

## KYHS LITERARY MAGAZINE

## ALLIE'S MITT

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Welcome to our first edition of Allie's Mitt! I'm excited to read and share your submissions throughout the year. For this first edition, I'd like to write about what creativity means to me. Over the past summer, I attended Columbia University's high school summer program and took an introductory creative writing workshop. The course, of course, taught me many tips in relation to writing and creativity but, most importantly, it helped to shape my philosophy on what creativity means. See, on the program, the last piece we had to write was a long prose (5-10 pages). I couldn't fathom how I could possibly think of a story long enough to span that many pages. I sat for days in my dorm trying to figure out what to write. So much freedom and yet I was boxed in. There was no prompt. No guidelines. I began searching through the notes app on my phone to see if I could find anything to reuse. I found an old short story I wrote last year, while I was bored in class, what would happen if vacuums could speak. I turned the story into a critically

(continued on next page)

## MUSINGS FROM BELOW

by Lana Rosenthal

To the gum under my desk:

I was perfectly attentive,  
pen in hand,  
when I reached to pull the desk closer,  
and my forefinger grazed a smooth,  
coin-sized dome.  
It was you.

I instantly recoiled  
yelling in disgust  
and disrupting my entire class.

Does it bother you  
to be eternally suspended  
upside down by strings of saliva  
from the dark underside of the cool wooden desk  
surrounded by swirls of old cartoon drawings and  
proclamations that students now long gone  
were once there?

You stare at the knees of bored and enraptured students alike,  
knowing that if you ever come in contact with one of those knees,  
it will be washed furiously.  
Does it bother you,  
that I am immensely bothered  
by your existence?

(Letter from the Editor continued)

acclaimed, seven-page mock-history paper, about “The Vacuum Revolution.”

Now, in my opinion, creativity isn't about thinking of an original idea that nobody has ever thought of before. It's about taking the barriers that are provided and manipulating them to work best for you. I saw a lack of guidelines and realized that just because the assignment seemed to be asking for a story, it didn't mean that it necessarily needed to be written in the format of one.

For Allie's Mitt we give you no guidelines. What you decide to write about is completely your choice. Play with your barriers. Don't be afraid to write. Don't be afraid to be original. Don't be afraid to create.

*Sara Martin*



## GLASS HALF FULL

by Andrew Gallitzer

## ALL AND EVERYTHING

by Rachel Brener

She knew him in a way no one else could  
She watched his every move  
and followed his every gaze  
She listened just for him  
She believed when no one would

He walked  
She watched  
He joked  
She laughed  
He spoke  
She loved

She loved him in all the ways she knew how  
In the way she smiled  
In the way she laughed  
In the way she dreamed  
In the way she hoped

She walked  
He noticed  
She joked  
He heard  
She spoke  
He understood

He understood all the ways she loved him,  
All the ways he didn't love her back  
In the way he smiled at someone else  
In the way he laughed with someone else  
In the way he dreamed of someone else  
In the way he hoped for someone else

He walked  
She knew  
He joked  
She knew  
He spoke  
She knew

She knew none of it was for her  
But she watched  
And she smiled  
And she laughed  
And she dreamed  
And hoped  
And prayed  
And oh how she prayed to God

Prayed he would hurt her just a little  
more so she could hate him

## THE WORLD IS A BLUR

by *Eli Litwin*

I walk out my front door  
On the way to school  
Everything is hazy,  
No clean, clear cut lines.  
The cars that zoom by  
Are no more than flickers of  
color.  
The foliage along the path  
Form one infinite green chain,  
Each plant, shrub, and flower  
Indiscernible.  
Each house appears  
Exactly the same,  
No charm or character,  
To set them apart.  
Chirping birds fly above my  
head,  
To be heard not seen.  
I approach the gigantic edifice  
That I believe to be my school.  
I glimpse at the yard filled with  
Stick figures roaming around.  
My head is spinning  
And nausea starts to set in.  
Inside the building  
Nothing is in focus,  
I can not read.  
I can not see.  
The world is a blur.  
I sit down on the floor  
Against a wall  
Sweating and trying to take  
Deep breaths.  
I close my eyes  
And think about  
How I can put the world into  
focus.  
I open my eyes wide  
And realize  
I forgot to put my glasses on  
this morning.

## TAKE A SHOT

by *Ayelet Gross*

Take a shot my boy; you've come of age  
Now spend your days in the tavern away  
We drink to joy and how life is fine  
And lastly drink to all this lovely wine

Take a shot young man; you're reached your prime  
You can spend your days drinking all the time  
We drink to strength and we drink to fear  
And lastly drink to all this lovely beer

Take a shot old chap; your time has gone  
Now spend your days watching life move along  
We drink to age and how life we botch  
And lastly drink to all this lovely scotch

Take a shot my son; the fellow died  
You can spend your days asking cruel god why  
We drink to death and how life is dumb  
And lastly drink to all this lovely rum

Take a look my boy; now never stay  
Don't spend your days in that tavern away  
We have no joy here where we fail  
Where we finally drink the last of our ale.



## COLORS CLASH

by *Galia Palmer*

# THE OBITUARY OF JIMMY FIREFLY

by Izy Muller

**T**his past Thursday, at 8:35 A.M., Jimmy Firefly died at the age of one month and 14 days.

Jimmy spent the past three weeks thinking about the bulb, never realizing it would eventually lead to his demise.

This wasn't any ordinary light bulb. Not at all. Jimmy had seen every type of light bulb before: incandescent bulbs, fluorescent bulbs, even one of those new energy-efficient LED bulbs. But not this bulb. This was the *crème de la crème* of the light bulbs. Until now, Jimmy never had the pleasure of witnessing a light bulb this beautiful.

He first saw it when Mr. Johnson opened up the dull brown cardboard box from Amazon in the kitchen. The room's weak incandescent bulbs reflected off of its state-of-the-art packaging. A few days later, he saw it sitting in Becky's room. Now, here it was. Resting in the socket above the living room, shining bright

in all its glory was the multi-colored jewel known as the TechnoBulb™.

Jimmy Firefly touched the TechnoBulb™. His death was instant. Painless.

Jimmy was well liked by all his peers. He treated every insect with respect, dignity, and kindness. He lived his life with astounding passion and approached every morning with a hunger for adventure. Sadly, it was Jimmy's immense passion that allowed for his destruction.

Next week would have been the start of training for how to turn on his own light. If only he had waited. It's a shame. He could have had all the light he wanted, if he had just waited to turn on his own light.

Jimmy's funeral will be taking place this Tuesday at 1:00 P.M. by the upstairs bathroom garbage can. Insects of all species are invited to honor the great bug that Jimmy Firefly was. May he rest in peace.

Join the Allie's Mitt staff!! We're looking for editors, artists, and graphic designers! Send an email to [litmag@yeshivahs.org](mailto:litmag@yeshivahs.org) and let us know who you are!

This month's edition of Allie's Mitt is sponsored by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards with thanks to all the students who submitted their work.

Got stories? Send them in for our next edition of Allie's Mitt! Deadline for submissions for the January issue is **January 8th**

Need help with your essays? Submit your essays to the KYHS Online Writing Lab for feedback on your essays! Send your work to [writinglab@yeshivahs.org](mailto:writinglab@yeshivahs.org)

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