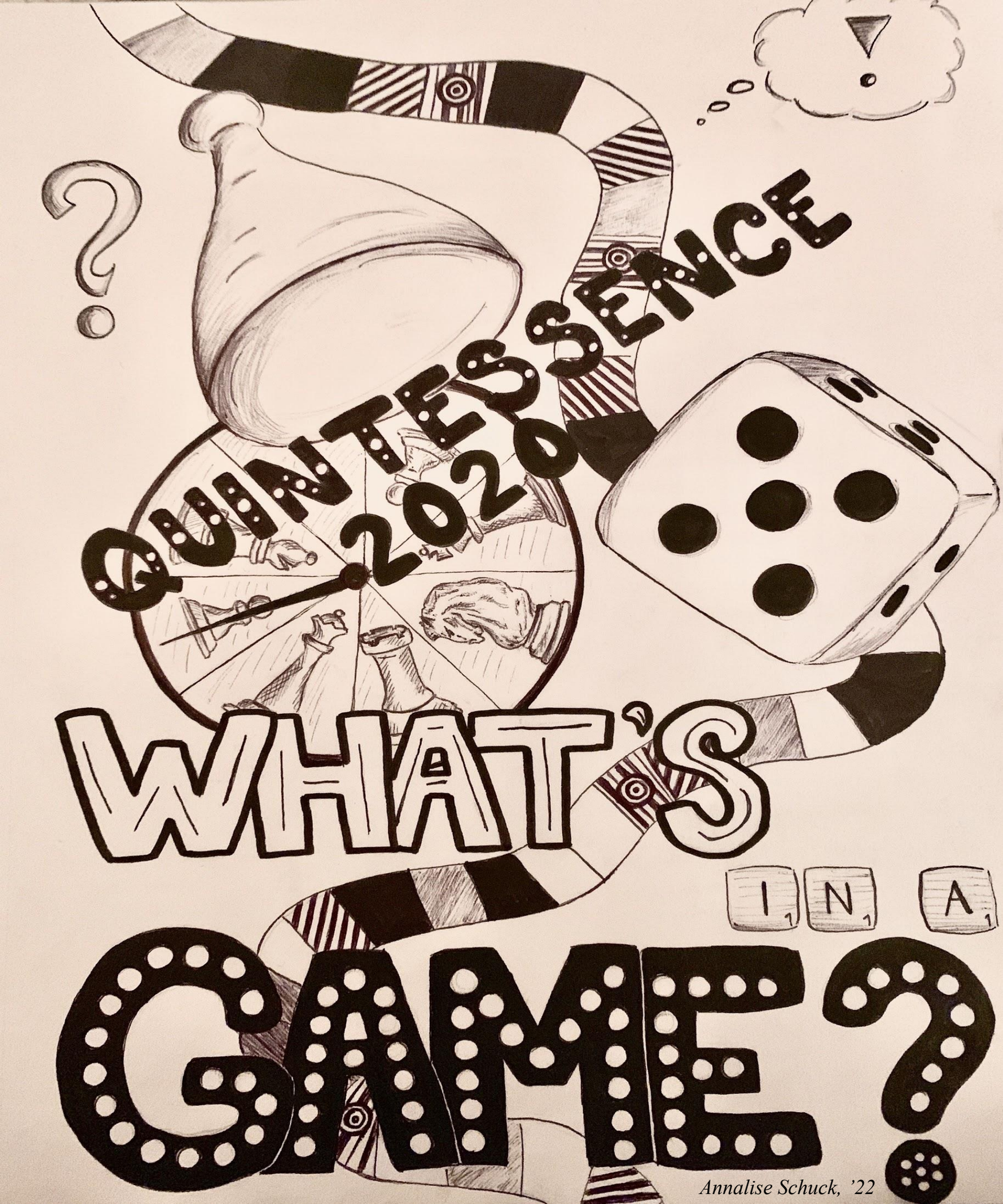


Annalise Schuck, '22

INTRODUCTION

From childhood, games have been how we learn about the world around us. When we play chess, we practice thinking ahead and strategizing; we're forced to look at the board through our opponent's eyes as well as our own. In playing pretend, we envision futures for ourselves as doctors, princesses, firefighters, and parents. The uninhibited imagination of youth can take us to Disney World, the Eiffel Tower, or Middle Earth without ever leaving the safety of our backyards. And when we play cards, we find that sometimes no amount of clever logic or creative thinking can change the hand we've been dealt. Games emblemize life: the fun and the tedious, the individual and the cooperative, the triumphs and the defeats. For our 2020 edition of *Quintessence*, we ask the question "What's in a game?" in celebration of all that games have taught us and continue to teach us.

Thinking logically is not always as simple as adding A and B; more often than not, we have to think outside the box to come to the right solution. Riddles teach us not only to think in unexpected ways, but that sometimes there can be more than one satisfying answer to a question. A sharp mind is perhaps the most powerful tool one can have—so don't underestimate the strength of a tough riddle!

The lure of chance is always present throughout life, especially when a decision is just out of control. There is no greater usage of this than in a game. When we have to roll the dice, we test the realms of possibility and learn that the perceived ideal result might not always be what we expect. It is what we do with the outcome that is the defining characteristic of who we are, so let the cards be dealt and dice be rolled.

When thinking about the components of a game, it is important to remember its creation. Games began as an expression of creativity through the exploration of the depths of our imagination. When it comes to improvisation or Animal Crossing, the most important element is never to limit what you create because you can always fill in the ___.

Some may say that we need games now more than ever, so we hope you enjoy our special online version of *Quintessence* 2020.

Isabelle Anzabi, '20 and Cait Carolan, '20
Senior Editors-in-Chief



Mr. Bolognese

I. RIDDLE ME THIS

Logic is the most fundamental tool of thinkers. Logic enables philosophers to ponder puzzling questions, scientists to conduct research, and lawyers to construct arguments. Most exciting of all, logic gives us the ability to be innovative and think "outside of the box." Throughout the centuries, writers have utilized logic to formulate ideas in their literature and present their opinions about serious topics and, in doing so, have created brilliant and compelling work that continues to captivate readers.

The following passages have been chosen for their storytelling and brilliant elicitation of important topics in society. Through the medium of games, this section will present prose and poetry that will not only help you, the reader, contemplate themes of paramount importance, but also enable you to better employ your reasoning skills and understanding of this rudimentary tool. Although logic was key to the construction of the subsequent poems and prose, it will also serve you in your ability to interpret and understand these works. Let the puzzles begin!

Grace Matwijec, '21 and Autumn Andrejczak, '22

"The Villanelle of Tír na nÓg"

To his home he returned, just as I had feared.
His stay, his homesick heart refused to prolong
His foot touched the ground, and he disappeared.

From the moment I met him, I was endeared.
He helped the weak because he was strong.
To his home he returned, just as I had feared.

Desolate in his departure, I would not be cheered.
But the caged bird is destined to fly before long.
His foot touched the ground, and he disappeared.

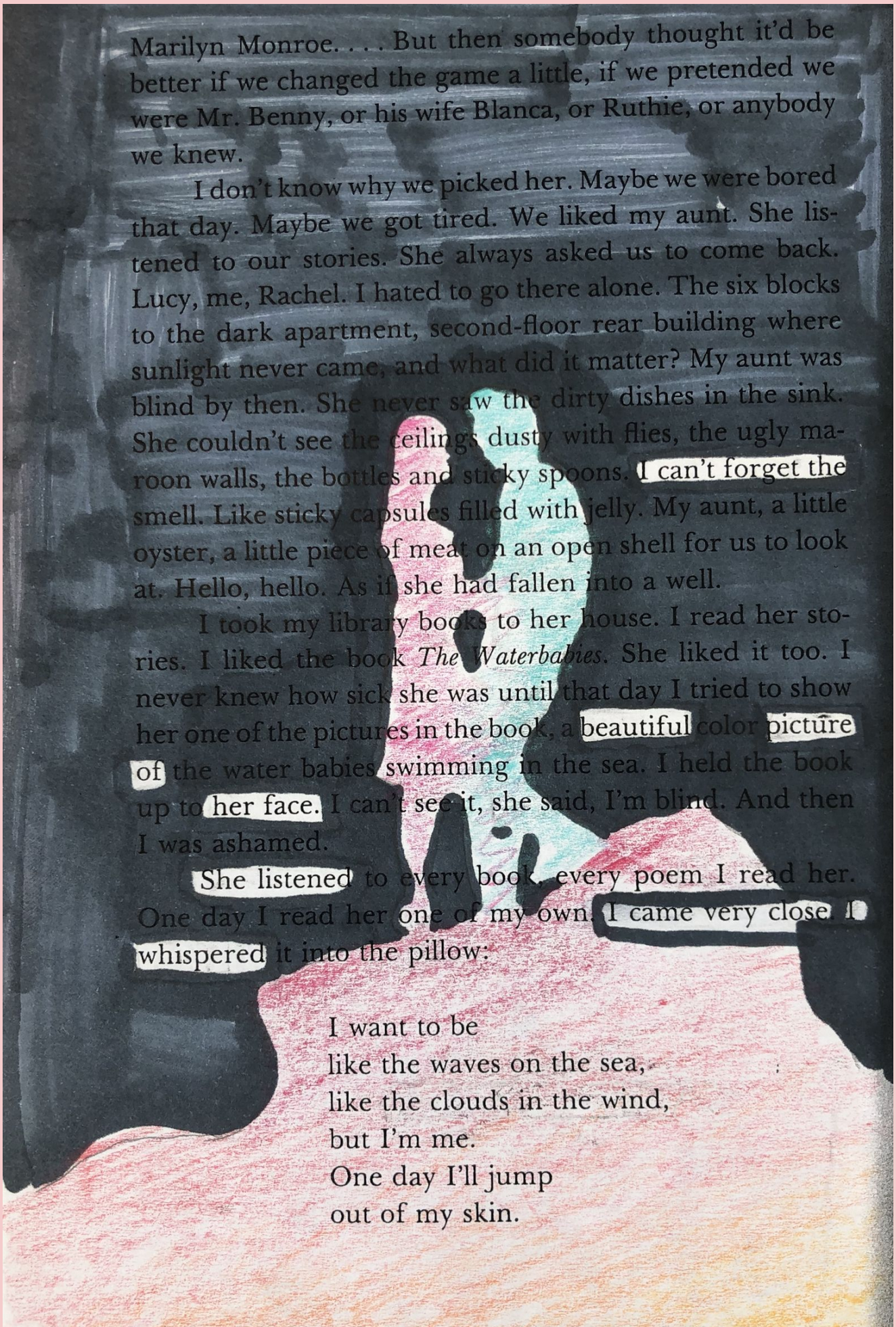
He left behind Oscara, the son he'd never rear.
Perhaps to bring him into the world was wrong.
To his home he returned, just as I had feared.

He made no mark, no debt left nor arrears
In the Land of the Young, he'd never belong.
His foot touched the ground, and he disappeared.

The rain poured and his footsteps were cleared.
Now none of him is left, save for this song.
To his home he returned, just as I had feared.
His foot touched the ground, and he disappeared.

Cait Carolan, '20

Alex Kupper, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



“Opposite Beauty”

Sun
bright, yellow
providing, blinding, warming
day, glow, shine, night
reflecting, illuminating, awakening
full, blue
Moon

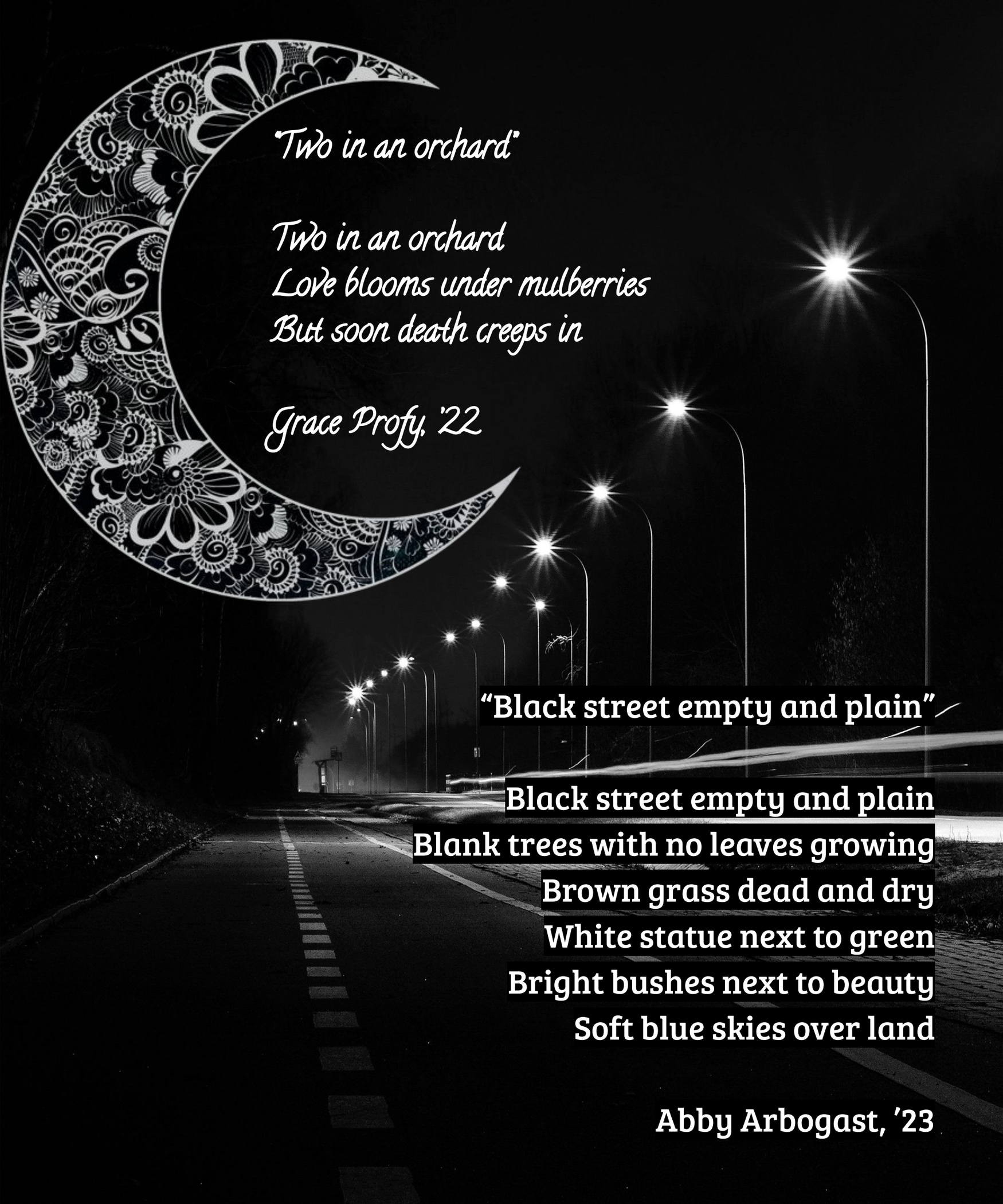


Jaclyn McDade, ’22

“Haiku”

If only he knew,
what Nora was going through,
no lies, no deceit

Meredith Glunz, ‘23



"Two in an orchard"

Two in an orchard
Love blooms under mulberries
But soon death creeps in

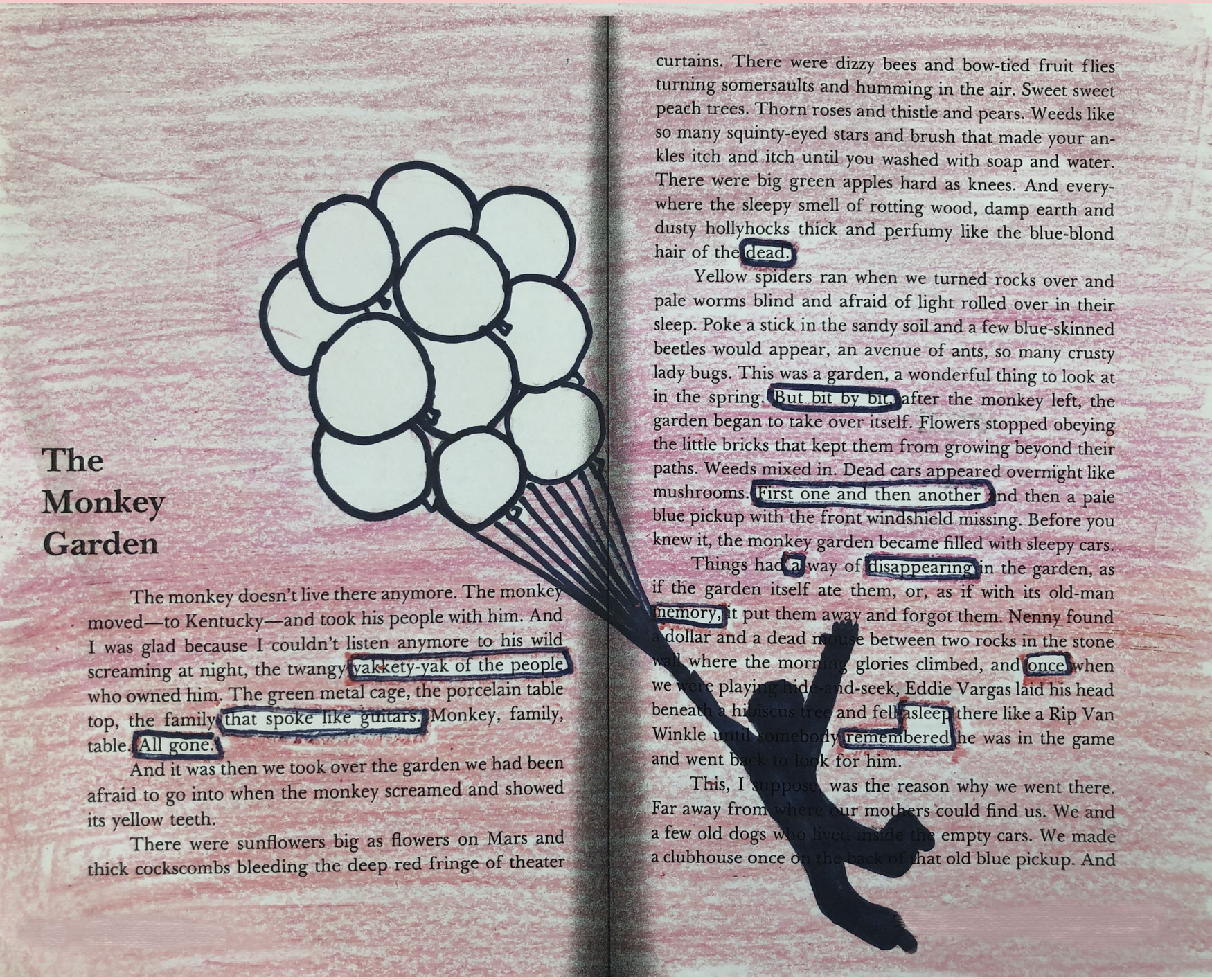
Grace Profy, '22

"Black street empty and plain"

Black street empty and plain
Blank trees with no leaves growing
Brown grass dead and dry
White statue next to green
Bright bushes next to beauty
Soft blue skies over land

Abby Arbogast, '23

Alex Kupper, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



The Monkey Garden

The monkey doesn't live there anymore. The monkey moved—to Kentucky—and took his people with him. And I was glad because I couldn't listen anymore to his wild screaming at night, the twangy yakkety-yak of the people who owned him. The green metal cage, the porcelain table top, the family that spoke like guitars. Monkey, family, table. All gone.

And it was then we took over the garden we had been afraid to go into when the monkey screamed and showed its yellow teeth.

There were sunflowers big as flowers on Mars and thick cockscombs bleeding the deep red fringe of theater curtains. There were dizzy bees and bow-tied fruit flies turning somersaults and humming in the air. Sweet sweet peach trees. Thorn roses and thistle and pears. Weeds like so many squinty-eyed stars and brush that made your ankles itch and itch until you washed with soap and water. There were big green apples hard as knees. And everywhere the sleepy smell of rotting wood, damp earth and dusty hollyhocks thick and perfumy like the blue-blond hair of the dead.

Yellow spiders ran when we turned rocks over and pale worms blind and afraid of light rolled over in their sleep. Poke a stick in the sandy soil and a few blue-skinned beetles would appear, an avenue of ants, so many crusty lady bugs. This was a garden, a wonderful thing to look at in the spring. But bit by bit, after the monkey left, the garden began to take over itself. Flowers stopped obeying the little bricks that kept them from growing beyond their paths. Weeds mixed in. Dead cars appeared overnight like mushrooms. First one and then another and then a pale blue pickup with the front windshield missing. Before you knew it, the monkey garden became filled with sleepy cars.

Things had a way of disappearing in the garden, as if the garden itself ate them, or, as if with its old-man memory, it put them away and forgot them. Nenny found a dollar and a dead mouse between two rocks in the stone wall where the morning glories climbed, and once when we were playing hide-and-seek, Eddie Vargas laid his head beneath a hibiscus tree and fell asleep there like a Rip Van Winkle until somebody remembered he was in the game and went back to look for him.

This, I suppose, was the reason why we went there. Far away from where our mothers could find us. We and a few old dogs who lived inside the empty cars. We made a clubhouse once on the back of that old blue pickup. And

“Salt and Sugar”



salt and sugar
they look the same
yet
they taste so different
you need to know the difference
if they miss you
they will come back
it’s that clear

Glory Daniel, ’21

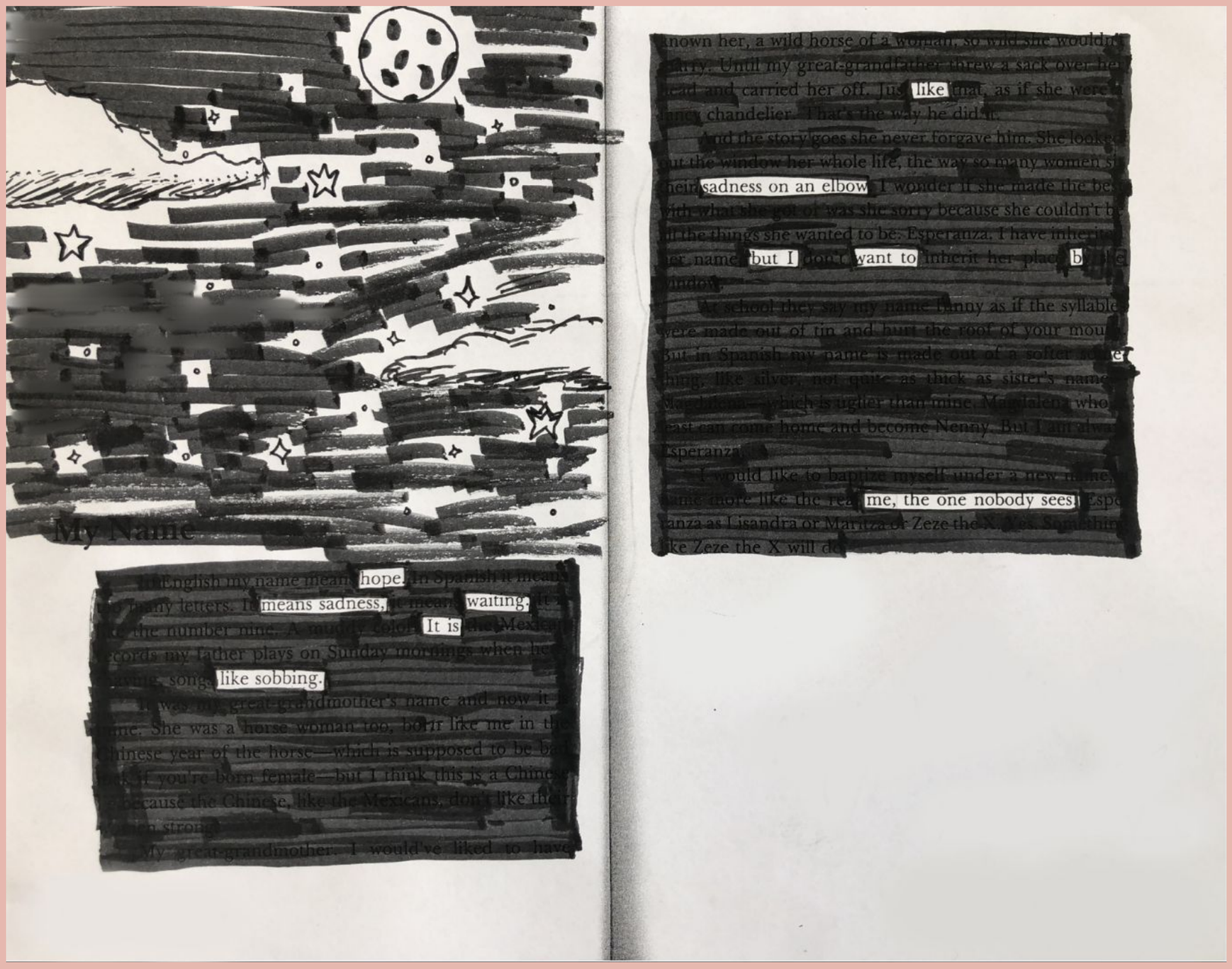
“The Playboy of the Ancient World"

Zeus is a playboy.
All of Olympus knows it.
His wife Hera, too.
He tries to hide his affairs,
But his children prove them true.

Kate Abdalla, '22

pageborders.org

Aiyah Wishahi, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



“Mirroring”

Flame
Fiery, Ephemeral
Glowing, Trembling, Scorching
Ash, Star, Sand, Sky
Glistening, Shattering, Freezing
Bubbly, Everlasting
Sea

Valarie Rubenstein, ‘22



“King Arthur”

All ’round the table
The knights sit with their high king
Eating merrily.

Elizabeth Bowe, ’22



“Questions for a Questionable Society”

Where would we be without quick reactions?
Following others in their organized factions,
Cutting the love out of everyone’s actions.

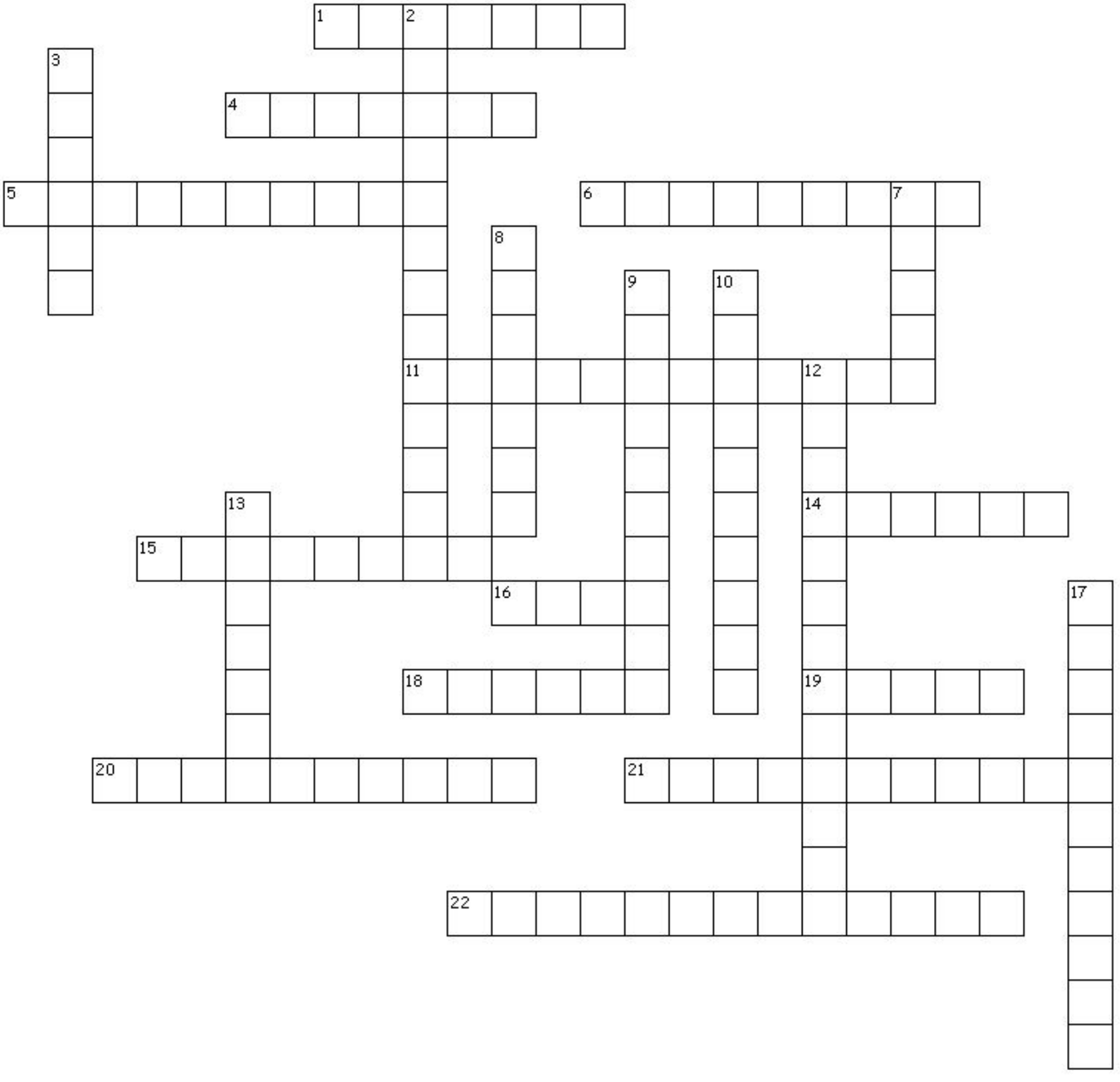
Why do we put so much pressure on authority?
Forcing ourselves into our own minority,
Mumbling about the world’s collective inferiority.

Why is the love gone from this World?

Ashley Rosica, ’22

A Quintessential Crossword Puzzle

Cait Carolan, ’20



See next page for clues :)

Across

1. These creatures are the subject of Richard Adams' *Watership Down*.
4. This horror manga, whose title translates to "spiral" in Japanese, will be adapted into a TV series in 2020.
5. The totalitarian world of *1984* is "always watched" by this political figure.
6. Shakespeare's only titular character who is a queen.
11. The original copy of this Steinbeck novella was eaten by his dog, Toby.
14. This American science fiction writer has published books in 9 of the 10 Dewey Decimal categories.
15. Author of *Fahrenheit 451* who was purportedly descended from a victim of the Salem Witch Trials.
16. Novel set on a desert planet inhabited by giant sandworms.
18. Agatha Christie called this character of hers a "detestable, bombastic, tiresome, egocentric little creep."
19. *Lord of the Flies* character who "provided" the supplies for a fire.
20. Stephen King classic, set at the Overlook Hotel.
21. The famed killer of Dostoevsky's 1866 masterpiece.
22. This final and experimental book by Irish author James Joyce was originally written in crayon on pieces of cardboard.

Down

2. This author and conservationist published the best-selling children's book of all time about a rabbit and his adventures.
3. Hamlet called this skull "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."
7. This species of bird was originally set to be a parrot in Poe's famous poem.
8. The only surviving member of *Moby Dick*'s "Pequod."
9. Prospero is a character in this late Shakespearean romance.
10. Oscar Wilde wrote about this *Lady*'s fan.
12. The protagonist of this short story awoke one morning to find himself transformed into an insect.
13. *Hunger Games* protagonist.
17. This Victor Hugo character has been portrayed by Hugh Jackman, Liam Neeson, Gérard Depardieu, and Dominic West.

Answers!

Across
1. RABBITS
4. UZUMAKI
5. BIGBROTHER
6. CLEOPATRA
11. OFMICEANDMEN
14. ASIMOV
15. BRADBURY
16. DUNE
18. POIROT
19. PIGGY
20. THESHINING
21. RASKOLNIKOV
22. FINNEGANSWAKE

Down
2. BEATRIXPOTTER
3. YORICK
7. RAVEN
8. ISHMAEL
9. THETEMPEST
10. WINDERMERE
12. METAMORPHOSIS
13. KATNISS
17. JEANVALJEAN

"Pointed Toes and Polygraph Prose"

pointed toes and polygraph prose
they coincide and learning grows
in leaps and bounds
and beeping sounds

the needle hops from place to place
dancing lasts through time and space
in leaps and bounds
and beeping sounds

tchaikovsky lilts on silver strings
while justice does the polygraph bring
in leaps and bounds
and beeping sounds

but none can see a ballerina's pain
while all are aware of a criminal's chain

all can be found
in leaps and bounds
and beeping sounds

Ashley Rosica, '22

"Inscribed in Our Bones"

Inscribed in our bones:
The burning desire to
Uncover the why.

Olivia Glunz, '20

"Alexandra"
Alexandra
Strong Intelligent
Loving Caring Motivating
Mother Earth Mulberry Tree Land Passion
Cheating Fortune-Telling Lusting
Blissful Free-spirited
Marie

Grace Profy, '22

"The Power of a Helping Hand"



At times like this I wish to be
Like the boy who held back the sea
With nothing but his little thumb
Until at last true help could come.

I wish I could keep each wave of sorrow
From drowning you until tomorrow,
And tomorrow I'll find another way
To stave off the sea for one more day.

I know you must think me raving mad,
For the promise of one day seems so sad,
But I am not for you the be-all end-all.
I am the patch that provides time to rebuild your wall.

Yet I cannot mend this on my own.
I haven't the proper grout or stone,
So I will stay here waiting until
You find them, and I know you will.

It won't be easy. Supplies aren't cheap,
But find them and at last you'll keep
That thrashing, crashing sea at bay
For far longer than just one day.

So here I sit awaiting, thumb in the ground,
Paying no mind to the biting cold or the sound
Of that inevitably approaching tide.
I simply thought of the others and bitterly cried.

For they had not allowed anyone to descry
The cracks in their walls and continued to lie
Whenever someone asked if they were fine.
I suppose I shouldn't judge. I like to toe the same line.

That ominous time has taken many,
But of your days with me it won't have any,
So far as long as I can I'll hold back the sea,
Because I know in a heartbeat you'd do the same for me.

Jillian Reifsnyder, '20

"Mr. Bounderby"

Mr. Bounderby

selfish, untrustworthy

lying, controlling, disheartening

wealth, meekness, sacrifice, factory

caring, loving, hardworking

intelligent, passionate

Stephen

Olivia Burke, '23



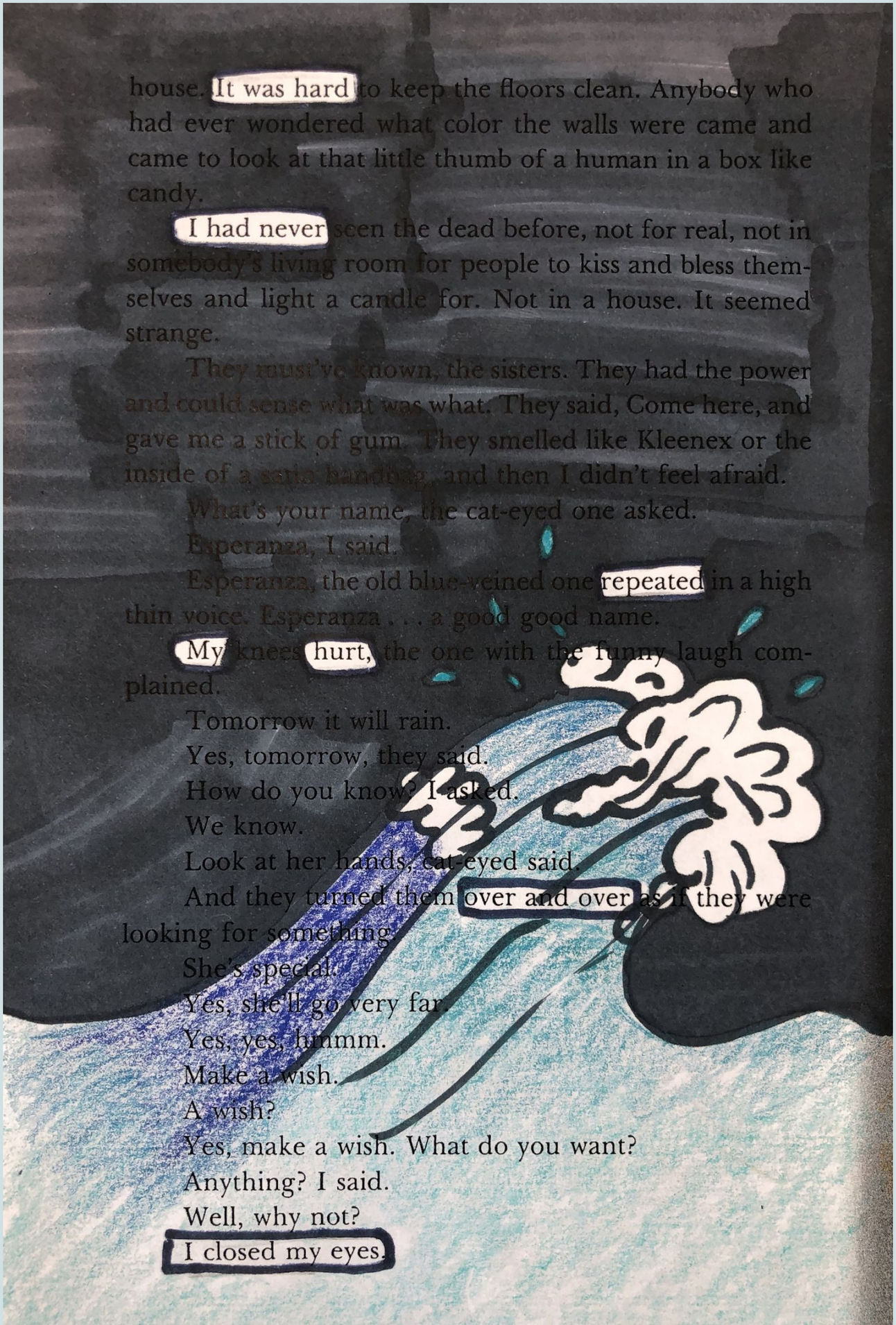


"Love in the Winter"

Love in the winter,
It can be stolid but true.
Heart like a sprinter.

Emily Montemuro, '22

Alex Kupper, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros





"I Saw a Bird up in the Sky"





I saw a bird up in the sky,
And I thought "Gee, I'd like to fly."
So I kicked my shoes off my feet,
Closed my eyes and took a seat,
Upon the Earth's mossy floor.
My mind opened the golden door.

At last, I became the bird!
Though at first, beautifully absurd,
I grew tired, always flapping,
Flapping, flapping,
I couldn't hear the dogs yapping,
Yapping, yapping.

My woes seemed magnified up here,
Upon my face froze a single tear.
For in its limits lonely is the crest,
In passing test after test,
We often forget what we're working toward.
Sometimes, joy is not in moving forward,
But is basking in what we've got,
Because, by golly, it's a lot!





Perhaps, there's a reason why
God didn't put me in the sky.
Perhaps, he didn't want to cry
Like Daedalus when Icarus flew too high.
That's all right.
I wasn't made for flight.

There's value in its rarity,
So now I see with clarity
Why my feet must stay on land:
Birds don't feel between their toes,
Earth's warm sand.

Jillian Reifsnyder, '20

"The Past is a Well-Worn Wasteland"

The past is a well-worn wasteland,
Where many people have walked.
No one ever stays,
But all that remains is talk.

A lot of people vanish.
All were forced to stay.
They all got locked in.
Never saw a future day.

The past is a well-worn wasteland,
Filled with emptiness and despair.
Some people wish to go back,
But it disappeared into thin air.

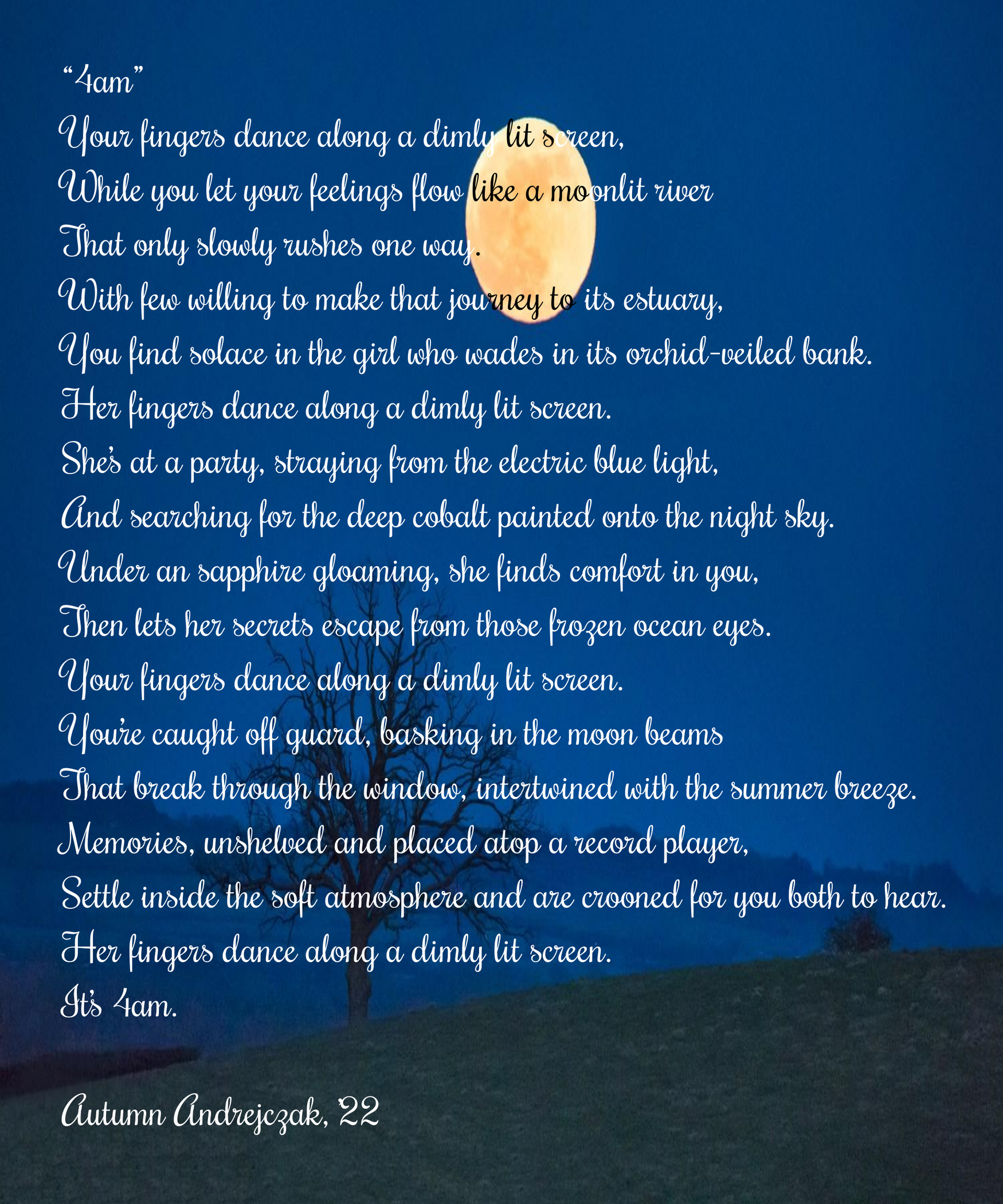
Abby Lucas, '23 and Tiffany Kube, '23





"Love is a Bootleg Dance"
Love is forbidden.
It dances in your heart,
Yearning to come out.
Love is vibrant, bright and exciting.
Emotions through pain and grief.
Love without pain is a bird without wings,
Only to walk, never to fly,
But as damaging as hell's belief.
Love is a killer,
One of many victims,
A thief, a hunter, takes pride in your fall.
Love is so unjust, it should be against the law.
Love is forbidden.
It dances in your heart, yearning to come out.

Ashley Antonak, '23 and Cecilia Kern, '23

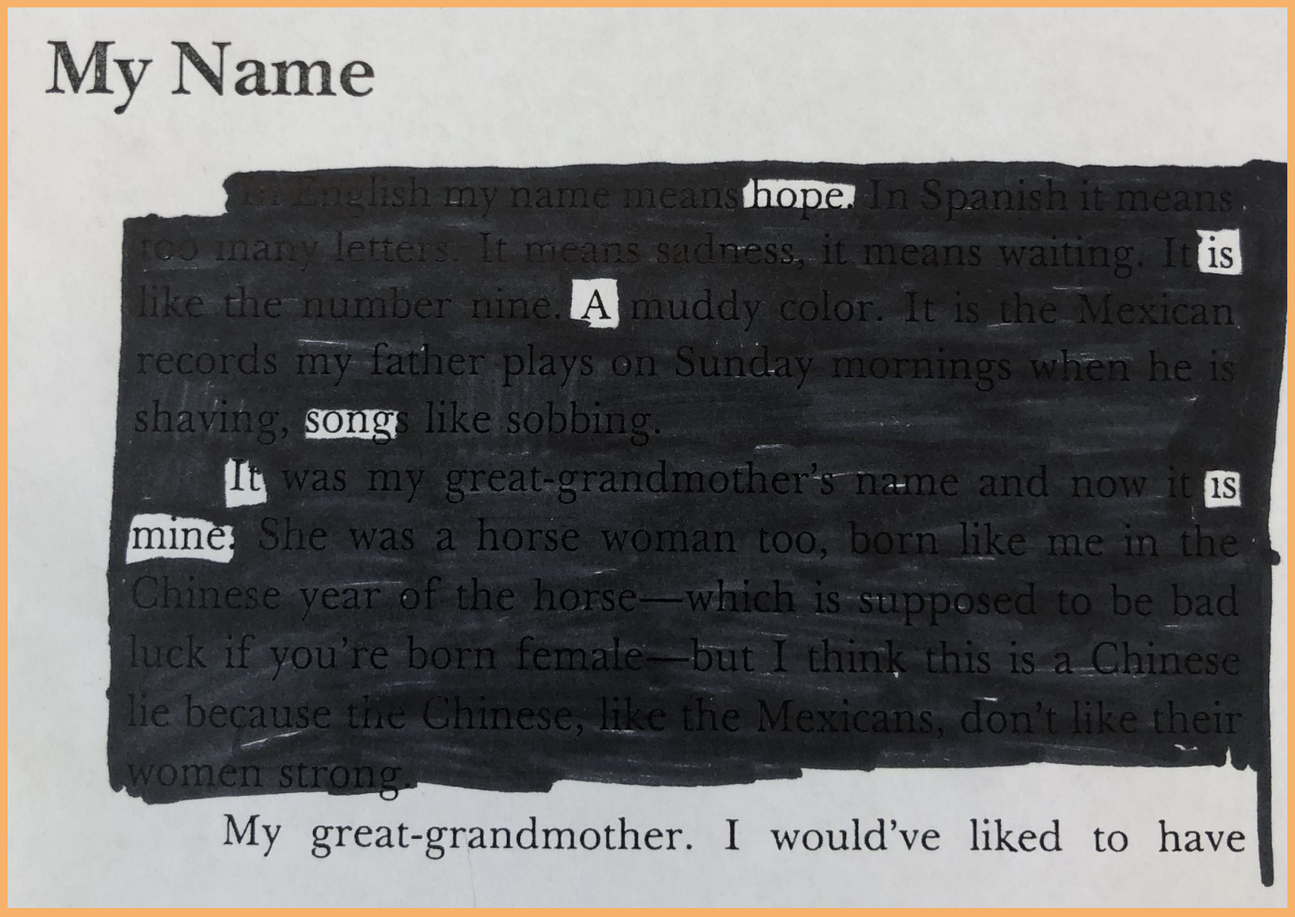


"4am"

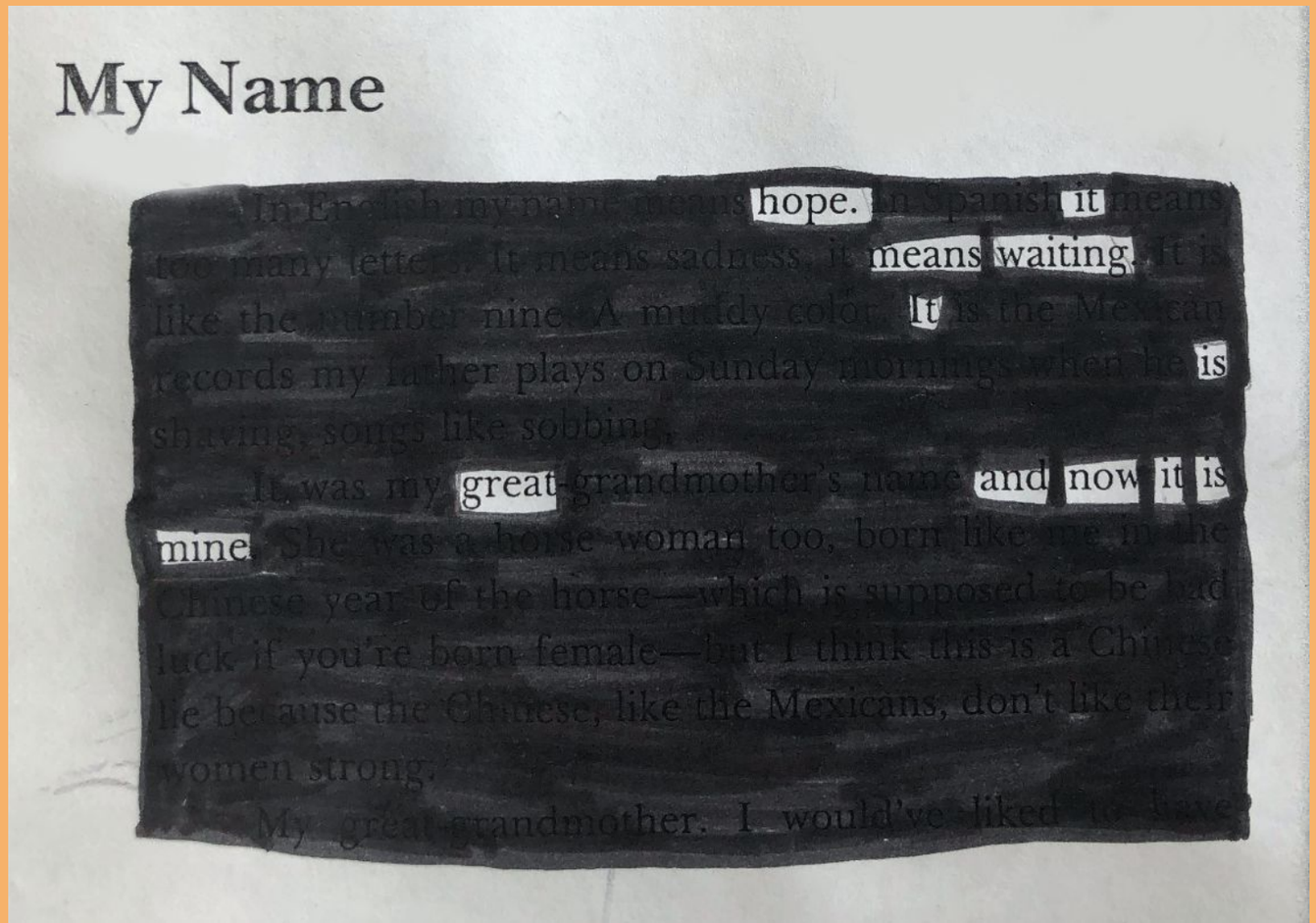
Your fingers dance along a dimly lit screen,
While you let your feelings flow like a moonlit river
That only slowly rushes one way.
With few willing to make that journey to its estuary,
You find solace in the girl who wades in its orchid-veiled bank.
Her fingers dance along a dimly lit screen.
She's at a party, straying from the electric blue light,
And searching for the deep cobalt painted onto the night sky.
Under an sapphire gloaming, she finds comfort in you,
Then lets her secrets escape from those frozen ocean eyes.
Your fingers dance along a dimly lit screen.
You're caught off guard, basking in the moon beams
That break through the window, intertwined with the summer breeze.
Memories, unshelved and placed atop a record player,
Settle inside the soft atmosphere and are crooned for you both to hear.
Her fingers dance along a dimly lit screen.
It's 4am.

Autumn Andrejczak, 22

Sienna Fiduccia, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



Ava Tsiouplis, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros





"Apollo and Daphne"

A glimpse of gold light,
Illuminates the dark sky,
With it a silver flash,
Love and hatred intertwine.
A laurel tree left behind.

Autumn Andrejczak, '22

"A certain eventide"

The soft glow of the horizon settles over an endless field.
I wander among the flowers, which in the sunlight yield
Veils of dew are draped over the countless blades of grass.
The branches of trees seem to bend toward me as I walk past.
Emerald painted leaves dance in the gentle summer breeze
Then are stolen by the wind and carried to the beckoning seas.
The jaded sun begins to fall, but the moon, awakened, rises,
Shining stars and drifting clouds act as some of its many disguises.
While a blanket of sapphire cloaks the sky,
And an inevitable twilight draws nigh.

Autumn Andrejczak, '22



“Hibernal Beauty”

Snow is falling down,
Glistens, covering the ground.
Such a comely sight.

Brigid Woolerton, ’22

“Beauty is a Sad Curse”

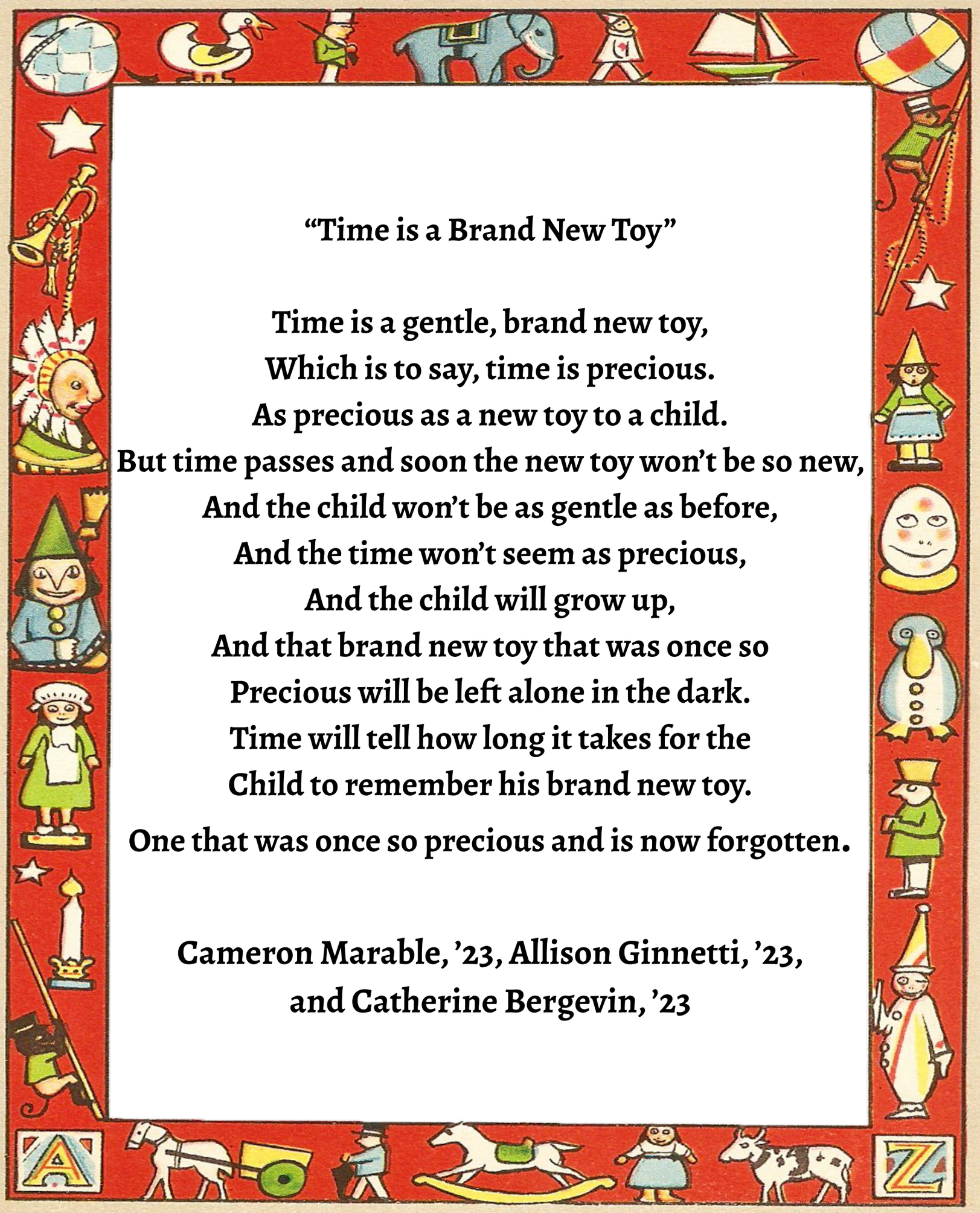
Beauty is a sad curse,
Which is to say that those who possess this are
used,
Beaten down, and abused.

Beauty is a sad curse.
Like a shallow pool, one’s feet only go so far.
Beauty on the outside, but on the inside a scar.

Beauty is a sad curse.

Julia Cassidy, ’23, Katelyn Kelley, ’23,
and Makenna Buchinski, ’23



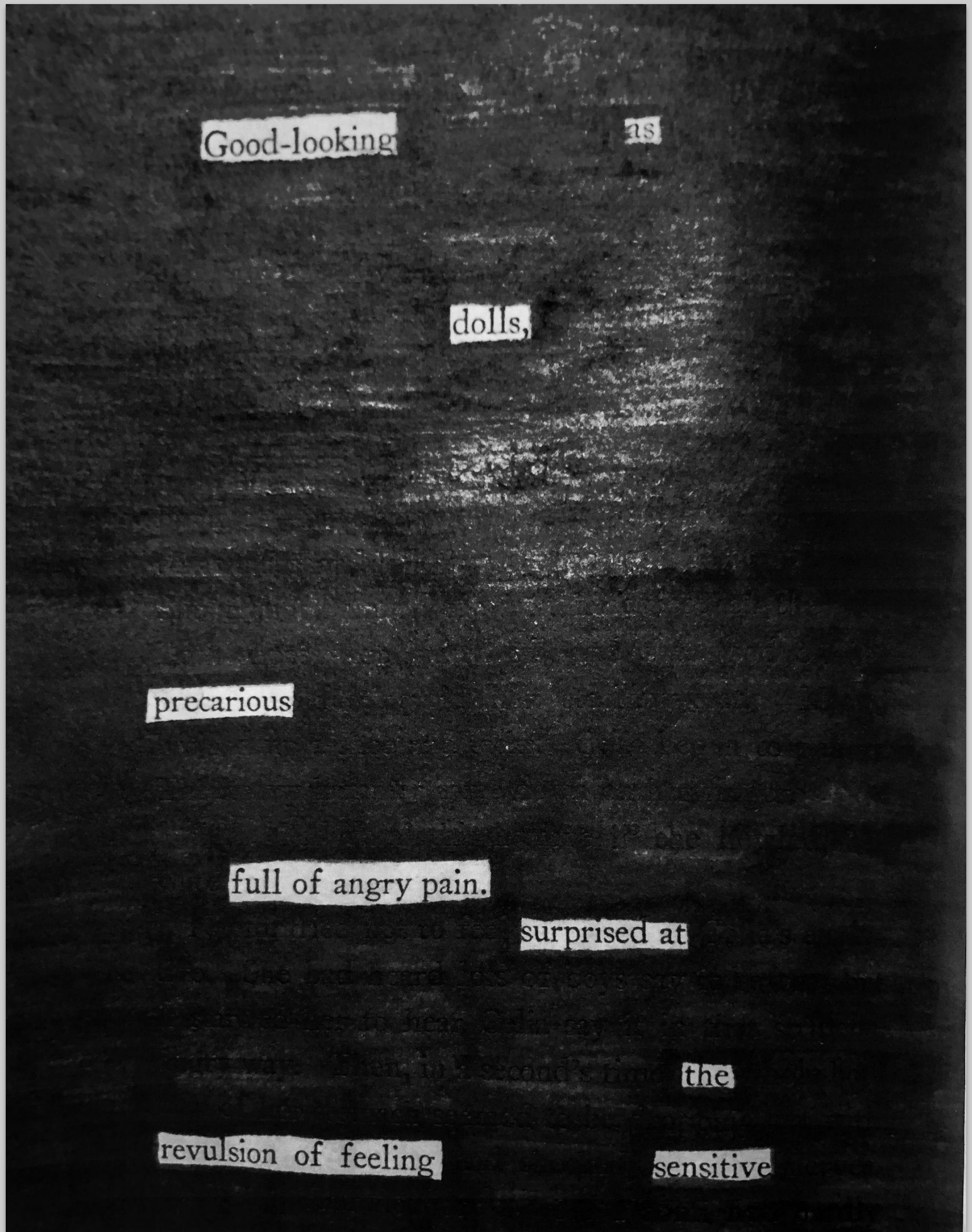


“Time is a Brand New Toy”

Time is a gentle, brand new toy,
Which is to say, time is precious.
As precious as a new toy to a child.
But time passes and soon the new toy won’t be so new,
And the child won’t be as gentle as before,
And the time won’t seem as precious,
And the child will grow up,
And that brand new toy that was once so
Precious will be left alone in the dark.
Time will tell how long it takes for the
Child to remember his brand new toy.
One that was once so precious and is now forgotten.

Cameron Marable, ’23, Allison Ginnetti, ’23,
and Catherine Bergevin, ’23

Jillian Reifsnyder, ’20 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



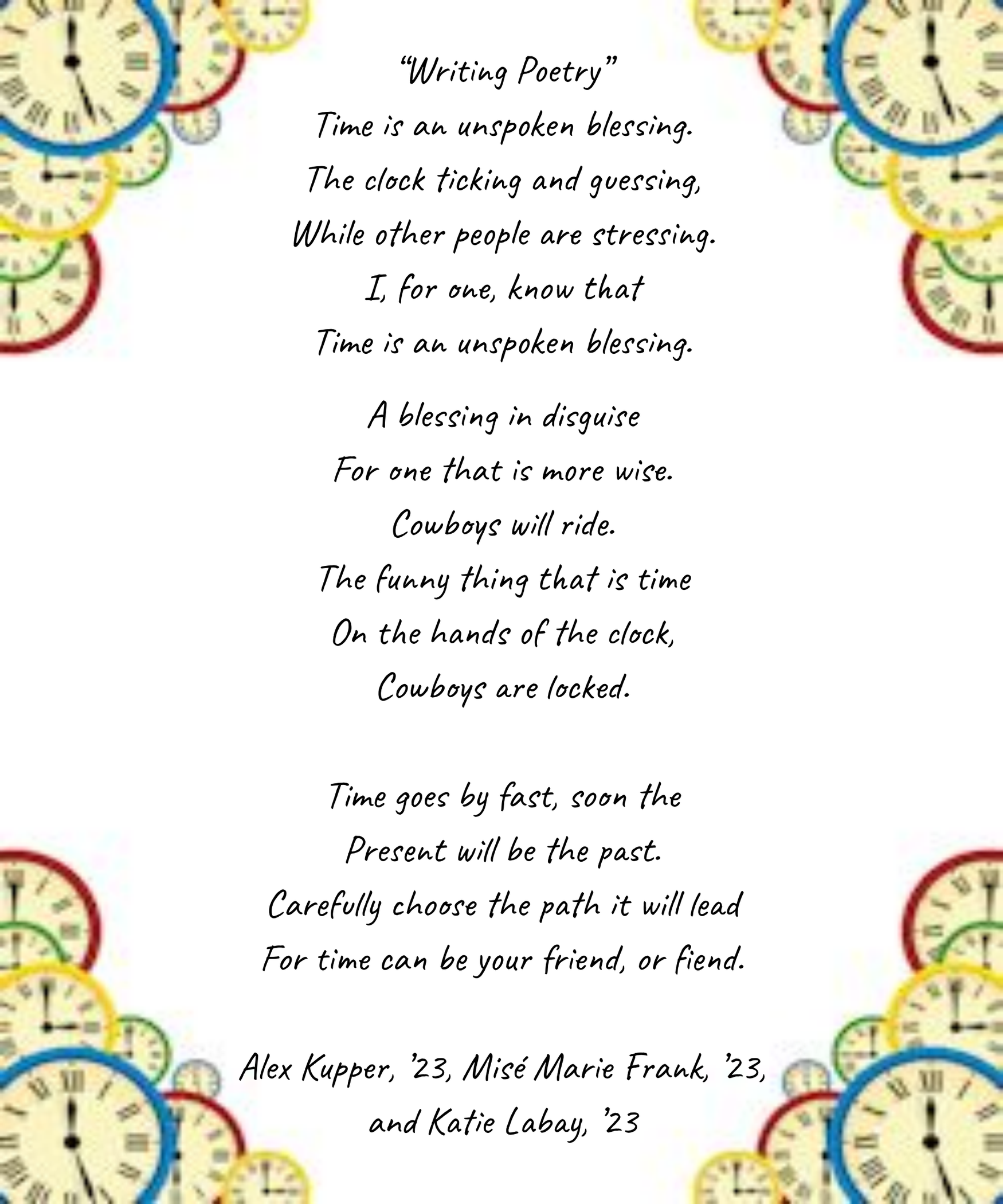


Louisa
Intelligent, Cordial
Desiring, Searching, Learning
Facts, Rome, Force, Beethoven
Betraying, Hiding, Morphing
Lying, Selfish
Lucy

Paige Veneziale, ’23

“Sharks”
Sharks
Swim swiftly away
Hiding beneath the surface
Water secludes it
Jet eyes and serrated teeth
Waiting patiently to strike

Paige Veneziale, ’23



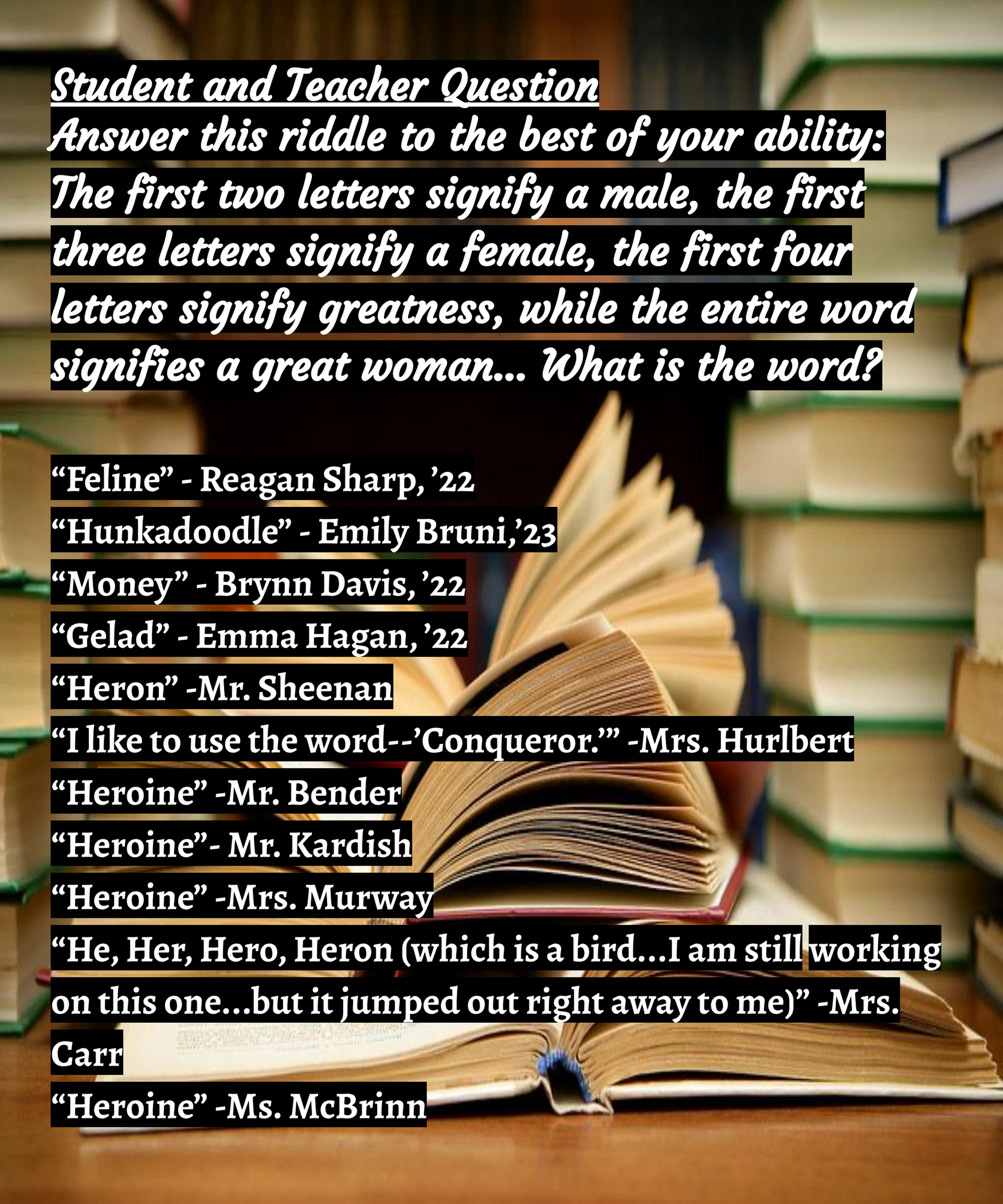
"Writing Poetry"

Time is an unspoken blessing.
The clock ticking and guessing,
While other people are stressing.
I, for one, know that
Time is an unspoken blessing.

A blessing in disguise
For one that is more wise.
Cowboys will ride.
The funny thing that is time
On the hands of the clock,
Cowboys are locked.

Time goes by fast, soon the
Present will be the past.
Carefully choose the path it will lead
For time can be your friend, or fiend.

Alex Kupper, '23, Misé Marie Frank, '23,
and Katie Labay, '23



Student and Teacher Question

Answer this riddle to the best of your ability: The first two letters signify a male, the first three letters signify a female, the first four letters signify greatness, while the entire word signifies a great woman... What is the word?

"Feline" - Reagan Sharp, '22
"Hunkadoodle" - Emily Bruni,'23
"Money" - Brynn Davis, '22
"Gelad" - Emma Hagan, '22
"Heron" -Mr. Sheenan
"I like to use the word--'Conqueror.'" -Mrs. Hurlbert
"Heroine" -Mr. Bender
"Heroine"- Mr. Kardish
"Heroine" -Mrs. Murway
"He, Her, Hero, Heron (which is a bird...I am still working on this one...but it jumped out right away to me)" -Mrs. Carr
"Heroine" -Ms. McBrinn

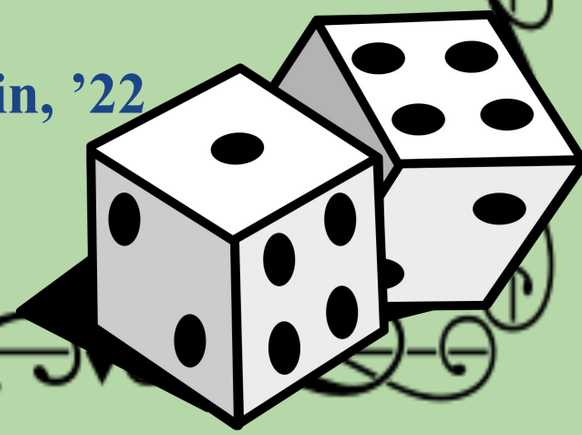


Mr. Bolognese

II. ROLL THE DICE

For good or for bad, both the games we play for entertainment and the experiences that shape our lives are heavily influenced by chance. From a young age, we learn the power of chance through games from *Rock, Paper, Scissors* to *Monopoly* to chess. In our everyday lives, many of us know the frustrating experience of sleeping in and being late. On the other hand, experiences like finding a dollar or, even better, a new friend unexpectedly are small things that make life interesting, exciting, and fun. It's the little everyday surprises that prevent our lives from becoming monotonous and dreary. Even when chance doesn't seem to be on our side, derailing our plans and making a mess of things, it teaches us a valuable lesson. That is, as the saying goes, "When life gives you lemons, make lemonade." We may not always know what's going to happen, but through relentless good cheer and perseverance, we can try to make the best of it, whether it's an especially poor hand in *Go Fish* or missing the school bus.

Erin McFadden, '22 and Valarie Rubinstein, '22



"Eternal"

This river will flow as it always has.
Tumbling and turning, masks a clock
As the village flocking to mass,
This river of moving glass.

This sun's light you will never block,
Imbued with a strong sort of grace
That a power for us did unlock
For this light bringing flowers from rock.

This tree's roots forever one could trace,
Forcing through eternity through inflexibility.
They joyfully sanctify their space
In their slow and steady pace.

Valarie Rubinstein, '22

"Wonder at the world-"

Wonder at the world-
Do you see it
In the reflection
Of a pulsing sunrise
On a silent lake?
Dawn.

Olivia Glunz, '20

"The Beach"

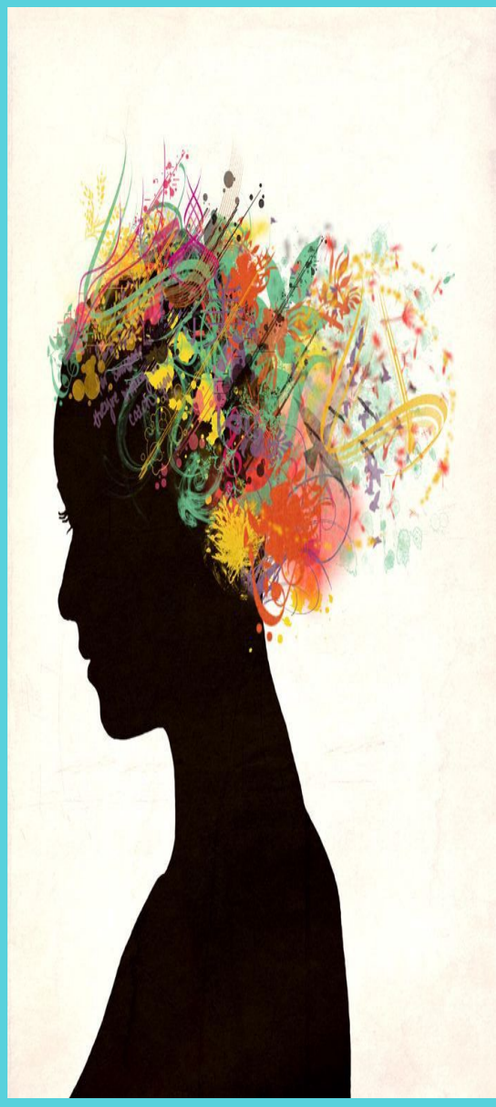
Against the cool sand
The waves crush aggressively.
A small child runs
Along the beach with her dog,
Unaware of the shark near.

Elizabeth Bowe, '22

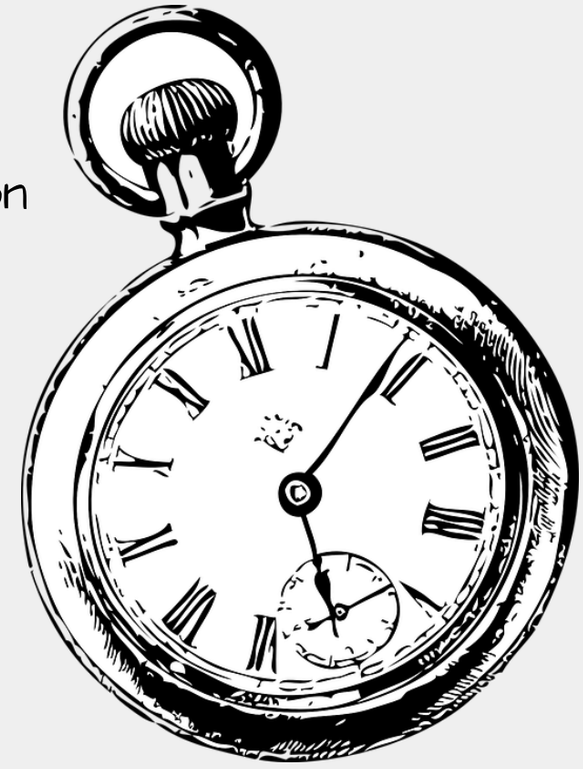
"Our Words Are Merely A Lacking"

Our words are merely a lacking
Attempt
To depict the
Indescribable
Emotions
Coursing through our veins,
Products of the individual
Souls
Known only to their beholders,
Who are inexperienced in the practice
Of
Empathy,
A skill in which so many creatures are
So well versed, that many
Individuals
Become
One powerful being,
An entity disrespected and disregarded
Out of
Ignorance
And
Jealousy,
An Envy so strong
So binding,
That all love is forgotten.
Interest of the self
Outranks
Interest of the whole.
Minds and thoughts are so
Scattered
That One Word
Is not enough
To understand familiar souls,
Let alone the others,
Who rely upon one another,
Not machines,
Who mourn and rejoice
So completely, so purely,
That our
Tempted and contaminated minds
Cannot begin to comprehend
This "New World"
Older than Time itself
A Realm
Far out of our reach
Of worlds,
A kingdom
of instinct, intuition, and color,
Seeking Ancient Gifts
Lost to us long ago,
A land that,
upon being found to be
Unreachable,
Uninterpretable,
Forever foreign,
Unconquerable,
Was promptly smudged off the
Map, and
Life continued on in
Blissfully
Ignorant
Oblivion.

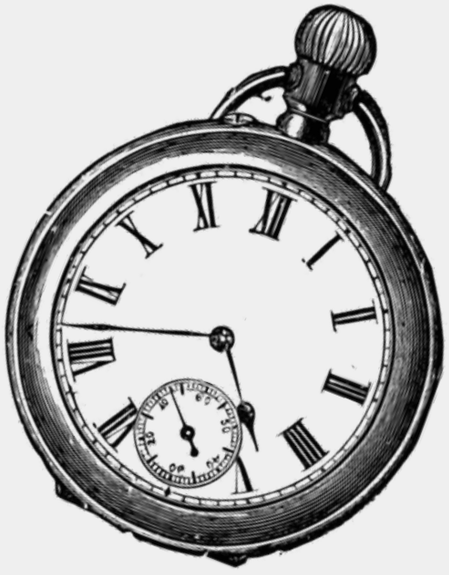
Jillian Reifsnyder, '20



"I Hoped It Would Last Forever"



I hoped it would last forever,
Not shattered by the sounds of frustration
And harsh tones.
I hoped the wind would keep burning
Because it meant we were still here.
I hoped the Sun would leave its
Mark on my skin
As a reminder of what had been.
I hoped we could stay there,
Frozen in time,
Deaf to the world's screams.
I hoped that moment would come
Back.
Even in dreams
It didn't.
But we had it.
Laughter breaking silence, rocks breaking paths,
There was more life there then in the
biggest of cities.
I hoped we could stay.
I hoped we didn't have to return,
But down came, and we were lifted away.
Hope doesn't make time stop,
But it feels like it did.
I hope I feel that again.





Delaney Geist, '23

"What's In a Game?"



What makes game night so
enjoyable?
Is it the laughter of friends
Or the comfort of family?
Is it a fight against boredom
Or is it the flight of the lonesome?
Is it the competitive spirit?
Or perhaps it is just a fun game
Because of the quality of time
Spent with those you care about.

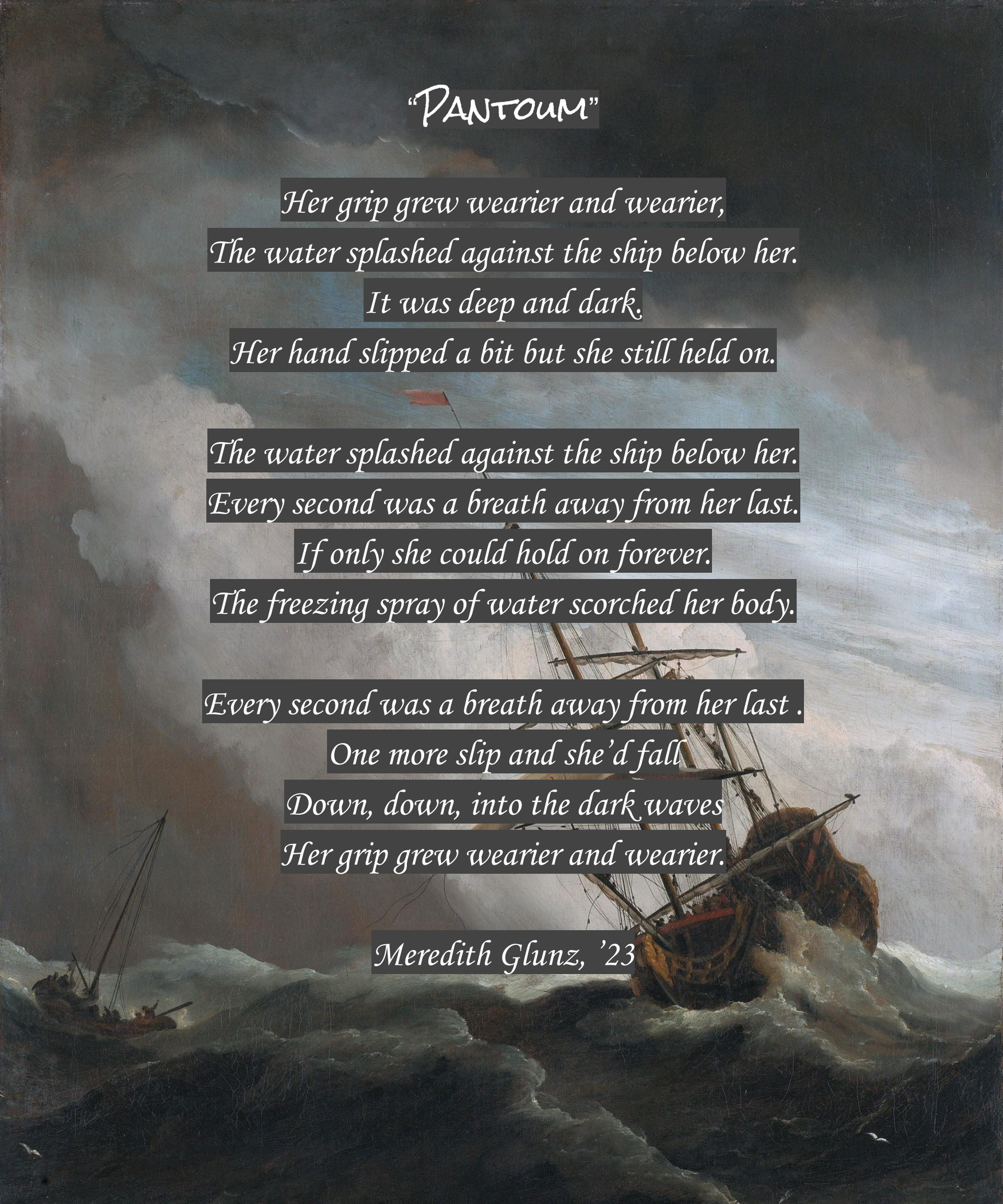
Sarah Taylor, '21



"Beauty Is A Reluctant Dance"

Beauty is a reluctant dance,
Hesitant but confident,
Dependable but free.
Rain trickles and flies,
Growth and colors dance.
Leaves sway and clink.
From wind, they later sink.

Helen Raics, '23 and Leah Pagano, '23



"Pantoum"

Her grip grew wearier and wearier,
The water splashed against the ship below her.
It was deep and dark.
Her hand slipped a bit but she still held on.

The water splashed against the ship below her.
Every second was a breath away from her last.
If only she could hold on forever.
The freezing spray of water scorched her body.

Every second was a breath away from her last .
One more slip and she'd fall
Down, down, into the dark waves
Her grip grew wearier and wearier.

Meredith Glunz, '23

Child's Play

Each day this chutes and ladders game I play.
I detest soaring until I slip,
But the games will end one day.

Teachers' rules told me how to act and what to say,
Taught boys to be priests and girls down the aisle to skip.
Each day this chutes and ladders game I play.

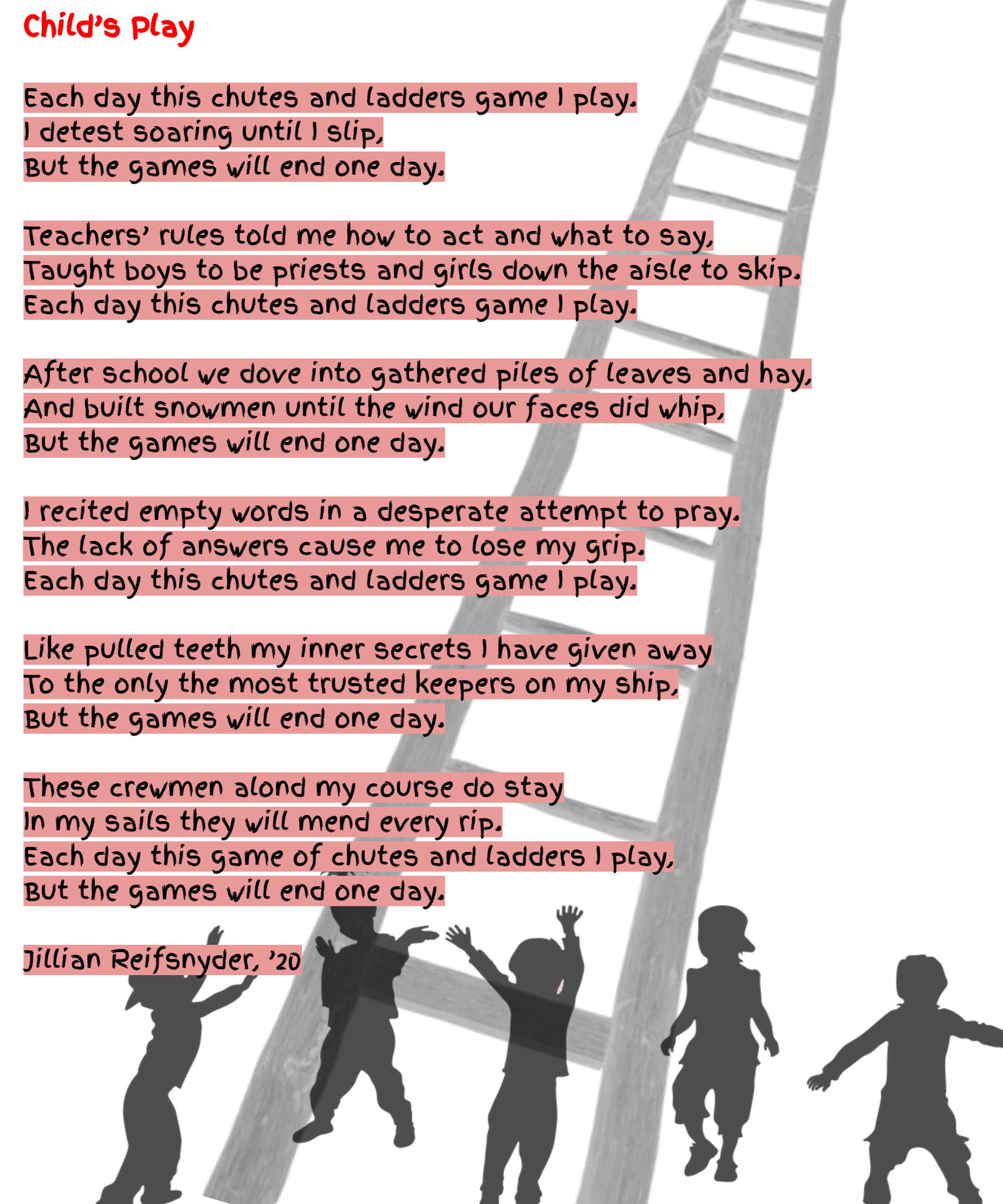
After school we dove into gathered piles of leaves and hay,
And built snowmen until the wind our faces did whip,
But the games will end one day.

I recited empty words in a desperate attempt to pray.
The lack of answers cause me to lose my grip.
Each day this chutes and ladders game I play.

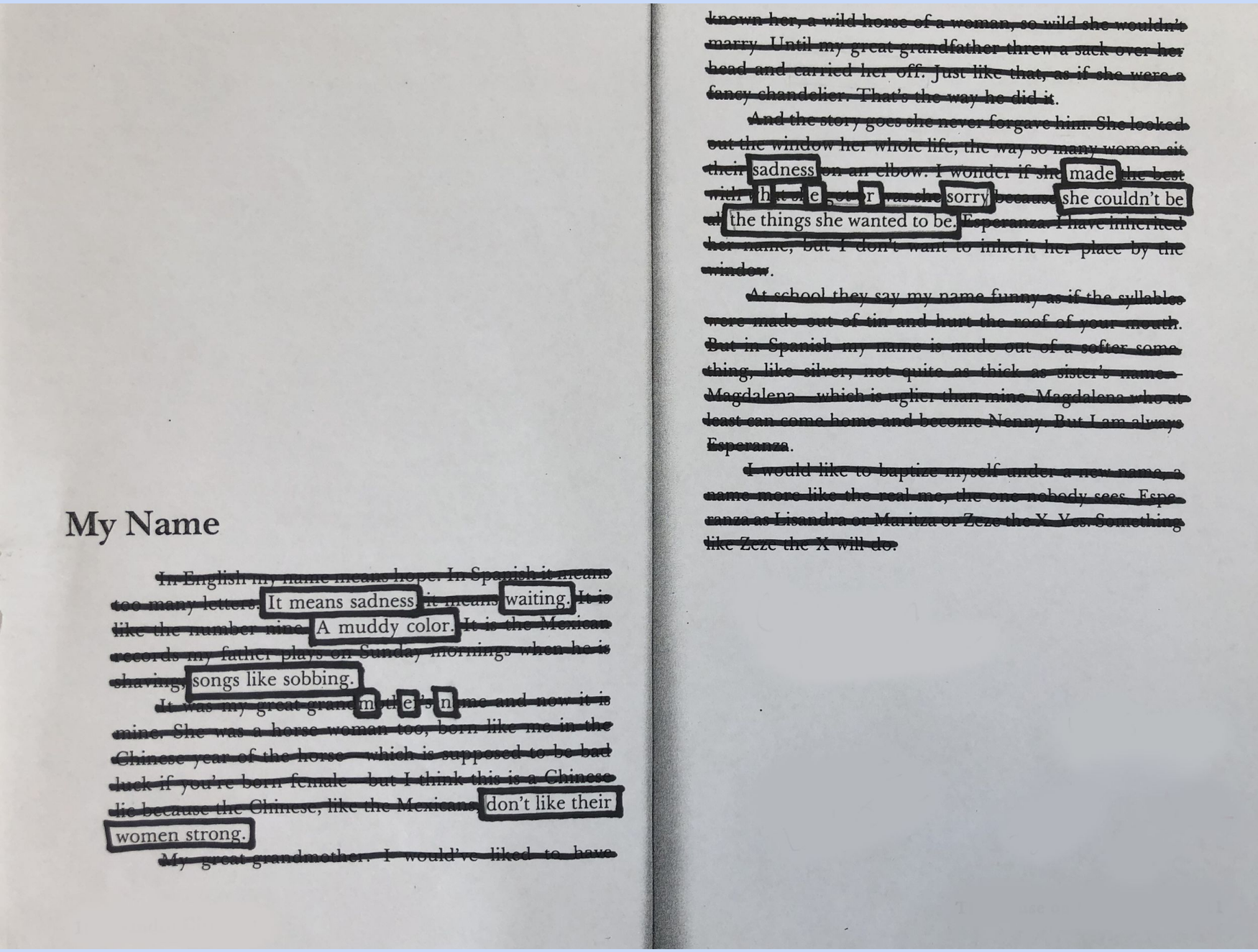
Like pulled teeth my inner secrets I have given away
To the only the most trusted keepers on my ship,
But the games will end one day.

These crewmen alond my course do stay
In my sails they will mend every rip.
Each day this game of chutes and ladders I play,
But the games will end one day.

Jillian Reifsnyder, '20



Cameron Marable, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



My Name

In English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness. It means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female—but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name—Magdalena—which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

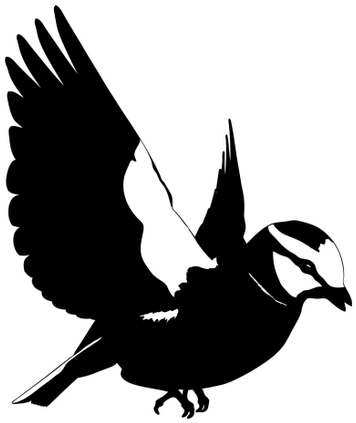
I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.



“The Facade”

Strength
Smart, Blind,
Hardworking, Caring, Loving,
Beauty, Loneliness, Unhappiness, Country
Rebelling, Pondering, Wishing,
Regretful, Wild,
Free-Spirit

Aria Moses, ’22

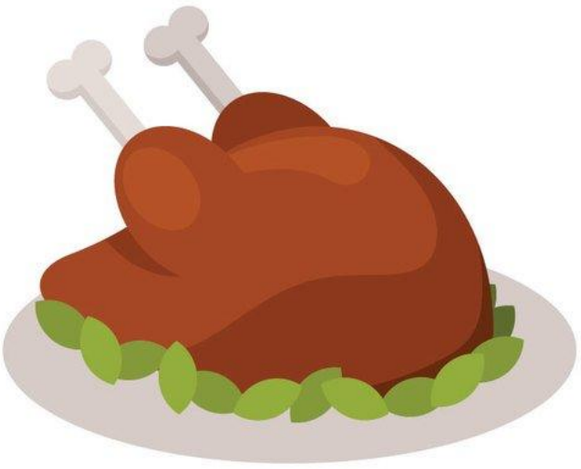


“Stream”

Quietly winding
Through the dark forest it glows
Under the twink’ling
Moon shining down far below
Heading towards the endless sea

Allison Phillips, ’22

“I’m Hungry”



As I sit here and wait for dinner,
My stomach feels empty.
I feel my body getting thinner.

Suddenly, my mom calls me downstairs
I jump out of bed and run.
I fall into one of the kitchen chairs.

I start to wonder what we will eat,
Maybe steak, hamburgers, or tacos?
When my mom pulls out chicken, my heart falls to my feet.

We have chicken almost every day,
And when she cooks it, it tastes dry.
I get up and walk out the doorway.

Then I realize how hungry I am.
I go back into the kitchen and apologize for my attitude.
At least she is not feeding us spam.

I eat the chicken and realize it is kind of good.
I thank my mom for the food.
If I could eat more, I would.
I take the leftovers and share it with the neighborhood.

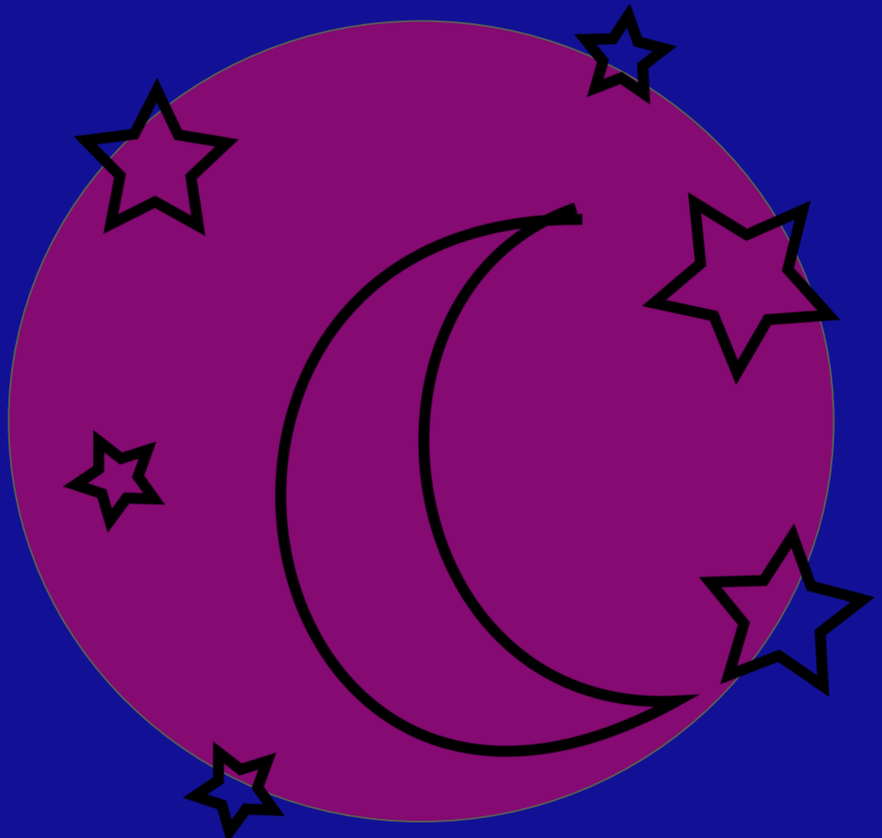
Lauren Redican, ’22

“Love is a Desperate Dance”



Love is a desperate dance,
Seeking affection
That just is not there.
It will come out of nowhere—
Just like a giant grizzly bear,
Waiting and waiting.
But after all of this time,
I've come to realize
That it is actually all so simple—
You will never be mine.

Ava Cornwall, ’23



“Close Your Eyes and Dream”

Close your eyes and dream
Forget about your worries
Lose yourself in sleep

Olivia Burke, ’23

“Cinquain: Masks”



They stare
With cold dead eyes,
Never truly seeing,
But ever-present in the room.
These masks,

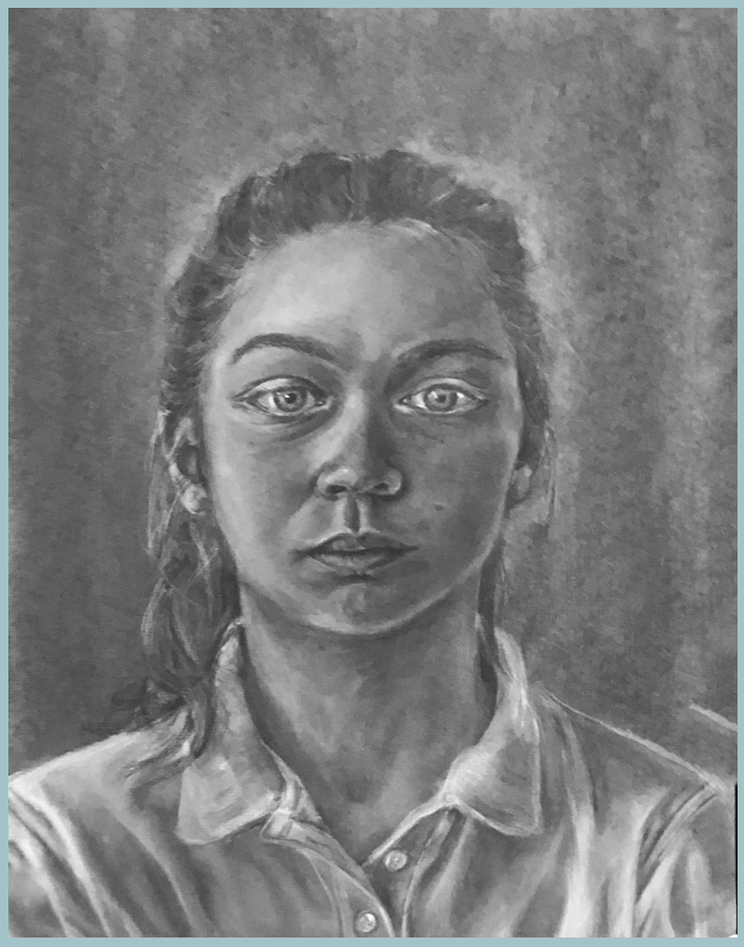
Their faces
Tell the stories
Of books I will not read,
And characters I will not know.
But still,

They feel
Like my old friends.
I know their hopes and dreams,
Which are all written across
Their faces.

Hannah Buckleman, ’23

Student and Teacher Question:
What is your good luck charm?

“Reese’s themed high socks” – Paige Veneziale, ’23
“A pencil; if I study with a certain pencil, then I take the test with that same pencil.” – Maren Hunter, ‘22
“My good luck charm is a necklace that used to be my grandmom’s. It means a lot to me and I always wear it.”– Alex Lopergolo, ’22
“Red cardinal” – Emma Doughty, ‘22
“My good luck charm is my sea otter bracelet.” – Lillie Corino, ’22
“My good luck charm is my cross–necklace from my grandmom.” – Maddie Smith, ’22
“My toe socks” – Kelly Manero, ’22
“#99 Jerome Brown Eagles jersey” –Mr. Sheenan
“My good luck charm is the #22...When I am struggling, when I am succeeding, when I am feeling low, and when I am feeling at my best, if I look around I see it somewhere. Oddly, it gives me great comfort and makes me feel as though I am being supported somehow or someway…” –Mrs. Ryan
“I don’t believe in good luck charms” –Mrs. Hurlbert
“I genuinely don’t have a lucky charm.” –Mr. Bender
“Praying to my mom.” –Mr. Kardish
“My father’s Irish Blessing prayer card.” –Mrs. Carr



Lily Dineen, ’20



Lily Dineen, ’20

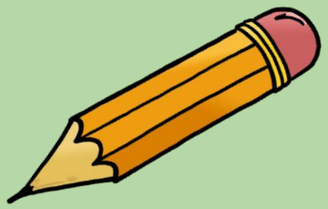


Kristina Filip, ’20

III. FILL IN THE ____

A picture is worth a thousand words.

Pick up a paint brush! Grab those oil pastels! If a picture is worth a thousand words, how many words do a thousand pictures produce? First, ignore the obscure mathematical challenge that this poses. Creativity is truly endless. Ask Warhol, Pollock, Monet, or Michelangelo on their opinions about creativity! In response, you will get answers like *cans of soup, outrageous color splatters*, *idyllic streams*, and *intricate paintings so high that in order to see them you have to crane your neck until it cracks*. Art takes shape everywhere and anywhere. Think of a poised woman's subtle smirk, the contrast of gilded stars against the indigo night sky, Marilyn Monroe in technicolor. Whether it's religion, memories, or nature, the human spirit always prevails. How does Villa reflect the human spirit? *Grab a pencil and follow along!*



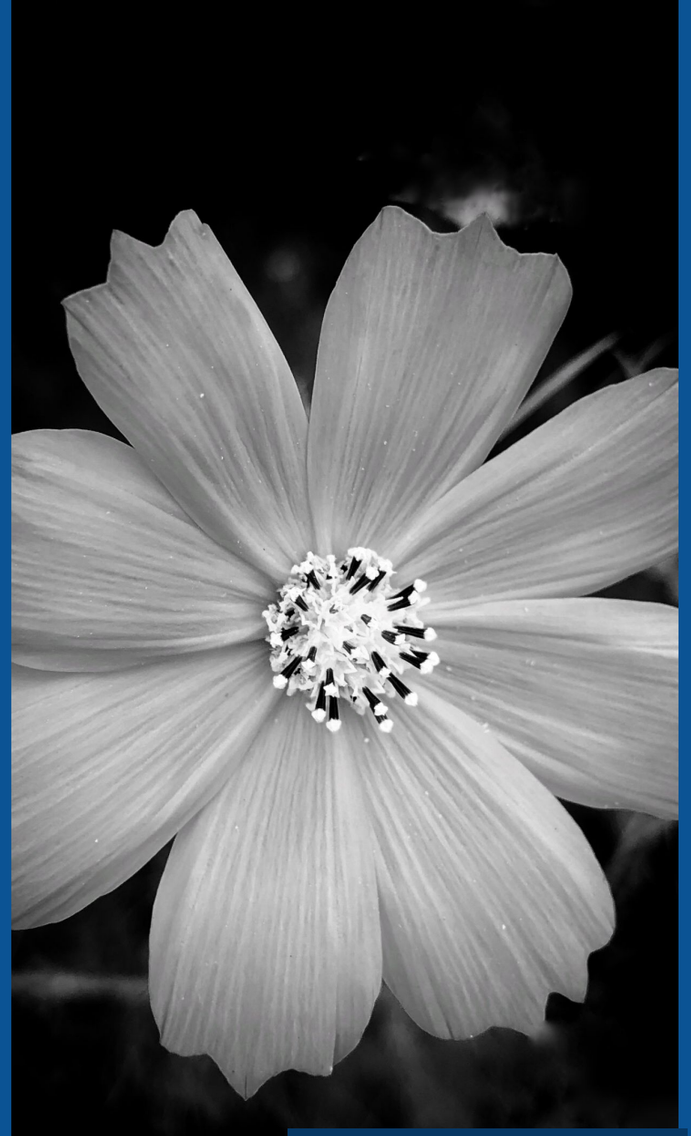
Allison DeFriece, '22

“Love is a Desperate Curse”

Love is a desperate curse,
Like looking into a shattered mirror,
Trying to fill the void
Of an empty heart.
Stone cold like the dead woods of winter.

Reminiscing about the past joys of her life,
Longing for that warm feeling again.
From trust and love,
To hatred and betrayal,
Love is a desperate curse.

Ava Tsiouplis, ’23
Julia Kawash, ’23
Kiley Johnson, ’23

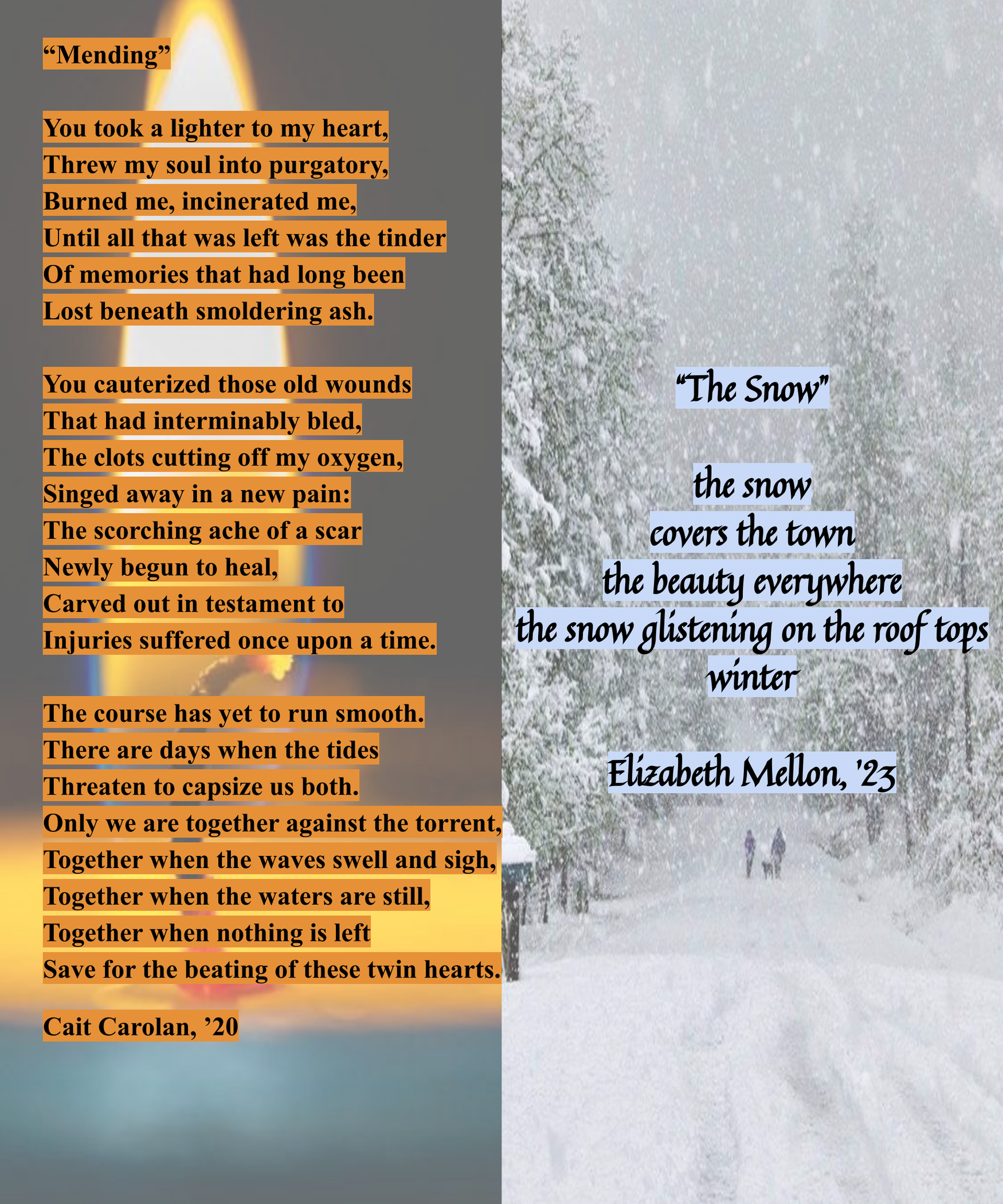


Mr. Bolognese

“Cold as Ice”

Cecil is like ice
Cold and hard on the surface
He wants to freeze Lucy over
Make her just like him
But once you break him open
As Lucy did that night
The ice cracks
Turns into water
The ability to change shape
To change form
To change his ways

Sophia Werbo, ’23



“Mending”

You took a lighter to my heart,
Threw my soul into purgatory,
Burned me, incinerated me,
Until all that was left was the tinder
Of memories that had long been
Lost beneath smoldering ash.

You cauterized those old wounds
That had interminably bled,
The clots cutting off my oxygen,
Singed away in a new pain:
The scorching ache of a scar
Newly begun to heal,
Carved out in testament to
Injuries suffered once upon a time.

The course has yet to run smooth.
There are days when the tides
Threaten to capsize us both.
Only we are together against the torrent,
Together when the waves swell and sigh,
Together when the waters are still,
Together when nothing is left
Save for the beating of these twin hearts.

Cait Carolan, ’20

“The Snow”

the snow
covers the town
the beauty everywhere
the snow glistening on the roof tops
winter

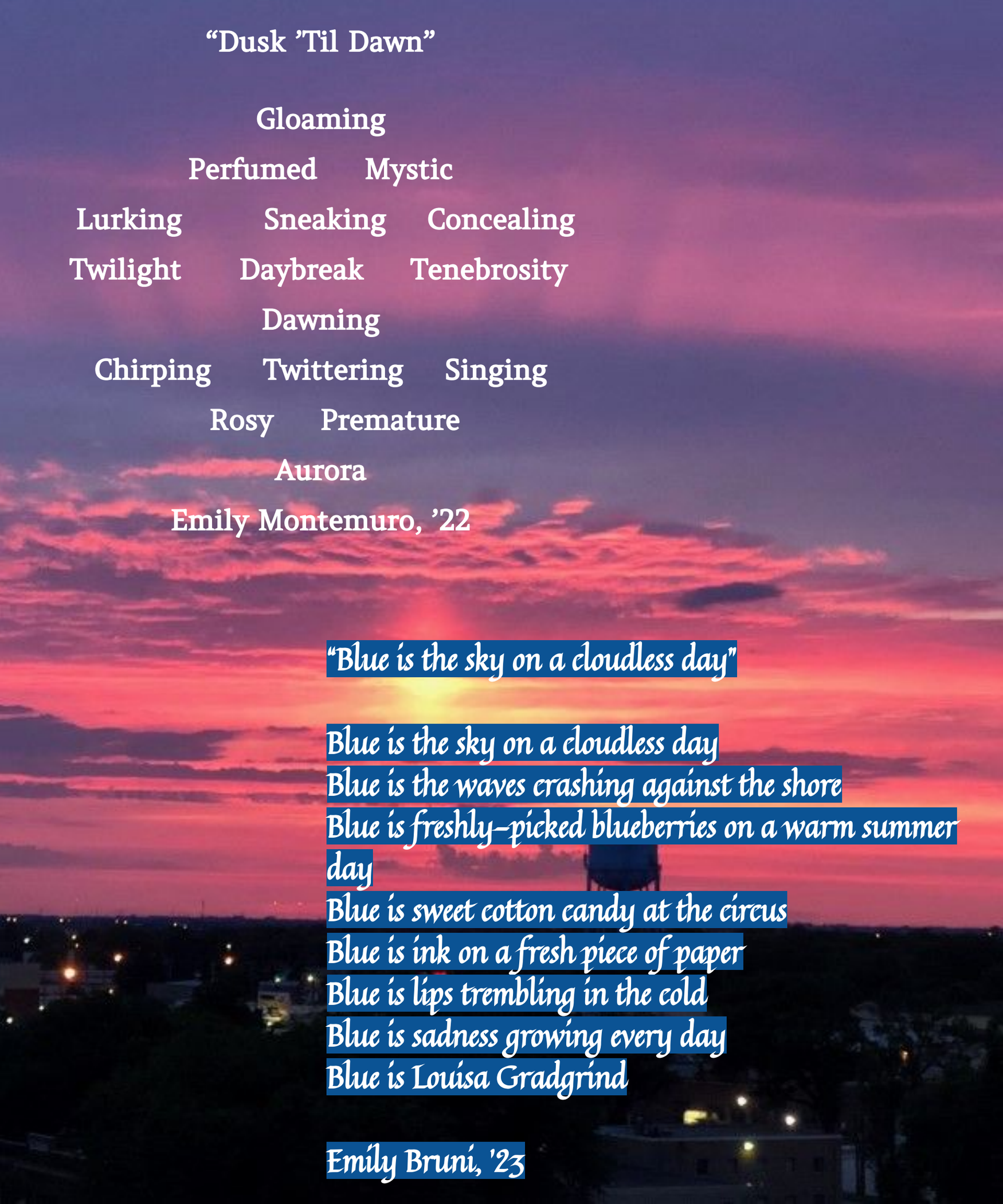
Elizabeth Mellon, '23

THE FUNNY THING ABOUT IS THAT THEIR ~~PURPOSE~~ EFFECT: secrets defeats

We keep them so that others will not recoil from us, when in fact, it is impossible to hold someone's love if such a heavy and slippery weight has already occupied your hands.

9-14-19

Jillian Reifsnyder, '20



“Dusk ’Til Dawn”

Gloaming

Perfumed Mystic

Lurking Sneaking Concealing

Twilight Daybreak Tenebrosity

Dawning

Chirping Twittering Singing

Rosy Premature

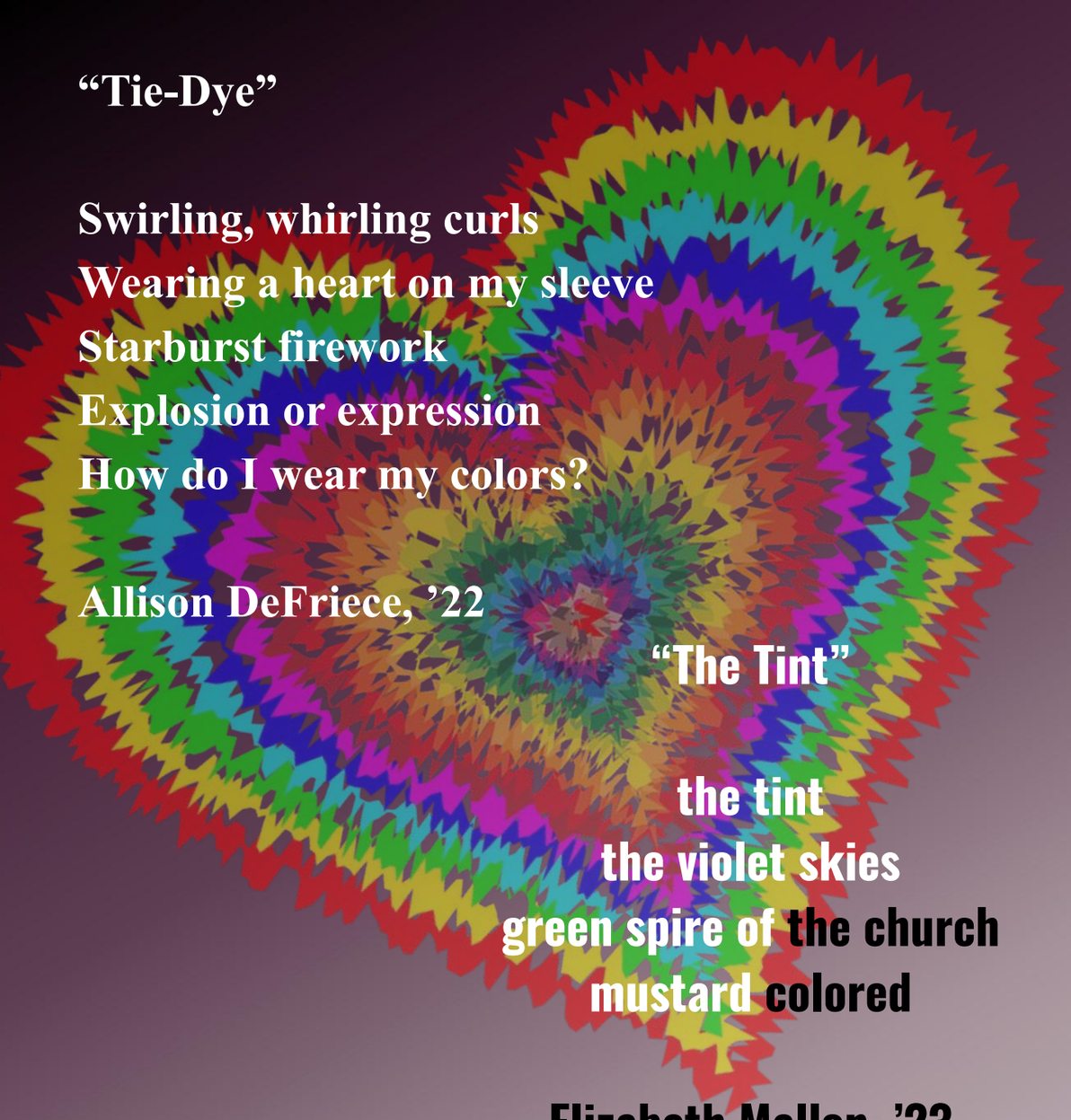
Aurora

Emily Montemuro, ’22

“Blue is the sky on a cloudless day”

Blue is the sky on a cloudless day
Blue is the waves crashing against the shore
Blue is freshly-picked blueberries on a warm summer day
Blue is sweet cotton candy at the circus
Blue is ink on a fresh piece of paper
Blue is lips trembling in the cold
Blue is sadness growing every day
Blue is Louisa Gradgrind

Emily Bruni, '23



“Tie-Dye”

Swirling, whirling curls
Wearing a heart on my sleeve
Starburst firework
Explosion or expression
How do I wear my colors?

Allison DeFriece, ’22

“The Tint”

the tint
the violet skies
green spire of the church
mustard colored

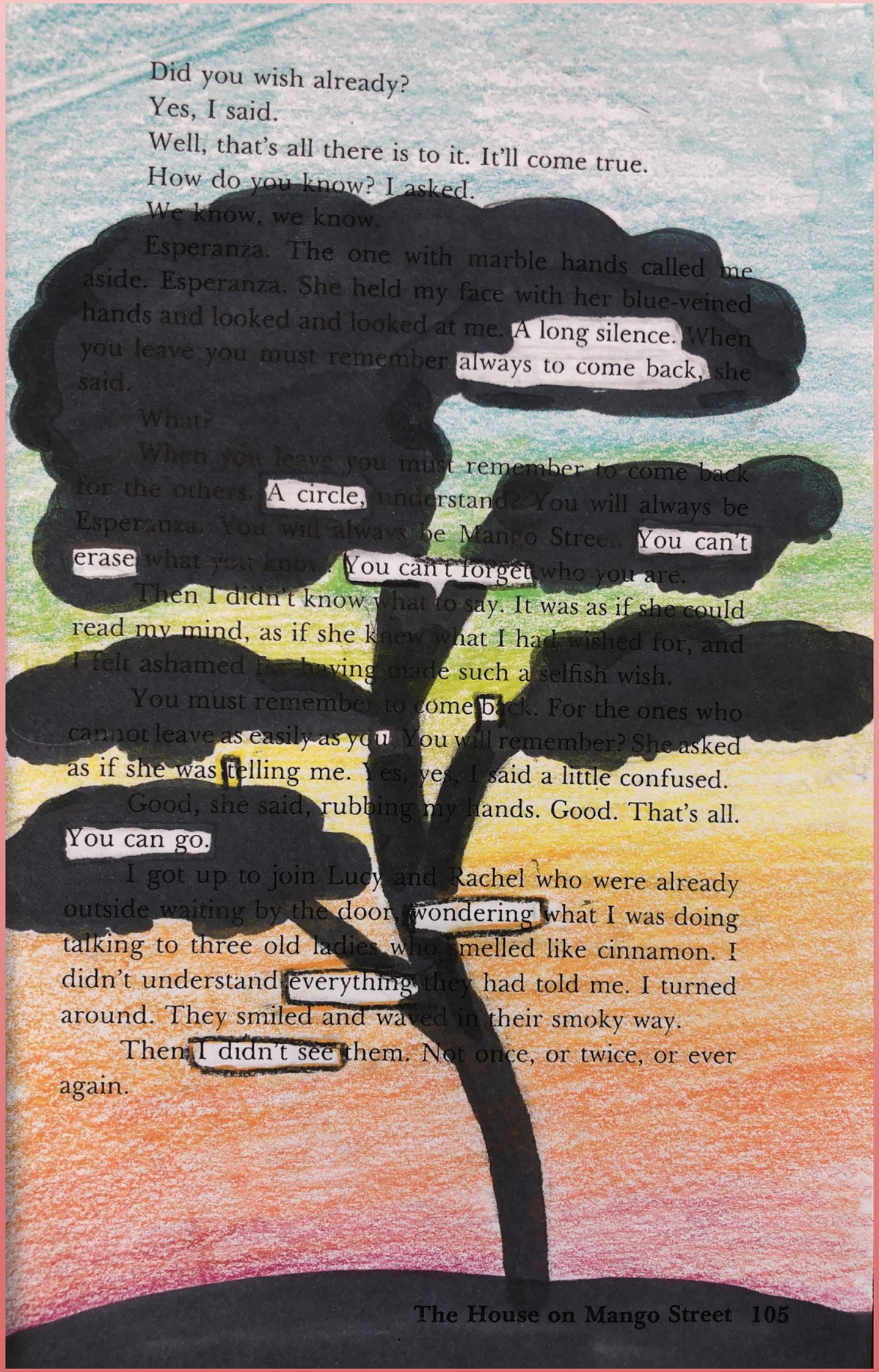
Elizabeth Mellon, ’23

“Coketown”

Smokestacks fill the sky
Purple river flow steady
Everyday, hard times

Sara Aschenbrenner, '23

Alex Kupper, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



"Gentle Surrender"

In Your chamber of silence,
I listen for whispers.
You've given a challenge,
I've not finished yet.

In You I've found Someone
That I can believe in.
Your life is worth living,
I don't need to see its end.

Gentle Surrender,
Living in Your care,
Like a breeze on a mountain,
Like a child without care.

The joy I've found giving,
I only could dream of!
In You I've found peace,
That the world's never known.

In the days I have taught them,
I've found a true purpose.
As these children I've taught,
Have grown up to have their own!

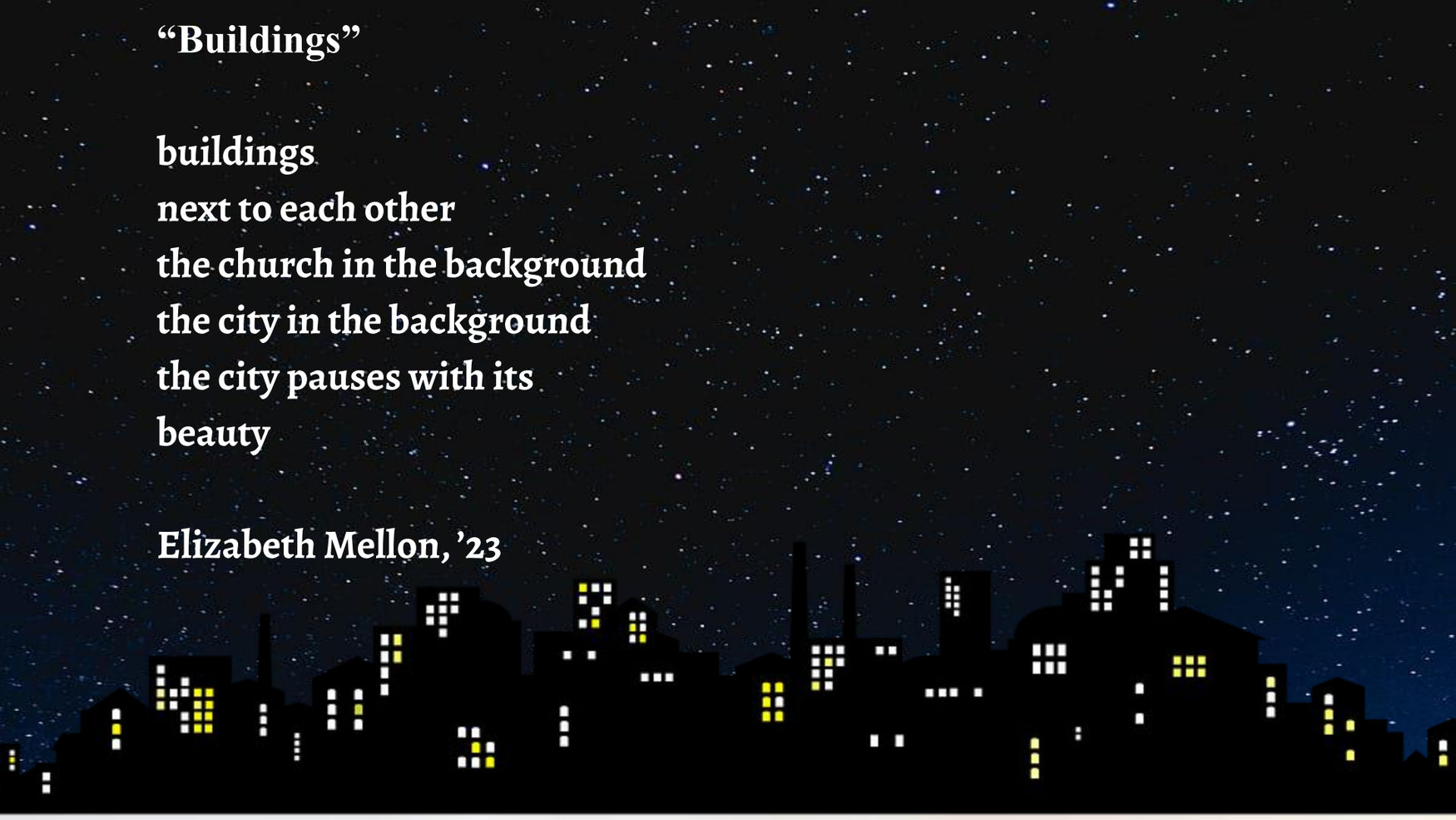
Gentle surrender,
Living in Your care,
Like a breeze on a mountain,
Like a child without care.

Mr. Bolognese

“Buildings”

buildings
next to each other
the church in the background
the city in the background
the city pauses with its
beauty

Elizabeth Mellon, ’23



“Dogs and Cats”

Dogs
Sweet, selfless
Sleeping, eating, playing
Bone, litter, treats, claws
Jumping, climbing,
hiding
Stealthy, fierce
Cats

Camille Kakoyan, ’22

Which literary character are you? Take this quiz and find out!

by Olivia Glunz, '20

1. What is your greatest weakness?
   a. I'm very stubborn
   b. I'm too trusting and naïve
   c. I'm very restrained and sometimes struggle socially
   d. I am too gentle and don't stand up for myself

2. You're in a public building when the fire alarm sounds. What do you do?
   a. Get out. Fast.
   b. Follow orders from whoever's in charge and leave!
   c. Search for my best friend to make sure (s)he gets out safely.
   d. Hold the door to let everyone else exit first.

3. You would describe your style as
   a. Flashy, colorful, and unique
   b. Sporty and comfortable
   c. Sophisticated and formal
   d. Modest, pastel, and understated

4. What is your dream vacation?
   a. Staying in a luxurious hotel in a global city
   b. Backpacking through Europe
   c. Renting a picturesque country estate
   d. Staying in a small house by the beach

5. Your favorite pastime is
   a. Performing at sporting events or on stage
   b. Traveling
   c. Reading
   d. Talking with friends and family

6. What do your friend loves most about you?
   a. I always speak my mind
   b. I'm willing to try new things
   c. I always tell the truth
   d. I'm a great listener

>>>

Add the number A's, B's, C's, and D's respectively. In the case of a tie, answer the tiebreaker! If not, proceed to the answers below.

TIEBREAKER: Who is your favorite author?

a. Shakespeare
b. Jonathan Swift
c. Jane Austen
d. Fyodor Dostoyevsky

ANSWERS:

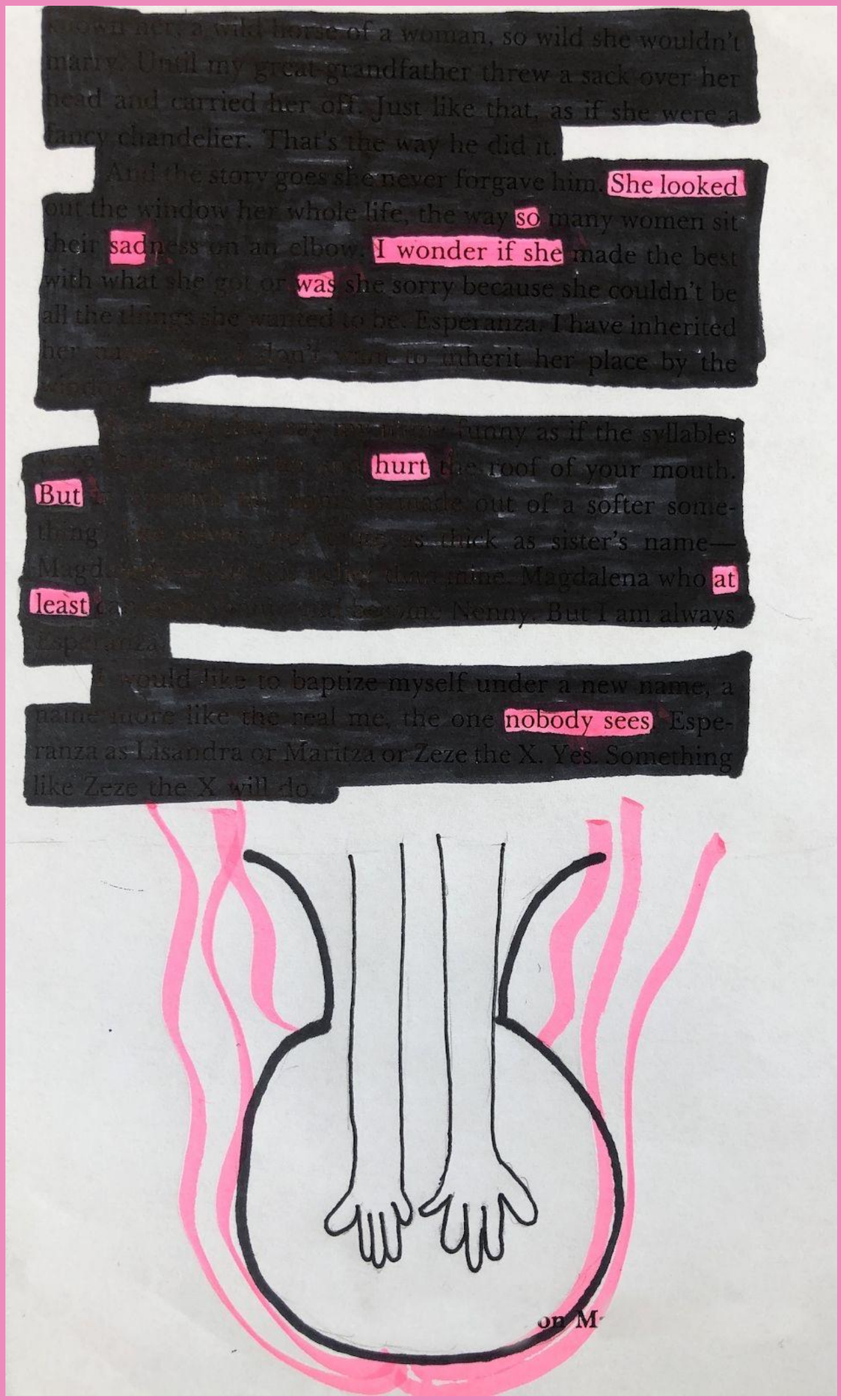
Mostly A: **Cleopatra**. Spunky and independent, you are vibrant and unpredictable. You have a fabulous sense of style, an outgoing personality, and infinite confidence. You never worry about others' opinions and are always true to yourself.

Mostly B: **Gulliver**. Curious and adventurous, you love to explore the world around you. You are open-minded and are tolerant and respectful of those with whom you disagree. You see risk and uncertainty as opportunities to learn and discover.

Mostly C: **Mr. Darcy**. Reticent and mysterious, you are intelligent and independent. Although your quiet personality may be mistaken for rude, you are caring, compassionate, and deeply loyal to your friends and family. You may be subdued in social situations, but you are courageous and never hesitate to help those in need.

Mostly D: **Sonia Marmeladova**. Gentle and empathetic, you always put others before yourself. You are respectful, deeply committed to your morals, and always self-sacrificing. You can see the good in all people and are optimistic no matter how bleak your situation appears.

Ava Cornwall, ’23 — Based on *The House on Mango Street* by Sandra Cisneros



"Venturing"

"Oh Captain, my Captain,"
Or so the old poem goes.
But you are not dead and I do not grieve,
So I suppose it's not the same.

You smile when you look at me,
A scar upon your eye,
And you grin when you see the sea.
Something more than just a dream,
And so very much alive.

They say we couldn't make it.
They said we'd end up dead,
But my heart's still dancing,
And your face is still smiling,
So I suppose we have proved them wrong.

We have journeyed far—and yet,
We adventure farther.
The edge of the map is reached and yet—
There is so much more.

There's treasure to reach and maps to make,
Monsters to fight and drinks to drink,
A hand to hold and a smile to share.
My life is the sea with you there.

"Oh captain, my captain!"
There's a black flag above our heads,
And perhaps the world wants us dead.

But—
"Oh Captain, my Captain!" I say,
"Where shall we dare next?"

Madeline Patrick, '22

Fill in the Blank About Yourself

In my free time, I _____

My favorite extracurricular activity is _____

My favorite English book I have read so far is _____

My favorite movie is _____

My favorite class that I have taken is _____

My favorite Villa event is _____

The most exciting part of the past school year was _____

This year, I look forward to _____

When I grow up _____

"Color Verse"

Pistachio green is a color like no other,
Light, and bright, and fun,
The color of my sister's violin case,
With the happiness of a cheery song.
Pistachio green is calm and subtle,
But it is filled with warmth,
Lucy is like pistachio green,
Her own thoughts and feelings,
A bright girl who has her own tastes,
And is happy, subtle, and calm.

Meredith Glunz, '23

"Arboreal Mystery"

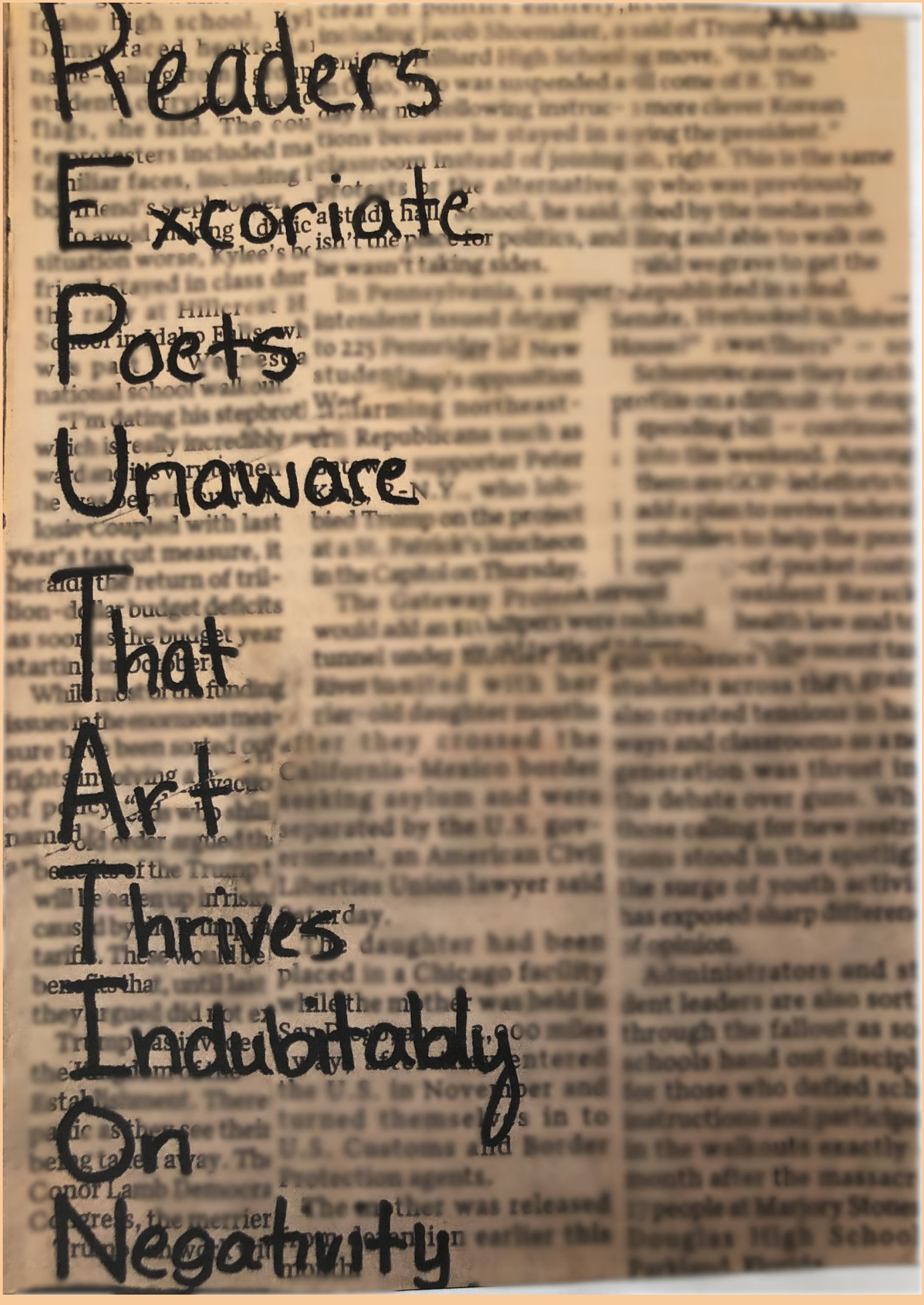
The tree that reaches
Upward and to the bright sky
Must be kept grounded.

Ashley Rosica, '22

"Tanka"

Like a river flows,
Crystal clean if it is calm,
Cool, calm, collected,
Rapid, furious if not,
But the sky remains clear blue.

Meredith Glunz, '23



Jillian Reifsnyder, ’20

"Time is a Handed-down Wedding Gown"

Time is a handed-down wedding gown
As ivy begins to cascade down
The walls of all you have ever known

Your perception of the world is found
As you slowly begin to realize life is
A hand-made wedding gown

It is the era of tradition
As it has always been
Yet we never question this
And without question we place upon ourselves
Our handed-down wedding gowns

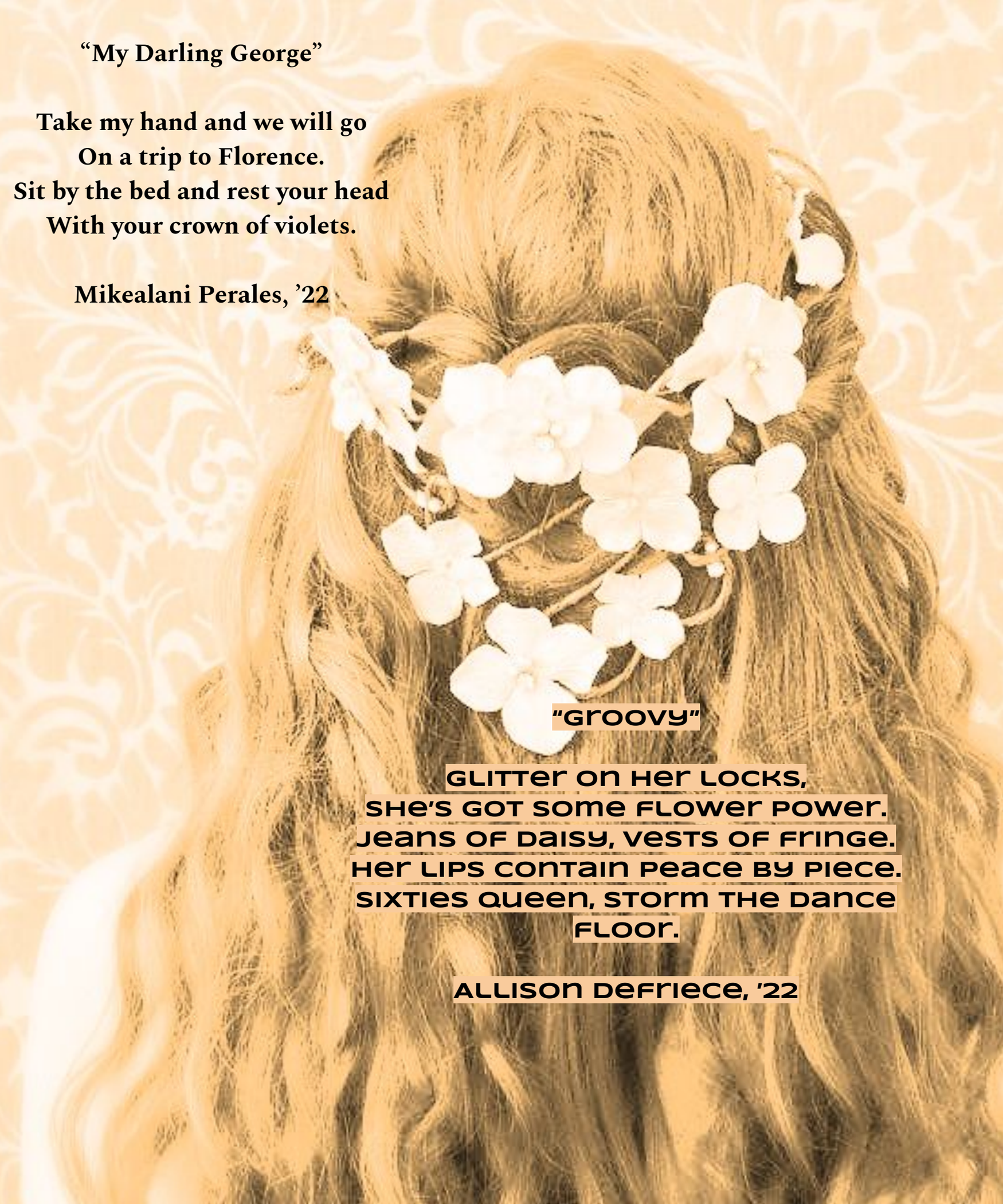
Although time may be fleeting,
Our traditions remain repeating
As we are fascinated with preserving the past,
So we won't grow up so fast.

Juliana Burke, '23

“Celestial Bodies”

Sun
Bright, Bold
Shining, Warming, Burning
Space, Time, Stars, Life
Caring, Glowing, Loving
Feminine, Immortal
Moon

Mikealani Perales, ’22



“My Darling George”

Take my hand and we will go
On a trip to Florence.
Sit by the bed and rest your head
With your crown of violets.

Mikealani Perales, ’22

“Groovy”

Glitter on her locks,
She’s got some flower power.
Jeans of daisy, vests of fringe.
Her lips contain peace by piece.
Sixties queen, storm the dance floor.

Allison Defriece, ’22

"Apollo and Daphne"

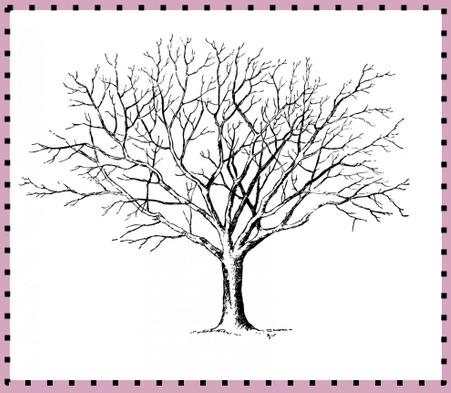
A glimpse of gold light,
Illuminates the dark sky,
With it a silver flash,
Love and hatred intertwine.
A laurel tree left behind.

Autumn Andrejczak, '22

"The Country"

Golden Rays shine upon
Orchards flowing with ripe
reds.
Laughter at gloaming.

Aria Moses, '22



"Nature is a Gift"

Nature is a gift.
The sun, the sky, the flowers,
Even the storm clouds.
It gives us beautiful life.
It is who we really are.

Jillian Evans, '22

"Nora - From A Doll's House"

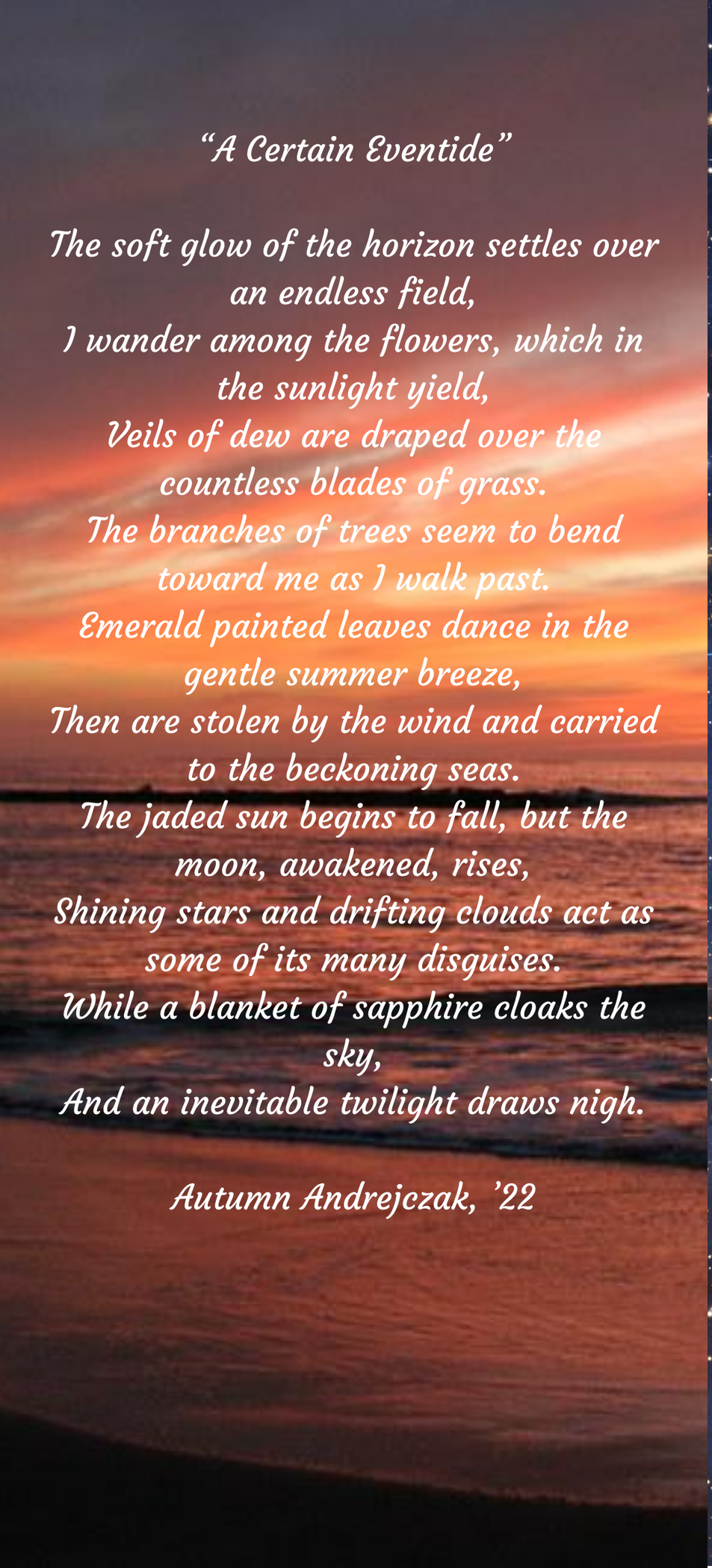
Her aura is jet, like the darkest of nights,
Black as the dress that the mourners wear,
Who woe at the leaving of someone.
Dark as the crow who caws and cries,
Yet furs at the first sight of trouble.
Heart of an onyx, that falsely shines,
Or perhaps it is just a blackened coal.
Jet as the storm clouds that hide away, waiting,
And gone when truly needed.
She is like the spider who scurries and builds,
Weaving a web of lies.

Paige Veneziale, '23

"My Sister is Great"

My sister is great.
She is my best friend in life.
She makes me smile.
I can always count on her.
I could not live without her.

Jillian Evans, '22



"A Certain Eventide"

The soft glow of the horizon settles over an endless field,
I wander among the flowers, which in the sunlight yield,
Veils of dew are draped over the countless blades of grass.
The branches of trees seem to bend toward me as I walk past.
Emerald painted leaves dance in the gentle summer breeze,
Then are stolen by the wind and carried to the beckoning seas.
The jaded sun begins to fall, but the moon, awakened, rises,
Shining stars and drifting clouds act as some of its many disguises.
While a blanket of sapphire cloaks the sky,
And an inevitable twilight draws nigh.

Autumn Andrejczak, '22

"Poems Can Be Hard"

Poems can be hard.
You need to be inspired.
Take a look around,
Find something you are drawn to,
And let your hand do the rest.

Jillian Evans, '22

"The Stars in the Sky"

The stars in the sky,
Far away but feel so close.
Oh, how they shine Bright,
Make me feel alive inside.
Shed light even when it's dark.

Jillian Evans, '22

"Old Ships"

There are old ships in the harbor.
Waiting.
Watching.

There are old ships in the harbor.
Sleeping.
Waking.

There are old ships in the water, creeping upon the shore
Waiting, waiting, waiting, ready to start a war.

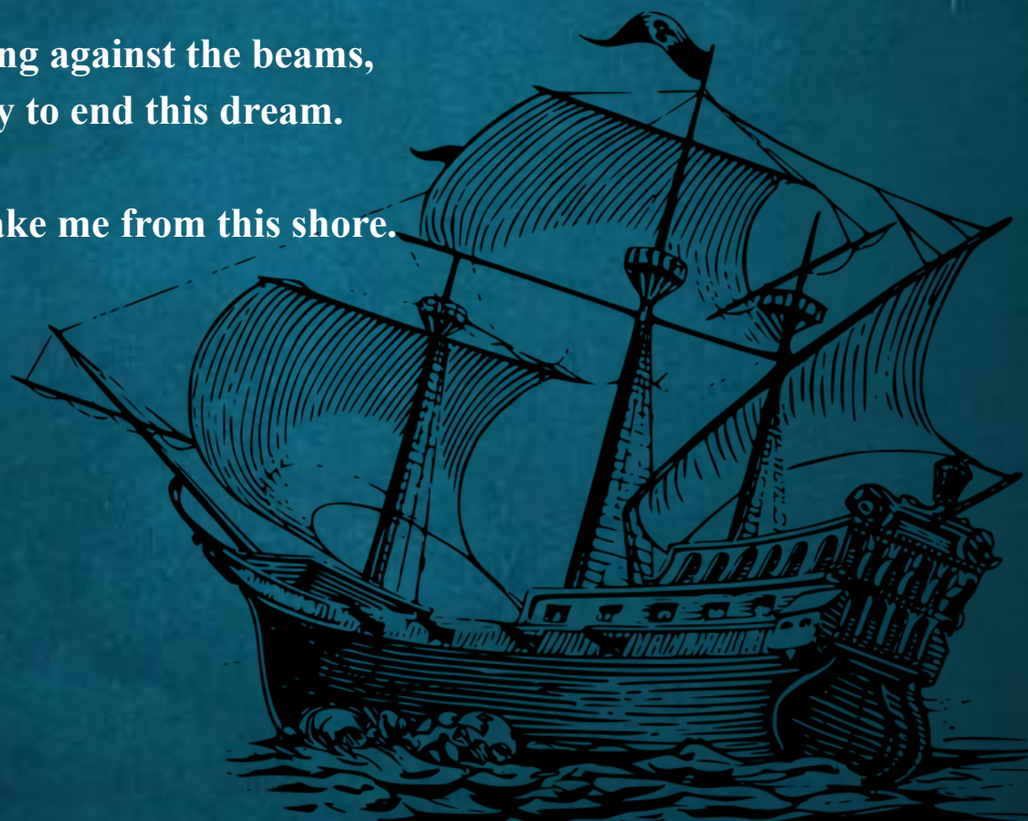
There are old ships at the docks, guided by the light,
Watching, watching, watching, for the lighthouse in the night

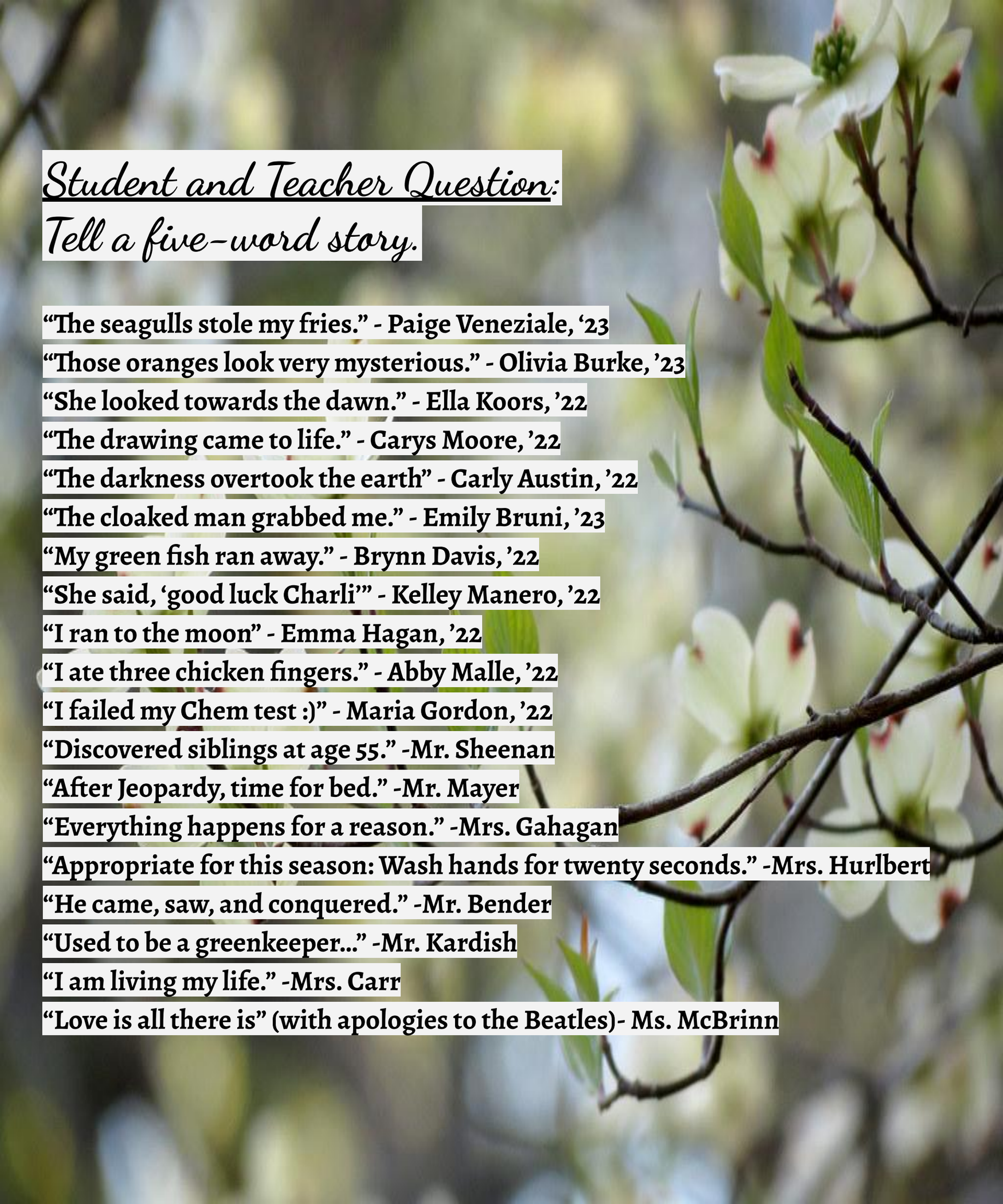
There are old ships in bay, swaying with the tide,
Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, letting adventure by them slide

There are old ships by door, knocking against the beams,
I am waking, waking, waking, ready to end this dream.

Ready for a ship in the harbor, to take me from this shore.

Madeline Patrick, '22





Student and Teacher Question:
Tell a five-word story.

"The seagulls stole my fries." - Paige Veneziale, '23
"Those oranges look very mysterious." - Olivia Burke, '23
"She looked towards the dawn." - Ella Koors, '22
"The drawing came to life." - Carys Moore, '22
"The darkness overtook the earth" - Carly Austin, '22
"The cloaked man grabbed me." - Emily Bruni, '23
"My green fish ran away." - Brynn Davis, '22
"She said, 'good luck Charli'" - Kelley Manero, '22
"I ran to the moon" - Emma Hagan, '22
"I ate three chicken fingers." - Abby Malle, '22
"I failed my Chem test :)" - Maria Gordon, '22
"Discovered siblings at age 55." -Mr. Sheenan
"After Jeopardy, time for bed." -Mr. Mayer
"Everything happens for a reason." -Mrs. Gahagan
"Appropriate for this season: Wash hands for twenty seconds." -Mrs. Hurlbert
"He came, saw, and conquered." -Mr. Bender
"Used to be a greenkeeper..." -Mr. Kardish
"I am living my life." -Mrs. Carr
"Love is all there is" (with apologies to the Beatles)- Ms. McBrinn

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Thank you for reading!