

2019

*Stepping
Stones*

Junior Literary

Art Magazine

Stepping Stones 2019 Volume 35

Stepping Stones Literary Art Magazine is an extracurricular student run publication that showcases the creative writing and artistic talents of a variety of Park Ridge Middle School students. The magazine is worked on throughout the entire school year by a group of students who signed up to be on the magazine staff at an interest meeting held at the beginning of the school year in September. There are two faculty advisors who facilitate and organize meetings and technical aspects of the magazine. Once completed, the magazine is published in June by an outside vendor and distributed to all middle school students, faculty, staff, and Administration.

Every student in grades 7 and 8 is offered the opportunity to submit original works of literature and art to the magazine staff until April of the publishing year. Their submissions may be generated from classroom assignments, or self motivated pieces written specifically for the magazine. The staff meets once a month and they spend their time reviewing submissions, taking magazine related photos, and brainstorming ideas for themes and layouts.

We hope you enjoy this year's issue of Stepping Stones created by the Middle School students of Park Ridge Jr./Sr. High School.

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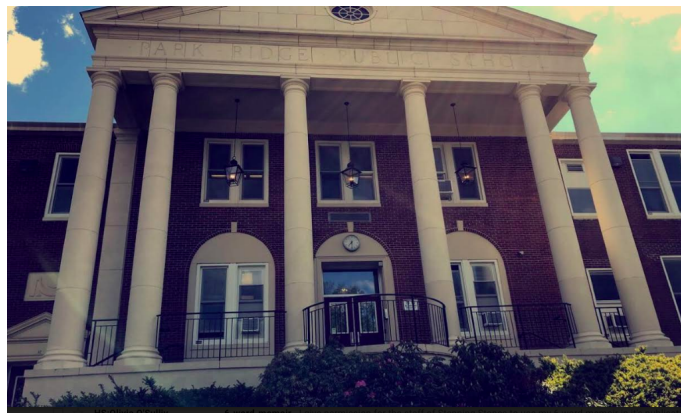
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The Paskack Junior Women's Club selected Luke Moser's "Remember When" poem as the award winner for Grades 6-8 of the Annual Youth Creative Writing Contest. His poem was chosen out of more than 300 entries and will now go on to compete at the state level.

Remember When

Luke Moser

Remember when I was little
When it was my first ever time
The whole family was there
And you let me drive the boat

Remember when you put the captain's hat on me and
you gave me the wheel

There was fog in the air that day

We all cross the lake, back and forth

And then I fell asleep and you drove the boat

I slept thinking about the next time I would drive your big
boat

I come back and I ask you if you remember when

I drove the boat and you remembered better than

I do



2019 Americanism Essay Contest .
The American Legion Auxiliary
selected Jake Farrington's Essay for
first place.

How can we address and prevent veteran homelessness in our communities?

By Jake Farrington

Some people say home sweet home but what if you don't have a home! Think about what that means, especially to someone who served our country and does not have a home. Can you just think about every thing you take for granted like living in a free country and having a home to sleep in. These veterans gave you freedoms that they do not have. These veterans risk their lives for our freedoms. We should repay them for what they did for us. Together, we can prevent and address veteran homelessness in our communities by providing homeless veterans with families their own homes and providing a local hospital for veterans who are battling illnesses that can be covered by their insurance and near their homes.

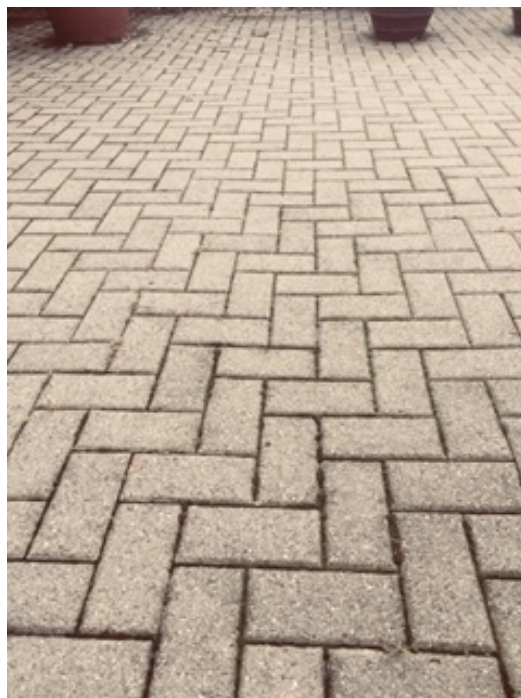
We can help veterans in our community to obtain homes. We can do that by providing veterans with a place they feel comfortable in. Think about how amazing it would be to have an apartment complex in town devoted just to our veterans. It could be owned property by the state and they can live there as long as they would like. There would be extra rules to follow but they can stay there for free. We can convince the state to provide funding because veterans are loyal and neat and they are all heroes who deserve a home.

A couple of years ago I sent my Flat Stanley (penpal project) to the Fisher House where my grandfather was recovering for his cancer treatment. The Fisher House is a place for veterans receiving medical treatment so they have a temporary home to recover in. The house is for people that do not live close to a veterans hospital, which is within in a five minute drive of the Veterans Hospital. How would you feel if you had a sick family member and had to travel four hours to see them? This is why we should build a VA hospital close to New Jersey families, especially if the veteran is homeless and sick. We have land in Park Ridge that could be used for a veterans hospital and land that we can provide for temporary housing for sick veterans. Let's support our heroes by providing these necessary needs to aid them. Do you want to be apart of the movement to help veterans to have homes?₅

New School

Adriana Velazquez

I walked in with fear because of the humongous building,
Tears on my chin falling down slowly, I was terrified,
Stomp, stomp goes all the students through the narrow halls.
Teachers were very delightful seeing all these new students,
Glittery fun posters all over,
Students of all different ages and sizes everywhere,
Shivers going down my neck.
I walked in with joy but still scared inside me,
The bell rung, I felt a stung of happiness for no reason,
Maybe this was a good change.



Kayla Hill

Ode To Sunrise

Anonymous

As soon as the darkness is fading away
When the colors come out, it will be a bright day
Blue, orange yellow so many colors there are
I watch the sunrise while eating a breakfast bar
The colors are almost as bright as a unicorn
As beautiful as someone playing the French horn
The colors on a unicorn make the sky glow
It's better than watching a tv show
Sometimes I think that it is brighter than a t-shirt
It is better to look at the sun rise than dirt



Amanda Gorrin

The First Day of Kindergarten

Anonymous

Remember when such a small building looked so very big?
The school was a tree, each of us a twig.
Tears filled my eyes as I held my mom's hand
Why am I so scared, I don't understand.
When we walked into the classroom, I was truly amazed
How come the other kids didn't even look phased?
The room was bright, and colorful too
I sat at the green table, which was table number two.
All the faces around me were new and unknown
It made me feel sad, scared, and alone.
The teacher mentioned some of the projects we'd be doing
We'd be drawing and coloring, cutting and gluing.



Then we all went to the rainbow carpet, just like we were told
I got a small shiver because the classroom was cold.
After that, it was time to play
I drew a land that was far, far away
When I got bored, I decided to play with blocks
I made a forest, and inside was a small, plastic fox
The day was almost over, it went by so fast
Soon I'd get to go home, I'd be free at last.
At first Kindergarten was scary, but then it was fun
In no time, I got to know everyone.
In that day, I never thought I would make it this far
Now I'm in eight grade and the work is real hard.

It's important to remember when we were innocent and small
Now we're all grown up, big, strong, and tall
We used to rely on others and could do nothing on our own
Now we are independent and can do things alone.
We watch all the nervous little kids as they get on the bus
Remember when that was us?

The Field

Neve Roche

I Remember when the grass was green

With the breeze blowing through my hair

Looking out at the field

Seeing my favorite players at bat

Sitting right behind the left fielder

Seeing the home run ball rush past me

I knew I had it and would catch it

The ball goes right into my hand

I am seen all over TV

The whole world knows who I am

At least that's what I wished happened

Turns out that's not what happened

It was almost like it like it was coming right to me

Turns out it wasn't



The Trident

Brian Friedlander

The Trident

Remember that time

When I starred as

King Triton in the

Middle school play?

“Yeah” he says

Remember when you broke it?

“Oh god”

The Play

The anxiousness

The fear

The frustration

The hard-work

The trident

All the times

I couldn't find it

All the times

I thought it broke

All the times

I held it like a child

Ripppp! Like a piece of paper

I heard at rehearsal

Its nothing, I thought

Little did I know

It was my worst nightmare

Brace Encounter

Analise Richiez

Four of us standing there.
Four of them sitting fair.
The strange feeling of no air
Was a feeling I had to bare.

Beside me, she couldn't speak.
Behind me, the gasps were weak.
There were words I wanted to leak
And I couldn't just stay meek.

I managed to ask a question.
They happened to have a suggestion.
Inside me was my obsession
So, I pulled together a confession.

After I had said bye,
That is when I started to cry,
I was proud I hadn't been shy
When I decided to say hi.

It was my friends and me,
Who were walking away in glee.
I could not even believe
What had happened to me.

Soccer

Anonymous

Fall, the air is crisp and cool

And I'm no fool

I stand there waiting,

There should be no self-debating.

Soccer is a part of me,

But sometimes there's no guarantee.

I shouldn't be nervous

I am at my team's service

The girl on offense is charging down the field

The defenders get ready,

they are my shield.

Now I jump up and down,

I look like a clown.

She comes closer and closer.

Swoosh

The ball leaves her foot and the ground

It travels through the air like a rainbow,

there is no sound

Curving down at just the right point,

I feel like I might disappoint

Meanwhile,

I am attempting an almost impossible save

I put my arms up, as big as a wave

SNAP, THUD

I fall to the ground

I see my dad and coaches start to surround

The pain in my wrist,

The girl scored by an assist

Soon enough, I'm in the back seat

My dad says we should be at the hospital by
now, all I feel is defeat

15 minutes later

I'm in the hospital bed, a heaviness in my
head.

Still in pain, I sleep

I awake to feeling fine, I don't even weep

No pain in my wrist

I'm put in a cast

Now this day is in the past

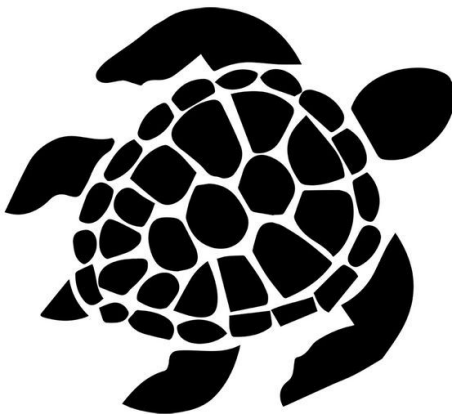
The Turtle

Jack Lawler

It was a beautiful evening in fall
Camping with our RV's in upstate New York
Driving our RC cars in the sand dunes with little cliffs around
With the air getting colder, we decided to leave
But then Boom! The sand pops up close to us

We went to investigate
We hope that whatever fell didn't lose his fate
It was a turtle and we named it trooper
He just fell off a cliff
We need to make sure it was safe

So, we brought it back to the campsite
And we made his home just right
He was very smooth, very small,
and it squirmed a lot towards a lake
We went to show the rest
He was our new pet



Papa Nicky

Scott Riccio

Papa Nicky loved me since the day I was born

He always loved me and I loved him to that morn

He always invited me to a baseball game

I loved baseball almost as much as him and always came

He always helped me with my homework

He always put his family before his work

He would always play whiffle ball with me

When I was little I called him Papa Nicky which gave him

happy

He was seventy

Now though he is gone

It was the crack of dawn

I loved Papa Nicky

Now he's with all his childhood stars

Amplified Fears

Sienna Prisco

Don't you remember when you cried in class and everyone stared?

Eyes burning marks of shame into your skin, intimidation coursing through your veins with every thud of your heart.

Remember that one day you made a mistake and everyone laughed?

You hoped they'd forget, but they nag you every day with new hurtful words.

"That was such a stupid answer."

"Are you dumb?"

A shaky hand held by your side, terrified of what the slightest movement will bring your way.

Mouth like an envelope sealed shut from the world.

How about the time your friends left you alone, anxiety building and no one to turn to

A shaken up soda can ready to burst

Sobs uncontrollable and fears undeniable.

Do you remember?

Because I remember.

Vivid images rushing through my head of every mistake, every past feeling, all of it.

I know you remember, how could you forget?

The mere memories wrenching your gut, nearly too much for your fragile heart to bear.

Yet you find yourself coming back every day.

And all you can feel from the deepest hole in your aching heart, is the familiar scent of fear.

Back

Diana Mei

Sometimes I wish I could go back,

I wish I could go back to when monsters were my
biggest fear,

Sometimes I wish that the ghosts in my closet were
the only thing keeping me up at night,

Sometimes I wish I could just go back,

Take me back,

Take me back to when school didn't matter and
college seemed so far,

Take me to where the tooth-fairy hides and to where
the boogie man lives,

Take me back to Christmas Day,

Take me back to sleeping in late,

I remember when failing didn't hurt so much,

I remember when things would just pass by like night
and day,

Take me back...,

I want to go back,

I want to go back to when my life wasn't consumed
with stress and fear...

Remember the Time

Paul Belasic

Remember when we used to be such good friends?
Remember the time when we used to always get to in trouble together?
Remember when you stop talking to me?
Oh, if only you remembered everything that I did.
Remember when you realized you were not being nice?
Do you remember when I said yes?
If only you remembered everything you did to me;
I will never forget, but I will forgive.
You mean so much to me, and you should know that.

Broken

Shaye Disanza

I remember that day...,
I remember the smell of peanut butter sandwiches
I remember the playful brawls between me and my brother,
I remember...
I remember the screams
I remember the slam of the door and the look on her face,
I remember the feeling of betrayal
I still remember it all,
He didn't realize that when he broke the bond,
He broke the family
Now I look back,
I remember the pained faces
And I know
It's for the best

Pedo del Diablo

Adem Seker

The little dog tried to act innocent

But when I heard the toot

I wanted to give the devil dog the boot

That poignant putrid smell

I could've sworn it was from hell

The devil dog tried to act sly

It was acting all surprised

I tried putting it up for sale

No one would buy

So I began to cry

My mission was a fail



Amanda Gorrin



Night

Anonymous

The time I feel alone but comforted
where I allow my mind to run free
I think of anything and everything

Night is always silent,

always listening,

always suffocating me,

hours can pass in the blink of an eye
and seconds can seem like centuries

Night is complete darkness with a single street lamp

The street lamp that is just bright enough to illuminate a few
feet of dark pavement,

Before it fades back to complete darkness

Back into the mysteries of the night.

That Winter Day

Anonymous

The snow fell on the winter day

Just like any other normal day

Except it wasn't any winter day

It was a special day

It was game day

Before I knew it, the game had already started

They were good

Really good

It was close

Really close

40-40 with seconds left

It wouldn't happen

It couldn't happen

It happened

He hit the shot

Right over my head

Then the buzzer sounded

The Best Cake

Olivia O'Sullivan

I baked a cake
The best cake I could possibility make
As I look down I see before me I see my cake
Beautiful as can be with its yellow swishy inside
Evenly spread chocolate frosting outside
I place the cake down on a dish
I say to myself I want a piece of this
I can't wait for everyone to taste it
I had made the best cake ever to exist



Mariana Alonso

The Cat

Gohar Harutyunyan

My family went to Mexico,
Best time .
On the bus going back to our hotel from dinner.
My family met in our room
we wanted dessert, we ordered room service.
As soon as room service came, my uncle
decided to leave the room.
he would be right back.
2 minutes passed
MEOW, MEOW, MEOW.
Most of us started laughing,
besides my aunt.

We all told her to go outside
check out what that sound was.

She went out
looked around.

As soon as her back was turned her back to the bush,
my uncle crawled out of the bush and grabbed her leg.

MEOW, MEOW, MEOW!

She jumped and screamed.

She turned around and saw my uncle behind her.

She got so mad

she couldn't sleep all night.

Lucky

Sofie Schuit

Remember that Sunday afternoon?

We both wanted to do something fun?

We begged our moms for a day at

Camelback Indoor Waterpark

My mom promised to buy the tickets

We were super excited and started counting the days

Monday morning

School was going faster

We knew we'd have a great time

Because we couldn't wait for Sunday

It was Wednesday evening

Only four days to go!

Saturday,

The day before leaving

My mom forgot to buy the tickets

She was really disappointed in herself

She found a solution

Buying tickets for another waterpark!

We were super happy and relieved

We still had a chance to have fun

At least...

That's what we thought

On our way to the park

We couldn't stop ourselves from being excited

The exterior looked fun

But the interior let us down

After ten minutes in the water

We had red eyes from the chlorine

Wrinkled skin like an elderly person

Hurting as if I got stung all over my hands

The water was overflowing with chlorine

Causing our taste buds to scream for help

We left the waterpark

And never returned

Next time,

We won't forget to buy the tickets

Freezing Temperatures

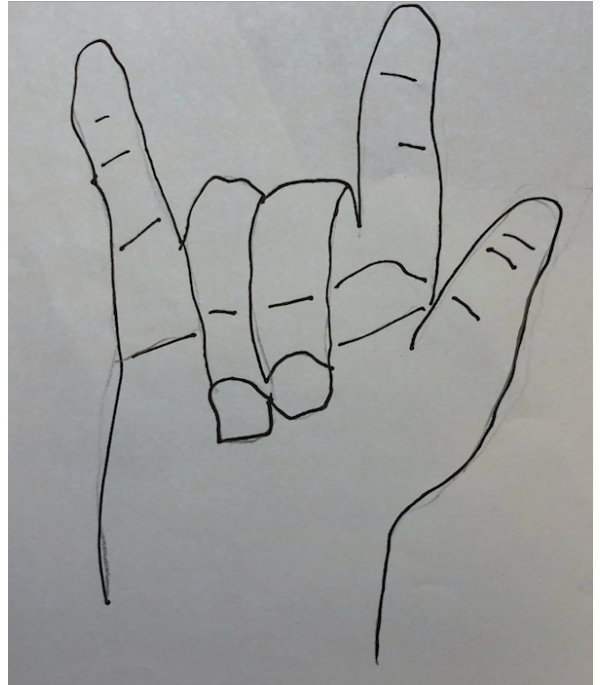
Anonymous

Not even winter...
The trees danced near the lake,
As I stood in their midst,
Winds crashing against my body.
Must've been only 40 degrees
Lake George was shrill, although
gorgeous -
A love-hate relationship, as you could
call it.
The wind gusts were as strong as a
horse
Whipping up my hair.
Walking by the lake was amazing, yet
painful
We had ways to go on our journey
This weather struck me hard,
Not only putting me out of my comfort
zone
But also, the wind crashing against my
body
I never longed for warmth more in my
life
Until it was time to leave was when I
realized,
Back home,
I'll miss these freezing temperatures.

A Blast Ending in a Flash

Anonymous

I remember that Sunday afternoon
When we, two best friends, begged our mothers
to go on a trip.
Camelback Waterpark, here we come!
Dozens of slides, pools and rides filled with fun
We talked about it all week long,
Ready to have a blast
The day rolled around, but we were too late.
Tickets sold out, "What will we do now?"
But then, out of the blue, good news arrived!
Another place we could go to have a good time!



Mariana Alonso

Enthusiastic and pleased, we dove right in
But it was not at all what we had anticipated it to be.
The day moving slower than a sloth,
Small yet crowded,
boring and disappointing.
A place that promised fun; how come we found
nearly none?
With less than a handful of slides,
We soon parted; said "goodbye!"
Pruney hands, red eyes,
This was not a good time!
Next time, we won't forget to buy the tickets.

Nostalgia

Anonymous

You could be lackadaisically lounging

On your oh-so-soft bed

When something sudden will occur

And a feeling will go straight to your head

This occurrence could be anything

Maybe the smell of the winter air,

The melody of an old song

Or the sweater you always used to wear

Do you happen to remember?

That day you went sledding?

Singing along in the car?

What exactly you were wearing?

These questions bring you emotions

Like that feeling of opening a big door

And when that door leads you to a large room

You are anxious to see even more

Your mind will trail off

Into a state of absolute bliss

Where all you see is the magnificent past

And you slip into the abyss

In that very moment

You are distracted by the thrill

So you don't even realize

That the present has been killed

You are imprisoned in the past

Too busy strolling down memory lane

Too gullible to realize

That you have now killed your brain

I am now stuck in yesterday

Did not follow the rules of this game

Now my mentality is insatiable for more

And I have indeed gone insane.

Remember When the Ski Lift Accident Happened

Anonymous

BOOM

Frozen, aching, covered in snow

The wind of the winter air danced around
me making me shiver

I opened my eyes and I didn't feel heavy skis
upon my feet

Laying alone in the high mountains of
Vermont

Barley able to move my body

Just enough strength to lift up my neck

I see my skis ten feet away from me

As they slide down the mountain like the
sun leaving at night

I lay back down and watch the moving ski
lift above me

Pain like a crashing wave through my back

People stared, watched me for a little, then
looked away

The discomfort from the twenty-foot fall

Intolerable

There were no emotions expressed

Why wasn't anyone concerned for me?

The sound of the skis turning on the icy
snow made me want to be out there

Filled with panic, worry, and fear

I tried to stay calm

I saw ski patrol in the distance

They seemed like the only ones trying to

help

Oh, wait a second

My instructor, my brother, and the girl that I
went on the lift with

Looking concerned as the pain in my back
died down

In just a few seconds everything felt fine

The severe pain feeling not so severe
anymore

The knowledge that everyone did anything
they could to support me

I got up and skied down the mountain once I
felt stable enough

All I needed was people there for me

My smile wide as a baby when given toys on
Holidays

Excellent fun and fresh thoughts filled my
head

Who knew such a rough day could turn out
to be wonderful in the end

Dear Evan Hansen Disaster

Daniel Simpson

Wow. Crazy.

Let me say that again.

Wow. Crazy.

So many things happened that summer evening.

I remember when

I was excited

To see the very popular

“Dear Evan Hansen”

With many others.

We board the bus,

Instantly turning around

Due to the sweat

Dripping down our necks

I look over,

Watching a teen

Sit next to a

Cloud of smoke

We are told

The restaurant is in flames

And we lost the tickets

BAM!

The bus jerks over,

Our jaws hit the floor,

But we keep moving

Guy Fieri saved the day

“Welcome to Flavortown” we all screamed

His restaurant was able

For our booking needs

A star from the show was able to come too

Don't ask me how we got into the show

I still have no idea but

We ate,

We met a star,

We watched a show,

We loved it

It was well worth the journey.

Gumdrop

Anonymous

She's as white as a gumdrop
In a winter candy land
Even though she stumbles
She brightens up my day
She needs a leash and collar
So, she can't run away
Just because she barks
She's still very cute and fuzzy
I love my puppy very much
Even though it's like taking care of a bunch
She's very soft and cuddly
Sometimes when I cry
She doesn't let me sigh
Bella can be bad,
She gets a little spiteful when we leave her home alone
She tore my brothers certificate signed by Donald Trump
Then she lays down like she's a lump

Style

Anonymous

A Friday night
grabbing a train to the Garden
waiting...
waiting...
waiting...
BANG
like an explosion
he's there
flying, flowing, flashing, flaunting
his voice rang throughout the stadium
tears fell
emotions on display
bright lights, loud screams
did he know what he was doing to everyone?
before we knew it, it concluded
arriving home late, I dreamed
of kiwis
angels
and two ghosts

Without Him

Anonymous

Everyone is alone and quiet

Sitting in the rooms not thinking he could go

so fast

They get a quick text

Now he's only in our past

He's at peace at last

The holidays are different

Without his presence

But my family is different

He's gone without a warning

Everyone's spent their time mourning

War Zone

Michelina Stefano

Inspired by *Zlata's Diary*

It was all peaceful in this place,
Orchids blooming, birds chirping, and a stone
monument in its space.

There was lots of animals and trees in my old
town,

And even though if I was alone all I had to
listen to was nature making it's singing
sounds.

I had friends that really cared about me,
They made me happy, comfortable, and
made me see the vision that I couldn't see.

I loved my house and family,
From the talking, laughing, and the hidden
voices of nobody.

It's official I'm doing well in school,
So far I got all straight A's and, I'm not looking
like a fool.

I practice the piano at my home,
I really like it because they keys are all
separated and alone.

Maybe this won't come down to a tumbling
end,

And this could now be my new uptrend,
With my positive attitude and my new look on
life,

I'm sure to say I will be quite alright.

The days have gone by,
With the same people and guys,

But some say that there's a warning,
That will send some people screaming
or mourning.

The next day has passed,

But all of a sudden, I hear a blast,
There's shooting and ranting in the
streets,

People running while, others getting
beat.

"What's going on?" I say.

Immediately I hear "get to the cellar
right away!"

The cold bitterness has swallowed us
whole,

but deep down inside of me I know
there is a light shining above my soul.

The next day the shooting was still
there,

And the bombs still sound like a very
loud blare.

I knew there was going to be a lot of
people that would rise above,
Including my family and friends bodies
they walked out of.

With the hope we share,

With the angry warfare,

We will defeat this,

And all of this negativity with fall down
and then untwist.

A light a shined through,

The clouds have broken through,

God has sent me a letter this day,

"You have been interviewed to a news
report so you won't stay."

Enough

Alexis Helman

You call yourself ugly
Because every time you look at a picture
That's what you see
Because every time you look in the mirror
That's what you see
You see the flaws and the mess ups
And you've tried so hard lately
First, the clothes you wear
You have to keep up with the trend
And all the money you will spend
To wear that expensive clothing brand
because you can't be the odd one out
Wearing some stupid phrase
In big letters on the front

That was a phase...

Years ago!

Next, make your hair just right

If it's up it has to be perfect

No missing hairs

Make it tight

No tiny bumps

Although they are minimal they are there and everyone will see it, right?

If it's down, straighten, curl, or put some fancy hairspray in it

You don't want everyone to see how it naturally looks

How it naturally frizzes up like some crazy electrocuted animal

Then put some makeup on
You have to look pretty enough for the boys and girls
You don't want everyone to see the tiny pimples and blemishes
And I hope you get the message
Because you can't let everyone see your natural looks
Put concealer on, put foundation on, put eyeshadow on,
Put this on!
But make sure you don't put too much on, don't want to "try too hard"
And it is crazy how beauty doesn't even exist
Unless you can cross everything off the checklist
Because this is the truth about being a girl
In this crazy, society run world
Remember when girls were considered beautiful for their natural looks?
Enough!
You are funny enough, smart enough, cool enough
You are good enough
You are more than enough!

Toilets and Toys Don't Mix

Nick Stallone

There is a toy
Of a t-rex that
Is from Toy Story
It's very small
The toy is in
The toilet and flushed
Splash!
Splash!
It's gone, it can
get stuck or clogged in the toilet
and you must get it out.
To get the toy
Out you must be
Good with toilets
Know every tube and pipe
Little Nick was sad
Crying!
But his dad got
The toy out and
Little Nick is happy
Yay!
Yay!

The Myth of Flashy Clothes: The Story of Hybepeast

Tommy McGuire

Up high in the clouds of the Below World, the city of the gods, Astikós, was bustling. Friends talked, young gods played, and buildings reached almost as high as where the bright blue sky became black. Most gods got along just fine. That was, except for Hybepeast. Other gods could control the weather of the Below World, make cool explosions, and have fire come out of their hands. But, Hybepeast's power was only to make clothes flashy using his magic paintbrush. The gods ridiculed Hybepeast for his power, and it seemed like it would never stop. They said he looked funny because of his clothes which were bright yet different than what other gods wore. He was weak because of his seemingly useless and close-range power. He felt worthless because of these things. Hybepeast needed to show the other gods what he was made of. He was going to make some of the bellowers have clothes that would stand out from the rest.

Hybepeast called the other gods over to the edge of Astikós to show the other gods what he was made of. They crowded around him, waiting to see if he would do anything. As some gods began to walk away, a rainbow of colors was fired down to the Below World. Hybepeast had fired millions of paintbrushes down to the Below World. These paintbrushes painted over the clothes that Hybepeast saw as "boring" and "lame" became "bright" and "colorful". The other gods were impressed with what he had done. They cheered for him and made him feel like he was worth something.

Many, many years passed with Hybepeast being content with where he was in Astikós. The gods respected him and bonded with him as a friend, with Hybepeast seemingly forgetting what they did in the past. Hybepeast felt like that the gods found out how powerful he really was. Hybepeast's paintbrushes were still at work making boring clothes fancy. However, he noticed something in the Below World year of "1885". Bellowers were judging their self-worth on whether they had these fancy clothes or not. The bellowers thought that if they had the fancy clothes, they would be seen as popular and cool. Outraged, Hybepeast made the clothes burn if someone judged their self-worth based on having the flashy clothes. Before he put it into effect, he thought that people would become suspicious if he did that. Not one bellowers knew of the city of the gods. After some thinking, Hybepeast's solution was to skyrocket the price of the clothes. Then, maybe, bellowers would stop caring if they had the clothes or not. They couldn't afford it anyway, so why care? This just made it worse. Now bellowers cared even more than before. Hybepeast panicked but ultimately decided to think it over for a night. He then returned home and tried to get a good night's sleep. However, the observer god, Mátia, had found bellowers worrying about what they are wearing because of Hybepeast's actions so long ago. All the gods (except for Hybepeast, of course) met that night and discussed what to do. After three long hours of discussion, it was decided that Hybepeast shall be exiled to the world he poisoned: the Below World.

The next morning, the gods approached Hybepeast and scolded him for his actions. Then, they told him his punishment. Hybepeast begged and begged for mercy, but the other gods weren't having it. Hybepeast was sent to the Below World, never to be spoken to by the gods again. He also lost the power of his magic paintbrushes, so he could not change clothes to his liking. The clothes he had already changed, however, did not change back to normal. It is assumed that Hybepeast still lives among us today. No one knows who he really is, though. Some accounts state that there were multiple fashion designers in the Below World who looked exactly the same. These fashion designers all made clothes that were "trendy" and "flashy" in their time. Some bellowers think this fashion designer is a time traveler. Some think this person can live forever. Some think it's just a coincidence. If only they knew the truth.

Insta-Memory

Erika Glynn

The sun is setting behind the clouds and leaves the sky filled with its color as its last lights flicker out. I reflect back on my day silently as the beautiful sky breathes its last breath for today. The colors reflect their glory on the lake. The air is still as everything is in harmony; the cow farm across the lake at rest as the cow sleep, the lake is still, the flag not waving in the air, the clouds look like a painting. I feel satisfied and whole. I smell dinner cooking on the grill. I feel the rough wood of the deck under my hands. I hear small talk of my family while I taste my before dinner snack. The perfect end to a perfect day.



Erika Glynn

grade 7

PHOTOGRAPHY



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Kayla Hill
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Jada Rios
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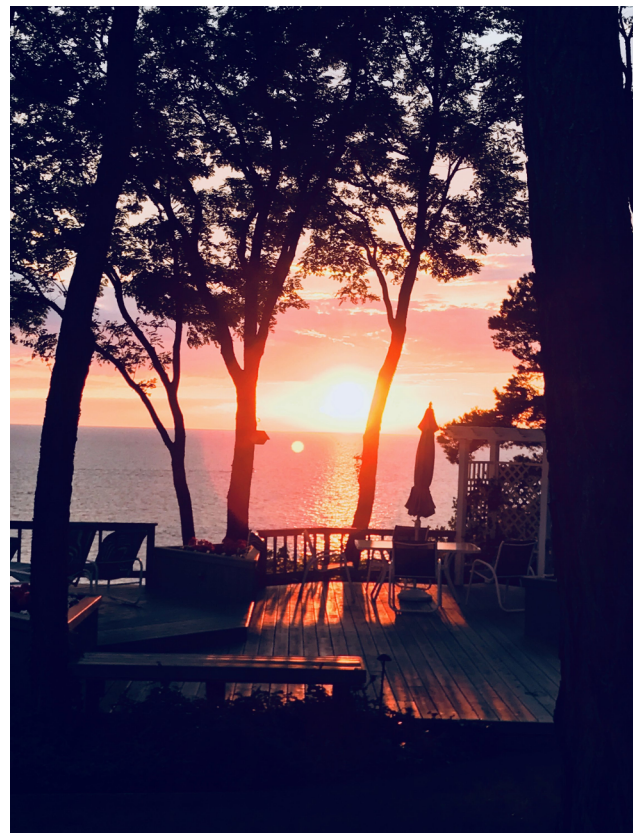
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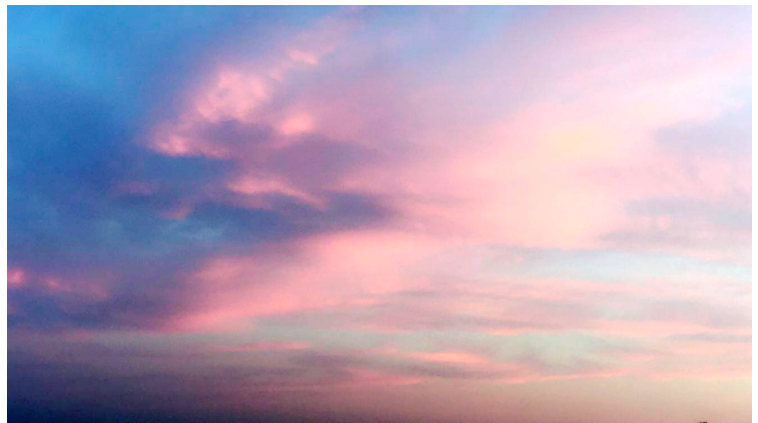
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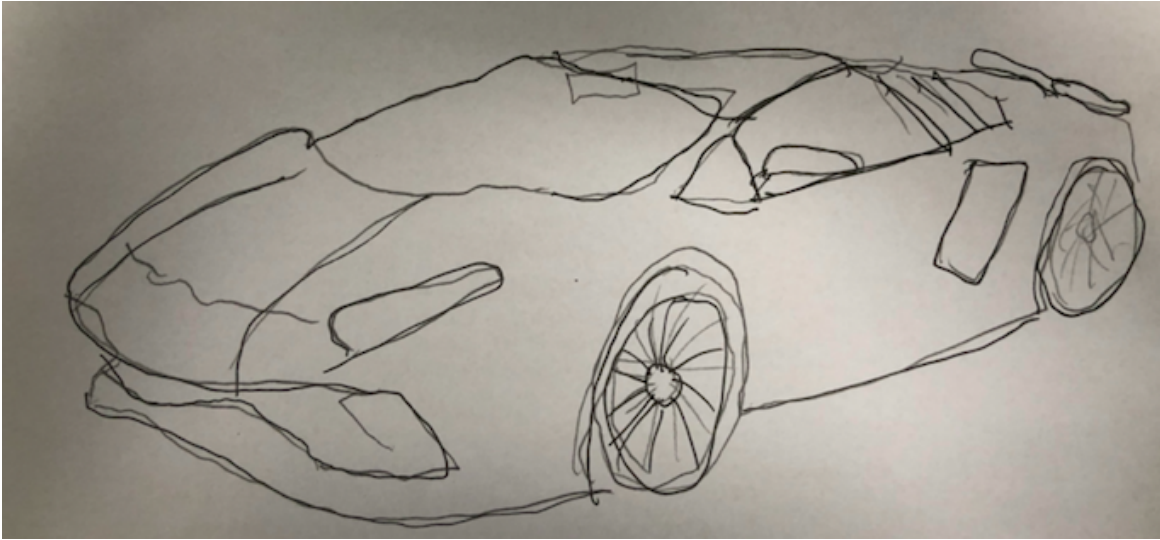


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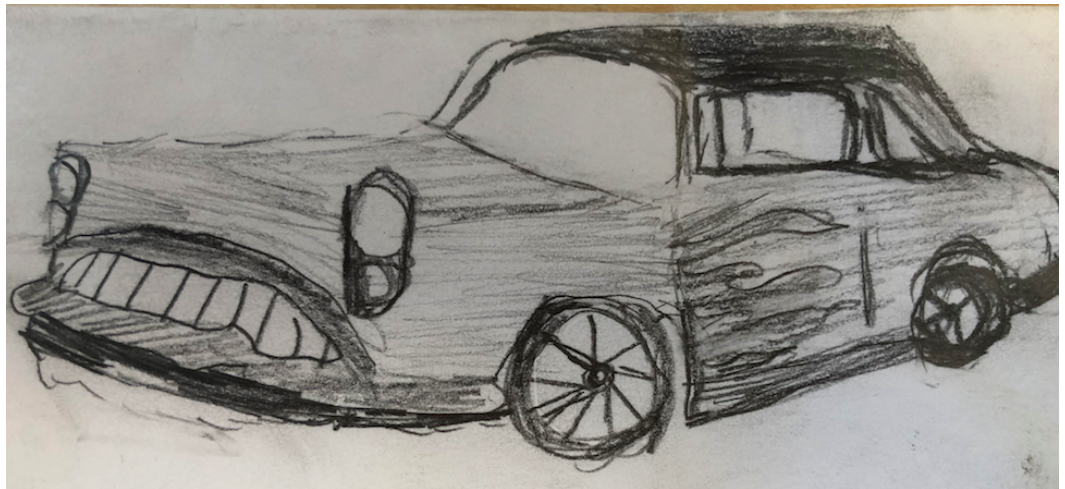
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ARTWORK

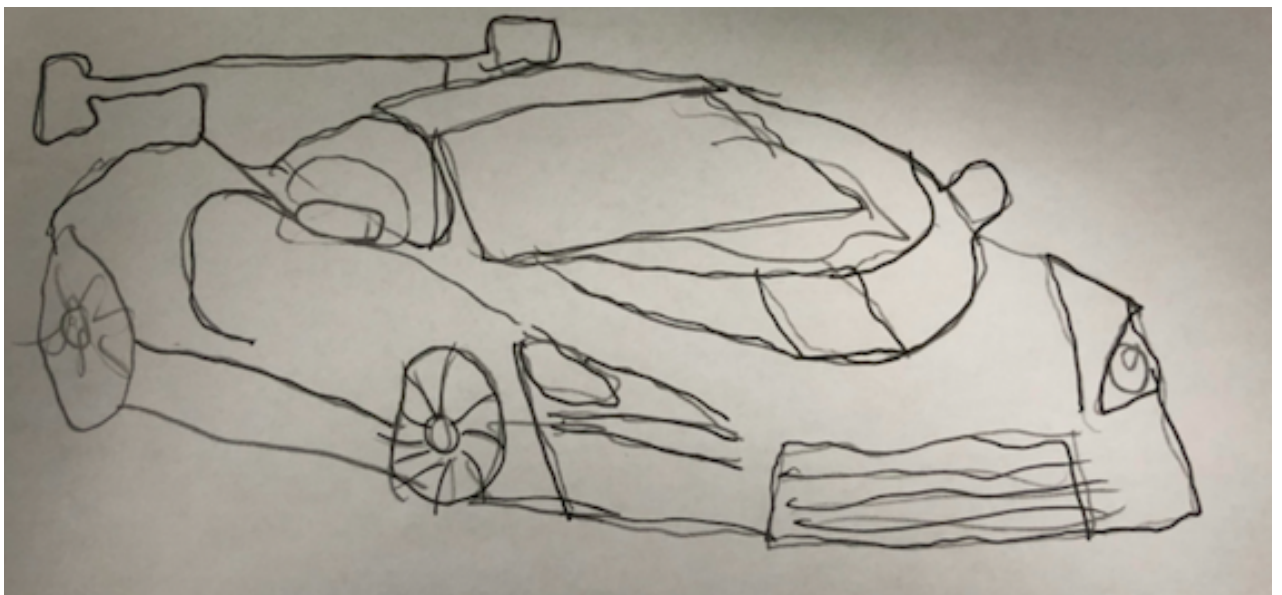


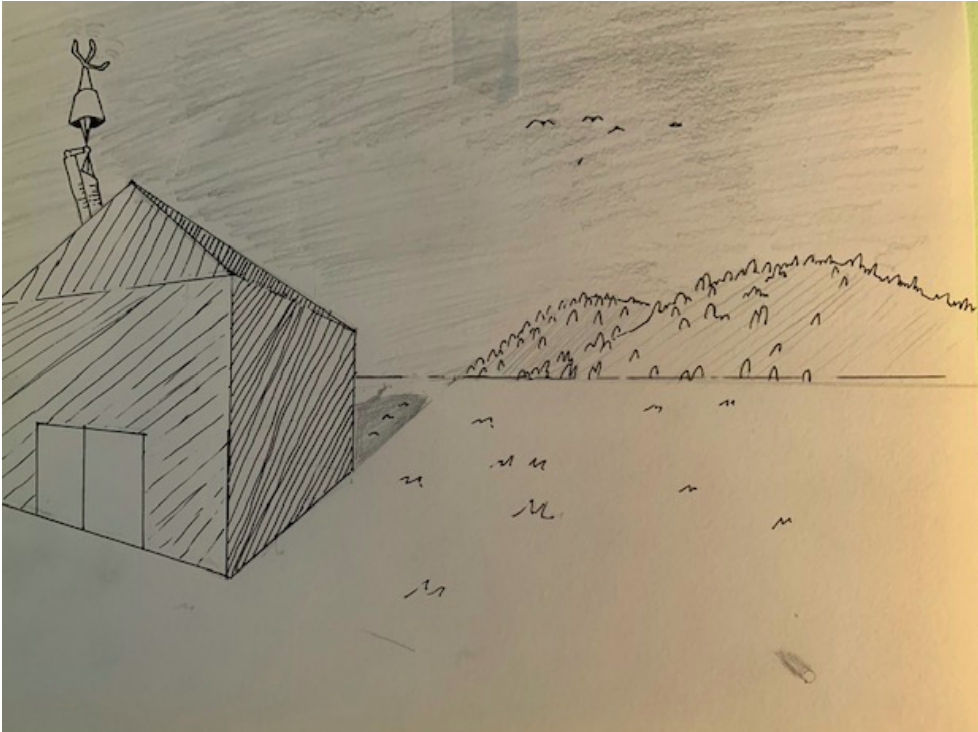
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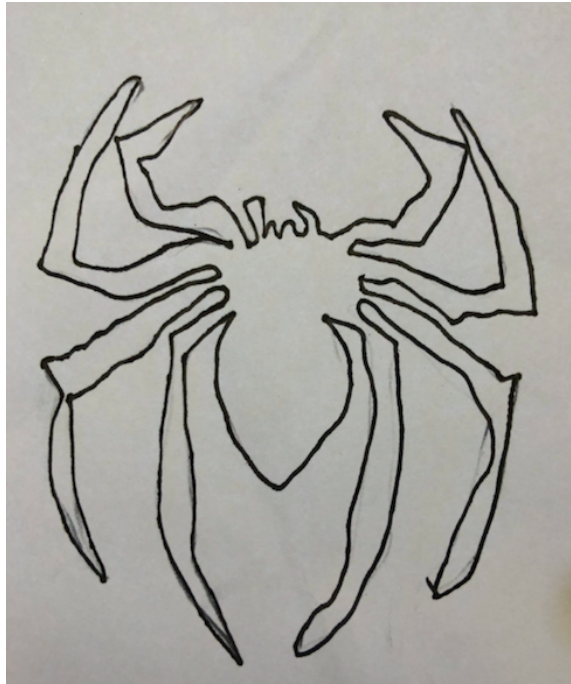
Patrick Tallman
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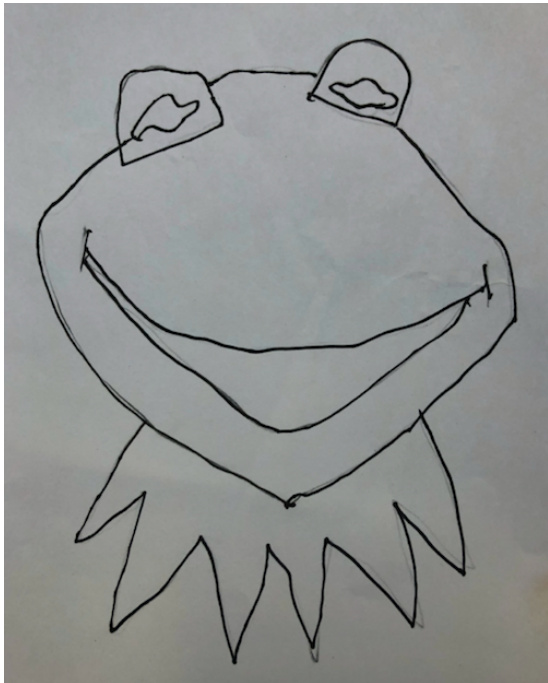
Kayla Caro
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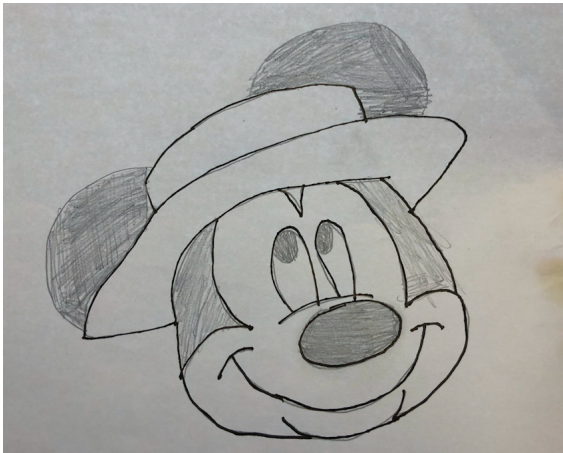
Mariana Alonso
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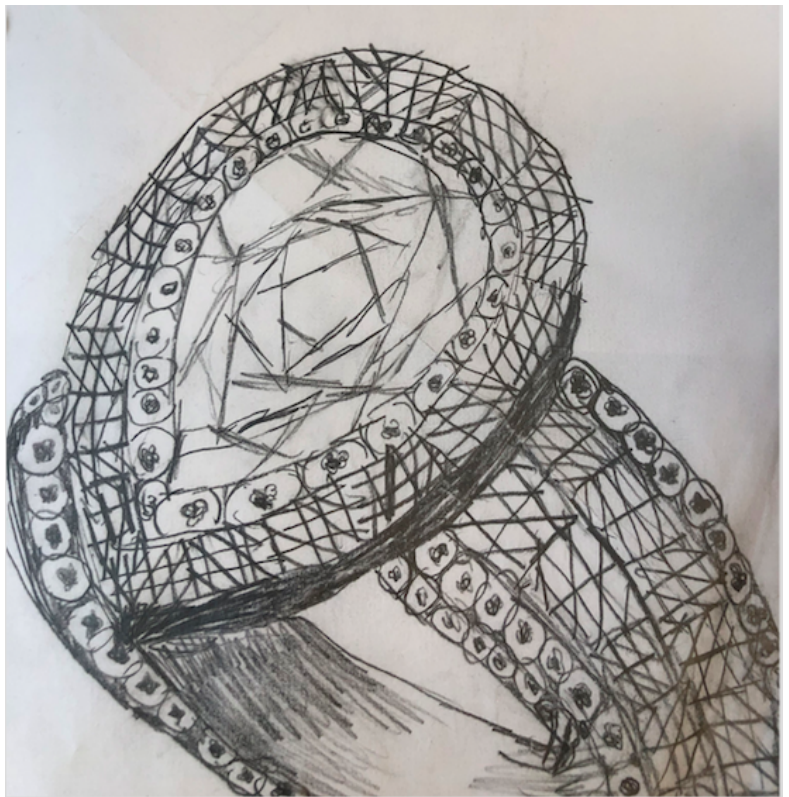
Yadira Herrera-Montes
grade 8



Yadira Herrera-Montes
grade 8



Yadira Herrera-Montes
grade 8



Madison Amecangelo
grade 7

Six Word Memoirs

"Basketball we ball I ball Basketball"

-Matthew Cioccia

"Dog Attacking Friend While Riding Bikes"

-Danny Geormaneanu

"Christmas morning, getting my favorite doll"

-anonymous

"Performing on Stage, my home"

-Daniel Simpson

"The only weapons needed pencil, paper"

-anonymous

"Calming tunes as the mountains pass"

-anonymous

"All You Need Is Will Power"

-anonymous

"Chance made sisters, hearts made friends"

-Lindsay Roth

"Playing basketball, my stress went away"

-anonymous

"Boat swaying, dolphins jumping, look quick."

-anonymous

Staff Bios

Amanda Gorrin is a 7th grader at Park Ridge Middle School. Her favorite subject is French. In her free time she enjoys Irish dancing and traveling. Stepping Stones is a great club to join because you get to draw, write, take pictures, and have fun! In the future she sees herself traveling to take pictures or becoming an artist. Her favorite foods are pierogis and calamari.

Kayla Caro is a 7th grader at Park Ridge Middle School. Her favorite subject is Science. In her free time she enjoys drawing, taking pictures, watching youtube, and using social media. In the future, she sees herself as an animator for digital animation.

Sophia Ciccarelli is a 7th grader at Park Ridge Middle School.

Madison Amecangelo is a 7th grader at Park Ridge Middle School. Her favorite subject is Musical Theater. In her free time she enjoys dance and drawing. Stepping Stones is a great club to join because it is fun and great for artists who like to draw or take photos.

Olivia Perez is a 7th grader at Park Ridge Middle School. Her favorite subject is science. Stepping Stones is a great club to join because you get to take pictures and draw pictures. I joined Stepping Stones because I have an interest in creating.

Disclaimer: The Stepping Stones staff is pleased to present this publication to our fellow students. The publication was created by students for students and is not meant to be a professional publication. All efforts were made to improve our product and catch all mistakes. We apologize for any inaccuracies. As this is the only edition printed, any omissions or errors are purely accidental and are no way intentional on the part of the staff, advisors, or the printer.