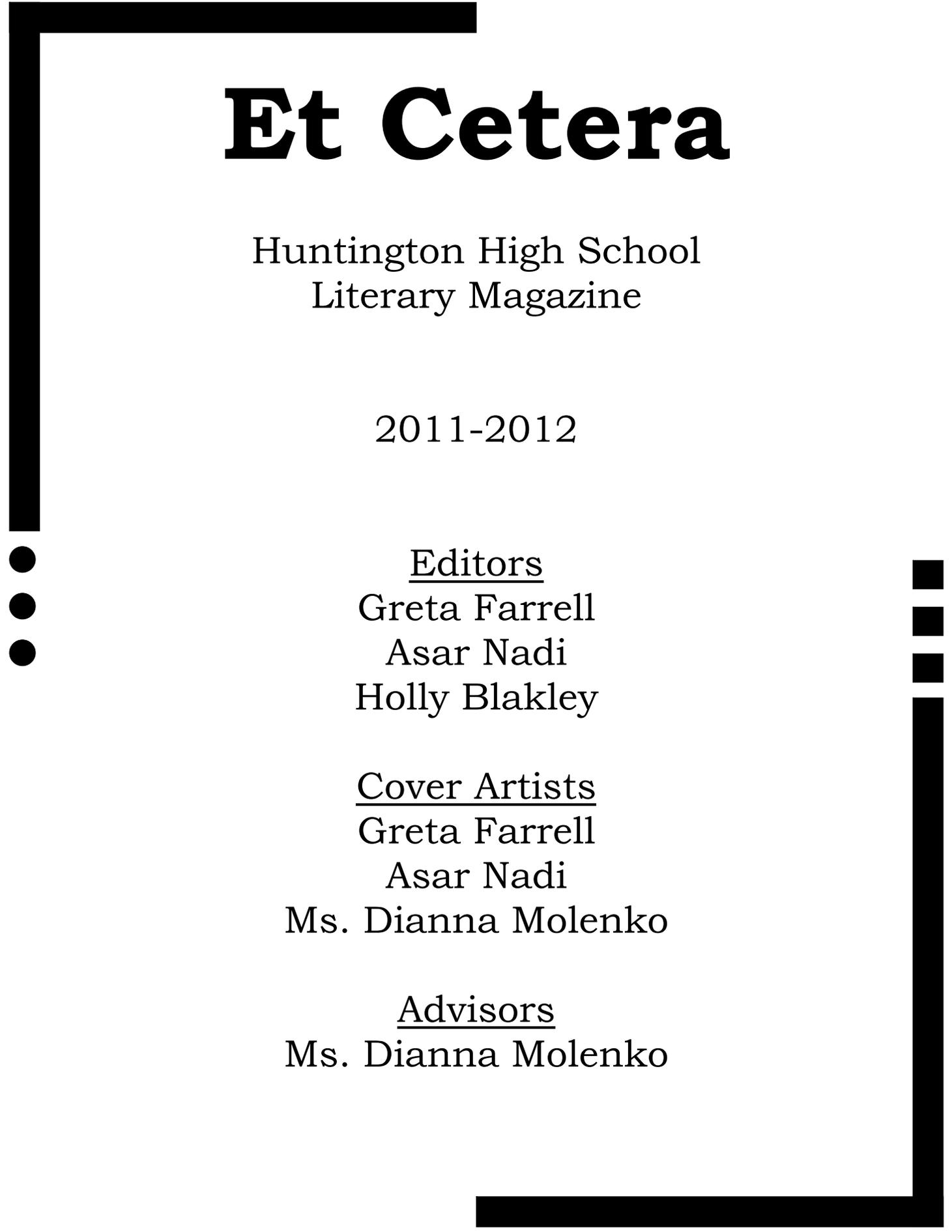


The background of the entire page is a dense, chaotic pattern of multi-colored paint splatters. The colors include red, blue, green, yellow, purple, pink, and brown, scattered across a white base. The splatters vary in size and intensity, creating a vibrant and textured effect.

ET CETERA

**LITERARY
MAGAZINE**

**HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL
2011 - 2012**



Et Cetera

Huntington High School
Literary Magazine

2011-2012

Editors

Greta Farrell

Asar Nadi

Holly Blakley

Cover Artists

Greta Farrell

Asar Nadi

Ms. Dianna Molenko

Advisors

Ms. Dianna Molenko

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-Roxana Moreira

Our City

Our city is always bright,
Even when the sun says, "Good-Night."
Our city is a place where you can feel the grace and erase
all the bad days.

O'the lady
our lady is like the sun with the big
bright light.
Liberty is her nickname
she stands at the side of the city as a symbol of
strength.

With lights that never sleep,
With lights that never die,
The city is always bright.

New York City
The city that never dies

-Irma Granados



-Tim Robbins

Lacrosse

Lacrosse, it's as addicting as a drug,
Yet when I play, it's a better feeling than a hug.
The butterflies in my stomach are so immense due to the suspense
Pregame warm-ups, music playing,
Watching the fans pile into the stadium.

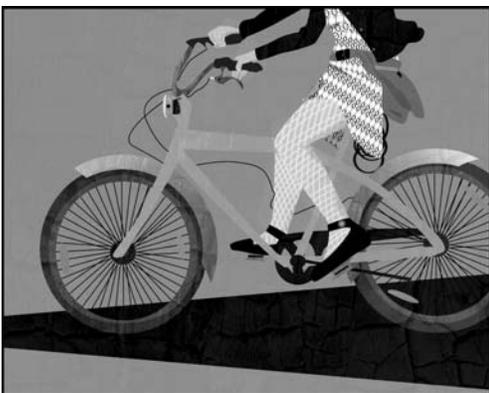
The whistle sounds as the shot sails out of bounds,
The game has begun and my butterflies flew far, far, away
It's time to play
The roar of the crowd, after I score, makes me proud,
I look to the stands and see an ocean of blue screaming for me,
It's the fans, and we are winning. I take another shot, ping! The ball hits off the pipe

But it's ok, I know the way, the way to victory and I will not fail
I will fight hard and strong for I know I will prevail.
The final whistle sounds; the game is over, victory, victory at last
Victory has not passed, champions we are, and champions we shall remain

-Billy Martin

Forgetful

I've got to tell you about this amazing thing I've seen!
It was only a few days ago I saw it.
I'd been having trouble getting the air to stay – in the tire I mean,
I'd made up my mind to go bike for a bit,
--- And isn't it funny how the air
escapes a closed tire? I swear
it's a frustration well beyond compare
to have to take the air that's been
blowing out, and send it back in.
But what I'd been meaning to say
before I rambled off,
was that after I'd gotten on my way,
there was something – involving a house
or was it a hut?
So I just had to tell you –
...I'm not really sure what.



-Marie Coneys

-Matt Petryk

Impromptu: 'Last Minute'

Time's a curiously linear thing:
It can only go forward,
But its rate of passage can wildly swing;

When you had all the time in the world, you passed
It as cheaply as it came. Yet when at last it runs thin
You're alarmed and flustered and harassed.

Time turns traitor and seeps through your clasp
And the tighter you squeeze the faster it flows
So that soon only the last minute is still in your grasp.

You panic - let go - turn to your assignment,
And for the first time consider it. The last minute
Has caught you, who were once free of confinement.

The roles are reversed: now time lingers,
Lazily yawning, catching its breath, trying to rest
Over the noise of your furiously typing fingers.

-Matt Petryk



-Dan Pelc

As Time Passes On

And the clock just keeps
ticking
Hurt can only grow.
It can overwhelm
It can completely destroy
It is only you.
Thoughts will take over
Will distort Reality
Can cloud perception
They can never leave
Will devastate to no end
It is only you.

-Helena Calenzo

Inseparable

Inseparable, except for one thing.
Impossibly distance, never by time.
Of course not by others
For you'll always be mine.
There are just three letters
Between you and I.

-Greta Farrell

The One That Got Away

The year was 2006; I was nine years old and in love. This girl has eyes as blue as the ocean, hair as blonde as the sun. My older sister's friend Laurie was my first true love. I don't think she saw how much chemistry we had, but I did. We did have a big age gap, nine and sixteen, but I was confident that I would win her over. Whenever she came to my house to see my sister I would blush at the sight of her. I've never told anybody about my experience, it is still hard to talk about the terror I went through that Friday night.

Friday mornings for me in fourth grade were very exciting. At school, on Fridays, we would always do something fun, like have a party or watch a movie. Every Friday morning for breakfast, my mom would make French toast or scrambled eggs. If I got lucky, it'd be both. When I got back home from that day of school, Laurie and a few others (my sister's friends) were there. I was very delighted to see her. Everyone sat at the dinner table; I sat next to Laurie, and we all had pizza. It was just my mom, my sister, her insignificant friends, and *Laurie*.

Katie, my other sister, got home and the nightmare began. My sister started annoying me with little things, such as throwing napkins at me and poking me with her feet—nothing too serious. However, when she took out her new camera, that my dad got her a few days before, things got bad. As I was doing the dishes I felt a tug from behind me, and I see both my sisters acting as if they were going to fight me. Before I could do anything I was on the floor helpless and vulnerable. Katie jumped on my chest and I could feel the air slowly disappearing from my body. I was in pain, and I looked up to see that my sister was recording the entire moment on her new camera. The horror was knowing that she would play this moment back and show all her friends what I went through. And the worst part is that my true love Laurie is laughing at me.

I give up trying to bust and flex my way out of the mess I was in. A tear slowly appears out from my eye and drops down my cheek, and that's when my sisters stop. Gasping for air I quickly run into my room under my covers and hide. My chances with Laurie were ruined forever. How will she like a boy who can't defend himself from his two sisters? I'm embarrassed, and too horrified to even look at Laurie.

Later that night I went downstairs to face my fear of both of my sisters. I watched some TV and heard my sisters and their friends talking about what happened. The thing that caught my ear the most was Laurie saying, "you shouldn't be so mean to your brother, he didn't do anything wrong." At that point I knew that I still have a chance of capturing my true love's heart. She felt sorry for me and I suddenly felt more confident to stand up against my sisters. They will never embarrass me again in front of her. And one day Laurie will realize how much chemistry we have.

-John Russo



-Robert Scott

Beach

I got back from the beach one day,

And my hair was stiff like seaweed pressed and dried,
And my skin was wearied all over with sand and salt,
And my clothing smelled of the retreating tide.

I looked into a mirror,

And understood a little more
How myths and legends of fish-folk
Originate so far from the shore.

Given time, I've heard,
Sheep can become like shepherd.

The same can happen between man and sea;
And far more rapidly.

-Matt Petryk

Venture On?

I captain my boat, for it is only the lines and me,
And I set out upon the vast, deep sea.
I look up and see the stars scattered across the sky,
And I wonder how much time has passed me by
Since I rigged up and left the harbor,
But I just continue to sail on starboard.
What matters now is no further detection,
As I want no one to know of my direction.
I leave this town, which was once my home,
For the better world of sea-green foam.
I wonder with each and every tack,
If it be wiser to venture on or turn back.

-Greta Farrell

Expectations

I sometimes wonder;
is it even worth it?
To push myself so hard,
Harder than she ever did.
Ever could.
And yet she expects more of me,
Much more than I ever would.
How do I tell her...
 that I simply cannot meet her expectations?
 that all the pressure she puts on me eats away at my core?
How do I tell her...
 that the life she wants me to live is not what I want?
Why can't she get it through her head?
When will I get past this?
When I'm dead?

-John Wood

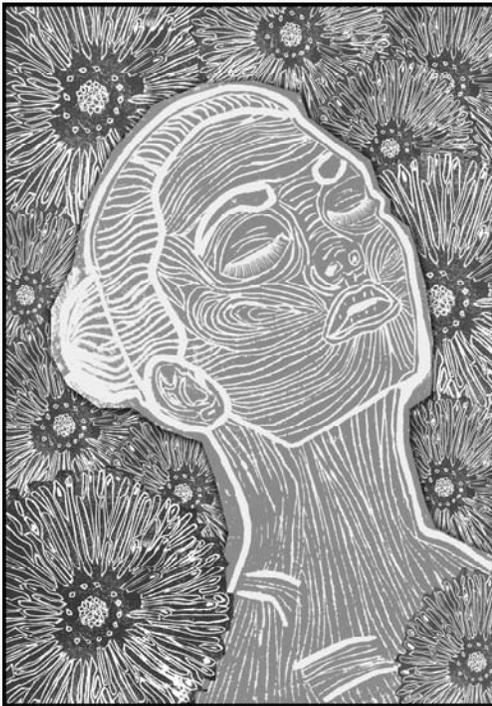
Shooting the Moon

We are all no one. Unbloomed. Unforgiven. Judged. Outcast.
We are all who they call us.
We sneak out, party, drink, and smoke.
We are all no one.
No one told us that it's okay to make mistakes.
No one told us that getting hurt was the key to living.
That's why we are doubters.
We hide and are mute because we know that no one is looking.
No one is listening.
We are all no one until they say we are someone.

-A'kira Watkins



-Jason Chisolm



-Marie Coney

Thought It Would Be Easy

My aunt, only 18
looked for a better life; a new beginning.
Left our family for dreams. No more poverty.
She was a piece of paper, flat
except for the bones.
The ribcage
her last defense; her only strength.
Bread with salt was never enough.

A lady.
She wished to climb her
Dress, dark green like money
A torch, fire, a sign of hope
She's a star to gaze at.

Thought it would be easy
Streets paved with gold.
A young dropout: college, not an option
Found work as a maid
Wanted their Lamborghini, Cadillac, and flat screen TV
like a fish needs water

-Kevin Rodriguez

The Bag

She walked into the place where she wasn't allowed to be. Her father would murder her if he knew where she was. As she walked in, everyone turned and dropped their wine they had been drinking a minute ago. Their face, mouths gaping open, were astonished and couldn't believe what she had done. She stood there and no words flew out of her mouth. Just standing there would get her into deep trouble. The look on her father's face wouldn't be angry, it would be disappointment. He would disprove of her and look down upon her. She couldn't stand it. She had to do it. She had no choice but to do it. What would her father say now? He would say nothing to her and say nothing of what she had done. The embarrassment that she not only caused to herself but had also caused to her whole family and the ones she cared for the most.

She walked across the wooden floor and looked straight at nothing. She couldn't bear to look at everyone's faces because she didn't know what they would think of her now. But, she knew. She knew what everyone would think of her and because she didn't look, she didn't want to see their faces. She walked down the corridor halls and walked into the library and stood in front of the staircase that hid behind the bookcase. She opened the secret stairs, walked up the spiral stairs and stopped heavily. The wooden, medieval doors were the only thing that kept her and her father apart. She had two choices. She would walk into her father's study and confront him of what she had done for him or she could walk back down the staircase and leave the place where she wasn't supposed to be. Either way, he was going to have to find out sooner or later.

She had a large wool bag in her hands tightly. What she carried mattered to her father the most. This bag was the only thing that allowed her to charge into her father's study and explain why she had it. Immediately, her palms began to sweat and the bag began to slip out of her hand and drop to the floor. She didn't want her father to find her like this. Dirty, sweaty, tired, ugly, and bloody. She quickly snatched the wool bag and ran down the spiral staircase. She ran out of the library, down the corridor halls, and out the door as everyone watched. She didn't know what to do next. She was out on the streets alone with no connections and no friends. All of her friends abandoned her and everyone else that she knew, became terrified of her. There was only one person in mind that would never leave her no matter what she did wrong. She called for a taxi cab and told him to step on it, "56 Solus Lane!" She exclaimed.

∞∞∞∞

She stood in front of the front door as soon as the taxi cab had left. When she walked up to the door, she knocked three times and waited. When there was no answer she knocked again. Still, there was no answer. She began to turn around when the wooden door swung open. She turned toward the door and just looked. The way he had looked at her was as if she'd fallen off the earth for seven years. He had no idea who she was anymore.

She gripped the bag tightly and walked inside without being invited in. She hadn't noticed that she left a bloody trail until she walked inside. She slipped her shoes off, and walked upstairs toward the bathroom. She didn't want to talk to anyone until she was clean and got rid of the bag completely. When she walked into the bathroom, she stared straight into the mirror and began to cry hysterically. She didn't know why she was crying, but it was a relief to be home again. She was home with her family that was not disappointed at her. She walked into the shower and cleansed herself from the mess she'd made.

When she got out, she found clean underwear and clothes on the counter. She slipped them on and walked downstairs. When she'd gotten downstairs, she found her brother in the dining room with a phone on his right side and the bag on his left.

She was about to open her mouth to explain everything but he interrupted her, "What's in the bag? I was going to open but then decided that you should explain instead. Again, what's in the bag?"

She looked down and sat in the chair across from him. "It's- thank you for the clothes. I was glad I didn't have-"

"What's in the bag?" He sounded angry. He threw the bag in her face and began to pick up the phone.

"Who are you calling? I'll tell you what's in the bag. Just give me a sec, okay?" She was scared and he could hear it in her voice.

He put the phone down and allowed her to explain. When she explained everything to him, he had this look in his eye that was confusion and not disappointment. "So what you're saying is that you did all of that just to get one little thing?"

"It's not little! It's important to get it and make father happy!"

He had no idea what to say. The only thing he could say was something that she didn't want to hear at all, "But why? Why would you risk your life and do something so stupid? I mean really, mother and I raised you better than that! *I* raised you better than that. And you did all that just to please *him*? What good has he done to you, or me, or even mother?" he stood up and began to walk away.

She caught him by the arm and looked in his eyes, "The reason why I did it is none of your business. I did what I did because I was sick of everything he'd done to us. Everything he'd done was stupid and everything he'd said to me was horrible. I never should have left you to live with father, but I did. What I did is done and there is nothing to change it. Father had shown me everything there is in life and it was sick. What he does is sick and I had to put up with it. It was stupid for me to leave you guys, but it was the smartest thing I've done.

"I had no other choice but to stay with him. What I did was so that I can leave and show what would happen if people messed with me. There are some things I can't explain right now, because people are looking for me. Bad people. *His* people. If anyone asks where I am, even mother, don't say a word. I was never here. I'm sorry, but if you love me as your sister, you won't say anything at all." She didn't sound like an innocent little girl anymore. She sounded like someone who wasn't scared of anything so dangerous.

She let go of his arm, grabbed the bag and walked through the kitchen and out the back door. She was lucky enough to be given all dark clothes and black boots. As soon as she hopped the brick fence over, she stopped to look back. She saw three men walk into the house and grab hold of him. It happened all so fast but at the end, the only thing left of him was his body lying on the floor in a pool of blood. The only thing left of her was to go finish what had been started. She was going to do something that she'll never regret.

She was going to murder her father.

She sat there on the chair staring out the window of the hotel room. *Drip. Drop. Drip. Drop.* Those were the only sounds that she could hear. She was never used to silence. She always had somebody to talk to in case she was bored or needed to talk. But all that changed two days ago. The day she wanted to please her father. But doing something that she never would regret was never the answer. She had to do it. What choice did she have? The only choice she had was to either stay alive or end up like her brother. Just thinking about her brother made her sick. The look on his face made her think back to the face she had murdered. They both had the same face. Outside they may have looked fine, but inside they had lost everything that was important to them.

She didn't know what her next move was going to be, but she knew the ending to it. She looked over towards the bed and glanced at the bag. What was held captive in there was the only thing that was keeping her from murdering her father right now. That and the guards, who killed her brother, looking for her. She had finally realized that the wool bag lying on the floor had two holes in it. She decided that in the morning she was going to start her plan. But, she couldn't wait any longer. She wouldn't rest until he was dead. She glanced outside the window to make sure that the coast was clear and when it was clear, she stood up, grabbed the bag, pulled her hood up, and walked outside the pouring rain never to look back at the last place she was safe in.

ooooo

She stood outside the building, which contained her father, and stood there. She didn't move until it began to thunder. It was beginning to rain harder and harder every time she took a step closer to the entrance doors. The doorman greeted her as usual as if nothing was out of the ordinary. She went up the elevator doors and pushed the button that had the number three on it. Then, she pushed the **closed doors** buttons twice, so that nobody was in her way. When she finally reached the third floor, she walked into Room 333 and walked down the halls towards her father's study.

Of course he wasn't sitting behind the Walnut wood desk. But instead, he was behind the secret doors that his behind the Chestnut bookcase. She pulled the third book on the third shelf and walked through the doors. Guards looked at her and welcomed her in and told her where she was able to find her father. She knew where he would be. He never left that room unless he was in his other office doing "paper work." As she approached his room, she saw three men walk out and one of them had a black eye. She stopped until her coast was clear. When they left, she took a deep breath and walked into his office.

She shut the door hard and just stood there. Her wet hair was dripping on the floor and blood was dripping out of the bag. Her father looked at her and couldn't take his eyes off of her.

"Hi, darling! What brings you to my office?" He asked as if he hadn't seen the blood dripping from the bag.

"You know exactly why I'm here. I did what you asked me to do. I followed directions but, you never explained what I had to do in the end." She took a few steps toward him and held the bag up, so he was able to see it.

He stood up and realized that she was carrying the bag, "Look, I thought that you were able to figure out what to do. And plus, it's not like anyone was killed or anything."

"Oh, really. Then what's this?" She took the bag and threw it in his face.

When the bag hit the table, the bag opened to reveal what has been hidden in it. “So, you got it? How bad did he suffer? From a scale of one to ten?”

“I don’t know. Why don’t you ask him. Oh wait. You can’t because I *murdered* him. I should have never trusted you from the beginning. You are horrible in every way that anyone-”

“I’m horrible? I’m not the one who murdered him and your brother. At least, that’s what the police will think when they find his body. So just be a girl and go shopping and stuff that witty, scared, weak girls do.” As he said this, he walked over to her and slapped her in the face. He grabbed her by the arm and threw her onto the desk.

When she felt what he did and heard those three words, she took letter opener and tackled her father to the floor. When she had him pinned, she took the letter opener and slit his throat right opened and stabbed him in the heart. She got up, and looked at her dead father. She picked up the phone, dialed 911, and walked out the door.

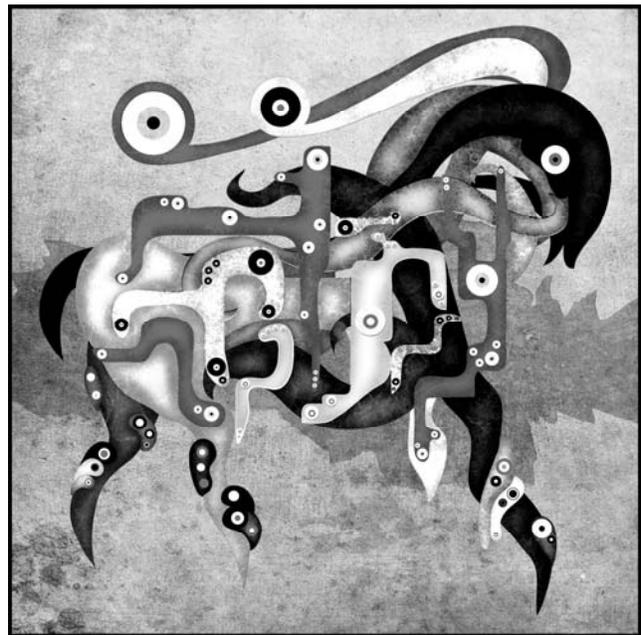
As she left his office, the guards ran into the room. She walked out of the library and into the lobby and stopped outside the building to wait for the police. As she stood there, she remembered the bag that sat on her father’s desk. It finally consisted of three holes. A small hole, a large hole, and another small hole.

“Who’s the weak one now?”

-Asar Nadi



-Roxana Moreira



-Andrea Cerini

My Love

My love, I see you in a distance. Closer you get-
Faster— my heartbeat increases.
Slowly my whole body is consumed by nerves,
My mind goes blank.

My love, You get near me, and feel me with fingers like feathers,
throwing chills through my body, my legs tremble with the love flowing through me.
It stops when we connect with our lips.
Our separate heartbeats combine to make a beautiful melody.

My love, my heart explodes with every second
My hands hold you tighter than ever.

My love, You bring out a side of me never seen,
With just a kiss, I love you, My love.
You're the only one in my eyes,
I miss when you kiss me
Your lips, your smile, are all so perfect.
I melt right into your arms every time you hug me
I lay my head on your shoulders, and it fits oh so perfectly
You shine like you are the only star.
When I talk to you, it feels so amazing.
Every moment I share with you,
I cherish like it were a precious diamond.
Holding your hands feels like I'm in another world.
Without you, my world would be filled of darkness

My love, I will love you till my last breath
Seeing you always makes my day,
My love for you will never go away.

-Yessica Guevara



-Marie Coneys

Paranoid

They can always see you,
where and when you go.

Whether you're outside,
or in your own abode.

No matter how you are concealed,
or where you go to hide.

They will always have their eyes,
even when you are aside.

They have a soldier in your house,
always at attention.

He has one eye staring out,
and a brain with such retention.

You see him every single day,
and rely on what he provides.

You tell him every single thing;
it's with him whom you confide.

But yet he's only just a spy,
holding out a typewriter.

And will let them know everything...
and is as evil as a sidewinder.

-Colin Kirkpatrick

School

School, so cruel
but yet so cool.
Aging every year
as new students appear
classrooms filled with air,
with teachers you can't bare
School is pain,
that drives you insane.

School is cruel,
but yet so cool,
with friends by your side,
there is no need to hide.
Bullies like the devil,
annoy in every level
but they won't get far
because friends like you, are like stars.

-Waldir Cruz



-Nathan Smith

The Secret Goldfish

The year was 1956; Jacob Everson was an eleven year old boy with a wide imagination. His mother, Mary Everson, was a kind and sweet lady. Her husband, and Jacob's father, died from a heart attack about a month from where our story begins. The doctors could never ascertain the cause. He was a strong man, didn't smoke, ate healthy meals, had a glass of soda every once in awhile, but it was venial compared to how other men lived their lives. "It must have just been something genetic," said the doctors to Mrs. Everson. Just goes to show, you're not invulnerable to your family genes.

Let's begin our story the day of Mr. Everson's death; it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and the family of three had just gotten out of the 11:00 Mass. Mr. Everson kept complaining about his chest pains.

"Mary, I can hardly walk, and it's so damn hot out," said Mr. Everson.

"Don't you know there are children out here? Watch your mouth in front of your son," said Mary sternly. The married couple was always bickering about something, like which turn to make when they were on vacation, or what Mary should wear to a party. For the most part, however, Jacob found these arguments to be quite funny.

"You guys always argue about nothing. It is really kinda funny the way Mom's face turns all red when she gets mad," laughed Jacob quietly to himself.

"Oh, shut up you," said Mary in a joking kind of manner.

It is amazing how quickly a beautiful day with your family can turn into a nightmare. The nightmare started when Mr. Everson hit the floor on the walk back to the car. Mary started to panic, "Help! I need help!" You have never heard a woman cry unless she cried for the life of her husband.

People frantically rushed to pay phones calling for an ambulance. Jacob stood there confused and scared. He'd never seen his mother in this kind of state before. His father was not moving. Just gasping and staring at nothing.

An ambulance came and rushed Mr. Everson to the hospital. Mr. Everson was pronounced dead six hours later.

Like I said, the doctors couldn't find the cause of his heart attack. It didn't matter though. All that mattered was Jacob had lost what every young boy needed: a role model, someone to say "good game son." He had lost his father.

After the death of his father, he started to visit the neighborhood pond more often. Jacob and his two best friends, Garret and Bryce, would go there every other day. Jacob, however, walked there every day. On the days he went alone he would cry to himself. He couldn't ask his mom for support because she was too depressed. "It's not fair. Why did you have to take him from me?" cried Jacob aloud.

Then one day he heard a voice while he was skipping rocks at the pond. It was a loud, friendly, consoling voice, and it came from the pond. Jacob looked down to see a goldfish staring at him with his oversized head out of the water. Just floating and staring. Jacob slowly got up and walked away from the pond while still staring at the goldfish, when another voice said, "He's only a goldfish- he won't bite you." Jacob turned around to see an old man with a top hat and a winter coat on-- he looked very much like he was working in New York during the winter.

"My name is Charles Anderson, and you may be?" asked Charles to Jacob.

"I'm Jacob, Jacob Everson. I was walking away from the goldfish because he was freaking me out."

"No need to be frightened lad, that goldfish has been there for twenty years now," said Charles. This confused Jacob because he had been coming here for about two weeks straight and has never seen this goldfish until now. It isn't something that can easily miss your eye either.

"I like him, He is very bright, and it makes me happy in sort of a weird way," said Jacob. "Well I must be going now I have to get back for diner, see you later Charles."

"Oh I'll be here next time."

When Jacob got home he told his mom all about the goldfish and Charles, and how they both made him happy. His mom didn't show too much excitement for this, due to the fact that she was still depressed about the loss of her husband. Jacob, however, visited the pond all day, every day. When Garret and Bryce both went to summer camp Jacob wasn't as sad as he expected to be. Instead, he spent long hours at the pond with Charles talking about life. Charles was an old man, so he had lots of life stories to tell. Most of them seemed to be so long ago that the setting of them couldn't even fit in this century.

"Do you have family Charles?" Asked Jacob in a curious manner.

"Why of course I do, everyone has family; mine just aren't with me at the moment," said Charles. "I consider this goldfish apart of my family; we have conversations when you're not here. I named him Lenny."

"How can you talk to a fish? He can't answer you back," said Jacob.

"Well, we have conversations with our minds. I'll talk and he will just listen, like he is right now," said Charles. "You can tell he is listening because he never moves from that spot. He always has his head popped up looking at us."

"I wish I could have someone to talk to when I needed support," said Jacob. "My dad passed away, I have no siblings, my mother is currently depressed, and all my friends are in camp."

"Sometimes son, people or things get removed from our lives and it can be so hard to overcome those situations. Now I'm sure I can't do much to make you feel any better, but I can tell you this, you will always have me and Lenny to talk to. You can't change the problems in your life. The only thing you can do is change the way you choose to deal with them," said Charles in an inspiring voice.

"Wow. Thank you Charles, for everything. You give up so much time to be with me, I guess what I'm trying to say is that won't somebody be missing you?" asked Jacob.

"I don't think anyone around here will really be missing me lad, but I must be going now." He tips his top hat and says bye to Lenny.

As Jacob looks at Lenny he begins to talk to him, "Do you have family? I do, but not much. I wish my father never died Lenny, I really do miss him. Lenny, I hope that you and your father's relationship is great. Anyways I must be going; I have to go eat dinner with my mom. Bye Lenny, see you tomorrow."

When Jacob told his mother about this at dinner that night, she became a bit worried for Jacob. The way he told stories about Charles and Lenny sounded as if he was going insane. He was acting very uncanny around his mother lately. One day Mary cogently insisted that he visit his cousins for the day. He wasn't too happy about this. He felt like he was missing out on an important duty. He was afraid that if he didn't go that Charles and Lenny might not be there ever again. Which wouldn't make sense. "How could a goldfish just disappear all of a sudden? It isn't like he can just move to a new pond," Mary tried to explain all this to Jacob, but he wouldn't listen. He was crying, screaming, and kicking the back of Mary's seat as she drove him to his cousin's house, like a baby. Consequently, Mary was very concerned for the health of her son. She went to the cemetery's pond, but didn't see a bright yellow goldfish nor an old man with a coat and top hat. Instead she found something horrifying. Her worst nightmare, she felt as if she had lost all she had when she discovered a tombstone with the words "Here lies Charles Anderson, 1881-1952." The man Jacob had been talking to all along was dead.

Mary called a doctor that same week and the doctors came to Mary's house. These were the same doctors who couldn't find an explanation for Mr. Everson's heart attack. They could, however, find a practical reason for Jacob's hallucinations. Mary and the doctors secretly followed Jacob to the pond. When they saw Jacob at the pond, he was talking to himself and laughing. They moved closer until they stood next to him.

"Oh Mom, hello, I want you to meet Lenny and Charles."

"Jacob", said Mary, "there isn't anybody there; it's all in your head sweetie. Charles

The doctors took Jacob by the hand trying hard to maintain a strong grasp and they carried him away. Jacob screamed for Charles and Lenny harder than Mary did for her husband. The doctors took Jacob into a van, and brought him to a mental hospital. They took x-rays of Jacob's brain and confirmed that he had schizophrenia.

"Why Jacob?" asked Mary, "why was he seeing a man who died three years ago, and a goldfish that never was real? Why did he get this illness?"

"There is no answer, genetics probably," said the first doctor.

"That's the horror of schizophrenia"; said the second doctor, "it's realizing that you have it. Realizing that everything that you once thought was real was just being portrayed from inside your mind. My father always said that it was the devil living inside your head scaring you to death."

"Will he be able to live?" asked Mary.

"Yes", said the first doctor, "after a few years in this institute he will return home and living on a high dose of medicine."

Currently, Jacob is seventeen and living at home with his mom. His mother takes very close care of him. He has breakdowns every once in awhile, often when he thinks that he is being watch or followed. He also still sees Charles walking around in the street, and Lenny in pools. However he has learned to block and ignore all these hallucinations. He is constantly under supervision. However, he is happier than he was when he entered the mental hospital, and his mother recovered from her depression after she realized she had to take care of her son. He is homeschooled and still keeps in contact with his two friends Garret and Bryce.

-John Russo

The Golden Fish

His scales shine like gold,
Glistening left and right.
His bubbles flood in the tank
And catch the sunlight.

He won't answer to anyone,
Just swims around.
He drifts to the top;
Will never reach the ground.

He seems very happy
As he dreams sweet dreams.
He can spend his life in the water
At the bottom of the sea.

He's gone down the toilet
In one quick swirl.
His life was ended
From a heart attack caused by that squirrel.

-Helena Calenzo



-Marie Coneys

Lights in the Dark

There in the otherwise bleak night sky, scattered,
Were the pin-sized stars, the tiny remnants of a
Glittering glass piece recently broken.
The fragments were each perfectly cut,
Each its own individual diamond, sparkling
Endlessly on the vast black canvas.
Embedded in no particular pattern, they
Patiently waited for someone to make sense of them.

-Greta Farrell

Cards

Life's chances are left to be taken.
Opportunities fade, and doubt settles in.
Don't be ashamed. Don't be afraid.
It is, after all, a numbers
game:
What to say, when to say it.
You must figure out how to
play it.
Time is of the utmost impor-
tance,
So never miss your only
chance.

-Greta Farrell



-Salvatore Franco

Connected

Upload
Download
Linked in
Zoned out
Input
Dataflow
Constant transfer-
Let go.
Dark screen
Bright lights
Friend request
Late nights.
Reality check:
Lost ink ebb.
Communication tangled
in the
World
Wide
Web.

-Molly Prep

It was Saturday Afternoon

It was Saturday afternoon, the day my parents and I set out for a picnic, and the breeze kept blowing my hair into my face no matter how many times I tried to move it to the side. My parents and I sat on the picnic blanket and ate our food in front of the barn in an open field away from our house. Always, it was us all alone except for a blue Chevy parked next to our car. As we ate our food, my mother and I sat there listening to my father while he tried to make funny jokes. We still laughed at him to show him how stupid he sounded. As we sat there, we talked about anything that would get my mind off of school and get my parents' mind off of work.

"Are you ready to go?" My father said as he stood up from the blanket.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Your mother and I are going to the barn. You are staying here at the blanket." My father ordered me.

"But why can't I go?" I asked. My voice began to change.

"You can't go because he said so, and because we don't want you go. Just stay here. We'll be right back," my mother told me as they began to walk away.

"Well, what are you two going to do in there anyways?" I stood up and began to walk toward them.

Both my parents stopped heavily and looked at each other. Their voices were stern, "Business."

"Business" was the only word they said before they walked away from me. Both of them were walking away from me as if they were seeing each other for the last time.

As I waited for my parents to come back, they both took their time in the barn and never returned to me ever again.

As I saw flames go up in the barn, I dialed 911 as quickly as I could. When the police said they were dead, I went up for adoption.

○○○○

I drew a huge breath and sat up on the bed. I couldn't breathe. As I sat up, I rested my back against the headboard of my bed. I realized I had been sweating again. The dream returned to me again. I haven't had that dream since my parents died three years ago. They died because of me. I killed my parents. It was entirely my fault. I was the reason why they died and I did nothing for them after they died. No, I did everything for them. I lived with nine different families in the past three years. My parents were good people. I knew the fire wasn't an accident. I had a strange feeling that the death of my parents was murder and my new guardians knew the truth of how they died. I'm going to find out how my parents died, no matter how long it takes. I owe it to them. I felt guilty about the fire up until I moved in with them. As I began to catch my breath, I lay down slowly, shut my eyes and fell into a heavy sleep.

- Asar Nadi



-Roxana Moreira

The Little Girl in the Candy Shoppe

I always think of that little girl, about 10 years old when I knew her, whenever I go to the candy shoppe. She was my neighbor. I can remember her being a very independent child. If you ever asked her if she needed help, with fixing her bike or untangling her yo-yo, she would always say, "No, I can do it myself." One day, I was babysitting little Phoebe, we decided to take a walk to the candy shoppe. The second we walked through the door, we nearly slammed into a huge display in front. It held hundreds, no thousands, of Wonka's chocolate bars. Every flavor you could think of. Marshmallow Fluffers, Triple Chocolate Chunks, and even his new flavor, Rainbow Chocolate Swirl. There's been news going around about a contest he's having, with golden tickets and everything. But once I saw Phoebe trying to grab as many Wonka bars as she could hold, I knew that she had heard the news too. Finally, I had to remind her that we hadn't brought any money. After a long fight, she finally gave in. We headed home to her house so I could watch her. Right then, I knew she was up to something. She had cracked open the piggy bank she had just gotten from her brother 4 months ago. And then she insisted that we clean out everything stuck between the couch cushions to surprise her parents. But the strangest part of all was after she had counted all the money we found, she asked me for a loan. It wasn't the fact that she needed money which surprised me, because I knew she would want to buy as many chocolate bars as possible. But I was surprised that she asked me since she's such an independent child and all. I would've given her some money, I really would've, but I barely had enough dough to buy one candy bar, let alone the amount she wanted to get. So from that day on she saved every penny she could get her hands on. She never even bought her favorite Drumstick when the ice cream truck came around. She would just ignore the tinkling music and keep searching the streets for fallen change. She would even pick up coins that were tails up, even though she was a very superstitious girl. After three months, Phoebe had enough dough to buy at least twenty chocolate bars. But for some reason, she didn't want to go to the candy shoppe and spend her money the next time I babysat her. A week later, Phoebe died of diabetes. It turned out that she had a lot more money saved up than I thought. She bought fifty candy bars and ate them all herself. I guess the moral of the story is that if you try to be too independent and eat fifty chocolate bars all at once, then you can die.

-Helena Calenzo



-Roxana Moreira

Foiled

A little twist, and the glinting silver sheet was quickly shattered into millions of un-repairable fragments. Several more turns, and the thin as paper metal became a disfigured mass. A distractingly long line entered my vision and tickled my nose, and impatiently I brushed it away and bent my head over my work. Immediately, I froze as the realization hit me: What if they had seen? Surreptitiously, I glanced around the rest of the lunchroom. None of the many other small heads were looking my way or even remotely interested in the otherwise empty lunch table where I sat. The tables in the primary school cafeteria were arranged in rectangular rows, allowing me to choose a seat at the back where I could watch everyone else. That's all I seemed to be doing, lately: watching, listening, and learning. I watched a group of girls sitting closer to the front start pushing each other. I listened to them laughing and heard them chatter about someone's spilled lunchbox. I decided that it wasn't important. I learned that there was nothing valuable in what they said, so why bother keeping their company? They weren't interesting. My little project was much more interesting. I ripped a little piece of aluminum and folded it to make it look like a triangular ear. This one was going to be one of my greatest: a metal dragon.

As I kept ripping the aluminum foil and twisting it, I couldn't help but keep one ear open to the sounds of my surroundings. The seat beside me felt very, very empty and my table was very, very quiet. I bent my head and focused on the feeling of the foil in my fingers and the tiny noise of each minute crinkle. It looked amazing. I knew it was going to be so beautiful that nobody could hope to ever create something like it. Everybody was going to stare in wonder and think about how inferior they were compared to my talents. I would be on the top of the Earth instead of at this lunch table that sat on the same floor and same level as all the people who were too afraid to join me. It's because they didn't understand; they couldn't see the connections that I did. Ever since the beginning of the school year and many aluminum creatures later, I had been watching, listening, and had learned that I made them uncomfortable. I'm still not sure why... It's irritating that I can never figure out why. I don't need to know why to create my art. The foil wasn't afraid of me; why should it be? I gave it life and a form to be proud of. I gave it glaring eyes, sharp horns, broad wings and a whip-like tail. Why is it that I still have the feeling that I don't want to be above everyone else? What is it that they have... that I don't? I'm clearly far better off than all of them. Why is it then, that even my greatest works of art don't catch their attention?

- Anonymous