



Hancock Central School sophomore Emily Rubera and HCSD Superintendent Terry Dougherty pose with the 2017-18 Catskill Review, turned to Emily's poem "Pseudo Happiness" on page 21.

The Write Stuff

Congratulations to Hancock Central School sophomore Emily Rubera, who became a published poet this month!

The 2017-18 edition of the *Catskill Review* featured Emily's piece titled "Pseudo Happiness" among the prose, poetry and artwork from area students in grades 7-12. Emily's poem appears on Page 21 of the *Catskill Review*, which typically highlights 40-50 original works per year.

Student entries must be completed during the current academic year and submitted by teachers from Catskill Area School Study Council member schools to be considered for publication. The CASSC works with ONC BOCES, DCMO BOCES and SUNY Oneonta to produce the *Catskill Review*.

Emily's published poem, as it is printed in the *Catskill Review*, appears below.

Pseudo Happiness

Emmi Rose Rubera

Grade 10

Hancock Central School

She smiles while she can,
and she makes the most of life.
Trust me girl; this is not the end.

She's told the tears will pass,
like sadness isn't real.
Well, here's my advice, girl, "Cry more!"

She listens to sad tunes.
She mutely-yells at the world.
Girl, "Scream at all the things that hurt you!"

And smile while you can.
Make the most of life.
Trust me girl; this isn't the end.

She withers in pain; sorrow slices her heart.
She burns with fire, and humanity consumes her soul.
"Put on your mask, girl. Let me comfort you."

If suicide is a crime, then who's the victim?
Who committed the crime, and who's the suspect?
It is you, it's me, and everyone outside.

Just smile while you can.
Make the most of life.
Trust me, girl; it isn't the end

She had a plan to be happy,
to make the most of her life,
but the hole in her heart escorted her into its light.

In memory of a lost mentor

Pseudo Happiness

Emily Rose Rubera

Grade 10

Hancock Central School

She smiles while she can,
and she makes the most of life.
Trust me girl; this is not the end

She's told the tears will pass,
like sadness isn't real.
Well, here's my advice, girl, "Cry more!"

She listens to sad tunes.
She mutely-yells at the world.
Girl, "Scream at all the things that hurt you!"

And smile when you can.
Make the most of life.
Trust me girl; this isn't the end.

She withers in pain; sorrow slices her heart.
She burns with fire, and humanity consumes her soul.
"Put on your mask, girl. Let me comfort you."

If suicide is a crime, then who's the victim?
Who committed the crime, and who's the suspect?
It's it you, it's me, and everyone outside.

Just smile when you can.
Make the most of life.
Trust me girl; this isn't the end

She had a plan to be happy,
to make the most of her life,
but the hole in her heart escorted her into its light.

In memory of a lost mentor