

Scribe

*The Magazine
of Triton High School*

2025





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& many other anonymous contributors

The Many Faces of Love

Melts My Heart

The air was filled with
XOXO all around
as I walk through the
hallway I see lovebirds

ooo la la I said with joy
it melts hy heart to see
everyone

I see my hero standing
far
I can smell my first kiss
from here





Fun

Love is amazing

It brings out humanity

It is the greatest

By: Anonymous

I'm Just a Girl
By: Emma Rollins

A

I'm just a girl.
Living in this exotic world,
finding the right path.
I'm starting my journey.

I'm just a girl.
Making friends one day,
to becoming strangers the next.
I'm starting my journey.

B

I'm just a girl.
Finally understanding a males love,
to then understanding a heartbreak.
I'm starting my journey.

I'm just a girl.
Always wanting a ponytail,
to making sure my curls are perfect.
I'm starting my journey.

I'm just a girl.
Getting unicorn face paint at the park,
to not feeling complete without mascara.
I'm starting my journey.

C

I'm just a girl.
Seeing everything with bright colors,
to then becoming close with therapy.
I'm Starting my journey.

I'm just a girl.
Once learning my ABC's,
to now learn the concept of real life.
I'm starting my journey.

An Ode to My Mother
By: Olivia Polan

A mothers love is unconditional
Am I deserving of such
Her luscious hair
Is so soft to the touch
Andrea West
Barbs if you may
I will love you always
Hugs a plenty
Deprived of kisses
I will not say
Bad grades who cares
Mother will love me regardless
Boyfriends come and go
But moms are here to stay
Tv shows are our fav
Law and Order
Is constant on our abode
Disagreements
Unfortunately we have many
Scholarships
Motivation
Work
Are some that stay constant
When college comes
Leave her I must
Leaving my only home
Amidst the constant change
Love stays strong
No matter distance
I was chosen
She wanted me
I chose her right back
My mother is my back bone
Light amidst the dark
I couldnt be more thankful
For the wonder that is called
Andrea West

I Love You

M - you & me are meant to be

V - "for ever & ever?" he says to me

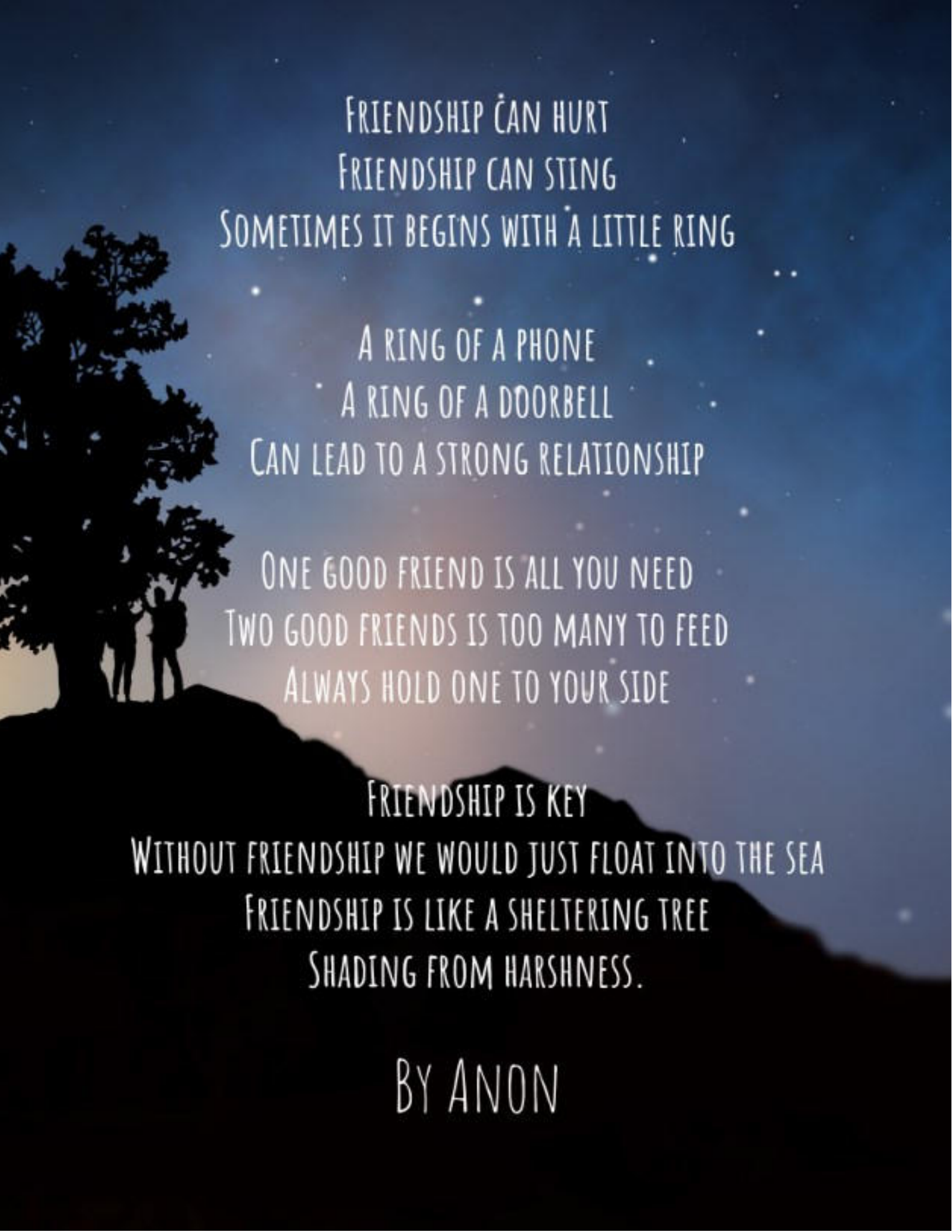
M - our first kiss was however not the

V - I hear his words whisper "miss me?" last
from our past

M - he's my hero & always will be too,

V - I love you.

By Violet Bosse & Manor Haddadi



FRIENDSHIP CAN HURT
FRIENDSHIP CAN STING
SOMETIMES IT BEGINS WITH A LITTLE RING

A RING OF A PHONE
A RING OF A DOORBELL
CAN LEAD TO A STRONG RELATIONSHIP

ONE GOOD FRIEND IS ALL YOU NEED
TWO GOOD FRIENDS IS TOO MANY TO FEED
ALWAYS HOLD ONE TO YOUR SIDE

FRIENDSHIP IS KEY
WITHOUT FRIENDSHIP WE WOULD JUST FLOAT INTO THE SEA
FRIENDSHIP IS LIKE A SHELTERING TREE
SHADING FROM HARSHNESS.

BY ANON

SOMETIMES I FEEL SELFISH FOR THE WAY I FEEL
LIKE HOW MY DAD WOULD ALWAYS TELL ME
"YOU DON'T HAVE IT BAD, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN WHAT I WENT THROUGH"

OR

"PEOPLE HAVE IT TEN TIMES WORSE THAN YOU, YOU HAVE NO REASON TO CRY"
BUT I'VE LEARNED THAT I CAN'T CONTROL MY EMOTIONS

OR STOP THE TEARS FROM FALLING

BECAUSE I KNOW HOW I FEEL IS NOT MY FAULT
AND MOST DEFINITELY SOMETHING I DID NOT CHOOSE

SO FOR ANYONE WHO FEELS INVALID

OR THAT THEY SHOULDN'T FEEL HOW THEY DO

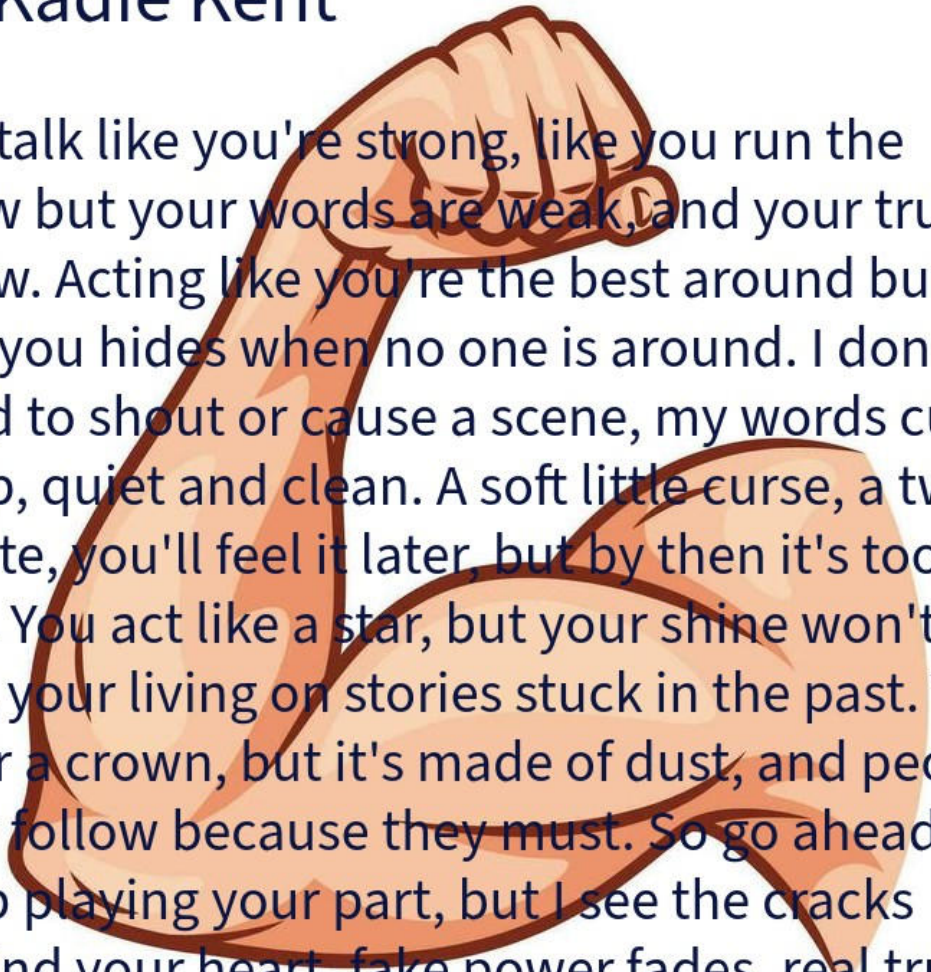
I UNDERSTAND YOU, EVEN WHEN YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND YOURSELF

ANON



You Talk Like You're Strong

By Kadie Kent

An illustration of a clenched fist, rendered in a stylized, cartoonish manner. The fist is orange-brown with darker brown outlines and shading, suggesting a muscular hand. It is positioned behind the text, with the fingers curled and the thumb tucked in. The fist appears to be emerging from behind the text, as if it's a symbol of the strength mentioned in the poem.

You talk like you're strong, like you run the show but your words are weak, and your truth is low. Acting like you're the best around but the real you hides when no one is around. I don't need to shout or cause a scene, my words cut deep, quiet and clean. A soft little curse, a twist of fate, you'll feel it later, but by then it's too late. You act like a star, but your shine won't last, your living on stories stuck in the past. You wear a crown, but it's made of dust, and people only follow because they must. So go ahead, keep playing your part, but I see the cracks behind your heart, fake power fades, real truth stays, and your name will vanish in a few more days.

What I Wish Upon You

- Anonymous

I wish every shower you take is freezing cold.
A sickness that will never go away. Bugs in your bed. A flat tire
when you drive.

I hope you lose all your friends. Sour milk in your coffee. A
hole in every sock.

A bug bite on every finger. I hope you step on a nail. Wake up
with gum in your hair.

I hope you never forget how you hurt me. Every test you take
you fail. A rainy summer.

A face full of pimples. A drippy faucet that keeps you up at
night.

I wish no one ever tells you they love you. Every leaf you
step on doesn't crunch.

A garden that will never grow. Drop a tack on your fluffy
carpet. Lose your keys when you need to leave.

I hope time flies when you need it to stay still. Feel judged by
everyone you see. A piece of food in your teeth in every
picture you're in. I hope you can't find the one thing you
need. Get lost at sea. Win the lottery but lose the ticket.
Sweat through your shirt. Swallow a fly. Tea that never stays
hot.

I hope your mind replays all the great times we had
And never forget the connection we made.

I wish an emptiness in your heart, an emptiness that tears
you apart.

After losing you
MaryJane D'Arcangelo

At 1:45 am 2/13/23
The world fell silent.

When I woke,
A hollow feeling...
As if I was the one who passed
After losing you,
The days go by far too slow.
After losing you,
I lost myself.
After losing you...

L.O.N.G
D.I.S.T.A.N.C.E

L- LEAVING THE SUMMER BEHIND
LOVING YOU FROM A DISTANCE WITHOUT YOU KNOWING
O- ONLY AN HOUR AWAY
ONLY IS 50.8 MILES TO FAR
N- NOT CLOSE ENOUGH
NOT LIKE WE COULD BE IF WE TRIED
G- GOODNIGHT
GOOD I'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING
D- DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED
DON'T? BUT I LOVE THE WAY YOU TALK
I- I HOPE I GET ACCEPTED
I HOPE I CAN CAN BE THERE WITH YOU
S- SOMEDAY IN JULY WE'LL SIT ON THE DOCK AT THE LAKE
SOMEDAY AND I'LL BE GRATEFUL WERE HERE
T- TALKING ON CALL ABOUT NEXT SUMMER
THINKING ABOUT HOW I LOVE HEARING YOUR VOICE
A- ALL THE "I HAVE TO GO I'LL CALL YOU LATER"
AND ALL THE WHY NOT NOW
N- NEXT SUMMER-
NEXT SUMMER WILL NEVER COME BECAUSE WE WERE BOTH REJECTED
C- CAUSE THE SUMMER'S ENDING
CAUSE I DON'T WANNA LIVE WITHOUT YOU
E- EVEN MY BEST ISN'T ENOUGH
EVENTUALLY YOU'LL SEE I'M ENOUGH FOR YOU

War & Remembrance

Called to war - A letter
Nancy Arias

As I write this, my hands tremble—not from fear but from the weight of what I must tell you.

I have been called to serve, and soon I will have to leave this place, leave you, and step into a world I do not know.

I cannot lie to you—I am afraid. Not of what lies ahead, but of leaving you behind. The thought of being far from you feels heavier than any burden I shall carry into battle. But I need you to know this, with every piece of my soul, that I love you. I have loved you in ways words cannot describe, or hold, and I will carry that love with me, no matter where I go.

If fate is unkind and I do not return, I need you to remember this— I was yours. In Every breath, every heartbeat. I was yours.

And if my life must end far from your arms, know that my final thoughts will be of you—your smile, your laugh, and the warmth you've given me that has made this life worth living.

But my love, I promise I will fight to come back to you. I will fight not just for my country, but for the future I have dreamed of with you. Hold on to that dream, even if I cannot.

Please, do not let sorrow shadow the memories we've built. Let them be the light for you, as they will be for me. And if I do not return, live. Love. Find joy. That is my only request—because if I cannot hold you again, I need to know that the world will still give you happiness. Keep this letter close to your heart. As close as I wish I could be. And know this—I love you, always.

Love, Your Soldier

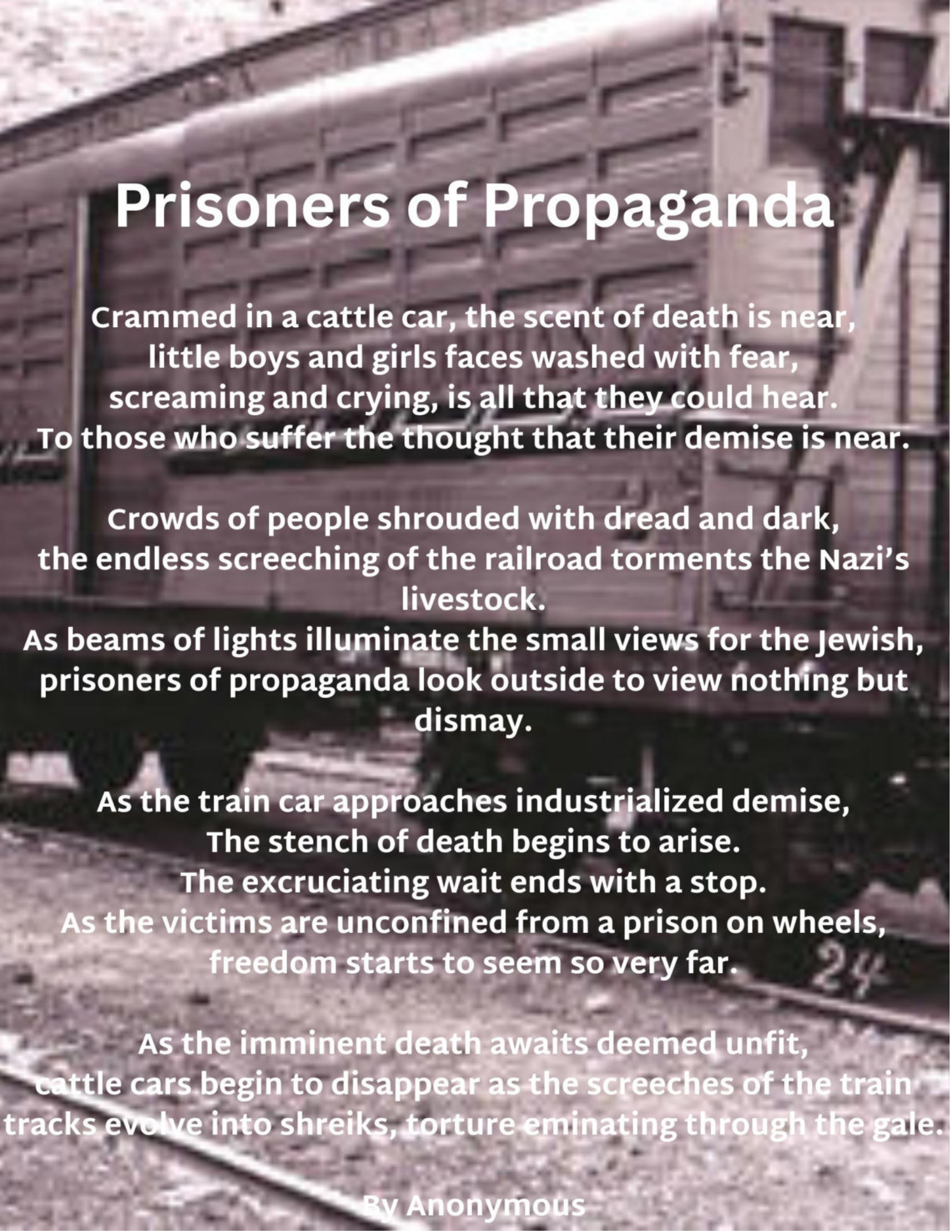


The Nightmare Box Car
By Anonymous
A small box car,
no room to shift around.
People jammed inside
like animals locked in a cage.

Such a simple thing to look at,
yet holds so many dreadful memories.
People suffering,
80 crammed into these compact quarters for days.

Children weeping, others arguing.
The sound of stomachs growling.
The area getting hotter and more scorching by the
second,
and the lack of air to breathe, stuck.

A small box car,
but one that caused so much trauma and misery.



Prisoners of Propaganda

Crammed in a cattle car, the scent of death is near,
little boys and girls faces washed with fear,
screaming and crying, is all that they could hear.
To those who suffer the thought that their demise is near.

Crowds of people shrouded with dread and dark,
the endless screeching of the railroad torments the Nazi's
livestock.
As beams of lights illuminate the small views for the Jewish,
prisoners of propaganda look outside to view nothing but
dismay.

As the train car approaches industrialized demise,
The stench of death begins to arise.
The excruciating wait ends with a stop.
As the victims are unconfined from a prison on wheels,
freedom starts to seem so very far.

As the imminent death awaits deemed unfit,
cattle cars begin to disappear as the screeches of the train
tracks evolve into shrieks, torture emanating through the gale.

By Anonymous

THE CANS OF MURDER

The cans of gas made for slaughter,
like a bomb upon ready to explode,
from life to death of thousands,
All they need is one.

Cans utterly unoccupied,
there contents are gone,
in the wake, the fragments and metal,
is the only heap still around.

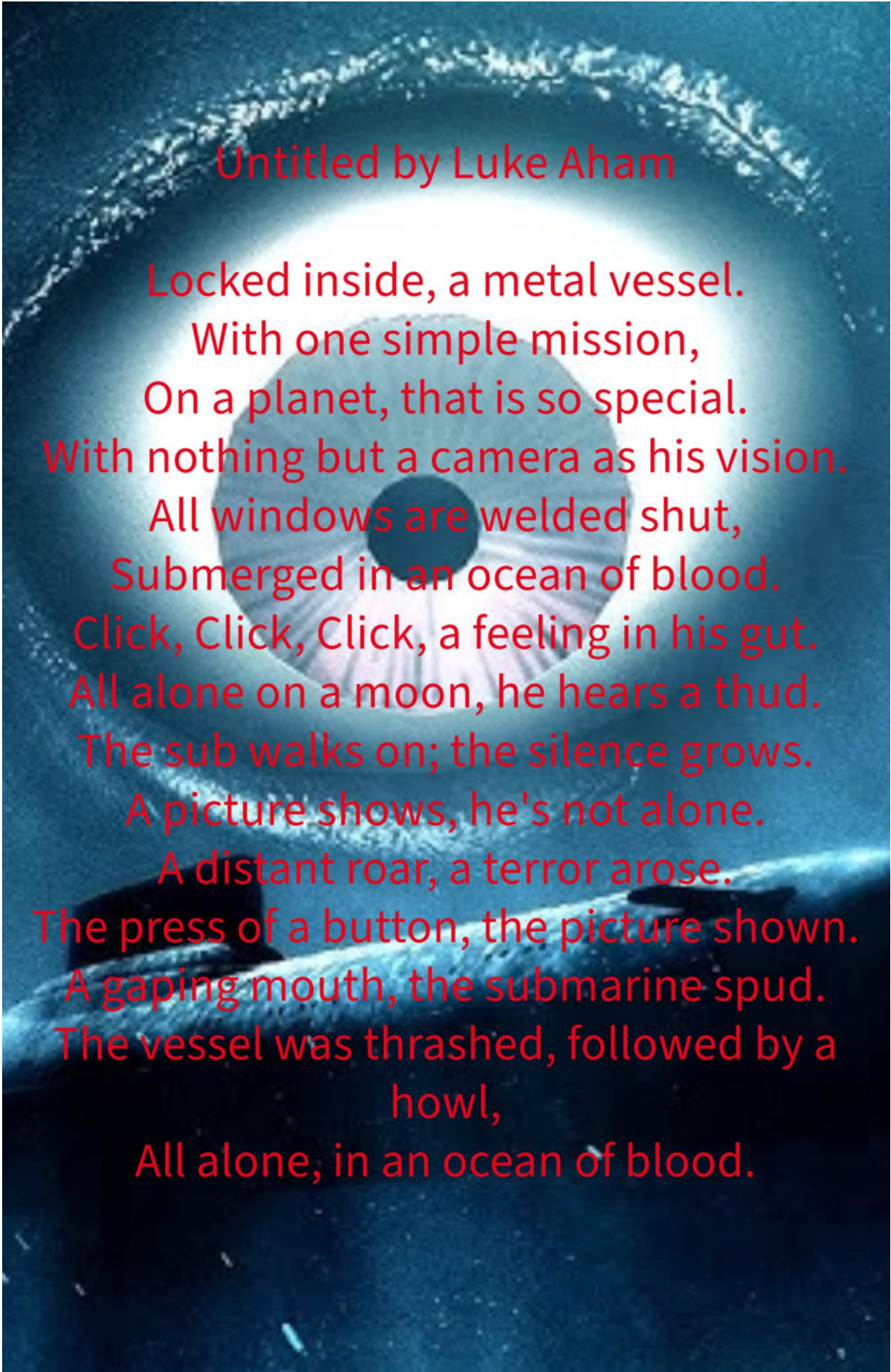
As not only here,
but all over Europe,
cans deposited into the pit of death,
and no living being will ever escape.

Each can, thousands of lives,
gone all at once, due to the Nazi's crimes.

Connor Gargan

WAR POEM

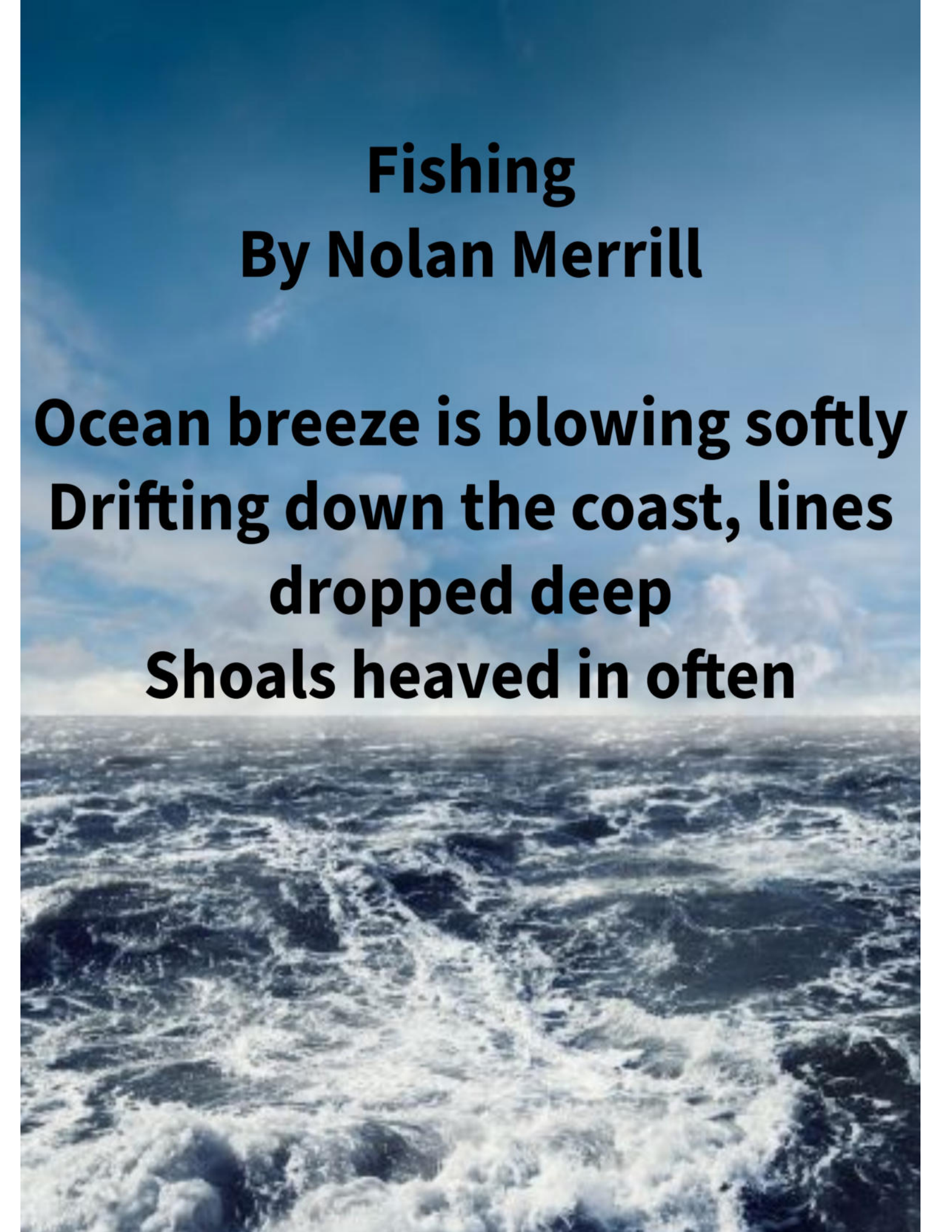
Jets fly high in the sky
Across the blue
Flashes of smoke sore
The Blue and Yellow flee
By train, by plane and many more
All because the Bear got scared
Many nations lent their hands
Blue and Yellow stood strong to
resist it all
Despite the treaties the Bear stays
scared
Until the war rumbles again
Through it all the simple man
leads
Blue and Yellow are strong
Blue and yellow defend
Blue and Yellow will defeat the
Bear



Untitled by Luke Aham

Locked inside, a metal vessel.
With one simple mission,
On a planet, that is so special.
With nothing but a camera as his vision.
All windows are welded shut,
Submerged in an ocean of blood.
Click, Click, Click, a feeling in his gut.
All alone on a moon, he hears a thud.
The sub walks on; the silence grows.
A picture shows, he's not alone.
A distant roar, a terror arose.
The press of a button, the picture shown.
A gaping mouth, the submarine spud.
The vessel was thrashed, followed by a
howl,
All alone, in an ocean of blood.

The Natural World



Fishing

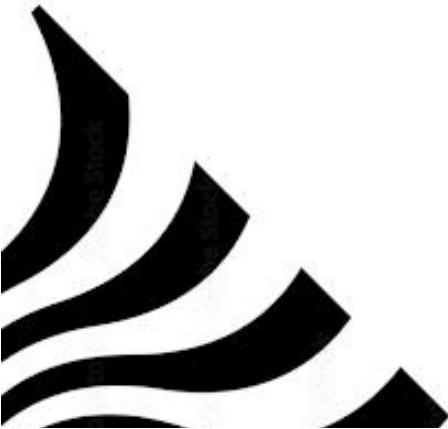
By Nolan Merrill

**Ocean breeze is blowing softly
Drifting down the coast, lines
dropped deep
Shoals heaved in often**



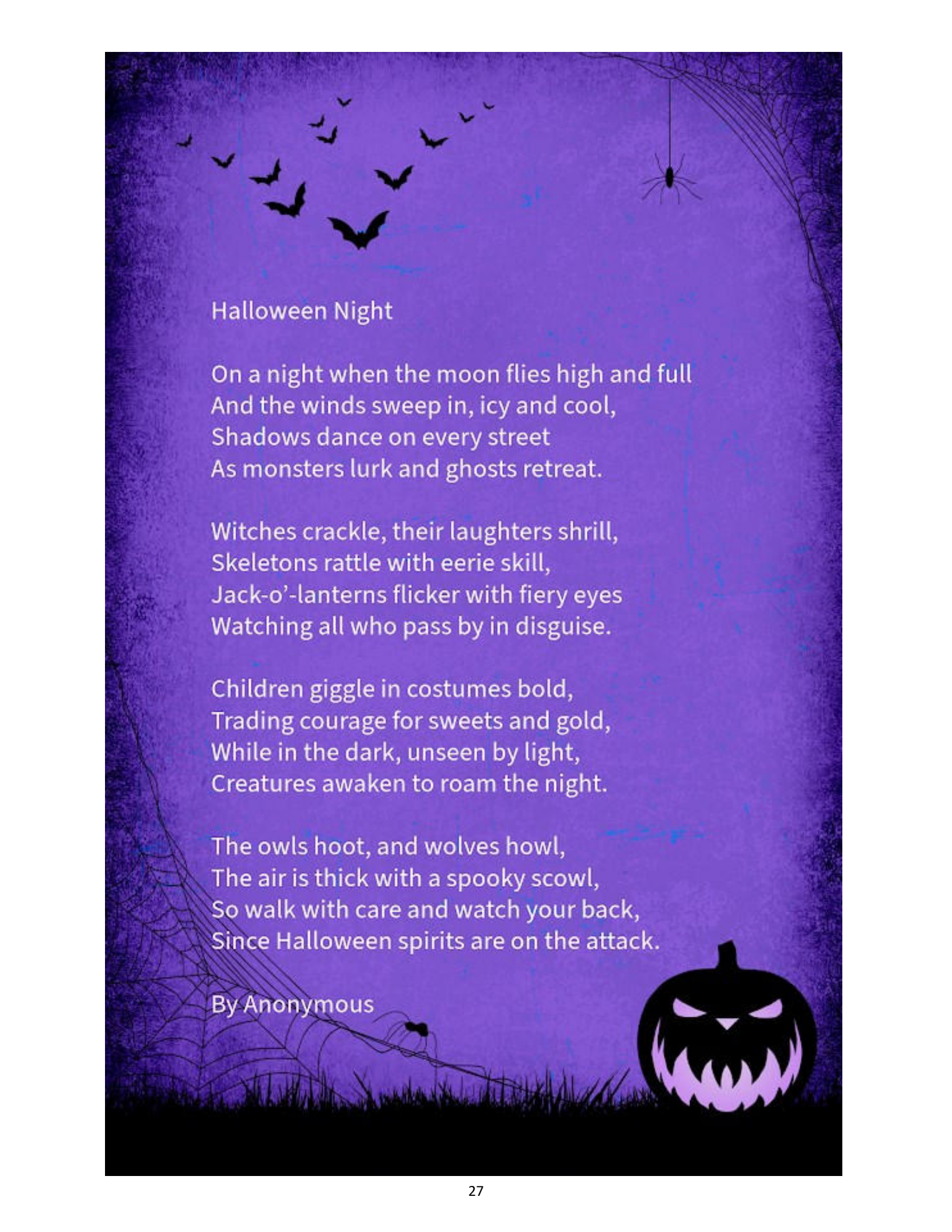
Memory

You can't run from it, you can't hide
Runs faster than a cheetah
Swims faster than a shark
Sweet as a candy
Bitter as kale
You can't run from it, you can't hide
As dear as the truth
As harmful as the lie
Won't know to cherish it
Till it's gone
We all become one the day we die



Become what you want
By Brady Neary

**They want you to have the strongest soul and be able to accomplish that goal.
Wake up and stay strong remember these words like a song.
Sing all night sleep all day, and keep your heart warm like a summer day.
This life is a big and long deed so become what you want, and be what you need**



Halloween Night

On a night when the moon flies high and full
And the winds sweep in, icy and cool,
Shadows dance on every street
As monsters lurk and ghosts retreat.

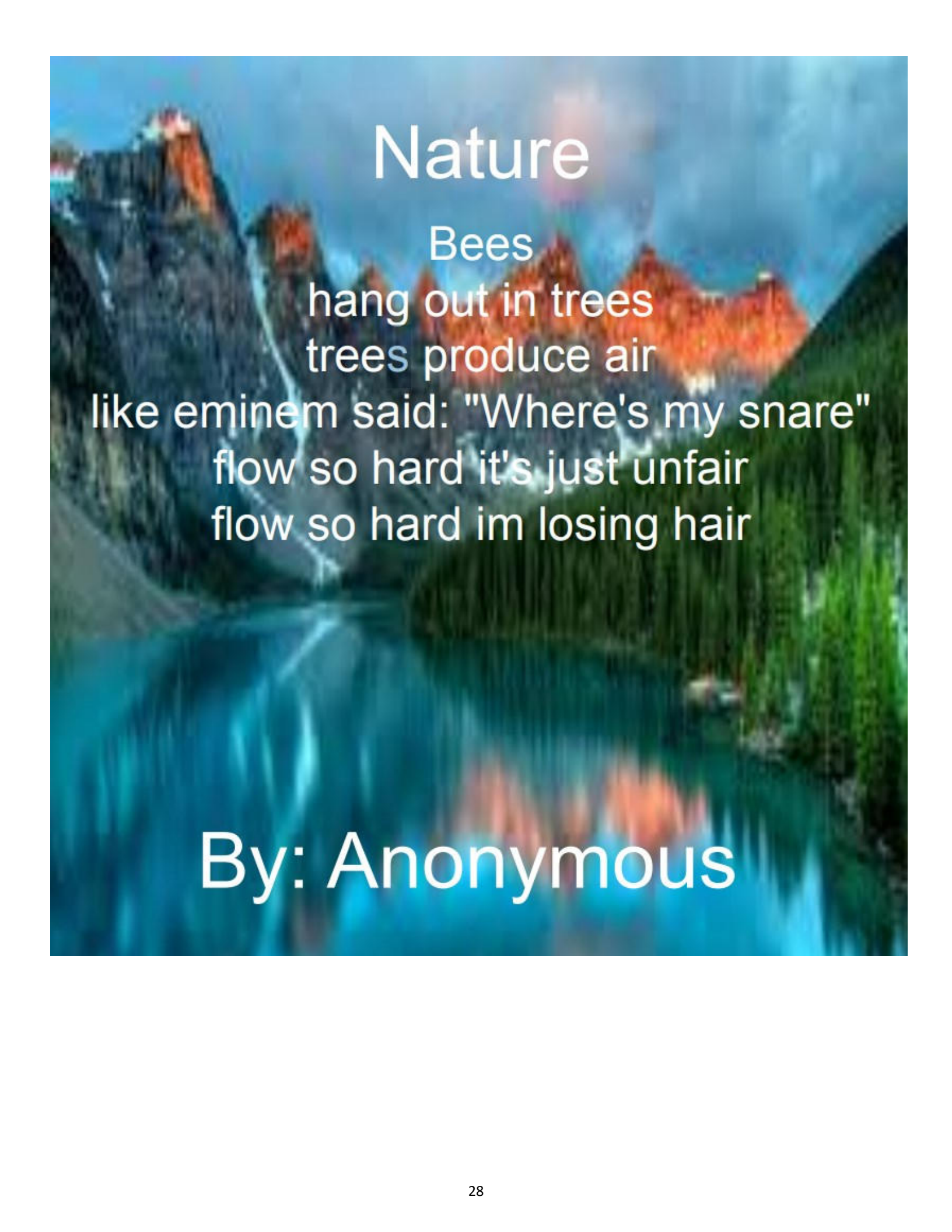
Witches crackle, their laughter shrill,
Skeletons rattle with eerie skill,
Jack-o'-lanterns flicker with fiery eyes
Watching all who pass by in disguise.

Children giggle in costumes bold,
Trading courage for sweets and gold,
While in the dark, unseen by light,
Creatures awaken to roam the night.

The owls hoot, and wolves howl,
The air is thick with a spooky scowl,
So walk with care and watch your back,
Since Halloween spirits are on the attack.

By Anonymous



A scenic landscape photograph featuring a river in the foreground, a dense forest of evergreen trees on the right bank, and a range of mountains in the background. The mountains have some snow-capped peaks and are partially covered in green vegetation. The sky is blue with some light clouds. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

Nature

Bees

hang out in trees

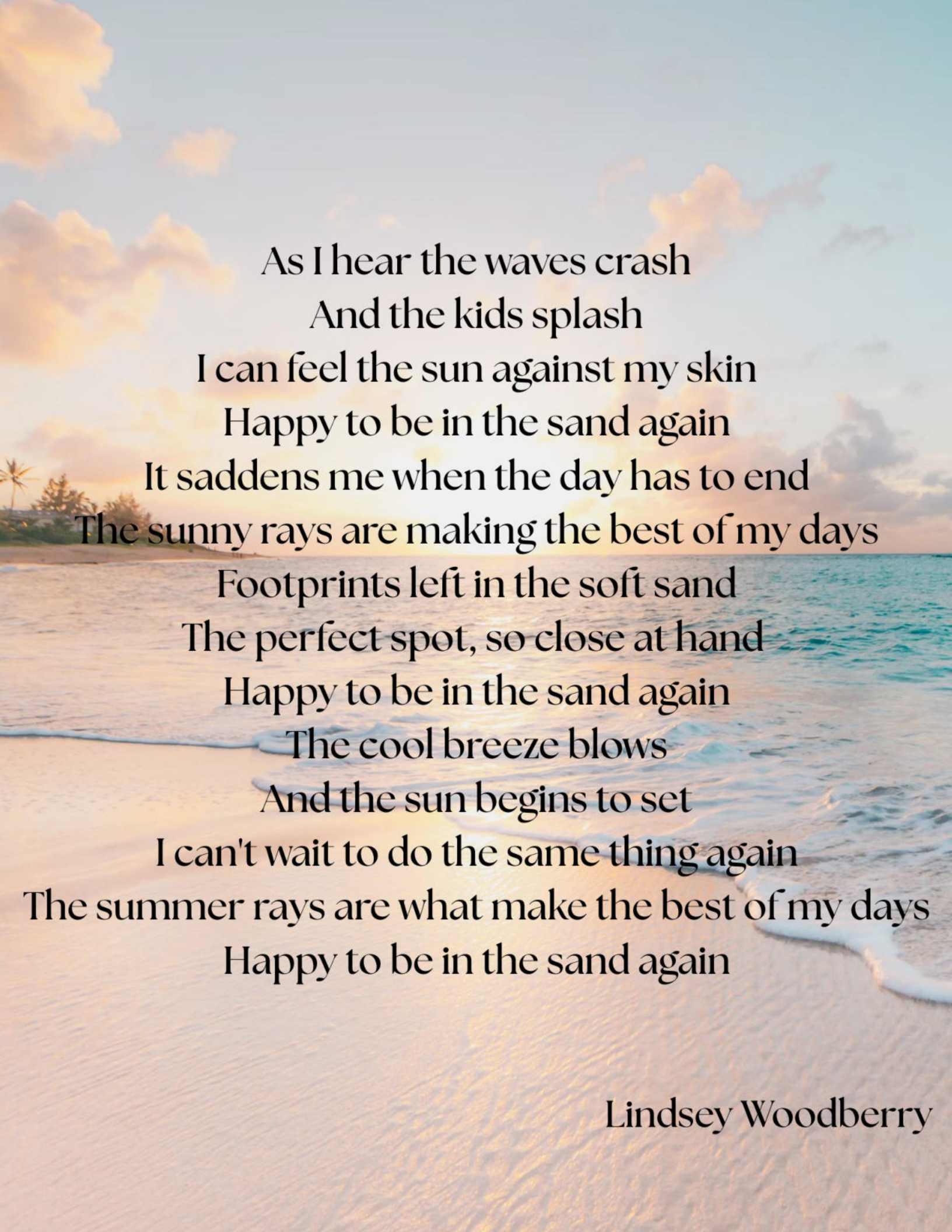
trees produce air

like eminem said: "Where's my snare"

flow so hard it's just unfair

flow so hard im losing hair

By: Anonymous



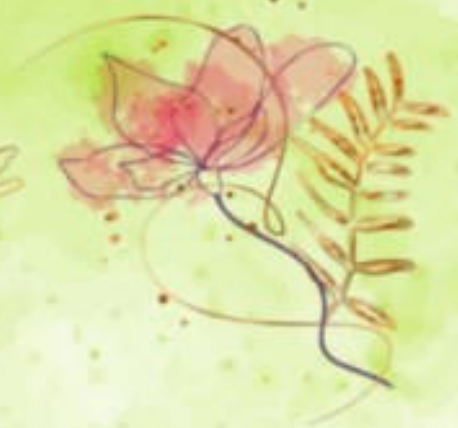
As I hear the waves crash
And the kids splash
I can feel the sun against my skin
Happy to be in the sand again
It saddens me when the day has to end
The sunny rays are making the best of my days
Footprints left in the soft sand
The perfect spot, so close at hand
Happy to be in the sand again
The cool breeze blows
And the sun begins to set
I can't wait to do the same thing again
The summer rays are what make the best of my days
Happy to be in the sand again

Lindsey Woodberry



*Impatient flower
Growing older each minute
Colorful and sweet*

Anonymous



ODE TO KENDRICK

By Alfred Clifford VII

*Kendrick has talent like no other
A flow so smooth it goes perfectly like toast with butter.
The way he uses his words makes him a genius
So many songs but never one miss.*

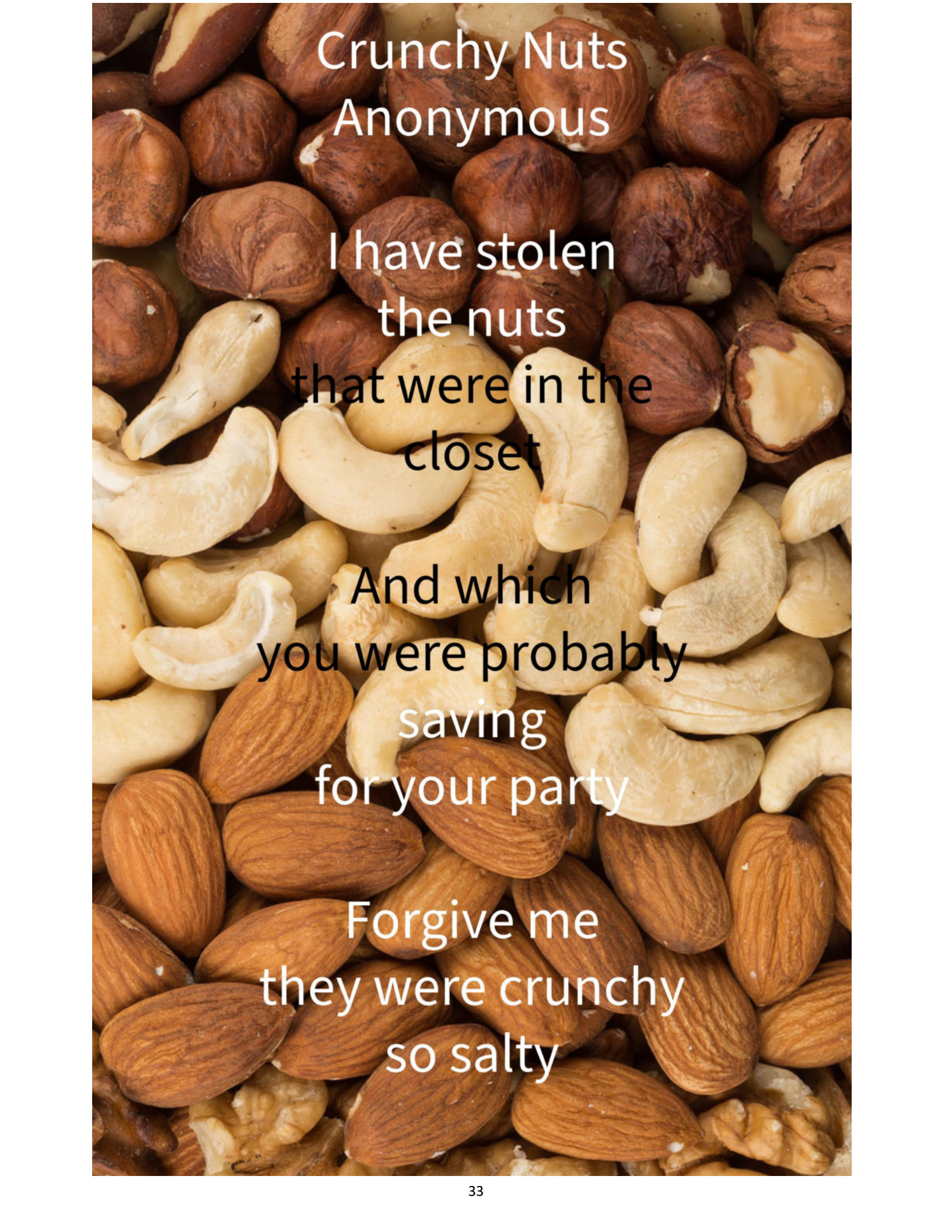
*He gives the industry free piggybacks.
However, listening to him
isn't a choice.
It's a privilege to listen to a single track.*

*Gods take over his mind to write his rhymes.
Thus why,
Everything lyric he holds tells no lie.
His words make others grow wings and fly.*

*It's almost as if he speaks another language,
But it's neither English nor Spanish.
It's clear he speaks words of the ancient,
He gives words the ability to enchant.*

*So allow me to say this.
It's not because his music is the latest.
It's because everything he says is ageless,
That is why Mr Morale is the greatest.*

The Joy of Poetry



Crunchy Nuts
Anonymous

I have stolen
the nuts
that were in the
closet

And which
you were probably
saving
for your party

Forgive me
they were crunchy
so salty

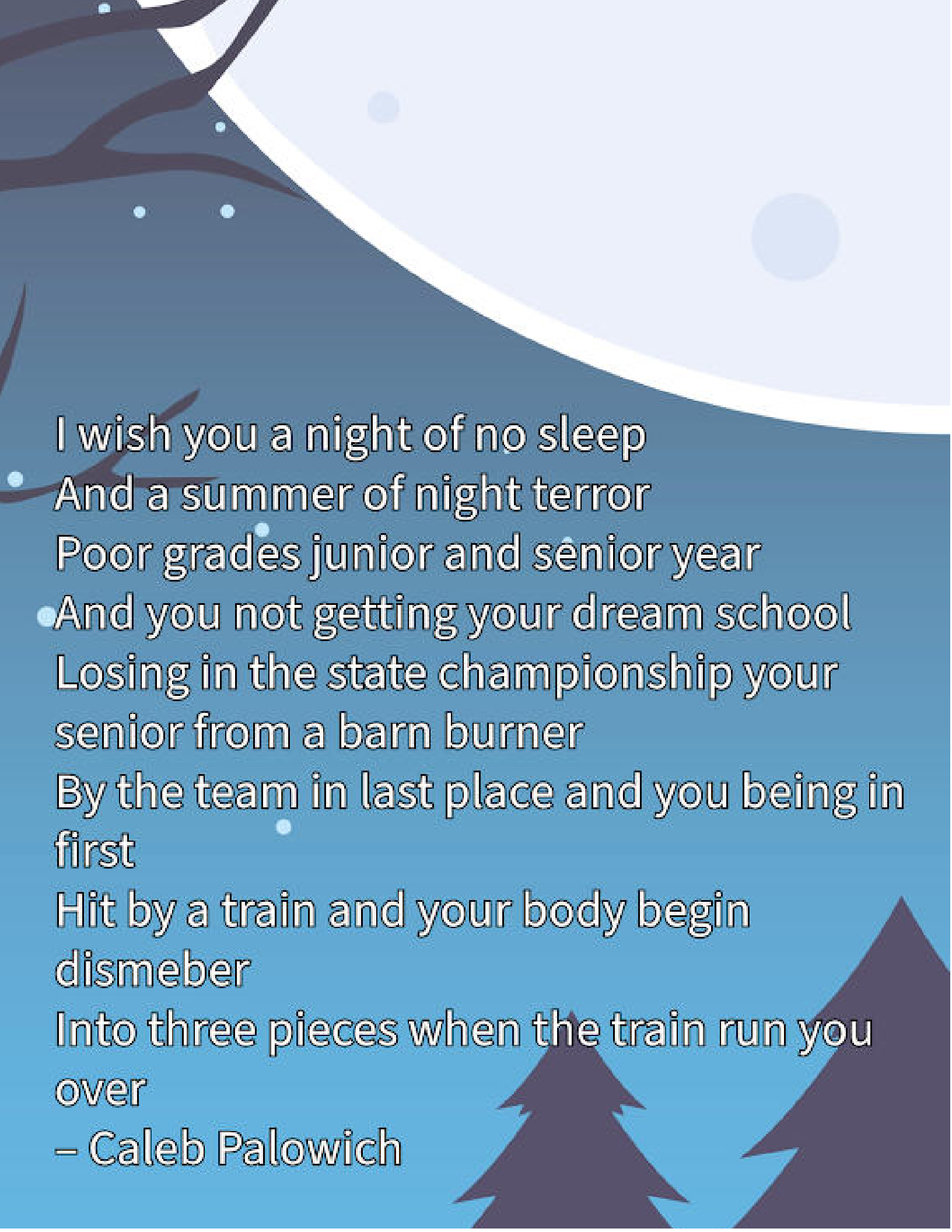
Broken Shower

I have brought down
the shower curtains
That were in the guest room.

And which
You were probably
Putting up
For your sister's visit.

Forgive me
They were so brand new
So shiny
And so irresistible to touch.

By Anonymous



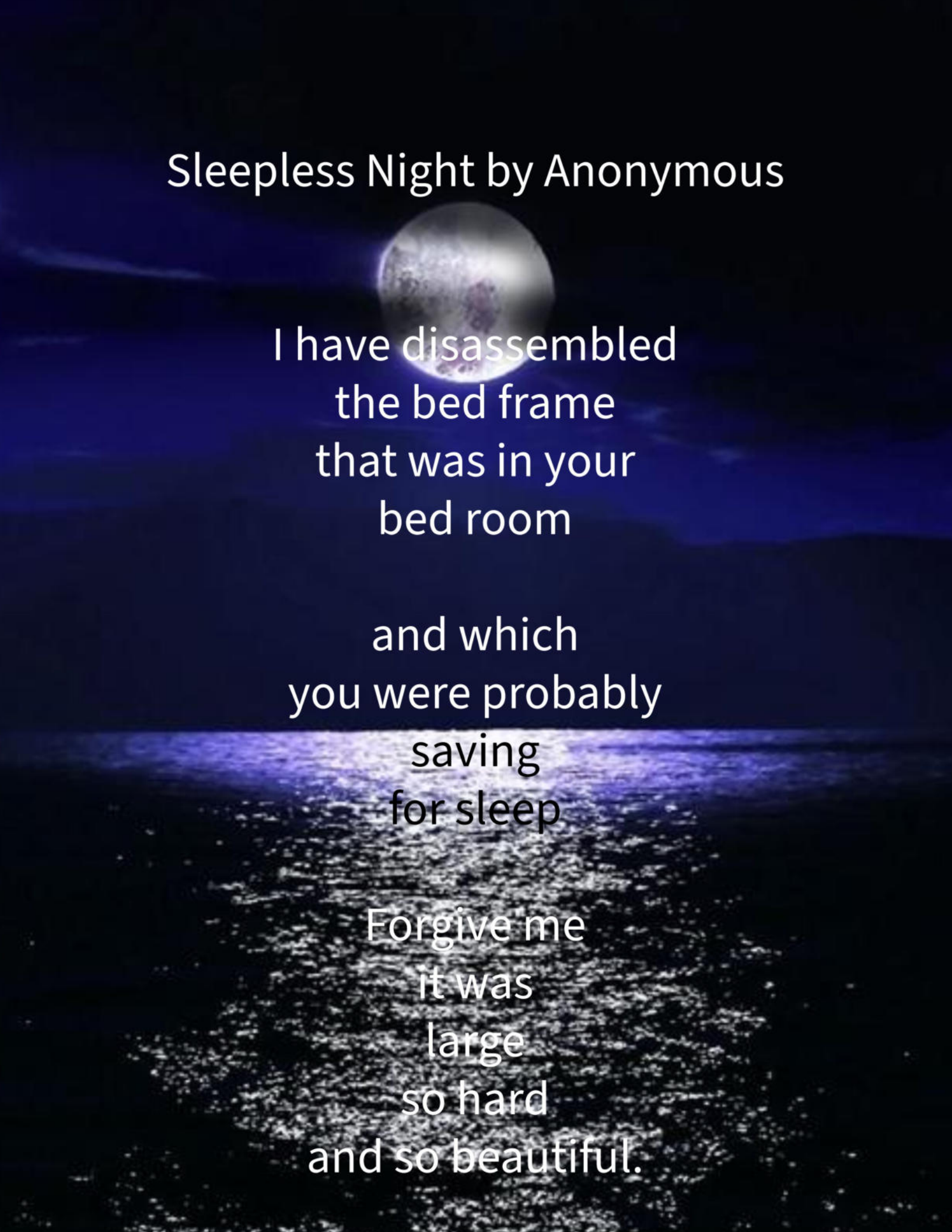
I wish you a night of no sleep
And a summer of night terror
Poor grades junior and senior year
• And you not getting your dream school
Losing in the state championship your
senior from a barn burner
By the team in last place and you being in
first
Hit by a train and your body begin
dismember
Into three pieces when the train run you
over
– Caleb Palowich

A silver and black tripod stands on a green lawn. The background is a soft-focus green field. The text is overlaid on the image, with the title at the top and the poem below it.

"I'm not replacing it"
By Peter Spiliotis

I have absconded with
the tripod
that was in the back of your car
and which you were probably
using
for photography
Forgive me
it was so steady
so precise
and so tall

Sleepless Night by Anonymous



I have disassembled
the bed frame
that was in your
bed room

and which
you were probably
saving
for sleep

Forgive me
it was
large
so hard
and so beautiful.

**I have taken
the transmission
that were attached
to your moms car**

**and which
you were probably
just put in
for the car show**

**forgive me
they were
quite expensive
so
cool
and so
weird**

Caleb Palowich



For You I Wish...

Jayleen Lorenzo

At your house you notice something is wrong
When you press your doorbell
Out comes no song
You step into your kitchen
Oh the smell!
But me at home I say
"Oh well.."

I've wished
I've prayed
I've even begged
But your power going out
Is nowhere near the edge

For you I think there should be more
Burnt toast, leaky roof
A creaky door
These setbacks
Would suffice
But only if I wanted to be nice

Because for you I wish
An uncured disease
And many shots
Given with no ease

Lack of family
Lack of money
Lack of love
If I were to select cruelty for you
I choose all of the above

Now to take it up one more notch
If your life was time
I would break my watch
That would be the end of your time
And to you I gift
The gift of flatline

Dark Grudge
-Jacob Nason

Though darkness reigns, a beacon bright,
The Batman stands, a fearless knight.
A silent hero, ever near,
To conquer evil and conquer fear.

Under his mask, reveals Bruce Wayne,
A millionaire playboy, filled with pain.
Parents killed before his eyes, quest of vengeance and fighting crime.
Joker always fights, knocked out like a light
THIS CITY NEEDS THE DARK NIGHT

