

Friends' Central School
2014
~2015

INK

Literature
& Art
Magazine



Message from the Editors:

We hope you enjoy the 2014-2015 edition of Friends' Central School's literary and visual arts magazine!

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(editor-in-chief)



Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten
(editor-in-chief)

Eva Gonzalez
(prose editor)

Dreamer, 
writer, 
fashion and humor lover  



Rebecca Buxbaum
(poetry editor)

*"Figures stand in the rain.
Shadowed corners whisper secrets.
Gentle prompts to share stories
closed up in hearts that
keep time with the ebb & flow. Give
me a moment, to tell you."*

**Sara Thal (junior
editor-in-chief)**



Sydney Kaplan
(visual arts editor)

*"I've got dreams and
a determined heart,
a whole lot of words
and my guitar,
more than ready for a brand
new start"* **Caroline
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(poetry editor)



Shira Prusky
(visual arts editor)



**Lynn Ding (visual
arts editor and cover
artist)**

**Special thanks to
our advisor, Laura
Novo!**



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When It's Time to Settle for Good Enough

Instead of finding me a Friday night date, eHarmony is my Friday night. I'm sitting comfortably with my right knee slightly bent against the desk that was clearly built for a sixth grader. I softly tap the edge of the wood with my Ticonderoga. "Roger, make that goddamn tapping stop," my roommate yells from inside the locked bathroom. I persist with the tapping since it evens my blood pressure, but when he emerges he'll probably ask me if there's a drugged woodpecker in the room, at which point I'll put on my headphones to drown him out.

I'm hardly one song into the Lord of the Rings soundtrack when Avery languidly emerges from the bathroom with only a towel wrapped loosely around his waist. He looks at my tapping finger and raises an eyebrow. "I really should get paid in gold for living with you. Actually, we should all get paid in gold for going to community college and living like this."

Avery's right. I glance around at our crumbling cinderblock walls adorned with the ghosts of past inmates just like ourselves. "All right, bro," he adds. "I'm out of here. You sure you don't want to hit up this party with me?" Avery re-wraps the towel around his waist and is out the door before I can answer. He knows me so well.

I shift my weight onto my left leg. My laptop is just out of reach on the top of the bureau. As I lean over to grab it, the chair tips me onto the linoleum floor. "I'm done," I mutter as I support myself by the bed frame. The universe doesn't want me to have even this lame of a Friday night. I spread out on the bed and lift the lid to my laptop. While Avery gets some tonight, I'll check my eHarmony profiles.

Lara Smith is a freshman at Villanova and whiter than the foam on her Starbucks coffee. Without a doubt this profile was made after her second shot of tequila off the stomach of her lacrosse-playing ex-boyfriend at some frat party. I think I might entirely lose faith in humanity if I even entertain the notion that a sober girl like her exists.

If Jasmine Pepperdine doesn't restore my faith in the future of Earth, then I might have to join Avery at his stroke-inducing party. Miss Pepperdine is a senior at Latter Day Saints College, and I hope for all our sakes that her glory days will be her latter ones. Her face is much too symmetrical, not in the flawless China doll sense, but in that her face could be a real life test subject for our circle unit. Here it says that she is passionate about "Nathaniel Hawthorne's awe-inducing writing." Aside from *The Scarlet Letter*, the only work I remember of Hawthorne's is his short story "Wakefield," which is the tale of a man who abandons his entire life to observe the answer to the existential question of do we matter. I'll answer it for you, sweetheart: you don't. I'd just like to make a declaration that if your name is Jasmine, you shouldn't be allowed to be as yawn-inducing as this Jasmine is.

Tessa Smith is hopefully not related to Lara, though both their profile pictures show them in bikinis, incidentally both a blindingly hot pink. Though after seeing Tessa in anything but a burka I wish I was blind. Tessa spends her free time "writing in her journal to work out the life suffering that still talks to her." I'm not trying to discriminate against broken people, but if problems turned me on then I'd just pick up that girl from the waiting room of my therapist's office. If I had a therapist, of course.

Here's someone interesting. For starters, Roberta Wheelan's face doesn't look like a wheel, but more like a cheerful teardrop, if such a thing exists. Her favorite quotation is, "I can't carry it for you, but I can carry you," and if I could give her a ring to wear I would. I'm pressing the send button. "Hi Roberta, my name's Roger and I think we're soulmates. J.R.R. Tolkien says the world is indeed full of peril and in it there are many dark places. But don't be afraid."

I wake up the next day and check my messages. Roberta replied, "I knew that was J.R. R. Tolkien."

Life is Good

Life is good
but living is better
put your coat on
and endure the weather
and then, when the tumultuous
storm is done,
problems, once many,
have diminished to one:
What once was existence
is now colored living
and through all receiving,
through all giving,
you'll watch from above
as the days speed by
like the Great Avalanche
upon mountain high.

-Anabelle Harden



- Photos by Sam Veith

On the Subject of Writing Life

We write stories to tell our lives in someone else. No one cares why we do this, they assume we would like to talk about ourselves, some selfish desire to matter. Or perhaps they believe this is meant to entertain, or enlighten, or lecture on and on about some fine, nuanced aspect of life in the universal sense. Man wishes to relate to his fellow beings, then remove himself, becoming debased, deranged, disenchanted with the life he is meant to find fulfilling. Even if he attempts to rise above his position, he will fall, and all will call, "oh that tragic hero!"

Now we will observe two figures at a cafe table. This tucked away establishment was hastily composed of swept hardwoods, worn leather, and spilt coffee. The two patrons who have become our protagonists are looking at a broken ceramic mug. It had held a cappuccino, and now white frothed skim milk waves of a fresh, dark roast, with no sweetener, lapped at and covered a beach of wood; it was high tide.

"The cat did it," stated the man. He was not incorrect to assume this, for a cocoa colored Persian rested by the radiator.

"It was a man," the woman replied. She would not specify which one of the gentlemen in the shop was responsible, only that the culprit was of the opposite sex.

A server came out from behind the counter, unnoticed by the couple, and moved to clean up the remains.

"It was life," they said while sweeping up the several sharp shards, the shattered remains of a cup that had kissed many lips and held countless hands, never to be remembered. For it was only a vessel.

On the other side of the shop, propped up where the cream and sugar and flimsy wood stirrers resided, an author scribbled this exchange down on a napkin. A poet reclining on the vintage leather sofa jotted their number on a napkin of their own and waited quietly for the right scent to come into the air to carry their desire over to the author.

The bells on the door jingled, breaking the scene. A bated breath was distributed to those who had yet to take their exits. The woman at the door was dressed in a long wool coat. It hugged her frame, yet gave only the barest of hints as to the shape of her character. Her eyes were the brightest thing about her, they illuminated everything they alighted on. It apparently had begun raining outside and she was starting to become her own island as water steadily drip drip dripped from the edges of her coat. The author noted some of this, and the poet felt crushed. They purchased more stock in the mood the weather was selling, by now a major holder; however, the dividends had yet to come in. The poet decided then to inspect their new investment and was swept away into the blustery, wet leaf logged fall afternoon. Of this the writer took no notice, and continued, with rapt attention, to regard the new arrival.

The couple hastily departed while the woman ordered, sneaking out behind her back now that the author was distracted. This was a foolish hope, however; he had already flipped to the other side of his napkin to write down the details of their retreat. A college student tucked their laptop away and pulled out a copy of *Middlemarch*. The barista came over with a fresh cup of black coffee some minutes later, after the student began to yawn and slump in their seat, all hope lost to the prose of the past.

The woman witnessed this as she joined the author at the couple's recently evacuated table, his pea coat on the back of the chair a fleece flag of victory. She judged the exchange, for she believed that reading was meant for pleasure; if the subject does not captivate the reader, it is not the book's place to avenge the pride of its writer. She shared this thought with the author, who agreed and sipped his coffee. They engaged in further idle conversation, interspersing their words with tastefully brief sips of their beverages.

He offered his hand to the woman, along with the name, "Gregory Jones."

A delicate white hand accepted his introduction and thin lips ushered forth, "Anne Matthews."

When his hand was released it danced back with her napkin. Gregory smiled and made a series of notes, Anne attempted to peek over his hand.

"What are you writing about?" she asked, a question part conversation filler, part genuine interest.

Gregory smiled, "Other peoples' lives."



- Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten

Bill Richardson's Barn Has Burned

"And they say that three years ago Morgan Southerland's cousin from Florida went in there on a dare and nobody's heard from him since. They think he got eaten by the witch they think lives in there 'cause sometimes in the nighttime you can hear the place creaking real soft and cackle like."

"Not-uh, I know you're lying, Claire. There's no witch. You're just trying to spook me, I know it. It's just a dumb old barn."

"Fine then, Marielle," I said, "you go on in there and prove it." Marielle gulped and tried to contort her small face into something determined. She took a step forward off the dirt road into the long, dry grass of Bill Richardson's property. The August sun made the rushes growing up in it fairly crackle under her feet. She took a hurried step backwards.

"I would but I don't want Mr. Richardson to see me."

"All right then, if you're too scared we'll just go home. Grandma's got supper on anyway." Marielle puffed out her cheeks but didn't say anything, scampering along beside me as we travelled on the dusty roads towards the cottage where we lived with our grandparents.

Everyone in Christmas Cove knew Bill Richardson. He was once a tall, handsome looking man who liked to spend most days outside, always happiest when the sun was out, always happiest with Mrs. Richardson with him. But a couple years back the frost hit worse than usual and as every bright thing faded and died, so, it appeared, did Mrs. Richardson. Since that winter he sat on his porch most days, rocking back and forth and holding his old hunting rifle. Although he was only about as old as my grandmother he looked much older, his back hunching more and more with every year he spent in his static solitude. The increasing curvature of his spine caused his body to sink further and further into the accordion folds of his weathered, leathery skin. Last summer, when Marielle was only six and still remembered Mr. Richardson from when he'd sit on his porch playing the harmonica while Mrs. Richardson sang softly along, we'd walked past his house and she'd stopped and asked him what he was waiting to shoot at. "It's the dead things," he'd said, "always come back. Somehow, somehow. You'll see."

Marielle looked at him confused. "You mean like the possums?" She'd seen plenty of them get shot by all sorts of people besides Mr. Richardson, our grandfather included. They ate garbage and lived under people's porches. They were the only dead things she knew.

"It all comes back," Mr. Richardson'd said, rocking harder in his chair.

Marielle was about to reply, the confusion growing over her moon shaped face, when I looked at my bare wrist and said rather loudly, "Oh look at the time there, supper'll be out soon. Marielle, we best get going." Our grandmother had taught me to say that any time I needed to get out of a difficult situation, even if I didn't have a watch with time to look at. New Englanders in any state of mind or feeling might try and blow you to bits with their rifles, she'd said, but they'd never be so impolite as to point out what you don't have. That wasn't their business.

There were many theories circulating among the younger members of our town about what Bill Richardson kept or what kept itself in the small rickety barn not ten yards from his house. The white paint on it was badly chipped, and the windows so dirty only faint shadows could be seen playing behind them when the light hit right. It was a popular source of all kinds of fiction until later that summer when our grandfather came home with news from the fire marshal that it'd burned to the ground. "Larry says he thinks old Bill did it himself," I heard him tell my grandmother. She shook her head slowly the way she did when the people on the radio announced a tragedy and murmured, "Poor man."

A couple days later we were driving to the store on the mainland, me sitting in the backseat and Marielle asleep beside me. The sky was fading and darkening into an early September grey. "Gramma, what'd Mr. Richardson used to keep in his old barn anyway?" I asked carefully. She wasn't much fond of questions.

"You kids, always so nosey," she said, "just Mrs. Richardson's old things."

"Then why'd he burn it down?"

"Didn't like ghosts, I guess. Mind your business, Claire," she said, keeping her eyes on the road. She turned up the radio and we bumped along, picking up dust.

Eyes

You have the most lovely eyes I have ever seen
Chocolate, with tiny flecks of gold
How they sparkle with delight
Warm like embers burning bright
The skin around them crinkles so
Hidden laughter, chiming silence
It is truly a pity
That you always cast them down
People should see your eyes smile.

- Rebecca Buxbaum



- Shira Prusky



- Jacob Greenblatt

Creativity

a poem in the style of Walt Whitman

I feel the people expressing; creativity of all natures and nationalities
The mathematician, formulating and documenting functions of the world through study and discovery,
The engineer, constructing an ever changing world aided by forward thinking ideas,
A doctor whose patient's life is in their hands reaches to the far corners of their mind for solutions
and when one is unavailable, they create an answer themselves
A writer, bends the confines of the literary world around them and reshapes those rules and restrictions
to fulfil their expressive direction and generate new structures of a timeless art
Artisans, and painters, visual and functional artists alike, using the natural world around them
to observe the indisputable stories of nature in static, kinetic, and tangible phenomena
Dancers and athletes push the very definitions of the human form to extreme conditions, until
those explanations of physical human ability need to be revisited with new discoveries
Chefs enlighten basic human necessity with creative vision; they extend what is physically required for life
and create multi-sensory experiences through exploration and experimentation
Scientists heighten the power of discoveries; they push the boundaries of expressing knowledge to new
modes of thinking and intelligence; they are at the forefront of human evolution and expansion
Instrumentalists, rappers, singers, and other auditory creatives describe themselves and the world around
them with some of the most inexplicably powerful sensations across every culture
The people without definitive title, those who create new inventions, whether they be of social
development and interaction, or revolutionary technologies, are the masses, the audience and the
performers, and they are the mechanics of human creativity
Expression is the human art, creativity its pinnacle, the expressor every person, the receptor every person.

- Derin Caglar



Bringing a Knife to the Office

The alarm would always go off at 6:30 every morning. Right before the sun would start to peek over the horizon, Milton's eyes would pop open and he would jump out of his single bed and throw the ragged, ten year old sheets to the side. He would wash up in his moldy shower, miss a few patches on his face while shaving (but never touch his mustache) and comb his hair over his ever-growing bald spot. His face was always red, like he was angry all the time. But that could just have been his skin, given he was a very fair-skinned person and did burn easily. He lacked a little skill when it came to cooking, but he did know how to make a mean bowl of Cheerios. He always bought only one quart of milk at a time because he never knew when he would have to move out of his rundown apartment because of the "people" who were always chasing him. The idea of souring milk in his fridge disgusted him.

His '71 Ford Pinto--blanketed in dents, painted in a dark and disgusting maroon color, filled with light beige felt seats that showed every speck of dirt (which there was a lot of)--took Milton to work every sad and lonely morning of his life and creaked every time pressure was applied to the brake or the steering wheel was turned. He was an accountant for Winker Telecommunications Co., a job that had him sit at a desk all day and poke his stubby fat fingers at a keyboard. The motivation for him to wake up three hours before the office opened (despite his living only twenty minutes away) was to get his favorite parking spot - one row from the main door and three spots in from the edge of the lot. He had been parking there for the fourteen years he'd been working for Winker and never had anyone else parked their car there. He would grab that spot at 7:45 every morning, and he would wait outside the office door until an employee with a key showed up to unlock the building. It was a little moral victory every time he pulled in between the yellow lines and shifted his Pinto into park. Milton would get to his desk, do his work, eat his lunch, and get out. He never talked to any of the other employees.

Sixteen days into his fifteenth year on the job, he pulled into the lot. The spot was taken. A clean, glossy black Volkswagen Jetta filled the space between the yellow lines where his car was supposed to be. But it was 7:45 and no one was ever in the lot this early! Milton knew whose car it was. It was Jeremy Mikell's, the young strap who had just been hired the other day and worked in the cubicle adjacent to Milton's. The next day, he woke up at 6:15, but the spot was again taken by the Jetta. The next day at 6:00, the same thing. And the next at 5:30, the same result. Milton was being pushed to the limit. He was about to crack. That spot was his. HIS! No one had any right to take HIS spot. This problem was going to be taken care of. He had never liked anyone at the office anyway so there were no limits to what he could do. The next day he got the spot, pulling in the lot at 6:15. He packed with him his Swiss army knife that day. He was ready to confront Jeremy. He was gonna do it at 11:14, when a majority of the office was out having lunch. It was 11:13 and 48 seconds. He got up, slowly took the knife out of his pocket and walked over to Jeremy's cubicle. Milton moved in a slow and lumpy fashion. Jeremy heard him and turned around.

"Oh hey Milton," Jeremy said.

"Hi," responded Milton, holding the knife out of Jeremy's sight.

"Is there anything I can do for ya?"

Milton raised the knife. "I just thought you could borrow this because I've been noticing you've been getting a lot of paper cuts while opening those letters from HR."

"Oh thanks Milton, I really appreciate it."

"And Jeremy, one more thing..."

Milton smiled at him and gripped the knife tighter in his outstretched hand. Every day since that moment, Milton never had to worry about the Jetta taking his spot in the parking lot. It was his forever.

Starlight

they say the stars are forever moving and never staying still,
always circling around the earth and spinning like a wheel.
once upon a time they painted pictures in the sky,
illuminating a whole new world and serving as a guide.

there's a scientific explanation of how stars are made of course,
involving hydrogen and helium and gravitational force -
but I prefer to believe their creation was at the command of a heavenly voice.
there's a magic about them that seems unexplainable.

just like you, who always know me inside-out
and I will never quite understand how,
the stars are a constant light for the earth
that won't ever let us down.

I realize that there are unknown galaxies and planets far, far away
but I find comfort in knowing that you're my star, and that you are here to stay.

- **Caroline Bartholomew**



- **Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten**

Jackdaw

She sat at the center of the kitchen island and folded her arms so that her elbows just barely rested on its edge. A few pans lay across the checkered design. The sink, on the other side, waited half empty. She pushed away yesterday's egg skillet to leave more room for her hands, which had begun to twiddle their fingers along the countertop — a movement more borrowed than owned. With her left hand she sifted through her hair, in which she found a knot. Pulling it undone, she released a few tied hairs from her scalp. Pale light filtered through the window. The leaves of the aspen trickled against the glass, leaning in as if to gaze at something. She stood and fastened the belt of her robe. She walked into her room, which connected to the kitchen by a small hallway.

The bed was neat. Its red argyle sheets were straight, but still seeped into the mattress as if permanently indented. One pillow held the same flatness. The adjacent bedside tables warmed from the paired lamps. One side had a few books and a radio. The other table seemed placed just for symmetry. His side, her side.

She turned the radio dial and started to undress. A man's voice played in soft and gruff. He took many artistic pauses between words. He must have been a scholar, or a doctor.

"The birds of London: the western jackdaw, are found across Europe and North Africa. They are identified by their black bodies, silvery crowned heads, and almost white eyes..."

Removing her robe, she stood naked, fair skinned. Her hips were wide and ivory. She went to close the door.

"Like their cousin the crow, jackdaws live in colonies. And this is a bit of a sweet part of their ecology, they find their mates in the first year of life, and then pair bond, quite a lovely thing...isn't it..."

She pulled her second pant leg past her ankle, stopping to re-latch her bra which had undone itself as she was bending over.

"They are generally bound for life...only ending their union when their partner has died. The birds themselves do not have many natural predators...Jackdaws are also known for their love of bright, shiny objects..."

The man paused, and might have made an offhand comment to his colleague. It was too faint to make out.

"A funny thing really, the species tend to have a plethora of sorts, gathered in the..."

She turned off the radio and tucked in her flannel. She used its sleeve to wipe the bottom of her eye. Walking to the other side of the bed, she opened the table drawer and pulled a lipstick from under scattered drawings. After applying, she smoothed it out between her lips. She then nestled it back under a watercolor of a cub. Her black hat lay on the dresser. She closed her bedroom door, walked down the hallway past the kitchen, slipped on her boots and green coat, opened the door, then the screen, and walked outside with her hands in her pockets.

She squinted her eyes against the light. It was cloudy, grey, but light enough to see the strands of chicken wire weave between the fencing. As she walked, she felt around the large pockets of her jacket and took out a box of 72's. She lit one and floated out of the driveway into the street.

The playground of the local boys' school was bare, dismissal wouldn't be for a few hours. The red slide built into the hill was worn. The track where the boys would goad each other into pain lay silent. Each piece was estranged. They seemed almost preferably solitary.

The digging of her feet darkened the wood chips. She sat on the swingset, tossing the roach of her cigarette. Folding her arms under her breasts, she noticed the swing beside her — peculiar. She watched it, puzzled, as it swung in the wind, empty, but sunken.

- **Richard Price-Sanchez**



- Shira Prusky

Grenade

He stepped off the plane and paused in front of the long-awaited sight of his wife and children. Casey had his father's straight black hair and brown eyes. He had very tan skin, a result of his mother Sarah's Italian heritage. Ellie, however, was very pale, and had blond curly hair with blue eyes. Even though she was only five years old, her face possessed a sense of maturity normally seen on individuals much older than herself. John looked at his family with a mixture of pride and sorrow. He'd missed almost six years of his real life. His family had changed so much since he'd left. However, seeing them had ignited in him the kind of joy he had almost forgotten about completely.

John took Sarah's hand, and for a split second, he forgot the last six years. He was nineteen again, in his first year of college. He'd been eating lunch at the local diner every Saturday. The food had been subpar, but it was where Sarah worked at the time. He had known that there was something special about her the first time he laid eyes upon her. Most people didn't fall in love instantly, but then again, most people had never met Sarah. They had never seen what John saw in her long, wavy, black hair and dark brown eyes, the inner fire that burned with such passion that John found himself unable to look away, and sometimes unable to leave; John remembered sometimes staying at that diner until closing time, missing classes and ordering food that he wouldn't even eat just to avoid leaving Sarah's presence.

"Honey?" Sarah's voice brought John back to the present. "Do you want to go home or are you just going to stand there like an idiot?"

"I'm just trying to appreciate this moment, dammit. Cut me some slack, Sarah."

"I'm sorry", she replied in a tone that suggested that she was not. "Casey has a baseball game in a couple of hours and I wouldn't want him to miss it."

"All right fine, I'm coming," John replied.

The family of four piled into their navy blue station wagon. It was a Ford that John's father had given them as a wedding present. As the proud owner of a Ford factory, John's father had always been able to provide him with fairly nice cars without too much hassle. Of course, this particular Ford was almost a decade old, and as they drove down the highway the engine was making very annoying, loud noises. Sarah drove past a baseball field as a young boy hit a home run, his baseball bat making a satisfying cracking sound as it hit the baseball. John quickly curled up in his seat, ducking his head into his lap, and covered the back of his head with his hands. Casey, who had been observing the baseball game suddenly exclaimed "Chuck got a grand slam!"

"Oh, that's nice, Casey," replied Sarah. "John, are you okay?" John replied that he was simply resting his eyes due to tiredness, and that he hadn't slept at all on the plane.

About an hour later, they arrived home. As John saw the house, he realized how much he had missed it during his time in Vietnam. It was a medium sized white house, with only one story but a nice large yard. John noticed a wooden tire swing which had not existed when he left.

A thunderclap woke John up from his sleep. He quickly rolled off the bed and got under it. This action caused Sarah to wake up as well. When she noticed John missing from the bed, she leaned her head off the mattress and checked underneath the bed frame. "Are you okay?" she whispered soothingly. "It's just thunder."

The couple went back to sleep.

The next morning, after Casey and Ellie had left for school, Sarah took John to the living room and they sat down. John sat in his favorite black recliner while Sarah sat on the couch opposite him.

"John, we have to talk. It's been three months since you got back. You need help."

"Relax, honey" he replied. "I've got it under control. Besides, it's almost winter now, and there shouldn't be any thunder for a few months."

Sarah, not accepting this response, continued to press her husband. "Are you okay, John? Are you sure you're okay?"

"Stop saying that!" John snapped back at her. "I'm fine. You don't need to worry. Leave me alone. Leave me alone."

Grenade continued

“Private Glass, get your ass up. We’re being attacked.” John was roused from his slumber in accompaniment to the sounds of gunfire, explosions and screams. It was supposed to be the day when the Vietnamese rested and celebrated their New Year, but today they had chosen to attempt to surprise attack the occupying U.S. forces. John picked up his military-issue M-16 assault rifle and left the barracks.

He was greeted with the sight of chaos like he had never seen before, even after a year of war. It was supposed to be a holiday, but instead of spending time with their families the enemies were trying to kill them. He looked around and saw the body of Riley, one of his only friends in this hellhole. John had no time to mourn, however. He was standing in a meadow, and there was a Vietcong soldier right in front of him. He found himself transfixed by this soldier for some reason. The soldier had long, wavy black hair and intense dark eyes and seemed to be carrying no gun, only a large belt of grenades.

Instinctively John reached for his gun to shoot the enemy combatant facing him, but he found that his gun had gone missing. He looked down and saw some grenades strapped to Riley’s belt. He picked the grenades off the ground and lobbed one forwards. Suddenly his hand felt very cold. He looked up and saw that the soldier had thrown a grenade at him as well. John blocked the grenade with his arm and it fragmented into tiny, sparkling, white particles. John rushed at the soldier at full speed. As John snapped the enemy’s neck, he heard the soldier’s last words: “John, are you OK?”

John looked around and saw that the battlefield was empty and covered in thick, white snow.

- Krishna Kahn



- Amy Goldfischer

Bill Board

In our lives we strive for prowess and skill beyond our means. We seek out and bite into the meat of history, less for sustenance, than simply to leave our mark. Legion fail in the effort, either for lack of a strong canine, or imprecision in the attempt. But still more follow, chasing an untenable dream, breaking their molars against the unforgiving skin of history's clenched stomach.

Once in an eon, though, comes an individual with uncommon dental hygiene and clarity of bite that allow him to transcend the lesser multitude. He alone has the enamel to bite down hard into the haunch of history, leaving a scar that will not fade till the day the great beast dies and our world comes undone.

One such man was Bill Board (1890–1953), a brilliant inventor, advertiser, and entrepreneur who revolutionized advertising as we know it today. Until his tragic death in 1953 from a fatal car accident, Bill Board continued to amaze and impress the world with his genius.

It all started in 1902 when the twelve-year-old Bill Board was first mesmerized by the advertising on cereal boxes. He saw people putting their products out into the world, and he wondered how he could do the same. Soon thereafter, Bill invented his first revolutionary form of advertisement– the five-pointed star. While these advertisements (depicted on the right) failed for a number of reasons, they later became known as pentagrams and now dominate religious and political culture.

After his initial failures, Bill set out on a new project which would occupy him for the next 10 years. Instead of advertising other people's products, Bill advertised himself in local eating establishments and taverns. His new audience, women, found his attempts primarily pitiful but also mildly charming. As a result, Bill recounts, he engaged in sexual acts with over 120 women between 1905 and 1915, a tally which ranks Bill among the top 10 most successful womanizers of all time.

It was during one of his outings to a local pub that Bill had his pivotal epiphany. As he rushed into a tavern and stormed through the multitude towards the bathroom, Bill noticed something about his journey. While his primary intention was very clear--to relieve himself in the proper facility- Bill could not help but look at the advertising all around him: labels on beer bottles, brand names on T-Shirts, and the alluring smiles of women. It was this idea– to show people advertisements during their journey– that inspired Bill Board's work for the remainder of his life. Bill rushed his new unpatented idea to the National Advertising Council (NAC) which gladly took note of his genius.

Our lives, though, rarely take on simple designs. We are not allowed to ascend without limit, for as he did in old Babel, God shall look down upon those who rise to meet him and strike them down for their arrogance. Bill kept his teeth free of plaque, and was able to breach the hide of history, but the meat of history is rotten and good dental hygiene could not save him from its infection.

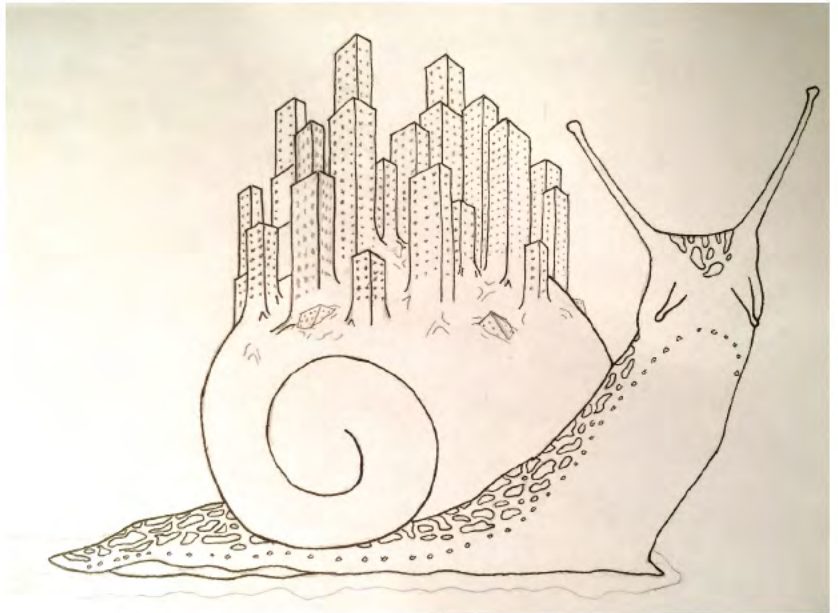
In 1953, Bill found himself in a legal war with the NAC over the credit for his idea. On February 30th, 1953 he found himself speeding down the highway to a court date with not only the NAC, but the Almighty Himself. As he crossed the Mason-Dixon line, History's poison took hold, and the Lord took aim. Bill's eye was drawn by an early manifestation of his genius, and cursing the thieves and grifters who stole his life's work he lost control of the wheel and of his fate. His body was discovered ten hours later by state troopers who, after being bribed by the NAC, proceeded to throw it into the Mississippi River. But though his body was corrupted by history's rot, his teeth had left a scar that we can still see today.

-Justin Burdge & Alex Nichol

Untitled

they see but not feel
evangelical angels
hacky sacking between time and space, where
heaven and earth meet for lunch
they eat a nice bite

- FCS Poetry Club



- Alec Clothier & Jack Correll

Heard

We captured voices
in clear mason jars
and cracked the lids
the barest breath escaping
giving the sweetest sound
to an empty room

- Sara Thal



- Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten

To The People Who Wear Glasses For Fashion

can you not

I get it

I really do

you think it makes you look more intelligent or whatever

but all I can see is fourth grade me looking in to the mirror

becoming fixated on the rims around what were once my favorite feature

before they realized I couldn't read the 4th line on their chart of incredibly small letters

my favorite quote was "eyes are the gateway to your soul"

I know a little pretentious

but hey I was in fourth grade

and after they handed over my glasses

all I could think was that my soul must be pretty freaking blurry

because I can sorta see the outline of your hair

but if you ever catch me without corrective eye wear

I'll probably avoid saying your name

mainly because it's so easy to make a mistake

humans look so alike when ...well when you can't see them

after I first put on that pair of bright red rimmed thick glasses

I looked up at a tree

and

OH MY GOD!

I can see each individual leaf

who knew trees were so pretty!

HEY MOM,

MOM!!

Did you know that sign says watch children?!

and

OH MY GOD

We can exit there!

because before fourth grade me got glasses

I didn't even realize I couldn't see

I thought that's just how the world looked

a little fuzzy around the edges

but hey, I could still make out the numbers on the board

To The People Who Wear Glasses For Fashion Continued

because when I came to school the next day
ready to show off how I saw the world now
I realized that everyone else
could already see
every single leaf on that tree
and reading signs was nothing special

because every time I look in the mirror
I'm reminded that everyone who isn't confined to the rims of corrective eye wear
has a super power
they wake up every morning and the world around them is clear
and crisp and beautiful
and they don't even know what it's like to not be able to see three feet in front of me

they don't know what it's like to go to the eye doctor every year and get that stronger prescription you need
because you may have switched to contacts as soon as your mom would let you
but that can only hide the fact that your eyes
are getting worse
your super power is running out
now you've got to have money like batman to keep up with everyday people on the street
you can't even think about joining the justice league

so to the people who wear glasses for fashion,
I hope you wake up every morning and appreciate
every single leaf
on every single tree
because they're not just one big blob of green
contrary to near sighted people's popular belief
and you,
you silly glasses wearing fool,
are lucky enough to see that leaf without the help of any invention but
the miracle of nature
and *oh man*,
am I jealous

- Amelia Orzech-Boscov

Yellow Morning

He lifted her into his lap, a tear smearing against his arm, leaving spots of dampness matting the hair on his arms. Her damp overalls scratched against her thighs, the wet seeping into her already soaked skin. She rested her head on his chest, clenching his shirt in her hand, her fingernails leaving perfect crescent moons in her calloused palm. She let her eyes unfocus, causing the whites and reds of his flannel to melt into one another, before being forced to blink, her eyes stinging from the tears. He remained silent, he was a man of few words. He knew that there was nothing he could say to heal the sting of embarrassment that caused these tears. Once she cried out all her sadness, she clambered out of his lap - her feet warm against the brittle, cold floorboards.

She was seven years old when he left, but the reek of alcohol and smoke remained for several months afterwards. Her mom would spend hours in the washing room, scrubbing the linens and couch cushions, desperately attempting to wash him out of their life. It became a sort of routine: every morning she would wake her mom, and as she got ready for school, her mom would clean. Her mom did not have any time to wash her clothing, so a pile of dirty clothing began to grow higher and higher as the weeks went by, but she said nothing. After a few months, any smell of her dad, or his bad habits had been washed down the drain of their stainless steel sink. Yet her mom continued this routine, and she began to think it was the only thing that kept her mom sane.

Her only friend was Mary Ann, and they were in the same third grade class. Mary Ann always raised her hand when the teacher asked a question and never asked for extra snack. She was a goody two shoes, and that was the only reason she was allowed to come over. They pretended they were witches, and made potions, spilling various liquids on the floor. At one point her mom yelled up to them, making her promise not to make a mess. They continued to play. Mary Ann's mother arrived, and they heard the clicking of the mothers' high heels as they walked up the stairs. As her mom scanned the room, observing the mess, her eyes widened and then narrowed with anger. She walked towards her furiously, slapping her. The blood filled her cheeks, her face stinging.

The cold had given her goosebumps, making the hair on her arms stand upright. She was bundled up, wearing a fleece jacket under her down one, yet the cold still managed to seep through. The orange streetlight reflected onto the shiny recently-soaked pavement. She stood, her knees locked, watching as the gas filled her small car. The numbers changing almost immediately after they appeared, 6 turning to 8, 3 turning to 9 and so on. It was a yellow morning, the sort of yellow that has a sleepy feeling to it.

- Madeleine Coss



- Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten

Untitled Poem

when I was
a little child
I thought the

world was flat, lifeless
waiting to be reborn by
someone, I was wrong.

ghosts wallow the streets
waiting for a moaning soul
to take over, and love through another.
taken over. Turned into
something I am not

I have learned;
immortality
is being.

- FCS Poetry Club



- Anne Pizzini



- Anne Pizzini

Ghosts

Walking alongside a dark dirt path as the trees do a tribal dance in the black of night, there's a chill in the air like there is before snowfall or a summer storm. It's a sort of presence that you acknowledge mentally, but refuse to see it has inhabited the air around you. A fog creeps over the ground like it's not meant to be detected, crawling on its hands and knees in a full camouflage suit. Somehow the bitter darkness thickens into a heavy smog. The silence feels deadly, like it is waiting to kill. The soldier is exposed, I see it now. A ghostly figure of half man and half mystery. I can't tell if I should be worried or it is just another immortal soul looking to move on. Stuck here on unfinished business that he himself is not even aware of.

I can't help but struggle with this inner dilemma of noting its presence or continuing on. Should I fear what only I see through my eyes? Because to any other casualty, this might be a mere substance drifting about in the shadows, impossible to decipher. Perhaps if I blink it will change or go away. But when I blink I miss a nanosecond of life. A sort of still shot that people say doesn't matter, but what if in that second everything transforms? What if this path becomes a cold, barren wasteland because it snowed too hard? What if it becomes a murky river because the rain has turned the dry dirt path into soup? We need to find balance, perhaps this ghost has done that. They are unable to feel but are able to see, to open their eyes to a bigger picture. Or maybe I am the ghost and this fighter is the one still alive. It all depends on how you choose to see the world.

- Caroline Weaver



- Shira Prusky



- Amy Goldfischer

Shattered Lenses

Her mother had bought this pair for her birthday. Her birthday happened to be on her eye check-up day so it had felt like a birthday present when she first got them. Black rims on the top, and a thin wire at the bottom, she knew she loved them when she first put them on her face and looked in the mirror. They did something for her, gave her a rich quality, gave her a certain style that made her think certain people would do a double take. She felt confident and beautiful in them. When she came back the next day to get the glasses fitted, she was almost shocked at how much more beauty had been added to them once they were put on her face. In a way, she felt saddened; it was almost as if she was the accessory and the glasses were the subject. She buried these feelings because she knew that in the grand scheme of things, people would still be looking at her, noticing her.

When school started she felt like a new person. She was almost sure as she passed through the halls that no one recognized her. It was probably true. She walked those halls as if she owned the place, but it wasn't just her glasses. She had undergone a summer makeover, new wardrobe, new shoes, new hair cut, and most importantly, newfound confidence. That and she realized drinking eight glasses of water and doing homemade facials while also rubbing coconut oil through her hair really gave her a sense of fulfillment. For once in her life she didn't care if people did not talk to her, because she was completely fine with the person she was today. Yet she still had one glaring problem from her past life.

Him.

It was hard to say why a girl like her would date a guy like him. While she was like silk passing through one's fingertips, he came out too rough, too hard, and sometimes brittle. She knew that from this small transformation, it was time to make another transformation. So she had pushed her the glasses up her nose, walked up to him, and said, "We need to talk." He did his usual okay, whatever shrug and the nervous part in her stomach settled down a little. But only a little. When the school bell rang, she searched through the crowded hallways and her eyes locked with his as they always did. Before, she had always thought these moments were destiny, the way their eyes would sometimes lock over long distances. Every time they did, a sort of smile settled into his face and she felt her face warm from his attention. Back then she had been a shy girl, with not many friends, not that she needed any but it was something everyone always noticed about her. Back then, when they had first began dating, she had been shining; she supposed that the light she got from him made other people want to get to know her. Those moments back then had been beautiful, getting to know people and opening up her world. Now, these moments made her feel sad, lost, and confused.

She motioned her head towards the door and he nodded, following her out. Once she was outside she kept walking, hearing his footsteps but not bothering to wait for him as she walked, determination in her every step. Suddenly she felt someone grab her arm violently and swing her around. She knew who it was before she even looked; who else could it have been?

His eyes were dark, anger pulsing through them as he looked at her, his eyebrows furrowed, posing a silent question to her. What's wrong with you? they read to her, in that silent language she had gotten so familiar with. She wasn't sure if she would miss it. She tried to shrug him off but he gripped on tighter, making her grimace.

Shattered Lenses continued

"I'm tired." she sighed out softly. His eyebrows moved further up his face but the angry look stayed, this time with recognition in his eyes. Good, she had thought, he knows what's going on. But it was evident that what he knew, and what she thought didn't matter as he shook his head violently. She tried to pull back but at his hand held onto her, clamplike and unyielding. She kept trying and trying to disengage herself from him but he held on hard, his angry eyes boring into hers. Then suddenly, almost like déjà vu, and she was dealing with their tragic romance once again. She didn't have much chance to blink her eye and snatch her new, beloved glasses off quickly before his angry fist connected with her face. The familiar shocking pain made her remember then that it was not the glasses that made her confident. It was this pain. In a sick sort of way, the pain she experienced from him made her believe that if she could deal with this, she could deal with being on her own. She knew then that the glasses did not give her confidence, rather they hid her lack of confidence. When she had looked in the mirror she had realized the hesitance that was always equipped to her face was gone and replaced by something...new. She had felt reborn; no longer was she the girl hiding bruises and black eyes behind makeup and glasses, and no longer the girl who contemplated over silent endings to all her miseries and mistakes. She had a name.

There were a few more punches that came afterwards, which she expected would come. Every time he started he always had to put in a few more so that his anger would fade away. She knew she should have done it in a more public place, instead of being private behind the school, but she knew how anger bottled up inside him. She knew how important it was for him to release it somewhere. She was even jealous of him sometimes because he could release the blind rage that violently sucked him in. She wished that she could be a black hole, in the sense that she could let her emotions take her away too.

After a few curses, and some yelling that she blocked out, he eventually walked away. She believed he said something along the lines of, This isn't over, but she blocked it out. She looked at her new glasses on the ground, one of the lenses broken, but the beauty still there. She remembered the happiness and gratitude she had felt when her mother had said yes to that two hundred dollar pair of glasses. She knew what she was asking for was crazy, but those glasses were her. She felt a connection there, like if she had them she would actually see better now. And she had, but she had paid the ultimate price for it.

She picked up her glasses and tucked them into her into the pocket of his varsity sweater gently, taking the utmost care of them. She chided herself for not giving him the sweater while he had been there. She pulled out her spare pair and slipped them on her face, once again becoming invisible to the world. Slowly she turned and walked briskly down the road to go home.

If there was one thing she was happy about in all of this mess, it was the fact that she had picked the glasses that were eligible for a 30 day warranty.

- Zaakiyah Rogers

Truck Thoughts

I'm in the back of the truck. That's where I like to ride. I like it best when Dad puts other stuff there too with me, like once he had a rocking chair and I sat in it while the truck went down the road and I counted the lines between the trees with my eyes closed, orange lines on my eyelids when the open parts went by them. I like the dogs coming with us too, though Brave Boy is scared of the flapping license plate that makes a clank noise when Dad hits the brakes. Surfboard's different, Dad calls him idiot dog, but he makes me laugh when he stands with his nose pressed against the window, looking into the cab. "Idiot dog!" Dad yells, cause he can't see out the back, so I grab him and hang on and we roll on the truck bed, on the blankets so we don't get hurt, and I laugh. I think we go really fast. When we got in today, Mom said, "Don't drive like a bat out of hell with her in the back there," and Dad laughed and said, "Any slower and we could feel the earth's rotation." That made her laugh, though she doesn't like it when he makes a joke and she was serious. But she didn't say I couldn't ride along, so I don't mind. I know there's room for me up in front with the two of them. The seats in trucks are wide and that's nice too, leaning in against Dad and he puts his arm around me and then back on the wheel from the other side, so it's almost like I'm driving. Then I feel bad, like I should scooch over to Mom for a while, though she doesn't say anything but just looks out the windshield with her face all sad like she doesn't know it. In the back, though, I lie on the blankets with my head on Surfboard and the hum and shudder of the engine makes me sleepy and the sky seems far away, up high, and I don't care where we're going. I didn't ask, just hopped in when Dad said I could come, just like the dogs, which is what Mom says about me and the truck and the car rides. Brave Boy nudges me with his nose and I put my arm around him too and think about pie and homework and how I'm going to grow my hair long and maybe get my ears pierced some day.

- Laura Novo



- William Pearson



- Jack Corell & Alec Clothier

Ink

Spilled out across the desk, barely
touching barren pages
It covers everything in a thick coat
so little space for one gaping line.

- Ink Magazine Staff

Pen

The magnificent quill pen waited expectantly on my
desk

To soar once more aided by my gentle grasp, a
child's hand flying a model airplane

unexplored air surrounds

as I turn to see

a patchwork quilt of farmland, growing words
eloquent and rich.

-Ink Magazine Staff

