

Deerfield's

Spring
2019

Literary Magazine

ART

POETRY

FAN FICTION

SHORT STORIES

PERSONAL NARRATIVES

Folio

FEATURING
CREATIVE
ART AND
LITERATURE
FROM
DEERFIELD'S
MIDDLE
SCHOOLERS



Veronia Araujo

Letter from the Advisor

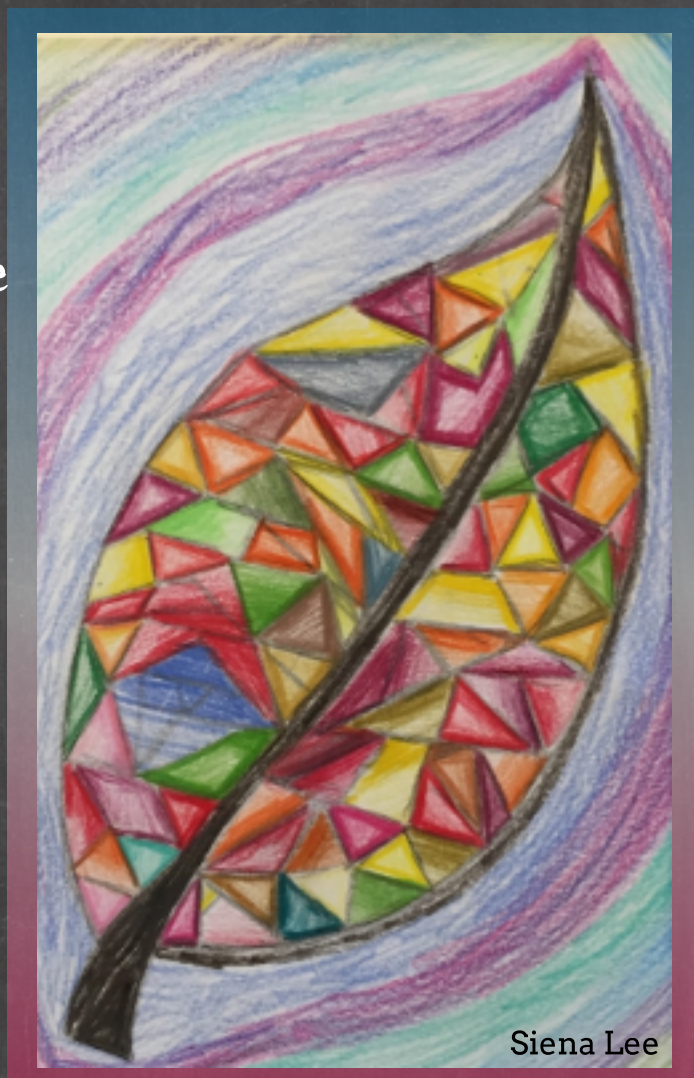
Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 2019 issue of Deerfield's literary magazine!

After the first issue of the magazine was published last spring, we received an incredible amount of support from teachers, students, parents, and the entire Mountainside community.

This year, the outpouring of written and visual student contributions just affirmed what our teachers already know- the talented and hard working students at Deerfield are what make our school amazing! So many pieces were submitted that the student staff were able to feature even more than last year's issue, and grow the magazine into what it is today!

With great pride, we showcase uniquely creative paintings, photography, illustrations, as well as original writing pieces in the forms of poetry and prose. We hope these works inspire your creative process and expression!



Best,
Miss Onore

PERSONAL

NARRATIVE

BY: ARDEN
MCDONALD

I've never had to worry about where my next meal was coming from. I am thankful to always have food to eat, because not everyone can afford three meals everyday. On Christmas Eve one year, my family and I went to Jersey City with the organization God's Love We Deliver, to deliver meals to individuals or families who were less fortunate. This experience opened my eyes to the world outside of my home.

On one of our stops that day, we visited a multi family apartment building. The outside of the building looked gloomy and depressing; on the inside it was dirty. We walked up many flights of stairs until we finally reached the apartment of the family that we were assigned to deliver Christmas dinner. We knocked on the door, and a girl that looked around my age opened the door with a huge smile on her face. "God's Love We Deliver is here!" the girl yelled back into her house cheerfully. Her whole family of eight came up the door and thanked us for the meal. Hearing how appreciative and delighted this family was that we were delivering them food made me feel valuable that I had helped a whole family. We handed out the food, wished the family a Merry Christmas, and we were then on our way to our next house.

The homes and apartments we visited in Jersey City were very different than the neighborhood where I live. The houses were very close together and they seemed to be old. Every now and again

we would see houses with trash all over the yard. When we were in one neighborhood in particular, I remember feeling unsafe because the streets were filled with trash like alcohol bottles. Plastic shopping bags were flying around everywhere, and strange people were huddled together smoking. The community seemed like no place to raise a child. I imagined what it would be like growing up as a child here-the yards were small, so there was not much room for children to play. People were smoking all around the neighborhood, so the children could assume smoking is acceptable. Also if a child sees trash around the neighborhood, they would imagine that it is okay for them to litter, and that could make their neighborhood even more polluted.

When I got home later that day, I thought of all the individuals and families I had visited. I felt worthy because I had delivered meals to families who would not have been able to have a Christmas dinner. They were so thankful for the dinner, and seeing the smiles on their faces really warmed my heart. I also felt blessed because I always have food to eat and a safer community to live in. As I was driving through Jersey City, I realized how lucky I am to be able to walk through my neighborhood without being worried about danger or getting hurt.



Emily Liu

THE UNSUSPECTED

BY:
JONATHAN
RAIMI

Laughing and pedalling along
Sweat beading on my neck
Breeze rolling in along with
happiness
Whizzing down hills through
dirt paths

Beauty to us is a
distraction
An obstacle comes like a
flash
My reaction was not
fast enough

I jump

I fall

Anger

Bike on its own
becomes no more than I know
Than a scrap of metal
a street sign and its plan
over thought as the obstacle
Caused the trouble
Turns my joy to rubble

Knowing that I was okay
did not combat
The memory, the horror

Background Art by: Alexander Chen



Samuel Strohmeier



Richard Gudoski

THE TURNING POINT OF MY THREE YEAR OLD LIFE

By:
Alec Chichelo

I couldn't imagine what I would do when my parents got home. I was so nervous because I knew they were coming home with something, but I just didn't know what it was.

I was 3 years old. I was in the lobby of my apartment building in New York with my Grandpa, waiting for my mom and dad to come home. I knew they were coming home with something, something very important. My Nana and Grandpa were watching me for the LONGEST time EVER.

We were in the lobby for a long time, just talking to each other about the economy and the stock market. I can remember my Grandpa telling me, "Google is doing very good." I just kind of dozed off because, you know, I was 3 years old and didn't even know what the stock market was. It was just 10 minutes, but it felt like an hour to me.

Finally, I saw two familiar faces that I've seen all my life, and that was when I realized that they were my parents. My parents are home! I ran up to them and gave them a big hug. Then I saw something wrapped in blankets in my Mom's arms. I just stood there- frozen, without an expression on my face.

Then I realized the thing wrapped around was a baby brother- so that was why my parents were at the hospital for so long.

I felt like I should be excited, but I wasn't. I was more sad than excited. My face started to get red. My eyes started to water. Everything was blurry. I stood there for a moment and I decided to run up the stairs to my apartment. I jumped onto my couch and started to cry so hard I couldn't even breathe.

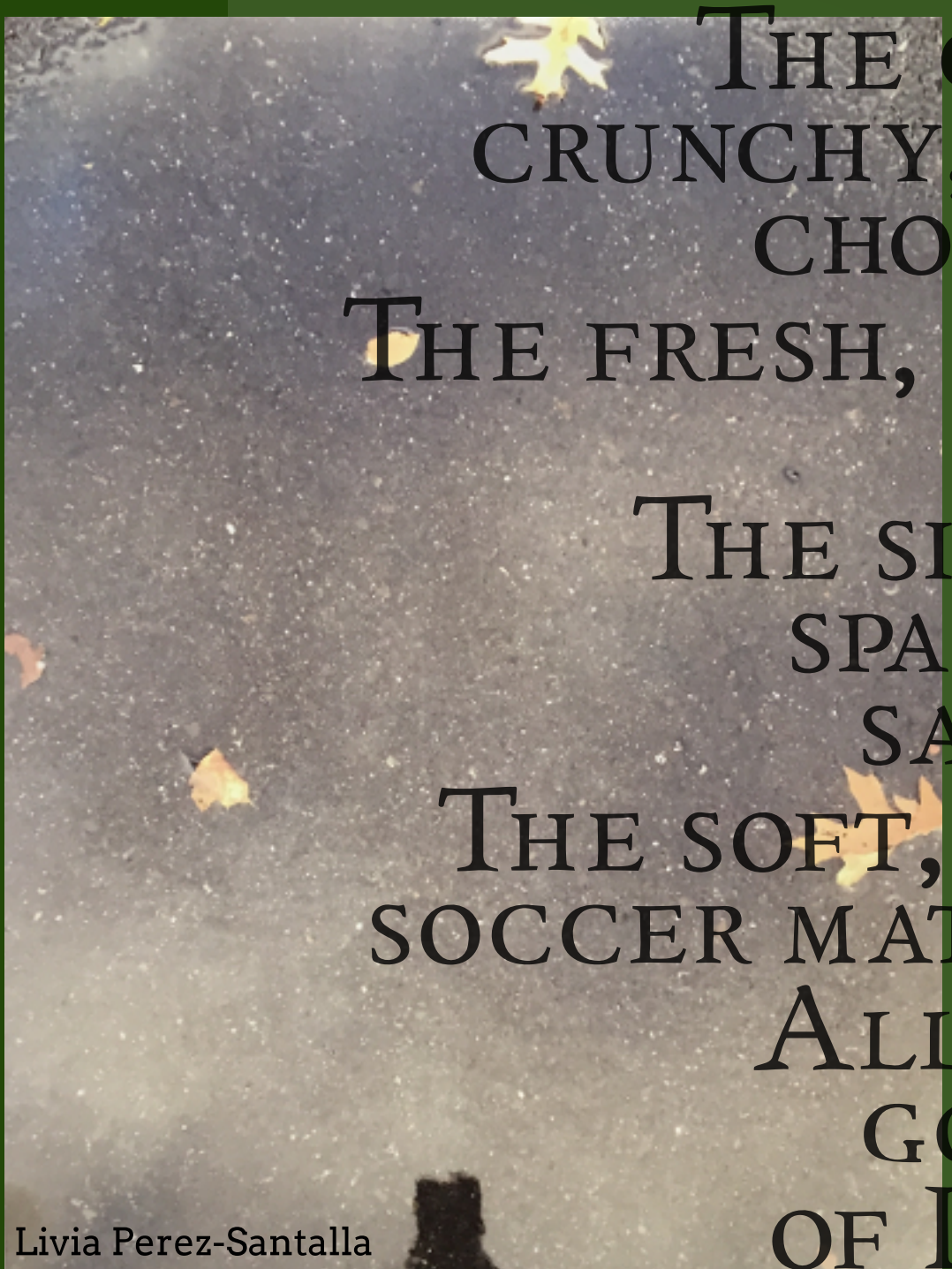
When I got into my apartment, I saw my Nana change her facial expression. "Alec, what's wrong honey?" she asked, shocked. I didn't respond. I wasn't going to respond.

About a minute later I fell asleep, and didn't wake up until the next day. I dreamed of life with my brother and the times in the future that he would steal attention from me, but bad always comes with the good, so there had to be some good in having a brother.

The next day my mom told me I had a fever. She said something I will always remember forever- "Alec, sometimes in life changes can be hard, but I know you can overcome them." At this moment I was instantly touched. From that day on, I started to like my brother more and more each day, but the one thing I just don't get was how I didn't like him back then. The reasons are obvious- because I thought he would steal all of the attention from me, which still sometimes happens now, but no matter what, I will always love him.

Ireland

WRITTEN BY: DARCEY MONAGHAN



THE CREAMY,
CRUNCHY, CHEWY
CHOCOLATE.
THE FRESH, FALLING
RAIN.
THE SIZZLING,
SPARKLING,
SAUSAGES.
THE SOFT, SMOOTH
SOCCER MATERIALS.
ALL OF THE
GOODNESS
OF IRELAND

Last year, my dance studio put on our January Musical. The show was "The Wiz." Anyway, this year it was my time to shine. Rehearsals had come to an end and it was time to fully become Dorothy. I remember it all clear as day, every detail drilled in my brain.

The stage touched the tips of my heels and the shimmer of the lights made those silver slippers glow; Dorothy's silver slippers. The spotlight was blinding my eyes in the brightness. My chest was puffed up and my heart sang along with my voice. The audience was so silent and focused, listening to the sound of my voice. At this moment in time, everything was so perfect. I felt so complete. I took a deep breath. My throat started to work as I barely started to sing the next note.

"Like yours, like mine," I finally sang, taking another breath.

~~~~~

"Like home!" I sang, my last note of my last show just concluding. I could see the audience roaring as I took a step, before I could come on again to bow. I couldn't believe it was already over. I never wanted my experience to end. Once everyone saw me, they cheered louder than they cheered for anything during the whole show.

"Go Lexi!" roared through the crowd. I bowed with Toto in my arms. Suddenly, the curtain started to close as all of us took our final bow. It felt like the world was ending, but the only thing that was really ending was the show.

Suddenly time felt frozen. It had been flowing so pleasantly. Why did it all have to go so fast? Everything there was flashing before my eyes. I felt completely paralyzed, just standing there with the spotlight shining on my face.

"The show must go on," I remember my friends chanting during the intermission.

Everywhere I turned I heard that stupid phrase! My eyes started to fill with tears. It was a haunting black hole, swallowing me whole down that dark scary path. I felt a tap on my shoulder as I whipped my head around to see Marinella. I felt so happy to see her. It was like bringing a smile to my face is her job. "How you feeling? Hungry? We should go with the others to eat," she exclaimed with a small grin.

"Okay Mari," I told her, barely smirking. She put her arm around me as my parents turned around to start walking to the restaurant with everyone. "Come on!" I shout to Marinella. I felt much better; being with my friends really helped me learn my lesson.

"Smells like Dragon Fingers are back in the house!" I snort, referring to an inside joke from last year. We all laugh and start to chat with all the others.

"The show must go on!" a girl from the studio beamed as we sat down.

I let out a big, loud sigh, "Seriously?"

# The Show Must Go On

By: Alexa Torres



# SNOW LEOPARD

WALKING THROUGH THE  
WOODS.

THE SHAPES EMERGE.

I GO SLOW. IT GOES FAST.

THE SNOW BRUSHES ACROSS  
MY CHEEK.

THE SHAPE LEAVES MY SIGHT.

FUR AS WHITE AS SNOW.

BLACK SPECKS AS BIG AS

A DADDY LONG LEGS.

PURRS LIKE A CAT.

RUNS LIKE A CHEETAH.

EYES AS BLUE AS THE SKY.

ATTACKS LIKE JOHN CENA.

BITES LIKE SUAREZ.

CLIMBS LIKE STICKY  
SHOES.



Lucca Napoli



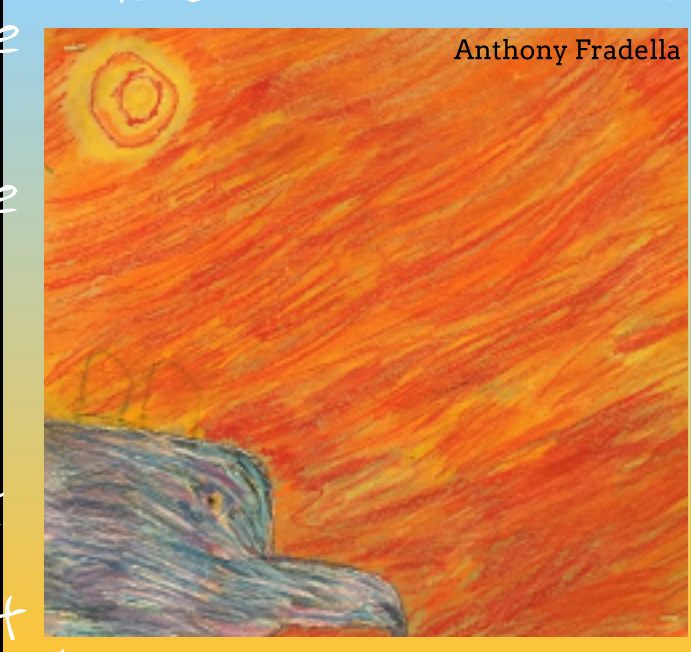
Aiden Jiang



# THE HUNGER GAMES

FAN FICTION

"As usual, ladies first," Effie reached her hand into that fateful bowl that determined who would stay, and who would go. Everything was blurry and I could hear my heartbeat in my ears; it was deafening. I almost didn't hear the name she called, my name- Primrose Everdeen. All sounds stopped. "Where are you?" Effie called out. I swallowed; everything went numb. I tried to say something, but no words came out. "Well come on you, come on now!" The children around me took a step back, creating a path for me. I took one step, two, three. My body shook violently the closer I got.



Anthony Fradella

"Prim! Prim, no!" I stopped dead in my tracks. I knew that voice. I prayed to anyone that was listening that she wasn't going to do what I thought. Stop her. Don't let her, please. I refused to turn back. I walked faster. Maybe if I get time, they won't let her.

"STOP! I volunteer!  
I volunteer!  
I volunteer  
as tribute!"  
She did it.  
She said  
the four  
words no  
one in

district twelve ever had the guts to say, and she said them for me. I rushed to her side. "No, no, no!" I screamed over and over. I clung to her and didn't want to let go, but five guards ripped me away from her forever.



# SOCIETY

FASHION OVER FUTURE  
TREND OVER TRUTH  
POPULAR OVER POPULISM  
TECH OVER PROOF  
A CONSTANT WAR  
IS INSIDE ALL OF  
US.

SOME OF US WILL  
PERISH,

FOLLOWING THE  
TRENDS...

WHICH ONE OF US  
WILL BE CHOSEN  
TO SURVIVE TILL  
THE END?

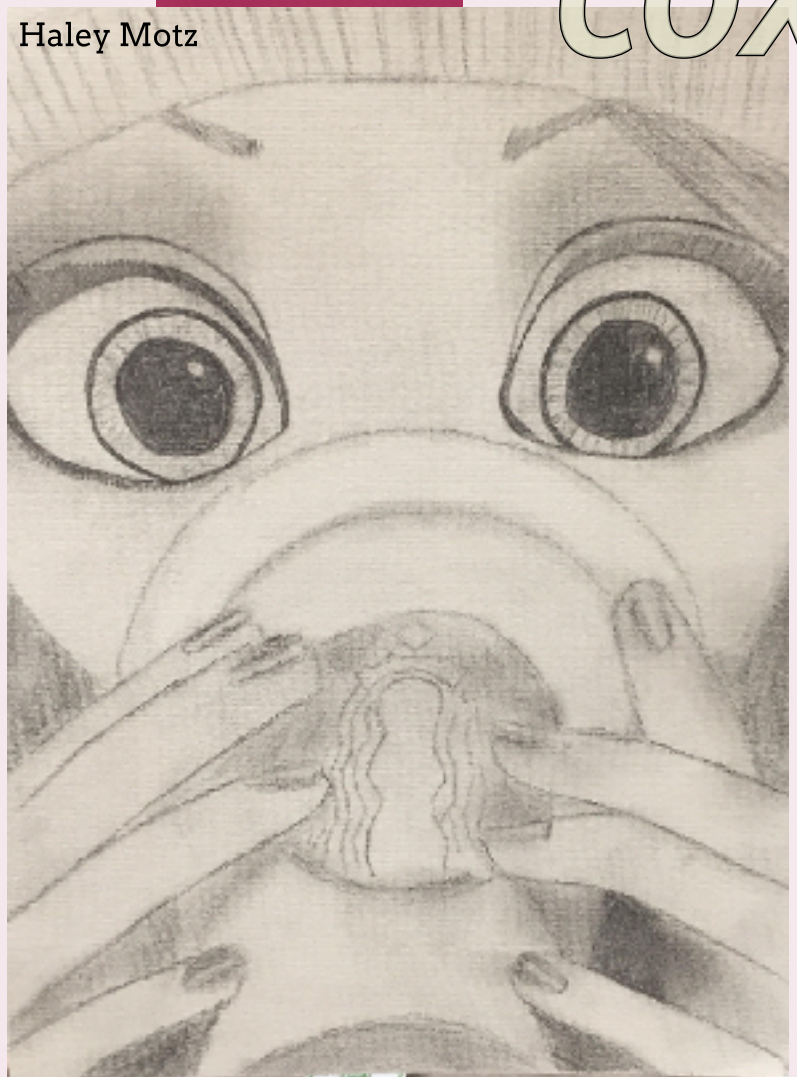
WILL THE POPULAR  
AND THE OUTCAST

EVER MAKE AMENDS?

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW  
DOOMS DAY BEGINS

WRITTEN  
BY:  
ALEXIS  
COX

Haley Motz

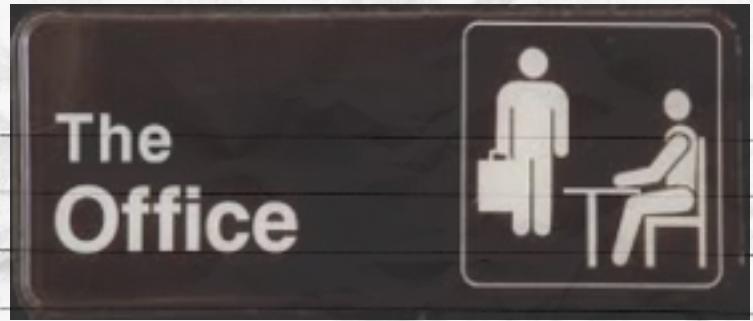




# Fan Fiction Deleted Scene by Sean Murphy

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"You have to do something with your life Micheal," said Mrs. Scott. "You can't sit in the basement and make paper airplanes."



Micheal knew that she was right, but he didn't want to work. "It's my life, woman!" he said. Mrs. Scott threw the morning newspaper at him, hitting Micheal directly above his left ear, then left the basement. Micheal looked down at the paper that he had been pelted with.

On the front of The Scranton Times-Tribune, there was a big advertisement- "HELP WANTED! Salesman Needed for Small, Local Paper Supplier, Dunder Mifflin Paper Company Inc." Micheal had no idea how to become a salesman, but he needed a job, and he wanted to have fun at work.

"Ma! I'm going to apply for a job at a paper company!" he yelled.

"That's great," she responded. "Now get out of my house!"

The next day, Micheal arrived at the reception desk for Dunder Mifflin, unexpectedly, and applied for a job.

"Hello, I am Micheal Scott, and I want this job," he said.

"Do you have an appointment?" asked the receptionist.

"I am going to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it honestly," said Micheal. "What's an appointment?"

"You're hired," she said.



Artwork by Samantha Siter



# the office

## Fan Fiction Deleted Scene

by Ava Biegel

All of the workers had left, and I just didn't want to go home. I walked back into my office, which I had barely been in all day, and noticed something strange on my desk. It looked like a large blob, but it had a towel over it. I walked over to take the towel off.

Jim had, yet again, put my mug in Jello. Gosh, this is going to take a few days to eat my way out. I guess I better start it now. I walked over to the kitchen to grab a spoon, but then I realized- I always have a spoon in my pocket.

I started to eat the Jello. Why did he have to pick the worst flavor? I was determined to eat it all by tomorrow, mainly because I need this mug for my morning coffee. It was so bad; I mean, who likes yellow Jello?

After what felt like just 2 or 3 hours, I saw Ryan walk in.

"Why are you here so late at night?" I asked him.

"Michael," he said with disappointment, "It's 8 in the morning."

He walked away, and I could barely believe it. I looked down at my plate, which seemed so invisible, and all the Jello was gone.

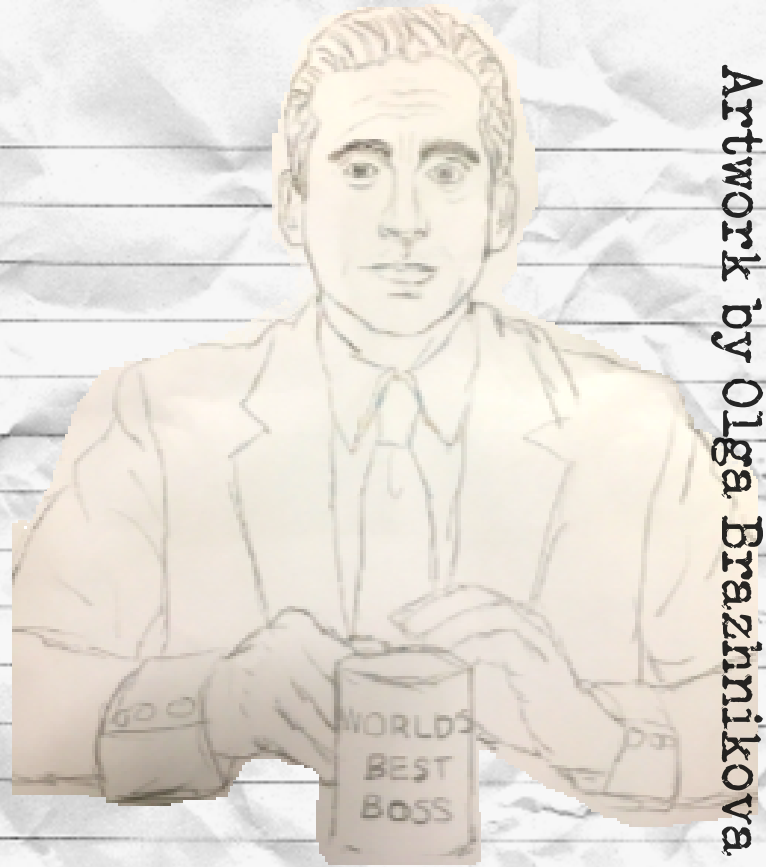
"I did it!" I screamed, turning everyone's heads toward my office door.



"Hey Michael," Jim yelled from his desk into Michael's office. "Can I borrow a pen?"

"Sure Jimbo," Michael said, opening his desk drawer to find a paper with- "Surprise Party. Annex. Now," written on it. "Sorry Jim, pen's going to have to wait," Michael said immediately, getting up from his chair and running to the annex. Dwight followed instantly.

"Kelly! Where's the surprise party?" Michael yelled when he didn't see anything.



"Yeah Kelly! Give it up!

We know there's a party going on in here!" Dwight chimed in. "You can either tell us now, or we'll figure it out ourselves."

"No, Dwight. Kelly, we're not going to do that," Michael said. Dwight rolled his eyes, but didn't say anything.

"What surprise party?" Kelly questioned. Jim strolled in as cool as he could. Michael turned to Jim and realized what was going on.

"Great practical joke, Jim," Michael said, unamused. "You got me to go to the annex."

"Hey Michael, can I get through to my de-" Toby said, cutoff.

"NO! NO! GOD NO! WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS?! WHY DO YOU HATE YOURSELF?!" Michael screamed at Toby.

Fan Fiction Deleted Scene by Noreen Healy

the office



George Provel



What happens  
 to a dream  
 deferred?  
 Does it pull  
 you behind  
 like a  
 mountain?  
 Does it keep  
 coming back  
 as you try to  
 push it away?  
 Does it step  
 on you, and  
 scold you.  
 because you  
 made it feel-  
 unwanted?  
 Or, does it  
 quickly  
 crawl away  
 like an  
 ant-  
 so small,  
 you don't  
 even  
 notice it?

DREAM

DEFERRED

Inspired Poem  
 by Anika Gupta



Looking through  
the windows  
Trapped in  
Trees, birds  
Oh so many things  
I see

Reaching to go  
out

Clear glossed  
window

Holding me in  
Shiny grass  
So stunning  
Eyes mesmerized  
by the attraction  
Heart swollen  
Small devilish  
window

Not letting me go  
Pushing against  
it forever

Too hard  
Just too hard  
Stuck in

# THE WINDOW

A POEM BY  
TIYA PATEL



Art by Connelly Jagua



# Moving Away

I walked into her house as I had many times before, when Clare pulled me suddenly into a corner. What could be going on? I finally noticed tears streaming down my best friend's face, and thought of the broken look Clare was wearing. I felt sorry that my friend had to bear this pain of knowing. I knew that I was about to share her burden. I knew what was coming, and braced myself for the bad news.

Nothing could've prepared me for what came next. Clare dropped the bomb, her eyes glittering and becoming all glassy, like crystal balls, telling an unknown and unclear future. From her expression, I could tell, she had been keeping an unreal secret from all her friends- a secret that was about to be shared to the entire world. What came out next no one could have expected, no crystal ball could've seen,

"Harrison," she choked, a tear strolling down her cheek, "I'm moving to California."

At that moment, time stopped; everything became cloudy. Only Clare was there, like a beacon of light. I felt empty words flying around me, but none coming out. Thoughts came to me in waves, like tsunamis, wave after wave after wave. She's kidding, I thought. She has to be telling a crude joke, I thought desperately, trying to come up with some reason as to why this couldn't be true, but I had to accept it.

"When?" I asked, hoping for the answer to be a year, a million miles away. "Tomorrow."

"WHAT?" I screamed, shocked and terrified as to what would come next. My mind shot back to a time when Clare and I had fun, and everything was normal and good.

"You sure about this?" I asked my best friend.

"Of course I am," she replied.

Written by  
Garrett Jancourtz

"CRANK," the metal harness screamed as we pulled it down. I gripped the bar until my knuckles were white. We were about to be shot 400 feet up.

"You ready?" I asked.

"Yeah," a minuscule voice responded. Only seconds before we were finally launched, everything went past my perspective like I was standing still, and the Earth was moving. We were on our way down when Clare and I screamed.

Then, the ride was over and we had made it through together. "Okay," I croaked. My eyes now finally clear of water, I finally focused on the other people in the room- our friends. At that moment, I realized what was going on. Clare was saying good-bye. She knew that we would all be sad. She



# Cinderella

FAN FICTION  
BY MAJA DINIC

I WAS FRANTICALLY RUSHING TO FIX UP MY DRESS- TIE IT HERE, SEW THE SKIRT THERE, AMONG OTHER PREPARATIONS, BUT ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS THE BALL. OH, HOW FUN WOULD IT BE! MY MICE WERE SQUEAKING AND RUNNING AROUND, TRYING TO GET EVERY PART AND PIECE PERFECTLY. I WAS SO THANKFUL FOR THEM; THEY ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS IN THIS HOUSE. I COULD HEAR MY STEP SISTERS SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER DOWNSTAIRS- NOTHING NEW.

I KEPT DREAMING OF THE BALL AND HOW I COULD HAVE THE CHANCE TO DANCE WITH THE PRINCE! WHEN I FELT THE TUGGING AT MY DRESS, I LOOKED DOWN TO FIND MY MICE POINTING AT THE DRESS. "MY DRESS IS BEAUTIFUL!" I SCREAMED. I WENT ON TO THANK ALL MY MICE. I EXAMINED THE DRESS CLOSER. SURE, IT WAS NO BALL GOWN, BUT IT WAS SPLENDID AND SIMPLE. MY HEART WAS FULL OF JOY.



Connelly Jaqua

I HEARD THE STOMPING OF FEET COMING UP THE STAIRS. STEP MOTHER WILL SURELY LET ME GO TO THE BALL NOW, I THOUGHT. "CINDERELLA, I TOLD YOU TO REDO MY HAIR!" YELLED BOTH OF MY STEP SISTERS. THEY STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS WHEN THEY SAW MY DRESS.

"MY, OH MY, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?" SAID MY STEPMOTHER AS SHE JOINED MY STEP SISTERS.

"MY DRESS FOR THE ROYAL BALL!" I SAID PROUDLY.

"ARE YOU SURE? IT LOOKS MORE LIKE RAGS SEWN TOGETHER THAN A DRESS!" THEY ALL CACKLED.

"OH, I THINK IT IS QUITE NICE," I SAID WITH EMBARRASSMENT. ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY ALL STARTED RIPPING APART MY DRESS; I HEARD BEADS FALLING AND CLOTH RIPPING. "NO, PLEASE DON NOT!" I WAS SOBBING.

"CINDERELLA SHALL NOT GO TO THE BALL!" I HEARD STEPMOTHER SAY AS SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR. THERE I LAID ON THE FLOOR, WEEPING, AS DID MY MICE. I WAS SHAKEN WITH GRIEF



# SOCCER

SMELLING THE FRESHLY  
CUT LAWN  
A WHITE LINE  
**SCREAMING**, "IN OR  
OUT?"

LONG SILVER BENCHES  
GLEAMING  
THE NET BEING WIPE  
POST TO POST

THE SILVER INSTRUMENT  
READY TO **SING**  
THE ZEBRA STRIPED  
MAN

CLINGING TO THE PANDA  
SPHERE  
MY STOMACH LEAVES  
MY BODY

**ENERGY** RUNS ACROSS  
THE FIELD  
THEN...

**IT'S OVER**  
AND THE STADIUM  
CLEARS

LIGHTS ARE OUT  
GRASS IS RIPPED FROM  
ITS HOME

LONG DIRTY BENCHES  
**READY** TO REST  
WHITE NETS NOW  
BROWN

THE SILVER INSTRUMENT  
NOW ASLEEP  
THE ZEBRA SHIRT  
SCATTERED IN STAINS  
BUT THE PANDA SPHERE  
STILL...

**WIDE AWAKE**

**A POEM BY KENDALL TORRES**



# EMOTION

BY  
WYATT ZHU

On the way home  
I see trees

Blooming, **Growing**, Full of colors

While I am dull, and  
sad

**Happiness** is a  
mystery  
to me, a first time to  
learn about  
emotions, **learning**  
to be like the others,  
when I can be me,  
only unhappy and  
**sad**.

I see happiness as I  
am.

**Wishing** to obtain it,  
just like any other  
emotion.

Yet I still feel cold,  
emotionally cold-  
life has many  
**emotions**,  
such as happiness,

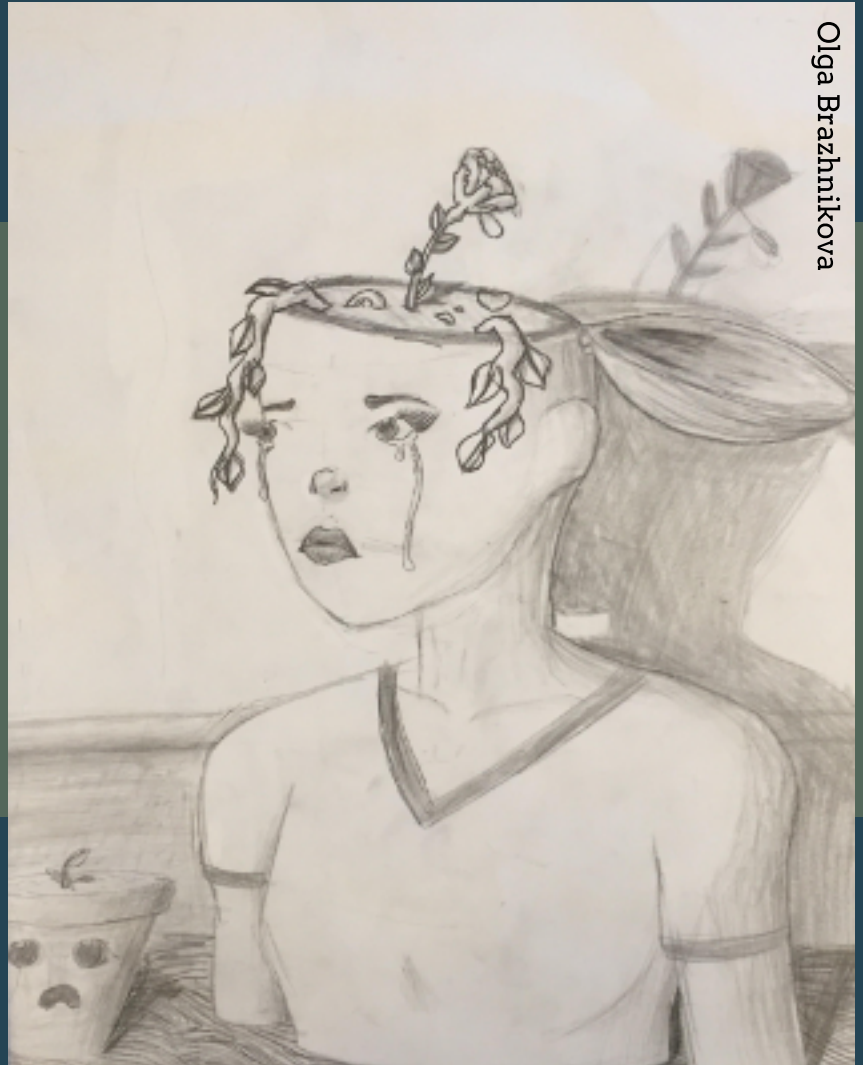
sadness, excitement-

and the most important one to me is to be able to  
care, care for animals, yet one of these emotions is  
**obtainable**.

Yet why am I so dull, so neutral so motionless?

Yet it must be changed, I must **change**.

Change into **something new**, become all of these  
Emotions.



Olga Brazhnikova



## F.R.I.E.N.D.S

"The One with Ross's Wedding"  
Alternate Perspective Scene

The soft music plays in the background as my father walks me down the aisle. I kiss him on the cheek as we part. As I head towards the alter where Ross stands, I hand my flowers to my bridesmaid and lock hands with Ross. His eyes are sparkling and a cute grin spreads across his face. This is the man I am going to marry, I say to myself. The priest clears his throat and asks everyone to take a seat.

"We are gathered here today to celebrate the love of Ross and Emily."

Ross and I exchange glances; he seems to be staring into space. He looks like he is in a daze.

"Emily," says the priest.

I pick my head up in reply and lose eye contact with Ross, who still looks like he is in a haze- the same look he has when Rachel walks into a room. A wave of anger washes over me as I realize that she is somewhere in the crowd, but it goes away, almost as fast as it came.

"Repeat after me," he says, "I Emily."

"I Emily," I repeat.

"Take thee Ross to be my husband, and love and care for him until death parts us," the priest says, picking his head up from the

FAN FICTION

Continued  
on Page 21



# F.R.I.E.N.D.S

## "The One with Ross's Wedding" Alternate Perspective Scene

Continued  
From Page 20

I repeat the line, and the priest turns towards Ross. A wave of relief flows over me. Finally, after always worrying that this long distance relationship would never last, it did. After this, the plan was smooth sailing. I will convince Ross to move to London, and leave his friends behind. Then it can just be me and him- forever.

"Ross, repeat after me," the priest states. "I Ross."

Ross, with a dreamy look on his face, repeats, "I Ross."

The priest clears his throat. "Take thee Emily to be my wife, and love and care for her until death parts us." Ross looks like he realizing one of his biggest dreams- marrying me of course. I chuckle to myself.

Ross replies, "Take thee Rachel..." My heart shatters into a million pieces. He realized it as soon as it came out of his mouth, but it was too late. "Emily...Emily..." he says with a nervous laugh. Rage rushes through my blood; how could he say the wrong name on our wedding day? I feel humiliated as I meet eye contact with my parents. I knew that Rachel would mess it up one day, but I did not think it would be today! I knew it! I knew it!

"Should I continue with the ceremony?" the priest asks.

Inside of me, I wanted nothing more than to humiliate him back. Throwing my shoe at him crossed my mind, but I replied, "Yes, do go on."



THE GOOD

OLD DAYS

BY:

ANONYMOUS

SOMETIMES I REMEMBER.  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

HAVING NO WORRIES.

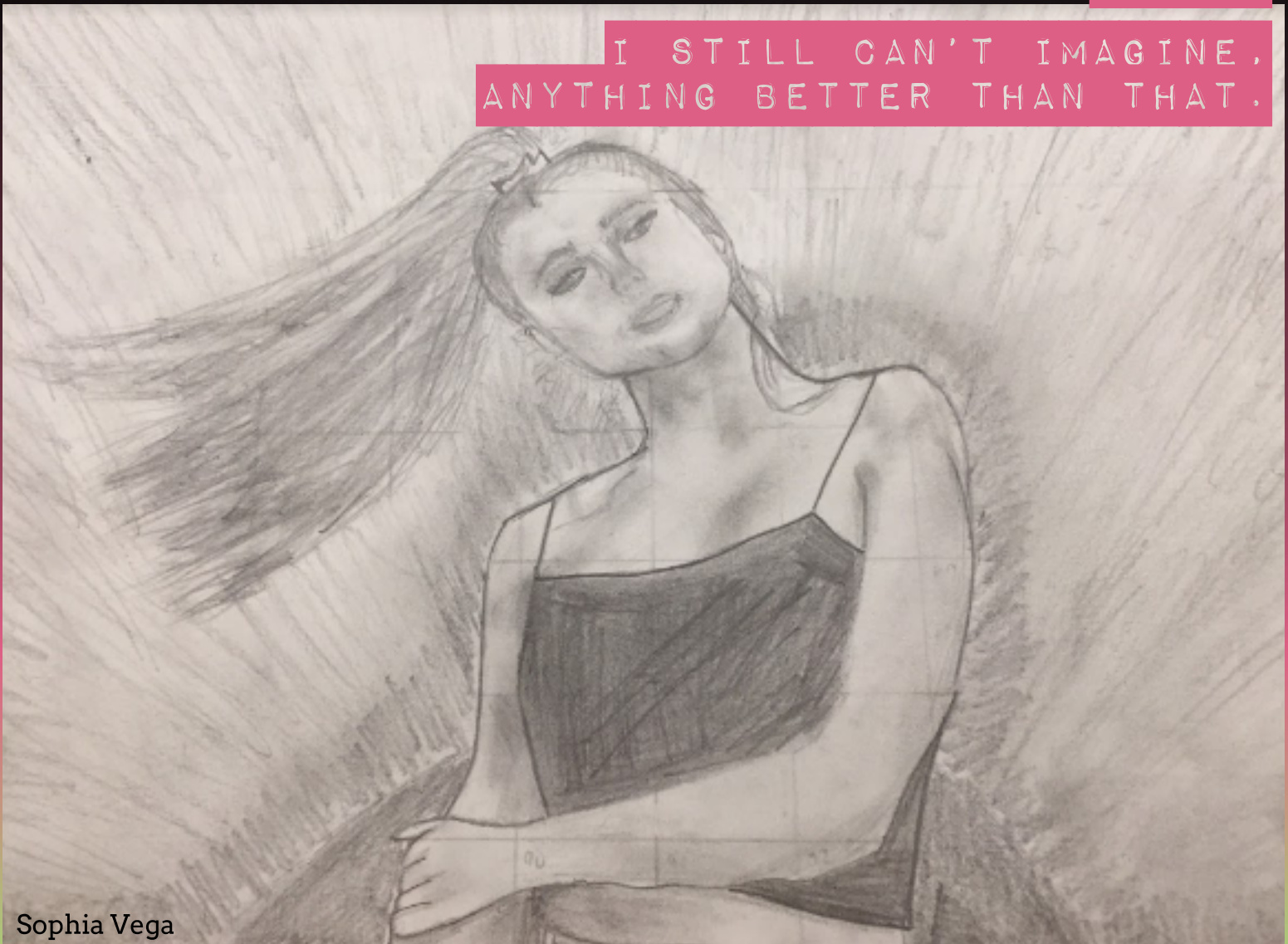
SMILING.  
LAUGHING.

STAYING UP.  
SLEEPING IN.  
GOING OUT.

HOW THE WARM WEATHER  
DANCES  
BY MY SKIN.

HOW EVERYTHING FALLS INTO  
PLACE.

I STILL CAN'T IMAGINE.  
ANYTHING BETTER THAN THAT.



Sophia Vega



# HOW TO MAKE SPRING

By Julia Hyman

Dot the trees with newly formed colors.

Smell the freshness of the newborn air.  
Feel the wind blowing past the nape of people's necks.

Scatter the thousand rays of sunlight like a sunset.

Sprinkle the blooms of flowers.

Touch the warmth of the air.

Listen to the song of a mockingbird.

Play with the spiritual grass, wrestling around your toes.

Pour the condensed water droplets.

Watch the flutter of butterflies.

Splatter the sounds of echoing crickets.

Run in the fields of long grass.

Jump through the grassland full of bunnies and squirrels.

Pick the variety of flowers- many different colors.

Watch as the beautiful season begins...



Photography by Katherine McCauley



# Float Away

A CONCRETE POEM

by Maja  
Dinic

|        |       |           |
|--------|-------|-----------|
| We     | want  | to        |
| float  | away  | from      |
| our    | day   | to        |
| get    | away  | from      |
| what   | we    | are       |
| afraid | of,   | from      |
| the    | daily | struggles |
| and    | the   | day       |
| to     | day   | troubles  |
| we     | just  | want      |
| to     | float | away      |

But like many people around the world we all want to disappear or melt away, one mistake, one flaw means the end of the world to all people, but it's not, it's just the start to a new lesson or a gain in wisdom. But we don't see it that way we see it as a eternity of total embarrassment or the end of the world. This is what we just want to float away. But why? Why does it have to be like this? It doesn't need to be like this. We can be happy and just learn to embrace our flaws and the others that also have flaws. Even though embarrassment is our foe or even our flaws that are apart of us, we must learn to love and love to have the flaws, that make us unique. Floating away for the day would be nice, but sometimes we feel like ice And hate our life because of that flaw. We just want to float away from our day

# The Lucky Sprout

There once was a park  
with no trees.

Only a few pieces of metal and  
some concrete.

The children had played and  
had never really known  
what it was like to frolic under a  
tree.

The people had planted several  
seeds before the concrete,  
but it always ended up in misery.

The children whined,

"Oh why won't it grow?"

The parents answered,

"Oh honey, I don't know."

It was something, but not nothing.  
and laughter had filled the air-  
this tree was their hero

Boy, it was a tree.

This had become a miracle,  
for the children to see.

Smiles had bloomed on their faces

Soon enough the tree had become as  
tall as a building,

like the one where the children's  
mothers had worked.

It swayed with elegance and stood  
with pride.

This tree was definitely one of a kind.

From its powerful roots holding it  
straight,

all the way to its rich colored leaves  
making it vibrant.

The children swung from its branches  
and

hugged its trunk with great desire;

this park was now admired.

But the children grew up

By: Kelly Hanratty

The tree was aged and  
slumped over, reaching away from the  
stars.

The town came together and decided  
that it was time.

They knew it was going to happen,  
that their old friend was going to die.  
They had a ceremony and said their  
goodbyes.

They cried for some time and  
embraced one another.

They cut down the tree and as it fell,  
its crash was not the only noise in  
the park.

The sound of many sprouts shooting  
up from beneath the concrete  
overpowered the sound of the fallen  
tree.

The leaves that had covered the  
ground which were once a part  
of the fallen tree,  
had contained seeds,  
which must have snuck through the  
concrete

causing some new trees to succeed.

The park had become a soon-to-be  
forest,

with a fallen tree right at the heart.

But years later,

Those children's children would play  
with joy and laughter  
in a park filled of trees.

With a wooden bench,  
made from the remains of the first  
sprouted tree.

Placed in the center  
to remind them all,  
that one little tree,  
started it all.



# OUT OF THE EASY

FAN FICTION  
BY KELLY HANRATTY

"Josie girl, you are one of a kind!"

Cookie was so exited. His round, soft eyes were filed with cheer; his lips were curved to shape his usual smile, the smile I couldn't match. He clutched the car's wheel with confidence, to show his excitement. It made me hurt. It felt like my insides were breaking into pieces that could no longer be put back together.

I sucked in some air and threw on somewhat of a smile. I tried to speak, but nothing came out. I turned away from him and looked out of the window. It was delicate. I focused on the window, and how similar we could be- strong enough to hold in place, but so weak, we could break with a touch.

I stared out the window and watched my old life fade away. The setting started to change and my mind started to float away. Time started to pass, very slowly. My eyes fluttered as I fought to keep them open. The movement of the car rocked me like a baby. I watched the sun set until I could no longer fight to keep my eyes open; I fell asleep.

"Good mornin'!" I turned my head to see Cookie with a bright smile. His eyes were tired and his face showed pain, but he was still smiling.

"Morning," I said while trying to return the smile. I rubbed my eyes and quickly turned to the window. To my relief, there was something interesting to look at. The sun was just rising up from under the Earth. It was almost as if the sky was on fire. It was like a wildfire in a forest, destroying all life.

We were now in a different city. All different kinds of people were roaming the streets. I could see children laughing and running together, while their mothers chased after them. Men were selling fruits, shoes, and everything else in their little shops. I tried to imagine having such a life.

"This is a nice little town, ain't it?" Cookie looked at me. I turned and shook my head in agreement, then looked back at the window. I put my head into my arms and my mind started to wander.

I am still the same person. I am still the girl with a criminal as a mom; I am still the girl who was named after a criminal. I am still the girl who tells lies instead of the truth. I am still Josie Moraine. I pulled my face up from my arms. My face was hot and I couldn't hold it in any longer. A single tear fell from my eyes. I tried to wipe it away before Cookie saw, but everything started to come out.

"Josie, what's wrong? Why you cryin'?" I had to tell him. I took a deep breath and faced him. His face changed, his eyes focused on me, and I felt his smile fade.

"Cookie," everything started to fall off my shoulders. The words seemed to fly out of me, like a bird free from its cage. I told him everything. I was sorry.

BACKGROUND ART BY MELINA COLONIAS



Dear Readers,

Thank  
You!

Thank you so much to everyone who supported and contributed to this year's magazine! Also, thanks to Mrs. Tiscia for helping with art selections, and Veronica Araujo for scouting art pieces.

A special thank you to Kelly Hanratty, whose outstanding poem "The Lucky Sprout," found on page 25, was recognized as the 8th grade First Place winner of the "Young Writers of Union County" Arbor Day Poetry Contest.

This year, I was supported by an amazing student staff of 8th grade students, pictured below: Ava Biegel, Devon Boreale, Georgia Chrysanthopoulos, Abby Galm, Noreen Healy, Charlie Oliveira, and Kendall Torres. These students helped allow our vision for the literary magazine to come to life, from selecting, editing and revising, designing, and publishing.



Lastly, thank you to Mr. Whitaker and Mrs. Richards for making our vision possible, and a very special thanks to Dr. Lubarsky, whose continued support and guidance has been instrumental in Folio's creative development!

Have a great summer!

Best,  
Miss Onore