

Table of Contents

Black Shuck	<i>Brianna Prunier</i>	2
The Bear	<i>Courtney Perkins</i>	4
Warren	<i>Kat Manganaro</i>	5
Our Boat Ride	<i>Kelsey Flannery</i>	6
Hope	<i>Peter Georgacopoulos</i>	7
Nature's Body	<i>Shae Kelliher</i>	7
Hallway	<i>Elisabeth Bull</i>	8
Outside	<i>Liz Savage</i>	9
Nightmares	<i>Savana Melanson</i>	9
Skis	<i>Hannah Farnsworth</i>	10
My Mom	<i>Kelsey Flannery</i>	11
Hope	<i>Kelsey Flannery</i>	11
Jungle	<i>Elisabeth Bull</i>	12
I Am Fear	<i>Kat Manganaro</i>	13
Hope is a Light	<i>Liz Savage</i>	14
Summer Soul	<i>Shae Kelliher</i>	14
Utensil	<i>Peter Georgacopoulos</i>	15
What is Hope?	<i>Kayla Moge</i>	16
The Swing's Refuge	<i>Jillian Casavant</i>	18
The Bugs and the Dark	<i>Liz Savage</i>	19
Jim's House	<i>Savana Melanson</i>	19
An Old Shoe	<i>Liz Savage</i>	21
Childhood	<i>Ashleigh Avila</i>	22
Silence Isn't Peace	<i>Shae Kelliher</i>	24
Storm	<i>Elisabeth Bull</i>	25
The Reaper of Words	<i>Kat Manganaro</i>	26
Living Room	<i>Peter Georgacopoulos</i>	27
Hope's Light	<i>Hannah Farnsworth</i>	27
The King and Queen	<i>Kat Manganaro</i>	28

Black Shuck

Brianna Prunier

Creeping through the night,
He's your very own protector
Man's best friend.
Woman's savior.
Story says;
He protected his owner,
Even when she was murdered by her vengeful husband,
He took action,
Now they say he still here,
Protecting women like her,
They call him Black Shuck.
They say he's evil,
They say hes malicious,
But hes not evil or malicious,
Hes misunderstood,
Hes hurt, he misses his best friend.
He just wants her back.
And in the meantime he will take vengeance.
For the owner he loved.
I am his owner, reborn.
I am waiting for him to come home.
And I know he will,
He always did.
Just as he protected me.

Clock and Time

Correy Pelletier

Laying on the wall
only telling time.

Yet we cannot stop them
and freeze time itself.

Changing them twice a year,
in order to give us more or less time.

Are all the clocks connected each ticking at the same time?
Connecting each person without even knowing it.

Faster in some places,
slower in others.
On a speeding train time's faster.
In a car time seems slower.

Doing things might make time go faster,
but doing nothing might make time go slower.

A regular slow day may seem like it's been going on forever.
Some days may even go by extremely fast.
Days may even just drag on.

Making us late or early.
Telling us how long we have until the next class or the next appointment.
Telling us when things will be over and when things will begin.

Time cannot be touched,
but it can be manipulated.

Freezing it may not be possible,
But going forward is.
Changing the past may not be possible but changing the present is.

Checking it every,
minute does not make it change.
Time may never stand still.

The Bear

Courtney Perkins

A single tiny girl sat on the
floor with a stuffed animal,
Near silent whispers filled the
room, none actually watching the television
near;
The intelligent child knew that the golden
brown bear appeared to seem real but never could
be,
For it would have responded to the words that no
one else would listen to.

Large midnight eyes stared blankly ahead, though
the child saw love within;
Scraggly, slightly soft fur that never
stopped feeling like the finest of down,
Snuggling and cuddling always came at any
time of the day,
To the child it would eternally place first on the
schedule

The object that never grew watched the once
miniscule child grow like a weed,
Fur grew more worn out and
scraggly with time taking its toll.
The time came when she thought she had
grown too old for a stuffed animal,
She tossed the bear into the closet to be forgotten,
thinking that the child in her didn't need it.

The growing weed turned into a blossoming flower,
finally reaching for the sun;
Forgotten, though, the simple joy
and wonder of talking to an inanimate
object,
That never commented unlike others who
never could stop talking.
That childlike quality almost evaporated.

One day, that door opened; along with it, another
adventure for the scraggly bear,
The now almost completely
blossomed flower stared at it in fondness and
wistfulness, remembering.
Picking the old friend up, they moved to a
door down the hall with scribbled drawing hung up,
After a knock on the door, another small child that
obviously resembled the flower, her face lit up when
her older sister gave her the bear, for a friendship
that lasted another generation.

Warren

Kat Manganaro

Tall enough to touch the moon.
The toughest
Most intimidating person in existence.

Yet goofy, entertaining, and loving.
Protecting
From nightmares, enemies, and mom.

Thrills when throwing through the air,
across the room onto the couch

Fixing every problem.
Most dreaded enemy
Favorite friend
Greatest part of life.

Holding many titles
Wa-en when pleasing
Meany when irritating.

But best of all
No matter what
Always maintaining the title of
Big brother

Our Boat Ride

Kelsey Flannery

Waves splash, motors roar.
Unforgiving water crashes below,
Don't let go.

We grip the handles, linked between
For what we thought gave stability.
One laugh, two, we hear them cackle.
Cocky in the safety of their boat.
But we didn't care.
The time to start was approaching.

Speeding up, slowly first, then faster at once.
Soon flying through turns, skimming the dark, blue water.
I catch his eye, he catches mine,
Out comes laughter, crazily, exhilarated.
Any other problems left to the wind.

Suddenly a sharp turn.
We lean as much as we can, but not enough.
Over the ridge of the wake.
Into the uncharted waters.

One bump, then another, that's all it takes.
Suddenly catapulted from our small ship.
Collision, intrusion, submerged, deep under the blue.
Life jackets strain and pull, inviting us back to the surface.
Time for another go.

Nature's Body

Shae Kelliher

She loves
As much as Mother Nature cares for Earth.
She laughs
As often as waves crash onto shore.
She smiles
As genuinely as her mother.
She hugs
As tight as squirrel's grasp acorns

She grows
Like plants in spring.
She shines
Like sun throughout summer.
She changes
Like leaves over the course of autumn.
She dies
Like warmth as winter sets in.

Hope

Peter Georgacopoulos

Hope – it allows you to pick yourself up and go forward.
Hope – it is what makes a survivor.
Hope – it is what you hold onto while struggling in life.

Hope prevents us from succumbing to disease and failure.
Hope is an item that helps us strive forward and fight for what we believe in.
Hope is comfort.
Hope is a push.

Hallway

Elisabeth Bull

Fashion Shows,
sprinting races, sock-sliding,
and dance parties.

A hardwood path
guiding to two rooms, hers
and mine.

Slipping secret messages across,
underneath closed doorways
on sleepless summer nights.

Bright mornings start
with making sure each other
woke up on time
by peering across.

Splitting two rooms,
a wall between two different worlds.
Sleeping in one room
was miles from the other.

However, being closer
meant laughing, chatting, dreaming.

Simple steps across,
dividing,
bringing us together
every day.

Nightmares

Savana Melanson

Nightmares

They're everyone's worst fear

Are you afraid?

You should be.

We live one big nightmare, you may not notice it

Nightmares are all around us, not dreams

When you get bullied or ignored, it's a nightmare.

The world is one big disappointment

Nothing goes your way like you want it to

Everything goes wrong

And there's no escaping it

If you want to be happy, go back to sleep

Maybe you'll have a dream,

Or maybe you'll have a nightmare.

Outside

Liz Savage

We have one thing to play with that never gets broken, old, or too used.

This one thing we play with; what we grew up having.

No phones, computers, or electronics to amuse us.

Outside created our everything.

Sword fights with dragons, aliens in outer space, or the ground as lava.

No one can truly get full experience by looking at a screen.

Siblings, outside, and imagination creates all anyone could want.

The world seems to have evolved for the worse.

Kids stuck to screens and hiding inside, paling and hiding within the confines of
houses as vampires would.

Outside now used less and less as technology grabs hold.

All we ever had is the outside.

What happened?

Skis

Hannah Farnsworth

Boots strapped in; bindings click; anticipation brewing within
One shove and metal shapes the awaiting powder.
An extension of the feet;
Long, with freshly sharpened edges
Ready to carry the rider down the slope.

Leaving tracks behind in the past,
Glancing back reveals the marks grooved into history;
But the approaching obstacles not yet encountered,
Require the most attention,
Forcing the eyes to face the future,
Which rests upon the unsoiled snow, free of tracks;
Endless possibilities where the skis may be aimed.

Press upon the edges and carve into the trail,
Kiss the frosty air dancing upon the lips,
Admire each curve and crevice molding the trees rushing by,
Preserve each precious second in a time capsule;
These memories free of stress and worry,
For the skis remain the constant foundation,
On the unpredictable trail ahead.

My Mom

Kelsey Flannery

A tear cascades slowly down
Soon followed by two, then three, soaking the skin.
Darkness engulfs her, drowning her in the misery.
Causing the surface to disappear.

A door creaks, the light peaks through the crack.
She stands there, warm and beckoning, comfort flooding in waves.
Gathers her up in warm, comforting arms, carrying her away from the dark.
Murmuring words of assurance, of love and belief.

Wiping each tear away, replacing each sob with a smile, then a laugh.
The little girl soon overlooks the tear stains on cheeks,
Loses the overwhelming fears,
Smiling instead of frowning, she plays,
The one who loves her most smiling along with relief.
For this is the job, the one thing she won't fail at.
To love the one she created, to bring her joy.
Her life mission.

Hope

Kelsey Flannery

A thought, a whisper, a never ending dream.
Capturing it an impossibility, but still feeling the constant comfort.
The entity that pushes us to tomorrow
Gives a reason to see the sunset, and await
The sunrise, with ever-growing anticipation

But we can't keep this with us
It comes and goes as time allows, like a fish in the sea.
The current can push and pull it, take it away from us
But when the storm surges on, creating turmoil and destruction,
It will float back, adrift among the wreckage.
And it will shine, brighter than before,
Pulling us from the depths.

This is what it does, what it will always do.
This intangible dream, the bright light in our constant darkness.
When it stays, however short, we hold it dearly, use it
To make it to the next day, next hour, next minute.
When it eventually leaves again, we dream.
Dream of the day it will come back.
Because, it always does.
It always will.

Jungle

Elisabeth Bull

Running into unknown is usually quite scary
But not for my sister and I,
fearless,
full of life.

Craving the uncharted forest is in our hearts,
Young and wild as the woods itself.

Blinking velcro shoes, swords from tree limbs, butterfly nets,
Messy blonde hair with choppy bangs straight across.
Professional explorers,
experts at being kids.

Reaching into a delightful jungle every day,
tucked away behind the sad looking swing-set.

Carefully balancing on tree roots and slain logs,
making best bridges across streams.

To climb up boulders like small mountains
to overlook what seems like
the entire world,
our entire world.

It has grown since those days,
the same with our shoe sizes,
and light hair.

Memories, however,
of our backyard jungle,
and endless safaris
will remain.

I Am Fear

Kat Manganaro

I am black, crisp, unrelenting
Omnipresent.
I swallow courage
Afflict a sense of

worry,

hollowness ,

alienation.

Escape is not possible.

Death,

Loss,

Anger,

Despair,

All minions of Fear.

Flee

Run

Hide

I am unavoidable.
I will catch you
Alone, anxious, and dismayed
Leave you

Vulnerable,

Ashamed,

powerless.

I rejoice in your suffering

Hope is a Light

Liz Savage

Hope can be a light that shines out to those lost in the dark.
Hope; the guide to lead the weary out of the dark.
It may be something that shines in the eyes of the broken and the lost.
Hope, viewed as eternal; immortal.
It appears to those who need it.
There for grabs in times of need, and doesn't want anything.
There for anyone who feels broken, low, tired, or has just given up.
For those who need to see the light, hope shines upon them.
Hope, a solid thing to grasp; a beacon.
It searches out the souls who have lost to their dark.
Something many have needed to help them get out,
something not many have the strength to grasp.
Like a lighthouse, it shows them where the danger and safety are.
Everyone needs hope.

Summer Soul

Shae Kelliher

Charisma like summer;
Carefree
Joyful
Full of light.
Never tied down.
Thoughts as constant as the heat.
Liquid eyes mimic the ocean
At its calmest point of the day.
Body glowing
As if a child of the sun.
Hair so bright,
Soul so warm,
But this too shall pass.
As the night steals the day.
As the moon steals the sun.
As age steals her,
Her and her summer soul.

Utensil

Peter Georgacopoulos

Its elongated body quite similar
to that of lean and tall dying tree.
almost entirely polished like the top of a new table
but with seven bumps combining into one a hexagon.

A grotesque shade of yellow
-or orange
envelopes around its entire body
from its point to its pancake bottom.

Pieces of its color have chipped away.
Just like an aging house's paint.
Bite marks have been cast upon its once perfect shell
Looking like a dying gnarled tree.

Its not the same, foolproof utensil it once was.
Its once pink and glossy eraser is missing.
Replaced by a section of tormented wood.
It looks hideous.
But it still gets the job done.

An Old Shoe

Liz Savage

Hard and cold
Used and broken
Walked all over
Until they put you in a closet.
Ripped; without a sole.
Rotting in the bottom of a dark room.
Molding and falling apart.
Loved, you once had been.
Now you sit untouched and aged.
Covered in dust
No longer is the light that used to shine seen.
Decaying and thrown into the back of a forgotten room.
Reeking as you deteriorate,
Reliving the days of use.
An old shoe, broken, bent, and over-used
Covered in broken laces, and falling apart at the seams.
You pray to do what you were made for,
Not sit still and forgotten.
Useless.

What is Hope?

Kayla Moge

“What is hope?”

The little boy asks his mother,
as she slowly rises from her bed.

The edge of the bed creaks under her weight,
her mind began digging for an explanation
and a smile crept onto her face.

“Have a seat next to me, sweetheart”
His mother encouraged,
“And I will explain to you what hope is”

The boy clambered onto his mother’s bed,
happily taking a seat beside her.
“Do you have hope, mommy?” He questioned her thoughtfully.

“Yes, dear. Everyone has hope.
But what hope is?
Nobody entirely knows”

“But mommy!” Shouted the boy,
“You said you would explain what hope is,
how can you not know?”

“I did say I would explain hope,
but everybody has a different envisionment of hope”
The mother smiled brightly at her son.

“What is hope, you ask?
Hope is a beautiful white dove,
among a murder of black crows.

Hope is the sprout that reaches for the sky,
as it unearths from the ashened ground
that was scorched with a horrible fire.

Hope is the butterfly that dances in the sky,
dodging raindrops from the tremendous clouds
as thunder breaks the darkness.

Hope is the lit candle in the night,
as the room is dark and scary
and filling everybody with dread.”

“But that doesn’t explain what hope is!”
The boy cried out,
“It only says what it looks like!”

“That’s right, my sweetheart.
But that’s what I think hope is.”
The mother explained with a brightening smile.

The boy thought for a moment,
staring at the tiles on the floor.
“That’s what hope is?...”

“Hope is whatever you wish for,
it’s wishing for something to happen
and knowing that there is a chance it might not”

“I think I understand mommy”
The boy looked up with a smile.
“And you know what I hope for?”

“What, my dear?” His mother looks at her son with wonder.
Wrapping his small arms around his mother’s waist,
burying his face into her stomach.

“I hope that someday,
me you and daddy can all go home together again.
And be a happy family of white doves among the crows”

His mother smiled with tears in her eyes,
wrapping his arms around her son.
“Don’t worry dear, someday we will be”

The Swing's Refuge

Jillian Casavant

The trot of red, vibrant shoelaces,
Click after every stomp,
All the swings,
One by one with rusted bars,
Steaming velvet colored seats,
With one kick of the legs,
A mumbled laugh,
An adventurous world,
Soaring fly.

Whirls of wind sweep,
The snarled locks of hair,
One kick two kick higher,
Clouds are in grasp,
Fingertips suddenly quiver,
Nausea hums in the gut,
Devouring the butterflies,
That flutters farther,
Than a stretched out hand,
May ever reach.

Freedom,
Higher the swing flies,
The dreamers fly.

The Bugs and the Dark

Liz Savage

Lying peacefully in bed when the silence ends by the skitter-scatter of tiny legs.
Small beings race around the floor.
Cringe and try to ignore it.
Skin crawling with the thought of the little things running across flesh.
Could that be a spider on the face, or just some stray hair?
There falls some dust, or maybe a flying creepy crawly?
The darkness shrouds them,
The feel of invisible beings crawling all over.
Twitch and moving.
Push away that hair, hoping to not feel a bug.
Maybe it's really just an imagined feeling?
Looking through the dark, a small shape can scuttle along the wall.
It moves, and a shriek escapes the lips of a small child.
Layered in bugs, the skin crawls and disgust dances around.

Jim's House

Savana Melanson

Deep in the woods way up in Ackworth
Lived a man that was supposed to be called "Dad"
That name faded away
Dad is now his first name, Jim
Home sounds nice right about now
"This is your home" Jim tried to say
But do homes leave bruises on a body and in a mind?
Do homes have a step-mom leaving those bruises, and a father who does nothing to
stop Lynn?
That's not a home
Home sounds even better.
Yelling and screaming between a child and a woman
A father that does nothing to stop Lynn
Being called "useless" "fat" and "ugly"
A disappointment
Useless
Fat
Ugly
Home? Not even close.
Missing mom's house
Jim's house abides the law.

Childhood

Ashleigh Avila

The memories are pretty thin
shattering, dispersing into dust
losing themselves in the wind
recalling what was owned,
what had been is akin to
sifting through the sieve
of the mind
the largest pieces collect
because the better pieces live.

The pieces belonged to not one place, one home, one child
but many.

Each as tangible as
orange flavored popsicles
melting on the tongue
of a sweltering summer day
As a child the battered and dingy top
of a worn shed, held dear ones.

Reaching the summit was a rite
The branches of trees, dead leaves
and the cool floor of the basement
kept the mighty children entertained
when the air dripped heat

The warm wet stones and beach
of the lake housed the brethren
whose blood wasn't shared but nonetheless
had the same fiery
stubbornness, rain, laughter and fun

flowing throughout it.
The trails that touched to soles and heels
that tasted the blood from scrapes
and was washed in water
from verboten swimming,
was owned by the rag tag team of children.
Solo, because people exhausted her
and solace was found
in the hot and stuffy attic
in which peace from danger, mockery
and the blood, hiding amongst
clothes and unused furniture
alone and relaxing like a perched cat
were the favored activities.
Behind the cool leather couch
whose skin was worn by love
in a small corner lay to girls
who rarely sat side by side without hatred
padded with blankets and pillows.
The not-so-secret fort.
The woods behind the creamy yellow house
underneath the table,
behind the fancy sofa no one used
were a well of solidarity
another preferred method
not for being great
but used for hiding
and playing it safe.

Silence Isn't Peace

Shae Kelliher

Cold hands appear in a flash.
 Grasping in an instant.
 Mouth gaping!
 Trying to move!
 Begging for words to enter
 the atmosphere.
 Nothing.
 Eyes so alive
 Alive and screaming.
 Flying around
 Aching for someone,
 Anyone,
 To notice the terror.
 Hands begin to tighten.
 Endless fighting
 Next comes defeat.
 The monster knows.
 Knows the score is 1-0.
 Monster in the lead.
 They have no body,
 No soul,
 No emotion.
 Simply hands with a mind.
 A mind that steals.
 Steals my body,
 My soul,
 My emotion.

The Reaper of Words

Kat Manganaro

Simple plastic shell,
 Filled only with
 Black.
 Hiding secrets
 Of many.
 Coming to life
 With only a
 Touch.
 Overlooked,
 Yet worthy of the title
 Of weapon.
 Smooth,
 Sharp,
 Gleaming
 A vessel for what you please.
 All encased in a plastic
 Shell,
 Filled with black.

Storm

Elisabeth Bull

Suddenly, the lights are gone, and
 Bright flashes and roaring clouds
 Crash, bam, pitter-patter of the rain
 Follow the sudden darkness
 Filled with heated, muggy air
 And the smell of dark rain.

Huddling under the kitchen table,
 Thinking that maybe the only light
 That will be left
 Is the one shouting
 From the sky.

The matches come out.
 Strike it,
 and light a small candle,
 Just enough so faces start glowing
 In now only warming darkness.

Such a simple, small flame
 Helping us realize
 This storm might not be as harsh
 As once thought.

The light flickers, it shakes,
 Remains burning,
 And calls to mind the last thunder storm,
 the last time the lights went black.
 But more importantly,
 how they returned.

Living Room

Peter Georgacopoulos

A child stands there, alone.
In a room once completely filled
With maroon colored, ugly furniture his mother always hated so very much.
With an old rusty fire place that never quite seemed to work.
With smiles, teardrops, hugs and kisses.
With warmth.

In his head, are the wonderful memories he made in this room.
The summer nights expended without a single care in the world.
The birthday parties with friends and family.
The nights where he and his family feasted upon Chinese food and pizza.

He still hears the creaky wooden floor.
He can picture the ugly furniture in his head.
He remembers the old television he could never get to work.
He desires the old rocky, jagged wall.
He craves for the feelings and stories he created.
He wants it all back.

Hope's Light

Hannah Farnsworth

In the drowning blackness
Consuming the labyrinth of life,
Hope flickers beckoningly in the distance;
Illuminating the exit,
A guiding hand through the maze,
Shedding light upon the twists and turns of a bleak, endless path.

No matter how fierce the winds may blow,
Nor how heavy the darkness may weigh upon the heart,
The flame, impossible to extinguish, will shine strong;
Never burning down the renewable wick,
For Hope constantly grows from within;
Forever an immortal candle warming the heart and soul,
Against the biting cold of the world;
Lighting a path through the storm,
To the bliss and calm of eternal paradise.

Dear reader,

So we've made it through, it seems; here we are, finishing the 2013-2014 school year. And if you're reading this, congratulations on making it - and also on your personal reading choices. This book, these INSERT NUMBER OF PAGES IN TOWER HERE pages, is the end result of so many hours of work; not only our own (and here I take the liberty of speaking for the entire staff), but also the time if each writer or artist represented here.

A writer myself, I can testify to the continual pauses during the course of writing, pauses to think of the right words and phrases, pauses that turn five minutes into ten, fifteen minutes into thirty.

Producing the kind of quality work that you have presumably just read takes precious time. By reading this magazine, you are giving validation to that time. Your acknowledgement of the effort that goes into this publication, from the first hints of the writers' ideas to the moment the box of magazines arrives at Pinkerton, is the reason that we continue. It is the reason that, in six or perhaps eight months, we will be wrapping up our Fall 2014/Winter 2015 edition for you.

You, reader, are the reason. Never stop reading, and never stop supporting these artists. In fact, if you see any of those represented in this issue, whether it's on campus or in the grocery store, why not tell them you read their work? I'm sure it would make their day.

Liza St. Jean

Editor and Chief
Tower Pinkerton Academy 2014-15

Cover: TITLE -- ARTIST -- MEDIUM
Title page: TITLE -- ARTIST -- MEDIUM

For next year's edition(s):

Submission forms are available in Room 415, the Publications Center

Note: In the interest of fairness, all *Tower* entries are evaluated **anonymously** to ensure that no bias is present. All names are removed once the entries are received, and each author's name is replaced with a number.

All Rights Revert to the Author Upon Publication

Colophon

col•o•phon *n.*

1. An inscription placed usually at the end of a book, giving facts about its publication.

Source: *The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition*

Copyright © 1996, 1992, by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Company. All rights reserved.

The magazine is printed in process black on 70 lb. white page stock, and the cover and back are printed on white, finish stock paper.

Page layout for *Tower* is done using Adobe InDesign. Individual entries are typed and formatted using Microsoft Word. We also used Adobe Photoshop to resize pictures. The body of the publication utilizes Cambria. Rights to all typefaces are owned by Adobe Systems, Inc.

The cover price for *Tower* is \$5. The production cost is more than \$8 per copy. The difference in price is paid for with the assistance of financial support from the Pinkerton Academy administration.

The *Tower* Staff would like to thank the English and Fine Arts Departments, along with the Pinkerton Academy administration and staff for their ongoing and enthusiastic support for this magazine.