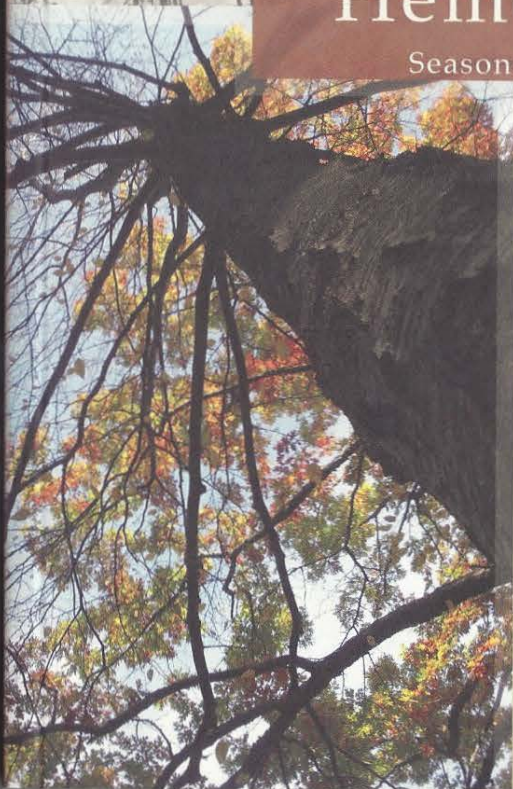




Hemetera
Seasons of Life 2011



Editors' Note

Seasons come and seasons go. They bring great change to the world surrounding us, and so we change with them. When the bristling winds of an empty and icy winter turns to the blossoming flowers and reappearance of the sun in spring, it is not long before the roaring of waves under a stifling sun in the summer turns to the rustling of leaves under our feet on the way to class in the fall. The seasons, as they change, are a marking of time, and a backdrop to our lives.

These pieces demonstrate the change in mood that comes from the change in weather. The longing for the comfort of home, the nights spent laughing with friends, the angst felt internally that is never revealed, and the passionate desperation for understanding and acceptance. This journal includes the short stories, poetry, drama, and photography of the talented students at Regis College as they document another set of seasons in their own lives. It celebrates the products of those changes and marks the growth that a year can bring.

“Those who contemplate the beauty of the earth find reserves of strength that will endure as long as life lasts. There is something infinitely healing in the repeated refrains of nature—the assurance that dawn comes after night, and spring after winter.” - *Rachel Carson*

Katharine Davies '13

Cassandra Manahl '13

Aaron Millican '12

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Hemetera 2011

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In 1946 a “doughty seedling poked its vigorous head” into the Regis College Community with the emergence of the new literary magazine Hemetera, meaning “Our Own” in Greek. The magazine was founded as an opportunity to spotlight the creative talents of the student body. Published annually by the students of Regis College, the magazine welcomes submissions of poetry, prose, artwork, and photography.

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Poetry

Home

Michael Moriarty '11

Far away from my home
Farther than I can remember
Not in miles, but in my heart
It happens every September

Missing the comfort of my own home
Wondering if I can really go through with this
That thought really changed my tone
It is so hard not to just sit and reminisce

We all know this is for the better
It just hurts when you can't see
It seems so long when you want to be together
Trying so hard not to just pick up and flee

This place will seem like my own
It will just take time and hopefully not tears
When I overcome this I will be grown
And than I will truly have no fears

Where I'm From

Michelle Zakrzewski '12

I am from roses budding on a summer's day
And from the winding path guiding me on my way.
I am from the corn stalks blowing in the air
And from the laughter of children at a harvest fair.
I am from the pitter-patter of an April rain
And from the land of cows covering the lane.
I am from the fresh, white-fallen snow
And from the wind as it begins to blow.
I am from the children playing baseball in the street
And from the ice gliding safely below my feet.
I am from the forest innocent and sweet
And from Grandma's brownies that look too good to eat.
I am from the tree that I climbed as a child
And from the blueberry bushes growing mangled and wild.
I am from the sinking sand between my toes
And from the water who knows where it goes.
I am from the boat taking me away
And from the encouraging words my family chooses to say.
I am from the spooky Halloween nights
And from the land of a thousand Christmas lights.
I am from the cheer of family watching a football game
And from the place where nothing stays the same.
I am from the innocence I have lost
And from the child's toys that I have tossed.
I am from the rising of the dawn
And from the bruises and wounds that have long since gone.
I am from the place where time flies effortlessly
And where there are many sights to see.
I am from Debbie's pool
And from the taste of lemonade keeping me cool.
I am from the Zakrzewski family tree
And from the photo albums people choose to see.
I am from the path guiding my way,
And from the roses of a summer's day.



July 2008

Kristen Barletta, Nursing Graduate

Photograph

They Work with Us

Jovita Nassolo '13

It's the beginning of the semester
We are excited
We are scared
We have goals, ambitions
We are hopeful
They work with us

It's the middle of the semester
Grades are going down
A few grades are giving us hope
Some of us have given up
Some of us still have hope
And some of us are simply fed up
They work with us

Overwhelmed over worked, stressed
Dark circles around our eyes
Back to back sleepless nights
Falling behind on assignments
Missing due dates
All goals are out the window
They work with us

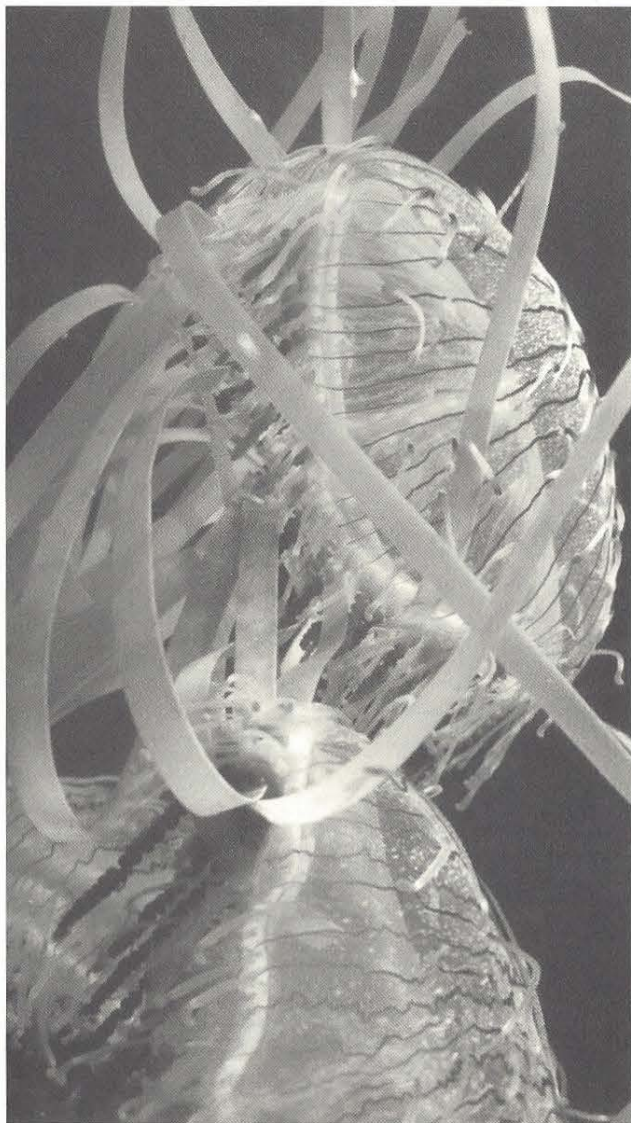
You need someone to talk to
Some who understands
And then comes the most comforting words
From unexpected source
It's ok "we work with students"
Tears dry, times stops
And you think... Yes
They work with us

"We work with students" professor Kathleen Donaher

You Cannot Write a Masterpiece

Nick Lee '12

You cannot write a masterpiece
if the cogs and turning wheels in your head
spur and sporadically, stop start and stutter stop.
You count the minutes on your fingers
and paper leaves drifting from the trees.
You focus on the traffic light,
fifty cars slither by
green, red, yellow, green.
Their sleek coats
in mundane hues
dull pewter blend, buick, benz, and beamer.
The sun remains latent,
never seeming to kiss its lover, the moon
but hangs about
like a sloth that skulks in the sky.
The page remains vacant, unwritten
with all the sinews in the head
not one can spur the serotonin, the scrawls, and scribbles
scratches, the pen in seamless sleep.
What brilliant work of the head can make the neurons
congeal, conjugate, and compose?



Jellyfish
Jane Nyguen '14
Photograph

My Most Grievous Fault

Michael Vazquez '12

Due to my complete ignorance
My total lack of persistence
This never-ending temptation
I led myself to damnation
This cannibal world I live in
Only now does my life begin
A constant struggle to survive
As into this world I shall dive
I fall farther from serene light
Into the darkness of the night
I reject society's chains
Strange calamity in the rains
Slowly water drips from my face
As I look for a peaceful place
Yet it is nowhere to be found
I condemned to this worthless ground
I yearn for utter salvation
For ever lost liberation
I am locked in an empty vault
And this is my most grievous fault
On a mountain I stand alone
Here I will never have a home
I release myself from my chains
Free from my everlasting pains
A vendetta I have prepared
They can restrain me if they dare
My ragging passions set me free
Serenity is just not me
I have overcome the vile beast
To this victory I shall feast

I have mastered my loneliness
I have destroyed my coarse hubris
My vengeance is nearly complete
I shall never accept defeat
The bright vatic moon lights my way
As I wait for that dreadful day
Apocalypse has finally come
My absent soul is all but numb
I refuged in my solemn heart
A forever enduring mark

Before a mirror I do stand
My greatest fears are now at hand
Looking back is my tired face
My broken heart moves out of place
The beast I longed to extinguish
Before me he stands distinguished
My vices are perfectly clear
The freedom that I held so dear
I, the cause of my suffering
It's now that I'm discovering
I am the beast of mystery
The cause of my own misery
I am free from my damnation
Led away from old temptation
I'm free to walk these sacred lands
Now pure and clean are my own hands
The beast is tame and I am glad
My world now spins no longer sad
Destroyed is the bitterest vault
And cured is my most grievous fault

Walking the Covered Bridge

Tessa Robb '13

I cannot remember your face in my mind,
Regret is painful, and torturous still.
I thought I knew your name and who you were.
How many paths did I cross to feel you?
Leaves fell on the covered bridge that I strolled on the day
that we met.
You were walking to the store and saw my red scarf.
You were so inviting.
You did not come when believing choked me.
You did not come when I became empty.
Left behind tears on my dreaded walk home,
So long for love and sorrowful penance.
I loved you more than the beatings you gave me.
You did not feel the way I thought you did.
The bridge I paced rapidly heard my cry.
You fought me; I just wanted to go home.
When the first blow hit, I had no idea what was coming.
Tears streamed down my cheeks and blood covered my hands.
You kicked me lifeless.
When I had no breath left you spit at my feet.
The old woman who found me held my hand until the
police arrived.
But I was already gone.

Struggling

Cassandra Manahl '13

The feelings are back again.
I struggle to put down the blade
My power is slipping away.
A small slit will cure the pain.
Unnoticed by those who surround me
I calm down
I'll be okay
Until the feelings come back.

Another slit, and another...
I cannot stop.

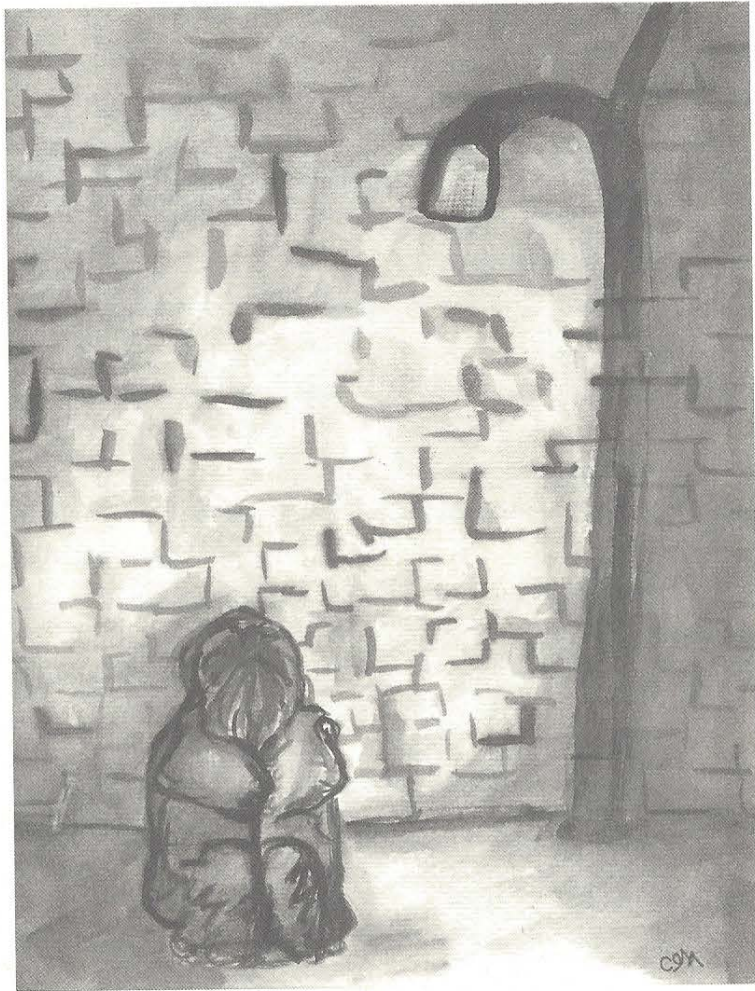
The world is spinning around me.
I cannot find my place.
The blade slips out of my hand.

I regain control.
People suspect nothing.
One day they will see.
But then it may be too late.
As for now I am okay,
but tomorrow we will see.

Untitled

Alyson Sorozan '12

Your voice beats against me
like wings beating
against the inside of my skull.
You are so sure of yourself,
so proud,
Arrogant!
There is not room enough
for the two of us.
I shut down,
silently begging for you to be
quiet.
Your thrumming voice grates
like nails against chalkboard.
Your soft voice
holds less melody than mine.
I scream inwardly,
and take my leave.



Homeless Brickwall

Colleen Ryan '13

Painting

Through the Night

Aaron Millicam '12

Take Flight!

Soars where only brave eagles dwell,

Escape this world and its bits of hell.

Fly, run, roll. Go!

Tonight is your last, yet you don't know.

A bright light, a star, an image appears,

From memory, a dream, a wish for years.

Time stands still. You see all clear

A mysterious place, yet why are you here?

To fly and fight, to swim and play,

To smoke the pipes and sing all day?

Now you are lost, and forever will be,

But unlike most, young forever, and Free.

Release

Alli Schmoker '13

I ponder the thought of it,
but it would be cruel.

There must be an alternate route;
a healthy way to block out
the annoyance and the bickering
that consistently echoes in my ear.

Tightly curled hands meet forcefully with
this unfeeling object,
its weight held by a rope,
though I wish it could feel.

I wish this pressure was colliding with,

Something else...

Someone else

But that would be immoral.
Release will solve the problem,
Bring peace.
Catharsis.

Jabbing remains consistent,
Intense.
Sweat emerging from my pores,
the monster inside is released
...for now.

It's time to take off the gloves,
hands slowly uncurling,
swollen knuckles finally breath,
Activity has ceased,
but just for now.

Differences

Kerime Kose '11

I can't breathe, let alone move.
You stare at me, I stare back.
You hold my gaze, I turn away.
You whisper, I stay silent.
You try to take control, I gain it back.
You come towards me, I back away.
You give me your hand, I don't take it.
Don't you see?
We aren't what we used to be.

Letting Go

Molly Gouthro '12

She opens the door, blood-curdling scream.
Sees the belt tied tight around his neck.
The search for a shirt discovers a brother,
and all his secrets stay trapped in that closet.

A town falls apart. Its teens asking, "Why?"
We thought we were friends; we thought he was happy.
Where did we go wrong?

The answers to these questions lay silently
in a satin-trimmed box, covered in flowers.
The cold blue tint of his skin a shocking contrast
to his once warm personality.

Silence.

The black bruise on his neck can't be hidden.
Our innocence is shattered.
Crying, hugging? It's all in vain.
There will be no comforting us today



Icy Waters

Cassandra Manahl '13

Photograph

Resignation

Nicole DiFonte '12

Drip, drop,
rain falls,
submerging
the once-majestic
now, wilted, sagging petals.

Weighing down,
like rocks upon
water; sinking,
suffocating,
the single lavender tulip.

Standing strong,
resisting,
holding on,
grasping, clinging
unwilling to surrender.

Each drop
trickles down;
silent but deadly,
upon the resilient,
emerald stem.

Somehow, persevering,
against a callous
bitter rain
that tries to conquer,
defeat, prevail.

Its withered,
tattered stem,
beaten down,
by bullets of rain
cascading from heaven

Incapable,
emaciated,
besieged,
damaged,
admitting defeat.

It silently surrenders,
like an unwilling child put to sleep,
its petals drop, plunge
plummet, collapse
finally, beaten.

Poem for November*

Professor Julia Lisella

I opened the door and autumn came in.
He was very messy, his hair all down his shoulders.
He smelled of smut and goats and coal.
19th century breezer stopping by for a Scotch.
Oh maybe I made him up. His funny patched sleeves.
His coal-gray eyes. His name, Henry. Or his name, William.
A woodsman on my threshold smelling
the 21st century for the first time. I hoped I wouldn't
scare him too much. But I would
try to kiss his lips though they were fuller, pinker than ours.
We'd read poems together. He would imagine we were
speaking
a language that everybody knew.

**This poem developed from a prompt on an online network of poets
trying to keep our poetry writing going through the month of
November. The prompt was "I opened the door and _____
came in."*

Her Sonnet

Jessie Geddes '11

She blooms like the prettiest flower.
She has the grace of a winged dove,
waiting to be freed from her private bower.
I see the woman I secretly love!
Her shape has curves and a unique style.
Her face glows like the shine of the sun.
Her voice when I listen is words that I compile,
and her everlasting essence makes me believe she is the one.
When I see a smile faintly on her face,
I value her being and never take her for granted.
I can no longer keep it bottled or sealed in a case.
She is the most beautiful thing I've seen on this planet.
My hearts on display, we both see it's painted.
This love is real, and no way could it ever be tainted.

A Love so Strong

Kimberley Sleeper '11

You show me what it means to be loved.
You embrace me with your warm smile and gentle arms
right when I am about to fall apart.
Once again, you save me.

You know what I'm thinking without being told.
You bring me my favorite treats, no matter the time:
early morning or late at night.
Once again, you save me.

You support me on anything.
You have my back when I need help.
You love me like no one else can.
Once again, you save me.

I think of these things when I look at you,
as we stand by the ocean, watching the waves crash.
The sun kisses our skin.

You look at me with eyes as blue as the sky.
You take my hand, and kiss my forehead.
You get down on one knee and say
"Will you?"
Once again, you save me.

Drama

Twisted Triangle

Leanne Calderone '11

Scene 1

Curtain up to a bed: center stage. A girl is lying in the bed, tossing and turning. The words "I don't want you" can be heard, softly at first, getting progressively louder. As the voice gets to a yell the girl bolts upright in bed and inhales sharply. She looks down at her hand, shakes her head and lies back down. Beat. An older woman walks onstage and over to the bed. She shakes the girl.

MOM: Liz get up. Up, up, up!!!

LIZ: *(groans)* Five minutes, please?

MOM: No, you're gonna' be late. Get up now.

(LIZ groans and swings her legs out of bed. MOM exits.)

LIZ starts to get ready, putting on clothes that are on the back of the chair. As she pulls her jeans on the voice starts again. LIZ looks around, shaking her head. The voice dies down as she puts her shirt on. LIZ puts on shoes, looks around the room once more and exits. Lights down. Beat. Lights up on a bench. LIZ walks onstage and sits down. Another girl walks onstage.

LIZ: Hey Elli! *(ELLI turns, waves and sits next to LIZ.)*

LIZ: Elli, I'm hearing voices....well, a voice. Brad's voice. I'm scared and not because I'm hearing it but because I believe what it is saying!

ELLI: What is it saying?

LIZ: I don't want to be with you.

ELLI: Do you think it's all in your head? I mean you panic so easily. You've been saying things for days; you doubt way too easily. Maybe this is the next step for your subconscious.

LIZ: Elli, stop playing shrink. I'm telling you, this is legit. I know. I doubt everything, and I'm impossible to be in a relationship with, but I thought that Brad was the real deal. Now I have HIS voice telling me he doesn't want to be with me? I'm not kidding Elli this is bad news.

ELLI: I don't know Liz, maybe you should just talk to him...I mean you're hearing things, things that you want to believe are true.

LIZ: But you don't know how he's been treating me Elli. He ignores me. He doesn't respond to me. He doesn't touch me at all. It's a strange twist and I DO NOT like it. I'm telling you; my gut feeling is that Brad is not sticking around.

ELLI: I'm gonna' go talk to him, but I won't say anything that'll give you away. I'll just try and get a feel for what's going on.

LIZ: Elli...don't.

(ELLI has already gotten up and walked away. The voice can be heard again. Lights down end scene.)

Scene 2

(Lights up on ELLI and BRAD standing next to some lockers)

ELLI: How was your day?

BRAD: *(hesitantly)* Fine...yours?

ELLI: It was all right, history sucked and math was unbearable, so...pretty average. Have you seen Liz today? She wasn't looking so great when I saw her this morning.

BRAD: No, I haven't seen her. We have plans for dinner.

ELLI: Oh, cool. *(beat)* So.....

BRAD: What do you really need, Elli? I have to get to practice.

ELLI: What are you talking about? Do I have to need something to talk to you?

BRAD: Well...since you can't stand my guts, yes you do.

ELLI: Can't stand your guts? Where did you get that idea from?

BRAD: Elli! You're gonna' make me late...get to the point!

ELLI: Ugh, all right. You need to be straight with Liz. She's freaking out. Yes, I know she freaks out too much, but you need to tell her what's what. End of story.

BRAD: You know that I'm straight with her. She knows what's going on. If she isn't able to properly understand it, that's not my problem. Did she put you up to this?

ELLI: No, she didn't. She is upset and confused though. She doesn't know what to do, and it all falls on me.

BRAD: Well, don't let it. Don't get involved in other peoples stuff. Let us figure out whatever is up. Stay out of it.

ELLI: You know that I can't stay out of it. She's my best friend, and when she's upset it falls on me to fix it.

BRAD: I'm serious Elli, stay out of this.

(BRAD hits the locker, turns around and exits. ELLI is left standing there. Beat. Her cell phone rings.)

ELLI: Hello? Oh, Hey Liz! How's the voice? Still talking to you? Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you. *(chuckles)* Brad? Yea...I talked to him...it didn't go so well. He knows how much I can't stand him. How does he know? Beats me! Well, since he said straight out, "I know you can't stand my guts" I'm under the impression that he knows of my distaste for him. No, he didn't say anything other than that he's straight with you and that I need to stay out of it. Yes, and he's serious. He stormed off, which I'm sure is partially to do with the fact that I made him late. Yes, I just talked to him...don't you start yelling at me! What do I care if he's late to practice or not? His getting there on time doesn't affect anything in my life. If I were you Liz, I would get rid of him. Forget the voices and listen to your gut feeling that this isn't right. Beat him to the punch. He's a jackass, and he's turned you into a scared fool. Look, I'm not listening to you yell. I'm going home to shower; three feet is too close for me. Yes, I'm talking about Brad being three feet from me! What do you think I meant? Ugh, Liz, you need to shape up and fix this. Grow a pair and talk to him yourself. Bye!
(Hangs up phone.)

Jeez, what do I look like? Dr. Phil?

(Lights out. End Scene.)

Scene 3

(Lights up on LIZ and BRAD at a table.)

LIZ: And today, in history, Mr. Gold was telling us about the most recent play he saw. Yeah I know it's not history, which is why Elli hated it. She has no sense of culture! Anyway, so the play that he saw, called "Not Enough Air" was about a crazy journalist who wrote about a woman on death row for killing her husband. He said it sucked. Not one I plan on going to see. Oh, and in math, we talked about trigonometry, and doing trig shit with words instead of numbers. I'm gonna' fail this section without a doubt. It was worse than trying to understand Latin. And the girls and I are planning on spending the weekend in NYC, ya' know take a bus down and just hang around for two days. As long as you didn't need me around this weekend that is...

(BRAD looks up from his plate.)

BRAD: Oh, is it my turn to talk now? How long was that? Did you even take a breath?

LIZ: *(upset)* You can always interject Brad. You know, turn it into a conversation instead of listening to me talk and never responding...or looking up from your plate. I'm not dumb; I know you don't listen to a word I say.

(The voice can be heard)

Did you hear that?

BRAD: Hear what, Liz?

LIZ: *(Looking around)* Um...nothing...never mind. I must be hearing things.

BRAD: *(grunts)* Probably.

LIZ: Uh, you're so rude. But back to the question at hand: do you need me around this weekend?

BRAD: What's this weekend?

LIZ: (*groans*) The girls and I want to go to NYC.

BRAD: And you're asking my permission?

LIZ: No. I'm asking if you had any plans for us.

BRAD: Go. Have fun.

LIZ: Alright. (*Picks up fork and starts to eat. Voice can be heard.*)

(*LIZ looks around, shakes her head and continues to eat*)

They eat in silence for a few seconds. LIZ puts down her fork. BRAD gets up, and they walk away from the table to a bench on the edge of the stage.

BRAD: I need to be straight with you, Liz.
(*The voice starts*)

LIZ: (*looks BRAD straight in the face*) Okay.

BRAD: I can't stand Elli. And I know she hates me. Can you please tell her to stop talking to me?

LIZ: (*exhales deeply*) Um...ok? She puts up with you. Why can't you do the same?

BRAD: This really isn't negotiable, Liz. Either you tell her or I will. I don't want her bothering me anymore. She made me late for practice today, for some bullshit lecture about how I need to be straight with you. I'm always straight with you, so I don't know what her issue is.

LIZ: She's just worried about me, doesn't want to see me hurt at all. And no, I won't talk to her. If you don't want her

talking to you, you need to tell her that yourself. I will not pick between my best friend and my boyfriend. There is no way. (*The voice gets louder.*)

BRAD: I'm serious Liz, I'm gonna' talk to her.

LIZ: (*shaking her head, yells*) I get the point! (*covers her ears, and runs offstage*)

(*BRAD watches LIZ run. Lights down. End Scene.*)

Scene 4

(*LIZ is on her bed, crying. ELLI is sitting at the foot of the bed. The phone rings.*)

LIZ: Hello? H..h..hi Brad. No...I'm fine. Look Brad, I... this...well...um...this isn't working. You aren't truthful, and you hurt my feelings too often for me to continue dealing with this. (*sobs*) Honestly, I just don't trust you. And maybe that's my own issue, but (*sobs*) but I can't...I can't keep doing this. I'll return your stuff tomorrow. Bye.

(*LIZ buries her head in ELLI's lap. ELLI rubs LIZ's hair and hums to her, while grinning.*)

Lights down. Beat. Lights up. Scene changes to school hallway with lockers. BRAD walks onstage and pauses at his locker. LIZ is walking toward him.

LIZ: (*looking at the floor*) Hey.

BRAD: Hey...

LIZ: So, um...here's your stuff back.

BRAD: Thanks...I guess...

LIZ: I'll uh...see ya' around.

BRAD: Yeah...still coming to my game tomorrow?

(LIZ looks up, starts to cry and walks away.)

BRAD: I guess that's a no.

(BRAD opens his locker, puts the stuff that LIZ gave him inside it. Pauses. Pulls out a tape recorder.)

BRAD: What the? *(Presses play. His voice can be heard saying "I don't want you.")* What is this?

(BRAD looks up, Enter ELLI. She looks at BRAD and laughs.)

Prose

One Elephant

Amisha Patel '12

In elementary school, I drew a swastika on the chalkboard. I was seven years old, as were my classmates. One of them, a dwarfish red-haired child with chronic halitosis stood up immediately. Pointing a stubby, marker-stained finger at me, he shouted, "Racist!" Many of the other children, unaware of the significance of the symbol that I had drawn, gazed back at him with wonder. I didn't even know what a racist was. Nervous at the accusation of being a racist, my eyes darted to my teacher, Ms. Becker. She was a slender and wrinkled old witch, with a penchant for unwarranted punishment. She stared at the boy, her mind suddenly alert to the class's activities. She followed his finger, still pointed at me, noticed the marking I had unwittingly scribbled onto the board, and she chuckled to herself. I, the class daydreamer, was constantly in trouble for reading under my desk, asking unrelated questions during class forums, and for spacing out during a lesson. I did well in school, nonetheless, but report cards consistently portrayed "unsatisfactory" in the behavior sections. The last thing I wanted was to get into real trouble and to spend more time with the guidance counselor.

"Is that a swastika you drew, missy?" Ms. Becker asked slowly. I heard a hint of glee in her voice. It was entirely unnerving.

I stared at her, frozen. I hated show and tell. I hated standing up in front of my classmates, in front of anyone really. I focused on the window behind my teacher, if only I had the capability to fly...

"Excuse me, Ms. Patel," she barked. "Hello? Is anyone home?"

I felt spit slide down my throat and lodge itself above the larynx. I felt my face light up, like a candle on Diwali, Christmas, Hannukah, or whatever I was supposed to be celebrating next week.

"I..It's....n-n-not a swas ticker...I don't even know what

that i-i-is..." I felt tears bubbling in the corners of my eyes. I felt my jaw tighten, my flanks cramp, my lip twitch.

"You may sit down, Ms. Patel," sneered Ms. Stupidface. Her voice did not soften; her eyelids did not peel down over her protruding eyeballs. Shakily, I returned to my seat and resumed drawing. "And you, Mr. Carpen, cannot stand up and shout out in class like that! It is just plain rude. Didn't your mother teach you any manners?" The red-haired boy quickly sat down, his face resembling the color of his hair. His mother had died two years ago in a car accident. Everyone in the class knew that except for Ms. Becker. I smirked at her mistake, but when I saw Jake Carpen put his head down onto his desk, I felt like crying again.

The symbol had been something I'd seen my grandmother draw near our home-made temple. She had said that it represented one of our gods, Brahma. I was too young to know that eventually our sacred symbol had been perverted into a symbol used by a certain government in Europe. I was too young to know that people disliked each other for the way that they looked. I was too young, and possibly too dreamy, to have even noticed that I wasn't like anyone else in my school. Too young to notice my skin color and religious views and my cultural norms were different. I was already an outcast in my all-white two mile long northeastern suburban town.

Ms. Becker gracefully crossed the room and brushed the symbol off the board. Chalk dust floated upwards as she roughly replaced the board's eraser, creating a pillow of yellow haze. My symbol vanished almost entirely, a silhouette of what was once there. I wanted to retrace the image with my finger, the unpleasant scratch of the board against my soft skin. I wanted to scream out how much I hated this class, how badly I wanted to go home and play with my neighbors and siblings, how alone I felt in the back row, where I could barely see, never mind participate. I wanted to scream out how much it hurt to sit by myself at lunch, and to watch my old friends make new friends after joining the Girl Scouts, and how much I missed my mother and father, who I only saw for

a few hours a day.

Spit collected under my tongue this time. My stomach churned, my heart raced, and my palms grew sweaty. I was having those feelings again; those unfair, nagging, and scary feelings. I looked over at the window, willing myself to walk over to it. I'd open it slowly and quietly, put one foot out, and then the next...

It felt as though strings were tied to my spine, and then seconds before I could fantasize about the actual free fall and the escape from my body, someone or something pulled me back to earth; maybe my subconscious survival instincts, maybe thoughts of my family, maybe my hopes that I would someday make a friend who loved me as much as I could love them. I pulled out my washable markers and began my next masterpiece, which usually ended up being a train of animals.

In the front row, Henri Cote started to salivate. He had a serious case of pica, something he suffered from because he didn't eat enough food at home. He had eight brothers and sisters, and they were always fighting over crackers or grapes or some other morsel. The chalk dust floated onto his desk. He ran his hand over the dust, coating it in a bright yellow layer. He watched a preoccupied Ms. Becker out of the corner of his eye and he began to lick his hand, hungrily, one finger at a time. She was the only one in our class who didn't see him eat chalk.

Class flew by as it usually did. I drew ten cats, five dogs, two horses, and one elephant by the time the bell rang.

A Kind of Magic

Katharine Davies '13

He practically had to drag me outside into the brisk November cold. The air had a crispness to it that's different than it would have been at any other time of day. The breeze of the fading afternoon joined with the harsher gusts of dusk as the sun set. Oranges and pinks tinted all of the things around us. The air made whooshing sounds as it cut through the branches of the nearby trees and filled my ears.

He pulled me past the shed close to the opening of a path in my side yard I didn't even know existed. The trees were black and menacing, like a gate to some place that had been forbidden to outsiders long ago.

We stood there, him marveling at the scene and I eyeing it warily, for several moments in silence. Finally he cleared his throat, the interruption of the silence making me jump.

He rolled his eyes at my nervousness. "Well?"

I watched him as he gestured to the giant sentinels standing guard. I shrugged, knowing full well that my reaction would drive him crazy. "Trees."

He sighed, exasperatedly, his breath forming a white cloud of cold in front of his pale freckled face. "Are you serious?"

"There are tons of them around here, Seanie. How am I supposed to react? These aren't better than all the other million trees out here."

He grabbed my elbow and started towards the entrance. "I'll show you."

I stopped, blanching. "No, no. I'd rather not."

He rolled his eyes again. "Just come on, you big baby. What are you, scared or something?" I winced; he'd hit the nail on the head, and he knew it.

Reluctantly I stepped after him, like I knew I would no matter what he was leading me towards. Doom, paradise, the wilderness. I would follow him anywhere.

As we walked through the dark line of trees, I cringed

away from the pieces of nature surrounding me. I'd never loved the outdoors like he had. To me they were dirty and cold and wet. But he saw something else.

Even as he held back branches for me and pushed ahead, I could see that the woods held magic for him that I would never fully understand. The deeper we went, the more he transformed. Right before my eyes, he became a new person in the shade of the leaves. He was still strong, and beautiful and braver than I could even dream to be, but here he was different. Here he was almost regal. Here he was home.

The animals didn't shy away from him like they would have done to most other people. The plants brushed against him, almost caressing him.

Leaves crunched loudly and awkwardly under my feet as I stumbled and tripped my way behind him, struggling to keep up.

Finally, he stopped and turned.

He waited patiently for me to steady myself before leaving my side to grab a broom he must have brought before he picked me up. I watched him smile as he swept a few rogue leaves away. I smiled too, loving the face he made while he worked. He'd always loved hard labor, and I'd always loved watching him, listening to him hum absentmindedly while he did it.

He stopped and looked up at me again, expectantly. I tore my eyes away from his angel face and took in our location.

He'd cleared the space out completely, and now it was a circular den enclosed and hidden from everyone else.

On a tree was a sign that read:

"DO NOT ENTER! SEANIE AND KATIE'S PATH."

He coughed, and I looked back to him.

"Well?"

I smiled. "What is this place?"

He shrugged, letting the broom fall with a soft thud onto the semi-frozen ground.

"It's ours."

And though I had a million questions, that was enough to

satisfy me.

Silence filled the woods. I turned slowly in a circle to take it all in. I barely noticed that I was cold. I barely noticed the oncoming night that threatened to hide our way back out. I was so in that moment, so in that place.

Our place.

Where we could be best friends. Where we could go to hide from everything else.

Where we were totally safe.

From a place far away, I heard my name. It broke through the magic of the den and he blinked a few times. He must've been just as lost as I was.

He sighed. "We better go."

I nodded and followed after him, back to a world of harsher realities I didn't want to face.

But I followed him anyway, like I always did, and soon we broke back through the gate of trees.

He stopped. "So you like it then?"

I nodded, unsure of how to find the right words, but they weren't necessary. Spoken words, like most things, belonged to him. They were the things that he molded and sculpted easily. His things, not mine.

He smiled, understanding completely, and waved as he walked away. My mother yelled my name again, but I waited there on the edge to watch him leave. He walked towards the slowly fading rose-colored sky.

The grass squished beneath my feet as I got closer to the house and beyond the cold. I trudged, moving farther away from the place I wanted to be.

Our place.

I still go there sometimes, but without him it's just a void.

I realize now that I'd been right.

That pathway, that den, those trees, they were no different than all the others of their kind. There was nothing special about them that made them so captivating to me.

It was him.

He was a kind of magic.

And without him, now, they are just trees that stand in front of a weed covered path that leads to a cleared out circle of dirt.

Now it's a resting place, the last bit of magic clinging to it like I cling to memories of him.



Look Up Tree

Molly Danforth '13

Photograph

Untitled

Emma Rogers '11

This cannot wait another day. Today has to be the day that I tell Benjamin Keyes that I love him. I will tell him that I love him, and I love everything about him. I love that his chestnut hair always has the indentation of a baseball cap even though he took it off before homeroom. I love that every Friday he wears his hockey jersey, even if it's not a game day, even if it's offseason. I love that he smiles at people, at everyone, not like the other popular boys. I love that his eye contact makes me believe that nobody in the world even had eyes until Benjamin Keyes was born. He is not even embarrassed that his mom packs him a paper bag lunch every day; he is so unconcerned with anybody's opinion of him. And, oh goodness, do people have opinions of him. He is the teachers' favorite student. He is the coaches' prodigy, and the girls practically throw themselves at him. Well today was going to be my turn, no excuses, today was the day that I would tell him how I feel. But as I was trying to find the perfect love confession outfit my mother walked into my room, without knocking...

"My dear, your sister is sick and I need you to go to the store and buy her some orange juice," she said as she plopped on my bed disregarding the outfits she was now on top of. She sipped something out of a large wine glass that looked unmistakably orange.

"Mom can't you go? I wanted to leave for school early so I can tell Benjamin Keyes that I love him," I replied.

"Kendall I can't. This is my fourth mimosa and you know how your father feels about me drinking and driving," she said as she threw back her head and took what was left in her nearly full glass in one shot. "Now scoot before your sister starts complaining."

The fact that my mother had mentioned drinking and driving, like it was an actual concern for her, was laughable. I looked at the clock, 6:35. My secret would have to wait until

after homeroom. I was completely unsatisfied with my confession outfit, but it would have to do. I took off to the corner store to pick up orange juice for my precious sister.

Most parents say that they don't have a favorite child. My parents never hid their favoritism for Ria. She was named after my mom's favorite tequila. I was named after my mom's former favorite wine. On New Years Eve when I was eight years old my parents arranged a neighborhood party; most of the adults that live in our neighborhood have jobs with fancy titles. They also have collections of Range Rovers that overtake their driveways. My mother missed the ball dropping that night because she was passed out on the floor in the master bathroom. To this day she can't look at anything the same shade of gold as the wrapper around that bottle without feeling sick. Tequila, she told me, was always sympathetic. No matter how many times you drank too much tequila, the next day you could do it all again, and she did.

It's funny to me that my sister isn't more forgiving, given her name origin. She is the kind of girl who is so pretty that it never occurred to her to be nice too. She is also the kind of girl who wouldn't think twice about telling Benjamin Keyes that she loved him. She could probably just walk right up, say it, and look perfect doing it. She wouldn't hesitate or stumble over her words, and there would definitely not be any lip-gloss on her teeth. Today, when I tell Benjamin Keyes that I love him, I am going to channel my sister. We are, after all, from the same DNA...

I grabbed the orange juice as quickly as I could and raced to the store's only checkout line. I approached the line a few seconds before a little old lady with a cart full of canned meat and generic paper towels. Her cart was so full, but I thought about the kind of girl that Ben would want to marry, and I'm sure she would let the old lady go first.

I impatiently watched her unpack the cart, but she was so old and shaky I felt that it was taking her forever. I kept thinking about Ben waiting for me at school.

"Here," I said. "Let me help you." I smiled and started taking things about of her cart and throwing them onto the

counter.

"Oh that's so nice of you. You are such a sweet girl," she said smiling.

As the cashier steadily rang and bagged the old lady's groceries, she continued to stare at me. Not the kind of stares that occur out of the corner of an eye, and then a quick look down trying not to meet the other's gaze. She was really staring at me.

"You look just like my daughter," she said.

"Oh," I came up with, thinking that if the old lady were 80, and that was being generous, then her daughter must have been in her 50's. At 15 I hardly thought that I could look like someone in their 50's.

"My daughter died when she was a young girl. Cancer," the old lady said, whispering the word "cancer" as if she said it too loud someone may catch it.

"I'm sorry," I said, eyeing the groceries that were almost all packed up. The old lady continued to stare at me, as I tried frantically to look at the magazines or the candy bars, anything but her eyes, which I was pretty sure were streaming with tears. She stepped closer to me and put her hand on my shoulder. I was just a little taller than she was. She looked into both of eyes, but I didn't know which one of her eyes to look at. "I love you... and I think about you every day," she said. Then she hugged me.

I stood paralyzed. I couldn't believe that she had really just hugged me. It wasn't a distant hug either; it was a warm and loving hug. I felt sorry for her that she had lost her daughter so long ago. And I felt good that she had seen her daughter in me, even if it was a little uncomfortable and creepy.

The cashier cleared his throat loudly and looked at me, the old lady had already carted away. It was my turn to finally pay for the orange juice so I could go to school and tell Benjamin Keyes that I love him.

"Sixty-two dollars even," the cashier said.

"What? For orange juice?" Usually I never made a fuss about anything, but this price just seemed so unfair.

"Your grandmother said you were paying for the groceries today," the cashier said. He must have noticed my confused expression because after a long pause he then added, "the woman you were just hugging."

I looked out the window, but the old lady was long gone. I considered telling the cashier about how I had never seen that lady before in my life, but it seemed an unlikely story no matter how true it was. So I sighed and handed over the money. I would just have to get my mother to reimburse me later.

I slipped the orange juice in through the dog door. I couldn't be bothered with bringing it inside. The long wait at the store had caused me to miss homeroom entirely. This meant that I was going to have to wait until lunch to tell Ben about my feelings.

As I bolted through the school's main entrance the bell signaling the end of homeroom rang.

"Late!" cried out Mr. Newark, my vice principal and head disciplinarian. He had been working in the school department for his whole adult life. He started as a teacher, then a chair, then he worked in guidance, and for the past twelve years he has been vice principal. Everyone knew he was in line to become principal three years ago when the old principal retired. But the school board decided to hire someone new instead, saying that Mr. Newark was not tough enough on the students. Everyone also knew that the real reason he didn't get the promotion was because since he had been there so long they wouldn't be able to afford his pension once he left. Everyone knew this except for Mr. Newark who made it his mission to be tougher than ever. "Late!" he cried out again.

I didn't try to explain or argue. I was legitimately late. And I held my hand out for what was sure to be a detention slip. I looked down to see a slip for in-house lunch.

"In-house lunch!" I whined, "But that's a place for criminals." Since school-budget cuts there haven't been enough faculty members to chaperone lunch periods effectively, so in-house lunch was created. It is a classroom where 'difficult

students' eat their lunch in silence with Meely, our school janitor, waiting for someone to break the silence. When someone did speak that meant they got to help Meely clean the bathrooms for an hour after school. It had to be some kind of illegal child labor.

"Go to class before I give you in-house lunch for the week," Mr. Newark said and stepped toward me as if he were really going to start chasing me.

During in-house lunch I thought about what I was going to say to Benjamin Keyes after the last bell. I decided I would stop him on his way to hockey practice so we could talk about how I feel. I would tell him about how I've been waiting to tell him this all day, since second grade actually, but I wouldn't tell him that. Then I could tell him that I want to go on a date with him, but not to the movies, somewhere we can talk and I can look into his mocha eyes.

"We have a toilet-cleaning volunteer," Meely said as he looked directly at me.

"What? I didn't say anything," I said.

"You said mocha!"

By the time I got home from cleaning toilets I had given up on telling Benjamin Keyes I love him. I pushed open the door and an untouched carton of orange juice slid with it. The distinct sound of puking came from the downstairs bathroom.

"Ria?" I said as I inched open the door, but I saw my mother's slippers and continued to open the door to, sure enough, see the rest of my mother. I got her some water and helped her climb the stairs to her bed. Before leaving the room I moved the trash can next to the bed just in case.

"Thank you baby," she said to me, already starting to fall asleep.

It was 8 o'clock before I made myself macaroni. 9 o'clock before my father came home from work. 11 o'clock when I was done with homework. And Ria's loud music didn't turn off until 1 in the morning. Still I lay in bed thinking about the day's events. About how sure I was that this was going to be the day. But there is, after all, tomorrow, and tomorrow there would be no more excuses.

The Present

Niki Del Giudice '13

The shiny wrapped box sat on the piano bench. It had been untouched for days. I kept thinking about peaking to see what was inside. No one would know. I could just peel carefully where the tape was fastened. I had much experience with that sort of thing, but something was keeping me from doing it this time. Perhaps it was the fact that I was to be a year older, or maybe this time I actually wanted it to be a surprise. Picking the box up with my right hand, I examined it with a keen eye. It couldn't have been a board game; it was too small and thick. Besides, I had already gotten one last year, and the year before that.

The weight of the box seemed light, perhaps there was nothing inside. Maybe they knew all along, and put the box there as a decoy. It would be perfect, like the Trojan horse, but instead of a Greek army, there would be a note in the box that would read "Gotcha!" What was I even thinking? Who would leave a wrapped present unattended?

It seemed the examination of the box was leaving more questions than answers. It was giving me a headache, which led me to want to quit. Without thought, I put the box down, and quickly walked away. I sat down on the soft couch in the living room. The untouched leather felt cold on my skin. I stayed there in a recumbent position with an attempt to distract myself from the box nearly three feet away. I sat there for minutes before I decided it was time to move. Getting up, I placed myself on a nearby chair. It was just like the sofa; soft, burgundy, and covered in leather. However, this time when I sat down, the leather was not as cool or comforting. Perhaps the sun kept the chair warm. Faded lines seemed to be forming, undoubtedly where light peaked through curtains of an adjacent window. I could see the brightly wrapped gift through the corner of my eye. Clearly the chair I placed myself upon was not far enough to weaken my curiosity.

I heard barking outside. Someone was taking a dog for a

walk. Through the barking I heard footsteps clunking down the staircase of my own foyer. I soon found the owner of the clunks to be my sister. Stopping at the bottom of the stairs she looked through the hallway. "What are you doing?" She asked inquisitively. She had a droll look on her face. She knew exactly what I was doing. She didn't need to ask, and I didn't need to answer. "Nothing" I said anyway. Walking towards the piano bench she had a bizarre look across her face. She snatched up the box and walked away with no more words to say. My heart sank. Was that it? Was that the only chance I had to see what was in the box? I tried convincing myself it was good that there was no more temptation. I was wrong.

In just minutes, my sister would be leaving for her music lesson. I counted down to the last second. The moment she pulled out of the driveway I ran towards the stairs. After climbing the first few steps I stopped myself. Was I sure I wanted to do this? What was I thinking, of course I did? Running the last dozen steps I made it to the top. I stood in the middle of the hallway with utter confusion upon my face. I felt like Harry Potter in the department of mysteries, only prophecies were not involved in this quest.

After comparing the two situations, I found my mission to be very obsolete. With somewhat more courage, I decided to go through my sister's room first. I opened the door slowly, for my heart was pounding with fear and excitement. Her room was the same as always. Books filled the shelves of a case against the back wall, while sheet music and papers with geometry on them covered her bed. Walking over towards the bed I found a page that seemed somewhat out of place. It read $(xy + 10z - 12y)$. My current mathematical education had not surpassed long division yet, it left me perplexed with the equation. Underneath the geometry homework I found something even more out of place. A box with shiny balloons and the phrase "Happy Birthday" were sprawled across the wrapping of a rectangular box. I had to laugh to myself a little, for it was not a very good hiding spot. If my sister were there, she would have to agree. The practicality of the hidden gift was not important though. At the moment, all that mattered was

seeing what was inside. At this point, it was inevitable that I would open the gift. I didn't go to all that work so I could change my mind.

I ceremonially peeled the tape along the sides of the perfectly wrapped present. Folding back the paper, I slowly lifted the lid off of the box. If only it had been the moment I was expected to open the present, for the look of surprise on my face must have been heavenly. This gift was unexpected. However, it was the best gift that could ever be chosen. It sure beat being given the heart of the ocean, and made Saint Nick look like an amateur gift giver. It was perfect. Rose would be jealous, and Saint Nick bitter.

Gazing upon my ungifted present I barely heard the garage door open. Someone was home. I wanted to gawk upon the present just a little longer, but there was no more time. Carefully, I rewrapped the gift. Walking out of the room I tried to think of how I should look when I open the surprise gift. Something was telling me that I wouldn't have to pretend. This gift was so amazing, that I could see myself shocked with every opening. Smiling, I went downstairs to see if perhaps there was another present I could get my hands on.

Pink Orchids

Colleen Ryan '13

The dim second floor hospital wing seemed eerily still despite the sporadic beeps, shrills, and groans coming from several rooms in the Intensive Care Unit. I walked toward a light in a familiar room across from my desk. Leaning my head and body against the inside of the small doorway, I looked at the scene in front of me.

The same young, athletic girl read softly to the hospital patient as she did every night during this time. Her big, dewy, brown eyes were hidden by her bundle of golden locks that hung delicately over her shoulders. Like her hair, her body hovered over her small book in an unusually defeated and exhausted way. Her jubilant, hopeful, and fresh persona, which often filled with room with warmth, now diminished into the frigid, dull room. Behind her chair were photos of the couple on vacation, at parties, birthdays, and adventurous excursions they frequently took. The girl usually looked the same as in these photos; warm, welcoming, while adorning a big, friendly smile and her usual pink shirt. However, this night was particularly strange because even her bright pink shirt looked dull and worn.

Surrounding the girl, were not only pictures, but also "Get-Well" cards, signed by friends and family whom I never met because I always worked the night shift. On the nightstand was a vase full of orchids. These orchids were there from day one, to comfort her and to add another flavor to the room. I was always glad to see them because they perked up the normally dull and bland walls, and added a fresh scent that nicely contrasted with the smell of death and misery.

The pink orchids had been there as long as she had, four and a half months. Despite the customary duration of flowers, this orchid seemed to defy time. For 137 days its pedals defined its age and endured the long weeks while keeping its vibrancy and delicate aroma. But that night, the orchid seemed to have lost its life. The petals seemed to shrivel into

small, frayed, brown balls of nothing, right before my eyes. As much as I wanted to advise her to refill the vase, I refrained; I knew their sentimental value. She chose these pink orchids in honor of her fiancé who lay helpless and lifeless on the bed beside her. Orchids were the smell of her perfume, and pink was his favorite color on her. These flowers could not be replaced because they represented hope. She held onto this hope, kept it close to her, and hoped that each day would be the end of their suffering.

As I reflected on this somber scene, the girl stopped reading, and looked up from her small book. Her faint smile contradicted the tear that slowly trailed down her pale cheek. And as a second tear fell, a dry pink pedal fell from side to side, until it rested peacefully on the ground. She quickly wiped her tears away, closed the book, and struggled to act like her normal, joyful self.

"I'm sorry, darling," I retorted.

"That's quite alright. I was almost done reading for the night anyhow."

I paused, then continued with, "I always wanted to ask you..."

"Yes?" she asked curiously.

"What is that book you are always reading?"

Her gaze broke from my face and her eyes traveled onto the burned, distorted face of her once handsome prince.

She smirked.

"It's from him. For our anniversary last year, he bought this book, looked up my favorite movies and songs, and wrote down a quote from each movie and song."

To this, I shifted my body off the doorway and looked at the young girl. I was very impressed and slightly jealous of their undeniable love for each other. At the same time, my heart sank as I looked over at the lifeless body on the bed.

As I moved into to a nearby chair, I continued the conversation by asking: "What kinds of quotes are in the collection?"

Her smirk grew larger.

"Oh, all sorts of quotes. My favorites are quotes from

Breakfast at Tiffany's, Wayne's World, and Shawshank Redemption."

Her spirit seemed to further brighten when the quick and rather loud beeping of his heart monitor broke her train of thought. His heart monitor began to race. In my gut, I knew it was only a matter of time until he would slip into cardiac arrest, so I slammed the code button above his head.

Suddenly a cacophony of noise clashed together into one little room. The distinct sounds meshed unpleasantly and unkindly in my eardrums. I could differentiate between each alarm but in the heat of the moment, the sounds could only be described as a horrible scary static surrounding my head.

The young girl stood back in horror. The rush of noises and people who seemed to enter from every possible entry shocked her. Before she could scream, or even mutter another word, she was quickly cast away like old, wilted flowers.

The hands of doctors, nurses, respiratory therapists, and any plausible personnel, popped out of every direction around me. The high-pitch drum of the defibrillator started, and after the clear, his body flailed into the air.

There was no change. Out of the static and chaos, I heard the crash of broken glass. In the frenzy, the vase of pink orchids was knocked over. On the floor, the orchids lay sprawled across the expanding puddle of water.

~

After all was said and done, we could not save the young man or preserve the hope that the young girl strove to maintain. As I sat in the room, looking around at the happy pictures, broken glass, and scattered pink pedals, I waited for the girl to return. But she never came.

I picked up her small collection of quotes and read:

"Remember Red, hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever dies. -Shawshank Redemption"

"Who knows," I thought, "Who knows if she already knew, and left out of horror or despair. Maybe she could not take breaking her heart everyday, only to have it broken each night."



Untitled

Mary Jane Barron '12

Photograph

Our secret

Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13

I begin to walk to the beach when the memories flood back to me. The snapshots in my mind sting like the cold wind nibbling on my cheeks. My place to think is that small beach. The small beach surrounded on three sides by city traffic off in the distance, beyond the water. I need a quiet place because the traffic never completely goes away. The beeping and screeching is the soundtrack I hear in my head. The traffic is painted with blues, whites, blacks, silvers, greens, and always a yellow. All the colors together create a thick grey smoke that hangs in the air waiting to choke me. At the beach the sounds are muted, the colors become a blur, and there is no smoke waiting to choke me. There is the silence broken only by the water gently hitting the shore. Everything becomes beautifully clear and I am myself. Only the water and sand understand the real me, but that becomes lonely.

I was ready to trust in something more than just the water and sand. I found him after school that day and took him on an adventure to show him my quiet place, but mostly to show him the real me. I saw the slight smile on his face as we approached the water and the sand for the first time and I knew he understood. He heard the beeping and screeching, and saw the colors and smoke just like I did. Everyday that followed we would escape the traffic no matter how cold or hot the air became, and it was always worth the walk from the high school to the beach if only to hide for an hour. Most days we would talk, some days we just sat there together silently, and other days he would push me on the swing in the playground area. Somehow, we both just knew what type of day it was by exchanging one look with one another. I was relieved that someone understood the traffic. No one else could understand, and no one ever will. Now when the traffic becomes noisy and begins to color my world I call him and he reminds me of the water, sand, and salty air, and once again the memories all float away.

Colophon

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The cover was designed by Sarah Custodio. The cover artwork was created from alternate pieces of work from the following students: Cassandra Manahl, Elisabeth O'Donoghue, Kristen Barletta, and Molly Danforth. The trim size of the 2011 edition is 5.5" x 8.5". The titles of the works are set in 16 point Baskerville semibold typeface, the authors' names are set in 13 point Adobe Caslon Pro italic typeface, and the body copy is 12 point Baskerville typeface.

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