

ANIMA MUNDI



Carmela Pagsisihan

"Knowledge is Freedom"

VOLUME #2 ISSUE #2



Thank You!



Our Lady of Mercy recently purchased a brand new sound system thanks to the generous donations of those pictured! This sound system enhances not only performances such as One Act, the musical, or the Fine Arts Festival, but also masses and assemblies. Below shows student tech director Ananda Griffin's reaction to the new system. A big thank you from all Mercy students to our donors.



Artist and Writer of the Year!

Interviews on Pages 14 & 15

John Lumapas



Jason Moran



A Word from your Editor



Dear Readers,

Welcome to the final issue of **Anima Mundi** this school year! I am incredibly grateful for everyone who has been on this journey with us; you have seen the progression of not only our skills, but also all the skills at Mercy. As this is the final issue I will ever work on, I would like to

thank some of the people who have helped me throughout the process of creating the magazine that you're now reading. Thank you to Mrs. Miller for guiding me and always helping me; to Leslie De Santos- the Yearbook Editor-in-Chief- for being my support system, for making me laugh, and for listening to me; to my supporting staff for making my life as Editor so much easier with their talent; to my previous teacher Mr. Hutch and my current teacher Mr. Williams for always encouraging me, allowing me to find joy in writing and reading; and lastly, to every single student who has submitted a piece to the magazine- you are my lifeblood, and you are Mercy's lifeblood. As you look through this final issue, allow yourself to truly experience each piece. Let them inspire you, so that you may inspire others. Find ways to positively create, to positively express. Most importantly, remain diligent throughout all of your endeavours. To ALL Mercy students- CONTINUE CREATING.

Table of Contents

2	ID	10	I Am
2	After Learning Your Language	11	To Study or Not to Study
3	Title	11	The Thinker
3	I Am Independent and Brave	12	Stand by Me
4	To Tweet or Not to Tweet	12	Discipleship
4	To Laugh or Not to Laugh	13	Grant Me
5	To Lie or Not to Lie	13	Keep Me Afloat
6	Providence	13	Patience, Peace, and Penance
6	In Communion	14	Graphic Novels
7	To Eat or Not to Eat	15	Graphic Novels
8	Self Portrait- Sebastian	16	Artist of the Year
8	Self Portrait- Allannah	17	Writer of the Year
9	Cameroon		
10	To Smile or Not to Smile		

Stephanie Bodkin, Editor in Chief



Mrs. Miller, Advisor



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Melle Jeudy, Staff Writer



Jazmyne Everett, Staff Writer



Josh Owens, Staff Writer



Maia Eaton, Staff Writer



Daniel Burgess, Staff Writer



God,
 please show me the righteous path to Heaven.
 Let me keep my eyes on you when everything around
 me is crashing down.
 When my faith becomes small, let me not sink into the
 world of sin.
 Help me to get out of my comfort zone to became closer
 to you.

Amen
By: Darren Jackson

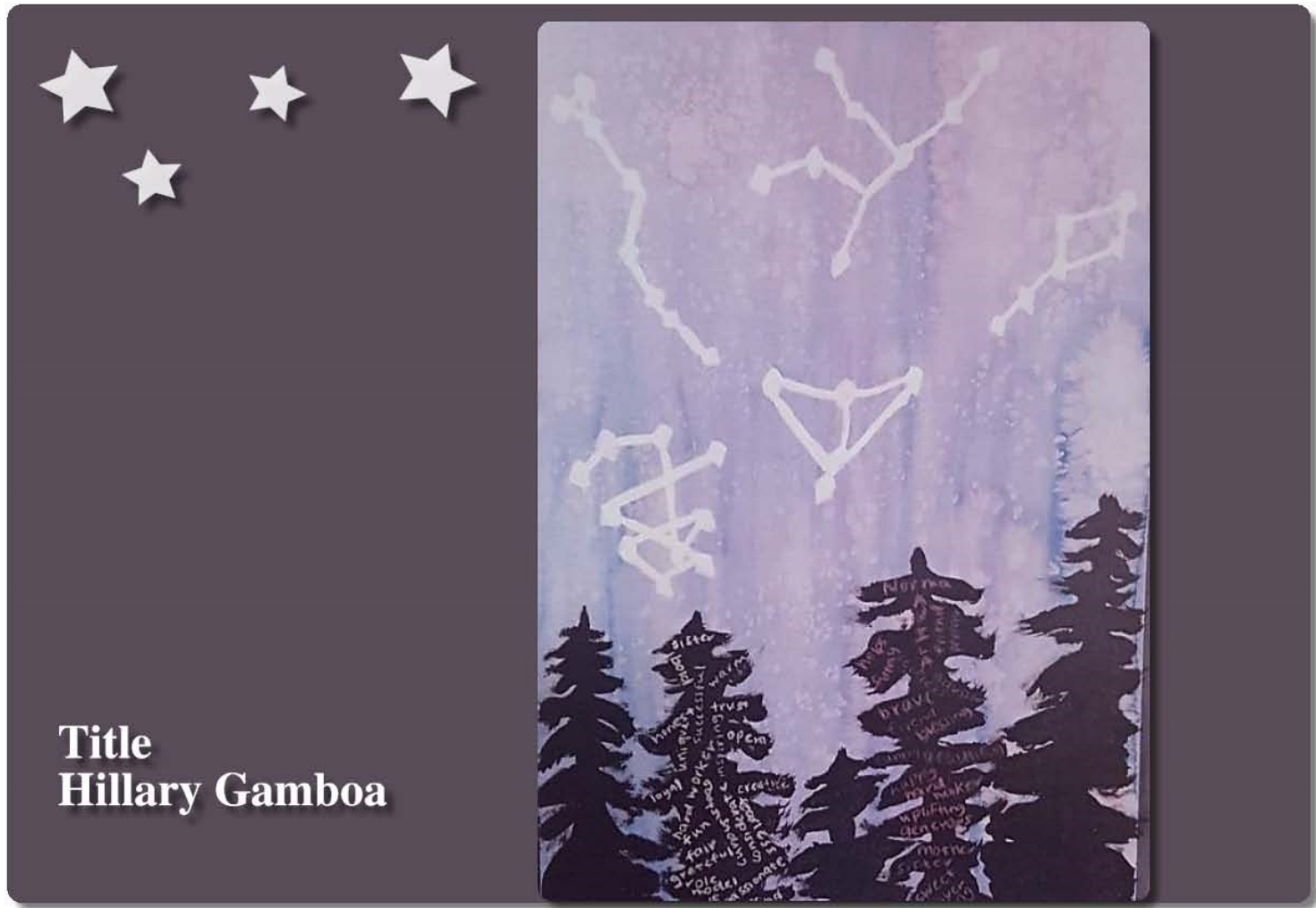


"ID"
Nia Prince

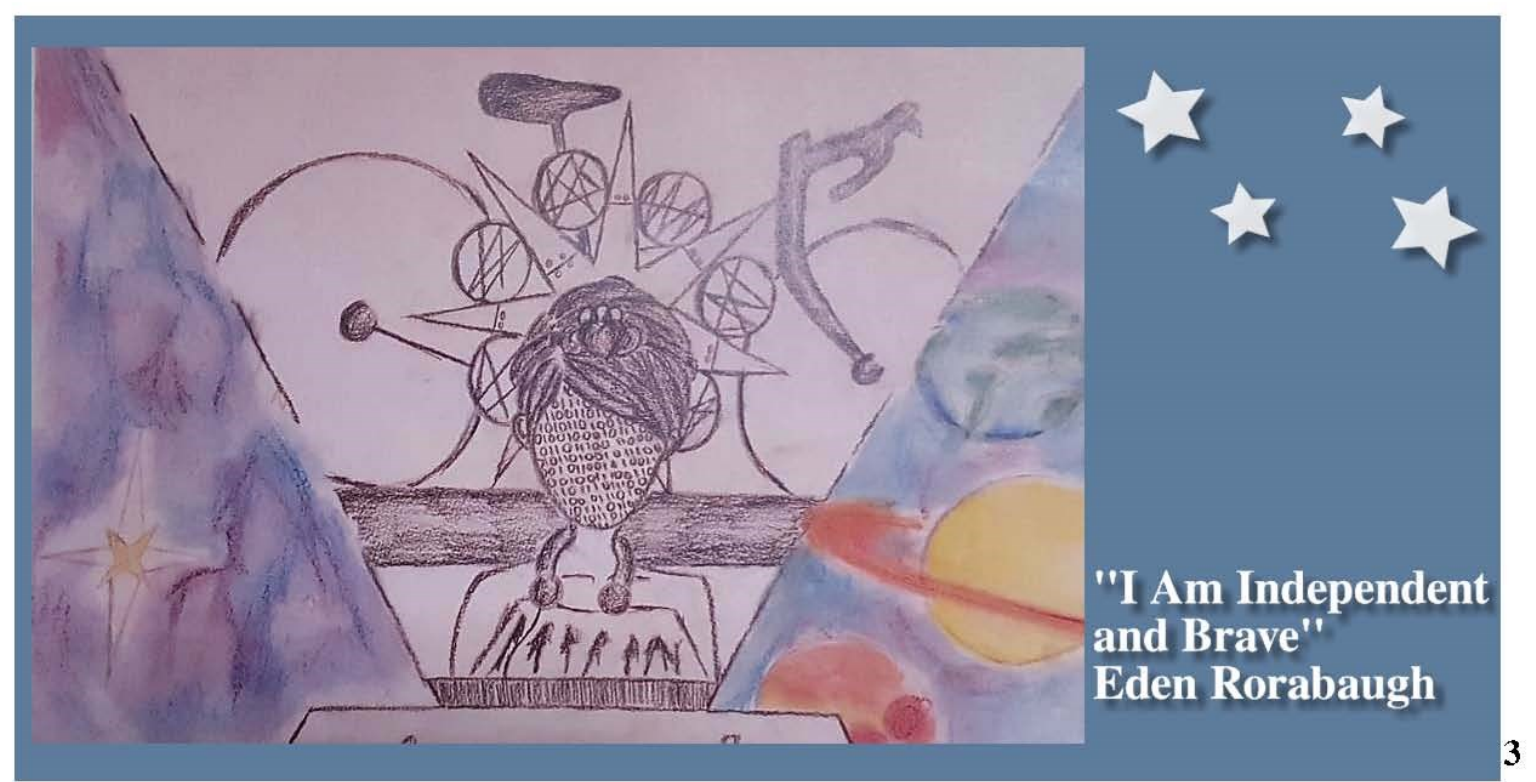
After Learning Your Language
By: Celia Browning

I have always found people's eye colors intriguing.
 When eyes are dark and mysterious,
 They are black coffee, old dusty fiction books, and elegance.
 When eyes are bright and sparkling,
 They are light, exotic flowers, and laughter.
 Everyone's eyes have their own vocabulary.

They say you can see the soul through the eyes,
 So look deep into my soul,
 Let's trade knowledge and understanding.
 What a beautiful language to learn.



Title
Hillary Gamboa



"I Am Independent
and Brave"
Eden Rorabaugh

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE

To Tweet Or Not to Tweet by Hope Walker

To tweet, or not to tweet: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the media to share
The many trials and tribulations of thy day,
Or to keep these memories to thine self,
And in doing so, staying hidden? To not tweet, to hide;

No more; and by a single post to say we end
The alleged anticipation, and the sharing
That comes in 140 character. 'Tis a realization
Devoutly to be typed. To post: to tweet:
To tweet-perchance to exaggerate; oh, there's the catch;

For in that post of embellishment, what assumptions may
arise
When we have decided to save to drafts and not share our
thoughts,
Must make us ponder; there's the respect
That makes the pain of keeping to oneself,
For who really wants to bear their problems alone,

The boy's issues glazed over, mental illnesses viewed as a
joke,
The disappointment of 0 likes, 0 retweets, 0 follows,
The contempt of "no new notifications" and the rude
comments
That the truth-seekers send to my vulnerable inbox,
When they too may share an embellished story

With an audience of followers? Who would choose
To keep the trials and tribulations of one's life hidden?
But that the excitement of the response after a post,
The unexpect'd feedback from which
Each follower shares his or her own truthful opinion, alarms
us

And compels us to rather bear these burdens alone,
Than share with strangers our personal experiences?
So the fear of loneliness makes weaklings of us all,
And hence our ability to resolve issues alone without Twitter
Is impaired by the constant allure of online attention,

And pure moments of resolved peacefulness offline
With this regard their lives go astray and our phones reopen
And we lose our dignity. The blue background and white
bird load! My dear followers - when finally do I log out
Be all my tweets remember'd.

To Laugh or Not to Laugh by Ananda Griffin

To laugh or not to laugh: That is the question:
Whether 'tis greater in conscience to aid
A companion and friend of clumsy nature,
Or to unlatch jaw at a most unfortunate plunge
And, by chuckling, embarrass them. To help: to grin

No more; and by helping to say I ignore
The bumbling, blunderous hilarity
That such a scene carries by its form, 'tis a travesty
For which requires abundant restraint. To help, to grin
To grin: perchance to blurt in laughter: ay, there's the
dilemma

For in that joy of laughter that troubles may come
When I have created parody of close friend.
Must make me ponder: there's the puzzle
That makes complication of present position:
For who would stand the stares and rejection of new
enemy

The fresh foe's revenge, the lost companion's neglect,
The sin of villainous treason; the ally-shaped void,
The encumbrance of guilt and pain
That traitor gains at the innocent's loss,
When he himself could rest in grace

With an awkward aim? who would burdens bear
To combat and resists against an angered companion
But that the joke of something so funny,
The maladroit entertainment from whose bourn
No deft companion suffers, complicates the
circumstance

And forces me rather curb those giggles I have
Than allow them free and cause strife?
Thus conscience makes soldier of me;
And thus the brilliant hue of laughter
Is trapped in the dark cavern of mind,

And displays of vast self-restraint and discipline
With this view of his clumsiness turn concrete
And lose the name of balance—Soft you now!
Kind friend! Mate, in thy tumble
Relax, for my help comes.

To Lie or Not to Lie by Mercurii Parks

To lie or not to lie: That is the question:
Whether 'tis better to tell the truth
And endure the wrath of Mommy Dearest,
Or to remain content under my mask of deception
And by manipulating, escape the punishment

To come clean - to utilize my mask -
No more; and by coming clean to say I face
The music and pay for sneaking out night
After night after night-
'Tis a dilemma -

I do not wish upon any soul.
To lie, to deceive -
To deceive, perhaps too much. Ay, there's the issue,
For in constantly deceiving who will trust us
When we are lying about the most trivial of matters

Must make us pause and reflect.
That's the idea
That makes calamity of deceiving too much
For who really wants to face the consequences,
The irritable mother's rant,

The technology inspired bereavement,
The disappointment in my father's eyes,
The teacher's unsolicited, self-righteous speech,
The parental lecture from my best friend,
And the piercing gazes


That the Honest Abes send down my path of manipulation
When they too lie
In order to protect their reputations?
Who would welcome truth's embrace,
To recognize and apologize for our lies

But that the tragedy that befalls our lives for eternity,
The loss of respect from the ones we love the most
While we live miserably alone
Wishing we had told the truth
Instead of lying to our moms?

Thus the possibility of loneliness promotes integrity in us all
And thus the mask of deception
Is discarded by the thought of desolation
And subtle moments of ruse and artifice
With this in mind their influences cease to exist

And trickery disintegrates in the light of truth

Mr. Williams assigned his AP Literature class to create a parody of an iconic Shakespeare soliloquy: Hamlet's 'To Be or Not to Be'.



Each re-created this famous scene in their own way while still emulating many of Shakespeare's various techniques. You can find other, similar parodies can be found on pages six, ten, and eleven.

Prayer of the Samaritan Woman By: Kai Jusu

My Lord, forgive me for my past and guide me
in my future.
Teach me so I can spread your faith. Provide
me with the living water.
I shall drink from your cup and be apart of the
body of Christ. I shall not be
thirsty anymore. For you are my Lord and
Savior, and I understand my
worship and love for you. Leave us, not in
anguish but in clarity.
Amen



'In Communion'
Curtis Feldner

To Eat or Not to Eat By: Abrianna Belvedere

To eat or not to eat-that is the question:
Whether its lovelier in culture to slim down
The hips and thighs of Italian genetics
or to take food despite the gain of pounds
With ruthless count of cal'ries.To starve-to-fast-
Much less; and by a fast to say I end
The weight shame and the thousand teenaged fears
That heart is weak to. It's an insecurity
Desp'rately to be wished. To starve-to-fast-
To fast-perhaps to shrink: oh, that's the fit
For in the loss of weight what confort comes
When I appear less imposing in a tiny body
Must make me woman. There's approval
That makes respect for a smaller girl.
For who would exist in denial of false femininity,
The darling's quiet, the sweetheart's kindness,
The love of the underdog girl, the voice's quiet
The silence of feminine mind, and the charms
That submissive allure of the favored woman
When I myself might speak a mind of opinion
With a voice too oft heard? Who would speaking let,
To cry and strain against the chains of chauvinism
But that the acceptance of other woman, from whom I gain
The roles I wish to make within myself,
The mother, the wife, the strength, erases my soul
And makes me forget the world I came from
Rather than scream my relentless ambition without equivocation?
Thus conflict of self makes confusion
And the honest beat of my heart
Is quieted with the failure to recognize
And romanticize the chaos of womanhood and dimensionality
With suppression my fullness washes away
And lost am I, both body and mind.



ALLANAH DOUGLAS

Using only a pencil (per Mrs. Cawley's instructions), **Allanah Douglass (9th Grade)** drew this marvelous self portrait over a period of almost three weeks as part of her Art I class. This is far from Allanah's first masterpiece; she has been interested in drawing "since before I began Kindergarten." Allanah also explained that "the making of this portrait was good practice", but she is unsure if she wants to specifically create more self portraits in the future.



SEBASTIAN PONCE

Sebastian Ponce (9th Grade) created this masterpiece with "brandless 4B graphite pencils" over the span of "6 to 7 hours" as a part of Art I. Even more incredibly, he was able to recreate it in record time entirely from memory. An artist since the 6th Grade, Sebastian has "developed a style of drawing" unique to him. His future artwork will most likely have a more "abstract" style than this portrait.

Cameroon by Kiersten Tate

Our sorrow is like no other
You can see the pain the European men gave our fathers
When you look into one of their faces.
Their faces carry the burden of the demise of our ancestors' culture;
Our father saw it stripped away; first religion, then language, then power.

Our battle is like no other.
It took our father almost eighty years of mere slavery and abuse,
Fighting wars which they've never owned for the Germans who owned them,
Surrendering to the dominance of a Frenchman and the ambition of an Englishman.
Our fathers worked for days and days for their land's wealth to wither away.

Our unity is like no other.
Our colonizers, our masers have left social wounds.
To speak in English is a grave sin against the multitude of Francophones.
The children only learn French, speak French, breathe French
To not be shunned for any interest in the Anglo-Saxon product of English.
A Francophone is a blessing to our country;
an Anglophone is nothing but lowly.

Yet our strength is like no other.
We care about our wounds;
We're trying to save ourselves fro perishment.
And we will fight for the battle's end;
for true justice to beegin.

CAMEROON

[The Forests of Africa
The Unity of a People
The Inner Fiery Sun of
Desire for Change]



TO SMILE OR NOT TO SMILE

BY: Candace Todd

To smile, or not to smile: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better to appease by sight
The wondering and questions of curious acquaintances,
Or to show truly all emotions residing in one's heart
And by showing, reveal one's core?
To mask - to conceal with a smirk -
No more - and by unveiling to show we are more than counterfeits of ourselves
That hide all sentiment-
'Tis a destination
which we should all aspire.
To shroud, to veil-
To veil, perhaps too much. Ay there's the danger,
For in concealing what friendships may be lost
While we are hiding from the world's harsh eye
Oft makes us reconsider.
That's the dilemma
That makes war of turning in.
For who wishes to endure the judging neighbor,
The insincere friend,
The perfect parents' suffocating optimism,
The shame in unhappy thoughts,
The teacher's calculating gaze,
The unusually smothering talk of aspiring classmates,
And the tender looks
That stare-gazers send in their pitiful direction
When they too can curl in
On themselves free from outside judgement?
Who would display their hearts perpetual trial,
To distrust and lament through the conversations of the day

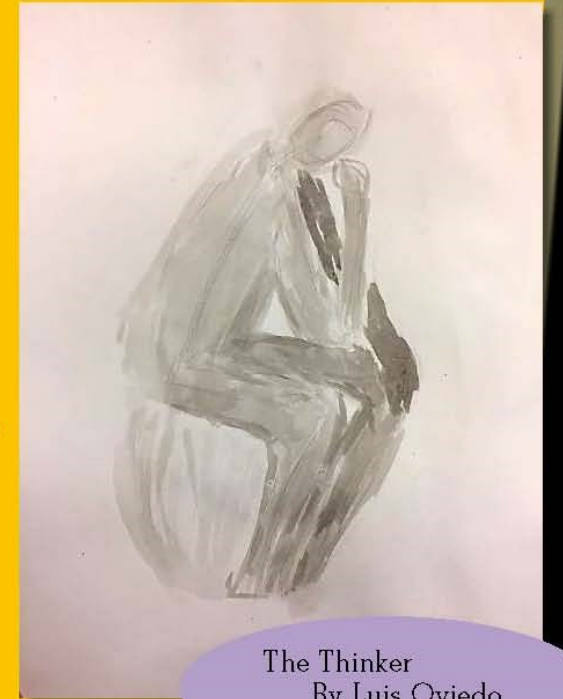
But that the fear that connections may be missed in hiding,
The possible friendships that may abound which the other possess
While we keep to our shelled selves,
Wishing we had shared once more
Instead of electing the simple self-preservation?
Thus the fear of isolation does make sharers of most all,
And thus the security of smiling on
Is jaded by hesitant fears of avoidable solicitude,
And chronic habits of smiling and concealment
With this thought their patters are ended sharply
And reject the mask in favor of the raw truth.



"I Am"
By Ha Pham

To study or not to study - that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler to pass the class
That has stressed me beyond belief,
Or to crawl under the warm duvet
And, by sleeping, assuage my headache?
No more - and by a rest to say I greet
The dreams so opposite to reality
That each sleep provides- 'tis an escape
I am desperate to experience! To rest, to review-
To rest, perhaps to face failure. Ay, there's the issue,
For in that lack of motivation what bad grades may come,
When we have brushed off our academic duty,
Must give us anxiety. There's the fear
That causes effort despite fatigue.

For who truly enjoys the pain and panic of school,
Th' teacher's glares, the pitiless peer's gossip,
The torture of fluorescent lights, the sleepless nights,
The trauma of failure, and the realization
That is continues on a more expensive level,
When they themselves could instead be
In their bed? Who would fatigue bear,
To cry and lament over an onerous assignment
But that fear of not maintaining a high GPA,
The ominous number from whose value
Your value determined, terrifies the student
And makes us retain the bags under our eyes
Than shut them atop the pleasant pillow we long for?
Thus failure does make zombies of us all,
And thus the various piles of information
Area seared into our burdened minds,
And dreams of warmth and peace
Within these locker-lined walls simmer away,
And replace themselves with diplomas.



The Thinker
By Luis Oviedo

To Study or Not to Study

By Stephanie Bodkin

Mrs. Troquet assigned her sophomore Theology class to create prayers based off of their favorite miracles within the Bible. Shown are some of the wonderful, heartfelt prayers that the sophomores wrote.

Stand by Me

Dear Heavenly Father, please grant me faith so that I receive the blessings that I need. Hold my hand and lead me so that I will not fall again. Forgive me and my sins so that I may receive another chance at life. I need to demonstrate faith, and I ask for your help Lord, so that I may be forgiven and enter your kingdom. Amen.

Nayley De Santos

Discipleship

Dear God, I ask that you let me become a disciple of your word, so that I may spread your teachings to those who suffer from illness. That they go to you and seek healing. I ask that you heal the souls of all those that don't believe in you, and that by meeting you, the faith will join inside of them and later on become an even stronger version of faith. In your name Jesus Christ, let us all become disciples and spread your word. Amen

Carlton Ward

Grant Me

Dear Jesus, give me your drink so I may thirst no more. Give me your wisdom, so that I may know to comfort my peers. Your compassion and perseverance, so I may do what is right in a world of evil. Your strength and love, so I may be strong in choosing to love those who have gone astray, and in accepting to be loved and comforted by your saving grace in my darkest hours. Lastly, dear Lord, spread your good name, for I wish onto others what you have given to me. Continue to look after me and my brothers and sisters as we continue to live our lives in ways that glorify your name.

Amen

Mary Jane Uzochukwu

Keep Me Afloat

My God please help me so that the storms of life do not continue to make me fall. Please help me to keep my focus directly on you while I go through life. Allow me to not be drowned in the sorrow of my own choices, but to thrive atop the waters of the world. Lord please save me, as you always do. Lord, please help me make it through. Amen.

Anaya Belis

Patience, Peace, and Penance

Dear God, help us to remember and to understand that we must never turn to violence when we are frustrated. We must have the patience of Jesus Christ, our lord and savior, and to forgive those who do us wrong. Our journey here on earth is to live in your likeness, please give us the strength to do so.

Amen.

Melina Flores

G RAPHIC N OVELS

Flora Ngo



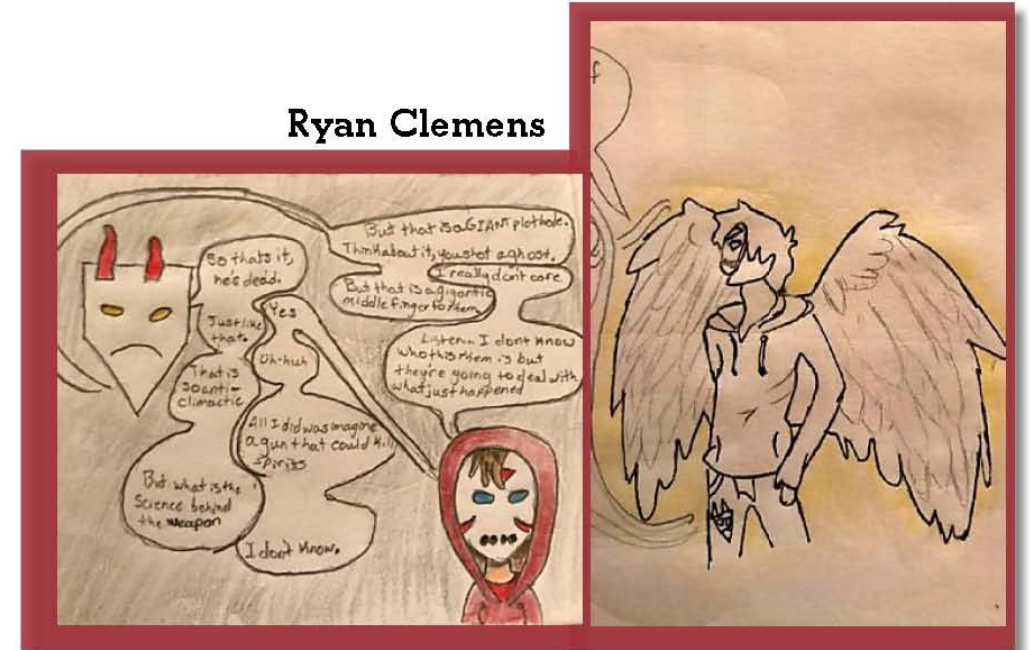
Ms. McPherson's Honors English 11 class created graphic novels based on a hero of their creation, using all the literary qualities of such. They created storylines, character arcs, and illustrations to go along with them. Shown are some of the panels from various graphic novels created by the students.

woah!

Carmela Pagsisihan



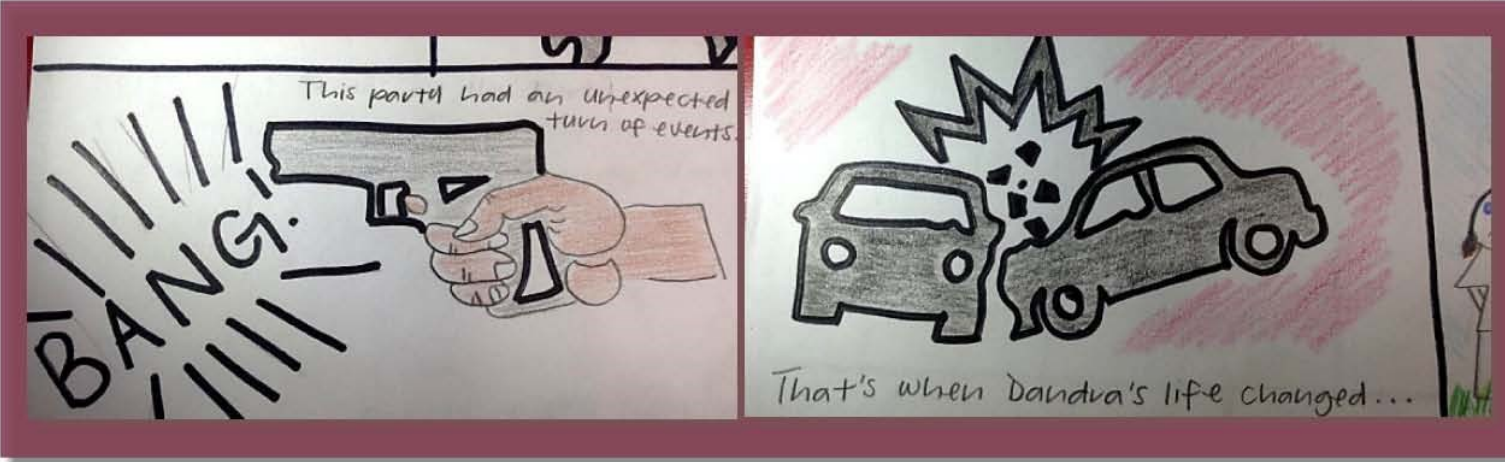
Ryan Clemens



Jason Moran



Chioma Ekwuocha



Featured Artists of the Year

Pictured in Volume 1, Issue 3



John Lumapas



John started doing photography around the age of twelve; since then, film has acted as his biggest inspiration. He "likes the way old cameras looked", and the ways they changed how the photos looked. "With apps like VSCO, it's really easy to replicate this type of look." John enjoys taking photos of people with their guard down, which adds more realism to the picture since "forcing a smile doesn't make a good picture, but a real one does." He hopes to continue to excel in his photography, taking more pictures such as the one shown. However, his favorite photos to take are senior portraits, so everyone make sure to check him out!

Jason Moran



Jason has always enjoyed writing, using poetry as a way to communicate. Not only does he feel it gets his point across as "efficiently as possible", but he also likes that it enables him to express himself. His biggest inspirations are Drake and J. Cole; he loves "analyzing their lyrics, soul, puns, metaphors, rhymes, and belief systems." In addition, they influence his own personal philosophies that he incorporates into his own writing, including the piece below. Within the writing, he hoped to convey the problems and imperfections that all humans have. "The diversity of our sufferings is what makes us different, but ultimately, we all live a life of ups, downs, good, evil, happiness, and pain. The human experience is never one thing."

I Asked the Earth if Life Was Equitable

Shown in Volume 1, Issue 2

I asked the Earth if life was equitable
In effervescent Mexico, an earthquake She bestows,
In majestic Puerto Rico, a hurricane unfolds,
Earth enlightens me of Her Partner's tests,
She shows me where this "equality" exists.
The poor man seen with no shoes worries and frets,
but his family is present and eases his stress.
The rich man seen with no debts looks so ecstatic,
but the material world has left him enigmatic.
The popular guy seen with such high esteem may seem perfect,
but at home he's insecure about his bodily birth defect.
The unpopular guy seen with such disdain,
but video games with his friends mitigates his pain.
The jailbird seen with such fear, simply made a mistake,
and wants to do better; he is really a nice guy.
The pastor seen with such reverence, embezzles Church funds,
wants to do it more; he is really Satan in disguise.
The McDonald's employee seen with low worth actually enjoys his job.
The sedentary office worker seen with money really wants to move on.
Existing is suffering; it is omnipresent.
Gender, race, sexuality, the list goes on.
Life is a game where the cards are facing down.
Life is a boxing match where unlimited are the rounds.
Life is the graph of $y=\sin(x)$ - ups and downs.
Life is fair because it is unfair for everyone,
She finally answers.
How ironic as unfair equality sounds quite oxymoronic,
but life is indeed a balance.
We all bear our problems and happiness sporadically,
and we all hope to live eternally happy.