shimmer of moonlight, that old familiar shape. The cabins are close.

With a creek, the old wood door opens - the same door my dad opened as a kid. It's cold inside, we need to build a fire. My friend Ethan gets wood, Joey builds the fire, he always can build it in ten minutes or less. Others fill the cabin: Angel, Brian, and John. Angel always supplies the best food you can think of. Brian and John are twins and can complete each other's sentences, but other than that they're funny and can take the worst times and make you smile and laugh. Another clash of thunder shakes the ground along the cabin. Smoke starts to build, gently at first then flames grow.

It's warming up, but you still can see your breath inside the cabin. We all claim our squeaky metal bunks, they are probably 100 years old. I always take the same one, the one with my dad's initials on it, the same as mine JZ. I always imagine it may be the one my own son will sleep in one day. Ethan picks the one with “gay boi” written on the side, but do not tell him that. Joey claims the one closest to the fire, Angel the one nearest the door so he can get out all the junk food out his system quickly. Then finally Brian and John pick the bunk right in the middle of the room, so when one of them lets it rip it reaches everyone at the same time. It's only fair. One year we had to evacuate at what we could only assume was 2 a.m.. It was that bad.

Night falls, but there is too much excitement to sleep. We can only make it here once a year near Christmas time when we're off from school. We play games like BS and Bet. BS is a card game where you have to put cards down in order, and if you do not have the card you lie about it and put it face down. If another person thinks you're lying, they should BS. If you were not lying, they take the cards in the pile, but if you were you have to take the cards. This game can go on forever until somebody runs out of cards and they win. Bet is where we have to run outside with snow or no snow in just underwear. It's a game from our childhood, but it's tradition. Chatter goes on seemingly for hours until it goes soft. Then quiet... Still. There is a final crack of lightning, and the fire crackles and dances, orange shadows on the walls.

Morning, it is cold, the forest is quiet, there is frost on everything, Trees are bare with a fresh coat of snow, and the air is still. Rosy cheeks and shivers all around, Joey rebuilds the fire and we silently wait to warm up. Angel is still curled up in his bunk and none of us dares to get near to him in fear of waking him up. Now you can see the beautiful pond and the cable cut. We do our usual: wash our face in the cold pond, a snowball fight here and there. The pond is completely frozen over this year, it's never been this thick before - it's about an inch. Not enough to go ice skating on, but enough to make it difficult to get to the water for a quick drink. The sun slowly rises behind us, painting the sky orange and yellow. We admire the old familiar sights of our weekend home. Angel will be up soon.

There is still work to be done: a cooking fire and breakfast. We always make pancakes from scratch over the fire. It just tastes different here than anywhere else. We make a full batch of them and we barely eat half, we keep the rest warm for Angel, and we use the rest to fish with. It is almost 9 before Angel wakes up. He is a senior and we are all freshman and 8th graders so we can't complain much. We spend the full day fishing and playing football on the A field about halfway up the mountain. We also have a tradition of climbing to the top of the big mountain by the cable cut to see the view and if anything has changed. Ever since we started doing that nothing much has changed.

This year is different, though. On the other side of the mountain we can make out huge condo buildings and mansions growing closer every year. Every year they come closer into sight, and this year they are so close that we can make out little rich bastards that are taking our land for the price of little or nothing. It just makes us mad that these people are taking away from nature and destroying the animals' land. We used to never see one bear when we used to come, but now it is a regular occurrence. Their land is quickly being taken from the mountains.

Football winds down, Shadows grow long. There is laughter along the stone path back to the cabin. There is a stench of sweat in the air and satisfaction after beating Angel 29 to 28; it was a close game.

We cook a big dinner of steak with no vegetables because there are no parents around to make us. The smell of campfire smoke and steak fills the air as we approach the cabin. It encompasses the cabin like a comfortable blanket. We always think of the movie Friday the 13th around this time of the day, This is because it was filmed at this camp. We were even in the exact cabin the Jason killed the first person. We watched the movie here one year as a dare and, trust me, it sucked. Last year Angel dressed up in a Jason outfit and came into our cabin in the middle of the night. We all screamed and ran as fast as we could, half asleep and shoeless. We almost killed him when we saw him following. I took out my switch, and he backed up to take the mask off and tell me to relax. By then my heart was beating so fast I was light-headed. We all are old enough to know that the movie is fake, but if you ever watched the movie it is still so freaking scary. I am never going to forget that year, we got Angel back for that - trust me - he regretted it.

Fire crackles. It's warm in the cabin, but you can still feel the cold drafts through the old windows and cracks in the walls. We have to be careful how much smoke we create at night because one year the police were almost called about a forest fire. After that day we have not burned live trees, and have not built a bonfire with full two-foot wide logs. That was still one of the best years (minus being on the news from a helicopter and being grounded for two months). We all looked like such true mountain men that the police couldn't even identify us, but our parents knew exactly who it was. Angel's parents specifically noticed Angel flipping off the helicopter because he was mad at them for scaring off the fish.

We have so many wonderful memories here; we promised when we were only ten that we would come every year and not even the bars of prison could stop us from coming. Years pass, faces change, and people come and go. We walk in our fathers' footsteps and pave the way for our future kids in the woods Camp No-Be-Bo-Sco. But this... This place... This weekend... This always stays the same, no matter how bad the world changes around us, no matter what happens to us this place will be the same.



This is a real place.

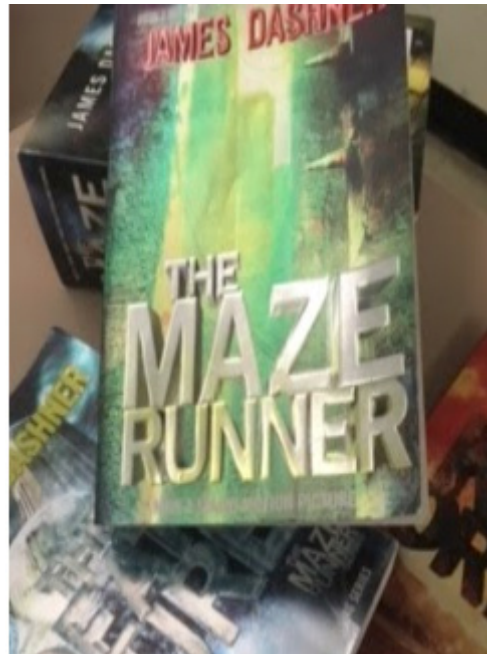
The Maze Runner Series

My favorite movie is *The Maze Runner*,
 There are many amazing characters.
 And one of them is my favorite actor,
 The kids always run to avoid dangers.

The last movie *Death Cure* was the saddest,
 Because they killed off a lot of people.
 The *Death Cure* movie was the craziest,
 When it ended I did not feel joyful.

Scorch Trials is the best in the series,
 If you choose to watch it you will say thanks.
 Because in it they introduced zombies,
 They have the Flare disease and are called Cranks.

Maze Runner movies are my favorite,
 Watching the movies is my bad habit.

**Joanna Augelletta**

Photos by Erica Martinucci

Romeo and Juliet were lovers.

They had spent time together through some lies.
 A lot of that time was under covers.
 Their happiness ends when the other dies.

Opposing sides always going to war.
 Their love was bright like the radiant sun.
 War to them was but an arduous chore.
 To them, however, the war was not fun.

With a dagger to the heart, "Jule" had died.
 Romeo heard of this, and bought a vial.
 Then, it came out that Juliet had lied.
 Romeo beforehand had gone wild.

And so, their precious lives had reached the end.
 At least the families had become friends.

Steven Belloise

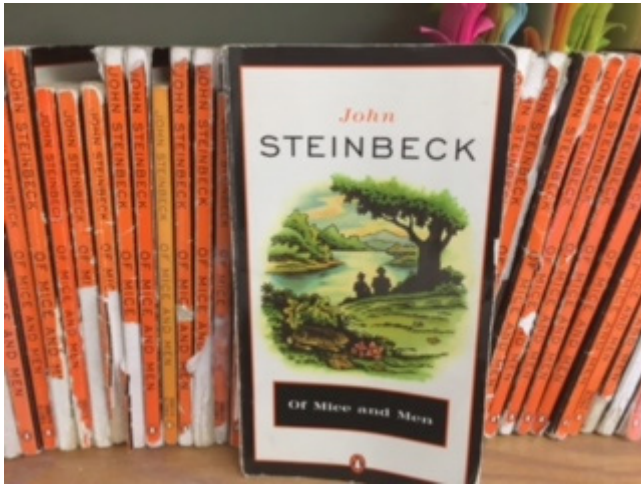


Photo by Erica Martinucci

Antinous and the Beggar King

The king hobbled into his home,
To see who'd sat upon his throne,
The long years he'd been gone at sea,
Ithaca suffered miserably.

He walked into the once great hall,
And so the suitors jeered and called,
"Antinous, come and see who's here!"
The ringleader rose from the chair.

"Old man! Be gone! You don't belong!
This kingdom's for the great and strong.
"You're one to talk," said the stranger,
unaware 'twas courting danger.

A hush fell o'er the riled crowd,
Antinous bellowed - nice and loud,
"If you will up and act the fool,
Then see if you can catch this stool!"

Too late the words flew from his lips,
Too soon the seat from fingertips.
It grazed his shoulder, blazed his rage,
But the beggar was still and sage.

He knew Athena had a plan,
To take down this outrageous man.
Avenge the crimes he'd done with glee,
To his son and Penelope.

Erica Martinucci

Lennie and George were walking to their job,
The two of them were always together.
When the girl in the red dress sent a mob,
It was because Lennie had grabbed at her.

But Lennie was not quite the one to blame,
Because he just wanted to pet soft things.
He wanted to pet his small mouse the same,
But pet too hard and death is what that brings.

When Lennie tried to touch Curley's wife's hair,
He didn't think he was so strong a man.
So when the poor girl's neck began to tear,
Lennie was so shocked and he went and ran.

When George saw what Lennie had gone and done,
He went to where Lennie ran with a gun.

Natalie Pesce



Artwork by Emily Dishian

Destruction of the World

The sound of silence haunts me in the morn'.
 No birds sing, no cicadas chirp, no sound.
 Then, there is hellfire, and my heart is torn.
 All is shaking, and I see destroyed ground.

Death's cold, dark whispers freeze me to my spot.
 I can't see, I can't breathe, and I can't run.
 Shelter is what the screamers outside sought.
 Then, all is dark and there is no more sun.

Comets soar across the sky at light speed.
 Water silences my neighbor's dark shout.
 Who or what carried out this awful deed?
 I have come to realize there is no out.

Soon, I see a black-cloaked man, likely death.
 He comes over and robs me of my breath.

Steven Belloise



Artwork by Jessica Chongoushian

Glass shatters, cracks spread through the window in intricate patterns,

Glass crashes down in flashes of reflected light

Crash,

Children scatter,

A solitary rock lies on the floor

A broom is deftly handled, the coarse bristles sweep shards by

A pan is borne away holding the glass

Olivia Burns

First, Love You

You are not perfect.
You are human.
You are clay
Molded into something new each day.
Do not contaminate this natural base
With plastic.
Do not make your lips fuller.
You have real lips,
Do not undermine their structure.
Lips define a girl's attitude toward love.
They pucker with promiscuity,
Or they are bitten and concealed.
Do not trick a boy into thinking you want to be loved.
Do not change your body for him.
Rather, change your spirit,
Your state of mind.
And take the time to love your true authentic self.

Kathryn Cambrea



Artwork by Julianne DiCostanzo

SONNET

Your finances are very important.
 You have to keep track of all of your bills.
 Finances are never unimportant.
 Do well; you could live in Beverly Hills.

Your life depends on the money you make.
 If you run out, you will be in trouble.
 Do well and you'll be happy at daybreak.
 If you must, go for the Daily Double.

Keep money safe so people don't steal it.
 Do not leak your social security.
 If someone gets it you'll pay quite a bit.
 Watch your credit to keep its purity.

Always pay attention to your money,
 Or else your life might become unfunny.

Joseph Schwab



Photo by Erica Martinucci



Artwork by Eileen Juarez

What is life?
 Death.
 What is death?
 Void.
 What is void?
 Nothing.
 What is nothing?
 Something.

Anonymous

Eggs

Egg egg egg egg egg egg egg egg egg,
 I have no money so I need to beg.
 Hard-boiled or scrambled's great,
 I hate when they cook to wait.
 For eggs I would pay my arm and leg.

Matthew Angelakos



Photos by Erica Martinucci

Cake

Sweet, smooth, fluffy, frosting adorns
 my cake,
 My favorite thing to do is bake.
 Crumb cake is my fav type,
 Frosting is fun to pipe.
 If I eat too much my tum will quake.

Allie Lachman



None for Me

I want it but just can't have it,
 Not even a little nibble or bit.
 No ice cream, cookies or cake,
 No donuts, nor milkshakes,
 It's not a diet, I'm lactose intolerant.

Amanda Sallemi



Artwork by Brianna Galeazza

Dessert

*Chocolate fudge drizzled over ice cream,
 The hot cherry pie is emitting steam.
 Sweet cheesecake topped with fruit,
 The little brownies are cute,
 Glossy donuts that are filled cream.*

Eliza Dul

Narrative

Emily Burns

2014 - 2015 Freshman Year

I walk into the auditorium for senior chorus, period 2, on the first day of school
I wonder why the seats are blue
I smell the freshly copied sheet music
I don't know where to sit
I sit quietly in the front row, paying close attention to Mr. Ullman
I am put into the alto section
I want to make a good first impression
I want to volunteer to answer a music theory question
I want to audition for a solo
I don't.
I want to be in select chorus
I audition!
I don't get in
I can't sing a solo.
I can't read sheet music.
I'm not good enough.

2015 - 2016 Sophomore Year

I walk into the auditorium for senior chorus, period 5, on the first day of school
I high five Mr. Ullman and we chat about the past summer
I sit in the second row and watch the other members flood in
I watch the freshman study the room
I don't have anyone to sit with because all of my friends are in select
I am put in the soprano section
I read over our new sheet music
I want to be in select chorus
I want to prove I'm good enough
I work hard
I come back from winter break
I speak with Mr. Ullman and say what is on my mind
I ask if I could be put into select please
I am surprised because he agrees I have worked hard and he thinks I deserve it
I am switched into select chorus
I audition for a solo
I get a solo
I still think I'm not good enough though

2016 - 2017 Junior Year

I come bounding into the music room for select chorus, period 7, on the first day of school
 I yell as I enter the room and catch up with everyone
 I sit in the back row criss cross on the black plastic chair
 I read the sheet music and begin trying to figure out the rhythms
 I suggest some song ideas
 I raise my hand to sing on my own and ask questions
 I sing proudly with select chorus
 I see the blue chairs and the splintery stage
 I see the freshman, with their hopeful eyes, as they watch us sing
 I don't always listen
 I want to match pitch and stop singing flat
 I want to record the audience's thunderous applause so I can listen to it all the time
 I think I like this
 I think I'm good enough

2017 - 2018 Senior Year

I am in the auditorium before the bell rings for select chorus, period 7, on the first day of school
 I take my shoes off and lay across the front of the stage
 I speak a mile a minute to Mr. Ullman about the theatre summer program I went to
 I glance over the blue seats and see the scars in my hands from the splintery stage
 I read the sheet music and start teaching myself the songs
 I chat with the underclassmen as they tell me how much they will miss me next year
 I don't think about it
 I don't raise my hand, I just speak out of turn
 I answer other students' questions
 I laugh as Mr. Ullman makes his typical sarcastic one-liners
 I help make choreography, something we have never done before
 I teach the middle schoolers and direct their play
 I wait backstage as select enters for our choreographed a cappella number
 I put my heart and soul into the number
 I tear up at the concerts, the musical, the coffee house, the winter concert, and cavopalooza
 I come to our final days of class as they plan for next year
 I say I will come back and visit
 I want to continue this in my future
 I want to remember these moments forever
 I want to thank Mr. Ullman but there aren't enough words in the language
 I am confident
 I am talented
 I am outspoken
 I am strong
 I am independent
 I am beautiful
 I am outgoing
 I am good enough

June 21, 2018 Graduation

I sing with select on the turf football field in my cap and gown and fight back tears
I walk into the auditorium, not for select chorus, not for period 7

I walk in just to say goodbye
I say goodbye to those ugly blue seats
I run my foot over the splintery stage
I feel the tears stream down my face

I turn the lights off and shut the door to the room that shaped me.



Artwork by Julianne DiCostanzo

CONTRIBUTORS (AUTHORS AND ARTWORK):

Matthew Angelakos	Eliza Dul	Jude Mazzola	Samantha Steidl*
Joanna Augelletta+*	Emilia Dul	Erica McDonald	Ashlyn Sterinsky
Steven Belloise+*	Brianna Galeazza*	Julianna Meglio	Emma Wolf
Dillon Buono	Anayeli Garcia+*	Ava Mokrzecki	Josef Zierer+*
Emily Burns	Molli Gordon+*	Ashleigh Mulligan	
Olivia Burns	Katherine Haight	Natalie Pesce	
Tyler Callagy*	Matthew Harada*	Haley Prancing*	
Kathryn Cambrea+*	Jennifer Interiano+*	Tyler Reissner	
Jessica Chonghousian*	Eileen Juarez*	Julianna Reyes+*	
Allison Damsky*	Allie Lachman	Adrienne Sabatier	
Isabella DelValle+*	Kevin Legaspi+*	Amanda Sallemi	
Julianne DiCostanzo*	Jennifer Lorber*	Joseph Schwab	
Emily Dishian*	Erica Martinucci+*	Mackenzie Spollen*	

And - of course - Anonymous

+* - author *and* artist/photographer

* - artist/photographer

COVER ART (FRONT):

Natalie “Ke\$ha” Campisi

COVER ART (BACK):

Tyler Callagy



Artwork by Amanda Martinucci

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