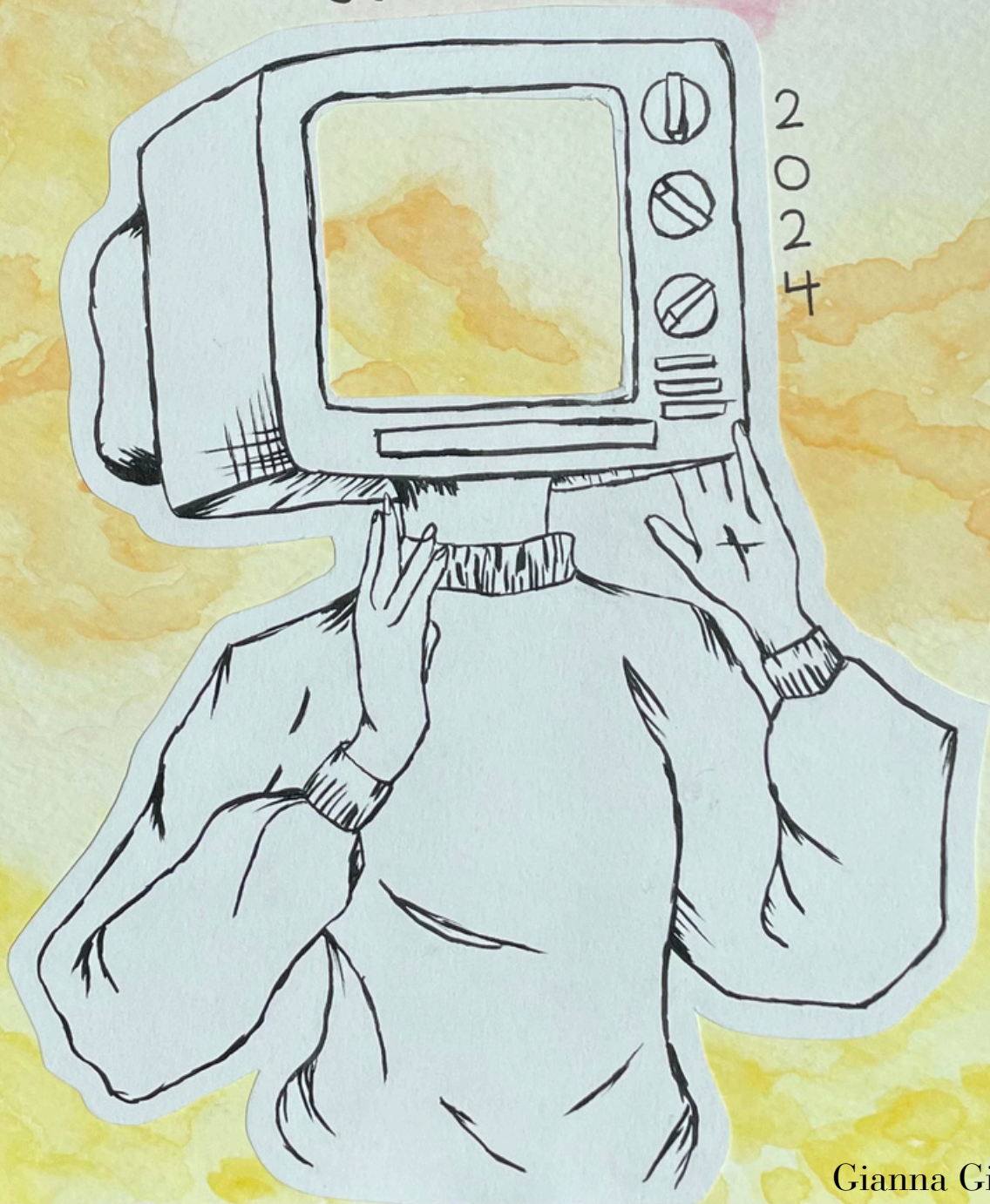


daydreams

Quintessence



2024

INTERLUDE

I'm sitting in class; the teacher is droning and I feel my mind drifting off into subliminal bliss. A hundred and three thoughts flood my head. I notice the rain pouring outside and it makes me think of a warm summer drizzle, the cool, wet drops running off my face. I stare at the green, trembling leaves and I wonder how many miracles it took for me to breathe the same air as all those living beside me. We spend most of our lives staring at a screen, no time to Dream, our instant gratification laid out in front of us. Maybe we are the problem. I find Solace in my Daydreams, I find peace knowing I still can Dream. While not as vivid as those I lived in when I was 6, the Haze I'm left in has me hearing thunder, seeing stars, fading colors swirling all around me.

What is a Dream? Is it simply a series of sensations? By this definition are Memories Dreams? My eyes drift towards the dark-spotted vents and crackled walls, little trinkets that were brought to catch your attention and another thought enters my head...

Valerie Tyshko '25



George Roux's "Spirit" (1885)

"Love Beyond the Grave"

Thou not immersed in mother nature's element,
But confined to the nightmarish walls of tragedy.

Blackness consumes the atmosphere,
Though a faint light, a dwindling memory lingers.

The short-lived exchange of vows will forever subsist,

Yet the diamonds' value abandoned.

A delicate figure with past vitality diminishing,
Translucency spreads upon the draped fabric like an illness.

Humanity—heart, soul, and mind obliterated,
Burned to ashes, utterly vanished into nothingness.

The concluding notes of existence reecho,
An everlasting tribute of vigorous intimacy.

Maddie Heine '26

“Joy is the Softness of its Fur”

Joy is the softness of its fur
That one simple touch makes all problems a blur
A reassuring wet nose kiss
Makes sadness turn to bliss
The wagging of the tail and the love in his eyes
Makes me feel I won a prize

He is the mirror that reassures and guides me to do right
Reminding me how to behave when out of his sight
The years move on and time ages
Moving through all of life's stages
Lazy days with you cuddled together
Young or old, I want you to be here forever.

Ella Sullivan '27





“First Night at Yale”

Valerie Tyshko '25



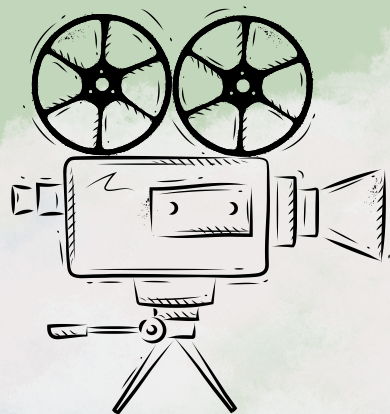
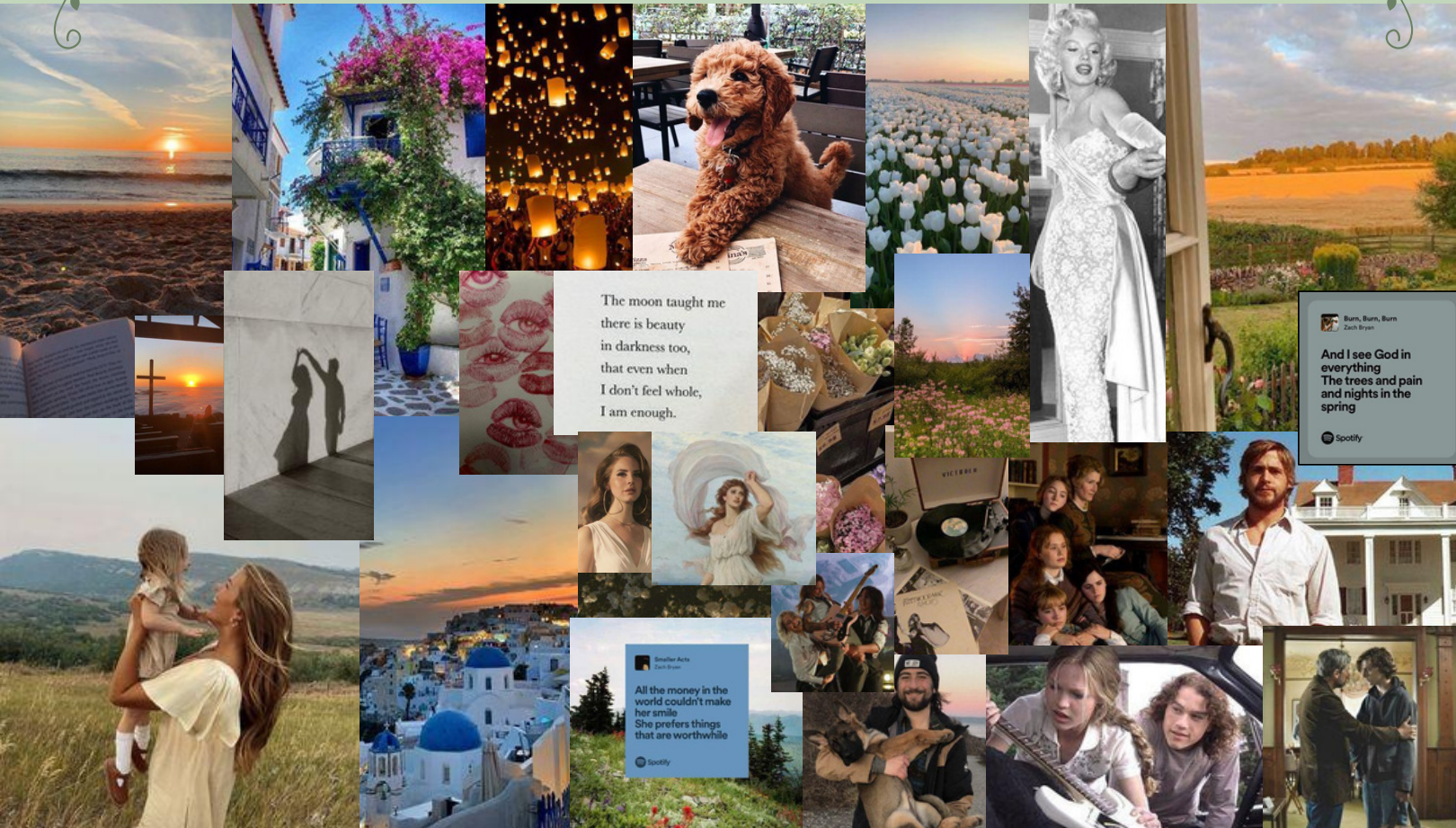
"Time Passes"

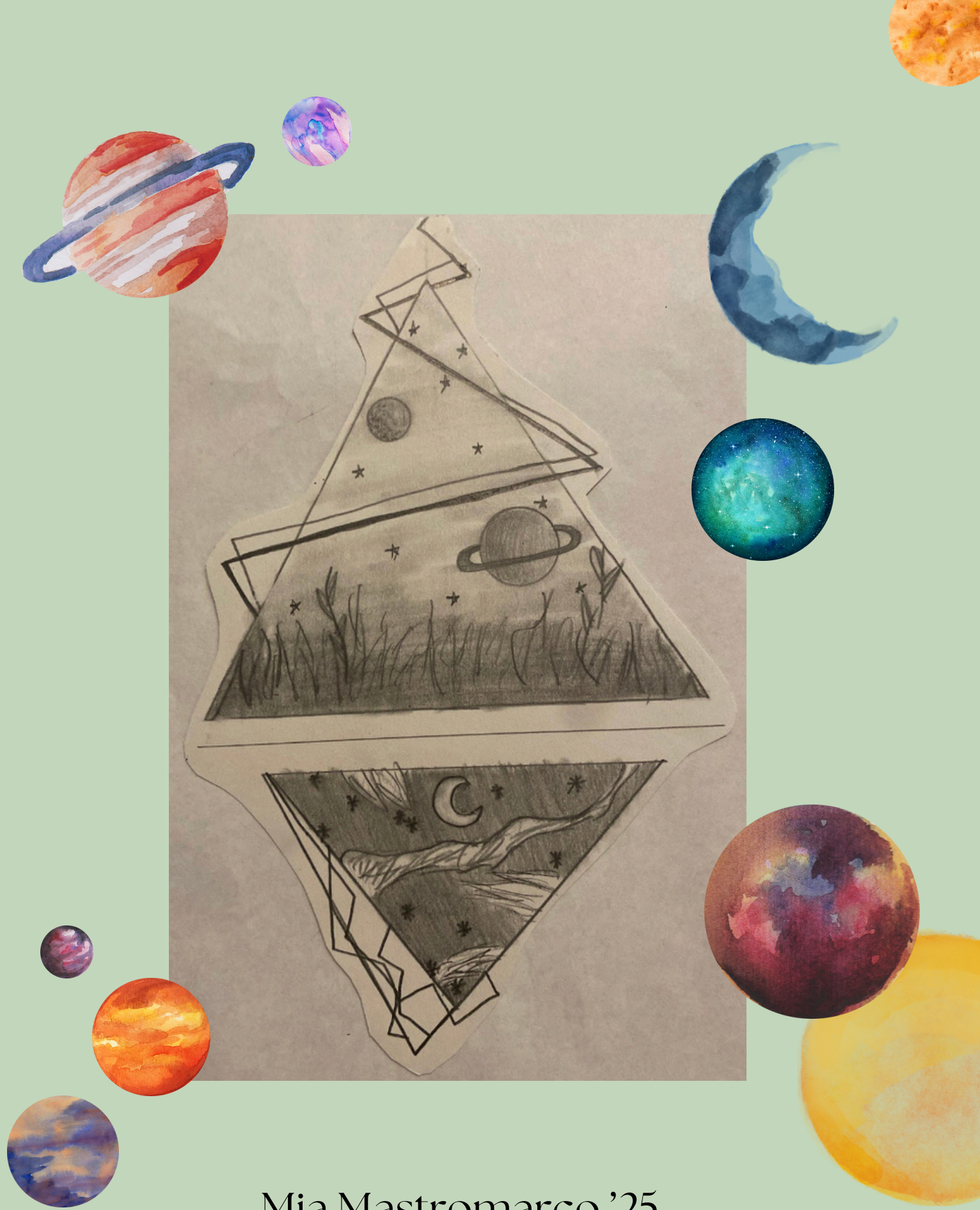
The walls were blue, blue-gray as she would grow to call them, a stark contrast from the sunshine yellow of her old room. Painted flowers hung from the walls, clothes sat neatly in the dresser, toys organized in the closet, stuffed animals carefully arranged on the purple bedspread. She moved in, and every day the room became more hers. Barbies and Build-a-Bears crept out of their boxes and into organized chaos behind the closet doors. Pens and notebooks leaked out of every hidden corner and books lined up on every shelf until they were all taken down, placed in stacks all around until the little girl felt like she was Belle in her library, and decided to stack them all back up again on her shelves in a different order. The floor, though always visible, was rarely empty. The room had more space than one little girl could take up on her own, so she spread out because she could. She would take things from other parts of the house and put them in her room to have something else for herself. You never know when you'll need this, she would tell herself. Every empty drawer, box, and shelf was filled, because even after she "cleaned things out" she just put them out of sight. Everything is important, everything has meaning, even old notes and ripped posters with tape on the top and drawings on napkins and dead pens with sparkly chains on the caps...

The girl desired, more than anything, for her walls to look like the insides of her brain. If you looked at her walls, she hoped, you would know everything about her. She was an open book, the pages plastered on the strip of the wall her little hands could reach. Everything means something, everything is important. She loved it once, so even if she didn't love it anymore it had to stay. Her mind never stopped, things she used to love never truly went away, so the walls needed to reflect that, and they did. Things would curl at the corners and the tape would peel but it would just get covered with more stuff, more ambiguously important cards and tickets and photos. She would throw things up on the walls and smile to herself with pride because she loved it, because she felt like it was her.

My Definition of "Beautiful" Collage

Gia Sigmund '26





Mia Mastromarco '25

What is your favorite daydream that you've ever had?

"One where I could fly. I had it a lot when I was little. I'd soar up and look at everyone below, and I felt so free in the sky." - Valerie Tyshko '25

"Pretending to be a superhero." - Isabelle Glunz '25

"Picturing flower fields." - Molly Marr '26

"Sometimes I daydream about starting a commune in Vermont with all of my friends. We would eat all of our meals together and raise all of our kids together, and I would get to spend every day in community with people I love." - Ms. Chirico '11

"I once daydreamed I was cooking a steak at home instead of being in school." - Sophia Caruso '26

"My favorite daydreams are about the shore with my whole family." - Mairead McGinley '25

"I always daydream about making a class about the process of songwriting by learning about artists' backgrounds and how you can see their personal experience be incorporated into their music and sound." - Abby McGrody '24

**"I once had a daydream that I lived in a tall tree, and would travel places on a sparkly, pink cloud."
- Ms. Heuckroth**

"My favorite daydream I've had was one where I was just in a peaceful meadow with flowers." - Taylor Pitts '27

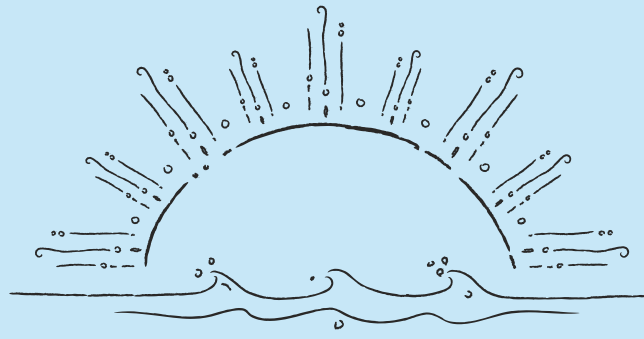
**"My favorite daydreams are about my future in college or having a successful career someday."
- Erin Flatley '24**

"The best daydreams are usually ones during rehearsals, where I think about what it will be like performing on stage. Not only does it get me excited for the shows, but the actual performances never fail to surpass everything I imagined it would be." - Sophia deJesus '24



Sydney Houseman '25





“Look at the Sunset”

Look at the sunset with night time
on the way

We have been swimming and
looking at the display
The grass is green and the rocks
are grey

We wish the beautiful sunset
would never go away

At this time none of us had
anything to say

We soaked up the water for the
rest of the day

What is on the other side of that
archway?

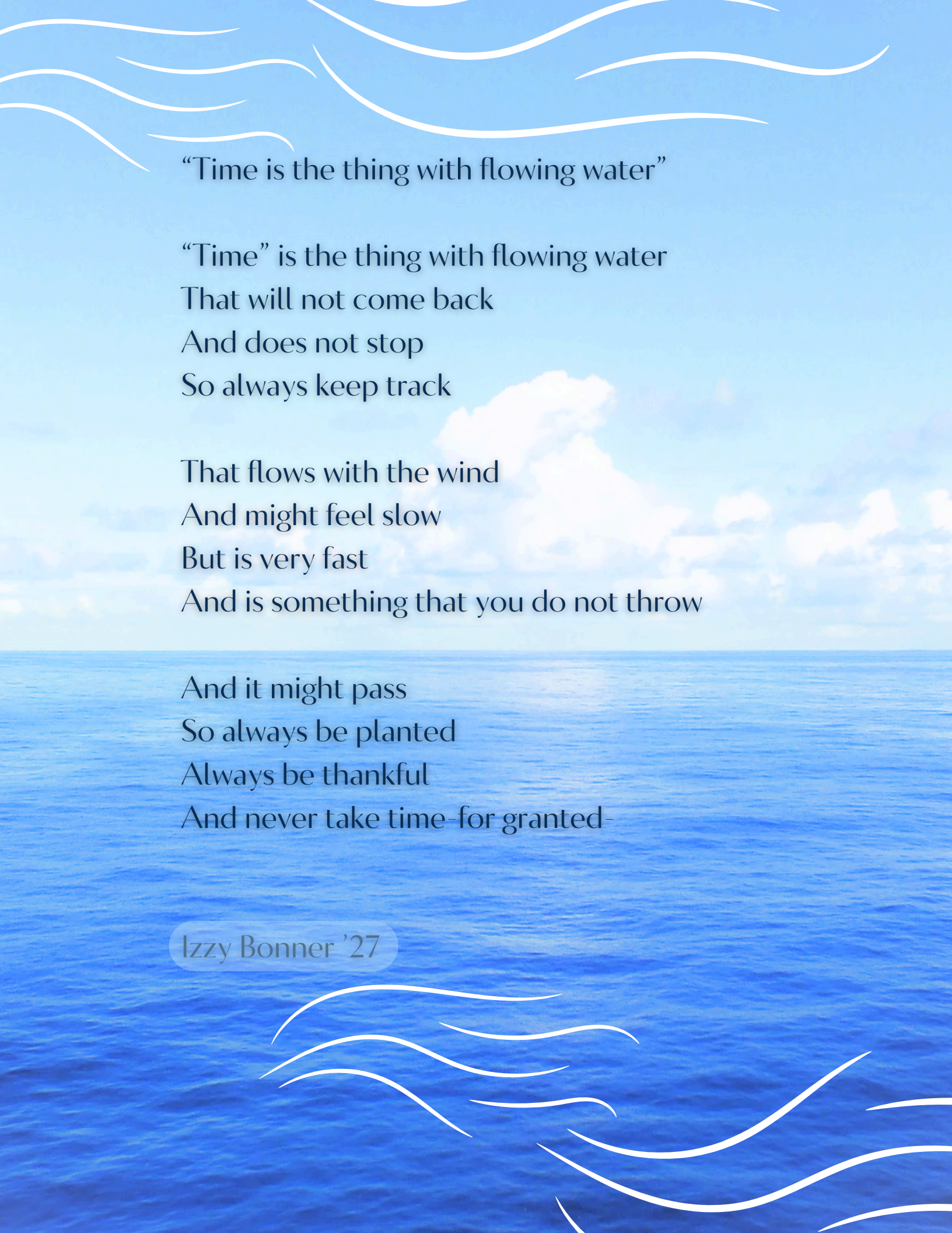
The sun is shining through letting
off a beautiful ray

The archway shows a portal astray,
To a unknown place where dreams
may lay.



Evening: Landscape with an Aqueduct
Théodore Géricault

Francesca Avallone '26



“Time is the thing with flowing water”

“Time” is the thing with flowing water
That will not come back
And does not stop
So always keep track

That flows with the wind
And might feel slow
But is very fast
And is something that you do not throw

And it might pass
So always be planted
Always be thankful
And never take time for granted-

Izzy Bonner '27





Sarah Barats '24



"Sunflower"

*you cry in the night as you fall and sleep catches up to you
as the moon shines brightly
and it's midnight or so
onto your beautiful petals do the moon beams rest
so perfectly, peacefully
as soon as the sun rises you rise as well
you pretend everything is fine
but your petals say it all
the way they fall when nobody's watching
and you hide like a child when you think nobody's around
does it make you feel safer?
your tears nourish the ground beneath you
and still your stalk is strong
it's very hard to knock you down
until the sun goes down that is
but i'll nurture you, and water you, and keep you in the sun
my sunflower*

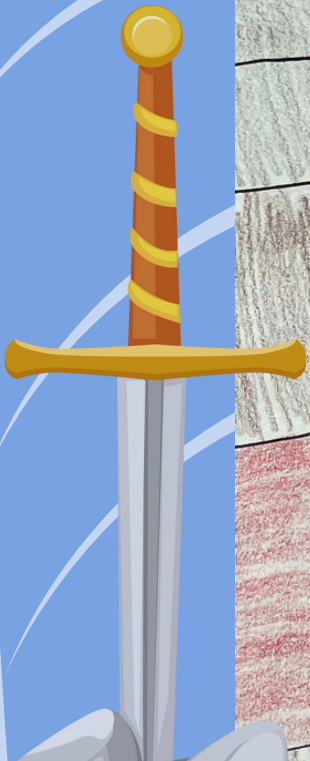


Valerie Tyshko '25





“Sir Gawain and the Green Knight” in the style of “The Accolade” by Edmund Blair Leighton
Emily White '24



“Buddy”

Buddy, Brian’s deteriorating stuffed dog, sat propped up on the edge of his bed, with his face illuminated through his cracked blind’s sunlight. Miscellaneous memorabilia lined the walls, each representing his short-lived fixations—fishing, photography, skateboarding, and helping himself to anything listed as “free” deserted on the side of the road. His hamper was overflowing with weeks’ worth of dirty clothes and used plates and cups were waiting to be cleaned, despite his repeated promise of, “I’ll do it tomorrow!” His room held so much of him but was missing its focal point (himself) because he was never home; always out somewhere, with someone, doing something. On the scarce days that he did inhabit his own room, he took a quarter of the snacks from the family pantry, and proceeded to fall asleep watching TV, consequently failing to close the fresh bags which he opened—although there were half-eaten bags already in the pantry—just to leave again the next morning to tackle his new agenda for the day: an agenda that involved no breaks or time to be in his room.

Abigail McGrody '24



“Rays”

Four walls surround me.

The walls stand because I stand.

Some days they are pristine, some days they are untidy.

But for those smiles, they are all worth it.

Is it selfish to want to leave those walls?

I have my own rays within the walls, but I miss the sun itself.

I sustain those rays, and I leave the walls with them on my back.

**Everyone has rays with them. When will the day come to have a break in
the shade?**

Four walls surround me, but the rays are all gone.

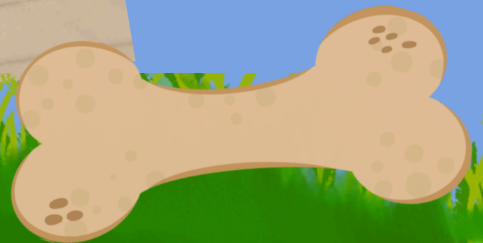
The rays are able to sustain themselves now.

There seems to be shade more often now.

**When the light does peak through the shade, it is the event of the
millennium**

Erica Johnson '24

"Balloon Dog"



Mia Mastromarco '25

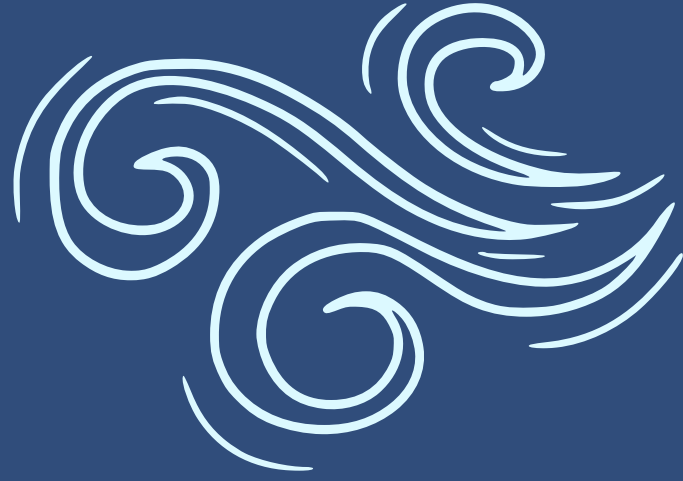
“Transience”



I close my eyes and breathe in the transience of a moment soon to become a memory,
Into my being, I absorb the security of unity and the euphoria of being overwhelmed by love,
With people you want to remain in your life forever, but their substantial role is temporary,
They have unintentionally become my own personal angels blessing me with their mere presence.
I carefully preserve my peace into my soul so this serenity can be revisited,
And I miss it before it is even over.

Abigail McGrody '24





“Harsh winds scrape my knees”

Harsh winds scrape my knees

Like the bruises from reality.

I take a breath to relieve my tension

And soak up in the nice breeze.

My focus is off-centered,

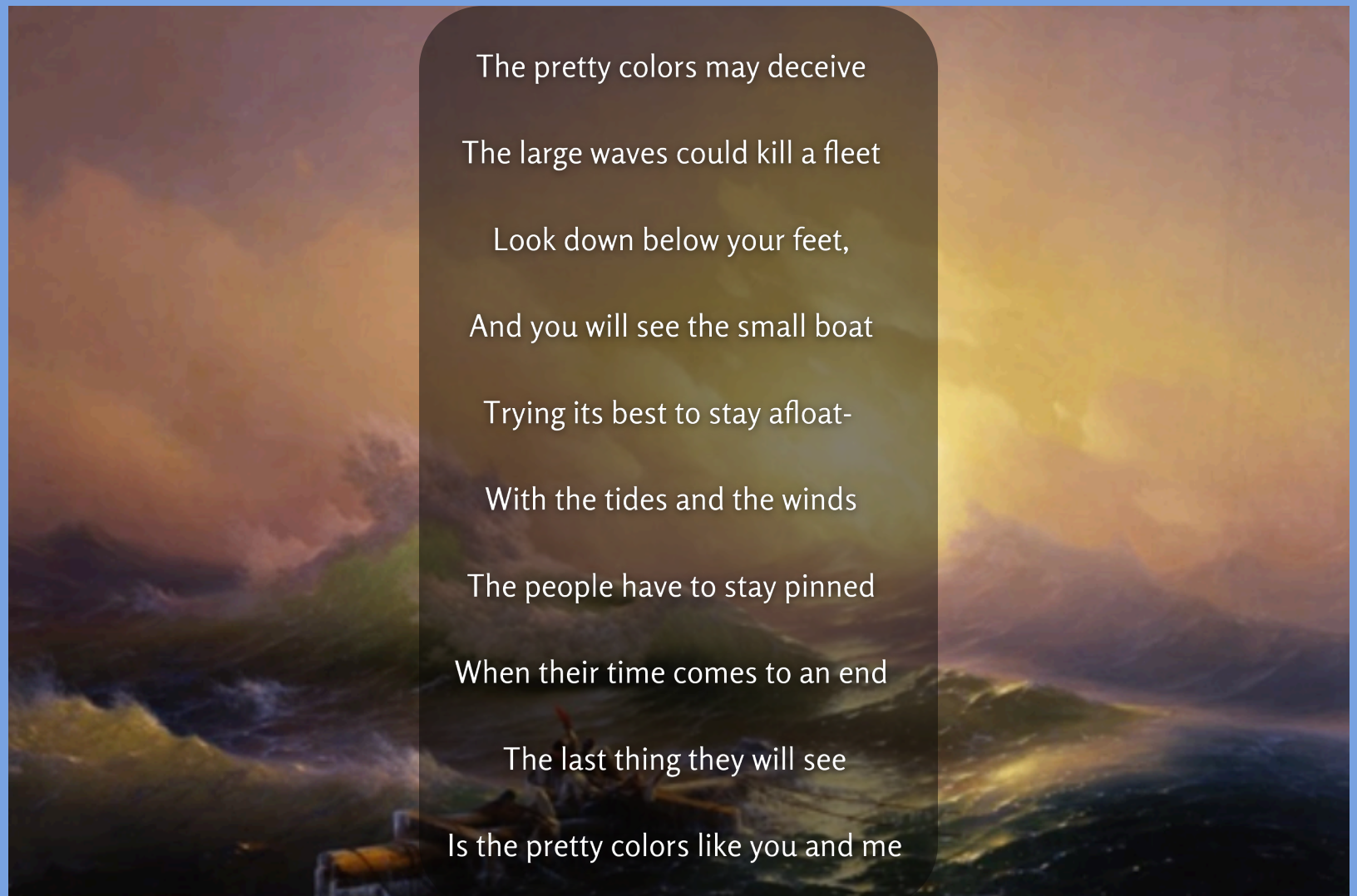
Leaving this world and landing someplace else--



Audrey Walton '27



“THE NINTH WAVE”



The pretty colors may deceive
The large waves could kill a fleet
Look down below your feet,
And you will see the small boat
Trying its best to stay afloat-
With the tides and the winds
The people have to stay pinned
When their time comes to an end
The last thing they will see
Is the pretty colors like you and me

GRACE KRAVČAK '26



“The Modern Lady of Shalott”
inspired by William Holman Hunt

Kaitlyn Angelucci '24

Would you rather...

Stay in reality forever or give up everything to live in a fantasy?

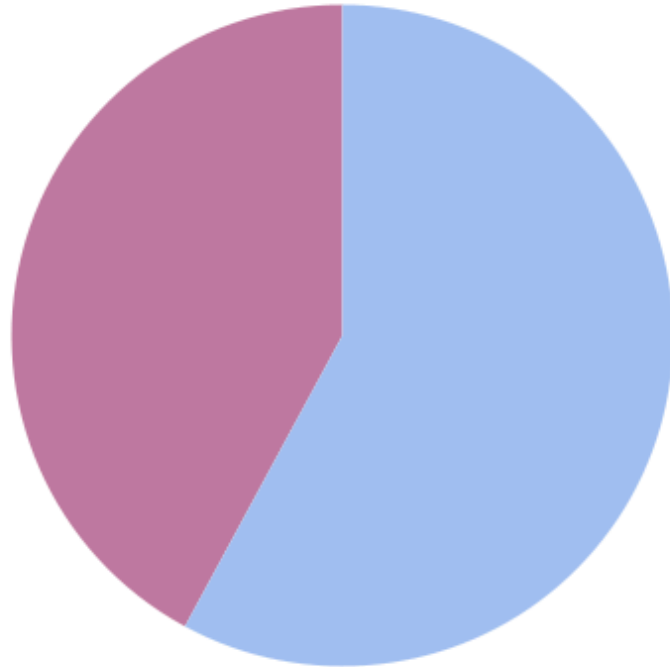
"I like finding pockets of my real life that I can make more magical."

Ms. Chirico '11

"Reality is boring."

Mia Mastromarco '25

- Stay in reality forever
- Give up everything to live in a fantasy



"I just love the people here. And would miss them."

Mrs. Soley

"I could not give up everything. Although reality can be harsh and it may be easier to live in a fantasy, there are good moments in reality. Moments can become greater and more precious when they are special. Things become more appreciated and special when they do not happen all the time."

Mairead McGinley '25

"I love everyone and everything in my life too much to give it up for a fantasy."

Abby McGrody '24

INTERLUDE

Finally, I return home after a long day, struggling to keep my eyes open. I slowly drift into sleep, as a cloud leisurely drifts across the sky, the same way my daydreams drift into my sleep.

There is this one reoccurring dream I have; this one place my mind always leads. Picture this: A perfect world. A world with no struggle. A world with no hunger, nor illness, nor poverty. A world of peace and harmony. This time I find my mind start to drift exceedingly. I see less reality and more fantasy. From the most flowering hills to blossoming trees. From the most pristine waterfalls to crystal-clear lakes. The clouds, fluffier than ever.

The bees, buzzier than ever. The greenest grass for the most picturesque gardens. A perfect world! My perfect world! It seems as though it can't get any better than that.

I awaken. I look out my window. It is not a perfect world. I wish and wonder, but deep down I know. I may refuse to believe it, but

I know, it is not a perfect world. We live in a world without cotton candy clouds. We live in a world with struggles. We live in a world with hunger, and illness, and poverty. Perfection is impossible; the best we can do is Daydream.

Perhaps if I dream hard enough, I can bring my fantasies to life.

Gianna Giordano '26

“Through the Woods”

I walk through the woods
Never sure where I'm going
I walk through the woods
I can feel the wind blowing

I run around sprinting, escaping my thoughts
They catch up with no problem
They were here all along

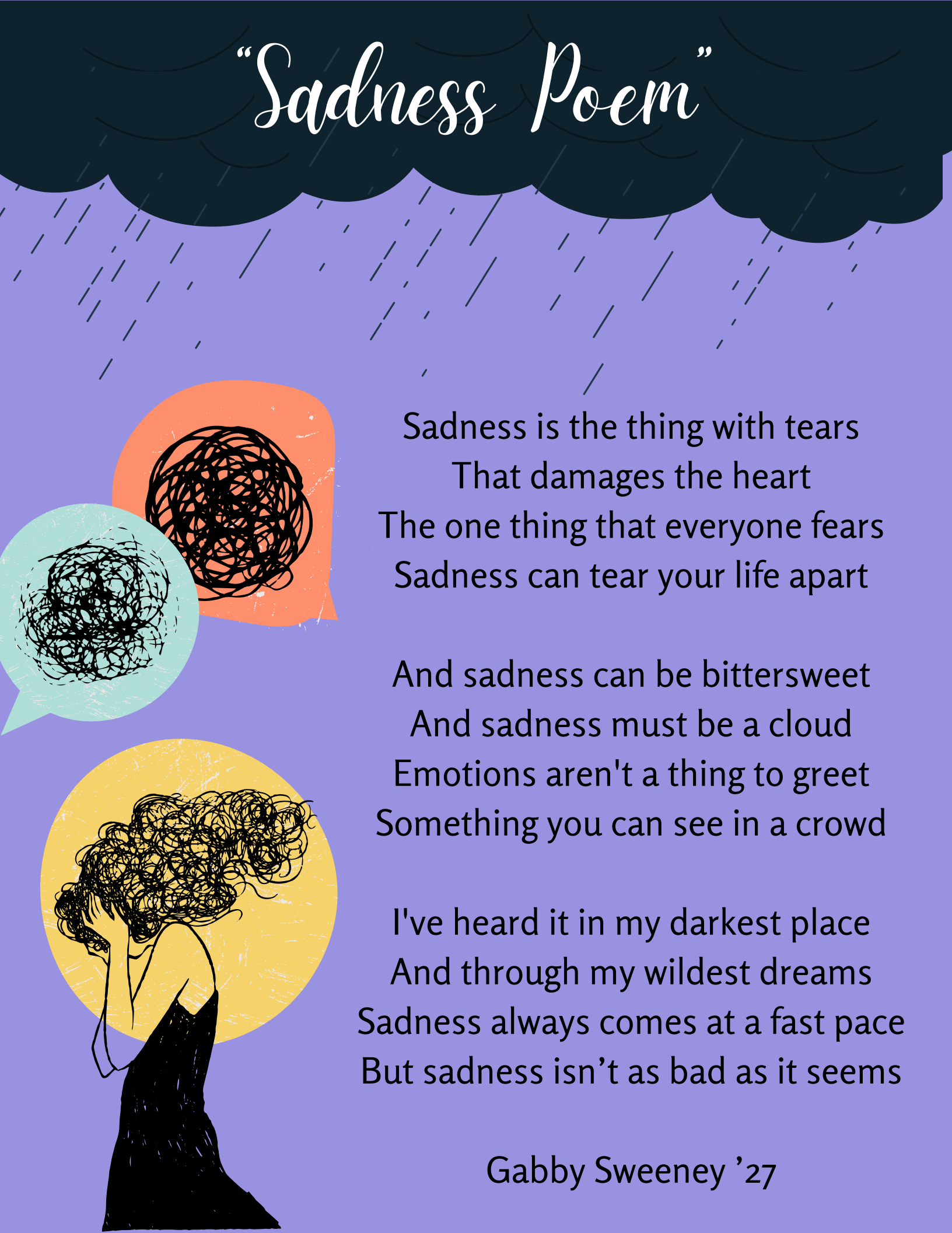
I run through the woods I can hear the voice growing
Getting louder and louder
The words are all knowing



Valerie Tyshko '25



"Sadness Poem"



Sadness is the thing with tears
That damages the heart
The one thing that everyone fears
Sadness can tear your life apart

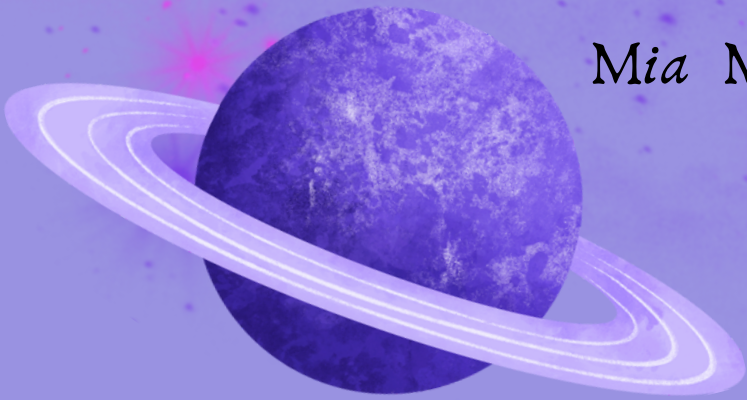
And sadness can be bittersweet
And sadness must be a cloud
Emotions aren't a thing to greet
Something you can see in a crowd

I've heard it in my darkest place
And through my wildest dreams
Sadness always comes at a fast pace
But sadness isn't as bad as it seems

Gabby Sweeney '27



Mia Mastramarco '25



What environment makes you daydream?

"There's a tree with a stretch of moss and a little stream nearby, I have fallen asleep there before, it's so peaceful" - Valerie Tyshko '25

"School, specifically when there is basically nothing going on and I have nothing else to do." - El Schwenker '25

"Anywhere outside." - Mia Mastromarco '25

"Sitting quietly on a comfortable couch." - Isabelle Glunz '25

"All environments, but really forests." - Ms. Soley

"Nature." - Molly Marr '26

"Green grasses filled with summer wildflowers. Forest paths where tree roots trip you good-naturedly. Talkative creeks where water rushes over rocks. Nighttime meadows where stars twinkle over head and fireflies blink among the tall grasses. Lakes that sit nestled in the arms of mountains. Churches filled with statues and stained glass. University libraries and their hush of rustling pages. My grandparents' backyard. The blooming wisteria tree of my childhood home. Anywhere I find myself alone with my thoughts." - Ms. Chirico '11

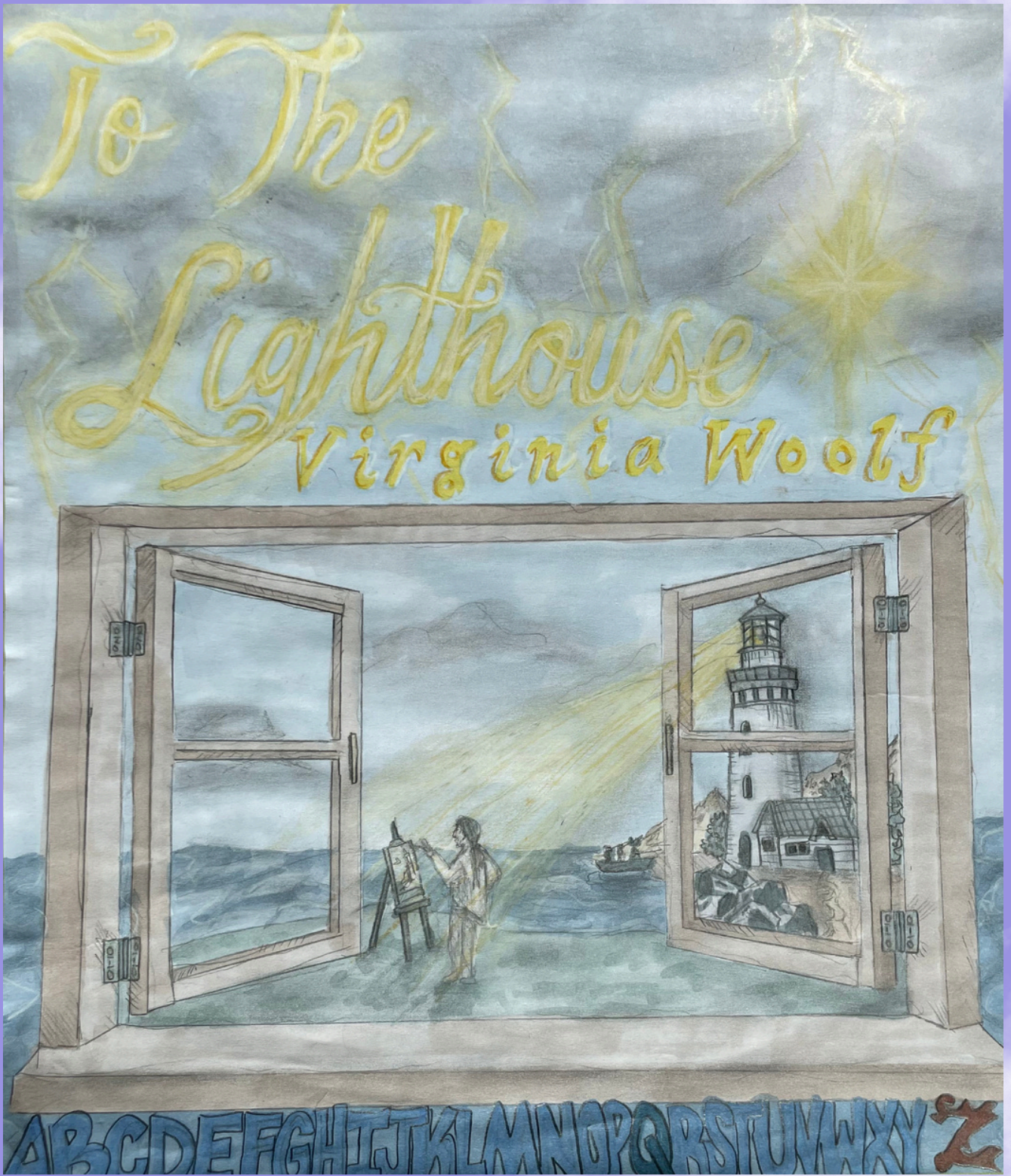
"Wherever there is a sunset!" - Lily Chacko '25

"Most environments make me daydream." - Sophia Caruso '26

"The beach... I could spend the whole day floating in the ocean and laying on the sand just thinking about everything on my mind." - Mairead McGinley '25

"Driving, especially when I'm so focused on my thoughts that I can't hear the music playing." - Abby McGrody '24

"Starbucks, or any spot with soothing jazz music." - Ms. Heuckroth



Sydney Houseman '25

“Lucid Dreaming”

**Long long ago I was sixteen,
And a frantic young girl that wanted to believe,
Believe in the love that I had foreseen,
From the man my eyes caught on to could've loved me,
But in the end, it was all a scene.**

**I wanted to relive it, but I began to grieve,
and eventually my grieving became a dream.**

**But in my dream the love was almost real,
Almost real in the fact that this dream made me heal.**

**There I see my granddaughter lying down,
Just as if she became a clown.**

**“A Dream of Grandmother and
Granddaughter” By Karl Bryulloc**

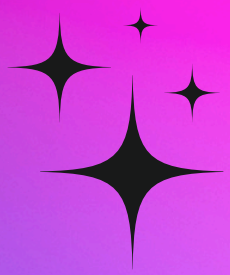
**But a clown in the sense that she is me,
And wants the love that will never be,
Only in dreams.**

Kira Chirichella '26



Inspired by "A Dream of
Grandmother and
Granddaughter" by Karl Bryulloc

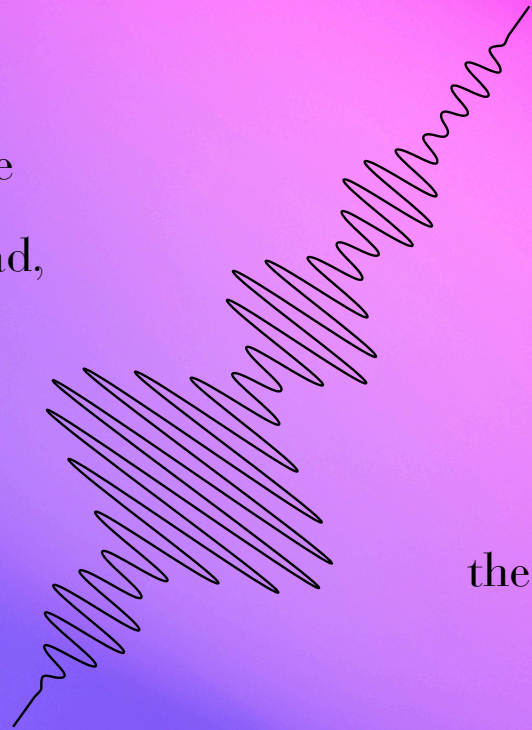
"FROM EAR TO EAR"



from ear to ear
said with a troubling sneer
the Rumors are spread,
all around



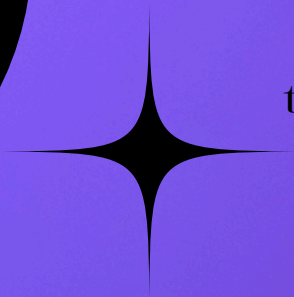
exaggerated lies
don't listen, I advise
the Rumors are spread,
all around



panic unfolds
secrets are told
the Rumors are spread,
all around



don't listen, I warn you
whatever you do
the Rumors are spread,
all around
Rumors.



"Christmas"

My favorite holiday has always been Christmas. The anticipation of a potential snow day, the eagerness to perfect my meticulous wishlist, the wonder of Santa Claus celebrated by unquestioning and trusting children. But its marvel has withered, its magic proven unsensible. People grow up, and people move away; their once comfortably consistent presence is replaced by occasion.

My favoritism remains everlasting, though I've replaced my youthful aspirations with realistic gratitude. The comfort of exclaiming, "Bye, love you!" as I rush past my brothers to walk out the door, The solace of my brothers readjusting to their childhood rooms, as they fill our home with a transient tranquility through extra cars in our driveway and added toothbrushes in our bathroom. The extraordinary magic of Christmas has dwindled, but is replaced by a peaceful ephemerality; an annual celebration of a family uniting again, as if no time had passed since last Christmas.

Abigail McGrody '24

“Unreliable Narrator”

There is an imposter
Hidden among the rooms
The only thing I wonder
Is if the imposter
Is someone I know very well

Madeleine Andrusiewicz '26



“To Be

Unasked and unhesitantly, you remember my defining qualities as if they were your own,

The details of my life you patiently worked to expose, despite my reluctance to let you know me.

We retell the same stories, but remain engaged, pretending it is our first time hearing it,

Turning each other's memories into encounters of our own.
You know all my favorites, routines, and habits,

And you can recount my childhood memories as if you experienced them with me.

It is a privilege to know you, and a blessing to know you know me.

Known”

Abigail McGrody '24

"Starless Night - A Fairy Tale"



One hollow night, the stars began to be plucked from the sky. One by one they fell, as if the gods above were angry. Nobody knew who or why they were falling, so they just continued to fall. This was until I decided to do something about it. I studied the stars until I found the place they fell to. A small cottage in the east woods, which was shining brighter than all the stars in the sky. I went to look through the window, where I found hundreds of thousands of stars lining the cottage ceiling and a petite old lady who lay watching them. I knew she was a thief, a magical thief because she bore the souls of other children in my village. Then all the stars went out and I found myself frozen in time while the old lady took my soul. From then on, every night turned into a starless night.

Brooklyn Planck '26



“Turning Past Fear - Haiku”

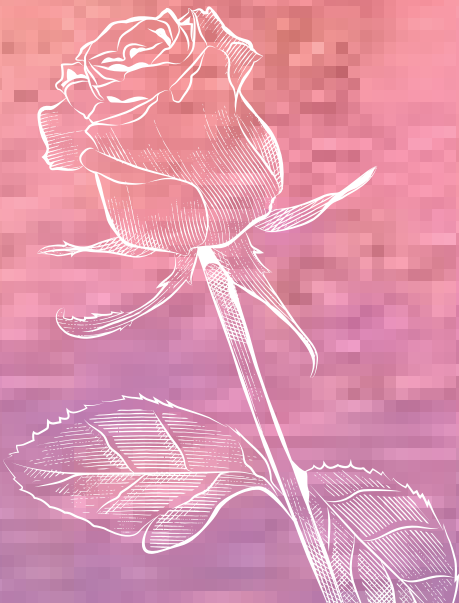


A sense of release

Comes with turning past fear.

There is much beyond.

Erin Flatley '24





Sydney Houseman '25

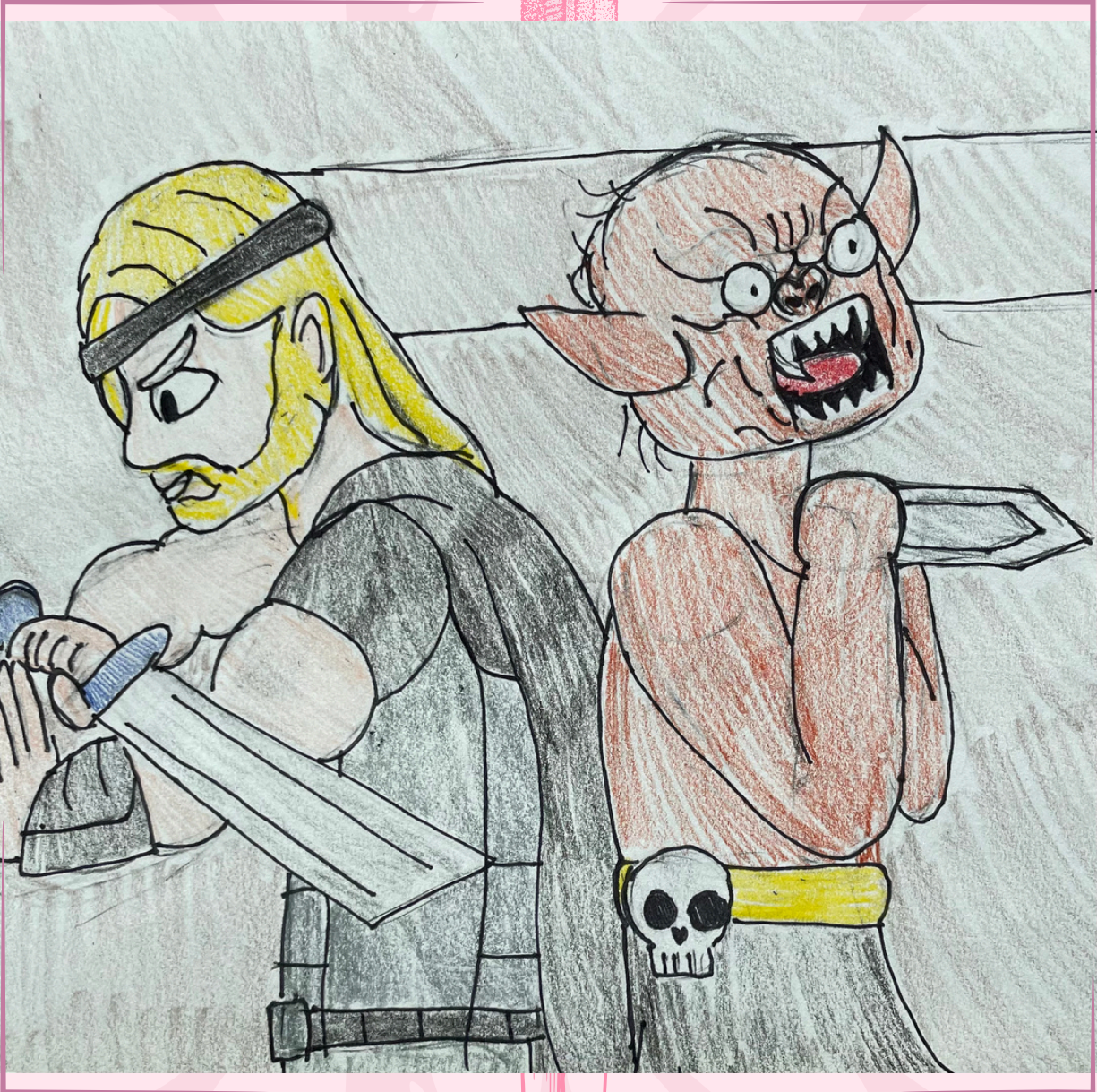
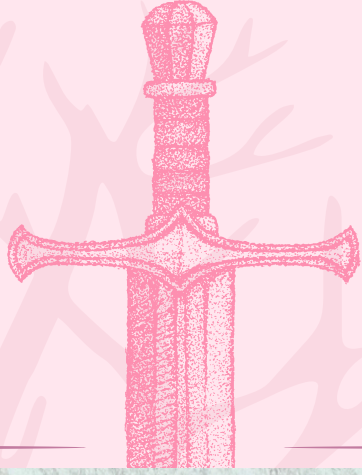
"Daydreams"

Dreaming of how it was
The innocence of youth and simplicity
Before our glasses were fogged up by the pollution of this life
The air was fresh and clean
We could see in front of us
There was a right and a wrong
There was a heaven and hell
Nobody heard of purgatory
The lines did not blur
And nobody dared to color out of them

Dreaming of how it is
Trying to romanticize the little things
Savoring the moment that is ever-fleeting
The seconds of sand sifting through the glass of life
The sand in the glass, weathered and eroded by storms
Heated with time
It will eventually become glass
The bigger entity that stores all of it
The individual moments, tiny grains of sand
Sifting through the hour-glass

Dreaming of how it will be
Experiencing life fully
Bearing the challenges and Celebrating the wins
Holding closer the people you love
And letting others go
Finding your place
And making it habitable
Two souls becoming one
Building a family and watching it grow
Stepping back and looking at it all
Taking it all in now that you know the endings
Pointing out things that you wish were different
Bad times that you wish to forget
But in the end you are glad they happened
They allowed you to dream

Gia Sigmund '26



Beowulf and Grendel in the style of
“Sir Launcelot in the Queen’s
Chamber” by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Emily White '24



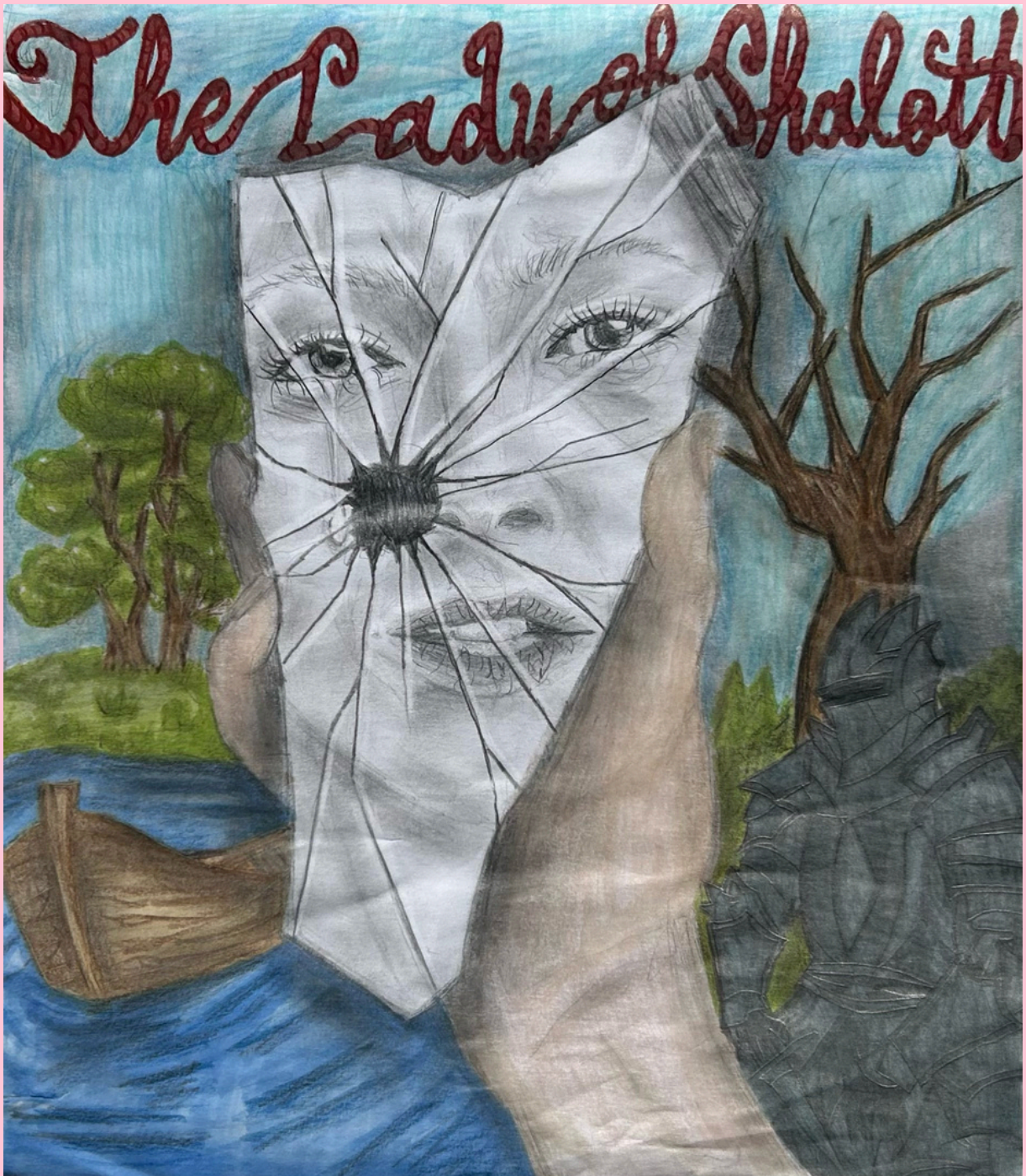
Sarah Barats '24

“Passion Is The Thing That Burns”

Passion Is The Thing That Burns
I am little, I am young,
When I see her on stage,
Her hair is slicked back into a bun,
Her lips painted a deep red, her eyes blue,
She is wearing a sparkly pink tutu, and wooden shoes on her feet,
She waltzes and turns, illuminated by the lights,
And a fire is ignited.
I am taller, I am older,
But not old enough yet,
I still remember her,
I try and imitate her movements,
Her kicks, her turns, her waltzes,
The fire still burns.
I am older, I am stronger,
I am now her,
On the stage I turn with grace, and leap towards the heavens,
I smile as I see the younger girls,
Their eyes filled with stars and their hearts filled with wonder,
I am now the girl who once inspired me,
I am now the girl who sparked the fire,
Although the girl is grown and far far away,
Although I am older,
The fire still burns.

Millie McCullough '27






Sydney Houseman '25




“Love”




Love gives joy that touches the heart
That is felt throughout the soul
shaped like a heart beneath your lungs
And never gets quite old

It is seen as small and large
And through the loveliest eyes
It could surprise so many loved ones
And appear as a prize



The affection of the word we hear
Can bring you lots of cheer
But yet in the pain and truth
It will always be my strongest root



Lana Siliquini '27



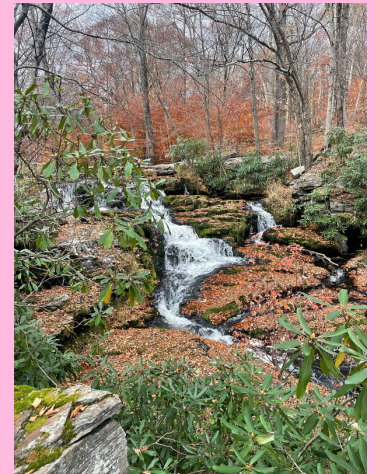
What place on Earth feels like a daydream?



Erin Flatley '24



Valerie Tyshko '25



Molly Marr '26



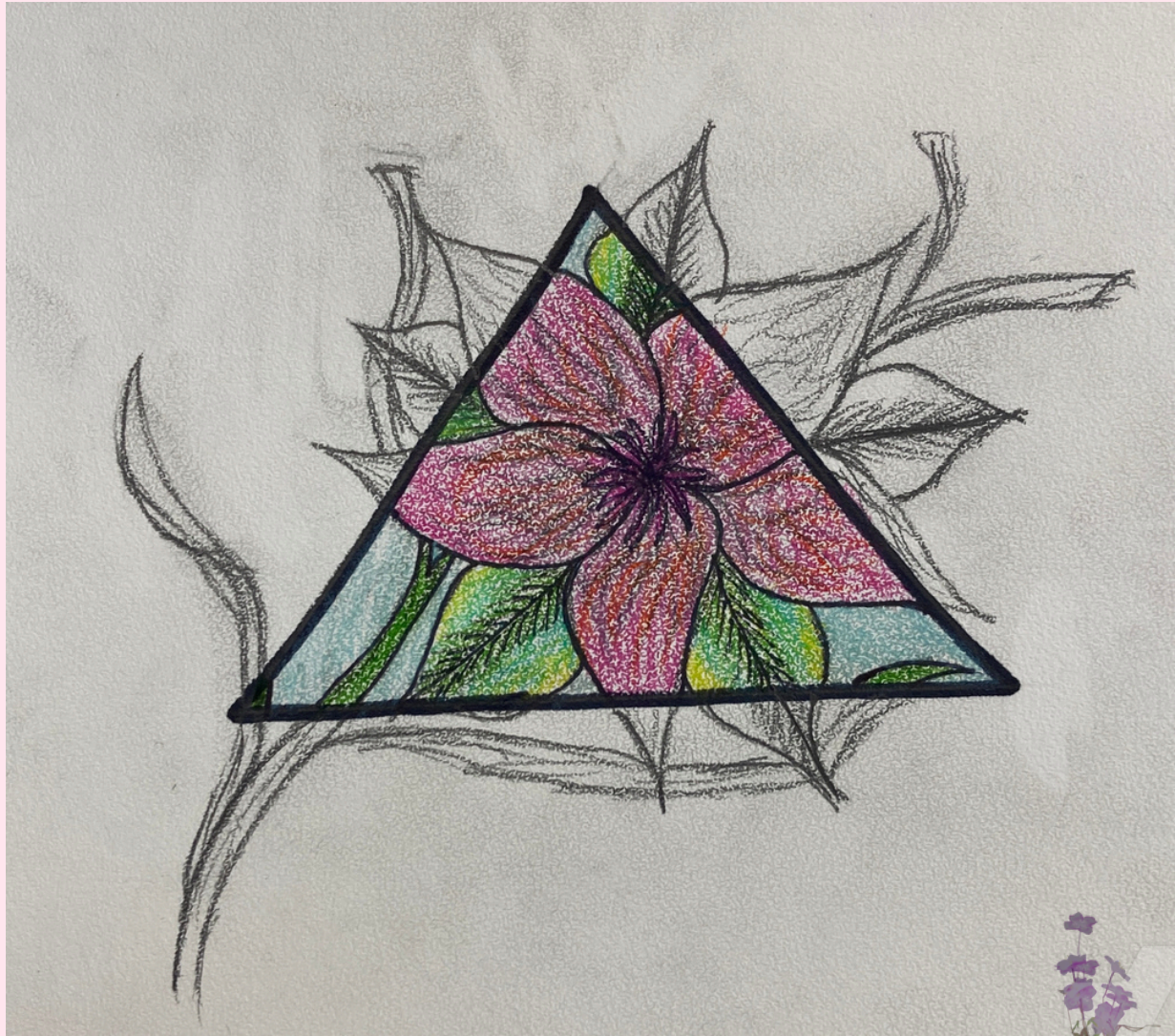
Ms. Chirico '11



Mairead McGinley '25



Abby McGrody '24



Mia Mastromarco '25

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A DOLLS HOUSE

Henrik Ibsen



Sophia Caruso '26



INTERLUDE

As my closing chapter at Villa Joseph Marie ends, I give myself a few moments to take it all in. I put on my favorite playlist, “sunny days,” and reminisce on all the beautiful memories I have created in these halls. When the song “Sonder Son (interlude)” by Brent Faiyaz comes on, I let my mind wander into an emotional rollercoaster of daydreams. The first thirty seconds of the interlude bring me to a place of familiarity, the place I have called home for the past four years. I daydream of the fear I felt walking through those large, white doors on my first day of high school, the moment I met my amazing, life-long best friend in our new PAC, and the times I have laughed with teachers and classmates so hard that my ribs began to hurt. The daydreams I had as a yearning sophomore trying to hang in there until the next week have turned into reminiscent wishes to go back in time, a desire to soak up those “next weeks” just a little longer.

I laugh at myself while the thought of “Chicken Tuesdays” and chocolate chip “Villa” cookies dances around my head, reminding me that new ones will replace these traditions in just three months. My Thanksgiving feast with scooters zooming up and down the main hallway, my steaming hot cocoa with the tiniest marshmallows during Villa Christmas, and my after-school Tuesday routine of attending *Quintessence* the past four years will all become memories I daydream about in my cozy dorm. They are the moments I will daydream about as the first 30 seconds of my favorite interlude plays for the hundredth time on my playlist, the song that will always remind me to dream about those “good old days.” These daydreams have been my desires turned reality, and now they have turned into my most precious memories.

To the rest of my Villa community, and those entering it next year, learn to love your interludes. Love those times that feel like the beginning of your favorite song, the ones that you know you will daydream about in the future.

Delaney Reynolds '24



Sarah Barats '24



“At the Bonfire”

At the bonfire,
the fire crackles.

The trees sway.

At the bonfire,

we are warm.

We are cozy.

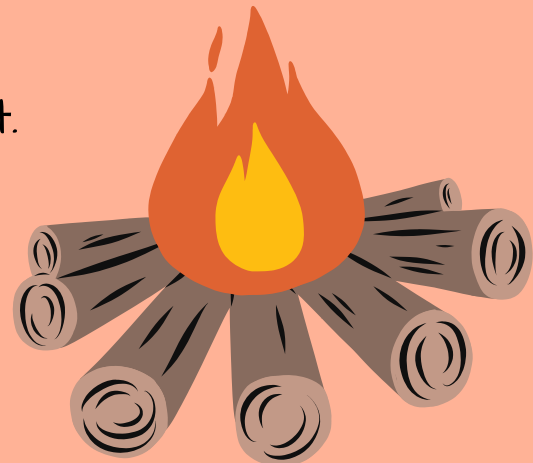
At the bonfire,

Listening for howling,

Watching for someone.

This was our bonfire,
The perfect bonfire night.

Jenna Feola '26





"Hera"



Chelsea Agundu '27



Mia Mastromarco '25



It was a warm fall night the smell of smoke from the bonfire filled the air, the leaves blowing in the wind leaving a calming noise. The crackling of the branches in the background as we laugh with friends. A peaceful bonfire night, no care in the world, no disturbance found. Just a calm night with friends with a bonfire near on Halloween night.



Addy Borman '26

"Daydreams"



Sydney Houseman '25

A decorative border of black and white line-art butterflies is positioned at the top of the page, with several butterflies scattered across the corners and along the sides.

"A World of Hope"

That feeling when everything is out of control,
Or when your world is spinning.

What grounds your thoughts,
When your thoughts are thinning?

When you can't finish the day
what are you admitting?

The thing that saves you when life is gone,
Will never be quitting.

'HOPE' is what will save you.

For you will not be a slave to doubt,
But a hero to the world,
And a hero to yourself.

Juliet Levy '27

A decorative border of black and white line-art butterflies is positioned at the bottom of the page, mirroring the top border with butterflies scattered across the corners and along the sides.



My Beautiful

"Because of your smile, you make life more beautiful." - Thich Nhat Hanh

Paige Halligan '26



Northanger Abbey's Catherine Moreland
in the style of "Study for The Lady of Shalott"
by John William Waterhouse

Emily White '24

*If you could live in any fantasy world
(movie, book, etc.) what would it be? Why?*

“I would want to live in Tinker Bell's Pixie Hollow because it looks so magical and everything is sparkly.” -Erin Flatley '24

“I would live in the Harry Potter world because I would have cool powers and would get to meet magical creatures!” -
Isabelle Glunz '25

“I would want to be in Dune, either the book or the movie, since the Fremen who live in the Arrakis desert use cool ways to avoid the harsh desert weather, like wearing stillsuits that are meant to recycle their body's moisture. Huge sandworms that are drawn to sound also are under the sand, it would be super cool to see all their teeth.” -Nora Tataren '27

“the secret garden, i'd love to live in the manor with the garden and tea, i just think it would be perfect” -Valerie Tyshko '25

“Pokémon. I could be the very best, like no one ever was, to catch them is my real test, to train them is my cause. I think the world would be a bit more fun with Pokémon in it.” - El
Schwenker '25

“The world of "The Emphyrean Series" by Rebecca Yarros.” -Mia
Mastromarco '25

“Narnia. Because all creatures love and talk.” -Ms. Soley

“*Midsummer Night's* forest because it seems interesting and has many fun and unique details” - Molly Marr '26



If you could live in any fantasy world (movie, book, etc.) what would it be? Why?

“I would love to live in Hogwarts because I would want to live in a castle and I would be academically motivated.” - Lily Chacko '25

“I would love to live in the fantasy world of any of the books series by MXTX, because they see so magical to me.” - Sophia Caruso '26

“*Six of Crows*... I like the action, drama, adventures, comedy, friendships, romance, and unspoken relationships.” - Mairead McGinley

“*Harry Potter* because Hogwarts during the Christmas season seems so peaceful and fun!” - Abby McGrody '24

“I would want to live in Hogwarts because I would love to roam the castle and learn magic.” - Gianna Felker '25

“I would like in the fantasy world of Hilda because it is very peaceful and full of people like fairies and mythical creatures.” - Taylor Pitts '27

“Faerûn from *Dungeons and Dragons* (it's in books!) because I could literally be anything I wanted and fight dragons and stuff.” - Jordan Higgins '24

“A fantasy world I would love to live in is the world of Pixie Hollow, and I would want to be the keeper of the blue pixie dust. Even though they are working, everything is so whimsical and joyful that I think it would be a great place to live. Plus, it would be fun to fly!” - Sophia deJesus '24

“Willy Wonka.” - Rebecca Morein '24

MY EYES NEVER LIE

The beauty my eyes perceive is owned by me
It is unique and untouched by the opinions and stereotypes of the world
It is not the beauty of celebrities or what social media displays
But the beauty in natural life and nature
The beauty that everyone has within them that they do not realize

The beauty that is when babies utter their first word
The beauty that is when children learn and grow
The beauty that is when the elderly take their last breath--
surrounded by relationships that were created through a long lasting life
The beauty that is human love

Love is unmatched and can never be rejected for what it truly is
And that is beautiful

Love for Christ, family, friends, sports, education, and anything that brings a smile
to a face

Love for the sky when it's painted a glowing orange and soft pink
Love for the ocean as it's powerful waves crash upon the gravelly sand
Love for the rain that comes to quench the green and bring new life
Love for all of nature, as every aspect serves a purpose and lives so perfectly

My eyes never lie
They show me a perspective of the world that is only mine I own the beauty that
resonates in my heart--
And nothing can take that away

Eveleen
McGinley '26

INTERLUDE

Daydreams are sometimes visions of our ideal future, escapes from reality, little glimpses of hope and enchantment throughout our normal, everyday life. Occasionally, they meet us in the car, while waiting for something, or even during class. Throughout a daydream, the mind travels to another world, as we slowly zone out everything around us. Sometimes we pour our attention into a daydream and snap back into reality with a sudden switch.

Daydreams are places, memories, and people. Daydreams can be vivid, life-like pictures or general feelings of imagination. We all daydream, whether we know it or not.

I travel to the beach. I sit on the sand, facing the water, listening to the waves crashing on the shore. I feel the mid-July sun on my skin and the salt air surrounding me. The sky is light blue fading into purple and orange. I am recently sunburnt and am exhausted from a long day in the ocean. I am eating saltwater taffy and listening to my beach playlist. It is around 7:30pm and I have nothing planned for days. Actually, I am at school. I am sitting at a desk. The classroom surrounding me is cold, as the AC is preparing for summer. The sky is overcast. I am pale and exhausted from a long night of homework. I am hungry for lunchtime and listening to the shuffle of penny loafers down the hallway. It is around 11am and I have a to-do list that goes on for miles.

I can visit the beach in my head whenever I want to. I can travel to any country and any month. My imagination has no limits, no rules. That is the beauty of daydreaming.

Erin Flatley '24



Mia Mastromarco '25



"Fear of Change"

The bittersweet feeling of change
For four years I have built up here
The feeling is so strange.
To leave behind a place so dear.

What will I say to those new friends
when they ask about my home?
How will I make amends
when I don't know where old pals roam?

I'll fear I'll sit and listen to the chirp of the birds
While sitting on a bench somewhere
Replaying memories and familiar words
It is all too much to bear.

But maybe it will work out
And change will be for the best.
I'll keep these times about;
I'll hold them tightly in my chest.



“The sun sets in a golden hue”

**The sun sets in a golden hue,
The sky appeared to be a deep shade of blue,
A sight that brings me hope anew.**

**The laughter of my loved ones near,
No one can shed a tear,
A sound that fills my heart with cheer.**

**Hope is found in simple things,
In moments that make our hearts sing.
A warm embrace, a kind word spoken.
These are the times that can't be broken.**

Allison Warunek '27

“six-word memoirs”

maggie geib '25



Blowing wind, salt air, bright sky

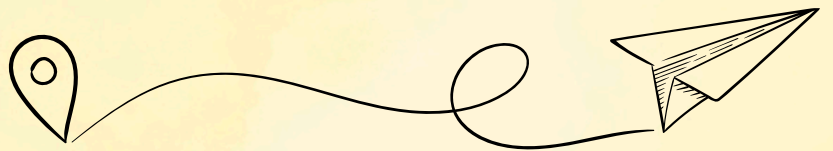
Always try to find the good



STAND TALL

Take a moment and capture it

Keep all your dreams, stand tall



Lemonade stands, bike rides, sandy shoes



" It Isn't So Bad "

At once I felt my breath arise and looked

around the room. I took a breath of air

and stood up tall. The fear wasn't so bad

you see, after you just begin. So take

this piece of my advice and have courage.

For what's the very worst that could befall?

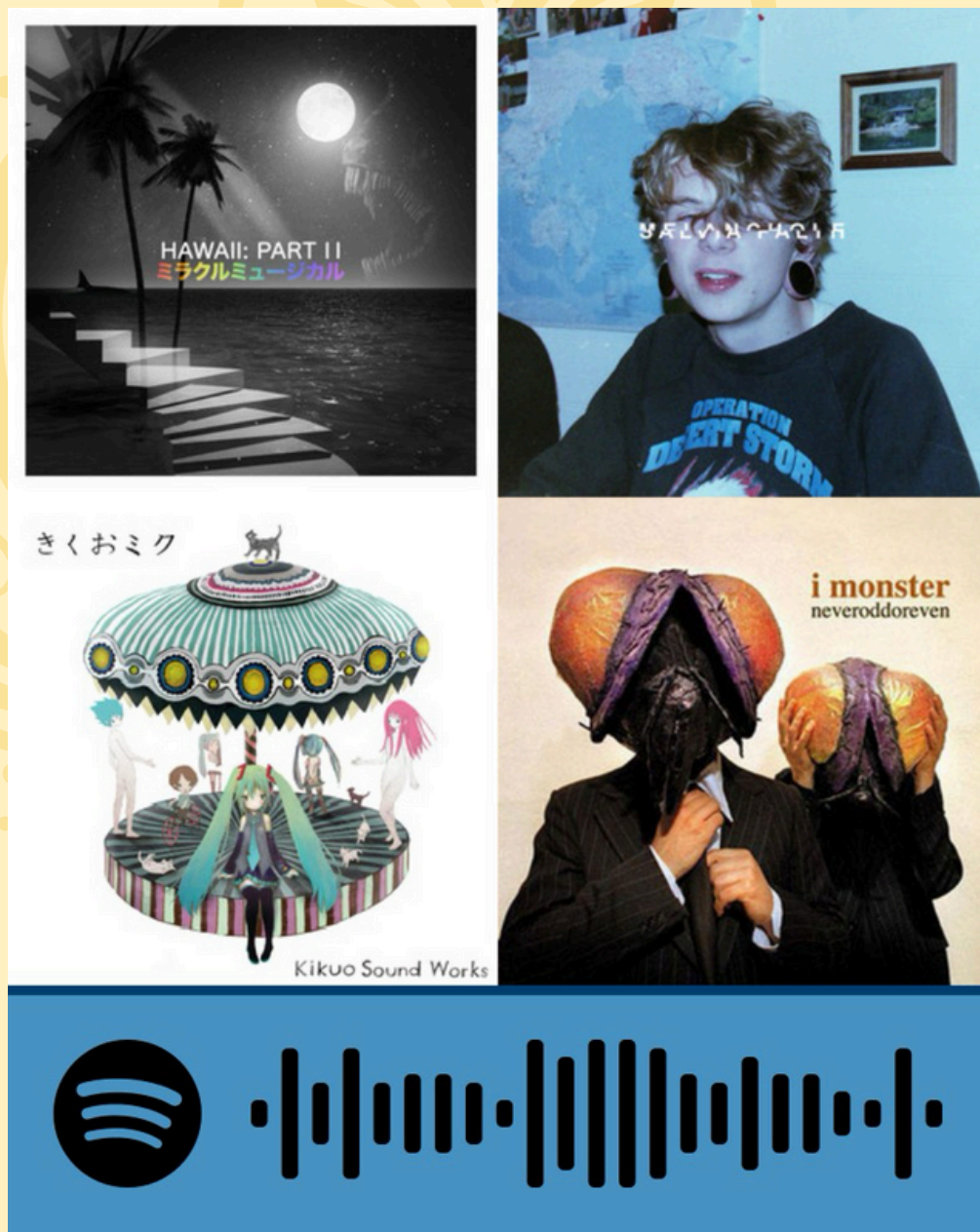
Soon you will see that it isn't so bad

and all the stress was wrong. So stand up there

and give your speech for all.

Erin Flatley '24

What songs make you feel like you are in a daydream?



Check out our *Quintessence 2024*: “Daydreams” playlist on Spotify!

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2ff3RzpMUdXURWOOdFcCyJ?si=bf0d2bedb6134aed>

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