

TRUTH AND COURAGE

The Student Voice

February Editorial

By Anna Kozikowski '23

As the winter drags on, life in Dublin is, well, snowy. All around campus, faculty are putting on different events to slowly welcome students back on campus and engage in winter activities. While walking to class, one may witness an occasional snowball fight or a classmate sledding down a hill during a ten-minute passing time. On weekends, between ice skating on the pond and cups of hot chocolate regularly available in the dining hall, students have the opportunity to spend their free time having fun inside or outside. This week is also the beginning of Winterfest, an annual Dublin tradition. Winterfest is basically the Dublin winter olympics, but with a lot more Moxie! Mr. Bates reminds us that nothing is complete without his favorite drink, Moxie, more often than not.

With classes back in session, students are spending time studying in some of our newer places on campus. Underneath our new dining hall are some new student common spaces. With ping pong tables and comfy chairs, any student feels right at home. The beautiful view of the mountains out the window makes it just so much more enjoyable.

Among other things, sports are off to a busy and exciting start. We have transitioned into our winter sports and activities, which include nordic skiing, alpine, snowboarding, robotics, basketball and theater. While most teams aren't competing against other schools, the alpine skiing team has had competitions at the local ski area at Crotched Mountain. On occasions the nordic skiing team has also had competitions. Other teams, like basketball, have been practicing and playing games against themselves in order to minimize the risk of Covid. Theater is putting on a "Covid Cabaret" at the end of March featuring numerous songs from many different shows. Feel free to read Daisy Ober's article in this month's issue for more information. (continued on page 2)



basketball practice



skiing on the Wight Ski Hill



theatre rehearsal

photos by Ms Greene

I would also like to mention that February is Black History month. While black history should be a consideration every month, February serves as a reminder of the injustice that people of color face. Mia Fantauzzi, a junior Dublin School student, reminds us through Commons emails about the unfair justice system often. I was particularly struck by one story which Mia shared with the community. She wrote:

On March 2nd, 1955 a black girl by the name of Claudette Colvin refused to give up her seat to a white lady on a crowded bus. This was nine months before Rosa Parks. She was arrested and charged for not catering to the segregation laws at the time. She was brought to an adult jail rather than a juvenile detention center. Claudette Colvin, a 15 year old black girl, was the first to not give up her seat on a bus, not Rosa Parks. Rosa had more of an appeal to the public eye due to her education, marital status, and her being lighter skinned gave her an advantage.

Rosa Parks was a major figure in the Civil Rights Movement, and we hear her story often. However, what Mia is saying is that her story isn't the only story nor is it the first, just because it is the most well-known. While Rosa Parks was still an important figure and demonstrated great bravery, it is important to also learn about the people of color who were silenced. Their voices demand to be heard. Claudette Colvin stands out to me because she was fifteen years old when she refused to give up her seat on the bus, close in age to myself and other students. I am stunned by her willpower and the fact that she was willing to stand up for injustice despite the consequences. Claudette and many others' stories are not told because they are silenced by the media. There is danger in hearing just a "single story". From hearing the same stories over and over, this is how stereotypes and wrongful accusations are made. I encourage everyone to read more than one story before forming opinions as well as being open to different views. I also encourage you to watch "The Danger of A Single Story," a Ted Talk by Chimamanda Adichie Ngozi.

Claudette Colvin also serves as a reminder that teenagers can make change too. Young people want to be able to change the world. As a teen myself, I ask myself what I can do to help with change. With constant arising issues in the world, I wonder how to go about fixing them and not making the same mistakes as past generations.

Something I find inspiring and unique about our generation is our readiness to stand up for our beliefs and speak out at a young age. For example, look at Greta Thunberg; her passion for saving the world and speaking out about it. Greta is just one of many teens trying to make a difference in the world. With creative minds and new ideas, this generation has the potential to create a positive social change in the world. Through technology, teens are encouraged and have the ability to share their opinions and/or form them, be creative, learn from mistakes, and have more information about current events. The power to change the world can be as simple as one click away, one search, one Instagram or Facebook post, one email. I have a strong belief that we, teenagers, can work together with the rest of the world to promote positive change. No matter your circumstance, we have to change the world. We can't do this alone, so I ask everyone, how can we change the world together?



photo by Lucks Emerson '23



photo by Taylor LeClair '23

**REMINDER: SOCA is hosting a
Black History Music & Arts Event on
March 11 from 3:40-6:10 PM.**

Quarantine

by Marina DuVerlie '24

Wow! The start of quarantine was almost a year ago, I remember everybody thinking it would just be a two week break from school. Recently I have been reminiscing about all the things I used to do back then, like making the famous whipped coffee from tiktok, taking long family walks because there was nothing better to do, bingeing all the netflix shows (including Tiger King), being on tiktok 24/7, and lying in the spring sun, despite it only being in the fifties. And I miss it in a strange way. This made me realise how odd it is to dislike something in the moment but to still remember it fondly. Those days in quarantine, although sometimes extremely boring, really shaped our generation and I find that interesting and wonder what stories we will tell in the future about this time.



drawing by Delaney Keene '24



Campus at Night
photo by Lucks Emerson '23

Theatre in 2021

by Daisy Ober '23

Dublin School's Theatre Program is doing a slightly different production this year. Typically rehearsals start in late November and we perform a musical in March. Last year we performed *The Secret Garden*; the year before it was *A Chorus Line*. However this year, because we can't perform for the outside community, and with our extended break and odd sports schedules disrupting our typical rehearsal schedule, our show will look a little different. Instead of performing a full musical, we will be performing a cabaret-style collection of songs from many different shows, including *Rent*, *Hadestown*, and *Spring Awakening*. We are calling it "You Learn: Songs of Love, Loss, Empowerment, and Renewal."

The performances will be at the end of March, and will take place in the recital hall. You can sign up to come to a performance; there will be one at 7 pm on Thursday, March 25, one at 7:30 pm on Friday, March 26, and two on Saturday, March 27, at 2 and 7:30 pm. The live performance will be for students and faculty/staff only. We are also creating a film version of this year's production, which will be released to the community sometime in April so families can see it too!



students rehearsing in the Recital Hall
photo by Ms Greene

February 2021

School

by Madi Lefebvre '24

I had almost forgotten the feeling of school. My days blurred together without a concept or care of the date or time

I had forgotten early morning alarms and the to-go coffee mugs

I had forgotten the feeling of my back pack. Oh, nothing reminds me more of school than a backpack pressing into your shoulders after you put a few to many notebooks in

I had forgotten the rhythm of note-taking ; your head on a swivel, glancing back and forth

I had forgotten the assignments

I had forgotten

the
worry
stress
and
anxiety

I had forgotten the late nights with your head falling forward on the desk in front of you to only produce mediocre work and tired eyes.

But I hadn't forgotten about:

The laughs with my friends over something I can't remember anymore,

The fun Friday nights,

The help with homework,

The study sessions where no studying was done.

I hadn't forgotten any of the real memories.

Stardust

by Olivia Jadlocki '23

Stardust runs through our veins
Like a good song on a messed up day

Giving purpose when it seems to faint

A small reminder that you have
the stars right in your heart
that nothing is ever truly too
Far

Hide and Seek

by Alexandra Beltran '24

**this piece won an Honorable Mention at the 2021 Scholastic Writing Awards*

We — humans — are one of the most adaptive and intelligent creatures on earth. We have the ability to create language, writing, speech, and myriad ways to communicate with each-other. Yet in situations of grief, anger, and hardship, many of us find solace within ourselves rather than simply asking for help. Because, in our minds, something as easy as reaching out for help, means a sign of weakness. Or, in some cases, reaching out for help is simply unachievable as we are not worth the consideration of others.

I only speak of such things from what I have gathered through my own personal experience. As a child, I would play a number of games, which each one derived from either what the older kids were playing, my imagination, or what my parents taught to me. Many times, when I thought of games through my own imagination, I based it off of what I know. For example, all-time favorite, hide-and-seek. I loved hide-and-seek when I was 7 years old, and, eight years later, I still love it. I'm sure you have played it yourself at one point in your life. I still remember the times in which I've won.

My family is huge, and everytime the adults came together all the kids would play one massive game of hide-and-seek. My cousin, D, the oldest of us all, placed himself in front of a wall and leaned against it and closed his eyes and said, "You have 100 seconds to hide!"

Each of us, hearing the voice of the person "it", ran away. Some ran underneath the table, pushing through the legs of the adults hoping to use them as cover. At times the adults would let them and even entertained us and covered the openings with their purses, bags, and table cloth. Others (my older cousins, the baseball players) jumped up into the high places that only they could reach. One time my cousin A, jumped on top of the fridge, used the cereal boxes and cookie jars to hide himself. Some kids (the much younger ones) ran down the stairs as fast they could and somehow fit themselves in the smallest of spaces. The youngest J, once slid underneath the couch while her sister was able to fold herself into the small crook under the stairs. Some hid underneath the bed, closet, even the shower. For those 100 seconds the house felt as though it was vibrating. The glasses of wine that the adults were drinking would shake, the large TV would move gently on its stand. It sounded like one hundred wild animals were racing through the walls and up the stairs. The family frames and decor that were placed on the walls would shake. Small outbreaks of whispers and giggles emanated from almost all around the room, yet when the 100 seconds were up, the real clock started with a simple sentence. "Ready or not, here I come!"

Almost like someone hit a mute button, the once vibrating house became still, and the wild animals that were once racing through the house disappeared. And all those innocent giggles and whispers were gone, instead the house that was filled with laughter and mindless peace was replaced with an intense atmosphere. This change was so sudden that even the adults could feel it. Their loud laughter and jokes and conversations would dull down, it felt as though if they spoke too loud something horrifying would happen. Like their noise was disturbing something sacred. But of course, no one really noticed nor did they care, in fact it made the game seem serious.

No one wanted to be caught, especially myself; see, the moment my cousin D decided to be the seeker, I ran like hell. All the way upstairs, then all the way downstairs, I let everyone see me running into seemingly a hundred different directions at once. I had to make sure no one knew where I was hiding. That was, I found, the trick to winning hide and seek. The moment someone else, even if it is just one person knows where you are, you might as well hand yourself in to the seekers. Because that was the other secret to hide and seek: the moment the first hiding person was found, it was only a little while until everyone else was found. Apparently, all the seeker had to do was break one hider, and that hider knew where someone else was hiding, and that someone else knew where someone else was hiding. And just like that, everyone fell apart like a game of Jenga; you only needed one person who broke the rules and told everything for the game to fall apart. This unspoken rule of hide-and-seek, has been a rule that I applied to almost everything in my life. This rule is built on trust, that's why no one really says it when they are explaining the game, because

everyone trusts each other not to rat the other person out. Trust is a fickle thing in my eyes, I believe that life is somewhat painful not having anyone to trust, but it is not unpredictable. If you trust no one to know anything about you, that information will forever remain with you and the game doesn't fall apart. The subtext in the unspoken rule gives you the key to winning hide-and-seek: trust no one.

So, I ran around the house for a good 30 seconds before racing up to the attic and finding a window. Once I found the window, I grabbed my blanket that was already prepared and squeezed myself into a tiny space where all the boxes and storage lay. Then I covered myself with the blanket and waited. I couldn't see anything, but I could hear everything. And, one by one, everyone was found.

"GOT YOU!" D yelled. "FOUND YOU!" He yelled again.

"Hey, L is hiding in the closet." L.D, L's sister whispered to her God-Brother.

The whispering and ratting each-other out continued until they almost found everyone. At the end, or when they assumed they found everyone, the seeker counted all the people found just to make sure that he got everyone. Except he didn't; he was one short: me. At that point in the game, it was more amusing for me to watch everyone try to find me, so I waited. I used to count how many times people would walk by me and still not see me. Hours would pass by until everyone was searching for me yelling.

"LEXI! Come out already!!"

"LEXI WHERE ARE YOU?!"

"COME OUT!"

And my personal favorite, "This isn't fun anymore, come out!"

But the thing with me is that I am unbelievably stubborn and competitive. I never came out, no matter what they said. Eventually, however, they would bring in my mother and I would always be forced to reveal myself to everyone. It was a guilty pleasure of mine to watch their faces morph into one of disbelief when they realized how many times they had walked by me. By the time everyone found me this time, it was time to go home. The game of hide-and-seek had ended, but only for them. In my eyes, they would never find me. As I grew up, anytime I felt angered at my parents or siblings, I would hide. I couldn't speak back to my parents; I couldn't say anything to my older sister because she was older, and I couldn't say anything to my younger sister because then I was blamed for hurting her feelings. Anytime I tried to confront my brother it would end with a battlefield between us throwing pillows and trying to choke each-other. I, of course, always lost as my brother did Karate, and he was 7 years older than me. The only thing I felt where I had control was in hiding, because when I hid, no one could find me unless I wanted to be found.

So, I hid. When I was mad at my parents, I would hide for hours; most of the time I would fall asleep in my hiding spot.

By the time I reached 5th grade, I had stopped hiding and reverted to simply staying silent when I was mad. And it carried on with me till today. Till this day, when I hear others speak badly about me, I simply raise an eyebrow and stay silent. When I am angry, I stay silent; when I am hurt, I stay silent. After a while I, throughout my years of silence, thought that if I could stay silent this long and no one would notice, then maybe I wasn't worth being noticed. That mentality that I gave myself resulted in me setting up a trap for myself. I built a palace in my mind that never allowed people close to me. My silence was a way of fighting back others from knowing me. By not saying anything and not allowing people to find me I never had to trust anyone and I was always safe. But, I was quiet and alone. Yet I was still hoping, like a naive little girl, that someone was still seeking me out. What I hadn't realized, is that the reason people never thought something was wrong is because I've always been silent. It was just like when I played hide-and-seek; I would count how many times people would walk by me and still not see me. Not realizing that I would never be found unless I wanted to. But that was the problem, because it was never a matter of wanting to be found, it didn't matter what I wanted, I needed to be found.

I continued to play hide-and-seek with everyone around me, only it got to a point where I was hiding from myself. I was hiding from my problems that I didn't want to face and I realized that I don't want to live the life of a coward. It took a lot of time and struggling before I was able to confront people and my problems. I still play by that unspoken rule but maybe one day, I'll make a new rule. One that doesn't abide by the game of hide-and-seek.