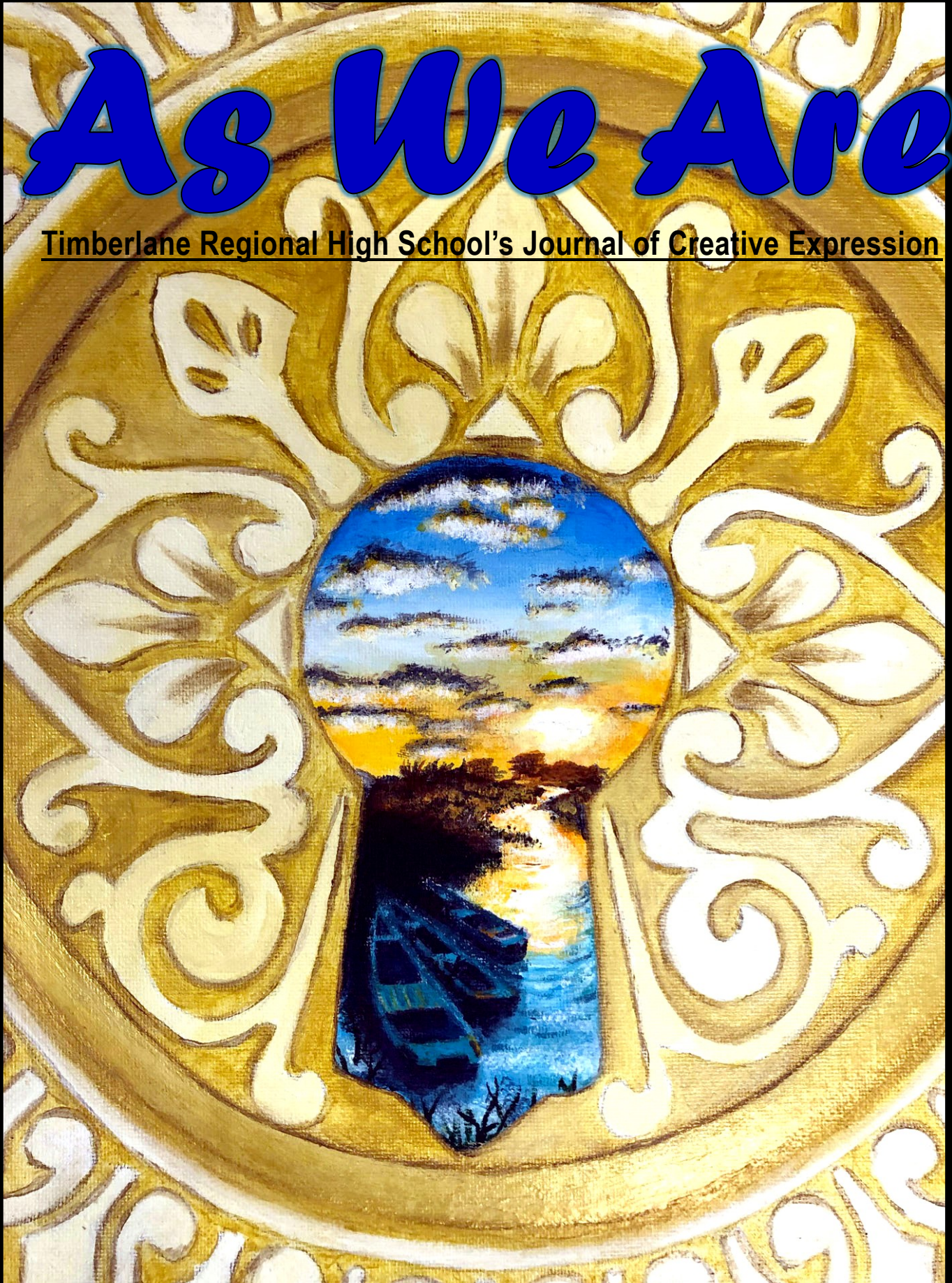


As We Are

Timberlane Regional High School's Journal of Creative Expression



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Timberlane Regional High School's Journal of Creative Expression



Liz Amorelli

Cover Art — Amy Sinibaldi

Advisors — Dessa Manni — Taylor Laing

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Anonymous: “What’s for Lunch?”	4
Alexia Daviduk, Thomas Young, Victoria Paquette: <i>Artwork</i>	5
Ari Mylonas, Amy Sinibaldi, Athena Lister, Nicole Powers: <i>Artwork</i>	6
Gianna Gray, Regan Blomquist, Ellie Kennedy, Liz Amorelli: <i>Artwork</i>	7
Ben Richman: “The Portal”	8
Tegan Beaulieu, Ari Mylonas, Ellie Kennedy: <i>Artwork</i>	9
Ida Bradstreet, Kali Sciuto, Lexus Petralia: <i>Artwork</i>	10
Kate Mazur: “Why the World Needs More Organ Donors”	11
Bridget Buckley, Britt Brogna, Katherine Severance, Emma Scully: <i>Artwork</i>	12
Lauren Oliver, Lexus Petralia, Matt Auger: <i>Artwork</i>	13
Katherine Severance, Lexus Petralia, Ellie Schott, Trysta Winkowski: <i>Artwork</i>	14
Grace Hurni: “Perspective”	15
Lauren Oliver, Ashlyn Lally, Trysta Winkowski, Grace O’Connor: <i>Artwork</i>	16
Grace O’Connor: <i>Artwork</i>	17
Ellie Schott, Gunnar Benjamin: <i>Artwork</i>	18
Colin Scully: “My Best Friend Evan”	19
Alyssa Bedard, Devon Chambers, James Clark, Michael Stevenson, Rachel Gore, Jack Pepin: <i>Artwork</i>	20
James Clark, Gunnar Benjamin, Regan Blomquist, Ryan Olsen: <i>Artwork</i>	21
Rosalie Averill: “Female Oppression in Our Culture”	22
Cassidy Powers, Cooper Kelley, Ella Vartanian, Jack Abel: <i>Artwork</i>	23
Harrison Bloom, Joey Hayes, Sage Lauer-Furrow, Kaden Ferguson: <i>Artwork</i>	24
Arin Henderson: “Many Worlds”; Maddison Flibotte: “Being a Mother”	25
Kyle Ventola, Angel Smith: <i>Artwork</i>	26
Kendall Morrill, Mary Lamarre, Nicole Powers, Kat McGowan: <i>Artwork</i>	27
Madison Pettengill: “Acceptance in Education”	28
Liz Amorelli: <i>Artwork</i>	29-30
Kendall Morrill, Nattalie O’Donnell, Taylor Holt, Carmella Defina: <i>Artwork</i>	31
Maria Heim: “Who Is Mr. Bookman?”	32
Rachel Gore, Cailin McNeil, Kyle Ventola: <i>Artwork</i>	33
Angel Smith, Cailin McNeil, Cooper Durkee: <i>Artwork</i>	34
Liz Amorelli: <i>Artwork</i>	35
Ben Richman: “A Special Paradise”; Maria Heim: “The Loss”; Ben Richman: “Winter”	36
Aiden Errico, Matt Mazur, Lucas Merrill: <i>Artwork</i>	37
Alyssa Bedard, Devon Chambers, Gunnar Benjamin, Rachel Gore: <i>Artwork</i>	38
Arianna Mazur: “Malicious Pollution”; Mia Censullo: “Where I Belong”; Grace Duff: “Haiku: Senior Year”	39
Regan Blomquist: <i>Artwork</i>	40-41
Regan Blomquist, Nicole Powers: <i>Artwork</i>	42
Maria Heim: “The Imagination Behind a Haircut”	43
Gianna Gray: <i>Artwork</i>	44
Mary Lamarre, Kat McGowan, Katelyn Ryan: <i>Artwork</i>	45
Julia Bohnwagner: “The Way to Rainy Mountain Found Poem”; Arianna Mazur: “I am....”	46
Nicole Powers: <i>Artwork</i>	47-48
Russell Green: <i>Artwork</i>	49
Ben Richman: “A Fall Poem”; Arin Henderson: “When We Were Young”	50
Ashley Monteiro, Kali Sciuto, Bailey Orio: <i>Artwork</i>	51
Nicole Powers: <i>Artwork</i>	52
Ben Richman: “The Aftermath of Training”; Maria Heim: “I Found War”	53
Russell Green: <i>Artwork</i>	54-55
Natasha Hubley: “The Inferno Between Us”	56

“What’s for Lunch?”

Anonymous

Today I unpacked my lunchbox to find my favorite; a strawberry salad, Fritos, a homemade brownie, and a cute fall-themed pun written on a napkin. My friends mocked me as I pulled out the handmade note my mom made me. I am seventeen years old, and my mother still packs my lunch every day. While most people may see this as a sign of being incompetent, spoiled, or lazy, I know that it is not any of those things. My mom does this out of love and compassion, and I will always appreciate the time she spent doing this for me.

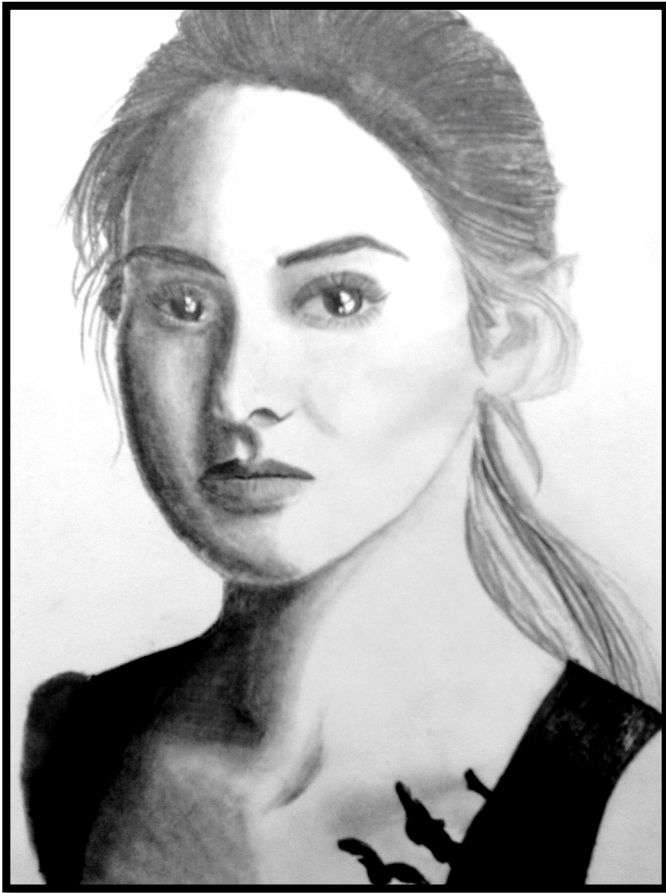
My first day of lunch at school started on my first day of first grade. This was the beginning of the special bond between my mom and me. At just six years old, I was incapable of reaching to the second shelf of the pantry to grab myself some chips, let alone put a whole lunch together. Though it was expected of her at this time in my life, my mom still put an enormous amount of effort into packing my lunch box. I would get to lunch and unpack my favorite at the time; apples and peanut butter, peanut butter and fluff, and a juice box. Of course there was always the note on some sort of festive paper. She wrote “I love you, love Mommy,” because it was all I could read at the time.

In the awkward middle school years of my life, I was too busy being moody to care to make my lunch. Even at this time in my life, my mom, still being my unwavering support system, spent time every morning packing my lunch. Even if I didn’t deserve the time and effort she put in to this daily ritual because of my ‘middle school mood swings,’ I would still find myself at school unpacking a grilled chicken salad and fruit with a quick note saying “Have a good day!” to spare me of any further embarrassment.

Currently, in my junior year of high school, on a typical Tuesday night I rush home after an hour of tutoring, spend around an hour wolfing down a snack and studying, and then go to my job at the donut shop for the rest of the night. Although I could stay up for an extra five minutes after work to get a few things for lunch together, my mom makes time in her hectic life of raising three daughters and working long days at a daycare to make my life easier. Today, I opened up my lunch to find a caprese salad, homemade Chex mix, and a full size chocolate bar with a simple note saying “A little chocolate to get you through the day, I love you! Mom.” At this point in my life I no longer feel embarrassed opening these notes, because every time I open up my lunch box I feel more loved than I did

before.

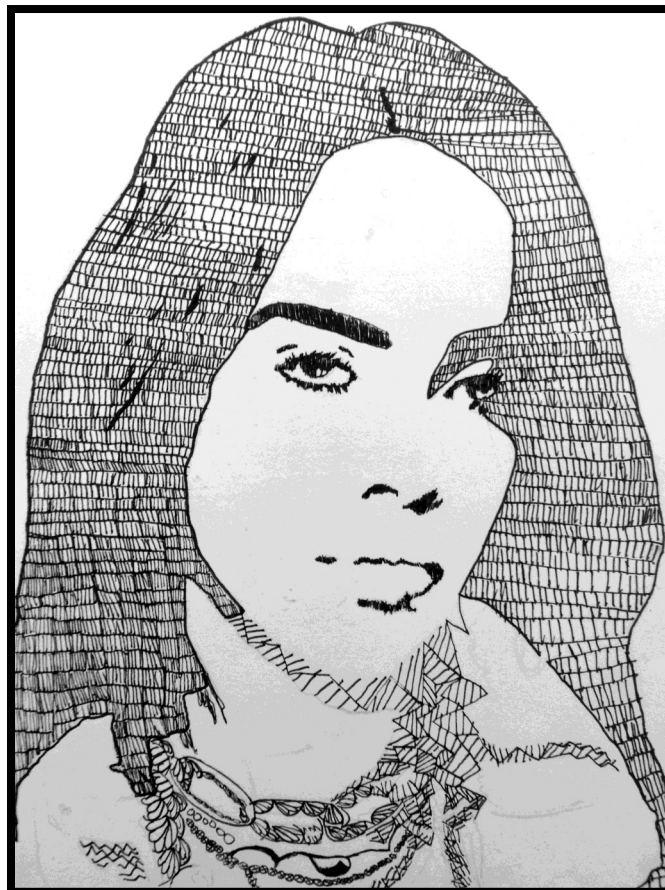
Yes, the notes and food in my lunch box changed throughout my school career, but my mother’s care and support have been constant. There are only around 300 school days left in my high school career, which means 300 more lunches, and 300 more notes. Eventually, in college and later on I will need to rely less on my mom, and more on myself. But that’s not really what it’s about. The effort my mom puts in every day to make my life easier will never go unnoticed or unappreciated. I now live a life where I take the time to appreciate the little things my mom or anyone else does for me.



Alexia Daviduk



Thomas Young



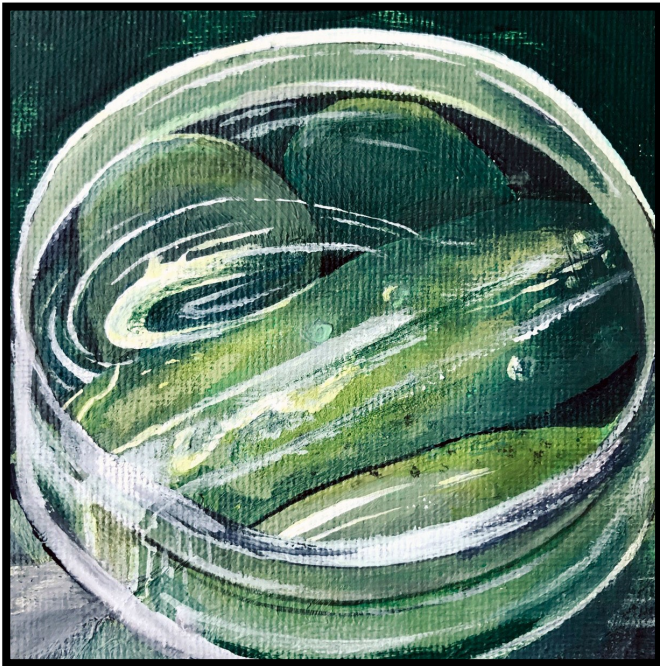
Victoria Paquette



Ari Mylonas



Amy Sinibaldi



Athena Lister



Nicole Powers



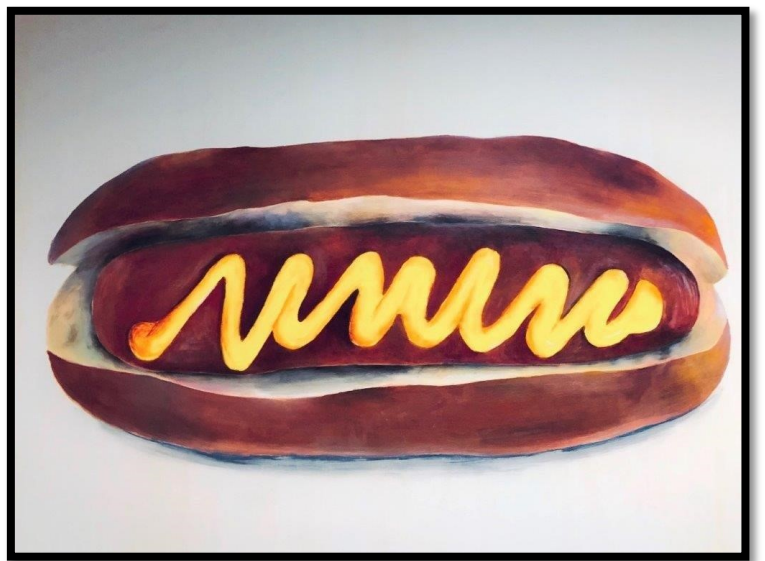
Gianna Gray



Regan Blomquist



Ellie Kennedy



Liz Amorelli

“The Portal”

Ben Richman

My imaginary world has no war, hunger, or disease. In fact, all it has, besides the necessities of life, is endless world-class educational opportunities. For one to arrive there, he or she must travel through a portal filled with rigorous tasks in order to prove that he or she possesses an extraordinary level of academic knowledge, determination, and mental discipline. Those seeking to enter my fantasy world must be unwavering in their commitment, so individuals may never exit the portal after they enter it unless they can complete it, something that they are informed of before entry. To ensure that applicants have an unbreakable will, the portal is extremely austere. The portal has no beds, and those seeking to sleep must either sleep standing or lay on the frigid metal floor. The only food ever offered to those in the portal is meal replacement powder. Below is a more detailed description of each room.

To begin with, one must prove that he or she possesses the necessary mathematical knowledge to be able to adequately handle a variety of real-world situations. The instant a person sets foot into the room, a robot (the portal is constantly watched by robots) growls: “You must complete 100 word problems in a row - correctly - in sixty minutes to advance to the next room. If you get a single one just slightly incorrect, you must restart. Here is a textbook to aid you.” As those in the math room find out, the word problems are painstakingly difficult and involve advanced mathematical concepts.

If one manages to make it through the math room, he or she then must demonstrate a level of proficiency in reading and writing required to understand and solve the complex problems that plague the modern world by attempting the literature room. In this room, one is snarled at by a robot to read a pre-selected book over 1,000 pages and hand-write a ten-page book report about it in under twenty-four hours immediately after completion of the book. After twenty-four hours, the robot immediately snatches the paper and delivers it to an experienced English teacher who grades it. Unless the teacher finds no flaws in the essay, the individual must, after meticulously analyzing the teacher’s feedback, read another novel of the same length and write another book report. This process continues until the individual writes a book report the teacher considers to be absolutely perfect.

Following that, one must prove knowledge of the natural laws that dictate daily occurrences by entering

the physics room. This room, like the math room, provides aid to those who enter it in the form of a textbook. In this room, one is mandated to complete 100 consecutive problems relating to electromagnetic physics correctly within a sixty minute timespan to advance to the next room. The problems feature numerous six-digit numbers, but the room has no calculator, and if the person in the room uses a calculator that he or she brought into the portal, the robot immediately snatches the calculator and angrily demands that the person restart.

Next, one must either demonstrate possession of the incredible memory necessary for survival in many life situations or tediously work to acquire one while in the next room: the world history room. When one enters the room, a country is chosen at random by a robot who presents the person in the room with a screen containing 200 facts about the particular country. The person in the room must memorize each and every one of these facts in a twenty-four hour timespan and immediately after this, prove his or her mastery of them by taking a fill-in-the-blank quiz with information about all of the facts. If the quiz-taker gets one or more wrong answers on the quiz, he or she is immediately given a new country, chosen at random, and is forced to memorize 200 facts about the new country in twenty-four hours and then take a quiz on it. This process continues until the person in the room successfully completes the quiz.

Finally, in order for one to be able to enter my fantasy world, he or she must prove complete control over his or her impulses. As a result, the last room is the room of temptation. In this room, the largest by far, ovens are plentiful and world-class chefs constantly cook apple pies, apple strudel, croissants, doughnuts, and éclairs. However, the rules of the portal prohibit those attempting entry into my fantasy world from even thinking about eating the pastries, and if a person does think about eating one of the pastries instead of meal replacement powder during the month that the person is required to stay in the room, three robots instantly descend from the trap door, handcuff the person, and drag him or her all the way back to the math room, requiring him or her to attempt to complete the portal’s many rooms again for entry into my fantasy world.

If someone manages to successfully pass through each room of the portal, he or she, on account of having proven his or her stellar abilities, work ethic, and self-control, is granted immediate access into my heavenly fantasy world.



Tegan Beaulieu



Ari Mylonas



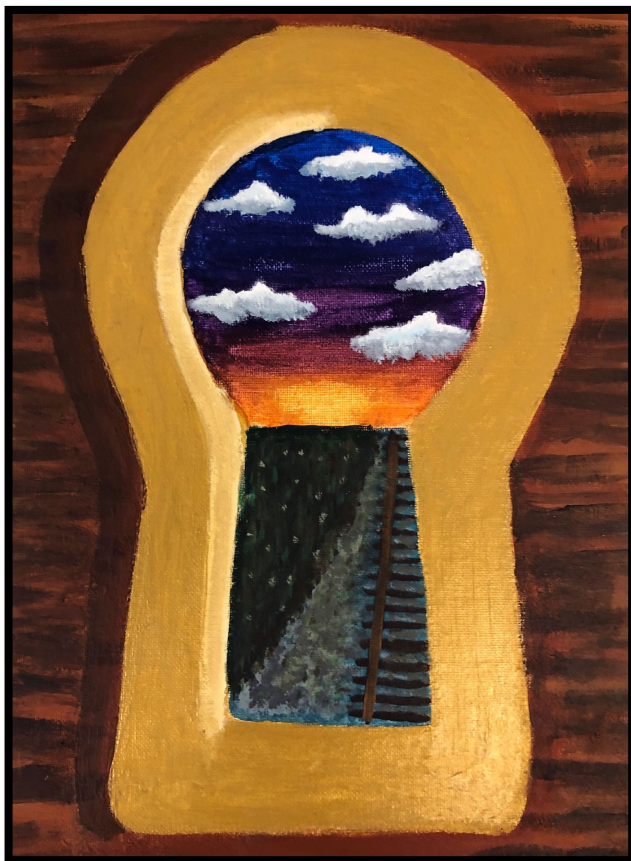
Ellie Kennedy



Ida Bradstreet



Kali Sciuto



Lexus Petralia

“Why the World Needs More Organ Donors”

Kate Mazur

It was October of 2005, and my backyard had been transformed into a fall festival. From face painting to bobbing for apples to a bouncy house, the family and friend Pumpkin Party was my childhood dream. Surrounded by fun activities and those I loved, it truly seemed like the perfect day. I remember the interaction with my uncle as if it were yesterday. During the festival, I got tired out from the activities and ran inside to grab a drink of water. Once I felt refreshed, I made my way down the stairs and opened the front door. “Boo!” my uncle yelled, jumping out from behind the screen door. At first I was frightened, but after seeing him grin from ear to ear and laugh at my reaction, I joined in. The rest of the day went by in a blur, but that one memory has stuck with me all of my life. As the day came to an end and the guests got into their cars, I would have never thought that that interaction with my uncle would be my last.

On November 5th, 2005, my family was struck with the devastating news of Shawn Mazur’s death. It was a shock to all of us, as he was healthy one moment and gone the next. Following this tragedy, turmoil consumed my family, with ties being cut, blame being placed, and lives changing forever. At four years old, I didn’t understand what death was, or why my parents constantly seemed to be drying their tears. I didn’t understand why my uncle, with his happiness and humor, no longer showed up for Thanksgiving dinner or the family Christmas party. I didn’t understand why a person who was such a big part of my life suddenly disappeared into thin air.

As I got older, I began to cope with my uncle’s passing, as well as learn about his cause of death. I learned that at the time, my uncle had been diagnosed with a rare liver disease, that caused his spleen to eat the platelets it made that helped to keep his immune system strong. Because of this, he was placed on the national transplant list to receive a new liver. When my uncle was scheduled for his transplant surgery, my family was thrilled, and things seemed to be up. However, with so many people on the transplant list and not enough livers, my uncle’s scheduled surgery wasn’t in enough time. My uncle died three months before his scheduled surgery for his new liver. Had there been one more donor and one more liver, my uncle could still be here with us today.

My family and I aren’t the only ones to experience the devastating effects of a loved one passing due to the scarcity of organ donors. According to the United

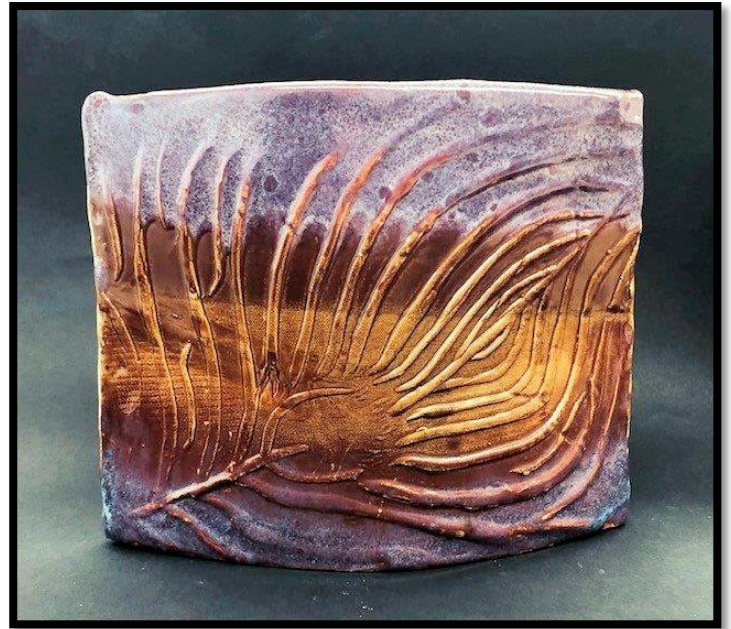
Network for Organ Sharing, 113,920 people in the U.S. today are in need of an organ transplant. On average, twenty of those people waiting for a transplant die every day. Twenty parents losing their child, twenty children losing a parent, twenty people losing their significant other. Twenty families every day are ripped apart as their loved one dies while waiting for the organ transplant that would have saved them. My uncle was unfortunately one of those twenty who passed, but there are 113,920 people in America who don’t have to and shouldn’t have to be. Why stop spreading love and kindness after death? There is a desperate need for organ donors, and by simply signing up you could save eight people who need transplants.

So I leave you with this: Would you rather die knowing that you lived your life to the fullest, or die knowing that you also helped others across the globe to live theirs?

Source: <https://unos.org/data/>



Bridget Buckley



Britt Brogna



Katherine Severance



Emma Scully



Lauren Oliver



Lexus Petralia



Matt Auger



Katherine Severance



Lexus Petralia



Ellie Schott



Trysta Winkowski

“Perspective”

Grace Hurni

Over 17 years ago, I was found near a chemical fertilizer plant in ChuZhou, China. In February, 2004, I was adopted by a single mother and brought to a small town in New Hampshire. Navigating in a world where everyone seems to be immensely focused on their definition of a “traditional” family, has been a tribulation, mainly because I see too many misconceptions about adopted children and multiracial families. I feel I have a responsibility to represent adopted kids, and my Chinese culture, accurately.

While there have been some advancements towards awareness and acceptance in society about coexisting in a world that is home to many different people, it is still very easy and very common for ignorance to persist. I had barely begun to understand the complexity of myself and my origins before society had assigned labels to me. I was the child whose birth parents didn’t want her, and whose ‘real family’ didn’t care about her. Growing up with a single mother taught me how our society tends to identify what an “ideal” family is (mom, dad, biological children), and that my family was lacking something essential. The only thing I am lacking is a father. This is my ‘real’ family, and I don’t need to search out my birth family to know that I am loved in ways that are not limited by bloodlines. My family may not be traditional, and we may be confusing to some, but our love for each other is embedded in something that goes deeper than blood.

I’ve been taking Chinese classes independently for seven years learning my native language and culture. It’s time set aside every week to learn the dialect, writing style, and cultural norms that are an integral part of my identity. Luckily for me, assimilation was never part of my mother’s plans, and in fact, quite the opposite. My family is Swiss, as am I, therefore every February we celebrate Chinese New Year, and every August we celebrate Swiss National Day. In my family, there is no sacrificing one culture over another - we do these things as a family. I have been raised to be very proud of my identity, and there is no reason to hide it or change it. I represent the adoptees in the world who don’t feel like they need to change in order to fit in, and who would rather share our knowledge than conform.

This desire to have accurate representation in my community does not stop at just myself. In our school, there is an essay contest for every 10th grader, with the prompt asking how we can make education an inalienable right, and the winner has the honor of

reading his or her essay to the school board. That year I happened to win, and I think the main reason is that my perspective does contrast with the perspective of my peers. I’ve endured reckless and dismissive comments from peers, teachers, and members of my community. Having the honor of telling the school board about my own experience and discrimination within our own community, I think, shed light on how prevalent prejudice still is. I hope that my speech was able to challenge people’s thinking and conceivably push toward greater acceptance and understanding.

I don’t want to simply stop here, as I think there is still much left for me to learn and to share with others. I never, for a second, forget how lucky I am to live in such opportunistic times in a world that is endlessly changing. I share my perspective with the hope that it can help enlighten those who are still clouded by misunderstanding. I am adopted from China, and I know that the future is bright, even for me.



Lauren Oliver



Ashlyn Lally



Trysta Winkowski



Grace O'Connor



Grace O'Connor



Grace O'Connor



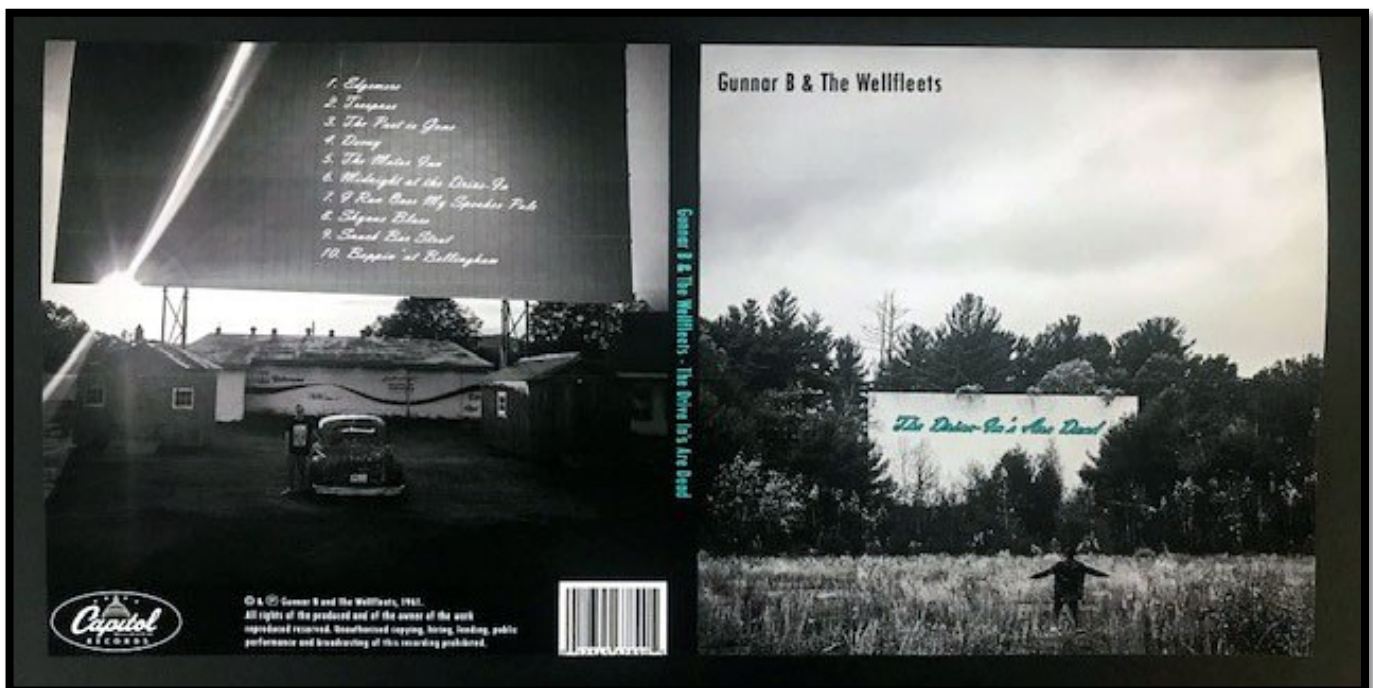
Grace O'Connor



Grace O'Connor



Ellie Schott



Gunnar Benjamin

“My Best Friend Evan”

Colin Scully

Think of the most outgoing and positive person you know. To me, that's my best friend Evan. When he was medflighted after a near-death four-wheeling accident, I asked myself, “Why? Where is the good in this scenario?” While he spent a gut wrenching week in the hospital attached to a breathing tube, I could hardly get through the day without worrying about him. Even though I knew he couldn't see them, I'd text him sports updates just like we had always done. When he returned home, I was the first person to see his bruised and battered face. The second I walked into his room we made eye contact and burst into laughter. He extended his arm for a handshake, but I rejected it and went straight for a hug. We returned to normalcy instantaneously. He immediately bombarded me with questions about sports and school, but over time became fatigued. The effects of the accident were evident, but he was unwavering in his confidence to return to full health.

Through the whole process Evan exuded positivity and was steadfast in the belief that there really was a reason he had to endure such a traumatic experience. He constantly asked me about work he was missing in school, not realizing no teacher would require him to make up the work. He so desperately wanted to return to his normal life that he begged his doctors to allow him to return to school, even for a half day.

Normally, people claim to have been awakened to life after a traumatic event. The funny thing about Evan is that he didn't need awakening. Before his accident, he lived every day like he'd never walk on Earth again, and after his accident he continues to do so. One of the things that sets Evan apart is that he is completely oblivious about the impact he has on others. While he was recovering from a near death experience, I was busy being stressed about having meetings after school. Looking back on it, it's funny to think how different our perspectives are, and what really matters in life. His inspiration cannot be serviced by words - you have to see it in person to really understand it.

There are so many people who would truly love to be like Evan, including me, but it's just impossible. I know I'm going to have bad days, and I can't be Evan every single day, which, honestly, can be a bit frustrating. I can tell myself every day when I get out of bed “I'm going to be like Evan today” and then when I walk into first period Spanish class that all goes out the window. It's just too easy to give into the struggles one

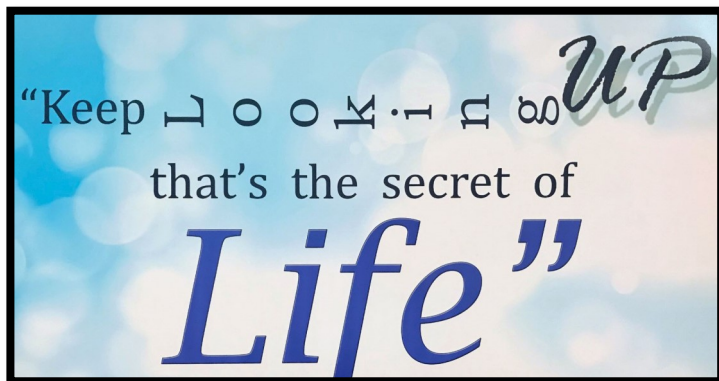
experiences every day. Writing this essay, I wracked my memory for examples to display how I can be just like Evan, and then I realized I really don't have any! Unfortunately, I'm not immune to having a bad day. I'm not Evan, and even as much as I want to be like him, I can't. However, the one thing I have learned from Evan is to be thankful for life and make the best of my day. As we grow older and move on to new phases in our lives, I realize Evan and I may never talk as much as we once did, or spend as much time together. As hard as this is to admit at times, I know that no matter where life takes us I'll never forget, nor fail to appreciate, the effect Evan's illustration of a joy-filled life has had and will continue to have on me.



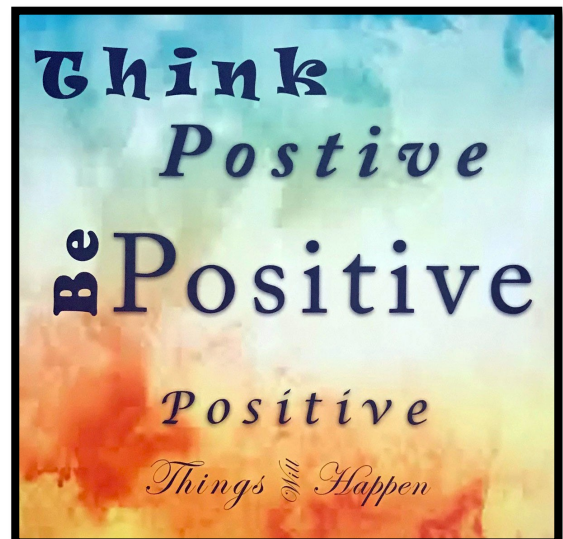
Alyssa Bedard



Devon Chambers



James Clark



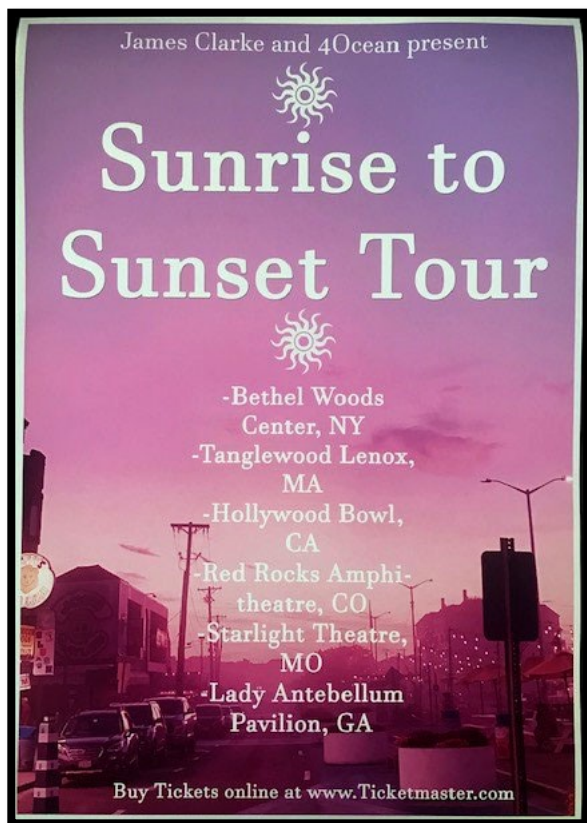
Michael Stevenson



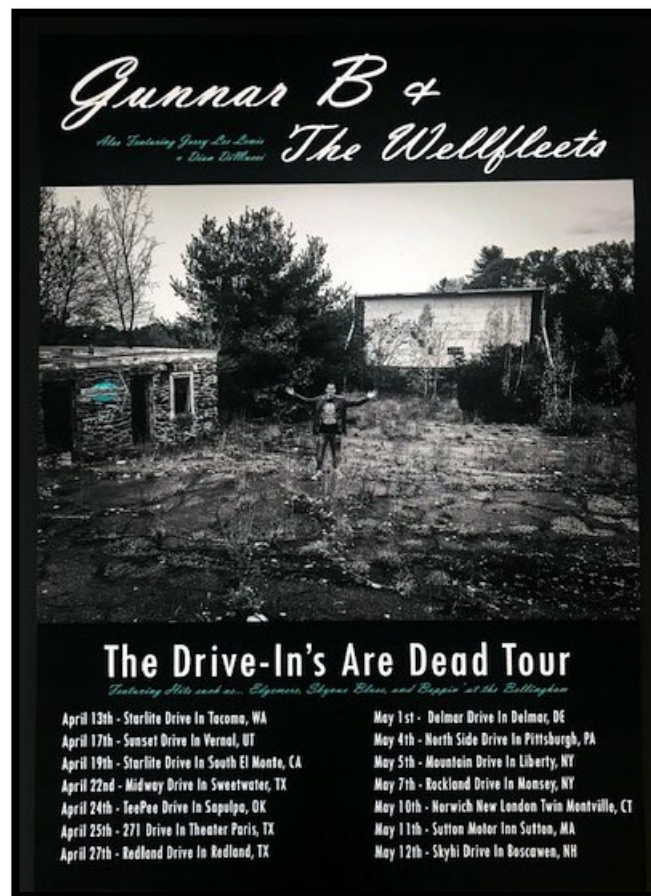
Rachel Gore



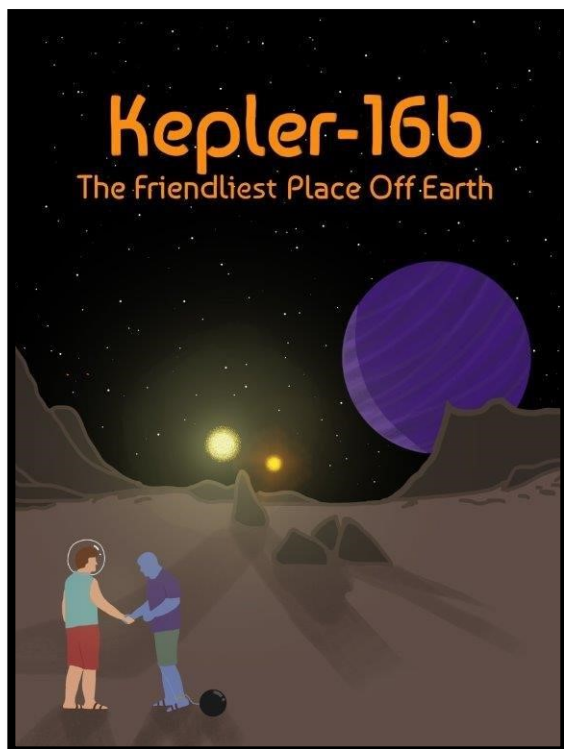
Jack Pepin



James Clark



Gunnar Benjamin



Regan Blomquist



Ryan Olsen

“Female Oppression in Our Culture”

Rosalie Averill

Take a few seconds to picture the CEO of a successful company, a scientist pioneering new technological advancements, or a doctor leading a life-saving surgery. Imagine the persuasive speeches given by the CEO, the incredible new discoveries made by the scientist, the joy on the doctor's face when their patient wakes up from their surgery. Take a moment to reflect on each of these roles, and really develop a strong image of what each of these people looks like. Did you picture a man as the CEO? A male scientist, a male surgeon? Or, did you picture a woman for any of these roles? Chances are, you imagined a man for most or all of these roles. Our society is extremely male-oriented. We tend to subconsciously assume that authority figures, people of importance, and those who pursue high-profile careers are male. Why do we do this? What about our society has programmed such a vast majority of us to behave in this way?

One answer for this phenomena lies in something that both directly and indirectly controls many aspects of our lives: the media. Whether it's through social media, news, advertisements, or entertainment, the media displays men and women in completely different roles. Think about the protagonists of your favorite hero versus villain movies—the Avengers series, Star Wars, Batman. Many, if not most, of those protagonists are played by men. Men tend to be portrayed as big, powerful, important characters, superheroes and the CEOs, while women tend to be side characters, the wives and the lovers. Why are women almost always portrayed as docile and submissive, while men are shown as dominant and assertive?

Not only do men tend to be portrayed more positively than women in fictional stories; they are portrayed the same way in many news articles and fact based sources as well. The media, especially in journals and articles, tend to use words with a more negative connotation to describe women, whereas words with a positive connotation are used in the description of men. For example, many articles use words such as “headstrong,” “feisty,” and “bossy,”—words with negative undertones—to describe women, whereas words like “determined,” “spirited,” and “assertive” might be used to describe men in the same scenario. These words have the same general meaning, but different undertones. Yet, one set is used almost explicitly in describing women, and the other when describing men. Why? Describing women in negative

terms calls for the subconscious assumption that women are always in the wrong or always bad, whereas the language used to describe men further elevates and makes them appear more favorable. Our culture is so ingrained in making men comfortable and successful that women are often trampled upon, albeit subtly, in the process.

Our society trims and grooms us to see men as superior to all others. Even if it's done subconsciously or accidentally, through subtle tendencies in the media and in social interactions, Western culture trains us to bow down to men from a very young age. For instance, think about when you were in elementary school. For the female reader, picture when you, or perhaps a close girl friend, was teased by a boy. Chances are, when you told an adult in your life about what was happening, they said something along the lines of, “Oh, he's only teasing you because he likes you.” “Take it as a compliment—it means that he has a crush on you.” Telling this to young girls teaches them to make excuses for men, and to forgive them for any crude behavior. (It also perpetuates rape culture and romanticizes domestic violence, but that's a story for another time.) We, as a society, need to take action to prevent teaching the incoming generation lessons such as this, and we need to strive to achieve true equality between the sexes.

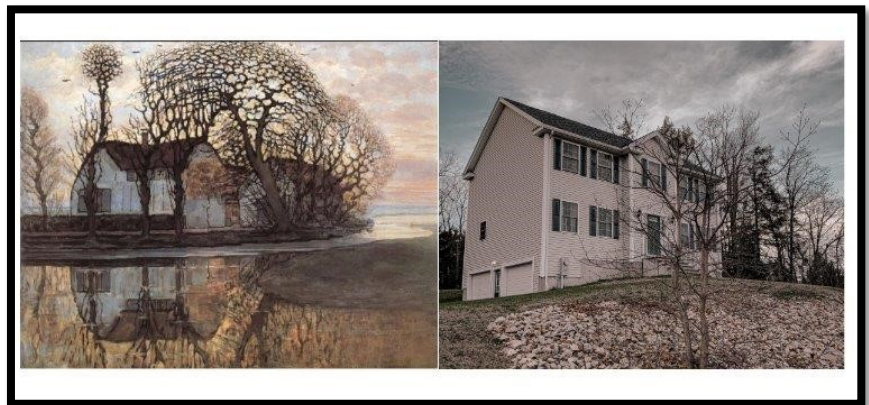
So, at the end of this little spiel, I want to urge you all to take action. Consciously decide to change your own attitudes about these types of things, and to change those of others. Be the change that you want to see in the world.



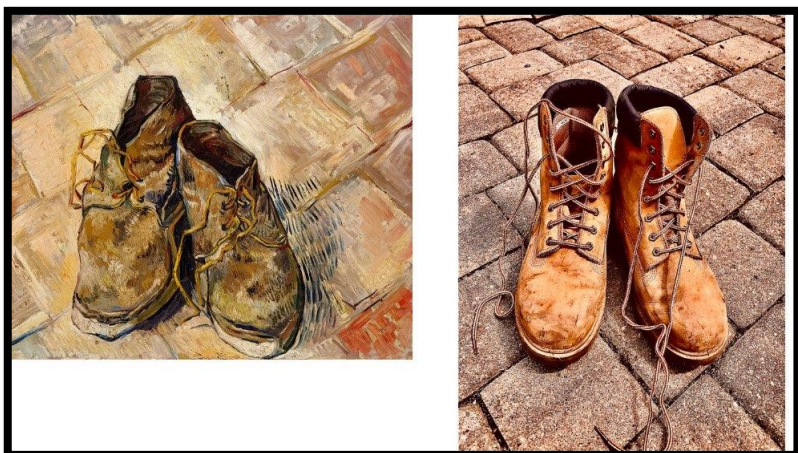
Cassidy Powers



Cooper Kelley



Ella Vartanian



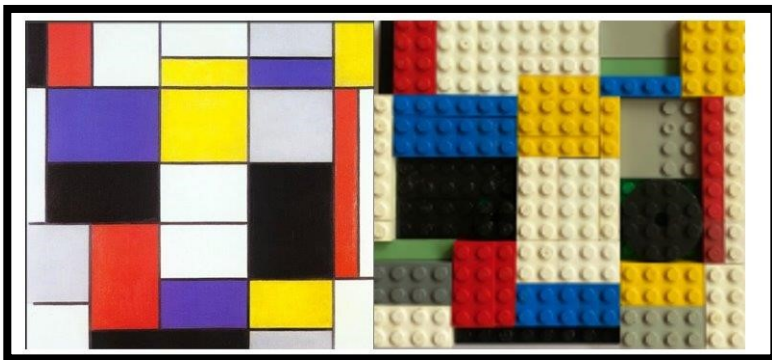
Jack Abel



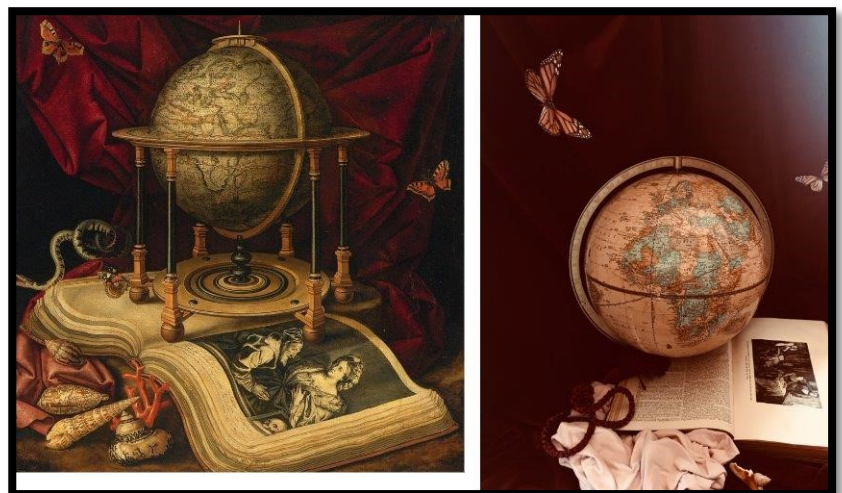
Harrison Bloom



Joey Hayes



Sage Lauer-Furrow



Kaden Ferguson

“Many Worlds” Arin Henderson

Over the past century scientists have been trying to explain our universe and any possible connections to others. The idea of an “alien” race has been up in the air for a while, especially with the explosion of the science-fiction genre in literature. But what if I were to tell you there are aliens out there, and that they are closer to us than we think? You would likely assume I’m insane, maybe in need of a mental cleansing. However, if you keep reading, all will be clear soon enough.

Enter the many-worlds interpretation. This term was coined by Hugh Everett in 1957, who based his theory on the research of a group of physicists over thirty years prior. In the late 1920s, Max Born, Neils Bohr, Werner Heisenberg, and many more scientists met at the capital of Denmark, Copenhagen, in an attempt to get a grasp of our universe. Thus, the Copenhagen interpretation was born. It denies the existence of a singular state, saying that all exist at once.

You’ve probably heard of Schrödinger’s cat. Well, that is a prime example of each of those hypotheses. The experiment was set up for a possibility of either outcome (the cat being alive or dead), but until someone opens up the box to see what really occurred, it is presumed to be both. This is the base of which the many-worlds interpretation is built on. According to Everett’s words, two worlds have been created: one where the cat has survived, and one where it was killed.

Despite its supposed simplicity, it’s much deeper than you could imagine. This can apply to every single small decision in your life, whether you decide to go with or without sprinkles on your ice cream, get up as your alarm goes off or wait five minutes, etcetera. Unfortunately, this poses an infinite amount of variables. Does this follow the choices of every person on earth? What about the animals, insects, plants, and more? And if it is confined to solely your free will, why? Is it because you are truly the only organism that exists? I could go on, but you see my point.

You might be thinking: that’s a bold assumption a person could make. That there are potentially parallel universes out there that mimic our own. To be honest, I completely agree with you. Even as a person of science, I understand how ridiculously far fetched this sounds. With that in mind, I tell you to take this as you will. You may be on board and have agreed with me from the start, or you could be still skeptical. I say you can feel however you’d like, because the many-worlds theory states that there will be a universe for each alternative.

“Being a Mother” Maddison Flibotte

Being a mother comes with great responsibility. The role of a mother is no easy job, especially when one becomes a mother at a young age. It is easy to watch other people’s babies grow and prosper, but having my own was a job I was not prepared for. When I first became a mother, I was not ready, but now I cannot imagine a life without my baby. I will never forget the day we drove her home.

Once we brought her home my fascination with her grew. She curled up on my chest and napped almost every day. In all honesty, I did not start off as the ideal parent. I struggled to financially support my daughter. The food, the litter, the diamond-encrusted collar, and the groomer appointments were all essential things for her survival that added up so fast. The money I saved flew out of my bank account faster than I could replenish it. At this rate, I was going to need to pick up a part-time job to support my baby. I could no longer afford to get the items I wanted because all of my money seemed to be going to her. I barely had enough money for gas anymore.

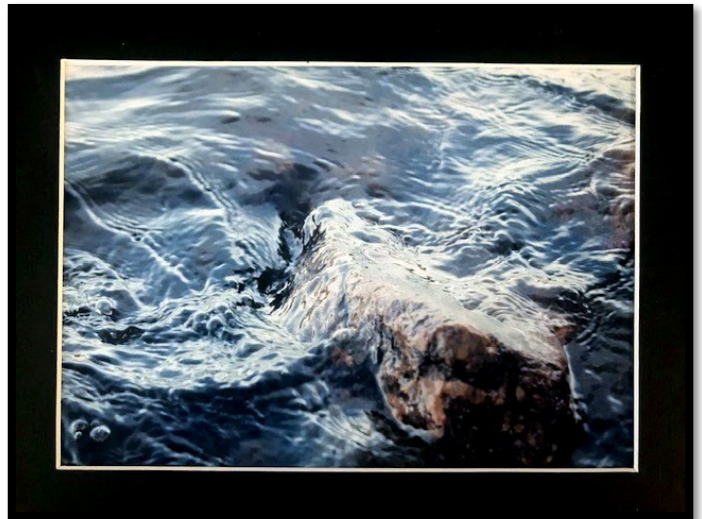
It was one thing after another as the financial obligations kept accumulating. If she didn’t need litter, it was a new toy or the new scratching tree that she simply had to have. At this point, she was living a better life than I was. While I was wearing beat-up Converse sneakers and ratty t-shirts, she was lounging around snacking on catnip. I felt compelled to pick up more hours at work, pushing almost 30 hours a week, the maximum for my age. My fear is once she became a teen, I would have to pick up a second job.

However, having my cat, to this day, has been nothing less than an exciting adventure. The first time I took her on a walk was a big one. Seeing her strutting in her pirate Halloween costume definitely made me feel like a proud mom. When she cuddles with me, that gets me every time. Of course, there are times when I forget to change her litter or days when she escapes from the house, but no mother is perfect.

Obviously being the mother of a cat is nowhere near the same as being an actual parent, but having her has helped me prepare for the future. Being a mother taught me responsibility. It taught me what it is like to have a lack of freedom and financial responsibility. However, the separation and leaving her behind when I’m off to college will definitely be difficult. In the end, I’ve raised her well, and I know she can handle the transition.



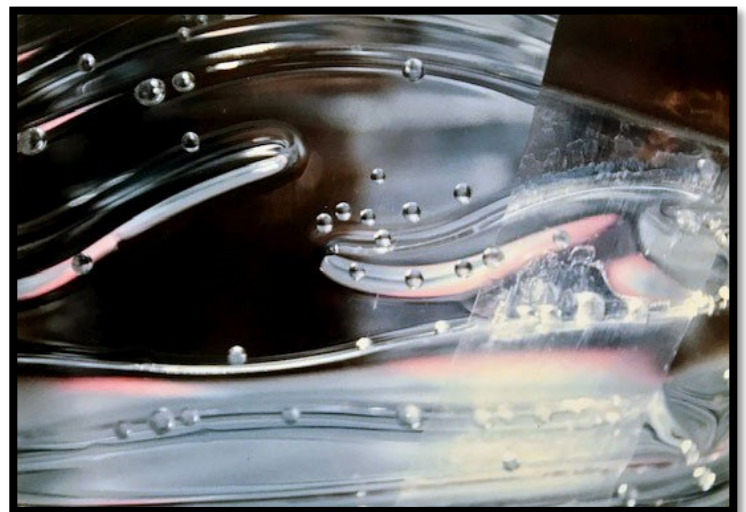
Kyle Ventola



Angel Smith



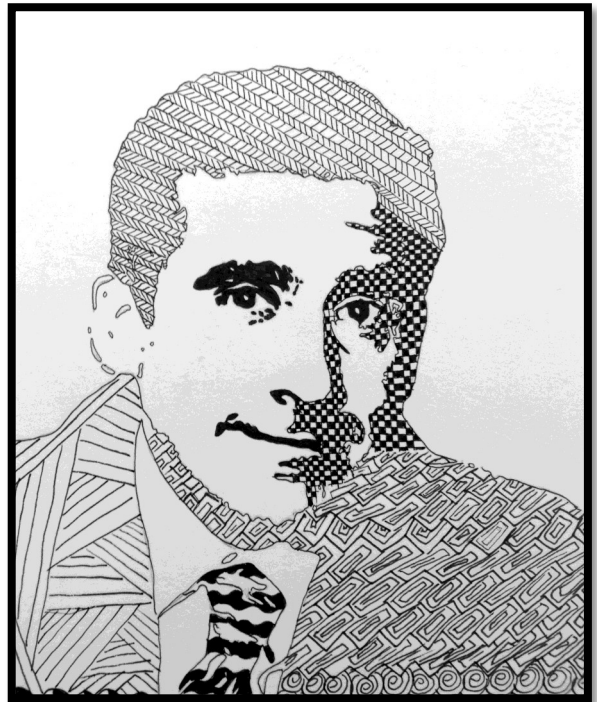
Kyle Ventola



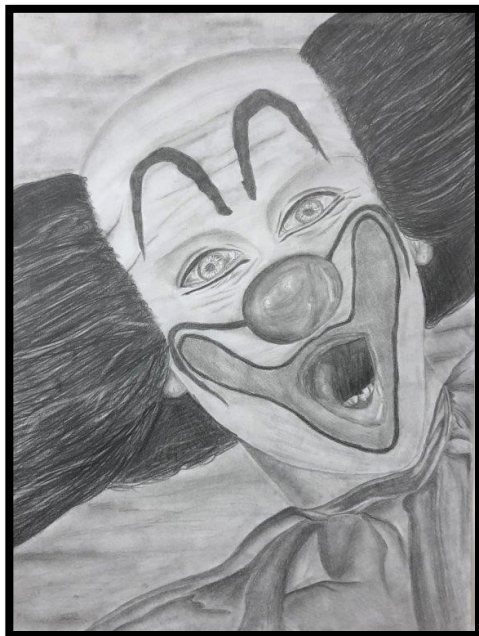
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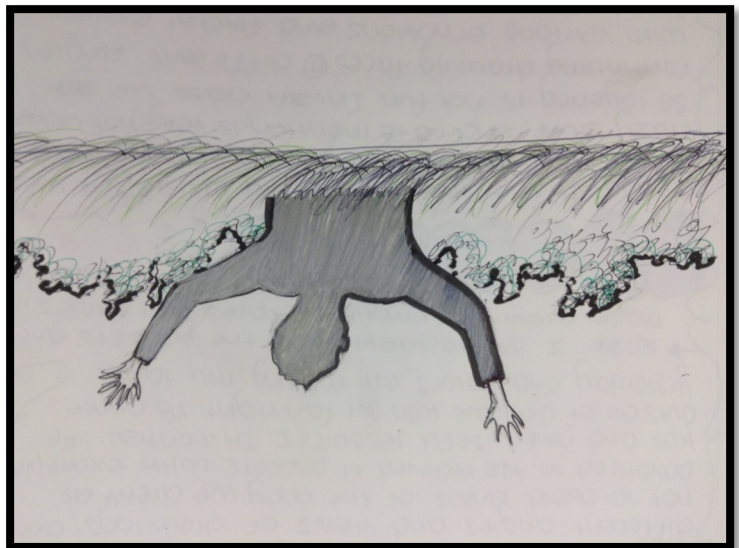
Kendall Morrill



Mary Lamarre



Nicole Powers



Kat McGowan

“Acceptance in Education”

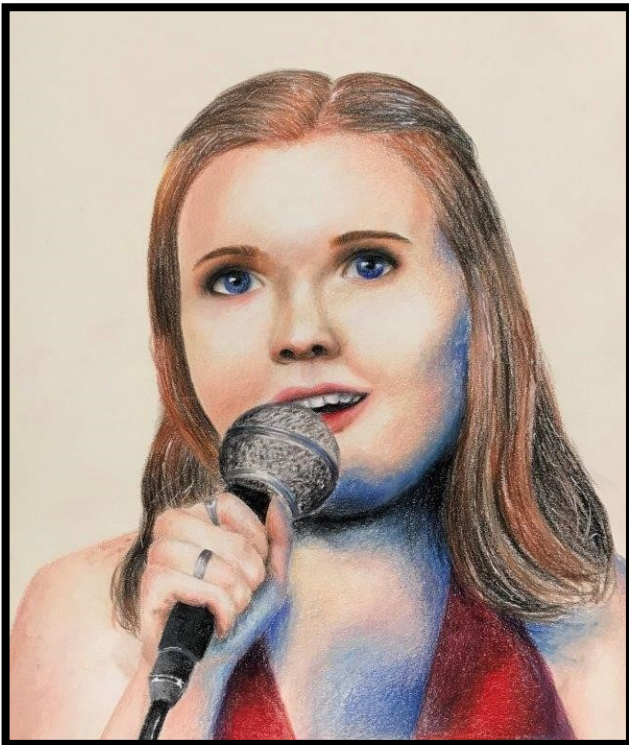
Madison Pettengill

I remember my first day of freshman year at Timberlane Regional High School like it was yesterday. The feeling was welcoming and held so many amazing opportunities for the future. All of the teachers and upperclassmen were friendly and made me feel like my voice matters when it comes to learning. Ever since my first day of high school, my goal has been to make everyone around me and everyone younger than me feel accepted in the learning environment.

There are a variety of reasons why all learners should be accepted. In order for someone to feel comfortable, all teachers have to make their classroom a friendly environment for their students. A student will only be able to learn to their full potential if they have the ability to ask questions and don't get shut down if they share their opinion. As a student progresses through their high school career, they become an individual with their own set of values and beliefs. If kids are forced to be surrounded by a school system that doesn't accept all different learners with different values and beliefs, none of them will know how to be accepted in the real world.

I want everyone to know that it is important to feel accepted in my school and in every learning environment. The way I will campaign my idea and get it across to everyone is by doing numerous things. One thing I will do is create eye-catching posters to hang up all around. Another thing I will do is get small groups together and speak about different methods we can try to make all of the learners in Timberlane to feel safe to share their opinions and ideas. Social media is another tool I will use to let everyone know my goal. I will not stop until my goal is achieved.

Overall, my goal is to make all students feel that their learning environment makes them feel accepted. Based on my past experiences, I want everyone to feel the same way I felt on my very first day of high school. Using posters, speaking events, and social media to teach everyone how to know how to accept peers around them in a positive manner. Still, to this day, all teachers respect me and allow me to voice my opinions and truly be heard.



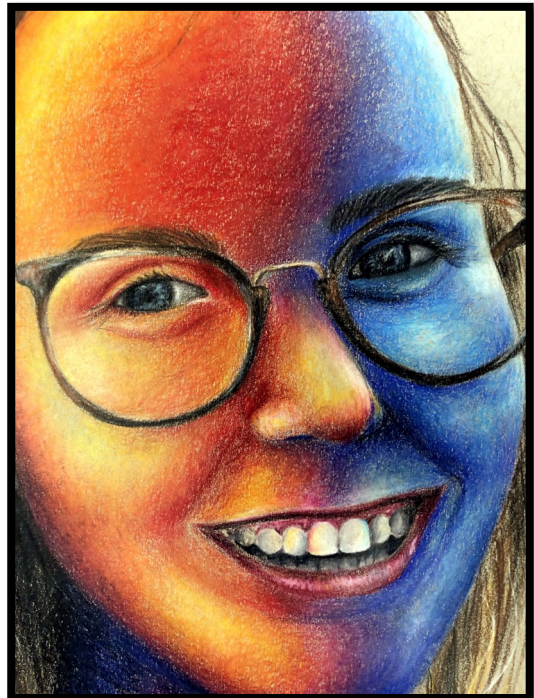
Liz Amorelli



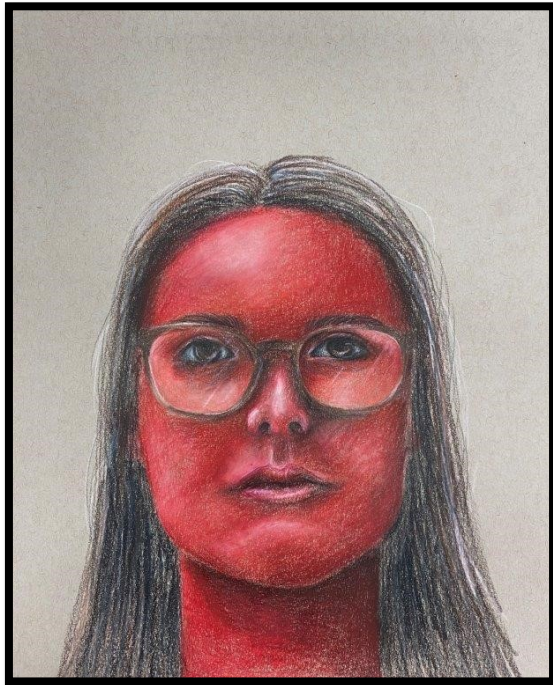
Liz Amorelli



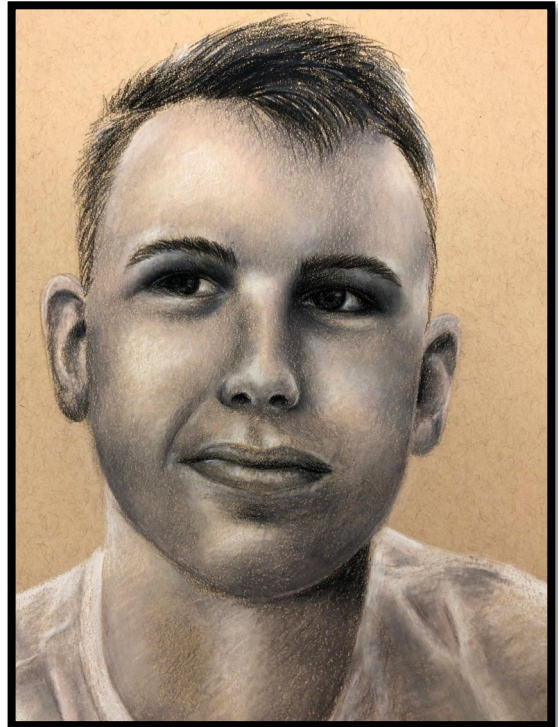
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Liz Amorelli



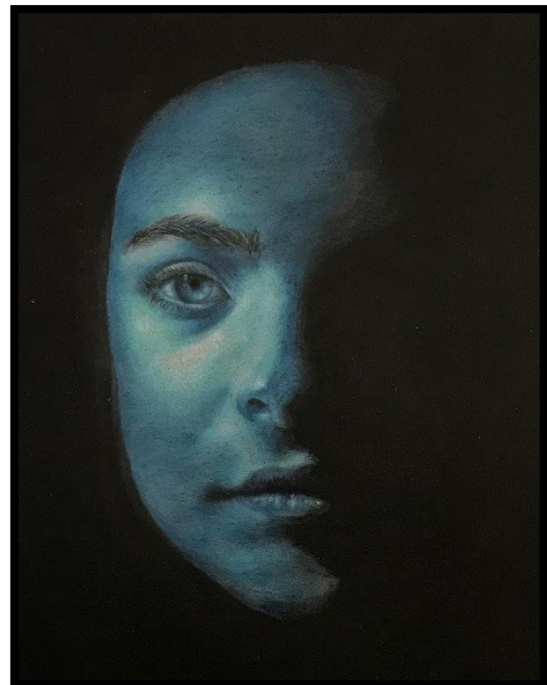
Liz Amorelli



Liz Amorelli



Liz Amorelli



Liz Amorelli



Kendall Morrill



Nattalie O'Donnell



Taylor Holt



Carmella Defina

“Who Is Mr. Bookman?”
Maria Heim

This year, there is someone new wandering the halls at Timberlane Regional High School.

With no questions asked, he lurks the halls, pushing a cart full of beloved novels. Some students think that he may appear similar to another teacher in the school, but this is not true. Without a doubt, this man not only plays an important role in the world of literature, but also serves the students of Timberlane. This individual is Mr. Bookman.

Mr. Bookman’s job at Timberlane is to help the students fulfill their responsibilities by returning their books on time. Additionally he is only available at school during block two on B days. Now, it is very important to understand that this position is out of full volunteerism and passion for meeting new individuals while spreading the concerns of the library.

Some of the students in our school have noticed that this individual may appear quite similar to another teacher known as Mr. Castano, an English teacher who also is an advisor of the Timberlane Players and the Milkmen. However, besides students’ skeptical ideas, Mr. Bookman is his own persona who spreads the message and teachings of the library. It is important to recognize that he is also doing something that Mr. Castano is not capable of doing, despite his dapper manner.

The role Mr. Bookman plays not only reminds students to return their overdue library books, but also shows concern for responsibility and takes care of the property of the library. With pep in his step and pride in his eyes, Mr. Bookman ensures hope to the library staff by fulfilling the shelves with books once more. With this mentioned, he may be perceived as the facilitator of communication in order to keep the journey of reading going.

There are both ups and downs to the procedure Mr. Bookman participates in. “There is both a love and hate relationship with this job. I love the job as a whole but I hate it simultaneously. I love it because I can spread my joy and love for reading as I meet new students, but in contrast I don’t like taking books from an individual who may be having a bad day,” he said.

Mr. Bookman would like to note that he does not enjoy bombarding students with overdue library notices.

In order to improve the negative aspect of the job, Mr. Bookman has a piece of knowledge to offer. As simple as it may sound, Mr. Bookman encourages you to read a book if you check it out. This is because if

you are not reading, you are only finessing the system and abusing the will of the library.

One of the things that Mr. Bookman would like the Timberlane student body to know is that your word is your bond in your relationship with him. If you tell him that you will be returning a book to the library soon, he will believe you. Once this trust is broken and you do not return the book, the compromise will be lost. All Mr. Bookman asks of you is to return your library books on time and to be honest in your word.

Mr. Bookman is even opening up to a compromise within his library books. “Many different students have thought of decorating my cart to make the job more fun; this may be along the lines of licorice and other treats in exchange of returning their books,” he said.

Meaning, if students are willing to return their books on time, he may give them an indulgence as a reward. What a great bargain!

It has been a pleasure to introduce Mr. Bookman, as Timberlane is lucky to have such a passionate individual in our school this year. If you happen to spot Mr. Bookman second block on B days, please wave him a warm welcome to Timberlane.



Rachel Gore



Cailin McNeil



Rachel Gore



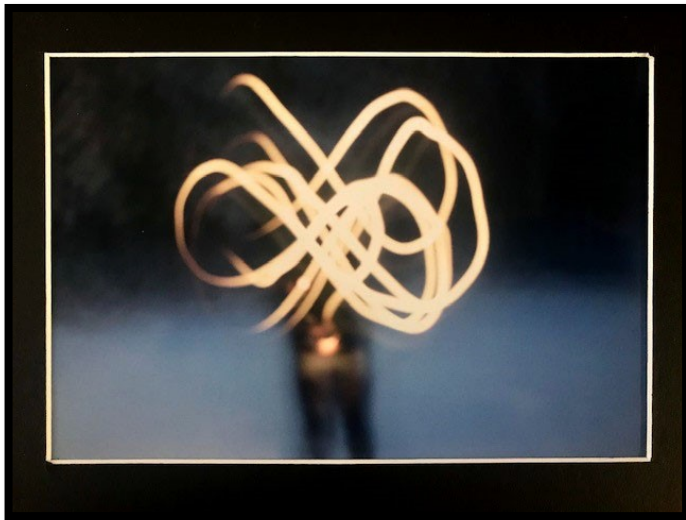
Kyle Ventola



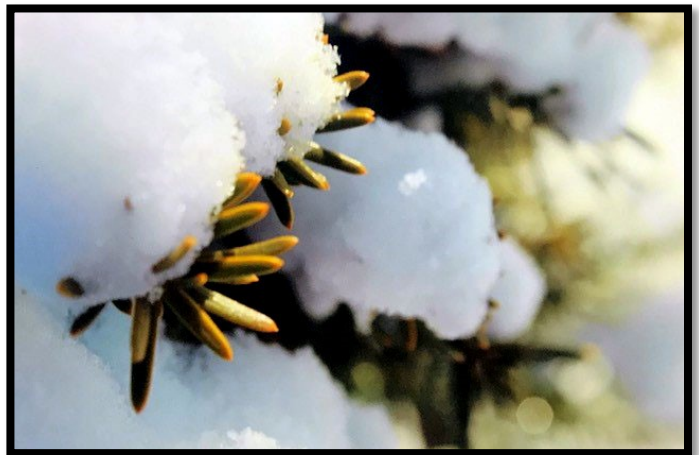
Angel Smith



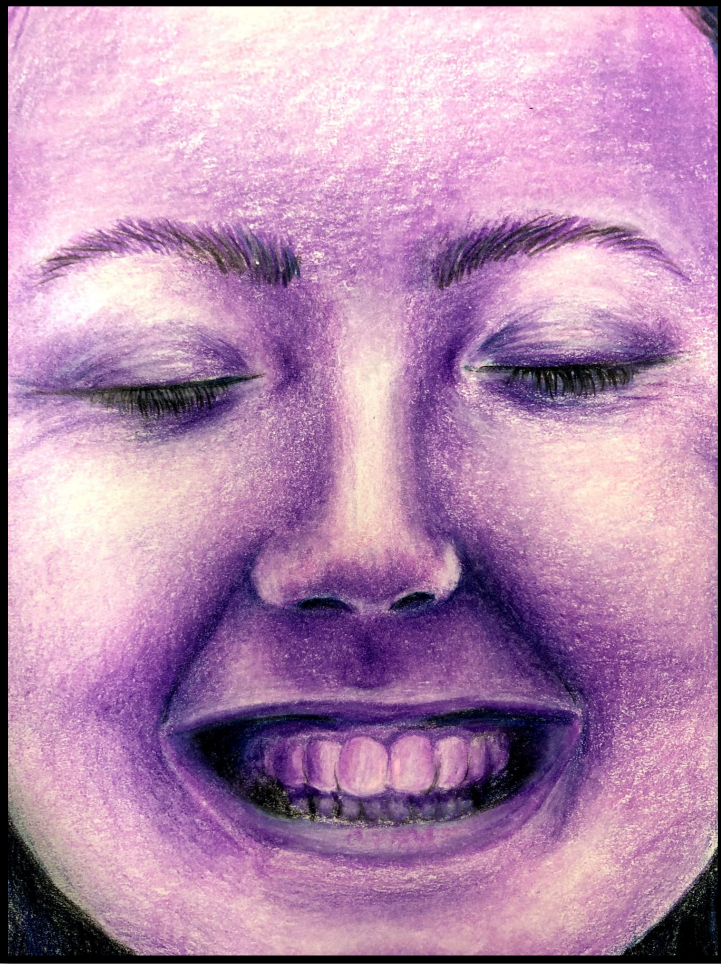
Angel Smith



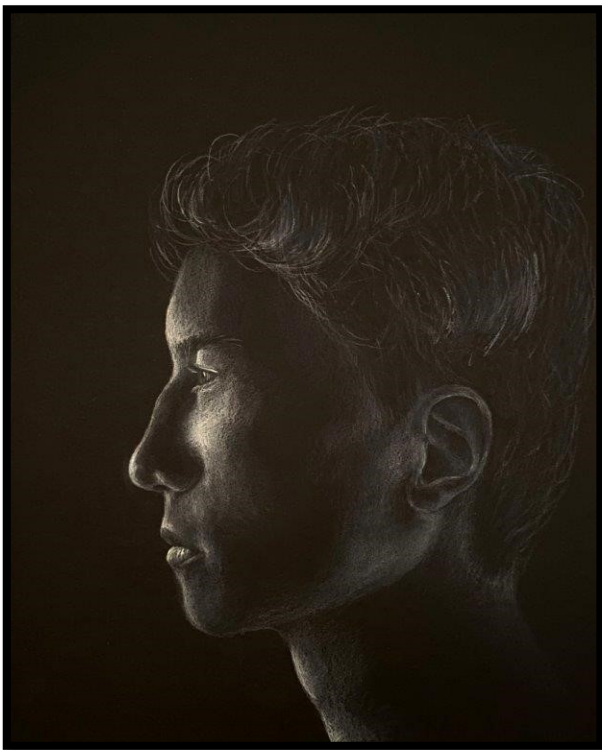
Cailin McNeil



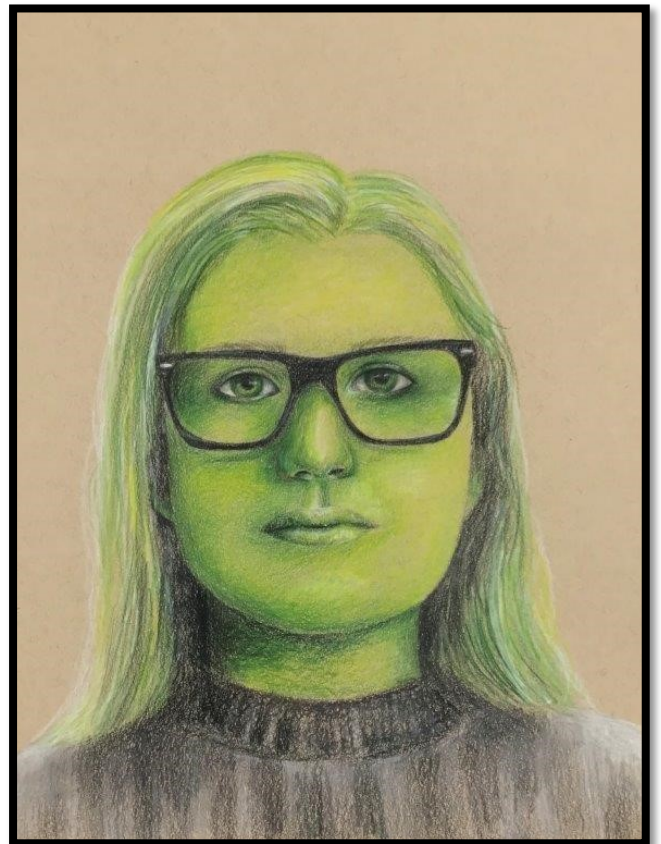
Cooper Durkee



Liz Amorelli



Liz Amorelli



Liz Amorelli

“A Special Paradise”
Ben Richman

For many, a world that is a paradise would be filled with warm temperatures and many trips to the beach. Palm trees would be abundant and the horizon would yield nothing but the ocean, the shining sun, and blue skies. However, for me this would not be the case.

If a human currently living on Earth was to visit my paradise, he or she would be struck immediately by one thing: the lack of hunger. In my paradise world, not a single person would be stricken with starvation. Not only would food be plentiful, but it would also be nutritious and organically grown.

Secondly, an Earthly visitor in my paradise would be amazed by the lack of war in my paradise. That’s not to suggest that there would never be conflicts between entities or countries: there would be no shortage of that. However, in my paradise, all entities throughout the world will have acquired the wisdom necessary to always turn to diplomacy as a means of conflict resolution, rendering war an unheard of concept in the paradise.

But enough discussion about what the world is missing. The paradise is not only different from the actual world in that it lacks many of the real world’s evils. It has many noticeable and distinctive features that are not present on Earth. First and foremost are the immense educational opportunities.

On Earth, unfortunately only some individuals have the privilege of receiving in-person instruction. It is even rarer for individuals to receive top-quality education. However, in my paradise, this would not be the case at all. In it, all individuals would be able to receive instruction from the most knowledgeable individuals in any discipline they desired. So, you might be wondering, how is this possible?

To start with, in my paradise, the dearth of war allows countries to invest the funds they would otherwise devote to the military to education. However, this is only a minor part of what allows for such universal educational opportunities. In my paradise, all people, regardless of genetic and lifestyle factors, have unlimited stamina. As a result, sleep is an obsolete concept. The positive implications of this are massive. First of all, individuals have approximately a third longer in life to do the things that they enjoy. Also, individuals do not need to worry about maintaining a consistent sleep schedule. In fact, if someone mentioned this concept in my paradise, they would be looked at as though they had three heads (much is different about my paradise as compared to Earth but humans still have one head)!

“The Loss”
Maria Heim

The journey began
over a course of many generations.
The hardest weather.
Many things to remember, to dwell upon and talk about
Creation was begun,
that was the miracle.
One man.
It was lost
A culture:
Died,
Imprisoned,
Hearsay,
Destroyed.
Agonies of human history,
the last great moment of the history.
Came of age as a people
Remains is
The miracle.
From the beginning
Oh, it was beautiful,
But
It was a long time ago.

“Winter”
Ben Richman

Soon I think the snowstorm will begin.
Good thing we stocked up on food in advance.
I fear that soon we all will be snowed in.
My brother frantically looks for snowpants.

Before I knew it snow began to fall.
I think two feet’s already on the ground.
We’ll need to shovel and we’ll put down salt.
“Oh no!” my brother shrieked, the power’s out!

“The wi-fi’s down,” I heard my father say.
“I can’t watch the TV,” my sister said.
I think the power’s been out for twelve days.
It seems like the outage will have no end!

But outside gorgeous trees are draped in snow.
And I still have the comfort of my home.

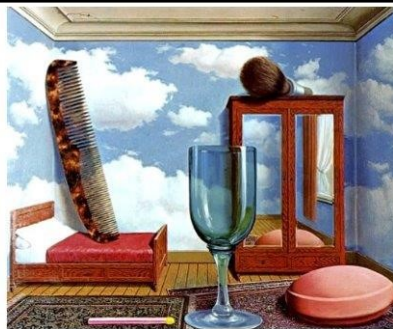


James Rosenquist, *White Bread* 1962



Aiden Enrico Grade 9

Aiden Errico

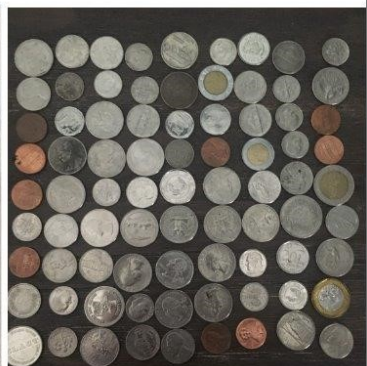


Rene Magritte *Personal Values* 1951-1952

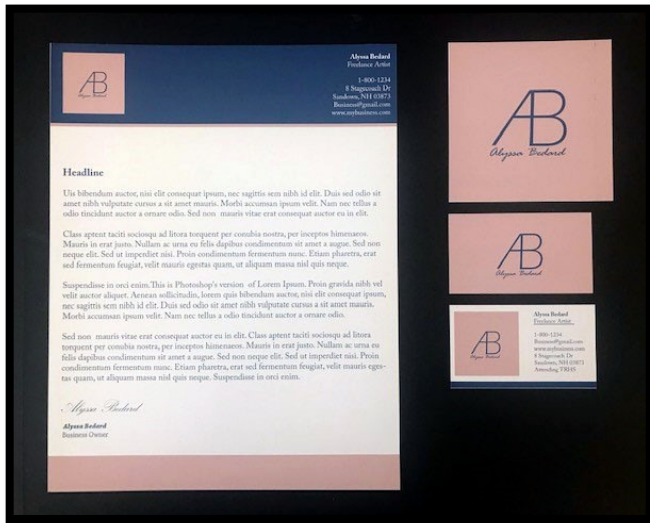


Matt Mazur Grade 9

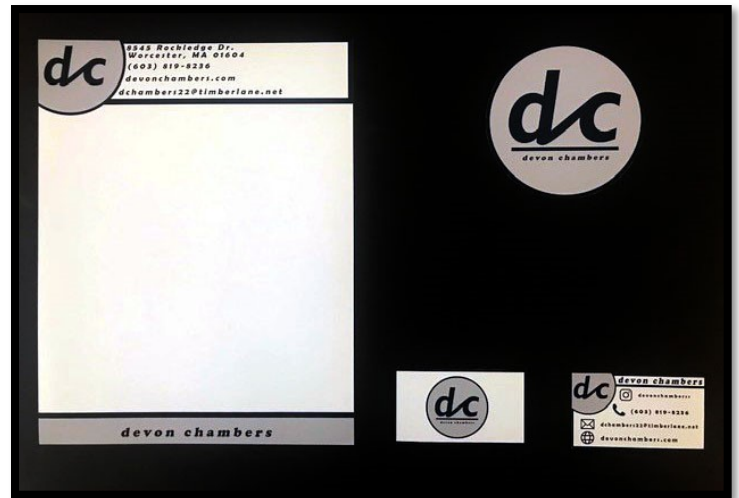
Matt Mazur



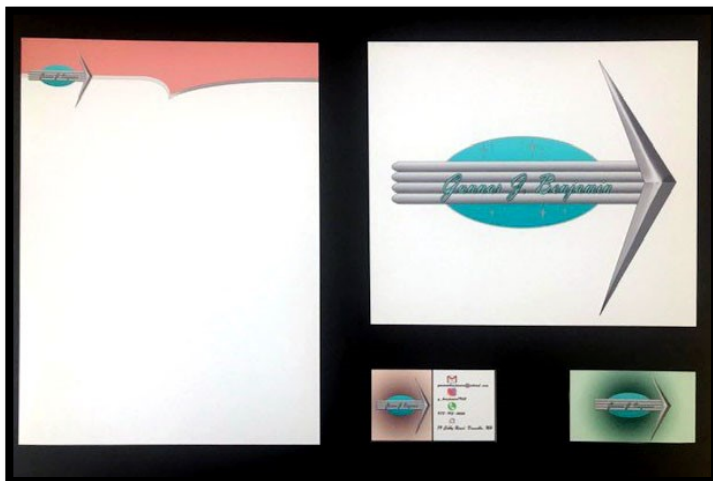
Lucas Merrill



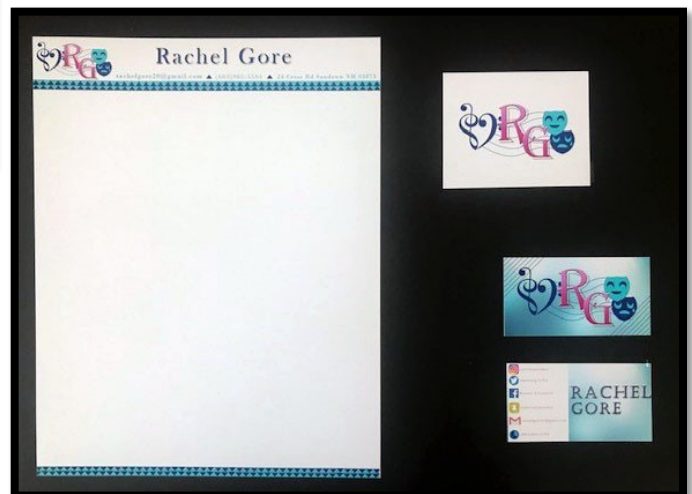
Alyssa Bedard



Devon Chambers



Gunnar Benjamin



Rachel Gore

“Malicious Pollution”
Arianna Mazur

Wandering waves all around the sea,
Hopeful children imagining what this world could someday be.
Ten years later they come back and see,
Innocent creatures being grasped from humanity.
Turtles being strangled to death by plastic straws,
Trash getting trapped in harmless fishs’ jaws.
Coral reefs will soon reach their end.
This world might be too broken to mend.

Trees in our world are a key necessity,
They allow us to breathe easily.
Cutting the land down is suffocating us all,
Without clean air our lives will crash and fall.
Smoke and gas is our new air now,
Transportation and factories you get the prize so take a bow.

Our future generations will now suffer from our mess,
Can we clean up our planet? I’ll let you take that guess.
Think before you act we only have one home,
The world is our friend so treat it with respect before we’re alone.

“Where I Belong”
Mia Censullo

The greenery the woods the beautiful trees
The sound of insects birds and bees,

The rustle of trees made by the wind
Soothes my soul deep within,

The sounds of sticks breaking under my feet
As I walk through the woods in the afternoon heat,

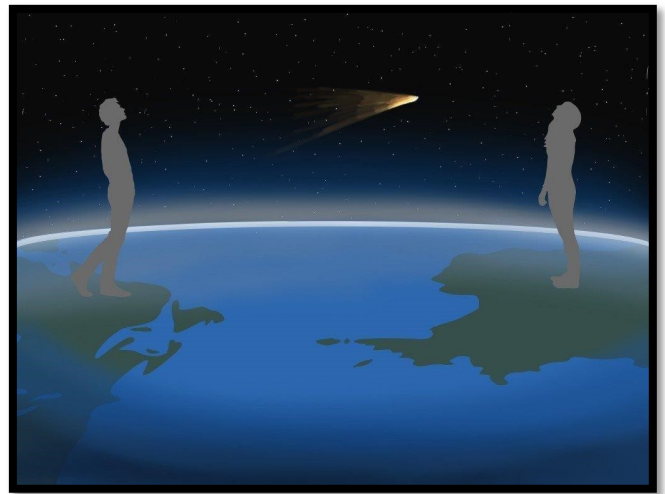
I listen to the birds sing a beautiful song
And I suddenly realize *this is where I belong.*

“Haiku: Senior Year”
Grace Duff

Senior Year, the last.
Senior Year, we finish strong.
Senior Year, good bye.



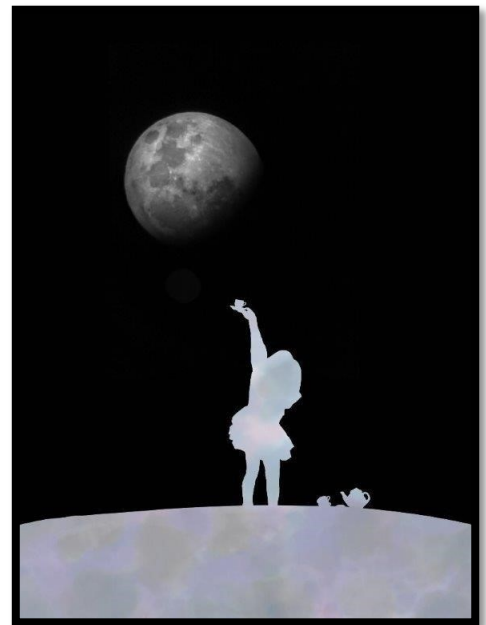
Regan Blomquist



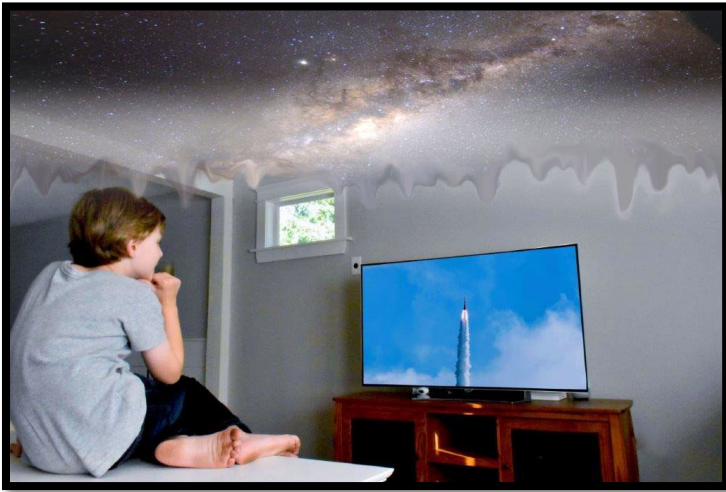
Regan Blomquist



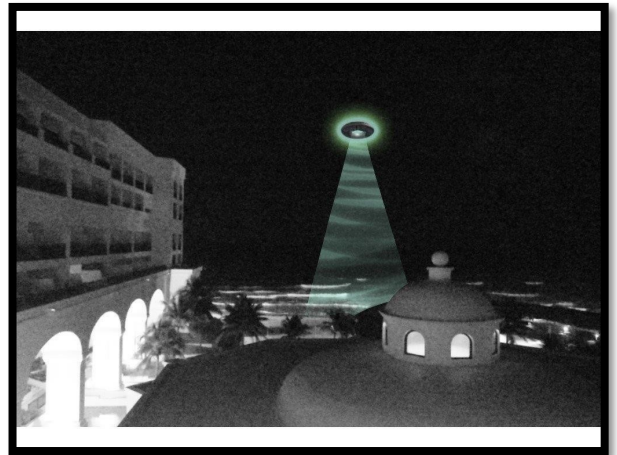
Regan Blomquist



Regan Blomquist



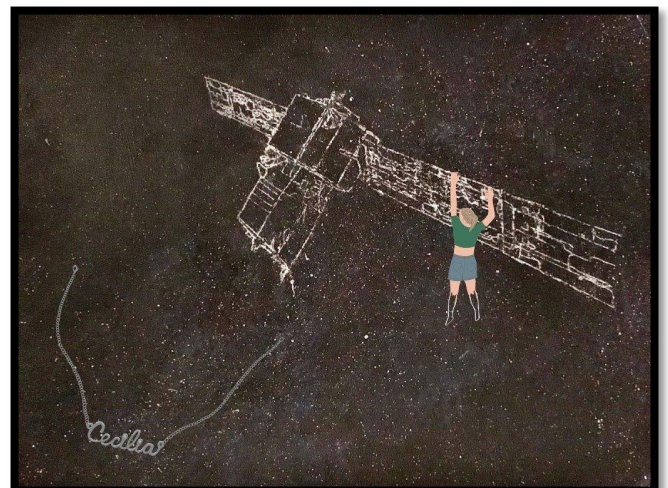
Regan Blomquist



Regan Blomquist



Regan Blomquist



Regan Blomquist



Regan Blomquist



Nicole Powers



Regan Blomquist

“The Imagination Behind a Haircut”

Maria Heim

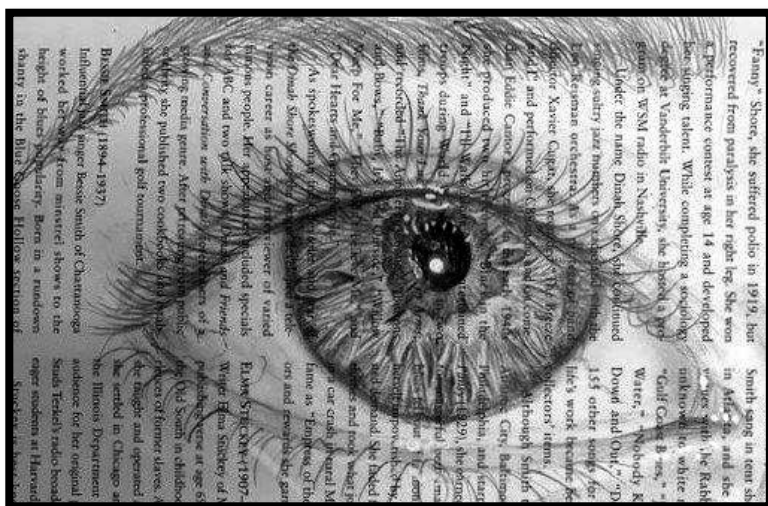
My sister and I built our relationship on our imaginations, like most kids do. When we were younger we loved to ‘make believe’. Not only did we play with the traditional Legos, Barbies, and Polly Pockets, but we loved to act out different occupations. We portrayed doctors, vets, chefs, teachers (with our American Girl Dolls) and lastly church services because this is what we were surrounded by. Although this day we decided to switch things up with our creativity. My sister Olivia (7) and I (5) went to the playroom per usual and set up a hairdresser shop in our playhouse.

When I was younger I rocked the Dora hairstyle, bangs, a bob cut, brown eyes, tan skin, and all... I loved my hair because of the inspiration that Dora had on me. My mom bought us little outfits with pretend styling tools to let our imaginations run wild. Little did we know that soon enough these plastic styling tools weren’t fit for the capacity of our imaginations. My dad was home to tell us that he would be taking a shower then watching the Penn State football game like every Saturday in October. Meanwhile, my mom was at the salon getting a manicure. The beauty salon at the Heim house was now open for business.

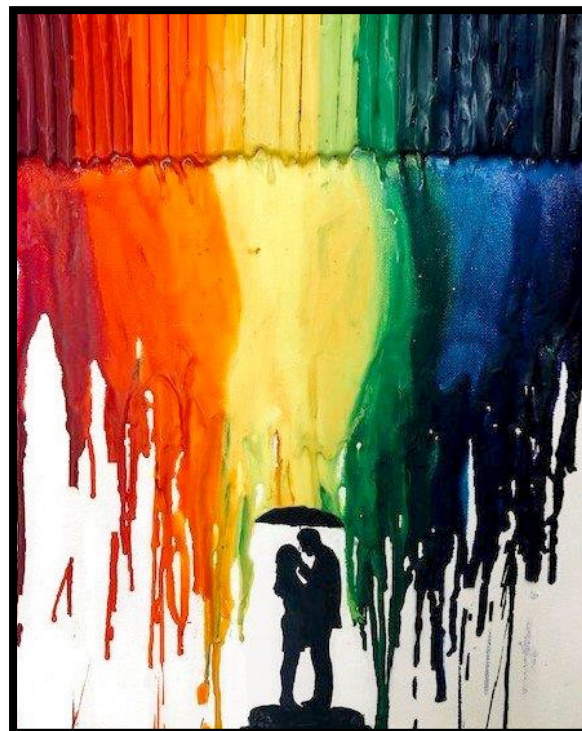
I sat in the chair waiting for my sister to cut it. Soon enough Olivia offered a mirror for me to look at my new style. Somehow, Olivia got a hold of the real scissors instead of the imaginary ones our mom bought us. My hair was no longer like Dora’s anymore, I couldn’t believe that she cut off so much! Now it was my turn to style Olivia’s hair, but I was scared so I didn’t cut off too much. Meanwhile the halftime mark hit on the Penn State football game as my dad came to see what we were up to. To his surprise, we had a new style (literally) in place for him. When my dad saw our horrendous hair he rushed to the phone to alert my mom. When my mom heard the news, she came home and took us to the real hairdressers to fix our hair. In the end they didn’t do much.

Unfortunately we dealt with a great deal of embarrassment until it grew back, but when reflecting on this tale, I wouldn’t have made a different decision. Although my sister cutting my hair was a detriment at the time, it displays the wonder kids have in their younger years. Playing pretend strengthens a child’s cognitive development and presents opportunities to form craft of the world around them. The beauty of our youth is to explore and make pretend of reality. Our minds are underdeveloped, eager to learn, play,

and collaborate. My sister and I defined the true meaning of pure wonder that a kid has at a young age, which makes creativity so important. So I know the look was not too fantastic, but as human beings we live and we learn. Lesson learned: 1) neither of us should become hairdressers, and 2) we should never give up our ability to imagine.



Gianna Gray



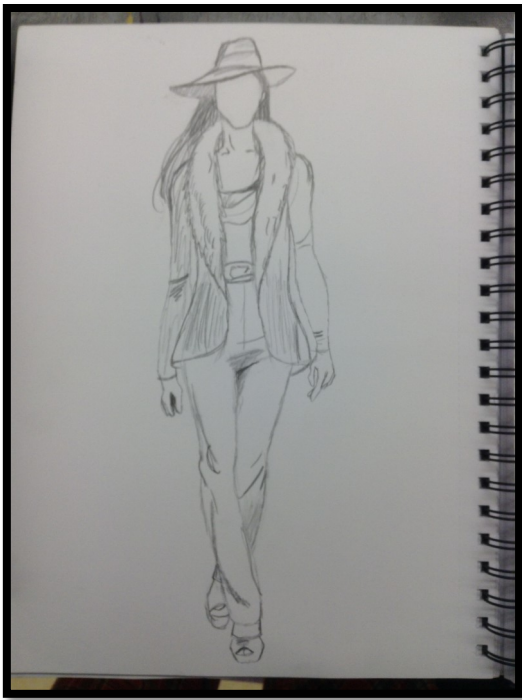
Gianna Gray



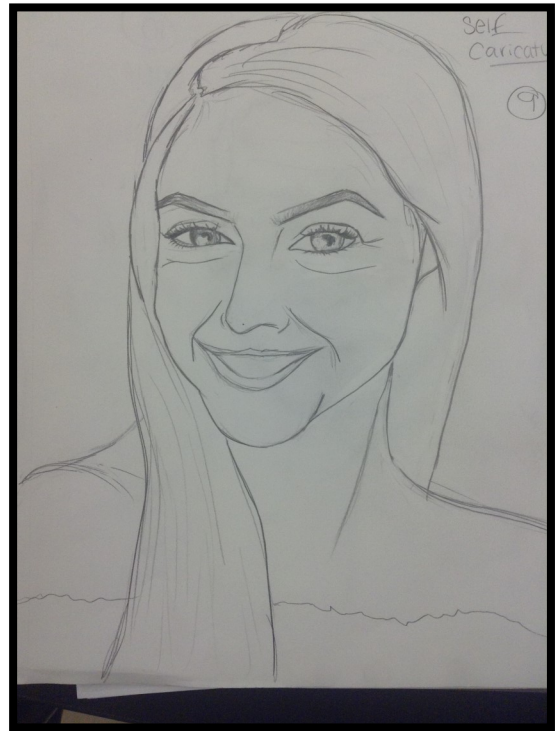
Gianna Gray



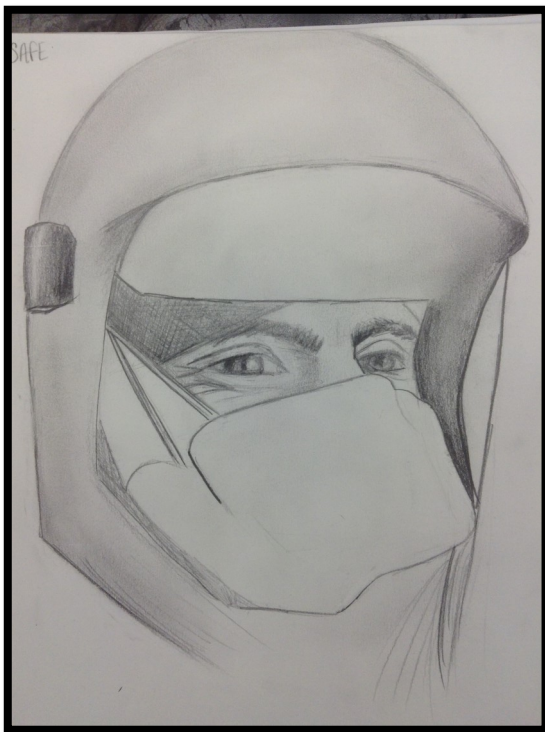
Gianna Gray



Mary Lamarre



Kat McGowan



Kat McGowan



Katelyn Ryan

“The Way To Rainy Mountain Found Poem”

Julia Bohnwagner

Original Story by N. Scott Momaday

long ago
the struggle for existence
withered
died
burned
the sacrificial victim
nothing
the great vision of despair
imagine
tradition suffered
deterioration
landscape is incomparable
gone forever

a long time ago
the sting of loneliness
her grave
her death
the last moment of history
panic
defeat
danger
memory of blood
confinement changed their lives
fingers became claws to kill them
beyond the reach of the stars
well-being would suffer
wariness never forgot
her people
gone
ancient sacrifice forbidden
faith backed away forever
only in memory

a long time
slowly praying
long, rambling prayers
suffering syllables of sorrow
exhausting to silence
reminded who they were
fright fell to the ground
singing rose up
the motion of air
now funeral silence
closed in mourning

a long time ago
to live and die
looking back once
away

“I am....”

Arianna Mazur

I am a girl with a lot of hope.
I wonder when the end of the world will come.
I hear fighting on the news.
I see my reflection in the mirror.
I want the world to get along.
I am a girl with a lot of hope.

I pretend to be okay when this country let me down.
I feel lost in a world full of disasters.
I touch the hands of my family members.
I worry the rest of the world will attack us.
I cry when others hurt.
I am a girl with a lot of hope.

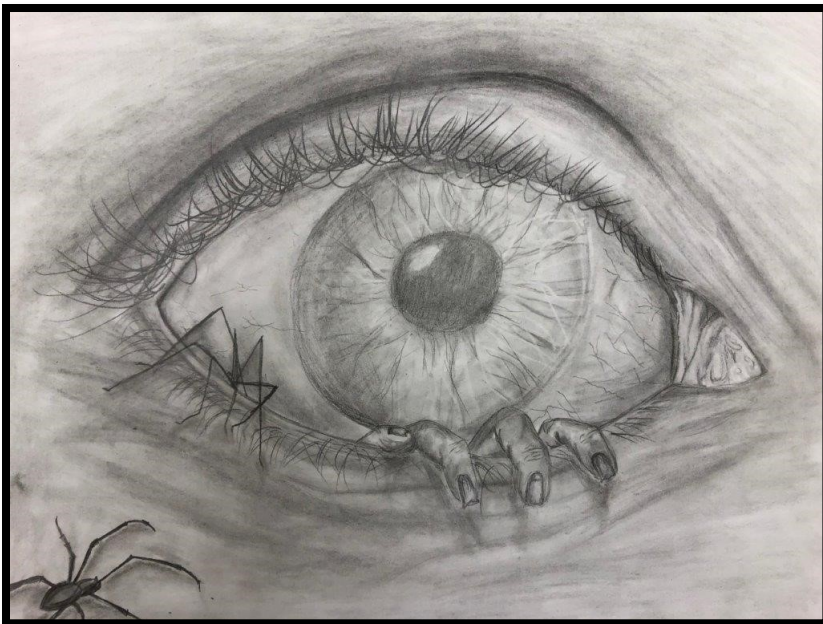
I understand there are “bad guys” in this world.
I say God has a plan for everyone.
I dream of having a perfect life.
I try to be nice and accept everyone.
I hope someday everyone will come together as one.
I am a girl with a lot of hope.



Nicole Powers



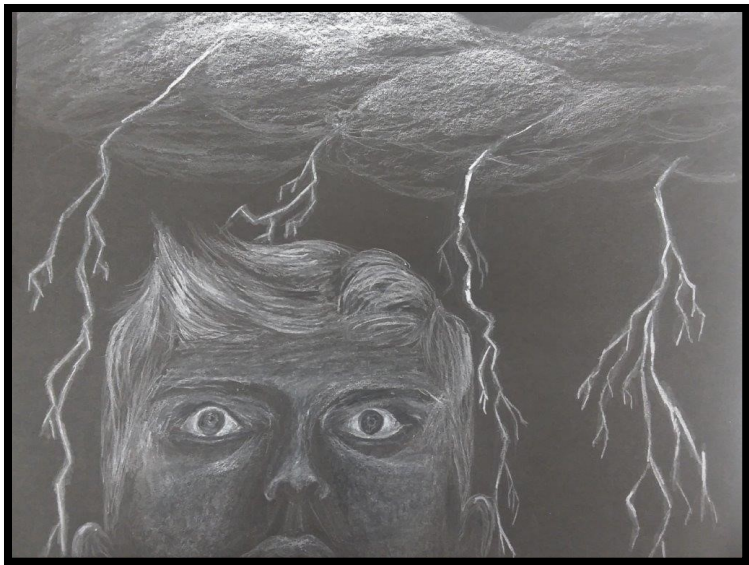
Nicole Powers



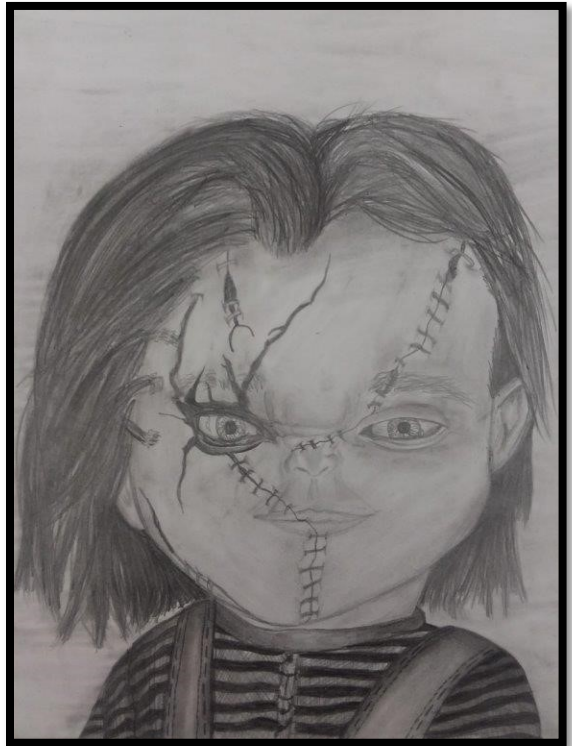
Nicole Powers



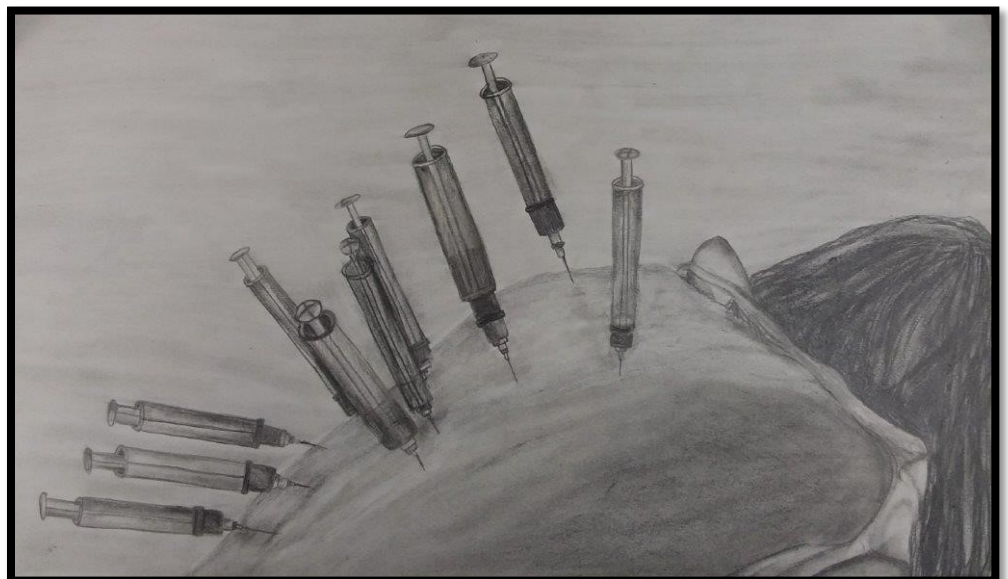
Nicole Powers



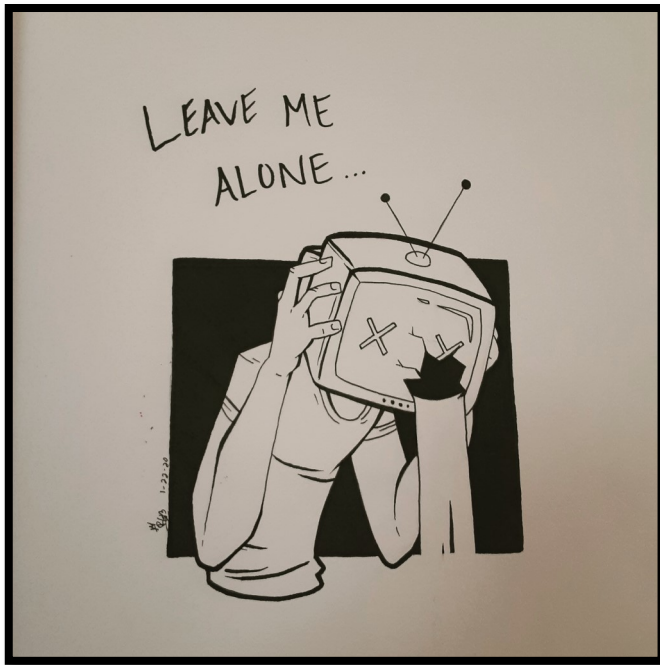
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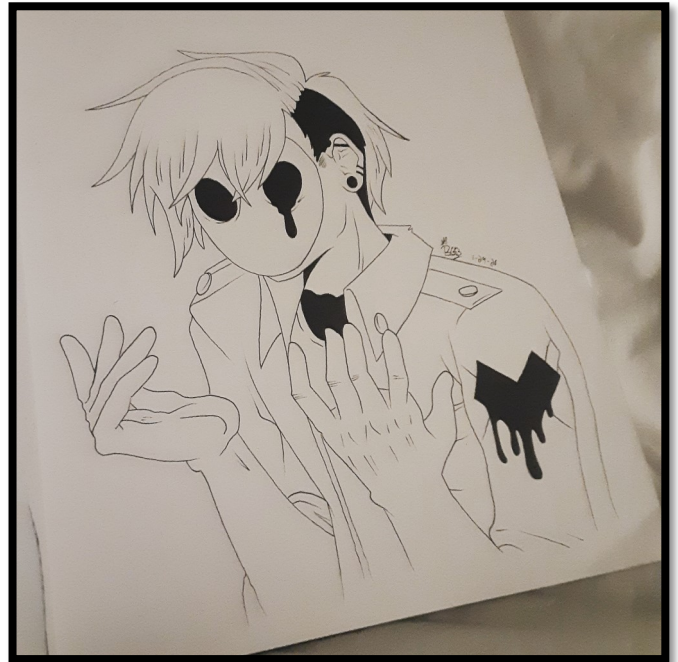
Nicole Powers



Nicole Powers



Russell Green



Russell Green



Russell Green

“A Fall Poem”
Ben Richman

Leaves descend from trees
Their hue without Summer green
Outside I hear pleasant breeze

Tonight's Halloween
Trick-or-treaters are a knockin'
Candy makes them beam

Temperature falls
Jackets coming off the wall
Haystack is so tall

Pumpkins everywhere
I guessed pumpkin's size at fair.
Red leaves in the air

On trees apples grow
Weather is cold but no snow
But the frost does show

Football on TV
People talking 'bout Brady
And his coach Bill B.

World Series on too
Watch on TV to see who
Will send ball to Moon

Oh there's NBA
James Harden and LeBron James
Lots and lots of games

Mashed potatoes quickly cook
As told by recipe book
Baby takes a look

Family comes together
Grandpa gives handmade sweaters
To shield from weather

Happy as can be
Grandma and dad watch TV
And smile pleasantly

Uncle Fred and Aunt Bell
Cook the gravy very well
Good food is the smell

Turkey on my plate
With loved ones I celebrate
All in world that's great

We are so thankful
Of hunger we are not full
And that home's not cold

Now we must say bye
Thankful to have such good life
Now comes wintertime.

“When We Were Young”
Arin Henderson

When we were young
The grass grew bright green
As if no wrongdoing
Had ever been seen

They fed us the lies
“You all have a voice”
But soon we had learned
That there was no choice

Many turned around
And changed their whole view
Though some stayed the same
There were but a few

The war rages on
With inflamed frustration
Because believes
That we need transformation

Either side has fault
Each one is to blame

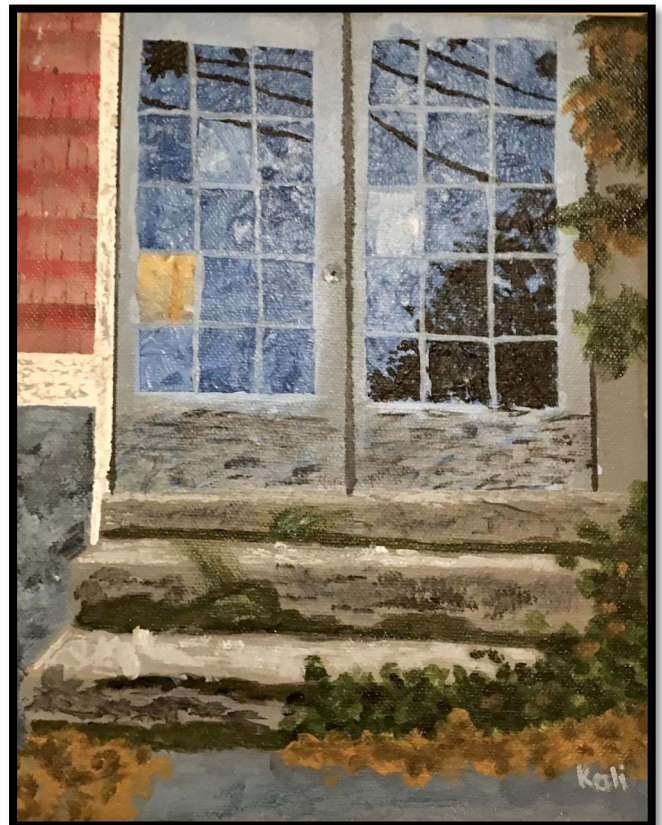
It isn't too late
We can break free
But I must know
If you will join me



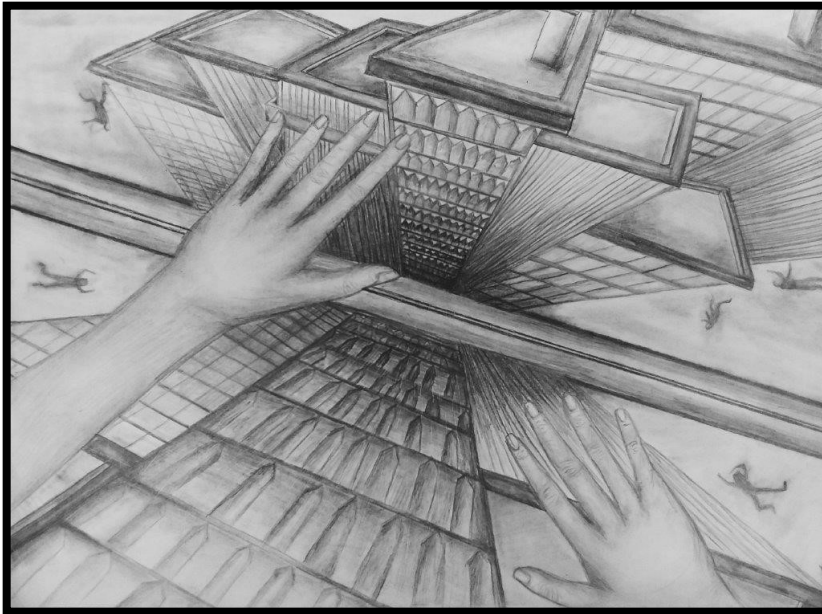
Ashley Monteiro



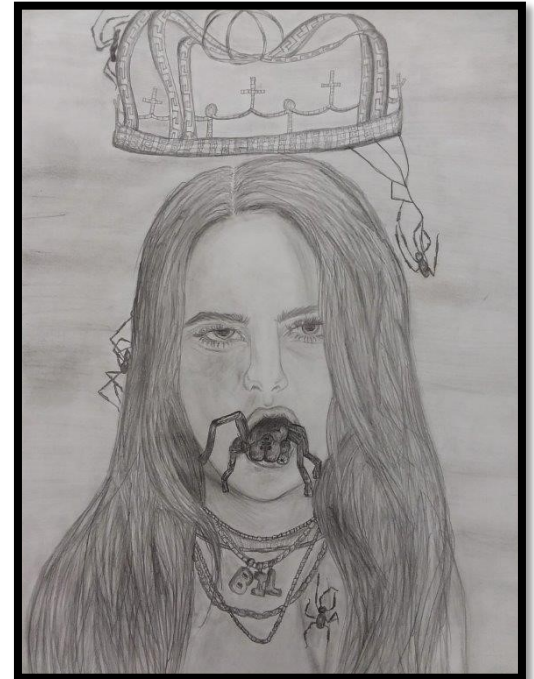
Bailey Orio



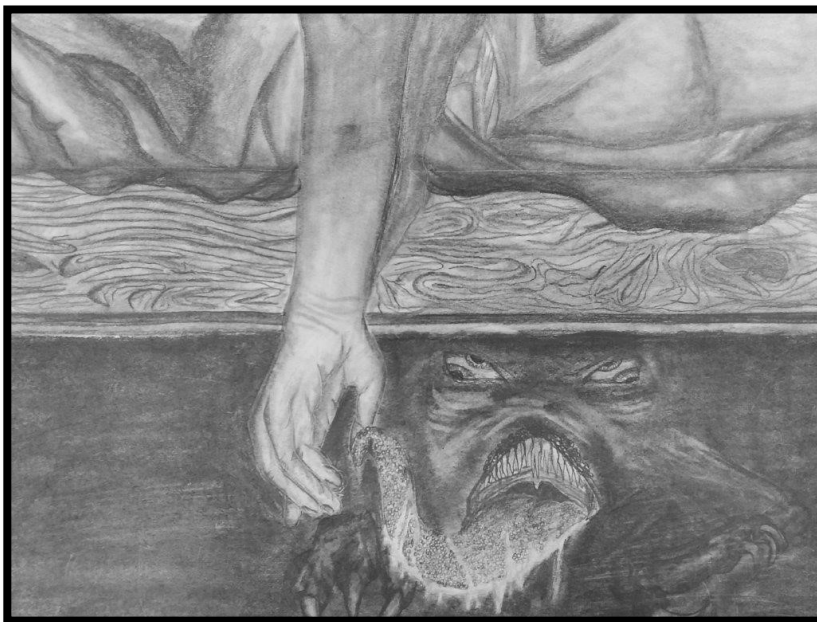
Kali Sciuto



Nicole Powers



Nicole Powers



Nicole Powers



Nicole Powers

“The Aftermath of Training”
Ben Richman

The beagle wags upon a glimpse of treats.
Ecstatic to devour them after all
His hard work, learning sit, down, stay, and leave
It, he now can celebrate it all.

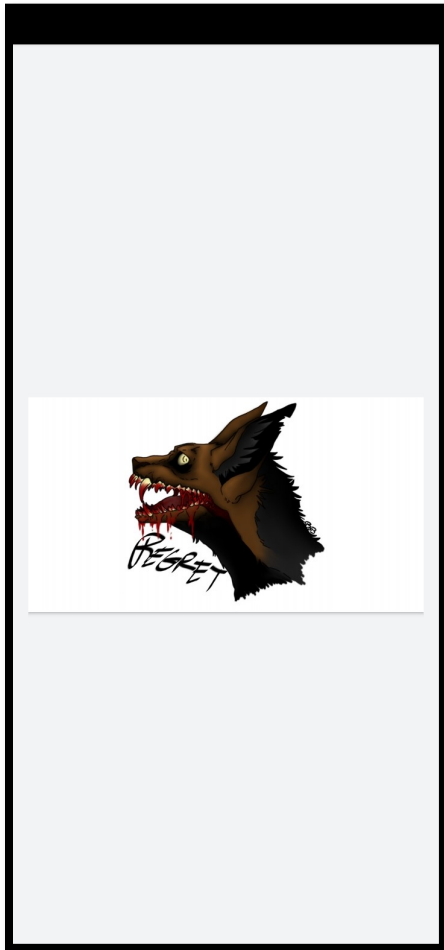
His owner notes the progress he has made.
Before the training he would bark and teethe.
He scratched the furniture and bit the shades,
And left his dog toys wherever he pleased.

His owner tells him that she is so proud
Of all his diligence and then success.
He now can listen even in a crowd,
She cheers! My beagle is the very best!

And the owner- what lesson has she learned?
That following hard work rewards are earned.

“I Found War”
Maria Heim

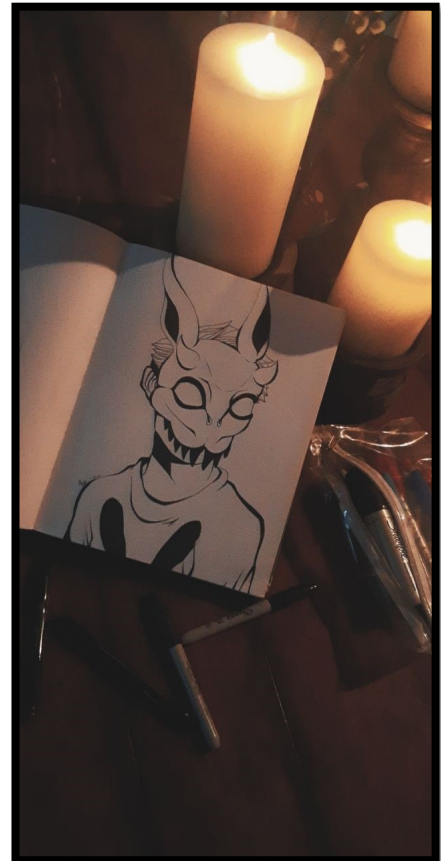
Things changed rapidly in a matter of seconds
we didn't know that we were leaving.
I wasn't sure when or where it was going to end.
People stopped trusting each other,
never to return.
I live in three worlds:
my dreams,
the experiences of my new life
which trigger memories from the past.
They do not deserve to live,
we must kill every single one of them.
I got angrier.
My rule is to kill or be killed.
When the lieutenant gave orders, I shot as many as I could,
My squad is my family,
my gun is my provider.
I didn't know what I was going to do with my life
trigger memories from the past.
No one had any control over anything,
which was what it came down to.



Russell Green



Russell Green



Russell Green



Russell Green



Russell Green



Russell Green

“The Inferno Between Us”
Natasha Hubley

The darkness lights a match that starts a fire in my heart.
It thumps, my face flares, and I can barely hold my anger down.
Every single nerve is on edge and every atom in my body is shaking with the want to make them go away.
I’m disgusted by their every twitch and shift.
But the fighting’s like an addiction. I know it’s better to stop, but I want... I *need to keep going*.

What did they do? I honestly couldn’t tell you.
My gaze is blocked by an invisible wall, showing me only their shadow.
What did they do? Sit down. You’ll be here for a while.
Every word we spit at each other is full of venom and death.
I try for forgiveness, but then they open their mouth and my willingness disappears.

