



Volume 21, Issue 1 Fall 2020		
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Art	Submissions for the Lake Highland Preparatory School Literary Magazine, <i>By Any Other Name</i> , are open to all students grades 9-12. Any student may submit artwork or writing to be considered for publication. Submissions are judged by the Editor-In-Chief, Director of Photography, and Copy Editor of the literary magazine based on a number of criteria including, but not limited to: originality, artistic integrity, and aesthetic appeal. Submissions can be emailed to Ms. Ginger Bryant at gbryant@lhps.org or submitted to J203.	

Nani

By Maha Ahmed, Grade 11

They boarded the plane to visit their family
A trip long overdue.
Their children awaited anxiously
As they bid their home adieu.

They sat on a plane
With empty rows
Yet a simple smile he couldn't feign,
Since he was the one who really knows
What it's like to feel this pain.

Once they reached their destination
the trip flew by without hesitation.
The laughs and memories made
All quickly fade
As they now part ways.

He heads to the airport
As his children beg him not to go

But he says he has to visit her back home.
He boards the flight
With an empty seat beside him
And eagerly looks out the window.

When he gets back home
He simply says Salaam.
He can hear her footsteps roam
And feel her in his palm.
Although there was no reply
He could hear her like she were there
And to him he knew why
As he pictured her in prayer.

As he sat and ate dinner
He could only picture
Her sitting in her spot
Reading holy scripture.

To everyone else she was gone
But to him she was right here.
As he waited for her to return
She did the same from a distance.



(Above) *Blurred Vision*, Zoe Richter, Grade 12, Colored pencil.



Sea of Virtue

By Santiago Calderon, Grade 11

A surge of fresh air
Distant, soothing, chirping birds—
My beautiful world.

(Above) *Rocky Beach*, Santiago Calderon, Grade 11, Photography.

The Struggle of Life

By *Jaclyn Recksiedler, Grade 12*

We struggle to survive from the moment we leave the
womb
We struggle to breathe for the first time
Our little lungs learn to gasp for air
We struggle to get up when we fall
Bloody knees and tear-filled eyes, but our parents say
it's okay, so it must be
We struggle to learn in school
Finding the first letter of the alphabet highlighted on
every paper is less of a game and more of a chal
lenge
We struggle to get to college
Simple quizzes become exams and 1+1 becomes the
radical three x plus i equals y
We struggle to work
Resumes become life sentences and every word said
in an interview feels like a trial
We struggle to live
One person in the house becomes two, then four
The first breath of life comes from half of our DNA,
and pained smiles coat our features
We struggle to support
As our partner gets old and our kids grow up
Electric bills get lost in the mix with medication and
school funds
We don't struggle to die
Our legacy is reached, our children are adults with
families of our own

All the people we love are on the other side waiting
for us
We don't struggle as we join them

The Sun and The Moon

By *Rhea Nandwani, Grade 11*

The sun dreams palely down
Shining light amongst all
Nourishing children
Vital and tall
The moon acts
In the shadows of the sun
Lights up the night
Only to run
Once morning has come
The sun and the moon
Different in concept
Harmonious in thought
One shines for day
And the other
Glimmers at night
One rises
And one falls
One present
The other masked
Taking turns
Illuminating the sky
Feeding us all



(Above) *Reaching*, JJ Weltman, Grade 10, Acrylic paint.

Grace Garvey

Artist Spotlight

What medium do you use the most? Which do you enjoy using the most?

I use ink the most, and it is the medium I enjoy most. I found ink to be the most precise and can give soft and bold lines. It has the ability to convey lots of beautiful shadows and contrast which is so fun to work with.

What is your favorite style?

My favorite art style would have to be Fauvism.

What subject matter do you use the most?

I usually do portraits of people and sometimes animals; it's usually a naturalistic setting.

What inspires you?

Listening to music really helps me, and usually when it is late at night I feel much more inspired to do art.

Which one of your works are you most proud of?

I am most proud of my piece *Boba Shop*; I really enjoyed taking my time with the line work.

Have you won any awards for your artwork?

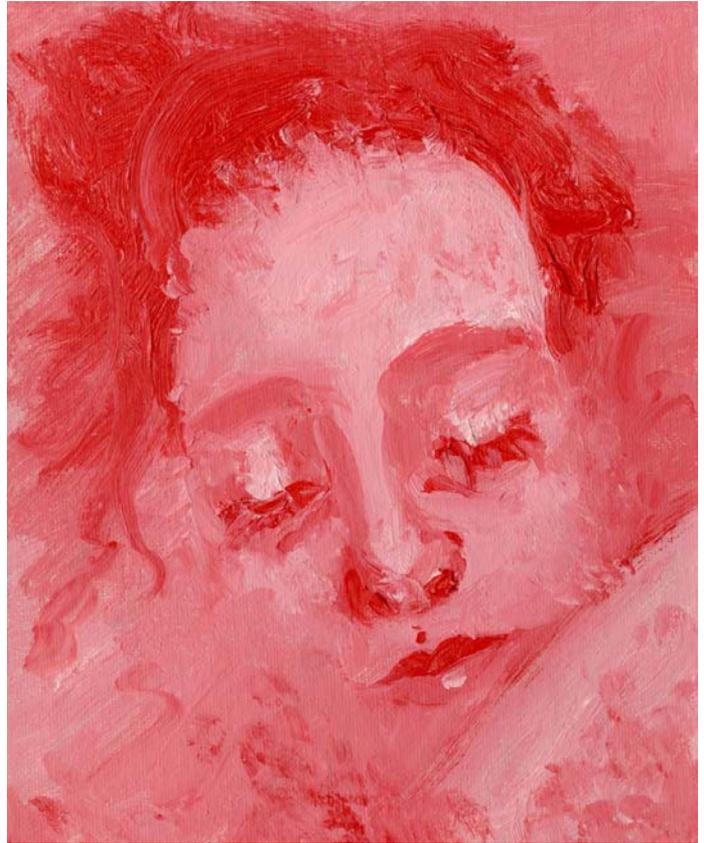
I have won a few awards, some with Lake Highland and some outside of school.

Do you have any showings of your artwork?

Yes, I'm excited to have some of my art in the lit. mag.

Who is your favorite artist?

My favorite artist would be Willem de Kooning; his abstract style is so unique and intense.



(Above) *Red*, Grace Garvey, Grade 12, Oil on canvas.



(Above) Photo courtesy of Grace Garvey, Grade 12.



(Above) *Goldfish*, Grace Garvey, Grade 12, Ink.



(Above) *Warmth*, Grace Garvey, Grade 12, Digital.



(Above) *Girl in Pink*, Grace Garvey, Grade 12, Digital.

(Below) *Boba Shop*, Grace Garvey, Grade 12, Pen and ink.



A Way to Say Goodbye

By Alex Sinelli, Grade 12

The community hospital was stuffy compared to the fresh, sharp air outside. I embraced the cuts as the winter nipped at my ears. The rain had abated to snow years ago, and I walked with my mom for the last time before her legs gave way to a wheelchair. I blinked, snapping myself back from memory as the cold air scraped against my watery eyes. I kept walking down the sidewalk, stopping for a moment to pick a daisy, somehow still white, and considering going back to talk to my mom again, maybe give her the flower and make conversation about botany.

My car door clicked shut before I realized I was still walking away. I needed more to say, but she needed

to rest, and the hospice workers kicked me to the curb when I asked my mom if I could stay. For once, I did. I remember wanting her to stay, when there was thunder outside and I was too little to face it alone. Then all I wanted was for her to go away, so that me and my friends could walk through town like free women. Now all I want is for her to stay, grounded, here, so that I could talk to her tomorrow. Every tomorrow was a bittersweet blessing, and I hoped that I could have a few more. I don't want much. I told myself in the rear-view mirror. Please.

"It's all I want, Annie-Clair," my mom had muttered. "I need to know you're safe in this world. I need you to be well off, settled down with a man." She had told me. "Please." As much as the echo stung, I knew I couldn't say no to her. If it would help settle her in her final days—I heard myself crying as the thought faced me—I could do it. For her.

So as my car grunted to a start I knew where I was going. Derrick. Rick. Richard? I blushed as I forgot his name, but the out-of-the-blue idea was nagging at me. I may have been drunk and belligerent when I talked to him, on the night before Louis made his grand disappearance. But, he knew me, and I think I knew him. Maybe it was from school, or a different party; maybe I'd seen him in a magazine. All I knew was there were three profiles in my rolodex: my mom's, my doctor's, and his. Kerrick. No wonder I didn't remember his name. I remember his face, sure, but my memory stops

there. It'd been a year since that party. I drove down the road and gazed out the window at what I could remember—all I saw was the fuzzy and white. I blinked. Red brick. A law firm in the city. Herrick. I opened the door to my car—jotted down on his car was the address, and I double checked it on the bronze lettering above the arch. It was...quaint. Two stories with faded brick and tarnished inlays of copper and zinc. What did I say to him? "Hey, it's me, that girl you had a crush on a year ago." I walked up the crusty outdoor carpeting that lined the steps. "Do you have a wife and kids? No?" I took a breath and knocked. "Then would you like to pretend to be my spouse for my dying—" the door opened to a sunken secretary in a pert pink pantsuit. No, I don't think that would work. She let me in, and I realized now that it was closed. The tubelights were blinking and dull, casting

a yellow light over the linoleum lobby.

"Can I help you?" she asked, not letting me in, as if her indignancy was a stout roadblock.

"Um yes, I'm looking for...Herrick?" I said, trying to look past the clothed cubicles and catch a glimpse of him. Maybe he'd see me, smile with joy at some memory we'd made. "Annie-Clair!" he'd say.

Instead, the secretary shook her head. "Herrick Harris? Doesn't work here no more." She spoke down her glasses. "Can you get assistance from someone else?"

Herrick Harris? I scoffed to myself. I'm looking for a cartoon character. The idea was comical to me, and I'd have laughed if I weren't

being observed by a pair of glasses and a pointed nose. Maybe he was a cartoon character, and this whole search was just another episode in some slapstick routine.

"Ma'am?" Her voice grabbed me by the scruff and slammed me to the steps. "I asked if I could recommend another one of our agents to you?" "Do you...do you not have any records of where he went?" I asked, trying to think of some sensibility-ridden comment to get me through with this. "Oh...I think you need to talk to another one of our agents." Nose'n'glasses instead stepped out of the way, extending her hand inwards to invite me through the door and onto the drying mat. I undid my coat and followed her, those



(Above) Greco Bisou, Alan Chen, Grade 12, Digital.

A Way to Say Goodbye,
Continued on Page 8...

...A Way to Say Goodbye Continued From Page 7.

ridiculous heels on her feet clicking like a bullfrog. It changed to muffled scuffs and shovels as we transitioned to carpet, walking through the office. It was mostly empty—the few I saw glared dirks and bolts through my souls in a primeval vigor that came with a lack of caffeine. The clock said seven, but my mind said *go*, and I continued on, ignoring the looks as we came to a corner office.

“Gill?” Nose’n’glasses knocked, opening the door. “Got Herrick’s sister or something’. Can you uh...” she trailed off. I wanted to correct her, but I’m worried that any peep I let out would be met with a hell-mouth opening from the babbling water cooler next to me.

“Fine. Someone has to; don’t want it getting gossipy with you two. Send ‘er in.” The voice waved, shooing the secretary off and leaving the blank door frame in front of me. I slowly walked in, hanging my coat over a chair and sitting across from a pair of suspenders that looked me up and down before deciding to speak. “Herrick’s dead. We think.”

My expression didn’t change. I wanted to reach over and slap the cold, solemn face off of him, and berate him for his poor life choices. Maybe then he’d think twice before he told me things like that. I looked down at my shoes. Wet with snow.

“He found a girl out in...Montana? Happened ‘bout a year ago. Said he needed to find himself. His foot found a root while he’s climbin’ and— Gill tapped the side of his head— dat’s dat.” The suspenders sat back, folding his hands in his lap and nodding, as if he’d done a great service here. “Guy spends so long lookin’ for where he wants to be that he forgets to look at his feet and see what he’s walkin’ on.” Gill shook his head. Snow on my shoes. Still some left— it’d melt before I left.

“You need a cawfee?” He piped up. “You taking this... surprisingly well. Worryingly well, did he leave you sumtin’ in his will?”

“No. Just relieved.” I admitted, kicking the water off my jeans.

“Jeez, guy’s dead, show some respect.”

“I never saw him alive. Glad he got to feel the kick

eventually.” I laughed, making suspenders rear back. I laughed again, laughed at his stupid suspenders, how wet my socks were, and how much I wanted that coffee. I grabbed my coat, hooting and hollering as I clicked my heels and skipped out of the office, giving Nose’n’glasses a smile as I left.

I walked outside, leaving my coat behind to let the cold wake me up. All I could do was keep making noise, so I stumbled and giggled and collapsed against the wall of a strip mall. Tears came out warm and cut down my cheeks like razors as they froze. I brought my knees in, not wanting the pink-orange light to skip across them on its ram-

page down the blank canvas of snow. It dazzled like a brilliant lattice of gems— gems like the ones I’d take from my mother’s workshop, hiding them in potted plants and pretending they were buried treasure. The frozen crystals were suspended in a carcanet of brilliant platinum. My mom made such beautiful things in that workshop— all I ever wanted was to make something that brilliant. Maybe a career, or maybe a diamond ring like her. Diamonds. I looked up and wiped my red eyes. The orange and purple struck the limo-tinted front of a jewelry store. I didn’t need a man... maybe I could just get proof that I had one. The brief moment of purpose brought me to my feet, and I ran for the storefront, stumbling over a wheelstop and catching myself on a bollard. I heaved my shallow breath, and tried to look through the windows. Closed. Dark. Empty. Nothing.

“Annie-Clair?” That voice. That voice stung, and I wheeled

around, ready to strike.

“Doug, get away from me.” I hadn’t forgotten about him or his mica-flecked smile. Part of me looked for something sharp to slash at him with— I still blamed him for all of this. The other part of me thought I could hug him— there were two of us who knew my mother as she lived. Doug and I.

“Calm down, kid. I wasn’t looking for you. I was getting your mother flowers. I didn’t even know you were in town, else I would’ve skipped.”

“You’re that shallow? You’d leave my mother because you’re scared of me?” I growled at him, standing up. “Maybe you should go. She doesn’t want to see you any-



(Above) *Tori*, Sam Merrill, Grade 12, Mixed media.

A Way to Say Goodbye,
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(Above) *Contemporary Skate*, Alan Chen, Grade 12, Oil on canvas.



(Above) *Spiral Ram*, Sophia Pensula, Grade 12, Pastel chalk.

...A Way to Say Goodbye,
Continued From Page 8.

-self. "She wanted to see us being cordial, but if you can't manage that I don't want her to see us fighting."

As much as it pained me, he was right. I leaned against the front of the jewelry store. "Y'ever feel like a lighter, sputtering out of gas on your last pack of cigarettes?" I asked.

"No, because life's not a cigarette, and I'm no lighter," Doug said, joining me in leaning against the tint. "But I sure do feel beaten up by...all this." He gestured around, black tweed accentuating his movements. "Why are you here, not with her?"

"She wanted me to find a guy to protect me. Didn't want me to be alone without her," I mumbled, feeling like I was back in elementary school, getting F's on finger painting. "I just...I can't do it. I can't, Doug."

"Well, that's your mother all right. She thought you could do anything, but not alone."

He nodded. "Looks like she's still scared. I don't blame the woman." Doug noted my silence. "So you came here to get a ring, fake that some guy proposed to you?" He noted my offended expression and chuckled it. "Oh, don't be so impressed by my genius. Being around your clever mother brings out the same in people."

"Well, it's closed." I looked down at my shoes. "And there isn't a single guy within 20 miles of here who could fool her."

"There's no guy for Annie-Clair. It's your brand." Doug laughed, looking behind him at the tinted windows. "So, you need a ring that bad?" he asked.

"I dunno, I think... I think I'll just be honest." I lied, wanting Doug out of my face so I could cry in peace. I heaved again, looking over at Doug just as he sank his wrapped-up elbow into the window of the store. My eyes went wide, and I rushed to pull him out, but he slithered back out with a grin on his face and a ring in his hand. "Ma'am," he smiled, setting it in my hand.

"Doug! You...that's illegal!"

"Wow, you're a bright one. Now go; sun's setting and your mom'll be out soon. I've got uhh...I've got some calls to make and some scenes to flee." Doug took a bow. "Not my first rodeo."

"Doug, you're an ass and a charlatan," I grumbled. "But thank you."

"I'm flattered." He smirked, rolling his eyes, and we heard sirens carry on the wind.

"Go!" He yelled, his voice carrying my feet to my car and down on the pedal. I didn't have time to look back, but something about his confident stance made me realize that to try and understand that man would take years. I didn't have years, and I sped into the hospice.

All I could look at was my feet as I followed the plan in my head and clutched the ring closely in my pocket, feeling over the

edges and band with my thumb. I pulled it out and looked at it briefly: I saw myself in the reflection, and through the refraction, I saw the door to my mom's room.

The wave of heat hit me like a syringe as I walked in. The smell of poppies and daisies...I pulled the crumpled daisy out of my pocket, a relic of a hopeful Annie-Clair. She was so beautiful, my mother. Even in the white bed, her wrinkled skin and blond-white hair floated down on my eyes. I sat next to her, took a breath, and started.

"I found a guy, mom. Look, and I got a pretty ring." I put the ring on her palm, not feeling any pushback even with my gentle push. "I'm safe mom. I can do it. I can...I can do it without—" I looked up, bleary-eyed at the pseudo-ceiling, the speckled foam looking like the canvas out her window. "I can't do it, mom. I can't do it without you." I told the truth, for the first time that day. I was honest, and it burned like coal in my lungs. "This ring is fake; there's no guy. I just...I wanted you to be proud of me. Mom..." I looked over at her visage. "I—"

A Way to Say Goodbye, Continued on
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(Above) *Singapore Street*, Sophia Pensula, Grade 12, Watercolor.

Kelly Qi

Artist Spotlight

What medium do you use the most? Which do you enjoy using the most?

I work with graphite pencils and oil paint the most. Personally, I enjoy using oil paint the most because of its consistency and flexibility. In contrast to acrylics and watercolor, oil paint is rather slow-drying so it can be scraped off and manipulated easily.

What is your favorite style?

I am really interested in Baroque and Impressionist Art. The emphasis on light and movement in Baroque artworks always seem to capture my attention. I enjoy observing the visible brush strokes and vibrant colors in Impressionist artworks.

What subject matter do you use the most?

I probably have the most landscape paintings. I think it also depends on the medium. I like to use paints such as oil paints or acrylics when it comes to depicting landscapes. On the other hand, if it is portrait or still life, I often use graphite or color pencils in order to better depict the details.

What inspires you?

I am inspired by the different cultures and environments around me.



(Above) Photo courtesy of Kelly Qi, Grade 12.

Which one of your works are you most proud of?

At the moment, I would have to say I am most proud of the *Reine Rose* dress I made. I realized how much planning and research were necessary prior to actually making the dress. From photographing and observing nature and the environment, and researching about sustainable fashion, to collecting recyclable materials and manipulating them into a unified form, I learned more than I could have imagined.

Have you won any awards for your artwork?

I have won several *Scholastic Art Awards*, including *Gold Key*, *Silver Keys*, and *Honorable Mentions*.

Do you have any showings of your artwork?

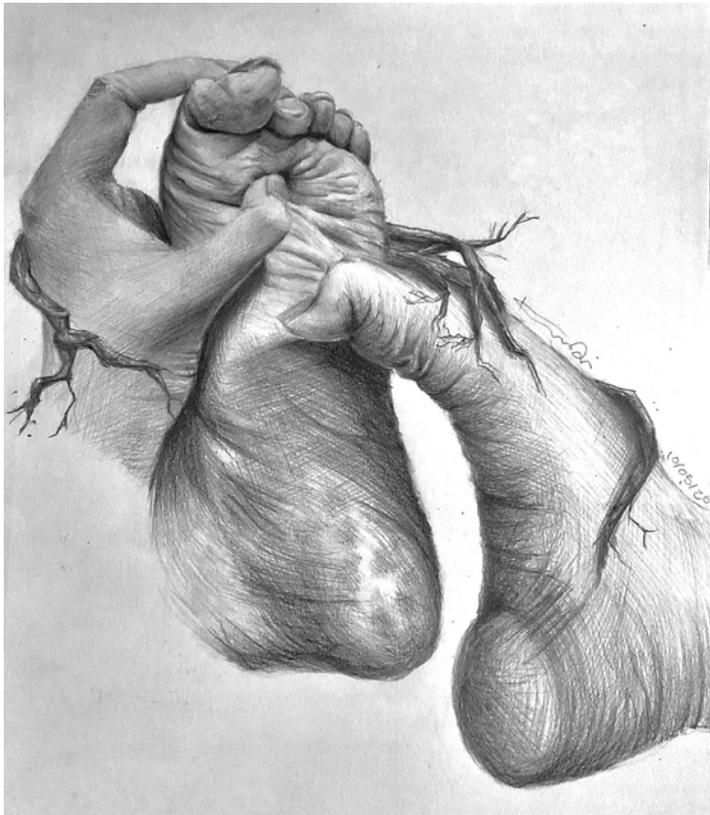
Not at the moment.

Who is your favorite artist?

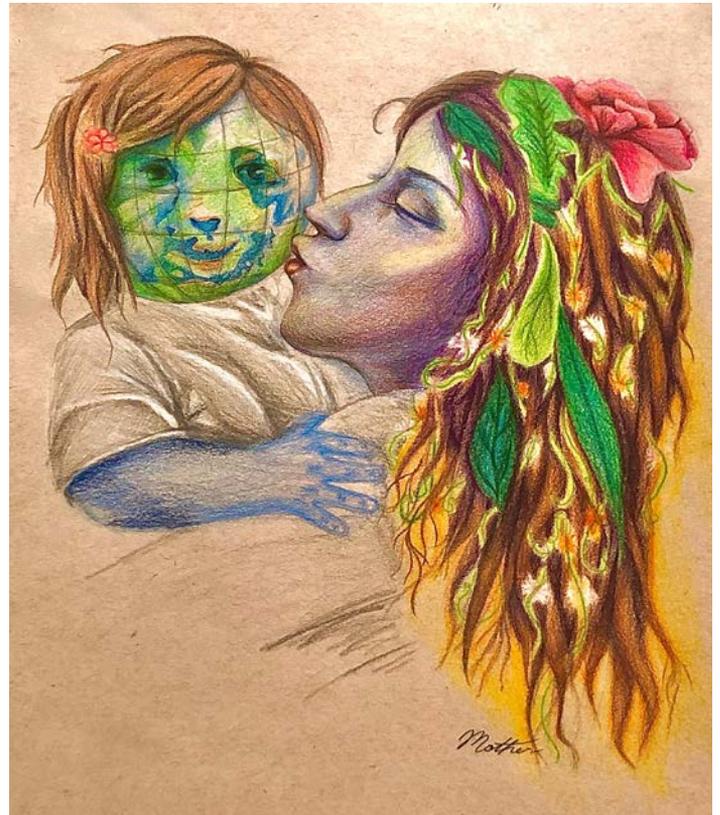
My favorite artists are Claude Monet and Pierre Renoir. Renoir's *Luncheon of the Boating Party* and Monet's *La Gare Saint-Lazare* are two of my favorite pieces. I really love the Impressionist art style, the visible brush strokes, vibrant pigments, as well as the atmospheres created by the painters.



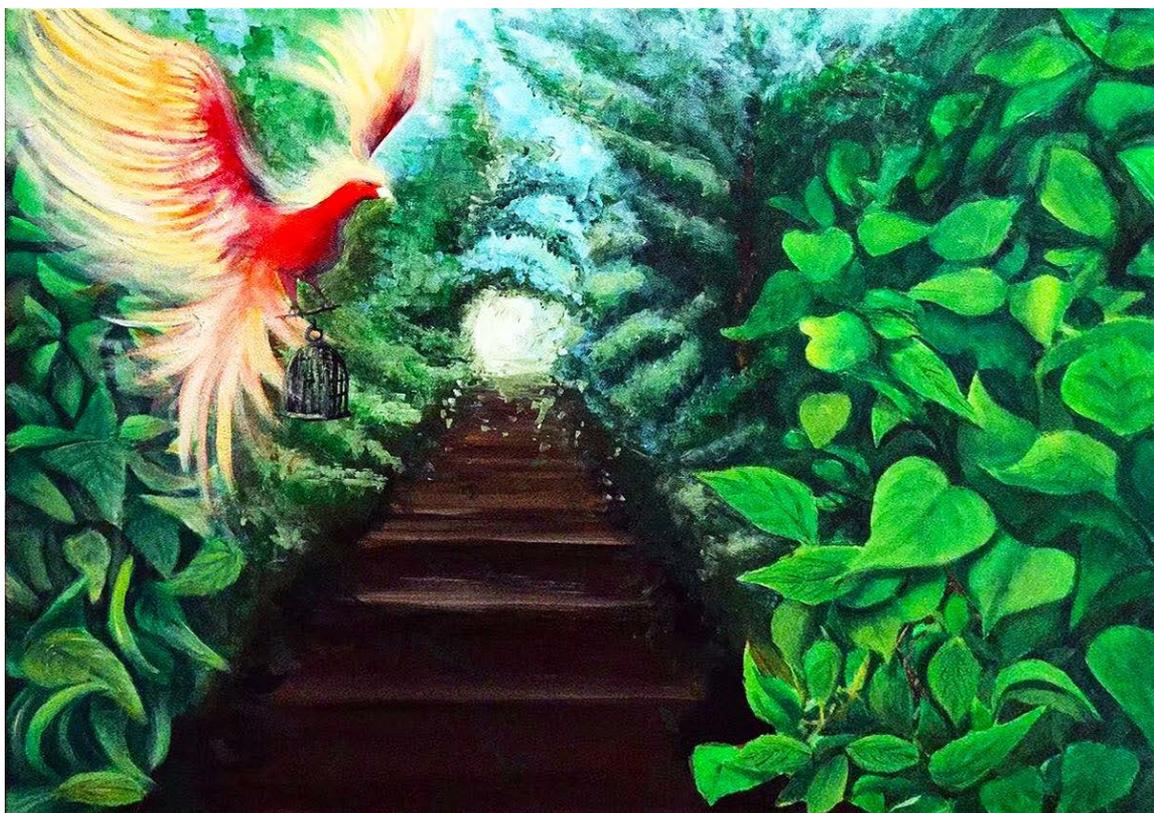
(Above) *Reine Rose*, Kelly Qi, Grade 12, Mixed media.



(Above) *The Sufferer*, Kelly Qi, Grade 12, Graphite.



(Above) *Mother*, Kelly Qi, Grade 12, Colored pencil.



(Above) *Soar*, Kelly Qi, Grade 12, Acrylic.

Autumn Afternoon

By Sophia Anderson, Grade 4

Write of Passage, a new Upper School writing club, recently hosted a Halloween themed writing competition for our Lower School Students: the *Write of Passage Short Story Spooktacular!* The *Grand Champion*, out of all of the entries, is being featured here.

It was an autumn afternoon in the pumpkin patch. As the crows squawked and the wind howled, the thing stood quietly in the corner, *watching... waiting...*

I didn't want to move. Let alone move into that old farmhouse down the street. I've heard a rumor that it's *haunted* by the family that disappeared there, 99 years ago. But of course my parents wouldn't listen, or my older brother. "There are no ghosts," my dad said. "There's nothing to be afraid of, sweetie," my mom said. "Don't be *such* a baby!" my brother said. I thought about what they said, trying to believe them. *There are no ghosts.* My brain told me. But my heart said something different.

"Rumble rumble." We pulled up the cobblestone driveway of the "new" house. It looked even more scary up close. I was trembling all over. As we walked through the door, I broke out into a cold sweat. With everyone many paces ahead, I took a few steps forward, then

the door creaked shut behind me *by itself*. I couldn't take it anymore. This house was *definitely* haunted. I bolted for the door and tried the handle, but the door wouldn't budge. I tried again; nothing. There was *no* mistaking it. The door was *locked*. *There was no going back now.*

That night I lay awake refusing to fall asleep, now that I knew the true nature of this house. My family owed me *big time*. As I began to doze off, I heard a sound that sent shivers down my spine: "*Creeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak.*" It was the sound of a door opening. My eyes snapped open. What I saw took my breath away: a tall, dark, hooded, figure. I blinked, unable to believe my eyes. But when I opened my eyes the thing was *gone*. I couldn't see its face very well, but I could've *sworn* I saw a *wicked* grin creeping across it.

The next night I feared that if I blinked *once* the thing would come back. Then I heard footsteps in the hallway. This time I was ready to fight off *whatever* it was. But when I clicked on the lamp, the thing loomed over me holding something sharp over its head, sharp side pointed at *me*.

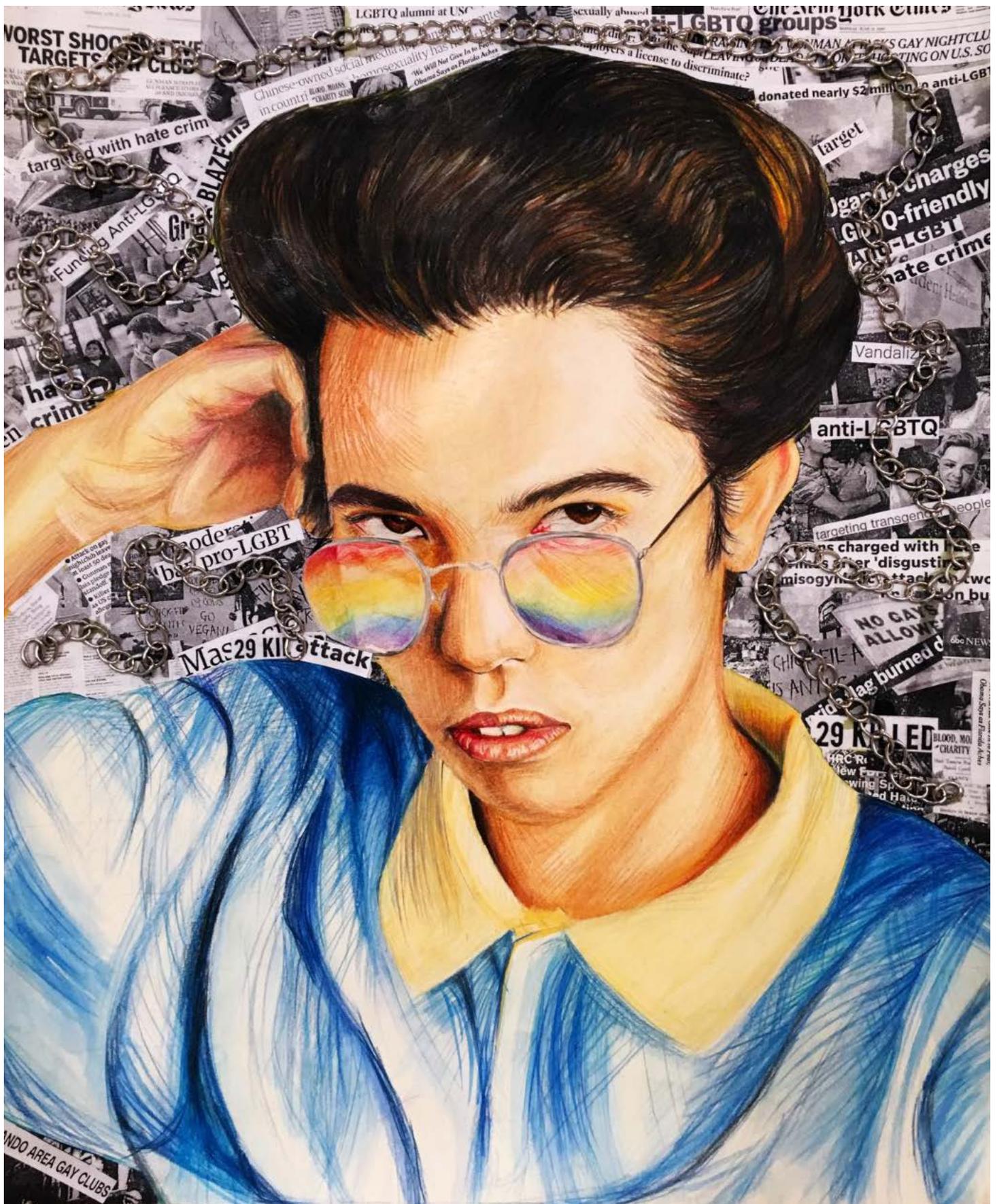
I woke up screaming, my heart pounding, cold sweat dripping down my palms, in my old room, in my old house. I've had a nightmare.

THE END.

OR IS IT?



(Above) *Red Samurai*, Sophia Pensula, Grade 12, Pen and ink.



(Above) *Trapped*, Anne Fang, Grade 11, Mixed media.

It Isn't So Bad

By Daniel Liu, Grade 10

It was a tarot card. The Magician. The altar of magical tools and the man's short staff was a bit discolored, and the card's minor wears and tears clearly showed its age. Elliot knew a bit about divination. In fact, one of his best friends once had a brief romantic relationship with a psychic. Not even the psychic could predict how hard being a single mother would be though, the psychic's own career being quite disturbed by a baby on the way and the quick exit of Elliot's friend.

Elliot's own expertise about anything supernatural or love (which might as well have been divination for him) was limited to a lucky bow tie he wore before auditions and dates, made completely in fine Italian black silk. Despite its assumed luxury, Elliot's bow tie was just like the tarot card he had found in the leather bag: a bit discolored and quite aged. The bag and the bow tie themselves used to be his father's, but Elliot did not like to talk about his father. For now, Elliot sat quietly, waiting complacently behind a stage. The bright spotlights of the stage dimly dripped into dark corners of the sides of the stage. He ran his fingers across his sheet music again and breathed deeply twice. Elliot's audition today was quite important, for it dictated his entry into *The Manhattan School of Music*, a dream conservatory of music that did not seem unachievable when he was con-

sidered to be a prodigy at the tender age of 10, but now, both his prodigality and his dream were to be doubted. You see, Elliot plays the piano. He has been playing for quite some time, listening to Mozart during his early fetus stages, getting yelled at by his teacher when his short 5-year old fingers were a little too late, all the way to the present day, newly graduated from some private high school in New York and ready to enter the world of starving artists and second-class musicians. It wasn't as if he needed to make a living through this whole piano thing anyway; his family's wealth ensured that even if he never worked a job he would live lavishly for the rest of his life.

But that doesn't matter now. It was time for his audition. There were nerves to be had of course but he had prepared his whole life for this. This was it. He was finally going to fulfill his prophesied potential as a prodigy. His name would be made across the piano world, and he would finally show his father he wasn't a waste. He would live up to his childhood expectations. He was right all

along. But, as he bounced on to the stage and prepared his music, adjusted his seat, and looked at the three judges sitting in the front seats of the auditorium, something was wrong. All he could think about was his father. Mr. Grungmen, executive of some financial company and proclaimed self-made man, had made his fortunes on the Wall Streets and had the largest silver-spoon fed family in New York City. With eight daughters with various ex-wives and one son, Elliot was pressured to take the mantle of man-of-the-house and take charge. It didn't help that Elliot hated finance, or whatever his father's job was anyway, or that he much preferred to play the piano. It most definitely did not help when Elliot expressed his wishes to become a professional musician at dinner one night and was promptly yelled at by his father.

"You will never be successful. Not in anything you do. Your suspected prodigality won't help you in the slightest when you are on the streets. In fact, you will be removed from the will and I will personally attend to disowning you."

He was never removed from the will nor was he ever disowned. Those words still stung though. Quite the traumatic event for a 13-year-old. His high school years were all about proving his father wrong. It was all about succeeding. The more he studied though, the more he practiced, the more he did, the more it seemed none of it ever made his father satisfied. When he had won the local concerto competition, not only did his father fail to congratulate him,

he made an effort to ignore him for weeks. When he had gotten the highest scores in his classes, his father simply asked if he should move schools since this school clearly wasn't up-to-par. His apparent weakness as a son, at least for Mr. Grungmen, was simply that he was not the same person as his father. Despite all this, Elliot continued to pursue the piano. Look! Upon the stage! Elliot is about to begin.

The piece was something romantic. It had a feeling of a starry skied night, but its glistening notes held a close similarity to roses, beautiful, but sharp if you listened too closely. The tone was pure but it wasn't as clear as it should have been when he descended there. The rich, illuminating sound afterward certainly made up for it. His attention to nuance and detail was impeccable, his technique matching the crystalline sound resonating through the air.

It Isn't So Bad, Continued on Page 21...



(Above) *Swirl*, Santiago Calderon, Grade 11, Photography.

Love

By *Ethan Leckie, Grade 12*

My One and Only,

I have a confession to make. I love you. I know, that's pretty weird to say right now, but let me explain. I love the smooth, cool touch of your skin. When I see you after a long day of school, the sight of you invigorates me. Not to mention, blue and silver looks quite good on you. I can never quite guess the smell of your perfume. Is it fruity? Is it sweet? It's so familiar to me, yet I can't put a finger on it. My mother says you're bad for me, but how can I get through each day of school without you?

I still remember how we met. It was after school, before archery practice. You happened to be at *7-Eleven* the same time I was. You were standing by the refrigerated section when I saw you. You looked very sophisticated in that blue and silver dress you were wearing. I saw you around school a few times before. I wanted to talk to you, but I was too nervous to do it. But here, I knew this was my best chance. I asked you where you were from. You said you were only going to be here for the semester, that you were from Austria. You also said that you hated Florida, that you like places with mountains and snowsports. We walked out of the store together afterward. I don't remember anything after that because that's when I first got a whiff of your perfume. I literally have no clue what makes it smell so good. You say it's a secret, that if you tell me you'll probably have to kill me afterwards. *Google* certainly doesn't have any answers either.

It's been a year since that day. I'm really busy nowadays, but I still try to keep in touch. We meet from time to time, whenever I can get a ride to your place. We need to start hanging out more. School and archery are starting to bog me down, and I need a little pick-me-up. Anyway, I just wanted you to know how much you mean to me. We'll be seeing each other very soon.
Forever Yours,
Ethan

Moonlight

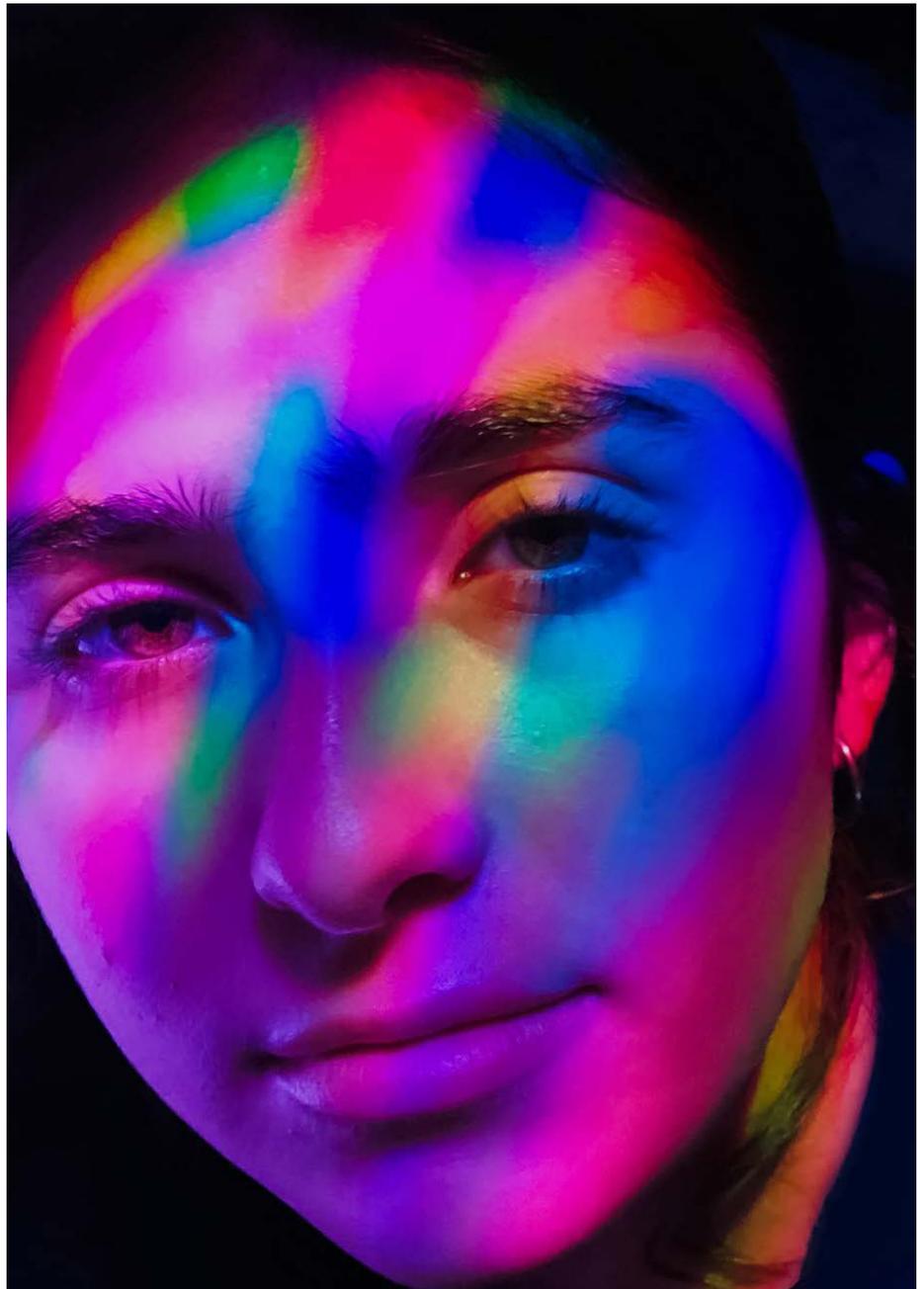
By *Rhea Nandwani, Grade 11*

The clouds start to part
Revealing the pale moonlight.
The dark is muted.

Starlight

By *Rhea Nandwani, Grade 11*

The darkness broken
Like little shards of a mirror
By faint light of stars



(Above) *Girl With Stripes All Grown Up*, Anne Fang, Grade 11, Mixed media.

...Mom, Continued From Page 10.

"I'm a jeweler and a mother, Annie...not some side-walk jay," she rasped, her eyes opening. "That's not diamond; it's zircon." She coughed a chuckle. "And you wouldn't marry a conman. You can see those things."

"Mom, I'm not as smart as you think I am. I can't do this," I told her, taking her hand and letting the ring fall to the floor.

"Are you a quitter? Or my daughter?" she asked, turning to me. "You've got no shoes to fill. Remember when I got you those pink lace-up tennis shoes?" she asked.

I nodded. "You always told me how expensive they were. And how you could've just given me an old pair of yours."

"Y'know why I didn't?" I shook my head. "I didn't want you to change how you walk trying to fit in someone's shoes. They needed to fit you, perfectly, because nothing about you needed to be...adjusted."

I bit my lip as she turned towards the window. "Adjusting and refining. That's what I did as jeweler. I wanted to make something as beautiful as the stars, and as beautiful as the sunset." She smiled up at the night sky, the sun flashing green before falling into slumber. "I tried, for so long, just adjusting and polishing. Now, as I sit here— and trust me, I've been sitting here a long time— I realized something." She looked back at me, gingerly wiping a tear from my eye.

"The most beautiful thing I made in this world was you. And you didn't need anything changed, and as much as I tried to make you like me, I knew I couldn't."

I was crying now, not in pain, but in the vanishing of the horizon when one sets out on a new voyage. Like when I'd gone to high school, or college. This was the next cusp of my life, teetering unsteadily.

"Don't cry. There's no reason to cry." My mom corrected. "You don't have to worry about me, and I don't have to worry about you. If there's one thing I made sure of, it's that you can do it all on your own. All of it."

"Mom, what do I do when you're gone?" I asked, something I never thought I'd have to ask.

"Whatever you want. That's the beauty of tomorrow." She held my head, her weak hands holding me up like the strong woman I remember growing up. "You were always the most beautiful thing in my life. Prettier than jewels, and silver. Go out into the moonlight, Annie. Show everyone how you dazzle." She looked up at the ceiling, breathing quietly. "Don't think of me in tears. I'll be there. Watching you shine."

"I love you, mom."

"I love you, Annie-Clair." She rubbed my hair as I rested my head on her lap.

"Mom?" I asked, holding her hand and looking up at the sage tranquility in her face.

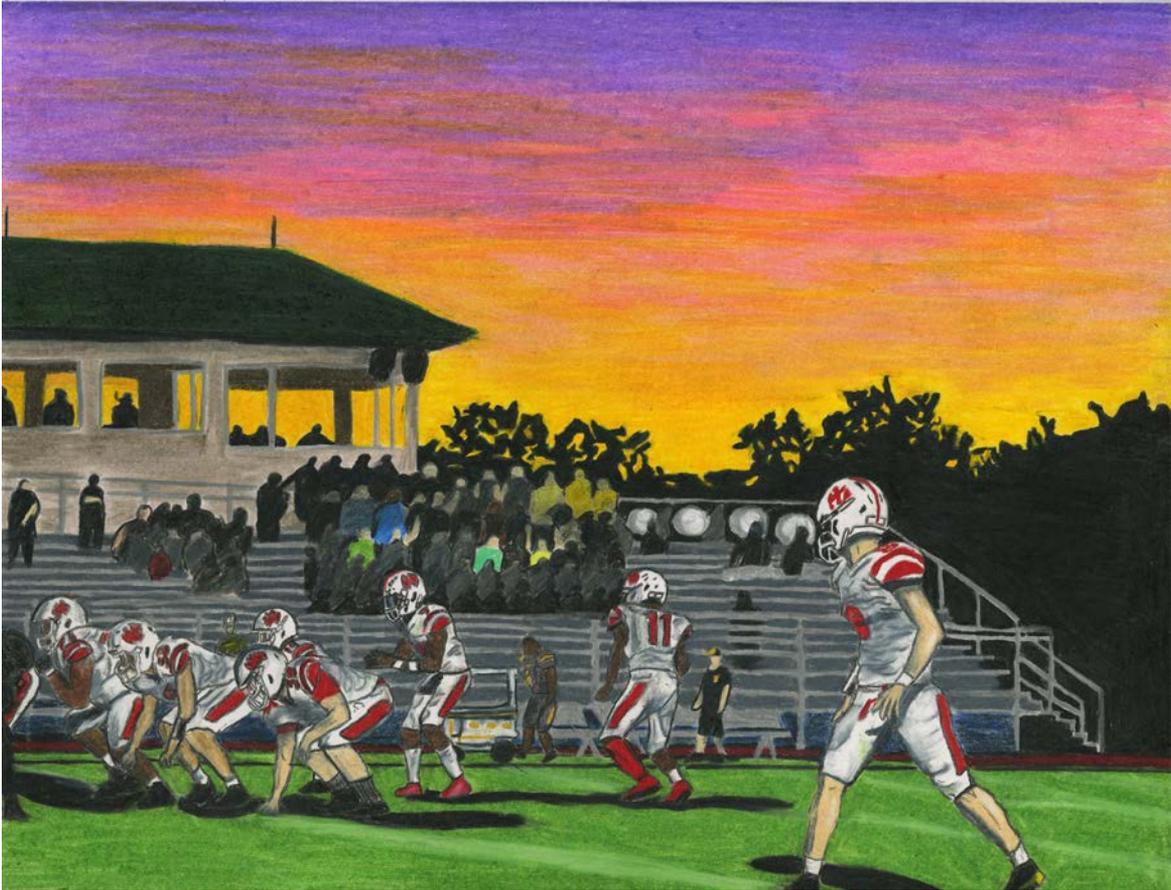
"Mom?"



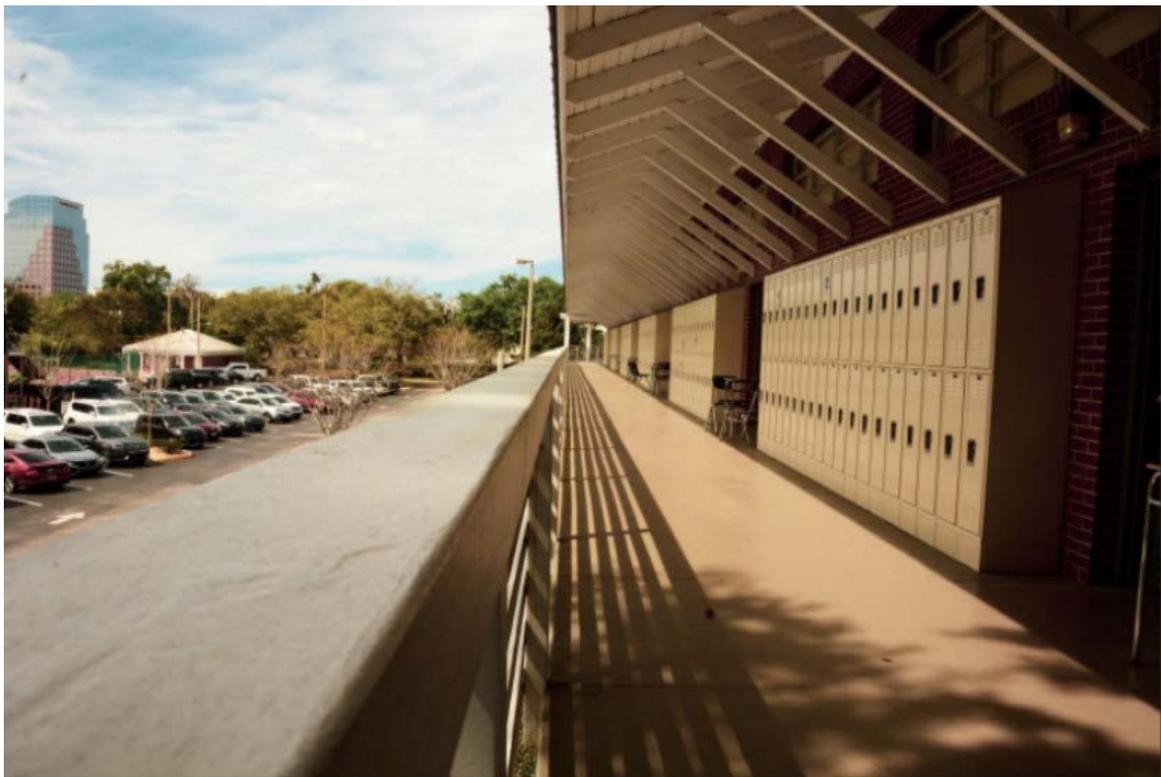
(Above) *Skateistean*, Alan Chen, Grade 12, Oil on canvas.



(Above) *Wok Pot*, Sophia Pensula, Grade 12, Watercolor.



(Above) *Football Game*, Sam Merrill, Grade 12, Colored pencils.



(Above) *Down the Hall*, Sanvi Belani, Grade 10, Photography.

The Life of a Vegetable

By Lauren Kurtz, Grade 10

I cannot breathe, I cannot see,
The earth is so cold and dark,
This cannot be, I cannot flee
From the hands that pull me apart.

They rip me from the ground
and cut me at my root
They throw me into boxes
and display me with the fruit.

The humans lick their lips and sample a taste,
Then they ship us home to their new place.

They boil water until it gets really hot
And then they throw into that boiling pot!

They eat me up and I am consumed.
The life of a vegetable is truly doomed...

Fire

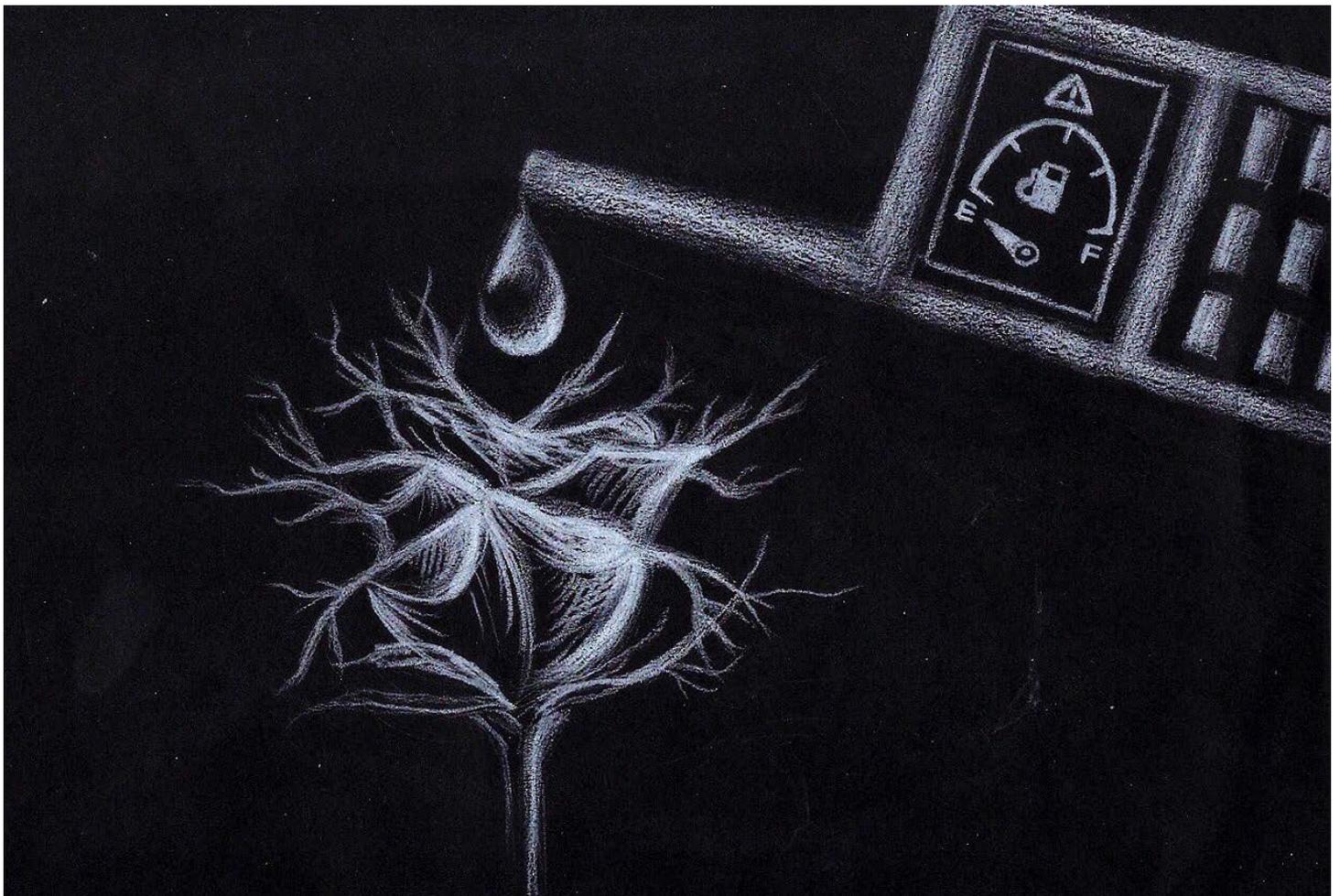
By Jaclyn Recksiedler, Grade 12

An inescapable heat, nipping at skin like an untrained puppy.
An unmatched burning, the feeling white hot and painful.
A colour as bright as a star, as red as blood, as yellow as sunflowers.
A shape that changes as rapidly as liquid and as swiftly as the wind
It spreads as quickly as a disease, leaving nothing but smoke and ash in its wake.
We can't stop the fire.

Skate Down Memory Lane

By Zeal Patel, Grade 11

Adrenaline rush
Crisp chilly welcoming wind—
Nostalgic silence



(Above) *The Last Drop*, Kelly Qi, Grade 12, Colored pencil.

...It Isn't So Bad, Continued From Page 15.

He did not mess up when he was playing. Not once did he regret what sound he had made. Then it happened: a sudden pause. He had stopped. Why had he stopped playing? The judges looked up and stared at the boy. The boy on stage was clearly on the verge of tears. Now was not the time to cry, now was the time to perform! But the boy couldn't stop thinking. He was so close, but he couldn't play anymore. And for what? Because he had some sad event occur when he was 13? But still, he couldn't keep going. If the boy played he would disappoint his dad and if he didn't play he would disappoint his dad too. He didn't have a choice. There was no choice, he couldn't play.

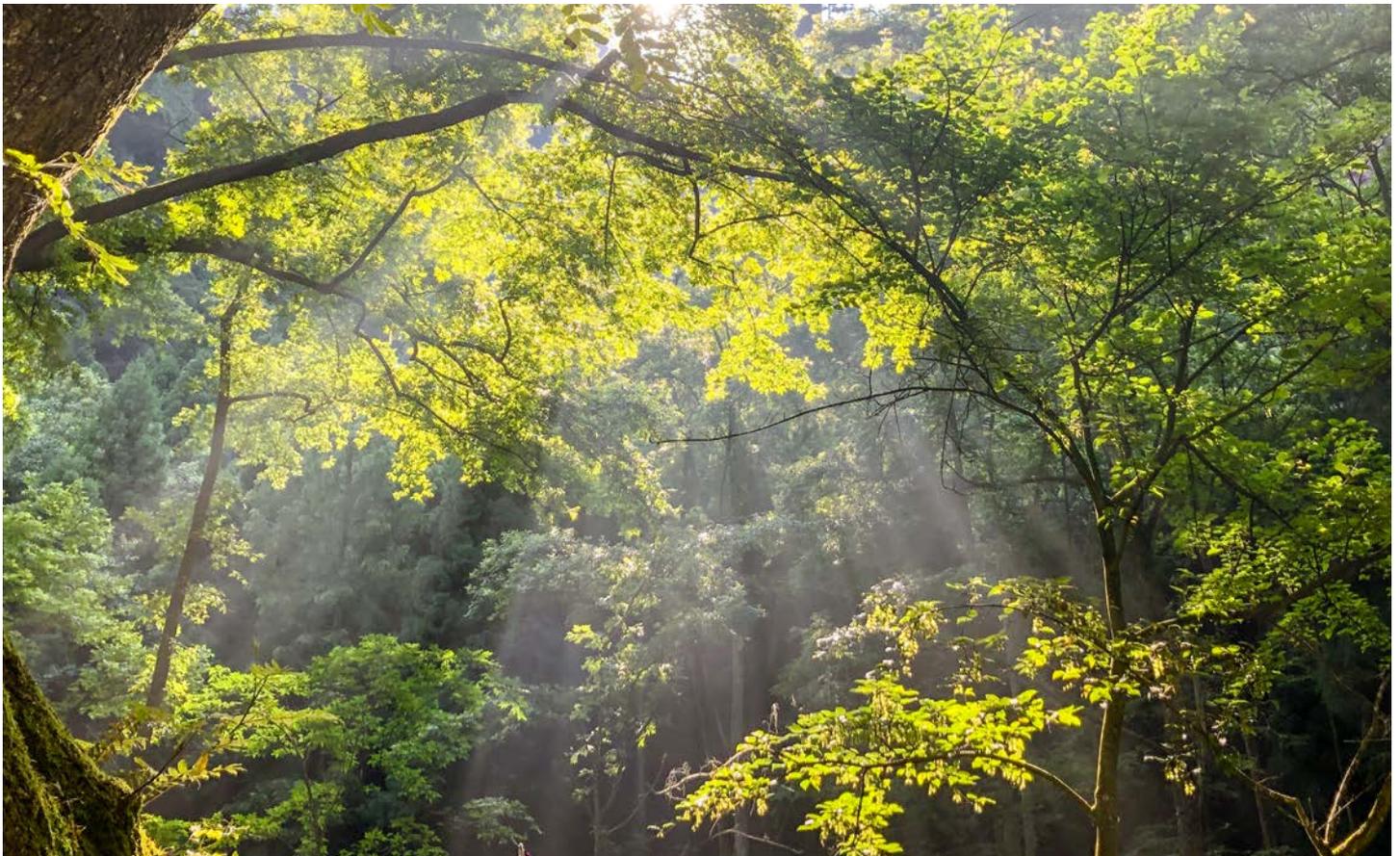
* * *



(Above) *The Center*, Julia Nicholson, Grade 10, Photography.

A few months later, Elliot was crashing at his friend's place when he found the tarot card again. He didn't get in the conservatory. He, in fact, after the audition never once visited his family's penthouse, nor see any of his sisters, nor did he even touch a piano. He had been sleeping in the friend's living room for a while now. This time, instead of throwing the card back into the bag, he asked his friend about it, since he had once dated a psychic. Apparently, according to his friend and some help from google, the Magician was all about potential. But the card is worth a lot more than that.

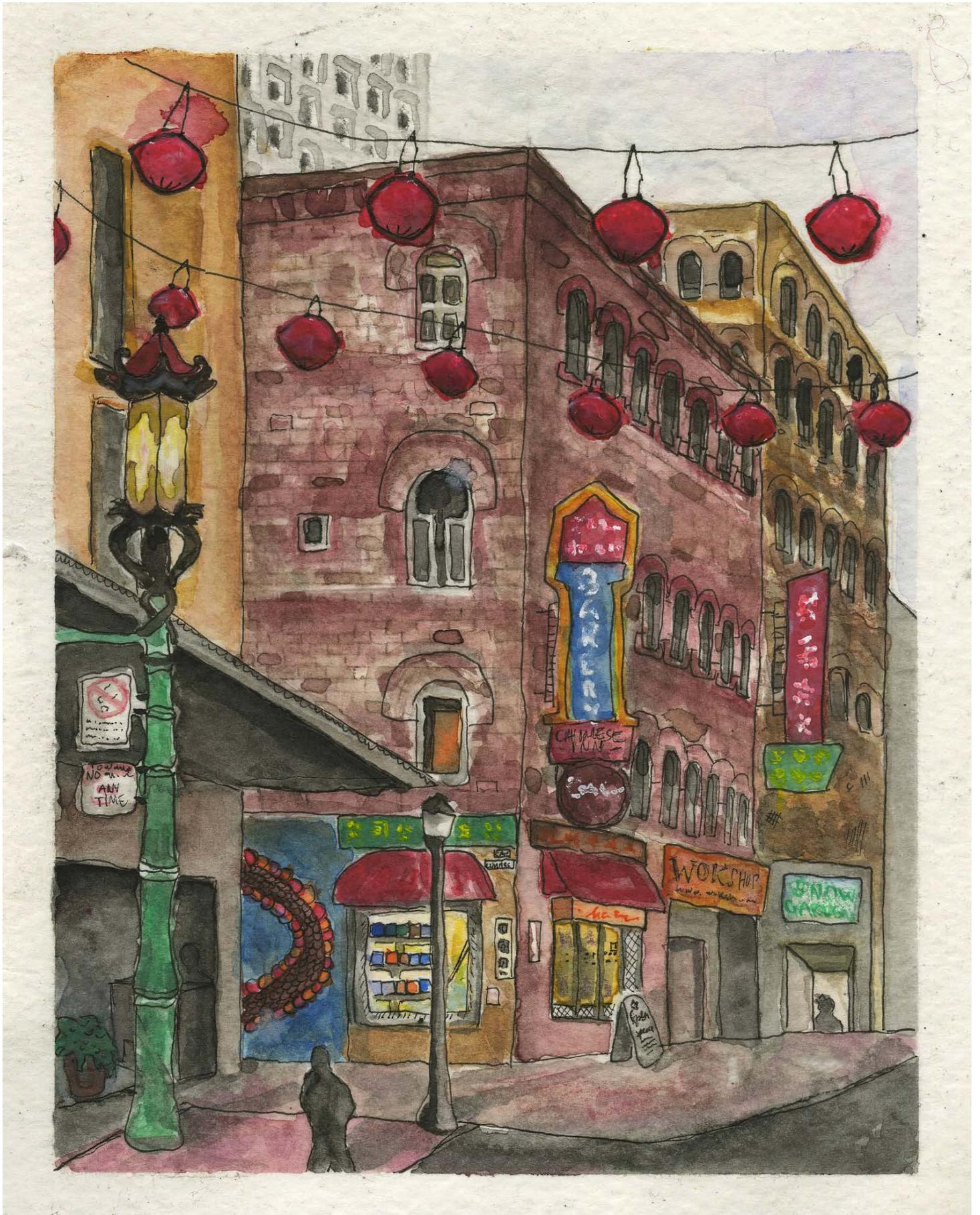
As the friend emphasized, "Tarot cards are, like, all about the future, but when I got that psychic pregnant dude, that girl told me, like, we can't change what already happened. So since I couldn't change the past, I just tried to change the future."



(Above) *Perfect Moment*, Anne Fang, Grade 11, Photography.



(Above) *Lost Mountain Cats*, Luis Roldan, Grade 11, Photography.



(Above) *Lantern Street*, Sophia LeBlanc, Grade 10, Watercolor.

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