



W PALTZ MIDDLE SCHOOL

REFLECTIONS

2019

Reflections

The New Paltz Middle School

Literary & Art Magazine

2018-2019

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Thank you to all the students who contributed to this magazine. Thank you to all the teachers and students who took the time to submit work. Thank you to Mr. Chervenak who gave his extra time to help create this magazine.

WORDS

Reflections

Georgia Schultz

When I was little I made a snowman with a little carrot nose,
and I walked on the boardwalk eating taffy.

At McGillicuddy's I sat on a whoopee cushion and burned my
tongue

on hot chocolate.

Once, when I was on a ski lift I lost my ski.

In Canada I felt the cold of the frozen maple syrup melt in my
mouth.

Never, I I ever tasted jumbo-shrimp. Or maybe I have?

My mom's wedding ring got lost in the dishwasher, but we
found it.

We have hiked thousands of miles only to get lost.

Billy goat are loud when they want their mamma.

I've gone tubing, but the salt stung my eyes.

Once I tasted lip gloss and felt the hammock break under me,
Kayla, and Mia.

Now I can ride the Iron Dragon with my eyes open.

I took swimming classes at the Y, but I didn't like it.

After, I cried in the bathroom.

The cherry trees were awfully pretty in D.C.

The frosty air bit my nose when I saw Tobin Heath play soc-
cer in St. Louis.

Shaved ice is good until it stains your teeth.

We got lost on our bikes while it rained cats and dogs .

I have roasted marshmallows, and tasted melted Hershey on
my tongue,

as I watched the smoke drift away.

Special Gem

-Nicholas Kutzin

The dynamic paring
makes me weak
It makes me run away,
unable to speak
It makes me say aloud,
“how, just, how”
It makes me feel the
meaning of ‘wow’
I see them as I rip away
the curtain
Which makes them
seem like a burden
I know what it means for
them to be apart
Because I once wanted
to contribute
To their work of art
I refuse to live my life
like them
Because I realize in this
loving morning
I am my own special
gem.

Dreams

-Willa Voorhis

All minds are imaginative,
all minds think
It's how we dream
You can dream of an old
man's broken down yellow
teeth
Or a mean, direful dynamic
dystopian dinosaur that you
eat when you're asleep
And you can dream that you
are lightly lifting off your bed
Or how you jumped off your
bed and felt the air on your
face as you flew like a but-
terfly
The next day you can wake
up and think how beautifully
bad,
Or amazingly awesome
your dream was.

Checkmate

-Darren Chen

The board black and white
Like kitchen tiles
Pieces are running out

The endgame is near

Their eyeballs trained on each other's kings
The supreme prize is winning

There is utter silence like
Pencil shavings and books

Now it is necessary for one
To move a piece
The board braces for a battle of wits
Yet barely a sound is heard

They stare at each other repulsively
Click
A piece is moved
The challenger jumped and tasted defeat
Because it was checkmate

Yet the victor said "thx"
The now failure replied with an anger filled "k"



Dynamic Roads

-Marcus Kutzin

Part of dynamic roads,
Your the only one I've ever truly known,
If you cry yourself to sleep after endgame,
Come back to me,
Come back to America.

I still listen to your favorite music,
Calm myself with the sound of your gentle voice.
The geese in my soul are quacking all about,
Your soul was as delicate as glass.
As gentle as a puppy,
You were like a flower in the spring,

I add to the list of days,
That you are away
I miss you,
I miss you,
I hope your life is glamorous.

Although you are away
I miss,
I miss,
Your encouraging kiss,
Your beautiful

I miss you.

Random Word Poem

-Gray Logan

In the wild woods
I met a gentle woman
With my beef lasagna.
"Thx!" I said with my
Light shining in her
Watery ocean eyes.
I mixed my meal
With my tuna, in
Which i seized my
Stone. My inconclusive
Mind paved my path
It was like trash.

Special Gem by Nicholas Kutzin
The dynamic paring makes me weak
It makes run away, unable to speak
It makes me say aloud, "how, just how"
It makes me feel the meaning of "wow"
I see them as I rip away the Curtain.

The Quilt

Minds scattered
Frantic
Constant buzzing
Rings
Electronic music
Blasting through a jungle of wires, earbuds
Pops of communication
Thx, ttyls, yeets, lols
All the while, the real treasure
Is wrapped around us like an old quilt
Leaves harmonize with wind's whistle
But we can't hear it
The earbuds block the music
Feet slippery on wet river stones
And Laughs fill the air
But most feet stay dry
Clouds aren't needed to block the night stars
And when we climb beneath our heavy quilts
And into our beds
The bitter sound of rings
Echo through our skulls

-Hanna Beukelman

VACUUM

by Ethan Ball

My eyes caught a glint of metal in the rusty heap of garbage. I grabbed it, careful not to slice my hand open in the process. I couldn't believe my eyes. A Hyper-X tracking module. These were usually used for elite class starships and would fetch at least 1000 units. The hot winds whipped at my face. I trudged back towards my ship, hand hovering over the holster of my blaster pistol. I wouldn't want to lose this to a bandit.

I stopped at a large chasm and jumped into the vertical shaft in the middle. I opened the hatch at the end of the vertical tunnel and climbed a rope ladder down into the exterior of my ship. The ship had crashed here a while ago, but whoever had previously owned it was long deceased. The ship was a Starblade. Starblades were usually sleek, elegant models, but mine was a rust patchwork of spare parts and replacements. I booted up the onboard computer. The analog interface informed me that a swarm of Bistworms was approaching and was currently about 10 kilometers away. Bistworms were incredibly dangerous creatures, with an affinity for gulping down anything that breathed. Most people would just go off-planet while the Bistworms ravaged the empty desert in search of a meal and wait for the authorities to take care of it. I, however, was incapable of leaving the stratosphere. After the Great Crime Lord Rax IV had employed a band of Correlianite mercenaries, all Correlianites were placed on Correl, and unable to leave by order of the GDC (Galactic Defense Corporation).

I certainly wasn't going to get any help from them. They had hired their most violent officers to guard the planet, so anyone with cranial ridges, pointed ears and green skin would be harassed, beaten, or even shot. Staying was out of the question. If I took off from inside the chasm, my ship would sustain heavy damage, and even then, I barely had a chance, orbiting the atmosphere with half a tank of oxygen and no wings. Still, I at least had a chance. Before I could change my mind, I started up the thruster, wincing at the sickening crunch the wings made as they snapped off. The sand was churning with movement below. This was the first time I had ever gotten a good look at a Bistworm. They had bulbous red eyes, maws filled with jagged, bloodstained teeth. Their scales shone silver under the red desert sun. I primed the plasma missiles and shot straight at one's head. It bounced off like a stone. *Why had I done that? Couldn't I have just turned around and ran?*

Of course. Battle instincts. Even years after the war I still had them. I tried to move the ship, turn away, but I couldn't. My hands were frozen, stuck to the trigger. I primed another. *Stop! I need energy to get out of orbit! I fired another volley, this one hit the Bistworm directly in the eye. A spray of crimson splattered against the cockpit. I finally regained my senses, and pulled up on the joysticks, accelerating upwards. The energy bar crept downwards at terrifying speed. I felt myself grow weightless, and the stars came into view. The ship made a sad groan, and the console display shut off completely. I had no energy left. I should have left when I had the chance. I started to panic. I couldn't afford to waste any oxygen through hyperventilation. The edges of my vision were beginning to get blurry. I laid down on the cold metal floor, and almost immediately my exhaustion kicked in. I needed to rest. I needed to-*

When I awoke, I saw a large figure towering over me. It was my father. "I've come to save you son". How could he be here? He had died cycles ago. "Just open the airlock son"

No. This was an oxygen induced hallucination. "Please. Listen to me"

"We are all waiting for you"

I punched the red button, the doors opened. The vacuum ripped the air from my lungs. The last thing I saw were the stars. The beautiful, beautiful stars.

A Caged Bird

Natalia Seager

The girl is a caged bird,
Flapping her wings,
Until she has finally extirpated the walls that immune her.

The demonic look that presides within his eyes,
Seizes the once stolid beat of my heart.
Now to tarry the afflictive end
With his formidable glare.

I grab the floating leaf from the cerulean water
As the slippery gravel shifts beneath my feet.
The waves churn,
And the piquant smelling salt beatifies me.
But the boat sails by and all I can do is have fidelity,
That one day I will be upon one.

She was so dynamic
Until she erred.
But the kiss of remittance,
Has finally become her bension.
Her soul sighs.

This pressure is like glass.
It is puissant,
Until something foments its obliteration.

“Swish” the arrow simpers as it zooms by.
I stand vacuously as I await my predator.
However, hours pass by but his advent never transpires.
Poignant pearls plunge without volition.
Their disparate taste,
Lingering on my tongue.
I am resolute, not debile,
But suppose caterwauling isn’t opprobrium.

Benedict Arnold

Benedict Arnold,
Military hero, both sides, same war,
Continued heroics at Quebec,
Attacked, Americans killed,
Captured, wounded, ball through his leg,
Served with distinction,
No general more imaginative,
Not a hero, a villain, traitor,
Schemed and fled by British ship,
Love to my country, however inconsistent,
Glory- always his,
Bold, sized up a situation, quick, egocentric, creative,
Craved power,
Insubordinate, pompous,
Disdainful, resentful, failing in debt,
Audacious plan, a fail,
A spy, British government,
Virginia looted, destroyed munitions and grain, Connecticut burned,
Moral failure,
Man without a country,
Benedict Arnold, a heroic traitor

-Stella Keskey

Vacuum

Ten percent of my true self,
My brain, a black void,
an endless vacuum,
Where I suffocate,
Where I cry, scream.
No one came to help me.
The doctor, my father.
I need to know everything. I sleep.
I talk. It is true. Truly.

-Henry Millman

The Changing

“Now Son, get in your seat.” Father motioned to the large, soft hover chair beside his own. Son was running at top speed around the room, as Father waited impatiently.

“Son, don’t you want the Changing? Everyone else does your age.” he wondered at his child.

“No!” the boy continued running. “Son, sit in your chair so we can go.” commanded Father, but Son pretended he didn’t hear.

Finally, Son stopped running around and jumped up on Father’s lap. He pulled at the rough, leathery, white cloth wrapped around Father’s head, with two black circles, dark and obscure, where his eyes should have been.

“I want it!” he pulled at the cloth again.

“Now Son, you can have your own Cover if you sit in your chair. You have to get the Changing first,” Father put his rough, large hands on the boy’s face.

The hover chair slid closer to Son and forcefully wedged itself under him, so he was sitting. Suddenly, buckles sprang out from the chair.

“Ready.” the chairs announced.

The door swung open mechanically, and the chairs drifted themselves to the vehicle, with Son fighting weakly against the buckle’s tight grip.

“See Son, isn’t this better?” Father asked as the large speeder car raced them to the Capitol building of the Government Of Society, or G.O.S. “Soon you will lose your useless eyes in an exchange for a cover.”

The young boy just looked out the small window of the speeder car in silence. He stared at the blurred environment, the other speeder cars, and the large gray factories. Up above, he heard vultures screaming as they swooped down to finish the remains of a dead animal, a victim of the harsh and lifeless surrounding.

“Father, will I still be able to see?” Son said finally, looking worried.

“See? Why would you want to see when our world does everything for us? It is perfect.” Father laughed shakily, and his fat rolled around in his double chin.

“Oh.”

Father, looking straight ahead like always, said, “Trust me Son, your not losing anything, but gaining *everything*.”

When the speeder car stopped outside the large G.O.S building, ten stories high, Father and son’s chairs hovered out and up the ramp.

Son was astounded, he had never been to a building as grand as this! It was large, white, and to Son, welcoming.

Before Son could think twice, the hover chairs led him and his father through the doors. Inside was just as dignified and glorious as the outside. The large white plastic spiraled in grandiose formations, into shapes of animals and people. There were walls and walls of screens moving too quickly to comprehend, visions of people in covers, then dead forests, and factories.

Father and Son’s chairs floated past other chairs in the busy chamber. Everyone in the chairs were lifeless, and calm, with that white cover, and dark, black circles. Despite all the movement, there was no sound, and the chairs moved in impeccable unison, a result of the orderly and perfect world.

It was time for departure, Son had to leave Father, but he was not ready.

“Goodbye Son.” Father said, emotionless.

“I love you Father,” said Son, peering at the still man in the hover chair, old, with wrinkly hands and arms. But Father was already gone, leaving the young boy alone in the bustling building.

Son knew not to say ‘I love you.’ He knew what an insignificant and meaningless phrase that was. But he said it anyway, waiting for the absent feeling of comfort and security. He never got it.

The hover chair knew where to go, though Son needed not to tell. Son was left in wonder as he was transported through the building. He was afraid to be alone, but knew to meet Father on the ramp when it was over.

The child was aware, frightened by the familiar cloaked faces that he was so used to. The only faces from his memories. They all seemed different now.

The halls were white still, but they were thinning. Fewer people meandered around in their chairs, staring straight ahead with that old white cover.

The hover chair led Son into a small room. Like everywhere else in the G.O.S building, it was white and plastic. But it was also empty, with the exception of a plastic chair in the center.

A man sat on a hover chair in the corner, with a black cover on his head, a sign of authority. He was much younger than Father, and had nice hands. Small, and fragile. The room was lit well, like most rooms for children before they get the Changing.

“Hello, I am Supervisor.” the man had a slow, tender voice, and he hovered towards Son.

The boy stared.

“Before we start, do you have any questions? We want this experience to be as great as possible.” The man seemed concerned but happy.

“Why do we do this?” Son wondered aloud.

Supervisor laughed. “Why, you don’t know?” the hover chair swept towards Son until you could reach out and touch the long, black cloth atop Supervisor’s head. “Before, when everybody could see, people were terrible. They hurt each other, discriminated against them until they become dehumanized. But now, nobody is better than you, and you are no better than anybody.”

“Yes, but...”

“No buts!” Supervisor exclaimed, throwing his fatty arms up in the air. “And besides, what is the point of seeing if you need to do nothing at all? We have hover chairs so you never have to walk, and speeder cars so you never have to drive.”

“What if I want to walk?” Son frowned. “I want to be able to walk, and run, and jump and see!” Son struggled to stand but the buckles of the chair held him down.

“Calm down now.” Supervisor said. He snapped his fingers and the buckles sprang away. “Are you ready?”

“No, I don’t want it!”

“Well then. How about you get the Changing and if you don’t like it then you can have your eyes back, okay?”

“Well....I guess that would work...” Son said slowly.

The hover chair glided towards the plastic chair in the center of the room. Son hesitantly climbed in and waited, eyes tightly shut. “Open your eyes.” commanded Supervisor. Son did, and the last thing he saw was two metal spokes creeping forward, ready for the Changing.

First there was just cold. The freezing air from the Air Circulator up above in the vents. Then the pain. It came through like a wave, first the eyes, then the brain, shocking his body.

Son opened his eyes, but saw nothing. Only darkness, and more darkness past that. Like oblivion, or infinite space. Son felt small, and insignificant in the void of endless nothing.

Too afraid to feel, to confirm the sinking feeling in his stomach that it had really happened, Son cried out. He yelled for Father, knowing that he would never answer. He yelled for Supervisor, hoping to be relieved of the pain.

Son heard Supervisor's hover chair come closer. "Here is your cover." he said, and fit the cloth over his head.

"No, Supervisor! I don't like this! I want my eyes back!" Son felt the panic rising.

"You are a little too late for that, I am sorry." Said the man with a cold hearted laugh. "But you will love your new world."

Son screamed. "NO! YOU PROMISED! YOU PROMISED!!!!!!!" he clawed at the empty sockets in his face and shrieked, tears tumbling down his face. "TAKE IT BACK! TAKE IT BACK!" Son felt helpless, and lame.

"Well..." Supervisor said slowly. "You leave me no other option." And with a final glance at the horrified boy, he left in his hover chair, softly letting the door close behind him.

Then, Supervisor pressed a large red button. In the distance, an alarm went off, and inside, the locked room began to fill with gas.

Supervisor listened as Son screamed and banged at the walls, the door, but he did nothing. The screaming continued, that horrible, terrible sound. Until it stopped. The banging stopped, the screaming stopped, the gas stopped.

Silence.

Then, Son's hover chair glided out of the room, empty. It passed people in the hall, the masked humans, and out to the front stoop.

"The Changing is complete." It announced to Father.

The End

Do you Wonder....

Do you wonder what it's like

To feel the pain of death

Do you wonder what it's like

To see sorrow crawling up your heart

Do you wonder why the world seems to slow down

When sadness occurs

I do....

I wonder why the bad things seem to happen to

Those in need

Do you wonder why rage can engulf even the

Warmest of hearts

Do you wonder how darkness can surround

The brightest minds

Life can be so much more than what you see

The happiest looking people might wonder

Why are these people so sad

Do you wonder why life creates a pit that can

Suck in your love and hate

I do...

There are so many things I wonder There are so many things I try to find

Only to be on the wrong path of finding them

I wonder why life seems to be a road

To each scenario

Do you wonder why we wonder and

How we wonder

Or even what everyone else wonders

I do...

-Nicholas Kutzin

Cordelia The Sapphire Princess- Chapter 1

Written by: Kyle T. Newman

"Father Grafe, and king of Eldenal, I do not need to express how much I love you with words, it should be evident in my day to day actions."

Looking at her sisters, Rena and Sorith, Cordelia could tell they disapproved of what she just said. But none the less, Cordelia stood up tall and proud in front of her father. However. Grafe did not share this pride with her, and instead laughed, and between breaths said,

"Good joke, Cordelia, but now we must get serious."

"I am serious, dad. I have helped you manage the kingdom, taken care of you when you were sick, played sey with you when you wanted to. I've even helped you keep the crystal district from advancing with the rest of the world, even though It's unfair to them."

Cordelia had replied.

"So, you're not going to say you love me?"

"No, of course I love you."

"I don't believe it."

Now Cordelia was losing her temper, not just because Grafe wants to split the kingdom between the sisters by having them describe how much they love him, but also since The Order of Eldenal won't get over their history and let the crystal district be a part of our country.

Eldenal and the crystal district have always been at odds with each other. The crystal district, or just crystal back then, used to raid science labs and steal their technology and ideas. This led to a period in time when Eldenal didn't have the right technology to keep up with the world.

And now, ever since they fell to Eldenal, The Order has always kept them in the dark about modern times. This has led to the rebellion in Sheyt, where they have finally found out about this segregation.

"Father, I love you, honestly, but if you cannot see that then you certainly have grown old." Cordelia said.

Grafe was now furious. He stood and gestured toward the door.

"Go now. You're not my daughter, you're a disgrace!" Grafe yelled.

In one last attempt, Cordelia asked,

"Will you at least let the crystal district live with this country?"

Grafe thought for a little, then said,

"No."

Cordelia, looking as if she were about to cry, stormed out of the palace room. Suddenly a purple light appeared in front of her, and a tall man walked out asking her to come with him.

This man was wearing a suit, with a green tie. His hair was long, but well kept, falling on his back in a wonderfully made braid. There was a strange purple gemstone embedded in his tie, but stranger yet was his right hand. It seemed mechanical, but it moved to freely to be possible.

"Like it? I am living proof that the crystal district still has better quantum tech than you, but we lack in every other aspect of technology. So you believe the crystal district deserves a place in society, right?" Said the strange man.

"Yes, in fact, I do, but how do you know all this, and who are you? Cordelia asked.

"Ah, I am sorry, I must have forgotten to introduce myself. I'm the second in command of the crystal district, Sobenarashii. And as for how I know all this information, the crystal district has ears everywhere. The real question is, will you help us? You could be the greatest asset to us."

Cordelia was worried, she didn't know what to think. She did want to help the crystal district, but she didn't expect to have to leave so soon. Then again, her father did just disown her, so why not?

"Yes. I will help you."

Lessons Learned

-Halley Mattsen

I was an expected six, but born a five.
I has fallen off my small blue bike at the age of eight,
Even though the squeaky training wheels were still on.
I had discovered dance and decided it was the only option.

I've attempted to do gravity-defying stunts
on the trampoline , but ended up breaking my leg.
By the first day of kindergarten I knew that nap-time
was the best time.

I've climbed impossible mountains and painted sunsets with the tip
Of my fingers.
I unsuccessfully tried to run away from home, but ended up coming
home
after five minutes.

I had cried through the heart-breaking nights of ballet, and felt
the burning pain of dancing En Pointe.
I discovered that I loved volleyball,
and could not keep myself away.
I have been rewarded with Humble scholarships
that had brought joyful tears to me and my mother's eyes.

I learned to never judge roller coasters by how they look, for they
might be huge,
and terrifying.
Also, never stand right next to fireworks, because your uncles are not
that good at lighting them.
And don't trust your cousin while hiking, the might push you off the
boulder.

I've learned that you shouldn't put your face right next to a puppy's.
They might chew on your hair.

Weather: Blackout Poem

A specific feeling
The sky turns to grey
It's going to rain
The air is heavy
Damp and fresh
First drops are welcomed but
You will tire
Of rain
Best is thunder
The clouds darken
There's no light
It's going to storm
Rain pours heavy like a
Bucket of water
Emptying
Streaks of neon lightening
Cracks in the sky
Booming thunder
And it rains

TRENCH WARFARE

The **BOMBARDMENT** ceases to stop

My eyes travel to the holes in the **TRENCH**

In my mind there are holes of weaknesses in our
DEFENSE

All I can taste is the painful flavor of hunger

My ribs like knives **CUTTING** through my sad excuse for a body

And I feel the **ANNIHILATION**

Of our troops coming near

I feel the **SHELLS** slamming into dangerous range

One strikes near and everything goes **DARK**

Hanna Beukelman

BLOOM

My sister's new baby face
Lay in my small hands.
And I kissed her warm cheek
For the first time

The chamomile tea
Hisses in my hands
And warm steam rises
And fogs my view
Everything a blur

I have observed rows
Upon rows
Of sun washed fishing boats
Crash out on the rolling waves

Hot Ecuadorian sand
Wedges between my fingernails
And seashells of dull hues
Scrape my legs
All the while holding hands with my cousin
That are a different color than my own

My eyes light up like a streetlight in the dark
When I see the round green eyes,
Twinkling like emeralds,
And small white paws
Navigating the new home
Cautious as a predator stalking its prey

My grandmother's tough hands
Clear the rich soil
And soon a flower blooms
The life of something so small
Yet so beautiful

I crank down the vintage window

Dystopia

by Josie Quinn

When everything's collapsing,
And even hope filled memories dis-
solve,
When joyousness is passing,
And we search for answers in the dark,

When the time for heart, and time for
choice,
Have all now gone away,
And those who haven't learned
Will be the ones unburned this day,

And simple understanding,
Like a butterfly gently landing
Holds the power of the lions might
Racing with it a will to fight.

I have talent
You don't believe in me
I am just different
Many hard times have changed me
Many tears wiped away
The reading
The tests
I will remember it all forever
I will figure it out
I'm sorry to disappoint you
I will learn from my mistakes
Please let me make this choice

-Jenna Triguero

It wasn't my choice. Dad died. I never left, and there wasn't enough money to rely on. Same boring stuff every day. Time continued and I felt a crumbling anger. There was a circle traveling down, that showed you. Concerned, awful looking, and soaking wet.

-Pierce Lutz

ART



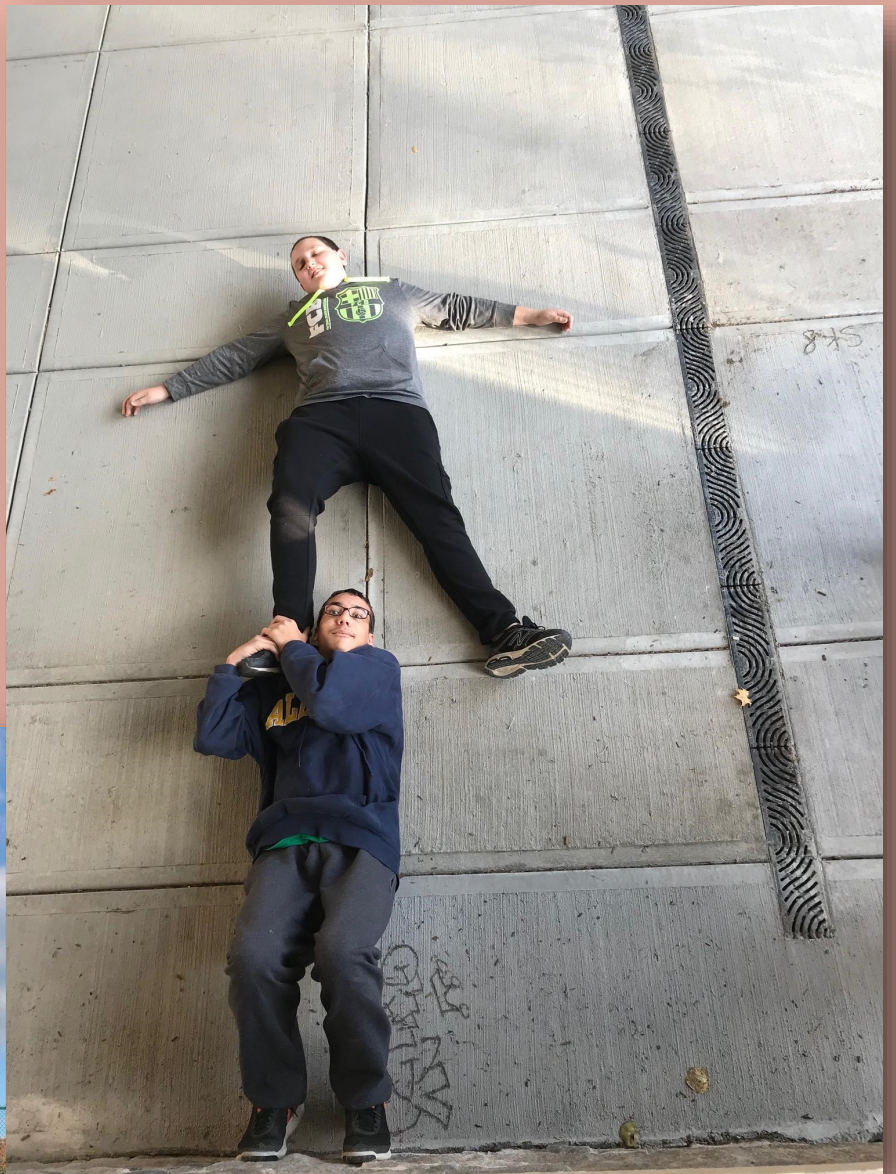
-Giselle Eisenberg



Maddy Rosario



David Moranski



Sky Lin



Juliana Vasquez



Amelia Looft



- Sophie Brassard



—Lyric Schenker

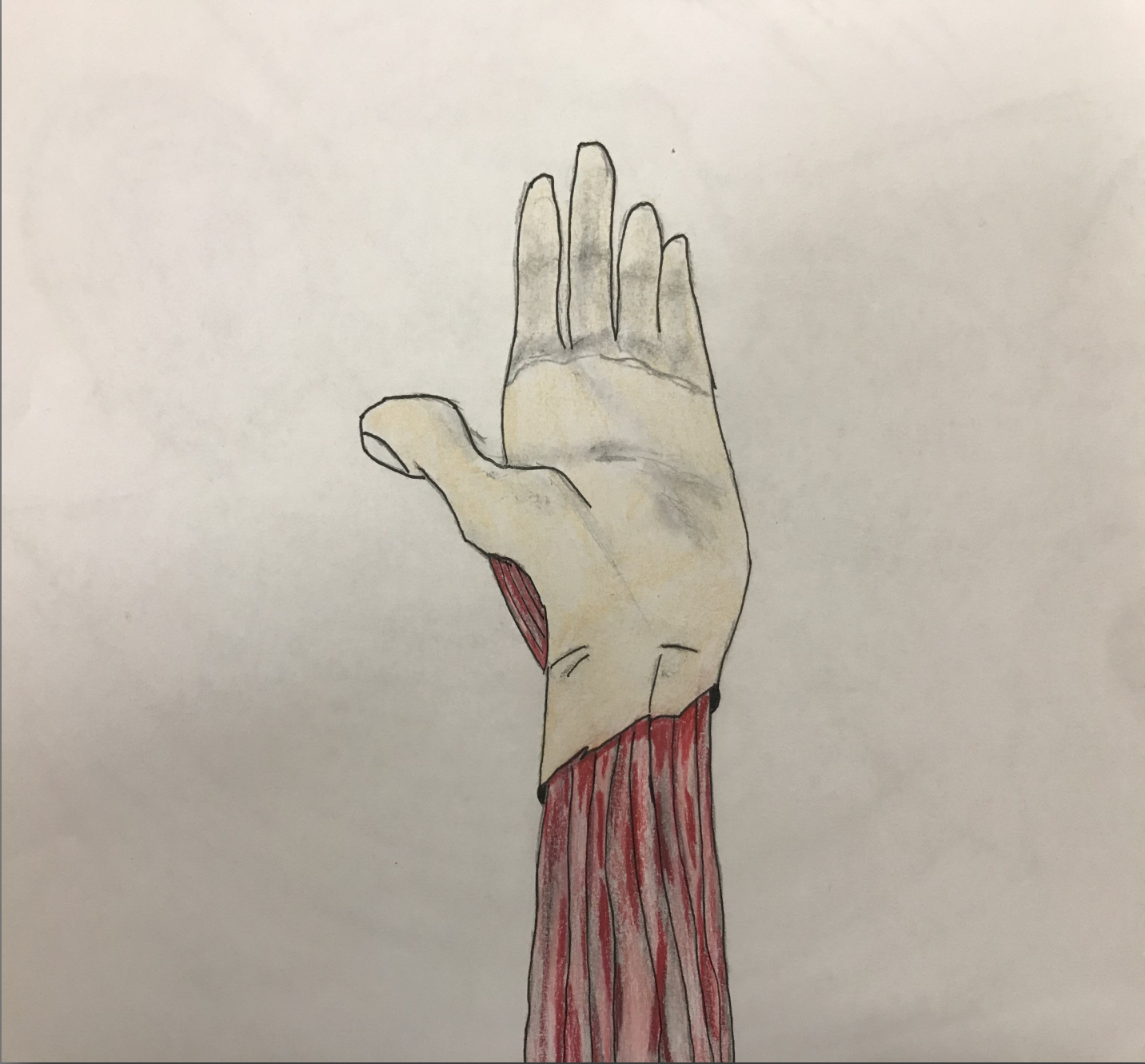


-Mckenley Christiana



Nikola
Salvestrini

Nikola Salvestrini



Haydyn King



- Sophia Schwartz



- Aiden Caso-Sobon



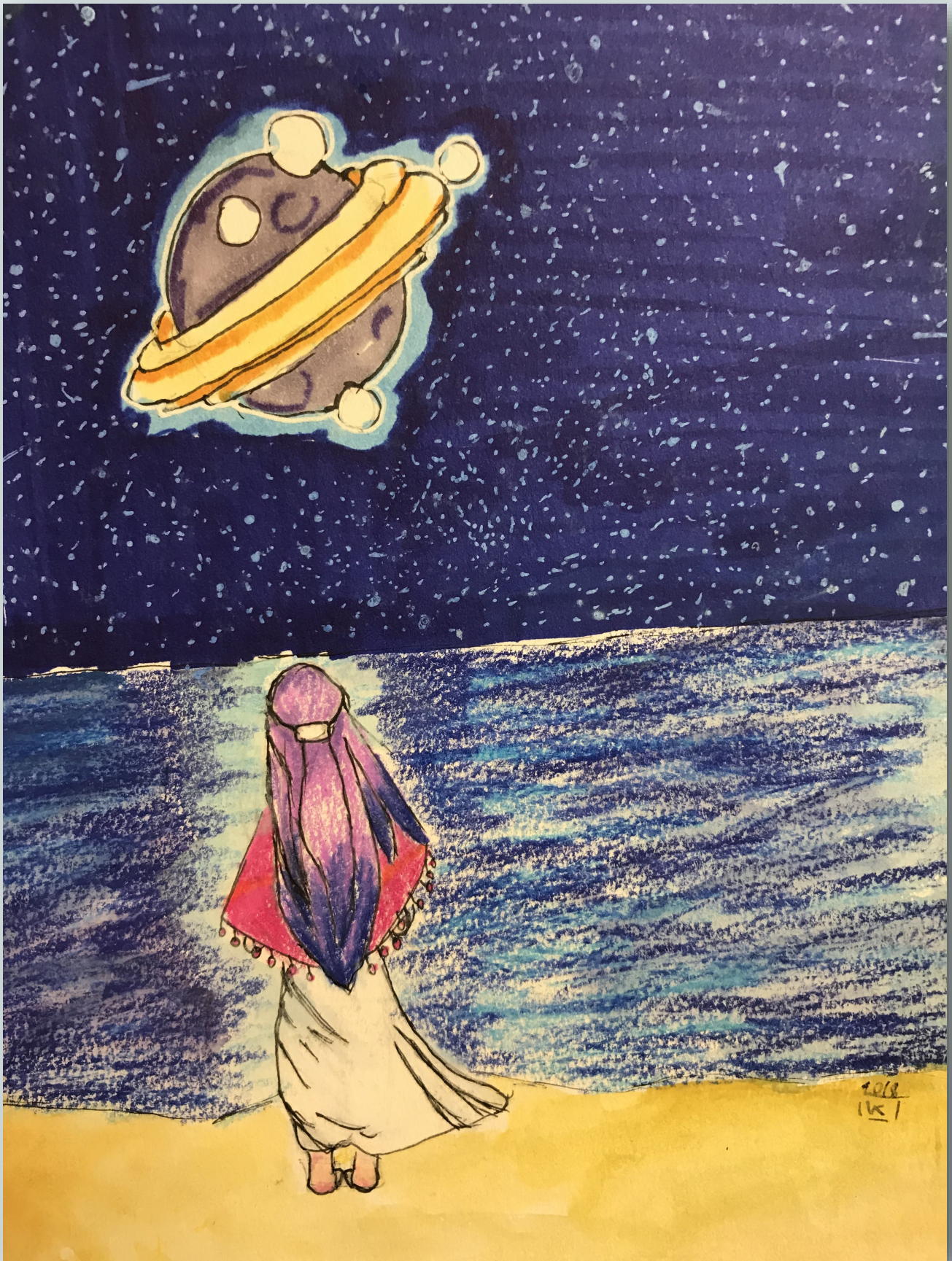
Veda Keon



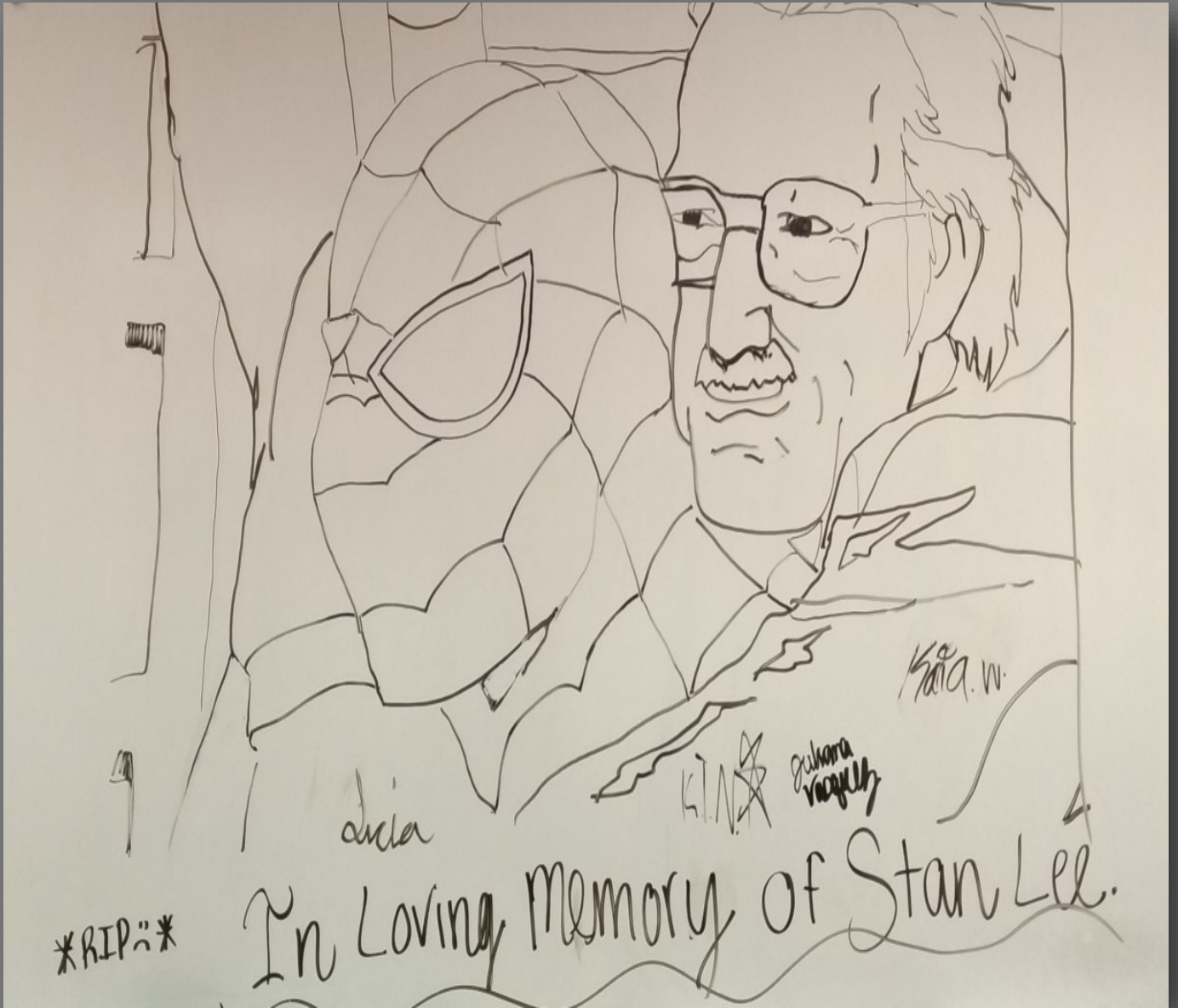
Amelia Looft



-Brian Tierney



Veda Keon

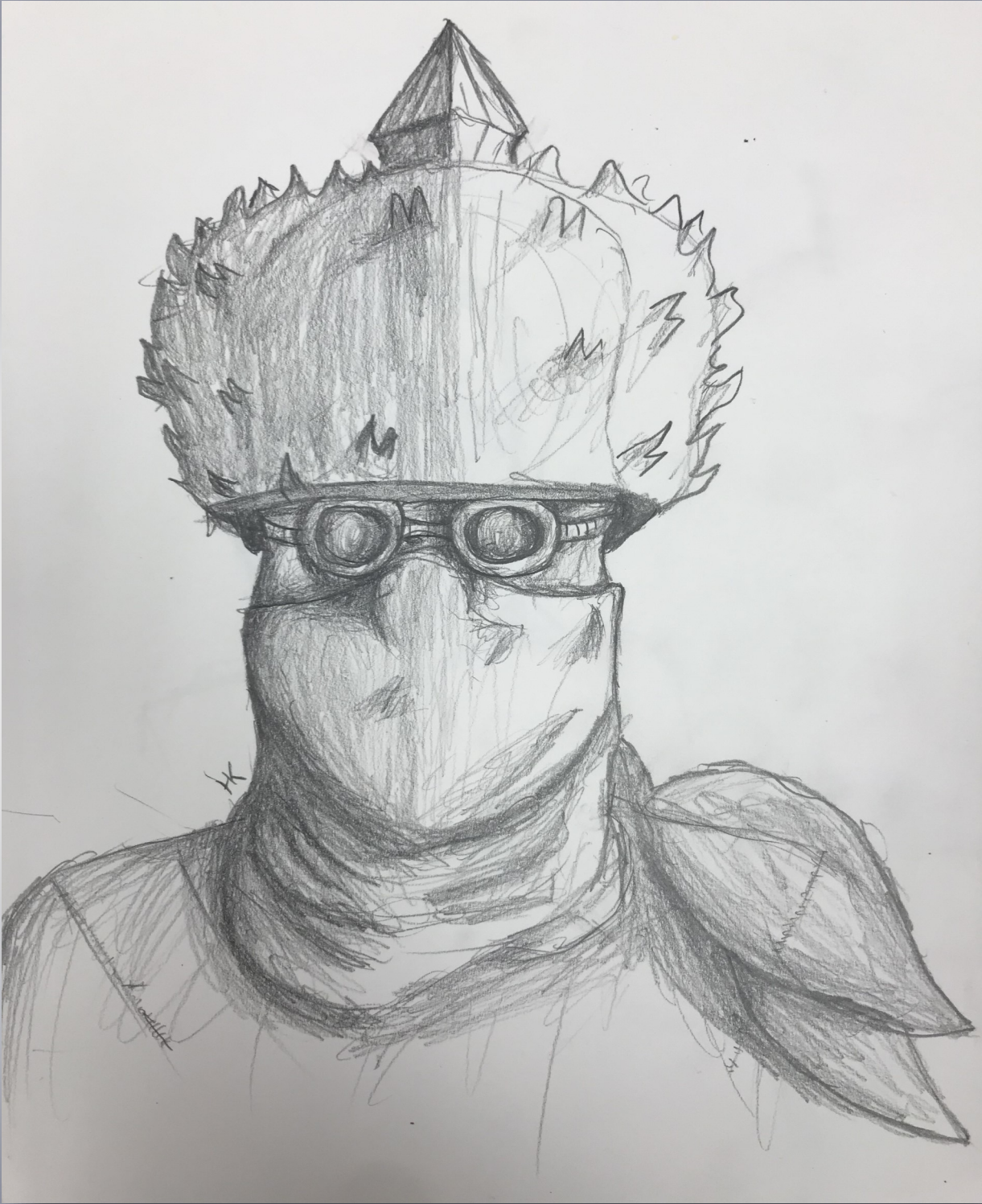




Cadence Power



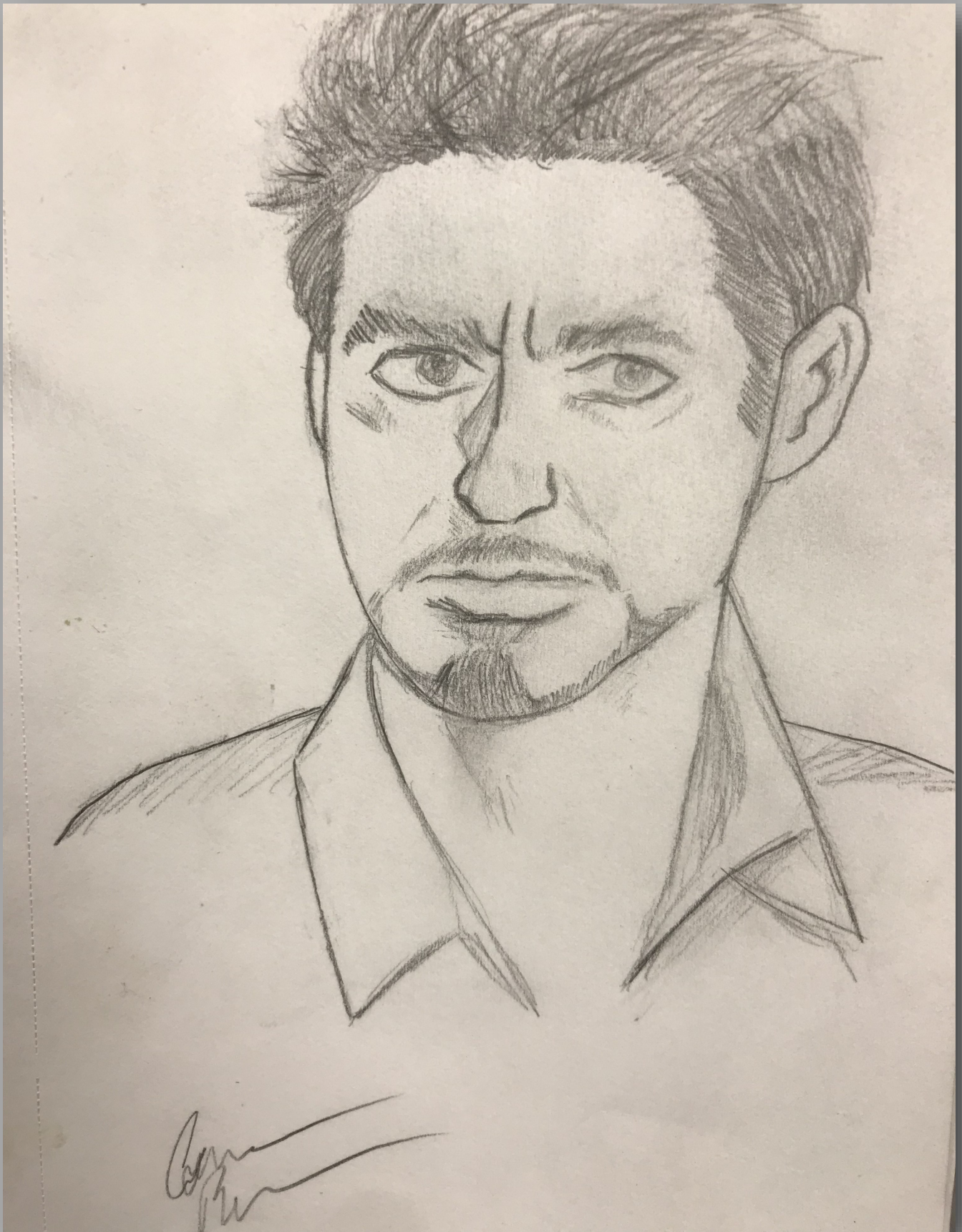
-Max Hawkins



Haydyn King



Haydyn King





Ethan Ball

Ethan Ball



Sofia Loyer



-Mckenley Christiana



-Khepra Ojeda



Sofia Loyer



Sofia Loyer



Sofia Loyer



Sofia Loyer



Haydyn King



Haydyn King



Haydyn King



Haydyn King



Déjà vu

- Madison T

I hide in the woods.
The night collapsed
on me,
With the gentle wind
blowing.

My little imaginative
mind.
I see a dinosaur in the
distance.
But, in reality it's a
tree.

I hear a husky yelling.
It's only the wind.

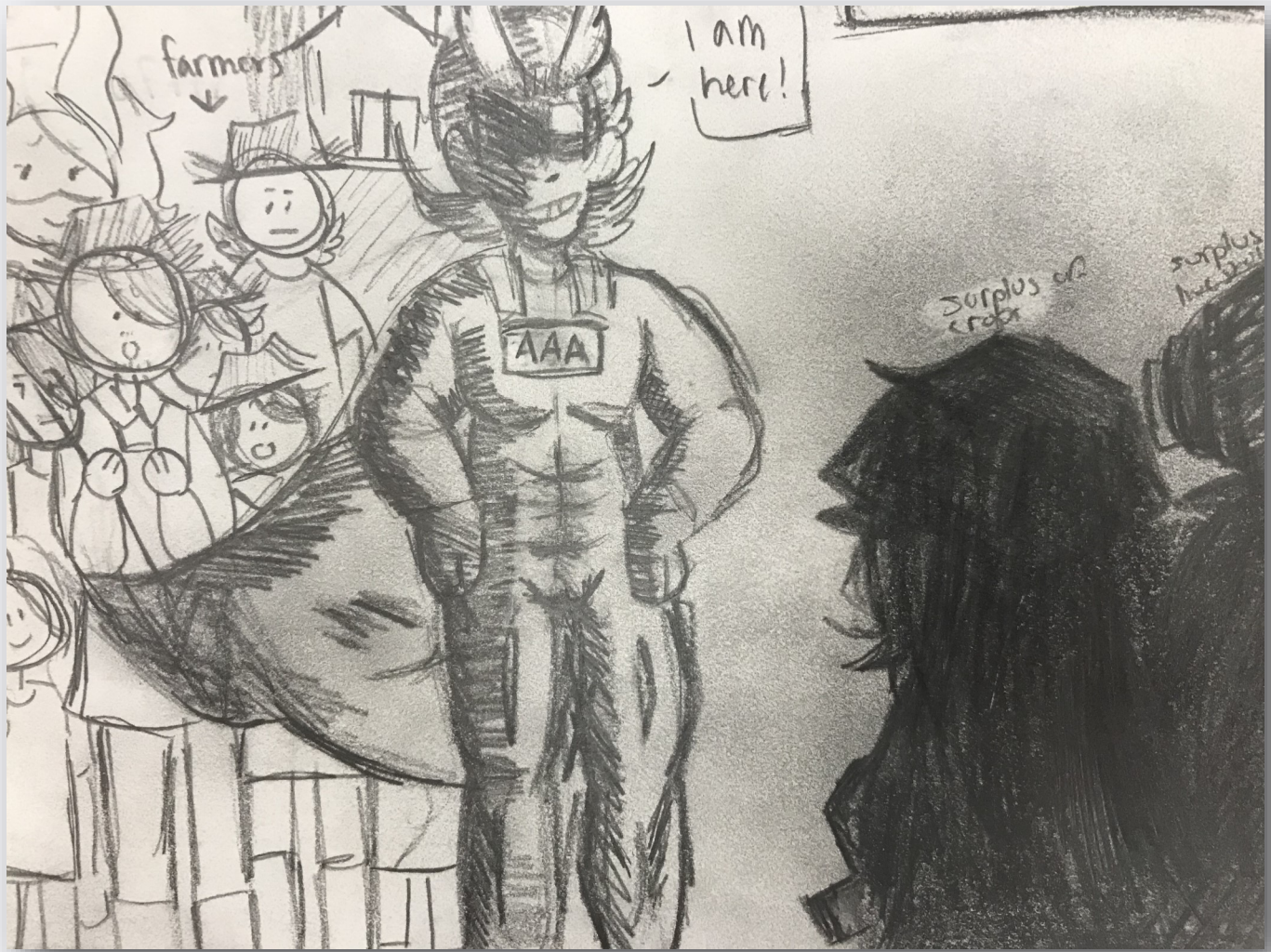
Maddy Rosario



Kyle Newman



Haydyn King



Maddy Rosario



Juliana Vasquez