

TRAILER TIMES

High School For Mathematics, Science, and Engineering @ CCNY
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An Evening of Young Architects

By Nishani Ekanayake, Marcus Fortune,
and Sudama Kanchibhotla

On Tuesday April 20, 2004, architecture students at HSMSE@CC presented their final drawings and models to the school community. Thanks to Mr. Pedroso's guidance and experience in the field everyone's understanding of architecture progressed significantly.

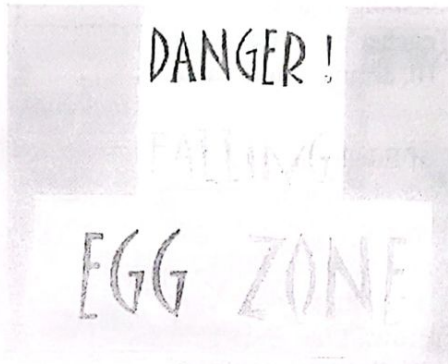
The highlight of the evening was Maurizio Asperti's paramount project. Asperti's inspiration came from the Teatro del Mondo in Italy. His project was especially notable because he used real hardwood floors and tiles in his model. Additionally, he created a realistic colored visual representation of his house and the surrounding landscape.

Winnie Chau's presentation of her house provided further enjoyment. Her ideal house was in the shape of a pentagon. Using the pentagon shape, she expanded it to include three balconies, providing sunrise and sunset views. Her staircase is uniquely constructed to resemble a semi-runway, a mix of a spiral staircase and a straight run.

Mr. Pedroso also praised Katherine Sudol for her sophisticated and unique presentation. Katherine Sudol's house design featured large, open windows. With several glass fixtures, light easily cascaded into her house. The house also showcased four exterior balconies and a spacious indoor courtyard. Another important aspect of Katherine's house was the grand entrance.

When asked which project he liked the most, Mr. Pedroso replied, "I don't have a particularly favorite project, but I like different aspects of each." He mentioned some aspects that he liked from the projects of various students. Mary Lu transformed her 24' x 24' cube to provide views at different angles. Aundrae Parchment left open space in between floors that supplied plenty of light. These are just two examples.

It was a long and hard process to achieve our goal of completing these projects, but it was worth the hard work and time. There were many steps involved in the of creating a presentation of great quality. This long journey began with a single step of producing preliminary sketches of the students' dream houses. These dream houses came with many restrictions in size and property implemented by Mr. Pedroso.



By Mehnaz Chowdhury and Hohe Getachew

The HS MSE @ CCNY had its second annual Egg Drop Contest on April 20th, 2004. The freshmen worked in pairs. Their goal was to design and build containers that would sustain a fall and protect an egg that it contained. The containers were made out of one eighth inch cardboard and had no fasteners or adhesives. The winner would be the lightest container to survive the drop.

The sunny weather was ideal for the contest. Laughter and applause followed the dropping of each container. The designs were mostly boxed-shaped. However, there were several intricately-shaped designs. Max Greenberg and his partner David Ceng featured a creative addition to their design - a parachute. Still, Mr. Podell, who was in charge of the event, commented that this year's designs lacked a "spark of creativity." He hoped that students would think "outside the box." Mr. Podell did however praise the freshmen for their efforts. Finally Mr. Podell added that "this year's surviving containers couldn't beat last year's winners." Let's just wait and see next year's eggstraordinary containers! (cont'd on page 3)



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A DREAM FULFILLED

BY HOHE GETACHEW

Martin Luther King Jr. was a great man with a great dream that was not fulfilled until after his assassination. His dream was that his "four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character."

The Martin Luther King Jr. assembly was truly a memorable event. It was the first student assembly that included freshmen participation at HSMSE. High school students arranged the assembly at Aaron Davis Hall with help from the staff, especially Mrs. Eichler. The assembly included singing, instrumental music, poetry, and a recitation of King's "I Have a Dream" speech. It also featured "The Legacy of Martin Luther King Jr.," a lecture given by James Lewis, a City College professor.

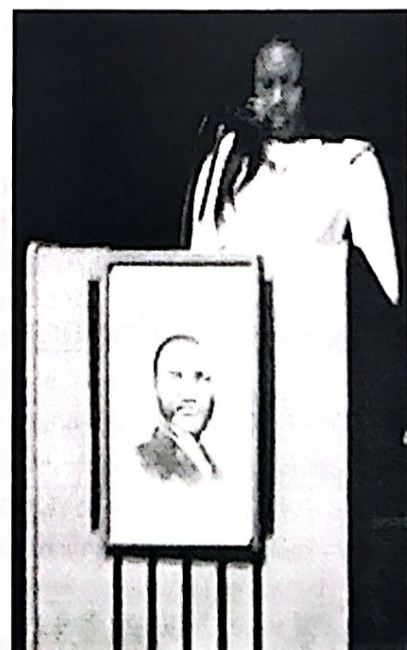
Students performed musical acts. Karming Lin and Kintana Maconick sang a duet version of R. Kelly's song, "World's Greatest." Van Lam played "Pachelbel Cannon" on the piano. There were also guitar performances by Karen Ko and Robert Shepperd. Poetry was also featured at the assembly. Students performed selected poems by published poets, and Janine Mobley recited an original poem.

HS MSE @ CCNY Celebrates Martin Luther King Jr.

SON OF THE REVOLUTION

BY JANINE MOBLEY

one man..
one voice.
one dream.
though the dream was the same for many, on man had more
than a dream.
one man had a premonition.
a vision of what would soon become a reality.
one man recognized the problem and had the courage to
address it.
some disagreed.
many doubted.
but even more felt the same way.
but united in the struggle,
the revolution began.



CULTURAL TIMES

HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT

DIRECTED BY LAETTIA COLOMBANI

A movie review by Janel Martir

"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not" (starring Audrey Tautou) is an ingenious and twisted portrayal of love. I praise the film for its clever and refined plot that reflects that love is undying.

The film begins with Angelique, a talented artist, ordering roses for Loic, her lover, a prominent, dapper (and married!) cardiologist. Loic (Samuel Le Bihan) is Angelique's muse and is the object of her affection. The audience discovers that the happily married doctor is really the object of her obsession. The director tricks the audience into believing that Angelique's relationship with Loic is real. The entire liaison, in fact, is an invention of her mind.

In the second part of the film, Angelique's world is shattered by reality. This shift is brought upon by her attempted suicide. She gradually becomes conscious that her romance with Loic is figment of her dreamlike imagination. After he rejects her, she confronts Loic and tries to kill him. Following this, Angelique is institutionalized in a psychiatric hospital where she remains for several years. The film ends in an adroitly facetious manner. "Everyone falls in love. Everyone dreams. I just dreamed too hard", Angelique confidently tells her psychiatrist upon her release from the hospital. As she walks away from the hospital, an employee begins to prepare her room for a new patient. As the employee moves her dresser, he sees a mosaic of Dr. Loic made of the pills she never took. He stoically scrapes the mosaic off the wall.

I absolutely admire the film and its production. The characters are convincingly depicted. Audrey Tautou plays Angelique. My favorite instances in the film are when she smiles. Tautou's sweetness brings certain innocence to Angelique's seemingly unconscious character, and contributes to the story's anomalous nature. The ending perpetuates the idea of the continuity of love no matter how sick. The film reveals both the beauty of love and its sometimes injurious outcomes. I would recommend this movie to anyone who wants to relish an artistic and labyrinthine film about love.

A THOUGHT'S
JOURNEY

BY: HOHE GETACHEW

Walking at the edge of the pool
Sheltered by the eyes of light
I stare out into the twilight
Here is where I begin
Here we go again my ideas will start
their journey
My thoughts take shape in words
That are communicated to paper
Once my body and mind have reached
peace
One says to the other what it thinks
Then the other might disagree
A pause takes place
Then the trip is done
My mind has reached an agreement
My mind and body is at peace
My mind and body is at peace

THE GAZE I OWN

BY: JANEL MARTIR

Human eyes
Are a phenomenon
They are ingenious characters
On the stage of our face
What one emotion cannot the eyes re-
veal?
The very blink
Of a soft eyelid is worth a million
words.
The quiet stare is deadly.
The smiling gaze is love.
The quick glance is a friend.
Curved eyelashes are the wings of a
raven-colored dove.
Human eyes
Are a masterpiece
Sculpted by the Divine hands
Of God
What sacred reflection do they conceal
Behind the marble shine of its surface?

SLEEPING
PALACE

BY: ANNA MARKOV

Long sleepless halls surround
The golden rooms
Of many ages and dreams gone
Enclosed in darkness
No more sin runs free
Disguised as false peace
The sly servant plots no more
To kill the King and Queen
In their sleep
No coward lives in the palace
Of dreams and God forsaken night-
mares
For ghosts are left and sand of age

PORTAL TO THE PAST

Over the winter break, Mrs. Stern gave the sophomores an interesting assignment. The students' task was to interview their parents or relatives about their lives. Using the transcribed interviews, the students wrote their parents' stories in poetic form. The challenge was to select only words, use only the syntax, and even the interpret the accents that were used by the interviewees. These poems allowed each individual student to find out more about his/her family's history. They also invited other students to appreciate the different cultures and backgrounds of their schoolmates.

This column will introduce you to our families. You will encounter thoughts and feelings of past generations. You will read incredible stories of courage, survival and triumph. You will meet families from many different countries representing the wonderfully diverse population of our school. Many students in our school are immigrants or sons and daughters of immigrants.

Our first poem is by Van Lam. He wrote a beautiful poem about his mother's escape from her home town to Vietnam. The whole poem is taken from the voice of his mother. The way that the words are placed into the poem show a powerful usage of the interview.

Life changed forever, I felt like that.
 Before 1975, I lived
 I lived in a small town called Phu Tuc
 War was going on every night
 Scared, everyone was scared
 A dead town, quiet
 Dead bodies
 On the road,
 On the market,
 And on and on.
 Life changed forever, I felt like that
 My family had moved,
 Left everything behind,
 I saw helicopters get shot
 Burning in the sky
 I screamed up,
 Vietnam surrendered,
 I didn't know where my family was
 Cried day and night,

Three days later,
 My father looked, found me
 I went back to my hometown,
 Phu Tuc,
 Whole town burned to a flat field
 No houses were standing.
 Father rebuilt the house,
 Other people came back
 Rebuild their homes
 I loved my home town,
 A place of memories
 A place with friends
 A place, makes my life move on

Life changed forever, I felt like that
 Everyone rebuilt their house, their life
 They went back and started over again.
 Life went on with a sadness
 Kind of sad.
 I felt that I lost everything

(cont'd on page 7)

Life changed forever, I felt like that

Tried to move out the country,

I met your father, I dating

I grew up with him

I tried to move out the country,

But failed a lot

We escaped, small sail boat

Land in Indonesia

Left everything behind,

Friends,

Family,

And loved ones

Life changed forever, I felt like that.

On the boat, middle of Vietnam

Raining day, middle of the night

In the dark,

To the shore,

On the boat

Had to, had to keep it quiet.

Very quiet,

Security, the guard around the city

Any mistake, catch you

Put you in jail, but

Finally, on the boat

Sailed quietly,

Without an engine.

Life changed forever, I felt like that.

Nervous, curious

How could we?

How could we get to the other country?

Sea sick, throwing up

I couldn't move,

I feel terrible,

I couldn't talk,

I feel sick,

I couldn't eat.

I feel dry, hungry, and sick

Life changed forever, I felt like that.

Food, just enough,

Just enough to survive.

There was no wind,

Couldn't move anywhere

Afraid to go,

To go in the wrong direction

Afraid to run,

To run out of water

I was hungry

Thirsty, all the time

People singing, praying

We are almost near dead

The boat, the boat had a leak

Praying and singing

Noises for survival,

Calling god,

To bless us,

To help us,

Strong enough,

To reach the other country.

We are almost near dead.

The boat got fixed,

Happy again,

Hoped to see land,

We saw an orange, and a coconut,

Floating on water,

So happy,

We almost there

A Red Cross boat

They came,

They came to rescue us

Lead us to Natuna

Natuna Island, Indonesia.

Everybody happy,

Energy came back,

Ran down,

Ran down and took a full hand

A hand of white sand,

Knowing,

Knowing that we all survived.

Life changed forever, I felt like that.

Portal to the Past is continued on the next page with a poem by Angela Creed.

The following poem was written by Angela Creed. The poem, written in her father's perspective, details the events in the months and years following a suicide. Note Angela's usage of the interview in writing the poem.

I

The family I came from
Was a family of four kids... I think
There was a child who died long before I was born.
I don't remember that story. They didn't talk about it too much.

This story is about the four that survived:

My mother and her sister
Loretta
And the two brothers: Walter, the oldest and TJ, the youngest.
My aunt and my cousins,
They had the *perfect* life.
A mom and dad and a big house
With all kinds of *fun* things going on in the backyard.

My mother decided to have a little bit different life
She felt it was more important
To have something love her
So I got to be raised by them too.

They had one of those busy houses
Neighbors always over and fun always going on
And phone calls
And people walking in and out
And people sleeping over and friends over
And where was this going on and who was going where...
My grandfather always answered the phone with,
"Grand Central!"
It seemed like a nice, maturing American life.
Like the life Norman Lear made fun of with an Archie Bunker.
It was without the meanness
And had the real love.
There seemed to be so much love
That I didn't mind my situation.

II

Then one day I came home when I was almost eight.
And it was one of those spring days
That is just cold and iron gray.

I came home one day
And Aunt Loretta was dead.
She never woke up.
She died in her sleep and just never woke up.
She looked as perfect as she did in life. She was like a real Joan Crawford.
Like a doll.
I was the only one
Of us six cousins that went to her funeral.
The only one.
Couldn't imagine she wouldn't wake up.
Loretta was the kind of woman
That, every night, would
Pray for our boys in Vietnam.
And when Kennedy died
She cried.
And when Martin Luther King died
She cried.
That was the perfect memory we had of her.

III

All the children grew up
And it wasn't quite the busy house.
And I was too young to realize that after that
Cold, spring funeral,
Family was never the same.
My grandfather really enjoyed the family but
It was never the same again and I guess
He didn't want to be a boy scoutmaster anymore. I never understand why
The family just fell apart

The best person was gone and there was
A lot of questions.
It was just explained that she never woke up.

The seventies passed and they went out to live on Rhode Island.
Around the gratification of drugs
And the seventies and the rising above the awfulness of family
It came.
None of us ever bothered to reexamine what happened to us.
We were falling apart.
When grandpa died
And he was the father of the family
It was the closing chapter on a family that already shattered
That just drifted away.
Sometimes that loss that can never be answered
Touches on everything.

IV

Years later, after everyone stopped coming back
 Loretta's mother, my grandmother,
 Would sit in the house
 That they lived in all those years
 Now empty, now echoing the memories that she had.
 One day, we were all young grown ups
 And able to handle everything.
 Feeling a little too much beer
 Feeling a little too much loneliness
 And a little too much bitterness, she told us the story
 Of Aunt Loretta's mother in law:
 Mean and domineering.
 She made her daughter in law's life hell.

V

Living in the cramped apartment upstairs.
 With one then two
 Then three, then four children.

Nan insinuated murder
 Or just a woman driven to the edge.
 Maybe just couldn't take bringing
 Another child into the world.
 She couldn't handle something and
 Decided not to wake up anymore.

After Nan's story
 No one wanted to talk about it.

All I know is that
 Without knowing why the truth that you pass
 Is gnarled and curled around something and
 'Why did they do it anyway?'
 Loretta's four children who had come on a
 Holiday reunion found themselves with the answer
 As to why there was no family anymore
 And why *all* that mattered to us
 Was what would make us feel if not good,
 At least nothing.
 They left that night
 With no true answer as to why she fell apart.
 So everyone carried their burden
 Of not telling them the truth
 Of something they didn't know why happened.
 I don't know why
 She couldn't face the unfaceable...

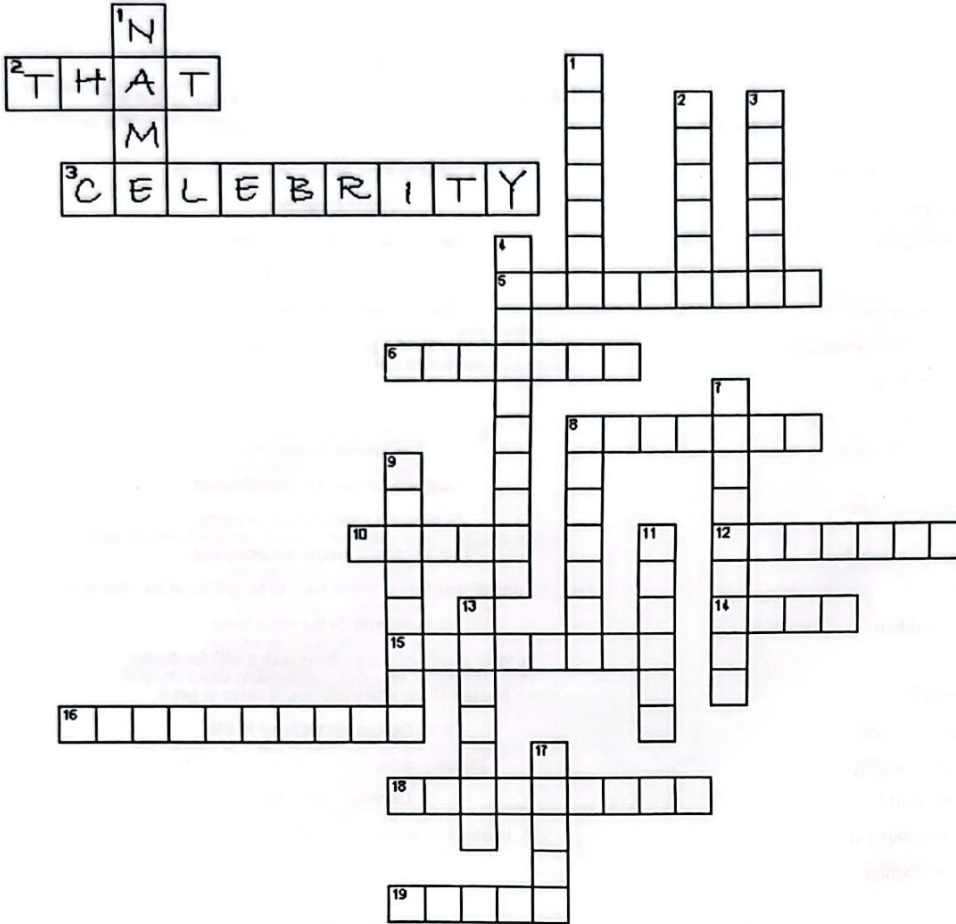
If that was a lesson to give her children and the rest of us,
 That's a hard lesson to learn
 But I guess so
 Never give that kind of pain, you'll just have to go through
 What you can't efface, anyway.
 It's better to have the pieces of the family
 Twisted together.
 That's what it feels like on this end.
 I try to tell my kids
 That they are unique and that they
 Hold a piece in the family.

VI

I've known people who
 Disregard suicide and abandonment
 As so many impediments to desire.
 That's not how people became good.
 I believe that the bad things in life have to be looked at for what it is
 Otherwise, you do the same thing...
 Is there good that comes from such a will for death?
 No, not in any sense that you'd strive to get it.
 With the contact we have in life
 The only unfaceable is what comes from
 Copping out on life.
 I guess I'm just trying to answer the questions.

If you have any
 poems you'd like
 to submit to Portal
 to our Past, please
 hand them to
 Mrs. Stern in
 room C105 at any
 time.

THE GAME ROOM

**Across**

5. What a Wonderful World (Last)
6. Speakerboxxx/The Love Below
8. First lady to senator (First)
10. She divorced Eric Benet (First)
12. She won the most Grammy's
14. She went from the back of a bus to the front page (First name)
15. He was a famous poet during the Harlem Renaissance (First)
16. The person who did run for president but was appointed anyway (last name)
18. Julia Roberts played this famous woman (Last)
19. He is a Hollywood web swinger (First)

Down

1. He abolished slavery (first name)
2. I have fingers for a mouth (Last)
3. He graduated from high school when he was only 15 (first name)
4. *NSYNC's nemesis: _____ Boys
7. A revolutionary playwright (last name)
8. The Human Railroad (First)
9. "R-E-S-P-E-C-T" (Last)
11. This actor has "scissors" for hands (First)
13. "Why the Caged Bird Sings?" (Last)

FUNG WUN ONLINE

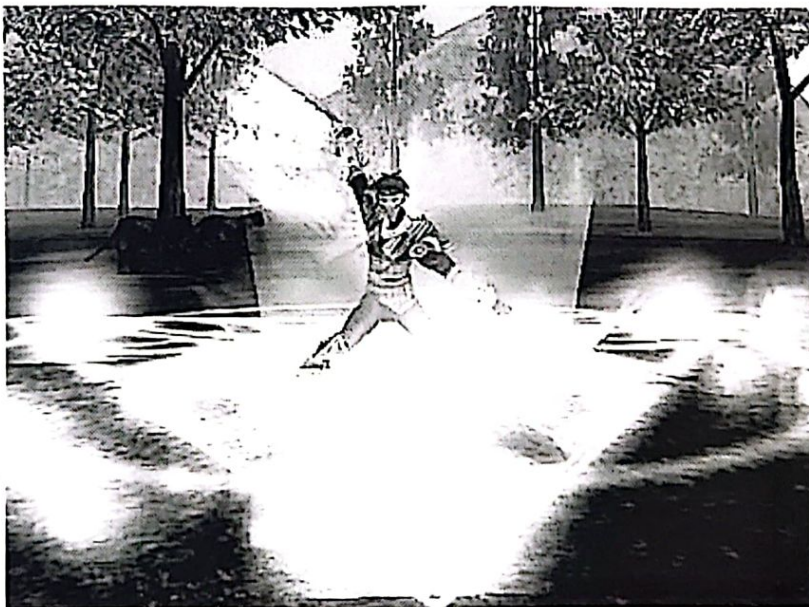
TRAILER TIMES

By David Feng

Fung Wun Online (also known as F.W.O.) is a Massive Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game (MMORPG). Since this is an online game, hundreds of people can play at once, and the games continue even when you are offline. F.W.O. is based on a comic book series in China with comic book heroes like Cloud and Wind (you will find out who they are when you go into the tutorial mode).

When you first start the game, you have to

choose a body type and a stance type. There are six body types, three of which are female. The five stances include: bow, staff, sword, saber, and unarmed. Lastly, you choose your elemental background: fire, ice, poison, lighting, and physical. Each has weaknesses and advantages.



After choosing your setting, continue to your tutorial, which teaches you how the battle system works. Now you are ready to head off to the real game world, a realistic, massive 3D environment. You can either walk around clan-less or you can join a clan. There are already five clan names set in the game: Sword Worship Clan (S.W.C.), Supreme Sword Clan (S.S.C.), King Of Heroes (K.O.H.), Matchless Clan (M.X.C.), and Sword Meaning Clan (S.M.C.). Each clan has its own headquarters,

where your relic is kept. The relic must be protected.

The aim of the game is to steal another clan's relic. You travel around killing different things, and gain Experience Points (E.X.P.). However, all that killing does get a little repetitive after a while once you hit the level of 60-70. Most people do not just play to level up. People who play this game level up high so they can go to war. The clans mentioned above are sometimes at war with each other and sometimes

allied with others. For example, now the S.W.C. is allied with the M.X.C., which is up against the S.S.C., which is allied with S.M.C., and in turn which is allied with the K.O.H.

Fung Wun Online is a great game, and to really

know about it you just have to play it for yourself. To get F.W.O is not that hard because you just have to go online and download it. The only hassle is the time spent downloading the game itself (don't worry no viruses are in this game). The site to download it if you want to is fwo.edenii.com (no "www" in front).

World of Warcraft

By Teo Ferrucci

Two years ago, Blizzard announced the newest addition to the Warcraft legacy, *World of Warcraft*. WoW's original release date was slated for late 1998, but in true Blizzard fashion, it was pushed back to 2000 and the beta was scheduled for mid 2004. Now, after a troubled alpha, Blizzard has sent out the beta disks (of course I wasn't selected) and they have flooded their site with tons of pics and music clips, reminiscent of former Warcraft games.

So far, Blizzard has introduced eight races to WoW, including Dwarf, Human, Night Elf, Tauren, and Undead. Taurens are large, rowdy humanoids with an exceptional constitution. Blizzard has taken the liberty of slightly altering Dwarves' appearance by changing the proportion of their arms, but has otherwise kept them relatively stereotypical. The Undead have already been hit with several nerfs, and beta testers are still complaining about their abilities in relation to the other races, but as we all know, Blizzard is renowned for its balancing beta so no worries.

As well as a large selection of races, there will be no shortage of classes in WoW, as they have included nearly thirteen, most of which should be familiar to anyone who has played an RPG. The standard warrior, mage, and hunter (ranger), are available, as well as a few proprietary classes like Shaman, warlock, and wizard (I have yet to find a difference between them). Blizzard has also announced that high level characters, upwards of 40, will be able to ride mounts which will differ for every race. Humans will ride horses; Dwarves will mount Battle rams, and Taurens, who are too big to ride anything, will have plainsrunning.

WoW has been adapted from previous Warcraft games, and uses cartoony modeling and texturing. Wisely, however, WoW uses its unrealistic graphics sparingly, only attributing them to avatars and buildings, and sculpts landscapes with realistic models, a smart move to avoid *Wind-wakers* controversy. The water uses basic textures, and will not support "shiny" water, which does detract from the game, but awesome level designs make the best of it. Forests were created with the word epic in mind. Trees tower over players, and in Straglethorn, home of the trolls, light is totally eclipsed. The ground has amazing textures, epitomized by bump-mapped vines as well as some great 2-D butterfly sprites.

WoW is scheduled to be released about a year from now, but with Blizzard's constant delays, we can never be sure.

Can You Guess Who This Is?



This member of the MSE staff has grown older—but he still hasn't gotten rid of the hat.

**IF YOU HAVE ANY
ARTICLES/POETRY
YOU'D LIKE TO
SUBMIT, PLEASE
SUBMIT THEM TO
MRS. STERN IN
ROOM C105.**