

Visions

Volume Two

Issue Two

We dedicate this issue of “Visions” to Mr. Russell LaCroix (1943-2002). As a teacher, mentor, and friend, he inspired us all to become better than ourselves.

Au revoir, notre ami, et merci.

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A Tribute to Mr. Russell LaCroix

When I came to Central three years ago, I really was impressed by how nice the teachers were. The transition from elementary school to high school was easy because of them. They realized my nervousness and they did all they could to make me feel a part of the school.

This year I was lucky enough to meet a teacher whom I'm sure I will never forget. The teacher I'm talking about is Mr. Russell LaCroix. I am not a language person, so from the very first day I was nervous about Spanish III. When Mr. LaCroix walked in the door the first day of class I liked him immediately. The sparkle in his eyes and the warmth of his smile made me know he was going to be special.

Mr. LaCroix had a special way of relating to his students. He would walk around and ask about what was going on in our lives and truly show and interest. Sometimes he would ask about an upcoming game that someone was playing in and wish them good luck or congratulate someone on winning a game. He was also very helpful to us students. More than once when we were working in class he would walk by my desk, look at my work, and say "good, nice try Amy, but you want to try this." He always made me and other students feel that we could accomplish our goals. We just needed some direction.

Mr. LaCroix never spoke badly about anyone. He told us many stories that were always funny and uplifting. He made us laugh and let us really feel like we were a part of his life. We knew that he genuinely cared for us.

I feel so blessed to have had Mr. LaCroix as a teacher. As hurtful as it was to lose

him, my life has been made richer because of knowing him.

Mr. Russell LaCroix will be missed. whenever I think of him one of his many sayings always comes to mind: "It is nice to be everything, but it's everything to be nice."

Amy Kaitlin Anselmi
Grade 11

Unwanted and Unknown

Whenever I cry tears of dust
You look at me strangely
And shout obscenities to the sky.
I feel ashamed.

Megan Morin
Grade 10

A Ringside Seat

Thoughts on Child Abuse

Sitting sadly in the corner just wishing to be free,
Wondering what went wrong between you and me.
I loved you with all my heart, even though it didn't show,
Sorry for all the grief I caused, I really didn't know!

Brilliant rays of sun danced sprightly on my floor
Like the skilled hands of boxers jabbing relentlessly for
the score.

Words of anger and pain emblazoned my path,
Like a serpent's sting, I felt the monster's wrath!

An eternity elapsed; my mouth poised to speak,
"Why can't you see what you're doing to me?"
Shattered a silence and desire to be discreet,
Like a boxer seemingly KO'd then erupting on three.

Thoughts rushed my head like water gushing from a hose
Cleansing the moment; a once spirited and sparring youth
unmarred.

Remembering times shared and memories cherished open
and close
As wounds left unhealed remain hurtful, ugly, and scarred.

My life seems like a flickering flame just waiting to
diminish,

Struggling to stay ringside
Not certain how long I can hold on -
Will I make it to the finish?

Andrea Faris
Grade 9

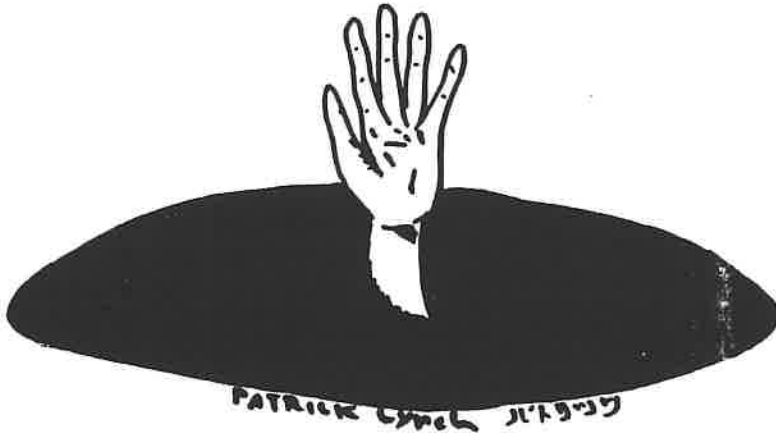
No Regrets...

It started so quietly, so many years ago. A simple and small hole being dug accidentally using the wide, long tool of intellect, the sharp, edgy tool of speech, and the small, water-like tool of charm. Over many years the hole has been filled and dug many times over...simple problems, bad choices, awful consequences. Now I stand at the bottom of the well, looking up at the slick, brown walls with nothing but sorrow. My hands are dirty with the pain caused, body cut by all the insults and back stabs. I look towards myself and find nothing but the empty dark of my heritage...of my birth...of my life. Like all things, the walls shall fall, and I notice them start to crumble around me...the cracks grow as the seconds slip by. More mistakes are made, many non-intentional, but all as disastrous as those that came before.

I feel the earth begin to swallow me whole and I weep...for all the people I have hurt...for the lies I caused...and most of all, for the lies I am. I should struggle to free myself, but I know that I too am a creature of habit and I do not wish to harm again. It's time to return to that which I was born for...it's time to seek the emptiness I am. My last words are sorrowful ones... I am truly sorry to those whom I may have hurt over these years, many I have and do care for; you were my

lifeline for a time but I was not created for the reasons we believed... If only someone knew why I was created, if someone lived that I could talk with, someone to give me guidance...but for now I can simply say I was wrong, I am sorry, and may the gods have mercy on whatever still exists inside of me...

Nathan Palmer
Grade 12



Ice Cream, a Means to World Peace

Ice Cream is perfect; it favors not one over the other.

Ice Cream loves all.

All who really love, love Ice Cream.

Equality is its task.

The cookies blend harmoniously with the cream.

Dutch Chocolate and French Vanilla never quarrel.

When presented with foreign elements such as fruit or candy, it does not banish them, but instead, welcomes them and joins in sweet jubilation to create a panacea.

That's right. There is not a problem that Ice Cream cannot solve, a frown it cannot flip, or a relationship it cannot mend.

Ice Cream of all races come together to make the perfect Sundae, and the rest of the week for that matter. So, when you hear people asking for world peace, they really just want Ice Cream.

Brad Dufresne

Grade 12

Betrayal

**The way you looked at me
Like everything was all right
Like life was really going to go on
You lied
Your eyes
They lied
The way you put your fingers through my hair
Like everything was perfect
Like you would never hurt me
You lied
Your hands
They lied
The way you smelled
Like everything was amazing
Like you were innocent
You lied
Your smell
It lied
Why you ask, do I love you so dear?
Even though everything about you is a lie
Well, you see, I have no choice,
But to love myself...**

**Sarah Mamis
Grade 11**

The Bag Lady

I sit outside on the front steps as the car pulls up. A car the color of paper that has yellowed with age, with wheels that creak and squeak, voicing their exhaustion caused from carrying the bags. Light bags, big bags, heavy bags, thick bags. Bags and bags filled with old, musty clothes, pieces of broken furniture, and papers whose writing has smeared and faded. Piles of bags that have never found their way into the back of a garbage truck. Bags that greedily eat up the sunlight before it has the chance to pass through the windows, and that hide the old woman in the driver's seat, making me think that they are driving all on their own. But I know she is there, and I go to say hello.

Stop! Stop right there, she says in that shrill gray voice that always manages to send chills up and down my spine. She turns to the seat beside her and digs out one of the tied up newspapers. I got a good arm you know, and she leans out the window and tosses the paper to me.

And like always, she starts to talk. And talk, and talk. As I listen, I look at the sparse gray hairs that escape from under the frayed, knit hat. Gray like her eyes that life has stolen the spark from. Gray like the heavy ten-year-old sneakers that are too big on cold and uncomfortable feet. I stand there listening, watching the worn old woman in her floral patterned shirt and green sweatpants that don't quite make it down to her mismatched orange and pink socks. I listen as her talk changes to the subject of her daughter, and suddenly her eyes and voice and hair are not so gray, and she sits a little straighter amid the bags. She's going to be somebody someday she says. I listen to her talk, the conversation as erratic and unpredictable as a fly buzzing back and forth through an enclosed room.

All the while I am wondering. When she was young and could be anything, anything in the world, did she picture herself as the bag lady? I imagine those eyes at one point must have

been as bright and shiny as a brand new spoon, only to turn a dull gray in time.

She grows silent and stares down at her hands, permanently stained the color of newsprint. She stares and stares as if willing them to return to a time when they were not so cold and stiff and wrinkled. She detaches her gaze from her hands to the pile of newspapers growing more and more impatient beside her. Newspapers that have always been beside her.

She gets on her way again, her car starting with a groan and a cough. And through the back window all I can see are the bags driving away, and all I can hear are the wheels squeaking, squeaking, squeaking...

Carolyn Arcabascio

Grade 10

Mute

These words you say
 They make them laugh
They give you power
 They reassure your security
They make no sense to you
 They make you feel big
They make you happy
 These words you say.

These words you say
 They make them cry
They make me weak
 They make me uneasy
They hurt me to the fullest
 They make me feel small
They make me sad
 These words you say.

These words you say
 They make me realize
They make me realize
 That some things aren't funny
In these words you say.

These words you say
 They show me in the end
They show me in the end
 That everyone is equal
In these words you say.

These words you say
 They help me to be
They help me to be
 More comfortable in my ways

In these words you say.

These words you say
They bring much clarity
So I can find my way
In these words you say.

These words you say
They size our hearts
They size our hearts
And not our minds
In these words you say

These words you say
They make me feel
They make me feel
Like I've never felt before
In these words you say.

Through harshness we learn
Through pain we experience
Sometimes it's the best
Others beg to differ

Just realize
In these words you say
Something good may arise
So don't let your thoughts go
Unsaid, because if it weren't for
The gift of speech, God surely
Would have made us all mute.

Bobby Ringuette
Grade 10

The Store

As far as I can remember, there has always been "the store".

I remember second grade, walking home after school with my friends in the wake of a nor'easter. Laughing and running in the streets, we breathlessly climbed the steep snow banks and covered our faces from the sharp blast of wind-carried snow as we breached the peak. The harshness of winter could hardly dampen the enthusiasm of little kids. In the distance, I could see the store disappearing and reappearing from view, approaching ever closer, as we conquered each snow bank. I could almost make out a face, standing at the doorway, arms clasped around her chest, waiting patiently.

The store sat neatly at the corner of the street on the first floor of a larger apartment complex. It was a small structure with large windows to offer a view inside. Through the windows I could make out the Asian groceries, cans of hoisin sauce, jars of hot chili peppers, and bottles of soy sauce neatly arranged and stacked on the shelves. The vegetables and fruits lay on the table beneath the window offering a glimpse of their glorious ripeness and fresh greenery to passersby, a sharp contrast to the sterile whiteness of the snow outside.

As I arrived at the doorway, my mother, who had been overseeing my progress through the snow,

returned to her work, picking through the withered green mints and sweet basils which were not sold last week. The dry cracked skin on her calloused hands reflected the harshness of this work. Without pausing from her work, she pointed me to the hot cup of cocoa she had prepared to defrost my cold cheeks and red nose. Even before I had finished the cocoa, she had already reminded me to change out of the coat and to begin my schoolwork promptly.

The store was the dream into which my parents poured all their hopes and energy. After arriving in America with nothing but bare hands and a dream, they worked nights and weekends to save money. With a small bank loan, an opportunity offered by the capitalism of the United States which never existed in the communism of Vietnam, they built the store. My mother left her job as a tutor teaching English to Vietnamese immigrants at the local schools to work at the store every day. My father, who worked as a test engineer at computer manufacturer, woke up before the break of dawn several times a week to drive to Boston and pick up produce for the store. It was a labor of love that consumed all their love, energy and passion.

Vinh Dang
Grade 12

Strain of Thought

When there are too many things on your mind, what are you supposed to think about?

When everything worries you, what should you do?

When you don't know what is right, where do you look?

I wish I had these answers.

I don't know how to get them, but I know where not to look – in other people. Not all people, just the ones that give you too many things to think about. They can be the worst. They will misunderstand you more than anything else.

When questions confront you and your head is wrecked from the battles with your heart, you should concentrate on what makes you happy, but that would involve thinking.

Ideas can be brutal too. They give you hope, which we all know is a segue to heartbreak.

I'm not upset, mad or broken hearted. I'm just straining to think of something that will make me unconditionally happy. I know that's a lot to ask, but I think I should be able to indulge in some emotional gluttony for once.

Everything seems tainted by one controversy or another. I could deal with them; I just don't feel like it. So let's get down to what could destroy me.

Let's talk about relationships...this should be fun.

The best part is when you're both drunk on transient happiness and you're playing night captain and she's the stargazer.

The sad part is when you get to the point where you realize that maybe you don't know everything about each other. It's a shame to think that the one time you let out the man in the mirror, she wasn't there to see it. And now you (I) feel like calling, just to wake her up and ramble on about how every word you want to say needs to be right, but no words could ever express how you feel-- Sweet? Yes, but painfully true.

So now you're at the point where you feel nothing is good enough for her and you've slipped into momentary heartbreak. So what makes you happy now?

Memories of what you briefly had that night you played star pirates in each other's eyes. They might be gone now, but those moments are somewhere deep inside of you. Now you need to understand that seasons change and so do you but holding on to those ideas you had might be the only thing that will make you unconditionally happy and let you "say goodbye".

Nicholas Valcourt
Grade 11



The Fading Silence

The silence slowly begins growing,
And I push on only knowing,
That when the future does come,
You'll be there waiting for me.

So good my life does become,
So it feels my mind is set free,
I can go so far with you,
For I know our love is true.

Your smell, your eyes, your sudden smiling,
All begin to leave me wanting,
In this moment we have forever,
Staying here together.

So in my arms you sleep and lie,
Till the brand new light of day,
In my heart you shall remain,
Forever never feeling pain.

Josh Olson
Grade 11

Shortly after the dedication of a small stone memorial near the track of Bates College, Rachel Goodrich knelt before the stone named after her deceased husband and reflected. Amidst the track meet ensuing around her, she reached for the flowers placed earlier that day and carried them with her as she stood and walked away. As I stood with several of her husband's closest college friends, we watched her leave in sorrow this stone without a grave.

Her husband was a profound influence on me as a Bates student and track athlete. I met him personally only a handful of times, but his mythic accomplishments and his legendary warmth left a lasting impact. A five-time track All-American who wore a smile like most people wear their favorite t-shirt, Peter Morgan Goodrich established a standard not just for track athletes but for people everywhere.

To Rachel

Widow,

You kneel beside a stone that has no grave;
You mourn beside a Nation wrought with tears;
You sleep alone each restless night,
And dream along unbridled fears.
And yet you hold your head up high
To garner strength within,
Unaware that we see your pain:

“Peter Morgan Goodrich
October 1, 1967 – September 11, 2001
May the sun shine
forever upon your face.”

The flowers by his resting place you take –
And Sorrow blooms.

Mr. Joseph Welch
English Teacher

THE FORSAKEN

THE CLOCK THROBS OUT MY ENEMIES' LAST MINUTES OF LIBERTY. ROBBY'S EYES FLASH WITH SAVAGE IMPATIENCE, AS THE BIG HAND SWEEPS PAST ITS LITTLE COUNTERPART, THE TWO HURLING INEXORABLY UNTO THE MOMENT OF RECKONING. I RISE AND MARCH TOWARD THE PLAYGROUND, TOWARD RETRIBUTION.

"OUR FOES, A BAND OF HONORLESS ROGUES, ARE SWIFT AND DEFT." SIX PAIRS OF HARD, SHINING EYES PROBE MY FACE, INTELLIGENT YET TRUSTING. BECKY TIGHTENS HER PINK SHOELACES AND CLENCHES HER JAW. SOMETHING IN HER FOUR-FOOT FRAME BELIES A LUST FOR BLOOD.

"THEY WILL NOT BE EASILY DEFEATED. WE MUST PRESS OUR ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE—UNITY. THEY HAVE MUSCLE AND SKILL, BUT THEY FIGHT AS INDIVIDUALS. IF WE COMBINE OUR SPEED AND FURY AND BECOME ONE, A SINGLE ANIMAL OF HATE AND POWER, WE SHALL EMERGE TRIUMPHANT, FOREVER THE SCOURGE OF GOLDENBROOK ELEMENTARY." TO MY LEFT, MY MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANT, BILLY, BEGINS TO SWEAT. AS BEADS OF LIQUID AMBITION AND SADISM TRICKLE DOWN HIS BROW, I WONDER IF MY SENTINELS WILL MAINTAIN THEIR DISCIPLINE. IT IS HARD, TO LEAD.

SCREAMS. A ROAR. THE RED AND DUSTY CRUSH OF BATTLE. WE HAVE LOST MILTON, TO THE SURPRISE OF NONE. HIS SQUEALS OF ANGUISH WERE LIKE HIS FIGHTING STANCE, EVEN HIS SPIRIT: WEAK AND LOATHSOME. WE HAVE GAINED CHRISTOPHER, EIGHTY POUNDS OF RAGE AND RESILIENCE. THOUGH I VALUE HIS STRENGTH, I DO NOT TRUST HIM.

"RED ROVER, RED ROVER, SEND KRISTEN RIGHT OVER!" KRISTEN! THOSE CHURLS! HER VISELIKE GRIP AND LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY ARE OUR GREATEST ASSETS. BUT SHE IS LIGHT, AND SHE IS SLOW. AND DOOMED.

WHAT IS IT TO BE MARTYRED? I PONDER AS I STAND. MY RIGHT ARM DANGLES LIMPLY, POWERFUL YET USELESS AS HALF A CANNON. MY LEFT ARM GRIPS THAT OF BILLY, AND, STRAINED, WE EXCHANGE A TIRED WARRIOR'S GLANCE. ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD, THE INEVITABLE CHANT RISES LIKE A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.

"RED ROVER." TRAITORS. "RED ROVER." COWARDS. "SEND BILLY RIGHT OVER." BILLY'S EYES DO NOT RISE TO MEET MINE AS HE BREAKS AWAY AND BEGINS TO RUN, HOPELESSLY, LIKE AN EXHAUSTED GLADIATOR FROM STARVING LIONS. AS HE COLLAPSES AGAINST THE WALL OF TREACHEROUS FLESH, I SQUINT INTO THE SUN. IT IS FINISHED.

EMILY TREDEAU
GRADE 12

Scars

Scars
Unsightly

I have Scars
Scars that cross my ivory skin
Scars that plague my weary mind
Large scars, small scars, mental scars, physical scars
Scars that are a part of me
Scars that never fade

Scars
Indication

A symbol of my struggles
A mark of weakness once possessed
But my wounds have healed
I have mended
All that remain are Scars
And I hope the Scars never fade
For if the scars depart
I will forget what I've overcome

Scars
Beautiful

Elisabeth Lohmueller
Grade 10

I

I –

I –

what the hell does that mean anyway?
what does that mean?

Façade. Eccentricity. Histrionics.
lies.

Always on guard. Always composed.

(—or am I?)

Words tumble as I project my
(self)

opinion to you.

Sometimes eloquent.

Sometimes verbose.

Sometimes concise.

Sometimes nonsense.

Sometimes insightful.

always fake.

a glance here. a gesture there.

what is honest? what is me?

What is merely propaganda.

(—even now, as I write this poem—what am I
doing other than informing your opinion of
me?

—do I know this?)

lies.

are my opinions uninformed?
are they ever even mine?
do I say
act
do what I truly feel?

—is there a pure
true
real me?

—or am I
(—there it is again)
a product of society, culture, and your—
(yes, *your*)
opinion?
do I see “I” through your eyes?

Curtain up. End of (dis)honesty.

There’s what I am, and who I’m trying to be.
the trouble is that i can no longer tell the difference

Brendan J. Molloy
Grade 11

Someone

Why compare someone to a late-evening sunset over the horizon of the clear blue ocean?

Why compare someone to a newly-sprung red rose during the early, dew-filled morning in the garden of life?

Why compare someone to the endless clusters of bright, life-giving stars in the never-ending universe?

Why compare when my someone eclipses the awe of all these incredibly magnificent things.

My someone has eyes of immeasurable beauty.

Not even Heaven itself can compare to the feeling I receive when I gaze into my someone's eyes.

My someone brings me to a world where nothing else matters.

When she smiles, I transgress to such a level of happiness that it's almost ecstasy.

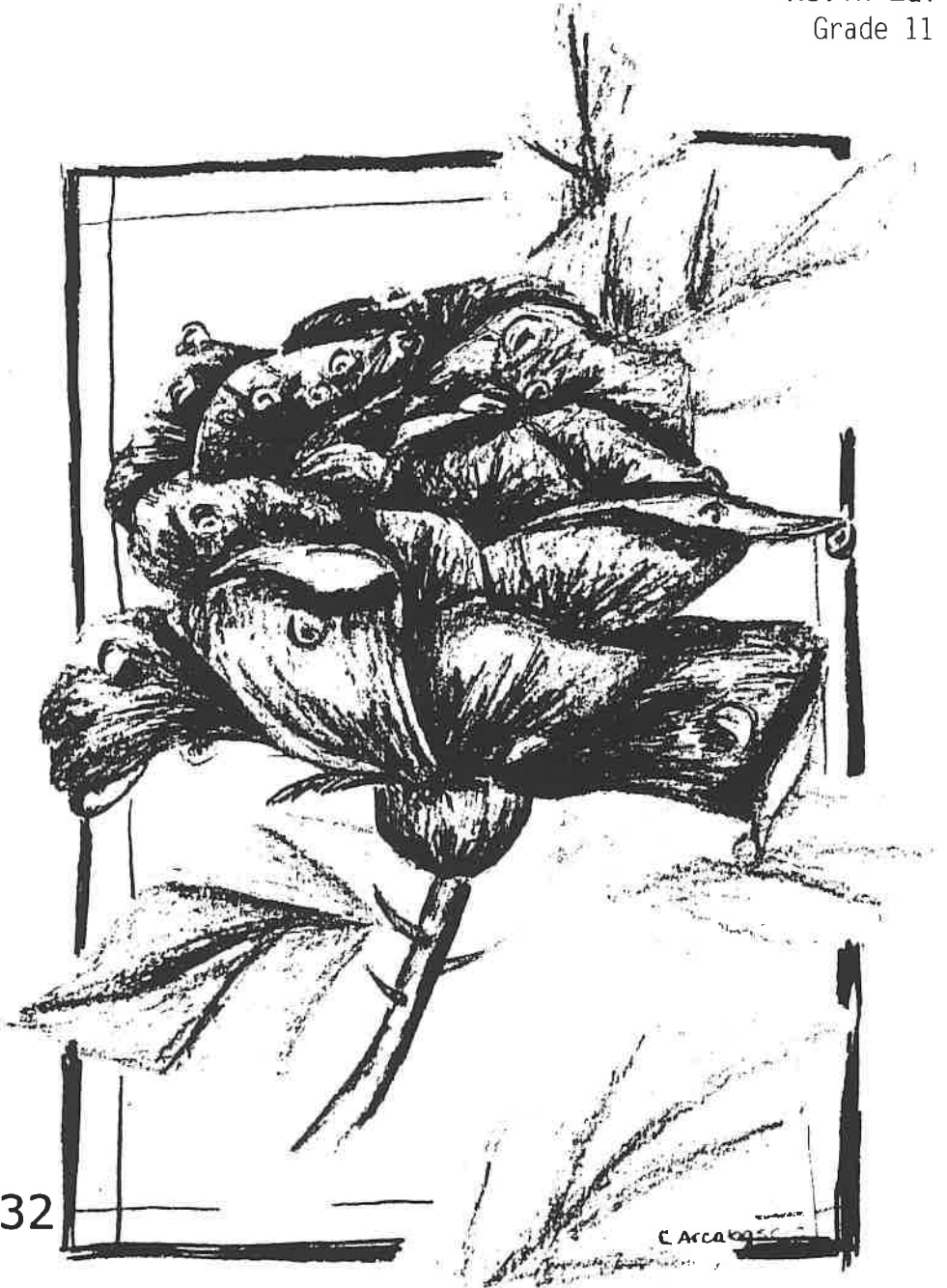
When I'm with her, I don't want to be anywhere else.

I stay up late at night pondering the next time I'll see her again.

I wake up every morning wishing she were in my arms.

When someone gives you this level of fulfillment, there is no question in my heart that she is someone special.

Kevin Lai
Grade 11



My Sorrow

My life was going good and we were friends
We started off as barely friends but as time passed it
grew
Pretty soon you called every night and I helped you
through every problem
I was there for you with all the get togethers and
through all break-ups
Even through your most tragic family incidents
It took me so many years to ask
All the time keeping my jealousy in check so you were
happy
I tried so hard to hide the way I felt for you
But I wasn't very good because everyone knew but
you
After so many years of being by your side I finally
asked
I finally asked you out as your boyfriend and you were so
happy
When I asked your face lit up as bright as the sun
Things were going great we were so happy
But as time passed you were pulling yourself away
from me
I couldn't tell why you were pulling away
You were hiding something from me all the time and
never said anything
Every time I approached you about it you got sad or
began to cry so I left it alone
That day came so unexpectedly
You weren't in school so I call your house to find you
Your mom picked up and could barely talk she said to
come over

I never moved so fast in my life as I did that day
When I walked in your parents' faces said it all
We went to see you at the hospital they said not much
longer
When I saw you my heart sank to my feet my eyes
watered it was true
You were leaving me
I held your hand tight and said don't leave
With the last of your strength you squeezed my hand
back and said...
I love you
Then with that you left me alone
As the tears rolled off my cheeks it hit me
I wouldn't see you again ever
I stood up and ran outside looked into the sky
I looked right into heaven and said take care of her
Then I screamed as loud as I could...
I love you too

Nate Therrian
Grade 11

Inside of You

*With the power to bridge all of those gaps,
And with that power you choose for time to elapse
And with a large sum of money just within your grasp --
All of these things are inside of you.*

*With your football cards, your bets and your themes,
And your fragmented tortures, and your hopes, and your
dreams--*

*But will i be the one you include in your schemes --
All of these things are inside of you.*

*And all of the ones that you left behind
(Time passes away with no memories to find)
But no one ever thought you'd be of that kind
And some of those scenes you just wish you could rewind;
All of these things are inside of you.*

*With your mind so intense, and your hair being sparse,
And your red cedar fence, and some things are such a farce
And your strong right arm, and your fate far from harm --
All of these things are inside of you.*

*With your mothers operations, and your sister's pain;
And your many aggravations, and your mood changing ways,
And your Ginsberg lines, and your Kerouac phrase --
All of these things are inside of you.*

*And your manners quite smooth, you know who you are.
And your plans for the future are more near than far,
And you know yourself, you shine bright like a star
Yes all of these things are inside of you.*

*Maxann Aldrich
Grade 11*

Truth

Dreams may die
And love may stray,
But the truth remains
With each passing day.

We are infinitely small;
Nothings, which claim to exist
On a cosmic speck of dust
In a revolving, floating disk.

We know our actions mean nothing,
But we always become immersed
In our own hopes and longings;
We refuse to leave our personal, pocket
universe.

Anthony Iannazzi

Grade 12

Is a Wasted Motion

Oh, it is cold, I thought to myself, but I am comfortably chilly. Rubbing my hands together briskly seems a vain motion, as my hands will grow cold again anyway. They are small and shapely, rough from inattention, sore from too many small plastic squares to be pushed in an eight-hour period. Carpal tunnel, on those wrists, maybe.

Man who just got off on Canal Street left behind his magazine, no use for it in his frantically essential day, I'm quite sure. Pick it up and see that it's one I've already paged through, side after side hurriedly browsed, because seeing all felt more important than reading some. But oh! How careless I was, forgot the cartoons, black and white and almost snobbishly obscure on just enough pages to lure to the register for the cartoons but too few to justify the \$2.99.

A roundish figure is standing in a grocery line. Bubbles up to his head reveal his plainly amusing thought, *Is written on jars of mustard to keep them fresh is written on jars of mustard to keep them fresh*. Not meriting further consideration, I turn the page, disappointed to see only columns of font where I had expected drawings.

Despite my better logic concerning wasted motion, I instinctively rub my hands together, desiring on some base level the few moments of friction. The hospital is a long two stops away, and even there I will be cold. Cold surrounded by sterile. Fingers on a keyboard, pushing letters for eight hours, except for coffee breaks that punctuate but don't deliver from the routine.

And the patients. How frustrated they become when it doesn't work out on the computer! Insurance numbers, social security numbers, phone numbers, prescription numbers, all come together to make the longest number of all: eight. Eight long hours, and then half of one on

the 4 train to work and half of one on the 4 train home. Two people sitting next to me, intruding upon my personal space, inevitably contaminating me with their germs.

The thought makes me want to wash my hands right now, to get off at the next stop and find a public restroom with a sink and lots of antibacterial soap, and a touchless dryer so I don't pick anything up on my way out. I wonder how many people are washing their hands right now, only to touch that dryer button on their way out, sabotaging their own efforts against germs. Let's see, I wash my hands an average of eight times a day, and if there are seven and a half million people in this city...no, let's make it eight million, a rounder number to calculate...well, eight times eight fell on the floor, picked it up and it was... contaminated! It doesn't matter how many people are washing their hands right now, because they destroy any opportunity for cleanliness, however brief, with all the needless touching.

Tempted to get off and find a public restroom, but it won't make me feel better the moment I leave it. And it would throw my schedule off anyway, because it takes me exactly six minutes to walk to work and seven to walk back, because more people leave at the same time as I do than come in at the same time, so there's a greater flow of traffic. And I have five minutes left on this ride, and I want to be sure that I reboard this 4 train in exactly 498 minutes. It will certainly frustrate me if I have to stay later to make up for a hand-washing stop.

Four minutes and it's my stop. Slipping through the rubber-lined doors, rubber-lined as if that would protect you if you got caught while they closed. I will return here in precisely 493 minutes.

Kathleen Barrett
Grade 11

La Fille Revolutionnaire

Dedicated to the class of 2002

I sit inside my youth and
Watch the universe work.
There are holes,
Things missing,
I suffer the blows of mistakes.
The half-baked ideas of those who claim to be righteous
Dwell, loathing, in the back of my mind.
Injustice creeps into my gut and stews like an Atlantic storm
And the hate stings my eyes.

So this is it.
Let me loose.
I have seen what needs to be done.
I can stand on a cliff
And see the future history of the world before me.
As it once was in the past,
It shall be again.
I will make sure of that.
I have in my hands the catalyst for change
And I have the power to use it.
I want the world to wake up tomorrow and smile
Because everything's getting better.
Don't tell me about impossibility.
I know it well, and thwart it anyway.
It's my turn.
I have broken my shell
For the revolution of the world.

Danae K. Fegan

Grade 12

The Jambalaya Monologue

Three girls ignorantly giggled from behind the counter, thinking that no one noticed their condescension. As they served food to a quite diverse group of women and children, the girls knew they were better. Prettier. Skinnier. Richer. They had so much more going for them than these needy women and their somewhat dirty children. It was blatantly obvious; they made sure of it. Each week the girls came to help at the same shelter where battered and abandoned women lived with their children until they could make it on their own again. Each week they came, served dinner, played with the children and left. Unaffected. Each week they stood behind that same serving counter, making feeble attempts to hide their disdain and annoyance at having to complete their 'community service requirement.'

It became routine for the girls and nothing more. Sunday- another three hours with the unfortunate. Monday- back to school, friends, and gossip (the fun things in life). So for six days a week these three girls lived lives completely devoted to themselves. They had no adult obligations or responsibilities to meet. But by no means were their lives empty. They had problems. Being a high school senior was definitely not easy for them. They had other types of obligations: social events, which just had to be appeared at, gossip that had to be shared, superficial boyfriends to please.

At least they were happy!

Well, most of the time anyway. Depression could be brought on easily. Sometimes Daddy couldn't understand paying \$110 for a pair of jeans. And boys could be so harsh, saying mean things and what not. Rumors were always going around- and everyone knows those can be a killer for a picture perfect reputation. Honestly, it is pretty awful to be a size four, when everyone else you know is a size two. Diets are necessary and hunger does have a tendency to bring serotonin levels way down. Life is hard when you are eighteen.

So after dealing with such hardship all week long, these three girls are actually 'generous' enough to give up three hours of their precious time to help the less fortunate, who could not come close to comprehending the severity of the girls' worries and fears. They were clearly not the same. And

despite the girls' patronizing, the women were friendly and appreciative. Sure, some were rough on the edges, carrying the scent of cigarettes and sour baby formula everywhere they went, but deep down there was an inner sense of calm.

As a young mother of two approaches the counter to get food for her and her children, she unknowingly sighs. And, without thinking, she exclaims, "I am SO happy! I never want to leave this place." Then, slightly ashamed of her outburst, she hurriedly waddles back to her seat, her third child on the way. One of the three girls looks up from the pot of jambalaya and glimpses the harsh reality of the women for the very first time.

Life was hard for them also, but as each looked around, she found herself standing in a room of women who could empathize, and a group of elderly volunteers who had such a goodness in their hearts that they came every day to give help because maybe they, too, were once in a similar situation. Even a group of young girls, in the prime of their life, offered a helping hand. The world cannot possibly be all that bad. Life cannot possibly be that hard.

Erin Morin

Grade 12

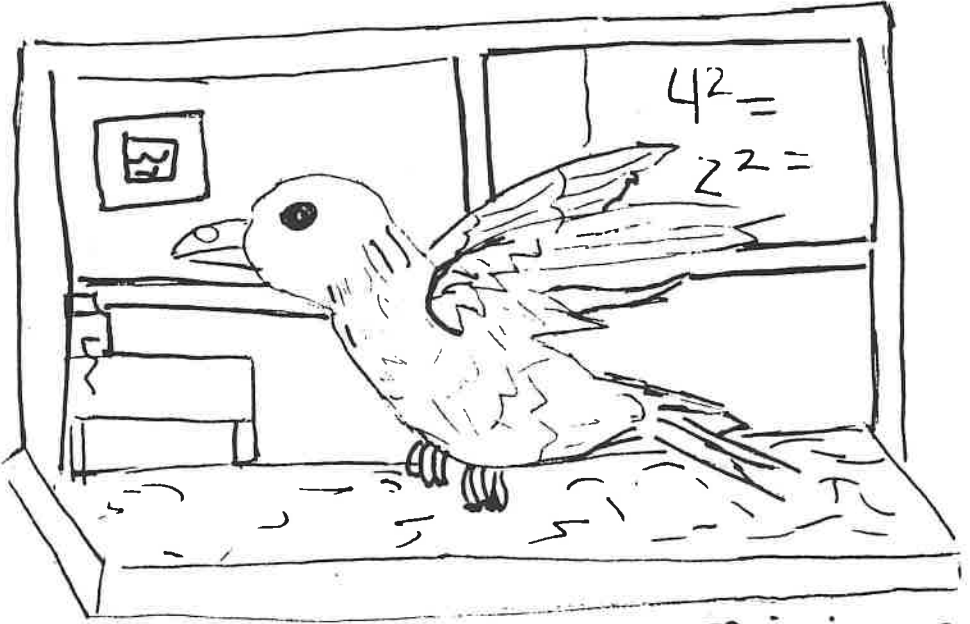
So Great

I thought you were so great,
All that mattered in the end was your love for me,
But the love fell like the last leaf on an autumn branch,
Succumbing to the heart-numbing cold of winter,
Your place within me was filled with empty space
A vacuum incapable of anything,
But nothing.
They say with time comes forgiveness, forgetfulness
But who can forget tears and pain,
Emotions hammered into me like a nail in my heart.

You think you're so great,
A new girl every week
I could never understand your motivations
The flame that burned me has been extinguished,
To your games I am immune
Your disease no longer ails me
In your place stands something more powerful,
Unconquerable.

You're not so great.
Mistakes you have made will haunt you
as long as the waves crash upon that sandy shore,
as long as the movies keep on playing.
Eventually the tide will go out and the reel will wear too thin.
Memories that would last forever will begin to fade.
But every night when I rest my eyes
And every morning when a new day breaks
I will not have seen you in my dreams
No, I will see me.
Because I am so great.

Susan Mead
Grade 11



Alanna Shiverge

Simple Signs

Many times in my life I have overlooked the simple signs that God gives me. I am always trying to think of an answer instead of trusting in God. I may not understand the works of God and I sometimes question the things he does, but I know if I trust in God things will be ok.

During the day I was confused, hurt, and mad. Why would God take such a great man? Why would he make all these people suffer? These thoughts filled my head the whole day. God made plans and I wasn't ready for them but I began to accept them even though I will never understand why.

In my last class I received one of these simple signs I had always overlooked. I was looking out of the window asking myself, "Where are you Mr. Lacroix?" and just then a bird landed on a ledge. It looked at me, glanced over the school and flew away. In my heart that was Mr. Lacroix, telling me that he was still here, inside all of us and that he will always be with us.

The impression that he left on us will help Central to grow as a family and as individuals.

Jarrold Curtis
Grade 10

Our Editorial Staff

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☺☺ *Super Special Thank You Page!!!* ☺☺

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