



The Blue Review
LITERATURE MAGAZINE

Fall 2016 Edition

Mission Statement



The mission of The Blue Review is to create an online publication that showcases the talents of the students of Hammonton High School.

Students have an outlet for creative expression as they may submit written and visual works for publication. All students are encouraged to electronically submit work such as prose, poetry, essays, photos, paintings, and sketches. Twice a year, a team of dedicated students acts as an editorial board that chooses and edits their peer's submissions. By creating The Blue Review, students have the opportunity to share their creativity with their community. For this edition, the editorial board also requested submissions from their teachers.

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Editorial Staff



Kaithlyn Atty

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Hammonton High School Proudly Presents

The Blue Review

Suitcases

Andrea Streitfeld

To My Dad Who Left and To My Dad Who Stayed

Jaden Fairbanks

Possibilities

Neuchatel King

Highway Butterfly

Alex Guillot

Interesting Thoughts About the English
Language

Bill Domenico

Always Waiting

Jake Maturano

Old Dirt Road

Gabby Ballin

Life

Ami Chiofalo

The Hardest Part

Alex Guillot

Nightmare

Robert Critelli

Seasons

Ami Chiofalo

Nature

Ami Chiofalo

Art Is...

Gabby Ballin

Reach The Shore

Kaithlyn Atty

The Tricycle Boy

Chiara Donio

Artists



Anonymous



Randy Barlow



Billy Caruso



Hannah Cohan



Lummy Dionicio



Ruby Flores



Nicholas Iuliucci



Benjamin Kruse



Sara Munsick



Justin Ordille



Andrew Montemurro



Savannah Ptaszenski



Mike Ramos



Maria Rodriguez



Julianne Walto

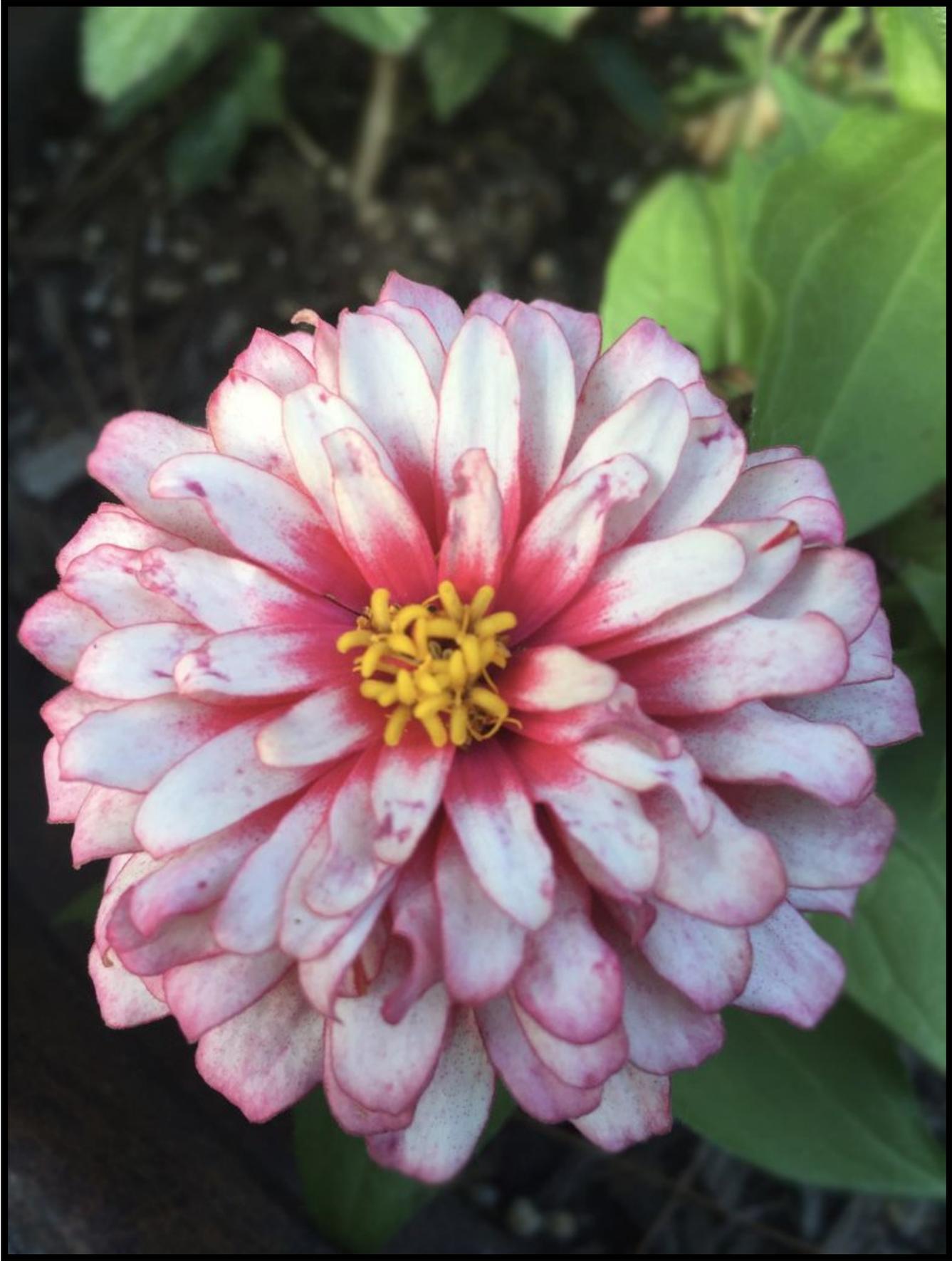
Suitcases

Mrs. Streitfeld

This is dedicated to all of my students, past and present, who have opened themselves up and allowed me to see who they really are inside.

The cases we call our bodies
Are hiding our thoughts, our dreams, ourselves.
We pack them away neatly, like shirts, shorts, underwear
Waiting for us to arrive at our destination.
When we step off the plane, after a long, long flight
And are greeted by the warm sun
We unpack our beautiful, light summer clothes
And are ready for a new adventure.

This has happened to me.
There are many suitcases piled in front of me.
Some have broken open in flight; the soft-sided ones
Spewing their contents all over the other passengers.
The dark, winter clothing immediately transforming into
Light, gauzy material which allows the passengers to feel free;
Unencumbered.
Other cases are the hard-sided ones.
These are a little harder to open.
But when the plane arrives and the cases are sprung,
The heavy clothing comes off.
The lost childhoods, the enduring abuses, the anger within,
The painful memories of loved ones lost too early; too tragic.
The day to day burdens we live everyday. No one knows.
Until now.
Once those are off,
We can see that everyone's suitcase
Holds a new wardrobe.
It is time.



To My Dad Who Left and To My Dad Who Stayed

Jaden Fairbanks

You left me. You left me when I had no idea what "leaving me" even meant. I'm grown up now, and I understand what "leaving" means. It means to go away and never return. But, I'm doing fine actually. I have your smile dad. I have your eyes and your nose. I look like you a lot.

You will never get to see that.

You will never see what I have accomplished in my life so far.

You will never get to see me win my first dance competition or see me running home jumping into your arms showing you I got a 100 on my spelling test.

You will never get to see me grow up and become a woman.

You won't be there for me when I come home late crying after I just had my first heartbreak.

You will never get to see me in my first dance dress with my first date.

You will never see me go to my first prom.

You will never get to hear me tell you about my first kiss story or get to see me fall in love.

You will never get to see me graduate.

You will never see me walk down the aisle with the man I love or ever meet your grandkids.

You have missed so many exciting things in my life, Dad. I'm in highschool now, Dad. Mom told me I have your personality. Loud and very outgoing. But, you wouldn't know because you left me.

It's okay though. I don't need you anyway. I have a dad now. He's a great man. He loves me. He never left me. My dad who never left me gets to experience all of those things. He got to be here about my first kiss story, and he got to see me fall in love before. He sits for hours at my dance competitions cheering my name. He buys me what I need and feeds me. My dad is my best friend, and he's my number one fan. He's always there when I need him. He's held my hand for 13 years always telling me to never stop pushing for what I want. My dad will get to see me graduate, and he will see me marry the man I love. My kids will call him: Grandpa. I'm thankful for him. I am grateful that he showed me what a father and daughter relationship should look like.

Thank you, Dad. I love you.



You left me.
You left me when I had no idea what
“leaving me” even meant.

Possibilities

Neuchatel King

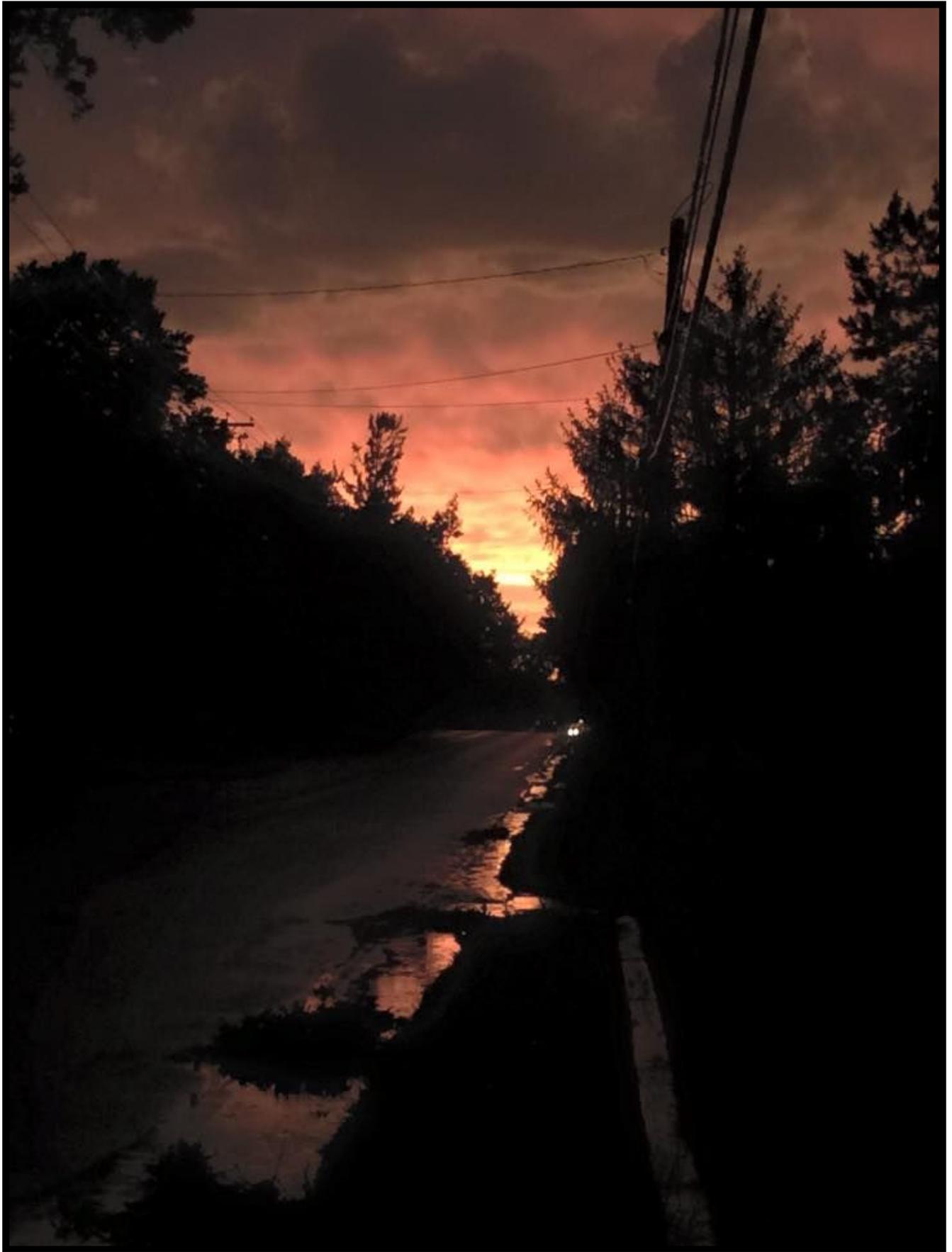
They told me to reach for the stars, and I snatched the light
When I reached too high, they changed it to black and white
I achieve a goal, and they change the view
Wanting me to succeed, but not enough for a breakthrough
It taught me when I dream never to stop
It taught me not to give up until I reach the top
The possibilities are endless in my eyes and heart
And a goal is the first start.



Highway Butterfly

Alex Guillot

Cars and trucks, all rushing by,
Creating a wind, making it difficult to fly.
Their smell is potent, and their sounds are strong,
The tiny butterfly struggles just to get along.
Distracted eyes watch, admiring its flare,
But continue driving, without a care.
Those winds whip, and something soars
It carries the grace of waves upon the shores.
It caresses the air, and captures attention again,
No longer lying with the bottle, or cap from a pen.
Its plastic wings go higher than the butterfly ever could,
And the problem grows larger than we thought it ever would.



Interesting Thoughts About the English Language

Bill Domenico

The complexities and idiosyncrasies of our English language are truly spellbinding. English today isn't what it used to be nor what it will be in a hundred years. It is a continuously evolving language, incorporating new words as dictated by common usage. That is a big reason why English can enchant-- it is quirky, ever-changing, and steeped in history.

Let us examine some of the more well-known and fascinating intricacies of our language. A PALINDROME is a word, phrase or sentence that reads the same backward as forward. The word is derived from the Greek palin dromo which means to run back again. Perhaps the best known palindrome of all time was inspired by the building of the Panama Canal and its chief architect George W.

Goethals-----"A man, a plan, a canal, Panama." Read forward and backward, it is as mind-boggling as the engineering project that it calls to mind. The longest single word palindrome is the seven-lettered "racecar." A few noteworthy others are-----"I man, am regal; a German am I." Also, "no, it is open on one position." Finally, "step on no pets" (because the animal may become 'pet-turbed'.) Now, have I just coined a new word for how a dog or cat feels when it's tiny paws are stepped on?

Or, is it an example of a MALAPROPISM? A malaprop is the unintentional misuse of a word in which the appropriate word is replaced by one with a similar sound but ludicrously inappropriate meaning.

For example, can you give me one specific reason why I should do that? One of the best known malapropers who took the spoken word to another level was Yogi Berra. Berra may have been guilty of relatively few passed balls during his hall of fame New York Yankees career, but his most famous faux pas was his sage pronouncement, "It ain't over til it's over." Yogi is also credited with the following lesser known gems: "Nobody ever goes to that restaurant because it's always too crowded," and "When you get to the fork in the road, take it." And when he was asked if he wanted his pizza cut into four or eight pieces, Yogi wisely reasoned, "You better cut it in four; I can't eat eight!"

One of the more transparent examples of how zany English can be are words that are spelled the same, pronounced the same (sometimes differently), and have different meanings. Take a look at this. Bow, as in a curved, flexible frame to propel an arrow. Bow, as in a ribbon usually worn in the hair. Bow, as in bending head and body forward as to acknowledge applause or as a sign of

respect. More confusion results in a word like bough (branch of a tree) that is pronounced like the latter two examples of bow, but is spelled differently and has a different meaning. How do we explain this phenomenon to a foreigner when comparing words such as bough, dough, cough, rough, tough? There is no mistaking it. The English language is a bona fide fascination.

There are OXYMORONS (contradictory words) such as jumbo shrimp and pretty ugly. ONOMATOPOEIA is the use of words whose sounds suggest their meaning, like buzz, sizzle, and boom. One of my favorite exercises was to compose logical sequences of words beginning with the same letter, a technique known as ALLITERATION. One example would be,

"All adults are anxiously awaiting the arrival of another April and audits by agents of the IRS." The list can go on forever. The words of our language exist for us to effectively communicate with one another and to enjoy its hidden secrets. Words are like magic. Some are uplifting, some debilitating. Some anger us while others calm us. Some make us cry, others make us laugh.

Words can also impede our progress on our life's journey when they make men "lustful, greedy, and proud." My intent here was to provide for the student of English a glimpse of the beauty of our ancient gift of tongue and a deeper appreciation for it. It doesn't matter that "knits stink" or whether we can "tug a gut." What really matters in the grand scheme of things is that we let "no evil deed live on" in any direction!



Always Waiting

Jake Maturano

Always waiting, still waiting
As I stand on the lonely rock
As I wait for she
She joined the Army, my sweet Amy
On the boat that vanished to the army
I stand on the rock waiting
Hours I stood there waiting, hours turned to days
Days turned to months and months to years...
Then I looked down and saw a bottle
In the bottle a letter
"I'm sorry to say"
My arm went to my chest
Her engagement ring
Then I sat on the rock and prayed to God
Take me out of this world
Then I became the rock on which I stood



I stand on the rock waiting
Hours I stood there waiting,
hours turned to days
Days turned to months and months to
years...

Old Dirt Road

Gabby Ballin

The place I came to as a young kid
Never knew why, always just did
I grew up down this old dirt road in
a town you wouldn't know
It's a place I'd have to show

This old dirt road pushed me through the toughest days
This old dirt road taught me the righteous ways
It's where I met my first love

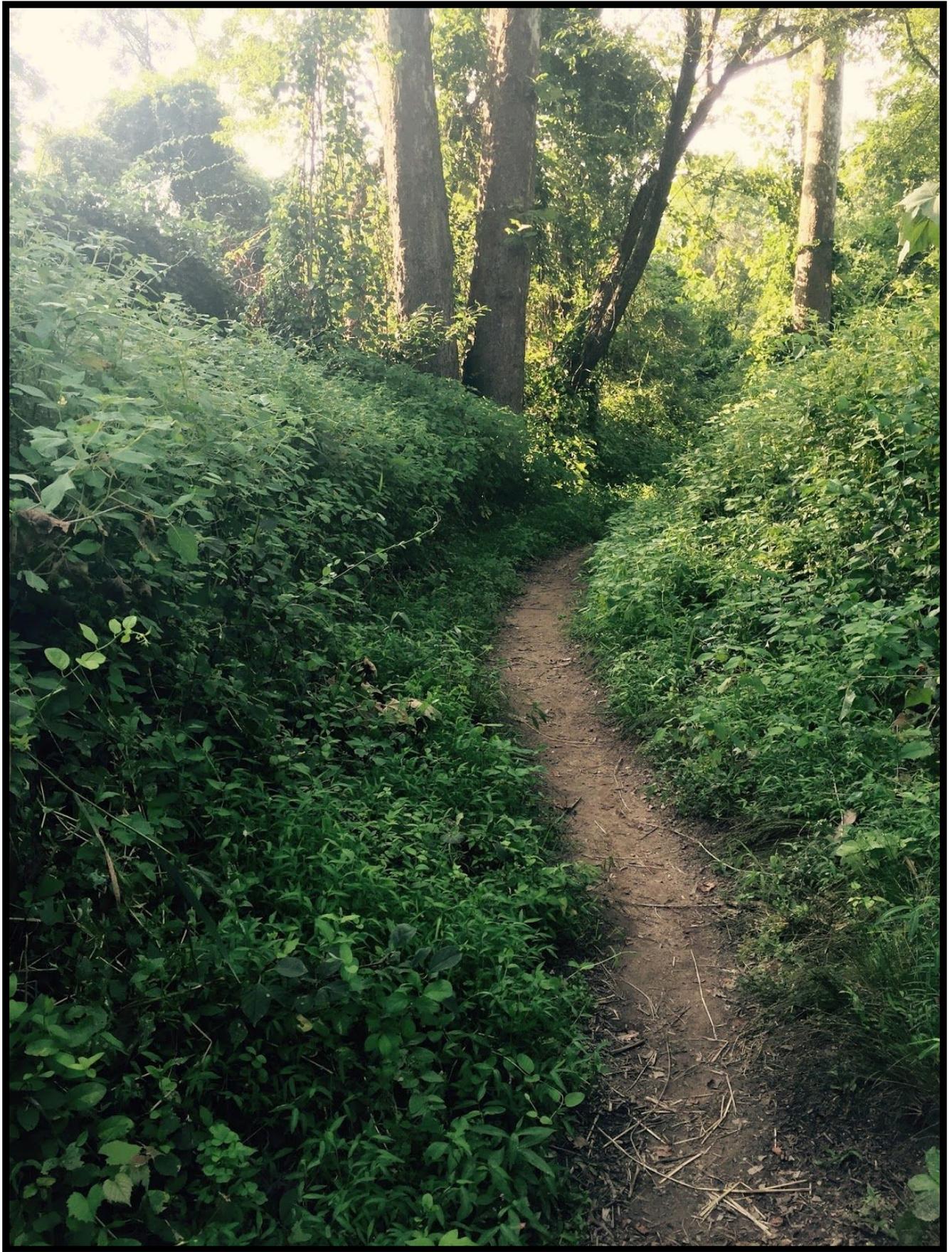
It's where I spent most nights to watch the stars above
I took my first truck down this road

My friends would pile up in the bed and then unload
I made the best of friends down here

They always brought me laughter and cheer
I couldn't ask for much more

The sun still shines as bright as before
That oak tree is still giving off much shade
Everyday I wish I could relive the memories made
I call this old dirt road home

It's the place I've always known



Life

Ami Chiofalo

All of us lined up, ready to start
Before we have to depart
We've been waiting here for a long time
No one can miss me, I'm dressed in lime
The gun stands on the palm of the ref's hand
I take a deep breath and think about my plan
His fingers get closer to the trigger, my heart feels ten times bigger
I get ready to shift gears
Then, nod my head, forgetting all my fears
One clench, that's all it takes
There's no stopping, forget the brakes
A rocky path is no match for me
But I can't say the same for number 3
My speed increases, leaving my competition
2nd place is my position
Around the corners, up the hills
Jumping ramps, getting thrills



I get ready to shift gears
Then, nod my head, forgetting all my fears

The Hardest Part

Alex Guillot

Running away isn't the hardest part... it's opening the door. The road behind the barrier has leaves scraped against it, rains pounded on top of it. It carries the light of the lamps, and the cool of the wind.

Opening the door isn't the hardest part... it's closing the door. Now, on the other side, shielded from the leaves and the lights and the winds, are the bare emotions. They grip the sudden smiles, the fiery shouts, and the desperate cries. The walls are the victims, as the spirits of the home are thrown against them, and will remember them long after they're broken down.

Closing the door isn't the hardest part... it's refusing to look back. The streetlights recognize the quiet homes, with their dark windows and locked entrances. Their warm tones beckon the line of sight, begging the eyes to look back at the steps that were left behind. Thoughts are conflicted, and footsteps are hurried, in an attempt to ignore the sodden temptation.

Refusing to look back isn't the hardest part... it's struggling to look ahead. Eyes do not leave the worn patterns on the train seat fabric, while they support the heavy weight of the soul sitting upon it. Flickering lights dim

hopeful passions, and deafening sounds of wheels on a track drown out unspoken words.

Struggling to look ahead isn't the hardest part... it's trying not to look up. The empty bodies from the journey pace side-by-side on the street, and leave no steps behind. Just like their souls, their smiles are crooked, and hold cruel intentions. They, too, ran away from things bigger than themselves. Their closed doors, battered walls, and hard stares came about a long time ago, until they were twisted into a smirk.

Trying not to look up isn't the hardest part... it's opening the door. The unfamiliar trees rustle louder, and the streetlights focus only on the road beneath them. The undiscovered noises seek attention, pleading for a look from lost eyes. It shows its puddled curbs, and smooth surface, insisting that those who cross it must stay.

Opening the door isn't the hardest part... it's closing the door. The door is different, and the walls host their own wounds. Their smiles, cries, and shouts are concealed, like locking up a secret that will never be told. The stories are altered, though their emotion, the same. Closing the door isn't the hardest part... it's running away, that is.



Nightmare

Robert Critelli

As the sun slowly began to fade away, the exhilarating heat of a summer's day turned to the icy cold of a stormy winter's night. Blades of grass dusted with dew swayed in the soft gentle breeze. A forest, not too far away, was consumed with darkness. Mist rolled about the ground, leaving an eerie feeling in the air. The sounds of crickets chirping into the night echoed throughout the land.

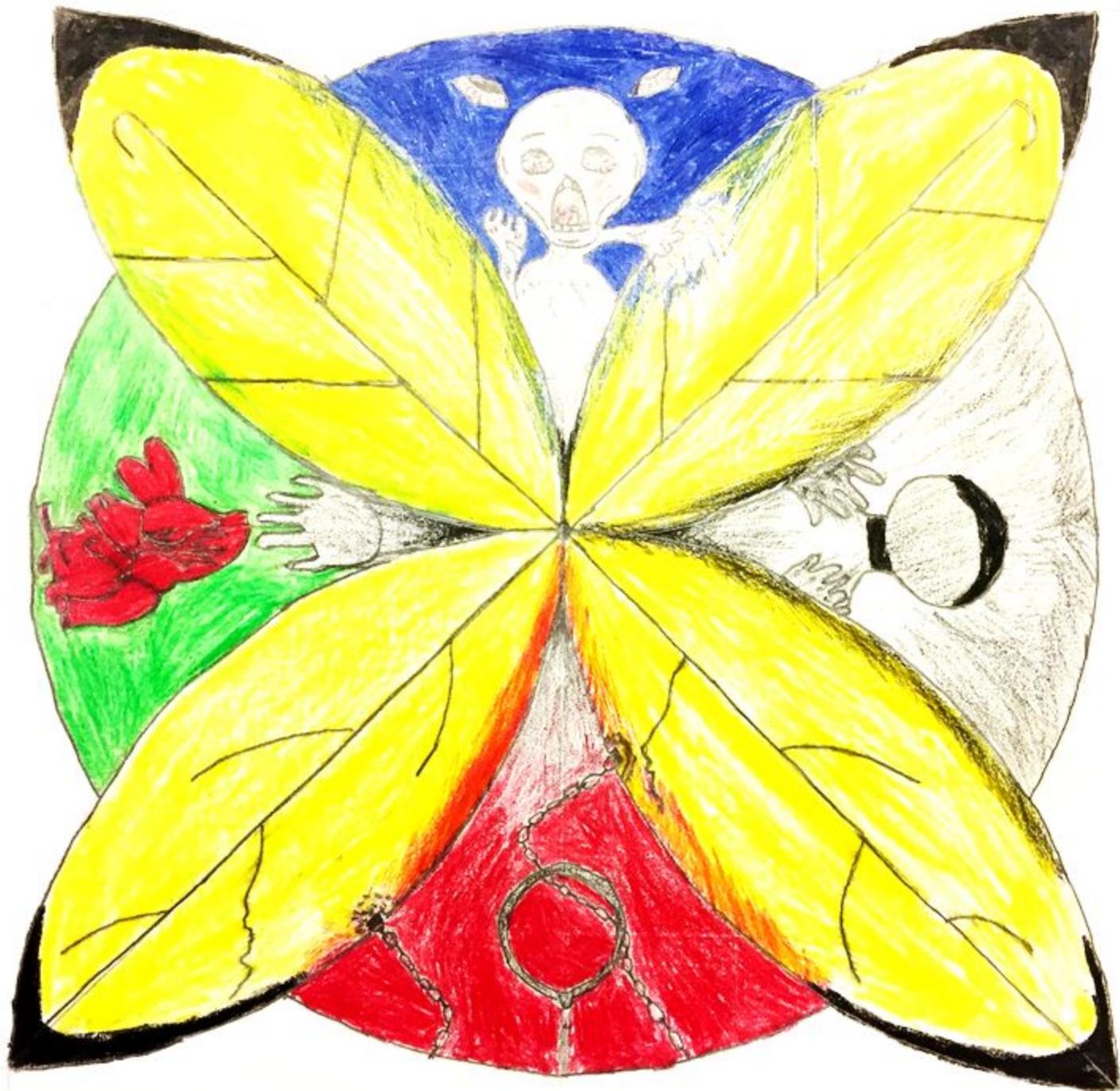
Nicholas sat there in the midst of it all. He had a blank stare on his face. Something seemed off; he could feel it. It had grown a lot colder now. The chirping ceased. The moon casted a silvery red shadow upon the ground. Nicholas began to feel lightheaded. He could hear noises, voices in his head. They kept chanting over and over again "it's time." He tried to stand up, but wind pushed him back down. Trees flew violently through the air, almost taking his head clean off his shoulders. It wouldn't stop, and it kept getting worse. The wind, the voices, and now a screeching howl erupted from inside what was left of the forest. His head was swirling with thoughts: "Is this really the end?"

The screech grew louder, almost blowing out his ear drums. Nicholas couldn't take it anymore. It was driving him to the point of insanity, yet all of a sudden, it was gone. Everything disappeared just as fast as it had appeared. He was alone again, in complete darkness. No sound, no trees, no grass, no nothing. Only darkness. "Is this what death is like," he wondered. A sudden surge of emotions swelled inside him. He felt angry, yet scared. He began to weep heavily. He laid there on the ground, several minutes had passed, still, he was crying. Nicholas began to realize he can't give up hope yet. He must push through. He stood up, his legs shaking rapidly. He could see a light, a beacon of hope. Was this a way out? Was this Heaven?

Gasping for air, he sat up. Sweat poured from his head. His sheets were soaked. He was in his bed, safe and sound. It was all a dream, a terrible, terrible dream. A knock was heard at his door. It was his mother. She walked in, and sat down on his bed. She looked at him with a gentle smile and said, "It's time, honey." Her eyes turned black as night, as her head spun around to hang upside down.

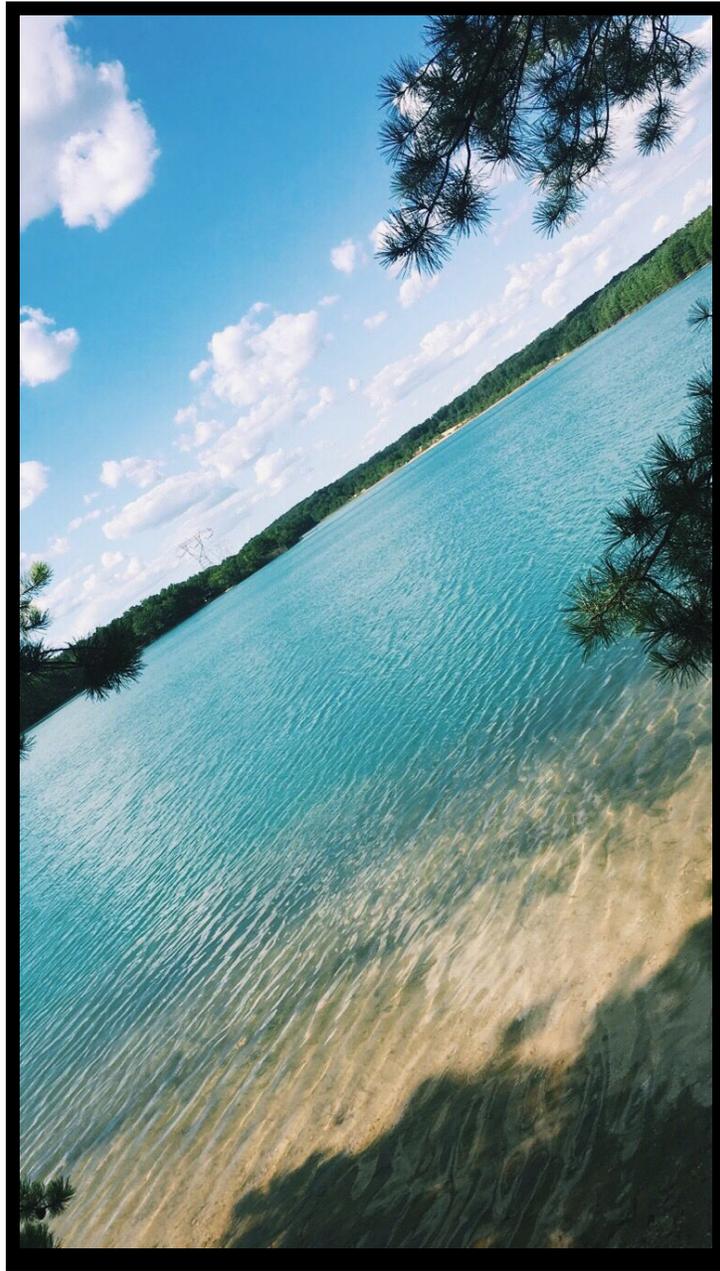
The house began to rattle and shake violently.

The world he once knew was gone once again.



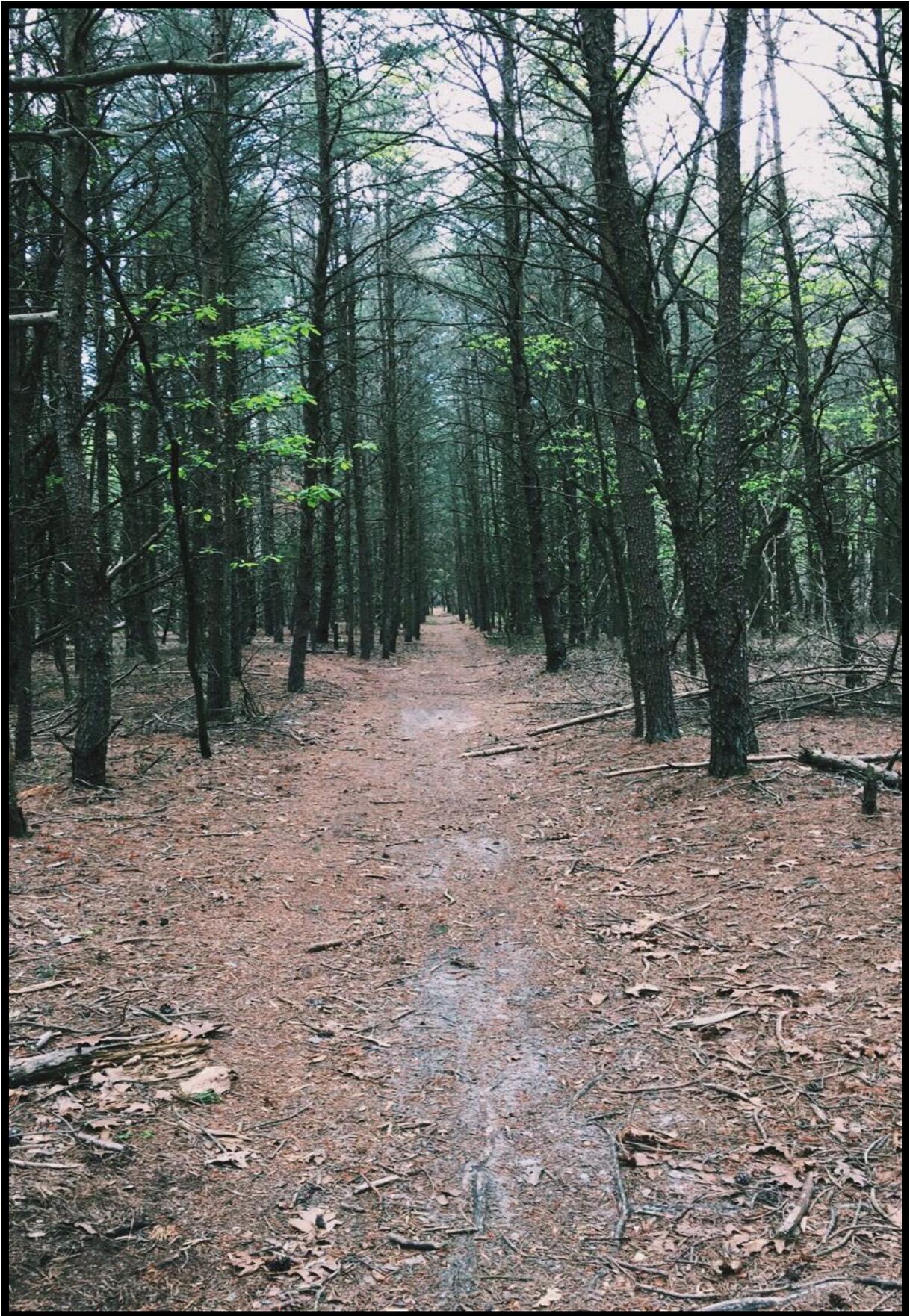


"Life can be as sweet as tea."
-Abner Aguilera-



"Why must we seek pleasure from tangible and exterior things? Paradise will come when you seek peace from within."

-Kaithlyn Atty-



Seasons

Ami Chiofalo

The seasons change while time goes on
Through night and day, morning and dawn
Mother Nature sets a theme
Along with a matching color scheme
Spring is the baby that nature has given birth
What better place to have a child than earth
Learning right from wrong, the child forgets the past
Swearing, that the bad from before will be its last
The warmth gets hotter, and the child gets older
A time for freedom, and no weight on its shoulders
Mother Nature's child now a teen
Enjoying the summer scene
Not wanting to grow up
Responsibly comes to interrupt
Being young felt like yesterday
Making a mark halfway
The cold starts to slows life down
Leaves change and fall to the ground
Autumn is preparation for what is to come
Temperatures decrease and everything's numb
Old age has arrived to whom was a child
The road it's been on has been wild
Crisp air, snowy grounds, and frozen objects
Hibernation for animals and insects
Although the surroundings are bitter
Light shows it's true beauty with glitter
Innocence reflects off the coldest surface
All things have a higher purpose
In the end death is sure
But, all intentions are pure

Nature

Ami Chiofalo

Old rock never looked so new
The sky surrounds it with different shades of blue
At the highest point that's where the clouds meet
A peaceful lake below your feet
The trees surrounding the land are too many too count
While snow is sprinkled across the paramount
The land goes beyond size
Holding mountains that are wise



Art is...

Gabby Ballin

Art is creativity that comes straight from the mind

Art is work in which you spend a lot of time

Art is something only one can understand

Art is something never planned

Art is gifted to one at birth

Art is painted all over the Earth

Art is something that only one can express

Art is something that can be a total mess

Art is colorful and fun

Art is bright like a morning sun

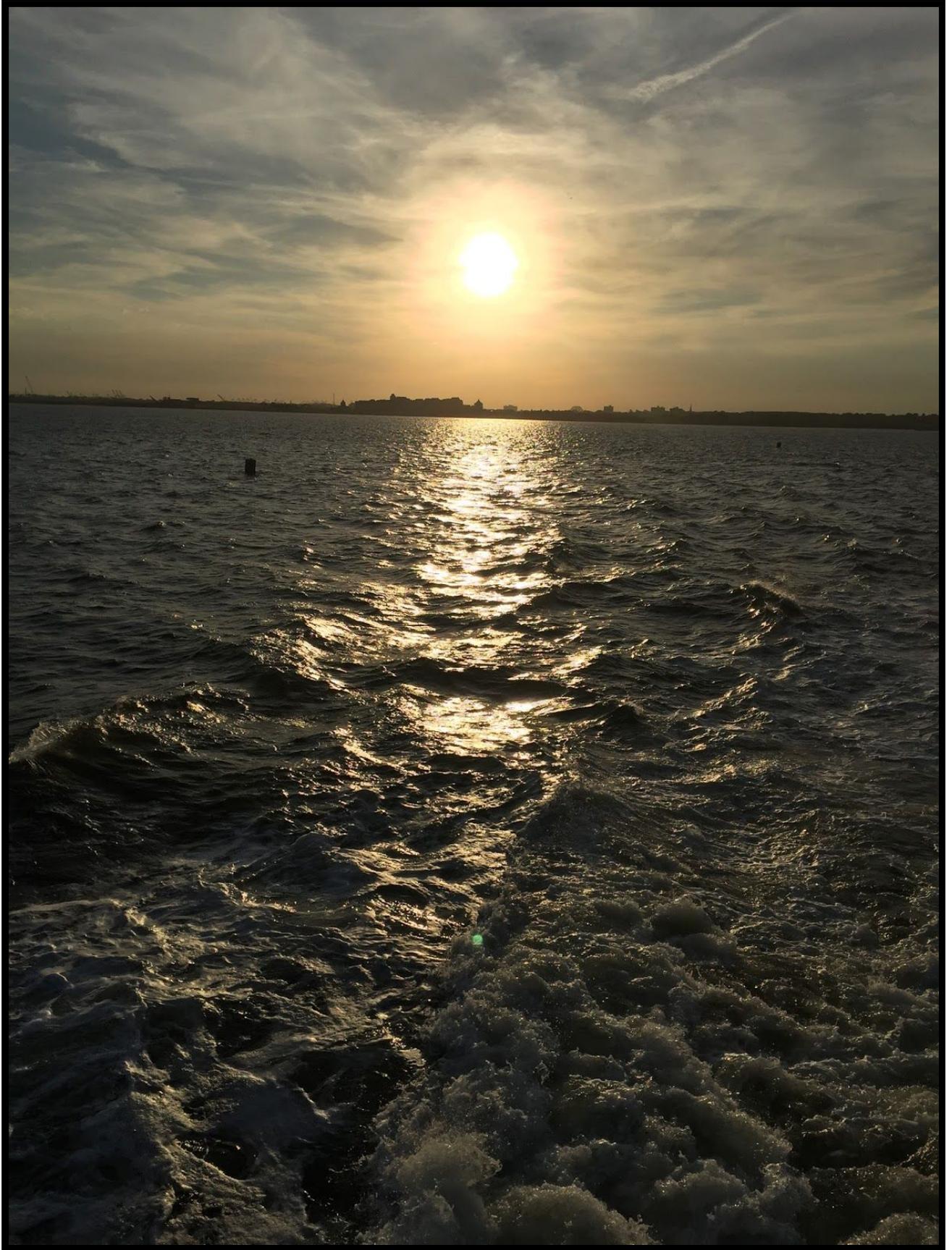
Art is your own story

Art is something you do in all your glory

Art is something you're committed to like a husband and wife

Art is overall a way of life





Reach the Shore

Kaithlyn Atty

When will I reach the shore?
When will I feel steady?
Must I combat every current before I feel tranquility?
I ponder again
Why am I not moving?
Why do I feel suffocated in doubt and anxiety?
Why can't I be elated about where I'm at?
But then I realize
There are people who drowned right here,
Because they gave up when they were in the same position as me
So maybe I should keep rowing
And fight for the spot that belongs to me



The Tricycle Boy

Chiara Donio

The cotton candy sky sweetened her sour mood. She had been walking around the neighborhood along the cool summer breeze. The time passed as the sun began to set.

Her phone was blowing up with messages. But her mind was elsewhere. Frustrated, she chucked her phone into the woods between the Cooper's and the Holloway's houses.

, she thought.

She knew she messed up, of course. Her evening summer walk was littered with the thoughts of her mistake. It swarmed her mind like bees around a hive. Her stomach turned and twisted the more she thought about it.

"Why did you just do that?" A little voice squeaked from behind her.

Startled, she turned around and saw a little boy on a tricycle with his helmet on. His eyes widened with an innocence she couldn't remember having.

She couldn't speak, words wouldn't form from her mouth. The wall she had built up during her walk had been demolished. Tears flooded from her eyes.

"Hey! Don't cry. One time, I lost my yellow truck. It was my favorite. It made me cry." The boy got up off his tricycle and held her hand.

She sat down on the sidewalk and finally managed to speak, "This isn't the same as a little yellow truck..."

"Sure it is," he interrupted, "you lost something and you can't find it. That makes people cry."

A sad smile cracked from her sullen face. "You're a really cute little kid."

"Thanks!" He seemed pretty proud of himself, "I live down that road at the end of the circle-y thing"

"The cul-de-sac?"

"Okay yeah that!"

"I've never seen you before."

"I just moved here with my mommy and daddy."

She nodded. Her sleeves were damp with tears.

“Why were you crying? Is it because you threw your phone in the woods?”

She laughed a little, she had forgotten she just did that. “No,” she answered, “I lost something, too.”

“What is it? We can look for it.” He seemed to get a little excited.

“I lost myself,” She replied.

His face scrunched up with confusion, “You’re right here!”

“Yeah, but,” She couldn’t find words to express how she was feeling, “I did something bad. My friends are all mad at me, and so is my mom and dad. And the bad thing I did makes me think that I’m not the same person I used to be.”

“Well, I learned in school today that when you go to sleep, you get to grow. So, if you go to sleep, you’ll grow. And when you wake up you’ll be bigger and bigger, until you’re a big kid. I’m not a big kid yet, but my older brother is, he’s a teenager I think.”

She stood up. “Maybe I should just go to sleep. I’ll walk you home. It’s getting dark.”

“Okay, but I want to ride my tricycle.”

So they went off down the sidewalk to the cul-de-sac where the boy lived. Once he was inside, she realized how late it was getting.

Now, on her walk through the dark summer night, where the stars glistened and the moon shined down on her like a spotlight, she thought about what she had done.

She reached her house, went up to her room, and went to sleep. She dreamed about the boy finding his yellow truck.

The cotton candy sky
sweetened her sour mood.







Thanks for reading!