

S o l s t i c e

Pembroke High School Literary Magazine

Winter 2016



Solstice Staff

Advisor: Mrs. Mrowka

Copy Editors: Margaret Haley
and Zack Balkam

Art Editor: Jess Gigliotti

Design Editor: Ben Hoare

All Staff Members

Zack Balkam

Lilly Benoit

Gillian Benoit

Sarah Brash

Amy Cardinal

Kerrigan Cranston

Stephanie Dyer

Jessica Gigliotti

Olivia Gorman

Margaret Haley

Ben Hoare

Kaitlyn Hunt

Meghan McIver

Kate Moorhead

Marissa Moorhead

Rachel Panton

Jessie Sullivan

Jordyn Soriano

Alexis Swift

Noah Taylor

Cover Photograph by Ben Hoare

Many thanks to interim Superintendent Ms. Obey,
Principal Mrs. Szostak, Assistant Principals Mr. Rix and Mr.
Pierce, our advisor Mrs. Mrowka, and everyone who
contributed to this edition of *Solstice*.

Solstice is now published twice a year by the Literary
Magazine Club at Pembroke High School.

Visit us online at [http://phs.pembrokek12.org/pages/
PembrokeHS](http://phs.pembrokek12.org/pages/PembrokeHS)

Table of Contents

2	Off the Side of the Road by Ryan Gaiser
3	Artwork by Erin O'Leary
4	The Girl Who Stood Alone by Hannah Maki
5	Artwork by Mary Harnish
6	Virginia by Emily Trogone
8	Artwork by Alyssa Vidaic
10	The Balloon by Madyn Godfrey
11	Artwork by Margaret Haley
12	Peaceful by Chloe Hanson
13	Artwork by Caroline Neacy
14	PAT by Brendan Duane
17	Artwork by Alyssa Vidaic
18	A Speechless Moment by Kyle Mosher
19	Artwork by Hailee Ferreira
20	Shells by Max Fagnant
21	Artwork by Kirsten Riser
22	Forgotten by Julianne Humphries
23	Photograph by Sam Howie
24	Journal Entry #1 by Kenzie Coven
25	Photograph by Lauren Freeley
26	Junior Year Noah Richard
27	Artwork by Lara Federspiel
28	Guy Montag: Inner Monologue by Dan MacDonald
30	Photograph by Lauren Freeley
32	My Guardian Angel by Julianne Watts
33	Photograph by Brianna Mastromarino

Off the Side of the Road

By Ryan Gaiser

I'm a police deputy. One night, I was driving back right after dealing with a car accident, I got a call on my radio. Apparently someone called 911 and reported that he crashed off the side of the road. Just what we needed tonight, another crash. He wasn't injured, but because of the way the car crashed he was stuck. The weird thing was, though, that his call suddenly ended after giving an approximate location.

Being near the site of the crash already, I turned my car around and arrived at the scene. I set up some police tape real quick, to keep onlookers away, and made my way to the car. But I found only the wreckage, not the man who needed help. I radioed this in, and the detective showed up a little bit later.

After an initial investigation, the detective determined that the man was attacked and dragged away. There was a small amount of blood on the back of the driver's seat, somewhere it shouldn't have been if nothing could have cut the man's back from the crash. The door of the car was also ripped off with a powerful tool, possibly the Jaws of Life, he theorized. Whoever did this planned on it, they said, as no normal person just carries tools like that around.

The detective announced a manhunt. Every available cop was to look for this man. I heard the detective mumbling how he was sure it was the same guy in the last two missing person cases. They just hoped that they'd be able to find him this time. But they won't. I hid the body too well.

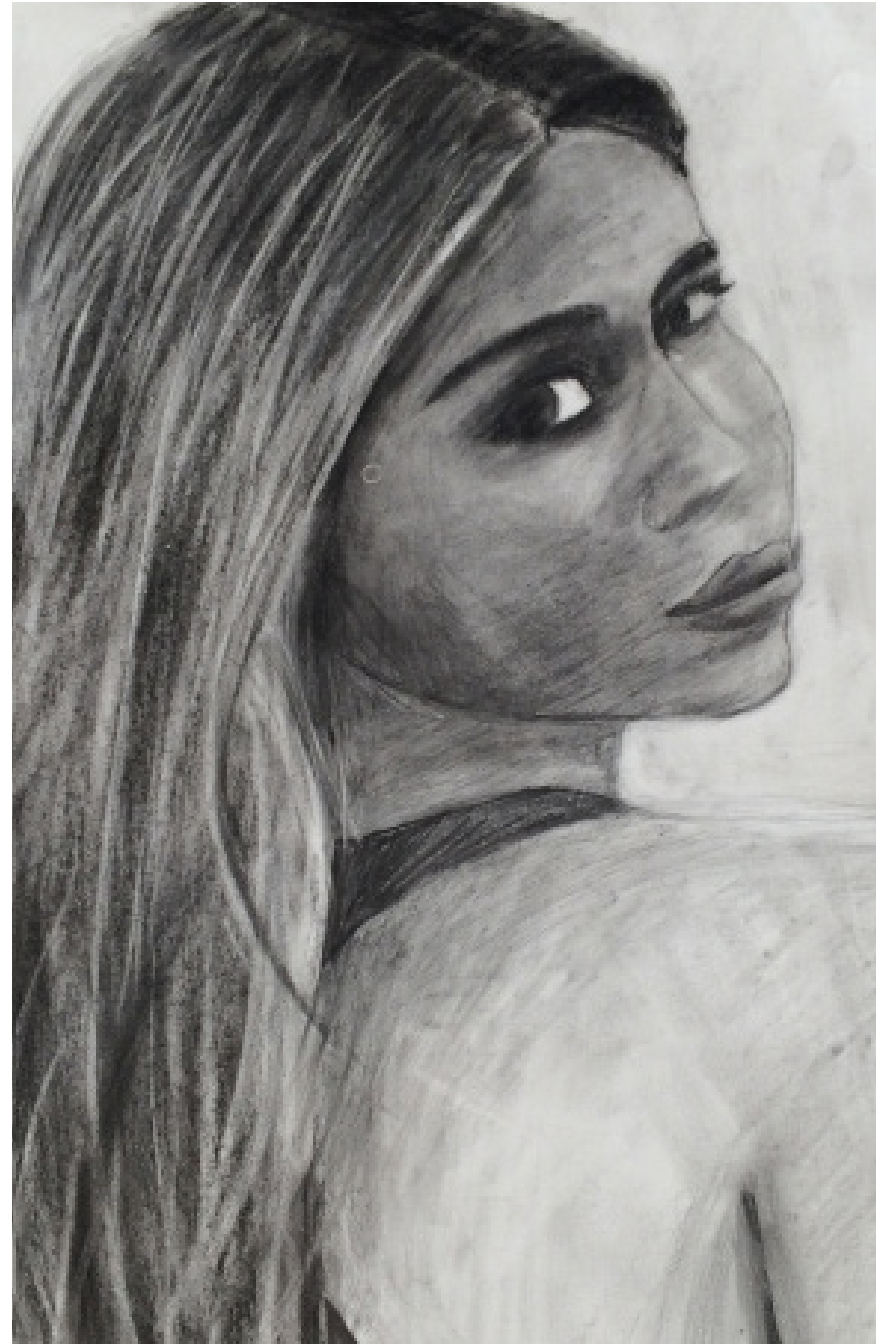


The Girl Who Stood Alone

By Hannah Maki

Lifeless, shapeless, never ending
Dawn strains its neck around the corner
Hurting, fighting, wondering
Why me? I inquire
With my last string of aspiration
Only to be answered
By the hair raising chill of the air
The wind responds, a cold reminder
Isolated, trapped, freezing
My friends. My family. My hope.
Everything ripped out of my heart
At the hands of His men.

The days drone on, one by one
Each hour, each minute, each breath
Potentially my last
Time stands still on these lonely grounds
Silently stirring
Forever is a second
But forever does not exist here
Death waits patiently at the door.



Virginia

By Emily Trogone

"To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people just exist." – Oscar Wilde.

I am at my favorite place. Here, my worries disappear from my mind and are unable to find their way back in, as my brain becomes occupied with new thoughts and great feelings that this lake creates. The person who I journey with is my favorite person. My sister. She's tiny but strong in so many ways. She is my best friend that has always been there for me except for the first sixteen months of my life before she was born. We sing my favorite song in our rough, deafening singing voices. "Meet Virginia." We belt out the lyrics with utmost pleasure and happiness as we half sing, half laugh at ourselves for acting so silly, wondering what nearby boats are thinking when they hear us. "She never compromises, loves babies and surprises, wears high heels when she exercises. Ain't it beautiful? Meet Virginia." In this moment we are what most people always dream of being. Simply happy.

The sun, like a laser beam of yellow, dances and sparkles on the water with little glistening diamonds that reflect off the surface. We slowly move forward inch by inch, swaying with the miniature lake waves being produced by fast moving boats that drag along tubers, hollering and squealing with pure joy. Surrounding us on all sides is water, and surrounding the enormous mass of water are walls of towering evergreen trees. Tucked into the trees are scattered lake houses and small man-made beaches, most with their own dock. The farther from the shore we get, the darker the water's color becomes, changing from hazel to

6

navy in correlation to the depth, and the clear sandy bottom slowly disappears from view. The way the land forms around the lake, makes like an island of water. And we are trapped on this island. But in a way that allows me to silence my mind from my pacing thoughts, fill my heart with love, and relax my soul.

I lay in a cherry red bathing suit that ties around my neck that I had worn 4 months ago when the summer season had just begun, so sad now that the hot weather was ending and the air crisping. I lounge, with my forearms resting behind me on the paddle board with my legs stretched out, almost as if I am posing as a model. I take in the scenery while my sister paddles us towards an adventure. Our plan is to make our way from our little private beach on one side of the lake, and travel to where there is a bridge on the other side. We have attempted to do this numerous times, but the distance is relatively too far to get across on a paddle board. This time we swear we will reach our goal because this will be our last attempt.

Half way to the bridge, my sister and I switch roles as she takes my position as being the model and I stand up on the slippery board, almost losing my balance. I start paddling, pushing the end of the oar into the water and back up again, and repeating this motion over and over. As we continue on, my arms slowly begin to increasingly get tired and sore with each stroke.

Advancing further and further, I ask my sister if we can stop and rest for a few minutes. As she stands up abruptly, I lose my balance this time, and we both fall over into the water. When we come up from under, we are both laughing, our identical dark brown hair darkened even more now from becoming wet. "Ashley!" I say playfully, "Look what you did!" She laughs and says knowingly, "Isn't it always

7



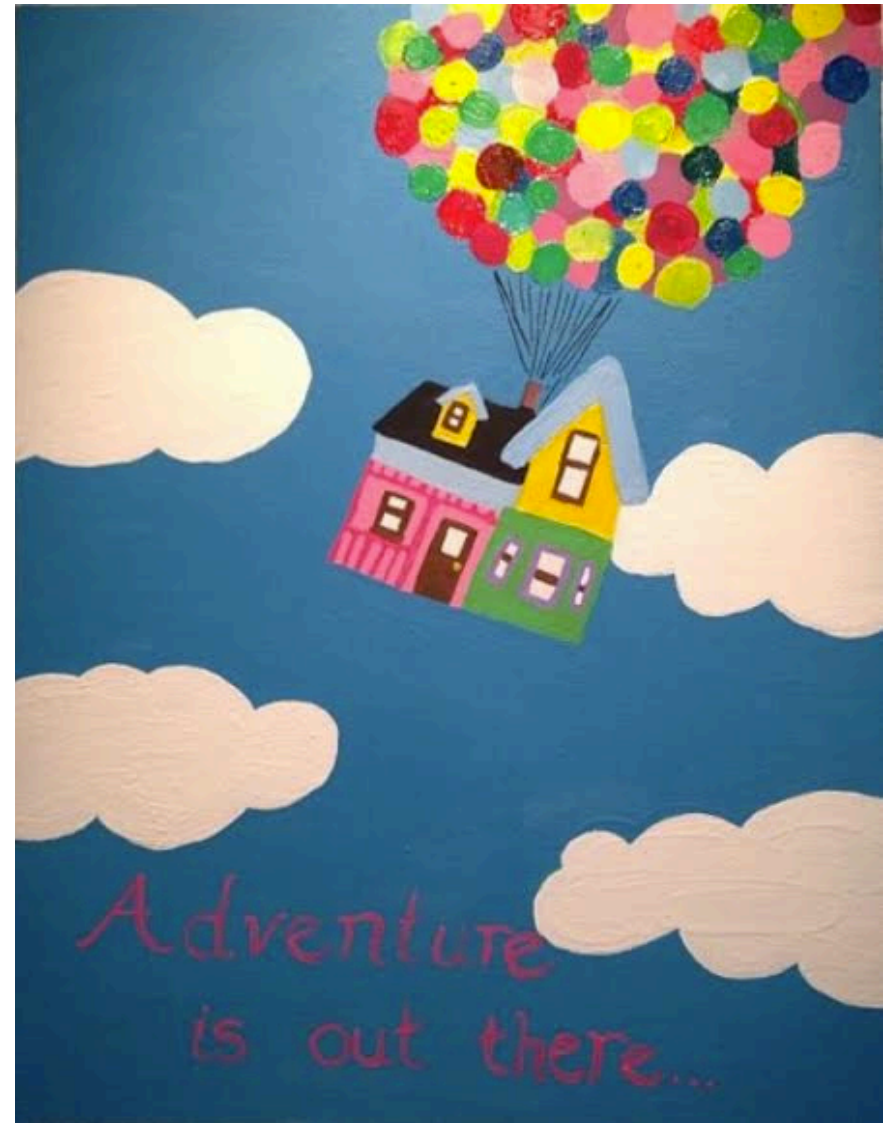
my fault?" "True." I agree. "I was joking!" she exclaims. "My bad. Oops!" I reply, teasing her. "Ahhhh!" she gasps pretending her feelings are hurt, as she splashes me with water. I slap the water and she shrieks putting up her arms like they'll protect her from the wave of water I project towards her. We both giggle and try to get back on the paddle board from the same side, pumping our arms and legs, flailing to get on, accidentally flipping the board over. We attempt to climb on the board again but we have the same results, looking at each other with ridiculously large grins.

The water is cool but on this hot day, it feels completely refreshing and makes our bodies feel like they are taking a large drink of water through our skin, rehydrating us. We lay there, floating on our backs, our ears submerged under water so all you can hear are sounds like whispers. My body is spread out like a starfish soaking in the light of the sun. Even with my eyes closed, yellow passes through my eyelids. This is happy. I am happy.

Even though, as I heard a blood curdling scream from my sister, I heard the words "Meet Virginia". Even as my body became heavy, I felt weightless. Even though the sun vanished from my eyes forever, I caught a flash of brightness where an image of my sister stood. And even though we hadn't achieved our goal of crossing to the bridge. And I knew we never would, it was okay. I died happy.

The Balloon
By Madyn Godfrey

Gone.
Going.
Going.
ht.
of sig
y out
fted awa
on dri
The ballo
She let go of the string.



Peaceful By Chloe Hanson

The leaves lay still,
As if they are glued to the ground,
Birds sing us melodies,
To soothe our tension from the chaotic sound of
life,
The scent of freshly fallen leaves,
Fills the nostrils of every creature,
The taste of the brisk wind,
Signifies the transition of summer to fall,
An occasional robin,
Glides through the crooked branches,
And shakes down several crunchy leaves,
To be added to the worn down piles,
Lying below,
Peacefully.



Pat

By Brendan Duane

Darkness flooded PAT's optic receptors as he ducked out onto the porch attached to the front of his house as he peered into the summer night shifting his weight to the mechanical side of his body. Peter McEvoy, a man practically dead for years lost his left arm and most of his leg in a horrible accident. He replaced them with mechanical replicas measured precisely to his tall frame. The surgery to restore vision in his left eye occurred with complications that, in layman's terms, shut down his emotions. With his memory damaged as well as his emotions, he was dumped on the street with no clue who he was or how he got there. He started his new life on the streets and worked his way to the suburbs. Due to his memory loss, he adopted the name PAT, from the acronym of his mechanical limbs, Personal Advanced Technology. He began work in construction and slowly built a life, but an empty one. As his thirtieth birthday passed, he remembered bits and pieces of his former life but did not regain any feeling of emotion. After saving away some money, PAT bought a house in the woods and lived with a young German Shepard puppy he found while driving home from his work at the school nearby where he taught history to 10th graders. His students gave no attention and made no comment about his left side, which fortunately was only noticeable on his hand. His eye was now black and silver but resembled the original left eye, which was brilliantly green.

One day in the early fall, as PAT strolled through the hallways of the high school, his mind lost in thought, he walked straight into one of the school's English teachers and knocked her and

14

her papers over. As soon as he kneeled to help her, their hands touched. Their eyes met. Something shifted in him. He shuffled the papers back into order and handed them back to her, swiftly stood, jammed his hands into his pockets and sprinted away. She stood in the empty hallway watching him flee and as she let her hand swing down to her side, she whispered "Hi, I'm Emily.." turned and walked the other way.

Later that day, PAT was walking through the park with his dog when what only can be described as a torrent of emotions hit him. He was bombarded by the lowest sorrows to the highest of ecstasies and darkest of angers in seconds, the sheer mental power of it driving him to his knees. Stumbling over to a bench on the side of the path, he tried to regain some sense and felt the immediate urge to have a cigarette, and after inquiring the slightly drunk businessman next to him, he procured one, "You know that will kill you, right?" a voice rang out in front of him. Standing in front of him was Emily, the teacher he had bumped into in the hallway. Jackson, his dog named for the president, immediately jumped his front paws onto her legs. "Get down, you!" PAT ordered and the tiny German Shepard rolled onto his back with his legs up and tongue slumped out of his mouth. Standing quickly and scooping the dog into his arms, PAT started to shuffle away but Emily, a rather small woman in stature, snagged him on the arm and stopped him. "I really should be going" PAT said, trying to get away. "Okay, I'll go with you!" Emily said brightly and began strolling alongside him. The pair started talking as they walked through the park, first about school and the students they shared and then about their personal lives. For hours they talked and laughed together until Jackson started whining and PAT insisted on taking him home to feed him. As Emily walked to her car, he shouted behind her, "We should get coffee!" she turned and smiled at him and

15

said, "It's about time you asked." She got into her car and drove away smiling.

They met at a small family run coffee shop in town and he told her everything that he remembered about his life and all the gaps. Emily was enthralled, interested, and concerned at the same time. She told him about her, what she called a rather less exciting life from her numerous hikes in the mountains to her year in college where she joined the Peace Corps. He liked her and told her as often as he could how she was the one to make him feel again. Months passed and they spent more and more time together, chasing the most exciting adventures to the most humble of lazy Sundays. Whenever he looked into her eyes, they both knew the joy they brought to each other and smiled. This heartless wretch she had saved in the past year felt more happiness than anyone could imagine feeling in a hundred lifetimes.



A Speechless Moment

By Kyle Mosher

A minute passed, and another minute
The ambulance was on the way
A minute passed, and another minute
But I didn't know what to say

It was oddly silent outside
Until I heard the sirens come out of the night
My aunt, she cried,
Grasped by fright, as the sirens came out of the night.

I've never heard, such a horrible sound,
As the snapping of the harness
By which my grandfather was surrounded.

My grandfather lay silent,
All he could do was stare at the ceiling
But his posture, was defiant

As he lay there, he spoke to his wife,
I guess it's time to trash my bucket list,
This may be the end of my life.

Although I knew he would make it,
That Marines don't give in,

As the medics opened the back door, offering my
grandmother a place to sit
The room was filled with the sound of my crying kin.



Shells

By Max Fagnant

Shells don't have to hit the ground
for you to get your point across.
Look at me, I'm using my sound,
to help lessen the body loss.

You can speak the way you think,
without creating so much heat.
If we all stuck together,
the world could bear the weather.

But I've learned
music can mend a heart.
Change another's mind,
inspire another one to start.
But, there's shells on the ground.
Shells on the streets.
Shells all around
that we do not need.

Now this violence,
I can't define.
With hate in their hearts,

They'll drop shells all the time.
How can't they notice,
that all life is precious.
I feel it deep in my chest
when shells fall with unrest.

But I've learned
music can mend a heart.
Change another's mind,
inspire another one to start.
But there's shells on the ground.
Shells on the streets.
Shells all around
and their numbers increase.



Forgotten
By Julianne Humphries

Always there
Never seen
Pushed along
Another face
A lost soul
Searching for help
Never acquiring it
Unnoticed

No red flags
Envy the trouble makers
Who hogged all the attention
Exhausting themselves
To barely keep up
Why aren't they helped?
They're not an issue
Drawing no attention
And slipping through the cracks

Year after year
Exerting themselves
And for what?
An almost passing grade?
Sleepless nights
Helpless
Invisible
The constant failure
Building up
Creating an anger
Unable to ignore
Ripping you apart



The questions
Why you?
Why not them?
Eating you up inside
You shut down
The hours
Spent wishing
That someone could see
Help you
They don't
They never do
Oblivious to what's been in front of them
This whole time

Have you learned the skills to succeed?
You haven't?
You've missed a lifelong education
That can never be made up
Pretending to believe in you
But after a year
You're gone
Alone
Unprepared
Overlooked
You were forgotten

Journal Entry #1

By Kenzie Covenor

Dear Journal,

Lately I've realized an odd behavior among my fellow classmates. Rather than making their own decisions, they change themselves to fit in with the crowd. For example, I was in line to buy lunch yesterday afternoon and I noticed a girl going towards the pizza line. She seemed so excited to get her pizza, her mouth was practically watering. But then, she noticed her friend leave her side and walk towards the salad line. In that moment, she put down her tray, and followed close behind. Why do people feel the need to change themselves in order to fit in? Keyword: Fit in. Everyone wants to fit in, and the seemingly easiest way is to do what everyone else is doing...right? Wrong. This isn't true; it doesn't make you fit in, it isn't magic. Changing yourself to fit in with a crowd does nothing but show lack of confidence. People will like you better if you stand out, and do what YOU want to do rather than what you want people to think of you. The idea of self-image is just a way that you want to make yourself look to impress others. People need to trust themselves, because no one else knows you better than you. The people who have the least trust in themselves are teenagers. Our generation is trained to adapt to our surroundings. Not like Charles Darwin's theory, but to adapt to fit in with the crowd we aspire

to be part of. People will do anything to fit in, even if it goes against their personal morals. If people cared less about society's opinions, they would be different, and individuals would be individual. You need to learn to be able to rely on yourself, because one day, you will be all alone in the real world, and how you were as a stupid teenager will not matter anymore. You will be happier once you are true to yourself and see everyone else and their opinion as irrelevant.



Junior Year

By Noah Richard

Junior year, a seemingly never-ending abyss that will destroy your high school careers if you do not prepare yourself for it, yet it flashes before your very eyes before you could check your grades on Power-School. The year that is met with the perplexing question of “what do you want to do with your life?” that every friend, relative, and teacher seems to inquire. For some, it requires little to no effort to answer the question. Some will be hasty to tell you that they want to be a musician or an artist or want to major in business. For those few they have been playing music for as long as they can remember or have been an outstanding artist, it is all they ever knew and aspired to be. But for those whose ideas and preferences change like the weather in New England, then that question is fairly problematic to answer. How do you expect someone to know what they want to do with themselves 17 years into their life when they do not even know what they want for dinner that night? I mean logistically, we are roughly a quarter way through it, assuming we live to be 80-100 years old. We still have most of our life left to LIVE. Keyword: live. I mean, life has kind of lost its meaning when you think of it. You go to school so you can get a job so you can work, you work to get paid, you get paid so you can pay off the school that got you a job, and then you work until you have enough money to retire while your old and live your life as a shadow of what it used to be, not to be too disheartening. Where is there room to focus on you and just be

happy? Where is there room to do all the things you have wanted your whole life? That's all I want to be, happy. I don't care about any fancy job. I could be the manager at McDonalds or the next C.E.O of a major corporation. I don't care. As long as I am happy and am with people who make me feel that way and accomplish things that make us happy. Is that too much to ask for?



Guy Montag: Inner Monologue

By Dan MacDonald

Fireman by occupation
Censoring the nation
Caged mind with no liberation
Proud to be an American
Blind in one eye
Nearsighted in the other
Clarisse gave me sight
My mind sighs
What a relief
Knowledge is peace
Maybe they weren't so wrong
Adam and Eve to eat from the forbidden tree
In fact they're just like me
But Clarisse is no longer with me
Adam without Eve
I will continue to burn on but at 450
I now keep books in my vent
A sin for which I will not repent
Searching, searching for an end
Or a remedy for my depression
But chief Beatty is suspicious

28

I'm hungry, knowledge is delicious
He knows this, he knocks at the door.

I can soak in the books for 24
Time, knowledge, I need more
How could I not see before?
Faber's my man
We'll make a plan
Copy books, we can
From cover to cover
And under the cover of night we will proceed
Just a little b and e To put books under their b-e-d
The firemen, just like me Like I was
But I'm different now
Let me tell you
I'm not the Montag who burned Montague.
I head back home,
Wishing to be alone,
But Mildred's friends are here,
Oh grief oh my oh dear,
How can they not see?
All that you can learn, in order to be
Can be derived from what you read.
I crack open a good one, recite a few lines
The women break down and cry

29



Sound the alarm
Condemn me to die
Even Mildred sealed my fate and said goodbye
Beatty bids me burn the books
The house had to go too
But when Beatty said, "time to apprehend you"
I turned the flamethrower
Point click shoot
Reduced to a pile of ash that has fallen into his shoes
Beatty bothers no more
I too take to my shoes and fly
From the mechanical hound that's Montag bound
Bloodthirsty.
Where to go where to go
Surely Faber will know
He masks my musk with his musk
And down the river I drift.
I follow the above ground railroad
To the liberators of my enslaved brain
"The Book People"
The keepers of the written word, revolutionaries.
And when the bombs drop, we are the rebuilders.

My Guardian Angel **By Julianne Watts**

One last look
My only desire
One last glance at you
Your deep blue eyes
Full of life and wisdom
I could not appreciate

One last touch
My heart desires
Your warm but frail embrace
Holding me tight
Feeling your love
Not ready to let go

One last phrase
Slips through my lips
Only a second late
Too naïve
Too young to grieve
No concept of loss or regret

Years pass by
I miss you still
Wanting the pain to disappear
The hole in my chest
Never healing
Growing bigger with your absence

Memories fade and blur
Impossible wishes die
Praying for guidance
Searching for answers
Tears that won't stop

An angel appears
Whispers into my ear
My heart swells
Breaks

Tears appear once again

I understand now
You've never left my side
Watching me,
Guiding me, loving me,

The phrase
The painful phrase
Slips from my lips
Sadness overcomes me

I gaze into the stars
Seeing your eyes
A gateway to your soul

My last words to you
I must repeat
My last message for you

I love you.

