

Literary Magazine 2023-2024

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a glowing incandescent lightbulb. The hand is positioned at the top of the frame, with fingers gently gripping the glass. The lightbulb is illuminated from within, casting a warm, golden glow that illuminates the hand and the surrounding area. The background is a soft, out-of-focus gradient of warm tones, creating a sense of depth and focus on the lightbulb.

“Be the light
that helps
others shine”⁹⁹

Thanks to Sayreville Middle
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- Danielle Onochie -6th grade
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- Sophia Schnitzer

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Art



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Painted By: Leah Melara



Painting by: Nan Kamassah



Painting by Nan Kamassah





By Maira
Naveed

By Idaliz Ricart



By Idaliz Ricart



By Krisha Patel





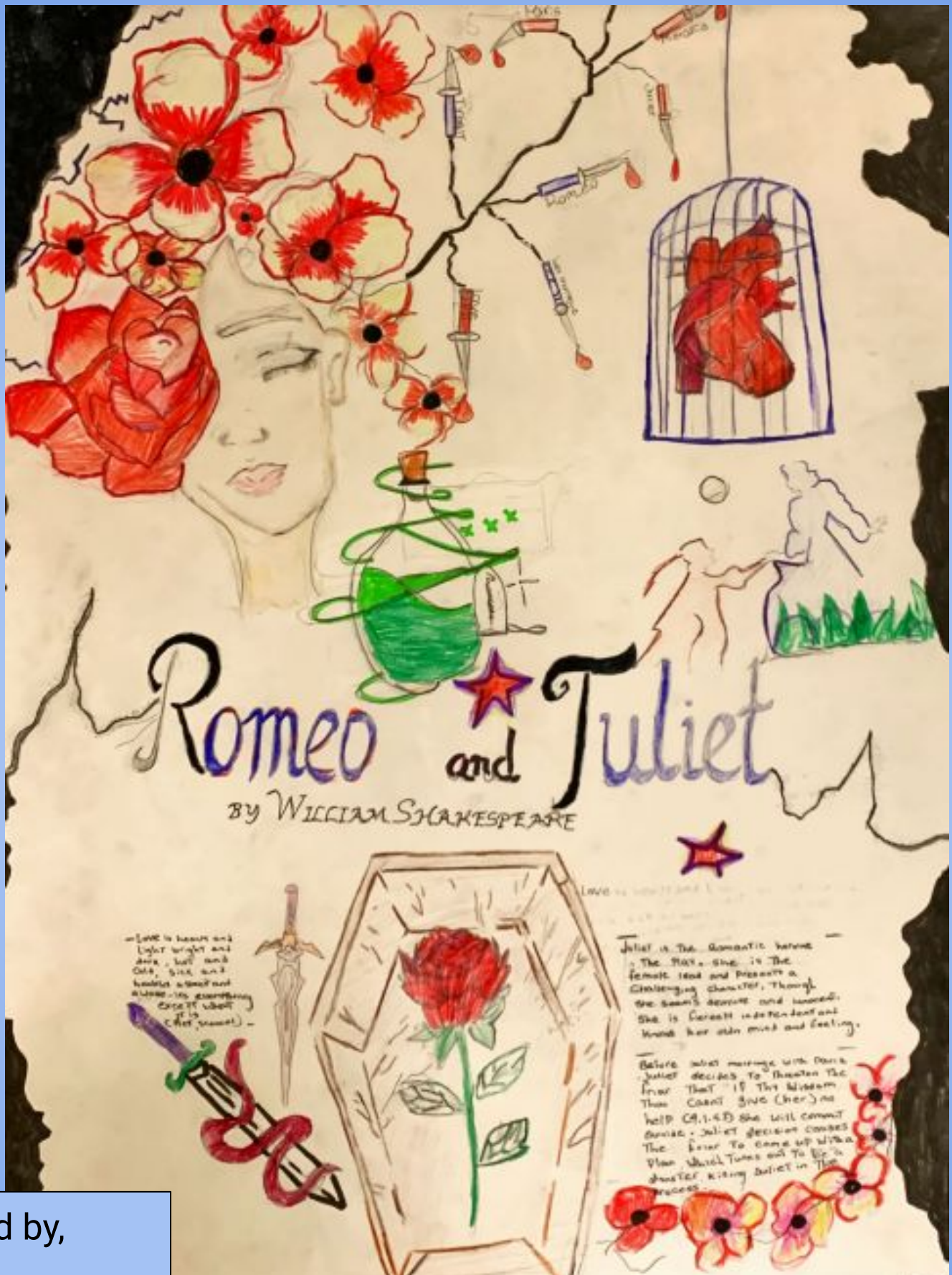
Krishna
Patel

2023

By Krishna Patel



By Maira Naveed



-Love is beautiful and
light bright and
dark, but not
old, she and
beauty without
age - in everything
except what
it is
(not meant) -

Juliet is the romantic heroine
- The play - she is the
female lead and presents a
challenging character, though
she seems devoted and innocent.
She is fiercely independent and
knows her own mind and feelings.

Before her marriage with Paris
Juliet decides to question the
friar that if the wisdom
that cannot give her) no
help (9.1.43) she will commit
suicide. Juliet's decision causes
the friar to come up with a
plan which turns out to be a
disaster killing Juliet in the
process.

Created by,
Nahed
Abousherifa



Amari



Create Your Own Tribute - *The Hunger Games*
By Ciara Farris

By Aneesa Shabbir



Drawn By: Chloe Leonardo



Choso from Jujutsu Kaisen By Chloe Leonardo





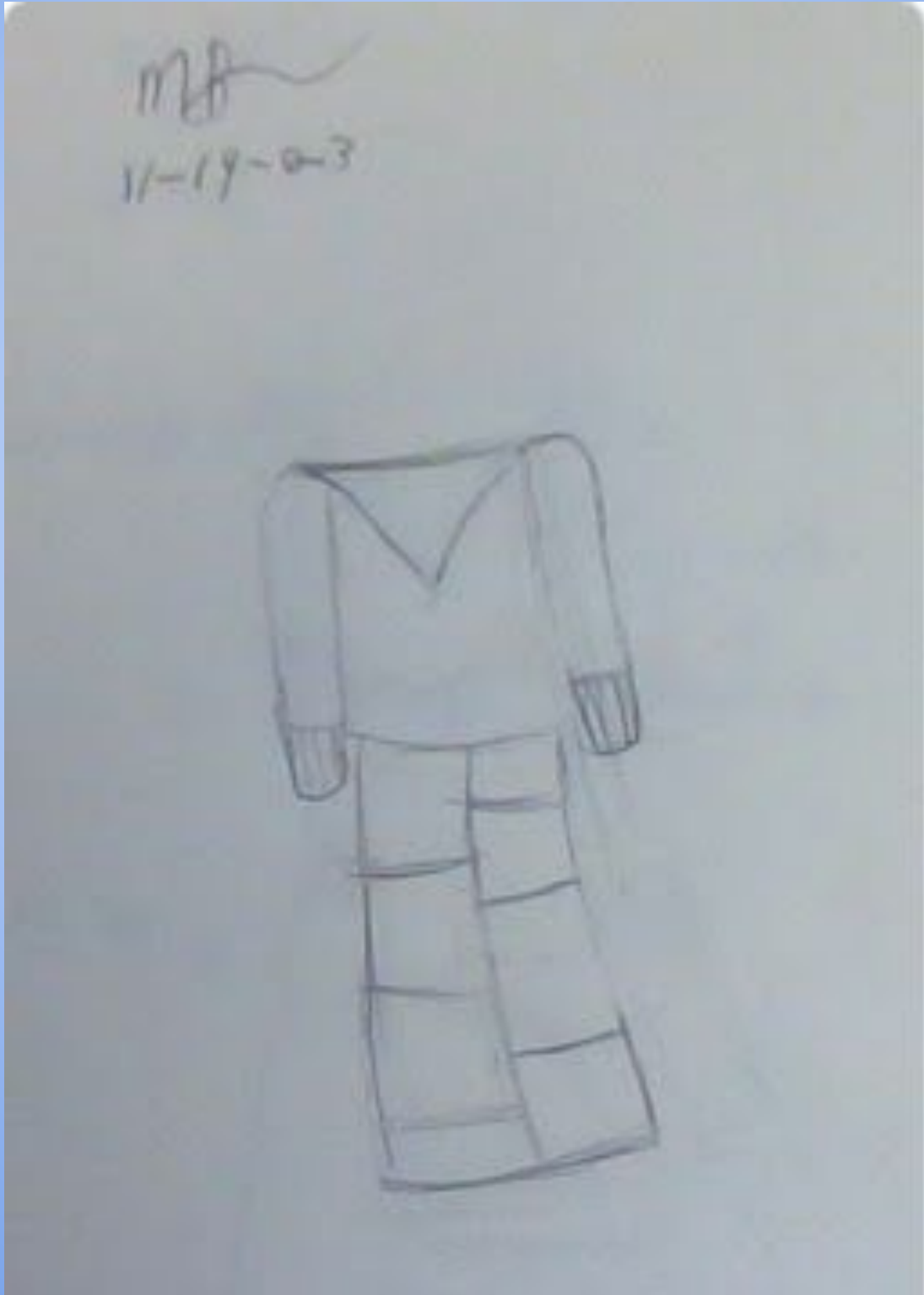
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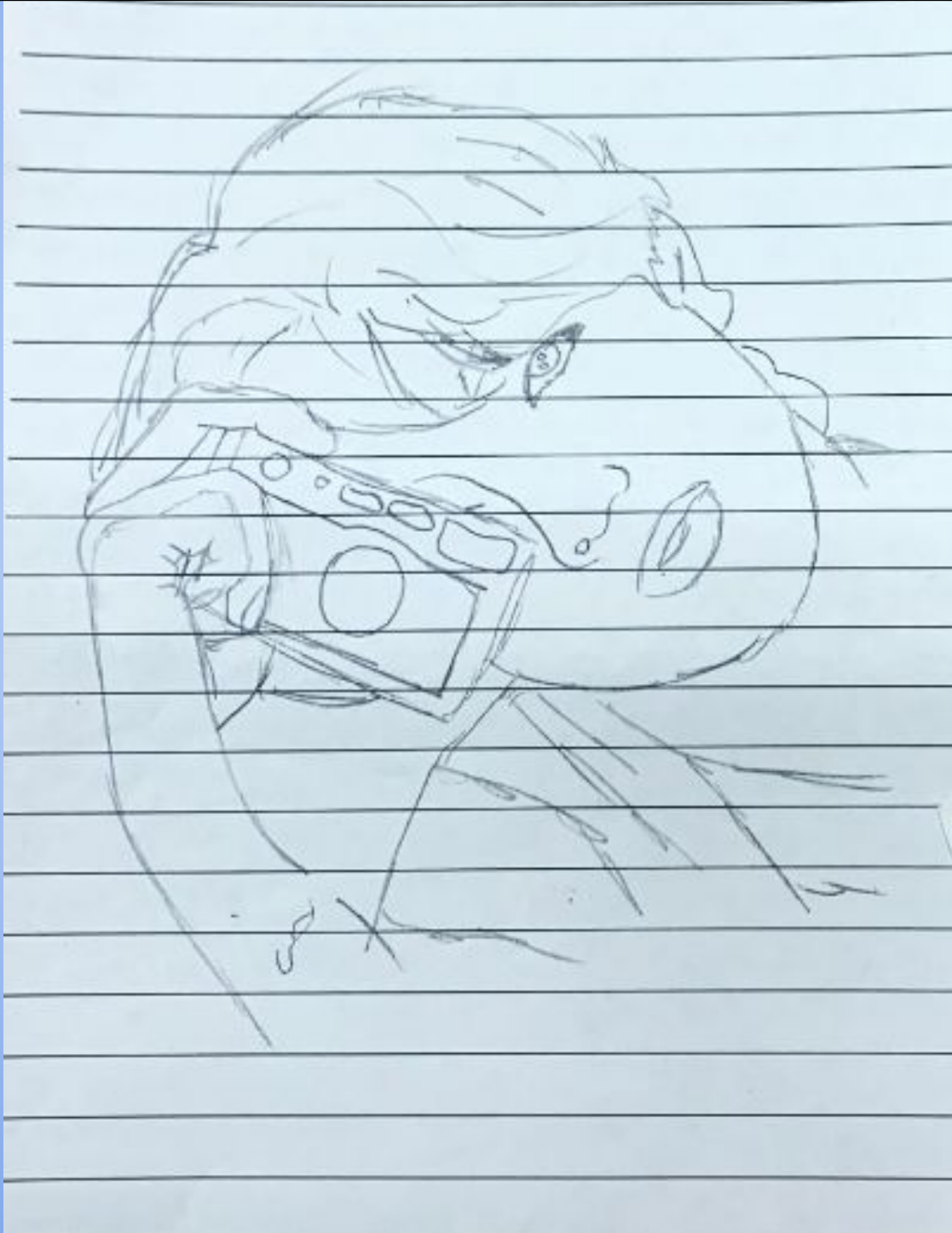
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By Monica Bekhit



By Rihanna Roman



Peace by Leah Melara



Anastasia by Leah Melara



By Krisha Patel



Clairo by Chloe Leonardo



By Leah Melara



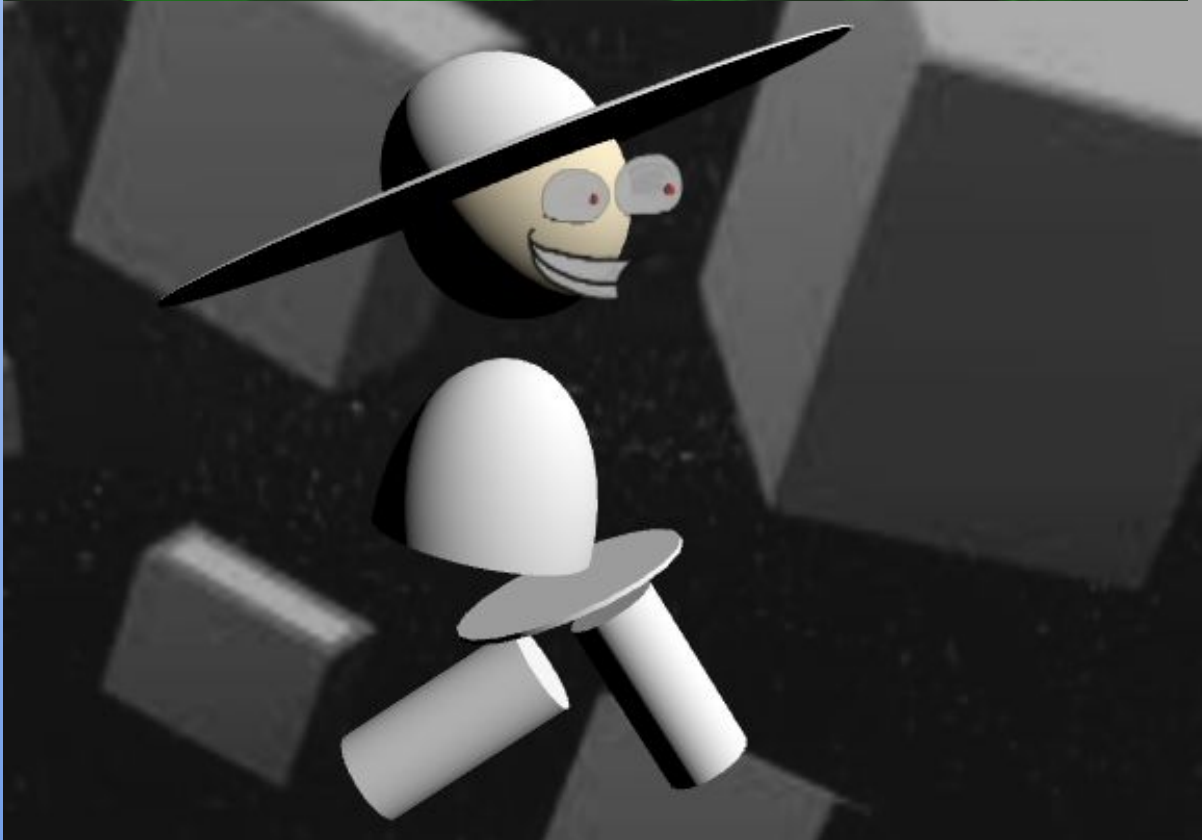
By Krisha Patel



3D MODELS



By: Aiden Langer



Two of many forms of EXPUNGED

Jimmy The Snowman, By: Giovanni Scavuzzo



Dr Explosion, By: Giovanni Scavuzzo



Cool potato, by: Dominik Pawelek 🧐



Poetry



It's Finally time

it's finally time
my bravado has arrived
all the years of hardworking
has made its homecoming

this cap of black fabric
is worth more than magic
it's finally time
for my future to shine

I will say though,
the journey was hard
but the special moments
are what pushed me afar

it's finally time
to make new amends
to live my independent life
without a form of regret

Diya Yeruva

Lightstep

By: TEMI TAIWO

Curtains unfold as the emptiness inside one is filled with emotions. Behind it is a story to be told once more. Blinding lights fill one's eyes. Every small step is a new beginning. A new story told in each movement. A song filled with joy. But also with sadness. Running off and coming back stronger to finish the story being told. Using the floor as the world revolves around it.

Yet, nothing is heard. **For each movement is a lightstep.**

“COUNTDOWN TO A LOCKDOWN”

BY: T.E.M.I

- 10: The room was silent, “tik tok”
- 9: The soft sound on pencils writing with grief
- 8: A yell from the hallway ignored
- 7: Heavy footsteps back and forth
- 6: “Boom” Everything is now silent
- 5: A yell! Now from the classroom, shocking
- 4: “We are now entering lockdown, a threat has been located in the school. Please stay calm, the authorities have already been contacted.”
- 3: “Boom” another was shot.
- 2: The corner meets you and says hello, the brightness has disappeared. Grief is filled within the room. No test was finished, oh dear.
- 1: ... “Boom” a silence fills the room.
- 0: “scream” The window, You have to reach it! You try your chance and fail.
- 1: “Boom”

The Day I Wondered, Why?

By: Temi Taiwo

My mother had always said, “Stop daydreaming or you’ll get yourself in trouble.”

My teacher also said, “ Stop daydreaming or you’ll miss something important.”

Well, I always found daydreaming much more important than listening to whatever nonsense I was forced to listen to .

You could learn more things from not listening then listening.

But there's also questions that I just can't seem to figure out.

Why do birds fly?

Can't they just walk like normal people or do they feel superior to the world? Well, that's a simple question that I'm sure is answered at this point in time but is it?

Why does Earth, Earth?

I know, makes no sense I see? Well think about it! Earth makes absolutely no sense at all. How would we know if space was really there are not? What if it's a lab of people studying us? WATCHING US... So many questions, yet none of them answer...

Withered By: Ashlynn Bellido

Your words were the first shots fired.

I just called troops for retaliation.

You were too tired.

To take my carnation

You drank the poison, expecting me to die.

It worked, speaking eye to eye.

Twin flames both burned out.

Yours, then mine

Perpendicular lines will not stay together.

Like death and time

But somehow I still hang onto you like the Gardens of
Babylon.

Hoping that one day, in my mind, you will be gone.

Hope Flies by Giovanni Scavuzzo

Hope is like a bird that flies in the wind
Only a wall can stop it
Potential hope can be gone in an instant so,
Every chance you get, hold on to it tight.

The End

Flowers

Flowers colorful beauties

One as bright as the Sun another as colorful as a Rainbow

Flowers invite people to smell them

Flowers as beautiful as the Rainbow

Flowers are as cute as dogs and puppies

One as beautiful as the Sky

Another beautiful lilac

Flowers silent beauties

Flowers are forever here

On this earth they are our silent beauties

Flowers are the bringers of life

Flowers our silent beauties.

By

Sophia Schnitzer

Winter and Spring

Spring is the time of warmth

Spring is the time for birds to return from the North

Winter into Spring is a transformation of the seasons

Winter is a time of Family

Autumn is the time to be Thankful

Summer is the time for fun and warmth just as Spring

Spring is both warm and cold

The seasons Transform in their own ways

Winter to Spring

Spring to Summer

Summer to Autumn

Autumn to Winter

Then the cycle starts again

When Winter starts it can end at any time depending on a groundhog

During Spring

You may see a log

Or two

Or three

Or four

You can go to a cave and find some Diamond Ore.

Maybe we will never understand the reasons for the four of seasons we experience

Maybe there is a reason we see these things since...

We might not see the transitions of the seasons

I know there are many reasons

By

Sophia

Schnitzer

ThanksGiving

Thanksgiving

A time to be thankful

For what god has given us

A time to be thankful for our family and friends

A time to celebrate what god sacrificed to give us food

To give thanks to God and Jesus

A time to share our Thanksgiving we friends and family

A time for sharing our Love and Thanks to God

By

Sophia

Schnitzer

Christmas

Christmas is a time for Family

A time for love

A time to share with your loved ones

A time to be with your family

A time to celebrate the birth of Christ

A time to share with your family

A time for love and hope

A time of enjoyment

By
Sophia
Schnitzer

When Eyes Wander

CRIMSON

When eyes wander, they stare at his golden brown hair.
The same strands that leave her with no more words to
give—speechless.

They stare with the intent that they may never be able to
look away.

When eyes wander, they get lost in the abysses that are
his eyes.

The gorgeous orange that symbolizes a dead star.

When eyes wander, they remain focused on the
movement of his lips.

The velvety voice that keeps her listening, the jokes he
makes, and his confidence and knowledge that make it
all real.

When eyes wander, she finds happiness...

Birthdays

Birthdays are a time to celebrate your friend or your special day

A time to to celebrate with your Family

A time to be with Family

A time to see you are older

A time to see you are more Mature

A time to know you have changed

A time to see the changes you've made in your life

By
Sophia
Schnitzer

|~My mind alone~|

Gabriella Ascolese

The intense agony I felt.

How much agony I hide, barely even shown.

No one notices, and no one helps.

I'm left with the pain of the past.

The memories that'll come down like a waterfall,
with the tears in my eyes and yet no one notices

I'm left with that pain.

Maybe it was how cowardly I could be.

Or maybe nothing at all.

I'm alone and it's as if,

I was in a desert and the dunes began to grow

Higher and higher with it,

Until stopping at the highest point,

But therefore I am alone.

No one wants to be alone, but I am there alone.

The only thing I'll hear is the voices in my head,

How they can be so contemptible, yet

I'll choose to ignore them.

Sometimes they can be like those gnats that won't leave you alone

And still I'll choose to ignore it.

Once you're used to the agony there's nothing else to feel.

Sometimes I use my imagination to make something more beatific

Thank my reality.

Those thoughts come back to paralyzing then is the best I can do intuitively.

I should ask for help or talk to someone,

But it's hard to talk when no one listens.

So therefore I am alone, in my own reality,

Along with my imagination, but the agony

Still maintains form as I'll sink into the ocean's abyss of my imagination.

Drowning from my own world.

| *I'll Save Your Tears* |
By: *Gabriella Raine Ascolese*

You could smell the fresh air as the fortress of the trees surrounds us in the meadow,
We run away into our world, like a fantasy, like a dream
But who knew that *dreams* could have such a blue ending.
The forest is green, Souls of others surround us *dancing through the whispers of the trees*.
I see the color on your face so blue. Your eyes streaming like a river down the near soil path
I catch those drops of rain, saving them into my hand.
I'll save them, *I'll save your tears, as the colors turn gray*.

Everything is blue but they'll soon turn gray, and so will you too.
I won't leave you here dancing alone soon, I'm here to stay.
You may leave but I'll remain with you. I know you don't want to leave me,
And it's not your choice. But I'll stay with you as you dance in the trees.
Our souls intertwine as the forest trees begin to whisper your name.
The sounds are so peaceful as I feel you fade away.
And soon all the colors turn gray, but *I'll save your tears*.
Maybe one day, I'll be able to dance with you again, and our souls can stay.

| The Reaper |- By: *Gabriella Raine Ascolese*

{Vocabulary}

The plants layed low on the soil, it was filled nearby with trees of all sorts. The lifeless animal layed of the grass and the grim reaper had called his name. His **scythe** took away the animal's life. Something not so cruel but rather peaceful.

You could see his soul moving like a **sloth**. He looked around to see the other **phantoms** and knew his place. He began to run off into the trees enjoying his new and peaceful life.

The reaper had looked over to see the **pyre** of the wooden tree laying on the ground. He didn't call for the tree, he only called for the souls. He may call for them but some call for him, like a **seance**. He found those odd but he can have fun too can't he? He'll mess with them but then eventually their time will come. Whether he calls their names or not.

He sat on the green grass and looked around the trees. How peaceful it was. He's been around for so long he could remember the wars that have happened throughout his time. **Bombardments** that he had seen. He never knew when to feel sad or guilty, or not care at all. But he always felt that guilt even though it wasn't his fault.

Desolation is what he was and how he felt. There's nothing he can do but live with it. He would always be **gingerly** with the souls he calls and keeps. How the bunnies look so happy when they're at peace with him. Most found him evil, but evil can turn out to be sweet. Hearing the bunnies souls

He could see the family of deer laying and mourning by the soul he had just taken, the one that was just running around but now he stands next to the Reaper. The **processions** of the deer began to move their way as they were done grieving. The deer now did not know whether to stay or move along with them. His final decision was to stay and wait as patient as a deer can for his family to come back. But for now he remains free in his new peaceful life.

The reaper had made his way to a moat that was near the open field. As the moon began to rise it was **luminus** over the ice waters. It was beautiful in his eyes, it's what he looks forward to for his sleepless nights. It was as if he had **insomnia** so powerful he was afraid to sleep at night. So he stays up and watches over all the animals as they sleep ever so peacefully. Till it's time to call one's name again.

His life was **incomprehensible**. No one but he understood his life and the meaning to it, and many could not understand. He could sometimes feel the hurt of his heart shatter to a million pieces at times. His heart was so **fragmentary** and fragile, it felt as if something was a juggernaut **in his** tiny heart that could never beat.

He watched as the ice on the lake became **liquefaction** again. He could hear the a bunny **ricocheting** off of the ground and stop next to him. The bunny say watching the moon and the stars up in the sky. THE bunny wasn't a soul yet, he still had his heart beat. The fear of touching the poor little bunny would have taken his soul in an instant. He still had a life to live, so it would be **parttled** of him to touch *him*.

He had no **squanders** to take from him. The innocent being had no fails in life and he never should. Something so innocent as he should be living in peace, and if he suffers from anything, even just a **gout**, it was his duty to take him to a more peaceful life where he belongs. Even if wounded with **convolutions**, if no one or anything can save him, it's his job to bring him to peace again. He could see the innocents in his eyes, and he knew that he deserved all the peace in the world. Even if sometimes that peace can be disturbed he'll take care of the being himself. As he did for all the other souls he's called for.

He felt sometimes as if his duty was a sin. That's how some people had viewed it, and he would **penance** himself for it. When it wasn't his fault, more of just a way of life. It shouldn't be viewed as horrible, sad but yet more peaceful then ones can imagine. There are no **pedants** for him to worry of, for he made his own rules. Sometimes it felt selfish or unfair that he was able to make them and others couldn't, but he can't bear to see

such souls suffer while living, which is why he will only call when they have suffered enough.

He continued to watch the moonlight at the stars **incessantly**. He watched as the stars began to tell stories of their own. Something being **erected**, maybe something being **doused** in the waters of the oceans sea, But not to many things were being told **grotesque**. He couldn't dream. How he wished to dream. But he can't it's not possible for the Reaper to dream. He watched his souls dream, but when night comes the stars tell him the stories that you could see in dreams. The stars were his dreams.

His scythe layed next to him untouched. He bothered not to touch it. He never saw it as a weapon or a tool. He saw it as a holding of something to hold all the souls he had saved before. That's where most were kept, some will run around for a while then return to him as if he was something to call home. Yes his heart was fragile, but his heart is always given to his soul to show the kindness and peace he wishes to bring to them. Some frightened at first eventually see the kindness and warmth he wishes to bring to them. Nothing ever too cold and nothing ever cruel. He keeps them safe and well cared for, and though his heart will never beat, it's one of the caring ones that most people wish to find.

- *Death can turn out to be ever so peaceful, yes sad, but will bring peace. The Reaper will only call when they have suffered enough. The Reapers heart is one of the warmest heart that is cold and can not beat.*

| The ending chapter to ones life, but the whole end to another's story |

By: Gabriella Raine Ascolese

I stay up thinking about the books I've read.

The books that have so much meaning to it, they left me in tears.

I wonder, and think about the words spoken on the written pages. It's as if I'm in my own world or playing an act of a character. The films play in my head, and I can feel the characters' agony. And right now is one of those times where it'll be silly of me to stay up late thinking about what I felt with what had been spoken to my own mind.

How one fadle breath determines the rest of your life and its course.

*That last breath of theirs is the one you'll remember before their senselessness,
with that unfeeling body you now see.*

*The ocean's waves couldn't have crashed down on me harder than it had. Falling
down to the ocean's solid hard sand floor, drowning me in my own tears and
agony that it upholds. The tide pulling me into the depressing sea.*

*Knowing that this is the end to the story, but the ending of theirs is part of one of
the many chapters in the life I hold.*

*A chapter I wish had never happened. A chapter full of depression and sadness
that overflows, wondering if I'll ever be ok again.*

*By the time I'll start to feel alright, there will be those moments where I'll cry for
you again, and it'll hurt more than it did the first time. Hurt more since now I
know you're really gone and there's nothing I can do. Nothing I can do to bring
you back.*

*Nothing I can do to know I'll be able to share a laugh with you again, smile with
you in precious moments. Tell you the special moments that happen in my life and
you tell me yours. Never able to make memories with you again.*

All gone just from that last fadle breathe...

BY: ABIGAIL TANDY
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

YOU KNOW ALL MY LIFE I'VE SEEN PEOPLE FAKE A SMILE
THERE HEARTS ACHE WONDERING IF THEIR LIFE'S LIVING WORTH WHILE
I'VE SEEN PEOPLE MAKE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS STILL UNSATISFIED
AND THEN I'VE SEEN PEOPLE WORKIN AT DUNKIN
PERFECTLY HAPPY AND STILL SMILING AT MIDNIGHT

I WISH I COULD SAY TO THEM
YOU ONLY GET ONE CHANCE
SO STOP WASTING TIME
JUST GO ONTO THE STREETS AND JUST DANCE

I KNOW YOU'RE JOB'S IMPORTANT BECAUSE YOU NEED MONEY TO LIVE
BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE MONEY
DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE HAPPINESS
DON'T STARE AT YOUR MIRROR JUST HOPING FOR LIFE TO GET BETTER
I KNOW HOPE ISN'T BAD PER SE
BUT TRUST ME IT'LL JUST BUILD UP THE PRESSURE

I'LL SAY IT AGAIN
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE YA KNOW
SO BE WHAT YOU WANNA BE
AND DO WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY

The End of the Truth

By Zainab Mir

Simon.

Harmless, soft,

Straight hair, black and coarse,

Harmless, soft,

Eyes so bright, yet so soft,

Harmless, soft,

He who helped satisfy others,

Harmless, soft,

Timid and silent, yet saw reality,

Harmless, soft,

It was midnight.

The sky filled with rain,

Blood dripped,

Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!

Deadman on a hill!

The End of the Truth

By Shaylyn Zugcic
Simon Eulogy Poem

Silent Voice

Out here all alone,
don't try to escape.
Out of mind and dream,
unconscious clearness.

Lay down near by the water,
broken body,
silent voice.
Sound of water was still,
silent voice?

Clouds drifted, clear sky,
angular bright constellations,
Clear water mirrored.

Misguided child, Silent voice,
endure the cold ocean water.

Out to sea, Silent Voice.

By Tarryn Stokes-Jones
Simon Eulogy Poem

Drifting

With deeper knowledge you thought you *have* the
possibility extend your knowings to others

In searching for a deeper meaning within the island

You had found what you had sought

They could have know, if they had just listened to you.

They all thought at the beginning that they could never

stoop

so

low

You knew that they *had* the possibility to gain

Instead they drifted from you

And in the end, you were the one really drifting away from
them.

Drifting away from them into the vast and unconscious
sea, where you lay

Puppy girl

By Kaylee Roldan

Her hands were soft to the touch
but had a layer of hardened skin.

I thought it's probably to protect herself from all the hurt in
the world.

She was like a scared animal
shaking of fear.

I felt bad for her,

I felt pity

but not that “oh so sad” pity

,no

the pity you feel when you
see a crying puppy.

Not my stars

By Kaylee Rolden

The stars shine and twinkle your name in the sky.

But your name as constellations,

is not mine

but someone else

To see them twinkle and shine.

Don't call me honey

By Kaylee Rolden

You call me honey

But you're the bear

you're only here for golden honey

And not for my bees

After you get tired of my sweet honey

You'll leave like the rest

of the bears that tried to feast on my honey

Autumn reminds me of you

By Kaylee Rolden

The cold autumn air is back
It brushes back my hair
like your hand, use to do

The cold autumn air gives me chills
Autumn is the perfect time for hoodies
But I no longer have your hoodie
To give me that warmth against the cold

Autumn reminds me of how squirrels
Desperately skurry around for acorns
Taking what they can get
For the holiday season

And maybe that's why you left me
as soon as spring came
You were a desperate squirrel
and I was an acorn

The big blue sea

By Kaylee Rolden

You remind me of the ocean

So mysterious

Yet can be so calm

Until a storm comes

you can be a sea that even the best sailors fear

Thats thats why i admire about you

I am like a calm river

I might have some rapids once and a while

But never enough to fare me

I think the scariest thing about me is

My flouds of emotion i pore out into my poetry

So yes i admire your deep blue eyes,

you calm demeanor,

Your bright smile when your happy looking at your friends

Sun

By Kaylee Rolden

You're the sun to me

Your beaming smile when you talk to your friends

It's like watching the clouds splitting up burning a storm

The warm sunlight shining,

You just can't help but smile too

But you can hurt

You burn people's skin when there on the beach

You can dry the life out of plants,

And that's why I prefer the moon

Ignorant child

By Kaylee Rolden

I love how you squint too when you smile

It makes you look like a cute kid laughing

A kid without a care in the world

So innocent

So innocent that you can't tell that you hurt people

And how it can make someone crumble into dust

And how that one comment

can be that thing that pushes them over the edge

Middle of the madness

By Kaylee Rolden

It sucks being a teen sometimes

You at that stage when you're treated like a child

Though you face adult challenges

You do really dumb things like when you're a teen and a kid

But now don't get the issue of "oh, well there just a kid "

You are faced with hard punishments like an adult

But you're still just a child

The mixed feelings make us feel adult but

we're still are just ignorant kids

I didn't know

By Kaylee Roldan

I teased him

“ you won't do it, you wouldn't jump,”

I know those words circles through his head as he stepped
closer

I didn't know the things that happened at home

If I did I would have never said to jump

My heart dropped at his one foot went up in the air

And then stepped of the ledge

I called him names and teased him all the time

Not knowing that he would actually

Do...it

Life and death

By Kaylee Roldan

Losing someone hurts, It hurts bad

But it's like it doesn't feel real yet

Like the thought of never hearing their voice again makes
my chest hurt

Never seeing them alive, moving, breathing

Losing someone hurts no matter if they were your grandma
or your childhood cat

They're still gone, but it's probably for the best

At least that what we all hope

No one should feel that feeling of forever loss

Not any child or adult

But it still happens

Death is a part of life

Music

By Kaylee Roldan

Music is an art

The smooth words are like poetry with each word having a meaning

The tone and rhythm help sequence the song together in a wonderful harmony

Whether it's drumsticks hitting the center of a drum or someone plucking guitar strings

It all goes perfectly together and explains how people feel

Smoke break

By Kaylee Roldan

When I was little I would yell at some of my family to stop smoking

I would get upset thinking why would they do that to themselves

It's not healthy it hurts people so what do you get out of it

It calms you down

It's the one thing that they adapted to to make them calm and less stressed

It give them a sense of relief from their life

But is it worth trading your life and lungs for that feeling?

Dusk to Dawn

By Kaylee Roldan

I like seeing the streaks of sunlight through the trees
The warm tones of the sun and autumn leaves against
The colored blues of the sky in the morning
The temperature going from cold to warm as the sun rises
And watching the birds flying singing their melodies
or even sitting on the beach looking at the orange sun hit the
ocean waves
It's beautiful

But then you also have the sunsets
When the sky shows hues make a rainbow shining
reds, oranges, greens, blues and even purples
It sends a calming flow
And when golden hour hits and every thing has a bright
golden shine to it
And as the finale show a bright ray of moon and stars
brighten up the night sky
I don't know what's more beautiful

Dear future me

By Kaylee Roldan

I would love to talk to my younger self

I would tell her to not grow up though she is probably tired of hearing that

I'll tell her to do what makes her feel right and not to make the same mistakes I made

To always cherish dad and give him a hug every day

And that you'll always be his little girl

But yet I would be scared to meet her

I would be scared to see what she would think of me

Would I be like the coolest person or would I be a disappointment to her

And she would wish I was better

Blue

By Kaylee Roldan

In person we are strangers

But we know everything about each other

From the things we geek over like space and the ocean blue

We also know the harmonies we both like

But yet we still try to avoid eye contact

We hide behind friends and other strangers in means to get
away

I can see him looking at me when I turn my head

And he knows I look at him too

Die like a supernova

By Kaylee Roldan

When I die I want to send a message,
To leave a mark ,
I don't want to die and be forgotten
I don't want days to pass like nothing, like I never existed
I want the world to stop for at a second
For people look at their phones and start crying
The world should know my name
I want the kids who I went to school with to say
“ Oh I used to go to school with them” and they brag about it
on social media
To not be forgotten

Silent night

By Kaylee Roldan

She looked outside at the snow

There was a light layer of snow on the floor

Just enough to cover the grass

“ It's beautiful” she mumbles with shivering lips

She was crying, why was she crying,

All it was was some snow on a cold night

Then I realized...

“ it is beautiful, isn't it”

Sun rise

By Kaylee Roldan

I sat on the beach it was early morning
It was dark almost pitch black
But then a ray of light lit up the sky
It slowly rises turning everything an shade of orange
The glissed on the open water
It was so sunny and it hurt to keep my eyes opened
But yet it was too pretty to close them
I would go back even if it was just for a second
Looking at the peaceful empty beach
The sand sticking to me
It was just so... peaceful

It would be nice

By Kaylee Roldan

I hate the rain in december

But I love the sun

The warm rays of light it gives off in the coldest winters

And the way it makes the december snow shine

But it's not sunny

It's still raining on this december day

Safe place

By Kaylee Roldan

I hid in the closet

It made me feel small

It make me feel like my problems were small

I felt safe and warm

Like no one could penetrate the walls

The walls keeping myself together

Isn't it Lovely

Crimson

Isn't it lovely?

Those who live for love, just wait for
heartbreak.

Others who live to enjoy life, only wait for
eternity.

The people who love life are scared of risks.
Yet the ones that hate it, live it better than
ever.

Those who have been hurt are used to pain.
Yet those who have never experienced it, fear
it.

No one knows which one they are, for they
don't want to admit the worst part of it.

Isn't it lovely...

By Gabriella Ascolese

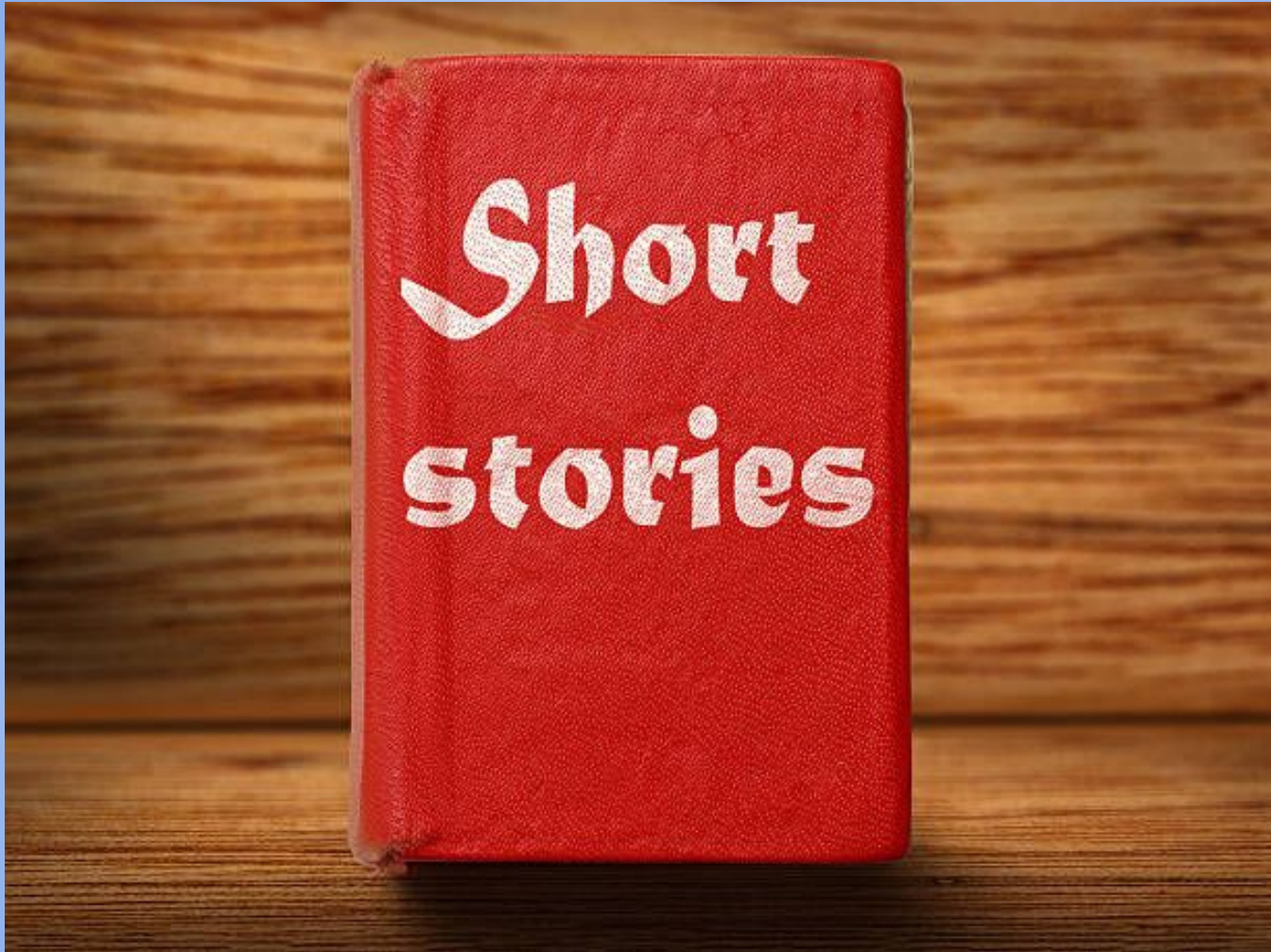
Little Owl in the Tree

Going unnoticed like the owl in the tree. He wanted to flee. People tithe for the one in the sky they can't even see or know to believe. But they ignore that little owl in the tree. Dignity is something one must learn to countenance, though you look in the mirror with brooding and contemptuous eyes. Though the owl will who is in his tree. The waves on the ocean sulk up the sand, but leave them be. The ocean washes away the fears with no spurned, only benign. And the little owl will watch over from the tree. A fortress that holds less of a monstrosity of hate, but more of Serenity. Both the sea and forest will hold the peace. Neither are contrary, and neither is the little owl in the tree.

The fortress of the trees were evermore stalwart, and the vigor of the serenity was dancing through the trees. Even the little owl could feel it in the breeze. The little owl was not lethargy of the place he watches over now. Though he only looks at you with loving eyes and is now noticed by you.

The loving little owl in the tree.

Short Stories



The One Time It Snowed: By Rayann Hilali

"It's a sunny day with a little breeze from the north with highs in the 80s," the meteorologist said.

Sam responded, "NO, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?! LOOK OUTSIDE, THERE IS 5 FEET OF SNOW, WE ARE STUCK IN SCHOOL! "

Everyone said, "What he said,"

Willie yelled, "WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE,"

"Ok, ok, OK, BE QUIET!" The teacher said.

" King Julian the XVIII King Julian the XVIII King Julian the XVIII King Julian the XVIII KING JULIAN WAKE U... FEEEEET" Mort yelled

"Mort what do you wahhh-" King Julian the XVIII said and abruptly stopped. "What is that?

"5 feet of snow and the school needs you to help them, they are stuck," Mort responded.

" Tell Clover to do it," King Julian the XVIII said.

"No, they want you,"

" No, tell Clover,"

"No, they want you,"

"NO, TELL CLO..."

They were arguing with each other until Clover came in and said...

"What in the name of Madagascar are you doing, Mort get off his foot right now,"

"Anyways, go and help the children,"

Enslaved Spirit

By: Mya Melara

“Louis, are you coming?” Called Charlie.

“Coming!” He called back. He ran from behind an old house, his hands covered in dirt.

“Did you place the rats?” Charlie asked when Louis was close.

He gasped trying to catch his breath, “I sure did. The homeowner should be out of there three days tops”

The boys wanted to buy the old house and use it as a public clubhouse. They hoped it would make them loads of money and it would be fun.

“Good. Now let’s get out of here before we’re blamed,” they got on their bikes and drove away. The boys lived across the street from each other so they often spent the whole day together. Recently Charlie’s sister, Darcy, has been shopping for the clubhouse. In exchange Charlie covers for her when she sneaks out. They’ve gotten quite the collection of stuff, all they needed was the homeowner to leave. They didn’t really have any specific use for the money but money was always good. Before Louis went to bed he finished his homework and did chores. “Soon I can pay someone to do this for me” he thought.

The next morning he woke up bright and early to Charlie calling him. He grabbed his phone and picked up, “hello?” He asked groggily.

“Dude, it’s Amanda’s 14th birthday,” Charlie replied.

“So?”

“We didn’t get her a gift.”

“Oh dang it.” Amanda was their friend who was a year younger than them. They had met her when trying to find properties. She had decided to join them in the operation clubhouse. She had been super helpful and already had people prepaying for memberships.

“Yeah dangit. Can you swing by town to get her something?”

“Why can’t you do it?” Louis asked.

“I have soccer practice, remember?” Louis did not remember. They

used to play together but he got bored, quit and joined track instead.

He groaned, “fine whatever.” He hung up the phone and got ready. He threw on a t-shirt, jeans and vans. He ran downstairs trying to escape without his mom stopping him.

“Lou, where are you going?” His mom asked.

“I have to go to town. It’s Amanda’s birthday.”

“Oh why didn’t you tell me earlier. I could have gotten her something. She’s such a nice girl.”

“Yes mom she is. Can I go now?”

“Sure, be careful.”

He took his bike to town to the bus stop, where he took the bus to town. Once he arrived he biked to the library. Amanda liked to read and she had already read everything at their neighborhood library so he thought she might enjoy a new book. He opened up his phone to look at Amanda’s book wish list. He walked around till he found a book. He was about to check out when he noticed a blue glowing book. He walked over and opened the cover. The room went black and the blue light turned into a girl.

“Woah. What’s going on?”

“Hello, I am Cleonan. I was trapped in this book 100 years ago for being accused of betraying my family. My soul has been enslaved here until someone worthy proves I am innocent and lets me go to my next life.”

The book closed and the lights came back. He expected everyone to be shocked but no one has even reacted. No one even saw. He grabbed his phone to call Charlie and Amanda. “Hey guys. Oh Happy Birthday Amanda.”

“Thanks. What’s up?”

“Well, it’s gonna sound crazy but just trust me.”

“Everything you say sounds crazy,” jokes Charlie.

“I’m at the library and one of the books has a girl named Cleonan stuck in it. Well her soul is stuck. And someone worthy needs to get her

out so she can go to the next life.” He waited for them to say anything. He knew how insane he must have sounded. “Maybe it’ll be easier if we just come over,” said Amanda.

“Yeah, yeah that’s good. See ya,” he hung up before they could change their minds.

20 minutes later they arrived.

“Hey! Why are you just getting my gift today?” Amanda asked while walking in.

“Oh yeah, sorry.”

“It’s fine,” she smiled and looked at the magical book.

“Dude, you have to show me this in action,” Charlie said.

“Sure, touch the book. I think you have to touch it to see it.

Before when it happened no one else saw it,” he opened the book and it happened again.

“That’s definitely real,” Charlie muttered.

“This is the best birthday ever!” Shouted Amanda.

“Yeah, great and all but are we gonna do anything?” Asked Louis.

“I mean we don’t have too,” replied Charlie.

“I’m gonna ask the owner where they got it from,” said Amanda. She came back a few minutes later, “They said someone donated it. But they don’t know who.”

“Well looks like the clubhouse plan is gonna have to wait,” smirked Louis.

Louis bought the mysterious blue book, Amanda’s gift and a book on magic and mythology.

“Mysterious cost a fortune,” Louis said after paying.

“Sure does, but it’s gonna be worth it,” said Charlie.

“What if this is just some sick prank?” Asks Amanda.

“Well then those people are really talented,” said Louis.

They biked back to the bus stop in silence. On the bus they read

the book to try and find any knowledge on locked souls. Surprisingly there was in fact a section for enslaved souls. Most of them were curses that had spells that could break it. But Cleonan had said she was trapped in for “betraying her family” but she needed to be proven innocent. Which meant they were gonna need a history of the town crimes and her family records. When the bus arrived at their stop, they went to the abandoned house to see the sign, “for sale.”

“Yes! “ shouted Louis and Charlie.

“Alright, let’s go home, find out the time frame and story from Cleonan. Then we go to the police station to ask about her and the house,” said Amanda.

“Sounds good,” agreed Charlie and Louis,

They went to Charlie’s house to open the book up and ask Cleonan some questions.

“Hello Cleonan, we really do wanna help you but we need some information. What year did this all take place, and what’s your family’s last name,” Louis asked.

“Hello Louis, this was in the late 1800s my family’s last name is Hectic,” she replied.

“Thank you, now can you give us some info on this so-called betrayal,” continued Charlie.

“Yes I can, I went to war with my brother. He died. I was unable to bring his body back and I returned to war. My dad began to abuse my mother for raising a daughter who couldn’t let the work be done by the men. My father caught the plague a few days later and died within a week. I was put on trial for his death. I was found guilty and put to jail in this book by a group of evil witches,” Cleonan’s eyes were filled with emotions and she spoke of her family and past. It struck a nerve.

“I- I am so sorry. You did not deserve this loss nor the blame. We will prove your innocence and give you the peace you deserve,” said Amanda. “I do agree, but who are we proving your innocence too?” Louis asked.

“The witches,” Cleonan replied.

“The witches? Where uh, where could we find them?”

“Down by the bay, they hang out at the shed shop.”

“Oh yeah, there is a group of weird people always hanging out there,” says Charlie.

“Since when do you go down to the bay?” Asked Louis.

“My dad takes me fishing sometimes,” replied Charlie.

“And you never invited me!” Shouted Louis,

“Enough of this. Sorry Cleonan about these two. We will prove your innocence in a week tops. Thank you for talking with us. We will update you as soon as possible,” Amanda shut the book and started making a list of things to do.

“Alright let’s head to the police station, we can put a down payment on the house and ask about this family.”

“Sounds good to me,” replied the boys.

Once they got there they signed in and went to the real estate department. They filled out forms and paperwork while waiting for someone to help.

“We will see you now,” said a secretary.

They walked into the office, shook hands with the realtor and took a seat.

“I hear you're interested in buying the abandoned property. Is that correct?” She asked.

“Correct,” Louis replied.

“You do know it needs repairs which could take up to two months to complete?”

“Yes, we are aware.”

“Your forms seem good. We will give you the property, if it’s not up and running in 6 months we will take it back. Do you understand?”

“Yes, thank you ma’am.”

They all shook her hand and signed the papers.

“Have a good evening,” she said.

“Actually if you don’t mind we have some questions on an old case,” Charlie said.

“I would love to help you but you're gonna have to go to the sheriff,” she replies.

They thanked her and walked across the hall to the sheriff’s office. They knock on the door and get let into a small room filled with papers.

“Hello kids, how may I help you today?” Asks the sheriff.

“We wanted to look at an old case. Cleonan Hecate case,” Amanda says.

“Oh that’s an old one,” he got up to look in a filing cabinet, “why do you need it?”

“We saw a story on it and got curious,” she lies.

“Mhm,” the sheriff grabs a thin folder, “here she is.”

They huddle over it to see what it has to say, “Cleonan is accused of murdering her father. Yet there is an autopsy that says he died from the plague,” says Louis.

“All true but there is no autopsy,” replies the sheriff.

They laughed, the autopsy was right in front of them and yet the sheriff couldn’t see it. The proof couldn’t be seen.

“Do you mind if we take this home with us to research?” Asks Louis. “Sure, just go check it out with the secretary. Have it back by next week.”

“Thank you, have a good day,” Amanda responded and grabbed the report.

They went to the secretary to check it out. Once they checked it out they biked back to Charlie’s house.

“We should ask Cleonan what’s going on,” suggested Louis.

“Yeah you're probably right,” replied Charlie.

Once they got to his house they went to talk to Cleonan.

“Not exactly. We found the autopsy that shows your father died from the plague. But the sheriff can’t see it,” Amanda replied.

“Mhm, I guess they put a curse on that too,” thought Cleonan.

“How can we break that curse?” Asked Louis,

“Well you're gonna have to go to the haunted lake, and wash it in the waters. It's not too hard, you just have to bring a sacrifice to the ghost guards.”

Louis scoffed, “this sure is complicated. So what type of sacrifice?”

“Any animal is fine, you can get it from the store. They won't know just tell them you sacrificed it.”

“I can run to the store real quick,” says Amanda.

“Okay great, then once you get back we go to the lake. Get the evidence visible and free you,” said Charlie.

“Thank you children, you will be rewarded greatly,” thanked Cleonan.

“What type of reward?” Asked Louis.

Before he could get a response Amanda closed the book, “we don't have time for this. Now it'll be a surprise.” “Ugh you can be really annoying you know,” complained Louis.

“Mhm, see you in a bit,” she left the house.

20 minutes later she was back with chicken, a kitchen knife and red paint. To make it look more like a sacrifice they put the knife in the chicken and covered it in red paint. They then put it in a bag so no one would be suspicious. They then biked to the lake. No one ever came around because it was rumored to be haunted, that's why there was no fish. The rumors seemed to be real.

“Hey Ghosts!” We have a sacrifice to use your mighty waters,” called out Charlie.

“Really dude? Mighty waters?” Asked Louis.

“Uh I don't know?” Charlie shrugged.

A sudden swish of wind blew through the air and a faint figure came into view.

“I am the Great Guardian Ghost. I will take your sacrifice.”

“Here you go sir ghost,” Louis grabbed the chicken and handed it to him.

“Thank you, you may use my waters.”

Louis turned to face them, “well that was a lot easier then I thought. I guess let’s go make this evidence visible.

“I guess so,” chirped Amanda.

They walked over to the lake and dipped the paper in the lake. It sparkled gold and the sparkles floated into the air.

“Woah. I think it worked,” said Louis.

“Yeah,” said Amanda and Charlie.

They went to the shed shop to find the witches. It wasn’t very hard since there was a group of people dressed in all black chanting in another language wearing witch hats.

“Hello, can you guys reverse the Cleonan curse? We have evidence,” said Louis.

“Yes please, we would greatly appreciate it,” added Amanda.

“Yes yes we can. Just please give us the evidence and throw it into this pot,” what seemed to be the leader pointed to a big black cauldron.

They threw the paper into the cauldron and the witches began to chant. A blue light flew from the pot and into the sky. The main witch gasped.

“She is free!” And then they disappeared.

“Holy cow, that was crazy,” muttered Louis.

“Yeah, let’s go to my house. I wanna know if Cleonan is actually free,” said Charlie.

They biked back to the house and saw a ghost of Cleonan sitting on Charlie’s bed, “thank you. You have saved me and I can now move on. I will forever be grateful,” she then disappeared.

“We did it!” Shouted Amanda.

“Yes!!” Shouted Louis.

All three of them ran into a hug.

“The clubhouse,” said Charlie.

They ran back outside to bike to the clubhouse. Where it was

completely decorated and fixed. It looked exactly how they had imagined and people were waiting outside. Waiting to join.

“This is gonna be a great year,” said Louis.

. Sunny Nights .

Abriana A. Novello

(Crimson)

I had never expected the moon would be so bright, the time was only twenty minutes past midnight. I had thrown my sheets onto the floor as I got up to walk towards the brighter side of my room, I needed to look out the window. There it was, too bright to look at. How could the sun be up? It was still dark out. I tried to go back to sleep, yet my room was too illuminated for it to even be possible to close my eyes. Although the insomnia was annoying, the red light coming from the window across my bedroom was remarkable, beautiful. I thought if I kept busy, I would get tired and fall unconscious. I read my book, wrote my story, played computer games. Out of pure boredom, I even styled my hair. I simply couldn't sleep. When all of it faded, I became conscious. My window was still open, my book and my computer were still resting on my bed. Had I fallen asleep? Could it have been a dream? I couldn't get the questions out of my head, I went to school, but even by the end of the day, I still remembered everything...

Moths and Butterflies

Abriana Novello

(Crimson)

The bright yellow sun shined down onto the flowery meadow, lilies, dandelions, and the tallest grass in the village. The butterflies fluttering gracefully around the sleeping birds and fox. Field mice running around the trees. Although the sleeping fox looks glistening in the sunlight and the mice chasing insects amusing, the butterflies caught his attention. He was a moth, not colorful enough, nor graceful enough to be a butterfly. He was not attracted to them, yet he wanted to be one. Butterflies are skobeloff, lavender, magenta, but moths camouflage, they are brown, gray, and spotted. Humans see butterflies as a symbol of beauty and grace, and moths as cloth eating burdens.

He cried and he weeped.

A butterfly noticed him, “What's wrong? You're crying, are you alright?” The moth didn't answer, but he didn't cry any longer. All he did was stare, the magic illuminated from the creature.

After a while, the moth spoke, “How can I be like you?”

“Like me?” the majestic creature asked. The moth nodded with glee. “How come?”

“I want to be beautiful!” the moth exclaimed, “Pink wings, and blue eyes! I want to be a butterfly!” the moth thought that maybe expressing his feelings would help him overcome them.

“But you *are* beautiful,” the butterfly disagreed, “Your antennas are thick, full, you have fur to keep warmer, you live longer, and not to mention, you are beautiful on the inside...”

“Your antennas are slim, pointed even, your wings are colorful, mine are brown, grey, and gloomy. I don't want to be prettier on the inside! I want to feel majestic, just as I look to others.” The moth was saddened, thinking he couldn't possibly amount to a butterfly, got him to lose hope.

“Listen, being a butterfly is not as lovely as it sounds... We all have flaws. Other butterflies look at each other as compost, dung beetles. But compost is the soil that flowers need in order to grow. Dung beetles are embracing and calm, they use dung for homes, meals. We don't all appreciate what we have...” The moth gave an incredulous look.

“How could someone think that way about a butterfly? They are so beautiful! And yet, you feel envious of moths?”

“As much as a butterfly is, a moth is a symbol as well. Would you like to hear it?” The butterfly's request sounded sincere to the moth. He nodded, agreeing to listen.

“The symbol of a moth is death, change, transformation, and most importantly *seeing beauty and light where there isn't any.*” the butterfly explained to the moth that moths are just as beautiful as every other animal. She taught him that everyone is beautiful in their own way, if there were no differences, there would be no beauty. “Although a butterfly is the beauty, a moth is the eye to critique it.” The butterfly and the moth gracefully glided off the tree and flew home...

The End...

Theme

Do not *change* yourself for *others*.

Love yourself for you...

TOMBSTONES!™

By: *Rebecca Macholl*

It was a normal halloween morning in North Carolina, Mary had just gotten home from walking her Samoyed named Kit. She started to get ready for school, and she could hear the crows cawing right outside of her window. It was a bit annoying. Then suddenly the local news channel came on in the lounge, Mary left her powder room and went to watch the broadcast. It started like all of the others. "Here in Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina on October 31st it is a cloudy halloween day, rain expected around 79:00 in district green, So remember your umbrellas when going trick or treating."

They always said the most obvious things, Mary didn't even know why the news was still a thing.

"It's 4067. We get the weather in our microboxs already. We **don't** need the news." she says She was glad she lived in district black or all of her roses would get destroyed. Even if she was only allowed to grow black roses, they were still pretty. Everything about her life was black, her house, her car, her clothes, her hair, her couch. Everything! She liked green more but the only way she could have green things is if she married someone from district green which she did Not want to do. Then the news reporter said something unexpected.

"Breaking News: All of the tombstones have vanished

from the graveyard in the black district!"The crows were still out there cawing away, if they didnt stop she would go crazy!

Soon after she saw the broadcast Marry got a phone call
"Hello?" She asked?

"Hello" a mysterious voice answered her,

"I only have but one simple request for you, I stole the grave stones. And, don't think about going to the police about this or you will regret it," the voice continued after a short pause

"Go to the graveyard there is only one tombstone I left untouched, go up to it and make sure you read the whole thing." Then they hung up.

Marry made her way to the car and instructed it to go to the graveyard. It only took 3 minutes to get there because she lives down the road from almost everything in the small town the government calls "district black NC". When she got there she immediately spotted the singular tombstone next to the lake, not taking a moment to acknowledge how odd the graveyard looked. She went up to the tombstone that had a large crow chiseled into the front. She read what the stone said out loud "MARRY SABO, MAY 4TH 4047- OCTOBER 31ST 4067 CAUSE OF DEATH: DROWNING 'LOVING DAUGHTER AND A WONDERFUL FRIEND"

"What-" she paused trying to comprehend what she was reading "...What?" Marry stumbled back falling to the ground "But that's today I haven't gone swimming." "Who are you!? What kind of sick joke is this?" She felt a cold hand on her shoulders. Suddenly a flash of memories

came back to her as she was walking Kit earlier that day! She was at the cemetery! Kit pulled her! She landed in the water! Is that when she died? Was that her fate? The force pushed her deeper into the water as she snapped back to reality. She tried to swim up but the force kept pushing. She tried to resist but water felt so nice on her skin

“Should I just stay here? Would anybody even miss me.” She wanted to let herself be pushed down but she knew she couldn't let that happen. she had to swim she had to if she didn't she would be gone she couldn't let herself be gone there was too much to live for. Her Mom (Kylee Sabo) and brother (Luke Sabo) were waiting for her at home right now and she couldn't leave them. Mom still isn't over her Dad (Dallas Sabo) dying she couldn't do that to her! With one strong push she got out of there she swam to the shore no longer feeling the force, her gravestone disappeared and she knew she had won. She wrapped herself in a towel, got into her car and told it to take her home.

THE END...FOR NOW

I lived and i learned

By Kaylee Rolden

I can tell i cared a lot when i started covering up my insecurities and i think people can tell. I started acting meaner and had more hatred to more people. I used to care what people thought of me. I would be scared of if my hair looked too frizzy or if I looked lazy. I hate hurting people's feelings I would be too scared to say no if a person needed a pencil through it would be my last. I was known as the kind and soft kid in class. The worst part is that because I was so nice and quiet the teacher would put me with the noise and obnoxious kids in attempts to quit them down a little.

People started to abused me kindness and they would give me backhanded compliments. My grades were lowering In class because u couldnt pay attention in class do to the obnoxious kids. I started getting yelled at home about my lowering grades. My soft nature started telling me i was the problem and that it was my fault that i'm failing. I was getting mad at myself and when i didn't get a perfect score I would get so mad that i would start digging my nails into my upper thigh. My eyes would also start tearing up.

I started getting bullied by this one girl named Ava she was also failing and always looking for someone to pick of because of her insecurities. Ava would find me in the bathroom and start slamming on the stainse and turning on and off the lights. A couple of times she gave me a swirly. I was always quite even when she did that and i didnt want to tell a teacher because i knew her home life was bad. But at the same time she was slowly pushing me off the edge. I couldn't take it.

I started realizing it when I was sitting next to this kid who likes to annoy people by poking them. I normally could take it but this day I was late for the bus and I was thinking what Ava would do to me today. He poked me and I nicely told him to stop but he was persistent. I stood up and started screaming at him in front of the class and he got up and went to go slap me but I dodged and punched him and the nose. All while the kids were shouting around us.

I started crying as I got sent to the principal's office. While I was sitting my leg was violently shaking and teardropes hit my paints leg. The principle called me and the kid in and just gave us the rundown of how to keep your hands to ourselves and the rules. I got one day of suspension and the other kid got two days because it was his fifth time getting a wright up. My mom got a upsetting email and i got punished for that. I was so upset with myself for letting myself snape like that. I felt so foolish and know i know that it was not my fault.

After that incident I started looking at things with new eyes. I see all the unfairness in school and the world. I realize not everyone comes to justice. I started fixing my grades but i want as kind. I grew more bitter like a new fruit. It was funny as I saw the people who used me and tried to suck me dry like a leach. My bitterness was like a match to them and I no longer had Ava fighting me because she now knows I don't care as much anymore and im not an easy prey like I used to be.

Gabriella Ascolese- Personalized Pearls/ Explanation

I wanted to make a painting out of this whole thing because I think that painting will have so much more significance and you get the bigger picture of what I want to present. The poem I wrote was a slight guide to what I wanted to add.

The Crown is to represent the part where it mentions “The pearl is the queen of evil” because the significance to that meaning is to show how we think this pearl is this amazing thing, when in reality it makes a living nightmare. It also goes back to Juana saying in the novella “this pearl is evil, it is a sin.” and I wanted to make the “crown” of it a red pearl since most people see red as the color of evil. And if you notice it’s not really a crown.

The ocean has many aspects into being in the painting especially since pearls come from the ocean along with how Kino and his family live near the shore. If you look closely into the painting you can see I drew a sinking boat or shipwreck of Kino’s boat that was originally his grandfathers. Along with the sinking ship I tried to create the aspect of blood but near more by the crown and the pearl to show how much of a nightmare that the pearl had made and also to symbolize the aggressive deaths in the story especially with kino becoming not only a murderer, but his son, Coyotito, being aggressively and brutally murdered with a shot to the head. I didn’t mention blood in the poem because I don’t think it was well needed. There are many things I didn’t add to the poem but I attempted to make well added to the painting for the novella.

Scorpions tend to live near the ocean and they are known for their poison. I had mentioned in a separate poem about a snake and scorpion sting of poison though it wasn’t

mentioned in the one for the pearl that I wrote for this particular project. The scorpion should be near or on the crown of the pearl and it is to represent greed and how it will carry that sinful poison in the tip of its tail. Now the scorpion played a huge role in the novella, but I think a lot of people forget about him as the book carries on. But let's remember when we all heard the first song of evil it was when the scorpion had stung Coyotito not to mention in this very same chapter the lines had read saying how much Coyotito had meant to Juana, saying that she meant absolutely everything to her and she did not know what to do without Coyotito. Only for it to end tragically in the end. The other part to the scorpion is he is supposed to be the pearl's crown to represent evil.

The Man in the painting that seems to be sinking in is to represent Kino and now he sunk into the abyss of the ocean that is the nightmare that came from the pearl. I wrote that he was sinking into the abyss of the ocean in the poem and I wanted to show that in the painting as well so everything was shown together properly. This is indicating how he was sinking into being greedy from the pearl and not realizing how bad everything was becoming and only to have a tragic ending he can't swim up from so I'm trying to indicate him sinking for many reasons. The main message to this whole story should all be indicated into the painting but mainly the message showing all the themes that had gone into the novella and not everyone will look at this the same because everyone has their own view on it and if they have read the pearl they might have a better concept to what the painting is trying to say plus not everyone looks at painting and art the same way. Some people might just think it's pretty while others will get a message not other people are getting from the artwork shown in the painting. Everyone has their own way of viewing everything and how it's shown in the

painting. Though I tried to make a really good point with the painting and how it's presented through everything and give some sort of meaning to everything that has been shown.

| The Descending of a Man |

Painting the sky is as simple as a dove, but to paint the pearl is to paint
the world.

The ocean world carries the shell, to which the pearl shall hide,
But tis the pearl of the world that lies inside.

The queen of gems and the gems of queens
Will paint the future of the bird in the sky,

Let the man lay low hiding inside, for the queen shall be the to his greed.
For the Pearl of the world, is not all as seems.

The boat will never see the sea again, though it will sink into the great
abyss.

Along with the man to wheeled the pearl, he shall sink in.

For where you come from is where you belong,
like the pearl in it's shell, from under and on.

The burning of the pain is like fire and stone, for it shall not leave the
great unknown. The pearl is the queen of evil hiding in deep abyss,

For shall the Evil is hidden in the Pearl of beauty and bliss.

So one shall bow down to the Queen of Evil,

Thou to the one of terror and greed, to sink into the nightmare of the
pearl,
to lone and weep..

ANIME/MANGA

MY HERO ACADEMIA

僕のヒーローアカデミア

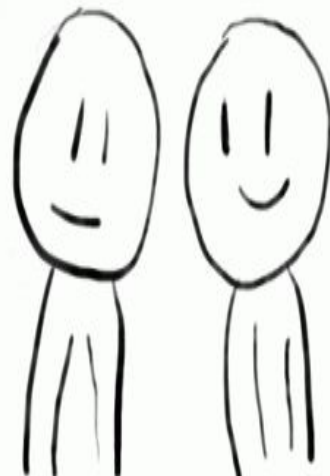


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ANIMATIONS



Paper Mario TTYD level design



Go through the slides fast! “Bob says Hi” by Giovanni Scavuzzo



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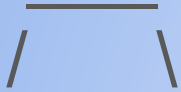
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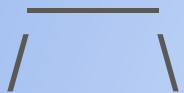
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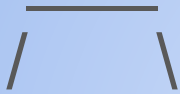
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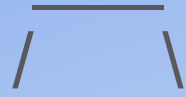


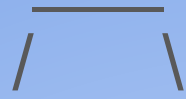
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THE END!

FOOD/RECEPIES



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Japanese style Tea recipe by Giovanni Scavuzzo

One cup of water.

Microwave for one minute.

Take Cup and put a green tea bag in for one more minute.

Take out bag and put one and one half teaspoon of sugar into cup.

Add one teaspoon of honey.

A splash of milk.

Stir with spoon for 20 seconds

Enjoy

PHOTOS



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By Malena Parsler



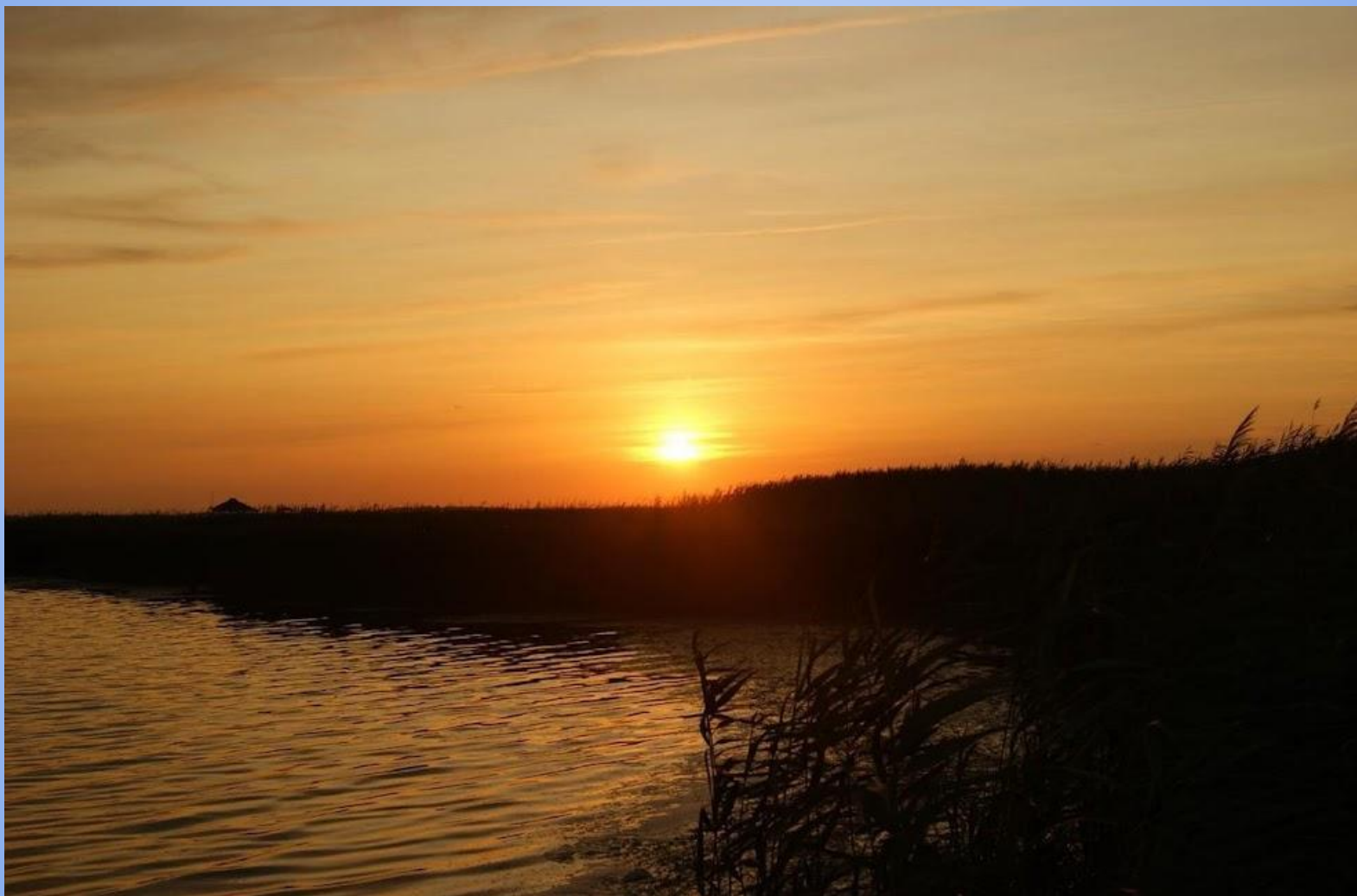
By Malena Parsler



By Malena Parsler



By Malena Parsler



From Germany By: Dominik Pawelek



From Germany By: Dominik Pawelek



Boy Scout Trip in Capik By: Giovanni Scavuzzo



Pictures taken from a Samsung Galaxy A31

Boy Scout Trip in Capik By: Giovanni Scavuzzo



Pictures taken from a Samsung Galaxy A31