



## Art Cover Inspiration

### The Saint Joe's Spirit: Soaring into Success

Liquid colored inks and wax colored pencils on watercolor paper; 18 in x 24 in (unframed). Wash and blending techniques.

My goal was to create a piece that captures the St. Joe's spirit, using different symbols to show our school's positive attributes and featuring our mascot, a falcon. To make this cover, I used liquid colored inks and wax colored pencils. I am honored to have been selected as this year's cover artist. Go Falcons!

*Jackson Costello '20*



Jackson putting the finishing touches on the *Vignette* cover.

*photo by Ms. Lynda Woodworth*



# *Vignette*

## 2019

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## Editorial

When I enrolled at Saint Joseph High School, I was transitioning from a very impersonal experience at a large public school system to the intimate, unique experience that our school offers to its students. I vividly remember Mr. Fleetwood's advice at orientation: get involved early. I quickly found my social niche among the students in my classes and on my team. We all rushed to get involved in activities that "would look good on a college application."

These activities at Saint Joe's have created bonds among every member of our Class. Our immense successes in athletics and academic extracurriculars have helped spark positive competition while uniting us as a brotherhood outside of the classroom. Class-level retreats, school-wide masses, and the newly instituted Formation Wednesdays molded our spiritual lives in new and exciting ways, resulting in a unique experience for every student. At the conclusion of our four years, we know that while we each have our differences, we love one another in a special way thanks to our shared community.

Saint Joe's fostered a brotherhood of competitive cooperation — my friends and I often battled to have the best GPA or the longest list of extracurriculars, yet we celebrated each success and supported one another through every downfall, always pushing each other to be our best. Our long list of extracurriculars and high grades may not have earned us admission to all of our top choice colleges, but Saint Joe's turned out to be our dream school all along.

This year's *Vignette* staff has reviewed hundreds of written and visual submissions from students and Partners in Mission and selected the following pieces to craft an artistic representation of our shared Saint Joe's experience. Our hope is that, decades from now, alumni may sift through these pages and reflect fondly upon what life was like as a student during the four years that began a lifelong brotherhood.

Michael Botting '19



## I've Read This Story Before

Art imitates life—or does life imitate art? I don't remember how it goes, but I do know that I recognize this story. I've seen the whole thing before and I don't like how it ends for a character like me. Whoever created me didn't really want to give me a great backstory, I guess. I don't really have a clear motivating factor or a tearful history; no audience is emotionally attached to me. I'm just here to move the plot along.

I'm sure the author is describing the setting right now: the kind of winter evening where the air is crisp and every breath makes you feel more alive but you can't quite feel your fingers and your cheeks are stinging from the cold — something like that. Of course, we can see our breath, but mine looks like an asthmatic old man's pathetic smoke cloud, while hers is reminiscent of a full-grown dragon preparing to shower her enemies in flames. We sit down on the park bench overlooking the frozen pond. I'm sure the author is describing the bare trees and the serenity that comes with a few inches of snow, but all I can think about is how cold and *wet* the bench is beneath me. The author wouldn't mention that though, pointless details.

And here it comes, my purpose in the story. She's telling me about her boyfriend who left her last week and her father who broke through the ice and died when she was just five. Oh, how traumatizing to have watched her father slip away into the afterlife, carried away by the frigid currents, while she could only bang on the ice! And at such an impressionable young age! I suppose I'm expected to say something profound so that my character can be fulfilled and she can continue with her internal conflict, right? What if I don't? What does the author do with a character who won't listen? Who is he to pretend to be judge, jury, and executioner of my world?

I can sense her confusion as I get up and dust the snow off my pants. The author is writing vehemently, but I keep walking away, off to make my own story. What can the author do now? She calls after me, starts to run in my direction, undoubtedly because the author had her realize that she was in love with me (what a *great* plot twist that would be) but this isn't his story anymore.

I whirl around, finally letting the black fury engulf me. My heart screams with passion and I don't hold back this time. I'm no

longer a flat character and I can have the full emotional range that a real person has. My vision starts to fade in and out with the intensity of what I'm about to say. Everything else disappears and I am rage incarnated. I open my mouth and... and nothing comes out. She's gone while the world around me is flickering.

No, no, no, *no*. I look down and realize that this was the author's plan all along. I'm still a flat character. My part in the story is over, the main character realized how selfish she is, and my existence is—never mind. Someone new just opened the book.

Michael Botting '19



## The Storyboard

Once the *Vignette* staff read through hundreds of submissions and selected the ones that would be published, they created the storyboard by taping the writings and visuals on the whiteboard in the page order that they would appear in this booklet. This marks a big turning point in our progress and is cause to celebrate with smiles of success.

Dr. Martine Gubernat

## Scarcity in Necessities

*Has it moved? Has the line shortened?  
No, just less water and more people.*

It's incredible. Never before had I thought I would stand in line for water, yet here I am, along with hundreds of other New Yorkers, waiting for the next shipment of cartons to arrive. Three weeks ago our tap went dry, reducing me to an animal, forcing me to scrounge for basic necessities. My children are parched, and the absence of an essential element of life has changed everything. Two months ago, the federal government raised the price of water per gram by three cents, drastically affecting those with inadequate incomes. Since I lived in the wealthier sections of East Manhattan, this mandate has had nominal effects other than the traffic congestion from occasional riots.

But now, it's a different story.

In a matter of years, our city's supply of water has dried up. Taps are running dry and reservoirs are evaporating, yet an increased need for water. This beautiful metropolis that once served as the nation's core now is now barren and dry, and its population is still rising. Those still too stubborn to leave are staying, and newcomers in pursuit of New York's tourist attractions are flooding in.

This plight is not contained only to New York; other regions are also starting to experience the effects of water loss. Simple tasks such as brushing teeth and showering are now luxuries in a world of minimized water.

Who are the people of New York to blame? Generations of old denied scientific warning, and instead, immersed themselves in a surplus of resources. Carbon emissions and global warming have ramped up the already increasing temperature, evaporating entire bodies of water. Are we to blame our government, who denied the claims that our Earth is changing?

This problem cannot be solved alone. It cannot be overcome by one person. It cannot... the problem...

*Has the line started to move? Has it shortened?  
Yes, and I can see the water in the distance.*

*Abel Stephen '22*



## The City That Never Sleeps

Even in the middle of the night, for twenty-four hours a day, seven days of the week, New York City is never truly asleep. When I took this photo, I aimed to capture that truism in order to remember my exciting trip to New York City.

*Craig Talerico '20*

## Perseverance

I never truly understood what perseverance, teamwork, determination, and hard work meant until I was soaked in WD-40, stretched out on the floor of my garage. This revelation hit me in full force after three of my closest friends and I spent an entire afternoon at my house, replacing the rusty, crumbling, and deteriorating factory exhaust system on my 1990 Miata with a shiny new performance exhaust system.

The process itself was supposed to be relatively simple and straightforward; however, as with most things related to working on cars, many unforeseen difficulties and challenges arose. That afternoon was no exception. Our obstacles came in the form of thirty-year-old bolts that had seen so much abuse and wear that they no longer resembled bolts, cramped and tight spaces with little wiggle room, and of course the frigid garage floor on a late autumn day. Whatever the scale or size of all the obstacles that blocked our path, our mutual feelings of determination and our sense of brotherhood always proved to be stronger. Our resources and tools were limited, but we never stopped to question whether or not we could do something, only how we could do it.

Once each bolt was loosened and every hanger removed, my band of backyard mechanics and I each grasped a piece of the old system, gently lowered it from its home of some twenty-eight years and placed it on the floor. Then, with each of us still clutching a separate portion of the pipe, we slid it out from under the elevated car and into the open. We examined this rusted length of pipes and tubing and saw a peculiar new trophy that served as a symbol of progress.

With the job half-complete, we lined up our system alongside its predecessor, fitting each length of exhaust piping in the correct order as a test fit. I looked across at each of my accomplices. By now we had all become coated in a fine layer of sweat, dirt, and chemicals of all sorts. Our bare hands gave off the impression that we had just recently emerged from a coal mine. Despite this, all of us were donning different accessories, ear-to-ear grins and a hungry light in our eyes that yearned to see the result of all our labor.

Meticulously repeating the same steps we took to remove the fossilized car exhaust, but now in reverse, we assembled the

exhaust piece by piece under the car. While two of us raised and held a piece of the exhaust, the other two secured and fastened the system to the car. As we worked, I couldn't help but ponder the concept of how four, 17-year-old boys could all fit under such a tiny car at once. When we reached the final section of the exhaust — the car's sparkling new rear muffler — the four of us converged upon it. As the last hanger was secured and the last bolt tightened, the four of us relaxed there for a moment and studied our creation. Realizing that it had indeed met our wildest expectations and satisfied our most ambitious of dreams, we lowered the suspended car.

With the only thing left to do being to turn the key, I looked back one last time to the smiling yet anxious faces of my brothers. My battle-scarred hand inserted the key and gently turned it over. The once dormant machine roared to life with a ferocious new sound. My eyes darted to the mirror where I saw my friends cheering and celebrating over the engine's roar. I began that day with one goal in mind, yet I now understand that what I didn't expect to gain is infinitely more valuable.

*Daniel Brandafi '19*



### **The Culmination of a Day's Sweat and Perseverance**

I took this photo right before my first drive after finishing the tedious process of replacing my car's exhaust. It feels gratifying to see the final product of all of the work that I have done on my car.

*Daniel Brandafi '19*

## A Casual Cause of Road Rage

*After a long, hard day at work, you head home. On the dark highway, your car chugs along as you begin to switch lanes towards the final exit.*

Your car veers left  
with your guidance,  
Only to be  
neared from behind.

You see a flash  
and hear a horn,  
And wonder to  
yourself: from where?

Hearing screams from  
your passenger,  
you become tense.

The light goes dim  
and you look left  
to see an angry  
truck cut by.

The exit closes in  
and your car veers  
right, giving you  
time to sit and think: was it my fault?

Almost asleep, you had  
put yourself in danger.  
Almost home, you had  
become relaxed.

If only you had  
just slept more at night  
and seen the mirror,  
it would not be.

But instead, you  
fell victim to  
what you inflicted –

Road Rage, or more universally, a failing grade.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*



## The Writing Process of an AP Lit Scholar

Finally got home and unpack my bag.  
I open my laptop with a great sigh.  
*Writing this paper will be such a drag.*  
I stare at the prompt with tears in my eye.

Doc has insisted that I try to write  
An AP essay from an old exam.  
The prompt describes a Shakespearean plight  
That I have to analyze as I cram.

Quickly looking at the archaic terms,  
I start to realize my fate is assured.  
Nonetheless, I begin to type some words,  
Hoping to God that my grade will endure.

The first body paragraph was easy.  
Once I finished the claim, the rest just came.  
“Adding lit terms without being cheesy  
Was not difficult at all!” I exclaim.

Confidently, I started the second.  
*Maybe this problem could be surmounted.*  
The claim and supports were strong, I reckon.  
Once I finished, the lit terms were counted.

On to the third and final paragraph —  
Repeating claim, support, and explain.  
Once the analysis was done, I laughed.  
I took a break for food to rest my brain.

Writing the intro and conclusion was hard,  
Yet I tried to complete my creation.  
After some hours, I played my trump card,  
And I read old works for inspiration.

Finally, I finished my long paper.  
After printing, I fell asleep at midnight,  
Positive that my average was safer.  
I overcame the challenge with my might.

Some days later we got the essays back.  
When I got my paper, my jaw went slack.  
Despite feeling upbeat and working late,  
I received a solid seventy-eight.

*Matthew Parayil '19*



## Why Cats Can't Be Trusted to Grade Papers

Presto starts off with the best of intentions — a meow of enthusiasm and a purr of approval — but then it's all downhill from there. Headbutting my shoulder ensues, followed by stepping on the paper instead of reading the paper. The next thing you know Presto is dropping the red pen, doing a cat stretch, kneading with his big cat paws, and taking a snooze because evidently *Heart of Darkness* is not nearly as interesting as dreaming about catching the mouse that sneaks into the cellar during the winter months.

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*



## Mission Accomplished—

It's 2012, and the lyrics to the newest Justin Bieber song have woken me up from my deep, dream-filled slumber. *Today is the day*, I think to myself. I've been preparing for this day for weeks—contemplating, planning, practicing. I've laid out my route of execution, accounting for each twist and turn to the step. I've thought about the words I want to express. *No, that's too cliché; this one's a little too wordy*. All people within a one household radius have heard the exact words—my mom, my cat, my mirror, and even my secret collection of Pokémon stuffed animals....

Now, it's time for the presentation. Dress to impress, right? I put on my pre-planned outfit for the day: Minecraft graphic tee, jorts, light up Sketchers, and don't forget the Wall-E sunglasses. *Looking freshhh* I tell myself. I rush down the stairs, sliding down the rail and nailing the landing, as I hear my mom call me for breakfast.

*Perfect*. Eggos pancakes and Minute Maid orange juice await me at the kitchen table, looking absolutely succulent. After devouring every last bite of those chocolate chip discs from Heaven, I run out the door to the bus with my book bag and a handful of gummy bear vitamins.

*It's go time*. I walk through the doors of my middle school and turn the corner, patiently waiting for the big jocks to hustle past before I make another strategic move. *Left. Right. Right. Left*. I arrive at my first and only checkpoint: the locker. I quickly spin the combo and throw open the locker where my contraband lies. *Dad's cologne*. "Sauvage by Dior Eau de Parfum Spray." One whiff of this baby guarantees instant success, at least that's what the YouTube video said. In seconds, the hall is

filled with that tangy, oh-so-delectable scent of *pure manliness*.

Thirty seconds until the objective arrives. I look around to make sure everything's in place. Nosy friends are ripping their daily Beyblade battles; gossip girls are in the mirror putting on makeup; jocks are laughing away in a corner about the football team's third consecutive win. *Wonderful, everything's going according to plan*.

That's when the target approaches. I slowly approach, ostentatiously chewing my illegal gum loud enough for all to hear. *Smooth*. Ten steps away — *no going back now* — five, three, and...

"Hey Isabella! Did it hurt when you fell from Heaven? Because you must be an angel!" *Nailed it*. Fireworks go off in my mind. Everything becomes brighter. Weeks of practice have all led up to this flawless execution. Mission accomplished—

"Aw! Thank you George!"

Mission failed. I feel tears forming in my eyes. *My name's not George*.

*Matthew Vergel '19*

## Break From the Brands

Now before you click “send,” listen to me for a moment.  
You don’t know me all that well, but what I’m about to tell you,  
to me is viewed as important.  
You’ve gotta flex this and flex that,  
but to whom are you even speaking?  
The only people who follow you on the Snap and the Gram, are  
there for the materialistic reason.  
The whole idea of this clout and clothes too good for the average  
person, it does feel like an evil  
because how are we supposed to change the world if we can’t even  
dress a certain way to see ourselves as equals?  
If I wanted to have the newest phone, fit in the newest clothes, or  
go to places people didn’t even know existed, I could,  
but I don’t believe in wasting money on stuff I don’t need. I’d  
rather put it towards good.  
I’m not saying we all should live in the same house, do the same  
job, drive the same car, or look the same way at all,  
because that really isn’t fair.  
I’m saying that every person should get the same water, the same  
chance, and the same opportunity,  
because we do breathe the same air.  
My message isn’t to bring you down or make you feel a certain way.  
I wanna show that these fancy things shouldn’t bring  
smiles to our faces each day.  
And it’s literally been proven,  
the happiest countries on earth don’t waste their money  
on things that are useless.  
Forget tobacco, and who needs ammunition?  
The only fire power that’s needed is to go plan another mission,  
just as Norway has done with investing money in cancer research,  
hydro power technology, and a bunch of different features.  
We’ve been throwing money away on goods that just drag us  
deeper into being a self-centered society.  
We’ve got to stop thinking about ourselves.  
And how ‘bout we take some money and  
put it towards digging wells?  
It only takes a couple thoughts before turning a goal into an action.  
Like Nike, just do it, and put that dream into the past tense.

We don’t need these esteem boosters;  
we need to set examples for the future.  
The end of these markets is bound to come,  
and instead of late, let’s make it sooner.  
We can do this, right now, save our generation hand in hand  
And all it’s gonna happen by taking a Break from the Brands.

*Marcel Milewski '20*



## Be the Change

Do we really need materialistic goods in our lives? Instead of trying to show off how much better we are than the rest of society, let’s make an effort to better all of society. Let’s take a break from the brands and take a step towards making a positive change in the world.

*Marcel Milewski '20*



### Columns

I took this photo while on a trip to North India. These columns once belonged to a thriving temple but have been reduced to mere stacks of rocks. It is astonishing to think how sacred buildings can be reduced to mere tourist stops.

*Matthew Parayil '19*

### Social Media

As I brush my teeth, I see the bathroom mirror each day,  
 Reflecting an image of myself in PJs.  
 And yet somehow, simultaneously,  
 My cousins in India can still see me  
 With my family and my friends  
 In pictures that I wish to share.  
 But all these snapshots only show  
 Portions of life that I choose to disclose.  
 Snapchat, Facebook, Instagram —  
 All perfect pictures feel like a scam.  
 In the same way that I see myself in the mirror,  
 Social media reflects me with an added filter.  
 Our identity is shaped by the people around us;  
 We must recognize that social media can't define us.  
 And be aware that social media's high standards may cause lust.  
 So abstain from overuse, this is a must.  
 Yet at the same time, while these may be true,  
 Friends and family can connect, and social media's the glue.

*Benshel Bright '20*

## The World We Live In

I am a 15-year-old Muslim boy born in the United States,  
But are we really the “UNITED” States?  
Peace is taught in our Declaration, but we choose to be full of hate.  
We only pick and choose what we want to hear,  
Oppressing our own brothers, filling the world with fear.  
This topic is talked about so much but never really acted upon.  
Let's wake up! Know the difference between right and wrong.

Black, White, Arab, Asian, Spa... you know where I am going with this.

We all know it, but let me tell you why it's important.  
Our own religion says so — John 13:34 “A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another,”  
So no matter how corny this sounds, we all bleed the same blood.  
We are brothers.

This message is not supposed to be spread throughout only Christianity.

This is a message that should be shared throughout humanity.  
We all have problems, so why should we fight alone instead of choosing to fight together?  
Let's settle down, take a deep breath, relax and regroup.  
We should all have sympathy for one another.

We have brothers in Africa dying from no food or water.  
In our country, thousands of people a day die from gang-related manslaughter.  
We still have civil wars in Yemen and Venezuela.  
Schools are being shot at,  
And Syrian kids are being gassed.  
This is only a little of what is happening in the world, and it's all happening so fast.  
We know about the world's history yet we are just re-living the past.

As you can see, it doesn't matter what race you are. Right now, we all have hardships.  
So by not caring for each other, it's like saying, “You don't matter;

I am heartless!”

Black, White, or Asian, we are all God's creation regardless.  
So let me leave you with a Hadith from the religion of Islam.  
And if we act on it, we will become a strong youth.  
As the Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, said in his Last Sermon,  
“A white person has no superiority over a black nor a black has any superiority over a white — except by piety and good action.”

*Ali Zuhfer '22*



**Peace**

This photo does not only depict a building but it also symbolizes the government, empowered by “We the People.” It represents rights: the right to a fair trial, the right to bear arms, and the right to vote. It represents freedoms: freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and, most importantly, the freedom of religion.

*Roman Modhera '22*



### Who Are You Looking At?

My students and I have enjoyed watching the incubation and hatching of the eaglets at Duke Farms in Hillsborough, NJ via their live eagle cam. I was lucky enough to catch this moment in a screen shot when one of the parents turned toward to camera as if watching us watch them. We are all fascinated as we observe these beautiful and impressive birds raising their young.

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*

### R.I.P.

Ten toes down, but my fists up.  
 We in the city where you gotta keep ya chin tucked.  
 It's sad to say this the way we gotta live.  
 Only way to be safe is to stay home at the crib.  
 They took my boy Jayden; he was only seventeen.  
 The whole world knew he was destined for the league.  
 Made it out the city, was able to have a future.  
 A lot of kids get taken by the grand consumer.  
 The streets take a lot of people; it's hard to survive.  
 Only way to get out is to stay on your grind.  
 Since I made it out, it's time to stack my bread.  
 Giving back to the city is the way I express.  
 Now time to go back on my grind; I'll catch you later.  
 Gotta go to let out my anger from these murders.

*Adam Slawinski '21*



## And I Endorse This Message

The war started on October 1 with the first shots fired during the 6 a.m. local news. In the beginning, it was fought in polite salvos like the neatly drawn battle lines of pre-colonial skirmishes.

"I'm Lance McMullen and I'm here to tell you why I'll bring prosperity to this state."

The enemy responded.

"Hello, I'm Mike Sherman and if I'm elected, I promise bold change."

The barrage of promises and good intentions lasted only until the polling data arrived. The enemy camps reassessed their tactics and separately reached the same conclusion – escalation. The tone changed from civility to increasing hostility. The images focused dark times and were framed with dramatic music and an uneasiness about the future.

"Mike Sherman wants to increase your taxes and increase spending."

"Lance McMullen has a record of voting for special interests."

As the days progressed, each side won its share of battles. The carnage mounted as aides and confidants were cast aside for indiscretions. This was a war of attrition.

On October 20, spies and saboteurs started creeping into opposing camps. There were no bold pronouncements between football scores and the weather, just whispers.

"McMullen has connections to shady, overseas organizations."

"Did you know what happened to Sherman's first wife?"

Each side issued swift and strong condemnations about every salacious allegation.

A feeling of dread swept across the scorched earth of the political landscape as the calendar marched toward November 1. The public feared the use of a "nuclear option," which quickly

became reality. The bombs flew forth from the doors of the cable news networks.

"Mike Sherman has had numerous affairs!"

"Lance McMullen cheated on his taxes!"

In a brilliant flash, it was over just as quickly as it began on the evening of November 6. The polls were closed. The winner was named. The opponent conceded. For the first time in what seemed like ages, the airwaves were clear of denunciations and insults. The winner held a press conference, striking a conciliatory tone.

"I look forward to reaching out across the aisle to create a new area of bi-partisanship."

But somewhere, gathering around conference tables and over secured channels, each side renewed their planning with the same thought in mind – only two years to go.

*Joseph Smieya '19*

## War

War is what a nation dreads most.  
We pray for the day when it becomes a mere ghost.  
The constant conflict is just too much to endure  
And as it goes on we pray for the cure.

We honor the soldiers who fought and died  
But what of their mothers who mourned and cried?  
What of the fathers who lost a son  
And who only found out when the battle was done?

When we think of war, we honor the fighters,  
And all those famous enough to be noticed by history writers.  
But do we ever think of the families of the fallen,  
Who watched as their children answered when the army came calling?

And what of the people whose homes were destroyed?  
And the people who became poor after becoming unemployed?  
Where is their acknowledgment?  
They were citizens in war and death was their punishment.

War affects everyone with its constant destruction.  
It goes on and on with no outcome or production.  
The innocents who lost their lives to war  
Are the ones to be considered when asked who to fight for.

*John Toolan '22*  
1st place Freshman Poetry



## Recovery

Depicted here is a Cold War era tank surrounded by a landscape slowly recovering from the marks of battle. Time has a way of healing even the deepest of scars.

*Joseph Manacop '19*



### Timely Message

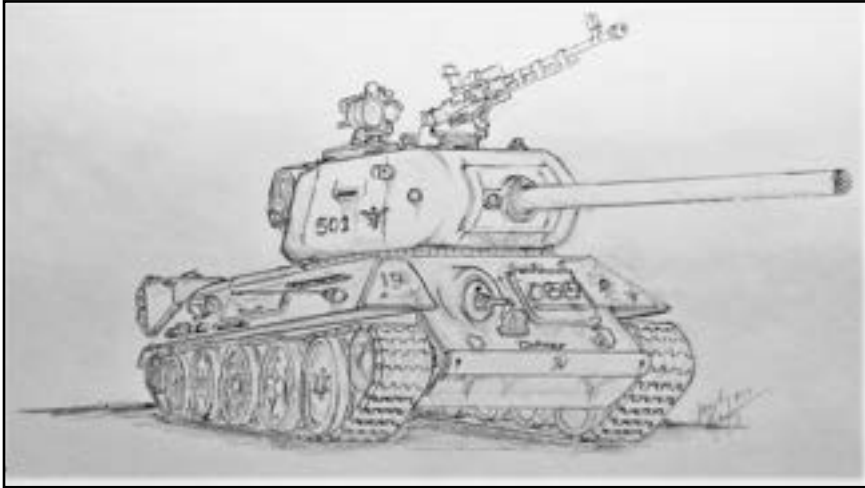
Ms. Nadia Salzer's art students created this chalk drawing on the board in her classroom during the 2017-18 school year. Taking up one full board of space, this giant message stands as a beacon for the future in a world filled with conflict. At the end of the school year, Ms. Salzer refused to erase the beautiful message, which remains on the blackboard in her art room.

*SJHS Art Students*

### The Unknown Genocide

The Turkish government set in motion  
 To assassinate all Armenians with a despising notion.  
 Two million Armenians lived in galore;  
 The next day one and a half million lived no more.  
 This huge event affected many lives  
 But Turkey believes it is all a big lie.  
 Turkey still continues to deny  
 That they took away my country's love and pride.  
 What object blocks Turkey's vision  
 That they cannot see such a huge incision?  
 Armenians, we stand side by side,  
 To defend the facts of the Armenian genocide.

*Peter Demirjian '19*



### **T-34 Enhanced**

The T-34 is regarded as one of the most revolutionary tank designs of World War II, and depicted here is a recreation of the T-34/85, with a few of my own personal design changes.

*Joseph Manacop '19*

### **Set in Stone**

My thoughts roam back to days of old,  
A story many since have told.  
There in a field we once had stood,  
All members of a brotherhood.  
In olden times, with guns in hand,  
We took up arms for our homeland  
Against the bombs and clouds of gas,  
And through it all, we earned our brass.  
Not one day did we stand alone;  
We comrades fought for hearth and home.  
I stand once more now, tall and proud,  
A somber stone set in the ground.

*Matthew Furnell '21*  
1st place Sophomore Poetry

## Sticky Situation

“Well this is a nice change of scenery.”

“We’re in a prison cell.”

“I was being sarcastic.”

Bastian stood up to stretch his legs and walk around our cell. It wasn’t much. Two beds, one on top of the other, a tiny sink, and a crusty toilet bowl. I stayed on my cot, thinking about my chances of getting bed bugs while I reclined.

I haven’t known Bastian for long. In fact, I’ll be honest, I had forgotten Bastian’s name several times over the past 36 hours. He was as Scandinavian as anyone could be - tall, muscular, long blond hair, and blue piercing eyes.

Before we were sent to prison, I met Bastian completely by chance. In the city of Bangkok, I was fumbling around with my hand-drawn map and barely legible instructions written in Thai when I bumped into another guy waiting to cross the street. Wearing a light blue shirt, tan pants, and flip flops, this guy was obviously prepared for Bangkok’s humidity. Coincidentally, Bastian was also headed to the street food market, so we decided to go together.

Our journey ended before it really had a chance to begin. About five minutes into our walk, we heard a young man and woman yelling. We turned around to see what was happening and saw two masked men with knives demanding something from this young couple. Bastian and I quietly approached the men from behind. I jumped on top of my guy and pinned his neck against the ground with my forearm and began to search his body for more weapons using my unoccupied hand. Bastian’s guy squirmed, trying to free himself from the grips of the Scandinavian. Bastian, not taking any chances, pressed the man’s face against the ground with his hand and held him down. There were gasps, shouts, and suddenly several large cameras appeared before us. Baffled, we asked the spectators what was going on.

Unfortunately, we had accidentally interfered in the filming of an action film. While pinning my guy against the ground, I broke two ribs of the most famous actor in Thailand, while Bastian dislocated the shoulder of another popular Asian actor.

After being arrested by Thai military police, we soon found out from an English speaking Thai lawyer that we had become the most hated foreigners in the whole country.

Needless to say, I am not sure if we are going to get out but Bastian seems to be enjoying himself quite a lot at the moment. He has given up pacing around the cell and instead is now stretched out on the ground with his eyes closed, muttering to himself.

*Michael Weikum ‘22*  
1st place Freshman Fiction



## Falsely Accused

The first thing that hit me when the guards opened the cell door was not the collective moan of the prisoners or the foul smell of the unkempt, unclean living quarters; rather, it was the swinging baton of Colonel Leviathan. The sharp steel smacked me in the ribs, squeezing every trace of the old, stale air out of my lungs. I doubled over, coughing and wheezing, raising a hand in self-defense to beg for compassion, but Colonel Leviathan was not a being of compassion. He dropped the baton, ordered the guards to haul me up again, and slapped me across the face with the back of his hand.

Repeatedly he raised me, repeatedly he hit me, over and over until I could feel nothing but the numbness that had overtaken my body. By now, the moaning and screaming in the surrounding cells had gone silent while inhabitants sat and listened to my torture. Rapid swelling had started in my face and above my brow. My parched mouth became filled by warm blood. Breathing itself caused difficulty, as my broken ribs crunched against the cold floor.

Once more, the Colonel raised his hand to hit me. Darkness filled my swollen eyes as I prepared for the inevitable. Suddenly, he stopped mid-swing and dropped me to the ground. Behind the piercing noise in my ears, I heard heavy footsteps, followed by an improvised salute from my attacker.

"That'll be all," dictated a husky, unfamiliar voice. The two guards reapplied their clasp on my arms and half transported — half dragged me out of the prison yard. After five minutes, the guards threw me on to a rough chair and left the room.

"You know why you're here, don't you?" questioned the voice. I turned in its direction and started to protest the statement but failed when someone slapped the remaining strength out of my face.

"Wednesday, the fifth of November, approximately twenty-two hundred hours, you were found with the now deceased head of American Intelligence," he said, cutting off the protest that had started in my throat.

"Why was he in your company, Sergeant?"

"I — I don't know," I said as I finally broke. *Why me? I thought. Of all the people to get framed, why me?*

What will they do to my family? What will they do to me?

"You have twenty-four hours left; twenty-fours left to tell us

why he died, why he was in your room," he said, leaving the room, locking the door behind him.

I was left alone with nothing but my misery and the impending fear of death to keep me company.

*Abel Stephen '22*



## Rapids in Peace

Emerging from a dense thicket, my family and I expected to see ferocious rapids churning water in a similar way to a mystical whirlpool. We were surprised to come across a peaceful, serene sight of flowing water that led to the waterfall from which the booming rumble was emanating. It was the most ironic and unusual sight of nature that I have ever come across.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*



### The Perspective of an Ant

Artillery rains down around our forces as we scramble back to the mound with the nutrients our Queen requires. Enormous green structures crash down around us as dozens of soldiers are whisked away in the deluge. At last, the artillery ceases as we reach the top of our colony. I look out at the vast green forest before me, newly renewed from the storm caused by the unnatural, enormous structures in the distance.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*

### Rising Up, Falling Down

The first green sprouts out, a new chapter in life.  
Although starting petite, it will grow much stronger down the line.  
The birth of a child — so many possibilities for the babe, pure and nice.

What will be its place in the world? Will it turn out just fine?  
The green has risen up from its roots into a full pine.  
Its bark, as strong as it will ever be. Its colors, as bright as they'd ever be shown.

The child has matured into a man in his prime.  
He has gotten a job, a wife, and kids to call his own,  
Descending colors of varied shades.

The once vibrant lumber, my, how it has faded.  
The big man, too, has become brittle. His offspring are now his aides.

They care for him as he did for them. He thinks about his age.  
Naked and barren is what is now the wood.  
It stands still to reflect on the events that have occurred.  
The brittle man passed, not thinking of what he could.  
His soul is free unlike the tree and flies out like a bird.

*Ryan Chan '21*

## The Calm After the Storm

The bouncing waves of the sea did not help to ease the unrelenting queasiness that was in the pit of John's stomach as he leaned on the side of the boat. Other soldiers around him were distraught, with fear and anxiety written all over their faces. Some were even throwing up over the railing of the ship or on the boots of their fellow soldiers. The commander of their unit was yelling orders over the sound of the airplanes overhead and over the unceasing gunfire that came from the shore. Their unit's objective was to storm the beach and take the bunkers so that the main units could land on the beach safely.

The beach clearly came into view as the ship plunged past the dense fog. It was littered with barbed wire every few feet and had bunkers at the top of the beach that gave it the look of an impenetrable fortress. Every part of John's body was alive and he was filled with adrenaline. He loosened his grip on his gun as he realized how white his fingers had become from clenching it.

"Soon I will greet Death and Death will know me as a friend." He chuckled out of fear and hysteria.

He gathered his wits and prepared to storm the beach as the boat reached the shore. Once the door opened up, all hell broke loose as the first wave of soldiers didn't even make it past the first line of barbed wires with the enemies in the surrounding bunkers. Nevertheless, the unit knew that they had a job to complete and would not let anything deter them from their training.

John and the rest of his unit forged their way up the beach but lost almost half of their original numbers. They took cover behind anything that they could find and were blind firing whenever they had the chance, since peeking over cover would be gambling with death itself. John saw many of his allies go down in the onslaught of ammunition. The remaining troops regrouped outside the bunker door and were about to storm it. Before they could open them, however, the doors exploded and everyone was knocked to the ground, surrounded by their enemies.

"John, you're going to miss the bus if you don't get down

here right now!" called his mother.

John awoke abruptly, dropping to the floor his history textbook, which was flipped to the World War II section. He quickly got ready and headed out the door. While on the bus, he tried to recall his notes but his thoughts stayed with his odd, yet familiar, dream.

*Harris Pyo '21*  
1st place Sophomore Fiction



## Vancouver Harbor at Dusk

On the way to our Vancouver hotel this past summer, we took a brief break to eat at Vancouver Harbor, where the pungent smells of freshly caught fish and idling boats roped to the dock permeated through the air. Homesick at the time, the harbor reminded me of the smells of my own local harbor, allowing me to relate to somewhere thousands of miles from home.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*

## Haunted Hospital

One day, Alan Zimmara was called in to conduct an autopsy. He arrived at the morgue and got ready to go to work. The body of a young woman lay on the table. Her hair was as dark as ash; her skin was as pale as a ghost. She looked as if she were asleep. Zimmara cut into her skin with finesse, not hesitating for a moment. There was a problem, however. Other than the lack of a heartbeat, there were no indications of a cause of death; this woman was perfect.

“Dr. Zimmara!” a voice called out from the hall. It sounded urgent, so Alan rushed out of the morgue to find the voice. Upon exiting the morgue he could find no one. The hospital was devoid of life. All of its staff were gone along with their patients. The doctor began to shiver. The hospital was so cold that he could see his own breath. A chill ran down his spine as he realized that he and the lifeless bodies that filled the morgue were the only people in the hospital. He got a cup of coffee and intended to collect his things from the morgue and leave as soon as possible. He entered the morgue and dropped his cup in horror.

He saw the impossible. All the cuts made by his scalpel were gone! They weren’t sewn or stitched up. She had no wounds at all; she was as perfect as when he first saw her. Alan stood there, staring at her. He could not believe his eyes. Just as he made the decision to grab his keys and make a mad dash for the exit, her eyes opened! She sat up and looked at Zimmara with anger in her eyes. Alan was too scared to even move. He watched as she stood up and walked towards him. She didn’t blink. She didn’t speak. She just kept her menacing gaze on him. Zimmara noticed something shiny in her hand. It was the same scalpel that he used to cut her open. It was still covered in her blood. Alan fell to the floor; he crawled away until his back was against a wall. She knelt down beside him and slowly raised the instrument above his chest. He screamed. He closed his eyes and awaited death.

All of a sudden, he was being shaken by a frightened nurse.

“Dr. Zimmara, what’s wrong?” she asked. His eyes scanned the room frantically.

“Where is she? The woman, where is she?” he asked. The nurse looked confused.

“What woman?” she said. Alan got to his feet and ran straight out the door. He didn’t go for his keys or anything. He

ignored the nurse calling for him to come back. He just left and never looked back. No one knows where he went. He’s still missing today. That hospital has been closed down for years. No one has gone in there since.

*John Toolan '22*



**House in the Venice Canals**

I captured this peaceful scene at the Venice Canals in California at sunset, and was struck by the contrast in color and design between the man-made gray home and nature’s beauty of green palm trees.

*Jackson Costello '20*



## The Black Arrow and the Deer

With the setting sun poking through the verdant, bush-filled trees, Black Arrow sprinted quickly yet quietly through the woods with bow in hand. He wore deerskin pants while his upper body was bare and bore red scars. Over his left shoulder he held several wooden arrows, each one sharpened to a deadly point. His skin was a dark, bronze color, and he wore his black hair in a single braid that ran down the length of his back. In his other hand, he clutched a large, leather bag. Inside was his prize for the day: a 20-pound raccoon, one of the largest he had seen in months. He had to get back to the village soon, for no man would want to be stuck out in the woods at night without the proper equipment to make a camp. Luckily, he caught a glimpse of his village through a gap in the trees, and he managed to enter the boundaries of the camp just as the sun disappeared from view.

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

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

He traveled for ten days, which, as the old man had said, proved to be an exhausting journey. Weak, cold, and tired, Black

Arrow was about to make camp for the night when from the corner of his eye he saw a brilliantly white figure moving quickly through the woods. Amazed, Black Arrow quickly turned to see what it was and was frozen by the figure’s sheer beauty. Its antlers were a glistening gold, its fur was a shining white hue, and its eyes were a soft gray.

Thoughts of wealth and fortune shot through Black Arrow’s mind as he readied his bow. Noticing him, the deer’s eyes grew wide and he froze, too scared to run from the sight of Black Arrow’s lethal namesake. In half a second, the arrow was released and struck the deer square in the chest. The deer let out a loud cry as it collapsed to the ground. As Black Arrow approached its body, all greed in his mind was gone. He gazed at the corpse and was so shocked that he dropped his bow. The deer’s once beautiful fur was now stained with blood, and its soft, gray, innocent eyes were filled with terror. For the first time in his life, Black Arrow was disgusted by hunting animals, and with such an unbearable sadness rushing through him, he knelt on the ground and cried into the side of the dead deer, its warmth slowly fading into the night.

*Paul A. Padilla ‘20*



## Lucid Dreaming

Lucid dreaming had always interested me. Having complete control of my dreams while I'm asleep sounded interesting and I wanted to be able to do it. After some research online, I found out what I needed to do in order to lucid dream. All the steps seemed tedious: writing down every dream I remember every night, rewiring my brain, and focusing on clocks and ways to tell time. I almost gave up, and in retrospect, I wish I had.

A few days went by and I started doing the exercises to help me lucid dream. Then a few weeks and months passed. Eventually doing the exercises became second nature for me and I managed to have my first semi-lucid dream. I vividly remember the experience as well. I was on a highway and the traffic was completely backed up due to an accident. I managed to wish the traffic away in my dream. This was the first sign. The next step was being able to do some nonhuman things, such as levitate small objects.

It took me a whole two years to master the art of lucid dreaming. I gave myself superpowers and had so much fun. It was my second life. I felt alive in this state of being, awake but still asleep.

One night not only changed my life but also nearly ended it. I went to sleep and had a dream. In that dream, I woke up in the middle of the night and went to the kitchen and started to make different combinations of foods by mixing the weirdest ingredients together and cooking them. Every time I tasted these weird mixes, I felt the pungent smell burn my nostrils. It tasted *real*. Suddenly, I smelled something burning and realized that my stove was on fire. *No problem*, I thought, *it's just a dream anyway*. So I simply tried to control the fire, but that didn't work. I kept trying harder and harder yet nothing happened. The fire ran rampant throughout my kitchen and living room, incinerating all of my belongings. I managed to get out just in time to see my house destroyed right before me.

Lucid dreaming is dangerous. The line between the state of dreaming and reality is skewed, and sometimes I didn't know what side I was on. I warn you, whoever reads this, don't lucid dream.

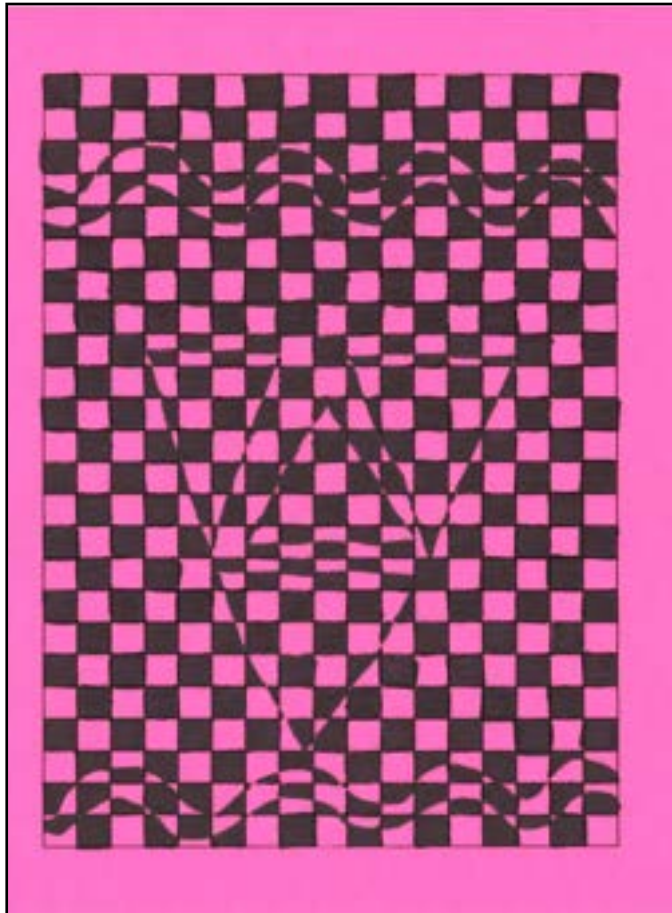
Shaun Machado '20



## The Yellow Dream

I spotted one of my favorite cars — a Rolls Royce — on Rodeo Drive in Hollywood, CA parked outside one of the high-end designer stores. It made me wonder whose car it was and what that person's life must be like.

Jackson Costello '20



### Illusions, Symbolism, and More

While taking Art at Saint Joe's, I was able to learn in a relaxed environment, much different from the strictness of my other classes. Through art, I found that I was able to express myself by letting my creativity and subconscious mind guide me through the lawlessness of the world of art. This piece is the product of that creativity.

Andrew Olden '20

### Electric Sleep

(inspired by the movie *Alita, Battle Angel*, 20th Century Fox 2019)

"Ahh!"

Alita sat bolt upright in bed. She looked around her room as if expecting to see something there, but all was quiet except for the sound of her breathing. The lights of the sky city above flitted through her curtained windows, highlighting specks of dust as they floated around aimlessly. She rubbed her face with her hands, her features absent of a cold sweat.

Cyborgs didn't sweat, after all.

She pulled on a shirt and crept downstairs, her heavy metal body not hindering her stealth in the slightest. Alita made her way to the couch, where Doctor Ido was asleep after a long day of repairs. Hesitating for a moment, she reached over and tapped the doctor lightly on his face.

"Ido, wake up," she whispered.

"Mmmhrm? Alita? What is it?"

He reached over to the coffee table and put on his glasses, blinking in an effort to clear his eyes as he sat up. She promptly sat down next to him.

"Something happened while I was asleep, Ido. I saw... something. Like one of my memories coming back to me, but this felt... different. I don't think it happened to me before, in my old life, but—" She shook her head, pressing her fingers to her temples. "I already can't remember what happened. It's gone, just like that."

Ido thought for a second before chuckling a bit.

"I keep forgetting how little you remember about life, Alita."

He reached over and caressed her face; she welcomed the comforting motion. "What you've experienced is a dream. It's perfectly normal, and everyone has them. Value them."

She blinked, confused.

"Value them? I don't even remember what happened. Why should I value them?"

"Because," he answered, "dreams remind you that even if your body is a machine, *you* are so beautifully human. Don't ever forget that."

Matthew Furnell '21

## Heaven's Movie Theatre

I enjoy when movies have lovers meet after developing their stories individually, bringing them to the one beautiful moment where their worlds collide, when they see each other for the first time.

I heard that in heaven, there is no marriage, but I'm darn sure that God has some theatre built for the souls who want to watch romance. God imagined and crafted every moment that would ever exist in time, so it's mind-bending to imagine His happiness when moments of beauty and goodness come to fruition. When I get to heaven, I'll ask whether my love at first sight was actually real, and if I ever do get to heaven, I want to watch it happen again in that theatre, for I may never have it again here on earth.

I want to watch over and over the moment Rose's eyes met mine that night on the sunlit pier. This time though, I'll see it from both of our stories, both points of view just to understand what God's purpose for me really was. I want to figure out what I looked like in her mind and compare it to the fact that at the sight of her, my soul stopped keeping track of time and my heartbeat tripped on itself. The air around her face illuminated, and for that split second I swear was in heaven.

The tension and sweet bliss of that one moment was beyond me. It instilled in my heart an inescapable ache, a hunger for a passion I can't even describe. Yet, my timed soul thought it had found the one thing it had ticked for since it saw it first witnessed timeless romance, since it first imagined what love could feel like, since it first learned to feel emotion at all. All the unacceptance, failure, rejection, and loneliness—could this have been the cure? It all seemed far too surreal to be true. Besides, who knew what she saw that day?

I guess she didn't see enough, because I haven't heard back from Rose ever since she left without notice a few weeks later. But here I am, infatuated still with the words she left me to hang onto. I knew that I would be for years to come; perhaps she'd come back, and if she did, I hope she knew she'd find me unmoved, still at the bridge where our worlds first collided.

I wonder what she saw that night. I wonder how sad God was to see his son so distraught, so conflicted, so lost in a facade.

Wonder if we'll ever know what could have been. I wonder if that theatre premier in another life would have been Rose and me.

*Ryan Stephen '19*  
1st place Senior Fiction



### And Then There Was One

I shot this photo during a walk I took with my dad on Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Although we wanted to find the sunrise that morning, we found our colored-in shadows in the ocean-glazed sand instead: a curious sight.

*Ryan Stephen '19*

## Insignificant

Julius Clarke looked out into the empty void of space from the station in orbit. He was a tall man, with pale skin from the weeks out at the station with nothing more than artificial lighting. He was one of the youngest on the station. The orphanage he grew up in didn't want him anymore as he was too old, and he hated the wretched volunteers who took care of him there. They were doing it only so whatever God they prayed to would like them more, without even noticing that they were far from the caring mothers that the advertisements said they were. When he turned 18, he signed himself up for the Horizons program. The paperwork was a pain, but it was better than conscription.

Looking back down at the planet, the light of the orphanage melded with a hundred others to form a little speck, one of millions. It had been his whole life, and yet now it was so distant, so insignificant. He looked up at the horizon of the planet where the specks of city lights began to blend with the lights of the thousands of stars beyond.

His mind pondered the insignificance of the stars and the lights. Who would notice if one of them went out? A star fades out and perhaps a scientist takes note, but it is forgotten and replaced by another. A light goes out, a person dies, a building burns and collapses, and who notices? Maybe a hundred people, a thousand if the light was popular, but that was nothing compared to the world at large.

How many people even *noticed* him? The orphanage caregivers didn't even know his name; he was just another boy amidst the horde. The people organizing the station saw him as nothing but a number on a graph. His parents, wherever they were, gave him a name on a Post-It and left him at the door of a police station.

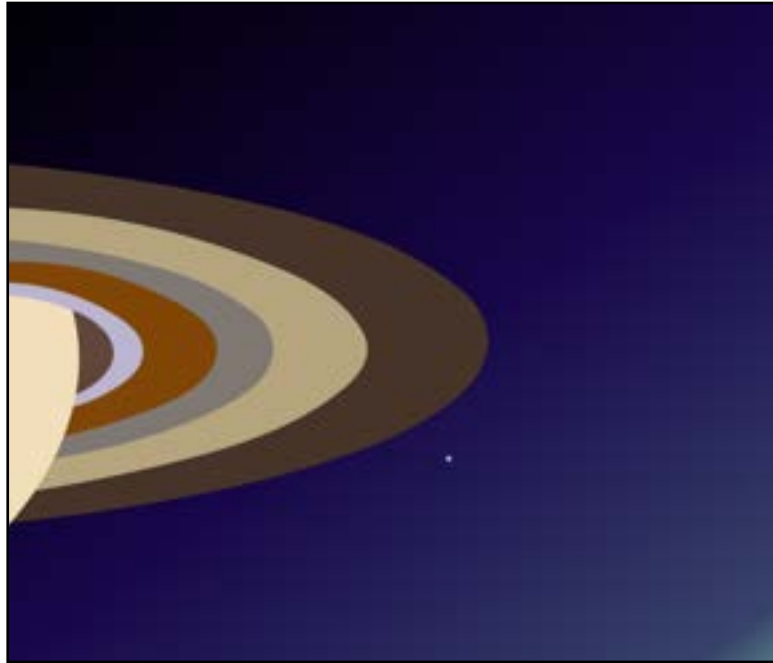
Maybe nothing was significant. His thoughts came back to

him. There were other lights who would be wept for by thousands of plebeians when they die, and he knew well that he wasn't one of them, but what was there to do about it? A little no-name from an unheard of orphanage who lived out in the void wouldn't be noticed for anything. It wasn't that he wanted to be famous, rich, or anything else, he just wanted to be noticed.

He shook his head to knock away the thought. It was a waste of energy, something he had been strongly lacking since he first came to the station. He turned the shutters of his room down and reclined in his bed so that he had enough energy to put himself through the cycle again.

*Christopher Nokes '21*





### **Our Pale Blue Dot**

The title refers the blue-green dot in the bottom center of the image is Earth, small because it's seen from next to Saturn, where the camera is. I have always loved space, and seeing a photo of Earth from the Cassini Probe as it passed Saturn inspired me to recreate it in a minimalist art style in order to show how small we are compared everything around us.

*Matthew Furnell '21*

### **Space**

They say that space is far away,  
 A welcoming and cold embrace.  
 The inky darkness does convey  
 The mysteries of deepest space.  
 The blackest hole, the largest star,  
     A shining comet, asteroids,  
 They could be near, they could be far;  
 Rocks that the sun's rays do avoid.  
     We stare into the inky black  
 With no idea if things stare back.

*Matthew Furnell '21*

## A Prisoner No More

“Okay kitty, let me tell you a story of how I got here,” Butch said.

“Meow!” the kitty exclaimed in response.

“Ugh! Stupid cat! Anyways, well before I was sleeping in this house, I had nowhere to sleep. I was instead locked up in a cage every night. Every day, the cries of my dog friends and the hollering of the people around me pulsed through my ears. I would lay there whimpering, in fear of my next fight.”

“Meow!”

“Funny you should ask, kitty. It was a fight to the death! We were thrown into a pit surrounded by people waving their money in the air, jeering as we were violently forced to fight our friends. I tried to resist getting dragged in there, but to no avail. There were many instances where I had no choice but to stand over my fallen friends each and every time I fought. When the fights were over with, I was thrown into my crate for the night, and I would often hear a loud bang in the background.”

“Meow!”

“What’s that bang, you say? I’m not sure, but all I know is that I wouldn’t see the dogs I fought ever again. This went on for what felt like an eternity, kitty. Then, one day... Alleluia! The cavalry arrived, and the bad men were taken away, and those of us that were fortunate enough to be saved were taken somewhere else.”

“Meow!”

“Yeah, I was scared. I didn’t know where I was going, but I was still petrified because I was put in a crate. When the car stopped, we all remained locked up. Before the sun set, a group of people approached my pen. At that point, I just cowered in my corner so that maybe the people wouldn’t see me. No luck. I was dragged by my scruff, thinking I would have to fight for my life again. Kitty, can you guess who it was?”

“Meow!”

“No, kitty! It was mama and papa. They saved me. However, they had to be really patient with me because I wanted no part of them. You see, kitty, anyone that I was ever with before only pretended to care about me, but in reality, was only using me. Mama and papa stayed with me, walked me, and cuddled me until I

trusted their real intentions. They weren’t like everyone else. They cared about me, and I cared about them, too. You know what kitty? I care about you, too.”

*Ryan Campbell ‘19*



## Household Meeting

Pictured is my dog’s brother and his friend Simba, moping after a failed cooperative attempt to swipe food from the table. Whining, trickery, and blatantly jumping on the dinner table all failed to produce a supplementary meal for these two partners in crime – but that won’t stop them from trying again tomorrow night!

*Michael Botting ‘19*



## A Paralyzing Presence

“Get away! Please, for the love of God, leave me be!”

I dropped to my knees and buried my face into my legs, clutching them together tightly in between my arms. The voices surrounding me began to drown out all sound in my ears, flooding into my mind like a relentless tide. I felt my body as it began to quake in its helpless position while unrelenting fear consumed my body with every passing second.

My head pounded as I struggled to maintain rational thought. It felt as though my mind and body were at a standstill. My conscience screamed for me to flee as quickly as I could, but my body remained stationary. I carefully raised my head and opened my eyes. Lights seemed to flash rapidly and I couldn’t make out a single detail. However, there was one thing I was certain of: *they* were still there. Countless shadow-like silhouettes hovering over me with hollow, judging eyes. Their faint whispers amounted together into deafening threats.

I attempted to let out a plea for help, but I could barely even manage to squeeze out a single word. I began to whimper silently to myself while my breath became progressively more erratic. I felt drips of sweat rushing down from my forehead as my body grew hot. I gripped tightly onto my chest and listened to the pounding of my heart within my head. Everything seemed to go silent as the sporadic rhythm began to drown out everything else.

The world grew dark as my mind seemed to spiral into itself. The beating of my heart consistently resounded like the ring of a church bell as it frantically pounded. It felt as though the tight, cold grip of Death’s own hand had taken possession of my heart. I was a servant to him who begged for a sweet release, but my plea would go unanswered as I was thrown back into the reality of my situation and left to fend off against my own sanity — or lack thereof.

I opened my eyes once again, frantically scanning the area around me before begrudgingly standing up. I staggered and

reached out ahead of me, pushing my way through the horde of featureless people that had closed in around me. I panted heavily and forced myself to move as tears streamed down my cheeks and I gasped for air. The crushing feeling against my chest felt reminiscent of drowning. If my body had been dealt the weight of the world, then my mind suffered the consequences of carrying the universe. *They* do this to me. As I suffered, they merely watched and formed their verdicts, surrounding me like murderous, vicious crows.

My body felt frail and I doubted how much longer I could keep myself steady before my knees gave out and I collapsed to the ground. The shadowy figures once again lingered over me like an ominous chorus. My vision began to grow hazy, but I knew there was no use in struggling to stay conscious. As I attempted to take one last glance at my surroundings, I noticed the figures begin to disperse. The sudden feeling of freedom was accompanied by a bright light as I stared up with foggy eyes. Before I fell unconscious, I heard a voice of understanding.

“Get away! He’s having a panic attack!”

*Eddie Padilla, Jr. ‘19*

## Limits

Our lives have bounds,  
it is a fact.  
But do they exist, both  
tangible and abstract?

I think the answer is yes.  
We're limited in many ways.  
We carry on our lives  
Each day by day.

We cannot skip  
from one day to another.  
We cannot change  
our sisters or brothers.

Nor can we change  
the brain in our head.  
It'll be with us  
even after we're dead.

All the myths we hear  
and the movies we see,  
make us believe  
in what's fantasy.

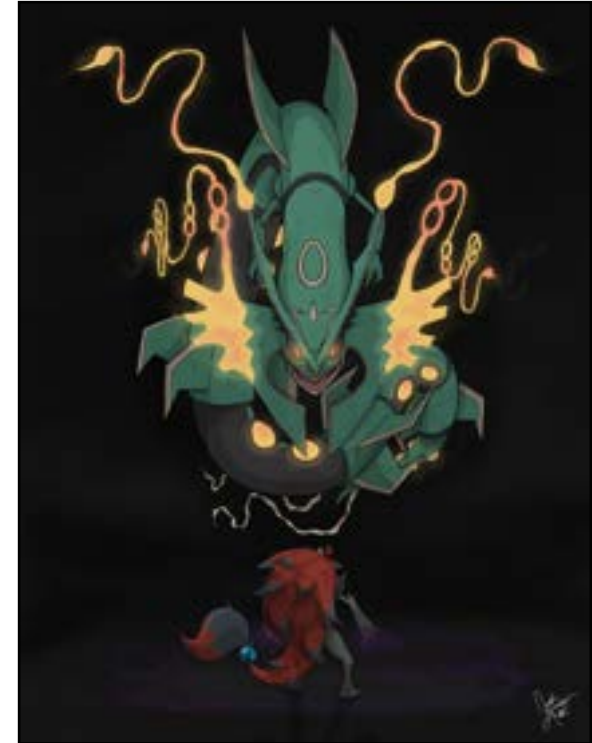
We can't get those powers  
of strength or speed,  
but we have the power  
of faith and creed.

One's personality  
makes him unique,  
just like his eyes, his nose,  
and his physique.

All of one's traits,  
makes a person a person.  
If you try to change them,  
they may simply worsen.

We must learn to accept  
what's given to us.  
Just read your dollar bill:  
"In God We Trust."

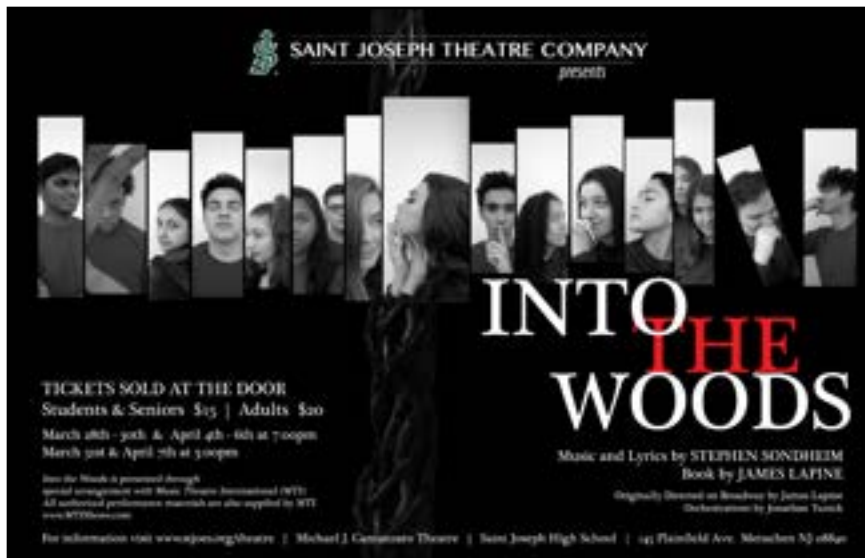
*Jonathan Penna '20*



## Serpentine Fire

This is a visual representation inspired by a battle I once had with a friend in a Pokemon game. Sometimes it's possible to win in the most unlikely of circumstances in life (I did not though).

*Joseph Manacop '19*



## I Wish...

Do you know what  
 You wish? Are you certain  
 What you wish is what you want?  
 Maybe nice is different than good...  
 Maybe appearance is not reality...  
 Maybe happily ever after is not the end...  
 Maybe the only way out is by listening to one another,  
 BUT...  
 "Anything can happen in the woods"

*The Saint Joseph Theatre Company*  
 (A through-line of *Into the Woods*)

## "Careful the wish you make, wishes are children..." (Stephen Sondheim, *Into the Woods*)

Marvin Avila's mesmerizing poster of *Into the Woods* truly captures the essence of this theatrical masterpiece by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, putting the focus on each actor becoming his or her character, taking place within a fairytale storybook of "once upon a time," while coming alive in the here and now, transforming the larger framework of storytelling by a shared community, and placing it within the larger world — both real and imagined. Each moment becomes a revelation as individuals learn from one another along the path taken. As this story is being told through Sondheim's words and music, we listen, as children do, with our imaginations, our hearts, and our wishes, "to find there's hope" in being present for one another, especially the children, "while getting through the journey..."

Since its inception, the tradition of the Saint Joseph Theatre Company has been to develop for every production, through small and large group dramaturgical discussion and exploration, a "throughline" or major meaning that the entire dramatic journey reflects; this is revealed through the complexity of characters' wants, needs, desires, and interactions interwoven into the trajectory of the play itself. The throughline becomes like a river that runs throughout this dramatic action, and that every character's wishes or objectives feed into, creating a sea of revelation that hopefully, by the end of the piece, will transform and inspire an audience. By unveiling a deeper understanding of our human condition and the potential for positive change, the play reflects our collective "...I wish..."

*Ms. Anne Redlin-Curto, Director*



### Break a Leg

The Saint Joseph High School Theatre Company performed the musical *Into the Woods* as their spring production this year. Students who arrived early to the show were treated to watching and listening to some vocal warm-up exercises by the cast. They also got a back-stage tour, followed by a tour of the soundboard and lighting. This glimpse behind the scenes made the show even more interesting to those who attended.

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*

### Opening Night

You wait for the day you've been looking forward to:  
 Opening night.  
 Excitement builds.  
 Stress is relieved.  
 Lights go on.  
 You walk out.  
 There's nothing stopping you now.  
 Give them your moment.  
 Your mouth opens.  
 Nothing comes out.  
 Your heart drops.  
 Lights flash.  
 But no matter what, the show must go on.  
 You skip a few; the show moves on.  
 The audience is entranced, enthralled, wanting the show to go on,  
 But you stumble and fall,  
 And you can't pick yourself up.  
 You're injured.  
 The crew drags you offstage,  
 The audience gasps.  
 Is this the story or a freak accident? They watch in fear.  
 The curtains close. No one bows.  
 No one can take your burden.  
 Not one person could lead your show.  
 You must pick up the pieces, rehearse, and practice.  
 So you do.  
 You work hard,  
 Practice your lines,  
 Memorize every moment.  
 Fight through the pain of failure  
 And there it is.  
 The curtain opens  
 And the audience applauds.

*Aidan Toro '21*



### The Dressing Room

This is a photo of the Saint Joseph High School Theater's dressing room, a place where people are free to be whoever they choose to be; while the physical masks may go on, the emotional masks also come off.

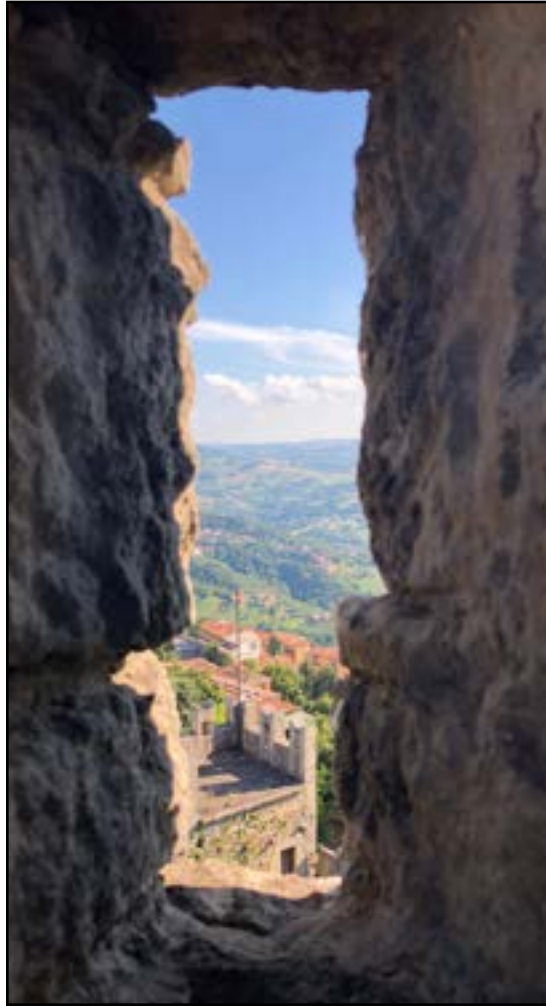
*Isaac Alexander '21*

### Backstage

I am lost in thought. All around me others are stretching, jumping, praying, and even crying, yet I pay them no mind.  
 I am nervous. Many months of practice led up to this moment. It is a culmination of blood, sweat, and tears.  
 I am thinking. There is a mini dancer inside of my head going through all of the motions.  
 I am tired. Many sleepless nights were spent dreading this moment and, equally, many nights were spent anticipating this moment.  
 I am stretching. My muscles are tight and cramped, knotted from hours of pounding and moving.  
 I am jumping. My muscles become loose and limber, warming up for the battle in front of me.  
 I am praying. My desires and needs given up to a higher power. My fears and anxieties receive comfort.  
 I am crying. My fears gain control of me. My stomach is in a knot. My predecessor has climbed the same stairs that I now stand in front of.  
 Do you know where I am? I am where I belong. I am backstage.

*Ciaran Bubb '21*





### Peering Back in Time

I took this photo during my annual trip to Italy, my home country. When I looked through this crevice, I felt as though I was looking back to my ancestors and the world in which they lived, altogether similar and vastly different from the world with which I am faced today.

*Marco Niro '20*

### The Mask

Everyday I hide with the mask.  
 Filtering all, anything that might seem.  
 Avoiding light, I dare not bask  
 In the rich sun where all the others gleam.  
 My eyes are a black mirror, where  
 I can see them, but my face stays concealed.  
 I walk alone, searching somewhere.  
 My friends know me, but just what is revealed.  
 I numb myself to the outside,  
 And escape in lies, using the mask to hide.

*Holden Harbison '21*

## A Defense of Genealogy

With today's modern technology, there are countless tests to determine your ethnic makeup or the diseases for which you are at risk. While these things are worthy advancements that ought to be appreciated, there is an element lacking. These tests present you with scientific facts but they tell you nothing of who *you* are — nothing of the history of your family or of the culture you were raised in.

Suppose a genetic test told you that you are 20% French. Despite having always been told you are half-Italian and half-Irish, you are now also French. While on one, very basic, level this is true, it is illogical to assume that simply because you read it in a scientific report, it means anything to you personally. In short, you wouldn't *feel* French; rather, you would still likely feel Italian and Irish, and that is crucial to how you define yourself and your family.

To suppose that genealogy is a dead science is to say that history is dead. For all the interest genetic tests have generated, they provide little meaningful insight into the true history of a family. Family in this sense is more than just the traditional, nuclear family: a mother, father, and their children; rather, it is the story of a name. Every surname represents a collection of people who, through the centuries, have made marriages and raised children for the propagation of their lineage, and that ought to be appreciated. More interestingly perhaps, each marriage adds a name —and a new history— to the family.

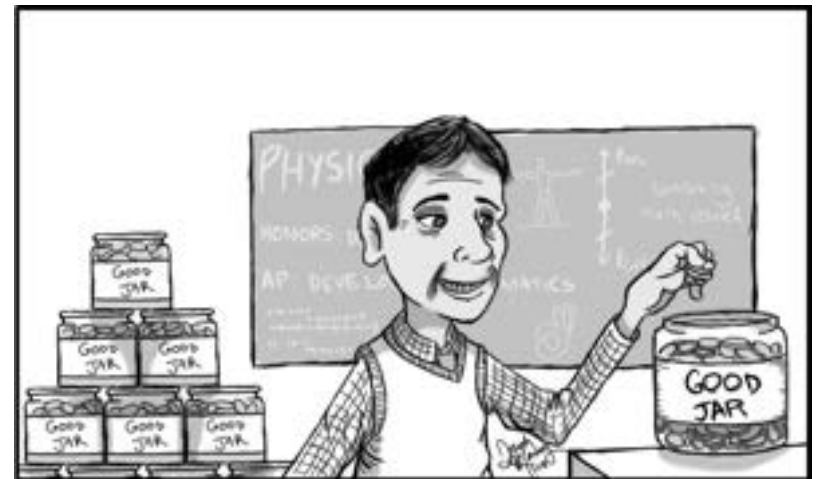
In some families, a relative has already created a family tree, or maintained records of some kind. If so, use this as a catalyst for further research, and the task of tracing other branches back will become much less daunting. Marriage contracts, property deeds, and military service records are all useful resources. It has been common practice in America that lineages are completed up until the point at which a given family arrived in the New World.

Church records are a helpful resource for one who wishes to reconstruct a lineage. With the lack of centralization of Protestant Churches, marriage and birth records, from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries especially, are still available. Bible records also can contain a wealth of information. This is the general term given to inscriptions made in an old family Bible, prayer book, or journal

marking certain events, such as a marriage, the birth of a child, or the purchase of a property.

Genealogy is more than just the study of nationality or ancestry. It is a celebration and appreciation of the family that your ancestors have crafted that has culminated in you, and *this* you should feel some connection to.

*Giovanni Young-Annunziato '21*  
1st place Sophomore Nonfiction



**Good Jar**

Everyone knows how our favorite Physics teacher loves to say the word "good" quite often, and if he had a penny for every time he said "good"...

*Joseph Manacop '19*



**Alaska Lake**

I took this photo in Ketchikan, Alaska after our seaplane landed near a dock in the middle of a lake. The greenery and the reflective water reminded of a scene in a story book that I had read in the past. I clicked the camera and this was the end product, a beautiful Alaskan Lake.

*Animesh Borad '22*

## **Down Under**

Life under the sea is destined to thrive.  
 For centuries, this cycle has been kept alive.  
 From the tips of the sea down to the sea floor,  
 There is a vast unknown to still be explored.  
 There are predators that lurk for prey down under,  
 Startling their targets like loud booms of thunder.  
 Its ever-cresting waves are a sight to behold  
 But when the waters get rough, let go only the bold.  
 The repetitious wakes are soothing to the eye.  
 The sounds of them breaking and flying to the sky.  
 From the depths with such creatures as clams and crabs,  
 To the top layer of the ocean, conquered by Ahab.  
 There is much to be seen in the life down below,  
 Many things to be found and beings still unknown.  
 This wondrous world that continues to wow,  
 Cloaked by the ocean and waiting to be found.

*Justin Monahan '20*

## Aquascape

When you think about art, what comes to your mind? Maybe a painting by Vincent Van Gogh, or a sculpture from ancient Rome with lifelike details, or even an unusual piece of modern art on display in an art gallery. However, chances are that you have not thought about aquascaping as an art form.

Aquascaping is an emerging art form whose main goal is to imitate nature in an aquarium using products found in nature, such as aquatic plants, driftwood, and rocks. While painters' works are finished relatively quickly, an aquascaper's final result appears after a few months or even years. Aquascaping gained traction and attention with Takashi Amano, a photographer who was inspired by nature when he visited the Amazon rainforest. He proceeded to become the "father of aquascaping," even having a species of shrimp, (the Amano shrimp), named after him. Takashi Amano created the nature aquarium style in aquascaping, which influenced many other branches of aquascaping.

A key aspect of aquascaping is planning. Just as painters must think about what they will paint, aquascapers must think and plan about what type of wood, rock, plants, and substrate they will use. The artists must also think about what type of aquascape they want to create. Whether they wish to create a mountain range or a flat plain, it is important to plan ahead of time.

An aquascaper must be very knowledgeable in many fields, including environmental science, chemistry, biology, and art. Environmental science is fundamental in creating an aquascape because an aquascaper is not only creating an art piece, but he is also creating a functioning and balanced ecosystem. Most importantly, an aquascaper must have patience. The aquascape will not be perfect in the first few months. There will be algae and bacteria blooms, and many other imperfections that initially occur.

The ecosystem starts with the water used for the aquarium. The acidity, general hardness, and ammonia concentration are also important considerations. Knowledge in chemistry and biology is of the utmost importance for balancing the ecosystem. The fish waste in the aquarium produces ammonia, which is detrimental to the ecosystem. However, beneficial bacteria that are naturally present in the water break down ammonia into nitrates and nitrites, which are used by the aquatic plants. Any plant waste is eaten by shrimp,

while snails eat any algae growing on the glass and rocks of the aquarium.

Art comes in all shapes and varieties, one of them just so happens to be in the form of aquatic plants. If done correctly, I believe an aquascape can bring a sense of happiness that no painting can bring.

*Akshay Nambiar '20*



### **An Underwater Masterpiece**

Do we really need materialistic goods in our lives? Instead of trying to show off how we are better than all of society, let's make an effort to improve society. Let's take a break from the brands and take a step towards making a positive change in the world.

*Akshay Nambiar '20*



## Through The Eyes of A Novice

This is a tale of a young man and his journey in high school, searching for a way to adjust to a new environment. I walked into Saint Joseph High School with ripples of nerves in my stomach and a heavy backpack full of books. Excited to start my journey as a Saint Joe's man, I dove right in.

Unsure of what I wanted to do, I looked for clubs to join. The spark started the day I met members of our crew team at the school's Open House a year ago. Some of the rowers were using rowing machines. Others were carrying huge oars. Display photos of young men in their boats made them seem to be straight out of an Olympic picture book. *What is crew?* I thought to myself. *What is my attraction to this boat?* I had never been on a boat before, let alone rowed one. I knew right away that I wanted to do this; it became my calling.

The day that I met SJHS alum and coach, Tom Langowski '03, was quite an experience. All those tales of falling into the Raritan River, mandatory "plunges" on each rower's birthday, and "catching crabs" both excited and terrified me. After what seemed like months and hundreds of hours of instruction, Coach Tom gave me the OK to get in the shell and row.

My teammates and I picked up our rowing shells and walked them to the dock. We carefully climbed in and got ready to go. Coach Tom, like a great general, was next to us in the motorboat, calling out instructions and guiding us safely along the river. Stroke after stroke, my crew and I got into a rhythm, a pattern, almost a perfect unison. All of a sudden, we jerked forward awkwardly, not knowing what we did wrong. Turns out that we "caught a crab," and not the good one you eat with butter and lemon. Instead, this crab is caught when one of the rowers loses the perfect sync with his oar. We paused our rowing and slowly returned to synchronized rhythm, as much as that is possible with a bunch of novices. Becoming the bowman and having three guys trust me to steer them in the right direction was an honor and a privilege for me.

When I am out on the water rowing, there's no feeling like that in the world. It's a feeling of belonging to something greater. It's a feeling of being four individuals who become one for a short time while on the water. Yes, there is throbbing pain in my legs and arms as I move the Goliath through water. Blisters and bleeding

often come with each stroke but eventually I develop calluses and endurance.

My short time rowing has taught many things. The most important lesson is that although life is supposed to be perfect, smooth, and in sync, there will be times that I'll "catch crabs." There will be bumps and obstacles to throw me off my intended course. That's when I turn to those guys next to me in that boat that I trust always to have my back. They will help me find the rhythm I'm supposed to have. In turn, they trust that I will help guide them safely along their journey. Friendship, teamwork, and trust are what keep a boat together and us afloat in life.

Michael Altobelli '22



### Serenity of the Swing

The rowers' swing is a feeling of unity that equates to no other. When in perfect synchronization, each stroke swings the boat smoothly through the water, slicing in silence. This picture is a depiction of Saint Joseph rowing on all levels attempting to achieve the swing. The crews in each boat are mixed in experience, but the union created between the rowers within the boat transforms the team into a brotherhood.

Trent Tighelaar '19



## Bad Luck

It was a typical day for Laura, or at least she thought. She woke up, ate breakfast, took a shower, brushed her teeth, and took the bus to school. It was a very gloomy day, raining harder than she had ever witnessed in her life.

"I hope our soccer game doesn't get canceled today," her friend Rachel said.

"Yeah, tell me about it. It's raining cats and dogs!" Laura exclaimed.

As soon as Laura finished her sentence, four-legged furry animals started descending from the sky. There were chihuahuas, poodles, and beagles everywhere!

"Rachel, do you see what I'm seeing? It's actually raining cats and dogs!" Laura questioned.

"What are you talking about? Are you crazy?"

"Look!"

As soon as Laura pointed to the sky, the cats and dogs were gone.

"I must have just been imagining something. Never mind."

It was lunch time and Laura still felt a little delusional. She had just found out a really big secret and her friends could tell she was obviously hiding something.

"Laura, I can tell you're hiding something. What is it? You look like you have ants in your pants!" Rachel said.

As soon as Rachel finished her sentence, Laura felt hundreds of tiny little bugs crawling all over her legs. She was squirming, trying to get the little creatures out of her jeans.

"Are you OK?" Rachel questioned.

The ants suddenly disappeared and Laura continued eating her lunch.

"Please Laura, tell me what you're hiding. Spill the beans!"

Suddenly, the thermos of beans Laura was holding dropped from her hand and landed all over her friend Rachel.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry!"

"You could have just told me to stop asking you instead of throwing your lunch all over me!" Rachel shouted in anger.

It was the end of the school day and Laura was on her way to a soccer match. This was a very important match against their high school's rivals for the division title. Laura was by far her team's best

player and everyone relied on her to score. Right before she was about to step onto the field, she noticed that Rachel had shown up to come watch her play and wish her luck.

"Good luck out there, Laura. Break a leg!"

*Maxwell Shubert '20*  
1st place Junior Fiction



**Sunset Boulevard at Sunset**

Oil on canvas; 12 in x 24 in (unframed). Scumbling and blending techniques.

In this painting, I wanted to capture the vibrant colors and contrasts of a sunset reflecting off a house on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, CA. The bright, crisp, sunny day made the colors even more striking. I initially took a photo of this scene and then painted it in oils when I returned home.

*Jackson Costello '20*

## A Trip to the Doctor (a Limerick poem)

Today was not so very great,  
Since I finally noticed my weight.  
I walked and I walked  
Down the hall to my doc,  
And he said I weighed 1,008.

My mom and my dad fell flat,  
After hearing I'd gotten so fat.  
The doctor said, "please,  
Stop eating all these,  
Or you'll find yourself right back here — STAT."

We all hopped into the car,  
Would it break if we drove it too far?  
We rode past a cop,  
I heard a slight pop,  
Our car spun and we hit my dad's bar.

We crashed and the patrons all ran,  
Except one who drank a beer can.  
The policeman came over,  
Asked if we were sober,  
Then saw me and said, "you're one fat man!"

I knew he was laughing at me,  
When he noticed the tire'd come free.  
We ran from the fire,  
But the cop hit said tire,  
He fell over in laughter and glee.

The ambulance finally came.  
They looked at us like we were lame.  
We rode and we rode,  
With our car being towed,  
And pulled up to the hospital in shame.

We arrived and then we walked in,  
Even though I had a hurt shin.  
We got to the room,  
Who's the man in the costume?  
It's the doctor where my day would begin.

*William Barnett '21*



## Wild Ride

I attended a photography camp in Los Angeles, CA over the summer and took a trip to Venice Beach one day. My goal was to capture the unique vibe and flow of that carefree environment, which is why I was drawn to the skateboarders in the park.

*Jackson Costello '20*



### Cup O' Joe

I took this photo to highlight the importance of this caffeinated drink that is consumed by so many people around the world. One sip of this delicious drink can power a person through a Monday morning or prevent one's sleep on a late Friday night.

*Abel Stephen '22*

### Morning Coffee

The clock, it strikes the time I set it to.  
The buzzer blares. I am yanked from a dream.  
In REM, deep dose, it's best to sleep right through.  
I think, *What needy creatures we all seem.*

A faint lightheadedness sets in, while I  
Get to the door. I stumble down the stairs.  
The urge to lie back down sets in; my mind  
Goes to the beverage that helps me bear.

I turn on the machine and fill it up,  
Then press the silver button reading start.  
It slowly starts to brew another cup.  
The first sip that I take is warm and tart.

I crave the taste and rush of energy.  
That's why I always wake and quaff my a.m. coffee.

*William Sorge '20*  
1st place Junior Poetry



**Sunflower in Sepia**

Water, coffee + gum Arabic on watercolor paper; 16 in x 23 in.  
Wash and hatching techniques.

I created this piece using a very different medium — coffee, which is something I have never done before. I ground the coffee into a fine powder then mixed it with gum Arabic and water to create the “coffee paste,” which I applied to watercolor paper using brushes and a wash technique.

*Jackson Costello '20*

## **The Beginning**

Going to college,  
Your dream home.  
Frats, parties, and campus life –  
Who wouldn't want to go?

Hang out at the dorms,  
Chilling with some friends.  
Make some mistakes,  
Break up with your girlfriend.

Take out a loan,  
Get into debt,  
Fail a semester,  
Get very upset.

Work at McDonald's,  
Waste all of your knowledge.  
Was it really worth it?  
Who would want to go to college?

*Kyrollos Azir '20*





### Summer Time

I took this photo to capture the joys of summer. The joys of being carefree and not doing anything at all. The joys of sitting on the beach and watching the sunsetting on the horizon. The joys of laughing with your friends and family like there is no tomorrow.

*Animesh Borad '22*

### Seasons

Spring, the season of a new revival,  
During which the warm air begins its arrival.  
At this time, the flowers start to bloom  
And the cycle of the year resumes.

Summer, the time of recreation:  
When many leave school for vacation,  
The Sun shines above with a great light,  
Illuminating all in its sight.

Fall's a time when brisk winds blow;  
As it comes, new colors turn to old.  
Trees then begin to shed their aged leaves,  
Preparing for upcoming Winter's eve.

Winter, the season of a year's end;  
With its coming, snow starts to descend.  
The flowers dwindle to be a few.  
As the Earth's orbit begins anew.

*Elijah Levantino '22*





### Idle Water of a Mountain

I took this photo after climbing to the top of a large rock during our annual trip to Alberta, Canada last year. Approaching to the top, I was imbued with a beauty that was similar to what I had only seen on the front of brochures. At that moment, I remember asking myself, *Who knew that a mountain's runoff water could be so beautiful?*

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*

### Eternal Guardian

Silent as night, the guardian of reality goes,  
Formless like mist, but solid as stone.  
Constant as the tide, that ebbs and flows,  
A force such as he, one cannot postpone.

He mends all wounds, but ends all lives,  
A symbol of progress, yet a sign of decay.  
He moves as fast as the falcon who dives,  
Yet is as slow as the land, forever to stay.

Though some may try, his mind shall not bend.  
He shall live on when all meet their end.

*Joseph Manacop '19*



### Milk Ape Settles In

A photo of a chocolate gorilla sitting in a bowl of milk inspired me to write my poem. I found the idea to be humorous – what would a chocolate ape be doing in a glass of milk?! – so I decided that it should be the subject of my poem. The photo that I took was based on the original image, but unfortunately I was not able to find and purchase the Milk Ape online. However, I do believe that my recreation does the original justice.

*Michael Ettore '19*

### Milk Ape

There's a creature that lurks in your dairy,  
 With flesh that is as sweet as a berry.  
 It is not a mere parasite, or bug  
 For that matter, but something quite smug.  
 It sits half-submerged, quietly thinking,  
 Making you look at what you are drinking.  
 In that pure, bright, white liquid you see it.  
 With smooth chocolate skin, it forms a slit  
 In the solution. Your mouth is agape.  
 It is the mighty and scheming milk ape!  
 The miniature primate must have loitered  
 When you looked up at that embroidered  
 Dress the pretty girl next door was wearing.  
 Fear not, as the ape isn't overbearing.  
 You first poke it with a small plastic spoon  
 To wake it up. Be gentle, it's no goon.  
 Next you grab it from the back, and then lift  
 It up and place it on the side. Do not shift  
 Your attention from it, or it might jump  
 Back in, and you would feel like a great chump.  
 Watch it jump off the table and then leave  
 From where it came in. But do not believe  
 That the milk ape is gone. If tomorrow  
 The milk ape is in your white cup of joe,  
 Then there is only one option to take.  
 The milk ape must be forced to break.  
 Move the milk ape's glass domain to a stove.  
 Heat it up, the ape won't leave its last trove.  
 As the milk turns warm, the ape settles in,  
 And the milk becomes one with its sweet skin.  
 From the milk's brown surface arise bubbles,  
 With nothing that can be seen in the rubble.  
 Don't be sad, for death is not forever  
 For the milk ape, as it's very clever.  
 Milk ape will return to the earth some day  
 But it will be humbled, and know to make way.

*Michael Ettore '19*

## Le Renard dans *Le Petit Prince*

“On ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur,  
l'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux.”

La citation d'un renard que le prince a rencontré dans la nouvelle bien-aimée d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Le Petit Prince*, offre une prise de conscience simple mais profonde de ce que l'amitié, l'amour et la connexion humaine signifient pour la vie. Le renard dans le roman apparaît comme une créature innocente mais curieuse qui cherche un ami dans le prince. Le renard supplie le prince de l'appivoiser afin qu'il puisse avoir un compagnon dans le désert vaste et isolé. Sur le sol, le renard est considéré comme sauvé de l'isolement du désert. En réalité, le renard sauve le prince de l'idée de croire que la vie a un sens grâce aux biens matériels. Le renard communique cette citation au prince afin qu'il puisse comprendre que les concepts intangibles d'amour et de camaraderie rendent la vie digne d'être vécue. Bien que ce soient des concepts invisibles, sans eux la vie est sans fruit, sans signification et sans raison. Les écrits d'Antoine reflètent la société moderne plus de cinq décennies après la publication de son livre bien-aimé. Même de nos jours, beaucoup de gens ne jurent que par les biens matériels et le bonheur fabriqué qu'ils leur procurent. Comme il est malheureux que la société célèbre les riches et les vains. Bien que la richesse et les biens matériels rendent la vie plus facile et plus luxueuse, les humains ne seront jamais complets sans la fiabilité de l'amitié, la chaleur de l'amour et la communauté des interactions humaines.

## The Fox In *The Little Prince*

“It is with the heart that one can see rightly;  
what is essential is invisible to the eye”

This quote stated by a fox the prince meets in Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's beloved novella, *The Little Prince*, provides a simple yet profound realization of what friendship, love, and human connection mean to life. The fox in the novel comes across as an innocent but curious creature looking to find a friend in the prince. The fox begs the prince to “tame” him so that he may have a companion in the lonely and vast desert. On a surface level the fox is seen as being saved from the isolation from the harsh desert. In reality, the fox saves the prince from the idea of believing that life is given meaning through material possessions. The fox imparts this quote to the prince so that he may understand that the intangible concepts of love and companionship make life worth living. Though these are invisible concepts, without them life is fruitless, meaningless, and without reason. Antoine's writings reflect modern day society more than five decades after the publication of his beloved book. Even today many individuals swear by material goods and the fabricated happiness it imbues in them. How unfortunate it is that society celebrates the wealthy, and the vain. While having wealth and material possessions may make life luxurious and easier, humans will never be whole without the reliability of friendship, the warmth of love, and the community of human interaction.

Joachim Mikel Ocasiano '19

## Die Schönheiten des Lebens

Die friedliche Brise des Windes,  
Tropfen des Regens die fallen,  
Das Lachen von einem glücklichen Gesicht:  
Der Klang von Schönheit.

Die Naturwunder der Welt,  
Die erstaunlichen Talente der Menschen,  
Vielfalt in der Menschheit:  
Die Wahrnehmung von Schönheit.

Die Berührung der Hand eines Anderen,  
Füße auf dem weichen Gras,  
Die Wärme der Sonnenstrahlen:  
Die Berührung von Schönheit.

Frisch gebackene Brownies,  
Eine langsam brennende Kerze,  
Der Duft des Morgentaus:  
Der Geruch von Schönheit.

Die Fähigkeit, einen Anderen zu lieben,  
Ein Kind aufwachsen zu sehen,  
Erfüll dir den Traum,  
Ohne Reue zu sterben:

Die Schönheiten des Lebens.

## The Beauties of Life

The peaceful breeze of the wind,  
Dropping pellets of the rain,  
The laugh from a happy face:  
The sound of beauty.

The natural wonders of the world,  
The amazing talents of people,  
Diverseness among humanity:  
The taking in of beauty.

The touch of another's hand,  
Feet on the soft grass,  
The warmth of the sun's rays:  
The touch of beauty.

Freshly baked brownies,  
A slowly burning candle,  
The smell of the morning dew:  
The scent of beauty.

The ability to love another,  
To see a child grow up,  
To fulfill your dream,  
To die without regrets:

The Beauties of Life.

*Andrew Thorsen '19*

## ¿Es hora de escapar del escapismo?

Estar rodeado de las redes sociales y estar conectado constantemente, vivimos en una cultura de la gratificación instantánea. Constantemente, estamos en búsqueda del placer. Esta actitud se convierte en nuestra mentalidad. Esperamos que todo sea fácil y por lo tanto nos volvemos perezosos. Adquirimos esta mentalidad de escapismo, constantemente usando el mundo digital para escaparse del estrés del mundo real. Sin darnos cuenta, nos volvemos adicto y nos olvidamos de vivir nuestras vidas. Aunque la utilidad de los teléfonos celulares no debe ser ignorada, se vuelven más perjudicial que útil cuando los dejamos que nos controlen. Tenemos que disminuir nuestro uso de las redes sociales y los celulares si queremos dejar de ser consumidos por esta cultura de la gratificación instantánea.

## Is It Time to Escape Escapism?

Being surrounded by social media and being connected constantly, we live in a culture of instant gratification. Constantly, we are in search of pleasure. This attitude becomes our mindset. We expect everything to be easy and therefore we become lazy. We adopt this mentality of escapism, constantly using the digital world to escape the stress of the real world. Without realizing, we become addicted and we forget to live our lives. Although the usefulness of cell phones should not be ignored, they become more harmful than helpful when we let them control us. We need to reduce our usage of social media and cell phones if we want to stop being consumed by this culture of instant gratification.

*Christopher Bakhos '19*



## Tempus Fugit

Tempus fugit.  
In MMM annos solis  
Sic longus vēnimus,  
Sic multa vidimus,  
Sic multa vicimus  
Miracula Terrae.  
Sed ille tempore  
Multa etiam amisimus:  
Exempli gratia, Lingua Latina  
Dē tantis mutuamur.  
Contra praeteritum bellum gerere debemus,  
Aut id Pro bono omnium sumimus?  
Fortasse documentum ultimum  
Est simpliciter “Capiere diem.”  
Memoriā tenete:  
Lingua Latina mortua non est,  
Est Immortalis!  
Post Scriptum: Quod Erat Demonstrandum

## Time Flies

Time flies.  
In only 3000 years  
We’ve come so far,  
We’ve seen so much,  
We’ve conquered so many  
Of the Earth’s wonders.  
But in that time  
We’ve lost much as well:  
For example, the Latin language  
From which we borrow so much.  
Ought we wage war against the past,  
Or embrace it for the good of all?  
Perhaps the ultimate lesson  
Is to simply “seize the day.”  
Remember:  
The Latin language is not dead,  
It’s Immortal!  
P.S.: QED

*Liam Cotter ‘19*

## Saint Lorenzo Ruiz

Saint Lorenzo Ruiz, one of the most important figures in Filipino history, was a martyr for his faith and a strong believer in the Gospel. He lived out the Word of God every minute of his life. When he was canonized into the first Filipino saint by Pope Saint John Paul II, he became a patron to the Filipino people and an exemplar of a pious Christian life.

Lorenzo Ruiz was born in Manila, the capital of the Philippines, the same city where I was born. Lorenzo's father was Chinese and his mother was Filipino. Through his parents, he became fluent in Tagalog and Chinese. After learning the Gospel, he joined the Cofradía del Santísimo Rosario (Brotherhood of the Holy Rosary) so that he could live out his faith. Shortly after he joined, he married a native Filipino woman named Rosaria, and together they had three children: one daughter and two sons. Lorenzo also had a particular talent in penmanship, which earned him the job of being a church clerk.

Later on in life, Lorenzo was accused of killing a Spaniard and was captured by the Japanese due to their persecution of Christians. The Japanese tortured him through Tsurushi; The torturer would make a cut on the prisoner's forehead, tie a rope to his feet, and hang him upside down into a pit. Many of the Catholic prisoners that the Japanese captured were subjected to this torture, the purpose of which was to force Catholics into denouncing God. However, Lorenzo refused to denounce God and famously stated:

*Ego Catholicus sum et animo prompto paratoque pro Deo mortem obibo. Si mille vitas haberem, cunctas ei offerrem.*

I am a Catholic and wholeheartedly do accept death for God; Had I a thousand lives, all these to Him shall I offer.

Saint Lorenzo has always been an important figure in my own family. We celebrate his feast day on September 28 by reflecting on our own lives. We ponder questions such as, "Have we lived out a Holy Catholic life so far?" "Have we accepted God wholly?" and "If we were to die now, are we content with how we lived?" All of these questions echo the strength of Saint Lorenzo's faith and how it can be a model for our own. As a Filipino family, we are highly devoted to the Roman Catholic faith and are proud to have our role model as the patron of our country.

Saint Lorenzo is not only the Saint for the Philippines, but also the Saint of good penmanship and writing due to his skills as a scribe. As a student myself, I strive to complete writing assignments to the best of my ability and often call upon Saint Lorenzo to help me when I encounter difficult writing assignments. I never give up on an assignment because I know that my guide, Saint Lorenzo, is always at my side, helping me to finish the task. Whether I am in front of my computer clicking away at keys, or in a testing room painstakingly writing out words, I believe that he is always there for me, pushing me to be the best I can be.

*Joachim Mikel Icasiano '19*

## The Future of Robotics

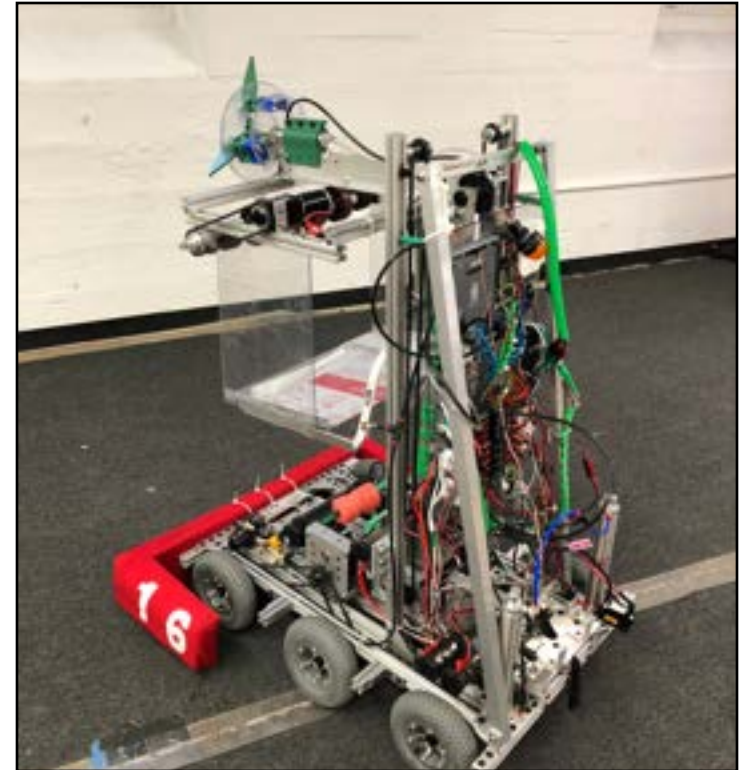
The human race is rapidly progressing toward using robots to complete tasks, no matter how straightforward or sophisticated the task might be. Whether it be cleaning a house or working in factories, human involvement in the workforce is slowly diminishing and is being replaced by artificial intelligence. These changes are being introduced at a mind-blowing rate, with many scientific breakthroughs happening all over the world.

Back in 1996, a robot with artificial intelligence named Deep Blue defeated the current chess champion, Garry Kasparov. This was a monumental occurrence because it was the first time that a robot was able to compete with and outsmart a human player. Fast forward to today where robots have self-learning Artificial Intelligence (AI), meaning that they learn from experience and develop new skills that are more efficient and useful. In the future, robots will be able to execute incomprehensible undertakings, like saving citizens from burning buildings or fighting in wars in place of humans. AI is also a huge part of future robots becoming more advanced. As robots become more common in society, each robot must be equipped with more complex abilities to learn the behaviors of humans around them and adapt to their habits and actions.

Current companies, such as Boston Dynamics, are already working on and developing robots that can accomplish tasks such as traversing rugged terrain or transporting cargo for countless miles. Furthermore, many companies are developing surgical robots that are much more precise and consistent than human surgeons.

The future of robotics is a very optimistic one, and through research on this relatively esoteric topic, we can launch the human race into an era of artificial intelligence and robotic innovation.

*Aayush Agnihotri '22*



### A Culminating Mess of Wires

This photo reminds me of the beginning of our build season, when our robot was just a jumble of parts and pieces. After countless days of hard work and dedication, we were able to transform it into the outstanding, capable machine that it is today.

*Aayush Agnihotri '22*

## Dream Come True

The purple stage lights illuminated the crowd as they waited patiently for the next act. This was the biggest stage I had ever played on and the largest crowd I had ever played for. I grabbed my guitar, threw the strap around my shoulders, and wished my fellow bandmates good luck. As I stepped onto the stage, my heart raced. Suddenly, the crowd went quiet, the house lights went off, and all eyes were locked on us. I turned around and was instantly fixated on the large white silhouette of a pony. *This is it*, I thought to myself.

I had achieved my lifelong dream of playing on the same stage as bands such as The Rolling Stones, The Police, Bruce Springsteen, and The Ramones. I was standing on the stage of the legendary Stone Pony with my first reissue Airline Map guitar from 1965 in seafoam green in hand, and a crowd of about two hundred people watching. I began to sweat before I even played a single note. I plugged in my guitar and listened to the hiss coming from my amplifier. Our instruments were anxious and filled with energy, ready to scream and growl in our hard rock show, but I, lost in my thoughts, began to recall everything that got me to that very moment.

Ironically, I loathed guitar lessons when I was much younger; I simply wanted to pick it up and (instantly) be able to play like some of the greatest players in history. However, I neglected it and let my guitar collect dust for about six years and didn't pick it up again until about two years ago. The moment I sat down with it, I got hooked and began to spend all of my free time playing. I never took any lessons; I simply played along to songs and watched YouTube tutorials. Much to my surprise, I actually made remarkable progress and began to play what sounded like real music.

Within a year, I was playing blisteringly fast guitar solos, and highly complex scales. From that point on, I wasn't set on mastering the instrument; instead, I wanted to help others through the power of music. I started by founding the Guitar Club at my school, where I taught people how to play guitar and saw impressive results from my students; however, I yearned to do more. I joined the school band and began playing at sporting and charity events. During Christmas, we played a concert at the Lakeview School for

children with disabilities. Seeing these students enjoying our music opened my eyes to what music can really do, inspiring me to do even more.

I finally joined a band in late 2017. We played covers of our favorite songs at small venues around New Jersey. One day I got a text from one of the adults who helps run our band. It read, "How would you like to play the Stone Pony on March 24th?"

My heart jumped when I read that message. I couldn't believe it; my dreams were becoming a reality. The concert was for a good cause — a fundraiser for The Epilepsy Foundation of New Jersey called Paint the Pony Purple. My band and I practiced our set list for months, making sure it was worthy of the renowned Stone Pony.

"Yo Tony, you ready?" said Lexi, our bass guitarist.

I snapped out of it, the purple hue returned, and I recalled how nervous I was. My tenacity in trying to master the guitar had gotten me to the stage where legends begin their careers. I turned to my band and nodded. I was ready to put on a show. We looked at our drummer, and he counted off, "One, two, three, four!"

Anthony Caicedo '19



## Blurred

*Blurred* is the title of the first original EP released by Anthony Caicedo and his band, JADE.

Jeanine DeLuca

## Floods of Tears

The throbbing sound of helicopter blades woke me from my painful slumber. I raced to the window adjacent to my cot and looked out the window. *The last time I'd felt the splintered floor*, I thought to myself, *I hadn't felt any water*. In fact, the last time I had walked the ground, I could actually see it, as well.

As usual, my back ached from sleeping on the wooden bed rack. Sharp rays streamed in through the window, or rather, the bars. Unusual, however, was the lack of bustling people along the roads of southern Kerala. When I glanced out the window, I noticed that the water was not exclusive to our house. Men and women, young and old—everyone was dumping water from their homes into the streets.

This was quite the opposite of what I imagined when my parents told me that our family was going to visit our grandparents. Mid-May in Southern India usually meant little rain and more dry heat.

Covering my face with the back of my arm, I jumped onto a dry part of the porch. Underdeveloped, third-world countries such as India lack efficient sewers and waste-management systems, so any flood or extreme monsoon could make the air teem with germs. The helicopter had stopped mid-flight, hovering like a hummingbird in the air. The Indian Military Coat of Arms was painted brightly on one side. Small parcels fell out of the helicopter's side, falling for several seconds before vanishing onto the roof of a house. Others watched in desperation, waiting for their sustenance from the aircraft.

I ventured out of the house and found myself next to my grandfather. His eyes were dim, devoid of any emotion, as he stared out at the devastated crops that lay before him. The language barrier that existed between us did not prevent me from understanding what went through his mind.

Most men, like my grandfather, took advantage of the inefficient tax system in South India and depended upon agriculture for a living. He had poured his entire life into creating and maintaining a farm. The farm that stretched before us had sent my father to school and paid for his plane ticket and Visa to the United States. It had helped my grandfather's family during moments of hardship and had fed them in moments of joy. It now stretched

before us wasted and ruined. I looked intently at my grandfather, waiting for him to do something, to do *anything*.

Instead, all I saw was a tear that trickled down his wrinkled cheek and dropped into the water, joining the trillions of other drops of water that would starve the rest of south India for months to come.

Abel Stephen '22  
1st place Freshman Nonfiction



### Downpour in India

This picture was taken during my recent visit to India. It shows the aftermath of the torrential flash floods that ravage many parts of India during the brutal monsoon season. Many homes, buildings, and crops are destroyed and left in ruins, which leave people without food and shelter.

Abhishek Borad '22





**Sunflower with Honey Bee**

I find nature to be fascinating. One day, I was walking through my apiary and noticed one of my honey bees on a sunflower that I had planted in my garden. As I moved closer to watch the honey bee, I couldn't help but notice the beautiful design and pattern of the sunflower seeds, surrounded by the bright yellow petals. Curious, I used my smartphone to Google more information about such patterns in nature and discovered the Fibonacci sequence, which explains patterns in nature through mathematical equations. Amazing!

*Dr. Martine Gubernat*

## **What is it?**

perpetually desired by all.  
understood by some.  
fully attained by few.  
those who truly seek it will remain undeterred by a shortfall.

but what is it?

near-impossible to define.  
perceived as apples to one, oranges to any other,  
although one and the same.  
something so abstract, something so well-known.  
something the envious try to undermine.

Perhaps the most precious commodity.  
End goal for some  
And yet, others may not recognize they need it.  
Cliché as it sounds, it is missed when it is gone;  
Even those who know they need it might not discern it.

Longing for something more.  
Observing in others what they seek.  
Vehemently searching for the meaning of it and failing,  
while receiving  
Empathy from those who know the prey is uncatchable to the  
most unrelenting hunter.

Just experienced for an ever-fleeting moment  
brings enlightenment.  
Our world may not always seem to have it, but  
You will know it when you see it.

what is it to you?

*Kevin Laieta '19*



### Springtime Fallen Petals

Beauty in our lives can often be right at home. I personally found an example of it at my mailbox, specifically just under it, where I took this photo to commemorate the beauty of something so close to home last March.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*

### No Glasses

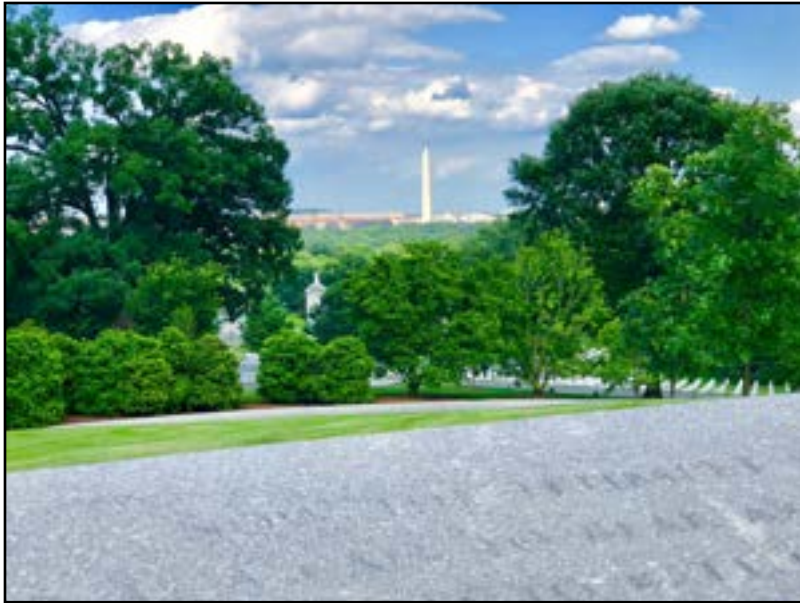
Glasses are a nuisance.  
People simply can't ignore  
How they give a true sense  
Of how blind they were before.

Living with glasses is a roadblock.  
Without glasses, people cannot walk,  
Cannot cross a crosswalk,  
Cannot navigate their own house,  
Cannot put on their favorite blouse,  
Cannot drive.  
People might even nosedive  
Into their hardwood floor.

So if their glasses ever go missing,  
They should give this poem a good listening  
And take it as a warning  
Of what a world without glasses could be.

Glasses are a nuisance.  
People simply can't ignore  
How they give a true sense  
Of how blind they were before.

*Vaughn McConnell '20*



### Washington Monument

When I was in Arlington National Cemetery, I looked to my right and surprisingly saw the Washington Monument. The structure reminded me of George Washington himself. He was a strong and tall leader watching over the nation. In some ways it is almost as if the monument was erected to watch over the nation, even after his death.

*Roman Modhera '22*

### Aspects of Photography

Clicking the camera away,  
leading to exploring the world all day.  
Trying to find the perfect spot  
to capture the moment, right on the dot.

We hold memories at each place,  
To leave behind a trace.  
Eventually to reflect on pleasant times,  
bringing back periods of our prime.

Looking through various lenses  
to observe the colors of nature.  
Using all of the different senses  
to focus on an unknown creature.

Representing a story without words  
that can show something like a bird.  
Learning about a unique trait,  
which can make the image great.

A photograph can even be old,  
with a scene that can be worth gold.  
Reflecting on a time in the past  
that was meant to last.

Whether it is an object that is standing tall,  
or a person that is very small,  
we can find the beauty in one,  
if photography is properly done.

*Abhishek Borad '22*

## Half-Day In a Raft

Water has different personalities.  
Did you know that to be so?  
Each fanatic in personal opinions;  
They'll argue and bicker, which continues the flow.  
Both held an opinion on outsiders.  
How could this be? Nobody sent a memo.  
The fish named half of the water "Sun";  
She hated those trespassing explorers;  
They'd corrupted the world Sun loved.  
They never had any intent to restore her.  
So vengeance triumphed and a plan devised:  
One so deadly, nobody could ignore her.  
Sun sacrificed herself for others.  
Surely this would cause them to die.  
Speeding her currents faster than the Earth  
And scattering rocks so no one could get by,  
Raising barricades from the water.  
She smiled, preparing for them to cry.  
Sun's waters would give voyagers a final ride;  
Her actions despicable and malicious.  
With just one glance at the aftermath,  
Water so gloomy, you'd think it's fictitious.  
Once living water, fresh and divine,  
Whether Sun was alive or not, everyone was suspicious.  
The fish named half of the water "Moon";  
He never loved those detached from life.  
They'd corrupted the world Moon loved,  
But he never had any intent to pull out his knife.  
So forgiveness triumphed and a plan devised,  
One so peaceful, none would bear any strife.  
Moon sacrificed himself for others,  
Surely this would cause him to die.  
Slowing his currents down for safety  
And letting visitors simply pass on by.  
Moon rid himself of any danger;  
He didn't like seeing others cry.  
Moon would give voyagers a safe ride,  
His actions noble and pure.

With just one glance at the aftermath,  
There could never be such a cure.  
Once living water, fresh and divine,  
Whether Moon was still alive, nobody could be sure.  
Two personalities flow into one:  
One dark, one light, both the same.  
Each protecting life from death,  
But only caused their own to wane.  
Those who were spared head towards shore  
And will leave, thinking it was all a game.

*William Muench '20*



**Final Sunset to Remember**

I painted "Final Sunset to Remember" while looking over a vacation photo of a sunset that I took while looking out of a cruise ship window. The sunset above the water in the photo did not have any reflection, and I mimicked that photo. The painting was done in acrylics.

*Aidan Toro '21*





### A Stressless Time

I snapped this photo during a boat excursion when I was vacationing in Saint Lucia. Marigot Bay reminded me of a much simpler time, a time without care or any stress, a time where nature was recognized for its pure elegance.

*Roman Modhera '22*

### Fishing Trip

The sun is as hot as a burning piece of wood.  
 The water is aqua blue.  
 Today I will catch a fish or two.  
 Past the waves we'll ride to the spot.  
 The fish that live here will surely be caught.  
 Dropped my line and felt a tug  
 like a 20 pound bag dropped to the floor.  
 Pulled up the pole and jerked it snug.  
 It's a bite! I've got a bite!  
 This fish is making a strong fight.  
 It's a boxer in the last round of a championship bout.  
 The pole is dropped so I grab my net  
 And scoop the fish like a pelican diving for its prey.  
 Wiping my sweat, I think to myself  
*This is my reward for the day,*  
 as I stow the fish away.  
 Can't wait to see this on my plate.  
 What a fortunate twist of fate.  
 The day is done, like the setting sun.  
 Time to wind down; the fisherman won.

*Gary Misko III '20*





## Basic Snowy Deck

I took this photo intending for it to be eventful and convoluted. Instead, it turned out eventless and calm, much like a cozy winter Sunday.

*Aniket Agnihotri '19*

## Home

Think about what home is.  
Is it a building made of stone?  
Is it four walls and a roof,  
Or a place where you have grown?

To some a home is physical,  
Just a building of made wood.  
They don't see what's important;  
They don't see what they should.

A home is more than a place,  
More than a building on a street.  
It's more than pieces of wood,  
Constructed nice and neat.

Home is where you want it to be,  
It follows you everywhere.  
Your home can be anywhere,  
All you have to do is care.

You don't need fancy things,  
Or a great amount of money.  
As long as you have family,  
Your days will always be sunny.

As long as the ones you love  
Are always by your side,  
There's nothing else you need  
Except a smile on your face so wide.

*Matthew Dekovics '19*



### A Countryside Sunset

This photo reminds me of how many people do not take advantage of looking at the sunset. We often go out and seek beauty in our lives when, in reality, one of the most beautiful sights on earth can be seen right from home.

*Andrew Castello '20*

### To Lovers Unknown

Fair as the moon, she walks in rays of sun.  
 Cowardice near her and pain far from her,  
 My heart, unto her grace becomes the pun.  
 Blessed to see her, and cursed to ever love her.

Left to wander ever in my wonder  
 For my life is not but desire for one.  
 Though invisible, I still fret my blunders.  
 To gain her love would render my life done.

See my plight in an unknown lover's eyes,  
 Death is a release from this, my own hell.  
 To be a lover's fool, belies her lies.  
 Give her my all, only time can it tell.

I am not the man she wants me to be  
 And I'm not sure I will ever be but me.

*Aidan Formisano '19*

## Uniqueness In My Life

Since I was ten years old, I wanted to support my father with his business because I loved the idea of helping people. Whether it is being awakened from a deep sleep at 3 a.m. to help my father on a death call or simply being a doorman on the night of a wake, I am always willing to offer my condolences to whomever needs them. While other children were raised at home or on the playground, I was raised around sorrow and death at a funeral home. Being the son of a funeral director puts life into perspective and makes me value it in a way many people may not.

I learned many virtues and lessons during my time in the funeral home that will always be unique to me. One year, a young boy passed away due to heart issues. During the family's time of grief over the loss of their only son, they came to my father to handle the funeral arrangements. I watched my father do everything in his power to help the family and make sure they received whatever they requested. To this day, each time I see the family, they tell me that they remember me, although I was too young when this happened to remember them.

Every day my father amazes me with the business decisions he makes. The compassion and love he has for people of all backgrounds is beyond admirable. A specific way in which he lives his life caring for others is his policy for burying children. For me, this is an extremely dreadful part of the world and our family business. My father believes that the least he can do is cover the expenses for the family.

Having grown up seeing how others respond to the loss of a loved one, I have learned to be grateful for my family and the life I have. I never want to lose sight of the fact, that every day, people are grieving over the loss of someone they love. I also understand that, at some point in my life, I will be in that position myself; my hope is that there will be people who will extend themselves to provide the caring and support I may need.

As the youngest of four children growing up in the funeral business, I understand that my siblings have no interest in the business as a future career. On the other hand, I believe it is my calling and something I truly want to do. My siblings have all chosen other career paths as they have grown older, but I know that my need to help people will be focused something greater in the

funeral home business. My plan is to become a funeral director, like my father, and help people by offering everything I can. The life I have lived, and will continue to live with my father in his business, has inspired me to be the person others can rely on in their time of sorrow and need.

*Brian Reilly '19*  
1st place Senior Nonfiction



**Cologne Cathedral**

The Cologne Cathedral is Germany's most visited landmark and a renowned monument of Gothic architecture. The building began construction in 1248 and was only completed in 1880. Despite being hit fourteen times by aerial bombs in World War II, the cathedral continues to be a testimony to the strength of Christian belief in Europe.

*Matthew Parayil '19*



### **A Brotherly Bond Forever**

From sharing Christmas presents to lifetime experiences, my brother Matt and I are always smiling when we spend time with one another.

*John Hall '19*

### **Ohh, Brother, I Miss You**

All of the fun laughs we shared with one another.  
 All of the memories we made.  
 All of the battles we won.  
 All of the tears we shed.  
 All of the fights we fought.  
 Ohh, brother, I miss you.

Now, you are far away  
 And I feel saddened when I hear your song,  
 The song that triggers my emotions.  
 I wish you could stay longer  
 But I prefer where you are now  
 To where you could have been.

I always think back to us in paradise  
 The sun bright, the ocean blue,  
 And the people, yes, the people.  
 This place takes us back to our favorite movie  
 And thinking about it makes me happy, then sad.  
 The things I would do to go back.  
 The things I would give up, just for you.

I love you with all my heart  
 And I could ask for no one greater.  
 The chances I now get are limited  
 But I try to make them count.  
 Count. Count. Count.

Ohh, brother, I miss you.

*John Hall '19*

## How Cancer Has Influenced Me

When I was only ten years old, I remember my mother telling me that her dad had cancer. I still can hear myself screaming, “I don’t want Grandpa to die!” I was young, but smart enough to know that he just received a certain death sentence. I knew he didn’t have long, so I wanted to make his last years the best of his life. I don’t think I ever fished more, built more model trains, or fixed more remote control cars with him than I did in those last two years of his life. I still can recall that on his last Christmas, I gave him a cross and a stained glass picture. That gift brought my 350-pound, Sicilian, U.S. Marine grandfather to tears in front of me for the first and last time ever. I remember him cracking jokes while doped up on the morphine they gave him. Sadly, I also vividly hear myself saying goodbye to him for the last time. One week went by after that moment, and my mother called telling me he’s gone and that I won’t be in school for a while. Honestly, the hardest part for me wasn’t the wake or funeral; rather, it was the coming months and years after that, having to live with the memories. Sometimes still, I lay awake late at night thinking about things and breaking down because of them. But that’s life: you get stronger because of the hard times.

It’s difficult watching someone battle cancer. It’s painful seeing them suffer and slowly die right in front of your eyes. It hurts seeing the strongest man you know die in his mid sixties due to some horrible disease. I’ve come to see how cancer can tear families apart, too. Everyone is stressing over the dying family member, so sometimes brutal family feuds quickly ensue, which must be heartbreaking for the already-ill person to watch. These family arguments often end as quickly as they start because everyone comes together for one common cause. Families band together to pick each other up and help their loved one through the hard times. I’ve watched at many funerals, even those unrelated to

cancer, as the older generation shared wisdom with the younger generation about life. I’ve seen with my own eyes how negatively people can be affected by death in general, and how people just need someone to lean on.

Cancer has even made me question my faith before. Why do good people die young? Why me, him, her? If God is so good, why didn’t He save my grandfather? All that aside, I kept my faith through the hard times and everything turned out okay. I have a firm belief that everyone has his or her last good day when battling a deadly disease. I remember that I prayed the rosary one night before bed for my grandfather, and right after that, he had his last few good days. I believe that was God giving me some closure on his passing. God let me see a small glimpse of my grandfather back when he was healthy. With good faith, we can get through any hardship that presents itself to us. We don’t get cancer because God wants us to; rather, we get cancer because everything in creation has flaws. Cancer is a flaw, and since nothing is perfect, that flaw affects many of us. All God can do is be there for us once cancer strikes, and that’s all we can really ask of Him.

*Christopher Goldberg ‘19*





### Today In A Picture

This photo was taken last May after my brother's high school graduation. I often reflect on it to remind myself of how far we have come.

*John Hall '19*

### My Closest Family Member

When I saw you come down that airport terminal, I hadn't been that happy in the longest time. You bring me joy every time I see you, and I wish I could be there with you for the rest of time. Growing up with you was difficult, but rewarding. We laughed, played, smiled, and fought. Though it was rough, every moment still fills my memories with joy and laughter, and I wish I could go back to simpler times when it was just you and me.

Back when we were young, we always did everything with each other: waking up, going to school, doing the same sports. We were inseparable. I never thought of the little things you did for me, like protect me from all of the bullies and from any harm that came my way. You served as a true big brother, and I was too naive to actually recognize it until now.

Although we had some good times, there were some bad. We did fight and cause mom a lot of pain. She would always get mad when we fought and I wish I could go back and change that. I'll always remember the times when we were so bad that she would pop our balloons that we got from the fair. We would scream and yell because of our fear of her, but now thinking about this, it was very funny. I still talk to her about these events, and she grins and giggles every time I mention it.

As we got older, things got harder with school, social life, and even family life, but the hardest of them all was the event on October 20, 2016.

That was the day that you were diagnosed with Burkitt's Leukemia, and it changed my life forever. Those were the hardest months, seeing you so weak and ill, not having any control or any power to make you better. Seeing your body become weak and your mental state even weaker saddened me. I just wanted things to change for the good. Luckily, the doctors did everything they could and within a few short months, you were cured and free of cancer.

Now, I live in the present and reflect on all of this to give myself comfort and warmth. Thinking of you makes me feel better when I'm down about myself. All of the lessons you have taught me are something I use in my everyday life, and I thank you for that. I can't wait to see you for the holiday breaks.

Love,  
Your Closest Family Member

*John Hall '19*

## Dear Jeremy

I know there's seventeen years between us and you won't know much about me down the line, but since you've been born, my life has never been the same. I thought that I would be an only child forever, but no — after seventeen years of loneliness and single childhood, God finally blessed me with the brother I've always wanted: you.

You won't remember much of the time I've spent putting you to sleep, or the stories I'd tell while you clasped my pinkie with your tiny hands, or the secrets I'd tell you in mom's white rocking chair. You won't see me for four of the first five years of your life because I'm going to college next year. I won't get to see you grow up, and that's alright. I understand. That's exactly why I'm writing you this letter now, so that later on, whether I'm here or not, you can know that I've loved you, and I still do no matter what.

Today is my first day writing really, and I lost my wallet so I won't be able to drive for a bit. Stinks mate, REALLY stinks. You'll understand a decade or two down the line.

As for advice, just listen to your parents. They know best no matter what you think you know or what you *know* you know. Ever want to know God? Obey your parents first; they're angels from God that will guide you through life and make you into the man you ought to be.

But when you feel like the world around you is caving in and there's not one soul who could ever understand, when you feel your soul imploding from its anxious growing pains, when you feel most alone, know that I've been there. Know that I love you.

Throw yourself at the world — do the most you can. Immerse yourself into your own passions and prove to yourself that you know who you are. The most important thing you need to remember is to stop writing the story of your own life and begin living it.

Some people will do *nothing* but write down the story of their life. These people are foolish. What I mean by writing your own story is *creating* your own destiny, not documenting it. You must *live*. You *must*.

If ever there comes a point where I'm no longer with you in this world, if ever someone takes me away unexpectedly, read

these letters. They are the emotion beneath my title as your older brother. They are the stories I never left behind.

Your only Brother,  
Ron

*Ryan Stephen '19*



### Four Musketeers

While attending another photography camp in the very busy borough of Brooklyn, NY, I noticed this serene image of flowers growing amongst the concrete and buildings. The opposition between man's creation versus nature's creation was striking.

*Jackson Costello '20*

## Soft

I learned the crudest of words  
to retaliate against the rumors,  
but Kindness placed  
a lock on my lips.

I imagined all the vengeful acts  
that would cause suffering pain,  
but Reality dispelled  
the thoughts from my mind.

I promised not to cry —  
big boys don't cry,  
but Generosity said the earth was dry,  
and so I shed my tears.

I locked myself into a cage  
and threw the key into the sea,  
but the waves of Trust  
swept me free.

I started to build a tower  
around my bleeding heart,  
but Empathy gave the bricks  
away to the homeless.

"You are soft,"  
the world tells me,  
"You have to learn to fight back  
when others put you down."

I prayed each night for strength  
to reciprocate the hate that was given,  
but God said "No,"  
so I prayed that peace entered their hearts.

I choose to be kind.  
We all wrestle with our own demons.  
Why emit more hate into the world?  
Be a light despite all the darkness.

*Andrew Au '19*  
1st place Senior Poetry

## Dear Younger Me...

Hey BIG SHOT! Look at you all grown and graduated! You look so dapper with your shiny robe, slightly oversized cap, and manly peach fuzz. After a stressful eighth grade year, you're moving on to the "best four years of your life." High school. Those two words strike fear into the hearts of some, but don't worry, it won't be that bad.

Okay fine... It's going to be terrific, treacherous, time-consuming, tortuous, tempestuous, and tremendous all at the same time! (Look at all those exotic Membean words! I'll explain later...). But because I—future you—want you to relish the next four, surprising short, years of your life, I'll give you a few tips since I've been around the seventy-acre campus a few times.

### Freshman Year:

- Don't be afraid to ask a "Big Green Giant" senior for help; they were once where you are now.
- That club looks nice? Join it. Make it your baby child.
- Don't use Zeus as your role model for relationships; don't even think about Romeo...
- Speaking of girls... we don't have any! As if you hadn't been teased enough about that.
- A three ring circus has... yes, three rings. Thanks, Mr. Trojanowski '72.

### Sophomore Year:

- Don't worry, the brick on Mr. Bryner's desk is just a red, rock-solid project- I MEAN paperweight
- 15 Minutes of Membean a Day keeps the Second Grade Vocabulary Away!
- Talk to your guidance counselors. They know things.
- Start doing things in your community! Manage your time so that you can do extracurriculars.
- Who cut Samson's hair? The beautiful... Delilah.

### Junior Year:

- No girlfriend? That's fine! They take away time and money that you could spend on Roblox.
- This year is important, so focus on your studies. Girls don't get you into college... grades do.
- If Mr. Powers asks the class "Yes or No," please don't actually answer. Yes, he does have exceptional taste in music. No, Filipinos didn't actually bomb Pearl Harbor. That was the French.
- You're going to be challenged a lot. You got this; you're a MAN. "God Don't Make No Junk."
- When in doubt, use Logos, Ethos, and Pathos. *Thank you, Thank You for Arguing.*

### Senior Year:

- Make sure your flu shot gives additional immunity to Senioritis.
- Even before this year starts, outline and write those college essays! They stack up!
- Enjoy every single moment with your brothers, especially of the Sacred Heart.
- No, Mr. Mercado isn't graduating with you. He just has a shiny robe on, too.
- And Never. Ever. Use plot summary in C-S-E-A... EVER

Seriously though, you're going to love it. Just live. Live.  
Con un abrazo fuerte (I learned that from Señora Bonelli, muchas gracias).

Sincerely,  
The Boy Who Just Tripped on His Own Graduation Robe  
P.S. – Use lit terms!

*Matthew Vergel '19*



**Falcon Flashbacks** Matthew Vogel

**Freshman Year**

1. "Um... do you know how to get to the next class?"  
"You sure follow me!"  
"Oh, getting closer."

2. "TAKE CARE OF HER"

3. "No Girls Club"  
"SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL"

**Sophomore Year**

4. "HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO STUDY FOR MATH CLASS, VOLUNTEER, PRACTICE WRESTLING AND SLEEP FOR 10 HOURS?"

5. "TIME MANAGEMENT? USE GOOGLE CALENDARS"

6. **GOOGLE CALENDAR**  
Feb. 24  
2PM: WRESTLE Gobby Boy (COVID-19)  
3PM: VOLUNTEER AT THE STADIUM  
4PM: TRY TO STUDY FOR MATH CLASS  
5PM: GO TO SLEEP

**JUNIOR YEAR**

7. "I KEEP ON PROCRASTINATING, I THINK I'VE DONE ENOUGH"

8. "ADMISSION! GOD DON'T MAKE NO JOKE"

9. "YOU'RE RIGHT, BACHELOR ONLY"

10. "I'M NO JOKE!"  
"IN THE BATHING ROOM, YES OR NO QUESTIONS?"  
"DO ME"

**SENIOR YEAR**

11. "WE JUST FOUND A VACCINE FOR COVID-19!!"  
"I'M A VACCINE GODS DON'T WANT THEM"

12. "2 MONTHS IN..."  
"COLLEGE ENJOYS"  
"OVERSEE BEACHES"  
"FROM THE VILLAGE"

13. "WHY AM I OBLIGATED?"  
"YOU USED TO PLAY BASKETBALL IN ALL OF YOUR GAMES..."  
"DR. GONZALEZ"

Instead of merely writing about my experiences at Saint Joseph High School, I decided to draw a cartoon based on inside jokes and memories at Saint Joe's. I will never forget my time here and hopefully my comic captures my incredible high school journey.



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## Vignette Awards

2018: ASPA – “First Place with Special Merit”  
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”

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## 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](http://www.stjoes.org) and then clicking the *Vignette* link in the Clubs & Activities page.



## 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 Jackson Costello '20. Folios were designed by the *Vignette* staff.

The magazine was printed by Yes Press, Inc. with a press run of 600 copies. It is comprised of 140 pages using a 5.5 x 8.5 inch format.

Thanks to Dr. Martine Gubernat & Mr. Paul Caruso 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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## Dedication

This year's *Vignette* is dedicated to members of the Saint Joseph family and community who have lost loved ones during this school year.

## 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.



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