Entropy is a thermodynamic quality representing the unavailability of a system's thermal energy for conversion into mechanical work, often interpreted as the degree of disorder of a random system.

2. Lack of order or predictability; gradual decline into "a marketplace where money reigns supreme." Synonyms: deterioration, degeneration, decline, degenerating, decomposition, breaking down, collapse.

3. (in information theory) measure of transfer of information.

**FLY AND LAY**

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**SUBJECTS AND COMPOUND VERBS**

**OBJECTIONS AND PREDICATES**

- An objective complement is a complete or full complement of an action.

**SAMPLE:** Jerome painted the model. Only verbs take an objective complement. Subjected by consider or make, the other verb is a complement.

Invented by: Francesca Latara
Edited by: Rachel Saunders
Recorded by: Dr. Paul West
Advised by: Dr. Paul West

The Masters School

2015
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You know he can talk, but you'd be forgiven if you didn't,
As when he slowly stalks through the corridors,
   His silence is stark next to the music.
You might even know he has wants, and needs, and ambitions,
   But when you hand him your camera,
And ask him to record a moment that he won't be remembered for,
   Your knowledge of his emotions is forgotten.
He waddles through crowds, always knowing where he is going,
   But always having a look and feel of being lost,
   Of not belonging.
He lingers outside circles of all-too-familiar strangers.
   Knocking on the door,
   Waiting in the cold,
   Seeking attention and acceptance,
   But receiving neither.
For everyone else is in decadent towers made of high heels and broad shoulders
   As they avert their eyes from the outcast,
   Who is wondering why he still tries.

Simon Cadel
There is an accumulation of flesh
Lodged between phalange and nail
I am clawing at this melanin again
Coating my palms in a palette of brown
My mother notices my hands
“Have you been gardening?” She asks
I reply to her in a voice full of soil and warm honey
“Pulling roots.”

Treasure Brooks
Rice and beans
The essentials of a Colombian’s diet
In my home rice and beans are replaced with sesame seed bagels and Captain Crunch
For your first assignment you will create a family tree
In this tree you will include different medical information
For each of your family members
The goal, she says
Is to educate yourself on the possible diseases or afflictions
You could encounter along the way
I raise my hand and say, “I was adopted.”
She stares at me and says
“Do your best.”
My Grandmother belongs to the P.B.C.C
Officially known as the Palm Beach Country Club
More commonly known by my family as the Purely Blonde Caucasian Club
The overwhelming scent of buttery pastries invades my nostrils
I stand at the counter with my mother and choose a vanilla cupcake with purple icing
She orders an herbal tea
When we approach the cash register the woman checking us out
Stares with a puzzled look on her face
And asks
“Is that your daughter?”
To this my mom replies
“No, she is just some brown child I rented for the day.”
The fungal moon of Torus V is one of the last (discovered) oddities of the universe still shrouded in obscurity. A world relatively untouched by fierce meteorites, the cold rock has inexplicably sprung forth a wellspring of teeming life manifested in the unsightly Biomass of Tor.

Originally discovered by a MENSA-VII deep space probe, the moon is smaller than Earth’s, and much more unsightly. The biomass is really a series of interlocking fungal spores that transmit commands via protein transport— the individual cells are eukaryotic despite their colonial nature, and the uniform spores collectively obtain raw materials for chemosynthesis. Their green center eclipses a central vacuole that branches into other cells, eventually dissolving parts of the cell membrane, and the resulting structure eventually grows to connect to other spores— imagine communism on a biological level, if you will. During its discovery, the moon was a point of contention for various exobiologists— how could such life evolve on a dead, cold rock with only the slightest atmosphere? How could such a thing use so little resources, and ultimately eclipse the ground from which it sprang? Concerning less philosophical inquiries, how do vacuoles branch as they do in this species? However, it was ultimately MENSA VII’s observations and archeological findings that have designated the site a point of interest for the American Alliance of Planets, in that the zones around it (indeed, the entire Moon’s orbit) is now patrolled by the US Spacefaring Navy—specifically, an interest in terra formative research was cited as the reasoning for such a drastic move.

The feed is only about—five minutes long. It opens into a sort of spherical antechamber cut into the very rock of Torus VII—a sort of crude altar constructed out of hardened fungus and crystallized water. How odd-looking it was, like a shrine of some sort—wrapped inside was some bipedal organism, a sickly cocoon. The tape continued until a flowering extension of the antechamber lowered from some dark biological aperture in the ceiling, and the coiling mass on the table unwound itself—it was a man. Pale skin, hairless and with defined, if not skeletal, features—no clothing, and beady, blue eyes—they did not blink, their gaze was haunting, almost. The man stood, almost assisted by the table from whence he had come.

He stood—he stared at his hands, seemingly fully conscious. Pale, white skin, perfect features, but little muscle mass. The tape has caused much speculation and debate—some thought the Biomass was replicating its captors for some nefarious purpose—or perhaps it had simply never seen a bipedal life form before. Regardless, about a year ago, all avenues of discussion for such an event were shut down in the pursuit of (presumable) censorship. Not that some copies of the original MENSA reports don’t exist—indeed, it seems that sometime after the latest development it seems that the few individuals still engaged in the debacle pored over them more. The last report concerned a theory of—”Purposefully Induced Evolution.” If that does not sound truly terrifying to you, allow me to explain. The prevailing theory still bouncing around our online forums concern the veracity of some recent claims made by a dishonorably discharged military technician. He claimed that there exist entire cell pockets within the moon that have been purposefully genetically distancing themselves from the rest of the moon. Reddish pockets of muscle tissue, about ten feet in diameter were described—a sort of mix of Lovecraftian, primeval eyespots made up another. The post was soon deleted, but before it was, it contained coordinates for the moon’s orbital location every month.

Thomas McKenna
The whole street was afflicted with a painful half-desertion. Sparsely spread clusters, composed of tall men and women with starved, thin faces—that was what I could see. A streetlight sputtered and exhausted itself, fifteen or so feet away. I see a day-old New York Post sitting on a trashcan’s brim, but I then notice that the night has finally settled; the groups are dissipating, members disappearing at some far-off point in the distance. A man, about thirty, shuffles aimlessly between the dissolving packs, and I observe him for a moment. I stumble backwards, and run to find my mother.

David Oks
“What thoughts I have of you tonight,” Allen Ginsberg, as I drove down Main Street and the headlights of other cars blinded my vision.

In my search for a vegan hot dog and no-fat pretzels, I went into the Whole Foods Market, “dreaming of your enumerations!”

Whole foods? Opposed to what? Half-foods? Seems like some people in America could use at least some half-foods these days...

As the sliding doors open, a mixture of airy temperatures greets my face.

To the left, the cool, uninviting dimness of the milk section. On my right, the hot, stagnant air of the bakery section.

Has this market been made with my best interest at heart? Or has it been laid out to maximize the amount I spend on unnecessary items?

The items I need most often — eggs, bread, milk. All toward the back, inviting me to share in excess gluttony. Twenty brands of pasta! Thirty different types of soup!

Please, as if there is a true difference between “tangy salsa” and “sweet n’ sour salsa.”

They make us think that they cater to us, we are the fish biting, taking the bait.

They convince us “gluten free” does wonders, “no sugar added,” is the way to go. They charge us more to better our bodies.

They set expiration dates to convince us that everything must be consumed now, or never. And so we come back three days later to do it all over again. Attention, shoppers!

Mothers search the green juice section while children wonder where they can find their double stuffed oreo’s, or lunch(ables) for tomorrow.

Sorry, not here child...mom’s trying to eat “healthy” remember?

I watched you, Allen Ginsberg, as you confused whole food and holy foods, as you searched for God in aisle nine.

I saw you, Allen Ginsberg, marvel at the absurdity of an automatic door. People too busy to perform such a simple task, people too rushed to stop and open a door.

I watched your confusion as you picked up a copy of People magazine, and saw one of your poems on the cover: Howl! A must see and a whooping five stars! How could you not love oh so dreamy James Franco? “James Franco?”

I saw you, Allen Ginsberg, as you mistook Taylor Swift for The Chordettes, and hummed the tune of Mr. Sandman under your breath.

I pitied you, Allen Ginsberg, as I watched Abercrombie shirts and lululemon leggings chuckle at your mismatched suit jackets and khaki work pants.

I saw your disappointment, and your failed attempt to receive a smile from the teenage cashier who has been working 8 hours just to receive $8 minimum wage. Minimum hopes. Minimum future.

“Damn, this sucks.” Luckily, the credit card machine says, “have a nice day.” How nice. Her face, carrying the same expression as the taste of the Wasa crackers that sit in the cart of an uptight mother looking at her iPhone. Flavorless, and bland.

But be happy, cashier, for you are not the bagger, who makes only $7 an hour shoving stuff into bags that hold stuff.

“Ben, I have one word for you: plastic.” Plastic meets plastic. Into those bags go water bottles, whole grain goldfish bags, sugar free orange juice cartons. And where does all this plastic go?

Where’s your grass now, Whitman? Leaves of … plastic?

Where are we going, Allen Ginsberg? The automatic doors close in an hour. Will we drive all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we’ll both be lonely.

Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past huge Audis in parking lots, home to our silent cottage?
Neon  Fluorescent  Blinding  Incessant  Rush between it all  Forget the cloying lie  Consume the senseless roar  Stop only when you die  Isn’t it a pity  When we stare into the heights  That all we see are streetlamps  Blocking out the nights  Isn’t it a heartbreak  That we cannot watch the stars  A twinkling dome of symmetry  Dimmed by what we are  Don’t think, don’t stop, or question  The path is flat and bright  If you’re lucky you might see the beauty  As we cringe and hide in the blinding light.
I woke up with cancer in the brain—on the brain, before I even remembered you lying next to me, chemo appointment at 4:45 at Flatbush General Hospital and the trouble of getting the wheelchair down subway steps. I looked at you, your beautiful mind filled with beautiful mines, creeping dodecahedrons and kaleidoscope tumors waiting to explode all the memories of you and me and the pleasure of worrying only about dinner reservations and friends’ birthdays. I wrapped my arms around your thinning body, but I couldn’t feel you breathing.

Angaelica LaPasta

I.

To sing of oneself is condemned; a world which describes reflective surfaces as the grip of Narcissus himself. Yet to celebrate oneself is a practice granted to the discrete, to those who may outlive the gods or play into their lovingly barred hands.

To break such mandate is but mere trek along white expanse, a room of solitary confinement their arms tied into a pointed “X,” while the fruits of the heroes are waved as flags above their heads. The end is said to weave enthralled strands into the vein and ventricle till the cells of their parts teem with moisture swollen from constant use won by words and still words further. Narcissus’ grip relinquishes only upon those entrenched souls who blaze in fires they had created.

II.

My house serves as a monument to those tired soldiers who will all face the same battle in their own odds and ends. They scream and weep for a bitter medicine for loss of her smell, stare, one of her treats; they are like dogs, learnt in drills by which to tear at the flesh but to never delve deeper—to seek the milk-white bones. The lily-white bones will melt like snowflakes under their hot breath. They will shatter like remnants of icicles in springtime and busy cherry blossoms will sprout pink weeds in what was once such a beautiful stillness.

Perhaps they moan over loss of finger or toe or limb; their sockets drip blue-black blood which has stained my threadbare carpets. Yet no matter how one attempts to put a stopper in these grotesque stumps—these gnarled frunks that decay until the skin is a grey flake—they will continue to leak until the wood is saturated and their cries are silenced in the fluids which swim the circumference of my head and bathe in pools of my eyes.

You people, with the hollow clangs of your gold, the paint-priss of your painted lips, and the click-clack of your stilts. You people who will feel the pull of each cloth only to meet its coddle and strangle.

The incessant song trumpets and trills its routines to force them to march, to stampede. The rhythm beats in a count of grey lives that will never cease to drum. And so on they march, mindless trills escaping their mouths.

Their eyes are mere recorders, to be documented and deleted. We are embodied hypocrites, drowning in our own senseless philosophies.

We do not drain out our ideas through action; we are gluttons and liars and beggars and cheats and we are not allowed to celebrate this and we are not allowed to change this.

My eyes dip closed to be wrenched upward, back and forth in time with my own vomiting speech, in time with the slop of matted feet the chatter and whirs and spins of our mechanized selves.

And I am so tired.
Beautiful Brown

God has given me to a beautiful brown girl
she claims land on my beautiful brown face
my beautiful brown mother loves my beautiful brown skin
my white father claims land on her beautiful brown body
my beautiful brown skin wages war against my white blood cells
at night there is fever in my white bones
sweat beads itself onto my beautiful brown skin
a beautiful brown girl kisses the battlefield
and concord threads itself into my almost beautiful brown.
a beautiful brown girl kisses the battlefield
and I am no longer up in arms against myself
Title: "Thoughts From A Light Booth."

Sometimes I think about killing myself or baking a cake.

Or I lie awake in fear of boa constricters or birps.

Because you ripped the bandaid from my heart on a wound that never scabbed over.

By Banksy (maybe)
I am only one of myself;
Thousands of me’s sing in the depth of my mind,
Songs of uncanny beginnings and ends hopeful
and dreadfully melodic.
The darkness is a strange self,
And my inquiries of its habits are not left untied,
Like knobs meant to be turned by inquisitive
minds
not hands.

Fear is rational: no matter what...you may
say as you please,
Allow the world to be afraid of its reflection,
Of what it will and won’t see,
You are rational.
I heard people say once that they fear to turn ‘round,
You are not unreasonable, but rational
You are behind them, always...because they believe you are, they can feel you.
They can forget you....as the world can forget me, and my thousand selves.
Social.
Silent.
Sad....living is not worthless and
being forgotten is never bad.
Living is as beautiful as its corners,
And you is its corners.
Fear can be lovely if you let it shine and see how delicately it shimmers....you have crafted this artwork....
Behind the rational mind is a fire, which rages with passion.
What have you found are your hopes?
What fuels your fire?
Thank you!

and congratulations to our fantastic team!

Zoe Babad-Palmer, Valeriya Rusina,
Olivia Forte, Angaelica LaPasta,
Courtney DeLong, Spencer Kane,
Sophia Gutfreund, Thomas McKenna,
Tammy Schmidt, Winona Murphy,
Serena Barkley, Peter Nadel.

<3 Your Editors,
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