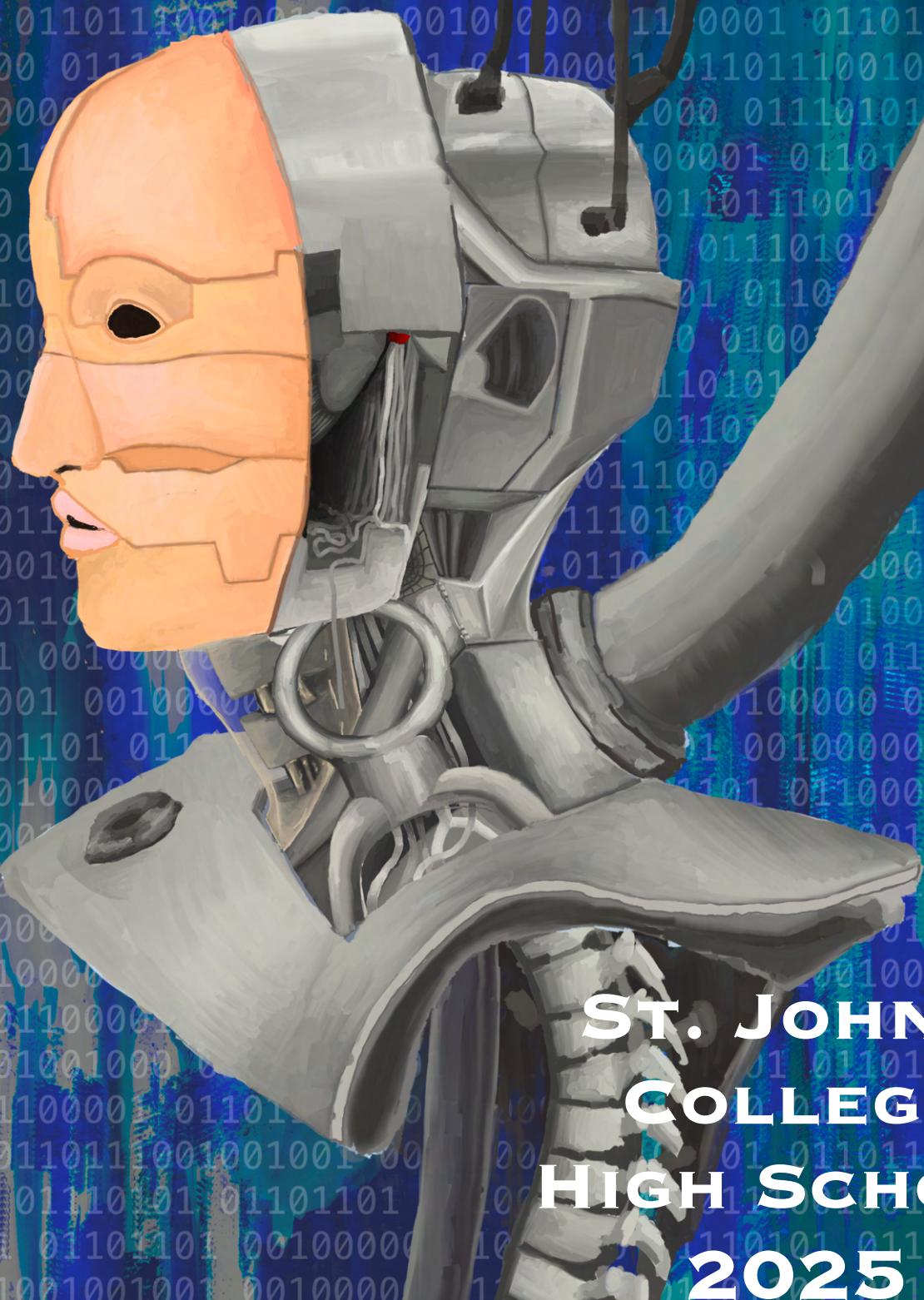


**ST. JOHN'S
HIGH SCHOOL
2025**

**ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE
HIGH SCHOOL
2025**



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Annie Pierson '26

Keiko Queen '25

Chase Ray '26

Eloise Sigworth '25

Eloise Smith '28

Sydney Townsend '26

Bella Vosseller '25

Mia Westhoff '26

Matthew Wolverton '25

Simone Zayets '28

Front Cover

Maria Elena Alarcon-Lopez '25

Back Cover

Meg Chen '25

A Lighthouse - Phoebe Sood '25

If I were a lighthouse, I could guide others.
Through their hardships and darkness, I could beam.

But I'm not.

If I were a breeze, I could push others.
Gently help them achieve their dreams.

But I'm not.

If I were a fishing net, I could be useful.
Filled up with something desired by others.

But I'm not.

If I were a rock, I could handle it all.
Hit by waves and remain strong.

But I'm not.

If I were a shell, I could be valued.
Tossed around yet still admired.

But I'm not.
I'm not any of these things.



Chase Ray '26

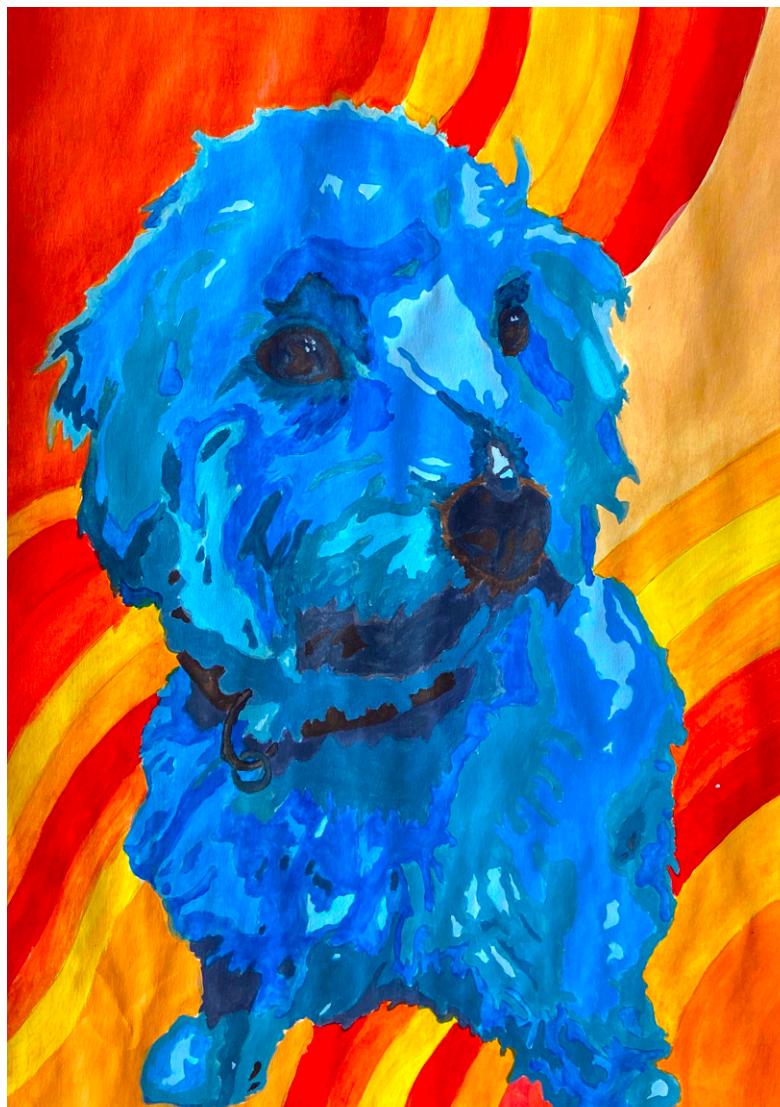
The Balloon - Louis Marmillot '25

Drifting softly through the skies,
Aimless, with no purpose or cause,
Drawn towards the sun's relentless rise,
Yet farther still, without a single pause.

But it's easy to settle down if you try,
All he needs is a weight to hold him near.
A firm tether to stop him rising high,
At last, he's found the one to keep him here.

Still, caution must be taken, fragile things,
For peace can mask something small.
They are bound by fragile strings,
The slightest touch can threaten it all.

Yet he drifts on in love's eternal light,
Through storm and calm, by day and quiet night.



Elisa Gonzalez '28



The Words Unwritten – Molly Murphy '25

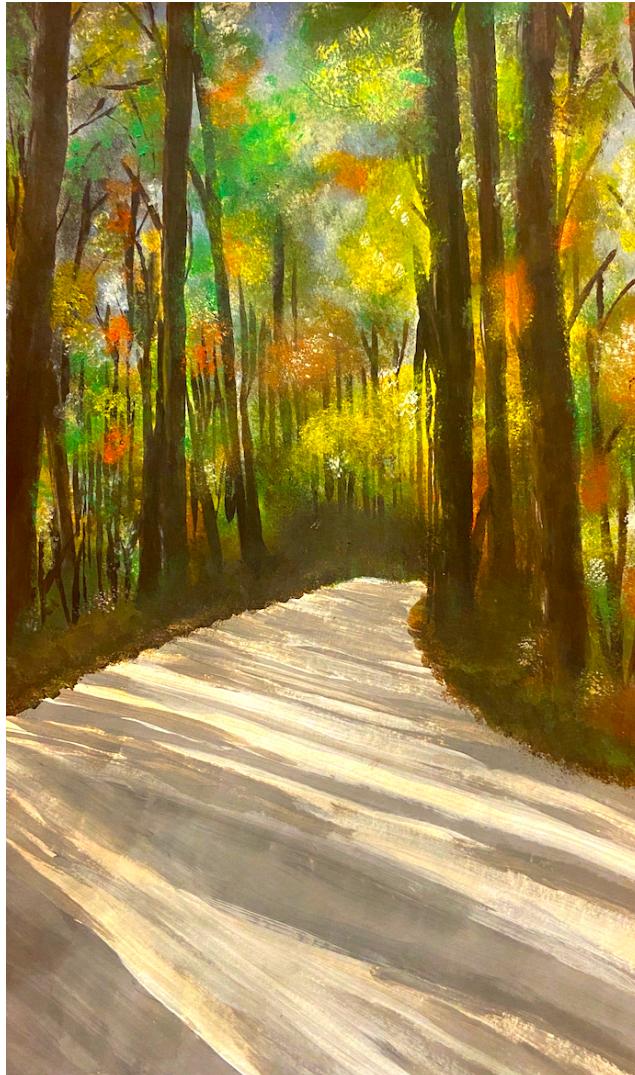
Aren't we all just silenced poets,
Yearning to give our thoughts a voice,
Spilling fragments of what we think we've noticed,
While our minds race, too afraid to lose the choice.
Am I not a lost novelist,
Still searching for the perfect phrase?
Thousands of stories left unspoken,
Hoping one day they'll find their ways.
Millions of voices, faint but near,
Silent echoes waiting to be heard –
Teetering on the brink of something clear,
Afraid to leap, too cautious to disturb.
Brilliant thoughts that slip through the night,
When sleep abandons dreams –
Are they lost forever, out of sight,
Or just waiting for us to believe?

Bella Vosseller '25

Sydney Townsend '26

The Silent Hour – Quin Shattuck '25

There is a silent hour
Poised between dusk and dawn.
After the crickets cease chirping,
But before the birds begin their song.
Every one of the creatures rests,
Even the trees as the wind seems
To agree not to rustle their leaves.
The hour is so perfectly placed
That it remains a secret in the day to day.
Only if one were to randomly wake
Would they see the hour fall across this lake.
They call it the witching hour, and I can see why,
But it is not so much creepy as peacefully alive.
I lay in silence and soak up that peace.
I breathe the still air as I slip back into sleep.



They say that childhood is a wonderful place,
That nobody would ever want to leave,
But as you continue to run in life's race,
You start to grow a hatred for all things naive.
Consistency loves to play hide and seek,
And meaning plays an endless game of tag,
The constant cycles become rather bleak,
Making you storm off all pouted and mad.
Adults laugh at your struggles like a cartoon,
And their inconsiderate words stick like craft glue,
As you get older, and day turns into noon,
It makes you say to childhood: "I hate you."
As you see opportunities knock at your door,
Growth greets you with a smile, as joy starts to soar.



A Companion Through Time

– Ren Clark '25

How does one answer the inquiry of "why"?
The essence of life on this earth.
To chase a warmth that lifts you to the sky;
A love that affirms your true worth.
Seeking solace in one who will stay;
A soul willing to pause for your call.
Two hearts aligned in a beautiful way;
Every memory a treasure to recall.
A smile which lights even the darkest night;
A voice which stills the wildest storm.
Through it all, this love sets all things right.
Held in embrace, the world feels calm and warm.
And through each day, their hand remains in mine,
A companion from whom I thank life's design.

Eloise Sigworth '25

The Risk I Take - Bonnie Mukherji '25

Love, a true source of trance,
Where every look gives hearts a chance.
The butterflies, they softly soar,
But sometimes love can feel like a war.

The highs are sweet, like dreams we chase,
But doubts can lurk in every space.
We build our hopes on words and smiles,
While fears consume us all the while.

We feel so much, yet never show,
What's real? What's not? We'll never know.
What's going on in his head?
Is he thinking of the words unsaid?

It's thrilling, raw, it breaks, it mends,
An uphill battle that never ends.
Yet still, through the joy and ache,
Love's the risk I choose to take.



Danielle Maier '25



Ren Clark '25

The Potomac River - Will Boland '25

Beneath Key Bridge the water runs
So effortlessly around it, it flows
Carrying the ideas of Washington
And memories only the river knows.

Now the water carries rowers' oars
And yachts on its shores,
The monuments rise all around
Echoing the past without a sound.

The river holds the past and the present,
Allowing new stories to be sent
Down the current across the stream.
People can be whatever they dream.

Seasons - Mia Arnold '28

Golden sun on me.

Waves crash upon the warm sand.

Wind blowing freely.

Chilly winds dancing.

Leaves crunching from beneath me.

Cider scent fills the air.

Snow gently falling.

Night's chill whispering softly.

Stars twinkling near.



Ren Clark '25

Star - Dylan Fay '25

Star,

So bright,

Twinkling all night.

Lighting a special path,

To comfort and fill our cracks.

To forgive and guide and shoulder pains.

Saving, uniting, and inspiring, when He was slain.

His love fills the air with His spirit, grace, and joyous promise. For our Blessings.

We give thanks.

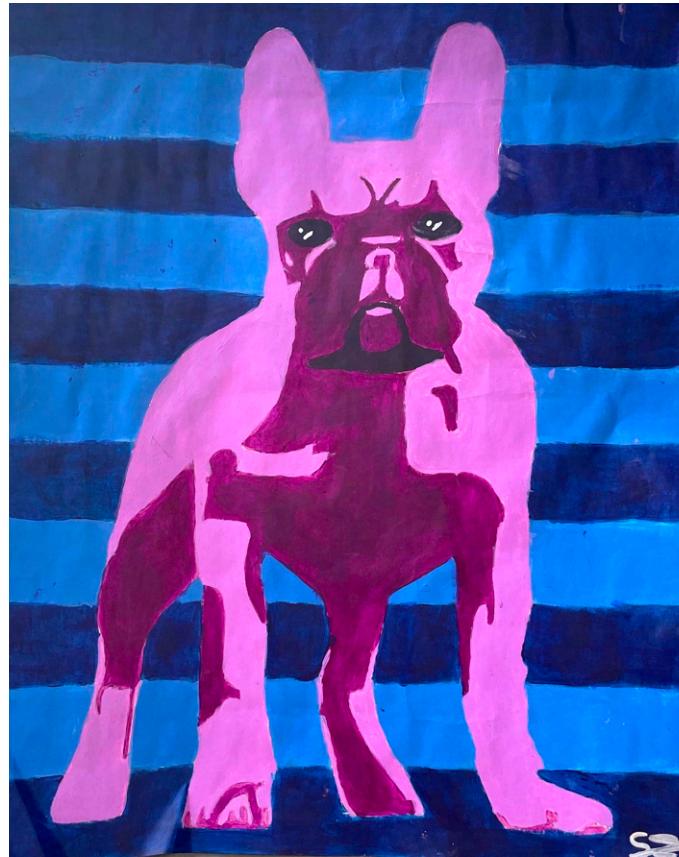
The Season of Family - Daniel Familiar '25

The sound of carols for all to hear,
And children outside merrily playing in snow.
It is the time that everyone holds dear,
And from the special tree comes a sacred glow.

As families drive by displays shining bright,
Beacons of familial love that stand in the dark.
Children look on, building snowmen with delight,
With joy and spirit, inside them a spark.

It's more than gifts that on the eve we share,
This is the time to care for those we love,
Say goodbye to weeping, sorrow, and despair,
And be grateful for the gifts from above.

So leave your worries and grudges behind,
Cherish those special ones, keep them in mind.



Simone Zayets '28

Life is an Açaí Bowl - Brynn Roemer '25

Life is cluttered with all things bright,
with God-given eyes that let us see in the night.

Life has people of all different shapes,
even though we all really just come from apes.

Life is what we get when we're bored,
sometimes there's days where we forget to thank our Lord.

Life is mixed with things we don't like,
such as falling off of your brand new bike.

Life is short just like our açai bowls,
we are all just trying to live and save our own souls.

Caesar - Caroline Jezior '28

Upon the cold marble lies a canvas of betrayal
stained with the crimson of his own blood.
It pooled like a dark omen beneath him.
Trust hung like a fragile thread,
the dagger gleamed under the fading light.
His body sprawled across the sacred stone
with a knife in his back, testifying the one
he called a brother. His eyes once filled
with ambition, now stare blankly into the void
reflecting his shattered legacy.



Eloise Smith '28 (above)

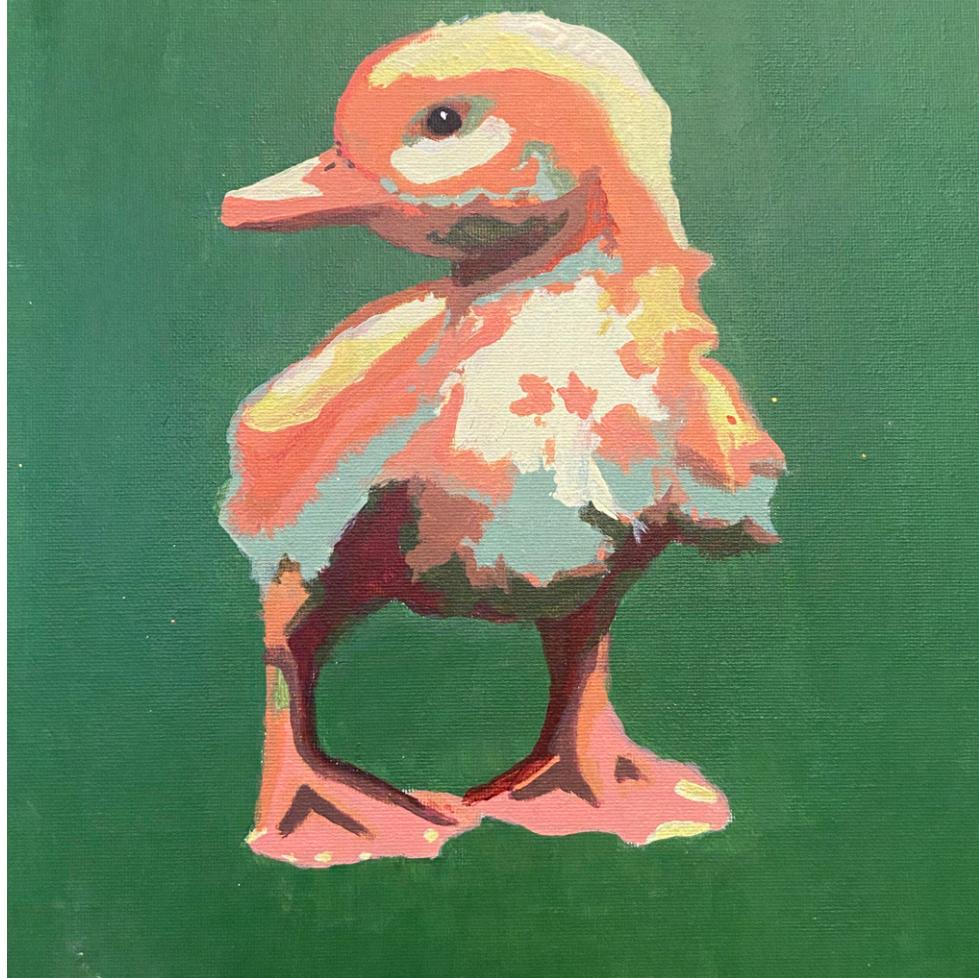
Chase Ray '26



The Oldest - Grace Reilly '25

I'm the oldest daughter.
A pathological people-pleaser.
People tell me I'm independent,
But I call it loneliness.
I grew up too quickly.
I don't remember much of my childhood,
I wasn't allowed to make mistakes.
If I was any less than perfect,
They didn't want me.
I was cursed with the role of being
A therapist,
A caregiver,
A perfectionist,
Constantly taking on
The emotional burden of others,
Yet receiving the hardest punishments.
I am never worthy,
No matter how hard I try,
I will never be enough.

Reanna Mae Bejo
'28



My Football — Ethan Bennett '28

On the field, beneath the lights,
A tough game soon to ignite
The crowd's roar, the players' call,
As we prepare to give it all.
The whistle blows, the game begins,
A dance of strength, of sweat, of wins.
The quarterback, with steady hand,
Throws the ball, just as planned.
I lunge towards the ball in flight,
My fingers stretch, grabbing a star in the sky.
The crowd goes wild, a moment of sweetness,
When victory and reality both meet.
The linemen clash, a tough fight,
With every hit, they show their strength, their might.
The running back, with legs that fly,
Sprints ahead, no time to be shy.
A touchdown scored, the end in sight,
The tension builds, the field ignites.
Football's more than just a game,
It's heart, it's pride, it's endless flame.
Every pass, every play, every cheer,
Echoes my passion loud and clear.

The Final Horn – Colin Doherty '25

The clock was ticking, almost done,
Fifty seconds left – we'd won.
Then came a shot, a lucky break,
The puck slid in – we watched hearts ache.
Overtime was long and rough,
Bodies aching, breathing tough.
Chance after chance, shot after shot,
But in the net, the puck was not.
Then the shootout, one by one,
Each player skated, tried, and spun.
Our last chance came – we had to score,
The goalie blocked it – dreams no more.
They threw their gloves, they cheered, they screamed,
We watched them dance, we watched them beam.
Skates felt heavy, hearts sank deep,
Another year, another dream to keep.

Keiko Queen '25

(below)



The Race - Sasha Darlan '25

I wake up, heart pounding in my ears,
My mind is already racing,
And I haven't even reached the course yet.
My breakfast tastes like nothing
My brain is screaming at me.
The months and years of training,
The gallons of water,
The plates of pasta,
The tears, sweat, pain
Are all for this moment.
My bib number pinned on my jersey
My laces triple knotted.
The cheering of the bystanders.
The thundering of feet as we all warm up,
The chatter of the surrounding runners,
The encouraging words from my coaches,
The cheering of the bystanders.
The race official yells the same familiar monologue.
I lean forward and stare at the white starting line.

**Mia Westhoff '26
(below)**





Matthew Wolverton '25

Aging - Simon Akele '26

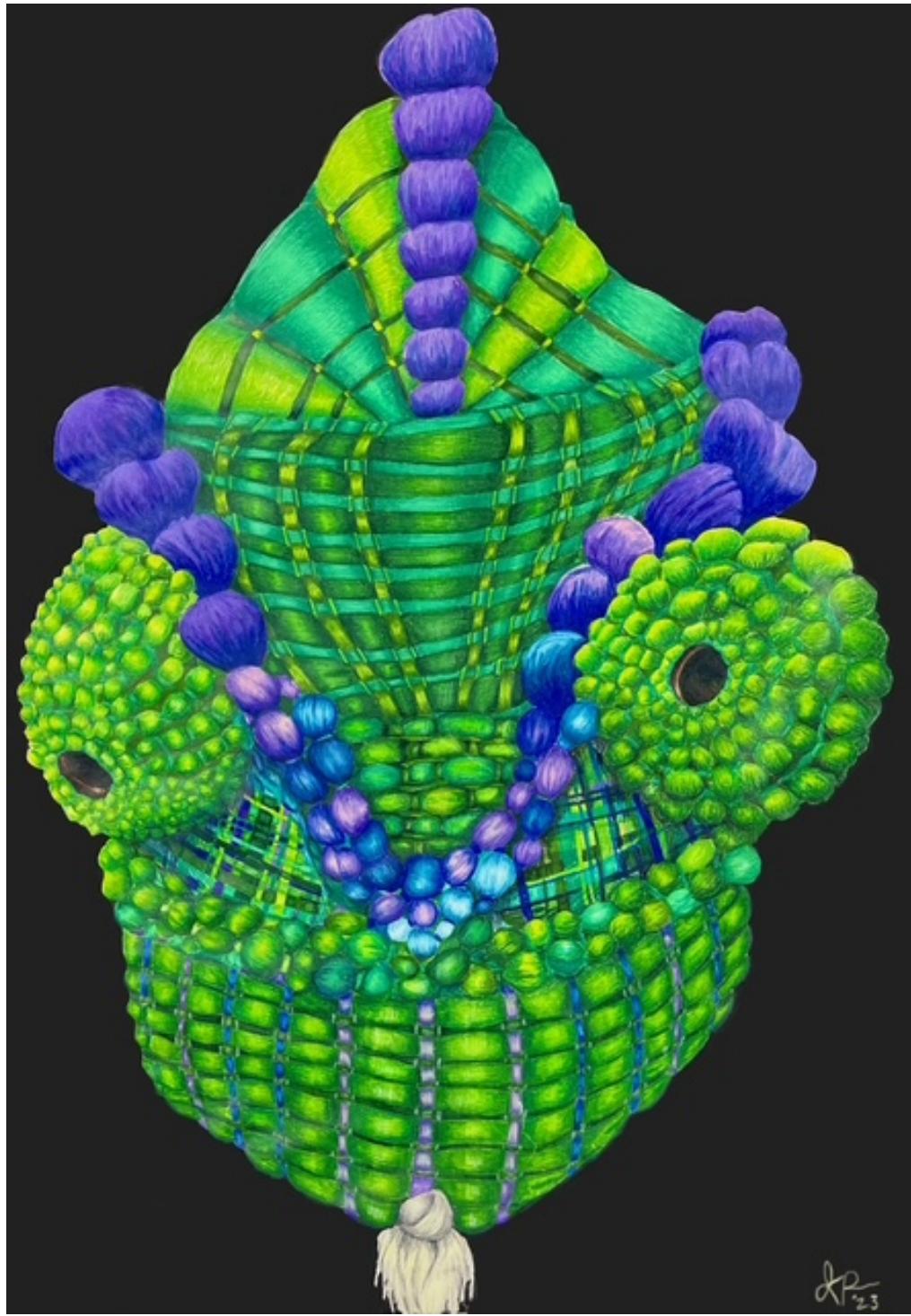
I used to be able to run without getting sore, I used to chase sunsets and wasn't out of breath, the wind and I were good friends. Now we're strangers.

In my current world, my steps are more deliberate, there is a clock in my knees, but I can still find beauty in the morning dew and the sound of the wind humming.

My hands have the stories of my life on them, told by the marks of love, loss, and care; the skin is a canvas of the smile I have earned, and the lines are the witnesses.

The mirror reflects a different person – a new person – and I am starting to accept that it was me; and although my youth has left me and is no longer around, I am not scared to go it alone.

Every year is a secret, a teaching, a tune, a sigh; and death is just another way of understanding how to let go.



Annie Pierson
'26

As I look ahead, I embrace what is behind.
As I dream big, I remember the small.
As I accept new challenges, I stand on the old.
As I welcome change, I cherish the known.

As I finish the easy, I face the difficult.

As I spread my wings, I tighten my bonds. As I ask how, I answer my why.

As I sit to listen, I stand to receive.

As I receive gifts, I give my all.

As I grow my heart, I shrink my fears.

As I whisper goodbye, I exclaim hello.

As I close this door, I open my future.

Fly On Class of 2025!

Life Yet to Come – Dylan Fay '25

An Eventual End – Matthew Wolverton '25

A long journey once lay ahead,
An uncharted sea in a faraway land.

Tales and legends, curiosity and adventure,
A whole world unexplored.

Years and years and years into the trip.
Finally, a shoreline peaks over the horizon.

Waves breaking on the bow,
The sun slowly setting.

Now in the midst of the end,
The sailboat looks back at the waters it grew to know:

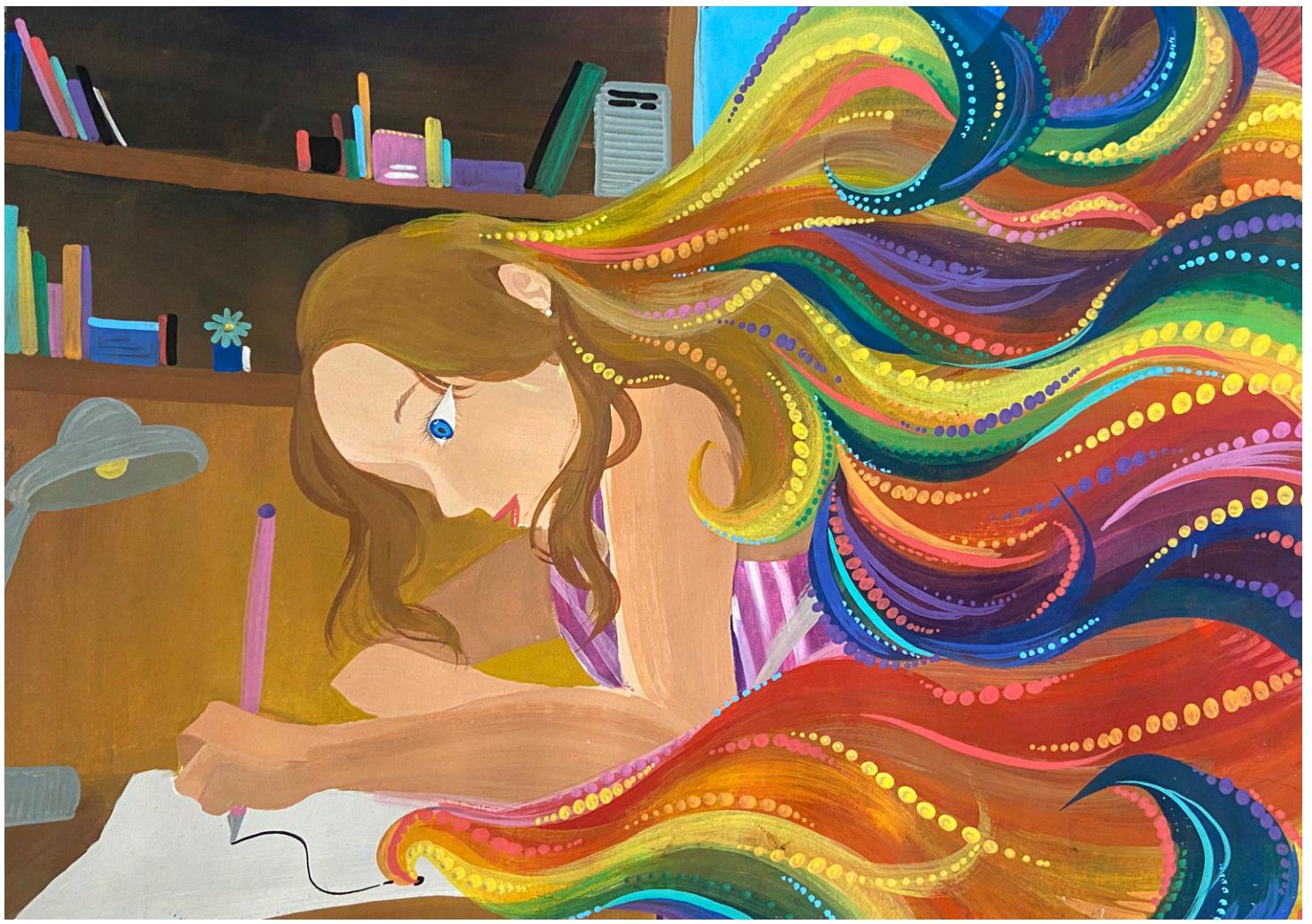
Rough, stormy, cold, and unforgiving,
Yet familiar and full of memories.

Splintered wood and a worn out sail,
The ship knows this will be its last trip.

But it knows, it knows it was made for this,
One sole purpose, one final destination.



Viviana Kokkoros '27



Sasha Darlan '25

Pen - Quin Shattuck '25

What a divine instrument is pen.
It gives power like a god.
Creation swims in the pools of ink,
The page begins to bloom with life
As the words dance into existence.
I am the creator.

What a lethal weapon is pen.

Jagged lines and angles cut like a knife.

The paper is berated with the punctuation of opinion.

The harsh press of the point leaves an indent
On the pages to come.

I am the assassin.

What a just law is pen.

Letters balance the golden scale.

Voces are amplified in Arial and Times.

Bold are the characters and bold are the opinions,
Powerful and effective. Scattered penmanship that clashes,
Aligns, and melds to tell a tale of liberty.

I am the judge.

What a heavy tool is pen. It is laced with power:

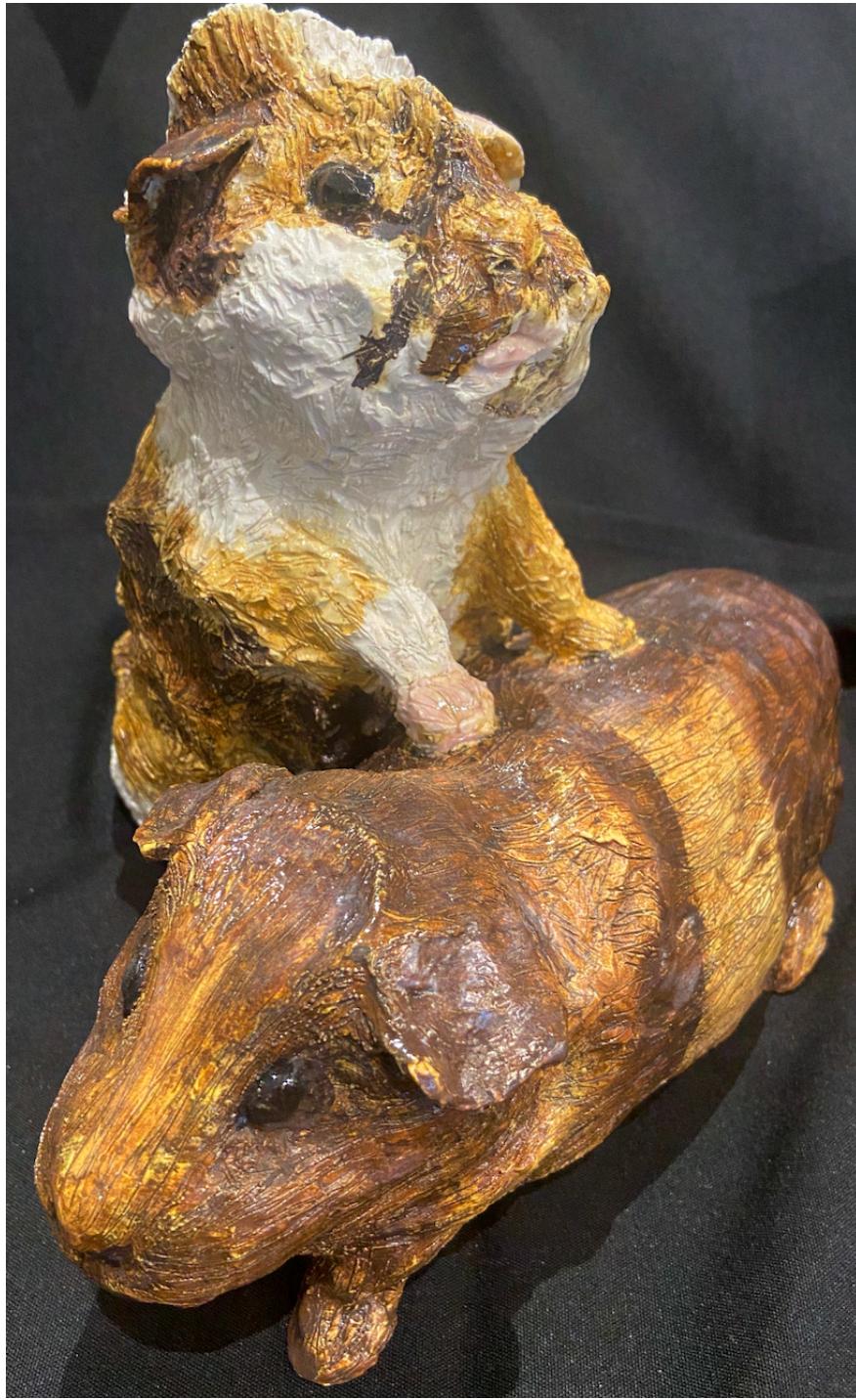
Power to create, power to destroy, power to mend.

The strokes may be mindless, but the power remains.

It is imperative to memorialize but the strongest of words
In the archival safe of paper.

I am the one who wields

The power of the pen.



Bridget Kelly '25 (left)

The Leaf - Keira Searby '28

Lenny was just a regular leaf on a regular tree. He spent most of his days chatting with the other leaves, cooking in the sun, and playing with the wind. But Lenny had big dreams. While his friends were more than content to just hang out, he wanted more. He wanted to know what lies beyond the tree.

One morning, as autumn was setting in, Lenny felt the wind with a sting. It blew stronger now, and the tree seemed to whisper to him: "It's time." The leaves on other trees had already begun to change, getting ready to drop, but Lenny was not so sure. Was he ready

to let go of everything he had ever known?

Bucking up, Lenny took the plunge. He let the wind carry him along, feeling thrilled as he whirled in mid-air. He thought that he would be scared. But then he remembered that new beginnings are supposed to be scary, and that's okay. And with that, Lenny danced into the wind, excited to see whatever lies ahead.

The Boy - Ari Wagner '28

Miles seemed like your average teen boy. He loved video games, hanging out with friends, and skateboarding. He played baseball and did pretty well in school. However, one night, it all changed.

"Miles, dinner!" His mom yelled from downstairs, as he was in his room most likely playing video games.

"Five more minutes, I'm in a game!" He said.

"Miles, now!" His mom yelled back.

"Ugh, fine!" He walked downstairs, grabbed a plate of pasta, and sat down at the table.

"So, how was your day?" She asked him.

"Eh, it was alright. I had a pop quiz in French."

"I'm guessing it didn't go well."

Selma DeNinno '25



"Actually it went ok, considering I was unprepared."

"That's good."

A few minutes later, he got up, washed off his plate in the sink, and went back upstairs to his room. His mom watched tv downstairs after cleaning up in the kitchen. An hour later, she yelled upstairs, "Miles, don't forget to wash your baseball uniform for the game after school tomorrow!"

"Don't worry, I won't!"

"Alright hun, I'm going to bed now. Good night!" She went up to her room.

"Night, Mom!" He played video games for a while before deciding to go to sleep.

A few hours later around 2am, he heard someone walking on the stairs but assumed it was his mom and went back to sleep. The footsteps were very quiet as it seemed like they moved down the hall. Finally, his door opened, creaking a little. Before Miles could react, a figure put his hand over Miles's mouth and blindfolded him before giving him a shot that would knock him out cold.

Miles was carried down the stairs, put into a van, and driven around for hours. They finally arrived at a cabin in the middle of the woods.



Paxon Copper-Berthe '25



Sasha Darlan '25 (left)

Miles was still out cold and the person carried him into the cabin, down to the basement, then onto a chair, tying his hands and feet to it. The person took the blindfold off of Miles, then sharpened a knife, his back facing Miles, waiting for him to wake up.

Miles eventually opened his eyes, picking his head up, and looked around. "Where am I? And who the hell are you?"

The person turned around and began, "Oh good, you're awake. Remember me?"

"No!"

Walking up to him, "You really don't remember me? Come on, Miles," He chuckled slightly.

Miles stared at him for a moment. "How do you know my n—" He paused. Dad?! No, it can't be. You died in a fire when I was 10."

His dad laughed hysterically, "Oh man, I can't believe you and Mom fell for that. Couldn't you tell? The body from the fire wasn't me, it was some random dude who looked like me."

Miles looked at him confused. "You faked your own death? Why?"

His dad hesitated, but then started, "I had to. It was my only option. The short version is I was caught up with the mafia, and I had to fake my death or I'd actually be dead for screwing up on some mission."

He twirled the sharpened knife in his hand, casually messing around with it.

Miles continued, "Wow, after all these years, and you're still the same – never thinking about family, only ever about yourself." Miles rolled his eyes.

"Whatever."

"Wait, so why did you kidnap me, anyways?"

His dad responded, chuckling again, "So, a bit of a longer story, but the short version is, I want back in the game, and you and Mom are a liability. Getting rid of you is the first part of the plan. Using Mom and emptying her bank accounts and property into my possession is the second part. Also, I think you can imagine, I'm killing you because in order to rejoin the mafia, I have to prove I'm capable this time."

"No, please! You don't have to do this. I won't say a word, I promise!"

Miles acted nervous but was only stalling.

"I'll be right back," his dad answered coldly.

While his dad went upstairs to grab something, Miles leaned toward a small knife on the bench behind him that he had noticed earlier. He inched his fingers toward it, being as quiet as possible. Hearing footsteps coming back down the stairs, he was able to grab the knife and get back into position, hiding it behind his back. He got to work.

His dad reentered holding a petite briefcase by the handle – just the right size for a gun. He sat back at his work bench and sighed, "How can I be sure I can let you leave?" His dad turned his back towards Miles opening up the briefcase and messing around with whatever was inside.

Miles vigorously worked the restraints on his wrists, then feet. "You can't be. That's the thing. You should know better than anyone not to trust people."

His dad laughed slightly. "What are you going to do? You're tied up."

At that moment, Miles came up behind him and knocked the case off the workbench, and a gun slid across the floor. Taking advantage of the shock of the moment, he quickly put the knife to his father's neck.

"Miles! What do you think you're doing?" His dad, still in shock, stayed still for a moment before asking, "How did you manage to get free?"

Miles had a sinister grin on his face. "Well, you shouldn't leave a person down here with all these tools. It was pretty easy. Ha, how the tables have turned. What you didn't know is that I'm part of that same mafia you were. They knew you were alive, which means I've known, too. I suspected you might come after me one day. Now I can finally complete *my* mission."

"You can't be serious! Miles, you're really going to kill me?"

"Yeah, I am." Before his dad could get in another word, Miles sliced his throat, "Goodbye, Dad." He walked upstairs and looked back one last time before calling the police.

* * *

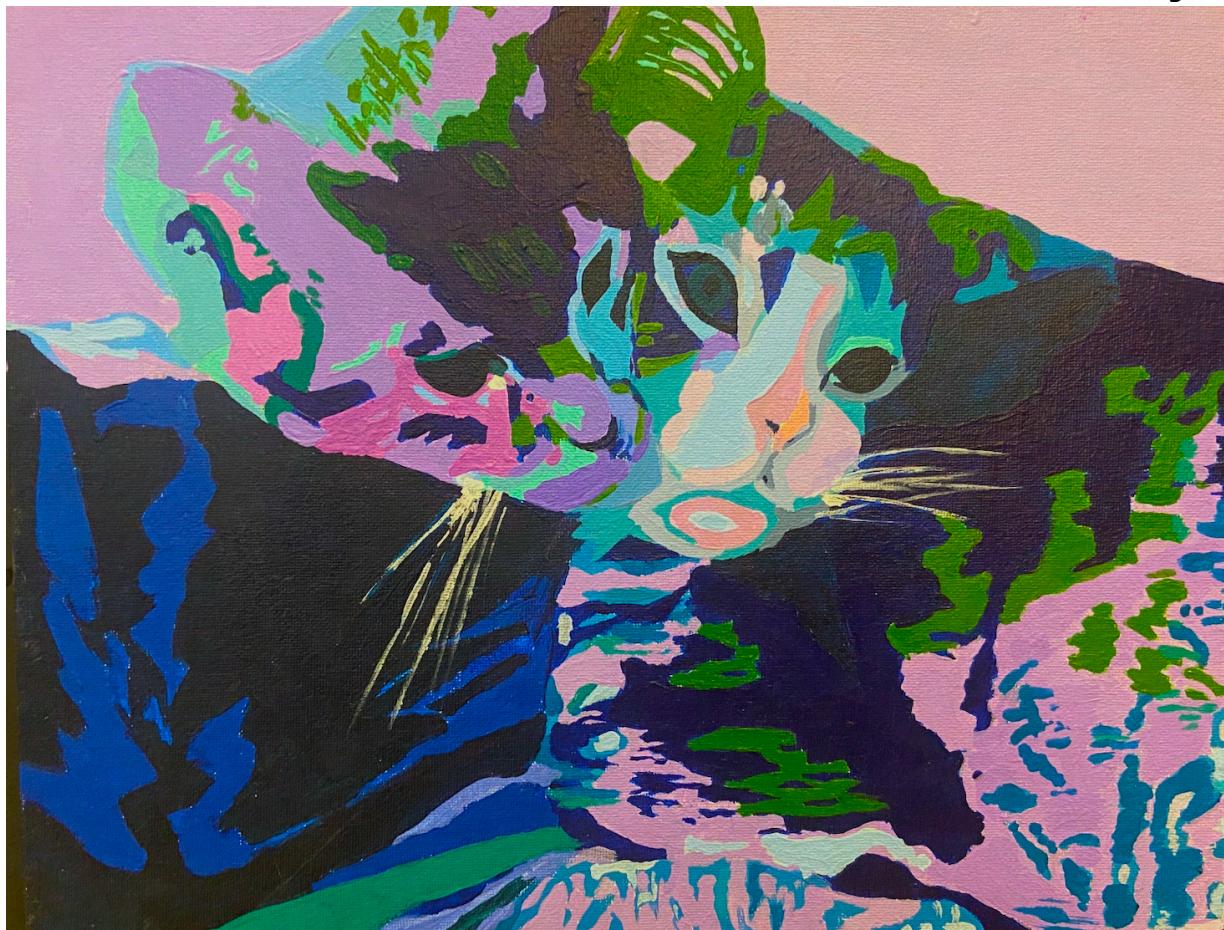
The sirens were loud and finally the cops knocked on the door of the cabin, "Hello? Anyone here?"

Miles looked shocked, tears streaming down his face, trying to make it look believable. He had no regrets. "Thank God!" He exclaimed to the officer. "He kidnapped me while I was asleep. I got scared he was going to shoot me. Everything happened so fast, it was self defense!"

The police officer spoke as he followed Miles down to the basement, "Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry this happened, kid." The police officer called for back up and the scene crew to run an investigation.

Camille Margeson '28

(below)





Miles explained what had happened years prior. He continued on, "I just don't understand why he would do this. Especially after all this time. I don't know what my mom's gonna think."

"You'll need to come to the station for questioning tomorrow. I'll take you home and speak with your mom as well."

"Alright, thank you." They got into the vehicle and the officer drove Miles back home.

They knocked on the door and rang the doorbell. After a few minutes, Miles's mom opened the door looking worried, "Miles? What's going on?"

The officer spoke, "A lot has happened. Why doesn't Miles go up his room, and you and I can talk?"

Miles went and, as it was only 4:30am, he went back to sleep for a few more hours. His mom and the police officer spoke for a bit, sitting at the table drinking coffee. They finished chatting and the officer left. She went upstairs and sighed seeing Miles's baseball uniform on the floor by the washer. "Miles you didn't wash your uniform!" She opened his door and saw he was asleep. She smiled to herself closing his door, "Kids these days." Then she put his uniform in the washer.

