

Literary Arts Journal 2016
Christian Brothers High School
At Wit's End



At Wit's End is the Christian Brothers High School Literary Arts Journal, created by the CBHS Literary Arts Society, committed to celebrating and publishing the creative and ingenious works by students, faculty, and staff. All submissions are original works from the CBHS community.

We would like to thank all those who shared their creative genius by submitting their artwork to this publication. To the Visual Arts Department, we extend our thanks to for encouraging submissions and the La Salle Art Exhibit, which supplied many of the artistic entries. To the English Department for encouraging many to turn in their writing. To all those in our CB community who showed up to our workshops and did more than just snack ☺ We hope you'll continue to be creative with us next year.

Do not forget to view the many beautiful pieces we could not include in this print edition of LAJ on our Tumblr page. Go to www.cbhslaj.tumblr.com

LAJ Editors

Savnonna "Todo" Alegria, Sydney Carlson, Natalia Kimmelshue, Alexandra Roberts, Katherine Stenger, Ricardo Turner Madeleine Mason (Editor)

LAJ Moderator

Mrs. Natalia Schorn

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W Nation

Larson Dana ('19)

The Warriors are a magical team
With Steph Curry and Draymond Greens
They like to go on winning streaks
They play like super basketball freaks
This current record is obscene!

When they make a basket the crowd goes wild
Every man, woman, and child
When they lose the crowd goes nay
When they win we all say yay
They are a great sensation
I'm a proud member of the W-nation



Rock On, Peace Out

Natalie Flynn ('16)

Leave

Elmer Lizarde ('16)

You lost your pigment and your spine cracked As you fell gently. You were a gift from above.
But after falling in love, the cold wind made you leave.

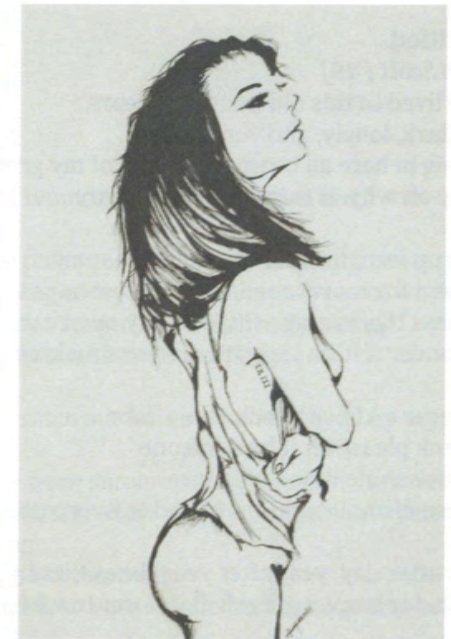
Don't Say Goodbye

Matthew Miles ('18)

Don't say goodbye
I'm not sure I can survive
Would you cry if I die
Don't say goodbye

Don't say goodbye
It means there is no time
Just show me a sign
And don't say goodbye

Don't say goodbye
We can still try to fly
Into the sky up high
Please I beg
Don't say goodbye



Closure

Sienna Mazza ('19)



Love on La Rue

Chaila Johnson ('16)

Untitled

Seth Scott ('19)

I've lived in this old house for years
Its dark, lonely, and very dreary
Dying in here all be myself is one of my greatest fears
Why oh why, is this making me teary

I go up into the attic but there's not much in there
Except for more loneliness and lost hopes and dreams
I guess this is a sign that nobody must care
I wonder if it's a leak ore my tears making these streams

I'll hear a knock knock at my door
I think please let it be someone
But for some reason I ignore
These dismal emotions I need to overcome

Day after day, year after year times flies by
Each day knowing, each day closer to when I will die.



Time Flies

Regina Chapuis ('18)

Ripe

Elmer Lizarde ('16)

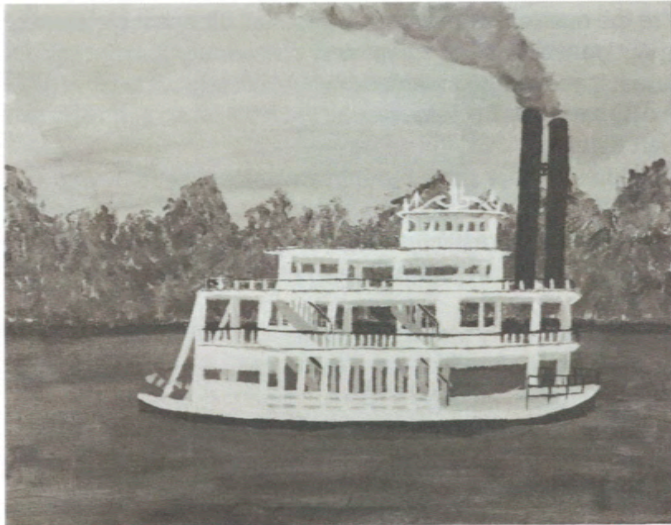
I was raised in the dirt.
My father tended to me there so I wouldn't forget that from birth
we all come from the earth.
And whether we're the ones who pick it, or eat it, the fruit is not concerned.
My father and I spent our lives doing completely different types of work
and yet we are both left yearning for something we already earned.
Well at least I am. His back was broken after he fed YOU.
I'm the only one left fighting.
My grip has been tightening ever since our home was destroyed by my
mothers thunder and lighting.
The rain that followed could have been summoned by Poseidon's trident
but I remain standing because I will not allow weather to ruin the fruit that
my father spent a lifetime ripening.
And after all my effort, I'm simply a commodity.
Enlisted for the draft, and yet unable to vote for the man who gets to teach
me camaraderie.
In the end, I don't matter. What matters is green.
All I wanted was a card of it.
Stuck chasing the American Dream in a country that values patriotism,
And yet I'm not allowed to be part of it.
My ancestors spent every resource possible so that I could be the one to
make the change.
But give a Latino man a six digit salary, and watch him forget his culture as
his economic opinions change.
To be honest, I'm sick and tired of it. Something is always missing.
And why do I feel like I'm forced to rhyme in order for anyone to listen?

I refuse to conform to the current of this society. Those vessels and
capillaries that fuel the precious Protestant Work Ethic do not supply me
with life.
Because, according to YOU, I'm not American.
But ironically, I am part of the minority that supplies the majority of the
workforce.
So proceed, continue injecting greed into your Capitalistic skin,
and then when you overdose on recession, maybe the rest can understand
the idea of living on minimum wage. Only THEN, will someone act to
reverse the effects of that constricting plague.
Put the needle up to the forearm,
But know: I am ripe
and my father did not die in vein.

River

Liliana Ma ('19)

A little River flow and flow,
To a small pool far below,
But he will go on and on,
To the place he wants to go.



Twain's River Boat

Savonna "Todo" Alegria ('16)

Wishes

Elizabeth Karalli ('16)

I dreamed of a genie;
"Three wishes," he proclaimed to me.
"Nothing more, no strings, no tricks."
"Fame, fortune, what is it you desire?"
I could have anything in the world.
I wished for a friend.
The genie's lamp shattered, and he took my hand.
I needed no more wishes.



San Diego 2

Maddie Mercer ('18)



Paidi

Taylor-Michele McRho ('17)

Red Oblivion

Savonna "Todo" Alegria ('16)

The red blindness of war is real.

We are privileged and unable to feel.

Privilege is prevalent while we stand here and they fight there.

Here we probably pay no attention to the worries of their families.

They are there in a surreal world of no remorse or even reform.

Benghazi, Libya, Tripoli, Middle East

Who is right who is wrong?

Is our defense morally strong?

How can we be expected to have respect for one another when we barely have any for our own brother.

They'll run a drone when the only thing they really want is to just come home.

The world seems to revolve around us.

But we forget who fights to keep the world running.

Until we think about how much our freedom can be driven away on a single bus.

It's hard to hear ourselves think when we pretend to be proud as a lion pride.

But we usually use freedom as something to run under and hide.

Red blindness is something we are prone to.

But next time think if one of your loved ones will or won't come home.



Batman & Robin

Maddy Roncoroni ('19)

Stars

Savonna "Todo" Alegria ('16)

Sometimes I like to sit and think

If the stars really stare back and wink



The Ballerina

Regina Chapuis ('18)

The Poem of My Discontent

Madeleine Mason ('16)

Cardboard moons and a sad, wilting rose,
That's what I've cracked up love to be.
Some call me sullen, but they don't suppose
That maybe I want to focus on me.

Yes, Shakespeare wrote sonnets and Poe wrote prose
To all the young ladies in the rich bourgeoisie.
But Will wrote to men too, and nobody knows
That Poe's mistress was part of his family tree.

I'll buy myself gifts that I chose.
And that box of chocolates? It's all for me.
I don't need a boy full of romantic woes,
Smothering me with ardor, like in those shows on TV.

In the end, just let Juliet be with Romeo,
I'd rather be Rosaline and survive the whole show.



The Face of '66
Libby Sparks ('17)

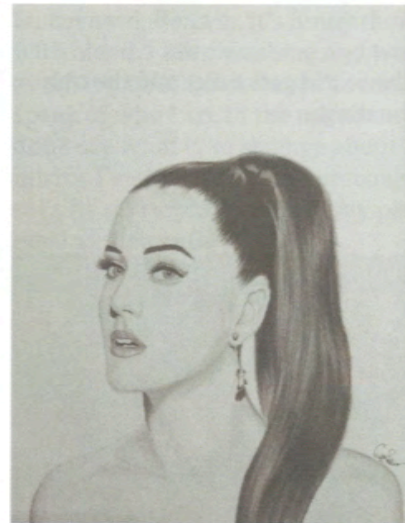


The Voice of Radiohead
Micah Jordan ('17)

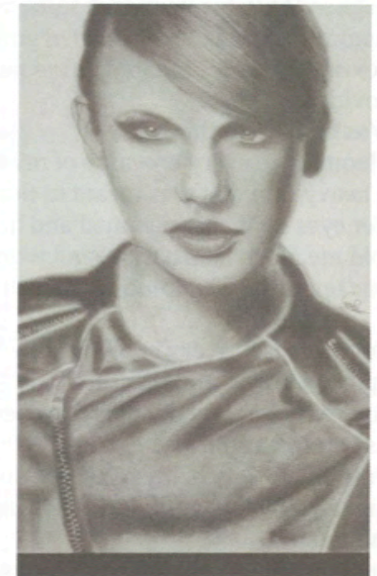
Your Eyes

Ricardo Turner ('17)

When I look into your eyes,
Those alluring, yet deceiving eyes,
I become torn from the sense of reality
And the plagues of doubt that dwell in my heart begin to cease.
Wherever you may go, I shall follow.
Just to gaze upon those beautiful eyes?
I have done nothing worthy, and yet you look towards me.
My one desire is to know that you look upon me, the same way as I look
upon you.



Katy
Cruz Solano ('18)



Crazy Blood
Cruz Solano ('18)

And She Was Off Into Eternal Paradise

Andrea Gonzalez ('17)

I used to have the most beautiful bird,
She was made of flowers and satin and velveteen dreams...
If you had met her, you would say she surpassed beauty-
Even though sometimes she was sad for many days at a time,
You couldn't help but ask that dreadful question, whether you mean it or
not, "Is she okay??" "What about her broken wing?"
I'd look at you and stare, for my words could not do justice to the emotions
and pleads my heart screams.

In her cage she would stay...
And yet, even in her sleep, her beauty still did not cease to illuminate the
world around her... And kept the burning fire of hope alive in my soul.
As I laid in bed, I no longer heard her chirps-
the silence, ever so deafening,
I could not withstand,
so I played our songs.
But Inevitably there comes a time when the world gets quiet and the only
thing left is the sound of your own heart beating...
Get used to it, for your own safety.

Loving my bird,
Loving my flower,
Was truly something else-
Blooming in every crevasse of my bones,
A heavy rain that was meant to flood my soul,
Her eyes no longer gleamed and her face, like a painting-
told me more than a thousand words.
Our temporary happiness was still the worst sadness.

But there is bravery in being soft-
I picked her up and caressed her,
Looked at her and my heart shattered,
As I stared at the face of truth,
Until then I was ready to accept the truth,
And despite my weakness of setting her free, I still took her to the highest
mountain,
I unwrapped the bandages holding her here
And she flew-
Into an eternal paradise far from here.
I remember the cage and think of all of the things my hands have held,
and the best by far, was her.

"Beyond our Reflection"

Alicia Reyes ('19)

I woke up to hear knocking on glass. At first I thought it was the window
until I heard it coming from the mirror again. But no need to worry, it's
harmless really, it's just teddy. He's a seven-year-old boy who lives in my
mirror. He has sheer brown hair, clear blue eyes, and freckles. It's funny,
everyone keeps joking around saying that they can't see him. And it's really
strange how my mother is particularly concerned because she has someone
living in her mirror as well. A little girl with dimmed-down red hair and
empty green eyes, her name is Clarice. And even though my mother too has
a mirror companion, she acts like I'm crazy, and insists on me attending
therapy. She suggests I have psyci or is it schiza-. I can't find the right word
right now. Anyhow, despite her broken appearance, she's truly a joy to
converse with. And my mother is so sweet, she never complains about
Clarice's shrieks in the middle of the night. I remember once I begged her to
quite her midnight screaming sessions, and instead she killed my mother's
St. Bernard, Benson. It's funny though, how my hands are the ones stained
with blood. I keep washing and washing my hands but the red won't go
away, my classmates haven't seemed to notice though. It's only when I
speak of who I see in the mirror my friends start freaking out. But I still
don't see what is so strange about the people in the mirror, after all every
mirror I've ever seen had someone dwelling in it, it's just a fact. My mother
says its schizophrenia, but I say people just aren't looking far enough,
beyond their reflection.

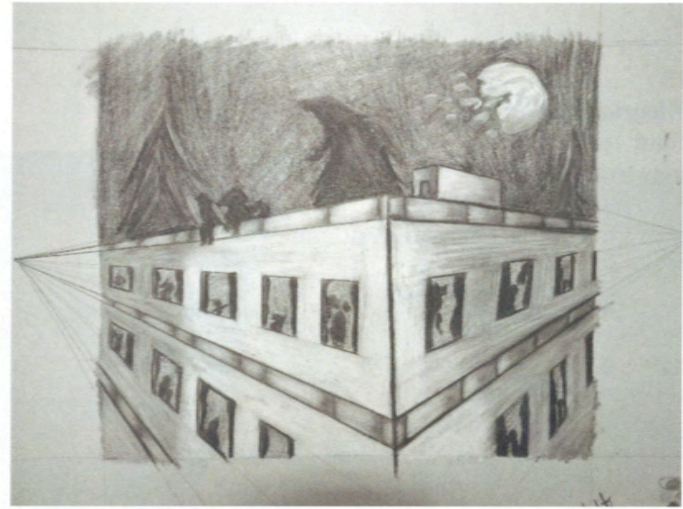


Unfinished Business

Miles Magaletti ('18)



Docs
Noemi Rodrigues ('17)



1000 Perspectives
Kaitlyn Holt ('18)



Forsaken
Nicolette Washburn ('16)



Deadpool vs Batman
Jean Pierre Melikian ('17)

11 October 2015

Savonna "Todo" Alegria ('16)

Dear mom, dear dad

There is some news to be said.

Please don't be mad or upset or sad,

You might want to sit for this is something I dread.

In sixteen days to the date,

It will be eighteen years since you first met me.

Nine months prior you didn't know...

Whether I was going to be a he or even a she.

Nine months later I was finally free.

Ten fingers, ten toes, rosy cheeks, a red nose,

And perfect in every way...well, as far as anybody knows.

"What does this have to do with anything?" You might ask,

But don't worry yet you'll see that this has everything to do with my task.

For your response I know not how you will act,

But it is my emotions I have to defend over our familial pact.

Born as your so called beautiful baby daughter,

The name you have given me I can go by no longer.

This life long story I've lived in the dark,

You wanted a princess that was proper and pink,

But lucky, you as my parents have a different way to think.

The name I have now can no longer stay

For the day can be tedious for who I have been.

I need to stop pretending to be who others see

So I will continue to fight and I won't give up until I feel that I'll be alright

Just as you taught me to stand up for what's right

Disagree as you might...

But seventeen years nine months and two hundred and eighty-four days

You vowed to love me despite the fact we hadn't met yet

You loved me anyway and I hope that love stays

You loved me like that rainy day in May

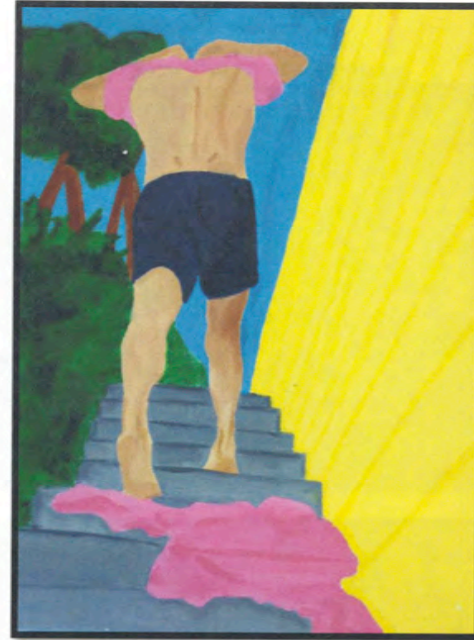
When you learned I would be here to stay

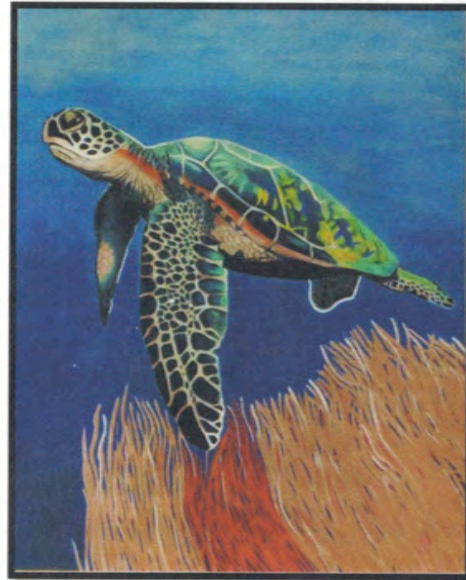
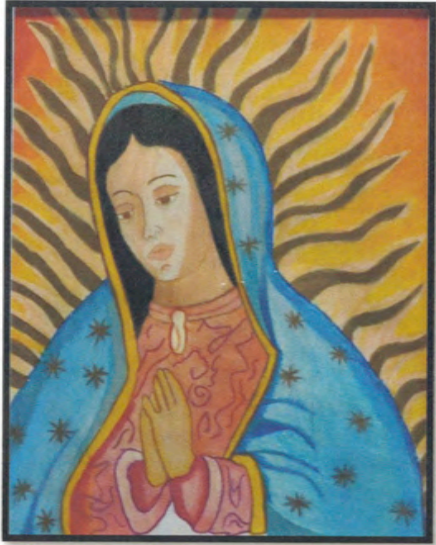
Once parents of your second baby girl

No longer can you say, because

As I've tried, nothing can be done

Please say goodbye to your daughter and hello to your new son







Surprise Adoption

Elizabeth Karalli ('16)
Sincerest Apologies

I adopted
A litter
Of puppies from the kennel
I know
You'll be surprised
And our
Apartment is small

Forgive me;
They were so cuddly,
And playful,
But you love pugs, right?



1st Dalmatian
Chaila Johnson ('16)

"No Internet? Big Problem."

Tyra Thompson ('19)

Day 312. Internet still not working. "I literally hate these stupid aliens," my bestest friend Lindsay remarks while popping her bubble gum in my face. "I couldn't agree more. Like of all the things, they took away our internet?" I said. "OMG I know right? That's seriously so selfish of them to do. How am I supposed to post a picture on Instagram? I just can't believe it," Lindsay complains. Sometimes I really can't stand her like she's so annoying, but I guess I have to be nice to her since it's like the end of the world or something. We heard on the news that we are being attacked by some aliens in space and they want to like take over earth. Those people are crazy and don't know what they're talking about. Daddy says he'll just buy us an underground thing or a spaceship and we'll just hide. I honestly don't care as long as I get my internet back. I'm literally so mad. Hopefully the army kills them so I get to post about how mad I am about this whole situation. Lindsay and I go outside to see if we can get any connection. As we walk down the marble steps of my 7,000 square foot mansion, we hear a loud growl. We both squeal super high and jog to the trees because honestly who can run in high heels? "It's gonna get you," I yell to Lindsay as I'm one step ahead of her. I hear her start to whine, but it doesn't matter because she'll get eaten and I'll live. We're both out of breath by the time we reach the trees. We turn around and see darkness. I hear a loud thump and turn to see Lindsay on the ground. I quickly look up and the last thing I remember before passing out was hearing a low growl in my ear from behind me.



Despair

Michael Muchuru ('18)

Only a Number

Grace Hartwick ('18)

My number, A7713

It's all us Jews have left

We are nothing but a number with a face

The SS members treat us with nothing but disgrace

They have taken my family stripped me of everything I loved

Why should I live, when everything work living for is gone?

I have nothing

No family

No friends

No faith

Every last breath I have will not go toward prayer...

But toward the fight I may face trying to get food

A loaf

A slice

A crumb

It has consumed our minds

We thought not of revenge, but of soup and bread

Which engrossed took over us

Out of the 11 million people that died during this horrible time period...

Why am I alive?

For I am only a number

I am only...A7713



Untitled

Esperanza Razo ('18)

The

Raven Legaspi ('18)

The pain is too much to endure that I no longer realize it.

The winter cold pouring down, my hands are frozen like icicles hanging from a cold cave.

The tears and screams of many tugging the pieces of my heart, pulling every single last emotion I have.

The sounds of guards beating on my people, the impact of the bats to their severed skin and their fragile bones breaks a little part of my soul.

The smell of the burning flesh, I hear the whispers of the souls they once had.

The soul I once had is no longer here, I'm none but flesh.

The God who I once believe had shattered my beliefs, the prayers and all the fastings I endured for you, to put me through the suffering I should no longer receive.

The grumbling of my stomach as it eats its way through my own flesh to find a protein source.

The hard labor I endure just for the Germans to be happy.

The little piece of bread that gives me hope of living once again.

The dreams of so many shattered by the devil himself. Oh how I wish I could dream again.

The dignity we all once had, broken into the little pieces for the darkness to consume.

The end is near, the pain, the agony, the sorrow. All is about to end.

The last breath I may ever take is near.

The...



Untitled

Cruz Solano ('18)

Last Sunday Night

Jessica Kever ('17)

Once upon a Sunday evening, I had no chance of ever sleeping.
A mistake I have made many times before,
I sat at my desk and read, gazing sadly at my bed,
Wishing I was asleep instead, instead of editing more and more.
"It won't be long now," thought I, and continued reading more and more.
This last paper, not one more.
I, however, must admit that I could not stick to it.
Next I grabbed the essay of a lowly sophomore.
As I wielded my pen, there was a tap, but so focused was I upon reaching a
nap
That I set myself off to ignore
The tapping on my bedroom door,
Resigned to editing evermore.
Slowly my eyes began to blur, and I became less and less sure
That I could possibly ignore this tapping on my bedroom door.
But when I stood still, I heard the sound from my windowsill.
I opened the blinds and was frightened as never before.
A ghastly raven peered inside, larger than any before.
Only this, and nothing more.
I spared the raven one last glance; it stared at me as if in a trance.
I shut the blinds quickly for, that big, black bird I do deplore.
Off and away the bird went flapping, at my door was no more tapping.
Without the incessant rapping, rapping, I returned to the essays I adore.
"Well, maybe just one more," I murmured to the essays I adore,
And resumed my editing forevermore.



Time Telling Me

Marta Maestu ('19)

"Make a Wish"

Marissa Villasenor ('19)

They delivered the mannequins in bubble wrap. From the main room I begin to hear popping. I ignore it thinking that a mannequin might have slipped. Five minutes later I hear it again but ignore it. "That mannequin probably finally fell" I thought. Later I hear the popping again, this time louder and longer. I slowly get up from my seat to check out what was going on in the main room. As I walked over I continue to hear the popping. "Hello? Is someone in there?" I shouted so that if anyone was in there they would hear me. I knocked on the main room door, expecting an answer. Then there was silence, the popping stopped and I stood there. "Hello?" I said knocking on the door another time. As I reached for the door knob the popping began again. I finally reached for the knob and opened the door. The lights were off but the popping continued. I put my hand against the wall looking for the light switch. I moved my hand frantically searching for the switch. I still couldn't find the stupid switch. I became nervous and I finally realized that the switch was gone, then I tried the other wall next to me. The switch was on the other side the whole time. I turned the light on and you wouldn't believe what was there! "SURPRISE!" My coworkers threw me a surprise birthday party! Everyone jumped out and scared me. Once I knew what was going on I burst out laughing. Turns out that they used the mannequins to get me to come to the main room. They were also laughing because they knew that I actually thought that the mannequins came to life. They put down the mannequins and turned the lights off to sing me Happy Birthday. I sat there enjoying my friends and my party. Once everyone finished the song I made a wish and blew out the candles. Silence again. The lights switched on and all I see are the mannequins all around me, smiling. My friends were gone, nowhere to be seen. The lights switched off and on, I was alone this time, Happy Birthday to me.

Elder

Taylor-Michele McRho ('17)





Night Frost
Carlos Serrano ('16)

Untitled
Noemi Rodrigues ('17)



Popping Flowers Quilt
Natalia Kimmelshue ('19)

Untitled

Jaedyn Selby ('19)

My eyes are chocolate truffles playing ring-around-the-rosy in a puddle of milk.

My forehead is what keeps the angry wrinkles from overcoming my body.

My muscles are what keeps my arms and legs moving to the song of life.

My birthmark is what makes me the owner of my jeweled soul.

My hair is the bright sun with bright streaks of fire.

My ears are caves hearing echoing sounds though the dim light.

My blood flows in a river through the vein valleys and white tree cells.

My teeth are the doors to many tunnels which lead to my heart, that is a popular tourist sight.



Ses Maitresses

Alex Taguin ('17)

The Teaching Parent

Jarret Valverde ('19)

There once was a parent who was teaching

His son got bored when it turned to preaching

He was very old

But nonetheless gold

By the end he was practically screeching

Untitled

Samantha Treas ('19)

I wonder if they like being bullies?
I suppose they do.
They always seem to feel superior.
They never seem to care what others think.
Some people are afraid of them.
They make me feel like I'm worth nothing.



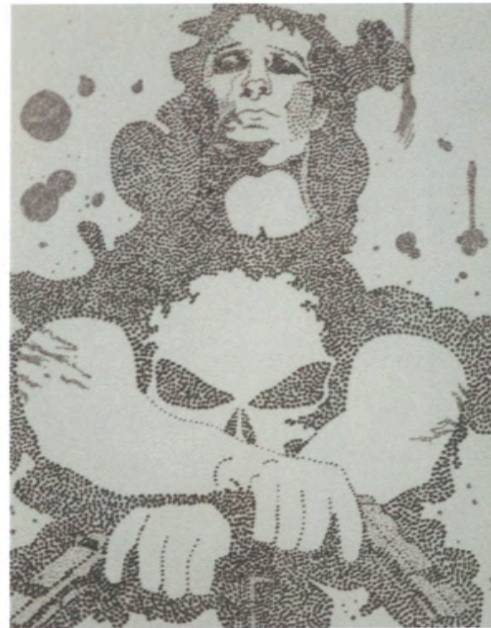
San Diego

Maddie Mercer ('18)

Disney poem (Nemo)

Larson Dana ('19)

A tiny orange dot in a vast uncaring sea
Squeals with fear as he is trapped in a net
Separated from family and friends and fearful of his fate
His father searches for him like Sherlock Holmes solving a case
Not a million sharks can stop his parental pursuit
With jet boat speed he rides the EAC
This current of the ocean keeps him in motion, speeding to save his boy



The Punisher

Jean Pierre Melikian ('17)



For Now

Miles Magaletti ('18)



Untitled
Terise Camasura ('16)

A Woman in a Man's World
Noemi Rodriguez ('17)



Tidal
Camille Moniz ('16)



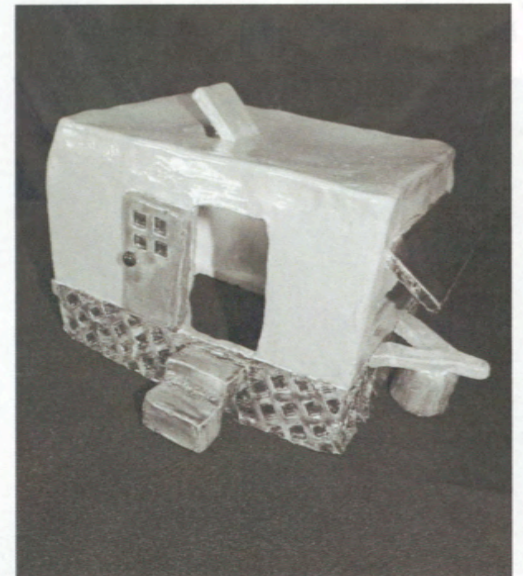
Purple Portrait
Annie Loc ('17)



Memory
Nicolette Washburn ('16)



Rose
Kevin Velasquez ('17)



Hollow Home
Chase Mehlhop ('17)



Pezzy
Molly Hallsten ('16)



A Twist on Film Noir
Will Legrand ('16)



Jk & U
Terise Carmasua ('16)



Been Painting All Day
Sienna Mazza ('19)



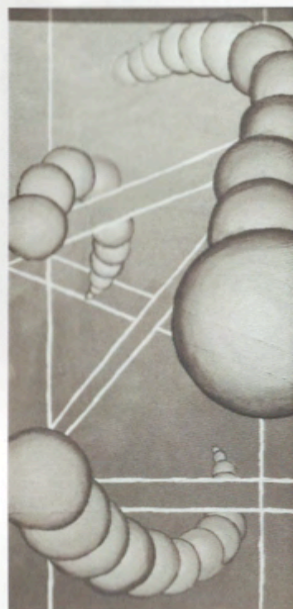
One Last Look
Bailey Leek ('18)



Eye Candy
Miles Magaletti ('18)



True Colors
Caitlin Berger ('16)



Swimming Squiggles
Seamus Hudnut ('16)



Johnny Boy
Camille Moniz ('16)



Split
Mary Claire Hancock ('16)



