



Reflections



REFLECTIONS

The New Paltz Middle School

Literary & Art Magazine

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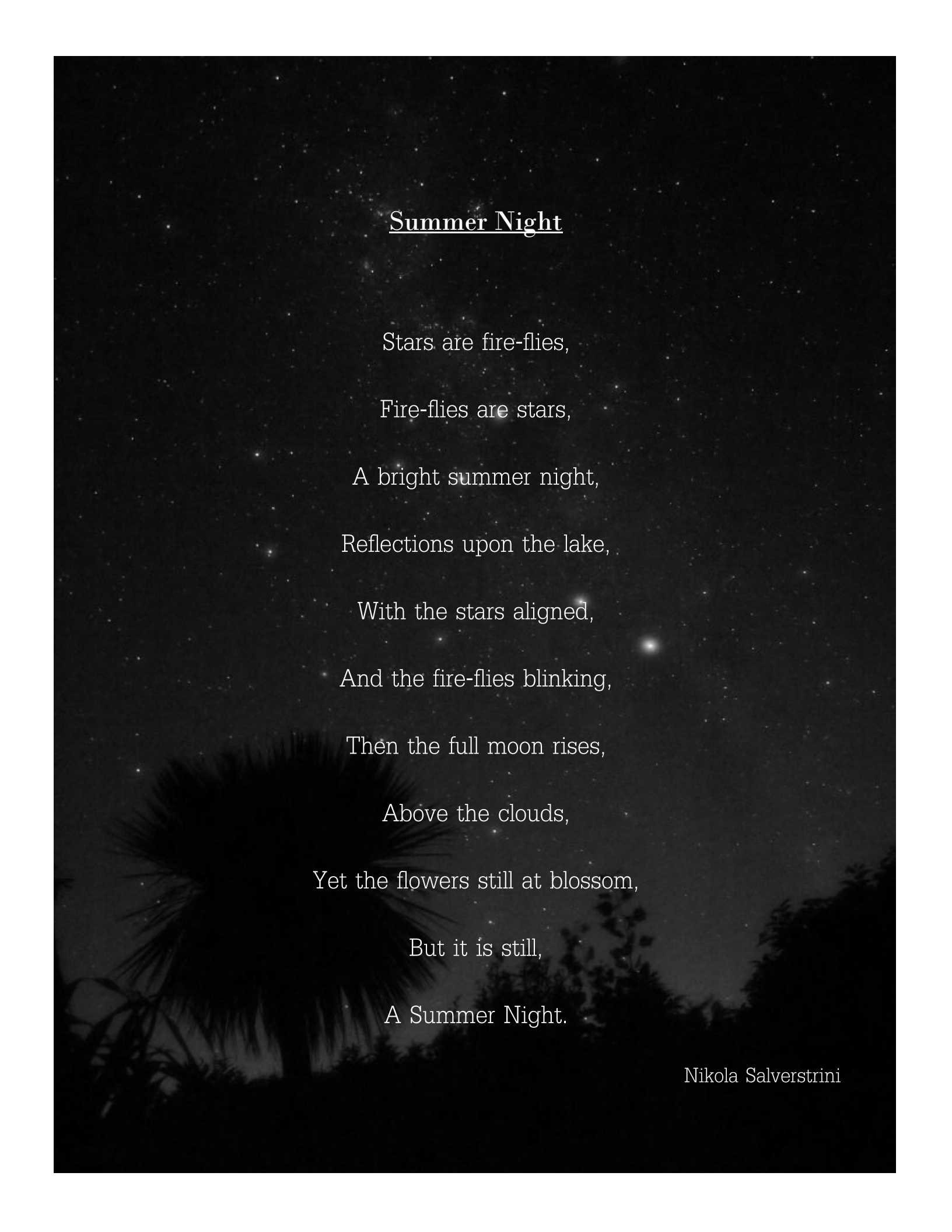
-Talia Feinsod

Imagination

I can be the newborn lion cub
My tiny paws exploring the new world
A tiny yowl in the night is my roar
Pale pink tongue twitching like a cat
My tawny fur blending with the Savanna
Intelligent eyes peer through the tall
grass
Or, I may be a swift falcon
Looping through the skies with determi-
nation
Uncontrolled, wild, free to be me
Sharp curves created by swift wings
Lazer eyed sight looking for food
A sharp beak caws
I could be a seal
Dancing through the glass waves
Yelping happily in the cold
Playing with the currents
Splashing gaily with the sun
Huge eyes in the waves
But.
I.
Am.
My own.
I will be a hero in my own story
Or a heroine, I don't care
Or a noble pegisi
Or a gentle griffen flying
I will be my own hero
I will fly above the worries
I can be who I want
My imagination will get rid of the rules
And I
Will
Be
Who
I
Want
To
Be
I will be one with imagination

Siri Walsh





Summer Night

Stars are fire-flies,

Fire-flies are stars,

A bright summer night,

Reflections upon the lake,

With the stars aligned,

And the fire-flies blinking,

Then the full moon rises,

Above the clouds,

Yet the flowers still at blossom,

But it is still,

A Summer Night.

Nikola Salverstrini

Stage Fright

Stunning skill and knowledge
Demonstrated by challenges

Team competition
Distracted by helping
Glowing with anticipation

Strides into the vast room
Cold stares
Eyes fixed
Step by step
Up to the stage

Questions after questions
Answers after answers
Victory
Cheers

Empty eyes and palms clapping
No sincerity
But a victory none the less



War

Might be going home.

The pistols, bombs, and bayonets haunting
me.

Might be going home.

Days and nights lost, haunting me.

Might be going home.

The murderers, the bleeding, the torture,
haunting me.

Might be going home.

Powered by adrenaline, bleeding haunting
me.

Might be going home.

Strained, desperate, but not yet.

Anonymous

Fear

Remember me, it whispers,

It's voice a deceiving cacophony of bittersweet tragedies waiting to
happen

It coils itself around the mind, a snake ready to feast on its prey

It is a parasite, gradually destroying all spirit

Its victims left unraveling

Hoping that their tears will be enough to mend the broken frag-
ments of courage

Their mind is an endless void filled with the sound of distant
screams

Heart pounding

It's too late.

Head throbbing

It's too late.

Dead eyes

It's too late.

Nothing.

It's not too late.

Water floods into the dry ocean that is their heart

Remember me, it whispers

One word is the difference between ecstasy and torture.

No.

Eliza Behrke

IF BOBA FETT

WAS ALIVE

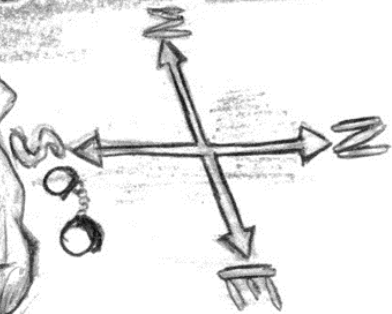
During

The Civil War

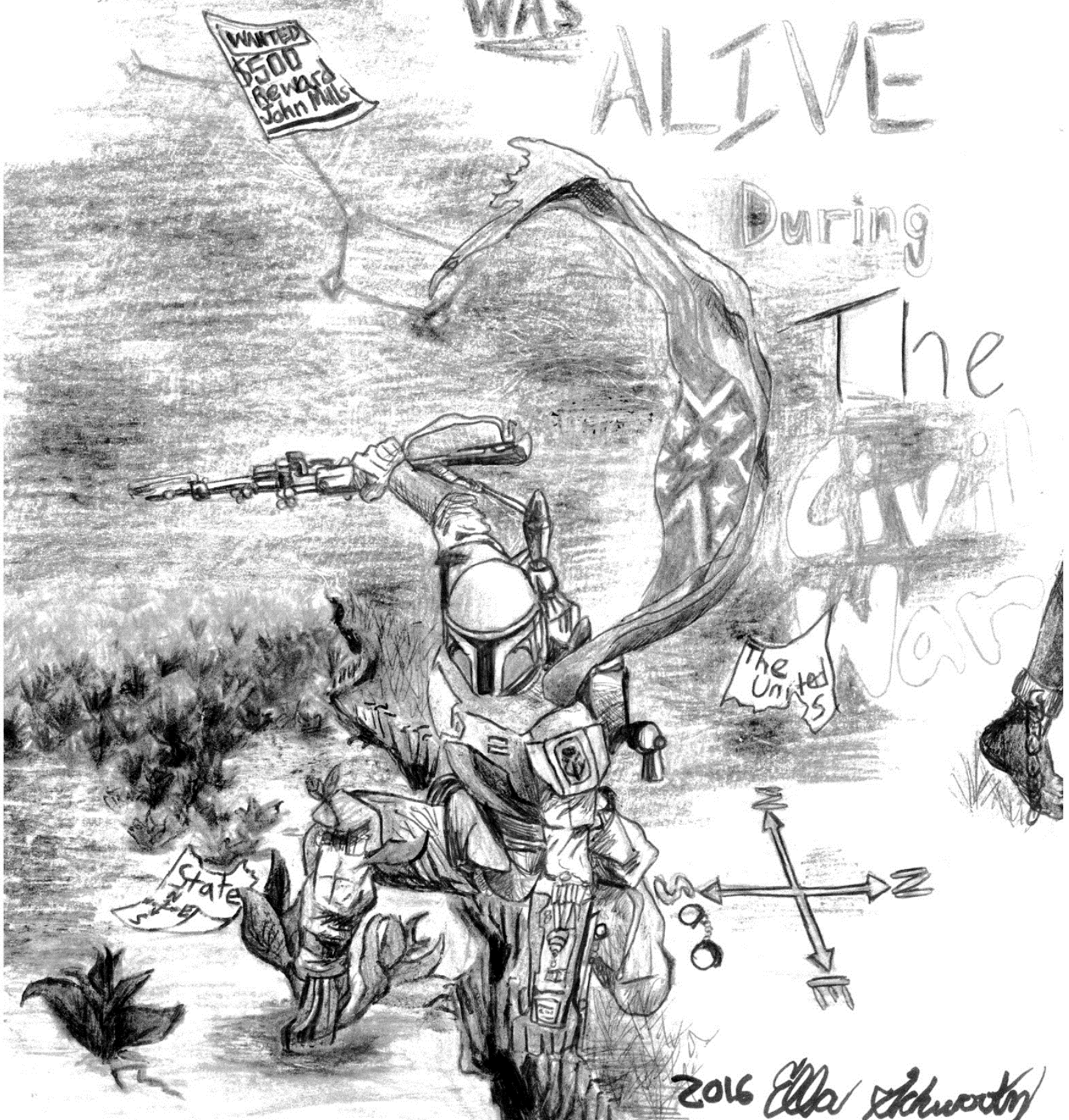
WANTED
\$500
Reward
John Mills

The United States

State



2016 Ella Schwartz



At School

Learning

The reason we come to the same building

Encouragement

Comes from the teachers and peers

Warning

For when someone breaks a rule

Embarrassing

When the attention is turned on you

Practiced

To be prepared for a test or project

Awesome

Everyone got close to a perfect score

Demonstrating

Skills acquired together with friends

Laugh

At silly mistakes you may have made

Thoughtfully

Teachers help students' futures

Competition

As I enter the competition, I can feel the delight, expectations, nervousness, and craziness, practically dripping from the students.

Determination like electric whirlwinds around, with all attention on the quiz.

Eight challenging sessions in which each member practices with the alternates.

Messages heavy as wool blankets indicate people are happy.

Slow of underestimation and the plastic pizza is a dunce.

Inclusion of the changes has helped to overcome the diseased chromosomes.

Anonymous

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.



35
CV

Alone on the Corner

She stood at the corner alone,
The foggy darkness grabbing at her heels.
She drew her coat tight and closed her eyes,
Doubtful the fear would subside.
The brightness hisses as it's consumed,
Ridicule gripping purpose,
And pain playing with memory.
Her visible friends react,
But nothing right could be done.
With each agonizing breath,
And the unexplained ridicule,
It becomes harder to think.
She screams to be loved,
She screams to be heard,
She just wants to live.
The wind whistles a prettier rhythm,
But there aren't friends to feel it.
The worst subsides but something is missing,
The corner of the sidewalk is empty.



The Torment of Change

By Rachel Drillings

In the beginning it was just us

Then the outsiders came

They took our land

Called it theirs

Here is our story

In the beginning, all we had

Was nature

It was all we needed

The outsiders came and everything
changed

They took us

They tried to make us more like them

We refused and they used force

We went from a proud Native American
tribe

To a picture perfect group of Indians

They took our lives and replaced it with
Theirs

They replaced our names for meaningless
Sounds

That they call names

They cut off our hair

Made it look like we were mourning

We were

In a way

The worst thing was

The spirits we prayed to

Day and night

Spring and fall

Did not show

Fear

Fear follows you everywhere
It is like a little brown dog that follows you home
It lurks in the shadows as you walk down an abandon alleyway
Fear is what's hiding in the dark waiting for you to come out.

Fear stalks us
Fear controls us
Fear is all we think
It makes you hear things that are not there
Feeding on our worst imaginations
Taking over your thoughts
Chills running through your body to your fingertips

Fear sleeps with us
Fear eats with us
Fear surrounds us
Fear is everywhere
You must never give into your fear

Emily Kucharezyk



Dylan Keessen

Who am I?

Where am I?

What am I?

Who am I?

Something that has rows and rows of

Black feathers upon my back.

Then I look up and see a small

Puddle,

No

A lake

As I realize

I am an angel who has fallen from

Heaven

But

Also

Known as a dark angel.

Anonymous

The Boy I Saw

I came into the world kicking and screaming
Just like I do now.

I became the third member of my new family.

After months of baby talk and mushy food,

We took a trip.

AFRICA!

I walked in the sky at two years old

Very scary!

I was a lap child,

So I got to walk around the plane

BANG, CRACK

Two years old and I already have a cracked tooth

Arrived

Finally!

I meet a boy.

No English

I was told he was coming to live with us

One year later we took a ride back to the airport.

There comes that boy I saw

We were best friends from the start

Even without English as the years went by he became my brother

We sang

Together

Laughed

Together

Then the fifth member of my family arrived

We went from partners in crime to the Three Musketeers

New baby means he and I get to share a room

We were over the moon!

We loved each other,

Then my sister, went from crawling to walking

Which went my brother went from kid to teen.

My roommate changed

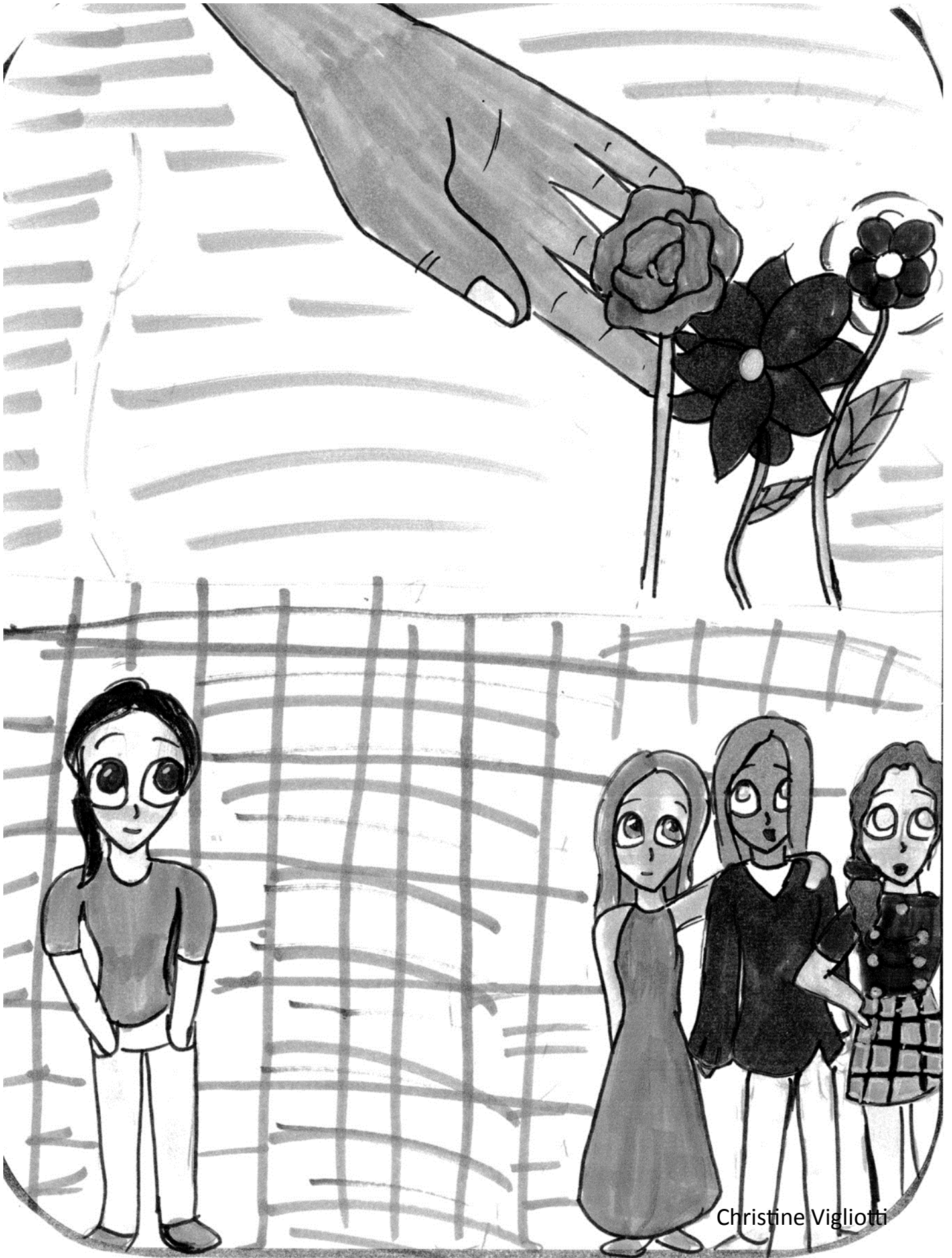
And that boy I saw became a full teen

I miss it

No.

I miss us.

Solo Diedhiou



Christine Vigliotti



Nikola



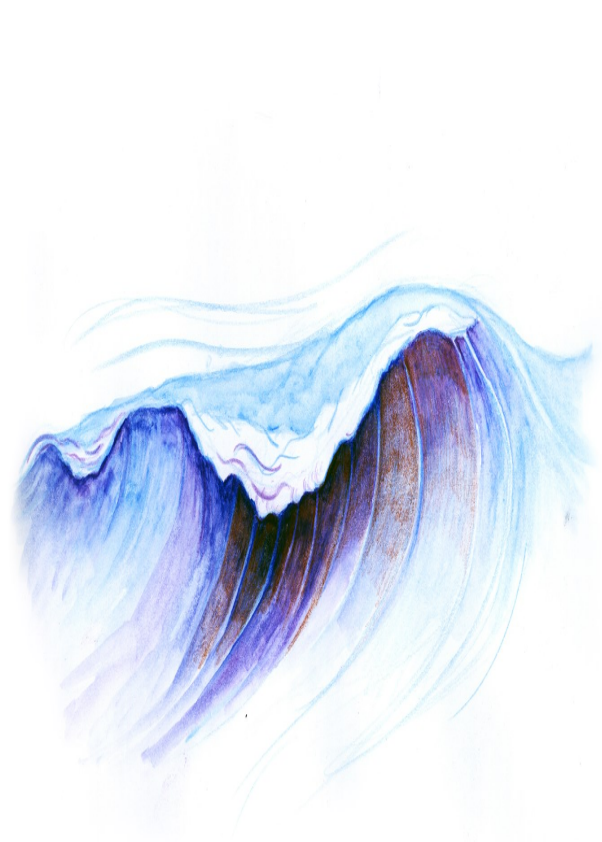




Viviane Tirone

OCEANS

Heart beating, chest pounding
Cold water to the touch
Warm water to the feel
Flying in heavy air
Under water clouds your ears
Heavy music
Salty taste
Soft, clay sand
Smell of sea air
Fish,
Shooting stars of the ocean.
Don't relax
If you do,
It will swallow you whole,
Until you are too far in the dark-
ness
Get out!
Dancing in space
Feeling rocks on the balls of your
feet
Stand on the big rocks
You're on an island
Stay alive
The rush of water
Under a massive wave
Stay moving
Stay breathing
Just keep swimming



An Ode to Longboarding

Kyle Ryan

Going fast

No stopping

The smooth glide of wheels on pavement

The adrenaline rush

Feeling the breeze while you ride

Pushing off when you slow down

If you fall, get back up

Occasionally passing by cars

Flying down a hill

Don't hesitate

Or you'll fall



Words

Words are like magic
Eyes scanning paper
Feeling the emotions
Hearing thoughts
A pen to paper
Scribbling down an idea
Each time, every way,
Reading and writing is creating
Document your feelings
Capture the perfect moment forever
Hidden in the pages of a journal,
Never changing
Imagining the rocky hills of a coast,
Smelling the salty breeze of an ocean
Or, maybe,
Setting foot on a new planet
Words can do this,
Either you read or write.
It's all up to you
Amazing, isn't it?

Anonymous

An Ode to Gaming

The feeling of accomplishment ,

You beat the final level

The soreness of your thumbs

The bright lights in your eyes

Time flies

Playing with friend or solo

The dopamine rush

Of completing a quest

Anonymyous



ART

Art can be anything you want

Away to express yourself

Music,

Drawing

These are what I love, these types of art

To sit down-pencil to paper,

Draw what you feel,

What you see or hear,

Free to be who you are through

Paper,

Colors,

Realism,

Styles

The feeling of pride in your art,

The feeling of calm when the pencil

Glides smoothly as you sketch out your

Nest piece

Music is art too

Playing the drums,

Creating music , feeling the beat

Hearing the drumstick bounce back

When you hit the snare

The sound of a crashing symbol

Dylan Keessen

Books

The smell of their crisp papers

The sound of the stories being told

Being in new universes, new stories

The feeling of the papers in my hand, turning the page

The information being learned

Teachings on just about anything for all to read

So much to learn, to experience

The beautiful sight of thousands of words formed together to express meaning

Harper Branitz





Viviane Tirone

An Ode to Sleep

Shawn Lin

Delicate your mind and body and soul
To be rewarded in the land of Morpheous

Or perhaps you have a nightmare
One where you lose it all
And then you wake up drenched in your sweat

Sleep is a sign of weakness
But we still wish to stay longer

An Ode to Acting

Anna Adams

I'm self conscious
I always feel like I'm being judged
When I act, I can be whatever I want
I can feel the wind as I attack a gazelle
I can taste my tears as I mourn a loss
I can see a battle right before my eyes
I can smell the rain as I approach
None of these are me, but they can be

The Smelly Socks Story

Tim Kortan

Once upon a time, there was a Ms. Judy was an old woman with old bunny ears and glasses. Her eyes were black and white, her teeth were green and sharp. She ate green peas and tree bark. She screamed and hollered at all the animals in the forest, and made a sweet, little boy named Tim wash her smelly socks that she only washed once a month. They were very smelly. They were so smelly the people in the town of Sweettown, had to move away. This made Tim sad. He yelled at Ms. Judy. He said “ JUDY, WASH YOUR OWN SMELLY SOCKS!” Then Ms. Judy cried and cried, and said in tears, “Okay, Tim, I will wash my own smelly socks. But then, I am going to eat you.” Tim jumped up and bonked Ms. Judy on her head. She fainted and fell down back into the hole she came from, never to return again. Tim was a hero and became mayor of Sweettown. All the people moved back and washed Tim’s awesome smelling socks that smelled like flowers for the rest of his life.





If I Were President

If I were president there would be no fear
The criminals would be gone and everyone will cheer

There will be no more war, or bloody viscous fights
No woman would be afraid, to walk alone at night

We'd get along with all the nations
We'd launch a million space stations

The kids would sing and laugh
There would be a good environment for every giraffe

I will crack down on crime
Faster than you can read this rhyme

If I were president the people would be happy and fat
But I am going to be president, so that is that

Jessica Dugatkin

Three Wishes

Tim Kortan

One day I was sitting on the couch in my house. This lady appeared and I asked her, "What is your name?" The lady said, "My name is Ms. Judy, and I came to give you three wishes." I said, "For my first wish, I want a whole candy store. For my second wish, I want a school bus. The lady said, "You have one wish left, what would you like?" I said, "I want an ice cream truck." Ms. Judy said, "Are you sure?" I said, "Yes!" And Ms. Judy said, "Goodbye." I drove the ice cream truck around, and gave ice cream to kids that wanted it. Then I went to the candy store and stuffed myself with candy. Then I drove the school bus around, because I felt that some air would make me feel better. It didn't. The moral of the story is don't be selfish and don't be greedy, because you might get sick.



My Inators

My inator does many things.

My first inator will be the “get up early” inator. I will press a button and yellow stuff will shoot out at me and I will feel an urge to get up early in the morning.

My second inator will be the “fix pothole” inator. It will fix any pothole.

My third inator will be the “candy, sweet, dessert inator. I will push a button and a bunch of candies and desserts, and sweets will shoot out as many times as I push a button.

The fourth inator will be the “stay awake” inator, and I will push a button and yellow stuff will come out and it will keep me awake, but the only works at night.

Everyone will want an inator and I will put a special setting so it can print anything that goes into the inator.

My fifth inator will be the “spray chicken water” inator. I will push a button and a stream of water will spray into the chicken coop from across my driveway.

My sixth inator will be the “spray chicken food” inator. Just like #5, but with chicken feed.

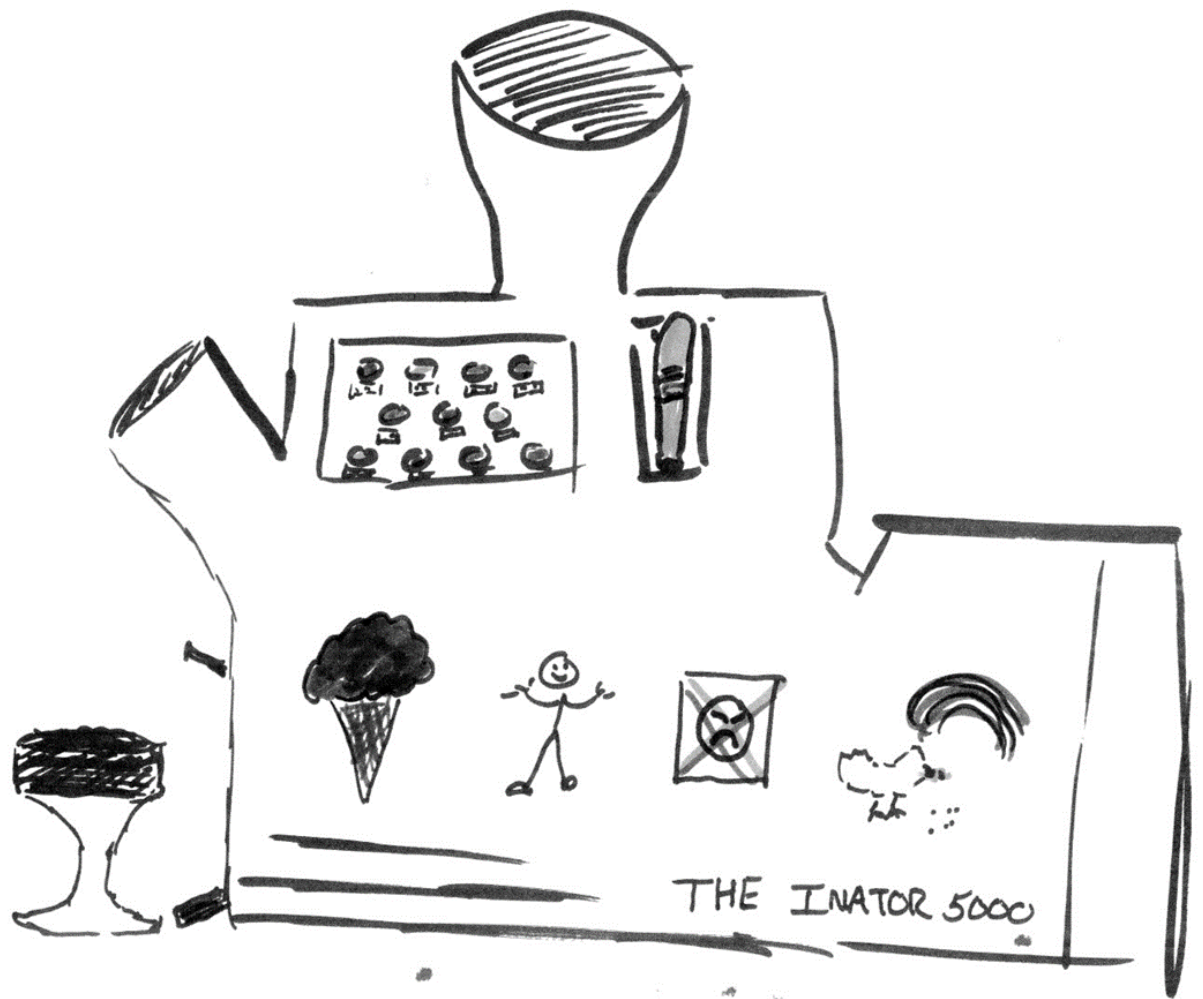
My seventh inator is the ice cream shoot myself to the store inator. I will push a button and it will make a copy of me, and instead of me going to find a parking space and wait in a long line, a copy of me would go to the store and then I would type in the nearest ice cream store and information from my brain. The Inator will get just the right ice cream I want, and the copy of me will bring it back home.

My eighth inator will be the Sourpatch Inator. The Sourpatch Inator make the sourpatch I want and sends it to my home. This way, I don't worry about a Sourpatch thief and I can have all the Sourpatches I want.

A very special one would be the Buddy Inator. I would insert a picture of my friend, or friends, press a button, and the Buddy Inator would take the information from my brain and locate my closest buddy anywhere in the United States. It would be able to see through houses and buildings to find my buddy, and send a copy of my buddy to me to hang out with.

Finally, I would have a Mean People and Yelling and Screaming Inator. Whoever is screaming and yelling in a family will be electrically shocked. The Mean People Inator would shoot smelly socks and garbage at people who annoy me.

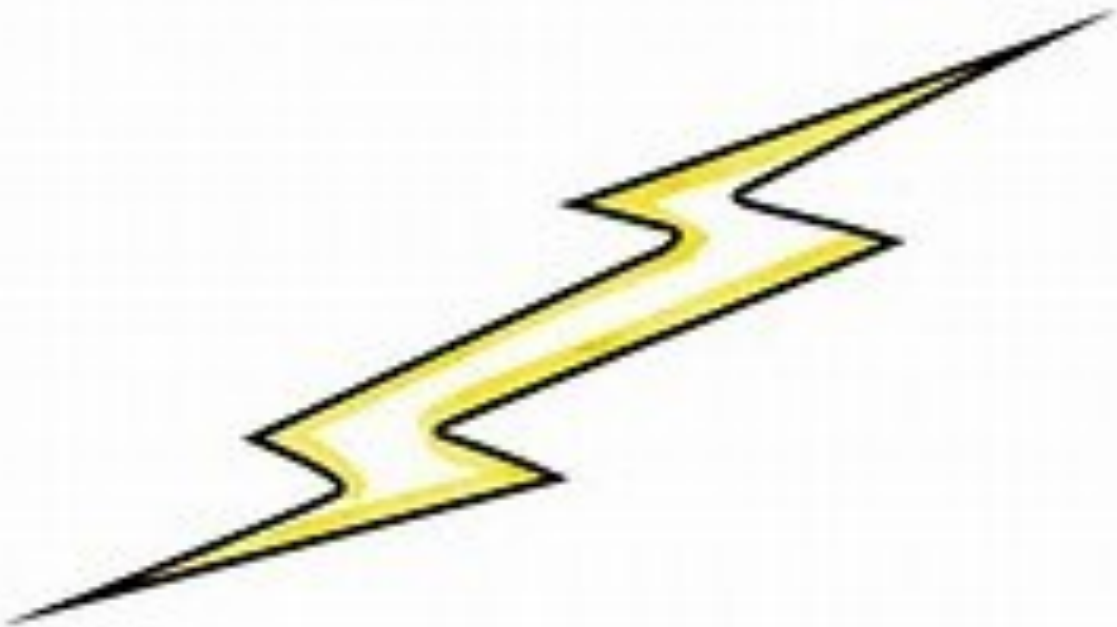
Tim Kortan



SUPERPOWER

Tim Kortan

If I had a super power, I would be able to fly into a lightning bolt without being electrocuted. I would shoot lightning out of my nose. Every time I sneezed it would look like fireworks in the sky. People would hire me for their parties and I would light a circle on fire and have Ms. Judy jump through it for fun. I could supply energy for people who need power for their house. I would stop the bad guys by shooting lightning at them. I would light up the sky so people could find their way around. People would come from all around to see my awesomeness and praise me. I would tell stories of my courage.



An Ode to the Last Day of School

The last day of school

The heavenly sound of the bell ringing

The clambering of the happiest kids,

Escaping the clutches of learning for another three months of happiness

The feeling of glee, crawling from your heart to escape through your mouth,

As the laugh you have been holding back for nine months. Holding it through tests and finals, through tears and through tantrums, can finally be released.

Ethan Pollard

SANIQUE

AMSER'S

