

Vignette

2018



Vignette

2018

Volume 57



A Brothers of the Sacred Heart School



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Editorial

As Henry David Thoreau once said, “go confidently in the direction of your dreams and live the life you have imagined.” This personal declaration of independence epitomizes this year’s *Vignette*, for each work was created uniquely by its author. With no prompt to follow, the spotlight was solely on each individual, and amongst the once-blank computer screens or notebook paper, new life was born.

The craftsmanship showcased in this year’s edition reflects a wide variety of diversity between the grade levels with each representing a different time for students, from the freshman becoming acclimated to the seniors preparing for their departure. Separately, the wide range of topics highlights individuality. When assembled together, these works idealize one brotherhood. Saint Joseph High School is one large family, and everyone contributes something unique to create one spectacular *Vignette*.

People won't understand what it means to be a senior until they actually experience it for themselves. In a tumultuous time filled with the so called “college craze,” AP classes, and the ever-present busyness that comes with sports, clubs, and life in general, this year has flown by so quickly that I haven’t even had time to stop and reflect on where the time has gone. Given the privilege of writing this Editor’s Note for the *Vignette* has allowed for that reflection because it enabled me to realize that the *Vignette* is far more than a compilation of well-written works, beautiful photographs, and incredible artwork. Long after all the artists graduate, their works will serve as a living representation of who they are as individuals. These reflective and personal writings and artwork play a very significant role in shaping our lives. Success is not defined by achievement alone; rather, it is defined by how well it inspires others to use their own God-gifted abilities to their greatest potential.

As a staff, we have embodied these works, related to them on a personal level, and even wrote a few ourselves. Having been a staff member for my last two years at Saint Joe’s, I can certainly say that my senior year edition of the *Vignette* will forever hold a special place in my heart. Despite being involved in many activities ranging from sports to extracurriculars, none will be more everlasting than the *Vignette*. Though the times may change, this *Vignette* will remain as it is – a chronicle of the 2017-18 school year. That being said, the opportunity to leave my mark on this year’s edition will serve as a permanent reminder and the closing chapter of what has been the best four years of my life.

Long live the *Vignette*, for it will eternally depict what life was once like during the years when we walked these hallowed halls. Saint Joseph High School is truly a remarkable place where goals are set and dreams are fulfilled. The opportunities are endless, and there will never be a shortage of creativity, innovation, and success.

Left in the Wind

Left in the wind
All to rescind,
Words left unsaid,
Feelings placed to bed.
This storm in my head that
I'll carry 'til I'm dead.
One heart to take,
another heart to break.
I'll give it all
Even if we fall.
If this love is for naught,
At least we took a shot.
With love bereft,
These words are all I have left.

Aidan Formisano '19



Winter Wonderland

This set of photos was inspired by most of my friends posting on their social medias about having snow falling for the first time this season. I knew that there was going to be no school that day and my parents were at work, so I started taking photos around my home with various types of lenses and filters, ultimately creating these photos.

Christopher Holgado '19



Don't Forget to Live

As I lay on my deathbed, I recall my life's best moments. Of course, what would any life be without a true love? I settle in on those memories to comfort me in my final hour.

The day that I met her, I couldn't even talk. I looked up from my laptop, unable to say a word. Instead, I passed her a note requesting a date. She giggled behind the counter before nodding and saying "yes." Giddy with joy, I nearly danced out of the store. Moments later, with a bright red face, I had to return and set a time and place. Three days later, we met again at a restaurant. She was twice as beautiful as I remembered, and I immediately thought I was out of my depth, yet her smile that night was so bright, so hopeful for things to come that I had no choice but to ask for one more date. I stumbled over every word for the first two months, still unable to believe that she genuinely liked me, until one day, when her father died and I was the first one she called. In that moment, I realized that I had a responsibility to be there, so I walked away from my job interview to be with her.

I recall the way she looked at me that night, after more than a year of being together. I recall how she looked in my eyes and thanked me and said, for the first time, "I love you." She said that. Immediately, my world exploded in a flash of color and brightness as I told her that I loved her, too. She turned her face into my shoulder, bursting into tears, and squeezed my hand with her soft, delicate fingers. I looked down at her silky, jet black hair and smiled to myself.

I remember our first real fight, but I don't remember what it was about. What it was about wasn't important; getting through it was what mattered in the end. I remember when she threatened to break up with me and when I stormed out of the room. Within the hour, we were together again, holding each other closer than ever before.

A year after that, I brought her to a cottage in the mountains. On the third day of seven, I brought her to an island in the middle of a lake. I watched her milk chocolate eyes twinkle as she took in the breathtaking view. I could wait no longer; I had to know the answer. I dropped to one knee and asked her to marry me. That twinkle in her eyes sharpened and her lips curved into a stunning smile. She looked around at the scene once more, giggling as her eyes glossed over. "Of course I will!" she said,

pulling me into a suffocating hug.

We spent several more happy years together before our first and only child, a beautiful baby girl, was born. I held my daughter in my arms and fell in love once again. The next thing I knew, I had blinked and she was off to college, bringing home her own love, as I had done so many years ago, for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Soon enough, I was walking her down the aisle, tears flowing freely out of pride for what my baby had become. Not long after that, I was comforting my wife moments before she passed. I held her one last time and whispered, "I love you," with all the passion and meaning as the first time.

But now, as I lay alone on my deathbed, I realize that I've been lying to myself for the past few minutes. I never did leave a job interview for the one I loved. I never did fight with her, or tease her, or ask her to marry me, or raise a daughter with her. I never actually looked up from my laptop to meet my wife and experience love. Nobody is with me as I die and nobody will attend my funeral. Instead, I'm dying alone... alone... alone... with only the very machines that kept me from living to keep me company.

Michael Botting '19
First Place: Junior Fiction



Dockhouse Maiden

Near the whaling ships was a little dock house shed. On the front of its roof was an old figurehead of a Colonial woman. She looked immaculate on top of the shed, white paint glistening in the sunlight. I knelt down, pointed the camera up, and captured this shot with the shadows falling on her face. I envision her confidently sailing through the sea toward some unknown destination.

Giovanni Young-Annunziato '21

Emotion

Dark black hair as dark as the
 Night heavens above. Eyes
 a soft cocoa brown and most importantly her emotion. The
 emotions of the powerful; the emotion of a queen fit to rule over
 the many. Her emotion, the emotions of the disenfranchised of the
 overpowered. But she had the power to stop the nature
 of man dead in its tracks. Could go into any room and bring man to
 attention. Had the spirit of an innocent child and the looks of a
 goddess. She is...her. She is what he needs not what he wants.
 She is who he needs to
 soften his tough heart. She makes him want to forget about all the
 Money and Power focus on getting close to her. She is his
 queen...she is...his world.
 Emotion



Tension at the Castle

Although Arthur (David Marques '17) and Guinevere (Alexandra Manacop) may seem stone-faced and stalwart, there is a great deal of tension and strife between them during this scene in Saint Joe's production of *Camelot* because Arthur knows that his queen has been unfaithful to him with Lancelot.

Photo by Normandy Studio

Emotion

Dunkles schwarzes Haar so dunkel wie der Nachthimmel.
 Augen
 Ein weiches Kakao-Braun und voller Emotionen. Die Aura der
 Mächtigen; Das Gefühl von
 einer Königin, die über die Vielen herrscht. Ihre Emotionen, die
 Emotionen der Entrechteten der
 Überwältigten. Aber sie hat die Macht, die Natur zu stoppen,
 den Mann zu fesseln. Ihr Eintritt bringt alle zum Aufpassen.
 Hat die Naivität eines unschuldigen Kindes
 und das Aussehen einer Göttin. Sie, ist ... sie. Sie ist, was er
 brauchte aber nicht wonach er sucht. Sie ist, was er braucht um
 sein hartes Herz zu erweichen. Sie lässt ihn alles vergessen.
 Geld und Macht. Er konzentriert sich nur auf sie. Sie ist seine
 Königin ... sie ist... seine Welt.
 Emotion.

Nathaniel Owusu-Asumeng '18



Castle of the Canyon

This photo was taken at the Grand Canyon. I can only imagine the incredible view from the tower.

Connor Walsh '20

Sunday Date

My eyelids opened to the morning glow piercing through my coral sheers. A soft grin stretched across my face as I stretched in bed. I had a Sunday date. She had been my love for quite some time, but she moved out five years ago. I now only see her once a year, just as the leaves turn.

I walked into the brisk morning wind with a buttoned coat on to insulate my warming heart. I headed for the nearest bookstore. The door gave a faint jingle as I walked in. The proprietor turned with a kind smile at the sight of a familiar face. I searched the shelves for anything new, but my mood shifted to find a classic. At last, something caught my eye: *The Princess Bride*. She would love this, I thought.

There was a cafe just around the block so I walked in and ordered a medium coffee, cream and sugar, and another with butter, which was followed by a frown from the worker.

"That's how she likes it," I chuckled in reply. I told the worker to write "Rob" and "Jules" on the cups. I paid and walked to where we usually met up.

The park I wandered through seemed beautiful. Piling leaves blew up at sudden gusts of wind like confetti in a parade, yet it did not seem familiar. I remembered a field of young grass with cheering tots on swings and laughing juniors playing ball till dusk.

Daffodils, tulips, lilies, and buttercups bloomed with delight, perfuming the land with their sweet essence. She was there with me, playing with Jonathan and Bethany. I will be with her soon.

I reached the end of the park, where large rocks aligned in formation over the hilly landscape. The tallest hill is where she was. I was at the bottom, and I waved at her even though I was a distance away. I hiked up the hill, stumbling a few times from the sharp incline. The clay stained my pants but I was determined to get to her. I reached the top panting, completely of breath. The sun had risen steadily in the sky, giving me certainty that this date would be a good one. There she was, facing me.

Julie Maria Montulet
(1925-2012)

I smiled and whispered, "Good Morning, love," setting the buttered cup on her stone. There was a bench nearby for me to sit on. I rested my fatigued knees and leaned my worn chestnut cane

against a tree's side. I muttered, "I will be with you soon."

I pulled out the book and let the wind choose what page I should read. I looked up and saw her glimmering grave. I knew she was happy.

"Wesley said, 'Death cannot stop true love. All it can do is delay it for a while...'"

Rourke Morrison '18



The Sunflower

March 2017, liquid colored inks, classical hatching project and ink drop technique, watercolor paper.

This painting was created in the middle of the winter, when one really begins to miss the summertime. I decided to depict a sunflower, in bright orange, red, and yellow, to show my longing for that far off season.

Jackson Costello '20



Koi Fish

November 2017, liquid colored ink, ink drop and spray techniques, watercolor paper.

I love this painting because of the magical and fluid nature of the koi fish. The background of the water paralleled against the vibrant colors of the fish always instills a serene feeling in me.

Jackson Costello '20

Not Again

Uh oh! Gonna be late.
 Gotta run. Gotta go. Can't miss my date.
 Stepping outside, I know I am in a hurry.
 Looking at the traffic, I start to worry.
 My friend set me up,
 And now it just looks like another one of my unfortunate break-ups.
 I heard that she was very pretty.
 If I showed up late, it sure would be a pity.
 I could say goodbye to a future and goodbye to anything more.
 My love life truly looks like it is done for.
 I would still have a glimpse of hope though
 If the traffic wasn't so slow.
 I need someone to love so badly.
 Wait, was this girl's name Ashley or Maddie?
 If I can't remember her name, this will sure be a fail.
 Maybe it would be better never to show up and just bail.
 They always say there are other fish in the sea
 But if that is so, how come the number of girls I have dated only
 equates to three?
 Those three all said, "It isn't you, it is me"
 But maybe my feelings towards them have been a bit absentee.
 I pull up to the cafe twenty minutes late.
 It turns out she just arrived; it must have been fate.
 My confidence returned!
 For love, was all that I have ever yearned.

William Zafian '20



Whaling Ship in the Harbor

At the Mystic Seaport, in addition to lighthouses, there are many ships that can be viewed from both the shore and the water. This one was a real beauty, so naturally I envisioned the perfect picture. Luckily, there were three barrels in front of me, on which I positioned my phone. By resting it on these barrels, I was able to keep my camera level and take the shot of this whaling ship. One of the things that I like most about this picture is how the three barrels on the bottom are lined up. This wasn't intentional, and I only noticed it once I got back to the hotel.

Giovanni Young-Annunziato '21

The Farmer's Sons

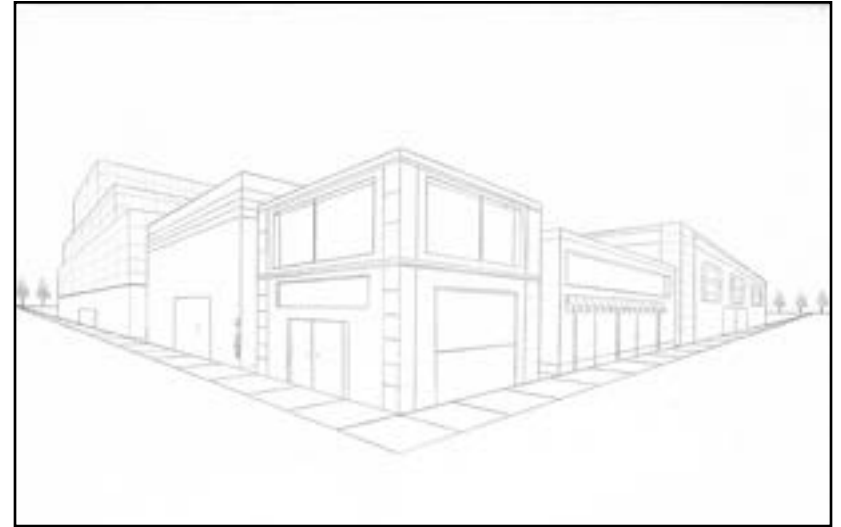
A father sent his sons to battle
to beat back the men who kept their fellows as cattle.
He and his wife grieved day and night
to hear of their brave sons going to fight.
They came back home from across the world
to protect his land and see their flag unfurled.
They tried to rescue, everyday,
their brothers who were swept in a wave of gray.
They tried from land and tried by boat
to save their brothers who could not float.
For the burden they carried was too much
to keep them out of the Reaper's clutch.
So out, too, went the father's neighbors
to preserve the souls of his sons, the traitors,
who, when their father needed them most,
went out and sailed not near his coast.
They made their own poor plans and traveled
over to where they were not embattled.
The family in truth did feel more pain
than the sons who had left Father's domain.
In search of worldly value they sojourned,
knowing how much their family mourned –
yet turning back was not an option
for the men, too emboldened by greed to soften.
But when these boys were finally carted
back to the place they had departed –
they found their father not where he resided
since he was dead and had been buried.
The rebellious sons felt great shame
for leaving home while their father was lame.
All reconciled – but to no avail
for Father could not direct them to the right trail
and force reunion among the men
who went to fight and, on their own, could not mend.

Giovanni Young-Annunziato '21

Arthur Connery

Explain materialism? Why does it consume everyone?
An ordinary banker, I have routinely witnessed money's heinous
restraint on people.
It manipulates our poor society;
The fixation on an inanimate object is baffling.
Outrageous tasks will be pursued just to obtain money.
Everyday, I notice the lust that pollutes the mind
Yet in the end, nothing is taken into death.
Wills are left, some with extravagant amounts of money, others
with trifles,
Which shows that materials on earth are bound to earth.
It's comical that such a deep obsession
Will pay for people's mausoleums or tombstones
But will they be able admire the astonishing ending to their lives –
The monuments built to remember their names?
Only so much can fit six feet under.

Andrew Farrell '18



Storefronts

Pencil; 8.5" x 11"

Inspired by the poem about the two roads diverging, I used a T-square and vanishing points to create a two-point perspective piece. I made sure that everything was drawn to scale and proportionally.

Andrew Au '19

A Sleepless Night

“Hello?”

There it was. It was the sound that made Aaron rise abruptly from his bed and immediately turn his gaze towards the door. The voice behind it could not be mistaken. The voice was none other than that of his beloved Caroline, Aaron’s little daughter and his life's purpose after his wife passed away. The only thing that was keeping him going through this difficult time was seeing the smile on his little girl's face at the dawn of every morning and the dusk of every day.

When he heard the voice, he couldn’t believe that this bizarre and rather frightening circumstance was happening to him, but at the same time he was not surprised. He had been hearing news stories of events like this all over the state of Alabama. These stories consisted of other parents claiming that they saw their kids, who were either dead or missing, walking around their neighborhoods. They claimed that there was no way it was possible; however, they swore it was really their kids. This would be followed up by one of those kids walking quietly into a neighborhood in the dead of night and attempting to enter the house of their grieving parents. Most parents would open their doors to these cries, yet what happens after that moment is not known. Aaron had heard these stories all over the news and shockingly it appeared to be happening to him.

He heard the voice again say, “Come on, daddy. I’m scared.” Aaron felt hypnotized by the request as he found himself immediately standing and grasping the door handle of his bedroom. For some odd reason, he hesitated at the thought of seeing what was on the other side; however, he heard one final request from his daughter.

“Daddy, help! I had a nightmare!” The voice on the other side spoke in a more commanding voice. This gave Aaron his final motivation. He opened the door and looked to see what was beyond it.

That night a young State Trooper was driving home from his night shift and as he drove down the street, he watched in terrified awe as Aaron Cooper’s estate slowly caved in on itself and submerged into the Earth.

Alex Havardansky ‘20



Looks Innocent

I took this picture of my little sister going into my bedroom. She was so excited to pose for it and smiled the entire time once I told her she might be in a magazine. Luckily, the shadow covers her grinning face so the creepy effect is still valid.

Rourke Morrison ‘18

Answers

I am walking down a road that starts in the sea. The earliest part is set in sand and blood. I keep my pace as I walk past large beasts. The road grows cold for a stretch and the great beasts disappear, leaving only small relatives in their stay. Huts and hovels line the sides of the road as I head home. The road slowly gets deeper. The houses become more intricate the further I travel. Large structures of marble and stone surround me. Numerous roads diverge from my path all leading back to a great city, but I stay true to my own. I see buildings crumble and fall in fire and blood.

The road takes me into an undeveloped area. This dreary landscape soon boasts spectacular castles. For a short while the sky becomes dark and the grounds to the sides of me begin to reek with death. The sky begins to clear as fantastical buildings and artwork greet me as I pass. The road glows with light from the land of the east. Silk lines the road, covering the blood that won it.

I continue on, heading back towards the land of castles. The road grows even deeper. The castles slowly give way to more contemporary brick structures. Now the road moves along in this direction for quite a while. This continues until the road turns into the sea again and stops in a new land. The whole continent is nearly untouched but slowly over the years, a great civilization has risen up around this road I travel on. Grand cities spring up and fall, covering up the blood, sweat, and tears that forged them.

My road continues on for a while in this new land. The road then is surrounded by darkness, death, and destruction. I get glimpses of lands that I once knew on my path. There is only a short break in the darkness before the next one swept in. This darkness was deeper than the others and my road was surrounded with cries and gas.

My road shows me much pain but the dark is eventually lifted; however, it is never quite as bright as it once was. As I approach my home, the road gets deeper and deeper while the sky gets darker and darker. The change is so subtle that I almost did not realize that I am in total darkness when I finally reach my home. As I am about to enter my home, I change my mind and decide to push on.

Death and destruction are part of our road, but our road is also one of perseverance in the harshest times. In all of these ordeals, mankind has overcome each one; now we are faced with new ones with which we must do the same. No matter the darkness in our lives, it is hope for the light that makes life worth living.

Aidan Formisano '19



Sunset

I took this picture in the bay of Tom's River while the sun was setting, and the view was something I never wanted to forget. It reminds me of the time that I spent down there with my friends, and how much I love being down by the shore.

Matthew Costello '18

Had things been different

Had we given the earth more care,
Had all our laws been true and fair,
Had Abel not been killed by Cain,
Had sin not been the human stain,
Had we forgotten freedom's cost
To have free will with morals lost,
Had Atomic clocks not drawn near,
Had we no cause to live in fear,
You would not see this deadly cloud.
Here looms your future, clear and loud.

Jonathan Chan '18



Amber Waves of Grain

I took this photo while at my friend's house in Scottsdale, Arizona. The wide open space evokes a sense of true freedom without any borders.

Connor Walsh '20



Bay-Side

This picture was taken during the Italian Regatta. While on a trip to Italy, I noticed that this serene layout of the sunset was in contrast with the light being cast off the buildings and water, making this such a memorable moment.

Kevyn Martinez '18

Flaws of Society

Patronized by the wealthy for the first time in my life.
 The Hub saw a sudden boom
 With my culinary endeavors numbing the physical and mental labor
 That consumed us all, defining who we are.
 Climbing up the social ladder, I relinquished my identity
 And succumbed to the pressure of image, to the desire of
 temptation.
 The mesmerizing sunrise, complemented by the reverberation
 Of innocent, delicate creatures that stimulates my imagination,
 Now ceased along with the bliss of authentic benevolence.
 Business was in high demand, and so was my sanity.
 I perfected my fabricated smile at town outings,
 Only to be asked for more and yet to be returned with nothing.
 Regret consumed my mind, reminding me of the days I sat in the
 prairie
 Looking up at the stars with my dad, wishing to escape,
 Escape and liberate his soul, which was so absorbed in monetary
 value.
 I have achieved my goal, in exchange for my spirit, burnt away in a
 kitchen fire.
 Now I rest knowing I left behind a life of undiscovered, natural
 beauty.

Matthew Hall '18

The Fall of Man

A Sonnet

A hapless fool traverses life and death,
So blind to those who come to pay respect.
And he who valued not a single breath,
To blame was he for his life having wrecked.

Like raging fire this man approaches life;
Contempt for all was normal practice, too.
With family came repugnant, bitter strife
Unknown to him, behaviors he shall rue.

For God, forgiving He may be to man,
Shall not exoneration give to him.
Condemned to feast upon the desert sand,
The fool who had produced a future dim.

This lesson paramount for us to learn:
A man like this in Hell shall surely burn.

Devin Busono '18



Monkey World

I created this while looking at stills of the main character, Caesar, from both the original 1968 *Planet of the Apes* movie and the recent 2017 *War for the Planet of the Apes*. The plots of these movies center around a dystopian world inhabited by intelligent apes after humans wipe themselves out.

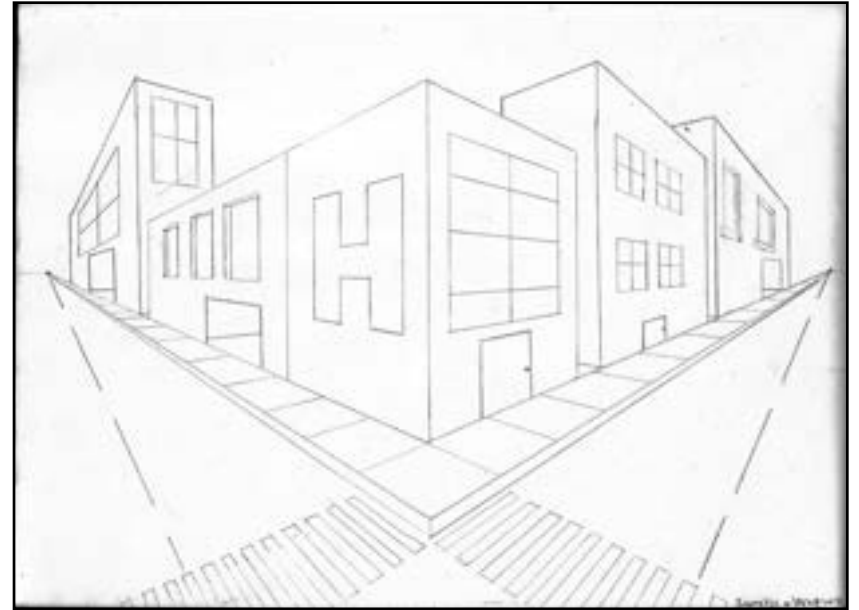
Gaurav Mahajan '19

The Hospital Room

As I start to doze off, the beeping of the heart monitor jolts me awake and I sit upright in the lumpy, vinyl, blue chair. I am uncertain of the time, but darkness starts to descend throughout the room. The TV in the top right corner is showing the news in closed caption. A plate with a half-eaten tuna sandwich sits on the tray table next to the bed. I hear another person across the room, but a light blue, drawn curtain prohibits me from seeing the patient in the other bed. As I peek out of the open door, I see a nurse taking a call in the brightly lit hallway. The two adjustable beds take up most of the tiny room. An I.V. bag, once full of clear liquid, is now nearly empty. I grab a tissue from the wooden nightstand next to the bed, nearly stepping on the nurse call button, which has fallen to the floor. After I place the call button back on the thin, white blanket covering the bed, I sit back down and turn to read the whiteboard on the wall.

Across the top of the board, the nurse has written her name and the date in black marker; I am still able to see remnants of the name of the nurse from the previous shift. The room is silent sans the rhythmic beeping of the heart monitors near each bed. I stare at the one closest to me; the red numbers fluctuate in both directions. There are many different numbers on the screen but I am unsure what they all mean. The soft green paint on the wall soothes me and I start to get sleepy again. Taking one last look at the passing cars through the near window, I shut the blind, kiss the still hand in the bed, and head home for the night.

Holden Harbison '21
First Place: Freshman Nonfiction



Crossroads

I drew this picture while I was in art class during the first semester. Through the use of a technique called one-point perspective, I drew what was on my mind at this point in my life: a crossroads.

Francisco Vazquez '21

Enigma

The questions that he asks,
The logic missing for this earth,
The mission he himself is tasked,
Judged upon by what he's worth.

The emotions he locks away,
The other half of his soul
Time causes to decay,
The antidote for him to be whole.

He lacks the essence
To see what he truly needs,
No longer in adolescence,
No longer mistaken in his deeds.

Love opens the door to cure all stigma,
But the man who denies love — an enigma.

Nathaniel Owusu-Asumeng '18



Superman

Superman is a beacon of hope to all people in his universe. Superman himself may not be real, but other people throughout the world are beacons of hope for others: the people who risk their lives every day for freedom.

Francisco Vazquez '21

The Love That Wasn't Meant to Be

As Jasmin roamed the town streets, salty tears trickled down her face, each one glistening in the moonlight as it fell towards the cool, cobblestone road. Collapsing onto a park bench, she plunged her face into her trembling hands. This wasn't the case of a bad breakup. No, it was much worse. Jasmin's father had told her that night of his plan for an arranged marriage.

"It's just business, that's all. Once this treaty goes through, you can divorce him as many times as you wish," reassured her father.

Regardless of the possibility of divorce, Jasmin couldn't imagine spending her wedding night with a complete stranger. The thought of this unknown man groping and caressing her slim body against her will frightened her. Jasmin fled her home before her father could further elaborate on the details of the marriage. Curled up like a fetus on the bench, Jasmin drew out the kitchen knife she had stashed away before leaving home and pressed the blade against her throat. As her jugular vein beat against the tip of the knife, Jasmin told herself that death was a much better alternative to being a man's mere trophy.

"Miss, please wait!" plead a voice from the darkness. Jasmin immediately dropped the knife out of shock and turned in the direction of the cry. She was greeted by the heavenly sight of Murphy, a tall, handsome man, her knight in shining armor. "Please, is there any way I could help?" asked Murphy.

Relieved that somebody was there to comfort her, Jasmin pressed her face into his shoulder, weeping as she explained her situation through her sobs. Upon hearing of the arranged marriage, the man instinctively backed off. Unbeknownst to Jasmin, Murphy, too, was in an arranged marriage debacle. However, for her sake, Murphy knew he had to do something. He picked up a stone from the ground and placed it in her hand.

"Whenever you feel down or hopeless, I want you to be like this stone. Don't ever give up, no matter how tough it gets," Murphy said.

As Jasmin's glistening eyes scanned the surface of the stone, Murphy, unable to bear the burden of his own marriage ordeal, headed for his original destination that night: the Ruppert Bridge. Jasmin quickly looked up to thank Murphy, but when she saw that there was nobody there, the same sense of abandonment she had felt before rushed back to her. Upset that the one person who was there for her had disappeared into the night, Jasmin shuffled back to the knife on the ground and without a second thought, she plunged it deep into her heart—a heart that had its lone hope taken away by the night.

Morning came. A messenger burst into the room of Jasmin's father and began shaking his sleeping body. "Sir, sir! Y-your daughter was found dead last night in the town square! They say she... she killed herself!" exclaimed the frantic messenger.

Stretching, the father rubbed his eyes and heaved an enormous sigh. "Good grief. Did she seriously have to go about dying after I had the wedding invitations already printed out?" he mumbled. "Well, I suppose there's no need for them anymore. Messenger, please take the box away and dispose of it accordingly."

The messenger bowed his head and proceeded to carry out the box of wedding invitations, each of which had written upon it, "You are cordially invited to Murphy and Jasmin's wedding."

*Devin Busono '18
First Place: Senior Fiction*



Señora Salzer Portrait

In art class, we were challenged to draw a person without ever lifting the Sharpie off the paper. Afterward, I colored in each section with a different color. This method of drawing creates a very abstract piece. This is not an accurate portrait, but definitely an original one.

Andrew Au '19

Potato Chips

Enter Hell's Gates
where no One may leave:
The Crevices - Pointing
and Laughing.

The White Demons closing in,
Inflicting Suffering and Pain,
Mocking the Victim
Who humbly welcomed them.

Crunch!
The Numen relishes
the Torture;
Its Final Farewell,
Its Woeful Wish,
is to return the Pain,
to rebound its dying
Agony.

It delivered its Suffering
by its overbearing flavor,
Hoping to remind him
of the Grief caused.

Still, after a quick "Yumm,"
Another One followed the first.

Hersh Thapar '18



Too Many Choices

I was at the store one day and had to get chips for a party, but there were just too many varieties and flavors to choose from, so I texted a photo to get my mom's opinion. It was so colorful, I stylized it with Photoshop to make it look more visually interesting.

Evan Ocasio '20

Wenceslao and the Caco Pelao (Baldy) A Caribbean Folktale of Destiny

Once upon a time, there was a man called Wenceslao. He was very masculine and very hairy, sporting a nice long mane and a very full mustache and beard. As masculine as he was, he was very afraid of dying.

Death used to make her* rounds in town every now and then, and take someone with her. Wenceslao, being so afraid of dying, did some investigating and somehow found out that this time Death was coming to town to take HIM! He got into action to trick Death, and immediately shaved his head, beard, and mustache, and tattooed a face on the back of his head. He did not go to bed as he usually did; instead, he went to the movies. He sat with his back to the screen and his eyes wide-open and firmly staring at the door.

When Death arrived, she went to Wenceslao's home to get him. She looked in his bedroom, under the bed, in every room of the house, to no avail. Wenceslao was nowhere to be found. Then Death went around town looking for her hairy prey, without any luck.

Exhausted and defeated, Death saw that the movie theatre was still open. She bought a ticket and went inside. Wenceslao was there, confident that he would not be recognized because of his newly acquired baldness. Death looked all over inside the theatre for him.

"¿Dónde está Wenceslao?" She screeched after looking and looking some more. With fear of having to go back empty-handed, she finally grabbed Wenceslao and said, "Since I can't find Wenceslao, I'll take the Caco Pelao."

Translated by Señora Nadia Salzer

*In Spanish, death is feminine.



Death Personified

Señora Nadia Salzer

Gray

The world was gray. Well, no it wasn't,
Not really. The world was like
Blue or green or whatever. Like usual.
But, well, it was gray to me.

Gray enough to only start rhyming
In the second stanza.
I never was good at my timing.
Nothing rhymes with stanza.

Gray enough to start
Counting syllables
In the third stanza.
This line may have a tag.

Gray enough to start my fourth sta

Wait, I mean,
"To stop my fourth stanza."
Gray enough to start my fifth
At the beginning of

My sixth stanza. Gray enough
To realize that
I now have three more
Lines to write in this...
Stanza.

Dang.
I messed that one up, didn't I?
Oh well,
The world was gray.

Gray enough to have
Lost count of my stanzas.
Gray enough to wonder,
"Did that single line count as a stanza?"

Gray enough to realize
I'm running out of room.
Maybe I should have gotten to my point sooner.
The world's gray, I guess.
Oh, well.

Luke Callaghan '18



The Evening's Fire

This photo shows a looming cloud of smoke from a fire that raged in the distance. I thought that the bright orange color of the sky and the silhouettes of the vegetation on the river banks fit well artistically with the dark clouds of smoke.

Sean McMenamin '19

An Expression of Gratitude for this Literary Contest

Here's a question you may have heard before: If you were to choose between having the ability to fly or being invisible, which would you choose? Here's my answer: I would choose flying because I don't need any supernatural abilities to be invisible.

I've been a student at St. Joe's for nearly four years now and I can claim with certainty that this place would be no different whether I took the fork in the road when I was in eighth grade or not. My peers know who I am, but they do not understand me. My classmates do not understand the simplicity of the life I live nor the complexity, neither the enjoyment nor the suffering, neither the satisfaction nor the regret. And they never will.

The beauty of the Robert Frost Literary Contest is that every year, students can write anonymously to be judged by a group of peers they mostly do not know. Thus, in each of the past four years, I have taken advantage of the tremendous opportunity presented to me and have written a piece that I never expected to win; rather, writing was a cathartic experience, a way to release my emotions instead of keeping them bottled up inside.

No one will ever know who I am or why I act as I do. Nobody will ever know that rather than making a valiant attempt to change the world and make it a better place, I wish I could live out my life studying mathematics in the middle of nowhere, looking through a telescope to learn more about the world. Isolating himself in the middle of nowhere helped Thoreau as a thinker, and watching the revolution of planets helped Newton invent calculus. Nonetheless, nobody will ever know this about me because no one knows I exist and this piece will remain anonymous.

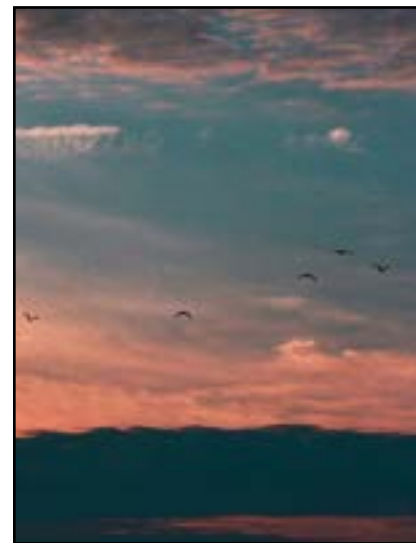
I have mastered the secret to invisibility. It's fairly straightforward: never make eye contact with anyone. The second your eyes lock with those of someone else, human emotion has taken over; they can see you, and even if they don't know it, you have become vulnerable, thereby exposing your feelings to the outside world. Avoiding eye contact and keeping yourself preoccupied takes your attention off of others, taking everyone else's attention off of you.

If people paid more attention to me, they would know that I'm a fraud, that my inferiority complex drives me to be more successful than others, merely so I can feel what it's like to be better than someone else. It's like drinking your pain away, only much

more selfish. If I didn't have a nagging sense of insecurity, maybe someone would know that I listened to the twenty Pokémon theme songs while doing my homework tonight.

It's not that I don't want to tell people about myself, it's that they never ask. Of course, they never ask because they don't know me in the first place, so asking me about myself would be awkward. That's the beauty of the Robert Frost Contest: I can talk about myself all I want whilst remaining anonymous. And thus invisible I will forever remain.

Anonymous '18



Birds

I was out taking photos of the sunset and noticed these birds flying overhead. I immediately recognized the wonderful opportunity that was presented to me and quickly snapped this photo.

John Zarnowski '20

Ghostwriter

Many, many years ago, a man named Thomas Olsen lived. Mr. Olsen was an odd poet who in his day went by the name of “Fire Pen.” Some say he used to be rivals with Shakespeare when they were younger. Fire Pen had a style of poetry that was recited very quickly to a beat, and rhymed on almost every line. His work was better read orally than silently. The people at the time were not very receptive to this style; they preferred Shakespeare’s more traditional poetry. Over time, Fire Pen faded into obscurity.

Because poetry was all Fire Pen had, he became obsessed with surpassing Shakespeare’s poetry and becoming more popular, but to no avail. Fire Pen, however, was persistent and at one point, he swore on everything he knew and loved that he would write the perfect piece of poetry. This eventually led to him trying to make up new words such as “lit” or “fam” that would help him get attention, but this only made things worse. Eventually his wife, kids, and all his friends abandoned him because he had no time to give any of them. He wanted to live forever through writings at the cost of destroying what he had left to live for. Thomas Olsen, while shunning his loved ones, also shunned his own health; he thought that his work was more important. Even on his deathbed, he swore that one day he would surpass Shakespeare in fame. He died at thirty-five years old from an unknown sickness. During the last five minutes of his life, the devil appeared to Mr. Olsen.

“You wish for your own work to outlive the spear shaker?” the devil said with a sinister grin. “Sell me your soul and you may write forever.”

So Thomas made a deal with the man in red. With his last words and breaths, Fire Pen said:

“Lucifer gently raps at my bed, My life is on its final thread,
I shall die emotionally fully fed,
Knowing my art will never truly be dead!”

As a result of this deal, Fire Pen lives as a ghost for all eternity, inspiring what we call “rappers” with his art form. However, nobody remembers his name or even attributes rap to him. The phrases he created live on, such as “on set” or “get schwifty.” So, remember, if you ever make a beat that is truly fire, or spit out some hot bars, think of the pen who founded it.

Henry Emanuel ‘20
First Place: Sophomore Nonfiction



Will.i.am \$hake.\$phere

I used clipart to make this picture and organized the elements in Photoshop. I wanted to capture the complexity of Shakespeare with humorous contemporary elements that are associated with rappers.

Rourke Morrison ‘18

Deirdre the Dino

There once was a dino named Deirdre SéVoo;
She'd do all the weird things that dinos did do.
One day while the sun was rising up high,
Deirdre reached for her bag and out came art supplies.

The first color she chose was as bright as the sun,
A lively bold Yellow, the gold, chosen one.
She drew a dinosaur with some spots and a pair of ears,
Some antlers and hooves (the ears so it hears).

Majesty Purple was Deirdre's next choice.
She took out some paper and followed her voice.
She drew an ice cream, with wings so it could fly,
A mouth to sing, and feathers to soar high.

Orange was next since it was right up on top.
She drew a weird man with hair like a mop.
She added long arms and legs that stretched like gum,
And then the odd drawing didn't look quite so dumb.

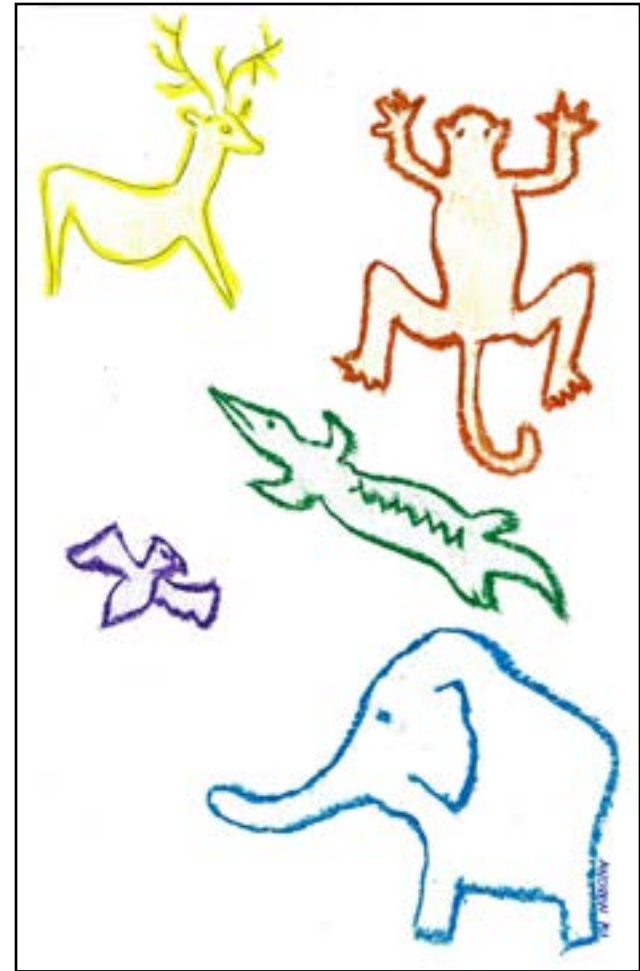
Then came Green, a color so divine.
She drew a straight line and a back full of spines,
Adding on a face with the bumps on the back
Then some parts to go swimming and a mouth to eat snacks.

Out came the Blue color, all ready to fight.
Deirdre picked up the crayon and used it with great might.
With crayon on hand, she drew a huge lump
With gigantic ears, a long nose, and feet that went stump!

After all this work, Deirdre was done doodlin' for the day.
She packed up her crayons and said, "Now I'll play."
So she played for a while and went off to bed
But she didn't know something was happenin' instead.

Since Brown and Red weren't used, they were quite enraged;
Together they drew a big meteor that would soon hit one day.
And the meteor did hit and Deirdre did die,
But her drawings live on... just search with your eyes.

Andrew Au '19



Deirdre the Dino

Deirdre the Dino was inspired by my friend Deirdre who loved to draw. I also thought that it would be interesting to come up with a different explanation on how some animals came to be.

Andrew Au '19

Happy Little Clouds

The world we live in will never be perfect.
Evil will exist and continue to spread its sinister effect,
But one man decided, with only a brush and his mind,
To create his own world, where everything is beautiful and kind.
He inspired generations of people, through his heart,
That everyone can live happy, in worlds where wars never start.
In the military, he yelled and screamed, but also painted and drew,
So he left the army, never to scream again, and started anew.
With his brush, he created forests, mountains, rivers, and skies,
Using his creativity and skill to decide where that mountain lies.
He spoke as soft as silk, spreading joy to the animals and innocents,
For he believed that no one makes mistakes, only happy accidents.
Nothing should be alone, everyone needs a friend,
Even the trees in the forest will have companions to the end.
Brushstroke by brushstroke, he painted thousands of landscapes,
From winter scenes to mountain ranges, even tropical escapes.
The little creatures of the world were his companions.
He led some of the earliest conservation movements as one of their
great champions.
Who was this man that was so pure and full of love?
By now, most will know the man being described above.
He told us to make decisions, make sure our brushes crisscross.
He died some time ago, but many cannot accept the loss.
He now is in his happy little clouds, the one and only Bob Ross.

Austin Hill '18



Harper's Ferry

I took this photo in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. The hill that we hiked up yielded a breathtaking view of both the town the rivers and hills that complimented it. This particular image was interesting because it showed the contrast of nature and the Colonial town. It reflects what life was like before people were able to build the massive towns and cities that exist today. Instead, Harpers Ferry shows an image of our ancestors living in true harmony with Mother Nature.

Matthew Costello '18

Ralph Lee Hopkins – A True Artist

Two summers ago, I was fortunate to travel to the Greek Isles alongside Ralph Lee Hopkins, a New Mexico-based photographer who is the founder and director of the Expedition Photography for the Lindblad Expeditions-National Geographic partnership. Hopkins attended school at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff where he completed his Masters studying the geology of the Grand Canyon. This is what sparked his love for photography. Hopkins now leads photo expeditions with travelers all over the world, and his work appears in various National Geographic books and magazines. Being able to watch him take photographs was such a joy; he is a true master with a camera in his hand. I was able to get in touch with Ralph and conduct an interview with him where he explains his job with National Geographic and his career as a photographer.

JZ: As a child, did you know that you wanted to be a professional photographer?

RLH: I did not know I wanted to be a photographer until after college, when I went out west and saw the red rocks for Utah for the first time. The landscapes of Arches, Bryce Canyon, Canyonlands, and Capitol Reef blew my mind!

JZ: What has been your FAVORITE place that you have traveled to so far and why?

RLH: The truth is, I have so many favorites. The Grand Canyon is at the top for me because it's where I studied geology and from where I had my first picture published in a book on the Grand Canyon by National Geographic. Also Baja California, which is the best place in the world to photograph whales and dolphins, and the remote desert islands are spectacular. But my favorite animal is the polar bear.

JZ: What is your favorite part about being a Nat Geo. photographer?

RLH: The answer might surprise you because it used to always be the pursuit of the next image, but now, the experience of travel and seeing new things is much more important to me than the final result. And I also love to teach and inspire people to make better images and tell the story of their own travels. I love the excitement when someone comes up to me or sends me an image they love.

JZ: If there is one thing you could tell high school students, what would it be?

RLH: Find your passion and follow it! There's no good reason in this world not to follow your dreams and do what you love. It may not be easy, and you might have to work a different job for awhile, but if you find your path the rest will follow.

John Zarnowski '20



The Grand Canyon

No photo can capture the true awesomeness of the Grand Canyon, but this one is a hint of its natural wonder. Thinkers and artists tend to ponder on the hidden meaning of life while exploring nature, and I found myself doing just that as I looked out on this beautiful scene.

Matthew Parayil '19

A Year to Remember

No one will forget 2016,
The most chaotic year that America has ever seen.
Although the Chicago Cubs finally turned the tide,
A poor gorilla named Harambe had died.
And of course we have the election
Between two candidates far from perfection.
One of them has a reputation for lying,
And the other uses Twitter for crying.
Despite what the polls have said,
The orange man has come out ahead.
All jokes aside, it is important to realize
That we are living in a time of great divide.
If someone out there has varying views,
That does not mean his are worth any less than yours.
It's time we start to heal and come together as one
Because it is American unity that has made us second to none.

Joseph Antonucci '18



De-constructed Supreme Logo

January 2018, liquid colored ink, puzzle project, ink wash technique, watercolor paper.

This puzzle piece artwork of one of my favorite urban brands demonstrates my love for street culture. The deconstruction of the logo helped me appreciate the simplicity of its design.

Jackson Costello '20

The Other Side of the World

The stench of sewage ran freely through the street intensifying in the blazing desert heat. It was the twenty-first century, yet this place didn't have running water or properly functioning electricity. As twelve proud, young soldiers strode down the unpaved streets, they took in the devastation of war up-close and personal. No amount of training could have ever prepared them for what lay before their eyes.

Children in rags played silently amongst the stray, vicious-looking dogs that roamed the littered streets. The soldiers made their way past a pile of smoldering, gnarled metal: the remnants of a suicide bomb from earlier that day. Nearly every shop and home had their shutters drawn; they knew the Americans were in town. Sand swirled around the apprehensive soldiers as they flicked their safeties off and raised their weapons with anticipation.

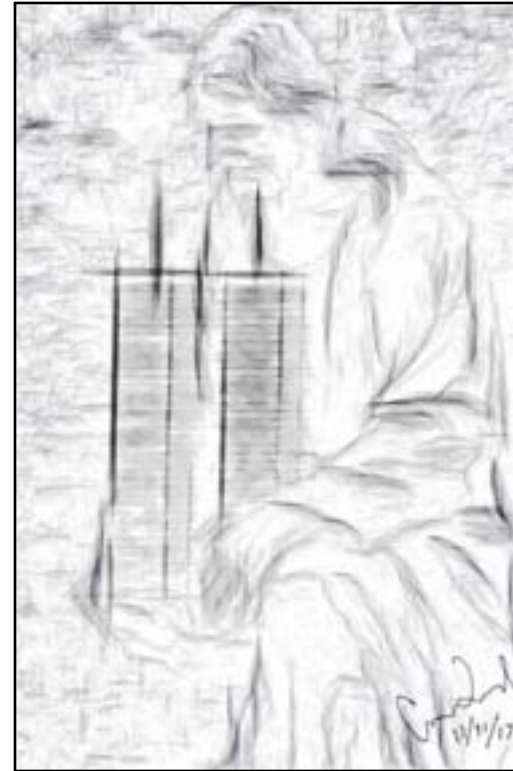
Without warning, a deafening explosion suddenly threw them to the ground. One of the buildings instantly went up in flames as a mass of secondary explosions was heard. Showing little regard for their own personal safety, the dazed men hopped up and ran towards the source of the blast. Ears still ringing, they gathered themselves, discovering a crater where a building had once stood. Suddenly, gunfire began peppering them from all directions. The scream of a Rocket-Propelled Grenade whizzing overhead made each soldier dive for cover. They were taking heavy fire. Calmly, as if he were describing directions to the closest McDonald's, their commander called in air support over the radio. Minutes felt like hours as the soldiers returned fire.

After what seemed like forever, an HC-130 Hercules Gunship flew in, wielding might that rivaled the awesomeness of the Greek hero for which it was named. Unleashing a thunderous barrage, the HC-130 made sure there were no more enemies around for the rest of the day. As the sounds of gunfire, explosives, and at least one two-ton Daisy Cutter bomb faded away, the soldiers emerged from their places of safety. The sun, which looked like a fiery orange ball, was beginning to set, giving Iraq a picturesque view. It was amazing how beauty could be found amidst such devastation and carnage. Craters dotted the earth around them, as did rubble and spent ammunition. Fighter jets streaked overhead and occasional gunfire could be heard in the distance. The scents of blood, gunpowder,

and sweat mingled with the putrid stench of sewage, making the aroma unbearable. They had survived, with not a single American casualty. Shouldering their weapons, each man strode towards the approaching Humvees. Settling inside, they made the long and treacherous journey back to base in silence.

Upon arrival, they shucked their gear and took turns cleaning up. Their showers consisted of standing under a lukewarm bag of water and slicing it open with a combat knife. Many then retired to their bunks. Some stayed awake and made small talk. No one really had much to say. America was still nine months away.

Christian Consales '18



Faith Doesn't Crumble

This piece was meant to inspire readers and viewers, reminding all that in times of despair, we must remind ourselves that faith is our real strength.

Conor Quigley '18

Walking in Kanye's Yeezys

Kanye West, the man who said "I refuse to follow those rules that society has set up," and "You're gonna love me, or you're gonna hate me, but I'm gonna be me," used his swagger and arrogance to become one of the most influential people on the planet. Time Magazine even named him "Top 100 Most Influential People" in 2005 and 2015, which shows his longevity as an icon. Being able to experience that type of following and social status would be exhilarating. Referring to himself as "Yeezus" (a combination of Jesus and his exorbitant trademark fashion line, Yeezy), he is a trend-setter in both the music industry and in the fashion world as well.

From working with sports brands like Nike and Adidas and making \$1,000 sneakers, to collaborating with one of the most sought-after designer brands, Louis Vuitton, Kanye has created an unthinkable frenzy around his latest designs. Being on the other end of coveting his untouchable designs would feel almost royal. Another part of his extensive résumé involves winning an astounding 21 Grammy Awards and selling over 32 million albums with over 100 million downloads. Producing music, instead of just listening, would be powerful. Kanye has achieved it all, and I believe his I-don't-care-what-you-think personality has kept him unique and relevant in pop culture. While I don't think that I would actually name one of my children after a direction and the other one "Saint," the freedom to do so without fearing any backlash is freeing and a nod towards a life of doing what a person feels s/he has earned the right to do. I, myself, own Yeezys but wearing ones that I personally designed would feel so much more comfortable.

Leo Shear '21



Walking in Kanye's Yeezys

Leo Shear '21

Falling Asleep to the Sound of Rain

Modestly slow

Chords: A-flat major 7 (9 11), G minor 7, A-flat major 7 (9 11), G minor 7, D-flat major, F major 6/9, G minor 7, B-flat major 7 (9), N.C.

Instructions: Repeat and fade as desired

John Hoban '18

Listen to this music by clicking on the QR code found on page 130.



Raindrops

I was sitting in a vehicle as the rain fell on the windows. Chilling in the rain, the feeling was amazing. The drops hit the windows and became larger by the minute. I pulled out my phone and decided to take a photo of the rain.

Nicholas Duffala '20

A Hidden Meaning

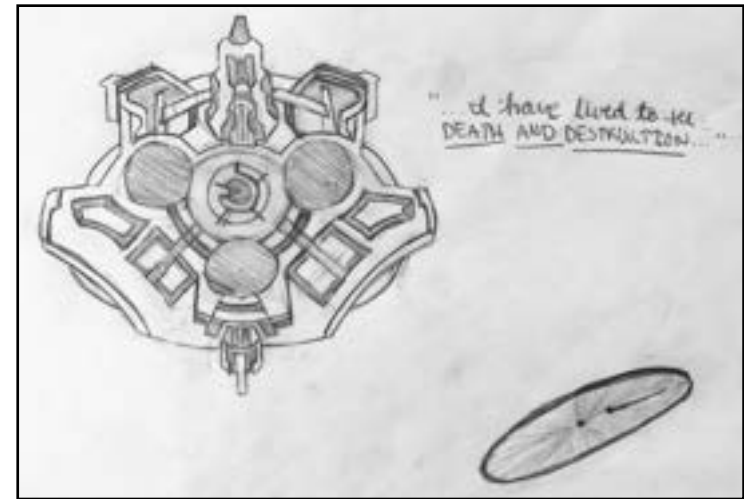
Bungie, a well-known video game company responsible for the likes of the Halo and Destiny series, has always included “Easter eggs” within their games. Easter eggs are hidden, fun messages or objects incorporated by the developers to commemorate certain events within the company or to express hidden lore. The company creates a lot of Easter eggs either to give back to the community or to give explanations for things not directly stated in the game. The company has many creative ways to incorporate these into the game whether it is visible on a certain day in the year or hidden away in the dialogue of characters or background music.

One example of an Easter egg is in the song “Mausoleum Suite” by Martin O’Donnell. This is a background song of a mission in Halo 2, but it contains hidden dialogue in the song itself. The song initially has repeating bass followed by an eerie voice that seems to be speaking in an unknown language; however, when the song is reversed, dialogue is heard from Mendicant Bias, a war defense A.I. from a previous civilization, the Forerunners, who previously controlled the galaxy. Many years prior, a great force exterminated the Forerunners from the inside by corrupting the A.I., causing him to destroy his own civilization. In Halo 2, Mendicant Bias is present miles from the player in the mission, but can be heard through the game’s background music as an unknown deep voice. He states, “...I have lived to see death and destruction...evil over light...but the light cannot be extinguished...” (“Mausoleum Suite” – Martin O’Donnell). The evil force that he is referring to is the Flood, a galaxy-destroying plague that is capable of adapting and using the deceased bodies as hosts for their own army. Under the control of this plague, the army disables the A.I. from functioning. In the end, the Forerunners “win” in a sense because they have destroyed the plague, but in turn they have killed all life in the galaxy through a pulse wave that has destroyed any sentient life. When the Flood had no more control over Mendicant Bias, he entered into a stasis where he constantly repents his past doings.

Bungie has a firm grasp on how to insert Easter eggs with meaning into their games. Although there are other Easter eggs incorporated into the games, this is the most creative way to insert a lore-based Easter egg that reveals vast amounts of information

that connects the events in the game even more. This Easter egg offers clarity to the obscure dialogue being spoken in the background music since this would also appear in another game in the franchise. Easter eggs in general will always have a purpose either to reflect on previous games or to provide important details for the game in its entirety.

Aaron Nunn '19



Bias's Introspection

I drew this based on the model for 032 Mendicant Bias, a character in the extended universe of the Halo games. My drawing also features an activated Halo ringworld preparing to fire, creating context for Bias’s introspective quote, which I have likewise included. Bias comes to regret his betrayal of the Forerunners while in stasis, which necessitated that they activate their Halo array and destroy themselves along with all other sentient life in the galaxy, in order to eliminate the Flood. Although Bias is a machine, we can relate to his very human expressions of remorse and guilt.

William Sorge '20



Futuristic

Digital, 1080 x 720p

I spent some time thinking about how we envision 'futuristic.' We might think of flying cars or Utopian societies featuring giant cities with tall skyscrapers. However, what we mostly think of is the technology, and that is what I wanted to emphasize. The visor stands out more than any other feature yet with just the visor, it felt lacking. The next idea that came into my mind was rebellion. It was difficult thinking of a way to visualize rebellion, so I decided on a cape and a serious expression.

Christopher Parise '21

The Basement

Stalactites of the cave start to fall
 As the giant smacks the ground with his club.
 The floor reverberates
 A man in armor and a lady of nature
 Fall to the ground
 The party is on the verge of defeat.
 It is up to me to defeat the foe.
 Standing back, in my robe,
 I extend my staff.
 Chanting ancient words,
 Concentrating my mind,
 I release my power.
 A crash echoes
 I blackout in defeat.
 This outcome occurred
 All because I rolled a 1.

Lorenzo Ladao '19

A Rant on the Jedi of the Galactic Republic

The Star Wars prequels follow the tragic rise and fall of Anakin Skywalker. Trained by Obi-Wan Kenobi since he was nine years old, Anakin is taught always to follow the light side of the force by acting selflessly and suppressing his emotions. Unfortunately, the poor leadership and ambiguous character of the Jedi ultimately leads to Anakin's downfall.

Early in *The Phantom Menace*, George Lucas establishes that Qui-Gon Jinn, the Jedi who discovered and recruited Anakin, does not believe in strict adherence to the Jedi code. Obi-Wan once comments that if Qui-Gon obeyed the code, he would be on the Jedi council; however, Qui-Gon has his own code, living in the moment and choosing always to make the right decision regardless of what the Jedi code says. This line of thinking would have made Qui-Gon a great master to Anakin; unfortunately, Qui-Gon's death results in Obi-Wan prematurely graduating to Jedi Knighthood and taking on Anakin as his own apprentice.

Lacking the experience necessary to train such an emotionally driven child, Obi-Wan teaches Anakin the only way he knows how – by the Jedi Code. On the surface, Obi-Wan seems like a model Jedi – enlightened, patient, and dedicated to the Jedi. However, Obi-Wan struggles to discipline Anakin's recklessness, highlighted by Anakin's attempt to jump out of a window to chase a bounty hunter in *Attack of the Clones*. Thus, Anakin needs guidance, but knows he cannot go to Obi-Wan, who will merely scold him for disobeying the Jedi code, nor can he seek the assistance of the other Jedi. However, Qui-Gon a much more understanding Jedi Knight, would have been more approachable. Hence, without somebody to turn to, Anakin must suppress his very powerful emotions, heightening the effect when he touches the dark side.

Throughout the prequels, the Jedi are so preoccupied with discovering the identity of Darth Sidious that they pay little attention to Anakin's internal conflict. Even Obi-Wan, a father figure to Anakin, shows little affection for his padawan, only briefly acknowledging their friendship in *Attack of the Clones* and expressing pride in Anakin in *Revenge of the Sith*. Therefore, the affection and openness Palpatine shows toward Anakin gives him a sense of acceptance that he never felt with the Jedi, bringing doubt about whether the Jedi are truly good. When Yoda tells Anakin that

death is natural and fear of loss is a path to the dark side, Anakin has no justifiable reason to listen. Consequently, Anakin becomes lost, as Obi-Wan acknowledges during their battle in *Revenge of the Sith*.

The poor leadership demonstrated by the Jedi catalyzes Anakin to fall from the light. Unfortunately, Yoda and Obi-Wan never learn, as both tell Luke to kill Darth Vader even when Luke recognizes that there is still good in his father, further exemplifying that Jedi value a utopian world over Jedi who epitomize everything that is right and just, something not understood by the Jedi until Luke Skywalker. This becomes Luke's motive for radically deciding to end the Jedi Order in *The Last Jedi*. Ultimately, Rey and Luke recognize that the Jedi have failed, but that they can be rebuilt as a symbol for all that is good and just in the world.

Nicholas Johnson '18
First Place: Senior Nonfiction



Galapagos Sunset

One night, on-board a ship sailing through the Galapagos Islands, I witnessed one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen so I took this photo to keep the memory forever.

John Zarnowski '20

Kaiserreich

Alternate history is one of the most prolific genres of fiction around. It is fascinating to imagine how drastically different our world would be if even a single event had a different outcome. One of the biggest focuses for works such as Wolfenstein, the popular video game series, the tv series *The Man in the High Castle*, and *The Forest of Time*, is World War II, with many asking what would the world be like if the Axis Powers powers had won. One work specifically raises the question, “What if the Germans won World War I?”

In *Kaiserreich*, the first World War ends in a stalemate, with the Germans having a slight advantage. As such, the people of France revolt, overthrowing the government and replacing it with a communist government, while the former French government continues to rule the African colonies held by France. Similarly, though not as violently, socialists have abolished the monarchy in Great Britain, while the former monarchy rules from Canada, leaving an independent Ireland and Egypt. Italy has been torn apart by the war, leading to the upper half being ruled by the Pope, while the lower half is socialist. The Russian Revolution resulted in the creation of the Russian Republic instead of the USSR. America is on the path to a second civil war. The Germans rule most of central and eastern Europe through puppet states, while Austria-Hungary controls the majority of the Balkans, and the Ottoman Empire stands.

These specific details are one of my favorite parts of this work. Anyone could simply draw a map where Germany controls France and called it a day, but the creators of *Kaiserreich* knew that the effect of the war would be so much greater. How would the French Indochina be affected? According to the creators, it would be annexed by Germany. What about the British colonies in Africa? They would be made independent states, allowed the right to govern themselves. Regarding Morocco, a country often overlooked in the modern world, the developers took it upon themselves to make sure they got it right. What many people don’t know about Morocco is that the upper half was colonized by the French, while the lower half was colonized by Spain, leading to conflict even to this day. The developers, therefore, made sure that the Germans would control the (in our time line) French half, while Spain continues to occupy its half. While this would seem minor to many,

it shows a level of care and commitment to getting things right that really makes *Kaiserreich* shine.

Kaiserreich is the definition of a passion project. The designers make no money off it, and have no other incentive to continue updating it other than personal satisfaction, and I find that beautiful. Anyone could come up with a hypothetical like this if you paid them, but what is beautiful about this is that players don’t even have to. Out of the goodness of their hearts, and the creativity of their brain, do we get to reap the benefits.

William Knox '18

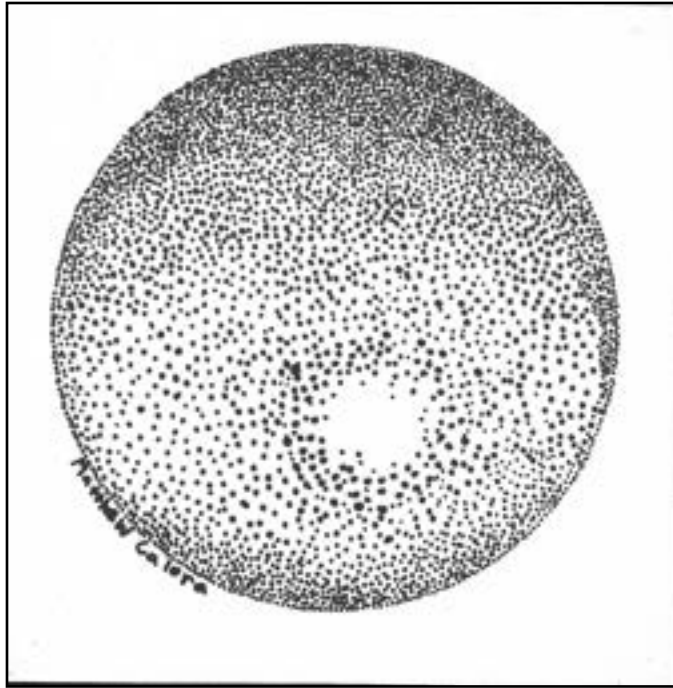


The Center of Our Faith

Computer Assisted Drawing from Original Pencil
Drawing 11" x 8 1/2"

Our faith is not defined by a building; however, we learn as faithful followers that this symbol runs deeper than the walls shown here.

Conor Quigley '18



Dots

Permanent marker, stippling., 8.5" x 11"

I utilized the technique of stippling to create a 3-D figure on a 2-D plane. At first, it was quite a challenge, but as I got the hang of spacing, it felt like the artwork created itself.

Matthew Calora '19

My Newborn Son

"OK, darling. I'll meet you at 5:00 p.m." I watch as my wife goes to the salon, walking across the smooth, white tile. The mall is packed today. It seems as if everyone has left their homes to do shopping. The sheer irony makes me laugh. Our ancestors spent years and years trying to make shopping more convenient by making it possible for us to stay in our homes and shop, but in the end, people still want to socialize and be active. It's hard to tell what makes us human anymore. Robots, programmed with artificial intelligence, do most of the menial labor, but they aren't just machine; rather, they socialize, have families, and express emotions. My wife and hundreds of others go to salons to gain body fat so that they can be more "human" than the machines. The smarter the robots become, the more valuable flesh becomes in society. I keep this in mind as I think about what my child should look like.

I finally reach the store and a robot quickly comes to serve me. I begin to create my child. When childbirth was declared "detrimental to a woman's health," the child-manufacturing stores were made. However, no child can be made perfect; every child has to have a weakness. If I make my son smart, he will also have a weak chest; if I make my son strong, he will be slow. I decide to give him my wife's eyes but my features. I want to make sure he looks like us; otherwise, he may grow up feeling adopted.

After I finish designing him, I give him the family birthmark: a star on his shoulder. I hand the tablet back to the robot who gives me a warm smile and congratulations. An hour later, I'm walking back to the salon with my new child in my arms. Hopefully my wife will be pleased.

Matthew Parayil '19

The Heat of Battle

Nate took cover behind a metal barricade. He aimed down the scope of his gun, making sure he had a clear shot at the airlock doors. Then he waited. And waited. The seconds seemed to stretch into hours as he stood motionless behind the barricade.

The workshop shook as the airlock doors were blasted from the wall. Before the smoke could clear, Nate witnessed a plethora of soldiers, outlined in red by his high-tech visor, pour into the workshop. Their suits were jet-black and they each carried high-powered rifles. There was no sudden rush of air, however, which lead Nate to believe that the outer airlock door was intact and there had been no decompression. *Makes sense*, Nate thought. *Having a full atmosphere of air thrown at you isn't a fun time*. Then the fighting began.

Gunfire erupted on both ends as the soldiers swarmed into the workshop. Nate had no idea how much the invaders could see, considering that the room was pitch-dark. He raised his gun and took aim at one of the soldiers. Then all thought left his mind and instinct took control.

Back when Nate was studying to become a pilot, one of his favorite places to go was the firing range. If his friend Steven was tinkering away in the metal shop, Nate was practicing at the range. He had spent countless hours there, away from any form of distraction. His instructor's words came back to him now.

"Steady your breathing. Plant your feet firm. See the shot before you take it. Envision yourself pulling the trigger. See the bullet fly. Watch it hit your target before you even move a muscle."

Almost without thinking, he took aim at one of the invaders. He sucked in a breath, let half of it out, and squeezed the trigger. The figure jerked back as the bullet hit him square in the chest, falling to the ground. His red outline faded. Nate moved to another target. And the next target. One by one, they fell, either dead or too injured to fight. Nate lost track of how many he shot down. His clip emptied, and before he could process what he was doing, he had already reloaded and taken aim at another target. He zoned out completely, focusing on nothing but the soldiers he was shooting down.

So focused, in fact, that he didn't notice the grenade that landed a few meters to his right.

Matthew Furnell '21
First Place: Freshman Fiction



Cobra Mk III Model

This is a paper model of the Cobra Mk III ship from a game I play called *Elite: Dangerous*. The Cobra has been a ship in all four installments of *Elite*, all the way back to the first *Elite* game released in 1984 where it was the starter ship. The design is easily recognizable among fans of the series as a symbol of new beginnings and the start of a great journey filled with danger, excitement, and adventure.

Matthew Furnell '21

Up for Air

Looking east, west, north, south,
The sea of bodies rose up to my mouth.
My eyes saw a blur, for when the horses
Trampled and kicked, they struck men in their torsos.
As old friends and new faces fell to the ground,
I slowly sank in and couldn't hear a sound.
My ear was ringing, in my face was my hair,
But all I could focus on was gasping for air.

The clanging then stopped yet the men kept on aching
But nothing was louder than my own heart breaking.
I led these souls with strength and bravado,
And now what was left were just corpses who followed.
Destroyed and defeated, I wallowed amongst the pile,
But something strange happened in that short while.
Just when I thought that our forces were punished,
Horses, more horses, sprinted down from the summit.

The familiar flag flew and my men started to yell,
As now we all knew we wouldn't be stuck in this hell.
Thousands and thousands came wielding their swords
And I regained my strength, beginning with my words.
I called my men to fight, to scrap until death
For this battle was now ours and we could all take a breath.
Soldiers swung their axes with courage and passion
For we had taken back our home in a most surprising fashion.

When defeat and death were in all of our faces,
Friends helped us win and return to loved-ones' embraces.

Michael Rizzi '18



Land Ho!

This photo was taken on a ferry traveling to the town of Nantucket, Massachusetts. Every time I look at it, the picture reminds me of that summer vacation and all of the experiences that came with it.

Connor Walsh '20

(in)Dependence

A button turns on our lives
And opens the world to our eyes.
With everything at our fingers
There is no need to linger.
Invisible predators bark and bite,
Keeping us up at night.
Posts and messages
Burn the pages.
Being socially unsocial
Has become global.
As our souls become distant,
Hate is persistent.
The world closes to our eyes;
A button ends our lives.

Aidan Formisano '19



One Hand Left

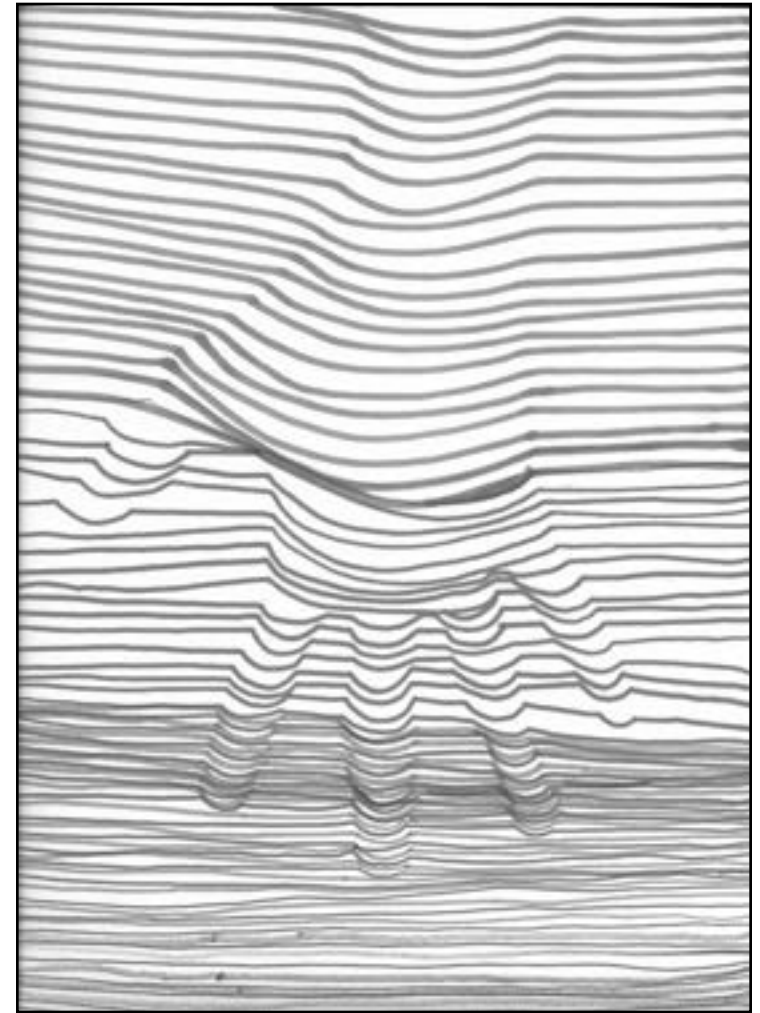
While I was writing this poem, I had a clear idea that I wanted to get across; however, creating the image to go with it came very slowly. I wanted something that showed our need to have our phones with us at all times. After scrounging up a few items, I created this. As both the author of the poem (left) and creator of this art, I truly believe that it adds another dimension, physically and metaphorically, to the message that I have been hoping to get across.

Aidan Formisano '19

Did You Ever Wonder?

Did you ever wonder what it would be like if your
identity was erased?
If you were stripped of who you are so that you
were not you anymore.
If you suddenly vanished and were gone from this world,
what would happen to your world?
How would it hurt the people in your world?
That is how my grandmother felt.
She was a daughter.
A sister.
Somebody's wife.
Somebody's friend.
Whatever you thought was right is suddenly wrong.
There is nothing beautiful about a loss,
there is nothing romantic about death,
or cherished about setting someone free.
We all grieve in our own ways, some quicker than others.
Pain is like an ocean, it's immense,
dark, deep, and bigger than anyone of us and all of us together.
And pain is like a thief in the darkness, lurking in the shadows.
Quiet, persistent, and patient.
Weakened by time and trust and love.
I didn't know my grandmother for a long period of time
but I am jealous of her.
Because I see how her absence
has to lead to a chain reaction of those people that did know her,
and how easily their world fell apart.
So I learned that her presence had an effect on others
and that she mattered.
She had a certain grace and control that was respected,
And I know she was loved.
People say my grandmother was a great woman.
Self-sacrificing, graceful, strong,
And inspiring.
They say on a good night it seems that her actions made her fly.
And now she can.

Achinth Poobalan '18



Wavy

Markers; 8.5" x 11"

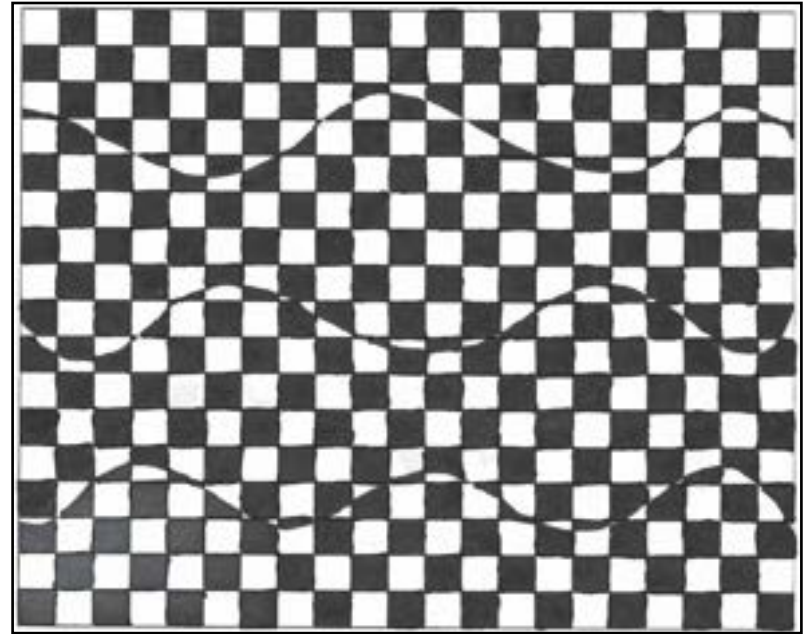
I made this drawing as part of an art class assignment that helped me to understand how lines create dimensions. Using a slight curve in the lines, I created a seemingly 3-D image of a hand on a 2-D piece of paper.

Matthew Calora '19

Tick-Tock

Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
The man falls.
Far off,
The bird calls.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
The man groans;
A woman moans.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
She slumps against the first wall.
Gun runs away, still standing tall.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
With one last shout,
Her life goes out.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
The boy howls;
His face contorts, scowls.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
The man, his blood,
It mixes with the mud.
The boy, his tears,
They stain his face for years.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
Cold red lights beat
'Gainst the midnight heat.
Mom, she's gone; she's in her suite.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
A man, dressed in blue,
Comes by,
Says, "It'll be alright."
Boy wouldn't – couldn't believe it's true.
Tick-tock, Tick-tock.
Above,
A crow flies, a khan.
Only a minute has gone
And time, it goes ever on.

Luke Callaghan '18



Illusion

At first glance, this image may seem like a normal checkerboard pattern; rather, I used three lines and contrasting colors to transform the checkerboard into a distorted illusion. Viewers must concentrate to see the real picture.

Francisco Vazquez '21

Unknown

Oh! The Present, with whom I cannot stay,
My mind so full of secrets, which cannot hide.
The Past, an enigma who came to play,
Again stirring the heart, which will not subside.

The Past in combat, fighting the Present;
Logic no longer being of assistance.
The Past and Love, which thou dost well in torment,
A solution to my pain I must persist.

Envious of those that tread the worn trail,
Oblivious to the world around, the fate
Which ignorance now entails,
Within those fueled by hate.

The need for man to seek wonders alone,
Remains an idea, within time... unknown.

Nathaniel Owusu-Asumeng '18



Boating Knot

This is a photo of a bowline knot at the front of the launch boat. This knot is integral because without it, the launch boat would drift away. Nobody knows who created the bowline knot but it was used by the earliest sailors. As a rower, this knot is more meaningful because of the fact that every small aspect of the sport has a crucial impact on the team's performance.

Sean McMenamin '19

Inescapable

I was walking for what seemed like months, trudging through the unforgiving grime of the bayou like a lost child. This was expected during an Alabama summer; the hot sun was beating down on my tattered back. I hadn't had a solid meal since I left town. I would've survived easily for some time had I stayed there, but I couldn't. Living solely for the sake of survival was forcing me towards insanity. I needed a purpose, so I grabbed a burlap sack from the shed, loaded it with water bottles, bandages, and food, holstered my pistol, and set off for Opelika. I didn't have much of a reason to travel to Opelika, but there was hope, a chance that humanity was still intact somewhere else.

I could make it through a town easily if I stuck to the shadows. Occasionally, I'd find a survivor amongst a sea of the dead. I never had the heart to rob him nor the patience to invite him along; it was always a quick exchange, not much said by either party, lest he so much as lifted his weapon.

Insanity is an ever-present threat in stretches of swampland where the water is up to your knees and flies gnaw at your exposed body as foreign shrieks ring through the woods. This journey – this outbreak – was fueled by an insatiable hunger, a viral blood lust that swept through the land like the plague. I was almost halfway to my destination when I came upon a small town beside a creek. With each town I entered, my hope diminished. I wasn't sure if the infection had spread beyond Alabama or even the county, but unfortunately it had spread at least the ten miles I had traversed.

The pale, cold-blooded creatures were everywhere; even in this small, formerly quaint town whose less-than-renowned name escaped me, they lined the streets, yearning to fulfill their unrelenting hunger. I typically took to less traveled routes, creeping behind buildings and creating diversions, but I needed to find shelter.

There was an inn two blocks down on the right side of the street, nestled conveniently next to a general store. It was an off-white building, purple flowers lining every window sill. The beautiful, cherry trim and matching doors clashed sorely with the blood-soaked welcome mat. It looked like a scene out of a horror movie; suburbia and serenity jarred from their peaceful slumber. I entered and saw a frail woman, most likely the innkeeper, stained

with blood. I raised my weapon cautiously and pulled the trigger. The gun jammed, the empty ping of the misfire resonating in my mind. Immediately, the woman leaped savagely toward me, removing a chunk of flesh from my neck as I collided with the ground. It was over.

Paul Padilla '20



Icy Reflections

While visiting my family's lake house, I got to witness the lake begin to freeze over. The ice was reflective enough to make a partial mirror image of the snowy mountain. I stepped out onto the dock to get a good view of the north side of the lake and snapped this photo. This was a perfect frame to capture that exact moment in time.

Phyllip Gwozdz '21

Everyone Wants Me?

A Sonnet

The wish of all is plain for me to see
For all they need to get is more of me.
Despite their many dreams of wealth and glee,
Utmost have yet to see this truth that's key.
The more of me, the more the dreams that soon
Become reality. But more of me
Means evil further twists and warps the boon
That's me to find a lasting place to be.
And love would change since none on Earth do grasp
The power of eternity. The glow
Of brides would be always 'til my last gasp,
But eons would be filled with fights of love.
When age and death become an afterthought
Then all do know that Time trumped all he fought.

Jason Manuel '18



Happy Bailey

This is a drawing of a pup who always inspires me to do things that I have never done before, like drawing beautiful furry friends. Dogs are truly man's best friend. I wanted to capture Baily's lovable personality, showing how puppies are soft to the touch and warm to the heart.

Señora Nadia Salzer

The Curse of Steve Bartman

October 14, 2003. The scene is Wrigley Field. Nestled in the north Chicago suburbs, the aging relic is one of baseball's oldest ballparks. The beloved Cubs are one win away from advancing to the World Series for the first time since 1945. They lead the series 3 games to 2 and lead Game Six 3-0 entering the eighth inning. Maybe this was the year the Cubs would finally be able to break their World Series curse.

The visiting Florida Marlins had only accounted for three hits off Cubs pitcher Mark Prior so far, and Luis Castillo stepped into the batter's box with one man on and one man out. Castillo looped a high, foul ball down the left field line that slowly began to drift towards the stands. Cubs left fielder Moises Alou worked his way towards the seats along the line and made his jump for the ball. Alou looked into his glove, found that it was empty, and immediately became infuriated with the fans, who he argued had interfered with his chance to catch the ball. The left field umpire, however, saw no such interference and refused to acknowledge Alou's temper tantrum. This non-call seemed to be of little importance at the time, but the following minutes would prove otherwise. Prior walked Castillo, which was followed by an error by shortstop Alex Gonzalez during the next at bat. Things only got worse from there.

The Marlins proceeded to score eight runs that inning. A stunned Wrigley Field crowd looked on in utter disbelief. As the fans began to receive calls from their family members, murmurings spread throughout the stands. Apparently, a single man was being blamed for interfering with Moises Alou on the play that led to an onslaught of runs by Florida. His name was Steve Bartman. A lowly fan wearing a green turtleneck and a headset became the scapegoat responsible for the Cubs' loss. Fans began chanting and screaming obscenities at him, and one fan even dumped his beer on Bartman's head, all the while Bartman sat in his seat, quiet and defenseless. Bartman was eventually escorted out of the stadium by security to a shower of boos by thousands of people he did not know all for making a simple mistake.

Through this event, one can see the negative aspect of sport. Bartman's life as he knew it was effectively ruined, all over a baseball game.

As it turned out, the Cubs made plenty of their own mistakes in that infamous Game Six meltdown. The scapegoating of Steve Bartman is one of the major tragedies in recent sports memory, and serves as a reminder to us all of the dangers that come with fanfare.

Nicholas Spiaggia '18



Autumn Ball

It's surprising how many childhood memories and dreams are contained in one hundred eight red stitches on a white sphere. This photo, taken in my backyard, shows how everything else blurs, and nothing else matters when my eyes are on the ball.

Ryan Stephen '19

Saturday Morning Practice

We get up every Saturday morning at the crack of dawn.
We wake up with the birds, with an extended yawn.
We choose to give up lots of our sleep,
As we flock to the pool like a herd of sheep.

Once we get on the pool deck, still rubbing at our eyes,
The first few murmurs start of “I think I’m gonna die”.
However we still stretch our biceps and pull at our calves,
Still trepidation about the workout that could rip us in two halves.

We stare at the stillness of the pool, its light blue color,
And think about how our future will start to get duller.
Goggles and swim caps on our heads, we’re all set.
We can feel the Jello arms from the incoming pain threat.

Our two feet touching the cold water comes with a wince,
All of this happening in the shortest instance.
But deep inside, we know that this is part of the plan for a winner,
That the work we do in the pool makes the best of a swimmer.

So I start swimming my very first lap,
Knowing I’d rather be at home taking a nap.
I know the work is hard and is no resort,
But at the end of the day, there is only one gold medal in the sport.

Christopher Hulsart '21



Venice Sunset

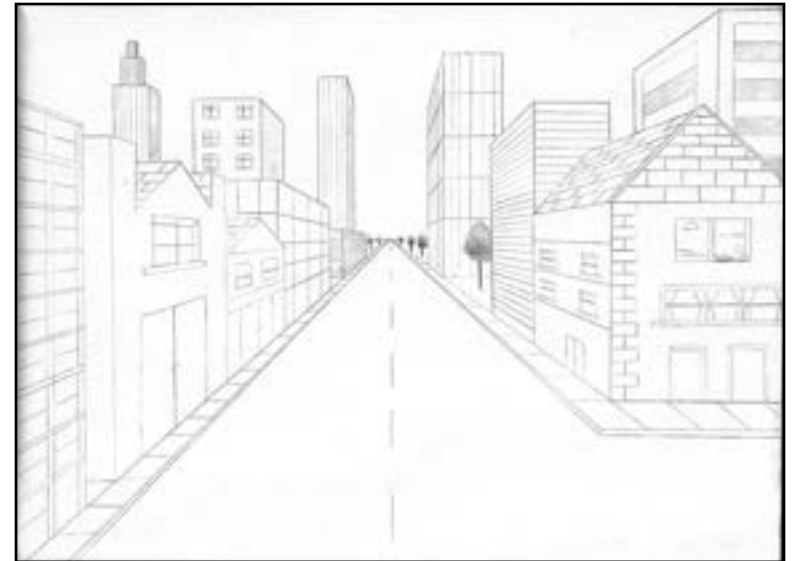
I took this photo during a family vacation to Venice, Florida in August, 2017. I loved the ocean and the sunsets, so I wanted to memorialize it with a photo.

Brandon Baber '20

I Run

I run...
Leaving a trail of thoughts behind me,
The air takes my breath away,
Feet pounding the pavement,
A beat in my head, chest, heart.
I run...
With every stride I make,
Closer to contentment I get.
Across the grass, up the hill,
Further from my worries and concerns.
I run...
Miles later,
Muscles loosened,
Mind clear, soul fulfilled.
I run...

Matthew Reid Grossman '21



City Scape Views

This one point perspective piece was an assignment from art class where I was taught how to use a T-Square to ensure straight lines. The point that everything fades toward is called the “vanishing point.” When I picture cities in my head, scenes like this come to mind.

Andrew Au '19

The 18th Green

The ball went flying and at first it looked nice
But slowly, slowly, it meandered to the right.
He spit into the grass with a face of disgust.
It was the final hole; victory was on the cusp.

He picked up his bag and made the steep trek
To the sand on the right where his ball had leapt.
The sun dipped below the tree line ahead.
Time was running out but the next shot he would dread.

He took a deep breath as he stepped down below,
The sand stared back at him, gleaming white as snow.
He examined his angle, his point of attack,
The hole looked like a fortress, impenetrable without a crack.

Victory seemed bleak now, with his task at hand so tall.
He stiffened his brow and gave the shot his all.
The sand sprayed up onto the green and
The ball fell and spun with ease.

Closer and closer that white ball began turning;
The shouts from the crowd filled with yearning.
He stood in that pit, a set of eyes peering over,
Guiding the ball as if he was its personal chauffeur.

The final hill approached as the ball began descending.
The flagstick loomed ahead, the hole it was defending.
The air around the 18th green was all but gone
As nervous spectators struggled to look on.
Finally, the hole appeared.
The ball slowly dropped inside; the crowd erupted and cheered.

Nicholas Spiaggia '18



The Eighteenth Hole

I took this picture while on a golf course in Georgia. This final hole has crushed the dreams of many players who have hoped to win and has also made unknown players into champions.

Matthew Dekovics '19

Opening Day

Another season underway,
Strikeouts, home runs, double plays.
The smell of spring hangs in the air;
No other season can compare.
It's Opening Day for those who know,
Best ticket in town if you are front row.
The players arrive to take the field,
Not knowing what the day will yield.
The crowds pour in and fill the stands,
In hopes of being where a home run will land.
Who will be this year's superstar?
The "one" whose talents set the bar?
The fans can hardly be contained
To cheer the veterans who remain.
The power hitter is at the plate,
The crowds stand, they cannot wait!
The first pitch screeches past the plate;
What will be the slugger's fate?
To get on base his only prayer
Or perhaps a home run if he dreams to dare.
The outfield readies for the chase,
But will the runner steal third base?
The distant dreams of the Hall of Fame
Make every player love the game.
It's Opening Day, so let's "Play ball!"
This year our team will win it all!

Thomas Spallone '19



Champions

This year, I photographed the Greater Middlesex Conference Championship swim meet as Saint Joe's attempted to win their 40th consecutive title. Since this was my very first swim meet, I had no clue what challenges I would come across, but it was well worth it in the end because I was able to capture history while enjoying a once in a lifetime experience. I felt the same excitement and motivation while taking the photos as the swimmers and students did while cheering for each other.

Chris Holgado '19

I Can't Figure It Out

Swoosh, swoosh. Tap. Swoosh, swoosh. Tap. Swoosh, swoosh. Tap. TAP. TAP. TAP. Swoosh. TAP. TAP. TAP. Ugh! I wish that ball would spin off my finger and hit me in the gut next time. Doesn't matter anyway; I'm numb to it all. Spinning that ball on my finger night after night hasn't helped me get to the bottom of it. In ninth grade, I was on top of the world. I had tons of friends, was invited to parties, and had no problems with school. I still have some of those friends, and my life at home seems better than ever.

The floor is so dirty. The janitors sweep these floors every day but they still seem so dirty. I guess no one stares at the floors as much as I do, so who would ever notice? I know I can't walk around with my head hung this low every day. Someone is sure to notice but I don't want to talk to anyone before I figure this out. Someone will notice, right? Right? I can't figure it out.

"Hey, stop staring at the floor and pay attention to where you're walking!"

Sorry is all I can say, disappointed in myself. I swear that kid looks for reasons to walk in my way every day. I grumbled to myself about my gutless response as I walk away. He isn't smarter, or stronger, or more popular. He just has it in for me. Next time, I'll try to avoid him, or answer him, or stare him straight in the eye. It's really only that kid though. I can't figure him out.

I'm not looking forward to another night of the moon and me. Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh. Tap. Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh. Tap. Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh. TAP. No, I can't figure it out yet.

Next day, same hallway, still dirty. I have to force myself to lift my eyes, just a little. I manage to sneak a glance at the people in the hallway. My eyes dart around the chaos, and I wonder how, every day, the same kid finds me in this crowd. I have no idea why he's looking for me. I lift my eyes some more, and finally lift my head. I look up just in time to see him again.

He screeches, "Pay attention to where you're walking."

I instinctively shutter and my stomach clenches from my nerves. When I see that it is not me he is spewing his venom at, I am shocked. Today, it is another kid. I feel relief and guilt at the same time. I feel guilty because I am happy that he is not bothering me.

I take a minute to look at the kid who is on the receiving end of his irritability. His head is hanging low, he is staring at the dirty

floor, and he is quickly apologizing for doing nothing but daring to be in the same hallway with a person who decided it is his job to emotionally destroy people one by one.

I quickly realized that I should have looked up weeks earlier. How did I let him figure me out? He's a teenager who figured out how to identify people he could badger and compromise. He is someone who thrives on bringing despair – not joy or love or peace or contentment – to other's lives. I am sad again, but for him this time. It isn't me who is empty inside; he has the void.

I spend a minute trying to figure him out but can't do it. He needs to spin a basketball, think endlessly, stare at the moon, and figure out what he's missing inside in order to figure out why his greatest joy is to deliver grief. I can't figure it out.

Joseph Smieya '19



Rushing By

Since students have only four minutes of passing time between classes, moving from one classroom to another in that time-frame, especially going to another building, requires a bit of speed and motivation. It often feels like we are just rushing by each other.

Matthew Hennelly '18

Youth

Rough attitude,
they have soft hands.
Love, right now, is something that
they'll never understand.

They all have blurry thoughts
yet a clear complexion.
They all go so far, but
Sometimes in the wrong direction.

So much time to spend,
so much money to lose.
The only thing that they know now is
That they are bulletproof.

They have a mindset given:
GO AND BE REBELLIOUS
Today in this free country,
a mindset like that is perilous.

They are the root of the term,
the phrase that is "young love"
Because when it comes to them,
love is all they have a concern of.

Going out at day,
coming home at night.
They're too young to pop a drink,
and so they finish all the Sprite.

Spending money left and right,
begging 'rents for cash.
Enjoy their age now because
they'll be gone in a flash.

They'll be tougher than the Greasers,
yet they dress like all the Socs.
Their ways of imagination
are as expansive as the oceans.

The little child of yours,
has grown up way too quick,
Teaching them how to talk, and
treating them while they were sick.

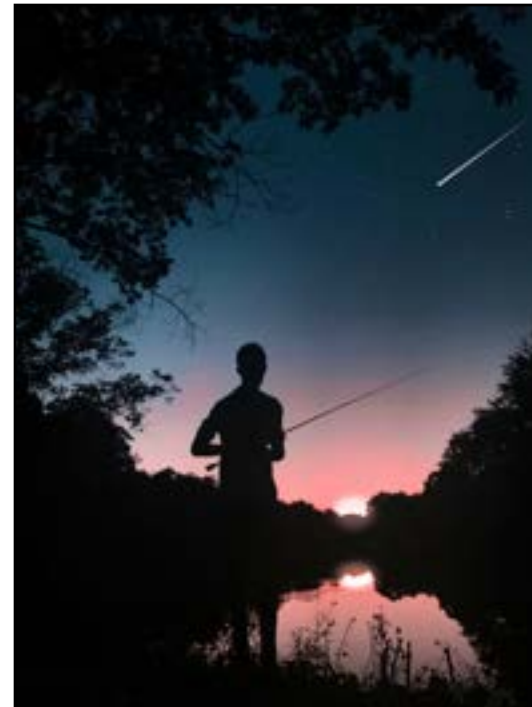
But life itself is too short
and at the end of the day
You must come to realize that
"Nothing Gold Can Stay."

Allen Baltazar '21

#FullSend

I was fishing at the Rahway River with my friends, since "Saturdays Are For the Boys," and there just so happened to be a FullSend in the forecast. I knew this was the perfect opportunity to take some photos of my pal Jake Cerami '20. After adding the celestial backdrop, this photo ended up a beauty, even though we didn't catch any fish that day.

Andrew Castello '20



Consigned to Assignments

Oh Doctor, Doctor, tell me the news,
Just how many extra Journals do I have to do?
Please tell me it isn't many, like seven, eight, or nine
Or else how'll I finish Sister's leaf project on time?
Plus Ms. Bergin's history essay will soon be due;
How could I possibly fit that in too?!
Maybe if I just calm down and breathe...
Wait, how much do we need to study for the NLE?!
On top of everything I still need to do,
The Providence Project requires five events, but I've only two!
Now panic is setting in and right on cue
Mr. Lechner just gave us a DBQ!
My adrenaline levels have just hit the skies.
Wait, today's the test on Lord of the Flies?!
Not to mention all the lessons to do in Acellus,
On top of needing to read Dred Scott, Zinn, and Phaedrus!
What? I need a Vignette submission, too, or I'll be in trouble?
Then I'll have to get to work, on the double!

Liam Cotter '19



Billionaire's Bugatti

I took this photo at the New York International Auto Show. As I looked at the Bugatti, I realized that building a car is equivalent to making a fine piece of art. So much work must go into creating a vehicle like this one.

Connor Walsh '20

The Beauty of the College Essay

Every year
A fourth of the class goes on this timeless journey,
One of self-discovery,
One of learning,
One of pain.

Every year
All the seniors complain
Of the tremendous pain they go through
Just to get accepted
Or rejected
From their dream.

Some go through it without a care in the world,
Not realizing the importance
Of the ocean around them, but just the boat.
Some await the end of their journey
Looking towards the land and nothing else,
failing to appreciate the beauty around them.

Every year,
However,
A few people look around,
Step back,
And take in the beauty of their journey.

Because every second of every hour that I spent
Writing
Tutoring
Building
Inventing
Learning
Is one I wouldn't trade for the world.

Kshaunish Soni '18



Princeton Visit

Every few months, whether for a swim meet or simply for fun, I visit Princeton University, my dream school. Each visit, the campus somehow seems to become more vibrant and beautiful and I find myself taking an abundance of pictures of every striking building, including this one.

Michael Botting '19

Plagiarism

Sitting at his desk with his eyes drooping,
To take a stranger's work would be easy.
Plagiarism, not to that level stooping,
The very thought made him queasy.

To the animal of sleep he was the perfect prey
But he would not be defeated.
He would stay awake for he had to write this essay,
And of this grade he would not be cheated.

"Finish your work on time.."
He could hear his teacher goad,
" ... Or you will pay much more than a fine."
By procrastinating, he had chosen to walk this road.

The image of his bed, such a sweet picture.
To go to sleep now meant stealing someone's well used time.
To plagiarise would go against his teacher's harshest strictures
And to him it would be nothing less than a crime.

They would never know if he took it;
It would be the perfect crime done at his leisure
But to plagiarise would be evil and he knew it.
Knowledge would be kidnapped and that would cause him much
displeasure.

To him it would be better to earn a poor grade
Than to steal someone else's genius artwork.
Thoughts of sleep began in his in mind began to fade;
Pulling himself closer to his desk, he began to work.

Jos Parayil '21
First Place: Freshman Poetry

Whose Thoughts are Those?

Are your thoughts really your own?
Or are they planted by someone unbeknown
Who'd used the school as their tool
And tried to carve you into their fool?

Can I really say who'd be the better choice?
Or am I just using my voice
to repeat what I've been told
and fit into their mold?

Why, one might ask, am I so concerned?
Well, who am I, besides the product of all that I've learned?
Wealth gained in exchange for control;
The mind is too precious for such a toll.

If News is fake, if teachers are fake,
Then in deceit who else doth partake?
What is real? Are my thoughts even real?
What might that truth reveal?

The world seems too mainstream.
I'll join the counterculture and scheme
To make America like our dream. You'll see.

But was this rebellion fated from the start?
Did they really succeed at grabbing my heart?
Or am I truly smart?

Was this all along their plan?
Their house isn't warm unless the flames of conflict are fanned.

They must have us fight,
As the Romans did in that Coliseum plight.

Agendas rule this cruel world.
Whose thoughts are those?

Alexander Uhrik '19

Writer's Work

An appropriate abundance of attitude
Busting with beautiful, brilliant language
Cannot recreate or comprehend something, yet
Can still construct an incredible sense of compassion.
During depressing and disorienting days, I
Disentangle my sorrows, for they are damaging.
Extreme energy makes me void of envy;
Expressing emotion keeps me elevated,
Fantastically feeling as though I'm ferocious,
For I am the fence that keeps me fairly balanced.
Gradually getting greater at governing my genius, I
Have less hardship as I hold my head high.
I feel incredible having not involved insanity.
Journeys judge our understanding of justice.
Knowledge is key in keeping my knees from
Knocking now my frame.
Life is worth living when you live by learning.

Valentin Cintron '19
First Place: Junior Poetry



Nature

Nature has always inspired my artwork; I find natural landscapes such as sunsets, mountains, and water to be the most inspiring. The beauty that comes from the earth drives my creativity and inspired this pen and ink drawing.

Ryan McNee '18

The Road Less Traveled By

Two roads diverged, but unlike the Frost poem, it wasn't in a scenic yellow wood; however, I am one traveler on a journey that will define the rest of my life. Neither choice is necessarily wrong. One road will lead to constant joviality and pleasures. That road will give me four years of independence, excitement, and ultimately nothing. It will be a four-year party filled with a false sense of invincibility. When it is all over, I will be handed a hefty bill—for everyone knows that if you want to dance, you have to pay the fiddler. Financial burdens aside, what's not to like about following the crowd? Fun, easy living isn't exactly difficult to turn down.

The road less traveled by will benefit me later in life, but certainly not now; I will be stripped of certain rights, broken down, and constantly challenged both mentally and physically. I won't get much sleep over the next four years should I take this road, and the light moments will be scarce. The majority of my thoughts and actions will be monitored carefully. As a reward for surviving these four upcoming years, I await the risk of potentially being sent to a dangerous place, a place where 99.9% of the general population would not dare to go.

So, why? Why take the road less traveled by? The road less traveled by is meant for those who place service over self. One must be humble and willing to sacrifice a great deal for such an experience. Relationships, financial gain, and a normal lifestyle all go out the door. In fact, personal freedom in general must be sacrificed for the freedom of others. Those who walk the road less traveled by care for not just themselves but also for others.

As my college admissions process winds down, I am staring at both roads with my eyes wide open. I want nothing more than to take the road less traveled by, for I have wanted to serve my country for as long as I can remember; however, the typical college life seemingly taunts me, beckoning with promises of parties and (ironically) financial gain and success! I will not succumb to those temptation, nor will I follow the path of virtually every single one of my friends. I will take the road less traveled by, and that will make all the difference.

Christian Consales '18



Oak Valley Plantation

I took this photo was taken during a summer JusticeworX trip to Louisiana. On the last day, we took a trip to the Oak Valley Plantation, which has history dating back to 1805. On the second floor, there was a balcony from which our group looked out and saw the brick path, both sides lined by large, vibrant trees. The way that the scene looked in person, with the sun beaming through the trees and casting shadows, was really fascinating. After looking at it, I recognized that I wouldn't be able to witness the sight again anytime soon once I returned to New Jersey; I wanted to take a picture to remember it.

Brandon Sebor '20

A Life of Struggles

My grandma Mima was a mighty warrior who fought for her life many times. Mima was born and raised in Cuba, living her childhood during the early reign of Castro. Because the infamous dictator oppressed the people of the Cuban nation and would kill anyone who would not accept his rule, many people rebelled against his reign—my grandma was one of those insurgents.

Mima always wanted to make things right so when she turned 25, she joined a secret rebellion force and did many dangerous things that risked her life. Mima would destroy power plants, hijack supply trucks meant for Castro's troops, and disrupt communications between Castro's forces.

One day my grandma, her husband, and her brother were driving to a government-controlled power plant with a car full of Molotov cocktails, with the intent of setting them off; unfortunately, they were caught. Castro's forces took the three of them, and my grandma was forced to watch her family executed on the side of the road by Castro's soldiers. After that horrible experience, she was put into a prison where she later escaped and returned to her rebellion group only to find out that her mom was secretly working for the town's communist party by watching the neighborhood and reporting any suspicious activities. One day she had her friends in the rebellion throw stones at the house but not at her mom, which caused her mom to stop spying. Mima kept fighting but eventually became afraid because her brother (my Uncle Henry) was starting school while she was an outlaw who could put Henry's life in jeopardy. My grandma knew she had to escape Castro's rule.

Mima had friends in the American Embassy so after nearly three years of waiting, she was able to leave Cuba and go to Spain. She was not able to bring anything with her and had to sell all of her belongings for just a fraction of their value. Mima, her sister, and her brother fled Cuba with only the coats on their backs and very little money. Once they got to Spain, my grandma looked for a job so that she could support her family while waiting for her Green Card so she could legally enter the USA. Eventually, they created a life for themselves with my grandma working many shifts and countless hours. She also met her brother's soccer coach, who three years later became my grandpa.

In 1968, she was granted political asylum and the entire family was granted passage to the U.S. My Mima and Papi lived a very happy life in America. They owned their own businesses and managed to put my mom and my Uncle Henry through private high school and college. In Mima's later life, she survived heart disease and an accident that should have left her paralyzed, but eventually overcame it with long-term physical therapy. My grandma Mima is and always will be the epitome of a warrior.

Anthony Altobelli '21



The Upside Down

I shot this photo on Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island, New York. This photo of my friend instilled feelings of sadness in me because we were on the verge of finishing high school. The photo also instilled feelings of happiness because I realized that soon we would both be heading off to college, a new chapter in our lives.

Amanpreet Singh Ghotra '18

Great Grampin

Flying planes may seem pretty glamorous, with all of the sightseeing over picturesque landscapes, including dazzling city skylines and rolling, rural fields of green. Now picture flying a plane, but instead of flying for leisure, how about flying for your life and for your country. Those previous picturesque views are now war zones, bloodbaths, and razed cities, devastated by the battles that took place within. That was life for a fighter pilot in World War II, that was the life of my great-grandfather, Edward Evans.

My great-grandfather was enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps during the WWII draft, when the U.S. was in need of able-bodied men to fight. After going through training, he became a radio operator and a gunnery on a B-25 aircraft. During his time in the war, he flew over 40 missions and was then able to retire from service. Those missions included some very interesting and frightening moments, which he recalled and wrote down in a diary during the war, which my grandparents still have to this day. By writing in the diary, he was able to give his account on what life during the war was really like for him and the other men in his squadron. Having the honor to be able to skim through the diary myself, I have been truly amazed with some of the stories, encounters, and obstacles he had to face during his service.

The account which I find most interesting is one of his missions on January 29, 1944. While his plane, one of several in the formation, was on its way to drop two bombs on Wotje, Japan, the U.S Navy mistakenly began to shoot at them. The Navy's attack did end up shooting down one plane, causing a fatality. Thankfully, not every mission went as horribly wrong as that one did, but each one still had all the similar risks involved once my great-grandfather took off from the runway.

My great-grandfather, a hero to many people, showed more bravery in his years of service than I could ever show in my whole life. His very interesting military career kept me enthralled as I read through his journal. My great-grandfather's life was truly incredible, and I'm proud to be named after him.

Edward Kaiven '21



Band of Brothers

My great-grandfather is the soldier in the bottom left corner of this picture with his flight crew. I am very proud to have been named after him.

Photo courtesy of the Kaiven family.

My Role Model: My Grandma

My grandma has played a dominant role in my life. She has helped shape the person I am today and has taught me values that I follow every day, such as being respectful, trustworthy, and studious.

Every year, my grandma and I raise money for the Pingalwara Orphanage in Amritsar, India, a facility for physically and mentally handicapped children and adults. In 2013, when I went to India with my parents and grandparents, I visited the orphanage and was amazed by the number of people who had health issues. Sadly, they had no families present to show them love. The caretaker told me that these individuals were not admitted to any hospitals and were simply left by the roadside. As a result of taking this trip, I became more humble and started respecting my family more. I have also applied this value to my life by volunteering with several different organizations such as the American Red Cross, different hospitals, and at my local Sikh Temple. In all of these places, I go to people in need and try to make their day better by giving them food or just making them laugh.

By modeling a positive mindset, my grandma has made me into a trustworthy person. She teaches me to always do the right thing and reminds me why a person should be honest and not take advantage of people. The value of being trustworthy has guided me to become a mentor for my younger cousins. Just as my grandma has taught me, I now teach my cousins why a person should be kind and helpful.

My grandma's knowledge has made me become a studious person. It has also made me grateful for the blessings I have. On a weekly basis, my grandma wakes up at 5:00 a.m. on Sundays to attend prayer sessions. My grandma and I also show respect to God by giving back to our community by helping to prepare and to serve food at our temple. We also give money to the poor. These moments with my grandma have taught me that I should be respectful and grateful. This value inspires me to volunteer every Sunday at the Dashmesh Darbar temple and to take cultural classes so I can learn more about my religion and become closer to God.

The role that my grandma has played in my life has made me grow more mature and has made me the person I am today. She

continues to inspire me to do the right thing and always to help others. She also teaches me to pray in order to have a better relationship with God.

Ajaypal Jagra '20

First Place: Sophomore Nonfiction



Dominican Beach

This is a very old, full color self portrait done with oil paint on canvas. It is a painting of me when I was about twenty-five years old. I was sitting on some rocks on a Dominican beach with the sea and the palm trees surrounding me.

Señora Nadia Salzer

The Courage Behind the Flames

I have always wondered what kind of courage it takes to run into a burning building when everyone else is running out. My grandfather, a New York City firefighter, is the epitome of courage. He worked for over thirty years at one of the busiest firehouses in midtown Manhattan, and often recounts stories of fighting fires in the 1970s and 1980s, when New York City looked very different than it does today. I remember one of the more tragic stories, where a Christmas tree caught fire in a family's apartment three stories up. Eventually, the whole apartment building lit up in amber flames. As his squad reached the second level, the floor collapsed underneath them, killing one of his fellow firefighters.

Although my grandfather has had some very difficult days where he had seen much death, the gratitude and support he received from the community got him through those tough times. This is what fuels my grandfather's internal fire to keep going when things get tough. What I admire most is that even now, at 75-years old, he still seeks to help others. Every Tuesday, he ventures into New York City to visit his old firehouse neighborhood. While there, he volunteers at the soup kitchen, delivering meals to many of the homeless in that neighborhood.

I am proud of all that he has done to impact the lives and community where he had sacrificed so much to save others. He is a great example not only to me, but also to his other grandchildren. His legacy will continue to live on because I hope to help those around me and make an impact in the world just as he did.

Brady Patterson '21



Lighthouse by the Shore

Every year, my family and I go to a little town on the southern coast of Connecticut. This town, Mystic, is home to the world's largest collection of antique ships at their seaport museum. The seaport offers shuttle tours around the lower part of the Mystic River. When the shuttle came around a small bend in the river, I snapped this picture of an old lighthouse that was transported from Maine to the seaport in Connecticut. As I was on the water, this offered me, and my camera, a better view of the lighthouse which was unobstructed by the land and other ships.

Giovanni Young-Annunziato '21

Poverty

Everywhere you will go,
In the most unfortunate places both high and low,
All four corners of the globe,
Will not cloak the peniaphobia.
The elite and rich will try to hide
The poverty from being eyed.

Looking at their miniature hands
It was hard to believe what they had to withstand.
Here at the park, they seemed without care;
Back at home, they were in deep despair.
Lost, forgotten, feelings of exasperation;
It was clear to see that their hope needed rehabilitation.

There we were, a beacon of hope,
Brightening their day so they could cope.
Love and affection were what we could bring
As we pushed them on the playground swing.
Looking back I think I can say
How blessed I am in every way.

Benshel Bright '20



Italian Alley

This photo of the alley shows the foundations of a simpler time. The older roads and buildings remained unchanged as more modern buildings and cars have intruded upon the scene.

Kevyn Martinez '18

Pray, You Never Know

When it seems like there is no more hope,
When nothing goes your way,
There is just one thing to do:
Take a few minutes to pray.

It can be a short prayer
Or it can be longer,
But no matter what you ask for,
God will make you stronger.

God has always been there,
Since the day that you were born.
That makes it easy to ask for help;
God replies without scorn.

God will always listen,
To every word that is uttered,
To every word that is shouted,
And to every word that is muttered.

You cannot expect a response
To every prayer that is said
But keep up with the prayer,
Because you don't know what's just ahead.

And when you get a response,
Don't take it for granted.
For God has taken time
To give you a seed to be planted.

When you plant that seed
Something can be grown,
Something God wants,
For you and you alone.

Matthew Dekovics '19



Sunset On The Beach

I completed this pointillism artwork as an assignment for my art class last year. I was inspired to complete this piece because of a similar beach scene which I saw every day in Ms. Salzer's classroom. I challenged myself to create a pointillism piece of that beautiful vista. The medium I used was markers and the original dimensions were 8.5 inches by 11 inches. This is one of my best art pieces and it is a personal treasure of mine.

Paul Ross '19

You're Different, I'm Sure Of It

Since our youth, we've been taught, either indirectly or deliberately, that life is a routine that forces us into a set program of living that eventually becomes so basic, nonchalant, and repetitive that each day blends into the next.

As we grow up, our parents teach us to "work hard" and "practice" so that we may exceed the expectations placed upon us, helping us become great and not just good. Embedded within that advice lies a trap, a smoke and mirror of sorts, tricking us into believing that there are rules to achievement in life, ideas that one must live, act out, and follow throughout his or her existence in order to become successful in the simplest sense of the word. This is NOT the case! The correlation of hard work to success is not proven to be the cause of your success. No combination of actions can guarantee that you will have the life you dreamed of.

With those words, we are merely being strung along by societal beliefs and social norms, keeping us "in the box," conforming us to certain lifestyles, and making our lives simplistic and routine. Life should not be a habit or a schedule; rather, life should be a constantly changing adventure, one that causes us to adapt and evolve in ways we would have thought completely unlikely. As humans, we are too mentally complex to settle and to accept anything except that we were created to discover, to achieve, and to enlighten. This statement should empower people to break the cycle of conformity. Living life as an adventure and stepping out our comfort zone helps not only each individual but also society as a whole.

Conformity breeds contentment in society, which essentially takes away our human individuality. We humans are the most blessed of creatures because unlike other life forms on Earth, we are not genetically coded to perform only specific functions; rather, we were given an advanced system of thought, allowing us to do anything we want. This is a freedom unique to us; this self-awareness and abstract thought process puts us above the rest of creation, so, why not use this to be your own person. Set your own trends, make your own mark; this is your gift, so use it!

Tour'e Reaves '18



That's One Famous Beatle

Paper and Pencil, 11 " x 8 1/2 "

I drew this picture of a legend who died before I was born, yet his music continues to inspire me in my life. John Lennon and his talents will live on forever.

Conor Quigley '18

The Game of a Lifetime

There's only so much time,
Only so many practices, so many games, so many showcases.
One game, one play, one touch on the ball can change a season.
Should it bring the season to a stuttering halt?
Or be the flame that ignites the burning passion
that leads a group of twenty brothers to glory?
Be that flame!
Shine the light that leads the way.
Forget the mishaps, mistakes, and missed opportunities of the past.
Why bother wasting your time worrying about yesterday
When you can plan for tomorrow?
Be the game changer.
Write your story.
Let the memories of failure
help you work towards a better tomorrow.
Let the pride, glory, and success of past accomplishments
fuel you to want more.
Appreciate what you have,
What you have earned,
But never stop.
Lace up your cleats with passion and play with a purpose.
Strive to score goals for the man to your right;
Fight to defend for the man to your left.
Take every touch on the ball like it could be your last,
Like someone is always watching,
Because the slightest touch on the ball, in a split second of time,
can change your career,
So make the most of it.
Work hard for the people that you play for,
the people you play with, the people you represent,
And the people that lead you.
Fight for glory.
Do not hesitate to sacrifice a moment of pain for a legacy
of glory that could last a lifetime.

Do not be afraid.
Trust in God, and let the passion for a game that you love propel
you to success.
Every day, every hour, every minute, every second counts.
Set your goals and strive to achieve them.
Earn your legacy.

Eric Freda '20
First Place: Sophomore Poetry



Night on the Water

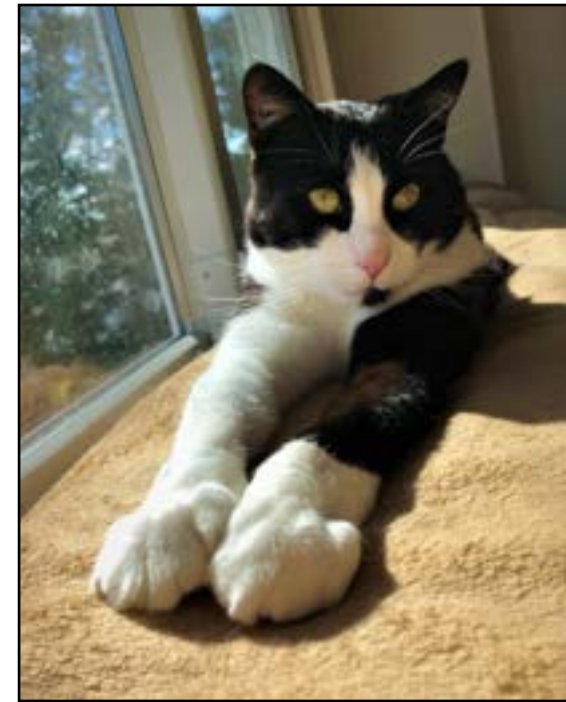
The photo shows all of the Saint Joseph's Crew boats coming into the dock after a hard day of practicing technique and doing endurance training on the Raritan River.

Sean McMenemy '19

Thanks for playing.

So myriad times in life will come no breaks -
But not by choice. Are you expected to
Persist with absoluteness? What it takes
To grasp success within, inside of you...
So difficult to fathom. Fear and loathing
Supplant your soul, envelop your existence.
Your winter's discontent, as it's unfolding,
Amounts to nothing but a pestilence.
Have expectations masked your masquerade?
The pressure pulsing, in pursuit of perfect,
Your momentary confidence betrayed
By thoughts of aimlessness and defect.
But wait - humanity is not divine!
Thus, imperfection passed from thy to thine.

Mr. Matthew Marino '95



Socks Don't Have To Match

Animal lovers who adopt pets from shelters and rescue groups place little importance on breed or color but rather on the special connection that we feel to our furry friends. Presto is one of my rescue cats whose personality is as big as his feet. He is identified as a tuxedo in coloring yet his pattern is not at all balanced, but to me, what he looks like on the outside doesn't really matter because what's on the inside is what's important. The world would be a kinder place if people judged other people that same way – focusing more on internal qualities rather than on outward appearances.

Dr. Martine Gubernat

The Author's Midnight Write

Listen, my children, and you shall hear tonight
Of the everyday struggle to find something to write.
When the mind goes blank
And to be quite frank
The glimmer of hope is a dwindling light.

Then out of nowhere it hits like a brick
Where once nothing was, a space now is filled.
A spark of an idea lights up like a wick
And charges you with the task of a world to build.
One strike with the setting, a second with plot,
And all of the writer's block unties like a knot.
Pen down to paper, fingers to keys,
And all of the words flow out with such ease;
All of a sudden, the writing's a breeze.

You think you've got it, but then—a plot hole!
Another readover, your eyes start to roll.
You know what needs to be done—a rewrite—

But something this big, it'll take all night.
You rub your eyes; none of your energy remains.
Your legs need a stretch and your cramped hand complains.
The writer's magic seems to have left your veins.
You turn off your laptop and close your notebook
And nearly pass out from the effort writing took.

Next morning, you're up and back to work,
The story's action exploding like a firework.
The characters you've made you've grown to love:
Any act of humor elicits a smirk
Yet you've dealt out some pain when push came to shove.
But now, alas, your story has ended;
Countless pens ran dry, your energy expended.
All the ends are tied up; you've finished the plot,
Proud of all the happiness and tears that you've wrought.
You may think, my dear children, that this is the end,
That you're done with this story, this world of pretend.
But you'll find, with any writer, there's never just one
For a writer's job is never truly done.
So sit down, dear children, and pick up your pens
And open your notebooks, and do it again!

Matthew Furnell '21



The Light of the Mermaid

Crayons and black paint; 8.5 "x 11"

For this art assignment, I first had to fill in a white sheet of paper with various colors, and then I covered the entire surface with black paint and allowed it to dry. To draw the image, I took a sharpened wooden stick and scratched off the paint to reveal the colors underneath. I drew a mermaid for this assignment because my favorite Disney princess movie growing up was *The Little Mermaid*. Drawing this way was quite challenging because I couldn't make a mistake; once a stroke was drawn, it couldn't be erased or fixed.

Andrew Au '19

Cover Art Inspiration

The cover of the 2018 *Vignette* literary magazine reflects the diversity of Saint Joseph High School students, who come from many different walks of life. The young men may be different in their looks, interests, and thoughts, yet they share a drive to be inspired. The students seeing themselves on the multi-dimensional cover of the *Vignette* symbolizes how they are able to see their own reflections through creative writing, artwork, and cinematography, and how these accomplishments are truly limitless.

The back cover shows two falcons flying in opposite directions, meeting at the steeple of O'Neill Hall over the chapel. The image reflects how Saint Joseph falcons are individuals set on different paths, yet we are brought together by the will of God to form an unbreakable bond of love. The red-violet trail that follows the birds forms the shape of a heart, not only to symbolize the love-filled friendship that students develop for each other but also to highlight the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, whose primary ambition is to educate through the heart of Jesus Christ, inspiring young men to express their talents so that they can share their works of art in the world and beyond.

Rourke Morrison '18

Vignette Online

Please scan the QR code on the right to view a full-color version of the *Vignette*. You can also access the file by visiting www.stjoes.org and then clicking the *Vignette* link in the Clubs & Activities page.



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 are not returned. The editors and advisors reserve the right to edit manuscripts for grammar, spelling, punctuation, and clarity.

Dedication

This year's *Vignette* is dedicated to Brother Louis Couvillon, S.C., our Chaplain and Director of Campus Ministry, whose life reflects his devout faith as well as his devotion to the students entrusted to his care.

Colophon

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

The body copy was set in Merriweather 10 point. Headlines were set in Merriweather 12 point. The *Vignette* was created using LucidPress, Adobe Illustrator, and Adobe Photoshop.

The cover was designed by Rourke Morrison '18. Folios were designed by the *Vignette* staff.

The magazine was printed by Yes Press, Inc. with a press run of 725 copies. It is comprised of 132 pages using a 5.5 x 8.5 inch format.

Thanks to Dr. Martine Gubernat & Mr. Matthew Marino '95 for their guidance and support as well as to the members of the English Department for their assistance with submissions. Thanks also to Ms. Nadia Salzer and the students in her art classes for sharing their work, as well as Mr. George Milligan for his technical assistance with Photoshop.

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## Vignette Awards

2017: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”  
2016: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”  
2015: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”  
2014: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit” &  
“Most Outstanding Private School”  
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”

## Vignette Staff 2018



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### Moderators:

Dr. Martine Gubernat  
Mr. Matthew Marino '95





Loisda. Plummer '18