

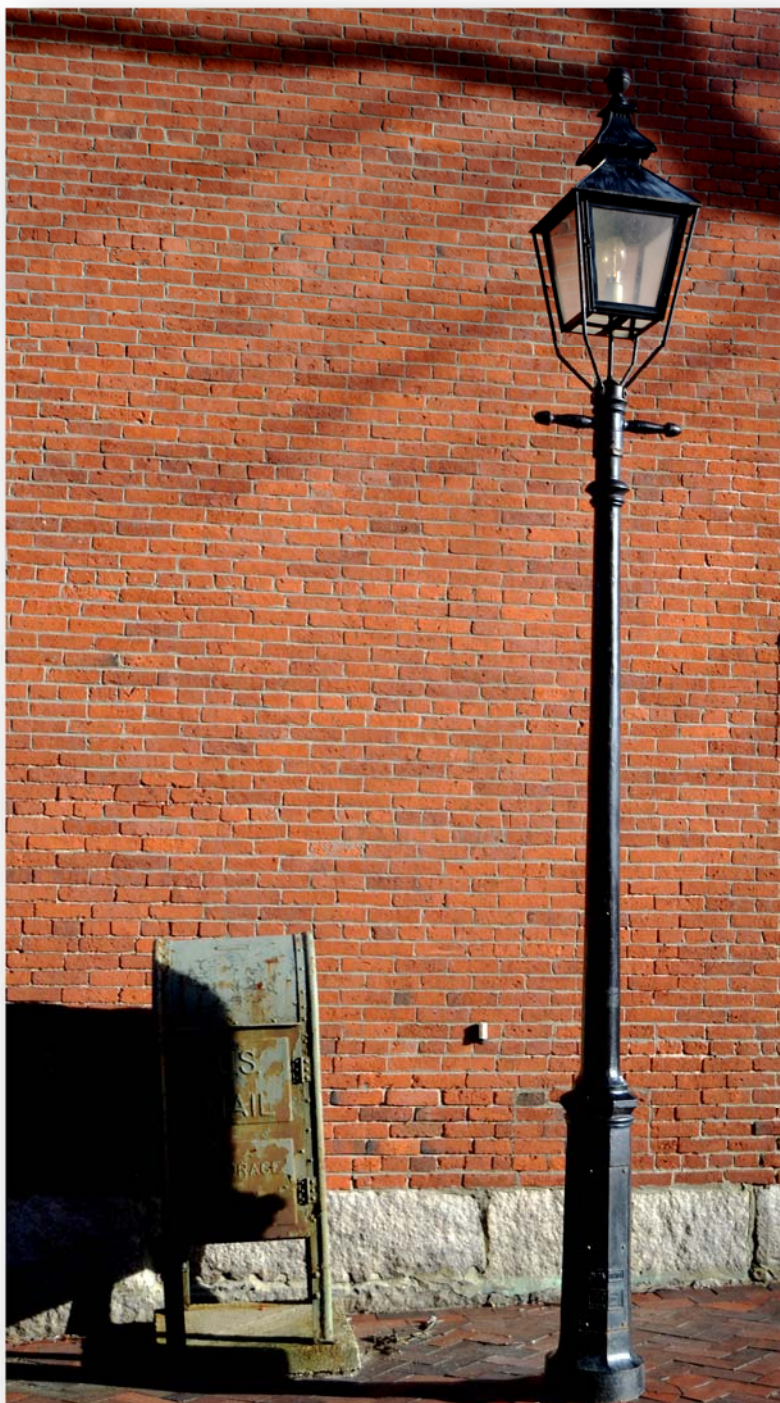
2015-2016
ED XXX1

As We Are

Timberlane Regional High School's Journal of Creative Expression

As We Are

Timberlane Regional High School's Journal of Creative Expression



Kathryn Thomas
Digital Photography

TABLE OF CONTENTS

“Litany”: Rebecca Flieder.....	3
<i>Artwork:</i> Ally Farrah, Isabella Howard, Julia Ramsdell, Hailey MacRae	4
<i>Artwork:</i> Alyssa Rollins, Anthony Trajlinek, Ben Seager, Hannah Dennis.....	5
“The Scarf”: Nicole Sherwood.....	6-7
<i>Artwork:</i> Brooke Delahunty, Logan Ferguson, Tori Woods, Kailey Ross.....	8
“Us, in Simile”: Gabe Perez.....	9
<i>Artwork:</i> Shane Monahan, Kayla Bowen, Maddie Lewis, Brook-Lynn Marcotte.....	10
“Would You Like a Children’s Menu With That?”: Joy Steenson.....	11
“Προμηθεύς”: Molly Weston.....	12
“The Silent Ones”: Jenna Parrillo.....	
“Wings of a Bird”: Mya Hollins.....	13
<i>Artwork:</i> Sarah Fowler, Aaron Cullen, Jess Mezquita, Hannah Dennis.....	14
<i>Artwork:</i> Emma Moley, Kathryn Thomas, Troy Blackadar, Niko Kakouris, Olivia Landry.....	15
“A Long Way to Go”: James King.....	16
“Trolls”: Kathryn Scharn.....	17
<i>Artwork:</i> Olivia Landry, Kathryn Thomas, Aaron Harmon, Olivia Heffernan, Matthew Schaejbe.....	18
“Stronger Than You”: Allie O’Connor.....	
“Haikus”: Emily Hammond.....	
“Emptiness”: Alysha Assaf.....	
“Bleak Winter”: Liam Arteaga.....	19
<i>Artwork:</i> Austin Wells, Logan Ferguson, Bailey Holt, Caleigh Gallant.....	20
<i>Artwork:</i> Ashley Burnham, Alivia McNee, Taylor Hogan, Mary Morris, Taylor Gilcreast.....	21
“Blue”: Shan Shan Zheng.....	
“Choices”: Rebecca Bergmann.....	
“You and I”: Haley Donovan.....	22
<i>Artwork:</i> Kathryn Thomas, Emma Moley.....	23
<i>Artwork:</i> Claire Theberge, Alicia Basdekis, Georgia Groudas.....	24
<i>Artwork:</i> Georgia Groudas, Connor Schott, Chloe Cashin.....	25
“Calais Fires”: Ryan Chaput.....	26
“Original Short Story”: Jarrod Solloway.....	27
<i>Artwork:</i> Kathryn Thomas.....	28
<i>Artwork:</i> Austin Hall, Lexi Heidenreich, Courtney Corwin, Zoey Lauria.....	29
“If Walls Could Talk”: Hannah Donnelly.....	
“This I Believe”: Carly Amico.....	30
<i>Artwork:</i> Reni Mylonas, Kailey Ross, Olivia Heffernan.....	31
<i>Artwork:</i> Brooke Rooney, Jessica Costa, Kristin Klinkofski.....	32
“New Hampshire Makes the Difference”: Zachary Tyler Wheaton.....	33
<i>Artwork:</i> Jess Mezquita, Julia Mulhall, Hannah Pageau, Maiya Perin.....	34
“Adverse Effects”: Cailee Griffin.....	35
<i>Artwork:</i> Nolan McGrath, Kayla Bowen.....	36

“Litany”
Rebecca Flieder

Inspired by Billy Collins’ *Litany*

She is the line on his tear-stained face,
but she is a flower in someone else's garden.
He is the stain on the curtains in the hall,
but she is the mortar in the bricks of his home.
She is the God in the temple of his mind,
but she is the wind in someone else's sails.
He is the crease in her blouse in the closet,
but he is also the window on the third floor.
She is the vent in the library on 4th street
but he is the tear in the postman's bag.
He is the pallor of March on a Tuesday,
but she is the ink in his ballpoint pen.
She is the tearwater tea in his kettle,
but he is the puddle at the end of her street.
She is the crack in the facade of his daydream
but he is the supporting character in her theater.
She is the music in his melancholy cafe,
but she is also the cold through the holes in his hat.
He is not, however, the breeze in her hair
and she is not the battery in his flashlight.
She could not be the battery in his flashlight.
She is, though, the breeze in his hair,
and also the bread in his toaster.
He is the sun-baked gnome in her front yard,
but she is the dust on the shelf of his mind.
She has always been the dust on the shelf of his mind.
She will always be the dust on the shelf of his mind,
but she is also the fan that will blow it away.





Ally Farrah
Acrylic Painting



Isabella Howard
Acrylic Painting



Julia Ramsdell
Acrylic Painting



Hailey MacRae
Acrylic Painting



Alyssa Rollins
Book Origami



Anthony Trajlinek
Book Origami



Ben Seager
Book Origami



Hannah Dennis
Book Origami

“The Scarf”

Nicole Sherwood

He wandered the snow covered streets of London, paying no mind to the cheerful passersby scurrying about on last minute Christmas shopping errands. Many times someone would pause to wish him a heartfelt *Merry Christmas* with a warm smile, but he would just stop and stare at them, a hard expression on his face. "Please..." he would mutter quietly, "Please don't," and move on.

He pulled his coat tightly around him to keep out the chill of the night. One hand clutched at a worn scarf wrapped loosely around his neck. He kept his collar pulled up and did his best to avoid passerby attention. He had absolutely no intention or wish to speak to anyone tonight. Such had been his way for the past three weeks. His knuckles grew white around the scarf as a stab of pain jabbed his stomach. *Don't think about it*, he told himself. *Don't think about it...just walk.*

He turned a corner, brushing past a laughing family. "Merry Christmas, sir," a little girl said, smiling up at him. He paused and looked down at her young, innocent face. He muttered a cold, "Merry Christmas," before he strode on.

Time had lost all meaning and relevance to him. He couldn't recall how long he'd aimlessly walked the snowy streets. He stopped at an empty bench and sat down, removing the scarf from around his neck and twisting it in his hands. The streets were nearly empty now; he figured it must have been past midnight. Everyone else was, undoubtedly, inside their warm, cheery homes, gathered at the fireplace with their families. He felt a pang in his heart and bowed his head.

As it was now, he was barely getting by. He hardly slept, and sometimes he went days without eating. It didn't feel like living, what he was doing, and it wasn't, really. More like he was going through the motions with no real purpose. And that was just it. He'd gone through six therapists, and it seemed as though he grew increasingly worse after each visit. The therapists didn't know; they didn't understand. They were idiots, every one of them.

He wasn't going to think about it. He couldn't. It was enough waking up every night, screaming after watching his only friend die again and again. He'd often come to, paralyzed with grief and pain as he watched him jump...

He felt tears gathering behind his closed eyes and a hard lump formed in his throat. John had been his best friend. Now he was dead. The only friend he'd ever had in this miserable world had ended his life three weeks ago after jumping from the hospital rooftop three weeks ago today.

He buried his face in his hands as a few tears rolled down his cheeks. *Why?* That was the nagging question. It'd popped into his head as he knelt with his pants soaked in John's blood, and it hadn't left. He remembered shaking John's shoulder, like a child, whispering, "John? John....please...wake up John....don't do this..." But begging had never done him much good in the past, and it was hard to get a response from a corpse.

A soft hand pressed on his shoulder and he flinched. He'd been so absorbed in his own thoughts that he hadn't heard anyone approaching. Usually he was able to tell when someone was approaching from a hundred feet away. That was before everything had changed.

He looked up into the eyes of a kind old woman who stood, concerned, before him. He recognized her as his and John's landlady...well, his anyway. She gently squeezed his shoulder and asked, "Are you okay, dear?"

He suppressed the urge to laugh bitterly and settled with a cold glare and a quiet, "No." She frowned sympathetically, sitting beside him on the bench and patting his knee. For a while they sat silently, the absence of John weighing heavily on both of their shoulders.

After a time, his landlady whispered, "I've got a fire going in your flat upstairs and I put some soup on the stove for you. Let's go home and warm up, dear."

He looked down at the scarf clasped in his hands, saying nothing. The landlady followed his gaze and pressed her lips in a thin line. She covered one of his hands in hers and gave him a sad smile. "Come on dear...Christmas isn't meant to be spent alone."

He nodded once, not having the strength to argue with her. He rose to his feet, wrapping the scarf tightly around his neck. His landlady stood up beside him and held on to his arm, attempting to provide him with a bit of physical comfort, although he had to stoop so low to reach her that he was more uncomfortable than he had previously been. It didn't ease his torment, but he appreciated the gesture.

Without speaking, they walked down the street, past shops closing and lights flickering as London

went to sleep for the night. Within a few minutes they reached his flat and he unlocked the door, stepping inside and holding the door for his landlady. He shut and locked the door after she stepped inside, flicking on the light switch on the wall. He trudged up the stairs as she scurried off to the kitchen to prepare the soup. His feet dragged by the time he reached his flat upstairs, and he shrugged off his jacket, draping it across the back of his chair. He noticed that his landlady had kept the fire going in his fireplace, not recalling the fact that she'd told him this only minutes before. He settled down in his worn out chair before it, stretching out his hands to warm them.

He sat there in a trance-like state until his landlady came up carrying a bowl of steaming soup. She placed it on the coffee table beside the chair. He nodded his thanks, but made no move to take it; he simply sat there, staring into the flickering flames of the fire with a tormented expression on his face.

"Dear...Do you want to talk?"

"There is nothing that I can say that will change anything or make the slightest difference, so why say anything at all?"

She sighed and rubbed his shoulder for a moment before quietly saying, "How come you won't take the medicine your therapist gave you? It's bound to stop your nightmares..."

His jaw clenched and he frowned. "I don't want to stop having them," he muttered.

His landlady looked bewildered. "Why ever not?" she asked incredulously.

"Because it's only through my nightmares that I get to see his face again."

The landlady fell silent. Her hand shook on his shoulder and she covered her mouth with her other hand. "I'm so sorry, dear...I know how much he meant to you." She looked at him in pity and decided to leave him alone. She knew that he wouldn't move from his chair until the morning when she came to fetch him. As much as it hurt her to leave him alone on Christmas Eve, she could tell that he wished for solitude, and she respected his wishes.

"Merry Christmas, dear," she said, squeezing his shoulder as she shuffled out of his room.

"Merry Christmas..." he replied, the firelight casting shadows across his face.

Once he heard the door shut, he slumped down, covering his face with his hands. He had removed

the scarf and it now lay on his lap. It felt like it weighed a ton, but he couldn't bear to remove it. He never went anywhere without it, he never let it out of his sight. It was the only thing of John's he had left. A scarf. Hardly a suiting memoir...but it was all he had.

So many memories...so many laughs and jokes and hardships and fights...and all he had left to remind him of the most important person in his life was a scarf. It wasn't a fair trade...his best friend for a scarf...but it was all he had.

A scarf.





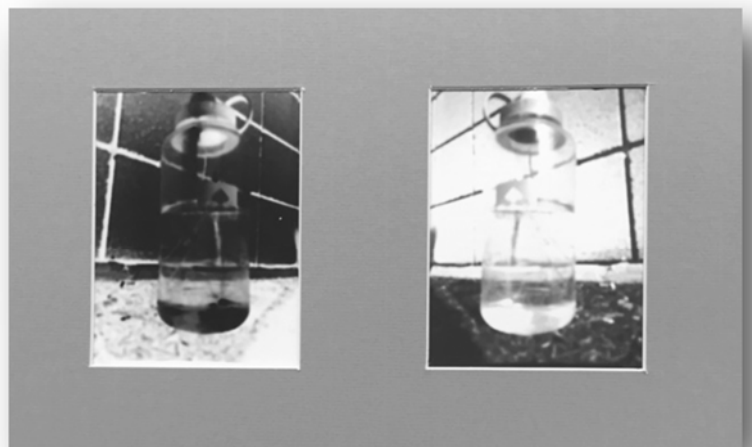
Brooke Delahunty
35mm Photography



Logan Ferguson
35mm Photography



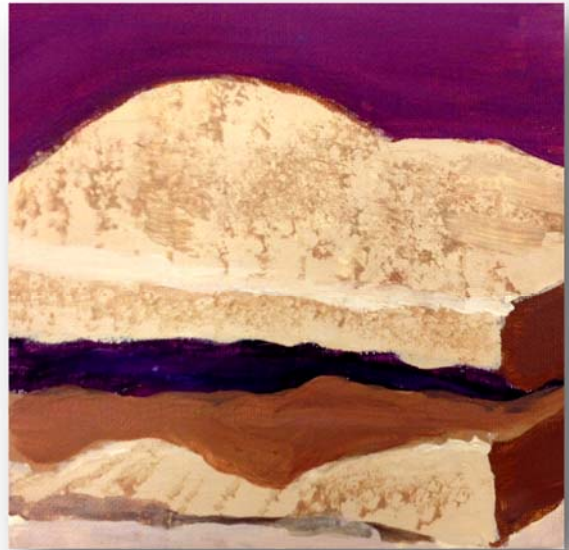
Tori Woods
Holga Photography



Kailey Ross
Holga Photography



Shane Monahan
Acrylic Painting



Kayla Bowen
Acrylic Painting



Maddie Lewis
Acrylic Painting



Brook-Lynne Marcotte
Acrylic Painting

“Would You Like A Children’s Menu With That?”

Joy Steenson

“Would you like a children’s menu with that?” the waitress asks, a bored expression clearly present in her eyes.

Her voice rings in my ears and my blood boils underneath my skin, making me feel as though I am inferior to everyone around me. That ugly word shocks me, as if a hand has reached out and slapped me across the face. Child. Who is this woman calling child? My hair stands on end and my nostrils flare as my eyes duck to the safety of the floor, where I cannot see how many people are staring.

I am sixteen years old, and I am being asked if I would like a children’s menu. Again.

This is a question I am asked quite often. At four feet eleven and a half inches tall, people often underestimate me.

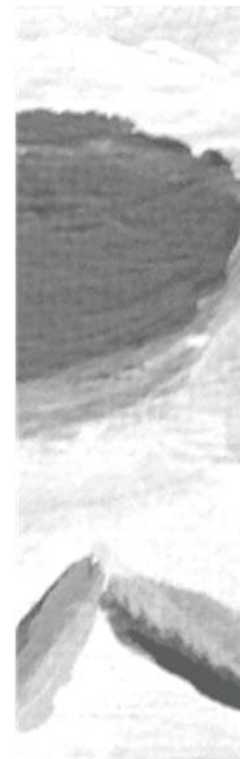
Over the years, I have learned to accept my height as a part of who I am. It is not something I can control, so I tend to focus my efforts on other aspects of my life. However, something I have never been able to accept is the fact that the world looks down upon small things, and fails to see the potential in them. The greatest powers and feelings in the world lie in the smallest things, most would never expect.

The polio virus. Violent microbe with the power to paralyze millions of people all over the world. From underneath the microscope, this vicious particle seems harmless, only thirty nanometers in diameter. But this “harmless” particle instilled a terror so horrifying, that every mother feared for her child’s life.

A dog tag. Found among the exploded ruins of an American military vehicle on the side of a deserted road in the Middle East. Here lies the body of a man, mangled beyond recognition. One family will hear news of his death, and celebrate the memory of his beautiful, short life, with no presence of his body, but for that tiny dog tag found amidst the destruction. The joy this simple remembrance will bring his family is indescribable. This little object, with seemingly no significance, has brought dignity and pride to a devastated family.

An embryo. A tiny brain, preparing to be filled with the knowledge of the world. A tiny heart, pumping blood throughout a tiny body. Ten tiny fingers, ten tiny toes. This tiny embryo is the start of a new life. This child will develop and grow, until the glorious day when he opens his eyes to the wonders of the earth. This gift of life is the most precious gift in the world. A gift that we often forget starts as a tiny being that survives only because of the safety of his mother’s womb.

Joy Steenson. Four feet eleven inches tall, I am among these things that are so often underestimated. Standing in that restaurant, the waitress is still in front of me, a children’s menu in one hand, a box of crayons in the other. I cannot change my height. I cannot control the way people choose to see me because of my height. But Joy Steenson is not defined by her size. She is a varsity athlete, a passionate musician, and an aspiring artist, with a vision of a better world in which no one is judged by their appearance. So what if that waitress thinks I am a child? I know that I will live my life as Joy Steenson, the small girl who will change the world one inch at a time.



“Προμηθεύς”

Molly Weston

My love Prometheus:

you stole fire from olympus to bring it back to us. were you born warrior or did you have it placed into you, a glove box with no lock where all good things came spilling out so that you were seating with hands full of other people's expectations,

prometheus, when you held the torch, did you burn for us?

when i turned thirteen, my shadow stretched so wide that i could not defeat it. where slips the light when your jawbone breaks for force of holding it? you held it so tightly, eagles could not claw it out of you.

we were made to climb, 'theus. we ache the abandon into a shape that we can manage. we make risk look pretty by painting it in our own sacrifice. we know our people are in a winter. we know our people are cold. yours was a low mount, mine a cavalry of blue flashing lights. they both hold thunder. they both hold fire.

would you burn again for humans if you knew what we had become? what so many have done?

or are you alive, prometheus? is it your eyes in the protest embers, are you proud of our fists which bleed to take the fire back? are you still chained where the salt water licks your wounds or are you escaped into the wicker flame of every match they make -

prometheus. you stole gods' wrath for us, sewed it into you so that it couldn't spill into our winters. you looked into the eyes of those who would later punish you.

prometheus, would i carry the fire? would i shove it deep in my ribs and have the strength to shrivel up the shadows? to face ignorance, to face injustice, to face death certain and incoming and refuse to flinch? to accept the wounds that follow defying the will of olympus?

i am daughter of light, daughter of a wane moon, daughter of a witching hour. i will take with me what is owed to my people. i will lose everything if i must. they can rip out my guts. so it is, if it must be thus.

come with me. i know you walk alongside my shadow. we will be one.

i believe in us. i believe in us.

“Trolls”
Kathryn Scharn

They say sticks and stones may break your bones
but somehow words can't hurt me.
Tossed around like a slobbered dog toy,
Chewed up and spit back out on the cold floor,
For all the times words have been all I was.

Dumb.
Ugly.
Worthless.

Sticks and stones may break my bones
but somehow words won't hurt me.
Acting like a keyboard is a gun,
Pull the trigger
And now it's done.
The words they shoot out blast through the skull.

Self-confidence,
Self-love,
Self-worth,
Like these terms mean nothing,
As if you don't need any of these to live a life worth living.

Sticks and stones may break my bones
but somehow words can't hurt me.
The words spoken are the haunch in my back,
the defeated slouch in my shoulders,
The hours I cannot get out of bed,
The way the bed cradles my bones.
It is the raw feeling of emptiness.

Sticks and stones may break my bones
but somehow words can't hurt me.
People say you see the world for what it really is when you're an adult.
But oh God! I have heard the cruelty in people's words
and I've seen the self-hate in mine.

They say sticks and stones may break my bones
But words will always hurt me.

"The Silent Ones"

Jenna Parrillo

The silent ones
Are the ones you have to worry about
They know better
Than to open their mouths
Spiked tongues
Pierce their mouths
When they try to speak
Thoughts always running through their heads
But they know
If they keep quiet
They have less of a chance
To mess up

They are trapped
In their cage of silence
Trapped in
With their messed up minds
Caged in
For they can't hurt anyone
But themselves

They hear you
As you walk by their cage
They hear
Every hurtful word
You say
Even when you assume
They aren't listening
And they can't do anything
While trapped
They can't take their anger out
On you
So they hurt themselves

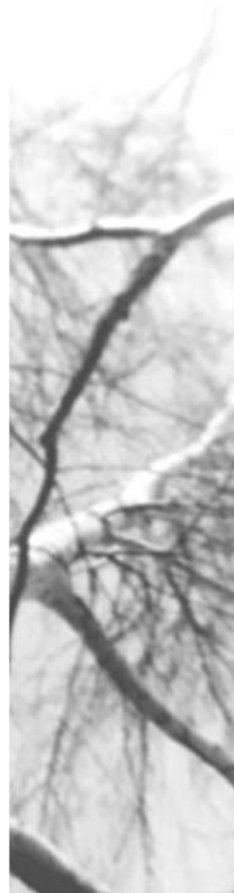
They take in everything
But are left helpless
Useless
And that drives them crazy

They are ignored
Left to die in their cage
No one ever heard their cries
No one ever heard their screams
Because they vowed to keep silent
And silence doesn't make a sound

"Wings of a Bird"

Mya Hollins

"When you were born,"
My mother would say,
"Oh how I loved you so."
In truth, I never asked why
I was so special.
"You and your life, they're going somewhere."
She smiles, tears rolling down her face.
"Maybe you'll be the hit star on Broadway,
The star of track and field."
My love for my mother was blossoming,
Into a beautiful red rose,
Like a newborn baby's brain,
Growing, growing ever so quickly.
"You will be glory; glory shining brightly
like a star, like the sun."
As the bed, caressing my mother's
Frail body, seemed to get
Bigger and bigger,
I wiped tears from my eyes.
My mother is a bird, and I am her wing.
And without a bird, what is the use of
One single wing?





Sarah Fowler
Marker



Aaron Cullen
Marker



Jess Mezquita
Marker



Hannah Dennis
Marker



Emma Moley
Acrylic Paint



Kathryn Thomas
Acrylic Paint



Troy Blackadar
Acrylic Paint



Niko Kakouris
Acrylic Paint



Olivia Landry
Acrylic Paint

“A Long Way to Go”

James King

I remember that day like it was today
Crystal clear high-definition,
1080 frames per second
In the television screen of my mind.
I stop it there, freeze that one frame,
That one instant,
Where our skulls came together
Our bones intact but our self-worth
In pieces.

Two hands pushing us closer
Small hands, because he's not yet ten years old
Two hands, reaching over the bus seat
Crushing each of our craniums
Into the space that the other occupies.
Physics shakes its head at his twisted logic
And the negative force surrounding the
Emptiness that is us
Repels us even though we're best friends.

There's a long way to go, still.
Unpause and let the frames fly.
Let the fists fly.

I can't bear to look at him,
My anger translated into a language he understands,
A language of anguish, and feeble punches.
I have no idea if my fists connected.
I wanted to hear him cry, to hear him cry like me, but
The tears in his eyes were not tears of pain.

They were tears of laughter.

And my tears came then, with artistry
because crying was all I was good at.
“You feel things,” my grandma had said,
“More than other people, and that's okay.”
“You're a crybaby,” he said.
“You're weak.”

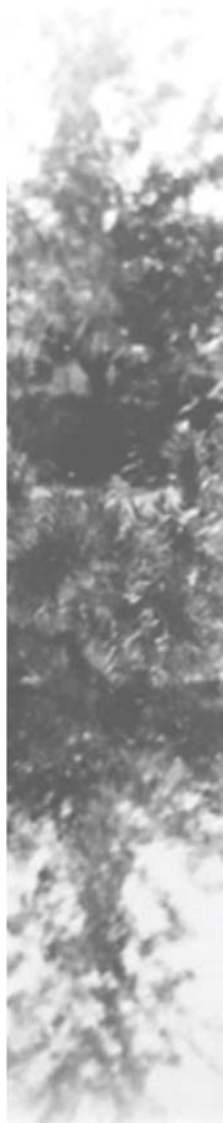
I asked myself then, what was the good in feeling
things?

What's the good in feeling things, Grandma,
when I have to feel things like pain?

What's the good in feeling things,
When I can't hit back against the things that hurt me?

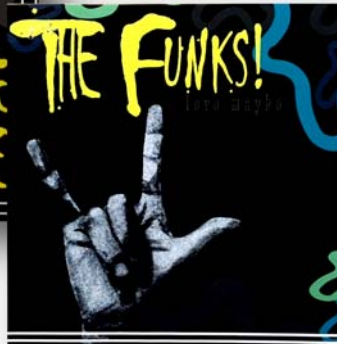
I was helpless, hopeless, my shattered fragile
resolve
In glittering glass pieces.
Without its framework, my spirit melted into an
amorphous mass
That seeped into the cold hungry ground like
water
Or blood.
Blood from the war on the terror
That is the cruelty of children.
Blood from the war that we lost.
That I lost.

There's a long way to go
Before that war is won.

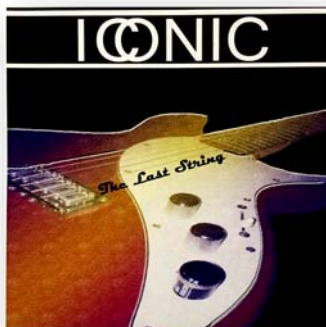




Olivia Landry
Graphic Design



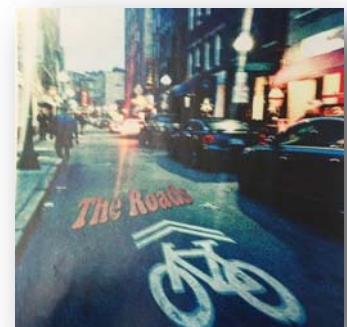
Kathryn Thomas
Graphic Design



Aaron Harmon
Graphic Design



Olivia Heffernan
Graphic Design



Matthew Schaejbe
Graphic Design

“Stronger Than You”

Allie O'Connor

Raise your gun
load it with words and cock it
pull the trigger, I'm not bulletproof

Raise your fist
wrap it with anger and pull back
throw it, I'm not a fighter

Raise your hands
reach up with hate and grab my only defenses
pull them out from under me, I will fall

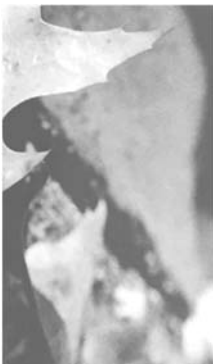
But raise your eyes and see
I won't swing,
I won't shoot,
I won't scream

I'm not your mindless target,
and I'm not playing into your hands
I'm stronger than you
I have always been stronger than you.

“Emptiness”

Alysha Assaf

The flowers have wilted away
But stay in the vase left for me
Filled with lost thoughts
And forgotten love
You've left me
And my heart
Empty
Just like your intentions



“Haikus”

Emily Hammond

“Spring Day”

On a grass blanket
flowers dazzle me while they
dance in the soft breeze.

“A Day at the Beach”

Hear a seagull's cry
silky sand between my toes
waves thunder and crash.

“Blizzard”

Flurries flit and fall
twirling, whirling through the air
white flakes everywhere.

“Falling Colors”

Leaves rain from the trees
Red, green, orange, yellow, brown,
drifting to the ground.

“Bleak Winter”

Liam Arteaga

The frost in the air stinging your face
The heavy burden of snow
Flakes falling in a rapid pace
Icicles that quickly grow

Laughter surrounding the crackling fire
Smoke in the chimney, flowing out
Layer upon layer, in your winter attire
Snowballs fly through the air; children scream and
shout

The short days and the long frigid nights
The moon setting in its final hours
Until spring, when the sun is shining bright
To April, a time of blooming flowers



Austin Wells

Pinhole Photography



Logan Ferguson

Pinhole Photography



Logan Ferguson

Pinhole Photography



Bailey Holt

Pinhole Photography



Caleigh Gallant

Pinhole Photography



Ashley Burnham
Wheel Thrown Pottery



Alivia McNee
Sgraffito Slab Vase



Taylor Hogan
Sgraffito Slab Vase



Mary Morris
Sgraffito Slab Vase



Taylor Gilcreast
Pottery

“Blue”

Shan Shan Zheng

Blue.
It represents sadness in times of despair,
but represents happiness in times of repair.
A medium of expression in which the aching
soul speaks,
the genre slaves would sing when their knees
were weak.
The bright color that illuminates the sky,
and never ceases to catch the eye.
Blue, an all encompassing color,
and without it life would be overwhelmingly
duller.

“Choices”

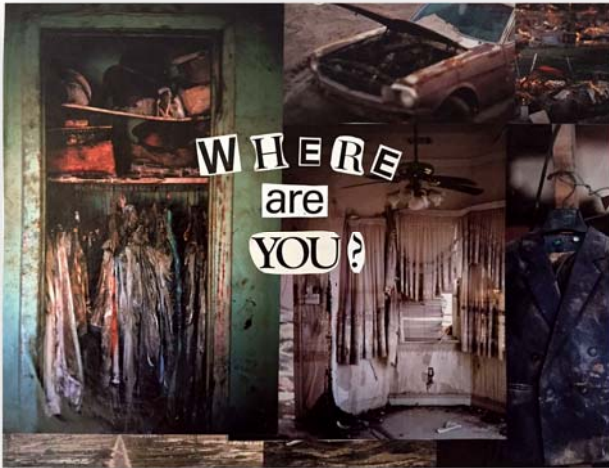
Rebecca Bergmann

Being stuck between the people you love,
Damages you,
Makes you second guess everything,
It destroys you,
You have no idea who to choose,
If you choose one not the other it could damage
the relationship,
You choose one,
The other turns their back on you,
You're fighting to keep them both,
You feel as though you will fail,
You'll lose the fight,
You'll lose them both,
But you keep fighting even though they could be
gone tomorrow,
You'll never stop fighting,
No matter the pain,
No matter the loss,
You'll fight for the ones you love no matter the
price.

“You and I”

Haley Donovan

Its funny how night skies
And beautiful sunrises
Become so different
While both so extraordinary
It's funny how my soul
And your soul
Never match exactly
But seem to melt together
Isn't it funny how the stars
Seem to fall into our hearts
Lighting up our path
And erasing the dark
It's funny how puzzles fit
But to fit they are different
Just like you and I differ
But can fit together soundly
It amazes me, the world
Those peace calm waters
And those rough raging storms
Each to its own
Yet each respected
These different things
Remind me of us
The way we are grey
But different shades of grey
You stay up late
While I wake up early
But during the day we mesh
And just like the sun
And just like the moon
We both shine in different ways
But we shine together
And while I've got to work on my sunrise
you've got to learn about your nightfall
But neither of us are giving up
Since the world depends on us
And we both like our partnership in this universe



Kathryn Thomas
Collage



Emma Moley
Collage



Kathryn Thomas
Digital Double Exposure



Kathryn Thomas
Digital Double Exposure



Claire Theberge
Pen and Ink



Alicia Basdekis
Pen and Ink



Georgia Groudas
Pen and Ink



Georgia Groudas
Pen & Ink



Connor Schott
Pen & Ink



Chloe Cashin
Pen & Ink

“Calais Fires”

Ryan Chaput

It was like all my other days I'd spent in this hateful country I had to call my home. The people here didn't accept us into their culture, even after we had already sacrificed so much to get here. I was dragging my little sister along behind me, we were on our way back from the supermarket. The whole journey there and back, people kept giving us shady looks. They didn't understand that I didn't choose to be here, I was forced into this society and this country. My parents thought that it would be better here, and they still believe in the false hope that France and England have given them. I'm not a pessimist, but I can see the reality that's laid out right before my very eyes.

My sister started skipping and brought me back from my dark thoughts. The light in her always seemed to shine through the darkness within me. We had been walking for some time, but to be fair, the walk did take an hour one way. Finally, we arrived at the Jungle and we waded through what seemed like hundreds of other migrants caught in the same trap. The trap of poverty and having nowhere else to be, go, or even exist. My sister held tightly to my arm, being sure to stray from strangers that she did not recognize. The sea of middle-eastern faces distracted me from my goal, but my sister kept me on track. Her constant tug led my feet towards our family's tent.

Finally, we arrived at the blue and gray shelter that had been my home for months. Of course my father wasn't home, he was probably trying to find a job, but mother was outside the tent. She was hanging our damp clothes on some bundled up wire that was just outside our makeshift home. I had no doubt that they would be stolen overnight. People tend to resort to stealing when in a situation of desperation. My mother ran to us and hugged us, faking a happy smile to assure us that she was glad. I saw through it but my sister did not, and my sister hugged back tightly. Growing up in the Jungle has made my sister blind to poverty. When she's older, she'll probably realize what she never had.

I brought the small bag of groceries into the tent and hid them. We kept them under a bunch of blankets so the others wouldn't come in and steal them when we weren't paying attention. We were the luckier of the bunch, we had family back home sending us small amounts of money for food.

When I say small, I mean quite small. Only enough for food and nothing else. It's not like things were any better back home anyway. Later, my father came home with some good news. He said that he had found someone who could drive us to England for cheap. My mother knew it was risky, but what choice did we have?

We all sat down on the hard ground to eat dinner off of a towel. We had to try so hard to conceal the scent of food for fear of others pouring into our tent and taking the meal. That meal of rice and bread tasted as delicious as *crème brûlée* and it helped me sleep that night. I slept like a baby, until my mother shook me awake. She was yelling and the smell of smoke filled my nostrils. I heard my sister crying over the sound of my mother panicking in front of me. She yelled for me to pack everything I needed and that we had to leave. A strange sense of *déjà vu* overtook my thoughts and I flashed back to Syria; hearing the echos of bombs and having my mom tell me to pack my things.

My sister's hard clutching brought me back from my flash back, noticing that I had to be strong for her sake. I packed my things and helped her pack hers, I was trembling, although I hid it well from her. The smell of smoke became stronger and I heard the crackling of fire drawing closer. My mother and father met us at the door flap of the tent and my father unzipped it. The heat came bursting into the tent and I shielded my sister from the blazing inferno. My father went out first, then my mother, then my sister, and I went last. My father started at a brisk pace, but even still; he slowly picked up the speed and we began sprinting and dodging through the burning flames. We made it out, but not untouched and not all together. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and my sister hadn't been blind to the screams of the fire's victims. She clutched my arm tighter and I could feel her tears making the side of my arm damp.

We stood and watched as the fire consumed the forest, including my mother. I wanted to run and scream but I knew I had to stay strong for my sister's sake. My father on the other hand was not in the same mental state as I was; he was on his knees, begging the lord for forgiveness for being so careless with my mother's life.

“Original Short Story”

Jarrod Solloway

Somewhere really far underground, a meeting to decide the fate of humankind was taking place. In a small, confined room, a mahogany table with eight chairs of black leather sat eight of the most powerful world leaders. Although the world above them was disintegrating in the fire of nuclear inferno, the leaders of the two warring nations were both in the room, along with three sided nations, and three neutral ones. Guarding the doors of the secret compound were two armed guards, but it is not known if the room needed to be guarded at all.

“You have no idea, do you?” President Aria shoved Chancellor Vius to the side and replaced him at his spot. “This is not how we run things here!” He slammed his fist on the table, and quickly scribbled indecipherable numbers and calculations onto a piece of paper. Then he stood from his seat and gazed about the room, making brief eye contact with everyone in it. “Gentlemen, we all know the end is near. This is going to impact us all. We know we will not survive. However, if you will focus for just a moment and elect me as your leader, the human race will flourish in the post-apocalyptic days.”

Prime Minister Onen, who had been silent at the essential meeting until now, had been jotting down all of the proposed points Aria had made into a dirty pad of paper that he kept in his breast pocket. The writing was so small and detailed in his native language that there was not a chance anyone else could read it, even if they stood right in front of it. “Aria, the points you make are very ambitious,” he said in a thick accent. “Although, it is simply not possible to build what you suggest! My calculations state that-”

“It does not matter what your calculations state,” Aria interrupted. “I strongly advise you to be quiet and allow your elected leader to complete his speech.” He adjusted his belt, as if something under his suit jacket was bothering him.

“Who elected you?” Vius burst out.

It was then the Lysy spoke in her usual calm tone. “Aria, putting you in charge would make this new race a dictatorship. This is exactly what our forefathers wanted to prevent!” She stood to challenge him.

“Well then, what do you propose?” Aria replied, strangely calm.

“If you would listen for simply a minute, President, allowing you to become the new Architect would create a feeling of pessimism in this new community, and rightly so. Your leadership so far in office has only brought negative impacts in the government. The international economy dropped three points after the first International Congress meeting you voted in!” Lysy sat with her arms crossed, and Onen let out a grunt of approval.

Aria slowly rubbed his temples with his forefingers, letting out a long sigh. “It seems there is no other way to convince you. If we do nothing, the human race will die out. Elect me as your Architect, you will not regret it.”

Vius sat back, looking skeptical. “But why must this be a city ruled by a single man? Why not a team of advisors, voting on issues in a democratic fashion?”

“Why take to overcomplicate matters?” Aria replied. “This seems to be more of an issue with trust than anything else, and I have clearly not earned your trust.”

Disgruntled retorts and responses floated around the room. Onen stood up, speaking to another Minister in a hushed whisper, who nodded along. It was then that the guards, who had been completely quiet throughout the argument, turned and blocked the doors. Then, they raised their ion rifles at the world leaders, with Aria seemingly telling them what to do with subtle signals.

“Folks, I realize this meeting has not gone as smooth as you would have liked, although it could have ended a lot sooner,” Aria said calmly. The other leaders looked around and at each other, unable to say anything that could possibly spare their lives. “Men, get them out of here. Humankind is now mine.”

With a gun in their backs, the others had no choice but to agree and be marched outside, and so Ultimæ was to be corrupt from the start.



Kathryn Thomas
Digital Photography



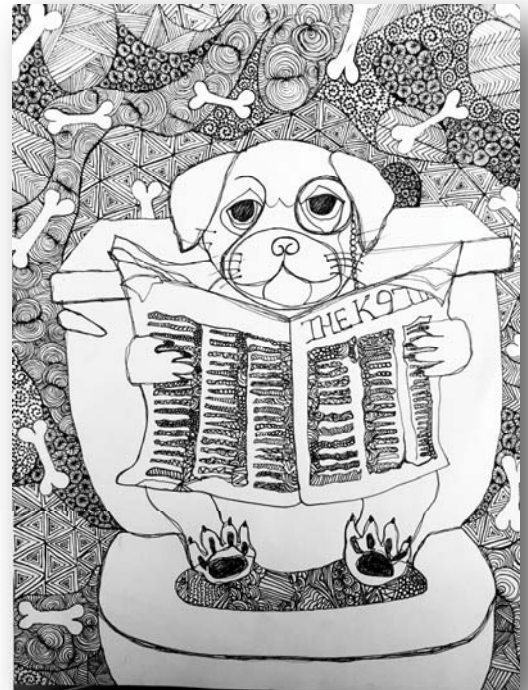
Kathryn Thomas
Digital Photography



Kathryn Thomas
Digital Photography



Austin Hall
Pencil Drawing



Lexi Heidenreich
Pen & Ink



Courtney Corwin
Sumi-E Painting



Zoey Lauria
Sumi-E Painting

“If Walls Could Talk”

Hannah Donnelly

He is the best storyteller that I know.
There is no one more careful,
No one more detailed in the words he says;
The stories are too intricate to be false.
On paper he is old,
How he survived three hundred and fifty years
I will never know.
But looking at him you would never guess
Because he is too well kept and clean
To be older than any of us.
As he speaks, the pictures form in my head.
Generations upon generations of stories
All spin together in a wonderful web of words.
Once, there was an old woman
who kept warm by the crackling fire,
Another time a young boy went racing
through the yard and up the apple tree.
So many characters with ordinary lives
So many stories from so many times,
And yet they all lived inside this house.
And though I have never met them,
I can go back at any point and see
Just what they were up to
Living their life, just like me.
And it's all thanks to the wonderful storyteller
standing here through time.
He is overlooked and unperceived because
who would have thought that
the wall is in fact
the very best storyteller of them all?



“This I Believe”

Carly Amico

I believe in time. The past leads to the present which dictates your future. I believe in monotony and oblivion, but I believe in it really quietly. Inwardly, I believe in pessimism and the ebb and flow of the human condition, but outwardly I am but a smile and a laugh. The way I see it, if my beliefs make me so miserable, what right do I have to impress them on others and tear them down with me? I believe in my individually warped, idealistic set of values just like everybody else. In this, I am no different.

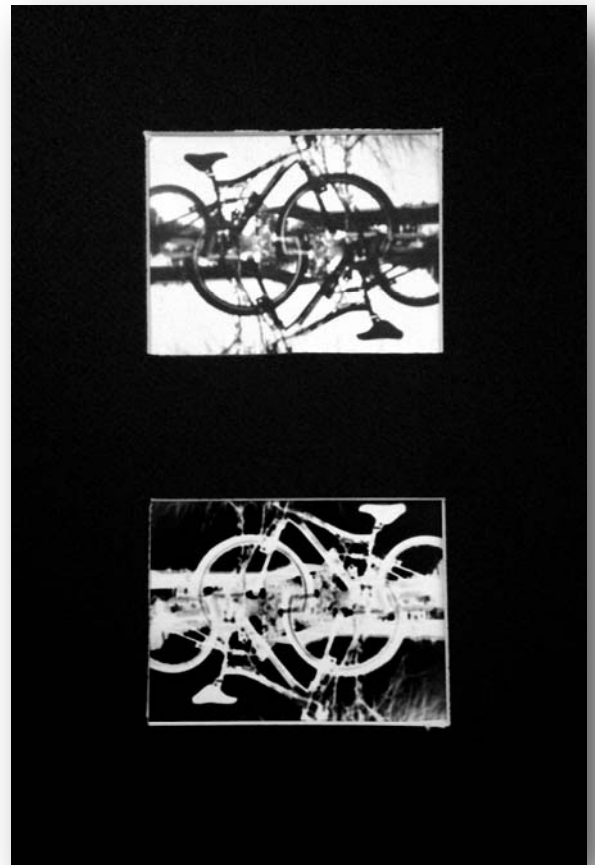
I believe that “fake it ‘til you make it” is stupid. I want to learn to absorb the world and the atrocities it contains, and still have the will and enthusiastic desire to continue existing. I don’t want to live in a sedated fantasy with my head in the sand pretending that the ice caps aren’t melting or that ignorance isn’t a plague; I want to live consciously, knowing the reactants and products to all of my actions. Unfortunately though, I don’t believe that this desire is realistic in the slightest. In my wishful thinking I create my own fantasy that I live in, making myself feel good for just having the thoughts to make change even if they’re never acted upon. In this, I am no different.

I believe in hypocrisy, and I believe that I am a spectacular example. I parade around shoving my individualism in the faces of my peers practically screaming for attention, but here I am preaching the end of uniqueness and lumping us all into the abstract categorization of the general population. Am I simply overlooking the singularity of man in my own stubbornness to demonize our race? I don’t believe I am, but I do believe in the possibility of being wrong. In this I am no different, and in this I believe.





Reni Mylonas
Holga Photography



Kailey Ross
Pinhole Photography



Olivia Heffernan
Watercolor Painting



Brooke Rooney
Pottery



Jessica Costa
Pottery



Kristin Klimkowski
Pottery

“New Hampshire Makes the Difference”

Zachary Tyler Wheaton

Can one person make a difference? History has proven that one person can. Are we too “sheltered” to make a difference? The answer is no. Here in New Hampshire, we are semi-sheltered from racial tension, but at the same time we are not. Between the news, the television, and social media, nobody is fully sheltered from the racial tension that plagues this country. Granted, it is uncommon to see racism here in the granite state, but with all the technology keeping us connected it is not uncommon to hear of racial discrimination. At Timberlane Regional High School, we recently have been working on a racial unit in our classes. We have had to research noteworthy examples of racism that have occurred around America in the past and present. What we found were many significant cases of unjust treatment of people solely because of their ethnicity. Wrong is wrong no matter who you are or where you live. We all have a voice, so therefore we can all make a difference.

As a resident and student of New Hampshire, I believe it is not only mine, but everyone's duty to speak up against discrimination. No one is completely sheltered, and as students we can help to make a difference. Oney Judge, the runaway slave that New Hampshire protected and gave a life of her own, is a perfect example of how we in the granite state are capable of great contributions to civil liberty. Throughout high school we have looked at many historical figures, and one idea that is frequently stressed is that the actions of a single person can change the world. Mahatma Gandhi changed the world, Abraham Lincoln changed the world, Rosa Parks changed the world, and Martin Luther King Jr. spoke up, and changed the world. So if all these people could impact society so greatly, and make such an impact on our world, then why can't I, why can't you? If one person can have that much effect alone, then imagine what a state united for one cause could do. We can speak up online, and in our communities to stop letting racism be ignored.

So is New Hampshire a little sheltered? Perhaps. Can New Hampshire make a difference? Absolutely. What I bring to this ongoing conversation is that anyone can make a difference. One voice alone is hard to hear, but many voices cannot be ignored. So let's speak up, New Hampshire, and make a difference!





Jess Mezquita
Acrylic Painting



Julia Mulhall
Acrylic Painting



Hannah Pageau
Watercolor Pencil



Maiya Perin
Watercolor Pencil

“Adverse Effects”

Cailee Griffin

Chain link fences, digging trenches along dark,
decrepit roads
Rank brick buildings, slightly chilling because no
one's ever home

Children sitting at the table,
latchkey locks around their necks,
their sitter is on 'til one tonight,
showing families on their decks.

On the street a girl is walking,
looking left and sneaking glances.
running fast to pass the alley,
she knows she's taking chances.

Looking farther, there's an old man
with dirt stains upon his face,
Breathing slower, getting colder,
trying hard to keep his pace.

Around the corner is a woman
wearing pink and gold at night,
keeping low behind the grey stoop-
she's ashamed to walk in light.

Taking blame for fate's misgivings,
as she walks up to the street,
It's hard to make a living,
because living isn't cheap.

And there's something kind of morbid,
as she's taking off her clothes;
she's thinking of her children—
no one cares and no one knows.

On the old bridge by the river,
A young man prepares to fall.
He's terrified to do it,
but he's already lost it all.

Hours later, sirens ringing,
police show up that night.
His limp body is in a bag now.
He makes no move to fight.

They drive away quite slowly;
it's a pretty solemn life...
they drive right past the old man,
don't see his last breath's strife.

The woman is still working,
crying silently to God,
"Please forgive me—I am broken;
with my life I am at odds."

Back inside, the kids are waiting;
Mom and Dad are far from home;
the sirens wake them up at night;
they know they're on their own.

Yet still a mind is stirring,
past the buzz of TV screens,
past the bad times and the fear,
and the siren's dizzy screams.

Sitting upstairs in a bedroom,
one young child stays.
reading books and writing numbers;
she still hopes for better days.

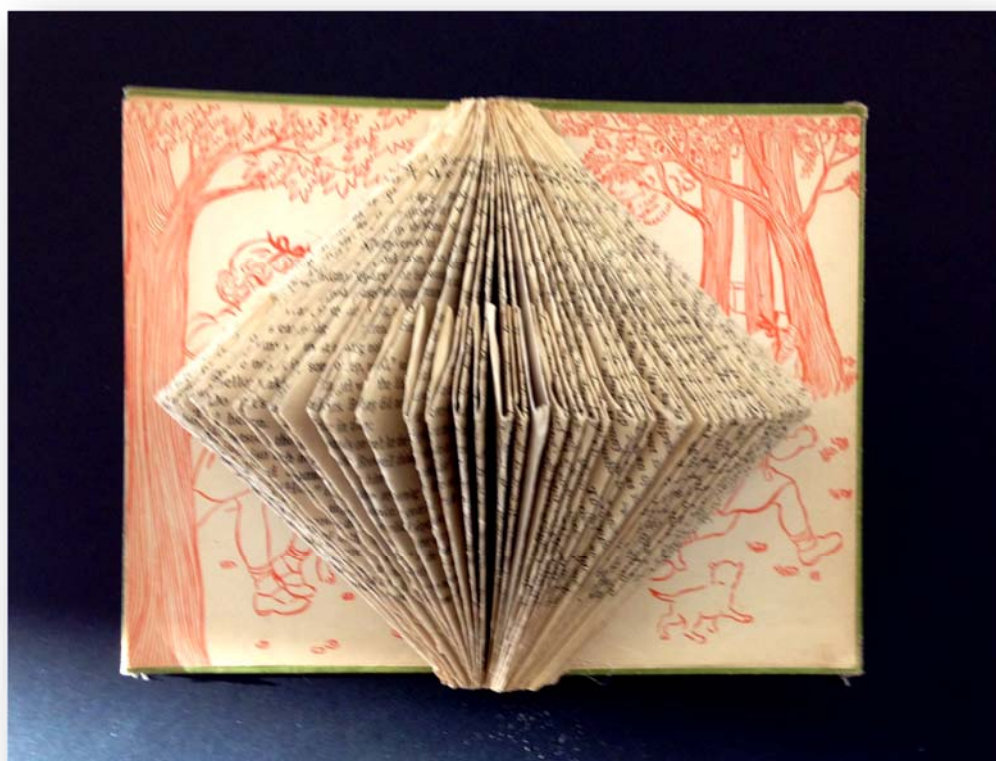
Mom is at the office,
Dad's out at the bar,
her feet are in a gutter,
but she's staring at the stars.

This poem was inspired by the cities of Haverhill
and Lawrence,

The Rose that Grew From Concrete by Tupac
Shakur, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn by Betty Smith,
and references a quote from Oscar Wilde's Lady
Windermere's Fan.



Nolan McGrath
Book Origami



Kayla Bowen
Book Origami

