## CANUCKLING 2016 THE UNTOLD STORY

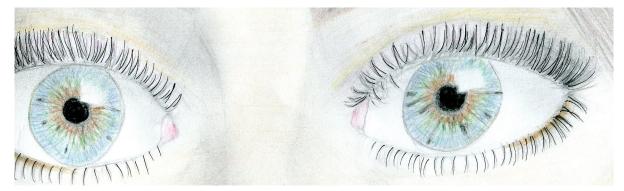
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### CANUCKLING 2016: THE UNTOLD STORY VOLUME 61

"Be a voice, Not an echo" - Albert Einstein

Check out the *Canuckling* website: http://www.nplainfield.org/Domain/477 Click Publications tab Choose *Canuckling* 

## THE UNTOLD STORY

### Volume 61

### THE LITERARY-ART MAGAZINE OF

### NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL 34 WILSON AVENUE NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07060

# CANUCKLING 2016

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION First Place with Special Merit 2015

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION Gold Medalist Award 2015

## STAFF

Name: **Brenda Okereke**, Editor–in-Chief Grade: 12

Favorite Quote: "You are here in order to enable the world to live more amply, with greater vision, with a finer spirit of hope and achievement. You are here to enrich the world." - Woodrow Wilson



Name: **Nermeen Girgis**, Literary Editor Grade: 11 Favorite Quote: "Never let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game." - Babe Ruth



Name: **Jessie Corchado**, Literary Editor Grade: 11

Favorite Quote: "In the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years." - Abraham Lincoln



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## **STAFF**

Name: Jeremiah Weaver, Photographic Art Editor Grade: 11 Favorite Quote: "A writer's confession is so honest and brutal, yet it is seen by others as a beautiful art; that's what I love about writing."





## STAFF PHOTO

### **OUR ADVISERS**



John DeLaurentis



Jane Heinzelmann



North Plainfield High School was founded in 1896. Its first graduating class boasted three students. Many residents of North Plainfield and the neighboring town of Plainfield had favored the merger of the two communities, an annexation idea paralleling United States-Canada theories in vogue at the time. With North Plainfield located just north of the brook, it was popular to refer to the community as "Little Canada." Thus, high school students became known as the Canucks, and the school adopted a bearded lumberjack as its mascot.

The *Canuckling* magazine, though not quite as ancient as the school, was first published in 1955 in hardcover with Ms. Marie O'Brien as the General Adviser and Ms. Frieda T. Bockius as the Art Director. We are proud to be a part of this tradition, now celebrating our 61th anniversary year, as we graduate a class of approximately 200 bright, talented students.

(Photo by Kristyn Rosen.)

## **2016 CANUCKLING STAFF**

Literary and Technical Advisers:

Mr. John DeLaurentis English and Creative Writing Teacher Mrs. Jane Heinzelmann English Special Education Teacher

Brenda Okereke, Editor-in-Chief Nermeen Girgis, Literary Editor Jessie Corchado, Literary Editor Jeremiah Weaver, Photographic/Art Editor

Staff:

Maria Gonzalez Andy Guevara Samantha Merendino Brittany Merino Jasmine Muhando Sydney Muhando Ryan Narine Kimberly Perez Adriana Rojas Emani Royal Jordon Sample Kam Slaughter Jonnelle Steward Lena Zhu

Special Thanks to the English department

### Policy

*Canuckling* invites all students of North Plainfield High School students to submit original works of literature and art. Students may submit work to the English teachers, or directly to the advisers throughout the school year. All submissions are catalogued and subsequently judged for content and form on an anonymous basis by the editorial staff. The staff meets on Thursdays to read and select submissions. Every effort has been made to ensure originality. Each student may submit as many pieces as he or she wishes. We ask that students place their name and grade on the back. Submissions may not be returned. It is the hope of the staff that the magazine is representative of the creative talent of North Plainfield.

### Colophon

*Canuckling 2016,* the literary and art magazine of North Plainfield High School, was printed with a press run of 200 copies on 28# laser stock and bound by GMPC Printing of Clifton, NJ. The software used for the layout of the *Canuckling* is Microsoft Publisher. The font types used in this issue are Bell MT, Cooper Black, and Century Schoolbook.

### Cover

Brittany Merino, a senior, drew the illustration on the cover with colored pencils.

### **LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

The editors and devoted staff members of the Canuckling Club are extremely excited and eager to present to you the 2016 edition of the Canuckling, North Plainfield High School's literary-art magazine. During the duration of the year, *Canuckling* staff have met frequently to devote time and effort toward making this year's *Canuckling* a novel collection showcasing the various artistic talents of our students. We have reviewed many artistic, literary, and photographic submissions in order to decipher those that would best reflect our chosen theme for this year: The Untold Story. This year's issue tackles the theme of forgotten stories and selfreflection. Our four subcategories are: Two Sides to a Story, Desperate Hopes, Repertoire of *Recollections*, and *Alternate Endings*. As students, writers, artists, and photographers, we often follow different paths in the universe. We catalog our experiences, bottle them up and store them away when in fact they are valuable insights into who we are that we should share. We forget the value of our experiences because they differ from the mainstream views of what is relevant. This *Canuckling* issue destroys those barriers, making every untold story one to remember and reflect upon. As you step forth into this issue, we hope you recognize the varying experiences held by the diverse community that surrounds you. We are individuals with different creative bibliographies and often times we forget that we may share the same sources.

As the editors and leaders of a team of hardworking, dedicated, and committed staff members, we would like to congratulate the Canuckling Club on its success this year. As editors, we are extremely proud of your effort, your attendance, your critique, and your contributions to truly making our collaborative work a masterpiece. For being each other's strength, and for working harmoniously and supportively with each other, with us, and with our advisers, we thank you. This year we undoubtedly continued the tradition of the Canuckling Club by giving time and dedication to our school's literary magazine, which has been published annually since 1955. Surely, with our success, we have made those who dedicated themselves to *Canuckling* in the past very proud of our work.

Unquestionably, our advisers, Mr. John DeLaurentis and Mrs. Jane Heinzelmann, deserve our sincere gratitude, appreciation, and respect for guiding us this year and providing the tools with which we were able to make our vision of *Canuckling* 2016 a reality. Thank you for helping us, for providing the technology and answers we needed, and for encouraging us to continue to work hard and stay on track toward our goal. As a very strong component of our team, you have helped to further our talent and hard work this year.

We welcome you on this journey with us through our creative minds. We hope our words inspire and uplift you while also making you ponder the catalogs of your own experiences. We hope you never forget us as the artists we have grown to be. Finally, we hope you enjoy our treasured pieces and remember as you embark on this literary journey that we all hold near to us our own unique *Untold Story*.

Brenda Okereke Editor-in-Chief

(The advisers of the Canuckling Club would like to extend our sincerest thanks to Brenda Okereke for all her hard work on the Canuckling from 2014-2016. She will be graduating this year, and her dedication will be greatly missed. We wish you all the best in your future endeavors.)

## **BLAST FROM THE PAST**

From Canuckling 1959

#### MOOD

Nancy Sturcke

The face of man grows livid, red, and fierce. The veins in his neck distend and almost burst the skin. His eyes, ablaze with wrath, reveal contempt and hate. He paces! Screams! To free the fury from within! In rage a man offends, insults, abuses friendships— Provoking worry, misery, anguish, grief, and tears. Why is man so weak that mood can rule him?

## **BLAST FROM THE PAST**

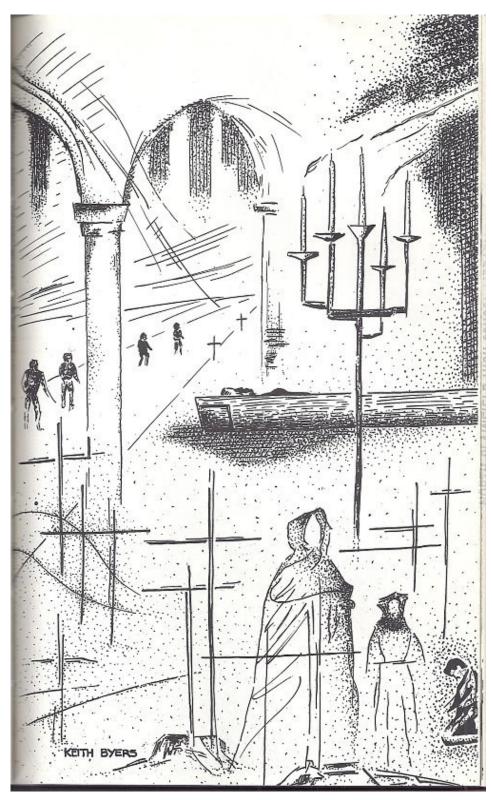


Illustration by Keith Byers



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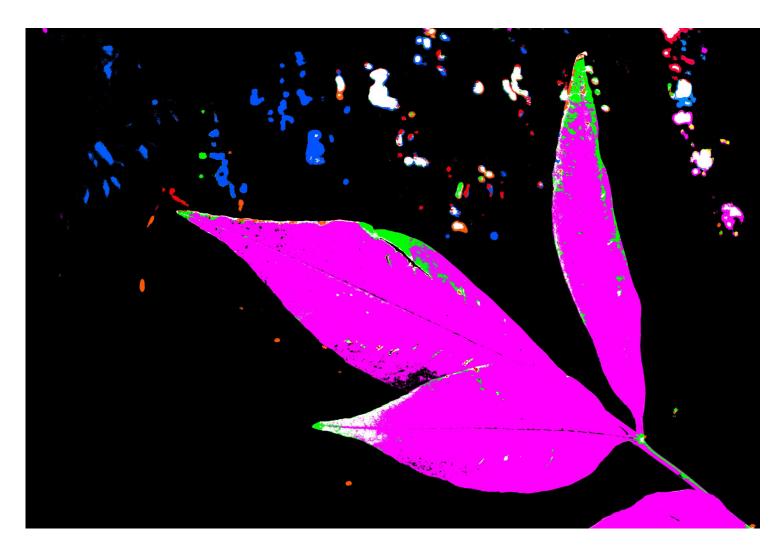
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## TWO SIDES TO A STORY



**"The River's View"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

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#### I Thought You Were My Friend Jordan Sample

I see you every day with your so called "friends." Laughing and smiling and having a grand old time, so happy so free. But do they know the truth about who you really are? Probably not, because you hide oh so well.

To them you're a cool girl, but to me you're a hag. Pretending that you care about the people you know, when you never cared about me. It makes me sick to my stomach that one day the same thing you did to me will be the same thing you'll do to them.

During my darkest hour you've been distant from me. Cold as ice. You were my best friend, or at least I thought you were. The person that I could tell, share and do anything with. But I was sadly mistaken. So many questions have been left unanswered.

When did you stop caring about me? Was our friendship nothing but a lie? Did you ever care about me? Or my favorite, where were you?

Where were you when I ignited the flames to burn the tips of my hair? Where were you when I cried myself to sleep angry at the world? Where were you when I needed you the most? You weren't there at all.

I will no longer contain my feelings. I was frustrated with what you did. Every time I see you I want to hurt you, yeah you heard me. I wanted to physically hurt you and make you bleed, but I know that wouldn't be right. So this is all that I have to say to you, and that's thank you.

Thank you for showing me that in life I'm gonna meet other people like you. They're gonna throw everything they can at me and watch me fall and break down in pain. But it won't work. Because I am stronger than I ever was before. So I walk with my head held high and just keep on saying to myself "I'm gonna be okay."

(Jordan Sample is in eleventh grade. She loves to write poems about anything that comes to her mind. She loves singing, dancing, listening to music, and making people smile.)



A Broken Mirror Janaida Waiters

You drive me crazy, just call it insane Who would've thought you'd cause so much stress to my brain? Say you love me, my heart is home No. Forget it. My heart turned cold.

You wanna come back thinking my heart is the same, and I find it funny how you're trynna proclaim a love and passion that we could never regain. Yes, I hear you, I know you said you've changed but now it's just a little too late.

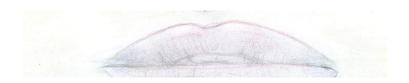
I'm sorry this time it's for real, there just can't be no more of the old me and you

I'm not gonna lie I miss the good times we shared Remember the time at the carnival? I was so scared on the Ferris wheel, but since you were there to hold my hand through it all, my fears of falling finally dissolved. In an ironic twist I actually did fall, I fell for you but you left me there to crawl. For a moment I felt like I lost sight of the world around, and all that was there was you standing still in my spotlight Being with you it felt so right, I swear you were the only thing I dreamed of at night. Now I'm done reminiscing because you're not getting the point. I refuse to walk through life with you as if I were blind I just can't find it in my heart to push what happened to the side. But I'm sorry this time I quit please stop trying to fix what no longer exists.

Hold on, please explain what you are saying.
Isn't this what you wanted? To take a break and try out new things?
I might have given you many chances,
but trust me I am no longer a fool
You would never get another chance to make me feel so blue.
You wanted to play games right?
Well okay I'll join in too
But we're not a team anymore,
go find a different crew.

Now you're getting the point and you realize you lost someone special, but actually you didn't lose her, you threw me away like a bone from a steak to a pack of dogs who haven't eaten in days. And you expected me to feel sorry for you? They say one man's trash is another man's treasure right? So don't worry I'll be okay. But just one more thing I have to say before I close this door is always remember it was you who chose to have this war.

And I'm not sorry, that's just how it has to go.



(Janaida Waiters is in tenth grade, the second year being a part of the Canuck family. Growing up, she always took a special interest in writing narrative essays because it allowed her to use her imagination and become more creative.)

#### You Can't Fix What's Not Broken Mariah Silva

Say what you will Believe your own lies But there is truly a difference In being egocentric and confident

Am I self-absorbed, Because I know my self-worth? Do you hate me, Because I love me?

When a girl is confident Others look at her like she's the Devil And although she's burning up trouble She's sweet like sugar.

Am I too upright, Because I don't tolerate disrespect? Am I too laid back, Because I know when to walk away?

I've never understood Why people bash self-esteem Focus on being a better you Than being better than everyone else

(Mariah Silva is in eleventh grade. She loves to write, read, and sing. Music means a lot to her. Most of what she writes is based off of real life experiences she has encountered.)

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"Web of Lines" by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



**Fracture** Nolin Skipper

Do I dare disturb the shape of my word Shall I change my mask on society Or run with the many slow beasts in my herd As though nothing exists but reality As do my many fellow intellectuals Falling as if the word was many zones Go day to day eating like cannibals Think as if you were Indiana Jones Stop and pause as the universe has froze In time as if masks were broken like glass Now it's peaceful the world is at chaos No more running doesn't matter how fast Because this universe I have disturbed Frozen in time verbatim word for word

(Nolin Skipper is in tenth grade. His friends tell him he is a romantic poet, who likes to express himself. He wants God to bless his hands and words.)

#### Followers

#### Adriana Rojas

You say that you're fine You're lying straight through your teeth But we follow you

(Adriana Rojas is in tenth grade. She enjoys writing and how there is no limit when it comes to your thoughts.)

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#### Man's Kryptonite Royer Brito

The things I would do to you in one night Unspoken truths that hide behind my eyes Love will forever be man's kryptonite

I want to hold you in my arms, despite Knowing it'd be our friendship's demise The things I would do to you in one night

When I am with you I see your light But you hide it, like an angel in disguise Love will forever be man's kryptonite

Looking up from my desk, you're in hindsight My stomach, filled with colored butterflies The things I would do to you in one night

The temptation is real, I just might Evil desires always bound to arise Love will forever be man's kryptonite

My forbidden fruit, I just want one bite But if I do we'll be saying goodbyes The things I would do to you in one night Love will forever be man's kryptonite

(Royer Brito is in eleventh grade and an all-around honor student. He is outgoing and laid back. Royer is the cross country captain, and he plays baseball in the spring.)





#### Deep Spectacles to the Twisted Universe Kam Slaughter

I search the earth like a lost child below the surface I hide You try and find me but I'm buried below the mistrusts and the hurt No church, faith is a concept to which I am blind I harden my heart and close my mind Hiding myself, away from my internal strife Reminding myself I'm the one in control But that's just all sad lies Bad nights, memories of the temporary happiness and past times I write rhymes on paper And wield my pencil like a sideways pistol Open fire on anybody who chastise Say anything 'bout mine Trust that those will be your last lines I usually don't throw hands but you only need ask if you wanna catch mines Wow I love how even now I'm lying That why I constantly hide in the fire of burning trees distract myself from my broken life Violent cycle of strife This depression thing all of the sudden became routine Cursed by compassion Results of a failed attraction Done asking who's at fault

I simply should have never gotten involved

Consumed by the mistrust Allergic to real love like dust Had to be sexual attraction and lust No more opening up And you already know That commitment issues a must I think I'm on the cusp of losing myself I knew you were bad for my health But I stayed then got played and now I'm slowly drowning in my sadness and refusing to ask for help

Such is love I know I must be addicted to loss seems I just can't get enough I allow myself to get repeatedly stabbed in the heart I think I recommend that you start preparing my grave now I'm bleeding out And there's no healing any of these cuts

(Kam Slaughter is in eleventh grade. He writes poetry in an attempt to understand himself, as well as the world around him. In his mind a blank piece of paper is like a reflective mirror, and it's only with his pencil that he could truly see himself.)



#### Via Dolorosa

#### Jessie Corchado

I walk alone in a dark and empty hallway Wondering when it will all end You see me struggle but you continue to parade your happiness You mock me with every sight of your smile and every sound of your laughter Can't you see that I'm numb? You can't see that I'm barely holding on? Let me just put it this way so your tiny ignorant brain can process it better I'm a mess, I'm depressed So I sit here in silence, resorting to violence, making permanent lines on my skin I'm making myself into a blank canvas and my blade acts as a paintbrush My face is sunken in and slowly losing its color I'm tired of pretending to be happy 24/7 just for your pure enjoyment I hate when you tell me to "just be happy" like I have some sort of magical power that makes me smile again I'm tired of you telling me that my illnesses are making you suffer. That my illnesses aren't real. I'm sick of you thinking that it's so easy to be happy. To be genuinely happy. I'm sick of feeling numb, dumb, and uncared for. You'll never know how I feel and you'll never know what I go through. So stop acting like my personal therapist. Every day, the light at the end of the tunnel seems to be getting dimmer and dimmer. I'll never be "radiant," "happy," or "confident." So why can't you just put my damn words into your head? I get it. You were born as the sun, and I as the moon We're from opposite worlds. A rivalry between our families, like Romeo and Juliet. But that doesn't mean we still can't get along. Although you make me feel so worthless and so angry sometimes to the point where I breakdown and shed every last tear for you, I still believe you care for me, even though that's far from the truth.

(Jessie Corchado is in eleventh grade. She enjoys writing poetry and short stories. She is obsessed with cats and antiques.)



**"Stop"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

#### **Ode to My Body** Alexandra Novillo

You work so damn hard I never gave you enough credit For all that you are And all that you do And how you keep me alive Every second Every minute Every hour Of the day

Every single day You pump life from my heart into my veins Like markers on paper Veins trace my canvas skin A born given masterpiece

You bruise Break Blush You love and hate the touch Treat me well and you will know Treat me wrong and you will show

I'm sorry Why did I hate you? Why? I don't understand Every Single Inch Of Skin Was poisoned by my mind In my eyes I was hypnotized

I hurt you How could you forgive me? How could you take this abuse? From Yourself You tried to warn me You patched me up every time And I let life drain from my veins And seep from my skin In the mirror You did not appear as I see you today You made tears shed from my eyes By One Simple Glance Of the reflection in front of me All I wanted Was to unzip the façade I believed I was living in And walk in my living corpse My self-hypnosis Had led me to a life of unhappiness With self-realization Came discovery Truth Exploration Knowledge And Change I realized that you worked So damn hard Every single day So damn hard You wanted me to change So damn hard And I was so damn ungrateful It was time for a change Of your entirety Inside and out Within my perception I'm sorry I did not love you And that I will never love you The way you should be loved But I will try my best to learn to love you Respect you Trust you

Respect you Trust you Appreciate you Slowly but surely With time And age I love you a little more Each day

(Alexandra Novillo is in tenth grade. She likes creative writing because it is a way to release her inner most feelings into an art.)

#### Perfection Is No Less than Failure Amaiana Sajjad

Inspired by J.K. Rowling's 2011 Harvard commencement speech

Smiling to myself, like a fool Chilling on Harvard lawn Thinking about the high school cool Remembering that one dawn

Discovering my one true self Fearfully holding on To thin air in a full hand's grasp Weighing the pros and cons

Enduring every bit of life Breathing in air that's light Cold, harsh, and pain to my warm soul Not knowing what was right

A wide smile was my masquerade Nerdy talks were my "type" And my life was simply perfect Because failure caused hype

Turning away from any risk Painting perfect pictures Carefully making my choices Unknown of the mixtures

Uncomfortable with the norm Breaking free of those chains accepting and appreciating the knowledge I've gained

(Amaiana Sajjad is in eleventh grade. She loves to write and participate in many school activities. Her perspective on life is always from an optimistic point of view.)

#### **The Battle** Royer Brito

In steps a man mighty and bold With a big heart And the arms of a big old troll To tear evil apart

Summoned by cries of another Fighting a fiend Long nights of horror and terror Will come to an end

He will set sail across the sea To the unknown To battle with Grendel All on his own

That night, Grendel did come Redoing the past But little did he know that night Would be his last

Once the great snake opened the door Killing on sight As his jaws ends another life Beowulf took flight

The battle was fought, fierce but short There's no more harm Some say it's not true, where's the proof Grendel's very own arm



**"Dark Side"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

## **DESPERATE HOPES**



"Temptation" by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

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#### Winter Flower Abraham Guillen

Her voice was so soothing to me. She had a way with words, I fell in love with a quick glance. The feelings came in herds. I felt I knew she was for me. We talked very little, But I was stuck in a false trance. I'm so noncommittal. I walked under the burdened trees, The amount of snow grows, The blooming flowers are long gone, And this everyone knows. And with this I go and ask her, The question some won't ask, It was obvious she'd decline, My pain I could not mask. Held, my idealistic world, I departed, lonely. She broke innocence, but I'm glad, Even in acrimony. Ignorance was indeed great bliss, Now I feel insecure. No more confidence is in me, I walk home, with no cure.

(Abraham Guillen is in tenth grade. He likes creative writing simply because it allows him to express himself. When there is no one to talk to, he gets out his pencil and begins to write.)



**Dirty Jersey** Shanya Cross

I wrote "Dirty Jersey," which is a nickname for Jersey City or the 201 area, after a number of murders in Jersey City, my home, the one place I feel safe even with all the chaos going on. So here I am, begging my brothers and sisters to stop destroying our city before it's too late.

Dressed in a Blistering pride. Comparing rap sheets. Not feeling any shame, Nor pain. We Grieve our brothers. And watch out For their mothers. And then. We seek revenge. One after another, Men and women fall. Sometimes. Over nothing At all. But this is Dirty Jersey. We paint our city With drugs, And murder On a canvas of Candlelight vigils and Breaking News Channels. There is no Limit to how

Stoop But, This is Dirty Jersey. The beautiful slums. From the junction, To the Hill. All the way Down to Bullet Town. And then back To the view of New York City. Bridges away from The rest of the World. As humans, We belong to a Different strand. We drive down the Same road. Just different lanes. We look to cause Pain. And we itch for Trouble. We kill. We steal, And maim our city, Then wonder what Happened. But like I said, This is Dirty Jersey, Where talent is Restricted, And young Dogs live in Chains.

Low we will



(Shanya Cross is in tenth grade. When she is not writing meaningful poetry, she can be found relaxing at home, listening to music or hanging with friends or family. She loves writing because she believes words fix the soul.)



**Our World** George Dombroski

Nature is the world's biggest blanket, all its children are living united, except for people who steal like bandits. We thought we're right so we were excited, humans destroy rebuild from green to gray Like a shadow that slowly covers the world. She had to put up with it, our betray Angry she be for the wind has whirled, She the earth has rumbled and quaked, She the water has cried tears of destruction. We the people have had our world ruined, Maybe we need a little deduction. She the world holds balance but carries death, Can we fix this? I wouldn't hold my breath.

(George Dombroski is in ninth grade. He really likes dinosaurs. His favorite hobby is fossil hunting.)



**"Nature's Blanket"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



## **Liars** Hazel Cruz

Oh, how I love their lying eyes Their false smiles that draw you in Smiles with tongues that speak venom Venom that says it's a cure

A cure that perhaps kills, isn't it lovely? Maybe it's so lovely that I don't seem to care Caring seems to make them speak more cruel So cruel that I wish they'd make their pretty mouths shut for good.

Why not give me that rumor you just had? It seems like you're dying to tell me Why not tell me to make me mad? Thank you, kind sir and mam for putting my heart in my throat Do you want to tell me more twists that you can add?

(Hazel Cruz is in ninth grade. Hazel likes to write stories and she can make origami.)

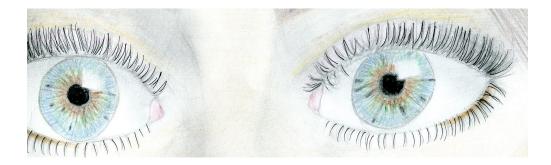
## A Somber Past

Jonnelle Steward

Drowned in my deep sorrows I lay my head on the ground I hear the tales of man that the beaten earth tells me of Crowning who is all mighty, it is man who decides this A past filled with the suppression of feudalism The supposed equalization of communism Overpowering tyrants who were only five feet tall Even now with democracy, we are restricted We as the citizens who were supposed to fly on wings of freedom Are now bound to toil the earth only to suffer As the corrupt roam high in the heavens and fly on falsehood To only watch us like vultures and peck out our weak flesh Day after day, month after month, year after year For eternity, for it is man who crowns all who are mighty But are we of man, rather of man, but animal instead Since the time of the Roman empire we have welcomed savagery Entertainment based upon sex, money, power, and carnage Do we desire to call ourselves human even? For I, question my own humanity, question my sanity as unholiness is welcomed into our society O brave new world we welcome you with open arms For it is you that will become the downfall of humanity

(Jonnelle Steward is in eleventh grade. She enjoys creative writing due to its vast canvas of imagination and creativity that gives her the chance to express her ideas and feelings. She enjoys the many ideologies of the arts and wishes to someday use her talents to create something inspiring for others, who want to work in the various fields of the arts. Jonnelle feels as long as she stays true to herself, that is all that matters.)





A Broken Puzzle Jeremiah Weaver

A square is to a circle As a ball is to a block I thought we were never gonna stop We were two of the same With only ourselves to blame Too much to tame Never tired, never lame Until coldness came And ripped my other half away

A square is to a circle As a block is to a ball Never felt so small While standing six feet tall I'm never gonna crawl On your warm tongue again You flung me away Like a trashy pair of shoes That not even a dog would want to touch And I don't know if I can forgive you for that

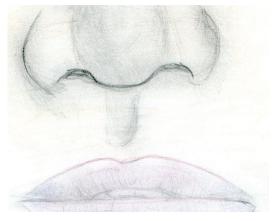
I loved you like a brother And never did anything wrong I was good all along Always standing strong But only when you were there to support me. I'm going through some changes in my life And I really need a friend. I know you're probably mad when you see me laughing down the halls, But right now I need all the happiness I can get.

I finally realized The smile stitched by the corners of my mouth Are only good until I bleed out. And when you see my smile you look into my eyes And you can tell that there's something wrong But you don't ask.

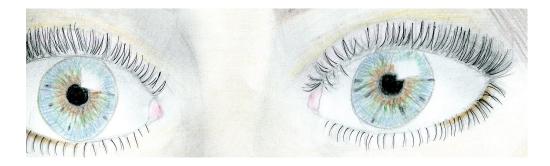
So I'm tired of waiting I'm just gonna say it I miss you. I miss you like a dog who just watched its owner die you act like you died Except I see you everyday Your ghost is haunting me you're the only thing I can see So detailed intimately and vividly Yet I'm the one who's expected to feel broken I didn't do anything wrong And neither did you

We're just a broken puzzle That is no longer able to fit in the right piece

And I know you're feeling Everything that I feel right now because A square is to a circle As a ball is to a block



(Jeremiah Weaver is in eleventh grade. He enjoys writing poetry that can express his feelings. He is obsessed with animals and longboards and also works at  $IHOP^{\circledast}$ .)



**Just Let Me Be** Alexandra Novillo

Everyday You'd touch my face Lift up my chin To have my eyes Peer into Yours

Everyday You'd remind me Of my infallible beauty Grab me by the waist And spin me into smiles

I was yours Even though You Were not mine When I Was nowhere In sight

Everyday Became Nevermore Truth crowed in whisper Its melancholy tune Into my left ear "He has never loved you my dear" The painful tune Slowly became the background song To my continuing endeavors "He has never loved you my dear, never will anyone ever"

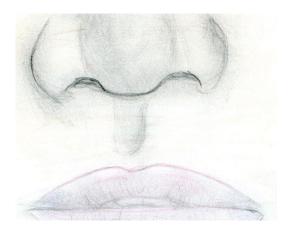
Here we are now The smell of teenage angst So pungent You can see its fumes

We are All too familiar Strangers With memories That haunt At my heart When it seeks for Love once Again

Memories that haunt me When I catch your eyes drift into mine.

The all too familiar melancholy tune Finding its way Back into my mind Right after finding a new song To sync into mine

Oh please Can't you see what you've done to me Oh please Just let me be.





**Thy Name Is** Robert Sullivan, Jr.

Tight grip Holding on for dear life Tension so thin It could be cut with a knife He broke your heart Manipulated and betrayed you Now your silent song Is the only thing we hear The cruelty of it all A pure flower Mutilated by ambition and love Yet death's addition Can't solve this equation Therefore to you It can't make sense Like an ice sculpture You slowly melt away Into madness And only he acts As the scorching sun It's evident that you're lonely Going astray The darkness enclosing Your very being Suffocated by a lack of purifying light To help you find your way back Back to the reality

That you once called home Soon you'll be a stranger And when you knock No one answers the door Please don't go pretty flower Don't hide your tears Or else the tears you don't shed Will consume you in a watery grave Hello thy name is purity Insanity thy name is Ophelia

(Robert Sullivan, Jr. is in twelfth grade. He enjoys creative writing because it can express one's inner self. His motto is: "Only you can understand you.")



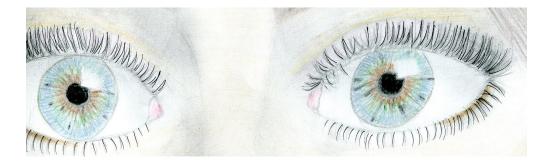
"Endless" by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



**Concealed Fear** Adriana Rojas

In life you find out what your fears are Whether it be spiders, heights, or public speaking We have these fears Some surface while others don't How about the fear of letting go? You probably never talk about that one because it sounds pathetic, It makes you sound clingy and independent But let's face it, It's a concealed fear You're scared to let go because you're afraid of the uncertainty Will you find someone as perfect as they are? Who knows. And if you don't then what? Well you messed it up because there is no going back So do you let go and find out if there's better or do you stay and be content with what you have? You're scared to let go because you've come a long way Years with the same person You've gotten used to them So letting go calls for a different routine You're afraid because it took you time to get used to another individual in your life

Now it's gonna be harder to get used to being without them, whether you admit it or not Sure you probably don't need them But trust me, there's a big difference when they're gone You'll find yourself with news and have no one to tell because your friends really couldn't care less You're afraid to let go because you're comfortable around them You don't have to look your best to be with them They know you in and out They know about the scar you got when you went a little too deep that night you thought your life was falling apart They know how you always look away after a while of talking to someone because eye contact to you is awkward They know how sweaty your palms get They know you just as much as you know them The way they say a certain word You know how they cried at night when their dad came home drunk and hit their mom You already know their different laughs And how they smile in photographs The way both of you are intimate Souls being released under sheets But the question still repeats Do you stay or do you go? Will you conquer this concealed fear or stay with them till both your smiles disappear?



Family Portrait Samantha Merendino

The frame that rests on my bed stand It May contain happy faces But what Lies underneath the smiles An Unhappy family Who has No boundaries Four individuals Who are keeping secrets safe With every move they make Everyone believes we're perfect If they only knew what Went on Behind all closed doors

Mother has a double life Father drowns his sorrows In bottles of alcohol To ease the pain Brother has turned to drugs Hoping to regain A long lost feeling Sister Has lost all Sense of emotion She wonders how something Could look so perfect But be so screwed up

The portrait haunts her Everyday of her life Everything is not what it seems So may I ask what Lies behind Your family portrait?



"**Tinted**" by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

(Samantha Merendino is in tenth grade. She likes creative writing because it's a way to challenge her mind and help her get out of her comfort zone.)

## **REPERTOIRE OF RECOLLECTIONS**



**"Repertoire of Recollections"** by Paulina Ortiz (Colored Pencils and Paint)

(Paulina Ortiz is in tenth grade. She enjoys drawing, spicy food, and finds scary movies hilarious.)

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## The Guardian Angel

Janaida Waiters

Not being able to have children can be very difficult for a woman like me. I love kids, and all I ever wanted was to be a mom. I am a kindergarten teacher, and I enjoy my job to the fullest. There is never a day that I dread going to work. I guess you can say that I'm a workaholic because I put a lot of time and thought into my students.

Sometimes I am envious of females who are able to have babies. I hate the fact that there are kids being mistreated and neglected. Many women in this world feel and go through what I do. I have thought about adoption but always end up second guessing myself. I am afraid I will not be a good enough mom to that child, and I do not want to end up failing. I want to make sure I will bring up my new child in a safe environment where we aren't struggling.

All my life I've lived in Brownsville. Yes, it is a rough place to grow up, but the strong make it. I live in a public housing facility (the projects) where a lot goes on: gang violence, drug abuse, and lately several lives being lost. It has been a wish of mine ever since I was just a little girl for everything to stop, but that's a miracle that will probably never happen. Holidays aren't really considered a big deal around here since many of us live in poverty, but that doesn't crush my spirits.

Every year I make my way to the orphanage in town to drop off gifts for the kids and help the workers with preparing the dinner. Everything was going as usual until a little girl with the sweetest voice I ever heard asked if I needed an extra hand with the pots of food I was carrying. She had curly brown hair and olive colored skin. As I handed her a pot to carry to the table, she introduced herself to me as Gladys Waiters. For the rest of the evening we chatted and got to know each other. Oh, how she was a wonderful girl. We seemed to connect quickly and by the end of the night, as I sat there admiring the little girl, Gladys asked, "Will you be my Mommy?"

Butterflies rushed to my stomach. I could not believe my ears. A child asking me to mother her? I was so astounded, and I accepted her request and assured her I will be back first thing in the morning to talk with the workers.

The following morning I went to talk with the director of the orphanage about adopting Gladys. The director said it would take a few weeks until I can bring her home with me. For the rest of the week, Gladys and I spent a lot of time together. She told me that she was an angel sent from heaven for me. Gladys told me that when she had first seen me she had already known who I was and that my name was Janaida Hernandez. I didn't believe this information at first until she told me that she knew about my divorce and things from my childhood that no one could know. We hugged and she smiled and said that God told her that her search was over. How true he was.

Gladys was finally home with me and the New Year was coming up. As I was on my way to work, my neighbor stopped me and said, "We have received a message about the new year that awaits us. I wonder what it means?"

Intrigued, I walked over to a crowd of people and with my foot removed some of the freshly fallen snow to view the message and for some reason I felt as if it was directed towards me. The message stated, "Your prayers have been answered. The struggle is over. Enjoy your new life."

I waited as if something magical would happen but nothing did. The next morning I woke up to Gladys waiting for me on the couch. She told me that God had a change in plans, and he has to send her to fulfill other duties. Before she left, we hugged each other tightly and she wiped away the tears rolling down my cheeks. Gladys then reached out and touched my belly saying, "See you soon, Mommy."

When Gladys was gone, I felt like bawling my eyes out but I got distracted by the sound of people cheering. I stepped outside to see about the commotion and it was like a completely different neighborhood. It was like paradise and clean. There were gifts and food everywhere and best of all happiness. Was I still in Brownsville?

"Janaida, isn't it a miracle?!"

I stood there in shock taking in some of the comments of the people.

"The end is coming! Watch out for the devil."

"God is real. He's real!"

"Oh, praise the lord!"

A few months later, I went to the doctor and found I was pregnant.

Seven months later I gave birth to a gorgeous little girl with curly brown hair, sparkly eyes, and olive colored skin. I named her Gladys after my guardian angel, although I didn't know it at the time. The day after Gladys left, I had no memories of her at all. It was like we never had met. It's funny though because I always had a feeling like I've seen my daughter before. She always seemed familiar to me. It wasn't until recently when Gladys turned six (the same age my guardian angel was when I met her) that I remembered and realized that the baby girl I gave birth to is the same little angel I held years before.

(Dedicated to my grandmother: Gladys Hernandez May 7, 1937-February 28, 2008. R.I.P.)



**"Angel Eye"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



**Love** Jonnelle Steward

What is this feeling in my chest A beating that is so unfamiliar to me A song played over and over again with the beat of my heart That rhythm is stuck in my head I can't get you out of my mind Why is it when I see you pass by that song is played again You put on a smile every time I say hi, I don't ever want to say good-bye I want to be around you more, but am I worth your time My voice becomes hoarse as I see you with other people Too scared to even give you a careless whisper Yet the song keeps playing on in my heart A humble person you are, so humble to even talk to me A lonely person I am, deep down troubled with sorrows Yet you wash them all away with that radiant smile of yours That cool and mellow tone you speak to me filled with joy The way you carry yourself high up on your shoulders Only for my eyes to admire and maybe someday to have You are the epitome of what I wish to become I pray the best for you, may there be a grand ovation for your achievements Because you are great No words can describe the feelings I have for you I am not lustful like all those crooks who run with stolen hours of someone else's time All I want is your sincerity Your trust Your respect

Please let me be your friend Or maybe more than a friend Then again I am young and so are you I don't even know what to call this word The world calls Love

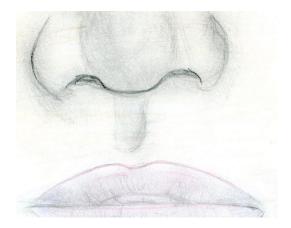
## Love Is

## Kam Slaughter

Love is in all sense of the word the most powerful force in the universe. It is wanting what is best for someone, truly, without needing the same in return or even expecting it. It is being able to sacrifice everything on a whim for another. It is understanding and unconditional. It is painful sometimes, but it is always worth it. It is everlasting, humbling, and exposing or unsecured. It is beautiful yet dangerous, selfless and always a priority. It is sought after, yet all around us, though at the same time not easy to find. Love is unique and passionate.

## Genuine Beauty Adriana Rojas

Your soul so damaged What I thought was beautiful Is more attractive



#### **That Night** Jeremiah Weaver

You know I've seen God before I swear I have When I looked in grandpa's eyes The same eyes that I have Except he had So much pain behind his eyes That day, I felt I swear I felt the pain beneath his eyes When he knew he was going to die I felt his cheek stutter and left leg begin to tremble That day when he felt an angel tugging on his pajama shirt I swear I felt the tear drops trickle on my hand More than he felt the mourning wind blow his soul away When my parents told me the news Death wasn't even a concept that had been introduced into my brain

I swear I saw God in his smile So much regret behind his teeth So many things I wish he would have told us So many things he wishes he would have told me But I don't blame him I swear I don't Just as much as the sun doesn't blame the moon for rising Because the sun knows, the moon needs to show its face, So the world knows that there are two sides to every story There's two eyes looking at every decision you make. When that angel lifted his soul out of bed, leaving his lifeless body Someone's joy was killed Someone's smile developed a stutter in memory of him, Someone's leg trembles when they feel a chill race through their body, A grandson's spirit was shattered that night. And someone's world was filled with unreachable Expectations, and Dreams, and Potentials of high spirits as bright as a little boy's

That night, that night I swear I saw God's face on the moon. So much light but too much darkness surrounding me That night I swear God tried to tell me something terrible had happened. God tried to prepare me for what had happened. So that when my dad told me, I'd be ready for the pain. But I was too naïve to notice. So when my dad told me, The only person who felt the pain more than An eight-year-old boy's spirits breaking and falling apart Was the father who watched his son's spirit break and fall apart

That night, That unforgettable night

Caused so much pain.

So much unbelievable pain

But then I realized, he was such a good man.

He suffered way more than a good man ever should.

But even with his suffering, as the angel was tugging on his shirt, after his soul left his body,

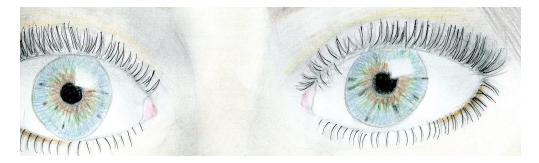
He still found time to kiss my grandma on her trembling cheek before he left the house.

Didn't make a creak,

even dead he still wanted her to have a good night's sleep



**"Fall"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



**Time Warp** Brittany Merino

In every morning light, and in every night sky there is a beauty that can't be forgotten Have a look This same sky has been observed for thousands of years from people of all backgrounds and circumstances Fighting to reclaim an answer from someone or something In every horizon, lies hope created by man, dreams waiting to happen And in this time is where we become determined The realization that we are miniscule compared to the infinite pushes us to exceed It does not matter whether your surroundings are dull, boring, or as bustling as New York City We think, create and then destroy The cycle repeats itself But our greatest triumphs are when we use our minds Or our physical power to help others To Inspire, To Build, To Love For every smile, for every handshake, for every greeting we make creation moves on Being put on the Earth was for a reason You don't have to believe in religion or even like politics to experience serendipity You may not see it now But you hold the key for a generation to come...

(Brittany Merino is in twelfth grade. She became a part of the *Canuckling* staff this year. Having been a member of the literary magazine in her old school, she felt a desire to continue on the journey of supporting others with aspiring publications.)

## And Every Other Night

Adriana Rojas

When I was young I tried to perfect everything From the circles I drew To the way I wrote in cursive But nothing in my life was ever perfect At the age of 12 my life was a complete mess Now at the age of 15 it still is I'm a mess You didn't care though and I loved you for that I'm not sure why I ever let you go Perhaps I felt guilty having someone like you Because you were way too good of a person to be with someone like me I remember how you'd speak to me in a way that was so simple but so damn beautiful I now lie in bed alone and reminisce all that was Those photographs are evidence that I was genuinely happy with you You could tell by my smile, it always reached my eyes Now that's gone; you're gone But I'll always carry you in my heart You've made yourself a part of my life You've made your way into my journals For a whole month I stopped writing Because I knew if I put that pen to paper I would somehow end up writing about you Even if that wasn't my intention I tried to avoid making my writing about you But I always saw sunsets in your eyes And tsunamis in your words And god you're one piece of art I can't stop writing about We no longer speak Nor do we see each other anymore But I'll see you in my poems tonight, my love.





#### **Dreams** Abraham Guillen

Indefinite. Infinite. Limitless. Measureless. Boundless. Absolute. Captivating. Hypnotizing. Infatuating. Mesmerizing. Enrapturing. Fascinating. The world we live in, A terra firma of dreamers. The world we live in, An imagination by idealists. Their canvas The cosmos. A world Of consistence Is what they Prevent. A world Without Them Is Pointless. Meaningless. Absurd. Nonsensical. Vain. We are dreamers.

If not We Are Victims To Oblivion. Unconsciousness. Forgetfulness. Inadvertence. The world we live in, A lucid dream. Unambiguous. Luminous. Transpicuous. Graspable. This world is what we Dream Of it. Grab my hand And Embark With me То Paradise. Bliss. Wonderland. Utopia. Eden.



**"Field of Dreams"** by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



I Am an Artist Jonnelle Steward

I am someone who colors the world I wonder when my paintings and drawings will finally be recognized by the public eye I hear people tell me "Good job" yet I am never given a dime for my hard work I see those who have simply drawn from others who have grown from their originality, yet I am still stuck here at the bottom of my initiative I want to be seen and heard from people across the world and know what I have given to them I am someone who colors the world

I pretend like everything is all right, as my hands crack and bleed from my overnight stays at the drawing board I feel happy though that I am able to give such beauty to this harsh and cruel world I touch the hearts of those that are young and ambitious, to give them dreams to someday create such depictions those have never seen before I worry though, for they will face the same scrutiny and tribulations I have, because they are different and think of such ideas not ready for this world I cry because those that can give more than color to the world, are not given the love and encouragement to follow their dreams of creativity I am someone who colors the world I understand that our people are seen as mere workers of free labor because we only 'color'

I say to those that think of this ideology to hush their mouths, and only let their eyes gaze upon the creation and glamour that spread upon this land

I dream that there is a day where we are appreciated for our divine work and we are treated like those that are business men and women

I try to convey these words that our great inspirations

from the times of the Renaissance weren't able to

I hope before I close my eyes that those that have the same gift as me,

make this world a better place and give it such winsome gifts

for the next generation to look upon

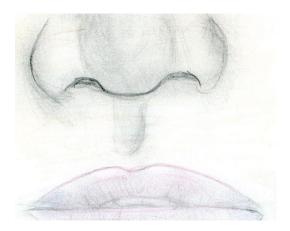
I am someone who colors the world –

BUT I am also someone who creates the world's greatest minds

for they are inspired by my colors

## **Giving Up** Abraham Guillen

I broke it again My pencil tip The lead smeared. I broke it again My strength Diminished. I broke it again My entire being I want to be whole. A battle-scarred field Is all that is left, holes in the ground to the right and left. Bullets glisten in moonlight As the boots did once they were shined. Now, they rest abandoned. No foundation, I have no footing My vision blurred, bombardment of waves. A tsunami of pointless emotion. Smeared lead, it's black. Absent strength, vulnerable to attack Reduced to a fraction I am the losing faction Hope—there is none, I've just finished giving up.





I Am Fine Richard Brito

I am doing fine without you I wonder if you wake up in the middle of the night from a dream I'm haunting I hear your heart shatter I see you picking up the pieces I want to help you but I don't know how I am doing fine without you I pretend I don't care because my heart is just too dark I feel you slipping away with every mistake I touch your cheeks stained by the tears I caused I worry you won't be able to face the dark alone I cry as I swim through my mind fishing for the memories that have sunk deep below I am doing fine without you I understand you have many flaws I say that's what makes you perfect I dream of a beautiful face that tortures me I try to wash your face down with something strong I hope your demons fall and your angels rise, darling you'll win this battle I am doing fine without you

(Richard Brito is in eleventh grade.)

## Comfort

Adriana Rojas

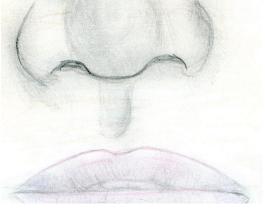
Bent and wicked tree Whispering into the wind You dance to your voice

## Hallo, Auf Wiedersehen

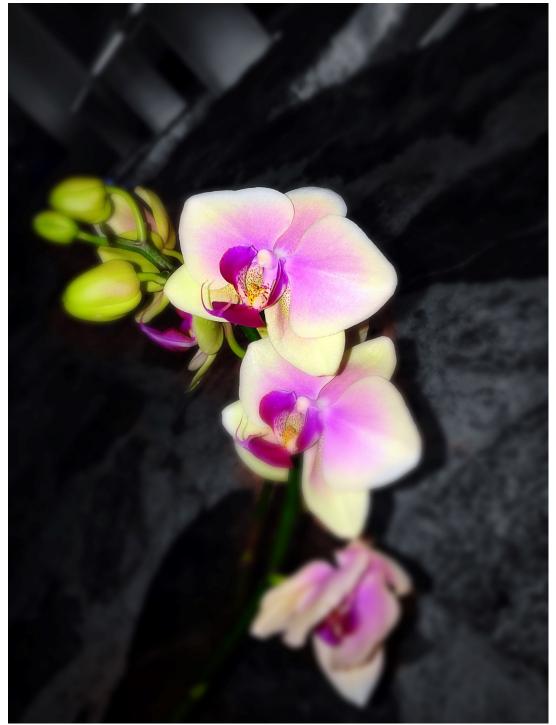
Jessie Corchado

You said you believed in second chances But you know that I have given you many Seeing you like that makes me sick of romances My love for you is worth more than just a penny My feelings for you are still there Even though you put me through hell and back I missed the way you caressed my hair The way you eased my anxiety attacks which felt like someone gripping my chest tightly, tickling my nerve endings making me feel nauseous I miss you I hate you I miss hating you I hate missing you I hate the way you speak to me, so gentle, so hush hush Like our words of love are little secrets being exchanged in each other's ears I hate that I still have feelings for you I've been suffocating without your presence I forget how to breathe without you near me You told me I was your sun But in reality I am just the moon Making me feel like your Juliet When you're just as egotistical and gullible as Paris You want me to be your Lady Macbeth only to drive you insane I'm wondering if all of this will be worth it in the end If my feelings are going to be torn and if you're going to repair the empty holes in my heart and repair it with all your love and care I want to stop loving you but I love the chase But maybe you're just a problem I have to face A fractured memory that I have to live with

For the rest of my life



# ALTERNATE ENDINGS



"Alternate Endings" by Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)

#### **True Love** George Dombroski

#### My Golden Angel

I never knew this would happen to me, I'm infected, infected by love.

DING! DING! DING! I jerked forward, startled. The bell brought me back, back to school. "Mr. Wilinger, get out of my room. I've seen enough of you for one day!"

"Wow, no need to be rude, Mr. Carson. I was on my way out," I said. "Don't get an attitude," he shouted back, but I was already gone.

I know how he can get, fighting him will lead me nowhere. I might as well escape while I still have the chance. I'm met with loud unorganized chaos, kids screaming and talking not worried about being late. In the middle of it all I see her: Alex Sord. The love of my life. She's tall, thin, and has small freckles on her cheeks. I like to think of her as my golden angel with her long, beautiful blonde hair.

"Sam, is that you? I've been looking for you." She motions for me to come. I choke up, my palms are sweaty, and I go to say something but I can't.

She's beautiful. What do I say? Come on, Sam, say something.

"So Sam, do you think you can help me with my math project tomorrow? I know you're really smart." *Alex asked me to help her, dammit Sam say something.* 

"Yes, sure, I'll do anything; I mean yeah I'll be there." *I sounded stupid. I'm such an idiot.* 

"Thanks, Sam. I knew I could count on you. Here's my number. You can text me later for the details." *Oh my God her voice is like velvet*. She handed me a slip of paper, I can't believe this is happening; this is actually her phone number. I slip it in my pocket.

"Well, I got to get to class, we'll talk later, all right?" She smiled and left. DING! DING! DING! The bell rang. I was going to be late, but I didn't care. I had to see her leave. She was an angel. She slipped around the corner, I turned and walked away.

#### The Facts

"Sam, wait up we can walk to class together!" That was Hunter's voice. I turned again and saw him running up to me. He's short with brown hair hanging at his shoulders. He kind of looks like a girl, except for his mustache and he's short of built, but you don't really notice it until he's close up to you. "I saw that action, you finally gonna ask her out?" Hunter asked in his deep voice.

"I don't know. I was thinking about today at the end of school," I replied.

"You know she's gonna say yes. She likes you too: a lot from what I heard."

"Yeah you keep telling me Hunter, but what if she says no. What will I do then?"

"She won't," Hunter said. "Trust me. I can feel it."

"You know what, just shut up, let's go to class." *I don't know if I can do it, I don't think I can even face her*.

## **Arriving Late**

I pull open the door. "Ladies first," I said to Hunter. He just gave me a dirty look and shoved me in first. He never fails to amaze me with his extraordinary strength.

"Sam Wilinger and Hunter Woods, you're both late."

"We're sorry, Mrs. Dikella, it won't happen again," Hunter assured.

"Well, just be glad I don't care, and I'm sure you're well aware that today is free day so take a seat and do whatever pleases you."

*Art class: always my favorite time of day.* I walk to the back and take a seat by myself and close my eyes. I need to think. I need to sleep. DING! DING! DING! I practically jumped out of my seat. I slept the whole period, but there was no need to think. I knew exactly where I needed to go.

## Postponed

I knew where she would be, it's time to ask her how she feels, how she feels about us. I was waiting outside on a perfect day, sunny not too cold or hot, just alone watching kids leaving. Then I see her, time slows down, and she comes closer. I go to say something, but I can't. My voice is dry; I can't speak. Alex turns her head, smiles at me, and keeps walking.

*I'm such a loser. What's wrong with me? Just say something.* I walk home alone, in silence.

## Home

I text Alex. She responds almost immediately. We talk mostly about the project, she gives me her address, but she has to go to a family party, so she leaves the chat. As it gets late, I just go to bed without eating. My parents found it kind of strange, but they didn't ask. They have problems of their own. I try to ignore it, but sometimes it's hard. I'm defeated; I try not to think. I just want to rest.

## Homeroom

I beat the alarm, took a quick shower, got dressed, and brushed my teeth. I was eager to start the day, because today I'll ask her to be my girlfriend. I got it all planned. I'll meet her after school and ask her the only thing that matters, and we'll walk to her house together. Just thinking about it got me stressed. I have to calm down, relax. The ride to school was quick. As I walked in the building, I met up with Hunter again.

"So what'd she say?" Hunter asked.

"I didn't ask."

"Why not?" he shot back.

"I couldn't find her; she must have left early," I lied. He doesn't need to know. He was giving me a weird look, but stopped his little investigation. Together we walked to homeroom.

## **Beauty at Its Best**

The day went by fast. I was so excited, I could practically feel my heart about to burst from my chest. As the last bell rang, I exited the building. It was a darker, cooler day. Clouds were out and blocking the sun. But I saw her so beautiful, she was all the sun I needed. She was across the street. I summoned every muscle in my body, every piece of strength, and yelled her name.

"Alex!" *I'll finally ask her. It's finally my time*. She turns her head smiles and waves me over. *My first true love*. I run across the street to her.

"Sam, stop!" I hear Hunter. I turn and see a bright light.

## Faith

"Tell me again, uh, Hunter is it?"

"Yes officer. I saw Sam run and, and...I tried to stop him but, but I was too late. The car it, it hit him and he stopped moving. I didn't know what to do."

"I'm sorry son. I'm sorry you had to see that, but you did the right thing calling the police."



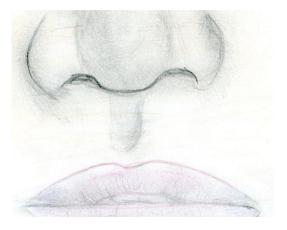
"Hanging Close" By Jeremiah Weaver (Digital Photo)



Lugar Seguro (Ode to the Shower) Janaida Waiters

Let me just start off By saying that you Truly are The Real MVP You are my happy place You adore my singing And dancing It's only you Who I reveal my True Goofy Self to You are loyal and You make Life struggles Disappear Literally You carry all my tears and fears down the drain Like On that pitiful Day That man took my pureness Away You carried my pain

For me The Disgust And guilt And the smell Of his body On mine You Took that away Your steam Engulfs me On my saddest of days I let you consume me I open up to you And tell you all my thoughts I sit there with my face Buried in my knees And let you pour down on me You caress me and Wash the ugliness away Out of everyone in The whole universe You know What really lies behind My makeup You know How I Truly Feel inside With you there's no Need for a poker face You don't judge You just listen You Simply wash away.



## Determination

Jonnelle Steward

Positivity fills my blood and makes it boil Burning at a thousand I can run a million miles No one can stop me I'm unbeatable, unstoppable, capable of anything that stands in my way Those demons we call depression, procrastination, and frustration Will be slain by my mighty sword called determination My love will keep going on and if you think it can't then you're wrong My heart is an engine running on the fuel of my friends and family Those that try to stop me Will only be thrown down by my fists named faith and glory I don't care if you don't like me I got many fans and one true friend My one goal in life is happiness If my enemies say it's impossible Then I'll say, "That's comical" I know I'm just one person, but it took four people just to make me God, my mom, dad, and me So don't say I'm a nobody, I'm somebody Somebody that will one day become someone I will accomplish something that no one could And be an inspiration to those around So one day they may work along with me We don't know about the future but we can make it Follow me and others who take heed Because we hold each and every piece to the next generation We are the flames that will never die out We are the stars that will shine on We are the people that will never give up As we run on the land of hopes and dreams As we soar on wings of freedom We can go on and live in this game We call life

## Is It You or Is It Me?

Brenda Okereke

Is it you or is it me? Do we strive or do we seek? Do we know or do we don't That we will or that we won't? Is it all but just a game Or is it all but just the same As a geniusly crafted play That goes on every day? Is it truth or but a lie? Do we sink or do we fly? Do we sink or do we die? Do we sink or do we try?

(Brenda Okereke is in twelfth grade. She loves to read and explore science. She works actively on connecting her two favorite subjects Art and STEM while working to make a positive impact on her community and school.)



"Helicopters" by Jeremiah Weaver

## Just a Thought

Salma Abrahim

You eat with your eyes first. We are all our own creation. Our own way of feeling, thinking, touching. The story our eyes tell. Just the damn touch of our hands Sparks up someone else's spirit Someone else's happiness. A smile of their heart begins to form. And it never frowns. The human to human power. The self to our self power. Feelings, emotions, our heart, mind, the physical, the mental It's all so overwhelming. But we have ourselves, no one helps us. We may give thanks to those who *help* us But we either choose to let them help us, or not. So no. We assist ourselves, talk to ourselves, and try to make ourselves feel like a human being again. Not a monster of our emotions for God's sake. Not become angry and full of hatred. It's merely insane. The amount of different feelings human beings can encounter. What we need, want...crave. Stupid freaking chocolates and flowers on a first date? It's not enticing, exciting It's expected, we are *some* species. We all need attention: affection. An addiction. It's all a matter of seconds until our hearts dissolve into our intestines. We realize anything can happen, and come to our senses. It's so humbly beautiful; amazingly frightening. We're all so fragile. Someone's presence could make us feel like the universe takes place in our stomach. Us humans, rely on other humans for comfort and tenderness Because we tend to feel lonely; in need of another beating heart to talk to.

But we're...just humans. Our lone presence is not enough for us; we want more We're so damn needy. It's not enough to decipher our needs, our thoughts, or what we wish to have. The simple laugh of a human, or a single glance A sweet word or gesture The way we get cold when it's hot, but we feel frigid because the human we want is not there. We're desperate to connect We're extraordinary We are shaped by our thoughts, our conscience When our minds are pure, we get curious, don't we? The tight hugs, the wet kisses, the soft touch The touch that makes our bodies tingle with fear and joy at once The touch that leaves us thinking about day and night. That touch...will make the sadness scurry from our bodies. Why are souls invisible? Have you ever thought of that one? Some are righteous; well; good. Others are dirty, filthy, disgusting, and inhumane Their souls must be black. Only for the angels to peek at when we're six feet under So many questions for the universe and no one will ever have all the answers Because we're just human, understand? We're only good for thinking and doing. The universe is way beyond us; way past what our temple could hold. We'd explode. We're precious, flawed, twisted beings We seek the eternal nature of love And throw away the true meaning behind it. We hate other humans and we believe our lives Pathetic. But you are the things you believe in. This piece of mind really has no logic Take it as you'd like, human.

(Salma Abrahim is in tenth grade. She knows how to sing her heart out and never, ever give up. She is from the pyramids.)

## **Eraser** Royer Brito

Write, Write, Write, Oops, Looks like I need you Again. I envy you The way You Can Just Erase any problem. Yet, We are alike, For every Time We solve a Problem We Get more And more Tired and Worn. Though I Will surely Out Live You. But even then We Are Alike. For When We Are all worn Down We both get replaced.



#### Showcasing Talent at the Creative Writing Show Amaiana Sajjad

People Survive, Artists Live -George Dombroski Ninth grade student at NPHS

The Creative Writing and Advanced Creative Writing classes of 2016, taught by Mr. DeLaurentis, performed their creative pieces of literature showcasing their talent on April 15th, 2016 in the high school library in seven shows attended by over 500 students and staff.

Prior to the shows, the students rehearsed their performances passionately every day during ninth period starting from the third marking period. The students were able to gain a sense of confidence and strength in their voices as they practiced, along with hearing the feedback given to them from their classmates about what they should improve in their next rehearsal performance.

The theme of the second annual Creative Writing show this year was *A Writer's Confession*, which was chosen by the members of the class by a vote. Literary Editor of the *Canuckling* club, Jessie Corchado, a junior, gladly says, "The confidence that was exuded was tangible; it made it much more real."

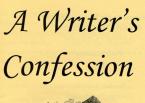
The poems which were presented at the show were all written in the first half of the Creative Writing course during the first and second marking periods. The students chose topics that were inspired by nature, someone they knew, a random scenario, or about someone who they look up to. There was a mixture of the types of poems presented such as "Lugar Seguro (Ode to the Shower)" by sophomore Janaida Waiters, "Man's Kryptonite," a villanelle by junior Royer Brito, "Our World," a ballad by freshman George Dombroski, and many free-verse pieces, like "I Thought You Were My Friend" by junior Jordan Sample, "A Broken Puzzle" by junior Jeremiah Weaver and "Love" by junior Jonnelle Steward. Some original interpretations of songs were sung by Salma Abrahim, a sophomore, who sang "Too Close" by Alex Clare, and Mariah Silva, a junior, who sang "Gone" by Lianne La Havas. They both sung their hearts out singing a capella. And Mr. De-Laurentis sang a song which he wrote, "I Believe in You," inspired by the students of NPHS, which sends off a very motivational vibe for the students to keep going and never give up.

The day went by fast as the students continuously gained this sense of awareness and confidence in each of their performances. Additionally, there was time for encores after each of the performances, which often connected emotionally to audience members, such as Jeremiah Weaver's "That Night," about his grandfather's passing, and sophomore Alexandra Novillo's "Ode to My Body," about learning to have a healthy body image. April 15th was full of anxiety, talent, and the gaining of confidence as the students of the Creative Writing class performed their hearts out in the second annual Creative Writing show, *A Writer's Confession*.

(Note: Many of the poems performed at the show are printed in this issue of the *Canuckling*.)



Mr. DeLaurentis performs "I Believe in You" at the second annual Creative Writing show, "A Writer's Confession" on April 15, 2016. (Photo credit: Mrs. Rita DaFonseca.)





The Second Annual Creative Writing Show

April 15, 2016

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## I BELIEVE IN YOU

Song Lyrics by John DeLaurentis, Teacher of English and Creative Writing

Does a burning passion inside you lie? Do you want to climb the mountain to the sky? Is your every waking moment filled with desire? Have you sometimes doubted you can climb higher?

Do you think what a difference you could make, If given the chance to make the earth quake, With your talent let loose like a soaring dove, Like the secrets of the deepest sea flung up above?

In your deepest depths of doubtful thought, When rejection seems all you've bought, Remember, I believe in you, I believe in you, Do you believe it, too?

Do you think what purpose do I have in this world? Do you wonder if your talent will be unfurled? Can you really wake up to see the brightest sun? Can you start to see your longed for dreams begun?

I know you want to climb the ladder of success, To show the world your creative best, But your doubt and lack of faith won't subside, So you want to close potential's door and hide.

I'm standing always by your side, I'll lift you up and always abide, Just keep your face set on the goal, Believe in yourself and free your soul.

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