

The BELL Academy Literary Magazine



Spring 2017

A Letter from the Moderator

Dear BELL Family,

This is the second edition of the BELL Literary Magazine, and it would not have been possible without the dedication of the students who participate in our club meetings. I continue to be amazed by your talent, commitment, collaborative spirit, and willingness to take creative risks.

While we look forward to next year, we will dearly miss our 8th grade staff members. You have played a central role in the development of our magazine, providing an outlet for your fellow student writers and artists. Continue exploring your talents in high school, and seek out creative writing opportunities. The rest of the BELL Literary Magazine staff will continue the incredible work you started!

We always welcome new club members so please inquire if you would like to join. If you are interested in seeing your work published, send it our way!

It truly is a privilege to work with BELL students, and I thank each and every one of you for the opportunity to serve as the literary magazine moderator. A special thank you to Mr. Abbott and Mr. Perskin for their continued support and encouragement of the arts.

Now it's time to pick up a pen and start writing!

Ms. Bell

Frequently Asked Questions

What kind of work does the Literary Magazine accept?

We accept original stories, poems, plays, song lyrics, creative essays, and artwork, including drawings and photographs.

How do you submit an entry?

You can submit entries by emailing bbell@thebellacademy.com, placing them in Ms. Bell's mailbox, or visiting our page on the BELL website.

How should I join the club?

Ask Ms. Bell for a permission slip and attend the Literary Magazine club meeting after school every Friday from 2:15 to 3:15 in Room 316.

Do I have to join the club in order to submit an entry?

No, any BELL Academy student may submit their work for consideration.

Will every submission be published?

We are a selective literary magazine, but our staff will work with every author to ensure your piece is published.

Will my work be edited?

Minor edits such as capitalization, spelling or punctuation may be made on your behalf. You will be contacted if any other suggestions are made.

Staff Names and Roles

Club Moderator

Ms. Brittany Bell

Layout Editor

Joyce Oh

Editors

Kaitlyn Chung

Marissa Edelstein

Shawn Edelstein

Francesca Giammarino

Vincent Morinello

Susan Ye

Art Editor

Grace Chung

Advertising & Public Relations Committee

Lily Li

Hannah Min

Matthew Velez

Ashley Wu

Webmasters

Angela Chen

Jayden Melendez

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Drawing by Lily Li

Poetry



Photograph by Marissa Edelstein

Hope

Kaitlyn Chung

Remember all things are possible for those who believe
If my mind can believe, and my heart can conceive.

I know I can achieve it.

You'll land among the stars,

And the marks humans leave are too often scars.

Pusheen

Lily Li

Free food,
Free rent,
A long beauty sleep,
These things are important to me.

Annoying stuff I do all day,
are to sleep inconveniently and not play.
Then Yodel at 2:00 am when everyone is sleeping,
I'll be a alarm clock on your bed beeping.

Each day, I'll take donuts to eat,
To a luxurious place called the beach.
Then I'll make a lot of cake batter,
But then I'll eat it all and I will be fatter.

I ride on a unicorn I'm so fancy,
But I can also do some necromancy
I have so much etiquette this is real
I am a blogger, now that's a deal

I love my style, I glimmer and glam
My toe beans are amazing, this is not a scam
I'm very chubby and not at all fat
That's cuz I'm Pusheen the cat.



Fly Like a Bird

Marissa Edelstein

FLY LIKE A BIRD
SOAR THROUGH THE SKIES
ONE DAY THROUGH THE HEAVENS I'LL FLY
MAKING A CHANGE
IN THE WORLD SIDE BY SIDE
PROBLEMS ONCE FACED ME
BUT NOW I'M ALIVE
LET ME BE FREE
LET ME KNOW WHY
ONE DAY I WAS ALONE
AND NOW I CAN FLY
FAR FAR AWAY
FROM WHERE I BEGAN
THOSE THOUGHTS DON'T CONSUME ME
LOOK AT WHERE I AM!
MY MOTHER ONCE TOLD ME,
ONE DAY I WOULD FLY
I WOULD LOSE ALL MY PROBLEMS
BEFORE I COULD CRY
AND NOW
THAT I KNOW
LIFE WILL FLY BY
I'LL BE A BIRD
AND SOAR THROUGH THE SKY

IF YOU LOOKED AT ME

GRACE CHUNG

YOU LOOKED AT ME
AS IF I WAS THE ONLY PERSON YOU LOVED
YOU LOOKED AT ME
LIKE IF YOU LOST ME, YOU'D BE DEAD
YOU LOOKED AT ME
LIKE I WAS YOUR EVERYTHING
YOU LOOKED AT ME
LIKE I WAS THE ONLY PERSON YOU'D EVER LOVE.
BUT THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
NOW YOU LOOK AT HER.
YOU LOOK AT HER AS IF SHE'S THE ONLY PERSON YOU'VE EVER LOVED.
YOU LOOK AT HER
LIKE IF YOU LOST HER, YOU'D BE DEAD
YOU LOOK AT HER
AS IF SHE'S YOUR EVERYTHING.
YOU LOOK AT HER
AND PRETEND YOU NEVER LOOKED AT ME.

I Dreamt I was a Butterfly

Grace Chung

*I dreamt I was a butterfly
The world was in harmony
The smell of plums in the air
The soft wind helping me fly
Lights danced around like small fairies,
There was not a trouble in the world
since I dreamt I was a butterfly.*

BE YOU-TIFUL!

Francesca Giammarino



Be YOUtiful, that's all that you can do,
Be YOUtiful, come on, you've got nothing to prove

Be YOUtiful, and show the world that shining smile,
Be YOUtiful, and embrace your inner- child

Be YOUtiful, and take the world for granted,
Be YOUtiful, and take pride and chant it

Don't ever put yourself down, with what's bothering you
Won't be a year from now
Problems are temporary
A little spot on a clean glass window
A little cloud on a sunny day
Something as small as that, should never make you pay

So, Be YOUtiful, and do it with pride,
Be YOUtiful and show your heart that's growing so wide

Be YOUtiful, and let the world see
Be YOUtiful, and show the world how much YOU you can be!

EN VY

Grace Chung

My stomach bubbles
My eyes narrow
My teeth clench
My skin burns
Flames surround me
And everything hurts.

A Time for Laughter and Suffering

Joyce Oh

There's a time for laughter
When merry shouts rise into the air
When bright colors coat the world
When people beam like the rays of the sun
When people don't have a care in the world
When people take time to love each other
When enemies become friends.

There's a time for suffering.
When frightened screams rise into the air.
When the world is coated in black
When people's faces are streaming with tears
When people face death itself, its black cloak draping
over every one
When hatred spreads like a disease
When enemies stay as enemies
And heroes as heroes.

There's a time for everything
Whether it's Happiness,
Sadness,
Anger,
Fear,
Laughter,
Disgust,
Or Suffering.
It's the typical path of life, the path that just goes forward.



The Sun and the Moon

Grace Chung

You were the sun
And I was the moon
You were the sun
I loved you for your bright smile
Gentle touches
And loving heart.
We both loved each other,
Constantly working together
We were the perfect match
Meant to be
You warmed me, saved me
But then I guess you got bored
And you decided
You didn't love the night anymore
With its dark tones
Its deep secrets
And its broken heart.

Prose



Photograph by Marissa Edelstein

Perspective of A Teacher

Susan Ye

Today was the first day of December. As usual, I walked in the building and of course, I see paper snowflakes and other decorations everywhere! How do people even have time to do this all? Thanksgiving literally ended just a few days ago! As I continued to go in the main office, everyone looked a bit more happy and joyful than before. I decided to just go along with it. I mean, we all know that one grouchy teacher right? I obviously didn't want to be that person. I smiled broadly and took a sugar cookie from the counter table. Class started, but just like every other year, the students were way too annoying for me today. I tried my best to calm myself down so I wouldn't explode. I took a chance and tried to quiet down the class. Of course, they totally ignored me. While they were at a prep, I ran downstairs to go get myself a Starbucks Red Cup. I suppose I am that common girl, as the children all say. I came back in time, but guess what? The class was even wilder than before. I also wasted \$5.99 since that large cup of coffee was empty in six minutes. At this point, I can't take it anymore. I excuse myself to the bathroom and cried like a three year old. I ended up stopping a moment later remembering that I have a whole class to teach. At least it was the end of the day! Then I remembered that I have to create a ten page homework assignment for more than 100 kids. I took a deep breath and told myself to do it tomorrow. I was so done for today.

Please note: This perspective piece is the result of some of the work we did on point of view. Of course the opinion expressed in this piece does not represent the opinion of any of your BELL teachers!

Coffee

from the perspective of a bench

Marissa Edelstein

I sit outside the art museum every day. Naturally, I've seen a thing or two. My favorite story to tell is about the time I witnessed a couple break up over a coffee cup.

One sunny October morning I noticed a man and woman walk towards me. I hoped they would come sit on me. I love company.

“Shoo squirrel!” I said to a pesky rodent that was making me look unappealing to the couple.

First the man sat down, then the woman. The man's face looked irritated. The woman's face looked scared. The woman was holding a coffee cup. The man was covered in brown faded spots that smelled like exotic beans.

“Why did you do that?” the man screamed. Even I was intimidated by his threatening wrath.

The woman wiped tears from her face. She looked like an abandoned puppy, who had just lost faith in his old life coming back.

“I'm sorry,” she whispered, “it was an accident.” She buried her face in her hands.

I needed to find out what was happening. I used my bench powers to see what had happened earlier.

The man was an art buff whose name was Charlie. I could see him admiring his favorite painting, *Starry Night*. His girlfriend, Taylor, went to take a picture of

Charlie and the painting. She reached into her bag for her camera when someone knocked into her, causing her to trip and spill the coffee all over Charlie and the famous painting. The couple's fingerprints were taken. They were escorted out of the museum and charged a 50 million dollar fine, a fine that would take their entire lives and their children's and their grandchildren's lives to pay off.

BACK TO THE BENCH.

“I am never talking to you again. The fine is in your name, so **you** will pay it off. **You** can live down the embarrassment. This is all **your** fault. I want nothing to do with you.” Charlie screamed as he stormed out of the park, never to be seen by Taylor again.

“How can you do this!” Taylor yelled, but it was too late.



Photograph by Marissa Edelstein

PERSPECTIVE OF A DOG

Susan Ye

Every day, I wake up to the shouting of my owners. Not the negative types of shouting where they both scream at each other, but the type where they both laugh loudly nonstop until they fall to the ground crying. Yes, this happens every single day. I start walking up to them so that they can tickle my belly and run their hands through my soft fur. My owners are young little kids whose lives are always joyful. They don't see it, but sometimes when they smile, I smile as well. I came into their family about three months ago. At first, I felt like I was in danger. Even though I am very happy here, I miss my mom, my brothers, and my sisters. I had been with them my whole life, but I was the first to be separated. The little kids ran to me with open arms and started to pet me. Since they are both very young, they often forget the things I need as a pet, but that's okay. The adults, which are their parents, feed me enough food, walk me in the fresh air, and bathe me to make me feel clean. I lay on their laps and they make me feel warm. "Breakfast!" calls their mother. Even though I don't really understand what they are saying, I know that breakfast, lunch, and dinner means... FOOD...the thing I love so much! I run to the kitchen to my food and water bowl. YES! It is filled with my favorite! It is dog food with bits of bacon flavoring. I eat slowly so I don't become too full. When the little children don't finish their food, they give me some. Sometimes, they drop food bits and it lands in my mouth...magically. I guess being a pet is not that bad.

THE VALUE OF MONEY

Jayden Melendez

January 27th, 2017

“Here, I’ve found ten dollars today.” (Puts money in trunk)

April 2nd, 1961

Newspaper: We are sad to announce today that a taxi driver driving with an elderly woman has died in a deadly car crash into the Hudson River. Authorities have not released their names.

September 1st, 1902

“I’ve found \$25, mother, and I’m planning to save it until one day when I need it!” shouted the little girl.

“That’s great, but how many times have I told you not to shout in the household?” said the mom quietly and sternly.

“...Yes, mother,” the little girl said, annoyed.

June 12th, 1931

During the Great Depression, a couple is discussing an important issue.

“We need money for the family.” said the middle aged man

“I know, and I will find some until the jobs open up again.” said the middle aged woman

Later that day...

The woman opens a trunk.

“At least I’ve found more over the years.”

(Takes out \$100 from the trunk)

August 28th, 1953

*Two children are playing outside while an older woman is speaking to a younger woman
As the two children came inside...*

“Here, I want each of you to take five dollars,” said the old woman.

“Can we spend it?” said the first child.

“You shouldn’t spend spend it, it holds more value now than years ago.”

“I got it from working hard, and I left the rest in a trunk that I will one day give you.”

“An elephant trunk?” said the second child

“No...no not an elephant trunk...a chest that you can put items in.”

“OHHHHH...thanks, grandma!” said the two children together as they headed into the kitchen.

March 31st, 1993

Two men are arguing

“Why won’t you spend it?!?” said the man in the blue shirt.

“Because it holds too much value,” said the other man.

“Yeah, a value of over one-thousand dollars!”

“Not to me and grandma, and you know that she wanted us to use it in a better way than the way you want to spend it.”

The man in the blue shirt left the house.

September 11th, 2001

A man is talking to himself

“I was so selfish, I wanted to spend the money for something that would make my life better. I wouldn’t listen to the part about him wanting it because it was Grandma’s. I fought with them for all these years and now he’s gone.”

The man cried quietly to himself

November 27th, 2016

A boy opens a chest that seems to have been opened many times before.

“Wow, that a lot of money,” the boy said to himself.

The boy is wondering if he should take the money

“No, I won’t. Dad says that money can hold a lot more value than a currency.”

An old man and a younger man walk through the door

“That chest belongs to your grandpa,” said the young man.

“Well actually it belongs to my grandma, who is your great grandma and his great-great grandma,” said the old man.

“Really?” Everyone else in the room was surprised for their own reasons.

“Yep, let’s go get something to eat. I’m starved,” said the old man.

February 11th, 2017

A boy places five dollars in the trunk and notices the name Grace Guarino on the chest.

“Hey, that’s my last name!”

Insecurities

Susan Ye

Sometimes, I feel like I don't fit in. I feel insecure. Insecure about my looks, my personalities, and my whole life. The people around me don't make me feel better, either. Some people say that I'm ugly. Some say that I'm not good enough for them. Some people talk behind my back. The awkward moments when I feel important to someone, but I'm really not. As some people say, sticks and stones may break their bones, but words will rip my skin apart. My heart always ached, but I'm used to it. That was my life, before my life changed for the better. My best friend was the reason.

I remember that day like it was yesterday. A group of boys were surrounding me. They were threatening to throw rocks and stones at me. I was on the ground crying, as usual. I covered my head and rolled up like a ball. I was waiting until they would leave me alone. I started to stop hearing everything. It all went silent. Then I saw a hand as I lifted my head up. It didn't seem like a big bulky hand like the ones that the bullies have. It was a small and soft one. I saw some sort of light in this hand. I reached for this hand, and that hand was how I got back onto my own two feet. For 13 years, I have wished for this moment and it finally happened.