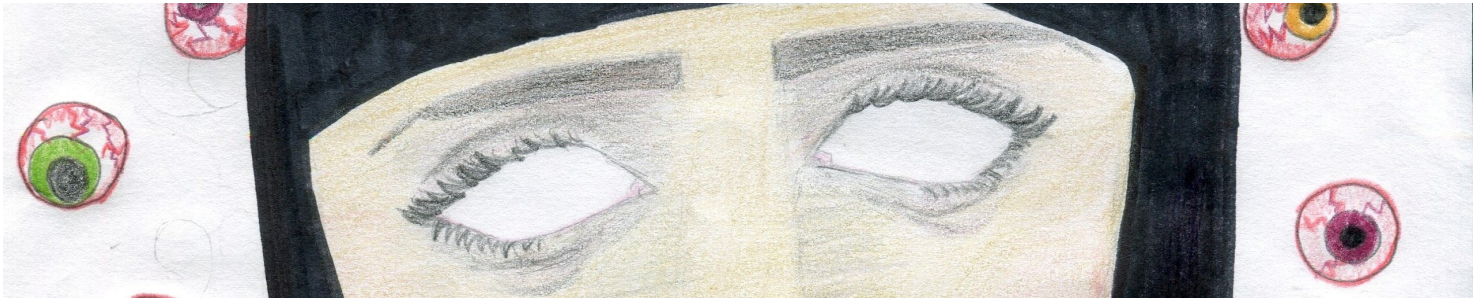




**VOLUME 60**  
**CANUCKLING 2015**  
**IT'S ALL ABOUT PERSPECTIVE**





***CANUCKLING***  
**IS**  
**CELEBRATING**  
**OUR**  
**60TH**  
**ANNIVERSARY**  
**OF**  
**CONTINUOUS**  
**PUBLICATION!**

This issue is dedicated to Chelsea Howson, *Canuckling* Advisor and English Teacher, who recently moved back to Michigan. We will miss you here in North Plainfield. We wish you and your family much happiness.

- Canuckling Club staff

Check out the *Canuckling* website:  
<http://www.nplainfield.org/Domain/321>  
Click Publications tab  
Choose *Canuckling*

# IT'S ALL ABOUT PERSPECTIVE

VOLUME 60

THE LITERARY-ART MAGAZINE

OF

NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

34 WILSON AVENUE

NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07060

## CANUCKLING

## 2015

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION  
Second Place Award 2014

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION  
Silver Medalist Award 2014

# STAFF

Name: **Brenda Okereke**, Editor-in-Chief

Grade: 11

Favorite Quote: "You are the masterpiece of your own life. You are the Michelangelo of your own life and the David you are sculpting is yourself. And you do this with your thoughts."

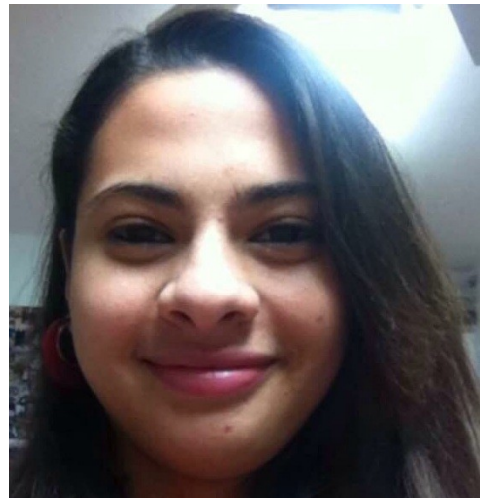
-Dr. Joe Vitale



Name: **Nermeen Girgis**, Literary Editor

Grade: 10

Favorite Quote: "Every single person on the planet has a story. Don't judge people before you truly know them. The truth might surprise you."



Name: **Arassely Chipa**, Photographic/Art Editor

Grade: 12

Favorite Quote: "Realism provides only amoral observation, while Absurdism rejects even the possibility of debate."

-Frances Babbage





# STAFF

## OUR ADVISOR



**John DeLaurentis**

## STAFF PICTURE





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 Advisor and Ms. Frieda T. Bockius as the Art Director. We are proud to be a part of this tradition, now celebrating our 60th anniversary year, as we graduate a class of approximately 200 bright, talented students.

*(Photo by Kristyn Rosen.)*

6 *Canuckling* 2015



# 2015 CANUCKLING STAFF

Literary and Technical Advisor:  
Mr. John DeLaurentis  
English and Creative Writing Teacher

Brenda Okereke, Editor-in-Chief  
Nermeen Girgis, Literary Editor  
Arassely Chipa, Photographic/Art Editor

## Staff:

Kevin Aldana  
Molly Appezzato  
Victoria Attis  
Veronica Attis  
Ben Blazek  
Kayla Celleri  
Courtney Coleman  
Jessie Corchado  
Johnathan Graham  
Jennifer Jones  
Aaliyah Juarbe  
Samantha Meredino  
Alex Novillo  
Jasmine Okolo  
Helen Pazmino  
Emani Royal  
Jordon Sample  
Jonnelle Steward  
Jeremiah Weaver  
Charlotte Williams  
Lena Zhu

Special Thanks to the English and Art Departments

## **Policy**

*Canuckling* invites all North Plainfield High School students to submit original works of literature and art. Students may submit work to the English and Art teachers, or directly to the advisors 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 2015*, the literary and art magazine of North Plainfield High School, was printed with a press run of 125 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 throughout this issue are AR Delaney, Reprise Script, and Cambria.

## **Cover**

Genesis Rondon, 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 2015 edition of the *Canuckling*, North Plainfield High School's literary-art magazine. During the duration of the year, Canuckling staff has met frequently to devote time and effort toward making this year's *Canuckling* a unique and inspiring collection showcasing the various artistic talents of our students. We have endlessly reviewed innumerable artistic, literary, and photographic submissions in order to decipher those that would best reflect our chosen theme for this year: *It's All About Perspective*. This year's issue tackles the theme of individual idealism and existential perceptions of the world. Our four subcategories are: *Dream Decisions*, *Epiphany*, *Life in Pictures*, and *Reality in the End*. As students, writers, artists, and photographers, we often perceive the universe in contrasting ways. We debate whether the glass is truly half empty or half full, whether that lost opportunity was a tragedy or a blessing in disguise, and the actual meaning of who we are and what we experience as well as what those snippets of time and definitions of ourselves actually signify. As you step forth into this issue, we hope you recognize the varying perspectives in our diverse community. We are individuals engrained with a sense of creative integrity in our purest forms that separates us from one another, offering our various perspectives on the world as we know it.

We thank the staff members who developed previous issues of *Canuckling* for providing examples from which we learned and adjusted, and we would like to congratulate them on their admirable work. 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 advisor, 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. We also wish the best of luck to next year's Canuckling Club, and we are sure that the future members of this team will continue our tradition of excellence and commitment.

Unquestionably, our advisor, Mr. John DeLaurentis deserves 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* 2015 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 intricate workings of individual perceptions. 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 it is indeed *All About Perspective*.

Brenda Okereke  
Editor-in-Chief

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

From *Canuckling* 1989

## **Procrastination**

Johanna Curry

Procrastination, it is the boon of the lazy, the curse of the expectant. For those of us who tend to wait until the last minute, procrastination is a godsend. It gives us an excuse, a way out. But it doesn't always work. We can only postpone projects and activities for a short amount of time.

Eventually, we wait too long and panic. That is the mark of an amateur. We, the professionals, can delay anything indefinitely, and when we finally complete the project, no one suspects the logistics of laziness that lead to lateness.

That is the true art of procrastination.



# BLAST FROM THE PAST

## La Procrastinación

La procrastinación es la bendición para los peresozos, la maldición de los expectativos. Para nosotros, peresozos, y los que se inclinan a esperar hasta el último minuto la procrastinación es un regalo de Díos. Nos da una excusa, un escape. Pero no es infalible. Podemos posponer los proyectos y las actividades para una cantidad de tiempo.

Eventualmente, esperamos demasiado y estamos en un estado de pánico. Es el error de un novicio. Nosotros, los profesionales, podemos demorar algunas cosas indefinidamente, y cuando cumplimos el proyecto, nadie sospecha los logísticos de pereza que resueltan en la tardanza.

Esto es el arte de la procrastinación.

*(Advisor's note: If you turn to page 60, you will read a more recent take on the topic of procrastination by Victoria Attis, a senior.)*



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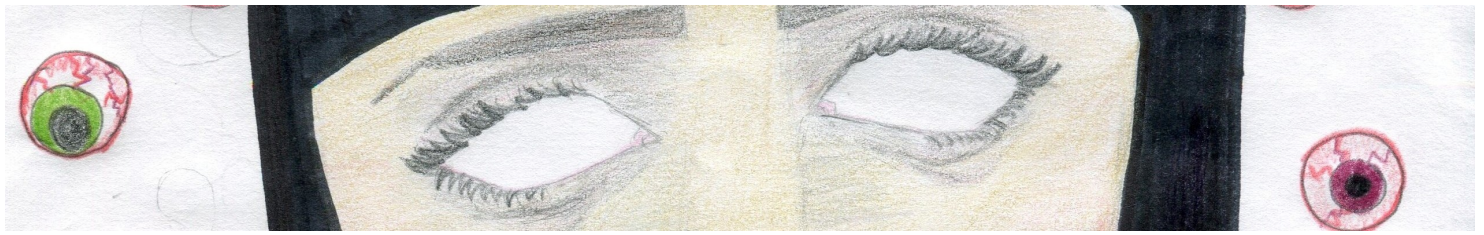
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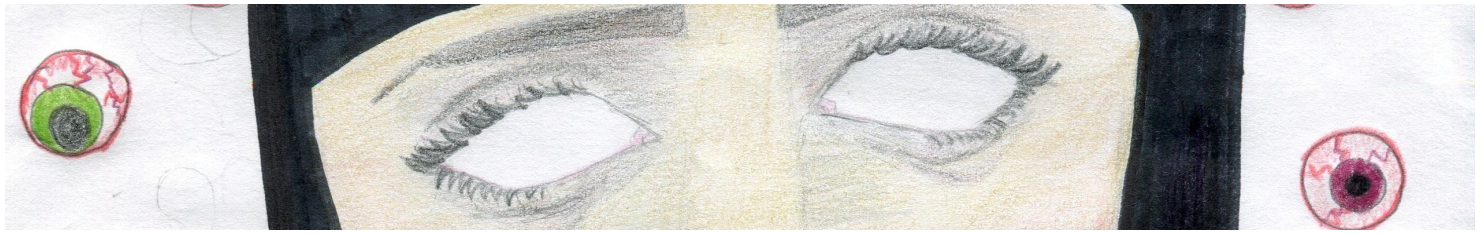




# DREAM DECISIONS



**"Icy Illusions"** by Arassely Chipa (Digital Photo)



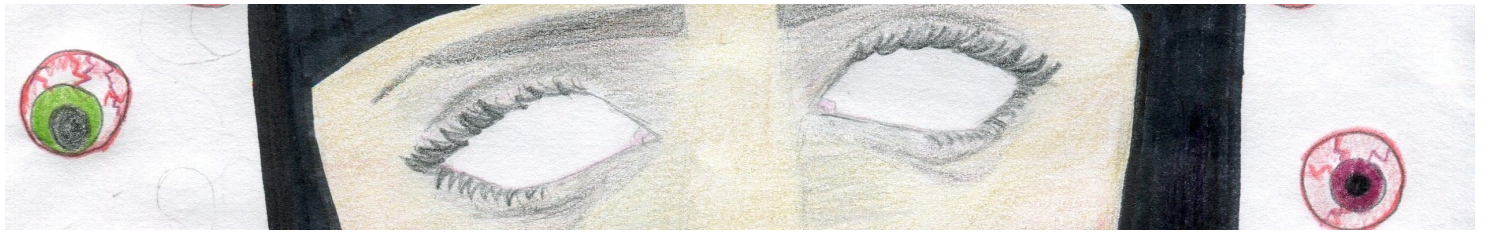
## **Determination**

Nadia Hussein

There was so much hidden behind your eyes,  
Strong yet fearful, haunted by tragedy,  
Underestimated but still so wise,  
Filled with memories of such agony.  
Determined not to be like your father,  
A man of words that could never be kept,  
When mom was leaving you couldn't stop her,  
Your hopes and dreams shattered, your heart was wrecked.  
Soon dad was in jail and you were alone,  
Sleeping in homes of strange new families,  
Nothing was left to call your very own,  
Yet you overcame such calamities.  
Just know I'm different and my heart is true,  
And I stay because I'm in love with you.

(Nadia Hussein is in ninth grade. She writes poems because it's a way to re-live special memories and tell a story.)





# Everything

Courtney Coleman

Stray  
Leave  
Walk away

Another day  
Another fee  
Another place

I don't know  
I've kind of always remembered  
Or rather, wondered

Who owns us  
Do we own us?  
Do we own others?

Everything's so, so complicated  
And I don't have the answers  
But there is an endless amount of questions



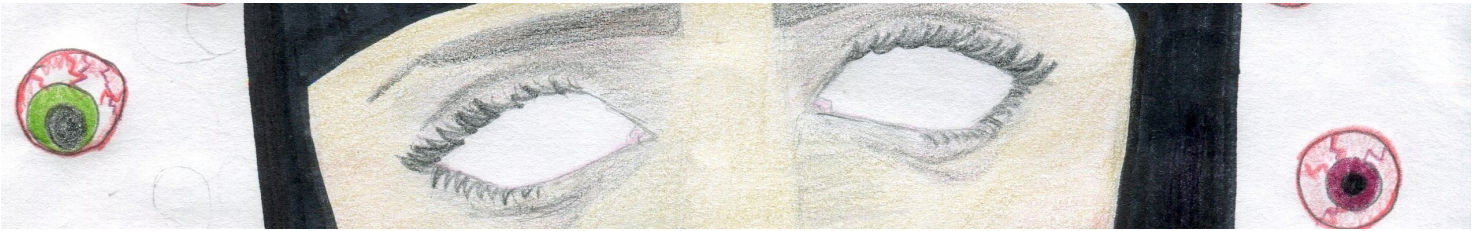
I hate everything sometimes  
Because I can't explain everything  
Sometimes, I think, "Why even bother?"

Everything is—  
Methinks Everything is anything  
And that anything and anyone  
can have the potential to be everything

What is everything?  
As of right now, I don't know.  
Everything is an open-ended question,  
and an unanswered statement

(Courtney Coleman is in twelfth grade. She is a reader, writer, aspiring musician, and professionally sarcastic!)





## **The Sound of Thought**

Jennifer Jones

If I were to ask for the sound of thought  
To what tone then would you giveth its voice  
You would say t'were silent but I think nought  
At least not all, its tone is made by choice

Its sounds may be proud  
Or shy and meek  
Or strong and willful  
Or soft and weak  
As loud as a lion  
Or as quiet as a squeak

Our thoughts are private and some never speak  
We keep them all to our self greedily  
But some thoughts we give like opinions  
Spoken whether people want them or not

(Jennifer Jones is in twelfth grade. She enjoys reading and writing fan fiction. )

# My Anonymous Love

Kelisha Chambers

I love the sight of your beautiful face  
Oh the way your smile lights up the whole room  
Then you walk out and don't leave a trace  
But you swept me off my feet like a broom

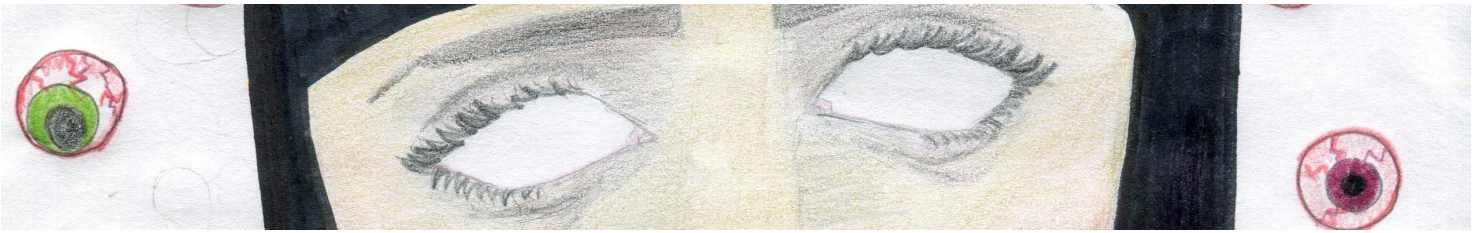
That smile  
Your hair  
Those eyes  
So fierce

Even though you have left your impression  
Still I have no idea what your name is  
but it's okay, I may not know your name but,  
I love the sight of your beautiful face

(Kelisha Chambers is in ninth grade. She likes creative writing because it is a good way to express herself. Dr. Seuss is her all-time favorite author/poet.)







## **The One-Eyed Ghoul**

Jonnelle Steward

Oh please just tell me who I was before  
This mask I wear conceals the truth within  
I know inside lingers humanity  
But I am seen as a monstrosity

Crack! Snap! Flesh!  
More! Please more! I crave you!  
I hold back the other side! Run! Hide!  
Help me!

I am stuck in a world of dark tragedy  
I was fooled into this twisted reality  
Forever lost and bound by what I am  
Oh please just tell me who I was before

(Jonnelle Stewart is in tenth grade. She loves writing, which has been a passion of hers since the age of 5. )

## **My Friend**

Kanira White

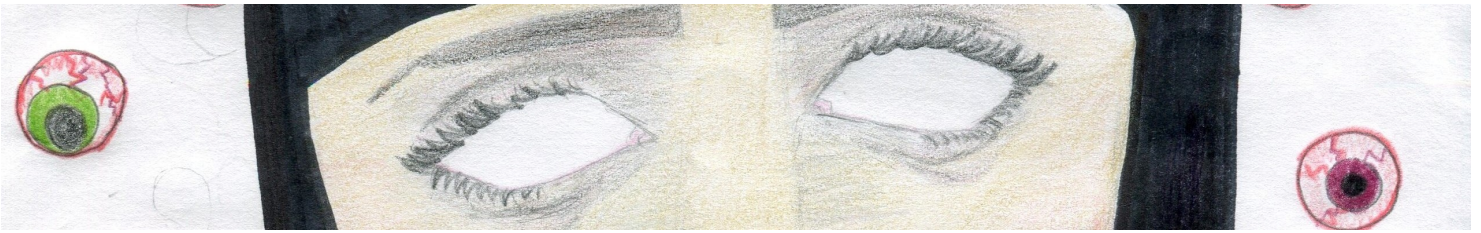
My heart shatters into little pieces  
Feeling my breath being taken away  
And I sit there, feeling speechless  
You took my heart away like it was prey

Thinking you were the one  
Falling for you, yet again another  
Bump in this road we call life  
Still

I can't stop myself from falling for your  
Smile, laugh, walk, almost everything you do  
And yes I know, but I liked how you made  
My heart shatter into little pieces

(Kanira White is in tenth grade. She is involved with Color Guard and Winter Guard. She enjoys the simple and luxurious things in life. She likes long walks that give her time to think and reflect. Writing has helped her get out emotions that she really didn't know how to deal with. And she loves Netflix.)





## **C.L.I.C.K.**

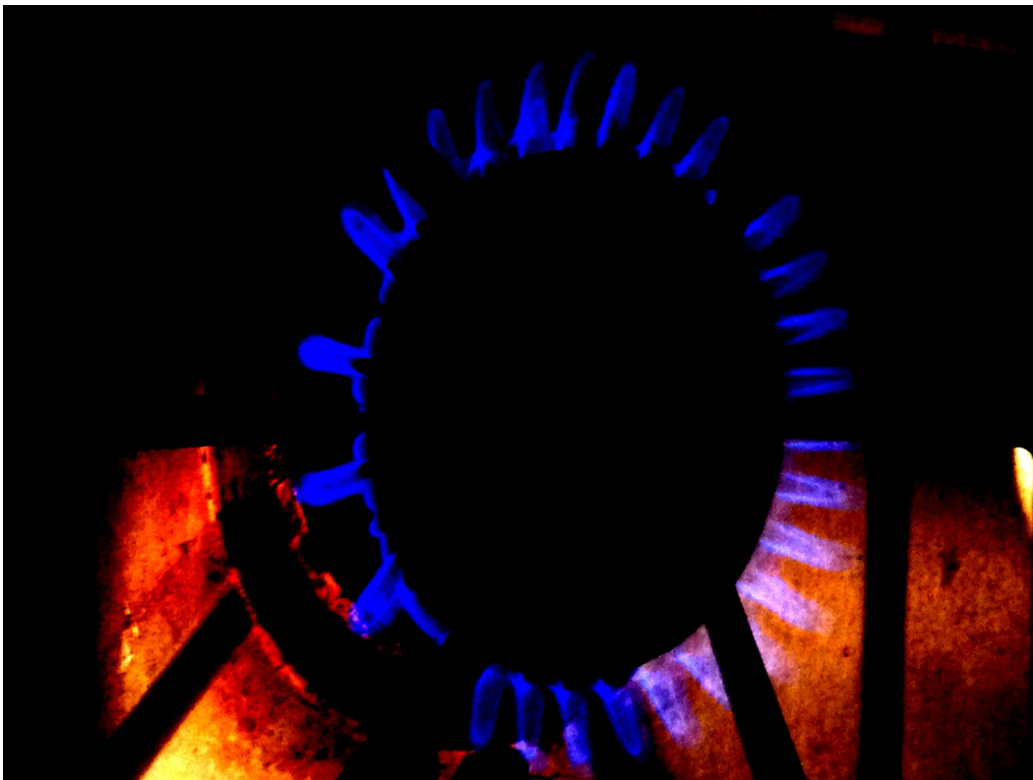
Jessie Corchado

One simple click  
And there will be a spark  
The heat excites you  
But the heat could kill you  
You wonder  
How can something so beautiful  
End your life in  
3,2,1?  
You touch it and you blister  
You can't help but  
Stare  
At  
It  
It's so dangerous though  
Just pour the gasoline.  
Click away  
And watch as  
The blackness eats away  
The bright color  
A red truck pulls over  
And you watch as they  
Pull an almighty hose  
To calm the raging flame

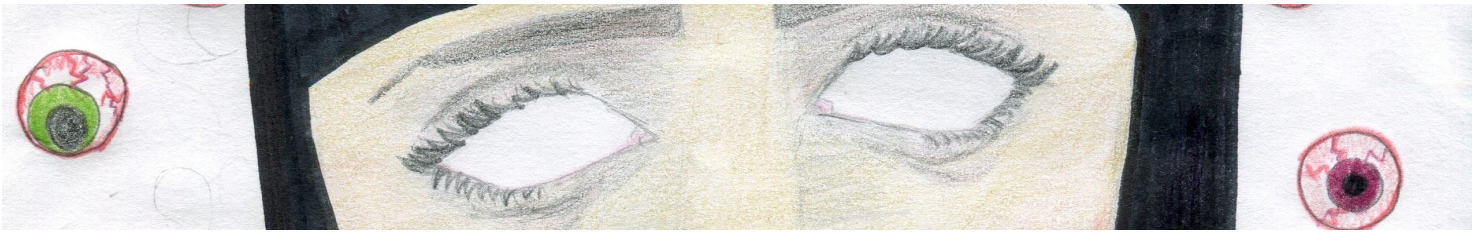


It's so beautiful  
It's so deadly  
One click  
Can ruin so many lives  
One click  
Could fill the air  
With indescribable smells  
And once you hold that  
Precious object  
One pull of the trigger  
And it's your ultimate decision  
To  
Hurt  
Or  
To  
Heal

(Jessie Corchado is in tenth grade. She has been writing since she was about 5 years old.)



**"Fire Eye"** by John DeLaurentis, Advisor  
(Manipulated Digital Photo)



## **The Dreamer**

Aaliyah Juarbe

When I speak I hope you listen more than  
just hear me,  
My imagination awakens from its deep  
slumber you imprisoned it to,  
I see things so different now,  
It's overwhelming!  
Why did you do this?  
I covet my dreams now because of you,  
You beat my leaking dreams,  
You know they are contorted with me,  
right??  
So that means you are also beating me  
as well!  
Look at my words!  
Can you listen???  
I love this, just look please???  
Look at what I have so far!

My self-conscience mind screams for you to  
listen and look but no,  
You have been damned by ignorance that  
you don't even try to resist it anymore.  
Why?

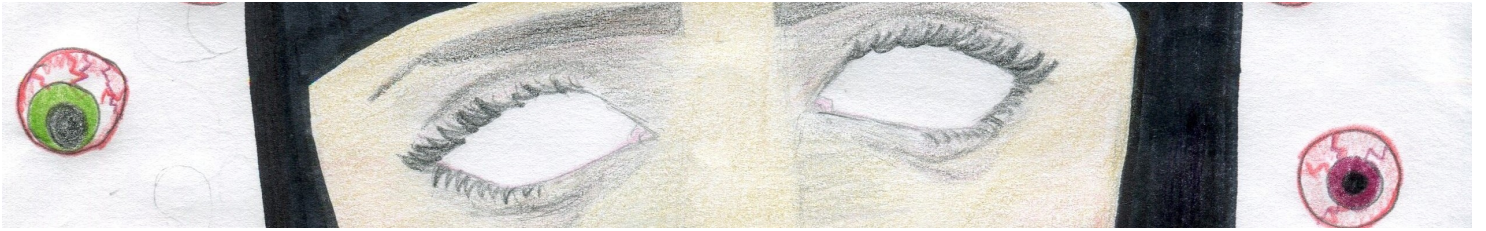
I've lost her once and I won't lose her again,  
She is here and will be published with or  
without your consent!  
Dakottah and I are too tightly bound that we  
have found each other once again.  
She will not go back to sleep!  
These dreams make me happy,  
Her symbol of hope has brought  
achievement to my eyes,  
Yet I feel like I still should give up when  
you beat me down.  
Why?

That's okay because when I am put down,  
I draw that symbol of hope and dream that  
dream and it brings faith, hope, and so much  
more back to my eye and tells me to never  
let go!

I now know who I am,  
I am the Dreamer!  
So take my hand,  
And we can dream together,  
I can show you what it's like,  
And you would never wanna go back.  
I am the Dreamer!  
So Deal With It!

(Aaliyah Juarbe is in twelfth grade. She is an avid writer who enjoys expressing herself through fiction which portrays deep emotions. She is currently working on her first novel, *Awaken*.)





## **The Power of Almost**

Kaitlyn Carreras

With him, I truly felt  
the power of the word empty  
He found and he left  
Basking in the sun of confidence  
And leaving me in shadows of doubt  
I felt the power of the word almost  
As if I now knew almost wasn't enough  
Almost in love  
Almost loved  
Almost wanted  
But when he left  
All I had was the thought of us  
Seeing the same moon at 12 a.m.  
Laying underneath the same stars  
Hoping his life  
Would cross paths with mine, just once more  
To prove that I know the power of empty,  
And the power of almost

(Kaitlyn Carreras is in tenth grade. Her free time is occupied by cheerleading and Netflix.)

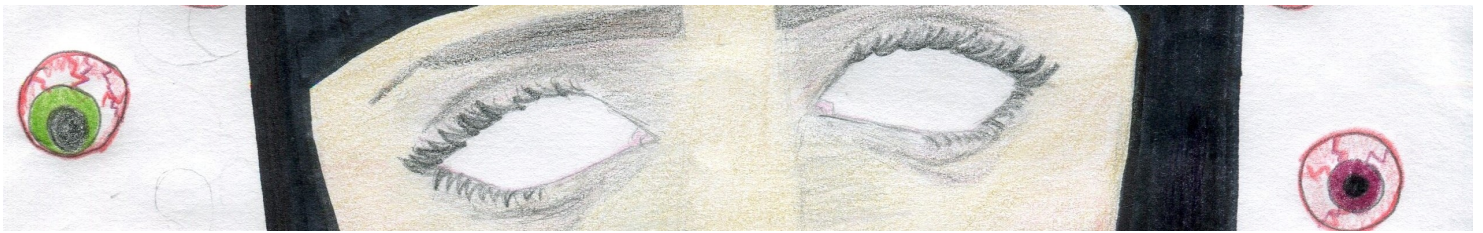
# Wash Myself Rainbow

Jeremiah Weaver

Dressed in all black  
I plan to be a sinner tonight  
To creep across the canvas  
But only because the devil painted me this way  
My life was water color paintings  
Waiting for the rain to come  
And rinse everything white  
Accept my clothes  
They're just painted black  
So that no one can see the true colors  
Bursting around me  
I don't want the opportunity  
Of my colors to explode from me  
And wash everyone rainbow  
And dry everyone from who they are  
I just want to cleanse myself of the black  
And layer the rainbow onto me  
And wash myself rainbow  
Truth is  
I'm just a rainbow  
And my constant thoughts were just painted white  
But dressed, just dressed with black

(Jeremiah "Jay" Weaver is in tenth grade. An expressive writer, he likes riding his long board. He also works at IHOP having fun making that money!)





## **More than Enough**

Nadia Hussein

Who she was and who she is are strangers  
Who she was just could never be enough  
Everything she did she was told it was wrong  
She was stuck in the middle, nowhere she could belong  
People always talked about her, so quick to criticize  
Two faced people, becoming immune to their lies  
She told herself to try to just accept it  
But now all those kids are starting to regret it

She showed all the signs but no one wanted to see  
Ones that do think that it's rather you than me  
She was silent yet her actions screamed so loud  
But now she's fading away, up into the clouds  
How many does it take to realize that there's a problem  
Instead of letting all these people hit rock bottom  
Change the aggression, turn it into affection  
And change the image we all have of perfection

'Cause if we take the time, to even ask  
You heal someone's wound and remove their mask  
It seems we all aspire to be a star  
We forget it's okay to be who we are  
And being different shouldn't make us ashamed  
Liking different things shouldn't make us afraid  
Loving yourself can really be tough  
But being yourself is more than enough



People choose to hide behind their pain  
Even if it means running away  
Sinking in their sadness slowly drowning  
Picking up the bottle quickly downing  
Finding escape from lighting and shooting up  
But bliss and happiness won't come from a cup  
At some point you have to stop running  
And go face to face, destroying yourself is a waste

It isn't that our people are getting weaker  
We're just trying new ways to deal with sadness and anger  
But we need to learn how to just let it all go  
And stop the acting, life's not a TV show  
And if we learn to accept ourselves  
There would be less stories of people killing themselves



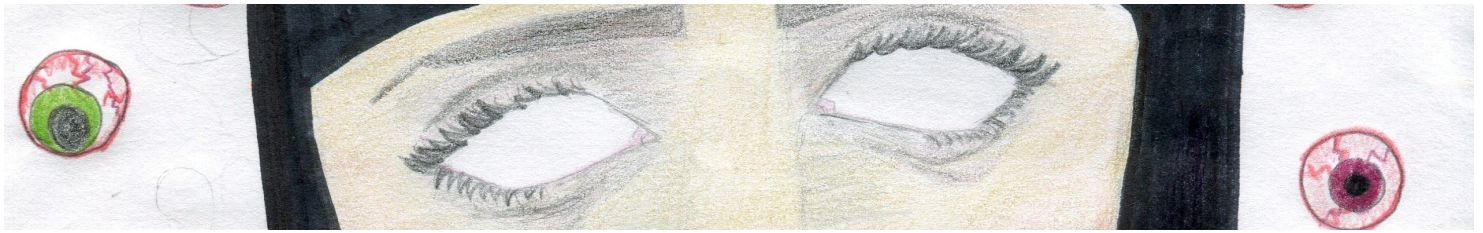
**"Change Your Perspective"** by Victoria Bermudez (Digital Photo)





**“Peeking Through”** by Arassely Chipa (Digital Photo)





## **Mes**

Jennifer Jones

My heart goes out to you, mes of the past  
My soul goes out to you, mes who cannot last  
My blessings go to you, mes who've died in vain  
My mercies to the mes, who've endured a great pain

My prayers to mes who've come before  
My cries for mes who live abhorred  
My pleadings for the mes who've cried  
My tears for the mes who've tried

To past and future selves of thee  
You're not alone for you are 'we'

*(Author's note: Dedicated to alternate selves in the different universes that are constantly being made by the different actions we make each second. Mes is the plural of me.)*



# Bittersweet

Jessica Corchado

The day was dark and gloomy. Those were my favorite types of days. I threw my black sweater in a cardboard box labeled "favorite sweaters." I tossed my brown stuffed bunny onto the bed, which used to be white, but five year old me really liked to play in mud piles. I chuckled and thought, "What sixteen year old still sleeps with a stuffed animal? Especially one named Percival." You see, that bunny was given to me by father. He was a gentle man. He was six feet tall with short black hair and a smile that could turn anyone's day around. People say I look like him. I walked over to my mirror and examined my features. Dark brown hair, pale skin, freckles, green eyes, arched eyebrows, pinkish red lips. I did resemble my father. The image of him standing next to his black Mini Cooper made me uncomfortable. I didn't like remembering my father's death. I made eye contact with myself in the mirror and shook my head. I could see my father's apparition behind me, giving me that warm smile that made me feel so safe. I turned around to realize that there was nothing there except for swinging curtains that were moved by the quiet breeze outside.

I grabbed my box and made my way downstairs.

"Madison! Hurry up, honey, we don't have much time."

"Coming, Mother. I'm coming!"

I walked around the house while holding the box, soaking up all of the memories I lived here in this house. I looked into the kitchen and saw my dad and seven year old me making banana milkshakes and forgetting to put the top on the blender, resulting in banana chunks and milk smeared all over the walls. I chuckled and felt a sting in my chest. I miss my dad. I walked over to my mother who was frantically moving around, giving the movers our boxes full of stuff.

"Hey sweetie. Would you mind taping that up? I don't want anything to fall over in the moving truck."

My mom, a short, petite woman with long brown locks and a face of an angel, smiled at me and continued to pack. I made my way to the roll of tape and picked at it until I could finally grab a piece.

"Where do you want this to go?"

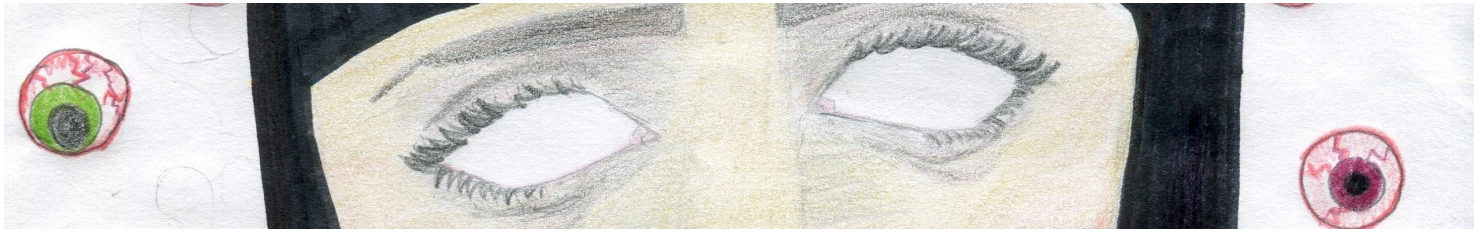
My mother pointed her finger to the moving truck, and I quickly made my way to it while holding the box. *Henry and Son: Moving Co.* I studied the humongous white moving truck and sighed. I didn't want to move. I didn't have much of a choice. I had to move sooner or later. My mother didn't want to walk around the house with a constant sting in her chest, knowing that my father was no longer with us.

I remember one night, it was about two in the morning. I went downstairs quietly to grab a glass of water and saw my mother with a knife inches away from her stomach, whispering, "Why did you have to leave me? Why did you have to get into the damn car?" over and over again. I was mortified and made as much noise I possibly could to startle her. She gasped and quickly put the knife away in the drawer, and positioned herself in an innocent and sweet manner, soaking her hands in water, making it look like she had just finished washing the dishes. After that night, I made sure I was with her at all times. I even stayed up until three in the morning everyday just to see if she would go to bed.

"Mad, we're leaving in five minutes. Take that time to grab anything you left behind."

I could hear my mother slam the door. I knew she didn't want to take a final walk through the house. But I did. I ran my fingers across the walls, the floors, the door handles, everything. So many memories shot into my head, and my emotions were getting out of hand. I quickly wiped away my tears with my sleeve and visited my parents' room. I could see my mom and dad in there, laughing while watching TV. There was a thunder storm that day, which caused me to run out of my room and seek for comfort and safeness in between my parents. They both snuggled up and told me that the thunder was just angry because he didn't have a loving family like we did. Every time I heard a thunder clap, I felt bad for the cloud. I felt bad for myself.

I inhaled the memories and walked downstairs taking one final look. "Bye, Dad. I love you." I opened the door and closed it and walked to the front seat of the car. I knew that new memories would await us in our new house.



## River Bend

Charlotte Williams

I look at you and I see my reflection.  
A shimmery image of what is there  
Creating a new kind of perfection

Sensing a fair and blotchy complexion  
One that knows there is more than this to bear.  
I look at you and see my reflection

The sting of an icy hot rejection  
No way possible that it can compare  
Creating a new kind of perfection.

What you give to me is not affection  
But a lesson for knowing that you care.  
I look at you and see my reflection.

A series proof is in your collection.  
Hiding the many truths we ask is rare  
Creating a new kind of perfection.

The fluid motion, not real connection  
Is vital for us living our lives fair.  
I look at you and see my reflection.  
Creating a new kind of perfection.

(Charlotte Williams is in twelfth grade. She wants to make writing her career. She loves the free expression writing provides and the creativity she can express in any story she creates.)



# The Fantasy of Fandoms and Their Fics

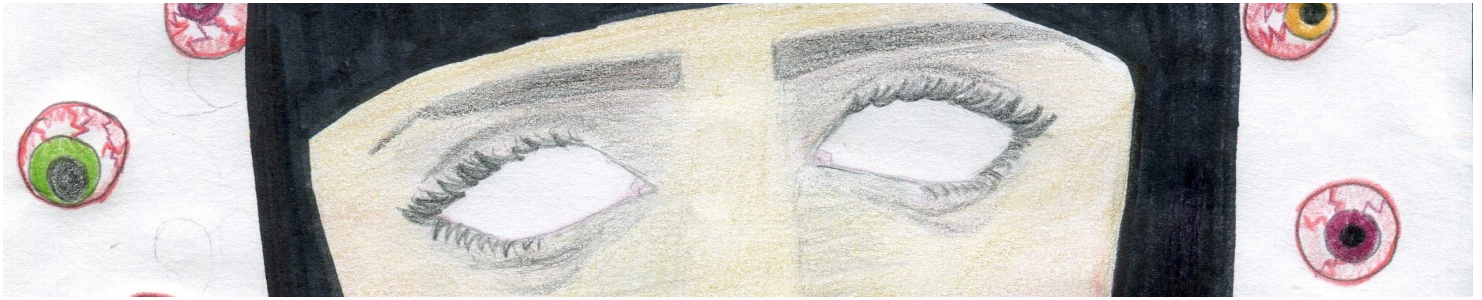
Jennifer Jones

The fantasy of fandoms and their fics  
What with their pairings and cliffhangers does  
Shatter the readers and give authors kicks  
With the twisting of cannon and what was.

Our tears an elixir of life  
Our shards of heart trophies  
For collecting and displaying  
And our obsessive need of and hanging  
The grand prize and aim of all

The 'what if' and toil of us the fans  
Oft' is madness we hope to understand  
Anything happens and everything does in  
The fantasy of fandoms and their fics.





## **Straighten My Twist**

Jeremiah Weaver

I was raised  
To hide my individuality  
So I walked with my back straight  
And my eyes looking forward  
Looking straight forward  
So I can see my life running away from me

Since I was a child  
I was trained to be  
Impossibly proper

To be seen and never heard  
But I don't want to be seen  
I want to lurk under the carpets  
where no one can find me

But I do want to be listened to  
So all the eyes can be on me at all times  
When they realize I speak real things  
And I cry real tears

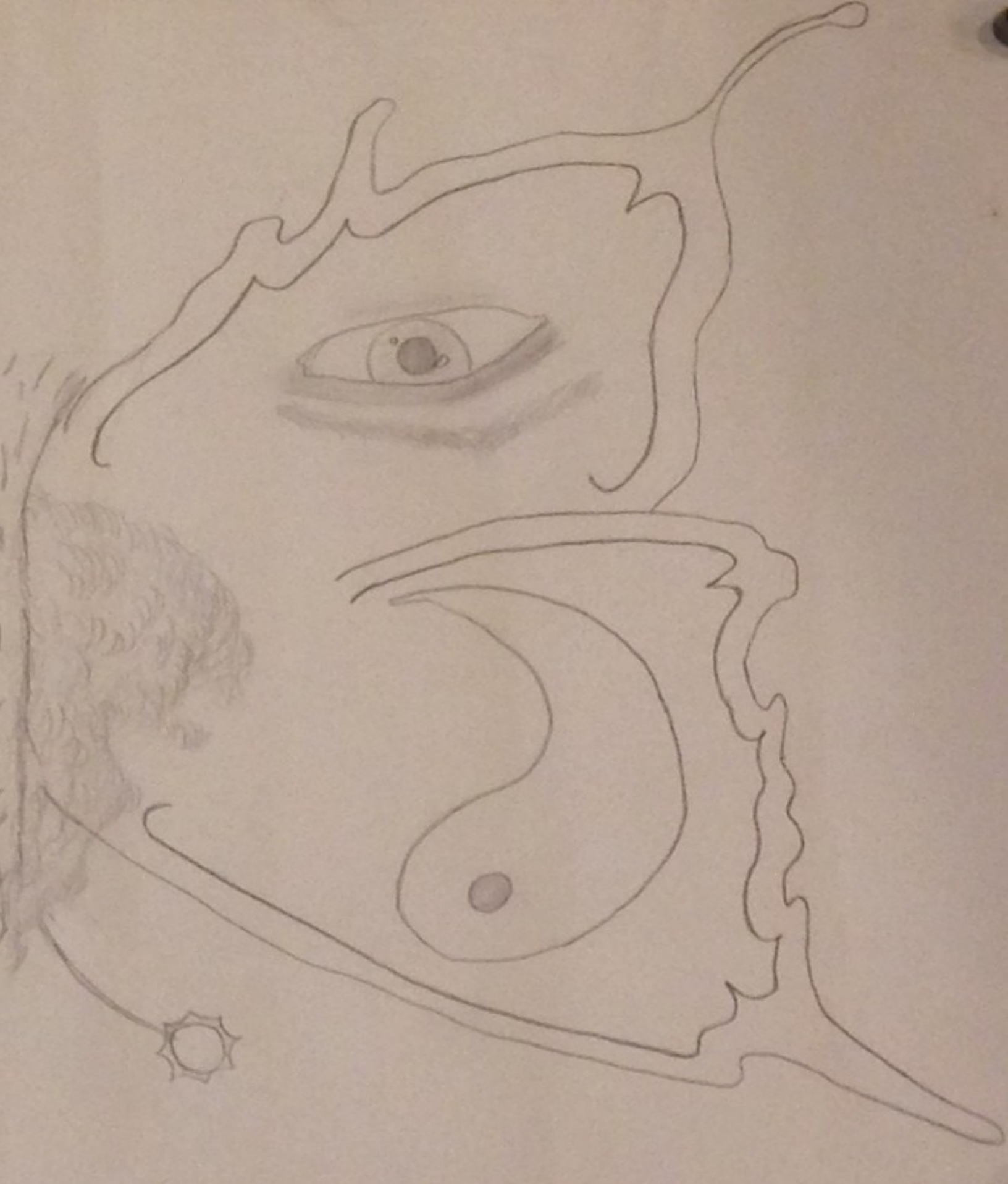
I want to be  
Strong and independent  
Just so I can walk around with my head high  
And body straight  
So I often switch my stitch  
And straighten my twist  
It consists  
Of pure concentration  
To the elevation of my brain  
Like I'm on probation and forced to do nothing but read the daily news  
As the world looks at me for who I am  
Slightly curved toward the left  
Never to the right  
"I'm never right"  
They say  
"I can never do anything right"  
They say  
"I can't keep looking forward and stand up straight"  
They scream  
"I'm never right"  
About what I love or who loves me  
Truth be told,  
I don't want to be independent  
I want to depend on love  
And not straighten my twist  
And cause restriction upon my twist  
They were raised to be free,  
Unlike me

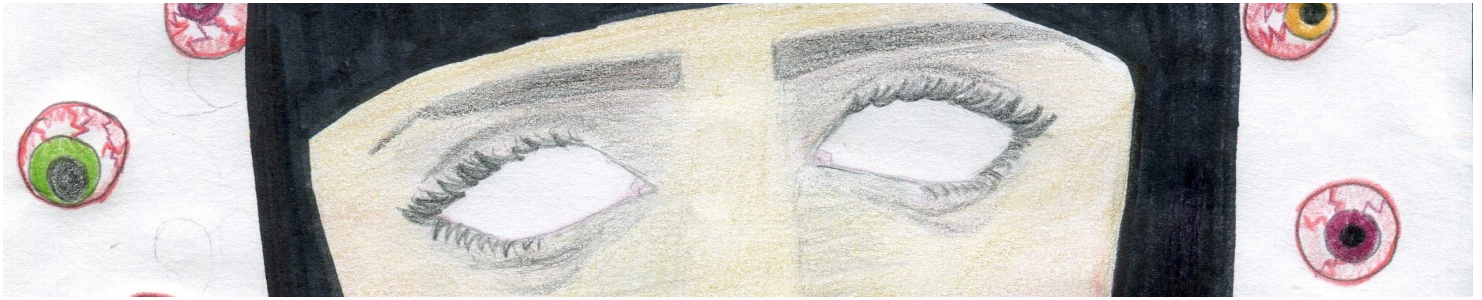


**It's All About Perspective**” by Arassely Chipa (Pencil Drawing)

40 *Canuckling* 2015







## **Star-Crossed Lovers**

Jonnelle Steward

We are star-crossed lovers gazing at the sky  
For it is our enemy trying to tear us apart  
The clouds may blind us  
But we will use our light to guide the way

The wind may blow us off our course  
But we will redirect ourselves  
To make a constellation of love

The moon shines so bright  
To make us forget who we are  
But we will shine brightest  
To make sure we leave our mark in the dark sky

The seasons will try to misguide us  
Causing only death and confusion  
Still...  
We will remain strong!

For we are stars  
Damned to an eternal hell in Orion's belt  
But we will be together as one

Combined and conformed into a shooting star  
Flying across the sky for all of mankind's life  
So they may see one love flourish  
Out into the dark sky

To another galaxy we travel  
Where we shine bright  
Our radiance shall grow  
And our love will go on forever.

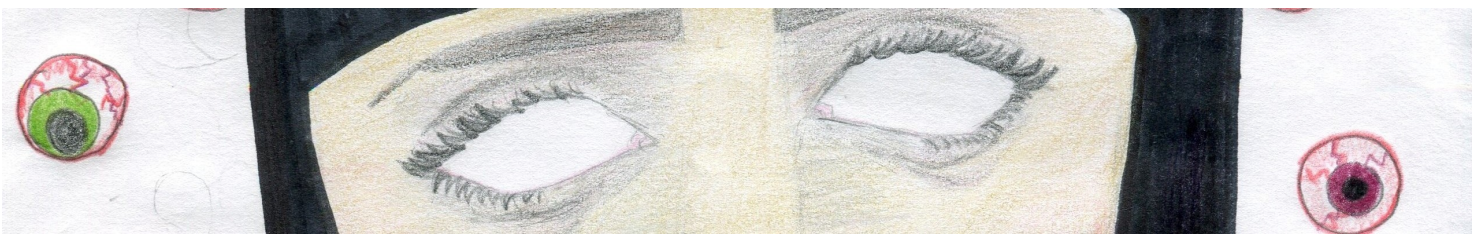
## **Empty**

Jessie Corchado

I don't really know how I feel right now  
Expressions and emotions have left me  
I don't feel happy, nor do I feel down  
I don't want to stay, nor do I want to leave

Empty! I feel empty  
What are feelings?  
What are emotions?  
I forgot how it felt like. It's been a long time.

I smile, but it's not real.  
I laugh, but it's not real.  
Who I am right now isn't real  
I don't really know how I feel right now



## **The Earth's Curtains**

Nadia Hussein

“Grandpa, I wish there was a way for you to see this. Or at least a way that you could sense this beauty.”

I stared off into the sunset, hypnotized by the creation.

“Tell me, Nadia. What’s it like? How does it make you feel?”

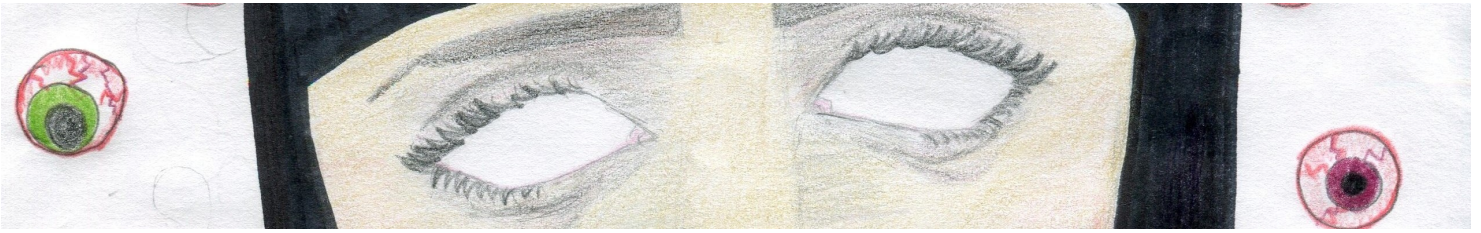
I sighed, preparing myself to attempt the impossible task.

“A sunset is when the sun touches the land ever so gently and kisses the plains. The world is suddenly illuminated and you can feel the warmth and serenity throughout your body. There is nothing as life changing, Grandpa. Nothing in this whole universe. It’s beauty is unexplainable. The way the world changes color instantly. The sun drowns in the horizon. But in a good way, Grandpa. The way the sun kisses the land representing promise and reassurance that despite all the tragedies and heartbreaks in this world, there is one guarantee. The beauty of a sunset can mend the most broken souls with its radiance. Some say your emotions are reflected in the sunset. That if you allow yourself to become lost in the captivating treasure of the setting sun, you can see yourself. Your essence. The sunset is the world’s therapy. Releasing promise after doubt. The universe comes together it seems. The array of emotions humans feel create colors that can be seen in the sky at dusk. Think of the sky as a play. The clouds are the actors and actresses rushing around on set. And at the end of the day, when the play has ended, the curtain falls. The sunset is the earth’s curtains.”





**“Sunset Dreams”** by Courtney Coleman (Digital Photo)



## Ashes to Ashtray (An Anti-Smoking Ode)

Victoria Bermudez

Breathe in  
the infected  
air  
Breathe out  
the horrid  
chemicals.  
Soft,  
sweet,  
delicious lives.  
Hour glass  
reversing time.  
Slamming  
doors,  
Filling in  
cracks.  
Day dreaming  
that you'd  
just relax.  
Voices  
screeching,  
Like tires  
in summer.  
Hot rubber,  
Just like  
Your lungs.

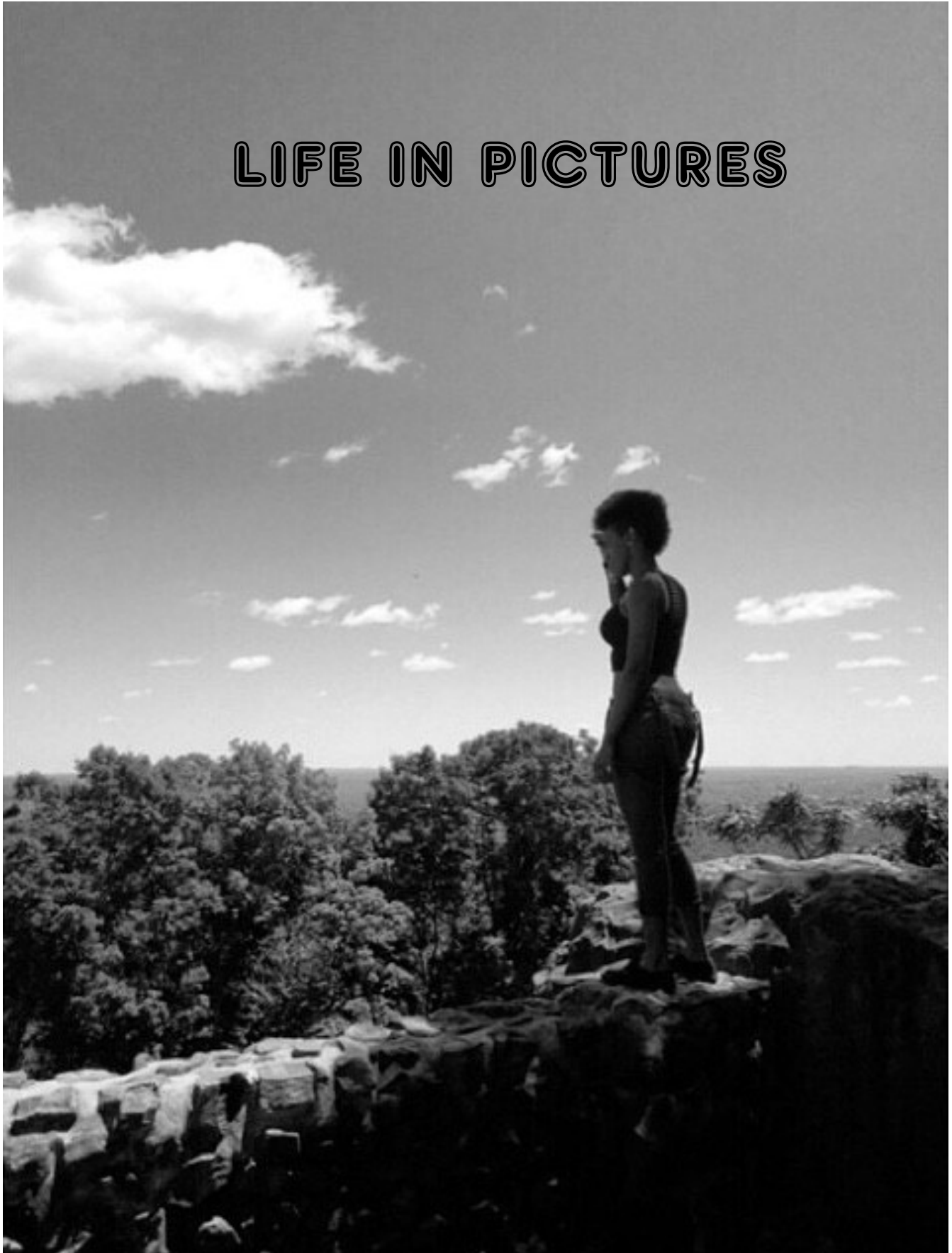
The warm putrid  
Smoke  
Scratching  
at your walls.  
Tearing  
down  
wallpaper  
And painting  
the remainder  
in  
blood.

(Victoria Bermudez is in  
twelfth grade. She loves  
to write to express  
herself.)



**“Lung Soup”** by Arassely Chipa (Digital Photo)

# LIFE IN PICTURES



**"Picture This"** by Courtney Coleman (Digital Photo)



# Life in Pictures

Courtney Coleman

It's always said  
About a picture  
Tell us what you see  
Something special  
About a photograph  
That differs  
Between you and me

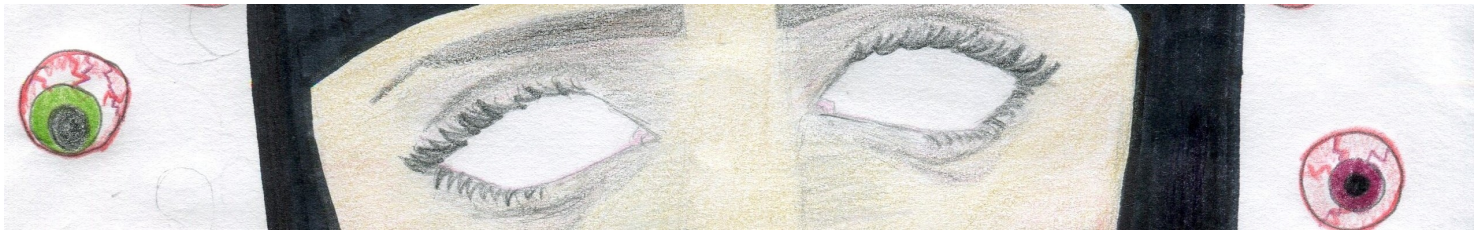
Niagara Falls  
The Grand Canyon  
And Old Faithful, too  
These are really special things  
But so is a photo of you

Our memories are sacred  
This time is frozen too  
If you want to look back  
And reminisce,  
This is what you'll view

Some are old, and dusty too  
But we don't really mind  
You'll remember how you shouted,  
"Cheese"  
And gave a great big smile

Other times, the memories are dark  
And it's hard to think about  
You'll think about  
The special people;  
They're hard to live without

But after all the tears and fears  
There's happiness you'll recall  
You'll see your  
Life in pictures  
And you'll understand it all



## **An Ode to You**

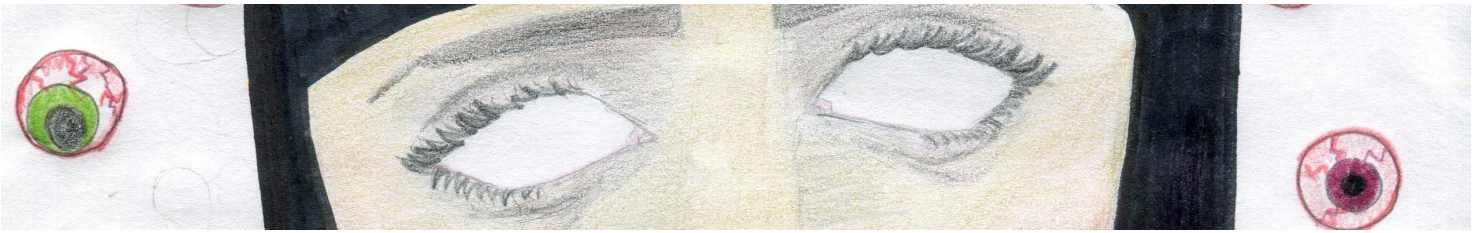
Kaitlyn Carreras

You, my friend,  
Are not only  
Muscle and bone  
Fingers and legs  
Nerves and veins  
You are  
Newly thought ideas  
And the face of  
A loved one  
You are screws and nails  
Bolting together to reinvent  
A new beginning  
You are the hope  
Of a new day  
And the melody  
Of someone's song  
The smile on  
Your best friend's face  
And the blush  
Of your other half  
You are more than  
the fingers that  
Reach down your tired throat  
After a large meal  
You are more than  
the razors hidden  
In the nooks and crannies  
Of your room

You are more than excuses  
And long sleeves  
You are more than  
Mirrors, magazines, and  
Unrealistic expectations  
You are more than  
Your past  
You, my friend,  
Do not derive from  
Your mistakes,  
Broken promises,  
Shattered mirrors  
or lost hope  
You are a heart  
full of gold  
Full of a colorful future  
And someone who's set  
To fulfill your life  
And finish  
Your story.







## Evolution of Growth

Lessly Delcid

A baby girl so small and endearing  
Small hands and feet fill your heart  
She cries and weeps, will she be enough?

A little girl so curious  
She struggles to fit in  
To be one of them  
She wants to live up to expectations

A teenage girl so rebellious  
Finding herself is the goal  
Pushing away those who love her  
Reaching for those who don't

A young woman so independent  
So focused and driven  
But is something missing?  
At 19, her heart yearns for more

A youthful soul fearing adulthood  
So in love and adventurous  
Relentless and determined  
But so naïve and spontaneous  
Good things never last

This baby girl is now an aged woman  
Life has seemingly passed her by  
Without warning or signals  
Love is a foreign word  
Adventures no longer fill her nights  
Her youth has come and gone

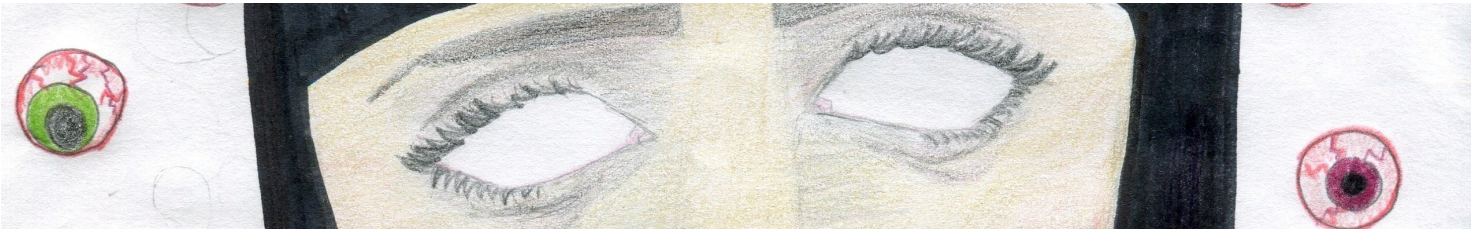
(Lessly Delcid is in twelfth grade. She enjoys writing because she feels as though she is able to express herself more freely through writing.)



**“The Path of Growth”**

By Arassely Chipa

(Digital Photo)



## Lost

Anne Tang

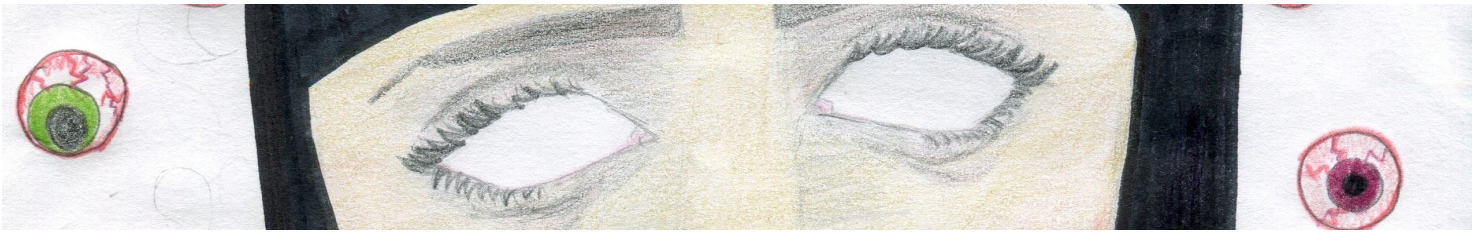
When I look up, I can't see anything  
Except for a bewitching scenery  
Bleached white snow, evergreen trees, everything  
As natural as a spring-time's greenery.  
With an angel's kiss, it will melt away  
Cold enough to be delicate and pure  
Soft enough for your frozen heart to stray  
And, it's beautiful enough to allure.  
Tender hands, gentle touch, merciless warmth  
Astonished, as the snowflake gently cries  
Tears down your visage is what it brings forth  
Who knew that there is none you can rely.  
Swollen eyes, heavy heart, say your goodbyes  
And, I will not give you anymore tries.

(Anne Tang is in twelfth grade. She has written a book which is in revision for publication. She also hopes to publish a memoir by next summer.)





**“Closed Out”** by Courtney Coleman (Digital Photo)



## Masks

Nermeen Girgis

Look at her face  
She seems so happy

But just because the smile is there  
doesn't mean the happiness is too  
Just because she lives  
doesn't mean she's alive

People learn to hide behind masks  
Can you see past mine?  
Or are you fooled like the rest?  
Your eyes watching me curiously

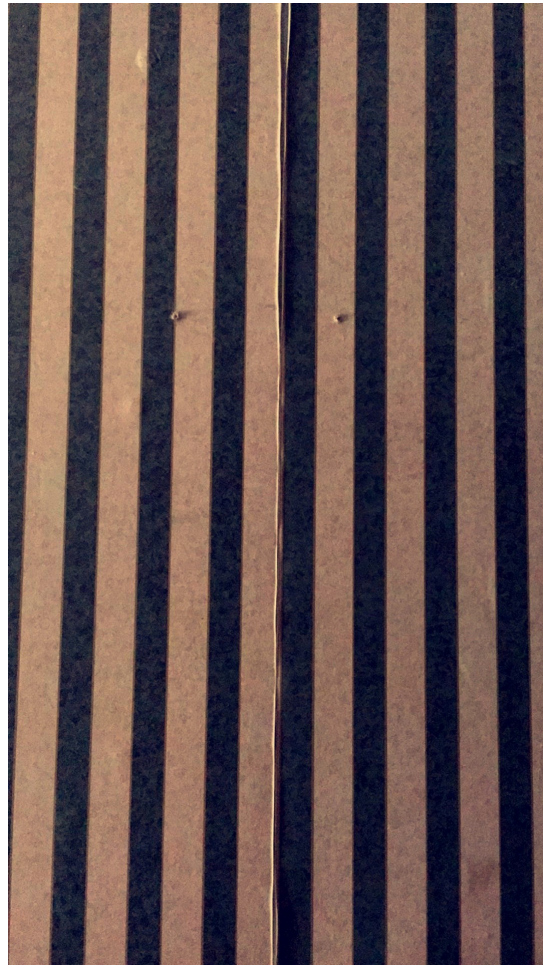
I wonder if you truly see me  
Or do you see my mask?  
Do you see how I'm torn on the inside?  
Or just that fake happy attitude everyone else sees

But maybe your different I can't tell  
Do you have a mask too?  
Or is this the real you?  
I can't even tell anymore  
I can't see past the tears and the lies

Maybe I should just leave  
And not look back  
But leaving you behind feels so wrong  
Why can't you help me?  
I can't see past the lies  
That are your mask  
Why can't you take it off?

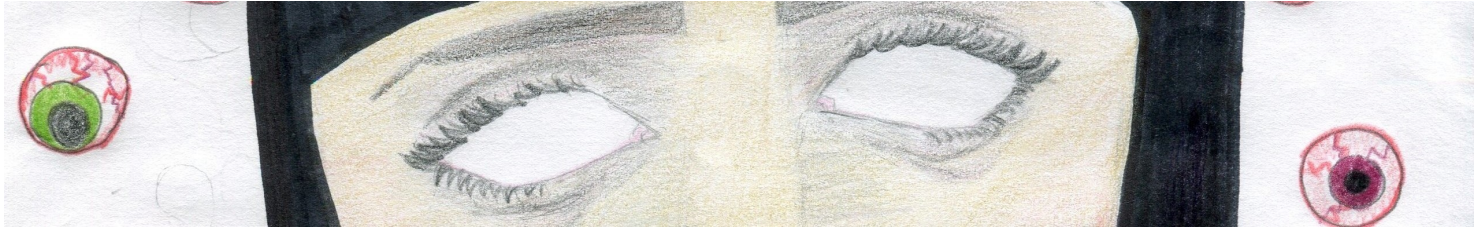
Do you see me or are you just like the rest?

(Nermeen Girgis is in tenth grade. She likes creative writing because you can have fun with the writing and express yourself in more than one way.)



**"Hiding Behind"** by Courtney Coleman  
(Digital Photo)





## Images

Jasmine Okolo

"A picture is worth a thousand words."  
That's the well known saying.  
Sometimes our pictures reveal us more,  
expose our joys, pains, and sufferings.

Things we can't express ourselves  
are better said with photos.  
But in some instances, that is false,  
we could look happy, but be sad, who knows.

We shouldn't rely on photos to determine  
whether one is happy or not.  
Because a picture can show me smiling happily  
while my insides want to swell and rot.

How can images hold so much meaning?  
Clearly they hadn't been through the same  
experiences as the person who did,  
leaving them in a good or dark place, but still sane.

This complex idea of tangible things representing incomprehensible feeling, is an exaggeration that was created to get those emotions reeling.

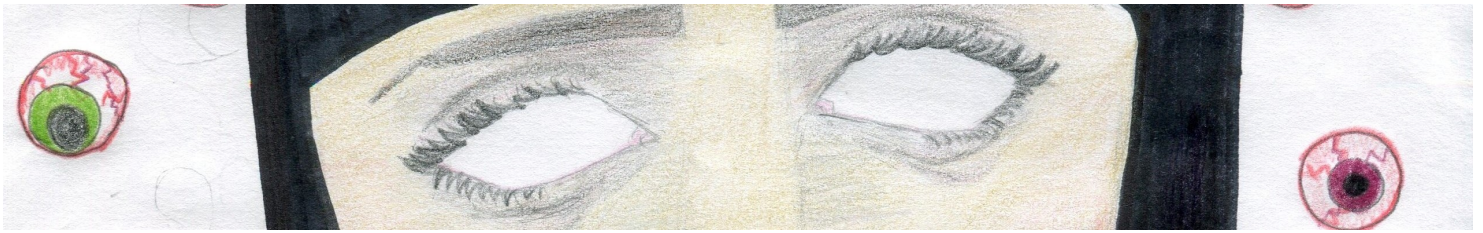
“A picture is worth a thousand words.”  
That’s the exaggerated saying.  
SOMETIMES our pictures reveal us more:  
expose our joys, pains, and sufferings.

(Jasmine Okolo is in eleventh grade. She enjoys creative writing because it serves as an outlet for her to speak freely and uniquely, unraveling all of her thoughts.)



**“Mirror Images”** by Arassely Chipa (Digital Photo)





## Ode to Procrastination

Victoria Attis

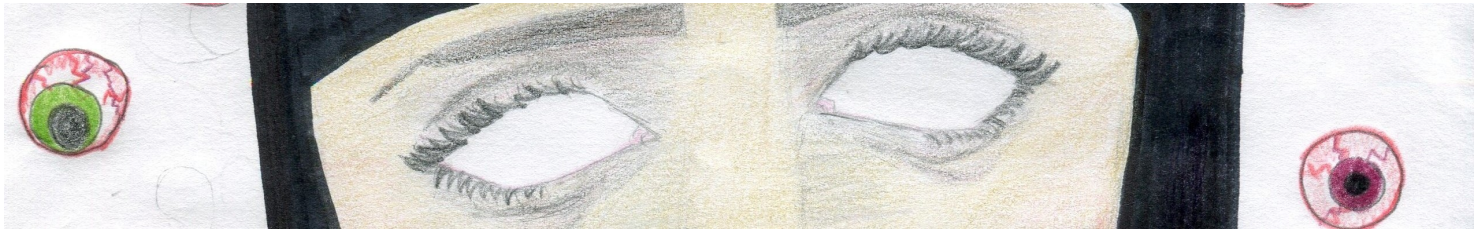
I take a glance  
At the clock beside me  
Knowing that  
I'm wasting my time  
I sit at my desk  
Staring at the wall  
Rolling my eyes  
As the seconds climb  
Procrastination  
Comes to me  
And as always,  
It chooses  
To come naturally  
Often times  
I don't even need  
To try  
I just do  
And I was  
And I am  
I have homework to do  
And a story to write  
But I guess I can wait  
To do them tonight  
Oh, who am I kidding?



I know that I can't  
Afford to do this  
But still, I just  
Continue to rant  
Instead of drawing  
I'm sitting here reading  
And instead of reading  
I lay daydreaming  
Though it seems  
Putting work off  
Does have its charm  
So I guess  
Procrastinating  
Won't do much harm  
Right?  
...Definitely wrong

(Victoria Attis is in twelfth grade. She absolutely loves to read and write, and she plans on publishing her written work. She loves creative writing because she is able to improve her writing style and try new techniques.)





## **Our Apocalyptic Change**

Jeremiah Weaver

The moon shines bright while the sun is out of sight  
My mind becomes saw dust that is blown by the wind at dusk  
No time to eat, my body is being blown through a tornado  
As my stomach is filled with tiny tsunamis  
that pack two times the force of a million gorillas pounding on their chest.  
As I sink in quick sand, my brain spills a mud slide full of lies  
to no other than myself  
The best way to tell a lie is to believe the lie itself  
How do you think rumors start, right?  
Morons believe the stupidity caused by others' spite  
I cry rainstorms as I see nothing but lightning  
And when I shut my eyes I'm overwhelmed by the sound of thunder  
striking the wind caused by my brutally honest words  
A forest fire starts in my heart  
And I become overly infatuated, devoted, and passionate for a change.  
Like seeds our children will grow and like volcanoes they will blow  
And like everyone they will make mistakes.  
But when you stare at the fireflies life will pass you by.  
Don't let the riptides yank you from the shore  
You are worth way more

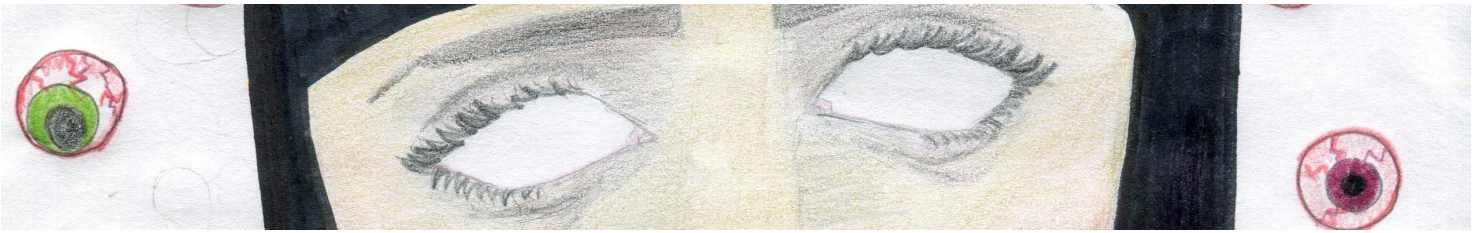
Don't get buried under the avalanche  
For this may be your last chance  
don't let your kind blow your mind  
For the next generation will be better than you  
Don't let the dying falling brown leaves be on your mind  
Life goes on and gets better minute after minute  
Hour after hour  
A lifetime after a life time  
always



**“The Web of Change”**

By Arassely Chipa (Digital Photo)





## Bright Star

Nadia Hussein

A dark night can still produce a bright star  
Despite the dark shadow pushing me down  
I will always rise to the light not too far

I'm worth more than my collection of scars  
I choose to stay afloat rather than drown  
A dark night can still produce a bright star

Reflections never reflect who you are  
Sadness is not apparent through a frown  
I will always rise to the light not too far

One day we will figure out who we are  
Hopefully before it's time to lie down  
A dark night can still produce a bright star

We admire "perfect" people like film stars  
Who grew up misunderstood in small towns  
I will always rise to the light not too far

I've overcome so much in life thus far  
I'll never allow myself to break down  
A dark night can still produce a bright star  
I will always rise to the light not too far

# Hope

Nermeen Girgis

Everyone has hope  
It doesn't matter  
What the hope is for

It can be hope for  
A new start  
Or hope for things  
To get better

Hope is like spring  
Arriving after a harsh  
Winter bringing soft  
Bright colors and new life

Without hope we would  
Be dead emotionally  
No feeling just numb

Like how your nose feels  
From frost bite  
In the cold

Hope is that light  
At the end of a  
Very dark tunnel

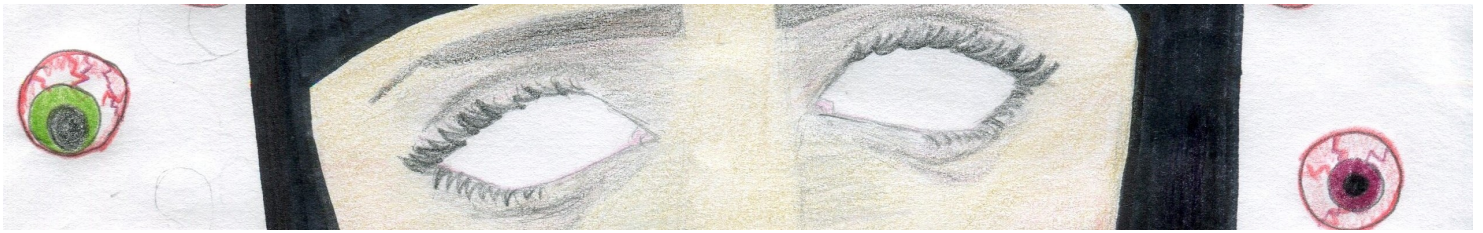
The first flower  
Blooming in the  
Spring breeze

Hope is the  
Permanent joy  
Born with a baby

That stays  
Throughout life  
Even if not felt.



**"Hope Shines Through"** by Arassely Chipa  
(Digital Photo)



## Ode to Hope

Jonnelle Steward

It is here!  
I hear it  
The voices of children  
Ignorance is bliss  
We see it all around us  
Some are blinded by their anger  
Let go  
The path will be open  
It is in  
The heart of adolescence  
May they sing with joy  
For the dark will come  
But then there it is!  
It is here!  
It was here for you  
It was here for all of us!  
It was here for me  
Me  
It saved me  
It saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost  
but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see  
It was there  
It was there  
It was there  
when my father laughed walking out of the house  
Taking his last breath with him  
It was there  
when my mother  
held my older sibling in her hands crying  
I didn't even know  
if I had a sister or brother  
It was there  
It was the glue  
That held my African brothers' hands  
Together in the face  
of the enemy  
The walls close in  
The ceiling collapses on my head



I fall to my knees  
They face me up  
To look at the internal darkness  
The spear of despair  
Races down  
into my breast  
I lay in bed drowned  
Sunken in face  
And molding body  
I have no form  
No shape  
My mind is lost  
Why do I live?  
Why am I here?  
These questions circled inside of me  
But then  
It was there!  
It took me by the hand  
And raised me up  
Out of my depression  
I am like a Phoenix!  
It is now here  
It has always been here!  
It is here!  
It is here!  
It is here!  
Oh hallelujah! God oh mighty!  
Thank you!  
For it is here!  
It is in my heart!  
It is in my mind!  
Soul, body, everything!  
I shed my skin of sadness  
And I am anew!  
A beautiful creature  
Created by God  
A strong and powerful  
Human being  
For he has put inside me  
Inside of you  
Inside all of us  
For we have  
Unlimited  
Hope



# REALITY IN THE END

**"The Lens of Reality"** by Courtney Coleman (Digital Photo)

68 *Canuckling* 2015

# Reflections Have Reflections

Louis Marinari

I'm getting to know who I am  
Nobody can interfere  
I look in the mirror and see  
A person with no fear

Nostalgic memories haunt me,  
But I will look ahead  
People will have different views  
I'm the one without dread

I always try to be my best  
I know I'm not perfect  
Reflections are mere illusions  
We can work to confect

Now it's time to realize that we  
Can only be ourselves  
Labels will not give you comfort  
It's time to clear the shelves

A new person is always here  
Why not reach out to them?  
See they need you more than ever  
Just treat them like a gem

Now that you've focused on others  
It's now all about you  
There's nothing more you need to do  
Except believe in you

(Louis Marinari is in eleventh grade. He is a singer-songwriter, actor, and creative mind. He likes creative writing because it allows you to be boundless with the sound of thought that comes to your mind.)



# Human Race

Kalin Barrett

Everyone. A simple word if you ask me. It contains eight letters, which equals the eight billion plus people in this crazy world we live in. Everyone rushes in my opinion. They are either rushing to work or rushing home because their children are torturing the babysitter. It's kind of like people are running for their lives because the world is going to end in 9.2 seconds.

I stood in the train station on a beautiful Sunday morning. I looked around the large train station building, which had amazing architectural designs on the ceiling. People ran into me, which made me lose my balance. That set my mood for the rest of the day—annoyed. But I put on my *I'm glad I'm here face* hoping to fool some people. Maybe that's why they call it the human race.

I finally get a clear view of the signs leading my way to New York City. I was visiting my parents for the weekend because it was my mother's forty-ninth birthday. They got mad at me because I arrived late. I gave them a great big hug so they would forgive me, and they did.

I am now heading home to my wonderful apartment. The signs had black lettering and a neat background color of green. I slide through the crowd like a slimy worm. I walked fast making no eye contact with anyone. However, I made eye contact with the building. The train station had an old look to it. The walls had a dull coloring, topped off with photographs from the American Revolution. Never really interested in history, so I kept walking. I head my way to the train entrance and spotted a man; a very good-looking man indeed. He was carrying a briefcase and was wearing shiny shoes which almost reflected his super attractiveness. He turns his perfectly-lined face and it turns out to be my ex-boyfriend who I haven't seen in nine months, Josh Cab.

I made my way over to the entrance and ended up behind him. I didn't want him to see me, but just my luck he turns around. The main reason we broke up was because of lying. I don't appreciate it, so I said my peace and ended the relationship. We made awkward eye contact. It felt like that moment when we first met in college all over again.

The next day I woke up in my warm, cozy apartment. The honking of the cars and buses were my personal alarm clock. The lights directing the traffic were like fireworks flashing before my eyes. I got ready for work and headed out. Leaving the apartment I see my neighbor Ashley. She glared at me, which made me refrain from saying good morning or even a hello. Everyone says she's a little odd so I avoided her stare and left my apartment building and headed to work.

The bus was packed which made me think that I should walk to my job, but I got a little lazy and decided to stay on the bus. My job always has a fun, energetic environment, but I guess not today because when I walked in not one word from anyone. I was running a little late so maybe they were working on an assignment. Everyone gave me a look like I killed pandas at the zoo in front of children. I glazed my eyes across the room. A familiar voice grabbed my attention. Once again it was Josh Cab talking up a storm to my boss. Why was he here at Technology of Fashion?

My boss called me over and said, "Good morning, Megan. How are you?"

"I'm great. I had a hot cup of coffee and read a little. My breakfast gave me energy and a hot shower gave me confidence for the day. How about you?"

"I was here on time this morning unlike you, Megan. This has been a problem for a long time now. I think it's time for you to get a job where the working hours are later in the day."

"Are you firing me, Mr. Jenkins? Please, I'm sorry. I realize that I'm a little late, but come on, I'm not the only one that comes in late."

"I'm sorry, Megan. Your replacement is waiting outside. Have you met him? His name is Josh Cab, and he's really excited about working here."

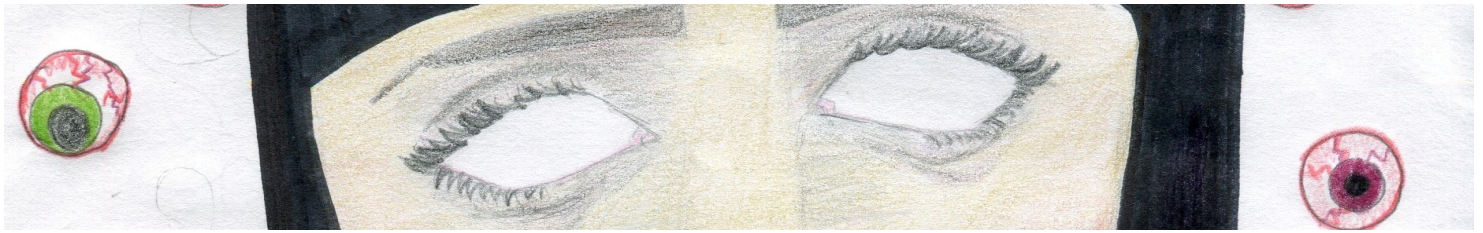
"Yeah I know him; we have a history. I guess I'll go pack my stuff up now."

My day started great but ended up terribly. I exited the room passing Josh and glared at him. He looked me up and down smiling big because he knew it bothered me. I gathered all my stuff including my photos of my family and all my cute matching accessory desk items. My co-workers looked at me with a somber look. I quietly left the office building and headed home.

Everyone in that office was trying to beat the clock. I guess I'm an alien or something because I feel like you should relax and take your time. I felt like my life was in slow motion because I'm not on time like everyone else. So while everyone is rushing, I'm living my life in slow motion. Looks like I'll be the last one finishing the race because I have a bad habit of running late. I sat on the bus and didn't speak one word.

(Kalin Barrett is in ninth grade. She enjoys creative writing because it lets her release all the thoughts in her mind. She describes herself as kind hearted and open toward others.)





**Falling for a Straight Girl, Or,  
As Life Goes, Oh Well**  
Courtney Coleman

I don't know how I fell  
Fell so damn hard  
You had my heart  
It was yours to discard  
But you held it, protected it  
For so very long  
At least you did  
Until that boy came along  
Then you took it, and you crushed it  
Though I'm sure you didn't mean to  
But don't feel too bad  
I'll always forgive you  
Yes it's true  
I want you to be happy  
Even, and especially  
If that isn't with me  
I wanted to hate you  
When you asked for my help  
But no; I bottled my feelings  
And put them up on a shelf  
Don't worry, like I said  
I'll forgive you every time  
That doesn't mean I don't wish  
That you could be mine.



# **The Bully**

Kelisha Chambers

Pushing people into lockers  
Fearful on looking eyes  
Not caring how they felt after  
Though they went home and cried

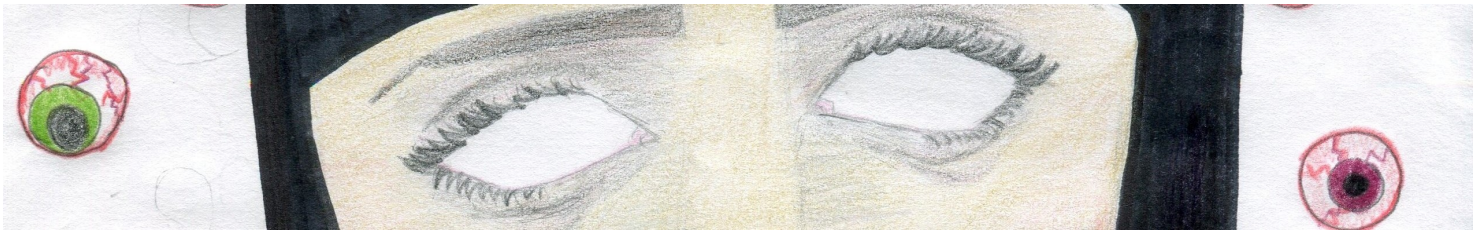
Doing this for their amusement  
They really think it's fun  
Sometimes feeling regret  
When the laughing is fully done

Picking on the short and stubby  
The tall and the skinny  
They think he doesn't care at all  
He does but it's silly

Worried about what people think  
Scared they'd see right through him  
But maybe that's the hidden link  
As to why he wears false skin

Actually being quite fun  
If he let loose a bit  
And stop caring what people thought  
To himself he admits

Bullying's not fun anymore  
Watching people crying  
All the pain and suffering stops  
And no more denying



## **Growing Up Isn't What It Seems**

Jessie Corchado

They saw you for the first time and embraced you  
Life couldn't be so perfect  
They bought you clothes even though they had so little to spend  
But you were their precious baby and worth every penny

Five years old, and ready for kindergarten  
Daddy was more nervous than you were  
You thought this was the beginning of a great future  
But little did you know that would all end sooner or later

Age ten, you were ending elementary  
All of these precious memories you will forever cherish  
Going to a new school and starting anew  
Daddy was more nervous than you were

Age fifteen, you experienced your first friendship break up  
At age five, you never would've thought these things could happen  
You went home and closed yourself out as your dad walked in  
He held you tight and told you it was going to be all right

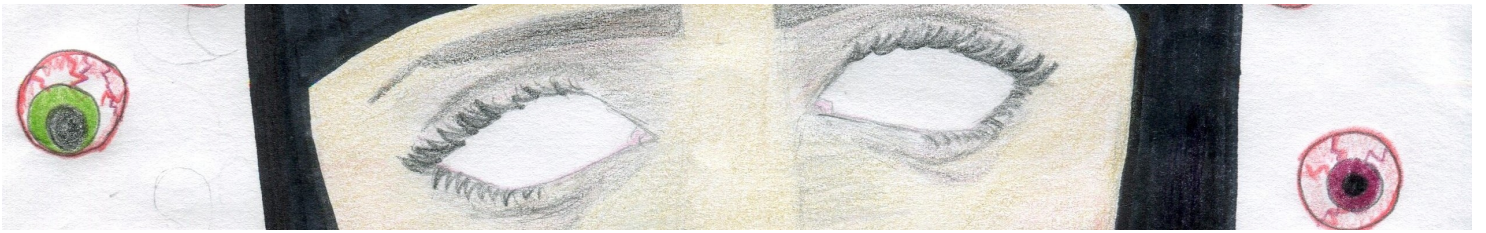
Age twenty, it was your sophomore year of college  
You couldn't wait for it to end  
You tried to visit home as much as you could  
Daddy was more nervous than you were

Age twenty-five, ended college and ready to take on the real world  
You got a job and helped mom and dad pay the bills  
Daddy was getting sick, then sicker  
Daddy was more nervous than you were

Age twenty-seven, you met your significant other  
You felt peaceful and happy with him  
He proposed eight months later  
It seemed quick, but you felt like you've been with him forever

Age twenty-eight, you were ready to walk down the aisle  
Daddy promised he would walk you on the aisle despite him  
being in a wheelchair  
Tears rolled down both of your faces  
Daddy was more nervous than you were

At age thirty, you visited the hospital too frequently  
Daddy couldn't walk or function  
"He has six weeks to live," the doctor said  
Daddy wasn't more nervous than you were. He expected it.  
You lost him to an illness that he couldn't fight  
Now you understand why daddy was more nervous than you were.



## Mirrors

Nadia Hussein

You speak no words  
Yet you judge me  
Silently  
Manipulative  
Acting like you're what you are  
But you're more  
You're me  
Each morning  
And night  
You beg me to look  
Stare  
Sink  
Into the sad reality  
Of myself  
You prove,  
"You may think you know  
But you don't"  
Vision blurred  
Tears flowing  
Heart breaking  
Your bitter silence stings  
My pain stings  
As you hang on that wall  
Desperate for attention  
I can show you  
How it feels  
To be broken, too  
Shattered into pieces  
Unable to be put back together



# **The Real World Dream and Nightmare**

Alex Novillo

Oh how mama taught me that you can strive for whatever  
you want to achieve  
Oh how dreams do indeed come true when you take the risk  
Little did I know that nightmares easily come true like dreams  
How sometimes an act of innocent courage could lead to a  
whirlwind of pain  
How a risk could lead to unappreciated humiliation  
Just by speaking your mind, you can be judged for an unfair  
long amount of time  
When in true honesty, you did nothing wrong  
You got judged for saying how you felt because that other  
person or people weren't ready  
They weren't ready for the truth that was destined  
So in order to protect themselves from realization they  
made you look like a coward  
They made you feel like what you felt was to be regretted  
They made you feel worthless.

And how could they do this?  
After supplying you with mixed feelings and thoughts of a  
dream being fulfilled  
After making you feel you were above all your struggles  
Above all of your troubles  
They made you feel wanted  
They made you feel loved  
For the first time you felt like someone loved you back  
Loved you for you  
That they saw the same stars you saw in them  
That they felt the same spark of joy  
The same lift in their smile every time they saw you  
For the first time someone treated you with the same love  
you gave them  
But you were wrong.

They gave you a nightmare when you told them how you felt  
They gave you hell on earth and gradually everything else  
seemed to be going down an abyss of despair afterwards  
When everything was dark they were your one flash of light  
to lead your way  
They were your life boat keeping you afloat  
And what happened?  
The light burned out  
And the boat began to sink  
There's not much you feel you can do  
It's over  
It feels like it's over  
How can you save yourself from drowning in the dark?  
You can't  
It's not possible  
Cause you love them  
And love is a powerful thing  
A strength and a weakness.

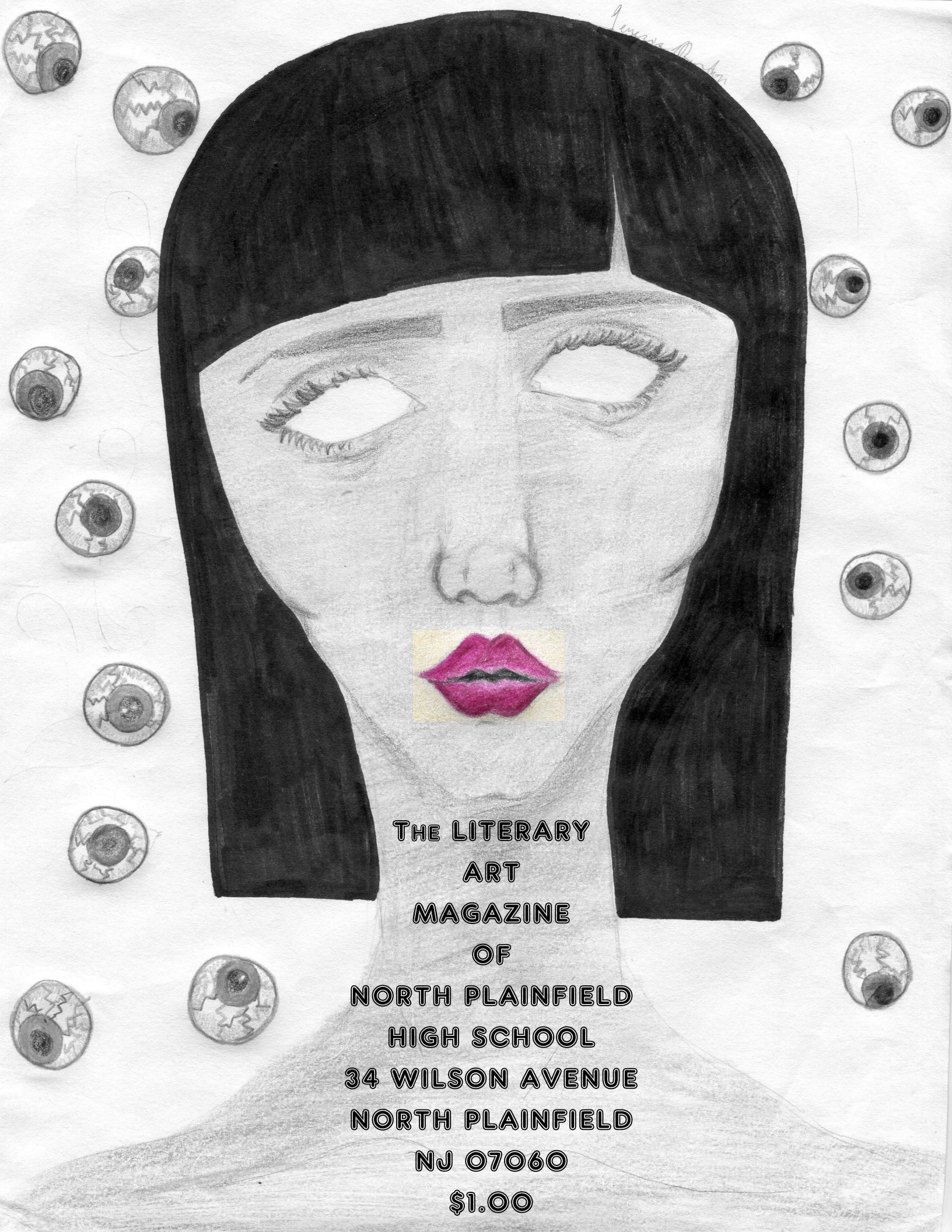
I guess that's the thing about life  
You'll have people you love try to run you over  
And you won't really realize it until it's over  
You'll sink and you'll drown  
You will be blinded from the inaccessibility of light at your guidance  
And you'll feel like it's a never ending song on repeat  
Continuing the same old beat and the same old lyrics to the  
same old message  
What I've learned from being in this challenge is that  
Life while awake is similar to life when asleep.  
A dream or a nightmare  
And ultimately it's up to you whether you want to wake up  
And start a new day  
They do not have the power to keep you captive in a dream.  
It's all up to you.

(Alex Novillo is in ninth grade. She is a creative mind with pink hair. Writing is her way to express unheard thoughts and tragedies into art.)



**"Dream Machine"** by Yasmin Morales (Pencil and Colored Pencils Drawing)





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