

# Quill Club

*1st Edition 2022*



Photography by Alexis James

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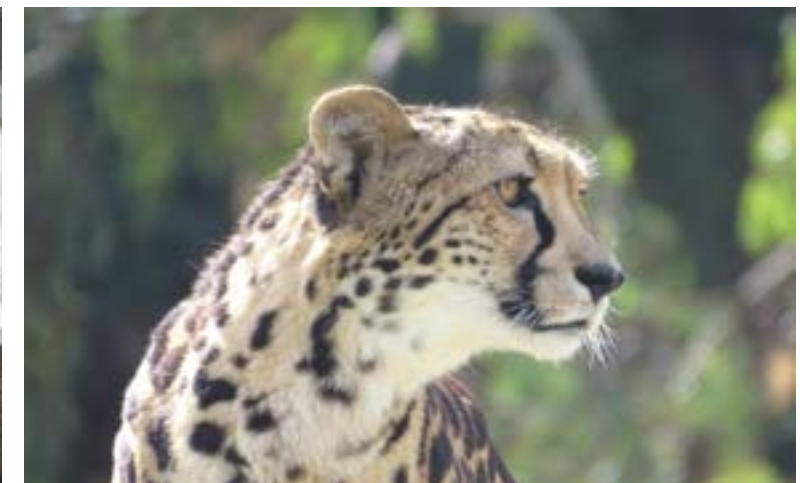
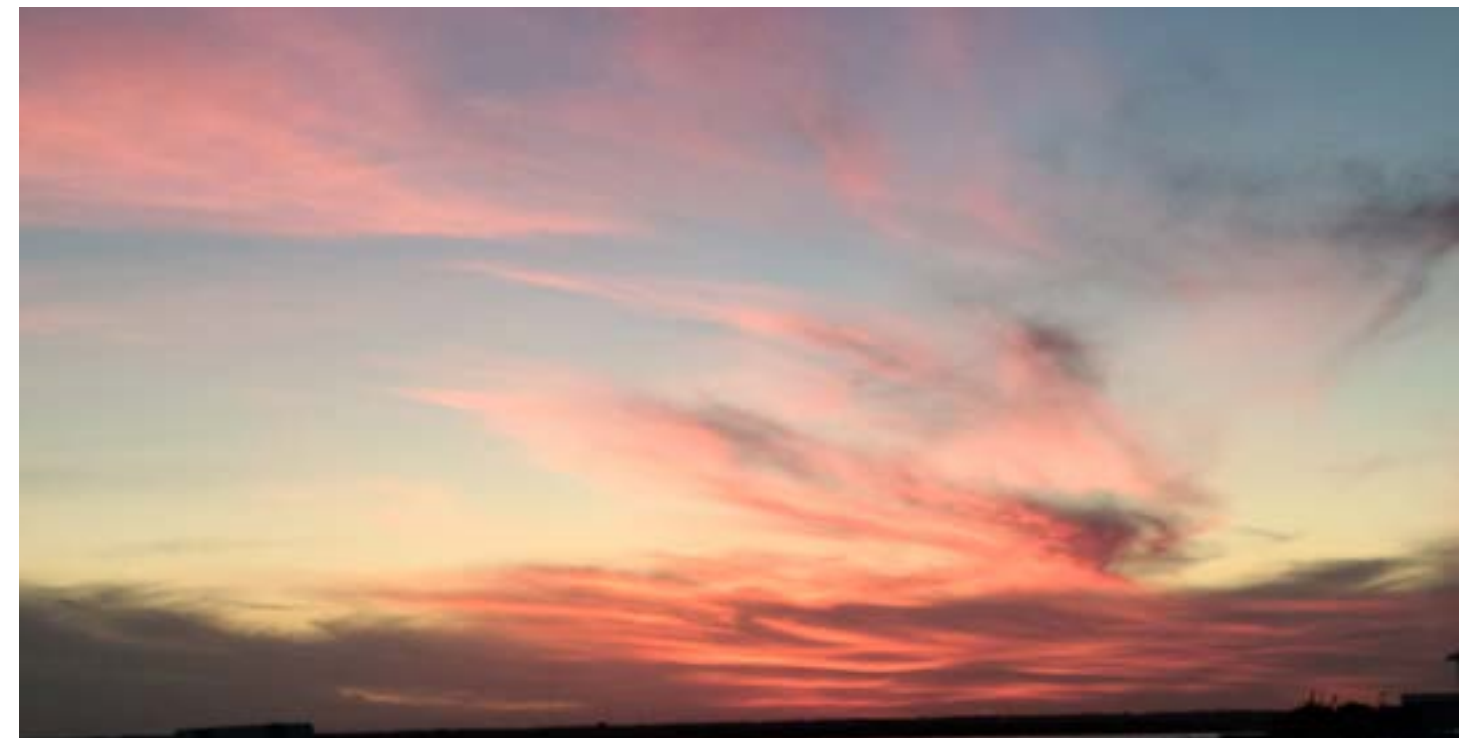
Doodles

“ To create one’s own world in any of the arts takes courage”  
~ Georgia O’Keefe

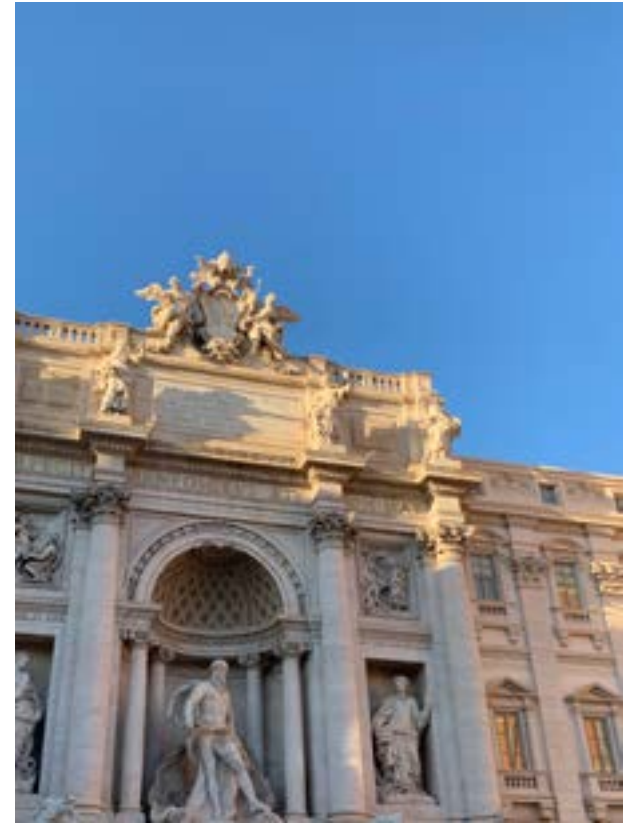
Thank you to all of the students who shared their work with Quill.  
Your courage is an inspiration.  
~ Ms. Pagan & Quill Club



# Photography



Photography by Alexis James ~ Grade 11



Photography by Anonymous



Photography by Emily Beltrani ~ Grade 11

# Romantic Photography



Photography by Sophia Lemanski ~ Grade 10



Photography by  
Promis Dowe ~ Grade 11



Photography by  
Anonymous



Photography by Anonymous

# Anime Art

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Anime Art by  
Sophia Lemanski ~ Grade 10



Anime Art by  
Gabe Rios ~ Grade 11



Anime Art by  
Karley Moog ~ Grade 12



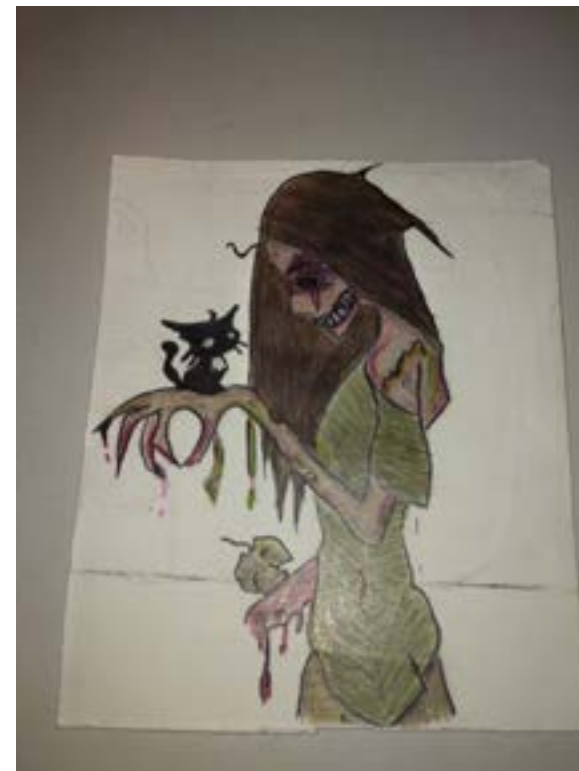
Anime Art by  
Karley Moog ~ Grade 12



Anime Art by  
Sophia Lemanski ~ Grade 10



Anime Art by  
Gabe Rios ~ Grade 11



Anime Art by  
Karley Moog ~ Grade 12



Anime Art by  
Honey Martinez ~ Grade 11

# Short Stories/Historical Short Stories

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## The Rule of Three

By Paige Kutyla

*Our story begins the way fairy tales often do, with a king as wicked as he was arrogant.*

“What does arrogant mean?” little Rory interrupted.

Bess smiled at her nephew, “It means he thought he was better than everyone.”

“Oh,” Rory nestled deeper under the covers and hugged his stuffed dragon, Lou.

Bess continued, *“The wicked king wanted to keep magic all to himself, so he called his three sons to his throne room.*

*‘Whoever conceives a spell that grants me all the world’s magic will inherit my kingdom,’ he said. His sons were very excited about this, and argued about who should be the one to execute the spell.*

*The oldest brother said...*”

“What were their names?” Rory asked.

“I don’t know,” Bess replied, *“Now, the oldest brother said...”*

“Make some up,” Rory insisted.

Bess thought for a moment, “Wilhelm, Jakob, and Arthur. As I was saying..”

“What about the king?”

“Do you want to hear this story or not?”

Rory nodded bashfully.

“Okay then, *the oldest brother, Wilhelm, said, ‘I’m the strongest and the most skilled in battle, I should be the next king.’*

*The middle brother, Jakob, said, ‘I’m the handsomest and the most loved by the people, I should be the next king.’*

*The youngest brother, Arthur, said, ‘We’re each blessed with a gift that would make us good leaders, let’s work together and divide the country up equally.’*

*The two older brothers agreed to this, and decided that they would take time to claim which parts of the kingdom they wanted before casting the spell. Little did they know that Arthur was not interested in ruling the kingdom, for he had fallen in love. There was a girl in the village, by the name of Rose Red, who had hair as dark as night and skin as soft as silk. She was also a powerful witch. Her magic made flowers grow wherever she stepped and just the sound of her voice could cure any ailment. The people of the village loved her, and the moment Arthur laid eyes on her, he felt the same. The two had been meeting in secret for months, and so after the talk between the brothers, the youngest brother hastened to her house.”*

“Hastened?” Rory frowned.

“It means hurried.”

“Why not just say hurried then?”

“Writers like to sound fancy,” Bess said, “Now shh. *After the meeting between the brothers, Arthur hastened to Rose Red’s house.*

*Arthur told her of his father’s demand, ‘I cannot allow this, and yet I can find no way to stop it.’*

*Rose Red listened intently, so intently that she lost track of her sewing and pricked her finger. She walked over to her tallow-pot and let a drop of her blood fall in. Then she took a wick made of her own hair and mouse fur, and dipped it in the tallow thrice to make a candle, which she gave to Arthur.*

*‘Burn this in the east corner during the ceremony, and your brothers’ task shall fail’*

*The youngest brother thanked Rose Red and ran back to the castle, where he set the candle in the eastmost corner of the library. Midnight that night, the brothers gathered together in the library, and the youngest brother ordered that every candle in the room be lit, including the one Rose Red had given him. The three brothers stood in a circle in the center of the floor. They started chanting, and Red Roe’s candle began burning brighter than all the others.*

*‘It’s too stuffy in here,’ complained the oldest brother, ‘Open a window.’*

*No sooner had the middle brother ...uhh...Jakob, followed this order than a cold wind blew through the room, snuffing out Rose Red’s candle.*

*The youngest...uhh... Arthur hurried to relight it, but the middle brother blocked his way.*

*‘Don’t waste your time,’ said he, ‘One candle won’t make a difference.’*

*After the ritual, Arthur snuck back to Rose Red’s cottage, and found her tending her fire. When she turned around however, he was met with horror. Her beautiful face had been replaced with that of a wild beast. The prince immediately fell to his knees and begged her forgiveness.*

*‘Oh how wicked am I,’ he cried, ‘I could not keep the candle lit, and you have paid the price for it!’*

*Ever calm, Rose Red took a few steps. Instead of the fields of mayflowers that usually sprung up wherever she walked, only a single rosehip grew under her heel.*

*‘The good news is that your father is not all powerful,’ said she, ‘But the bad news is that he’ll realize this soon enough.’*

*‘No doubt he will hunt all other witches down,’ the prince said, ‘Oh, I am sorry, my failure will be the death of thousands!’*

*‘Take heart,’ answered Rose Red, ‘I doubt if he will realize it soon. There is still time to warn the witches and warlocks of the world.’*

*And so the two ran away to do just that. The End.”*

“What happened next?” Rory asked excitedly.

“I don’t know,” Bess winked, “That’s where the story ends, which means it’s time for you to go to sleep.”

“It could at least say that they lived happily ever after,” Rory complained.

“Well in real life there isn’t always a happily ever after.” Bess turned out the light.

“I know,” Rory turned over, “But fairy tales are supposed to.”



August 17th, 1524 - 11 years old

“Be present, O merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we who are wearied by the work and the changes of this fleeting world may rest upon Thy eternal changelessness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.” I start my nightly prayers, kneeling on the foot of my bed. “I offer you my sleep and all the moments of this night, and I pray that you preserve me from sin. Therefore, I place myself in your most sacred side, and under the mantle of our Blessed Lady, my Mother. May the holy Angels assist me and keep me in peace, and may your blessing be upon me. Amen.”

I lift myself and lie under my sheets. The beautiful night stars cast a glow into the window of my room. I’ve always loved the way the moon was friendlier than the sun. It welcomes you to look upon its beauty, never burned you, and always rises when the earth needs a light when the sun goes to rest.

My grandmother breaks me from my thoughts, “Sweetheart, did you do your prayers?”

“Yes, grandmother.” My mother, Gertrude, had passed away when I was an infant, and my father, Henry, had left me a few years prior.

“Good boy, Charles.” She approaches my bed and continues, “I need to make you aware of something important...” she sits on the edge of my bed and strokes my brown hair, “...your grandfather...” Her eyes fill with tears and the wrinkles around her mouth crease further, “...he has passed.”

Ringing captures the attention of my ears, I feel like i’m in a chokehold. Everything hurts. A bile rises in my throat. “Papa’s dead?”

“Yes, sweetheart,” a single tear fell down her cheek, and that was a great enough push for mine to start.

All at once the tightness in my throat releases it’s way through my tears. “Papa’s dead, no, no...” My heart aches. I just want it to stop, I don’t want to feel this way, I can’t handle it. “No!” I scream, “You’re Lying!” I yell at my grandmother. She hadn’t done anything wrong, but I need something.... Someone... anyone to blame. Even my grief-stricken grandmother. She hugs me, and all I can think about that night is imagining my grandfather as the man on the moon.

July 27th, 1547 - 33 years old

The rays of moonlight shine through my window, and I think of my grandfather. Before my grandfather’s passing, he had become protestant a few years after it was created in 1517. My grandmother remained Catholic with the expectation that I would continue in the Catholic faith, and ignore my grandfather. Up until a few years ago, I remained Catholic, but I couldn’t help but question as to why my grandfather had become protestant in the first place, so I started to group up with protestants and learn more about it, and quickly, I converted to protestantism.

The following evening, I’m looking upon the setting sun, squinting, I’m hyper-aware of the sweat coating my eyebrows, the bareness of my feet, the ropes around my neck and waist that are tying me to a tall wood stake. Wood is sticking into the soles of my feet.

A big guy with gray hair and wrinkles is standing in front of me, casting a shadow over me, relieving me of the direct sunlight. The long metal pole with two sharp points begins to face me. “Mercy! Mercy!” I shout at this man, “Please!”

He growls, “Shut up! You know what you did. You are a heretic! Your betrayal of God is at the consequence of death.”

“What are you talking about? I didn’t do anything to you, I’m still with God. I don’t believe the corruption of the Catholic church is right, your support of it is sinful.”

“My father was a protestant, he died because of it, why should he die, but you live? How is that fair to him, to me?” He continues, “He was a heretic anyways, he deserved to die.” he snuffles.

“What is your name?”

“Henry.” He replies.

“Henry?” The metal pole continues, “Wait! Mercy! Mercy!” A sharp pain enters my abdomen, leaving me shocked. The feeling of being sliced open is the worst pain I have ever experienced. He steps away from me with the metal pole sticking out of me, the sun has set, and the moon has raised, I turn my head to take a look upon the moon, and even in death I see the man on the moon, welcoming me with open arms, I take a breath of relief, and the final thing I feel is the gratefulness for the moon.

Genna Runnals ~ Grade 9



February 17th, 3050

To those who find this; searching for the truth,

I never really thought I would find myself in this situation, but here I am. Does it make me crazy to say if I had an opportunity to go back and make different choices, I would still find myself here? Yes. Most definitely. But here I am, writing this note in hopes years from today someone will find it and know what really happened to me.

My name is Sylvie. Sylvie Meyers. I ~~am~~ was the first female president of the United States. AND the youngest president ever. I have known since the second I was elected, it was going to be hard. The first woman president doesn't come with many praises. You would still think that we were stuck in the 2000s. It is 3050 people get with it. Yes a lot of things have changed for the better. Everything went green, there are almost equal rights for all, and we finally found a cure for cancer. We have made serious progress since the War of Rights in 2020. But there's one thing that we have regressed on here. It is like we are back in the 1700s and it terrifies me. 2 years ago from this day; one month after my inauguration, protests and violence broke out everywhere. The police stations, capital, schools, and hospitals were being swarmed. At first I didn't get it back. It finally clicked when I saw the signs.

PROTESTANTISM IS ALL  
FAKE AND GETS YOU TO  
HELL!

GET THIS OUT OF OUR  
GOVERNMENT

----CATHOLICS ONLY-----

NO FAKES IN THE WHITE HOUSE

I was shocked. Nobody could have seen this coming. Growing up protestant NEVER gave me any issues. My press team and I immediately made a statement saying that we have come too far to revert back to our old ways and that we need to remember separation of church and state.

A year and a half later it didn't stop. It only got worse. My team was being killed more and more and the Capital had already been taking over. August 10th I was going into hiding. It became too dangerous for me to even be alone and I advised everyone to take shelter. That's when I was betrayed. One of my body guards was working against me. He drugged me and took me with them. That more or less is how we got to where we are today.

For the past six months I have been held captive and beaten in the basement of a church. But today is it for me. I overheard them talking about how they were gonna do it. I believe they came to the conclusion that it will be in front of my church and I will be hung. They were also talking about a stabbing but who knows. You are probably wondering why I am not sad. But quite frankly I don't want to live in a world where I can't believe what I want to believe. I hear someone coming but don't forget to ---

Mackenzie Lynn ~ Grade 9



# Historical Art

## Character Gingerbread Men



Skylar Sandridge ~ Grade 10



Kara Loewrigkeit ~ Grade 11



Kara Loewrigkeit ~ Grade 11



Sophia Lemanski ~ Grade 10



~ Anonymous



Daniela Alliu ~ Grade 11

# Historical Art

## Artistic Depictions of Mona Lisa



Kelly Morales ~ Grade 10



Lily Georgaroy ~ Grade 10



Trinity Price ~ Grade 10

Lily Crane ~ Grade 11



Sophia Lemanski ~ Grade 10

# Teen Dating Violence Poetry

## *Teen Dating Violence Winner*

### *Disclosed From Her*

I remember when I first met him  
He was my friend's special someone  
But who knew she would soon become a victim  
It left me with a stun

I thought it would end  
Constantly hearing I'm sorry  
It would happen again and again  
It was something she had to carry

He said to me "Stay away"  
It blocked out my friendship  
It left me as a stray  
And her in a death grip.

The whole thing was disclosed  
She never called for help and kept forgiving  
I wanted him to be exposed  
My friend and I would be back to standard living

I took control and called for help  
He was never going to stop until it was too late  
Just thinking about how she must have felt  
Everyone saw she wasn't in the right state

Parents and teachers had no clue  
I brought it to their attention  
They were glad I addressed the issue  
For it brought so much tension

We're older now but she's still hurt  
It's long over and we had a good cry  
She learned to always stay alert  
And to never be afraid to say "goodbye"

*-Madisyn Rojas*

# Painting on Canvas



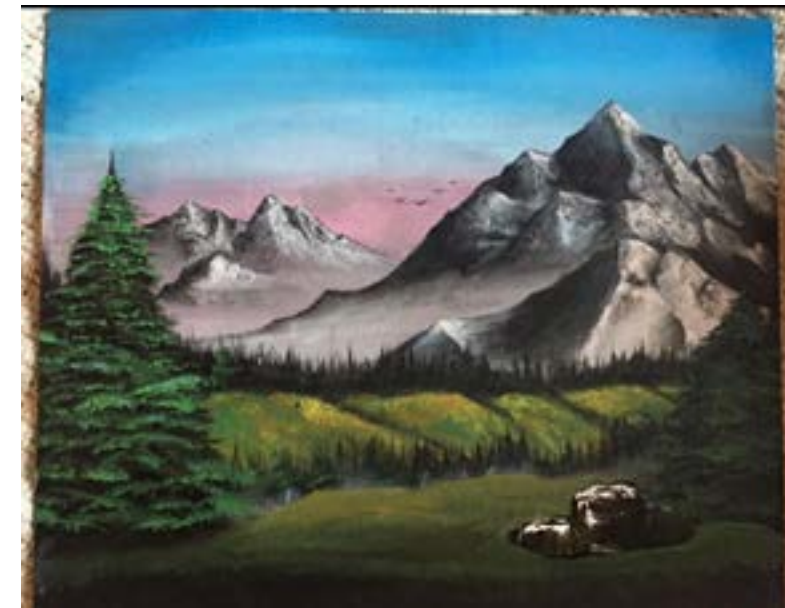
Honey Martinez ~ Grade 11



~ Anonymous



~ Anonymous



~ Anonymous



Honey Martinez ~ Grade 11



~ Anonymous

# Drawings



Arwen Green ~ Grade 11



Arwen Green ~ Grade 11

# Doodles



Cassidy Sibbern ~ Grade 11

# THANK YOU

Mr. Modla

Mrs. Crosson

Mrs. Finley

Mrs. Keiper

Mr. Szatkiewicz

Mr. Truesdell

Dr. Schneider

Ms. Hoppe

Mrs. Fantasia

Mr. Spotts & Graphic Arts Students

Mrs. Ashton

Student Center Staff

Quill Club Members & Ms. Pagan