

VENTURE

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VENTURE MAGAZINE

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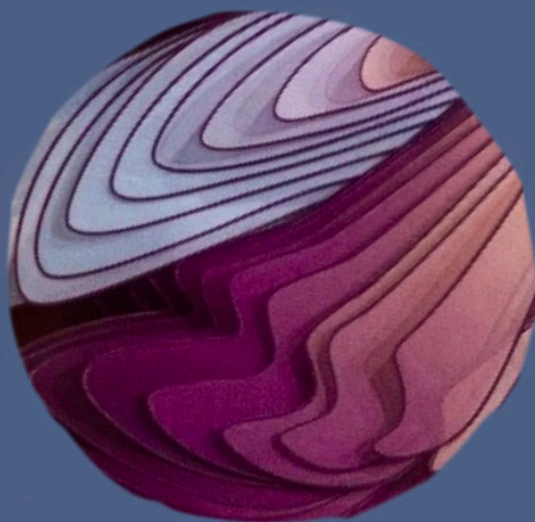
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A Prehistoric Spring by **Nicholas Moore, 3F**

Winter is Here

by **Arlo Bagchi, 1C**

The snow falls slowly to the ground,
In the forest, there is no sound.
Suddenly a deer crosses my path,
I let out a gasp.

I can feel the frost in the air,
I steer clear of a bear hibernating in its lair,
The sparrows sing joyfully,
As they flit along happily.
Winter is here.

Diary of the Mind

by **Arvin Nazm, 4F**

As I lie here dying
There's a whisper in my ear
I hear my lover crying
The drips of their tears

My body's getting lighter
But I look into their eyes
I speak with little power
And murmur "don't cry"

A warm shiver covers me
Touches my inner soul
This sensation that I'm feeling
I've never felt before

A clock is ringing in my ear
I hear it getting louder
I want to speak but I fear
I only have an hour

I think of life when I was young
The sunshine and the flowers
Swimming in the naked sun
and being called a coward

Truth is I cared too much
What people thought of me
Some days I'd feel I've had enough
And wish that I were free

The places that I could've gone
The events that I missed
Dreams that I never saw
For I had just been kissed

"Family life is not for me"
Is what I always thought
For although I hold you very closely
There is more that I want

In the end, this was a gift
One that I deeply cherish
Your memory is my only wish
Don't forget me when I perish

As you grab my weakened hand
Someone will grab the other
I do not recognize this man
For death is not a brother



Je t'entoure

par **Brodi Cellini, 5B**

Dès que tu es réveillée,
Je t'embrasse plein d'amour.

Mes lèvres sont les fleurs dans un champ parfumé,
Et mes bras sont baissés comme les branches qui t'entourent

Mon amour est une rivière qui coule à travers les saisons,
Mon amour est aussi nostalgique que ma mémoire,
Mon amour est un nymphéa qui absorbe les rayons,
Mon amour est paisible comme la danse d'un nénuphar.

Pour le reste de l'éternité, nous sommes liés,
Et dans ta mort, je renais.
Je suis la nature qui t'entoure.

Pendant que tu dors sous ma verrière,
J'entends tes prières.
Bonne nuit, ma chère amour.

Untitled by **Brodi Cellini, 5B**

L'angoisse de l'enfance

par **Owen Stekewich, 5B**

Je suis en retard, je marche, je cours, je galope
La hantise de l'examen à mes trousses
Vers la prison du savoir, l'angoisse m'enveloppe
Des tests et des maths, j'ai la frousse

Un silence assourdissant remplit la salle
Les élèves sont morts d'affliction
C'est l'examen de la dernière chance, l'examen final
Ajoutant à l'inquiétude née de préoccupation

Pieds par terre, mains sur le pupitre
Prisonnier des règles rageusement rigides
Du travail sérieux, je fais le pitre
Les élèves ont le teint livide

Ensommeillé, la lassitude me ravage
Regardant l'horloge marquant chaque instant restant
Noué à mon papier grimaçant comme à l'esclavage
Sans temps qui reste, je me sens vieux de cent ans

Thomas Jans, 4B

DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

One morning, John woke up feeling strange. He didn't feel sick or anything, just different. He sluggishly got out of bed and looked in the mirror and saw that he didn't look any different. John decided to just continue his everyday morning routine and concluded that the sensation would eventually disappear.

However, when he reached his arms out to make his bed, his blanket and pillows floated into the air and placed themselves onto the bed perfectly. He thought his mind was playing tricks on him due to a lack of sleep, but realized that he had somehow gained the power of telekinesis when his mug full of coffee started to levitate and tilt into his mouth.

John wanted to test the extent of his newly-gained power so he started with a chair, then a sofa, and then his car. He quickly noticed two things: he would need to find a safer environment to keep testing his abilities in case something went wrong, and that he had suddenly developed a headache.

That night, he drove himself to a secluded junkyard using his telekinesis instead of gas. When he arrived, he had another migraine which was worse than the one in the morning. He decided that since he was already there he would just ignore it for the time being and test his powers. After lifting colossal piles of crushed cars with nothing

but his thoughts, he determined that it was getting late and it was time to go home. He would not tell anyone about his abilities as he did not want all the attention and did not want to go through tests.

During the ride back home, his headache had developed into one of the worst pains he had ever experienced. At home, he realized that every time he used his new ability, the searing pain in his head became worse.

The next morning, exactly a day after discovering his new power, he made his bed using his mind. This time, the pain was too much to bear. Throughout the day, he felt many urges to use his power for his laborious job, but resisted them for his own well-being.

Throughout the next few days, he refrained from putting his telekinesis to use, but it was difficult. He felt addicted to the convenience it provided him in his everyday life, but was determined to never use it again as he feared for his health.

For the next couple of months, everything went smoothly and he did not have any headaches except during a fever he had. He did not use his power, but not a single day went by where he didn't think about how much easier a task would be if he used it.

On a hot summer afternoon, John was playing in the final of his local soccer league. It was nearing the 90th minute mark and John's

team was down 3-2. He was in possession of the ball in his own half and needed to come up with something.

As he slowly dribbled, his mind was racing. John realized that, using his telekinesis, he could kick the ball and move it at a high speed to wherever he wanted, including the opposition's net.

He convinced himself that using his power one last time, especially on such a light object, wouldn't do him any harm. So as to not raise too much suspicion, he dribbled past the halfway line, took a powerful stride, and struck the ball as hard as he could. The ball launched into the air and he led it towards the opposing team's goal with his mind. He immediately regretted his decision.

As soon as he started using his telekinesis, he felt his head pulsing, as if it were about to explode. He felt an agonizing pain, but pushed through it and led the ball all the way into the top right corner.

As soon as he stopped using his ability, he felt himself getting weaker and his vision started to blur. The last thing he saw before he collapsed was all his teammates celebrating and running towards him to praise him and the last thing he heard was someone screaming, "Call 911!"

Gianni Parillo, 4D

GOING TO BED

Going to bed as an adolescent is easier than going to bed as a young child. After watching TV, I come upstairs, put on my pajamas, and go to sleep. I lie around thinking about my day for a bit, and then poof, I'm gone.

About ten years ago, going to bed was the most terrifying thing. Sure, the follow-up was pretty much the same, but something always felt different.

This one particular night, I found it hard to fall asleep, lying there in my bed feeling the cool and crisp April air. I listened to the crackling and whistling of the wind outside, thinking it could possibly help me sleep. I tried to remember this one video I saw on how to fall asleep in three minutes.

An hour passed, and then another. I tossed and turned, counted sheep. The one thing I could never do is keep my hands or feet outside the covers. I always thought ... He is watching.

Everything seems louder at night. Not even an ant could crawl around without me noticing. By this point, my eyes had become accustomed to the dark. It took me a while, but I finally got up the courage to reach over to my desk beside the bed to get a drink of water. I drank the water with my eyes wide open, looking left and right. I saw something outside my door — a tall figure with a bushy beard. He was looking straight at me. I threw my water bottle down and slid straight under the covers.

Phew! That was close.

Suddenly, I felt the urge to go to the bathroom. After lying there thinking about it for a long while, I made the biggest decision of my life. I decided to get up.

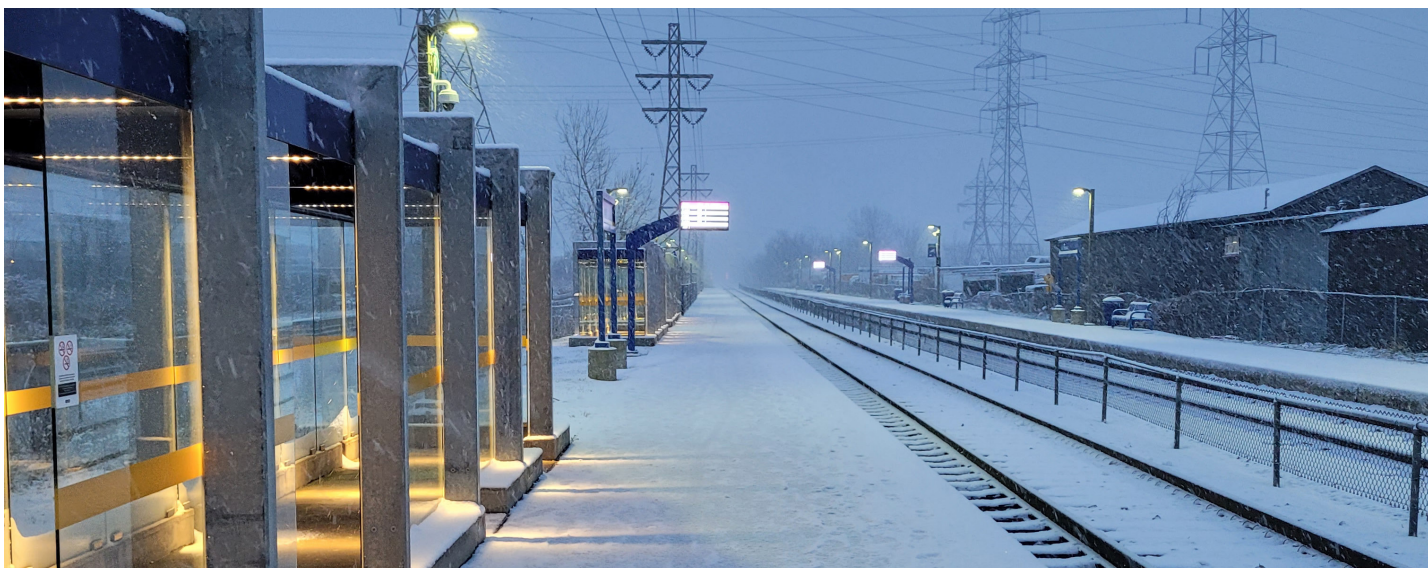
Even though I was tiptoeing, my footsteps sounded like thunderous booms. I did my business quickly, and got back to bed. Another hour passed and I could do nothing but wait. The

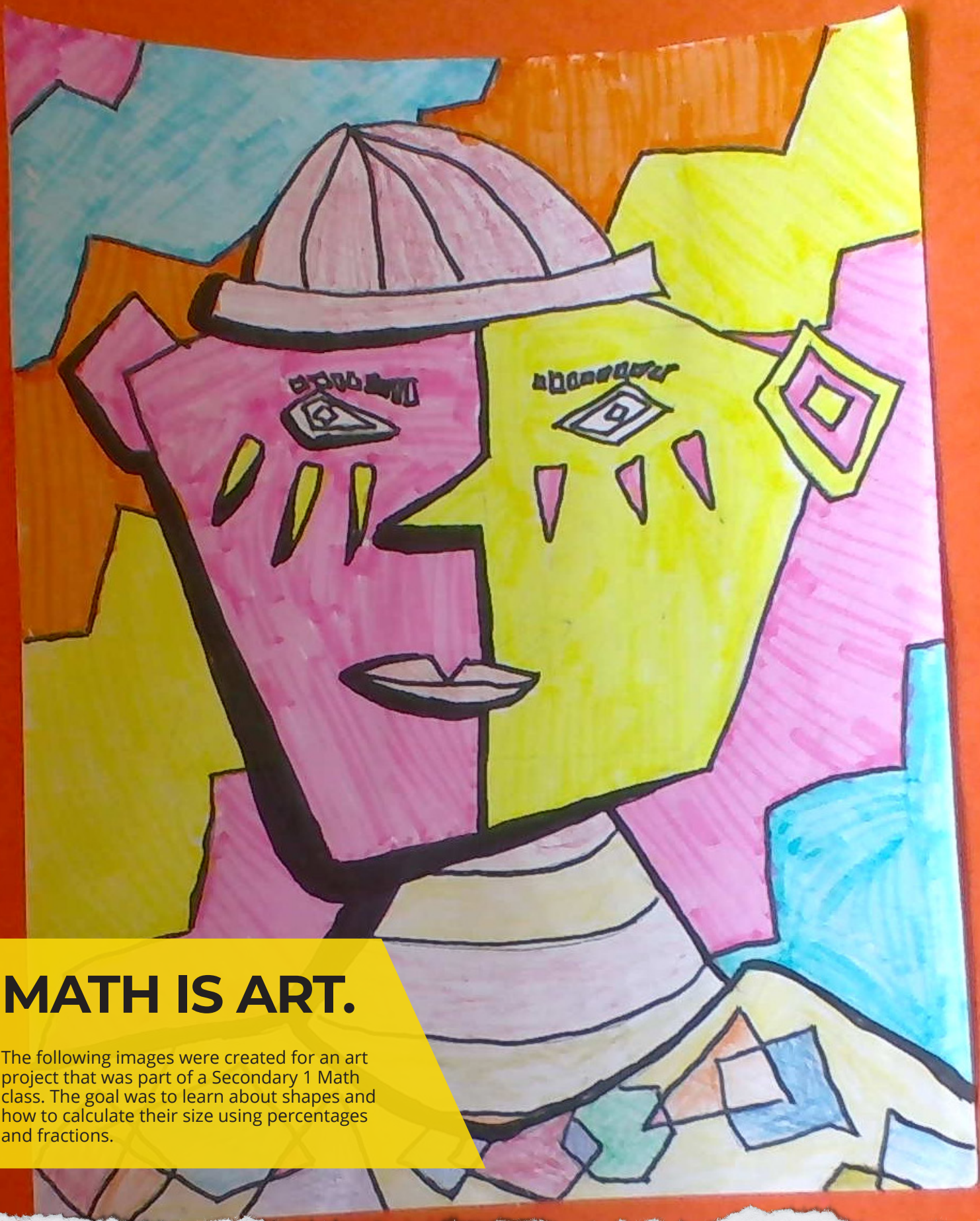
night noises got louder and louder. Different things inside my room started shapeshifting. My teddy bear turned into a monster.

I knew that there were other monsters and they were getting into my head. I thought of the things they might do to me. I wondered where they could be hiding.

There was no more tossing, and turning. I was scared. I just listened. Every single sound entering my ears was terrifying. Soon, the only thing I could hear was the sound of breathing. I heard it inside ... outside.

It was coming from everywhere. I was so afraid I had to make a pillow fort. I hid myself from what I thought was on the other side of the bedroom, and fell into a restless sleep. Suddenly, I was awake, too afraid to tell anyone about my fears. Night after night, the same story ...

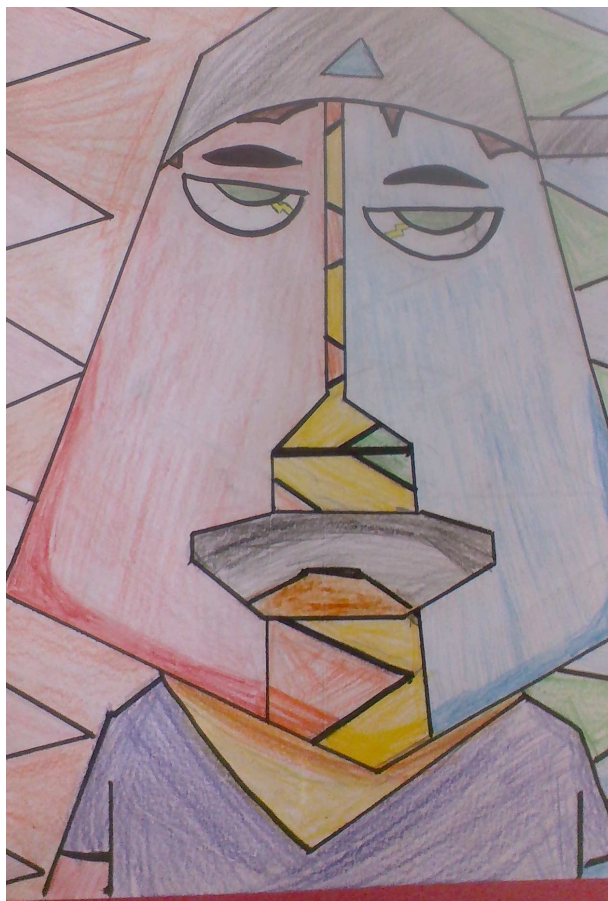




MATH IS ART.

The following images were created for an art project that was part of a Secondary 1 Math class. The goal was to learn about shapes and how to calculate their size using percentages and fractions.

Shapes and sizes by **Graeson Hill, 1A**



Him by **Thomas Yeates, 1A**



King of colours by **Evan Wiazowski, 1A**



Math Picasso by **Giacomo Stocco 1A**



Math Picasso by **Alexis Sabapathy, 1A**



Tiger by Adam Vorias, 2B



[...]

**“I SIT IN CLASS,
HEART BEATING
AS IF IT’S ABOUT
TO BURST”**

Facing My Fear

by **Dawson Liesemer, 1C**

I sit in class, heart beating as if it’s about to burst
My hands are shaking and my palms are sweating

Debating whether to be the hero and go first
or chicken out and go last

I’ve made my decision; I’m going first
My whole body is shaking as the fear seeps in.

It’s time.

Legacy by **Matteo Marziliano, 4F**

A Deadly Silence

By **Marcus Surette, 4D**

She heard what I said, but she wasn't listening.
As she stood on the edge, her thoughts raced.
I knew that she just wanted some attention.
A crowd started to gather below.
I was standing there, behind her.
I told her to jump and she did.
"Cut," yelled the director.
"Oh by the way, the safety manager called in sick today"
My jaw dropped.
"Did someone place the landing pad?"
Silence.

I Am a Poem

By **Nigel D'Mello, 4D**

What is a poem?
A poem tells a story,
But also not a story.
I like poems. Usually, they make me happy.
But sometimes, they make me sad
Poems are fragments of imagination.
Why? Because I love to imagine!

But what if, one day, I woke up,
and couldn't dream?
What if I couldn't think?
What if nothing clicked anymore?
"An Old Man and His Dog" or "The Train Station"
What would be the point, if the real world were right there?

I fear losing my imagination.
I couldn't imagine a me without one
I am the result of my imagination.
I am a poem.

A Sandy Paradise

By **Philip Chehade, 4B**

I was looking, but I didn't see it.
The thing is, sometimes the answers can be spelled out for you,
All over the walls of the room.
I can hear them, but they remain concealed.
It's as if they are taunting me, watching me suffer, while searching for them.
They lie in front of me, sadistically snickering at me.
It was as if I were running towards them, but I just could not reach them.
I was in an endless loop. It seemed that I was running towards nothing.
My reflection stared back at me as I stood in front of the mirror.
What is my purpose in this world?
What is it I was meant to do?
More important, who am I?
At this point, the walls were vibrating.
I ran my hands against them, as I felt this energy coursing through my body.
Retrieving my hands, I felt a renewed sense of purpose.
I looked back in the mirror.
That's when I knew.

Untitled by **Aidan Westra, 4E**

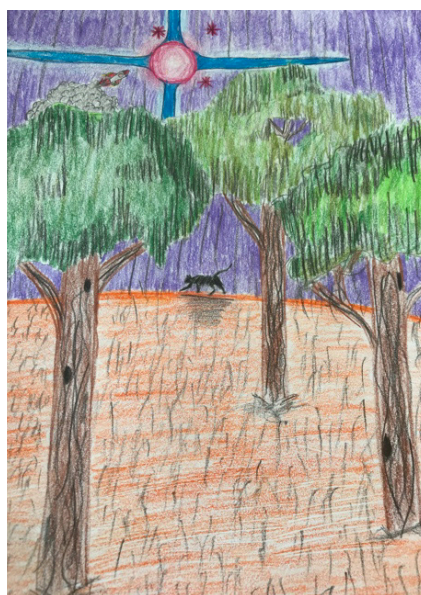


un autre monde

À LOYOLA, CHAQUE ÉLÈVE DE 1RE SECONDAIRE PARTICIPE AU COURS D'ARTS VISUELS DONNÉ PAR MME DESROSIERS. PLUSIEURS TECHNIQUES SONT ABORDÉES ET DIFFÉRENTS THÈMES SONT PROPOSÉS AUX ÉLÈVES. LES DESSINS SUIVANTS FONT RÉFÉRENCE AUX SOUVENIRS QUI NOUS HABITENT ET QUI RESSEMBLENT PARFOIS À UN MONDE IMAGINAIRE.



Philip Rabbat, 1A



Graeson Hill, 1A



John Hannan, 1A

The Road to Success

by **Matthew, 4F**

In order to receive the things you want in life, you must first prove that you are worthy. You wish to be successful, so you are tested with failure. You wish to be strong, so you are tested with pain. You wish to be happy, so you are faced with sadness. You wish to be loved, so you are tested by being alone.

You have to understand that the universe doesn't work like we do. If you want something, it provides you with the opposite in order to prove that you deserve what you are asking for. Why do you think most people remain the same for their entire lives? It's because change is extremely hard, and it is so much easier to stay the same and not improve.

Life is a tough journey for your body, your mind, and your soul. To get what we really want, we must push through the opposite of it in order to receive it. If you want to be a star, you will first have to face darkness in order to prove that you are worthy of shining brightly.



Souvenirs by **Vikram Nagad, 1B**



My March Break.

by **Colm Griffin, 3C**

My March break is coming to a close. The past week was spent in quiet solitude without interruption from the outside world. I'm a rather lonely man, or so my peers say. It's difficult because I have to define myself with little to no input from others, a symptom of loneliness.

Anyway, I'm driving up north in my candy apple red car, to finish my vacation. I think the everlasting peace of the woods will calm my intellect before resuming my studies. I find a perfect place there. It's this patch of old, dark brown leaves, remnants from a near past. In and around the site are bumps of melting snow, now black due the tampering of man. New buds arise from branches, promising a nice future.

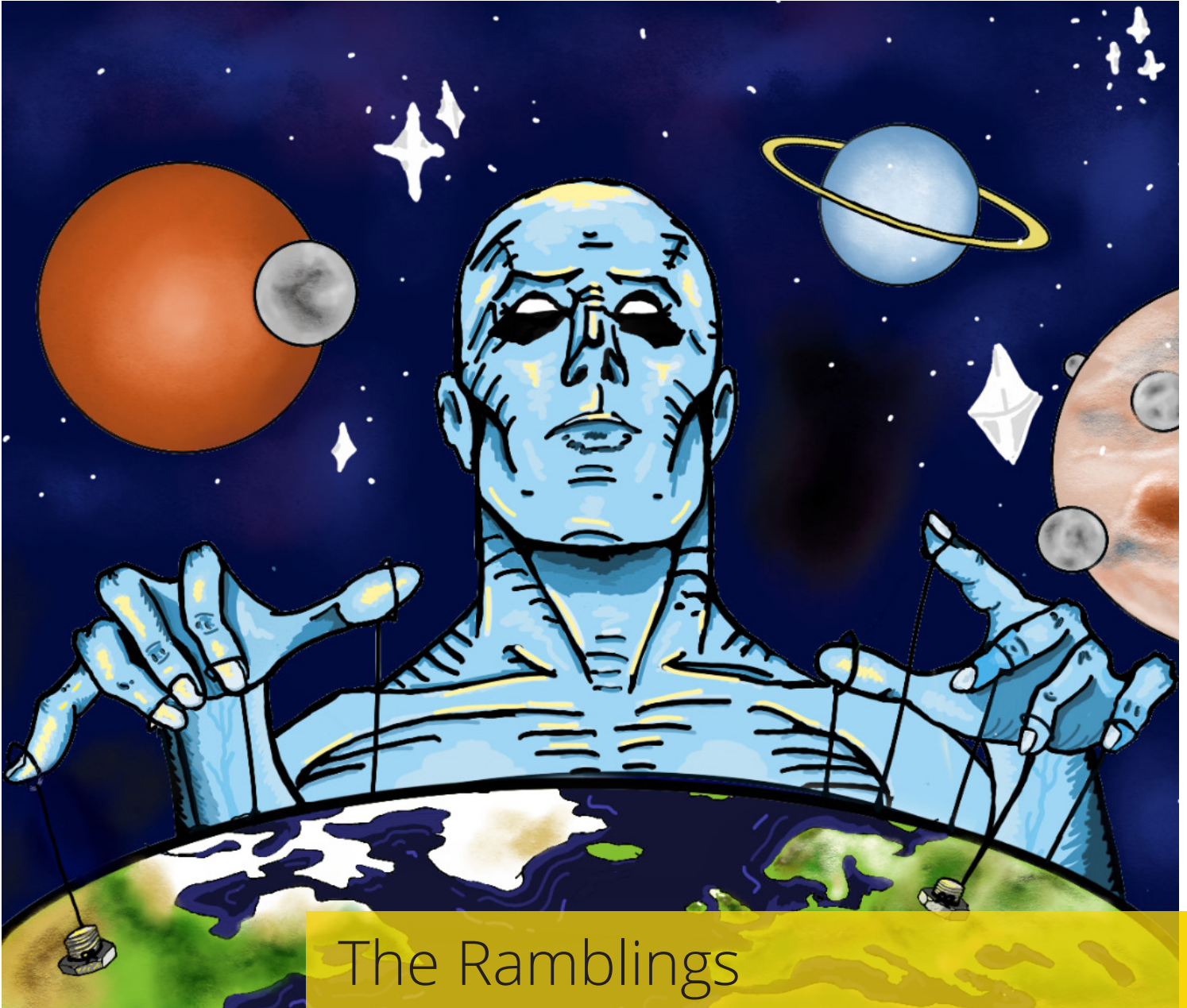
I set up my yellow tent in the middle of the site. It's an odd contrast, the natural colours of the world and my industrial tinted yellow tent, my red car makes it no better. The smell of spring amuses my thoughts, and after spending around an hour setting up, I lie down and rest. I didn't realize how exhausted I was at the time but I found myself asleep among the leaves for a few hours.

When I wake, I no longer see my red car. My tent has changed. Its cloth has become a shade of gray, instead of the familiar bright yellow. I glide my

fingers along its side and feel a rough sensation, almost as if the tent were made of stone. On the other half of the tent, dull rocks spring from the cloth. They are curved and smooth, like they've been there for millennia. The sky has turned orange, not an threatening orange, but a warm, inviting orange. All this sudden change hurts my head.

Finally, I spot the front of my candy apple red car. The front half is completely intact, but through the middle, a tree has grown. The tree is old, its bark has engravings from many generations. Its branches and twigs stem neatly into the orange clouds. My conscience tells me to climb it. Besides, what else am I to do? My climb goes by fast, and now I walk on the clouds. It feels light up here. I don't think I'm getting enough oxygen.

The clouds all have faces. I am no longer lonely. We dance and sing to the years past. They tell me their secrets. They tell me why my tent is rock, why there is a tree between my car, and why the sky is orange. But I couldn't tell you, it's a secret after all. Me and the clouds embrace each other. I now have new peers who understand me. My quiet solitude is broken, my March break has ended.



The Ramblings

by **Aiden Cochrane, 5C**

How often is it the angry man rages,
Denial of what his inner self tells him,
He fears the truth as it conflicts with him,
For he doesn't understand and thus denies his nature,
He is the captor of his mind,
For his perceived self prescribed good,
He dares not break the status quo,
As the "other" is not welcomed,
The fear of the unknown leads to his repression,
To free him of his own hubris,
He is ignorant to believe, that he know himself truly,
While he himself ignores his own nature,
He can only imagine a life of true liberation,
One he prevents himself from achieving.

Ma journée la plus folle

Par **Nico Carlomusto, 1C**

Mes parents sont très bizarres ce matin quand je me réveille. Ils marchent les yeux fermés et n'arrêtent pas de se cogner. Lorsqu'ils me conduisent au train, ils roulent du mauvais côté de la route.

- Maman, papa, qu'est-ce qui se passe ? Pourquoi agissez-vous si bizarrement ?
- Nous agissons comme nous le faisons toujours.
- Cela ne me semble pas normal.

À l'école, tout le monde est comme mes parents, sauf qu'ils courent partout avec les yeux fermés et se heurtent à des objets avec une force extrême. La seule personne que je connais qui n'agit pas bizarrement est mon ami Vikram.

- Vikram, que se passe-t-il ?
- Je ne sais pas, mais mes parents agissaient de la même façon.
- Moi aussi. Nous devons trouver un moyen d'y remédier.

Nous nous rendons dans le bureau de M. Mancini pour voir s'il est là et nous le voyons déchirer tous ses papiers comme un animal.

- M. Mancini, que se passe-t-il ? Pourquoi tout le monde agit-il de la sorte ?
- Mme Vaast.
- Qu'en est-il de Mme Vaast ?

Il ne répond pas. Nous nous rendons ensuite à la salle de sport parce que tous les matins, il y a généralement des gens qui jouent au basket. Lorsque nous ouvrons la porte du gymnase, Vikram reçoit un ballon sur la tête. Nous voyons tout le monde courir, les yeux fermés, et lancer des ballons de basket partout. Mr Durocher est là.

- Monsieur Durocher, que se passe-t-il ?
- La salle 253.

Vikram et moi sommes très confus car personne n'agit normalement et M. Mancini et M. Durocher ne nous aident pas, ils ne font que dire des choses au hasard. Pendant une seconde, je me suis dit que Mancini et Durocher essaient de nous aider. La salle 253 est la classe de Mme Vaast et c'est exactement ce qu'ils nous ont dit.

Vikram et moi courons à la salle 253 et nous voyons Mme Vaast donner ces potions à tout le monde.

- Mme Vaast, que faites-vous ? Vous rendez tout le monde fou.
- Comment ? Avec cette potion, tout le monde pourra parler et écrire en français les yeux fermés.
- Mais non, ça fait courir tout le monde comme des fous. Ils ont les yeux fermés et ne savent pas ce qu'ils font.
- C'est très grave, car la potion est permanente et ne peut être annulée.

— Non, il doit y avoir une solution. Si nous pouvons faire le contraire de cette potion, nous pourrions guérir tout le monde.

Alors, Mme Vaast nous donne les ingrédients et nous trouvons comment faire la potion opposée. Nous essayons la nouvelle potion sur M. Durocher et elle fonctionne. Nous l'utilisons sur tous les autres et leur disons d'en rapporter à la maison parce que Mme Vaast a trouvé le moyen de faire en sorte que tous nos parents en bénéficient. Elle voulait que toute la communauté de Loyola boive sa potion.

Toute l'école prépare une présentation pour Vikram et moi sur la façon dont ils sont reconnaissants. Ils nous offrent également chacun une carte-cadeau de 500 dollars que nous pouvons dépenser comme bon nous semble.

— Vous êtes les meilleurs!



La liberté

Par **Panayiotis Milonas, 5B**

La liberté captive, un rêve brisé par l'oppression
Un espoir foulé par la répression
Les voix étouffées par la censure
Les corps enchaînés par la torture

Mais la liberté est plus forte que la répression
Elle vit dans nos coeurs, dans nos actions
Elle s'élève en nous, comme une révolte
Elle nous pousse à lutter, à ne pas rester désinvolte

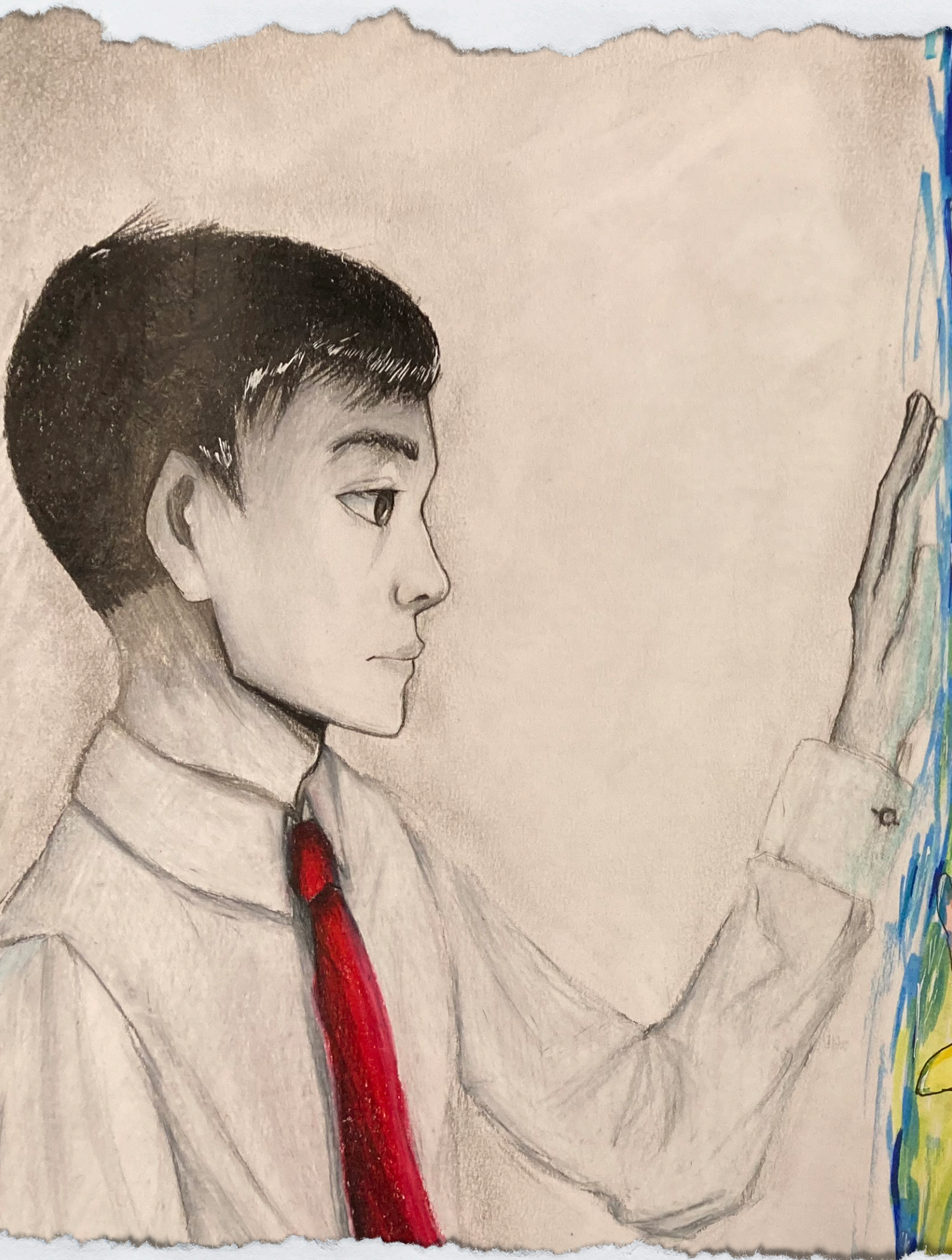
Elle est un oiseau qui plane haut
Dans le ciel bleu, libre de tous travaux
Il chante sa chanson, sans peur ni doute
Et symbolise l'espoir, la force, l'écoute

La liberté libre, c'est notre droit de naissance
Notre âme qui s'épanouit, notre coeur qui s'élançe
Sans elle, on est comme un oiseau en cage
Mais avec elle, on peut déployer nos ailes et voler
sans rage



Fracture by Luciano Farrugia, 5B

A small, stylized signature or mark in the bottom right corner of the page, consisting of a few overlapping, fluid lines.



A Past Memory by **Matthew Odulio, 4D**



Grief

By **Dempsey Hill, 5A**

This cold, cruel world. A wave of grief crashing like a tsunami and tears cascading down the cheeks like a flood. Frozen in shock, darkness enveloping the heart, consuming every ounce of joy. The voices pleading for mercy, wailing out into the endless void of the mind. Mourning in silence, their spirits crying for justice.



L'Aigleti

Histoire et dessin par **Mario Mignacca, 3D**

Chers adultes de la ville,

Il y a une nouvelle menace sur l'île de Montréal ! Un animal mystérieux a été identifié par le seul campeur survivant d'une attaque brutale dans les bois la nuit dernière. Selon le survivant, cet animal n'a jamais été vu auparavant. La population en est paralysée de peur car le monstre est montré partout dans les nouvelles.

On estime que l'Aigleti mesurerait environ 10 pieds de haut et 12 pieds de long. Il aurait de grandes griffes d'aigle qui pourraient vous déchirer la peau et une tête de tigre féroce avec de longues dents pointues qui pourraient vous arracher la tête. Son corps d'éléphant géant écraserait plusieurs voitures. Enfin, ses énormes ailes vous abattraient d'un seul coup.

La créature mortelle a attaqué les 6 campeurs hier soir. " Le monstre avait du feu dans les yeux," dit le survivant. Il a tué 5 des 6 campeurs et les corps ont révélé des marques de morsures et de griffures ainsi que des os brisés. Ce témoin reste profondément traumatisé. Le Service de police de Montréal conseille à tous de garder les portes verrouillées, les fenêtres fermées et les yeux ouverts. Ne sortez pas seul, qui sait quand cette bête reviendra et quels dégâts elle fera la prochaine fois ! Gardez votre famille à l'œil et n'hésitez pas à contacter la police pour tout conseil ou mesure de sécurité à prendre à l'avenir.

Faites attention !

La famille belliqueuse

Par **Jeremy Mazzocco, 5B**

La faune, la flore, qui coexistent fébrilement dans la forêt de carnage.
Des étrangers, aux valeurs étrangères; les auteurs du cambriolage
Impie. Les tempêtes tumultueuses, les tremblements qui font bouillonner la
Terre

À cause de la huée de sa mère titulaire.

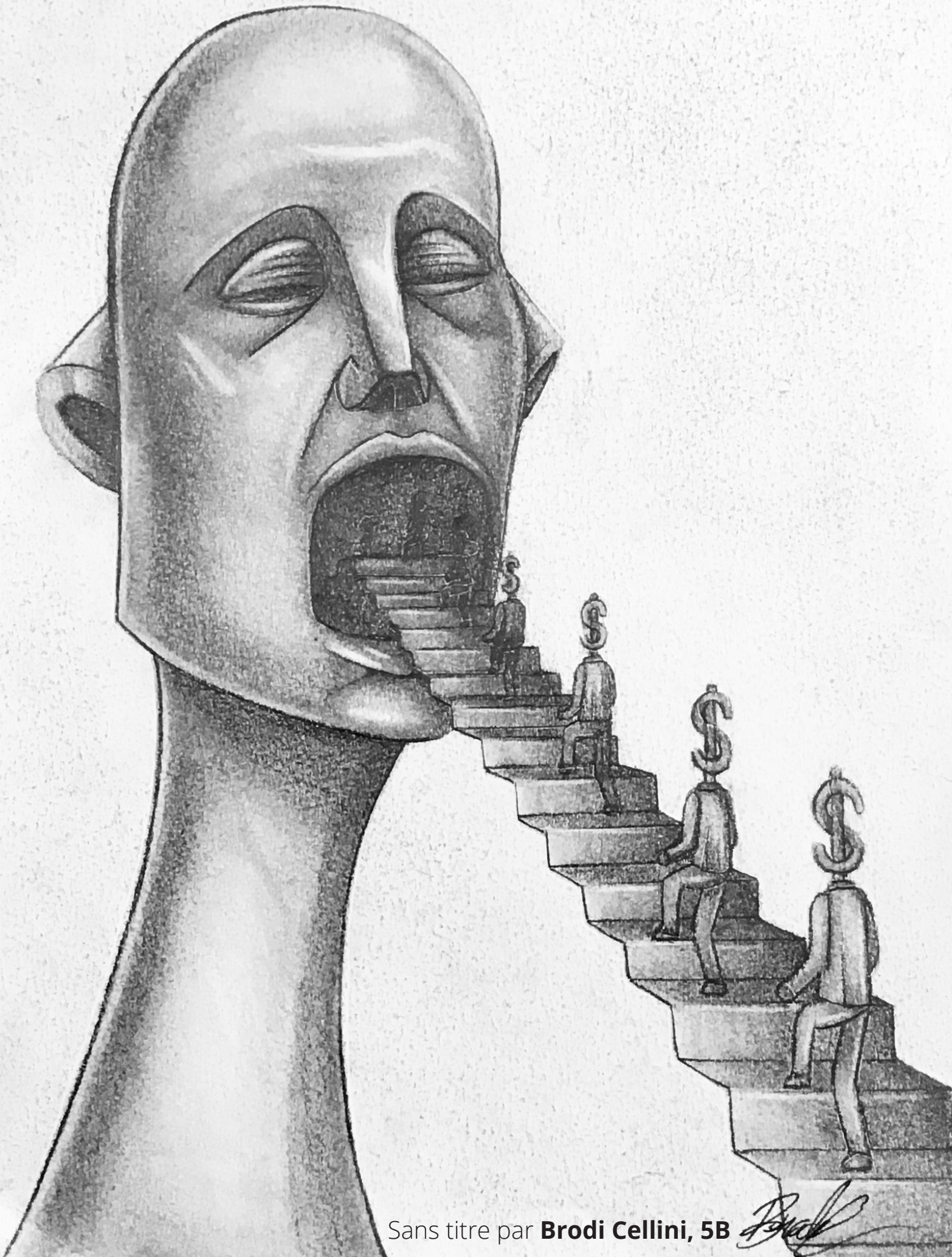
À l'épicentre, l'infériorité diabolique du ravage,
Les soldats s'harmonisent comme des sangliers sauvages.
Équipés avec des épées et des lances, forgées par leurs pères
Qui finissent en ayant coulé avec l'âme du fils éphémère.

La nature pleurait, criait, hurlait,
À l'atrocité, la cruauté, l'hostilité du combat cadet.
Elle se lamentait, entourée de bougies éteintes, engourdies, décédées.

Ses larmes faisaient couler les rivières.
La noirceur sombre éclaircissait leurs pensées meurtrières,
Qui font pleurer leurs mères écoeurées.

Untitled by **Luciano Farruggia, 5B**





Sans titre par **Brodi Cellini, 5B**

Seasons

By **Félix Elliott, 1C**

In the summer, the pink flowers bloom and
They blow in the wind's morning breeze.

Throughout autumn, orange leaves fall
And fall from the trees.

During the winter, the snow falls slowly and
Snowflakes melt on your nose and cheeks.

In the spring, the sun shines brightly and
Animals come out of a long winter's sleep.

A Sandy Paradise

By **Joelah Arcadi, 1C**

Floating in the bountiful blue ocean
My nose fills with stinky suntan lotion
Saltwater hits my taste buds in a huge surge
From the shallow sea I emerge

Sensational sounds of pleasant crashing waves behind
The blowing sand on my skin can be rather unkind
Scanning through my favourite book
I love this breezy reading nook



Domenico Struffolino, 5B

La douleur de l'infidélité

Aucune reconnaissance de la répréhensibilité de son geste

Une douleur clairement incomprise

Triste, abattue et remplie de rage funeste

Outrée par sa trahison qui la dévalorise

Dégoûtée par ses mots qui crient la haine

Elle s'écroule sur elle-même et perd les pédales

Son teint verdâtre telle la pelouse lointaine

Tellement en fureur qu'elle crache des balles

Remplie d'animosité envers son amant

Un parfum fort de vengeance se répand

Chaque son, chaque cri, chaque silence suscite en elle le désir de revanche

Très hostile et impitoyable, il brise son cœur

Il est un lion féroce qui grogne bruyamment sans pudeur

Faute de ressentir de la culpabilité, de la honte et de l'empathie

Dempsey Hill, 5A

Le festin

Le festin familial formidable est en train de commencer,
Les rires et les chants s'entremêlent, une symphonie de bonheur.
Seuls ensemble, en famille: le père, la mère, le frère et la soeur;
L'amour comme un feu, s'est propagé dans tout le foyer.

Les rires et les chants s'entremêlent, une symphonie de bonheur.
Autour de la table, la lumière des bougies dansait;
L'amour comme un feu, s'est propagé dans tout le foyer.
Le dîner délicieux de maman est prêt, c'est l'heure.

Autour de la table, la lumière des bougies dansait;
Les câlins ont été partagés entre tout le monde avec douceur.
Le dîner délicieux de maman est prêt, c'est l'heure.
En un million de morceaux, l'assiette s'est brisée.

Les câlins ont été partagés entre tout le monde avec douceur
Et les chants bruyants venant de la maison ont continué.
En un million de morceaux, l'assiette s'est brisée;
Mais dehors, le silence de la nuit fait vigueur.



La liberté

Par **Asher Zulu-Hernandez, 5A**

*Racisme et désespoir, une triste réalité;
Je meurs de soif pour une meilleure société;
Je me pousse toujours à améliorer mon humour;
Mais le destin trouve toujours une façon d'assombrir mes parcours;*

*Je souffrais comme une mère qui a perdu son bébé;
Des couleurs de peau qui déterminent la qualité;
Je fuis l'angoisse, je fuis l'espoir, je fuis l'amour;
Mais m'éloigner de mes problèmes me fait trébucher quand je cours;*

*La joie ne dure pas longtemps, mais la souffrance est éternelle;
La détresse, la discrimination, la désespérance, une vie superficielle;
Le ciel crie le mot tristesse de sa couleur grise;*

*Je crie comme crie un cadavre calme;
Sur sa face gonflée se trouvent des larmes;
Mon rugissement assourdissant de lion est inaudible et cela me brise.*



Still I Rise

Par Giuliano Rossi, 5B



Dog by **Evan Doré, 5D**



Cookie by **Matteo Marziliano, 4F**

My Dog Twix
by **Daide Gargano, 1C**

I have an amazing dog
In the morning we go for a jog

His name is Twix
And he does some awesome
tricks

Named after a chocolate bar
Twix is truly my North Star

When I leave and say goodbye
He howls and begins to cry

Even when we are apart
Twix warms my heart

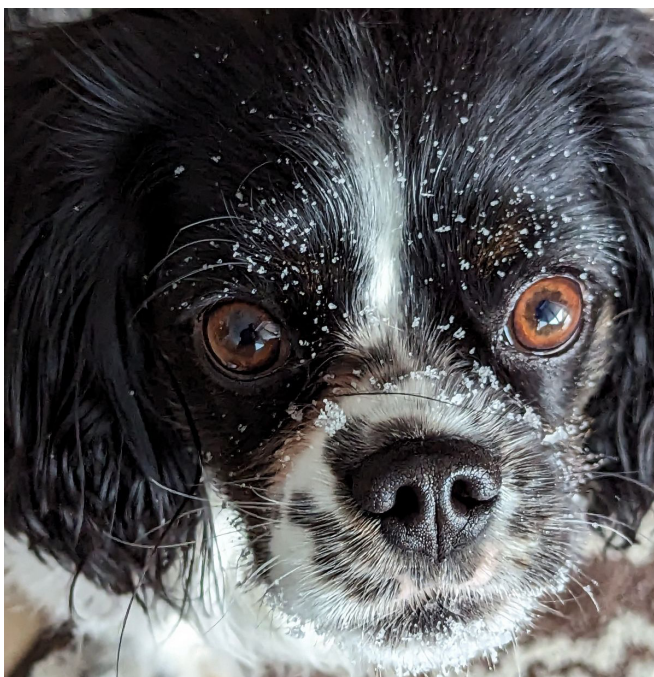
My Dog Rocky
by **Adriano Ferrara, 1C**

I have a dog named Rocky,
One would say he's rather stocky.

Watch out for his wagging tail as he
has fun,
Or his floppy ears when you see
him run.

His fur is fluffy as a cloud,
His barks can be very loud.

When I look into his puppy eyes,
He is the ultimate prize.



My Dog submitted by **Theo Gabriel, 4D**

Meet my **Amazing**
DOG



Brodi

Sans titre par **Brodi Cellini, 5B**



A Snowy Day by **Matthew Odulio, 4D**



Lost

by **Matthew Saleh, 4B**

Don't pretend to understand what I'm going through
 The truth is, you don't understand
 You never will
 I hide behind a mask
 I pretend that I'm okay
 But deep down, I'm lost Lost in darkness
 Nowhere to go
 Nowhere to hide
 I feel scared
 I feel sick

Gaslighting

by **David Manzano, 5C**

My red love, undying yet unrequited
 My heart seen as a suit, played carelessly
 I communicate, my words discredited
 Your sick intentions, veiled purposefully

Self doubt is ignited, my love turns blue
 I express an issue, you hand me a mirror
 Poised by hope, I face a diluted view
 Transparency has never seemed less clear

Made numb to all, forgotten in Limbo
 My voice never heard, my eyes never dry
 Mentally drained, strings pulled through my torso
 Alone, I evade those who begin to pry

I lowered my drawbridge, with open eyes
 A once blissful mind, now flooded with cries

Sentient

by **Gabriel Marques, 5A**

Ignorance is bliss, a curse I desire,
 A vivid vibrant drop of colour in
 A monochrome sea, drowning hour by hour,
 Day by day, can't avoid hell kept within

The only conscious man on the planet,
 Feelings banned yet loneliness reigns supreme,
 Silent tears stream down a face of granite,
 No one around to hear my pleading screams,

Millions of live corpses, not one conscience,
 Work, eat, sleep, repeat, emotions bring pain,
 For existential life there is absence,
 A sense of numbing invades my brain,

For lack of teaching or lack of seeking,
 It seems I am the last sentient being.



Broken Flowers

by **David Santolin, 5D**

The tanks trailing,
While soldiers run guns blazing
People are entrapped by those who are hell-raising

Generals command in big bases
People die from heavy maces
Villages destroyed from war
This is nothing like a walk to the store

Peasants trapped
Trees zapped
And knees snapped

People praying for those who are lost
Nobody cares for those dead by frost

Flowers, precious flowers
My mind is blank...
My palms are sweaty
My normalcy is shattered

My everything is nothing
His life is dead
Her brightness has darkened

Whether I wanted to or not, from hell I awoke
My eyes burned from blood and smoke
I might pass out from my tears
Approaching engines are mounted on horrible gears

All I see is red, then white flowers
And a white beaming light greeting me
All is so very true,
Shells ripping the air and everything covers,
Countdowns descending from heaven
And that's when it hits me, I'm gone along with your brethren

Thomas Beliveau, 4B

BLIND LUCK

"Bernard, don't be late!" said Martha from the entrance. I put on my thick wool overcoat, grabbed my sturdy ebony walking stick and headed out the door with her. It was a cool April evening in Frankfurt. The smell of fresh grass wafted in the air and I could feel the warmth of spring beginning to return to our neighbourhood. Martha was guiding me down the street to the local pub. Perhaps I should tell you about her. Martha has been my neighbour since I was born, and we have always been close friends despite her being seven years older. From what she told me, she has bright red hair with a heavily freckled face and dark almond eyes. Martha is my best friend, and she often invites me over to her house to give me piano lessons. I consider myself a lousy musician, but she claims I have "great potential," whatever that means. That brings me to my next point. I am and always have been blind. In my eighteen years of life, I have never seen the light of day. Consequently, I have always considered myself unlucky to have been born this way, and I am usually bitter about it. Martha is the only reason I have not given up hope. She has taught me to display my emotion through music.

When we reached the bar, I immediately smelled the booze. Most people in my village were heavy drinkers. The sound of a piano echoed from within the bar, and I heard distant shouting down the block. I've always had keen ears. We entered and she ordered a round of "Schnapps", but I wasn't in the mood for alcohol. I was almost twenty and didn't know what to do with my life.

"Cheer up Bernard! You can't stay so bitter forever." she exclaimed. "I have an idea. Follow me." She dragged me across the bar and sat me down on a small stool. "Play something on the piano. The people here should hear you play." One thing I've learned is that if Martha tells you to do something, you do it. I figured I didn't have much of a choice. I ran my finger along all 88 keys, feeling every note. I was not sure what to play, so I improvised. I envisioned all my frustration, pain and sadness that I had accumulated over the years. Waking up every day knowing I could not live a normal life was infuriating. I played a tune of sadness and melancholy, slowly building in tempo until I hit a climax full of heartbreak. I poured all of my emotion into that piano. As I finished, the bar was silent. A man approached me and said, "Excuse me sir, may I have a private word with you?" I followed him to the side of the bar. "My name is Hugh Hoffnung," he said after taking a puff of his cigar. "I am a professor at the Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien, in Vienna. Son, what you just played on that piano is some of the most powerful music I have heard coming from that instrument. You have something special, and I believe you could go far in a career in music."

"I am truly flattered sir, but how am I to succeed if I am blind?" I replied.

"Listen, music is about the heart. If you can touch people's hearts, they don't give a damn if you are blind. Beethoven was half deaf for god's sake! I expect to see you in my class next semester. I will send a letter with all the information you will need, and do not worry about paying for your education, it will be covered." By sheer blind luck, a music

professor happened to be in the same bar as I was. Just like that, I was beginning a new chapter in my life.

Today is June 3rd, 1895. It marks one year since my graduation from the University. Under the expert guidance of Professor Hoffnung, I earned a Master's degree in music composition. He has helped me overcome the challenge of being a blind composer. I have spent the last year composing my first ever symphony, which I will be conducting for the first time today with the orchestra at my old University. About half an hour before the performance, I was sitting nervously backstage making sure I memorized the entire piece. I have been ready for weeks, but I reviewed it in my head once more. My thoughts were suddenly disrupted by loud footsteps and a familiar voice, one that I had not heard in years.

"Well, look who's all grown up!" exclaimed Martha. The last time I had seen her, I was eighteen years old, and I was now twenty-six. I got up and hugged her, and we took the time to catch up on things. Martha didn't seem all that much older than me anymore. Before I knew it, I had to go on stage and conduct.

"Good luck tonight!" she said. "After the concert, drinks are on me."

"Sounds like a plan," I replied. I then walked onto the stage.

Every symphony has a story, and the adventure told in my first symphony was the story of my life. The first movement, representing my childhood, began slowly and full of sadness. I was lost, and needed a place to belong. The second movement, representing my teenage years, showed a glimmer of hope. It was when I became friends with Martha. The theme was similar to that of the first movement, but quicker and happier. Lastly, came the third and final movement, representing my adult life. It portrayed the story of that night in the bar, when my whole life changed. I was destined for greatness, but I was blind to it. My professor saw my potential, and helped me see it too! The notes were now marching like soldiers, standing big and tall, no longer too shy to be heard. Whatever struggles those soldiers had, they kept on marching, heading straight for battle.

The grande finale was a battle in itself. Every instrument section entered a state of euphoria. A whirlwind of violins picked seemed to snatch the melody from the brass like a tornado. The tympanies were furiously hammering away. Finally, in a whirlpool of emotion, I cued the organ for a perfectly timed C major chord which struck the audience like a lightning bolt. It was the first time in my life that I could see. The orchestra emitted such a beautiful sound that I could practically see the emotion. I saw my future, with a whole career ahead of me composing music. I stood in front of the audience, and bowed. The applause lasted a lifetime. However, as the clapping died out, I felt an acute pain in my chest. A wave of drowsiness washed over me and I fell to my knees. I was sprawled on the stage floor and felt my soul slipping away. The screams of the audience echoed in the hall... and it all went quiet.

Are You Ever Satisfied?

By **Lukas Nawacki, 4D**

Are you ever satisfied?
Was what you took not enough?
The lives you destroyed, and the homes you broke apart?
When will you decide that enough is enough?
Once you have taken all we own, and nothing remains?
Well we've had enough, and we will not watch as you pillage our homes,
And act as if you are better than we are.
Mark this day, and remember it well.
For today is the day where we reclaim what we own.
We will raise our swords, and we will fight until the end.
And then, will you be satisfied?

I am the Big Bad Wolf

By **Justin Khairy, 4B**

I am the Big Bad Wolf
With unmatched wit and strength,
Agility, and relentless dedication,
I am feared throughout.

Some know me for devouring
Little Red and her grandmother.
Others say I'm infamous for my three-pig appetite.
I say it simply doesn't matter.

If you know me or not ...
Like that little boy who called out my name.
You will soon find found out
That the Big Bad Wolf isn't here to be messed with.



A Relaxing View by Matteo Marziliano, 4F

It Tolls for Thee

By **Dimitri Adamakakis, 4B**

The smell of burning polyester filled his nostrils, the heat causing the air around the man to shimmer. Strangely, though, he felt neither the warmth, nor the sweat that he had anticipated with the little of his mind that was still working through the haze. Slowly, he raised his head and opened his eyes. The front of the car had hit a tree. A big tree. The difference between the car and the tree, however, was that the latter had survived the crash, and the former had not. The front of the car had collapsed in on itself, the hood making a somewhat, but not altogether, vain effort to lift itself clear of the wreckage. From the driver's seat, the man saw that he was on the lucky side of the vehicle. On his right, the door had folded, ripping the seat out of the floor and forcing it into an awkward position, the actual seat part in the front, the back slanting towards the left-side back seat.

Suddenly, a tap on the window. The man swung his gaze to the figure now standing over the cracked window. Its shape was vaguely humanoid, although it was hard to tell through the many folds of the dark robe it was draped in. At the very least, the figure had a head. A large hood covered it, keeping its face completely invisible. The man fumbled with the lock for a moment, managing to open it despite the heat radiating from the metal handle, then got out of the car.

"Hey there!" he began. "I'm—"

"I know." The stranger's voice had an odd reverberating property to it, as if it had a number of mouths all saying the same thing at the same time.

"Rrrrrright then. Who might you be?"

"I am."

"That's it?" The man looked around awkwardly. A murder of somewhat strange-looking crows had settled in around the wreckage, but the man paid them no mind, instead electing to focus on the stranger before him. "No name?"

"It matters not what my name is. You have known, deep down in your heart, that one day I would come. And that day is today. This is the hour, my friend, when the bell tolls for thee."

"Oh... Oh no, no, no, no..." The man's sentence dissolved into a chaotic mass of muttered words and jumbled phrases, most of them completely incomprehensible. "This can't be... dreaming... not right... must be... no... mistake... I feel fine... family... no..." This went on for some time, until the hooded figure interrupted him.

"Sir, please, pull yourself together. This was bound to happen eventually, friend. No need to fret. It is done. What can mortals such as you do to change their own fates?" Despite the reverberation of the stranger's voice, the man detected a hint of what he thought was pity in those words. The apparition had used the same tone that one might use to comfort a close friend.

"How dare you?" The man was angry now, what he believed was the blood in what he believed were his veins alight with a flame that he had never known before. "How dare you come here, saunter up to me without a care in the world and present yourself as if you were my friend? Do you know what you're taking from me? A family. Real friends who actually know me. A life I haven't gotten to live yet. So I want to know, who gave you the right to take these from me? Hm?"

"I am come at the bidding of the bell. It has tolled and asks for thee. Therefore, it will have thee. Do I make myself perfectly clear, friend?" This last word the hooded creature spat, before continuing.

"As for why I call you friend, it is because for your entire life my little finger has been brushing against your soul. Throughout your life, the one thing that you have been doing every moment of every day is slowly dying. Or did you think that what you were doing was living? Regardless, I have known you from the moment of your birth, and I am the last being to know you while you lived. Is that not friendship? The tenacity to stick with someone like that, through thick and thin?"

"You saying you've abandoned people before? Just left them to live?"

"Certainly. Sometimes I am forced to walk in someone's shadow, for nothing, save Death, follows them. Other times, I abandon someone completely, like Stingy Jack, tricky little devil that he was. Now he got on my nerves. And other times still, when the time comes for someone to pass into my shadow, I can offer them a chance to escape it just a little longer." The stranger chuckled at this, but the man practically jumped out of his skin. Metaphorically, that is.

"You can... offer me a way out?" He asked tentatively.

"Of course. All you have to do is answer a riddle." the apparition said, as if it were the simplest thing in the world. As it spoke, it gestured towards the crows. Immediately, the odd little birds stopped pecking at something on the inside of the car. With the distance between the man and the car, it was hard to tell what it was, but it looked strangely like... the man's stomach gave a lurch. He thought it wise to look away from the scene."

"Before we start, I have a question that's been plaguing me."

"Be my guest."

"What do you... well, what do you look like?"

"Hm. Not an entirely strange question. It depends. I have had many shapes over the millenia. I have been blind, and carried a blade. I have held a list and quill in one hand, a bell in the other, gathering souls with what they called the "Black Death." Isn't that curious? As if I conform to any colours your kind comprehends... Where was I? Ah, yes. But, most of the time, I am simply the cloak. Not even I am conscious of what lies beneath, other than my keys." Death paused. Then, after a pensive moment, said: "The riddle: This thing all things devours; Birds, beasts, trees, flowers; Gnaws iron, bites steel; Grinds hard stones to meal; Slays king, ruins town, And beats mountain down. You have one chance to answer, and only one. Good luck, friend."

The man began to think. He sat on a nearby stone and thought long and hard about his answer. Death, as always, was patient. The sun did not move in the sky, and the entire world stood silent. The smoking wreck of car smoked ever on. The crows, true to their carrion nature, waited on the final judgment of their master to begin their grim feast anew. The man could have been thinking for days, or seconds, for it was impossible to tell. Finally, he had had enough.

"I don't know...Death?"

"Time my friend. The answer is time. Never did read the Hobbit, did you. I would know, I was there." He turned to the crows. "Come. Bring me your ghastly trophy, so we may be on our merry way." At the order, the crows flew over. As they approached, the man was able to spot the various oddities he had observed before. One crow was half rotted away, patches of ragged feathers and shriveled skin partially covering bone and sanguine-hued tissue beneath. Another was wearing a ceramic dog's head, with a long, box-like snout, and tall, diamond-shaped ears.

A glowing, opaline feather ran down the length of its back, its baked clay eyes giving its stare the look of a dead man's. By far the strangest one, however, had a spine as straight as an arrow shaft and a rectangular head that protruded backwards as well as forward. There were others, too, with atypically coloured feathers and gaudy ornaments. One of these carried in its beak a pair of white globes, tainted crimson by a suspicious liquid dripping from the orbs.

"Are those my..." The man began.

"Windows to the soul, my friend." As he spoke, the crow dropped the spheres into an outstretched fold of fabric. Death pulled a small, sharpened ivory key from its robe with another fold of fabric, spearing the eyes on it and moving it forward in space. Then, from nowhere, a door materialized before the key. Death found the keyhole, opening the passageway. Looking through the door, the man could see nothing but purest void.

"What comes next?" he asked. "Whatever it is, I'm ready."

"Step in, friend. Find out."

The man obliged and was filled with a feeling of warmth and comfort before the abyss consumed his entire line of sight and he slowly slipped off into unconsciousness.

La mort, la tristesse, la vie et leurs amis

by **Gabriel Marques, 5A**

En parcourant un désert glacial
Ils essaient de crier mon nom, de m'appeler,
De me ramener à la ruine de ma réalité ravagée
Je ne les écoute pas, le désespoir me dévore, une bête féroce

Il était mon ami le plus loyal
Il est toujours resté avec moi, contre vents et marées,
Mais maintenant il demeurera sommeillant pour l'éternité
Continuer dans ce monde mortel devient un défi colossal

Un jour, deux jours, trois jours je ne veux plus rien sentir,
Mes yeux larmoyants au point de rupture, j'essaie de me retenir
En vain, les larmes courent sur mes joues, cette vie m'écoeure,

Sanglotant, mes pleurs remplissent une flaque aussi grande que l'océan
Le deuil, la désolation, la dépression ne sont que quelques-uns de mes sentiments
Je suis triste, je souffre, je suis mort à l'intérieur.

Atlas

by **Luca Alessandro Arias, 5A**

All hope seemed lost as the teacher walked in, holding the dreadful midterms. The bell rang and I looked at the blank page in front of me. My restless studying silenced the vexing voices in my head. I readied myself for the burdening work at hand. "I will endure. Just one question at a time."

Memory

by **Matthew Saleh, 4B**

8 p.m. on a Friday
Sun goes down
As warm colours rise from the sky
Birds stop chirping
Sounds of the calm ocean waves
Put my mind at ease
Guitar in hand
The sound of melodic chords strummed
As my fingers dance on the vibrating strings
A magical experience of pure delight
Fills my soul

It's Been so Long

by **Luca Hartley, 4D**

I was looking, but I didn't see it
I knew it was there,
But I couldn't find it.
It was like the wind.
You know it's there, because you can feel it.
But you can't see it.
Is it really there, or do you just think it's there?
Like wind, I've felt it before,
But not for a while.
I forgot what it looks like,
What it feels like.
It's been too long.
My soul craves it.
My mind yearns for it.
Maybe, one day, I'll feel it again.
Maybe, one day, I'll see love again.

Ôde aux amants

Par **Kai Pereira, 5A**

Baisers volés à l'aveuglette, quel bonheur
Je reste muet devant ta beauté
Une étreinte interrompue fait chaud au cœur
Ô Bien aimé Ô Bien aimé Ô Bien aimé

Je reste muet devant ta beauté
Ardeur voilée, cachée, angoissée en douceur
Ô Bien aimé Ô Bien aimé Ô Bien aimé
Coups de pinceaux précis peints avec ferveur

Ardeur voilée, cachée, angoissée en douceur
Huile sur toile, l'amour aveugle est enflammé
Coups de pinceaux précis peints avec ferveur
Couleurs sombres, tamisées et bleutées

Huile sur toile, l'amour aveugle est enflammé
Baisers volés à l'aveuglette, quel bonheur
Couleurs sombres, tamisées et bleutées
Énigme magique tel un sort envoûteur.

Appel du vide

by **Anthony Mier, 5A**

To jump, to fly, to gaze with varied eyes,
Intrusive thoughts incite Satan's grimace.
Impulses to try, disguising demise,
Repeated imagery is pernicious.

And though there's nothing more I so desire,
Than to drown my sorrows in Ambrosia,
Or to sing and strum Apollo's lyre,
My fate, as man, ends as sclerotia.

Life's great pleasures shall not be left to fall,
L'appel du vide, a question not an act.
The Colosseum to the Taj Mahal,
Realistic, creative and abstract.

Curiosity killed the nosy cat,
Although until life nine, they can bounce back.

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