

ELYSIUM LITERARY/ART
MAGAZINE

WELCOMES YOU
TO ITS

2016 ANNUAL LAUNCH

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Coral Reef Senior High School



CRHS is a four-year all magnet high school with six magnets: International Baccalaureate, Business & Finance, Health Sciences, Agriculture & Engineering Technology, Visual & Performing Arts, and Legal & Public Affairs.



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**ELYSIUM LITERARY
&
ART MAGAZINE**

2016 Edition



**Program for Books & Books
Presentation**

Sunday, May 29, 2016
265 Aragon Avenue
Coral Gables, Fl.

Presentation: 2:00 - 3:30 p.m.
Refreshments: 3:30 - 4:30 p.m.

*a parking garage is located across the street

MUSICAL ARTS



Mendelssohn's String Quartet no.2 in A minor performed by The Avid String Quartet

Alexander Alvarado
Alessandro Miotti
Nicolas Guerra
Nicolas Adler

INTRODUCTION

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The year in review by *Elysium's* editor in chief Michael Gordon

Expression of gratitude to the Books and Books staff

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Itara Moore: "Living in America"

Isabella Castillo: "Worn"



MUSICAL ARTS

Perfect Fourth, a cappella quartet, sings "Coney Island Baby" & "Silhouettes in the Shade"

Pablo Laucerica, Dario Amador,

VISUAL ARTS



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Adriana Lauro
"Light Within the Dark"

Claudia Guzman
"My Concentration"

SPOKEN WORD

Andrea Jaimes
"On Learning How to Swim"

PERSONAL MEMOIR

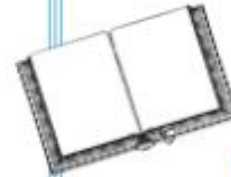
Salma Abdelrahman
"How Does it Feel to be a Problem?"

Ana Lam
an excerpt from "Fiery Phoenix & a Sleeping Dragon"

RAP

Jakob Namon
"... and Poetry"

co-written by
Jakob Namon and
Cameron Macdonald



POETRY

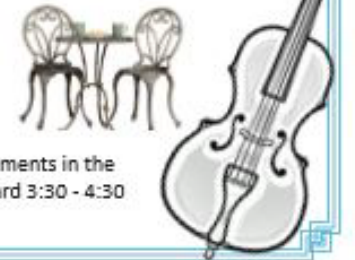
Ipanema Mora-Carrera
Spanish/English "No Perros"

Raina Levin
"State Line Road"

Leticia Rocha
"Balancing Act"

MUSICAL CONCLUSION

Dvorak String Quartet Op. 96
"American" 4th Movement
Performed by the Avid Quartet



Refreshments in the
Courtyard 3:30 - 4:30



Michael Gordon: Editor in Chief The Year in Review



The 2016 Elysium Staff



Mendelssohn's
String Quartet no. 2
in A minor

Alex Alvarado
(violin 1)

Alessandro Miotti
(violin 2)

Nicolas Guerra
(viola)

Nicolas Adler
(cello)





Painting The Moon

Patrick Martin

I've trained for eighteen years to become an astronaut. It takes a lot of skill to hurtle through space at 66,000 miles per hour with nothing but feeble guesses at the wheel. My spaceship is a palace – I'm surrounded by lunar artifacts of this strange place.

Chopped wood furnishes my dwelling, where paper rests and half-finished pie lays. Instruments, tailored to my body, wait patiently for my interest – the buttons and knobs are so convenient for my fingers. Who designed this guitar so perfectly? The members of this world have made everything easy.

Fifty feet below, eighty thousand gallons of poison water churn in anticipation of the next youth or elderly. Plants breathe because they're pretty, false wood planks are there to walk on. Metal contraptions combust compressed carcasses from a different time, moving millions of these members of the world among their asphalt avenues. The light from the Sun and Earth's one moon cast their glow across the rocky surface, gracing the mountains and oceans and coffee shops. Then, it stops.

We butt into the romance between the Moon and the Sun. In a quarrel of stones, we've cut off the Moon's glow. Our rock, with our peoples and our societies and our issues. Our struggles

between race and poverty and politics. The Moon doesn't care about money. Our different cultures and identities and languages ride on our planet. The Moon speaks none of our languages. Our music and suffering and addiction to ourselves. The Moon is cold.

For a second, everyone leans as one. We've managed to blot out the sun for sixty minutes, disturbing the peace of the little barren rock; we've reached our zenith of influence in this cosmic neighborhood. Alexander the Great kneels before the dingy Diogenes and asks how he can be of use. The grey figure suggests that the soldier stop blocking his sunlight. For an hour, the great Alexander turns Diogenes red, until he is gone and will not return for years.

Meanwhile, Alexander the Great travels in great ellipses. For one hour every few years, they check up. In between, the creatures on earth churn and froth like a wave. The mistake is zooming in. The birth of a child, the learning of a language, the reddening of the trees during a different season. Clocking into work, quitting smoking, the death of an artist or a song or a pen. All of it is sent in that message, the telegram every few years, the eclipse.

Our work of art upon the surface of a rock.



Living in America

Itara Moore

1. She looked out her window
And saw three black children
Lying in the street.

She didn't know if they
Were playing pretend
Or rehearsing for their death.
2. A black girl flips through a magazine;
She's searching for dark skin and big noses.
All she sees are pale faces and blonde hair

At sixteen she bleaches her skin, screaming
God's name.
3. I used to scrub my skin bloody
Trying to find pale skin
Underneath all the dirt.



Worn

Isabella Castillo

I look through the holes in-between
her toes, her feet inflamed
and swollen from time
that has been bitter
and sweet
and I think of:

All she has danced
in the cold and hot rain, has walked
holding hands with him.
All she has run into arms
warmly waiting, open just for her
and has fallen,
and stood patiently by the road,
and has been still.

They are full of cracks and calluses.
Bruised and soft from wear,
damaged,
They have been hit many times
by asphalt and dirt.
Cruelly treated, yet intact
imprints

I do wish to savor life so.



The Perfect Fourth,
Coral Reef High's Barbershop Quartet, Sings "Coney Island Baby" & "Silhouettes"



Pablo LaucERICA, Matthew Fey, Dario Amador, and Erick Andrade

Daniela Romero







BLUE BLACK BAD BEAUTIFUL

Daniela Romero

A montage of phthalo, not merely pasted onto the wall, but delicately grazed on the white surface, was the first layer of our grand adventure.

The Class of 2016 art academy dreamed of arriving at the Wynwood walls to prove what we were worth. We skipped off the bus and were struck with awe; these walls were not just walls, but rather monumental pieces of color

and wonder. We glided through the park, but something made our fingers twinge – we wanted to paint. I could only imagine our ravenous faces, longing to create a piece on those walls. Mr. McKinley, our highly respected art teacher, toiled for several weeks in order to make the arrangements for our mural. McKinley, the mastermind, planned the contents of the mural. We would start by covering the wall with a phthalo blue, then scrape a glossy gray in smooth circular motions, then add some touches of cobalt blue. McKinley also decided that every student in our magnet program would draw three different motifs. Trying to arrange over 300 varied motifs would not be easy, but

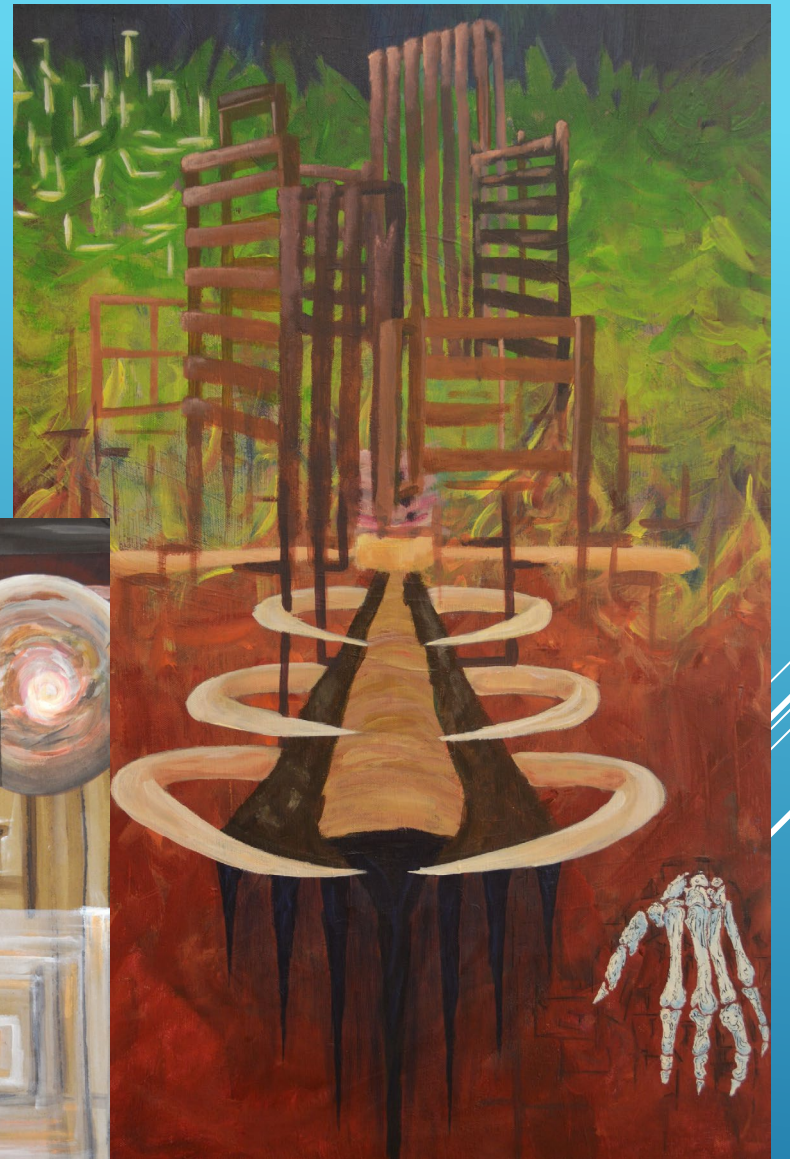


we all worked to make it as cohesive as possible. Our micro motifs were painted with a glossy black, then our mezo motifs were painted with a satin black, and finally our macro motifs were painted with a matte black.

Together, the combinations of black created a shimmering effect, contrasting with the glossy gray. It took us an entire week, from November 14 – 20, and when we finished, we breathed in the atmosphere of our creation. The unveiling of the mural was both hectic and calming, as excited students and parents beamed with pride.

The wall was covered with a long red ribbon, and I had the honor of cutting it with Mr. McKinley. I knew at that moment, with cameras flashing and hands applauding, I would never forget this experience. The wall, the students, and the entire experience was BLUEBLACKBADBEAUTIFUL.





Daniela Romero

Daniela Romero



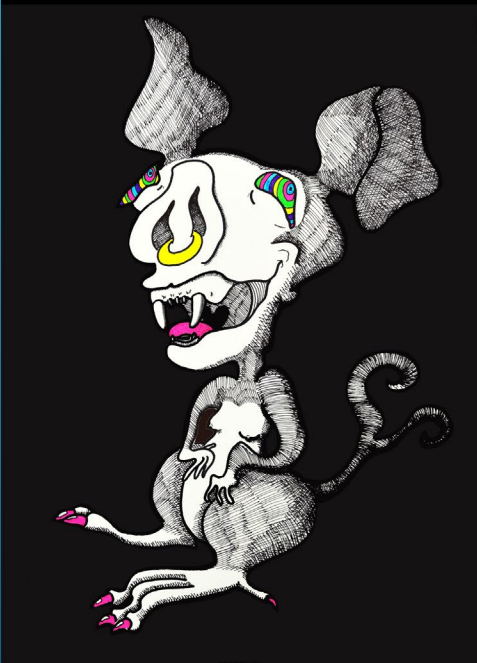


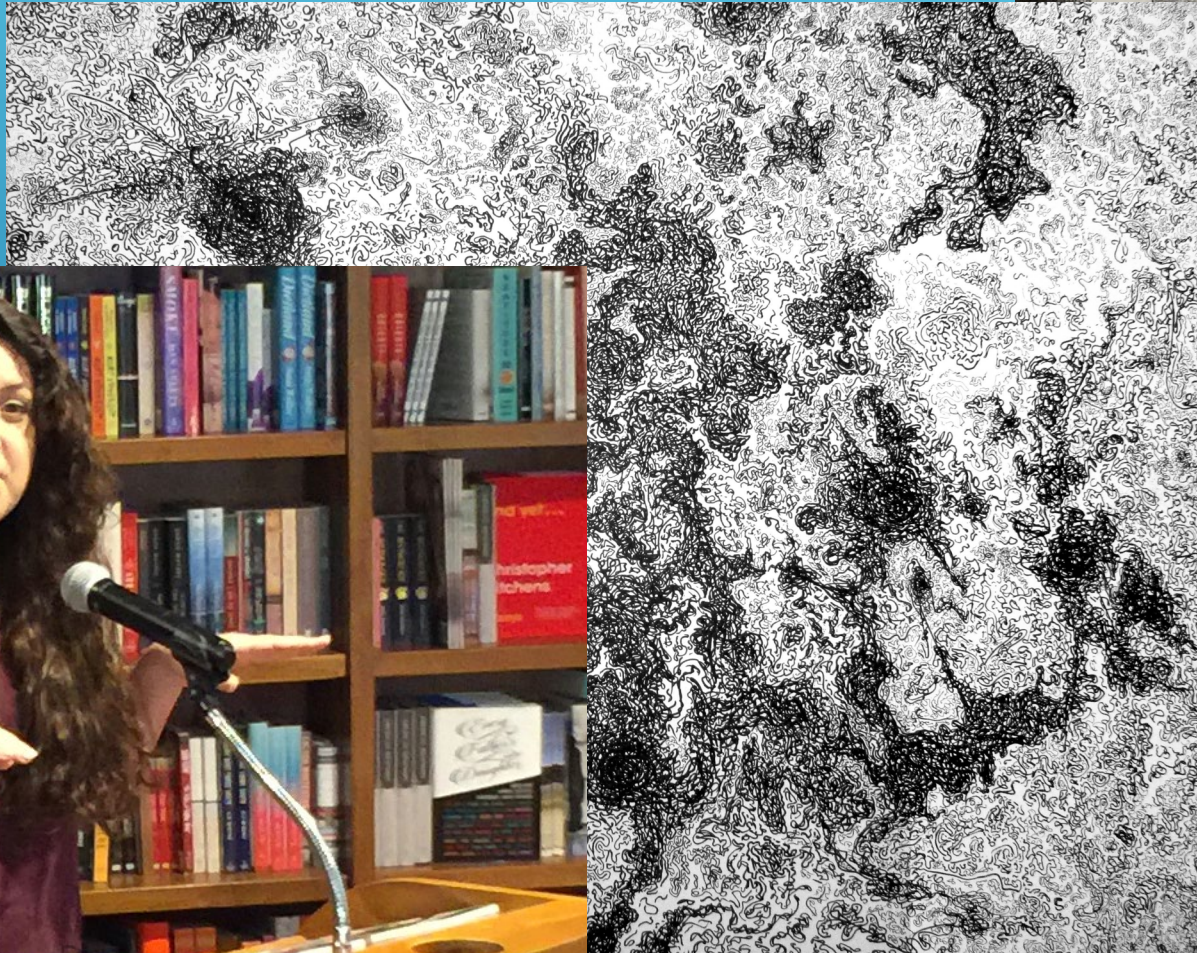
Sculptures

Adriana Lauro



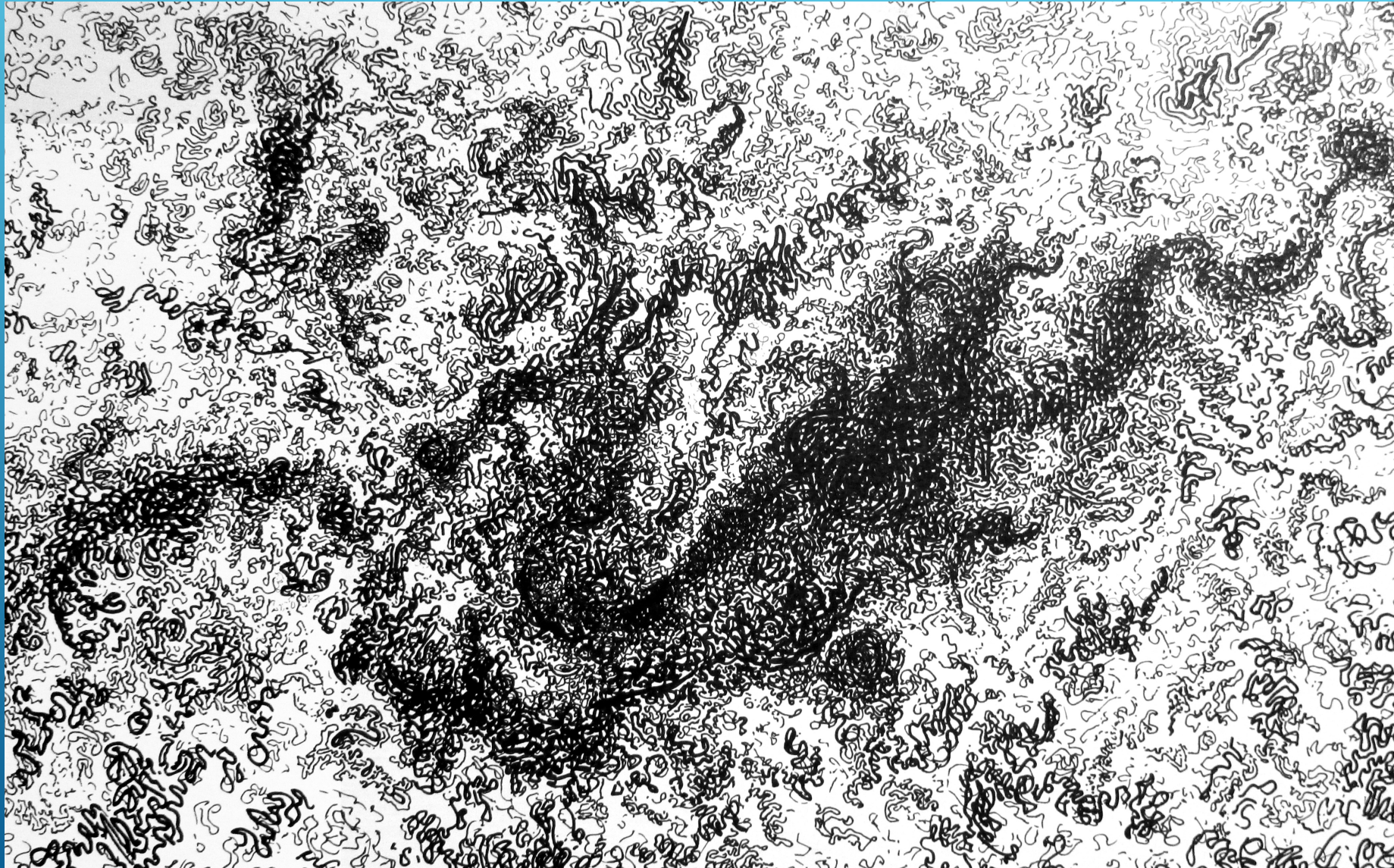
Adriana Lauro

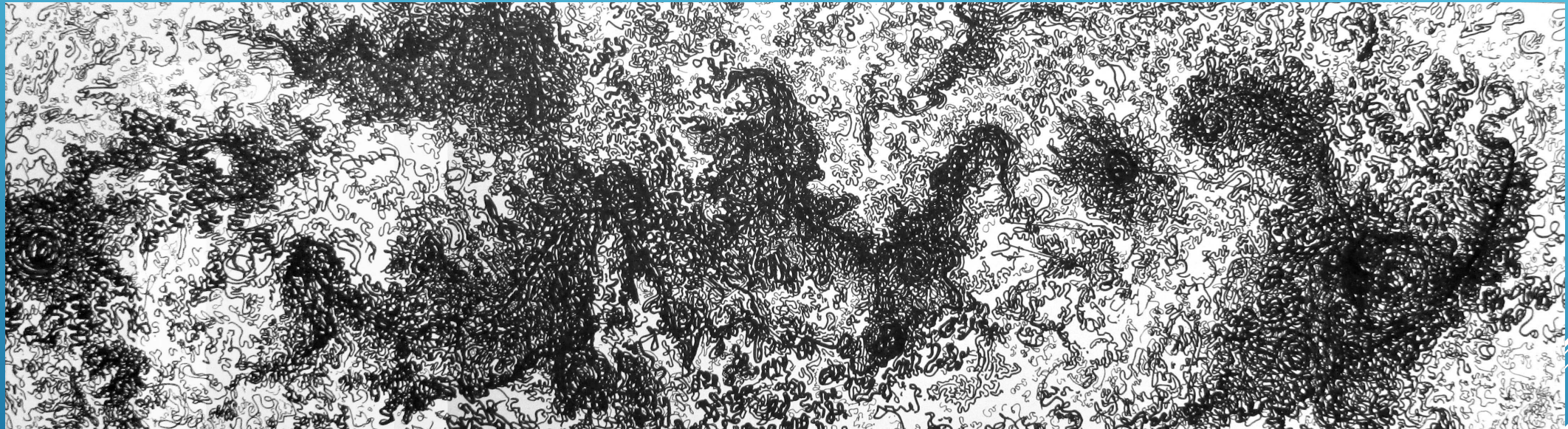




Claudia Guzman

Claudia Guzman





Claudia Guzman



On Learning How To Swim

Andrea Jaimes

When the sound of gunshots become so frequent
You'd think they'd keep our bellies full,
The rubble and fires and bombs
Become our daily bread.

"We didn't cross the border
The border crossed us"
Becomes our daily prayer.

The sounds of bombs and children crying
Echo through our empty houses,
Our empty stomachs,
Our empty hearts,
Our empty country.

The wall that stands between us
Is so large you think it could touch
The sun.
Maybe then we'd feel some warmth.
And the rows of bodies are being
Confused for flower beds.

When we walked past the graves,
My sister's son told her he wanted to
Live there one day
Since the flowers looked so beautiful.
But those flowers are land mines
And this Syria is hell,
And that ocean is a wall,
And a graveyard.

Children aren't buoyant.
If only their bodies could float as high as their spirits—
But lately even those have been sinking;
Maybe that's why they're drowning.

The dead sea gets its color from the blood of my
people.
Gunshots become our national anthem,
The lullabies that put our children to sleep at night

If only they could actually sleep at night
We build bomb shelters around our love
As if keeping our hearts safe
Translates to keeping our homes safe,
And our country standing.

When I filled out my visa forms,
I put "destruction" as my permanent address
Since that seems to be the only constant in my life;
Everything else is still up in the air;
Our safety is still up in the air;
Our livelihood is still up in the air.
The only things grounded
Are the bodies in the graves
Where we used to harvest our food,
And corpses are not good fertilizers.

So when a government asks me
My reason for wanting to immigrate to the
United States of America,
I tell them "I want to live".
But all they hear is "I want to destroy"
Since that's what I put as
My permanent address.

You'd think after all the
Glaring headlines
And the blood scented oil
They seem so comfortable taking
Into their nation,
They'd at least get rid of the smell
Of burning flesh.

A nation of sadists,
That turns away my people
Using their blood to paint the
Stripes on the flag that symbolize their freedom.
So, after two years of awaiting entry
Only to be "deferred,"
I start to wonder,
Where's mine?



How Does it Feel to be a Problem?

Salma Abdelrahman

"Between me and the other world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of rightly framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be a problem? they say, I know an excellent colored man in my town; or, I fought at Mechanicsville; or, Do not these Southern outrages make your blood boil? At these I smile, or am interested, or reduce the boiling to a simmer, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be a problem? I answer seldom a word."

W.E.B. DuBois wrote these words over a century ago. I've read them several times, in hopes that one day I may be able to understand the struggles that the Black Community has gone through. Their existence was referred to as "The Negro Problem"; their subjugation to slavery at the hands of the white master considered a necessary evil, even a beneficial good to some. I've studied race relations for almost a year now, and that blaring question remains with me: "How does it feel to be a problem?"

"We have a problem in this country, and it's called Muslims." A Trump supporter yells these hateful words into the microphone at a campaign event. It didn't register in my mind for a few seconds. He's talking about me. He called me a problem. They think I'm a problem.

How does it feel to be a problem? June 22, 2012, 8:30 a.m. I have the details of my naturalization memorized, just in case someone tries to deny my

devotion to this country I call home. How does it feel to be a problem? They talk about me on TV, that Muslim-American who shouldn't be President. How does it feel to be a problem? It is the shock of walking into a sliding glass door. I can see the dream. It's there in front of me, but something is blocking my ambitions. It is the label "Problem".

I cried myself to sleep the night Ahmed Mohammed got arrested. I cried again when Ben Carson said he would not advocate for a Muslim President. I wept for myself, and for the millions of Muslim Youth in America who would find themselves confronted by that glass door sooner or later. For those of us who are inventors, politicians, doctors, lawyers, dreamers, I wept.

I am not an issue to be fixed. There is nothing wrong with my coffee skin or my black Abaya. I'm not hiding any secrets in my off-white hijab. We are not a problem.

Student leader earns internship through community engagement, social awareness

HIGHLIGHTS

Student Salma Abdelrahman launched Fabula Rasa, a short-story series about discrimination

Subjects include immigration, homophobia, transphobia, LGBT rights, body shaming, and female empowerment

A series of student videos have been posted on YouTube

Fabula Rasa



1 of 2



Salma Abdelrahman and Chiara Mae Ricasak of the Bank of America Student Leaders Program. Bank of America Student Leaders Program



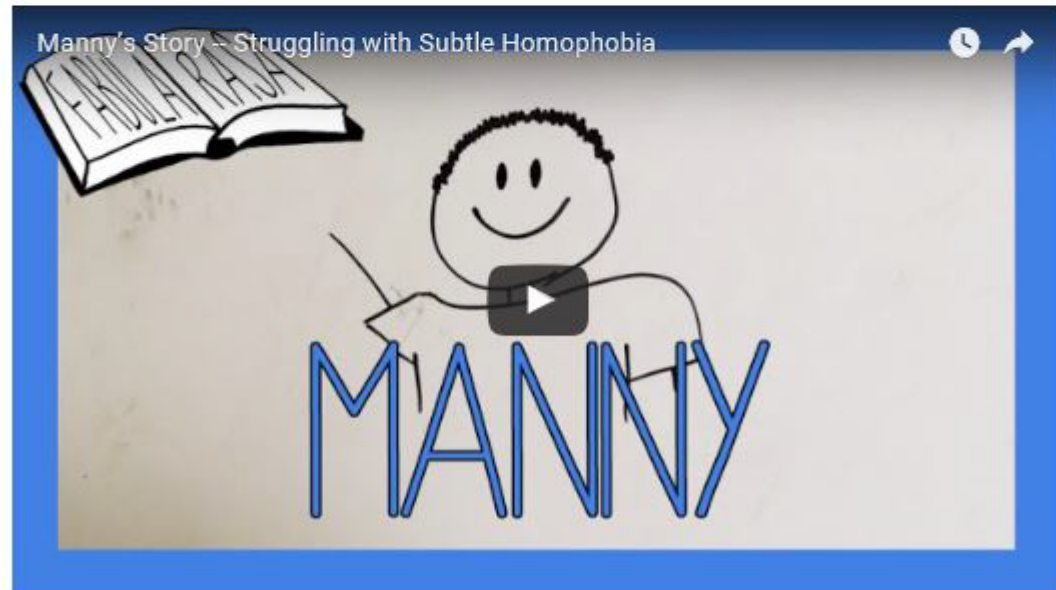
BY CATA BALZANO
cbalzano@MiamiHerald.com

Growing up in the United States, Salma Abdelrahman recalls episodes in which she felt like a victim of racial profiling and islamophobia.

In 2012, Salma entered her freshman year at Coral Reef Senior High School and immediately got involved in the Student Voices Organization, a group created by the Miami Coalition of Christians and Jews as a place where students can voice their experiences in regards to discrimination and prejudice.

“In middle school people would say, ‘Is Osama Bin Laden your dad? You’re such a terrorist, don’t talk to me,’” said Salma, whose family is from Egypt. “Those things stick with you. After a while it piles up.”

On Oct. 31, 2014, Salma, then 16, launched her own project, Fabula Rasa, a short-story series in which diverse people anonymously speak about their personal experiences regarding discrimination.



The movies are posted on YouTube. Each one includes a whiteboard, where the narrator draws the episodes of their story with some markers. This was strategically done, in order to keep the students’ faces off camera and therefore their identities remain anonymous. Subjects such as immigration, homophobia, transphobia, LGBT rights, body shaming, and female empowerment are spoken about during the episodes of Fabula Rasa, each clip shining light on a different subject.

“It’s not gonna gain any momentum if I’m not the first person to put myself out there,” said Salma, who based the first episode on her experiences. “If I share my story, people are gonna see that this is a really cool way of sharing their story.”

She spoke of her nationality, her family, religion and beliefs, as well as her challenges of living in the United States as an immigrant.

John Locke’s theory of *tabula rasa* (blank slate) inspired Salma to use the title. The theory, according to Salma, is that everyone is a blank slate, and they’re influenced by their experiences.

“Something that I wanted to make a statement about in that name was [that] the stories that you hear and the stories that you share can influence that blank slate that you have just as much,” she said. “‘Fabula’ means stories in Latin, and ‘rasa’ [came] from John Locke.”

Salma’s engagement in her community, her school and her academic achievements, earned her an eight-week internship through the Bank of America Student Leaders Program.





Fiery Phoenix and the Sleeping Dragon

Ana Lam

I grew up in a warzone of two cultures. On one side was my mom, a fiery Hispanic phoenix, and on the other, her enemy, my Chinese paternal grandmother, a stiff, serious sleeping dragon ready to light up at any moment. This war between my mother and grandmother was over me and my brother, each matriarch wanting to claim us for their own. My younger brother and I were stuck between clashing sides, and you could tell who dominated each side of the house by studying the contrasting decors and aromas from their cultures.

My grandmother's sacred hearth had a kitchen, living room, and bedroom. Her kitchen was full of the aroma of herbs mixed with salt and pepper; the dining chairs were made of elegant, shiny wood which matched the rich thick oyster sauce she used in her dishes. Walls were covered with beautiful watercolor paintings of Chinese mountain landscapes and exotic birds paired with bold yet gracious Cantonese calligraphy in frames of the same shiny matte wood. This is where I spent my afternoons after school. I would enjoy the full-flavored

traditional Chinese dishes from my grandmother or my "Popo" (婆婆); the katsudon, wonton soup, and beef chow fun. My mother's cooking, however, did not compare; she was not exactly a competent chef. Whenever attempting to recreate the Chinese dishes my brother and I so dearly craved, something always went wrong. My mom would mix up sugar and salt, add too much MSG, or burn our meal; nevertheless, when it came to ropa vieja and sopa pampuna, my mom would add the ingredients to create the definition of comfort food. It was always warm and heavy even though she lacked culinary prowess.

The mannerisms of both maternal figures in my life reflected their cultures. Once mom came home from work, we were always greeted with hugs and kisses. It was mandatory, similar to way a person clocks in at work.

On her side of the house, she insisted on decorating the rooms with her own eclectic mix of furniture. Nothing matched, but when she combined the sleek modern furniture with her antique knick-knacks and decorations,

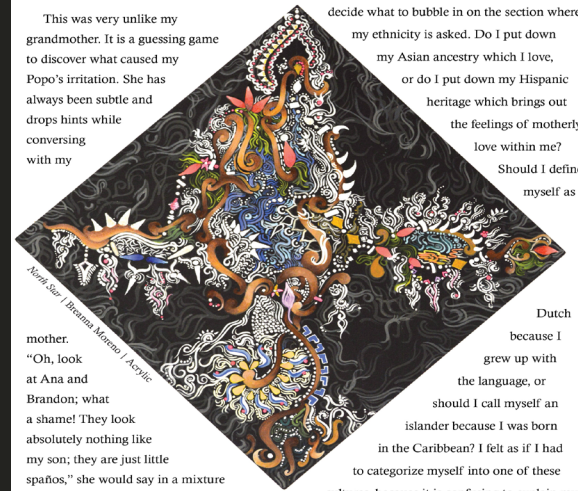
everything came together. She lays out all her feelings in the open, especially anger; she makes sure everyone is very aware that she is infuriated. She will yell and stare down anyone with threatening eyes that made it seem that she knows any secret you were hiding.

This was very unlike my grandmother. It is a guessing game to discover what caused my Popo's irritation. She has always been subtle and drops hints while conversing with my

whether my brother and I were more Chinese or Hispanic.

This clash of cultures was ever-present in my life and also within me. It would always take me a moment or two longer than my peers to decide what to bubble in on the section where

my ethnicity is asked. Do I put down my Asian ancestry which I love, or do I put down my Hispanic heritage which brings out the feelings of motherly love within me? Should I define myself as



Dutch mother. "Oh, look at Ana and Brandon; what a shame! They look absolutely nothing like my son; they are just little spaños," she would say in a mixture of Cantonese, Dutch, and the local dialect, Papiamentu. These little, slightly racist remarks never were fine with Mom, and an argument would arise between them about

because I grew up with the language, or should I call myself an islander because I was born in the Caribbean? I felt as if I had to categorize myself into one of these cultures, because it is confusing to explain my multicultural makeup, but now, instead of hiding away from the opportunity to tell the story of who I am, I'll just bubble in all the categories.



And Poetry

Jakob Namon and Cameron MacDonald

All these bars are Xanax.
Please,
Don't panic
Depression is manic and
I'm standing on top of the
planet like I ran it.

This goes out, without a doubt,
To real caped crusaders:
People in ski masks chasing
after paper.
We ain't ever had any things
They told us to go get,
We did it the way they taught
us, that got us locked
up in prison
They made it so our sentences
don't have limits-
No periods. They'll let us know
when we're finished

It's a dog eat dog world
out there
Jesus please holla back.
We're hooded like
your burial robes,
Ready to die and all that,
We're martyrs for the cause,
they expect us to be Judas,
I need more than 40 pieces
Cause my friend he's like
a piece of me
To the police he's like
a piece of meat.
I see so much blood
on the leaves
They cut down all the trees
Now the public executions have
to happen in the streets.

Hold up,
Wait a minute:

Three-hundred-sixty-five
pills later
And about as many days,
I been running from the pain
Chasing all the paper.
The hustle was halted,
But I've got some rubble left in
my pockets.
Little rocks will leave 'em
walloped solid
They tell us money is God,
We're fighting for the prophet

Some are cutting
on the corners,
Others cut. Mothers on the
phone with the coroner
Four bullets, each struck just as
much to the core of her.
I'm there, dead as him in front
of the television,
Doing not a thing about it like I
got permission.
There is pleasure to being
closer to death and life,
That's a drug addiction,
You pay the price.
Me? I've got three to five
and counting,
I wake up every day with:

Lips shaking and
lungs growling.
Nose blazing and
tongue pouting.
Chest craving and
brain shouting.

"Baby take me away"
I proclaim loudly.

I think I just might eat myself
along with the earth
I've got to have it all,
They said I had no worth.
That's what they said to every
one of us

So we keep comin' till every
breath is worth
a hundred bucks.
This amoxicillin is just not
killing stuff,
It's not real enough.
I'm Harley Quinn watching
suicide talk,
Eyes up staring at God.

At a bacterial level,
I'll level with you,
I'm Levaquin
Operation is kill everything,
Sort of reminds me of George
Zimmerman's
mission statement.
Wrote the second stanza on
Trayvon's twenty-first
Hey, it can't get any worse.
Remember Rugrats,
Then Yugioh and Beyblades,
A little after that it was GTA.
Now my cousin's imprisoned
Alleged GTA. People think I
care its Bob Marley's birthday
My cousin might be jailed until
his twenty-first.
That's five years,
It can't get any worse.

Criminal Justice is for sale,
Buy a better lawyer,
Then maybe we prevail:



NO PERROS

Ipanema Mora-Carrera

Es un trabajo
de pura dedicación,
del cuerpo, para la tierra
que ya no te pertenece.

Y para estar más seguro,
y que tu familia esté más feliz,
tomaste en tus manos
el Monte del Rey.
Así dejaste que tus manos de niño
se volvieran a manos de hombre.

Te encontraron unos hombres,
de clase alta y piel blanca,
y te llevaron al otro lado.
El lado de la prosperidad y de la felicidad.

Y ahí te cubrieron desde la cabeza hasta los pies
con veneno, por miedo de lo que pudieras traer.
Te trataron como un perro,
pero tu familia tenía que comer.

Por los próximos meses,
por el próximo año,
tu cuerpo de músico
se volvió en uno de luchador.
Y cada noche
te fuiste con tu acordeón
y tus amigos a una cantina.
El acordeón, para tocar y ganar más dinero.
Tus amigos, para que les
des la oportunidad de comer.
No han comido tan bien en días.

Al entrar a la cantina
veías un anuncio
que decía lo siguiente:

Blancos SOLAMENTE,
NO negros,
NO mexicanos,
NO PERROS.

It is a work
of pure dedication,
by the body, for the earth
which no longer belongs to you.

And to be safer,
and for your family to be happier,
you took in your hands
the Mountain of Kings.
So you let your hands of a boy
become the hands of a Man.

Some men found you,
of upper class and white skin,
and they took you to the other side.
The side of prosperity and happiness.

There they sprayed you from head to toe
with poison, afraid of what you could carry.
They treated you like a dog,
but your family needed to eat.

For the next months,
for the next year,
your Musicians body
became that of a fighters.
And every night
you went with your Accordion
and your friends to a Cantina.
The Accordion, to play and gain some money.
Your Friends, so that they could
get an opportunity to eat.
They had not eaten so well in days.

Entering the Cantina
you would see a sign
which said the following:

Whites ONLY,
NO blacks,
NO Mexicans,
NO DOGS.



State Line Road

Raina Levin

I stand in the bare bones of a house
that once was.
Devoid of furniture, full of memories.

On this vacant counter, crystal trinkets clinked
against hasty fingernails, notes
echoing off lacquered wood.

At this window, my sister and I
first peered out at the foreign frozen glass
that tumbled down from sky to grass
before we raced outside to greet it.

I walk farther, I delve further.

There,
a quartet of deep-set impressions
where the piano spent two lifetimes
digging its feet into the foundation.
Dust settles in the crevices now.

Here were the albums,
the blurred gazes paired with
blurred stories and hazy places,
the dim lamplight overshadowing
the catalogue of names and faces.

The heat clicks on.
The curtains billow.

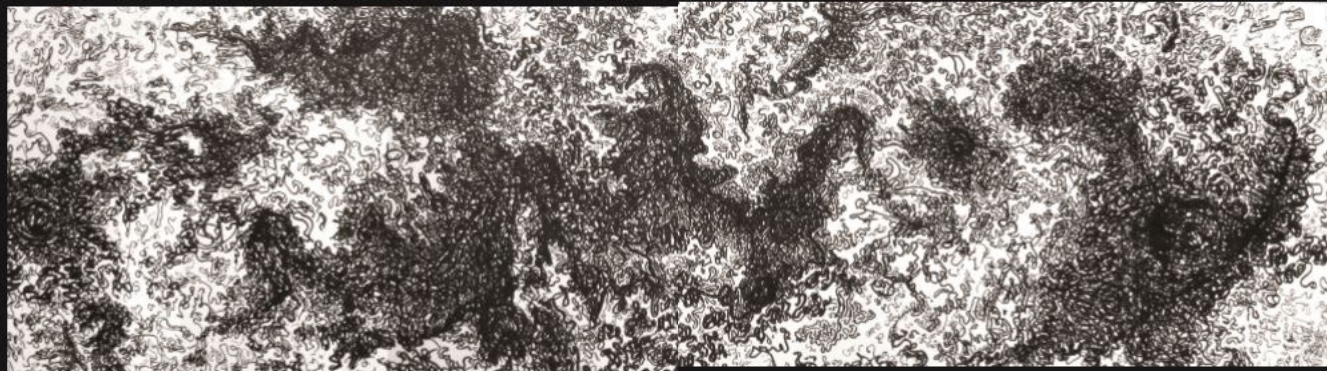
I am startled,
I am transfixed—

There's still a clock on the wall.
An insistence with every twitch
that this reverie, this suspension
should not, will not, cannot last.

I hesitate, but the second hand sketches
the rough outline of a eulogy.

So I cross the threshold
and exit this empty concrete shell,
tentatively hoping someone will fill it anew.

Quomo | Ciandia Grzman | Ink





Balancing Act

Leticia Rocha

How peculiar it is,
This longing
For everything and
For nothing at all.

To feel the universe pulsing around every corner,
Only to fall into the deepest sense of detachment.

To love this world with an acute intensity,
To abhor it with all your might in the same breath
(You are a child of the Earth,
But your heart belongs to the stars).

If only you could simply observe,
Watch over this world you love and hate,
Live every moment, a stream of infinity
No confining prison of flesh,
A limitless specter.

A never-ending battle between
Sickly sweet idealism
And freezing, bitter cynicism.
This is who you are –
A balancing act that can never get it right.

Dvorak

String Quartet Op. 96

“American”

4th Movement



Expression of Gratitude to Mitch Kaplan and the Entire Books and Books Staff



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Elysium Literary/Art Magazine

AN ANNUAL PUBLICATION SINCE 2005

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About Us




2015, 2016
CSPA
CROWN
AWARD

NCTE Program To Recognize
Excellence in Student Literary Magazines
Highest National Award 2006-2010, 2012-2016



Elysium, Coral Reef High School's literary/arts magazine, is designed to showcase student creativity in both writing and the visual arts.

Published continuously since 2005, the magazine seeks to establish ties with the larger community, recognize exemplary student work, & teach professional design and layout. We believe there is real value in preserving the continuation of print media.

Yearbooks record memories. Newspapers chronicle events. Only art and literature capture a soul.



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2016 Editor in Chief Michael Gordon

The 2016 Edition is in.

Unfortunately we have no more copies available, but you can download the PDF linked under the cover image

Join us at Books & Books in Coral Gables on Sunday, May 29th at 2 pm for our annual launch and enjoy music, readings, art talks, and refreshments. Details on the [Books & Books site](#).

[Program for the 2016 Launch](#)



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2015 Editor in Chief Amy Meltzer

[Program to Recognize Excellence in Literary Magazines: 2015 Highest Award](#)

[2016 CSPA Crown Award](#)
[2015 Gold Circle Awards](#)

Amy Meltzer: [1st place](#) poetry
Brian Ransom: [1st pl](#) interview
Sancia Noriega: [2nd pl](#) essay
Puru Bagga: [3rd place](#) essay
Amy Meltzer: [CM](#) Humor

View [pictures](#) of our annual gala held May 31, 2015 at Books and Books in Coral Gables.



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2014 Editor in Chief Lee Pivnik


Columbia University Press Association
2014-15 Gold Circle Winners

1st place cover: Nathalie Francis: artist
Jake Pivnik: layout
1st place essay: Aneres Williams
3rd place humor: Anysa Chebbi
2nd place fiction: Valentina Misas
CM in Fiction: Josie Lo Bello

CSPA gave 2014 Elysium a [GOLD CROWN](#)

NCTE PRESLM gave it [The Highest Award](#)





Gold Medal CSPA

National Council of Teachers of English PRESLM
[highest award](#)

CSPA Gold Circle Awards:

Join us in the Patio for Complimentary Refreshments

Please do not take your food inside the café. They are a Separate entity from Books and Books, but you are welcome to order from their menu.

