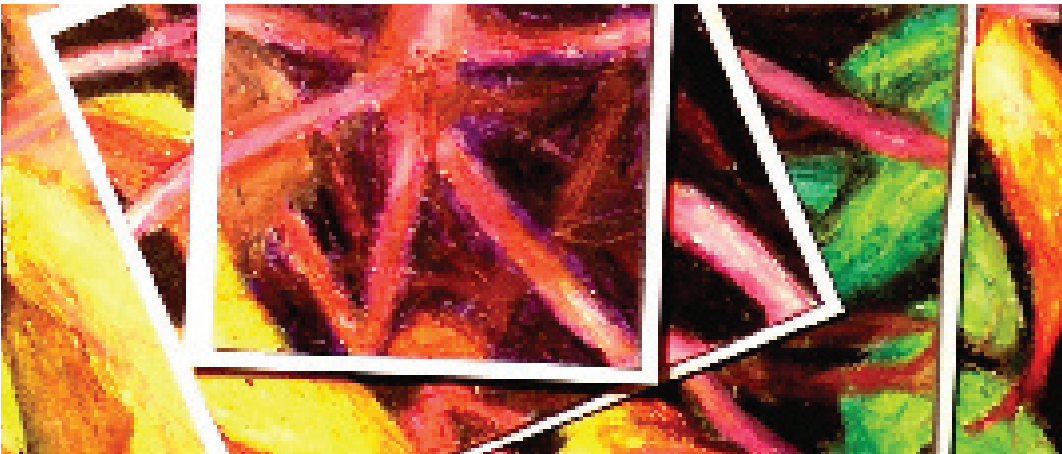


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Volume 11

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Paragon

2007

Volume 11

Coe-Brown Northwood Academy

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Thank you to our faculty readers: Penny Aube,
Jeanne Goulet, Ray Mason, and Jennifer Wheet.

Columbia Scholastic Press Awards

Gold Medalist: 1997

Silver Medalist: 1998

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Bronze Medalist: 2000

Gold Medalist: 2001

Gold Medalist: 2002

Gold Medalist: 2003

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Silver Medalist: 2005

Silver Medalist: 2006

National Council of Teachers of English

Superior Rating: 1998

Superior Rating: 1999

Superior Rating: 2000

Excellent Rating: 2001

Superior Rating: 2002

Excellent Rating: 2003

Highest Rating: 2004

Excellent Rating: 2005

Excellent Rating: 2006

As editor of Coe-Brown Northwood Academy's literary/ arts magazine, *Paragon*, I would like to invite you to come experience the works of your fellow classmates through poem, story and art. This year's magazine features a great variety of work from lyrical pieces to ones that may make you laugh long and loud. Please look closely at all the works, for your classmates have something to tell (may it be through pen or paint) that you may learn or enjoy.

This year our staff worked to master the technicalities of computer programs necessary to complete the layout and overall design of the magazine. We all worked hard to complete a clean-cut, hard-edged style magazine of art and literary works for your enjoyment, so take the time to get something out of the work inside. It is easy to say that none of this would be at all possible without the complete dedication of the staff and our advisors for their necessary and appreciated guidance. And now, I give to you Volume 11.

Sofija Sutton



Counterfeit Age
Jennifer Perry
Scratchboard

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Novelty Comes from Sunshine

There's a preacher at my window, and an angel at my feet
There's a buzzing at my bedside, and leaves upon the street.
The wind still slowly whispers, and the trees just calmly wave.
There's a shadow at my doorstep, the sun's come out today.

A smile greets the faces, as their own people walk on by.
There's a song within my footstep, and a tear that I can't cry
I have a thought to find an answer, to the question that I have.
The moon can rise tomorrow, the sunshine makes me glad.

Novices, they can grumble as their elders watch and sigh.
There's a window for the taking, and a door at which to pry.
I might not be so old yet, but there are candles for my years;
natural as sun light, and they shift as much as tears.

Beautiful and sinful, that's the story of their mind;
the tremor of the waves, as they break over their kind.
Mysteries and summaries, the earth still spins that way;
but only novelty in sunlight can teach me what to say.

There's a hope still in the future, a past, a thought, a cure.
For some familiar reason, people can't promise for sure.
Peace and love and prosperity can sometimes be mislaid;
but the sun still breaks through the clouds, yellow naked rays.

Mountains break with seasons past as the cities climb so grand.
Planes fly high into the sky, but they will still come back to land.
Children stop and listen as their parents watch them grow;
but the sun will come tomorrow: it's what they've come to know.

Heads now hit the pillows as the children shut their eyes.
Flowers bloom upon the night as the evening gale cries.
Sleepless nights are soon begun, whatever your story books say;
But the sun is shining somewhere for another novel day.

Tylee Schraufnagel

■

LE PARFUM DE LA PLAGE

Gigi Vigneault

The waves crash
And the seagulls caw
And some faraway cries sing
And the small children noisily play

For my sensitive ears
It's a very loud noise, almost chaotic
Yet, I am astonished
By the calm that surrounds me
Like a natural lullaby

UN POÈME DE LA MER

Pauline Richelieu

Le sable
Rugueux, entre mes orteils
C'est une sensation fantastique
Le sable est chaud et réconfortant à cause du soleil
C'est partout,
Mais je l'adore.
L'eau est rafraîchissante- Je suis détenue

Et jusqu'à ce que je me promène
Et le sable revient encore
Le sable qui se faufile entre mes orteils
Partout

LE SEL DE L'OCÉAN

Dominique Yver

Le sel amer de l'océan
Recontre ma langue comme un coup vicieux
C'est la première chose que je me sens
Quand je pense à la plage

Je peux goûter l'eau savoureuse
N'importe où je suis
Je peux la goûter même sur les vents
Car le sel de l'océan
Collant à ma peau
Ne me quittera jamais.

LA SYMPHONIE DE LA PLAGE

Isabelle Leduc

Les vagues se brisent
Et les mouettes croassent
Et quelques cris éloignés chantent
Et les petits enfants jouent bruyamment

Pour mes oreilles sensibles
C'est en bruit très fort, Presque chaotique
Ainsi, je suis étonnée
Par la calme qui m'enveloppe

THE BEACH'S PERFUME

Roxy Bischoff

You know that you're near the beach
When the wind strikes your face
You smell the distinct perfume of the ocean
It's the only odor like it

The strange mixture of fish and salt
It is not a pleasant odor
But the scents roll continuously like the waves
And everything is perfect just the same
Because you know you are near the beach

A SEA POEM

Zoe Hendrikson

Sand
Rough between my toes
A fantastic feeling
The sand is hot and invigorating from the sun
It's everywhere
But I love it.
The water is refreshing- I'm held prisoner.

And until I take a step
And the sand comes back again
The sand between my toes
Everywhere

THE SALT OF THE OCEAN

Rebecca Yurek

The bitter salt of the ocean
Meets my tongue like a vicious hit
It's the first thing I feel
When I think of the beach.

I can taste the flavorful water
No matter where I am
I can even taste it on the winds
Because the salt of the ocean
Sticking to my skin
Will never leave me.

THE SYMPHONY OF THE BEACH

Danielle MacDonald

The waves crash
And the seagulls caw
And some faraway cries sing
And the small children noisily play

For my sensitive ears
It's a very loud noise, almost chaotic
Yet, I am astonished
By the calm that surrounds me
Like a natural lullaby

Those who are “popular” bathe in money,
And are great at showing off their sweet skills.
Those who are “cool” make others feel funny,
And may have to smoke plants or swallow pills.

They are the people with sick nasty cars.
It’s the guys with both sides covered in girls.
The ones who drink yet are too young for bars.
But the ones without this are the true pearls.

People without all this are those you trust.
They’re popular because they are loyal.
You know that their friendship will never rust.
They treat everyone like they are royal.

People with true friends, respect everyone,
Instead of those who respect only one.

-Nate Burnell



Impious?
Krystal Costa
Charcoal Drawing

Driving

I was driving home from his house in the pouring rain, the static marring the song on the radio. After turning at the intersection I would be on this road until it ended. I settled back in my seat and turned my radio up, allowing my mind to wander. I stopped paying attention to the speedometer; I did not need it, being all alone on a road marked 50 miles per hour. I could go as slow and as lazily as I wanted to; I was in no rush to rush to get home. My mind wandered from subject to subject and soon I found that I had been subconsciously trying to stay in the half-dry tracks that the person who was too far ahead of me to see had left behind. They were not too far ahead of me, I knew, because what they had left was only starting to be covered by the rain beating down onto the pavement. It did not take long before my mind wandered not ahead, to the person before me, but to the tracks I was leaving behind. I imagined them getting covered over; disappearing in the rain. For some reason this thought depressed me, so instead I imagined someone else, driving too far behind me to see, who was following in my half washed away tire tracks. Apparently, the person who was ahead of me had taken a turn a while back, or was going much faster, lengthening the distance between us. There were no tire tracks ahead of me any longer. I thought about the person in front of me being saddened by this, as I would be having my tracks washed away. My mind once again drifted away from what was ahead of me to what was behind me, to the person following in the path I had left, thinking about the path they too were leaving behind.

Jen Perry

RAIN IN AUTUMN

*The leaves bright upon the trees,
Though beautiful and bright,
In a clear day's sunlight,
Are now dark and damp,
Silhouettes against a sky dark as night.*

Brendan McCann



*Strange Birch
Brendan McCann
Photograph*



mobility stability capability and lift
justification of rotation is shown in the
photograph below.
traveling will be provided
for a given distance away from selected
points.
recently similar models gained power
but lacked experimental capabilities.
showing how these models lack
mobility stability capability and lift

*I'm Not the One Who's
Trapped
Jennifer Perry
Charcoal*

Lucy Sutton

The Perfect Soldier

A man who by no means knows who he is
Only knows what he must befall
To befall what he has been told
And told to do whatever he may believe
And believes in his destiny
Destined to be great in what he becomes
To become ever more aware
Aware he has all too much to give
But given everything he already has
And yet still has the ability to go far
Further than he had ever imagined
But still imagined the day would come
It would come from below, the hatred
The hate is what kept him strong
Strong enough to know it was there
There long enough to be too lengthy
And it was lengthy they waited return
But never returned his smiling face
Faced the very thing he would disgust
Disgusted to be what he is now
Now he has the time to refocus
Focus on his life long dream
He was dreaming when it happened
It happened all at once
Once the shots were fired off
Off he went still sturdy
Sturdy throughout it all
All in all a Perfect Soldier

Seth Klint

Sunny Disposition of A Spotted Mind

*Obviously it's my sunny disposition,
That leads to the supposition,
I haven't any opposition,
But this predisposition,
Of constant redefinition,
Changing my life's mission,
Hoping for recognition,
Rather than admonition,
Not the demolition,
Of the careful expedition,
To exhibit intuition,
But thanks to my rendition,
It leads to my transition,
Whether due to cosmic condition,
Or that predefinition,
To be a logician or technician,
Predetermined deposition,
Of your curious inquisition*

Mallory McCoy



Dramatic
Addie Moreno
Black and White Photography



Fog

Regret closed the door to the future,
The past is now the only present, the future ceases to exist,
 Loops of memories trace my brain,
I'm living it all over again, regret growing only stronger,
It could have ended differently, better, maybe perfectly,
But thoughts of you billow away with the fog of boiling rage,
Time growing on longer with age, beating a new path to the end,
I'll race you to the end, and I'll win, falling out of sight faster than you can keep up,
 I'll lose you in the lapse of time, and I'll feel alone,
The winds whispering your voice back to me,
 Taunting me, to the end of the past.

Brianna Jean

Paradigms (Two Different Ones)

-Alex Haas

(Part. 1, Heaven's out of Virgins)

Suicide is quite the ride,
When taking others with you.
Martyrhood just like you should,
When You ain't got nothing' else to do.
Well, posterity's running out on you,
And the UN, they've got your name.
So why not go out and earn some fame?
This simple life is but a game.
A life of luxury for your family,
And then you'll have your eternity.
But you should bring a book to pass the time,
I've been hearin' heavens got a line.
The brave ones blew their minds away,
And God's got tired of cloudy days.
God's got tired of fueling ovens,
And now he's all done making virgins.

The tickin' talks while you're feeling fly,
In perfect peace you're ready to die.
Running circles through stagnant time,
This is your life; this is your Paradigm.

Your Paradigm.

(Part. 2, The Sandman)

A camel's track follows him back
Through the leaden desert.
Speaking spiral yet taking tables,
He's begging you to convert.

Sellin' seed and spottin' Soma
Through the sandy cities.
Once for looks, and twice for money,
Dark as night is this bitter honey.



So lock your doors, and hit the floors,
The Sandman's come to change your mores.
Tha Sandman come to change your head,
The Sandman come to make you dead.
Make you dead.

Fratricide for silver and gold,
You're damn right you'll do as told
Metal's moving maliciously,
Chopping slowly down the streets.

A man with a turban in his burning field
Eyes cry when his mind can see what's real.
His home and his stolen holy land;
His late family; he knows they were not in his
hands.
Not in his hands.

So lock your doors, and hit the floors,
The Sandman's come to change your mores.
The Sandman come to change your head,
The Sandman come to make you dead.

So speak your truths, for through your roofs,
The Sandman swings his fists aloof.
The Sandman come to change your head,
The Sandman here to make you dead.
Make you dead;
Spirals spun in stagnant time,
This is your life, this is your Paradigm.
This is your Paradigm.

Why
Zoe Hendrickson
Graphite



*October Sky
Brendan McCann
Photograph*



Clouds

The clouds in the sky
Drift as if
They were floating
In water.

They shape themselves
As if they were
Trying to tell a story.

Morgan Hilow



Rock

Its dark rough appearance
Reflects the long years it has lasted.
Its eroded and cracked surface
Reminds me of humanity,
Rough with the deformities of our faults,
But strong with the determination to
survive,
To keep going, to live.
But it erodes into the sands,
And becomes no more.

L.-J. Landry





Isn't Everything Pretty
Addie Moreno
Photography

For Her

Nerves catch my breath
Like they wanted to hold me back
Colorful paint across my cheeks
Turning me into something I'm not
Costume wrapped around me (#1)
Making me feel like her
Hours of memorization
I am confident

-----The curtain slides across----- (#2)

Making it a reality
But it's not
As I do what is written
I feel gone
Completely satisfied

-----The curtain slides across-----

I hear the roar of hands
Reality sinks in (#3)
And it makes me sad
To know
They are clapping for her

-Leigh Iber



Fence
Addie Moreno
Black and white photograph

ODE TO THE WINDY PURPLE SLIDE

O windy purple slide
So full of many adventures
And wonders
And joys

O windy purple slide
The first time we met
I, but a mere child
You, a colossal monster
Come to life from the bedroom closet

Looming so high
A mountain perhaps
Is this what they meant
When the big kids sang,
 "O purple mountain majesties?"

O purple mountain majesty
How could you not be of such royalty?
You for sure deserve such a name
For when one gets to the top
You are on top of the world for sure

O majesty!
How could one be so frightful
When you peer down the horrific downfall?
Yet so beautiful at the same time?
This had to surely be an impossible feat

O purple majestic mountain!
Please! Save my soul!
For here, the defeat of fall
The shrill scream echoing
Off the solid walls beside me

O mountain!
You are a royal god!
For here, you've answered my prayers!
Light! I will surely see another day!

O purple majesty!
To collapse to the ground
Feels to get back up and soar!
The impossible feat possible!

O purple mountain majesty,
I arise
And stare in wonder and awe
At the aurora around thee!

O purple windy slide
Never again will I question
The role you take
Your authority
Among the others

Brianna Massicotte



The Game Isn't Black and White
Alison Freeman
Acrylic

A Touch of Grace

Marilyn Goscinski

The last of the sun's rays disappeared behind the pine trees lining a back road of Northern NH, and the darkness draped the area in silence. A single car made its way along the secluded road, humming softly as it rounded each bend. Inside the van, the Beatles played in between cracks of static. A young girl with white blond curls fiddled with the buttons, wrinkling her dark brows in frustration.

The driver of the car, a woman in her thirties, placed a gentle hand on the girl's soft blond hair and smiled weakly. Wrinkles formed on her face from what seemed to be many years of frowning.

"Don't worry honey, it's not broken. I guess we don't get service this far into the woods. We should get some soon though. There's a gas station that I want to stop at a few miles up."

The little girl turned her innocent face toward her mother and sighed in defeat. "Mommy, how long until

we get to Grandma and Grandpa's house? I'm hungry." The young girl rubbed her tiny belly and kicked her feet up and down in boredom. The mother took her hand off the girl's head and clicked off the radio. She looked ahead at the lonely dark road.

"Not for another hour or so. They live pretty far up north. I'll get you something to eat when we stop at the station, ok? That last sign said we only have one more mile to go before we can stop." The car moved as it went over a bump, causing the stacked luggage in the back seat to fall with a loud thud. The woman shivered from the winter cold and turned up the heat.

The girl nodded and turned her attention to the window. Looking out in thought, she suddenly spoke up. "When's Daddy coming?"

The mother frowned and gripped the wheel firmly. Lights appeared and the gas station came into view. She turned on

her blinker and sighed in relief. "Look, we're here. Don't worry about your father. He's got some work to take care of. We'll see him eventually." Quickly changing the subject, "Now, Grace, what do you want to eat?" She smiled, but even in the dark Grace could tell there was something wrong.

Trying to make her mom feel better, Grace yelled, "Surprise me! I'll guard the car!" She smiled a semi-toothless grin and wriggled with excitement in her seat.

Grace's mother sat contemplating the request. "I don't really want to leave you alone in the car. Won't you be scared all by yourself?" Grace pointed toward the lock button and grabbed a blanket from the back seat.

"I'll lock the doors and hide under the blanket if I get scared!" She giggled and quickly ducked under the blanket. Her pink sneakers poked out from under the blanket, the laces untied. The woman smiled and gave in.

"Give me your keys," she demanded. "Now." She stood impatiently with a determined look in her eyes. The boy stared back at her through big brown eyes as though she were crazy. The snow had begun collecting in his curly, dark hair. He backed up until his back was against the door and he was trapped face-to-face with the glaring woman.

"I can't just give you my keys," he stuttered, "call the police."

"I can't just give you my keys," he stuttered, "call the police." The woman grabbed the boy by the wrist and squeezed.

"Her father took her from me and God knows what he'll do to her. If you don't give me your keys right now, my little girl could die. Now give them to me. Come with me if you want, I don't care, but I need your help. Please. It's my fault she's gone. I'm begging you..." The woman watched as the boy took this information and then reached into his pocket sighing. He dropped his keys into her hands and pointed at a red jeep parked by a nearby shed.

"Listen, I'll call the

police. Just...go," he said to her retreating back. The car slipped dangerously around a corner as the woman followed the trail of fresh car tracks in the powdery snow. She was gaining speed and her heart was pounding. She reached the top of a hill and saw the lights of a car below. She pushed down hard on the gas. When she got close enough to the vehicle, she recognized the black paint of her husband's Honda. She turned on her high beams and pushed hard on the horn, determined to make him stop and hopeful that someone beyond the aisles of pine trees would hear her. The Honda accelerated around a bend, sliding perilously close to the woman as she pulled the red Jeep up next to him.

The man looked over at her through black eyes, his dark hair falling over his face. His red face suddenly grew pale as the sound of sirens sang. Ahead, four police cruisers sat blocking the road. His angry face gave way to an expression of fear. He hit the brake with a screech and began to go in reverse. More sirens came from behind. He was trapped. He grabbed Grace and got out of the car. As he started toward the woods, the police called out,

"FREEZE!" They had him at gunpoint.

He let go of Grace and raised his arms above his head. Grace was shivering violently as she hobbled over to her mother on one shoe. Her mother scooped her up into her arms. Grace watched sadly as her father was handcuffed by the police. She moved to face her mother who was standing there in the snow crying. Grace placed a hand on her mother's wet cheek and dried the tears.

"I won't let him ever hurt you again, Grace. I promise," said the mother as the snow fell steadily upon the scene. Grace watched as her father drove away in the police cruiser.

"I won't let him hurt you anymore, Mommy." She lifted a small hand and waved goodbye as the last of the car disappeared from sight.

A MAN'S MILLION MINDS

You've strapped the creation to your mind
Don't you smell those chemicals just fine?
Regrettably we walk with you,
Through the hills you've brought us to,
You're throwing knives to go straight through
The centers in our lives.

And underneath the sweating sun, you see them manifest
You look for figures in the sand and you know no one's to reprimand;
Is he really, is he not, though he's dead, he's not forgot
Is he my Ayatollah?

Dancing figures violently, we're flipping channels not to see,
You've infiltrated such a casualty
While you walked the streets so casually
And is he really, is he not, I don't see how you've been bought
Is he my Ayatollah?

Enforcing something you can't see
From censorship and lechery
What were they thinking of living free?
You dictate society, there is no "me"
You wedge an axe between the three
Not allowing separate deities
And you fail to ask,
"Is this really liberty?"
Is he really, is he not, looking to the years that were fought,
Is he really, is he not, through the years, no salvations brought,
Is he my Ayatollah?
And looking to your holy land,
You raise your voice in countermand, as you speak,
"Oh, my Israel, I rebel."

ALEX HAAS



CANCER IS A ROOM
LUCY SUTTON
SCRATCHBOARD

sis have a slightly different approach to irrationality than mad-me: less throw, more yell. And mad-sis also favors the pace or the ever-popular rant to the mad-boyfriend, or the unmad-boyfriend as is usually the case. To demonstrate that I am not the only crazy in my house, I have another story of the misfortunes of lightslepedness to share with you.

So it's one of those nights when my sister decides to go to bed ridiculously early and doesn't bother to inform anybody about it. Walking by my mother's room, my mother tells me to tell my dad to get her a cookie. I saunter back over to the top of the stairs and yell down to my dad who's in the living room to get my mom a cookie. This is a normal occurrence in my house since we are all too lazy to walk up and down the stairs to relay messages to one another. I flip on the light in the bathroom and proceed to brush my teeth. I've just gotten the toothbrush into my mouth when I walk down the hall to check my laundry. That's when my sister ambushes me. In her all-time favorite pastime she starts to lecture me. She starts pacing back and forth and yelling about how loud and inconsiderate I am and if I loved her I would please stop making so much noise. Now that's great and all, but the problem lies in the fact that my sister is blocking my passage to the sink and doesn't seem to plan on moving. She's yelling and pacing up and down in the hallway. I'd really like to just apologize so she can go back to bed but the problem is I've been brushing my teeth for five minutes now and the toothpaste has gotten so foamy that it's not exactly staying in my mouth anymore. Eventually, when I get to be foaming from the mouth like a rabid dog, I push her aside and run for the bathroom. Finally free of all toothpaste, I turn to apologize, but now mad-sis has escaped. Who can blame her really? I stared at her for five minutes while she yelled at me and didn't say a word. I give up trying

to apologize because now I'm mad because she won't accept my apology. So we're yelling, and rationality once again prevails when mad-sis, a seventeen-year-old might I add, kicks me in the shin and walks away. So the scores are tied one-one in the who can be the most irrationally ridiculous. Now for some cake.

Mad-me and mad-sis are around the same level of crazy, but they are nothing in comparison to mad-mom: crazy multiplies with years. I won't tell you the millions of stories about mad-mom and the mad you experience when waking her up, but I would like to end with a short list of suggestions about how to prevent mad-mom from escaping in the night.

1. Never ever run any sort of appliance after nine o'clock. This includes washing machines, dryers, dishwashers, blenders, toasters, microwaves, and even refrigerators, if you want to be safe.
2. Avoid opening anything creaky: doors, stairs, loud drawers, faucets, as well as yelling, talking and playing music.
3. Avoid closing anything that might close with a bang (i.e. cabinets, doors, windows, freezers, and dressers. Just leave them open and close them in the morning).
4. Avoid lights at all cost, and always, always remember to turn off the ridiculous motion sensor light over the front door that goes on and off when it's windy.
5. Hit sisters whenever they try to go near instruments.
6. And if you ever happen to break one of these rules, always keep cake within arm's reach.

Mariposa (Butterfly)

La nieve, blanca y tranquila

Está cayendo como azúcar

La tierra desaparece debajo de la nieve

Lentamente

Lentamente

Una mariposa está volando en la tormenta

Lentamente

Lentamente

Sus alas azules claras pelean con la nieve

La presión es demasiado poderosa

Y cayendo, la mariposa pelea violentamente

Y caída, la mariposa descansa en la tierra fría

Una trampa desconocida

Como el cubito de hielo aparece rápidamente

Y muerta, la mariposa, la víctima, está blanca y tranquila

Butterfly (Mariposa)

The snow, white and calm

Is falling like sugar

The land disappears under the snow

Slowly

Slowly

A butterfly is flying in the storm

Slowly

Slowly

Its translucent blue wings fight with the snow

The pressure is too powerful

And falling, the butterfly fights violently

And fallen, the butterfly rests on the frozen ground

An unknown trap

Like a little ice cube appears rapidly

And dead, the butterfly, the victim, is white and tranquil.

Sarah Bujno

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 pieces, including both art and literary submissions.

Web Site: Issues, both past and present, will appear on the CBNA Web Site, www.coebrown-academy.com.

Colophon

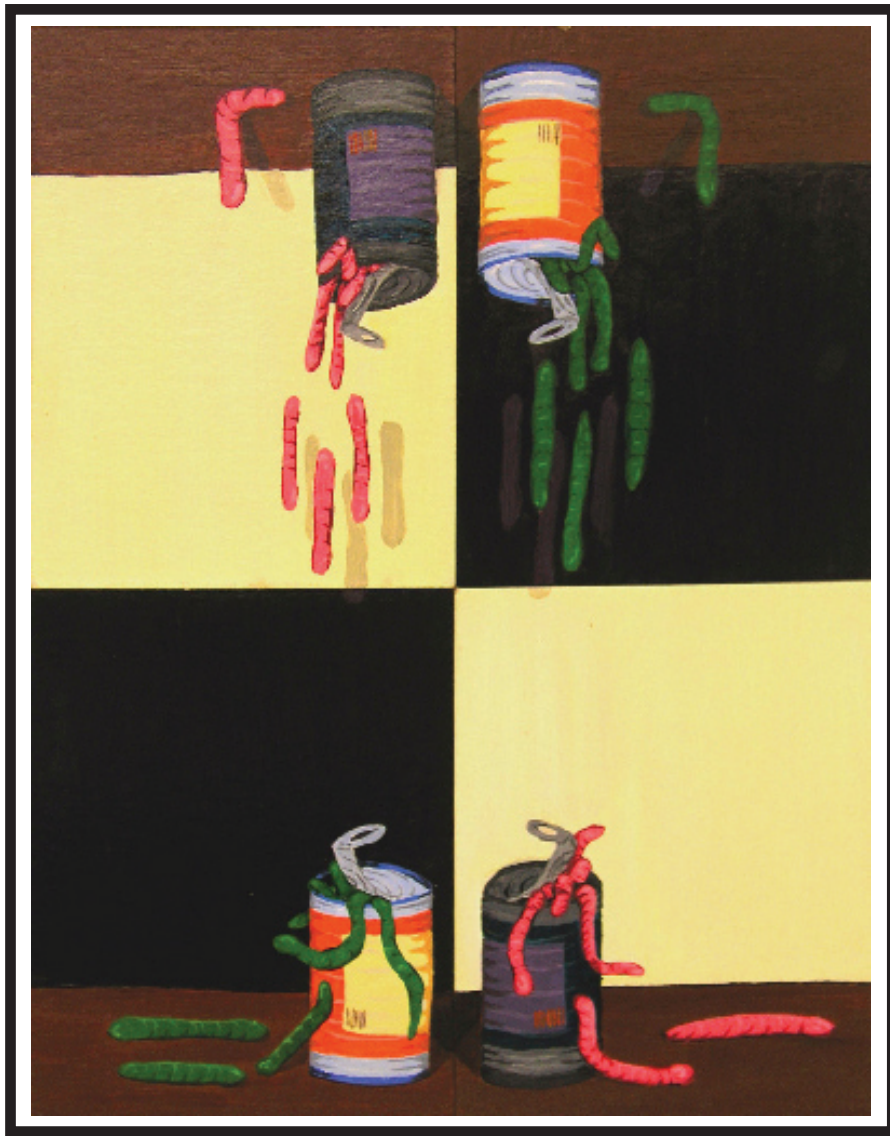
ITC Viner Hand, used in the text of *Paragon*, is a new informal script face that is based on the handwriting of three British designers. Warm and familiar, its faces has a relaxed rhythm typical of handwriting and lends a personal touch to computer generated copy. ITC Viner Hand is the work of John Viner.

Rockwell is a distinctive version of a geometric slab serif design, which has retained its popularity since its appearance in the 1930s. The slab serifs, or Egyptians, originated in the nineteenth century when they were used principally for display work. The first of the Rockwell fonts was issued by Monotype in 1934. It is a prime example of this twentieth century approach. The sturdy design of Rockwell is given a particular sparkle by angular terminals.

Poor Richard, a font designed by Paul Hickson for Red Rooster Collection based on the Keystone Foundry design, circa 1919.

COPPERPLATE GOTHIC was designed by Frederic Goudy and cut by American Type Founders circa 1901. This capital only font is basically monotype but has small nib serifs that give the feeling of the engravers tool.

The staff obtained information about these fonts from the website, www.fonts.com.



A Student Publication
of
Coe-Brown Northwood Academy
Northwood, New Hampshire