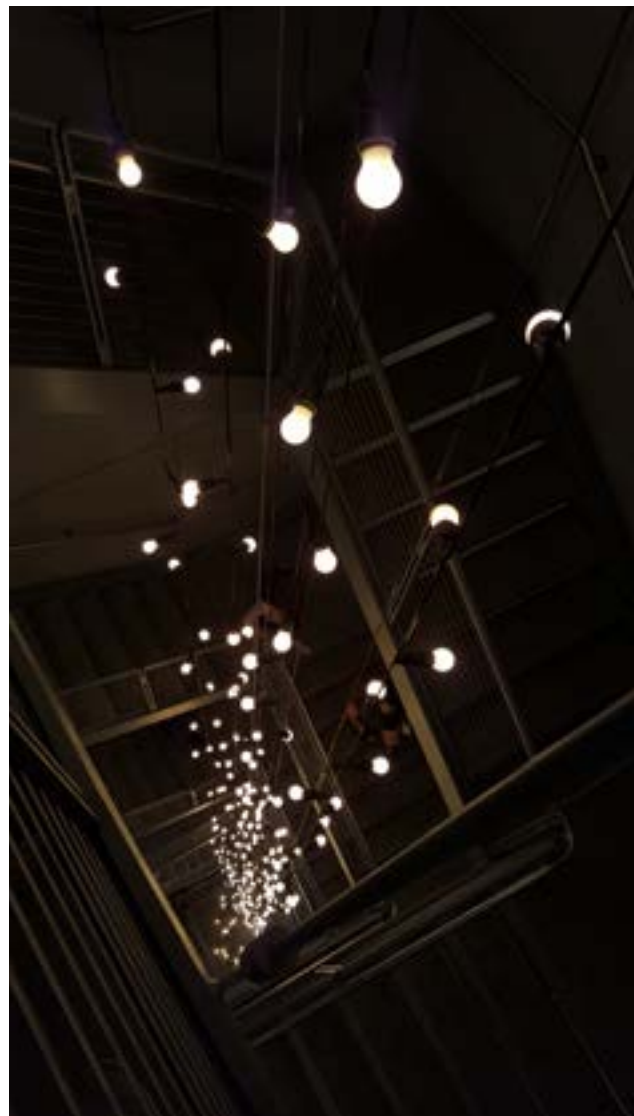


Kintsugi

NHRHS // 2016-2017 // Volume 52
Loch & Quay Art & Literary Magazine

ONLINE SUPPLEMENT





“Light Bulb Party” / Victoria Tsai

Kintsugi:

In the Japanese art of Kintsugi, we repair shattered pottery with gold or gold lacquer dust. Take the remnants of failures and piece them together. Create something more valuable from broken fragments.

When cracks form between us and our loved ones, the places we grew up, or the things we once loved, it is not our job to conceal the fractures or begin anew entirely. We thread the splinters of our misfortunes together with gold. We recognize our history. There will always be scars in our lives. We must choose to make them beautiful.

Even this book is fragmented— there is additional content in an online supplement which can be found on the school’s website, www.northernhighlands.org.

KINTSUGI

Literary and Art Magazine

LOCH AND QUAY
2016-2017
Volume 52
ONLINE SUPPLEMENT

Northern Highlands Regional High School
298 Hillside Avenue, Allendale, NJ 07401

SUPERINTENDENT: Dr. Scot Beckerman
PRINCIPAL: Mr. Joseph Occhino

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“Window” / Amanda Song

Awards and Honors: Writing

Scholastic Northeast Regionals

One Gold Key, Two Silver Keys, Two Honorable Mentions– Katie Boyajian

One Silver Key– Nicole Cinelli

One Honorable Mention, Two Silver Keys– Natalie Giammanco

Two Silver Keys– Ethan Sumner

One Gold Key, One Silver Key– Nicole Yeager

One Gold Key, Two Silver Keys, Two Honorable Mentions – Jackie Yang

One Gold Key, One Silver Key– Meredith Tamirian

One Silver Key– Taylor Bechtel

One Honorable Mention– Lauren Ellis

One Honorable Mention– Victoria Maung

Two Honorable Mentions– Lara Shoenholz

Two Honorable Mentions– Brianna Padilla

The Apprentice Writer Magazine

Accepted for Publication (2016)– Sarah Minchin, Jenna Lebovitz, Katie Boyajian, Georgia Cyriax, Emma Weiss, Maya Silberman, Isabelle Kualick, Katia Hardesty (alum),

Dylan Winsick (alum)

Accepted for Publication (2017)– Dominick Leskiw, Grace Morrissey, Lauren Ellis

Sarah Mook Poetry Contest

Second Place (2016)– Jackie Yang

First Place (2017)– Erika Kluge

Poem-A-Day Challenge

Completers– Georgia Cyriax, Romana Cavallaro, Olivia Sun, Madeline Schmidt, Lauren Caruso, Nina Navazio, Jackie Yang, Briana Troise, Lekhana Gogineni

NJ Youth Poet Laureate

Judge's Choice Winners– Emma Weiss, Katie Boyajian, Nicole Yeager

Poems of Place Winners– Samantha Yaccarino, Jackie Yang, Ethan Sumner, Emma Weiss, Katie Boyajian, Lauren Ellis, Taylor Bechtel, Nicole Yeager

Rider University High School Writing Contest

Second place– Meredith Tamirian

Honorable Mentions– Georgia Cyriax, Nicole Yeager, Katie Boyajian, Gavin Murtha, Eva

Wendeboran, Kevin McCaffrey

NCTE Achievement Awards in Writing

Meredith Tamirian, Kat Hubbard

Awards and Honors: Art

Northern NJ Regional Scholastic Art Awards

Four Gold Keys, One Silver Key, Three Honorable Mentions– Sarah Abrahamsen

One Silver Key– Nathan Kim

One Honorable Mention– Chiara Brady

National Scholastic Art Awards

Gold Medal– Sarah Abrahamsen

Silver Medal– Nathan Kim

Bergen County Teen Arts Festival

Art Show Selection– Grace Basralian

Special Recognition– Nathan Kim, Sarah Fontanese, Emily Mamunes

Aerie International

Accepted for Publication– Dominick Leskiw

Orange Island Review

Accepted for Publication– Emma Weiss, Katie Boyajian, Maya Silverman , Ethan

Sumner, Jackie Yang, Dylan Winsick (alum)

The Storytellers of Tomorrow

Honorable Mention in the Genre Category– Jackie Yang

Just Poetry

Topical Winners– Meredith Tamirian, Ethan Sumner, Natalie Giammanco, Gavin

Murtha

National Winner– Samantha Yaccarino

LIPS Poetry Magazine

Accepted for Publication– Georgia Cyriax, Nicole Yeager, Ethan Sumner

Princeton Poetry Contest

Honorable Mention– Meredith Tamirian

Young Playwright's Fest

Second Place– Jackie Yang

OddCon

Second Place– Jackie Yang

Honorable Mention– Nina Navazio

Nancy Thorpe Poetry Contest Hollins University

Honorable Mentions– Nicole Yeager, Lauren Caruso, Meredith Tamirian

Scholastic Nationals:

Silver Medal– Jackie Yang

NJCTE High School Writing Contest

Bronze Medal–Victoria Maung

Silver Medal– Jackie Yang

Sarah Mook Poetry Contest (2016)

Second place– Jackie Yang

Best Poem of April:

Lekhana Gogineni

New York Times Student Editorial Contest

Honorable Mention– Emma Carey

Bergen County High School Writing Contest

Winners– Jacqueline Yang, Gavin Murtha, Katelyn Morin, Meredith Tamirian

Greenpoint Gallery

Three Pieces Accepted– Maddy Schmidt

Photographic Society of America's Annual Youth Showcase:

Fourth Place in the Land/Waterscape Category– Ava Woessner

Director's Choice in the Land/Waterscape Category– Madeline Gedvila

Judge's Choice in the Architecture Category– Grace Aboussleman

The Apprentice Writer Magazine 2016

Accepted for Publication– Jackie Yang

Northern NJ Regional Scholastic Art Awards

One Gold Key– Victoria Maung

Two Gold Keys, Two Silver Keys– Izzy Henderson



“Laurence” / Luciene Coelho

Loch & Quay Awards

2016 Magazine

NSPA

Ranking of All-American with 4 out of 5 possible marks of distinction

NCTE

Ranking of Excellent

Colophon

The Northern Highlands Art and Literary Magazine staff used two fonts in this magazine: Source Sans Pro was used on the cover, for titles, and for authors’ names. Century Schoolbook was used for the body. Avenue Printing Company in Waldwick, NJ printed 200 copies of this color magazine with a 100 lb gloss cover and 60 lb opaque offset stock text.

The staff would like to extend our appreciation to the students of Northern Highlands Regional High School who have produced the writing and art that appears in the magazine. We would also like to offer our deepest respect and admiration for our faculty advisers, Ms. Barrett and Ms. Chiang.

Editorial Policy

Loch and Quay, a non-profit publication, is produced annually by students of Northern Highlands Regional High School, Allendale, New Jersey. All work is student-generated and student-edited. Loch and Quay invites any student of Northern Highlands who is interested to submit his or her work. Submissions are presented anonymously at weekly meetings held from September through March. The deadline for submissions is March 24th. Any student interested in joining the Loch and Quay staff or submitting work may contact a Northern Highlands English teacher for more information.

The Corner of Telegraph & Durant, Berkeley CA

Nicole Yeager

“Sometimes life hits you like a metal rod to the head,” said the man sitting on the corner of the street wearing a brown coat and dirty Nikes that smelled like piss, holding a Coca-Cola cup filled with one wrinkled dollar and seventy-four cents, and squinting up at us four girls. He told us the story of how he used to build the tracks that the cable cars run on through the streets of San Francisco, Jones St. to be exact- because young boys are immature and need mature jobs in order to learn hard work. The air always smelled like the way metal or blood tastes, and it was his second year on the job when a metal rod blasted straight through his skull. “Two years ago I went to jail for beating up my brother-in-law,” he said. “But I wasn’t dishonoring God, you see, because a man should never lay a hand on a woman and he was giving my sister black eyes and fresh purple bruises every night. I couldn’t just sit around and let that happen, so I was pinched and did my time like a dutiful slacker.” He said those cell bars spoke to him every single night,

but not loud enough to obscure the French man who yelled *Va te faire foutre!* to the prison guards, who seemed to hear through the walls and see through the cameras. “Anyways, that’s why I had no medical insurance after I got out and then that pole went straight through,” he said, tapping at his head with his clever fingers. It’s not fair for immature men to be punished for one mistake that they’ve made, especially when they haven’t been taught any better. And it’s not fair for young girls to feel like the world is chasing them faster than they can run. I know that it’s a tough world out there though, I’ll learn that from all the nice boys I’ll let hold my hand and kiss my cheek I also know that sometimes good people have to do bad things while bad people can do good things sometimes, and that doesn’t necessarily make them good or bad. But when this man took a hold of me, his tanned sandpaper hands against my clean ones and salty tears brimming on the rims of his bloodshot eyes like the heavy water of nimbostratus clouds, I was afraid of all the metal rods that could fall from the clouds in the sky and go straight through.



“Limes” / Jackie Yang



"The Butcher" / Victoria Maung

Taphophobia

Georgia Cyriax

i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm
alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive
i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm
alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive i'm alive
oh god i'm alive

all around me only silk
and darkness
darkness and silk?

escape?
no
what's the use?

where is the light hiding?
i can almost see it
trapped behind these soft walls
and the faint smell of mahogany



"The Boy" / Amanda Song

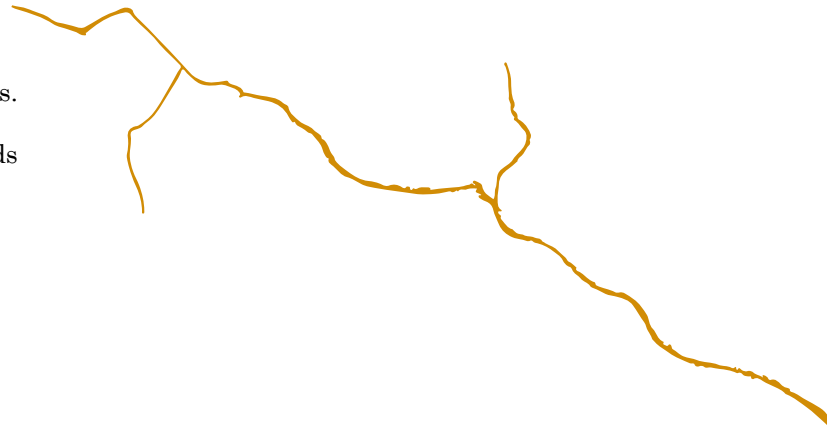
Resting Place

Gavin Murtha

In one of those island plots,
an oasis in between criss-crossed roads
leading into Jersey City,
there's a small headstone set into the ground
so lawnmowers can drive right over, uninterrupted.
Some sort of marble mix, some bastard stone
bears my name. Scattered around the base drops of rain
shadow trails of ink from mounds of broken pens.
There they are, the weeds my parents never pulled
and the ground my brother never stood on.
Blades of grass brush at pens and the cigarette butts
of some other man, avoiding the funeral he came for,
who trailed ill-fitting loafers through the dew
and traced eyes over my name.

My voice is not here, no high-pitched echo
of the lies I once told and the stories
I spun around campfires and flashlights.
I have no more fingertips, calloused and dry,
with moats of paint chiseling out unknown histories.
I am the memories other people have to swallow,
their mouths stretched open to laugh, how my words
and smile bury themselves in other people's chests.

I am not there, I am not
that ground and stone where ink mixes with tobacco scraps
to seep like a bitter coffee into the dirt.
I am, instead, across the street
dipping hash browns into ketchup
and flipping the pages of a mystery novel
in-between sips of cola, no ice.
My phone on the table lights up but remains untouched,
people missing me not just for who I am
but for what I could do for them.
Instead of acknowledging it, occasionally I look up
to watch the smoking man drive a butt into the ground
with the toe of his loafers, and turn to rejoin the procession.



Angel in the Night

Victoria Maung

To the girl who loves him next,
be cautious with your soul.
Keep it close, hold it tight,
he'll be unable to unravel you whole.

Though his lips may flirt with fire,
a desire of your despairful heart,
it is merely a mirage of darkness,
a juxtaposition within his heart.

Steer clear of those chocolate eyes,
daydream when they draw near
with an air full of complacency
you are rightful as to fear.

The whispers allude softly to
the angel in the night,
steadfast but full of poison,
the darkness in the light.

If you are ever lost straying
hopefully towards his toes
run far and run fast;
he entails not love but sorrow.

Come to me, my lost youth,
let me shield you from his spite,
for he would not dare fight
beneath wings of such might.

And I will teach you the ways
of a love without a price,
one so pure, so heavenly,
it does more than just suffice.

The art I offer is simple,
so simple in the sense
you will learn to love oneself:
no strings attached, no expense.

For this is the tale of one,
far from broken, never done,
of a girl who was once shunned
to a girl who has now won.

“Red” / Sophia Bevacqua



How it Works

Jackie Yang

(Excerpt from the AA Handbook, Chapter 5, Pg. 58)

Rarely have we seen a person (creature/other) fail after thoroughly following our path. Those who do fail are people (creatures/others) who cannot or will not completely give themselves to this program, usually those incapable of denying their animalistic drives. They are not at fault; they were born/made that way. They are incapable of grasping a manner of living which demands rigorous dishonesty. Many suffer from grave emotional disorders, grave mental disorders, grave robbing disorders. Many sought an easier, softer way through bloody murder, occult rituals, summoning demons, or begging the elder gods. But know that you cannot succeed in this way! Instead, we beg of you to be fearless, to abandon your inhuman urges from the very start.

Remember, we deal with humans—stupid, baffling, quick to jump to conclusions when they see you devouring the flesh of another! We must behave with the utmost dedication to remaining concealed from their awareness. We must act with constant vigilance, lest we slip back into our old, paranormal and supernatural ways.

Without help, these scriptures would be too much for us. But there is strength in unity. May you find that now! We stood at the turning point. We fell into the arms of Arcane Anonymous, into the arms of those who understood our plight and could help us cover our true natures.

Here is our program of recovery:

1. We admitted that we were powerless over the draw of behaving as we always did—as those who kill/maim/drain dry of blood/torture/seduce/steal the souls of/annihilate/incinerate/devour humans. We admitted that we had lost our ability to hide.
2. We realized that the strength of a group could restore our anonymity.
3. We admitted to ourselves, and to other arcane beings, our exact natures.
4. We worked humbly to conceal our natural instincts and blend in with humans.

5. We made a list of all humans we had killed/maimed/drained dry of blood/tortured/seduced/stolen the souls of/annihilated/incinerated/devoured, and became willing to make amends to them all, or at least say “sorry.”
6. We made direct amends to such humans wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them/others, or when post-mortem contact was restricted.
7. Having had an awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to prevent others from killing/maiming / draining dry of blood/torturing/seducing/stealing the souls of/annihilating/incinerating/devouring humans.

Many of us exclaimed, “What commands! I can’t go through with it.” Do not be discouraged. No one among us could maintain perfect adherence to these principles. We are not saints. Definitely not saints. Pretty much the opposite. Most of us would spontaneously combust if we even set foot in a church. The point is: we are willing to grow. The principles we have set down are guides to progress. We claim progress rather than perfection, and that is the true goal of Arcane Anonymous.



“The Walk Home” / Gavin Murtha

Eden

Lauren Caruso

I went to the bar along with my guardian angel;
I cranked the creaky door of the heart,
and she chopped off her hair with a kitchen knife,

cutting down seventeen years of love.

She might take it as an indication of her own mortality,
but she hadn't the veins for heroin,
the lungs for pot,
the rhythm for jazz.

There is no shame in avoiding what would kill you.

It's windy today, and I feel less than brilliant.
She was kind to me, though she did not have to be.
I think she is laughing.

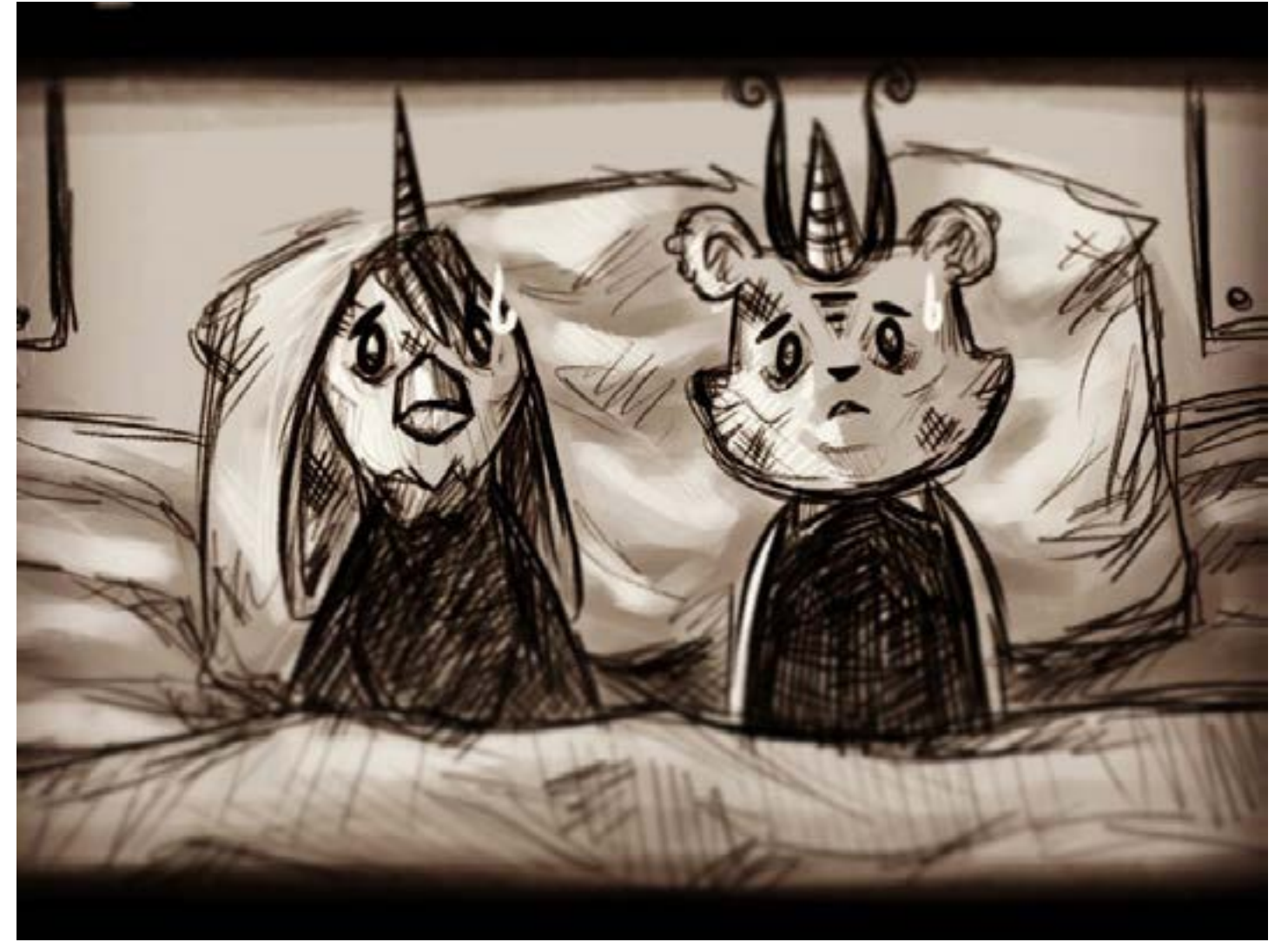
I'm still here alone in the night hours, with everyone.

I wear my big fat heart on my big fat sleeve.
There is no Eden I prefer to this,
I am Peaceful.
I think it's here. I think this is it.



"Cut Paper Self-Portrait" / Gavin Murtha

Lines remixed from these poets: Shihab Nye, Addonizzio, Duhamel, Gillan, McKibbens, Lux, Clifton, Wright, Lindenberg, Howe, Wiley, Oliver, Hoagland



"Discomfort" / Ji-Yoon Caroline Han

The Hardest Poem to Write

Ethan Sumner

is one that doesn't make any sense.
It begins with a grocery aisle in Hoboken
with Jimmy Stewart working for pest control.
The pest is Prometheus, a weird fellow from
Greece.
Jimmy uses the Holy Hand Grenade
to make everything a little more legitimate.
Spider beetles are there too, tearing up the place.
They're working for Prometheus
because, why not?
No one liked shopping there anyway.
Some clichés might be in order.
A burly, white man to save the day,
a girl that can't do s**t on her own,
and it all ends with the writer
staring at the paper,
trying to rethink his life.



"A Helping Fin" / Dominick Leskiw



"Swing in Air" / Gabriella Genao

How to Succeed in Modern Romance

Natalie Giammanco

Don't think that hooking up means anything.
Don't think it means nothing.
Just don't think.

Don't constantly check your phone
for new messages from him or her.
You know exactly who I'm talking about here.

Girls;
don't be witty;
or cute,
or show any sort of intelligence.
In fact, don't talk at all!
Reach out if you have something to say,
but don't get upset if they don't respond.
You can't get upset or mad
or anything.
That's too much.

Don't stalk your ex-
that's f***ing weird.

Don't get too attached or attracted
Because it's all just a big game of chess,
With wrong moves and right moves
and no moves at all.
With kings
And queens
and superior lovers
and someone who will always "be better in bed."

Don't be too out there.
Don't be too in there.
Don't hide your true self.
Don't show too much of your true self.
Don't speak.

Don't think.
Don't feel.
Just do one thing-
throw out your heart.
You won't need it anymore.



"A Summer's Love" / Victoria Maung

Flower Girls at My Mother's Wedding

Nicole Yeager

I don't know if you remember the first fight we ever had. We were dressed in white dresses, made of satin the color of pearls and fringed with soft ruffles that brushed across the glossy marble ballroom floor when we clicked and clacked in our little white heels that made us feel like grown-ups. Our nails were painted in the color Ballet Slippers- a light pink shade that reminded us of cotton candy and our parents watched from their seats as we twirled around the dance floor shaking their heads when we stumbled from the dizziness. It probably started from something stupid, maybe I had accidentally stepped on your toes or maybe you had pushed me a little too hard while we were spinning each other around and around like the dancers on TV, but whatever it was upset us. We sat in opposite corners of the back room- where my mother and step-dad practiced the tango they would perform for their first dance, her fire-engine red dress fluttered in the air as we refused to speak to each other. I remember tracing the royal blue swirls that skirted the thick carpeted floor, thinking how mad I was at my best friend. But we were just little girls, happy one second and mad the next, and we never held grudges. I wonder if that was only because we hadn't know any better, hadn't been hurt enough to have lasting scars and open wounds that a simple band-aid wouldn't be able to fix. And since we were just little girls the heat of the argument didn't last very long past a few crossed arms and stubborn "I hate you's". Eventually silent apologies were traded across the room in a way only we could really understand and we started chasing each other around the room- around and around on the patterned swirls. I don't know if you remember the last fight we ever had. But chasing each other around in puffy white dresses isn't going to fix our friendship this time. I don't know if anything will.



"Hand on Mouth" / Cassie McCabe

7 Ridge Road

Katie Boyajian

My mother used to keep her best china wrapped in white paper, in white boxes on the top shelf of my closet.

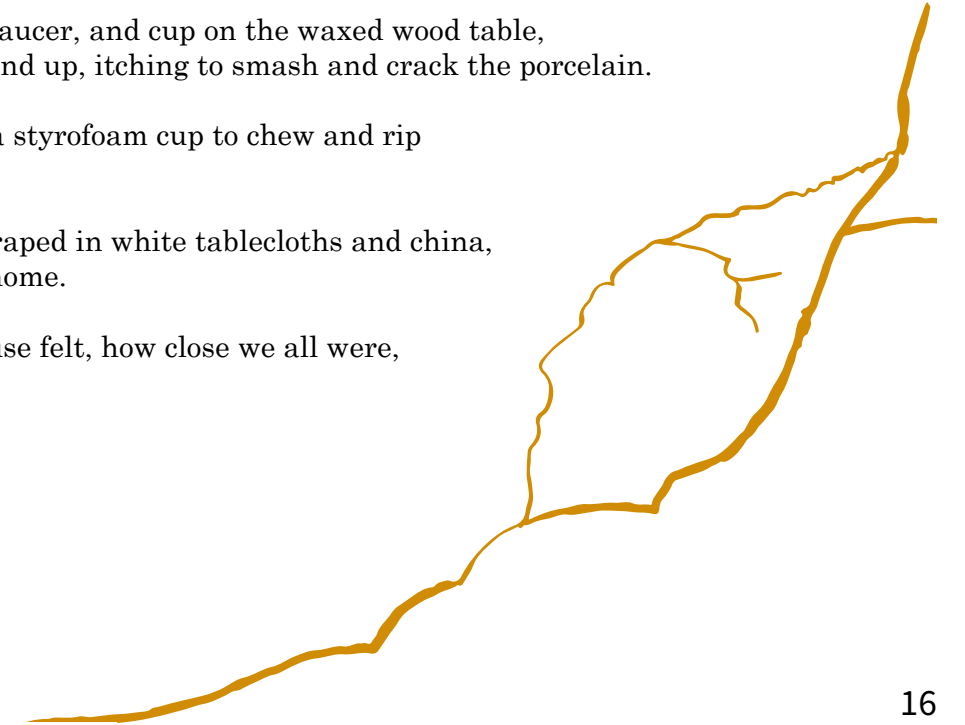
Every Thanksgiving she would stand on my desk chair and reach up, take each box down, and use a blue cloth to wipe dust from the lip of each plate.

I would help her line up each plate, saucer, and cup on the waxed wood table, my little sister reaching her small hand up, itching to smash and crack the porcelain.

My mom would laugh and hand her a styrofoam cup to chew and rip while we folded white napkins.

I remember the long folding tables draped in white tablecloths and china, taking up all the space in our small home.

I remember loving how small the house felt, how close we all were, but how fragile we were, like china.



A Man's Best Friend

Jackie Yang

CHARACTERS

THE DOCTOR, an older woman with greying brown hair; she wears a white coat, a stethoscope, and a pair of wire-rimmed glasses.

THE PET OWNER, a man in his early forties; he wears a green t-shirt, jeans, and a slightly nervous expression

THE DOG, small, white, and a Shih Tzu

SETTING

Room 404 of the Rose Hill Veterinary Hospital.

(There is a grey examination table on the left side of the room that connects on the right to an L-shaped counter that houses various drawers, medical equipment, and a sink. Above the sink hang two cabinets. A plastic spinning chair rests beside the counter, and a small trashcan sits by the sink. The door on the right is wooden, and the walls of the room are a light tan. A computer monitor rests on a cart by the door, and a whiteboard hangs on the wall. THE DOCTOR stands to the right of the examination table, holding a notebook. The PET OWNER stands to the left. They both look at THE DOG, sitting happily on the tabletop.)

DOCTOR So tell me, why are you two here today?

OWNER I...I'm not really sure.

DOCTOR (Frowning) What? What do you mean?

OWNER Well...to tell you the truth, doctor, I'm only here because my friends keep telling me to get my dog looked at. They're convinced he's sick or something.

DOCTOR Did they tell you anything more than that?

OWNER No, just that they get a funny feeling from him. And I know that sounds stupid, but I'm starting to get worried that there's some thing that I'm just not noticing.



“Monster” / Caroline Bookstaver

DOCTOR I mean, based on the way he looks right now, he seems perfectly healthy. I could do a routine examination, see if anything catches my eye...does that sound alright?

OWNER Of course.

THE DOCTOR leans closer to THE DOG.

DOCTOR What have you been feeding him?

OWNER Purina Alpo. The chicken-flavored one.

DOCTOR Twice a day?

OWNER Yep. At around seven in the morning, and then again around six at night.

DOCTOR And he eats all of it?

OWNER (After a pause) No...not really. Actually, I'm not even sure if he eats any of it.

DOCTOR What? He doesn't eat anything?

OWNER Yeah, he hasn't for a while.

DOCTOR A while? How long?

OWNER Oh, two or three years.

DOCTOR ...your dog hasn't eaten anything for two or three years?

OWNER (Shrugging) ...I guess so.

THE DOCTOR stares at THE OWNER, then slowly makes a note in her pad.

DOCTOR Okay...let's move on. Has he been sleeping properly?

OWNER I think so. He likes to sleep in my room. On the ground, at the foot of my bed.

DOCTOR Oh, that's sweet.

OWNER Yeah, he's pretty adorable. It can get kind of annoying sometimes, though.

DOCTOR (Suspiciously) How so?

OWNER Well, he does glow quite a bit.

THE DOCTOR stares at THE OWNER, again.

DOCTOR Sorry, what?

OWNER Yeah, he glows in the dark.

THE DOCTOR continues to stare.

OWNER I guess that's a little weird.

DOCTOR ...and how long has this been going on?

OWNER Oh, um...two or three years. Same as the food thing, actually.

DOCTOR No offense, but are you sure that you've really noticed these things?

OWNER (Slightly offended) Hey, why would I lie about my dog's health?!

DOCTOR (Holding her hands up in a calming gesture)

I'm sorry, it's just that these descriptions sound completely impossible.

OWNER (Thumping the countertop) I'm telling the truth, doctor! This stuff really does happen!

DOCTOR And you didn't think to see us sooner?

OWNER (Pointing at THE DOG) Look, he still chases balls and runs around and scares away the mailman and stuff! He seems fine to me.

DOCTOR (Considering THE DOG, who is still wagging his tail) He does look pretty happy.

OWNER (Relaxing) Exactly.

DOCTOR (Still looking slightly skeptical) Alright, alright. Let's move on to his motor functions.

DOCTOR Can you get him to walk around a little bit?

OWNER Sure. C'mon, buddy, let's walk!

THE OWNER claps at THE DOG, who barks excitedly and stands up. When he stands, he seems to get paler, and hovers about two inches above the countertop. THE OWNER points at different areas, and THE DOG follows, legs moving as if he were walking on the ground. THE OWNER then directs THE DOG back to the middle of the counter, and THE DOG sits back down. THE DOCTOR stares at THE DOG, her mouth hanging slightly open.

DOCTOR D-does this usually happen?

OWNER (Oblivious) Does what usually happen?

DOCTOR (Waving her hand frantically) You know, the...that.

OWNER Oh, yeah. I was thinking of entering him in some competitions. He'd be great in the hurdling category. I mean, he already moves like his feet don't touch the ground.

DOCTOR Like his feet don't touch the ground?

OWNER Wicked, right? Why, is something wrong?

DOCTOR No, no, don't worry. Let's...um...

THE DOCTOR quickly consults her notes.

DOCTOR Has he, uh, has he ever had any problems with his joints?

OWNER No, he's always been really healthy.

DOCTOR (Vaguely) Yes, he does look the picture of health. Is he...is he very active?

OWNER Yeah. I take him for a walk twice a day, and we go to the park every week. For some reason the other dogs never seem to like him all that much, though.

DOCTOR (In a slightly strangled tone of voice) Oh, I wonder why.

OWNER I guess he smells funny to them or something.

DOCTOR (After taking a deep breath) That could be it. Yes. Well. Moving on...

THE DOCTOR bends over, opens a cabinet, and pulls out a measuring tape and a small scale.

OWNER Can I assume that he's a Shih Tzu?

OWNER Yep.

DOCTOR And how old is he?

OWNER Twenty-five.

DOCTOR Twenty-five. That's quite a long time for a Shih Tzu, you know.

OWNER (Proudly) I sure do.

DOCTOR Okay...uh...let's make sure he's the right size.

THE DOCTOR stretches her measuring tape from THE DOG's front paw to his shoulder.

DOCTOR 9.5 inches. Perfectly...normal And now for, uh, for weight.

Placing the scale next to THE DOG.

OWNER Can you get him to stand on this?

OWNER Yeah, sure. Up we go, buddy!

THE OWNER taps on the scale. THE DOG gets up, tail wagging, and floats over to the scale. He hovers above it as THE DOCTOR stares at the number on the scale.

DOCTOR (After a long pause) So...here's the thing. Your dog. Weighs nothing.

OWNER What? Nothing at all?

DOCTOR The...the number on the scale is still zero...

THE DOCTOR pauses, then laughs somewhat nervously.

I think...maybe it comes from not eating for three whole years.

OWNER I think maybe your scale is broken.

THE DOCTOR shakily puts away the scale and measuring tape.

DOCTOR I...I...okay. Okay.. I'll just take a look at his eyes and teeth.

THE DOCTOR looks closely at THE DOG'S eyes, then tries to make THE DOG open his mouth. Her hand passes through THE DOG'S body.

Oh my God.

OWNER What is it?

DOCTOR ...my hand just passed through your dog's body.

OWNER Yeah, that happens sometimes.

DOCTOR (Slightly hysterically) What? How often?

OWNER (Shrugging) Couple times a month?

DOCTOR I...I need a moment.

THE DOCTOR turns away from the counter and takes a few steps over to the low-hanging cabinets. She opens the left-hand cabinet, sticks her head into it, and yells.

OWNER Is something the matter?

DOCTOR (Turning around sharply) Well, as a matter of fact, there is something very wrong. It's a really good thing you came to see me!

(Nervously) Oh no...what is it?

OWNER I hate to tell you this, but...

OWNER Yes?

DOCTOR Sir, your dog is dead!

OWNER (Shocked) What? How could that be? He be haves perfectly normally!

DOCTOR Sir, your dog hasn't needed to eat for three entire years, glows in the dark, weighs nothing, and floats. I think I can logically conclude that the creature sitting on my examination table is not your dog anymore. In fact, I think I can officially diagnose him as...a ghost!

(Staring at THE DOG) What...what should I do?

DOCTOR Usually for older dogs, I would recommend making sure that he doesn't need to climb up the stairs anymore, give him foods with anti-aging nutrients, and show him lots of love. But since he is literally dead, I don't really think I have any advice for you.

OWNER (Getting hysterical) How am I supposed to take care of him? What if mess up?

DOCTOR He's dead! I don't think there's a lot of room for mistakes! Just...do whatever, I guess.

OWNER You guess? You guess? You're the vet! You should know what to do!

DOCTOR Sir, I am trained to take care of animals that are alive. Ones that haven't been born yet. Not dead ones.

OWNER (Starting to cry) Oh my god, my dog is dead!

THE DOG, excited from all the noise in the room, gets up and barks repeatedly. His tail keeps wagging, and looks very interested in THE DOCTOR and his OWNER. His tongue pokes out of his mouth in a very stereotypical, small-dog manner. He moves closer to his agitated OWNER.

THE DOCTOR considers this and seems to come to a conclusion. She takes a deep breath, relaxes, and puts a hand on THE OWNER's shoulder.

DOCTOR I think...I think what you should do right now is take a look at your dog. You know, he's probably really glad to have more time with you. I would be honored if something loved me enough to literally transcend the barrier between life and death for another game of fetch. And I wasn't kidding when I said that everything will probably be fine with him in terms of his health. So...don't worry too much, okay? Just let him be with you, and that should be enough.

(Quietly) ...oh.

(Removing her hand) I've said my piece. Is there anything else I can do for you?

OWNER No, no...I'm glad to have heard all this.

DOCTOR (Smiling) Well, don't let me keep you. Have a

nice day.

OWNER I...thank you. You have a nice day too.

THE OWNER dabs at the corner of his eyes and grins broadly at his DOG. Then he picks THE DOG up and places him on the ground next to him. THE DOG rises into the air and barks. THE DOCTOR nods pleasantly at THE OWNER once again, and THE OWNER nods back, still sniffing slightly. Then, he and his DOG both rise into the air and float through the wall just to the right of the door. For one last moment, all we see of the pair is THE DOG's tail, still wagging, just before he passes completely out of the room.

THE DOCTOR drops her pencil in shock.

END



“Market Errands” / Nathan Kim

Sparks

Samantha Yaccarino

I always feel most at home when
I'm in your car,
my crappy music crackling through
the cord connecting to the console.
Your hand gripping my inner thigh,
the other lazily slung over the steering wheel.
Or eating disco fries, with gravy on the
side, of course, at the Candlewyck diner
at two in the morning when the world is quiet
and filled with drunks and beautiful girls.

The light of my life stands before me,
but sometimes the shadow covers its strength.
But when the clouds clear as we try and warm
our hands by cranking the heat up in
Charles, your sports car, the rattled world
becomes a bit more comfortable.

The garage behind your house makes for
a secret paradise filled with smoke and
Numbness, but neither of us feel
external pain or sorrow.

Two bodies, so complexly different
yet so similar, came together to form
a bond of true collaborative testament:
a spark that only further ignites,
and never dies out.

“Skyline” / Jackie Yang



Night-time

Gavin Murtha

I'm still waiting for neon-grazed roads,
slick with rainwater
And the tire tracks of some old Cadillac I will never own,
classics station whispering from the speakers,
with the heat blasting
and someone falling asleep
under the soft orange glow of the overhead lights
in the backseat.

“Macroscopic” / Julia Shea



New Year's Eve

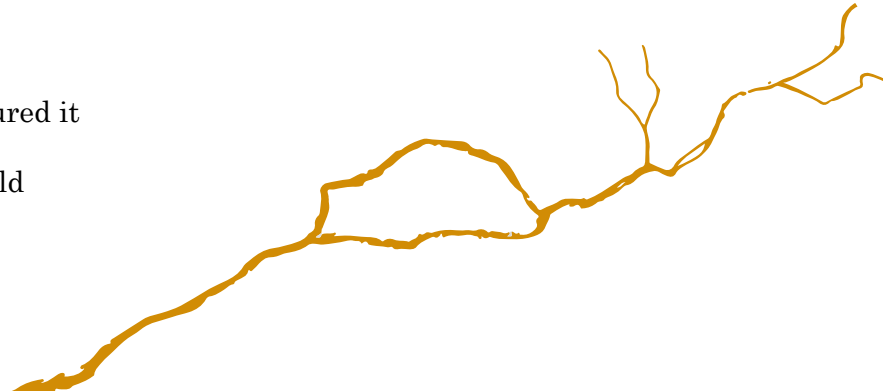
Natalie Giammanco

Because I was a teenager
and it was a family vacation,
I was responsible for holding my mother up.
Although my sister was thirteen,
she was a baby.
I wouldn't let her see our drunk mother
flopping all over the bar
with her two girls.
And she said, "Natalie, you are such a brat."
She fell from my arms
and pushed me away.
As if she had never seen someone so evil before;
as if she didn't know me.

I drank too
that night.
I drank her leftovers.
Because I didn't want to be sober
for when she hit me.
I didn't want it to hurt as much as I figured it
would.
But no amount of painkillers in the world
could take away the hurt I felt:

the day after,
a year after;
I still felt the same.
Natalie- you brat.
Natalie- you only think of yourself.
Stupid girl.
Where am I?
Where is my father?
I want to go home!

Muffled screams filled the empty glasses.
I was inside one,
banging to get out.
But she threw it to the floor,
and there was nothing I could do to be saved



New Year

Sarah Minchin

What are you going to do without me?

Who's going to get your lazy a-- out of bed every morning for school?
Who's going to pick your sweaty self up from football practice?
Who's going to bring you a water before bed?

I am your personal driver,
alarm clock,
bagel buyer,
outfit picker outer,
biggest fan,
best friend,
sister.

What am I going to do without you when I leave?

Who's going to keep all my secrets from Mom and Dad?
Who's going to laugh with me on the car rides to and from College?
Who's going to make funny videos with me?

You are my personal comedian,
partner in crime,
story teller,
AUX controller,
biggest fan,
best friend,
brother.



"Getting Ready" / Dominick Leskiw

Bleeding Yellow

Katie Boyajian

1. Take a Picture Mommy

I am 5. I can hear my family singing
Happy Birthday. The rain falling gently against
the curved glass windows.

Big Bird cupcakes
are lined up neatly on the kitchen table.
The yellow sprinkles
spill onto my lap, amber icing lines my lips.

2. Melted Stars

As a child I watched the sky bleed,
tears. Pounding hard
against the window. Lying
on the kitchen floor, staring up
past the skylight and into the
black space, my hair sprawled around
me like a burst of stars, dripping
in copper light.

3. 15th Birthday

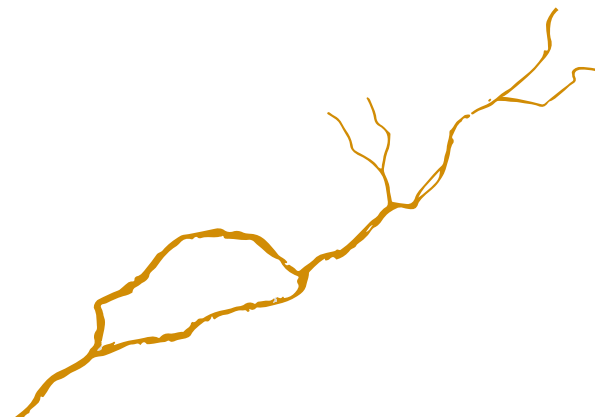
My mother pushed my honey colored hair behind
my ears and told me to listen. She told me to stop
wishing on copper stars and to listen to her.
I started listening to the December rain leaking from
the murky sky.

4. Slaughterhouse 5

Feeling like a bug caught in amber.
Trapped, my own wings turned to
stone. Wanting to get up and fly away,
fly with the rain beating against my wings,
the voices holding me back, melting into nothing.

5. 17th birthday

My mother baked me a cake, pale yellow
icing smoothed onto white cake, decorated with
pastel flowers. The birthday candles flicker amber in
the flash of the camera.
Outside, December rain turns to snow.

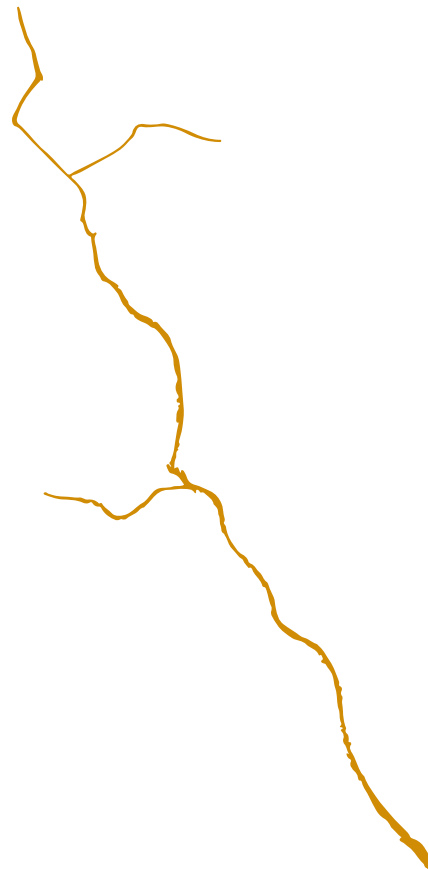


“Head Shoulders Knees and Toes” / Nathan Kim

Sadie

Sarah Minchin

I remember you.
You looked just like me.
You had big green eyes
with a ring of blue encasing them.
You had light brown hair
not even an inch long.
Mommy held you tight
against her and Daddy's chests.
I didn't know why they were crying.
I waited for you for 9 whole months,
but, now I have to wait even longer
because you went away again.
That next morning at the hospital
Daddy told me both you and her went away.
She never told Daddy her plan.
So now it's just me and Daddy.
Just me and Daddy placing white roses
on the side by side caskets.



"Doll's House" / Victoria Tsai

The Next to Last Day before Thursday

Dominick Leskiw

you drove me home and pulled into my driveway
then said you would make a scene if I didn't get out
but I held your hand tighter and you
squeezed right back I know you were feeling bothered
by the world that day I have a sixth sense that lets me know
when people are bothered or upset
or angry or disappointed or even when
they say they're fine and really they're fed up and
don't want to do anything but sit in someone's driveway
count backwards to the minute they pulled in
because they don't want to go back home and face
an agitated brother and loud mother and no
father except the little picture of him in their wallet
so I said can we just sit here a little longer
just one more song or two and you tell me that the
man on the stereo is singing about loneliness
and that you're feeling the loneliness that
you feel like you're neither normal nor different

I don't want to leave because I'm afraid of forgetting
you don't think anyone will remember you I say
someone will someone will someone will



"Ella" / Cassie McCabe

If You Meet Her, Tell Her She's Beautiful

Grace Morrissey

*How do you explain the way the world corrupts children?
I will leave you now with two things. This very memory and a question.
How do you teach a child self-love, when you have forgotten yourself?
Do with them what you must.*

I held her in my arms. Moisture gathered where our skin touched. The afternoon sun was bearing down on us, the kind of sun that, on a regular day, would make skin sparkle. Today it simply highlighted one thing, She was black and I was white. Her tiny fingers reached up pulling at my hair. It was pulled back into a ponytail today, long, straight and blonde. With a smile she murmurs *I wish I had your hair. It's pretty.*

Stuttering, how do you respond to that? *What do you mean? Your hair is so beautiful?*

No, she remarks reaching to touch her own. *My hair is a bore.* Today, just like every Tuesday, her hair was loosely pulled back into a bun. With dark chocolate curls sprouting from all over. Each little ribbon of hair was reaching to escape the sparkly blue headband. She had the thickest hair, it went right along with her coffee colored skin. Her hair made her seem happy. Bouncy and free. Curls that always managed to get in her face, but made her smile seem brighter.

What! Madison, are you crazy? I love you hair. Your hair is fun. My hair is too plain. I wish I had you hair! I coaxed. In that moment I wanted nothing more than for her to want her hair.

No, she said again quieter now with a sigh.

I don't want it. I want yours. Pretty. Before I could argue anymore she had pushed herself out of my grasp, running to join the other kids.

She was there. Six years old. Sitting with me.

Why did she hate her hair? Who did that to her?

I couldn't bring myself to do anything but watch her.

She was beautiful. Everywhere. She had no idea.

For the Birds

Georgia Cyriax

Mom never realised the beauty of 300,000 strands of hair rebelling against the brutality of a bright pink hairbrush. She didn't appreciate the tangled avalanche of my hair falling onto my face, directionless and wild. Instead, she dragged me to the bathroom, and forced my head into the sink.

She grabbed silver scissors to guillotine the dissenters, massacre the martyrs, effectively destroying a revolution.

My hair piled up on the floor, subdued by the sting of failed resistance. My mom looked at me, then at the defeated pile of hair.

"Help me," she said, and I began to gather up the hair in my hands. We carried the pile outside.

"It's for the birds," she told me, as she tossed my hair around our yard, and handed me a lock.

I took it from her hands, and threw it into the air, lending the birds a piece of my rebellion.



"Chicken" / Sophia Pereira



"Like Puzzle Pieces" / Julia Shea

The Heart is

Jackie Yang

A midnight alley behind the 7-Eleven, when the moon leans into a neon pool of paper cups and melting slushies.

The tang of ice on tongue and teeth, layered over a melody of mangoes a whispering of peaches, the lingering suspicion of mint.

A jar of plastic paperclips, a murmuring maraca, a colorful cacophony when shaken just right.

The instant a dragonfly takes off, when its long, black body beats against your hand for just a moment before it darts away on the breeze.

Smoke, in a silent graveyard. Slightly bitter, slightly hard, left after last low light dies out. But still it carries the memory of a sweet heat, a release, and clings to clothes and skin the way blood does to air, the way muscle does to bone.

