

A collage of various papers and cardboard. In the foreground, a white sheet of paper has the word "paper." written on it in a black, typewriter-style font. Behind it, there are several other papers: one with horizontal lines, one with a grid pattern, and one with a vertical line. The papers are layered and partially obscured by pieces of brown cardboard. Some of the cardboard has circular holes and is held together by a string. The overall composition is layered and textured, with a focus on the word "paper."

paper.

PAPER.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE SENIORS...



* "Something I will miss about the school is all the friends I have made."— Brianna Scott

* "I will miss all the people who have had an impact on my life; everyone, teachers, friends, and faculty. I am who I am today because of them."— Annie Nyguen

* "The thing I'll miss the most is hearing 'And that is all for the announcements in this beautiful day in the Bronx.' It gets me every time."— Samantha Menyah

* "The family atmosphere at the Academy of Mount Saint Ursula is unlike any other. The sense of sisterhood and unity is what I'll probably miss the most."— Ermelinda Vushaj

* "Something I will miss dearly is the friends who I see everyday and have made wonderful bonds with."— Mary Zakki

* "I will miss the jovial and light hearted atmosphere of Ursula. It has provided me with laughs to last a lifetime."— Sabyne Santiago

* "I will miss how unique Ursula is. It's more like a second home than a school. We are all a family. The teachers are so attentive and caring and the students are all bonded sisters."— Pamela Ventura

* "I will miss the teachers and friends, since they were

like my second family. They were always there in both good and bad times. They were more like the siblings that I never had."— Stephanie Toro

* "I will miss my friends and the teachers who taught me important lessons about life. I will never forget the people who were kind to me, even at times when it might have been difficult."— Adrena Lambert

* "The sense of empowerment and sisterhood that I have received at Ursula will follow me throughout my life. Four years at AMSU have taught me to not only gain confidence in myself, but also to empower my sisters, and for that, I will always be grateful."— Cinthia Ibarra

* "Four years at Ursula—the people I've met and experiences I've had— made me into who I am today. These memories will last forever."— Denise Douglas

* "These four years at Ursula have been the most challenging years of my life and I am most grateful. I have met my very best friend in life at Ursula, which warms my heart."— Mya Hendricks

* "Four years, in all honesty, do last a lifetime. At the Academy of Mt. St. Ursula I have made friends that have deeply impacted my life. I have met teachers that have taught me lessons I will never forget. I have taken my first step into the real world."— Brianna Lorenzana



* "I will miss the friendships created in the school. There is a family atmosphere that no other school has. There are a lot of unique girls here with many talents, and that's something that I will truly miss— the girls' raw creativity."— Joselyn Garcia

* "The Four years at Ursula are truly something to remember. I am really going to miss the artistic feel at the school."— Brittany Dunkley

* "I will miss being called a 'blossom' every time Ms.D makes an announcement at lunch."— Annie Vargas

* "My high school experience has been a fun one, especially because of the people I have met. I've made wonderful friends. I'll miss the teachers."— Kristen Rhamdeow

* "I will miss going through the highs and lows with my friends and seeing them everyday. I will also miss seeing the lockers decorated for birthdays."— Chalita Tulapong

* "When I was in eighth grade, Ursula was my last choice. At the beginning of freshman year, I could not wait to graduate, and now, I wish the days would slow down because I want to see my marvelous friends and teachers everyday—something that will not be possible after graduation. However, I am forever grateful because AMSU has granted me the knowledge and character I need to confront the future. Thank you for the rollercoaster ride these four years have been!"— Joely Santana

SENSES OF REALITY

BY: KATHRYN DESTIN GRADE 11

I walk down the street of despair
Into my town of polluted air
Around the corner of lost hope
I enter the city with dangling ropes

I see faces who desire for my demise
I see hateful eyes
I see looks of disgust
I see myself crushed into the dust

I feel the chains of slavery
I feel the weights of treachery
I feel your knives that cut me deep
I feel bullets of sharp pain that make me weep
I touch your quietly kept books that keep me from being completely free
I touch your swords you plan to use for my destruction
I touch your tools you want to use for my people's deconstruction

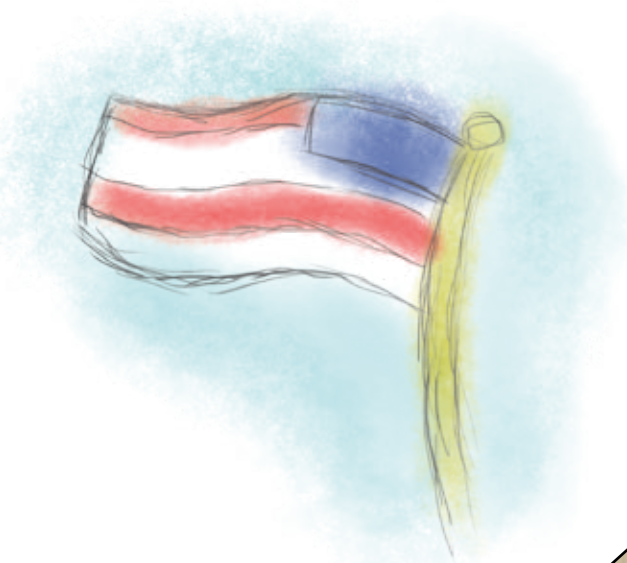
I smell the bodies of my fallen ancestors.
I smell the dying dreams of my broken protestors.
I smell the disintegrating hope we used to have
I smell their drive for liberty cut in half.

I hear screams of my brothers and sisters to get back their kingdoms
I hear cries for REAL freedom
I hear yells of desperation to no longer be devoured
I hear the wails for equal power

I taste victory escaping my grasp
I taste the poison of your words like I've been bitten by an asp
I taste the sweat dripping down my forehead as I run
I taste deadly gas filling up the air in tons

All of these things I can sense
However, they are at my expense
I continue to suffer even though I supposedly am free
But trust me when I say it's not only me.

Liberty can be defined as freedom of choice
But when was the last time anyone cared to hear our voice?
It will be okay though because from the dust we shall rise
And then finally, it will be our time to bring an end to our long lasting
cries.



MY WONDERFUL SCHOOL LIFE

BY AMIYA SIKIDAR

During my young lifetime,
I have been very lucky
To be guided by the
Blessed souls of many teachers.
But, as I grew up to become
Part of the Ursuline tradition
Of empowering young women,
I learned that the Academy of Mount St. Ursula
Provides a community of faith in God,
Where peace and solace can be found.
There are exceptionally, God-gifted teachers in this
family atmosphere,
Who encourage girls, including me, to not only
work for excellence in challenging academics,
But also, serve for leadership in society.
It is a great opportunity to help and care for our
neighborhood,
Where several corporal and spiritual deeds of
mercy could be maintained,
Through cooperation and a wide variety of
disciplines in reality.

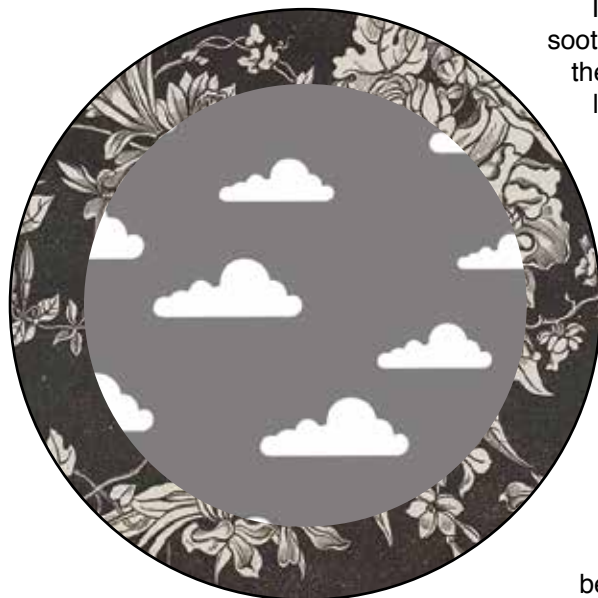
It is a unique place,
Where God's love is celebrated by respecting
others
From culturally global and diverse roots with
appreciation.
I still, remember how I was welcomed
On the first day in the school with pleasure.
Truly, I can never forget that this school fulfilled my
life's accomplishments
With such honorable achievements,
For which I am grateful to them.
And, I have found pride and success for my life's
future
Because the Academy of Mount St. Ursula
Shined me and my surroundings with brightness,
lights of hope, and prayers.
I still, cannot believe in my greatest fate to
succeed to the longest journey
Of this precious destiny.



FLOWER IN THE RAIN

BY: MARIA ARIAS

GRADE 10



The rain beats down on the window. It creates a soothing rhythm and gives off a petrichor so sweet it lulls the birds to sleep. The light outside shines down into the living room, where soft music is being played. Near the window a small vanilla orchid opens its petals to the rain. It once grew near the lagoon at Central Park, with the carnations and indigo flowers, until a florist picked it up and took it home. Now it is nearing old age, but it still retains its beauty from its younger days.

If you walk out of the house, and make a left, you can reach Central Park. A few more blocks south and you are in the Strawberry Fields. The florist likes coming here sometimes. There was singing and the flowers placed along the memorial plaque were beautiful; Red roses and purple lilacs adorned the green bushes that hide behind the oak benches. Occasionally there would be an art vendor who sang along with the weekly musician. But, alas, the florist knew that there would be no music today; it was raining, and everything had stopped.

The florist had plans to go out with a friend today. They would meet at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and tour the grand halls. They would marvel at the Renaissance paintings, sigh at the marble sculptures of old, and glimpse the silver jewelry. Then they would buy something to eat (preferably a sorbet and a tart) and walk out into the park. Finally, (hopefully) the day would end with a kiss and a date at Giovanni's. None of this will come to pass, as it is dreary outside and no life stirred.

In accordance to the downpour outside, the florist was perched in a nook with a big window. The only vestments that were worn were grey pajamas with a cloud pattern, and a purple blanket that ultimately proved to be too big for its wearer. The nook itself had a bookshelf filled with novels and flora encyclopedias. A rose was slowly creeping out of its pot, and some vines tangled themselves with the windowsill. It made closing the window difficult, but the florist liked it and preferred that they stay. A Fiat was parked across the street, and on the windshield there is a ticket. Looks like someone forgot to pay the parking fee. Doesn't matter; the tenant is never around anyway.

The coffee machine sounds, signaling that the drink is ready. The florist, deep in slumber, jolts awake and yawns. After rubbing drowsy eyes, the florist walks up to the coffee machine. It has been making chai latte for a while, and it always brings a certain nostalgia...

The florist makes the short yet dull journey back to the nook with chai latte in hand. A wrapping of self with the blanket, a movie turned on, and a sip of coffee. The day is not yet spent; there was always time for relaxation. And the florist was ready to enjoy it.



THE COMPLEXITIES OF GROWING UP

BY SARAH RODRIQUEZ

GRADE 10

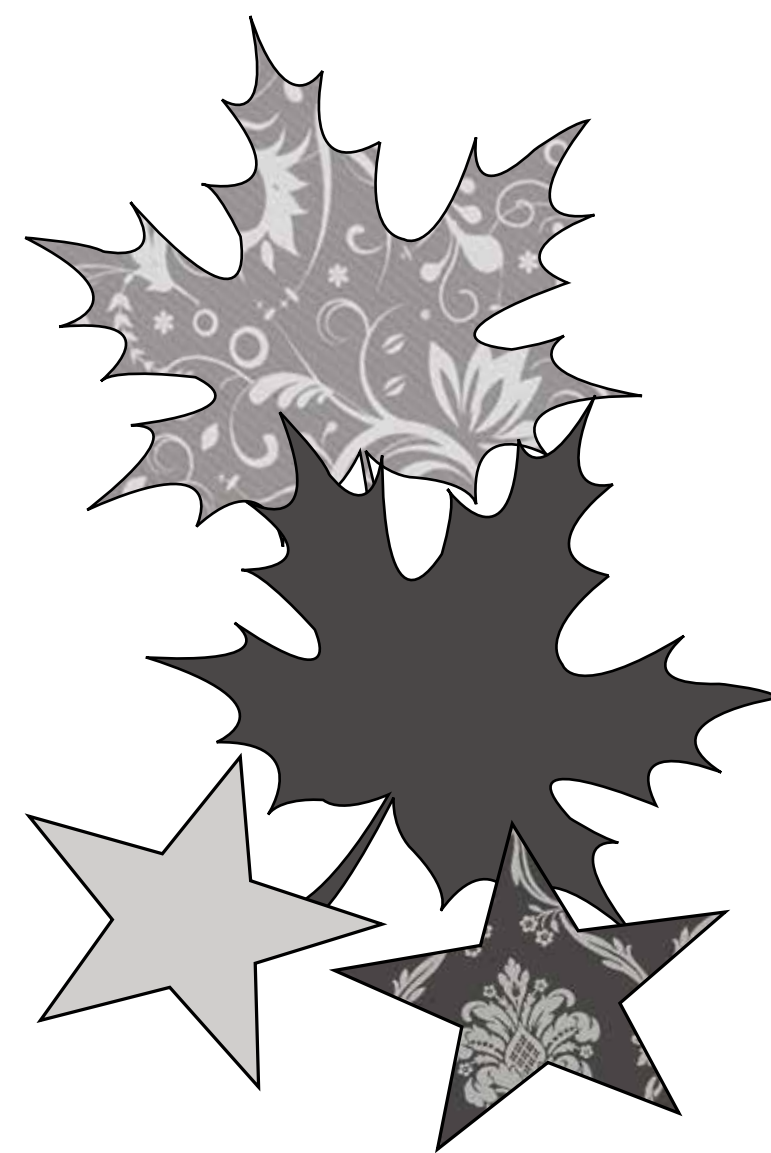
It was a chilly day in autumn when I first met her. The smile on her face shone like the sun as she unboxed me. She placed me down and went to play with her friends. I watched her play around, that same smile that's brightness rivaled even the stars always evident on her features. I knew that I would always be there to watch her.

I watched her learn how to ride her first bike. That time she soon fell right after learning how to ride said bike. Her first time swimming without floaties. The excited look she gave her mom as she waved from the top of a tree while her mother all but called the police to get her down. Her 11th birthday that she spent crying because no one showed up. I wondered where her friends that she used to play with went. I remembered her first graduation from 8th grade.



I remembered her obsession with a boy and how she always talked to him. I kinda missed when she used to play with me. The time she snuck out a window and the sound of a car speeding off. I remembered the yelling that woke up the entire neighborhood when her mother found out. When the boy came over while her mother was sleeping. When I was tossed into a corner from my original position on her bed next to her. I remembered her crying on her bed. The boy didn't come back after that day. I recalled her saying words like fat and ugly. I later heard sounds from the bathroom when her mother wasn't home.

I remembered when she graduated the 12th grade after a couple of tries. I was given to her mother as she went off to college. Now I am here. In a dark drawer. Holding nothing but the memories of my owner. Not having the option to complain as I was tossed aside. For all I can do is observe.



CATCHING FEELINGS
BY TALEIJA BENN GRADE 12

No words spoken
It's just deafening silence
New feelings have been awoken
I'm trying to get past all of this
You sit, watching and waiting
I sob, waiting and fainting
You won't say a thing to me
I just want someone to answer my pleas
I thought I was past all of my feelings for you
When I see you, my heart aches
Aside from the aches, it also breaks
It seems that I'm not quite through with catching feelings for you
Hopefully, you're not through with catching feelings for your accursed foe
I think we can make something of this, though



IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE
BY CRISTAL VERAS GRADE 11

In the blink of eye Change occurs
Good
Or
Bad
Can't change it after it happens
Once it does
There's 3 things one has to do
Swell it
Accept it
And Move past It

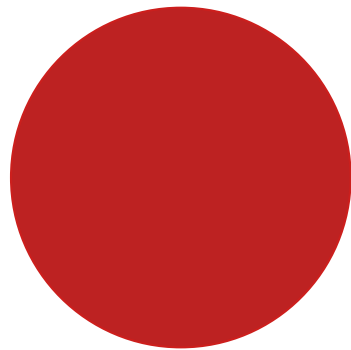
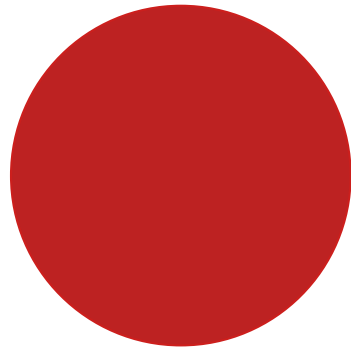


Everyone is made to Change
Good
Or
Bad
No grey space in between
You can either
Embrace or be Disgraced by It
But then again
Everyone is made to Change
Time, Space and everything will Change

BANGLADESH IS MY LIFE

BY AMIYA SIKIDAR GRADE 10

As a growing teenager,
Being born in America,
The country who blends within millions of different people,
From diverse cultural traditions and nations, including Bangladesh,
Our Bangladeshi roots flow through my veins.
I see our national flag's colors of green and red,
Glowing and shining, full of brightness, everywhere I go.
To us, the red color symbolizes the rising sun that
Reflects over our green country, Bangladesh.
And, of course, it dedicates and respects the blood,
As well as those many Bangladeshi people, who
Sacrificed their own lives, to form such a
Beautiful, independent Bangladesh.
In the other hand, the color of green expresses
Bangladesh's natural beauty and evergreen country land.
The name of Bangladesh is always inside my
Heart and soul.
If anyone asks what's inside my heart and soul,
I just say and write the name Bangladesh.
Truly, my heart's deepest love is green Bangladesh.
And, my love for my green Bangladesh
Smells like its national flower named lily.
From my childhood, my mother has been my life's
Biggest role model, whose valuable teachings
Guided me through my life's successful path.
During history, our country of Bangladesh has
Progressed through many hardships, and
Our rich cultural heritage attracted me to



Love our motherland unconditionally.
I am really grateful to my mother because
She was the first one and only person to
Create my unbreakable bond with my wonderful
Green land of Bangladesh.
My heart touches the rivers,
Flowing along Bangladesh,
With love, peace, and hope.
My green and red Bangladesh's golden shadows
Give me a huge imagery in life,
And, this is how I stand out among
Millions of people in America and the world,
To be a true, tall, and proud Bangladeshi.
At last, my life's brightest desire
Is to spread my wings,
Like a bird, or butterfly,
And fly into the blue sky,
And visit my green Bangladesh,
For at least once in my life.
Bangladesh is my life's biggest
Dream and inspiration.
Bangladesh introduces me to the world.
Its features always surround
Every single moment and corner
Of my life, full of emotional feelings.
Bangladesh's name is on my every breath.
I love my green motherland, and
I feel the proudest to be a
Bangladeshi- American.

PEACE

BY CRISTAL VERAS

GRADE 11

Peace
Protection
Prosperity
All I ask for all need
Stuff is just not how you used to be
God didn't give me
All that I want
But sure as hell
What I need
But I fight
For
Peace
Hurt
For
Protection
And
Grind for prosperity
He didn't give me patience to wait for this to change
He gave me strength to fight for what he knows I deserve
Lord knows
All I ask for
Is Peace
Protection and prosperity
When I'm stressed or in distressed I write at my best,
Many don't see the tears I have shed
Screams I've held
But God is gonna give me all I need
And show those who don't believe in me
That I was one who
Knew the deed
And succeed

DREAMS

BY KATHRYN DESTIN

GRADE 11

In the night I close my eyes
And my mind prepares for a new surprise.
I travel to new worlds
My head swirls and twirls.

I see creatures I see magic
I see myself making measures oh so drastic.
I see a different side of me
I see no chains of reality and just being free

I try new things
Imagine myself as the ruler of a king
I explore my unusual scene
Or sometimes watch myself playing
another on screen

Faces I've seen before but never knew appear
But also of those of whom I hold so dear
We change the world or go on adventures
And there is absolutely no censor

They say dreams reveal your most hidden desires
But a lot of the time they can set your mind on fire
Cherish your memories

Because those are all you need to last you
centuries
There is nothing you can't do in your dreams
So dream on, because sometimes all it
could take to solve the world's problem is
one dream.



WHEN TWO WORLDS COLLIDE

BY SARAH RODRIQUEZ | GRADE 10

A small sigh, barely audible to the human ear, filled the air of the small classroom. The owner of said sigh sat quietly in the back of the class. Her head was propped on top of a mountain of books her desk. Her hair creating small pools of black swirls around her.

"Why am I here?" she asked herself. "I should be home." As she sat there pondering on the thought, the sound of a door opening and quickly slamming filled the room. She sat up, hoping the teacher didn't see her dozing off. In the front of the class was a boy with shaggy brown hair. He was panting as if he ran a marathon and his uniform was wrinkled and out of place. He laughed and scratched the back of his head.

"Sorry about that. I guess I was running a little late." The girl looked at the clock and saw that he was about 2 hours late. She looked at his face, not seeing anything familiar about the boy. 'He must be the new kid the girls were talking about earlier.' She thought to herself. "Well I'm glad you could finally join us Mr. Mace. For now until I can see where to put you, you can sit back there next to Ms. Snow. Please stand up so he can see you Ms. Snow." The teacher said.

The girl seemed to freeze in place. 'Oh no. I hate human interactions, especially new people!' She shakily stood up and worked up a small smile. The boy spotted her

and walked over with a grin that reached from ear to ear. Now, this freaked out the girl a bit. 'Oh God am I supposed to smile wider?! I'll look like a serial killer if I do! But I don't want to seem rude. Oh man what should I do?'

Unfortunately, the girl was so lost in thought that she didn't notice that the boy had already sat down 2 minutes ago.

"Ms. Snow, would you please sit down so that I may finish my lesson." The girl snapped out of her internal struggle and quickly sat down.

"Sorry Mr. Smith." She said, embarrassed as giggling filled the room.

The tilted her head down, her bangs covering her red face. She felt a slight tap on her right shoulder. She looked to see it was the new boy. He leaned in a bit towards her. "Hi, my name's Asher." He said with a grin. "Blair." She said, slightly moving back to get some space. Before she could turn around, he grabbed hold of her hands and said, "Well Blair, I hope we can get along together." He ended with another smile. All that was heard was a high-pitched 'mhm' as she turned back around and placed her hands on her lap. She tilted her head down, her hair covering her once again red face.



read a book



make a friend

ISSUE 1:
HUMAN!
(emotions are true) ♡
?

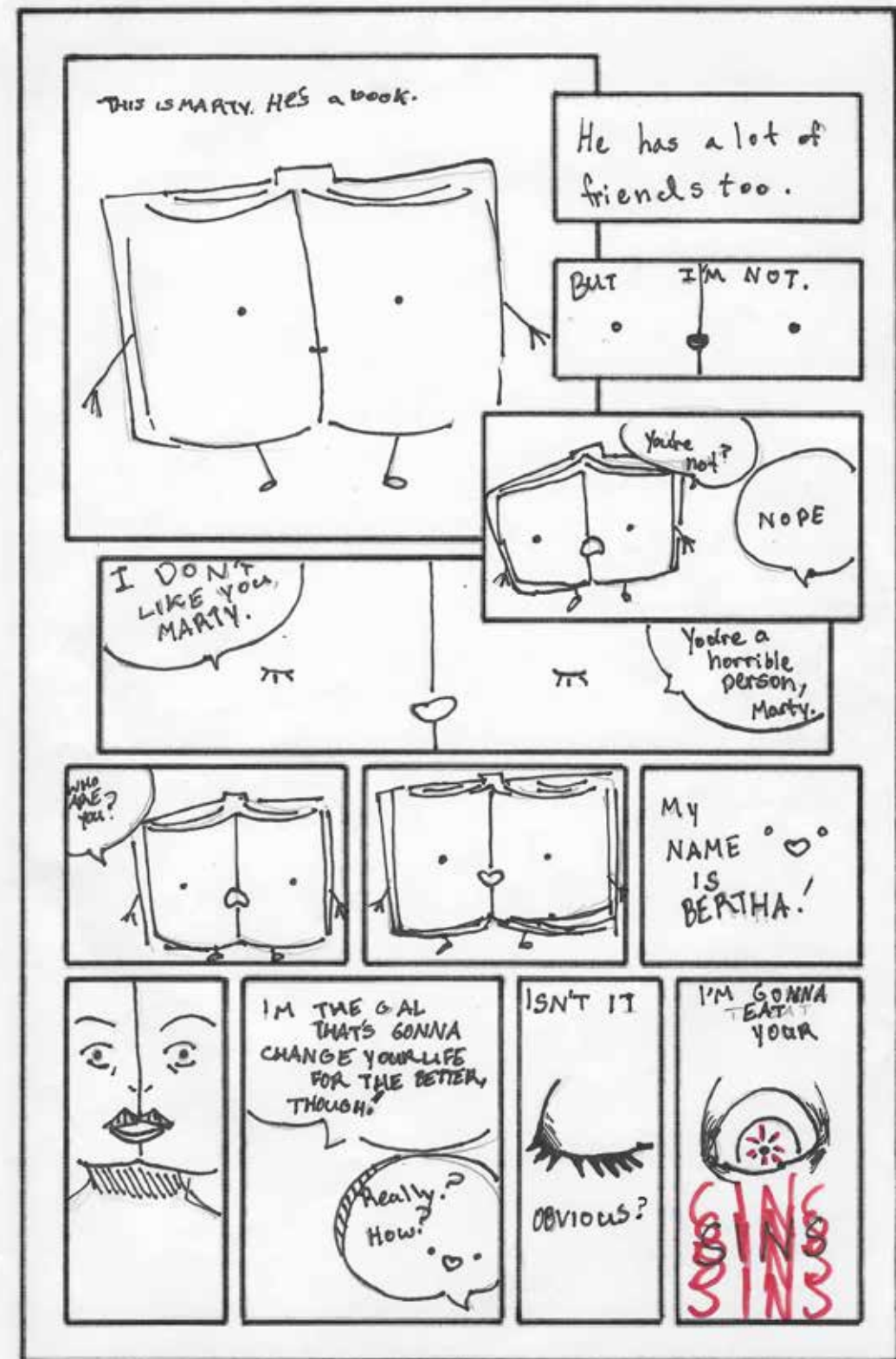
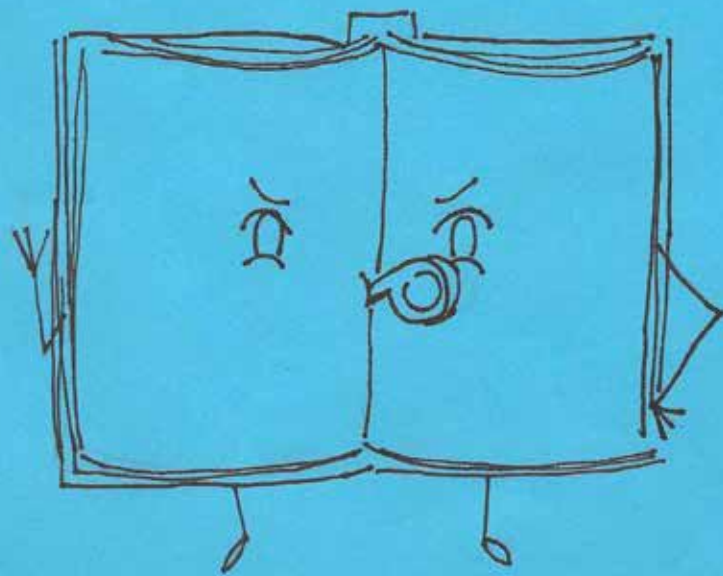
emily Sanchez

STOP

This comic contains
content that is not meant
for young readers!

13+ ONLY

CONTAINS BLOOD, violence, and eye horror



THERE IS NO PURPOSE



THERE IS NO HOPE

WHY WHY

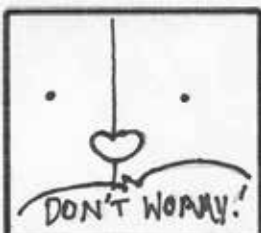
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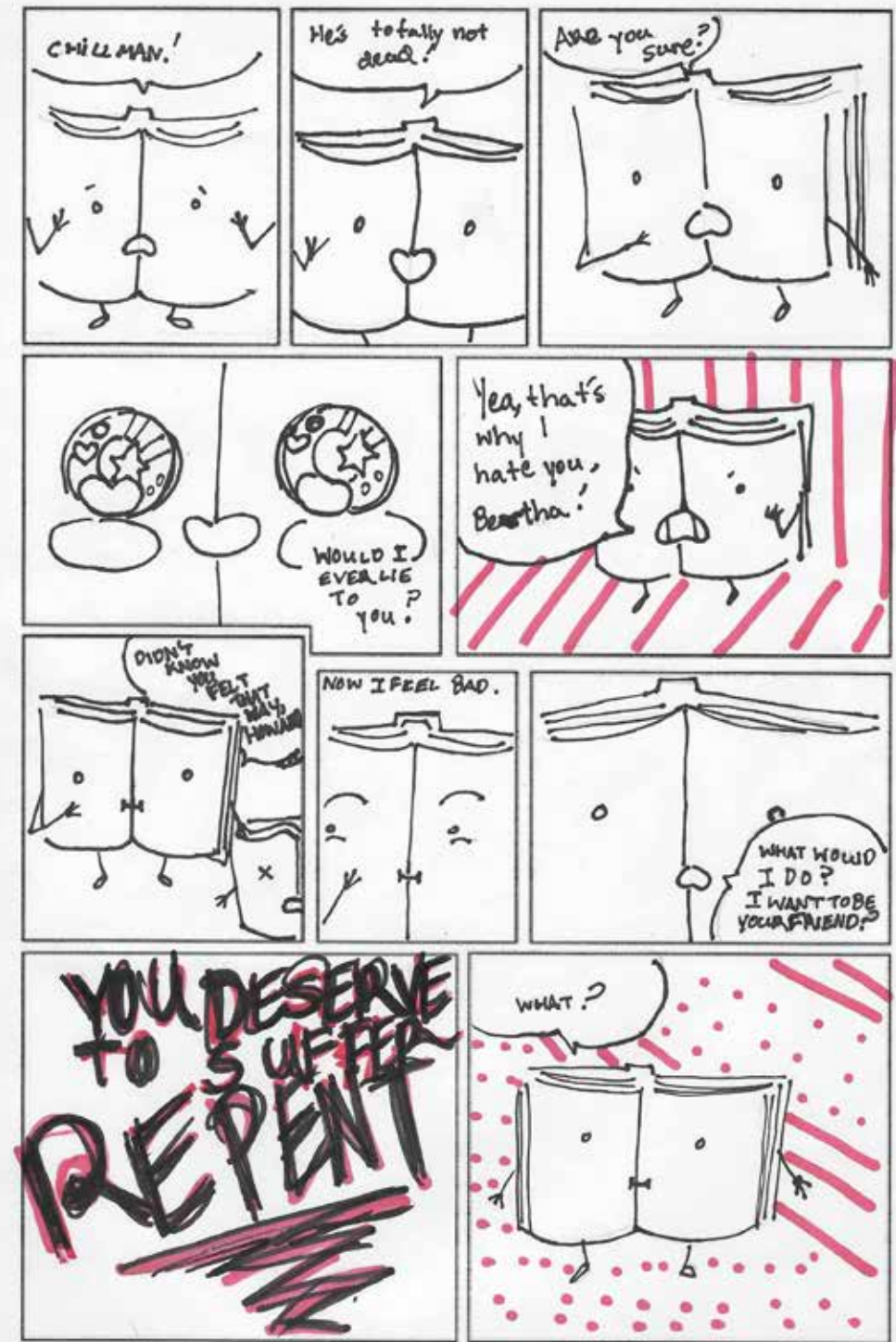
YOU YOU

DIE DIE



OH!







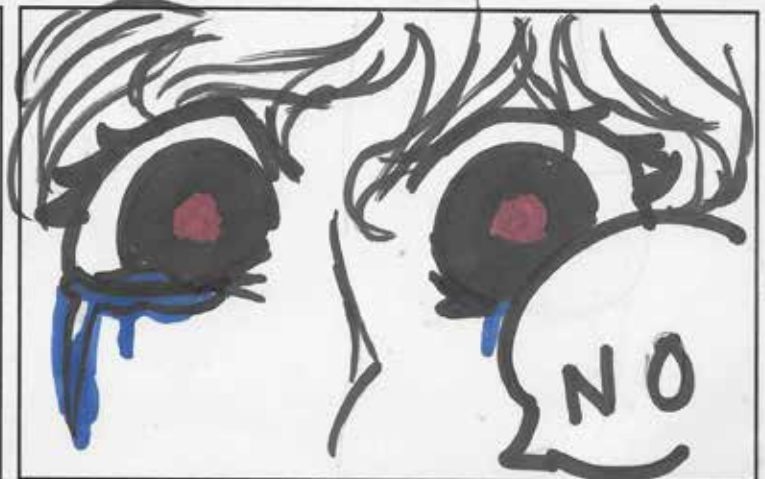
YOU'RE
WHO KELLY
CLARKSON
SANG ABOUT
IN "Behind these
hazel eyes."



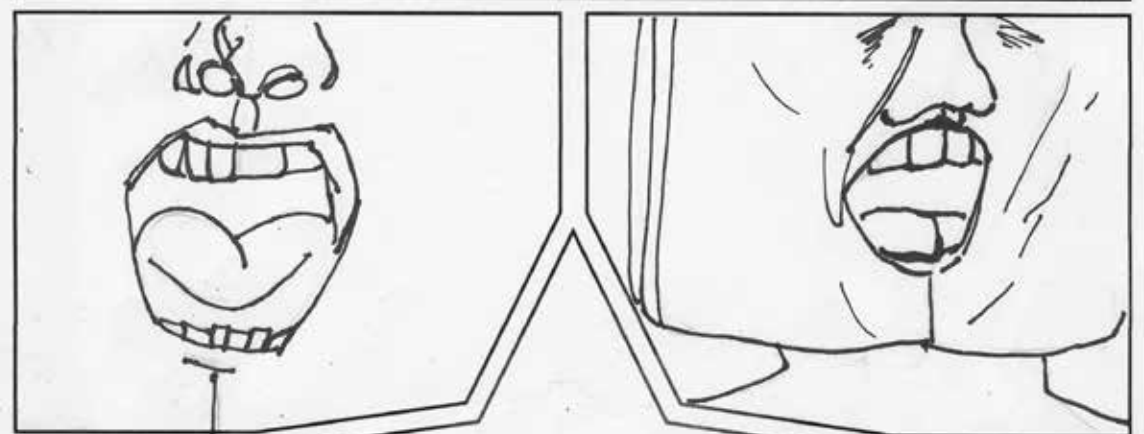
YOU CANT
EVEN
APOLOGIZE
FOR KILLING
MY
BFF!



DIE

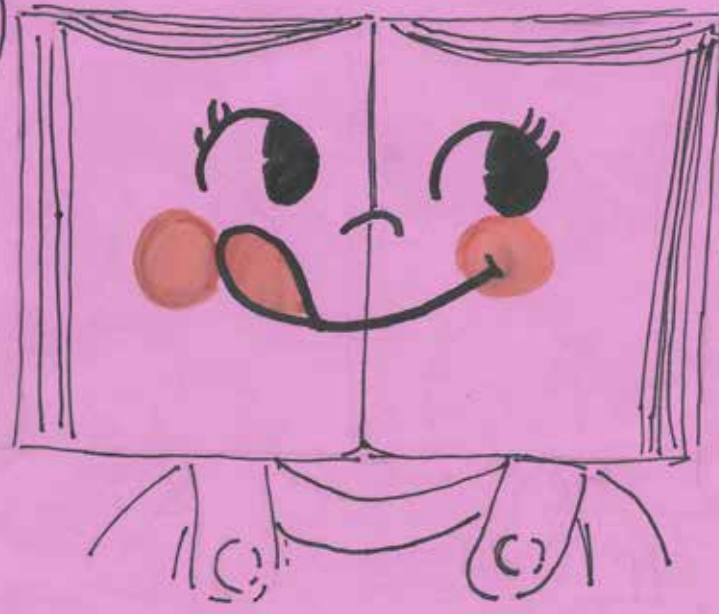


YOU'RE HUMAN ? BUT...



WHO ARE YOU ?

Hi, I'm
Bertha
the
Book and
your new gal
pal!



Thanks
for
reading the
book and
making
some
friends

THERE ARE
STILL MORE
FRIENDS YOU
CAN MEET.

Author's Note:
Thanks for reading my weird
story with books. I want to make
more and I will. This is just a
comic I made for fun and I hoped
you enjoyed it! :)

NO BOOKS WERE
ACTUALLY HARMED
IN THE MAKING OF
THIS BOOK!

M E E T

Y O U R

B O O K

B U D D Y



