



Sandscript
2019

*Voice
and
Vision
at*

Lake Shore High School

-Cover Design by Jenna Martin

The Lake Shore Central High School Literary Club Presents
Sandscript 2019

*Featuring Art, Poetry, and Prose of the Students of
Lake Shore High School*

*The Production of the Magazine is Due to the Talents of
Lake Shore High School Students Throughout the
2018-2019 School Year,*

*The Vision of the High School Art Program as Led by Teachers:
Mrs. Belliotti, Ms. Smaldino, and Mrs. Zittel,*

*The Work and Dedication of the Entire Department of English:
Mrs. Baginski, Mr. Connors, Mr. Desing, Mrs. Kaminski,
Mr. Migliaccio, Mrs. Migliaccio, Mrs. Poleon, Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Vail*

*And the Continued Support of
Lake Shore Central Administration*

*Faculty Advisor
Ms. Jill Morgan*

Memoir

Olivia Alvira, Grade 12

From the moment I opened my eyes that warm Sunday morning, I was overly anticipating my family's weekly visit to the church right down the road. Not because I was or wasn't going to church but because of what we were going to do after. It wasn't anything too extraordinary, just having a little picnic and fishing down at the creek in our woods. When you're eight years old, though, everything is worth being excited for, especially fishing. I remember how sunny it was that day and how the huge, stained-glass windows of the church radiated colors amplifying my happiness. By the time the closing hymn was coming to an end with the last few chords from the echoing organ, I was practically jumping out of the sleek dark wood pew and running down the light concrete road to the car. I ran as fast as any little girl in white-heeled church shoes and a knee length, green polka-dotted dress could run. However, when I reached my mom's little black PT Cruiser, the usually three minute drive from the church to my house felt like an eternity. When we finally made it home, I rushed through the doors to my house and hurried to grab the already-made lunches my mother had prepared for all of us the night before. Then we started our walk to the woods. Every time we went to the creek, we would follow a path - a path made by my father years before I was even born. It was created by chopping down enormous trees and with the passing of years became lined with tall grass, yellow dandelions and tiny purple flowers. It was a path I never paid any mind to because I always had my dad there to guide me. The path led directly from our backyard to the creek and in no time, we were there laying down two large, quilted blankets for us to sit on and getting our fishing equipment out. We had spent hours down by the creek running around, fishing, watching the fish swim away, laughing at lame jokes and eating. It seemed like too soon the time came to go back home because the sun was setting through the trees and it would be dark. My dad started walking and all of my siblings followed him in almost uniform fashion down the dirt path. There was always one person off-beat due to a root protruding from the soil or another person jumping out of line to start a conversation. I guess that's the good thing about having a million siblings, there is no real way to ever be perfect so our parents never expected us to be.

Anyway, on our way back home, one of my shoes got stuck in a muddy part of the path. I ran back to retrieve it and after pulling and feeling around in the slimy mud, I eventually got it out. But by then, my family was so far ahead that I didn't know where they were. It was so dark that I couldn't see them and then the familiar trees around me suddenly felt foreign. I knew I had to be off the path because I felt so lost and alone. I was just aimlessly walking forever and then after a while, I gave up. I believed my situation to be hopeless and thought it was ridiculous to keep walking when I didn't even know where the path was or where I was. Sitting down on the cold, hard, dirt ground in my clean, pretty church dress, I began to cry. My first, very rational thought as an eight year old was that a bear was going to eat me. I know - extremely realistic - but you can't control where your mind wanders if you don't even know where you've physically wandered. I just wanted my dad to come back. I sat there alone and screamed into the pitch black void that engulfed me as loud as I could for him to come back. Then, through the ominous looking trees I heard voices—people calling out for me in the distance. Their voices were faint but frantic to find me. I was no longer isolated, there were familiar voices calling to me. I don't remember most of what was said except when I yelled if someone could hear me, my older sister Hannah yelled out a very excited, "I HEAR PURPLE!". I don't know how I was able to laugh, but somehow through the sadness, I burst out in hysterical laughter at the arbitrary comment. It's funny how one could be so miserable and so elated at the same time. My father was the one to find me shortly after that. He searched behind tall trees and wide rocks until he found a dirt-covered little girl screaming in the opposite direction of our house. He came up to me and hugged me so tight I thought he was crushing me. It turns out after all that searching, I had been on the path the whole time. I looked around and noticed the tall grass surrounding me and I picked up my foot to see a smushed yellow dandelion beneath me. It was the same worn down path I had followed my dad on countless times before.

Without him, the path I had been on turned cold, threatening, and I couldn't find my way home. My sorrow blinded me to something I knew like the back of my hand. If I had just turned around and taken a second to see instead of just frantically looking, I would've realized I knew where the path was and I knew where I was going all along.



-Ashley Klepp, Gr. 12

Shadows of Empathy

When we're shamed to share how we feel
Our resolves are what we must steal
You can't share your struggles in life
Looked down for your pain and your strife

In a town without empathy
A darker side of the world to see
Where everyone seems to lack a heart
They come here to tear us apart

Break away from the constant pain
Others' words, you should never strain
A cage of ignorance, you gotta break free
Move past the hate and run straight to me

When you're left to rot all alone
Don't forget the truths you've been shown
When our arms are locked together
You'll know infinity lasts forever

-Michael Lewis
Gr. 12

A Pyramid Named Nirvana

A place to call my sanctuary
A shelter from the dark
Leave behind the twisted world
Where I'll never make my mark
A home with the perfect warmth
A land without a judge
So that I may forever deny
God's everlasting grudge

This place may be seen as a tomb
Where I shall die alone
A fate for the great sin of sloth
With which I can never atone
But in the despair lies a spark of hope
For a new and great creation
A room filled solely with thoughts
I find eternal salvation

So leave me to my solitude
Allow me to rest my head
Forgive me for hiding the pain
And the forgetful life I've led
Now I reside in a world of rekindled dreams
A river that nurtures those who are broken
A Pyramid named Nirvana
My Pyramid named Nirvana.

-Michael Lewis, Grade 12

Haiku (one marvelous tree)

one marvelous tree,
leaves shine, colorful and bright,
dancing in the sun.

-Gary Colson
Gr. 12

The Hope I Held for You

*Forever in this heart of mine
I carry the desire to see the greatest you
Where your love for family has no bounds
And you accept their love with open arms
A you who has the patience to listen
With the empathy to be caring
For those who are hurt
To be older and to wield your experiences
As wisdom to pass on to your lone brother
For whom you should show great respect
Like you, he struggles to find the goal
In this labyrinth called life
Although your outward aggression says otherwise
Your heart holds that flame
But as time passes, I start to doubt
If you ever existed
Folding my hands I can only pray
That you set aside your doubts and fears
Let me once again see
The true you*

*-Michael
Lewis
Gr. 12*



-Anna Kennedy, Gr. 10

Gray

Her aura is dark
Since the day You turned away
Like the fog on that night
Her persona, just a gloomy shadow
The color in her eyes turned charcoal
Like the ash of her heart that You burned
The light he once had, now dull with her grief
You gave her that light, but took it back with such ease
She wants you still, just to put out her misery
Yet she knows she shouldn't
You're the reason for her darkness
Gray with sorrow
She knows
You won't bring the light back

-Kelsey Merecki, Grade 12

i'll love you dear, i'll love you

i'll love you;
if the river climbs the mountain
and the fish go dancing in the street,
if all the swans find themselves-
grounded

and two poles meet,

were all your stars to disappear and die
and you were faced with an empty sky
your eyes would fall upon mine
and we would turn back time.

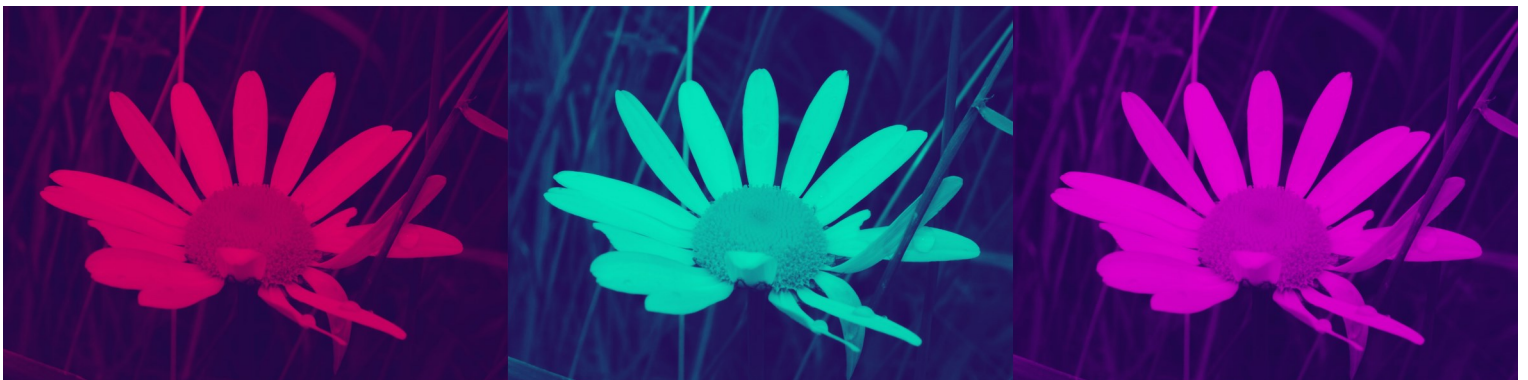
If they are your North, your South, East and West,
your working week and your Saturday rest.
If their color fills the soul with imagination
and a silver sky is painted in dedication.
If their choir still sings your hearts song

F
a
l
l

in their arms where you belong.

But,
if you pour out their ocean,
hang it out to dry
I'll hang you up from the heavens
and wipe the tear from your eye
I'll love you dear,

-Shaughn Ramsden, Gr. 12



-Emma Kushner, Gr. 10

Untitled
Shannon Halloran
Grade 12

The cool breeze draws me down the dark, gravel-filled road. The distant sound of the soft waves guide me to where I will find them. Flip-flop-flip-flop, the sound of my squeaky, bright blue sandals seem to fade more and more as I follow the lightly-lit path. Looking up, I see the glowing moon peeking through the green summer leaves. When the distant sound of soft waves finds me, it shows how its body meets with the sky's twinkling stars.

When I reach the top of the cold, steep stair, I'm greeted by a familiar, warm smile from below. I can't help but feel untroubled when I finally meet him where the aged, iron railing ends. He says, "I thought you had forgotten about me," with a smirk and a glimmer in his eye. He always knows how to make me laugh.

As I walk down the last step of the stairs, I can feel the cooling sand welcome my bare feet from the scorching day before. The sand feels like velvet with occasional rocks. Looking across the calm waves, I can't help but admire the blinking red lights that appear in the same place every night.

Chris pulls out a soft, pale yellow blanket and finds the perfect spot on the sand, avoiding the intruding rocks. Sitting and gazing out to the water and watching the distant light of past start to travel towards me, I'm left with a look of wonder on my face. Gazing for so long, I almost think I see the stars slowly moving. I say with excitement, "Did you see it move?!" Chris just laughs and agrees, always. We continue lying next to each other quietly gazing at the stars above, unaware of time.

When the cicadas finally stop chirping and all around is still, time seems to reappear. The stars start to fade and the waves start to diminish. It's suddenly impossible to search the sky for traveling stars. One final yawn and we agree that our adventure is coming to an end. We take one last glance and think of making our way back from where we started. Getting up feels like I've just slept for one thousand years.

Chris grabs his pale colored blanket and we make our way through the stiff, once-welcoming sand. Once I have reached the familiar cold metal rail, I make my way back to the faintly-lit maze. Christopher offers to walk me home, but I'm, of course, too stubborn to accept. We say our goodbyes and part ways. He makes his way to the first cozy cottage, his cottage, and gives me one last loving goodbye, until the next adventure.

Walking home is always different than arriving. The path is easier to see but harder to follow with my wandering heart and mind calling for my now-silent guide, the infinite body where the indeterminable waves live and will always call to me.

Letting Go

*She slipped through his fingers like grains of sand
It was the best time of his life, though
With no goodbye, just a wave of the hand*

*He wanted it to never end, this wasn't planned
His feet lost their footing, his stomach dropped so low
She slipped through his fingers like grains of sand*

*She looked at him with eyes so bland
"It was never forever," she wanted him to know
With no goodbye, just a wave of the hand*

*The look of pain on his face, through hers, he scanned
But no emotion was there, no hurt would show
She slipped through his fingers like grains of sand*

*He thinks of how much he loves her, the way his heart would expand
Now it's torn apart, and his body felt the blow
With no goodbye, just a wave of the hand*

*She turned away, all he could do was stand
After all this time, he just watched her go
She slipped through his fingers like grains of sand
With no goodbye, just a wave of the hand*

*Kelsey Merecki
Grade 12*

Shoelace

A shoelace,
Something so simple
But very valuable

A shoelace,
My shoes either stay bound
Or make me stumble

A shoelace,
Always there for you
Unless you neglect to secure

A shoelace,
What I wish I could be without
But I will always need

My shoelace

-Ashley Maiorano, Gr. 11



- Toni Liles, Gr. 11

6:24(p.m.)

Shoes muddy, sinking in.
Hair held back, strands strewn in the air.
The sun's touch on my skin.
I think this is fair.

Hand-in-hand with my best friend.
His face, glistening.
Making small talk and giggling.
Just listening.

Butterflies in our stomachs,
Heart's pumping.
But we do not care.
Each other's time is what we share.

-Brooke Rainville
Gr. 11



-Meryn Miller, Gr. 10

Learning to Rebuild

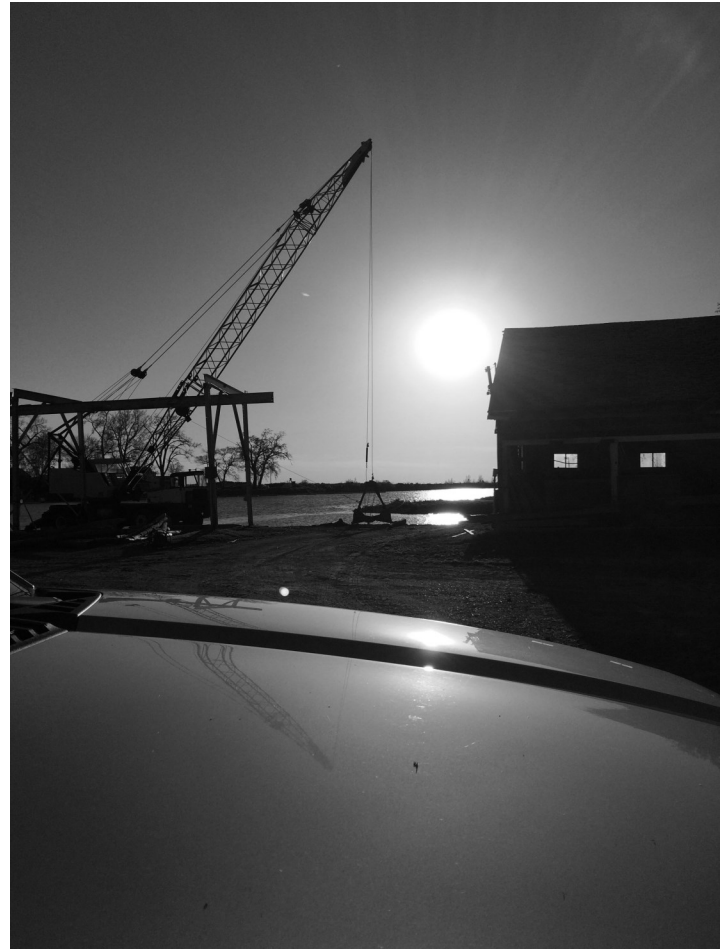
The hands I once held so tightly
Strengthening their grip
The fingers don't know where to hold
Soon about to slip

I don't know whether I should hold on or let go
Whatever I try seems to fail
My brain and heart collide
My fingers begin to flex and flail
And soon our hands divide

I feel the drops of sweat
That have collected on my palm
They slowly start to evaporate
And soon my pulse is calm

We've had our time to think
Your hand's imprint still lingers in mine
Now that we have grown
Maybe we can try a second time

-Olivia Alvira
Gr. 12



-Kyle Killian, Gr. 12

*The unattainable sky lies just beyond reach
Stretching stretching
Never may I reach it
The shimmering diamonds taunt me
In their darkened surroundings
The glorious moon shall never I touch

Though I know this and know this well
I never stop trying

To do that is to kill my spirit
To never again view the scintillating heavens
Is to abandon hope
Lost in the void of a starless sky
And so I will always look up even if it hurts
Because there's hope*

*~Trinity Salatka
Grade 12*

My Mind is the Sea

My mind is the sea.
Wave of thoughts
Where life is to be seen

My mind is the sea.
Undiscovered feelings
Of many things,
Just listen closely
And you'll hear it sing.

My mind is the sea.
Not all just beauty, but
Treated with much cruelty.
Taken for granted
Filled with trash
So polluted,
Lives gone in a flash.

Blue to brown
Clear to tinted
The life of nature,
So distinctive
One moment here,
The end so near
You can't see
My mind is the sea.

-Noelani Cornfield, Gr. 11



Adrenaline

*Your adrenaline is rushing
You're choking
He's pushing
You think the battle is lost*

*You can't think straight
All you have is a blue AR
It's too late
You think the battle is lost*

*Your heart ran a lap
You look down
Realize you have a trap
You think the battle is lost*

*Your hands are soaked
He's edging in
You have him trapped
But the battle is lost.*

-Nick Carlson, Grade 11



-Will Connors, Gr. 12

*We're chasing out the dark
We are outlawing tears
And we are softening our monsters*

But why?

The reason is that if everyone is ok on the outside, then there's nothing to change

*And so it's not ok to be not ok
You are shunned if you cry
And you are weird if you like the dark*

*But what of me, I love the dark
Its shade soothes and calms me
And without it, the light means nothing*

*And although society won't allow me to admit it, I too cry
Sweet tears of catharsis*

*And fear makes me wise in a way
The monsters I fear could be understood
Because in a way they are us*

*A personification of our worst
Of what we hide
To know them in their extreme is to know us*

*But everyone seems to just want to smile and pretend that it's ok
Of course it isn't.*

*~ Trinity Salatka
12th grade*



Jenna Martin

Gr. 10



- Ryan Allerton, Gr. 11

I'm Blue

Everything is blue
My house is blue with a little blue window
Everything is blue
Like me, inside and outside
Everything is blue
For me myself and everyone around me
Everything is blue
Like my blue Corvette
Everything is blue
All because I have no one to listen.

I'm Blue.

Zachary Kist
Gr. 11



On the Canvas.

-Ryan Allerton, Gr. 11

*paint me in your mind
petals falling from my eyes
as the flowers rest in my mouth*

*beneath my lashes
spread the colors on my skin
freckles like ants across my face*

*color my scars softly through
impure veins like that of leaves
carrying my stories and struggles*

*but most of all, paint my smile
the color weighing it down by stones
but still stretching from the sight of you*

-Sara Gilhooly
Gr. 12

Jogging

*Jogging in the park
On a brisk sunny day.*

*Calling out to nature,
Evolving with what I see,
Loving the beauty of the trees.
Yearning to touch the leaves,
Nature is love.*

Nature is sublime.

-Jocelynn Wagner, Gr. 11



-Toni Liles, Gr. 11

The Faucet



-Jenna Martin, Gr. 10

The faucet was dripping-
As I listened to the words
They sounded so distant
Yet I could make out every phrase

The falling of the water-
Stung my ears
As I tried to focus
On what was being said

She held on for so long-
At 92 years old
Such a long life to live
I couldn't bare to hear the bad news

Grandma let go-
Realization finally hit me
Sitting at the table
I think about her time here

The picture of her face-
Clear in my head
I will never forget
The great times we had

I hear the faucet dripping-
Liquid going down the drain
Shaking my head
My mind goes back to Grandma

I try remembering her again-
Yet the picture is fading
I want to revive that image
But the faucet is still dripping

-Kelsey Merecki,

Gr. 12

My Fate

Although I sleep
my mind is racing.
constantly thinking,
constantly pacing.

I wander about in a dreamlike
state,
Wondering what may be my fate?
Wandering to places for me to en-
joy!
And discovering things I wish to
destroy.

These places I wander,
I find more of me.
Something new to discover!
But it's not so easy.

For you see, this world is simply
for me!
Something that no one will ever
see!
A place to sit and relax, unwind.
But things go south in the blink of
an eye.

For evil creatures lurk in my mind.
My demons will haunt me held a bind.
Restricted by what I feel and fear.
A place once a paradise is now made of tears.

I squirm and kick trying to escape.
And it turns out I have found my fate.
I fall to my fears, my demons, I die.
I'm awake.

-Lawrence Baron, Jr
Gr. 12



-Emma Samuels, Gr. 10

The Tree

I lie in a meadow
near a tree that's green,
but the barks as umber,
as what looms in me.
My face is blue,
the sky is grey,
but I know tomorrow
is a new day.

This tree near me
is merely a mirror,
as the nice green
leaves
help relieve my terror.

Lawrence Baron, Jr.

Gr. 12

Glittering Generality

A city so bright
With a gleam in the night
Where the rich folk must go
Tis the greatest place, that they know
Their fortunes will forever grow
Here in the city of gold

The children go play
In their starry-eyed way
On this everlasting day
And they'll never grow old
The cards that they fold
Here in the city of gold

But in the city beneath
The wicked does seek
For a fiendish feast
With an insatiable greed
The evil must feed
Here in the city of gold

-Michael Lewis
Gr. 12



Jenna Martin

Gr. 10

Fleet Street

Ship's Victory

Kelsey is a ship lost at sea
Across the horizon she stares
From wood to sails beauty is she
The way she glides with just the air

Battle came out victorious
Carrying soldiers strong and proud
Kelsey is now notorious
Her men are sailing towards the clouds

The waves, they crash with winds that blow
Wild waters of gloomy blue
The weathers rough, the sun sinks low
But Kelsey sails strong and true

Throughout the sea the soldiers roam
With compasses that point towards home

-Kelsey Merecki
Gr. 12

Now the thick grey smog isn't very welcoming,
But the ghostly people don't seem to notice.
For there is something slyly meddling.
You smell the stench, all throughout the air?
No one dares guessing what it is,
But it's definitely there.
Scatterbrained loonies roam,
warning but no one listens.
"There! Didn't I tell you? City on fire!"
Only on Fleet Street.

Mrs.Lovett's, the dingy old place,
Serving her "meat" pies.
Well, it's got a new face.
Don't ask how they're made,
For when you need a close shave,
Sweenie will trap you with his blade.
Only on Fleet Street.

Welcoming, isn't it?
Now you haven't heard from me.
The mystery shall still remain,
For you don't want them to see.
Here on Fleet Street.

Shannon Halloran
Gr. 12



-Destiny Weyand, Gr. 12

It's a Sorrowful Sensation

It's a sorrowful sensation
to reach the bottom of the ice cream bowl
and find a puddle of chocolate,

That chocolate that could have been conserved
if you had just eaten fast enough
but if you had eaten quickly
you wouldn't have as much time to enjoy it.

You wonder if getting every last spoonful was worth
the yearning for it again
or if it would be better
to take your time and enjoy it...

even if you miss out on the remaining pool of chocolate?

-Maggie Thomson,
Gr. 11



“Kindness”- it's the thing with eyes
That others hope to see-
To show the world the good
Even though there is bad going on-

With the world hearing sweet sounds
Nothing can compare to the bad happening on the outside
The sounds of heartbeats keep people at bay, while-
The sounds of gunshots make people run for their lives

Even with the kind eyes set on the land-
People still try to look for the good in the bad
Kindness doesn't come to those as easy as others

The Sneeze that Won't Come Out

The sneeze that won't be sneezed
Taunting me as it sits in my nose
I'm about to sneeze
Then the sneeze retreats
Back to its domain.

I look at a light nothing happens
The sneeze still sits in its domain
This sneeze feels inhumane
And I surrender knowing

The sneeze won't come out.

-Matthew Lee-Mueller, Grade 11

Existed

My sister has just been laid to rest
and left nothing to prove she lived.

She existed each day wasting her odds
thinking they would still be there next dawn.

She never went after the man she loved
With whom she could have my niece and nephew
Although, she did watch him cherish someone else.

My sister never explored the big world,
she just walked by without a notice
and kept to herself alone in this town.

Lying in her coffin, I can't tell if she ever lived,
only that she just existed.

-Jacob Pregitzer
Grade 11

Camera

A snippet of a memory

A time to remember

The way she looked

Her smile wide

Eyes bright

Her head thrown back with laughter

The capture of pure joy

The perfect moment.

-Kelsey Merecki

Gr. 12



-Kaylee Peacock, Gr. 12

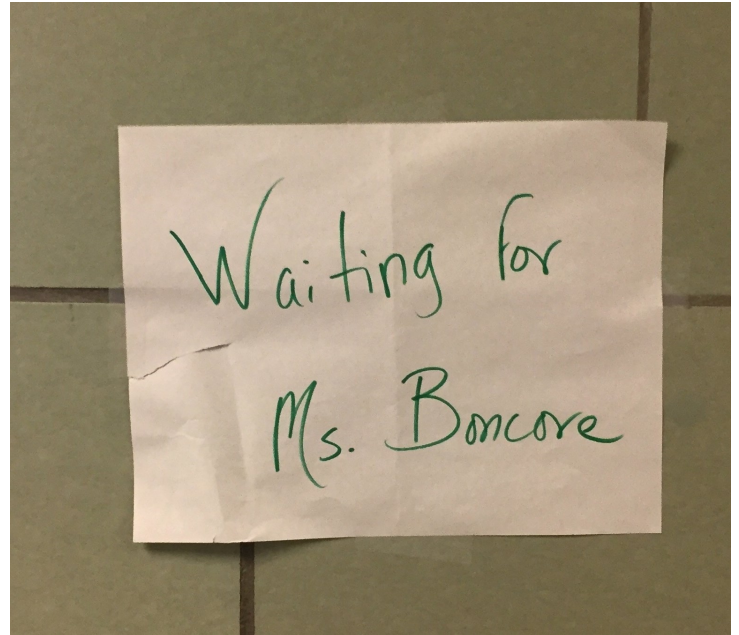
Waiting for Ms. Boncore

*It's empty in this corridor
The school halls still stand dark.
I need to see my counselor
Waiting for Ms. Boncore*

*It's time for lunch, it's noon.
I just cannot eat like this.
I hope she arrives soon.
Waiting for Ms. Boncore.*

*The final bell has rung
It's time we all depart.
The weekend, it has come.
Waiting for Ms. Boncore.*

-Mr. Desing's Students



Payphones

*I still find myself screaming your
name
praying that you'll pick up the
phone*

*but my strength is starting to die
and I'm almost out of quarters*

-Sara Gilhooly, Gr. 12

Sunlight

*The sun rises
Keeping the day warm and bright
It might disappear from time to time
The clouds blocking its view
But a minute later, it comes back
Shining as bright as it did before
Only to vanish when the day is no more*

-Kelsey Merecki, Gr. 12

MY HAIRY MAN

I didn't think it was possible to miss someone while I sleep, but I do.

A playful morning kiss, smelly morning breath is always welcomed.

His selfless loyalty, minding the house, waiting for our next hello is everything.

After burning all the daylight and work is done, returning home is always the highlight of his day.

I'd take a bullet for that dog.

-Shannon Halloran
Gr. 12



I'm fine

-Jenna DiMartino, Gr. 11

*I'm fine said the girl with
the brown glass eyes
She walks around smiling
But is hurting inside
No one says a word
No one breathes a breath
They ask if she's all right
She says, I'm just fine despite
that I loved you when you were
Learning how to laugh and trying
not to Cry.*



-Toni Liles, Gr. 11

-Starr Schenk, Gr. 11

Ottis

I can't remember what my cat's meow sounds like.

A handsome, Lynx-Point Siamese mix
With unbelievably, incredible designs,
And big, dark blue eyes,
His name was Ottis.

A breed like him you'll never see again,
Behavior problems and hip dysplasia
Is the reason why he had to go.
Having difficult times jumping and walking
And making it to the litter box.

It was his day of reckoning,
On a Monday afternoon at the vet,
About to back out of the decision,
He was in pain and he knew it, too.
He wanted to go.

At the age of 14,
A chunky, little man,
Disappeared.
His silhouette appeared in the rays of the sun,
Looking down on us and saying goodbye.

His name was Ottis.

-Cassie Bingenheimer, Grade 11

My Brain is a Petrified Rose

*My brain is a petrified rose;
Scarred from silent screams.
Its beauty hidden in wilted petals.*

*My brain is a petrified rose;
Dark yet lustrous,
Preserved in time.*

*My brain is a petrified rose;
Frozen in a fading fate,
With the pain of the past.*

*My brain is a petrified rose.
Lacking its soul;
Lost as a sapling.*

*Without vitality,
Complexion now dulled.
Leaves no longer lush,
Thorns sharp, like memories,*

Piercing my conscious eternally.

*- Sierra Alioto
Grade 11*

The Moon and the Stars Soar

The moon and the stars soar
The night sky as if it
Was a majestic rainbow.

The wind is whirling without
Decreasing its power as if
It were a painting
Drawn by the heavens.

There is concern in the air
The village down below
Is feeling the full
Might of the wind's power.

The village is safe, the fear
is now nonexistent with no one
To fear anymore.

- Noah Hart

Grade 11

Papa's

From the window I see
Acres of grass-filled land
Peaceful and quiet
Trees of olive green
Moving with a gust of wind
Birds in the sky
Flying and roaming free
Big open terrain
Where Papa waters his garden of flowers
Where Papa fills the bird feeders
From the window I see
Papa admiring its beauty.

-Kelsey Merecki, Grade 12



-Holly Weston, Gr. 11

Numbers

I hate how the numbers have treated me.
For example,
How they tend to sit in your skull when there are
Far too many of them
300 calories, 2 pounds heavier than yesterday,
A size 2 pair of jeans that fit just right.

Oh, how I've come to loathe addition.
3 crackers plus half a cup of juice equals 92 calories
It is always too much,
As my illness has turned numbers into Hell.

Multiplication isn't any different.
No food times 72 hours equals perfect hips
These equations have taken over my life.

Subtraction, on the other hand, feels like home.
Today's waist measures three inches less than
2 weeks ago. A size small minus 15 "extra pounds"
Equals a pair of pants that are now "too big".

How could we forget division?
You go out to dinner with your family of 6
Divided by your illness equals 5 people eating
Comfortably, remainder 1.

-Allison Smith
Gr. 11

I'm a Novel

*I'm a novel,
Quiet, with eccentricity and adventure.*

*I'm a novel,
Simple, with knowledge unable to measure.*

*I'm a novel,
Boring, with creativity to infinity.*

*I'm a novel,
Filled with potential, but technology is killing me.*

*I'm a novel,
My quiet cool nights turned to blaring blue lights.*

*I'm a novel,
Simple but bright, although losing its might.*

*I'm a novel,
Creativity caught in captivity from technological activity.*

*We're a novel,
Our generation's aggressive avidity quickly turned to lazy toxicity.*

*-Jacob DeAngelis
Grade 11*

10:58 pm

On Saturday, 3/15/19,
I lie there on the couch
Watching *Jeopardy* with my family,
They guess the answers
To all arbitrary questions asked
At 10:58 pm.

Me, wrapped in the woven purple quilt
And my blue penguin blanket,
I look around at my family.
My parents not paying attention to me,
And my siblings still trying to finish
Their 3 hour old food
At 10:58 pm.

I look down at my phone one last time
After checking if I saw it right twice already.
I saw it clearly.
She had just asked me out.
My best friend just asked me out
At 10:58 pm.

-Aubrey Snyder , Gr. 11



*-Kaylee
Peacock
Gr. 12*



-Katrina Steffen

Bees

*I lie awake in bed
Hearing the buzzing
Of a bees nest above the bedroom
Window outside. Yet I can feel it inside.*

*Recollecting how important bees
Are for trees and what they'll do for the up-
coming.*

*My future in the hands of a bee. The bee's fu-
ture in the hands of me.
The future.*

-Lacie McMurray

Grade 11

I am like Mars

*I am like Mars
Devoid of life
What once was
But never again.*

*I am like Mars
An atmosphere of emotions
But stripped away
By the solar winds of time.*

*I am like Mars
We had water that breathed well-being
But that was stolen away too
What's left is miniscule, appearing sparingly.*

*I am like Mars
Floating through space alone
Carried not by free will
But by inertia.*

*I am like Mars
We once could of held life
Visible on our surface
But long forgotten.*

**-Joshua Klopp,
Grade 11**

I Am A Hockey Stick

I am a hockey stick
I am durable, until I break
I help people as much as
I can, giving more than I take.

I am a hockey stick
I accomplish substantial
things, stress is what
This brings.

I am a hockey stick
I can only take so
Much pressure,
I can only take so much
Stress till we break
Together.

I am a hockey stick
If you push me to my
Limit I will snap, trying
To close that score gap.

-Makayla Pielecha
Gr. 11

Home Plate

*I stand beside home plate
Awaiting the peerless pitch
I master my stance
Breath flows in and out*

*The catcher at my heel,
Anticipates the pitch
The ball, big, a brilliant yellow
Waits patiently for my bat*

*Here I stand, at home plate,
Awaiting the peerless pitch.*

*-Ravyn Isaacs
Grade 11*

**-Katrina
Steffen
Gr. 11**



To Commence

*Journey forward,
A glimpse of what's to come
World of worry
Reaching for that paper
My tassel to the right.*

The clamor of the crowd.

Weighted down

Butterflies within

Reactions stir

Fingers tingle

All eyes on me.

My tassel moves.

-Danielle Paradiso

Grade 11



-Cameron Stacey

Gr. 11

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