

Deerfield's Literary Magazine

FEATURING CREATIVE
ART AND LITERATURE
FROM DEERFIELD'S
MIDDLE SCHOOLERS

Folio

Daniella Marano

FEATURES:

ART

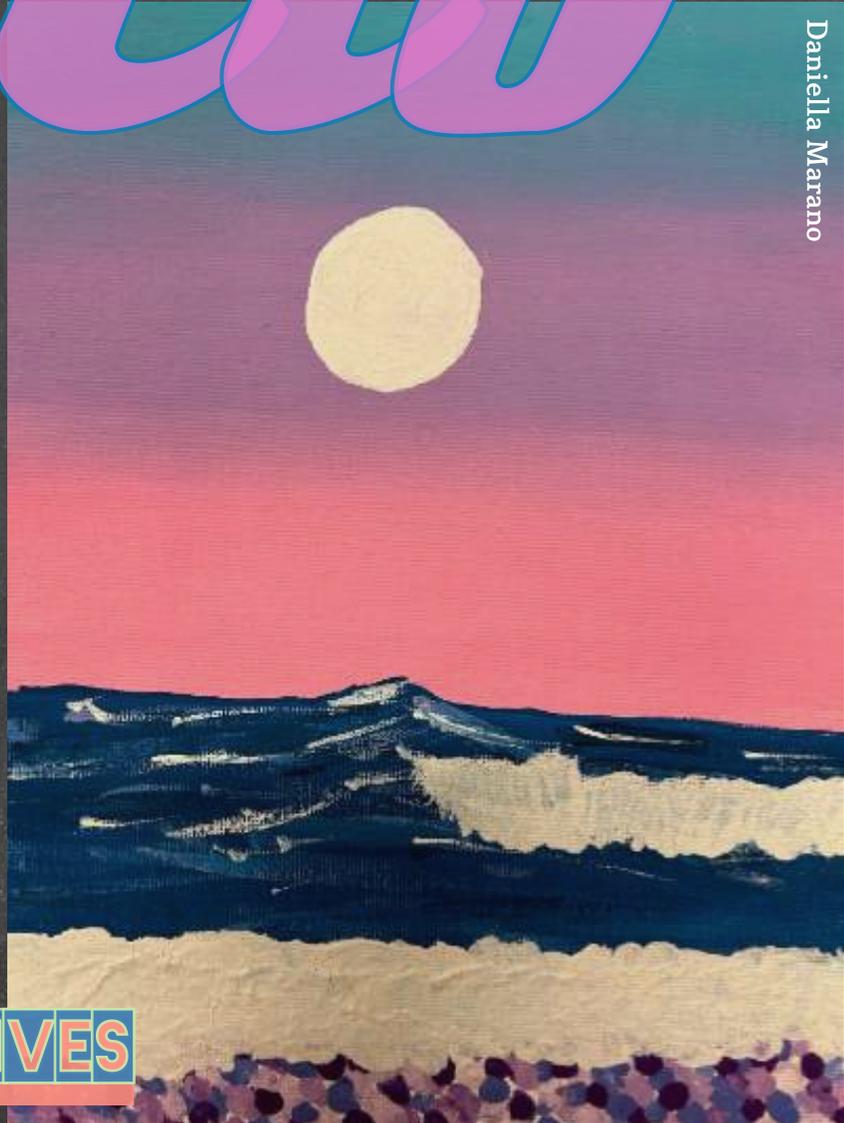
POETRY

FAN FICTION

SHORT STORIES

GRAPHIC DESIGNS

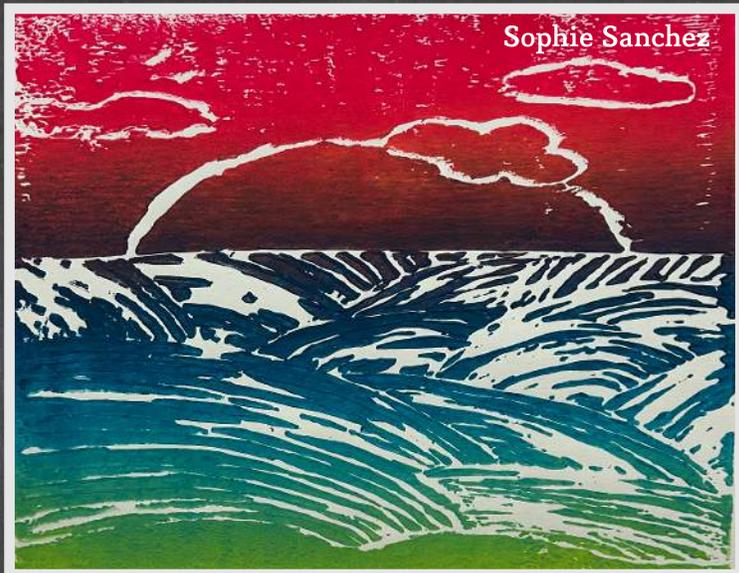
PERSONAL NARRATIVES



Letter from the Advisor

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 2024 issue of Deerfield's own Literary Magazine!



This year, we are excited to produce our seventh edition! I am so proud of the work created this year. As always, this magazine would not be possible without the dedication and artistry of Deerfield Middle School students. Thank you to the Deerfield staff, administrators, Board of Education, and members of the Mountainside community for your support of our magazine each year.

This year, the magazine features amazing and creative works of art including: sketches, drawings, yarn designs, paintings with acrylic and watercolor, graphic art, and linoleum printmaking, as well as writing pieces in the forms of: poetry, personal and fictional narrative, fan fiction, and creative essay, all from the imagination of Deerfield Middle Schoolers! We hope the magazine inspires you to express your own creativity and embrace your inner literary and visual

Gabriella DiDonato



Sincerely,
Sarah Onore

BY
ANONYMOUS
STUDENT
POET

MISCHIEF

DOGS ARE LIKE THE WIND, JOYFUL AND FREE
WAGGING THEIR TAILS, SMILING AT ME

AND

DOGS ARE LIKE THE WAVES, WILD YET CALM
RUNNING THROUGH THE GRASS, THEN SLEEPING
IN THEIR BEDS

ALL

DOGS ARE LIKE SNOWFLAKES, ALL OF THEM ARE DIFFERENT
GOOD AND BAD, BIG AND SMALL

YET I STILL LOVE THEM, MISCHIEF AND ALL



Belly



Bridget Whelan

The Summer I Turned Pretty

Fan Fiction Deleted Scene

by Chloe Choo

Mom was Facetiming Laurel. They laughed as Laurel tried to take prom pictures of Belly and Conrad. I leaned on the door with crossed arms and a smirk. I had not seen my mom smile like that in ages. She had an oxygen tube running through her nose and was bedridden for weeks. The chemo took a toll on her, so it was nice to see that she was in a better mood. "Jere-Bear, come here," she said, motioning me towards her.

I walked over and she scrolled through the photos of them on her phone. God, Belly looks so beautiful. The whole dress was lavender and beaded flowers cascaded down the bodice. Her arms were slender and smooth. Belly's cheeks blushed a peony pink.

"Connie forgot Belly's corsage; what a shame," my mom sighed. I would have never forgotten her corsage, I thought. That was stupid of Conrad. He never treats Belly the way she deserves, but she continues to cling to him.

I ran my fingers through my golden curls and said, "They look great Mom," and I walked away. I walked to Cousins Beach. I sat on the silky sand and stared at the ripples in the water. The sky varied shades of blue and purple, like the hydrangeas in Mom's garden. Belly was my best friend. Now, all I want is to be hers. Her boyfriend. I wish I was her boyfriend, and Conrad was not. I did not want to be the laid-back boy with blue eyes. Conrad was the opposite of me. He was serious and stubborn. I wish I could have taken her to prom. I wish she would have chosen me. I wish she would have chosen us.

How are You Inspired by America?

America is the land of opportunity. The nation affords its citizens the opportunity to succeed in life, obtain an education, and achieve a career if a person works hard. America provides its citizens rights and freedoms that many other countries do not have. This is shown by the large number of people wanting to enter the country.

Personally, America inspires me to give it my all and strive for excellence in every performance, because that is what my mother did. My mother immigrated from Colombia to the United States in pursuit of a better, brighter future. She struggled in Colombia, yet everything changed when she came here. In this nation, she discovered a wider range of job prospects and improved her life by working hard.

However, not everyone is always lucky enough to advance financially. Because of this, America has many programs in place that can care for people who are not as fortunate. America can provide these people with health insurance and money to support their families if they are not able to work or find a job.

A Creative
Essay by
Patriot's Pen
Essay Contest
Winner Bianca
Kottler

Continued on Page 5

My mother was also able to attend a superb university that offered many programs even though she grew up homeless and in poverty. The opportunity for every child to go to school, regardless of how much money they have, is provided. America's people help support and motivate others.

Heroes are also a big way America is inspiring. For example, Martin Luther King Jr. has changed America for the better by overcoming racial segregation and challenging the belief that black people were not thought of as equal to white people. He has motivated people to advocate for themselves and be the best they can be as individuals. King sought to solve many world issues through his speeches. King spoke out against racism, poverty, and war. He encouraged people to become engaged and work to achieve world peace. Dr. King's peaceful protests and sacrifices influenced many people because he remained calm even when faced with violence.

America does not only inspire its own people, but it also inspires immigrants. Just as immigrants sought new opportunities in America, America's inspirational figures like Martin Luther King Jr. advocated for equal rights and opportunities for all Americans, regardless of their background.

In America, people strive for a better future and a fair society for all. All things considered, America makes a difference.

How are You
Inspired by
America?
(continued)

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"

FAN FICTION
DELETED SCENE

BY CALEB AMBROSIO-FARIAS

Mr. White laid in bed, shivering, as a relentless storm battered his bedroom windows. The night was oppressive, and the memory of the cursed monkey's paw haunted him. He drifted into a warm slumber. His mind, tired and clouded with sorrow, began to teeter on the precipice of a dream.

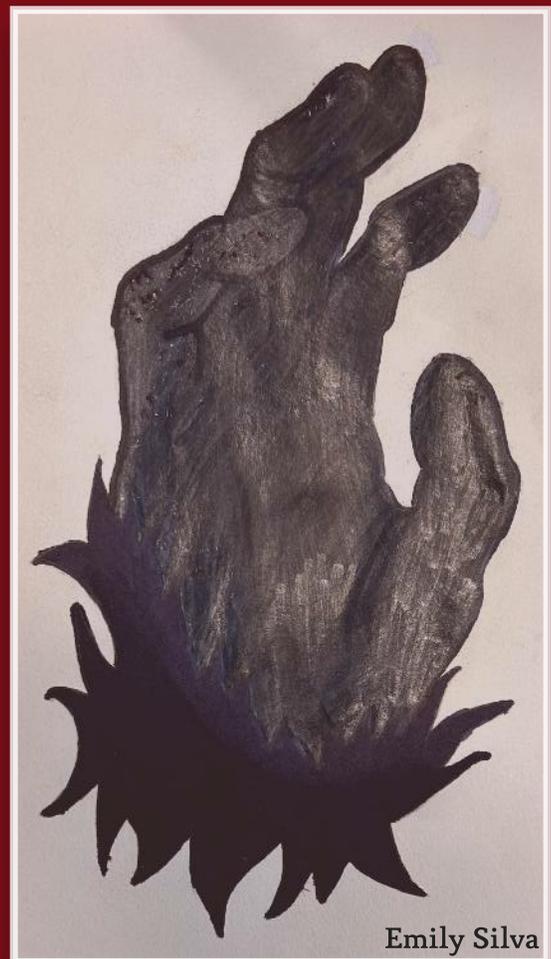
He found himself sitting in the dimly lit parlor of their home, Herbert sitting across from him. Their conversation was almost fanciful, a twisted version of reality. Herbert's voice, once filled with warmth and life, now cold and heartless.

"Dad," Herbert whispered, his words a distant echo. "You should have never used the monkey's paw. It brought you so much misery."

His words now loudly reverberated through the home. Mr. White's eyes, bewildered, widened as Herbert's visage began to warp. The once familiar face contorted into a grotesque, nightmarish-creature born from their ill-fated wish. Its eyes, lustrous, glowed with malevolence, and its gnarled claw-like hands reached for him. A monkey's tail appeared from behind him.

Panicked and struggling to breathe, Mr. White tried to escape, but he was paralyzed. The demon's laughter resounded throughout the room as it closed in. With a sudden jolt, Mr. White snapped awake, gasping for air. The room was bathed in the dim light of morning, and the storm subsided. His heart raced as he realized it had been a horrific dream, a product of his grieving mind perhaps.

Trembling, he clutched the monkey's paw that had brought such misfortune to their lives, vowing never to use it again. The warning from his subconscious had shaken him to his core, and he knew that some wishes were better left unfulfilled.



Emily Silva

IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, I HAVE REPEATEDLY SEEN THE PHRASE “VICTIM CULTURE.” FOR A WHILE, I DID NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANT OR WHY PEOPLE CARED ABOUT IT. ONLY RECENTLY HAVE I STARTED UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE MEANING BEHIND THIS PHRASE. IT REPRESENTS THE PRACTICE IN TODAY’S WORLD OF PEOPLE NOT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR LIVES- WHETHER IT BE THEIR HEALTH, RELATIONSHIPS, OR COMMITMENTS. WHILE I UNDERSTAND THEIR PERSPECTIVE, I HAVE REALIZED THAT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY IS A POWERFUL ACTION. HOWEVER, AS I HAVE ONLY RECENTLY UNDERSTOOD THE FULL IMPACT OF THIS PHRASE, I AM STILL STRUGGLING TO IMPLEMENT PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY INTO MY LIFE. I OFTEN FEEL MY MIND FIGHTING BETWEEN EXCUSES AND ACCOUNTABILITY. THIS STRUGGLE HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY APPARENT IN MY HOBBIES, SPECIFICALLY SOCCER.

AT A SOCCER TOURNAMENT A FEW MONTHS AGO, WE PLAYED AGAINST A STRONGER TEAM, STA. DURING THE GAME, I FELT MY MIND FREEZE AND HEARD CALLS FROM MY TEAMMATES FOR THE BALL. MY COACH, STANDING ON THE SIDELINES, YELLED, “CONNOR!” I LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER AND SAW THE OPPONENT LUNGING FOR THE TACKLE. I PANICKED AND KICKED THE BALL AWAY. IT GOT INTERCEPTED, BUT I FELT IT WAS NOT MY FAULT. MY TEAMMATE PASSED THE BALL TO ME WHEN I WAS COVERED BY A DEFENDER. OVERWHELMED, I TOOK SOME DEEP BREATHS AND TRIED TO FOCUS ON THE GAME. SECONDS LATER, I GOT THE BALL AGAIN. I FELT THE BALL BRUSH MY FOOT, YET I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO. I REALIZED I HAD NOT LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER AND HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS AROUND ME. I TRIED TO TURN BUT GOT TACKLED BY A DEFENDER. COACH YELLED AT ME AGAIN; I REACHED MY BREAKING POINT. MY MIND STARTED TO FLOOD WITH THOUGHTS. I WAS IRRITATED THAT COACH KEPT YELLING AT ME AND NEVER ANYONE ELSE. I WAS TRYING MY BEST. MY TEAMMATES WERE THE PROBLEM.

PERSONAL STATEMENT

BY CONNOR BAILEY

ESCAPING

THE WORLD OF EXCUSES

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

BY CONNOR
BAILEY

ESCAPING THE WORLD OF EXCUSES

[CONTINUED]

BY THE END OF THE HALF, I WAS FUMING. I SAT ON THE GROUND, GLOWERING AT MY COACH. MY MIND WAS RACING LIKE A FORMULA ONE CAR. I THOUGHT OF EVERY EXCUSE POSSIBLE, BUT EVENTUALLY, I RAN OUT OF EXCUSES TO MAKE. IN THIS MENTAL VOID, I BEGAN TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY PERFORMANCE. I TRIED TO SEE MY COACH IN A NEW LIGHT. HE WAS TRYING TO HELP ME. JOLTING ME BACK TO REALITY, MY COACH YELLED, "YOU GUYS AREN'T FOCUSING!" THIS ACCUSATION BROKE MY BRIEF MOMENT OF CLARITY. I FELT IT WAS OUTRAGEOUS OF HIM TO BLAME US, ESPECIALLY ME!

AFTER TRYING TO NEGLECT THE PROBLEM FOR WEEKS, I QUICKLY TALKED WITH MY COACH AFTER PRACTICE. HE SAID HE NOTICED MY STAMINA HAD INCREASED AND THAT I COULD NOW PLAY MOST OF A GAME. IN THIS CONVERSATION, I FINALLY REALIZED THAT COACH WAS ON MY SIDE. I NOW ASK COACH AND MY TEAMMATES WHAT I CAN DO BETTER, COMBINING THEIR PERSPECTIVE WITH MINE TO FIND THE MOST SIGNIFICANT FLAWS IN MY GAME.

BY OVERCOMING MY STRUGGLE IN SOCCER, I PROVED HOW TAKING OWNERSHIP OF ONE'S LIFE CAN CREATE RADICAL GROWTH. DESPITE LIFE'S CHALLENGES, I TRY TO FOCUS ON THAT WHICH I CAN CHANGE. BY TAKING OWNERSHIP, I HAVE ESCAPED VICTIM CULTURE. I HAVE LEARNED THE POWER OF HABIT CHANGE. IMPLEMENTING HABITS LIKE EXERCISE, READING, AND A CONSISTENT SLEEP SCHEDULE INTO MY LIFE HAS RESULTED IN CONTINUED GROWTH. I NOW LOOK TOWARDS THE FUTURE, WHERE MAYBE I WILL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR "CONNOR!" THOUGH MY JOURNEY IS ONLY IN ITS INCIPIENT FORM, I HAVE ALREADY SEEN A MASSIVE IMPROVEMENT IN EVERY AREA OF MY LIFE.

ONCE I CALLED ADDY, WE DECIDED THAT WE WERE GOING TO THE BEACH. SHE JUST DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'M BRINGING TJ WITH ME. SHE HAS BEEN ACTING A LITTLE WEIRD, LIKE I HAVEN'T NOTICED. FOR ALL THE HORRIBLE THINGS THAT SHE HAS DONE TO ME, SHE DESERVES THIS EMBARRASSMENT.

TJ AND I START WALKING TOWARDS ADDY'S HOUSE WHEN HE STARTS TO ASK ME, "DO YOU THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA? I'M SORRY FOR EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE DONE TO YOU, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE IT OUT ON HER."

TJ DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HOW I FEEL. HE THINKS IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. "YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT IT'S NOT YOU BEING TARGETED. DON'T FORGET THAT YOU WERE A PART OF THIS TOO-" TJ ATTEMPTS TO SAY, BUT JAKE JUST INTERRUPTS HIM.

"NOTHING WILL CHANGE MY MIND. SHE'S HIDING EVERYTHING FROM ME AND THINKS IT'S OKAY TO HIDE THE TRUTH.

AS I RING THE DOORBELL, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. A BIG SMILE APPEARS ON ADDY'S FACE. I MIMIC HER. FAKING THE WAY I FEEL HURTS. "HEY," I SAY. I SEE THE WAY THAT SHE FREEZES WHEN SHE SEES JT, AND IT GIVES ME JOY. I CAN'T WAIT TO TORTURE HER THE WAY SHE DID TO ME. I ASK, "YOU DON'T MIND IF WE GIVE TJ A RIDE, DO YOU?"

SHE'S NERVOUS AND SHE REFUSES TO ADMIT IT. "OF COURSE NOT," SHE SAYS AS SHE COMMITS.

TJ ADDS, "SORRY ABOUT THIS. MY CAR BROKE DOWN AND I WAS GONNA STAY HOME, BUT JAKE INSISTED..."

I SHRUG AND SAY, "YOU WERE ON THE WAY. NO REASON TO MISS A NIGHT OUT BECAUSE OF CAR TROUBLE."

FAN
FICTION-
JAKE'S
PERSPECTIVE

One of Us
Us Living

THE ORIGINAL NOVEL ON WHICH THIS PIECE IS BASED IS INTENDED FOR MATURE READERS

BY LONDON HIGGINS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

I THEN NOTICE WHAT ADDY IS WEARING. SHE'S WEARING THAT SWEATER FROM ASHTON'S COLLEGE WITH SOME SWEATPANTS. IT'S GOING TO BE REALLY COLD AT THE BEACH AND I'D RATHER HAVE HER FREEZING THAN BEING COZY AND WARM.

ONE OF US IS LYING

FAN FICTION CONTINUED

"YOU WEARING THAT, ADS?" I ASK HER WITH PLEASURE.

ADDY LOOKS A LITTLE HURT WHEN SHE RESPONDS, "IT'LL BE COLD AT THE BEACH."

"I'LL KEEP YOU WARM. PUT ON SOMETHING A LITTLE CUTER, HUH?" SHE LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE; I CAN TELL. MAKING HER CHANGE INTO LEGGINGS AND A SWEATER WAS THE WAY TO GO.

WE ALL ARRIVE AT THE BEACH. I GET OUT OF THE CAR BEFORE ANYONE ELSE AND CATCH UP WITH COOPER AND LUIS. OF COURSE THEY PUT THE BONFIRE IN THE WRONG PLACE AGAIN. ANYWAYS, AS I AM DISTRACTED BY THOSE TWO, I SEE HOW TJ AND ADDY ARE SLOWLY GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. THEY'RE TALKING TO EACH OTHER, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE ADDY IS UPSET. I DON'T BLAME HER.

TJ STARTS TO APPROACH US WHEN HE WHISPERS SOMETHING TO ADDY. WHATEVER IT WAS, IT MOST LIKELY WASN'T A SECRET. ONE DAY SHE WILL CONFESS TO ME, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN SHE TELLS ME. I'LL FAKE BEING SURPRISED, AND SHE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT I KNEW THE TRUTH THE WHOLE TIME.



Graphic Art by Emily Silva

Raindrops falling
down,

Nature's rhythmic
symphony,

Cleansing the Earth's
soul,

Renewing life's
vibrant flow

Rain, a gift from
above.

A Poem by
Alex
Sokolnicki

Raindrops

A MEMOIR BY HALLE PERIS

AS A LITTLE GIRL, I PARTICIPATED IN GYMNASTICS AND DANCE, THOUGH I WAS NEVER FULLY COMMITTED AND HONESTLY NEVER IN LOVE WITH EITHER OF THEM. I REMEMBER AROUND FIVE YEARS OLD, CRYING IN THE CORNER AND STARING AT THE BALLET SLIPPERS ON MY FEET, TIGHT AND UNCOMFORTABLE. MY OLDER SIBLINGS ALWAYS HAD THEIR HOBBIES, LIKE SOFTBALL AND BASEBALL, THAT THEY WERE TRULY DEDICATED TO, BUT I ALWAYS WONDERED, WHAT WAS MY THING? AT THAT TIME, THE THOUGHT OF KICKING A BALL, SHOOTING HOOPS, OR PITCHING STRIKES DID NOT APPEAL TO ME. OCCASIONALLY I WOULD FIND CHEERLEADING QUITE INTERESTING, BUT FOR THE MOST PART I REALLY AND TRULY BELIEVED SPORTS WERE NOT FOR ME AND I WOULD HAVE TO ACCEPT IT.

AT THE AGE OF SEVEN, MY TWO BEST FRIENDS STARTED COMPETITIVE CHEERLEADING, AND THEY BEGGED ME TO JOIN THEM. AT FIRST, I DID IT MOSTLY FOR FUN AND TO BE WITH MY FRIENDS, NOT THINKING IT WOULD LAST. THE TRUTH IS, WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT CHEERLEADING, I IMAGINED POM POMS AND CHEERLEADERS SCREAMING FOR THEIR FOOTBALL TEAMS. HOWEVER, AS THE YEARS WENT ON, I BEGAN TO REALIZE COMPETITIVE CHEERLEADING IS WAY MORE THAN THAT. THE MORE TIME I SPENT PRACTICING, THE MORE I WOULD COME HOME EXCITED FOR PRACTICE THE NEXT DAY. SLOWLY, AND SURPRISINGLY, CHEERLEADING IGNITED A SPARK INSIDE OF ME. I LIVED FOR COMPETITION WEEKENDS WITH MY TEAMMATES, AND MY FIRED-UP FEELING WHEN RUNNING OUT ON THE CHEER MAT AND HEARING THE CROWD ROAR.

AS THE CHEER SEASONS WENT ON, I REALIZED HOW PASSIONATE I FELT ABOUT CHEER, AND DECIDED TO TAKE A STEP UP AND MOVE TO A MORE SERIOUS AND ADVANCED CHEER PROGRAM. JOINING THIS NEW CHEER PROGRAM WAS A MONUMENTAL STEP FOR ME. THIS NEW GYM WAS NOTHING LIKE THE LITTLE GYM I CAME FROM. THIS GYM TRAINED TEAMS FROM LEVELS ONE TO SIX, WHICH IS THE HIGHEST LEVEL IN COMPETITIVE CHEERLEADING.

IT'S NOT
ALL POM
POMS



Graphic Art
by Emily Pedroni

MY FIRST COUPLE OF SEASONS WERE AN ADJUSTMENT, BUT STILL PRETTY MELLOW AND FUN. AS SEASONS TURNED INTO NEW SEASONS, I CONTINUED TO GROW AS AN ATHLETE AND SOON FOUND MYSELF, AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, ON A LEVEL SIX TEAM. MY FIRST PRACTICE ON A LEVEL SIX TEAM WAS A SIGNIFICANT SMACK IN THE FACE. I WAS UNAWARE OF HOW AGGRESSIVELY I WOULD BE COACHED. I WAS PUSHED TO A LIMIT I HAVE NEVER BEEN BEFORE, TRAINING DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS STUNTS, ALONG WITH CHALLENGING TUMBLING. SOME PRACTICES WERE GREAT AND THE

NEXT, TERRIBLE. I STARTED REALIZING THAT COMPETITIVE CHEER IS SO MUCH MORE THAN PUTTING ON LAYERS OF MAKEUP AND SPARKLY UNIFORMS. I STRIVED DAILY TO BE THE BEST ATHLETE I COULD BE. HOWEVER, ON DAYS I DID NOT PERFORM MY BEST, I WOULD FEEL DEFEATED INSIDE. EVENTUALLY, I ACCEPTED THAT LEARNING TAKES FAILURE AND THAT BEING PERFECT IS NOT POSSIBLE. THROUGH ALL OF THE CONDITIONING, ACHES, AND PAINS, I SAW MYSELF TURNING INTO A BETTER AND MORE ACCOUNTABLE ATHLETE AND HUMAN BEING.

LOOKING BACK, I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED THAT A SPORT WOULD HAVE SUCH AN IMPACT ON ME AND BECOME SUCH A SIGNIFICANT PART OF MY LIFE. EVEN AS AN ATHLETE ON A LEVEL SIX TEAM NOW, I WOULD NOT CHANGE THE PROCESS BY WHICH I GOT HERE. THROUGH THIS PROCESS, I HAVE GAINED HUNDREDS OF LIFE LESSONS THAT I CARRY AROUND WITH ME EVERYDAY. I HAVE LEARNED TO BE A DETERMINED, DEDICATED, AND STRONG YOUNG GIRL AND CAN HONESTLY SAY THAT MY CHEERLEADING EXPERIENCE HAS SHAPED ME INTO THE PERSON I AM TODAY.

**IT'S NOT ALL
POM POMS
(CONTINUED)**

SOMETIMES I REMEMBER
THE GOOD OLD DAYS,
SITTING IN THE DUGOUT
WITH ALL OF MY
TEAMMATES,

OH BASEBALL, BASEBALL, BASEBALL

EACH OF US BEING READY
FOR OUR NUMBER TO BE
CALLED.

BY

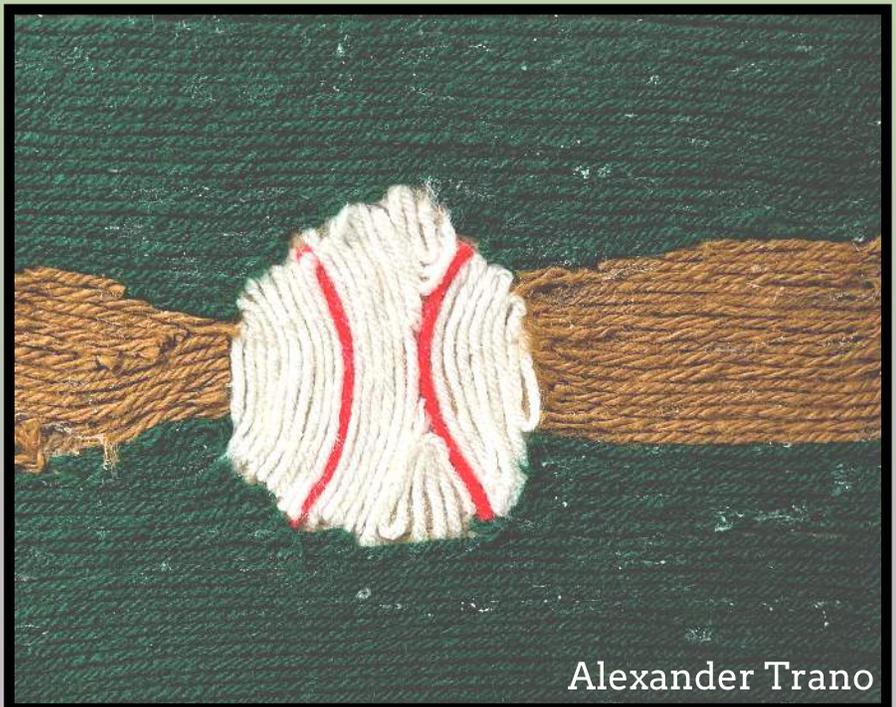
I'M MORE READY THAN EVER
WITH MY GLOVE IN MY
HAND,

LUKE

LOMBARDI

COACH WALKS OVER
TO ME AND TELLS
ME TO GO TO
CENTER FIELD

I STILL CAN'T
IMAGINE ANYTHING
BETTER THAN THAT



Alexander Trano



Harry Potter Fan Fiction

Deleted Scene by Caleb Ambrosio-Farias

In the moonlit Forbidden Forest, Draco Malfoy tiptoed cautiously, his footsteps muffled by the fallen leaves. Hidden shadows danced around the ancient trees as he clutched the snitch in his trembling hand. This was his chance to prove himself, to finally make his family proud.

Peering through the underbrush, Draco spotted Harry Potter. The atmosphere felt heavy with tension, and Draco couldn't shake the fear devouring him from the inside out. His mission was clear—capture Potter and deliver him to the Dark Lord.

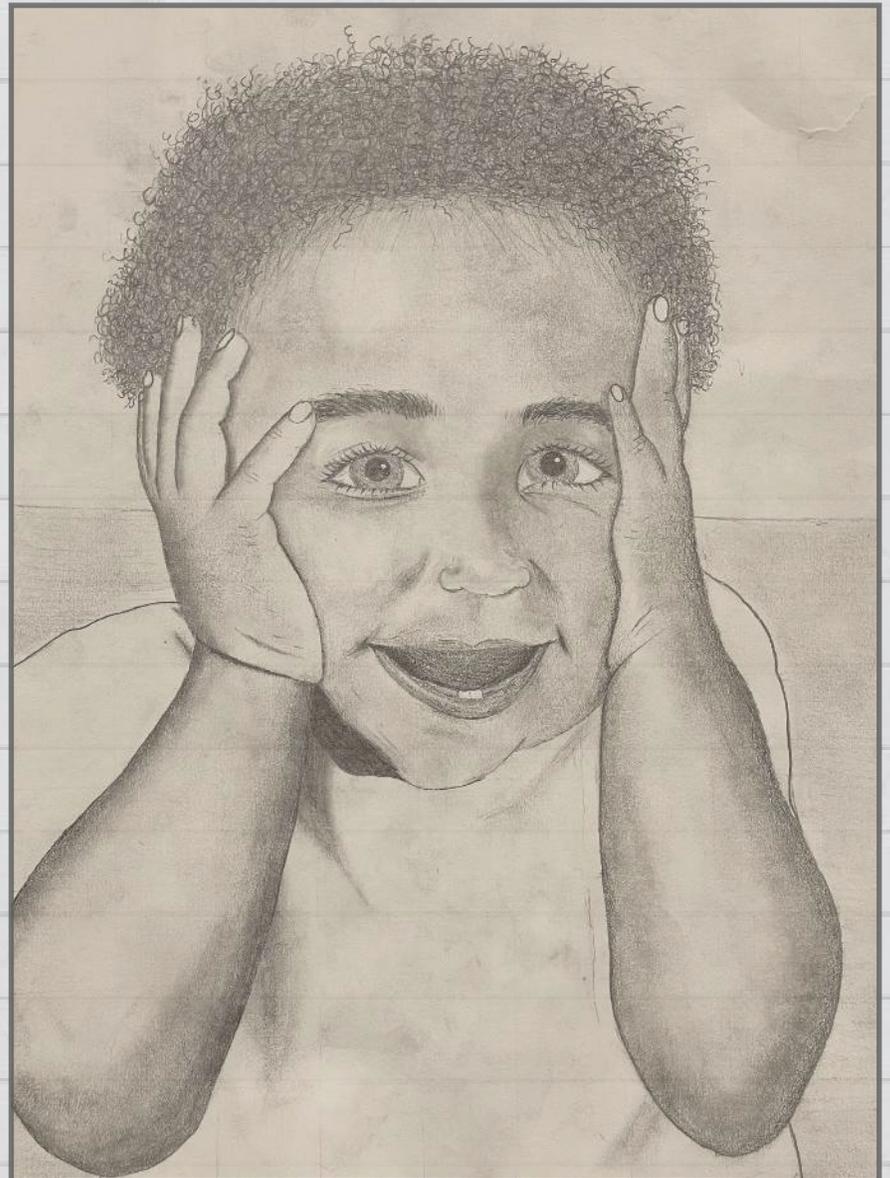
The rustle of leaves betrayed Draco's presence, and his heart raced. Panic set in as Potter turned, his almost glowing, emerald eyes looking into Draco's. For a moment, Draco saw a flicker of something unexpected— not hatred, but weariness.

As their gazes clashed, Draco hesitated. The weight of his decision was held upon him. Did he truly want to be a pawn in this dangerous game? A surge of doubt coursed through him, challenging the beliefs ingrained in his mind since childhood.

In that frozen moment, Draco made a choice. With a deliberate step back, he allowed Potter to slip away into the nothingness. The snitch slipped from his fingers, forgotten in the cool night air. As he retreated, uncertainty and the burden of conflicting loyalties set in, leaving him to grapple with the shadows within himself.

YOU SEE ALL AT ONCE
A THOUSAND PICTURES
COMBINED
A CHILD, A CANVAS

POETRY
AND
ART
"COLLETTE"
BY
LEAH
GLENN



HEARTS OF STEEL

A World War II
Historical Fiction
Abridged Story by
Joseph Hanson

PREFACE

Warning- This Piece Contains Depictions of War

May 19th, 1943

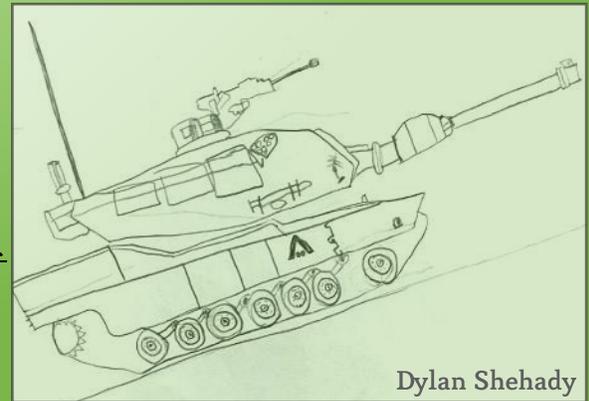
Your blood runs cold; shells from the British Churchill tanks zip past you. You hear "FIRE" and the massive cannon of the Tiger Tank spits its fire. But then, you feel a hot flash in your eye, your tank has been hit.

(Three Years Earlier) October 4th, 1940

You are promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to the 2nd SS Panzer Division, as a tank commander. You are in charge of a Panzer Mk IV, one of the mightiest tanks of the war! At your promotion ceremony, the Commander of the SS Panzer Army, Joachim Peiper, announces, "Lieutenant Josef Kits is officially promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant; he will now receive training in a panzer..." His speech went on for another four minutes.

(A Few Months Later) February 11th, 1941

You complete your training and you are assigned to Panzer A-190. You meet the crew: some have served on the western front, some on the east, you yourself have served on the Eastern front; it's where you got your German Iron Cross.



Dylan Shehady

(One Year Later) March 3rd, 1942

You are in a small village in the way of the Germans, with 12 Wehrmacht Troops behind your panzer. It's 11:38 AM, and all eyes are fixed on the village. Then, flashes come from the houses. All of a sudden, a soldier behind the panzer fell, and then another. The main MG42 was really only front facing; the fire was coming from the sides. You think quickly, and slam the top hatch open- you're going up.

Continued on Page 18

THE BLACK DRAGONS
(CHAPTER 1)

HEARTS OF
STEEL
(CONTINUED)

Under heavy fire from the British Troops ahead, you stand up in your hatch and prepare for battle. More British troops start to advance, and the German infantry now begins to advance. Your unit is now known as the "Black Dragons," because of the Black Dragon decals and dragon teeth that you and your unit have painted onto the tanks. With the Brits on the run, you write home in your spare time. In one letter you write-

It's been a while since I've last written. Hopefully this message gets to you. There have been on and off battles over the past few weeks. Just one yesterday in fact, but I don't really let it bother me. I have a job to do, and I must complete it to my fullest extent. Hopefully I will be able to write again soon.

Your beloved son, Josef

(One Year Later) May 19, 1943

You're now back at your main base, which was a few miles away from the most recent battle. It's about 2:30 PM. You're resting in your bunk room when alarms blare across the base. It's a counter attack! You and your men rush to the tanks to get them going. You hop into the tank and hear the rest of the Black Dragons roar to life. There's a group of three Churchill Tanks that are beginning to climb the hill. Air support is 20 minutes out, and closing in fast. You and the rest of the Dragons and the infantry must hold out.

You are ordered to retreat, and let the wounded crew of the now disabled Churchill's flee. You are ordered back to base, because the Infantry is beginning to need support, and the new problem, the air support, is delayed...

HEARTS OF STEEL

(CONTINUED)

THE AFTERMATH (CHAPTER 2)

You made it out, but barely. The doctor says you're going to go back to Germany. You have the choice to retire as a Captain, or to stay in the German Army. You choose to retire; you know how the war is going, and after many lost and costly battles, the Germans are now beginning to get chased out of The USSR. The Americans and ANZAC's in the Pacific are making great speed and taking entire fortified islands, in mere days. The Germans are no match for their adversaries, and the best men are going to win. You have weighed your options, it is time to get out of Germany.

A NEW LIFE (CHAPTER 3)

(Two Years Later) June 11, 1943

The war has come to an end, and you and the rest of your family are now in America. You've met some Americans that served in Europe and the Pacific. Your English is quite good now. But then it hits you- you're only 28 years old. You were just 26 when you left Europe. There was a single German friend you took with you- Karl. Karl had not been able to locate his family for years, so he tagged along on your trip to America. He now lives across the street from your house, your parents and younger brothers live in the town over, and you have your five year old dog, Hukko, in your house to keep you company. You realize, during the war, that any and all men that fell or lived, needed to have Hearts of Steel.

TAYLOR SWIFT

ART BY MIA DIBELLA

PREQUEL FAN FICTION BY GABRIELA CAIXINHA

John had been dreading seeing Taylor for weeks. He wanted to tell her, he really did, he just didn't know how she would react. He didn't want things to change with them. Taylor was like his sister, and he was starting to think that telling her about this was a bad idea. If only he could..

"John? John! Did you hear me?" Taylor asked. He has been acting so strange lately... I say things and he is just lost in his own head, Taylor thought to herself. Why can't we just have a conversation? What happened to us? What did I do?

"Oh... ummm ...Yeah, Can you say that again?" John asked, sheepishly.

"I asked if this dress would look good on me," Taylor snapped. "I swear, what is up with you? You're always zoning out when we talk, and you know I can't stand when people do that. Are you okay?"

John took a breath and decided to rip off the band-aid. "Listen Taylor, I've been needing to get this off my chest. You know Maryanne? My girlfriend? Well, she wants to get married and... and... I want to too," John sighed.

Taylor froze. She knew John was seeing Maryanne, she just didn't know they were that serious. She loved him first. He has been her best friend, since as long as she could remember. She didn't understand how life could be this unfair. Why would he get married? Why was he in such a rush? Why would he pick Maryanne? Does he not know how mean she is? Maryanne has hated Taylor since elementary school, and Taylor had a nagging feeling she wouldn't be invited to her fancy, snobby, "perfect" wedding. How could she get John to rethink this?

John could see the shock and hurt in Taylor's eyes, and immediately regretted even mentioning his fiancée. As the two sat there in newfound silence, John got up from the couch and handed her a pastel wedding invitation from his pocket. "Taylor... The wedding is in July; I really hope you come. I don't think I could imagine my big day without you there. I know you and Maryanne aren't the best of friends, but I hope you two can put that behind you... At least for a day," John told her, as he walked to get his coat. "I think I should go; you probably need some time alone."

But as John stepped into the crisp winter air, Taylor ran to his side. "John?" she said, "I'll be there... no matter what."



I am the eldest brother of me and my siblings. I am 13 years old, my brother is five, and my sister is four. That is an eight and nine year age gap. Going from an only child to having two siblings was a large adjustment and really changed my life.

At first, it was challenging. The lack of attention and overall shift of care went from me, to my newborn brother, then again to my sister. As I grew, the shift bothered me less. I understood how they needed care more than I did. After accepting this, things improved. My siblings and I grew closer, despite the age gap. Now, as I am writing this, we are the closest we have ever been. They are exiting their baby stages and really growing as people. We are now inseparable, and I love them more than anything. To them, I am more than a big brother, almost a third parent, caring for them, but entertaining them too.

I remember how it all started. I was eight years old, playing outside. The sun glowed on my skin, not a cloud in sight. The squirrels rustled in the leaves, traversing their wooded kingdom. My mom was baking fortune cookies. She brought the tray out and told me to open one. This was strange. Why was she making fortune cookies? Both my mom and dad were standing together. They urged me, "Read the paper!" The small slip of paper fell delicately from the cookie and floated into my lap. I could tell this was my mother's handwriting. In small black writing, the fortune read, "You're going to have a baby brother!" I was overcome by emotions. Swept away with joy, I exclaimed and hugged my parents.

This was a start to a new era in our lives.

I think the hardest part of being the eldest is having a lack of that parent bonding time. Not being able to spend time with my mom or dad, because they were taking care of my siblings, was frustrating, and is even to this day. Whenever my parents go out together, I am left to babysit. Once, I remember my siblings were being particularly hard to deal with. They were both crying about something and would not eat their food. I was getting so frustrated, annoyance crowding my head. I wanted to scream, but I sat back for a moment, stumbling into the chair, and thought about how much joy and love they bring me, deciding to be more patient. I calmed myself and so did they; we ended up having a great night. When my parents got home and asked how they were, I looked at them and smiled, "Oh, they were great."

As I have grown and become older, I have realized that moments like those with my siblings are everything to me. As they have grown older, our bonds have strengthened. Building LEGOs with my brother, or playing princesses with my sister; their smiles and laughs when I spend time with them are so precious to me.

Being an older brother, I have learned many lessons. From patience, to responsibility, being an older brother has matured me significantly. Taking these skills into life, I am able to be more patient with people, I am able to stay accountable, and I am able to balance home and school life. After having my siblings, the love and joy in my life grew, and so did my life skills. I love my siblings more than anything, and I would proudly say, "Yes, I am a big brother."

Lucky Fortune

A Personal Statement Memoir by Alessandro Laurenza

Regina George was never seen as the cool girl. She wore glasses, had knotty hair, and a face full of bumps. All through middle school she was bullied, left out, and called names. She was never accepted for who she was. They tormented her for years.

When high school came, Regina knew she never wanted to relive the struggles she went through and shed the tears she did during middle school. She couldn't take being belittled, embarrassed, and humiliated. Regina knew she had to change, so she reinvented herself. She knew she had to do something, anything. That summer, glasses turned into contacts, brown hair developed to blonde hair,



and her skin slowly cleared. During her entire freshman year, she flew under the radar, and by the end of sophomore year, Regina was a different person.

Regina built her own empire of mean girls. She created a friend group later named "the plastics," and reached her goal of being the most popular girl- the girl that everyone wanted to be, though Regina totally lost herself in the process. The sweet, kind, hopeful girl turned into the person that she used to hate, the person that caused the pain, the one who was responsible for all of her insecurities- the bully.

FAN FICTION PREQUEL

Fahrenheit 451

Fan Fiction
Introduction

21st Century
Interpretation
of the Author's
Message
by Jacob Hahn



You might think this is a story about how people are controlled by the government, but it's not... It's about how the more you love your television, your social media, your YouTube, the more you get controlled by it. The only way to get away from technology is to read a book for once...

Opportunity

A Memoir
by Ipshita Pandey

Even though most of my life has been spent in America, I was born in India. Instead of taking up a life in my homeland, my mom and dad immigrated to America. I was two years old when we moved. My whole family expected that I would get accustomed to a new country if I was exposed to it at a young age. The opposite seemed to be happening; I felt like I did not belong.

Growing up in a foreign country made me want to give myself a name, remind the world I was here too. I noticed kids whose families had been born and raised in America felt less of this desire than me, causing me to envy their ability to be so insouciant. I saw that my peers already had a platform to lean on and provide for them. My family did not have such a sanctuary to run to during hardships. We needed to make this platform and look out for ourselves.

It was 2014; I was four years old, sitting on the carpet playing with LEGO bricks. I had not a single care in the world. I was naive. The muffled sounds of the TV rang through my ears as I continued to live in my imaginary world. TV lights illuminated the dark living room, creating a vibrant cityscape for my thoughts. Eventually, my daydreams were interrupted when my mom told me to clean up. My dad wanted to talk to me about school, so I rushed over, thrilled to speak about 'the most important day of my life.' Sitting down, I had expected the usual questions my dad would ask: "Are you excited?" "Are you going to make friends?" "What are you going to do there?" But, I was pulled from my trance. By the look on his face, this conversation seemed much more serious. His expression displayed exhaustion, like a worn-out machine, as I sat in nervous anticipation.

Continued on Page 25

“You know this is a big deal, right?” he asked. I did not think of it as a big deal. Everyone went to school. I gave a reluctant nod as my brain attempted to process what I was being told. He talked about how Montessori was going to help me learn new skills and experiment more in the real world. As the conversation continued, so did the aftertaste of my palpable guilt.

In an attempt to make me feel better, he said, “You can either feel the guilt of it or take the upper hand.” Those words hit a switch in my tiny brain. I had an opportunity, and I was not going to waste it.

As the years went on, I realized that everything was considered a new opportunity because it was all life had given us. We were in a new country and tried to use everything to our advantage, even if it meant sacrificing other luxuries. Every single year for Christmas, all my friends made wish lists for “Santa Claus” that could be as long as the next great American novel. But me? I knew there was no such thing as Santa Claus. Christmas was just another burden put on my parents' back and there was no level of naivety which could ever get seven year old me to ask for something over fifteen dollars.

As a kid, I had no care for Montessori tuition costs, but from my perspective today, I understand what that put my family through financially. Those winters, my mom walked through inches of snow in worn-down sneakers, pushing me and my sister in a double stroller. It was because our family sacrificed their own wants and needs just to build a life for me and my siblings who were soon to come.

After overcoming all these defining moments in my life, I have grown to understand and accept that my family is different, but it is not something shameful. Everything I have envied is now my reality. Because of all my fortunes today, I admire my parents. They have committed so many selfless acts just for the benefit of their children. Thanks to them, I can put myself in positions I would have never imagined, and I will continue to grow our new platform in this country, just as they did.

Opportunity
(continued)

Warm sun on my skin
salt water cleanses my soul
Boardwalk, I am home

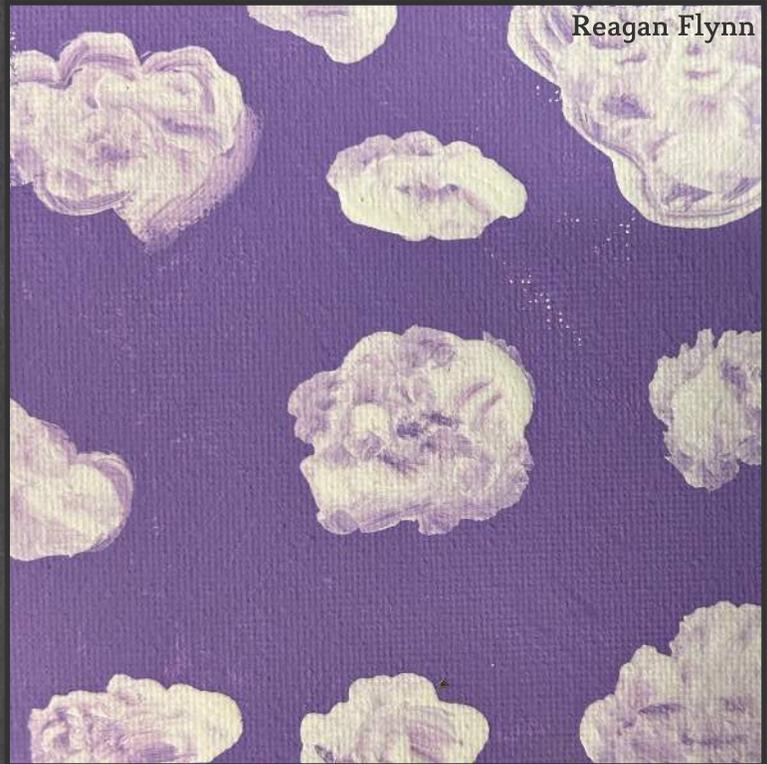
Background Art by Emma Bove

Another Summer

Haiku by Anonymous Student Poet

Thank You!

Thank you for your support of Folio's seventh edition! As always, thank you to Deerfield's art teacher and art club advisor Mrs. Tiscia for helping with art selections, and Language Arts teachers Mrs. Ridley and Mrs. Scanlan for assisting with creative writing submissions. A special thank you to Emily Silva and Emily Pedroni for creating incredible art pieces specifically created for the magazine, and Devyn Perucki for helping to capture the art in photographs.



Reagan Flynn

I also want to thank the dedicated Folio student staff for their attendance! The amazing staff of eighth grade editors is pictured below: Jacob Hahn, Scarlet Steinmetz, Emma Bracero, Julia O'Donnell, Chloe Choo, and Ipshita Pandey. Lastly, I want to thank Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Walling, and the Mountainside Board of Education for supporting the magazine and allowing our vision to come to life!



Have a great summer!

Sincerely,
Sarah Onore