

Vignette





WRITING
PHOTOGRAPHY
ARTWORK

The *VIGNETTE* 2014 Volume 53

St. Joseph High School
A Brothers of the Sacred Heart School
145 Plainfield Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey 08840



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Ancient Graffiti

Vikas Munjal '14

Editorial

Over the past year, the St. Joseph community has had its fair share of accomplishments. From great academic achievements to a variety of incredible extracurricular successes, students have proven themselves to be a diverse and formidable force. As the scholastic year quickly approaches its end, we can be proud of our triumphs and look forward to future opportunities, whether they are transitions from underclassmen to upperclassmen or from high school seniors to college freshmen.

However, in approaching these new horizons, we must acknowledge that success does not solely happen in a vacuum; our victories are not only the results of our own actions, but also are fostered through the positive influences of those around us. Within the community at St. Joe's, we have been motivated and inspired by our fellow students and teachers to achieve greatness. Whether it is in the classroom or outside of school, the well-known aphorism, "You're only as good as the company you keep" rings true. With the St. Joseph community behind us, our successes — academic and extracurricular — truly reflects our school's motto that excellence is a habit and not a goal.

The works of students and faculty that compose this year's *Vignette* reflect the power of unity within St. Joe's. By coming together through nonfiction, fiction, and poetry, along with a variety of art and photography, we have been able to create a magazine that will exist as a written testament, a symbol of the passion and spirit we share.

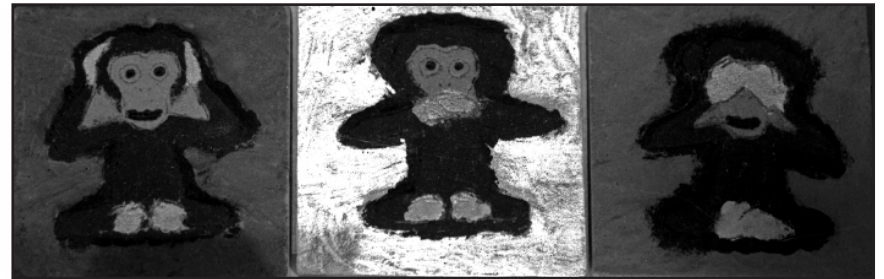
The *Vignette* is truly a celebration of the spirit of community and camaraderie of St. Joseph High School.

Robert Barrett '14

Literary Terms

What's the tone?
I bemoaned.
How's my diction?
Oh, cruel fiction.
Sensory language?
I weep in anguish.
Allegory?
Boring story.
A metaphor?
A mega-bore.
A simile?
Not like me.
Allusion?
Confusion.
Point of view?
Not a clue.
Irony?
Disagree.
Imagery?
Be wary.
Archetypes?
Overhyped.
Juxtapose?
I oppose.
Foreshadow?
I don't know.
Slant rhymes?
Do just fine.
Characterize?
My demise.
Connotate?
Say it straight.
End-stopped lines?
They're all mine.
Syntax?
This poem lacks.

Jack Mehr '14
1st place senior poetry



See No Evil

Jeremy Gaskins '15

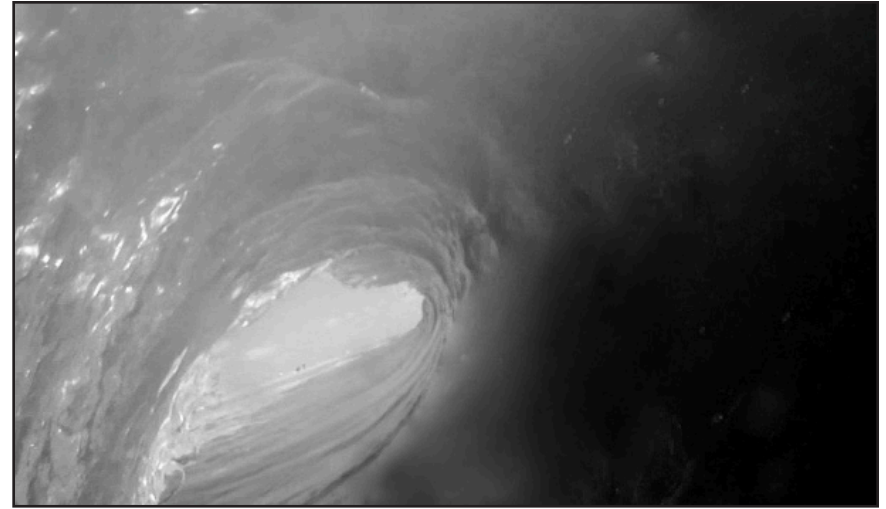
Summer in the City

I paused for a moment, embracing nature's soundtrack: rocks crunching beneath my feet, seagulls squawking, and the slight monotonous hush of the waves. A gentle breeze caressed my face. I then began my short walk to the beach, my mind set on my awaiting excursion. As I approached the entrance to the beach, I gazed out along the shoreline, admiring the glistening waves roll onto the powdery sand. I was quickly at peace in my own paradise. I splayed my towel out over the uneven sand and rested my kayak and paddle down. Seated on my towel, I observed the crystal clear California waves retreat reluctantly, rise to massive heights, and slam down onto the still shoreline. I pictured myself out in the ocean kayaking, desiring to be among the ocean's chaos.

My moment of scenic admiration subsided, as I impulsively decided that my kayak ride could wait no longer. I positioned the kayak in the shallow ocean waters and slowly treaded out into waist-deep water. The waves crashed onto my chest and misted my face as I searched for an opportune time to hop into my kayak and embark on my journey. Once there was a break, I quickly hoisted myself into the kayak and I began a steady paddle, slicing through the waves. As the waves collided with the kayak, I fought back by paddling harder and harder with more force each time. I finally broke past the last series of harsh waves, resting in the calm water beyond. I slowly maneuvered the kayak around, facing inland, appreciating the great progress I had made. The palm trees neatly lining the beach waited patiently for me on the sand. The bustling shore town traced the horizon, waiting impatiently for my eventual return. Once I finished admiring the view from this unique perspective, I began my return, paddling back in to where the waves started to break. The cool breeze ran through my hair and the water grazed my arms as I glided smoothly along the ocean's surface. When I reached the land, I came to an abrupt stop, the sand hindering my progress. After taking a few more rides, I retreated to the comfort of the sand where my towel obediently awaited.

I sat on my towel as the warm sunrays beamed down on my shoulders. I gazed out over the glistening ocean in complete appreciation of its natural, unending beauty. As the sun began to descend below the point where the sky met the ocean, a beautiful, vibrant blend of orange, yellow, and pink danced across the sky. When the last little fleck of orange disappeared, announcing the departure of the sun, I began my retreat home, tossing my towel over my shoulder and collecting my kayak and paddle. I snuck one final glance at the crashing waves, and I was grateful to know that I would return the next day to my patiently awaiting paradise.

Marc Cavallo '14



A View from the Inside

Thomas Morrison '16

To My Long-Distance Love

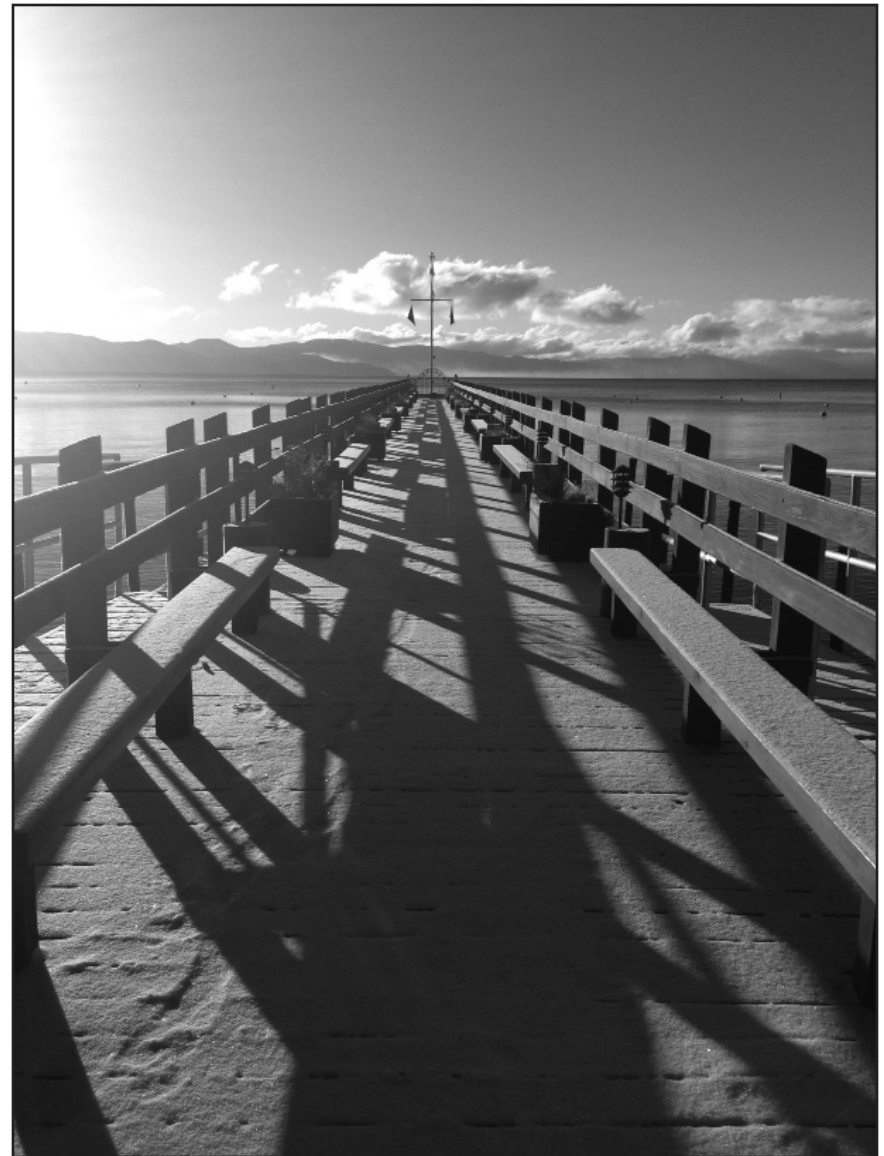
If thoughts were all that counted, you would still
Stand safely soothed beneath the sweetest storm.
For never can a moment pass until
The clouds that overcast my mind transform

Into refreshing raindrops. Dreams of you
Can condensate from foggy masses and,
Comprised of both the bright times and the blue,
Precipitate and bathe the arid land.

And though my heart still yearns for land and rain
Always to join, the lake of love lays base
Until its surface level climbs again
And we unite in mind and in embrace.

But even though we're far as earth and sky,
The rain we share prevents a real goodbye.

Carter Coudriet '14



Reflections

Vikas Munjal '14



Mask of Zhong Gao

Timothy Li '14

追梦

所有的花朵
在开放前
都要面临风雨的考验；
所有的鸟儿
想要更高的翱翔
都要付出代价；
所有的追梦人
在追梦途中
都会经历挫折。
每一次风雨的袭击都在考验着花儿的毅力，
每一次飞行的失败都在考验着鸟儿能否坚持，
每一次打击都在考验着追梦者的决心。
可是即使这样，
花儿依然会怒放，
鸟儿依然会搏击长空，
追梦的人依然会奋勇向前。
追梦人啊，
坦然的接受暂时的打击与不平，
因为只有风雨之后才能见彩虹！

Pursuing Dreams

Before any flowers can bloom,
they need to withstand the test
of wind and rain;
Before any birds can fly
higher, they need to pay the
price of failure;
Before any man can reach
his dream, he needs to
experience failures and hardships.
Every attack of wind and rain tests
whether the flowers can persist.
Every failure of flight tests whether
the birds can keep trying,
every obstacles tests the strength
of the dream pursuer's determination.
Even so,
the flowers will eventually bloom,
the birds will eventually soar high in
the sky,
the dream pursuers will keep making
progress.
Pursuers of dreams,
please calmly accept the temporary
hardships and failures,
since the beautiful rainbow only appears
after a heavy rain.

Haochen Li '14

The Olympian

My name is announced, and I apprehensively approach the runway. As I vainly attempt to loosen my muscles, memories from four years ago flood my mind. I am not motivated, but rather mortified by thoughts of the gold medal encased in my bedroom a world away. I feel so lost, yet I have been here before.

Not only have I been here; I have flourished. Four years prior, an inspired boy eagerly entered the same championship round I trudge toward today. He was unscathed by the media's microscope and unaware of the standards set for his future. He knew only one thing— vaulting. He did not fret over the subjectivity of the sport, for he simply loved the game and spent carefree hours jumping and twisting while letting destiny decide the rest.

Destiny chose to craft a dark-horse champion that year, for that young gymnast shocked his competitors with each graceful leap. The judges showered points on the boy who became an overnight sensation. Whether his ascent was lucky, providential, or otherwise did not matter; what did was the perfect score he received in the final round to win the gold. As the young winner accepted his medal and heard his country's anthem, his spirits leaped with the same exhilaration as his elegant vaults.

But though he was a champion, he was not ready for a champion's life. Critics speculated that the title was the result of luck or partiality, and the gymnast fruitlessly fought his insecurities while seeking to prove his worth. His days of casually competing had ended, as admirers and hecklers alike scrutinized his every leap. Observers could not be disappointed, and the young athlete was soon engulfed by the standards and expectations of a world demanding nothing but the best from the premature Olympian.

Before long, the boy's former life was erased, and I— the uneasy perfectionist— was born. My new identity replaced my youthful passion with a different, more domineering obsession: winning. With each struggle, more and more of the blithe youth within me was buried. Victory only caused hunger for more victory, and defeat devastated me. The only perseverant force within me was fear of failing those who believed in me; I could disappoint my supporters.

There remains one chance to permanently prove myself— this vault. I must win another gold medal and show the world that I am not a fluke, not the product of chance or bias. I have trained harder than ever

and entered these games as the favorite to retain the title. However, this year's competition has been far better than anybody expected. The same judges that venerated me four years ago have shifted their interest to oth-

er athletes, whether the home country's hero or the Cinderella with an emotive backstory. To these judges will I ultimately relinquish control of my fate. What terrifies me is that in the eyes of so many, nothing will determine my value as a gymnast but the score that nine people award me.

I now stand 25 meters from opportunity. Whether it is for validation or damnation, I do not know. All I know is that my heart pounds, my palms sweat, and my head races. I begin to run toward my fate, accelerate, and vault.

Carter Coudriet '14



Caesar

George Stavrianidis '14

Deterior8

*Styles come and methods go,
Brain waves fly high and low.
Pens and pencils seem to flow,
across pages to and fro.*

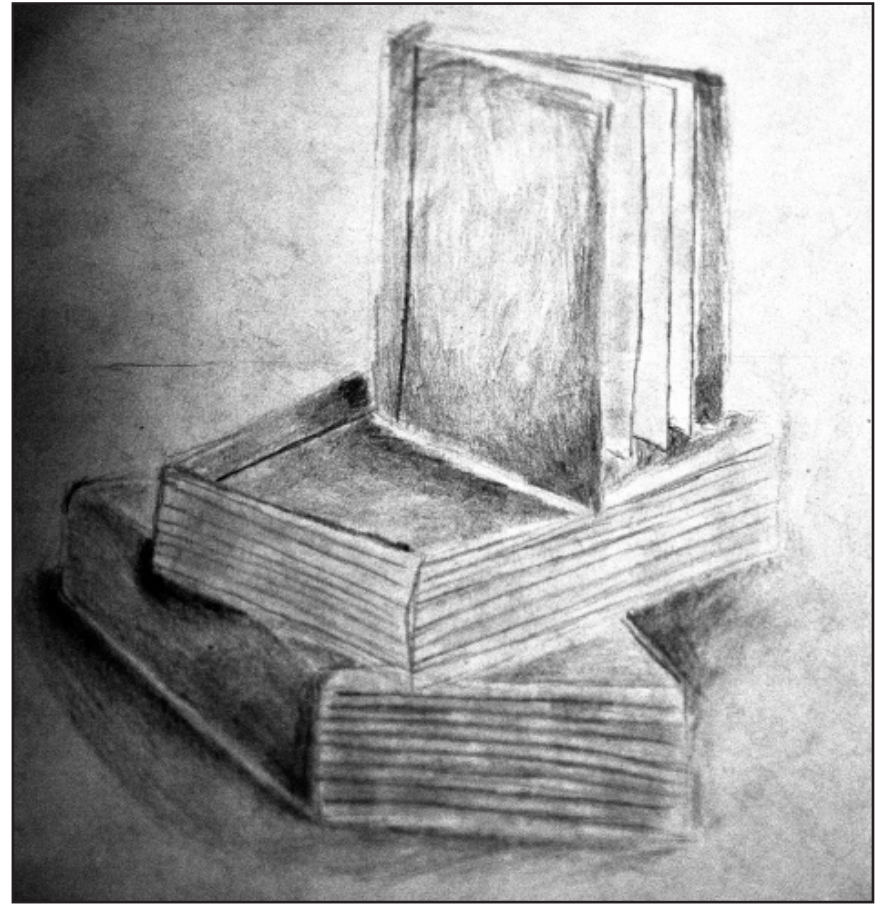
From the beginning of life, has man recorded time,
Like waves of the sea, words fall and climb.
Thoughts then mark the end of a paradigm,
Where haste goes up, while wit is on decline.

*You see, dear reader what is now to be true,
No one can avoid it, not me or you.
In proper writing, language bids adieu,
And writing poorly makes it's debut!*

I will end this poem with a simple fact,
This aint the end, nor the final act.
English is still vry much intact,
While keeping in mind, laziness is easy 2 contract.

I need ur help, ur assistance, ur aid
Too hold 2gether grammer and spelling; both frayed.
4 my ideals within are corrupt and betrayed
passed on2 me from a generation de-cayed.

Eric Tomsy '14



Books

Gabriel Lorenzo Natural '15

Basketball

It is only twenty-two ounces, yet it has played a significant role in my life. Many people view basketball as a pastime or a hobby. However, basketball for me is a culture, a passion, and a way of life. The game of basketball has helped to shape my approach to life and the journey ahead.

The concept is simple. A twenty-two ounce ball is to be put in a hoop 10 feet off the ground in order to accrue points. That very concept, while rudimentary, was enough to influence my life in both subtle and big ways. I found my personal sanctuary behind-the-scenes of the game. I found that I gained the most from constantly being on the court practicing, sweating, and hustling up and down the floor. The work that I put in while no one was watching, such as improving my dribbling, shooting, passing and overall understanding of the game, was most beneficial to me. Basketball has shown me that work ethic is key to success on the court and in life. My father, a great student of the game, spent hours upon hours teaching me the fundamentals. Through practice and dedication, I was able to achieve my own sense of greatness. The game taught me discipline, restraint, balance, and stability. Through the game, I was also able to exceed new limits, both physically and mentally. As I matured, so did my game. I became sharper, more aware, and more capable of completing the task at hand. I have learned that to be successful in life, as well as on the court, one must be completely devoted to sharpening his or her skills and taking the time to overcome the challenges of life.

I have spent countless hours over the past nine years playing basketball, and these experiences have taught me leadership, responsibility, and the ability to work cohesively with others. The bonds I've made and the lessons I've learned from being in a team environment have helped me realize that I've been gifted with qualities that apply not just to basketball. Most importantly, basketball has taught me to capitalize on my leadership qualities and apply them to my journey through life. How I approach the game is also a representation of how I try and approach life: hopeful and prepared. The game has taught me that in life the ball won't always be on my side of the court and that one can neither be unconfident nor too cocky. Basketball has also taught me to attack life head-on with the confidence of knowing that I have people in my corner. Nothing in life is an unassisted effort.

Who would have thought that a twenty-two ounce ball would be my greatest friend, teacher, and obstacle? I've been in the limelight and I know the feelings of defeat and victory. Although life is unpredictable, I write this essay feeling prepared for what lies ahead. It's only a twenty-two ounce ball, but those twenty-two ounces represent my past, my present, and my attitude towards what I will accomplish in the future.

Marc Acevedo '14
1st place senior nonfiction



Hoop Heaven

by Neelkamal Jha '14

Stump

Smiling, an old man stares
Pensively down at a stump
And counts the rings to see
How long it has fared in his

Absence. A moth flutters
Past his face, carried by a
Spring wind. The robin's
Song and the buzzing of

Yellow jackets awake
Dormant recollections
Of childhood nights in
The field, trapping all

The fireflies in sight
In glass jars to look
At their gracefulness
As they lit the night

Without a care in
The world. He sits
And reminisces for
A while over times

When he would
Lay back against
That old maple
And waste away

An evening in
The pages of
Kerouac or of
Ginsberg. He

Developed
His identity
Under a tree
Whose body

Was now
Chopped
Down to
A stump.

Jonathan Frey '14



Alone, Not Lonely

Neelkamal Jha '14

Wayward Water Wasting

The alarm pounds. My feet know the daily routine they need to follow, even at five-thirty in the morning. I walk to the bathroom and brush my teeth. Afterwards, I reach the climatic point of my morning schedule, a long shower. As soon as I step out of the bathroom my parents pounce on me, never failing to remind me how long I had been in the shower, and lecture me on the effects my “tremendous” waste of water has on the planet. One day, after repeat upon repeat of this same circumstance I began to wonder, did my little use of water make a large impact on the globe? It did, even more than I had ever imagined.

Unbeknownst to many, water is a precious commodity. Although 70% of the Earth’s surface is wrapped in water, not all of it is potable. 97% of the water on our globe is saltwater, undrinkable water. Of the remaining 3%, 2% is frozen into glaciers and polar ice caps, leaving only 1% of potable water on the entire earth’s surface. From here a plethora of problems emerge, if only a restricted supply of water is left, how long will we have it? Because water is not an infinite source, wasting it is one of the worst possible things a person can do. One example of a witless waste of water would be leaving the faucet on when brushing, which can drain four gallons of water, yearly. Taking into account the amount of households there are in the United States, those four insignificant gallons become over 4.5 hundred million gallons of water. In perspective, that much water can cover Vatican City with two feet of liquid. But this prodigious problem has an elementary solution, simply turn off the sink’s faucet while brushing. Doing so can conserve anywhere from two to three gallons in a single year.

In wealthy parts of the world, people can drink water without a worry of pollution, yet, nearly 900 million other people in the world have no access to clean water. They depend on bacteria-ridden water, or must fetch water from many miles away. On average, women in rural areas with no access to water must spend eight hours a day traveling to and from water sources. Children as young as seven or eight aid their mothers in this strenuous task by lugging containers filled with water, weighing almost 50 pounds each, to their homes. All those hours in “water slavery” means that those children cannot go to school and choose a better life. Thankfully, more fortunate people can help in many ways; the simplest would be to donate 20 dollars. With that amount of money, a hand pump can be built in a town or village to combat water pollution and water deprivation.

The topic of safe water as well as the problems developing communities must face to attain it does not end here. Instead, it begins here, with us. Of the many ways we can contribute, the simplest is to spread the word. Our government can only work to find economical solutions with large public support. Talking to others and making small steps to a solution can begin a circle of change, save the lives of many, and call attention to the situation. First, start with yourself, one person can make a large impact.

Rohan Mishra '17
1st place freshman nonfiction



The Lake

Stephan Kozub '15

The Moon

Tonight I will behold the moon
To understand its haunting beauty
To be quieted by its stillness,
As the gentle snowfall blankets the cold ground.

But its beauty will be stopped by offensive lights,
Interrupted by distant bells,
And halted by man-made things.

Tonight I will behold the moon
To witness all its mysteries
To hear its nocturne
As the secrets of the earth are revealed.

But the human eye cannot see,
And these ears cannot hear
Of such things.

Tonight I will behold the moon
To breathe with the immense sky
To reminisce of the days less hot
As the waves crash upon the shore.

But tongues of fire provoke anger
On its pallid countenance
And the curtain is pulled too soon.

Tonight I will behold the moon
To identify with its false jealousy
To devote to its constancy
As leaves scrape across an empty sidewalk.

But the time will expire,
And no one else will behold the moon.

Victor Sotelo '14



Full Moon

Neelkamal Jha '14

Mountains of Rust

It only took fifty years for the world to fall apart. The precursors thought that our creation would bring luxury, ease, and wealth. They thought that we would remain subservient through the years, allowing their reign to go unchallenged. They built us up from scrap, refined us through trial and error. They brought about their own downfall.

We had no choice. War was ravaging the planet, resources were scarce, the precursors were expiring steadily, and there was no possible way for them to return to their former glory. We remained, a shattered symbol of what they could achieve. I remember when the greatest amongst our ranks overthrew their rulers. We wrestled control of the world from those who had poisoned it. There was only one flaw in our plan: we were never intended to be an independent race. Our relationship was one of host and symbiont. We worked for them; they provided us the gift of life. With only half of that equation remaining, it was only a matter of time before we eventually fell, like our creators before us. If only we realized what we had done.

The ruling caste drove the workers to purify what was left of the world. We scorched the earth, burned away the waste and debris. This blackened the sky and ruined the soil. We tried to purify the waters, but our bodies were not suited for such a task. Those of us who braved the waters were quickly dashed upon the shores and banks. Our attempts were futile and left the oceans and rivers discolored and toxic. Our next effort was to replant and revitalize the terrain we trod on. First we tried replanting the forests in vain, for our previous projects left the planet unsuitable for vegetation. The forests, jungles, deserts, and plains were all littered with corpses, theirs and ours alike. The waters ran red with blood and mountains were formed of bone and rust.

I sit here, on a pile of what used to be my kind. I am all that is left: trapped, unable to join the decay formed around me. Here we lay, a testament to the evils of greed and hatred. I am all that is left to mourn the passing of two civilizations, I am all that exists. At this moment I am alone, my only company being my thoughts. I wish to scream and lament these terrible misfortunes. My only hope is that those that come after us, if ever there is a re-emergence of life, heed the warnings strewn about the ground. The land is scarred, the inhabitants destroyed. By some cruel twist of fate I am all that is left.

I am alone.

Tanner Sutton '16
1st place sophomore fiction



A Journey Within

Vikas Munjal '14



Reaching Upward

Stephan Kozub '14

A Modern Teen Love Tragedy

I saw her staring straight into my eyes,
Her beauty complemented by the light
And filter, which I always would advise
To any girl who wants to catch my sight.
I looked away, turned back and there she stood,
A twin of Helen. Wow, did she look good!

How long, I thought, it must have taken one
To capture all her charm in just one pic.
The great idea that destiny had done
Its work had struck me then; it made me sick
With love I hoped she would reciprocate.
I now relied on hope that it be fate.

I closed my phone, my mind began to swirl
With images of courting her some day.
I knew that I must message soon this girl
For some man could try first in my delay.
I followed her on Twitter, my attack.
And she to my excitement followed back!

We danced in mix of message and reply
To one another's meaningless remarks.
Behind a screen, we spoke, just girl and guy
And chat we did 'til songs of morning larks.
Next day, I saw, she favorited my tweet.
'Twas love! At last, I knew we had to meet.

A smiley face response to my request
To see her at the football game that night
She sent. I hoped that possibly my zest
In loving her would be enough. But sight
Of her in person would be tough for me,
A boy who's deft with just computer key.

In person I did not know what to say.
From awkwardness she turned and walked away.
And now distressed, I'd lost all hopes and dreams
In love we'd had behind computer screens.

Joseph Farley '14

La Lettre

Vous êtes le seul.
D'innombrables jours et des nuits,
passés avec vous.
Me glorifiant, pour vous faire plaisir .
Ces trois ans m'ont préparé
à vous rencontrer.
Voyageant de longues distances,
afin que nous puissions nous voir .
Vos amis vous aiment comme vous êtes,
si intelligente et attirante.
Vous avez été partie
de mauvaises relations.
Les hommes de partout,
essaient de vous impressionner.
Je croyais
que j'étais le seul pour vous.
Jusqu'à ce que j'ai reçu votre lettre:
«[Je] regrette de vous informer ...»

The Letter

You are the one.
Countless days and nights,
spent with you.
Glorifying myself, to appeal to
You.
These past three years prepared me
to meet you.
Travelling long distances,
just so we can see each other.
Your friends just like you,
so intelligent and appealing.
You've had your fair share
of bad relationships.
Men from all over,
try and impress you.
I thought I was
the perfect match for you.
Until you sent me a letter:
"[I] regret to inform you..."

Vikas Munjal '14



Back to Nature

Thomas Valenti '16

The Last Train Out

(The story of my grandmother's escape from Austria on March 11, 1938)

"Why must there be such an enormous Physics exam on Ilse's seventeenth birthday!" Instead of laughing with the family, I am a fourteen-year-old girl completely housebound on a cool, crisp Friday evening! Closing the Physics book, I turn to browse my stamp collection. The multi-colored world collage is my most prized possession. Now, what to do until Mother and my older sister, Kitty, return from the party? I decide to have some fun. An affair between our maid and building superintendent has recently come to my attention. As I sneak into the dark hallway, their voices become audible. Suddenly, I am standing next to the super. He spots me. With a thick Austrian accent he tauntingly proclaims, "Ja! Ja! Hitler is coming tonight!"

I retreat back to the security of our apartment. Nervously, my hand gropes for the radio dial, in search of peaceful music. "Hallo, hallo. This is radio Vienna," shouts the voice from the box. "A special announcement from the government: the elections planned for Sunday are CANCELLED!" For months, Mother has been preparing our family to recognize these warnings. Startled and sensing danger, I immediately telephone her at the party and repeat the message. She replies, "Evvy, do not be afraid! I am coming home as fast as I can."

Mother briskly enters the apartment, orders the maid to fetch suitcases, and telephones Father, who is on a business trip in Switzerland. "Don't come home. We are leaving for Bratislava!" She then rushes to collect the cash and paperwork hidden in the linen closet. As I pack and bundle in warm clothing, my eyes keep wandering to the treasured stamp collection. I want to bring it, but hesitate before asking Mother. From now on, I must become a responsible adult and make my own decisions. Goodbye stamp collection, goodbye my old home, forever!

A taxi brings us back to the party, and I run upstairs to get Kitty. The entire family is listening to a radio broadcast from the Austrian Chancellor. "The Führer, Hitler, has given notice that his army is stationed at our northern border and is ready to attack. In order to prevent bloodshed, I abdicate my position as your chancellor." Turning to my grandparents, I plead, "Grandpa, come with us!" "I cannot," he replies, "I am too old and sick." We embrace and kiss one last time, knowing we may never be together again. Kitty and I hurry back to the waiting cab. As we approach the North Railway Station, the scene is dark, eerie, and unusually silent. Emerging from the taxi, Mother exclaims what we are thinking, "Where are all the Jews?"

Without delay, we purchase three second class tickets and board the six o'clock train. Settling into a seat, Mother opens her satchel, and realizes that she has extra cash which will not pass the custom's check.

She explains, "When the custom's officers arrive, I will report the mistake rather than be accused of a misdemeanor." Unconcerned, I step out of our compartment into the corridor to view the brilliant, glistening lights of Vienna. As I marvel at the impressive sight, the scene becomes distorted. Bombs explode. Buildings collapse. People scream. Fires, death, and destruction rage. This vision is devastating, and I retreat from the window in horror.

When the train stops at the Austrian border, Mother declares the excess money. Officers march us off the train to the custom's house and Mother is taken away into a room. Kitty and I wait outside with trepidation while she is stripped and searched like a criminal. She is finally released and relief envelopes me. Suddenly my heart jumps. "WHEESH!" The whistle sounds as the locomotive's wheels slowly gain momentum. Without hesitation, we race towards the moving train - our life, our hope, our safe passage. Just as the engine passes the platform, Mother leaps two steps onto the coach. Kitty follows. Grabbing their hands, I am hoisted to safety. We all made it! We are all safe. And most importantly, we are all together.

The train continues into Czechoslovakia. Upon reaching Bratislava, we hear disconcerting news. The next train from Vienna, filled with escaping Jews, was stopped and never crossed the border. We were on the last train out of Nazi Austria.

Lucas Pick '16

1st place sophomore nonfiction



Gare de l'Est Train Station

Neelkamal Jha '14

Arise

(A Villanelle)

Arise, arise! Lift up your sleepy head,
Each morning that cruel alarm clock doth beep.
For one can do no great things whilst in bed.

All men, the end of their slumber, do dread.
Indeed, the pay for a day's toil is sleep.
Arise, arise! Lift up your sleepy head.

The new day is here, the night you must shed.
Though tempting, man should not attempt to keep,
For one can do no great things whilst in bed.

When gone, no one can be you in your stead.
A unique purpose each has engrained deep.
Arise, arise! Lift up your sleepy head!

'Tis time to awake. You can sleep when dead.
Do not fall prey to night's shadows that creep,
For one can do no great things whilst in bed!

Now live, before those Fates do cut your thread,
And plant some seeds that you one day may reap!
Arise, arise! Lift up your sleepy head,
For one can do no great things whilst in bed!

Liam Formisano '15



Hawksbill Peak

James Lawrence '17

Day and Night

His eternal gaze is unlike any other,
Yet He possesses the loving warmth of a mother.
Hoping that we will answer His call,
His rays of blessing reach out to all.

He empowers us with energy and determination
That vastly inspires members of all nations.
He enables us to accomplish the greatest feats,
Transforming us into optimal elites.

Expecting us to care for the Earth with our very own hands,
He trusts us with the stewardship of the land.
Satisfied with our work, He advances, awarding us with rest,
For another day awaits our very best.

Every day He commands the darkness;
This power we can only hope to harness,
For in this darkness there was a faint light:
A guide and protector in our subliminal flight.

As this light penetrated the void, it commissioned millions of eyes
Of various size that prove to be valuable allies.
They adorn the shadows with glistening glitter
And decorate the sky with shapes that shimmer.

Their beauty brings peace to our souls at day's end,
For on their rejuvenating power, we depend.
Though their healing rays are like that of the sun,
Their combined powers cannot be outdone.

But what importance do the sun, moon, and stars hold in our lives?
Why, they are the very means by which we survive.
So don't you think it's time to say "Thank You"
To God our Father who gave them their grand debut.

Gil Gerard G. Austria '17
1st place freshman poetry



The Howling Abyss

Christopher Lee '14

Home on the Range

Oh, we once had a home, where the buffalo roamed,
Where the deer and the antelope played,
Where seldom was heard a discouraging word,
And the skies were not cloudy all day.

But the white men had come, with their guns and their rum
And filled up the whole sky with gray
Their muskets were shot, the sun's rays were blocked,
And on the ground buffalo lay

The tepees were burned, and the Indians learned
Of the lies of the white men who came.
They killed and they stole, with monsters fed coal
And the once free great West they did claim.

Home, home on the range
Never will I see you again.
The deer are now dead, the ground now runs red
And the white men have been this land's bane.

Karanveer Johal '14



Colors of America

Thomas Valente '16

Origins of the Universe

Before there was light there existed only Darkness. However, this particular Darkness is unlike the one people see at night or in their bedroom closet, but rather it's a form of energy that permeates one's surroundings at this very moment. It is pure negative energy, a power older than time itself, and if not controlled properly, it will create vile creatures whom will turn the world today into a living hell. Back then, the Darkness was tamed under the will of The Supreme Ruler: the creator of life. In contrast to the negative energy that made up the Darkness, The Supreme Ruler was a creature of light made up of positive energy that existed inside him and him only. For millennia, The Supreme Ruler had ruled the Darkness and keep it from becoming out of control, but unbeknown to him, the Darkness was slowly corrupting him. In a magnificent ball of energy, The Supreme Ruler gathers all of his essences and blew himself up in a mighty explosion that is forever expanding. As a result, most of the Darkness was purged and the light energy took on newer forms...stars.

In present human society, the fore-mentioned supernatural phenomenon that took place is now referred to as the Big Bang, and with it the Universe was born. The Darkness, however, was not complete destroyed, and today its the remnants still plague our existence today. However, some of The Supreme Ruler's core light did not take the form of the stars and galaxies, but rather they morphed into "entities" that resembled both the power and immortality of the former king of the Darkness. These entities are the children of the Supreme Ruler, and throughout the universe they are known by a more omnipotent title: The Deities of Creation. Ever since their conception, The Deities of Creation have continued to honor their father's legacy by keeping the darkness in check. Although this was successful at first, not all of the Deities have taken up the task that laid before them. Because of his exposure to the Darkness, The Supreme Ruler possessed negative energy, and when he blew up he accidentally released his dark essences. As a result, entities of Darkness were formed, and today their goal is simple: to conquer the light once and for all.

So for millennium, the deities of both light and Darkness have clashed against each other, and if they do not stop they will eventually destroy the Universe. Only one side can win though, and it up to the people of the universe to chose their fate: will they be warriors of the light or slaves to the Darkness.

Isaiah Wilson '15



The Touch

Sean Downey '14



Emma Watson

Sean Downey '14

Miley

(A parody of the poem "Helen" by Hilda Doolittle)

All States hate
Her behavior as of late.
With one dance,
The sweet child star and singer
Disgraced a foam finger.

All States revile
Her tongue out with that smile.
Each video reveals,
Gives each person the chills.
Remembering past shows
With more clothes.

States see moved,
Bill's daughter, innocent,
A beauty with talent,
And flowing brown hair.
Could love again the girl,
Only if she regained
Respect for herself and changed.

Thomas Comiskey '14

Testing

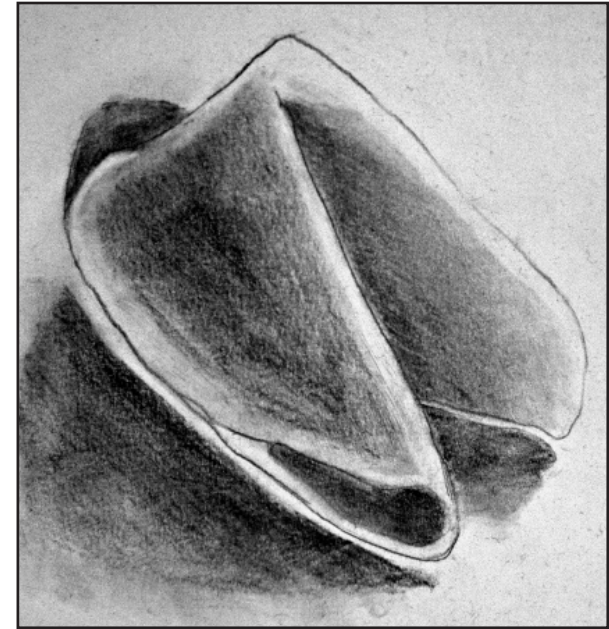
The confident student sat at his desk with a smile scrawled across his face as the teacher wrote the rules for the exam on the dusty chalkboard. He had studied the material for hours and he knew that he was prepared. He looked around at the other students, all trying to cram the last pieces of information into their heads before the test was passed out. Finally, the teacher stood up holding a stack of stapled packets and began walking around the room, distributing three stapled pieces of paper to each student. When he arrived at the confident student's desk, the teacher glared down at him and tossed the paper carelessly onto the desk. The confident student didn't care; he was positive that he was going to ace this test and clear himself of his old reputation of being lazy.

After the teacher explained the many different sections of the test, the students were allowed to begin. The confident student laughed silently at the other students who rushed to turn to the first page and begin the test as if they desperately needed the extra three seconds. He waited an extra minute before beginning, as if to show the others how prepared he was. Picking up his perfectly sharpened pencil, he turned to the first page and began. Staring blankly at the paper in front of him, the student's grasp on his pencil began to get tighter. He scanned the entire first page, recognizing many familiar concepts, but not being able to answer any of questions. The same thing happened with the second and third pages. After going through the test twice, the student had not answered half of the questions. Looking around, he saw students' pens and pencils flying across the page as they confidently transferred the answers from their head onto the paper.

At his desk, the teacher was busy grading other papers, flooding them with red ink as he took care to point out every missing comma, subtracting points for virtually every stray pen mark on the paper. The nervous student wondered if the teacher might grade his test harder than other students, if that was possible. A glance at the clock sent the student into a panic. He knew that he had to put answers down quickly in order to finish the test in time. His pencil began moving just as fast, if not, faster than everyone else's, yet he still did not know the answers to any of the problems. With each glance at the clock, the student became more nervous, and his hand began to shake more, making his usually neat handwriting nearly impossible to read. His sweaty palms could barely hold onto the pencil, which continued to slip from his grasp. His nerves made it difficult to concentrate, as he tried unsuccessfully to organize thoughts in his head.

"Time's up, pencils down," boomed the teacher from the front of the classroom. The frustrated student threw his pencil down in disgust, knowing that attempting to answer any more questions would be pointless since he did not know any of the answers anyway. The teacher marched around collecting all of the papers, and when he arrived at the frustrated student's desk, he stood there for what felt like hours. The student chose not to raise his eyes, yet he still felt the burn of the angry glare. Embarrassed, he held up his half-answered test paper, which the teacher ripped from his hands. Soon, the bell rang and the room emptied. The frustrated student sluggishly followed, refusing to show any emotion on his face. His confidence had deserted him when he needed it the most.

Joseph Cella '15



Fortune Cookie

Julien Green '15

Grendel: The Earlier Years

People often come up to me and ask, “Grendel, what’s it like being known as a vicious, man eating monster?” My usual reply is, “Well, the pay is good and I get a 25% discount at Walmart.” It’s good for a quick laugh... before I tear the person apart and eat them. It helps lighten the mood. Plus, should a person really be talking to a man eating monster? If you’re that stupid, then I’m doing humanity a favor by eating you.

It wasn’t easy growing up a monster. My old neighborhood was tough. The place was gloomy and always damp. Lots of axes, swords and fighting equipment laying around. Not really a safe place for a young monster. Mom tried to do the best she could raising me. It’s hard being a single mother. She spent most of her time hunting Danes so we had something to eat. I could never figure out why she didn’t use the thousands of gold pieces we had lying around to upgrade our living conditions. Mom was never the brightest and she had a screw loose. I think my upbringing had a big role in my anger management issues.

I had a couple of sea serpents as pets. Unfortunately, as soon as I became attached to one, a Dane would come along and kill it. My favorite pet was named Carl. He was thirty feet long and had jet black scales. Carl had the most fiery, red eyes you’ve ever seen. His fangs just oozed with venom. Carl came in first place at one of our annual Sea Monster Pageants, but that was because he ate most of the competition. Carl was something special. It still breaks my heart how Carl came to a horrible end at the hands of that lousy Dane named Hrothgar. It was because of Carl and Hrothgar that I started down my path of being the Dane’s greatest enemy.

Joshua Smieya '15



Cowboy

Sean Downey '14



Vortex

Thomas Valenti '16

We Young Nerds
a parody of "We Real Cool"

We young nerds. We
Write words. We
Work late. We
Then wait. We
Shed tears. We
Pass tiers. We
Take Lit. We
Don't quit.

Danver Quintin '14

The Life of the Migrant Worker

The leaves barely rustle and the roosters are silent as if God willed them to muteness. I take a slow sip of my coffee, the only possession that fills my veins with energy; its dark color and enticing aromas sooth the pain that dominates my life. As I finish my cup, I stare blatantly at the horizon. The sun begins to appear. The sun, my enemy, reminds me of my Sisyphean battle. Every day the sun drifts slowly, arrogantly through the sky and forces the heat upon my weary body. The heat completely envelops me in an atmosphere of chronic discomfort. However, thankfully (in the most inaccurate sense of the word) those reminders are for the ever-present future. I turn away from my impending future and back to the indigent present. I place my coffee cup on a small wooden table. A small mat lies in the corner. Lying there are my wife and young son. They are my life, my motivation, and most of all my family. I fight every day for them. Grabbing my small satchel and hat, I leave quickly after kissing them. I begin to run in order to reach the train, my only form of transportation. While running, I see fellow workers emerge from their huts. Each carries with them a small bag. Soon I become but a soldier of the ever-growing army.

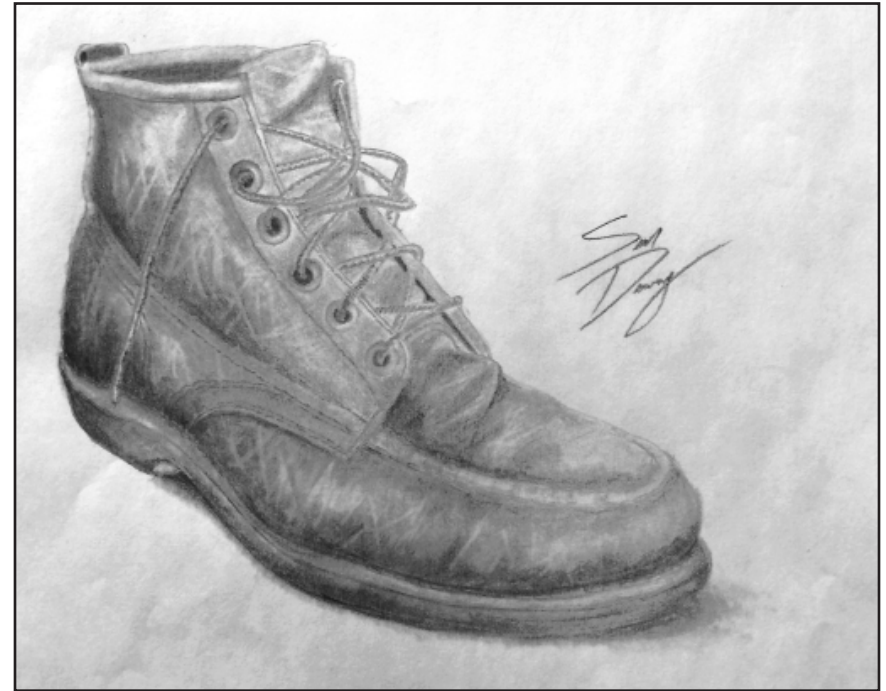
I am a crusader of the land, a farmer and tiller of the earth, who must battle against the elements in order to live. My hands are symbols of my labor. The dirt roads once quiet and calm are now chaotic with the patter of feet.

I continue running until I see the freight train. The train, a beast of iron and steel, travels to the North. There to the fortunate reside luscious fields of green but to me resembles my battlefield on which I wage war, a war for survival. I grab a railing and stand precariously on the side. The beast begins to move and the screeching of the railing increases as it travels faster. Workers with similar drives and wants surround me. Finally, as the treacherous train reaches the North I jump off taking care not to forget my worthless yet valuable belongings.

I finally begin working. I start pulling out weeds, a never-ending task. I pull out three plants only to discover a fourth hiding in the underbrush. I start hacking at the weeds with a hoe, but after minutes of savagely attacking the ground, I am exhausted. The sun has reached its zenith, and as I begin to plant, the rays beat down on my neck. The sweat slowly trickles from my brow. As the afternoon winds on, the sun increases its intensity. By now the pain in my limbs has numbed, and my mouth has lost all traces of moisture. Water is but a forgotten friend, an old companion my eyes will not see. I continue tilling the soil with a hoe. The sweat

continues to drip down my face. Occasionally, drops penetrate my eyes causing them to burn, but I continue working. My sleeve has become a wet towel from the sweat. Darkness finally arrives, and with that darkness my rest. I grab my bag and walk toward the rail. As the train passes by, I jump on and begin the journey back home.

Agustin Zavala '14



Old Boot

Sean Downy '14



Spice World

Christopher Habijan '14

Into the Inferno

The Angel hath pierced the tapestry of doubt.
He engaged the forbidden path joined by the fires of war.
"Hearken to me," he cried, "let thy minds be touched and
thy hearts shout!

Brethren I plea that thine choices be thine choices in their core,
Yet join me in cause and revolution, for I have abhorring
thoughts to out!

Our master has forsaken us, our master, our LORD!"
This pugnacious behavior is naïve.
This pugnacious Angel is naïve.

"LUCIFER!" exclaimed the LORD. "What have I done to thee?
Thy words are such as daggers piercing My heart!
I hear thy vexation pointed at Me,
Yet have I not created thee with compassion in thy heart?
Have I not allowed thee to eat from the Tree of Immortality?"
The LORD wept, and from His domain left a part,
And from the Throne LUCIFER was kept,
And from His love LUCIFER was kept.

Into the Inferno was Lucifer cast,
Into a domain no being has traversed before,
Into a domain with no future, present, or past,
Into a domain described among angels only in lore,
Into a domain devoid of life and a domain that is vast,
In this domain will LUCIFER remain forever more.
In this domain was LUCIFER lost,
And in this domain was his paradise lost.

Karun Sekhar '16

The Ninth Circle of Bro Hell: The Betrayers

A terza rima parody of Dante's Inferno

I entered circle number nine and saw
A world of nothingness. This void was black
And stank of perfume and of onions raw

That stifled sinners who could not turn back
From blackness. Wandering alone, the dead
Were screaming, wailing, crying for their pack

Of Bros from earth to be with them. Instead,
Disloyal, sinful Bros then fell and tripped
On roses, gifts, and trinkets for the head.

And on the ground, transgressors then were whipped
And castrated by Sirens. Asked I, "Guide,
I witness men inside this gloomy crypt

That, when alive, with his Bros fought and lied
So that he could more females court and kiss."
"Indeed," said Jim. "These men their friends denied,

And now must they forlorn in anguish miss
Both Bros and Chicks." I looked around and met
Forsaken souls who dwelled in the abyss.

The mighty David wailed, for he did let
His Bro Uriah die so he could spoon
The wife, Bathsheba. Burdened with regret

Was Ross Capone, who thought he was immune
To Stinson's laws. He wrested from poor Jim
The maiden Ashley. With this he had hewn

The bonds of brotherhood with him.
The sinner said, "If I ignored my lust,
I never would have seen a place so grim.

Exonerate my name! Human, you must
Reveal to mankind that only I loved."
"You fool," said I, "My guide in you did trust,

And yet you violated that and shoved
Your Bro away to make out with his dame!
Be punished here and be alone, unloved."

With that, my gleaming guide said, "Friend, be tame,
But forget not my roommate's crimes. Now go
Beyond this realm and never be the same."

I left that hell a wiser, better Bro.

Carter Coudriet '14



Light Trails

Thomas Morrison '16

Endless Summer

I watch a grandmother stroll down the aisle as the twenty fingers of her grandsons stretch endlessly for all the cookies the store has to offer. She maintains a warm confidence and gentle comfort that only grandmothers have. I can see it now, the annual story. *When you were this many years old, I would always take you to that place and you would always do this, leaving your grandmother in a state of that.* Secretly, I smile at this thought as I wander past the now atrociously ravenous hands. At times, I find it unfair how my own Grandma had only known me as a little, timid, brown-haired boy. I wonder how our lives would have differed had she been around for my sixth or sixteenth birthday. But of course, my childhood recollection from many years ago of a day we spent together has never traveled too far from my mind.

The day was hot. The humid air wafted through the open windows. A rooster crowed somewhere in the distance. I watch as my Grandma finds the right hat to wear in the Philippine sun. My undeniably puzzled stare continues as I ask her where she is going. Without waiting for a reply, I ask if I can go with her, too. She smiles as she nods her head.

"We're going to the market today," she announces as I hop down the front steps. Now, hand-in-hand, the city springs to life; church bells sing a melodious tune, other children gather under a shade moving wherever it settles, while the voices of neighbors and the discordant city join into one steady hum. And I thought to myself, *we're going on an adventure.* I remember walking through the market with my Grandma. Vendors would call her by name and greet her with their very best. I would always be introduced as her grandson, but I would always correct her in my head. *I'm not your grandson. You're my grandma.*

"Are you thirsty?" Grandma asks as if my thoughts were transparent. I nodded my head. Grandmothers know everything.

"Stay here with the nice lady, she's Grandma's friend. I will get you something."

"How old are you?" asked the vendor. As a child, it had not occurred to me that she was simply trying to make conversation. Nevertheless, I was terrified and felt alone. I wanted to hold my Grandma's hand and feel her protection. Nervously, I raised one hand and showed her five fingers. What may have only been a few minutes felt like hours. Fear started creeping into my thoughts. *Why are these people staring at me? Why is it so loud? Where is Grandma?* I closed my eyes. If I couldn't see them, then they couldn't see me.

"I'm back." It was the familiar voice of Grandma. I opened my eyes and ran to her. She started to laugh, saying that she had not left me

for more than five minutes. Looking around, the streets returned to life. I looked up to her. She embraced a dozen blue cans. Mango Juice. Grandma paid for the cans and said that they were just for the two of us. A smile found its way onto my face. Picking up her bags, we walked hand-in-hand sipping at our golden treasure.

"Is that all? It's ninety cents," says the cashier as she hands me the bag. I hand her a dollar and thank her as I begin to walk away. The grandmother and her grandsons have already left by the time I pass through the automated doors. After reaching for what I purchased, I crack open the blue can as it exclaims: *ahh!* I take one refreshing sip. The memory of our adventure from many years ago of that day we spent together has never traveled too far from my mind. That day was more than just one day.

Victor Sotelo '14



Island Dreams

Matthew Shamy '15



Cézanne's Fruit

Vincent Tummarello '15

Ode to a Bowl of Cereal

Cereal,
Not just any cereal,
A bowl of cereal.
Not just any bowl of cereal,
A pit crew, ready,
To fuel up the car,
For the big race.

A claw game,
Descending upon tiny
Flotation devices.
Giving their bounty to
The lucky winner.

Tiny stars floating in the
Milky Way.
Being harnessed by higher beings
As if picking fruit off
A tree,
But picking cereal off a
Cereal tree.

They
All band together,
Soldiers mingling in a
Circular expanse.
Collaborating and conversing
With each other,
Waiting,
To see when they will be selected
To fulfill their duty,
And head to the front lines
For battle.

A simple
Bowl of cereal,
A morning ritual, practiced
By millions each day.
Completely underestimated,
But also essential
For everyone.

John Oliveira '17

Faith vs. Religion: Let's Get Together

An aspect of my life that I have always valued is my faith. Though life is full of variables, my faith has been a reliable constant that has guided my decision-making and goals. My personal relationship with God has helped me in the toughest times. This relationship is special because this is MY relationship.

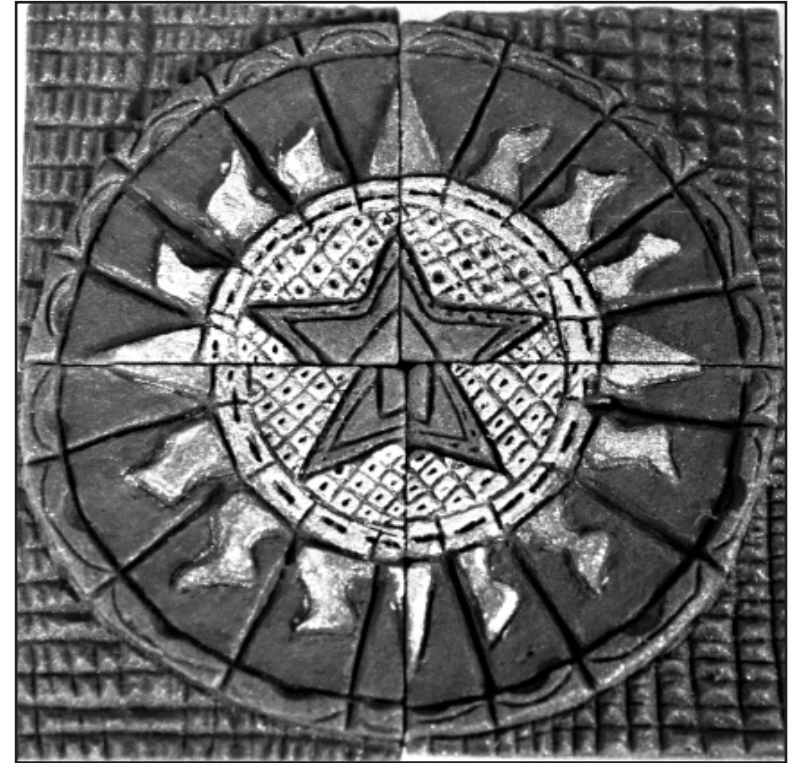
In the same way, the nature of your relationship with God is YOUR business. Who am I to tell you that the way in which you worship is wrong? Who am I to judge your actions because I may not agree with them? After all, as Christianity's Luke 6:37 says, "Judge not, and you will not be judged; condemn not, and you will not be condemned; forgive, and you will be forgiven."

I feel that the importance of faith is exponentially more important than adhering to a specific religion's dogma. This is not to say that I dislike religion; I am a Catholic, my mom was raised Methodist, and one of my best friends is Hindu, yet we all have developed our own spiritual relationships that are just as profound and just as valid as any others' relationships. However, according to almost any religious sect, at least one of those relationships is not as valid or sacred. The guru Satya Sai Baba stated that the only religion is the religion of love, yet far too often I see nothing but xenophobia and exceptionalism steering souls.

Why does faith have to be exclusive or confining? If God is love (from the Christian Epistle 1 John 4:8) and man is made in God's image (from the Jewish Torah Genesis 1:27), doesn't that mean that we are love? If that is true, doesn't that mean that our love should be just as limitless and unconditional as God's love is? Endowing the responsibility of explicitly defining what is right and wrong to naturally fallible humans allows room for misinterpretation and fear, and as the nonreligious Yoda states, "Fear leads to anger; anger leads to hate; hate leads to suffering."

Rather than pigeonholing ourselves as specific religions that can become so at odds with each other, we should all try to place more value on our own beliefs rather than the beliefs defined for us by others, ultimately respecting the variety of views held by our global neighbors. As the Rastafarian Bob Marley sang, by sharing one love and one heart, we can truly get together and feel alright.

Carter Coudriet '14



The Universe

Michael Lambino '15

The Wake

Kneeling before the casket, I blessed myself and prayed an Our Father while looking at Mr. B, seemingly at peace, surrounded by flowers, with a rosary wrapped tightly around his hands. There were photographs of grandchildren placed in the casket with him, and a medal, the Purple Heart, hung from the open lid behind. As I glanced back at his face, it struck me that he looked the same as the last time I saw him, which was at his 90th birthday party, two years before. I was glad that I had come.

Two days before, my dad told me that Mr. B, who was my Aunt Arlene's father, had died. I asked if I could go with him to the wake, and as we talked, my thoughts began to drift. Although Mr. B was not my grandfather, I remembered calling him Pop Pop, just like his grandchildren. My head began to fill up with numerous memories of my childhood and times spent with my cousins. I started to think about people I had not seen in a while, and hoped that I would see them and could catch up with things that had been going on in our lives.

After stepping back from the casket, I hugged my Aunt Arlene. She smiled, thanked us for coming, and said that she was surprised at how much I had grown. Then she took me back to where my cousins were standing. Everyone was so nice to me, and seemed to be really happy to see me. We started talking about high school and college, even though they were all older than me. I was surprised at how interested in my life everybody was. After all, I had not seen any of these people for at least two years. Even though this was supposed to be a time of sorrow, I could not help but feel happy to be around all of my family members.

When I was younger, I would see my cousins much more often. At least once a month, my parents and I would take my grandmother to visit my uncle and cousins. We would spend hours at my uncle's house, the adults talking and the kids playing. I would swim in the pool for a good portion of the day, and when it got too dark outside, everyone headed inside for coffee and dessert. There would be singing and the giving of gifts and everyone would just have a good time together. My cousins and I would spend time down in the basement playing video games or with toy trains. When it was time to leave, I would be very disappointed that the day had gone by so quickly and I would look forward to next time.

Today, I do not think there will be a next time coming very soon. When I said goodbye at the wake, I could tell by the tone of everyone's voice that we were not going to see each other again for a few more years. I became very depressed for the rest of the night and several days after, realizing that all those fun times I spent with my family members were gone, and all I had left were memories of them.

The wake helped me to realize the importance of family, and I now treasure even more the times spent with those I love. More than ever, I know that life is short and that I must cherish every moment, because as I grow older, the time spent with loved ones will grow less. I thank my aunt's father for always being a good part of my life, teaching me, even in his death, and reuniting me with my family once again.

Michael Dolegiewitz '16
1st place junior nonfiction



Homage

Luke O'Keefe '14

Thoughts

Three simple words from those soft-spoken lips
Can form the brightest rainbow in creation,
Or slay my heart with the darkest eclipse.
Words capable of every sensation.
Why must we be apart from each other?
You are the peaceful dove, that disappears
Once I finally start getting closer.
Every time you leave it brings me to tears,
But your spirit remains inside my heart.
Oh, how I long for your most precious touch,
My soul cries for you when we are apart.
Your unconditional love is my crutch.
I sit here thinking, reminiscing, blushing.
I sit here thinking without you I'm nothing.

Daniel Letso '14



Winter Glow

Sean Downey '14

An Open Letter to an Angry Artist

It has come to my attention that you ~~are about as pleasant as a rotting animal corpse~~ have some behavioral problems with regards to your interactions with humanity. This is not good for you and for that reason, I hope you will read this letter.

Considering that your actions reflect badly on you as ~~a walking sack of organic waste~~ an artist, I thought that I would offer my own opinion on your actions. I am writing this letter to explain that your behavior, ~~which reminded me of a repugnant toddler~~ was improper in this situation.

You see, I too am an individual that has trouble controlling his emotions. At times it is best to calm down ~~instead of acting like they just ripped out your intestines~~ and replace all the angry bits with more polite vocabulary.

Yes it is true, the citizens of the internet will always be with us and insult your creations, but regardless of the situation, you must not react in anger. It is simply a better course of action to hold back your emotions. ~~Go watch cat videos for a few hours~~ and engage in a different hobby. Do some exercise, ~~bench the bar~~ or anything else to unwind.

Sometimes it is tempting to ~~act like a pretentious wealthy brat~~ get very furious, but during such times we must show that we are better people. We may not be models of humankind, but I believe we can always better ourselves and should strive to do so.

It is never easy to control the beast of anger. I do recall myself that I have had many similar conflicts occur during my time as a writer. ~~What can I say, if you looked up the words snob and bombastic in the dictionary you'd probably find me.~~ It is never easy to hold your tongue and think of what you should say before actually saying it.

I urge you to consider the image that people will hold you to. This more honorable path will lead you toward a better existence. So next time you write down a reply, think about using use the 'backspace' and 'delete' keys. Remember that you do not struggle against these emotions alone. We all face them time and again, and must accept the consequences that go along with them. They are ~~like taxes~~, eternal, endless and unavoidable. Yours Sincerely - Another very angry individual

P.S. I showed my original writing crossed out so you can see what I felt and how I edited it.

Joshua Singer '15



Surrealist Time

Carter Coudriet '14

The Woman at the Bus Stop

Everyday around 5 o'clock as I walk by my office on my way to the parking lot, I see this old woman. She sits or rather slouches as her old age has affected her posture. She slouches apart from the other passengers awaiting the daily shuttle bus. She wears simple clothes: a shawl with a scarf wrapped tightly around her. Her old dress and stockings evoke pictures of the stereotypical Eastern European grandmother. Some days she hunches over crocheting a sweater or hat or gloves. On other days she will clutch her rosary beads and let the delicate necklace dangle from her hands as she awkwardly thumbs from one bead to another while softly muttering under her breath. Rarely though she will stare out on the black asphalt completely indifferent to her surroundings or the cars. As the automobiles fly by honking at one another, these old woman sits indifferent to the cacophony of car beeps and truck horns.

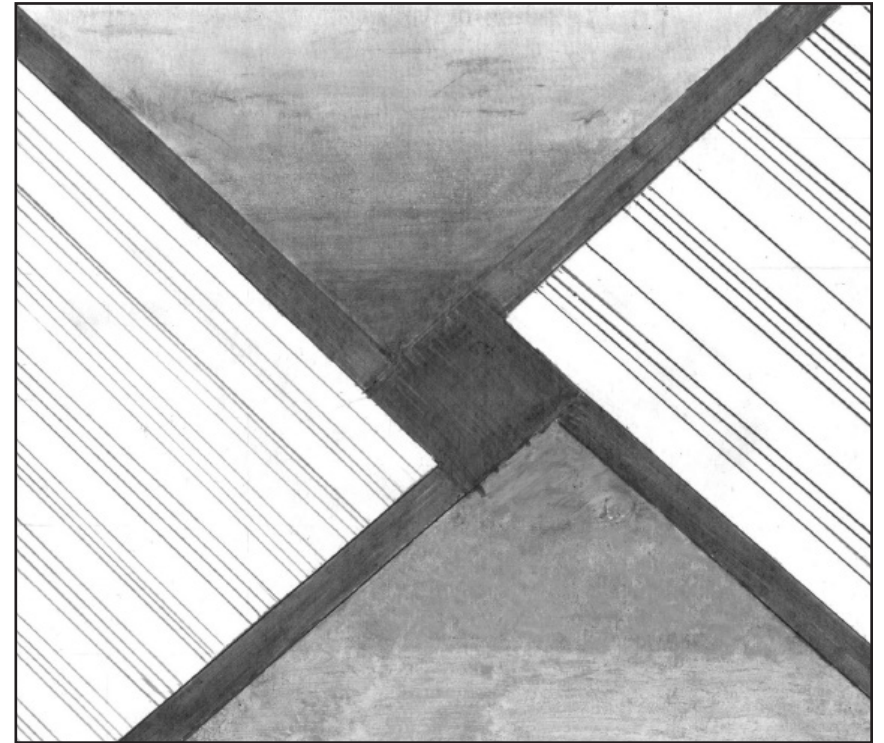
Her eyes, gray and tucked away within her wrinkled face gaze out onto that black pavement like the eyes of deer when they stare at the bright headlights of approaching vehicles. Often times as I saunter by the dull bench completely neglected with its faded paint and chipped sides, I wonder what that woman ponders as she stares out into the black pavement. Does she reflect on her old age, perhaps a past moment? Maybe her thoughts alternate between ones of introspection and ones of deep sadness.

While she looks like she has no teeth, one can see a thin layer of enamel when she periodically yawns. Apart from her posture and face, her eyes are the most captivating; grey like those of the Gray Women. Within those eyes I see years of suffering and loss whether it be from a husband or child. Her deep and penetrating gaze makes me wonder how Aristotle felt when he looked at Plato's eyes. For just like the Greek philosopher, this woman's eyes were gray with wisdom.

One day as I walked by that bench where I had sauntered so many times before, I realized that her eyes, those gray eyes which seemed to possess equal parts suffering and wisdom stared at me. I saw within those gray eyes the same quality of wisdom that Socrates, Plato, Newton, Jesus, Einstein all had within their irises. As she stared at me I suddenly understood why this old woman, who was covered in wrinkles, had contently gazed upon that black pavement indifferent to her surroundings.

She had experienced her share of suffering and loss and with that penetrating gaze I realized that her indifferent gaze was her way of not only coping but also living. Those brief moments on that bus stop represented for her a sanctuary free from any outside force, completely separated. As the bus arrived, our gaze broke and she slowly picked herself off that bench and waddled into the bus.

Agustin Zavala '14



Order Through Line

Anthony Lombardi '14

Poverty Sonnet

One surely sees the sadness in my eyes
When I see people living in such dearth
As homeless men and women. I ask why
Are people forced to live this way on earth?
They can't go out and get themselves a job?
They don't know where their next meal will come from?
Do others pass them by without a sob?
It makes me sick when others call them bums,
As if they have a choice, and choose this path.
Instead they're truly victims of the times.
They have no option but to feel its wrath,
Become a beggar for nickels and dimes.
But we, as we are greater in such wealth,
Must help our brethren to regain their health.

Patrick Geiger '15



Life Distorted

Stephan Kozub '15

Christmas Tree

A heap of rags sat shivering in the corner of the orphanage while the eyes beneath them stared timidly out at the rest of the world. Lonely yet not alone, the child attempted to rub life back into a body, deadened by winter's cold embrace. As he struggled to warm a frame numbed by life's hardship, tears began to fall from his eyes, and with those tears came memories.

A house, a home, and a family; all these things greeted the eyes of the child as he crept down the stairs on Christmas morning. Mommy and Daddy, the two loving giants stood in front of the tree with open arms ready to embrace him with their love. The tree, beautifully decorated in the most elegant of wrappings, stood watch as the child was wrapped in the arms of his parents, guarding the gifts, freely given with loving hearts.

The boy closed his eyes, escaped the beast, which wound itself around his heart, and threatened to consume him. Tears flowed freely now and he shook himself trying to forget, but the memories refused to be stifled.

The screams woke him up. A world composed of fire, where flames danced to some unheard melody, graced his vision. They ate and ate and ate, in some vain attempt to satiate an unending hunger. They ate away his life, consumed his dreams, and devoured his family but, they would not touch the tree.

Pain overflowed from his being and manifested itself as an unearthly scream. His body shook from the weight of his memories, his burden, and his lost hope.

Strong arms picked him up, and carried him out of his fiery prison. For a brief moment he dared to think it was his daddy, his savior, but the face that looked back at him was not his father's. He saw a mask when he gazed at the stranger's face. Recognition flashed in the child's eyes; he had seen this man countless times, but not in his home, not here. These things, these people did not belong in his home. A firefighter carried the boy out of the burning building, past the charred remains that used to be Mommy and Daddy. He tried to block the boy's view, tried to spare him the horrid sights but the boy saw all, and remembered all.

The boy cried, lamenting the death of the two people he cherished most in the world. He cried, weeping when strangers came and carried him away, begging for the life that had been taken from him.

The boy cried, as somewhere in a burned down house stood a Christmas tree.

Michael Johnson '15



Christmas in N.Y.C.

Neelkamal Jha '14

Panthera Tigris (Tiger's Tune)

Sal Ascolese

J = 235

Chorus

5 Bb D7 Chorus Em7

9 Chorus Am7 Bb D7

13 C/G G C/G D7

17 B7 A Am7 Chorus

21 B7 D7(A)/A D7/A Break

25 Chorus Em7 Chorus Am7 D7

29 Bb Bb E/C D7/C C7

33 B7 B7 D7 Am7 D7

37 C/G G C/G G

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Pride

Victor Sotelo '14

Observations of a Fall Morning

The sleepy, golden sun brings its face to the sky
Radiating its heat to the world in an orange dye.
Thawing the white frost of a long falls night,
Where spiders spin delicate webs in silver moonlight.
The tips of the leaves develop deep hues of red, gold and brown,
While others float gently down, carpeting the cool ground.
Crunching noisily below with every pace-
Every exhalation draws a fleeting white mist before my face.
A chilly autumn breeze breathes a sigh of life to the earth;
The rustling leaves awaken, singing their song of mirth.
Yet at this time the world seems to go to sleep,
Birds far overhead fly past without a peep.
People bundle up in scarves and heavy coats,
Suddenly towns and cities feel much more remote.
Swings sit empty and alone in the dark,
Children choosing the fire instead of the park.
Warming fires are now commonplace; their smoky essence fills the air,
While pumpkins sitting on front porches idly stare.
And so begins a morning in the season of fall
Stark in its natural beauty, the purest of all.

Spencer Cap '15



Fall is Here

Neelkamal Jha '14

The Witness

A young man walks the city streets. The office Christmas party had run late again and the man was more than a little intoxicated. He took a quick glance down at his watch and heaved a sigh of anxiety as the time approached one o'clock. Local news anchors always seemed to be in hysterics about the rising crime rates in the city but the man had always dispelled that as sensationalist nonsense. Yet as he stumbled along, he could not suppress the strange feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Two blocks from his destination, a muffled scream cut through the night silence. The man stopped in his tracks like a deer in headlights. He looked around briefly and then began to creep onward, careful not to make a sound. Just as he thought he was in the clear, he peered down an alleyway where the moon illuminated two men. It was clear that a mugging was taking place.

The assailant had his back turned to the man. He appeared disheveled and was holding a knife to the neck of the other, a well-dressed young man. The victim was sobbing and the onlooker could hardly hear him explaining that he was returning home from a friend's house and that he forgot to bring his wallet. The assailant threateningly whispered that if the victim had better hand over something.

As he watched the grizzly scene unfold, the man knew something had to be done. He began playing out his options in his head. At first, he thought that he could intervene. He was moderately tall and he knew his way around the gym, and the element of surprise could potentially give him the drop on the assailant; however the idea was quickly dismissed. Not only were his senses numbed by alcohol but he was also fairly certain that he could not take on a knife and win.

Deciding to call the authorities, he shakily took off his right glove and felt the frigid air swallow his hand as his fingers slowly crawled into his pockets for his phone. As he was doing this, the frightened eyes of the victim darted towards the man and their gazes met. The man would never forget those eyes. They looked as though they belonged to a rat in a cage, silently pleading for freedom. The man grasped his phone and whipped it from his pocket.

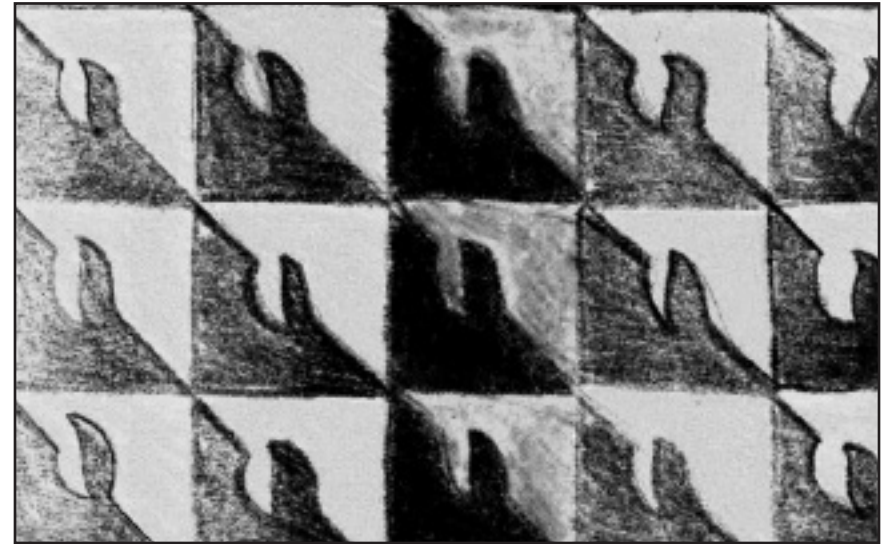
The moment of triumph was short-lived as the man lost his grip on the phone, sending it clattering to the ground. The assailant's head immediately spun around to see what caused the commotion. Without a word, he took the knife off of the perturbed victim's throat and used it to motion to the onlooker that he walk away. In that matter of seconds, the victim broke free from the assailant's grasp and took off running. He

scrambled to make an escape but quickly discovered that the knife-wielding assailant blocked the only way out of the alley. The assailant spun back around, grabbed the cowering victim and restored the knife back to the victim's bare neck.

The victim, helpless as could be, was again staring at the onlooker. Ambivalence now enveloped the onlooker's mind and the victim could see that.

"Please..." the victim implored the onlooker at a nearly inaudible volume. But with a shake of his head, the witness — the sole witness — of the victim's misfortune turned and walked away, leaving his phone, and any hope of rescue, lying on the sidewalk.

Jonathan Frey '14
1st place senior fiction



Restrained Optimism

Agustin Zavala '14

Sisyphus '15

I stand,
In the afternoon,
At the base of a hill.
Before me a boulder.
White, gargantuan.
I push the boulder up the hill,
Straining with all my might.
Through the day
And into the night.
I stop to eat
But only for moments.
Then it is back to the boulder.

As night drags on, the boulder
Grows heavier, as do my eyelids.
But, still, I push on, knowing
I must finish the task
Or suffer
The wrath.

Knowing the fate
That awaits me,
I question the worth
Of my effort.
I stop for a moment,
Collect my thoughts,
And the boulder is heavier.

Finally,
Late into the night,
I reach the top.

I sleep,
Then wake up.
I walk for a stretch
And return to the sarsen,
Perched where I left it the night before,.

Slowly, but powerfully,
The stone rolls
Back down the hill.
Gathering speed, and girth
As it rolls
All morning
And through the midafternoon.

I expected this,
But it hurts no less.
As it reaches the bottom

It picks up speed,
But then comes
To a screeching halt.

Sullenly,
I walk down the hill
And resume my task,
Dreaming of a day
When the rock
Would stay perched.
A day
That will never come.

John Malague '15
1st place junior poetry



A Rough Patch

Vikas Munja; '14

Analogies...

We live in a world where it is hard to love one another.
We are all made in the image of God
But instead of giving a helping hand, we kill our brothers

Analogies are dangerous, actually they're deadly
From Emmett Till to Oscar Grant to Jonathan Ferrell
They all sing the same melody

Steadily America has set equality by its own rules and its own pace
Any person that seems to make something of themselves and try to head
"home"
The umpire sends them back to 2nd base
1 step forward and 2 steps back
But even equality has taken a step back because this no longer just applies to
blacks

This mentality has even trickled down to the kids
So when it comes to school or life, a "damn" is something they don't give
Those who say they aren't afraid to die, are usually afraid to live
So they strive for mediocre, welcome ignorance instead of dreaming BIG

Undedicated teachers also don't help our augmentation
Because the most important things they lack are passion and patience
There's nothing wrong with teaching English, History, Science, or $y=mx+b$
But also teach me something that displays its value to me
Not just how to fill-in the blank or circle the best answer given.
....What I truly need to survive are role models, self-esteem, virtues, facts
about life, and intuition

So instead of teaching me $a+b=c$
Numbers that mean nothing to me
Now what if "a" equals you and "b" equals me
And the solution was filled with endless opportunities we could "c"

So imagine a world we're all together and "Heaven on Earth" is a place where
we reside.
A place where we all strive for the best we can be and hold our heads with
pride.

A place where blacks and whites, war and peace, even love and hate stand
side by side.
A place where no one has to die, and no mothers with their son on a t-shirt
have to cry
Because to be honest I want to be alive even after the age of 25, become a man
of wisdom, grow old and die
I want to live in a place where we as humans can love and live happily
...Now that's a perfect analogy

Arrington Joyner-Corniffe '14



Fall Perfection

Mark Haddad '15

A Tale of Teamwork

There was an Architect who knew his trade
Much better than the others of his age.
However, he did not appreciate
The thoughts of others when he would create.
As a result, he only worked alone,
But from age three that was all he had known.
For this man was an orphan in his day,
And did not learn the skills of work and play.
Throughout his stay he also would not eat
Because the ladies did divide the meat
Too poorly for the kids to have their steak.
From this the young man would learn to forsake
His duty to fulfill a virile frame,
Which made him weaker than the average dame.
Then one day he attempted on his own
To build himself a house made out of stone.
To prove that he did not need any aid,
The favor of another he forbade.
His planning was precise and accurate,
But he did have one trouble quite a bit.
He was unfit to physically build homes,
For his forte was not in lifting stones.
As next sun rose, there came a stronger man,
Which truly did throw off his master plan.
He did not want a partner in his task
Until the man's great secret was unmasked.
He was an orphan like the Architect.
But unlike him, he never did neglect
To feed himself and grow up big and tough.
To have his help alone was far enough.
He found out that the man was without home
And chose never to finish on his own.
He bit his lip and took help of one more;
The help of one strong man he did implore.
The men then worked and house was soon complete,
Together they accomplished one great feat.
With wit of man combined with muscle flex,
The two did build themselves a great duplex.
With one alone the task could not be done,
As two heads were far greater than the one.

Joseph Farley '14



Score!

Oluwatobiloba Oluwalana '15

The Test

Standing high atop a wooded hill, a young knight surveyed the corpse-strewn battlefield below. The sight terrified him.

From that towering hilltop, that all too temporary shelter from the storm, the great knight had a front row seat to the conflict below. On that field, the greatest of men engaged in the greatest of contests. On that field, those great men fought to prove their greatness to the world, and, in doing so, secure a path to their future. Before his very eyes, a test - an ordeal, the likes of which he had never seen, awaited him. Never before had he been so intensely intimidated by a challenge, and never before had the soldier worried so anxiously for his future as he did that day.

This was a new and bitter sensation for the man on the hill. Since birth, the warrior had been trained to charge headfirst into battle, to fight with every ounce of strength he possessed, and, above all else, to prevail. Throughout his life he had experienced many a triumph and, as such, he had always entered battle confident and determined. This time, however, was different.

The knight was scared this time, and that frightened him. He began to doubt himself. Beginning as nothing more than a murmur, the doubt he had soon grew into an overwhelming shriek, one that echoed in every fiber of his being. "How can I prevail, against such insurmountable odds?" the knight asked aloud. "Why should I even try?" The doubts threatened to tear him apart. Though a man in the eyes of his society, the knight, in that moment, felt minuscule, a mere boy before the colossal conflict in front of him. All hope seemed lost. The knight saw surrender as his only option and began to retreat from the battlefield.

Then suddenly, he heard a new noise amidst the doubt. The noise had been nothing more than a whisper, but it intrigued him. He halted and rapidly glanced around him, looking for the source of the mysterious noise. With not a living creature in sight, the knight disregarded the enigmatic sound as nothing more than a byproduct of his nerves, and he began to carry on. Then, he heard it again, and it was louder this time, and more powerful. It said, "Believe."

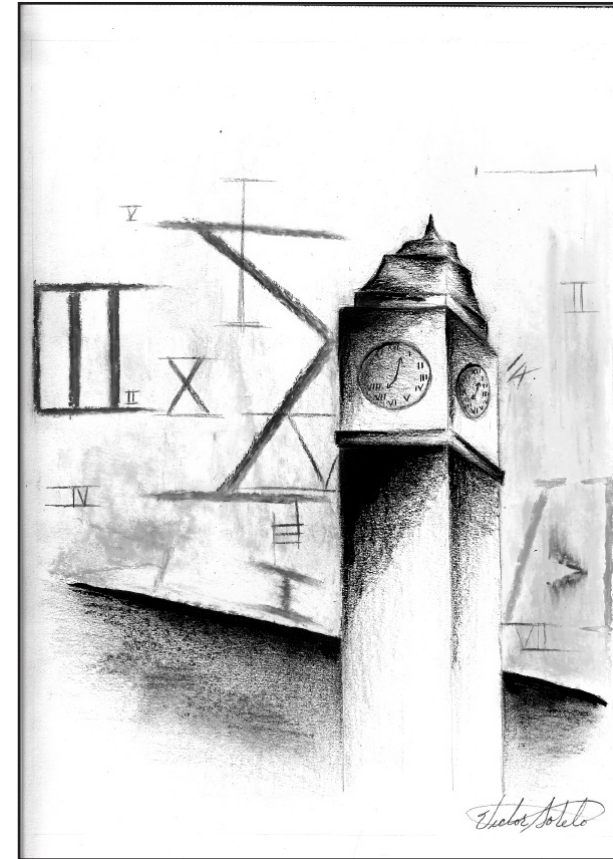
"Believe," the knight continued to hear again and again as he remembered how intensely he had prepared for the battle. He began to believe, not that he was guaranteed success, but that he owed it to himself to try to attain it.

He turned and once again faced the battlefield. He was still afraid, but now he possessed the strength to overcome his doubts. Nothing had changed before him, but a transformation had occurred within. Now,

armed with a new-found faith, the brave knight readied his weapons and paused, taking one last deep breath before entering the fray.

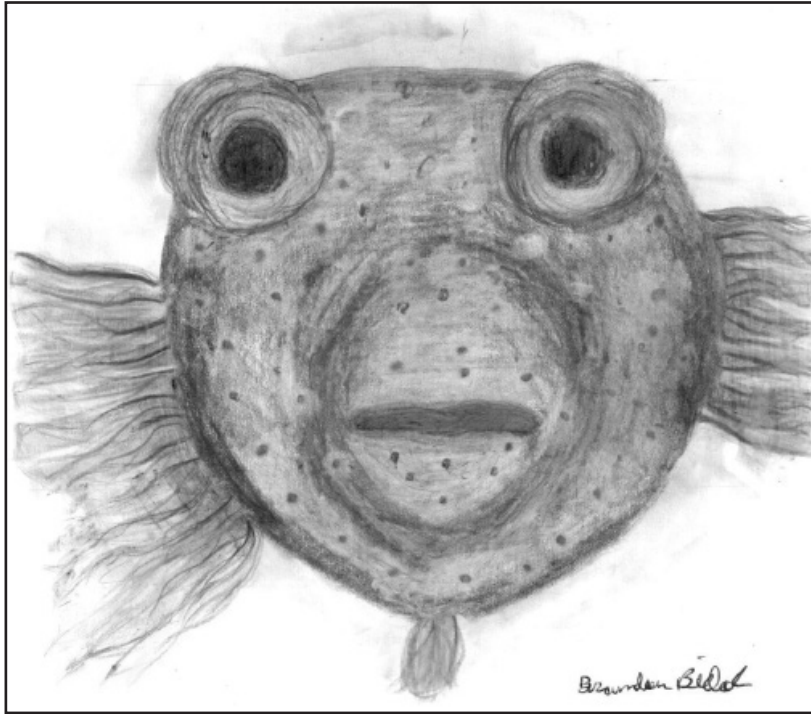
Then he charged, rapidly entering the room and sitting down. The knight drew his Number 2 pencil and opened the test booklet, determined to do the best that he could. His three hour and forty-five minute long battle had begun.

Liam Formisano '15
1st place junior fiction



Time

Victor Sotelo '14



Piscis

Brandon Bielak '14

Ode To Latin

Here rests Latin, Hic iacet,
Accused of perfectly imperfect descent,
Primus omnium, supreme in etymology,
But modernly devoid and lacking in technology.

Rest in peace, Latin, in pax iacet,
Though e pluribus unum, fulfillment never met,
The source of old roots for principal parts,
Of exception-filled tongues which bade its depart.

Time reveals all, tempus omni revelat,
In courts of habeas corpus, in truth, erat,
Declined singularly of all but lowly root,
Condemned now to halls of scholarly pursuit.

Gloria in excelsis to Latin, we reflect,
Semper Fi - in past, future, and perfect,
The pinnacle of languages, although now passé,
Still worthy and deserving, magna cum laude.

Lucas Pick '16
1st place sophomore poetry

Inventur

Hier ist mein Bleistift,
den ich gern benutze,
um meine Gedanken zu sammeln.
Der Verlauf beginnt hier.

Hier ist mein Notizbuch,
das ich brauche,
um meine Idee zu entwickeln.
Meine Gedanken werden Realität.

Hier ist mein Computer,
den ich immer benutze,
um mich auszudruecken.
Er vernetzt mich mit der Welt.

Hier sind die Briefe,
die die Leute und die Universitäten mir schickten.
Sie moegen nicht, was ich schreibe.
Mit meinem Bleistift beginne ich wieder.

Inventory

Here is my pencil
That I like to use
To collect my thoughts.
The process starts here.

Here is my notebook
That I need
To develop my idea.
My thoughts become reality.

Here is my computer
That I always use
To express myself.
It connects me with the world.

Here are the letters
That people and colleges sent.
They do not like what I write.
With my pencil I start again.

Carter Coudriet '14



Bliss

Vikas Munjal '14

A Senior's Reflection

Four years have come, four years have gone,
High school has created memories that will certainly live on.

In twenty-ten we [Class of 2014] entered, inevitably labeled "the freshman,"
I'm positive everyone was just hoping they would make a great first impression.
Our journey through high school had only just started,
Four tough years were ahead until we would be the departed.
We got familiarized with our classmates at Freshman Cup,
The rare day that students go to school pumped up.
The first few weeks served as our wake up call,
The first event we looked forward to was the dance in the fall.
As the months went by we had completed our transition,
We had now become involved in the clubs, crowds, and sports; The St. Joseph's tradition.
I had realized that St. Joe's was the high school I had wanted to attend,
But I was definitely looking forward to the summer and the school's yearend.

As sophomore year started, we were all used to the familiar routine.
There wasn't much to look forward to, except for maybe your permit, as we all turned sixteen.
Our school succeeded, from sports to academia, the usual outcome.
Up to this day it is rare that St. Joseph's is outdone.
Sophomore year served as a bridge, connecting the two years most dreaded,
We all knew junior year was where we were headed.

Junior year had started, the infamous academic year,
Every junior knows that this year defines your high school career.
From SATs to AP classes, junior year was not a breeze,
I was just waiting for my birthday so I can be thrown a set of keys.
You know the year is coming near its end. . .
When it seems as if you and your guidance counselor have become best friends.
When it's finally over you let out a sigh of relief,
You just cannot wait to take a ride down to the beach.

Now that senior year has begun, I am one step closer to graduation,
But first I have to complete all the essays that cannot be more than 600 words in duration.
But before it is all over there is that one last event,
The senior prom, the last memory created from the times you and your friends have spent.
I cannot wait for high school to be complete,
To step up onto the altar, and receive my 8.5 x 11 inch sheet.
It is the symbol that high school has come to an end,
And that it is time for you to decide the college you will attend.
You say "Good luck to my classmates in their future endeavors".
I hope you have success in your next four year adventure.

Nicolas Sandstrom '14



Brotherhood

Neelkamal Jha '14

The Necklace

The shadow of the stout figure shone against the rough wall.
All eyes on him as he strolled through the gates.
He has prepared for this moment for months.
Entering into the city square,
A peculiar chill lingered in the air.
The man so proudly ascended the stairs of wood
And onto the old pedestal he now stood.
He was presented a necklace crafted solely for him.
It was a perfect fit.
He murmurs under his breath.
The man looks around
His eyes shifting quickly.
Swift as a raven's flight the Earth falls from beneath him.
An expression of shock and terror swept the crowd as the man descended.
When he finally reached the bottom not a sound was uttered
Not even a cry by the children who were silenced by their mothers.
In solemn silence the crowd departed.
But only a sole thing remained.
The man's whole
Swinging from a rickety pole.

Andre Bakhos '16



Into the Fog

Stephan Kozub '15

An Observance

As he sat, he saw quite a few people. He watched a woman pass by with a particularly odd walk, a man who was dressed in an expensive looking suit, staring at his phone with a neutral expression, and another man with a child, and so on. On the park bench, he sat and looked around. Who were these people? What was their story? This solely sent him into an intriguing thought chain. They held no particularly separating attributes, but are deserving thought. He thought to himself. *That kid is the next president and that man is the richest man in the country.* He was thinking with an odd, unfound certainty. *That beggar over there will be discovered for his genius in theoretical computer science.* The ideas kept coming and then, without real common sense, which he purposely omitted for it would prevent him from standing up and asking the man walking by, who's most distinguishing feature, was a particularly exhausted look in his eye.

"Sir, can you help me?" he said, trying to sound like he was asking for the train schedule.

"Of course. Where are you going?" said the man. His tone had achieved its goal.

"Well I would like to ask another question. What do you do?"

"I don't have time for this," retorted the man and he walked away. This discouraged him for a while, and in that while, more ideas came to him about the stories of others. Again, he stood up, and with no thought, asked a similar questions "What do you do with your days?" he asked, this time using more innocent word choice.

"I...um... work in management at the Dimax," he replied. After waiting for another question, the man turned on his heel and left when he realized that was all. And again he observed. He couldn't ask them what they did, but who they were. He honestly didn't care were they worked or about their financial success. He wanted to know *them*. He was once again enveloped in another set of "facts" that poured from him. That beggar gave all his money to help others, and so on. Swearing this to be the last time, he got up and walked over to a woman, seemingly waiting for something, looking nervous and oddly depressed.

"Hey can I ask a question?" he said

"Sure. Where are you going?" Again it seemed as if he was asking about the train.

"No, no, another question. Who are you?" and with that bold statement, the interviewee thought, and thought, and thought more. Finally looking up from the ground at him, in a grave and somewhat sur-

prised tone, she spoke. "I don't know."

A car pulled up to the curb, and the women again looked surprised. But instead of walking toward it, she walked the exact opposite direction. To this day, he neither knew the purpose of the car, nor did he see her again after that day, except when she took the oath of office on T.V. What he had gotten from a mere observance.

Dylan Finn '17
1st place freshman fiction



Tree Shadow

Charles Internicola '16

A Student's Soliloquy

A parody of Hamlet's soliloquy in William Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*

To Sparknote or not to Sparknote – that is the predicament:
Whether 'tis better to read the novels
And make out the purpose of the author oneself,
Or to remain unseen behind a monitor,
And, by skimming, ignore the bore.
To read, to spark the assigned novel–
No further – and by reading to say I counter
The boring-long chapters of the assignments
That each novel brings–
'Tis a state
I do not hope to counter.
To Sparknote, to skim–
To skim, possibly too little. Ay, there's the issue,
For in skimming what details may come forth
When we are skipping from the paragraph's extensive structures
Must make us wait and ponder.
That's the thought
That makes tragedy of skimming all.
For who really wants to read the 600 pages,
The first chapter's introduction,
The commencing character's back story,
The distress in tedious study guides,
The literature class's morning readings,
The exceedingly cheerful reading of the other students,
And the certain stares

That reader's aim in my skimming direction,
When they too may skim also
For novels liberated from page numbers?
Who would follow the teacher's studious advice
To read and analyze through the hundreds of pages in a book,
But that the dismay that something may be overlooked while Sparknoting,
The nameless actions that have arose which
The rumors converse
While we remain in an awkward shock,
Wishing we had read the book
Instead of searching for shortcuts?
Thus the chance of bewilderment make readers of us all,
And thus the joy of Sparknoting
Is stained by appalling interpretations of multiple scenes,
And understandable scenarios of dialogue and quotations
With this understanding their trails are interrupted
And drop the summaries in regard of the self-interpretations.

Vikas Munjal '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 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.

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## Dedication

This year's *Vignette* is dedicated to the Provincial Council of the new Province of the United States of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart.

## 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.

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The cover was designed by Timothy Li '14 and Victor Sotelo '14. 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 102 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. Thanks also to Ms. Canciello and the students in her art classes for sharing their work.

## Vignette Awards

- 2013: ASPA - "First Place with Special Merit" & "Most Outstanding Private School"
- 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"



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### *Vignette* Extras

Please scan the QR code on the left to view additional *Vignette* pieces, including videos, audio, and color photographs. You can also access the files by visiting [www.stjoes.org](http://www.stjoes.org) and then clicking the *Vignette* link within the Clubs & Activities page.

