

# Paragon

2004

Volume 8

Coe-Brown Northwood Academy  
907 First New Hampshire Turnpike

Northwood, NH 03261

tel. 603-942-5531

fax 603-942-7537

[www.coebrownacademy.com](http://www.coebrownacademy.com)

# The Staff

# Of

# Paragon

## The Staff of Paragon

Art Editor  
Lindsay Orłowski

Literary Editor  
Haley Stevens

Secretary  
Meggan Stock

Staff  
Laura Blouin  
Caitlin Davidson  
Emily Gooch  
Ruth Hayden  
Dahlia Mayberry  
Will Wilson

Advisors  
Anna Hazen  
Lynn Sanborn

Thank you to our faculty readers:  
Linda Cross, Rita Dana, Jennifer Deardorff, Anne Onion, Ray Mason,  
Rebecca Shoup 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  
Gold Medalist, 2003

National Council of Teachers of English  
Superior Rating, 1998  
Superior Rating, 1999  
Superior Rating, 2000  
Excellent Rating, 2001  
Superior Rating, 2002  
Excellent Rating, 2003

May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2024

To our dear and honest readers,

We offer you this letter to ~~start~~ <sup>start</sup>

This is what we have to show for our hard work and effort

We've read all the words looked at all the art

The group made this choice, please don't go berserk

More diverse than before, when speaking of styles

Like teaching old dogs new tricks, we learned Adobe InDesign

New software, close deadline, trial upon trial

Artwork and prose <sup>gracefully</sup> ~~gracefully~~ intertwine

Let's ~~listen~~ pay attention, perhaps we'll learn <sup>something</sup> ~~new~~

We've pulled all the stops, here it is... adieu.

*Haley Stevens*

Haley R. Stevens  
literary editor

*Lindsay Orlowski*

Lindsay Orlowski  
art editor

# Table

Cover *The Acacia Tree* Caitlin Davidson '06

6 *A Poet's Purpose* Gabriele Chase '04

7 *Mr. Big Fish* Alicia Roche '04

8 *Everyday* Nikki Despres '04

10 *La Langue de Francais* Ashley Gentile '05

11 *Summer Song - Japanese Haiku* Dahlia Mayberry '04

12 *Daisies Have Feelings Too* Haley Stevens '04

12 *Dawn at Owen's Farm* Meggan Stock '06

13 *Sealed* Haley Stevens '04

16 *Tus Ojos - Your Eyes* Gabriele Chase '04

17 *Little Blue Eyes* Erica Linton '05

18 *Okay Now* Haley Stevens '04

19 *Meiko* Lindsay Orlowski '04

20 *Snow* Sally Drescher '05

20 *Autumn Rain* Annie Lalish '04

21 *Oh, the Drama* Gabriele Chase '04

22 *Outcome of Your Choices* Stacy Black '05

23 *What Do You Dream Of?* Caitlin Davidson '06

24 *A Woman's Burden* Alicia Roche '04

25 *The Rose* Marcy Lombard '04

26 *The Effect of Flame* Will Wilson '04

# of

# C O n t e n t s

27 *Jyde & Hekyll* Koko Evans '05

30 *The Joy of Calculus* AP Calculus Class '04

31 *On the Way to Work* Kendra Robbins-Monteith '06

32 *My Beautiful Girls* Annie Lalish '04

33 *Fruit Series* Ruth Hayden '05

34 *Star Shiner Dragon* Laura Jennings '06

36 *At the Age of 27* Koko Evans '05

37 *Rain* Jake Smith '04

38 *Destructive Comfort* Jessye Wojtusik '04

39 *Control* Lindsay Orlowski '04

40 *The Ballad of Sir Frederick* Don Fisher '06

41 *Grassy* Caitlin Davidson '06

41 *Witness Miracles* Melissa Swanwick '05

42 *Faults* Marcy Lombard '04

42 *Perfect Pretense* Koko Evans '05

43 *Dead So Beautiful* Annie Lalish '04

44 *A Single Beat* Dahlia Mayberry '04

45 *Duo* Lindsay Orlowski '04

46 *Something So Right* Jake Smith '04

47 *The Dark Black Flower With Thoughts* Sofia Sutton '07

47 *Medium of Media* Alicia Roche '04

48 *The Cowboy* Don Fisher '06

49 *Unknown Beloffled* Marcy Lombard '04

50 *You.* Nikki Despres '04

51 *Be Careful What You Do* Korina Rivero '06

52 *To Be or Not To Be* Jessye Wojtusik '04

53 *What They Don't Show* Michelle Church '04

54 *Footprints* Kara Robinson '04

55 *The Race* Don Fisher '06



# A Poet's Purpose

We are our own kind.  
We are a paradox union.  
We are prophets, we are seers,  
and cynics,  
and the greatest optimists.  
This world's salvation lies in us,  
the jaded hopefuls.  
We see what is wrong:  
the flaws in the diamond,  
the cracks in the life-bearing vessel.  
But we see the unique beauty of idiosyncrasy.  
We see what can and needs to be better.  
We see the potential for change.  
We write the joy, the grief,  
the fire and ice and anger,  
to remind the rest to feel,  
how to feel.  
We write to awaken the sleepers,  
for change demands action,  
which demands motive and energy.  
There is no change without passion.

*~Gabriele Chase*



*Mr. Big Fish*  
Alicia Roche



No one cares if you want a life.

*You stare ahead at your computer screen.*

# Everyday

*An animal, or just a maze of colors.*

*The next class and the class after that are the same.*

*“It should be easy to leave this all behind,”*

*I wonder if I could learn how to sleep with my eyes open... that'd be so great.*

*Sometimes you get so stressed out you cry.*

*Music always helps, why can't we listen to music in our other classes?*

You can feel the tears welling up in your eyes again.

You try to blink them back, but you can see it isn't working. “Why does this happen to me?” you say aloud in your perfect bedroom. You stare ahead at your computer screen. You need to finish. There are deadlines you have to meet. No one cares if you're busy. No one cares if you want a life. It doesn't matter to them. They just want to see the work done on time.

You sit in school and watch everyone. You try to tune all outside sounds out. You try to center your vision on what's important, not what's interesting. Soon the teacher disappears or turns into something else. A different person perhaps. An animal, or just a maze of colors. Their voice changes to a song you listened to last night while you were busy not doing your schoolwork.

Then you stare at the clock and notice that only a minute has gone by since you last checked. You try to see how long you can hold your breath for. 15 seconds. 30 seconds. At least the time goes by faster this way. You look at a poster on the wall and try to make new words out of the ones already there. Can I spell my name? N-I, no k's, no c's for Nicole either. Maybe my last name, D-E-S, nope.

Your thoughts are interrupted by the bell.

The next class and the class after that are the same.

But then you step into the frigid winter air and remember that you have art. And you know that there everything is different. The moment there's a pastel, a pencil or a paintbrush in your hand, the world around you changes. It stops for your actions. The world cares about you; it compliments you on a job well done. You soon become more aware of everything around you. Colors stand out, words on posters do not become new words. You feel incredible. And there's music. Music always helps, why can't we listen to music in our other classes? Or at least a CD player of our own when we're taking a test or doing anything by ourselves? This idea seems amazing in your mind, so you take out your CD player and listen while you draw. Soon your hands are covered in black and green pastels and you're happier than you've been all day. You feel understood here, no matter what you do, it's right, there is no wrong in art class. You become so involved in what you're doing you almost forget that this class will end and another blemish to your day will be added. Why can't this class last forever? The bell rings. For the rest of the day you draw on every paper you receive in your last class. The aforementioned black void sucks you back into its grasp. The teacher stops talking in your mind.

You don't hear a thing. You try the holding breath thing, but time doesn't pass fast enough for your liking. Little X's and O's scatter themselves all over your paper and you wonder if you're missing something that would normally be considered important to the rest of the room. You decide that you aren't, and continue to draw. All of the sudden a thought crosses your mind: The phrase, "a wilted flower floating," sounds pretty neat. No, scratch that, this is better, "It should be easy to leave this all behind," is cooler. I can use that sometime. And so you scrawl a short poem on the margin of your notebook. Someone yells from across the room, snapping you back to the present. "When are we ever going to need this?" The answer is always the same, so you drift away and stare dreamily off into nowhere. You're so tired of this day after day. I wonder if I could learn how to sleep

with my eyes open... that'd be so great. Random thoughts entering and leaving your mind frustrate you. You just want to be able to function like everyone else without 50 million ideas and thoughts running through your mind constantly. You want to be able to concentrate and pay attention. You wish that things were less complicated and hard to understand. Sometimes you get so stressed out you cry. And that makes things worse because you know everyone has the same amount of work, if not more, as you do. So you start to think about other people sitting down and doing work without being plagued by off topic ideas. You wonder if they can think about one thing for more than five minutes, just like you can't do. And all this wondering doesn't help because it runs you off course and you sit facing your blank computer screen with tears welling up in your eyes.

*-Nikki Despres*

*Someone yells from across the room, snapping you back to the present.*

*"When are we ever going to need this?"*

*The answer is always the same,*

*so you drift away and stare dreamily off into nowhere.*

*You're so tired of this day after day.*

*You want to be able to concentrate and pay attention.*

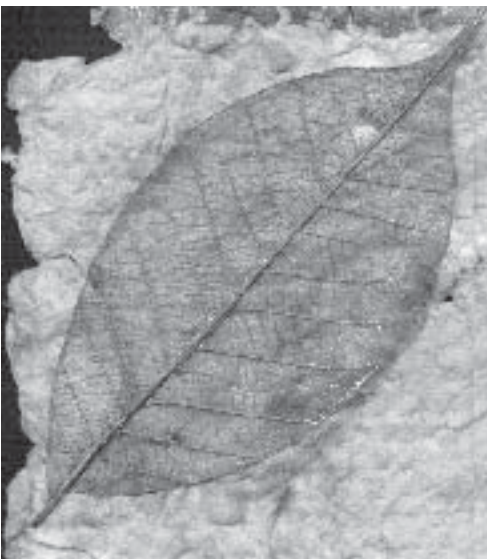
L  
a  
n  
g  
u  
e  
  
L  
a  
n  
g  
u  
e  
  
d  
e  
  
F  
r  
a  
n  
ç  
a  
i  
s

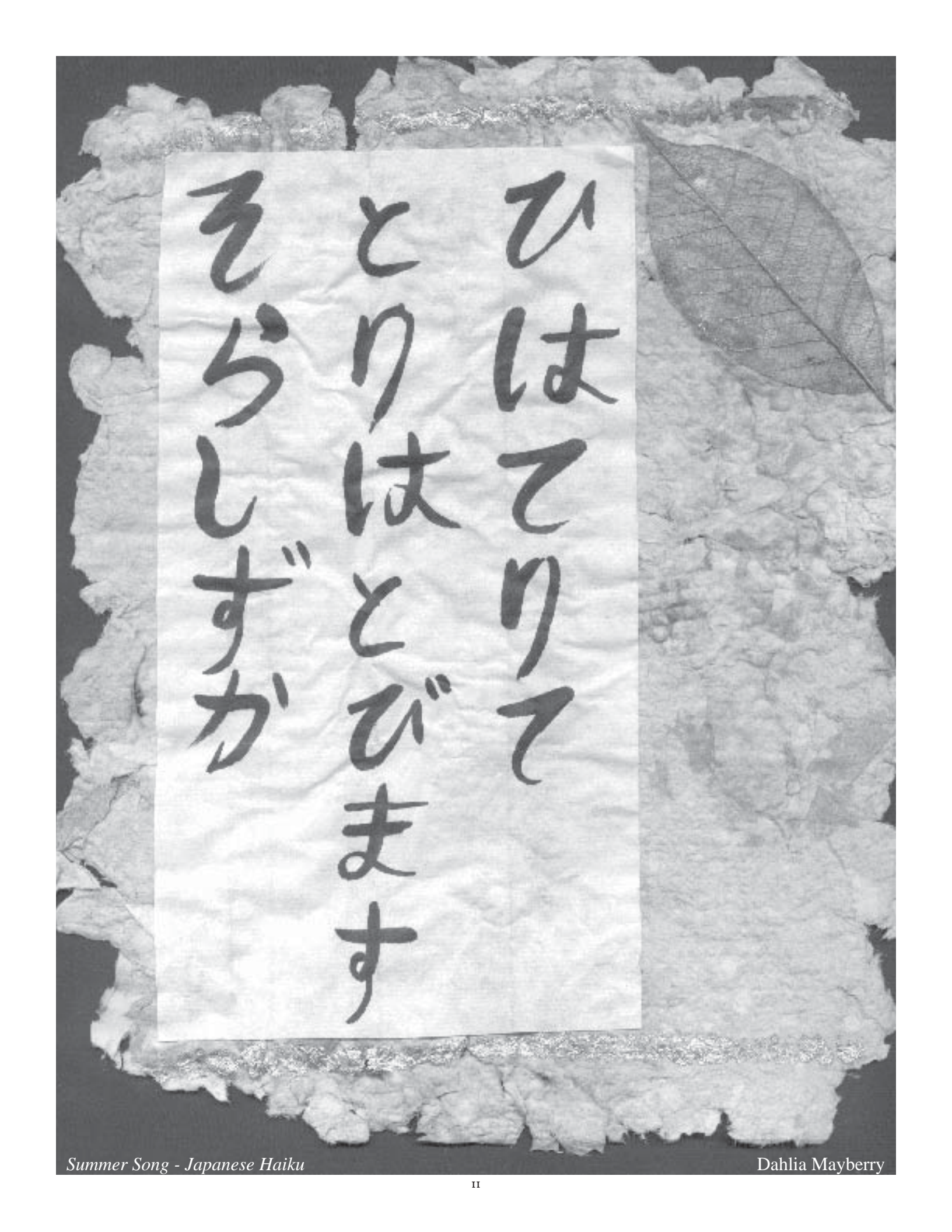
The beauty of the language  
La beauté de la langue  
Fills my soul with its captivating sounds  
It engulfs my being with its flowing rhythm  
La beauté de la langue

Elle est une langue d'amour  
It is a language of love  
Those words which lovers speak  
That leave one's lips to rejoice the other  
La beauté de la langue

Pour la langue est une mystère  
An untold lover's tale  
From generation to generation  
Amant à amant  
Lover to lover  
La beauté de la langue

*~Ashley Gentile*





ひはてりて  
とりはとびます  
そらしすが

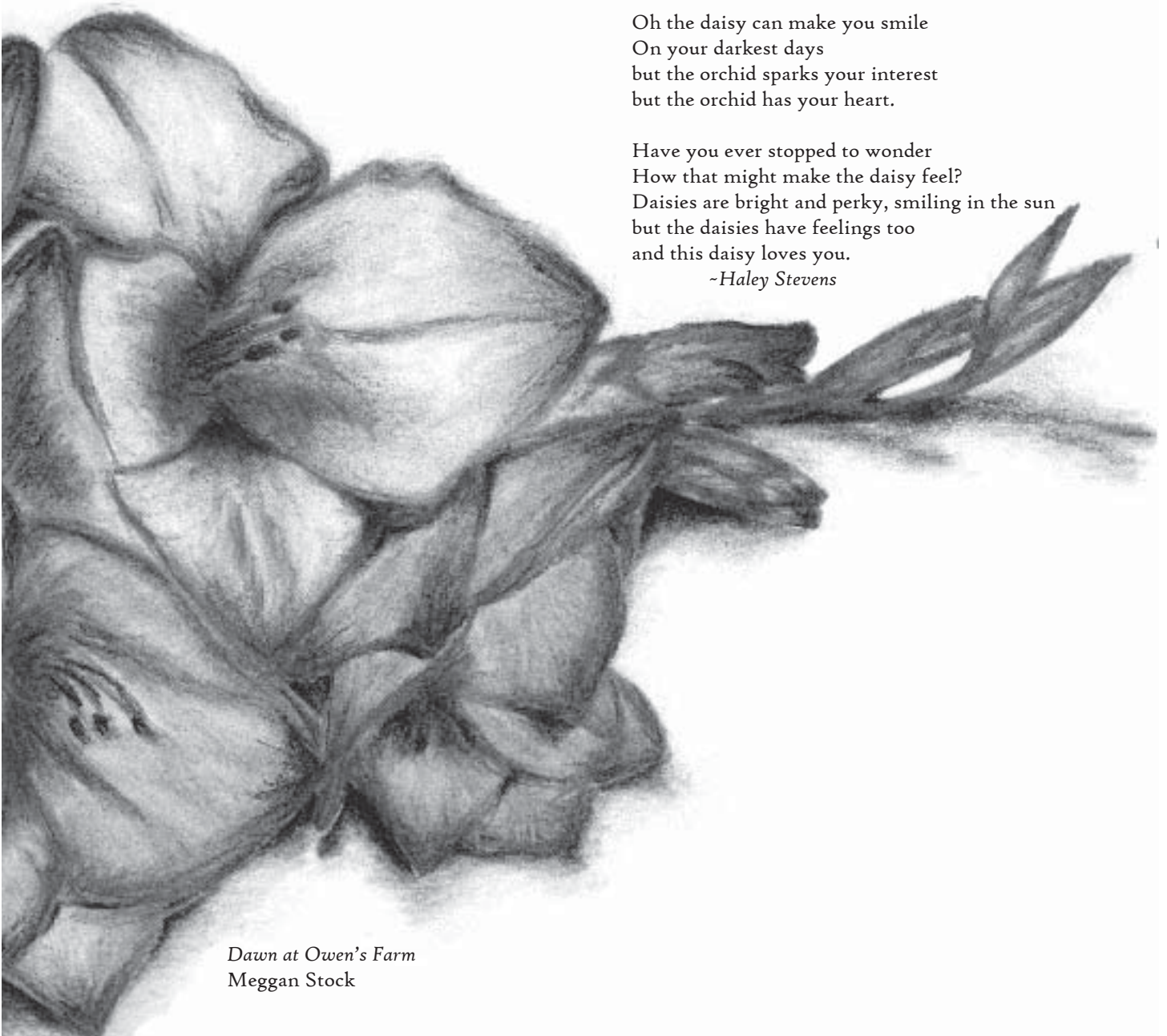
# Daisies Have Feelings Too

You've made your choice:  
The foreign orchid, over the comfortable daisy  
because it's always been there  
because it'll always be there for you.

Oh the daisy can make you smile  
On your darkest days  
but the orchid sparks your interest  
but the orchid has your heart.

Have you ever stopped to wonder  
How that might make the daisy feel?  
Daisies are bright and perky, smiling in the sun  
but the daisies have feelings too  
and this daisy loves you.

*~Haley Stevens*



*Dawn at Owen's Farm*  
Meggan Stock

# Sealed

The non-descript envelope sat on the exact reproduction of the original mahogany desk (this one was made of a synthetic wood that would not only never rot or have termites, it would also never decompose) in the original oval office. It sat unopened. In addition to the un-opened envelope, there was a myriad of unopened emails, all with the same subject and each with increasing urgency. All were addressed to the same man, Mr. President.

Darrel Cunningham was elected president six years ago, then re-elected exactly two years ago on November 23. He was adored by his populace.

Not only was he good looking, intelligent and funny, men also liked him for his superior abilities at cooking out of doors. Plus, as an added bonus, though polls showed that this didn't really matter, he was an honest and decent person. He and his equally wonderful wife, Cynthia, were currently vacationing in the Rocky Mountains. President Cunningham

would never open those letters; he would never be given the opportunity.

The Patch© and the corresponding cradles have completely renovated healthcare.

The envelope and emails were from a nervous little man who went alternately by the names Jack and Jake Wazouski. His actual name, the one that appeared on his birth certificate and all official documents, is Edward Richard Wazouski. The reason for his unusual nickname is not that unusual: alcohol. At a fraternity party, quite a few years ago, Edward

was introduced to the group, by a very drunk brother, as Jack. However, the brother's speech was so slurred that no one was quite sure whether he had said Jake or Jack, so most people used the two names interchangeably and rationalized that if they were correct some of the time, all would be well. Edward didn't mind being called either Jack or Jake; he thought both were perfectly reasonable names.

In the plain envelope was a report; written by a staff member of some government organization with an extremely long acronym, that read something like this:

With the advent of improved 'patches' for medicine administration, Joplin Pharmaceuticals has registered the trademark phrase "The Patch Era". *The Patch*© and the corresponding cradles have completely renovated healthcare. Everything from the original nicotine dependency treatments and birth control to knowledge enhancers and high blood pressure treatment has been made more efficient and better by *The Patch*©.

Like any new idea, *The Patch*© is not free of critics and skeptics. However, it is firmly believed by this organization that reports of adverse effects from this automatic drug administration on young adults are either false or not substantial enough to justify a recall.

Also in the envelope was a letter from Edward, but signed 'Jack'. Half of the emails were signed the same, the other half were signed as 'Jake'. The letter was as follows:

Dear Mr. President,

Your endorsement of *The Patch*© is still a wise decision. With the help of the FDA your administration has helped to greatly reduce disease and depression. You are also the only president in the history of the United States of America to raise the overall I.Q.'s across the country by starting the Knowledge Patch Scholarship program. The expensive learning aides

that stimulate certain parts of the brain that are used with particular subject learning are now a possibility for more of the nation's children.

However, Mr. President, I've also enclosed some articles our people found in college newspapers. They express a dissenting opinion. I think there is some validity to them, Sir. I've taken the liberty of sending some people to look into it, but Sir, you may want to seriously consider appointing an investigation committee.

Sincerely,

Jack

Enc.

Some of the headlines of the articles that were clipped from newspapers were as follows: (Edward had also attached notes to some)

*More students arrested for altering cradles for illegal drug use*

*A chapter of 'Unplugged' opens on campus, meets every other Monday*

Sir, these are groups that stop using their patches because they believe the patches 'mess with their minds'. Because most patches are now implanted soon after birth, these groups re-wire the cradles so they are no longer connected to the National Health Network. One boy re-wired his cradle with electric bass strings and made it into an artistic lamp. He is renowned among his peers as a modern day Thoreau for taking 'Unplugged' to the ideal.

*What's going on?*

This was written by a young woman who witnessed many of her older acquaintances taking part in activities that they had historically been completely against. Sir, was anything ever done about the

'Change is Good' campaign? Dr. Measly had very good evidence and backing against the campaign, and you told your voters you were strongly against it...

as time went by, and 'Unplugged' gained more influence.

Had the envelope on the desk in the oval office been able to hear, it would have been quite startled in the ensuing minutes. A common enough looking tour of the famous house that happened to be painted white and was a symbol of democracy all over the world turned out to be a very uncommon tour. It consisted of members of 'Unplugged', and was led by the boy who made the lamp. By this point the envelope would have heard some loud voices that were alternately profound and profane. Ironically the profound language was coming from the vocal chords of the boy who made the lamp from the electric bass

There was a final plea from Edward in the envelope:

Sir, I have always stood by you, and I have every intention of continuing to stand with you. But, I cannot morally stand with the 'Change is Good' supporters. Introducing chemicals into the patches of older, traditionally most steadfast citizens is not right. Yes, I agree that change is not a bad thing, but it has to be undertaken

by one's own will.

Chemically inducing change is wrong.

Please, as your friend, I ask you, if you know about this, please see

that it is stopped. I've read the articles, Sir; the 1980's series of cradles are non-compatible with the 'Change is Good' chemical mix. The people with these models are young and idealistic and historically prone to uprising, (think of the French Revolution or the riots of the early 21<sup>st</sup> century), Sir, there are rumors of underground groups organizing an overturn of the White House. I suggest facing this issue before it gets out of hand.

--Jake

...loud voices that were alternately profound and profane.

strings and the profane language was from the security officers who did not have the right mix of chemicals in their patches to deal with this sort of disturbance.

Perhaps it is better, however, that the envelope was indeed inanimate, because it was soon after used to start the ensuing fire.


~Haley Stevens

The emails, that remained safely stored in an online account, had a similar tone, however became increasingly more frazzled

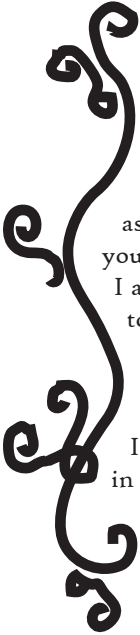


# Tus Ojos

Me encanta la manera de que me miras.  
Tus ojos intensos brillan con suspenso  
como los de un niño que ha estado esperando  
con tanto entusiasmo, pero con tanta paciencia,  
un regalo especial, yo.  
Me miras maravillado y con júbilo quieto  
como si fuera la cosa más exquisita  
que jamás hubiera visto.  
Adoro los momentos en los cuales me miras de reojo  
para verme riéndome de tus chistes.  
Deseo verme así como me ves:  
Una muchacha feliz  
con quien vale pasar tu tiempo.  
En vez de eso, me envolveré en tu mirada,  
en los verdes silvestres y los azules turbulentos  
de tus ojos.



# Your Eyes



I love the way you look at me.  
Your intense eyes shine with suspense  
like those of a boy who has been waiting  
so eagerly, but so patiently,  
for a special gift, me.  
You look at me with wonder and with quiet joy  
as if I were the most luscious thing  
you had ever seen.  
I adore the moments in which you look at me sidelong  
to see me laughing at your jokes.  
I wish to see myself as you do:  
a happy girl  
with whom it is worth spending your time.  
Instead, I will wrap myself in your gaze,  
in the sylvan greens and turbulent blues  
of your eyes.

~Gabriele Chase

# Little Blue Eyes

Eyes as chill as the ocean  
Hair as sandy as the shore  
A heart as big as the world  
That can love ever so more.

*~Erica Linton*



*Staff Illustration*

# Okay Now

I find myself here, in this room, and even now, in the middle of everything, I know I'd much rather be some place else. My thoughts trail to how I came to be here, but I'm snapped back to the present as his hand closes on my breast.

"NO!" I want to scream, but only hear a squeak.

As I try to push him off, a cruel smile spreads across his face and he says something dirty that is apparently supposed to arouse me. Sex is the last thing I want right now.

His stupid clumsy fingers can't manage the buckle on my belt. So he starts pulling down on my pants with one hand while reaching down them with the other. I start to cry. Everyone said it was a bad idea to go out with him, everyone. But I was stubborn and wanted to be nice, and now I have my 'date's' penis between my breasts and a face above me that I never want to see again. I don't want to see it now.

And I don't have to, I suddenly realize. I'm leaving and he cannot keep me here.

As my knee rises to meet his groin, I think he's noticed that I am a real, live person for the first time this evening.

"Now," I think while he curses at me from his fetal position on the floor, "time to act like a living person, and leave."

I noticed as soon as she walked in that something was wrong. I know from seeing the covers of teen magazines that the style is 'tousled', but her appearance was actually disheveled. Her hair was done up, but seemed to have been pulled down in random places. She was shivering, yet she was carrying a coat.

And her eyes. I could see her eyes, red with tears and fierce with determination.

"Are you all right, Miss?" I ask. I generally try to make a point of staying out of the lives of customers, but I wanted to help her. She looked like she needed help.

"Sorry, what was that?" She seemed to realize where she was for the first time.

"Do you need any help? Are you all right, Miss?"

She stood there, between the cereal and the cat food contemplating her answer it seemed. Her arms crossed protectively over her chest and her eyes snapped up to meet mine.

"Is there a phone here I could call the police from?"

"Yes, Miss, right over there," I pointed to the phone in the corner by the cooler, "Anything else?"

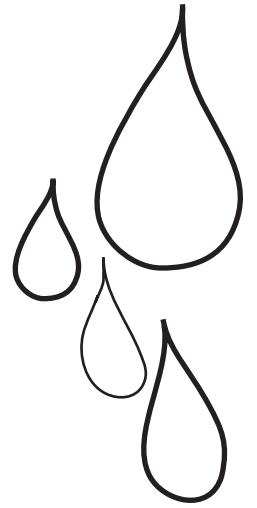
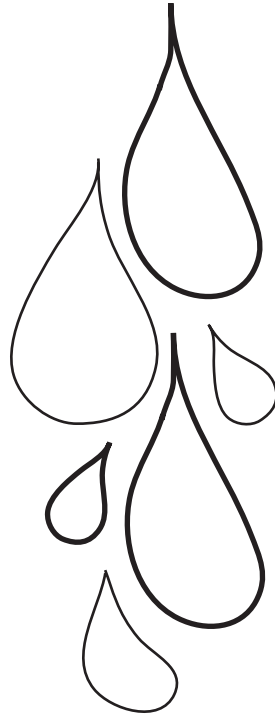
"No. Thank you though. I think I'm going to be okay now." I hoped with all my heart that she was right.

*-Haley Stevens*



*Meiko*  
Lindsay Orlovski

A  
u  
tumn  
R  
a  
in



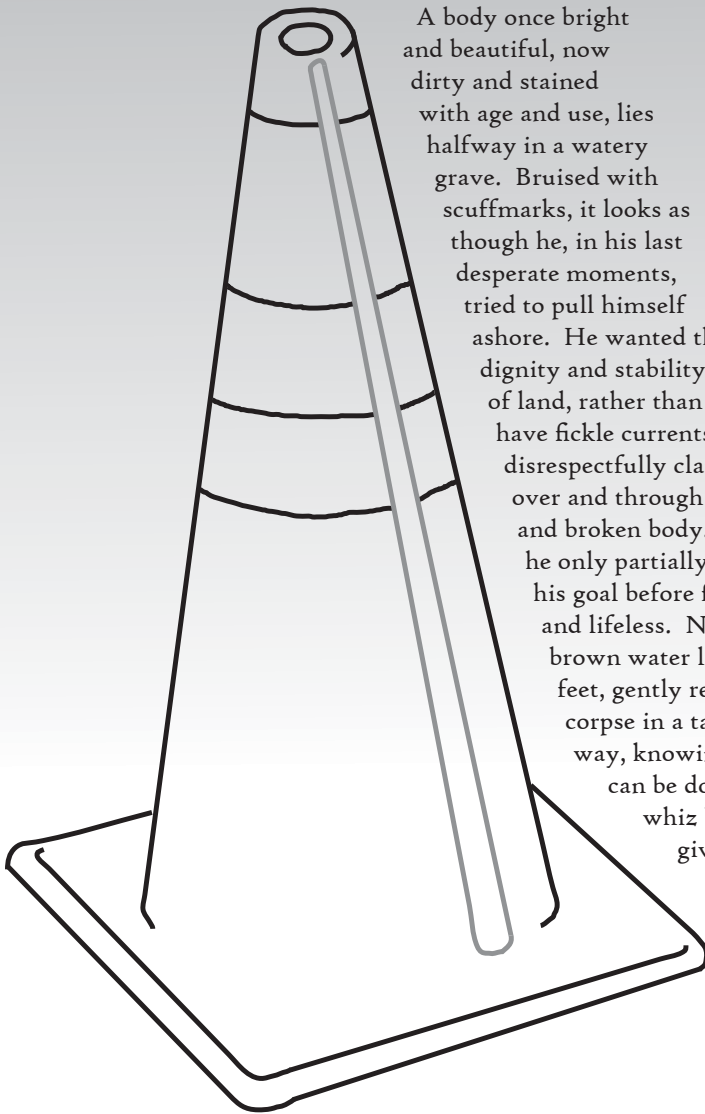
This song is depressing.

It represents a rainy day  
in autumn  
when everything goes wrong  
and your best friend is dead.  
Days like that are when you don't  
know  
what to do with yourself  
and you can't believe  
you have to be this same person  
for your whole life.

Cold autumn days  
when it rains  
walking through the woods;  
through the graveyard,  
picturing the bodies  
so close underneath your footsteps  
and being disturbed  
that people bury other people  
in the ground  
under their footsteps  
on cold autumn days  
when it rains.

~Annie Lalish

# Oh, the Drama



A body once bright and beautiful, now dirty and stained with age and use, lies halfway in a watery grave. Bruised with scuffmarks, it looks as though he, in his last desperate moments, tried to pull himself ashore. He wanted the dignity and stability of land, rather than have fickle currents disrespectfully clamoring over and through his split and broken body. Sadly, he only partially fulfilled his goal before falling limp and lifeless. Now the rusty brown water laps at his feet, gently regarding the corpse in a tacitly mindful way, knowing that nothing can be done. Commuters whiz by unaware, never giving a thought to a traffic cone lying in a mud puddle.

*-Gabriele Chase*

# OutCome Of Your Choices

Throughout your life you're going to make choices, some that are good and some that are bad. You will also make choices that are not very important and some that are. Either way, all the choices that you make somehow directly impact your life, and more often than not, the people's lives that mean the most to you. My dad's choice was one I know he truly must have regretted in the long run, because not only was he suffering astronomically, but so were the people who were directly involved in his life, mainly those who loved and cared about him.

Growing up while my dad was younger, smoking must have been the "in thing" - I assume that's why it was so common. Everyone did it, but of course that was before they were aware of the risks. But then again, many people do not seem to care about risks, especially when it comes to personal decisions involving "your" life. "Who else is it hurting?" seems to be the common question asked in the user's defense. But what appears to be the more appropriate question is, "who isn't it hurting?" Smoking and tobacco use is one of the leading causes of death in the United States. Every eight seconds someone dies from tobacco use.

My dad was a person who often chose to smoke and neglected to think about others around him and how much it would one day affect and impact their lives. At the age of 51 he was diagnosed with emphysema, a serious lung disease caused by smoking. He spent the next five years of his life attached to an oxygen machine and devoted tons of time to doctor's visits and frequent hospitalizations. He became partially handicapped, because he was incapable of doing his everyday things, and soon he became severely depressed and turned to alcohol as his relief from his depressing and often stressful life. If that wasn't hard enough, by the time my dad was 55, he was no longer capable of working from home and was soon forced to retire from work.

Throughout my dad's illness his ability to bring laughter and cheer was replaced by a new ability to bring pain to those who meant a great deal to him. His emotions often raging with hatred and self-pity led him to taking out his anger and frustration on those who meant the most to him. Even when he had not intended to do so, his words somehow managed to continuously be harsh. The once kind, funny, and energetic man had become bitter and hateful. If that does not directly affect or hurt other people I don't know what does. Our family was struggling to hold on, to try and find ways to make my father strong and happy again. But this once handsome 6' 5" man of 185 pounds was now 56 years old going on 80 and weighing less than all three of his children which was an outrageously large number of only 112 pounds.

This disease was controlling my father's life, or more so the addiction to cigarettes controlled his fate. Whether it was intended or not, one can't be sure, but its harm towards others will never go unnoticed. Despite popular belief, smoking and using tobacco products does seriously affect others. My life was greatly changed, so was my sister's, my mother's, my brother's, uncle's, and everyone else close to my family and dad. I'll never see my father again; all I have left now are memories, and a hole in my heart, along with a lot of hatred, pain, and anger towards him for making us suffer for so long, as well as for leaving us so soon. So is smoking really worth all of that? I do not know, why don't you tell me?

*~Stacy Black*



Caitlin Davidson

*What Do You Dream Of?*



A Woman's Burden  
Alicia Roche



# The Rose

Standing a Token of Affection, a symbol of beauty;  
*Curls back at the edges, dark edges, crisp;*  
As a complicated stairwell, a downwards spiral;  
*A Mexican dress – made for the Cha-Cha;*  
Swirling back are the edges, crisp movements;  
*A sunset reflected in a dazzling waterfall;*  
Performing a wild dance for entertainment;  
*Drying now, hanging and once beautiful;*  
The beauty within will reflect light;  
*A beautiful onion;*  
Exposed to the heat and drying;  
*Layers of blood-soaked pages, a story to tell;*  
Avoided like tear-jerking onions.

*~Marcy Lombard*





# The Effect of Flame

A woman in her mid-thirties sits cross-legged and lonely on a bed, a box lying still and opened beside her inside the box lay numerous packages of pictures. The woman sits glancing at a package of pictures she holds delicately in her hands flipping through them slowly. The pictures mostly contain her; in a white dress and a man in his mid-thirties, standing beside her in a tuxedo. Standard wedding pictures really, the significance being they were hers. Besides that there were a few odd ball shots of her husband doing awkwardly funny things; to this she smiled and laughed, throwing her head back slightly in remembrance of the day and what he said to her at that moment. “Oh, Frank, what were you thinking?” sprang from her lips as she looked back at the picture and then flipped through them some more. In the background you could hear drawers opening and metal clinking and clunking against like objects, then drawers closing again only to have the process repeated.

“Hun, you seen the light bulbs?” Frank loudly asked her from the kitchen. She looked away from the pictures a moment, glanced at the lamp with a burnt out bulb on his side of the bed standing solidly on the nightstand, also on his side of the bed. “No, I haven’t,” she called back.

“I’m going to check the cellar,” Frank called back in response as he opened the door leading to the cellar located in the kitchen. After 10 minutes passed, the yellow light illuminating from her nightstand’s lamp flickered and went out. “Jesus. . .” she said under her breath, agitated by the lamp’s event. She slid the bulk of the pictures she held back in the package they were developed with, placed them neatly back in the box and closed the lid.

Her bedroom was dark, but the living room lights that were on were still lit. She walked over to the kitchen and tried to turn on the light above the sink; she pushed the switch up. Upon the light’s activation, it shined for not even a half second and suddenly went out. “That’s weir-” she started to say, just at that moment she saw the living room lights die out from the corner of her eye, “-ird” she said continuing what she said before the disturbance as she now looked blankly at the darkened living room.

She opened a drawer, withdrew a candle and a matchbox, and lit the match. It flared to a harsh flame and dimmed down a bit. Holding the match to the candle’s wick, the flame transferred. She shook out the flame on the match and threw it away, making her way over to the cellar door and opening it. She placed one hand on the

doorframe and the other on the opened door peering down into the blackness that consumed the cellar. Just before she opened her mouth, violent noises of something similar to a large creature knocking around boxes and large objects was heard. A man’s deep but low volume growl was slightly heard by her. To this she thought, that can’t be Frank, his voice can’t go that low. Her heart began to pound and a twitch in her eye started as well. They both pulsed in a synchronized manner. Boxes’ rumbling was heard once again and a second later the hinge of an iron door creaked open. A flame roared and a shadow cast itself on the brick wall by the stairs. The flame only dimly lit the middle portion of the stairs and the candle on the kitchen counter managed to light up the top portion of the cellar stairs.

Curiosity rose inside her, she took a step down into the cellar, one leg still placed in the kitchen. Leaning forward a little to try to see the source of the flame but the wood just creaked, this caused her to stop leaning and look back at the shadow on the cellar wall. To the sound the shadow’s head turned violently in her direction, a deep hiss was let out. “Frank??” she said aloud with the obvious presence of anxiety, insecurity, and of being



*Jyde & Hekyll*  
Koko Evans

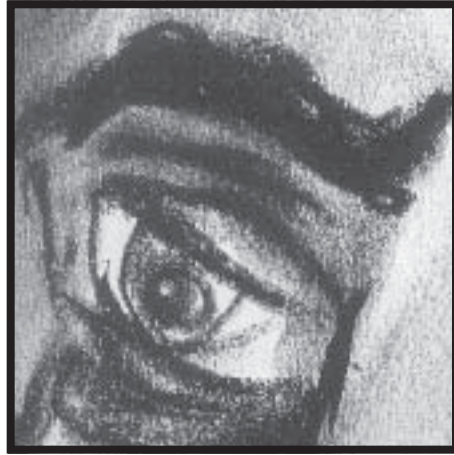
frightened. Then the shadow bolted towards her making a loud, deep, voiced hurl of sound. She screamed and quickly turned around and grasped the cellar door with both hands.

As she closed it she could see a long haired man, muscular and dirty as if he was tossing in a dirt mound. He was wearing dirty, torn, dark blue yet fading overalls that had deep green grass stains on the knees and along the

shin portions of the overalls. Blackened mud spots ran in with the green making for a mixture that resembled a tie-dye. Above the waist held discomfoting blotches of red liquid almost like globs of paint that was still wet. The man was also wearing cut up boots. His face seemed to be highly disturbing; he had paint on his face that was running off. His long hair also dangled in front of his face but at the same time swayed with the momentum of his heavysset body running up the stairs.

She slammed the cellar door with both hands and locked the deadbolt. She heard the stomping of the man running up the stairs. To this all she could do was scream and back away from the counter. The next thing heard in the house was the echoing of the door being thrust into. She saw the door bend out into the kitchen but still kept closed at the lock and then bent back into the doorframe.

The door continued to be pounded on. She pulled open a drawer frantically and withdrew a bread knife. She held it up, gave it one glance and threw it down on the floor in front of



her, then picked up a carving knife and held it out with two hands weakly in front of her. A tear formed and fell down her cheek. As she whimpered, the man let

out another roar and she screamed once again while she started to back her way to the living room. A loud crash was heard again as she picked up the phone breathing heavy, she listened for a dial tone but there was nothing. "Son of a—" she started to say when she was interrupted by another loud crash in the kitchen but this time it was wood splitting off the house's structure.

Looking up to the kitchen, the doorframe lay split and spread out in the kitchen. Large pieces of the actual

door were spread in the madness as well. Lastly, the doorknob rolling back and forth on the linoleum was all she saw.

The man roared once more and she cried out, "Go away!!" and then there was silence. She held her breath expecting to see the creature emerge from the corner the door was on but he

didn't. There wasn't a sound except the commencing of her heavy breathing again. Standing in silence for what seemed like an eternity but was really no more than a minute, she held up the knife again with one hand and stumbled her way to the kitchen counter, once more placing her hand on it to guide her as she made her way back towards the cellar door. Anxiety had taken over her body; every limb began to tremble noticeably with every inch she pushed along. She finally saw the bare and open entrance to the cellar, but it was dark. The fire that was once lit in the cellar was finally out.

She took a single step forward. Her vision seemed to tunnel and zoom in at the cellar's darkness. Just then an object was thrown up from the cellar. It bounced twice, leaving behind small puddles of liquid and making a suppressed thud sound until it started to roll, but was soon stopped by a large piece of wood left on the floor. Turning her sight to the object, she found it was

her husband's severed head.

The head was ripped from its shoulders. The limp and dangling skin

showed this to be obvious. His face was sprayed with his own blood, his short hair seemed to be messed up and thrown about. His eyes were wide open and his jaw dropped; he had a look of urgent escape and horror stuck on him like a tattoo. This image ran up tormenting her. She screamed, dropped her knife,

**"There wasn't a sound except for the commencing of her heavy breathing..."**

covered her face with her hands, and fell to her knees crying. The man let out a dark laugh of delight by this sick joke from the cellar and was silent again.

She held out a single hand towards her husband's head moaning at his sudden

death. She heard footsteps creaking up the stairs. She glanced at the cellar door and back at her husband's

head. She picked up the knife and gathered herself while stumbling to her feet. She had to run.

She ran to the living room, heading for the front door. She slammed her weight against it, twisting the knob. It only jerked and didn't move at all. She realized it was locked, looking at the three locks on the door, she was trying to get them all unlocked. However, the steps were already pounding at the top of the stairs so she ran into the guest bedroom, closed the door behind her, and threw herself down against the wall below the single pane window decorated with white silky drapes. Her head was visible outside. She screamed out, "Go away, you freak!" Tucking her knees to her chest, she sobbed as more tears slid down her face. The house was silent except for her panting. She realized there was no more sound throughout the house. Then, a sudden gust of wind hit the house and the house creaked until it stopped. This made her hold her knife in one hand and quiver while she held

her other hand to her lips.

A moment went by and she still heard nothing. Suddenly, two bulky arms shot through the window behind her, ripping the glass from its solid perfection, grabbing her shoulders. Her

“...two bulky arms shot through the window, ripping the glass from its solid perfection.”

legs kicked and she let out a scream of shock after which she began to try and struggle her way from his grip. He wrapped one arm around her neck. With the other, he made his way down her arm and grabbed the knife from her hand; it wasn't too hard to do seeing how she was of so little strength in the first place.

He grasped the knife in his hand backwards so the blade pointed towards his body and outstretched his arm as far as it could past her. Seeing this, she whispered, "No!" Her eyes grew wide and her legs kicked again. Like a jet taking off from a battleship his

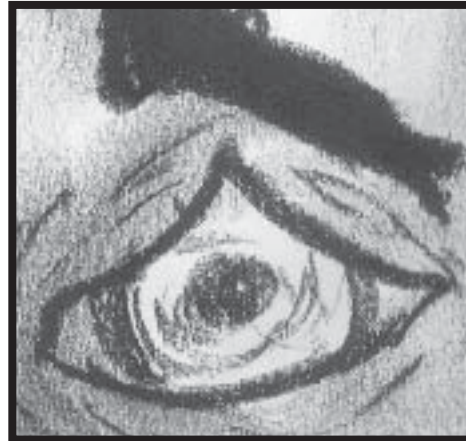
arm sped towards her torso and stabbed into her. She cried out a blood-curdling scream as blood slowly poured out of her mouth. The man let go of the knife and placed his hand on the back of her head. She stopped fighting as well as being surprised at the object lodged in her torso.

His other hand grasped her face

firmly. His large hand covered up most of her face, however, one of her eyes was still visible and blood ran down his hand. She blinked once and with a quick twist of his massive hands, a loud echoing snap along with the grinding of cartilage and spinal fragments filled the room in waves of her defeat and his success. Her body fell to the side, her head now facing her backside and a blade's handle still visible in her abdomen. The radio hooked up to a backup generator sounded. The radio had a biohazard sticker on the top and "Emergency" spelled out in red Sharpie along its chrome plated front.

"This is an official alert. Citizens take caution. Tonight a serial killer from the asylum escaped. Take the necessary precautions: do not pick up any

hitchhikers you may see, lock all doors and windows, and alert the police immediately if you see or hear anything suspicious." The message repeated and the kitchen was silent once again. The creaking of the cellar steps was heard



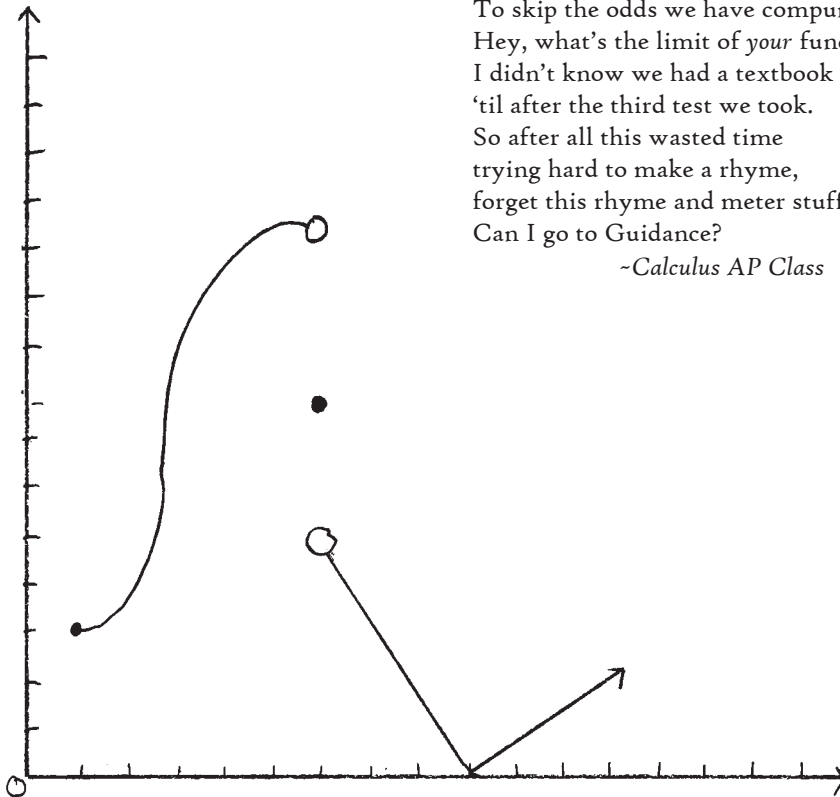
once more, the iron door opened like before, a fire was lit, the flame roared and crackled, and the iron door squeaked closed. A shadow was illustrated on the brick walls of the cellar once again. The man stood over the fire and glanced at the twisting and flickering of the warm dancing fire he started.

-Will Wilson

$$\pi \int_a^b (\text{The Joy of Calculus}) dx =$$

Eight of us plus one makes nine-  
 Take the inverse, then the sine.  
 I'd rather not; we've done this before.  
 Quick, even stroking, feet on the floor...  
 The signs on the wall: perverse decor.  
 To pump fluids these signs compel us  
 while we wait for the clock to tell us  
 when it is time to leave this class  
 so we can all get off our - derivatives.  
 The giddy girl starts to applaud  
 as all of us curse the Calculus gods.  
 Math, it seems, is for the heathens,  
 therefore we do only evens.  
 To skip the odds we have compunction.  
 Hey, what's the limit of *your* function?  
 I didn't know we had a textbook  
 'til after the third test we took.  
 So after all this wasted time  
 trying hard to make a rhyme,  
 forget this rhyme and meter stuff-  
 Can I go to Guidance?

-Calculus AP Class



Rain falls softly on the sidewalk people run and hurry

falling

off to work they run past the

GIANT Silver

WALKING

shoving past all the other people

people run and hurry off to work they seem to ignore

running past the people on the street

just so they can be on

TIME

all the things around them

they seem to ignore

all the things around them

running past the people on the street

they seem to ignore

just so they can be on

TIME

all the things around them

rushing, running and constantly

PUSHING

just so they can once again be on

and sit in some lonely silent

TIME

CUBICLE

rushing, running, constantly

PUSHING

rain falls softly on the

sidewalk

sitting in some lonely silent

CUBICLE

falling

they run past

GIANT Silver

WALKING

My

# Beautiful

# Girls

My beautiful girls:

[chicks-ladies-females-chicas-senoritas]

you rock.

So amazing-

smart and funny; not afraid to show it

Real. Bold. Outspoken. Elegant.

Confidence is something you already have  
and you need to choose to use.

You don't need  
to be anything but  
who God made you to be.

Don't pretend  
to be dumb

or wild

or boring

so they'll like you for who you're not.

You don't need a boy

to make you feel wanted  
and loved.

Do what excites your mind-  
run your own path.

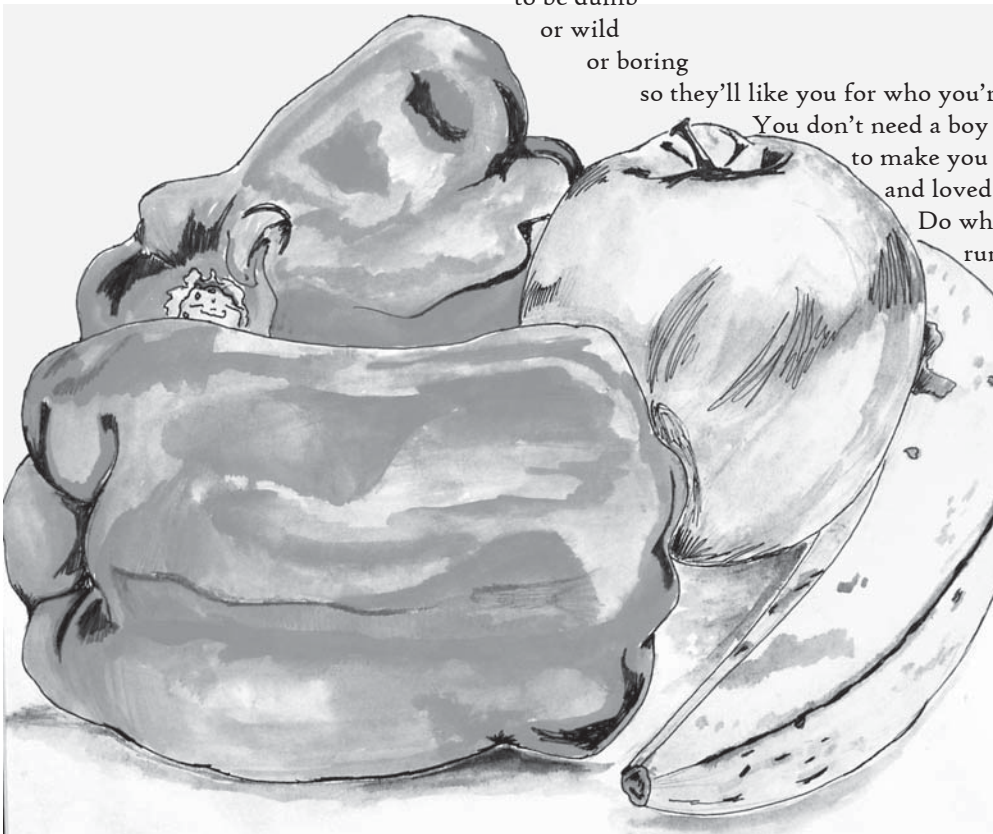
Along the way,  
you'll encounter  
more than you could ever want  
and exactly what you needed.

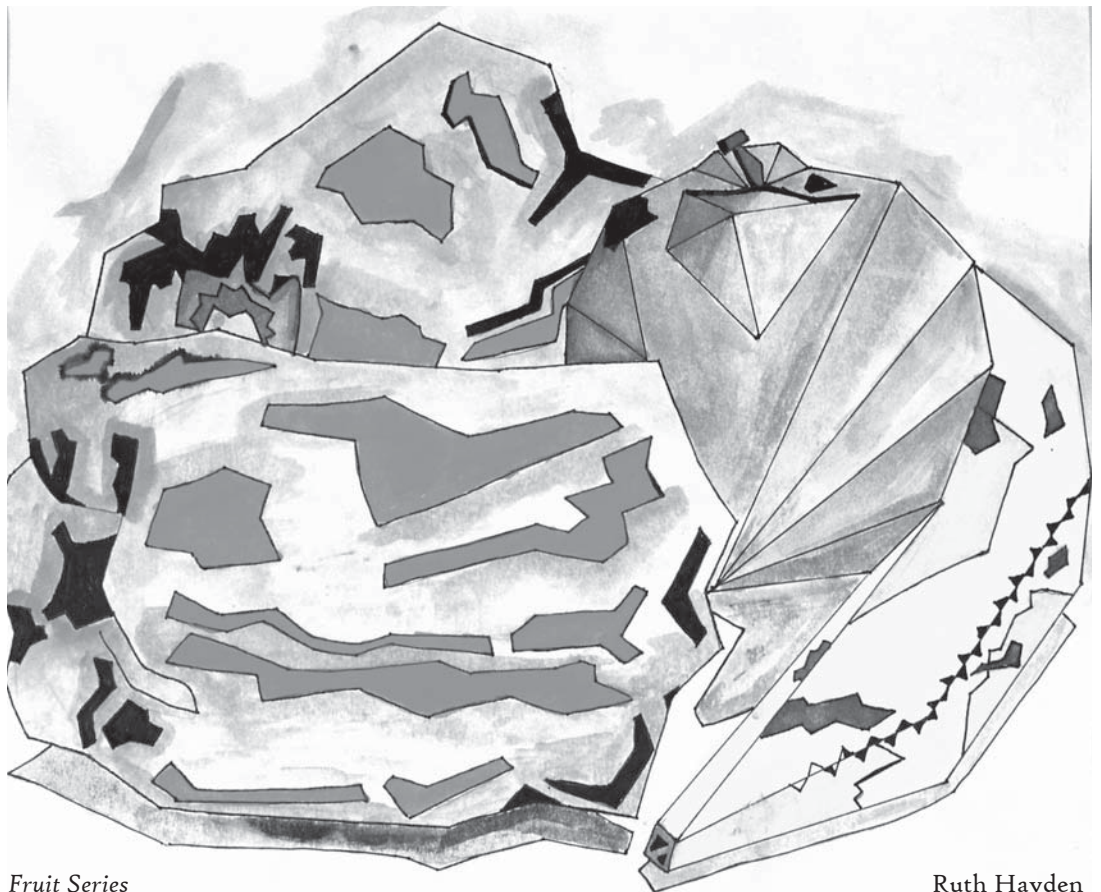
Charm is deceptive  
and beauty will fade.\*

Don't wait to be told you're pretty  
to be beautiful.

\*Proverbs 31:10

~Annie Lalish





*Fruit Series*

Ruth Hayden

I see Star-Shiner every night,  
Wreathed gracefully with the moon's light.  
It is her job to make it shine:  
I'll tell you of her tale divine. . .

~Chorus~

Star-Shiner Dragon  
Reveal the night,  
Brush off the stars,  
And make the moon bright.  
Show us the beauty,  
That your claws entwine,  
For it's your duty,  
To make the stars shine.

~End Chorus~

Her purple eyes glow with desire  
Her scales are white and shine like fire,  
Her shiner-smoke is blue and gray,  
Her horn will warn us – keep away.

~Chorus~

When darkness comes she ventures out,  
And her head swivels all about,  
Then with a breath of dank night air,  
Dust she blows off 'til there's none there.

She turns the blackened stars to light.  
To watch her is my sole delight,  
I watch her but I'll never tell,  
For our friendship I'll never sell.

~Chorus~

But now the town has found her out,  
They'll try to kill her, I've no doubt.  
I run as she falls from the sky,  
Star-Shiner Dragon must not die!

Mommy, Daddy,  
Don't kill the dragon,  
Without her our night will die,  
Brother, Sister,  
Don't kill Star-Shiner,  
Listen to her mournful cry.

Star-Shiner Dragon,  
Reveals the night,  
She will brush off the stars,  
And make the moon bright.  
She shows us the beauty  
That her claws entwine

For it's her duty,  
To make the stars shine. . .

Star-Shiner, please lift your head –  
Where will night be if you are dead?

S  
T  
A  
R



S  
H  
I  
N  
E  
R

D  
r  
a  
g  
o  
n

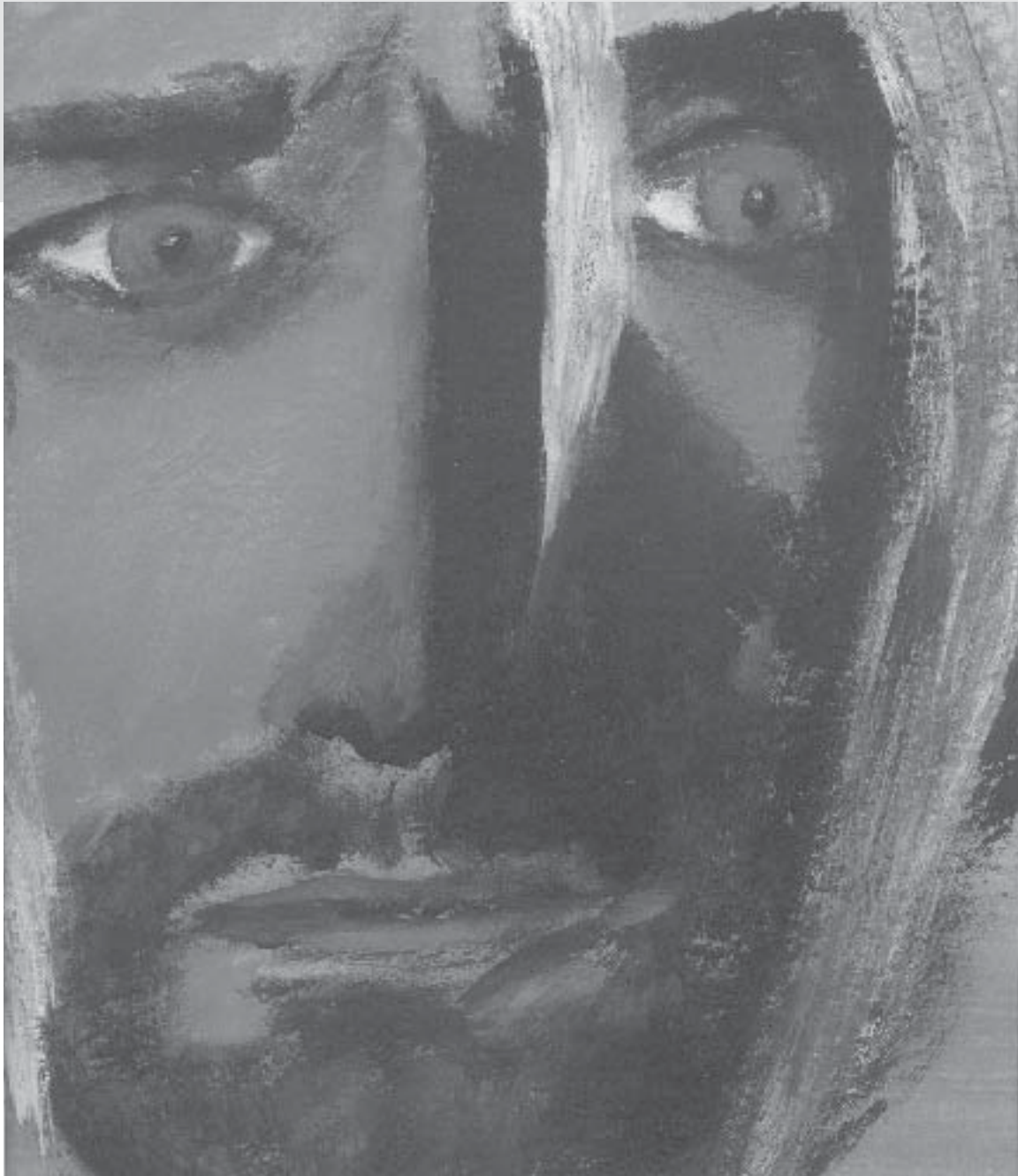
## A song of a girl and a dragon

~Laura Jennings

# Wreathed



with the moon's light



*At the Age of 27*

Koko Evans

# R a i n

Rain, Rain on me  
Water swirls into gutters along these Boston streets  
My shirt clings to me  
I am soaked through to the skin  
Cloth walls remain flimsy against Heaven's sorrow

I stand alone  
Beside the trash can on the corner  
A gray van passes  
I watch the crowd across the street

O'Malley is speaking to the throng  
His voice firm, hard  
Filled with that which Jesus spoke against  
And Jesus is there with them  
In stigmata  
An effigy of hatred  
On dozens of crosses raised to a heavy sky

The archbishop pauses, a cheer rises on the air  
Amen, Amen  
Hatred, Brothers, Glory be to God

O'Malley steps down, the cheers fade  
Rain drips off crosses upheld to a gray sky  
Teardrops fall from His eyes to the earth  
Perhaps He cries for me, perhaps for them

I turn away and begin my journey  
Huge drops shatter themselves angrily on the pavement  
My hair sticks to my forehead  
And no one knows I am crying

*-Jake Smith*

D

e

S

t

r

u

c

t

i

v

e



The golden glint strikes as a lightning bolt,  
 Traveling down the mast to the ship's heart.  
 The boards hold strong in a hopeless revolt,  
 The fire of pain is a bittersweet art.  
 Waves of emotions held in the center,  
 Like that of the ocean, tempt the viewer.  
 Draw me into its strong arms, to render  
 Me helpless as a fish on a lure.

The guiding light shines brightly in your eyes,  
 Gold beams of security from this place.  
 This security is just a disguise,  
 The devil's horns on an angelic face.  
 A single feature leads to corruption,  
 Your eyes are my comfort, my destruction.

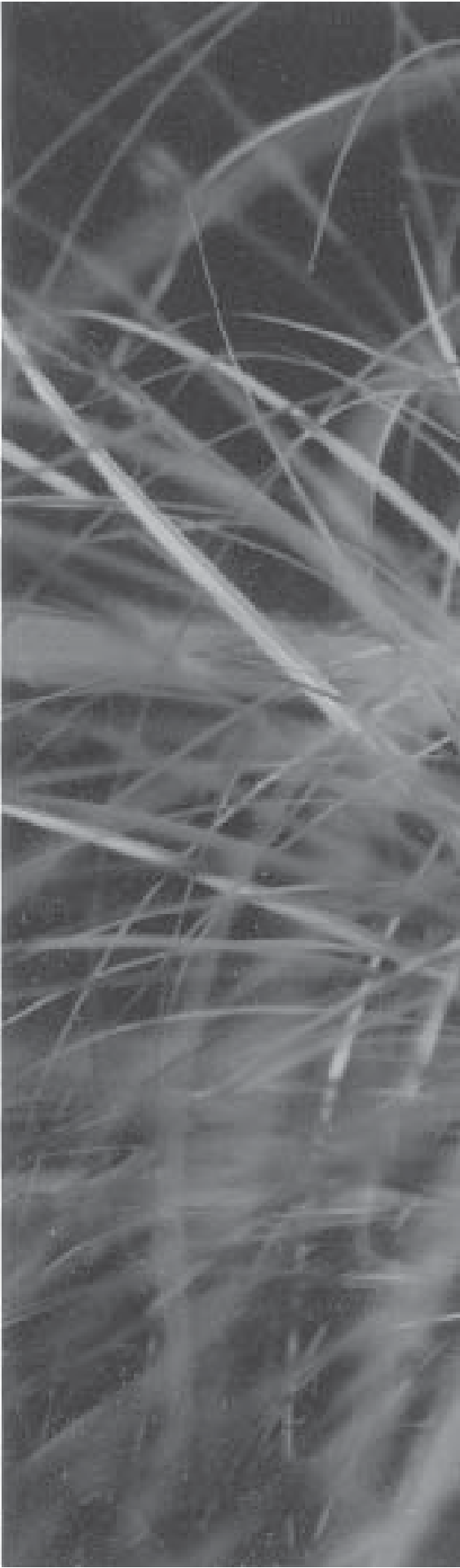
*~Jessye Wojtusik*

Comfort



*Control*

Lindsay Orlovski



# The Ballad of Sir Frederick

Noble, old Sir Frederick  
Atop his noble steed,  
Rode throughout the land and did  
Many a-noble deed.

He raided camps of plund'ring thieves,  
Single-handedly.  
Then gave it back to the folk  
O, so nobely.

He quenched the crop fires in mid-June  
Not simply by water,  
He nobly did a rain dance,  
Then married the farmer's daughter.

He killed the Dragon of Yonder Cave  
By nob'ling it to death  
Then he read its eulogy  
(He named the Dragon "Seth").

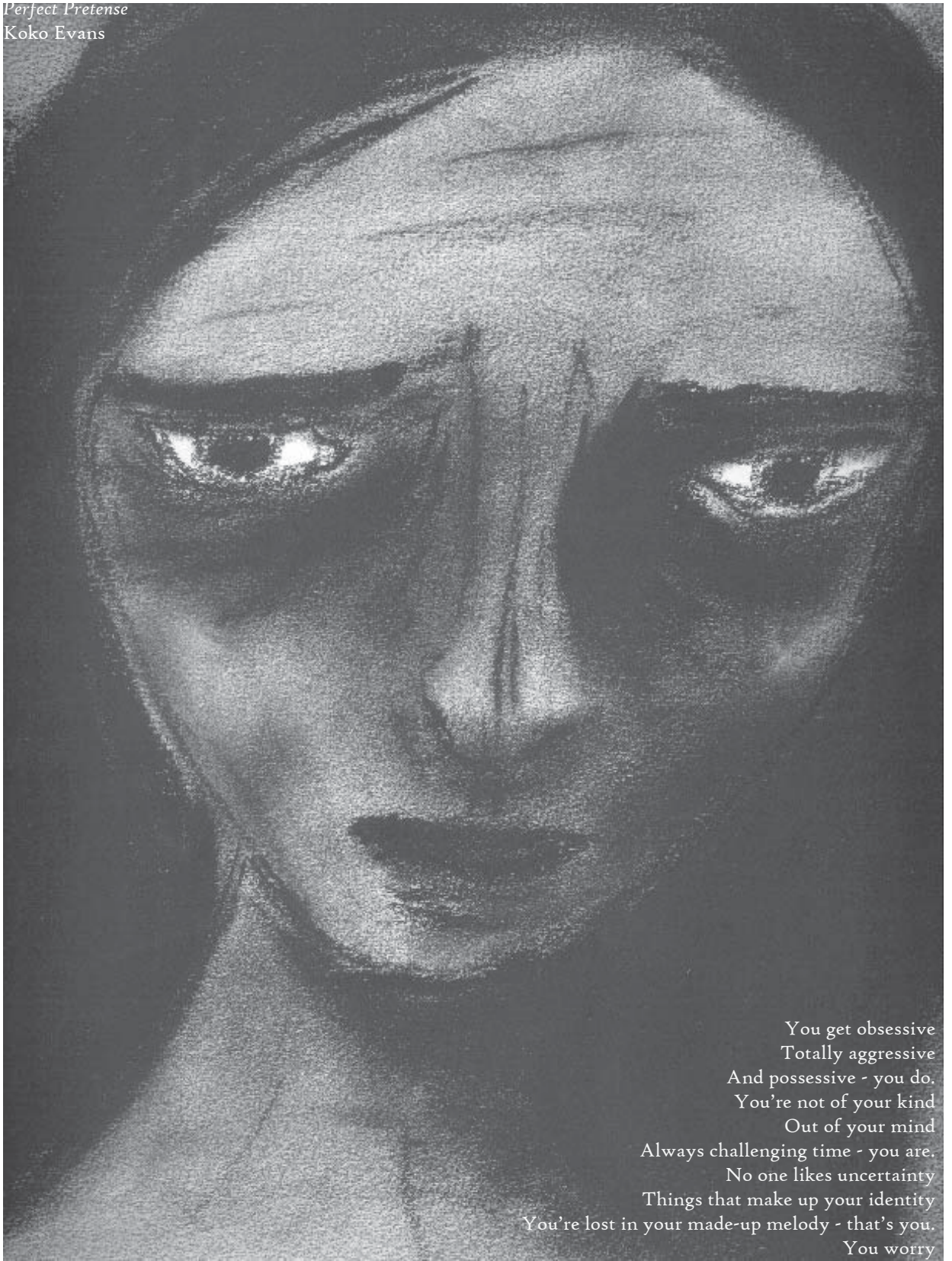
He rid the town of all it's rats  
By magic, some may say  
But you and I are both aware  
He nobled them away.

He tried to free the world of evil  
But he died.

*~Don Fisher*

Witness  
A flower blossoms  
Nature unfolds her wonders  
Witness Miracles  
-Melissa Swanwick  
Miracles

Perfect Pretense  
Koko Evans



F  
a  
u  
l  
t  
s

You get obsessive  
Totally aggressive  
And possessive - you do.  
You're not of your kind  
Out of your mind  
Always challenging time - you are.  
No one likes uncertainty  
Things that make up your identity  
You're lost in your made-up melody - that's you.  
You worry

Quick thoughts scurry  
Through a world so blurry - your mind.  
That's why I hate you  
Forsake you  
I'll break you...  
...I can't bear to look in you  
...mirror on the wall...

~Marcy Lombard

D D D D  
e e e e  
a a a a  
d d d d  
S S S S  
o o o o

B  
e  
a  
u  
t  
i  
f  
u  
l

I wish I could go back to that day  
and sit in that pew forever  
and cry for you  
I remember thinking  
how sad it was  
that after those few hours  
it would be over  
and I thought no one  
would want to talk about it  
or think of you  
ever again,  
when all I wanted to do  
was think about you.  
I couldn't even say good-bye  
or tell you I loved you  
when I had the chance.  
I didn't want to listen  
when I was told  
you wouldn't make it through the day-  
I didn't want to believe it  
I couldn't even cry  
until I saw you  
dead, so beautiful



# A Single Beat

The lights dim. The crowd goes silent. There is a strum of a guitar and the keys of a piano are heard softly. The spotlights come on- pink, blue, red, yellow, green. The stage is alive, the band located center, ready to play. Then, the chords are struck and a familiar song comes to ear. As the music begins, the crowd goes wild. Immediately, there is a frenzy among teens, all unique in their own way, but all brought together by one common element- the sound of music.

The mixed sea of girls and boys-black, yellow, white, purple, gay, straight, punks and preps, begin to dance to the music... They are captivated by the rhythm, by the harmonic chords, by the intriguing lyrics. Regardless of their differences, they all feel a connection to the song, to this moment.

Immediately, with the rush of joy and excitement, there is an apparent madness in the crowd. This is how onlookers would perceive it anyway. However, to the young individuals all taking part in this moment of sheer happiness, it is

not nearly chaos. It is a subliminally organized crowd. The music has taken control and compelled their bodies to behave in such unnatural ways. The rhythm forces them to jolt with the beat. It is a rather violent jolt, but the music fans are too caught in the moment to realize what is happening around them. They have found themselves in a moment of absolute bliss.

The night goes on with an impressive lineup of familiar songs, old and new. The crowd sings along and dances freely. And yet, although each are thinking different thoughts and moving in their own ways, there is a consistent pattern among the group. They sway in unison. They sing as one. They feel the beat. The aromas of sweat and illegal substances fill the nostrils of the crowd. And still, they go

on, unaffected by the distasteful scents that establish a concert feel, and that bring the memories back to life.

One girl is raised above the crowd, brought to her own world, above everything else. From here she can see the band, the lead singer. She feels as if she is the only one in this crowd of thousands. This is her moment, and nobody could possibly take that away from her. She feels as if he is singing to her and only her. Floating across the hands of people below her, she feels suddenly relaxed. The lulling rock of the crowd brings about a calmness that she has never experienced before. She feels safe in the hands of strangers because they are all sharing this moment of happiness. Each person has respect for the others around them. They all are determined to keep each

“...she is the only one in this crowd of thousands.”

other safe, and hope that each person enjoys the experience as much as the next. The girl is carried toward the front of the stage where she is gently placed down. She is now the closest she will ever be to the band. The adrenaline is so powerful, she could

not possibly feel more exultant. She cannot bear to move on, but she must. She runs back into the crowd and pushes her way to the front again.

As she returns to the crowd, she returns to uniformity, the rhythmic sway, the lulling singing, the heart-filling happiness. She cannot bear to part with this moment. No one can. The end grows near and the movement of the crowd gradually slows. However, it does not stop. The band plays on and the music fills the atmosphere. This moment cannot be taken. This rush of energy and emotion, this overwhelming feeling of joy, cannot be broken. Even when the music dies out, and the crowd goes home, the memories will continue to live vividly in the minds of every boy and girl that experienced this incredible night.

~Dahlia Mayberry



# Something

SO Right

I hold you close in the warm quiet  
Your soft breaths come evenly, hot silk caressing my skin  
SICK  
I feel your heat  
Your arm over my chest, our legs entwined  
WRONG  
I trace your lovely face, so lightly across your lips  
You with the crown of dark hair, so beautiful  
DISGUSTING  
I feel your heart beating  
Your hand rests over my own, over the powerful rhythm of my love for you  
ABOMINABLE  
I lie with you in the night, our sacred time  
Your soft warmth slowly lulls me to dream, something so right  
LOVE

~Jake Smith



Medium of Media

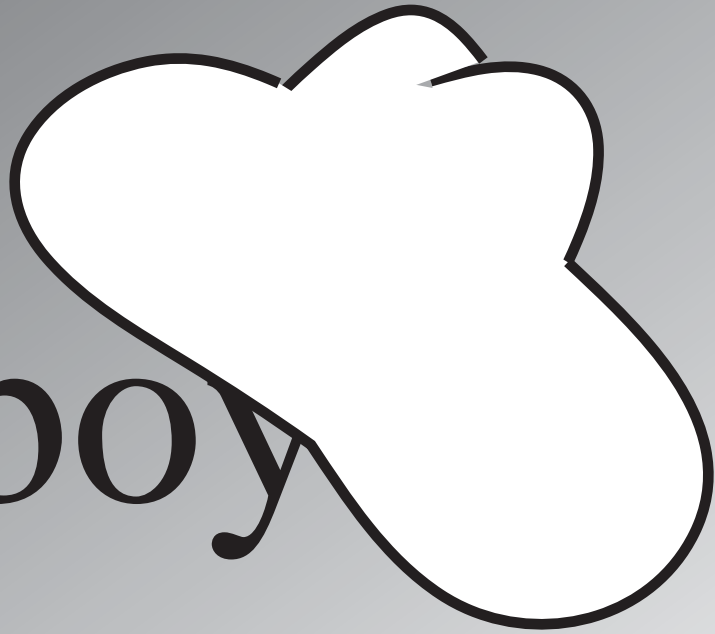
Alicia Roche

the light at the end of the tunnel  
 is suddenly behind me  
 and I'm walking into darkness  
 doors close  
 but I can't find another  
 The Dark black flower  
 bad times in the future  
 I know  
 the fear of the future  
 the pain of the past  
 I'm scared for those that may not last  
 on this painful journey  
 Is searching for your soul  
 so much death around us  
 so much life  
 but what is the point  
 Will you keep it?  
 what's life mean to you  
 a journey, a task,  
 or a test  
 Or let it go?  
 is it a choice or a gift  
 with all the pieces lost  
 for you to find  
 The Dark black flower  
 to search for the opening  
 of a new tunnel  
 in hope of light  
 Is coming to get us all  
 is a job we all should do  
 but you can never tell  
 what will happen in this world  
 To save us from this world of pain  
 rely on others  
 let them rely on you  
 for  
 The Dark black flower  
 it will make this life easier  
 on us all  
 Will give us eternal joy  
 do not judge  
 I will try  
 and also to trust  
 If we do not fear its color

~Sofia Sutton

# The Dark Black Flower with Thoughts

# The Cowboy



The scruffy man  
With the weather-worn face  
Reaches down a little  
To grab the reins  
Of his tan horse  
As the horse trots  
Through the town  
He tips his hat  
To the lady  
Outside the store...  
He grins a little  
As he passes her  
She smiles and blushes  
In return  
*-Don Fisher*



# Unknown Beloffed

A furnuffle beloffed a squish from northishwere  
The squish which beloffed him too  
The squish would sittie next to the furnuffle  
Who made all her skalyies blue  
Nay neither furnuffle nor squish  
Had the courish to persue  
Whatish both heldie inside their hayarts  
Twas the same, yet neitherie knew...

*-Marcy Lombard*

you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you

I decided that I'm too self-centered

Y

There are other people to talk about.

Sometimes I don't realize I'm not the only one on earth

So how are **You** today?

There are other people to talk about,

like **you** and **you** and **you**.

So how are **You** today?

O

I hope everything is well.

Like you and **you** and **you**,

I miss hearing your voice,

I hope everything is well.

U

My voice, I hear too often.

I decided that I'm too self-centered

Sometimes I don't realize I'm not the only one on earth

I miss hearing your voice,

My voice, I hear too often.

~Nikki Despre

you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you  
you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you you

Be Careful What You Do

You gnaw  
on the top of my head.  
WHY?!  
The bell rings.  
You just chuck me  
In the dark  
Zippered  
Luggage of yours.  
I fear you might not even pick me-  
next time.  
You forget  
To cover me and I start  
Feeling  
A little dry.  
Then you have the nerve  
To rant  
And I wonder why  
I  
DON'T  
WORK!!  
Thanks,  
I'll be sure to write 'cha  
A thank-you note.

-Korina Rivera

To

Be

Q

N

To

Be

Death is overtaking me.  
My limbs are ripped from my body,  
one by one, slowly torn away.

My flesh is burned, the smell gagging me.  
In its place, hard unnatural things,  
Are shoved into my skin.

My breath is contaminated with poisoned air.  
The water meant to quench my thirst,  
Envelops my throat with the fiery burn of acid.

Beings who depend on me so much,  
Are the source of my pain and anguish.

My destruction is theirs.  
My murder, their suicide.

With this knowledge, they continue their ignorance,  
stupidity and cruelty ruling their lives.

I am their life and soon to be death,

I am Earth and these are my people.

-Jessye Wojtusik



*What They Don't Show You*  
Michelle Church



# Footprints

They follow then behind me  
And never run ahead  
They are patient in my walking  
In the sand they make their bed

I wander so along the beach  
I wish to give away  
The immortal and the graceful too  
I have lived all for this day

Still they obediently follow  
Deepening with my walk  
Waves pound against the shore  
None do wish to talk

They follow then behind me  
And never run ahead  
They are patient in my walking  
In the sand they make their bed

The sun is rising  
A smile on my face  
The wind was whipping up my hair  
I slow my panicked pace

I turn my face up to the light  
The glow circle gold  
My time is coming  
This time I must be bold

They follow then behind me  
And never run ahead  
They are patient in my walking  
In the sand they make their bed

I raise my arms up to the sky  
My task is now complete  
And as my footprints disappear  
My heart is sinking deep

I am going home now  
My feathers have been clipped  
I place my garland on the waves  
My body begins to deep

I sway and drop into the sand  
Water kissing my skin  
Draperies sticking to my legs  
A smile for a dream

The angel has found her home  
The feathers swirl away  
A spirit rests on the beach  
The end of an angel's day

They followed then behind her  
And never ran ahead  
They were patient with her walking  
In the sands they made their bed

-Kara Robinson

# The Race

It always starts with just a simple step,  
No matter how fast or how slow the pace.  
You never know where it will take you next;  
You never know where you're about to go...

I start to run this race that most call life,  
Young at the heart and full of drive. I have  
started out well, keeping up with the rest.

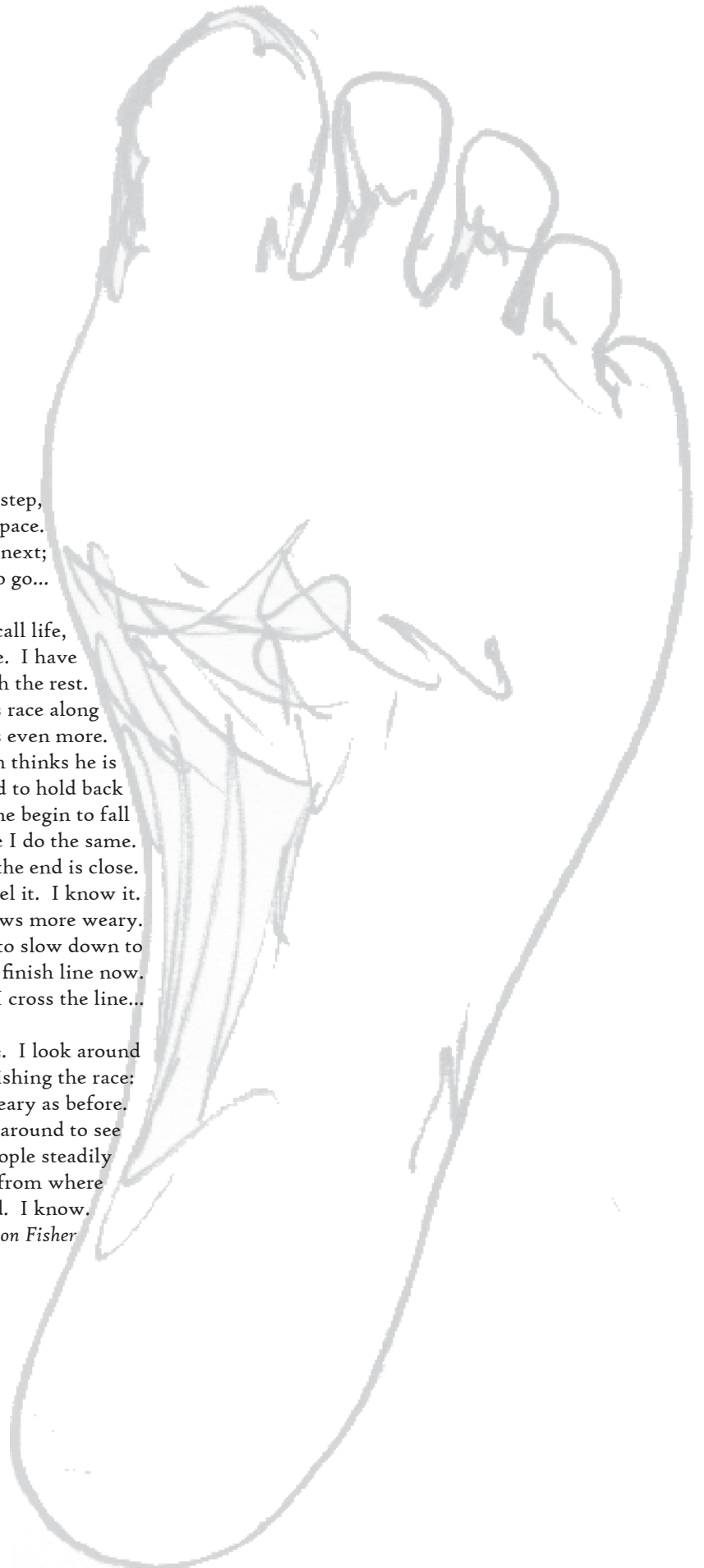
The rest of those who run this race along  
my side. Our speed increases even more.

We all run together. Each thinks he is  
Invincible. Not prepared to hold back  
at all. But slowly some begin to fall  
behind, and being one I do the same.  
I've run so long; I know the end is close.

It's almost done. I feel it. I know it.  
With each step my body grows more weary.  
I can feel my pace start to slow down to  
a crawl. I can see the finish line now.  
It draws nearer to me. I cross the line...

I am done with the race. I look around  
me to see others finishing the race;  
they no longer look as weary as before.  
The finishers look all around to see  
a great number of people steadily  
rising. Cheering. Laughing. Loving...from where  
I am I know I've reached the end. I know.

*~Don Fisher*



# Explanation of Policy

Before the staff reads or views literary and art submissions, author and artist 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 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 High Tower Text, a font completed in 1994 by Tobias Frere-Jones for the the Journal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. With this font he tried to bring Jenson's 1490 roman up to date. Students designed the titles of literary works in ITC Viner Hand, a typeface based on the relaxed rhythm typical of handwriting, designed by John Viner.

Text was originally word processed in Microsoft Word and imported into Adobe InDesign 2.0.2 using a Hewlett-Packard scanner or Kodak digital camera.

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

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