



ANDREAN 2014



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Bus Driver's Letter

ANDY KWON '15

Dear Johan,

When I reached that red light,
you know the one, under the tilted oak
with the outstretched branches
in the park where we always went for picnics,
my brakes were gasping for breath
under my heavy leather boot.

Through the scrim of rain,
I saw a smear of yellow
moving across the asphalt
and I knew it was either hit that smear
or swerve toward the fences
with my loaded bus.

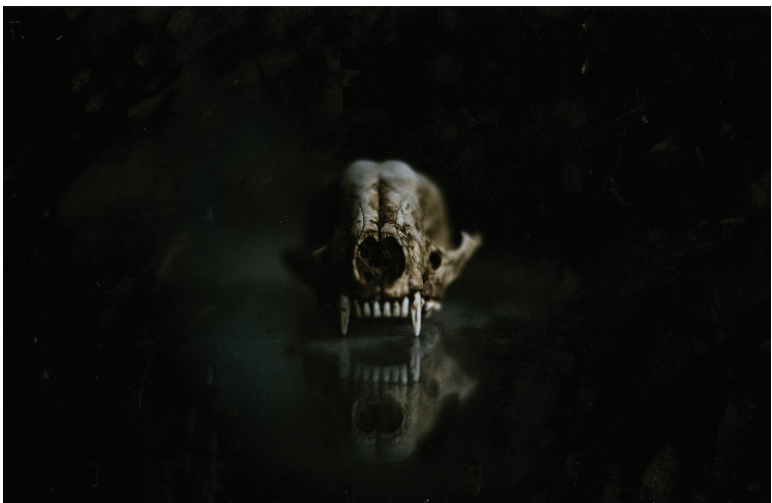
It was math,
fifty-seven versus one
that could have been a dog
or a street sign or even my imagination.
But not a raincoat. Not a boy's raincoat,
not yours.



GRACE EGAN '16



EDEN RICKOLT '16



HUGO HENTOFF '15

The Beauty Shop

SALLY MADIGAN '15

With curses on her plumped up lips
her tongue flicks to and fro.
The denim pulls at her wide-set hips;
the snaps are about to go.

The scaly lizard woman coughs.
Surveying my blonde head,
she lifts the colored snarls, and scoffs,
"Girl, yo hair is dead!"

"Look at these ends, they all dried out!"
She grabs a clump and pinches,
making a face like a drunken trout.
"Imma hafta to cut two inches."

She smells like socks and bottle caps
spiced with a cigarette.
The dangle of her arm flab slaps
my face with dough and sweat.

Suitcases underneath her eyes,
her teeth like yellow corn,
nails streaked with blonde and chestnut dyes—
no rose here, only thorn.

A glitter grabs my eye. Is that,
under the soap and grunts,
glinting beneath her finger fat—?
Yes, someone loved her once.

She stoops down in the mirror there
with that leathery complexion.
Oh well, I'm happy with my hair.
I smile at my reflection.

In the Hand Sanitizer Aisle

MICHELLE KIM '15

We walked into the supermarket, his sweaty hand grabbing mine. We were two blocks away from school, far enough to escape the confines of our school's strict Christian ideology: no dating allowed because boys and girls are only meant to be brothers and sisters, not boyfriend and girlfriend. My feet sprinted to keep up with Alex, who was nearly racing into the store. He was breathing heavily and muttering to himself, but I pretended not to hear.

"Gosh, it is so cold out today," he tried again. It was fifty five degrees and sunny, but I just nodded in exaggerated agreement. "Oh yeah, freezing." After days and hours of instant messaging, texting, and note passing, the only thing we could muster up to talk about was the weather.

"I like your jacket," I said.

"Thanks," he said almost immediately. Alex coughed, even though he didn't need to.

"Yeah, it's a very good blue."

"Yeah, it sure is. I think it's navy blue." He glanced down to double check.

"Yeah, definitely navy blue."

I studied the silver button at the end of his sleeve. It had been digging into my wrist since the moment he'd seized my hand; it would eventually leave a dime-sized imprint. Maybe that could be like a mark of Alex's attachment to me. I pressed my wrist more strongly against his jacket button now.

For days, we had carefully planned this very moment. First, we would leave school separately as soon as the bell rang. Tell Brother Brian, our overprotective, God-obsessed principal, that we did not have a minute to chat after school. Then, we'd meet each other outside in front of school, and walk together to the supermarket where, we decided, we would have our first kiss.

Alex coughed again, but this time he asked, "So...do you want to find a spot?"

"Yeah, sure," I said. I pretended to pick at my nail to seem uninterested, cool, and reserved.

His hand was still clasped onto mine because letting go of his clammy fingers would be harsh. Even though our palms were slipping away, letting go would mean being a mean girlfriend. He pulled me through the empty aisles, passing the fruit racks, the potato chips, and soup cans.

Finally, he said, "Is here good?" We were standing next to shelves of hand sanitizers and Bounty paper towels.

"Yeah, I like this spot," I lied. "We could definitely use some hand sanitizer after this!" His face stayed ice cold. I forced a giggle at my own joke. His eyes were staring at mine, but my eyes kept reading the word, "Purell" over and over again. "Purell" had never seemed so interesting before, so bright.

He stayed quiet and I could tell that he was about to kiss me when I blurted, "I wonder how much this hand sanitizer costs!" Before he could say anything, I answered my own question. "Oh, only a dollar fifty!"

Finally, his eyes closed and his chapped, pink lips started making for mine. Quickly, I licked my own lips, afraid that they were as dry as his. His hands were

still uncomfortably gripped onto my sticky fingers. I watched his lips jam into mine. I looked ahead again to the hand sanitizer bottles sitting in front of me. They looked so clear, clean, and sparkly. I closed my eyes and imagined feeling the cool, syrupy Purell swish through my mouth like mouthwash.



MARY KUJAN '14

Middle School

HUGO HENTOFF '15

Margaret Young
was a girl I kissed.
The first one.

We met dancing
in a ballroom
I called prison.

Her cheeks were roses.
Her lips were petals.
Her dad was pushing daisies.

First, he left her.
And I soon followed.
For I lack a sense

of timing.



MORGAN HALLOW '15

Stick Stuck

MILLER MURRAY '15

I found a stick
in a strain between chance
and reason.

It was
a strong specimen
as "thinking makes it so."
A limb to aid my own,
but still my blank hands burrowed
in the pockets of my coat.

The stick
lay disgraced,
defaced by mud.

I debated
(I always make the wrong choice)
whether or not
to pick it up.

With prized intellect,
I discovered
I was stuck,

I was stuck
in the muck
with a stick.

Man made in god's image,
I question.
Why am I here?
Where will I go?
What does it matter?

What a cruel a joke,
that I can ask
and not know,
yet a stick has no need to question,
to know
what it is.



HUGO HENTOFF '15

The Marriage of Proverb and Poetry

MARGARET STERNBERG '16

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.
—William Blake

He said—listen!—
He said, *A dead body revenges not injuries.*
Maybe we should all start playing dead.
Maybe our hands should curl around the waists of lovers,
The spines of books, the arms of rocking chairs.
Maybe we should learn the act of forgetting,
The art of forgiving.

He said, *No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.*
Tell me, are we eagles or are we emus?
Are we limitless or are we limited?

He said, *One thought fills immensity.*
Our thoughts are galaxies of exploding stars,
creating new solar systems in every direction.
We are the creators of universes, makers of worlds.
Tell me, where does your mind stand when you daydream?
Where do you end when you wake?
Do you remember the journey,
The new leaves springing green from the wreckage?
Do you remember planting that tree and watching it grow?
Do you remember?

Johnny Ladykiller

MILLER MURRAY '15

It was late, but Johnny didn't notice, he just knew everything around him was soaked in black. He slipped his overcoat off of one arm and returned the bent cigarette to his mouth before slipping out of the other sleeve. After smoothing the coat over his forearm he groped the wall for the light switch, letting his fingertips rest over the telltale cold metal plating.

"It was all *Nada y pues nada y nada*," echoed in his head. If only Giovanni could hear what he was thinking. "Yaw getting lost in your books sonny," he would say with that fat grimace, and those slitted eyes that were always looking and looking and looking.

Johnny wasn't always sure what his thoughts meant, but in this midnight black he thought he could feel them. "Nada," he murmured, flipping the switch.

Johnny was walloped sideways by the brightness of the room open before him. Two couches and a futon surrounded a long, antique-looking coffee table. Behind them stood a tall marble bar, and underneath was a sprawling zebra print carpet, which had a sharply disorienting effect. Johnny had expected something more.... drab... Drab, Johnny said the word aloud, DRAB! It was words like that that got you the nickname "Sweetie."

Rata-TAT-TAT-TAT, shot through the window.

Before he could think, Johnny twisted around in a corkscrew, one knee hitting the ground, hard, his right hand frozen between covering his face and reaching for the leather holster clipped tight under his armpit.

Pellets of water bled down the pane as the sprinkler cycled back around. Johnny forced a sigh, placing a hand on one knee. Maybe Giovanni was right, maybe his nerves were getting sloppy. The rolling clank of city sounds pulled Johnny into the distance. He could almost see the low hanging speedsters, revving their engines, and the hot-blooded teenagers clumped together under familiar streetlights glowing a hot, ember red.

"SHIT!" Johnny stamped out the cigarette butt that was slowly burning a hole in the carpet. How could it have taken him so long to notice? So much for "not a trace." The black gooey regurgitate of embers sat fouling the middle of one white zebra stripe. If it had just fallen a few inches to either side, you might not have even been able to see a difference. It was bad luck that made this black spot so different. Wasn't it?

Johnny brushed off his coat before straightening himself, slowly running his hand over the old leather. He wondered, as he sometimes did in off moments, why time had chosen to fade one side of the collar over the other, why the third stitch on the bottom hem had broken before the fourth.

Johnny fished another loose cigarette out of his pocket with slender fingers. He had always hated his smooth effeminate hands, but at least he could reach his cigs. He lit it, as he always did, in his hand between thumb and forefinger, before bringing it to his lips and running his fingers through his dark matte hair in one smooth motion. He ran his hand through again, just to make sure he caught all strands trying to break loose.

Johnny folded his coat over the mahogany coffee table, now close enough to appreciate the small lions carved into the sides, yawning with tiny might. Something about the neat fold of his jacket drove Johnny to throw it, sidelong, onto the back of the futon.

“Dramatic,” he thought.

Leaning back into the futon, Johnny put one foot on the table, before deciding to put the other one on, as well. He pulled his Colt out of its holster and pressed the hilt to his chest. A buzz flowed through him as he examined the tiny locks and pins of the mechanism, the wooden finish, the metal glint. One squeeze and this little thing could throw his head back, crumple his body in leaking disarray. Yet it held such dignity.

The metal clank of keys on the door, and Johnny’s eyes flared. Before he could control himself “Showtime!” echoed through his head.

HUGO HENTOFF '15





CAI JOHNSON '16

The Empty Room

ANNE MCILVAINE '16

A Batman poster. A canoe paddle
engraved with the words *Kieve*, 2011.

An empty guitar case.

Old bedspreads strewn with small yellow islands.

A plaid pillow, a half unwrapped lollypop,
a game of Eagles Monopoly still open,
the dice splayed across the board.

A small cheerleader poised on the "Andy Reid" space,
her pom-poms raised.

Near a short stack of adolescent novels,
frayed sailing gloves once sopping with salt
beneath a thin glaze of dust.

Small blazers, dirty sneakers, a green sleeping bag.

A sharp-edged crayon drawing
depicting a wobbly figure.

Scrawled words below: "ILU Alec!"

A shaky exclamation point.



KELVIN CUESTA '14

In the Storm

MARGARET STERNBERG '16

This is the silence that precedes a storm.
The air hangs like a curtain, thick and warm.

Now lightning breaks through heaven's blacks and blues
and the sky darkens, deepens, like a bruise.

The wind picks up and whirls leaves in the air.
No one stays outside, no one would dare.

All but I seek shelter from the gale,
walking down my solitary trail.

Passing Through

JAMES SEILER '15

1
the wind comes and goes
no one ever questions it
why can't we be free

2
the cars never stop
fixed on their lines in the fog
no one sees ahead

3
these gently swaying
limbs grey veins the sole remnants
where blossoms once were

4
evanescent orbs
baths of radiant white light
I'm almost home now

5
the water blue glass
waves shatter ripple are gone
all just passing through



CAI JOHNSON '16

The Wild

WILL NICHOL '15

I sat in a chair looking out the window toward something, and seeing nothing. All the colors blended into one canvas of overwhelming light. I stared for a while until I remembered. I looked down at the phone. It lay there lifelessly, full of too much emptiness. I picked it up, my fingertips trembling, then let it fall to the ground. I closed my eyes and slowly felt for it under the desk, hoping not to find it.

The ringing continued as my eyes became lost in the canvas again. Dad answered, but I couldn't find my way back, and he hung up. I called again and Dad answered again. "Hello, boy. Are you there?"

"Yes. How are you doing," I said.

He hesitated and then spoke in a scared voice. "It's Anna, boy."

I knew after "Anna." I couldn't hear him but I knew he was talking and what about. Tears fell down my face and into my lap. I said quietly, "Come get me," and the phone fell.

I stepped up to the wall and leaned there. It felt cool on the backs of my arms and hands. I could hear her gentle and upset breaths, I could feel her through the wall, her body as cold and weathered as the surface my hands rested against. I was scared of what she would think when she saw me. She was my friend and I left her for school, like she was some pet fish that my mom could take care of.

The first time I met Anna—really touched souls with her—was when she took off at 35 miles an hour down Lamington Road with my scrawny ten-year-old ass on her back, trucks honking and rain splashing. I lay there wrapped around her withers so tightly I could feel her heart against mine. I closed my eyes and breathed with her. I was too small to stop her so I had to trust her, and I did. I lay in a trance on her back with her powerful stride only gently rocking me. Right outside the small barn she stopped with me still clutching her neck. I didn't know what to think when I opened my eyes; all I knew was that I was changed. I felt something rare that day. With her heart I felt wildness that I had never heard of or felt before. I felt the wild flowing through her body. After that I couldn't stay away—I was in love.

I stood staring at the remnants of that horse, that hell of a horse. "She's pretty doped up," echoed down the aisle from where the vet was standing. She stood high, as high as she could, still white but white from sickness, not the same white she once wore. Our eyes were lost in each other's, remembering. She bit me hard, like she always did when I didn't visit for a while, and she turned away to tell me she was mad. I cried, and I wanted her to see me. She turned and nuzzled my ear. She forgave me, she shouldn't have but she knew I loved her, she could feel it, we both could.

The drug rushed into those wild veins numbing her powerful legs, and sharp senses. She rocked back and fell gracefully. She did everything gracefully. She was so beautiful. I lay with her on the cold earth, my arm resting over her neck and my head against her face. I could feel her and she me. It was not a selfish thing, I wasn't looking to feel her wildness, but she was looking to feel mine, the wildness she put in my veins, the wildness she taught me. She breathed heavy and hot on my face. I could feel her heart exhausted and ready for what, no one knows.

The blood streamed from the tubes dark on her pale skin. Her eyes were black and deep, too deep to navigate, so I let them carry me. She sucked in one huge breath and stopped. Everything stopped.



MORGAN HALLOW '15



ALLISON WENDT '14



EUNICE SONG '14



MARY KUJAN '14

At Audrey's

WILL NICHOL '15

We ran through golden pastures to the river
just out of our parents' sight, or so we thought.
We laughed and screamed, forgetting everything,
and plunged into the stream still uniformed.

We swam in circles, chasing and embracing,
until our minds were dizzied by the beauty.
The songbirds harmonized with Joyce's howls
and the river joined to make a soothing song.

We chortled in our blazers, floating, splashing,
not thinking of the time or afterwards,
the lost shoes, ruined clothes, the work undone,
or of our parents, watching from a window,

envying the lack of consequence,
and wondering what I now begin to wonder:
why we run grasping for an unseen future
when we can live in peace by a river sound.

Midlife Crisis

MICHELLE KIM '15

In her bedroom
she lies alone
in the estranged sheets
beneath the tired clock,
while her husband, cold
as February,
sleeps downstairs.

In the silent house
her children's breathing
comes to her
like the creaking of old floorboards,
shrill in her mind.

At midnight, another man
ghosts into her arms.
Their whispers tiptoe
across the halls.
Beneath the eye of the clock
her arching back
breaks into blossom.



ALLISON WENDT '14

Winter Triolet

SALLY MADIGAN '15

The grass is green beneath the snow.
I wonder how it stays that way.
The air is chilled and dark although
the grass is green. Beneath the snow
the bright peeks out to say hello
as we go trudging through the gray.
The grass is green beneath the snow.
I wonder how it stays that way.



MEREDITH KREBS '16

40 Steps from the Pecan Tree

SALLY MADIGAN '15

John leaned back against the bark of an old pecan tree and shut his eyes and thought about everything that had happened the night before. His father had come home from the bar piss drunk again and left John two bruises the size and color of plums on his right eye and lower jaw. He rubbed his jaw with his left hand and sighed.

I wish that bastard was dead, he said.

What was that? asked a voice from above him.

John jumped up and looked around frantically.

Up here, came the voice again.

John put his hand to his eyes and used it as a shield from the hot Mississippi sun as he peered up into the weathered branches of the pecan tree in front of him. On about the third branch from the bottom sat a dusty young girl with tangled blonde hair and scrapes all over her arms and legs.

What in the heck are you doing!

Sittin, she said.

Well why are you up in a tree?

The girl furrowed her brow. Well why is you down on the ground?

Come down from there. You're gone get yourself killed, he said.

The girl sighed and put her arms around the branch and swung herself upside down. No, she said. Now who do you wish was dead?

None of your business.

Fine then but I could help you. That is only if you'd tell me.

And how's that? John asked.

The girl grinned and swung herself upright again and reached into her pockets. She pulled out a small plastic slingshot, like the type you could get out of a Cracker Jack box, with a shiny white stone in it.

John laughed. It'd be just like David and Goliath. Only you're a girl and my pop is an even bigger asshole than that guy.

The girl frowned. How come?

It don't matter.

Yes, it does.

John sighed and stood up and dusted off the back of his blue jeans.

He looked out around him surveying the land that he knew so well. It stretched out in front of him, rising and falling lush with greenery. Along the horizon was a thin strand of small seedlings newly planted and through the trees you could



MARY KUJAN '14

see the close-packed row of homes where he lived. The porch light on his small white home was on and he could see a figure moving around slowly from where he stood. He sighed. That was the problem with the meadow. Although it was his place to escape, it was dangerously close to reality. He turned away from the houses and faced the tree again. The light from the mid-afternoon sun dripped through the branches and hit his face so that for half a second he felt good. Or as close to good as he figured he would ever feel.

Someday I'm gonna live right here, he said.

What was that? called the girl now balancing precariously on a higher branch.

John continued to look at the land around him. He reached down and grabbed a stick from the ground. He paced out from the base of the pecan tree 40 steps and stuck the stick in the ground.

Right here, he said

There was a thud from behind him and he spun around to find the girl on the ground crouched comfortably like a cat. She stood up and looked at him tilting her head to the side slightly.

What's your name anyhow? she said with a lilt.

John. What's yours?

Call me Lucy.

John skittered home ten minutes late to dinner. His mother was sitting alone with her face in her hands at the small wooden table painted a chipping red. John paused at the entrance of the kitchen and looked around for signs that his father was home. The yellow plastic countertops were clear and clean for the most part. The small white fridge in the corner of the room was humming comfortably, undisrupted by thick hands groping for a can of beer or six. He looked to the other side of the room and relaxed when he saw his father's beloved suede jacket wasn't hanging on the coat rack. Last winter his father had spent his entire paycheck on that coat, leaving the family with only dusty cans of pinto beans to eat for the rest of the month. No one said anything about it.

Mom? asked John with caution.

His mother's eyes snapped up. They were tinted red like maybe she had been crying or maybe she was just exhausted. It was hard to tell with her; she had gotten good over the years at making any emotion of hers look calm on the surface. Hi baby, she said and smiled gently.

Sorry I'm late.

It ain't no mind, she said. Both Layla and your father can't make it tonight so it's just gone be us.

John nodded and went to the sink to wash up. He splashed water over his face and patted it dry with a dirty cloth lying nearby. He turned around to face his mother and exhaled. She looked at his face and frowned but didn't say anything. He looked at her in the same way surveying her exposed skin for any sign of his father. She turned away from him.

Well, she said picking herself out of the chair. Let's get to it then.

It was dark when he got home. John was lying in his bed with his eyes open waiting. He could never sleep until his father had made his entrance into the house. It was like the eeriness right before a tornado when the sky is green and everyone is just waiting for it to land and do its will. The screen door to the house screeched open and John could hear his father fiddling with the lock and cursing

from his open window. His father cursed louder and then started in to banging on the door with his big fists. John heard his mother's footsteps headed down the stairs to the door. He sat up in bed and listened.

Hold on, hold on, his mother whispered.

Open the damn door.

The lock clicked and the door came flying open with a bang. John flinched. Then he heard footsteps headed back up the stairs.

Where the hell do you think you're going, his father said too loudly.

It's past midnight Mitch, I'm going to bed.

Like hell you are.

John got out of bed and opened his door. He stood at the top of the stairs looking down. The room below him was dimly lit, just the light from the outside porch shining in through a window. The burgundy walls and the dim lighting cast a reddish glow, brushing and bouncing off his aluminum baseball bat propped up against the heater. His father was standing a little ways away from his mother clutching a half empty bottle of whiskey with a sticky smile curling on his lips. His mother turned to him.

John, back to bed please, she said quickly.

John stayed where he was with his eyes fixed on his father.

You heard her boy, his father slurred. Back to bed.

His father looked at him but not in the eyes. More like a sweeping glance over his body just to verify that he was present. John turned around and went back into his room. He lay down in his bed and put his hands over his ears. It didn't change what would happen but at least he could imagine it was something nice. Maybe it could even be something normal, like his father putting his hands gently around his mother's waist and telling him about his day and her calling him dear. About an hour later his mother slipped into his room and curled around him in his bed. As his mother wept softly John pretended he was sleeping so that she could hold him and maybe feel whole for a second. Or at least what she imagined whole was.

As the red sun was just starting to peak over the sill of John's window his mother untangled herself from the white sheets and headed downstairs. John rolled over into the warm place that his mother had left and stretched out. He could still slightly smell her scent on them, like dish soap and menthol cigarettes. Just as he was beginning to fall asleep he heard a jarring noise of scratching against his window. John shot up in bed and gripped the sheets, with sweat already dampening his palms. He could hear his heart thumping in his throat. He swallowed hard. After 30 seconds of silence John lay back down and attempted to relax, telling himself that it was only his imagination when it came again. John sat up and took a deep breath. He walked to the window and pried it open. He stood at the open window peering out into the darkness in front of him. The leaves on the old oak tree directly in front of him rustled. John took a quick step back and stumbled over his feet to land with a bang on the wooden floor. He stared wide-eyed at the tree waiting for the wild thing to reveal itself.

Good morning! Lucy flung herself out of the shadows of the tree and her smile glinted in the red sunlight.

What the hell are you doing! You scared me half to death.

Lucy's face dropped. Well sorry, John, I was only coming to say hello.

John stood up and walked closer to the window, running his damp palms over his nightshirt.

Oh, well, it's ok. You only scared me a bit is all.

Lucy smiled. A little more than a bit I think.

What are you doing here anyway?

I gotta show you something.

And this couldn't wait till later?

Would I be here if it could?

John snorted. Probably. He came nearer to the window and looked down. The tree that Lucy so nimbly balanced herself upon was about forty feet tall and older than his great great grandfather. The trunk itself was four feet wide and the nearest branch that could support Lucy's weight was at least twelve feet off the ground. John looked into Lucy's gleaming eyes. They winked at him like flames full of curiosity and light.

How'd you even get up here anyway?

Lucy frowned. That don't matter one bit. When someone tells you they have something to show you, you don't ask how they got in a damn tree. Meet me in front in two minutes. With this Lucy swung herself down onto a lower branch and smiled. Move it!

A minute later John was standing at the base of the tree peering up into the branches. He heard a chuckle from behind him and spun around.

How'd you get down so fast?

No mind. Let's get a move on.

John shivered and rubbed his arms up and down in hopes that the friction would warm him. How are you not cold?

I'm never cold, Lucy said with a grin.

John gave her a queer look. So where are we headed? he said after a pause.

Oh we don't have to go anywhere yet.

Do you mean to tell me that you dragged me out of my bed at the crack of dawn just to stand here?

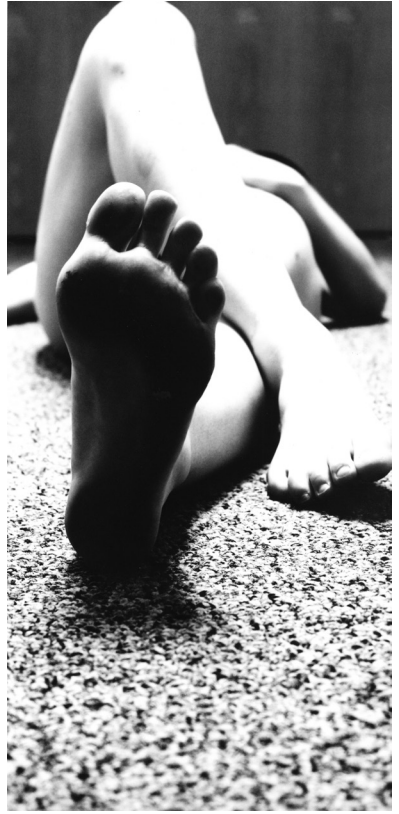
Lucy paced around the tree putting one foot in front of the other like she was balancing on a tightrope or the edge of the world. I brought my slingshot, she said.

For what?

Your damn asshole of a daddy.

John laughed. You're dumber than I thought aren't you?

Lucy faced him and tilted her head to the side looking him up and down.



GRAY STEWART '14

I mean...If you think I'm gonna let you go up against my daddy with just a plastic slingshot you must be insane.

Lucy nodded. You're right. She was quiet for a second. It's not me that should do it anyway.

John shivered. Who should do it then? he asked, his heart quickening a bit.

Lucy looked at him. You should go get a coat.

John felt uneasy but obeyed and slunk back in through the front door. He crept silently around the creaky board in the foyer and past the heater where his bat still stood. He could hear his mother washing dishes in the kitchen. He moved to the entrance of the kitchen and craned his head around. His small mother with her dark hair piled on her head was standing with her back to John. She was wearing just a thin shirt that exposed her arms, which she would cover when the house was full of light and eyes, and a navy apron. John stared at the dark bruises on her arms. Some were faded and yellowing on her skin and others were fresh like ink stains. For a moment John felt empty staring at the bruises he had known were there but never saw. He was eerily still awaiting what was coming to him. The feeling that finally surfaced was unfamiliar but also, in a peculiar way, right. Just below his chest it bubbled and crackled, ready to explode. He began to breathe heavily and his fists balled up out of instinct. His face flashed hot and red and moments in his life began to rush through his mind. He couldn't take it any more—all those muffled yelps and hidden bruises. Just as his anger was nearing its edge he heard his father's heavy footsteps banging down the staircase. They were stumbling, still half drunk as usual at this time in the morning. John turned around and grabbed the baseball bat as beads of sweat began to form on his forehead. By the time his father reached the bottom of the stairs John was waiting for him gripping the bat with both hands.

John looked at his father. His eyes were red and glazed over from the night before. He yawned and spit on the waxed floor by his work boots. He stumbled past John without a word into their small kitchen. His mother spun around, her eyes wide like a deer pinned in front of a truck. They opened even wider when she saw her son behind him with the bat raised over his head. It happened in a blur. One swift and strong swing and his father was lying on his back in a slowly widening pool of blood. His mother stood unmoving with a strange look on her face, disbelief with waves of horror weaving in and out. There was a sickness in her eyes. She opened her mouth and then closed it. John dropped the bat with a metallic clang and stood facing her.

I don't..., John started.

His mother stared at him. Her top lip quivered as if she was ready to scream or cry at any moment. John's heart sank.

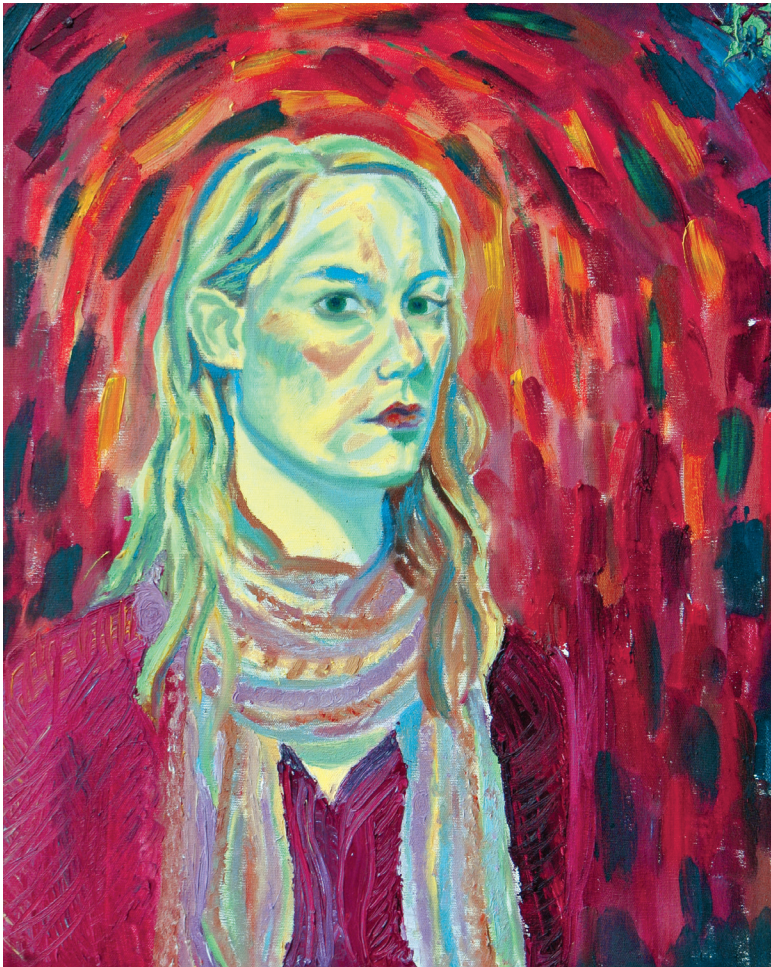
I just couldn't... John looked down at his father lying on the ground at his feet. His father's face was relaxed with his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open. In the kitchen light his father looked young. Like he had in the days that John and him would play catch or cowboys and Indians in the field in front of their home. John rushed to the counter and grabbed a dirty cloth. He knelt down beside his father and began to wipe the blood away from the cracked skull. He looked back up at his mother standing with her back to the sink staring at him. John began to cry.

I just couldn't let him hurt you anymore, he said and stood up. He dropped the rag into the blood pooling in front of him and left the kitchen. John walked slowly back into the foyer toward the landline jacked on the wall next to the staircase. He breathed deeply and picked it up with clammy hands and dialed a nine. Just then he felt a light breeze sweep in from behind him. It cooled his hot face and he breathed it in deeply. He turned around to see Lucy smiling at him in the open door. The light behind her burst into the house and shone into the dark dusty corners where secrets hid. She beckoned him in the open door. Behind her he could see the line of trees that blocked his meadow from the outside world. In the light they seemed tall and strong as if they had grown into sequoias over night. He looked at Lucy.

What did you want to show me?

She smiled at him. Everything, she whispered and took his hand in hers.

John reached for the nearest coat, which was his father's prized suede. He didn't think twice as he shrugged it on and stepped out into the morning.



LOUISE MARKS '14



ROBERTA MILLER '14



HUGO HENTOFF '15

Christmas Truce

ANDY KWON '15

It was a short peace in a terrible war.

— Alfred Anderson on the World War I Christmas Truce of 1914

Christmas Eve, the night blackblue and silent.
On the ground, ordinary
bits of bombs, bodies.
And the sharp flakes fell from heaven,
shrapnel of ice, white on red.

And the earth, scarred and angry,
would not soften until
from the cicatrix of trenches
in another voice
a known tune rose.

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht
sang the Germans.
Silent Night, Holy Night
answered the British.
And that impossible, faint dirge
spread like snowfall.

The crimson, Christmas morning
would have bled into the day,
if not for a German soldier
standing at the lip of the British trench
with a small green tree.

Around it, enemies puffed a single cigarette,
and with their black trench knives hacked
each other's matted hair.

After dinner, after Gute Nacht and Farewell,
the Germans left
their ruddy tracks across the ashen snow.
The small green tree was chopped
by trench knives into kindling.
And in the chiaroscuro of the fire
the soldiers sat with rope, brush, and oil
to clean their guns.

Unfinished Paintings

MICHELLE KIM '15

She takes a portrait, to retouch the spaces
of gray within the smile that's more a frown.
Dipping her brush in water, she retraces
the glassy, speckled eyes that seem to drown,

the jaw that clenches like a tulip bud,
the light extinguished from the mousy hair.
She struggles with her lines, to make them good,
head lowered in an attitude of prayer.

She stirs together yellow, red, and blue
into the apple tincture of a lip,
which blanches, as it dries, to an ecru
like dusty parchment, thirsty for a sip

of fruits of knowledge, rivers of content,
which, in the glow of morning, gleam like gold
until the sun begins its slow descent,
touching the blossoms of her cheeks with cold.



OLIVIA DECKER '15



ROONEY DEBUTTS '16

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Faculty Advisor

Chris Childers

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St. Andrew's School
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709
(302) 378-9511
www.standrews-de.org

