

Kathryn Reilly

HOMMOCKS

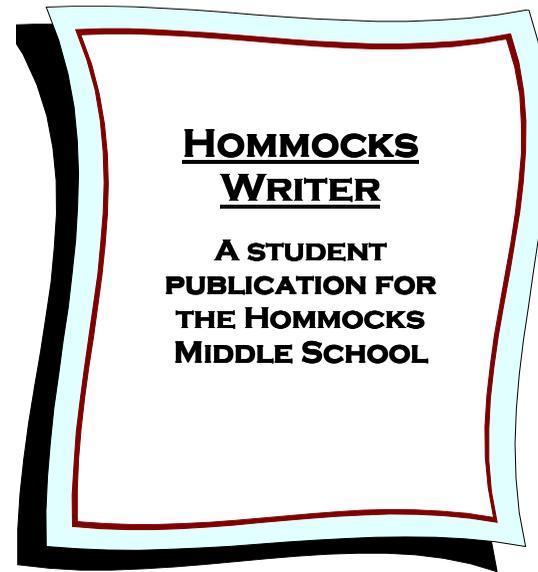


Summer, 2015

WRITER

EDITORS FOR THIS ISSUE

Rachel Barry
Caitlin Carr-Smith
George Gristina
Lucas Lee
Audrey Maneker
Kendall Psaila
Anya Raikhovski
Danny Regan
Sarah Waring
Susanna Weber



ADVISOR: Ms. McCURDY-LITTLE

**THANK YOU TO:
KELSEY COHEN
ARLENE JACOBELLI
SARAH MALGIOGLIO**

Poetry Live! Winner

Night

Inspired by Mark Strand

Last night I heard the moans of the wind,
Their unforgiving howls as I pressed
My head to my pillow
To muffle the sounds of their fierce might,
And to forget the days mishaps
Then the silence fell upon my room
And I heard my own breath,
In and out, as my lungs pushed and sucked for air
My head swirled with what I did right and wrong that day,
When before I knew it, I drifted slowly into an unknown place
A place where I saw my reflection outside of myself,
Poking, searching, prodding for something,
I know not what.
Then the wind rose again,
And the fears of the night stirred me awake,
wondering what tomorrow might bring.

Brigid Knowles

"On the count of three: one, two, three!" She clicks the start button. A pyramid of nine candles appear on the wide screen.

I forcefully blow out, feeling my lungs contract inside my chest like a balloon without a tie. I watch the candles go out one by one, my breath sweeping over them, washing away the fake fire from the tops of them. My lungs ache for air. One more candle...

"Now breathe back in!"

I take a gigantic breath back in and watch as the picture goes away.

I have had asthma since I was two years old. I have had many medicines to take and many doctor's appointments for my symptoms. Now that my asthma is less severe, I only go to an allergist every other week. Every month, I take a test to see if I am wheezing and to measure my lung capacity. Technology plays a big role in this. My doctor, Dr. Panes, has a special device that she can plug into her computer to measure these aspects. With the new technology that has been invented over the past couple of years, doctors can help other people like me with their unique symptoms.

Technology is a big positive in my life, especially for my health. Different technologies allow me and others to com-

municate with doctors easily and quickly. One example of technology helping people is how my cousin who has type 1 diabetes can reach out to his doctor through an app, telling when he took his injections and monitoring his blood sugar level.

However, technology can also be a major setback based on the way you use it. It can be used in a positive way to improve your physical health, but not always your emotional and mental health. Many kids my age, including me, use social media to reach out to one another and post pictures of their everyday lives. I love social media, such as Instagram and Snapchat, but they can also be a major distraction. They cause me and a lot of my peers FOMO: the fear of missing out. Sometimes when I look up a synonym for a word to use in my writing, I get easily caught up on the internet and start procrastinating. This throws me off my rhythm of getting my homework done and I end up getting my homework done much later than I should be.

Although technology brings some negative issues into my life, I think that, overall, it advances me forward and helps to make me healthier, mentally and physically.

Winged Victory of Samothrace

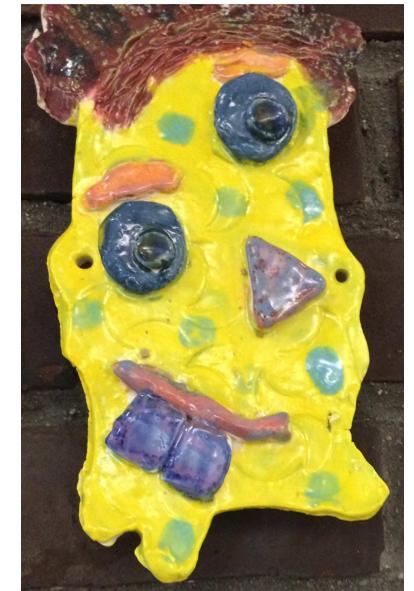
Once mighty and strong
A vision of superior stone
Of Parisian marble
Greying ivory

Her arms once raised,
a victorious gesture
Draped in a flowing garment
And wings spread from behind
She stood majestically
In triumphant balance

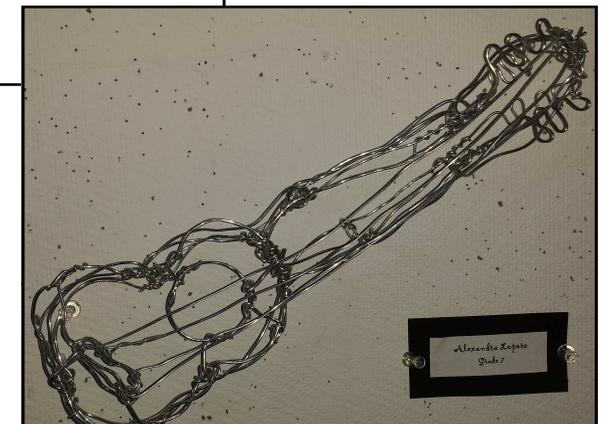
But time was her enemy
As strong as she was,
Her arms severed
One wing shattered into pieces
A perfect goddess
Destroyed

But, alas,
She stood tall
Broken,
But rendered in timeless beauty

Sophia Glinski



Emily Mouracade



Alexandra Lepore

Silent Tears

She raised her bloody hand
To tell her story.
But nobody
Ever called on her.

So she let out a piercing scream,
That *nobody*
Would ever hear.

Soon enough,
He stole her voice.
Kept it in a glass bottle
That had once held his heart.

She went to bed
With the black and blue.
Wandering in her dreams,
With no wall
To keep them out.

She tried to escape his grasp.
His clutches.
But the harder she pulled
The tighter he held her
By the neck.

Day after day
Was built by pain
Until one day
She no longer felt it.

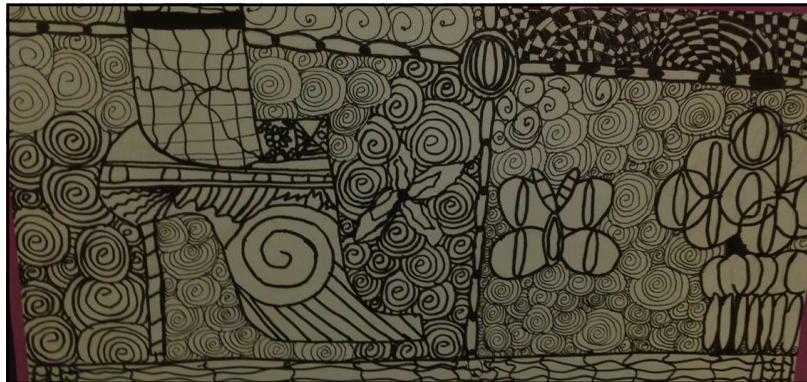
“They seemed to be happy together,
He seemed to love her,
With all of his heart.”

And, as she falls
Deeper and deeper into the ground,
More and more voices
Are stolen.

Someday,
We will all shout out,
And those who refuse to listen
Will be the ones silenced.

Until then,
The bruises,
The blood,
Shall forever remain.

Rachel Barry



Haley-Rose
Aversa

Fresh produce.
Giving joy for
Generations to come.

But that fantasy
Is an overdose...

Laptops, iPods, phones,
Controlling my every move,
Ripping me apart from those
Who love me.

Drenched

And sunken eyes,
From staying up
All night.

Cars, trains, boats and planes
Mining, building, and manufacturing
Draining the natural
And essential
Resources from the only
Planet given to us,
Causing the next generation
To suffer.

Annika Kung-Wolle

Rotary Winner

Darcy Tyler

"So the same as usual. You will place this tube in between your teeth and, on the count of three, blow out, and I will tell you when to suck the air back in."

The petite lady opens the dull tan cabinet revealing the contraption. She grasps it and strides over to her sleek Dell computer. She unravels the cords from the translucent plastic tube and plugs it into the black base. She then pushes up her crisp white sleeves and strides over next to me, ready to guide me through the process. She hands me a gray rectangular holder with the tube

attached at a 90° angle. I clutch the cold object and wait for her directions.

"Okay, now put it into your mouth."

I put the tube in my mouth, clenching it between my teeth, and stand up straight. My doctor leans forward and places her wrist onto the edge of the keyboard and places her fingers upon the mousepad to locate the start button on the dimly lit screen. I breathe slowly in and out, inhaling the clean smell of the office, glancing around at the plain décor: the glassy white linoleum tiled floor, the blank walls, and the patients' bench covered in a thin, opaque sheet of paper.

warmly welcomed to the family of weaponry. These are called drones. They are unmanned aerial vehicles, generally heavily armed that fly over targets and launch missiles at them. These drones are controlled by a soldier sitting in an air-conditioned room, sipping coffee and moving what looks to be a video game joystick, not a 14-million dollar aircraft. This is great in that it protects soldiers' lives and is very effective. But one question is raised: How can we trust this will not be used on citizens of America, by the American government? Drones can stealthily take out small targets without causing lots of damage, unlike ground-attack aircraft such as an A-10 Thunderbolt, which shoots \$100,000 AGM Maverick missiles that can decimate an entire block. With great technology comes great responsibility.

The use of military robots would be a blessing and a curse at the same time for every citizen of the earth. Horses used to be the only reliable method of transportation before cars came around. Around World War I, when horses were very vital, there were about twenty-five million horses in America. Currently there are about six million. These dramatic numbers show how people stop investing time and money in lost causes over time. The same might be true with humans. We may stop investing ourselves. Pretty soon we will have an almost fully automated society, and unless we figure out how to preserve a human economy, many of us will be jobless and left behind like those nineteen million horses.

Delightful or Devastating?	Helping to transport items and people From street to street, From city to city, Country to country.
Laptops, iPods, phones, Give me games to play, information to learn, A connection to My social life: Allowing me to express myself.	Mining, building, farming, manufacturing, Supplying me with entertainment, Contentment, and products that Fulfill my needs. Making actions Calmer, And stress-free.
Drenched And sunken eyes Loving and cherishing Every mega pixel offered.	To obtain School supplies, soap,
Cars, trains, boats and planes	

Top 10 Types of Kids You'll Probably Meet in School

Lucas Lee

Warning: If you get offended VERY quickly, then don't read this... It's a joke!

The "Popular" Kids: They say *Popular* is their middle name. That isn't very accurate. Not everyone's middle name is *popular*.

Nerd and Geeks: What's the difference between these two? No one really knows.

Jock: Loves to play sports. Slogan: sports. Very "creative."

Gossip Girls: It depends on what they talk about. The one thing that we all know is that they comment on everything. Everything.

Loners: Always alone. Except at home.

Overly Smart Kids: The name says it all. Outstanding in every class.

Foreigners: Kids from other countries. You'll never know what they're saying. Unless you speak that language. Which you probably don't.

The New Kid: Just as mysterious as the illuminati.

The Extremely Rich Kid: Drives an airplane to school. Need I say more?

Bullies: Strength: Beating other kids up. Weakness: his/her parents.

Love	She waits for him, not the other way around.
Her first love isn't a whirlwind.	She asks him out, not the other way around.
It isn't a mistake made by two.	She makes the moves upon him or she tries.
It isn't a mistake made at all.	But they love each other equally.
She remembers the scent of sweat on his skin and the way he feels when they hold their hands together in the dark.	They're not a half-strung necklace of a love story with the same ending.
She smiles when he lets her lean her head ever so slightly onto his shoulder and she blushes a bright pink.	She defies the rules of society, not that he minds.
Her first love isn't a whirlwind.	Her second love is anything but cliché.
Her second love is anything but cliché.	Her third love is the one that breaks her
	What was once a beautiful secret is now nothing but a cold, lifeless animal, splayed

against the warm tiles of others.
She'd like to pretend her third love
was the one she learned from the most.
It wasn't.

And she watches him in the distance
feeling her heart splinter into
pieces of dust and
their flourishing relationship
scuttles to a sharp halt
and they don't speak
unless they need to.
Her third love is the one
that breaks her the most.

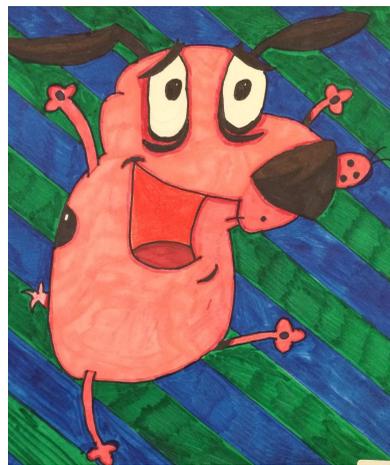
Her fourth love is stupid.
She tries to get him out
of the depths of her mind, but
her eyes are always drawn back
towards him, like a magnet.
She thinks about how stupid
and idiotic and god damn cliché
her fourth love is.
She grimaces, knowing this is a repeat of
her first love and she's
bound to fail again
but she just can't help it.
She thinks about his eyes
and his hair and his smile and
she knows and she hates it.
Her fourth love is stupid.

Her fifth love is the most bittersweet.
She tastes blood on the tip of her tongue
each time she sees him with
another and he smiles more now and she
just can't help but notice
that

he speaks to her now.
It's still different than before.
She rubs her neck each time
every time she hears the words
love story and she knows
she's screwed beyond belief.
But if he screws her over, she really
wouldn't mind at all.
She knows that he knows that
she will always love him.
And that frightens her but she
understands.
Yet she still winces painfully as
she sees him with her.
Her fifth love is the most bittersweet.

She sits, pondering the
delicate lacing of love and
feels the soft tap of a hand behind her.
She spins around and breaks
out into a shy smile and a pink flush and
she took his hand and we
went back to our first love.

Rachel Chen



Sophia
Kenny

Rotary Winners

Technology
Chris Ciulla

Technology is not some new groundbreaking invention. It is not an object or even a group of objects. It is practically everything. Everything from a basic hammer to a self-flying drone is technology. But something very recently has changed the entire world. That one “thing” is not a “thing” at all. It is a blanket term for something extremely complex. This new and somewhat controversial technology is called automation. Automation is already present in everyday life, but soon it will be much more prevalent, bringing exciting but also freighting opportunities.

In a human's everyday life he sees machines. You also occasionally see robots. Not the ones that beep and bop and have antennas for ears, but devices that are nonetheless robots. A robot is a mechanical machine that can physically perform tasks for humans without a human having to be right next to it and controlling its every move. Most everyday machines are not robots. Cars need a human to drive them, coffee machines need a human to pour the water, and all planes need a pilot to fly. But suddenly, engineers are starting to realize that by eliminating the “operators” of these machines, money and effort can be saved. Some coffee companies are now making touchscreen barista machines. You

can choose how much milk, cream, and what coffee you want-some models even allow storage of multiple coffees. This is certainly a great way to make life easier for many people in their homes.

This sort of automation is good in a residential market. But it is not so sweet in commercial market, and some robots can cause latte problems (bad coffee pun). According to studies, jobs such as stores clerks and pharmacists are becoming easy to automate. It is projected that sales via self-service will reach 1.1 trillion in 2014, showing an increase of about 8% every year. All of this money was generated without a human being there. Automation almost seems to prove that it's better for companies to move to these smart machines. This is an exciting time for technology.

One sector that has always been trying to create the most advanced technology is the military. Very recently, the United States' military has been testing robots that can carry supplies and sprint alongside soldiers. This can make it easier for the soldiers to do their jobs and can save lives. It is very commonly accepted that non-lethal military machines are worth creating and overall a good investment. But one certain group of machines has not been as

Besides the disregard from

The parent

The grandparent

The doctor

The teacher

Dad still needs me for work

Grandma still needs me for the connection to her family

Our doctor still needs me for the most accurate results

Mrs. A still needs me for a new way of learning

Besides everything harmful I can cause

I still:

Connect one person's story to the whole world

Communicate two new friends who live across the country

Allow a new future for struggling artists and visionaries

Enhance our ability to accomplish desired feats

Make parts of our universe just a little bit better

So in whatever form I take:

A phone

A computer

A tablet

A camera

A new software

I try my best to help everyone

Connect

Communicate

Allow

Enhance

And make a difference

Sasha Reist



Anonymous

My Place: Jojo and Poppy's

Juliet Webb

My grandparents live in a heavy, worldly Tudor on a quiet, secluded street in one of the suburbs of Chicago, named Winnetka. They've lived there since my mom was nine, shuttling their seven children from a small house on the other side of town to this beautiful one that would eventually become the heart of my big, rambunctious family. Twenty-one grandkids, fourteen aunts and uncles, and two grandparents make for the loudest, craziest, exciting time of your life. I love my huge Irish family more than I can say, and every day and every night I thank my lucky stars and wonder how I got to be this fortunate, to have best friends and sisters who are my cousins, grandparents that mean so much to me, and people that seem to understand me and love me so deeply. *Everyone* lives in Winnetka, the glowing little town where everything that matters always seems to happen. Everyone except us. My parents always combat our complaints of "I wish we lived in Winnetka too!" or "Why can't we move to back to Chicago?" with, "The less we see them, the more special it is every time we *do* see them." Or, "The only reason why you love going there so much

is because we don't go very often. It's so special because we don't get to go very often." I never understood my parents' reasoning, but now, I finally do. Distance makes the heart grow fonder.

We go to Winnetka every summer and no matter how many summers have passed, I never, never, *never* tire of racing my brothers into Jojo and Poppy's house, yelling a chorus of "We're here, we're here, we're here!", as we skip through each room, remembering what it feels like to be at *home*. I *never* tire of smelling the delicious comfort foods cooking up in the kitchen right as the scents greet you with a fierceness that makes me feel alive. I never tire of walking through the old wooden front door, feeling the cool checkered tile kiss my bare, summer feet as the door closes with a firm and final screech. I never tire of seeing everything in its rightful place, right where it belongs, the antique piano in the corner of the living room, the plush, 70's wall-to-wall carpeting covering every inch of the house, the glass bouquet of flowers sitting in the coffee table, just waiting to be smashed to pieces by the wrestling, fighting antics of my cousins. I never

tire of seeing the huge family portraits hung up in the hallways, the welcoming giraffe coffee table against the inviting vanilla couch in the family room. I never tire of taking in the symphony of the ancient wooden floor boards groaning under me, greeting me after such a long stay away from home. I never tire of sliding my hand up the endlessly smooth, curled banister, padding up the forest green carpeted steps to our bedrooms. I never tire of sitting on the windowsill in the Red Room, watching the cars go by down below on Garland Street, so anxiously waiting for my cousins to wildly tumble out of their great big SUV that I sometimes don't think I can take it anymore. I never tire of running free into the great, unexplored backyard of my grandparents' house, running wild as constant footballs, baseballs, bouncy balls whiz past me. I never tire of forcing the begrudging, sliding glass door open to the deck and racing out into the tall grasses, feeling them nip at my bare ankles. I never tire of any of it, all the familiar comforts of being at home with the people that simply make you *happy*. But one thing I know that I will never, never, NEVER tire of is the feeling of love that is constantly circling, swirling, dancing through the thick wooden walls, enveloping all of us McMahons in a warm glow. As soon as

you step through that house, my home, love comes at you, head on. I've never felt so strongly and so truly happy in any other place in my life, and I have never felt more *me* whenever I'm in that house, on that street, in that town, with my family. I feel fully like nothing will ever be better, that this is my beautiful life, this is where I am supposed to be, right here in this moment, whether it's chatting with my grandma on the porch, or racing my cousins along Garland Street in our waves of scooters, bikes and piggy back rides, basking in the late summer sun. I have never felt so right and true as I do when I'm laughing unstopably and so forcefully with my sisters, or when I'm going back in time with my grandpa on the deep family room couch, going through all of the neatly labeled picture albums of every year since 1960. I feel *right*, so right and true and full at that house, with that family and those people, the people that matter the most to me. I feel so good, my body tingling and buzzing from the excitement of the moments in that house, with those people, playing and living in the hidden nooks and crannies where our parents once did just like us, in the kitchen, deliriously arguing about life with my "soul sisters", on the back patio with all my little cousins scurrying around, dancing, fighting, crying, making up,



Rotary Winner



Identity

Parents say I provide bad behavior
 Grandparents say I am hard to understand
 Doctors say I can be bad for our well being
 Teachers say I am distractive

Teenagers say they can't live without me
 Kids say they are curious about what I can do
 Investors say I am the key to great business
 Inventors say I am their new best friend

Some think I am wasteful
 Some think I am useful
 Some think I destroy imagination
 Some think I spark new ideas

But what do I really do?
 Who am I really?
 Am I needed or harmful?
 Am I the good or am I the bad?

Maybe I am not just one thing
 Maybe I can become bad, but just a touch of me is good
 Maybe I am more than just a word or two of wreckage and evil
 Maybe I am an abundance of new beginnings and opportunities

Poetry Live! Winner

Devouring Music

Inspired by Mark Strand's
"How to Eat a Poem"

I slurp stanzas

Like exotic faraway noodles.

Sixteenths flutter on glossy gossamer
wings

I engulf them in my cavernous mouth.

The composer is enraged

His mouth curled in a vicious snarl.

He tears his hair out

In white puffy tufts.

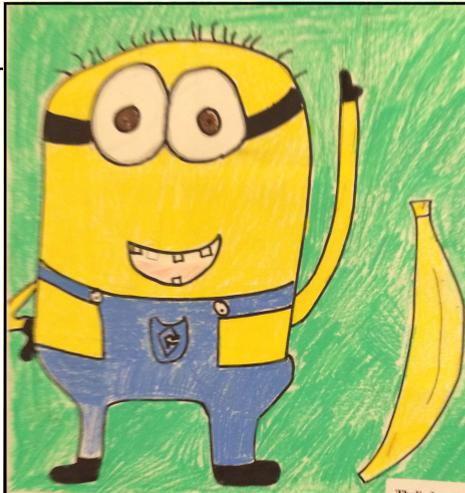
I do not care.

I let the melodies

Run down in a waterfall

Seeping over my untamed chin.

Anya Raikhovski

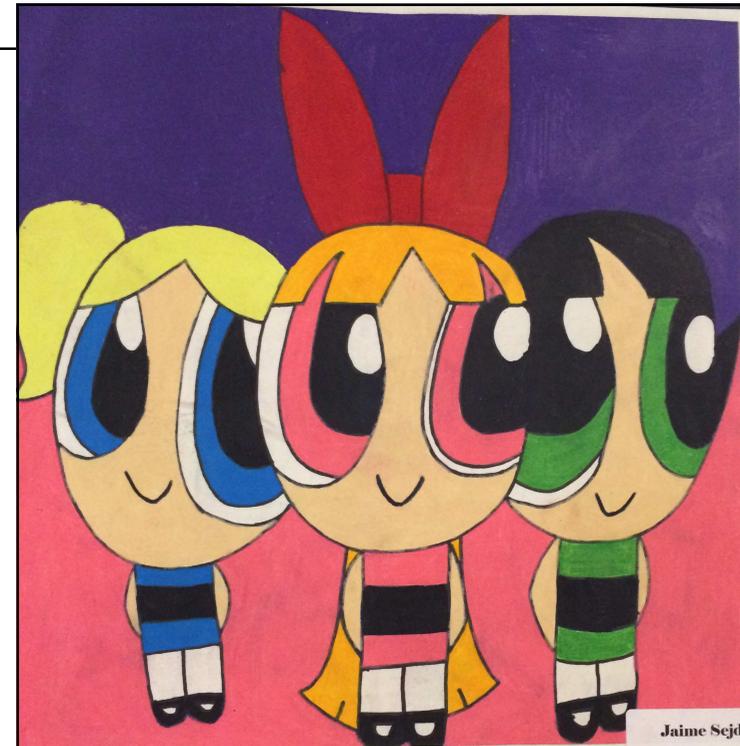


Thalia Ierodiaconou

laughing, loving. This place is where I *feel*. This place is where my heart is. This place is love. Simply love.

In November of 2014, I learned of the devastating news that my grandparents were selling their house due to the demands of the upkeep of such a large house that symbolizes such a huge family. Only now, six months after the fact, am I realizing that I'm going to be okay. That I'm still going to feel full, bursting with love and light, that I'm still going to have those much needed moments of incredible rightness, even though the house that symbolizes my life will be gone, in the hands of someone

else to discover. I'm only now realizing that we, the, crazy, beautiful family that I care about so much will still be the same after my grandparents sell their house. We are still going to be us, all together, united in our appreciation and care for one another. I'm now realizing that "home" is not the physical Tudor that gave me so much life, but it's the family that was in it. The family that brought me so much happiness and so much love. The family that made me free. That family will always be with me, whether or not we have 660 Garland or not. We're forever together, and for that I am so grateful.



Jaime Sejd

Jaime Sejd