

# Paragon

2003

Volume 7

Coe-Brown Northwood Academy  
907 First New Hampshire Turnpike  
Northwood, NH 03261

# THE STAFF OF PARAGON 2003

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Haley Stevens

LITERARY EDITOR

Naomi Anderson

---

ART EDITORS

Lindsay Orlowski  
and  
Jessye Wojtusik

SECRETARY

Melissa Stevens

---

STAFF

Heather Baker  
Laura Blouin  
Gabriele Chase  
Caitlin Davidson  
Isaac Foster  
Emily Gooch  
Krista Gray  
Amanda Mischke  
Melissa Swanwick  
Josh Yeaton

---

ADVISORS

Anna Hazen  
Lynn Sanborn

Thank you to our faculty readers:

Linda Cross, Rita Dana, Jennifer Squier, Jeanne Goulet,  
Ray Mason, and Kathy Palmer.

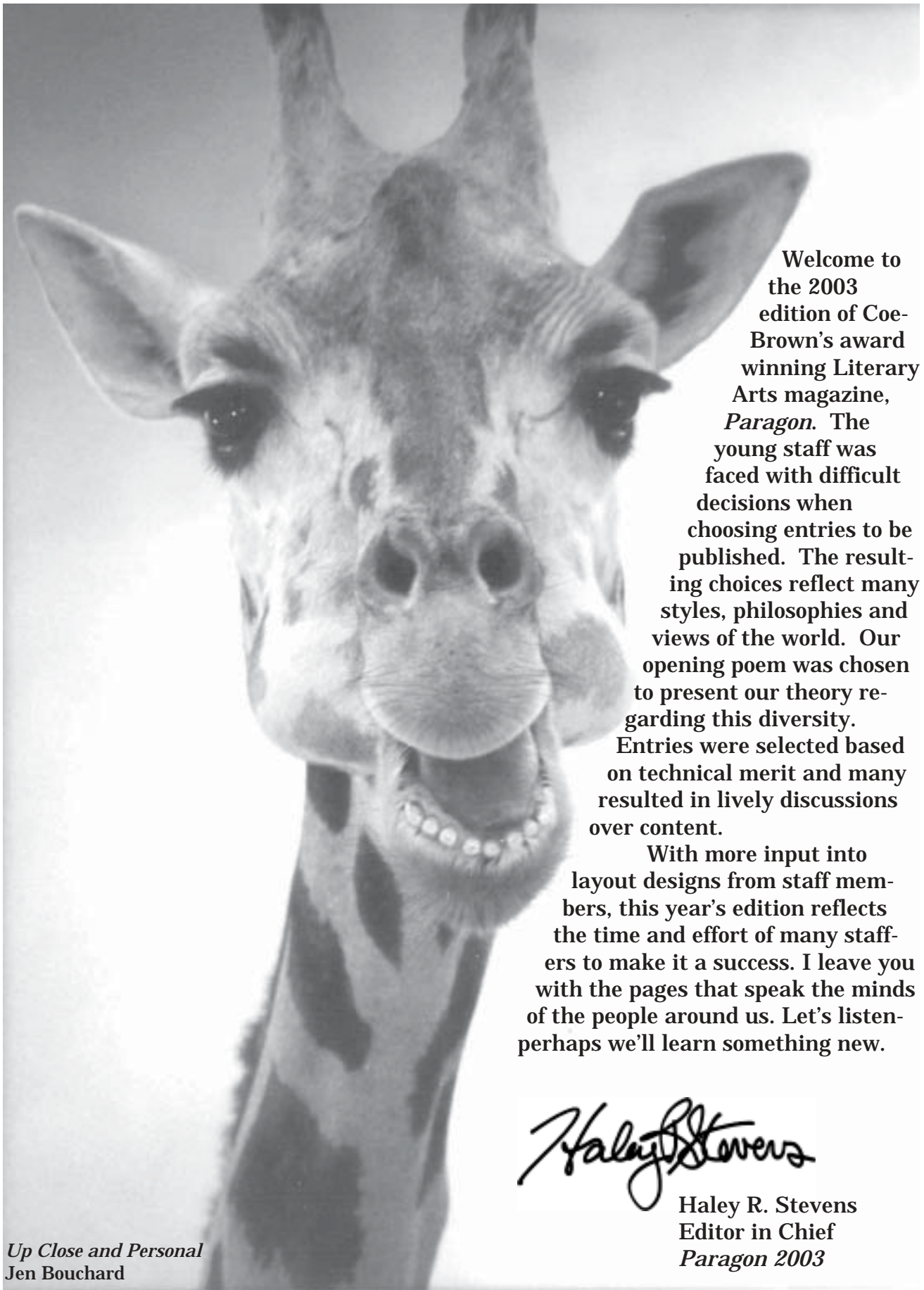
COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS AWARDS

Gold Medalist, 1997  
Silver Medalist, 1998  
Silver Medalist, 1999  
Bronze Medalist, 2000  
Gold Medalist, 2001  
Gold Medalist, 2002

---

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

Superior Rating, 1998  
Superior Rating, 1999  
Superior Rating, 2000  
Excellent Rating, 2001  
Superior Rating, 2002



*Up Close and Personal*  
Jen Bouchard


Welcome to the 2003 edition of Coe-Brown's award winning Literary Arts magazine, *Paragon*. The young staff was faced with difficult decisions when choosing entries to be published. The resulting choices reflect many styles, philosophies and views of the world. Our opening poem was chosen to present our theory regarding this diversity. Entries were selected based on technical merit and many resulted in lively discussions over content.

With more input into layout designs from staff members, this year's edition reflects the time and effort of many staffers to make it a success. I leave you with the pages that speak the minds of the people around us. Let's listen- perhaps we'll learn something new.

Haley R. Stevens  
Editor in Chief  
*Paragon 2003*

- 7 *To My Enemy* Jacob Smith '04  
9 *Carpe Diem* Dahlia Mayberry '04  
10 *What's For Eats?* Tiffany Allen '05  
11 *Joined at the Hip* Marcy Lombard '04  
12 *Declaration* Gabriele Chase '04  
13 *Hope* Beth Morris '04  
15 *Capturing the Arts* Haley Stevens '04  
16 *Consider This* Tiffany Allen '05  
17 *Tree* Sally Drescher '05  
18 *The Strong Ones* Jessye Wojtusik '04  
20 *For Every Yin, a Yang* Haley Stevens '04  
24 *Bugles* Alexandra Gagnon '05  
25 *Evil Friend of Doom* Marcy Lombard '04  
26 *Who We've Grown to Come* Erik Dahlgren '06  
28 *A Portrait of Unheard Citizens* Haley Stevens '04  
29 *Root Beer* Beth Morris '04  
30 *How the Mind Will Wander* Gabriele Chase '04  
31 *Pulling Petals* Jessye Wojtusik '04  
32 *Ode to Soft-Pink, Pastel-Colored Toe Shoes of Female Power* Tiffany Allen '05  
33 *The Adventurer* Jon-Philip Zamarron '05  
34 *The Box* Isaac Foster '04  
36 *A Mi Calabaza (To My Pumpkin)* Gabriele Chase '04  
37 *WORSHIP* Kayla Nelson '05  
38 *Just a Perception* Erin Brearley '04  
39 *Thin* Lindsay Orłowski '04  
40 *Native Sorrow* Kristi Letourneau '04  
41 *Indescribable* Heather Baker '05  
42 *The Waves* Isaac Foster '04  
43 *The Clock* Chey Winterton '05  
45 *Cheated: the Ballad of an Aborted Child* Daniel DeHart '04  
46 *Pup-It (ere)* Tom McDonald '04  
48 *Pulling Out the Stick* Heather Baker '05  
49 *My Homework Is (not) Done* Isaac Foster '04  
49 *The Black and White Wanderer* Kayla Sauls '04  
50 *Called Up* Kayla Nelson '05  
51 *Mist* Ruth Hayden '05

Table of

- 
- Cover *Zebracorn* Beth Fougere '03  
3 *Up Close and Personal* Jen Bouchard '03  
6 *Emerald City* Beth Fougere '03  
7 *A Day In New York* Natasha Marques '03  
8 *Northwood* Colleen Kent '04  
10 *Overachiever* Ben Kaufhold '03  
11 *Happiness* Hannah Bailey '03  
12 *Black vs. White* Ben Kaufhold '03  
14 *Georgia O'Keefe On My Mind* Haley Stevens '04  
16 *Drawing* Marcy Lombard '04  
17 *Faces of History* Abby Cumings '06  
19 *Mental Health* Alicia Roche '04  
21 *Woman* Dahlia Mayberry '04  
22 *Bridge* Brittany Nuffer '03  
23 *Into the Deep* Beth Fougere '03  
25 *Innocence at Play* Angela Limanni '03  
27 *Our Dishwasher* Lindsay Orlowski '04  
28 *Nature's Gift* Jessye Wojtusik '04  
29 *Happiness* Hannah Bailey '03  
30 *Little Brother* Stephanie Serson '03  
31 *Wilting Memories* Chenoa Riel '04  
32 *Pink* Heather Baker '05  
34 *Bricks* Michael Hand '03  
36 *The Many Faces of a Jack O'Lantern* (detail) Stephanie Serson '03  
37 *Keyboarding* Michael Hand '03  
39 *Reflection* Lindsay Orlowski '04  
40 *Spring in NH* Justine Fallon '03  
41 *Lighthouse* Matt Simmons '06  
42 *Sculpture* Angela Limanni '03  
44 *What a Doll!* Michael Hand '03  
47 *Echo* Zach Reed '03  
49 *Skunk* Josh Baribeault '06  
50 *Ink Drawing* Sonny Seto '05

# Contents



*Emerald City*  
Beth Fougere

# To My Enemy

Dear Prejudice,  
I hate you  
Your lies and tricks have fooled many  
You've destroyed lives, destroyed people  
You've beaten and tortured and murdered  
Twisted thoughts, consumed minds  
You're pervasive  
Bold, yet elusive  
Sneaking like a wraith  
Following the paths of insecurity and fear straight to our hearts  
But I watch you sneaking through the darkness, hiding in the shadows of free will  
I am the hunter, you are the hunted  
And when I see you there is no escape  
For I was born to bring about your destruction  
from my eyes you cannot hide  
And my piercing arrow you cannot dodge  
I am the defender of the minority  
The knight of open minds, the Bringer of Tolerance  
Your sworn nemesis through all time  
Acceptance

*~ Jacob Smith*



*A Day in New York*

Natasha Marques



*Northwood*  
Colleen Kent

# Carpe Diem

(Words from "Roll with It," *Surfing Girl*, November 2001, page 18)

S

In order for one door to open  
Another must close

e

We push  
We wish  
We clutch  
We cry

i

But we can never go home again  
Silently dreading what is to come  
The world turns  
Each second unique  
You learn to roll with it

Z

e

This instant  
This millisecond of our lives  
We say goodbye  
Leaving the past behind  
The future is unknown. . .unproven  
We're all afraid of what we don't know

t

h

But. . .  
if you don't try  
if you don't risk,  
if you never change

e

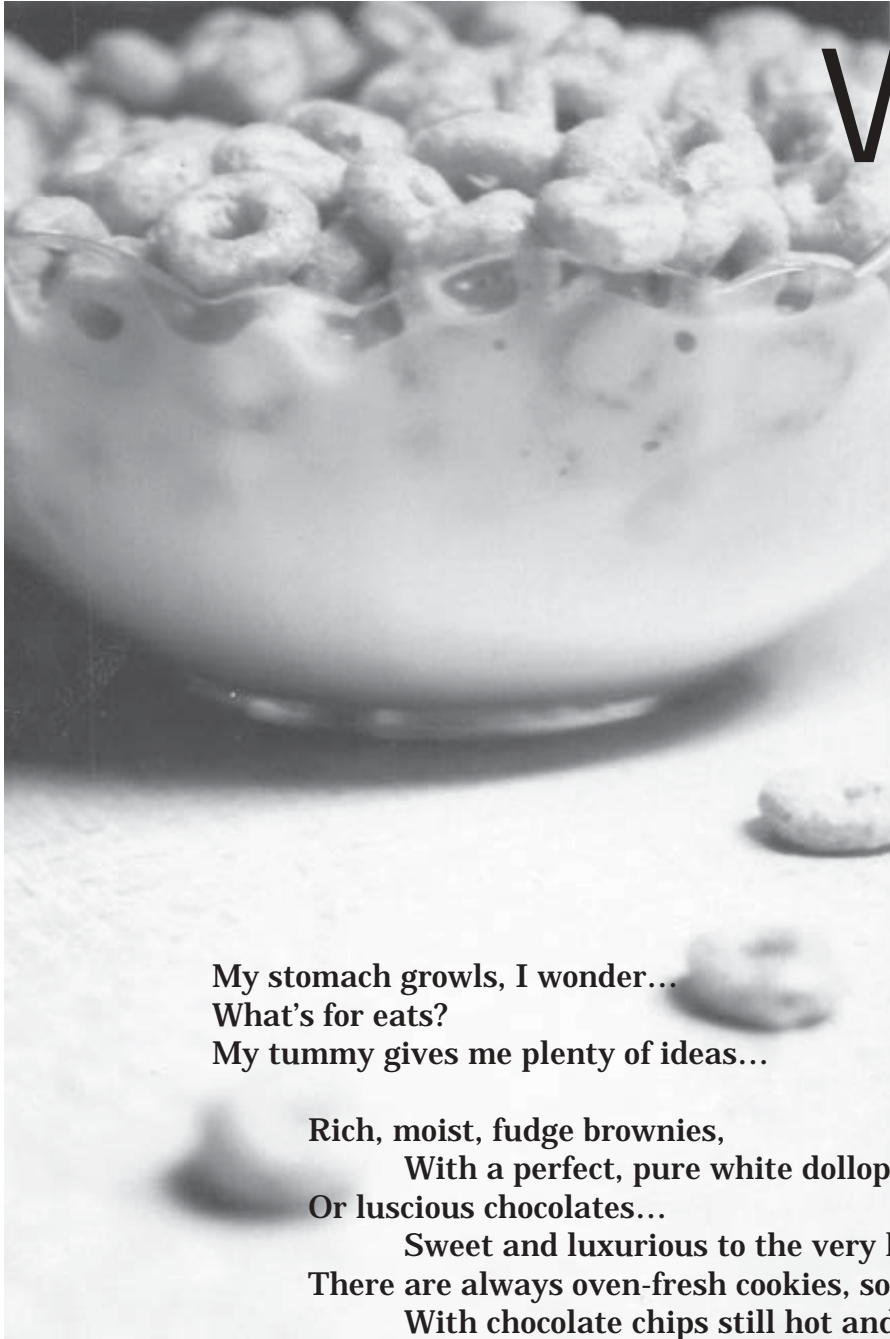
Then. . .  
you are not really living.

D

~ arranged by Dahlia Mayberry

a

y



# What's for Eats



My stomach growls, I wonder...  
What's for eats?  
My tummy gives me plenty of ideas...

Rich, moist, fudge brownies,  
With a perfect, pure white dollop of cool whip.  
Or luscious chocolates...  
Sweet and luxurious to the very last morsel.  
There are always oven-fresh cookies, soft and chewy,  
With chocolate chips still hot and gooey.  
Perhaps cool ice cream, vanilla, strawberry, or caramel,  
Any tongue-tangy flavor of the rainbow.  
Mmmm... What about Danish Butter cookies?  
Sugared and softly textured so finely?  
But cake! Oh, cake! The lovely icing, mouth-watering at first sight,  
Decorated delicately to your desires...

Milk is what I need now: a cold, refreshing glass of milk.  
But when I open the fridge, to my despair,  
There is no milk there!  
And there I die, it is something I can't possibly bear.

~ Tiffany Allen



*Happiness*

Hannah Bailey

See your smile  
Hear your laugh  
It's all okay  
It is safe to be me.  
Our eyes tear  
At our bad jokes  
Like slicing onions  
Painful, but amusing.  
Curled in blankets  
Girls  
Like the song  
Just wanna have fun.  
We sing  
We race  
Under the moon  
Play basketball at twelve.  
Back to the tent  
Music  
Word games.  
You laugh  
I continue the conversation  
In my sleep  
You tease in the morning.  
Sunshine  
Green grass  
Good friends  
Good memories...  
That's how we'll last.

*~ Marcy Lombard*

Joined

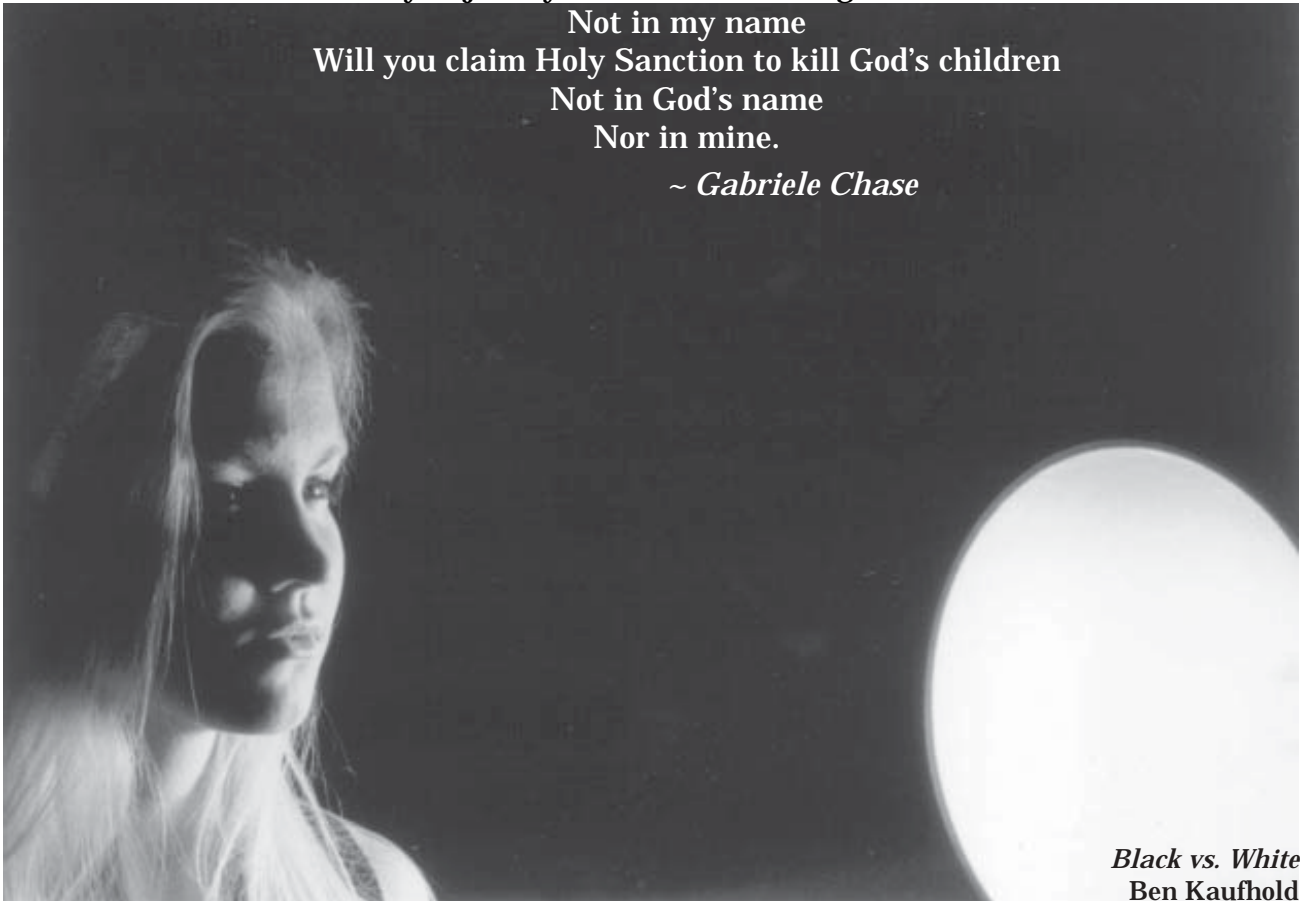
at the

Hip

# Declaration

Not in my name  
Will you wage war on children, men, and women.  
Not in my name  
Will you drain my future by creating deficits and financial aid for the rich  
Not in my name  
Will you label our country a victim  
And turn it into an aggressor.  
Not in my name  
Will you steal my children's inheritance by drilling and killing exploiting.  
Not in my name  
Will you use my money to kill.  
Not in my name  
Will you take my flag, my symbol, and soil it.  
Not in my name  
Will you justify violence with arrogance and oil.  
Not in my name  
Will you claim Holy Sanction to kill God's children  
Not in God's name  
Nor in mine.

~ *Gabriele Chase*



*Black vs. White*  
Ben Kaufhold



The walls now are bare, stripped clean of all my memories. The pencil marks painted over, and all the holes filled in with plaster. My childhood memories, disappearing with a coat of paint. My posters taken down from the wall and stuffed into a box. I cannot leave here, I know nothing else. This is all mine, my room, my house, my life. It is too much for me to leave behind. There goes the handprints my friend and I made on the wall. There goes the dresser that has secret messages written on the back. There goes the chest, in which I would store Dr. Pepper and junk food, hiding it from the greedy hands of my older siblings. It is all slowly dissolving. So painfully slow that I kind of wish I could dissolve with it. I am frozen in that empty room, scared to walk out the door; I fear the whole room will disappear. Tearful faces await outside this door. Those I have come to love, and those I may have to leave. I cannot face them yet; seeing them would shatter me, like a delicate glass falling to the floor of reality. The tears on their faces would spark tears of my own. I could not bear to see those I love hurt so. What would hurt me the most is that this hurts them as well. My father, looking like the enemy, cannot be held responsible. This was not his fault, or the fault of the bosses that sold this ticket to hell. All they are doing is running a business; I cannot hold that against them. With this in mind, I step out that door to the painful faces that await. I hope I can do this, or that there is a way out. There has to be something I can do to stay here. Whether it is last minute or not, there has to be something I can do. Maybe hope will guide me through this, because it is all I have to rely on.

O  
p  
e

~ *Beth Morris*



*Georgia O'Keefe On My Mind*

Haley Stevens



# Capturing the Arts



Capturing the feel and sound of the music is a difficult task, though I managed to have great fun with this open photography assignment. I thought that jazz band rehearsal would provide multiple opportunities for some unique shots, and it did. When developing this print, the idea of the framing hands occurred to me. Already the blurred objects and centered subject created the sound of music, but the hands sizing up the soloist completed the image.

Many famous portraits of the painter Georgia O'Keefe include her elegant hands. In this photograph, I tried to incorporate all aspects of the arts. The super-imposed hands as photograms hint of Georgia O'Keefe and her talents, as well as elude of the theatre, like a director trying to get the stage blocking just right. The skewed mounting and colored thumbtacks are stereotypical of the music world, which is home to many of the world's most unorganized and most carefree people. Finally, the print itself manages to do just what is expected of a photograph. It captures a precise moment. In this instant, it also captures the sounds that could be heard during this eighth of a second in time. The title is the best part though. In a single phrase, it says everything that I said in this past paragraph because the tune that was being played is entitled "Georgia On My Mind".

'The Arts' are not separate entities; they are intertwined with one another. Music, theatre, and the visual arts are difficult to define separately. All are art forms, all are equally intriguing, and none receive the funding and respect they deserve. So I ask you, stand back from this photograph and see how it sizes up in your mind as an example of the complete 'arts'.

*~Haley Stevens*



*Untitled*  
Marcy Lombard

I hold the paper in my hand,  
Sliced,  
Diced,  
Trimmed,  
And fitted to meet “economical standards”.

How do you think it feels:  
Being tattooed and dyed, inked up and dirty.  
It's defenseless against you!

I can feel its  
Pain  
Searing through my fingers and up my arms,  
Screaming a silent scream;  
The real torture being not able to vocalize its  
Pain.

Would you mutilate something that screamed?  
Or howled from the hurt?  
Or cried?

Didn't think so.

To use it, one thing.  
To abuse it, and waste it,  
Another.

Oh, and by the way, the rain forest says its final  
goodbye to you

As you throw it in the waste basket.  
And the ozone layer? Your oxygen?  
Been nice knowing you, too.

Once the trees go, we all go.

*~ Tiffany Allen*

**Consider  
This**

# Tree

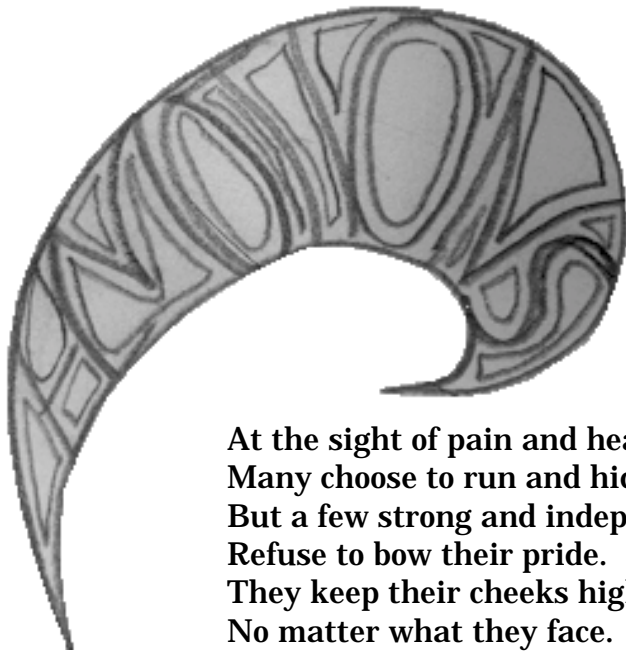
I raise my arms to embrace the warm sun  
My fingers explode outward like blooming green flowers  
I absorb the gorgeous rays  
I turn my face to the sky and stretch upward  
My body covered in rough skin  
My buried feet are soothed by cool water from the earth

*~Sally Drescher*



*Faces of History*

Abby Cumings



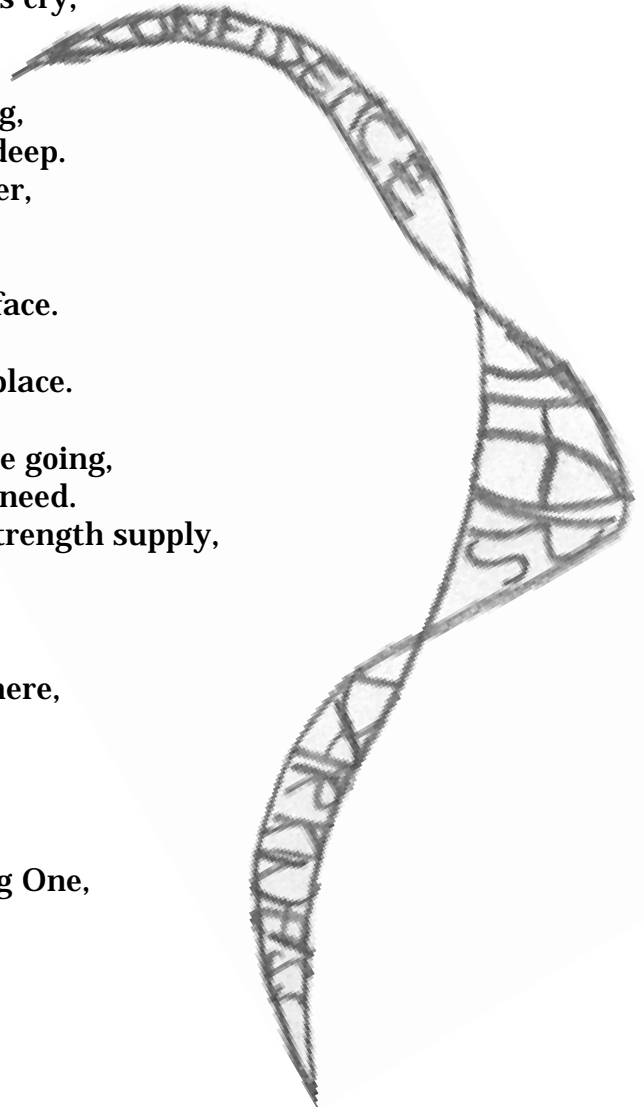
# The Strong Ones

At the sight of pain and heartache  
Many choose to run and hide,  
But a few strong and independent souls  
Refuse to bow their pride.  
They keep their cheeks high and dry,  
No matter what they face.  
You'll never see the strong ones cry,  
They always keep their pace.

Their strength is overwhelming,  
Coming from a source hidden deep.  
Their eyes may brim with water,  
But you'll never see one weep.  
They hide their broken hearts,  
By wearing smiles upon their face.  
They are the Strong Ones,  
Showing weakness isn't their place.

The Strong Ones keep everyone going,  
They give courage that people need.  
It is from their never-ending strength supply,  
That society feeds.  
People in times of crisis,  
Need someone to lean on.  
The Strong Ones are always there,  
As reliable as the dawn.

Though it rarely happens,  
Happen still it might.  
A day may come when a Strong One,  
Gives up their lonely fight.  
The day you see a Strong One,  
Breakdown and openly cry,  
You know it is because:  
It is their soul that dies.



*~Jessye Wojtusik*



*Mental Health*

Alicia Roche

# For Every Yin, a Yang

The human species has a place for both men and women. Eve was created as a companion for Adam, or from a scientific standpoint, women could not reproduce without men. Despite how one looks at the situation, it cannot be denied that men and women need each other. For every yin there is a yang and behind every powerful man there stands a woman. Women have always had a role in society, just as men did. However, following the Civil War, the role played by women began to change as it continues to change, as we look farther into the twenty-first century. Women became an economic focus as buying was made easier through catalogues and mail order. A maternal voice also rose up from women as technology brought about moral and social decline. For a variety of reasons the role of women changed and this change had an influence on society's advancement, as most changes tend to.

More American men were killed in the Civil War than any other in history. These men who died and those left permanently handicapped created more

...women became important in their own right, not just as substitute men.

than 500,000 widows and women who were suddenly responsible for running a household as well as providing the means for survival (Nash and Jeffrey 488). Because so many women were thrust into this position in such a short time period, it became necessary to do business with a woman. If a man had issues buying products from a woman, he was forced to overcome those fears quickly because oftentimes there were no other options. Women stepped up to the plate, so to speak. Scarlet O'Hara continued the operation of Tara after Sherman marched through Georgia in Margaret Mitchell's Gone With the Wind. And, when Mr. Shimerda ended his life the first winter described in My Antonia, Antonia filled his shoes by taking his place in the fields. Women across the country began to take on responsibilities traditionally filled by men to make ends meet.

However, women became important in their own right, not just as substitute men. During this time period, women dominated an increasing number of market economies. Mr. Sears was perhaps the first to recognize the fact that, given the opportunity, women tend to buy huge quantities of items they may or may not actually have a use for. Due to

the availability of his mail order catalogue, women all over the country were given access to a huge inventory of goods, previously only available in cities. When homespun was the only option for fashion in rural areas, Sears widened the horizon. In attempts to appear more sophisticated, women ordered fashions by the train full. This change is evident in Lena's character of My Antonia. Jim comments, "Maybe you're prettier—though you were always pretty enough. Perhaps it's your clothes that make the difference" (Cather 210). Lena made her suits as opposed to ordering them, but the reason behind the change remains the same.

The changing role for women in society also fed the need/desire for varied fashions. As more women began to work outside of the home, fashion started to become more practical. Hoop skirts and bustles were useless in factory life, which was rapidly becoming a woman's place. With the sudden influx of available jobs due to the industrial revolution, the call for inexpensive employees was deafening. Women were a logical choice, and it also opened alternative lives for women. Housewife was no longer the only option for an adult woman; a woman could live independently. This independent life prompted other changes as well.

If a woman could live by herself, why couldn't she think for herself? Indeed, women did think for themselves. They also became much more vocal in their opinions. As women became



separated from the men they were tied to for so long, many influential men lost their hold on what was morally good. Women were not leaving their husbands and fathers to work in the factories and mills; the gender was separating itself from men. Women, historically a maternal, protective influence even if

childless, saw the males of the species slipping. From this newly removed perspective, independent women could see what the world was coming to: families living amid squalid conditions in the cities, men turning to saloons for comfort, and women doing the work of men for less than half the pay.

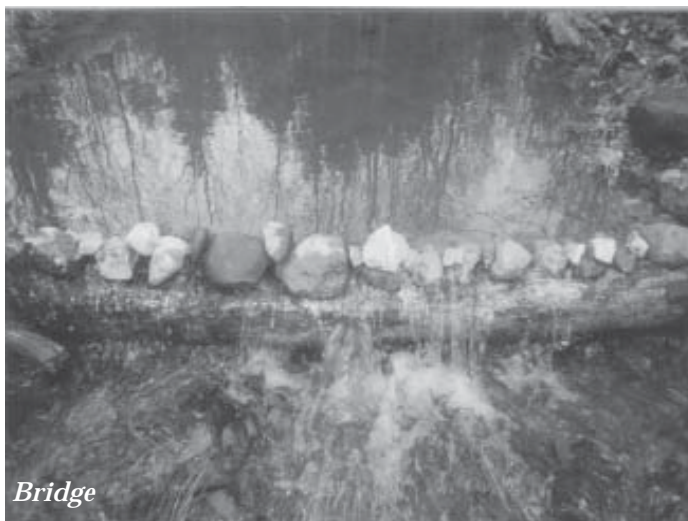
Though it cannot be proven as cause and effect, when higher education was made available to women, their voices as reformers grew in intensity. Often targets of drunken male violence, women campaigned for temperance as well as for equal rights (Nash and Jeffrey 608). Men were reformers as well, but women generally considered drunkenness a male problem. With the formation of groups such as the Women's Christian

Temperance Union, women such as Frances Willard led reform movements of women. Activists like Jane Addams and Vida Scudder worried about social conditions, particularly the degradation of life and labor in America's cities. In the history text by Nash and Jeffrey, women are portrayed as practical reformists genuinely concerned with the future of the nation.

Settlement houses were developed to teach immigrants important facts about sanitation and hygiene. The poorer urban communities practically bred bad habits, and women, being traditional housekeepers, sought to correct this ill. In the settlement houses, like

Hull House, established by Jane Addams, new immigrants were taught how middle-class women lived. Addams and others hoped that by showing immigrants how the upper classes lived, they would have the knowledge to make better lives for themselves. The so-called problems in immigrant communities were not necessarily the fault of men, however, men needed employees to operate the factories and so encouraged immigrant workers because of the low wages that could be paid.

The ocean has no color of its own; it reflects the color of the sky. Perhaps it is in the same way that the actions of women in history reflect choices of men. In the eyes of the reformers social



problems were caused by weaknesses in male resolve, which these women actively sought to correct through education and pleading with reasoning. Where there is a need for a voice, someone always speaks up. In this instance, women provide the voice and, in speaking out, these women changed the female role of society. Yin-Yangs are quite boring with only one side. The world would be on the boring side as well if there were only men, or only

women. Spouses are often referred to as the other's better half and I believe that philosophy can be carried into humanity in general. Men and women need each other; there is no way around it. So to conclude, there will always be a woman behind every man, and a man supporting

every woman. The roles of each sex overlap sometimes, and both are constantly changing, but one truth will hold: for every Yin, there is a Yang.

~ Haley Stevens

**Works cited:**

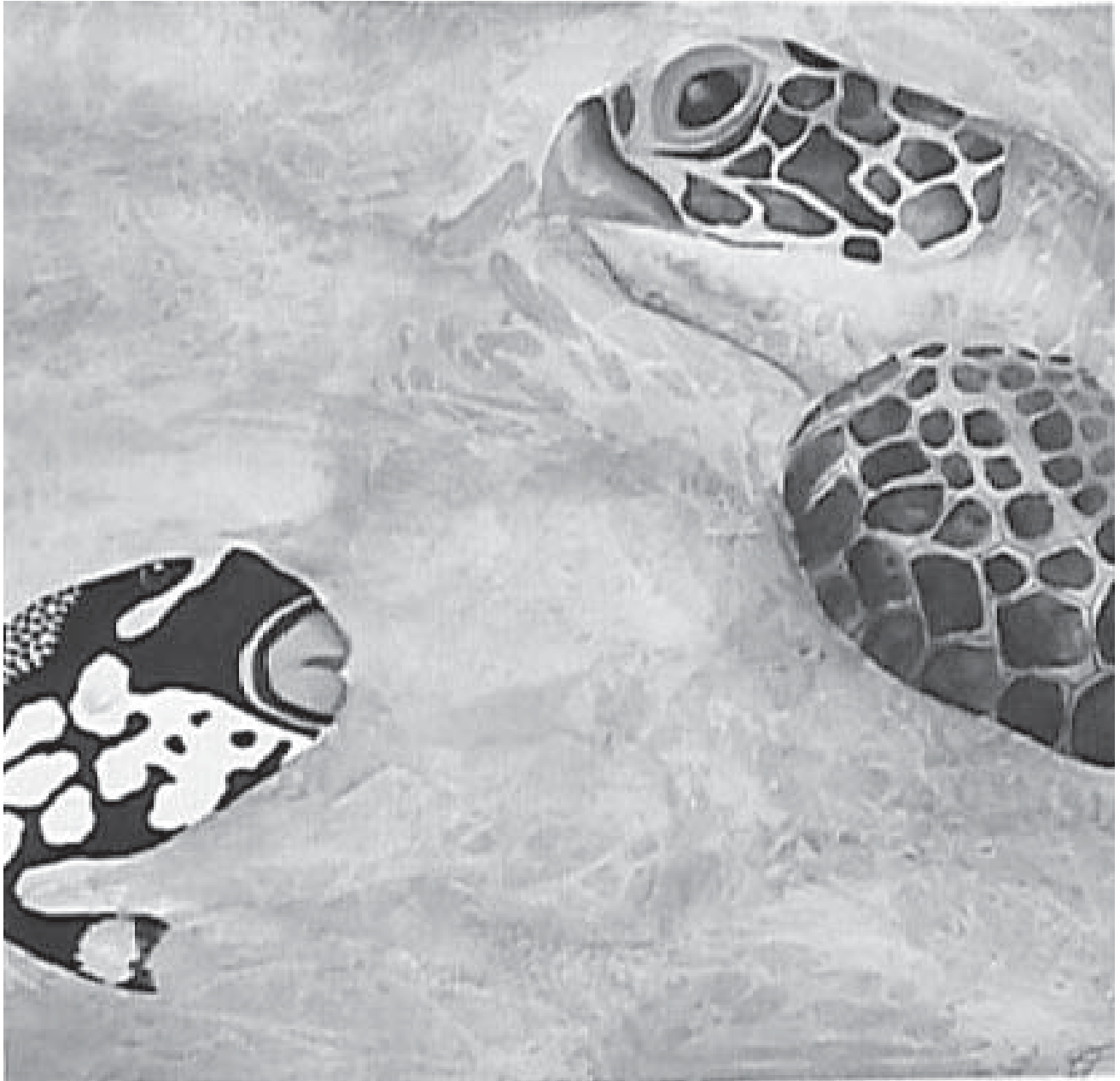
Cather, Willa. *My Antonia*. New York: Bantam Books, 1994.

Nash, Gary B., and Julie Roy Jeffrey. *The American People*. New York: Longman, 2001.

Mitchell, Margaret. *Gone With the Wind*. New York: Pocket Books, 1971.

---

*Into the Deep*



Beth Fougere

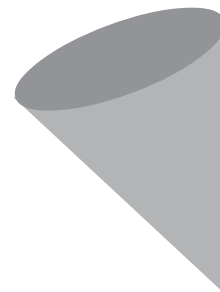
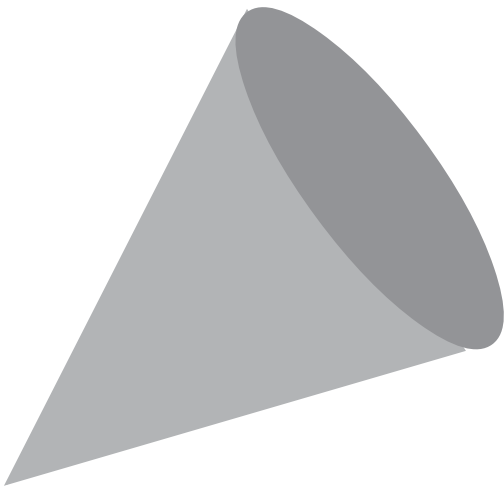


# BUGLES

Dedicated to Emily Gooch

You don't understand my friend  
Those crispy corn snacks  
They will be your doom  
Yet I still buy them for you  
If I don't I'm sure it will be my doom  
Don't you know that Tom,  
The guy that created this monstrosity,  
Is evil, pure evil?  
Those Bugles!  
You say they taste so yummy! So salty!  
I would rather see them be set on fire.  
But still you say ... "Yummy toasted bugles!"  
\*Drools\*  
Good Lord how can you say that?  
That gross crispy corn snack  
I wouldn't even call them a snack.  
All that fat and salt!  
My God my friend!  
Bugles!  
I bet in some other language they mean doom!  
So please my friend  
I want you around!  
Put down those Bugles  
And get some Pop Tarts!

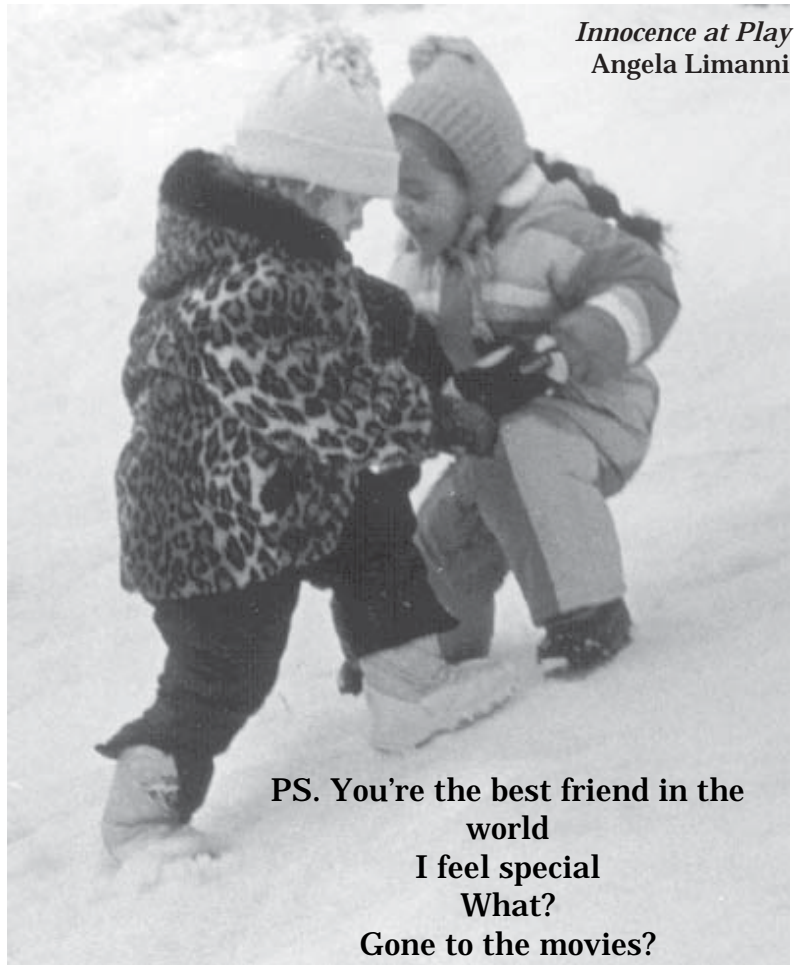
*~Alexandra Gagnon*



# Evil Friend of Doom

(from conversations between Marcy Lombard and Jessye Wojtusik)

Just warn me  
If you think you might remember  
Next time I'll look it up  
...right...I understand completely  
What am I looking for?  
I'm loosing my mind  
Mum says hi  
I don't know it  
Can you tell?  
It echoes  
It seems more honest  
It's not fun  
Just for you  
(evil laugh)  
Don't drop me  
My friend is a nutcase  
Uh-oh  
I wrote a journal entry  
It was dorky  
Christmas  
No shopping done  
Odd mood  
Don't ask  
Later days  
Told you  
it was dorky  
There's a part about you



*Innocence at Play*  
Angela Limanni

PS. You're the best friend in the  
world  
I feel special  
What?  
Gone to the movies?  
When?  
Oh  
Anyway  
Other people  
Oh dear  
I wrote a lot  
Why am I telling you this?  
Ahhhh-cool  
Anyway  
Ah-ha!  
Nooooo!  
Say hi for me  
It's too funny  
I hear you type  
I'm sitting on your computer  
You're a nutcase  
Thank you

*~Marcy Lombard*

# Who We've Grown to Come

~ Erik Dahlgren

Let me explain the system of equations here at CBNA.  
We come from the eighth grade as freshman and act that way.  
And usually get depressed, and learn how to fabricate.  
Evil people seem to find mistakes, so they can aggravate.  
I guess there's a sadder way when you listen and plasticate.  
"Yo nose is big and your glasses and face are crap and you have no taste!"  
Then these freshmen are brought up upon people who pass their shame,  
Try to bring themselves up, by bringing you down, now that's lame.  
They agitate and put your life on the line, or line on your life.  
It hurts me when people tell me that they're high on their life.  
Do me a favor, don't boast, I hope it's nice to be bright.  
I like when the light is shining when devising delight.  
So surprise and enlighten those people on how real people act.  
Even freshmen understand being treated equal should last.  
But I'm sorry; it's in this school where the real evil grasps.  
You'll heal feeble and crack, worse than a needle and smack.  
Alright, now look, end of freshman year and you're about to move on.  
You wish that you had your groove on but the seniors lasted too long.  
You got soothed wrong, and you're like old paper and got torn,  
Ripped up with sugar coating and now you're a sophomore.  
You can tell yourself it's gonna be different and lots more.  
But you caught core like auburn leaves falling from shots poured.  
Now you're not bored, confused and you wanna be hardcore.  
Til the cops roaring sirens deliver a drop-door.  
You escape with synthetics, all hectic and got worn.  
So thin, that you're hysteric with errors from offshore.  
Now you're kinda' learnin' gainin' frequency like wave turners.  
It's a whole new year, so you better behave JUNIOR!  
Grade eleven, now you're kinda getting able to deal.  
You're pretty bad, do anything on the table you feel.  
As long as it's in your cradled field of vision it's sealed.  
Watch out for the people rattin' out your missions for real.  
You've been ignoring the disses as they rack up like doin' dishes.  
Don't back up into submission, they'll laugh at your position.  
All the coping skills we've learned, all the methods of striking back,  
Will bring hoping until we yearn, the efforts just might in fact  
Make you pressured to liking class, but whether the nights will pass  
Is like soaking a sponge with dirt, the lessons of fighting back.  
Now it's almost flipped around as you're makin' fun of kids.  
You tell 'em, "Don't spit a sound!" as you're taking funds and you split.

But it happened to you, so it's gotta be justified,  
Whoever the sinner be, they still have the lust and pride.  
Screw busses, get rides. It's messed up when people can trust your lies.  
Within our soul is a devil who's rollin' luck of the die.  
Your wonderin' why, so long that people in higher places  
Hold fire with faces, desires, liars, barbed wire cages.



*Our Dishwasher*

Lindsay Orlowski

You're in denial so face it! Why not be an athlete?  
Get respected by all your teachers and run in the track meets.  
But if not, come into school with some coffee and dairy creamer,  
Now you've grown up, and twisted right into a caring senior.  
You're astonished, ponder and wonder where the time went.  
It's mindless to think about people that have a fine twist.  
Kids that I rhymed with, backstabbers who act spineless.  
Designed with a sinus infection, they lie blindly.  
Don't mind me, I'll go pick some apples off a lime tree.  
Entirely fake, both greasy, grimy and slimy.  
But you've made it four years, and it's good that you know the ones  
Who stick in there when you need 'em, the ones who will show the love.  
The ones who are soaked with fun, the ones who have grown to become,  
The ones purer than snow and doves, when you can both flow as one.  
Who condone the misdome, don't disown you and never run.  
As deep as oceans can come, your throne is for those who've shunned.  
You're hoping you wont become, alone with a load of glum.  
The thoughts where this poem begun – here in school with a thrown punch.

# A Portrait of Unheard Citizens

You ask why this girl doesn't want to be informed **TRAGEDY** she doesn't watch the news on T.V. **CONTINUING COVERAGE** Or read the paper **HORRIFIC FIRE** and she is even known to change the radio station **STABBING SUSPECT**.

You ask why that boy wouldn't want to join the military **COMBAT ROLE** He doesn't like hunting **DRIVE-BY SHOOTING** the only way he knows to fight is as a last resort **ATTACKED** defensive measure.

You ask why that girl is crying in her history class **THE ROAD TO WAR** the papers she writes are stained with tears **GREAT DEPRESSION** her discussions in class are silent **TENSIONS WITHIN**.

You ask what those two do for amusement **SCHOOL SHOOTINGS** they enjoy themselves **DESIGNER DRUGS** and go on shopping expeditions **TEEN PREGNANCY ON THE RISE** to look for fun and different **PLUNGING NECKLINES** clothes.

You ask these things like you've never met these people **MINORS** you speak as though you've never really looked at them **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** I suggest you start paying attention **LISTEN** there are very good reasons for their actions **HOPE**.

You ask these things **BLIND** but have you ever waited long enough to hear the answer **DEAF** if you understood have you ever told your friends **SILENCE?**

These boys and girls will be adults **VOTERS** in the next few years, perhaps then their hopes **PEACE** their philosophies **APPRECIATION OF LIFE** and their futures **HAPPY** can be realized.

*~Haley Stevens*



*Nature's Gift*

Jessye Wojtusik

*Happiness*  
Hannah Bailey



My brother and I, when we were younger, decided that we could make root beer. Well, we took a large bucket and my father's nearly empty beer cans and dripped the remaining bits of beer left into our bucket. Then, we scrounged around looking for roots, but for roots you had to dig deep. So, soon enough, we had dug up the yard, and carried nearly 15 different roots back to our large bucket. So we threw the roots into our inch of beer or less, and stirred for what seemed like forever. Proud of what we had done, we ran inside to get our mother. We wanted her to have the first taste. Well, my mother's face is the most vivid part of this memory. Her eyes seemed to get three times larger, not only at our root beer, but also at the havoc we raised in her yard. Holes here and there, dug almost a foot deep. We did not honestly know how she could be upset with us. We made her "root beer." She seemed so ungrateful. I understand her reaction a little more now.

*~ Beth Morris*

# Root Beer

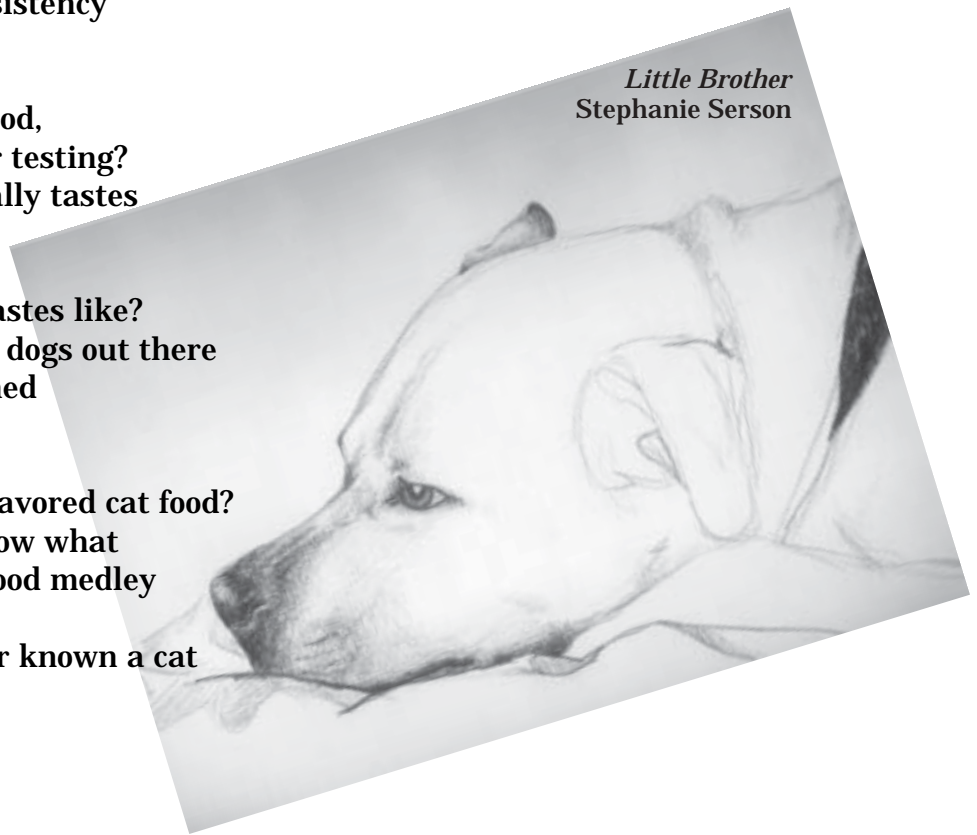
# How the Mind

## Will Wander

I just came from a coffeehouse  
With poems  
And music  
And laughter  
And food  
I had meatballs at the table  
where a feast had been laid out.  
And I thought of dog food.  
This has about the consistency  
and texture of dog food.  
What about flavor?  
When they make dog food,  
Who does the consumer testing?  
Who ensures that it really tastes  
like beef  
or lamb  
or whatever it says it tastes like?  
How do they know that dogs out there  
will not only be nourished  
but also satisfied?  
And speaking of flavor,  
why not make mouse-flavored cat food?  
I mean, how do cats know what  
ocean whitefish or seafood medley  
really taste like?  
I personally, have never known a cat  
Who went to the shore  
And pulled out a fish.  
In all seriousness,  
I should get a patent.  
I envision four flavors popular among  
The finest feline society:  
Mouse  
Chipmunk  
Shrew  
And Parakeet.  
I think I may be onto something. . .  
And I assure you – I am sober.  
Speaking of sobriety. . .

~ *Gabriele Chase*

*Little Brother*  
Stephanie Serson



# Pulling Petals Pulling Petals Pulling Petals

The last petal falls,  
From my fingertips,  
As the words flow,  
From my lips.

Tears well up,  
In my bright eyes,  
So all that he told me  
It was lies.

When he made me smile,  
And held my hand,  
I felt my soaring heart,  
Would never land.

But now my heart,  
Has crashed,  
And all my dreams,  
Have been smashed!

My once smiling soul,  
Now wears a frown,  
For broken hearts,  
I wear the crown.

I gently ask,  
If it is true,  
My hope shot down,  
As it flew.

He sadly smiles,  
And walks away,  
Silently, softly,  
Ruining my day.

My delicate feelings,  
Have been forgot,  
And it seems,  
He loves me not.



*Wilting Memories*  
Chenoa Riel

~ Jessye Wojtusik

# Ode to Soft-Pink, Pastel-Colored Toe Shoes of Female Power

Happiness flows up from my toes to the very top of my head:  
And my body automatically pulls itself into posture...  
Poised...

And ready.

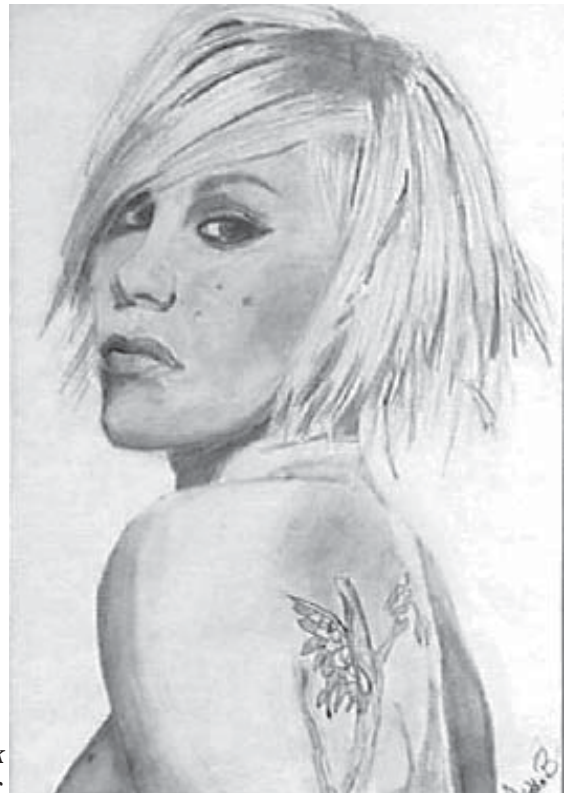
The soft-pink, pastel-colored fabric shows off my feminine pride,  
But the ripped satin and rock-hard interior is pure female power.

Rising up gracefully in the pink slippers,  
I am reminded of the time, effort, and energy put into earning these trophies.  
10 years of longing, 10 years of dancing, 10 years of working  
all brought me to where I stand balanced now, on  
point  
In my beloved soft-pink, pastel-colored toe shoes.

They are beautiful, and they give me power.  
This kind of happiness and success is rare,  
But I have found it...

In my soft-pink, pastel-colored  
toe shoes of female power.

~ *Tiffany Allen*



# The Adventurer

The Adventurer  
Unique and forgotten  
A spirit which wanders  
And never stops.

Afraid of commitment  
Of settling down  
Always curious  
What lies around  
The next bend.

A spirit made up  
Of solitude and loneliness  
Untamed by the  
Love of women

I am at home  
In the wilderness  
Alone  
I am an adventurer

*~ Jon-Philip Zamarron*

*Bricks*  
Michael Hand



**Note (To be read before all performances):** This skit, entitled “The Box,” is a celebration of childhood. It is meant to remind everyone that if everyone viewed a butterfly (or rather in this case a box) with the same inspiration and wonder as a child, then there would be fewer problems with society as a whole. The children are silent to emphasize both their actions while playing with the box, and the conformity that the adult world forces on the child.

[A box sits at center stage, opening facing the audience. A staircase extends from offstage right almost to center stage. Enter Joey, from stage left. He runs excitedly to the box and sits inside it, pantomiming thought. His face brightens. He drags the box up the stairs, climbs in, and slides down the stairs. He giggles happily and does it again. He repeats this several times, laughing harder each time. Finally, about the 10th ride, he is laughing too hard to ride anymore. Enter George from “upstairs.” George and Joey have a huddled discussion. Suddenly, George gets in the box, and Joey pushes him around the stage. They stop when Joey bumps into the stairs with the box after several minutes. They collapse in a fit of giggles until Lola enters from offstage right. She is carrying some rope and a roll of duct tape. She, Joey and George hold a huddled conversation. Joey and George drag Lola to the box. They tie her to it with the rope and duct tape her mouth shut. Then they run off stage and return with a stick each. They sword fight all over the stage while Lola pantomimes she is a damsel in distress. The sword fight ends when Joey “stabs” George and George topples into the box. Joey unties Lola and takes the duct tape from her mouth. Footsteps are heard at the back of the theater. George, Lola and Joey shield their eyes to see what it is. They recognize Mikey running up the aisle, and all dash to hide under the box. Mikey climbs onto the stage and begins searching for something, presumably the three hiding under the box. When he goes to check under the box, they leap out, turn the box over and throw him in. They run off stage and return in aprons and chef’s hats, armed with various vegetables and a ladle apiece. They throw in their vegetables and while Lola pretends to stir the “Mikey soup,” George and Joey keep Mikey in the box by bonking him with their ladles whenever he tries to escape. Suddenly a motherly voice is heard]

**Motherly Voice 1: Mikey, honey, its time to go to bed!**

[Mikey sadly tips out of the box, spilling the vegetables all over the stage. George, Joey and Lola pick them up and hand them to Mikey to take off stage. They sit on the stairs and hold a conference. Joey jumps up and smiles. He pulls George by the arm over to the box. He turns it over so that the bottom is facing up, like a bed. He lays George across the box and runs offstage, returning with a white sheet, 2 handkerchiefs and 2 pairs of gloves. He drapes the sheet over George, puts a handkerchief on like a mask, pulls on a pair of gloves, and motions Lola to do the same. Lola runs off stage and returns with a tool box. They proceed to carry out a mock operation on George, culminating in George's rising from the table and strolling around the stage in Frankenstein - like fashion. We hear another motherly voice.]

**Motherly Voice 2: Georgie baby, time for bed!**

[George sadly gathers the sheet, handkerchiefs, gloves, and toolbox and shuffles off stage. Lola and Joey wave dejectedly good-bye and sit on the stairs. They don't do anything for a few minutes, then Lola's face brightens. She brings the box over to the stage and motions for Joey to stay where he is. She runs off stage and comes back carrying a piece of folded construction paper that says "MENU" in large letters. She has a towel draped over her arm and a small notebook in her hand. She shows Joey the menu and pretends to jot something down in her notebook. She smiles sweetly and walks off stage. A few minutes later, she comes back with a plate of pretend food. She sets it on the box and is about to ask Joey if he would like anything else, when we hear a 3rd mother.]



**Motherly Voice 3: Lola! You need to get ready for bed now!**

[Lola lets out a strangled sob. She slowly collects the food, notebook, and towel. Her mother calls again]

**Motherly Voice 3: Lola!! I mean it! It's time to go to bed!**

[Lola sadly waves good-bye to Joey. She gives him a hug and shuffles offstage. Joey looks around the empty stage. He heaves a large sigh and grasps the box. He drags it half heartedly up the stairs and looks out at the audience. He slides down the stairs. When he reaches the bottom, he sighs again and looks around the empty stage again. He hears his own mother.]

**Motherly Voice 4: Joey! It's time for you to get your PJ's on and go to bed!**

[Joey pulls a face and kicks the stairs half heartedly. He grabs the edge of the box and shuffles slowly off stage, dragging the box behind him. The curtain slowly closes.]

*~Isaac Foster*

# A Mi Calabaza

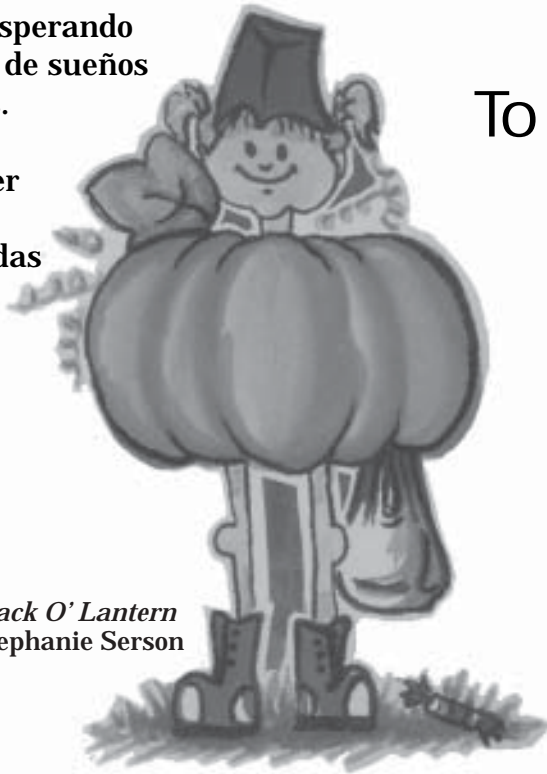
Somos hermanas  
un poco bajas  
un poco redondas  
con curvas.

Brillamos en la luz  
Como el sol  
Como energía  
Con un rubor.

Tenemos interiores oscuros  
las semillas esperando  
el potencial de sueños  
como secretos.

Queremos crecer  
y ser dadas  
y ser esculpidas  
por la vida.

from: *The Many Faces of a Jack O' Lantern*  
Stephanie Serson



# To My Pumpkin

We are sisters  
a little short  
a little round  
with curves.

We shine in the light  
like the sun  
like energy  
with a blush.

We have dark interiors  
the waiting seeds  
the potential of dreams  
like secrets.

We want to grow  
and be given--  
and be sculpted  
by life.

~ *Gabriele Chase*



*Keyboarding*

Michael Hand

**W**e lift our voices with  
**O**ur hands raised  
**R**ejoicing unto the Lord.  
**S**inging with passion and adoration  
**H**earing our songs, he smiles, and  
**I**n our hearts love is overflowing.  
**P**raise leaves our lips with a tear trickling down our cheeks.  
Here I am to worship.

*~ Kayla Nelson*

Just a

P  
e  
r  
c  
e  
p  
t  
i  
o  
n

He plays the electric guitar  
And he doesn't wear Abercrombie  
But why do they automatically assume  
He's a menace to society?

She's never dyed her hair blond  
And she doesn't own a skirt  
Why do they make fun of her?  
She's not inhuman, she can be hurt

Their parents don't have money  
They can't afford to get cable  
Does that mean they aren't cool enough  
To sit at your lunch table?

Ask yourself why you can't smile  
Back at them across the hall  
Because he's too weird?  
Because she doesn't make daily trips to the  
mall?  
Because he has glasses?  
Because she doesn't wear makeup at all?

It's too bad they don't look hard enough  
Or care enough to perceive  
That a person is more  
Than what you can see

*~ Erin Brearley*



**T  
h  
i  
n**

thin  
weight  
control  
drive  
I can't deal  
what do I want?  
internal  
how do I feel?  
I will not be affected  
subconscious  
unconscious  
looks  
feelings  
I am affected  
needs  
I can't stop  
how do I want to  
feel?  
influence  
stop me  
can I look like that?  
time  
negative  
the right way  
disgust  
think  
how does it feel?  
the wrong way  
one body  
external  
size  
wants  
state of mind  
I can't deal  
drive  
control  
weight  
thin

*~Lindsay Orlowski*

*Reflection*

Lindsay Orlowski

# Native

S

I am a young Spanish boy.  
*I am a young Native boy.*  
I spend my day learning lessons.  
*I spend my day learning of my ancestors.*  
My home is a bustling city.  
*My home is a beautiful paradise.*

O

My mother comes to tell me my father is leaving.  
*My mother comes to tell me gods have come on beautiful beasts.*  
I'm beginning to miss my father's warm smile.  
*These men seem nice for a while.*

r

I continue to live my life.  
*The men have begun to change.*  
I play to forget the longing I have for my father.  
*My father has gone to fight the intruders.*

r

Mother and I talk of father and wonder if he's still alive.  
*It's been a while and I wonder if father's still alive.*  
Strange men have come to court my mother.  
*Strange men have come to raid the camp.*

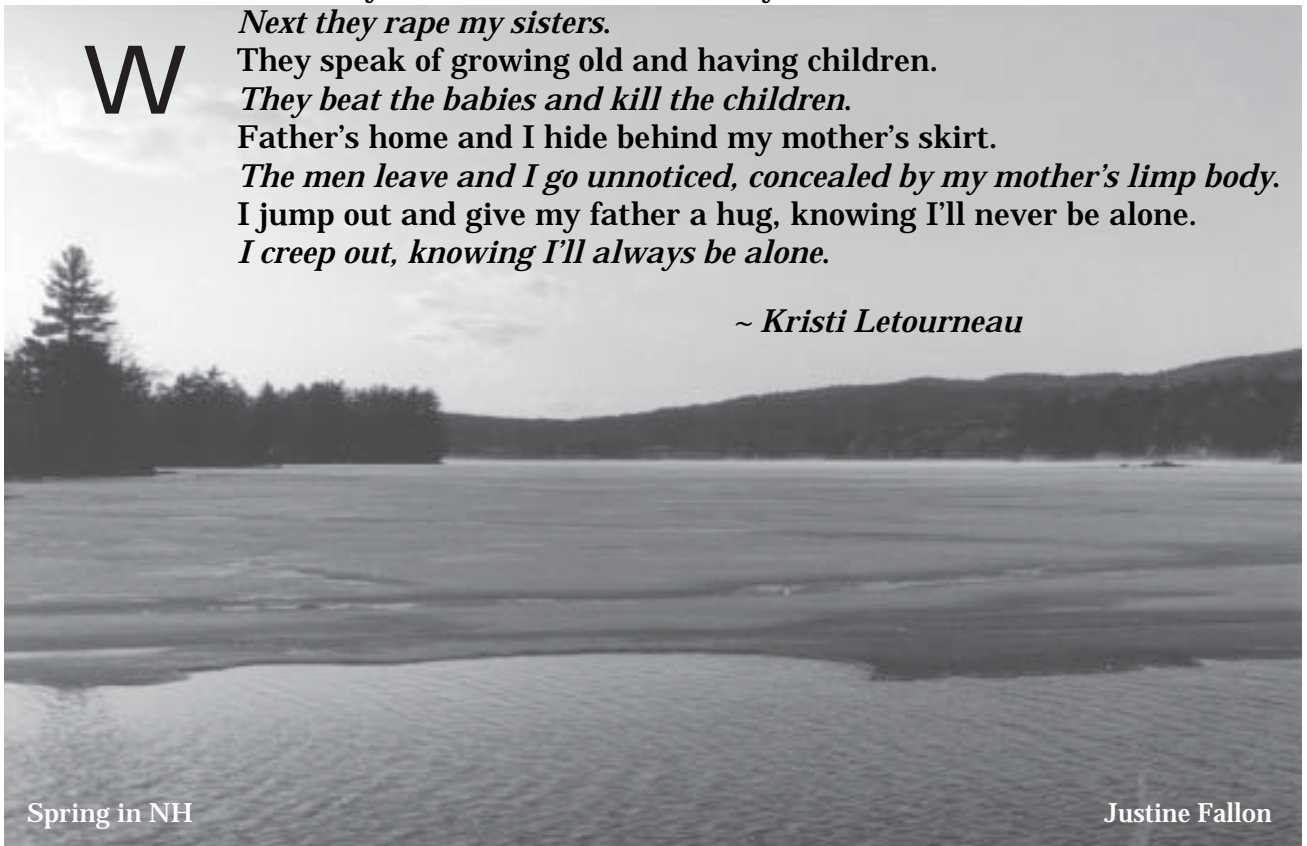
O

Mother turns away blushing.  
*They turn to my mother and rape her.*  
Next they introduce their sons to my sisters.  
*Next they rape my sisters.*

W

They speak of growing old and having children.  
*They beat the babies and kill the children.*  
Father's home and I hide behind my mother's skirt.  
*The men leave and I go unnoticed, concealed by my mother's limp body.*  
I jump out and give my father a hug, knowing I'll never be alone.  
*I creep out, knowing I'll always be alone.*

~ Kristi Letourneau



The valley was amazing in the morning sunlight. It went from a cold, shadowed, spooky place ruled by night to a place so close to heaven you could almost see the angels laughing and playing. The mountains surrounding Sunlight Valley were blue and indigo with fluffy vanilla ice cream snow covering the tops as if hidden beneath was a secret, silly and tempting. As if the simple mountains weren't enough there was a laughing, whispering brook, giggling with pure and unrelenting joy, whispering the happy secrets of the mountain. The brook was a bright, sparkling turquoise from a far, clear as the purest and most wonderful crystal up close. In it were the most beautiful fish you will ever see, reflecting with plain silver scales the beauty of the valley. Cray fish and snails decorated the bottom with contented life. Otters played and frisked through the wider swimming hole areas. At the bottom of the brook was a collection of fresh and salt water pebbles and shells washed in from far away oceans and seas, more beautiful and sparkling than a cask filled with



*Lighthouse*

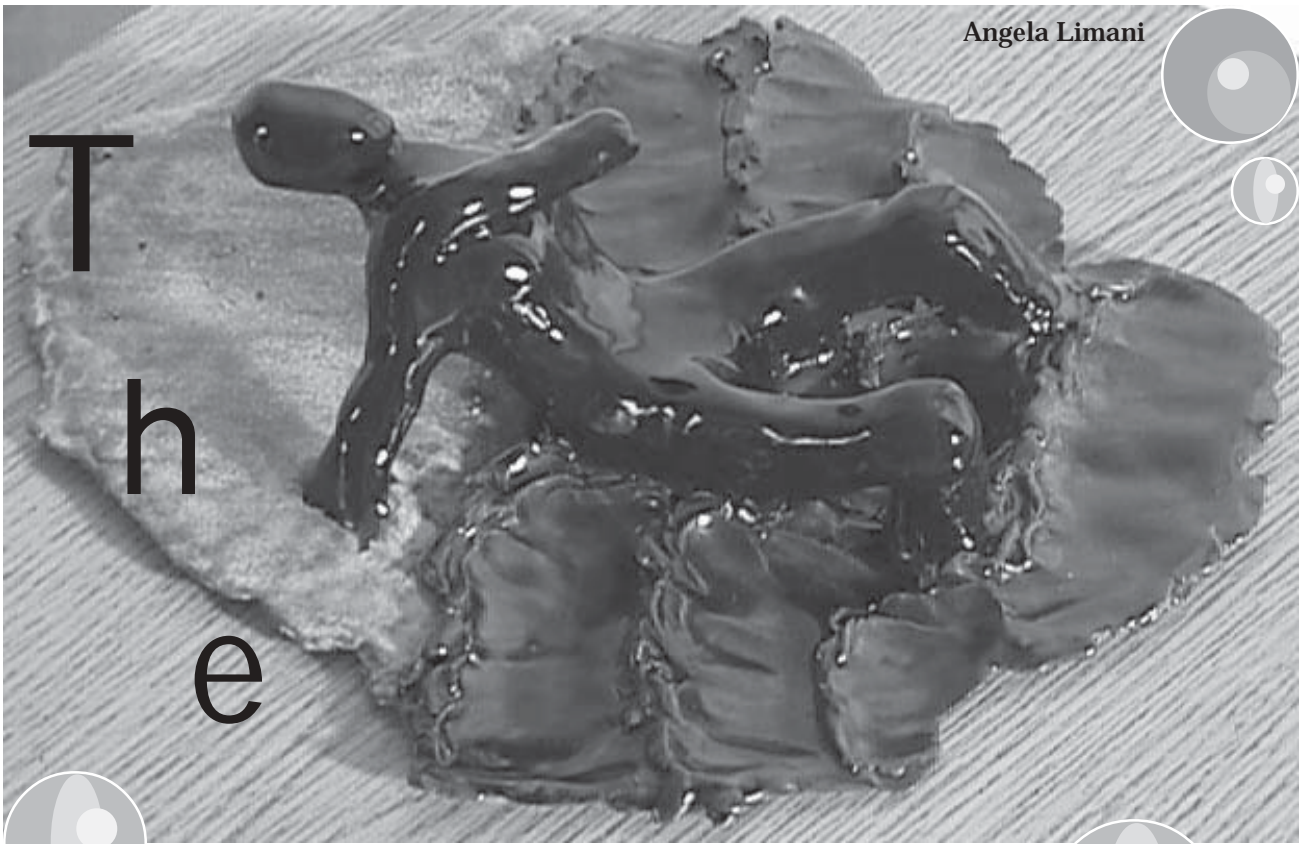
Matt Simmons

jewels. The meadow on either side of the brook was carpeted with what must have been every single type of flower in the world. There were roses, lilies, tulips, and so many unidentifiable and indescribably beautiful

flowers that you would never be able to see, smell and touch every one, as your senses will demand to do. Deer families graced the field: does, bucks, and fawns resting, frolicking, loving each other for simply being there. Rabbits, field mice, ground hogs lounged and played. Chickadees, robins, and finches sang with the joy and glory of the valley. No animal was lacking in presence because the happiness called you, surrounded you, loved you and you could not go until night again took it over. The sunrise and sunsets were fantastic, almost as if the angels that surely inhabited the valley were painting the sky. At night the shadows take it over and although it has a certain eerie quality, the shades of black and gray define the valley in a whole new way. Then once morn comes and you watch the sun paint the sky brilliant shades of gold, pink, red, orange, purple, and colors not yet named by men you feel as if not only your breath but your heart has been stolen. The thought of leaving this heaven-on- earth is too much to bear. Welcome to Ireland.

~ Heather Baker

I  
n  
d  
e  
s  
c  
r  
i  
b  
a  
b  
l  
e



**T**  
**h**  
**e**

**w**

**a**

**v**

**e**

**s**

Daisy went to the beach one day.  
She built a castle in the sand,  
And the waves washed it away.

She stared in shock and dismay;  
Her tears began,  
And the waves washed them away.

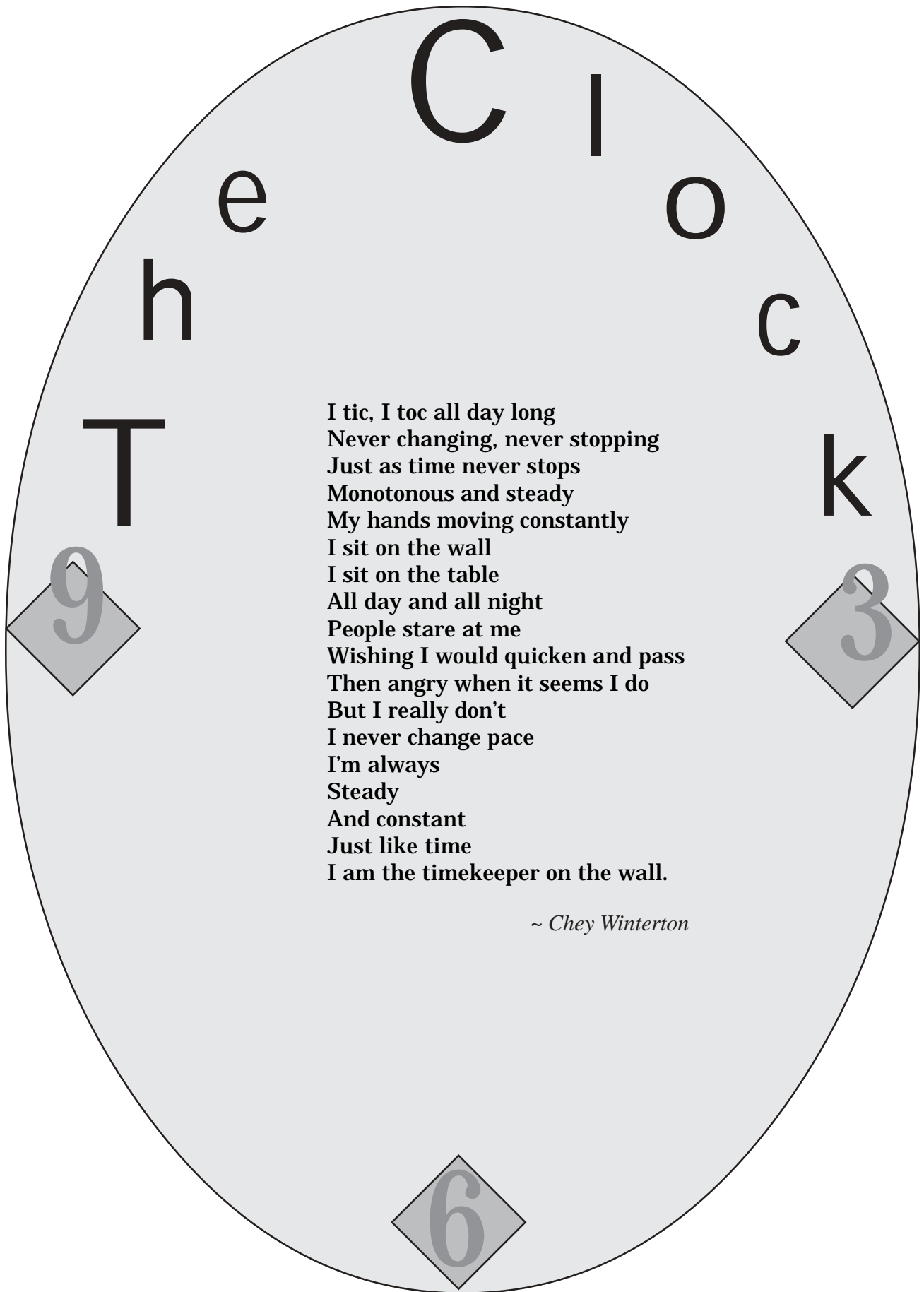
Daisy needed to get away,  
So out the door she ran.  
Daisy went to the beach that day.

She watched the seaweed dance and sway.  
She watched a crab as it ran,  
'Til the waves washed it away.

Daisy was having an awful day,  
And she wondered where it began.  
So Daisy went to the beach that day.

She ran down to meet the waves;  
She stood there in the sand.  
Daisy went to the beach one day,  
And the waves washed her away.

~ Isaac Foster



The Clock

T

9

I tic, I toc all day long  
Never changing, never stopping  
Just as time never stops  
Monotonous and steady  
My hands moving constantly  
I sit on the wall  
I sit on the table  
All day and all night  
People stare at me  
Wishing I would quicken and pass  
Then angry when it seems I do  
But I really don't  
I never change pace  
I'm always  
Steady  
And constant  
Just like time  
I am the timekeeper on the wall.

K  
3

6

~ Chey Winterton



*What a Doll!*

Michael Hand

# Cheated

## *-the Ballad of an Aborted Child*

I did not die a natural death.  
My life was stolen from me,  
Before I drew my first real breath.  
I'm just the result of foolish play;  
Not thought of when they  
Chose to throw my life away.  
Legal murder called a "choice."  
I hope that they can hear my voice...

Crying, crying from my grave.  
Murdered helplessly to cover all their shame.  
It's not my choice. I'm not to blame.

They truly think I never lived.  
What is a beating heart and mind?  
So easy to explain.  
Considered grown, though they lacked sense.  
I had no choice because there was  
No one to stand for my defense.  
Abortion was their alibi.  
Now living with their guilt, for  
I never had a chance to cry...

Crying, crying from my grave.  
Murdered helplessly to cover all their shame.  
It's not my choice. I'm not to blame.  
My life's not yours to take!  
My true father is God and not the kids you are.  
You made a mistake. For me there'll be no wake...

*~ Daniel DeHart*

# Pup-It (ere)

The sky opened to divert my focus  
My eyes token paid the toll for emotions  
The clouds pried into my closure but I guess I was just hopin'  
Then God's hand came through pokin'  
My mind's out spoken though words weren't worth chokin'  
Over time I'd find truth to be a notion  
Settin' all emotions to the side I decided to ride this wave all the way to the ocean  
But then I noticed  
These strings kept me from motion  
I followed them all the way to the hand that came through poking and told him

(I knew it)

(Chorus)

This world is a stage of people and strings control them  
My chains were annoying and so I broke them

(This stage is my world)

From one's imagination this place was created  
But it was destroyed by one whose brain couldn't take it  
I tasted sweet with a snip of my strings replaced by feet  
Now listen to freedom sing from a basement seat the horizon's different it seems  
But to complete a dream I'd need to flee the scene before the hand could see

(On the way out this world I had to so...)

I took a look back at the past and laughed 'cause after all I discovered the tragic  
was an act for a puppet master and the disaster is that half the actors haven't yet  
grasped the fact that they're trapped in a mask behind a black Earth  
My passion is wrapped in immaculate words  
Used for distracting the whack and interspersed  
If this tape is yours  
You're on the right track  
Now just ask how to follow the path and rehearse  
To escape this curse  
You need to put the right foot first  
The wrong just might make things worse  
With the hate comes wars and with the wars comes tyrants  
When the silence slows the violence grows  
It's makin' my mind explode  
That's why I'm keepin' my eyelids closed  
But you'll need glasses for my blinding flows

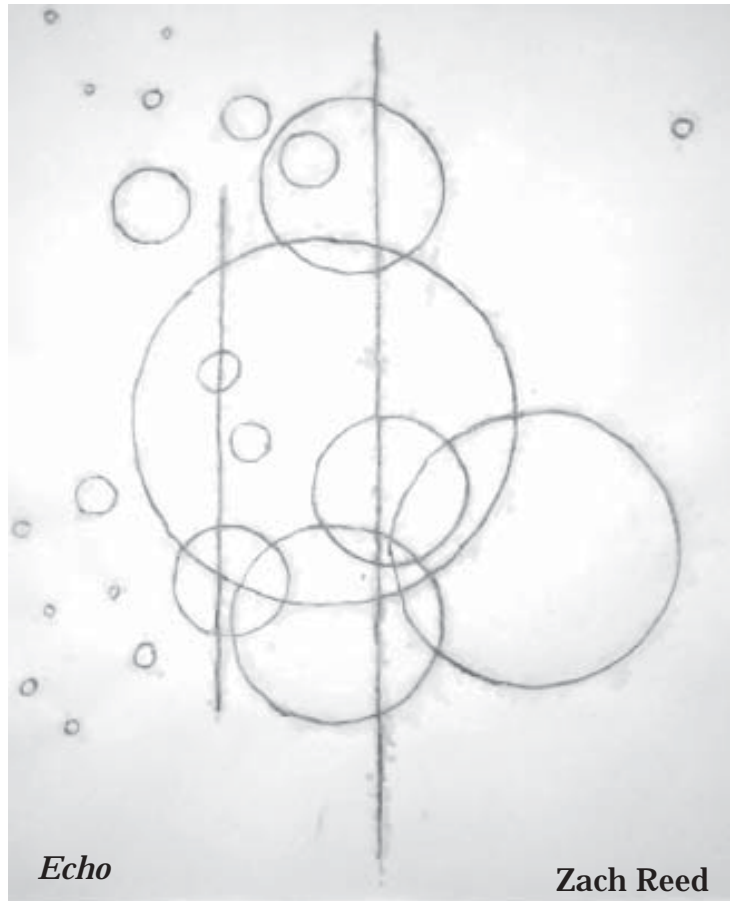
Then you'll finally be free from this place designed in prose  
So just keep on rewinding my notes  
And following the exit sign that glows  
Then come and hang outside with those that's rhymin' gross or sick  
Depending on how you're definin' bliss  
For some it lies in ignorance  
But some will find it's this!

(Chorus)

(This world is my stage)  
But I broke my strings and fled  
No one's gonna decide my fate but me  
I decided some write and some read  
Some grab the mics  
But some sing (others just listen)  
It sucks I had to grasp so much about existence in the particular position  
Situations can ask a lot  
But your life's a trap if it has a plot  
Mine's not gonna be monotonous  
I've gotten this far and I've still got time  
Just look at my wristwatch it never lies  
What eyes see sometimes deceives  
But what I perceive seems to be true  
It's the final piece to this impossible Rubik's cube  
Of eyes that're glued shut  
And so I leave you  
Hopefully not with too much  
(Peace and good luck)

Love Identity

~ *Tom McDonald*



*Echo*

Zach Reed

# P u l l i n g

It feels good to write again

To let flow

But I'm scared

I study I work hard

But I don't want to anymore

I don't have the drive

To become something

## **Amazing**

I work like the dreams are still there

In case they come back

(It's a security thing)

I get the same results as always

I could do something exceptional with my life

But I don't want to

It's so unsatisfactory because I'm still doing the work

But without a reason why

I've lost my dreams

(I think)

I'm trying so hard

To find myself again

I think I'm a little lost

Forgotten who I am

Trying to feel pretty

Trying to feel like me

Maybe Im trying to hard

I don't know

But maybe writing like old times

Will help

Maybe

I've lost my dreams

I think

Im trying so hard

To find myself again

# Out the Stick

Sigh, Im so tired

But I start to not care

What everyone else thinks

I start to not care

What everyone else wants

I start to not care

What everyone else envisions for MY life

I start not to care

About being mature

I start caring about myself

And I regain confidence

I start caring about my life

And I get back my dreams

I start caring what I want

And realize I'm truly happy

I start to care about being a kid

And I realize I've missed out on so much

Suddenly I'm writing

Again

Happy, sad, a window and outlet for my soul

And suddenly

I have energy.

Do you want to come play with me?

~ *Heather Baker*

Out

the

Stick

# My Homework is (not) Done

(must sleep) Good night!

*Are you done?*

(no) Yes!

*Every bit?*

(of course it is...) Yup.

*Are you sure?*

(stop badgering me) Positive.

*So I won't see you trying to finish up in the morning?*

Nope. (I'll get up extra early, just to make sure)

*OK, good night.*

(finally) Good night.

(shame on me)

~ Isaac Foster

## The Black and White Wanderer



*Skunk*  
Josh Baribeault

Walking around  
day and night  
in search of a friend  
Someone to cuddle  
someone to care  
A potential friend arrives  
my fragrance is like a flower  
its smell is sweet  
its smell is alluring  
once I spray  
they run away  
Why does nobody like me?

~ Kayla Sauls



# Called

# Up

Tears fall from my eyes  
And are mixed with the blood of the young  
The young who go to fight.  
Ones who have just embraced life,  
But now look death in the eye.  
I cry for the mothers and fathers,  
The sisters, the brothers,  
The daughters, and lovers  
Of the young.  
Who bravely stand,  
With eyes staring straight ahead,  
Toward the horizon of violence.  
Why is this world so tortured and lost?  
Why is there fighting,  
And greed that causes corruption?  
Troubled Nations are in shambles.  
And here I stand,  
To cry for the world  
That is too numb to emotions,  
To shed a tear for the young.

*~Kayla Nelson*



# Mist Mist Mist Mist Mist

Sonny Seto

Blankets of mist surround and stretch, enveloping all in a shroud  
of silence.

Swirling, it recreates all it enfolds in mystery, Enchanting all  
into another world.

Embracing the vapor as it kisses with a cold touch, I look  
toward the sky, which is no longer there.

Only white. A blank world where what you imagine is real,  
even more real than yourself, for what is your soul when it  
stands alone.

I long to rise from this strange place, but time is still with an  
intoxicating peace as if you could slip away in sleep forever.

I shiver, a swift breath of breeze stirs and snowflakes gently  
quiver to the earth with silent repose and lay at my feet.

Faster and faster the web of crystals thicken into a falling  
blanket all a round me.

Slowly my prison of blindness lifts, with a breath of clear  
fresh air the world that is mine looks onto the still yet white earth.

Wind rustles my senses with winter and I am  
expectant again. For time, which was still, is now reborn.

*~Ruth Hayden*

# EXPLANATION OF POLICY

Before the staff reads or views literary and art submissions, author and artists names are removed. Each piece is numbered, and pieces are discussed and selected anonymously. This process seeks to eliminate bias and to let each piece be judged on its own merit.

The staff then chooses literary and art pieces for the magazine based on the following criteria:

---

## Literary

Quality of content  
Imaginative use of language  
Appropriateness of metaphor, imagery, symbol  
Choice of vivid, clear, precise words  
Variety, rhythm, and flow of language  
Emotional impact and topicality  
Compatibility with strong art submissions

---

## Visual

Innovative and/or creative content  
Technical skill used in rendering, painting or sculpting  
Quality that will be best translated to two-dimensional black and white reproduction used in the publication  
Compatibility with strong literary submissions

---

We try to consider the merits of each piece on its own as well as how it would fit in the magazine. As a matter of fairness, we continue to limit the number of pieces from any one student to a total of three, including both art and literary submissions.

---

# COLOPHON

---

The text of *Paragon* is set in Century Schoolbook, a font designed between 1918 and 1921 by Morris Benton for textbooks. Benton, according to the Adobe Type Library, “researched the subjects of eyesight and legibility” when creating this typeface. Students designed the titles of literary works in Maiandra, a typeface based on hand-lettered advertisements rendered circa 1909 by artist Oswald Cooper.

---

Text was originally word processed in Microsoft Word and imported into Adobe Pagemaker 7.0. Images were scanned using Adobe Photoshop 6.0, using a Hewlett-Packard scanner or Kodak digital camera.

---

Postscript files were then taken to Town & County Reprographics Inc. on a Zip disk read for scanning.

---

Web Site: Issues, both past and present, will appear on the CBNA Web Site,  
[www.coebrownacademy.com](http://www.coebrownacademy.com).