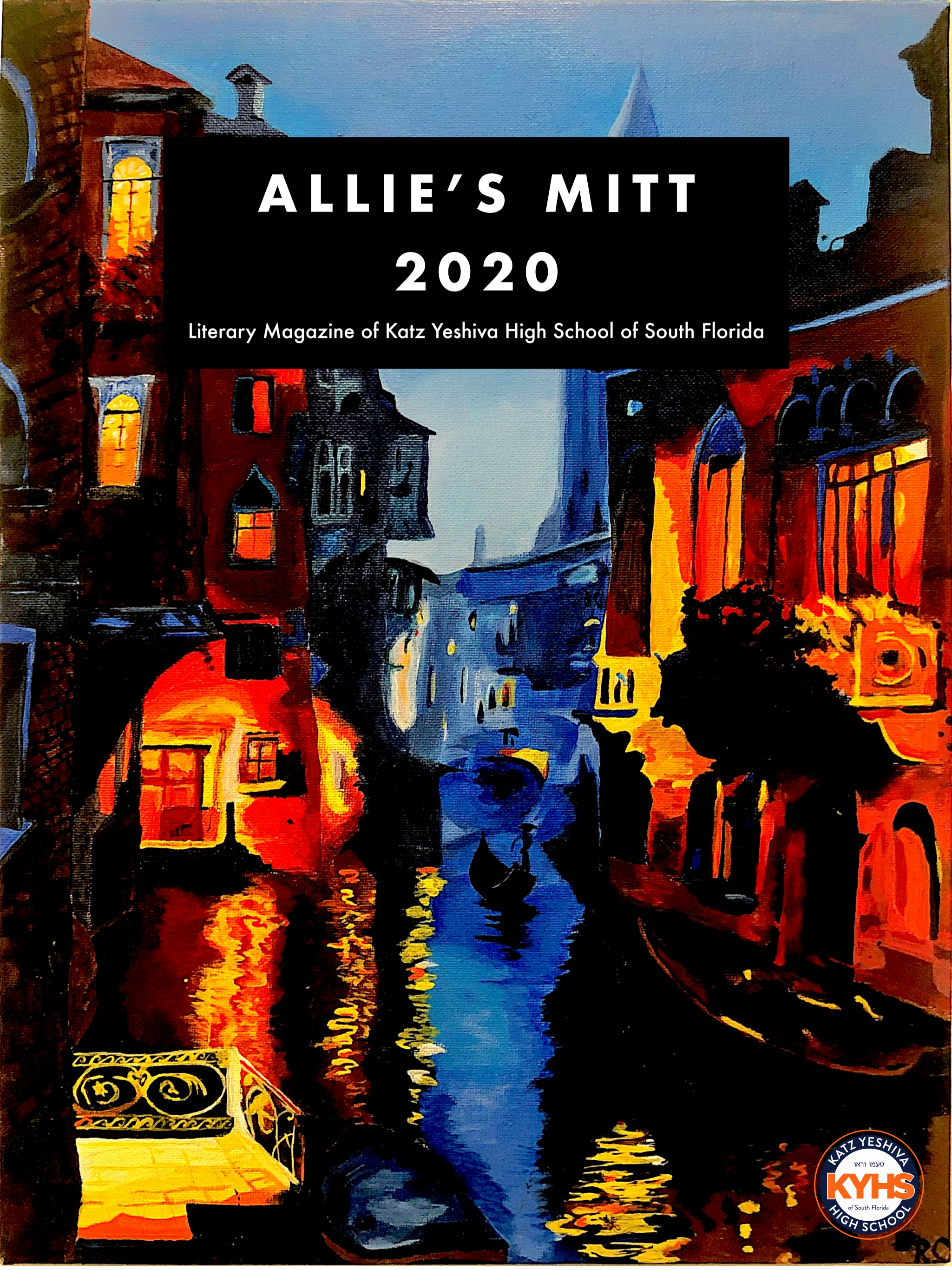


ALLIE'S MITT 2020

Literary Magazine of Katz Yeshiva High School of South Florida



Cover Art: "Venice Nights" (acrylic on canvas) by Rina Ciment '20

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

The small staff of *Allie's Mitt*, Katz Yeshiva High School's Literary Magazine, has been working towards creating a fascinating and intriguing magazine for our school to enjoy and, despite a worldwide pandemic, it's finally here. We were all impressed and inspired by the submissions we received. And we received a lot! There is tremendous talent in our school, both known and hidden, and we are proud to be the vehicle for everyone to showcase their work. From paintings, photographs, and charcoal drawings, to sonnets, short stories, and personal essays, each submission was truly special. We hope that the work published in this year's Litmag demonstrates the power of creating and sharing, and that it will not only show appreciation for the writers and artists but inspire others to create something of their own.

This year we were faced with the challenge of creating the literary magazine while addressing the current pandemic. This year's publication features a special *Creativity in Quarantine* section, filled with works created over the past few weeks in the face of this worldwide crisis.

We encourage you to step-away from your self-isolation for a bit and spend some time with this special digital edition of the 2020 Literary Magazine.

Stay safe and well,

Jenny Lieberman, Editor

Aiden Harow, Assistant Editor

Nava Frieberg, Art Editor

Mrs. Adina Ciment, Faculty Advisor

THE PORCELAIN MANNEQUIN

JENNY LIEBERMAN '20

Sit up, stand up, get in line.
Do not look at the children blowing bubbles to your left
Or the adults drinking wine to your right.
Stare straight ahead and look your opponent dead in the eye
Because you're not going home empty handed tonight
There is a hungry town and a newborn depending on you.
So don't throw the towel just yet.



Fashion Hannah Leibowitz '21

She has a life of her own
Beyond those artificial blue eyes
That black hair cascading down her back
And the crisp, clean button down that smells
of a laundromat
lays something else.
She hears the gossip as people walk past her.
She tries to run from her position
But her feet stay pressed into the ground.

So she remains standing
Her feet sore and her body aching.
Long after the day ends and the barrage of
customers leave,
The darkness sets in and the sound of
solitude brings shivers to her shoulders.

She runs from her post.
Because nobody ever said a porcelain mannequin
could not.

BROTHERLY LOVE

AIDEN HAROW '21

Grief is a poison that consumes the mind
I'm not proud of the way you lost your life
But rage and revenge will still make you blind

Oaths beyond the grave still very much bind
I will mock you as you toil through strife
Grief is a poison that consumes the mind



Grief Anonymous '20

I miss you so, yet I'm able to find
I watched you bleed out while I grasped the knife
But rage and revenge will still make you blind

Pleased now, brother? To a prison confined
Doomed to wither, rot; depression is rife
Grief is a poison that consumes the mind

Remorse, brother? No. To death you're consigned
I killed you, but yet, you haunt me in life
But rage and revenge will still make you blind

The pair of us, to suffering resigned
One in a cell, the other beyond life,

Grief is a poison that consumes the mind
But rage and revenge will still make you blind

LOST AND FOUND

ORLY DIMONT '23

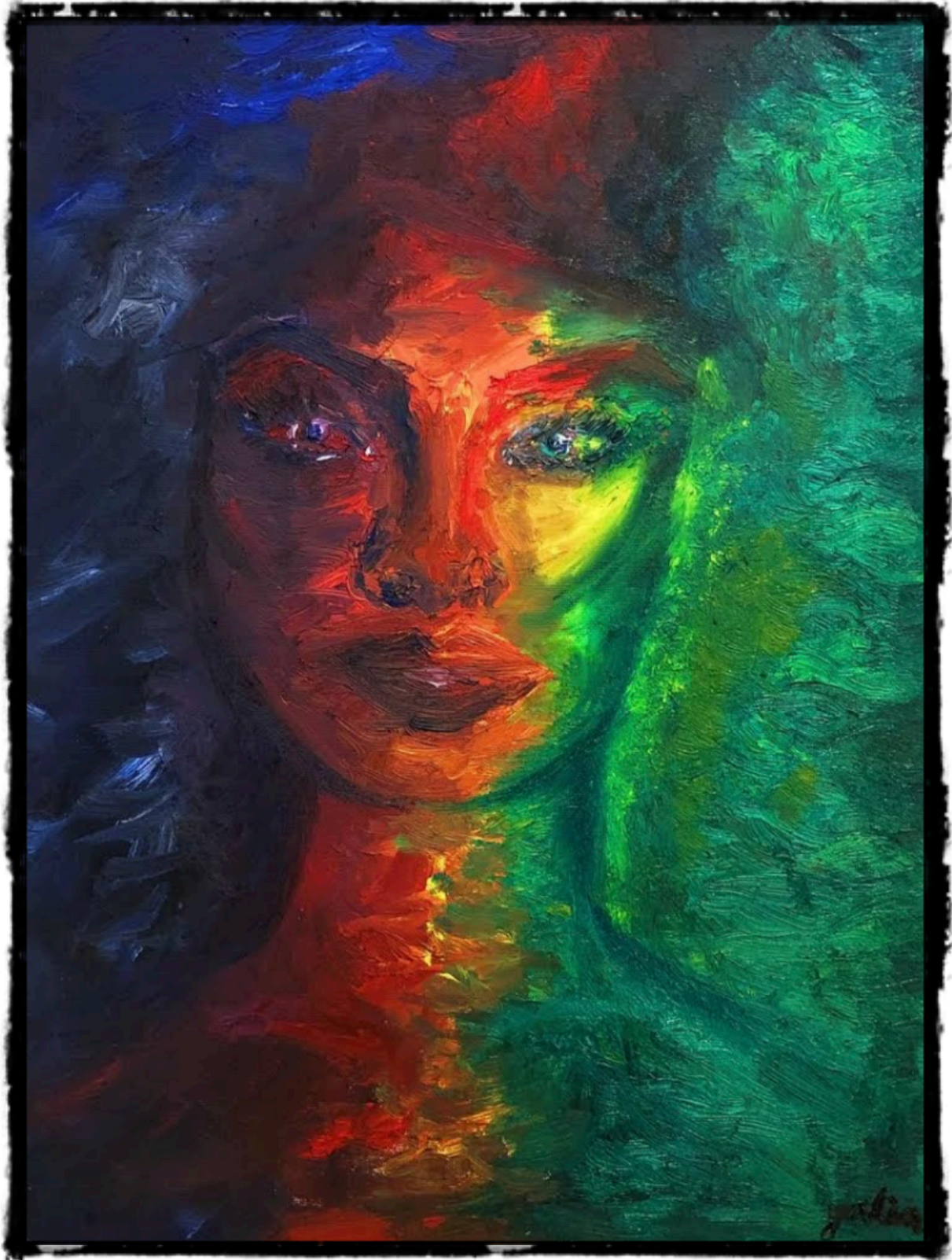
Left alone in the classroom, I wonder when I will be found. The hours are long before school ends and I am seen by the custodian. As he finally drops me into the “Lost and Found” with the rest of the forgotten items, I observe the high schoolers frantically looking for their phones, airpods, and flash-drives. As the kids clear out I begin to notice the only things left are old notebooks, loose change, assorted clothing, and me. A smelly, discolored pair of gym shorts tells me to give up and that I will never be found; I begin to believe it. I now feel as though I will be left here forever, and if I’m lucky, maybe I’ll be taken by mistake. As a charger I can only hope a student’s phone is dying and their last chance is to look through this dump and find me. When that happens, maybe I’ll be moved to a new, loving, and less careless home, never to be forgotten again. Maybe I’ll have a secure spot in my new room, close by a bed or next to a laptop in an office. Perhaps I’ll save someone’s life by keeping their phone charged; it’s all an absurd delusion though. “Why does no one want me?” I cry as the students once again leave without me. I have so much potential, despite my frayed rubber wiring, and I am wasted in this sea of deserted belongings. I begin to become jealous of the miscellaneous clothing pieces--at least they get donated once a month, while I may stay here forever. I’m about to completely lose hope when I hear a familiar voice. “I am going home!” “I’m going home!” Overjoyed, I say my goodbyes to the other inmates when the familiar bony hand grabs his wallet. Totally disregarding me, my absentminded owner must have already replaced me with a brand new shiny charger! When

the other Lost and Founders realize what has happened to me they laugh and point. I am totally beside myself, while everyone around me is mocking as they know as well as I do that I will never get to go home. Just as the third bell rings the next day, a young boy waddles by. He must be the son of one of the teachers, with a dead iPad in his small pudgy hands. As he peers down into the L&F box (yes, I



2019 Andrew Galitzer '20

have started getting used to the idea of being here until Summer vacation that I've shortened my surroundings to a two-letter acronym), I have a sudden spark of hope. Though this boy is not the most ideal host, it's *someone*. The kid grabs me and we race through the halls searching for an open outlet. Nearing the end of the corridor, he comes to a complete halt, plops down leaning against a locker, quickly plugging in his dead iPad. As I bring the tablet back to life, I feel relief. I am once again needed, a feeling I truly missed.



Face Galia Palmer '20

THE TRUTH ABOUT ME

ELIANA SHAPIRO '23

A few weeks ago I was starting to think about who I remind myself of. It was very thrilling, learning that I was different from everyone I know. At the beginning, I was bewildered. I had begun doing all of this thinking when the doctor told me how different I am from everyone else and my brain couldn't process it. Later that day was when I finally understood what was going on. I have the power to read what everyone else is thinking. A few weeks earlier, I felt strange while one of my classmates was standing in front of me, and right before he made his comment to the teacher, I knew what he was going to say from the minute before the word was about to come out of his mouth.

There was another day when the weather was instantly getting colder. This is how I remember what happened in that very moment. I was sitting in class normally and I couldn't stop thinking about the rare occurrence a few days earlier, the day where I happened to read my classmate's brain. I wasn't bold enough to tell my parents the emotions I felt. I was so confused. It became one whole week of not telling my parents anything. I was wondering if I should maybe tell my brother. Then, I realized that it may have just been that one time. That it may have just been a weird day for me, that one day, and nothing like that will ever happen again.

October 9th was the day it became official. I was in my Biology class, and I wasn't feeling well. My teacher, Mr. Applebaum, kept calling my name several times, and I couldn't hear a peep of anything that he was saying. After Biology class, Mr. Applebaum called me over for a private conversation. I kept thinking to myself, why would he want a private conversation with me, I am always very quiet in class. In that moment, he told me that he called my name about ten times, and I was looking at him, but I never responded.

I kept on repeating to him that he never shouted out my name, otherwise I would have responded, and then he said, "Carly, are you okay?" And to be honest, I wasn't. When I got home later that night, I told my father that I needed to talk to him without my mom. Maybe he would understand way easier than my mother would, knowing that I talk to my father about almost everything. I told my father everything that I was feeling, and he said that we instantly need to get me checked out by some kind of doctor. My father told my mother, and she agreed. That morning, I went to my local doctor, Doctor Herman. The doctor walked into the door, and asked what was wrong. One, because that is what doctors ask, and two, because I did not look sick to him. Which was true, I did not look sick on the outside, because I wasn't.

During the appointment, my parents told him everything that I was feeling. The doctor said, "I'm sorry, but that just is not possible." And I was thinking, "Oh my God." But then, Doctor Herman went into the lobby where there was another doctor, who happened to be a female, and asked her if it was possible while describing the condition. The female doctor, who I forgot to catch the name of, told him it is one hundred percent possible, but it is just a very rare condition. There was just me standing there like "What is happening?" I was full of anxiety, asking my parents several times, asking them if I was normal. My father kept telling me, "Of course you are normal Carly," when all I knew deep down is that it was a lie.

Appointment number three. During that appointment, Doctor Herman told me I have a very rare condition that no one else has in the world. I was very confused, and started screaming, "I can read people's minds? Are there any medicines to cure it?" Then I got my response. It was a straight up no. I was so upset, because all I wanted to ever be was normal, just like everyone else. That same night, I ran home crying in fear. The doctor was only five minutes away, walking distance.

All night, I was crying into my pillow, just asking God the same questions repeatedly. "When will I get better?" "When will I be normal?" I was praying a lot.

Waking up in the morning, I remembered that it was my first day back at school after all of the doctor appointments A.K.A, trying to find out what was wrong. I went into class and I started working on my English essay. It was so hard to pay attention because all I heard in my head was everyone's thoughts. "I can't wait to go to the beach tomorrow with Paula." "Oh my God this teacher is

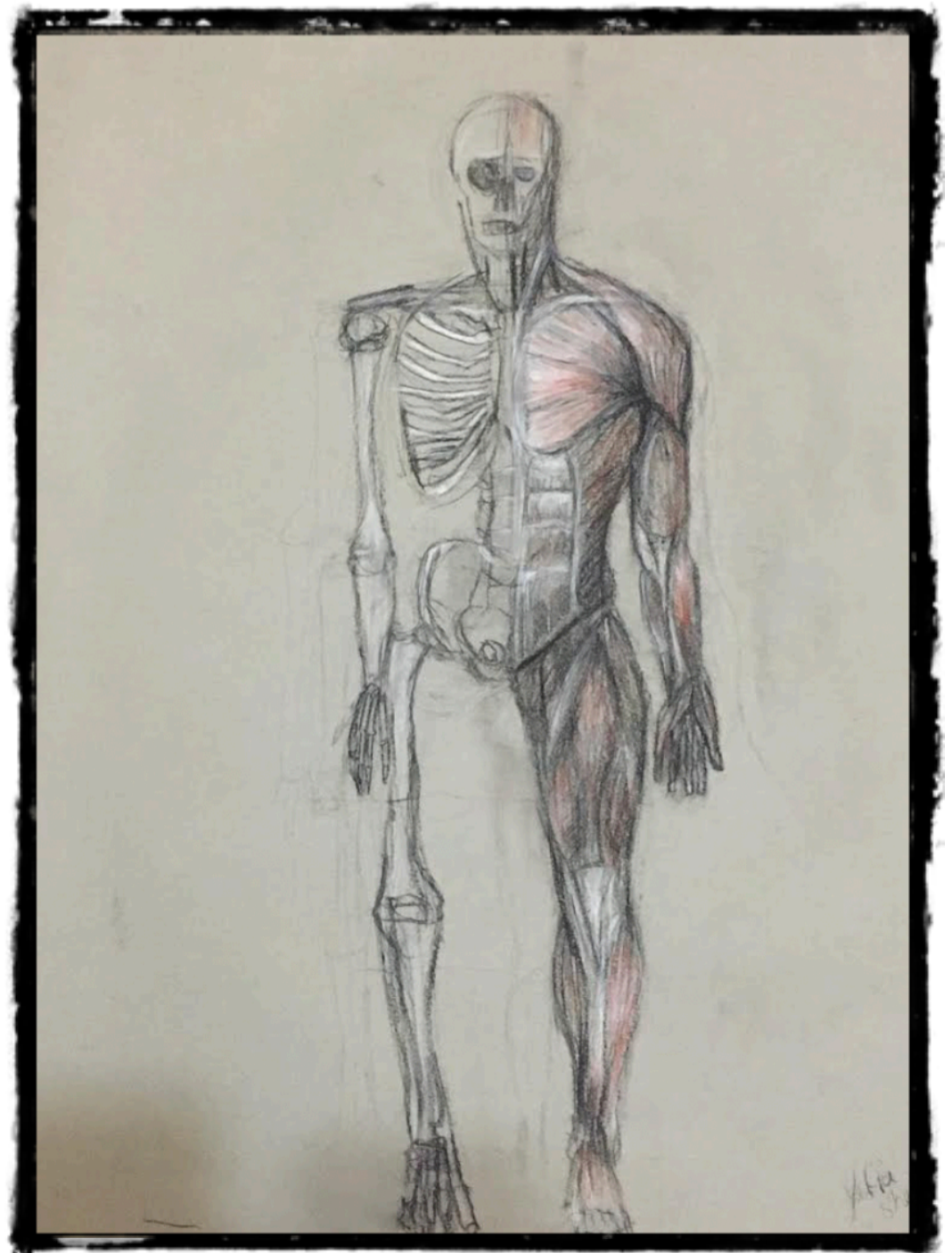


Coulrophobia Dalya Pickholtz '21

so strange.” “Who am I going to sit with today at lunch?” I couldn’t deal with it, so I started screaming. I couldn’t even hear my own thoughts. Everyone was so confused. Then I heard someone’s brain screaming “This girl is way too annoying,” and that is where I lost it. Of course, they did not know about my condition, but if someone begins to call me annoying, I will never feel good again.

I happen to be a very self conscious person. If someone looks at me weirdly, I will start to overthink myself into the worst position possible. A couple years back, there were two girls, Skylar and Saige. They were best friends and they did everything together. Both of them would instantly go around to their classmates, making them feel worse each day. I happened to be one of the classmates. My mother always told me and my best friend, also named Carly, to ignore them. From that point on, I couldn’t deal with them, so I later moved schools.

That was an example of how I react to things. Now, start to think about how I am dealing with this condition. Here I am, writing my thoughts and my life to you guys, with this condition. I know I haven’t mentioned a lot of people’s thoughts to you guys, but let me just tell you, they were personal. Also funny. So now, here I am. You are now caught up on my life. At the conclusion of the essay I am writing to you guys, I am also diagnosed with the most rare condition in the world. The last thing that I am able to tell you is don’t think about personal stuff if you are near me. I will never be able to get them out of my mind.



Yaffa Shechter '20

THE CHANCE TO BE HAPPY

HANNAH SHAPIRO '23

They say to pick up your head
Though all your dreams are dead
But no matter what the cost
All your hopes have been lost

They say the pain will pass
That this heartache will not last
Just living is a weight on your shoulders
It's as if you're being pelted by boulders

As you are flooded with the pain
You bow your head in shame
As you begin to cry
As the tears pour from your eyes
Your mind begins to wander
As you begin to ponder

“What did I ever do to deserve this?
Shall I never again feel happiness?
Is there something wrong with me?
Is this some sick decree?”

Your tears could fill a sea
But no one's there to see
For you are all alone
As you may never know

Everything you've ever loved is gone
The curtains seem to be drawn
On any hopes of happiness
On any chance to rectify this

This life
This constant strife
But if that's all that this is
Just a meaningless life to live
And if the world is so unforgiving
Then what's the point of living?

This life, full of pain
With nothing left to gain
This life devoid of meaning
No one has the fulfillment that they're needing
And if there's nothing left to live for
The effort of living seems a chore
Then why live this life,
Full of such pain and strife?

When you live in constant fear
But no one's there to hear
It's enough to make your heart sink
As you begin to think
About how easy it would be to disappear
So far away from here

When you don't know who you are
Everything you do seems like a shot in the dark
As the pain and fear consumes you
One thought looms high above you

“They say the pain will pass
That this heartache will not last
Must living be a weight on my shoulders?
Must I be pelted with boulders?”

Must I forever be alone?

Must my heartache forever continue to grow?

Too long I've been in pain

Too long I've been afraid

But no more.

For it is time to explore

Every open door

For the chance to soar

For the chance to glow

Like I did so long ago

For the chance to be joyous

To live life to its fullest

The chance to make my own destiny

To no longer allow the pain to consume me

Taking every opportunity,

To be who I've always wanted to be

No longer will I shy away from

Pain, for it brings wisdom

For it truly is our scars

That make us who we are

Though this sounds a bit cliché

No longer shall I turn away

From the things that I deserve

After life has thrown so many curves

At me

The time has come to end my cries

Like a phoenix from the ashes, I shall rise

Too long I've been in pain

Too long I've been afraid

But no more

For it is time to take the opportunity

To make my own destiny

To do as I've always hoped and dreamed

To finally be happy."



Happy Hannah Eliyahu
'20

HOW TO BE AN AMAZING TEACHER

CHANI KAMINETSKY '20

Message from the authors:

We get it, being a teacher is hard. Students don't listen, they don't care, and they can be quite crazy. You may have the title "teacher" but we know that it's really an underpaid babysitting job. So we've decided to write up some instructions to help you along the way. Because as we know, all it takes to be an amazing teacher is just a few quick steps.

Here are your go-to instructions for how to become the most amazing teacher. Whenever you feel your students are drifting away and their thoughts seem to wander in class, feel free to reread this instruction manual.

1. Read boring books.

This one is really crucial. Students don't want to read new and exciting books, they are overrated. Students desire, more than that, they crave, old English text that is read off of a manuscript. A requirement: the manuscript can not be legible. If it is legible then they might be able to read it, no one would want such a thing to occur. Modern books are forbidden, you need to stick to the ancient English text which is sure to inspire each and every one of your students.

2. Never ask thought-provoking questions.

Students will lose interest if they have to think. Thinking is overrated. These days, kids want to be spoon-fed information. Honestly, it's absurd to even consider the idea of making students think. It's the teacher's job to think and the student's job to listen and then follow blindly.

3. Threaten.

Students absolutely love threats. They really do. Make sure to threaten them at least once a day. This will be sure to give them positive reinforcement and encourage a strong relationship between you and the student. There are a whole list of good threats to use, here are a few examples: sent to the principal's office, extra homework, give everyone zeros, and more (contact us if you need more ideas).

4. The entire year's grade should be composed of one grade.

Students deal with so much stress, so make sure to alleviate their stress by only giving them one grade. Also, make sure to post the grade late so that the students have no time to do extra credit (that just means more grading for you). Students will be stress-free and happy, guaranteed. Well, of course, they will feel some minor stress at the end

of the year when they have failed and have absolutely nothing to do about it. But that's not your problem, because it is their responsibility to be on top of their grades.

5. Do NOT show passion.

Passion and emotion give off the wrong idea. You don't want your student to think you actually like teaching, that would lead to crazy thoughts and assumptions. Therefore, remain bland and boring. This will make sure that your classroom stays calm and managed, no one will care enough to argue.

Warning: If you actually follow these instructions, you should not be a teacher.



Barcelona Hannah Eliyahu '21

A REBBE

DAVID CYMBERKNOPF '21

Meaningful teachings that last forever
From a phenomenal rebbe who cares
Resonating deeply with whomever
Words that pierce to unlock something that's theirs

A physical world that seems like a mess
An illusion nonetheless. Revealed with
In acts of kindness, there should be no stress
Corruption and evil will be a myth

The individual has great power
The ability to cause total change
Influencing others at any hour
It is possible no matter how strange

With all his honesty, the Rebbe taught
A better world was all the Rebbe sought



Andrew Galitzer '20

A SHIFTING SOCIETY

YOSEF MARCUS '22

I woke up to the sweet songs of the birds outside. With my eyes half open I turned to my wife. She was still sleeping to the birds' natural music. I stood up and walked to the window. I was exhausted because I went to sleep very late the night before. It was a lovely September morning in Georgia. I opened the window and felt the Spring breeze flow into my open nose. The sky was a bright blue and there were a few clouds covering the sun. The green grass was covered under a thin blanket of dew. I walked downstairs to make myself breakfast, and on my way to the kitchen I saw my daughter sitting on the couch in the living room. I tried to start a conversation.

"Good morning," I said. No answer. I turned to face her directly.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" I asked a bit louder with less confidence than before.

Still no response. I then saw the white beads in her ears. By then my eyes were fully open and I saw exactly what was happening here.

Last night, my daughter was talking loudly on her phone with her best friend. She was practically screaming. I did not want to disturb her until it was very late and getting absurd. I quietly told her to talk a bit quieter and she got really upset, "Why are you so annoying? Just leave me alone and get away from me!"

I stepped back in shock as if she had forgotten all that we had done for her. We bought all the newest electronics for her and she seemed to forget it. It was only a week ago when I spent my savings on a new phone for her. At that time, she smiled and seemed so happy, until she went up to her room and did not speak to us for the rest of that night. This was an expensive gift that had become meaningless to her. I worked so hard to get the extra money to buy it and she threw it away as if it was my job to serve her. I had become useless in the life of my own daughter.

The phone was made to help people communicate and interact with each other, but only seems to make them less connected at a personal level. In fact, every electronic device was made to make people more connected yet they separate them even more. This incompetent support only destroys society. My own daughter did not respect me and everything I have done for her. I was a servant to her. I worked so hard so she could get what she wanted. At the end of the day, she always wins because I love her with all of my heart, yet she ignores me and is so unappreciative of my efforts.

Suddenly, the chirping outside ceased. I got very upset at everything. I knew that I could not scream at her because she would not listen. She did not care what I had to say. I quickly made my breakfast and stomped out of the front door of the meaningless house. I got into my car and started driving without even putting on my seatbelt. The sun was high in the sky and the clouds that were once covering it drifted away like boats at sea. As the sun beat heavily down on my head I looked around for any sign of human life. Then I saw him. An elderly man was sitting on a bench at the local park throwing pieces of bread at the birds in the pond. I smiled for a second, then I got even more upset that this gorgeous day was not exploited by more people. I sped up down the narrow street. The sun was beating down on my

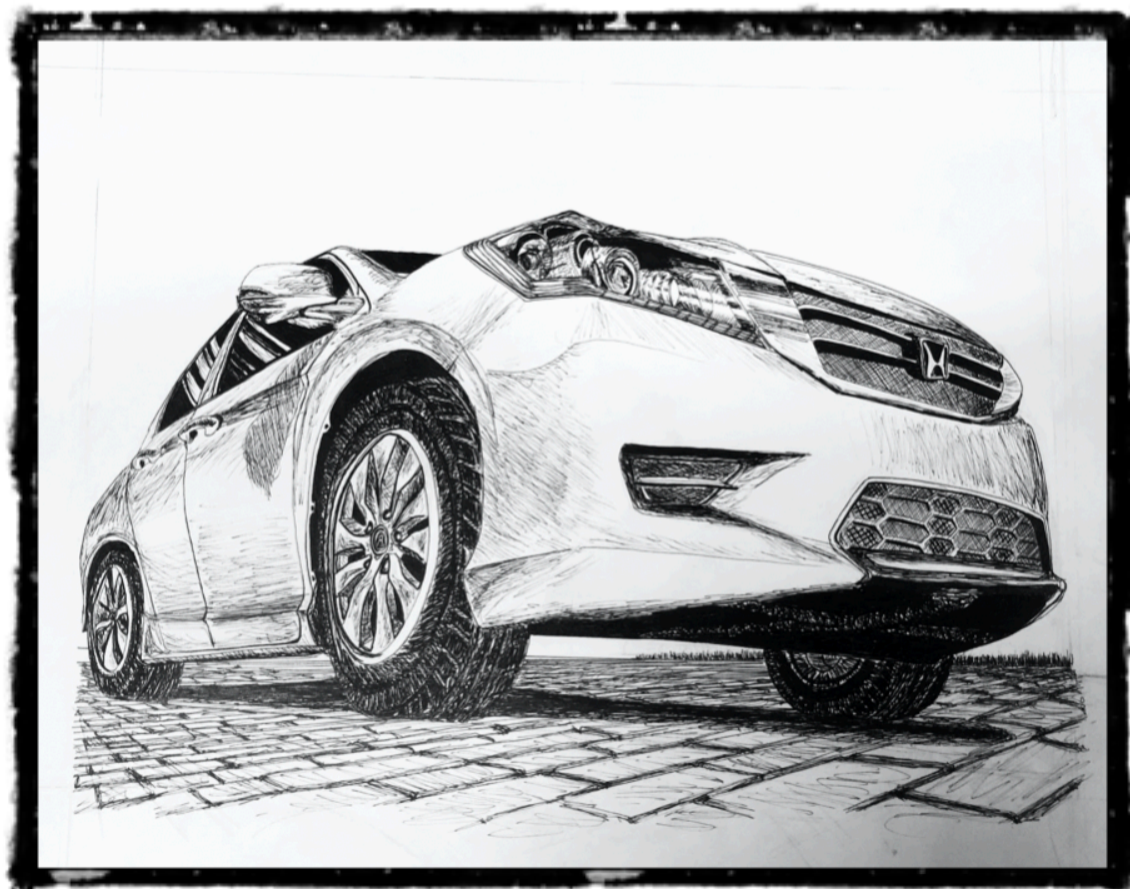
head. Suddenly, a bird hit my front window and I frantically swerved to the side of the street. I hit a tree and I was flung through the window with my arms first.

My life flashed before my eyes. I hit the ground hard and my arm was hurting a lot. There was glass all over the grass and my arm was drowning in blood. Everything went black. Next, I saw the roof of the ambulance that I was carried into. I woke up, one more time, to the paramedic screaming to the driver to speed up and he was also sticking needles into my arm. I wanted to scream in pain. I passed out before I could even open my mouth.

I woke up, again, three hours later in a hospital bed. My wife was there waiting with my daughter. My daughter was sitting there crying while taking pictures on her brand new phone. I was too injured to be mad at her. She saw that I had woken up and said, "Hi Dad. I'm glad you're not dead." This is all she knew to say. Her phone turned her into a robot without real emotions. I was heartbroken for a second.

I finally understood the problem with society. Phones were made to help but they only dehumanize people. There was nothing more to be upset about, only things to learn to understand. This was the society that technology has created. It was not being destroyed by technology, rather changed and monitored by it. Society will never be destroyed.

When the doctor came into the room he said that my right arm was broken and I also broke two ribs. He said that I would be in the hospital for another week and get a cast for about eight weeks. Thankfully, I was going to recover. When my car hit the tree, only the old man on the bench saw this event and quickly called an ambulance. He saved my life and I never got to thank him. Also, he happened to be my neighbor. I never even spoke a word to him and he lived right next to me. He passed away the next week due to a heart attack. No one was there to save him.



**FREEDOM ANDREW
GALITZER '20**

THE LOVE WE DREAM

ADI BRENER '21

The love we dream is one that isn't true
At times it's hard and makes you think a lot
Starts on a high but often leaves you blue
Sometimes the end results leave you distraught
The everlasting love two partners share
Is intimate, exciting, and ablaze
But blood is thicker than the smoky air
It never ends, it just goes on for days
The love between two friends is pretty rare
It is dependent on a brief feeling
Friends tend to show a lot of sincere care
But only when they find you appealing
The kind of love that is so hard to find
Is when two trust each other's heart
and mind

Tree of Life Hannah Lebowitz '21



SATURDAY NIGHTS LIKE THESE

EITHAN GRYSZTEIN '22

It seemed to be a normal Saturday night where the sun settled, and the stars awoke. My parents were on a business trip so I had the house to myself. It should've been an ordinary weekend nights where I would heat up my dinner and play video games until dawn but I decided not to play with my friend and just watch a movie. After pausing the movie a few minutes in I decided to go make myself popcorn, but something wasn't right. It was quiet, too quiet until the point where you could hear the birds chirping from off in the distance. The sound of the microwave finishing was brassy to the point where the sound rang in my ears until I heard the doorbell ring.

I proceed with caution as I answered the door only to find a note saying: "You should've listened and joined me, but now it's too late." I was taken aback but then I assured myself it was nothing and just went on with the night. After the longest 5 minutes of my life there was another knock. I took my bat just in case and proceeded to answer the door. This time there lay a barbie doll without its legs. After undergoing a minor panic attack I made sure all of the windows and doors were locked then went back to the movie.

Rain began to fall and all I could hear was the constant thumping of the rain bashing the outside floor. Just as soon as the climax of the movie began, I received an anonymous phone call saying: "You know you should watch some basketball instead of your boring Star Wars movie." Immediately after, I dropped my phone because my hand was shaking like an earthquake. This only meant one thing: that I was being watched.

I ran to my room so fast that I could've made Usain Bolt look slow. I quickly submerged myself under the covers and played a game on my phone to take my mind off everything. But then I remembered that I forgot to lock the back door. But it was too late, I heard the door creep open slowly and then I heard a devilish laugh come from downstairs. I reached for my phone to call the cops but I was shaking so much that I couldn't even hold it. I immediately charged into my closet and started to pray to G-D. Then I heard the man slowly creep up the stairs. His footsteps sounded like one in a horror movie, but then I realized I was in one. The door of my room opened and the man slowly walked towards the closet.

I held my breath as he inched closer and closer. I could feel the tears coming down my face like the water in the Nile River. The closet door whooshed open and I was shocked. There stood my friend that I was supposed to play video games. I didn't know whether to be relieved or to punch him in the face. I just told him 4 words: "WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?"

With a quick retort he said, "Why did you ditch our NBA 2K 20 time for a movie?"

LOST IN GREED'S EYES

GABRIEL MELNITSKY '23

It would have been the perfect murder, flawlessly choreographed. The sun rose on a crisp March day, and spring's morning chill was caught in a breeze. The Red Square in Moscow, usually filled with people, was cleared by violent screams and deadly caution tape. By the look in the victim's eyes, it was clear. He never saw it coming. The icicle that punctured his heart astonished all passersby, including me.

I was confused, but more than anything I was scared. Scared that people would discover my secret. Scared of what would happen to me. But most of all, I was scared to face myself and the truth. Suddenly, I felt my heart pounding. So much so, I anticipated it bursting. The continuous beating overpowering all of my senses, hushed voices in the distance. I could not understand how our

card was left at the scene. It took a hard tap and a petrified voice to release me from my thoughts. I could barely make out the words Theo was saying, but by his dreadful tone, it was implicit. We had to leave. As we swiftly walked away, the sun reached well into the sky. We passed many restaurants and theaters while the St. Bastille cathedral began to shrink behind us. Finally, we arrived at an all too familiar building. I was surprised by my steady pulse as we approached the prison like headquarters. When I entered the drug dealing business many years ago, there was no going back. I guess Korakov my former employer's death today brought me a sense of comfort that was unknown to me until now. It

always frightened me that I would be framed or killed by one of my business associates, especially him. This made killing him my only option in order to feel safe. Looking back at the crime Theo and I committed, I am surprised by the extent of fear's power over me.

I entered my apartment and stumbled into a deep sleep, exhausted by the preparations needed for murder. I woke up drenched in a pool of sweat replaying the murder in my mind in order to understand how the king of diamonds was left at the scene. I always found it to be a peculiar business card but after this morning's event it became clear. I was now a leader,



Veronica Rina Ciment '20

just like a king and had extensive power similarly to his diamonds. My life's ambition, building up my house of cards which brought me to where I am now, however as I have seen in the past with one gentle gust of wind it could come tumbling down.

When I was sure it couldn't have been me who left the king there, I called Theo. We met in our usual spot. It was cold in the basement of the building even with my jacket on, but we both knew this was the only place we would be safe to talk freely in. My relationship with Theo had always been somewhat aloof due to his daring and unpredictable personality. He constantly put his life in danger and never worried about how his actions would catch him in the grave. Many admired him for quickly taking action which was also his fault, however, my wit surpassed his impulse, therefore bringing me to be Korakov's replacement. I realized that this time Theo not only put his own life in danger but also mine by leaving the card, but I knew I had to resist the desire to yell because we didn't have much time before they trailed the card to our doorstep.

Theo seemed sure they wouldn't lead it back to us, but hidden behind his serene expression I sensed worry. The only words that stuck with me throughout his mumbling were the words, "St. Petersburg." Being above the law brought many enemies, but also a few friends. I decided that I would be safest there, where I would plan my next step. I ran upstairs with no time to spare and Theo followed behind me. Expecting to find the door handle frigid, surprisingly enough it was tepid. A drowning sensation overpowered me, and my body trembled at the sight of my apartment uprooted from its casual simplicity. They had found us and my house of cards had begun to cave.

It seemed that all my worries of the KGB tracing the card back to us came true. I looked around, but the people before me didn't look like the KGB. I recognized these faces, all the faces I was familiar with through the business but what were they doing here. Before I had the chance to completely understand what was going on or even ask a question, the light went out. Chloroform's potent abilities threw my consciousness deep into slumber. I dreamt of a frog, green as if dipped in a pile of endless money; nearby animals disgusted with its audacity to be a part of both worlds, water and land.

I awakened with a headache and a burning throat. I raised my eyes to find the faces that captured me surrounded in an unfamiliar corridor. One in particular had a shine of pity in his eyes as if he knew something dreadful was in store for me. What seemed like a familiar voice buzzed in my ears. "Everyone will think you killed Korakov, and your death will be disguised as a suicide from the guilt," was the first clear thing I heard as what seemed like a shadow approached me. I was stunned to hear his voice so consumed by darkness. My body paralyzed, and a distinct taste of bitter almonds in my mouth. My eyes were determined to stay barely opened when I caught a glimpse of the treacherous grin on Theo's face. A unique grin I recognized in myself; it was a grin devoured in greed.

SONNET

ARIEL MELNITSKY '21

The rational feelings are what greed blocks
It's hard to part from hopelessness's path
And envy, the worst of Pandora's box
Incomparable to indifference's wrath

The Nazis, devoid of human feeling
Who succumbed to indifference's grasps
The camps an industrialized killing

A factory of corpses that were gassed
And meters away from this hellish place
Were cities indifferent to the death
Continuing their lives at normal pace
As inmates were forced to take their last breath

Humanity has hit its newest low
Who knows what will occur if we do not grow?



Remember to Grow
Andrew Galitzer
'20

Andrew
2019

FALL LEAVES FALLING

RACHEL AMAR '22

I look outside, and breathe in the fresh and crisp air.
It's filled with vibrant variations of oranges, reds, and
yellows.

Some slowly age to brown, while others hold on
strong for one more tug.

The cordial breeze of the cold wind gently blows,
And the warm sun gently sits on your shoulders for
the last time.

The fog is so thick you could cut it with a knife,
As it sits gently, very low to the earth.
The trees hustle back and forth in the white wind,
Allowing the leaves to spread with the hustling air
throughout the forest.

Walking through bright and colorful pathways,
Filled with excitement for a new day.
Scared of the impending stormy winter,
Afraid that it will appear too rapidly.
Hearing the loud crunch below you,
Reminds you of the playful season that it is.
Piles and piles of assorted colors and patterns,
And children jumping joyfully into a jocund
gathering.
The wind whistles like a wolf on a new moon,
And the grass is buried under the happy leaves.
I watch the fall leaves slowly drift towards the
ground,
And hear the soft noise of it joining the impending
piles.

Fall is not only a time of deciduous,
Rather a moment to reflect our humility.

It swiftly decorates the world with its vivacious
deeds,
The ravishing nature from God.
The aesthetic treasures, bring me to delight.
The exquisite valuables and hidden secrets of the
deep forest,
Causes me to wonder the endless possibilities with
the cheerful season.

The warm welcomes of the season's goodies,
Brings merry into the world.
The familiar sweet smell of pumpkin spice,
And the coziness of houses.
Going on friendly nature hikes, and visiting annual
festivals,
Tie the autumn season all in one.
Picking ripe and rich apples from a nearby orchard,
And walking past the different colors.
The gracious dripping of the cold rain,
Always gets to my heart better than Spring or
Summer.
The light breeze gives the perfect excuse for warm
sweaters,
Used to bring benevolent comfort into homes,
As it lifts the positivity of the people around us.
Fuzzy socks and hoodies,
Are the perfect package for a loved one.
The cracking of the roaring fire at the end of a long
day,
Soothes any problems and matters,
All because of the fall leaves falling.

CAN YOU REALLY, TRUST, TRUST

BRIANNA SHAMAH '23

Imagine you're in your ninth grade English class, that freezing room with posters on the walls that nobody ever cares to actually look at. You have the incredibly but annoyingly smart people who always sit in the front. Then, you have the quiet ones who nobody talks to except for, you know, the other one nobody ever talks to. Of course, in the back there are the popular girls who are probably texting their boyfriends, which brings me to the corner of the boys who never, and when I say never, I mean never stop talking. And then of course there is my kind, right in the second and third rows, usually sitting in the desks right next to the window or the wall. We try to stay out of everything, and just try to survive our first year of high school.

It's not what it seems. I'm not like emo or anything. I just don't like to be part of other people's business. And also I have lots of friends. My two best friends are very different. One is like me. Her name is Rose. She is the most caring person and she always has my back. We only differ because she is very athletic, and me, well I'm pretty sure I haven't touched a basketball, better yet sneakers, in five years.

My other friend, Jennifer, is part of the popular "clique". She's hilarious, and we never stop laughing when we are together. The bad side is that now she has another best friend named Rielle, who's not such a nice person. They are not very focused on their school work, and more interested in the daily catch up sessions. Since Jenni is part of such a big group, she has many friends, but I was never afraid that would affect our



Candyland Rina Ciment '20

friendship. Well, that is until today.

The bell rang for fifth period, and hundreds of teenagers flocked out of the lunchroom to get to their classes on time. I had a free period and decided to stay in the lunchroom to finish up some studying. Across the room, Jennifer and Rielle, sitting at a long, messy table, along with their twenty other companions had the same idea as me, except they weren't planning on getting any work done, just gossiping.

As I got out my purple science binder, I watched as Jennifer whispered to the group, and suddenly all their heads turned towards me. I'm usually not really acknowledged by those type of people, so you can imagine my expression and confusion. If you can't, imagine that dream you have of you being naked in your lunch room while everybody is staring at you. Then imagine your face at the exact moment. Yep, that was what I was feeling. And you wouldn't be able to understand my surprise when they called me over to join them. I know, it sounds silly, "Why wouldn't your best friends call you over to sit with them? What's wrong with that?" Even though I'm Jenni's best friend, I'm not part of her other world of popularity contests and gossip extravaganzas.

As I walked over, I tried to think about what they would say to me, if they actually wanted to talk to me or just wanted to get some information out of me about the talk of the grade. So I sat and they watched intently as I slowly got myself comfortable. I sat across from Jennifer, making myself feel a little safer. Josh K., the ultimate jock, suddenly got up and said, "We heard that you..." and I fell into a trance. He talked and talked about something I only told...Jennifer. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Did my best friend use my personal conversations to level up in her social circle? Did she do this to hurt me? I didn't speak one word, until the bell rang for the next period. But I didn't get up. I sat there, and I caught a glance of Jennifer's face, which had the same expression that I had on my walk over to the table. Her friends called her over and before she could come over to console me, she was pulled by Rielle who was giggling with Josh K. about the whole incident that had just happened.

As I got up, my embarrassment led to anger and rage which ultimately led to sadness, "Did my best friend really do this?" So I left and went to class, which happened to be the same class Jennifer had, so I got into the room, and quickly scurried over to my usual seat, holding back tears.

I kept catching Jennifer trying to get my attention but I wasn't ready to listen to her justification. Class started and went on and as I raised my head up to look at the clock. Right on that poster that nobody ever looks at was a note reading "I'm sorry".

THE ARRIVAL OF AUTUMN

SARA GOLDBERG '22

Autumn has arrived, the children are back
Back to work I go, back to Richard High
Time to meet students, from Zwilling through Black
I adore them all, but I still must sigh
For break is now over, for that I could cry
But I love my job, nothing is better
I love my students, so my best I try
I try to teach them, to not be a fretter
School can be quite hard, I know that is true
But if you worry, what good does that do?
Sometimes the children, do not have a clue
I comfort them all, by visiting the zoo
It is still a class, just a special one
If that day is soon, my students have won



Value Maroon Andrew Galitzer '20



Tree of Seasons Hannah Lebowitz '21

SONNET 184

YOSEF SCHER '21

Unconditional love was her strong trait,
In times of danger her protection stayed,
I would come to love her as my best mate,
Her steadfast loyalty a constant aid,
Dusted with chocolate ivory fur,
Her onyx eyes delve deep into my soul,
The fifteen years by my side were a blur,
A sweet companion who made me so whole,
As time flew by our strong connection grew,
Like Lassie and Timmy we were a pair,
And as she grew grey I feared what was true,
Her quiet demise was my worst nightmare,
Her will to live no longer existed,
Good-bye was said, but love still persisted.

THE KENBURN KCHRONICLES

SARA GOLDBERG '22

Disclaimer: These stories are closely based on real events and the characters are based on real people, however creative license was used and most stories are based on second hand information.

Once upon a time there lived a man who went by the name of Mr. Kenburn. Wherever Mr. Kenburn went things had a way of turning into a farce. This made things very hard on Mrs. Kenburn and their two children, Harobed and Josephus. However, the Kenburns were all far from normal in their different ways and as such, helped to create the often-humorous situations they found themselves in.

It all started back when Mr. and Mrs. Kenburn were small children growing up on Lift Street. Lift Street was home to many people, a few of whom were normal, many of whom were not. Those that were not included three very... um... special ladies, by the names of Miss Columbine, Miss Deer and Mrs. Merry. Miss Columbine was known for cursing at children who walked passed her house. These curses were however not naughty words, but monovalent wishes upon the children and/or their parents. Mrs. Kenburn's parents actually believed in these curses and forced Mrs. Kenburn to be nice to Miss Columbine and avoid her whenever possible. Miss. Deer was dear to no one. She liked to spend her afternoons giving cookies and lemonade to nice children. However, her definition of a good child was one who told her their mother's weight and dress size - much to the chagrin of the parents on the block. The last woman of not so good character on the block was Mrs. Merry who was far from merry. One time some boys were playing outside of her home at two in the afternoon on a Sunday. She decided this was a big enough deal to call the police over. When a policeman came to investigate the call, he yelled at *her* not the one boy who did not run away upon seeing the police car, but nevertheless, the children still never played by her house again.

For instance, one time the Kenburns decided to go on a family vacation to Guadalupe. Now Guadalupe was known for its fort amongst other things so Mr. Kenburn decided to go looking for it. He hunted for quite some time, but he could not find it. Frustrated, he turned to a group of locals and said, "Où la fort?" This mortified the children. Quite to Mr. Kenburn's surprise, the move did work and they were brought to the fort. Upon seeing it, Mr. Kenburn said "How the heck did we miss this thing? It's huge!" Harobed then turned to Josephus and whispered, "Okay. You win. It was a fort, not a castle."

A few days later the family returned from their vacation and all went back to normal or at least as normal as it can get in the Kenburn's house. The morning after their return, Mr. Kenburn was making the kids breakfast. He saw that they had a bag of frozen banana and some milk and as such decided to make banulks (banana -milks). So, he tossed the banana and milk into the blender, poured the mixture into cups, and served it to the children. Harobed and Josephus both took big gulps and promptly spat it out. This upset Mr. Kenburn who said, "The milk was not at all spoiled. You are being unreasonably picky." He took a gulp, which he too spat out. Now at this point Mrs. Kenburn had come into the kitchen and begun rummaging in the freezer as the rest of her family were discussing (read arguing) over the problem with the banulk (the children blaming the milk's presumed rancidness and the father blaming a silly sorcerer). It was in the mist of this argument that Mrs. Kenburn left the freezer, sat down with her coffee, and said, "I can't find my potatoes. They were in a resalable bag in the freezer. If anyone finds them, please tell me." The rest of the family burst out laughing at this proclamation, much to Mrs. Kenburn's surprise. Once he had recovered his composure (or as much as anyone could have in such a situation) he explained to his wife about how he had mistaken her potatoes for bananas, and served them to the children in banulks to which his wife said, "I think you mean pinulks." The whole family burst out laughing at that and thus the pinulk story was born and Mrs. Kenburn learned to label any food removed from its container.

Many years later, Mr. and Mrs. Kenburn went on a cruise with Harobed and her daughters. One day on said cruise he woke up in the morning, put on a baseball hat and went to the gym. He later returned from the gym to find his wife searching their cabin. "What are you looking for?" he asked her. "My baseball hat. The one with the pink silk roses glued on to it," she replied. It was at this point that Mr. Kenburn looked in a mirror and realized he had put on his wife's hat that morning, not his. This caused him to guffaw quite a bit which then caused his wife to look up see her husband in her hat, a sight that was so humorous she joined him in laughter over it.



Photo Max Danis '23

SELF-LOVE

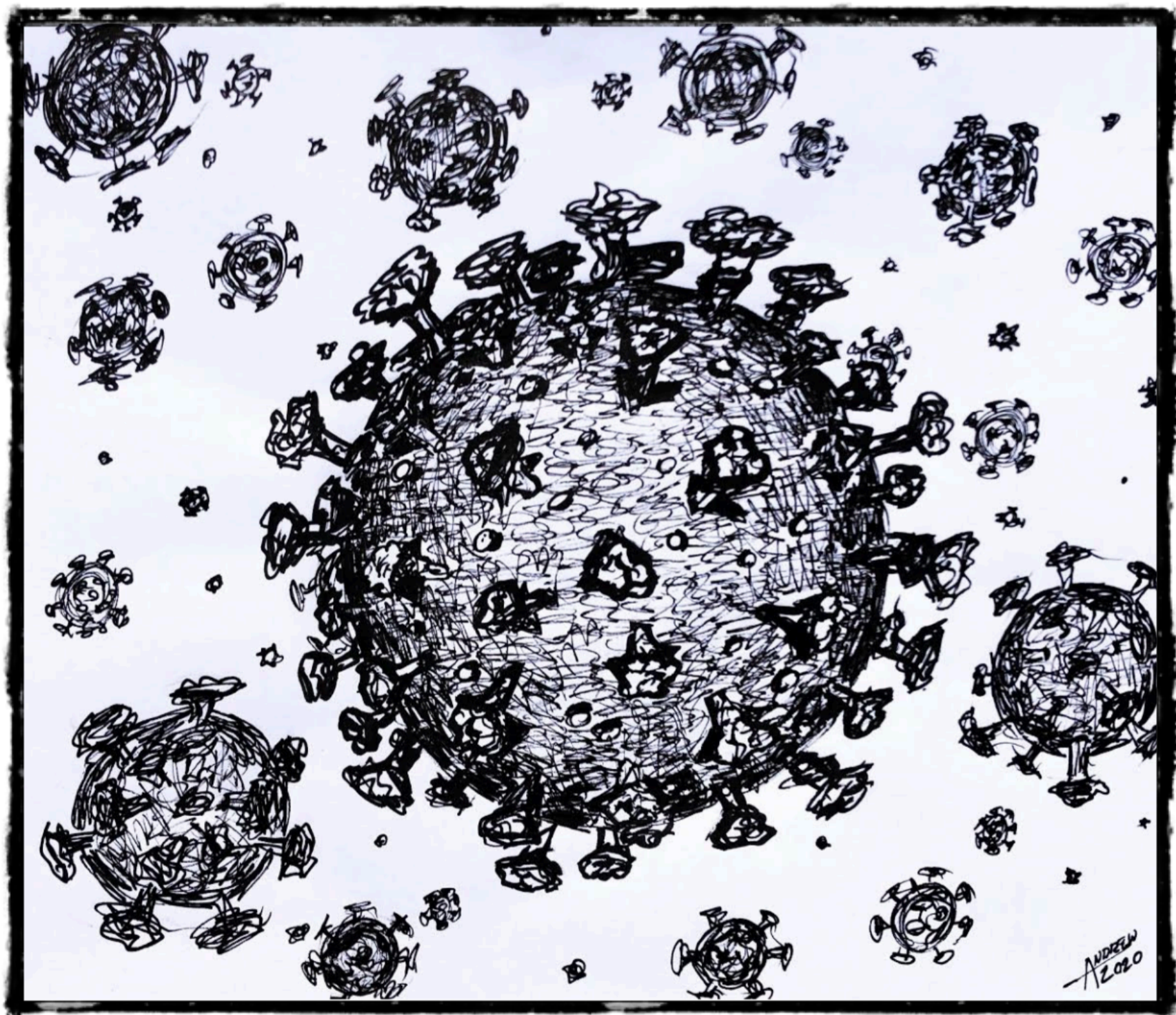
ALIZA BILLET '21

The poems people write are oft of love
Words for people and things fill the bookshelves
But not included in the list above:
Poems written by authors to themselves
Shut down, we are, from self-worth and from pride
If no one says we're great then we are not
The point of our existence is to hide
A world of no self-love is what we're taught
We feel like dust, not from humility,
But from the lack of praise others express
Our glass smiles loom with fragility
We carve our own praises into our flesh
But caring for ourselves is not to boast
We, in the end, are what matter the most



CORONAVIRUS

CREATIVITY IN QUARANTINE



The Invisible Killers Andrew Galitzer '20

LETTER TO THE UNIVERSE

ALIZA BILLET '21

Although it seems like this letter is directed at God, it is actually to the Universe. There is a difference between the two. This is not a shot at God. I actually like God.

April 17, 2020

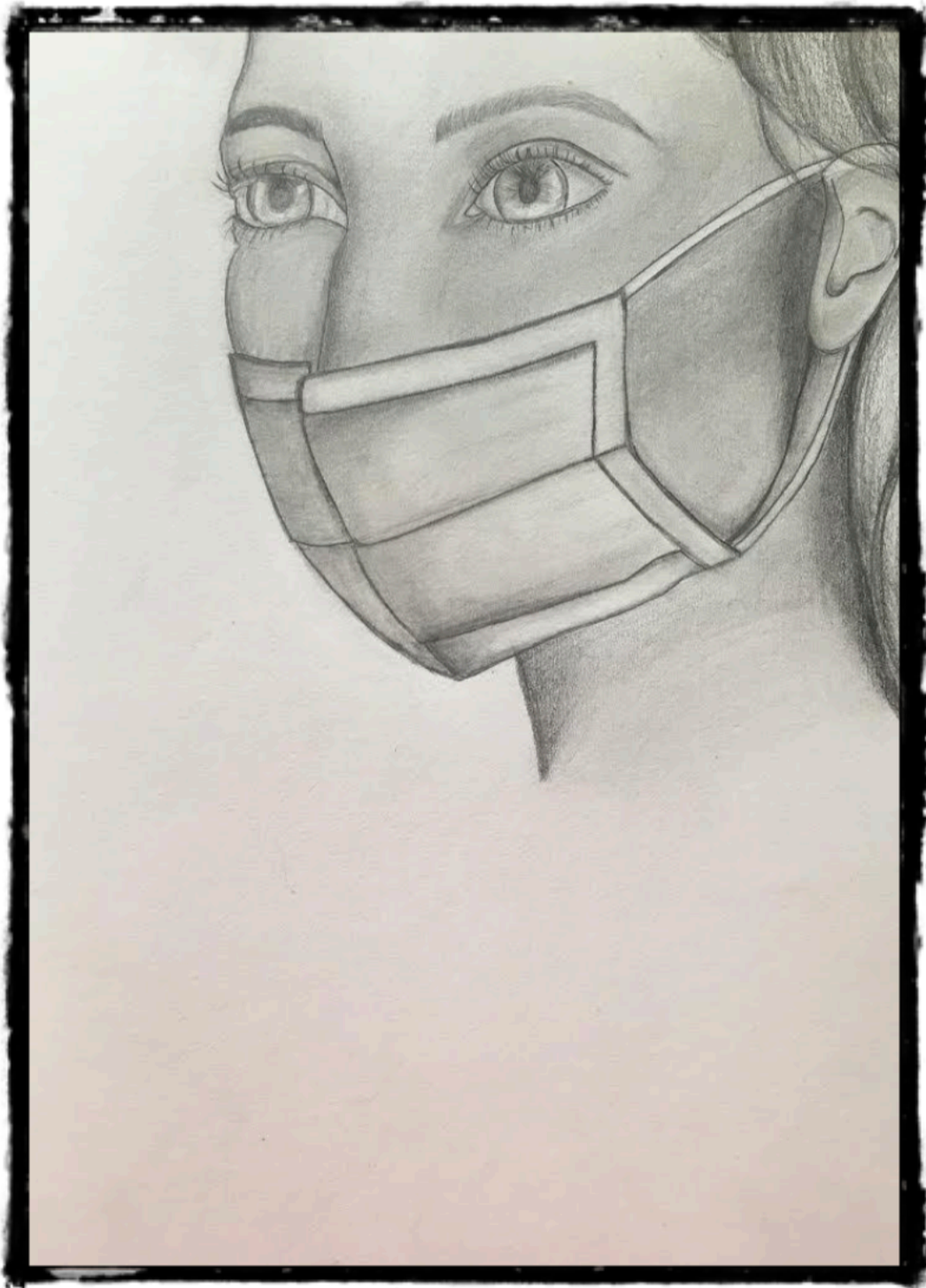
Dear Universe,

I've got some stuff to say. God knows I've complained enough these past few weeks, but I've bothered the people around me too much with those complaints, and since you seem to have limited the number of people who are allowed to be around me, it is your turn to listen.

Remember, a few years ago, when I appealed to my parents about becoming an eighth grade homeschool dropout and joining the rest of the world in a school building, where the only time I'd ever have to learn via screen was when I missed class and had to catch up through a recording? I'll bet you watched me walk into that building on the first day of freshman year, my ponytail swinging happily, and quoted *Hamilton*, thinking, "Just you wait."

Remember, a few months ago, when my brother and I took thirty seconds out of the day to laugh about a headline we saw, stating that two people in China had died from the Bubonic Plague? I'll bet you saw us laughing and quoted *In the Heights*, thinking, "It won't be long now."

Remember, a few weeks ago, when



Protecting Ourselves Ariella Gross '21

my little brother dragged me outside to time him running around the block, giggling, “Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!” through his lisp?” I’ll bet you watched his smile grow bigger and bigger with every number I counted, and quoted Inigo Montoya from *The Princess Bride*, whispering “You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means.”

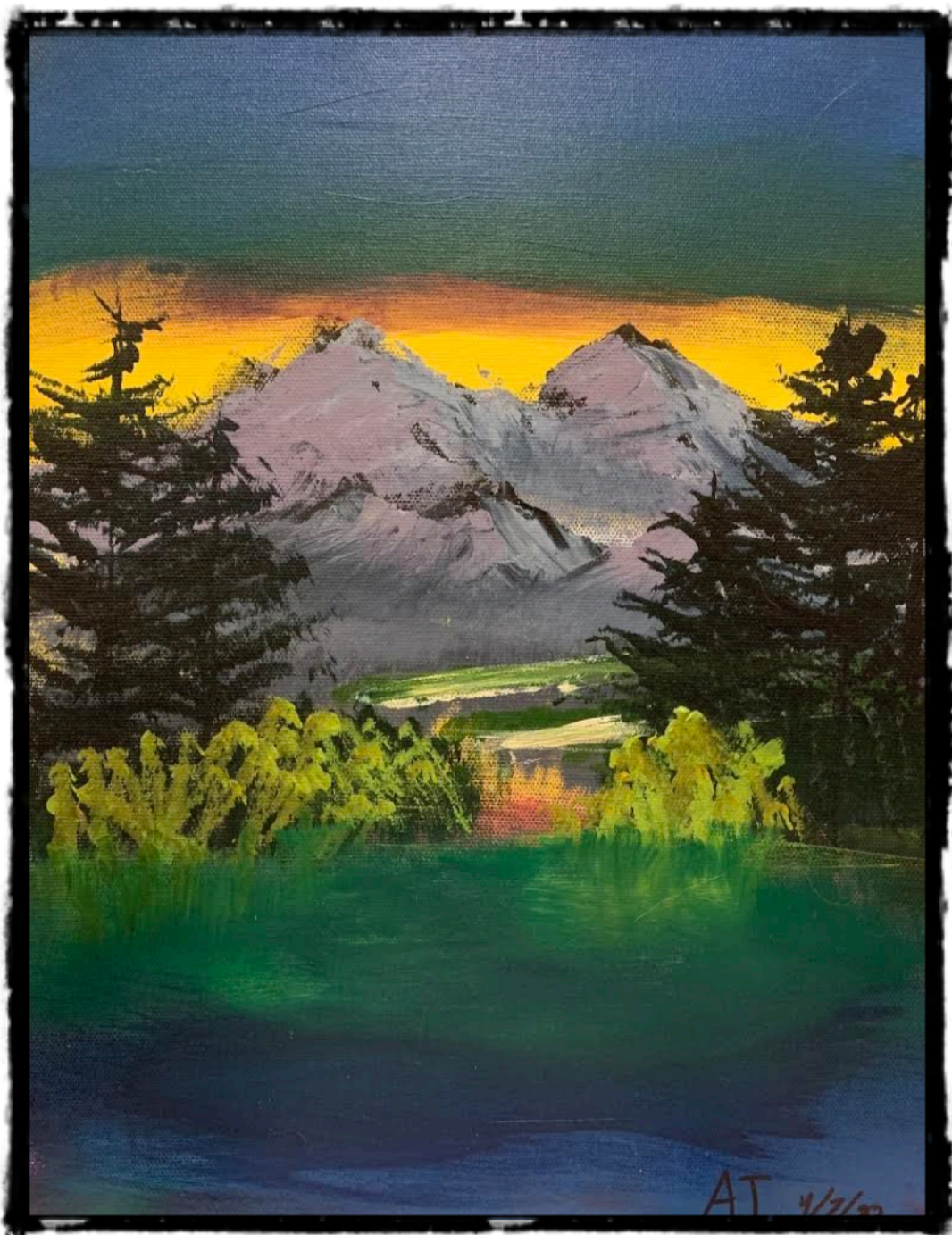
I can think of more. Ironies in the world that have recently come to light. Instead, however, I’m choosing to focus on the positive. No, you have not been making that easy, but to quote Elphaba from *Wicked*, because I can quote musicals just as well as you can, “nobody . . . is ever gonna bring me down.”

Let me take a moment to laugh in your face, because in your attempt to make me miserable, I’ve found some slip ups, as well as ways to (let me quote Albus Dumbledore from *Harry Potter* for a moment) “turn on the light” in the “darkest of times.”

I wasn’t cast in a show I really wanted to be in. At the time, I was crushed. I’m sure you were laughing then, but the joke is on you, because your COVID-19 cancelled the show, and the frustration I felt from not being cast is NOTHING compared to the devastation I

would still be dealing with had a show I worked so hard on been cancelled mere days before it was set to open. I already feel horribly for the kids in the cast, so imagine how I’d feel if I was a part of it.

Broadway closed. That made me sad for all the actors out of work and for my friends who had tickets to see shows. Because of the shutdown, however, Playbill decided to release a recording of a show called *Bandstand* for people to rent. Well, I watched the show repeatedly, and it has brought me more happiness than you will ever know. So you know what? I thank you for that. To quote my new favorite musical, *Bandstand*, which you more or less hand-delivered to me, “It [was] the least that [you could] do.” For cancelling the tour of that production — the thing I was most looking forward to for after this quarantine



Quarantine with Bob Ross Amitai Tokayer '20

ends — I will hand-deliver to *you* a chalice of the tears I cried when I heard the news. But, to quote *Frozen*, “The past is in the past” and I’ve “let it go.”

You caused the shuls to close. I have to thank you again, and not for sacrilegious reasons. My father has been leading our own personal prayer services in the comfort of our living room, complete with Torah reading from the Chumash. Though we don’t have a minyan, my brothers and sisters and I have all been sitting with our parents and singing everything out loud. Not gonna lie, it’s been meaningful and so again, I thank you. While we miss the community and actual minyan, we’ve appreciated not having to walk in the sweltering heat, and, to quote *Hadestown*, we’ve been “livin’ it up on top.”

I’m sure you enjoyed watching me slowly lose my mind during the two weeks we had of online school before Pesach break. That must have been entertaining, watching me paint my nails five times in one week, go to Math class on the literal floor, eat chocolate frosting for breakfast one day, wear a fake mustache and purple wig to class, mess with my sleep schedule, and accidentally cause my iPad to overheat by taking it outside and attempt to remedy the situation by putting it in the fridge. I’m sure you had quite a laugh. But so did I, because as much as I was miserable and going slightly crazy, I wrote it all down, certain that I would at least be able to laugh at my idiocy later on in the quarantine. I was right about that.

I know what you’re thinking. You still have time. Break is over. It only took two weeks to get me to the breaking point I just outlined. There are more than two weeks left in the school year. You’ll manage to crush me. Maybe you’re right, but I see



Keep Everyone Safe Tamar Brody '21

this as a challenge and, to quote *Be More Chill*, I'm ready to "more than survive."

As much as the world is in chaos and people are sick, dying, and unemployed; those of us who are lucky enough to be dealing with only smaller issues, such as simply being stuck at home, are finding ways to manage. Personally, I've been looking to the little things for encouragement. Some examples: My skin is finally showing signs of defeating the horrible acne breakout that attacked it last week. My hair is finally long enough to fit into a high ponytail after I chopped it off months ago. It looks like finals will be cancelled. I'm safe and healthy in an air-conditioned house with food and a wonderful family (even if they are sometimes part of the tiny pickaxe chipping away at my brain cells). Although I sometimes feel like Fiona from *Shrek: the Musical*, running around her room and screaming about "the waiting, the waiting, the waiting, the waiting, the WAITING," I know that, to quote *Les Miserables*, "even the darkest night will end and the sun will rise" and, to quote *Falsettos*, "everything will be alright."

But back to the topic of losing one's mind: the goal of this whole letter, while yes, was to complain, was also to give you, the Universe, a taste of your own medicine. Pray tell, how many musical quotes (along with the occasional book or movie) did it take before you lost your mind? Because I have more where those came from, and I am always glad to share them with anyone who will listen (and also with those who won't).

To anyone else reading this letter, I am both sorry and grateful; sorry you had to sit through it, but grateful that you did. If it frustrated you, that is the fault of the Universe. It is because of the coronavirus that I wrote this letter. To the Universe, I say this: "I hope you're happy" (*Wicked*). We'll get through this, and then we will be the ones who are laughing. For now, though, I'm off to watch *Bandstand* "one last time" (*Hamilton*), because it is only online for "one day more" (*Les Miserables*). "If I were a rich man" (*Fiddler on the Roof*), I

would have been able to see it for more than three days, but I am not, so I had to sit "in my own little corner" (*Cinderella*) and watch it for the small amount of time I had. See? I told you I had more musical quotes. I could go on "for forever" (*Dear Evan Hansen*), but I must break now, because, as I said, I gotta go watch *Bandstand*.

Catch you on the other side, Universe.

Have a bad one,

Aliza



Distance Learning Molly Seghi '22

SECLUSION AT ITS FINEST AND WORST

JUDAH BERMAN '21

To be completely honest, this situation is the scariest thing that has ever happened to me and probably to the world. The thought that a perfectly healthy person can be struck down, crippled really, by a small particle that we can't even see, is terrifying. An entire global economy has been struck down by a single strand of genetic RNA transferred from the original 41 cases in Wuhan, China. Past that, this pandemic has opened a completely new world to people. This is a world where loneliness and depression, born out of a formerly interactive society turned solitary, is a true threat. Death and life-changing occurrences have long been left out of our thought; our invincibility has led us to become a society that isn't prepared for reality and stuff like this. We are drunken on our denial, expectant on our previously successful ambition, and this will cause catastrophe.

My uncle, a nephrologist in New York City, wrote an article which was going to be published in *The New York Times* and *New York Magazine*. A much better writer than me, he reflected on the incoming terror that is descending upon his ward at the hospital. The definiteness of death is re-entering American thought, and hope for survival on bodies too long used or even healthy, is disappearing. He writes, "Death itself had been banished and forgotten, even in the hospital, even when it's everywhere. And now it's back, and is demanding its proper place."

The pitifully meager amounts of protective supplies that they have are astounding. His pictures of him in the ward wearing close to nothing is scary. In the most modern and prepared country in the



Quarantine Bikeride Galia Palmer '20

world, my uncle is wearing a mask to stop a disease contracted through touch. Now, in the most prepared country in the world, hospitals must choose whether or not to give treatment to people because there are limited beds; if you are there, you are in someone else's bed, straining their life-saving resources. My uncle explains how the questions posed to older patients has changed from what treatment would you like to where would you like to die.

For too long, death has been a lengthy process, full of teases to its finality, a technologically-prolonged stage which was meant to deny a fact of nature. And nature is finally fighting back, unleashing the figurative arrow that we, for too long, have been drawing. The US, just a few weeks ago reaching 1,000 contaminated, is now, at the time of me checking, at more than 200,000. The severity of nearly one million disease stricken people is now a reality which is meant to change in several hours as the numbers grow. The internet does not help, with each milestone being announced, and tonight, I fully expect the count to hit one million. Friends across the world quarantined, without help.

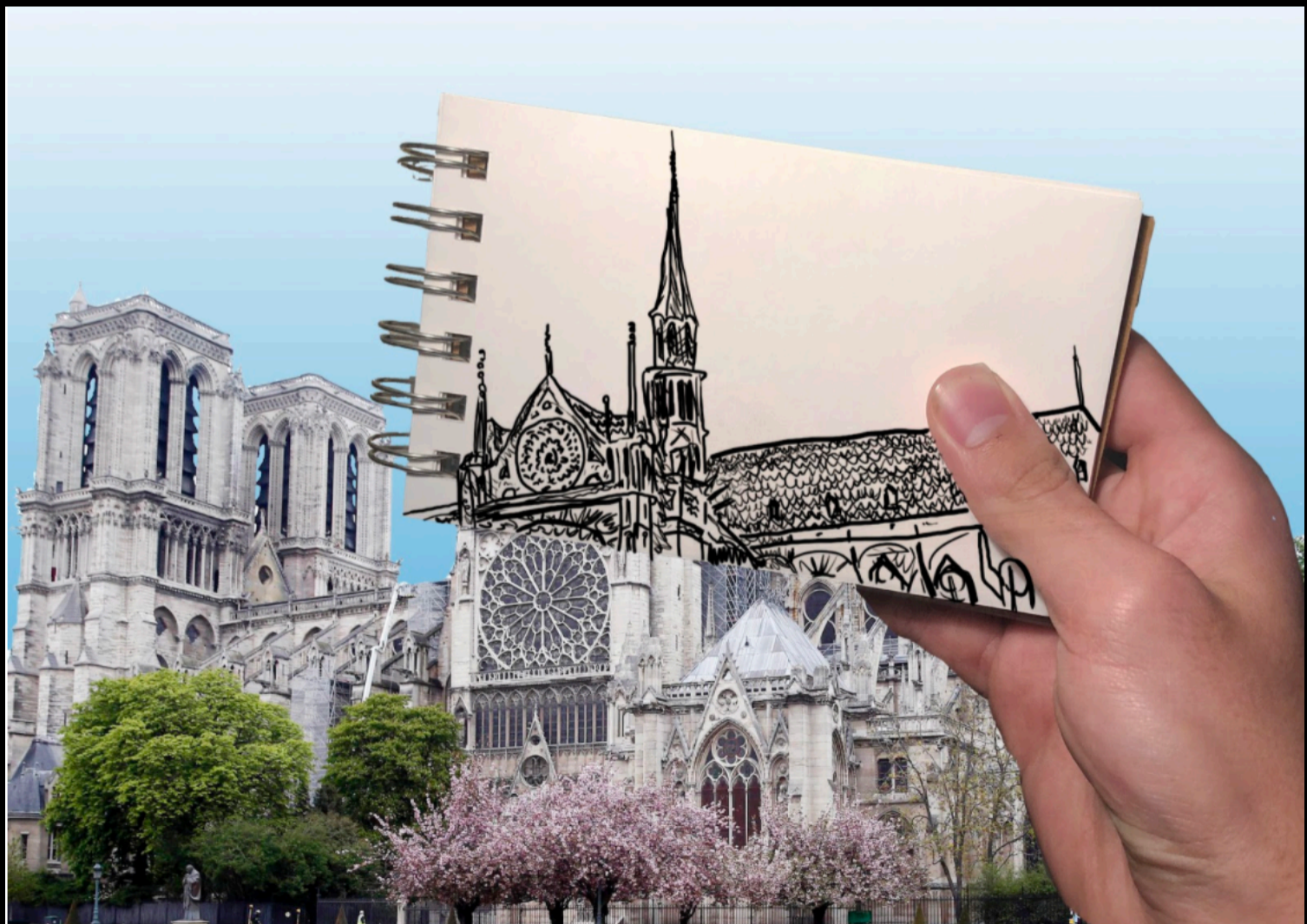
Several weeks ago, back when the first man in New York contracted the virus, my friend in New Rochelle was quarantined by herself. FaceTiming her, I realized how truly freaky this is. A healthy person, incarcerated within the confines of her house because of an invisible threat, and in the meantime, this threat spreads outside her house, as she lays in her prison which now, ironically, protects her.

Two weeks ago, quarantine was meant for those who were thought to have contracted Coronavirus, and now, it is meant for all, as a precaution for pain and a possible death. Life has changed, and interactions between people are scary. Going for runs, I run in the middle of the street, as others flank me opposite sides of the street and one more runs on the original path. Our defining characteristic of tangibility and our own ability to touch stripped away from us, ripped away by a looming threat which demands our respect. We cower before it, bowing our heads, hoping to not be noticed and waiting for a certain David to spring out and defeat this Goliath. Daily news displays people talking about the reaches of this pandemic, but this does little to reassure us. Action is needed, not endless promises full of fallacies and lies of our capabilities. Coronavirus has exposed what is truly wrong with our intertwined world, our trade and movement systems which stress interconnectivity originally not natural to this world.

This time is one of blessing and curse. We are becoming closer to family, yearning to be able to touch each other, but at the same time losing family and friends to an enemy born of Earth. God made this world as a compromise between good and evil, a pact between Him and us concerning life and death. Perhaps He feels that we have breached our contract. Hopefully we all get through this dangerous situation with good health and success.

**"THE WORLD ALWAYS
SEEMS BRIGHTER
WHEN YOU'VE JUST
MADE SOMETHING
THAT WASN'T THERE
BEFORE"**

-Neil Gaiman



Rebuild and Grow Andrew Galitzer '20