

VIGNETTE

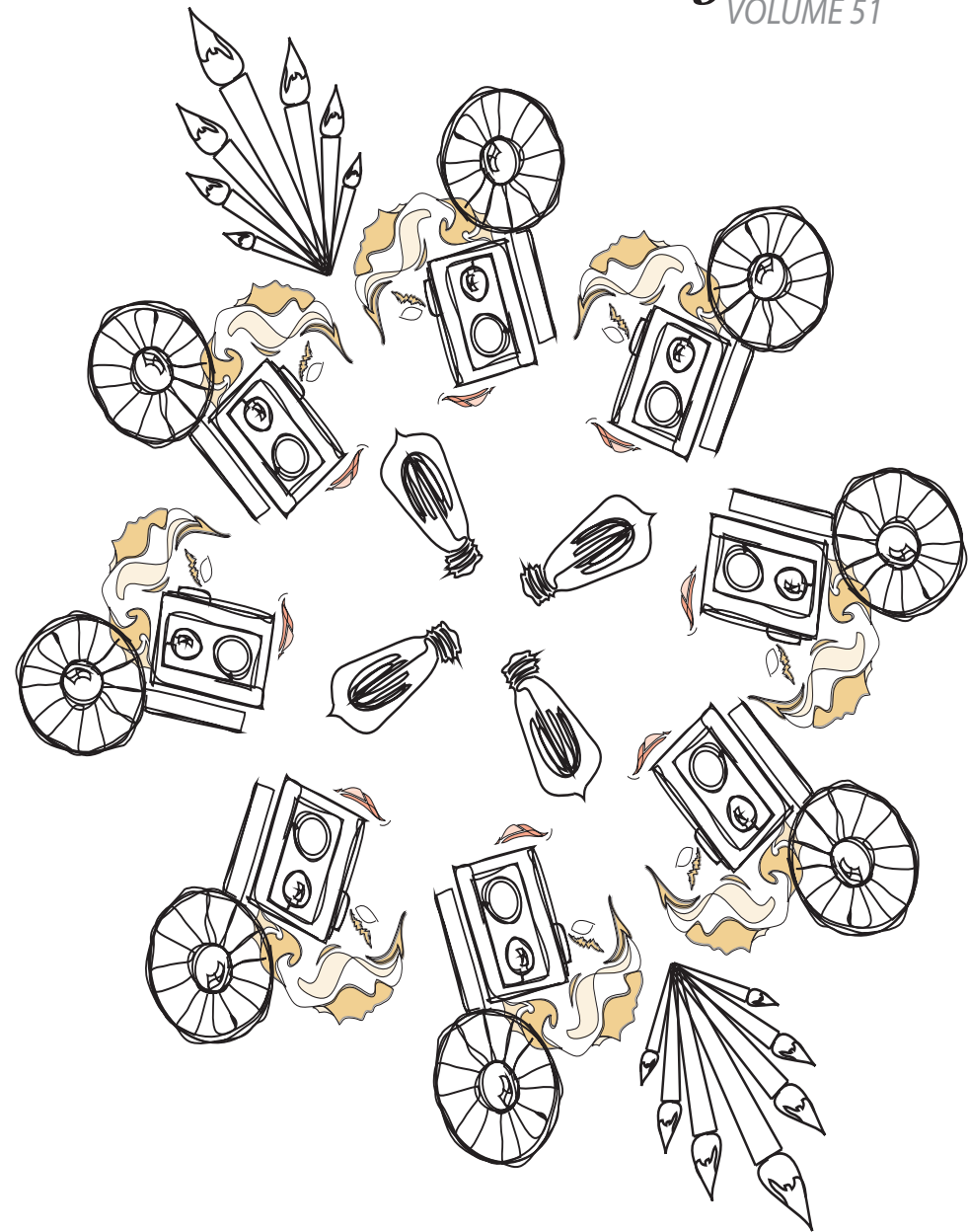
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WRITING.

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ST. JOSEPH HIGH SCHOOL
A BROTHERS OF THE SACRED HEART SCHOOL
145 PLAINFIELD AVENUE
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY 08840

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Editorial

Throughout history, humanity has endeavored to express itself. From paintings to literature, music to mythology, humans have sought to record their accomplishments and values. Technology has advanced and made it easier to communicate across the globe, allowing human creations to be shared around the planet. As we venture even further abroad, into the vastness of space, our art will become more and more important as a record of our past and expressions of our hopes for the future.

In the modern world, expression is more important than ever. People across the globe are realizing this and acting out to show the world how they feel and think. The many revolutions in the Middle East over the past year have shown how important independence and freedom are to everyone. Dictators have been toppled and tyrants overthrown at the will of the people. People have taken their futures in their own hands, refusing to be controlled by others. This spirit of freedom will become more and more important in the future as humanity grows and expands.

This year's *Vignette* has been inspired by these events and their effects on St. Joe's students. As we go forward into the world, we must never forget our past but must also look ahead to our future. The pieces in the *Vignette* are our legacy, a record of our thoughts and values that we pass on to another generation.

We would now like to present this year's student created *Vignette*.

Nicholas Palmieri '12
Michael Palughi '12

Vignette Extras

Please scan the QR code on the left to view additional *Vignette* pieces, including videos and photographs.



The Pen is Mightier

When one hears the word sword, the initial connotation that comes to mind is war. A sword is a symbol of power, fear, destruction, and force. There is no doubt that those things can influence people but when juxtaposed with the pen, I feel that the sword pales in comparison. The basis of communication is words, and the power behind communication is infinite.

Words can sell, they can hurt, they can pity, and they can love. Words can be the cause of great agony, yet they can also be the cause of great joy. For example, bullies rely on the power of words to intimidate their victims. Malicious phrases attacking one's appearance or ideas can have a dramatic effect on the person's self-esteem. Each time the bully attacks the victim, his/her self-esteem deteriorates, causing sadness and anger. By the same token, people's words can provide strength, support, and confidence. One person's kind words to another can put a smile on a person's face and instill self-confidence that was not there before.

The longevity of words and phrases from throughout history has had a profound impact on people's lives. The writings in numerous religious texts such as the Bible and Torah to this day are still studied and provide guidance for millions of people. Though those books were written thousands of years ago, their messages are so strong that in certain areas of the world they often lead to conflict and the use of the sword. A vast majority of the world's people associates themselves with some form of religion, which has maintained a much larger impact on the world than any one war. Similarly, Shakespeare's numerous plays and poems are the crux of classical literature. The whole reason his writings have endured for so long and have been reproduced in so many different manners is because of their universal themes and motifs. Shakespeare understood the human mind and because of that his works have inspired and continue to inspire so many people.

The American Revolution is another instance where words motivated the actions of many people. The irony of the Revolution is how the English sword enabled the American pen to become mightier. The English coerced the Americans into compliance with British law, and the colonists' anger over this treatment forced them to take a stand. The words of Thomas Paine and Samuel Adams persuaded the colonists to band together and revolt against the strongest military in the world. The colonists knew their chance of victory was small, yet the words of Paine and Adams, in addition to the words of the authors of the Declaration of Independence, inspired them to risk their lives for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The power of the pen is unlimited; it transcends the physical realm in which it is used. Words initiate emotional responses from people and can create an atmosphere in which people's minds are filled with inspiration and determination. The pen educates and influences people so their hearts and souls are in agreement, whereas the sword only intimidates them into submission. The sword prays on weakness and frailty, but the pen thrives on passion and conviction.

Anthony Lubrano '12
1st place senior nonfiction



Write On!

Nicholas Palmieri '12

The White Page

The white page stares back at me;
I wonder what I should do.
The words refuse to appear
But tomorrow the poem is due.

I sit before my laptop and
I try to find inspiration. But
Suddenly I'm overwhelmed
By an unbelievable sensation.

To respond to my urge, I
Go down to the kitchen. I
Search through the refrigerator
And I reheat some chicken.

I hear the garage door and
My father walks into the room.
He informs me how late it is
And I know I must write this poem soon.

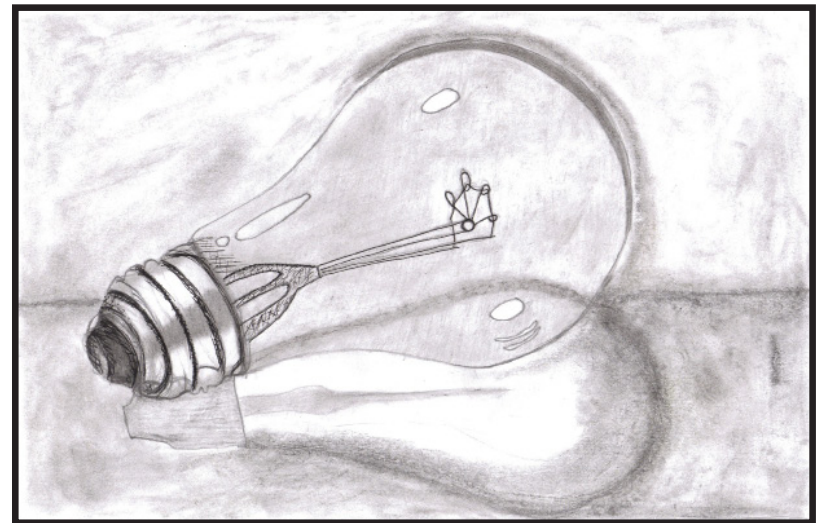
At last, I return to my laptop
And I turn on the light.
I swiftly sit and begin to think,
But I don't know what to write.

I contemplate forever and
I take a look at my watch.
I have to look twice and when
I see it, I am in shock!

My mind wanders constantly
And it is driving me crazy.
I swear that I'm trying hard
And that I am not lazy.

The white page stares back at me.
I wonder what I should do.
About what can I write?
I haven't a single clue.

Vincent Laudicina '12



Bright Idea

Kyle Rivera '13

The Thoughts of a Swimmer

As the water cascades around me,
I know that nothing else matters.
The jolt after the impact from a dive,
The cheers of fans and teammates pushing me further,
And the shouts of coaches to give it my all
Are the only things that matter once the race begins.

As the competition progresses,
And as my rivals begin to sprint,
I think back on all of my practices
And the teachings of my coaches.
Knowing that I cannot be beat,
I force myself past my limits.

Entering the final lap,
I see my adversaries giving it their all.
With my strength depleted, I charge forward through the water,
Nothing but sheer willpower forcing me forward.
The need to win, my competitive drive,
Commands me to conquer my opponents.
Finally, the race ends, the struggle is finished.
I have conquered my foes and my challenge has been won.
All that remains is the thirst for another victory.

Michael Mount '13



Watching the Waves Roll In

Joseph Wutkowski '12

The Sunset

As the sun descends in the west,
The last rays of light erupt,
Tantalizing the eyes.
The crimson sky brings about a time of rest;
At sunset, the energy of day is at its demise.
The last attempt to illuminate the Earth
Is but a red glow that sets fire to the sea.
As the light vanishes from the world,
The beauty of the day fades into darkness.
Receding into darkness, the stars elucidate,
Numerous and countless;
They rejuvenate the beauty of the world.
The sunset is redefined.

Antoine Haddad '14



Sunset on the Bay

John Selesky '14

Twilight

The air chills. The day flees. Night approaches.
The sky turns its color to a burning gold.
In the midway of light and dark, harmony can be found.
After the light but before the dark, a beauty can be seen.
When the sun sleeps and the moon awakens,
a short time of peace can be known.
In this time of peace, the world is covered by a blanket of twilight.

Isaiah Todman '15



Calm After The Storm

Neel Jha '14

Our Country First

The United States is a beacon of hope and a land of opportunity to all those who seek inspiration. Our powerful country began with our Founding Fathers; they foresaw a nation where people could prosper and pursue their dreams in a land that encouraged civilized debate. If I were fortunate enough to serve as the President of the United States, I would make it my priority to keep the interests of the American people before my own on every issue presented to me. There are three very important issues our country faces that must be addressed for the benefit of the American people.

To begin, I would introduce tax changes for American citizens, very similar to a “new deal” implementation like Franklin D. Roosevelt’s ideas. The first would be a tax deduction for all Americans diagnosed with a serious cancer that interferes with their work or significantly affects their lifestyle, such as breast cancer, leukemia, and so on. Also, this new deal would include the complete elimination of the current inheritance tax due to the strong argument that it takes away too much money from families already in emotionally and financially overbearing circumstance. Last, I would add a .1% increase to the salaries of Americans making over a million dollars a year. The entire revenue would be put back into the middle and lower class by reducing the overall amount they pay in taxes annually.

Furthermore, the second thing I would address is illegal immigration. Albert Einstein said many years ago, “Peace cannot be achieved through force but only through understanding.” While some believe that building a massive border would be the best solution, I think that there are better ways to go about this dilemma. I would implement a program for all those looking to become citizens by offering a 5-year service in the military, with an honorable discharge. This would satisfy Americans as to where their loyalties are, and as they serve in the military, they are provided an education and offered many career opportunities once they leave.

Finally, as Commander in Chief, I would strip my own power of ordering military action towards foreign countries unless the danger and threat are imminent. I would split this power with Congress in order to ensure a bipartisan agreement and to reflect the opinion of more than just the president’s current administration. This leads me to my final point, as

president, I can promise to make realistic decisions and to listen to every side of an issue, not just what my party says. George Washington once said, “To please all is impossible,” and because this is true, I can promise to keep the nation’s preference above my own and do my best to let every American have the same opportunity to pursue their own American Dream.

Alejandro Sheppard '15
1st place freshman nonfiction



And the Banner Yet Waves

Michael D'Ambrosio '12

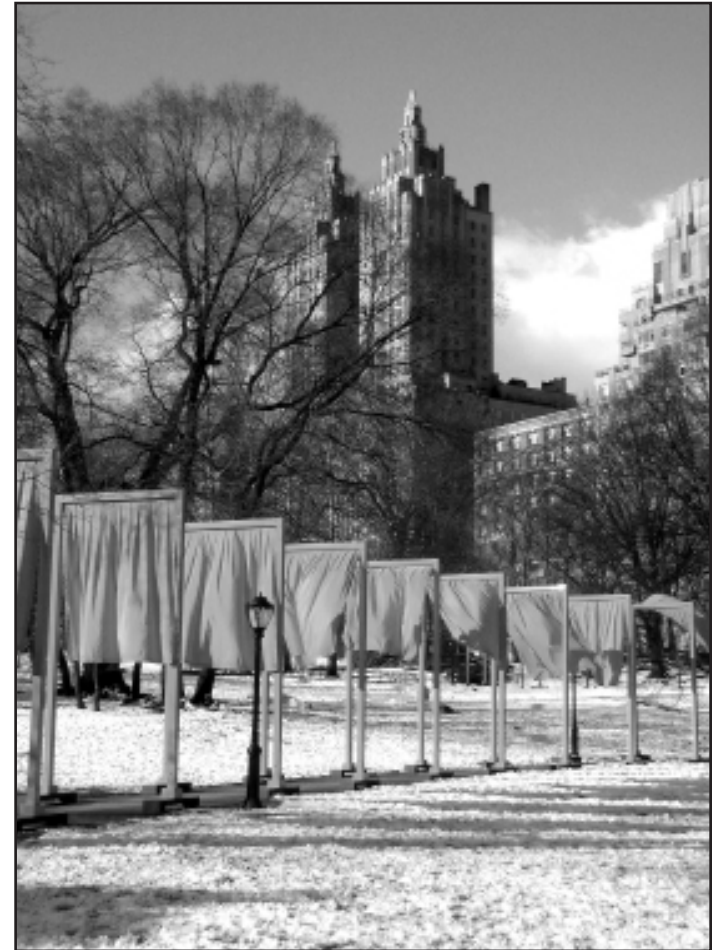
The Gates

I have come to appreciate various art forms but there is one exhibit that haunts me in my dreams. In February of 2005, my parents and I wandered into Central Park in New York City to admire “The Gates,” a two-week outdoor exhibit that displayed 75 magnificent gates with saffron-colored fabric panels dancing and furling in the wind. Created by two artists, Christo and Jeanne-Claude, “The Gates” melded with the park, yet remained a separate and personal artistic statement.

As I wandered around the park, I discovered a strong sense of imagery surrounding the exhibit. The gates wrapped around the park leading me to wonder if they represented the gates of heaven or the road to hell. The serpentine walkways twisted and turned, similar to the strange and quirky paths of life. The physical gates were milestones, memories of epic moments pondered long after an event’s passing. How could such a simple exhibit provoke such questions and controversy within me? Where would my life lead me? Which winding path would I create?

Simplistic in nature, yet monumental in scope, “The Gates” provided me with vision and clarity. The strong, yet peaceful orange panels furling against a crystal clear blue sky centered my focus. The winding path showed the future in an oblique yet unrelenting passage through time and space. Milestone gates marked life’s memories and illusions. Did “The Gates” illustrate a life lesson or taunt me with opportunity?

Matthew Dezenzo ‘12



The Gates

Dr. M. Gubernat

Blank Screen

I sit in front of the laptop, staring.
A blank screen stares back at me.
No words, just a blank screen, the whitest of whites
And that darn, blinking cursor.

Midnight, I'm still here, yawning.
A blank screen yawns back at me.
Two words, just my name, a speck of pepper in a sea of salt.
And that darn, wretched, blinking cursor.

One in the morning, I have returned, ready.
A blank screen lights up, returns, ready.
A title, that's it, nothing more, nothing less.
And that darn, wretched, taunting, blinking cursor.

In an instant, I'm by the window, smiling.
A blank screen smiles back at me,
But in several pieces, two stories below, in an abyss of black.
And that darn, wretched, taunting, blinking cursor still blinks.

I'm still by the window, frowning.
A blank screen frowns back at me.
This may not be happening, should not be happening, cannot be
happening, is not happening.
And that darn, wretched, taunting, blinking cursor still blinks.

Now I'm next to the remnants, crying, screaming, kicking, smashing.
A blank screen laughs at me.
But it won't stop, whitest of whites, blackest of blacks, it won't stop
blinking.
And that darn, wretched, taunting, blinking cursor lives on!

I sit in front of the laptop, staring.
A blank screen stares back at me.
No words, just a blank screen, the whitest of whites.
And that cursor keeps blinking.

Andrew Meisenbacher '14



Ignored

Timothy Li '14



Rebel Song

Walking alone through the darkness and silence,
He sees the city lights ahead, a haven of sorts.
Another year gone by and the fighting never stops;
He has lost everything to this war.

He can never win; he knows the end is near
For with the end, he will know peace and rest.
Never a day did he falter in his cause,
Not until this day.

But as the city comes closer, he sees the others scurry.
They cannot believe their own eyes.
The last of the rebels is on his way
And the war will finally conclude.

He had never thought of surrender until this point
But now, after losing everyone and everything,
He just wanted the death and destruction done.
No one should feel his pain.

He approached the gates and turned back
Only for a moment, so he could see the yellow stars.
But turning again, he laid down his arms,
Forfeiting his life, while wearing a broken smile.

William Weisenhorn '12



Look Up

Edwin Gano '13

My Last Day

I sit and wait behind the brush, waiting for savages to move from the path so I can get back to my family and friends. They hunt with those long, black double-barreled death machines; I think they call them guns. Those horrible monsters have taken many family members, cousins, and friends.

They think themselves clever, dressing in the colors of the surrounding woods, but they can't fool me! They caught me temporarily off guard when I was heading home from the neighbors but I skillfully hid from the monsters.

What did I ever do to them? I neither asked for nor provoked their unwarranted attack. I merely live a simple life, content with the little I have. I live peacefully with my one wife while these lustful scums go behind their wives' backs and succumb to their physical desires. I am content with the little food I am able to attain for my family while these gluttons stuff themselves to the point of sickness.

This is always the hardest time for my family and friends -- the beginning of the cold season. For reasons unbeknownst to us, this is the time we are so heavily hunted. We are chased out of hiding, taken from families, and stripped of our very dignity. Whether it is some ludicrous tradition or just another subjection to their insatiable desire, they feel the need to come for us during this season without fail.

As to what happens to the "taken," we do not know for certain. Rumor has it that the beasts bring us home and make us pets. Others say they torture us and lay us on their tables. One thing for certain, however, is that all who are "taken" are never returned.

Allowing my curiosity to override my reason, I sneak a little closer in the brush to catch a glimpse of the passing party. The instant I stick my little head through the opening of the bush, a foul cage of rope is swung around me and confusion ensues.

It is over; I am defeated. The monsters take me up and bring me to their village. Shouts of victory are proclaimed as the men bring me into one of their cabins. Are they happy to see me? I come to face a creature unlike the ones that caught me, a woman. Her soothing whispers calm me down and the promise of a warm bath causes me to forget my fears, so I allow her to lift me into her arms.

The woman continues to talk to me as she brings me over to a big box with a large silver cylinder on top. As if she picks up on my curiosity, she brings me over to the odd cylinder. She tells me that this is my bath, yet the heat rising from the cylinder seems quite unbearable. I become anxious and turn my head around to see the remains of friends and family laid out on a table and being eaten by the creatures, the humans. I finally know what this is! The cylinder is the dreaded cauldron of the ancient rumors; my "hot bath" is actually my demise. I beg for mercy, but none will listen to me. They laugh and bang on the table. They are going to eat me, they cry out, for I am their Thanksgiving Turkey.

Brendan Aker '12



Walking Alone

Joseph Wutkowski '12

Procrastination

I mistakenly push it off 'til tomorrow
Where it comes to cause me great sorrow.
I say I don't feel like doing it
Then the next day I want to throw a fit.

The due date had been clearly stated,
Now I'm wishing I hadn't procrastinated
For it is now causing me great pain;
All of this work is hurting my brain.

I promise myself I won't do it anymore
But doing the work is such a bore.
And then I'm right back where I had recently been;
This feels like a battle that I just can't win.

This much laziness is definitely unhealthy;
I'll never become successful or wealthy.
With such a bad habit as this,
My weekends and nights will never be bliss.

I realize now that I need to change.
Such a change in habits will at first be strange.
But, to this wisdom I must adhere...
"Due dates are closer than they appear."

Liam Formisano '15



Hiding

John Selesky '14

Man's Destroyer

One fateful day, many trillions of years ago, the gods of the universe began to ponder the creation of all things. Most of the time, they easily agreed on what to create, such as the planets, the stars, the galaxies, light, and darkness. After all this, they decided to create one very special and unique gift, which was to be given only to certain creations that the gods had made. It was glorious, a loving and light-filled power that only a select few would possess. The gods called it "life." Of the billions of galaxies and the vast infinity of the universe, the gods made the home of life on the planet Earth.

The gods were astonished by what this life could do. It imbued animation, great movement, and, most of all, happiness into what the gods had made. The gods then created many species to inherit this life, known as animals. The gods littered the Earth with them and, along with the many fruits of the land that the gods had also created, these animals thrived. For the gods, however, something imperative was missing. The animals and creation were there, but there was no real order; the animals simply did what they wished whenever they wished it. So, another great debate ensued, the most argumentative debate the gods would ever have. It was the argument over the creation of man.

The gods furiously quarreled over what sort of power they would give man. Would man be like the gods, with the ability to create life and govern it? Would man be able to make his own decisions? Many reasoned that such a creature should not be created, and that a total and insatiable hunger for power would utterly consume him. Some gods argued that he would destroy all other precious life that the gods created, and their mission to make a governing creature would end in complete devastation.

Finally, a decision was made. By just a slight margin, the decision to create man was finalized, and not only that, he was also to be given great knowledge and free will to do what he wished.

At first, man appeared to be very intelligent and wise. He used the resources the gods had made wisely, and treated his fellow man with care and love. However, the gods soon noticed a change in man. He began to squander his resources. His avidity and lust for power grew exponentially. He became selfish, and, unlike any of the gods had predicted, man even began to turn on himself. Man soon formed large groups called "na-

tions" and labeled different looking ones as a different "race." He began to treat others as inferior, and soon the most egocentric of them all began to enslave the others, killing any who opposed them. The great life the gods had created was being annihilated by their own creation, and they knew they had to destroy man, but then, and only then did both the gods and man realize that man's destroyer was already at work.

Dylan Oelkers '14



Insect on a Leaf

John Selesky '14

The Sea

The tide does wash away the shells and rocks,
to leave a cleaned slate on which to walk.
I gaze with tired eyes upon the docks
with morning rays reflecting in my sight,
to search for hidden inspiration there,
but only ever finding such a sight
that shifts the highest peaks and lowest gulfs.
And one can't help to wonder and contrive
if some have eyed exalted sights like this,
and this is what did call them to the sea.

Jonathan Frey '14



Shell on the Beach

John Selesky '14

Island X

The small dingy cut through the calm waters cleanly. Upon hitting the sandy shore, its inhabitants quickly ejected and enclosed it in the nearest pile of brush. The placid sea was behind them, on either side was a cliff, and before them stood their first obstacle – the jungle. Taking refuge from the rays of the moon in the shadows of the palm trees, the squad reviewed their plan. Everyone knew their part; they'd trained for this day for years. As they made the transition from the moonlit, desolate beach to the dense jungle, they found that navigating their way would be no easy task. Moving silently and swiftly they, at last, came to their first objective.

As the squad stealthily moved towards the hilltop, Baker caught a glimpse of movement from the nearby brush. Signaling the squad to halt, he moved forward on his own. The silhouette of a man appeared at the top of the hill with Baker's sneaking figure behind him. A swift kick to the back of the knee and a hand over the mouth put Baker in control. Gagging and handcuffing the overpowered soldier, Baker called the rest of the squad to him. The sniper's nest that they were set on taking was, as they had assumed, unoccupied. The soldier was placed in the corner and linked to a post. Hooligan was left in charge of him, guaranteeing the rest of the squad safe passage to the hacienda that was stretched out below them.

They approached the side door of the main house cautiously and made their way inside. They split into pairs, Fat Mike and Sgt. Folly would take the upstairs while Rollins and Baker scoured the downstairs. Rollins was clearing rooms in the west wing of the building when he noticed an open door. As he entered the room, his face became illuminated by the glow of a terminal. On it were multiple documents that were already open; they seemed to be journal entries of some sort. He quickly closed the door and turned his attention to the green-lit screen in front of him. Reading the documents through, he realized that they were the writings of the man they were looking for. Becoming engrossed in the entries, he almost missed the knock at the door. Sgt. Folly's voice came from the other side. "Get a move on, Rollins," he said in a stern voice. Rollins replied quickly and returned to his reading. Almost thirty seconds later came the rapping on the door once again. "We gotta go!" said Folly in a demanding voice. "Alright, alright. One minute," replied Rollins. Not ten seconds passed,

and this time there was no warning. The door swung open violently and into the room stepped his mother. "Joseph Michael Edwards! You will NOT keep your Aunt waiting! It's her birthday! Grab your coat and get in the car!" she shrieked. Obeying her orders, Joseph quickly dropped his game controller, threw on his coat, and rushed out the door.

Zachary Condon '14
1st place sophomore fiction



Black Hawk Helicopter

John Fischer '13

He Who Is An American

He Who Is An American:

Is conceived from the melting pot of humanity's cultures,
Immigrated for the purpose of moral, spiritual, and political purification
In which under tyranny and oppression he ever so wished to possess.

He Who Is An American:

Suffers under the cruel and adamant institutions of the motherland,
But in return fights for their abolishment as wholes
And breaks free of the tyrannical leash that constricts his opinion,
his life.

He Who Is An American:

Possesses an industrious quality,
Which with time and determination he will construct great things.

He Who Is An American:

Assimilates to his newfound-country's atmosphere;
Creates small businesses and large corporations that are the stimulant of
the economy,
Provides opportunity for not only himself, but for his neighbor.

He Who Is An American:

Swiftly reacts to the crises that overshadow his land,
Engages the enemy with continual firepower, driving them back and
halting for nothing,
Never forgets to rescue a fallen comrade from the engulfment of his as-
sailant's fiery grasp,
Marches down the road of Armageddon, to triumph over the enemy.

He Who Is An American:

Displays heroism unique to all others,
Is a warrior at heart for the greater good of his country's protection
and progress,
Stands at guard, prepared to repel any insidious force seeking threat.

He Who Is An American:

Is a contemplator, visualizing his next plan of action,
Respects that which lies in the midst of his palm – life, liberty, and the
pursuit of happiness,
And when all else fails, he will prosper.
He is an American.

Alejandro Julian Sotillo '14



Bald Eagle

John Fischer '13

A Lucent Prison

Swimming through a sea of circuits,
Flying through a cloud of sound,
Hurling images on the screen –

None of the watchers realize
Miniscule me is behind this...
This *thing's* electric beauty.
They don't even know I exist.
When will I get the credit I deserve?

Of course it's lonesome
All alone inside a box,
Not a friend in the world,
Forever trapped.
I tap on the glass, but
I am merely too small
To be recognized.

Like the spirit in Pandora's Box,
I'm always hoping.
Maybe...maybe one day
They'll look beyond the pale and bright
Light and see me,
Swimming through a sea of circuits,
Flying through a cloud of sound,
Hoping...

Kyle Terracciano '14



Locks of Love at Notre Dame

John Fischer '13

The Batter's Box

I remember your eyes,
Bright and blue like a robin's eggs.
Your voice was so soft and sweet,
It still sings in my head.

You would always greet me with a hug and a smile,
"How's my boy?"
"Did you get a hit for me?"
"Was it going, going, gone?"

Every time I walk up to the plate,
As I step into the batter's box,
I think of you and hear you say,
"God bless your cotton socks."

Then I watch the pitch
As it comes in hard.
I swing at it grunting,
"Gram, let's send this one yard!"

Whether it is a single up the middle
a grounder to first,
A double in the gap,
Or caught looking, nothing is worse.

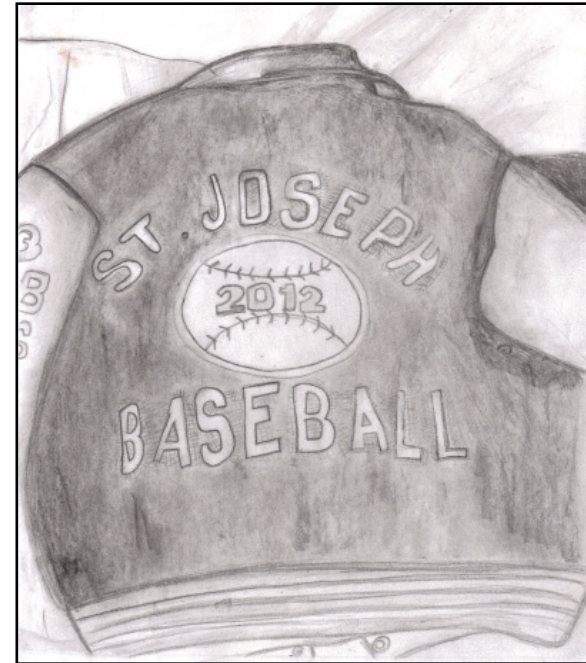
When I swung and struck out,
I used to get down
But that's all changed now;
I'm down because you are no longer around.

Sometimes I feel you
Right next to me on the bench.
Other times you feel so far away,
Deep over the right field fence.

I know you are gone
But will always be near.
You are no longer in the stands
But I still hear you cheer.

You are with me all day, sunrise to sunset.
I miss you now and always,
I will never forget.

Sean Quigley '14



Varsity

Nicholas Accardi '12

A Note on Life

What's the point of living
 If you've LOST the ability to feel?
 Another day, another LOST soul.
 When will the tragedies cease to exist?
 We are tear-
 ing ourselves from the

(inside)

out.

I wish I could reclaim my innocence;
 I wish I could learn to LIVE again.
 WHY can't I learn to forgive
 Myself
 For all that I've done?
 Bridges C

R

U

M

B

L

E

And hearts begin to B-r-e-a-k.
 A child is born into a unanimous fate.
 This cold world eats at a person, then spits him out again.
 There is NO remorse, there is NO feeling,
 Just Lies
 And false hope for a better life.
 Enclose yourself within your hatred,
 Drown yourself in your inability to cope.
 Scars last forever, and so do mindsets if you let them.

E.

S

I

NOW is the time to take your life back. NOW is the time to R

Matthew Dezenzo '12



Life's A Game

John Thuchowski '12

Unaccepted by You

What am I to you?
Do I not look like you,
Speak and feel like you?
Maybe I need to take a walk in your shoes,
Is that what you're thinking?

That's not what I'm thinking.
I'm thinking I'm going to be myself,
Not something I'm not,
Something I'm accepted for
Not something I will be denied for.

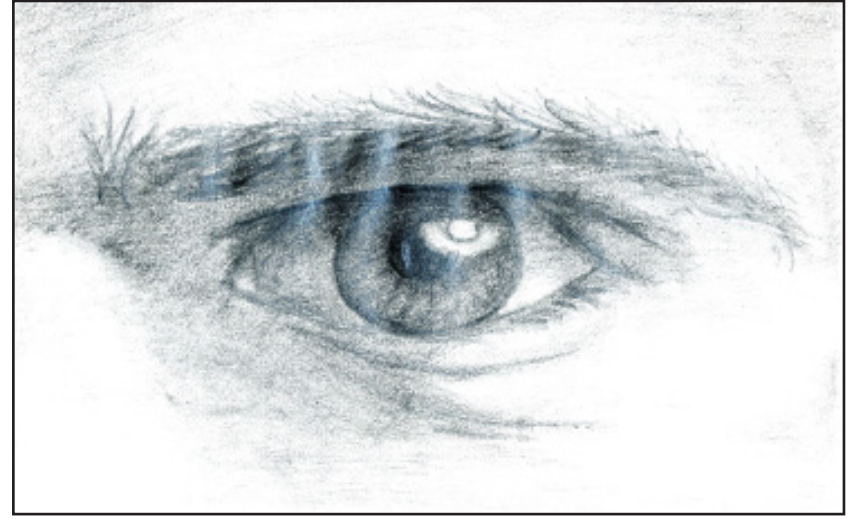
I wear V-neck sweaters,
Skinny jeans,
And snapbacks.
Throw on some Vans
And I'm cool.
That's me. You don't have to accept me;
My real friends do.

I play soccer,
Not basketball,
Not football,
But soccer. So what?
That's what I do.

When I stare in the mirror, I see someone true to thy self.
When I look at you, I see someone begging to be accepted,
Someone wandering, trying to be accepted,
Trying to be cool
And respected by everyone.

I'm fine just being me –
Not a follower,
Sometimes a leader
But most importantly, not you.

Miles Williams '15
1st place freshman poetry



Clear Vision

Michael Thomas '13

Catch of the Day

Jack Hoover was sure that the vicious little creatures had been conducting an hour of comedy at his expense. Well, more like three or four, that was how long he'd been sitting out there on the lake, his line cast, his hand fixed on the reel, prepared to bring in his prize at the slightest sign of a bite.

Unfortunately for Jack, he hadn't yet had the chance to do so. Frustrated, Hoover went over the facts in his mind. He knew that the lake was full of fish because he had seen them earlier. Jack also knew that his bait was still alive. It danced in the water mockingly in its peril, making Hoover feel more and more as if he were the worm, stuck twisting forever on a hook down in the blue water, doomed by design.

Sighing, Jack reeled in his line for the first time and removed the insolent, mocking earthworm and threw it end over end into the unmoving water that surrounded him. As if in a testament to his failure, a large fish instantly rose to the surface and snapped up the writhing creature. Hoover sighed once more and slowly baited his hook again, setting an artificial lure on it this time.

Hoover slowly cast his line into the still water, provoking a steadily expanding ripple as the hook struck the calm surface. For a few moments, Jack waited in patient boredom moments until he saw his line jerk and tense. With a shout of joy, he began to reel in a furious fever. Meeting great resistance, Hoover let out some slack and then redoubled his efforts, which, as it turned out, was the wrong decision.

As the slack was fed out, the possessed fish that adorned the end of Jack's line seized its opportunity. The fish took off with incomprehensible vigor in the direction opposite Hoover's craft, which was dragged along behind it. Jack felt his rod jump in his hands, and then a determined wind picked up as his vessel tore off across the once-peaceful surface of the lake.

Jack Hoover reeled and battled an angry vortex of swirling winds all at once as he and his boat were dragged lopsidedly across the body of water by his as-yet-unseen enemy. Jack felt as if he were fighting a raging elemental, battling a force of nature.

Hoover gave one last-ditch tug on his reel, which snapped off under the immense pressure. Resorting to bringing in the line manually, Jack continued his task hand over hand. Finally, Hoover felt his craft begin to slow and gave one final, desperate tug on the line, hoping to catch the fish by surprise, which he did.

Jack felt a sudden slackening as his prey popped out of the water and flew toward him, skipping across the water like a stone. As his craft was halted with a jolt by the convenient shore, Jack Hoover stared, devastated, at the miniscule fish that lay in the palm of his hand.

Gregory Burton '15



Winter at the Marina

Joseph Wutkowski '12

A River of Kindness

Since I first opened my eyes to this world,
You gave me unconditional love and care.
You spent nights next to my bed when I was sick.
You fed me when I was hungry and taught me
How to become a man whom life can never defeat.
You molded me into the person I am today.
Your kindness is a river that encircles the earth.
Your smile is an emblem of hope and happiness.

After years of endless affection and altruism,
I sincerely and candidly tell you, "THANK YOU."
Thank you for supporting me every day and every hour.
Thank you for being there when I needed you.
Thank you for the values you instilled in me.
If time must wrinkle your face and whiten your hair,
You should have no doubts that I will ever leave you,
But I will serve you like an attendant who serves his queen.

Thank You, Mom.

Karim Elmorshedy '12



Waterfall

Joseph Wutkowski '12

Cut

Anabelle had spent hours getting into character for this scene. This would be perhaps the most complex and difficult part of her career as an award-winning actress. Ten minutes after her arrival on set, she was sitting in her car staring into the rearview mirror. Her bright hazel eyes stared back at her through false eyelashes and blush. A gold chain her mother had given to her after she won her first Oscar was around her neck. Pink pearl bracelets and the most intricate earrings graced her body. A jet-black dress ran to just above her knees with clear, gray beads along the bottom. Four-inch heels complimented her pedicure she professionally received the night before in preparation. Anabelle took a deep breath, opened the car door, and slowly walked toward the crowd of people awaiting her arrival.

She was right on cue. Sullen emotions were plastered on their faces. Tissues in hand, they cleared a path for her as she walked toward the coffin that would momentarily be lowered underground. The woman in the coffin did not look as dead as Anabelle had expected. Her Latina skin was still radiant and her nails painted as pink as a fresh rose. Her black, curly hair was neatly placed on top of her chest. She was wearing a white wedding gown with puffy clouds upon her shoulders and a solid gold ring with a simple diamond on her left hand. She ironically looked on top of the world.

Anabelle walked across the dewy grass to a wooden podium directly to the left of the open casket. This was the moment she feared most. Her hands quivered and a tear ran down her right cheek. With that tear went every line she had memorized the sleepless night beforehand. She tucked her curly hair behind her ear and felt the eyes of the audience on her. She looked up with an expression of fear and desperation but not a human looked back. They simply could not, for this was not in their script. They were just filling in, as Anabelle was the only important person present. She looked at the woman in the coffin and felt a comforting hand on her shoulder. She muttered but one word, the one word she needed to say that would break the silence of the wind and crush her completely. That one word that nobody had scripted.

"Mom..." Anabelle raised her sagging head to the crowd once again. There was not a camera, light, or director to be seen. Nobody yelled "cut." Nobody stopped crying. Life was happening before her eyes, and it had no intention of slowing down.

Calvin Mahony '14



Eye of the Beholder

Michael Wilbert '13

Inspiration

I fall to the ground, unable to bear the pressure any longer;
The weight of the world, pushing down against me.
As I struggle to get to my feet, I think of why I'm here.
My mind floods with memories of myself,
My family, my friends – all those who made it possible
For me to come as far as I have.
With great ease, I stand upright and continue on my way
To add to the legacy they started,
To become the person who can continue the story they began.

Michael Mount '13
1st place junior poetry



Stepping Stones

Edwin Gano '13

Hope's Plead

I beg you to pry the door ajar,
I feel suffocated with this stillness.
Please let me refresh your heart,
Soon there will be nothing left in me but illness.

Stop the madness of despair,
Your hopelessness is unbearable.
There's so little left in my existence I swear.
I beg you to pry the door ajar.

Perhaps tomorrow will be too late,
Help me to get out of this desolation.
Do not lock this little gate,
I beg you to pry the door ajar.

There is so much I can help you accomplish;
Tomorrow can bring a new beginning.
Let's make your home a place without anguish,
But first I beg of you to pry the door ajar.

Nicholas C. Morisi '14



After Sunset

John Selesky '14



A Soldier's Work

As shells come hurling toward us without break,
I clench my teeth as fear does strike my heart
That this may be my final day on Earth.
I see my comrade perish by his knife.
The horrors war does bring were far too much;
'Tis not the soldier's death I had in mind.
The shells now cease as bullets do commence.
We fight, like animals, until our death
For men that we shall never even meet.
To kill another man is now our work.

Joseph Farley '14



St. Joe's Spirit

Sean Puzzo '13

The Farmer and the Fox

The man did gaze upon his field of grain,
Of colors seeped with deepest autumn brown,
In wait of that which sought to do him harm.
When from the trees a fox crept towards his home,
To feast upon the hens he'd locked away
Inside his house to keep from them such harm.
With eyes of savage apathy it roamed.
Its wit was one of marvel and renown.
It crept about until it left his sight.
Consumed, he ate his meal with just one thought,
That in the night he'd built the fox a trap,
Designed to catch the thief himself in act.
And sure enough the trap did spring and snap,
So with a jump the man ran off to see,
But left his hoard of poultry all alone,
With door left wide as if as jaws agape.
To his surprise the trap bore not a fox,
Leaving the man to ponder in his spot.
When from the house there came a hint of sound,
And with a rush, the man ran toward the door,
To find it closed and locked by clever paws.
With anger's rush he kicked the door ajar,
Only to let the fleeing fox escape,
Its meal of poultry firm inside its mouth,
To disappear again in victory.

Nicholas Lurie '14



Seasons Change

Michael D'Ambrosio '12

The Great Storyteller

I traveled the years, with no age upon me
And lived through time, my eyes watching all.
I've crossed all lands and stormy seas,
And to all adventures, I followed the call.
I was there when mighty Rome fell,
And from the ashes as Christianity rose.
I watched as the Protestants rebelled
With Martin Luther, the Church's secrets exposed.
As the world moved on, I changed in shape,
But stayed alive, to carry the words
Of heroes, their adventures and the escapes,
And monsters, their bodies left interred.
In every land, I have strange names
And with each voice I play a different game.

In Japan I speak
To tell stories of heroes
of the Samurai.

Of the Irish and their stories told
I took to heart both brave and bold.
Though small they were,
Their works just words,
They fought all with their heart and soul.

From Land to Sea, I passed through all
And of their stories, I took the call.
So at the end, can't you see?
The greatest adventurer ever to be.
A simple poem, for all to hear,
I am the herald and the puppeteer.
From birth to death, you all knew me,
And I watched you, and your life, a story.

Karanveer Johal '14



What Comes Around

Bryan Rafano '13

Did I Do It?

Why did I do it?
Why didn't I do it?
Why does it matter if I did it?
Do you know if I really did do it?

So what if I did it?
Maybe I did,
maybe I didn't.
Is it your business anyway?

Would you judge me
if I did it?
Would you scorn me,
if I did it?

You know what?
You sure you wanna know what?
Even if I did,
I wouldn't tell you.

What you think
about what I did
or didn't do
doesn't matter to me.

You can't tell me
what I can and cannot do.
I am the boss of me,
the only boss of me.

Well, you're lucky
I like you,
because I'm willing to tell you
what did or did not happen.

In fact I did do
exactly what you thought
I shouldn't have done.
I took the cookie.

Anthony Lubrano '12
1st place senior poetry



Squirrel

John Fischer '13



You Are My Greatest Hour

In a moment one's life may flash before them,
but what if another's does instead?
What is the reflection we see in the windows of our soul,
or the thoughts that one is fed?
Years pass and memories become faded recollections,
yet some images are crystal clear.
Why does that become a motive for the purpose of life and
why is it filled with fear?
What can one see within a man and his wife?
Who are those faces that made us who we are by giving us our very life?
Don't ever think I'll forget about you even though time has taken its toll.
Oh! I remember those rules you set and
indeed suffered some of the consequences.
But, too well I remember how hard you tried to mend
those self-destructive fences.
When I was just a fledgling; a small part of whom you are,
How proud I was just to know that you were always there.
Mom, you were a presence in the neighborhood and at school;
You gave me an identity that helped me along my path in life
while you taught the Golden Rule.
Dad, everyone knew you, too!
Others we knew on fields of play did not have someone
Who could teach them to throw a baseball,
to carry a football or begin to lift weights.
Neighborhood friends knew you would be there for us and
with us those many summer days.
Years have passed and childish play has given way
to the responsibilities of age;
Little did you ever know you may have each become a sage.
Whether it was music, sports, education, art,
your support was always there.
You both fostered my creative spirit much more than you realized.
Remembering those trips to the shore and me singing in the back seat?

How many hours were spent practicing my cornet,
until a garage sales separated it from me forever?
As with everyone, there were some difficult times.
You helped me through my time of need when we were still learning
about what I so unexpectedly had to endure.
Perhaps you never knew it made me feel insecure!
I grew knowing that this could be a burden for life,
and waited beyond the time of my peers to drive, to date,
and even to be able to participate in the sports I loved so much.
Despite this I found my way those many years ago.
Those thoughts still haunt me from time to time,
but you shared in that pain showing in life there is reason and rhyme.
Now your lights have dimmed and life offers
much less of a future than years gone by;
Your eyes and ears have betrayed you no matter how hard you try.
Your memories no longer speak with such clarity.
How long sometimes I wonder, before you will forget me?
Life has much to offer as your legacy continues
with those to whom you gave life.
I realize the greatest gift of all is never without strife.
Sometimes heavy-handed, it cuts just like a knife.
I never wanted for anything, you saw to that,
but I did not realize the sacrifices you made for that to happen.
Life is a brief candle and our hour upon the stage will diminish,
But I can always say, before your day is finished,
Though shadows may darken one's path and
give way to a greater Power.
You will always be with me in my greatest hour!

Mr. Craig R. Martin

Success

Success is earned through toil and work and time
And only won by those with strength of mind.

It needs persistence all the way 'til end
And with much stress a person must contend.

It starts in school when trying to be first,
By always working hard, ignoring mirth,
By stressing out to always make the grade,
An effort to increase the future pay.

So now that one has mastered all to learn,
He must go out and find some way to earn.

Through constant work he rises to the top
And at the apex he can fin'ly stop.

And at this end while he is looking back,
Does he feel proud of 'scending through those tracks?

He should, for all the work he did put in,
So in the end, is he best off within?

Because he fears the loss of what he's got,
The peace of mind he still must live without.
This man has gone and thrown his life away
And seldom saw a bright and happy day.

He did succeed, by definition, right?
If that's the case, then it's a waste of life.

Terence Coelho '14



Grow

John Selesky '14

Moon Runner and the Silver Deer

With the setting sun poking through the trees, Moon Runner sped quickly yet quietly through the woods with bow in hand. He wore deerskin pants while his upper body was bare and scarred. Over his left shoulder he held several arrows, each one sharpened to a deadly point. His skin was a dark, bronze color, and he wore his jet-black hair in a single braid that ran the length of his back. In his other hand, he clutched a large, leather bag. Inside was his prize for the day: a ten-pound raccoon, one of the largest he had seen in months. He had to get back to the village soon, for no man with common sense would want to get stuck out in the woods at night without the proper equipment to make a camp. Luckily, he caught a glimpse of his village through a gap in the trees, and he managed to enter the boundaries of the camp just as the sun disappeared from view.

When he returned to his village with the raccoon, Moon Runner traded it for three new arrows. Satisfied with this, he passed through the village and was almost to his hut when an elderly man approached him. Moon Runner had never seen this man before but he appeared to be very wise and ancient. He assumed that this man would know nothing of his passion for hunting of animals, but he was mistaken.

"Son, I have a great tale for you that might be of interest. It is said that in the forest to the far north, ten days from here, there lives a beautiful deer, its coat a glistening white and its antlers the color of gold. Whoever kills this deer will be able to trade it for anything in the world, satisfying even the desires of a greedy man," the old man whispered. This greatly intrigued Moon Runner, and he set off immediately for the northern forest where this wondrous deer dwelled.

He traveled for ten days, as the old man had said, an exhausting task for any man. Weak, cold, and tired, Moon Runner was about to make camp for the night when from the corner of his eye he saw a brilliantly white figure moving quickly through the woods. Amazed, Moon Runner quickly turned to see what it was and was frozen by the figure's sheer beauty. Its antlers were a glistening gold, its fur was a shining silver hue, and its eyes were a soft grey.

Thoughts of wealth and fortune shot through Moon Runner's mind as he readied his bow. Noticing him, the deer's eyes grew wide and he froze, too scared to run from the sight of Moon Runner's lethal arrow.

In half of a second, the arrow was released and struck the deer square in the chest. The deer let out a loud cry as it collapsed to the ground. As Moon Runner approached the dead deer, all greed in his mind was gone. He gazed at the corpse and was so shocked that he dropped his bow, which went clattering to the ground. The deer's once beautiful fur was now stained with blood, and its soft, grey, innocent eyes were filled with terror. For the first time in his life, Moon Runner was disgusted by his hunting of animals, and with such an unbearable sadness rushing through him, he knelt on the ground and cried into the side of the dead deer, its warmth slowly fading into the night.

Stephan Kozub '15



The Distant Moon

Neel Jha '14

The Seven Patients

He stood looking down the dark hall of the ward. He knew the seven rooms, and the affliction from which each patient suffered. A doctor in his own right, he also possessed the gifts to cure them. He walked down the corridor and began his purging at the first room.

The room was dimly lit, relying on candles to reflect the deep red hues. In the corner stood a young woman, fitting a bouquet of rich purple orchids into a deep, rounded vase. Unable to control her immediate desires, she instinctively lit a cigarette on the nearest candle as the doctor approached her. Without a word, he handed her a white box wrapped in a golden ribbon. She set the gift down, stalked to the window, and turned back, only to see that the man had left. In the package lay a white veil.

The lights of the second room emitted an orange glow as the doctor approached a large man who sat at an ornate table covered with a variety of epicurean delights. He bellowed something incomprehensible, due to the inordinate amount of food stuffed in his cheeks. The doctor placed on the table a small package next to a platter of ham that the corpulent patient was eating. After finishing the beginning of his supper, he opened the parcel, revealing a white belt.

The third room was one of great splendor. Across from the doorway where the doctor stood sat a duke on a throne adorned in gold; golden was the décor as well. The doctor placed a large white box among the ornate candelabras and lavish works of art as the inattentive duke continued counting his money. Piqued by the golden wrapping of the box, the duke opened it and found a white basket inside.

Silence emanated from the fourth room, empty but for a man who lay almost catatonically on the floor. Most color was drained from his face to match the pallor of the walls and floor. The doctor did not bother to converse with the man; he simply placed the package near his body. Despite the vegetative patient making no motion to open it, a swarm of bees flew out on their own, buzzing around the room.

The doctor proceeded to the fifth room, dark and red. Fumbling for a switch in the obscurity, the doctor was interrupted by a violent outburst from the lonely patient in the room. He quickly slipped out of the room empty-handed as the angered man pulled an oak sapling from the box left by the doctor.

A murky shade of green and a stagnant odor greeted the doctor as he entered the sixth room. The open windows invited in vines, which clung to the walls and ceiling. A woman was perched on a stool peering out the window, more intent on the people passing below than the stranger in her room. After a while she noticed the white parcel left in the corner, which she opened to reveal a shining harp.

Blinding the doctor as he entered the seventh room was the light bouncing from a seemingly infinite number of mirrors fixed to each wall and the ceiling. The woman in the room fixedly gazed at her likeness as if

it were the only thing that existed beside herself. As she sought a different angle from which to admire her appearance, she noticed the package that contained a white cloak.

The lustful woman covered her face with the veil, shielding her eyes from temptation and becoming chaste; the gluttonous man tied the belt around his waist, limiting his consumption and giving him restraint; the greedy man distributed his wealth from the basket, earning him generosity; the slothful man, energized by the buzzing bees, gained diligence; the wrathful man planted his sapling and waited for it to grow, as did his patience; the envious woman played the harp, filling her with self-satisfaction; the proud woman covered her head with the cloak, blind to her reflection and open to humility; and the doctor, having cured their deadly sins with his virtuous gifts, ascended the stairs at the end of the corridor to the white light above.

Michael Thorsen '12
1st place senior fiction



Baby Blanket

Michael Thomas '13

The Origin of Life

Flying lower, an alien ship entered Earth's atmosphere. Its passengers looked down at the colors splayed about this small planet. Wondering what he would find here, Maad, the captain, looked through the giant glass windows that gave him a clear view of what was in front of him. He watched the greens, browns, blues, whites whiz by as the ship slowed down, making its descent. It only took a few minutes but to Maad, it felt like hours. He struggled to keep his excitement under control.

Maad took the elevator down, floor after floor until, at last, he reached the basement where the large metal door awaited him. His hands shook as he pressed the green button beside the door, opening it. This always happened at every planet they went to after they were ostracized from Planet Aradise. Nervousness flooded within him, sweat beaded at his forehead, and ridiculous thoughts went round and round inside his head, pointing out all the possibilities that could happen. The door inched open, the sound of machinery echoing around the large metal room. He heard the thoughts of his shipmates as he turned to look at them. They were all thinking the same things as he was: What awaited them out there? What would they find?

Maad quickly turned back around and locked his eyes on the ground, the first thing he saw on each planet without a glass window to separate him from it. Sand he realized at once, an unfamiliar smell hitting him. Sand was tiny bits of rock, he reminded himself, and before he could remember what came after sand on Earth, the ocean came into view. They came at the right time, he whispered; the sunrise was so much more beautiful here and he knew this would be one of the pictures in his head he didn't ever want to forget. The clouds drew themselves in sharp horizontal lines, the reds and oranges catching on them. The big ball of fire called the sun perched itself in between the lines of clouds. The water, turned orange and red by the sunrise, rippled and created waves that crashed against the beach.

Finally, Maad took his first step onto Earth and felt the ground firmly beneath his feet, letting his toes sink into the sand. He closed his eyes and smiled, letting his happiness out. Maad looked behind him at his impatient shipmates and his wife, Eev.

"Come," he said. "I feel great things on this planet."

Hanish Polavarapu '12



Million Dollar View

John Selesky '14

Twelve Years for Twelve Tears

Darkness enveloped the battlefield
As shadows danced across the barrenness

While silence and sound still clung
To the air just as the limp body clung
To the ground. I walked over and pulled

The helmet off his face, and saw a
Bloody mess. His mouth unmoving, his
Eyes swollen shut, his nose red, his

Heart another year less. All around me
The world has stopped. How many men
Have lost their lives fighting for some-

Thing – a purpose? a goal? for some-
One they loved? I, the victor, turned and

Fled the scene of everlasting regret for
Striking down a man who was my brother.
One hour has passed it seemed since my brother
Came home from the war in the other room.

I knelt and said a silent prayer, for this
Was the last time we would be together.
I finally rose and thought, we two together
Could have actually made amends to our

Brotherhood, but now it's too late – my
Feelings gone, his life washed away. I cry
And weep, but I feel no pain. Lo and behold!

He stands once again! "Never turn your back
On your enemies, brother!" he says as he

Charges towards me. Running across the
Hallway, he lifts the pillow! Slam goes the
Pillow into my face. I stumble, momentarily
Blinded by the outright insult to my military
Strategy. I thought I had him; I thought I had

Put him down by striking him on the head
With the pillow, but I guess not. My nose hurts
And I start crying. He's twelve, I'm nine. With
No sympathy, he says, "Twelve years for twelve tears."

Danver Quintin '14



Promenade dans la Champagne

Edwin Gano '13

The Sounds of Sleep

As he looked around frantically, searching for the source of the incessant music that had plagued him with its vaguely recognizable, lilting melody, Harry Kearns frowned. He was sure that he would go insane if he couldn't silence the tune. At first, the music had been pleasant as it wafted down onto the mist-cloaked street, sounding as if it came from great heights, but the sound had persisted until it became a nuisance, and the same form of music progressed to the point where it was unbearable.

Kearns staggered over to the policeman on the dimly lit street corner, who was strangely attired in an old British constable's uniform, with the now horrible classical music still beating furiously on his eardrums.

"Sir." Harry tapped the officer on his shoulder. "Sir?" The constable turned toward Kearns as if to reply, but simply continued past the man as if he were completely invisible. "Sir!" Kearns' shout rang out, loud and indignant. "Officer! Excuse me!"

The policeman kept on walking as the music increased in both volume and tempo, bombarding poor Harry's ears with a renewed fury. Kearns felt that the music was slowly melting his brain with the sheer force of its endlessness.

When the crescendo had subsided, Kearns struggled up from where he had fallen shell-shocked to the ground, battered by the sounds of Beethoven. He lurched over to the nearby lamppost and held onto the metal pole for dear life as the tune picked up, threatening to blow him away like a fierce wind.

The officer passed by once more, seeming to be completely oblivious to both Kearns and the music thundering in his ears. As he did, Kearns heard a garbled string of words from the direction of the officer. The one he could clearly distinguish was "back." Harry struggled determinedly and turned his head to notice the small radio, which was perched at the summit of the skyscraper that rose into the heavens behind him. Kearns sprinted with all his energy to the building, battling the current of music.

The unfortunate man clenched his fists around the lowest rung of the convenient access ladder that led up to the pinnacle of the towering structure. Hand over hand, Kearns rose slowly toward the top, his hands freezing on the cold, bare metal as he climbed the steel apparatus, the sound of the music permeating the deepest levels of his consciousness

as he came closer and closer to the source of the music. Finally, Kearns renewed his grasp once more around the last rung of the long ladder, near exhaustion, and...

Harry Kearns sat up in bed and, in one motion, brought his hand down on the radio clock that had brought such turmoil to his dreams, silencing it for the day.

Gregory Burton '15
1st place freshman fiction



Reflection

Joseph Wutkowski '12

Isabella At Sunrise

Sal' Ascolese

Allegro appassionato ($\text{♩} = 158$)

Intro

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The 12 Tones of Music are the Key to My Life

I compose music as my form of expression;
I can write honestly, without tactful discretion.
No need for words with a symphonic strife;
The 12 tones of music are the key to my life.

The notes tell a story as each instrument sings;
It'll dictate your mood, like a puppet on strings.
Then it'll comfort your ailments like a nurturing wife;
The 12 tones of music are the key to my life.

Speaking through music is my language of choice;
It'll renew your spirit, and make sinners rejoice.
Then it'll cut through your skin, like the edge of a knife;
The 12 tones of music are the key to my life.

You may think I'm flakey, and you may be just;
Gossip about me, if you feel that you must.
Never betrayed by a flute or a fife;
The 12 tones of music are the key to my life.

Mr. Sal Ascolese



University of Notre Dame Basilica

John Fischer '13

MEdia? Isn't it THEIRdia?

How many times a day do you use the Internet, watch television, or listen to the radio? All these devices are means of communication between the advertiser and the consumer. They communicate to us with something we see 40,000 times a year – advertisements. The word comes from the Latin *advertere*, which means to turn toward or to take note of. Advertisements are paid, non-personal messages through the use of mass media. These messages contain products, ideas, and services and often have elements of creativity. The primary goal of these persuasive communication techniques is to increase the probability that consumers watching or hearing the message will behave or believe as the advertiser desires.

One basic way the media is presented to us is through the newspaper; however, newspapers can often be biased. One newspaper may tell you one thing and another newspaper tells you another. Many times you cannot decide what to believe and you have to rely on someone else to think for you.

A more recent way of advertising is through the use of the internet. There are close to four hundred million websites on the internet today. Most of these websites contain advertisements on the webpages. Most people try their best to ignore them but sometimes it is impossible to ignore a flashing advertisement in the middle of your screen.

Movies and television give you almost non-stop advertising on every channel. These advertisements tend to be more about products so by repeated viewing of the same commercial, consumers can sometimes recite jingles in those commercials. These product advertisements heavily affect our buying decisions. For example, Apple's latest iPhone had three major advertisements on more than fifty channels of public television, not to mention the ones on the internet. Each of the advertisements portrayed one of the new phone's features. This enticed the American audience and audiences around the world to camp outside Apple stores everywhere the night the phone came out.

Every day, the media and its advertisers send clever advertisements to change your opinion about something, and try to make it their own. The public audiences are too easily swayed to change their thoughts to comply with the demands of the advertisements. We, as consumers, need to learn not to believe everything that the television or newspaper tells us.

Dylan Bonanno '14
1st place sophomore nonfiction



Smile

Edwin Gano 13'

Although it is cold,
And my pads fill with mold,
It is time to jog out to the field.

A big game is in store,
I know I'll be sore,
But we will play for our fine school shield.

When I step between the lines,
Next to our school's tall pines,
My mind is now finally clear.

We've been through it all,
My teammates have battled for ground balls
And have ran like the wild deer.

Between the sting of perspiration,
And the pain of frustration,
My team has built an inseparable bond.

Down in our locker room,
We are focused, quiet as a tomb,
But when we pray, the opponent hears us at the end of the pond.

Slowly, we rise,
And warm up our thighs,
As we slap "Vayan con Dios."

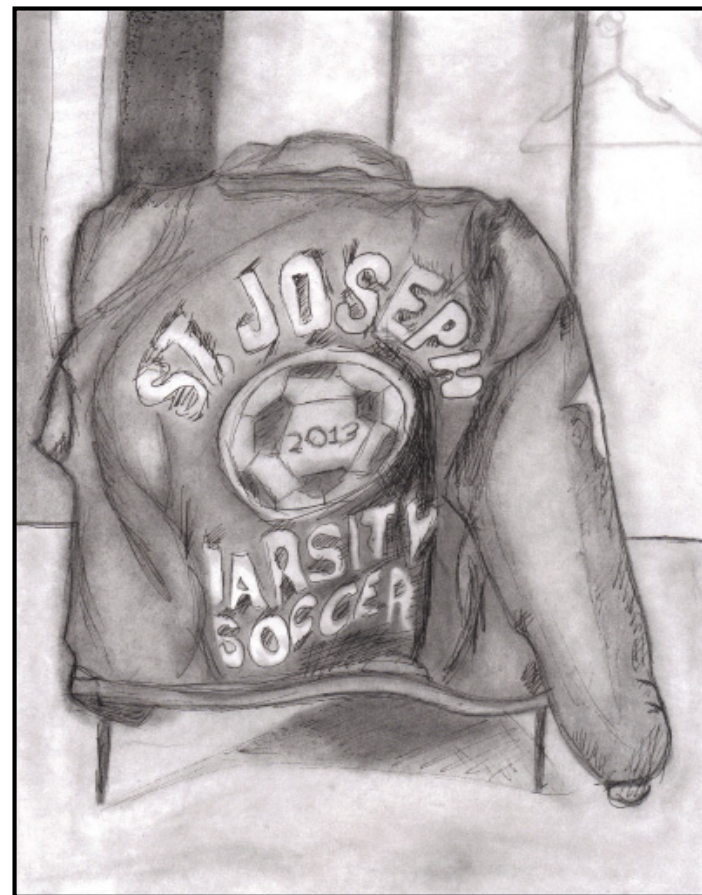
We ring the bell,
This other team's in for hell,
For the Falcon is about to dine.

The warm ups are done,
We're pumped up beyond numb,
And both the teams take to the field.

The shake of hands,
As brother and man,
And the referee sends out his squeal.

All of my effort, just for that one victorious feel.

Michael Syslo '12



#5

Alexander Riviere '13



Winter Soldier's Diary

Dear Diary,

The trees are without leaves and covered with snow. The occasional sound of birds chirping comes from the surrounding woods. In a clearing on the slope of a hill are a couple dozen huts, all with smoke streaming from their chimneys. On the hill there is the glistening sight of bayonets moving to the left then back to the right as the sun occasionally peaks out from the gray sky. Just by the looks of it, this is a place filled with agony.

The sharp bite of the air greets my nose and my face. It is freezing; the temperatures drop as low as minus seven degrees. Many here wear clothes in the last stages of life and rags around their feet for cover from the ice and snow. How can men live through such harsh realities? These are the best men we could have asked for to overthrow a tyrant. We have been crushed before in New York, Philadelphia, and Georgia. We are tough in our resolve to keep on with the struggle. Two years ago, we suffered a similar winter in the Pennsylvania wilderness where then, just as now, we marked the paths in the snow with the blood of our frostbitten feet. The fear of starving to death is common. When we first arrived, we had only eight days of rations but were hopeful upon hearing musket shots in the distance. Our hunting party was out there and the thoughts of a dead buck or even a goose for supper moistened our lips. However, we dismissed these ideas after we heard reports that the musket sounds came from an execution. Apparently, boys from the Connecticut brigade rebelled and appropriate measures were taken to ensure that such a revolt would not happen again.

Growing tired of sitting by the fire, I shoulder my gun and begin to walk. As I stride through this wasteland, the sight of trees sparkling in the sun is probably the most pleasant thing I have seen since arriving here. But the next scene proves the measure of our low morale. Outside the hospital hut, a man sits freezing in a cart and I wonder why he is there. My answer soon comes when the doors open and seven draped stretchers are loaded onto the cart. I solemnly remove my hat and with tears in my eyes, bow my head as I honor my fellow comrades in arms, who are going home before me. "Home" has a new meaning for me now. I have no expectation of living to see the end of this conflict. My two close friends were killed at Germantown, and my brother succumbed to typhoid two years ago. My wife left this world while giving birth to our stillborn son. I have nothing left in this land. If my time does come and I am killed by a musket

ball, typhoid, or worse, it will be better than living a life of solitude and depression. My fellow soldiers and I all have a common goal and that is to win the freedom of this country from the tyranny of Great Britain. If I am to die in the process, I will be forever proud to do so.

Sincerely,
A Continental Soldier at Jockey Hollow encampment, 1780

Brendan Bucciarelli '13



Fallen Leaf

Neel Jha '14

Forgotten Composers

The sounds that fill the earth do soar from place
To place. A language forms between the Lord
And man. An ode to life, a song of love
That pays the earth respect, supplies the soul
With tunes and notes, which men combine to form
A song. As life continues they become
But ghosts of former fame, and few are known.
The voice of each does thrive until the end,
But only God can hear what they have said.
To humans they remain forever dead.

Agustin Zavala '14
1st place sophomore poetry



Waiting For Me

Agustin Zavala '14

Resurgence

A red tail,
Wings outstretched, majestic
Feathers fluffing and puffing
With the gusts of passing cars,
I spotted him on the highway's shoulder
As rush hour traffic limped along.
A sleek, stealthy predator
Equipped to fly at speeds
Exceeding 35 miles per hour
Yet no match for Detroit's metal beasts.

Powerless to undo
What had already been done,
I instead reverse the world
In my mind's eye.

The ashen pavement becomes
Predawn sky;
His now reflighted feathers free to fly
Over the blue-sky water,
Wingbeat pulsing,
Kiting, soaring, diving –
Aerial acrobatics in the thermal updraft.
His thrilling, rasping scream
Announcing his ascendancy.

Dr. Martine Gubernat



A Seabird's Flight After Sunset

John Selesky '14

Policy

All students enrolled at SJHS, and all faculty members who work at the school, are encouraged to submit poetry, fiction, nonfiction, artwork, and photography to the literary and arts magazine. Submissions are judged equally on all grade levels. Writing submissions are collected in conjunction with the SJHS Robert Frost Writing Contest. First place Robert Frost contest winners, in all grade levels, are published in the magazine. Other writing that is published in the *Vignette*, as well as all the artwork and photography, have been reviewed and approved by the literary staff.

Each student may submit a maximum of five works. Previously published pieces are not eligible. All writing entries must be typed. Each submission (writing, photography, and artwork) must include the following information: student ID number, grade level, title, and category (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, photography, artwork).

Submissions are judged by the *Vignette's* literary and layout staff, which is comprised of students who try out for their positions. The English department also provides guidance and feedback with regards to critiquing written submissions, as well as judging the winners of the Robert Frost Writing Contest.

With the exception of artwork and photography, submissions will not be returned. The editors and advisors reserve the right to edit manuscripts for grammar, spelling, punctuation, and clarity.

* * * * *

This year's *Vignette* is dedicated to
Br. Robert Sheeley, SC,
who was always an enthusiastic supporter of
St. Joseph High School.

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Dr. Martine Gubernat
Mr. George Milligan

Colophon

The *Vignette* is published annually each spring by the literary and art staff of the *Vignette* at St. Joseph High School. Copies are distributed free to all students and staff at SJHS.

The body copy was set in Book Antiqua 10 point. Titles were set in Book Antiqua 12 point. The *Vignette* was created using Adobe Illustrator, Adobe Photoshop, and Adobe InDesign.

The cover was designed by Michael Palughi, '12. Folios were designed by the *Vignette* staff.

The magazine was printed by Yes Press, Inc. with a press run of 1,000 copies. It is comprised of 92 pages using a 5.5 x 8.5 inch format.

Thanks to Dr. Martine Gubernat & Mr. George Milligan for their guidance and support as well as to the members of the English Department, Mr. Albert Ernst, photography teacher, and Ms. Christina Canciello, art teacher, for their assistance with submissions.



Candles in Lyon

Ms. Cristina Nicolau

*put your sunglasses on.
vignette shines above the competition.*



Vignette 2012





Falcon Pride

Michael Thomas '13