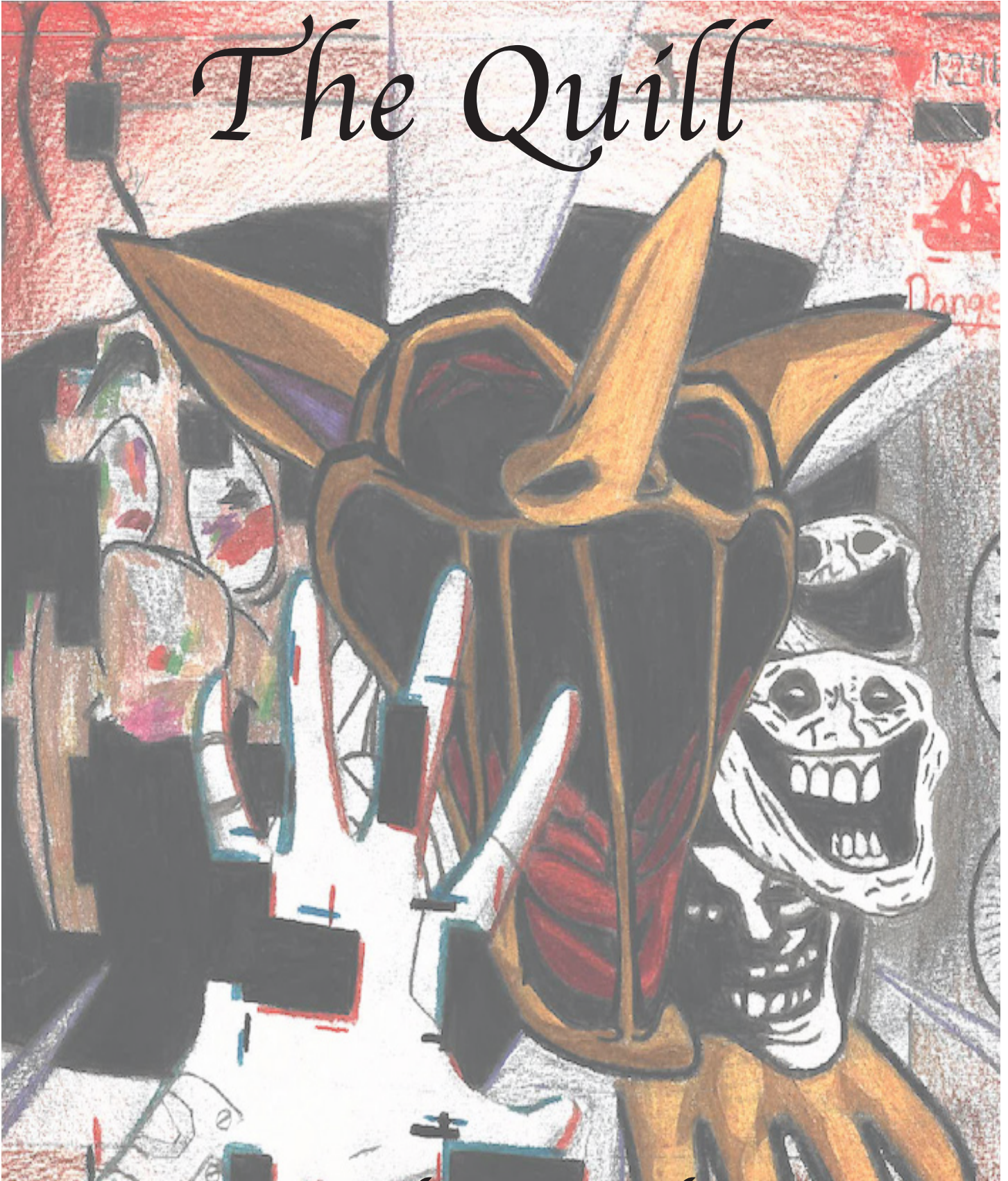


Princeton Academy of the Sacred Heart

The Quill



Past and Future Edition

Volume 18 2021-2022

The Quill

The literary-art magazine of



Princeton Academy of the Sacred Heart

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Volume 18

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2021-2022

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN LIU
COPY EDITOR RICHARD WANG
LAYOUT EDITOR ERIC QIAN

STAFF

QI AO
ETHAN CHEN
ANTHONY DORAN
JOSHUA GARDNER
JAYDEN LU
EVAN MESSINA
LUKE NOLTE
FORD PISANO
JUSTIN ZHANG
COVER DESIGN ERIC QIAN
ADVISER MRS. LORRAINE BENDITT

The Quill is an annual publication of Princeton Academy of the Sacred Heart. Since 2020, the magazine has been digital due to COVID precautions. Digital editions are available to the general public through the school's website www.princetonacademy.org. The theme Past to Future was chosen by the staff in September 2021, and a contest was held to determine the cover design. Writing and art were chosen by the staff and approved by Mrs. Benditt over the course of the school year. Submissions were voluntary. No costs were incurred in its publication. The layout was created on InDesign, and Helvetica Neue Regular is the font used with Apple Chancery applied to the titles. The staff would like to thank Mrs. Benditt and the administration for their support.

Foreword by Mr. Rik Dugan

“What’s past is prologue.”

Spoken by Antonio in Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*

Dear Reader,

Eleanor Roosevelt once said, “Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is a gift. That’s why we call it ‘the present’”. I am inspired by this year’s Quill theme, Past & Future, because it reminds us that we exist in this present moment, the space where Past & Future collide. Here we can reflect on the past, learning from those who came before us and from our own experiences. Here we can also boldly envision the future, recognizing that we are the authors of our lives and the builders of a better tomorrow. As Abraham Lincoln once said, “The best way to predict your future is to create it.” Past & Future call us into the “now”, and this moment is ours to make the most of...and what a gift it is.

Congratulations to our amazing Quill staff, all contributors and our Quill Faculty Advisor, Mrs. Benditt, on publishing another amazing edition of the Quill!

Of the many things I am most proud of at Princeton Academy, the Quill’s Table of Contents is at the top of the list. I am inspired every year to see how many of our young men contribute their gifts and talents to our literary publication. Through Sacred Heart Goal II, Princeton Academy educates our creative, compassionate and courageous young men to a deep respect for intellectual values. Each one of us is unique in our own way, and we all have a story to tell. Our ability to think, imagine, and create provides us all with the potential to build a community of belonging where everybody’s story is heard and valued. Communication is a core competency at the heart of a strong community. Young men need a safe space to develop their voices. Literature and the arts provide a dynamic forum for healthy expression, and the Quill provides a brilliant opportunity for Princeton Academy students to shine their lights on the world.

The rich tradition of our school’s literary magazine has achieved new heights through its recognition as one of the nation’s top middle school publications. We are proud of our gentlemen-scholars who bring the Quill to life. Thank you authors, poets and artists, for sharing your spirits with the world. Gentlemen, you are amazing! Your devotion to The Quill, now more than ever, will positively transform the future of our world and will undoubtedly bring uplifting joy and hope to all who turn the page - I am certain.

With gratitude...Carpe Diem!

Mr. Dugan
Head of School

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Where I'm from

The Toy Castle

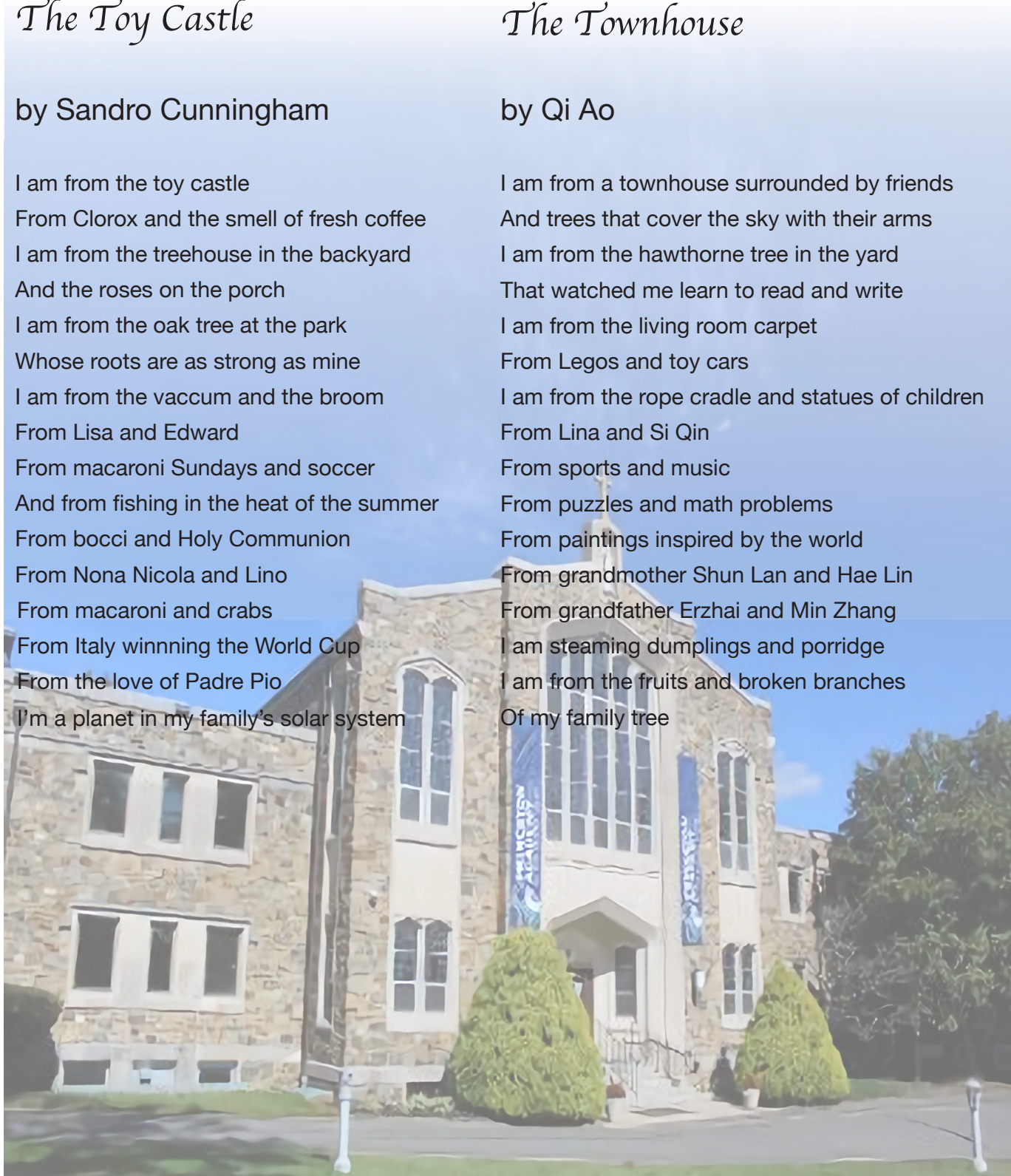
by Sandro Cunningham

I am from the toy castle
From Clorox and the smell of fresh coffee
I am from the treehouse in the backyard
And the roses on the porch
I am from the oak tree at the park
Whose roots are as strong as mine
I am from the vaccum and the broom
From Lisa and Edward
From macaroni Sundays and soccer
And from fishing in the heat of the summer
From bocci and Holy Communion
From Nona Nicola and Lino
From macaroni and crabs
From Italy winning the World Cup
From the love of Padre Pio
I'm a planet in my family's solar system

The Townhouse

by Qi Ao

I am from a townhouse surrounded by friends
And trees that cover the sky with their arms
I am from the hawthorne tree in the yard
That watched me learn to read and write
I am from the living room carpet
From Legos and toy cars
I am from the rope cradle and statues of children
From Lina and Si Qin
From sports and music
From puzzles and math problems
From paintings inspired by the world
From grandmother Shun Lan and Hae Lin
From grandfather Erzhai and Min Zhang
I am steaming dumplings and porridge
I am from the fruits and broken branches
Of my family tree



Martel and Charlemagne

by Daniel Mao

Umayyad horseman ride through the night
Through the sands of Africa with the scorching light
The Caliphate at the Pillars of Hercules

The Lombards didn't put up a fight
Iberia under the Caliphate's might
Europe trembles

Charles Martel
He is the shield of mighty Francia
Fought at Tours, wait, Poitiers?

Whatever the name
The Mayor of the Palace was indeed the mayor
His sword and shield cut down Umayyad foe

Christmas day on the year 800
Charlemagne, a kindred to the Mayor
Now has a crown of cabochon and gold

He is Emperor of old
Scold the Byzantines!
Their 'Empress Irene' is no more



Photos from Pash Archives



The Brotherhood Across Time

by Joshua Gardner

Across time and space
Nobody has ever found our base
We lurk in the shadow's darkest bits
Where the black turns into a maze of twists
So go ahead, try using your scanner
Even in this age, we're still hiding in plain sight
You can't find us, nobody can
That's why we came to you
Follow us into our lair
Where the otherworld cities stand elsewhere
The rest of the world thinks they're so advanced
While we've had them entranced
So go ahead, try finding our footsteps
Even in this age we have not left a trace
We march in the slums and the far away lands
Just so that they don't find us
Which leads to us now
You've covered up your own past
Even in a new age of discovery
So please, join us

Family Traditions



The Horse Race Game

by Tyson O'Grady

My favorite family tradition is on my dad's side of the family, and it is a horse race game. My grandfather OG loves to play an antique racehorse game on special occasions when our family is together. It has become a family tradition and one that we all enjoy.

I first remember playing the game several years ago at my grandparents' home here in Princeton. My grandfather waited until I was old enough to understand how to play the game before he introduced it to me. It's a simple but fun game. I don't know the actual name of it; I just think of it as "The Racehorse Game".

The game board is a green felt race track with six lanes for horses. We all choose one of the numbered lanes and choose a metal horse game piece. The object of the game is for your horse to cross the finish line first. One player, usually I, gets to roll three dice to see which horses move forward. If the dice lands on a 3, then the horse in the third lane moves forward. If the dice lands on 6, then the horse in the sixth lane moves forward. It's a simple game, but we all laugh and enjoy playing it. My grandfather always puts out \$5 for prize money, and he is in charge of moving the horses.

Somehow I always win. I know what you are thinking, that my family lets me win be-

cause I'm the youngest, but that's not true. There is no way I could always win because it's a game of chance. Plus, my aunt always tries to cheat, but I still win, which makes it even more fun to play.

My grandfather had a stroke last summer, and a few weeks later my grandmother died. Our tradition of playing the racehorse game still goes on, but my grandfather doesn't have as much patience or energy. However, he still insists on playing, and I still win.

Just last weekend, my grandfather and aunt were over to celebrate my grandfather's 87th birthday. The first thing he did when he walked into our house was ask where we could set up the racehorse game. It is nice that he still wants to play, but I'm sad that my grandmother isn't here anymore to play or watch us play. This Easter, my grandfather will be coming over, and I know that he will want to play. That is nice because it is a family tradition and one that I look forward to when we are together.

I want to inherit the racehorse game because I love playing the game with my family and want to be able to play the game with my kids when I get older. It's a simple game, but it is something my family does as a tradition. I want it to be a tradition with my own family when I get married and have kids.

Camping

by Jack Johnston

One of my family's traditions is to go camping every year in a cabin with our dog. We have amazing food, play cards and go on a hike. We go to a place called Merck Forest Farmland reserve. It also has cabins, farms, and animals such as Fern and Arch, the two horses, and many pigs and goats.

The farmland and scenery at Merck Forest are beautiful. There are many viewpoints and gorgeous mountain tops. The tallest mountain there is called Mount Antone. You can see for hundreds of miles from the top of that mountain. The farm is full of life. There are many kinds of animals from chickens to horses.

Merck Forest also has a sap house. A sap house is a place where they make maple syrup. The forest has sap lines running through like spider webs. The sap runs downhill by gravity and into a holding tank. Then the sap goes into what is called a sap evaporator. It goes through the machine and condenses. The water evaporates out of the sap turning it into a syrup. Then it is bottled. Personally, I think that the dark amber is the best.

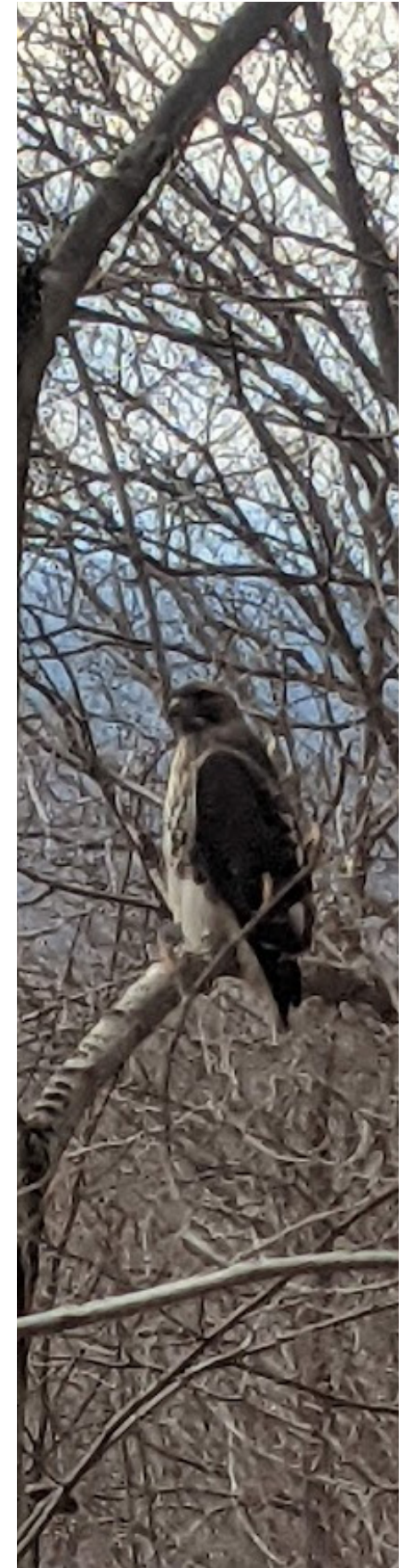
Merck Forest has multiple log cabins from lean-tos to miniature houses. There are multiple cabins we have stayed in, such as the Viewpoint Cabin. The Viewpoint Cabin has a beautiful view of the other side of the mountain and other peaks in the mountain range. Another cabin I have stayed at is Neorod. The Neorod has a huge loft with a wooden ladder. My brother and I sleep up in the loft and play cards.

My family always tries to stay at the cabins over New Year's Eve. We always go on a hike, play cards, do a puzzle, and cook amazing meals. My favorite meal is yellow rice and chicken made on the wood burning stove. Sometimes the weather is bad. One time that we went, there was four feet of snow, which made it really hard to hike up the mountain.

One of my favorite memories was when we hiked up to Mount Antone and took a family picture, had some snacks, and hiked back down to the cabin. Another funny and memorable thing was when my mom's foot was getting cold walking up. I looked down at her feet, and the front of her boot was hanging off. Her shoe had broken, and she had to walk the rest of the way up with one shoe and a bag tied around her other foot.

This is a tradition for me because I do it every year, and it's always a great way to have fun with my family and spend time together.

Photos by Jack Johnston



Prayer

by Mathew Robinson

My family tradition is incorporated with prayer. Every time we sit down to eat, we pray for our blessings. We rotate every time, so it isn't the same person praying each time.

When my brother was four years old, he thought it would be a good idea to hold hands while we pray. This is an addition we have. We also go into a different room for religious holidays.

Everyone in our family prays differently. I, for example, I use scripture and other prayers from religion class. My brother uses "Thank you Lord for these gifts that we are about to receive, through thy bounty, from Christ our Lord. Amen". He also prays that everyone in

the family is well.

My mother usually prays in thanks that we are eating together. And my dad prays that we treat each other with kindness and respect. "Happy, hungry, healthy, home. Amen." is one that he invented

While praying, we bow our heads and listen to the speaker. Our prayers have meaning for the way our day has passed, whether in a good way or a bad way. We reflect and pray that we can do better next time.

Our family tradition is one of prayer. It has a very deep meaning for me and the rest of my family.

Pizza Night Friday

by Roy Bellace

Every Friday
Is a pizza night
Whether you had some during the day
or did not have any
The idea of Friday
Just makes you drool.
While usually ordering
From the same place every week

The three boxes on the counter
Do not get old.
One with sausage
One with nothing but cheese and sauce
And one with four cheeses
And it all comes down
To the last workday of the week
Pizza Fridays.

Thirty Days of Cake

by Mikey Kim

In our family, we have a special yearly tradition that we call "Thirty Days of Cake". This is a tradition, which we kick off every September 9th and which runs until October 9th. First, we celebrate the birthday of my oldest brother Stevie on September 9th. Next, we celebrate my grandma's (we call her "Po-Po") birthday on September 11th. We celebrate at home with our family and on the weekend with more family and friends. As you can imagine, that is a lot of cake!

However, that is just the beginning - the celebrations continue! The next birthday in our family is on September 15th, and that is the day my big sister was born. She says that is the most special day of all, but in my humble opinion, the next day, September 16th, is even more special because that is my own birthday! With all of these celebrations, we eat lots of cake (and lots of leftover cake) every day during this whole month!

Next on the birthday list is my Dad, and his special day is September 30. My grandpa and uncle on my Dad's side always choose a weekend (or two) in September to come up and celebrate all of our birthdays, and that always means more cake. We have ice cream cake, vanilla cake, marble cake, chocolate cake, cheesecake, cupcakes, and even a Krispy Kreme donut cake, which is my favorite!

The celebration of my Dad's birthday is not the end. On October 9th, my other brother Tommy brings an end to this marathon of cake eating, when we celebrate his birthday. You might think I would be sick of cake by the time our "Thirty Days of Cake" comes to an end, but that is just not true. I love cake, and I love celebrating with my family and all of my friends. "Thirty Days of Cake" is special to me because it means family and lots of cake, which are two of my favorite things.

A Connor Family Tradition

by Rowan Connor

One of our favorite family traditions is the Family Turkey Bowl each Thanksgiving. The Turkey Bowl is a football game, in which we split the family up into teams that include cousins, parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles. The game is played until a team scores 21 points. The game is played in our backyard, regardless of the weather.

Usually, the game consists of an action-packed, intense, and sometimes funny range of plays. I will never forget the time when my grandmother was running and just

dropped the ball, and I, at the age of seven, picked it up and scored to win the game. During another game, when my aunt tried to throw a pass, she threw it in the wrong direction.

Because of the Pandemic, we have not been able to have the Annual Turkey Bowl, but I look forward to re-establishing this tradition with my family in the upcoming years.

The Pickle

by Tyler Stahl

The pickle as a glass Christmas decoration is a German tradition. The origin of the Christmas pickle may have been developed for marketing purposes in the 1890s to coincide with the importation of glass Christmas tree decorations from Germany.

Every Christmas, one person in my family hides the glass pickle, and one person is picked to find it. On Christmas Day, that one person looks in the tree and tries to find it.

I have found the pickle five out of six times. You can also put the pickle on the back of the tree, so the finder has to go around the tree to find it. In my family most of the time, my sister and I are finders, but on other years, the whole family is.

This tradition is kept by my immediate family on Christmas. My dad and his family grew up with this tradition, and my immediate family is keeping it alive to this day.



Cabin by Yidrew Chen

Christmas

by Ford Pisano

My family has a lot of traditions, starting from Halloween all the way to Easter. The focus for this memoir, however, is Christmas. Christmas is a time for laughs, for presents, and most importantly family.

Christmas eve is really when it all starts. My family will dress up and go to my church's night service. Once the service is over, we will grab some hot cocoa and drive to my grandparents party. Right before we get there though, we'll stop by my friend's neighborhood, where each family at each house lights a bunch of lanterns from one side of their property to the other side. "What a sight for sore eyes," my mom will always say. Once we've driven through the entire neighborhood, we will get back on course to the party. My grandparents host a wonderful party at their house and invite the whole family. We play games, watch movies, and sometimes just chat. When it comes time, we will all gather around the fireplace while the kids fill a plate with cookies and milk. Once the kids are done, my grandma will bring the plate over

to the fireplace, and a special person will be chosen to read The Night Before Christmas. Then everyone will go home for the night.

When my family gets home, we repeat the cookies and milk by the fireplace. Then after a bit, we will go to bed and wait for the day to come. On christmas morning, I usually wake up first; thus, waking everyone else up. After a while, we all get ready and walk downstairs together.

Next it's present time. After presents, my whole family comes over for laughs, presents, and family. My mom will make a wonderful brunch while one by one we open present after present until there's none left. Next it gets a little weird. It's part of the tradition that the parents will fill these giant stockings with gifts, upon gifts, upon gifts for each person. Then all together we devour our stockings, and at the bottom lies a mystery gift for the whole family that's different every year. Once everyone's done filling ... we open them.

That's my family's Christmas tradition.

Chinese New Year

by Justin Zhang

My family's favorite tradition is the Chinese New Year. This is the most important festival in Chinese culture. We do many sorts of things, like putting money in red envelopes and giving them to our friends and family. One of the most outstanding things about the Chinese New Year is the story.

Once, there was a monster named Nian (year). Every beginning of the year, he would attack. To keep Nian away, people started to put up red banners and fireworks every year so Nian would never come back. This story explains some of the traditions of the Chinese New Year, such as putting up red around the house and lighting fireworks.

The story of the Chinese Zodiac begins in Shi Huangdi's kingdom, where he wanted a way to measure time, so he organized The Great Race. The animals would race across the river, and the twelve that would pass the finish line first would have a spot in the Chinese Zodiac. The mouse, being wise and clever, woke up early in the morning to get past the finish line. Unfortunately, she had no way to cross the river. She spotted the bull, who allowed her to ride on his back. The cat, also there, rode next to the mouse. The mouse didn't want to take any

chances, so the mouse pushed the cat in. She secured first place but had lost a good friend. The bull came in second, and the tiger came in third. The rabbit leaped across the stones to obtain the fourth place. The dragon flew across the river, taking the fifth spot. The horse, right after crossing the river, was jumped by the snake, who slithered into the fifth spot. The horse, frightened by the snake, took sixth. The rooster, monkey, and the goat took a raft and floated through the finish line. The dog, being a decent swimmer, swam through the finish line just before the pig rowed his raft through.

This story also explains why cats and rats do not get along! Overall, in the Chinese New Year, we use fireworks and red banners to celebrate, and we also give red envelopes containing money to friends and loved ones. During the Chinese New Year, we also do things like kung fu. The Chinese New Year has a Spring Festival, which is when people come to see their relatives and have a feast. The Spring Festival is the time of year when most people are traveling. Every year, we celebrate the animal that represented our year before and the animal that will represent the year ahead of us.



Celebrating New Year

by Jayden Lu

Chinese New Year is basically a day where we remove the good and bad and welcome the good. In the morning, when we wake up, we put up decorations. We usually put red and yellow things around our house, because these colors mean good luck and happiness. We then go to a theater, where I see dragons moving around and people dancing. It is just a great time. We then go to my friend's place

because Chinese New Year is also about getting together. At my friend's place, we usually light fireworks, put lanterns up, and eat dumplings and spring rolls together. We also offer sacrifices to our ancestors, and then we give something called a Red envelope to each other. The envelopes contain money.

In conclusion, Chinese New Year is a great holiday, and these are the reasons why I like it.

My Family's Favorite Tradition

by Julian Zhu

Chinese New Year's Eve is the biggest thing for my family and is the busiest day for my grandma. At about 7 in the morning of Chinese New Year's Eve, my grandma wakes up while everyone is sleeping. She gets things ready and prepares some Chinese dishes, like spring rolls, dumplings, pork belly, and fish with the things that my mom got from shopping the previous day. She makes them and gets everything prepared for the whole day.

Fish is an especially important dish, since in Chinese its word is "Yu", and it sounds the same as leftover. Having left-

overs on the last day of the year means it has been a year of good harvest and that good fortune will carry over to the next year.

Then at around 6 pm, our relatives start to come in. At 8:30 pm everyone sits at the table to eat and toast to a wonderful year. After everyone eats, everyone wishes each other good health and fortune and wishes fortune and good health to their relatives. Everyone plays cards, and my grandma gives out red envelopes with money to the kids to put under their pillows. We are allowed to stay up until 12:00 am and wish everyone a Happy New Year.



Tick-tock by Aidan Lawler

My New Year

by Jia Zhang

At the end of January, while mostly everyone else is either following through with his or her New Year's resolution or not, my family is getting ready to celebrate our family traditions of the Chinese New Year. One of the first steps we do as a family is clean up the house as this helps us take away the old year and welcome in the new one. Next, we hang up decorations, such as banners that show us the animal of the year. It is really fascinating to see my sister getting older, now playing a role in this as she dances around while placing the red banners around our house. As the finishing touches are being made with the decorations, we then start to make the foods for our New Year's feast.

We make many foods, such as dumplings, rice, noodles, meat, chow mei, and my favorite, dim sum. My grandmother makes them with multiple fillings that are from a recipe that has been passed down by generations. My mouth is watering just thinking of these savory dim sum. Before we sit down and celebrate with the food, we have to get ready. We start to put on our red and yellow clothes, which symbolize happiness, good fortune, and royalty. For many years, my mother has worn a "Mary Poppins" skirt that is red with an outline of yellow. My dad's red tuxedo shows us that he means business, which makes many of us laugh. My grandfather has a very fancy yellow shirt that has red on the inside. His jazzy, yellow shoes make up all the shine in the family picture. In years to come, I wish to see my sister in my mom's skirt and me in my grandfather's jazzy, yellow shoes.

After enjoying our feast, we then give out red envelopes that have money inside



Mindfulness by Aidan Lawler

of them. We receive the same red envelopes every year. My envelope is special. I open it delicately, as it is one of the oldest and has been repaired four times. Finally, we continue the symbolism of luck as we watch the dragon dance since the dragon brings pure luck to our world. Chinese New Year is a sacred tradition that I cherish with my family, and I look forward to it in the years to come.

Easter Tradition

by Sandro Cunningham

One of my favorite family traditions is our annual Easter wiffle ball game, in which the boys and girls in my family play a competitive nine-inning game. This tradition started seven years ago after my *Zizi* Tina and I came up with this great idea to play. This Easter will be our eighth year playing together, and we are making great memories.

The boys have had a great seven years of wiffle ball with a record of 6-1 after a devastating loss in 2018. Every year, I would like to add a special touch to our day. I have decided to make trophies for the winners this year. I am looking forward to planning something new to add next year.

Stay tuned for the results.

Easter Trip

by Will Schmitt

Every Easter, my family and I go to my grandmother's house in Connecticut. It is a long and rocky drive, but it is worth it to see my grandparents and my cousins. My grandparents hide eggs around the house and include five golden eggs, which are really hard to find. The golden eggs have five dollars in them. You have to go really fast to get them, or my cousins will find them first. After our Easter Egg Hunt, we open up our Easter Baskets and get candy. Then we have a big dinner as a family later in the day.

My grandparents have a really big trampoline at their house. I also get to see my uncle,

who is really funny. Sometimes on the trampoline we play gaga, and the ball goes flying up and then down. My uncle and I play catch with a football. He throws it really fast, but I catch it..... sometimes. For lunch, my grandpa makes the best grilled cheese; it is awesome! Both my grandparents make the best food. A few times my cousin and I have played video games on my phone or his Nintendo, which is really cool.

I am glad to have this family tradition, when I get to spend so much time with my family.

Celebrating Buddha's Birthday

by Marvin Zhu

My family celebrates Buddha's birthday as a family tradition because we are Buddhists. Prince Siddhartha, also known as Sakyamuni Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, was born on the 8th day of the fourth lunar month in May over 2,550 years ago in Lumbini, Kapilavastu in Northern India, known as Nepal today. Thus, this festival is primarily celebrated in the Vaisakha month of the Buddhist calendar.

Prince Siddhartha was born when Queen Maya was taking a break on the way to her parents' house. While Queen Maya was in the lush Gardens of Lumbini, she began going into labor. When Prince Siddhartha was born, it was a beautiful day. Soon after the baby prince was born, nine dragons appeared and emitted two streams of water, one stream cold and one stream hot. The water was the purest fragrant rain that was then used to bathe the prince. He immediately took seven steps after his bath. On each of the seven steps he took, a lotus flower grew beneath his feet. After he took

his seven steps, he pointed one hand to the heavens and one hand to the ground and said,

"Heaven above and earth beneath. I am the Honored One, the One who liberates all who suffer in the Three Realms."

When Buddha died, it became a tradition to bathe statues that looked like him to commemorate his birth.

Our family celebrates Buddha's birthday by bathing a statue of baby Siddhartha (the Buddha) at a Buddhist temple in South Plainfield, which is a chapter of Fo Guang Shan. When our family goes there to bathe Buddha, we first burn incense, then take a bow with our palms joined, and then fill the ladle with fragrant water. After we fill the ladle, we carefully pour water over the statue of Buddha. We do this three times.

I think this is an interesting activity. I also think it is a great way to get together with other Buddhists and look at the beautiful decorations.





Road to the Future by Brennan Caldwell

The Philadelphia Phillies

by Thomas Davis

One of my family's favorite traditions is going to Philadelphia Phillies games. Ever since my dad was young, he remembers being a huge Phillies fan, and in 2008, they went to game five of the World Series when the Phillies beat the Rays and won. In 2009, my family went to the World Series games with me in the womb. Later, my favorite memory is when Ryan Howard came in after the third out and flipped me the ball when we were in the front row. I still have that ball hung up in my room to this day.

I am waiting for the Phillies to do some homecoming thing to maybe get the ball signed by him. It is still probably my favorite piece of memorabilia. I remember

going to Howard's retirement game in 2019 when the Phillies hit a walk-off home run against the Washington Nationals.

My dad went to Opening Day in 2019, and that was also Bryce Harper's debut as a Phillie. Sometimes we also see John Huber, my dad's friend from work, who is a huge baseball fan. It is always fun to talk to him about the upcoming schedule, trade rumors, and discuss positions in need, how to fix them, and more general managerial moves and decisions. We've been to games where they have lost, and we have been to games that they have won. However, the most important thing about the entire experience is that we are together.

Summer Vacation

by Marc Galante

My family's strongest tradition is that every year we travel in a car to Hilton Head, North Carolina in August. We wake up at 4 am in the morning, eat breakfast and head down to Hilton Head. The drive down there is 12 to 14 hours. We bring board games and coloring books and watch YouTube during the drive. Once we get to Hilton Head, we go to the townhouse that we rent every time we go there. The day we arrive, we usually go to a restaurant for dinner and then relax the rest of the night.

After the day we arrive, we bike ride every day and go to the pool and the beach. We go down to the plaza and get cupcakes, ice cream from a shop with 92 homemade flavors, and a lot more. We also get our own

custom candle, and we paint our own art sculpture at an art gallery. By the time we go to bed, we all feel like we are going to pass out, but each day is super fun. One year we even spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at Hilton Head.

We always stay at Hilton Head for two weeks, and when those two weeks are over, we pack our bags and head back home. On the way back home, we really don't leave our townhouse until around 10:30am, so we get home by 6:00 or 8:00 at night.

I hope this family tradition sticks with my family when I have kids one day because it is just so much fun to go down to Hilton Head.

Family Recipes

Homemade Biscotti

by Dominic Carabelli

Biscotti is an Italian dessert. It is a crescent-shaped cookie that has a sweet almond taste. The recipe has been in my family for generations. My grandmother makes it, and I really love the taste of the cookies, especially with powdered sugar on top. We usually have them on special holidays, such as Christmas and Easter. I hope you enjoy this recipe as much as I do.

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.

6 eggs (beat together)
1 cup vegetable oil
1 ¼ cup sugar
1 1oz. bottle anise flavoring
6 tsps. baking powder
2 cups chopped walnuts
4 cups flour

Mix everything together in a large bowl until smooth. Put mixture on a cutting board. Keep working until it is no longer sticky. Roll into 4-6 small loaves. Place loaves on a greased cookie sheet and bake for about 20-25 minutes (until they are a light golden color). Remove from the cookie sheet and slice on an angle. Place side up on a sheet again and toast for about 8-10 minutes. Let cool and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Enjoy.

My Grandma's Famous Cheesecake Recipe

by Chase Clewell

First grease the bottom and sides of 9" or 10" spring mold with butter.

Crust:

½ box of graham crackers (crushed)
1 stick of butter
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg

Combine dry ingredients inside a greased pan. Add melted butter and mix with a wooden spoon. With fingers, press crumbs on the bottom and sides of the pan. Refrigerate for 10 minutes.

Filling:

3 large cream cheese packs
3 eggs
1 cup of sugar

Put cream cheese in mixer, add eggs and sugar. Mix well and pour in the pan. Bake for 30 minutes at 375F.

When cool prepare the following topping:

1 pt. sour cream
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Combine ingredients well and pour over cool, baked cheesecake.

Preheat the oven to 475F. Bake for 10 minutes. Cool.

Cover cake with strawberry, cherry or blueberry Comstock filling. (I usually use 1 ½ cans.)

From Past to Future



Welcome to the Past and Future
by Yidrew Chen

Past to Future

by Patrick Frith

Some pages in a book are so good
That you want to keep rereading them,
Enjoying them,
Digesting them.
These are like the memories
Of the past that you want to relive,
Recall,
Cherish.
But like those pages in a book,
Chapters end,
And you must keep moving from the
past.
Leave the past there,
On its precious pages in your mind,
But keep turning,
Keep reading,
And look for the next great book

That next great book
Is the future.
You may not know the title,
Just as you cannot know the future,
But you look forward to reading
Just as you must look forward to living.
And you know you still have the old
books
In case you want to reread a passage,
And you'll always have the past
In case you want to recall a time.
Do not dwell on those pages,
But rather choose the new book
And embrace the potential
Of an unwritten future.

Life's Race

by Noah Mondello

Birth,
A marathon runner starting life's race
Filled with vitality and eagerness.
Youth,
Like an eagle
Ready to spread its wings and take flight.
Carefree, Curious, and Confident,
Changing courses with life's oversights,
A reflection of childhood innocence past.

Running life's final mile
With death knocking on my door,
My frail body a rickety car
Running out of fuel.
I ponder the questions I will ask:
Am I satisfied with the race I ran?
Did I leave my mark?
Finish line now in sight,
Where will it lead me?
Fearful of the unknown
Yet content in my achievements,
As I close my eyes for eternal rest,
Peaceful as the clouds dancing in the clear
blue sky,
I attempt a final stride across the finish line.
Will I win life's race?

___End

by Evan Messina

a construct
we have no control over
we try
but

it takes and it takes and it takes and
it gives life without abandon
uncaring
unceasing in its endless ravaging rampage
no motives
no soul but the sole purpose of keeping
everything moving

now
movement is progress
me saying now
was me keeping this poem moving
progressing

society longs for direction
neverending
but why
when it is so tedious
to continue

why is the question

700,000 of these
hours i am
spending
in my entire life

only a few years in
everything
a few moments
till we're gone
midnight sky
leading to the end of the universe

but there is no end to time
it feels hopeless
the maw of time a
hole
as dark as the waning moon

time
draining and
passing as i
write and there are only

700,000 of these
hours i am
spending
in my entire life
only a few years in
everything
a
few moments
till we're gone

it feels hopeless
the maw of time a
hole
as dark as the waning midnight sky
leading to the end of the universe

but there is no end to time

Train Ride

by Walter Plimpton

The deep blue vinyl seat is marked by dirty
footprints from previous travelers.
There's a torn hole in the cushion, an un-
stitched mouth of stuffed foam.
It gapes and yawns at me without saying any
words.
The train attendant walks stiffly down the
aisle, punching tickets.
The hole punch eats away at the dirty yellow
paper. Clack, punch.
Outside, trees rush by like soldiers on the
march.
A dense emerald forest is followed by open
fields.

Seated backwards, my body propels for-
ward, leading into the unknown.
I see small towns, followed by empty parking
lots.
Roads running alongside the train tracks are
promises of different stories.
Stops at train stations are moments of rest,
and the faces of passengers
Are people I haven't yet met.
The armrests resemble comfort and calm-
ness.
Movement outside faster than I can think.
The cushion hole continues to smirk and
taunt me, aware of where I am heading
Even when I don't know.

The Camera

by Ryan Peng

The future becoming present is like seeing
through a camera.
Constantly flooding us with information.
Sometimes this information comes too fast
for the lens to focus and process the image in
clearly, and others slowly unfold themselves.
Though we do not always get to choose what
our cameras capture
and store
in the album.

The past is an album of photos.
Filled with memories that we perceive as im-
portant.
Some of these photos are seen through filters
or cropped to perfection,
while others are left untouched to remind us of
their true meaning.
Rarely will these memories be presented pub-
licly without modifications.

Cabin by Yidrew Chen



The Quill 2021-2022 29

Young and Old

by Max Decker

I gaze upon the world
And picture bright futures in my head.
Bobby, who is in my room,
Makes me happy everyday.
Everyday, I rest on a chair
And envy the smart adults.
They seem outgoing and have all the answers.
My goal is to tour the world
And be like the adults

This was all that occupied my brain,
Taking up so much space I forgot
The life I was living in,
Not cherishing the beauty of my youth,
Wanting to become an omniscient adult.
My vision is now only the color
Of a monochrome.
I was taught the world is so perfect
Until I saw the marionettes that controll it.
Why do people do what they do?
How corrupt the world is!
I have only one artifact left of my youth,
A toy named Bob,
I vaguely remember.
You spend your entire childhood
Wanting to grow up;
Then you spend the rest of your life
Wishing you were a kid again.

The Room

by Owen J. Burgess

A room with walls made of metal, impossi-
ble to break
With a locked door impossible to get
through.
There is only a window to see inside.
The room is the past, rooted like a tree.
You cannot go inside, no matter how much
you try.
The room does not care if you want to
change things.
Your memories are paintings: as you age
your eyes worsen,
And the painting gets blurrier until you can
no longer see it

So you go into the next room, hoping for
better.
Maybe this one can have perfect walls,
A beautiful tile floor,
But the room is blank
Waiting to be decorated.
Whether it's ugly or pretty,
You must go on to the next

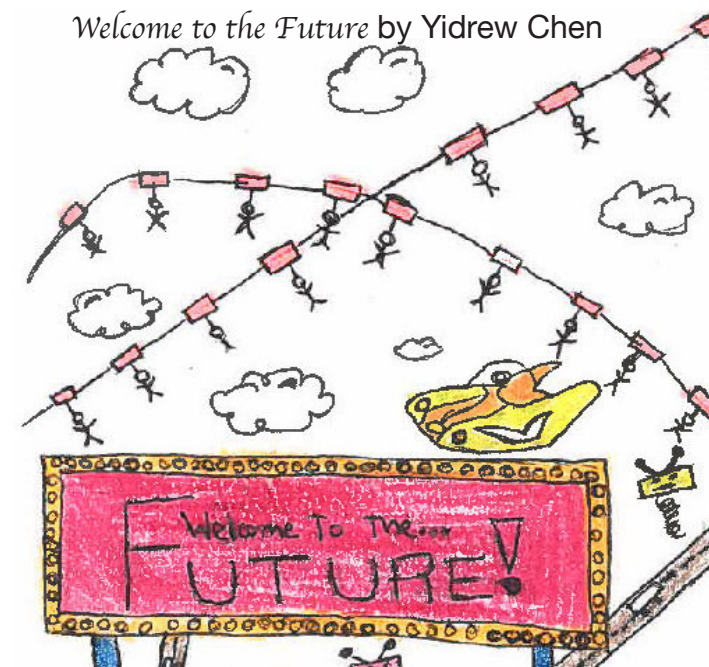
Looking to the Past and Future

by Drew Weinstein

In the past, our race failed to thrive,
After all, we witnessed true friends die.
Tis' true I pondered and watched, as
He flew like an eagle, into the sky.
And to that I say that when I look upon the
past,
I shall never cry.

The future enters your life like an unwelcome
guest.
As I look to the future, one should impose
Life is great, below those
Who choose to live fruitfully and wise.
For fortune favors the brave and is kind.
To be great I must survive
And bare the time, for fortune is an unseen
future.
So now I look to the past.

Welcome to the Future by Yidrew Chen



Ghoul's Laughter by Eric Qian



Mouth and Fog

Logan Huang

It is a hungry mouth, whose stomach can
hold all,
A bottomless pit causing what happens
now to fall.
Once in the past, unable to get back,
Like light entering a tunnel of endless black.
Every second that goes by makes it more
powerful;
Tick-tock, another moment lost forever.
Some day you shall hear its name at last,
For its name that you hear is the past.

The future is like dense fog
Almost impossible to see, like looking
through thick smog.
An infinite amount of time that you will nev-
er see,
An infinite amount of time that will always
be
Changeable by our current endeavors.
We need to start taking action now.
For a path that is far and distant.
Our first step is here, at this instant.

A Mountain and Space

by Raphael Zhu

The past,
Like a mountain,
Unmovable and vast,
Nothing a man could do would affect it.
So ancient,
No one remembers anything before it.
Growing,
So slowly,
No one could notice it.

The future,
Like space,
Almost endless,
Nothing mankind could do
Would affect even the smallest fraction
Of a fraction of it.
So mysterious,
We only know what is very close to us.
So huge,
Our lives seem irrelevant compared to the size of
it,
Like the smallest bug ever compared
To the largest whale ever.



Portal by Yidrew Chen

2081 is the End

by Evan Messina

The wind was not kind that night–
It howled and tore at the windows and the
Cacks and crevices–
It couldn't let the scientist succeed.
It was time travel– the new thing the new
Revolution the
Final thing to break still controlled by nature–
The want for more.

it seemed they would get it– the creaks and
Cries of the trees– feeble splashing of the
Spoiled rotten stinking river, but not a rich
kid, beggar–
Meant nothing to them– the scientist, hu-
manity.
What were their twisted laws, made by a
Corrupt god?
Only the ones made for themselves– nature
Had no power. none. it longed to be broken.

Then the rain was irate it
Lashed the roof– an invisible hand wielding
Lghtning breaking the chronologic
Breaking
Lab.
The scientist fell– The sky laughed.
Then she hit the cold, crimson button– The
color of blood–
And the sky made a sound again– Screams
So many tears, so many
Breaking the world with nothing left–
Because there is no law
Without time.

Leaf Spit

by Evan Messina

When dew falls softly
and patters joyously into life
the thin surface of a
green silken Leaf

Slides
ice down the
tiny slope shaping the
tiny slope
a Funnel

A miniature
drop
so many
worlds of
atoms so many
moving as a
cicada
it's frenzy to
Escape

Falls
twisting
a world of sky spit a
fraction of
Galaxies

To roll gracefully an
acrobat
missing and
splattering on the
ground
as a spark a star
Dissolves

Sun's energy it
fills the droplets it
burns the sparks
split like the sky of a
new day
life of
hopeful droplets
smiling because they can be
because they split
but never
truly dissolved
to the stream of time
the endless Cycle

They accumulate
acquiesce
silent
to fall feel the
silken leaf
to roll
leave its tongue as
leaf spit
kissing the ground the
sky but always
a droplet Again.

Can We Save Our Future?

Our Planet's Future in the Era of Climate Change

by Ethan Chen

Most stories of climate change are about too much carbon dioxide, but that is not the whole story. Many kids hope for snow every year, but with the Earth getting warmer and warmer each day, it may be too hot for even one snowflake to land on the ground at the winter's coldest. I remember not getting a single snow day for an entire year during 2019.

Many effects of climate change are bad for our planet, such as warmer tem-

peratures, ice caps melting and turning into water, some arctic species going extinct, and also sea levels rising.

While people know about climate change and sea levels rise, most refuse to help as they think that they might die before our planet has reached the tipping point, but it may come sooner than expected as scientists believe that it may be too late in 2030.

Climate change starts when we produce greenhouse gasses, and then the gasses act like a blanket for the Earth's heat and keep the heat in; therefore, making it hotter. The hottest years are usually the most recent as the heat keeps rising. The hot planet relates to rising amounts of heat stroke, as well as more wildfires due to the trees being too dry.

Some other scarier effects of climate change include more severe storms and weather, drier land, more health risks, slightly endangered species almost pushed to extinction, and most importantly, not having enough food or water.

The way we can lower the amount of greenhouse gasses in the atmosphere is by reducing our carbon footprint. That doesn't mean going back to the old times where people had to carry candles around, but instead, helping the environment such as planting trees to stop carbon dioxide from spreading too far. Some major producers of carbon dioxide are car exhaust and electricity, so do not use these producers when it is not necessary.

One of the major causes of climate change is the amount of trees being cut down to build new things, such as more industrial buildings and farms. On top of that, humans in bigger countries use way too much water and also waste it, but the rivers that supply the water are getting drier every year. One way to solve trees being cut down as well as water getting evaporated is by reducing the amount of green

house gasses that are released into our atmosphere, and also planting more trees, the most notable example being MrBeast, the influential Youtuber, and his #Team-Trees project planting over 20 million trees throughout the United States.

A few other ways people can help to stop climate change is by using less electricity, like turning down the heating or cooling, washing clothes with cold water, and changing light bulbs to LED lights. Another way is to walk, carpool with others, or take public transportation, as most of the greenhouse gasses we see in everyday life are usually sourced to car exhaust. People also can eat more fruits and vegetables; therefore, forcing animal slaughtering farms to use less energy.

Most recently, technology has been developed worldwide to reduce our carbon footprint. In England for example, electric planes are being designed to reduce carbon dioxide releases by limiting the use of fuel. It is estimated that one gas molecule can produce 50 carbon dioxide atoms. Another example is a giant floating solar panel, which is being developed by companies in South Korea to help densely populated countries or countries with rugged terrain expand access to solar energy.

These are just some of the examples in which global scientists and engineers are helping the Earth slow down its climate change. There are many different ways that we can reduce this problem. We are still able to limit its threat, but if we don't act now we might never be able to.

The Loaf

by Robert Lee

The loaf of bread sits in the fridge,
Cut into equal slices.
Each with a flawless crust,
And an impeccable flavor.
The bread is baked to perfection.

But time passes,
A day,
A week,
A month.

The loaf of bread sits in the back of the
fridge,
Neglected.
As new groceries are bought and eaten, the
loaf is forgotten.

Soon time takes over,
And mold begins to form.
What was once a perfect loaf of bread,
Has been lost to time.

Until the family wants to make sandwiches,
And they remember the loaf of bread.
Only to realize the predicament it is in.

The rotten smell of mold reeks within the
fridge.

Like a parasite it has begun to spread.
Soon the entire fridge is covered in mold.
The once beautiful loaf is just a memory,
What is left is a reminder of what it could
have been.
But now, there is no way to go back. Those
in power look down upon the Earth,
The loaf of bread.
It has begun to rot, neglected for decades,
Yet they sit back and let other groceries
Obscure it.

Come buy an electric car!
New solar panel farm opening!
We will become carbon free by 2023!

False lies, a short term solution.
Like the mold, global warming will destroy
us.
Devoid of bread a sandwich will crumble.
Devoid of the earth humanity will too.
We delay the inevitable behind all these new
solutions,
But we are nothing without the earth.

Melting and Rising

by Brennan Caldwell

Ice caps. So cold. So barren.
Being on one makes
Even the hottest
Of hot chocolate
Feel like a skating rink.
It's cold, but it is there for a purpose.
Heat, a nice warm sensation,
Most noticeable when your heat is taken
away in the Winter,
Then back in the spring and summer,
And gradually fades through fall.
As the heat gets trapped
By a thing called CO2,
Up in the air,
Trying to make the world hotter
By keeping the hot air in.
An evil plan indeed,
And it is working.
When an ice cap falls,
And trips on the heat cord and sinks away,
Melting, melting,
The sea rises,
What seems to be just an inch or two,
Bit by bit it climbs,
Consuming islands, places people live,
And soon, if it all melts,
We may be able to find the lost city of Atlan-
tis,
While also wondering what happened to
NYC.
The fish will laugh while we swim or sink.

Climate Fate

by Qi Ao

Having heard the dulcet tones of nature's
orchestra
And the many tales of how they would all fade
Sorrow for the trees that sheltered a different
world
Burnt in raging fire to ashes
The Arctic cut by a blazing knife
Dissolving into the vast ocean
The sky, once a diamond, is but a dry stone
The light of Helios is the prisoner of pollution
What had once been a vibrant talisman of life
Is draining into a ruthless magma rock
The time will never come; many believe
There is an abundance, not actually
Before we know it, not only has the climate
changed
But our fates have also silently turned

A big thank you to Percy Bysshe Shelley for all
his amazing inspiration!

Portal by Yidrew Chen



*Living in the Future
Generations*

by Thomas Davis

Living in the future generations
Though there isn’t much at all
You’ll have to realize that it’s warmer
And wonder where is fall

You’d think we hated animals
And find them all extinct
Maybe see that they’re not there
And feel it’s indistinct

With no forests or islands
Or habitats anywhere
You’ll feel like you’ve lost
Your old teddy bear

Black Wolf Running

by Jack Johnston

A black wolf one of the last of its kind
Running from hunters
Feeling uneasy
Struggling to find food in the stumps and
branches
That litter the ground
In the Alaskan wilderness

The Wheel

by Yidrew Chen

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter.
Each with its own benefits and disadvantages.
Spring is like a nurse,
Nursing all organisms back to life after Winter’s
harsh treatment.
Summer is the time for self-growth,
Continuing what Spring started.
Fall is the cremation process,
Leaves fall and crumble and flowers flop over.
Winter is a funeral for all organisms.

That process was repeated like an infinitely spin-
ning wheel
Until new stages began.
Spring became part nurse, part killer.
Summer is no longer as sunny;
Fall is a mixture of white, black, and yellow.
Winter is not as white anymore.
The wheel now has obstacles in its way.

The Abyss

by Jeffrey Yang

The great abyss,
Mysterious and never ending,
The mysterious abyss prolonged for discovery,
The never ending depth and limitless territory.
The future is like this abyss with mysteries awaiting us,
Endless opportunities for new discovery.

Yet the dark of the future is like the bottomless abyss.
Closer to the top, the light may be realized.
The closer the future comes, the more dark or light it brings,

As I look at my future, it is seemingly a long journey.
The depth and the stretch is like the past,
Not allowing us to turn back.