

Andrew Vicente Morgan Jennings

Bella Viruet Daniel Hanna

Emily Duffy

Layla Coache

Jeffrey DiLorenzo

Jaiden Mafaro Logyn Cammarota Carey Moore

Matthew Marino Ornella Campanelli Virginia Ryan Gabriela DeJesus

Arianna Colatruglio Donte Brooks

Arianna Fazliu Madelyn Errichiello

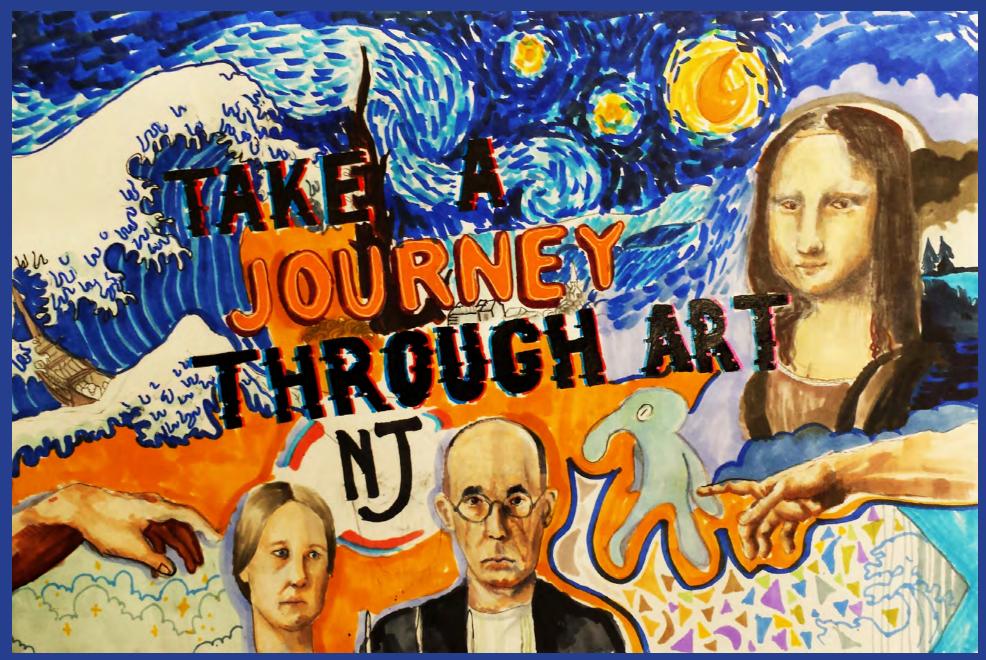
Kaitlyn McEvoy Charlie Lezama

Maria Zapata

Morgan Jennings

Katerina Van Heerden

Kateri Maria Zapata Alexandra Haefele EXPRESSIONS Sebastian Acosta Julia Jakimas Amy Leon Peter Johannes Katherine Kulick Saoirse LeFebvre Emily O'Day Siya Patel Branden Ruiz JR Perez Batisse Manhardt Madison Serrano Megan Snyder Isabella Nunez Brucale Johan Marcelino Jacqueline Queli Farhan Sadaat Anna Papp Filip Ruteski Nicholas Sudenko Jason Smith Sydney Van De Putte Barbara Rodriguez Haydar Uzmezler Caitlin Melgaard



Katie Kulick

Winter

As the leaves die, the weather becomes cold,
Animals hibernate both young and old.
The birds no longer sing and they depart,
All is prepared for a new world to start.

By Farhan Sadaat

Summer Day

The birds are chirping
The air is warm with a breeze
Children are running

By Siya Patel

The air gets warmer as springtime arrives, flowers bloom and leaves come back to say hi, bears wake up while birds sing out, what a joyous time to be outside

By Isabella Diaz

All day I have watched the beautiful foliage Falling piece by piece on the frozen ground As the snow falls a leaf is lost But each leaf is beautiful with frost

By Daniel Hanna





Haydar Uzmezler

Amy Leon

Deja Vu By Sebastian Acosta

Beep goes the heart monitor. Five to six surgeons are in the room as a patient is dying. A yellow rail of metal juts out from either side of his skull. He was in a terrible car accident. As the nurses are cleaning our tools to begin, I think to myself, do not lose the patient. The patient had a serious case and was losing blood. I confirm the patient's notes and our procedures and we begin. We begin our focus on removing the rail.

The heavy railing piece was from those bus tubes to hold on. Apparently he was driving and became distracted not noticing the bus. No other casualties. No family nearby. Nothing. This patient was a lone soldier. He has no one to go to. Minding his own business and bam. Who knows if he is okay. Who Cares! This patient had on scrubs, so he must be a nurse or a resident. Cutting the pole out of his head, he is missing large chunks of his brain. We would have to reconnect his brain with a brain surgeon. This man could not possibly survive. What if he had a bad life and never had a good moment?

I start worrying. His pulse is gone. We realize that there are shards in his lungs, causing the blood in his veins to clot and making his limbs swell. We try to remove both sides. Fifteen surgeons and nurses on two parts of

Filip Ruteski

the body. I'm trying my best and to keep this man alive. Everything is quiet, but loud. I'm not sure what to do. His monitor flat lines and now we have to revive him while he is losing blood, missing half his head and no one cares. I am like this guy I say to myself. This could've been me. No one cares. I pull down the towel that is covering his face and see my face. GASP! I wake up super alarmed and scared. It was a nightmare. Hopefully, I wasn't having some type of Deja Vu. I am August and I am a doctor. I tell myself this over and over until I calm down. I do my morning routine and go to work. As I am driving on my way to work, I greet all my friends and start going.

I am thinking to myself what to do. I missed a day of work because I thought it felt right to self-diagnose myself to just stay home but, no. It felt wrong and I continued. The day felt wrong. Nothing was sending me good vibes. As I'm going, I continue thinking about what everyone else is thinking. How many people needed me? Being a doctor requires me to be there 24-7 and not miss a single patient. That is why I became a doctor. To help them. I never needed anyone in my life. I worked hard in my life to put myself in a position that I wanted since I was a child. I hear honking in my subconscious. What is that noise? I turn to my left. The last thing I see is a bus going right towards me.



Isabella Nunez Brucale



Alexandra Haefele



Emily O'Day





Logyn Cammarota

Jayson Holden

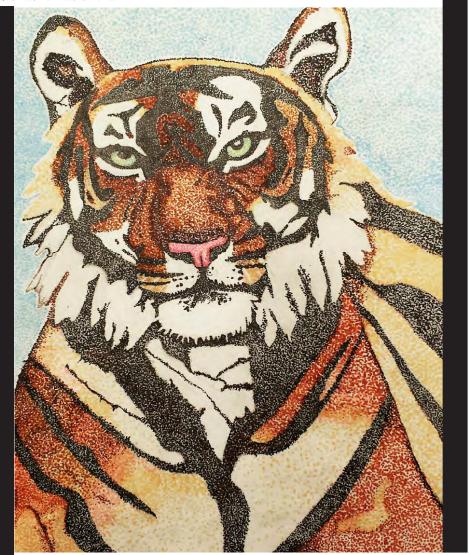


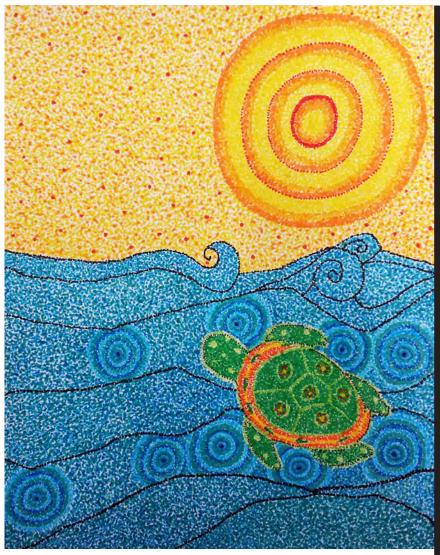
THE PRINCE

STILLNESS SPREAD THROUGH LIFE
ALL BEFORE THE STRIFE
DEATH EVERYWHERE
NO ONE MOVES EVEN A HAIR
AS ALL LEARN THEIR
PLACE IN THE
RACE TO GORY GLORY
FOR THE THRONE NOT WORTH
ANYTHING TO THE SON WHOSE BIRTH
WILL SOON OCCUR.

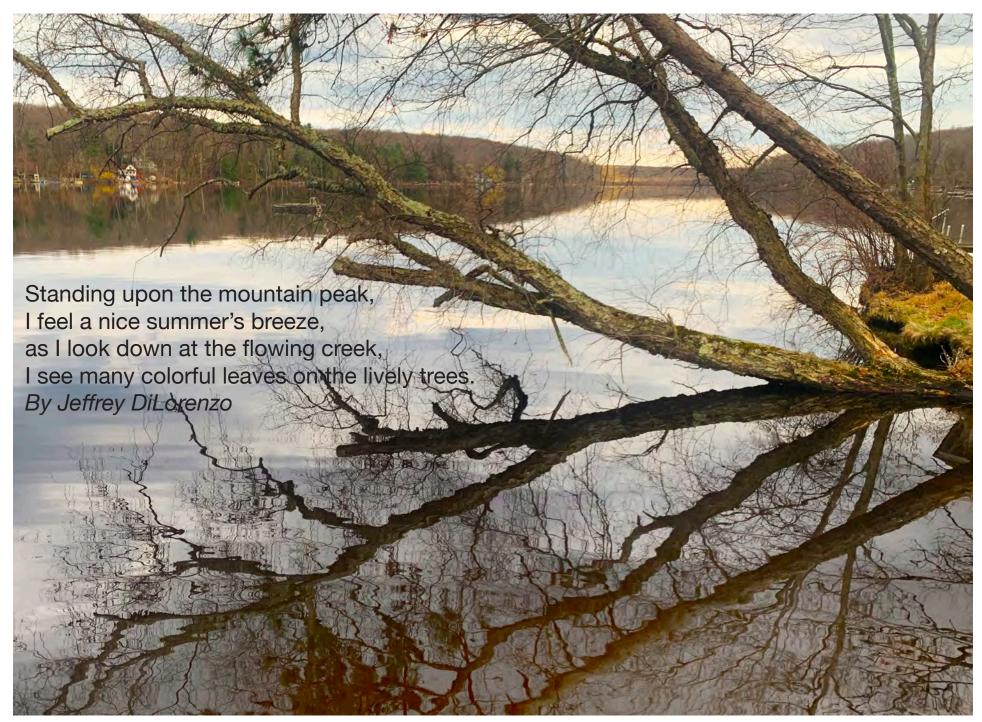
By Batisse Manhardt

ZOE FLOYD





SAMANTHA BRANCATO



Jaiden Mafaro

Lottery Ticket By Johan Marcelino

It was a quiet Sunday on Christmas Eve in 1942. I remember this day like it was yesterday. This was the day that changed my entire life for good. I was walking down Canal Street in Branson, Missouri. Just a couple blocks down from where I was living at the time. The heavy swirling snow trailing down the sky made it seem like I was living in a wonderland. It was beautiful. As I was roaming Canal Street, I came across a bright, massive, green and red billboard calling my name.

The bright advertisement read, "Dream the Impossible Dream." Below the slogan in yellow letters were "Play Now, Laugh Forever." Suddenly after reading it, I felt an anxious feeling in my stomach and found myself in the next corner store I came upon. In the process of waiting in line before purchasing my ticket with the last few dollars in my pocket, I began to think to myself and pray, "Dear Lord, please make the best out of my money and make it worth spending."

"Hey, you! Silly Will. You're up. Are

you alright?" questioned the clerk.

I immediately responded "Yes...yes. I would like to play the 'Dream the Impossible Dream', please."

"Well of source. Cood luck!" he said

"Well of course. Good luck!" he said to me.

"Thanks! With my luck, I'll need it!"

I was slowly scratching my card and playing my lucky numbers: four, one, eight and three, while overhearing the gentlemen behind me converse about how nobody has won the Dream the Impossible Dream in twenty seven years. The only thing racing through my mind was that exquisite diamond and emerald necklace my wife Della wanted and the meager gifts I was able to afford for my kids Kristy and Jaydon this year. I was anxious. While waiting for my card to be reviewed, suddenly the tension in my stomach got to me. I had butterflies due to how nervous I was.

DING, DING, rang the bell. "You're today's lucky winner sir!

You've been granted \$20,000!" cheered the clerk.

"Who? Me?" I eagerly shouted. No Way, I thought to myself. I finally did it!

"The name is Jimmy by the way. Jim for short!" I told the clerk on my way out after receiving my prize walking out of the store and taking a sharp left to head to the jeweler to buy my wife that beautiful necklace she wanted. After successfully buying the necklace I had to make up for the awful gifts I got my children and decided to get them a full checklist of what they wished for before midnight.

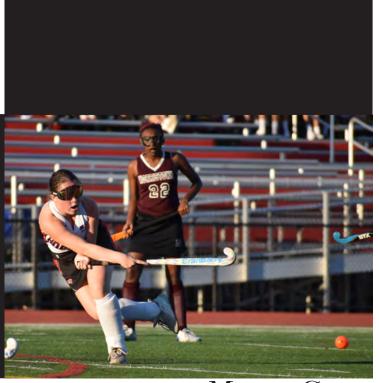
The next morning, December 25th of 1942 finally came around and everyone was just about to gather around the Christmas tree.

"Ahhh Christmas day, the best day of them all!" I sighed.

"Well! Open em' up everybody!" I told my family, "What are ya waitin' for!"



Arianna Colatruglio



Megan Gupta



Layla Coache

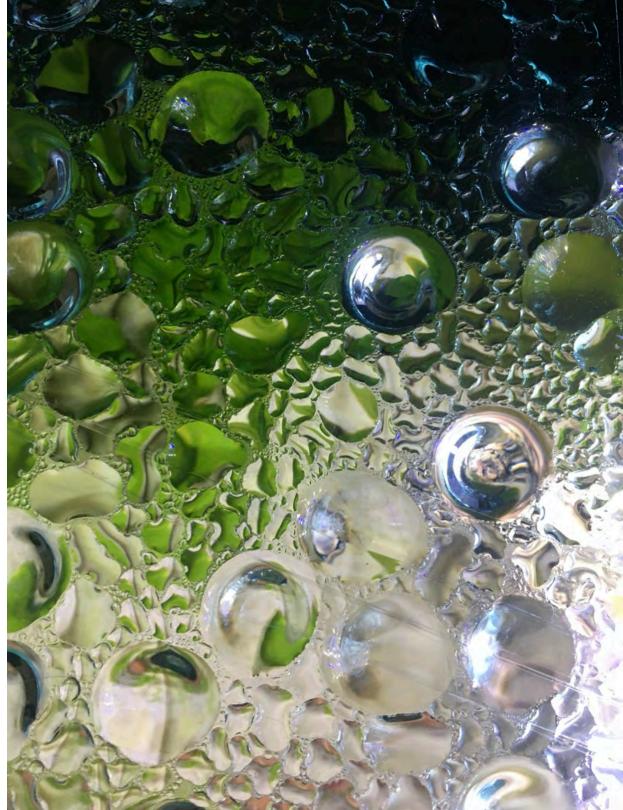
ART IN MOTION...



Rain

Pitter Pat Pitter
Its puddles shine like glitter
Clean never bitter
Below,thunder growls
But above the shadowed clouds
Blue sky,
safe and sound
Pitter Pat Pitter
The rain sinks into the ground
Life will come around

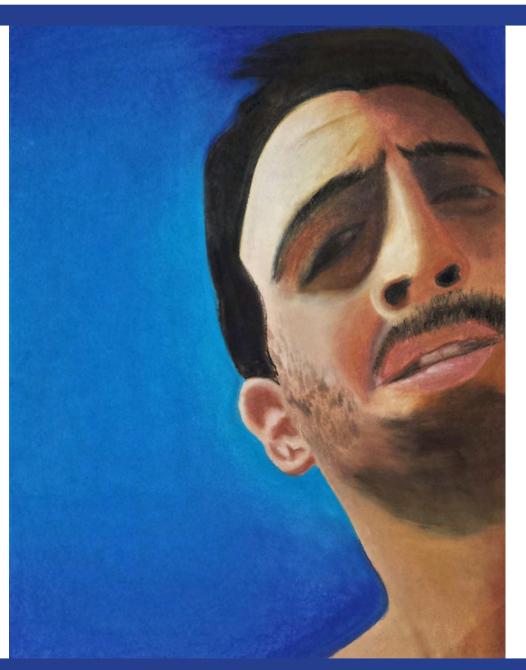
By Donte Brooks



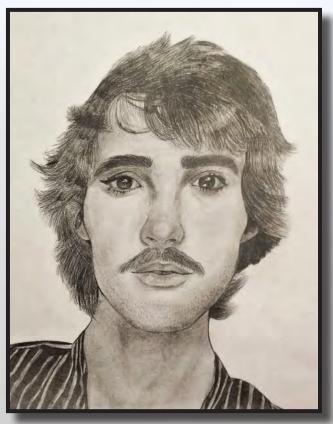
Maria Zapata

The Coronation of the Son of Man
Desperate and stumbling along the way,
The star guides the three kings on the cold path.
The camel barely supporting the weather,
Hesitating to wonder on this snowy day.
They move on to eagerly see the newborn.
All are waiting throughout this season,
For the Coronation of the Son of Man.

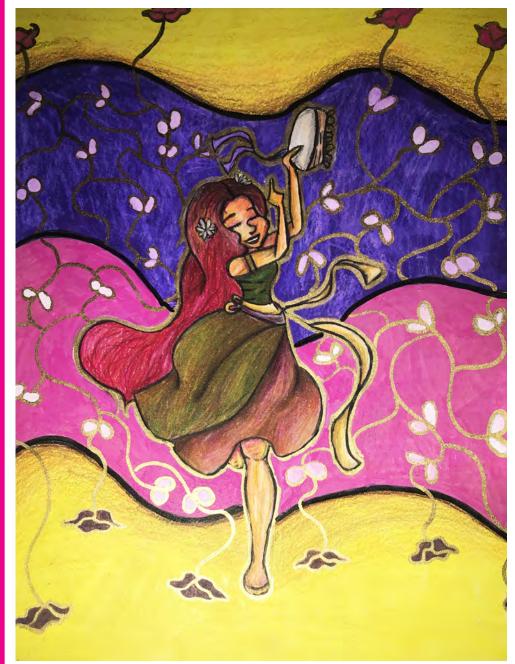
By Andrew Vicente







Saoirse LeFebvre



So many possibilities lie on an empty stage. A blank slate.

One single light at its center, a spot light. A girl.

She steps into the light looking nervous. She sings.

She sings her heart out and the house comes down.

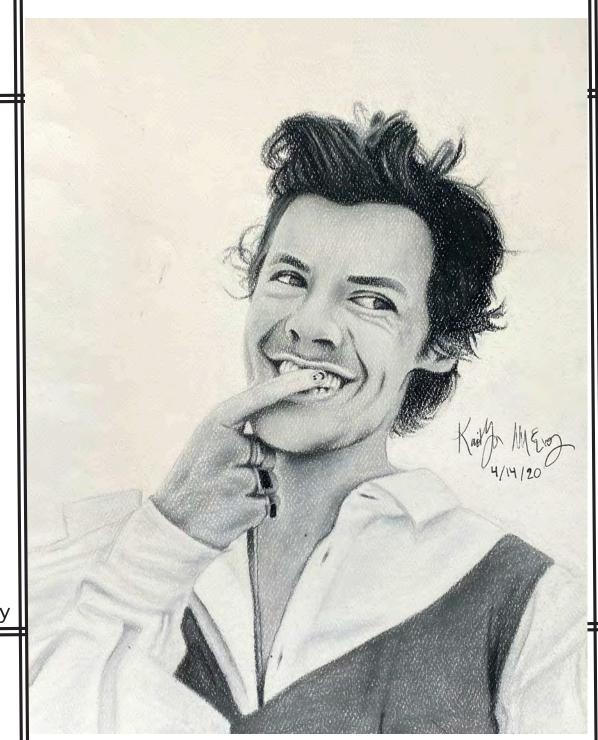
By Carey Moore

Logyn Cammarota

Dear Self,

Congratulations on making it this far. Eighteen years has taught you more than you may think. Throughout these years, you have dealt with losses, gains, love, hate, wealth, poverty, sky highs and deep deep lows. There was a moment in your life where you counted down the days till you were finally an adult and do whatever you wanted, especially moving out. Now you look back and cannot believe that was ever a thought. You are a lot stronger than you think you are. You have gone through losses, of both people and relationships. There were multiple points when you wanted it all to stop and end. Luckily you had people who care and love you. Thank them. I look back fondly on my younger years, forever grateful for the opportunities and experiences that my parents were able to provide for me. I have been able to travel to Australia on multiple occasions to see family. I got to see my favorite musicians perform live. I feel blessed and forever grateful for these experiences. There are so many places that give me pure joy to think about. Cape Cod, Disney World, The Nickelodeon Hotel, my kitchen floor, my backyard, my basement, my parent's childhood homes, my aunt's house, our minivan, my mother's work, school, Boys and Girls Club of Pequanock, School buses, Dorney Park, Six Flags, friend's homes, the Crayola Factory, Rockin' Horse Ranch, the local lake, Lavallette, and so many more places. Each one with a special memory and story to tell. You have grown. I hope to continue to grow into the kind, loyal, and caring person I want to be. I am happy that after years of being quiet, I am finally able to use my voice and share, project, and stand by my ideas and beliefs no matter what. As I say goodbye to my childhood, I look forward to a future full of questions with answers soon to be discovered. I am nervous and scared but also excited for this next chapter in my life. I hope you are too. See you soon.

Yours truly, Sydney Van De Putte



Kaitlyn McEvoy



EMMA KRAJC

Morgan Jennings



Maria Zapata



In the Shadows...







Megan Gibb

Rosy Rodriguez

Megan Snyder







Gabrielle DeJesus

Anna Papp

Filip Ruteski

In the Shadows...





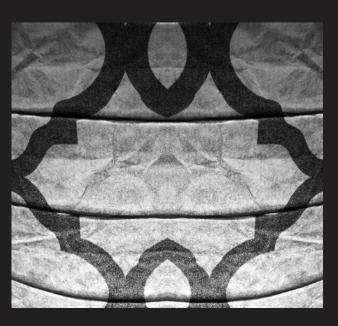
Madison Serrano

Alexandra Haefele

LAYLA COACHE









Saoirse LeFebvre

Find Me

The clear blue water sits still,
As I lie down on the cool sand.
The graceful sun rises day and night,
Yet the loneliness does not pass me.
I wake up lifeless on the ground,
But a balmy wind soon surrounds me.
Waves are approaching my way lightly,
And yet again,
You have found me.

By Amy Leon



Charlie Lezama

Dainty.

Radiant.

Agile.

Gigantic.

Out of this World.

Noble.

Fierce.

Laureled.

Yonder.



MARIA ZAPATA





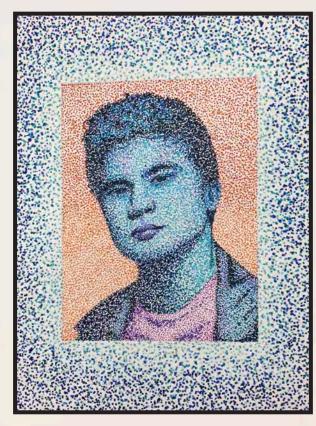






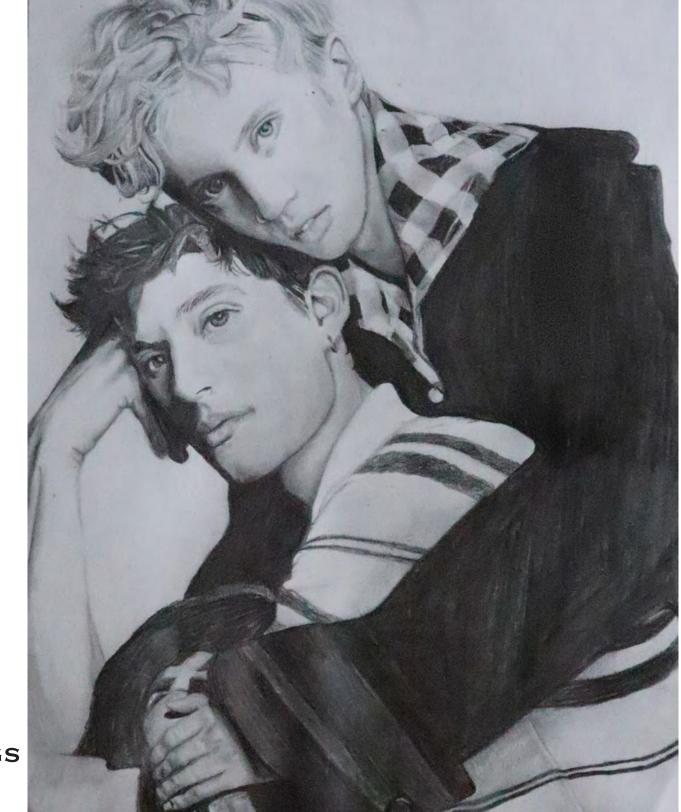


Mackenzie Zuercher

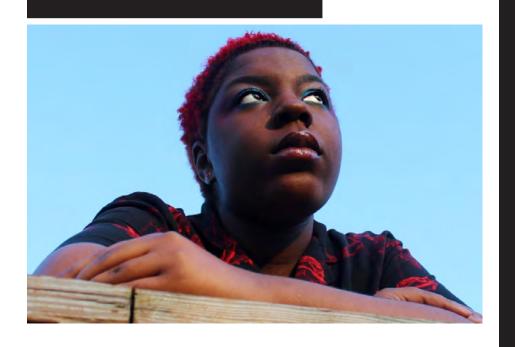


Kaitlyn McEvoy





Morgan Jennings







ARIANNA COLATRUGLIO







Are red roses painted with blood, as a promise of eternal love?
Or are they white roses painted red, full of deceit instead?

By MARIA ZAPATA







Caitlin Melgaard



The Lemon Tree

The vibrant yellow citrus tree sits in the meadow

The fruit's pungent sour taste makes tongues tingle

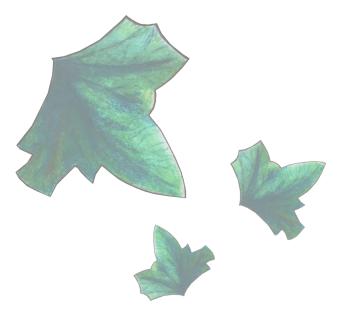
By Ornella Campanelli



Ardian Banusi



CHARLIE LEZAMA



LEAVES

LEAVES FLYING AROUND

DANCING WITH THE WIND

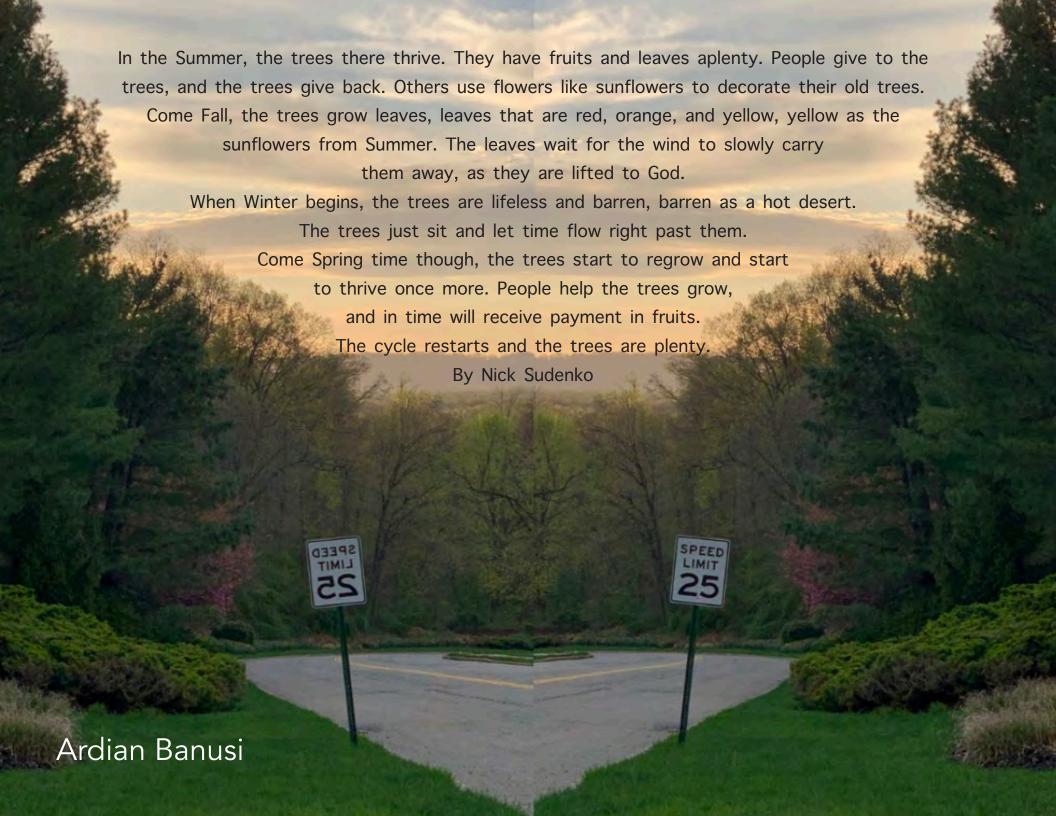
IN THE COLD WEATHER OF FALL.

BY MADELYN ERRICHIELLO





JR PEREZ









Arianna Colatruglio

Julia Jakimas

Kailtyn McEvoy





Saoirse LeFebvre

QUARANTINE

Got the call, Can't get on the bus today. Start signing on, and complete your work that way.

Mama's working, at home with me, and can only help, after three.
She does her best, with what she knows.
She prays it's enough, as my work load grows.

I feel alone, but see the light.
At ten and twelve, my classmates unite.
My teachers call us to the chromebook window,
It is something we need, more than they know.

Waiting for summer, praying for freedom, Swimming and friendship, boy do we need em.

Now I wait, it is almost three, To do math with my mom, who will be waiting for me.

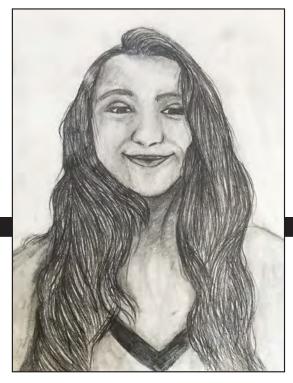
ANONYMOUS

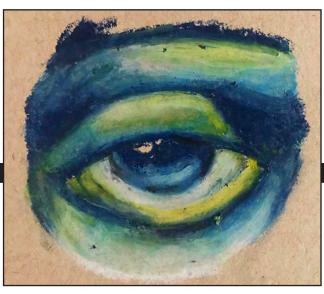


Virginia Ryan

Luca DiGiacopo









Logyn Cammarota





Saoirse LeFebvre



Jacqueline Queli

The Weeping Tree

The weeping willow...Droops down with a frown over me...Although it is just a tree
With sticks, bugs, and flowers...It copied my emotion
With leaves moving like the upset ocean...The weeping tree over me
By Elaiana Rivera

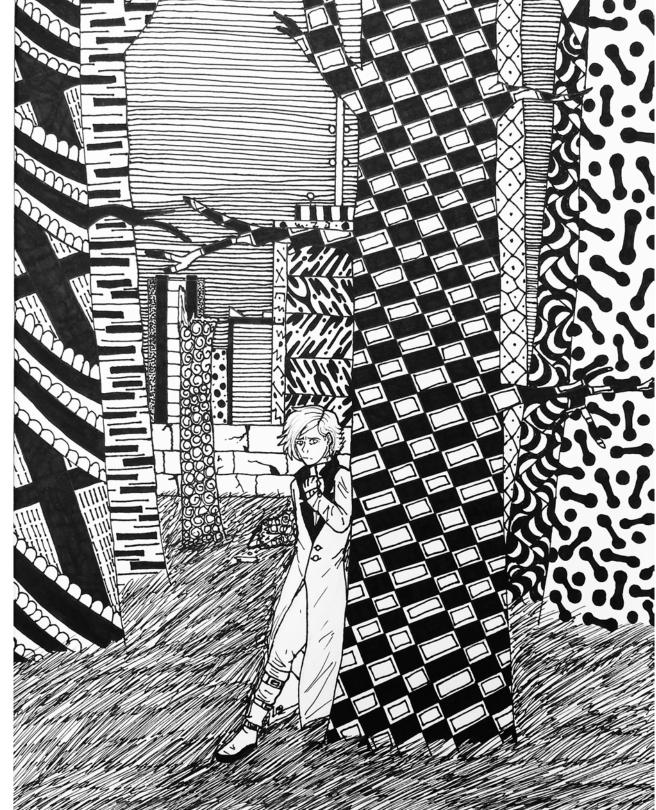




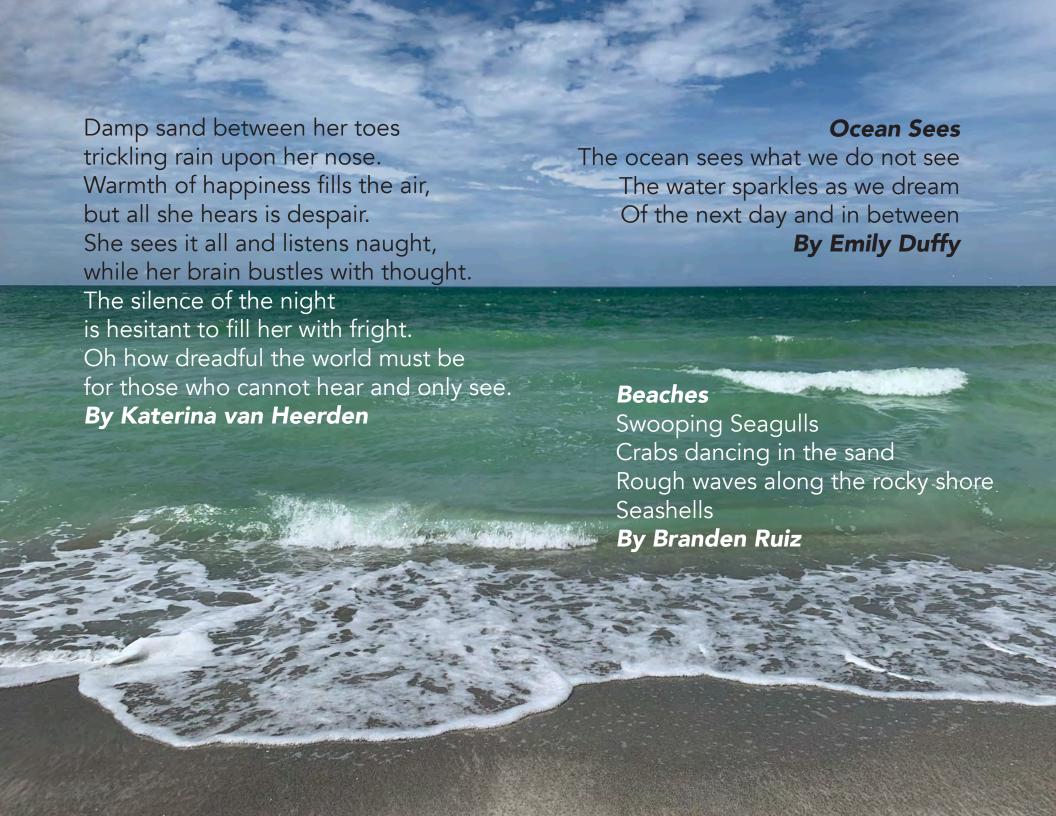


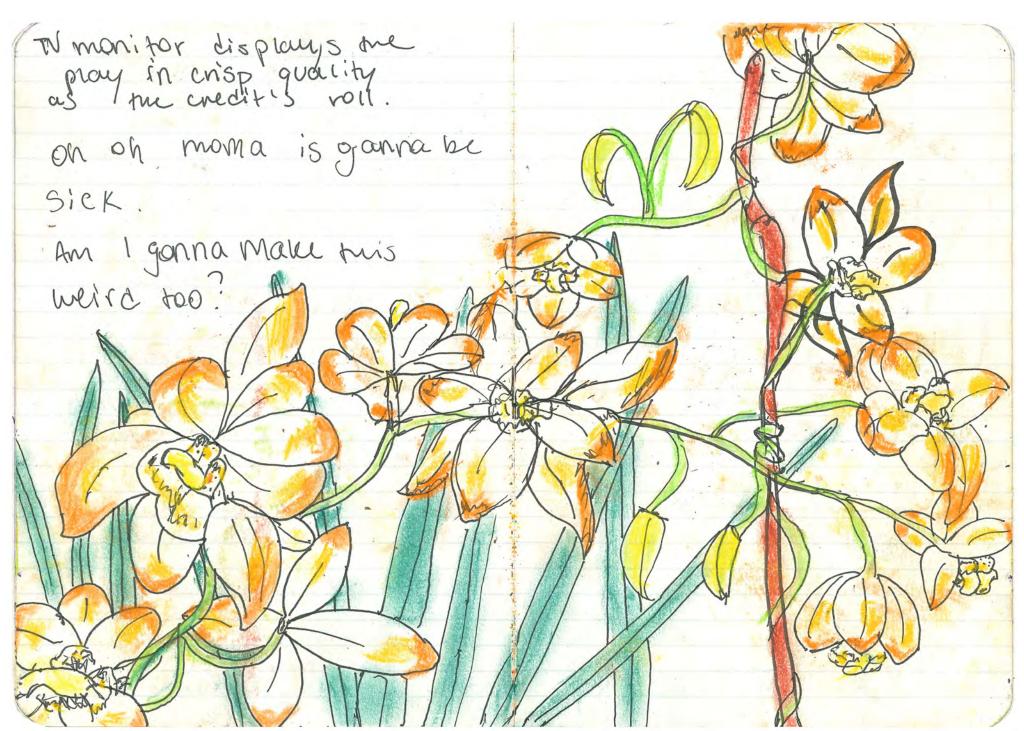
Rosy Rodriguez



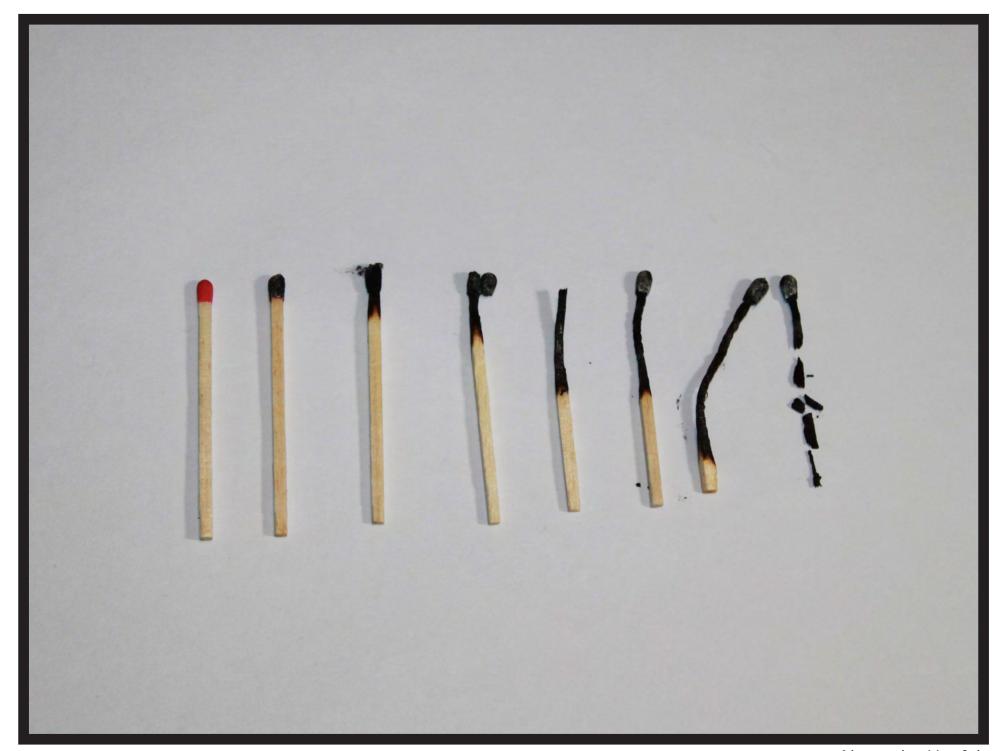


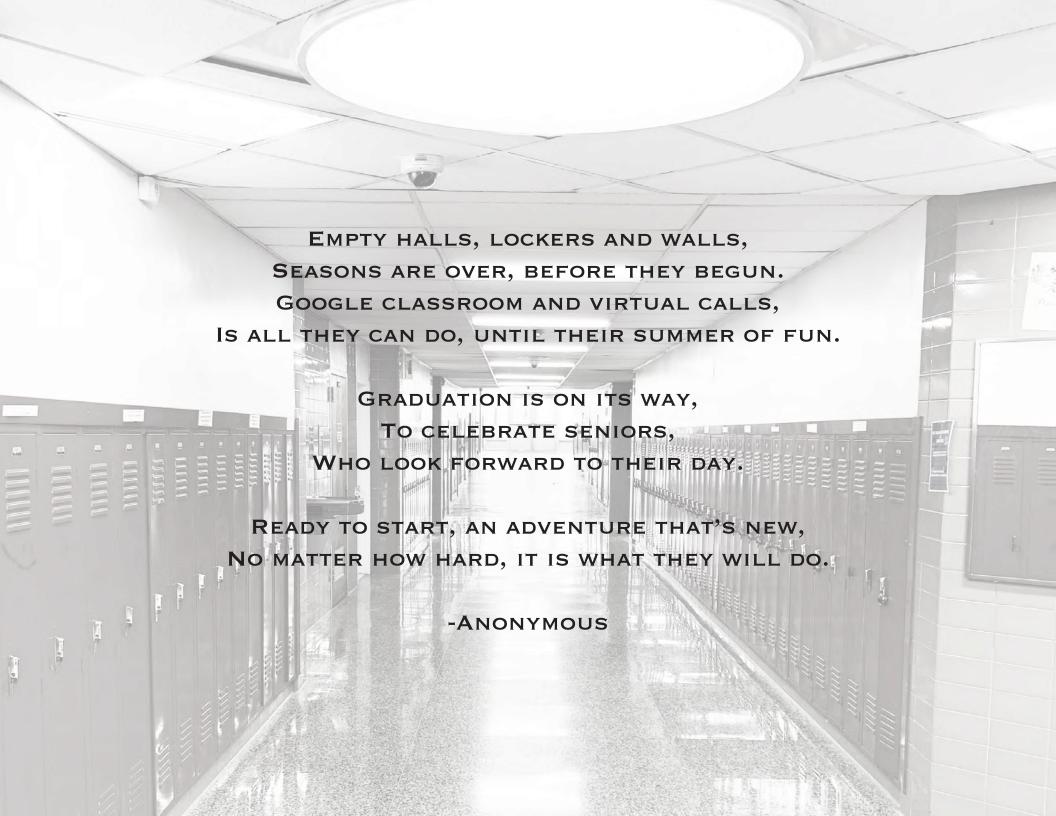
Mackenzie Zuercher

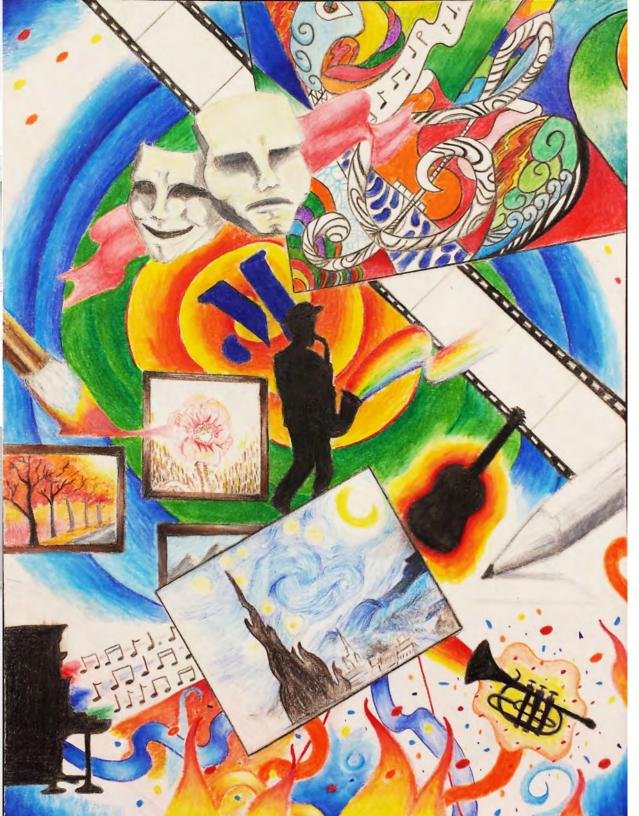




Charlie Lezama









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