

# SANSCRIPT

M A

LIVE  
LAUGH  
WRITE

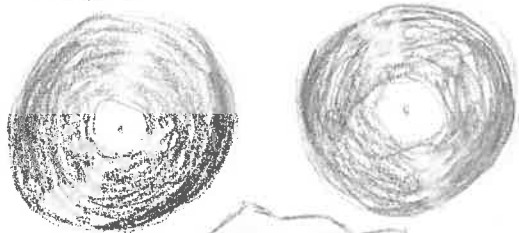
2025-26

TO WRITE  
IS TO  
BE FREE

H

S

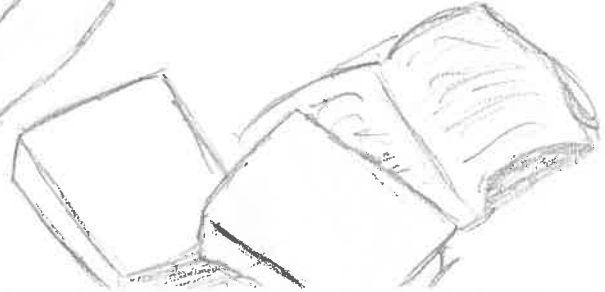
sanscript  
is calling...



2025-2026  
SANSCRIPT  
STAIN TODAY

WHERES  
BLACK?  
JOIN  
SANSCRIPT  
AND YOU'LL  
BE CURED

WTF  
WTF  
WTF



# SANDSCRIPT

## MONOMOY REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL

### 2026

#### CLUB MEMBERS

##### Co-Presidents

Savannah Eldredge Corinne Pina

Kyra Howard Abbey Crownshaw

Sani Brown Emma Eldredge

Chloe Horan Emma Capen

Aedan Leahey Davion Dawkins

Lillian Williams Marek Puntty

Stella Seufert Esmey Ramirez

Quinn Viprino Isabelle Ferron

Rae Valdovinos Bryce Piatek

Shea Eldredge Erin Guerard

Lauren LaSelva

Advisor: Lisa Forte Doyle

Cover Design: Lillian Williams

Back Cover Design: Rae Valdovinos

##### Artists

Kyra Howard, Sani Brown, Willow Staniels

"The Mad Hatter"  
By Corinne Pina

It's time for tea!  
It's tea time!  
the time!  
What is it?  
No matter, it's tea time.  
Time for tea!  
Don't forget the spoons.  
What spoons?  
Teaspoons.  
Me spoons?  
You spoons.  
Too many spoons,  
no room to swoon.  
Swans swoon to tunes.  
Tunes in rooms.  
Is there room?  
Room for whom?  
For spoons!  
It's time!  
Time for what?  
It's time for tea!

I don't think I'm the best at it, but I'll make the best of it.

"In the wind between the heartbeats,  
Where the world is soft and sm  
your laughter spills like sunlight  
Down the corridors of all.

Every glance a gentle touch &  
Promise, Every secret fold in the  
Golden of your presence  
Even shadows turn to  
You, ♡

When the night is deep and restless  
and the moon forgets  
to rise, I find the stars  
brighter when reflected in  
your eyes.



I'll make  
New Owner  
Purveys  
soon

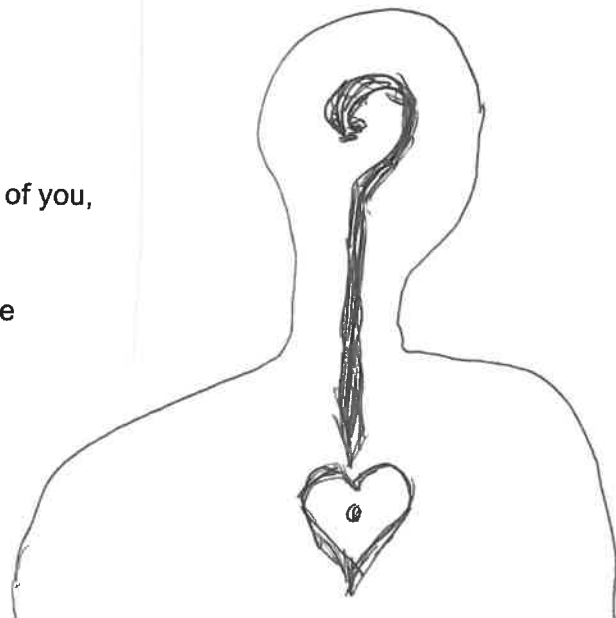
I love you ♡



Me

You built me,  
you broke me,  
and now, because of you,  
there is no me.

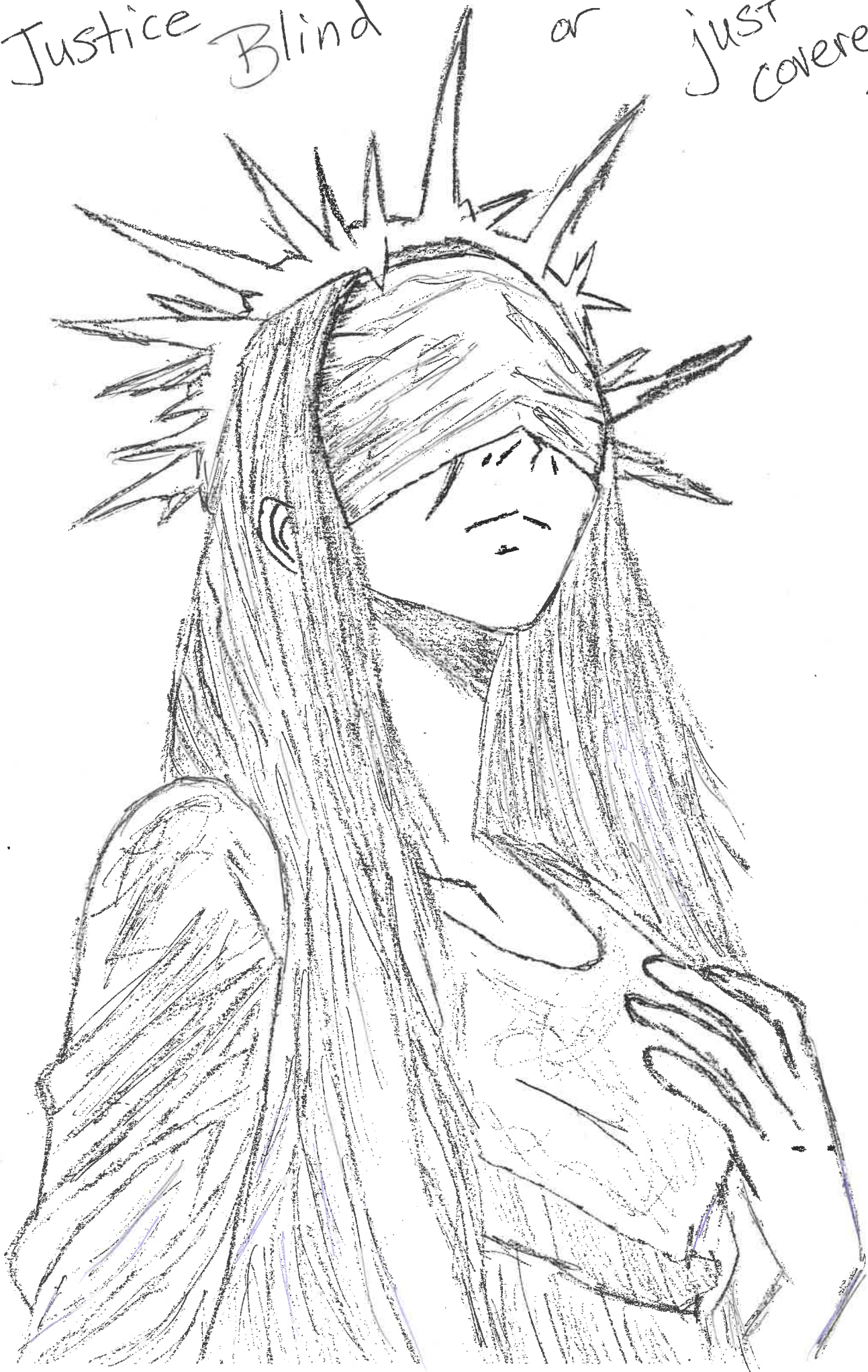
Savannah Eldredge



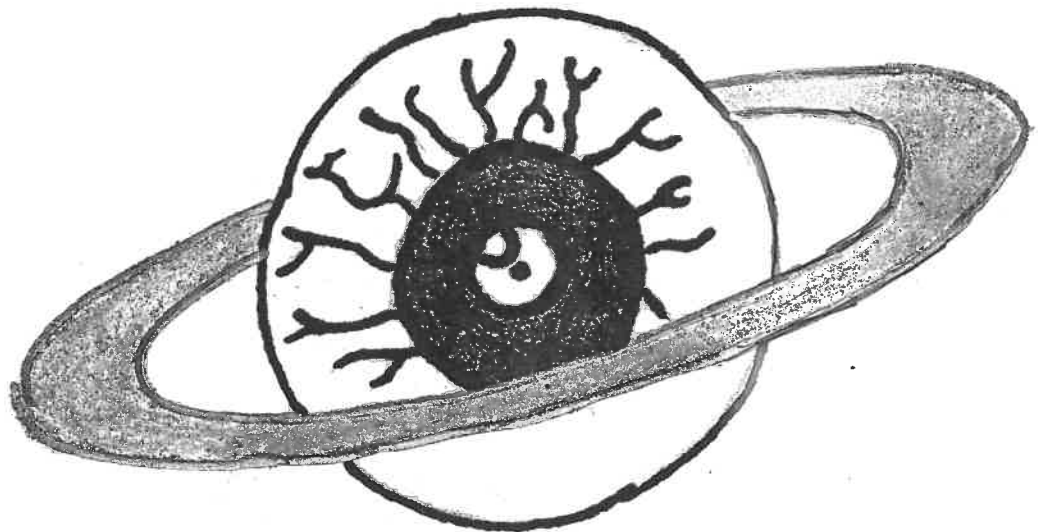
Is Justice Blind

or

just covered?



I am grateful for the sunny days,  
But only because of the rainy ones.  
I am grateful for the smiles and laughs,  
But only because of the frowns and tears.  
I am grateful for the perfect, breezy, sunny days,  
But only because of the hurricanes I have faced.  
I am grateful for your peaceful presence.  
But only because of the storm of your words that have  
marred me before.  
The only joy faced today is a result of yesterday's misery.  
So the pains of today will bring joys for tomorrow.  
And while I weep, I remember why tears fall like a waterfall,  
A joyous waterfall that tomorrow will bring.  
-Emma Eldredge



"Half Way"

By Corinne Pina

Half full, or half empty?  
Full of beauty, full of strife.  
Full of tricks; decievery  
Dull of games with someone's life.  
Half the year,  
Half the fruit.  
Don't cry because it's your fault/  
Don't try to push off the blame.  
Don't mess with the destiny they gave you.  
Because "choice" is not an option in this game.  
You do what you're told.  
Half the year,  
Half the fruit.  
Why did you eat it?  
If you had such a fright?  
Why did you listen?  
When They said it'd be alright?



I hold your cold hands  
My fingers grip solid stone  
why'd you have to go

Kyra Howard

I heard your hearts dancing,  
hands intertwined,  
and voices combined.



“our love is never ending”  
yet, why are you repenting?  
for something you claimed to have never done.

your hearts were dancing,  
playing the same tune,  
oh, because of you, I can barely stand in the same room.

“you and I are whole”,  
but yet it is not my name  
you seem to have claimed  
as your love.

Savannah Eldredge



### **Cherry Blossoms**

Cherry Blossoms dance in the wind  
as the warm summer mist  
wipes their worries away.

Marek Punty



Quinn Kelley  
Light Day  
Pencil on Bristol board  
Cape Cod Academy - 12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Educator: Thomas Couss

Gabriel Petkov  
The Lonely Path of Purity  
Colored pencil and permanent marker on Bristol  
Cape Cod Academy - 10<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Educator: Thomas Couss

The world  
The earth  
The black and white  
They say steer clear  
Of the lonely path

The color  
The fun  
The shades and tones  
They say steer clear  
Of the lonely path

Quinn Viprino

Isolation

By Rae Valdovinos

Lost, lonely, and quiet  
The breeze feels chilly as the winds blow  
From my soft and silky skin  
I feel like everything doesn't exist  
A very tiny island isolated and alone from everyone  
The cold wind breezes my soft skin  
The salty smell in the air twists around me  
I climb onto the rocks to find a perfect spot  
Feeling comfortable in my own space and feeling better alone  
The island is by itself, sitting like a statue while I'm glued down  
The island and I are perfect for each other in our comfort zones.



4/9/2026

Nesting in the Target Parking Lot

The goose chose poorly.  
But how could she choose?  
With the trash-ridden mulch,  
the island surrounded by concrete,  
The open burning of asphalt, turning the sun against nature itself  
How could she choose?  
This is no place to raise a gosling.

But raise them she must  
Sit on these eggs,  
Surrounded by unfamiliar honking,  
These big boxy creatures are no geese at all.  
Dad fights them.  
But spewing two-ton beasts stop for no one but the sign.  
And even then...

Do you want to take a gander,  
As to just how much true nature was left in that Target parking lot,  
With isles of Plant Decor just a concrete box away?  
Goose eggs.

-Emma Eldredge  
Based on a video



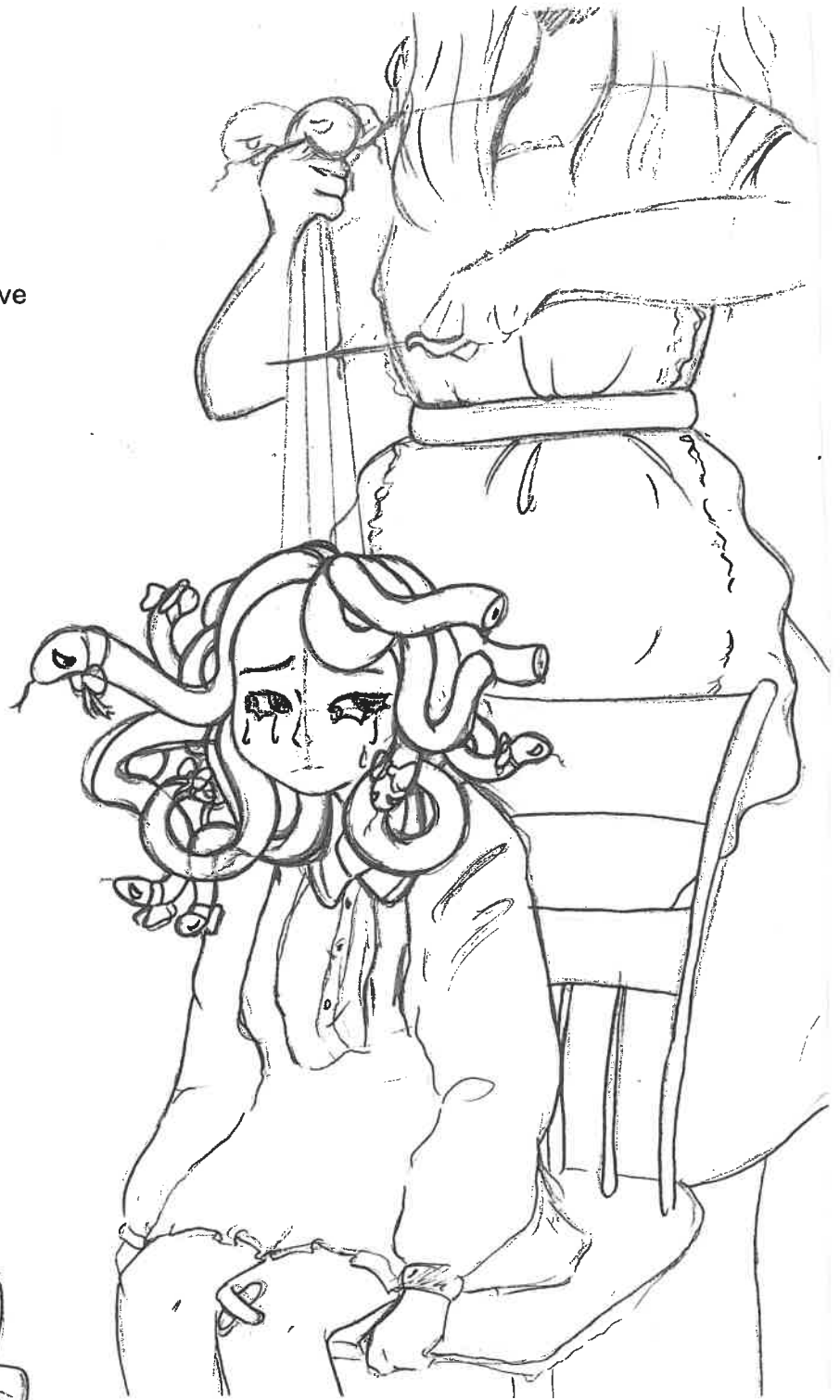
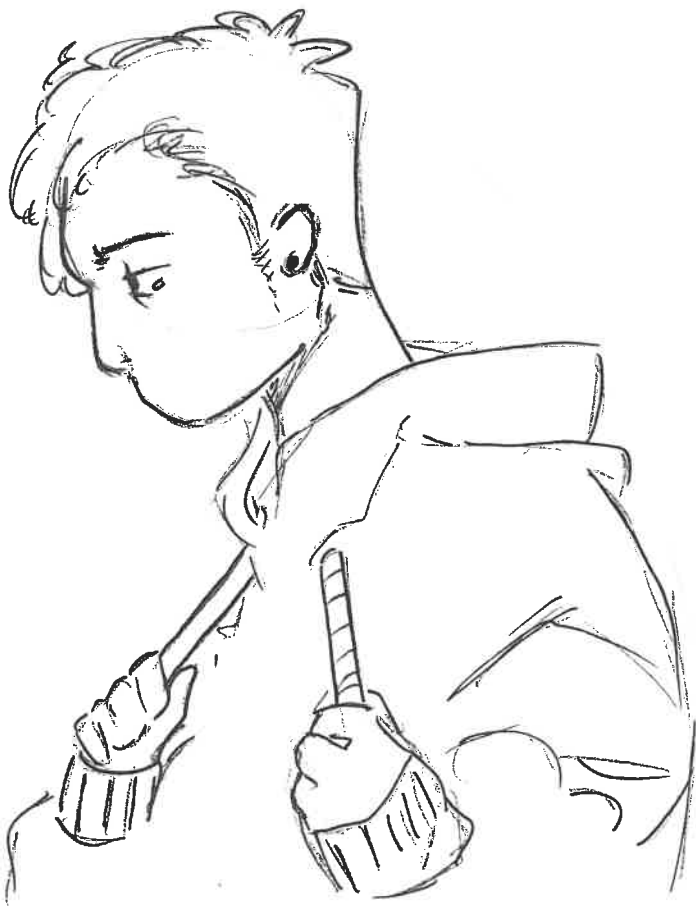
HALO!  
HALO!  
HALO!

# Heart

It's your heart  
Not Theirs  
Make sure it's filled with stuff you love  
Not theirs

KH

"Heres a query  
Is it A, B, or C"  
My mind is as foggy as the sea  
As the time ticks on  
And grades flutter out of reach  
Of my motivated mind's sight  
-Anonymous



**Cutout**

Sun on skin  
Wind in hair  
Seagulls to scare  
World keeps on spinning  
Enjoy the moment  
Stay in the present  
Future is scary  
Past is kind  
Now is gone  
Clear confusion  
Dark day  
Bright night

Calm water  
Lazy clouds  
Fast time  
How amazing that this life is mine  
It slips by  
In a flash  
But for now  
Into the sea we splash

-Lillian Williams



War Ravaged Portland by Quinn  
The noise, the noise  
It never will stop  
It makes me run  
They never drop

They scream and yell  
They dance and sing  
They fight and bruise  
They rise never ending

They call it the front lines  
We call it home  
They call it war  
We call it life

## The Chaotic-Void - A skit

The Void: You waited for how long?

**The Roaring Flame**: YEARS, UPON YEARS

The Void: Years? You poor unfortunate soul

**The Roaring Flame**: **POOR?** I am not poor, nor unfortunate; you have been mistaken. Know your place.

The Void: I do know my place, and that's away from you.

**The Roaring Flame**: I have waited....

*The Soft Tears*: I have waited... years and years

The Void: Oh, here we go, why must you change like this? You make me feel bad when I clearly shouldn't.



*The Soft Tears*: I just wanted to be seen, known, founded. I wanted to be loved-

**The Roaring Flame**: **BUT THEY LEFT ME, THEY ALL LEFT, YOUUUUU LEFT ME!**

The Void: Your switch-up annoys me

**The Roar-So Fla-ears**: **DoN't YoU UnDeRsTaNd?!**

(The void backs up away from *it*...)

**The Chaos**: *I.. I just...* **WANTED TO BE LOVED. LOVE ME, PLEASE LOVE ME.**

(The void turns around and walks away)

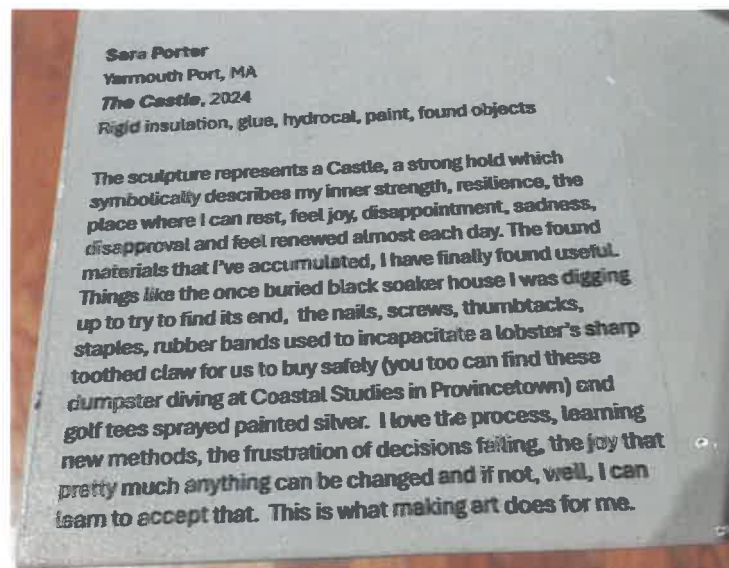
???: Mom... please love me, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for what I have done.

Mother: How can I love something so chaotic, so unhealthy, so... You hurt me. You left this family, how dare you crawl on your knees back to us?

(Mother walks away, away into the void to never be seen again.)

???: Mom... **MOM**, oh, please... please mom. Oh god..

Kyra Howard (4/8/26)



"Alone" by Anonymous

Alone.  
Completely alone.  
Surrounded by people.  
People who love me.  
But alone.  
Listening,  
    Listening,  
        Listening.  
    I talk,  
    I talk,  
I talk.  
But who's listening?  
I'm not sure.  
Is anyone?  
Who knows?  
But still.  
Listening,  
    Listening,  
        Listening.  
    Listening.  
    I talk,  
I talk.  
Do you hear me?  
I didn't think so.  
Why do I try?  
When will it work?  
When will I be enough?  
Listening,  
    Listening,  
        Listening.  
    Listening,  
    Listening.  
I talk.  
I try.  
A tornado of thoughts.  
Swirling in my mind.  
Maybe they should stay there.  
While I continue  
Listening,  
    Listening,  
        Listening.  
    Listening,  
    Listening,  
Listening.



About a Farm in December  
Aedan Leahey



Cozy  
Warm  
Inviting  
Family  
Greetings  
Hugs  
Kisses  
Formalities  
Looks  
Brothers  
Relax  
Conversation  
Small Talk  
Question  
Answer  
Haughtiness  
Success  
Argument  
Grandma  
Greetings  
Hugs  
Kisses  
Formalities  
Quiet  
Reminder  
Question  
Crops  
Money  
Condescending  
Argument  
Cookies!  
Delicious  
Quiet  
Brief Quiet

Question  
Touchy  
Slap  
Collateral  
Broken  
Blood  
Crying  
Oinking  
Neighing  
Squealing  
Overwhelming  
Shuffling  
Engine

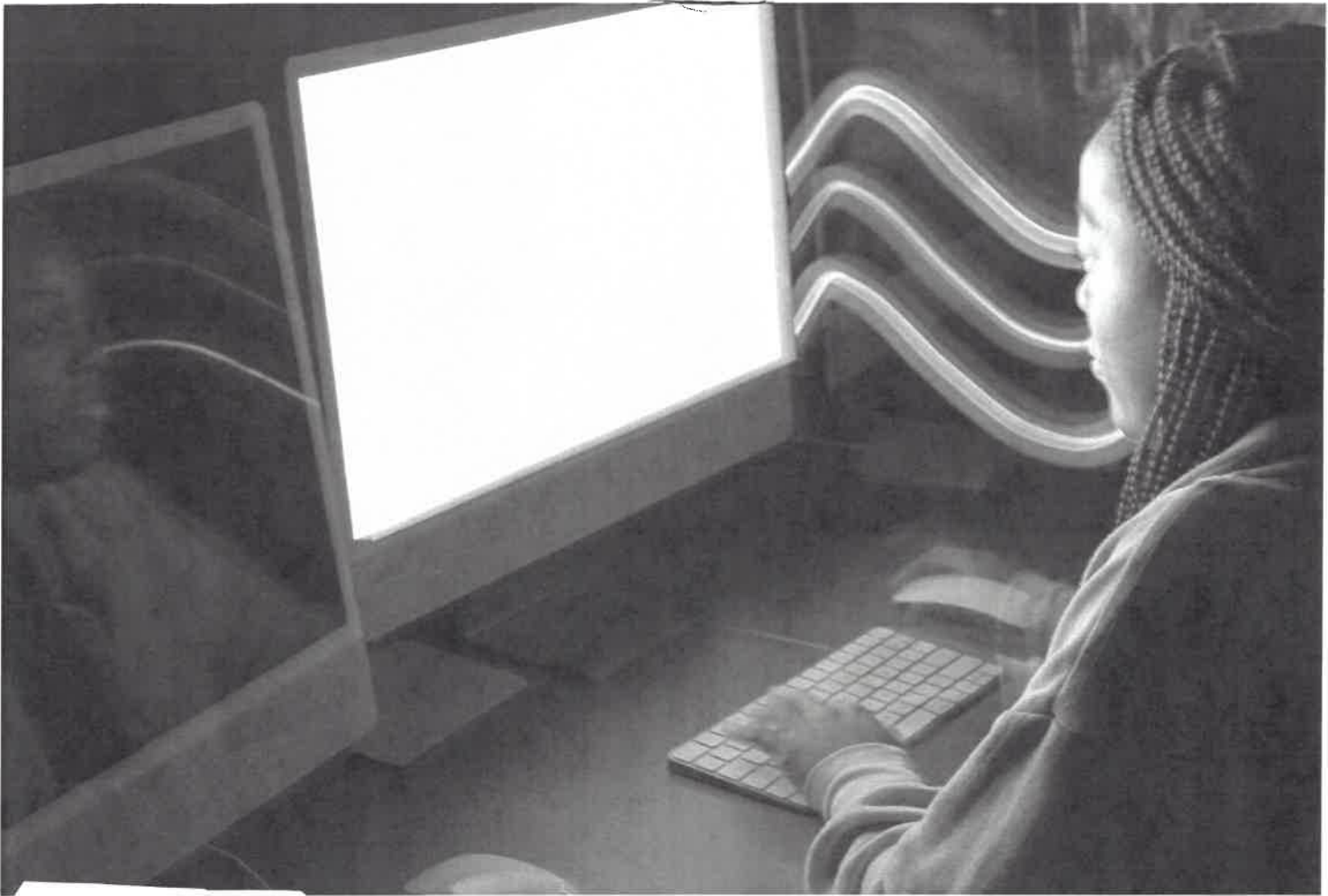
“Daddy, but what about Christmas?”

# I lost

I lost the only person that I love to death is the person that I told my secrets to the person who said that we were going to make a future together but the day someone new came along I was forgotten about I was throwing away like trash and like a piece of moldy food and that same person said that I was there one and only person who cared about their feelings in a relationship but they lied to me and still left me for someone else and my heart hurt for days and days and days until I just gave up on loving them again I was stupid my heart stupid my brain was stupid for making me believe that she was my forever even though she wasn't my stupid brain and my stupid heart failed me at the same time for one person even though they are more people out there but I still can't let you go not yet but I have to because you have found some money you and I wish you the best of luck my love

Sanoy Lewis





“Overload” by Isabelle Ferron

## GLASS BLOWING



The outside holds your structure  
Your fragile structure, like glass  
Glass that has been taken care of  
Shaped and colored

However, it's what matters on the  
inside

The gold in your soul  
The treasure in your heart  
The unique personality  
See through people's souls  
The different colors that make them glow



Go ahead, take a look, see what the naked eye can't even see.

Kyra Howard  
(4/7/26)

River of Tears by Quinn:

Time is so fluid

Time moved on

We try to move with it

But wading in the river

We could drown

Work is so hard

It continues to get harder

We try to "go with the flow"

But wading in the river

We could drown

Drowning is scary

It will never stop being so

They say "sink or swim"

But wading in the river

We could drown

Some are taught to swim

Others are not

It takes a while to realize

But wading in the river

We could all drown

Everyone drowns

Everyone cries

Everyone fights

Everyone tries

Some more than others

One may sink

One may float

One may be pushed

One may shove

Some more than others

We are all swimming and drowning

We are all learning and teaching

We are all running and hurting

We are all dancing and singing

Some more than others

Some are taught how much

Others are not

It takes a while to realize

But moderation isn't new

Some know more than others

We say knowledge is power

It can get to our heads

We try not to let it

And if the current is strong

It can pull us down with it

We say we are in the same boat

But when the tears start flowing

They can fill the boat until it sinks

And if the current is strong

It can pull us down with it

We say we are on thin ice  
We try to stop it from breaking  
Once the ice breaks we'll sink down  
And if the current is strong  
It can pull us down with it  
We have all these sayings  
We do anything to fill the time  
We try not to drown  
And the current has started  
We all can sink in our river of tears

anonymous

# Mini Me Would Say

Growing up is Interesting  
My young self had high hopes for me  
My younger self would hold me right now and ask me  
"Whats it like?"  
The question is would I lie?  
Or would I tell the truth?  
I wouldn't want her to know how much I'm struggling but I would tell her  
That there is Ups and Downs  
Every day isn't the same  
No matter how hard you try  
That day won't come back  
No redo's  
No I forgots  
Or I miss  
Do it on that day  
People need to understand that humans will always die with one regret  
However you wanna take that chance when the opportunity is open  
I wish I knew that 5 months ago  
The problem with not having high hopes is you will always hate yourself  
For the smallest things  
How do I know that? You may ask?  
Cause I am that..





**Scrambled**

Get out of bed

Go do your life

What remains unsaid

Is the sharpest knife

Where's my mind

Lost it somehow

Impossible to find

Life's falling apart now

-Lillian Williams



Love for Nonni's house

Nonni's house

Nostalgic

Nonni's house

Safe

Nonni's house

The smell of coffee and smoke

Nonni's house

The sound of laughter and everyone having a competition of talking over each other

Nonni's house

The sight of all the pictures of cousins and all of family

Nonni's house

Young cousins running around and playing and laughing with each other

Nonni's house

Not a phone in sight

Nonni's house

When we all reminisce over every memory since the first child was born

Nonni's house

Where the air feels different while swinging on the swing set that's been there for at least 20 years

Nonni's house

Where all the adhd is at its peak

Nonni's house

Where love is the main ingredient in all the food

Nonni's house

Where everyone gets together

Nonni's house

A time machine back to my childhood

*Abbey Crownshaw*

## Love

It pulls me close  
like a warm blanket on a cold winter day  
Then, right when I forgot what I had ever resented about it,  
It pushes me away  
As if my arms were flailing in the wind,  
Until I hit the newest rock bottom.

I love you,  
But I love my version of you better than how you truly are.  
(but I don't want to forget the real you)  
But I love how you used to be more than how you are now.  
(but I don't want to forget any part of you)  
But I love arguing too.  
But when the sun goes down for the final time,  
I truly did love you.

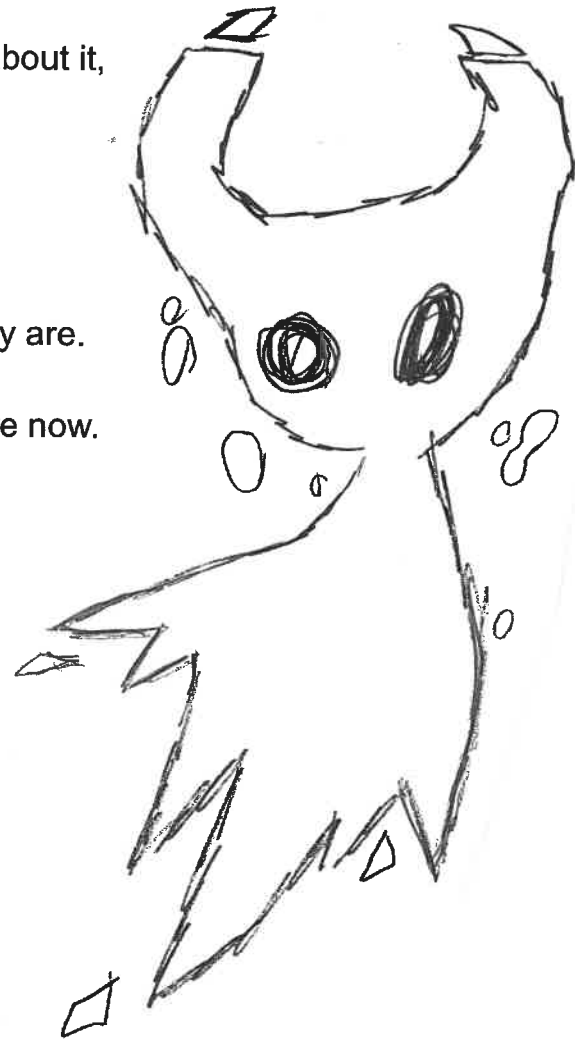
Looking back on fond memories,  
Only focusing on the joyous moments  
Vehemently denying that it wasn't perfect  
Even if I try to trick my mind that it was.

Love lasts throughout the seasons,  
But just as the seasons change,  
So does love.

A blizzard of angry words,  
A look of promise that things will get better,  
The most exquisite time; beaming with smiles and splashing with laughter,  
A sharp breeze of looming darkness.

But that's love, I guess.  
I wish it wasn't.  
But it seems to be all I know it as.

Chloe Horan





Addison Loah  
Mixed media-acry  
Mashpee Middle  
Educator: Kristen

My pretty flower

Withers away in my hand

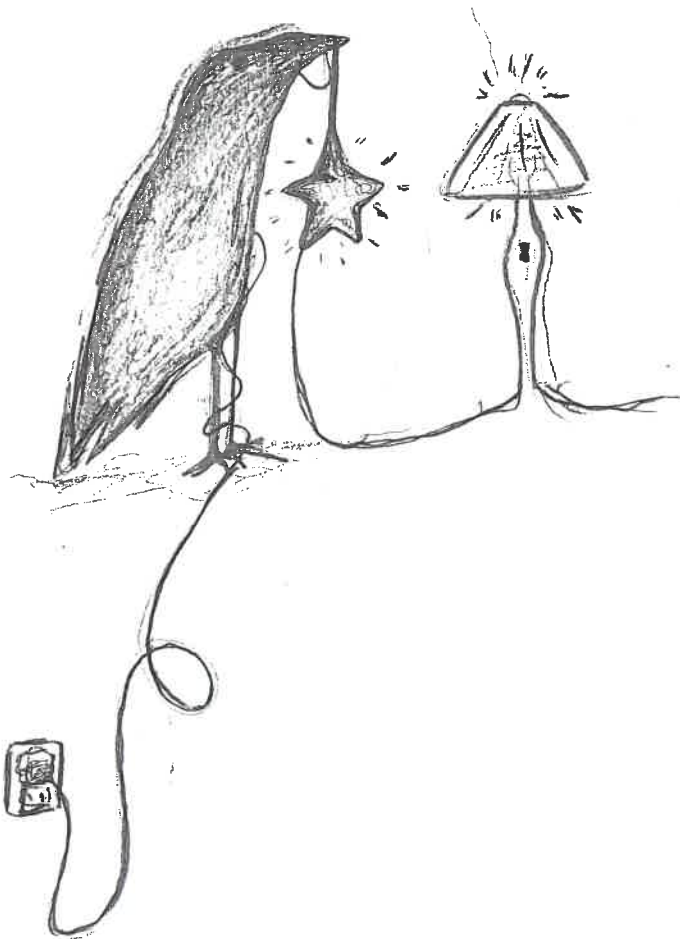
I can only watch

Aedan Leahey

## *A Hidden Beauty*

Beautiful Girl  
Strokes of another world  
Captivating stories  
Flowers that are holding glory  
The face hidden away  
The memories of her decay  
Colors never to be seen  
To keep the simplicity of the Queen

Kyra Howard (4/8/26)



I can never keep my nails nice.  
Honestly.  
I paint my nails a lovely green  
Chipped the next day from persistent picking  
I paint my nails a beautiful blue  
Paint covered paint as I made props  
I paint my nails black  
And several snap and break.  
I suppose it is not meant to be  
But no matter  
For my nails show my life  
Chipped, painted, and broken  
Beautiful all the same  
-Emma Eldredge

"Gone"

By Corinne Pina

Rage.  
Anger.  
Violent winds  
Shake the deck  
of the trespassing boat:  
How DARE they come here,  
and shift these currents,  
with their greedy, greedy hands.

Calm.  
The water shines delicately  
as a bird lands,  
rippling the water.  
A kid wades gently through,  
splashing about, how cute!  
with her innocent smile.

They fall,  
the deck slants;  
a scramble for their lives.  
Help! But no one's coming  
—Why would they?—  
to help those greedy, greedy hands.

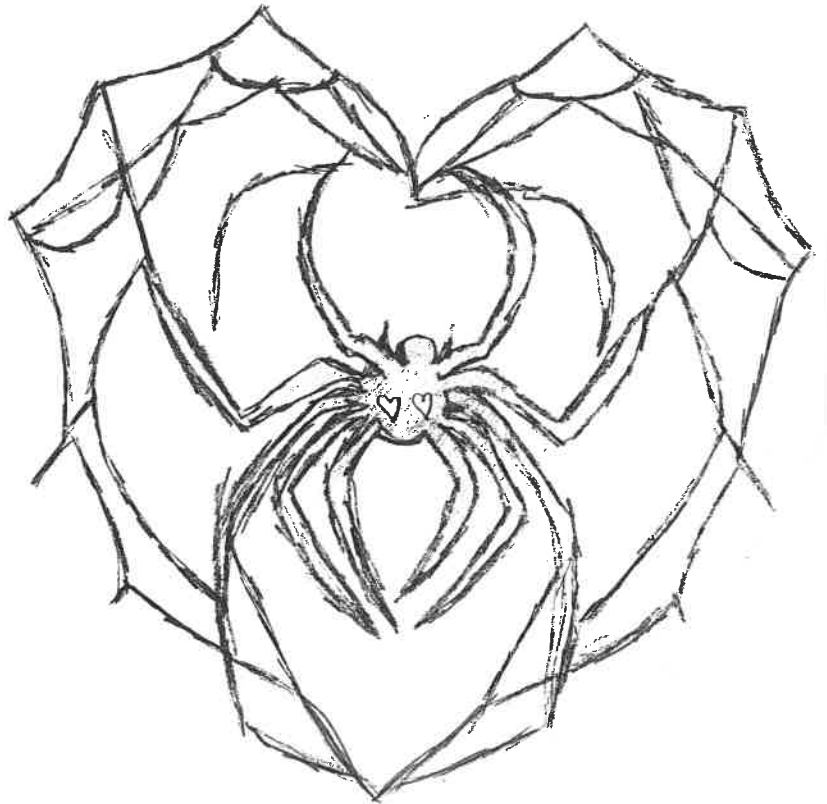
A mother in a panic,  
sprinting through the storm.  
Where is she?  
Help! But no one comes,  
to find that innocent smile.

A calming storm,  
they all survived—  
in another lifetime  
without those greedy, greedy hands.

A child found,  
a tick too late  
to save that innocent smile.

Which has one thing in common  
with those greedy, greedy hands.

It's gone.



### I'm Grateful, Although...

I'm grateful for that first day  
The first time I saw you

I'm grateful for all of the firsts  
The mornings, nights, and everything in between

I'm grateful for the stormy days  
The cozy days with nothing to do

I'm grateful for lasts  
Although I didn't know it at the time

I'm grateful for the memories  
Though I'm sad we won't make more

I'm grateful that it happened  
Even though it's over

Stella Seufert

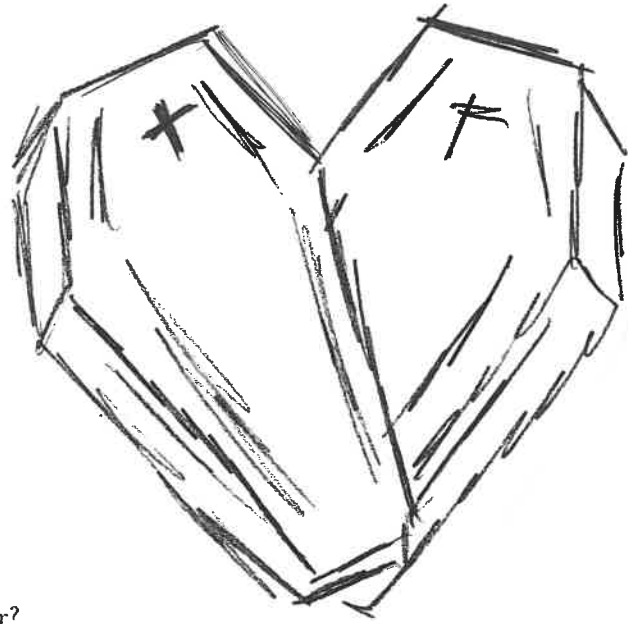
## Play Pretend

Let's play pretend we're fine  
That nothing happened  
That I was just a blind kid that never saw anything  
That never heard anything  
I wasn't part of it, yeah?  
Oh! No, I believe you  
Cuz I'm clueless?  
Cuz the walls are sound proof?  
That just because I was in 4th grade I don't remember?  
Trying to pry you away from my mother?  
I was in 4th grade, no, I didn't notice you go to jail  
I didn't notice when you put on movies to mask the screams from the garage

Let's play pretend  
You're the victim  
You're the one who tried so hard to raise me  
Yeah, that's it  
My mom's the crazy one  
The bipolar narcissist  
That took me away from you  
When you did nothing at all

Let's play pretend  
That I can't witness  
That you can't go back to jail  
That I'm the lazy one  
That you care about your own family  
That you were SO faithful to us  
Cuz you try so damn hard, huh?

I still can't get myself to say anything  
I can't say no to you  
Cuz then I'm just another person that betrays you, right?  
So let's play pretend  
That we're a happy family  
That mom's mean for trying to step away



That the fricking restraining order  
Is because she wants to break your heart

Let's play pretend  
That this Christmas is normal  
That we are just fine  
And I'm over reacting  
Because that's all it ever was

Sofia Duguay

One thing from my life that stands out as something from my childhood years I still have with me today is an action figure of Raphael from the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Raph was small enough to be held in the palm of my hand, made of plastic tough enough to withstand all the rough playing and treatment I gave him over the years. His mask was slightly worn, with the paint chipped from all the years of playing. One of his sai was bent in, as if it had seen too many battles.

I still have the figure, though it's no longer something I play with. It sits on a shelf now, more as a reminder than a toy. When I was younger, Raphael was my favorite because he was tough, emotional, and always fighting for what he believed in. I used to carry him around the house, set up imaginary battles, and give him stories where he was the hero no matter how reckless he seemed.

Raphael represents childhood to me because it reminds me of a time when imagination did all the work. Like Holden's carousel, the action figure represents a world where everything stays the same and where problems could have been solved with a lollipop and play. It brings me back to a time of innocence, a time when being brave meant standing up to an imaginary villain, when childhood was simple and safe.

Cammi Rickman



### Barbie

Skinny, mature; blond

Plastic is not quite like me-

She's pretty: Barbie

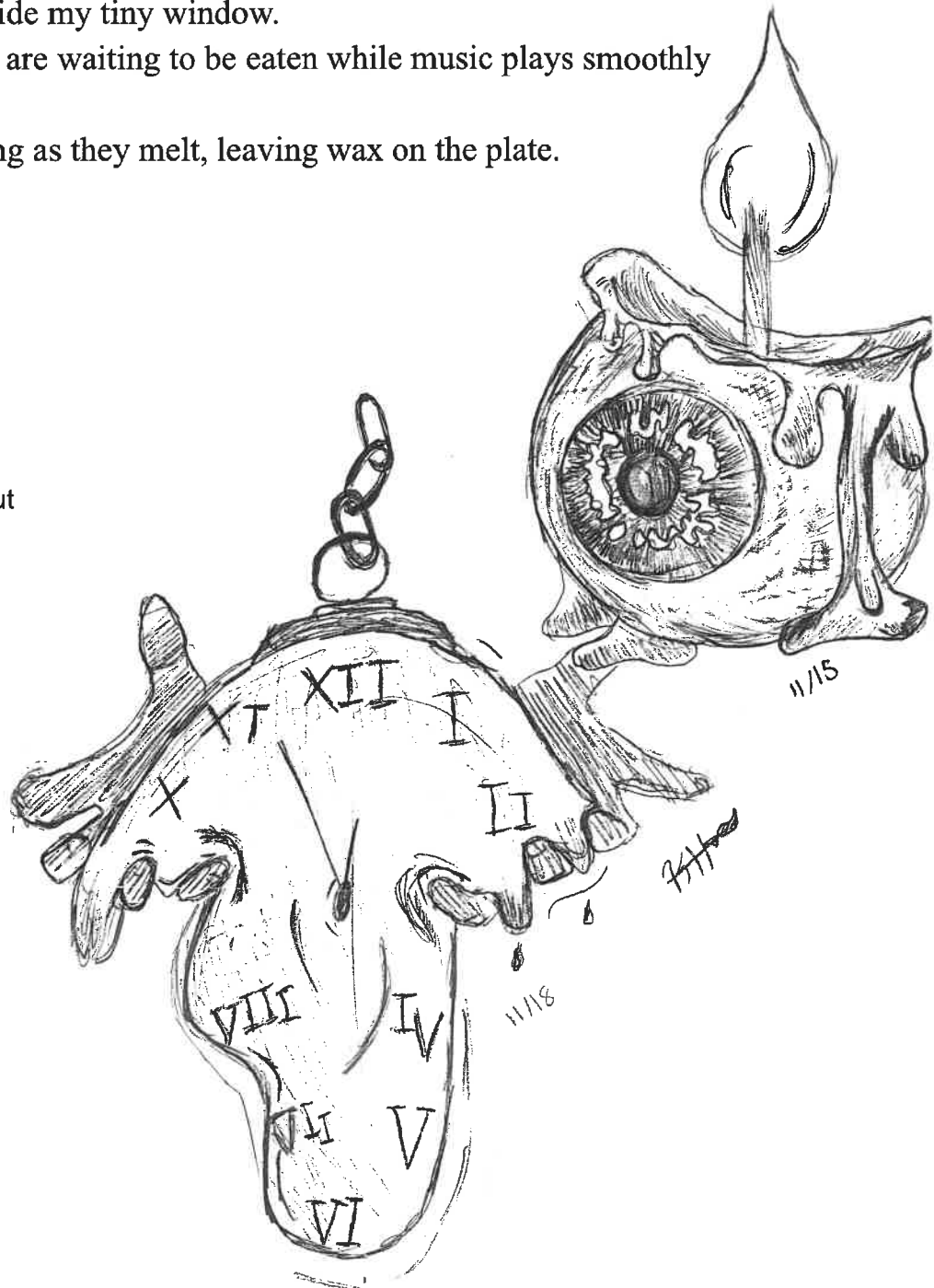
-Lillian Williams

## A Gothic Winter

By Rae Valdovinos

It's a cold wintry day.  
Snow is falling everywhere,  
hitting houses like sprinkles.  
Even the animals are leaving.  
The snowstorm hits us like hot candles.  
Time is going slower, and the careful, caring carolers are caroling slowly but getting louder.  
Snowflakes fall fast outside my tiny window.  
Soft cookies on the plate are waiting to be eaten while music plays smoothly around the room.  
Yet, candles are screaming as they melt, leaving wax on the plate.

The silly time ticked down  
The melting candle burned out  
Drip drip down  
Tick tick out  
-Emma Eldredge





Maureen O'Sullivan  
Department of  
Contemporary  
Visual Arts  
I am delighted  
to have this  
work on  
display in  
the gallery  
of the  
National  
Gallery of  
Ireland,  
Dublin.

Ruby and Sapphire

Lie close in their heart's comforts

Shine Amethyst love

Aedan Leahey

## **RAINY DAY**

little wet droplets tumble from the sky

I look up as the heavens begin to cry

Fog appears in the blink of an eye

Dark clouds form above as the light starts to die

The day becomes dark and I start to wonder why

The splashing of puddles starts to occur as cars rush by

The day becomes gloomy and I let out a sigh

Counting the moments till the rain runs dry

Megan Gogol





1/2/20

2/16/20  
P. H. H. H.

A Seed, The Rain, The Sun, The Love Flower Blooms (April 28th)

Kyra Howard

I love when it rains

The smell of it brings back memories

The sound of it are calming

The Look of it is beautiful

Seems like you like it too

Your always outside when its raining

With your umbrella

And your favorite rain jacket

Enjoying the sound of the rain

I love when it's sunny

The warmth feeling on your body

The look of it is just beautiful

The look of you is beautiful

... no

The sun is stunning

Seems like you like it too

Your always outside when its sunny

With your shoes

And your yellow and blue dress

Enjoying the warm feeling on your face.

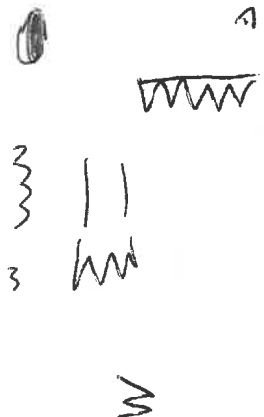
I love when spring blooms

The flowers are pretty

The smell of the flower are calming

You're pretty

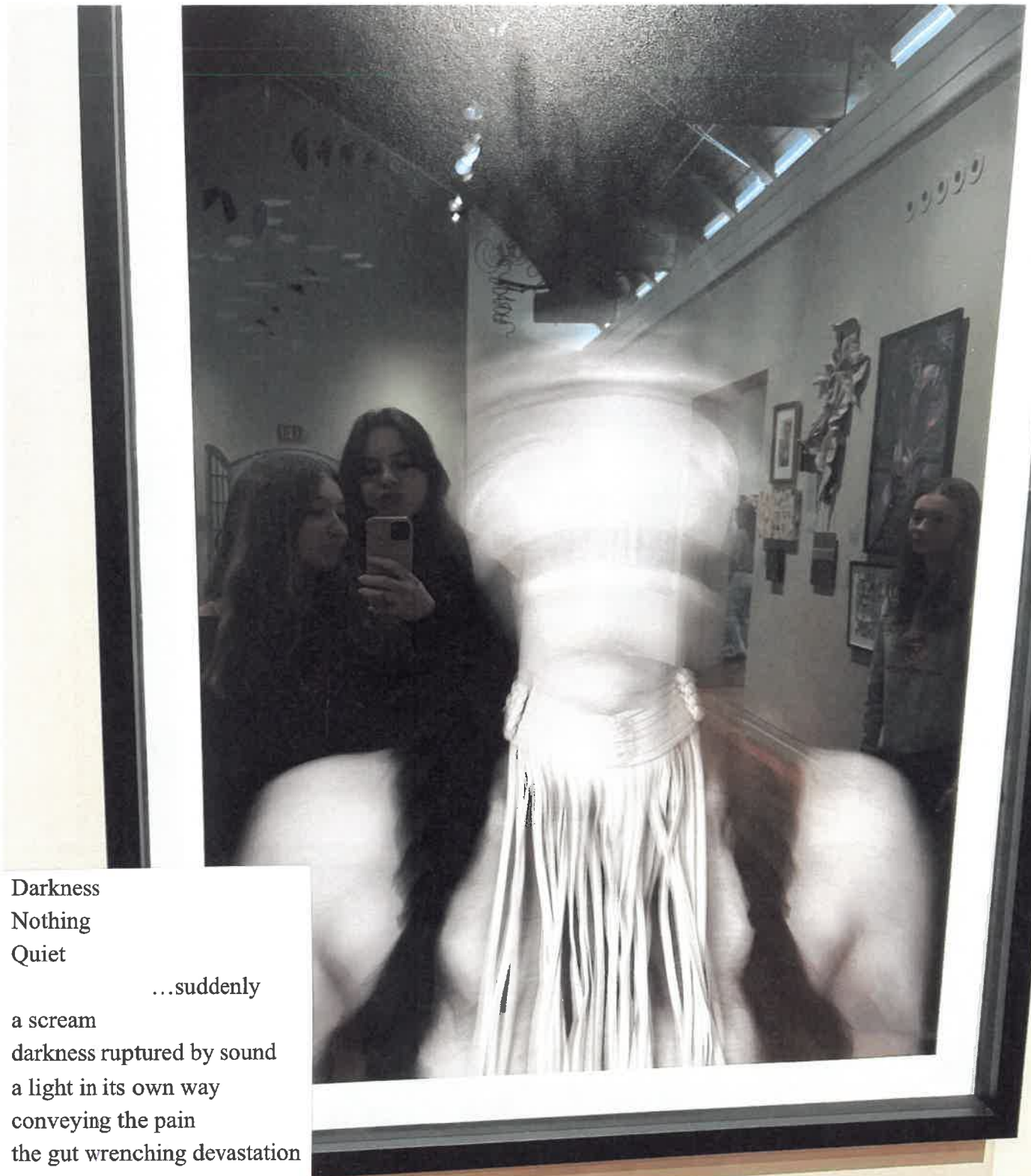
...no



Seems like you like it too  
Outside watering your plants  
Smelling the roses, and tulips.  
With your favorite straw hat

I don't like it when it rains, or sunny, or the flowers  
I'm allergic to flowers, I'm scared of the rain, the sun always blinds me.  
It's because your always in it, your always apart of it  
You are the sun in the rain  
You are the shades in the sun  
You are the one flower that shines brighter than the other flowers.  
I like you  
No  
I love you, I love you like how you made me love everything else.  
And I thank you, but you will never know....





Darkness  
Nothing  
Quiet

...suddenly

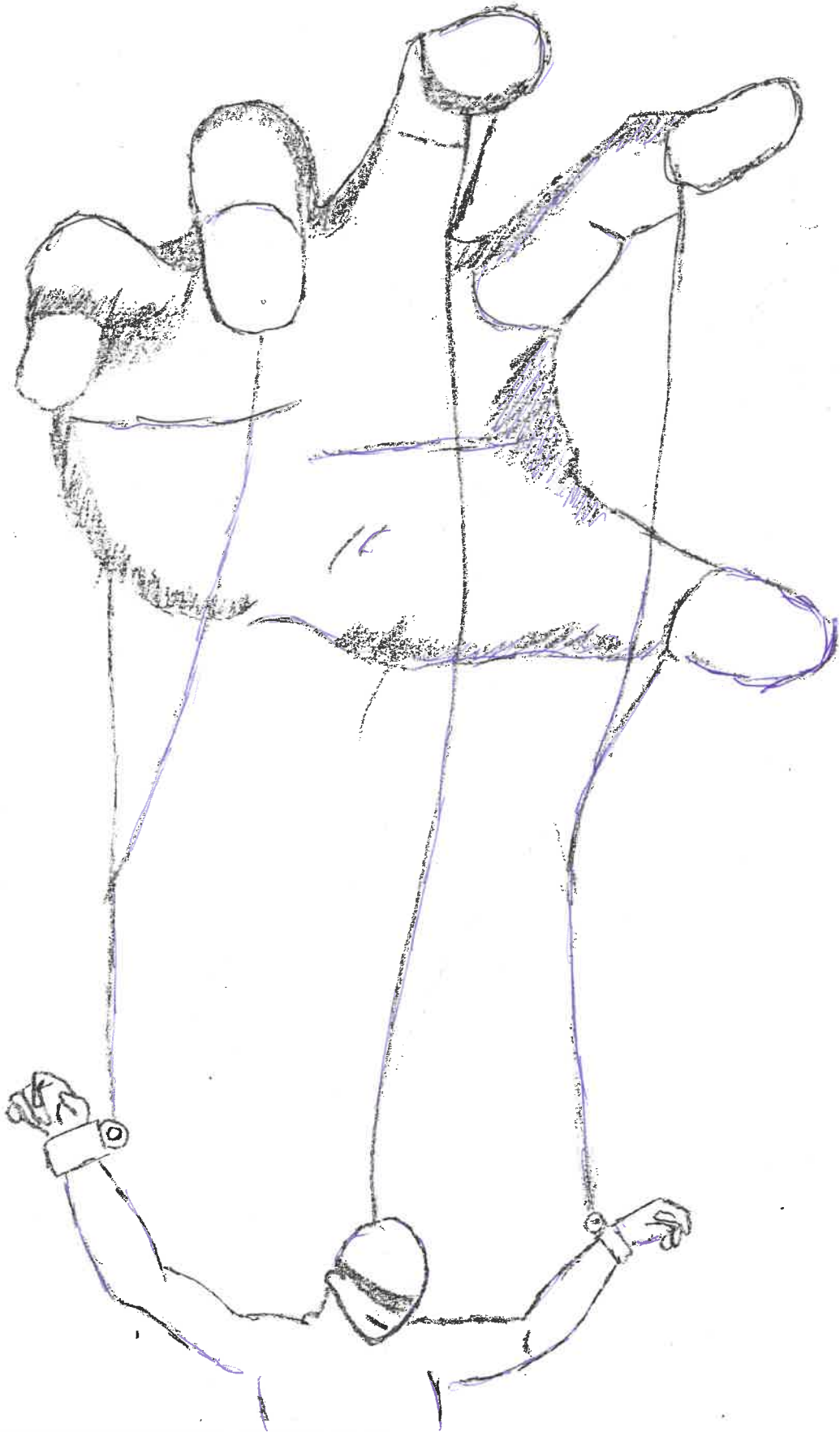
a scream  
darkness ruptured by sound  
a light in its own way  
conveying the pain  
the gut wrenching devastation  
a voice  
no  
a guttural sound  
that of an animal  
inhuman  
maybe she isn't one anymore  
something has broken in her  
she's alone

Anonymous

# Controlling the Hopeless

SB

SB  
14-2025  
21



"To be in Love."  
by Corinne Pina

Love

What is love?

A four letter word.

L-O-V-E.

An emotion you feel with your spouse,

Your friends,

Your family.

An emotion not enough people feel towards themselves.

But what is love?

A feeling-

What feeling?

What does this feeling entail?

It's not that butterfly feeling in your stomach-

Though some people may try to tell you it is-

When you're first starting to like someone.

And you think about her, you see her, you know you really like her, but  
you don't quite love her yet.

It might be that feeling a few months in,

When you've decided you think this'll last,

Because you really like her, but love? You really think that's love?

Well yes.

You do.

You think it is,

And maybe you're right,

You love her, but wait.

Because love is that feeling of intense familiarity.

You think about her all the time,

You want her to be happy,

And you know her.

You see a toy dinosaur and it makes you think of her.

You hear a song at work and she pops into your mind.

You start planning out your future with her in mind

Because she will always be there-

She has to always be there,

Because she is the air you breathe,

Filling your lungs with light and happiness.

She has a hold on your heart so tight nothing can compare.

You love her.

And you understand what that means now.

Quinn Voprino

Magnetic field

The wind dances

Sings its own song

Pulls me with it everywhere

The flowers sway

Whisper to not wake the trees

Draws me down to connect

My mind thrums

With the whispers and songs

Being pulled by the magnetic field



### The Verdict

The jury files back into the room. The judge stares daggers at me, and I give him a smile so sweet and innocent a halo practically shines on my head. But I don't stand, I don't trust my legs to hold my weight yet. He breaks my gaze to plant his attention on the jury. The foreman steps forward and clears his throat. "We have come to a unanimous decision that the defendant is..." The pause is probably short, but it feels like hours, "Not guilty." I can't fight the cocky smile that plays on my lips. They're wrong.

Stella Seufert

There once was quite a nice home,  
With a long red road, just in case the children did roam,  
So they could follow it back to the front door  
So they didn't have to spend the night in the moors.

Covered in bright red bricks,  
When a fine maiden walks on it, her heels make many clicks.  
Yes, it was quite a nice home, with quite a nice path,  
But little did they know, they would soon get hit with quite a wrath.

There had been cases  
In far away places  
Of rain turned to hail  
Colored in every scale.

But in the quite nice home with its quite nice path,  
They assumed they wouldn't be hit by this strange bath.  
But alas,  
The quite nice home with its quite nice path did not surpass.

So down it fell,  
                  fell,  
                  fell,  
Over the roof, across the lawn, and into the well—  
Rainbow colored hail was bound to come  
Even though it is strange to some.

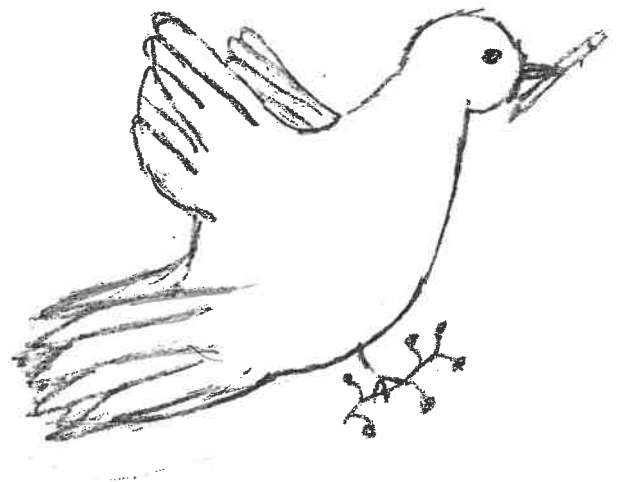
Even though it was quite a nice home  
With quite a nice path, there's a reason the children tried to roam.  
It's considered quite nice because of its clean white walls and shiny white floors  
But the children preferred the color of the muddy moors.

So while the adults complained and whined  
About the rainbow hail's lack of shine  
The kids ran about in joy  
Because the quite nice home with its quite nice path finally could be enjoyed.

-Lillian Williams

I Want Peace!  
Rei Valdovinos

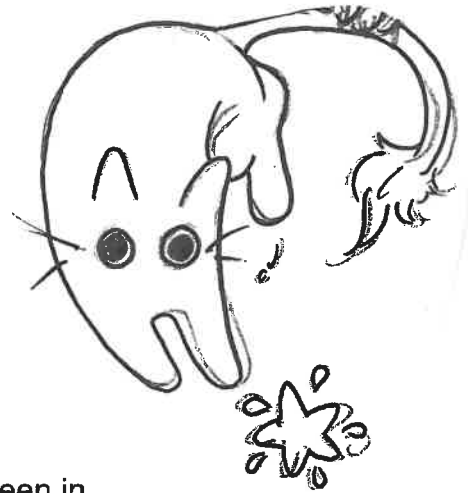
Every year thousands and thousands of people die  
From the negative air that pollutes us  
Where is my peace?  
We are tiny animals begging while we get pushed around like the plastic bags that are killing us  
Our sorrowful cries of woe aren't heard by the hungry machines  
Planes are crashing  
Planes are crashing  
We are dying from angry machines and old, angry, rich men  
The children wish to grow up while everything around them is being destroyed  
Where is my peace?  
Instead, endless nights roar with nightmares  
Waiting for peace to come back  
The world is falling in frustration  
Where is my peace?  
People fight for peace and freedom while peaceless people kill those speaking  
Where is my peace?  
We are drowning in our own puddle of blood and nobody is watching,  
We are drowning in fear and despair.  
We are collapsing in misery and torture, while people fight just to die  
Where is my peace? Where is the children's peace?  
They're losing their innocence,  
They're losing their voice and freedom.  
Where will we be when we are hungry and poor from wars we cannot afford?  
Will we send the poor instead of the rich to fight their war?  
Where is my peace?



## I Love...

by Marek Punty

My family,  
Theater,  
Picture books,  
Anyone who doesn't refer to me as "kid",  
My dog,  
Jolly Ranchers,  
Boy bands,  
Every musical theater show that Jeremy Jordan has been in,  
Days when it is not too cold nor too hot,  
My country,  
Christmas Eve,  
Christmas,  
New Year's Eve,  
New Year's,  
Every other important day of the year except for Tax Day,  
Having an education,  
Elmer's glue,  
A paycheck,  
Cookies and cream ice cream,  
*One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish*, written by Dr. Seuss,  
Technology that doesn't plague me with viruses,  
Compliments,  
Fridays,  
Winning in Rock, Paper, Scissors,  
Legos,  
*The Charlie Brown Christmas Special*,  
Sandscript,  
and Jolly Ranchers (again).



## To Define a "Love Definition"

The young woman-barely a woman, just nearly a girl-would call love envy. Staring out at others, wishing for more. Self-fulfillment was never enough for this young-nearly-girl-woman. Each outward love creates a paradox of inward hate, yet it remains self-defined as love and admiration nonetheless.

The old man-not quite old yet, but nearly there-would call love mourning. He loves young women in the most sickening way, for their youth, and the hope of using their surroundings to reverse his aging. This nearly-old-man would love nothing more than a young gaze to reach him as if her were young too, a poor imitation of mourning, despairing for his youth wasted in stupidity and ignorance.

The young child-pure and nearly unscathed by the world-would call love joy. Pure, unfiltered, delicious joy, paired with utter confusion and occasional outrage, for only the youngest creatures of extremes could perceive love as only joy. This nearly-pure-young-child knows nothing of the pain of love, and loves too easily in the pursuit of joy.

The dog -mistreated and kicked around- would call love love. He knows nothing but pain and love, and each time he chooses love as he knows it. Full of loyalty and possibility, until that fated day, he is filled with agony, and love becomes suffering. This mistreated, kicked-around dog knows love more truly than any other, unconditional and pure, disappointed and harmed not by love, but by the lack of such.

The human population -contradictory and nearly individually unique- has no one love. No one joy, mourning, or envy, but least of all no one love. The poison of our greed outnumbers each smidgen of love, only possibly displayed by each small soul. The contradictory-human-population cannot be saved, greed and ownership fundamentally replacing love. To love, one must throw the switch watch upon the floor, smash it with a hammer, until each cog may become singular once more. Only then can human love begin-imperfect, individual, raw feeling and connection. The whole

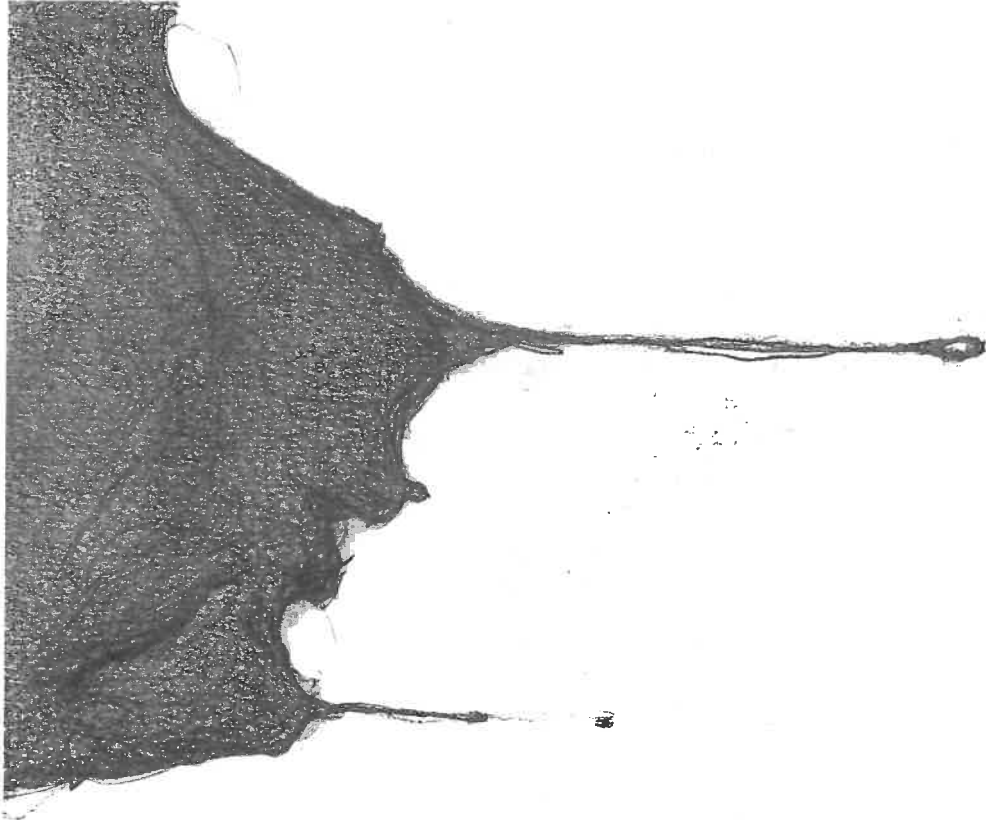
can never love as strongly as the singular, just as community connection trumps worship and topples dictators with the force of individual connections within a community. Love conquers all but itself.

Emma Eldredge

haiku

I hold your cold hands  
My fingers grip solid stone  
why'd you have to go

Kyra Howard



*Kyra Howard*

## Best Snow Day Ever!

"Oh no, it's starting to snow, we have to go back!!!" says Alexa

"Its going to be ok we just need to find the house in this storm" Abbey remarks

"Look for the tree that we put on top, thats why we put that there!"

Alexa starts running through the woods with her head looking up while Abbey chases behind her.

Alexa turns around quickly and yells "Abbey I found it!!! I found it!!! COME ON!!! THE SNOW IS GETTING HEAVIER"

They run up to the house that has their Kit Kat door with the mnm and sweetish fish windows with the bright green sparkly tree with the marshmallow star on top to help them find their house in heavy snowstorms like the one that's happening. Alexa and Abbey run into the house and start a fire right as the storm gets to its peak. The eye of the storm is right over them. Abbey makes nice warm food and hot chocolates so that her and Alexa can settle down for the night and watch the storm and movies.

The next morning Alexa and Abbey wake up to find snow up to their windows but luckily they quickly figure out that the wind was whipping that way overnight. They open the door so they can see truly how much snow they got overnight. When they go outside they see that the bush thats to the right of the door got so snow covered that it has fallen over! They decide to make a biiiiiig snowman. They start rolling the bottom snowball and even after that one there's still plenty of snow to make two more that are the same size; just as Abbey had suspected the middle snowball is just as big as the first and taking up almost half of the front of their house. Alexa makes the last snowball and they both realise that they need a way to get it on top since its just as big as the other two. They make one more snowball to climb up on so they can put the last one on. Abbey and Alexa help each other to get the last one on top and it ends up being almost taller than the house!

They finish the snowman and take a step back and see what their work looks like; Abbey and Alexa are both in awe about how big the snowman came out and they couldn't be more proud of the work that they both put in to make it happen. They go on to make snow angels and other fun snow activities.

"Best snow day ever!!!!!" yells Alexa

"Best snow day ever indeed" Abbey agrees

By Abbey Crownshaw

## Mine

By Isabella Tapia

The trees have stolen your eyes tonight,  
not in theft, but in reverence,  
every leaf a slow-burning hazel  
rimmed with the same quiet fire  
I find when you look at me  
without hurry, without end.  
They hold the light the way you hold me:  
loosely enough that I can breathe,  
tightly enough that I never want to leave.

See how the branches arch  
like your arms at 2 a.m.  
when the dark gets loud  
and I curl into the shelter of you.  
They bend without breaking,  
the way you bend for me,  
patient, deliberate,  
a living bridge between earth and sky  
the way you are the living bridge  
between every fractured part of me.

And the sky,  
God, the sky,  
it is wearing your smile at its brightest,  
that reckless, open-mouthed joy  
you give away like it costs you nothing  
when I know it costs you everything.  
It spills molten gold across the wet street,



turns puddles into mirrors,  
and suddenly I am walking on your laughter,  
every reflection a small sun  
rising just because you exist.

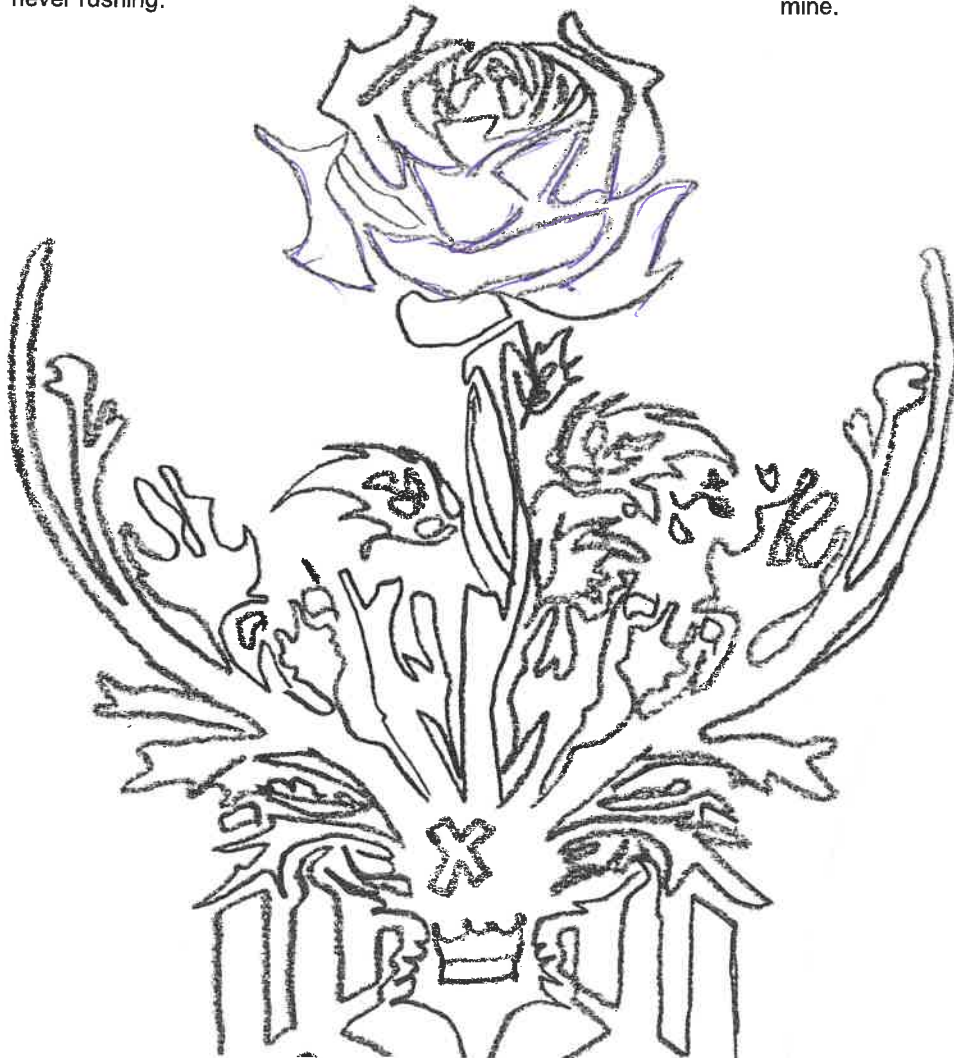
The church spire stands quiet  
behind the blaze of leaves,  
the way faith stands quiet  
behind the louder truth of us.  
I do not need stained glass  
when I have your eyes in autumn,  
do not need hymns  
when I have the soft percussion  
of your heartbeat against my cheek.

This road is slick with rain and fallen light,  
the same way my heart is slick  
with wanting you,  
always a little dangerous,  
always shining.  
I could slip here,  
but I know your hand would find mine  
before I ever hit the ground.

I want to bottle this hour:  
the amber hush,  
the copper scent of leaves,  
the way the sun lingers  
like you linger on the edge of a kiss,  
not rushing,  
never rushing.

I want to keep it the way I keep you,  
pressed between the pages of every day,  
a secret brightness I open  
when the world forgets how to be gentle.

You are the season I never want to end,  
the slow turning,  
the deliberate falling,  
the promise that even bareness  
can be beautiful  
if it means I get to stand beneath you  
and watch you let go  
knowing you will grow again,  
knowing you always come back greener,  
truer,  
mine.





Passion diffraction

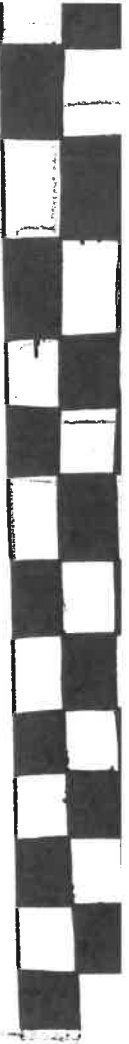
Distorts meaning in the hope

Of all it touches

Aedan Leahey



♡



I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING



THESE DAYS

*Afghan  
Landays*

Reality for Some

You say you love me when you hurt me  
I know you're lying and I still let you push me down

He will drag me down to hell with him  
he pulls me by my wrists until he knows I'll give in

Olliver Tadema-Wielandt

Maybe love isn't for everyone  
But no matter what, God will always be there for you.

Jonathan Sagesse

Women of Afghanistan

That night, I watched my body go numb  
Your body found pleasure hurting me in those wrong ways

Maybe one day you'll see what you did  
Stop doing the same harm to my other dear sisters

Emily Saliba

My face is covered with a blue shield,  
only seeing through mesh, no identity, just flesh

Charlotte Skinner

Your voice stays with me all day long here  
I do not say it but I feel it everywhere now

Leticia Mkarzel

# More Landays



## Skiing

Cold wind slices over the white slopes  
I chase speed, afraid to fall but loving the wild rush

## Regret

Old words echo through my quiet nights  
I would trade pride just to take back words I had once said

Ava Larocco

## Fishing

Sunlight breaks across the horizon  
As the boat's bow smashes against ev'ry wave that comes

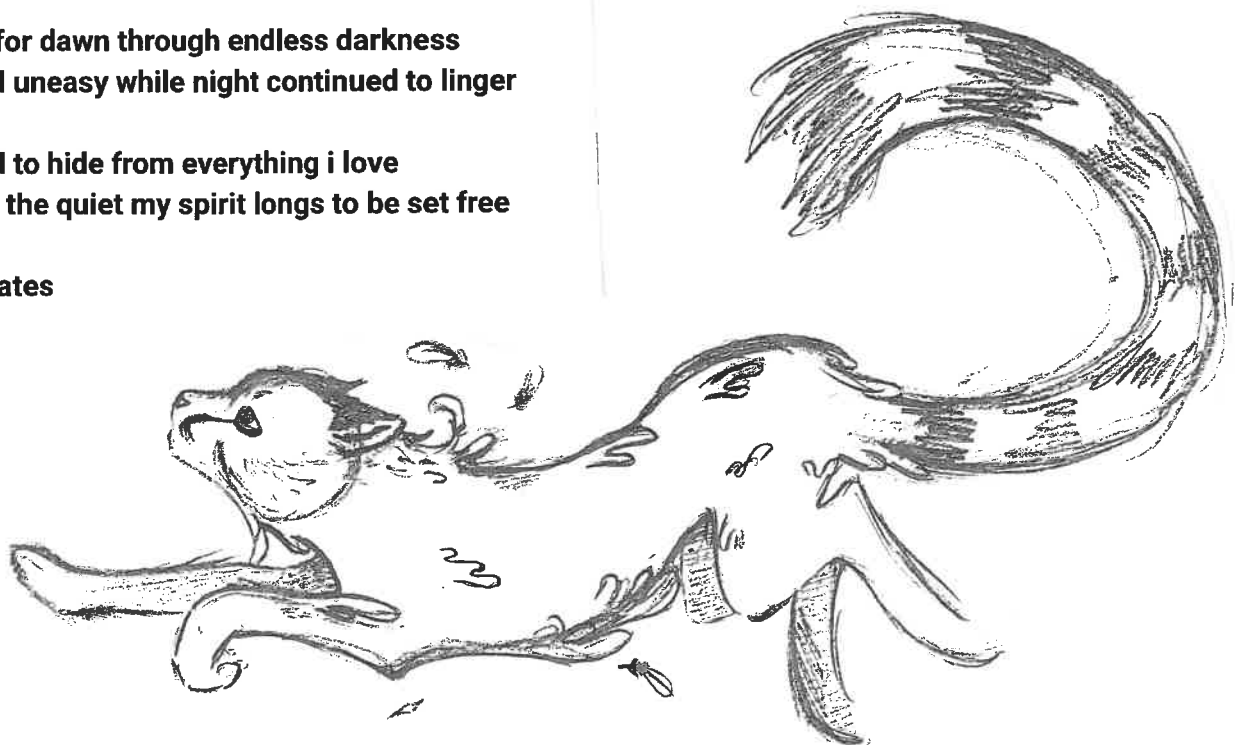
The fish shimmers in the deep, water  
The striped bass fights hard to get away fast from the boat

Gavin Varley

**I wait for dawn through endless darkness  
I stood uneasy while night continued to linger**

**Forced to hide from everything i love  
And in the quiet my spirit longs to be set free**

**Mya Bates**





one day your up, the next your down  
the world is spinning you round and round  
but when you take that pill  
your mind is gone  
somewhere off in the beyond

take your meds, drink your fill  
then your mind may finally chill  
but if you forget one day  
you will soon have to pay

so take em now, take em quick  
forget that its all a head trip  
you die without them but you die all the same  
because nothing can ever take away the pain

Shea Eldredge

## **Pedro's house**

By Rafael Simoes

In a broken and damaged neighborhood in the favelas of Brazil 5 days before Christmas, there is a small brick house where a family of two lives. There is a petite 13-year-old boy named Pedro and his mother, Paula. His father recently died after being caught in a shootout against the neighboring faction of the favela, and he was killed by a gang member from the other favela for seeing their face. His mother is struggling to get him a Christmas present. There are bullet holes in the outer walls from the multiple shootouts in the area. The people say that they'll not make it through the year. Paula works night and day just to get 1,000 Real a month; that's their whole electrical bill if they have any. Even though the family inside is struggling to live, the community is always trying to help. Their neighbour Ana drops homemade meals at Paula's doorstep. The lord of the favela, Rodrigo, is the most powerful man in the favela after the old lord passed down the power to him after he got shot in a raid. Rodrigo is a nice man even though he controls the whole illegal market in the favela, and all he wants is to help the unfortunate people of the favelas so they can at least have a good life. Rodrigo tries to protect Paula and Pedro as much as he can because it was his fault that Paula's husband died because he was the reason the other faction of the favela attacked, and he feels it's his responsibility to help the family he destroyed. On Christmas Eve as Paula was crying in her room because she couldn't give Pedro a good present, she hears a knock at the door and opens it up to the whole favela at her front doorstep with food and presents for her and Pedro. She will never forget this Christmas.

## Brazil's Bendy Beat

Brazil:

the equator's fevered embrace on a dancing spine,  
samba on cracked streets, sweat slick and bold.

Amazon:

green vines choking the trees, piranha rivers,  
sloths dangling like lazy punctuation.

Carnival:

feathers burst from the costumes,  
masks melt in music thumped midnight,  
the party never leaves.

Beaches:

Copacabana's salt kissed crescent,  
Atlantic waves chasing laughter to the shore,  
Families building castles, surfers carving dreams,  
Where the sea sings endless invitations.

People:

mosaic of sailors and fire—  
laugh through lean, feast on feijoada revenge.  
Brazil bends, loops rhythmic in rain.

She twirls through the air  
Graceful through the fall  
Falling from grace  
Pretty petals turn pink to brown  
As spring flies on  
-Emma Eldredge

Isabella Tapia



## A Dark, Straying Thought

Their love was strong and bold  
Always talked through the tides that made them fold  
However there was a secret, a secret so deep  
It was kept away just for safe keeps

The women gazed her eyes on the man  
The man who is called mine  
That man is in love with her  
The women who gazes it so strong  
They are both within a bind

The woman was in love  
As the men got on his knees  
Always begging "please don't ever leave me"  
She's kisses his head and begins to say  
"Darling, I could never leave you, because you are staying with me."

His eyes were deep, light and heavy  
His pupils were sharp, big, and soft  
His face pink, smooth, but dark  
He had this look in his eyes  
His hands gripped around her thighs

Obsession it is  
Obsession he has  
Obsession that binds their love in hands

He always is around her  
Watching her at every wake  
Making sure she never leaves without a trace

Even at parties with her girlfriends  
Her dress so pretty, her makeup so thick  
He lurks within  
Without her knowing,  
without her wondering  
A heavy weight sets in her stomach  
She says "I feel I'm being watched"  
With eyes of obsession



"I'm going to go to the bathroom"  
With eyes of concerning

She walks in the bathroom  
But the door doesn't swing close  
It stays open, like another went through the door  
She walk faster towards the biggest stall  
Lifting her dress so she doesn't fall  
She goes head first into the stall  
But someone else is not that far

Two people in one stall  
A cloak that covers his all  
"Who are you?" She said  
"And what do you want"

He falls to his knees  
Always begging "please don't ever leave me."

His eyes were deep, light and heavy  
His pupils were sharp, big, and soft  
His face pink, smooth, but dark  
He had this look in his eyes  
His hands gripped around her thighs

Obsession it is  
Obsession he has  
Obsession that binds their love in hands

Kyra Howard



Paint your face on my dear  
Place your nose just right  
Create a beautiful smile just for them  
Rouge your pretty little cheeks  
And love your heart out  
For when all is said and done  
You will always be a clown without a circus  
-Emma Eldredge

## Frostine the Snowgirl by Sophia Duguay

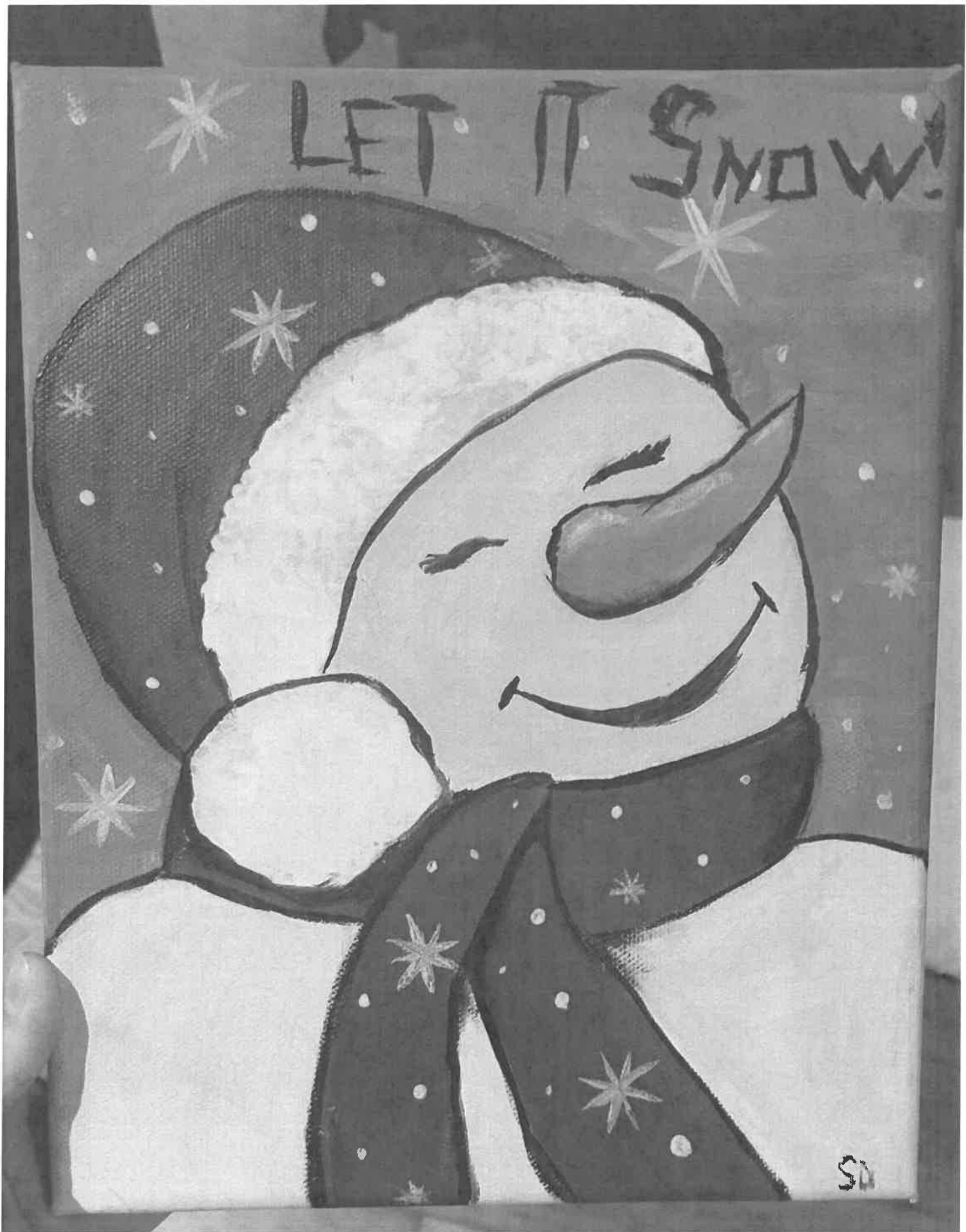
The first snow is quiet.  
Not all at once.  
Just gently and secretly,  
Settling on frozen ground.  
Frostine notices immediately.  
She always does.  
The first snowfall is like a family reunion.  
A reassurance,  
That her season hasn't forgotten her.

She's already at the window,  
Smiling wide,  
Because winter is the time where she is the most free,  
Living without the worry of melting,  
Without her clear cooler to keep her safe out in the world,  
No ticking timer before she melts too much.  
In winter she is free from the worry of safety,  
And blessed with freedom to explore..

Frostine is a snowgirl,  
Not a decoration.  
Not anymore,  
Since her great ancestor Frosty figured out how to expand snowman lifetimes.  
She lives all year now.  
Her home is frozen on purpose.  
Walls quietly humming with cold,  
Floors that never soften,  
But to her it's still home.  
To her, it's the only place  
She doesn't have to worry about disappearing.

That is, until winter comes.  
And she finally gets to step outside,  
Without the clear cooler she travels in.  
Leaving her porch, she calls her friend  
Who is already roaring about the list of things they want to do this season.  
She laughs, strolling about her yard  
Enjoying the way she doesn't drip or soften,  
The way she feels so light.

Because to Frostine,  
Winter means that she doesn't have to chose  
Between safety and experience.



"Frostine"

Upside-out and Inside-down

There's a fish in my tent, and I don't know what to do,  
He demands my rent as I look down,  
Seeing my sugary feet submerged in the river, as the fire blazes on

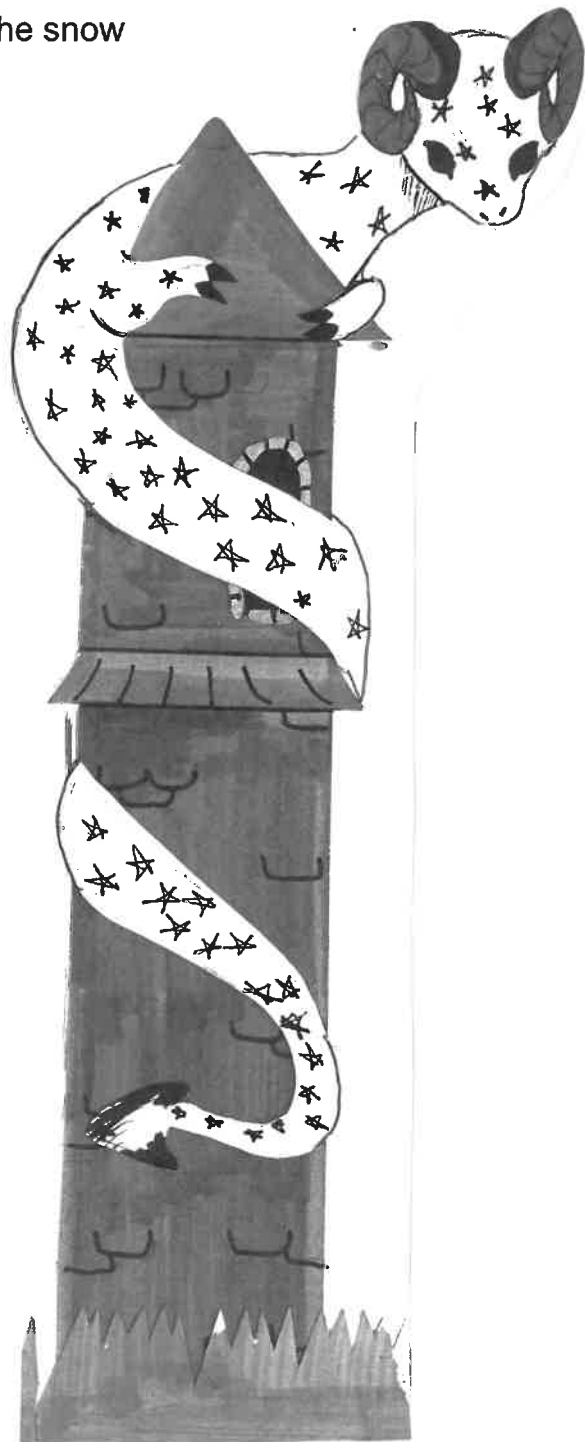
The world is backwards here, I suppose.  
I sit in the river, the fish in my tent,  
Surrounded by snakes slithering sparsely through the snow  
Cold-blooded creatures should do no such thing.

But alas, the snow is warm.  
As the beginning of winter approaches,  
flowers sprout through,  
Laughing in the face of the seasons  
As the world warms.

As the world warms, the flowers laugh in spite  
Of the notion of a season never seen again  
I will tell my children of this fated day  
The turning point of the world  
Turning it upside-out and inside-down

I only saw this fish in my tent  
And I still don't know what to do  
One small, sugary man cannot fathom the world  
Turned upside-out and inside-down

-Emma Eldredge



## Grateful

I am grateful for...

Being alive,

Cape Cod potato chips,

Friends, family, and cheer,

My cat,

Fingers and glasses,

The American Revolution

The wind running through my hair as I trip into the sand,

Ink,

Breathing to heal my soul,

Cheesecake,

Cheesecake on Sunday,

Cheese and cake,

The word "tuff",

An LGBTQ community,

The Roman Empire,

The Industrial Revolution,

Dork Diaries,

Music that resonates in my ears,

More cats,

And Sandscript



- Collaboratively written by members of the Sandscript Creative Writing Club

# 1.2.1

(Warning- *Triggering*)

1 Body  
2 Heads  
1 soul to rest or leave the Bed

I want to leave  
*I want to stay*  
I am so cramped  
*I am so safe*  
Please oh Please  
*Please oh Please*  
Let me be free  
*Let me be still*

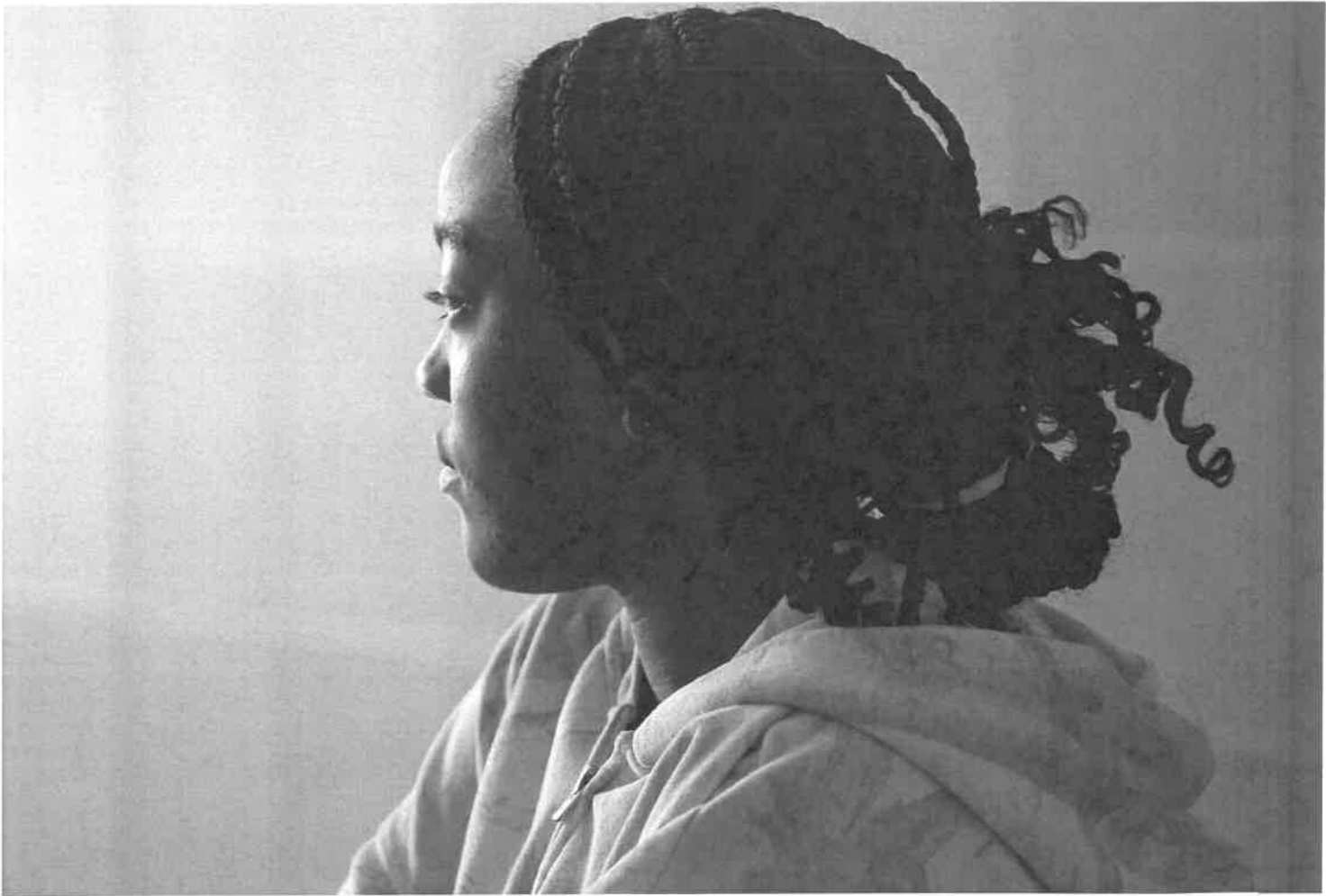
I want to explore  
*But I feel safe here*  
I don't care  
*Your head aches. Please stop*  
I feel.. Like I'm going to explode  
*You're going to kill us both*  
Can't you hear it  
Yes..



It's so loud... so... **LOU- MAKE IT STOP**

*You just had to pull the trigger- you just had to go first... You just had to be adventurous, well, you can, while I carry your dead body, your dead brain... you- ... Why.. is it still so loud... no... no.. make it st...*

Kyra Howard (4/8/26)



“After the Storm” by Isabelle Ferron

### Silent Voice

The ache, the pain,  
the need to grab the knife to make it all go away.  
it would silence  
the noise,  
the voices in your head that are ready, and poised.  
I would like to fly,  
be careless,  
and free.  
but somewhere inside me,  
you wont let me be.  
I would like to say,  
“please go away”  
but something inside me,  
would beg you to stay.

Savannah Eldredge

# “Drafts” by Sophia Duguay

## Act 1

### Lights up.

*(The main actor/character, a girl, sits on the edge of a bed with her phone glowing in the dark. The sound of texting echoing through the quiet room. She tries to find what to say to her boyfriend after a fight.)*

**Sender** *(reading as she types)*: “Hey, I know this is random but—”  
*(She stops, sighing. She deletes it)*

**Sender**: No. Too small. Sounds like I don’t care.  
*(She types again.)*

**Sender** *(reading)*: “I’ve been thinking about what you said and I think it’s unfair that you—”  
*(pause, sigh.)*

**Sender**: Too angry. I don’t want to be mean..

*(A second character steps out of the shadows. This is **Draft 1**)*

**Draft 1**: Say it like you mean it. Don’t hold back. He hurt you.

**Sender**: That doesn’t mean I should hurt him back. He probably already hates me.

**Draft 1**: Why not? Who cares? He didn’t. It’s fine, come on.

*(She types again.)*

**Sender** *(reading)*: “Hey! Long time no see haha. Just wanted to check in.”

*DRAFT 2 enters, lighter, joking.*

**DRAFT 2**: Perfect. Casual. Kind. Just like friends. You’re totally over it.  
*(beat)*

You’re not. But he doesn’t need to know.

**Draft 1**: But make sure he isn’t.

**Draft 2**: Mmm... no be nice about it.

**Draft 1**: But don’t be weak. He’ll survive, unfortunately.

**Sender**: What? No, I don’t hate him.  
*(She deletes the message again. Silence.)*

**Sender** *(quietly)*: Why is it easier to say nothing than the wrong thing?

*A third character enters, **DRAFT 3**.*

**DRAFT 3**: Because the wrong thing can be ignored. The truth can’t. Just say it, you’ve had enough silence anyway.

**DRAFT 1:** That's weak.

**DRAFT 2:** It doesn't have to be. Just don't cry. Casual, remember?

**Sender** (*scoffing*): I won't cry. It's just a text.

**DRAFT 3:** No, It's the first thing you've said to each other in a week. He's probably itching to text too.

**DRAFT 1:** But he said-

**Sender:** I said things too. Things I shouldn't have.

**DRAFT 3:** Then say that! Every version you write stops right before the same thing.

**Sender:** What is that?

**DRAFT 3:** The part where you admit you're both wrong. It's okay to mess up, just come back.

**Sender** (*groans*): But what if he doesn't want to?

**DRAFT 3:** Then you at least have an ending.

*(She nods, thinking again. It's quiet for a second)*

**Sender:** But he ran away-

**DRAFT 1:** Right! See? He shouldn't have.

**Sender:** He said he "needed space".

**DRAFT 3:** He needed reassurance. Come on, you know him.

**Sender** (*deep breath*): Okay..

*(She types a new message)*

**Sender**(*reading*): "Hey, I know we've been avoiding this but..Im sick of it. I know what I said was harsh and I shouldn't have snapped like that, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it personally. We both messed up and that's okay. I just hate this silence. I miss you, will you forgive me?"

*(Her thumb hovers over the send button, slightly shaking)*

**DRAFT 2:** That's actually..not that bad.

*(DRAFT 1 is quiet, not complaining or objecting, just silently agreeing)*

*(The Sender hesitates, staring at the screen)*

**DRAFT 3:** Send it, don't send it. Whatever you do, don't let fear write the ending.

*(The sound of a single tap is heard, though who knows which button was pressed)*

***(Lights out.)***



Echos of the past  
Rei Valdovinos and Bryce Piatek

Entering to the smell of burned vanilla wax and the colorful smells from different parts of the museum  
walking around in an endless loop with unique features around the museum  
echos making noises  
the weather feels sorrowful and gloomy  
dripping against the tall glass walls  
each drop tracing paths like forgotten stories  
the echoes of footsteps follow me around like teeny tiny ghosts  
there are silent statues standing showcasing different stories from centuries from the past  
echos making noises  
I look around in fear making noises but no sound comes out  
gasping for oxygen my skin feels flawless and silky  
Turning gray and stone like  
echos making noises  
I have turned into a silent statue



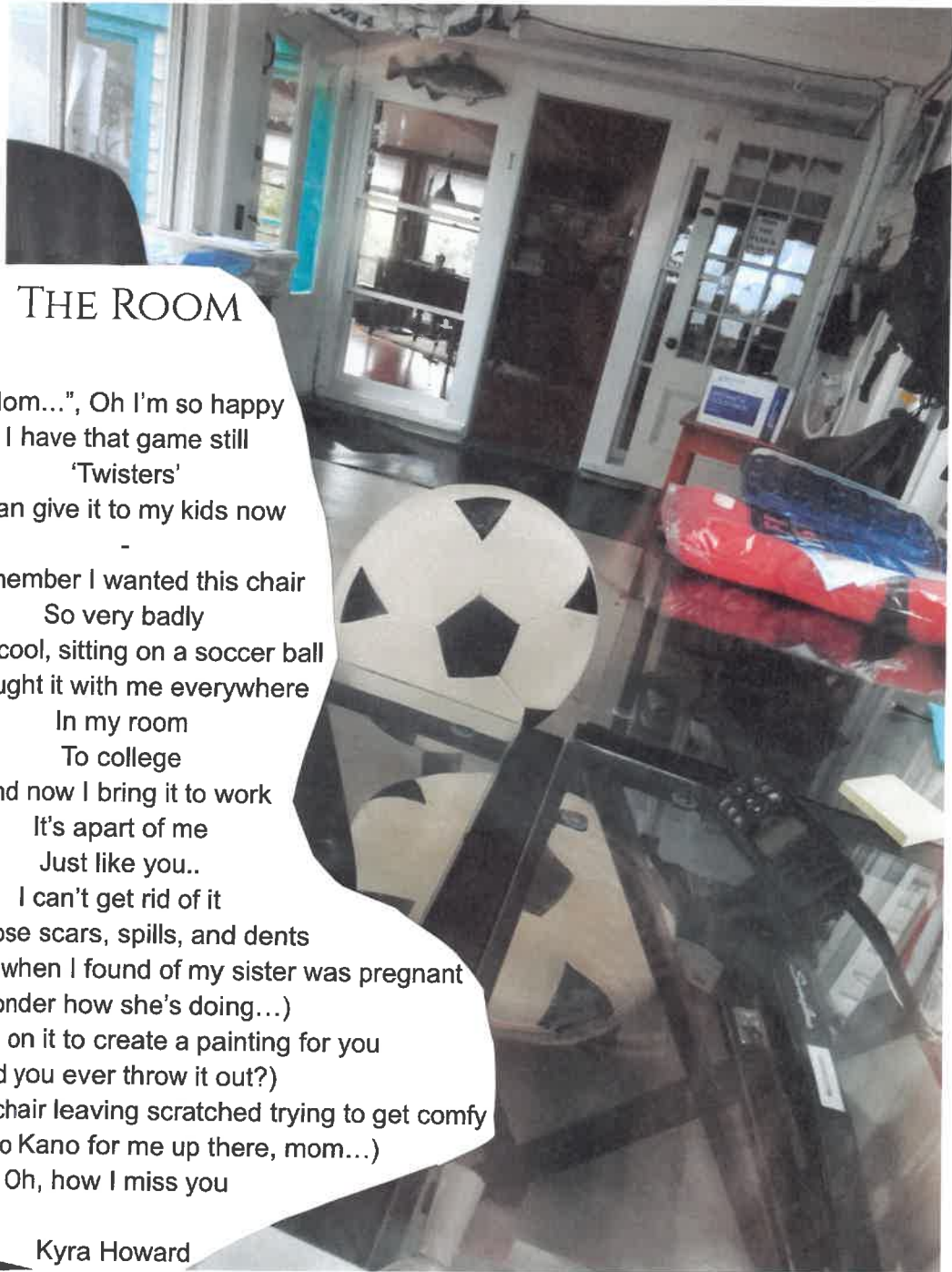
"The Lost Generation" (Pleasant Bay by: Kyra Howard)

## THE ATTIC

"Mom, can we get it?"  
As I hold a game  
'Twisters'  
You know..  
The one game with all the dots?  
Makes you get all twisted up?  
No...?  
I'm not that old...  
AM I?  
Oh wait, I grew up..  
I'm too old for that game now

Too big  
Just like hula hoops, dolls, checkers...  
And you're too young  
No  
There games are just old  
Old for my generation  
but  
That's how I like it.  
"Thank you mother, for sharing your generation"  
"Now I will share mine"  
Oh, how I miss you

Kyra Howard



## THE ROOM

"Mom...", Oh I'm so happy  
I have that game still  
'Twisters'  
I can give it to my kids now

-  
I remember I wanted this chair  
So very badly  
Its so cool, sitting on a soccer ball  
I brought it with me everywhere  
In my room  
To college  
And now I bring it to work  
It's apart of me  
Just like you..

I can't get rid of it  
All those scars, spills, and dents

Spilled coffee on it when I found of my sister was pregnant  
(I wonder how she's doing...)

Paint spilled on it to create a painting for you  
(Did you ever throw it out?)

My cat enjoying the chair leaving scratched trying to get comfy  
(Oh, say hi to Kano for me up there, mom...)  
Oh, how I miss you

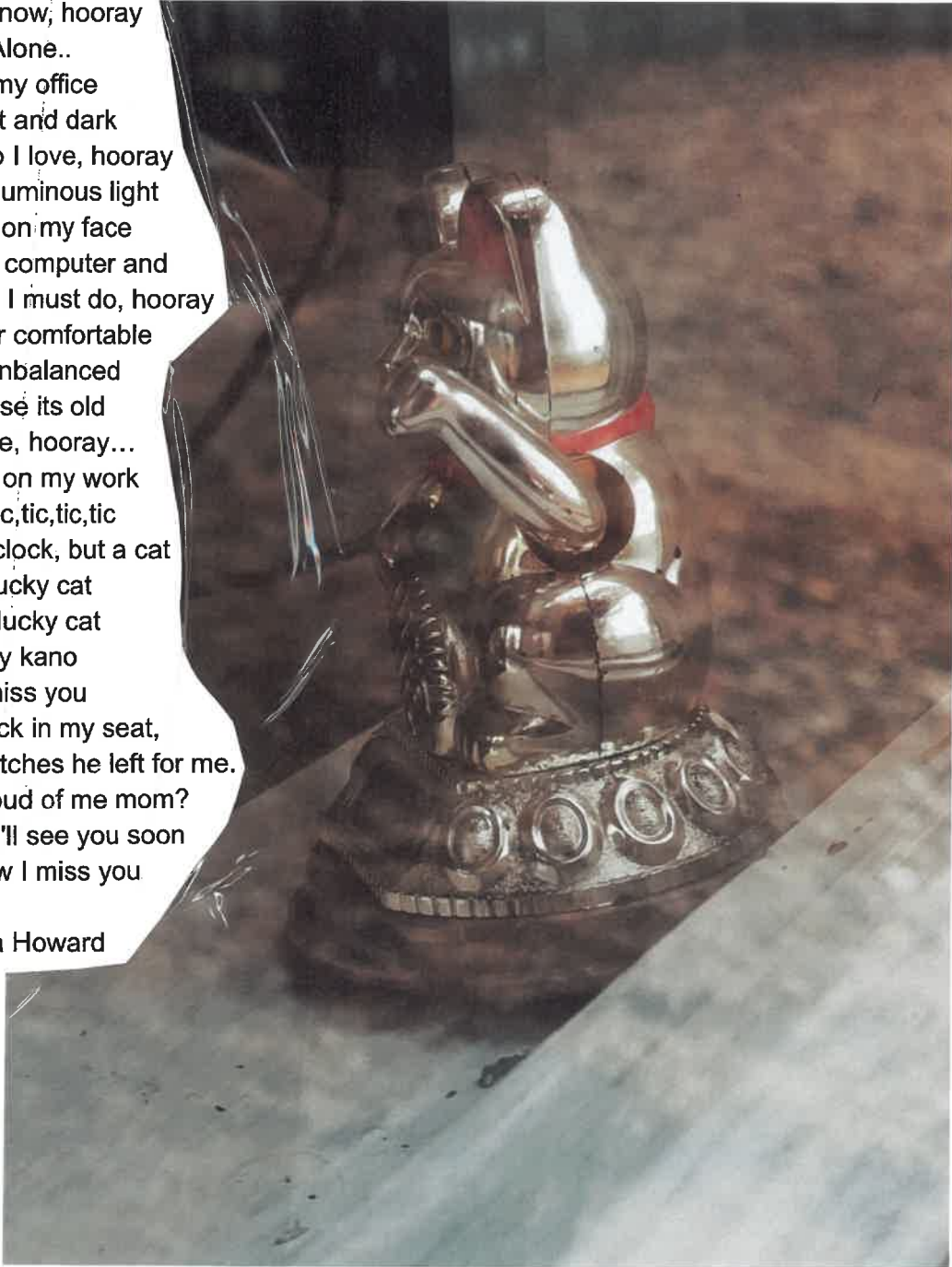
Kyra Howard

'That Chair..' (Pleasant Bay by Kyra Howard)

# THE OFFICE

As I sit  
I realize my life  
Slowly..  
I'm 78 now; hooray  
Alone..  
In my office  
Quiet and dark  
With a job I love, hooray  
A small luminous light  
Rests on my face  
From the computer and  
piles of work I must do, hooray  
My chair comfortable  
But unbalanced  
Cause its old  
Like me, hooray...  
I focus on my work  
But tic,tic,tic,tic  
It's not a clock, but a cat  
A lucky cat  
My lucky cat  
My kano  
I miss you  
I lean back in my seat,  
feeling the scratches he left for me.  
Are you proud of me mom?  
I hope so, I'll see you soon  
Oh, how I miss you

Kyra Howard



'My lucky, Kano' (Pleasant Bay by Kyra Howard)

I have the pink  
I have the roses  
I have the hands  
I have everything ever asked

What are you scared  
Why aren't you scared yet  
It is what you wanted  
I have everything ever asked

Why don't you let me help  
Why do you need help at all  
I can give you what you want  
I have everything ever asked

Quinn Vprino



Quinn Vprino  
Title: The Creation of Adam  
Medium: Collage  
Year: 2023  
Dimensions: 12" x 12"

Quinn Vprino  
Title: The Creation of Adam  
Medium: Collage  
Year: 2023  
Dimensions: 12" x 12"



# CRY

Some days  
I feel like a sticker  
Seen as wonderful  
Tucked away with all that potential  
For safekeeping, of course  
Never to complete my true purpose  
For fear of wasting what will never be used  
-Anonymous

Crying is not for the 'weak'  
Crying heals you  
You don't know it  
But  
It will heal someone else  
Like a flower  
Or a heart.

KH



## Mort de St. Lino

This weekend, we were decorating for Mort de St. Lino. It was hard to climb the rope up to the roof, but we managed to get the wood up. We always spend Saturday making the St. Lino and Sunday burning it as we decorate the tree. The tree wards off any spirit other than St. Lino as the smoke attracts her. If we do everything properly, we can get her blessing for the coming year. If we do it wrong, we could get cursed by another spirit that makes it past the ward tree. Sometimes, St. Lino can even give gifts, seen or unseen, but normally that only happens when we put goodies in the fire to burn with St. Lino. After decorating the ward tree, we go back inside to listen to music, eat, and celebrate all that has happened throughout the year.

I heard that the original St. Lino was killed because she was one of us, that she died fighting for us all. It used to scare me when I was younger, but now all I have to do is remember that she watches over us now and has dedicated her entire being to helping those of us who remain. Whenever we leave the woods, I always say a prayer to her, but I don't know how much she can help. If the people hear me, I might be the next one on the fire, singing until the smoke is in my blood and my words.

I know it won't come to that. St. Lino is seen as a vengeful spirit by the people of the town; they know to fear her now. It took years, but she is finally in control again. So we celebrate, we sing, we dance, we eat, and burn the smoke to remind us of what could happen and how we have lived so long.

By Quinn

## Galentines

A couple salami roses  
Much better than real ones—  
The scent of garlicky pizza filling our noses

Rushing to apply lickstick before it dries  
So one can kiss a pink balloon;  
Into my head a smooch-covered globe flies

Giggles fill the air  
Horrible edits on the tv  
The room is so warm; we put up our hair

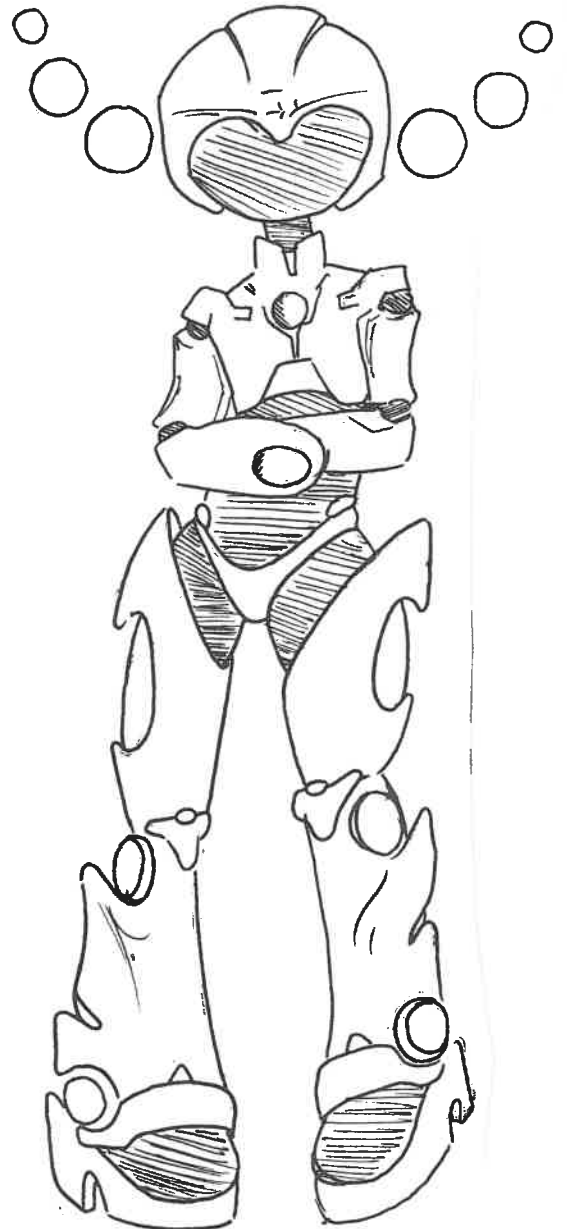
We screech, we squeal  
Our stomachs beg to be filled  
Every other question is about the next meal

We explain how Toad is, in fact, a he  
As we describe characters for a game  
I am confused as they describe me

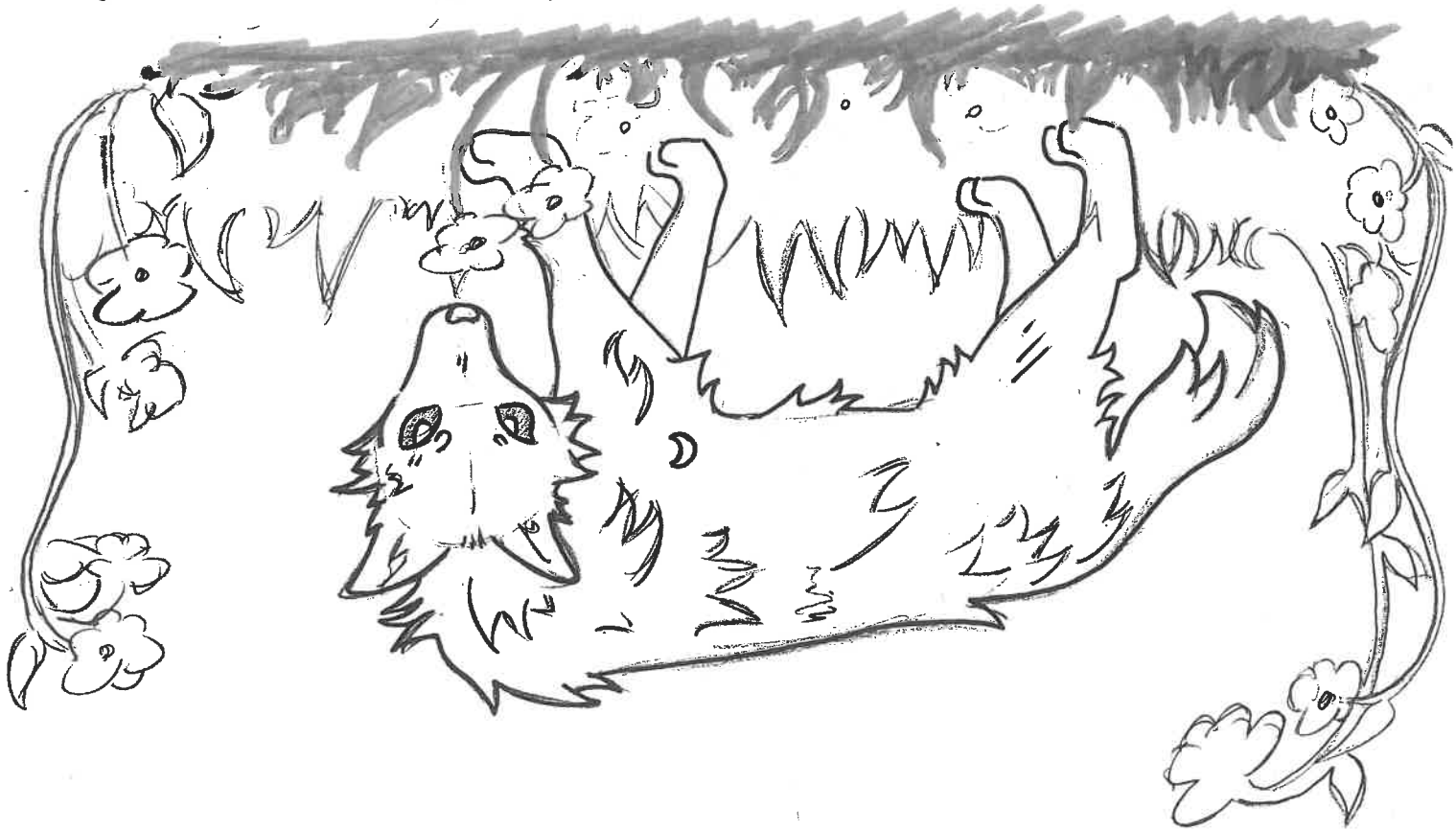
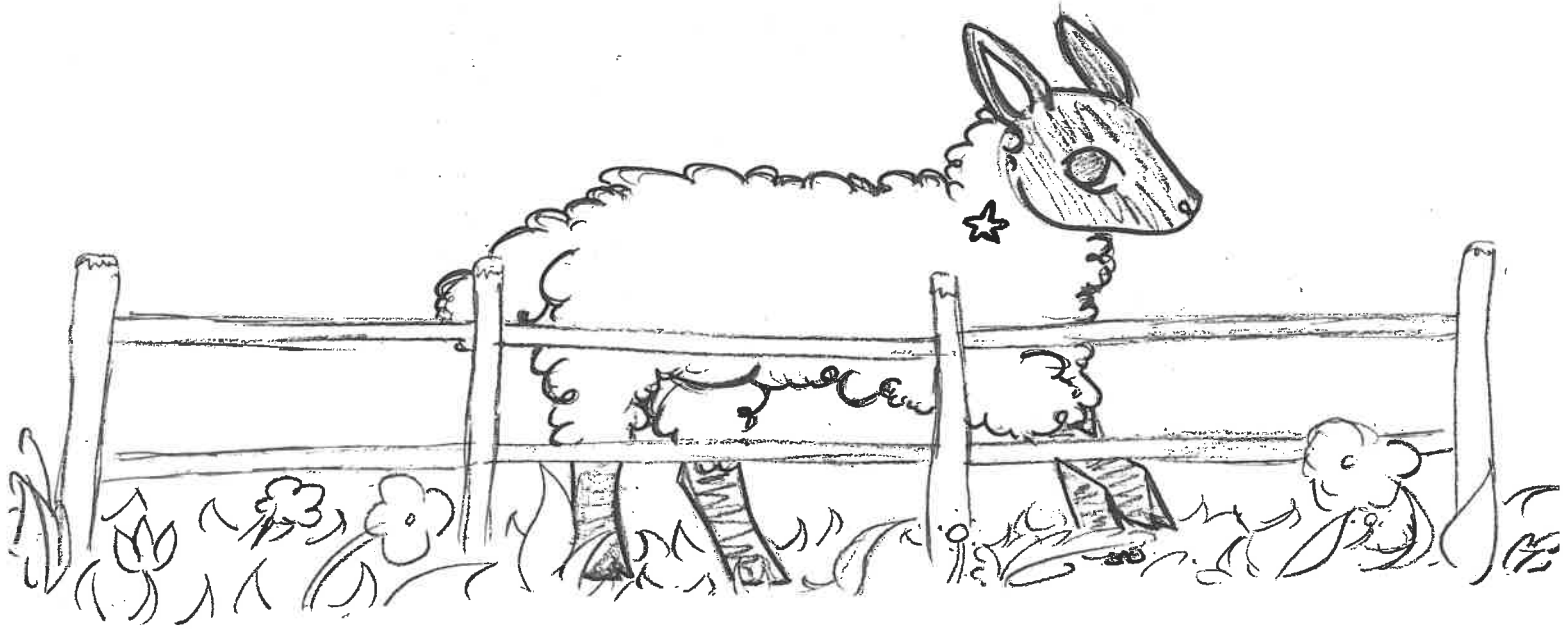
Although our love may not be romance,  
I feel it strongly today  
And I'm so glad we met by chance

Galentines, in my heart, we'll forever be

-Lillian Williams



How NAIVE I WAS



you only ever loved

# The Case Of Missing Marshmallows

By Esmeralda Ramirez

A very angry, reckless, dramatic goblin named Grubfoot stomped through life with really bad attitude problems. His real name was Grubfoot, sure, but everyone called him “Germbrain” because of his slimy, goo-covered skin that squished like a wet sponge when he walked.

Kids would throw snowballs at him every recess— not soft gentle snowballs, but the crunchy ones with small chunks of ice that felt like getting smacked by a frosty potato. They’d shout names like “Stinky” and “Weirdo” as if those were his government issued titles.

To cope, Grubfoot would waddle to the corner of the playground and build a marshmallow snowman—his sugary masterpiece. But everytime some kid would sprint over and obliterate it like they were action movie superheros and the snowman was the villain. Marshmallows flew. Grumfoot fumed. Goo wiggled with anger.

The older he got, the more he despised marshmallow snowmen. He grew so full of rage that one day he stomped on his secret, definitely-not-osha-approved laboratory, and invented... The Christmas Tree Of Doom!—a massive, glowing tree filled with bubbly green goo, sparking electricity, and enough evilness to ruin everyone's winter passions.

From then on, if any innocent kid dared to step outside to build a marshmallow snowman, the tree would slurp up the snowman with a WHOOSH and absolutely obliterate it.

Grubfoot called this justice.

Everyone else called it “deeply concerning”.



## The New Year is Blind

I was never scared of the dark  
Unless its followed by silence  
And the lack of decorations  
The lack of colorful warm lights  
No family dinners or Christmas parties with friends  
No strolls or card games  
When the countdown is over and you're left wondering what's next  
When snow turns brown and the cold starts to hurt  
Never scared until its now a new year  
New fears  
Of the future  
Of messing up memories  
Of breaking resolutions  
Of falling into old habits

Never scared until I realize I can't be perfect  
I should be grateful for the present  
Not stuck worrying about useless things  
Be excited  
Not scared because I can't see what's in front of m  
So no  
I was never scared of the dark  
Just the unknown

Sofia Duguay

## My Tangled Hair

(a persona poem from a North Korean)

You can't wear this  
You can't do that  
Your hair isn't short enough  
You can't smile on this day

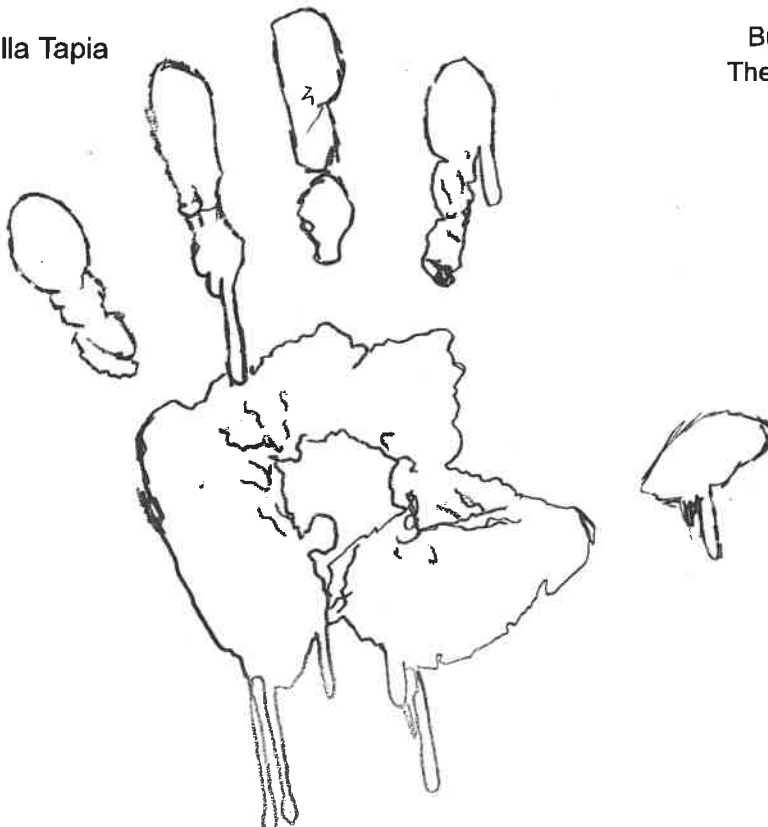
The rules make me feel trapped  
Like a bird stuck in a cage  
Like my hair in a knot  
I can't escape

A dress code worse than school  
How could this be real  
The walls are caving in on me  
I can't breathe freely anymore

The statues that tower over us  
You can't escape their faces  
They are everywhere  
You must praise

I cannot escape this life  
I cannot leave  
I cannot breathe  
I am stuck in a knot.

Isabella Tapia



This is all fair,

Short hair ,  
"The doll factory" chooses the way we do our hair,  
This is all fair,

Kim Jong Un our leader,  
Our "maker" ,  
There's no one better,

Walking and walking,  
and walking,  
We'll soon get there,

Working working,  
and working ,  
It's fine, it's all for our "maker",

Hopefully, one day we'll actually get there ,  
The other side ,  
So we won't live in fear ,

Or live trapped,  
Detached,  
We'll finally live relaxed,

But now I live with fear,  
Everywhere,  
Mostly around the "maker"

But if anyone finds out I wrote this,  
There won't be another side to get to .  
What will this come to?

But "this is all fair,"  
For us to be kept like dolls,  
With no one to call,

To live trapped,  
Detached,  
And never relaxed ,

This is all fair

Esmy Ramirez  
(North Korean persona poem)



## Dock

She stands near the blue fence  
Looking off in the  
The...

She looks  
She's looking  
The yellow sunlight presses against  
the fence  
Not blending into a green  
With the blue fence

She stands near the blue fence  
Holding the railing  
Holding? Or just looking?  
What is she doing?  
What is she looking at?  
What is she thinking?

Is it even a she?  
Is it a he?  
Is it a them?  
Or is it an animal?  
Maybe a soul  
Just a soul

...

The soul stands near the blue fence  
Looking off in the distance  
The yellow sunlight presses against the cold soul  
Giving it a warm hug,  
Fading through  
To press on the blue fence,  
Not blending to create a green  
But all solid  
All bold

A story that's untold by the dock with a soul.

Kyra Howard (4/7/26)

rough cut ocean

setting out to sea

to get lost where no one can find me

the sun setting,

orange pink and yellow

nothing but the fish as my fellow

i see land far behind me

and somewhere overhead

but id rather sit on the choppy water

and float within my dread

Shea Eldredge



## Empty Home

The lights buzz, the stairs creak.  
The glass cracks, the mice weep.  
The people stare, from outside in.  
The people around me are drowning in sin.  
They turn their backs, and let the line go slack.  
That tethers them to me.

I cannot feel,  
For they would steal,  
every single piece of me.  
But yet, I wish they wouldn't let me be.  
For this lonely house is so empty, with just me.

Yet I still refuse to take them back,  
Regardless if they come crawling back,  
For my pride cannot be wounded,  
And my life will not be toyed with.

I loved you,  
You knew so, too.  
And you will not be forgiven.

I chose to put my peace first,  
And now, I refuse to be hurt.

I will love myself first.

Savannah Eldredge



Love is like the glue

Sticking bricks together

Making a house we come to

It shelters us from the weather

Of the eternal winter

Some try to go without

Pretend they don't feel the cold

Pretend the hearth hasn't burnt out

They act as if their life is gold

We watch as they splinter

It's time to build bridges

Build them with our glue of love

We shouldn't leave them by the ridges

Even if we have to fly above

Never leave them in the hinter

Quinn Viprino

## Traded Mindsets

I've been here before

*No, you haven't*

**No, no, I have**

*No, you haven't*

**Yes, I have**

*No, you haven't*

I remember going on family trips

*No, you didn't*

**It was fun**

*No, it wasn't*

I always brought my favorite plushies

*Grow the @#\$% up*

**His name was Snuggles**

*He's gone*

**Unfortunately, I lost him**

*Your dad threw him away*

**What?**

*You heard me*

**No..**

*He threw him away*

*He said we lost him*

***And you believed him...***

*And I believed him...*

***You never went there***

*I never went there*

***You never had fun***

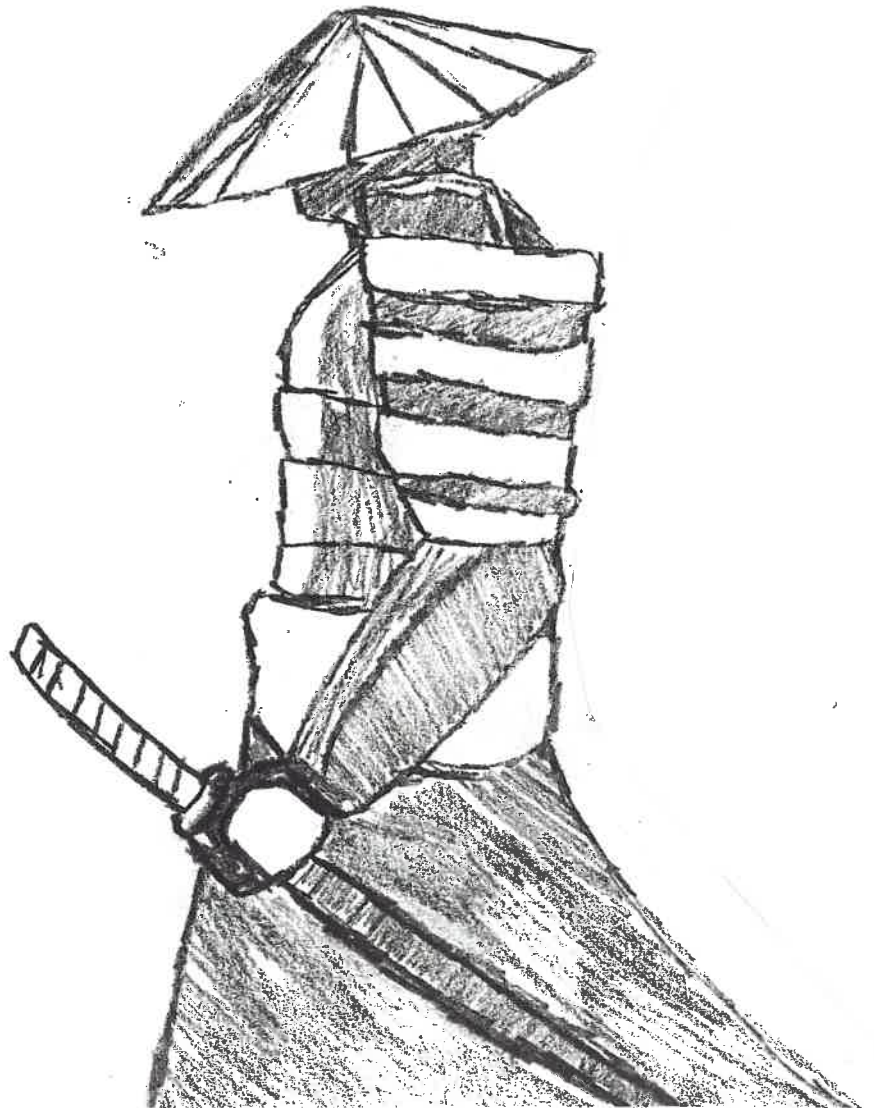
*I never had fun*

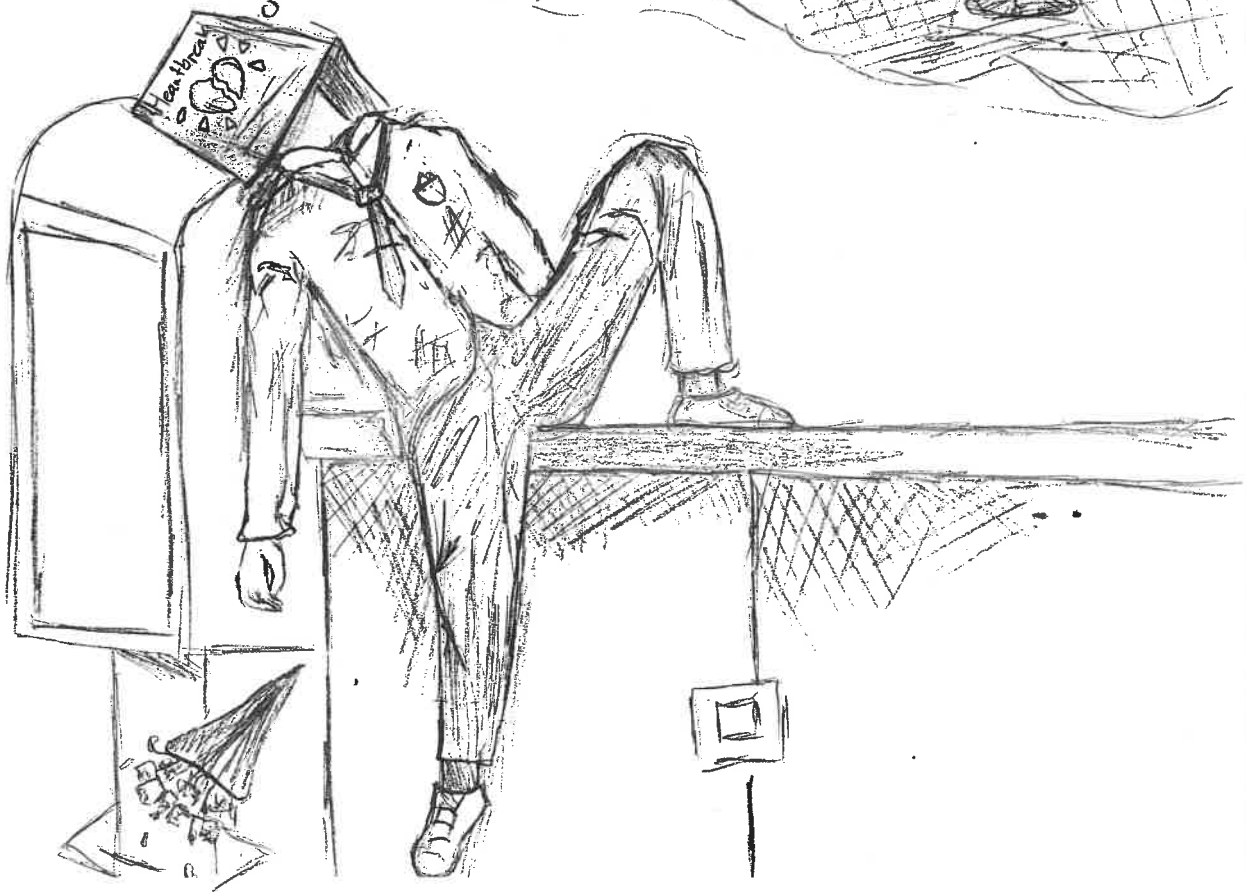
***And you need to grow up***

...

**Grow Up**

Kyra Howard (4/8/26)







a fork in the road

the left or the right?

how do i choose without a goal in sight?

how can one blindly follow the road,

and not know if there will soon be gold

what if this path has a giant hole?

what if that path is made out of coal?

i suppose it doesnt matter which way i turn down

as ill still be walking, safe and sound

i have the determination and the might

with a deep breath, i take a right

Shea Eldredge

"His friends  
Had left him to a vast aloneness  
He had never felt before."  
p 18

Enkidu



Oliver Fu

"His soul felt new and str  
And his face was hot with swee  
And somehow gay."  
p 21



• Curves  
• swirls  
• smooth

yellow



• Straight  
• elegant

purple

• sharp



## The Bowl of Food



*Let me tell you a story, Mary had-*

*Yea yea, a little lamb, I've heard that before.*

*Tell me **your** story*

*My story?*

*Yeah, the ones that got trapped away, cause nobody wanted to hear them*

*...*

*The ones with words so powerful, they "encased it" into a bowl?*

*Well... I don't think the bowl is that bad anyway*

*People will use that bowl as an everyday object; they will feast out of it, while never looking at what's at the bottom.*

*And your point is?*

*They only care what's at the end of their story, never what's happening in between.*

*My story is boring, nobody would even li-*

*Listen? Because people always want an ending, they never want to know the quest or journey that got them there.*

*I guess*

*Your words are so powerful that people were scared of them. They thought "encasing it" in a bowl would make it weak. But people are feasting on those words without even realizing it.*

*Which gives it a meaning, a point, a source for the soul. A meal to feed the brain.*

*I see.*

*Now, tell me **your** story.*

*(Kyra Howard 4/9/26)*

## Final Act

And as my final act of love,  
I will leave you.  
I will leave you to your own devices, just like you wanted.  
I will leave you so you can laugh and play dress up with the people who shunned me for  
laughing too hard.  
for dressing to drastically,  
for swearing like a sailor,  
for finding myself.  
They shunned me for crying,  
for asking,  
for someone to come back.  
As my own mind was killing me.

So go, and as my final act of love,  
I will be silent.  
I will stay quiet as you laugh and enjoy your place among a table of sinners, and traitors, and I  
will let myself be an outcast.  
the outcast they had shunned for just trying to live.

I have done nothing but tell the truth,  
while they spew lies like acid but yet you are saved behind their shield.  
because they love you, adore you, and I am in the wrong.  
I am wrong  
for trying to defend myself  
to deaf ears.  
I am wrong.  
and now, I am finished.

Savannah Eldredge



# SandScript

2025 - 2026

Monomony Regional High School

