

Verbatim

adjective | ver·ba·tim | 축 어적으로 | literalmente | 逐字 | doslovně | 逐語的 | từng tiếng một
: being in or following the exact words : WORD-FOR-WORD
// a *verbatim* report of life at Cardigan

Monday
April 22nd • Earth Day
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AUGERE VIRTUTEM-DIRIGERE MENTEM

62 Alumni Drive, Canaan, NH

“Overcoming the Exhaustion”- A Runner’s High



Ms. DeLallo standing beside the Cardigan Cougar

Photo | Verbatim

Tony He '19
Editor-In-Chief

Last Friday, Ms. DeLallo, Spanish teacher, coach, and dorm parent ran 100 kilometers (62 miles) in the Zion Ultra race. 62 miles is approximately 12 times the distance of the lake run that all students run in the fall. Today, we learned more about what running means to her.

What got you started in running?

My original motivation to run came from wanting to play at a varsity level, and wanting to start as a freshman for Field Hockey. My coach had given me a training plan and told me that I needed to run at least 3-4 miles every day. Initially, I hated that but I was so adamant about wanting to start that I gave in.

The reason why I seriously got into running in my later years of high school and college was for all the wrong reasons. In many instances, I used it more as a coping mechanism.

“I was running to get away from actual problems instead of trying to solve them.”

I told myself that I could just go for a run instead because I feel really good after a run. I would put things on a shelf and say: “let’s deal with it later.”

I soon realized that when there was a lot of pressure on me to perform the way they expected me to, that I would crack under that pressure. I then moved to Italy. Some really awful things happened to me while I was in Italy. I was emotionally and mentally damaged. However, there were many opportunities to run and I grew more accustomed to the idea of longer distances.

“I would spend about four to three hours on trails and I felt elation in my life like never before.”

When we moved back to Vermont I started running on trails again. And yet again I found this absolute joy when I was spending long hours or long days out in the mountains. I started mountain running up Mount Mansfield. It’s about six and a half miles up to the summit and I would run all the way up to the summit, run down the other side and then run back up, and then run back down again.

What is the feeling of running like for you?

They talk about a *runner’s high*, which is when your body releases endorphins when you run. For a lot of people who are just getting into running, it’s hard to get over the hump of “Okay I’m running, this is painful” but for me when I’m out on the trails, I always feel connected to my surroundings.

Right now, we are so inundated with our technology and there is this need for instant gratification. Everyone is on Instagram and I am constantly connected to my phone or my email

“but when I’m out there, I’m completely disconnected. It’s an amazing opportunity to escape from my hectic and busy life,”

not only that, it relieves me of my stress and anxiety. I can just be out there alone and it’s such a mental game because when you’re out there alone running for five hours, it’s just me versus the trail and I love it.

As we enter the final days of the school year, what is it like for you in the home stretch of your runs?

There is a thing they call *a wall* that many runners can encounter, and I heard that for first time marathon runners, when they hit mile 20 they hit this wall, and it’s both physical and mental. It’s like “Oh my god, my body cannot take this anymore.”

Physically, I become exhausted because it’s inevitable if you’re out there running for that long in the mountains with that much elevation gain and loss. Your body will start getting tired but my mentality is that

“Okay, if I go to one more summit, I’m going to get another amazing view”

so I’m constantly pushing myself when I’m out there.

What has been your craziest running story?

In Yosemite, I encountered a bear. I got up the trail and I just stopped because there was this massive black bear in the middle of the trail. In a moment of sheer panic, I started yelling “Fireworks” by Katy Perry, I just started shouting it and the bear ran off. I guess bears don’t like Katy Perry?

"The Bad Student"

An Interview with Mr. Perricone

You've told me you were a bad student in school. Tell me about it?

Many assume that you become a teacher because you really loved school growing up. Some do, I guess. Truth is, I hated it. It was a daily gauntlet. I dreaded going in from 3rd grade all the way to 12th grade.

Wow, that's pretty intense. What made it so unpleasant for you?

School felt like a series of events that always ended with me getting in trouble. Being both smart and immeasurably lazy meant I didn't put effort into schoolwork, homework doubly so. I was a latchkey kid - after school, my brother and I came home to an empty house. So, there was neither accountability nor any help in completing homework.

The biggest problem was that I was verbally and physically aggressive with other students. I would put myself at odds with almost everyone, due to a major chip on my shoulder, a general sense of mistrust and the conviction that people were "against" me, including many teachers. I would not describe my teenage self as a "nice kid."

Was there anything about school that stood out positively?

There are three teachers I remember fondly; my 7th grade history teacher, my 12th grade English teacher, and my middle school French teacher, Madame Raney. They were educators in the truest sense, and would let me be myself (I signed every paper in French class as "Le Batman" for two years without consequence.) They could handle both my oppositional and antisocial tendencies. I'm still in contact with Mme. Raney, actually. She's the best.

Now you work and live at a school. How did that come about?

The irony isn't lost on me. In my last year of high school, I had decided that I wanted to become a French teacher, because A) I wanted to help kids have a better experience than I did and B) because French is le cool.

So, it changed in that senior year?

Nope. I almost didn't graduate, in fact. I just barely made it, and got into a local college. After a couple of years of changing majors and flunking classes, I dropped out. You see, I was *still* a terrible student. I didn't have any of the skills needed to do well, and I still didn't really *care* about any of it. I became friends with people who were great at making bad decisions, and bounced from entry-level job to entry-level job. It was a dark time. Then Mrs. Perricone came into the picture, and there was a sea change within me. I realized that in order to keep her in my life, I needed to do something more meaningful. I went back to college. Eight years after I scraped my way out of high school, I graduated from university, with honors. I finally cared.

How do you feel about school now?

Being at peace with yourself, and the world, gives you a clear mind. I see a side of the whole

process that I could never even conceive as a disenfranchised teen. I sometimes see shades of my younger self in some students, over these past 8 years on the point. These are the boys who need someone on their side, and they've got one, whether they see it or not.

Sometimes I wonder about what would have been had I gone to a school like this. I think my general outlook would have been substantially different. There are simply way too many people that care, here, to get away with being a total bonehead.

Any closing thoughts?

It's funny that I always saw grade school as a waste of time, though in retrospect I can see why. I made it a waste of time. In the end, school is only what one makes of it.



Mr. Perricone with Weston, last spring

Photo | Verbatim

Gianluca Audia '19
Associate Editor

Ice, Ice Baby! – CMS' History of Polar Bear

Polar Bear is one of **Cardigan's most historic and prestigious traditions.** It entails waking up early every day and jumping into the freezing cold lake water for a month, only resting on Sundays. For the persevering students and faculty who do Polar Bear 6 days a week for a month or so, there is a Polar Bear Tie or Bracelet waiting for them at the end. **These prizes may seem trivial; however, they are a sign of accomplishment and perseverance, but more importantly, also a symbol for a much greater effort.** This week the Verbatim team emailed a survey and interviewed Mr. Gray and Ms. Fedele on their experiences with Polar Bear. We sent a survey sent out to students to see if they would like to do it. We found, that out of 122 responses that 52 people would like to try it for the first time and that about 16 people would be doing it again.

Advice for new Polar Bears:

The lack of sleep, the cold temperatures of the lake and wind, and the early wake up time of Polar Bear makes it a rewarding challenge, here are some pieces of advice that we have received.

Mr. Gray: **Wear an outfit.** When you get up to go to Polar Bear it will be cold out, so you will want to bring sweatpants and a sweatshirt. Make sure you bring those down to the lake with you because **when you get out of the water you will be extremely cold.** To ensure you won't forget, try to lay out your clothes or have a general idea of what you are wearing the night before.

Ms. Fedele: Once you go to the locker room to change, don't just leave your bathing suit in the locker, instead **put it through the loop this way you get a clean bathing suit the next day and not one that is wet.**

The Polar Bear Experience

Mr. Gray: Polar Bear is like a subgroup at Cardigan, so there is a lot of camaraderie between the boys who do it. Also, it is not just a month-long experience. I always see alums who come back with their Polar Bear Ties. Then the current boys who have done it feel a connection to someone to could be 20 years older. It is something that would never be found elsewhere. That is possibly the best part about it.

One thing to note is that if you do Polar Bear then you can always hang it over Mr. Nevins's head because he has yet to do it. **Thank you all for reading and we hope that you, too, will become part of the Polar Bear family!**



Polar Bear 2018

Photo | Smugmug