

the Eagle's Quill



A Student Journal
of Queen of Apostles School
Winter 2019-2020

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Welcome to the Winter 2019-2020 Edition of

The Eagle's Quill

My name is **Nick Miller**,
and I am the 8th Grade Editor-in-Chief
of our student journal.

The purpose of the *Quill*
is to give Q of A students
the opportunity to publish
their writings, beyond the classroom
setting, in various genres,
including short stories, poems, articles,
interviews, and personal narratives.

My collaborators are
Iona McCluskey,
the 7th Grade Editor,
and **David De Costa**,
the 6th Grade Editor.
Along with **Mrs. Helen Weir**,
our Faculty Advisor,
we welcome your submissions!

The Eagle's Quill
is an outreach of

THE FOUNTAIN PEN CLUB

“The Fountain Pen Club is a very distinguished club, because it only accepts students who really want to aim for excellence,” explains our School Chaplain, Father James de Cendra, DCJM, the Pen Club's founder. “That is the reason why it is not easy to join it; not because the members have to be the smartest or the ones with better grades, but because an attitude of continual growth and improvement is required.

“Our sign of distinction is a fountain pen, reminding us that some of the greatest writers in history used one when they were just kids— William Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, Charles Dickens . . .

“The Pen Club's goal is to bring out the genius that every student has hidden within. We know that the secret to becoming a genius is 1% inspiration, 99% perspiration. In this Club you will work hard, and you will enjoy it when you see the results of your hard work. I think it is worth a try!”

Who Are the **Disciples of the Hearts**

Here at Queen of Apostles School and also at the Parish, we are very blessed to be served by the Disciples of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Who are the Disciples? Roving Reporter and 7th Grade Editor Iona McCluskey took advantage of an opportunity to interview Father Juan Antonio, DCJM, when he was here on a visit to the United States.



Father Juan Antonio has belonged to the community since 1983. His three brothers are also Disciples. He is currently the principal of the Stella Maris School, which is the Disciples' first school in Spain. Father Juan Antonio is the Superior of the Disciples of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

of Jesus and Mary (DCJM)?

Iona: How many priests are in the DCJM?

Father: There are twenty-three.

Iona: How many of the Disciples are in the United States?



Father: Four of the priests are in the Washington, D.C., area (*editor's note: that would be our Chaplain at Q of A School, Father James de Cendra; our pastor at Q of A Parish, Father Juan Espino; our associate pastor, Father Javier O'Connor; and our priest in residence, Father Ignatio de Ribera*). Three are in Denver, Colorado. One is in formation, and there is one religious brother also in the United States.

Iona: How do the Disciples want to make an impact on education?

Father: Education is very important to understand Christ. You need to look to the mystery of Christ. His story of love allows us to understand. Each student is the protagonist of his own story. You need veracity to understand truth, science, etc. The Disciples have a narrative mission, to practice with virtues.

A word for the teachers: teaching is the most beautiful vocation, so take of it and work together with the DCJM.

A word for the students: You have the gift of life! You need to develop it with the teachers and with God.

A Christmas Story

It was December 23rd. A bright star shone in the night sky.

A chilly breeze entered the room where a small child slept. She awoke as soon as the cold air hit her skin. Her eyes gleamed from the bright star.

The young girl went beside her bedroom window and leaned out. The girl thought the star was very strange. It seemed to be higher up than the rest of the stars. It was also many times brighter than the rest of them.

The girl crept out of her room to wake her brother. The floor creaked beneath her as she entered his room. The boy woke up with a start. The girl pointed to the window while the boy put on his slippers. He saw the star.

They both agreed to follow the star.

The young boy grabbed his bag in one hand, and grabbed his sister's hand as they quickly but quietly left the room. They packed supplies for their journey in the kitchen. They left the house very late at night, but still found people shopping for New Year's Day. Because of course there was no such thing as Christmas . . . yet. The girl and the boy made it to the end of the block.

Suddenly, out of the dark alleyway, a rabid dog jumped out. The boy and the girl ran as the dog chased them. They turned the corner and ran into a shopping center.

The door swung shut just as the dog got close to them. After the dog had left, the boy and girl ran farther away from home to get to the star.

Soon, they had found their way into a forest. By this time, it was dawn. But the children did not stop. By late afternoon, snow began to fall. They had gone more than 2,000 miles.

They soon approached a bakery. Bread in the shelves began to duplicate. The owner was so shocked and even let the children take as much as they wanted. They had devoured it in seconds. As the sun began to set, the star shined on their path. They were now days away from home. The morning of December 25th began.

The star shone even when the sun was out. The boy thought it was normal, but the girl thought it was a sign.

She was right.

As they entered another city, people leaned out of their windows and pointed, gasped, and whispered. As the girl excitedly ran up to the manger, the tired boy trudged behind, dragging his feet.



It was almost midnight, but a small candle was lit next to the Baby. Shepherds stayed with their sheep, and three kings gave gifts to the Baby. The boy looked up to see the star above his head. He and the girl rejoiced. The Baby's eyes gleamed. The Mother looked very happy. What a wonderful sight to see, on the night of December 25th.

THE END

by Haley Lenn, 6th Grade

Spotlight on Special Siblings

In this section, two of our 8th Graders, Roen Dioquino and Danielle Vergara, share stories of their brother and sister, respectively.

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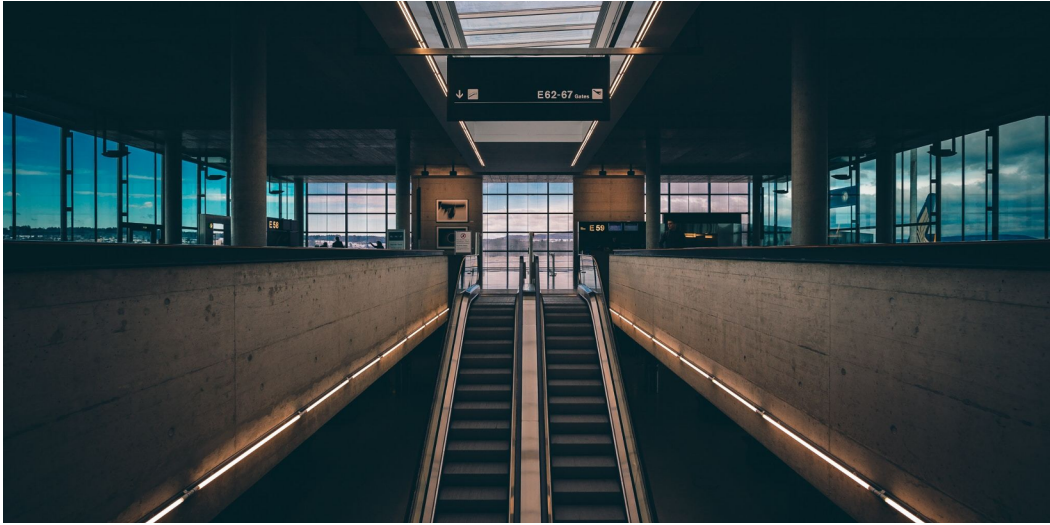
My three-year-old brother, Ben, was diagnosed with ASD, or Autism Spectrum Disorder. Some of the symptoms include: late speech, difficulties with social interaction, and obsessive interests. We have been through several therapy sessions to develop skills and find methods to get him used to basic skills a normal child would have learned in the earlier stages of life. Ben recently has joined a Preschool Autism Class, or "pre-preschool" where he learns routine and mundane skills. As his sister, I can see him improving and applying the skills he has learned every day. For example, Ben clearly calls out the name of an object that he can recognize, and he is more responsive to simple commands like, "Give me that toy."



Though he is different from the average child, Ben is still a very happy and bubbly little boy. He loves to sing and dance to various Disney movie songs and he is attracted to things which are out of the ordinary. For instance, for some unexplained reason, he loves going on escalators, riding elevators, and opening and closing doors. He also loves lining up toy cars up next to each other.

Whenever Ben comes home after school, he has a report book that tells us about his attitude and behavior at school. For the most part, it describes how he is happy and how he is communicating and making new friends.

Part One: Roen's Little Brother



While there are a lot of "pros" in Ben's journey with ASD, realistically speaking there are also, and will always be, some "cons." There are days when Ben can't express what he wants, or when there is a change in his scheduled routine. According to the National Autism Society, temper tantrums are completely different from the autism "meltdowns" which my brother might display on such occasions. In an autism reaction, a person is overwhelmed, although the cause of this emotion is difficult to identify. When Ben is in a situation like this, he might cry, throw a fit, or scream. For example, last year there were many delays and school closings due to snow, and he is used to going to school every day. He occasionally would become uncontrollable, and get upset over small things.

As his sister, I am very proud of Ben's progress. He recently learned how to drink from a straw and how to catch a ball. In addition to the words he learns at school, he mimics a lot of words which my family and I use. We've been trying to have him ask for specific things he wants. For example, he would ask me for a snack and I would ask him to point to the one he wanted. He's getting more familiar with this process and he applies it to almost everything. I am very proud of all of the milestones Ben has hit so far, and I can't wait for the next one.

Roen Dioquino, 8th Grade

Spotlight on Special Siblings

*All I remember is doctors and nurses
swarming my mother.*

*My mother on a bed surrounded by intimidating machines.
Tubes and needles are all I remember, and a machine,
which kept track of my mother's heart rate.*

*I was scared and worried if she was sick,
I looked into her eyes
and saw her smiling at me; her smile made me as if
everything bad in this world
just disappeared without a trace.*

*But even at a young age I could tell that she was in pain,
because all humans have experienced pain
in their lives and I knew how she felt.*

*A man in a large white coat kept my father and me from
entering the room which my mother was taken to.*

*I could hear my mother's cries and screams,
but all I could do at that moment
was to wait, and to hope she was fine.*

*My father and I were waiting for seconds;
seconds which became minutes,
minutes which became hours.*

Part Two: Danielle's Little Sister

Then the atmosphere changed, suddenly.

It was tense but a moment ago

but now, it seemed more calm,

like a sense of relief or something heavy lifted off of your chest.

Then the same man in the white coat told us to follow him.

He took us to a room

and when they opened the door

I saw a little baby , my sister,

in my mother's arms.

That was the first time

I ever felt a connection with someone,



and I knew that ,

when she got old

enough to talk,

we would never be

separated, ever.

Danielle Vergara, 8th Grade

A Poem Without Context

by Margaret Tennant, 8th Grade

*In the garden of gloss she grows and she talks
in the simplest of prose
the world grows up around her
and she smells of melancholy with a hint of heaven.
Her face is as equally tragic as it is beautiful.
She sits in the grass unlike any flower I've ever seen,
to flourish at night but shrivel in the light
and hit with plight as it grows brighter
and brighter all around.
The sun came down to be for her crown
but to his dismay she had fainted.
All he wanted was her hand and that is not what he got.
His heart was broken to find all so deep
we all just sleep a whole lifetime away.
He went to the stars and begged to be marred at a chance
to encounter her beauty once more.
The moon took pity and took his place
in the face of the garden to shield his brilliant light.
She heard his voice and made her choice
to be wedded at once to the sun.*

INTO THE DEEP

by David De Costa, 6th Grade

Chapter 1: Deep Blue

Have you ever wanted to go to space? Or travel to the depths of the seas? Well, five kids have done that. Five average kids. Their names? Steven, Juan, Vector, Jane, and Olivia, and these kids had the most wonderful experience they had ever had. Well, let me tell you all that happened, probably in more than one story. Let's begin...

The group had just finished their last lesson from East Bridge Institute. It was a very hot summer day. "Why don't we go for a swim?" suggested Steven.

Olivia replied "How? There are no lakes or rivers nearby." "How about Enbour Lake?" suggested Juan. Everyone agreed to meet up on Saturday at Enbour Lake.

On Saturday they met and brought snacks and board games. After eating some pizza and tacos brought by Vector and Juan, they all got ready to have a stupendous time! One by one they leapt into the lake. They were having fun, until Jane heard something.

"Hey guys... Do you hear a buzzing noise?" asked Jane. The group looked underwater and saw a shiny blue portal approaching extremely quickly. The group was terrified and swam as fast as they could trying to escape, but it was not enough. One by one they were pulled into the small portal, shrieking in fear.

Into the Deep, Chapter Two

Shot Into Space

Upon exiting the portal, they found themselves in a rocket-like shuttle. Olivia was observing the capsule, and found a window. Vector pushed her out of the way and claimed that he had found the window.

Olivia said "Hey I found---"

"Hey guys! Look what I found!" interrupted Vector.

The gang peered out the window and saw a very tragic sight: a broken solar system called, the "Galaxy." Now, they were still shocked about what happened and would, most likely, have freaked out, but they were very interested and still wanted to check out their surroundings.

Jane clicked what looked to be an "on" button. An automated voice said: "Welcome to Voyager Extreme. I am currently your space shuttle. We need you to fix the broken solar system, Galaxy. Do you accept your mission?" Vector quickly responded "Yes!". The Voyager Extreme replied "Okay. Good luck out there, Aquiline Crew." All of a sudden, a loud noise came from the top of the Voyager. A screen came down and read "Entering Planet OMEGA".

The group sped toward a hot, orange, sunny planet, wondering what oddities might await them.

Into the Deep, Chapter Three

Suspects

The Aquiline Crew landed on planet Omega. They were greeted by some very peaceful-looking aliens. They greeted them and brought them to a free hotel. The planet did not look so corrupted as the Voyager Extreme said it would be.

Juan said "Hey! Free room! I hope they have free room service." They were led into a gorgeous room with pretty lights and a giant window. They were tired, so they went to sleep, wondering if they would ever see their families again.

The next morning they woke up to see the world in chaos, as a giant billboard read:

KING ZOROAK FOUND DEAD!

THE AQUILINE CREW MUST BE RESPONSIBLE FOR IT!

Juan said, "That's probably bad."

The Aquiline Crew was soon called into a space-like court in which they would find out their punishment. The judge pulled together all the facts and sentenced them to DEATH. The Aquiline Crew was terrified. Juan shrieked, "I'm too young to die!" Steven whispered "Guys.... I have a plan."

(to be continued, hopefully . . .)

"Smith of Wootton Major"

is a short story by J. R. R. Tolkien, the world-renowned author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

8th Grader Margaret Tennant and Middle School Language Arts and Literature Teacher Helen Weir have collaborated on an adaptation of this short story for the stage. This is Act One.

NARRATOR: There was a village once, not very long ago, and not very far away. Wootton Major it was called and it resided a few miles away deep in the trees.

Wootton Major was well known in the country round about for the skill of its workers in various crafts, but most of all for its cooking. That is why the Master Cook was such an important person. He was kept busy serving at the many festivals and solemn occasions of the village. Still, the most important task of any Master Cook was to bake the Great Cake for the Feast of the Good Children, which was only held once every twenty-four years. That is why most Master Cooks had only one chance to make a good impression.

However, at about the time our story begins the reigning Master Cook, Ryder, did something unexpected. He went away for a while to an unknown location and came back several months later as a merrier man. After his return he would often dance about and sing songs. But the most surprising thing of all was that he brought back with him an Apprentice. Now, it was the right of every Master Cook to choose his own apprentice. The boy who had been chosen, though, wasn't like the other lads, and he wasn't from Wootton Major, either. He was tall, lanky, soft spoken, and polite, but very young.

His name was Alf, but everyone took to calling him, simply, *Prentice*.

MASTER COOK RYDER:

(He claps ALF on the shoulder.)

Goodbye for now, Alf. I leave you to manage things as best you can, which is always very well. If we meet again, I hope to hear all about it. Tell them I've gone on another holiday, only this time I shan't be back again.

(RYDER walks off as ALF waves goodbye to him.)

NARRATOR: When Prentice delivered this message, there was quite a stir. A new Master Cook needed to be appointed, so the people of Wootton Major chose a man of the village who had some modest experience.

Nokes was his name, he had always wished to become Master Cook, and never doubted he could manage it. The townsfolk weren't convinced, but as far as they were concerned, any cooking was better than none.

Things went well enough, for at first Nokes did his best, and he had Prentice to help him. Through his sly observing her learned a lot, but that is something which Nokes never admitted. Still, in due course the time for the Feast of the Good Children drew near, and Nokes had to think about making the Great Cake.

NOKES:

(He is talking out loud to himself.)

Dear me, what to do, what to do? My Great Cake is coming up and it had better be a memorable one, too! Hmm... No...No...Maybe? No!

NARRATOR: Nokes' chief notion was that the Cake should be very sweet and rich, and he decided to cover it entirely in sugar icing. Sweets and fairies are two of the things children like best, he reflected, that's when a thought came to him.

NOKES:

(snapping his fingers)

I've got it, by Jove! I'll put a little doll in the very center of the Cake, all dressed in white with a little wand in her hand, ending in a tinsel star, and around her feet, the words

Fairy Queen

written in pink icing! They'll love that! Only, what should I put inside the cake? I must bake little trinkets into it as well. I wonder where they are? There must be a list of ingredients somewhere!

NARRATOR: The recipes left behind by other Cooks puzzled Nokes, for the lists he found included ingredients he had never heard of. He decided to look for some of the spices the recipes mentioned. He remembered an old wooden box that had compartments for holding special spices in it left by the last Cook. Upon opening it he found dry and musty spices. After having further inspected the box he found a very small, very tarnished silver star.

NOKES:

(holding the Star up to the light)

That's funny!

ALF:

(who has been standing unnoticed in a shadowy corner)

No, it isn't. It's fay. It comes from Faery.

NOKES:

Does it now?

ALF:

What are you going to do with it?

NOKES: Put it in the Cake, of course, along with other trinkets. It will amuse the children.

(NOKES shakes his head dismissively
while continuing to work on the Cake.)

NARRATOR: The Feast of the Good Children finally arrived, and the children all sat eagerly at a table awaiting the slicing of the Great Cake. Young Smith was seated next to a girl named Nell. As the slices of the cake were passed out, Master Cook Nokes began speaking to the children.

NOKES:

I should tell you, my dears, that inside this cake there are many pretty little things, trinkets and little coins, and I'm told it's lucky to find one in your slice. There are twenty-four in the Cake, so there should be enough for each of you, *if* the Fairy Queen plays fair. But she doesn't always do so. Just ask Mister Prentice, here!

NARRATOR: Alf seemed to have taken no notice of anything Nokes had been saying.

NOKES:

No! I'm forgetting, There's twenty-*five* this evening. Among the twenty-four there's also a little silver star, a special magic one, or so Mr. Prentice says. I expect it's 'specially lucky to find the star in your slice, so look out for it!

NARRATOR: The children chatted happily amongst themselves, talking about what they had found in their slices.

YOUNG SMITH:

What did you get in your slice, Nell?

YOUNG NELL:

I didn't get anything.

YOUNG SMITH:

I'm sorry you didn't get a trinket in your piece. Here, you can have my coin!

NELL:

Oh! Thank you, Smithson!

NOKES: Well now, Prentice, I wonder what happened to that Star of yours? No one seems to have found it. It couldn't have been made of silver, after all, if the heat of the baking was enough to have melted it! No matter. All's well that ends well.

(ALF stares at NOKES without responding.)

NARRATOR: What had really happened was this, The Fay-Star, which had certainly not melted, was found by young Smith. When he put his hand to his head absent-mindedly, it stuck to his forehead and there it stayed for many years.

Few people in the village noticed it. It had become part of his face, and it did not usually shine at all. Some of its light passed into his eyes, and his voice. People liked to hear him speak because of this, even if it was just a simple greeting.

Smith became well known for his workmanship, and he could make many kinds of things. Most of them were useful: farm tools, kitchen tools, pots and pans, fire-dogs, and horseshoes. But when he had time, he made beautiful and delightful things, too. He sang when he was making them, and when Smith sang, people stopped what they were doing in order to listen.

Smith's wife was Nell, the one to whom he had given the little coin at the Feast of Good Children long ago. Their daughter was named Nan, and their son, Ned. And that was all that most people knew about Smith. But because of the Star, which only his family knew about and paid attention to, there was a great deal more to him than that.

END OF ACT I