



Portrait by
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PaperJam

June, 2013

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Thank you most of all to our
contributors.

We will miss all the creative seniors who
submitted to *PaperJam*
this school year.

Thank you to the Hunter-Gatherers:
Ms. Clarke,
Ms. Ingraham,
and Ms. Calcattera.

Thank you,
Ms. May and Ms. Doucette,
for your continued support.

PaperJam is
Published for
North Central Charter Essential School
171 South Street
Fitchburg, Massachusetts, 01420.

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Love, Family, Music
by Kiana Whitfield

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Fallen

by
Sonia Aviles

The edge of a mountain, so high
The mountain of Olympus
Touches heaven

He and I, together at last
Trembling hands
Laced together with foolishness

He faced me, took one kiss from my lips
Took a step
Over the edge

He fell and I collapsed
And held his hand,
Tears swelled my eyes, my vision bitter and blurred

His palms filled with sweat
His eyes shined with tears
Bittersweet goodbye

I love you

He took one breath, his fingers released mine
My ears rang with his screams
Echoes aching to fly with him
He's fallen, like the blackest angel cast down
My feelings of calamity
The sound of a thump at the bottom of the mountain
The sound of relief
The sound of silence

A Fighter Against Death

by
Mario Morales

In my eyes he's a fighter. Not just a fighter of any type, but a fighter who defeated death. His name is Angel.

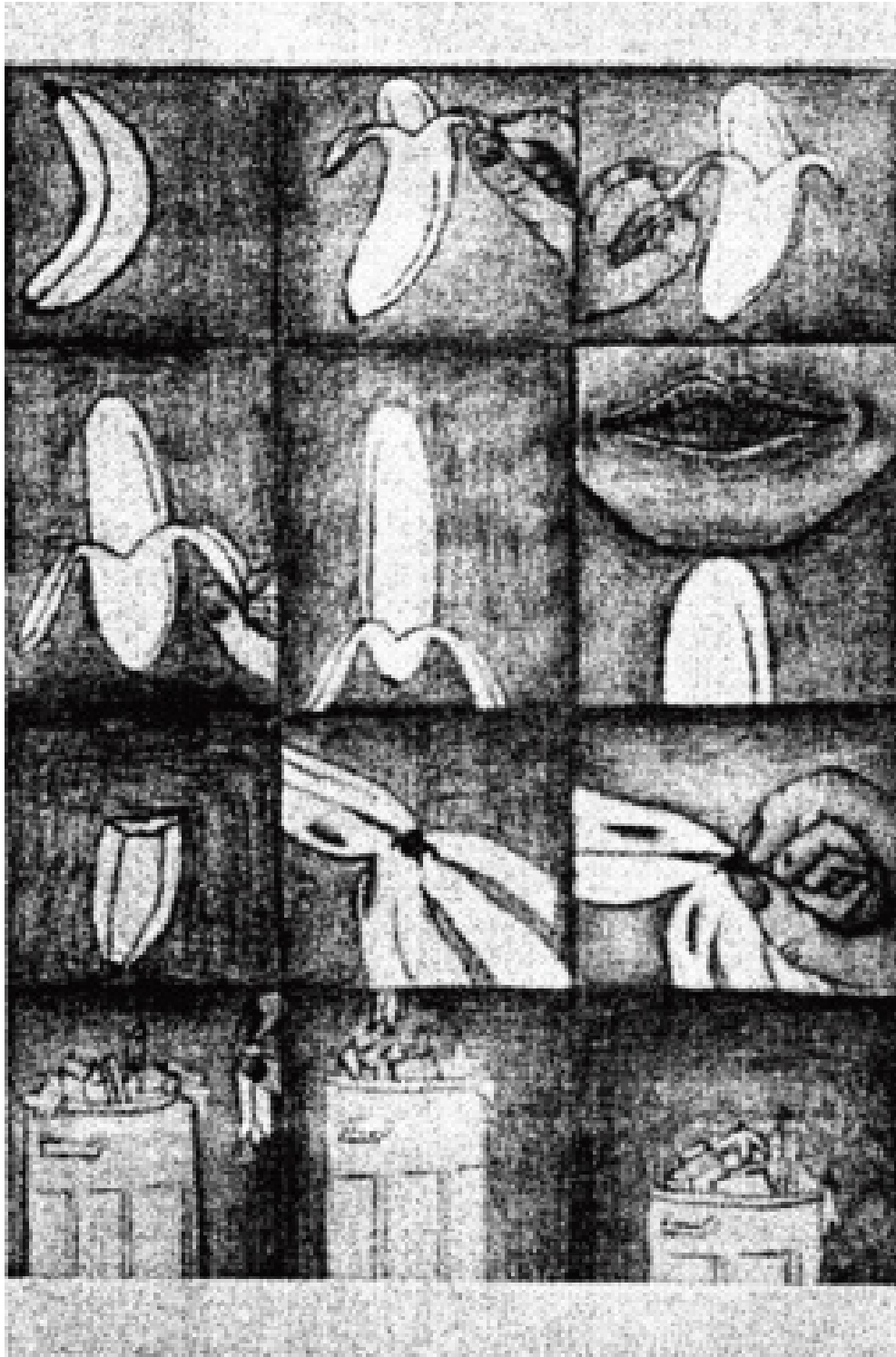
Angel is a funny, happy, and outgoing type of person. Despite the problems he has been through, he still keeps his head up.

Angel has been through a lot. When he was about 16, he was diagnosed with kidney failure. The doctors told him that if

he hurried and got some dialysis that he would maybe have a chance. It didn't work.

All of a sudden one day his kidneys failed. It was a normal day like today. It was a partly cloudy summer's day. Angel had been feeling sort of on the rough side for the past few weeks, and this day he felt excruciating pain that he had never felt before. All of a sudden while Angel was leaving to go to the doctors, he collapsed. While everyone panicked, I rushed to the phone to call 911.

Nothing worked. Nothing could be done but plug him in and let him live with wires all of his life. The doctors told him that the reason why his kidneys failed was just maybe because of his appendix rupturing when he was a kid. Angel spent about three years on life support until one of his many brothers gave him a kidney. This in my perspective view was one of Angel's



Process by
Murphy Page

happiest days. His mood changed from depression to happiness.

All because of this one person, his brother.

Angel was a grateful man after the surgery occurred because he felt brand new, changed, or reborn.

I met Angel five years ago. I helped him start to walk. I've cared for him and embraced him in his times of need. I exercised with him and forced him to walk in our community for three months straight. I pushed him and forced him to do more and more every day.

It saddens me to see that Angel will never be healthy. Even with me pushing Angel everyday to exercise and get strong, something ends up ruining our day in fame. Many people ask Angel and I what is a day in fame? We reply with simply our perfect day. A day that neither Angel nor I will need to take any medications. One of Angel's medicines for his kidneys ended up giving him

diabetes, and now he has the weight of another problem on his shoulders.

Angel takes about 10 pills a day. All of the medicines for a specific reason, but what I do not understand is with all of the medicines that Angel takes that is for his health to improve, but in his case his medication does not help as much as everyone thinks. I noticed that with all of the medicines he takes his disability increases every day. He is able to do less and less every day.

“Humorous” is one of his middle names. He always makes jokes and constantly makes people laugh. He uses a variety of voices to imitate people. If you meet Angel you would probably think that he is a comedian. Every possible accent you may think of he can imitate. Once you think that you “got him” on a joke or an imitation, Angel is quick to either top it off or do it

. better. The problem is half of the time he does top the joke off and always beats everyone. His sense of humor is unbeatable

What surprises me is even with all of the pain he feels and goes through Angel still has a smile. He always makes jokes and brightens my day and not just that he still does not give up and stays connected with his family. Angel plays with his nephews and nieces, even though his legs hurt to run.

This is Angel: An inspiration, a comical man, and most of all, my hero. My godfather.





Page from
Jen Barrett's Sketchbook

Every Day

by

Helen Johnson

the colors of a comic strip
with giggles, pows, and polka dots
the kingdom of a fairytale
with dragons, kings, and queens, the lot
the peacefulness of an autumn day
a windy winter night
my actually-isn't brother
who isn't always right
the sunshine and the smell of rain
and hues of passing time
I paint 3 minutes past 2 a.m.
In a world that's mine

In my hand, I've held many things. In my hand
 writing with in my hand, I've held a fork, a ute
 go hungry, in my hand, I've held a spoon,
 my hand, I've held a book, to improve my
 light to reveal the things in the shadows
 that I can buy things that will help me get
 brush, which I can use to express
 held my lover's to show my
 hand, I've held a cup, to keep
 my hand, I've held scissors
 hand, I've
 have anymore. In my
 made for good. In my
 for love I can't. In my
 I cannot carry. In my hand
 loud and clear. In my hand, I've
 the sun out of my eyes
 which I write my many
 a hairbrush, so I can look
 I've held a hammer, so I
 have broken. In my hand,
 can feel better if I'm
 held seeds, so I can grow
 In my hand I've held a phone, so
 who are not with us. In my hand,
 be provided with warmth when
 held a toothbrush, so I
 teeth in my mouth I've
 up the meases I've made on my
 when I get up in the morning
 held a magnifying glass, so I can
 to see. In my hand I've held soap, so I
 get new, so I can discern things in the

so that
 knowledge
 that my
 by in
 my
 care
 my
 but
 held
 I've
 held

IN MY HAND

I've held a pencil, in which I have improved my
tool that helps the food to my mouth so I do not

I may eat food that I cannot eat with a fork. In
of the world and beyond. In my hand, I've held a
eyes cannot see. In my hand, I've held money, so

life. In my hand, I've held a point-
in art. In my hand, I've
and drink
will
an
held
held
a
a

affection for him. In my
in, so I don't go thirsty. In
not use them in that way I

eraser, to erase the mistakes I have
a tissue, to wipe away my

a bag, to hold the things that
microphone, so people can hear me

hat, to keep my head cool and
In my hand, I've held a paper, in

ideas on. In my hand, I've held
presentable every day. In my hand,

can fix the things that I
I've held medicine, so I
sick.

money. In my hand, I've
wonderful foods and plants

I can talk to the people
I've held a blanket, so I can
I am cold. In my hand, I've

can have beautiful, shiny, white
held a napkin, so I can clean
face. In my hand, I've held a pen,

mistakes when I write. In my hand, I've
see things that are too small for my eyes

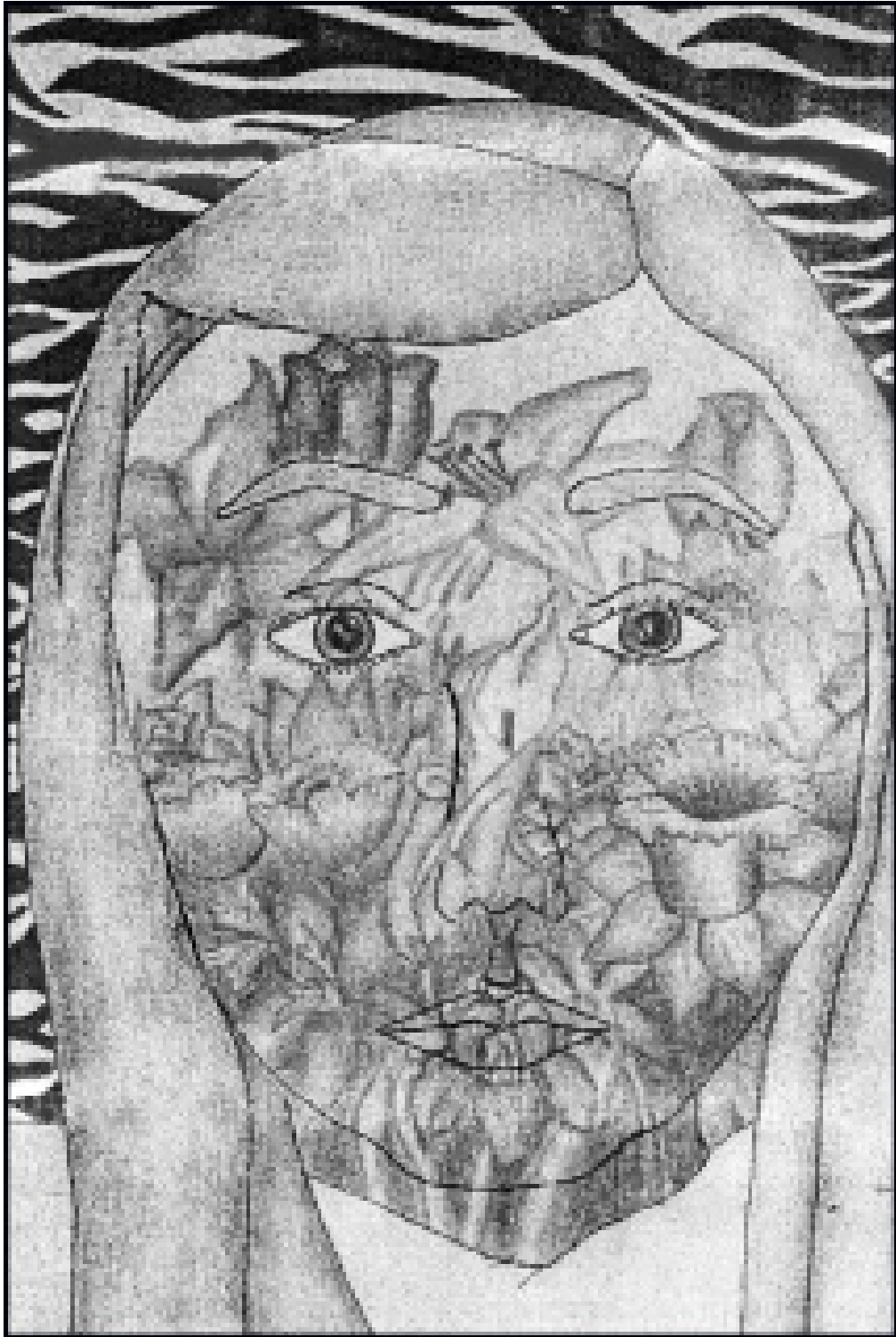
can be nice and clean. In my hand, I've held
ground that I've never seen before. In my hand,

I've held a baby, reminding me of what I used to be

When I Sleep I Often Dream

by Anonymous

When I sleep I often dream,
Shifting through realities endless seams.
When I dream, you're the only one there.
No fantastic voyage or a brooding nightmare,
Just you and me, a lovely pair.
Your eyes are radiant blue, with the color of an endless ocean
Your smile is brilliant, with the brightness of a golden sun.
When I dream, your hands and my hands are locked in bliss.
We reach to kiss,
In deeper passion than you and I could ever comprehend
And, as I often dream,
I often wake, alone.
I draw a tired, heavy breath and hug my pillow tight.
I wish you were here; you'd be my light,
Dispelling the dark, cold and aimless night.
I slowly sink back into unconsciousness,
With the imprint of your beautiful soul upon my own.
When I sleep I often dream,
Of us together in eternal love,
Forever and always.



Floral Portrait
by Murphy Page

THE WORCESTER PALLADIUM

By Jaline Tessier

The city of Worcester has been discussing the Worcester Palladium for a while now. They think that it is suitable to tear this music sanctuary down and turn it into a parking lot for the Worcester Court House. This is not a good idea because it will displace music hungry citizens, cause more violent/gang related



palladium *n.* 1. A sacred object held to have the power to preserve a city or state possessing it. 2. A safeguard, especially one viewed as a guarantee of the integrity of social institutions. The American Heritage Dictionary

crimes, and even reduce Worcester's financial income.

The Worcester Palladium is a concert venue that hosts bands that are too big to play at clubs, and not big enough to fit in arenas. Despite its outer appearance, it has its charms. Originally being the Plymouth Theatre in 1928, it has opera boxes, chandeliers, and good sightlines. There are two different stages in this building, an upstairs which can hold around 500 people, and a downstairs which has a capacity of 2,000 people. The Worcester Palladium isn't just a place for rowdy kids to cause trouble, it is a venue that not only provides a safe environment for music loving citizens, but it also supports local bands along with bringing in money/revenue to the city of Worcester.

The Palladium is a place where teenagers and even adults can go and enjoy a various types of music. Without this venue, people would have to drive further to Boston, or even Mansfield.

Even though it may seem like a hangout for rowdy or mischievous teenagers on drugs, it is a venue close to home that provides a safe atmosphere. With 10+ security guards inside the building, and police searches before entering, it is safer than an average high school football game. In fact, if the Palladium were to be demolished, violent and gang related crimes in Worcester would increase.

Violent/gang related crimes occur out of anger, and boredom. The Palladium offers a safe and protected environment in which bored teenagers can visit. Many people would think that concerts could increase anger, but in fact, it decreases it. At a concert, the most typical actions are jumping and moshing, which is a form of dancing. These two acts are forms of exercise which increases endorphins and will make a person feel happier and more relaxed. Studies have shown that exercise is a



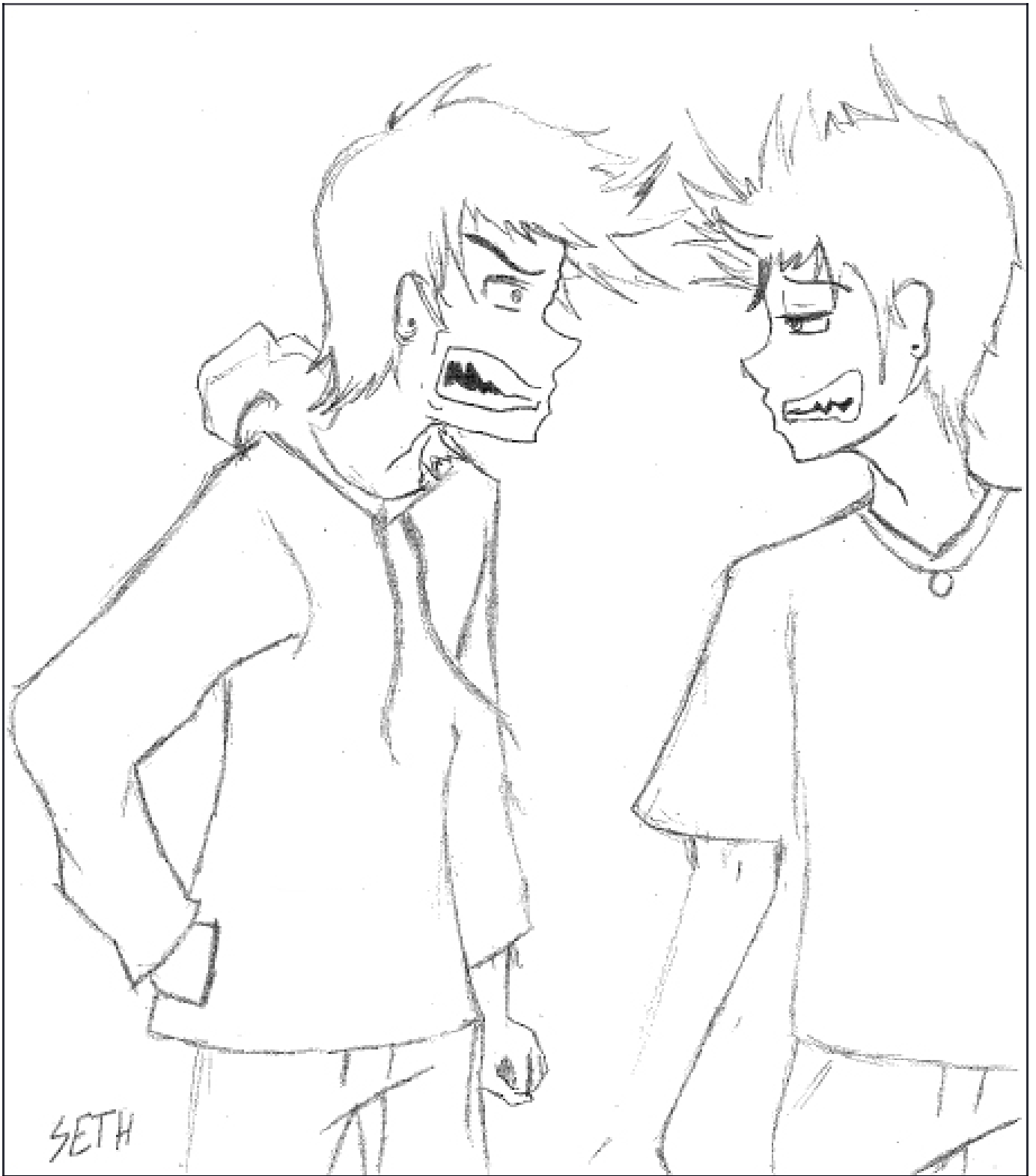
Portrait by
Kirsten Ponusky

good treatment for depression, bi-polar, even stress and anxiety. Without music and exercise that the Palladium provides, the city of Worcester would encounter more violence and gang related crimes.

The Worcester Palladium also provides good financial support for the city of Worcester. The average price for a ticket is 20 dollars, and if the show is sold out, as it commonly is, the Palladium brings in around 40,000 dollars. There are on average 5 shows a week, this shows that the Worcester Palladium, in ticket sales alone, makes around 600,000 dollars a month. The profit from ticket sales can also be added with the sale of food and beverage. Because there no outside food or beverages are allowed in, one bottle of water costs 4 dollars. If 1,000 people decide to purchase water, that's 4,000 dollars right there. Why destroy something that brings in 700,000+ per month to the city

of Worcester and its workers?

If the Worcester Palladium houses music hungry citizens, reduces violent/gang related crimes, and helps the city of Worcester financially, then why tear it down for a parking lot? Even though a parking lot has its benefits, people should be more important than automobiles.



*Exchange by
Seth*

Why Being Tidy is Important

By Jacob Brown

My arms swaying like broken branches in the wind, I lifted the grand book down from its shelf. The dictionary dropped from my hands onto my desk. After the mushroom cloud of dust settled, I opened the book.

As I leafed through the dictionary, I glanced at the pile of paper that I'd kept perfectly stacked on my desk for the last 63 years. The teacher who had assigned it was now surely in eternal rest, and I would soon join him. But not before I finished my exhaustive paper on *The Events of the 1890's*.

I flipped through the top pages, yellow with age, to the bottom pages, still white as snow, and their youth visible, unlike mine. I finished correcting the spelling on the final page.

I smiled. I had finally completed the perfect paper!

But—wait! A period was missing. My hand, shaking with age and excitement, slowly reached for my pen. But while doing so, I knocked over the wax candle that illuminated my Spartan living conditions. The candle fell onto my masterpiece. Instantly, the top page caught on fire. In a flash, the perfect paper crinkled into ash.

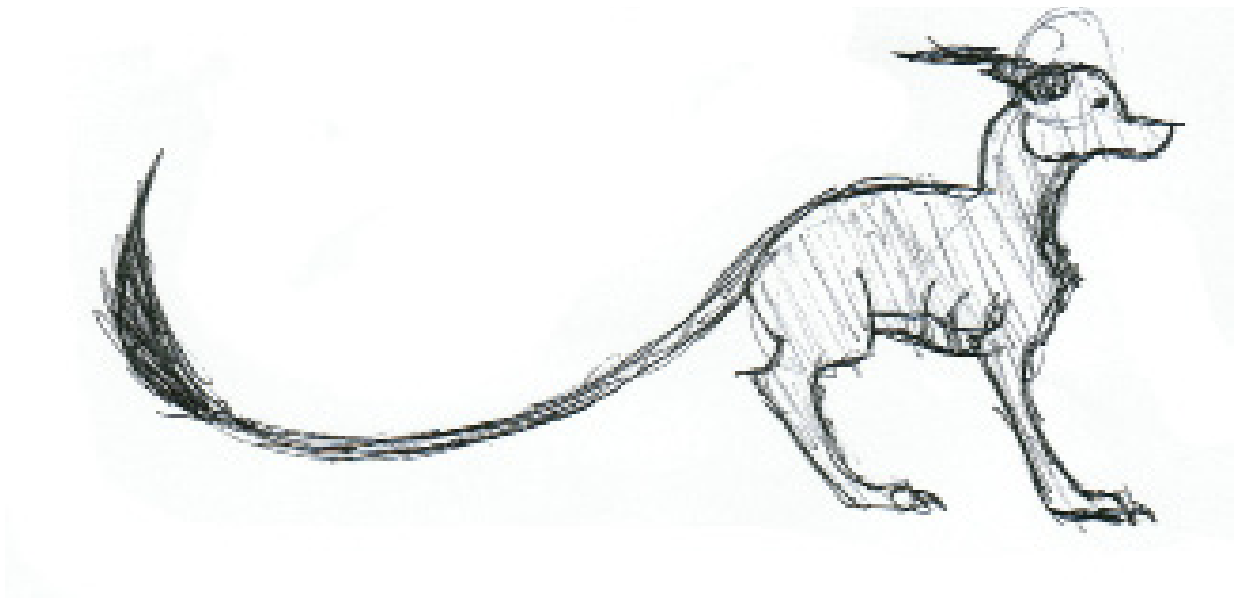
The hungry fire spread through the room. The previous drafts, the notes, the citations, the reference books...gone! The fire closed around me as I screamed in anguish. The crinkling words seemed to be cackling at me as my vision began to become obscured by the smoke growing all around me.

Reflection

by

Helen Johnson

on the other side
of my cold and fragile window
there is a person who matches me
and they stand to examine
I turn as they please
sometimes they reach for me
and we smudge



I catch a glimpse of them
in another place
where they smile and laugh
and I sway in tune to them
until they skip away
to be without me
I grow small

there are days
when we dance together
we sit and take pictures
and I follow the movements as suggested
other days we share
only glances
and secrets



Jen Barrett



Portrait by
Jen Barrett