

Cover: Keeper of the Leaves--Amanda S. Kehoe--Pencil

Title page: Candle-- Victoria Rind -- Photograph

Anticipated Deadlines (Subject to Change)

For next year's edition(s)

October 31, 2010, for written work

December 1, 2010, for artwork

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.

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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*
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The magazine is printed in process black on 70 lb. white page stock, and the cover and back are done in Pantone® 192 ink and is printed on white, finish stock paper.

Page layout for *Tower* is done using PageMaker 6.5. Individual entries are typed and formatted using Microsoft Word 2000. We also used Adobe Photoshop 7.0.1 to scan and resize pictures. The body of the publication utilizes the OCR A Extended and Times New Roman typeface by S. Morison, S. Burgess, and V. Lardent. Rights to all typefaces are owned by Adobe Systems, Inc.

The cover price for *Tower* is \$3.00. The production cost is more than \$4.00 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.

Tower

A magazine for the literary and visual arts



Volume LV Issue 1

Winter Edition

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Dear *Tower* readers,

“A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never.” Henry Ward Beecher, brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, spoke these honest words some time in the nineteenth century. It is quite true that any book can be good company, and I sincerely hope this issue of *Tower* is just that for you.

Whether you thumb through it casually or study each page intensely, I wish that you shall pick up this edition whenever you feel you need a friend. Though this issue is somewhat smaller than usual, the *Tower* staff has chosen what we feel to be the best pieces and compiled them in this volume for you.

I would like to thank the wonderful *Tower* staff, who never fails to help create a magnificent publication, as well as Ms. Munroe, without whom *Tower* would not exist. Thanks also to you, dear reader, for without your interest this would not be possible.

So during a study hall, weekend, or even over summer vacation, if you have some spare time, I hope you think of *Tower* and peruse what your fellow students have to offer in the realm of writing and arts. Perhaps you, too, will be inspired and featured in our next issue.

Thank you again, and enjoy!

Most sincerely,
Your editor,
Abby Hargreaves



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Rory Gudinas
Acrylic

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Ms. Munroe

The Blacksmith's Remains

He rode through the thick of the forest
 While the branches whipped at his face
 Red from the cold and the chorus
 Of the wind which ransacked his lace.
 Below, the mare's hooves sent a thunder
 Down to the depths of the earth;
 He feared the terrain just might sunder,
 And the demons would have their mirth.

From the swamps rose a mist of incitement,
 Urging him on through the road,
 For morn' mist could mean indictment
 Should he not dispose of his load.
 For 'twas Victoria's would-be fiancé
 Who was tucked away in his pack,
 Only ashes after the gainsay
 Just remains of his teeth left intact.

On the outskirts of town she waited
 For Garrett to appear in the night,
 While watching, her hair she plaited
 And anticipated her flight.
 Tonight they would bury the ashes,
 The teeth they themselves would keep.
 Then they could avoid the lashes
 Which would be deeper than just skin-deep.

Murder is a punish'ble act
 Even when for a love done.
 So Victoria and Garrett made a pact
 Should either be caught and undone.
 But then at dawn he fin'ly arrived,
 She saw him there, by the gate.
 And the remains of Ezra—disgustingly rived—
 They managed to adumbrate.

Away on the mare they galloped
 'Til they reached the county line.
 And all in the town did gossip
 Of how there was no sign
 Where Ezra, the proudest blacksmith,
 Or Garrett, the village's con,
 Or Victoria, daughter of Sir Lilith
 Had ran away, died, or gone.

Abby Hargreaves



Silhouette
Amber Petty
Photograph

Abercrombie, Old People & Knick-Knacks

“How about you go do something constructive,” my mom suggested, peering at the tag of a yellow shirt with an “I Love My Daddy!” exclamation silk-screened onto the front. She took the garment and tossed it over her arm with the other primary-colored clothing.

“M’kay...”

“Now.”

“Now?”

“Now, Kaitlyn Lianne, unless you’d rather stand there like a lamp post.”

The lady purchasing clothes next to my mother chuckled, and they shared a teenage-daughters-I-know-how-you-feel look. I don’t recall *exactly* how long I was sitting in front of the television screen in Gymboree at the mall, but I was almost certain that I wasn’t moving if *The Spongebob Squarepants Movie* was still playing — especially if I was to be off and “doing something constructive.” Gradually, my will to move grew weaker as my mom wandered through the racks, picking out school clothes for my six-year-old sister, and it completely dissipated when I decided to reinforce the importance of movie-watching in today’s youth.

We’re a sad generation.

Soon, some little kid with jam hands and a blonde buzz cut plopped himself down right in front of the movie, cutting off half of Spongebob’s body with his porcupine head.

Needless to say, my faith in America’s youth was quickly restored. I ambled over to my mother, requested permission to busy myself elsewhere, and I told my sister, Hannah, to stay away from the seedy buzz-cut kid. I didn’t trust him.

“I think Abercrombie’s having a sale,” my mom said.

I laughed, and when she looked affronted, I stifled it. “Sorry,” I mumbled.

“You know what? I don’t want you back in this store until you buy something.”

“Um...?”

“A knick-knack. Be creative.”

“A *knick-knack*?”

She snatched a pair of size 6T pants off a nearby shelf. “Fine. A pair of hot magenta corduroys —”

My eyes bugged out of my head. “Knick-knack it is.”

Quickly, before I could be ordered to purchase some additional abysmal object, I left the Gymboree store and looked around, trying to find another kiosk adequately fit for my buying needs.

Knick-knacks, knick-knacks...

Ah, Abercrombie & Fitch. They were bound to have knick-knacks with all the revenue they were raking in each year, preying off the social malleability of everybody under the age of twenty-one. Of course, Abercrombie would not be Abercrombie without the pounding bass music, a sound that’s very closely associated with the thudding drums of Attila the Hun’s Mongolian army about to attack. I guess they were having a sale.

Ten seconds later, I realized they were *not* having a sale, and I had just been coerced by my mother to jump on the teenage fashion bandwagon. Bleakly, I looked around the store, wondering if it was open. I walked right in, but it was awfully gloomy, so much that I had to squint in a weak effort to see if I was looking at a pair of sweatpants or a more suggestive form of clothing.

It was a more suggestive form of clothing.

Muttering profanities to myself, I decided that I had no need for such a thing and went to go look for knick-knacks. Because the store was so dark, I was petrified of losing sight of the door, so I kept glancing over my shoulder every couple of seconds to be sure that I could still see it. My jerky movements must've alarmed an employee, for I had some girl with a funky-looking scarf/ruffle/neck thing come up to me and ask if I needed help.

"No, thanks," I choked out, nearly asphyxiated from all the cologne saturating the air.

"Okay!" she said happily. "Let me know if you do!"

I gave her retreating form a withering stare, and I told my lungs that it was all right; we'd be out soon.

There was a whole wall in front of me dedicated to jean styles named after people, and there were shelves stacked from the floor to the ceiling. It dawned on me that they must have put an extenuating amount of thought into the organization of the sizes, for there *had* to be a notably discernable difference between a 0, 00 and 00/00: Each was granted its own shelf. However, at the very tippity-top, they crammed together the 8's, 10's, and 12's.

It didn't seem like I was buying jeans today.

There was a rack of sweatshirts near the register, and I was searching through the pile for a whole five minutes before I realized that they were men's.

Lovely.

I tried not to inhale too deeply because I noticed that if I did, it felt like there was a football player sitting inside of my nose, digging his cleats into my sinuses. Not only did it hurt, but it was also aggravating and made me want to sneeze. The cologne smell was ridiculous.

Blinking my watery eyes, I fumbled for another sweatshirt and was relieved to see that it was in my size, didn't have a sexual innuendo printed on the front, wasn't a horrid shade of cerulean, and was very soft. Righteous.

I'm not entirely sure how I found the register in the perfumed haze, but I did, and was incensed to see that it was devoid of an Abercrombied-up person to give my money to.

I looked around for one and instead caught sight of some guy spraying a sample of cologne on his wrist.

"Dude!" I exclaimed. He whirled around. "Are you for *real*?"

"Uh--"

"All set?" the same girl with the funky scarf asked me, suddenly appearing behind the counter.

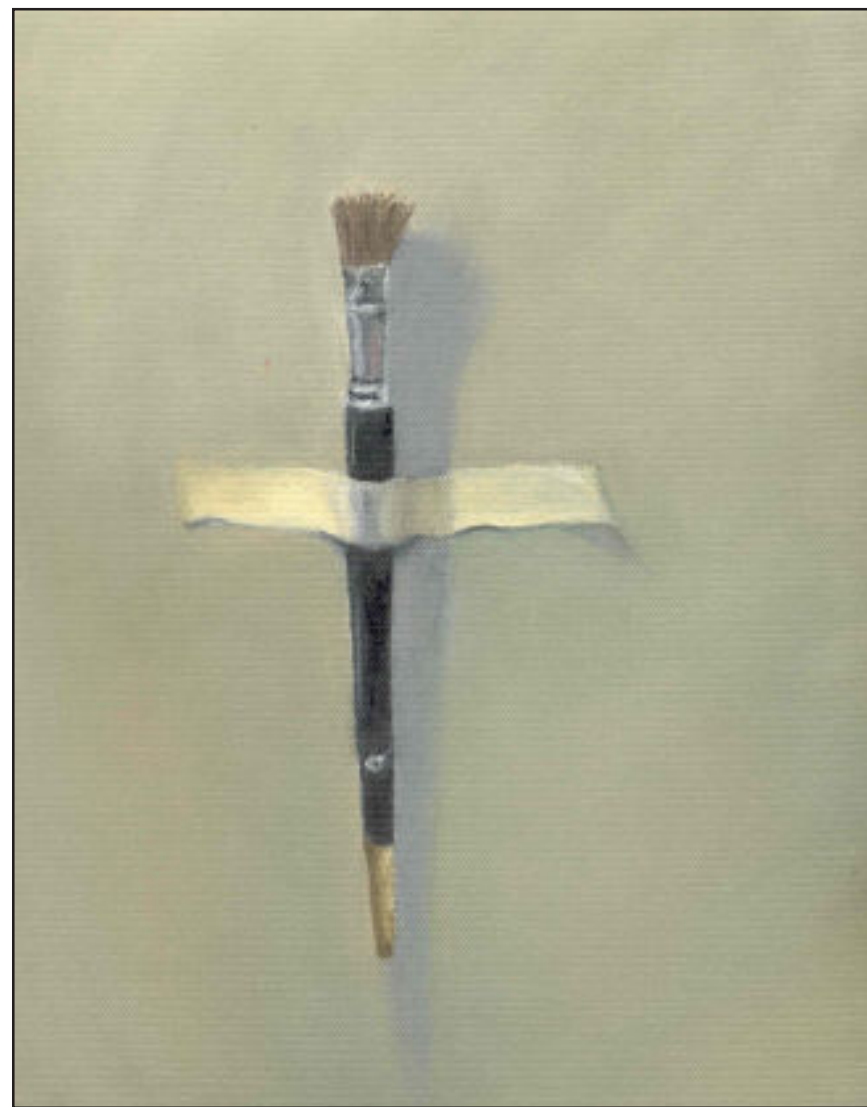
"Can you breathe?" I blurted. Mr. Cologne was no longer a concern.

"What?"

"Does it feel like you're losing oxygen?"

She looked very frightened. "No...?"

"So it's just me," I mumbled, giving her my sweatshirt.



Taped paintbrush

Julie Sancioff

Oil Painting

Taylor Swift vs. Shakespeare, an Epic Battle

Have you noticed the current view much of
Our generation holds on poetry?
On classic literature, on culture and class?
What happened to the stock we once put in these?

English class has gone from something
I once loved to sitting through
Forty-five minutes of questions like:

Romeo and Juliet? Isn't that, like, from
That Taylor Swift song? This Shakespeare guy totally
stole that from her.

War and Peace? Seriously, why are we talking
About politics in English class?

It's not easy to harbor a passion for
The English language and the works of writing
Produced from it when other people are asking
Wait, isn't Caesar a type of salad?

Poems, on the other hand, are quite popular.
Our generation loves writing poems and
With titles like "suffocate my bleeding heart with your
cruel love"
Who could resist?

As for our culture, think about the way
We treat our elders, our parents.
"How was your day, mother?" has turned into
"Yo, woman, make me a sandwich."

And the rank of high class goes to
The person wearing enough "bling"
To weigh down a small aircraft.

Well, Shakespeare hates your emo poems!
Respect does not come with extra fries at MacDonald's.
Hemingway isn't a street name and the human
condition
Is not something diagnosed at the doctor's office.

You don't have to appreciate the classics,
Read them or understand them.
But I'll bet you a million dollars Shakespeare will
Never answer that letter you sent him
Asking him to return that song to Taylor Swift.

Celina Colby

With everything rung up, she told me to come back next time and gave me a really big bag with a half-naked guy on it. I blanched. What could I *possibly* want with such paraphernalia? My only reason for keeping paper bags was to cover my text books, and I knew that my grandmother would have a heart attack if she saw that I was carting around a picture of some grease-monkey's abs to protect my school supplies.

He was a hot grease-monkey, though.

I felt as if the cologne had diffused into my clothing, even after I stepped out of the dark, smelly store and into the hustle and bustle of the normal part of the mall. I must have looked extremely disconcerted because people were giving me apprehensive glances. It couldn't have been my blood-shot eyes, flushed cheeks, how I smelled like a French model, or the way that I was straining not to cough.

Right next door, I went back into Gymboree. It was as if nothing had changed. My mom was still shopping, my little sister was still wandering around, and the buzz-cut kid was still watching *Spongebob*.

Proudly, I showed my mother what I had bought. I told her how pleased with myself I was, and she mused that it was a very big and expensive knick-knack. The actual sweatshirt itself was gray with a humongous "F" on the front. "

"F" for 'failure,'" she mumbled, walking over the register.

"F" for 'Fitch!'" I exclaimed, defending my olfactory adventure.

Having just been rejected, I found myself sitting next to buzz-cut kid, watching the end the movie. I squeezed my hips into the small yellow chair and brooded silently before he spoke.

He wrinkled his nose in my direction. "You smell like old people."

My mouth fell open. My faith in America's youth had just died again.

Kaitlyn Green



Blowing Bubbles

Nyla Bent

Photograph



Blue Reflection
Brianna Smith
Oil Painting

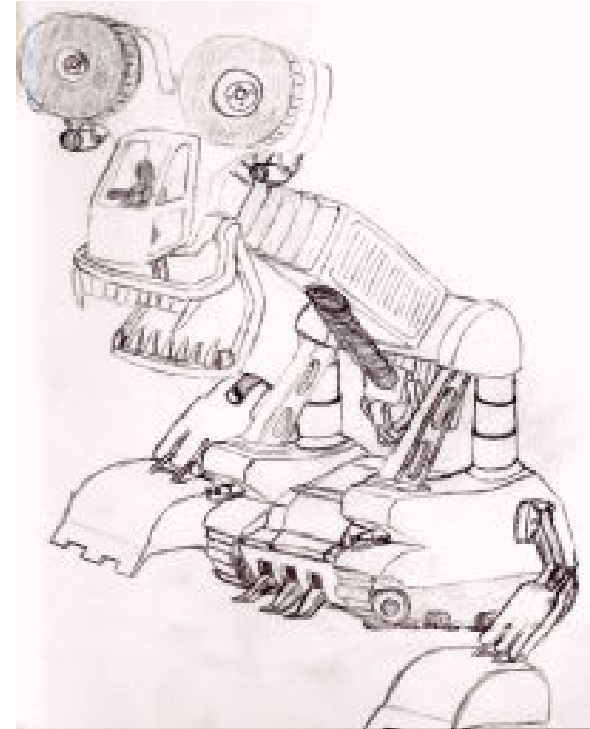
June 29, 11:37 p.m.

I crossed all the oceans,
I killed the king of France—
they chased me in the Louvre and through
but I did it all for you.

I took a trip to China,
I stole their Mao statue—
they chased me up the Wall and through
but I did it all for you.

I sank Alaska and Hawaii,
I grew ten acres of roses—
the country sued me generously too,
but I did it all for you.

Amanda Purcell



Garbage Monster
Borisov Dmitry
Pen and Pencil



Pennsylvania Avenue
S. Bois
Photograph



Stairway to Winter
Kellen Busby
Photograph

The Fall

A slow tumbling spiral
 drawn onto the sky
 by a little drip of garnet gold,
 jewel-bright in the sapphire air.
 To you, a sleepy fiber
 of the world tied over your eyes,
 but from another perspective,
 leaving all it has ever known
 in a dizzying drop to emerald below.
 A heavy-soft landing in an alien world.

Hannah C.



Fall Harvest

Elizabeth Aj. Kilroy
 Photograph

The Buffalo My Buffalo

Dancing and prancing all across the prairie,
 It's a buffalo, The Buffalo

Bigger, stronger, more majestic than the rest,
 It's Crooked-Horn the Buffalo, The Buffalo

Then came The Bad Man with all his guns and knives,
 Wanting to slay a buffalo, The Buffalo

And sprawled dead across the ground, slain without mercy,
 Lay Crooked-Horn the Buffalo, The Buffalo

Then came The Good Man, mourning the tragic loss
 Of his beloved buffalo, The Buffalo

Running now across the heavenly plains forevermore
 Is Crooked-Horn the Buffalo, my buffalo

Scott Charles



Water Droplets
Julie Sancoff
Photograph



Blind Support
Alex Littlefield
Oil Painting

Faith

The sun would set on Eden
but for those gilded columns
which blind the Earth with gold
to disguise their hidden hollows,
When rain corrodes the paint and they groan time's complaint
then the sun will set on Eden.

These slaves, they built a temple
placing bricks upon their chains—
a shrine for the controlled simple
trapping mankind with a name,
Anything can appease those kept on their knees
those slaves who built the temple.

Grandfather clock is ticking, ticking
rusting gears rubbing decay
while the children are sitting, smitten
by the Old One's stately array,
When the children are repulsed by his alien pulse
Grandfather will stop ticking.

And the sun will set on Eden.

Amanda Purcell

At Our Expense

We've both seen better days
 Like raincoats
 Sopping wet and aged
 Loved, and used at our expense

A subtle crease, a faded collar
 Reminds me that years have gone by
 Past is the time when you remembered my name
 And answered when I yelled for grandpa

Now your eyes stare blankly
 Counting the tiles on the ceiling
 One, two three, four
 But wait, you've forgotten your place

Our better days are long behind
 But I still have that picture of us
 In our raincoats, sopping wet
 You may forget but I will always remember

Celina Colby

**Capitalism**

Nolan O'Connell
 Magazine Collage

Tracks

Amber Petty
 Photograph



The Silent War

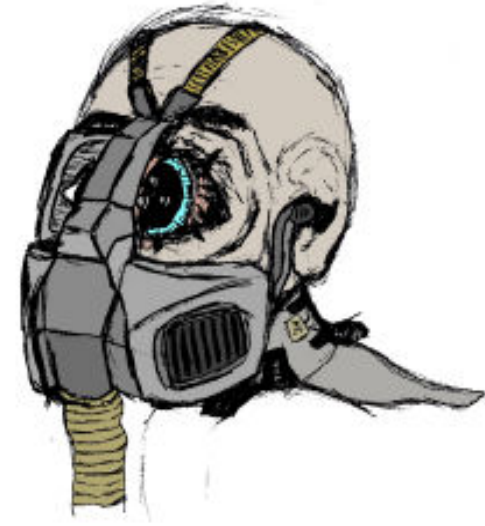
Have you seen the twilight war?
 The silent battle that we all witness
 Have you seen the blood stain our horizon?
 In beautiful colors of pink and red
 Have you seen the night's army?
 The glistening warriors, way up high
 Have you seen the sun fight?
 Even without a chance at winning
 Have you seen the onlookers in awe?
 And the silence that surrounds them all
 Have you seen the sun surrender?
 Falling down in shame
 Have you seen the darkness conquer?
 The silent war, indefinitely over.

Katherine Stilling



Out Too Late on Massabesic

Kellen Busby
 Photograph



Cyborg

Borisov Dmitry
 Digital Artwork

August 29, 11:06 p.m.

If we exist to see the planets turn,
 with wonder made of chemicals and dust,
 Then is it right to simply yearn,
 and embrace insignificant lust.
 When we're split into subcategories,
 will a person still live in my body,
 what then will be the purpose of stories,
 besides distractions, fleeting and gaudy.
 In this abyss of meaning and nothing,
 can sanity even be a concern,
 is there any reason for suffering,
 with painful infinity to learn.
 But the stars provide one comfort for me:
 They'll light our combined short eternity.

Amanda Purcell



Mt. Jefferson Flight
Elizabeth Aj. Kilroy
Photograph



Forest Of Ice
Kellen Busby
Photograph



Flower
Kellen Busby
Photograph



Spider
Victoria Rind
Photograph

The Apple Doesn't Fall Far

On the first day of autumn
 The apple falls
 Its descent is prophetic as it rolls
 Down the hill
 Because how can the apple
 Not fall far from the tree
 When the tree is so high up?

On the way down
 The apple bumps into rocks
 Leaves
 Other apples
 Nudges a shoe
 Is kicked
 And finally, bruised and dented
 Stops.

No amount of clover can
 Bring it back to the top of the hill
 No horde of ladybugs or dragonflies
 Or pool of heads-up pennies and fake rabbit's feet
 Or even being stepped on by
 Hundreds of thousands of horseshoes
 Can defy that gravity which brought
 The apple down in the first place

It mingles with the other
 Defiant apples—
 Those Granny Smiths are a
 Rambunctious sort—
 And waits until it is smashed into the ground
 And becomes a tree itself.

Abby Hargreaves

August 18, 11:38 p.m.

Put us in any setting—
 the jungles of Burma, the strip of Gaza,
 the dark in the tunnel, IHOP cakes like funnels,
 the bank, the Titanic as it sank,
 the doctors, the lawyers, the candlestick makers—
 We just do better together.
 but put me here and put you there, all we can do is despair,
 our limitless love limits me,
 I confess,
 when I'm not with you, I'm a mess.

Molly Paone

Equality

Have humility.
 You are not better than me.
 I am your *Equal*.

James L. Kaiser

July 3, 1:38 a.m.

Hearts, penciled in, faded,
 trailing—
 an imprint of your feelings.
 notebook pages tell
 secrets
 of hearts.
 A risky business
 pencil—so easily erased
 Hearts
 ought to be traced
 in pen.

Amanda Purcell



Wild Days
S. Bois
Photograph

August 12, 12:29 p.m.

tuxedo fear
a million smiles in the chandelier
the boys steer right
at you—a dear in the spotlights.
ball night
a third course most frightening
how enlightening—the talk of late
don't let them see you
delighting in the cake.
my mistake
I seem to have spilled your plate
shall we make another trip to the banquet,
or perhaps take our leave and spend the night on a blanket.

Amanda Purcell



Finally
C. Ipek Cav
Photograph

July 16, 12:02 a.m.

Lady of the winter tea parties
with smart velvet cushions
the same burgundy as her lips
and a fitted satin dress
to accentuate the hips.
Madame of the fall soirees
equipped with glazed pastries
and dozens of protégées
who fight to keep her on the holidays.
You were the munificent queen
but you only lasted two seasons.

Amanda Purcell

Sushi

Julie Sancoft
Photograph



Clown
C. Ipek Cav
Gouache Painting



Fox
Nyla Bent
Photograph

August 21, 9:56 p.m.

My heart is made of sections,
one for humanity,
one for lives I miss,
one for the future and possibilities,
one for childhood gifts,
one for all the small things and,
one for their god too,
but the largest section of all is devoted just to you.

Molly Paone



Boardwalk at Salem Willows
S. Bois
Photograph