Winter 2026 Diman Literary Journal



-A view of the Watuppa Pond from the new school building

"Everything is shaped by another--if merely everything was decided by me, there would be nothing except for me."

-Keagan Vitorino, Class of 2026

Adviser's Note: *This year's Diman literary journal will focus on the topic of change*



and how people adapt to it. Some changes are positive and some are negative. Some changes are embraced while others are not. This year, Diman will be transitioning to a new school building. The move will evoke some sad emotions for some while others will revel in this move toward a new home for the district.

On the subject of change, this journal features a photo of the Diman Varsity Football team, a squad that made a positive change, bringing home a football championship trophy for the first time in school history. Other works include some crime stories about people whose lives might have been changed due to a crime he or she may or may not have committed. Many juniors this year studied the transition of America from a land populated by indigenous people to a nation in conflict as waves of Europeans started coming to this country, creating cultural, religious, and political clashes. This edition will also feature some quotes and poems from senior Keagan Vitorino, a young man who aspires to become a professional writer. All students within the Diman community are welcome to submit poems, reflections, or short stories on this topic



To solicit thy grandeur,
blanketed by Thy Sun's sacred rays;
Shadowing the standard sought by all and sundry
-Keagan Vitorino, Class of 2026

"Is it one to believe, always committing a heresy towards the faulting chance of their future?"
-Keagan Vitorino



Photo by Jack McKenna

The Grades Come To An End

As a kid, I was always told by people in my life that I had a long road ahead of me, and to cherish every moment of school because once I graduated, life would never be the same again…. But as I have progressed through 11 grades, I have grown to be grateful; grateful for everyone I have met in my life; grateful I have been able to stay my true self; grateful that I am living on this planet; and grateful for the amazing family I have…. Eventually, the grades come to an end, and the piece of paper I have worked so hard for will be right in front of me, and just like everyone else, I will leave that stage, and carry unbelievable stories to tell, and amazing memories to relive.

-Jack Mckenna, Class of 2026

Run Away Daughter

The day is gone the night has taken over
The shadows creep upon the flowers and clovers
I close my eyes to feel them water
Why can't I be the perfect daughter
I try my best
I need to rest
I can't wait to go and see the world
To be twisted and twirled
By the man I love
The man that fits to my life like a hand in a glove

Isabella St. Pierre, Class of 2027

Silly Goose

During the duration of the earth there have been many major events that have an impact on how we even live today. Fortunately I've never been alive for one of these major events, knock on wood, but my family on the other hand. My family is gigantic and stories flow all throughout. But there has always been this one story that has been treated like THE family heirloom. It is only to be spoken about with family unless Uncle T approves of the audience, which he has. So without further ado, this is the DoRego legend.

It was 843 AD, My great grandfather of many generations, Martim DoRego, the best farmer in all of Portugal. Yet he wasn't even known for his farming by his local village. The village knew my grandfather for his goose that protected the gates to his home. Goose DoRego was a local celebrity for many years until one night when the goose got his new name. The home my grandfather built was vandalized but his poor goose was agonized. Martim had found out that a group of kids pulled a "prank" and decided to embarrass his goose. During the wee hours of the night, the said group thought it would be funny to silly string my grandfather's home along with his treasured goose. This is how the term silly goose was created and it will forever be a part of my family and my grandfather's legacy.

-Karter Pereira, Class of 2027

An Unwanted Acquittal

The trial came to an acquittal. Thank god. Ashley was found not guilty in robbing Sephora. She lived a good life before her arrest. She had everything she wanted and more. Now, everyone has left her; she lost everyone she thought she could lean on. Nobody wants to be around someone accused of crimes. Ashley had nothing left. She lived in the slums by herself, depressed, wishing that the jury would've come to a deliberate, unanimous decision that she was guilty. I'd rather be stuck in jail than live this life. I should've made it obvious that I was guilty.

That's all that ran through Ashley Cabral's mind as her life shifted and she learned that the grass isn't always greener on the other side.

By Anaya Cunha, Class of 2028

Wrong Time, Wrong Place

The cars screeched, and loud bangs happened. It was an ordinary day in slums, where dark corners provided perfect hiding places. In those hiding shadows there was a secret. A person lays there on that cracked dirty cement. The blood is thick and dark, it's old. That woman was located there for a while, and nobody said anything. Or did they just not see it? Soon enough sirens rang loudly, and commotion came jolting. A man had just lost the love of his life, and he was being found at fault.

The commotion around him stirred his brain, it was like his body was hit with all the stages of grief at once. The death of his love, and now this? All he could do was hang his head down. It's like he wanted to think but he couldn't. The jury quieted down as the judge ordered in the court. They all had their eyes peering at the man. The prosecutor stood, plump and proud in his slick black suit,

"You will see throughout this case— that Lucus Smith planned out the deliberate murder of Marie Jackson," The man in the suit took a pause before continuing.

"Lucas claims he was just walking with Marie, on the night of her murder, but who takes their lover into a side street of the slums. Unless Lucas had planned to harm the victim."

The man in the suit paused with a cold smirk, glancing at Lucas who was already in much distress. Who wouldn't be anxious knowing you are the last person found with the victim, who also is your only alibi. Lucas's lawyer gave a glance to hopefully remind Lucas of the counseling he received earlier. Lucas shook his head, tears bubbled in his brown eyes. He wanted to shout, wanted to protest. Yet he couldn't find it within him.

“He hangs his head with guilt mm! How could anyone believe the word of one man against five. He knows what he’s done.”
The plump lawyer with an enormous ego protested.

As hours passed by in that small, cramped, courtroom the verdict wasn’t getting any better. All the protests and statements had just led back to Lucas being the killer. As the trial had come to an end, all things said, and all things Lucus hadn’t done. The group that killed his Marie got acquitted. The prosecution was over, and Lucas Smith was found guilty of first-degree murder.

But how could you defend someone that's guilty? He never understood lawyers' jobs, he knew the blood was on their hands- but yet he got the time behind bars. The way that group hid their victorious smiles behind their hands. How could anyone exist like this in a system that failed him so greatly.

By Nevaeh Medeiros and Mykensie Baker, Class of 2028

Untitled

It doesn’t have to be a hidden complexion.
You don’t need to have an epiphany for each thing you write,
just voice out your thoughts.
You’re more special than you are.

-By Keagan Vitorino, Class of 2026

A Poetic End

A native was harboring English goods and wouldn't return them. The English

offered him a treaty, which stated that he would be left alone and given one-quarter of

the goods if he returned the other three-quarters without any problems. The native man had some resolve and agreed to the terms of the treaty. When the English and the native met up, the native had a sense of peril when a sentinel who was skulking stepped out of the shadows and gunned down the native. The native fell with grace, almost in slow motion, connecting to

providence, a poetic end to a chaotic life.

- *By Lucas Eldridge, Class of 2027*

Absence of a Father

Despite the absence of my Father, providence seemed to watch over him, guiding his resolve like a treaty between his heart and the world. I imagined my Father as a distant figure, neither barbarian nor hero, but my father fought his own battles in this harbor of a life. I grew strong, harboring hope that one day, peace would return, and the absence would be replaced with the warmth of his presence.

-Emma Souza, Class of 2027

A Testament to Faith

Not many people think about the important questions of life, like, "Why am I here?", "What is my purpose?", or "Where am I going when I die?". Most people don't know

how to deal with the perils of life and answer those hard questions. How can these hard questions be resolved? To me, it is only by repenting of your sin, and trusting Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. It is only by the providence and grace of God, the sentinel of those who put their trust in Him.

-Lucas Sousa, Class of 2027