The Field School
Washington, D.C.

1984-1985
Too many clothes woven of color and flash
Red, orange, blue, green, turquoise, magenta and ash
Erratic movements, some sit, some run, some walk
Naked gestures of the Lord’s Blue as everyone talks
Decay orting knapsacks strain on their backs
Schoolbooks eating at the seams, tearing the straps
Einstein to Picasso, reincarnated in the youth
Too arrogant, too intense, too passive, too couth
Teachers weave through the pupils, their mandatory motion
Expecting redundancy, awakening by a student’s notion
Radicals argue facts, conservatives chant ideals
Secondary learning institution where children learn to feel.

Jon Martin
Grade 12
Sandra E. Hulnick

Optimism is the madness of maintaining that everything is right when it is wrong.
*Voltaire*

What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness?
*Jean Jacques Rousseau*

Oriana Zill

It was the way it always is in dreams— we leap over space, time, the laws of reason and existence, and stop only at points dear to our hearts.
*Dostoyevsky*

When it comes to moving me, you know you guys are champs.
*Jackson Browne*

Jason Probst

Happy trails to you,
Until we meet again.
*D. L. Roth*

Hunter Blum

We have lived in the subconscious,
When we awaken we will drown.
*T.S. Eliot*

I see a man without a problem, I see a country always starved.
*Peter Townsend*
Jonathan S. Watson

I will only say... that... it is necessary... to possess the friendship of the people.
Machiavelli

But I'd found out what I wanted to know. French... was in fact a real language, spoken by real people. Europe existed.
Frank Connery

Let others comfort seek, as for me: Give me Liberty or give me Death!
Patrick Henry

Jon Fox

Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.
John F. Kennedy

Amy Abate

I am better than you
Being in a giant pool of hypocritical faces,
Scared and lonely— is fine.
Cause now I'm gone— And he's all mine
And you are in a bigger pool
Anonymous

Simone Gilbert

Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies;
Give us bread but give us roses.
James Oppenheimer

When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I never tried before
Mae West
Andy Jones

You have to try and do everything with humour, and keep smiling.

John Lennon

I don't know what they're charging you but these champagne bottles are filled with Ginger Ale.

Woody Allen

It's not what you know, it's who you know.

Andy O'Jones

David Page

Siempre Lista

Bauden-Powell

Ambiguity. Redundancy. Irrelevance. Even Leakage. All this is noise. Noise screws up your signal, makes for disorganization in the circuit.

Thomas Pynchon

Jonathan Martin

Optimism, said Candide, is a mania for maintaining that all is well, when things are going badly.

Voltaire

If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.

Benjamin Franklin

The difficult I do immediately; The impossible takes a little longer.

Soaemyora

Tia Christine Kirby

Tu sais... quand on est tellement triste on aime les couleurs de soleil...

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.

Aristotle
Roger Lawrence

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

*Benjamin Disraeli*

Jennifer Larsen

I'm not human, I'm a dove
I'm your conscience, I am love
And all I really need
Is to know that you believe.

*Prince*

Chris Rowe

I'm merrily, merrily, merrily
merrily on my way
To nowhere in particular.

*Tom (From The Wind in the Willows)*
*Kenneth Graham*

People are strange
When you're a stranger

*Jim Morrison*

Rameh Alemazkoor Wright

How quickly all things disappear,
in the universe the bodies themselves,
but in time the remembrance of them...

*Marcus Aurelius*

Life is too short
To live it unhappily.
Andrew Bennett

Every person is an individual and being an individual person is a gas.

Bo Diddley

To be “normal” is the ideal aim for the unsuccessful, for all those who are still below the general level of adaption.

C. Jung

Turn your frown upside down

Uncle Al and Captain Wendy

Katherine Eskin

One laughs, one cries. Two uniquely human traits. And the main thing in life, my dear Harold, is not to be afraid to be human.

Colin Higgins

Don’t dream it, be it!

Rocky Horror

Look around and choose your own ground,
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you’ll give and tears you’ll cry.
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be.

Roger Waters

Nikki Lotze

You’re waiting for someone to perform with, but don’t you know
That it’s just you
Hey Jude, you’ll do
The movement you need is on your shoulders.

The Beatles

The most wasted day of all, is one in which you have not laughed.

Author unknown

Robert C. Steiner
Melissa J. Mullen

It's the stupidest tea party I've been to in all my life.
*Lewis Carroll*

My excesses are getting the better of me.
*Kurt Vonnegut Jr.*

I hope you know that this will go down on your permanent record.
*V.F.*

Sasha Cody Slocombe

It's all like an ocean! cried Dostoyevsky. I say it's all like cellophane.
*Kurt Vonnegut Jr.*

Time which does not kill me makes me stronger.
*Nietzsche*

Michael D. Intrator

Matt DeGurse

Just be cool, calm, collected, and don’t ask any questions.
**Jean Gruss**

Andromaque, je pense à vous!
*Charles Baudelaire*

**Bill Harris**

If you start to take Vienna... take Vienna.
*Napoleon*

It seems wherever you go, there you are.

**Jackie Grimmer**

When we played softball, I'd steal second, then feel guilty and go back.
*Woody Allen*

Please God, let me hit one. I'll tell everyone you did it.
*Reggie Jackson*

**Gregory Charles Kithcart**

An American will tinker with anything he can put his hands on. But how rarely can he be persuaded to tinker with an abstract idea.
*Leland Stanford*

Peace I leave with you.
*John 27*
C. Joe Dore, III

Doing the same old thing is like listening to the same old song, so go for it, buy a new record!
John Shamors

Ragan Kendall Blum

It's what you learn after you know it all that counts.
Earl Weaver

Bennett Stichman

Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them.
Thomas Mann

Should life all labor be?
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It takes longer to bring excellence to maturity
Publius Syrus

Stefan Armington

Go ahead and be different—if you think you can stand the beating you will get.
Woody Allen

Nothing has changed except myself. I wandered through the neighborhood with a great secret locked in my heart. "I've won. I made it. I'm starting a new life." And it was true.
Frank Comroy
Music seems to be my only refuge
When all the world is closing in
And when I fly high with anticipation
My songs sing out what I feel within
Peter Fiori

Just like a child I've been seeing only dreams, I'm all mixed up, but I know what's right.
Pete Townsend

Mark Pugsley

It's never too late to start all over again.
Steppenwolf

I could drive like this forever, swift and loose,
senses drowned in a shrirk, headlights boring holes
in the void, because somewhere out here there
must be a way home.
Stephen Wright

Steve Briggs

Certainty is a dream, an illusion. We are all journeying
towards a great unknown.
Poetsus

Jon Stern

Why does that man always wear a bowler hat?
James Bond

Keep on with the force don't stop
Don't stop till you get enough
Michael Jackson
Molly Burnham

Oh, father, let the singer sing for thee.
Let word and song and harmony
Be mightier than the sword.

The Gospel at Colonus

Sarah Eliot Lumbard

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great and would suffice.

Robert Frost

Lisa M. Goldberg

A really busy person never knows how much he weighs.

Howe

Lisa Sharlach

What is going to carry us through is faith and love and
good principles. Faith that there are such things as love and
good principles, and the nerve to try to use them and carry
them out.

Steven Gaskin
Six Year Survivors

All my long life I've heard nothing but flattery, for I am a phoenix, the only living phoenix. They tell me I am the most beautiful bird they have ever seen. They envy my long life, for a phoenix lives five hundred years.

Five hundred years. I'm nearly that old now. Soon a new phoenix will arise from my body and fly my carcass to Egypt, just as I did with the body of my parent so long ago.

I'm almost embarrassed by the fact that I'm going to die. All my life I thought I was superior to other creatures because of my beauty, longevity, and rarity. I didn't really understand that I, too, would have to die. Five hundred years seemed like eternity—indeed. I have experienced so much in my lifetime. I have seen babies grow up, have children, grow old, and die. I have seen an acorn grow into a towering oak, and then become compost on the forest floor. I have seen civilizations rise and fall. Yet my own mortality I ignored.

There is so much I have left undone. When I was young, I planned to fly all over the world, and I would see and hear everything, no secrets would be kept from me. Undoubtedly, I have seen much, but there is much still unknown to me. There are some creatures upon this earth that live for only a tiny fraction of my life span, yet have seen more than I will ever see. Or will I ever see that much? Some say that with death comes understanding, and some say that there is nothing to understand.

Oh, what absurdity. Even in confessing my fear of death I'm subtly flattering myself. What a metaphysical bird I am, contemplating death and understanding. I place too much value on my thoughts. For five hundred years my thoughts have been chasing themselves through my mind, over and over again. I've always felt that I was more intelligent than most other beings, and did not discuss my ideas with anyone, so I've had only myself to talk to. I'm almost always shrouded in a fog of thoughts that keeps me from experiencing the world around me. But once in a while this fog is lifted, and I'll be dazzled by the kaleidoscope of the forest, the fragrant pine trees, the softness of a spring rain. Just being alive in this earth for a moment is indescribable joy. How absurd it is for me to feel that five hundred years is not enough, when one moment is an eternal paradise? But once I realize that I'm happy, I become afraid of losing that happiness, and thoughts pour into my consciousness and distract me from my joy.

Earlier, I spoke of how, when I was young, I wanted to travel to every corner of the earth, and know everything. Now I would be overwhelmingly happy to just sit in my nest forever. But I know I don't have forever, and even if I did, I'd only be able to experience life on the infrequent occasions that I escape my thoughts. I wish I were a giddy little sparrow that only lives a few years, but who knows how to truly live. What good have five hundred years been to me if I've flown through life dead to the world around me?

Lisa Shattuck
Grade 12

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Why use muscles when less means more
People who frown are just a bore
The sun's my father and I'm its child
The whole world is richer when you... smile

—John Keats

Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

—Mark Twain
The water hot, steam drifts upward. My face is soft and featureless through the cloud, the mirror laden with the cooling water. I suck in the fine mist and, eyes half open, lilos sagging, I reach for the soap, I like soap. I like its slip and I like its slide. But I do not like fish. I would not wash my hands with a fish. Dogs make better pets and cows make better food. Now the water is very hot, the steam a heated blast. I work the soap between my hands, confident that I do not have fish in my pipes (it is too hot). Gah! My hands become only somewhat slick, the soap will not lather. Hot soup should lather—it is meant to. That is its purpose. I labor feverishly to rid my hands of the milky thinness, this mutant soap. No, no, it will not flush from my skin. I shoulder. The dread soapy film—I have heard of it, even seen it, on T.V. I am overwhelmed by the severity of the moment. I raise an eyebrow.

I step through the frozen rain to Denny’s Drug Mart. I run numb fingers through wet hair and trip up to the counter. Behind it sits a squat girl squinting at “Ryan’s Hope,” which flickers on a black and white set next to the register. “Hi,” I venture. “You must be Denny. This is your mart.” “No.” Denny is a guy, and the squat girl is annoyed. I confide in her anyway, telling of the missing father. She suggests that my water is hard. “Hard!” I spit, incredulous, straining to visualize “hard.” She reveals more, something about “alkaline.” I think of Duracell batteries and then of my water. If she thinks I have batteries in my pipes then surely she thinks I have . . . I reddened.

“There is—” stammering, “there is also a soapy film. The water is not hard. Have you got any other soaps?” I stand rigidly, wary of this squat girl who really isn’t Denny, fearful of what she has told me. “Yes.”

Clutching the find, a bar in my grasp, I ease into the public restroom (eww!), I stride to the sink. A glaring room of white tile, cool, immaculate. Hot water running, I tear the soap loose from its package and jam it under the spout. A sharp clean scent, tingling. It is a wonderful smell, an unparalleled smell. Certainly this is the best of all possible smells. And surely the taste of is of like excellence. I take a great bit. My mouth recoils, twisting, screaming at what I have done to it. I spit the half-chewed lump of soap on the floor. Look around! The even tiles, the polished chrome fixtures, the glistening urinals . . . porcelain is so smooth and white, benign, inviting—but nothing you’d want to put your tongue on. “You’re still not so pure.” My reflection is broken, limbs ill-fitting in the cracked mirror. A jagged and fragmented face. I clip my hands freely and turn, out the door, into the sun.

Bill Harris
Grade 12

Ferry Christmas my family and I travel north to a small town in New Jersey called Boonton. We celebrate the holiday with my grandmother in her very special house. This house has been in the family since before the Civil War. It’s where my grandmother’s mother was raised. The house has countless rooms and is very beautiful. The entrance is protected by four huge white pillars, and the front yard alone is an acre in size. There isn’t another house for miles. For an adventurous child like myself these vacations were like wonderful dreams. I never stopped discovering new rooms and attics. I was allowed to go anywhere I pleased and there were no chores or homework to worry about. I was very young. The only place I was forbidden to go was up the fire escape stairs that were located behind the pantry in the kitchen. My grandmother said they were old and too weak to walk on, and besides, there wasn’t anything up there anyway. This restriction didn’t bother me at all since the kitchen was easily observed by everyone else and I tended to like having no one know where I was.

One night, during one particular Christmas, I woke up feeling rather hungry and was in no mood for sleep. I got up, threw on a robe, and went to the kitchen for a bowl of Cheerios. I sat at the table in a sleepy daze, staring at the closed door behind the pantry. I decided I had to know where these stairs would take me. I searched the kitchen for a flashlight but could only find an old used candle; that would have to do. I lit the candle and opened the door. I stepped in and started up the stairs. At first all I could see was the candle, but soon my eyes adjusted and I could make out the spiderwebs hanging from the ceiling and walls. Dust was thick on the stairs; no one had walked these stairs for a long time. When I got to the top of the stairs I found a closed door. My heart was pounding as I turned the handle. When I opened the door I almost dropped the candle. It was a single, stark room filled with toys—not Hot Wheels or Barbie dolls, but real old toys like Erector sets and wooden trains. I put the candle down and started looking around. I picked up the train to check it out, when I heard from behind me the voice of a young boy say, “Hello, do you like my train?” My heart blew up and I spun around, dropping the train in shock and terror. There, standing before me, was a boy my age with a big smile and a funny hair cut. I just stood there staring at him; I was probably very pale. He said, “I say, hello, can you speak English?” I stumbled out a “yes” and continued staring at this boy I had never seen before. He walked over and picked up the train, explaining that it was a gift from his father that he had brought from Italy. I started growing at east and managed to ask him who he was. He said his name was Joshud Godwinson and that he lived here. I continued to stare. He was acting rather merrily, saying how much fun it was going to be for us to play together. He didn’t even ask me my name. I stood there amazed. Then of a sudden he said that it was time for me to leave and go to bed. He said we could play tomorrow. He just pushed me out the door and said “Good night, Peter.” I was in too much of a daze to even realize what had happened. I groped my way back downstairs and got into bed.

The next morning I decided not to mention the evening’s occurrences, but I kept my eye on the pantry door all through breakfast. My grandmother said she had a treat for me and that I was to go into the study and wait for her. When she came in, she had under her arm a large book which she handed to me. It was the family album. I opened it up—and there it was a very old picture of a family, two daughters and a son. Then Joshua. Trying to keep my voice steady, I asked my grandmother who he was. She said it was her mother’s sister’s family, the Godwinsons. She continued to explain that the young boy in the picture had died of consumption at age ten. I threw the book aside and raced to the kitchen. I flung open the door behind the pantry and tore up the stairs. Passing for a split second, I threw open the door. There was a dark, torn up, empty room. It was musty and less inviting than any of the other attics. I stumbled, in bewildered. The room was filthy and empty. As my eyes slowly adjusted to the fetid darkness, they focused on a tiny piece of candy and an old rotted piece of wood. I picked it up: it was the remains of an old Italian toy train.

Peter Flori
Grade 12
Eleventh Grade

Sarah Futrell, Rick Mayo, Ayn Vallis

Jason Harmon, Charlotte Miller, Greg Moore, Jason Lawrence

Red is the color of autumn leaves
That fall from trees to burn the ground with their presence.

Red is the blood on tooth and nail
Of a murderous dragon
That surveys its prey with a crimson eye, which shines in the darkness as a warning torch.

Anger burns red in the blood of the avenger, who seeks the scaly scoundrel who has slaughtered his kin.

He must tread softly upon the bed of red leaves or he will awaken the murderer.

Justin Williams
Grade 11

Allow my heart to endeavor a spring day, soft in sight,
Weighed against my love for your love ramified,
For the season of rebirth shadows winter's flight.
Your presence is fuller than a setting sky
Whose rosy velvet clouds hide the coming star.
Spring's wrath of rain contrasts your radiant aura
As death's steps hide in your shade afar.
Thou hast a capricious course like a jungle's flora.
A spring's dawn is too cold for thine essence.
As you give birth to overflowing grace from winter's purge.
Your spring's inherent merit will plead the parting of its spring's swift end.
When man's soul shall essay afresh and merge -

Nik Kaufman
Grade 10

Leah Lujan, Serra May, Susannah Jones

Ken Krattenmaker, Ben Metzger, Allan Campbell
Carolyn Fallon, Nick Sefarian, Tuoy Phounsombath, Cherelle Pitt, Matt Gould

In a light blue swimsuit with lavender stripes, the girl is floating on her back, letting the tranquil flow of the pond take her drifting on the surface of the water. Arms at her side, and legs stretched out on the surface, the girl reminisces peacefully, and then falls into a light, dreamy sleep. A slight draft of wind—she gets a chill—little ripples form on the water's surface—the breeze carries her body—she is gliding, drifting. The bright sun glowing in the clear, cloudless sky warms the front side of the girl and heats the top layer of the pond which warms the girl's back side. Grandfather has fallen asleep on the back porch which overlooks the pond. Grandmother is inside making tomato sandwiches with mayonnaise on toasted wheat bread. Chester, their golden retriever, is running all around the yard and through the field of the farm next to Grandmother and Grandfather's house. First around the pond, then up near the vegetable garden, and through the flowers which Grandmother had so carefully arranged in sections of red, yellow, orange, and purple. Chester continues around the back porch, through the flat carpet of soft, green grass, and through, the field, and around the pond again. In the swamp area around the edges of the pond, frogs sit tall, green grasses make a "gluck, gluck, gluck" sound in a precise rhythmic pattern. The jingle of Chester's collar as he runs makes another higher pitched melody. Combined with the low buzz of the tractor in the field next to the pond, the "gluck, gluck, and "jingle" form a wonderfully balanced harmony that helps the dozing girl's wandering thoughts flow smoothly and pleasantly. She is awakened suddenly to find herself back in the crisp, fresh, breezy air that she had drifted away in. Grandmother's sweet, soft voice calls from the porch. "Homey, come in for lunch now. Your tomato sandwich is ready. Come in or you may get a sunburn, dear."

Lisa Berk
Grade 11

Tony Rankin, Alice Fiori, Josh Tuerk

As I sat on the front steps of my house one Sunday afternoon, I watched as a strong breeze blew the leaves wildly from the crisp, blue sky into the piles of those that had already fallen, changing the color of the sloping streets from grey to gold-brown as the leaves reflected the sunlight. Across the road the deep woods seemed empty and desolate, except for the yellow and green leaves that had not yet fallen and a few squirrels dropping acorns from the trees. A leaf drifted slowly downward and landed in my hair, but as I untangled it, the leaf crumpled into tiny pieces. The wind rushed down the street, pulling some leaves with it and blowing my black hair across my face. I snuggled down into my big, olive green sweater and held myself tightly with my arms.

The smell of burning wood lingered in the air as smoke floated from the chimneys. As I sipped a glass of hot apple cider my mind wondered back to the party of the night before. I thought of the faces, full of concentration lowered into the big tin bowl, and then emerging in laughter with water dripping, apples clutched between their teeth; my friends around me singing Happy Birthday and watching as I wish for something I want immensely and then blowing out all of the sixteen candles; opening my presents in the darkness of the front porch, alone with one another; and then the night ended with one last and insecure goodbye.

My memory flickered back to another autumn—Halloween when I was a little girl. My brother and I would rush to finish our dinner, and then after we were done we would run for our "trick-or-treat" bags and bolt out the door in our costumes. As we ran down our steps we'd turn around to admire the pumpkins that we had carved and put on our front windows. We met our friends on the sidewalk in front of the house, and then Daddy finally came out and we'd start going to the houses next to ours. I remember how we used to run up to the first house and yell "trick-or-treat!" with big smiles on our faces and then once everyone had gotten the candy we'd run down the steps and out to the sidewalk, swooshing leaves as we ran, and up the stairs of the next house, while Daddy would stay back on sidewalk to watch us. We would do this until we finished with all the houses. Then we'd say good-bye to our friends, and go back inside from the dark cold night. Sitting down on the floor of our living room we would pour out all of our candy from the bags, while Daddy threw away all the candy that was not wrapped tightly. Sometimes we got pennies and nickels and if we were really lucky we got quarters.

I finished my hot cider, and then put my head in my arms as the tears rolled down my face.

Claire Neves
Grade 11
A shudder in the clouds
shaking the gods
stirring the devils
leaving the angels in ashes

Rain built of tears
(finds what is)
now a falling river
withering
once dew

Wait an eon to be born
a green century ahead
is stark behind
a sad silent knowledge
it is time to be old at last

Diane Horowitz
Grade 11

"Trading winds have no effect—surprisingly—on the
economy, but, if they did, there would be chaos."
Public children attend public schools, living towers so
to speak, where they wonder chiefly at themselves—until
teachers perform the astonishing work of throwing erasers
to stop them from daydreaming in an immoral leisure.
Sadie hearts may be appalled at the teachers' behavior
even the gods shook). By knowledge grown too bright,
the children stopped wondering at themselves; it is time
to be old, it seems. But what is old? Economizing the river,
or flowing with the mud and scum of things? They'll never
repeat the music of the rain; they'll never eat the apples
of Eden. They'll become non-ambitious and self-limited,
and, if any are opposite, they'll say, "Nail that wild star
to its track." Let the wine of inspiration repair what this
undid! They are people not to be possessed! So, they'll all
get drunk and dress in search of new exciting thoughts
inside their minds. When they sober up, they'll look back
on these thoughts and take the intelligible ones and do
something with them. Ambition and innovation will be
reborn!

Amen!

Allan Campbell
Grade 11

As they sit there motionless,
careless,
their earthly selves build up,
and fall away.
The master hills of the earth.
The society with its own laws—
nature—
a thing well protected and destroyed,
landslides.
Innocence well defined,
non-political,
Peace.

Greg Moore
Grade 11

Diane Horowitz, Lisa Gouveia, Justin Williams

Cindy Joseph, Tony Barnett, Cecilia Hirsch

Claire Neves, Will Weems, Lisa Berk
Rushing down the stairs, I see him.
Does he stand there ready to stand up for me?
No, yet he stands there.
Can be shout out to everyone that he loves me?
No, yet he stands there.
Will he open up his arms for me?
No, yet he stands there.
Can be offer me a smile of satisfaction?
No, yet he stands there.
Will he provide for me everything that I need?
No, yet he stands there.
Can be wink at me like he used to?
No, yet he stands there.
Will he stand there and not acknowledge me?
No, yet he stands there.
Does he stand there unapproving?
No, he stands there and he is my father.

Kierstan Gordon
Grade 10

Ben Sharp, Pam Smith, Robert Piggot

Peter Wilson, Adam Hiltebeitel, J.C. Salyer

Caroline Cohen, David Monaco, Becky Adler, Larissa Hulnick

Raiden Dillard, Ilana Enns, Elizabeth Varlay, Emily Cornell
Death is like the wind
We fear it
Yet we love it
We have hope in it
The hope of the unknown
It surrounds us
It's all over the world
It's in our body
our mind
our soul
Life is like an ember
It fears the wind
It also loves the wind
It has hope in the wind
For it is the wind of death
That blows on the ember of life
Giving us the glow of love
yet the fear of burning out
That sparks fire to others
Giving them
the ember of life
the glow of life
the wind of death
yet the spark to live again
Because life, love, and death
will not be
was not
but just is
always...

Thou art as a dream,
A splendid vision flowing...
Flowing freely, as a stream,
In the realm of dreams an image glowing.
Sweet voice, a melody that would entrance
And blue eyes so intense,
Lovely visage they do enhance,
And your being so immense.
Yet a dream is unreal
A shadow without being,
A glimpse of you, and I have yet to steal,
For a dream is a false image, not seeing.
I search for this portrait of beauty so true
That I may be trapped in those eyes so blue.

Peter Wilson
Grade 10
She looks out across the large, dark lake. She notices that she cannot see the bottom of it, it is so black and calm. The sunrise reflects off the water as the day begins. She reflects on her past as a chill runs through her. The sun is higher now, a new day is coming, or maybe a new age. But the sunlight is shrouded in clouds this morning, its rays are weak and sickly. A light mist begins to fall, pattering consistently onto the dark lake. She worries about her short future. What will she do?

Where will she go? The rain begins to fall harder now. The sky darkens, her hands grip each other, a long ache stiffens her, her storm-rippled image lies across the lake's surface. A rugs, and she faces the house. She walks toward it, old tennis shoes slipping on the slate path. The pain heals quickly as she steps inside to the smell of musky cedar and wool. A cup of tea washes away some of the cold, but it only hardens the ache within her as she faces the storm alone. And alone she will always be, the loneliness sad and bitter, more bitter than lost love, which once, long ago, she had.

Matthew Gould
Ben Metzger
Grade 11

The wind, as I watched it from the countryside, slid across the valley floor, like a striding lion, crawling on its belly, poring twill forward, and what mystified me was that such a thing had substance, proportions, rather than diverting into many different components going in many different directions as the city wind we know, whipping through raised structures under which we find refuge from the snow—it transports into our hair, our nose, our mind; no, what I saw was one being, pursuing whatever wind pursues or flees, like a greyhound bounding, tossed upon the surface of the world, and then the rain began to fall and I thought of how I used to hate the rain because it would cancel my plans, and I would sit at the window pane looking for that trap door in the sky that began the nightmare of boredom and could just as easily end it, and I wondered why we put ourselves under the generality of TV "meteorologists" and their inevitable pointers when just outside our windows, walls, close enough to touch, the storm flings blackbirds like gravel, rain seas, sings and the wind, no, the many, many streaks of wind in front of our faces, exultant and willing to deliver the message that we are not in control, we are not in command, but rather we are at this trap door's beck and call, changing plans because of what he so boldly decides to do, and after this very quick realization had been made, I felt a sudden helplessness, my mind closed and I stopped trying to philosophically ruminant in order to find a way to change this sudden downpour.

Mary McBride
Grade 10

Kieran Gordon, Deirdre Keyworth, David Galper, K.P. May

Sham Kaipa, Catherine Sky

Katherine Dore, Peter Straus, Alex Varlay, Julie Shanks

Mike Fedoruk and Nikolas Kaufman
The nefarious platypus
waddles across the floor
of the metorbus,
thinking of evil deeds
to do to us,
ever doubting, feeling good,
even though he never
helps, though he could.
He isn't superstitious,
not even "knock on wood."

Kim Thompson
Grade 9

Marc Seldin, Tonia Sharlach, Jen Hirsch
Her careworn skin creased with age,
She stands above her cities Sodom and Gomorrah.
Leaving her home for the unknown,
Amidst the bustle and scurry of the move.
Turning for a last look at the busy cities of sin,
Doomed to destruction at the hand of the Almighty,
Above her cities she stands on that lone hill—
A pillar of salt.
Worn by wind, rain, and sand.

"He said 'Don't turn back.'
Yet ere I leave, I leave my home,
For some place as yet unknown,
One look only can not hurt,
But instead a memory leave in me.
All I ask is one glimpse of thee—
Though so far from perfect in His eyes,
Thou art the place from whence I sprang,
Full of a new life to be begun.
Ere I wander far from here,
Give unto me a glance at one so dear."

A field of daisies all in their prime
And all but one looking toward the sun,
Alone she looks toward the tempting earth,
Then tries toward the heavens her flowering head to hold.
Unable, though hard she tries,
Left crying limp petals into the earth
To repent her sins forever,
Eternally trying her playmates to follow,
Yet a deadly secret she must hide.

Jennifer Hirsch
Grade 9

She was gone,
but then back again.
It was sweet,
but just begun.
A white gown with blue ribbon.
Her hair was up,
hers eyes sparkled, as if the sun was always out.
Her smile was bright, it blended with the color of a rose.
She looked down upon us, but looked up at him.
She told what to do,
but did what was told.
Like a star on a cloud,
She was known by everyone—
She was an angel.
Abby Barnett
Grade 9

Juliano Barham, Abby Barnett,
Catherine Bell, Aaron Eisenrath
Bigotry is like a wall. Dumb like the Klan. Dividing blacks from whites. Gays from straights. Roman Catholics from Jews. Strong yet wrong as the showers in Auschwitz. Forming a haven for stupidity. As ugly as a swastika painted On the Sinai Temple. Bigotry is like a wall.
E. Gregory Watson
Grade 9

To the poor, happiness comes easy. Six in the morning, most are in bed, but you and your two small children wait outside the building. The District of Columbia Department of Welfare. Wait, 6:50, the line begins to move, up the escalator, 4th floor, A? B? C? or D? Wait, in line for info. "Line C, Ma'am!" C, wait, wait. You're there. "I'm sorry, I can't help without form D-12! Line B! (I swear, Sara, that lady doesn't even know what line she's in.)" Line B wait, wait, 8:45. "Well, you kids are going to have to be late," wait. "Line B. Can I assist you in any way?" "Yes (thank you) ahhh.
Aaron Eisenstadt
Grade 9

To a dog, sleeping comes easy any day, place or time, curled up in a corner, or on an old couch—or on a new one, legs stretched out on the rug, feet twitching—doggles on the way, a smile curls around his furry snout, peacefully resting amid all the turmoil—One ear always open for the mailman or the fridge.
Daimon Maida
Grade 9
Sam Feder, Kim Thompson, Melissa Cerar

"Abraham, see the holy place of death . . .
everything of stone, like the coldness of the death-ground . . .
with the smell of the old wood and the chill in your tingling spine . . .
that is the place where fear is proved."

"My sweet son of innocence . . .
holding my hand with warm trust like that of a small boy . . .
why have you asked this prayer . . .
a simple trust."

"Cold winds, darkness, stone . . .
Kill the tamed dove . . .
his majesty asked . . .
'Did he not?' . . .
The slice of silver slips into the trust of love with spurring of life.
Why?"

Aron Eisenhardt
Grade 9

To the child, the tantrum comes easy.
Late at night,
in another's room, on the floor, next to the big bed,
he insists on his demand, and
an infinite number of hot tears
come streaming down.
He feels ignored and screams until
his lungs hurt.
His warm face, with its red patches,
feels as though it has been soaked,
as he runs back to his room with
the deepest despair and slams the door.
Already, he feels better.

Celia Gruss
Grade 9

Jessica MacDonald, Toby Beach, Dan Futtrel
Eighth Grade

Tom Gould, Elena Hardy, David DeVore, Chris Addams

Orphan son of Hector—
Astynax was left alone.
Like a young bird whose father
has died but hasn’t taught
it to fly yet.
He was left by himself with
no one to guide him except his
mother.

Brave father dies fast—
Not even realizing that he’s
killing his own son
like a hungry lion
who has abandoned his cub
in search of prey, but never
to return. The cub sits shivering,
awaiting his unknown fate while
behind him a sly panther
sits licking his chops.

With nobody to teach him
how to be a man,
He would soon be with his
father—in the dust.

Fatherless child leads an
unhappy life—
Defenseless as a baby lamb
bleating, lost from his
flock in a huge field, not
knowing that in back of him
stands a hungry wolf ready
to attack.
No one to tell him which path
to take.
Underground will poor
Astynax soon be.

Samantha Tate
Grade 8

Jeff Smithson, Ben Feldman, Oliver Jones, Pam Schwartz

Chuck Jones, Steve Taubenkeibel

Deshaan Dyer, Kristin Bedford, Paul Diamond,
Jonathan Hawkins
A man powerful enough to lead a thousand prominent men
Like bees who scurry toward the sweetest of all pies or cakes.
He stands alone among the rivers of blood created by
Regiments of men killed by his sword.
He thinks back to the meeting with
His loving Andromache—
She knows she cannot plead with his Pride
Which is thicker than any of the strongest walls.
He thinks upon the ones he’s slain.
He knows for this his time will come.
His pride convinces him he is right to
Continue his crusade.
He then thinks, is it my Pride propelling me— Or my
stupidity?
Oliver Jones
Grade 8

Fleeing like the ocean propelled by
father wind,
Hector descended round the blood-enriched
Trojan walls.
Achilles’ anger and pursuit of chasing
till the death his mighty enemy—
The quest for revenge, like a rabid wolf
in search of his prey.
Hector in fearful flights, like a bird seeking
shelter from the fanatical waves—
The almighty powers of the gods above
in the interior of the assaulter.

Hector is uncertain of his existence, like a
harmless mutton being gared at by a
selfish, vulgar wolf—
Achilles’ inevitable vengeance upon Hector, the
life-taker of Patroclus.
Hector’s energy fades away, as the dying
embers of a once raging fire.
Achilles’ intensifying might and power
grows with every step of the chase.
The two extremes parted to their sides
with the joy of revenge and the fear of death.

The finish of the accelerated game, like the
wild rapids of running water to a far-off
stream.
The god’s deception of Hector, the illusion of a
desired aid,
The destination had arrived, the fight began
while Hector’s illusion ceased to exist.
The end lay near with a death stroke by
the almighty Achilles to the god-forbidden
Hector.
A dying fight did not exist, but the one
with the greater anger in his heart lasted
till the end.

Kristin Bedford
Grade 8
Seventh Grade

love is like the temperature
some days it's beautiful and warm
other days it's cold and disappointing
when it's warm you get a feeling of coziness
when it's cold you get a feeling of tensesness
the temperature has its good days and its bad,
whatever the temperature, love is always near.

Jodi Wulken
Grade 7

Flannery Griffith, Lizzie Harper, Michael Page, Anna Mariano

The skin lay on the stiff paper bag
chased by the wind.
A gust blew the paper bag
away.
The peel lay desolate and alone,
its purpose was now waste,
A splash of pollution.
It knew it.
It became moistened on the sidewalk by
dull, plodding raindrops—everything was
nothing.
It knew that it existed not at all.
Rain, sun, cars and time seemed nothingness.
Then suddenly
life became survival.
Survival brought a lover.
The days went on.
Gradually his rippled, waxy skin merged
into the tight mass of her velvet,
soft.
Black and
Deadly fun.
In victory, man-eating lady of deadly mould
went out to eat another last victim's
hopes.

Lizzie Harper
Grade 7

Noah Geibel, Josh Wulkan, Judith Wellen, Robbie Peirce, Ali Wright
Desperate is like a room which has no entrance and has no exit.

Desperate is like a room within a dream that has no end and no beginning.

Desperate is like a room closing before your eyes and you get trapped with no future at all.

Desperate is like a room in red and gray for sadness and red for anger.

Desperate is like a room which you are jailed in and cannot move and have no hope and are desperate to get out.

Alex Edwards
Grade 7
"To many he is called the Devil, but there are many other names for him too: Satan, Lucifer, Mephistopheles. People know him for the evil he does, but who is the real man behind the legend? Is he as evil as people say he is, or is he just a misunderstood character in the history of religion? Today we are talking to the man behind the fiery pit of hell, the Devil, welcome to Morning Beat."

The announcer finished his introduction and the camera pulled back to show David King, the reporter, sitting in a tan swivel chair, beside him the Devil. Take note of him. He is an extraordinarily handsome man, stylishly dressed in a grey three-piece suit with fine leather black shoes. A blue tie with small red spots is tucked neatly in his vest, and a blue oxford shirt compliments the outfit. His hair, neatly parted in the side, is slightly slicked down for the end touch. One can say without a doubt, he is a man of good taste.

"So, Lucifer—I may call you Lucifer, can’t I?" David asked.

"Certainly," the Devil replied coolly, but underneath his blood started to simmer. He had just barely started the interview and already he was offended.

"People nowadays," he thought to himself, "Why, they don’t have any manners. In my day I was addressed by the name of Prince of Darkness, at the very least. This reporter is an idiot, think, calling me Lucifer." But he had made an agreement not to lose his temper and to do a good interview for the reporter’s soul at death.

"It’s a good thing," he continued to think to himself, while stroking his goatee: "that I will finally get him. I think reporters are the hardest to entrap after death. All their ideas on morality and saving the world from the horrors of mankind, path! Now he laughed to himself. "He actually thinks he’s doing an in-depth interview with me. Humans, they don’t seem to realize that I am everything. There is no one certain evil. I am everything," he repeated.

"So, exactly why did you leave Heaven?" David asked.

"Because I wanted to. You couldn’t even imagine how boring it is up there. Every day always being pleasant, always the same, never any practical jokes. Oh please, it’s not talk about that, it always ends up in a big argument between God and me.

"About your clothes, did you choose them yourself or do you have a valet?"

"I choose them. He was beginning to lose his temper more. He could tell this by the quickness with which he was answering the questions. He couldn’t even look into David’s eyes without being disgusted.

"Would you please stand up and model them for us?"

He stood up, putting his right hand in his pocket demurely; he pivoted, facing front, then back. He turned around and, facing the camera, walked toward it. His walk was a swagger, very proud of who he was. He realized that he knew things humans could never even dream. Watching him, going through these modeling motions, David realized that the Devil looked just as any man does, ordinary and boring. This brought him to the next question:

"So, why?" he asked, "do you look like any other human?"

"Because I choose to," he responded. Inside he was teeing apart. "What an idiot! How can I possibly sit here for an hour answering these stupid questions. He felt his face flush with the blood boiling up to it. He tried to stop, thinking of his wife’s last reminder about his blood pressure before he left for the interview. He cursed no longer, he knew that he would lose David’s soul if he didn’t finish out the interview, but he thought no more of that. He only saw his annoyance and anger. Out of nowhere his mouth opened, and with a cry no living human has ever heard, he shouted:

"I am the Devil. I surround you every day always trying to win you to my side. There is no way you can escape your fate, though. I will always have souls for my home. Hell. A wonderful place, a dark, mysterious place, where you shall never people you never thought you could. Do you remember Caesar of John Belushi? They are both in Hell.

As he talked his appearance began to change. Thick ram’s horns began to twist out of his head, his hands changed to long, slender fingers with razor-sharp nails. He continued his tirade: "For those who are interested in the fun side of death, contact me." He continued to change. His back because somewhat deformed and ears of wolves seemed to sprout from his head. He knew as he spoke these words that Hell was not like that. Funnier than that. It was repayment for evils done in life. A red velvet cape had now enveloped the dynamic speaker drawing people into his spider’s web with his bloodshot eyes. He stood panting, pointing at David King. "I will get you yet!" With a sweep of the cape across his face, a great blaze of fire leapt up and ate him in the flames. As the fire died, one could still hear the echo of his hollow laughter coming from below.

Molly Bunham
Grade 12
Robert Hoffman, Elizabeth Ely, Alison Hardwick

Chris Lorrain, Lisa Glen, John Murphy

Hunger is like a hole, deep and gaping, dark and ripping, like a big chunk of something missing, Hunger resembles holes.
Lizzie Harper
Grade 7

Jennifer Throp, Daisy Goldwin, Jeannine Bailely

Mike Peterson, Marcia Clemmitt, Will Mason, Jane Bouton
Joel Turkewitz, Caroline Ketcham, Dave Maloney, Clay Kaufman

Seeing men hunched intently over desks,
Springs in a colossal, ticking clock.

Ken Krutenmaker
Grade 11

Emmy Seifert, Anne Adelman, Marty Burchell, Ana Maria Loredo, Blanchard Gardner

Pat Dalzell, Mike Nos, Natalia Korneluk, Ron Bell

Frank Malone
When I wake up, just before the sun, I can smell the salt in the air and feel the cool offshore breeze. I put on my half-soaked wetsuit that always gives me a rash under my armpits and makes it hard to move my arms. I grab a piece of bread, slap on some cheese, and throw it into the oven to melt. (It's been maybe seven minutes now.) I grab my board and a bar of wax and run down two gravel hills that kill the bottom of my feet. The toast is sticking out of my mouth, and I'm trying to eat it without using my hands. I reach the beach: the breeze is a little stronger; the smell of salt is a little tastier; the sun has almost risen, but it's really still dark. The waves are perfect, and nobody else is out! Solo!

Nick Seferian
Grade 11

The eternal sleep is reached.
The sun has stopped on the horizon,
Not to go any further,
Not to awaken the next morrow.
Whether the destination is reached
Depends upon obstacles in the past.
Will the dream be fulfilled?

Jason Lawrence
Grade 11

Ada Baker
At the breakfast table she stares blankly out the window. I walk past her, unshaven, and still sleep-groggy. I see her and forget to say, “good morning.” She sees me.

“Don’t you know how to pay your respects anymore,” she snaps.

“I’m tired,” I respond, irritated. “Please excuse me.”

A disdainful smirk is her reply. I study her face from an angle, seeking connection. The skin around her eyes and mouth is deeply lined, camouflaging what once must have been arresting beauty. Her once shiny, rich hair is messy now. Thin, unkempt. I have no time to consider these things, grab a Coke and a doughnut, hurrying back to my room to prepare for school.

“Where are your manners?” she shouts after me. “You’ll get gas!”

She has no job, no responsibilities. Only free time which being no longer able to fill, she must endure. She will lie in bed again today, remembering better times, listening to her body. A conversation with her (I have tried) is more often than not an exercise in tuning out her many health complaints while feigning interest. In the six years she’s lived with us, she has exhibited symptoms to every known major and minor ailment listed in the current issue of “Modern Maturity,” one of the countless magazines she subscribes to. So far, our family has been subjected to periodic histronics meant to convince us of her frailty. We’ve dealt with high blood pressure, arthritis, skin cancer, myasthenia gravis and bunions. I’m sure I’ve left out one or two others. None of these is real, of course. She’s only getting older and old. Sometimes I think my own athleticism . . . no, youth . . . is hateful to her. Perhaps she doesn’t think I’m “good enough” to deserve it.

Almost ready for school now, I slip on my windbreaker, grab my books and overnight bag, look in the mirror and give my hair an habitual toss. Satisfied, I reach for the door handle. I hear her padding behind me.

“Chris,” she says huskily, “I know you’re leaving for a ski trip this evening and I have a little something for you.”

Reaching in the pocket of her faded, blue dressing gown, she pulls out a twenty-dollar bill and presses it into my hand.

“Be smart,” she interjects.

As she turns away, I mumble a puzzled thanks and attempt to kiss her. I am not surprised when she evades my gesture. I open the door. I am halfway down the sidewalk when she calls out to me, correcting my posture as I go slouching toward the bus stop.

Chris Rowe
Grade 12
The moon bellows with such intensity as a woman bearing a child.
It grows and becomes more and more one with all souls.
It is so motionless,
Yet it jumps to the watchful eye.
It is so silent,
Yet it screams with pleasure.
It is so alone,
Yet it becomes one with us.
It is so plain and morbid,
Yet so sensual and exciting.

Leah Lujan
Grade 11

Upset the roots,
of the burial of forgetfulness
We want to forget
Yet we cannot
The silver haired lady
Speaks wisely of the past
We want to forget
Yet we cannot
Flames rise from the horrid past
Scorching a reminder
We want to forget
Yet we cannot
The leaves are blown that cover
The stones of truth
We want to forget
Yet we cannot
The past is with us
And will never leave us
We want to forget
Yet we cannot

Katherine Eskin
Grade 12
Boy's Soccer

Front Row: Ben Sharp, Bennett Stichman, Nick Sefarian, Matt Gould, Jason Probst, Jason Harmon.  
Back Row: Clay Kaufman (Coach), Stefan Armington, Chris Rowe, Mark Popley, Joe Dore, David Monaco, Bill Harris, Dan Rosenbaum, David Galper, Joel Turkewitz (Coach)
Girl's Soccer

First Row: Susannah Jones, Ragan Blum, Charlotte Miller.
Second Row: Jennifer Herrema, Amy Abate, Sarah Lombard.
Third Row: Amy Herrema, Sarah Furel, Mary McBride, Jenny Grimmer.
Top Row: Claire Neves, Robert Hoffman (Coach), Lisa Glen (Coach), Katherine Dore, Kierstan Gordon.

Cross-Country

Front Row: Greg Watson, George Keyworth, Dan Furel, Josh Tuerk, Rick Mayo, Jon Stern.
Back Row: Ken Krattenmaker, Kate Neiss, Nicole Podgorny, Katherine Eskin, Nikki Lotze, Andy Jones, Mike Fedoruk, Mark Neves, John Murphy (Coach)
Boys’ Basketball

Bottom: Adam Hillebeite, Joe Dore, Dan Rosenbaum
Top: Jeff Malone, Jason Probst, John Murphy,
Joel Turkewitz, Steve Briggs, Jason Harmon, Tom Sewall

Girl’s Basketball

Front: Amy Herrcena, Nikki Lotze, Nicole Podgorny, Kate Neiss, Alex Early,
Dinora Padrono
Back: Katherine Dore, Anna Starr, Jenny Grimmer, Katy Owen, Jen Hirsch,
Nancy Jonson
Girl's Softball

Bottom: Charlotte Miller, Kierstan Gordon, Molly Burnham, Mary McBride
Second: Jenny Grimmer, Ariana Zili, Jackie Grimmer, Jennifer Larson
Third: Deshaun Dyer, Cherelle Pitt, Elizabeth Varlay, Sara Futrell
Top: Clay Kaufman (coach), Chris Lorrain (coach), K.P. May (manager)

Tennis

Bottom Row: Marc Rankin, Dan Rosenbaum, Mark Pugsley, Jason Probst
Top Row: Alex Varley, Anna Starr, Hunter Blum, Ben Sharp, Rameh Wright, Melissa Mullen, Carolyn Fallon, Frank Malone (coach)
My favorite tennis shoes are on the verge of death. The pure white canvas has slowly become disfigured by grass stains and ground-in dirt. The once blue lining is hidden by a dull blue invader that has ripped and shredded its form. And the sole of my shoe, once covered with hills and valleys, is now a great plain with an occasional ditch that permits water to seep through its once solid gates and saturate my defenseless socks.

Though my shoes have let down their guard and are vulnerable, they are still special—perhaps even more special. Through time, they have molded to my foot, as a bed molds to its stream, making them even more comfortable.

Sometimes my shoes’ grime causes me to look down on them. Maybe it is time to break in a new pair of shoes. I ponder this thought, then reconsider. It takes a patient trainer a long time to train a wild horse. Once the horse is tame, it is valuable. My shoes are also valuable, and, consequently, till death do we part.

Joshua Tuerk
Grade 11

Track and Field

Front: Jon Stern, Raiden Dillard, Adam Hildebeitel, Matt Gould, Alice Fiori, Katherine Dore, Nicole Podgorny, Tia Kirby
Middle: Joe Dore, Dave Monaco, Sarah Lumbard, Katherine Eskin, Nik Kaufman, Estella Sheldon, Kate Bell
Top: Dave Galper, Jason Titus, Greg Klibcrati, Bennett Stichman, Jason Harmon, Butler Derrick, Will Weems, Sham Kalsa, Victor Veizaga, Juliano Barham
Student Government

The fishermen have risen and prepared for a day on the open sea. Their outboards propel a wake-up call that targets my ear, as the fog melts back into the harbor and the dew sets itself on the grass out in a field, priming the earth and showering the insects. Children bounce and roll like dice toward the cookhouse on the tiny, fading boatwalk, stopping to admire the sunrise blurred by a haze, or to see the flowers reaching, stretching open to admit the bees and the clean, fresh daylight.

My feet strike the floor and leave it quickly, like the clapper on the bell calling me to breakfast—the cold floor reminds me that last week's heat wave is over. Soft flannel slides easily over my head and thin-worn denim encases me. Bones creak like oarlocks and slowly begin to function, like the griddle slowly warming until it is ready to feed the island's mouths.

From the porch I watch it all, entranced, and I gradually lose consciousness; the scene moves from three dimensions to only two, and then it is nothing. Hypnotized by the perfection, I am unaware of the light rain falling on the roof, or the mosquito alighting on my exposed arm.

Ken Krattennaker
Grade 11

Model O.A.S.

Kneeling: Matt Gould, Hunter Blum, Ben Sharp
Standing: Lisa Shurclach, Ana Maria Lordeo (Sponsor), Tonia Shurclach, Lisa Gouveia, Sarah Lombard, Oria Zill, Ayn Vallis, Cecilia Hirsch, Leah Lujan
Public Speaking

Rick Mayo, Jon Fox, Jon Watson, Dinora Padrino, Melissa Cesar, Matt Gould, Jen Hirsch, Will Weems, Alex Early, Cecilia Hirsch

Writing Club

Ken Krattenmaker, Diane Horowitz, Josh Tuerk, Matt Gould, Lisa Berk, Kim Thompson

Quebec Trip

The thick darkness has just engulfed the restless sleeper. The night air is still and quiet as the sleeper slowly sinks into her bed. As the last vestiges of day seep away, a loud blooping sound interrupts the languid hour. She moves the pillow onto her head to shut out the continual blooping, but to no avail. She sluggishly turns over to stare translucently into the black emptiness that surrounds her.

Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, go the bubbles escaping the filter of the fish tank. She envisions herself trapped within a huge bubble, being forced upward through the aquarium, floating to the top of the water, unable to move, scream, or act. The terror increases until, with a huge effort, she screams a booming cry for help. Then there is silence, and once again the bubble encases her, floating upward. Suddenly it bursts, releasing her from a strange dream, only to be held awake once more by the continuous flow of bubbles to the aquarium’s surface.

Tony Barnett
Grade 11

Front: Alex Early, Caroline Cohen, Deirdre Keyworth
Back: David Monaco, David Galper, Ken Krattenmaker, Katy Owen
Skin of our Teeth

Pirates of Penzance

Cast

Frederick                     Derrick Coleman
Ruth                           Ruth
Pirate King                    Chuck Jones
Mabel                          Kyla Dickson
Major General                  Jeff Smithson
Pirates                        Alex Edwards
Katie Beal                     Robbie Peirce
Deshaun Dyer

Young Ladies                  Elena Hardy
Luzie Harper
Pam Schwartz

Police                         Justin Theroux
Ben Feldman

Stage Crew                    Raiden Dillard
Oliver Jones
K.P. May

The 7th and 8th grade Drama Classes also contributed to this performance which was directed by Ron Bell. Musical Director was Gary Jensen.
French Trip

Bottom Row: Sarah Lombard, Rick Mayo, Alice Fiori, Becky Adler
Top Row: Tony Rankin, Cindy Joseph, Josh Tuerk, Susannah Jones, Charlotte Miller, Diane Harling, Ilana Entis, Marty Burchell (Sponsor)

Model U.N.

Ben Sharp, Jon Watson, Matt Gould, Larissa Hulnick

Tai-Chi

Andrew Bennett, Lisa Sharrach, Rob Steiner, Will Mason (Sponsor), Aaron Eisendrath
Clever is the Caterpillar, changes to a fly,
Clever is this little beast,
much more so than I,
for when I go to sleep at night
and give a little pray.
I wake to find myself changed in no great way.

So I went unto the father
and questioned him
and he responded:

"You look upon the caterpillar
and this is what you see.
You see yourself a mortal,
growing, becoming free.

But man unlike the worm
is capable of thought sublime.
The only way to truly be free
is to have in life a rhyme:

A simple rhyme,
as you may see,
is what you may call binary:

One part speaks, then waits his turn
as another does the same,
and then the first speaks out again
under another name.

And thus life should be," he said.

"Every man alike to be bred
by previous pattern,
future to be led.
for what will happen
has, in another day,
already been played out
in another way."

Thus before unto earth we're born
God has laid the way
by playing a note on the Holy Horn,
and our days are wiled,
our lives spent,
with variations on that note compiled.

And as at the caterpillar you look,
I hope that you can see
a very similar theme, only played more simply.

A fly is really what it is,
this is the note that God has struck,
and in becoming a butterfly
it gives the string an echoing pluck.

As is caterpillar, so is man:
a player on a lute.
So no matter how quiet he is,
no man is really mute.

Go on with life:
and one day you shall see
if all the echos you have played
have led you upward meritly.

Ben Metzger
Grade 11
The garbled wizard, cloaked in black,
Holding a ruined staff in one hand.
His eyes as grey as a cave at dusk—
As grey as smoke on a pyre.
While the body is consumed by the cracking fire.

Then! The winds lash past,
The thunder cracks in the sky
And white blood flickers by.

He lives in the interior of the hill
Connected to day by a worm’s journey—
And if the worms do journey to him,
To ask the rock, to beg the rock, for death.
The wizard slights, draws in one mighty roaring breath—

Then! The winds lash past,
The thunder cracks in the sky
And white blood flickers by.

Tonya Stankoch
Grade 9

I have come up to my country house after suddenly finding myself with some free time. At present I am at the edge of a pond that is near to my cabin. The air is cold, but in a pleasant sort of way, and I find that I am starting to like the darkness that dusk brings.

The pond itself is of an average size, with very few characteristics that would distinguish it from any other pond. The area around it is silent, because the animals have gone elsewhere for the winter, and I can be alone with my thoughts. As it gets darker the air becomes colder, and I am glad I brought a sweater so I can stay to watch the trees become black, before the moon rises.

Not a sound can be heard, because all the neighbors have gone home to their Christmas trees. I sip my blackberry brandy as a breeze goes by, penetrating every crevice of my cardigan. I can see Orion through the clouds. It is quite cold now, for six o’clock. I’ll go inside to stir the fire.

Inside the rites line the showcase along the maple paneling. Old Oscar is resting by the fireplace. Above the mantel hangs the moosehead. They shot that big fellow back in ’77. Oscar’s tail slowly beats against the floor.

“Getting cold, Oscar. The mail hasn’t come in three days… That’s odd… I really should mend that apron…”

I sink down into the brown armchair; Oscar, getting up, walks over, and drops by my feet. The breeze rattles the window pane, and Oscar yawns again.

J.C. Salyer
Grade 10
Diane Horowitz
Grade 11
In a dark, smoke-filled hallway two firefighters searched desperately, trying to locate a victim somewhere trapped in the fire. The firefighters worked against time; the air in their breathing apparatus lasted about a half hour, and a victim in heavy smoke could not survive long. They searched, always keeping voice contact, their voices muffled by their facemasks. Each firefighter took to a side of the room and followed it, keeping contact with the wall, searching by sight and touch. Everything looked distorted looking out of the dirty facemask and through the dense smoke, and touch was limited by heavy gloves. Any oversight could be a fatal mistake. There was no time to make a second search. All was on the moment. Everything possible was searched. The victim could be almost anywhere, conscious or unconscious. The two firefighters met, another room empty, time was running out.

I looked at my partner through my soot-smeared facemask; sweat dripped from my face, I felt hot and exhausted. My partner gave me the signal of thumbs down. We left the room and started down the smoke-filled hallway again. The two firefighters were my partner and I. It was the second week of our Firefighter I training. We were completing Rescue NFPA No. 1001 Standard training evolution. My partner’s task emergency low-air warning signal suddenly went off. We were now required to leave the fire. Time had run out. My hands clasped in rage as we left the fire scene. We had not found the victim.

I sat outside the building feeling tired and helpless. I wanted to be comforted by the fact that we had tried our best, but what I really felt was failure. “Do I really want to do this?” This thought kept racing over and over through my mind. “This is a volunteer job. Why am I putting myself through this?” The responsibility, vulnerability, and the embarrassment. The fear that my abilities were not adequate. I thought seriously about giving it up. But then I realized the question was really larger than whether or not I wanted to continue taking the fire-rescue challenge.

It called up other times in my life when I had experienced this same risk of putting myself on the line. I once had struggled to overcome a learning disability, in a private tutoring school. After I had begun to master my disability, I had to decide whether or not to enter a regular school. I decided to take the risk of going to a regular school, and I succeeded. So the answer to my question is: “I am putting myself through all of this because I want to learn.” And then my thoughts came together.

Being able to take the risk, to make myself vulnerable, to be willing to feel embarrassment, I can learn. In fact, I think it is true that to learn what is meaningful, one must always risk. Some people are not willing to take this risk, to become vulnerable, and perhaps their learning stops. Those who stop taking the risk, stop growing; they lose the excitement of living.

We went back into the burning building, my partner and I, taking the vulnerable challenge. This time we saved the victim, a dummy designed as a child. We found it in a cupboard where children often hide because they are afraid of firemen. And, in a sense, I saved myself from being a victim by realizing that perfection is not life; life is always changing, always moving, shifting, different. To succeed, one must always be willing to dance with the fire without knowing how it will end.

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