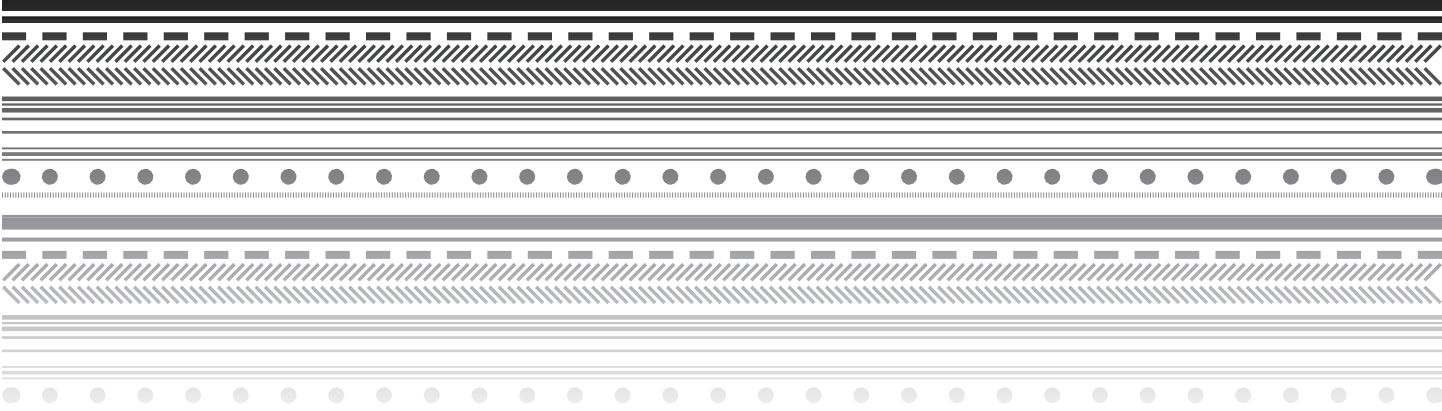
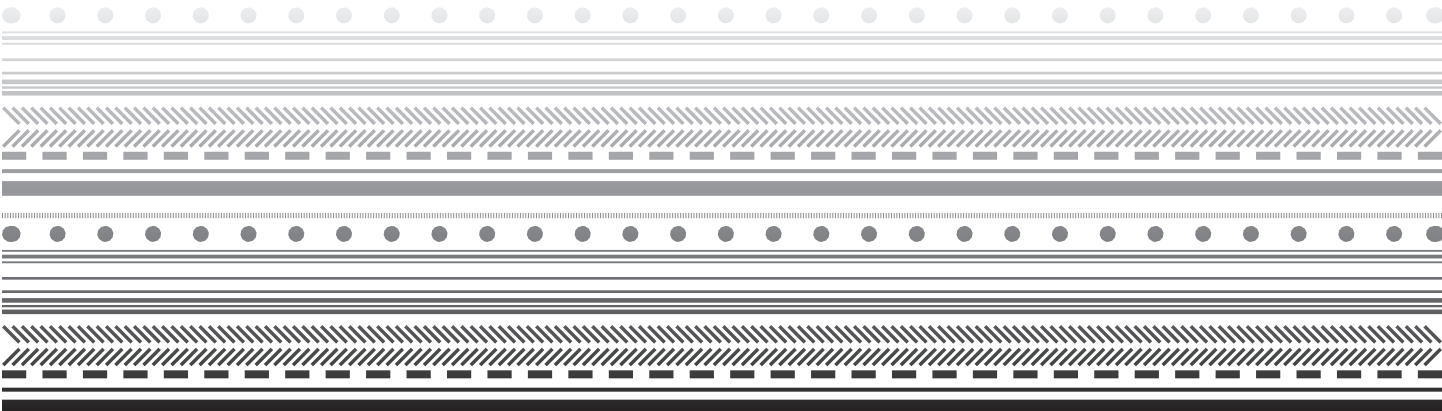


# Perspective

literary & arts magazine

Kathwari  
Honors  
Program  
2019





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*For Mr. Farooq Kathwari and the Kathwari family, the biggest supporters of our WESU Kathwari Honors Program. We present you with our first ever Literary and Arts magazine, created and filled with some of our students talents, passions, and hopes that are made possible with your continuous support. We are no longer trapped in our minds, as we have let our creativity finally run free through art and writing. Although no amount of thanks can fully grasp our gratitude, we cannot help but say it over and over. Thank you.*

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## *“SumKu”*

Summary Haiku by Christopher Kukk

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*Dimensions of words*

*Pictures that tell a story*

*Honors first journal.*

# table of contents





# The Mansion Calls

Short Story by Jonathan Wencek

It was a clear autumn day. The air was crisp. Leaves crunched under my feet. My walk home was always a calm one. I'd see Mrs. Anderson out walking her dog at the same time every day. As always, I'd hesitate and linger near the abandoned mansion down the road from my own home. Not a day went by where I didn't wonder what happened in there. I ran through all of the scenarios in my head, and I could never come up with a valid conclusion. I got home and made my evening cup of tea. I sat. I pondered. The days and weeks that followed were filled with more of the same routine as I had been filled with the same emptiness and longing.

The routine was shattered after my boss had me working late just before the weekend. Of course, I volunteered because I had nowhere to be on a Friday night. By the time I got out, the sun had set, and Mrs. Anderson had already gone back inside with her dog. As I walked past the old mansion tonight, I had to stop and linger for much longer than usual. I stopped and stared, mesmerized. Something was different about the mansion tonight. I felt more connected than usual. I knew it couldn't have been a smart idea to go in, but I had to. I heard a call. Something or someone wanted me in there. I didn't want to disappoint.

I walked through the leaf-ridden lawn. Each step was drawn out and exaggerated. My legs could tell that my brain was unsure. I approached the front door and I stayed frozen. I wasn't sure if I was more scared of what I'd find or what I wouldn't find. Had all my wondering been for nothing? I was about to prove or disprove the one thing that intrigued me anymore. I was about to uncover what has been giving me meaning in life. Would I be surprised to find everything I had been expecting and more? Or, would I find just a rotting house with nobody inside leaving me alone with no meaning?

The thoughts kept rushing around in my head and it became loud. The longer I stood there, the louder it got. Words, and questions, and excitement, and nerves, and anxiety, and thrill, and then...

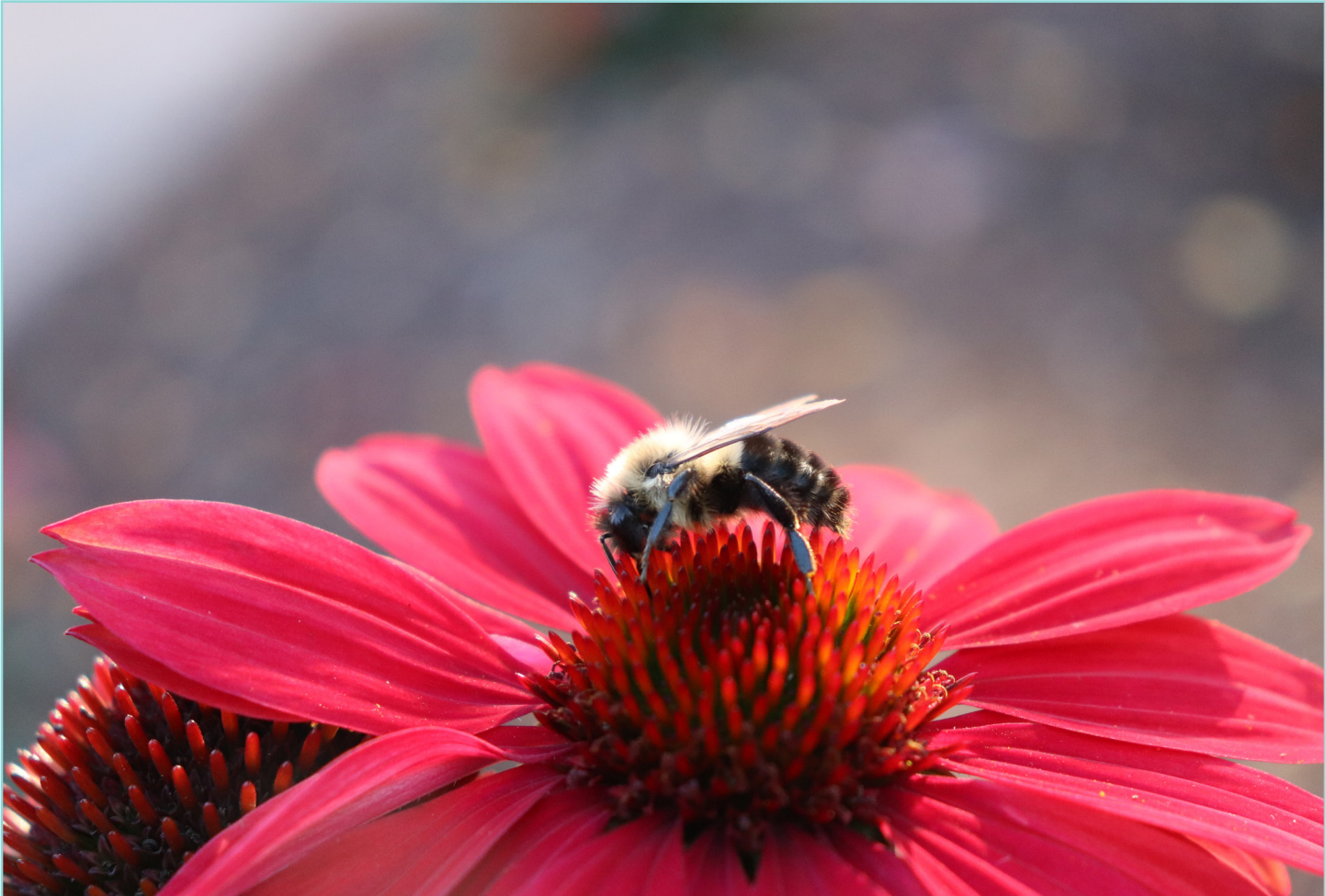
...silence...



*continued on page...*







# Him and the Sea

by Rebecca Bavone

She walked into  
the common room  
bordered with green  
and gold.

He wasn't there.

Looked and looked,  
but no regard  
for the balcony above  
the yard.

His voice was quiet  
as he called,  
the table with a vase

of red  
night-shadowed.

She couldn't hear,  
see,  
or even smell,  
for the dirt on his  
shoes  
covered his perfume.

On the couch,  
she pressed down her  
skirt,  
stared at her nails,  
let a tear fall.

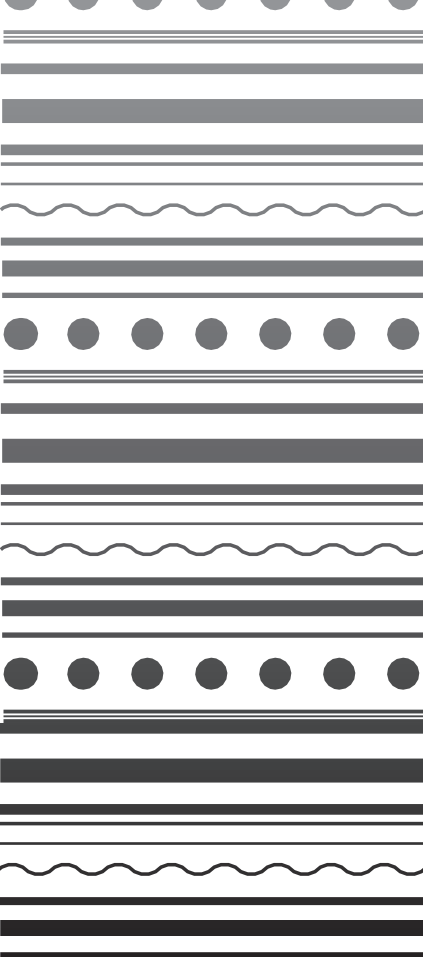
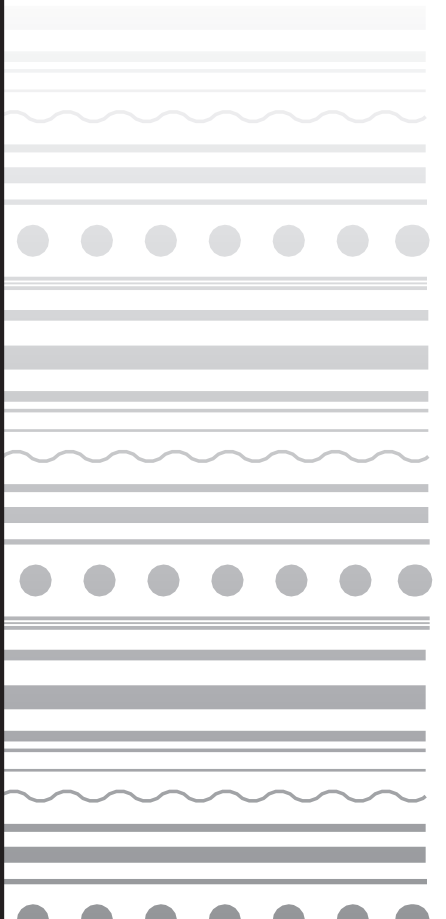
The floor caved in.

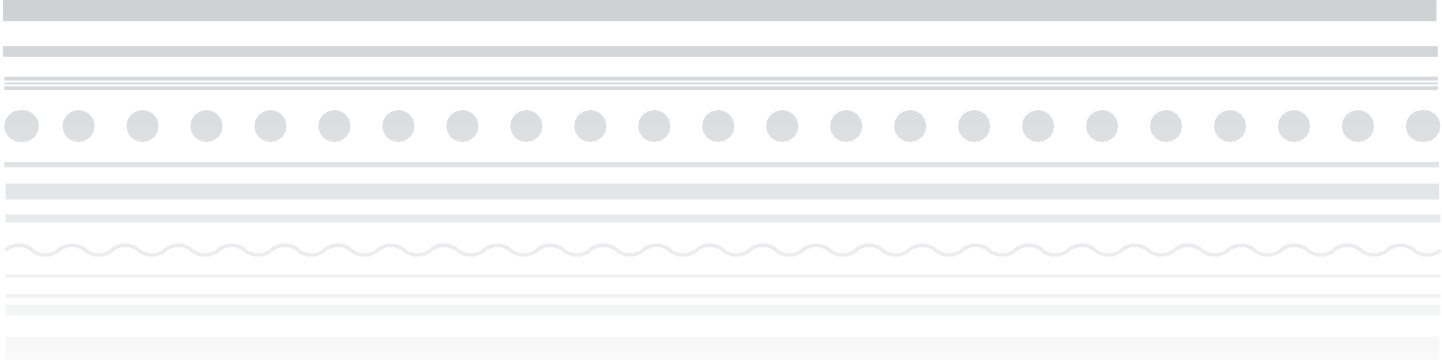
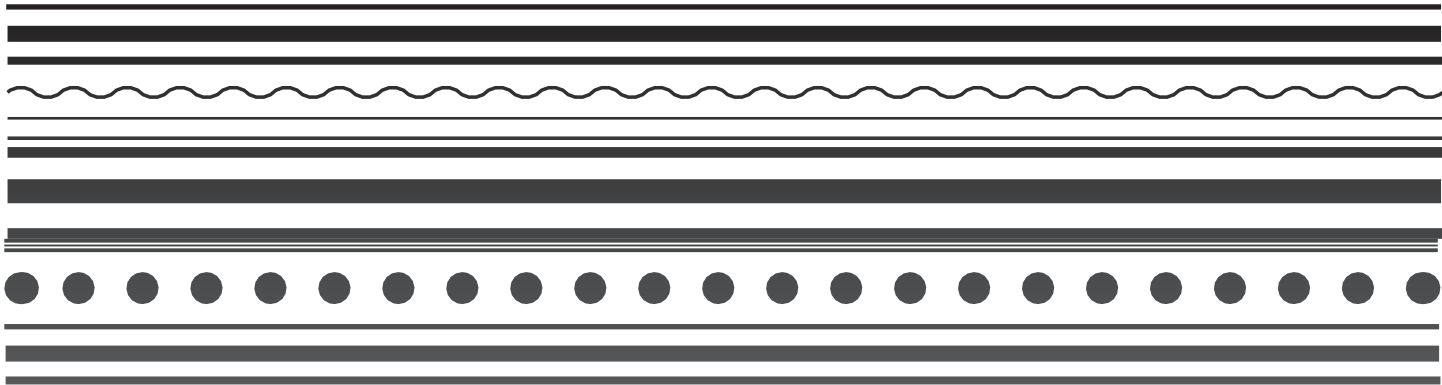




Tumbling into the  
world's pocket,  
she found a hidden sea  
colored green.  
Pearls shined gold,  
the scales of the curious  
were richly metallic.

She saw him,  
a mane of bronze hair,  
topal eyes, porcelain skin.  
A comfort in a place  
she had never been.





# The Fair Ophelia

Poem by Morgan Cairns

## Part I

Beneath a cloudless, clear-blue sky –  
The color of his eyes, she'll learn in time –  
The fair Ophelia dances, light  
Of heart, feet, mind, and garment.

Innocent games of pretend  
Fill her now; she and they  
Will lose their innocence  
When they become all she clings to  
One day.

The river dances, a thousand diamonds  
Dazzling to the sight. Flowers  
Strewn 'cross the banks  
Ignite her sight with vivid, bleeding  
Color. Beneath it all,  
She hears the murmuring  
Of voices, soft, familiar,  
Beckoning. She knows not why  
Father begs her to ignore their call.

## Part II

With sable hair in gentle waves,  
His eyes a shining, ocean blue,  
Her gentle prince's haunting gaze  
Is forever fixed upon her.

They meet in shadow –  
Never light –  
For fear of strangers' looks  
And loose tongues; she learns  
To love the darkness.

He never quiets the whispers  
Clawing up from beneath.  
They overturn the fresh, life-giving  
Soil of Denmark,  
Making it rotten  
For those who cannot hear  
The whispers' sweet siren call.  
But the fair Ophelia cannot be mad  
If the prince, too, hears the whispers.

## Part III

When half-moon bruises underline his sharp eyes,  
And his grip is more desperate,  
His shadow a shade darker –  
As if a ghost trails his every step –  
The most beautified Ophelia  
Can see the end drawing near.  
It begins to drag the court under  
With the strength of a riptide.  
She knows they will drown.

She echoes his game of pretend  
When the time becomes right,  
And none suspect deceit  
From an orphaned, rejected  
Would-be queen.  
She knows the sacrifice that  
She must make. For Prince Hamlet  
To push on and attain revenge,  
The fair Ophelia must die.



#### Part IV

In garments of a blinding white,  
She weaves the bleeding flowers  
Into the crown she'll never wear.  
They must accept her gifts of remembrance,  
Thoughts, flattery, sorrow,  
For who dares to refuse the mad girl  
When she knows what you have done?  
It is a game she is more than willing  
To play.

Beneath a cloudless, clear-blue sky –  
The color of his eyes, she thinks one last time –  
The fair Ophelia dances, light  
Of heart, feet, and mind no more.  
The whispers join her chanted tunes,  
While the water babbles excitedly –  
Its favorite companion has come to play.  
“May my death harden thy heart, sweet prince,  
And make thee the king thou was born to be.”



Body of work:  
Rachel Rossier



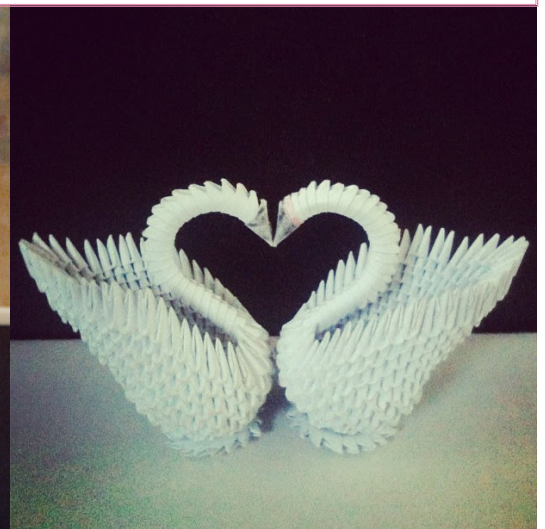
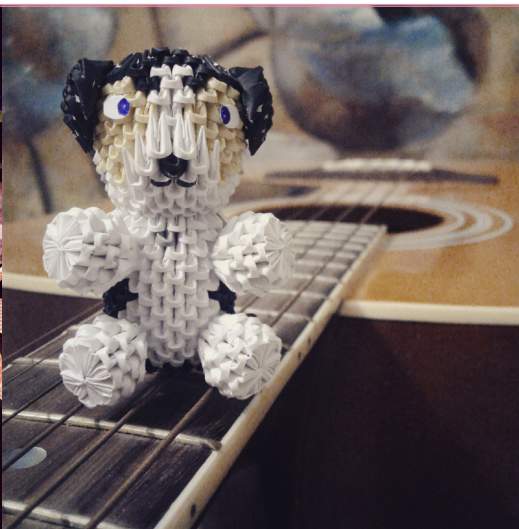




3D Oragami by Hao Nguyen

3D origami is different from regular origami such that it is less complex and consist of multiple tiny pieces of triangular folded paper, coming together to form something, like lego blocks.

The concept of 3D origami exemplifies the idea of the Honors Program. Individually each pieces is nothing but a tiny triangular folded piece of paper, but put thousands of them together in specific pattern and color arrangement, they can look glorious and magnificent, and the possibility of what they can form is unlimited



The fog in my head had cleared in an instant. All of the positive thoughts vanished, all of the negative thoughts dissolved. Then, I heard a beckoning whisper coming from inside. Not from inside the house though, from inside my head. I gave no more thought to myself or my surroundings. I opened the door slowly. It had a certain resistance to it as if it was being unlocked as I turned the knob. I took my first steps in and for some reason, it was much warmer than it was outside. Nothing immediately felt decrepit about this place. The floors were black and white marble and everything around me was uniformly black or white with the occasional gold accent. The vibe of the room was formal yet somehow familiar. I'd never been there, but it felt like home to me. I stood in the foyer taking in every sight there was to see and every feeling there was to feel. My eyes then caught a long, dark hallway lined with a red carpet. Something inside me was telling me that this is where I was supposed to go. I hesitated and started up the staircase in spite of myself. I felt like I needed to explore more of the mansion before walking down there. I only made it halfway up when I heard the sound of a piano being played. I ran back down the stairs to find that the music was coming from none other than the hall. In any other situation, my instincts would tell me to run. In the moment, the only instinct was to get down that hallway and see who would be there to welcome me.

I got to a point in walking where I would not be able to see anymore if I continued walking. I had to put all my trust into whoever it was that wanted me here to lead me safely. Slowly I went, one foot after the other. When I had bumped into something, I knew that I had reached the end of the hall. I felt around and realized that I had found myself in front of a pair of doors. My hands met two cold metal fixtures. I had found both handles. The music was coming from the other side of the doors. I couldn't contain myself anymore. I threw the doors open. Light from the room escaped into the hallway and engulfed my being. My eyes needed to adjust. I was finally able to focus on what was in front of me. I was in the grand ballroom. It was a massive room. There would have been a wide, open space for dancing at the most lavish parties. That is, if it wasn't for the giant chandelier that had been smashed in the center. Just behind the chandelier, there was the piano. A woman was playing the music. Not quite a woman. She was nothing I had ever seen before. Something unimaginable. She was something between a shadow and a being of light. I made my way over to her while avoiding the chandelier shards at my feet. She took no notice of me and kept playing her beautiful music. I stood there in awe. The music overcame me. The warmth I had felt from the front door was coming from her and her piano. It was a warmth of love and passion. She had crafted each note as if they were meant for only my ears. The one instrument made a dynamic symphony that wrapped around me like the embrace of an old friend. What was only a few minutes in reality, felt like years had gone by. I felt like I had gotten to know her and what her story was. I didn't want to say anything and interrupt her playing, but I felt the words come out, "Why me?"



## *Sculptures* by Matthew Mullen

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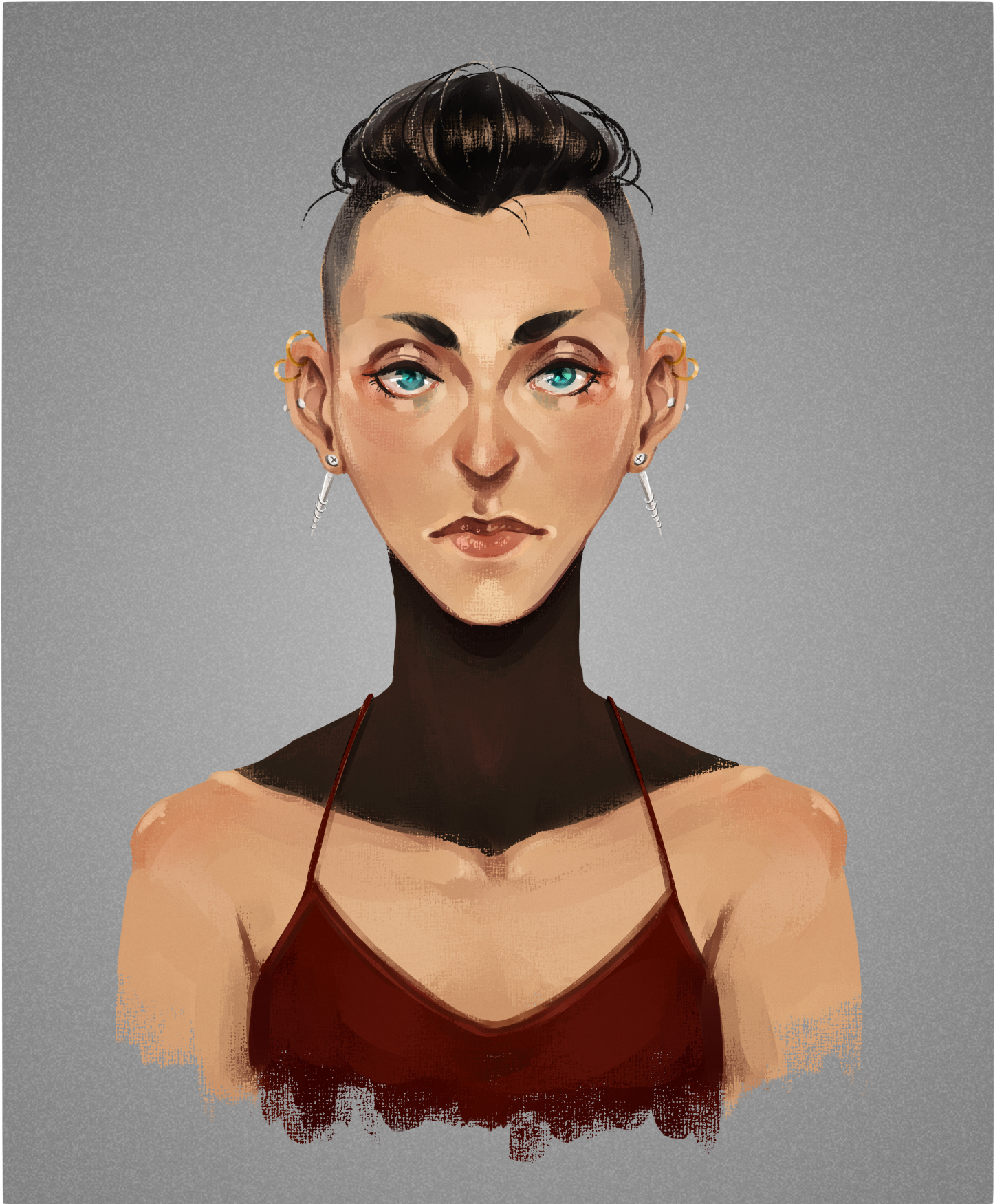


“Sculpting is one area of my life where I feel that I have unrestricted creativity and freedom to express myself. I pour so much time and effort into each sculpture that I feel as if I leave a piece of myself in each.”

-Matthew Mullen

“In all honesty, creating art can sometimes feel like a war zone. It’s a struggle of passion and creativity clashing like an orchestra of emotion and wonder. I become dumbfounded by how vigorous this cathartic practice can be, and how it can touch so many people in unspeakable ways. Then I am enthralled, to look back at all of the hard work I have accomplished, and how many hearts I’ve touched with my work.”

- Danielle Nielsen

















## *Attempt No. Three*

written by T. Munroe

i'm not going to lie.  
i spent countless hours before typing this  
staring at a blank screen,  
wondering what would be worthy enough  
to taint this pure, white sheet.  
i think i've pressed 'delete'  
more than any other key.  
maybe that's just the way of writers,  
or maybe that's just me.

i'm not going to lie.  
i am a terrified poet,  
and i know that if i wrote in pen,  
these lines would look like mountains  
due to my shaking hands.  
i'm sure you've heard it all before,  
about how writers are the most vulnerable people on earth,  
the ink they use taken straight from their veins,  
each word a heartbeat, each line a breath.  
i am scared to bleed.

i'm not going to lie.  
writing is an easy outlet of emotion for me.  
the words come naturally  
when they flow from my own feelings,  
and just because of that, it's not so easy.  
i keep most pieces locked away,  
thinking that they're too real, too raw  
to share with the world,  
and in expectation of such an event,  
my words are not as authentic as they would normally be.  
i rewrote the previous line thirteen times.  
i counted.

i'm not going to lie.  
i do not know if this will see the light of day.  
i have scrapped a whole forest of digital trees,  
using no substance but my energy.  
if you read this, just know,  
that there are countless hours behind this piece  
of just sitting, staring, feeling, deleting,  
and if you read this, just know,  
that you have seen a part of someone's brain,  
that there is heart in these words, and not in vain,  
that behind this sentence is a writer who is afraid,  
and if i can do this,  
then i have dropped my masquerade,  
and hopefully inspire those of the future days.



## “Multifaceted” Digital Art by Kimberly Palmber

Within each crystal, different facets of my life are shown—from my artwork and my face to items I enjoy. We are dimensional, and crystals are an excellent display of the various aspects of life. I utilized my iPad provided by the honors program to display my chosen imagery, and shot through crystals placed on top of the iPad’s screen.





As soon as the words passed my lips, the music stopped, the room got colder, and the lights went off. In the darkness and shadows, she had become my only source of light. She drifted away from the piano and up to the top of the broken chandelier. She remained perched up there not speaking and barely moving. I spoke to her again,

"Why is it me that has been blessed to hear your song? Am I part of something more? What makes me so deserving?"

She replied this time with a light, but echoing voice, "You hear me because you chose to listen. Nobody has ever chosen to listen before. In life, I played my music every day. Mother and Father tuned it out. They wouldn't listen to me over the sound of their riches and egos. I always knew they could hear the music on the outside, but they never listened to what was happening on the inside."

"I've heard your calls for a while. Now I can say that I am here to listen when others wouldn't," I said. "So is it your parents that are keeping you here?"

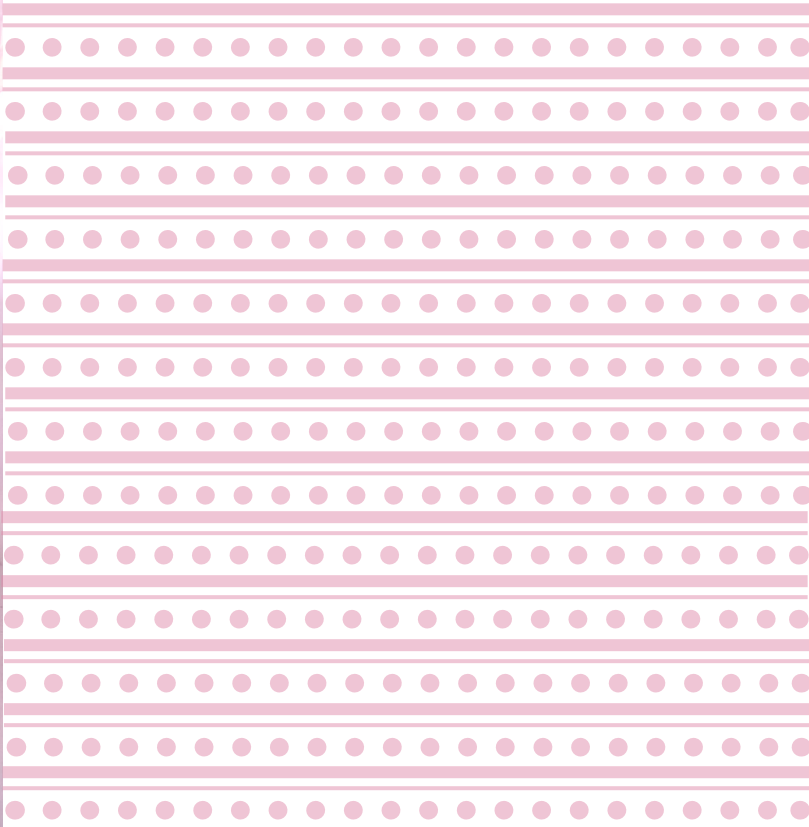
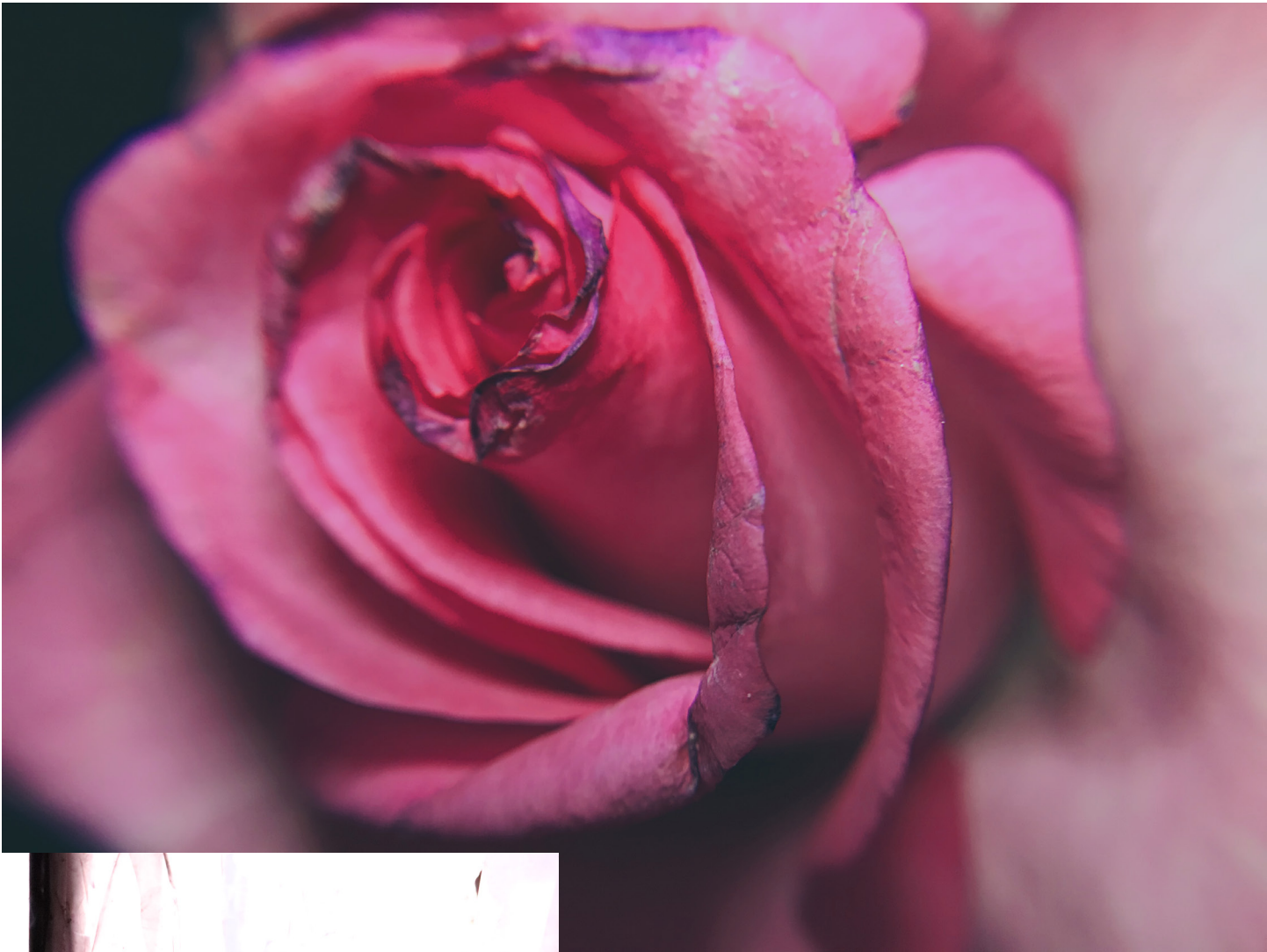
"Yes and no" she started. "My parents never listened to me but they were going to. On my twentieth birthday, I was going to perform for them. The very piece I had you listen to in fact. Before I could start, father was yelling at mother. He thought he was being nice by punching just the wall this time. This caused a great disturbance to the chandelier. I tried to get away but I wasn't quick enough. After that day, I came back to my parents so that they could finally hear my song. When they saw me return, they decided to leave here and never come back. So I sit here every day and practice my song hoping that someone is willing to listen. I have now found someone willing to listen to me. I only hope that you can find the same. We all deserve someone that will go beyond hearing us and listen. You have given me this resolve. I can call my business finished and move on. Thank you."

With those parting words, she descended off of the chandelier and down to where I stood. She circled around me several times before rising up and dissipating into the room above me and beyond.

All alone in the darkness and the silence, it became clear to me. It had been all along that I truly did not have any meaning. I had no one listening to me. I was a collection of thoughts, stories, and memories that were trapped. All these years I've felt like I had nothing to say, and even if I did, it wouldn't be worth my time or anyone else's. I stayed still, fuller than I'd ever felt. Every time someone parted from me, I got a little more empty. The opposite had become the truth here, for I knew it was not too late for me. The night closed in around me, and the daylight followed. It was a new day.

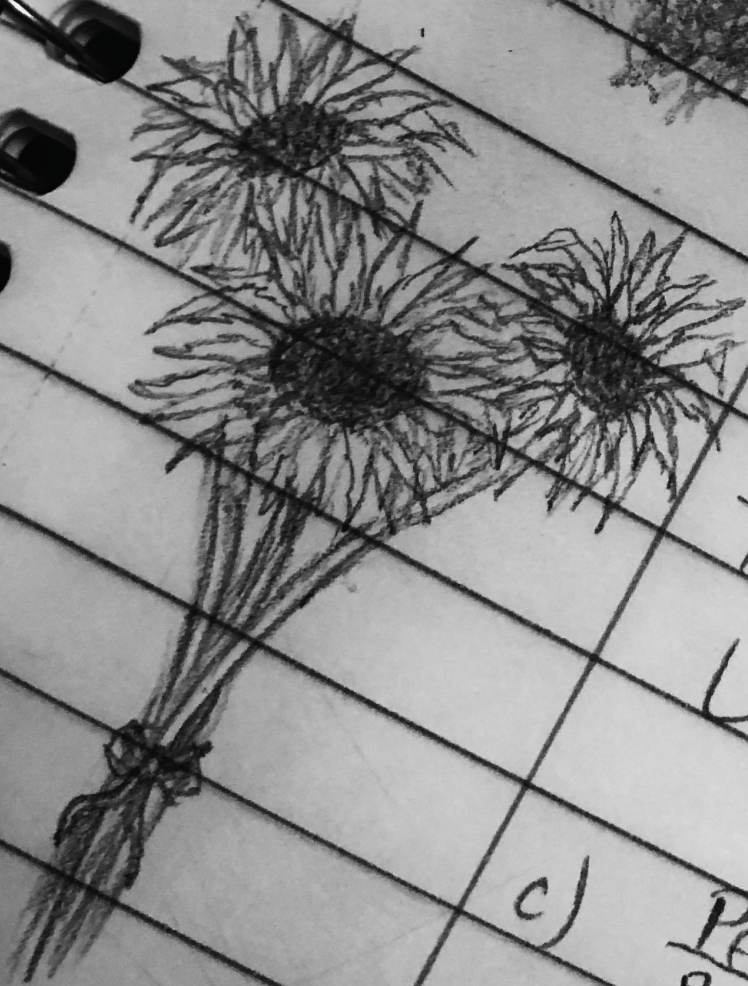












a)  $W$

$W =$

b)  $\Delta(E_{int}) = U$   
 $n C_V \Delta T = U$

$T_f = (293 K)$

$W = 45.788$

c)  $\frac{P_{eff} V_f}{P_{in} V}$