

2020 Runestone Cover created by Skyy Purinton 11th Grade

The Viking Runestone

Volume Two/Spring 2020

Greetings,

I am excited to write the forward of the second volume of *The Viking Runestone*. Smith Vocational looks for opportunities to let our students extend themselves and showcase the many facets of their personalities and abilities. Here at Smith Vocational, we are working every day to help our students create the adult they will become. This can only be achieved by helping them cultivate their entire self, which includes academic knowledge, vocational ability and technical skills, employability and teamwork, civic responsibility, and artistic expression. These are some of the components that will help our students truly succeed as adults and help our society strengthen.

This literary publication, *The Viking Runestone*, represents the creative and inspired work that our staff and students perform regularly. It is made possible by the vision and hard work of advisors Tracey Burke, Arleni Sanchez and Kim Keough. This magazine represents the unification of our Art department, Art Club, AM Writing Club and English department. It provides the opportunity for us to showcase the amazing things that our students have created in those classes and clubs. It allows us to publicly honor their efforts. It is supported by our Graphic Communications shop, under the direction of Walker Boyd and Ben Matthews. It is also edited by our librarian, Leslie Skantz-Hodgson.

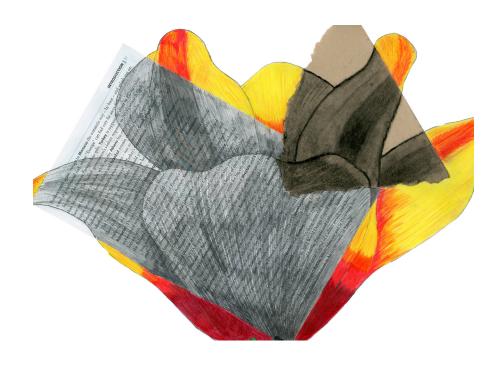
Thank you all, who had the courage to contribute a piece of yourself to *The Viking Runestone Two*. I am certain that the original works within this edition will surprise and inspire you.

My best,

Joseph C Bianca

Chang

Principal



Yanibel Agosto Flores, 10th Grade, *Flower*, Mixed Media, 12" x 9"





Katie Nault, 10th Grade, *The Future,* Watercolor, $6" \times 12"$

No Sleep Till Brooklyn

When I drove to New Jersey
The car ride was so
Long, but beautiful.
I saw New York City from far
Away. The buildings stood tall
As the sky. The Beastie Boys playing
On the radio was enough
To keep me awake.
I was so tired and my mouth
Was dry. All I could taste was the air
And my own skin.

James Smith, 10th Grade, No Sleep Till Brooklyn

You Remind Me of Myself

I want to tell you something.

Something I've never said out loud.

When I was a kid, I used to lock my back door then Walk around the house to the other side of the locked Door and try to open it.

I'd pull and pull until my arms felt like Jell-O But I never gave up.

Well, one day I broke the lock and the door swung Open, and I cried when I fell.

You remind me of myself.

You keep trying to open this locked door that is my Heart.

But everyone before you, who I let in, locked the Door behind them.

I'm sorry that they locked it; I'm trying

To open back up.

But also know the door is locked.

I know if you pull hard enough, you will open

This door, but you will also fall and it will hurt.

Please don't be afraid of the scratches and bruises

On your hands from

Falling.

And please don't lock the door behind you.

Janessa Jones, 10th Grade, You Remind Me of Myself



Arleni Sanchez, Education Associate, Friendly Competition, Watercolor, 9" x 12"

Who am I?

After Jane Kenyon

I am the athlete
I am the coach of skiing
I am the graphic designer
I am the gardener of the wild plants
I am the strong steeple of the beautiful church
I am the American flag, "Oh say can you see"
Standing proud and strong
I am the helpful worker waiting for greatness
I am the peaceful monk praying for peace
For a better time than tomorrow

Madeline Weinstein, 11th Grade, Who am I?



Candy Lachance, 10th Grade, *Freedom is in the Air*, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Becky Reyes, 11th Grade, *Elephant Psyche*, Mixed Media, 16" x 11"

Coffee with a Side of Gender

Drink coffee like a man
He said
His ignorance marched like a parade from his mind
And up from his throat
I bet he felt good!
Well I'd hope so!
When being a straight white man
You never know oppression like being a woman
Drinking a cup of coffee "like a woman"

Drink coffee like a man!
Because men know how to drink coffee the "right way"?
Because men don't know sugar?
And everything that's strong and bold is masculine, right?

Well, guess what? I don't drink coffee like a man
Because while I sip coffee I'm not straight!
I'm not "on top" or oblivious to oppression
When I drink my coffee I add a splash of feminism, equal
rights, and respect
I'd never drink coffee like a man
When I drink coffee
I'm human
Just trying to stay awake
Like everyone else

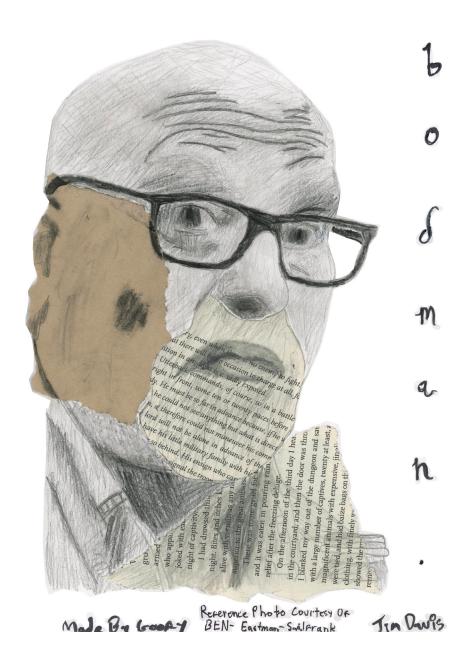
Christian Paul Torres, Cosmetology Alumnus, Class of 2017, Coffee with a Side of Gender



Suzanne Van Geel, 9th Grade, Untitled, Graphite, 8.5" x 11"



Deborah Carver, Administrative Assistant to the Superintendent, *Banker Horse*, Photography



Brian McCullough, 10th Grade, *Bond*, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



Connor Dominick, 9th Grade, *Husky*, Watercolor, 9" x 12"



Katie Nault, 10th Grade, $\mathit{Mr. Doctor Man}$, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Daniel Lee, 10th Grade, *Hyper Dunks,* Graphite, 12" x 9"



Anthony Follet, 10th Grade, Joker, Digital Painting



Anthony Follet, 10th Grade, Untitled, Digital Painting

A Cerca De Papi/About Papi by Elizabeth Acevado, translated from Spanish original by Celinette Rodriguez

You can have a father that lives in your house. That sits at the table everyday and looks at the T.V. in the living room.

And snores during the night, and grumbles about the accounts, the climate, or your brother's excellent grades.

You can have a father that works for the Secretary of Transportation and reads The Listings Daily, and calls the island every 2 months to talk to one of his cousins.

You can have a father that if anyone were to ask, you would have to respond with, he lives in my house, you would have to say, He's walking around somewhere.

But even when he touches you while walking to the bathroom, you can say it could have been anyone.

Even though your father is present, it doesn't mean he's there.

Celinette Rodgriguez, 12th Grade, About Papi

A Cerca De Papi by Elizabeth Acevado

Puedes tener un padre que viva en tu casa. Que todos los días se siente a la mesa y mire TV en la sala

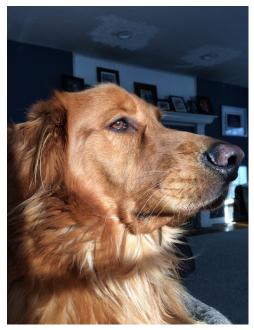
y ronque durante toda la noche, y refufuñe por las cuentas, el clima o las excelentes calificaciones de tu hermano.

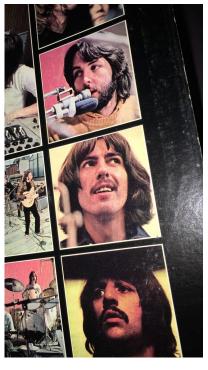
Puedes tener un padre que trabaje para la Secretaría de transporte y lea El Listín Diario, y llame a la isla cada dos meses para hablar con el primo fulano de tal.

Puedes tener un padre que, si la gente preguntara, tendrías que responder que vive en tu casa. Tendrías que decir que anda por allí.

Pero aun cuando te roce al pasar de camino al baño podría haberse ido como cualquiera.

Que tu padre esté presente, no significa que esté aunsente.

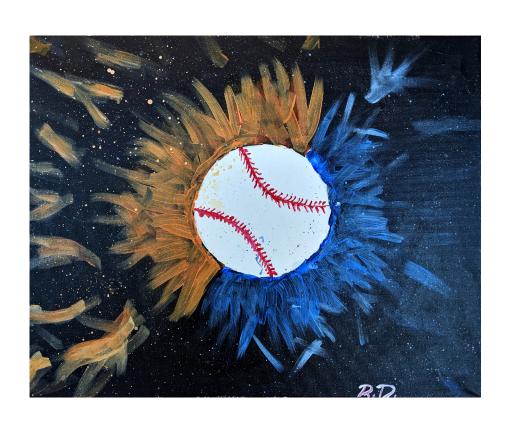




Olivia Jablonski, 10th Grade, top: *Untitled,* below: *Untitled,* Photography



Olivia Jablonski, 10th Grade, Untitled, Photography



Race Drobiak, 10th Grade, Baseball, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



Rachel Stoops, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Color Pencil, 4" x 6"

Once More Into The Fray

The year is 2035. A lone figure walks the snow-covered, cold, dead earth. The figure has on extra-thick clothes to shield them from the ungodly cold, and a gas mask covers their face. Their weapon hangs from their hip. They breathe shallow breaths in and out as they look at everything around them. The town, which once held families and life, is now dead and cold as the snow around them. The figure sighs. Only the dead, dry bones, the old rust-brown blood, and the sound of crunching snow under their boots keeps them company. There is no other person to talk to or in whom they can seek comfort. No one to greet or say goodbye to. No one to miss or remember. They are utterly alone. It is almost maddening. They hear a twig snap, and turn toward the sound, readying their weapon. Their matted hair wings through the biting wind as they listen.

A mutated monstrosity growls, sending deep, low rumbles through the earth to its two companions as together they watch the lone figure make their way through the ghost town. All at once the monsters let out a high-pitched screech and charge their prey. In the blink of the figure's well-trained eye, their axe spins through the air and is embedded in the skull of one of the beasts. The figure moves quickly and rips the axe out, handle and blade, and lobs off the head of the abomination, to ensure it will not regenerate. Slowly, it turns to dust and blows away.

The two remaining monsters scream in shock at the sudden demise of their companion. In an attempt to throw off the figure, the two remaining monstrosities mimick the screams of their most recent victims. The figure grits their teeth under the scarf and gasmask, enraged that the beasts dare think they can fool them. The figure kicks one of the beasts in the face

Eric Thomas, 12th Grade, Once More Into The Fray

and flings it into the cornice of a nearby building. Like two lightning strikes, the skull cracks and the beast is impaled on its iron molding. The monster screams and struggles until, like its companion, it too loses its head with one blow of the figure's axe. The eyes go dull. The ax drips with its blood. The lone creature lunges for the figure, tackling them. The figure and the beast roll downhill in a cloud of dust. The creature snaps at the figure uses every inch of their might, refusing the beast even a morsel of flesh.

There is an ice-covered river at the bottom of the hill and this is where they land. The axe handle is still wet with the blood of the last killed creature, and the figure loses their grip on it as the creature attacks them again, slamming their head into the ice. Everything goes white for a moment. Ears ring, hands reach, until they find the monster's leg. The figure yanks at it, pulling the beast off balance. It slams down onto the ice, and another deafening *KRACK!* echoes into the valley. It is too late when they both look down to see the fractures snake through the ice, under their weight and force. They both attempt to save themselves, but their force upon the ice only causes them to slip and fall over each other. The seal of ice is broken and the current under the remaining frozen sheet, stronger than both of them, sucks them underneath and carries them down river.

Desperate, they claw and bang at the ice, trying to break it or get a grip on something. The beast manages to dig its claws into the ice, making a small hole. The figure's gas mask begins to fill with water, so they rip it off, revealing three, long scars over their eye. Their matted, messy hair is freed and is like seaweed in the river. They can see through a clump of it well enough to grab onto the hair of the monster's back and is

Eric Thomas, 12th Grade, Once More Into The Fray

able to anchor themself. The figure pulls themself up against the ice, using the hole the creature made. They burst through the ice together, dragging themselves out.

The figure throws off their scarf, revealing the fresh face of a teenage boy. The monster screeches and slashes at him, but his thick jacket protects him. He shoves the creature's head under the water as it begins to freeze again, trapping it. It scrambles, trying to get out of the water, legs flailing, but the boy leans in with his weight, keeping the beast trapped. It struggles only for a few more minutes before it begins to weaken. The ice is cracking once again. The boy quickly gets off the beast and, as fast as he can, shimmies towards the river bank.

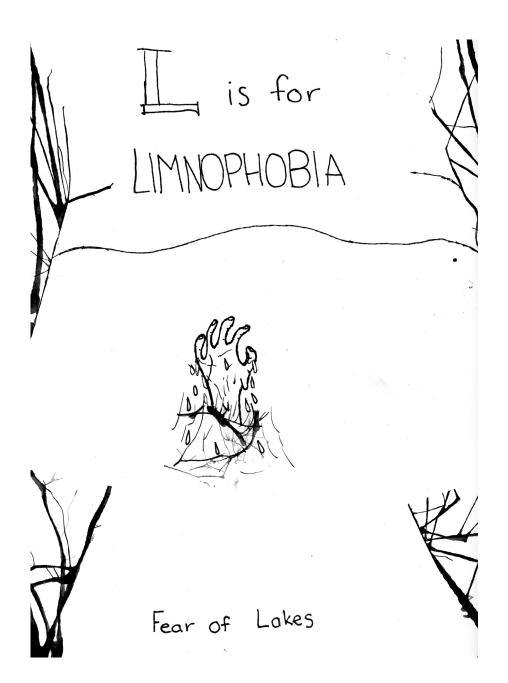
The monster struggles, ripping its head out of the ice, slicing its own flesh, leaving chunks of it embedded in the frozen river. It charges one last time at the boy as he falls onto the bank. The monster leaps at him, but the boy grabs his axe and with a now-sharpened half at the shaft, buries it deep in the beast. Water mixed with blood escapes its mouth as it tries to claw at him, until the life finally leaves its eyes, and it falls limp. The boy looks down at the creature, reaching up to press his fingers into the claw marks on his face. A sadness rises up in him. He watches with curiosity as the beast begins to turn to dust, the body of its ancestor barely recognizable in its mutated form...man's best friend.

The boy reclaims his scarf and forces himself up the hill, exhausted. He walks along the outskirts of the town, until he finds what he had been looking for.

The train tracks.

Eric Thomas, 12th Grade, Once More Into The Fray





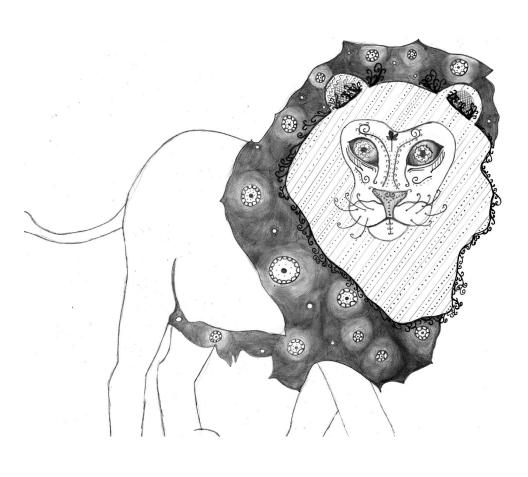
Lily Ryan, 9th Grade, *L is for Limnophobia*, Ink and Marker, 9" x 12"



Marion Hamel, 10th Grade, Dolphins, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Marshall Ingram, 9th Grade, *Galaxy Whale*, Watercolor, 12" x 9"



Sophie Kazimierczak, 9th Grade, *Lion,* Graphite and Marker, 9" x 12"

Cave

A cave.

You first peer in and it looks scary.

Unsafe, Dark, Lonely.

But something draws you in.

It's Dark.

As you keep going you stray farther and farther from the light.

To keep you going you repeat the same line over and over, It's still Dark, you're still alone.

After a while you lose the light—
The dark is no longer there
It's normal now.
Nothing is wrong,
You are fine.

You wander further and further into the cave.

You think to go back,

Can you still leave?

There is a voice, it tells you to keep going.

Trust yourself, go with your gut, follow your heart It all leads to the cave.

But, it takes one, one person.

Don't you see it's dark? Do you remember the light? You start to go back.

As you go back there is a wall, and rocks that have fallen, Rocks you had not noticed before.

It's easier to go back, to go deeper.

The cave calls you back.

Anonymous, 12th Grade, Cave

It's a tug-of-war between the cave and your help,

Pulling, hurting, tearing you apart.

You get some tools to help but, you can only go up so far.

The cave is stronger than you and has taken many before.

But you can be stronger with more;

More tools, more people, more help.

New and different ideas to help you move on.

Sometimes you start to go deeper.

The cave is your home, your life.

But, you will get stronger.

You can fight it.

You are reminded that the cause is not right or safe.

Time Passes

You finally make it to the entrance that caved in years ago. You can see a beam of morning light

So many years without light, the memories come back The cave is dark.

The cave is lonely.

The cave is not safe.

You dig through the rocks and other debris in your search for more light.

Finally you are free.

But what do you do now?

You only know the cave.

People leave, help leaves, tools vanish.

You are alone.

The cave is; you are

A cave,

You peer in and you know it's scary.

Unsafe, Dark, lonely.

But something draws you in, and you are in darkness.

Yet again.

Anonymous, 12th Grade, Cave





Shannon Brisbois, History Teacher, top: Fall, below: Sunrise, Photography





Shannon Brisbois, History Teacher, top: *Summer Raspberries*, below: *Pounce*, Photography

The Weight of Home

I said yes to a feral kitten, sight-unseen, almost nineteen years ago. To say we've been through a lot together would be, I'd like to say here—quietly, softly—an understatement. After I agreed to take the kitten, it was brought to the restaurant where I worked, by my head chef. The kitten had stolen into his house one

bitterly cold night and refused to leave.

Besides being Barney's head chef, Jason was also a young dad to a bevy of wee children and several family pets and he just could not take on one more charge. He announced if someone on staff did not volunteer to take this kitten, he would be serving it up as some exotic appetizer the coming weekend. We all groaned at his bad joke, and then I raised my hand. I had just moved into a small attic apartment not far from Barney's, and my landlord said small pets were okay. Chef generously brought kibble, a food bowl, a litter box and the wild kitten itself to Barney's carriage house: A little starter kit for the first-time pet owner.

Barney's is a semi-fine dining restaurant located in Locust Valley, Long Island. A repurposed historic home constructed in the late 19th century, its attached carriage house was where sundries and holiday decorations, broken furniture, tools, catering supplies, etc. were kept. There were lots of places from high rafters to dark corners for a tiny kitten to explore, and, as we soon found out, to hide. Almost two months went by between the day the kitten arrived at the carriage house and when she and I finally came face to face.

It was our gestation period. I loved her before I ever met her. I loved her because even though she was feral, she had enough civility to eat her kibble in the dish provided and use her litter box. I loved her even more because she would eat that kibble and then kick the milk cart down, so we'd come in the next day hoping to have caught her and instead find an empty dish

under a milk cart. I loved her because she foiled every scheme, every attempt by the kitchen staff to capture her. She was part wayward Ninja, part lost soul, and she had serious trust issues. I empathized. I'd finish a shift then find some place in the carriage house to sit and talk quietly to her. I wanted her to know she was safe with me, that with me she would always have a home. I wanted to believe she was listening, but ne'er a shadow nor sound did I detect in those two months. The Friday night I arrived for my shift and found the kitchen staff sort of lined up behind the dish line, waiting for me, smiling from ear-to-ear, I knew I was finally going to meet my, now-medium-sized, feral kitten. Frustrated that none of

their homemade traps were successful, someone had gotten hold of a humane raccoon trap: "Keeeeemmmm" we caught

I followed them into the carriage house.

vour cat!"

The trap was heavy duty metal and large, but the cage was skidding from side to side across the cement floor with every swipe and hiss of a caught kitten who was the fiercest, angriest and most beautiful creature I'd ever seen. She was a long-haired, black and white mini-Maine Coon. Her eyes were such a luminous gold, they could have been purchased at Tiffany's. Contrasting this beauty and pedigree was a bulwark of fur, which from certain angles gave her the appearance of a cartoonishly flat, square box. I nearly called her Sylvester Jr. We slid her from trap to carrier and I drove her down to the town vet.

When I picked her up a day later, the vet told me she herself had a feral cat, for about eight years, and once in a while he would come into the room where she was, but she sympathized (I surmised, for the both of us), because she had never actually petted or held the cat. My starter kit came with no operating directions, especially for a pet I was never going to get to interact with except when I was feeding her or scooping

her poop. I had a moment of regret, thinking maybe I had raised my hand too soon.

The vet's directions were to keep her in a contained space while her stitches healed from her spaying. That wouldn't be difficult. My small apartment was a contained space, but I set her up in the bathroom and kept the door closed for her recovery. Unfortunately, she was still holding a grudge about having been caught, and the violence of her hissing and swatting was only mildly mitigated by her weakened state. She hovelled behind the toilet. It was like taking my life in my hands every time I had to pee. Terrifying in the moment, but not without benefit. With a little reflection—and perhaps a little conflation—her name had finally come to me. I had been taught by the Sisters of Saint Joseph in grade school, nuns, who, coincidence or not, had very similar markings to my new kitten, and who, by their own fierce hissing and swatting had made me fear for my butt in a not too dissimilar way. My vengeful, medium-sized black and white kitten was thus baptized: SisterLooLoo.

The day came when I could open the bathroom door and give SisterLooLoo free rein of our tiny apartment. I fed her, cleaned her litter box, left some jingling toys strewn around and went to work. I had high hopes. So it was shocking to return home that night to find her food bowl untouched and her litter box unused. I looked in all the places anyone would: under the bed, in the closet, behind furniture. She was magic. She was a shapeshifter. She was gone...

Except I hadn't considered the broken drawer in a set of drawers built into the back wall of my attic apartment. I had taken out a bottom drawer a week earlier, to give to a friend who'd use its design and measurements to build a new one. But by removing that bottom drawer I had exposed a small space just wide enough for a shapeshifting kitten to flatten herself into a Manta Ray and wade in behind the wall. Which is

exactly what she had done. I placed a treat at the opening and waited. It took only a few minutes for a dirty little periscope of a black and white paw to slide out, scoop the treat and disappear back into her new, roomier, safer hovel. I called the vet who assured me even though I was not fine that she was and that she'd come out when she was good and ready. There was enough moisture in those treats to sustain her. But, she also suggested that I should stop by and pick up a pair of multipurpose, extra-long grooming gloves, you know, just in case she didn't come out and I had to break through the wall and retrieve her. I called the fire department. I am fairly sure the man who answered put me on speaker phone after asking me to repeat my request. To audible snorts and snickers I explained again that my cat was in my wall and I was hoping they could come and get her out. Lady, we can't get your cat out of your wall. Good luck.

Good luck arrived, but not for another three weeks and at three in the morning. I had barely slept in the interim, but I must have dozed off this night. I awoke to the sound of rustling at the other end of the apartment, a small bag of trash at the top of the stairs, to take with me the next day. I slid stealthily out of bed, quickly slid a drawer into the bottom spot and then turned on the light. There she was, at the top of the steps, the proverbial deer in headlights. She bounded at high speed toward me and past me and leaped into the empty space now secured at the bottom with another drawer. It took her a few seconds to pop her head up and gaze at me, appalled. She wanted to know where her portal—the one that had been there just a moment before—had gone. My one, shallow little closet was a leap away, and before I had a chance to answer her, that is where she landed next.

I had to accept this as progress. She began eating and using the litter box again, but only if I wasn't in the apartment. Thus was born one of several little rituals we made together these

past nineteen years. I'd leave the apartment soon after I filled her dish to give her time to eat. When I came home from the restaurant, I'd throw on a pair of sweats and a T-shirt, sit on the floor by the closet door and resumed talking quietly to her. We went on like this for another length of time, though I couldn't say exactly how long. We gave each other space, we trusted each other as much, given our pasts, as we could. The night she army-crawled to the opening of the closet and gave me her belly, I wept. I thought I couldn't feel any more deeply for another living creature than I did for her that night. But I was wrong.

A few days later, I moved her kibble dish and water bowl from against the electric baseboard to clean up her spot and discovered her stash. She had been shoveling, probably a paw full of kibble each time I fed her, under the baseboard, stockpiling. Just in case.

It broke me.

I found her and scooped her up in my arms like an infant. She reached out her right paw and put it heavily on my left shoulder. This too became our ritual. All these years, without fail. I would lift her up, cradle her, and she would press her right paw against my shoulder.

And that is how SisterLooLoo—Loo, LaLoo, Miss Loo, Little Owl—left me. With her paw on my shoulder. That first time, I promised her I would never leave her and that I would always take care of her, that I was her home now and she was mine. In this, I failed her miserably. I had to leave her more than once for an extended period of time. And I know it would have been more humane and less selfish of me if I had let the vet come and put her to sleep. I hope she has forgiven me.

I feel the weight of her paw on my shoulder still.



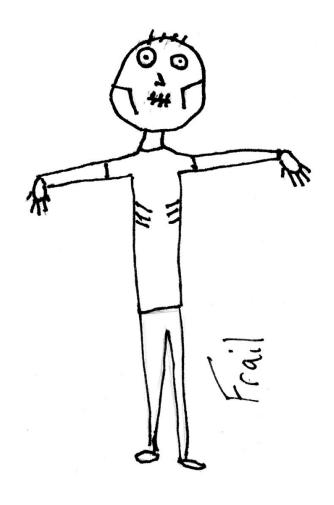
Jaycee Beaulieu, 9th Grade, *Pawprint,* Watercolor, 9" x 12"



Grace Read, 10th Grade, Rick and Morty, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



Evan Moren, 10th Grade, *Spaceship*, Cardboard and Acrylic, 5" x 12"



Johnny Fournier, 10th Grade, Frail, Marker, 4" x 6"



Adarrah Hunt, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Digital Painting, 8.5" x 11"

Exploration Finds: Cannonball

While exploring the watery boundaries of June Norcross Webster Scout Reservation in Connecticut, with a buddy of mine, I came across a spherical object near a stream. "Hey Ryan! Over here!" I yelled with delight. "I think I just found a cannonball!"

My first instinct was to turn it in to the staff, so we did just that. On the way to the camp headquarters, Ryan and I tried to decide how old the cannonball might be.

"What year do you think this is from?"

"Do you think it could have been shot by the cannon they have here on the campgrounds?"

That question was quickly dismissed since the cannon on the campgrounds doesn't shoot out anything. Once we arrived at the headquarters, we turned it in. The staff agreed that it looked like a cannonball. Later that day the Ashford, Connecticut Police and Fire Department came and took the cannonball. A couple of days later, when the week of camp was over, I called the fire department. They said they had detonated it due to it being an explosion risk! But they also answered our question about how old it was. They told me it was from the 1860s!

The cannonball has been one of my best finds!

Jacob Furtaw, 9th G/rade, Exploration Find: Canonball



Jacob Furtaw, 9th Grade, Exploration Find: Canonball, Photography



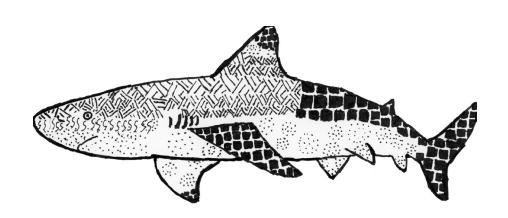
Madge Evers, Teacher of Reading and English Learners, *Queen Anne*, Cyanotype, 11" x 14", 2019



Madge Evers, Teacher of Reading and English Learners, Untitled, Cyanotype 11" x 14", 2019



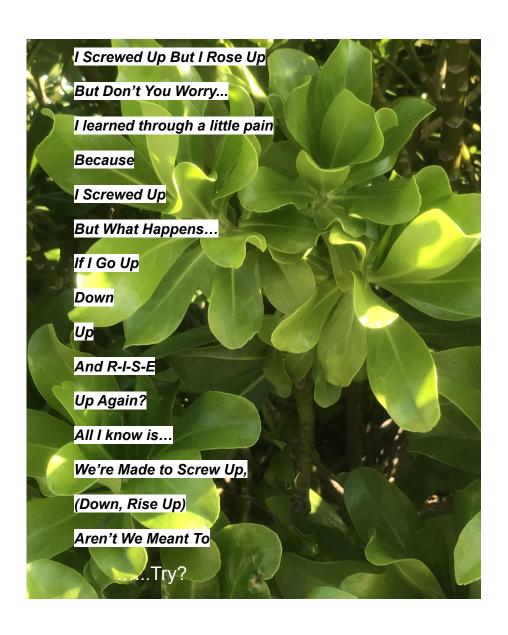
Emma Kuhn, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Soft Pastel,14" x 11"



Elliott Gomes, 9th Grade, Shark, Marker, 9"x12"



Madeline Weinstein, 11th Grade, The Guiding Moon



Madeline Weinstein, 11th Grade, Rose Up



Janel Echevarria, 10th Grade, *Spongebob*, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Mary Rakaska, 9th Grade, *Possibly Pikachu*, Graphite, 11" x 14"



Kenzie Carey, 10th Grade, Untitled, Soft Pastel, 14" x 11"



Tracey Burke, Art Teacher, *Mochi and Miso*, Watercolor, 8" x 10"



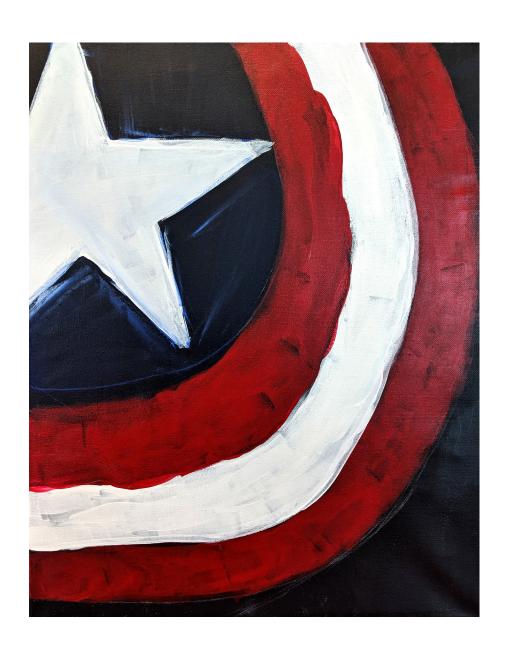
Ella Poudrier and Michelle Peloquin, 10th Grade, *Baby Yoda*, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Brian McCullough, 10th Grade, *Mung Daal*, Mixed Media, 14" x 11"



Marshall Ingram, 9th Grade, *Thorchu*, Graphite, 11" x 14"



Bryan Chavez, 10th Grade, *I Can Do This All Day,* 16" x 20"

I Believe

Mrs. Thresher had her sophomore English class read Luis Alberto Urrea's "Life is an Act of Literary Creation" and write a reflection, beginning with the phrase "I believe..." I wrote along. Thank you, Mrs. Thresher, for the wonderful prompt.

I believe silence is a great teacher and has its place in literature, just as important a place as a rest has in music, or voice and mood and tone have when a writer has weaved them together with care. My mother, Suzanne, who suffered from depression most of her adult life, would go for long periods in silence, days or weeks without talking to anyone. When I was a child, I didn't understand her silence. I was talkative, endlessly curious about the world, and when my mom would "disappear," which she could do alone in our house, or in a room full of people, I would often blame myself, and I would long to hear her voice again.

When I was very young and the length of me fit nicely against her back, I loved putting my ear against the space between her shoulder blades, the way a sun-kissed and sandy toddler might put her ear to a seashell, listening for the sound of the sea. While she talked to my grandmother or my father, or one of her friends, I would press my ear hard between her scapulae. Her voice sounded far away, as if down a long, haunted corridor, calling to me. The only thing I loved more than hearing her voice echoing through her body was when she would recite poetry to me. This was always when she was in a "good mood" and usually when we were traveling somewhere. She never learned how to drive, so we took buses and trolleys whenever we had to get to a place. She would hold me on her lap or clasp me between her knees and read a line of her favorite poem to me then ask me to repeat it, which I did, happily. The motion of the trolley or bus seemed to pulse

Kimberly Keough, Para Educator, I Believe

perfectly with the rhythm of our recited words. This was how we bonded. This was how she showed me love, and I was always hungry for every second of that love.

In his essay "Life Is an Act of Literary Creation," Luis Alberto Urrea assures us that if we pay close enough attention, the "world [will] notice and respond." I like this idea very much. One of my favorite quotes is by the writer and mountaineer William H. Murray who says something similar. He writes, "... that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then Providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never have otherwise occurred." Commit by "lending" your attention to the world, posits Urrea and "receive a story".

Looking back now, as an adult—motherless, childless—as a woman who knows the clear-cut difference between silence and being silenced, I've learned that paying close attention requires, at the very least, a healthy dose of quietude, that the deepest reverence is felt, not spoken of; and, I would like to believe that my mom was practicing that cosmic exchange with the universe, that even in her deepest sadness and suffering, she was keeping up her end of the bargain, waiting for her story to arrive, her gift from the universe.

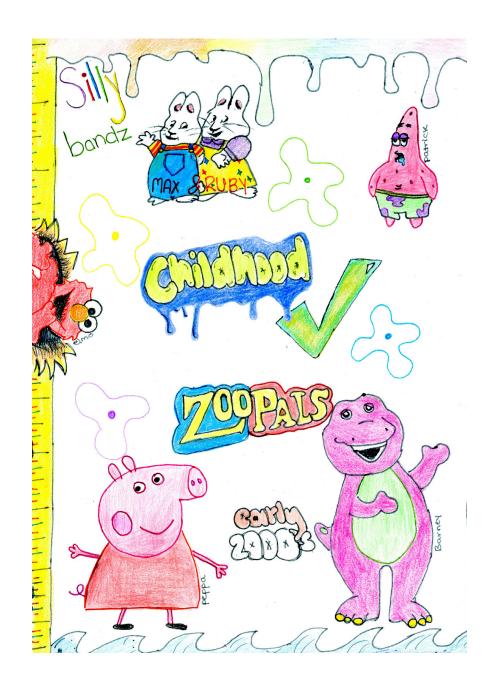
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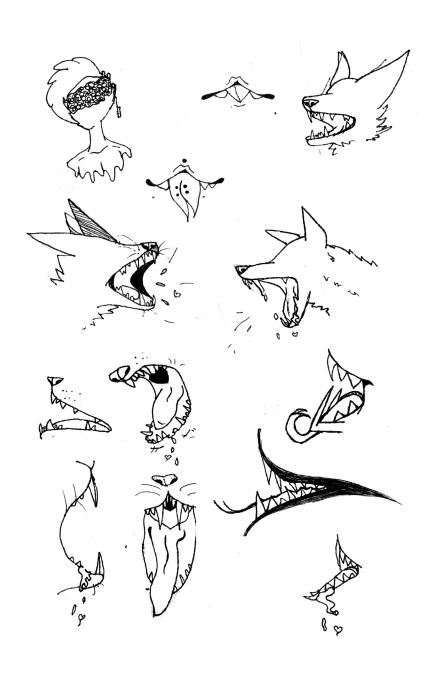
Joe Bianca, Principal, Untitled, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



Olivia Jablonski, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



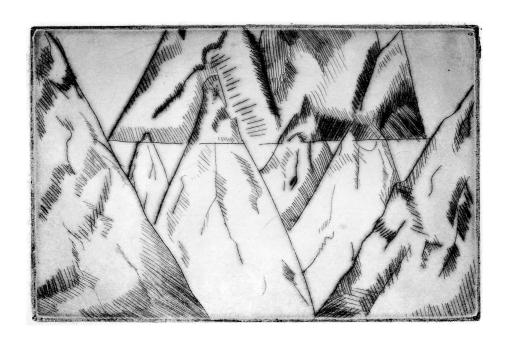
Lily Ryan. 9th Grade, Untitled, Mixed Media, 8.5" x 11"



Niomi Riviera, 10th Grade, *21st Century Schizoid Man*, Marker, 4" x 6"



Megan Mills, Para Educator, *Untitled*, Print, 10" x 8"



Megan Mills, Para Educator, *Untitled*, Etching, 6" x 4"



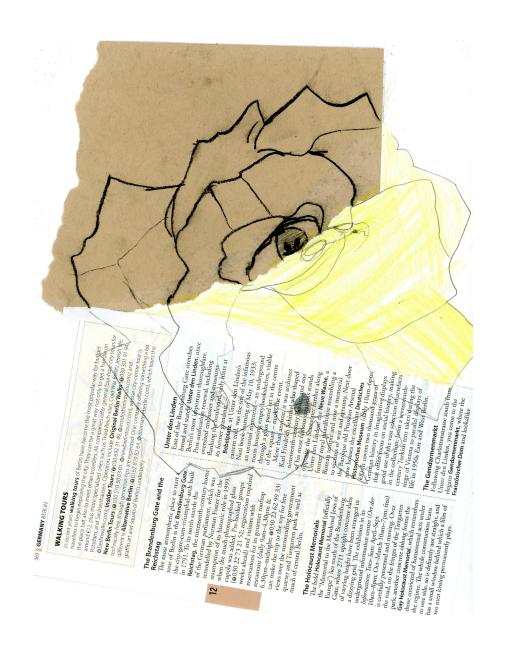
Kelsey Motyl and Zoe Wall, 10th Grade, Opposites Attracted, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Isabella Huff, 12th Grade, *Party Poison*, Mixed Media, 9"x12"



Elliot Gomes, 9th Grade, *Donald Glover*, Graphite, 11"x 14"



Cacey Dawson, 10th Grade, *Yellow Rose*, Mixed Media, 9"x 12"

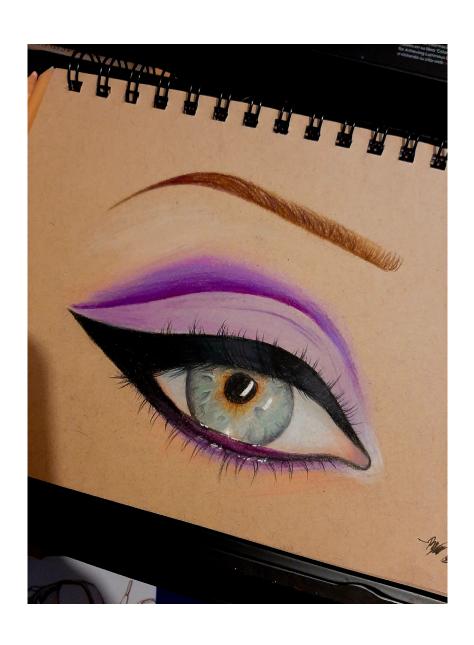
IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING ...



Emily Minchello, 9th Grade, *Freedom*, Mixed Media, 12" x 9"



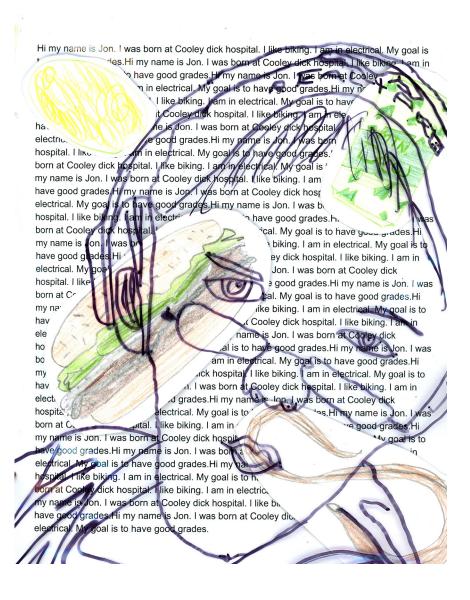
Misty Shadows, 12th Grade, *Untitled*, Graphite, 8.5" x 11"



Roxanne Peloquin, 12th Grade, Eye, Color Pencil, 12"x 9"



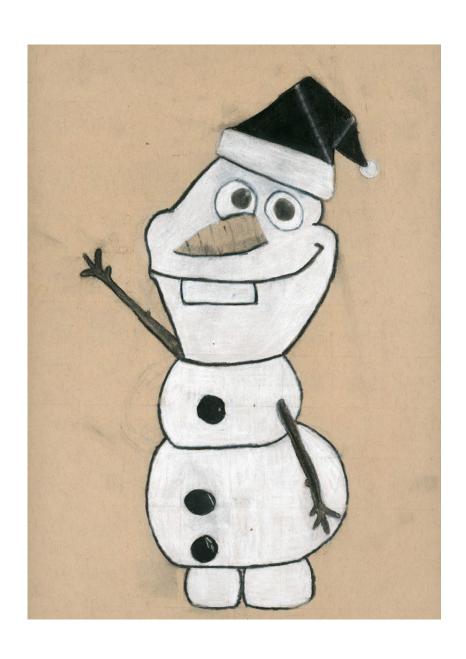
Adarrah Hunt, 10th Grade, Untitled, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



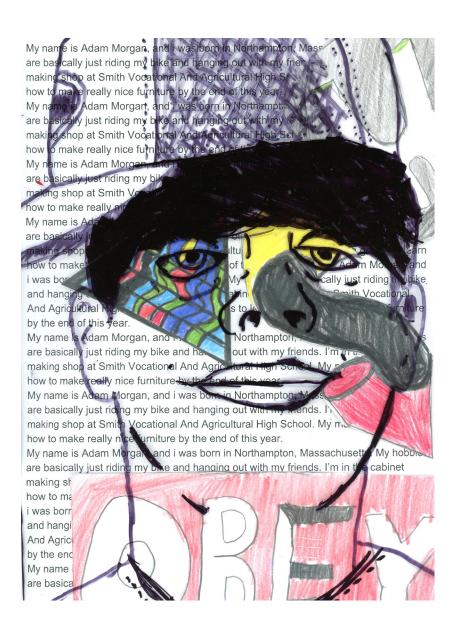
Jonathon Lavalley, 10th Grade, *Self-Portrait*, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



Thomas Pratt, 10th Grade, Autotech Best Shop, Metal



Virginya Mimitz-Murray, 9th Grade, *Olaf*, Charcoal, 11" x 14"



Adam Morgan, 10th Grade, *Self Portrait,* Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



Gage Boivin, 9th Grade, Supreme TM, Watercolor, 12" x 9"



Mariah Woodward, 10th Grade, *Self Portrait*, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



Noah Johnson, 12th Grade, *Beach Front Gingerbread House*, Food



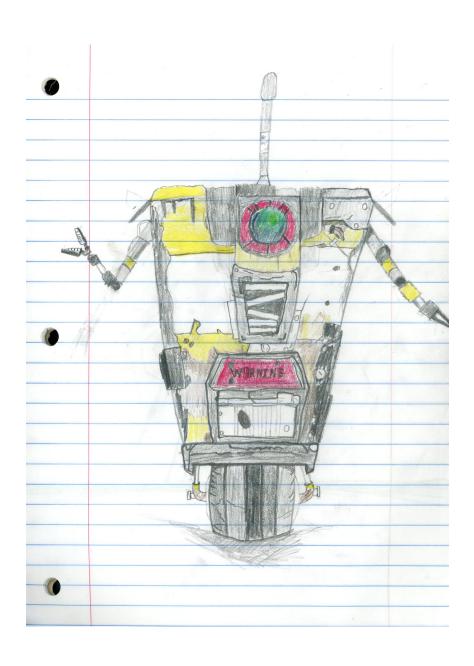
Niomi Riviera, 10th Grade, *Munchy Crunchy Time*, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



Amber Pensivy, 10th Grade, Avocado, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Amber Pensivy, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Soft Pastel, 14" x 11"



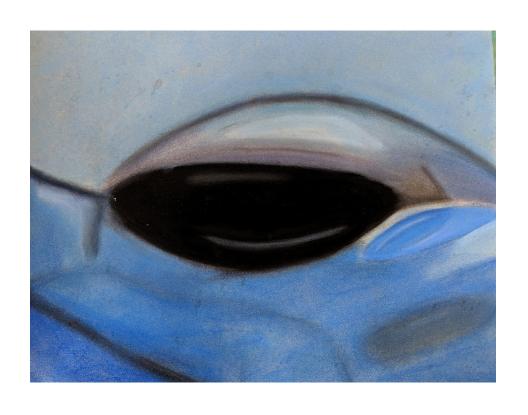
Tegan Egloff, 10th Grade, *Claptrap*, Mixed Media, 8.5" x 11"



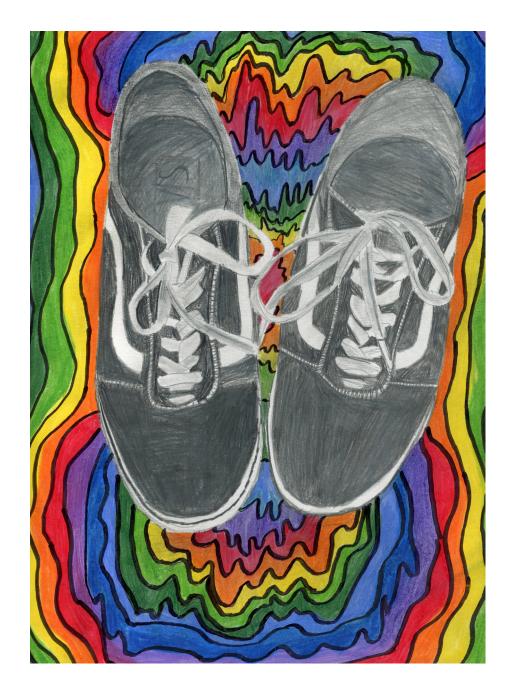
Andrea Ramirez, 10th Grade, *Untitled*, Acrylic, 20" x 16"



Tegan Egloff, 10th Grade, $Cat\ Eye$, Soft Pastel, 11" x 14"



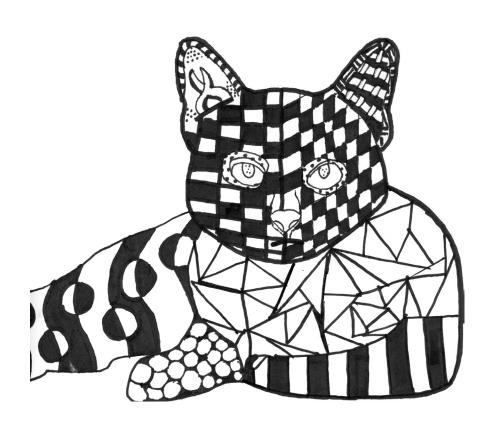
Nyhasia Hall, 10th Grade, *Demon Eye*, Soft Pastel, 11" x 14"



Morgan Seymour, 10th Grade, *The Gay Van*, Graphite and Color Pencil, 9" x 12"



Morgan Seymour, 10th Grade, *Delta*, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Rachel Stoops, 9th Grade, Cat, Marker, 12" x 9"



Ella Poudrier, 10th Grade, Doggo, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



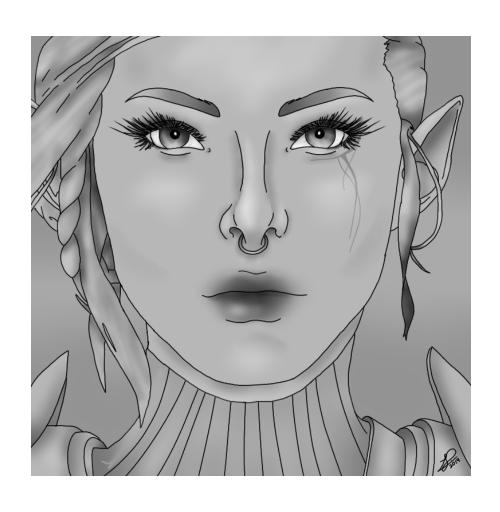
Kris Safford, 10th Grade, *Flowers of Different Views*, Mixed Media, 9" x 12"



Tobey Walunas, 10th Grade, Conz, Graphite, 12" x 9"



Amy Charlotte Crowe-Chandler, 10th Grade, Untitled, Acrylic, 16" x 20"



Trisha Paradee, 10th Grade, *Black and White Elf*, Digital Painting, 8.5" x 11"

Every April, for National Poetry Month, before we went live with poetry readings six years ago, our librarians Ms. Skantz-Hodgson and Ms. Ryan-Wise would make a beautiful display case for poetry month. They'd ask students and staff to supply them with favorite poems or original poems that they would then hang in the display. One afternoon, we noticed in the display an out-of-place, crinkled up, lopsided, piece of loose-leaf tacked up with the other neatly-typed and formatted poems. It had been hand-written and signed "Anon". We typed up the poem and hung it back in the display case with an

accompanying note to Anon, assuring them that it was a really good poem and thanking them for sharing it with us. We never did find out who Anon was, and they have obviously long since graduated, but each of these past six years, our Superintendent, Dr. Linkenhoker, has read this poem in April, to show our gratitude and great respect for the courage it must have taken to slide that crumpled sheet from a pocket, or from the bottom of a book bag, and stealthily tack it into the display when no one was looking. We thank you, Anon, for this gift, and in your honor we close Volume Two with your poem:

8-Teen More Hourz

I'm stuck here for six long hours I travel by bus, foot and sometimes krall. I learn a bit, spelling's hard, of shop I devour. When I'm away the other 8-teen hours, not enthralled.

Got no home, family, parental figure, Mom's in Vegas, father: wherever. Teens give me one look and snicker When I talk and speek...whatever.

It's an 8-teen thing, you know?
Being young, below 20 and always
Behind the eight ball—
That black ball that players keep poking with a stick.

Funny, it adds up: 6 hours in skool, And 8-teen more Gives 24, and another day. My life's OK, my only one.

I'll be the best—get a job, Get ahead of the barstool slobs. Thank God For SVAHS.

Smith Vocational PTO

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The Smith Vocational PTO members are proud parents of SVAHS students and alumni. Our mission is to support SVAHS teachers in as many ways as we can as they strive to teach and enrich the lives of SVAHS students.

We accomplish this by doing several fundraisers during the year with our main fundraiser being part of the Craft Fair held the weekend before Thanksgiving.

We show our appreciation to the SVAHS teachers and staff by offering a Teacher/Staff breakfast in early May and a Teacher/Staff luncheon in mid-June.

If you are interested in becoming a PTO member or if you would like to help at one of our events/fundraisers, please contact

Tammy Walunas at:

tamwalunas@gmail.com or (413) 246-9849





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