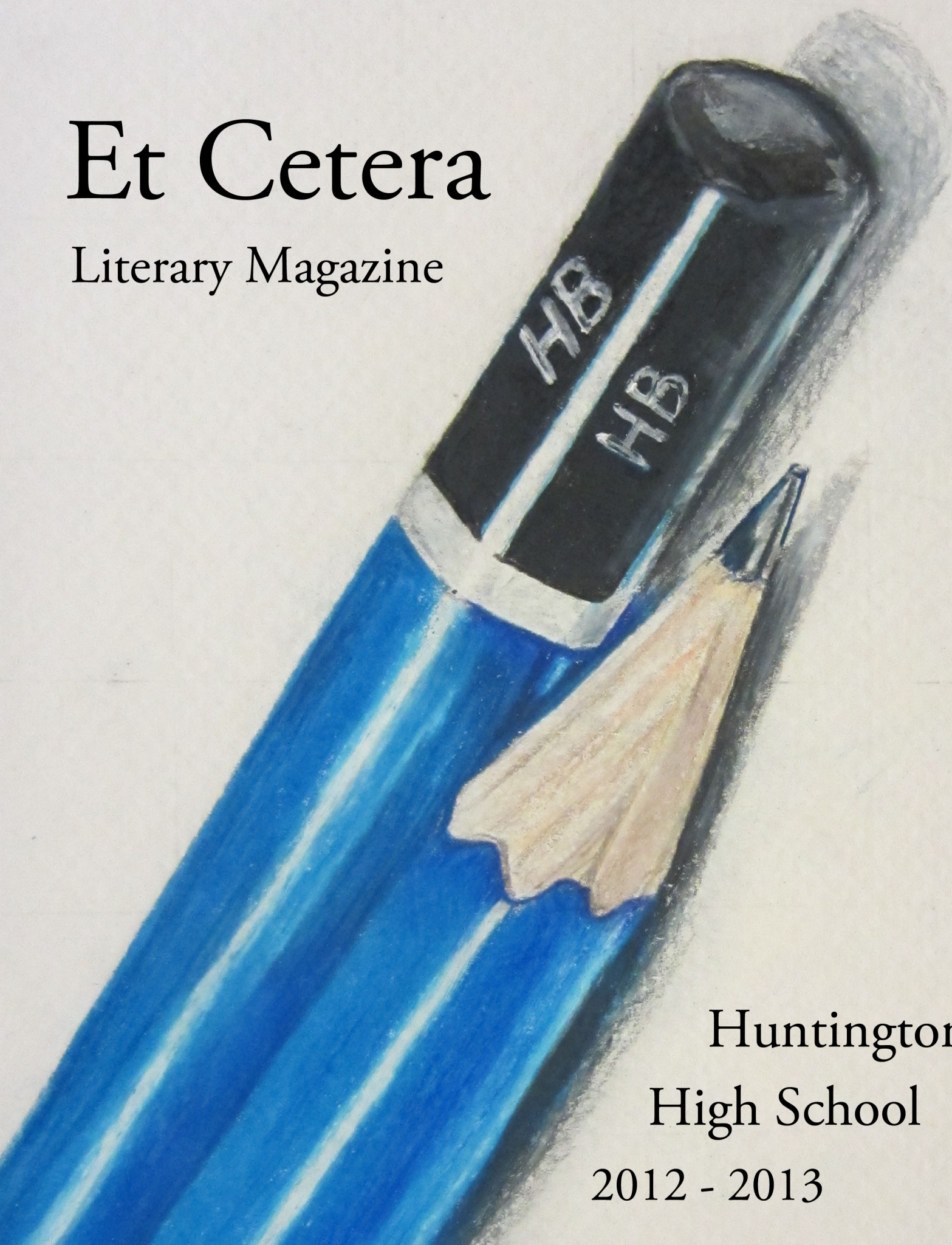


Et Cetera

Literary Magazine



Huntington
High School

2012 - 2013



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2012-2013

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Megan Hansen	Josh Toor
Caitlin Knowles	Matthew Weinschreider
Daniel Moya	Alexis Weitzner

Dear Reader,

Thank you for choosing to read *Et Cetera*, Huntington High School's student-run literary and art magazine. The *Et Cetera* club meets once a week in Ms. Molenko's room to write and edit pieces for the annual publication. However, publication in the magazine is not limited solely to members of the club; any Huntington High School student may contribute. I recommend that those who love to write submit what they have authored to this magazine in the years to come. If requested, work may be published anonymously or under a pseudonym, but I encourage anyone who writes or creates artwork to feel free to express himself or herself and to attach their name to the work without fear. Inside this issue, please be sure to read about the release of a Huntington senior's e-book. Daniel Moya has written a novella titled *Highlights and Lowlights*, available on Amazon.com. All the *Et Cetera* members congratulate him on this great accomplishment.

This year, the *Et Cetera* staff has become more involved in the school and community. First, we hosted The Hunger Games Movie Night fundraiser for those affected by Hurricane Sandy. Thank you, Huntington High School, for supporting a great cause! In addition to the student body, there were many local businesses that donated. A special thank you can be found on page 37. It is their generous donations which allowed *Et Cetera* to be so successful. Lastly, in February, club members distributed student-written Valentine's Day poems in English classes that all could enjoy.

I would like to thank all those who have written pieces or submitted artwork this year because without talented, passionate writers and artists like them, these pages would not contain their genuine insight and inspiration. Also, I thank Ms. Molenko, our club's advisor, for her dedication as well as for her patience and care she demonstrates with respect not only to our club, but to all her students.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Greta Farrell". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Greta" and last name "Farrell" clearly distinguishable.

Greta Farrell
Et Cetera Editor

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The Legend of School

Some stories stand the test of time and survive for generations. Some stories involve epic struggles between the forces of good and evil that reveal the bravery within even the most timid of people. Some stories even influence the future and affect the lives of millions. This is one of those stories.

A long time ago, the land known as Hyskool was peaceful, and all of its inhabitants lived in harmony. The humans lived happily in the north in their stone shelters, the woodland creatures settled throughout the forests in the west, the sea beasts stayed in the water bodies of the east, and the monsters of the south lived mysteriously in their mountain caves. Everything was perfect...until the day when Rhea Gents rose to power.

Rhea, a banished member of human society, went on a journey to the south to persuade the monsters to attack the humans. Inside those misty caverns lay Scantrons, creatures made of green armor that only had one small weakness, pop coo-wizzes, evil birds that could turn invisible and appear out of nowhere, and mystery meat, repulsive concoctions created and abandoned by the human chefs of old. After years of aiding these horrible monsters, they allowed her to become their leader. Rhea used her newfound power to send a massive army of evil creatures into the north to destroy the humans' city.

Learning of the danger coming towards them, the humans ran to their leader, King Ti Cher. The king and his two children, Prince Pull and Princess Summer, gathered all of the humans who could fight the monsters away and began preparing for impending battle. The blacksmiths of the north used graphite, a common mineral in the area, to build thousands of swords, nicknamed pencils, which could pierce the armor of the scantrons, so long as they thrust their blades in the correct place. They even modified the swords into arrows that the humans could fire to take down the winged coo-wizzes. Although they had nothing stronger in the area to work with, the blacksmiths also harnessed the power of the pink rubber mines nearby to create shields that could deflect the swords of the monsters and even erase the evil from their minds.

After two days of preparation, the opposing army arrived at the edge of the city. The king gave the signal and the archers fired down a rain of graphite arrows onto the army. The warriors charged forward and the battle began. Even though the warriors had trained extensively for the battle, they still were afraid, a weakness that was apparent on the battlefield. Some stood to fight the monsters, but many of them cowered in fear. In a matter of hours, the city walls had been breached and the forces of Rhea Gents charged towards the king's castle.

As the army of monsters appeared on the horizon and the king prepared to make his last stand, Princess Summer knew what she had to do. Bowing before the gods, Princess Summer prayed for the safety of her people and an end to the war. As the monsters reached the front door of the castle and all hope seemed lost for the humans, a miracle occurred. Out from the highest room of the castle, a beacon of light emerged and shot into the sky. Suddenly, the monsters began to fall, one by one, and turn to dust. Although Rhea Gents retreated to safety, she could not believe what had just happened. Out of the blue, a large force-field appeared over the city that repelled all monsters who tried to penetrate it. The king rejoiced at the magic that had occurred and went to celebrate with his children.

However, the magic that occurred came with a terrible price. Princess Summer sacrificed her own life to keep out the forces of Rhea Gents. Ti Cher, hearing word of

her daughter's death, killed himself out of grief. With no one else to rule, Prince Pull became the new king of School, explaining the gradual shift in power to Pull and all of his descendants. The legends of old say that the force field provided by Summer against Rhea Gents and her army only lasted three months. However, Summer's sacrifice was enough. By then, the humans were prepared for the invasions, and they could successfully drive off all the evils that Rhea Gents could muster. And this is how Summer's vacation came to be.

The stories of Summer, Prince Pull, and Rhea Gents have not been forgotten. The evils that they fought in the past are the same struggles that all kids face today. You are continuing the legacy of School by ridding it of Rhea Gents and her challenges. And maybe, someday, you will be part of the legend, too.

So, how will you be remembered?

- Charles Beers

Sunrise and Sunset

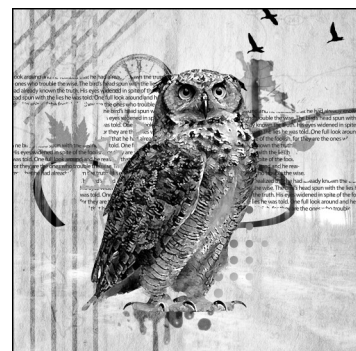
When daylight falls before all can see
 The beauty is missed and forgotten
 For some can only imagine
 Which in many ways brings peace and serenity
 But reality may be lost in time and the truth is left unseen
 When the morning sun rises a new day begins
 But one can only wonder how may it ever unfold
 For each new day a fresh start can begin
 For some it does not start a new
 It only stays the same
 And forevermore life becomes unsettling
 Each new day become like the last
 Those who can stand up to reality and make a change will see the sunrise and set
 Being fulfilled and enlightened with each new day beginning to unfold
 But those who still sit in the passenger seat of their own lives will waste their days
 Missing the wonders of the sunrise and the sunset.

- Lena Scarpulla

Spring

The rebirth of nature
 The wind blows past your face
 The beautiful flowers begin to grow
 The sun shines bright upon your skin
 The animals come out to play
 The trees begin to grow leaves
 The grass begins to go green
 Everyone's happy because spring has come around

- Lilibeth Quintanilla



- Greta Farrell

Firefly

Why should one contain a firefly?
'Tis no way to spread it's light.

For our own wants and needs,
We capture the beauty, the blaze.

Why should one contain a firefly?
For surely it will pass, its light will fade.

But

Our desire is blinding,
His light, inspiring.

We shall quell him, seize it,
Until he is no more, trapped.

Under our own domain,
where light is muffled, constrained.

Why should one contain a firefly?
For her light will do no good,

Under the use of one who
is too long lost in darkness of their own

At the first glimpse of a ray,
of a beauty pure and true,

The world wished to possess it for its own
and the firefly's light shall die, grace and innocence lost.

To those in the darkness,
who though it wise, best,

To contain the firefly,
and all her light.

- Rachel Carpenter



- Alexis Weitzner



- Josh Toor

October 23, 1692

The 10th of October changed my life forever. It was the day that started the end of my life. In 1692, Salem, my conviction of witchcraft is a death sentence. It's pretty much everyone in the village as well. The animals I hear are roaming around; bewildered, they wonder where their masters are. Everyone in this jail has already died if you ask me. Nobody says anything. Their souls have been yanked from their cold flesh and bones. We just sit in the darkness, helpless. All the hope of survival has been sucked out of our hearts. The food they give us is pitiful. "Anyone who does work for the devil doesn't deserve a full meal," thinks the judges.

It's truly amazing how the ignorance of a town can overthrow the good and peaceful nature of it. A young girl claims she saw random people performing demonic activities, and even with no proof, automatically she convinces the world that they are guilty. One wrong look or statement means you could be hanged. Our judges and Reverends are completely overwhelmed with fear of a poor reputation. They don't want people thinking that a mere child can fool Harvard graduates. But, the lives of innocent people seem to be less important to them than the way people see them.

The conditions in the cells are worse than a turbulent storm along the coast of a lonely island. It's awfully cold here in cells. I wear nothing but ripped, dirty clothes. They provide us with no socks and only small clothes for a blanket. My feet are extremely sore every day. Some days I can't even pull myself out of my cell to get food or water. My throat is extremely dry from dehydration. Some people killed themselves in their cells, one even last night; I guess he didn't want to go through the humiliation of being hanged. They carry out the dead a few times every week. However, one man lost his good will and judgment. He attacked a guard in a desperate attempt to escape when he realized that he had lost all hope for freedom. The guards wrestled him to the ground and injected a dagger into his chest repeatedly. Rumors spread that his body will hang along with the others. Even worse, some of us just die from the horrendous conditions. But worst of all, just yesterday, a 12 year old had to watch as his father and mother were hanged. Sometimes I wish they would just shoot me out of my misery and let God decide my fate.

I hear one man from the town is going from prisoner to prisoner, trying to get them to confess to witchcraft. They say that the government will set you free if you just confess. If this is true, it is hard to imagine any soul who would not confess. At this point, I'll do just about anything to get out of this hell hole. However, it is hard to imagine what it would be like to live with myself after lying to a minister, and therefore to God. If I do so, I fear the devil himself will save a spot for me in hell at the end of my days. Whatever I do, I must decide quickly; I'm due to hang in just three days. I'm sure whatever decision I make will be the right one. Hopefully, if there are demons roaming the streets of Salem, God will save us all. The only thing left to do now is pray.

May God bless us all.

- John Russo

Salem Witch Trials

Salem was always a peaceful and quiet village with hard working, and deeply religious people. Even though the village was quite ordinary to everyone else, it was special to me. It was my home, my sanctuary. I loved Salem with all my heart and I would do anything to protect the villagers. Everyone knew how passionate I was about my home and a lot of adults found it funny how a seventeen year-old orphan girl could think she could defend anyone or anything. But they did not understand a thing about me. To everyone, I was just a kind girl who lost her parents at a young age. Fortunately, the Smith family opened their home to me and I have been their faithful maid ever since. My life has been ordinary if I do not count several details, but all that changed the day rumors spread about witchery. Back then I still had little experience, but I managed to hide my most important secret.

I am a witch and this is the true story about the infamous Salem witch trials. Everything started when a young soldier, named William got sick. Symptoms of his illness were strange and no one has ever seen anything like it. His desperate mother did everything in her power to cure him, but her attempts were unsuccessful. Finally, when the villagers ran out of explanations, they assumed it was the work of a witch. Professional witch hunters from all over the world hurried to Salem. They carried enormous books that detailed how to find witches, or as they called them, the servants of Satan. Little did anyone know that the hunters were totally clueless about magic. I listened to their lectures about witches and most of the time felt like laughing out loud. Their methods were totally and absolutely useless. I knew I had nothing to fear. With their poor knowledge about witchery, no one would ever suspect me. The only problem was the poor soldier, William. He was truly ill, but everyone was too busy ranting about the devil to notice that his condition was only getting worse. I tried to help him and read all the spell books I owned, but there was nothing magical about Will's sickness. He probably got it when he traveled to Europe. Plus I was never good at healing and randomly trying spells on this boy was not a good idea. There was a chance that I would do even more harm than good; so, I decided it would be for the best to let him recover naturally.

While I was busy figuring out ways to help William, I did not notice that the witch hunts got completely out of control. Innocent people were brutally murdered for foolish reasons like looking at someone the wrong way or forgetting one of the commandments. I had to do something to stop it. But what? I could not confess I was a witch; I would only endanger my own kind, yet I could not allow the hunters to kill more innocent people. The only solution was using magic, so I had to find the right spell to stop this insanity. I looked through my spell book for weeks and finally decided to put the judge, who was in charge of trials, in trance. I only had to make sure he did not have access to the plant called vervain. Vervain is the only plant protecting humans from the trance. That night I snuck out of the house quietly, making sure not to wake my masters in process. I entered the judge's house without dilemmas. He actually thought that hanging crosses around his home would protect him from witches. I approached him slowly and knelt down in front of his chair. "Daniela what are you doing here at this time?" he asked, but I was not going to give him answers. I took his hands in mine, looked deep into his eyes and started saying: "you will do everything in your power to stop the witch hunts and release the innocent people that are sentenced to death." The judge repeated what I said; I smiled in satisfaction. I thought I had solved all the problems. How young and naïve I was back then, if only I

knew what was about to happen next.

The next morning when I got up and went to the village, I was welcomed by the most horrifying sight. Angry villagers had burned the judge for trying to stop the trials. The guilt consumed me. Instead of helping, I worsened the situation and caused another death. But the guilt was overshadowed by anger. What was wrong with everyone? How could they murder their own friends and neighbors without remorse? I screamed out of frustration and the villagers stared at me. They looked terrified and soon I realized it was because of the fire bursting out of my body. As I observed their faces, I felt nothing but intense hatred. These people did not deserve to live. They were the true monsters. Then I did something I still regret after so many centuries. I cast an awful spell over the village. I put a curse on their souls and watched how they cried from pain. At the moment I did not care. I thought they deserved it. Their cries of pain seemed like music to my ears. Finally, when the screaming stopped, they were all on the ground, dead. But even in death they looked pained, and that was when I realized what I had done. I called them the monsters, but I became the worst of them all.

Now if you go to Salem on a full moon, you will hear the bloodcurdling screams of the villagers. And you will understand the pain I caused them. I used to go there every month to recall the memories of happy times and also the memory of how I destroyed the Salem, my home that I once loved. But I stopped my tradition a century ago. At last I was ready to move on, because after so many centuries, it was finally time to let go.

- Ketí Tsotskolauri

Turn your back

On the inside is someone you'll never see,
The outside,
someone she tries to be.
Along with aches and pain,
Is just more loss and no gain.
Days pass
And the Nights,
Long hours of pointless fights.
Long hours of tears and cries
She wishes there was a way to say goodbye.
Just to leave
Not to run from her problems
But to turn her back on them.
Act as if they never happened.
She'll continue to walk, not utter a word.
Into the darkness where problems don't occur.

- GHG



- Julianna Barca

If

If they cast you down with names,
If they think they're all above you,
If you start to fall out of place,
Then remember, the skin grows tougher after each and every cut

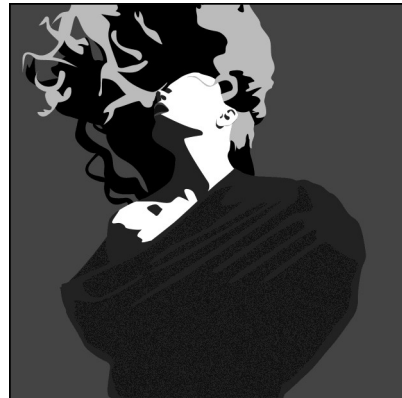
If you never stop crumbling,
If the torment won't cease,
If the adults never listen and seriously help,
Then ignore their words and remarks, stand up tall, and show you're strong.

- Leah Thomas

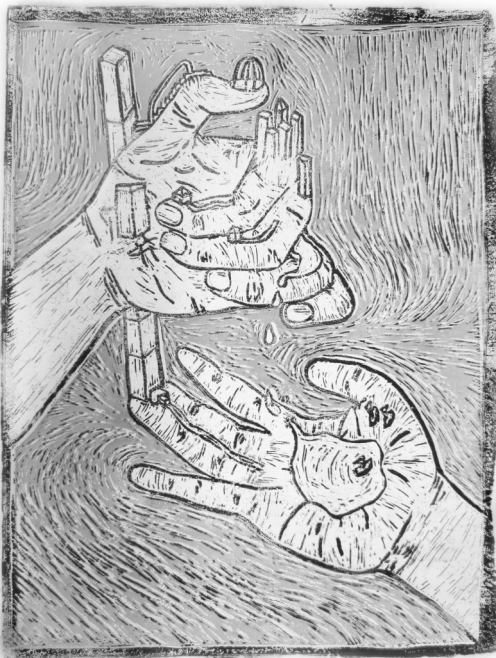
A Bird's-eye View

The bird's head spun with the lies he was told;
One full look around and he realized
That he had already known the truth.
His eyes widened in spite of the foolish,
For they are the ones who trouble the wise.

- Greta Farrell



- Angelica Tome Radigan



- Xiomara Scarpati

Murderous

Down by the river
Where darkness lives,
Serenity cannot enter
Therefore they win.
All souls of moral hope
Are taken and gone,
Thus goodness is now immorality.

In the case of senseless time,
All lives are drawn and gained;
Possessions are seen, never claimed
And identity never heard the same.
Watching evil spread throughout,
Nothing can be treasured most
Down by the river.

- Asar Nadi

Vivid Imagery

You are in a strange, oddly comforting place

Feel...

The ground beneath is hard and uneven
A slight incline suggests a hill
Between your fingers you hold grass,
still wet with morning dew
The air is warm and humid and
a cool breeze stirs the air

Hear...

To the left is the water rushing in a stream,
trickling downhill over rocks and soil
Above the breeze rustles some branches against each other
On the ground small animals scamper around,
searching for food or shelter
Throughout, a chorus of crickets chirp in the background
Occasionally an animal adds it's noise to the group

See...

A forest surrounds you
Colossal trees are scattered
The trees are bare except for the top
where the branches and leaves create a roof
Shadows cast by the behemoth trees reaching across the ground
are pierced by rays of moonlight
Through breaks in the canopy a masterpiece can be seen
The moon shines pale and full in the crystal clear sky
Innumerable stars twinkle like gems behind the full moon
Like millions of tiny ships dotting a dark sea

This is where you are



- Ben Hebert

- Josh Toor

Unknown

Although it seems that I'm in your life,
I'm not.
Even if you try to believe I'm there,
I'm not.
You think I'm existing but,
I'm not.
Don't try to think I'm dead because,
I'm not.
We were both dying at one point but now,
I'm not.
We lay in our beds for months but now,
I'm not.
I'm the one who survived, and
You're not.

- Asar Nadi

10 reasons why.....

We talk
We scream
We argue
And we fight
Then
We smile
We giggle
We laugh
We hug
And we kiss
10 reasons why we
LOVE

- Yardalie Daniels

Overcome

Strength, as Fear idles,
alone interred
in the Depths of Souls,
collects its heavy Toll.
The Two must
continue to coexist
within their Host, oblivious
to their shared nature.
Strength, be forewarned,
is callous without Fear
whose Breath thickens
By loss of Others'.

Human, not Stranger
to No, yet, cannot voice't
without due Battle.
A Word, but whispered,
perceived a Shout.
Strength willing, it gets out.

- Greta Farrell



- Kyle O'Bryan

An Ode to Toast

It was 7:29 A.M and Geoff woke up. "Awe man, I'm late." Geoff immediately got up and began getting ready for school, showering, getting dressed and the like. He then went to the kitchen and said, "I want a sandwich." So he put bread into the toaster and pushed the "Perfect" button wanting perfectly toasted toast. Looking at his toaster, quite tired, he blinked slowly three times. After the third, he opened his eyes and he found himself in the theater where President Lincoln was shot. Everybody was dancing, even the audience was participating! The sight in front of him had him bewildered. Then he saw it. A perfectly toasted piece of toast. The piece of toast was controlling the minds and bodies of the dancing people, he was in awe. What greater thing is there? I mean, it was controlling a couple hundred people, but hey, what else is there for toast to do? The dancers appeared unhappy, I had to help them. So, I pulled a stick of butter from Lincoln's pocket and smeared it all over the perfect toast and ate it. It was a good piece of toast.

- Jason Stickell

OK

OK, I'm over it.
My heart doesn't skip like it used to.
My mind is firm in believing I'm better since you've gone.
I'm not regretting like I used to.
I know the past can't be changed.
It made me stronger.
Even though "good-bye" wasn't what I hoped for (at all), I've accepted it.
I still talk about it.
Just not as much as I used to.
I'll never forget it.
I'll never forget you.
Even if I'm already out of sight,
And out of mind.
I'm alright now.
Never better.
Even if you're gone.

- Mary Pulizzotto

The Girl

I walked into school, as usual, and went over to my locker. I have to walk upstairs into the social studies hallway, and go near the bathroom because that's where my locker sits. I didn't have to go to my locker, so I decided to go to first period. I have Physical Education, or Gym, first and one of my friends is in the class too. As I walked down the stairs, and crossed over the main hallway, I stopped at a glass that sat in front of the auditorium. I walked over to it and just stared at the girl in the picture.

I'd seen her once before, but I don't remember where. I think she used to live on my block. I don't remember anything about her. I don't think I ever saw her with anyone. I'm pretty sure she lived on my block, but she was a quiet girl. It's killing me where I'd seen her before, I know I have, but I just can't remember where or when.

I kept staring at the photo of a girl that was hung in the school trophy case. She seemed about fifteen or sixteen. She has blonde curly hair that shaped her face perfectly. A pink sparkly bow sat on her head, which made her seem innocent. Her blue-green eyes shined like a clear ocean. Her nose and her smile were perfect. Her teeth were beautifully straightened and were white like pearls. She looked innocent, and I don't know. I know I've seen her before, but I don't remember where.

As I kept staring I noticed my friends walking over. I looked over to give a quick wave before I left to first, and I noticed something strange. My friend, who I have first period with, was crying insanely. Last time I saw her cry was when her father died two years back. "You should probably take her to the bathroom and have her cleaned up," I said. I don't think they heard me clearly because they didn't comment back. I said it one more time and realized that my voice barely broke a whisper.

I looked over back at the picture to realize only one thing. She was her friend. Her dear friend who lived on her block, and they both did everything together. As I turned back to give her a hug, they were gone. I guess they finally realized what I had told them to do. I left the glass case and decided to go comfort my friend in the bathroom. As I walked on over to the bathroom, and entered it, I looked into the mirror. I looked at my face and walked out. I went over back to the trophy case and realized where I have seen the girl before.

The girl was me.

- Asar Nadi

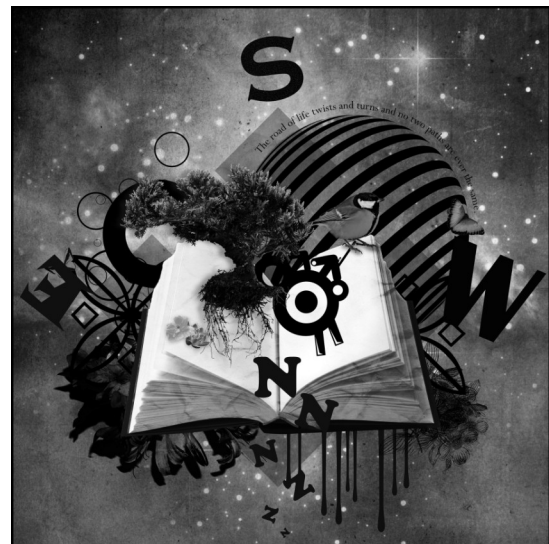
A Radical Romance

Two digits together under a radical –
Why can't poetry be mathematical?
Three searched the number line
To find his love, a different sign.

Negative four, positive three...
It seemed that it was meant to be,
But settling differences proved a pain.
Either plus or minus seven remained.

Although their love had multiplied,
They struggled to put issues aside.
Finding their root, the numbers were wary
That their love had been imaginary.

- Greta Farrell



- Charles Beers

Excerpt from an Angsty Teen Diary

A maze shrunk in length
And size remembering the first time
Wandering in these inspiring halls
Or Discordia's home. Simple rhyme
Become torch songs
And ballads
For prom/love nightmares
And dreams
Crushed in an instant by SAT
Scores in football games and musicals
Who is hunted by one's prey
For the day
That our then-later will say

Our little school is memory
A Wonderland,
Or Purgatory?

- Bobby Marcus



- Angela Cerini



- Alexis Weitzner

Change for the Better

Open your eyes and look at the future
Look far ahead and see your life in front of
you
But then you think, "What's going on
now?"
"What's going on with everyone?"
"What's going on with you?"
"What's going on with him?"
Your day goes by without anything
Your day goes by without anyone, no one
Look at your day and see what you can,
what you can change
Just going on, just going on day by day
Make a change today
Today, Tomorrow and Friday
Forever More

- Lena Scarpulla

The Feelings

She locks them up in a closet in the wood,
Surrounds them with thicket and thorns.
There is a place where the dark things can be stored.

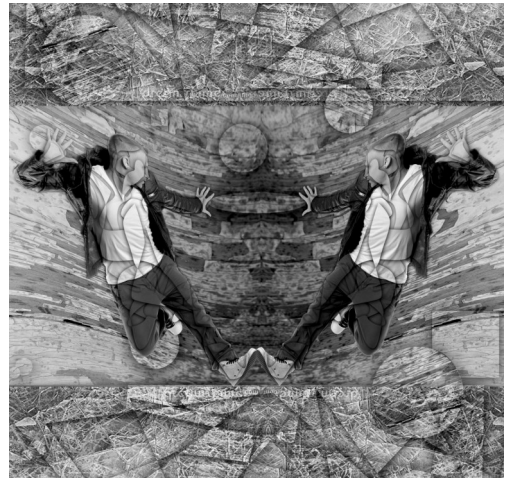
They cannot escape, they are locked in.
But sometimes,
As she turns her back,
They sneak through the cracks,
Gliding through the forest through thick and thin.

They float through the air mockingly. Until they strike her with indigence and fear
She realizes,
No.
They can no longer be here.

She chases them away,
All night and all day.

Back to the closet where they belong.
Locked up and out of sight,
Free from fear and her mind.

- GHG



- Bobby Scott

Deep Down

Deep down, I know I'm nice because Christ entered my life.
I wanna go down the road where life is easier than getting a wife.
I had to quit to start. Losing family was hard,
but only school can get you far, put you in a new car.

But my teachers, I've loved you from the start.
I used my heart, express it through my art,
So in English I choose to be smart.
Other kids act like tarts.
If you don't stay in school,
Bro, you'll be pushing a shopping cart.

- Shangel Bradshaw

Mirror Image

Paint me the picture of perfection.
Abstraction, then, must be an art
Because in it, he saw himself.
So caught up in his own looks
That he would never notice me.

The person I thought I knew
Was really just a shade
Of a kaleidoscopic personality.
So focused on one refraction
That I failed to see his true colors.

- Greta Farrell



- Angelica Tome Radigan

SJB

Love has broken my heart too many times
Seeking safety in others is the key to making you blind,
Yet I don't regret it until it is done.
After it is too late; I realize I have not won.
Why must this glass door open just to be slammed shut?

I will do anything for you,
Even pick up the pieces and put them back together with glue,
For this is not your birthday or some fantasy.
I ask you to take my your hand just you and me
But why must this glass door open just to be slammed shut?

Why are we all in rush?
Just lay your head down and hush
'Cause I imprinted this to be yours,
But why do you reject this and make sorrows sore
Why must this glass door open just to be slammed shut?

- Sondy Jean-Baptist

Memories of the House on Lloyd Neck

First past the horses, and then past the beach,
Along the narrow strip of land between the marsh and the sea,
I look out the car window at the ospreys' nests,
And I think to myself, "This time of the week is always the best."

Now the road is completely bordered by trees.
The hills go up and down as my little brother and I scream, "Whee!"
Not only does the free-fall give my stomach the butterflies,
But anticipation, too, for at Grammy's house there's always a surprise.

Finally reaching the house, we take a right turn
Down the long gravel driveway edged with ferns.
I grab my things, head inside and run up the stone stairs,
So impatient to see my Grammy who waits for me there.

I have so many memories of the house out on Lloyd Neck
From nature walks to the fish pond to just chilling out on the deck,
To driving out to Target Rock because for a walk it's kind of far,
And at age six, working the stick-shift in the junky old blue car!

Papa taught me to oil paint, Grammy taught me about plants,
And sometimes we'd put on conga music and just start to dance.
Grammy and I stayed up late at night; we'd talk and laugh and joke,
Making up silly stories as the bullfrog in the woods would croak.

These memories bring a rush of emotions that words cannot describe.
That house was so close to my heart, such a big part of my life.
I haven't been there for many years now since they had to move away,
But I hold my tears and just think to myself, "I'll go back out there again someday."

- Megan Hansen

Asami

A dark brown jungle of curls with the faint scent of cinnamon is the first thing that comes to my mind when thinking about school. The face of this girl, although very illuminating, is unnoticed by others. The girl who knows everything, yet has nothing. No friends, no reasons, no purpose. Just a simple, bright ornament all by its lonesome and hidden by others. The girl whose only friends are the books she reads. A girl with no time to waste, yet almost never comes to school...

- Jack Kitzen

Capturing Time

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Ticking of hands on the clock
Round and round they'll always go
Guiding life to tomorrow

Ascending, rising to the top
Then dropping down - They'll never stop
Sixty seconds cycle through
The whole routine begins anew

Minutes, hours, days, and weeks
Passy by while the old clock speaks
Months and years and calendars full
Conceivable measures of the intangible

The reassuring ticks and tocks
Attempt to keep time in a box
But time will never be contained
Until eternity is gained

Time is constant, always there
And yet it tends to disappear
Those who need are farthest away
From transcending confines of the day

Time can't be found anywhere
But surrounds us like perpetual air
The ticking hands try to find a measure
For the ever-present time we treasure

We need ticks for security
We can't understand what we cannot see
There is a sense of safety in knowing
Exactly when the hands are going

Despite our efforts to make it not vary
Measurements of time are arbitrary
Throughout eternity, which time mirrors
Years can be moments; moments are years

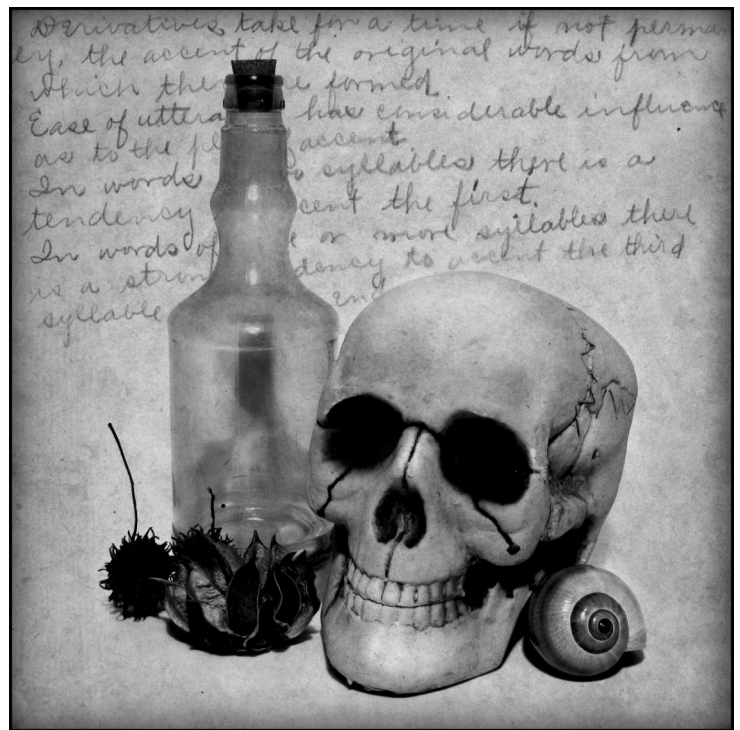
The fact that the same time seems short to some,
Long to others, some medium
Reflects the immeasurable nature of time
Reversals of length are expected, not crimes

The nature of forever cannot be matched
The elusive time is difficult to catch
However, sometimes this rule can be raptured
Only for a moment, time can be captured

Not in ticking hands or shiny clock faces
But rather, in the most unexpected places
A flash of lightning, a rain drop falling
Wind blowing through trees, a small bird calling

Simple gestures in everyday living
Wonders that nature is constantly giving
Elusive eternity is time's duty
But time can be captured by timeless beauty

- Caitlin Knowles



- Josh Toor

In Memory

Wind from all directions
No matter which way you turn
There's a barrier of air pushing you back.
Resistance is so strong,
That the harder you try to run
The less you move.

This is grief.

A feeling you can't stop,
The fight you can't win.
There's no way to evade,
No way to block the gust.
You can only keep pushing forward
Or get swept away
By the cyclone.

- Molly Prep

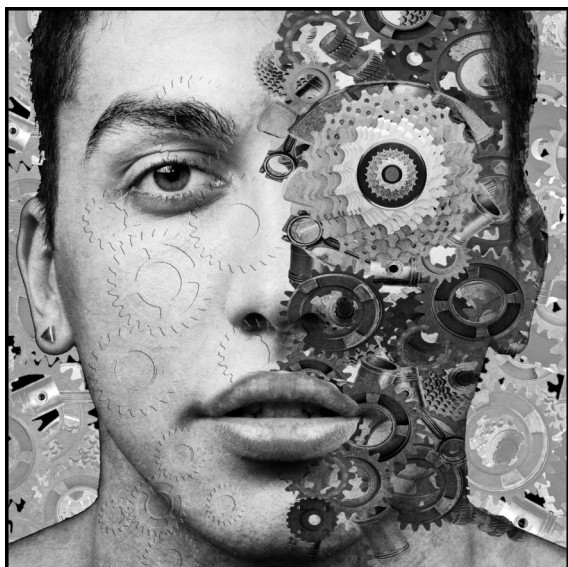


- Greta Farrell

Remember

your eyes are blue
blue, the clouded grey sky
your mouth is pink
pink, a petal-less rose with thorns
your words are blank
blank, I can't hear your voice speak to me
you're slowly fading into an abyss
your hands are pale
pale, the silhouette of the moon
remember you made promises
promises, possibilities of the stars
remember they broke
broke
break
broken
breaking
remember

- A'Kira Collins



- Kyle O'Bryan

The Witch of Sweet Hollow Road

There is a legend about a road in my hometown of Huntington; this is a road that most people fear to travel at night because a witch is known to reside there. People who dare to drive down this road, past the witching hour, have reported to have seen a woman in a white dress walking alone. Now legend told that back during the founding of the town there was a woman named Mary Worth. To the villagers, she was known as Bloody Mary. This woman was convicted of witchcraft on multiple occasions; therefore, when the heads of animals started getting chopped off, and each of them was drained of blood, they automatically knew who did it.

Late one October night, the villagers surrounded her house and burned it to the ground. They could barely hear her screams of pain over the roar of the fire. But before she died, she put a curse on this town, "For what you have done to me, your crime will be avenged in this life and twice as bad in the next. This town shall be cursed forever." As time came to pass her words proved true. Anyone who saw a woman in white on Sweet Hollow Road died.

Over the years there were a lot of kids who knew about this curse, but when they went up there to investigate they were all killed. Each death was the same; they were decapitated and drained of blood. However, when the police got to each body, they could never find its head. Those heads were taken and never found.

My friends and I didn't believe in that stuff, even though everybody else did. I thought that these events were just accidents, so I wanted to prove that this was a lie. I made a plan to discover the truth. I told my friends that we would visit the road and the graveyard at night so we could prove that this woman Bloody Mary was a fake. We would tell our parents we were sleeping over at each others' houses, but instead of sleeping over, we would just walk to the road.

We left at eleven thirty and got there at twelve. Perfect timing. But the only thing about this road is that it's so dark you can't even see your hand in front of your face. Plus, the road was really skinny and narrow; cars that wanted to go by couldn't go without one of them pulling over.

It was October 31, midnight, and we were ready to go into the graveyard. My friend, Fred Visser, brought his parents' video camera. This camera had a very bright light, so we used it to see. We started walking towards the abyss, not knowing what would await us. At that moment a black cat jumped out at us, and we all got scared half to death, but felt relieved that it was only a cat. Just then Fred looked over the footage; he told us, "Look at this!" There was a white glow around the cat. We all agreed it was just the camera creating that effect, so we kept on walking. We finally got to the cemetery.

We noticed there was a breach in the fence, so we walked through it, and got through the gap. We automatically started looking for the gravestone, but found nothing. Then my friend, Nick, saw something on the ground and followed it. He called us over, "Hey guys! Look at this!" There was a gravestone with an arrow on top, it was drawn with blood, and pointing left. We followed it. One after another, we kept on seeing these arrows. We finally got to the last gravestone, and on it was engraved "In loving memory, Mary Worth." Nick noticed something on the back of the stone, and it was written in blood, "Bloody Mary was here." We looked at each other. Underneath it read, "Bloody Mary is always here." There was a loud scream like a banshee. The sound was close, so we panicked and all ran in different directions. While I was running, I heard another scream. It wasn't like the last one; this one sounded familiar. I noticed it was my friend screaming "Help me for God's sake! Help

me!” His screams of pain made me want to turn back, but I didn’t. I kept on running, until I heard no noise. Finally I stopped.

It was silent. No more screams. I finally thought it was over.

In the moment I stopped, I started thinking “I just let my friends die. I could have done something to stop it, but I didn’t.” I felt a cold breeze, it brushed by me. I turned around and saw her, the woman in white. I looked at her, and I saw that in her arms she carried my friends’ severed heads. I fell to my knees.

She walked up to me and while she whispered in my ear, I could only think of what I did to my friends, and myself.

“This is entirely your fault.”

One blow. Crack. She snapped my neck like a twig.

My life is over but the curse still lives on. Who will be next to venture down this road? Maybe it will be YOU.

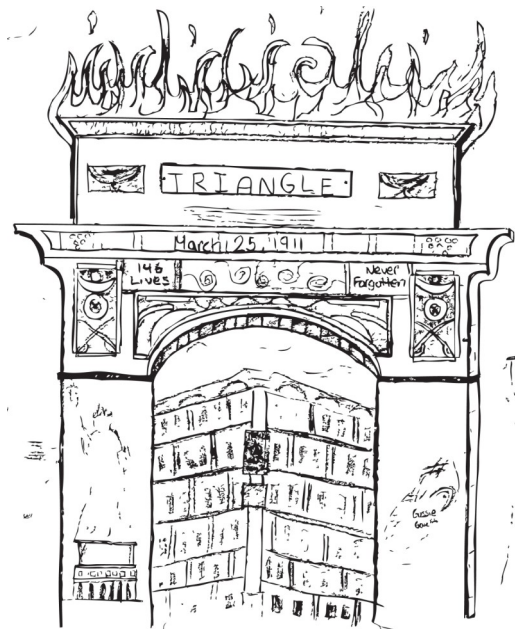
Author’s Note: The road in this story is a real road; I am a witness. I do not recommend going through this road unless you want a thrill or a cold chill running up your spine. Go on the Northern Parkway past Gwynne Road, and you’re at Sweet Hollow, but remember you have been warned.

- Joe Sallitto

Monster - Free Write

Monster energy has got to be rated in the top five essentials for students. Definitely top three for procrastinators like myself. Red-bull sucks, except they have chill commercials. I’m going to suck at writing and legibility along with grammar because I’m exhausted. I had an editorial to write along with 30 MLA note-cards and realized last night that they were due today at 12:30. I drank two Monsters and went hard. I got it all done in two and a half hours, which actually felt like 30 minutes. I am so sleep deprived. The fact that I have another three hours and 25 minutes just adds on to my day. But after that am I done, and can I take a nap? Nope! Because I have baseball. Game? Practice? I have absolutely no idea! I LOVE SURPRISES. Peace out homedogs. Go Monster. Redbull is inferior and does not acquire my affection. Go Knicks!

- Michael Salese



- Matthew Weinschneider

Luke and Enid; or The Moth

Enid: a young woman of any size, but must have a weary look to her. Glasses maybe. Looks like she knew too much at an early age and dresses a little older than she appears. Must be able to have an okay British accent.

Luke: a young man of any size, but looks overly comfortable. He has no class but a melancholy, or hopeful, look to his disheveled clothes.

Setting:

A bench by the sea, but how the sea and bench are made must not look like they sound. The director should constantly "encourage" the set designers to be as creative as possible with the bench and the sea.

There are no real scenes. Never stop the action for any reason.

(E. and L. are sitting together on the bench. Luke is staring off into space as if he is resting whatever feeling has left for the coming day. Enid on the other hand has an excited, almost malicious, manner towards Luke as if she is a little girl about to show him an explosive flower she is all too aware of.)

E. Are you well?

L. What?

E. Are you well?

L. Yes but what about?

E. Well you're here aren't-

L. What?

E. You wouldn't be here if you weren't well.

L. (angry) What does that mean?!

E. (Coyly) Well don't get cross...

L. (annoyed) You can cut the accent.

E. (also annoyed) You mean my accent.

L. Your British accent is fake. I know-

E. So be it...(Change accent) How did you know?

L. I did, I've always knew.

E. (Skeptical) You didn't know yesterday...

(pause, beat)

L. What-

E. You heard me!

L. What's with the anger!?

E. Sorry.... (beat)

Do you remember me?

L. (Eyes hurting) Who?

E. I won't tell you, dead men (L. is unnerved) tell no-

Bright Light flashes at the audience, blinding them

L. (rubbing his eyes) How did I get he-

E. Are you well?

L. Yes, but what about?

E. Well you're here aren't you.

(L. is thinking)

L. Stop, this!

E. What-

L. We did this already!

E. What are you talking about? You mean yesterday-

L. I guess.

E. Do you remember how you died?

L. I died...

E. Me too.

(pause)

E. We weren't well to begin with...

(*E. develops an excited grin as if they both had reached the jackpot on their progress, think The Miracle Worker*)

L. How do you mean?

E. (*ecstatic*) Well my friend named Luke, you know we were born to *finally* die. See my name is Enid, and we were in love once and-

L. In love with you?

E. (*Annoyed*) If don't learn now we will have t-

Bright light flashes

L. Is not on stage and E. is all alone.

E. Luke!! Luke!!! That sucks.

L. from offstage

L. What do you mean?

E. We are over here! We made some progress, I think. It probably explain why you are falling behind.

L. (*still offstage*) Ah shut u-

E. Really I mean it! You were always behind or beside me. And when you were by me... us. You, you were always so stupid and useless. Even when we were marri-

L. (*coming from offstage*) Did you just say married?!

E. Well I was going to until you interrupted me. Rude.....

L. What is going on?

E. It might have something to do with the lights.

L. The lights? Does it have something to do with our last conversation?

E. Maybe. It was yesterday, right? It probably would stop if you stopped messing with the lights.

L. Me?

E. Probably

L. What are they?

E. Light bulbs producing light.

L. Are they from heaven? Are we dead, and they are here to torment us?

E. (*annoyed*) They... are...lights... from bulbs. I think it is because you don't want to continue the conversation.

L. Why wouldn't I want to continue the conversation? We're not waiting for Godot or something?

E. But you don't want to finish the conversation.

L. I do-

E. You don't!

L. But can you tell me why?

E. Of course I can, but it's futile to do so.

L. No, it wouldn't. (*clearly agitated, but not angry*) My- the Lights wouldn't flash if you did.

E. Sweetie... Listen to me. Have you actually ever read or seen Waiting for Godot?

L. No...

E. You should have seen it, was a great, great show. But have you seen the *(infamously trashy family)* lately?

L. No

E. Neither have I. I just wanted to start a new conversation. Zombies are odd monsters. Or are they the thing that makes the monster?

L. Can you stop sounding pretentious, we might be zombies.

E. How?

L. Are we d-

E. STOP!!!!!!

L. What's wrong?

E. Say three words and I'll explain.

L. I want to know why.

E. Just say I for me.

L. I

E. Good, now am.

L. I... am

E. You are way too complacent

L. Can we get this over with?

E. de-

L. de?

E. De? I said "ed."

L. Don't you mean Dead?

E. Yeah, I am

L. I am dead.

(lights flickers and random sounds come and go, this clearly distressing E.)

L. I'm dead!*(how do you think he will react? With rainbows and ice cream?)*

E. Flashing should occur soon, you better say it again to accept it.

L. I... am...dead....

E. Good sweetie, keep it up.

L. I'm dead and so are you.

E. *It's true.*

L. Why did we die?

E. We weren't well to begin with.

L. *(E. begins to walk out but mustn't leave the stage entirely)* I remember being in our bed. Our bed was soaked in blood and tears from the night before. When it... I was so sorry when I hit you. It wasn't your fault and it was never your fault. I was just trying to understand why you didn't.... I thought you didn't love me anymore. I was crying in our bed like I had just had a miscarriage. I guess that was the feeling... The pain was... hollowing- like those moths eating through our clothes. You were there! You were there! *You* were there. *You* did this to me....

(noticing E. was gone)

L. Enid you made *ME* do that! We were in love... You made me hurt you.... *(finally listening to his own tune, he can hear the disdain and raw emotion in his sad little ballad.)*

L. I died because I loved you too much. *(beat, relapse)* You're selfish to be so cruel to me, talking to the other guys. Well you needed to be put in your place. I am a Monster. A wife beater. I killed you because.... *(a dial tone starts lightly and gets louder)* Because Enid I loved you- *love* you. I am stuck here waiting for my

Godot. But I died to quicken the trip, shorten the wait (*hearing the irony in that statement*) Like taking a bus or a train or an airplane to meet you halfway, only for you to pass them to pass them by. But why haven't the lights FLASHED already! I'm stuck here waiting for you, but are you still waiting for me? (*By now the sound of the dial tone should be loud enough to encompass the sound of his own voice, but L. doesn't stop his ballad and at the discretion of the director will break down into a crying and screaming mess, waiting for someone to come and help his pitiful sight. This is also when the tone ends. While E. looks from afar...*)

E. I have to wait too Luke. I remember too. But don't forget that we are here together... If hell is the other people, then what me and you, nobodies but m....
Lights flash that blinds the audience and cuts to black. The two are in reverse positions, repeating the first few lines under the director's discretion until it fades to black once more. End.

- Bobby Marcus

Have you ever realized how the World starts out huge?
 Impossible to explore or dig a hole straight through.
 And as you get older, the World begins to shrink.
 You've learned too much, mystery gone in a blink.
 And pretty soon the World is so small.
 There's nothing left to see at all.

- Helena Calenzo

The Memories

All of the time spent by your side
 All of the laughs,
 The secrets told,
 The new stories and the old. Sometimes an occasional fight.
 But We cared for each other.
 We vowed to never lose our friendship.
 We said we would never break apart.
 But that is exactly what happened.
 And quite frankly, It broke my heart.
 You said you would never lie.
 You said you told me everything.
 Things you couldn't tell anyone else
 I felt as if you were the one I needed all along.
 But,
 I was wrong.
 You found your new "friends"
 The ones who hurt you when I didn't
 You easily chose them over me
 Because apparently,
 They're the "friends" that I couldn't be.



- Bobby Scott

- GHG

It's Those Moments

It's those moments where I'm standing out in the cold, hoping you'd come, but you don't.
It's those moments where I'm thinking about you and wonder if you are thinking of me.
It's those moments where I confuse myself into thinking one way or another.
It's those moments where you make me feel special.
It's those moments that I see you doing the same thing with someone else.
It's those moments where I give up, then you say something that brings me back.
It's those warmest hugs, silly jokes, and compliments that keep me liking you. And hope. But...
In these moments... I'm losing that hope. And I'm giving up.

- Mary Pulizzotto



When the time comes

- Jack Kitzen

She wants to meet him
She wants to see him
She wants to be with someone
Everyday she looks for something she could do
To find someone who can stand by her side
And tell her it's gonna be alright
Her dreams need some support to get her back on track
Her life is lonely
Without someone in her life
But with you in her life
She knows that it's going to be ok
Cause with you she'll feel safe
And that's why it will be great
Day by day she waits for you to come to her
But she can't wait no longer she needs someone with her
Today
Today is her chance to find a man
Who will stay by her through thick and thin
And never leave
But will this day ever end

- Lena Scarpulla

Letters From The Other Side

Dear Jason,

I am sincerely sorry for burning down your rental house. I was making a frozen macaroni dinner when the microwave exploded. The fire, which resulted from the explosion, consumed the house; the blaze melted your priceless family souvenir cup collection. I am also sorry for the extensive damage to your lawn. I thought lawn surfing with ice skates would be a good idea. Additionally, I would like to apologize for spilling that entire bottle of five hundred dollar cologne on your carpet. Luckily your living room got through the explosion unscathed. Moreover, the clown statue in your living room shifted a little bit it is still in mint condition. It still has its startlingly life-like features, including its creepy facial expression. However, by chance, if you don't own a clown statue you should vacate the premises immediately. Then call the police.

Sincerely,

Sam

Dear Sammy,

I cannot express how sorry I truly am for the series of unfortunate inconvenient events which have recently transpired. For one, I apologize for destroying that run down shack that you had in the forest. I didn't know that it was some sacred place in which you kept your most valuable possessions. I didn't know that most of the things in there were of some type of flammable material. Since they were flammable, that was probably not the best place to test my volcano which spews actual fire. Also, you know that precious rock collection that has been passed down through your family for countless generation? Yeah, what happened to that wasn't an accident. I was a bit frustrated since my recent scientific endeavor went awry and I decided to see what would happen if your rock fell into a pool of sulfuric acid. I didn't know that the gems which were worth millions would glue together, losing all value. In addition, I got into a tad bit of trouble with the government, something about needing to have a license or a job with the government in order to test nuclear weapons? I don't know; just remember to not open the bottom right drawer of the desk you keep in your room. Don't ask why; just avoid that drawer at all times.

Earnestly,

Jason

-Sam Weitzner and Jason Stickell

Sonny

“On behalf of the State of Alabama, I pronounce Sonny Jacobs guilty of First Degree Manslaughter and twenty-five years in the Alabama State Penitentiary.” Those were some of the last words I heard before my life changed forever. The next twenty-five years of my life would not only be filled with tremendous adversity, but fear, and anxiety too. My name is Sonny Jacobs, and this is the story of my time away, locked away.

I was an innocent brotha from Queens, New York. It was 1962. I moved to Alabama when Paps died. My motha was hooked on drugs most of her life, so she wasn’t a big part of mine. But, my sister was, she was more of a motha to me than my real one. When Moms was all drugged up, my sista would tell me “close your eyes while the evil in the world passes by”. I’m assuming this is while my motha was getting her fix, but I never knew for sure since I always listened to my sista. I have no real proof. In addition to my sister, I had one other outlet to hide from the evil as it passed by. I was the point guard on my high school bball team. I played in the streets a lot. Damn, was that ever a fun time. Throwing alley-oops to my boys, Louie Henderson and Lester White. We had this 7’0” kid from Europe called Benzamar, or something. It’s always good to reminisce about good times, ‘specially when you’ve been through what I’ve been through, seen what I’ve seen, hear what I’ve heard.

I wouldn’t have survived in prison without my memories, or this one soul who went by the name of Lester Holiday, but we called him Holly. Holly was twenty-five years old when I met him in the joint. He knew how to get things. He was the dude who could hook you up with a juicy burger instead of eating a grilled cheese off a radiator or a cold beer rather than a warm glass of dirty water. Anything you needed, Holly would hook you up, if you were on his good side. I remember the first time I met Holly. He was having a catch with two other brothas, Williams from Chicago, and Howie Sanders from Queens.

“Yo Son, I’m goin’ deep” shouted Howie.

“Don’t be a fool son, you can’t reach that brotha from here” claimed Williams.

As Holly threw a pin-point pass Holly had Howie’s back, “Bro, all-county quataback right here, how you gonna say I can’t throw?” Although I was a bit intimidated, I added in a “Nice pass man” to enter their crew. They clearly were more comfortable in the institution than I was. I’d only been around two weeks when I met Holly; he’d been locked up for seven years already.

“Thanks man” is the most I thought Holly would ever say. Yet, I followed up with “Yeah, so did you eva play?”

“Back in my junior year, high school quataback MVP, all county. My coach was fired for bein a brotha though; it was some b.s. . Some punk white man was hired in his place. I quit after that.”

“Feel ya on that bro, freshman through sophomore years I got cut for being black. That’s not what they said, but we all knew it was the truth. They got the athletic director fired. I started and won continues senior year. Coulda went to college somewhere nice.”

“But ya stuck in here with the rest of us” He replied. And that’s when it hit me. Twenty-five years. Manslaughter. It wasn’t my fault. I didn’t do it. I’m in here because of the color of my damn skin. Lost in my thoughts, I started away, but Holly started talking again. “So how’d you get yourself in here?”

“Well, I didn’t do nothing. I’m innocent”

“Pshhh, aren’t we all brotha. Hey Williams! What you in here for?” called Holly.

“I didn’t do nothin Holly” quickly replied Williams.

“Told ya.”

At this point I didn't really know what to say. It was awkward. What could I do to get out of it? So I just blurted, "I heard you can get things from the outside".

"Yea I can. What. Makes. You. Think. I'll. Help. You?"

A striking tone.

"My bad, didn't know you'd take it seriously." Sweat dripped down my back.

"Relax bro, I was just bsing you. Whatchya need?"

"Oh, sorry. Umm. I was looking for a pocket knife, maybe 4-6 inches?"

"What the hell you up to bro? Gonna shank someone two weeks in?"

I looked at him bewildered.

"I know ya story son. It's your M.O. Killed ya boss, then ya girl. Very handy. Was she gettin' round with him?"

"I swear... it wasn't me."

"So you expect me to get involved in a murder or something? Just hand you a weapon?"

"Nah man, I like art. Warden won't get me no pen or paper. I could carve some drawings into my wall." I smiled genuinely, trying to convince him.

"I'll see what I can do bro."

Prisoners received new sheets that week. Inside the pillow case was a red, five-inch pocket knife. It was inscribed with some German or Polish name; I couldn't make it out. This was the first step into molding myself into crew material. Holly gradually let me in. I ate lunch with them, even played ball on the courts. Sports are a great equalizer. I quickly fit in due to my background. We played these Italian guys often; they always talk a lot of nonsense. We always got the better of them. George Gallerari ran the point. Can't lie, that white boy could ball. Looking like Oscar Robinson in a white man's body. He was the only good player for the Italians. They others were just overweight, too much pasta. Sometimes it worked to our advantage. They'd hook us up with a great meal, meatballs and sauce. All that good stuff. They were the only white boys I liked in jail. Good group of homies. All the brothas respected them. The were incredibly competitive.

Like I said, those Italians were the only white men I tolerated. Most of them are sick, twisted. Even the guards looked upon them with distain. In particular, The O'Reilly's were a hard group of Irish boys. Let me correct myself, they were men. Holly said no one could stop that squad. Michael O'Reilly was their leader, obviously the worst of them all. He looked at Holly and me as a bunch of futile, broke brothaz. I was only nineteen when his crew started messing with me. It started small. My lunch went missing, then a football, and lastly my bible. I heard they say that "A black man's bible is no better than the Devil's." Despite all of those small incidences, like those seen in high school, they did something to me that I'll never forget. In prison you are assigned jobs to do. I was on laundry at the time. The easier jobs were given to the prisoners who displayed good behavior. Laundry is relatively easy. I hated trouble. Because, in prison trouble means you gonna get eitha shanked, raped, or killed. Somehow trouble always found me. Laundry wasn't an easy job, because it was in O'Reilly territory.

For some reason nobody wanted laundry duty. I realized the truth too late. The truth was, it was the scariest place because you were more vulnerable to the horrors of prison life. This is how it went down. March 25th, 1964. I was twenty. My second year in the joint. Alone. One guard by the door. Lurkin' round the corner was the O'Reilly's crew: Jimmy, Bradley, Pat, and of course Michael. Michael approached the guard with two packs of smokes and slapped \$20 in his hand. The guard left. After

that, it was just me and four incredibly large men who actually killed and robbed people. I was about to get jumped by criminals and the most defense I played was on the court. Amongst the obscenities I caught his drift "Hey you black bum, turn around!" demanded Michael. One by one they came closer to me. Approaching me with sick, eccentric looks in their eyes. Inside I questioned, what do they want with me? Sensing this, Bradley spoke, "We're here to just have a bit of fun, ain't we boys?"

"Ya see, we haven't been with a nice beautiful woman in a while. Sure a nice "brotha" wouldn't feel to different, right Pat?" scoffed Michael.

"Get out of here." They approached. "Get off me!" I screamed. Now, if this was a story about happy endings, I would say I fought my way out of this confrontation. But this isn't a story about happy endings. So, I can't say I got out of there without any scars or bruises. Mine healed. The sick images trapped in my mind will never escape me. I lived a nightmare at the hands of those hedonistic villains. Humiliated, I couldn't speak or eat. Holly and Williams noticed the change and attempted to pry the details out of me.

"Yo Sonny, my boy, what's good?"

"Nothing," whispered a depressed voice I didn't recognize.

"Hey man, I know that scum. Those white punks won't get away with this. We gonna hit em' for you. Soon. Ain't nobody messes with my brotha and gets away."

That's the kind of people I grew up with. Williams and Holly were my brothas and would always be. They lead the way, and pulverized each one of the O'Reilly crew. When the guards found him, some say they saw Michael bleeding from his ears. Others said he drowned face down in his remains. It was the sweet feeling of revenge that most people say doesn't exist. But it does, I felt it. Better than a succulent, home-cooked Thanksgiving meal.

My time in prison was just a blip on the radar. What matters most is how I got in, and out. It began on a cold, dark scary night, just like every terrible story ever written. It was 1962. It was a segregated area, so if we saw a group of white boys making their rounds we'd throw down. Life wasn't always tough. The drinks were flowing through the entire night my life started to matter. The festivities started at my sista's house. It was her college graduation. It was the second part of the day, the one with our friends (a lot of my sister's group). The family BBQ happened during the afternoon. Her accomplishment was the family's accomplishment. We hit up the bar. I was underage, but it was just a dive on Union Ave. It started out clear, but got icy shortly afterwards. My focus was on this sweet, smooth skinned chick named Daisy Monroe. The sound of that name gives me chills to this day. She had long, chocolate smooth stems. Her hypnotic eyes could make the toughest bro shed a pound of flesh, a grand, or a tear. Her long dark hair would glow in the moonlight. She was easy to pick out from behind, just a perfect lookin' girl. Her attitude matched her looks. The sweetest girl you could ask for. Not one of those ghetto ignorant girls. She was sweet, a girl whose Mom you'd love to meet. I walked her home, hoping to get a little lucky. Every brotha was tryin to get with her, and this was my only chance to make her mine.

A cloud appeared down the street. We tried ignoring them, but they followed us, ran after us, looking for trouble. The racial slurs I made out: "you coons" and "Come here you dirty monkeys". I was caught. "Just keep running. Don't stop running no matter what. Do you understand Daisy? Just run; I'll hold these guys off. You get outta here" I whispered to her. "They'll kill you. I can't let... Daisy! They will do much worse things to you than me. Just RUN!" She stared at me with horror, then

quickly pressed her lips up against mine, and ran.

“Well, well, well, boys. It looks like we found ourselves a scared little blacky. What’s wrong Blacky? You miss ya mommy and daddy?” slurred one of the white boys. “I’m gonna walk around the moonlight, into the shadows with you, where nobody can see us. I’ll pummel you with this rusty pipe until you cry. Good thing your girl’s not around to see it. What do you think about that Blacky?”

“Maybe I’ll shove that pipe down ya throat. Punk whiteboy. I’ve seen scarier faces than yours”

“Let’s get this coon fellas!” cried their leader. They beat me so badly that I couldn’t move. No one knew where I was; I didn’t know where I was. My sister found me the next morning and brought me home.

Barely conscious, the police barged into my home. Broken silverware. Broken furniture. I was arrested for the murder of young Daisy Monroe. “Sonny, he didn’t do nothing!” yelled my sister. She and my mother knelt on the floor in shock as the police took my bruised body to jail.

I was found guilty of a crime I didn’t commit, partly based on my skin color. White people just were ignorant to the hardships we faced during the 60s and before. Thirty-six years have passed since that horrific night. The night a beautiful young, black woman’s life was taken by a few drunken white fellas. It seems that they’re always taking everything. I eventually got out of jail, early for good behavior. However Holly never made it on the outside. He ended up institutionalized and he killed himself. I guess he couldn’t handle the real world. Can’t lie, I couldn’t either at first. I got a job. At the age of fifty I began as a lowly cashier. I asked my boss over and over again to use the bathroom. That’s the way it was in prison. Had to have permission to do anything. As for Williams, well he got out. He’s doing alright. He’s working for an ice company and “adapted” to the real world. I see him from time to time and we talk. I’ve spent most of my freedom writing, spilling my emotions onto paper. Since I don’t have anyone really to express them to, it’s the only way I survived. I think about my high school basketball team, what I could’ve become, Lester, my sister, momma, and Daisy “Beautiful” Monroe. But I don’t think of anyone as much as good old Holly. Oh, good old Holly. The only father I ever had, even if he was only a few years my senior. I loved him like he was my own blood. The stories we lived will never escape my mind. I’m telling you all the story of Sonny Jacobs. It will be my last piece of writing and I hope you’ll have learned something from it. Appreciate moments while they last. If you see an opportunity, snatch it; they never come back.

Sonny Jacobs
1944-2013

-John Russo

Daniel Moya, a senior at Huntington High School, recently wrote and self-published his novella titled *Highlights and Lowlights* on the Amazon Kindle store.

Synopsis:

"This is the story of a man named William who explores the reasons why his life arrives at the place that it does. We travel through the different stages of his existence as he recounts the highlights and lowlights that shaped him as a person and ultimately as a member of our species. In this searing, raw, and uncompromising work, we all find that William exists somewhere within us...whether we want him to or not."

There is a free Kindle app for iPad and iPhone, and it is also available to read on the computer from the Amazon product page. Here is the prologue from the novella. Please consider giving it a read and support a local student author.

Highlights and Lowlights

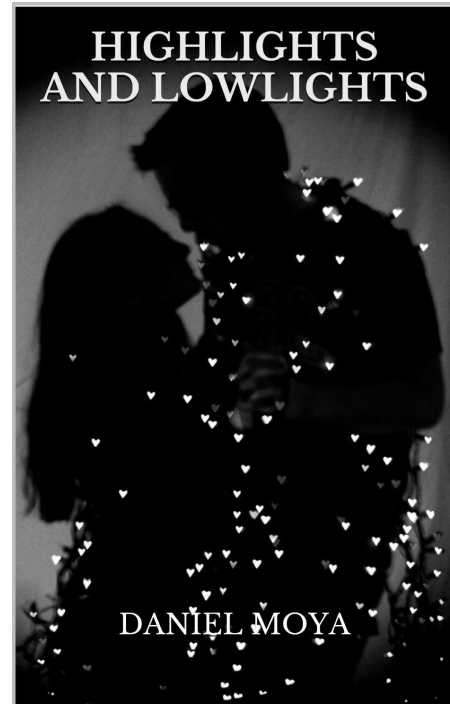
By Daniel Moya

Hello

The woman I once loved told me that I must be serrated because everything I touch bleeds, but I've only ever killed one person. A single person with eyes that dimmed under the exhalation of my passion. I've told the story of the pain I harbor to no one because no one understands. I wear a mask even when I am alone because I am afraid of what my reflection thinks of me. I quite like to imagine that in the mirror I live without the history, without the loathing, without the haunting soul that perseveres no longer. The murder has taken over my mind and no quantity of internal repentance can convince it to let go, or even to loosen its grip; instead, it tightens. It will not surrender. My mind is shared by my family, my family, who struggle to overcome the murder as chief reason for my sorrow. I cannot bear to think of either anymore, and I believe that the first step to forgiving it is to put it down on paper, and share it so that others may think of it for me. I am tired. I am so very tired. I would rather talk about the rest of me: namely my heart, and the woman I once loved who thrived on the beating. But I must also speak my mind because it is slowly inching me toward nothingness. I don't want your pity; I just need to talk. I would like it if you would listen.

Also, I know people generally like a bit of philosophy to start a thing like this off, so here goes:

A fish was swimming upstream. All of a sudden, he could no longer take it so he turned around and swam the same way as all the others. A good looking female fish, perhaps a hearty bass, bumped into our former rebel and asked: "Why did you conform like the rest of us?" The ex-rebel replied: "It isn't about conforming, I just didn't want to crash."



I Laugh

I laugh at death
it's never too soon for me.
I pity those who fear Death.
The cloaked third brother taught me to face him as a friend.
Truly I've felt him where the air is thin
far inside the triangle tombs of great kings.
I whispered to him as my eyes watered from wind
during a free fall miles up in the sky.
Respectfully I will live my life knowing Him;
I will live my life never fearing the shadows.
Only when mystic swirls of twilight
merge with a fog encompassed silence
will I pause.
It is there I will greet him with our first kiss.

But until then:
I will breeze by him on the back of a motorbike
I will wink at him in the shade of the Field 4 tunnel
I will wave as breath escapes and I am pummeled to the broken shell encrusted bank
I will chuckle from my toes to my ears slipping out of apple trees
I will stop and tie my shoe teetering next to the intersection half a moment before he passes
I will shimmy over him to catch Luck at the Blarney Stone.
In every minute
I will be infinite.

Yet eventually I will meet him,
when mystic swirls of twilight
merge with a fog encompassed silence,
with our kiss,
Knowing sweetly there is nothing I've missed.

- Ms. Molenko
Et Cetera Advisor

Et Cetera says THANK YOU!

The following local businesses donated to *Et Cetera's* Hunger Games Movie Night fundraiser in January that benefited the victims of Hurricane Sandy:

Bon Bon's Chocolatier

Cow Over the Moon

Dirt Cheap House Cleaning, Inc.

Epic Edge Pro Shop, South Levittown Bowling Alley

Herrell's Ice Cream

Jonathan's Ristorante

KidzHitz

The Laughing Moon

Lion in the Sun

London Optical

Ma-Belle Boutique

Osteria de Nino Italian Restaurant

Rookie's Sports Club

Samurai