

# A&T MAGAZINE

FALL 2024

Issue 1



**Arts and Tech**  
...at the moment

COVER DESIGN  
BY JONATHAN

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Ms. Klapak  
Ms. Roy  
Ms. Shakya  
Mr. Breitkopf



# LETTER FROM THE DIRECTORS

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the first issue of the Arts & Tech Magazine! We are excited to showcase the different kinds of talent the students and staff alike have to offer. This magazine was created with the intention to give a voice to everyone on a new platform, no matter how it manifests itself.

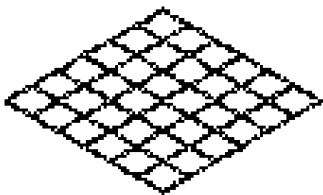
We would like to thank all those who submitted a piece of work and spent hours perfecting it to support us. We would also like to thank everyone (students, staff, and administration alike) involved in the process of bringing our magazine to fruition.

We hope you enjoy reading this first issue and the future issues to come. We look forward to hearing what you think about it and hope to see work from you as well. Enjoy!

Sincerely,

*Arts & Tech Magazine*

# Contributors



## STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS

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# HALLOWEEN

How Planet Onyx was created: Neptune and Saturn made Onyx

Planet Onyx, just air and the seas; no humans nor light, no aliens were ever around. Until one day, a UFO noticed the small planet Onyx. As they landed, one of them observed a giant rock and created Dracula- the God, the ruler of the vampires. That mysterious alien not just created Dracula, the ruler of vampires, but also created the goddess of love and punishment, Elizabeta. Elizabeta is a petite vampria with bright red eyes, pale skin, her sharpest fangs were one of the punishment weapons. She later became Dracula's wife.

As more vampires started developing, appearing and reproducing more: by the Almighty gibble gobble titan, Dracula made every vampire to worship this powerful titan which were the aliens who had created Dracula to life. Dracula says that he watched this titan walk off and vanish into a small town called Fangville- there were plenty of reports of vampire folks vanishing, and planet Onyx was only known for the planet with no sun. Earth humans found planet Onyx useless.



UNTITLED (2024) BY MISAEL

EXCERPT FROM *VAMPTeens VS DRACULA* (2024)  
BY EVELYN



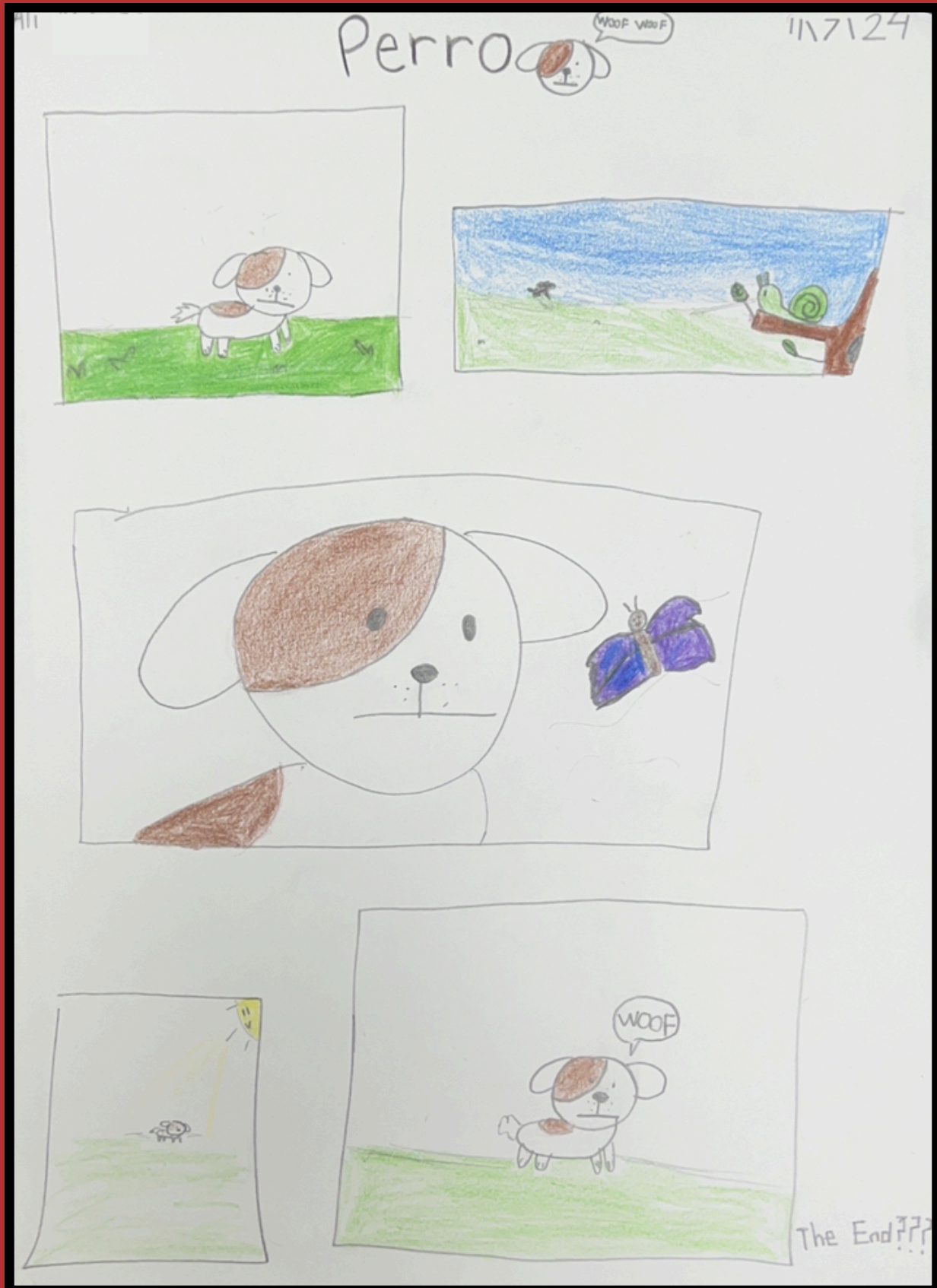
UNTITLED (2024) BY GIO



UNTITLED (2024) BY ZUHRA



# COMICS



PERRO (2024) BY ALI

# COMICS



*SUN AT NIGHT PART 1 (2024)*  
**BY GUIVENSLY**



# COMICS



SUN AT NIGHT PART 2 (2024)  
BY GUIVENSLY



# SKETCHES

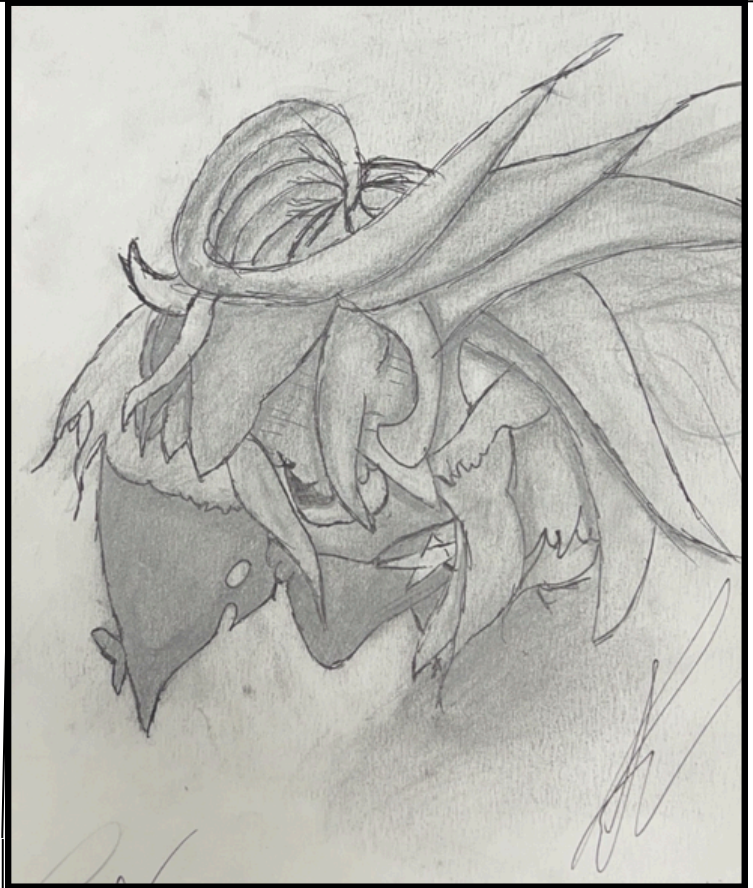
SELF-PORTRAIT (2024)  
BY MILEENA



GUESS WHO (2024)  
BY LAISHA

# SKETCHES

*UNTITLED (2024)*  
**BY JERMAINE**



*JESUS WALKS (2024)*  
**BY GIO**

# BLACKOUT POETRY

creating a new poem by taking an existing piece of text and "blacking out" or erasing unwanted words, leaving behind only the words that form a new meaning

MONSTERS (2024)  
BY MIRANDA

it toward the edge of the roof, and how it hurtled down end over  
end without her, and their eyes went up, again to see where she  
had flown.  
I didn't see her leap through air, only heard the sudden thump  
and looked out my window. She was hanging by the backs of her heels  
from the new gutter we had put in that year, and she was smiling. I

~~it toward the edge of the roof, and how it hurtled down end over~~  
end without her, ~~and~~ their eyes went up, again to see where she  
had flown.  
~~I didn't see her~~ leap through air, only heard the sudden thump  
and looked out my window. (She was hanging by ~~the backs of her heels~~  
from the new gutter we had put in that year, and she was smiling. I  
was ~~surprised~~ surprised to see her, she was so matter-of-fact. She tapped

HER. (2024)  
BY AGUSTINA

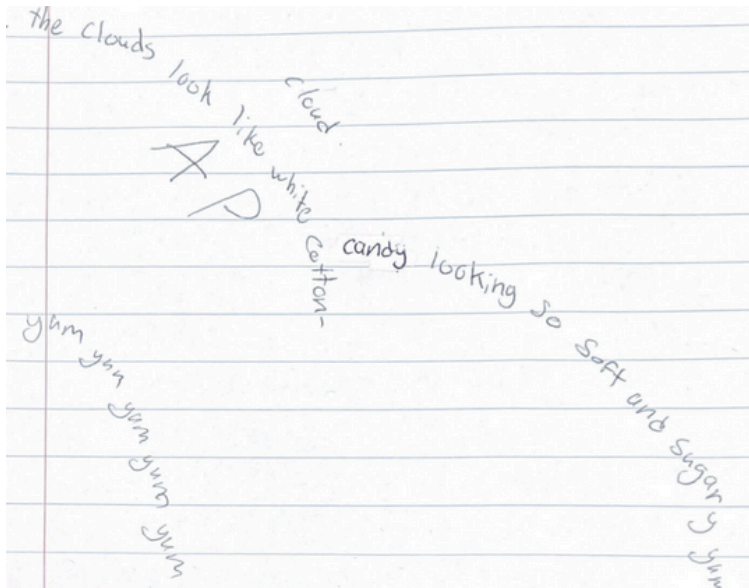
THE WINDOW (2024)  
BY ANONYMOUS

it toward the edge of the roof, and how it hurtled down end over  
end without her, and their eyes went up, again, to see where she  
had flown.  
I didn't see her leap through air, only heard the sudden thump  
and looked out my window. She was hanging by the backs of her heels  
from the new gutter we had put in that year, and she was smiling. I

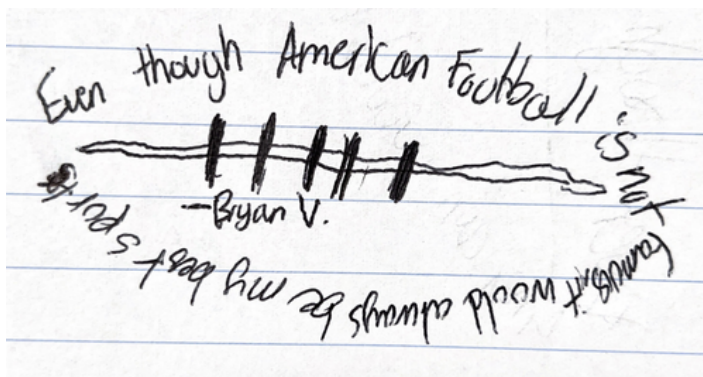


# CALLIGRAMS

a word or piece of text in which the design and layout of the letters creates a visual image related to the meaning of the words

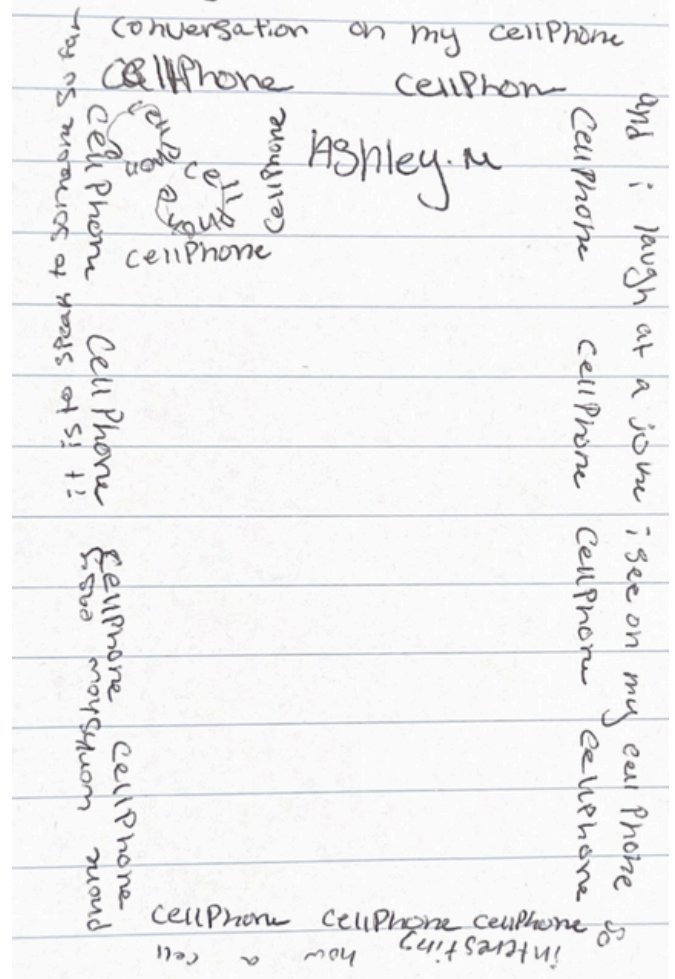


CLOUD  
BY AGUSTINA



FOOTBALL  
BY BRYAN

MY CELLPHONE  
BY MIRANDA







*CENTRAL PARK LANDSCAPE (2024) BY ANONYMOUS*

# PHOTOGRAPHY

# ARTS AND TECH

# AT



# THE

TOP RIGHT: A picture of the over night college trip to Boston it's the restaurant we ate at on the first night or second night

BOTTOM LEFT: PORTRAIT OF MS. SONI  
**BY JERMAINE**

# MOMENT

Stories as told through the eyes of student photography





*UNTITLED (2024)* **BY JT**



*UNTITLED (2024)* **BY TEON**





UNTITLED (2024) BY SHIRLEY



UNTITLED (2024) BY GABRIELLA ROSE

# DIGITAL ART



*It's getting dark out... the moon is glowing. It's about time to go sleep.  
Shouldn't be too hard, right? Just close your eyes.*

**BY ANGIE**





*WANDERER (2024)*  
**BY SAMANTHA**



*UNTITLED (2024)*  
**BY V1BEZ**

# DUEL



UNTITLED (2024)  
BY MISAEL

## EXCERPT OF *DUEL* (2024) BY SILAS

A day prior to the event in which I shall discuss, then vice-president Aaron Burr had wanted to know my inquiry about assisting him as his second in an affair of honor with the late-Treasurer Alexander Hamilton. I had agreed to his request.

The dawn air hung heavy as I stood at the edge of Weehawken, my boots and walking stick sinking slightly into the grass & dirt trail. The rippling of the Hudson River behind up being mixed with the rhythmic clinking of Mr. Hamilton's second, Mr. Pendleton, adjusting his pistol. I greeted Mr. Hosack, who would be the medical assistant for this event. This man had been chosen because he was both the family doctor of both the Hamilton family and the Burr family.

Mr. Burr's sight had not strayed from Mr. Hamilton, his amber eyes strong as the glow of the slowly rising sun. Mr. Burr's face had been pensive, but barely hiding the jealousy & grief he had been put through during the years of their personal and, mainly political careers. His hairline and sideburns had thinned over the years, in which the once rich, parchment-white powder of his hairpiece had faded into a light smog gray.

Mr. Burr had worn his tricorn hat which was cocked back to take fair aim. The man had worn his frock coat to the duel, in which it was dyed black, lined with matching coloured metal buttons. Said coat running down to his thigh and waving freely in the early summer breeze. The man's waistcoat was gray, with the same black metal buttons, and his jabot tie peeked out from the neck of it. The man's breeches matched that of the pigment of his frock coat, and so did his stockings. The man's shoes buckled tightly in preparation.

The latter, Mr. Hamilton, I had noticed that his face was mixed with a platter of emotions, not just anger. The man's eyes, once ambitiously bright and charming, had sunken with age and disdain. The violet-blue color had been washed away with a gray veil, that of the eyes of General Washington. The man looked like he had aged severely in the literal span of about a year. The man had suffered severe hair loss in the past three years, with the remaining amount having multiple streaks of an exceedingly darker gray.

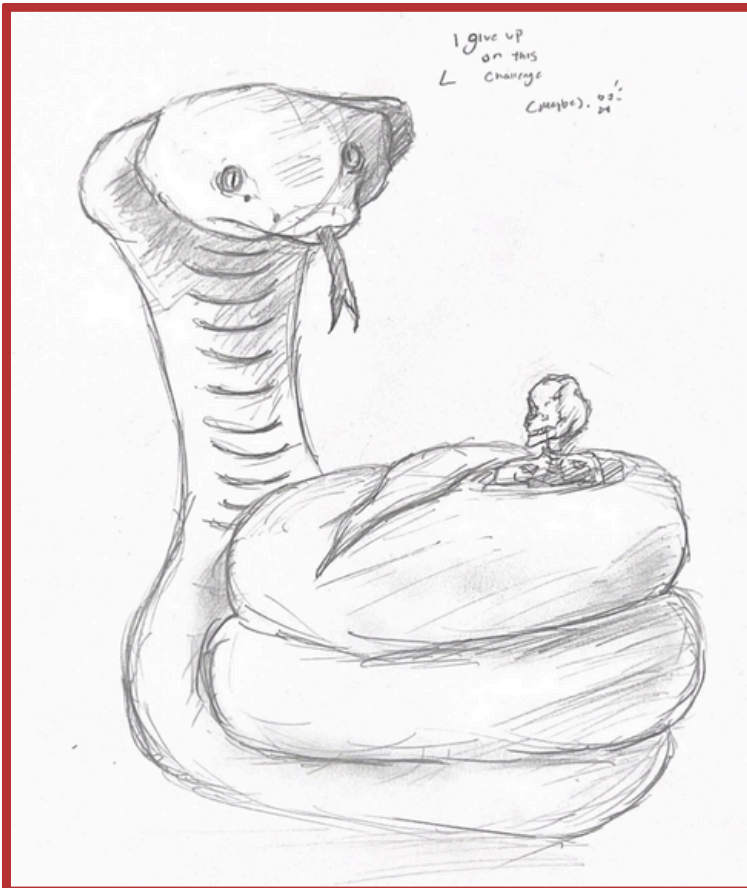
The man had kept the same controlled gaze comparable to Mr. Burr, but his expression was grief-stricken in a way. I had heard back from the New York Evening Post in 1801 that his child, Philip, had presumably been attacked at the exact same location, to the exact same fate, with the exact same artillery.



# LOOPS



UNTITLED (2024) **BY AGUSTINA**

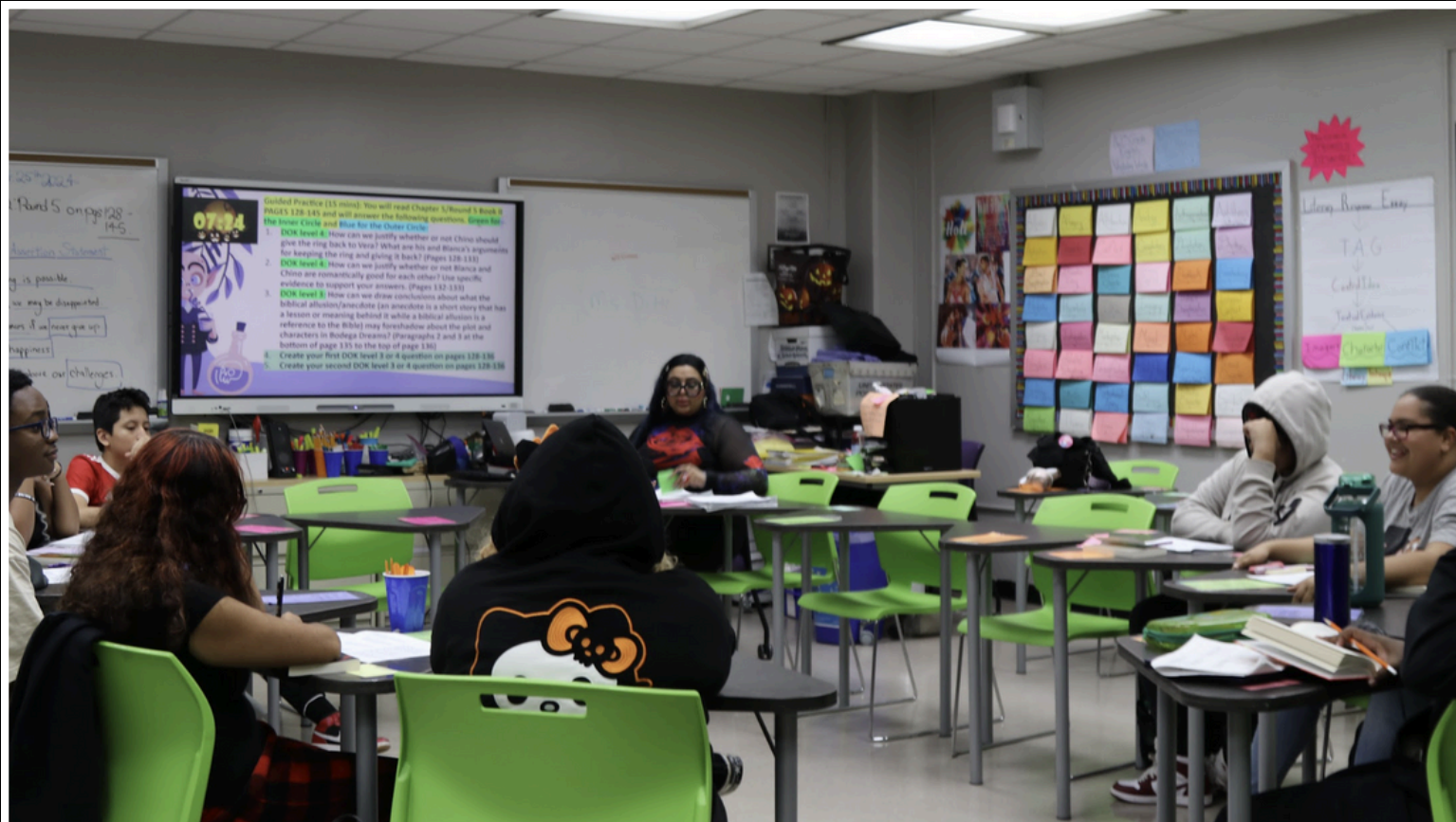


UNTITLED (2024) **BY MISAEAL**

## LOOP BY ANONYMOUS

You're life is in a loop  
By the way you've seen it  
But you've grown tired  
Of the rules you've  
Been created  
Only you can stop  
The never-lasting loop  
You're actions is the cage  
That you've craftily found suit  
Why must you stay in this loop  
While all it's gives you  
Is nothing but snores  
The key is you  
But why must you be  
Frightened for?  
Change is good  
But many fears  
Will you live in  
a never lasting loop  
Or will you be free  
From the chains  
You Yourself had created.





*COLLEGIAL CONVERSATIONS IN TENTH GRADE ENGLISH (2024)*  
**BY JERMAINE**

If somebody asked me what I've learned in my years of being the least wide eyed to certain things, I'd say I learned that "you live and you learn" you learn along the way and you help people along the way too. help each other learn so y'all can be one. it's no one sided learning, it's not belittling someone cause they don't know enough, you live and you learn, help each other to learn to live and keep going, be wise, be wide eyed.

**BY KYMORA**



*UNTITLED (2024) BY GIO*

**POVS** POINT OF VIEWS





UNTITLED (2024) BY AARON

# GRIEVING

Grief is so weird.

Grief can have you in such a depressive state crying everyday and wallowing away. Grief can also have you in such a state of shock that you can't even fathom what's happened so you feel incapable of showing emotion.

Or grief can have you in this weird limbo where you've done all the crying you've possible can and you feel oh so sad and lonely with also such a deep feeling of emptiness while also trying to pick up the pieces they've left getting your life together while also grieving.

But grieving is so weird like I can be in the middle of class at 9:48 am and suddenly this wave of sadness and emptiness just hits and ruins your whole day. that's just the thing grief doesn't just pop up like "hey I'm going to ruin the rest of your day" no it hits at random times and you don't even see it coming. And Sadly there is no guide book on how to cope with losing someone dead or alive. — JT



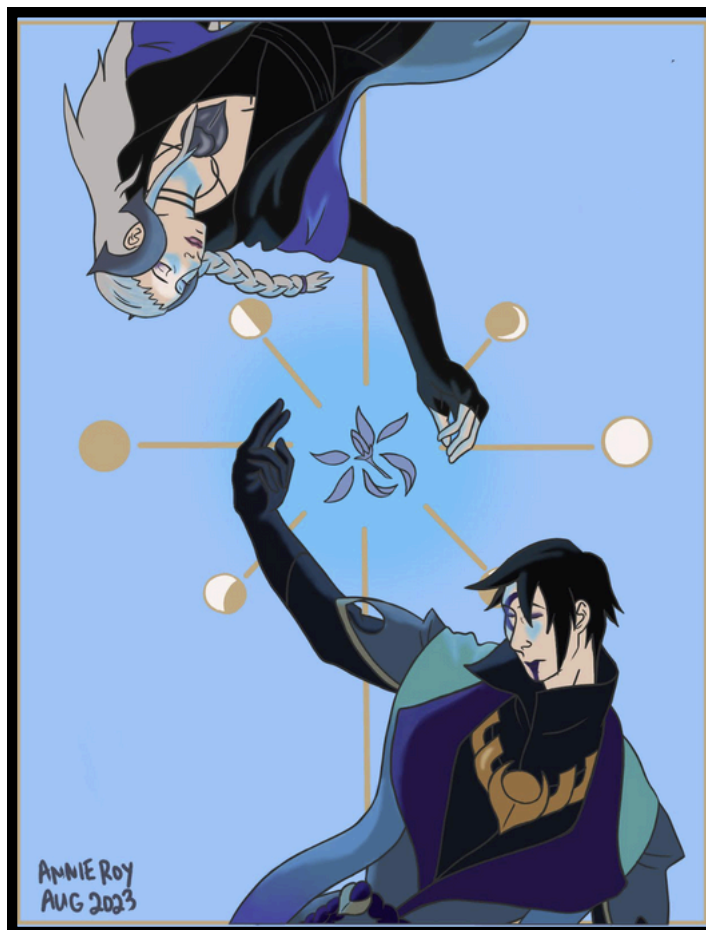
# STAFF SUBMISSIONS

AN EXCERPT FROM *THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY - FOR GOOD* (2024) **BY MS. SHAKYA**

The anger began to fade with the distance between us later on. I started opening up to those around me, letting go of that anger, and allowing myself to fall for someone new—someone I didn't try to force into any on. One warm night in the early days of the summer, at the end of a concert in Boston, all the pent-up emotions from months of anger and sadness poured out in an infamous sob session with my best friend. Was it the music, or was it your actions that made me cry? I'm not sure. All I knew was that it was exactly what I needed. Summer vacation came and went. You came and went as well. In that time, I moved into my apartment and fell in love—truly in love, in a way I never had before. I learned what love was really about and realized you could never give me that, whether or not we ended up together. You weren't the one I was meant to be with.

A few months later, on a warm Wednesday morning, I was walking down the block with my partner. As we passed, I saw you out of the corner of my eye. You saw us too. You made a face—one of embarrassment—when we looked at each other for the last time. You then rushed into a store, and all I could do was smile. That was when I knew you were officially gone from my life.

Looking back, I feel disgusted and embarrassed by the time we spent together. I had forgotten how those early days felt, and the months that followed have overshadowed those brief weeks. You were a lesson in what I didn't want in the love of my life—everything you were, I found the opposite of in the person I met over the summer. What I truly deserved. Now, when I see you, you no longer walk with a sense of victory. You walk with a face of defeat. You can't look me in the eyes the way you used to, with that cruel smugness from months ago. You look at me as if there's something you still want to say, but the truth is, there's nothing left for either of us. To me, you've become a stranger with memories I occasionally see on the streets of New York City. But to you, I was the one that got away - for good.



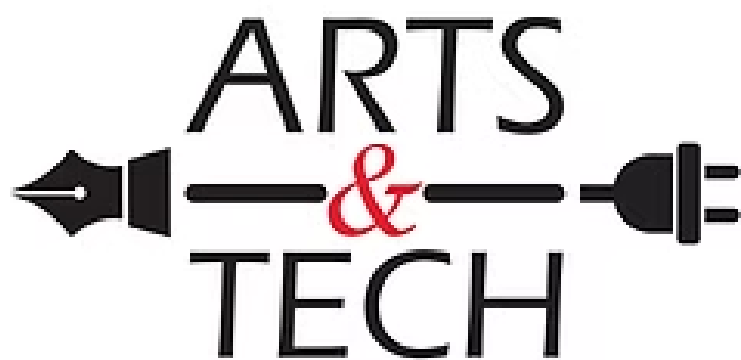
*UNTITLED* (2023) **BY MS. ROY**

That South Asian man with the turban over there says that Indian women are chaste, should cover their bodies, not act in haste or curse and drink because it's a waste. They should be dutiful and follow the rules even if they look like a fool and not duel against their families even if that means getting into a carriage and having an arranged marriage. But that's never been me because Destiny didn't let it be. I was born and raised from the Bowels of the Bronx, I walk to the beat of my own drum unlike a bougie bum and refuse to be a sheep to society's grand heap of status quos who bend to the will of patriarchal foes that constantly say no to Indian women who try to break the mold.

Look at me! Look at my skin when I bleed. I bleed the same blood of my Indian ancestors who come from the very crevices of the Indus River Civilization that changed the very nation of Britain's Imperial Diamond. Ain't I Indian enough? I practice vegetarianism, I celebrate my Hindu Holidays, and love Bollywood songs and movies like they're a part of me. I have played and practiced a plethora of those dances where the romance is, and no Indian woman can match my flow. I'm a classical Guju girl with a heart of gold. Ain't I Indian enough? I can interpret the themes of many Indian songs without taking long, cook Gujarati dishes without using fishes, wear traditional Indian clothes without looking like a ho and bear the criticism of Indian aunties world wide who just like to party. And ain't I Indian enough? I have seen most of my cousins sold off with dowries as they cowered for a sense of power, and when I cried out about my own isolation in deep meditation, none but my spirit guides surrounded me with love. And ain't I Indian enough?







**Submit for the  
next Edition**

WE ARE ACCEPTING CREATIVE  
WRITING AND ART WORK