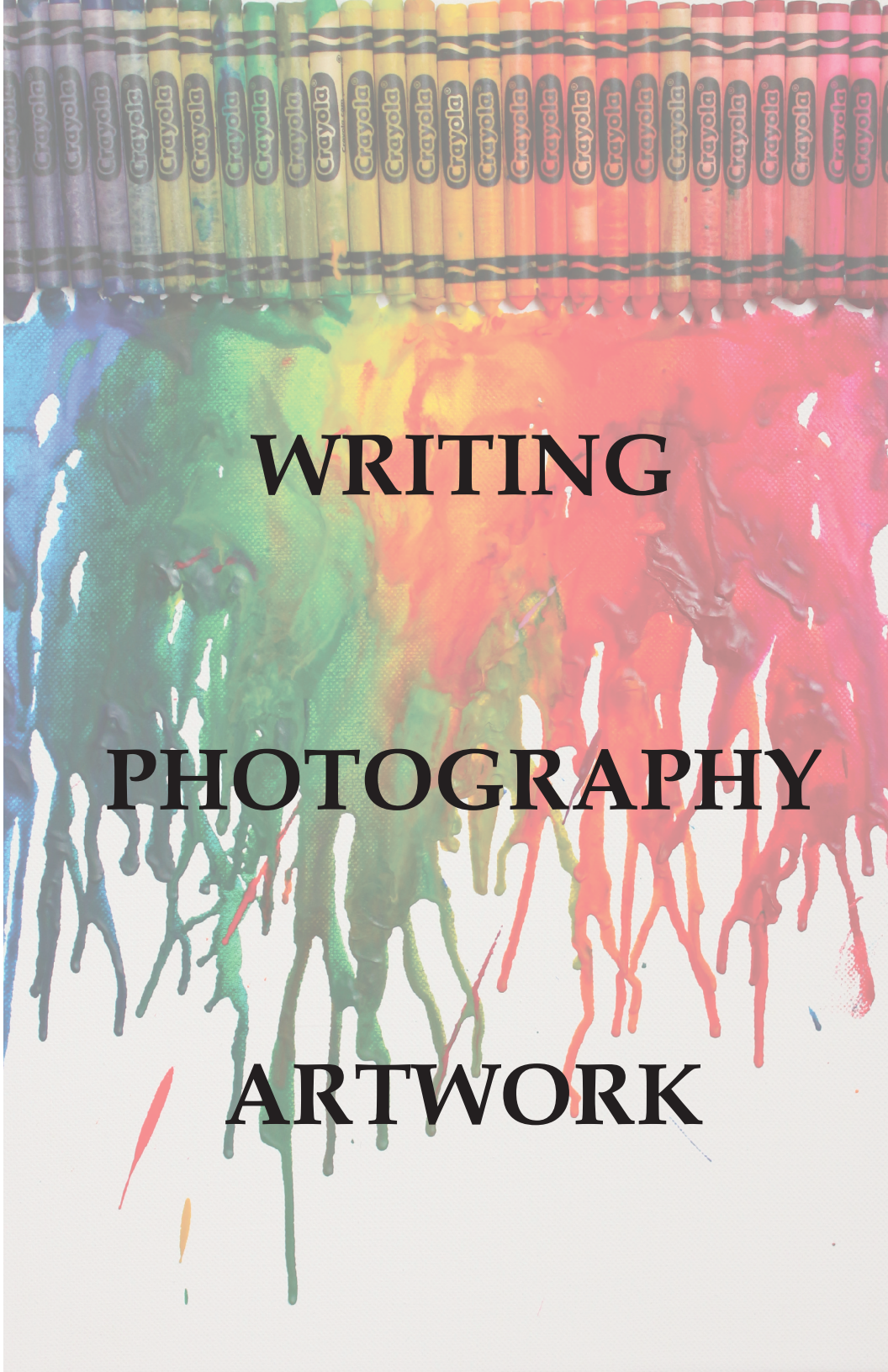


VIGNETTE
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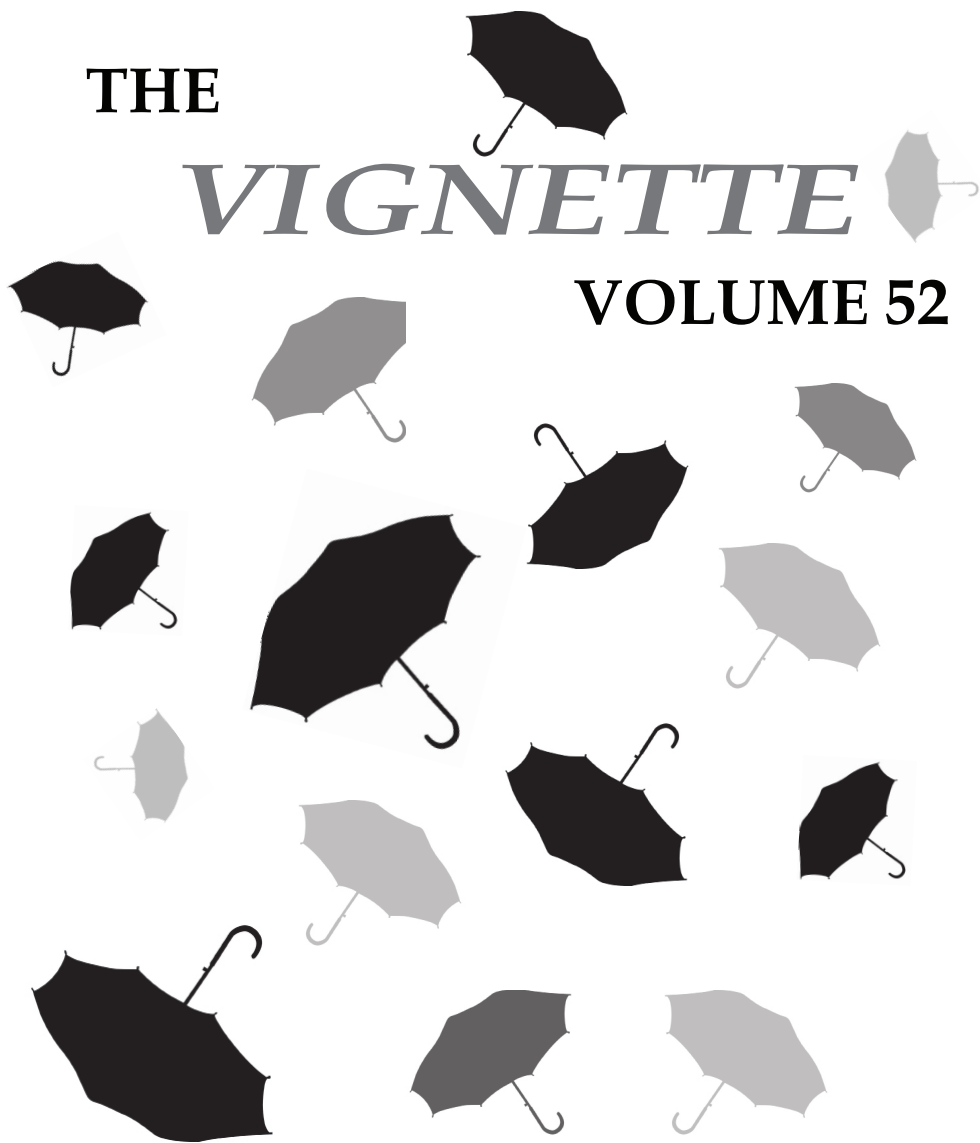
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THE

VIGNETTE

VOLUME 52



ST. JOSEPH HIGH SCHOOL
A BROTHERS OF THE SACRED HEART SCHOOL
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## Editorial

On journey as one,  
With victory, we shall soar.  
The Falcon-fierce Flock.

*Andrew Coronato '13*

Forgotten, alone.  
But friends make life worth living.  
Together, *Vignette*.

*Maynard Guzman '13*

Only when we join  
Can we truly see, what feats  
Lie within our grasp

*Daniel Kozub '13*

I am thankful for them;  
For everything that we shared  
In room 101

*Ankit Roy '13*

The world you see with  
But two eyes was crafted by  
Countless allied hands.

*Jonathan Teters '13*

Together we come  
We join our minds forever  
Together we go

*Nathaniel Welsh '13*

We are fire ants -  
Locking limbs, a makeshift raft  
To survive the flood.

*Zachery Willis '13*

One can accomplish  
Much, but together we can  
All reach for the stars.

*Alexander Wintringham '13*

*Vignette 2013*





## Boundless Beauty

Poetry has not a limit.  
It's anything we encounter and the beauty within it.  
It's not just words on a page in a book.  
It's the beauty you behold wherever you look.

From the leaves on the ground  
To the stars in the sky,  
Poetry's whatever appeals to your eye.

From the smallest of light  
That creeps through the blinds,  
To the undiscovered worlds kids create in their minds.

Poetry is the motion  
Of an athlete or dancer,  
Or the mischievous peek of a split-second glancer.

It's the smell  
Of the flowers that bloom in the spring,  
Or the joy to the world that Christmas time brings.

Poetry is the feeling  
Of a warm winter sweater,  
Or a wholehearted hug that makes everything better.

It's the individuality  
We all have as people,  
To be our own person even though we are equal.

And although it is hard to wrap your mind around,  
Poetry has not a single bound.  
It's whatever appeals to the person who reads it,  
Or sees it, or smells it, or feels it, or believes it.

*Gregory Dua '13*





**Rose**

*Neel Jha '14*

## Dandelion

She frolics through the verdant, primaveral meadow,  
Her ebony curls barely visible above the towering grass.  
Bounding with no direction in the green metropolis  
Of dainty butterflies and fragile moths.

Amid the viridian walls grows a single, golden dandelion,  
Tall despite its oppressive surroundings. She flits to the  
Flower but trips in her haste, scraping her knee on the  
Abrasive ground. She rushes home, fighting sprout traffic.

Whimpering, she calls for her mother in a blood-spattered fog.  
Her mother consoles her, raptly listening to the story of the fall.  
She cleans the blood with a napkin herself and bandages the wound.  
Tapping her cheek and kissing her forehead, her mother lets her go.

She ventures through the shoots to her special dandelion,  
But she finds that it has matured since her last encounter.  
The vibrant, yellow petals have been gentrified by fuzzy  
White spores in preparation for germination.

Plucking the weed from the earth, she closes her eyes,  
Making a wish before she scatters the seeds with her breath.  
As she prepares to blow, a gust of wind rages by her,  
Disseminating the dandelion spores and leaving a quivering stalk.

She sobs violently, ashamed.

*Zachary Willis '13*







## Blossoms

*Charles J. Internicola '16*

*Vignette 2013*



## Light in the Dark

Where were you when Sandy came with all her might  
And plunged bright days into the darkest of nights?  
How did you feel on that fateful day  
When our homes and our shore were swept away?

While many sat in dark homes, praying for light,  
Suffering from a truly unfathomable plight.  
Others, their homes and livelihoods taken away,  
'Twas a time of such darkness, and all was bleak and gray.

But it is out of such darkness that light shines through,  
And when all is hopeless, goodwill abounds like morning's dew.  
Heroes and leaders arise, and kindness prevails.  
Man helps his brother, no matter what it entails.

So we must take up this cross, thrust upon both you and me  
And serve as a beacon of hope and strength for all the world to see.  
We will rebuild our homes and will never waver,  
And out of our suffering, we will rise even greater.

*Liam Formisano '15*





## Window to the World

*Kevin Beck '13*

*Vignette 2013*





## Never Back Down

The seconds before the crash have been ingrained into my memory. Weeds were whacking against the sides of the car as a nervous tension filled the air. I was only four years old, so I didn't understand the severity of the situation, but my mother knew of the impending danger.

I know this sounds cliché, but that July morning had seemed like any other typical day. My parents buckled me into my seat and my dad, who was taking a separate car to his job in New York City, reminded me of our movie scheduled for later in the day. As we drove away from the apartment buildings, I began to feel my routine paranoia over what would happen at my daycare. Every day I would dread the experience of being scolded by the obnoxious staff members, who would deceptively behave in a caring, polite manner in front of the parents. Even though my mind was occupied by the continuous fear of being punished for the simplest mistakes, my mental and physical states would soon change drastically.

As we approached a bend in the road, the life-altering events began to rapidly unfold. My mother pressed down on the brake pedal in order to safely control the car through the bend, but the speedometer never changed. Her initial reaction was passive because she did not notice the car's constant speed; however, when she went to steer through the turn, the wheel would not budge. In utter disbelief, she tried to pull the keys out of the ignition, only to sprain her finger and lose precious time. By the time she realized the gravity of the situation, the car had already veered off the road into the ditch-like area in front of the train tracks. The car came to an abrupt stop as it wrapped around a telephone poll, displacing the engine into the area that was once occupied by the faulty brake pedal. My entire life was brought to a complete standstill.

Acting solely on instinct, my mother rushed out of her seat and pulled me from the car. She ran as far away from the car as she could, in fear of a possible fire, before she collapsed in pain. All I remember from that point is observing two police officers trying to calm me down as the paramedics carefully placed me into the back of an ambulance. Based on the intense pain, I naively thought that a brick had somehow been placed into my back, unknowing that I had fractured my spine in two places.

While some may view this experience as an excuse to live a life of mere complacency, I saw it as a motivation to achieve the implausible. The doctors, who originally feared paralysis, warned me of the physical disabilities that I would have in the future. From that point on, I assured myself that I would never back down from my goals. Since then, I have become a professional wrestler, a second-degree black belt, and an assistant instructor in martial arts. Even though I had to endure the hardships of the accident, it has proven to be only a minor obstacle in pursuing my desires.

*Alexander Wintringham '13*





**Train Tracks**

*Neel Jha '14*

*Vignette 2013*





## One Snowy Day

*Neel Jha '14*



*Vignette 2013*



## A Winter's Evening

To walk this frigid path alone at night,  
To feel the winter's wind cut through the air;  
In taking pleasure from a small delight,  
When stars shine bright and all the trees are bare.

The winter's sun did rise and fall again,  
And light escapes the earth so very fast.  
Perpetuated evenings still remain,  
As remnants from the solstice that has passed.

The moon shines bright from branches to the roots,  
Illuminating footsteps on the ground.  
And once the wind has ceased and all is mute,  
Some listeners claim to hear the faintest sounds.

The subtle sounds of nature taking course;  
Anticipating life anew come spring.  
But trace this icy trail back to the source,  
And sounds of urban happenings do ring.

So if one takes a moment just to think,  
Beneath the wintry sky and trees so near;  
This place but lies just past the city's brink  
But dwellers there so rarely venture here.

How strange that they can truly feel alive,  
When blissful winter's night lies just outside.

*Jonathan Frey '14*

## Closer to Death

It is not enough to give your best,  
To give your maximum effort,  
Because in this sport,  
Your best,  
Means nothing to the other team.

You meld with the boat,  
You fly through the water,  
You bend the water to your will,  
You make the river obey you,  
And you never slow down.

In this sport,  
Your greatest enemy is yourself.  
As your strength leaves your legs,  
And your breath leaves your chest,  
You must fight the desire to stop,  
And push yourself closer to death.

As you enter the final five hundred,  
The screams of your muscles  
Drown out the cheers of the crowd  
But still you must race to the end,  
And prove that nothing is impossible.

Through the last bridge,  
Past the final buoy,  
Your lungs will burn  
And your hope begins to fade,  
But nothing is sweeter,  
Than the final air horn's shout.

Desire means nothing  
In a sport where those who  
Win and those who fail are only separated  
By a willingness to push themselves  
Closer and closer to death.

*Daniel Kozub '13*





## A Disappointed Bridge

*Tom Morrison '16*

## Standardized Stress: The Impracticality of the SAT

Upperclassmen, trapped in a time of life plagued by the College Board's punches, are oppressed by perhaps the most terrible of all teenage titans- the SAT college admissions test. Added to the anxiety of Advanced Placement classes and leadership responsibilities is the anticipation of the 225-minute monster that relentlessly tests a victim's analytical and arithmetical skills. Is such a brutish burden really necessary to impose onto the already stressed society of high-schoolers?

For hours on end, juniors and seniors memorize the intricacies of reading, writing, and mathematics, much of which is not even needed in the real world. Chances are that an art or music major will never need to know the meanings of the words "obstreperous" or "surreptitious." A future journalist likely will find no use for the Pythagorean Theorem in his or her endeavors. Rather than evaluating a student's intelligence or wisdom, this standardized test focuses on convoluted minutiae that are anything but standard.

For instance, suppose that a student comes across this essay in the critical reading section of his or her SAT. The student, struggling to comprehend this piece in a compressed amount of time, may be asked whether my tone is "annoyed and sardonic" or "indignant and inconsolable." Does the answer really matter? No matter how precisely one wants to describe "the author's tone," the bottom line is that I am obviously upset. The ability to vanquish variables and defeat definitions looks great on paper, but the *real* test of one's ability concerns how to react to the author's problems, not how to simply define them.

Though book smarts and study skills may be great for grades and scores, colleges should be more concerned with evaluating how a student wields these abilities in the real world. Preparatory books and classes methodize the madness of the SAT, even teaching that the test can be conquered by a certain set of strategies. However there is no guidebook for decision making in life, and no exam can reflect how one reacts to actual dilemmas. Perhaps my only praise of the SAT concerns the essay section, which requires the test-taker to think on his or her feet and coherently present thoughts and solutions; however, an impromptu paper produced in twenty-five minutes is not an accurate gauge of one's intelligence, not to mention other important qualities such as character or work ethic.

Indeed, my greatest criticism of the SAT is that it provides colleges with such a narrow scope of an applicant's capabilities. Though a college application is composed of many facets, standardized test scores attract disproportional consideration. While SAT scores do reflect one's knowledge of study skills and logical rules, other components such as grade history, leadership experience, and social activeness more accurately display important qualities like astuteness, initiative, and enthusiasm.

The SAT is an impractical median by which to judge a student, who experiences insurmountable stress from the evaluation that truly does little to discern one's real abilities. After all, as Albert Einstein said, "Not everything that counts can be counted and not everything that can be counted counts."

*Carter Coudriet '14*  
1st place junior fiction



**Kodak Moment**

*Edwin Gano '13*



**Light Trails**

*Thomas Morrison '16*



## Reaching for a Star

If I could reach a star tonight  
Could it suggest the world is right?  
Would loss of life in time of war  
Continue that loss, if not much more?  
Would NATIONAL DEBT and cultural suppression still be our plan?  
Or would SUBTERRANEAN FAULTS diminish our land?  
Could Mother Nature ever boast of silently consuming  
Our entire WEST COAST?  
If time was young could we then believe  
That SEQUESTRATION would never deceive?  
Would TAXES continue to ravage the middle class?  
And would ELECTRIC really replace our high-priced GAS?  
Would foreign powers' PROLIFERATION or belligerent stance  
Give their CHILDREN another chance?  
Would the WOMEN of the world finally all be equal?  
Would their freedom to learn be their sequel?  
Would KATRINA and SANDY those abhorrent storms  
Finally be addressed after all their harm?  
Could anyone named FEMA ever restore  
What we remembered as the JERSEY SHORE?  
Could YOUNG and OLD reach a level of respect  
Without the ANGER and MISFORTUNE one often detects?  
The world is called a ball of confusion;  
But is it all just one of illusion?  
Could CANCER and HEART DISEASE be a thing of the past?  
Will STARVATION and HOMELESSNESS that has consumed so many  
Ever be resolved by us, CAN WE?  
Will RELIGION be challenged?  
Will parents be able to keep their FAITH  
When they don't ever know if our SCHOOLS are safe?  
Oh! Star of Wonder, Star so bright  
Is it any wonder I reach for you tonight?  
Is it truly a world that can never be right?

*Mr. Craig R. Martin*

## The Mark of a Leader

Holding his feather-plumed helmet secure in his arm, a young warrior trudged through the ruins of Thebes. His troops were scattered on the outskirts of the city, keeping the subdued Greek rebels in their place. Before the campaign had begun, the commander had given orders to leave one section of Thebes intact, and it was in this area that he now stood, calling upon his memory to guide him to one particular white hut. On the doorpost hung the Greek words "To lead is to learn."

"I see you have remembered your old mentor," spoke an erudite voice from inside the dark dwelling. The commander walked inside and found his elderly teacher hunched over a yellowing scroll, squinting at the scratches of ink by the dim candlelight. He approached his mentor and knelt.

"Greetings, Master." Looking at the officer's humble face, one would never have labeled him the youngest, most aggressive potentate in Europe.

"Rise, Alexander," Aristotle whispered, a solicitous look grasping his wizened face. "What brings this great commander to this humble town?"

"Master, surely you have heard of the rebellion. I had to take necessary action," said Alexander, his voice trembling. "I need your guidance, once again."

Aristotle spoke as if he had read the man's mind. "You see this scroll? It holds a treatise on the patterns of civilization, describing how great leaders have risen and empires have fallen. . Leaders follow almost identical patterns of rise and demise. Ultimately, the one trait which marks a true leader apart from a mere warrior is none other than sacrifice.

"Once there was a majestic wild stallion, strong and swift. He was the guardian of his herd and played a crucial role in the survival of his untamed breed on a solitary island. When men visited the island, with their bloodthirsty hounds and avaricious souls, the herd's existence was threatened. One day, when this stallion and his sister's calf were grazing in a lush meadow, a black canine bounded through the clearing and rushed at the young calf. The stallion thought not twice. He ran at the hound with every ounce of strength in his legs and met the jaws of death. The calf was saved by the horse's sacrifice. It grew into an even stronger leader than his uncle had been and was taken by some men to your country. It is, in fact, your steed, Bucephalus.



"You see, Alexander, you have the courage, the tenacity, and the strength required of any great leader. The question is, do you have the sacrifice? Will you work alongside your men and suffer the same conditions as they do, in thick and thin? This will determine your leadership and your empire, as it did that of your horse."

Aristotle breathed deeply. "I have one more piece of advice, my pupil. Learn from your men and from your enemies. Leadership is never won with pride, but learned with humility."

Alexander nodded, rose and turned, thanking his teacher for the last time. The leader's place in the world was out there to be found, his empire yet to be created.

*Kevin Stephen '16*  
1st place freshman fiction



**Bleeding Hearts**

*Dr. Adele Ellis*

## Atlas Statue, 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Rockefeller Center

O Atlas, sculpted out of bronze, above  
An oily plaza filled with blood and sweat  
And shattered dreams. You brute, the artist's hand  
Compels you: push the dreadful weight over  
Your forehead; that position suits you well, image of might.

Never moving? A blessing, were the ache  
Of labor gone! The metal can be hot  
Or cold, appalling rare men. In the depths  
Of summer we all yank our hands away,  
In winter the gloveless wisely forsake  
The metal. The protruding points, further  
Removed, observe much greater heat and cold.  
How fitting, they face not the circle, emptiness, what matters.

Your globe, devoid of insides, air and dust  
Blow through. Metal holds the metal sphere  
Aloft. The points are sharp and split the air,  
Left, right, wherever. No matter where off Earth,  
The wind must blast and howl. Delight, delight  
If your eternal burden becomes full.  
Forget the pain, how can the world go on?  
The laughter echoes, spat by fools, at your  
Grimace. An empty globe the burden? Their eyes  
At sadistic points converge. Humans know  
The greater burden lies on you, the mighty one, hero!

Unselfish Titan! You embrace the duty,  
Allow the evil to exist because  
Of good. Project the circle away? No,  
For specks of good cascade with water down;  
They merge with dirt in darkness. Tempting, but  
For gold, imprudent. Greedy only for  
Good! Perhaps you alone would keep the weight in air, aloft.

The wind proceeds away from you, the snow  
Collects on you, yet immobile you endure.  
Better comprehend? Perhaps get appalled?  
Or standing dumb and tired topple down? I do not know!

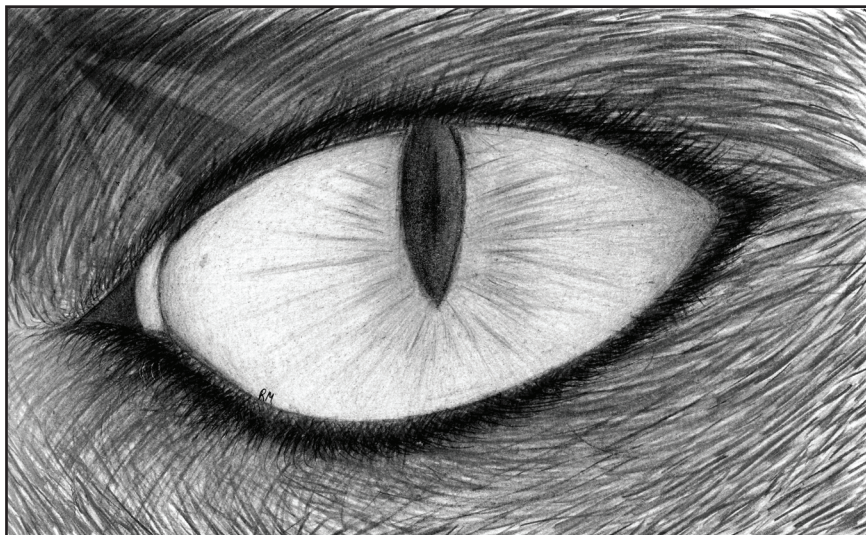
I believe that the statue is a just being, as am  
I. But nothing exists inside the globe. No! O august  
Atlas, pity the human race, the flawed and wise! Mercy!

*Daniel Curley '13*



**Deshi Basara, Rise**

*Edwin Gano '13*



## Eye See You

*Roman Miranda '13*



## No Doldrums with the Dinosaurs

I traveled back in time one day,  
What I saw there is hard to say.  
Bitter Brachiosauruses who crushed the ground,  
Vicious Velociraptors who ran around,  
And Terrible Triceratopses who plodded along  
As Provoked Pterodactyls screeched their song.  
A Storming Spinosaurus nearly took my legs,  
I saw many dinosaur eggs.  
Irate Iguanodons fought each other,  
When they came too close I ducked for cover.  
Angry Ankylosaurs chased me,  
All the way down to the roiling sea.  
A Maddened Mosasaur ate some fish,  
Then it swam off for a bigger dish.  
I'm proud that I survived my heroic  
Trip to the fearsome Mesozoic.  
I am done now, but the choice is yours:  
Want to take a trip to the *real* outdoors?

*Kale de Wet '16*

## What Batman Taught Me

Paranoia is a silent killer. For a people that have been so concentrated on keeping “terror” from reaching our borders, we’ve allowed it to invade our own cities, public places, and even our homes without even noticing. We’ve let fear dictate too much of how we live our own lives. What we need right now is someone to show us that we don’t have to be scared. This may just be an inner child speaking, but The world needs someone like Batman.

Batman not only stands for justice and the good of people, but he is also a symbol of how we don’t have to be afraid of bullies. He’s like us. We don’t have amazing powers. We don’t come from any sophisticated alien race. Let’s face it. We’re no Superman or Wonder Woman. We’re both regular people. Yet, he fights villains who are the epitome of our greatest anxieties: chaos, pain, and fear itself. He fights villains like the Joker.

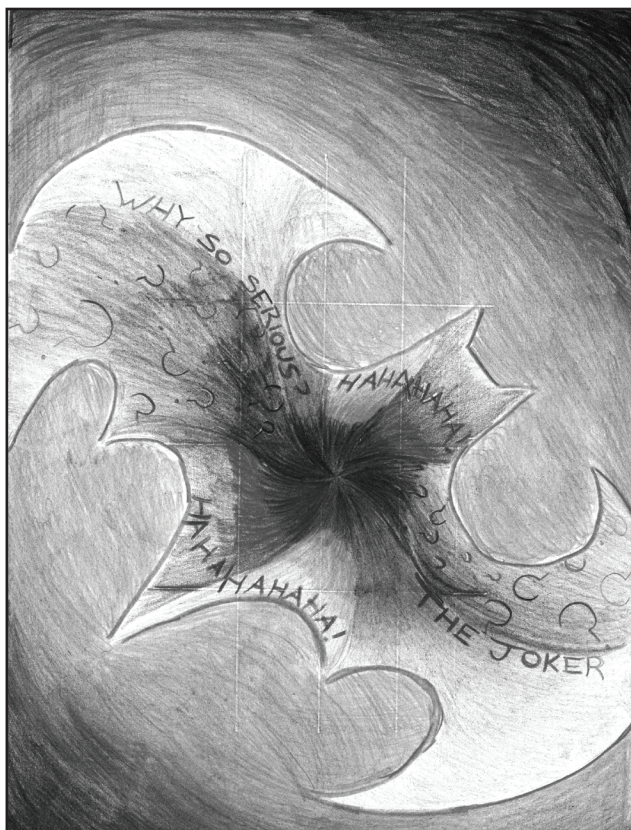
We, the people of the real world, have our own Jokers to deal with, be they terrorists or bullies. In this day and age, we unfortunately have individuals who murder for their eccentric beliefs, who cause suffering because they’ve suffered, and terrorize people to feel powerful. There are always going to be people who put us down, who try to instill fear in us, and who live to create panic. Fortunately, many of us may not experience any of these first-hand, but through the media, we’ve learned to be scared of them. However, this is exactly what these Jokers want. They want us to fear them. If we become scared of common things such as flying in a plane, going to school, watching a movie, or attending a place of worship, then we have forfeited our freedom

We can’t let the Jokers win because if they do, the world becomes one that is controlled by fear, and it will be the terrorists calling all the shots. Most likely, each of us has lost someone, or at least knows someone who has, to these fear-instilling individuals. The loss of a family member, a companion, or a friend is truly saddening, but at least the people that we’ve lost weren’t afraid to live their lives. They weren’t afraid to be in New York City. They weren’t afraid to practice their religion whether it be Judaism, Sikhism, or Christianity. They weren’t afraid to go to school, and be themselves. They weren’t afraid to watch a midnight premier, let alone go to Pathmark.

If you truly want to continue their legacy, don’t let fear dictate the way you live life, but instead live it the way you imagined. Again, this may just be an inner child talking, but when I was a child, I enjoyed myself without a care in the world.

*Edwin Gano ‘13*





## **Saves the Day!**

*John Cobbs III '13*

## A Forgotten Friend

You use me everyday  
Yet nothing of me do you say  
I bring light to a darkened space  
And also shine it upon your face

I allow communication with your friends and family  
But the importance of me you do not see  
I bring news to you about current events  
Sometimes they don't make much sense

Whatever daily task you must do  
I am always there to help you  
There is not much thanks for those who create me  
They do not even get any publicity

However, there is a time that comes around  
When my creators are everywhere to be found  
These events occur naturally  
And are usually making history

A hurricane comes through and the sky starts to cry  
Then finally the power lines die  
People now see the importance of me  
Their old forgotten friend, electricity

*Timothy Doran '15*





## Full Time Friend

*Edwin Gano '13*

## The Pianist's Prologue and Tale

The wind swirls through the train station as four musicians all dressed in concert attire await the train. Finally, the monstrous mechanical horse stops, and all four enter the train. One of the four, the tallest is the leader. He is the Pianist. Sitting around him are the Violinist, the Bassist, and the Cellist. Together they form a piano quartet. Physically, the Pianist is rather tall and fit. His hair is spikey and a deep black like the black of his tuxedo. He wears glasses, which are clearly European, and his apparel consists of different brands: Armani, Hugo Boss, and Burberry. His fingers are long but elegant. As a musician, he contradicts the pre-conceived notion that artists must experience life as a never ending paroxysm; consequently, he is very rational and enjoys the sciences. The Pianist is a traditionalist, who believes that rules are not meant to be broken. He enjoys the mellifluous Chopin Nocturnes and Beethoven Sonatas; however, he despises with a capital 'D' what he considers to be the current cacophony of modern music. Whenever he hears the polytonality and discordance of Schoenberg's compositions, he cringes and imagines a middle school teacher digging her nails into the chalk board. He loves Classical music and only Classical music. As the four musicians journey toward their concert at Carnegie Hall, the Pianist decides to recount a tale:



**Keys to a Happy Life**

*Agustin Zavala '14*



"I wish to tell my tale about a man,  
 Who longed to build a house without a plan.  
 For he was tall and rich and strong but wit  
 Was he without. Yet he would not admit,  
 That smarts were not his fit. So he without  
 A doubt would he believe, declare, and shout  
 Beliefs that he could build a house anew.  
 Despite his friend's advice to not be new  
 In thought, the man, who sought to build his home,  
 Did feel that he could "I wish to tell my tale about a man,  
 Who longed to build a house without a plan.  
 For he was tall and rich and strong but wit  
 Was he without. Yet he would not admit,  
 That smarts were not his fit. So he without  
 A doubt would he believe, declare, and shout  
 Beliefs that he could build a house anew.  
 Despite his friend's advice to not be new  
 In thought, the man, who sought to build his home,  
 Did feel that he could break the rules of some,  
 Which he believed were dumb. So he would balk  
 At all the rules and felt his tools would block  
 And solve the problems building brought. The man  
 Would not consult the rules, so he began  
 To work. But he did lack the wood and nails.  
 So he did go around a store where sales  
 Adorned the room. The wood was hung atop  
 The shelves, and he resolved to buy and shop.  
 By using wood, the man began to make  
 His home. But he was dumb, for goodness sake,  
 And built the roof before the floor. For he  
 Forgot tradition. He did never see  
 That rules exist to help. The man did not  
 Abide to rules established. He forgot  
 That homes are built from under not aloft.  
 The home's foundation swayed. The walls were soft,  
 And cracks throughout the house were filled with mold.  
 With rotting walls the house would fall if bold  
 And raging winds attacked. The wind did come  
 And break the walls until the house succumbed.  
 This left the man with nothing but rum,  
 For he saw rules as useless tools. How dumb!  
 So woe to thee who thinks that rules impede,  
 For they exist to help and not mislead.

Agustín Zavala '14  
 1st place junior fiction

# A TRIBUTE TO TRIXIE

Sal Ascolese

**Intro Andante**  
Bbm/D**b**

6 F<sup>b</sup>(sus4)/D**b** G**b**(b5)/D**b** F/C

**Lacrimoso**  
11 F/C E**b**maj7(♯11) A<sup>b</sup>6/E**b** G**b**maj7(♯11)/D**b** E**b**(add9)/D A<sup>b</sup>6/E**b** **To Coda** 

17 1. D**b**maj7 D**b**7 C7 2. D**b**maj7 D**b**7 C7

21 Fm7 F<sup>o</sup>7 B**b**7/F No Chord ----- E**b** E**b**+ A**b**/E**b** A<sup>b</sup>7/E**b** E**b**7

**D.S. al Coda**  
28 Gm7/D C7(b9)

**Coda**  
D**b**maj7 D<sup>o</sup>7 C**b**/D**b** E**b**/E**b**

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## **Crooning Cat**

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*

## The Calculator

Your first question is easy; you could do it in your head,  
But since you're a lazy bum, you ask the calculator instead.

$$10+6$$

$$16$$

The next one is only a little bit harder,  
But you use the calculator again, just as a starter.

$$85-45$$

$$40$$

The next one is moderate; with work you could do it,  
But oh, what the heck, your calculator knew it.

$$(100-(5+6))+7$$

$$96$$

The last one is difficult, it's just so unfair  
But thank goodness good ol' calculator knows how to square.

$$3.7^2$$

$$13.69$$

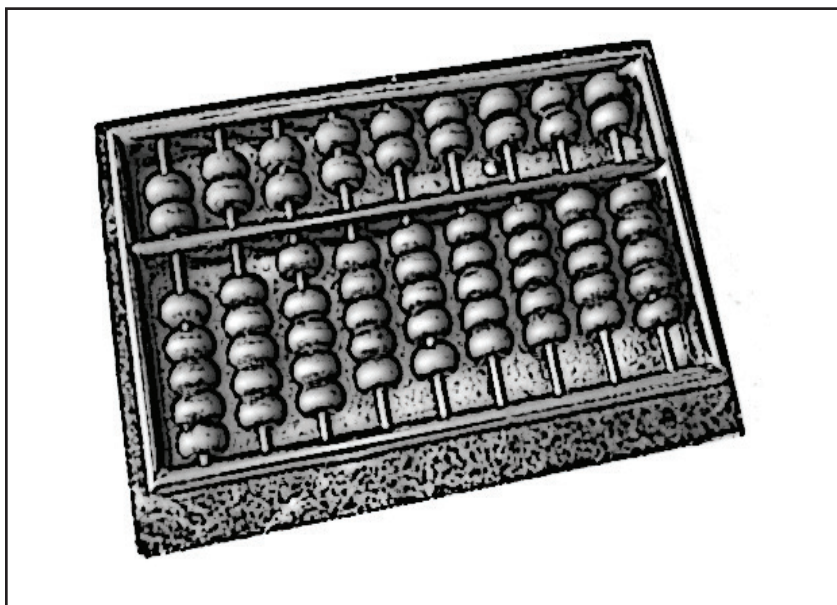
You think the calculator knows all, but as you try to thank it,  
It reveals to you that it doesn't really know how to take it.

THANK YOU

SYNTAX ERROR

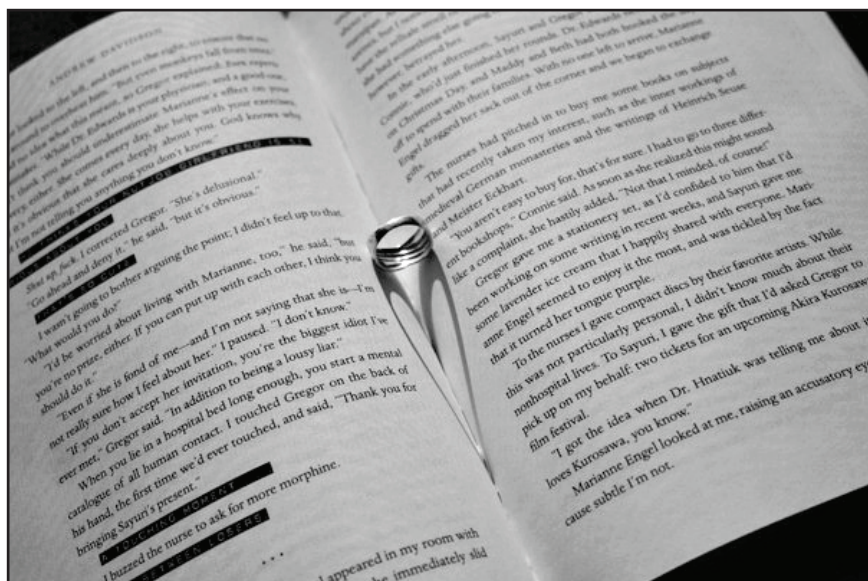
*David Siy '14*





## My Square Roots

*Ms. Linda Muratore*



## Love For Literature

Edwin Gano '13



Vignette 2013



## To Homework

Homework! Thou shouldst be cursed and reviled:  
You keep me short of sleep I so desire.  
As soon as I think that I can retire,  
You stop me and make me go through your trials.  
You've been exhausting, making me riled;  
Unable to relax when I get tired.  
Because I must finish work assigned prior,  
I have many hours to do work reviled.

Yet I will finish this work sometime soon.  
Of that I'm sure, I know I'll persevere.  
Of that I'm sure, because the end is near.  
So when I'm done and I put down my pen,  
And papers lie around my room all strewn,  
I'll sleep well, 'till it gets assigned again.

*Robert Barrett '14*

## A Freshman Like Me

First year at St. Joe's  
Let's see how it goes  
The bus arrives, right before dawn  
I find my seat, flop down, and cast a yawn

The day is hard, the day is long  
Overwhelmed and unsure, but I try to stay strong  
Break in the morning, with lunch far away  
The last bell even further, marks the end of the day

So many have done this, so many before me  
Then why is it so hard to be a freshman?  
Somehow, I just can't see

Running between the hallowed halls in which I learn  
Main, O'Neil, and in the back, Woodburn  
Heavy are the books, jammed inside my pack  
Like the weight of the world, riding on my back

I shoulder the burden, but gravity pulls me down  
I'm running to stand still. I just can't gain ground.  
I want to give up, but they tell me "Don't!"  
So I must push on, "Quit? No, I won't."

Change is for the better, change is for the good.  
Whoever thought change was easy, clearly misunderstood  
For if change were easy, being a freshman would be too  
As a freshman, I can vouch; this is far from being true

So many have done this, so many before me  
It IS hard to be a freshman  
A freshman like me

*Christopher Quigley '16*





**Pine Tree**

*Charles J. Internicola '16*

## The Benefits of Fantasy Football

My mother is at the top of the list of people who do not understand fantasy football. Whenever she sees me incessantly checking my lineup, analyzing my matchup for the week, or scouring the waiver wire for last minute additions to my team, she merely writes it off as a time-waster. However, when I look at fantasy football, I see so much more, which inspired me to write this essay to prove to the skeptics how interesting, beneficial, and helpful fantasy football can truly be.

Firstly, fantasy football is a terrific way to be social. When I first came to this school last year, I only knew a few people, and other than small talk about homework or other school-related things, I was having trouble finding a common ground between me and many others. So, when football season rolled around, I decided to make a fantasy football league, and it was a huge success. I ended up expanding my friends exponentially because every Monday the members of the league would all crowd together and discuss the prior week's matchup.

Next, fantasy football teaches the hundreds of thousands of children that play it every year a sense of responsibility. You must be responsible if you wish to run a successful fantasy football team. This is because in many occasions some of the players on your team may be injured or on a bye week, and if you keep them in the starting lineup, they will get you 0 points. If you want to avoid the shame and disappointment of walking in to school on Monday morning knowing that your friend's team got the better of yours, you must check your team weekly to see if everything is going well.

Lastly, fantasy football is a great stress reliever. After a long week of school work, there is nothing like a relaxing Sunday of watching some football and examining how well your fantasy team is doing. It is one of the few things in life that ends the monotony of the week because of its unpredictable nature. Some weeks your team will overachieve and pull out a clutch victory, and others it will falter and lose to a team it should have beaten. Fantasy football's unpredictability is part of what makes it so fun to me.

As you can clearly see, fantasy football is a very beneficial activity, and this is because it is a great way to be social, it teaches responsibility, and is an amazing stress reliever. Hopefully this proves that fantasy football is more than just a time waster, even though my mother is still not convinced.

*Troy Demers '15*  
1st place sophomore nonfiction





## A New Season

*Edwin Gano '13*

## A Scene Like No Other

Cameron Indoor Stadium is as an unassuming building as any on the campus of Duke University. Blended in with the other French-inspired architecture that is strewn all over the 720-acre campus, no passerby could ever fathom its significance to American sports. Pass through one of its creaky wooden doors, however, and the history that inundates the building will certainly tell why this is no ordinary gymnasium.

Affectionately referred to as the “Cathedral of College Basketball,” “Cameron,” coincidentally so, looks like a small church. Opponents’ prayers, however, are rarely answered when they come to take on the Blue Devils. Holding just over 9,300 fans, Cameron creates the most effective home court advantage in North American sports, mostly due to its loyal and legendary fans that fill the lower section of bleachers: the Cameron Crazies. These unruly students are notorious for their unreasonably loud cheering and their dedicated support for the school’s basketball teams. The men’s basketball team currently boasts an incredible 102 non-conference home game winning streak, a testament to exactly how significant Cameron and its atmosphere are. The Crazies epitomize the university not for their rowdiness, but for their undying commitment and incredibly clever cheers.

With such a small holding capacity, tickets are at a premium to attend each game at Cameron. Directly adjacent to the gymnasium lies roughly a 300-square-yard patch of grass called Krzyzewskiville. Named after the beloved Blue Devils men’s basketball coach, Mike Krzyzewski. “K-Ville” is considered a “home away from dorm” for many students during the basketball season. Students acquire entry into Cameron for games by tenting in Krzyzewskiville days and weeks beforehand to be the first ones in line when the doors open an hour and a half before tipoff. The most highly anticipated game of the year is Duke’s matchup with the Tar Heels of the University of North Carolina, whose campus in Chapel Hill is a mere eight miles from Duke, making it one of the most heated rivalries in the country. Students are required to camp out for more than two months in advance in order to be one of the lucky 1,200 admitted into the game.

Once inside Cameron, the Crazies ensure that the bitterly cold nights that they spent in K-Ville were not for naught. Unfathomably loud, the Crazies have been measured at an incredible 121.3 decibels, which is louder than hearing a power saw from 3 feet away. They have an endless supply of witty chants (what else would you expect from a top-10 nationally ranked university by US News and World Report), and legend





has it that UNC guard Steve Hale, while recovering from a punctured lung, could not resist laughing during a 1985 game as the Crazies chanted “In-hale, Ex-hale” at him.

Cameron Indoor Stadium is incredibly unique. Couple its incredibly small and intimate atmosphere with passionate fans, and college basketball’s most remarkable experience is on display. The mystical aura that envelops Cameron, however, is what makes it truly special. Whether it is a blazing July afternoon or a piercingly frigid January morning, one cannot help but realize the building’s history. Players come and go, but the mystique that they leave behind, in the form of ACC and National Championships, will forever live on in the hallowed gymnasium that is Cameron Indoor Stadium.

*James Ziemba '13*  
1st place senior nonfiction



## I Believe

*Edwin Gano '13*

## Real Football

Most do not understand  
How not to use the hand.  
It's a game of feet,  
Each covered in a cleat.  
Can you try and comprehend?

Large, fat, wide and tall,  
Short, thin, skinny, small.  
Any and all sizes play,  
From morning 'til end of the day.  
They play 'til they hear their dinner call.

The ball has a nice shape and size,  
Ranging from zero up to five.  
There are no funny hops or bounces,  
Weighing from fourteen to sixteen ounces.  
Oh, and some girls play, not just guys.

There are no timeouts.  
We play ninety minutes no doubt.  
Our time does not dwindle,  
It ascends to ninety, simple.  
If there's a tie, we'll figure it out.

The way to score is fairly easy.  
The ball must pass the line completely.  
Not just the tip, or even a half,  
The entire ball must pass.  
There's no official review, we can see clearly.

Our scoring system isn't complex.  
We go by ones, not two, three, or six.  
There is no point after.  
Otherwise it would be a disaster.  
Also no annoying play clock that ticks.

One may be better, and the other lame  
You may consider them one in the same.  
This is the only nation  
Where the pads have greater admiration.  
For football is two, not one game.

*Joseph Bruno '15*





## Out of the Shadows

*Edwin Gano '13*

## A Poetic Parable of the Bro Code

Once lived a band of bright and cunning bros  
Whose charm could earn them any girls they chose.  
Then came the day that they had met a dame  
Whose heart and body each man yearned to claim.  
Her unmatched beauty had come from above  
And captured all the bros' longing and love.  
The friends then squabbled, disagreed and fought  
Until the Smartest Bro stood up and sought  
That each of them would have himself a chance  
To ask this lovely maiden to a dance.  
The girl would choose the boy she'd like to date;  
The other bros would then accept their fate.  
The Smoothest Bro approached her first and said,  
"My lady, to your beauty am I led.  
Would you care to come with me to dance?"  
The dame, however, knew she had a chance  
To trick all five of these enamored men.  
She therefore said that she'd meet him at ten.  
Then when the Smart Bro asked to spend some time,  
The girl resolved to humor him at nine.  
The Funny Bro then earned a dance for eight;  
At seven, made the Strongest Bro a date.  
At six, the Kindest brought her to the ball.  
That night, the girl then had a date with all  
And got from them a plethora of gifts  
Until the Smoothest Bro forgot his shift.  
The bro came early, recognized his friend  
And ran to them and then threatened to end  
His friendship with the cruel transgressing jerk.  
Then every bro began to go berserk  
And realized that they each had been deceived.  
The Smart Bro then said, "Men, we must believe  
The words of learned thinker Stinson. Bros,  
Recall that maidens can't make us oppose  
Each other; therefore don't be boys. Be men,  
For brothers once must brothers be again."  
To this the guilty brothers all agreed,  
For friendship's far superior to greed  
And want of women. Thus, leaving the dame  
Without a way to get home, they became  
The greatest bros in this land and beyond  
Who never let a girl destroy their bond.

*Carter Coudriet '14*  
1st place junior poetry





## Respect

*Edwin Gano '13*

## A Soldier's Account

We could hear the shells screeching across the river, the faint sound of muskets shots and the smoke rising above the town. I stood there nervous, timid and scared. I heard some men praying, pleading with God not to send us over. Then I heard an officer ride up and shout, "Battalion, shoulder arms, by file right march!" Our worst fears were realized -- we were going to the front. As we crossed the river into the town, the sight was eerie and still. There had been fighting in the streets of the town. Many of our wounded lay on the side of the road, keeping those who had crossed over to the next world company. They cried out for water and I obliged one fellow with my canteen. He drank all of it but I did not care. His needs were greater than mine.

As we drew closer to the battlefield, the horrid sights began to appear. Men were walking to the rear of our line, holding each other up as they went by saying, "Don't go up there, it's a death trap." My feeling of duty was quickly replaced by fear. The next thing I saw will be etched in my mind forever. On the ground was a man bleeding profusely from his leg. I soon realized that his lower leg had been blown off. Soon, we reached the battlefield, which was strewn with blue coated corpses. As I looked out, I could see more men advancing with the colors waving. We stood there and began to pray again as we waited to die. A shell exploded in our ranks, killing three men instantly. As the moments dragged on, a man behind me vomited and I felt I would do so also. I kept my head down and said one last prayer.

We began to move at a swift pace without any harassment by enemy shells at first. As we pressed forward, the shrieks of the cannon shells began to smash the ground around us. Men fell as fear and anxiety rushed over me. With all the courage I could muster, I pressed on with my fellow soldiers. We soon came within range of the enemy's muskets and now more men began to tumble. Besides the artillery and musketry, the sounds of the small musket balls cutting through flesh was the only other thing I could hear. It was the most horrific sound I had ever heard. I futilely prayed I would stop hearing it, but it never seemed to end.

The order was given to halt. Now with only half of the men left standing, we returned fire on the enemy. Most of our shots went high and above their heads because a stone wall protected them from our volleys; only the blades of the grass shielded us. The man on my left was shot



through the face and his blood stung as some flew into my left eye, then my right eye. The bullets and shells became like our maker, determining who would live and who would die. As I stood there reloading my gun, I felt a sharp pain sear through my leg. I fell, trying to avoid being hit again. I was soon aided by other soldiers who were beginning to retreat. I passed out as they put me in a cart for the wounded. When I awoke, I was on a hospital bed and I could see that the doctors had amputated my badly wounded leg. Yet, I took solace in the fact that it was only a leg. After all, the men who made the larger sacrifice were those who lay dead in the fields.

Union Soldier at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862

*Brendan Bucciarelli '13*  
1st place senior fiction



**Never Forget**

*Edwin Gano'13*

*Vignette 2013*







**Freedom**

*Edwin Gano'13*

## An Original Falcon

I would greet you when I saw you with “How are you doing, Brother?”

You would respond, “I’m doing fine, just like any other.”

Wearing your wool cap and carrying your cane

When I’d ask if you needed help, you’d tell me I was insane.

You were the face of many roles at St. Joe’s

Most of them, many years ago.

Athletic Director, Dean of Students and Principal

You were truly invincible.

Attending every St. Joe’s basketball game,

You would not miss anything with the Falcon name.

At other sporting events, too, watching and cheering

You wouldn’t miss anything when St. Joe’s was persevering.

Now as you watch from above,

You were truly someone St. Joe’s loved.

You are now a spirit upon us smiling and living freely.

There will never be anyone like you, Brother Robert Sheeley.

*Sean Quigley ‘14*

## The Jewelry Box

At five minutes to show time, some people would think that a sense of safety or happiness would slip into Isabelle's mind in lieu of anxiety and fear. Those people would be wrong. She sat in her dressing room gazing deeply into her jewelry box. She saw the worn wooden corners and the loose metal hinges on the back. A spectator would only see a cheap old chest, worthless. What Isabelle saw was a box of memories. She opened the case with a cautious, slow movement to hear the faint creaking she had grown fond of as a young girl. The sound brought back the memories of picking her mother's earrings for a night out. It brought back the memories of those same nights where she would sneak into her room and try on her favorite pairs of earrings and try to find their necklace counterparts. Most of her childhood happiness could be summarized in a single sound. The box also had terrible memories trapped inside of it, such as the night Isabelle's father threw it out in frustration and left. The jewelry box was her own symbol of melancholy happiness, and was the device that had gotten her to the very room she was sitting in. She came out of her flashback and heard voices from the hallway outside asking for her. She ignored these summonses and continued with her preparation ritual. There in the center of the navy velvet cushioned box was her favorite pair of earrings. They were silver-plated disks with rubies twinkling brighter than all the stars in space. She had never worn this pair because of the promise she had made her mother. They, along with the note, were her last birthday present before her mother's passing. The carefully folded note, now yellowed, was nestled in the folds of velvet. She unfolded it with painstaking heedfulness. It was written in red ink with the same words engraved in Isabelle's mind for years.

"Dearest Isabelle, give 'em hell." She laughed quietly to herself. Her mother always did have the strangest sense of humor. Quickly, she wiped the tear from her eye and smiled widely in the mirror. Turning to the door, Isabelle strutted out of her chamber with her chin held high and her shimmering silver heels clicking.

*Calvin Mahony '14*





**Sky Flower**

*Edwin Gano '13*

## Daniel Starnes

The day is February 3, 1845 as my great-great grandfather, Daniel Starnes, is born on the family farm in North Carolina. He was born to a country that was in the process of being divided, leading up to a war that would pit brother against brother and family against family, a war that my great-great grandfather would unfortunately be a part of.

In his childhood and early adulthood he lived a normal life on the family farm, the monotonous everyday work of going into a field, plowing, picking, and planting crops to sell and make a living off of. Then the day came that Daniel believed to be his own, exclusive rapture. On March 25, 1862, my great-great grandfather was taken from his home and recruited as a private in the Confederate Army at the age of 17.

For the next three years Daniel lived as every other soldier lived in the Confederacy, and he fought in the same battles as every other soldier in the Confederacy and Union fought, including the infamous Battle of Gettysburg. Just like the other soldiers, Daniel left the war scarred, physically and mentally, from what had taken place in those three years.

The Battle of Snicker's Gap, perhaps the most haunting battle for my great-great grandfather was only spoken about to one person, Daniel's granddaughter, my grandma, Evelyn Starnes. He never liked to talk about it because the casualties and the predicament that he sustained were wretched, but my grandmother was told what happened, and she shared it with me.

On the days of July 17 and 18, 1864, the Battle of Snicker's Gap was fought in Virginia. On the first day, July 17, there was much brutal fighting, with a very hot sun beaming down upon the carnage. When the night finally came and the fighting stopped, Daniel and the other troops were very thirsty, and the fresh water Shenandoah River was right nearby, so the troops went over for drink only to witness something horrific. When they looked at the river, it was red with the blood of the dying and injured, but they were dying of thirst and would've joined those who died, in or near the river, if they didn't drink anything as soon as possible. So, as my great-great grandfather cleared away some of the blood, he cupped his hands, took a handful of water, and drank it.

Afterwards, thinking the horrific part was over, Daniel stumbled upon the lifeless body of his brother, John, and after saying his prayers

and grieving over his great loss, he stood up only to realize that his other brother, Thomas, had his arm amputated and was greatly injured.

When 1865 finally came, my great-great grandfather, Daniel, went home scarred for the rest of his life, but still lucky enough to be alive. He was also even luckier when he got married 1 year later to his wife Mary Starnes, with whom he had nine children and lived the rest of his life with until September 17, 1932 when he finally died after a long hard life.

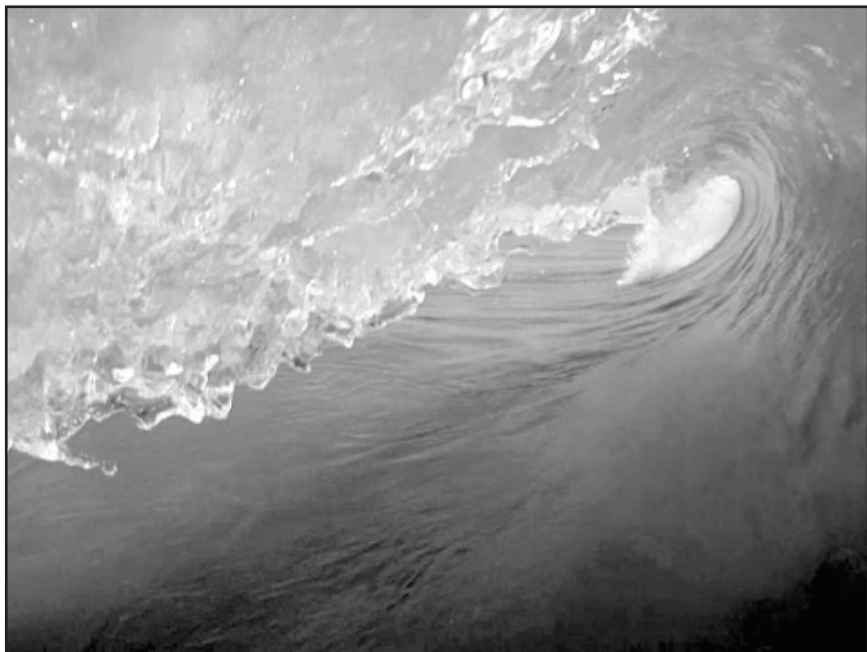
He was buried in his soldier's uniform.

*Matthew Blumensteel '16*



## Homage

*Luke O'Keefe '14*



## **Curling Wave**

*Thomas Morrison '16*



*Vignette 2013*



## Aqua Man

Pain stops where the water begins.

As I dive into the chlorinated abyss, all my insecurities drown,  
As I take each stroke, I grow stronger, breaking my chains of self-doubt.

In the water I am invincible; on land I am just human.

As I swim faster my inadequacies become slower.

On land the world is noisy, confusing and demanding.

The water is my home, haven and security, the pool is my world of  
confidence, free of criticism.

Water brings peace, unity and eternity.

Earth is only loneliness, boredom and indifference.

Refreshed, renewed, reborn,

The water – my life.

*Anthony Horta '13*

## A Single Tear

"Jo---... A-- --ou th--re?"

He wakes up suddenly. He looks around, breathing heavily. He could have sworn to have heard a noise. He gets up and drowsily looks around for the lights, rubbing his tired eyes. He reaches out to where the switches normally were, but...no! It cannot be! He fumbles against the wall, his eyes now wide open, but blind in the darkness. The switch is gone, and all that is left is an empty wall.

"Jo---.... An---er -e!"

He turns quickly, looking for the source of the voice, but there is no one. The voice is familiar, but he cannot quite place who it is. His head starts to hurt as he tries to think. Slowly, he moves against the wall, and sidles against it, hoping to hit the door, or his closet, or something familiar. He edges to the corner, and turns to stay on the wall, the pitch black darkness baring down onto him. He turns again, and again, and again, until he is sure he has passed the same spot three times. He tries to breathe, but the breath catches in his throat. Slowly, he backs away from the wall, trying to feel for his bed, but only hits the wall behind him.

"Jo---... Ple---?"

"Hello? Is anyone there? I hear you! Help me please!"

Of course, no one responds. His head pounds harder, a dull ache spreading through his body. His search becomes more frantic, as he throws his body against the wall, hoping for something, anything to happen. He thumps against the wall and gasps in pain, the wall jutting forward as he ran onwards it. Dazed, he watches as it creeps up forward, pushing against him. He falls back, and looks around, a faint light showing the walls inch closer and closer towards him, squeezing him into a smaller and smaller box. Wait... A light! He looks for the source, and sees beams coming from the floor. Using all his strength, he throws his body down, breaking through, gasping in pain from the impact with the ground below.

"Jo---...I...I-s -e!... A-----r m-!"

The voice penetrates his mind, and he screams in torment as pain fills his mind. He rises, clutching his head as he looks. He sees a hallway, with a bright light at the end, a silhouette of someone familiar in it. He forces himself to remember, and falls to his knees in agony. His head is exploding, the pain immense, but he remembers.

"Mom...Mom!"

He pushes himself up and begins to run towards the light, falling to the ground once, twice, three times, but he is so close. He sees his mother's face, her tender smile, her loving arms, and reaches for her when the floor below him collapses. He screams as he plunges into the darkness, the light fading, fading, gone. Something falls from his eyes as the darkness reclaims him.

"John! John! John no! Please No!"

Sarah sits on the hospital bed, looking at her comatose son in the bed. The heart monitor beeping a flat signal. A doctor and two nurses walk in, and he goes to Sarah.

"I'm sorry Sarah... John's gone."

The nurses move to cover the dead body as Sarah weeps, a single tear trickling from his dead eyes.

*Karanveer Johal '14*



**Irish Spring**

*Kevin Beck '13*

## The Fall

A fork in the trail is gradually shown:  
One side holds a gilded path to a place unknown,  
The other an arduous mountain with a glorious peak;  
I decide that the gold surely holds what I seek.

I fly down the path with hardly a care;  
I think not of the end or what could be there.  
Faster and faster my nimble feet flit  
Until I slip into a bottomless pit.

Falling forever and ever it seems;  
I can only hope that it's one of my dreams.  
I only think of that lost glorious summit  
As further and further and further I plummet.

I hit rock-bottom, but nothing is there;  
I should find my way back, but I'm lost in despair.  
Alone with my thoughts, I'm trapped in the dark:  
Too angry to stay, too enraged to embark.

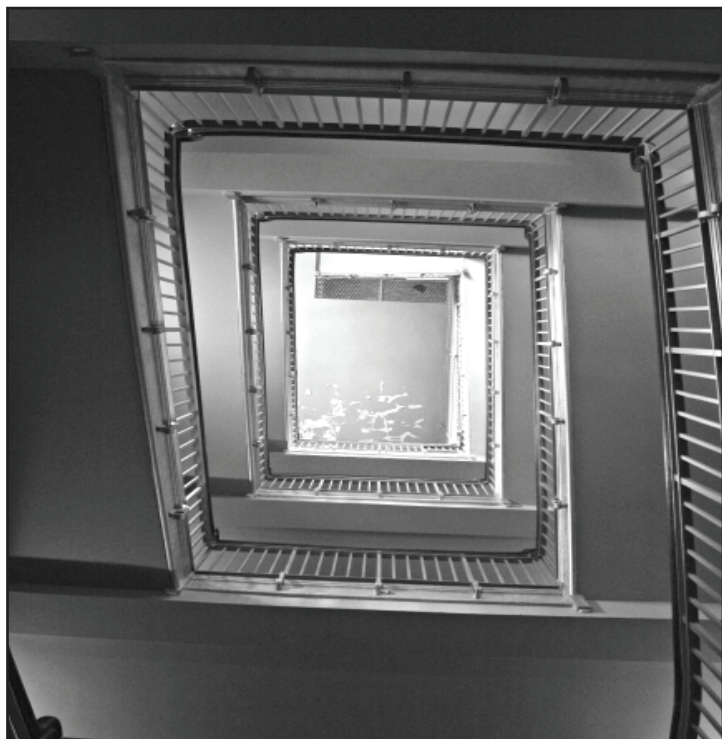
I scour the darkness for hours on end;  
Desperately hoping to find a friend.  
Just when I think I have run out of hope,  
I find in my hands a skyward rope.

I tentatively start to climb,  
Unsure of what I hope to find.  
Determined to escape my hole,  
Reaching the top becomes my only goal.

Still I do climb, slow but sure;  
I want to let go, but still I endure.  
I know in the past I made mistakes,  
But I will get out, whatever it takes.

*Michael Nitzsche '15*





## Paradox

*Edwin Gano '13*

*Vignette 2013*



## Welcome To...

To Whom It May Concern,

Congratulations, you have just embarked upon the greatest adventure you will ever take, Death. We, at Reaper's Resort, realize this would be a confusing time for anyone in your situation, but rest assured, we are here to aide you in your transition into the afterlife. First to dissuade any of your lingering notions, we assure you that you are quite dead, and there will be no returning to the life you previously enjoyed. We realize that this may come as a shock to you; however, the sooner you disregard any notions you may have of returning to the world above, the sooner you will begin to enjoy the full benefits of death. Benefits include immortality, freedom from any and all previous restrictions, and the tropical environment maintained here at Reaper's Resort.

Furthermore, we wish to rid you of any mistaken concepts you may accidentally have about death. Death is not the "Final Ending" you might have been led to believe it was. We, at Reaper's Resort, have taken steps to make your time with us both relaxing and pleasant. While you are staying with us, we will provide you with everything you might need. You will never have to lift a finger again. We want you to think of your death, not as "The End," but as a prolonged vacation, with absolutely no restrictions. While staying with us, you are free to utilize our many amenities, such as our world renowned fiery saunas. As for visitation privileges, you may visit anyone you have ever wanted to see: old family members, deceased friends, and heroes you have previously only read about in history textbooks. There are completely no restrictions on those you can visit. Absolutely everyone is down here, and they all would be more than happy to make your acquaintance. Likewise, any pleasure denied to you in life will be readily available to you in death. Whatever your wishes are, whether it is food, woman, or money, we will be more than happy to provide it for you. We just ask that you alert one of our friendly employees to any desire that may enter your mind, and we assure you that they be more than happy to accommodate you.

Our motto is "Since you're here for eternity, you might as well enjoy yourself." Sadly, we understand that there are still loved ones up above that Reaper's Resort cannot provide you with. However, rest assured they will be checking in soon.

Sincerely,

*Lucy*

Hotel Manager, Reaper's Resort

*Michael Craig Johnson Jr. '14*  
1st place sophomore fiction





**Our Famine House, Kilty Clogher Co. Leitrim**

*Kevin Beck '13*



## Interview

My sweaty palms clench the steering wheel, nervously searching for a parking spot in the crowded lot. Shifting eyes miss open spaces in an anxious stupor, and I have to re-park once I find one, blatantly over the white lines. Checking my stiff, coiffed hair in the rearview, I meet my gaping eyes in the mirror and attempt to talk myself out of an impending, paralyzing panic attack. I sip some water and nearly spill, wiping the residual drips from my trembling lips.

I inhale, deeply, and take a breath mint, before tentatively opening the door and coming out of the safe, familiar car.

Walking toward the coffee shop, I wonder if I am underdressed in a collared shirt and dark jeans, my uniform of sorts.

Scouring the café, I look for anyone that could be an interviewer, but no one catches my eye. I sit at a table, alone, and untie and retie my boots, the ones that give offer an inch of illusory height, out of lingering jitteriness.

I pay for an overpriced black coffee, unable to bear the awkwardness of ordering a sweeter yet more elaborate beverage. As I hand the barista a ten, I scoff as someone next to me asks for a green tea latte, anathema to my caffeine orthodoxy. Turning, I see "Green Tea Latte" and instantly know he is my interviewer. I begin to sweat profusely and hold my arms tightly to my sides so the dark pools that have gathered underneath them stay hidden. In an unexpected act of social tact, I extend my hand.

The rest of our interaction passes in a whirlwind blur. His intimidating, exotic, dark frames contrast the genuine or at least well-feigned interest with which he asks about my major – Psychology – and favorite movie – *Like Crazy*. We firmly shake hands and, as I return to my car, I worry that I babbled circuitously and made my intentions unclear, indecisive. My hands are alarmingly dry as I grip the wheel this time – an auspicious sign? Perhaps I gave a good interview after all.

I stare at my phone, waiting for a call that would never come.

*Zachary Willis '13*



## Pick Me Up

*Timothy Li, '14*



**Abandon Ship**

*Edwin Gano '13*

## Excuse

Honestly,  
The thing is  
It couldn't be helped.  
It's just not my fault.  
You see, it's like this:  
I really tried.  
Really.  
I know that it doesn't seem  
Plausible  
But it's true.  
I swear.  
I didn't expect it to turn out this way either;  
Unlucky things like this  
Just seem to happen to me.  
Tomorrow should be better,  
Or the next day,  
For sure.  
I hope.

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*

## Blackout

Even inside and forty miles from the coast, the wind was deafening. Trees bent and waved in the tumultuous gale accompanying the “hundred year” and “once in a lifetime” storm that was Hurricane Sandy. I sat in my living room, flipping channels between various news networks, all offering different, and seemingly haphazard, predictions of the location and severity of the tempest that would come to be known as a “superstorm.” As the storm progressed and the winds grew stronger, block after block of the houses surrounding mine went black, alerting me to the transience of my time with heat and electricity. Power to my house fluctuated, turning off for a second or two, and then back on. Around eleven o’clock, the lights went out, this time for good, and, lighting a candle, I put down the remote control and picked up a book.

I awoke the next morning and walked outside to view the destruction. A tree had fallen into the road, blocking the thoroughfare in the middle yet leaving both ends unobstructed. My brother, sister, and I, presented with no alternatives, took advantage of the makeshift cul-de-sac and played hours of football, interrupted only by a parade of what my brother and I derisively referred to as “geniuses,” drivers that, seeing the passable end of the road, made the turn only to realize later that their search for a route home would continue. Neighbors milled around, gossiping over rumors of the mayhem down south. With no cell reception or newspaper delivery, rumors, but for a battery powered radio that sat perched on the kitchen counter, were the only means of news available. Some came with reports that the storm had missed the coast; others claimed that Long Beach Island had been swept out to sea.

Without a generator, the house was inescapably cold, especially as the nighttime temperatures dropped to the thirties. The darkness, along with the instinct to hit a light switch upon entrance to a room, became frustrating. The smoke detectors in the house, perturbed by the required change in power source, whined through the night much to the displeasure of the residents and, presumably, the neighbors. After a day of darkness, cold, and shrill beeping however, the lack of electricity became rather pleasant. In the two days I spent without power, I read a book that I otherwise might not have started and handwrote a paper I might otherwise have blown off. My sudden surge in productivity was a lesson in the hindrances that technology imposes on our lives, providing a way to spend time becoming stupider rather than more knowledgeable.



Early in the morning, fifty-four hours after my house was originally rendered powerless, I was awoken by a radio alarm clock, a television, a smoke detector, and every light in the house. My brother, who placed all the switches in the “on” position to alert us to the return of electricity, seemingly never considered the possibility of the electrical team working through the night. He and my sister were ecstatic and happily spent the day before the television and computer, while I sat more sullenly, somehow longing for the return of that which I had previously feared. The novel that the day before had been captivating became boring in the presence of a plethora of now-functioning electronics. As the chainsaws blared and the large tree was removed from the road, the world went back to normal. The blocked avenue once again became a bustling motorway for those blind to how fast the world now moves and how peaceful it is when it slows down.

*John Malague '15*



**KAMEHAMEHAA!**

*Edwin Gano '13*

*Vignette 2013*





## Captive

*Luke O'Keefe '14*





## Worth a Thousand Words

If one does not believe in the saying,  
all one needs to do is look at a picture.  
More than an image,  
a picture carries weight and emotion,  
mere drops of ink, that cause  
waterfalls of emotion.  
They may show nothing more than  
a memory of times past  
yet, these simple designs,  
these simple scraps of paper,  
create such a flood of emotion,  
even the poets of yore are at a loss for words.  
A picture of the concentration camps can bring  
a Holocaust survivor to tears,  
just as a picture of a cheering crowd helps  
a former athlete to remember happier times.  
They bring to light what was once  
a black and white remembrance.  
They take ideas and memories once held  
only by the mind and make them tangible.  
They give people the chance to crinkle  
or frame the memory, to remember or forget.

*Daniel Kozub '13*

## The Best Breakfast in Town

Omelets up! Pancakes, French toast, quiche Lorraine, eggs, bacon, sausage links, ham, biscuits, corned beef hash, potatoes, fruit, and muffins of all flavors... all for eight dollars? It's everyone's favorite meal - breakfast - St. Ann's style.

Once a month, all of Raritan, New Jersey, rushes to St. Ann's Church, at the corner of Thompson and First, to feast on the best breakfast in town. Inside the kitchen, the Knights of Columbus, aided by their loyal Squires, cook up culinary creations beyond belief. With batters flipping, ham slicing, and bacon crisping all morning, they put on a spectacular show while putting out the most delectable dishes that their customers will enjoy for an entire month.

At every breakfast, the first person through the door is the mayor. A parishioner of St. Ann's, she and several friends linger for over an hour, chatting away, enjoying a little bit of everything. "The omelets here are the best in town!" she always exclaims while filling out her order sheet. The Knights take their omelets very seriously. In an extremely organized fashion, customers personalize special omelets by circling choices of meats, veggies, and cheeses. Orders are sent to the kitchen, where the chef grants every request. The entire process takes ten to fifteen minutes. When the dish is ready, everybody shouts, "Omelet up!" and a server proudly presents the plate to its ravenous owner.

The best part of the breakfast is the atmosphere. Workers and patrons alike join the festivities, from scrambling the eggs to devouring a sausage. The place can be called anything from gourmet to gourmand. The event attracts breakfast goers of all ages, shapes, and sizes. Everybody leaves with a very satisfied stomach. These feasts also have a more serious side. The Knights donate all proceeds of the event to various worthy causes, which include veterans, victims of natural disaster, food banks, the parish, or the school. Collections also aid groups of people in need. The most recent drive supported veterans living in the Lyons VA home.

So join St. Ann's every second Sunday of the month and experience breakfast like never before. The Knights are ready for the occasion no matter the season or the weather. Come in October for pumpkin and apple pancakes. Come in December prepared for gingerbread doughnuts and sugarplum pudding. Come in March to scoff down a green short stack. Eat till the tummy weighs a ton for just eight dollars. Don't forget to take home leftovers so the St. Ann's breakfast experience can live on for the rest of the week!

*Lucas Pick '16*

1st place freshman nonfiction





## Family Love

*Edwin Gano '13*

*Vignette 2013*

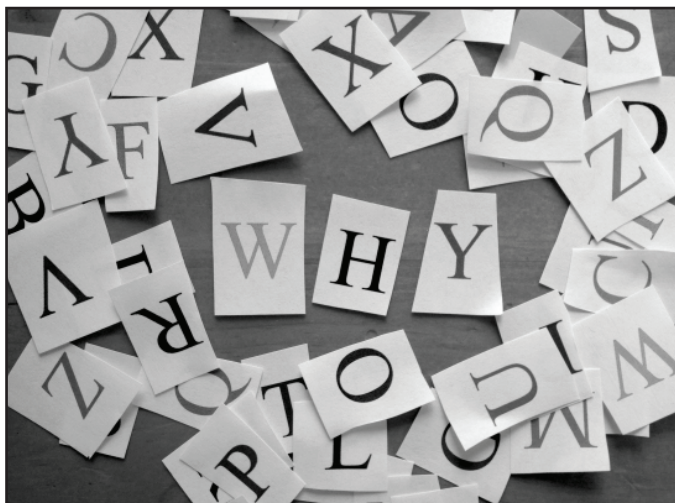


## The Alphabet

He is the letter that always comes first.  
He is the letter never seen as the worst.  
    Before all, and after none,  
    A is the one that starts all the fun!  
    After A, comes the buzzing B,  
    Who frequently flies by the watery C  
When they are visited by friends D, E, F, and G,  
    Who stop by occasionally.  
But look over there to the next symbols in line,  
There lies the welcoming letters of H and of I,  
    Who will warmly greet us as we pass,  
And demonstrate some of their well-known class.  
Now next we'll find the jokesters, J and K,  
    Who always will have something funny to say.  
And although some may think they are out of place,  
    They will always brighten up the space.  
Now this alphabet was built to last,  
But let's remember to not go too fast.  
    Let's quickly stop and say hello  
    To the next letters of L, M, N, and O.  
    And so after O comes P, too,  
Followed by Q, searching for her best friend U.  
    But how unfortunate for the two,  
Because this alphabet goes R, S, T, then U!  
    Right after U lives V, and as you can see,  
    This next letter looks a lot like he.  
But don't worry, you're not seeing double,  
It's just the next letter, W, causing trouble.  
    The last three letters are X, Y, and Z,  
    Featuring X and Y's sibling rivalry.  
And although their fights are something to see,  
    The last letter Z just wants to be free...  
    So this is the end, that was them all,  
The Alphabet family has only twenty-six to call.  
However you're a fool if you think we are done,  
    Come with me, I'll introduce you to I!

Zachary Dau '15  
1st place sophomore poetry





## Endless Possibilities

*Carter Coudriet '14*

*Vignette 2013*





## Save Me

*Edwin Gano '13*

## Blueberries

She escapes to the blooming, estival woods,  
Twirling in a pleated, conservative gingham dress,  
Ironed by her meticulous mother. Her mousy hair is plaited  
Immaculately in an austere braid down her back.

Sporadically a runaway breeze breaks the humidity,  
Liberating her from the stifling mugginess of late morning.  
She removes the ties and pins from her locks,  
Creating a trail as she shakes out her mane.

In the distance lies a thorny bush, bejeweled with  
Lustrous blueberries. Ravenous, she flies to the bramble and  
Denudes the thicket of its fruit. She is satiated but somehow empty.  
She returns home, tearing her pristine skirt on the thorns.

*Zachary Willis '13*  
1st place senior poetry



## A Long Day

Never again, never can I  
Make that grueling trip up I-95.

If you were me, what would have you done?  
Sandy was flying and there were no flights, not even one

To take me out of the Sunshine State,  
So I was thinking about calling her to take her on a date.

I could probably slow her down, have her take it easy.  
I'd tell her, "Sandy, honey, use some reason."

"I have AP Calculus and AP Lit..."  
What? You can't stop? I don't want to hear it!

I now realized I'd be weathering more than one storm  
Because that 19-hour drive I'd have to take would be quite the chore.

Out of Florida I burst in the rental minivan  
Through Georgia and the Carolinas, the Southeast's desolate heartland.

The emptiness that surrounded me on those long open roads  
Was opposed with the idea that I would soon be at home.

Sandy started crying when the clock struck one.  
In Richmond, I saw her and yelled, "What have you done?"

She never said why she was angry that night,  
No explanation was given, but when I saw the light

Of day, around 7 a.m., when the sky was a threatening black and gray,  
I had finally made it, snug in my bed, all tucked away.

*James Ziemba '13*





## Appalachia

*Luke O'Keefe '14*

## A Penny

There before me lies  
Sitting atop the concrete sidewalk  
An underdog.  
One of one hundred  
In a dollar.  
One of five hundred  
In five dollars.  
One of one thousand  
In ten dollars.  
Ungratefully kicked around  
Like a victim enduring an overbearing boss.  
Its Value  
Dependent on the eye of the beholder.  
To a wealthy being,  
Nothing to be missed, menial, and mundane,  
To the Poor,  
A petite step closer to another day.  
As a single circular copper coin lies in my palm now,  
Once a shiny bronze trading card,  
I think nothing of it; I expect more.  
I may uselessly heave it into a fountain,  
wishing for a greater fortune.  
A penny  
To me  
I see a tombstone  
And its epitaph  
*"IN GOD WE TRUST."*  
Once awake,  
But now asleep  
Like the man  
The coin is commemorating.  
A Penny,  
Waiting to be called upon once again,  
Inactive and sleeping in the far corners of  
each wallet,  
or each purse.  
Waiting to awaken.  
It was of worth,  
but is now unworthy.

Samuel Javier '16  
1st place freshman poetry



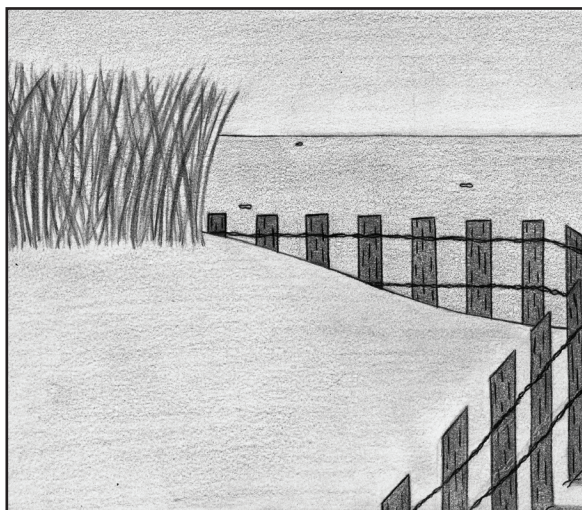


## Lucky

*Michael Drabich '16*

## *C'est la vie*

*Je me souviens,  
Je me souviens de la promenade sur la plage.  
Regardent le coucher du soleil avec ses flammes,  
vives et brulant dans le ciel.  
Je vois les vagues bleues et claires de l'océan s'écrasent sur le rivage.  
Je sens l'eau glacée qui me chatouille les pieds,  
levant des sentiments d'excitation.  
La mousse blanche, bouillonne, attaque, et recule.  
Cette beauté, le sublime, me fait réaliser que je suis seul.  
J'entends les enfants au loin,  
et je me souviens de meilleurs jours.  
Le bonheur,  
l'amour,  
Et la joie remplissent mon cœur.  
Je me souviens,  
Je me souviens de la promenade sur la plage.*

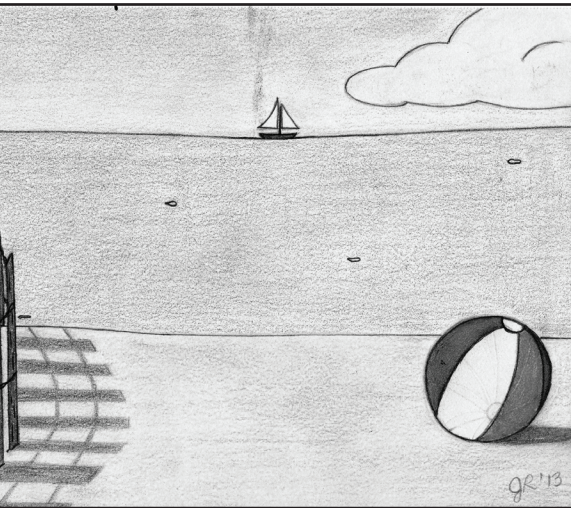


Sunday at

## That's Life

I remember,  
I remember walking on the beach.  
Watching the sunset with its flames  
burning brightly in the sky.  
I see the clear blue waves of the ocean crashing on the shore.  
I feel the icy water tickling my feet,  
raising feelings of excitement.  
White foam — bubbles, attacks, and retreats.  
This beauty, the sublime, makes me realize that I am alone.  
I hear the children far away,  
and I remember better days.  
Happiness,  
Love,  
and joy fill my heart.  
I remember,  
I remember walking on the beach.

*Vikas Munjal '14*



**the Beach**

*John Radil '13*

*Vignette 2013*

## 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 annual 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. Aldrich Smith S.C.**

Teacher
Guidance Counselor
Principal
Coach
Mentor
Brother
Friend



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 10-12 point. Headlines were set in Book Antiqua 12-14 point. The *Vignette* was created using Adobe Illustrator, Adobe Photoshop, and Adobe InDesign.

The cover was designed by Edwin Gano '13. 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 86 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 for their assistance with submissions.

Vignette Literary Magazine Awards

- 2012: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2011: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2010: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2009: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2008: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2007: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2006: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”
- 2003 : ASPA – “Second Place”
- 2002: ASPA – “First Place”
- 2001: ASPA – “First Place”



A predominant memory of 2012 is Hurricane Sandy, which disrupted our school year as much as our lives. With the post-apocalyptic scenes of uprooted trees, flooding, and the destruction of the Jersey shore, it was hard not to focus on the tragedies of that storm. When I reflect on those challenging times, I try to think about the positive aspects that came from Hurricane Sandy but sadly, very few emerge; however, the desire to find something good in something bad inspired me to create this piece. Using a hot glue gun, I lined the top of a canvas with crayons, making sure that they were in a gradient so that people would be able to see the individual colors instead of an overall blend. I wanted to highlight the contrast between the person and the melted wax, so I used a black Sharpie to draw the silhouette of a woman. I drew the person as a completely black figure in order to make her generic, and ultimately show how tragedy does not discriminate when it hits. In order to get the dripping rain effect, I used a hairdryer to melt the crayons. This was very tedious because the wax would sometimes go flying off the canvas instead of dripping straight down. In spite of the challenges, I was satisfied with the final outcome not only because of the interesting effect of the running crayon wax, but also because these colors blending, yet still distinct, symbolize how so many individuals came together following Hurricane Sandy to help each other and rebuild. The piece reflects our theme that we are stronger together than we are as individuals.

Edwin Gano '13

