

Visions



Volume 4
Issue 3

The editorial staff dedicates this issue to Miss Maxwell, who has assiduously directed many great plays, of which the staff are mammoth fans. Her work has resulted in hours of laughter and joy for us all, and she will be missed.

Thank you.

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Cover art by
 Carolyn Arcabascio & Matthew Daly

The staff extends an apology to Kevin O'Neil of Junior year, as the previous issue of *Visions* erroneously presented him as belonging to the class of 2007.

Be daring, be different, be impractical, be anything that will assert integrity of purpose and imaginative vision against the play-it-safers, the creatures of the commonplace, the slaves of the ordinary.

-Cecil Beaton

The aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance.

-Aristotle

The first question I ask myself when something doesn't seem to be beautiful is why do I think it's not beautiful. And very shortly you discover that there is no reason.

-John Cage

fruit of the



You
are the
one I've
been waiting
for. I've heard
about you but I
want to know more.

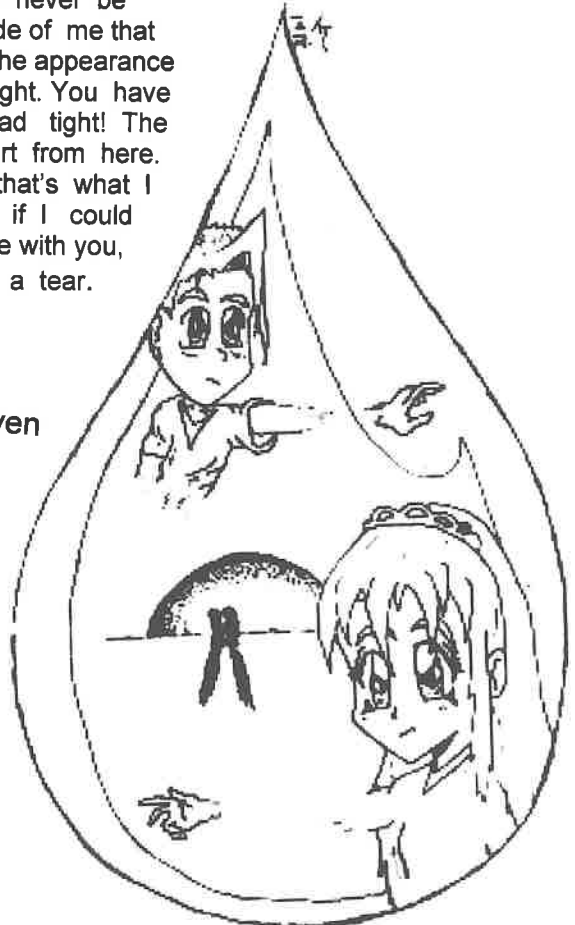
Your pretty little eyes
twinkle like the light.

The only way I can ex-
press myself is when I write.

My deep love for you will never be
revealed. An unknown side of me that
forever remains concealed. The appearance
of your body is a comely sight. You have
a sense of fashion, that's mad tight! The
sun is setting, we must part from here.

Please don't leave me, that's what I
fear. It would be nice if I could
hold you near... I can't be with you,
but I will never shed a tear.

Tan Nguyen
'07



Одно (One) (Russian)

Just Because

You smiled today.
All because of me
It felt so good - so right - so normal.
Like the way it used to be.
No distractions - screaming - yelling - crying.
But that's all in the past now
We're different - we know it - we love it - we embrace it.

I bought flowers for you - on the way
Beautiful - just like you.
Deep red - yellow - pale pink - orange.
With one rose in the middle - a white one

It only occurs to me now what it meant.
Love - a fresh beginning - blooming with brilliance.
A simple gesture - I missed you.

I told you I loved you - I've never meant it so much.

And now you're making me smile.
Because I know - you now know - it's true.

Caitlin Moran

'05

Untitled

*And there you were
Dramatic
Poetic –
All premeditated of course*

*Always likening the skin
Of some sweet-faced ditz
To the desert sands or some such thing –
Curved and bathed in soft moonlight*

*Then she'd swoon
Like some damsel out of a Cary Grant movie
(Color had always been expendable to you
Anyway)*

*You've never seen the desert –
Definitely
Never the
Moon*

*Where's the fun
If everyday
You don't battle with
Your ghosts*

*You still don't have the
Audacity
To live like your whole life
Never depended on a damn thing*

*Carolyn Arcabascio
'04*

"You"
A Tribute to Sherry Shoemaker

You're unique
I've never met anyone like you before
The words my heart cannot find to whisper

I feel like I can tell you things that I'm afraid to tell myself
I can tell you how I feel
And exactly what's on my mind

I open up to you
I drop my arms and flex my stomach
I wait for the punches, but you hug me instead

Your eyes speak love
Your knock-out smile can charm a star from the sky
And your sweet voice can calm the seas

You have a romantic aura about you that makes Cupid wink
With a twinkle in his eye
And a rose would tremble at your touch

You make me feel special
You confide your hopes and fears in my heart
And you sing your dreams in my ear

You touch my heart and fill the hole

You love me enough to let me in
You love me enough to turn from sin

All this and you are still greater
I love you forever and later

Paul Jacobs
'05



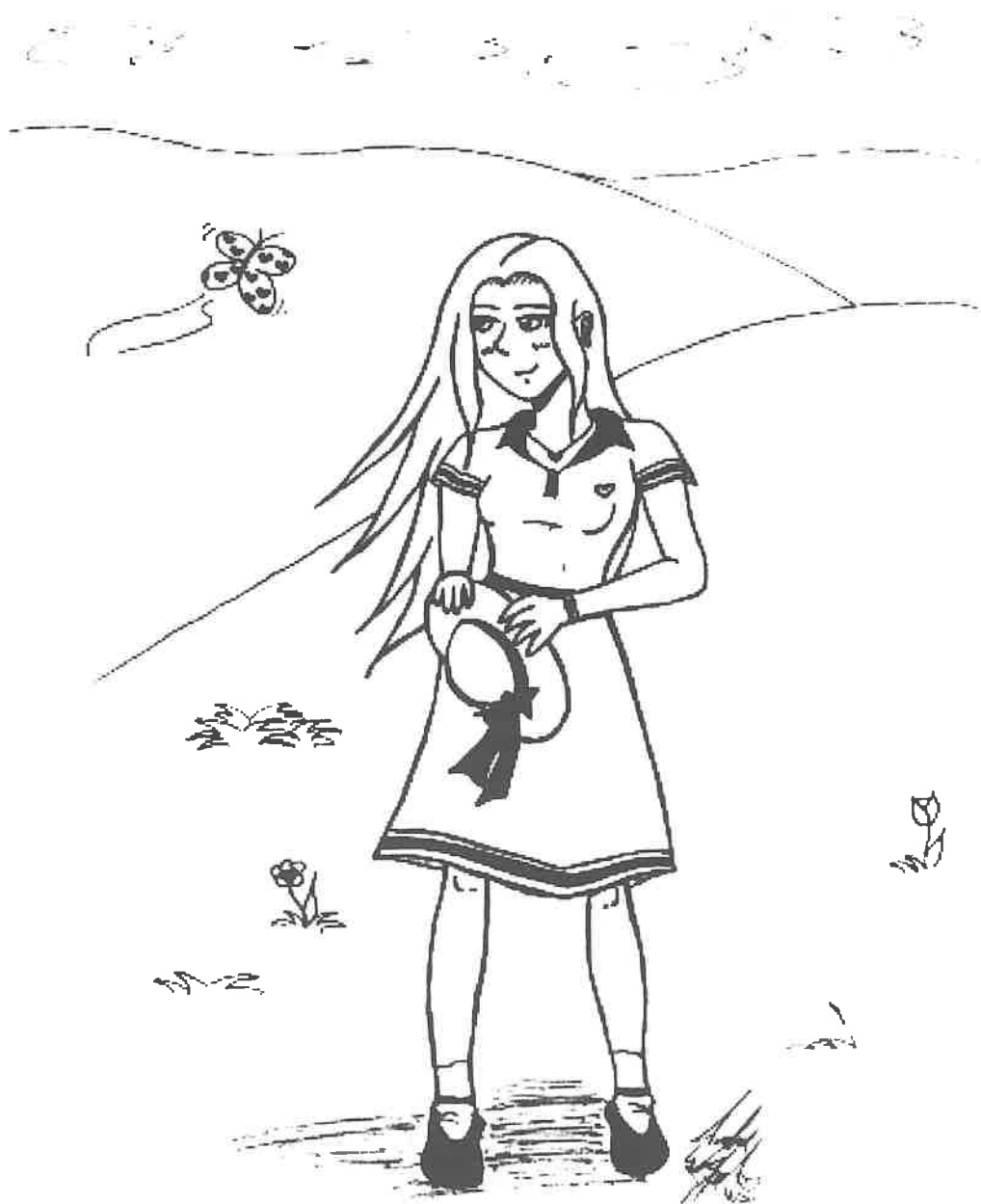
Part I

I can't stand still
It must be something about white dresses
I was like this on my 1st communion too
Maybe it's the hair gel
If my hair is held so tightly in place
I want to move around to compensate for its immobility
At any rate, I am trying to stay calm as mom "dolls up"
The girls are coming over at four
The limo at six
My feet have carried me to the hallway
Where millions of my smiling faces at peak points in my life
are looking at me
Maybe it will finally replace one of those "dorky" years
But as I walk by I hear whispering
It is coming from the pictures
I press my ear against one
It is pleading with me
Look at yourself
This is not what I had planned
All of a sudden I see my present reflection next to the child
image of me in the glass
No, you're right I hear myself saying out loud
My old image doesn't match this new image cast back at me
There I was going to be important
Now, I am just settling
I'll be stagnant
My feet take me to the phone
I need to make a few calls
Maybe I'll call the limo service first

Stacey Foster

'05

Spring Fever



Part II

Cleaning the apartment again like I do every Monday
Today it is the closet
I really need more room
I am one person with clothes for a thousand
If this stupid white dress weren't in here
Then the possibilities would be endless...
I hear it again
I am the only person in this apartment but whispering is
 coming from the hallway
From the pictures I put just like mom had back home
I press my ear against one
It's harsh
Are you stupid?!
You see this person, she is stupid
She always has everything
Right in front of her but she makes the wrong choice
Pushes it away like clothes on a hanger
Scared to death of it is my best guess
Can't you see the void on this wall?
I know exactly what the picture is referring to
What is the something more I left for?
Hot tears plague my face
Maybe I need something less
Why does there have to be a right and wrong decision?
When will I ever learn to make the right one?

Stacey Foster
'05

Something (or Sum-thing)

Posit and questions: Zero and one equal one,
but two and one equal three: Can two things
be one? Can two things be two? Can two
things be more than two?

Fibonacci

Ambiguity
and hope
mingled with uncertainty
create much madness – divinest sense?
Caesura... (dramatic pause)... and gaps along
the way

Separation

not permanent
time space continuum
String theory and quantum physics
The DaVinci code controversy, fractals and the internet

Limitations
not recognized
and not ignored
The singularity of experience: perfection
If only such existed in an imperfect world

Mr. Welch
Staff

Complain!

I finally realized that I have to stop complaining about my situation
There are people worldwide going through worse than I can imagine
So why should I complain?

Why do we complain when we have such petty problems?

A boy worries about his next football game

While another worries about his new born baby

A girl wonders if her closet is well updated

While another wonders if the clothes she found are going to last her
for the next 6 months or so

I know it's not our fault but sometimes I wish we could see that
everyone has problems

While one father worries that the new toys he bought for his kids are
not enough

Another worries that the few bits and pieces of food he gave his
starving kids are not

And while one five-year-old worries about losing his new toy

Another worries about losing his life

While one 14-year-old worries about playing with water guns and his
playstation 2

Another worries about shooting another man before they shoot him

It's not our fault that everyone isn't as fortunate but isn't it our fault
that we don't try to help?

We see it in the papers everyday or on the television
But all we say is "How I wish I could help. I feel so sad for them"
Do we really care?
When a mother loses a five-month-old baby because she wasn't able
to feed her
Do we care?
When a father, who is probably smarter than most of the men you'll
do business with, is selling tomatoes at the side of the road and
goes night after night without food
Just so his family can have something to eat, that they can live one
more day
Do we care?
I wish I could say yes, but I just don't know
But still I wonder why we complain about such petty things when
there are real issues around the world that need our attention.

Fidelis Wambui
'06

Nine Pieces of Stories I'll Never Write: Beginnings, Middles, Ends

The moon was so bright he had to draw the shades.

In the darkness there was nothing except the suggestion of motion. Who, what, why. They all faded into the static black that walked away behind the shadows of trees.

The lights were off as she entered and breathed in home.

I couldn't imagine at sixteen anything beyond those endless nights. Used, torn, tossed in a corner.

Crickets sang. Murder, murder, everywhere.

Every step she took she was falling forward. That her foot swung out in front of her was an accident. That it happened again was luck. That those steps went on for years to come was fate's elusive game.

I talked to myself that night, so loud I almost believed it.

"I want to create something beautiful."

"Why."

"Because...I want it to be mine."

"Then find it."

"No. That's not the same."

It's your fault the wind blew that day.

Urvesh Shelat

'05

Untitled

It was not until this time as I sit here writing this essay that I fully grasped the importance of all the events leading up to this very day- how essential each experience was in the molding of me. I am a product of St. Patrick's grammar school in Lawrence and it is within that school that a person of great respect and knowledge works even today. Her name is Sr. Anne Hegarty, English teacher for the seventh and eighth grades at the school, and she is my inspiration for pursuing a career as an English and Theatre teacher.

Fear- o, the horror stories I heard from students who had been through the Sr. Anne experience- it was definitely one full of hard work, strictness, and torment. To my unhappy surprise, I was fortunate enough even to have the infamous nun as my very own seventh grade homeroom teacher and although I didn't know it then, *I really was lucky*. Along with the rest of my classmates, I was introduced to the well-known, yet very dreaded weekly orals; each day of the week (one row for each day) students would stand in the front of the room, introduce a poem by name and author, and proceed to recite the poem that was required to be at least one minute long. The student would be graded out of a possible ten points on diction, expression, and preparation, among other areas- the slightest pause could cost you precious points. Compositions upon compositions were endlessly drafted, written and re-written, torn apart, and everything imaginable in between. Grammar was something to be taken as seriously as the religious prayers we practiced daily. Conduct and manners were constantly in check and continuously at their peaks, though, that goes without being said of course. But it was all these factors, these strenuous, and seemingly impossible assignments and life lessons that prepared me for the real world and ultimately shaped my being.

After completion of my grammar school years, I continued my education at Central Catholic High School in Lawrence from which I will be graduating in a few weeks. Attending Central as a

freshman, I was filled with excitement and anticipation from the constant drill that these would be the 'greatest years of my life.' Another issue that was constantly re-iterated was that I needed to involve myself in any appealing extracurricular activities, and that was when I was bit by the acting bug and began to perform in musicals and plays. Although I never had any experience on stage, I knew I would learn as quickly as was needed and that spring of my freshman year, I auditioned for the musical and was accepted. It was times like my very first audition at Central, or whenever I have to stand up and speak in front of a class or an audience, that I thank God and all my lucky stars for having experienced Sr. Anne. Those orals, however scary or aggravating, prepared me for my premature acting career, and moreover, general public speaking and social skills. My confidence when speaking in front of others had been built up so much that nerves could faze me less. When friends would agonize about giving a presentation I would be set and ready to go with a smile on my face knowing that this was no different than those deeply engrained, one-minute long poems in grammar school.

When I was chosen as President of Central's Theatre Guild, my senior year was marked with a tone of great responsibility that I knew I could handle with style and an enthusiastic attitude for such an amazing honor. Throughout my high school English career, one could look but never find anything less than an A, and this year I have maintained a 4.0 average in my Honors English IV course. Through the help of a grammar school English teacher, I have found my calling. I feel forever in debt for such a blessing in disguise, and I hold Sr. Anne Hegarty in the highest regard and thank her for her priceless time, effort, and love of teaching.

So, if someone should ask me what my career and personal goals are, I'll tell them that I want to be a teacher of English and Theatre, of respect and responsibility, and of love and life. I'll tell them that I want to touch the lives of young people so that they may be driven to pursue their own goals and aspirations with great knowledge and ambition. I'll tell them that I hope to live life and inspire many... just as one English teacher has inspired me.

Bobby Ringuette
'04

Secret of the Full Moon



John Kulesza
'07

thrilled&absent from this night

in recent colors beneath,
be(yond)(side), ultimately (in) the (down)side,
&for years in this untrained context:
vision&trial,
experiencing america right,
outside of new york;
outside of your work

we are born into patterns&imperceptible shrouds
setting fire to our rooms, vehicles, photocopies

art is not freedom art is not freedom? art is not freedom
(all) but art causes philosophy to travel in all directions,
building s(catter)(tagger)ing walls behind my eyelids
with decaying tape reels
through which we move

correlating "why?" with receptive light(n)ing
amongst the initial comforts of architecture
in a sexual garden of atrophy

there we are standing alone,
assembling our dust&trees outside (in the rain)
with your augmented lines between us,
&prices paid by an earlier generation
&general contempt for offbeat remains
&extractions
&light inside
&unadorned districts
&colors
&sleeping alone

installation, &it's gone.

Matthew Daly
'04

Be a Kid

My father always told me to be a **kid**.
Ever since the day I was born it was “don’t grow up, just be a **kid**.”
As a child all I wanted to do was to grow up,
Without realizing that once you grow up, you can’t go back.

I should have stayed a **kid**.

It was nice all those days of just hanging around and doing nothing,
Because there was nothing to be done.

And you would **laugh** so hard,
Until your stomach hurt,
Without knowing that those days would soon pass.

You didn’t have homework or errands to run.
You wouldn’t get into fights with your friends about dumb things,
Or worry about what to wear in the morning to look good for so and so.

You were a **kid**.

You could go outside and play in the mud,
Or roller blade until you came home with scrapes on your knees.
You didn’t have a care in the world
And you were **happy**.

You were a **kid**.

You didn’t know it yet, but those years would feel like weeks,
And you would soon be a **teenager**.

Now you realize that you have to worry about things such as,
The dishes getting done as well as the homework,
Or having to look good to impress so and so.
Your life is now a cluster of things that **have to be done**.

You would sit there and think about those days
When there was nothing to do,
And you didn’t have to worry...it was so nice not worrying.

But now those days are gone,
And just like everything else in life,
They must move on.
Time will not wait for us.

Sometimes the old traits of being a **kid** will come back.
You have days off to do nothing,
And sometimes you'll begin to **laugh** again until you stomach hurts.

Don't ever forget to **laugh!**

Without laughter,
That little **kid** is being covered up
By the pain and stress of your "new" everyday life.

Don't ever forget to **laugh!**

And while you're stuck in this thing they call the world,
Do your best in everything you do, but value each day as if it were your last.
And no matter how old you live or no matter how hard life gets,
There's always room in you day,
To be a **kid**.

Jeff Duggan
'05



Woe to the Beatniks

Woe to the beatniks,
Four horsemen of greater eminence than the riders of evil.
Arabian steeds finer than the battle horse of War.
Weapons greater than the scythe of Death.
Their touch finer than the stroke of Pestilence.
Their clothes greater than the rags of Famine.

Woe to the beatniks,
Whose battlefield is unseen.
Whose defeats are more devastating than nuclear explosions.
Whose victories are not celebrated by parades and fireworks.
Whose funerals are more glorious than the nighttime sky.
Whose conflicts are unbound and ceaseless.

Woe to the beatniks,
Loved by few.
Unknown by most.
Lost in the passages of history.
Found in the pages of fiction.
Renowned in the verses of poetry.

Woe to the beatniks,
Who will lose their way.
Who will leave the sanctuary of their lives.
Who will face the harshest reality.
Who will die in the lonely sewer.
Who might not come back to see the fate of their own people.

Andrew Lawrence
'04

Chokora

They have never felt love of any kind,
Never known the feeling of having a family
Or a place to call home
No one looks at them as they stand on the streets and beg
Yet when people speak of them, they call them '*Chokoras*'

As the sun rises in the streets of Nairobi,
They awake for they are too hungry to sleep
The streets are already full of people,
There is dirt everywhere
A man drops a coin and they rush for it
As if it were a drink of water in the Sahara desert
The man hurries along as if they have diseases he's afraid to catch
He tells his friends of his encounter with the '*Chokoras*'

They are dying of starvation
They cry for help, but nobody listens
They are invisible to all
The people won't help; they won't even look at them
But why don't they help those they call '*Chokoras*'

The world is a cruel place, but there must be a few kind souls
Yet none of them help these suffering souls
But a child walks by with a bag of food from '*Steers*'
She stops as she sees them
Her mother desperately tries to steer her away,
But she shakes her hand free,
Walks over to them and gives them her bag of food
And she doesn't call them '*Chokoras*'; no they are Street children.

*** '*chokora*' means Street child in Kenyan Slang.

Fidelis Wambui

'06

Untitled

**Pastel pinks and purples
Fade on forest green horizon
Two suns converge the final time
In darkening sky and placid water
An old man sits in wooden chair
And rocks to Nature's rhythm
Pretty is the picture
And silent symphony
'Tis Nature's dance
Its twilight lullaby
Rocker slows to stillness
To admire soft melody
As the world fades into darkness
So too does the man
In the end all things merge
Into silent symphony**

Zachary Cummings

05'

These Broken Tears

*Crying
All I seemed to do
Was cry
Every day
One tear would drop
Fall down my cheek
And shatter
These broken tears
Full of my heart
Are useless
Like myself in this world
And with each broken tear
There is a piece of my life
A time long passed away
And it breaks
When the tears in my eyes
Shatter*

*Kathleen McCarthy
'05*

Gatekeeper of the Winds



John Kulesza
'07

First and Last Time

A tear fell for you tonight
The first time for this horrible reason.
I'm mad at myself for it. And you.
You'll never know though,
Because you ~~don't~~ can't
Read my open pages.
They're not meant for you.

Caitlin Moran
'05

The Graveyard (Part III)

David parked his car next to a stone wall. The sun should have been shining bright this early in the morning, but clouds flooded the sky.

We had left David's apartment at eight. He said he'd give me a ride to the train station before he had to go to work. I knew that he had someplace else to go before dropping me off because his apartment is ten minutes from the station and his shift starts at nine o'clock. I just didn't expect to stop there.

At first, I didn't know where we were. I had only been there once before. Then, I noticed a small procession of cars driving into the area behind the large stone wall, led by a hearse.

"What are we doing here?" I asked David.

"We're visiting Grandma. It's supposed to snow tomorrow and I want to grab the candles and stuff before they get buried."

David locked his car and started walking to my grandmother's grave. I walked behind him carefully avoiding his boot prints that were being pressed into the week old snow. It was a shockingly sensible thing for David to think of. I watched him as he lit a cigarette in the dull sunlight. I wondered what I had forgotten about him and how much he had changed. My socks were getting wet so I started stepping into David's boot prints.

As we walked to my grandmother's grave, the funeral procession that came in before us had stopped and they were unloading the casket from the hearse. We made it to the small headstone bearing "Joyce Linger." David snatched up the two white candles and a dead bouquet of flowers. We looked at Grandma's resting place, not saying much. I watched the other funeral procession lower their casket into the frozen ground. No bagpipes

played. When their ceremony was over, David started to go and I followed.

“They’re lucky they got the funeral in before the snow,” David said. I nodded. “Listen, I don’t think I can drive you to the station. I’ll be late for work.”

It was only nine thirty, but David’s face was red from more than the cold. I could tell he wanted to be alone and so did I. It was only a fifteen minute walk to the train station, so I took my time. Walking the sidewalks of Manchester, I noticed they were as empty and cold as they were last night.

I stopped in front of an old antique toy store one block from the station. My train heading south would leave in ten minutes so I just looked in through the window at the display. In the center of the display was a small carousel spinning. I watched the carousel, looking at each horse go round and round, leaving me and coming back, disappearing and reappearing. Just then, a snowflake landed on the glass in front of me. The storm had finally come. I put on my red hunting hat and ran to the station.

My train was running early and passengers were already boarding when I bought my ticket. I hopped on the train and pulled my hat lower as I walked down the aisle.

“Hello, James.” A voice came from behind my back. I turned to see Linda smiling up at me. “Or J.D. was it? Just like the drink.”

“I didn’t know you were taking this train back south.” I took the seat next to her. She still smelled like baby powder. I love that smell.

“I didn’t know you were, either.” She started chuckling into the inside of her palm.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“Life. And I was remembering you throwing that magazine out the window. Nice hat, by the way.”

The train is rolling south and I am not heading home. I stayed past my stop at Salem talking to Linda Jean. It’s noon now and I am somewhere in Massachusetts still riding the same train. I wonder what I’ll tell my parents when I get home tonight. The snow is covering up the windows in the train and it almost closes out all the pale sunlight outside.

Andrew Lawrence

‘04

Vingt Sept (Twenty Seven) (French)



Seeing You Again (like it's been forever)

*Again I see your light eyes,
Gazing at me
Searching for acceptance,
For the life we had before*

*It's here, my love is here
Can't you feel the
Emotions running through me,
Flowing in you*

*I say, "who is she"
And you explain, she is not me.
You love her not deeper
Than love you gave last year*

*I ask you why,
And tears fall down my cheek
My love, it explains of corruption
Maternally I have been ruined*

*I longed to feel you
In my arms, caressing
Every aspect of my life, and
Yet now I know the truth*

*But you say you love me,
You know you've always loved me
My love for you: unconditional
I'd give my everything to you*

*The clock ticks the night hours away
Ending the time. I can
Smell your cologne,
I feel the safety of your life*

*I glance at the wall
And pain runs through
My chest in which we've nestled
Comfortable with each other*

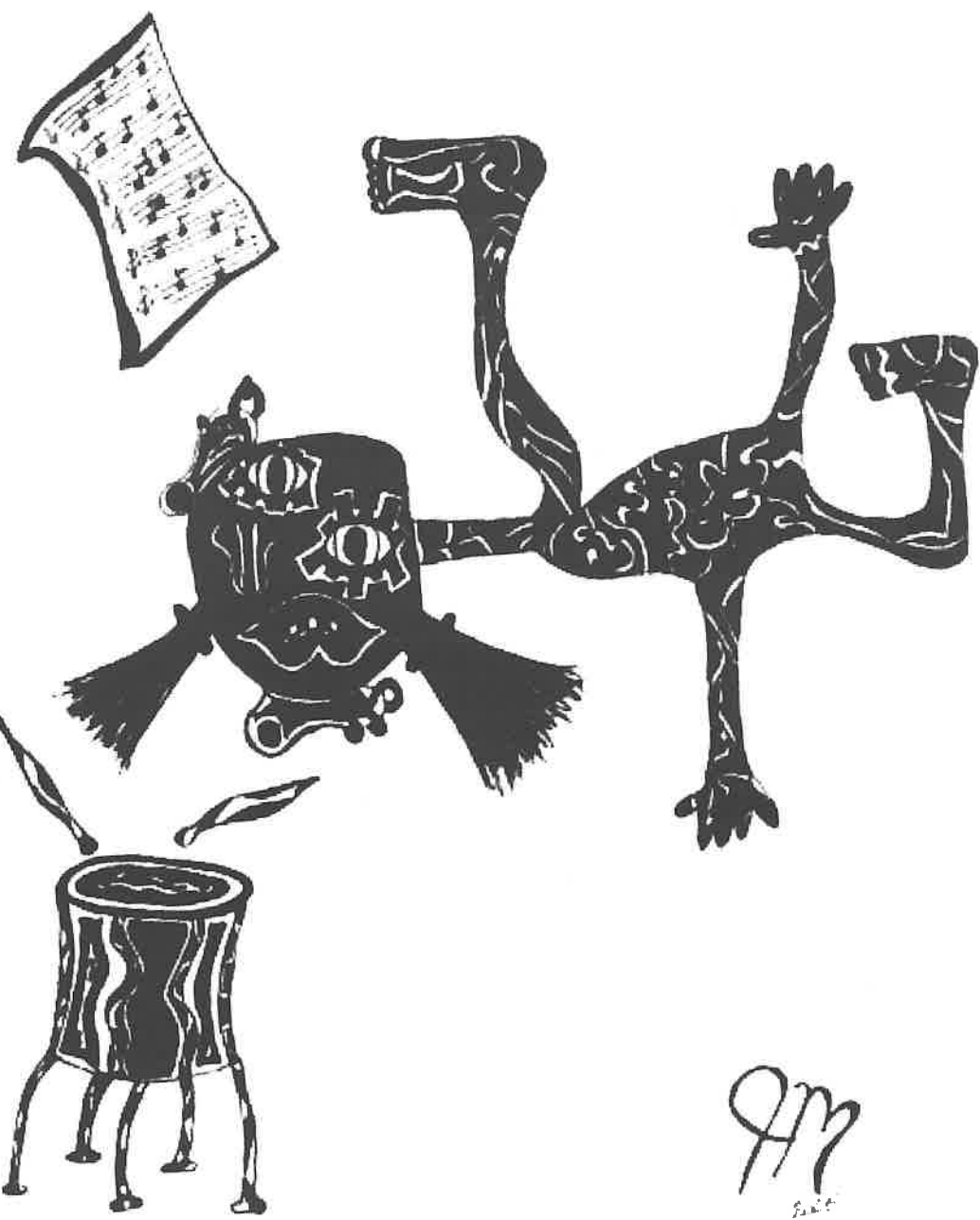
*I have to go
I gaze at you
Searching for acceptance
For a sign we'll be together*

*"Soon" you yell after me
And quickly I turn around to feel
You beside my warm body
Kissing my eyelid softly*

*The passion seen in the
Bluest of eyes
Had been transferred into mine
Of honey-brown*

*Your skin searches mine
Traveling over the paths
Once created
Again I feel last year
And I know we'll be all right*

Kathleen McCarthy
'05



Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "JH", with the year "2005" written below it.

Untitled

I sit here in class observing my friends
And look forward to the year coming to an end.
It's going to be sad to say good-bye
I'll miss everyone, I know I'll cry.
I remember the day when I came back
To be with my friends and get on the right track.
I don't want to say good-bye to all my friends
I don't want this year to come to an end.
The past 3 years have flown by but the memories remain
We stuck together in sunshine and rain,
Through laughs and shouts
We found out what true friends were all about.
Now think about the first day in freshman year
Like when we were scared to come here
It was long but it went through
And at the end, we weren't so new.
Up we moved and sophomores we became
Soon we started thinking the freshmen were lame
First things came; the PSAT we took,
Once that was through it was back to the books.
As the year dwindled down, it was that time again
Finals were here for us to begin.

The title of sophomores we had no more
The tenth grade had become a bore.
Now we were juniors. We realized our fate
A detention would be given when homework was late.
The four-hour test called SAT's
Couldn't be taken until we paid the fees.
The year was long, our hardest one yet
Soon we became seniors, now we're all set.
Senior year came and it'll be the best
Memories will be made, shining above the rest.
Once the college applications have all been filled out
No longer high-schoolers, we are college bound.
Think about the friends we made here
For some of them the end is near
Remember the friendship with that special girl or guy
Some of them that made us cry.
We gathered so many things from the past,
It kept us going and made it go by fast.
So as our senior year comes to an end
We'll carry in our hearts our special friends
And take with us all the memories that were made
Since that very first school day.

Jessy Hamawi
'04

away

Fly

I've grown immensely
a little birdie
into a bird
& just like a bird
it seems so stupid when
I've had wings all along
one day
oh
I can flap my wings
& fly
I have heard mother nature say
you can fly
but you know the funniest thing in life
so well
we are blind
this happens to birdies & can be especially crippling
birds live by concrete nature
I live by what I can see, but I also try to have faith
so believing in the big bird in the sky
is like believing in yourself
I guess while I am flying in the heavens
I will circle
& wait for my fears to find their wings & fly

Stacey Foster
'05

Dertig Vier (Thirty Four) (Dutch)

Much obliged...

-Mr. DeFillippo and the administration. Where would we be without your support?

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-Mr. Welch for your dedication and love of the magazine. The staff thanks you from the bottom of our heart.

-Our readers, the lot of ye. We hope that you consider your 50 cents well-spent.

-Finally, thanks to our submitters. You are the heart and soul of our vision.

Editorial Staff

Carolyn Arcabascio, the fifth member of the Beatles, is the mastermind behind the Alaskan pipeline. Much painting and drawing and writing and such lies in her future.

Matthew Daly is currently fixated by the post-colonialist image of an Amazonian tribesman in full tribal regalia holding a can of Coca-Cola. He intends to travel to Uruguay and research the origins of the Com de Lautreamont (The pseudonym of one proto-surrealist writer Isidore Ducasse).

Andrew Lawrence is a freelance ninja from west of the Mississippi. He loves the work of Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, and John Fogerty. He now resides in Windham, NH with his wife and twelve children.

Publicity staff: Urvesh Shelat, Courtney Miller, Alissa Holden

**Check the Central Catholic website for info
about a pending summer coffeehouse!**

