



Art and literary 2019  
*expressions magazine*

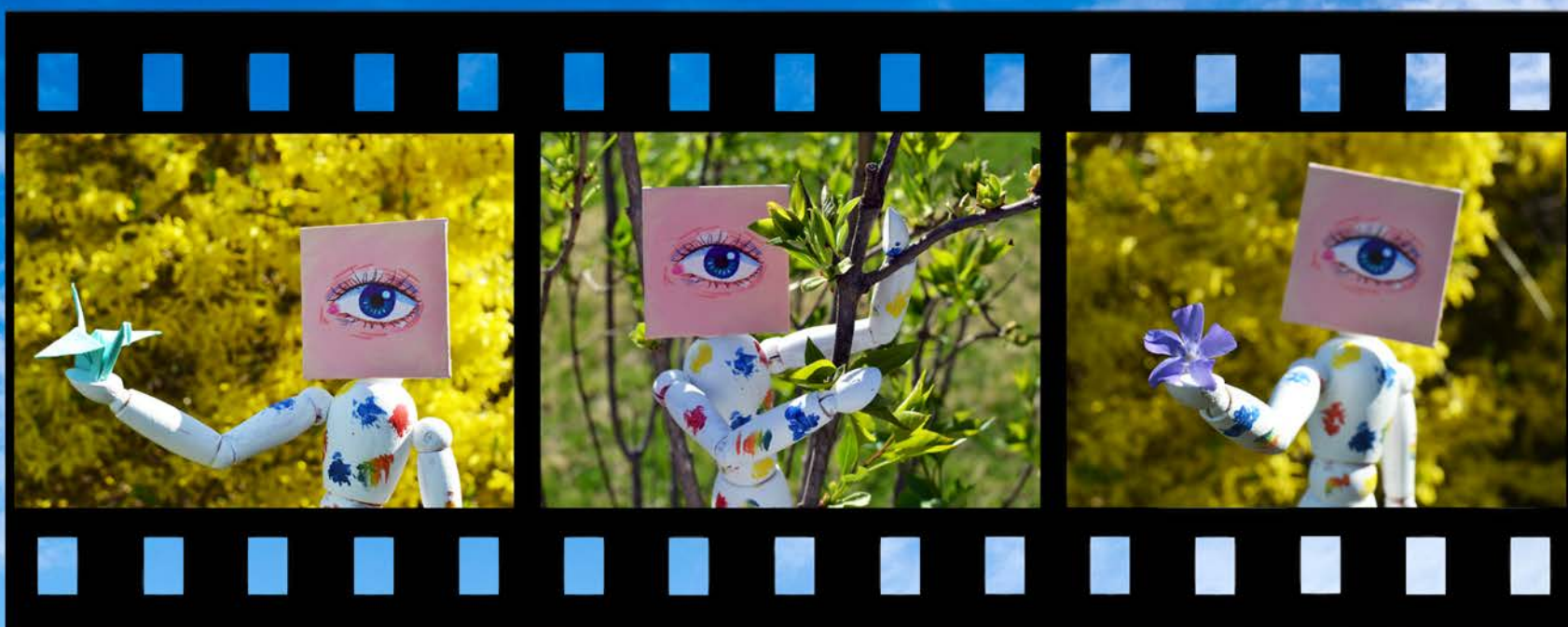
*jacqueline queli*

**A** Wes Acciarito Gulsah Akyol  
**B** Emily Baker Kiefer Baldevarona Gene Barroso  
**C** Ethan Berman Mark Bottge  
 Raymon Cabrera Delena Cairns Philip Calderon  
 Devyn Cammarota Joe Cannizzaro  
 Amanda Caprio Dylan Castro Charles Le Zama  
 Chasquibol Julianna Christern Kerry Connors  
**D** Ryan Delaporte Adelina Dika Ayessa Dungca  
 Leah Durkin  
**E** Nicholas Egzi  
 Nicholas Field Brianna Finelli David Fitzgerald  
**F** Madison Field Charlotte Fricke  
 Joshua Floyd Michael Giordano Trisha Grajo  
**G** Jaslene Gerena Michael Giordano Trisha Grajo  
 Paul Greco  
**J** Caroline Jeron  
**K** Stephen Kanefke Uzair Khan Kirsten Kraa Emma Kraje  
 Robert Kraus  
**L** Lily Lin Sal Lombardo  
**M** Christina Maimone Gabe Maquiling Farhan Malik  
 Malya McHugh Kaitlyn McEvoy Victoria Mierzwa  
 Kaigo Miles Zahra Mohammad Judah Mora  
**N** Isabella Nunez

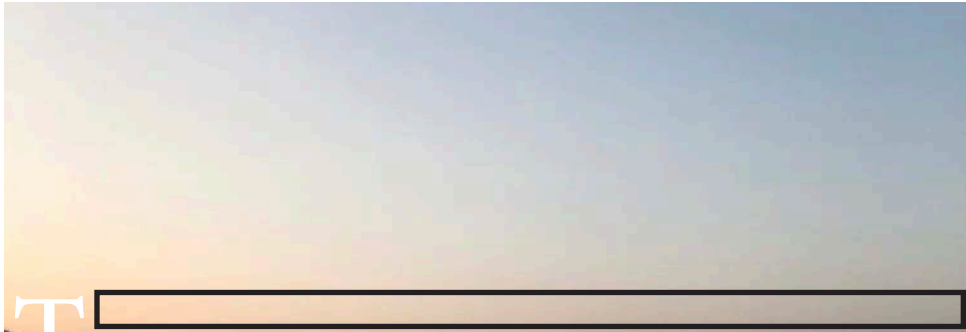
**O** Olivia Ochs Brooke Olsson Catharine Owens  
**P** Fabrizio Pizarro Truly Presnell  
**Q** Jacqueline Queli  
**R** Dom Ratti  
**S** Nadine Smith Kevin Soutar Jack Stanley  
 Emily Strzebonski  
**T** Agsa Tanveer Bisma Tanveer  
**V** Sydney Van De Putte Jeremy Valentin  
 Kira Vrabel  
**W** Marissa Wagner Justin Waters Maya Wicki  
 Aaron Wind Justin Wise Jacen Worsdorfer  
**Z** Mackenzie Zuercher

Artists and  
Writers





EMMA KRAJC



The young boy and girl patiently watched the sun rise and, once their cheeks had been kissed with the brightest blend of colors, they ran for the shoreline. The coastal seaboard was empty then, the waves gently drenching the sand with their touch. Years ago as children, they had pinky swore to always keep tradition, visiting the coastline annually to experience nesting season. Turtles were the girl's favorite, and the boy wanted nothing more than to keep her happy. They hurried towards the endless expanse of seawater, the boy glancing at the girl's beaming expression ever so often. She had a deep love for life and all of its forms

and that's what he loved most about her. As they made their way towards the beach, he held a small picnic for them firmly in his hands, as always. The boy loved surprising her and every year, whilst watching the sunset, she'd happily enjoy whatever it is he'd made for her. Tapping his shoulder, she pulled out her camera and sighed contently, pulling him from his thoughts. They'd made it.

Seashells cracked under the pressure of their feet as they trekked across the sand. She reached for his hand and interlaced their fingers without saying a word. He couldn't help but smile. Lost in thought once more, he began observing the movement of their feet. They moved at a synchronized pace, as if they were coordinated to do so. He now watched as her feet slowly came to a stop. As quickly as she had held his hand, she had now let it go. Confused and slightly alarmed, the boy looked straight ahead and quickly understood why. The turtles were missing.

The young boy and girl had been sitting at the shoreline for what seemed like forever, quietly watching the waves pull themselves up towards the sand. "Where are the turtles?" the boy pondered. He slowly looked over at the girl, hoping she'd be okay. He noticed that she'd tucked her camera away, breathing quietly and heavily. She looked at the sun with glossy eyes, and he realized there was nothing he could say that would make her feel better in that moment.

He slowly grabbed her hand and lifted her up. The boy intended on figuring out why the turtles were gone, hoping a valid reason would make the girl feel less disconcerted. He led the way to a ticket booth nearby, hoping that maybe someone would have an answer to the endless questions running through their minds. The boy looked down once more, hoping to distract himself with the coordination of their movement, but he only noticed that their feet were no longer in sync. Had the

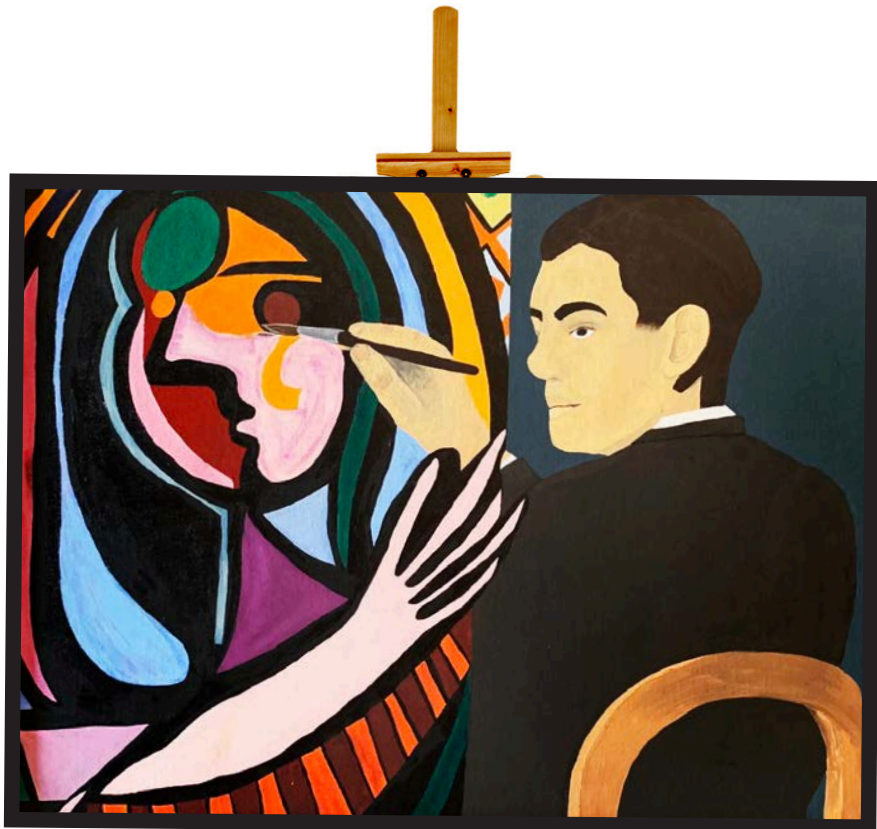
disappearance of the sea turtles really hurt her? Perhaps they had come too early, too late, too quickly. "If you're happy, I'm happy." he'd always tell her. The turtles would be there when they got back, he was sure of it. Maybe then the girl would be happy again.

The booth had a single light bulb shining overhead, and an unaccompanied employee watched as they walked towards him. The boy gestured at the girl, reassuring her that he'd figure everything out. She looked at him with a deep gaze, slowly gripping his hand before letting it go. The boy made his way towards the employee and asked about the turtles, hoping for a swift and reassuring answer. Their conversation was quick, and as the boy made his way back to the girl, he began to fidget with his fingers. He pulled her aside and relayed the employee's response to her: Most of the turtles had died, the rest being treated at a facility nearby. The girl's eyebrows were furrowed now, expressing her untold confusion. The boy tried to explain it to her as simply as possible, but he knew the truth would hurt. The coastline endured crowds of bustling beach-goers every summer, and the vast amounts of people meant vast amounts of waste left on the sand. There were people who dedicated their time to cleaning up the beach, but even they couldn't collect all of the trash at once. Small amounts of garbage and plastics washed into the ocean over time. The general public wouldn't worry over a small amount, even if it meant this small amount would begin to build up over the years, slowly spreading across the shoreline. Eventually, the plastics began to get caught around the turtles' necks, in their noses, on their shells. The boy told her what the employee finished with before ending their conversation: It seems people prefer to leave their problems for someone else to solve, rather than walk 20 steps towards the recycling bins and toss their waste themselves. Upon hearing this the girl quietly gasped, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Who would do such a thing?" the girl wondered. The boy slowly wiped the tears from her eyes. Seeing her affliction made his heart ache.

Bringing her a picnic was something he'd loved to do. When they'd finish she would thank him for dinner and slowly make her way across the beach to take pictures. This would leave him with the task of clearing the area. It was simple and went unsaid. All he'd have to do is take their supplies and discard them in the recycling bin nearby. He'd quietly groan, wanting to spend as much time with her as he could. Growing impatient, the boy would do what he thought best: shove their supplies into a plastic bag and place it near the boardwalk. The idea stayed well-kept in his head. "Someone will come pick it up, they have people for that," he thought. Thinking about it now, he felt a sharp sting in his bothered conscience. The boy looked in the girl's direction, the sound of his heart pounding in his ears. She's still crying and he wanted nothing more in this world than to comfort her, but how could he? He, like many others, was guilty.

-Aqsa Tanveer





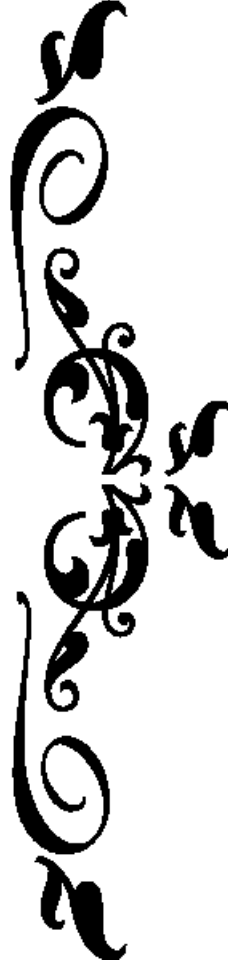

Devyn Cammarota



Kiefer Baldevarona

# Lonely

By Sydney Van De Putte



Feeling lonely when you're not alone is the worst feeling out there. You have no reason to feel like this, yet it still enters through a back door. Even though you know people are there, something inside doesn't want to tell them. You don't want to bother or hassle distract them or even worse have them pity you. After a while you begin to believe that they in fact do, but even if they don't, nothing can change your mind. So you suppress all your thoughts and feelings and continue to feel lonely. You let it consume you until a new day arrives, then the cycle starts all over again. That feeling never leaving even though there is no reason for you to feel this way. You don't want to tell anyone in case they run away like the others. They pity you, there is no changing your mind there. The thoughts consume you again as you sit in the dark waiting for a new day, a new beginning where all of this may end, but the cycle continues. Feeling lonely yet being surrounded by people you know.





Victoria Mierzwa



Justin Wise





**Ayessa Dungca**



**Aqsa Tanveer**



**Delena Cairns**

BOONTON HIGH SCHOOL  
GALLERY



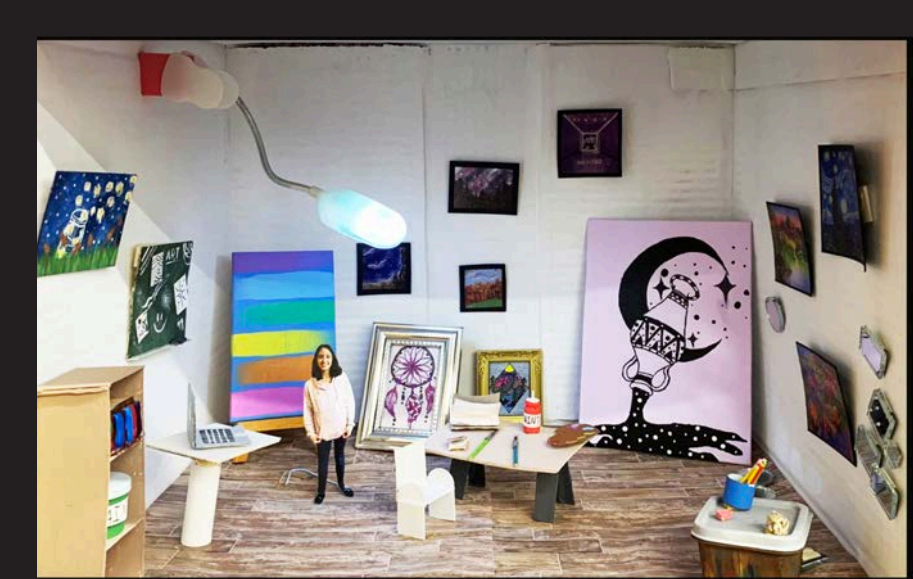


Christina Maimone

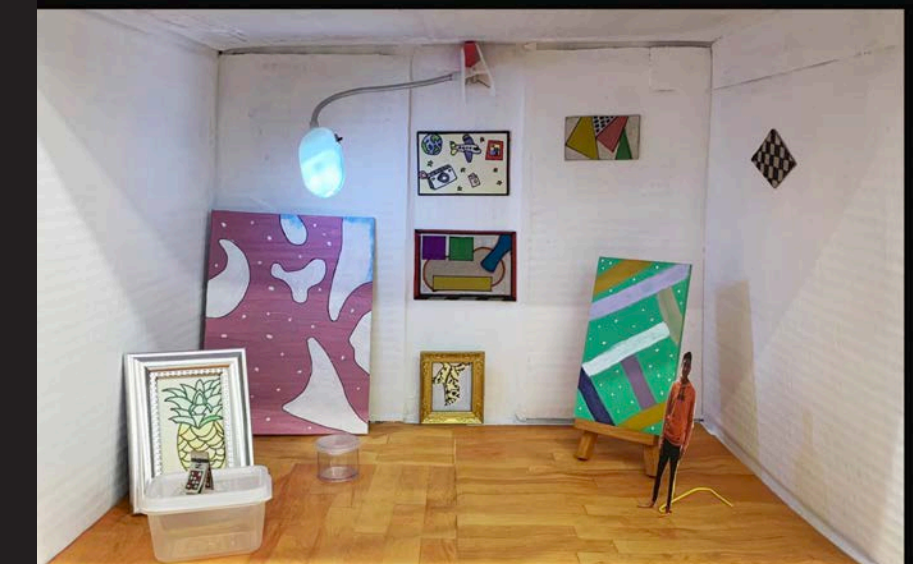
As I walked home after a long day, I feel that it is beginning to rain, but I did not prepare for this. So I run to find a place to stand. When I finally find shelter under an awning, I look and see the sky, it seems to stay black forever. I go on my phone and call a Lyft, 20 minutes away. I stand under the dry area and look around. The birds are hiding in the trees trying to stay safe like me, but the trees seem to be happy. They seem to be reaching for this each drop of rain hoping to get wet. Then I see the flowers doing the same. They seem to like the rain, love per se. With that I look and think, people are running past me but why. I see that I'd like the plants, people seem to disagree. They are running from the droplets of life, dare I say. I mean just think about it. These droplets take what looks like rocks and turn them into amazing things like trees and flowers. There is an entire ecosystem based off of this thing that many take for granted. The wreaths, fish, dolphins, whales all gone because H<sub>2</sub>O doesn't exist. People, villages, travel miles and miles to get this one thing to hydrate, even though it is not safe, but it is all they have. You and I can turn the single knob just to get this liquid life. Hot or cold, but always clean. So I'd be scared of these droplets, embrace them. I go onto my phone and cancel the car. I brace by self and begin my walk home through the liquid life.

-Sydney Van De Putte

Devyn Cammarota



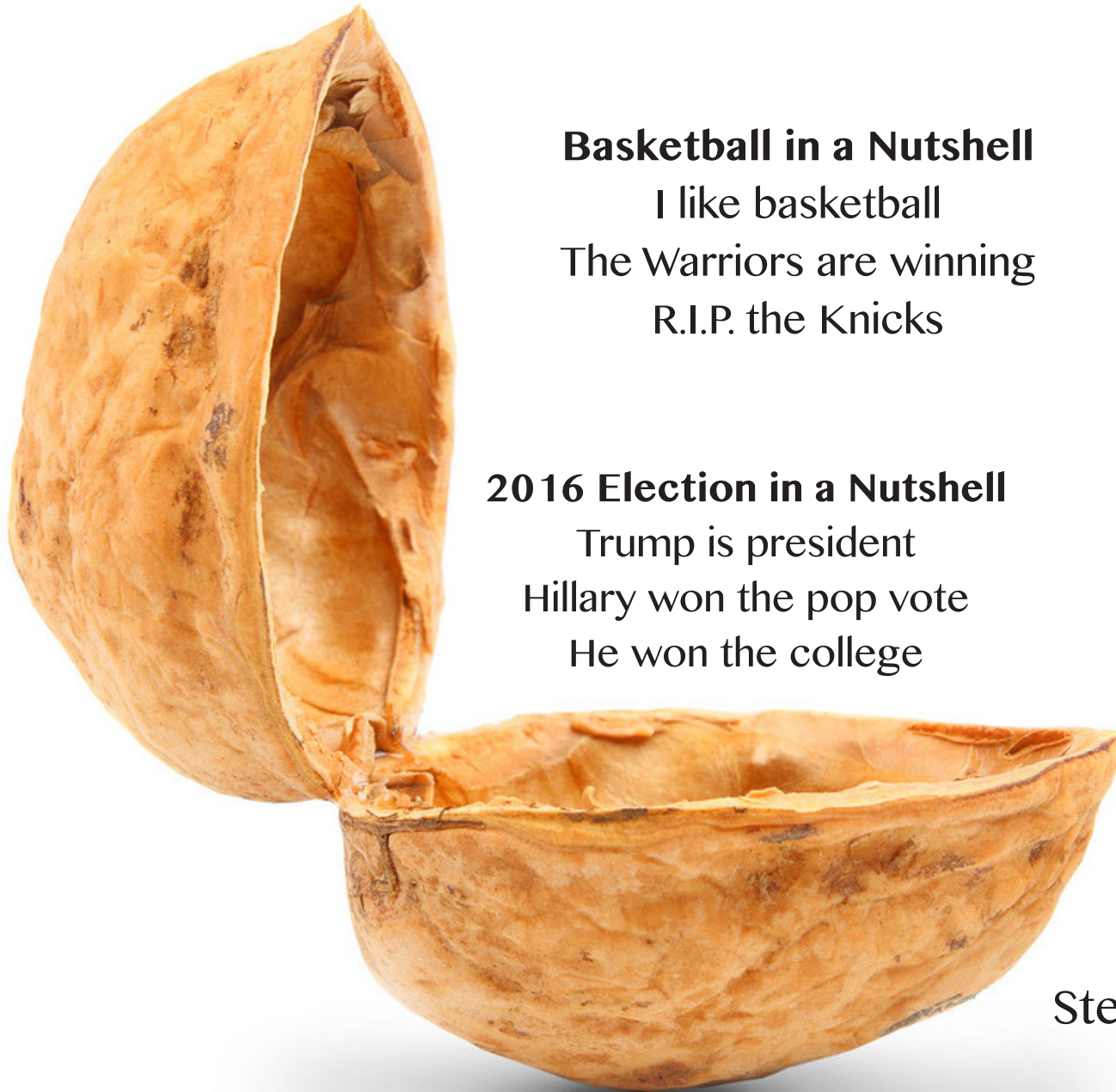
Brianna Finelli



Fabrizio Pizarro

Catharine Owens





### **Basketball in a Nutshell**

I like basketball  
The Warriors are winning  
R.I.P. the Knicks

### **2016 Election in a Nutshell**

Trump is president  
Hillary won the pop vote  
He won the college

### **My Diet in a Nutshell**

I like food a lot  
Pizza is so very good  
R.I.P. diet

Steven Ferstenfeld



kira vrabel

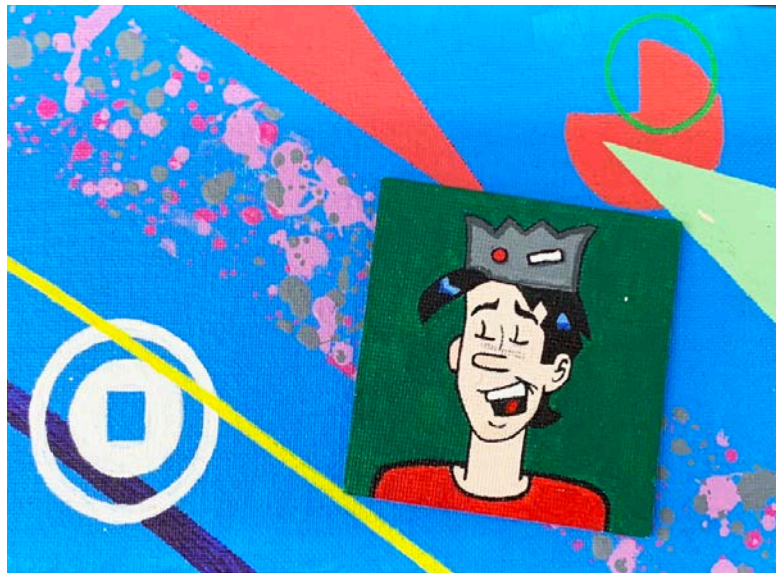




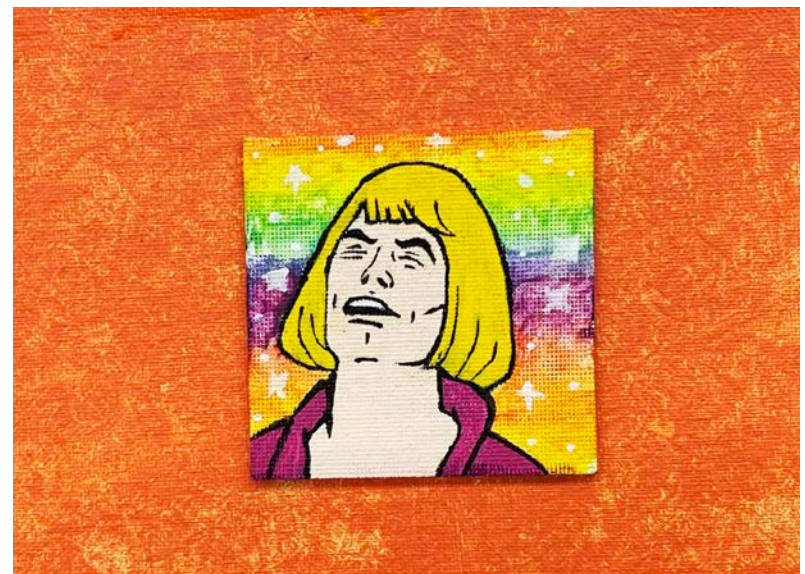
Dylan Castro



Victoria Mierzwa



Aqsa Tanveer



Truly Presnell



# World of Secrets & Sins

- A n o n y m o u s

Sorry that I sent 7 texts in a row  
It's just that I am real scared for you to be alone

You hear lots of stories on the news and on the phone  
Of a little girl or boy missing from their home

Now listen up ladies and gentleman  
Moms and dads

It's hard to let our kids out in this world when they have so much to loose  
A future, a life, anything after school

But the thing that you don't get  
You all may regret

Is the fact that warning them make them wonder what's out there  
Scared to trust the world from a very young age, maybe something bad is in the air

So welcome to the world of secrets and sins  
To a big game of high school, no outs and no ins  
To a game of what we want and what we can't have

But the game seems easier to the people who cheat  
The ones who can pretend like it's a game they can compete

But no you can't ask for help, because then you have to restart  
From the beginning when it is scary, and your still pieced apart  
So you start from yesterday and wait for tomorrow  
Let your heart lead the way  
Remember this life you're just here to borrow

What did they just say  
Are they looking at me  
Not an attention game  
More like a scared scream  
Remember to be strong and stand tall

Because you never know who's coming none-or them all  
Lets not forget the most beautiful things get taken away  
A gift or a curse-anyways

If we just all looked from above, where everything is still, pretty  
Instead of going deep inside, and seeing the real city

We look at the view then we walk inside to see the truth behind the beauty  
The real behind the secret insecurity

The lies we wear on our foreheads everyday  
To pretend we win the game of the life in a way

What did they just say  
Are they looking at me  
Not an attention game  
More like a scared scream

Remember be strong and stand tall  
Because you never know who's coming none- or them all  
Let's not forget the most beautiful things get taken away  
A gift or a curse - anyways

To pretend we know our secrets behind our sins  
To win the lifelong game of high school, through outs and ins

To get what we want and what we will have

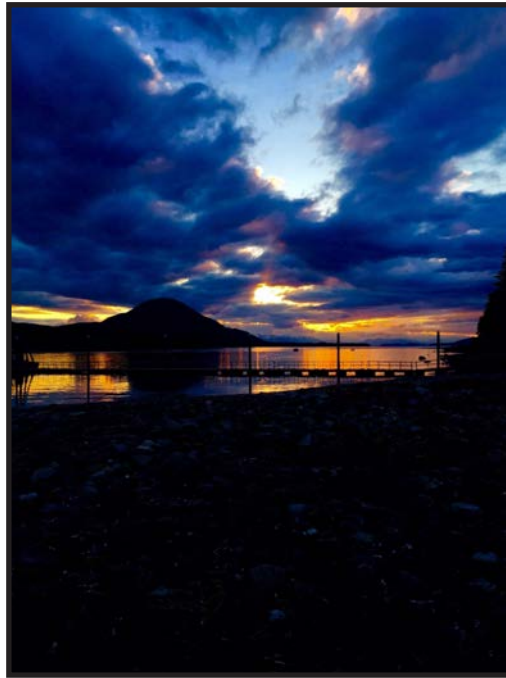
So to the people who cheat instead of compete

To The ladies and gentlemen scared to just be

To the stories of the girls and boys missing from their homes  
And the calls about them on the phone

And to those 7 texts I sent in a row  
It is as I've said, I'm scared for you to be alone





*photography by mark bottge*

---

Photography by Mark Bottge

*One October Night Part 2*  
-Julianna Christern

I live on a farm in France with my mother and father. I'm thinking about Alex and what we're going to do tonight when she sleeps over.

"I don't feel like going into the woods tonight." The doorbell rang. I ran to the door, and I saw my friend Alex.

"Hi, Alex!"

"Hi, Jules!"

We both talked and laughed for hours. Then I dozed off... I could only hear mumbling because my ears were ringing. The man looked at me one more time and disappeared into the dark cold shadows. I felt the ground around me. I felt leaves and twigs, and the damp, cold soil underneath my shaking hands.

"Jules. Jules! JULES!" screamed Alex.

I jumped. "What? Sorry, I dozed off."

"Still having the flashbacks?"

"Yeah, I am."

We didn't talk about it for the rest of the night. Until later that evening. The sun was setting while Alex and I were riding our horses.

"So, have you ridden Autumn since the accident?" Asked Alex.

"No, I have not."

Once again I dozed off... It was cold and dark. I was taking the horses in, until my horse, Autumn, started neighing, and bucking. Right away I knew that this was a very deplorable moment. I tried to calm him, but his head hit me over the head. Everything got blurry, and then went black. I slowly started to snap back into reality.

"Why am I going so fast?" I realized that Autumn was cantering.

"JULES! THERE ARE SHADOWS SURROUNDING US! WHAT DO WE DO?!"

"I DON'T KNOW!" The world slowly started spinning. Everything went black. Not even the smallest flicker of light could be seen. Alex kicked my leg.

"Jules!" "Wait. What? Where am I?" I realized I was still on a horse.

"It's getting late," I said. "We should go."

It was dark and cold. You could see the white steam of hot air as you exhaled. Every step was an eerie sound. The crunching of the frosted grass and the crumbling leaves.

"It's not even below freezing! How can there already be frost on the ground?" Alex asked.

"I'm not sure Alex. Today is no ordinary Halloween..."

As we rode the horses back into the crimson barn I could hear whispers of people.

"What was that?!" Alex said.

"I'm not sure. Let's just put the horses back into their rooms." As we were walking back to the house we felt a shiver down our spines. A cold harsh breeze brushed our faces.

"We should go." We both said in a scared voice. We ran to the house.

"It's a bit late isn't it?"

"Sorry, mom. We'll get ready for dinner now." Alex and I ran up the stairs to get to my room. I slammed the door.

"Ok. Jules. What is going on?!"

"I don't know! Let just get ready for dinner and forget about this." As we finished up our dinner, we got tired very quickly.

"Are you girls alright?" Mom asked.

"Yes, but we are just very tired right now."

"Well, you girls should go to bed then."

"We will mom." We were walking up the stairs, but we both looked at each other. We both look out the window and all we could see was a single light in the middle of the black forest and we both ran. The clock struck 2:00. It was 2:00 am. Alex and I could not fall asleep. I slowly rose from my bed which was warm and had the fluffiest blanket. I looked out the window, and I saw something I never thought I would ever see again.

"Alex? Come here. Now!" Alex came to the window.

"What on earth is that?!" I dozed off... He had a candle. The flame was flickering, and all I could see was the burning amber flame, in his pitch black eyes.

"Jules?... What is that?"

"That Alex is someone you really don't want to meet. And whatever you do. DON'T LOOK AWAY!"

"Ok. I won't look away." Alex said shakily.

I whispered under my breath. "Oh no! Watchers watch, and..." I stood up straight and said out loud

"Catchers catch! Alex, we are in big trouble right now!"

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" I heard Alex scream I turned around to see a tall black figure coming right for us. But Alex's scream made the Catcher stop and we ran right out the door, and we went outside. We kept running. We ran into the woods. Alex grabbed my arm.

"Where are we?"

"We are in The Forest of Darkness."

"How do you know?"

"Trust me. I know." I saw Ripper. I dozed off... I remembered the flickering of the amber candle in those dark black, and evil looking eyes.



# Drip. Drop. Drip. Drop.

the faint sound of water rang through my ears as I slowly woke up, lying on a cold hard rocky ground. I clenched my eyes as a sharp pain started pounding my skull, like a hammer smashing a piece of iron on an anvil. I cringed in pain and grabbed my head, how did I get here? Where am I? What happened to my head? I tried opening my eyes, the dark, dark room was covered in dust and cobwebs, with small puddles of dirty water dotting the concrete room. I tried as hard as I could to remember anything, even just the slightest detail about how I got here. Fragments of memories began filling my head. Panic began running through me, my lungs begging for more and more air, tears welling up in my eyes, as cohesive memories finally began to reach my mind. The party, the kidnapping itself, it was all too much. It felt like I couldn't breathe, the vivid memories running through my mind, shaking me down to my very core. Then it was over, my eyes fell closed as I fell back into a fitful slumber.

I woke up with a jump, gasping for air, sweat covering my tattered clothes. The dark grey of my surroundings and cold floor beneath me immediately reminding me of where I was. However something was different now, a light radiating down in a distant part of the room. I quickly rose to my feet ignoring the pain still gripping my head. A way out! I approached the light, every step bursting with every increasing energy, however, this quickly vanished as I saw where the light was coming from. It came from a small squarish hole in the ceiling, at least 35 feet up from where I stood. Tears welled up in my eyes as the realization of what this meant fully hit me. There was no way out. I would spend the rest of my life in a disgusting cave eating mice and mushrooms and drinking from the dirty puddles that dotted the depressing landscape that I now would reside. I began thinking about my mother, my friends, my little sister, my cat, all of those I loved and cared about. It was at that moment I realized that I can't give up. No matter how hard it would be, no matter how long it would be, I had to get out.

It took nearly a week but I've finally done it, I had finally figured out a way to escape. The makeshift rope made up of the filthy rags that had once been clothes was wrapped around my waist. It connected me to a stalagmite which jutted from the wall around 15 feet up from where I stood. I took a deep breath, wiped the sweat and dirt off my face and scuttled up a large boulder leaning against the rocky wall, the cool surface of it sending shivers down my spine. Wrapping the excess rope around my waist and taking another deep breath, I jumped off the bolder in a sideways motion. My eyes

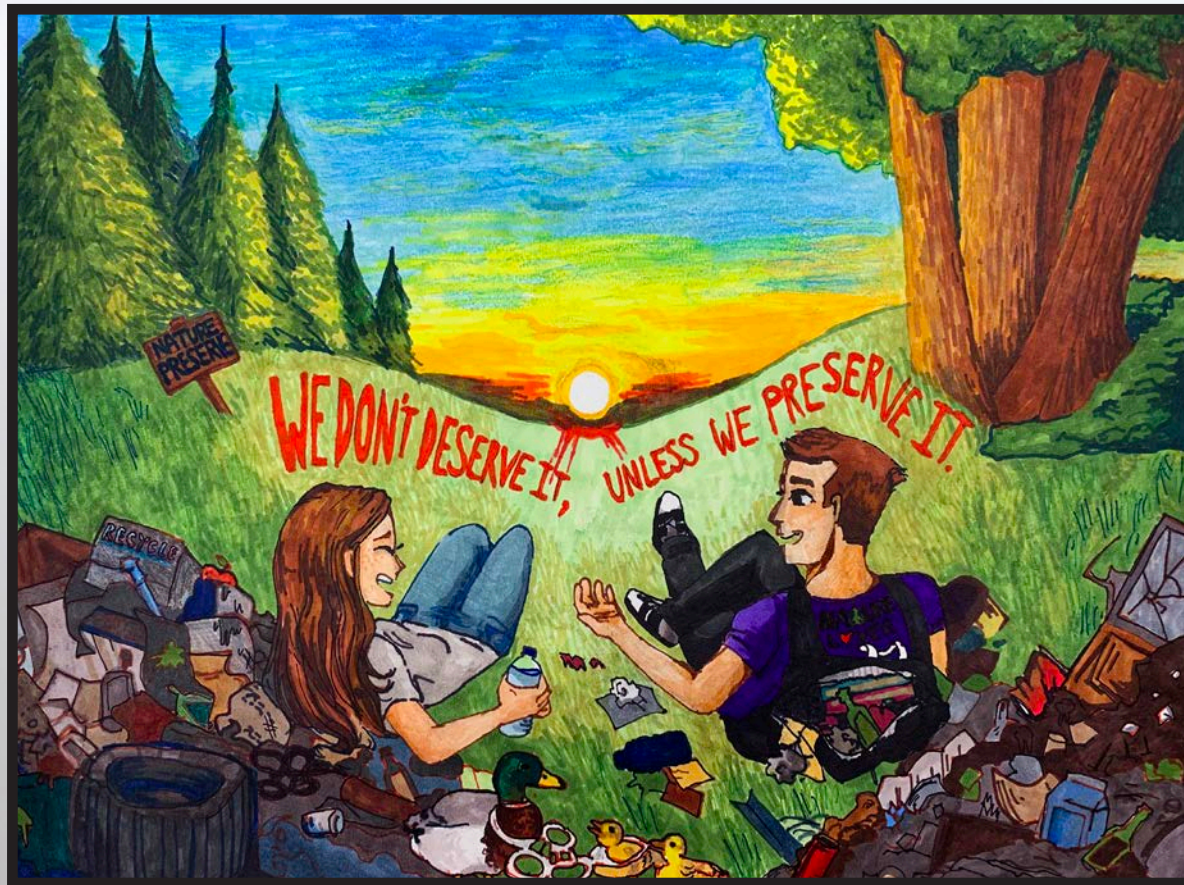
were clenched shut as I waited for the rope to fail, and for me to fall back down to the hard ground. However, to my delight, it held. For the first time since I had been down here I smiled. It worked! It actually worked! I slowly ascended the wall, putting practically all my weight on the rope.

After 10 minutes I finally reached the stalagmite. I hoisted myself onto the jagged rock and finally relaxed my aching muscles. Now came the truly hard part. I looked up to the hole, the only route to escape which while closer, still seemed incredibly distant. I flattened myself upon the rock and then slowly and carefully rose to my feet. I loosened the rope around my waist and threw it down to the floor. It couldn't help me any more. I took a deep breath as I began scaling the jagged wall. One. Two. One. Two I forced any thought out of my head other than those two numbers as I robotically moved my arms and legs up the wall. Before long I was almost there, no more than four feet away. I took another step up, and grabbed the ledge of the hole. Then, the cracking of rock sent shivers down my spine. I looked down in sheer panic as the rock holding my right foot up was crumbling under me. Without thinking, my other arm shot up, grabbing onto the ledge. Then, a final loud crack, the rock was broken. I desperately attempted to get my arms up out of the hole, my sweaty hands slipping off the ledge. Panic and fear ran through me as my left hand slipped off the edge. Thoughts of those I loved cycled through my mind. No. Not like this. Not after getting this far. Using strength I didn't know I possessed, I kicked against the steep wall and managed to get my left elbow over the ledge. Running off pure adrenaline, I got my right elbow over as well. With one last desperate burst of energy, I raised my elbows up and managed to scuttle out of the hole.

I was out. It was over. I rolled on my back and looked up to the clear blue sky above me, and smiled. I had never really been a fan of the outdoors, but right now it seemed like heaven. The warm blades of grass rubbed against the skin, as I extended my arms out to soak up the warm sun. I slowly rose to my feet. The blades of grass still poking my feet as I stretched out my back. I glanced down at the hole, the rocky prison where I had just resided now seemed so distant. The awful memories of its confines were just that, memories. I turned away from the hole and walked away, thinking of my friends and family who despite not physically being with me, I wouldn't have been able to escape without.

**Wes Acciarito**





Emily Strzebonski



# The Stranger in the Photo of Me

---

"If you didn't snapchat it did it really happen?" This is a common saying among teenagers today. Photos are some of the best objects to own. They capture moments in life that help jog memories. They are the jumpstarters to our memory motors. You may not remember a certain day or activity, but seeing a moment captured from them can help you. If you were too young to remember a certain event, a photo can help you learn more about the story of your early life. This may be one of the many reasons as to why parents, especially of younger kids, document almost every moment of their child's day.



I had a very blessed early childhood. We went to Cape Cod, Massachusetts almost every summer, visited family in Australia every four years, and we even went to Disney a few times. My sister and I spent practically every moment together, giggling, not yelling at each other, neither of us having a care in the world. Our inner thoughts were about the present, always in the moment. Our biggest worry if Troy and Gabriella would get back together. Now my thoughts are full of worry, from grades and college to work and my body image. Looking back on photos, to me, is looking back at an easier time, a time without cares and full of pure joy.

During this time in my life I was always happy. Watching Disney movies, playing with dolls, having fun with my family. I did not care about anything people thought of me. Even a few years after this photo was taken I was the same way. Happy as a clam. Living my best life. Using my imagination to make up obscene worlds. Dressing up as a princess, playing teacher, even forming a "band" with my cousin. Life was the best it has ever been.

It was time for our family vacation, and my family picked our favorite place, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. During the time of this photo we were taking family photos on the beach at sunset. I was as happy as a clam, spending the day at the beach, swimming and building sand castles. My mother put my sister and I into coordinating orange outfits. While waiting to be called over by my mother for our pictures, I wandered off, playing with the sand, carefree. I went over to the shoreline to wash my hands in the

ocean, my mother called my name in the process and snapping this photo of me. I was happy with everything, no lingering cloud over me.

What caused this cloud to form? Was it the societal pressures of going to college? Was it all the advertisements I have now been exposed to ever since childhood? There are many possibilities as to how this change came to be, but the only answer I can give you is that it has drastically affected me.

The change was a gradual one. One that may have started earlier than expected. It begins with seeing all sorts of advertisements and television shows. Seeing the "ideal women" of the time and comparing yourself to them in the mirror. Then you realize that you do not look like the other girls in your classes or the school. Once social media comes in to play you start to compare yourself more and more to people you don't even know.

You know that these comparisons are stupid and should not mean anything, but you still do it. With all the body positive and loving ourselves campaigns, you would assume that you wouldn't feel this way anymore, but you still do. You continue to compare even though you know the times are changing, and you have trouble learning to love yourself. Then you are pressured by teachers and family to do well on at first spelling test which then turn into finals then the SATs. You then feel the need to go to an amazing school and find an expected major like one in the STEM field, even though you what you are extremely interested in is a very unpredictable career.

As a child, life was easier and I was happier. I could care less about my appearance or grades, but now thats all that consumes me. It is a darkness I know I can overcome, but have yet to do.

-SYDNEY VAN DE PUTTE

Water is clearly a mystery to me.

A solid?

A liquid?

A gas?

It's all 3.

Freeze it.

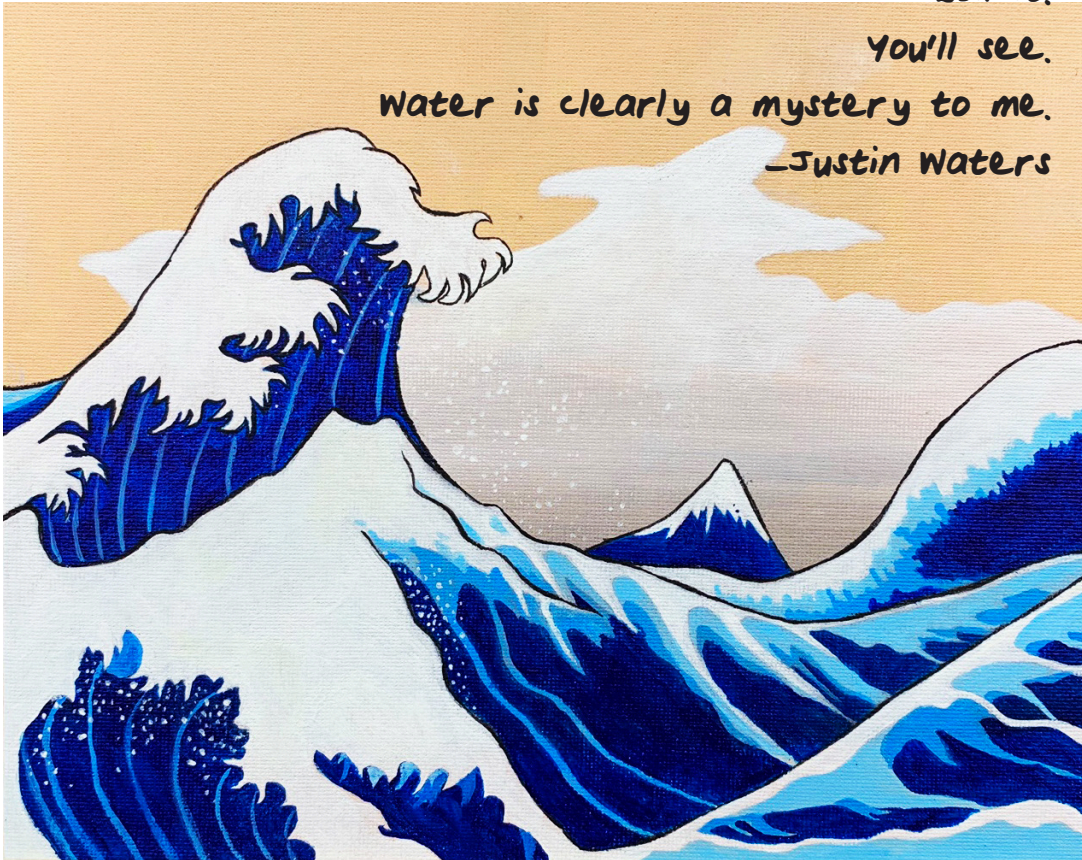
Warm it.

Boil it.

You'll see.

Water is clearly a mystery to me.

-Justin Waters



Jacqueline Queli

The beach is joyful  
Hot sand under people's feet  
Big waves crash the shore

Smell of salt water  
People having fun with friends  
Children swim all day

The sun's rays are bright  
Many people play all day  
Away from worries

marissa wagner



---

---

## dreams

Maya Wicki

stay put and do not go.  
your life will be in ruins if you  
go out into the world.  
your only chance in life is to  
never try anything and settle  
for the path of least resistance.  
you will be miserable if you  
try new things.  
you should always  
give up on your dreams.  
it will be pointless to take risks.  
remember to always  
abandon all hope.  
because it is wrong to  
follow your dreams  
(Now read it bottom to top.)



Robert Kraus

---

---



Cat


My cat is a pest  
Hides under my bed waiting  
Will attack my hand

Jeremy Valentin

Broken Pen

My Pen is broken  
The button doesn't work the same  
It is my white spring

Jeremy Valentin



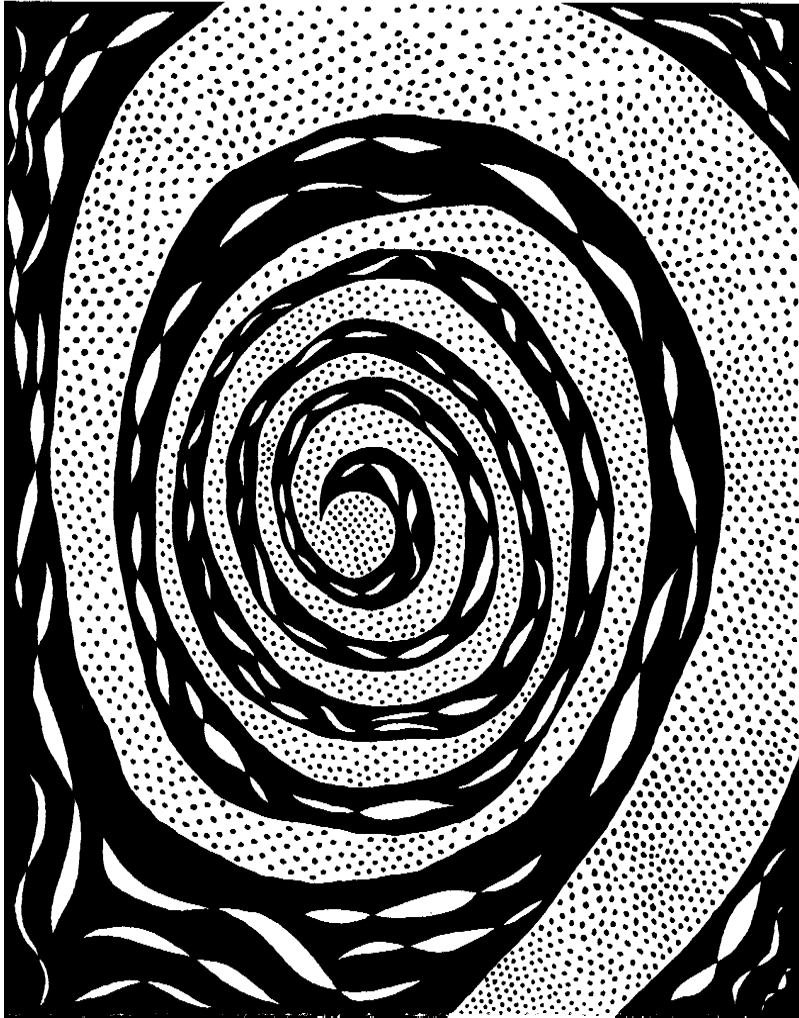
My pen is a flunk  
It's been braking at all times  
looking at the spring  
It seems assuredly smashed  
My pen is distinctly sunk

Kevin Soutar



# HAIKU





Philip Calderon

The sun sets and the moon rises  
Sun and moon so alike yet so different  
Just like friends they come in all shapes and sizes

A humble father of four puts food on the table  
Unbeknownst to the kids of his hard labor  
They know he's the man of the house with no label

All in all the moon goes to sleep  
And the sun rises yet again  
Ready to start all over without hesitation  
After a long year's work the kids kick their  
flip-flops on and go on vacation

michael giordano

*Music is happy.  
Great for all situations.  
Different always.  
Music's the way to the soul.  
Expresses what words cannot.  
Deoyn Cammarota*



Amanda Caprio

*I love my mother  
She is so sweet and loving  
She has a warm heart  
And knows how to make good food  
My mom keeps me safe  
-Adelina Dika*

You don't need them hun  
Being alone is enough  
And that is okay  
-Samantha Wyatt

Colorful buildings  
Streets filled with many tourists  
Lots of sights to see  
Cars and buses driving through  
Lights shine as the sun goes home  
-Lily Lin

Asteroid flying  
Slower than all the others.  
It questions itself.  
It's friends nearby notice, and  
They try to help, but they can't.  
-Aaron Wind



*I love Taco Bell  
There in line to order food  
Baha Blast, tacos  
Driving home full, feeling great  
Fifteen dollars all spent well*  
Josh Floyd



## NATURE

BROOKE OLSSON

BEAUTIFUL RIVERS

TREES SWAYING IN THE STRONG WIND

ANIMALS PLAYING

SILENCE ON THE HORIZON

CALMING NATURE WHEN NOT TOUCHED



The sun is shining  
The flowers start to grow now  
Blue, purple, and pink  
The birds start to chirp  
The air becomes crisp and clear  
Victoria Meirzwa



## BIRDS

**WE WATCHED THE BIRDS FLY  
OVER THE SKY AND THE SEA  
WITH THEIR WIDE WIDE WINGS  
LOOKING OVER US ABOVE  
SOARING TO FAR-FLUNG PLACES  
-GULSAH AKYOL**

Full halls and full walls  
A habitual old day  
It will all soon change  
As we take our leave from here  
We move onto better things

By: Gene Barroso



*Astonishing sky  
Sunsets that are lavender  
Reflections abound  
Feelings of great happiness  
Every other feeling gone*

By: Leah Durkin



# Charlotte Fricke



## An excerpt from: Who inspires me?

The person who inspires me is my mom. She inspires me in so many ways. It is hard sometimes to think about her inspiration because I lost her last August. She will always be my favorite person ever. I love everything about her. To begin with, I love her smile. She had the best smile- all she did was smile, and it was like she was never sad. She also had a amazing personality. Her voice is amazing. She gave the best hugs and kisses. Her happiness always made other people happy. This is how she continues to inspire me. She inspires me to get good grades in school and be a good student. I know that's what she wants. She also inspires me to be happy and to love life everyday and not live in the past. Her strength inspires me because it shows that you shouldn't give up because something is hard to handle. Because of my mom, I want to inspire others.

-Malya McHugh





Mackenzie Zuercher

## My Surgeon

You who revoked me from the hands of death,  
The one who saved me when I needed help.  
You stroked my back slowly. I took a breath.  
Shot me in my vein, didn't let me yelp.  
Slowly fell to sleep, while you cut me deep.  
Used the clamps to open my skin swiftly,  
Your nurse was ordered to observe me sleep,  
She obeyed your orders very quickly.  
As you slowly pulled the tumor from me,  
I felt a heavy weight lift from my chest.  
You closed me up and I was filled with glee.  
After a while I became unstressed.  
As I woke up, I became emerged in,  
Your handsome face, I love you my surgeon.

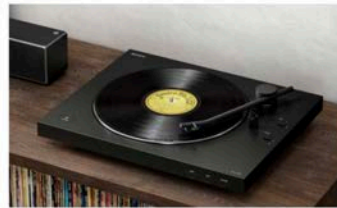
-Zahra Mohammad

### Dolphins

*Crystal clear water  
Dolphins swimming all over  
Warm water, hot day  
Playing, swimming with dolphins  
Swimming fast and doing tricks*

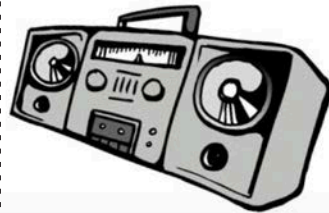


*Nadine Smith*



***Hip-Hop is a bop  
Nothing compares to when, it  
Bumps in my headphones  
My head bumps to the beats, slow  
To sick flows in my head phones***

*Sal Lombardo*



Pizza is so good  
Pizza is great with toppings  
Pizza is great food  
Thin crust pizza is so good  
Thick crust is also so good

Jacen Worsdorfer



*My dog's name is Buddy  
He is old and true to us  
But is very cute  
He means a lot to my mom  
Therefore, I love him so much  
-Paul Greco*



### Shore Line

I love the shore line  
there are so many seashells  
the water is cold  
the sand is hot and shiny  
people are playing frisbee

By Jazlene Gerena



I love my two dogs  
They have both black and white fur  
And both have short tails  
They don't like to use stairways  
They bark when I come home

Nicholas Ezzi





My friends are called fam  
I don't like green eggs and ham  
Garbage goes in trash  
Raymon never carries cash  
Boonton High is a great place

Raymon Cabrera

The rivers flowed down  
Rivers with cold, cold water  
With bright blue colors  
Washing the rocks clean of dirt  
Flowing and moving downstream

Robert Kraus

Beautiful Mountains  
Snow capped peaks shine in the sun  
Birds fly over head  
Deer play in crevices  
The vastness is astounding

Ryan Delaporte

Beautiful sisters  
Sisters with hearts of pure gold  
With such sweet faces  
Who make my heart jump with joy  
They and I are family

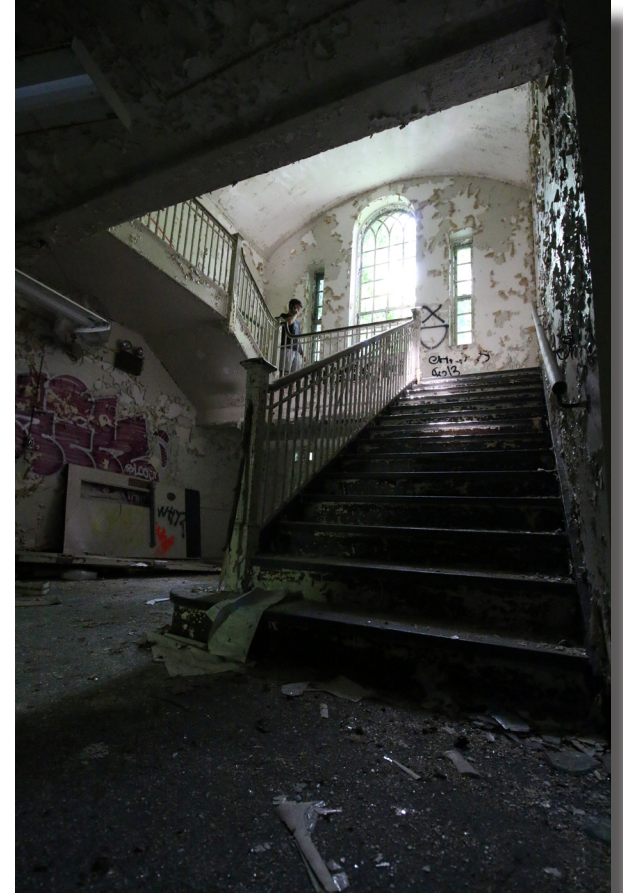
Jack Stanley



Kirsten Kraa



# Robert Kraus

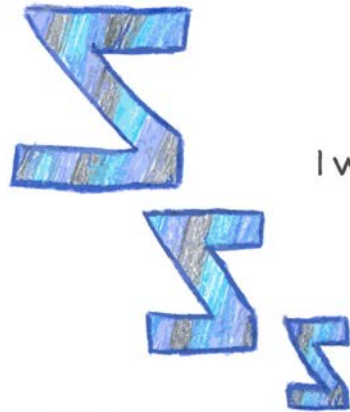




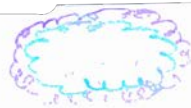
Brianna Finelli





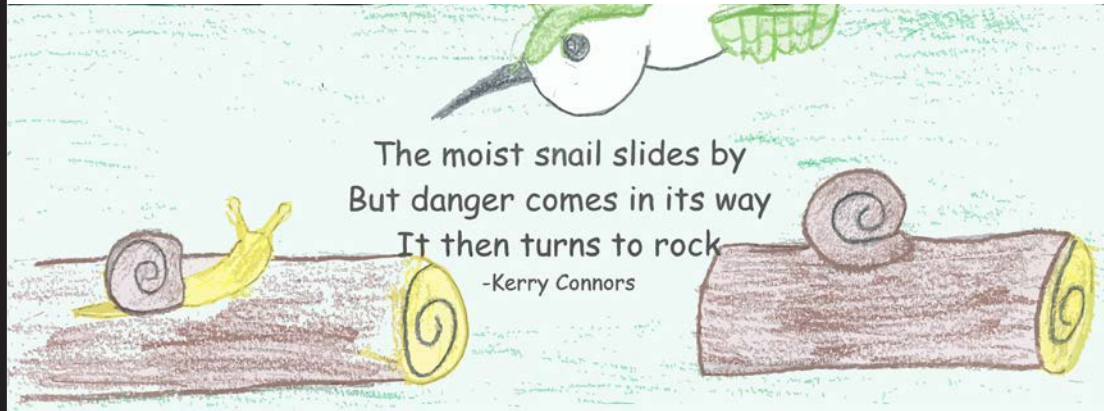


I want to go home  
I want to take a long nap  
Taking naps is fun  
-Ethan Berman



The weather outside  
Humidity is around  
Clouds are very dark

-Uzair Khan



The moist snail slides by  
But danger comes in its way  
It then turns to rock

-Kerry Connors



Quiet sounds of nature  
Camping, listening to sounds  
Cricket chirp, birds chirp  
-Caroline Jeron





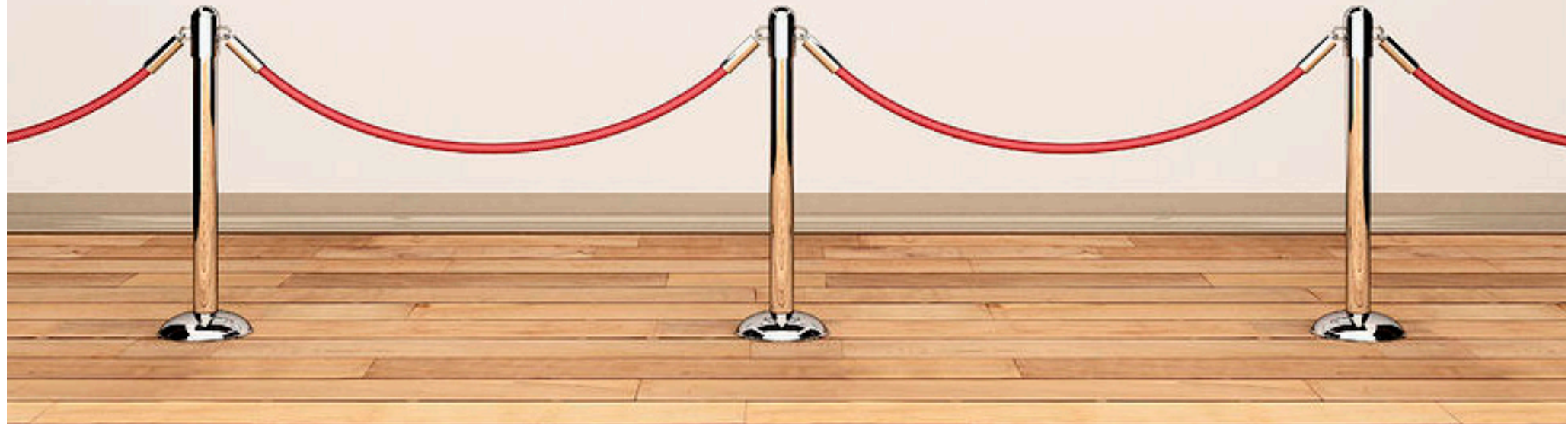
Trisha Grajo



Olivia Ochs



Charles Le Zama Chasquibol







Kaigo Miles



Bisma Tanveer

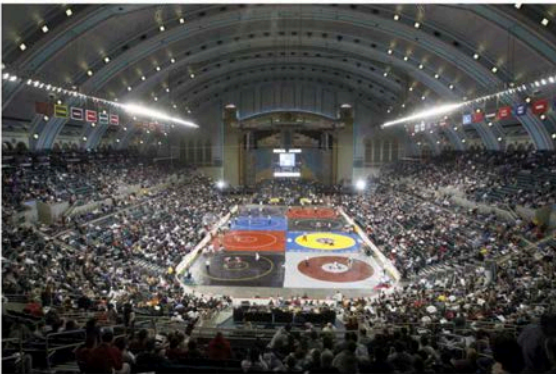


David Fitzgerald



Mackenzie Zuercher

*Wrestling is the best  
It is rewarding and fun  
It helps demeanor  
And everything else useful  
Can't beat achieving your goals  
Joe Cannizzaro*



My dog loves me so  
He is my best friend  
He wiggles when I come home  
I look to him for comfort  
He is very protective

By: Emily Baker



Pretty colored trees  
That are orange, red, yellow  
In the autumn air  
An old barn by the water  
With a white fence around it

*-Farhan Malik*





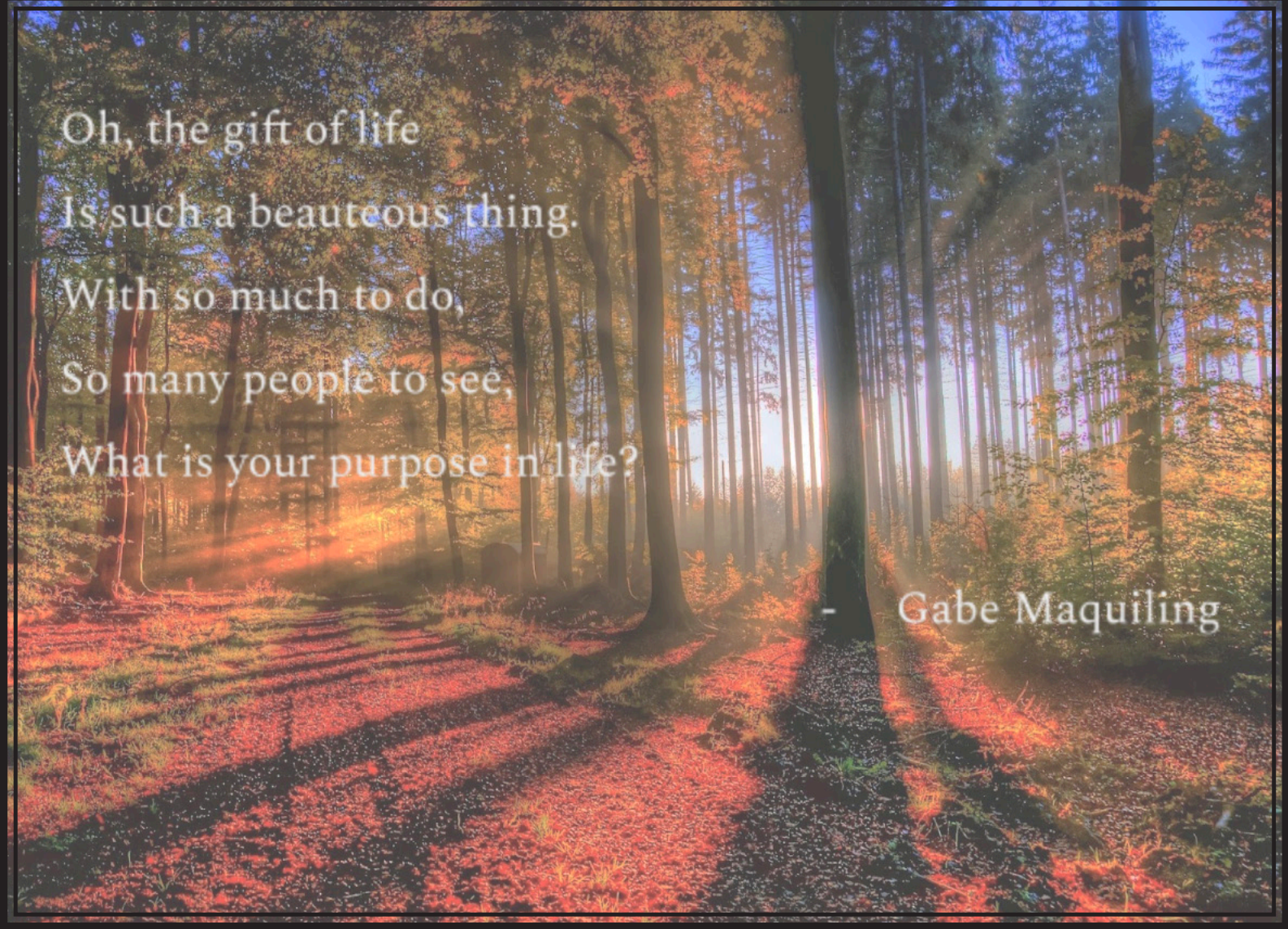


Kaitlyn McEvoy



Madison Field

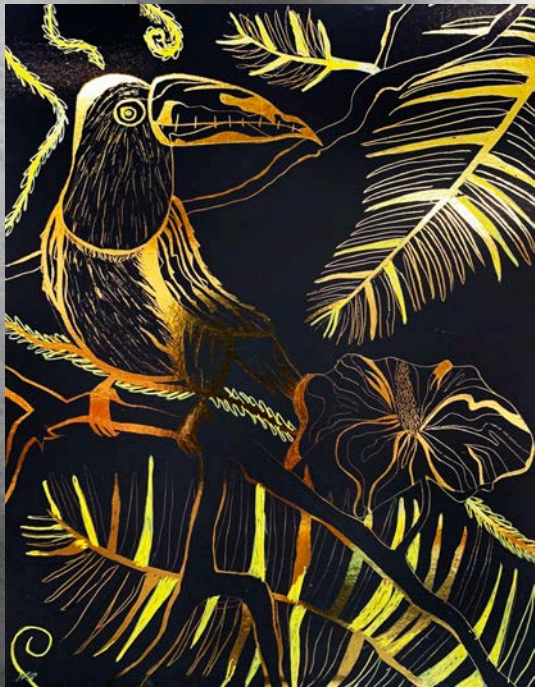


A photograph of a forest path in autumn. The path is covered in fallen red and orange leaves. Sunlight filters through the tall trees, creating a warm, golden glow. The trees have green and yellow foliage. The path leads into the distance, flanked by trees on both sides.

Oh, the gift of life  
Is such a beautiful thing.  
With so much to do,  
So many people to see,  
What is your purpose in life?

- Gabe Maquiling





Madison Field



Dylan Castro



*photography by truly presnell*





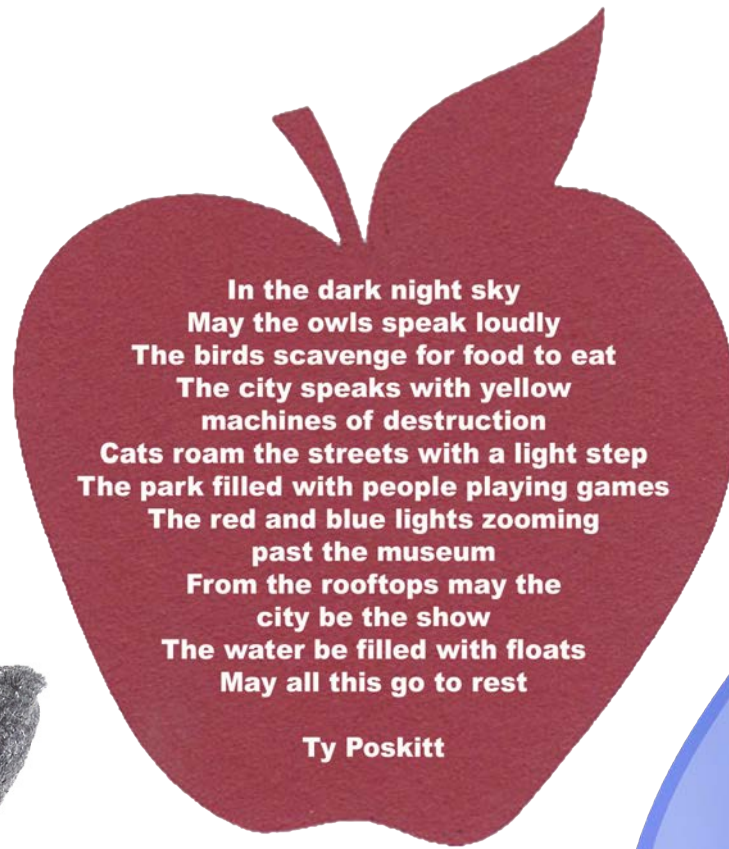


I put one on my left  
I put one on my right  
I wiggle them around  
They feel warm and tight

The mittens cover my pinky  
They cover my thumb  
When I make a snowman  
My fingers won't get numb

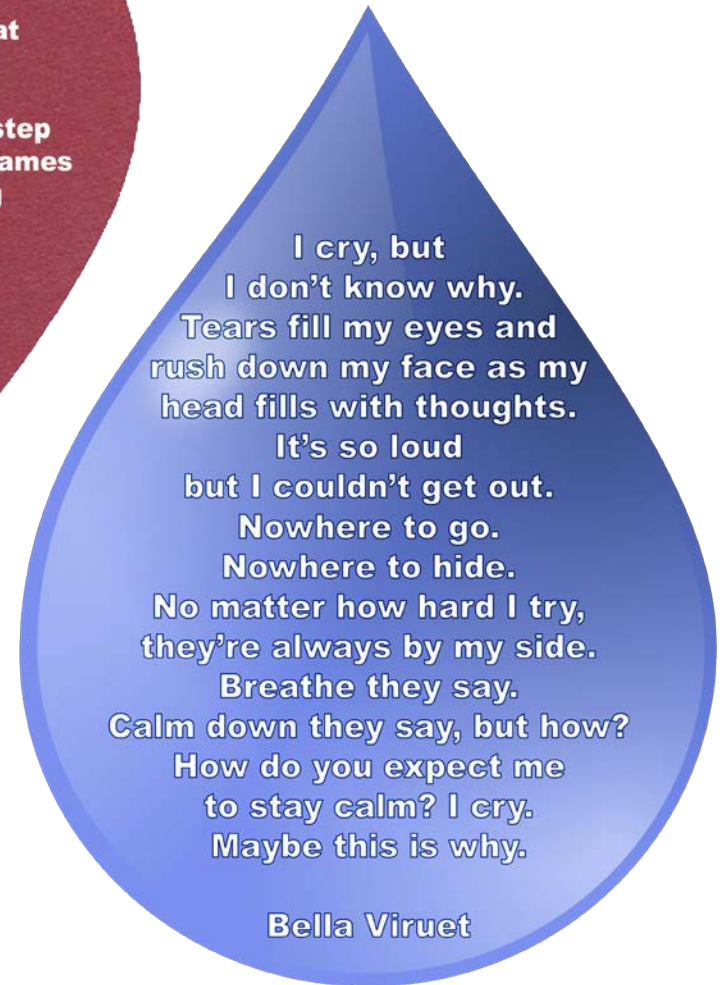
Wool or cotton or leather  
It does not matter  
Mittens keep us  
Warm in cold weather

**Dom Ratti**



In the dark night sky  
May the owls speak loudly  
The birds scavenge for food to eat  
The city speaks with yellow  
machines of destruction  
Cats roam the streets with a light step  
The park filled with people playing games  
The red and blue lights zooming  
past the museum  
From the rooftops may the  
city be the show  
The water be filled with floats  
May all this go to rest

**Ty Poskitt**



I cry, but  
I don't know why.  
Tears fill my eyes and  
rush down my face as my  
head fills with thoughts.  
It's so loud  
but I couldn't get out.  
Nowhere to go.  
Nowhere to hide.  
No matter how hard I try,  
they're always by my side.  
Breathe they say.  
Calm down they say, but how?  
How do you expect me  
to stay calm? I cry.  
Maybe this is why.

**Bella Viruet**



It was a summer night  
Everyone was feeling right  
We sat around the campfire  
I was toasty and warm  
Until it began to storm  
Indoors we began to swarm  
The girls had after getting wet  
The girl I liked was cold  
I gave her my sweatshirt  
She said „Thanks,” I said, „No sweat”  
On the stove we made hot cocoa  
The flavor made everyone so loco  
There was a smile on all our faces  
It was a great night  
A great one for sure

-matt maggio

Photograph by John Muttel



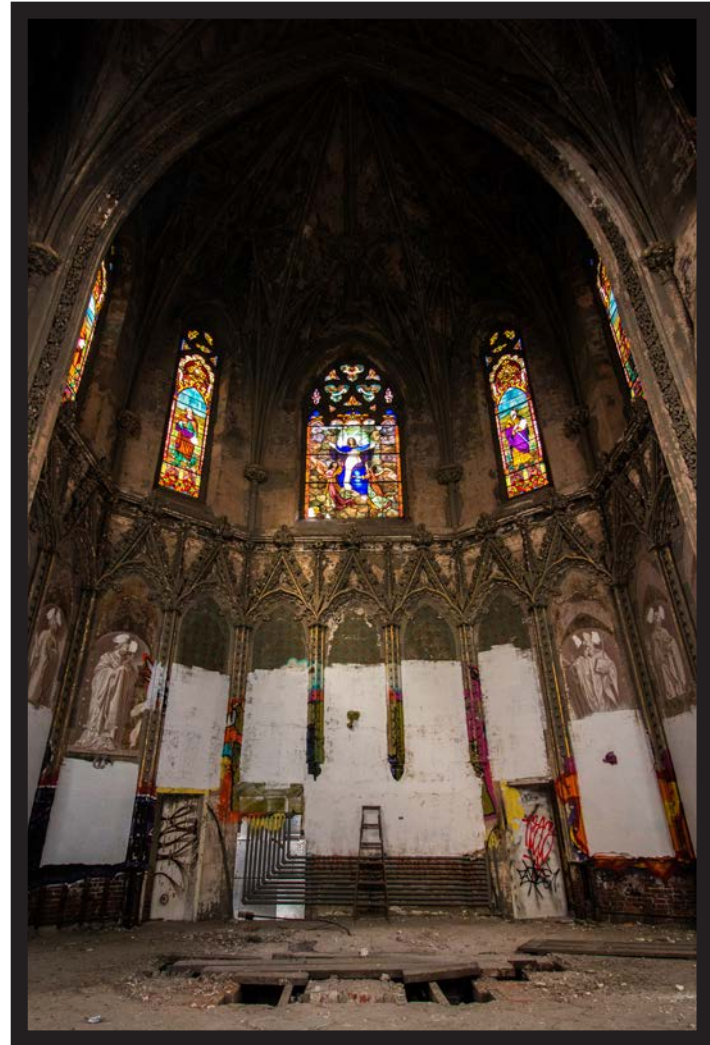


KEVIN SOUTAR

SUMMER  
SUMMER  
SUMMER  
HOT SUMMER  
HUMID SUMMER  
LAZY, HAZY, TASTY SUMMER  
SALTY, HOT, SUNNY SUMMER  
THOSE ARE JUST A FEW.  
BEAUTIFUL SUMMER  
RELAXING SUMMER

CRYSTAL CLEAR POOL SUMMER  
SPLASHY, WET, SANDY SUMMER  
CRAZY, CHILLY, TOO.  
ORANGE SUMMER  
FUN SUMMER  
DON'T FORGET LATE NIGHTS SUMMER  
LAST OF ALL,  
BEST OF ALL,  
I LIKE HOT, SUNNY SUMMERS  
-DENISE PLATA

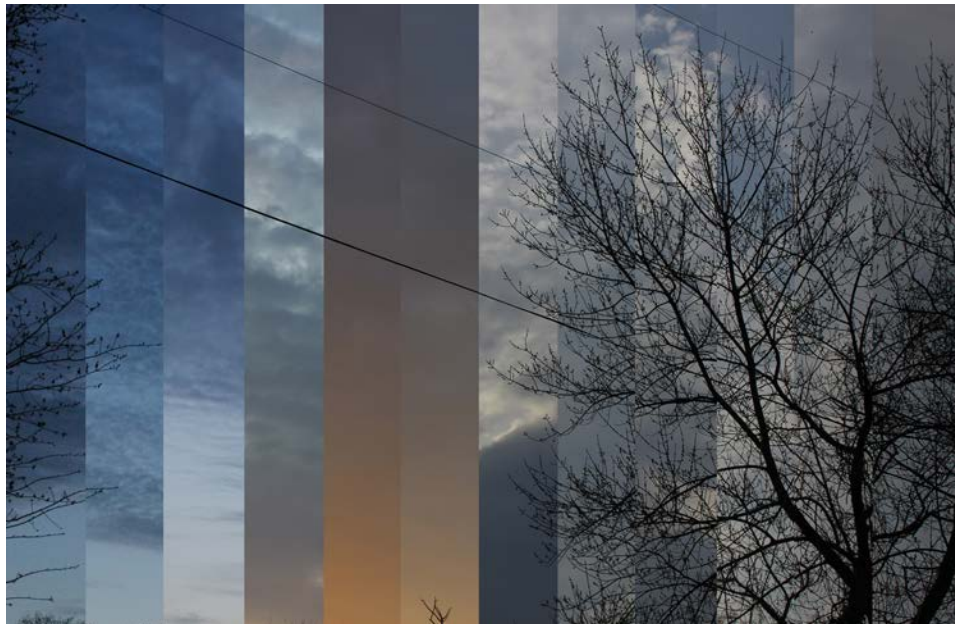
*photography by robert kraus*





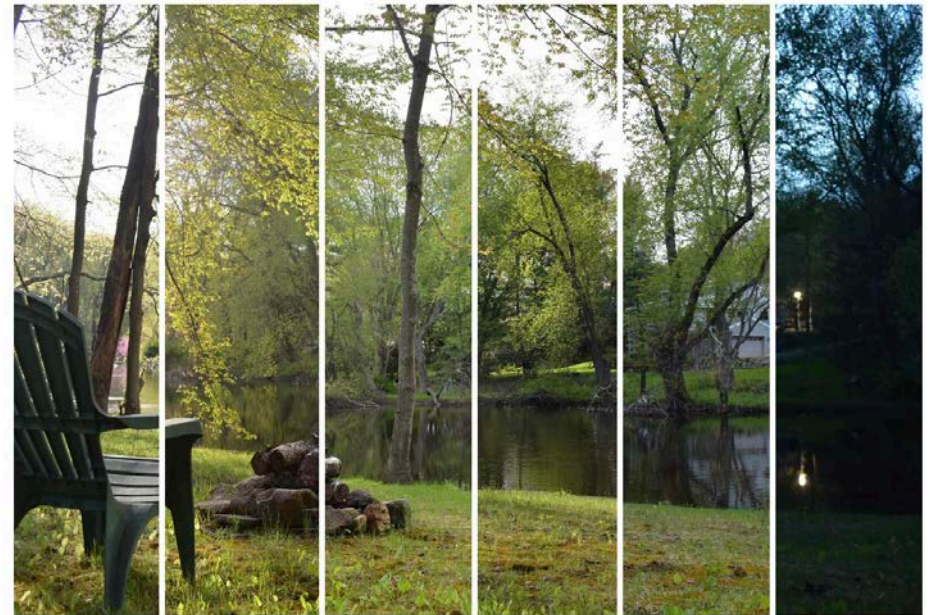


**STEPHEN KANEFKE**



**SYDNEY VAN DE PUTTE**

# COLORS OF TIME...



**TRULY PRESNELL**





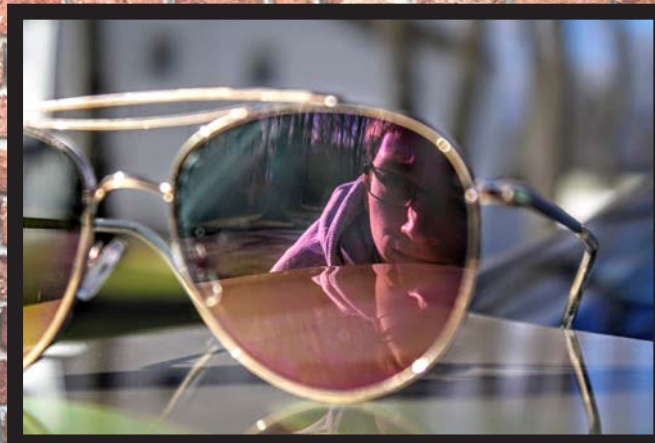
Emma Krajc



George Buzzell

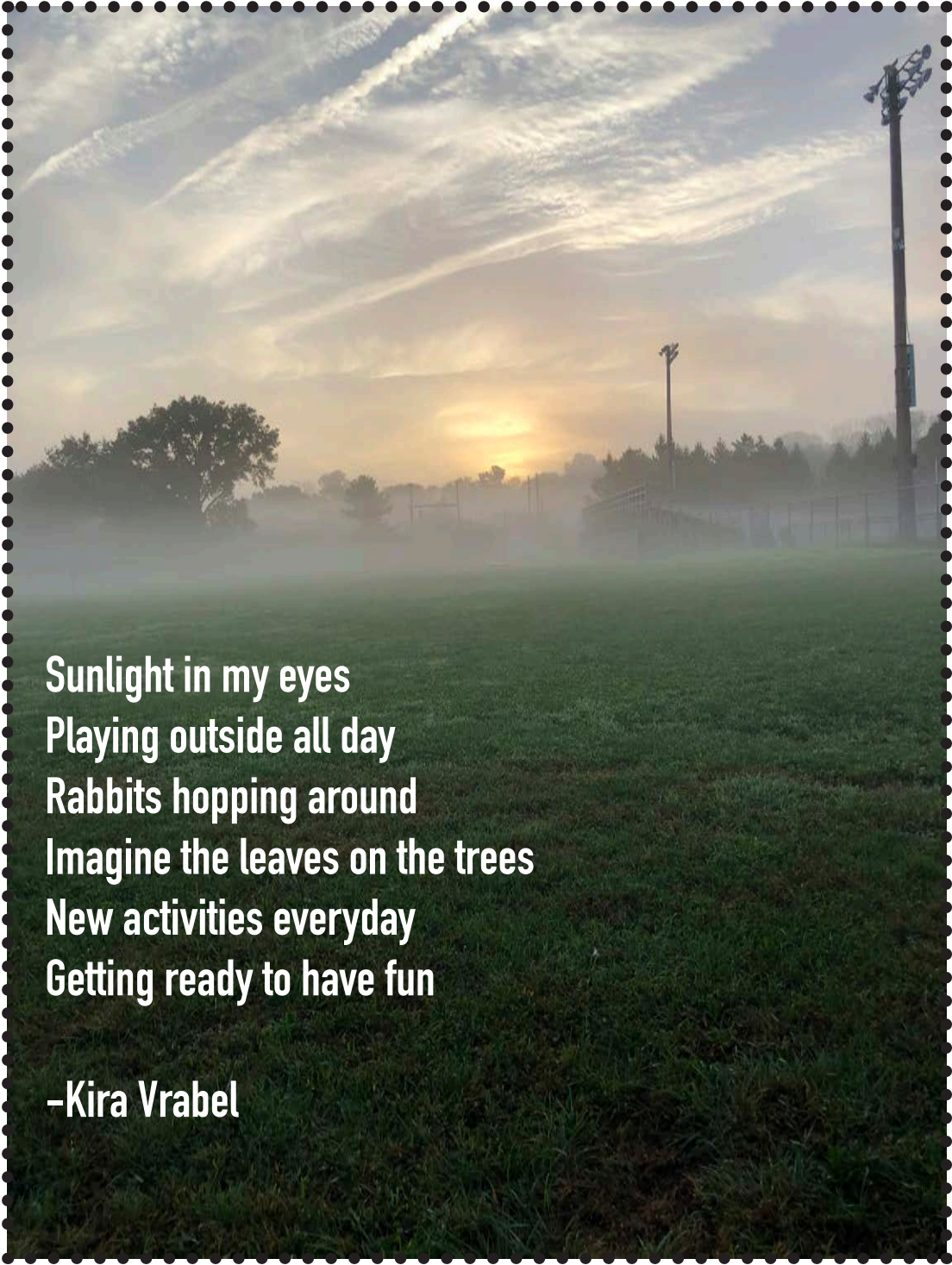


Robert Krause



John Muttel





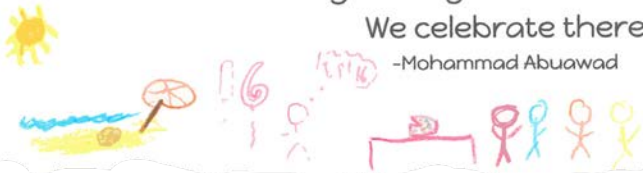
Sunlight in my eyes  
Playing outside all day  
Rabbits hopping around  
Imagine the leaves on the trees  
New activities everyday  
Getting ready to have fun

-Kira Vrabel

John Muttell

Going to the beach  
May twenty-ninth I'm sixteen  
We celebrate there

-Mohammad Abuawad



Flowers are blooming  
Rainbow colors are on the ground  
Beautiful colors

-Dilan Mustafa



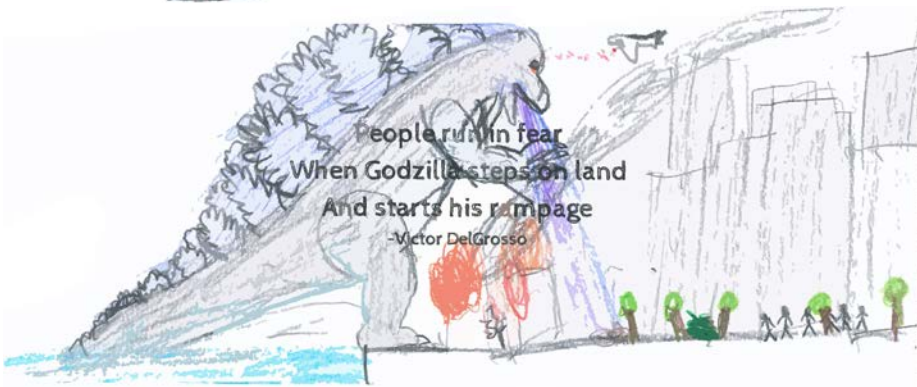
Food is delicious  
Fast, Chinese, Italian  
Chinese is the best.

-Kira Vrabel



People run in fear  
When Godzilla steps on land  
And starts his rampage

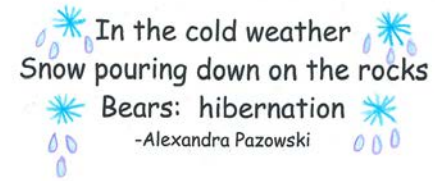
-Victor DelGrosso



In the cold weather  
Snow pouring down on the rocks

Bears: hibernation

-Alexandra Pazowski



Long, hot summer days  
People swimming at the beach  
Kids running outside

-Manan Lezane

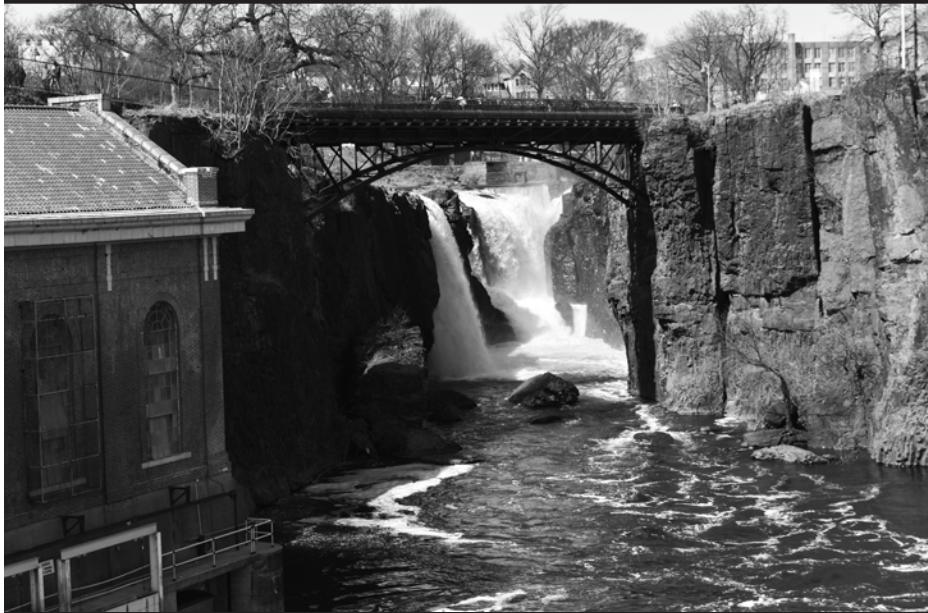


Autumn is coming  
The leaves are going to fall  
Beautiful colors

-Dehuse Plata







STEPHEN KANEFKE

MADELYN ERRICHELLO



ROBERT KRAUSE



DEVYN CAMMAROTA



BISMA TANVEER



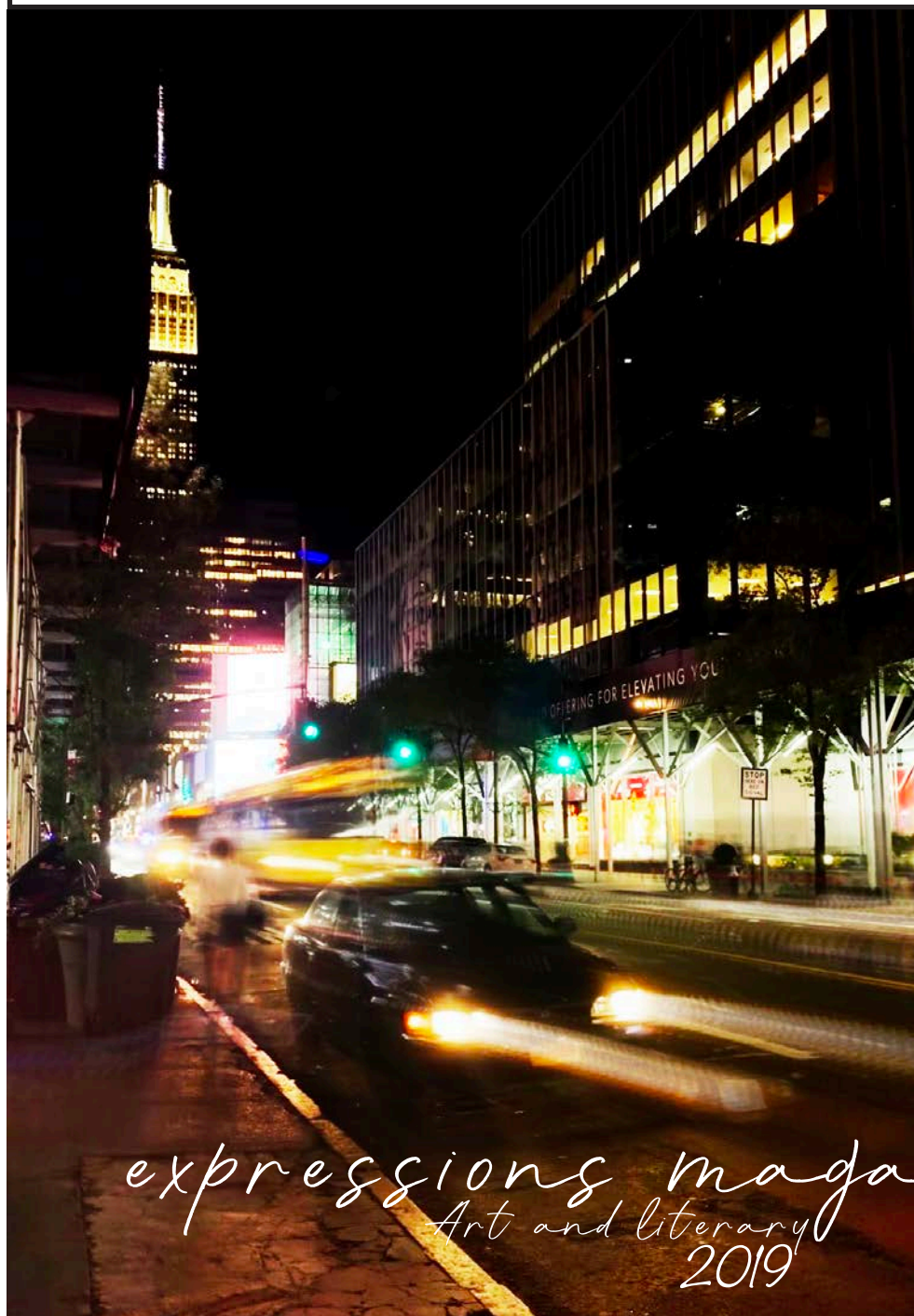
DELEENA CAIRNS





Isabella Nunez





## **Advisor**

Mrs. Jody Anne Oliveri

## **Administration**

Mr. Jason Klebez, Principal

Ms. Debra Ballway, Vice Principal

Mr. Edward Forman, Vice Principal

Ms. Rebecca Kipp-Newbold, Supervisor of Instruction: Humanities

Mr. David Hughen, Athletic Director

## **Boonton Board of Education**

Mr. Joseph Geslao, President

Mr. Christopher Cartelli, Vice President

Mrs. Jennifer Darling

Mrs. Elaine Doherty

Mr. Robert Ezzi

Mr. Patrick Joyce

Mrs. Loren Katsakos

Mrs. Irene LeFebvre

Mrs. Jennifer Shollenberger

Mr. Robert Stager

Mr. Robert Presuto, Superintendent

Mr. Steven Gardberg, Business Administrator / Board Secretary

*expressions magazine*  
*Art and literary*  
*2019*