

WYHS LITERARY MAGAZINE TITM'S EILLA

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Here at Litmag, we get a ton of submissions. I cannot begin to express the countless number of pieces we receive on a daily basis. Due to the exceptional volume of work we review, many submissions don't manage to make the cut. So, to kick off this month of happiness and celebration, we have decided to turn Litmag around and give those that would have otherwise been rejected, a chance to shine. In this month's edition we honor the rejects. The pieces that didn't make the cut. You may be asking yourself, "Why are the multitudes poems I have submitted not being featured monthly? Are they not getting my emails? Am I not good enough?" Well, quite frankly, no. You weren't. Until now. We have chosen to keep the authors of the work anonymous to protect their artistic freedom and dignity. So we at Litmag wish you all the best as you fill with pride at the sight of your work featured, like a child who has just thought of their first metaphor. This is your edition. Enjoy it. Happy Purim.

Sara J. Merkin

Analogies

Grade 12

Life is like a palm tree
At first it grows beautifully
But then the leaves fall off and make your pool gross

Life is like a television
As long as remotes are legal to own
You can turn it on and off as you please

Life is like a hotdog
No matter how many condiments you add
You're still eating a dead cow

Life is like an AP class
You work hard all year
And colleges rarely accept the credits

Life is like a smile
You're told to maintain one
But sometimes you're just not in the mood to

Life is like a cliché
It's said over and over
Until it irritates everyone and is only used in bad writing

Refridgerators
They keep your food preserved
That is so awesome

Puh-lease excuse my
Unexperiencedness
Haikus are complex

The True Traumas

Grade 12

It seems so familiar yet
It is just too far away
I grapple with an internal struggle
Shall I use it in all its glory?
Or shall I remain discontent?
For if I choose to ignore its presence
I shall sit in endless pain
Subjugated to the same things
Again.
And Again.
It is the bane of my existence
And poisons my intellect
Therefore using would be a better choice
A smarter choice.
Just imagine a dark world
One without lights and sound
One without interruption
One without distraction
And envision the perfection of a blank
screen
And the sanctuary it provides
Yet this chance seems so distant
It sits across the room
So close to my grasp
Yet so far
And despite the pain and horror
Watching my life blink by in a flash is
Preferable to getting up from my seat
To pick up the TV remote.

Why I Don't Want To Dress As a Banana for Purim

Grade 9

Wearing a banana costume will make people want to eat bananas more and then people will start to crave them, get fat, and die of obesity. Also, bananas have a lot of sugar so they are not good for you. Also, they will give you diabetes and then you won't be able to enjoy candy again anyway and no one wants that. Also, some people don't like bananas and then they will start to not like us. We don't want that. Also, people don't want food to play for them, so yeah. Also, bananas are healthy and some people are like no healthy-freaks so they don't want that. Also, bananas are yellow and if you read the book *The Curious Incident Of The Dog In The Nighttime* then you know yellow is a bad color and it means you're having a bad day and we don't want to promote that. Also, yellow is a happy color and some people are depressed and that might make them think "Look they are happy and I am sad Imma kill myself," then they die and then everyone is sad. Also, people are emo and they don't like bright colors like yellow. Also, people's eyes can't take it when they see bright colors so they will die. Also, yellow is an ugly color. Also, IT'S A BANANA AND I DON'T LIKE BANANAS!!!

My Socks

Grade 10

I have one pair of socks that I always wear
Without them my legs feel so very bare
And if you try to steal them, just beware
I never wash them, they smell like rotting pear

Redheads are the devil
They bring fear into my heart
Someone save my soul



"Black Canvas"

Grade 11

True Story Bro

Grade 12

The sky was blue
So were your eyes
And so was the dragon that told pathological lies

He spoke of a princess
With long blonde hair
Whom he had captured and hidden away in his lair

And the brave prince
Who fought so hard
That now rests peacefully beneath the royal graveyard

But as it turns out
None of it was true
And he was just an ordinary dragon like me or you

All That I Am

Grade 9

I can't smile
I promise that I've tried
But I remain as a frown
That is all I am

I can't sneeze
I promise that I've tried
But I remain as a virus
That is all I am

I can't speak
I promise that I've tried
But I remain as a mute
That is all I am

I can't sing
I promise that I've tried
But I remain as a unhappy
person
That is all I am

I have no mouth.

The Poem I Wrote To Get An A

Grade 11

This is my poem
For an A in English
Which I wrote over the summer
To make up my grade
Because my teacher failed me.

She hates me.

So I wrote this poem.
And got an A.
Because my parents pay full tuition.
And I drive a BMW.

And I'm also brilliant
As you can see
By my poem.

Everybody speaks
Super loudly all the time
I have a headache

Literature, man
Only has four syllables
So I put man too

Shtenders are book stands
They hold your books very well
Could it get better?



"Ambiguity"

Grade 10

Utopian Alternate Dimensions

Grade 9

I left my homework in the new building. You don't believe me? It's there. With the wifi, and the clean floors, and the clocks that work. It's a great place, the new building. There are crystal clear announcements and the temperature is a constant level of comfortable. It's also where I served my lunch detention. I know, I know. You think I'm making this up, but it's true. Haven't you heard? The new building has everything. It defies time and space. It even has extra walls because it's so awesome that they just threw in extra walls. Just. Threw. In. Extra. Walls. We've actually been living there all year. It's where everything is. The wifi. The clocks. The gym. The floors. Oh, and also my homework. In the new building, I also have an A in your class there, so better get on that. That's not true you say? Ha. What do you know. Alternate dimensions are all around us. And this year I've lived at the new building where everything is perfect. And guess what? So has everyone else. Just ask RJK. Wait, whats that? You can't find him? That's because he's there. At the new building. Where it's perfect.

Who Am I?

Grade 11

I think
Therefore I am

I sing
Therefore I jam

I fake
Therefore I sham

I dunk
Therefore I slam

I trick
Therefore I scam

I think
Therefore I am



"The Aristocrats"

Grade 11

Don't drink from the tap
Tap water is terrible
A government plot

Johnny's Folly

Grade 10

Johnny found a spider
the other day. It was
hairy and had a lot of
legs. It bit him and he
died. Kids, don't touch
spiders. They will bite
you and you will die.

Congratulations to all the students that won a Scholastic Art and Writing Award! Submit your award-winning work to be featured in the next edition of Allie's Mitt

Got stories? Got Poems? Got Art? Send them in for our next edition of Allie's Mitt! Deadline for submissions for the April issue April 8th

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