



# VISIONS

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE  
CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL  
VOLUME XIX - SPRING 2019

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# 20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION DEDICATION

The 2019 Visions Staff would like to dedicate the twentieth edition of our magazine to Mr. Felix Nuñez, Mr. Rafael Henriquez, Mr. Daniel Trinidad, and Mr. Julio Cruz. You have gone above and beyond the call of duty to help set and break down all of our events this year. Thank you so much for supporting our students' talents and for making our events possible. We really could not do it without you!

El personal de Visions de 2019 le gustaría dedicar la duodécima edición de nuestra revista a Sr Felix Nuñez, Sr Rafael Henriquez, Sr Daniel Trinidad, y Sr Julio Cruz. Ustedes han ido más allá de la llamada del deber para ayudar a establecer y descomponer todos nuestros eventos este año. Muchísimas gracias por apoyar los talentos de nuestros alumnos y por hacer que nuestros eventos sean posibles. ¡No podríamos hacerlo sin ustedes!

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## SPECIAL THANKS

### **The 2019 Visions Staff would like to thank...**

- Our technical director Mr. Andrew Joyal for spending countless hours assembling, testing, and managing our sound and lighting rig to make sure that our performers looked and sounded like stars.
  - Mrs. Alyssa Gowing, Mrs. Jess LaBrie, Mr. Jimmy O'Neill, Mr. Matt Sansoucie, and Mrs. Christine Thompson for their help with serving food and drink.
  - Mrs. Jenn Chatigny and Mrs. Lauren Roeser of the Fine & Performing Arts Department for the guidance, instruction, and support that they have provided to our student artists.
  - Mrs. Doreen Keller, Mr. Andy Murray, Mr. Christopher Sullivan, Mr. Steve Welsh, and the rest of the Central Catholic administration for their continued support of the artists, writers, and performers in our school community.
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FRONT COVER: *Expressive Portrait* | Kangqi (Kevin) Ni '21 | BACK COVER: *Breakfast* | Anqi (Evonne) Ren '20

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# THE 2019 COLLECTION

Excerpts from *What is Life?* | Abigail McMahon '21

Life is like the ocean. On the shore of the beach there is crisp blue water that just barely touches my toes. The ocean is happy today. Calm and gentle, inviting people to take a swim. I am at peace today. My life is calm and I just go with the tide. I have a relaxing day planned, and everything is going accordingly. I'm at peace and have my family surrounding and supporting me. I have no problems to worry about, and I am stress free. I laugh, bask in the sun, and splash in the waves and my day is good.

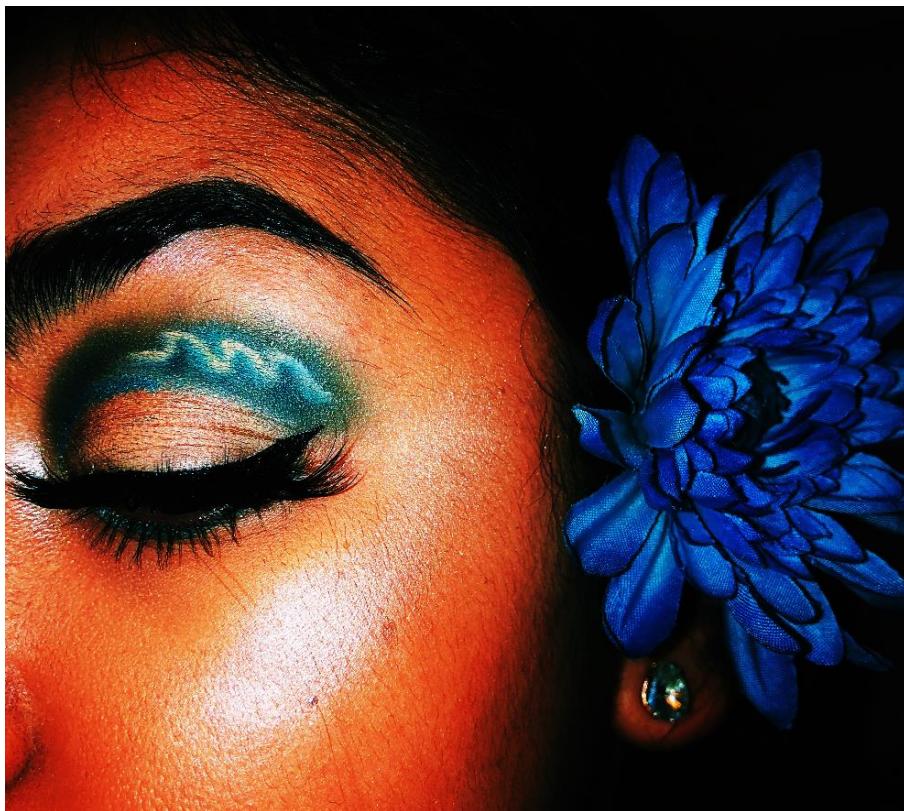
Sometimes people ride by on boats, leaving some waves in their wake. These small waves disrupt the flat mirrored ocean, but provide some fun. I can now feel the waves as they crash gently onto my ankles, and I take out my surf board to ride. These waves are like the bumps of unpredictability we find in our lives sometimes. Maybe they're a little unsettling at first, but then we learn to accept the changes and go on adventures. My family still stands beside me to help if I need it, and my friends also join to journey with me. I have learned to steel myself against the small waves pushing me back, and move forward through them. My sister holds one of my hands and tells me not to worry, because she is with me. I bring her and my surf board back to shore, and decide to brave the waves by myself this time. I tentatively reach out and I walk forward. I'm a little nervous, but life is okay, and I will be too.

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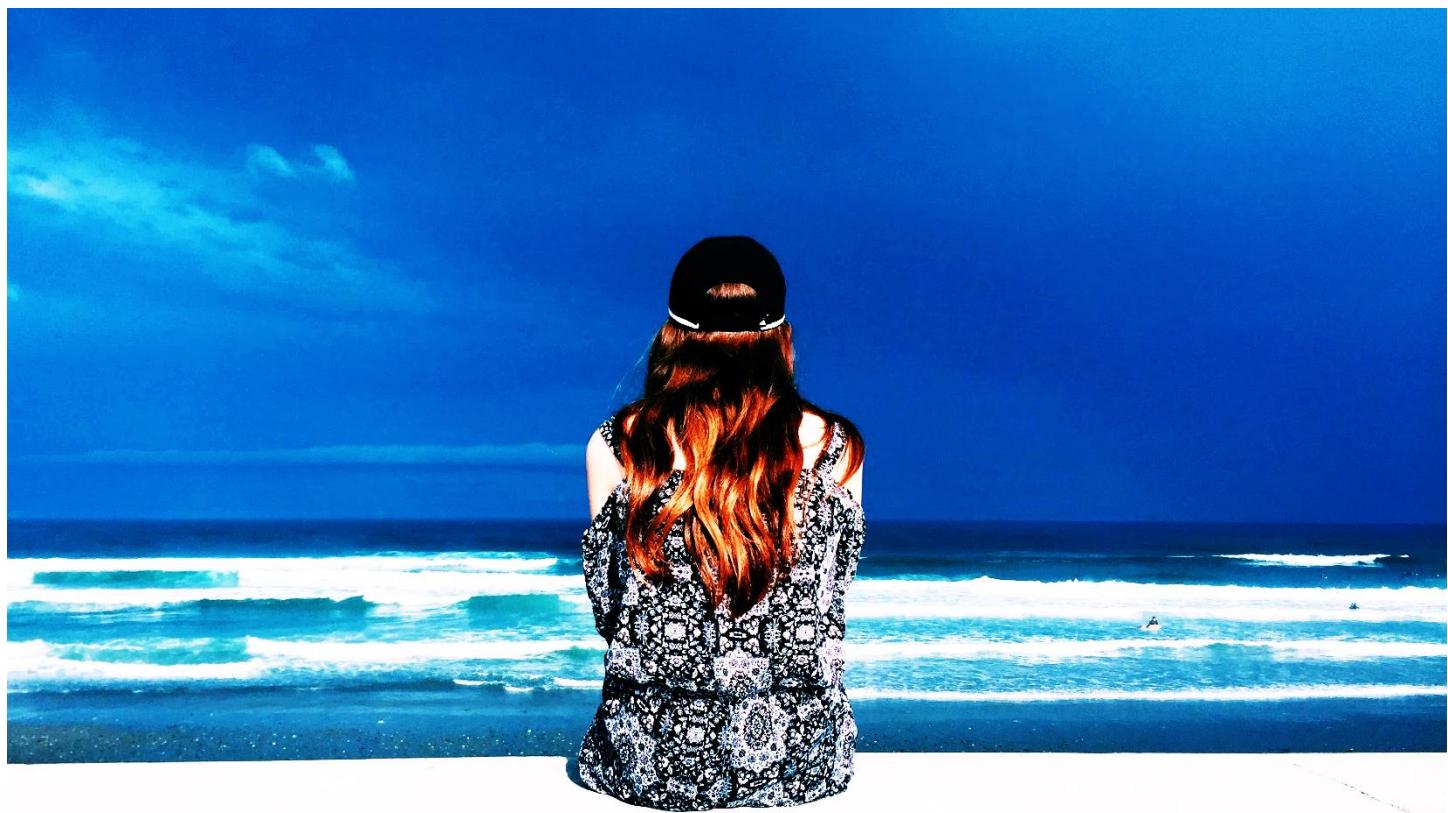
The ocean itself is unpredictable and unstable. It is never the same and always changing. I could visit the ocean every day for a week and on no two days would it be exactly the same. The days of our lives are never the exact same either. It's important that we live for each day and accept the changes that are thrown our way. Life is an ocean, fun, unpredictable, messy, beautiful, and always changing.



*Mommy and Me* | Meisi Gaudreau '21



ABOVE LEFT: *Blue, Blue Over You* | JoJo Diaz '19 | ABOVE RIGHT: *January 28th* | Haley Ferrara '20



*Untitled* | Hannah Patterson '22



ABOVE: *Untitled* | Jason Trinh '19 | BELOW: *FUTURE* | Manuel Martis '20



***The Blind Ushers*** | Elvino da Silveira '19

Why do you walk away?

No!

The Elephant is the enemy, they want to see innocent people burned on his beloved idol!  
He cares for the shackles of men to be bound to work and the rope of women tied around her waist!

He loves more than you know.

Why do you walk away?

No!

The Donkey is the enemy, they want to tear apart what built this blessed nation!  
He wants to shackle men in to “love” and have women cut the life of man for her pleasure!

He loves more than you know.

Can’t you see that you both are looking for gold in the midnight?

That you are screaming from the cuts of the whizzing bullets,  
that you trap yourself in the home of barbed wire.

Can’t you see you are a perfect match?

That you are surrounded by the love of hatred,  
that the coin you hold is the coin you say is maliciously leaving them.

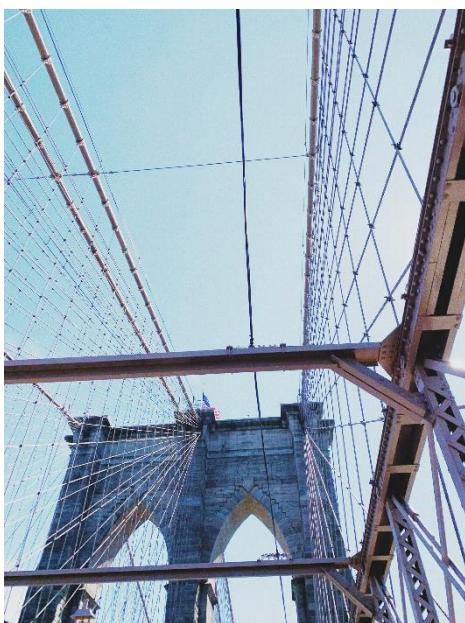
Can’t you see the sizzling tears of pride that run down each other’s face – the tears that run down my face?

Can’t you see you are lost, and thought greed’s green cloak was that of mine?

Can’t you see my blazing torch, is that not why I have it?

Can’t you see?

Or has the devil blinded the ushers to look like lady justice?



***Untitled*** | Juliana Morley '19



*Top of the World* | Amelia Lyons '19

*the stars* | juju jaworski '20

how tragic it must be to see the sun in someone's eyes. to see the galaxy emerge and sparkle.  
to see your heart in their hands.  
it's taken me awhile to realize it. to put it into words. to make sense of it all. but now i'm sure.

maybe half the battle was being strong enough to think it. to let this thought formulate into a jumble in my head and make me feel whole again. maybe half the battle was stopping myself every time i turned back. every time i fell into the pit of you. every time i mended your actions with a needle and sew. trying to make my heart whole again: it's beating it's pulsing it's pounding.

how long do you go on? how many chances do you give? how many aches do you endure? how many sorrows do you discount?

how long does it take you to finally look in the mirror and begin to see the light in your own eyes. the galaxy within your mind. the beating of your own heart.

i hope you see that one day. i hope you see that in yourself rather than in another. i hope the person in the mirror realizes that they deserve the stars.

**Collector** | John Omosefe '19

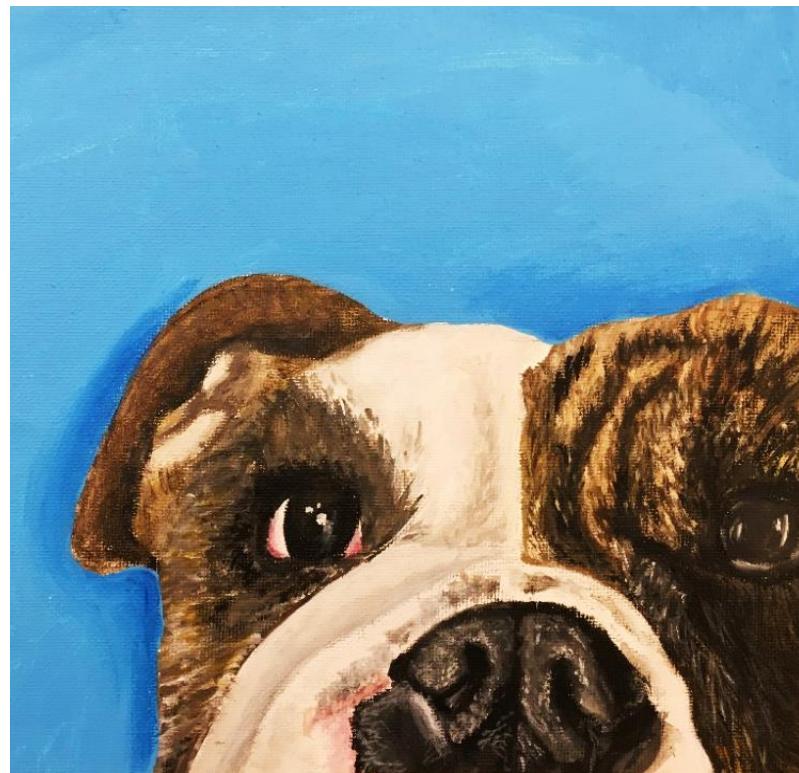
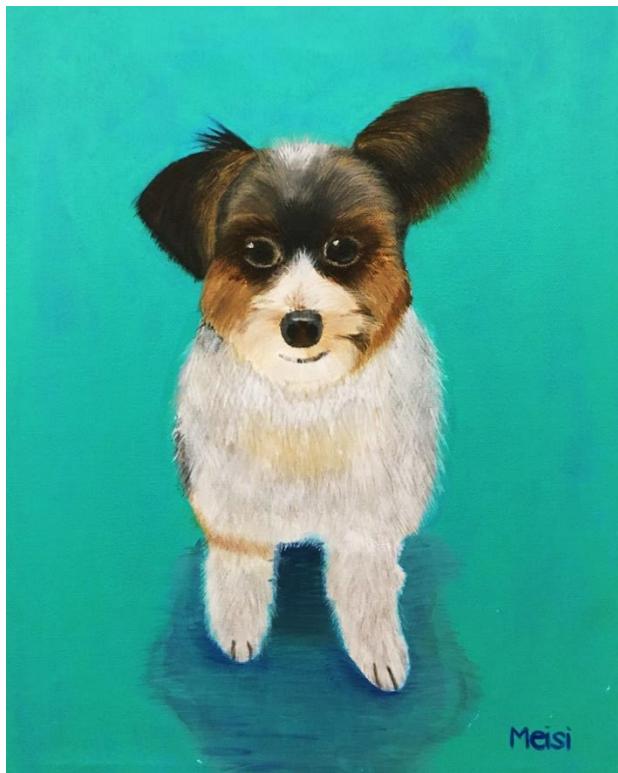
I am the collector  
 I am no ordinary collector  
 I don't collect rare buttons pins or other trinkets  
 what I collect is specific and special to me  
 I collect first times  
 the first time you meet your best friend  
 that feeling of not knowing where this person will lead you but being open to them  
 That's what I collect the first time you finish a project that you are passionate about  
 that feeling of joy pride and satisfaction  
 That's what I collect  
 I collected stories, stories from my life, my friends lives, and even the lives of the fictional characters  
 I collect inspiration and motivation from the stories of my parents coming to this country to build better lives  
 I collect hope from the stories of kindness and compassion my community lives out  
 I collect the love ever present in the lives and stories of those I meet  
 I collect the smiles of those I love and I cherish them  
 for they are beautiful and radiant with the brilliance unparalleled  
 For, like the crows, I collect things that gleam bright and shine light out into the world  
 Cause it is these things, these memories, stories, and smiles that catch my eye as I fly through the skies of life these 'shiny' moments,  
 I want to have forever so,  
 like a crow  
 I am a collector



**Total Eclipse of the Heart** | Dianna Del Cid '19

**B&W Room** | John Omosefe '19

Within this room lay clutter, chaos, creation...  
 Long roads, winding paths & ships for voyages along the raging tides of adversity and change  
 The ever present truth that nothing is eternal  
 That life is one immense mosaic of people's thoughts and recollections  
 Eyes forever on you  
 Watching  
 Waiting  
 Yearning to see who you become  
 Waiting for you to rise up through the chaos changed and emboldened by your experiences with the world around you



ABOVE LEFT: *Maverick* | Meisi Gaudreau '21 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Bella* | Samantha Cocchiaro '20  
BELOW: *Snowy Mountains* | Jason Trinh '19



The basic philosophy of martial arts is often boiled down to five key principles: effort, etiquette, character, sincerity, and self-control. While these are important aspects of martial philosophy, there are other key principles that are just as central: balance, wholeness, humility, diplomacy, mentality, and development.

Effort is undoubtedly a crucial part of martial development. According to Shihan Jesse Dwire IV (seventh-degree black belt in Karazempo Go Shinjutsu): "Effort is the exertion of physical or mental strength. The results gained from effort are directly related to the amount of effort exerted. We make it a point to require slightly more effort from our students than they think they can give. This teaches them to expect the very best from themselves and slowly increase [sic] their ability to sustain maximum levels of effort" (Dwire). While Dwire understands the basic idea of effort, he does not comprehend what it should encompass or why effort should be exerted in the first place. Effort is a cultivation of oneself. By exerting oneself while also focusing on philosophy and an empty mind, one develops the body simultaneously and in direct proportion to the mind. Understand each move performed. Execute it carefully, perfectly. Practice every day until flawless execution becomes the norm rather than an effort. Effort is needed in the beginning, in training, so that a real combat situation becomes instinctual, rather than an effort itself. A true practitioner of martial arts understands that martial arts are moving meditation. As we move physically, so too must we move mentally. Every thought becomes a punch. Every punch becomes a thought. Every movement is executed exactly, without room for error. And every thought is actualized, until no thought remains, and the mind is empty, ready to react to whatever comes next.

Etiquette is also critical to true martial artists. Proper respect must be shown to all people, regardless of comparative status in life. A true martial artist stands for no injustice, but does not force his or her ways on any other. Power is never to be used for one's own gain. It is only to be used for the defense of the innocent. Our responsibility is for ensuring the good of the community - but not by threats or bribes, and only by combat if absolutely necessary. But that is not to say that we cannot speak out against those perceived to be our superiors. We must do this. If a self-proclaimed master of martial arts trumpets his or her own glory and his or her own experience in combat, yet disobeys the fundamental values of martial arts, we cannot allow him or her to persist in teaching. Allowing our physical movements to be taught without philosophy, or allowing the philosophy to be utterly bastardized, mars martial arts. It is like a beautiful painting torn to shreds and covered in graffiti. Destroy the beauty, and what is the purpose of displaying it? Etiquette requires as much mental development as it does physical development, until respect becomes so ingrained it is impossible to halt unless injustice arises.

Character is perhaps the most crucial of all these five principles, as it is the foundation of who we are. Most understand character generally to be "who you are when no one is watching." Martial arts should help you to cultivate good character. If the practice of martial arts leads to either a corruption of character or the development of bad character, it is not truly a practice of martial arts, and you need to leave the dojo as soon as possible. Remember to observe yourself objectively from time to time, and ask yourself whether your behavior is acceptable, appropriate, and good. If it is not, consider what about your behavior is wrong, and change it. There is value in recognizing what needs to be changed about yourself, but that value is negated if no change is actually made. Character is who we are in how we live. Live well, live truly, live healthily, live peacefully, live helpfully, and always reach out to all. This is how a martial artist lives.

Sincerity, though important, seems to be the most constantly broken element of martial arts. Instructors make promises to other instructors, but do not keep them. Instructors make promises to their students, but do not keep them. Students make promises to themselves, but do not keep them. When you make a promise, keep it. Do not break your promises, or you will have no reason to expect the same from others. But do not break your promises just because someone breaks his or hers to you. A martial artist is as sincere as he or she expects others to be.

Self-control is the key to the other principles. Control yourself, and you can control any situation that arises. Without control of self, you have no place teaching others. Self-control requires control over one's body, mind, and emotions. Cultivate your body as best you can. Train constantly and regularly, until you become fit, strong, and ready. Develop every part of it until it becomes your own. Do not strike full force unless absolutely required. Make contact when sparring and training, but do not seek to destroy your opponent. Remember, you are not the only one training. Seek not battle victory, but mental victory. Was your mind empty during the fight? Did you intercept the strikes coming your way? Did you react, rather than plan every move? Did you end the fight as quickly as possible? Master your mind and victory will happen naturally. To do both these things, you must master your emotions. Do not become a slave to your emotions; allow each to rise in its proper time and place - and when appropriate, allow those emotions to show. To be devoid of emotion is to be devoid of humanity. But to be overly emotional is to be overbearing, and soon, you will find yourself alone with your emotions with no way to allow them to materialize, no way to allow them to rise or quell, no way to do anything but become so numb to them over time it is as if you no longer feel anything. Extremes are never good. Do not allow yourself to be consumed by or starved of your emotions.

As important as these five principles are, they do not adequately capture the whole of martial arts. There are other key principles necessary to cultivating the complete martial artist. In the interest of space, I will elaborate only on a few of these.

Balance is critical to all of life. Extremes destroy lives. Balance is about wholeness and harmony. One extreme is fighting all the time. Another is never fighting at all. Balance requires fighting only when necessary. The martial artist must seek balance within him or herself and in the surrounding world. Bruce Lee taught balance through wholeness, seeing everything as a whole, rather than breaking it down into components. For instance, a fight is a fight. Break it down into the two people involved, and you have separated the whole. Now, it is broken and you will lose, because you are too focused on that distinction. Take a rose, as another example. A whole rose is beautiful. But are its thorns? Its stem? Or is it only when it is whole that we can truly appreciate its beauty? Wholeness requires us to understand everything not just as a part of something larger, but to recognize that larger thing. Bruce Lee described combating extremes in the example of the yin-yang. Without the dot of one color in the larger shape of the other color, you have an extreme. Break those halves apart, and you are left with

even greater extremes. It is only in the union of these things that we find a way of life, balancing and rebalancing all that life throws our way. Negativity is counterbalanced by positivity, darkness by light, firmness by softness. Balance and wholeness go hand-in-hand. A martial artist needs both.

Finally, there is development. Martial artists are responsible not only for self-development, but the development of broader society. The respect shown historically to martial artists, whether monks or warriors, has carried over to the United States today through karate, tae kwon do, and kung fu brought by American veterans, Japanese and Korean masters, and Bruce Lee. The introduction of Asian martial arts significantly helped to diminish anti-Asian sentiment in the United States, encouraging development of both society and the individual. Speaking of the essence of development, Kyoshi Eric Menard, seventh degree black belt in Shaolin Kempo Karate, says: "The 3 pieces of the fitness puzzle are strength, flexibility, and endurance. Martial Arts training demands a balance between the three" (Menard). Strength is central because we need mental strength to endure the struggles of life and physical strength to end combat scenarios as quickly as possible. Flexibility requires both the mental flexibility to change our mindsets in light of new evidence or dilemmas and the physical flexibility to target any part of the body in combat in order to end it as soon as possible. Lastly, endurance is necessary not only for martial arts, but for life itself. We must have the physical endurance to overcome physical challenges placed before us and the mental endurance to overcome mental barriers or setbacks we may face.

With only the first five principles, without balance and development, one is left with an undeveloped martial philosophy and one cannot truly understand or practice martial arts. Developing physicality and proceeding through life based solely upon the initial five principles is like having only a muscular layer, without bones or skin. You would have a partially formed foundation for the skin (the full realization of martial arts), but no bones for the muscles to move (no solid foundation for application or realization). You would be no better than a simple street brawler, who has no understanding of what he or she does apart from causing pain. The physicality of martial arts is no more than the realization and actualization of martial philosophy.

Would you trust a preacher who has never read the sacred texts? Or a teacher who never studied the subject he or she teaches? Or an author who does not read? A cook who cannot taste or smell? A blind optometrist to perform an eye exam, a deaf audiologist to test your hearing? Why, then, would you trust a martial artist who has never studied the foundation of the arts?

Be wary of all who claim to be martial artists. Whenever possible, investigate so-called masters' backgrounds and certifications. Observe how they move, how they speak, how they live. These will reveal to you whether they are indeed martial artists. A martial artist must be light on his or her feet, not clomp around loudly with less elegance than an elephant. A martial artist must speak thoughtfully and honestly, never saying too much or too little. More often than not, a martial artist will allow his or her actions to speak more than words, for he or she knows that actions are martial arts in practice, whilst words are no more than a means of communication. But most importantly, observe these masters' lives. Do they seek out fights just to test out the techniques they learned? If so, do not learn from them. They do not understand martial arts. Are they quick to anger, with little to no control over their emotions? If so, do not learn from them. They cannot control themselves; they do not understand themselves. How, then, can they hope to teach you how to do these things? The more experience a master claims to have in all these realms, the more wary must you be. Observe these things, for they give insight into the truth for which these masters claim to stand.

Without this philosophy, martial arts are impossible to practice, let alone achieve. The unison of all these principles, and the subsequent development of self based upon them, form a whole martial artist.



*Untitled (detail)* | Peyton Cavanaugh '21

**Excerpt from *Yellow and Pink* | Caroline Sullivan '21**

I am the yellow rose of the garden filled with pink ones  
I am the yellow rose, with the extra thorn

***The Labeled* | Faith Omosefe '22**

This world is split up  
Tiny transparent boxes separate us  
Traps  
So what happens when you belong to two rival boxes  
The Marvel and DC of the world  
You don't know what to think, how to act  
How to be  
B-E the oppression of me from both boxes  
I'm black  
But what does that mean  
What can you infer, detect determine from that statement  
That I like rap hate country judge people,  
have been through tough times.

I don't know who I am  
What I am supposed to be  
Being raised in a suburban community  
Being teased by cousins for acting like me  
Wrong W-R-O-N-G wrong was I always this way  
How is a child  
A young girl born with brown skin but acting white  
Supposed to live

Being pulled to either side being ridiculed  
for my attachment to the other box  
Puts me in a box all by myself  
A clear box filling with the water from my fears and  
insecurities  
Suffocating asphyxiating smothering  
So I learned to be who I have to be  
One person here another there not me anywhere  
I don't know when this ends all I think of is  
who am I and when



***Wildflowers* | Caroline Clark '22**



***Untitled* | Arianna Varney '21**



LEFT: *Untitled* | Courtney Collibee '19 | RIGHT: *Untitled* | Julia Balboni '19

### *Child of Fire* | John Omosefe '19

It was as quiet as a Phoenix's last dying ember  
The cave, once lit by it's raging hot beauty  
Now grows dark and cold  
It's life force, once radiating a wide variety of colors  
ranging from a bright, blinding yellow,  
to a deep entrancing vermillion has now dwindled  
to a point of no return  
It's time  
Time for a new generation  
As the flicker of light expires the Phoenix is no more  
Nothing  
Nothing but ash  
But from this ash rises a child  
One with a will of fire  
And beautiful spirit  
Loneliness  
Loss  
Suffering  
Darkness  
All things this child has known and accepted  
It's will of fire rages within  
Entreating that it beset upon our world  
Gesticulating that it be free to enact its purpose  
To carbonize this plane to a primordial ash  
So that it maybe remade,  
Refreshed and renewed  
So that the scars left upon our experience may finally fade

### *Excerpt from The Moving Touch* | Duncan Brenner '22

Pilate said it, with an ache in his heart.  
Pilate did it, though he knew it'd be wrong.  
The man, he knew, had just done his part.  
But the crowd, they screamed and eclipsed the sad song  
Of a man Pilate knew to have done nothing wrong.  
Under fear of a riot, he fell to his feet,  
He turned a blind eye, and washed his hands of their deeds.  
Yet he knew in his heart he was guilty as any  
For surrendering his will to the will of the many,  
The damage, which he knew would cause such despair,  
Oh how oh how would he ever repair?

Judas, he followed Him for time as he had,  
For he knew not where he was, but he knew he was lost.  
He fought off temptation, he fought against greed,  
But his story showed him no lessons to heed.  
He lost sight of Christ, and once again he went wrong,  
And succumbed to the deepest depths one can go.  
He turned his back on the one person he knew he would need.  
For simple coin, he turned over his friend,  
Though he knew it would come to treacherous ends.  
He saw what he'd done, and vowed to do no more,  
So both good things and bad – he did them no more.



ABOVE: *5am* | Gabrielle DeRoche '22 | BELOW: *Surfing Bonaparte's Gull* | Caroline Clark '22





ABOVE: *Untitled* | Sophia Beland '20 | BELOW: *Still Water* | Brandon Mills '19





ABOVE LEFT: “*How are you*” in Japanese | Cam Benanti ’19 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Cam Benanti* | Hanna Scotch ’19



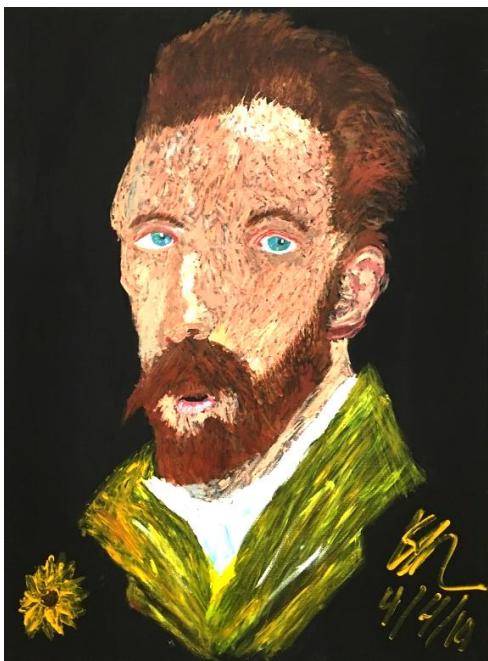
*Dewdrops on Clematis* | Caroline Clark ’22

As I adjust my headpiece and tighten my sandals, I look up and see hundreds of gleaming faces smiling down upon me. Suddenly, like a raging sea filled with red apparel, every person begins swaying back and forth, gaining speed as they go; that is my cue. I raise up my scepter, smashing it upon the ground, the sea splits, and I charge up the bleachers only to stop once I have reached the top. How did I get in such a position to be Moses, leader of the almighty "Red Sea," the living, breathing, life of my high school fan section? Well, that requires some context.

Growing up in a midsize Massachusetts town, I believe I was expected to go out in the summers with friends, swing on swings, play in parks, and, once winter rolled around, build snowmen, even have snowball fights with all my neighbors; that was never the case. From my earliest memories, I was glued to my mother's side, not even my father or sister could pull me away. I never wanted her to leave for work, and I saw going to early schooling as a heinous form of torture. The other kids looked at me as the "shy kid," the one that never showed up to birthday parties or sleepovers. As the years went on, I began opening up only to certain friends, but the connections were never truly authentic; my mother was still the sole person who truly understood me. If all of the movie stereotypes were true, I was on my way to having a very rough four years of high school.

Some would say that three upper grade levels, all chanting, "Freshmen... Freshmen... Freshmen," at your first school pep rally would be daunting, intimidating, maybe even frightening, but I saw it as initiation. Initiation into a domain of endless opportunity. I was in a new environment, with hundreds of new faces, all on a four-year long journey together. "This was going to be different," I repeated to myself over and over again. I was going to be who I have always wanted to be. I was going to go and support my high school at sporting events, theatrical plays, and even attend a choir performance. As the years passed, I began fulfilling all of my aspirations; yet something was missing. I joined the track team, the basketball team, became a Student Ambassador, and even attended some of those theater productions, but I knew my journey was not complete. Senior year, "the golden year of high school," is where I have fulfilled that promise I made to myself three whole years ago.

The centerpiece to every picture displaying school spirit? The leader of chants and roars from the fan section? The one approached by students, parents, and small children alike, all asking for a signature? Yes, that is who I have become at every single sporting event. Many people believe wearing an itchy costume, a fuzzy beard, and sandals is a burden, but for me, it encompasses the person who I have always wanted to be. I might not remember my GPA, or my AP Test scores in the years to come, but I will never forget having to correct person after person saying, "no, I am not Jesus, he came 2,000 years later," or "I am not a shepherd or a farmer, I am actually Moses, I parted the Reed Sea (usually referred to as the Red Sea) a long time ago," Of course my mother has not become lost in this picture; the woman who has given so much to help me improve and become a person who continually grows. Although she does not exactly understand why I go out and support my high school in the manner which I do, she at least hopes I now have a one-way ticket to Heaven.



Vincent Van Gogh | Karynna Munoz '19 | John Lennon | Samantha Cocchiaro '20 | *Untitled (detail)* | Courtney Collibee '19

i lay on my back as i look up at the night sky  
engulfing myself in the darkness  
how can the world feel so quiet and lonely yet so bright and full at the same time?

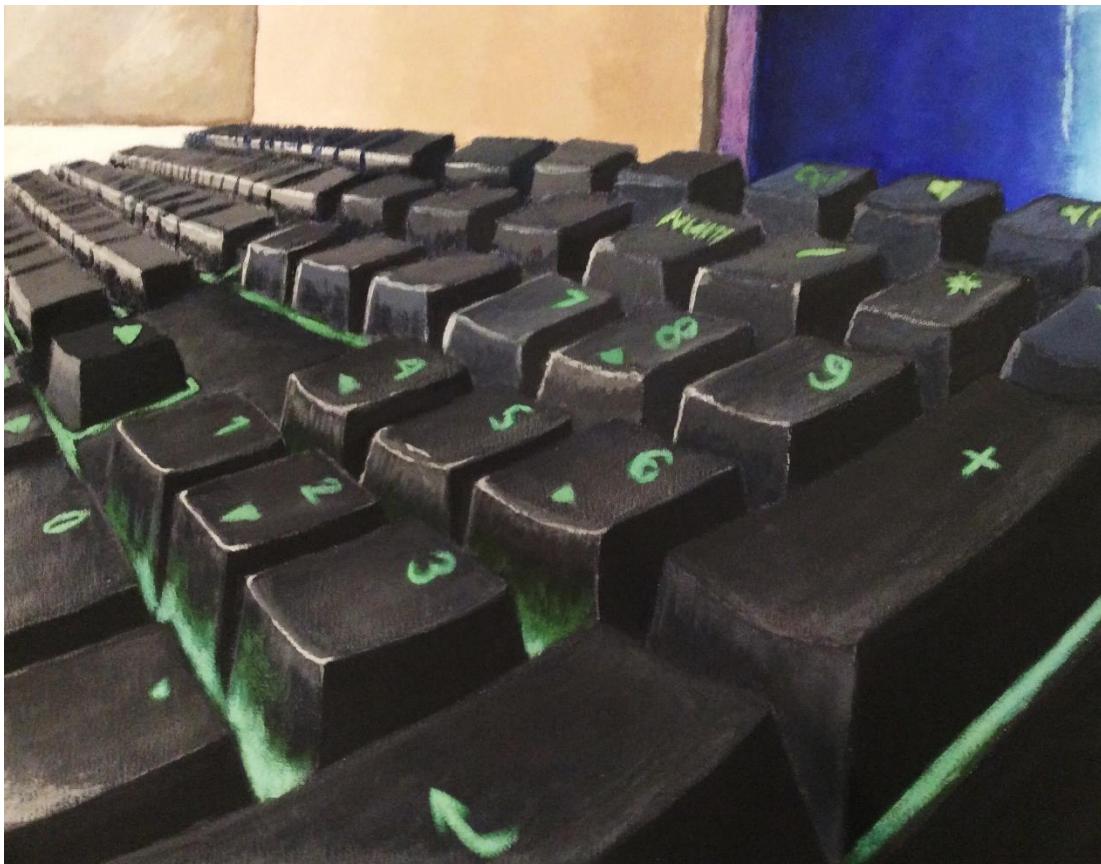
i've always been fascinated with the night  
the stars illuminating the darkness  
just dim enough to see  
just dark enough to drift away

the dark wraps me up, feeling like a soft blanket as i feel no fear, looking up at the night sky full of stars  
the world feels so big but i don't feel lost, i feel at ease and at home  
the sky encompasses me like a dome as i turn my head  
it feels like an airtight bubble, not suffocating me, but providing me comfort and safety

thoughts flood my mind as i look into the night sky full of stars  
among all the galaxies, all the planets, all the worlds, all the continents, all the countries, all the states, all the cities, all the counties, all the towns, i am here. i am me. i am living, i am breathing.  
i am loved, i am learning, i am growing, i am changing.  
i am crying, i am weeping, i am laughing, i am loving, i am smiling, i am alive.

suddenly, the depth of the night sky doesn't seem so grand anymore but it feels as if it could fit right into my pocket. my problems fall away. i realize how big and grand the night sky full of stars is and i realize how my mundane problems and worries aren't so big and daunting anymore.

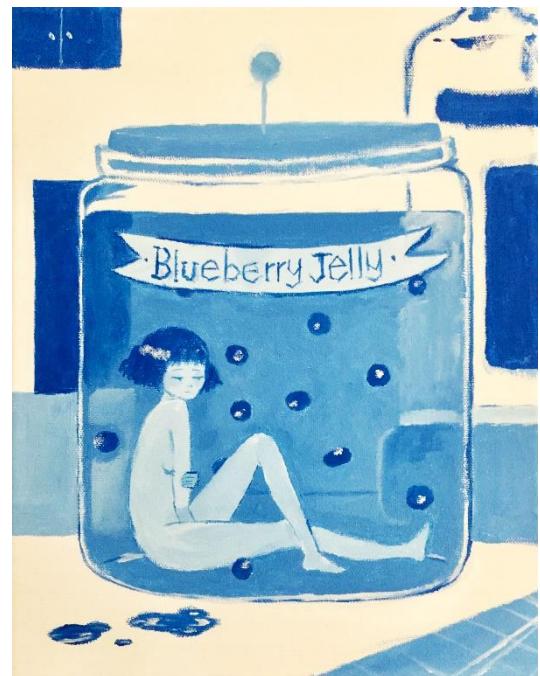
i take a breath. i look at the night sky full of stars. and i feel home.



*Untitled* | Jason Trinh '19



ABOVE: *Orange* | BELOW LEFT: *Strawberry Girl* | BELOW RIGHT: *Blueberry Jelly* | Anqi (Evronne) Ren '20

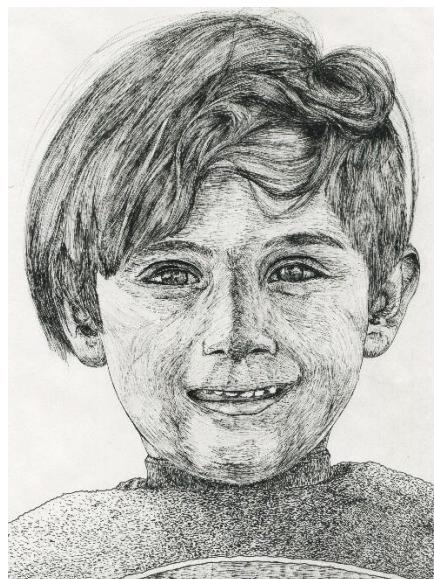
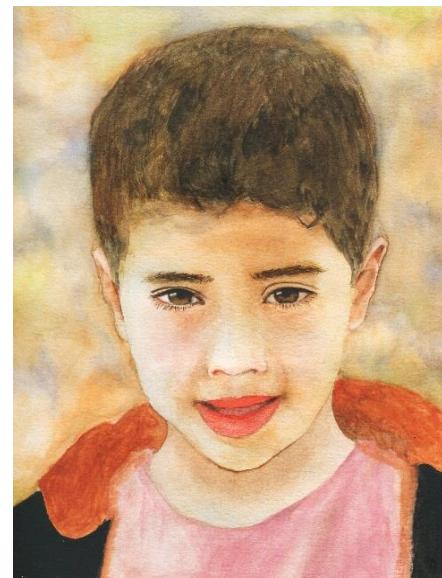
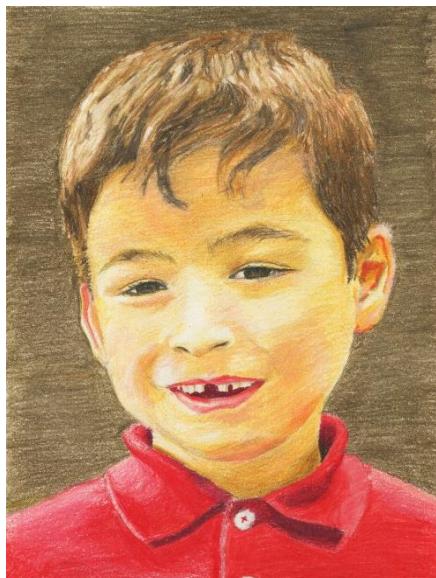


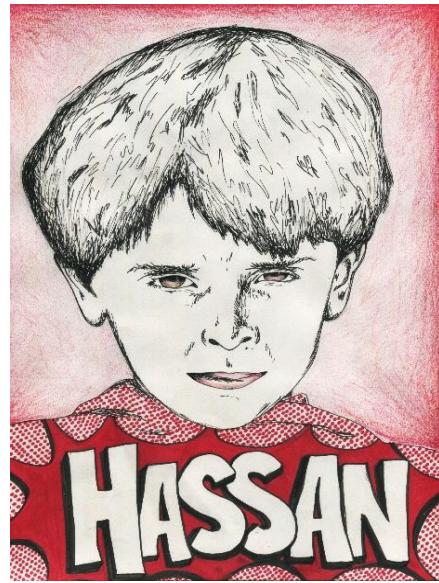
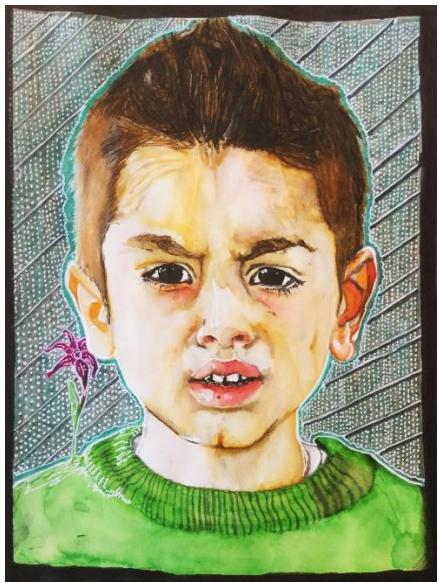
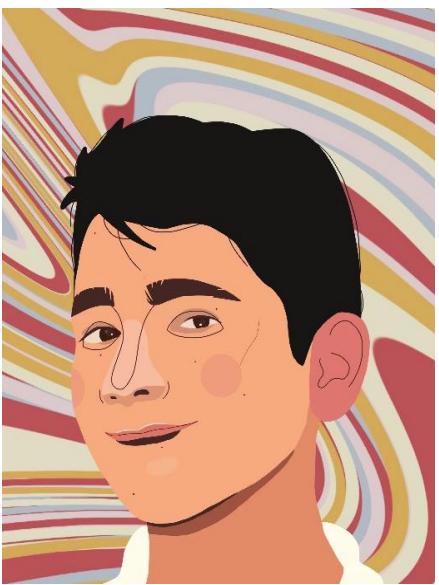
# THE MEMORY PROJECT

*About the Memory Project* | Adapted from [memoryproject.org](http://memoryproject.org)

The Memory Project is a charitable nonprofit organization that invites art teachers, art students, and solo artists to help cultivate global kindness by creating portraits for children around the world who have faced substantial challenges, such as violence, war, extreme poverty, neglect, and loss of parents. Participants create these portraits to help children feel valued and important, to know that many people care about their well-being, and to provide a special childhood memory in the future. Since 2004 the Memory Project has created more than 130,000 portraits for children in 47 countries. Some live in refugee camps, others have lost their families, and others live in severe poverty. The one thing all children in our program have in common is that they are either facing or overcoming very difficult challenges, and they inspire us with their courage and resilience.

Adrian Suciu '19 | Courtney Collibee '19 | Anqi (Evonne) Ren '20 | Dinamary Compres '20 | Jason Trinh '19  
Jason Trinh '19 | Paulina Carneiro '19 | Isabel Danos '20 | Cormac Crippen '20 | Emily Curry '20 | Ryan Coughlin '19  
Kai Luo '21 | Julia Balboni '19 | Emilee Redshaw '19 | Lauren Brannon '19





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## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: EMILY GAUDETTE



*You'll See a Red Barn* | Emily Gaudette '19



ABOVE: *La Vie En Rose* | BELOW LEFT: *Femme* | BELOW RIGHT: *Isolation* | Emily Gaudette '19

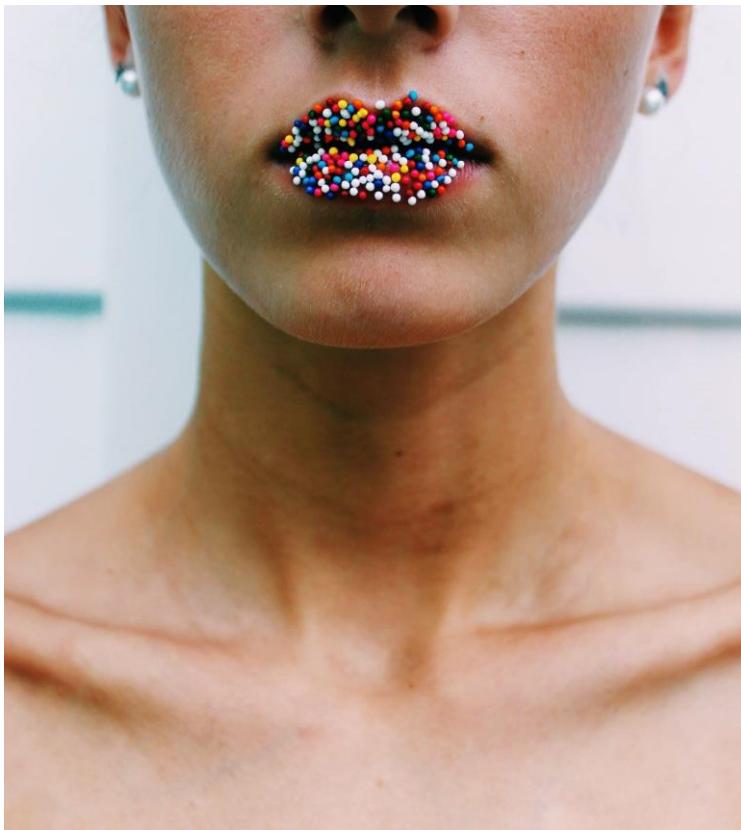


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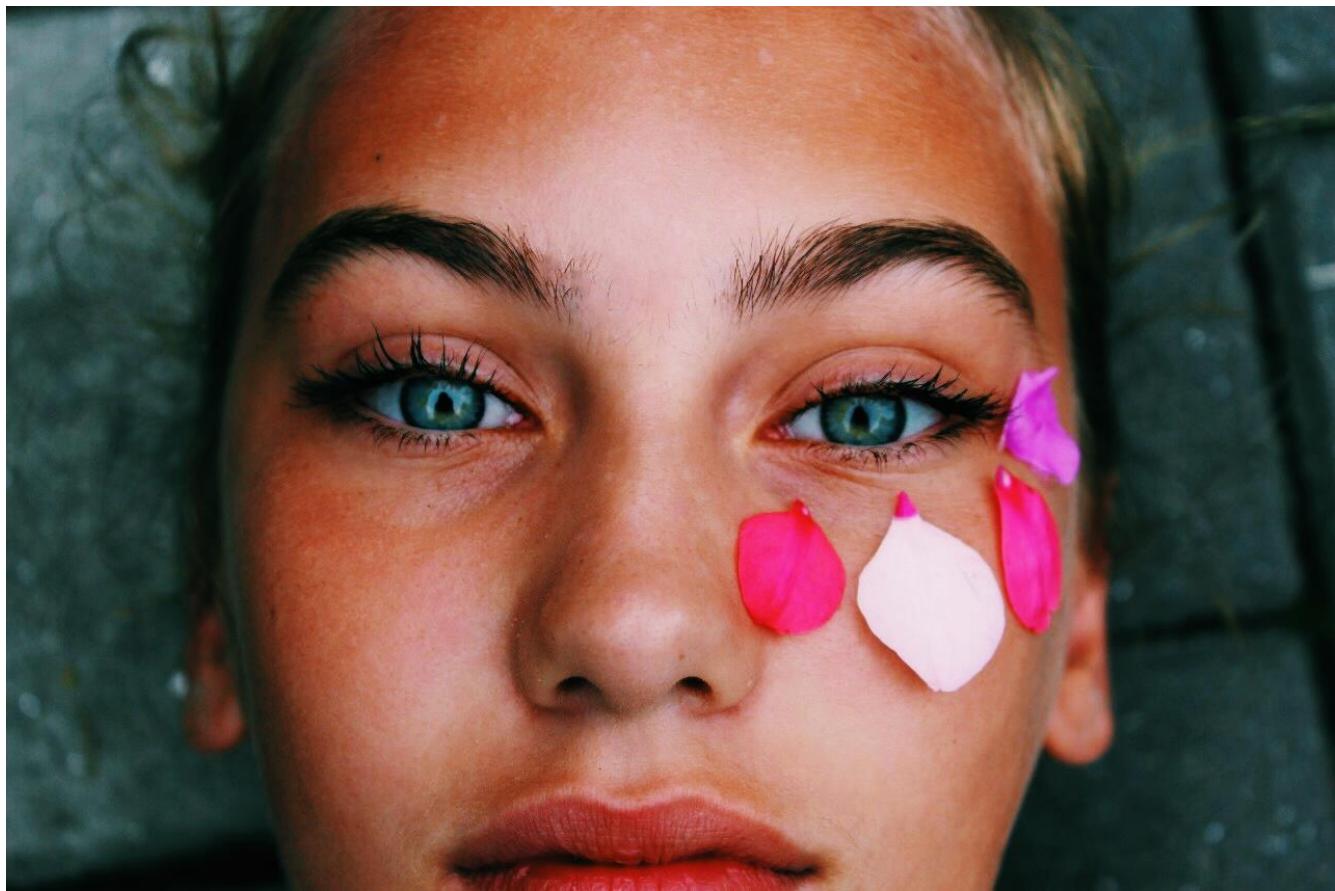
## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: EMILEE REDSHAW



*Two Faced* | Emilee Redshaw '19



ABOVE LEFT: *Natural Beauties I* | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled* | BELOW: *Natural Beauties II* | Emilee Redshaw '19



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## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: RYAN COUGHLIN



*The First Cycle* | Ryan Coughlin '19



ABOVE LEFT: *Untitled* | ABOVE RIGHT: *Melon Juice*  
BELOW LEFT: *Untitled* | BELOW RIGHT: *Alcoholism* | Ryan Coughlin '19



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## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: COURTNEY COLLIBEE

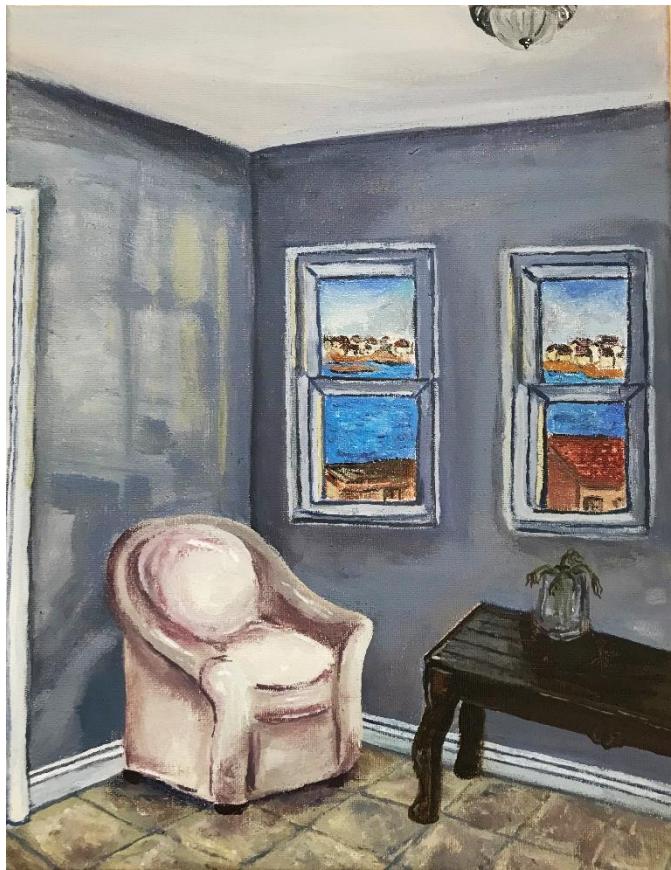


*Untitled* | Courtney Collibee '19



ABOVE: *Untitled* | BELOW LEFT: *Untitled* | BELOW RIGHT: *Untitled* | Courtney Collibee '19





ABOVE LEFT: *Untitled* | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled* | BELOW: *Untitled (detail)* | Courtney Collibee '19



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# SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: JILL AMARI

*New Beginnings (as told by Melody)* | Jill Amari '19

**Post #1 (April 7, 2019 8:48 pm):** hey guys and girls. melody here. just wanted to say thanks for these past four years, theyve been some of the best of my life and i hope you all know how much you mean to me. here are a few treasures from over the years. hope you enjoy these posts xoxo

**Post #2 (September 26, 2015):** thanks for coming to homecoming with me! had a great night with all my friends, new and old xx #hoco2k15

**Post #3 (January 21, 2016):** #tbt to last summer because its midterms week and everyone just wants it to be vacation

**Post #4 (March 22, 2016):** lets hope for an end to violence in our world. keep all who have been affected by these violent events in your thoughts. lets make the world a better place for everyone <3

**Post #5 (April 10, 2016):** happy #nationalsiblingday to all those with siblings!

**Post #6 (June 11, 2016):** its been 1 year since we graduated 8th grade. 1 year since we wore those caps and gowns. happy 1-year of us being graduates. love you and miss you!

**Post #7 (July 13, 2016):** if i had to choose between harry potter and you, id choose you. happy 15th birthday from your friend whos obsessed with books and owls. lots of love

**Post #8 (October 22, 2016):** had a fun time with all my crazy awesome friends tonight!! #hoco2k16

**Post #9 (December 25, 2016):** merry Christmas from the fam!

**Post #10 (January 1, 2017):** heres to a new year, new memories, and new harry potter jokes. hello 2017!

**Post #11 (April 9, 2017):** its been fun, my theatre fam #youreagoodmancharliebrown

**Post #12 (April 22, 2017):** earth is a pretty cool planet <3 happy earth day!

**Post #13 (June 8, 2017):** is it a coincidence that national best friend day is the same day that classes end? im definitely smiling today :)

**Post #14 (July 14, 2017):** i love all of these amazingly talented people!!

**Post #15 (October 8, 2017):** hoco was loco but i had some amazing friends with me #hoco2k17

**Post #16 (October 28, 2017):** the moon is more amazing than id imagined

**Post #17 (December 3, 2017):** the show may be over but the memories will stay with us forever <3 #superstar

**Post #18 (April 8, 2018):** much love <3 #sisteract

**Post #19 (October 8, 2018):** last hoco was saturday... what im a senior? #hoco2k18

**Post #20 (March 9, 2019):** happy last spirit day! #seniorsendoff #classof2019

**Post #21 (April 7, 2019 1am):** this is it. my last show. thank you to everyone who has made this one of the best experiences of my life. i love you all!!! adios, au revoir, auf wiedersehen, good night <3 #youcanttakeitwithyou

**Post #22 (April 7, 2019 11:11 pm):** hi. me again. i know i promised myself i wouldnt post any more sad stuff, but i keep being drawn to social media and texting because there are just too many people i miss. ive heard that everyone has different ways of grieving a loss, and being a senior in high school is a loss in and of itself. i think this is my way of grieving, but hey, im going to be hopeful. because with each new loss comes many new beginnings.

## *An Evening with Melody* | Jill Amari '19

One week ago, Melody scrolled through the notes on her phone, scrutinizing each one carefully to try to find the one she was looking for. She flicked past ideas for her future books, and song lyrics she had started but could never finish. As she clicked on the correct note, one that was for a fantasy novel of hers, she froze. In that sudden moment, she realized how she could combine all of her fears and hopes and dreams and feelings into one: she had to start writing something new straight away.

With her parents' relationship ruined and her own relationships fraying, Melody believed the only way she could really express herself was to write. So, with thumbs ready to rapidly type all her thoughts and feelings into a tiny piece of technology, Melody plugged her earbuds in and started writing.

That day one week ago, she finished the prologue to her story.

On Monday, Melody went to school, dreading the long day without a study after having a terrible weekend. She made it through, and wrote a little more of her new story.

On Tuesday, Melody got sick from stress and stayed home from school. She couldn't even get out of bed to eat, and she was sad to miss one of her favorite clubs after school. She was worried what her friends would say when she came back, because these days it seemed they were always suspicious instead of concerned whenever she was absent. She did not touch any of her stories that day.

On Wednesday, Melody lamented about missing dance the night before. Her family yelled at her in the morning for trying to fix something. Her friends were—as she had guessed—suspicious of her absence the day before, though one friend was thankfully sympathetic. She had a lot of makeup work to do that night, so she didn't bother with her story.

On Thursday, Melody's week still wasn't getting much better. She was pretty sure she'd failed a couple of quizzes, and her makeup work still wasn't done. And with Christmas coming up and an unexpected presentation to give, she wasn't sure how she would get everything done and maintain her sanity. But, she had a burst of inspiration for one of her fantasy novels that day, so she was happy to write that down.

On Friday, Melody decided it was time to finish her new story. It slowly became her release, her version of a stress ball. She made it through the day, writing every spare moment she got—in between classes, after quizzes, during her study. And despite all the drawbacks and hard times of the week, she got it done.

Now, Melody prepares to read her new story out loud. She doesn't care if people like it or not, because it's her way of letting herself—and others—know that everything will be okay in the end.

Melody holds up the paper and squints into the bright lights. She takes a deep breath, looking nervously at the eyes of the watchful crowd in front of her. Then she smiles. And she begins to share her story.

The End

## *Alex and Logan: Continued* | Jill Amari '19

The first thought that came to my mind was, Is he crazy?

Had Logan Gardner, my best friend, really just asked me to marry him?

**Gardner's Guarantee #1: Love is one of the most confusing, complicated inner conflicts ever.**

**Gardner's Guarantee #2: So is being human.**

These are two guarantees Logan had told me, back when his parents fought all the time yet refused to get a divorce because it was “socially unacceptable.” Their own words, not mine. We all knew it would’ve been better if they’d just ignored society for once and ended their tumultuous marriage. Logan, however, saw his parents’ failures as inspiration for his “Gardner’s Guarantees,” a line of his own original beliefs about life.

Unfortunately, I had to deal with both of these guarantees at the same time, thanks to my bestie.

I managed to stutter a reply to his question. “Could I give you a call back?”

“Yes, of course,” he answered quickly, almost masking his disappointment and fear. The phone clicked, and I dropped it on my bed as though it were on fire.

I stared out my window as I mulled over the past few minutes. I was a very impulsive person. Maybe Logan thought I would’ve said yes right away, because I’d never failed to help him out before. But this was different. This was marriage we were talking about. If I had time to think about this, he knew I would probably refuse him and tell him he’s crazy. That this is crazy—the whole idea of him even asking me in the first place, and the fact that his parents won’t relinquish their absolute rule over their precious only son. I mean, who just up and asks their best friend to marry them, even when the situation is as bad as Logan’s?

And yet...

I knew why he was doing this: if he didn’t marry someone, anyone, soon (as in within the next year), his parents had promised to arrange a marriage for him so as to “avoid any embarrassment it might cause him to be thirty and unmarried.” Again, their words. But who honestly got so awfully embarrassed about being thirty and single anymore? Logan didn’t mind being single one bit. But his parents kept their promises, no matter how misguided or unfair they were.

But still. Couldn’t he have found some girl on, I don’t know, match.com or something? Or maybe even farmersonly.com. That would’ve been funny.

Because we didn’t love each other, not like that. And we would never work. I wasn’t sure if Logan had thought this through, but so far, it didn’t seem like the best plan to me.

Then again, we knew we got along fine. We were practically family already, and it’d been like that since we were kids. So maybe Logan figured I was better than some stranger he met and then instantly proposed to.

In all of ten minutes, I’d made my decision. I wasn’t a very religious person, but I prayed I wouldn’t regret it.

I picked up my phone and dialed Logan’s number shakily. He answered on the first ring.

I took a deep breath.

“Yes.”

I

La fée  
Dans la rue  
Elle est belle  
Mais aussi surtout  
Triste  
Parce que son amour  
L'a trompée  
Et maintenant  
Elle voyage avec sa valise  
Elle est orpheline  
Depuis née  
Elle cherche un amour  
Chaque année  
Mais  
Elle a cru qu'il était pour lui  
Mais non, mais non  
Le vent crie  
Et elle sait maintenant  
Pendant qu'elle vole parmi  
Les arbres de fruits  
Que sa vie est finie  
Mais l'amour encore vit.

III

De quelle langue est-ce que tu aimes?  
l'ange me demande.  
Il me regarde avec les yeux bleus.  
Et moi? Je pense, je pense...  
Je ne sais pas, je réponds.  
Tu ne sais pas?  
Je ne sais pas.  
Tu es sûre?  
Je suis sûre, mais je le doute maintenant.  
Il sourit.  
Il sait.  
Je sais qu'il sait.  
D'accord, il dit.  
Il est gentil.  
Puis, je pense,  
Une autre chance?  
Mais non, je sais.  
Mais oui, il dit.  
Je souris.  
Merci.

II

Les larmes tombent en cascade  
Comme la fée (moi) voit un mariage.  
Je suis muette,  
Pas un bruit  
Mais mon cœur sent  
Qu'il manque de tourniquet.

Si doucement, doucement  
Je diminuerai  
Si sans bruit, sans bruit  
Je m'effacerai.

Partant du monde  
Pas plus de dire  
Partant du monde  
Un jour, je vais encore sourire.

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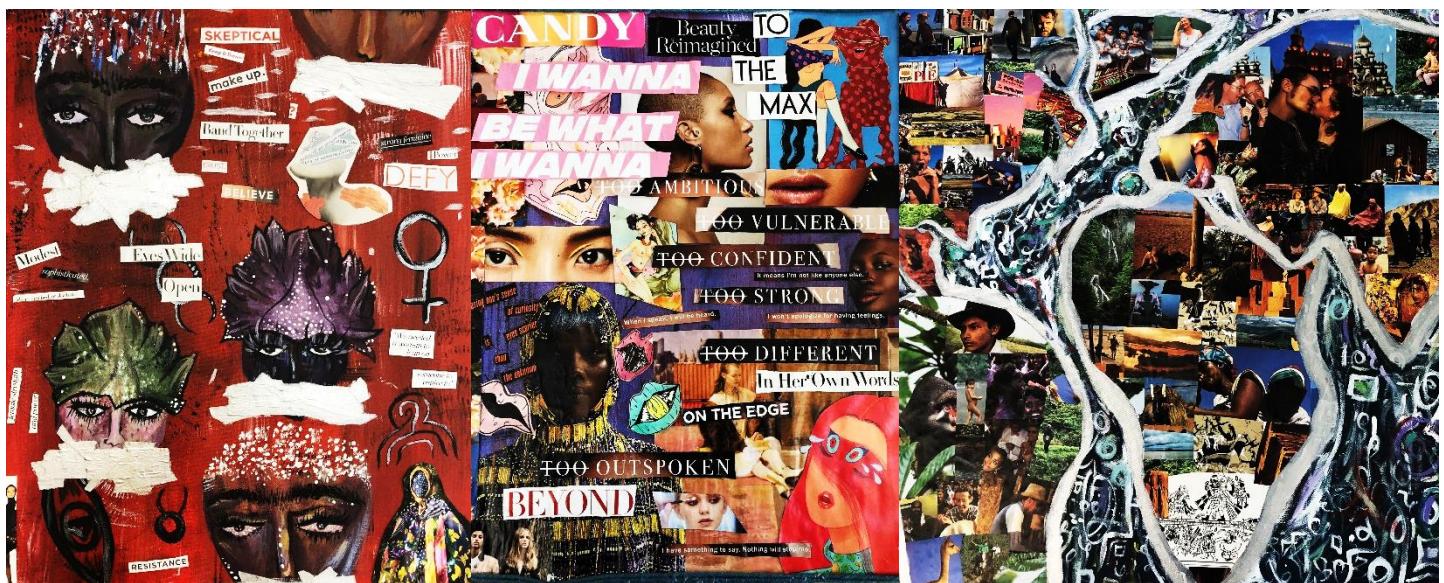
## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: JULIA BALBONI



*Untitled* | Julia Balboni '19



ABOVE: *Untitled* | BELOW: *Three Collages* | Julia Balboni '19



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# SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: NATALIA CLARK

*Alternate Universe* | Natalia Clark '19

I have this feeling  
Somewhere deep inside  
That our society is perfect in  
Some other universe

My thought is that the birth of these two universes  
Follow something along the lines of parallelism  
Both planets started from nothing  
And became something  
But our train fell off the track somewhere  
Long ago

I look into myself, and I feel like I can see  
This other planet  
In it I see equality  
I am green with jealousy

In this other planet,  
I don't cry myself to sleep over  
The 50 year old man that catcalls me  
Because the 50 year old man never catcalls me

In this other planet,  
I don't even see  
Condescending attitudes when white people approach my friend Janessa  
Because the concept of racism doesn't even exist

In this other planet,  
I don't fear a future  
Where I will still make 80 cents to a man's dollar  
Because all my time spent here focusing on the glass ceiling  
Is time spent there, ignorant to any sort of glass ceiling

In this other planet,  
I don't weep in sorrow  
Thinking about all of the young boys and girls  
whose families won't allow them to identify  
as who they are

In that world, equality is my daily breakfast  
My teeth enjoy the texture of fairness  
In this world, my teeth ache from grinding them against  
All of this oppression

I have this feeling,  
Something like *deja vu*  
That this planet, this country, exists in an alternate universe  
Of tolerance and justice

If our sister planet is burning red, we are a weak pink at best  
Our strength is dwindling in a time we need it to be red hot  
We are losing a fight that never should have existed in the first place

We fell from the intended perfection  
We have failed the laws of the parallel universes  
We are falling and hurting and drowning and dying

I can feel in my bones that this other planet knows nothing of pain  
There, any kind of love is normal love  
Any kind of person is simply a person

I hope  
I hope

I mean

I wish  
I wish

I wish  
I was the version of myself on the other planet

I don't understand how so few others  
Feel this overwhelming sense  
That we are doing it all wrong  
That our blueprint was a perfect house  
And the one we live in now has slanted floors  
Faulty pipes  
A leak in every bathroom  
Crumbling walls

We need to get back on track  
But I don't know how to change a society  
That has rooted stereotypes as deep as the distance  
from the surface of the earth  
To the inner core

We are hurting  
The alternate me in the other planet whispers  
That the time is now  
That if we dare to step one more foot out of bounds,  
We will lose the tracks forever.

I have nimble feet but my feet  
Can't support the weight of this world on my shoulders

I suggest we all strap on ice skates  
And don't dare let that blade touch the black line  
Because this is it.

This is all we got.

## **Today** | Natalia Clark '19

As I dance down the boardwalk with my best friend  
Hand in hand  
I realize that I will never be this young again.

A strong sense of invincibility swaddles my every fear to a calm rest  
Like a bubble of happiness and acceptance cloaking my tendencies to be sad sometimes

Enveloping our youthful optimism in carelessness as we skip  
Laughing

The kinda feeling where you remember  
for a little while  
that this world isn't capable of hurting you  
It cannot even touch you  
If you master the art of warmth on a sunny day

The kind of nights you take mental pictures of and tuck them  
Away into that place that reminds you of  
Hope  
For this world  
and maybe for yourself, too

Those spring nights that feel like the first summer nights we've been waiting for  
Since the second flake of snow floated to the tip of our boots  
Because the first flake was a wonder, but the second had us wishing for warm again

I live for the times  
Where God caresses my face  
From temple to chin  
Tells me that THIS is the meaning  
THIS is what I hoped you'd become  
He calls it my purpose  
I call it pure happiness

I would give away all of my yesterdays and three quarters of my tomorrows  
For the promise of one today filled with  
boardwalk dancing  
For sunrises with fuzzy blankets and warm coffee  
For driving that windy road with the top down and my feet dangling out the window,  
listening to Bob Dylan  
For the feeling of salt water dancing across my sunglazed skin  
For the promise of one today filled with the little things  
Yes, the little things

I want to be present.  
I want to be here.  
I want to be alive, at least for today.

These are the moments  
I dream of on the lonely nights  
On the cold nights  
On the nights where my hummingbird heart refuses to let me breathe

These are the moments  
I clench onto when time slips like hourglass sand  
Through my white, clenched knuckles  
These are the moments  
I bother being alive for

## **Late** | Natalia Clark '19

I look back at my old poetry  
About the boy who did not love me back

And I look back at my reflection in the mirror  
Of the girl on a hunt to shatter glass ceilings

Some call it growth  
Yeah, yeah  
I call it late

My mother reminds me of the talk in the car  
The one about self-love  
And I replay her reminding me of my value  
Like a broken cassette that only repeats the words  
"You are extraordinary"

And I'm embarrassed once again that she needed to  
Even tell me that in the first place

In a world that seeks to tear the seams of my skin apart  
And display the wreckage as media  
Sure, I am proud that I found myself

The convenient part for the media is that I found myself  
At an aging 16 years old  
After its claws preyed on my most fragile insecurities

But I know that there are still girls like me  
Who think their body is the enemy  
Who think the boy holds the power  
Who think they are worthless

I regret that I ever needed to be saved  
When I could have spent this time saving  
All of the other girls like me

Society has us, hook and anchor, and we are sinking  
I hope my years of learning how to swim have prepared me  
To carry the weight of the future by my ankles

My mother reminds me that if anybody can, it's me.

## *I Was Raised By... | Natalia Clark '19*

### *I Was Raised By...*

Those who taught me the value of love.  
 A love so formidable that it has survived  
 Twenty two years of commitment.  
 Passion. Anger. Intimacy. Children. Fear for the future. But also hope.  
 I was shown how a house becomes a home  
 With bedtime kisses and pancakes on Sundays.  
 Weekly movie nights and Easter egg hunts.  
 I painted my father's nails and he wore them with pride,  
 I crafted with my mother until my fingers turned pale with exhaustion.  
 I never wanted to stop striving to become them.  
 I still haven't stopped.  
 That sense of belonging, the power of benevolence, a drive to be better.  
 The instilled idea of aspiration and perspiration being the keys to success.  
 A love unbreakable, even by despair- when we feel it, we feel it together.  
 My extraordinary parents.

### *I Was Raised By...*

A little Michael Jackson, some Foo Fighters, and a lot of U2.  
 Daddy-daughter dances to "My Little Girl" by Tim McGraw  
 And the boys taking turns spinning my mom  
 across the scratched wooden floors.  
 The nights where I discovered that I was  
 Invincible.  
 Nobody could touch me.  
 Belting out the lyrics to "My Way"  
 Like a wolf howling its lifeline.  
 We could have had nothing,  
 And yet we had everything.  
 A simple melody and  
 Six souls blended into one,  
 Moving in crazy ways – without any rhythm – to demonstrate  
 the power of our blood.  
 Our version of love.  
 Dancing around the kitchen with my family.

### *I Was Raised By...*

The ocean caressing the golden sand with its gentle touches.  
 Not only sand castles, but sand castles where I was the queen.  
 Nightly walks to play arcade games, those that consume your mind  
 like the future consumes mine.  
 Watermelon juice running down my chin onto my Tinker Bell bathing suit.  
 Long walks to the Black Rocks,  
 my legs were noodles by the time we got there.  
 I didn't really care.  
 headinginlowerrightcorneronfrontorback  
 murmur  
 Toes in the sand, staring into endless water  
 that managed to build my hope into the  
 Fortress it is today.  
 Summers at Salisbury Beach.

I try to hide nostalgia  
 Because it's going to hurt  
 So badly  
 When I have to leave my home.

But I am thankful for the Sunday pancakes  
 And long nights full of dancing  
 And my old Tinker Bell bathing suit.

I am thankful that the pain of growing up exists

My mom always says that if you miss something,  
 You have something worth missing.

## *For the Girls | Natalia Clark '19*

My momma, she raised me well.  
 She raised me to believe that I should  
 Never  
 Diminish myself  
 to be less myself  
 So I can be more convenient  
 For people to tuck into their pockets.  
 She made me swear on a stack of  
 Warm hearts  
 And expectations that I'd never love someone  
 Before I loved myself.

For so long, I lived in a constant state of  
 "When will he give me 2 seconds of his time so I can  
 Prove myself worthy to be with him"  
 And  
 "Who let you become so dependent on his broken promises?"

For, I did not love myself enough to want to  
 Escape.

I lived like that for months, which felt like decades  
 Of rolling dough without flour,  
 Sticky,  
 Messy,  
 A waste of time.

I waited for the universe to write his love for me in the sky  
 With cotton candy clouds and hearts dripping from the sun's rays.

Silly girl caught up in the idea that some boy  
 Would ever change for her.  
 Silly girl, I say now, the minute you ask someone to  
 Change for you, you should know it's too late.  
 Love needs no change.  
 Silly girl, I say now, keep those expectations high.  
 The minute you lowered them was the exact moment  
 You could have looked down at your watch and tattooed yourself  
 Vulnerable.

I fooled myself thinking that a boy would ever want more than my body.  
 These boys only treat me as a prize.  
 Instead of expecting decency,  
 Girls accept complacency  
 Because "boys will be boys."  
 But my momma didn't raise her boys to be anything  
 But respectful  
 And momma didn't raise her girl to settle.  
 So I don't understand where the disconnect begins  
 And where the madness will end.  
 Broken calls for reform on the actions of boys.  
 A cycle that may never come full circle.  
 A broken chain.

I live in fear that love is watered down by lust  
 Like red water without the fruit punch flavor  
 That we will never return to a place where respect is  
 Not only appreciated, but demanded.

Girls, you cannot grow flowers from sand  
 Like you cannot grow love from lust.

Girls, it is okay to want more.  
 Girls, you are allowed to think he's not enough.

Girls, we need to find a way to make this end.  
 But it all starts with us.

## Bull Moose | Natalia Clark '19

I adored my older brother for many things,  
But probably least of all when  
He dragged me to his favorite record store.  
  
He is the perfect mix of edgy and genius  
Combined with rebel and lover.  
He gave me a lot throughout my childhood  
Like the words "I hate school" on my first Dora backpack  
And a souvenir when his class went to NYC in 7th grade  
And piggy back rides around the first floor  
And foot fights on the living room couch

But the single greatest things  
My brother has ever given me  
Was a summer ride to Bull Moose  
On a casual Tuesday afternoon.

Usually, I'd pout and complain.  
My brother could spend the remainder of his life  
In the A-J record section...  
So you could say I had time to kill.

I asked the cashier where to find the poetry.  
Andrew reminded me not to use gender pronouns  
Because the cashier was in transition,  
And if Andrew has ever been at his kindest,  
It was in that moment.

I strolled to the poetry to find *Milk and Honey*  
Because every teenage girl 'just had to read it.'  
Andrew told me to find  
Bukowski instead  
*Pleasures of the Damned*  
And he said this poetry helped him  
Through high school and  
I 'just had to read it,'  
So I did.  
All 548 pages of it.

My reading never stopped.  
I said  
*I want to write like him*  
*I want to make my mark*  
*I want to have words worth remembering.*

So I wrote.

And I still write today.

As I cry in my room  
I open my journal and allow  
Ink to mix with salt water to produce  
Magic.

As I ponder my future  
I open my journal and allow  
Dreams to flirt with the 26 letters of the alphabet  
In anticipation that a plan may drift off the tip of my pen.

I go to my journal.

Andrew: thanks for introducing me to a mix of  
Untapped potential  
And Charles Bukowski.

I owe you big time.

## Sad | Natalia Clark '19

How do you know, like really know,  
When it's time to say goodbye?

I ask myself this question as a montage of goodbyes flash through my head

Like dropping my oldest brother at college for the first time and promising my mother  
That I wouldn't turn back for one last hug  
Like squeezing my dog's paw for the last time and kissing him goodnight forever  
Like playing for the last time on the Field of Dreams,  
A field that withstood every practice and game

I've always been pretty good at the hello  
I even learned to master the see-ya-later  
But I never quite perfected the goodbye  
I don't think I ever will

So this is my goodbye  
Messy, incomplete  
But the best you're gonna get

Soon,  
My feet will grace a stage that holds the footprints of every alum

The last four years have been nothing short of  
Late nights  
Early mornings  
Homework  
Anxiety  
Stress

Love  
Acceptance  
Growth  
Community  
Family  
Home

How do I say

I love you  
And I miss you  
And I'm not ready to leave you  
All at the same time?

How do I say

In you, I am loved  
In you, I am home  
In you, I am my greatest me

But in you I must say goodbye  
One last time

The pain of happiness  
Might be the worst kind

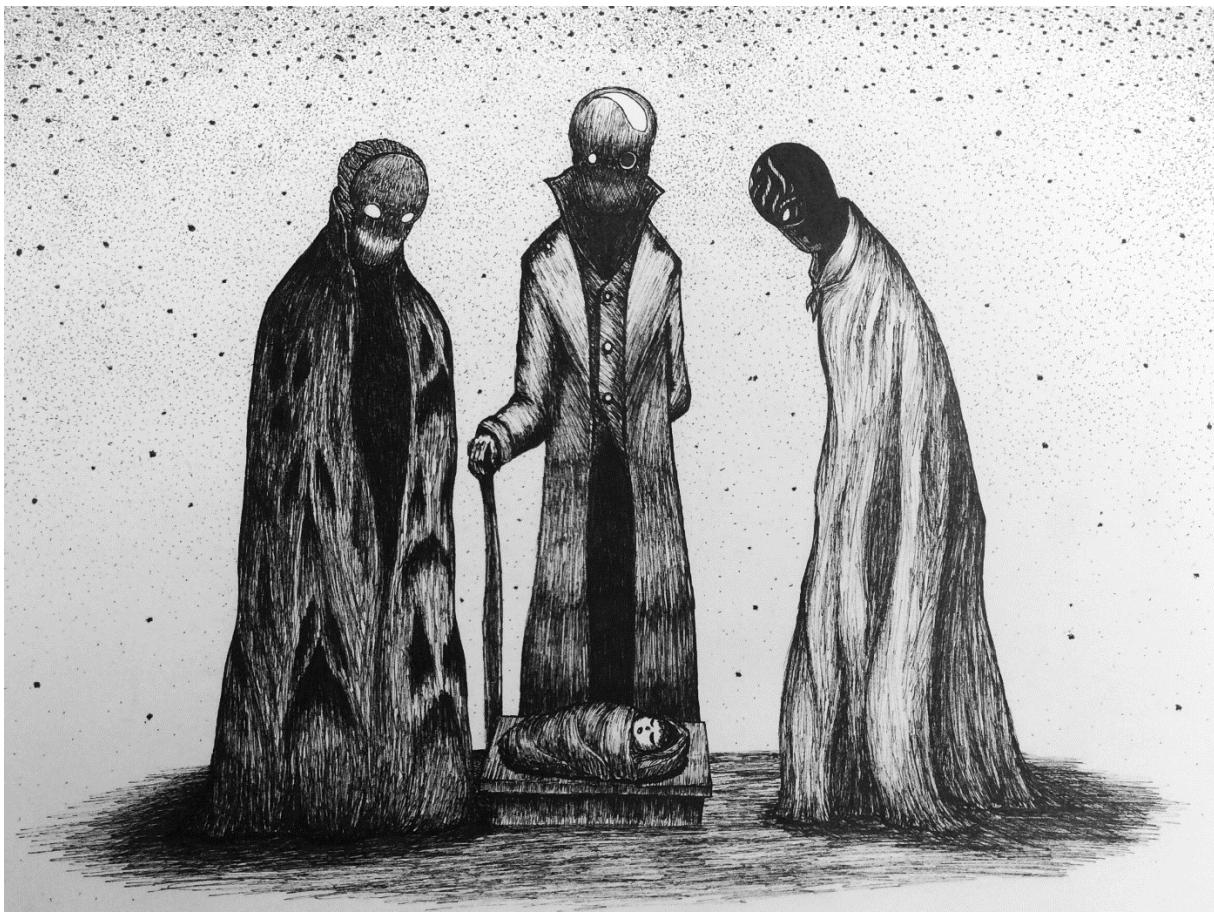
I don't know how to do this  
So hail to thee, my Alma Mater,  
Dear CCHS

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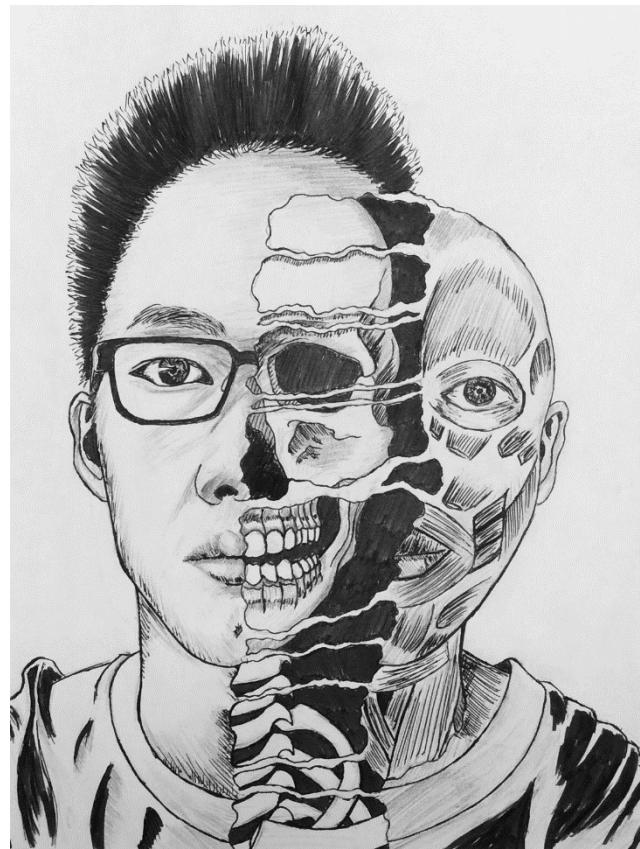
## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: JASON TRINH



*Untitled* | Jason Trinh '19



ABOVE: *Untitled* | BELOW LEFT: *Untitled* | BELOW RIGHT: *Untitled* | Jason Trinh '19

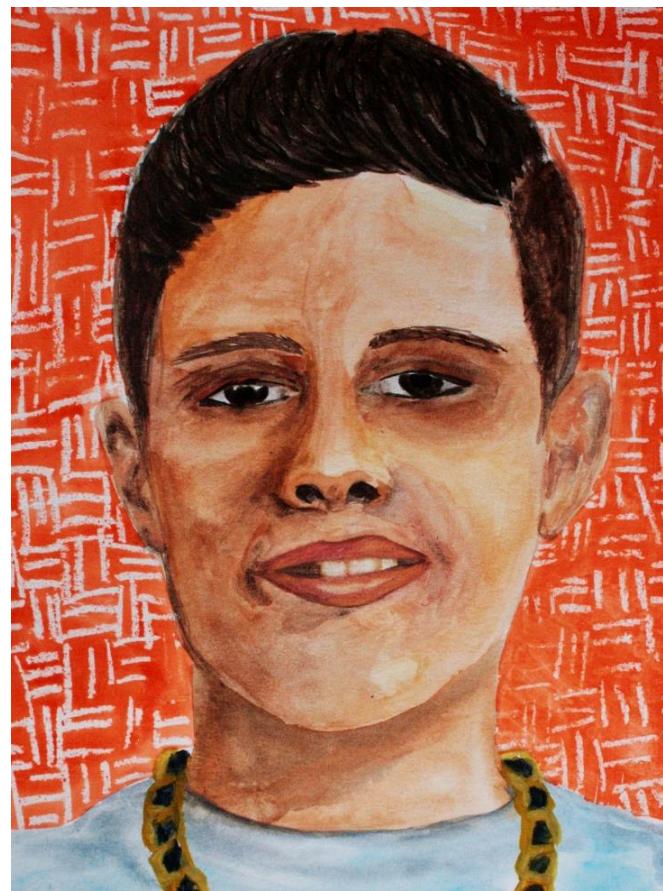
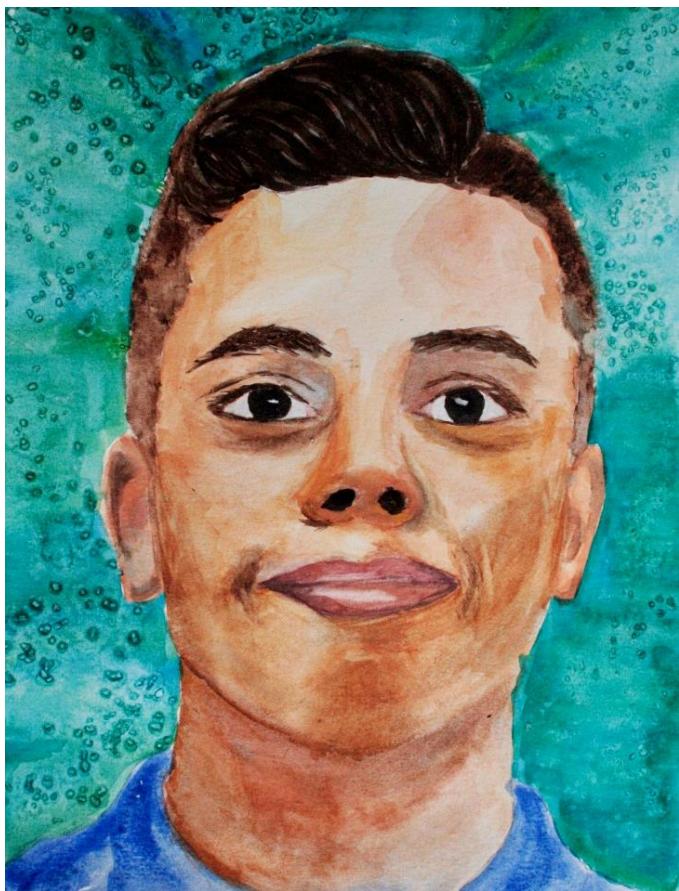


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# FACULTY SHOWCASE



*Untitled* | Mr. Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department



*Memory Project Portraits* | Mrs. Jenn Chatigny, Fine & Performing Arts Department



*Splash* | Ms. Bridgette Bolduc, Science Department



ABOVE: *Felipe*, 11.16.18 | Mr. Chris Merrill '89, Director of Admissions  
BELOW LEFT: *Patriots Playoff Mural* | Mrs. Lauren Roeser, Fine & Performing Arts Department  
BELOW RIGHT: *Veronica* | Mr. Matt Joyal '08, Social Studies Department





ABOVE: *R and R* | Mr. Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department  
BELOW: *Residential Portrait of Sherlock* | Mr. Matt Joyal '08, Social Studies Department





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