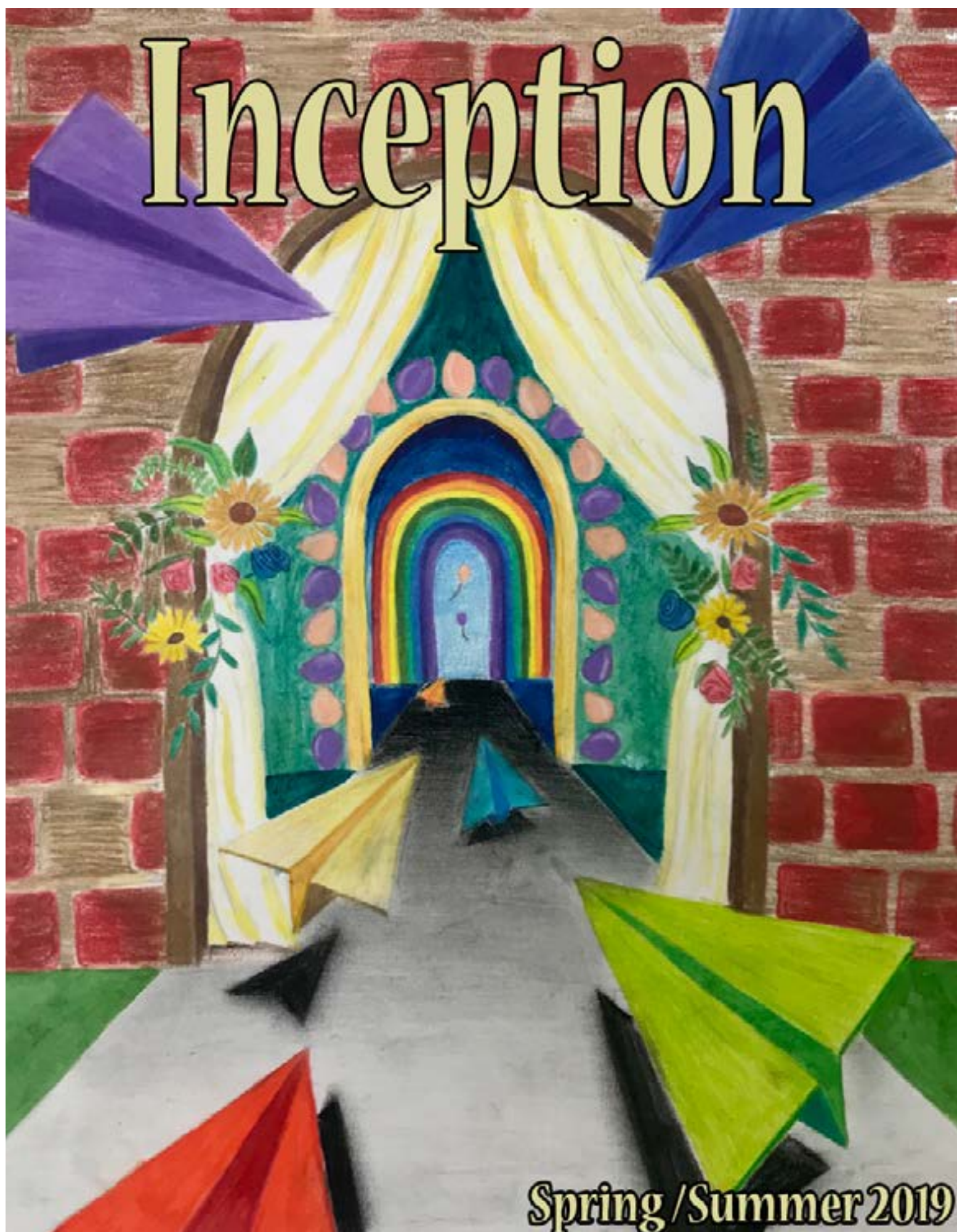


Inception



Spring / Summer 2019

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INCEPTION

Slocum Skewes Literary Magazine
Volume 5, June 2019

Ridgefield Public Schools
Slocum Skewes School
650 Prospect Avenue
Ridgefield, NJ

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Inception Literary Magazine is designed to showcase the amazing talents of Slocum Skewes' young writers and artists in grades 6 through 8. It is a place where emerging writers and artists create and collaborate. This issue would not have been possible without the hard work and dedication of our talented staff and the encouragement of our entire school community.

We would especially like to thank Mrs. Michelle Mariani for her assistance, as well as the administration for their support.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Unrequited</i>	Eftihia Christou and Renee Lee	6
<i>Sakura Tree</i>	Boa Kim and Yu-Na Yi	7
<i>Unwise Feline</i>	Victor Amaritei and Samuel Yun	8
<i>Italian Legend</i>	Eylul Oktay	9
<i>Seasonal Love</i>	Tuana Oncu and Renee Lee	10
<i>The Most Beautiful Flower</i>	Hope Koloszuk and Eileen Lee	11
<i>The Concert</i>	Sofia Narvaez and Eileen Lee	12
<i>Time</i>	Hope Koloszuk and Renee Lee	13
<i>Flowers</i>	Hope Koloszuk and Eileen Lee	14
<i>Ode to Johnny</i>	Sofia Narvaez and Tuana Oncu	15
<i>The Green Door</i>	Victor Amaritei and Sophia Benton	16
<i>The Art of Nature’s Hand</i>	Lara Gandour, Sofia Martinez, and Ashley Kim	17
<i>Chore List</i>	Nina Shehigian and Ashley Kim	18

<i>Jewel of Fortune</i>	Sebastian Gomez and Samuel Yun	19
<i>Falling for Alice</i>	Olivia Hong and Samuel Yun	20
<i>Airplane Mode</i>	Ava Huzovic and Nina Shehigian	22
<i>An Ode to My Dogs</i>	Nicole Kotchman and Olivia Hong	23
<i>Seashells</i>	Boa Kim and Ava Huzovic	24
<i>Sea Sensation</i>	Olivia Hong	25
<i>The Little Bird</i>	Eylul Oktay and Eileen Lee	26
<i>Parrots</i>	Katelyn Rader and Olivia Hong	27
<i>The Little Kid’s Toys</i>	Eylul Oktay and Eileen Lee	28
<i>Ode to Dally</i>	Tuana Oncu and Eylul Oktay	29
<i>Broken Artist</i>	Barbara Moreira and Eileen Lee	30
<i>The Lonely Poet</i>	Eftihia Christou and Renee Lee	31
<i>The Beach/La Playa</i>	Gabriela Torres-Valencia and Isabella Martinez	32

unrequited

you hold more energy than the sun
no matter how much the world is broken
everytime time we talk i come undone
tis my heart you've unknowingly stolen
an artist of emotion
with laughter as your paint
i always try to erase the notion
that you don't feel the same
conversation as your brush
a filled canvas that you create
this will not be a thing i rush
because for you, my love, i will wait
like the blossoms of a tree
my fondness will keep growing for thee

By Eftihia Christou
Illustration by Renee Lee



Sakura Tree

Its beauty never alters,
Its petals never falter.
Yet it never hides its true colors,
In a world that is duller.

The pink comes every spring,
Bringing joy wherever it is.
Its colors make you fall in love with thee,
For that is the beauty of the Sakura Tree.

By Boa Kim
Illustration by Yu-Na Yi



Unwise Feline

There once was a cat with bright green eyes
Who was quick to judge a dog he despised.
When the dog left the cat
The cat felt lonely and spat,
“My decision to hate was unwise!”

By Victor Amaritei
Illustration by Samuel Yun

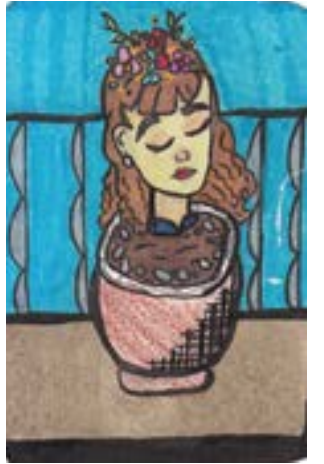


Italian Legend

As I was walking through wonderful Sicily,
I wondered if my eyes had deceived me.
It was so beautiful that summer,
And I enjoyed the sights as a newcomer.
The morning of that lovely day,
I was walking near the bay.
When I saw a gorgeous maiden,
And though I knew I was already taken
Her beauty took a hold of me.
As I saw her perched on her balcony,
She looked at no one's faces,
Only her plants that were oh, so gracious.
Oh, how I wished she would turn her head,
And just talk to me instead.
I walked by her palazzo every morning,
And when I waited for her, my heart was soaring.
Her perfect waist,
And dazzling face,
Were all I needed, not exploring.
As days passed by,
I was wondering why,
She would not look down at me.
But that day soon enough came,
Where I almost went
totally insane.
She finally looked down,
All around the
wonderful town.
But when she went back
inside,
I had lost all my pride.
I thought that she would
never ever come down
So that we could walk
together.
Except for then
My heart was like a dove,
And I wanted to admit my love.
So, without thinking and without a care,
I did what I did and I walked up the stairs.



Knocked on the dark,
wooden door,
And locked my feet on
the cold tile floor.
When she came to the
door I wanted to shout,
And I had the courage
To ask her out.
She finally accepted,
I felt unsteady,
And I respected,
The long time she took to
get ready.
We walked by the shore,
And we both got to know more,
About each other.
I looked once again at the maiden,
And once again remembered
That I was already taken.
So I told her my story,
About how she brought me glory.
But I belonged to another,
And I hoped she would recover.
So I had to end it with the bad news
And I hoped that I would not leave bruised.
She didn't seem very happy,
And she looked at me very sadly.
That night I don't recall what happened,
But I woke up feeling like I was still napping.
I realized I was on the maiden's balcony,
As stiff as stone because, you see,
The maiden had used my head,
for her luscious plants instead.
But don't worry little children,
I was not hurt by the maiden.
I am happier now,
And never mind how,
I got to where I am right now.



By Eylul Oktay
Illustration by Eylul Oktay

*Author's Note: The above poem is based on the
Sicilian Legend of the Moor's Head.*

Seasonal Love

Do not leave me in the summer, my love,
Never in the autumn, shall we depart.
For you are the one I am in awe of,
And are the keeper of my broken heart.
Leave me never, crippling in the springtime,
Don't you give up in the winter season.
My love is no less than
the span of time,
And you have nothing of
a good reason.
Please do not leave me
this year or ever,
I can't even bear to be
left alone.
Why can't you just love
me now or never?
This love makes me feel
like an old gravestone.
So left alone, you shall
leave me to be.
To be left alone in poor
agony.

By Tuana Oncu
Illustration by Renee Lee



The Most Beautiful Flower

The most beautiful flower
For a wonderful mother,
As vibrant as vibrant could be,
Pretty and happy.
A wonderful daughter skipping across the land
Looking at the flower and holding out her hand.
She wrapped her fingers around the stem
And plucked it from the ground.

Walking to her mother
And making a whistling sound,
Her mother smiled,
“My dear”, she said,
“I will love you until the day I die.
You are my heart and you are my life
I don't need another flower–
Because you are mine.”

By Hope Koloszuk
Illustration by Eileen Lee



The Concert

I await the arrival of my two companions,
And for the sweet melodies to drown out my sor-
rows
It's then when I find my personal utopia,
Finding each other and taking our seats,
Then it begins,
A too familiar voice announces the selection,
Soon all will hear the masterpiece.
In an instant,
The sweet and regal sounding melodies caress my
eardrums,
Playing with my inner emotions while in the
process,
Each staff of music leaving me in awe.

I feel my nerves relax,
With each crescendo my heart skips a beat,
Whether it be the cheerfulness of a sweet medley,
Or the sadness of a tragic love ballad,
And when it's time to leave—you find—
You feel the most awe you have ever felt,
The inspiration to conquer any heart ship you face,
Or the pure bliss of the music that has bestowed
your ears.
Although this isn't my first time in the presence
of such magnificence,
I always seem to fall victim to the beauty,
As if listening with virgin ears,
And who would stop and think it was only a high
school concert.

By Sofia Narvaez
Illustration by Eileen Lee



Time

We have all said, “I wish I could go back in time”. We have all spoken about how we wish to see the future and what might await, but have we ever stopped to think why? Why must our minds reflect on the past or the future when there is a now? Why must we think of the bad we have done when we could think of the good we are doing? You see, we all think about traveling back because we want to fix our mistakes. Without our mistakes what would we be but another living organism living on a planet that sits in the center of what some would call nowhere? Our mistakes mold us and without them we wouldn't be who we are. If you're saying “Well, I don't like who I am”, then all that does is make my point with the future. We are the ones who shape our own future. We decide the bad and the good that awaits before us like a treasure of gold waiting to be discovered. Without the past, the present and the future, we would be nothing...because we would be able to fix everything and know what would await us before it even happens. Our lives would be boring and dull. Respect time. It's the base of life. It's what helps us shape ourselves.

By Hope Koloszuk
Illustration by Renee Lee

Flowers

Flowers are wonderful creations of nature. The vibrant pastel colors filling the eyes of the young. Their beauty brightens our earth, filling it with happiness. They bloom and bloom...and then die. Their petals turning to brown, dead, useless matter. Their stems drooping down back towards the earth as if trying to bury themselves. Their seeds, dropping down, seeping into the moist dirt. That's when it comes out. The new one, crawling out of its shell, a new flower has been created. Its meaning filling in that of the other that had passed, in a way, still carrying on its existence.

By Hope Koloszuk
Illustration by Eileen Lee



Ode to Johnny

There is so much that wasn't said,
Why couldn't you stay a little longer—or forever,
Is there a reason?

You are constantly on my mind,
as well as the boy who loved you like a brother.
All I can do is think,
Tirelessly every day of you,

You were taken much too soon,
I miss the nights in the park,
I miss our talks about sunsets,
How you always understood.

Now I'm a man, we all had to grow up,
But your impact is still present in all I do.
And I've tried my best to keep your promise,
To be true to me,
And... I've stayed golden.

By Sofia Narvaez
Photograph by Tuana Oncu





The Green Door

An ancient green door
Paint peeling, yet it stands firm
Cherishing good times

By Victor Amaritei
Photograph by Sophia Benton

The Art of Nature's Hand

The beautiful evening sun fades away
Second by second as the clouds turn gray.
Her hand runs through flowers
In a wonderful garden for hours and hours.

With a flower crown placed on her head
And a ladybug crawling on her hand,
The world doesn't seem real–
It fades away into the dark night sky.

Longing for one more second of light
A butterfly passes by,
Its wings so vibrant,
Its life so free.

As the moon begins to rise
She disappears into the night fog,
Forever to be
With lights as faded
as the scent of the trees.

The pathway starts as a breeze
But then slowly ends after a while.
She has come to the end
of the long journey.
Now, nature looking
more beautiful than ever,
She now sees the art of nature's hand.

By Lara Gandour and Sofia Martinez
Illustration by Ashley Kim



Chore List

We all have jobs to do.
Of course, mine would be
the most annoying to go through.
Can you guess it?

I know I shouldn't complain,
She does so much for us,
But this constant cycle feels like a
hurricane.

I look down at the pile...
Almost done I think,
And then I hear the noise for the
first time in a while.

I remember that this is just the
first load.
Please give me a break.
If I'm lucky I'll be done by
tomorrow's daybreak.

By Nina Shehigian
Illustration by Ashley Kim



Jewel of Fortune

"Hark, the police!" That is what I said when I heard those infernal sirens. I was overlooking the distant sea when I heard the police. They were after the person who had stolen the precious Crafter's Jewel belonging to a successful businessman named James Prestige. As my original reaction to the police may have told you, I am that jewel thief, Adam Dihit!

I have planned this heist for quite some time. First I became the janitor of the manor in order to give me access to all of the inner workings of the manor. I then kept a note of the staff's schedule, even James Prestige's schedule, which was frankly the easiest part of this plan. After four months of careful checking and rechecking it was finally time to put my plan into action.

I first waited until dark to start my plan. I went out to the back garden that overlooked the clear horizon, as to not have any witnesses seeing my crime. I set up a ladder and climbed it. Then, as quiet as a mouse, I headed to the glass ceiling overlooking Crafter's Jewel. I proceeded to open the glass door, (I left it unlocked before dawn) then took my rope and tied it from my waist to one of the near chimneys. Slowly, I repelled down to the jewel. I was so close until I heard a sudden click.

A ringing started, one that rings in my ear to this day. It startled me, causing me to drop from my rope. I ran quickly into a room, any room would do at that point, and despite knowing where the door I entered through led, I went in anyway. I bolted in, shut the door behind me in a panic.

Then I heard sirens, "Hark the police!" As I was hiding and listening to the sirens approaching, I devised a plan. I proceeded to break open the window to make it look as if someone broke in. Frantic, I quickly thought about what I should do when I heard the door being broken. In a moment of panic, I took a spare fire iron and pretended to knock myself out. When the police came, they thought I was only a victim, not the thief. My plan worked. As soon as it was possible, I left the manor with the valued jewel and escaped to a distant shore to make another name for myself. I sold the diamond on the black market and became rich. I still wonder if they really did find out it was me?

By Sebastian Gomez
Illustration by Samuel Yun



Falling for Alice

Alice was falling for the past couple hours to pass the time,
She had a cup of tea with Goldilocks and Thumbelina
Then listened to the Pied Piper's new single
She also borrowed Sleeping Beauty's mask for a quick nap
As soon as she put it on she started snoring,
while still falling

After her nap, Alice landed in the arms of Prince Charming
She took off her sleeping mask and attempted to fix her hair from the fall
After she glanced at the prince
Of course, he was looking into the magic mirror
“Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the most charming of them all?”
He asked with a snobby smirk and deep voice
“It is the Frog Prince”
His smirk disappeared and was replaced with a disappointed frown
He dropped Alice and she landed with a thud
Prince Charming walked away murmuring strange chants at his mirror

Alice brushed off her skirt and made her way to Rapunzel's hair salon
She was greeted with a horrendous expression on Rapunzel's face and
was rushed into her seat

Half an hour later, Alice came out with her perfect curls
She bumped into Goldilocks and she exclaimed,
“Not too curly, not too flat, it's just right!”
Goldilocks admired the curls for a few more moments then went off

Alice was skipping along, she heard sniffles and went to follow them
She thought, “Curiouser, curiouser” as she cupped her ear
After the corner she saw a little duckling
The little duckling was sobbing as Alice gently sat down
“What's wrong?”
“I'm not beautiful like the other ducks.”
The duckling said while blowing his nose into a tissue
“Don't worry, they're just mad.”
The duckling and Alice shared a small Cheshire smile

After the little duckling, she heard more sniffles
It was from the frog prince
“Prince Charming cursed me into a frog!
Now I need a princess to kiss me, but no one likes frogs!”
He sobbed into Alice's handkerchief
Then they set off on their journey for a princess



They found the Beauty at the Gingerbread Man's Cookie shop
Alice and the Frog Prince politely explained their situation and
Beauty, being an angel, agreed
With a little peck, the Frog Prince turned into a tall handsome man
They exchanged thank yous and exited the cookie shop.

As soon as Alice left, she got dragged by two little twins
with candy bits and pieces all over their mouths
“We need to go quick!”
They arrived at a house made of many sweets
The twins shoved her inside
And before she knew it, the cackling witch was trying to cook her
She squinted her eyes and waited for the hot oven to bake her
But
Instead of the scalding heat she felt air gushing
She opened her eyes and
She was falling,
Again

By Olivia Hong
Illustration by Samuel Yun

Airplane Mode

That's it
I'm done
You ticked me off
You won

You said you loved me
Over the phone
But I'm disconnecting
Goin' airplane mode

Turn off electronics
So my brainwaves can't falter
Show me your love
In person

I want a hug
Or a kiss on the cheek
Not a voice
That turns my happy thoughts bleak

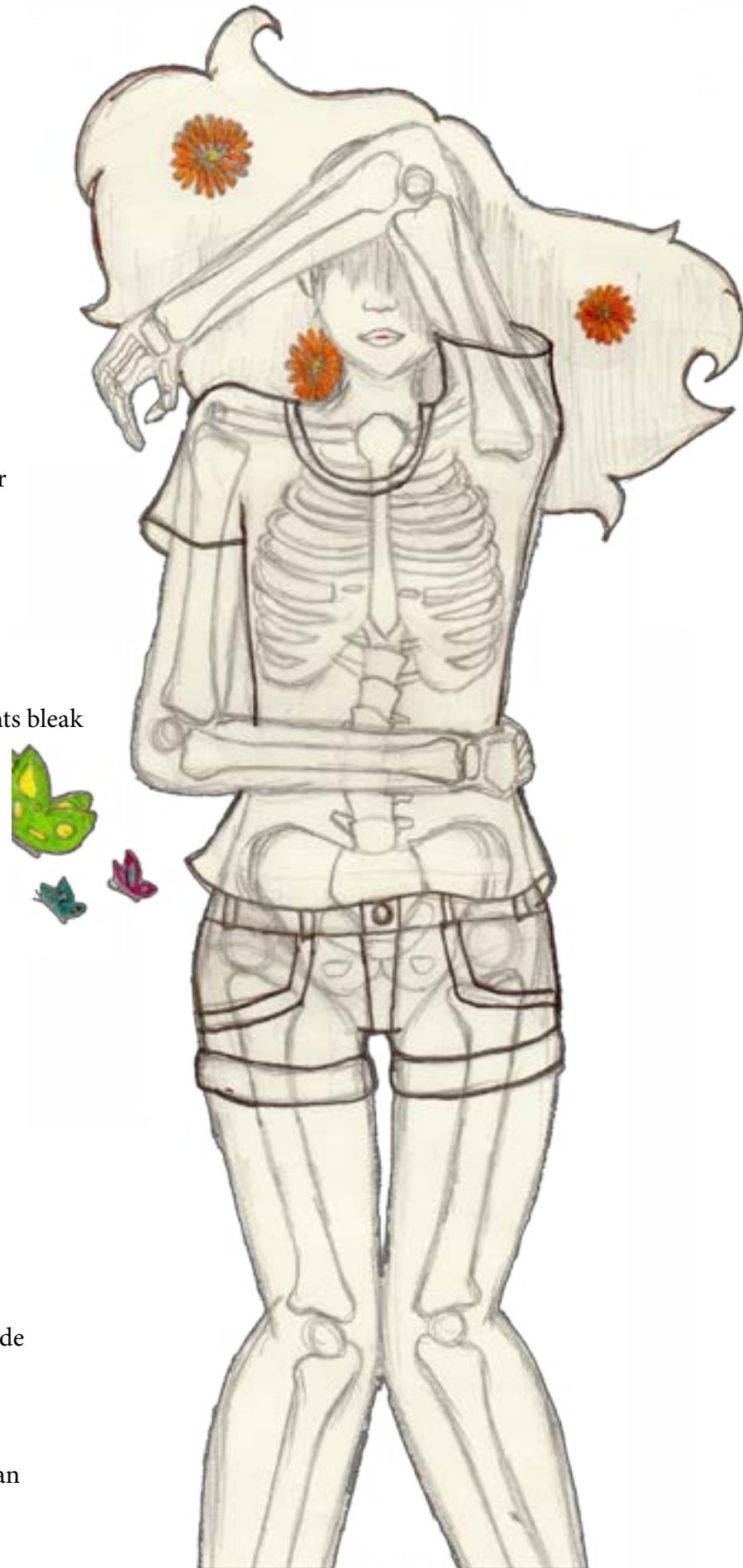
When you come knocking
If you come knocking
I want an apology

I hear the dinging
Quit texting me
I hear the dinging
Quit texting me

That's it
I'm done
You ticked me off
You won

You said you loved me
Over the phone
But now I'm on airplane mode

By Ava Huzovic
Illustration by Nina Shehigian



An Ode to My Dogs

My dogs prance around my home.
They eat, they run, and sleep all day.
Love to have fun with their toys and bones,
But hate when we are away.
Those pups are so adorable and sweet—
They are the light in a dark path.
They make me as happy as they are when
eating a treat.
Even when they are mad
They do not show their wrath.

Always very playful and silly,
Like a blanket, they are soft and furry.
They are as beautiful as a thousand lilies
They make my worries blurry.
I wish that they would stay here forever
Because I will always remember the greatest
companions ever!

By Nicole Kotchman
Illustration Olivia Hong

Seashells

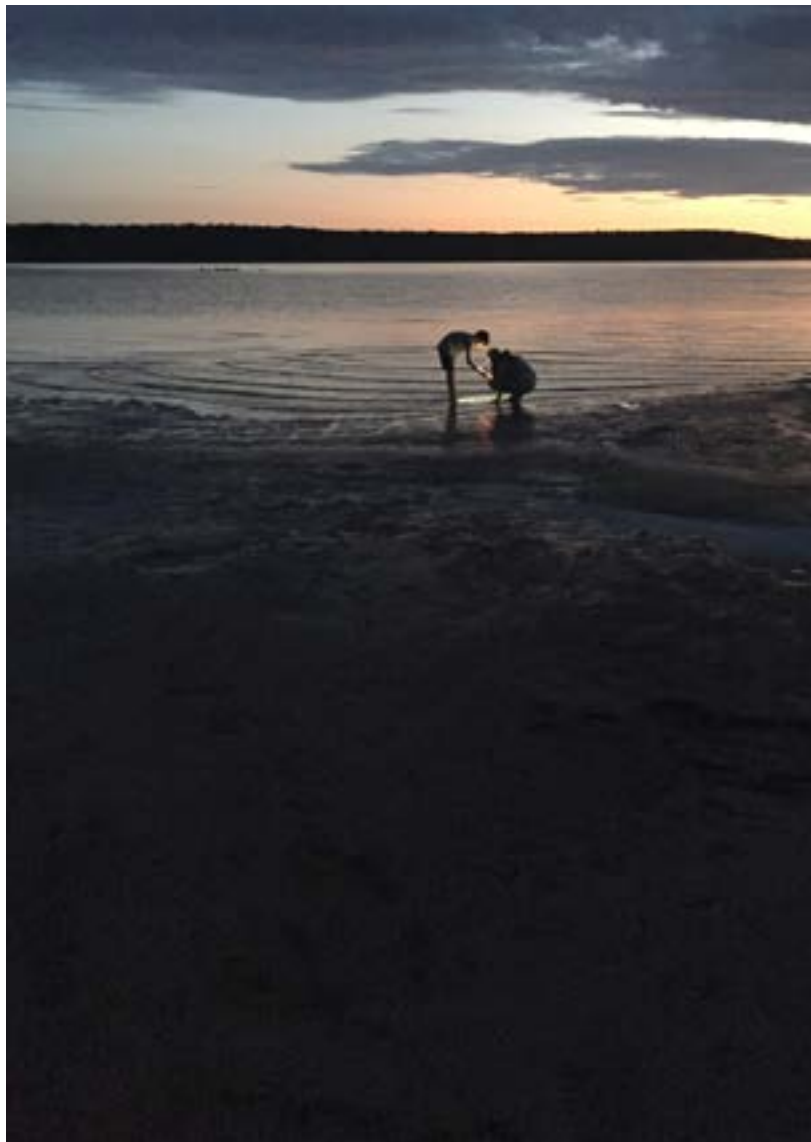
When you go to the beach what do you do?
There are so many things to try.
Like playing in the water, catching some sun,
Or building a sand castle, that's always fun.

But those are things you can't bring home,
So why not collect seashells instead?
They are scattered throughout the shore,
A scavenger hunt, that will leave you wanting more.

You can collect big seashells or small ones,
By yourself or with someone you love,
There are a variety of seashells to find,
No matter the shape, no matter the kind.

When the day ends you have prizes to keep,
And memories you made with loved ones.
The ocean has many gifts to give
And you can keep them for as
long as you live.

By Boa Kim
Photograph by Ava Huzovic



Sea Sensation

A billow of salty air brushes against my cheek.
I stare out into the vast folds of the mysterious but comforting blue.
The harsh sounds of the waves trace back to my ear as mere whispers.
I flutter my eyes closed and inhale the salty scent of the ocean
As I gaze at the painting in front of me.
Seagulls sway side to side, almost dancing with the clouds,
The drowsy sand tickles at my toes and I plaster on a slow smile.

By Olivia Hong
Photograph by Olivia Hong



The Little Bird

Once there was a little bird,
Who wanted his voice to be heard.

So he set off on a long journey,
To bring back food to his family.

The bird searched up high and then down low,
But then got very tired and had to move slow.

The little bird looked side to side,
But soon he had lost all his pride.

He had found nothing to eat,
So he flew down a deserted street.

The bird was ever so hungry now,
And chirped sadly with his head hung down.

Except for then he saw a pair of feet,
And on it were the perfect worms to eat.

He knew then that he had found his victory,
And flew to the worms with a triumphant glee.

He landed down and started pecking at the shoe,
But the worms were stuck on it like glue.

He tasted them and they were very bitter,
Then what, he thought, were these critters?

And then he finally noticed and said
With an angry face, “This is just a piece of lace!”

The little bird had not found his victory,
And for him there was no more glee.

When he arrived at the nest,
His family had eaten some seeds and saved him
the rest.

He was happy with his food and family at home,
So the little bird left searching for food alone,
And the little bird knew he was not alone.

By Eylul Oktay
Illustration by Eileen Lee



Parrots

We are beautiful macaws,
Forces to be reckoned with.
Our vibrant colors call attention,
And that is not a myth.
The array of colors we display,
Will capture anyone’s wondering eyes.
We fly around and play,
Waiting for the day to pass by.
And soon the sky turns black,
And the stars come out to play.
Our days of leisure done,
Until the dusk turns into day.

By Katelyn Rader
Photograph by Olivia Hong



The Little Kid's Toys

Once upon a time in a place far away,
A little kid played in his very own way.
With his toys of all sorts,
And different types of sports,
The little kid liked to play all day.

Bir zamanlar uzakta bir yerde,
küçük bir çocuk oynadı kendine has şekilde
Her çeşit oyuncakıyla
ve farklı spor türleriyle,
Küçük çocuk oynadı bütün
gün sevinçle.

By Eylul Oktay
Illustration by Eileen Lee



Author's Note: The above limerick was written in both the English and Turkish language.



An Ode to Dally

Dally, one of a kind,
Gallant and brave.
A person hard to find,
A person now in a grave.

He was irritable and mean,
Aggressive, and violent.
A hood that was lean,
Who never kept silent.

Member of the gang who was great,
He was smart and witty
Who came to a tragic fate,
A person we now all pity.

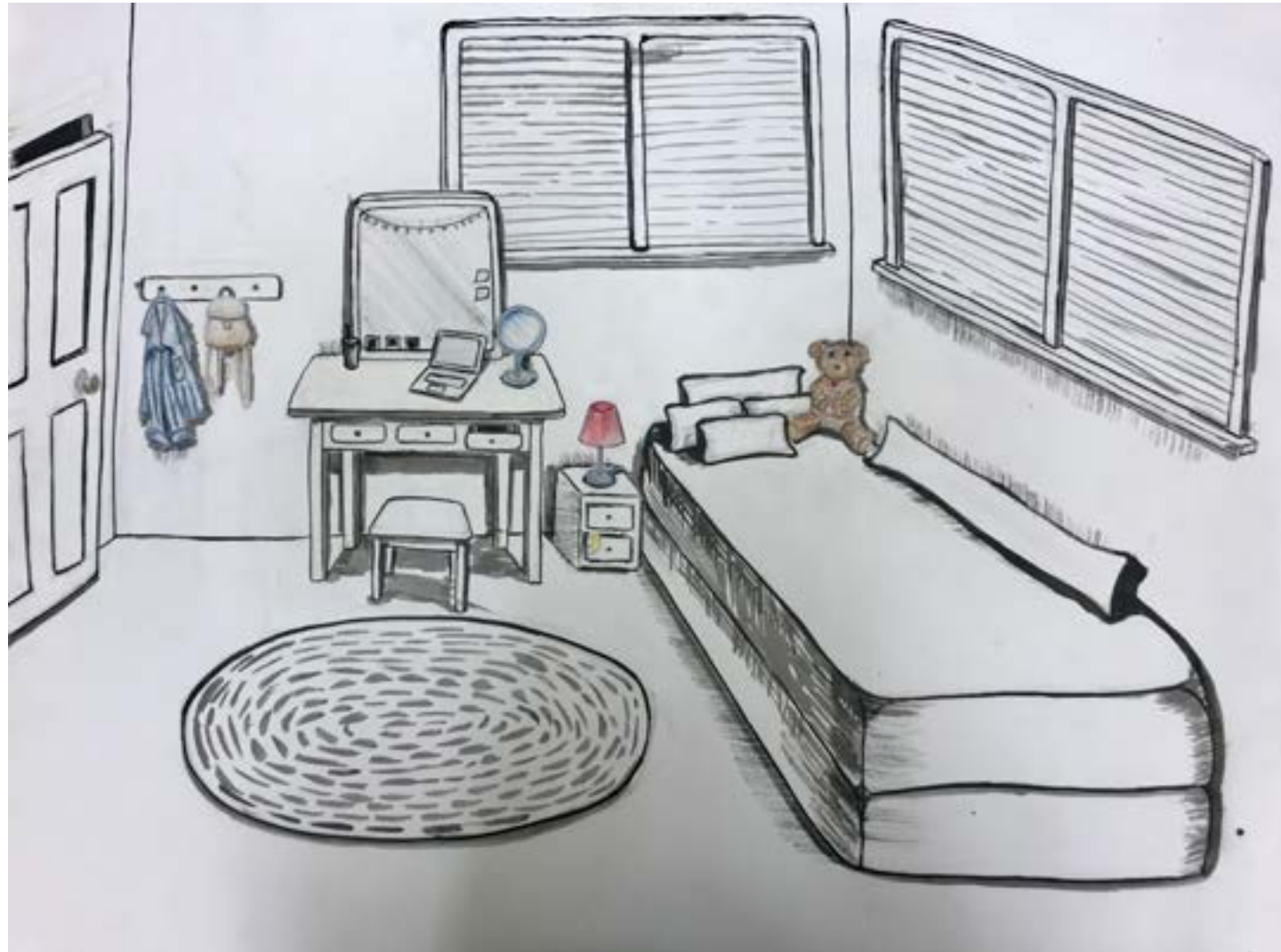
Never saw the sunset,
Never wanted to leave the hood,
Before the grave that he met,
Now he's gone for good.

By Tuana Oncu
Illustration by Eylul Oktay

Broken Artist

A man who painted in hues of blue and gold,
Never one that liked doing what he was told.
Created magnificent flowers that shone in a dark room,
Never again to bloom.
An ear of hearing for an eye of art,
A broken man who almost lost his heart.
He painted canvases with brushes filled with stars,
He didn't walk the path of normality, he had too many scars.
He could never go back.

By Barbara Moreira
Illustration by Eileen Lee



The Lonely Poet

A man with stories made to be written
Words that needed to be read
A father who disapproved of his actions
No wife or kids to take the pain away instead
An African-American man in 1940's America
A poet with an audience who were afraid to speak out
Whose lines changed views of entire crowds
Lessons shown by ink and paper
And although judged, his creativity never seemed to waver
He traveled the world and influenced the lives of others
But his ended alone, without the solace of others
That is the story of Langston Hughes

By Eftihia Christou
Illustration by Renee Lee





The Beach

The soft touch of the water
against your feet
The waves crashing in the distance
Trails of footprints stop by the
waterline
You wonder what is beyond the horizon
Shades of blue and white color the skies
The sun grazing against your skin
Puffy white clouds paint the atmosphere
The scorching sand warms up your feet
The reflection of your body is
mirrored in the water
You stumble upon a seashell
and keep it as a souvenir

La Playa

La suave caricia del agua contra tus pies.
Las olas rompen en la distancia.
Senderos de huellas terminan por
la línea de flotación.
Te preguntas qué hay más allá del
horizonte.
Sombras de azul y blanco decoran
el cielo.
El sol roza tu piel.
Nubes blancas texturizado
pintan el ambiente.
La arena abrasadora calienta tus pies
Tu imagen se refleja en el agua.
Encuentran un caracol y lo
guardas como recuerdo.

By Gabriela Torres-Valencia
and Isabella Martinez
Photograph by Gabriela Torres-Valencia

*Author's Note: The above poem was written in
both the English and Spanish language.*

