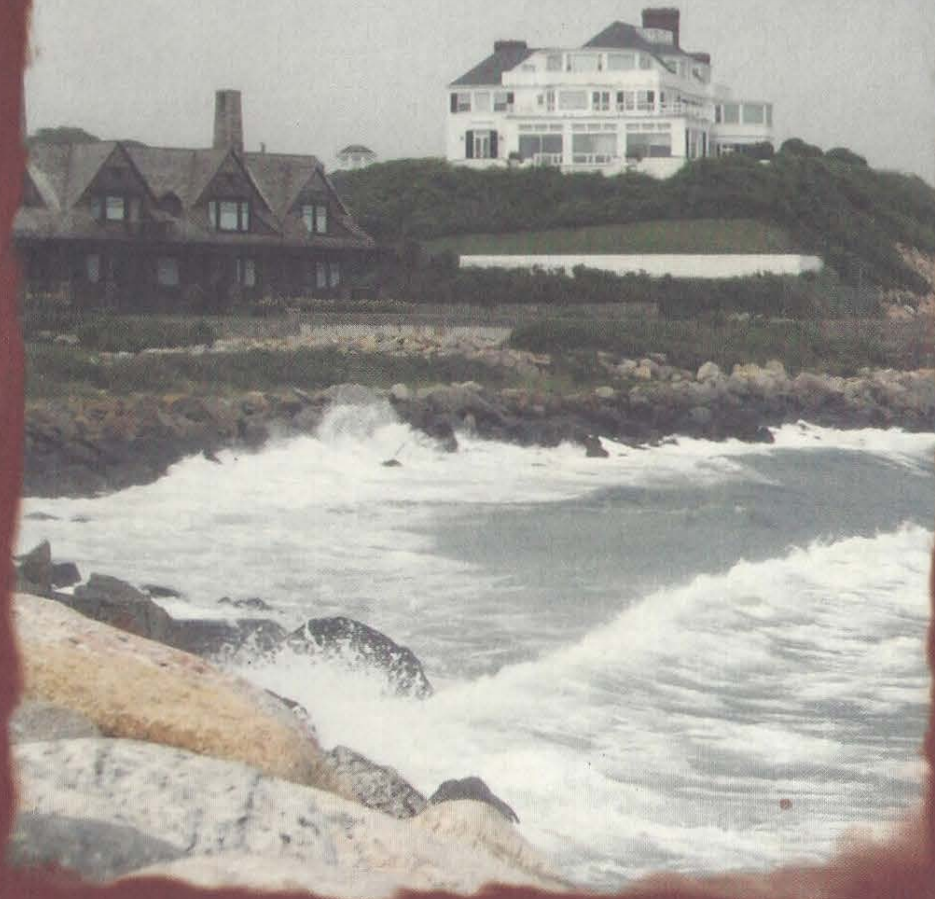


# Hemetera

2012

*Pulled in by the Tide*



## Editors' Note

Only the moon can change the tides; the ebb and flow of all things. With the pull of the tides, we move and change. Our thoughts, dreams, and worst fears are fighting against the moon. In terror, our bodies and minds push against the waves. We know not that we can change our destiny by riding with them, letting them pull us to shore. This journal includes poetry, dramas, short stories, and photography of the students at Regis College learning to give in to the pull of the moon. This journal celebrates a coming of age and growth that can only continue to strengthen the lives of these talented writers.

"The tide is full, the moon lies fair"

- "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold

*Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13*

*Kate Davies '13*

*Cassandra Manahl '13*

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## *Hemetera 2012*

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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

## *Picture This*

Andrea Barbosa '14

Where we began  
blank as a clean slate.  
Then we connected, we began to write,  
we scribbled and colored  
and drew what our future would be.  
At least what we wanted it to be.  
Sure there were eraser marks,  
oopsies and redoes.  
Words we wrote in pen,  
wishing white out could take back,  
but it never did, just covered it all.  
The hurt as if you had broken my favorite crayon.  
The pain like I tore your favorite drawing.  
We got over it.  
We continued to paint, it got better.  
The colors were brighter, the smudges disappeared.  
The pencils were sharper like a jagged sword.  
Now we are art, not quite a masterpiece,  
still not perfect, a few more touches  
and our love will be ready for the  
world to admire.

## *Faith*

*Emiliana Gomes '13*

A mere wish  
or coincidence?  
Days of hope,  
nights of prayers,  
are we the creators  
of our destiny?  
Is it all set in stone,  
like a felony  
with obstacles already preset?  
Our tribulations  
can't be reset.  
Do we only seek what we look for  
or is there more?  
We dare not ask,  
but leave it all to Him.  
We hope in time  
that we will find the answers  
we've been searching for.

## *When You Leave*

*Lauren Kimble '14*

When you leave me, love,  
you always choose a different piece  
of me to take.  
I don't think that you mean it,  
but it becomes impossible to bear.

First, it was just my heart;  
I'd no longer feel it beat.  
No harm done, I'd come alive when you returned.  
Then you took my lungs, how clever:  
you took my breath away.  
Still no matter, I'd quietly wait  
to breathe again when you came back.

But then it was my eyes, my nose, and my trembling fingers.  
You took my knees and elbows,  
my awkward, bony hips as well.  
Absconded with my neck, my chest,  
my quivering, gentle lips.

With every thing that's missing,  
I'm barely half as tall.  
Now you have so much of me,  
I'm hardly me at all.  
You whimper when you have to go,  
but soon that won't be true.  
Before long, you'll turn to leave,  
and take all of me with you.





*Silhouette of a Dancing Couple*

Colleen Ryan '13

Painting

*Remember When*

Ashley Castor '14

Remember when boys had cooties  
when friends always listened to you  
when dreams were not shattered  
and worries were few  
when recess was too short  
and life was too long  
when decisions came easily  
with no need to belong  
when storks delivered babies  
and passions weren't so strong  
when friendships weren't broken  
right was right and wrong was wrong  
when bad things didn't happen  
and only skinned knees brought tears  
when decisions were solved by  
enni-meanie-mynie-mo  
when boys were so yucky  
and goodbye only meant until tomorrow  
when our clothes didn't match  
and real friends didn't part  
the fun went on forever  
and never left a broken heart.





*Anywhere But Here*  
Cassandra Manahl '13  
Photograph

## *Blood on the Road*

Tessa Robb '13

Breathe before your heart stops  
Breathe now  
Breathe before I make you breathe.  
Copper bullets  
Melt to the pavement  
Breathe before your lips turn blue  
Breathe now  
Breathe before you're gone.  
Hot sun  
Making the tar sweat

Where are they?

Breathe before they shock you  
Breathe now  
Breathe before the flashing lights arrive.  
No breathing  
Time of death

Why did you come here?

I asked you not to follow me.

I wish you would have listened.

Eyes wide, I cannot stand up.

Sitting in the middle of the road,

Hearing voices, but only feeling...

Hot sun, and sweating tar.

I stare at the copper bullets melted to the pavement.

My aquamarine t-shirt stained and still wet.

My heart beating in sync with the hum of the accident.

## *Competition*

*Colleen Ryan '13*

Pulsing through my muscles  
rejuvenating my exhausted body  
my fingers and toes twitch with anticipation  
breathing fire and drive through my eyes.  
Competition fuels me like no other.

Be perfect.  
Do my best.  
Don't let go without a fight.

I keep this energy within the confines of my skin,  
not allowing it to lurk past the scope of my eyelashes  
as it seethes through my eyes with determination,  
wanting to bear into the soul of any passerby.  
What an evil force it is when it leaves my body.

How evil people become,  
All because of a little competition.  
Because they might not be on top.  
They might not be the best.  
They might lose the fight.

I'm a competitive soul,  
I see myself slipping into the evilness that is jealousy,  
all due to a little competition.  
I force myself to rein back the flames of determination,  
controlling it to stay inside the fibers of my skin  
only to enflame my own dedication.

I'm careful not to burn others,  
to harm others  
as others have burned me,  
burned me 'til I have become the dull, forgotten, bothersome,  
grey ash  
they wanted.

They have tried to step on my ashes,  
digging into the grains with a little more pressure,  
making sure that I'm down and out,  
sweeping me under the rug,  
seemingly out of their way forever,  
all because of a little competition.

What they didn't know is that the fight is never over.  
Like the phoenix,  
I breathe new air in the ash they've made me,  
dissolving the burns on my skin,  
ignoring the eyes ripping my skin apart layer by layer,  
allowing my own competitive energy  
to mix with theirs, fuming with jealousy.

Igniting the fire in my heart,  
to be as perfect as I can,  
being the best I can be,  
not being put down without a fight.



## *The Wall*

Stephen Golden '14

It was once a powerful and sturdy place,  
but over time the moss had crept its way through.  
The years of exposure to the elements  
has broken it in places.  
The comfort and security it used to bring me  
when I was very young.  
Now the wall is breaking down.  
As I grew up, it got older  
now there is simply an empty space  
in the place where I used to live.

## *Invisible Miracle, Visible Disaster*

Rachel Abarbanel '14

She's the visible disaster, the invisible miracle. She's sitting on the kitchen table looking down at her worn down shoes from the journey she wished weren't taken. She doesn't understand her magnetic attraction to the people who cannot see her, but she tries again and again. She's the persistent miracle. Reaching out her hand, she touches them and she becomes shadowed by the conversation filling the room. Sick of the ignores, the laters and all that makes unwanted emotions bloom. She yells, she stomps and she makes the whole room stop and then, only then she appears in their eyes. She only appears the monster, forgetting what she was screaming for she wishes to disappear again with her muddy shoes. She's only visible in disaster. She's screaming without a voice and touching all who have no nerves. She's yelling until her throat gives out and her presence becomes washed away with resentment; there's nothing she conserves. Talking to them is like screaming without a voice, smelling without a nose, and touching without any sense.





*Urban Expression*

Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13

Photograph

*Home*

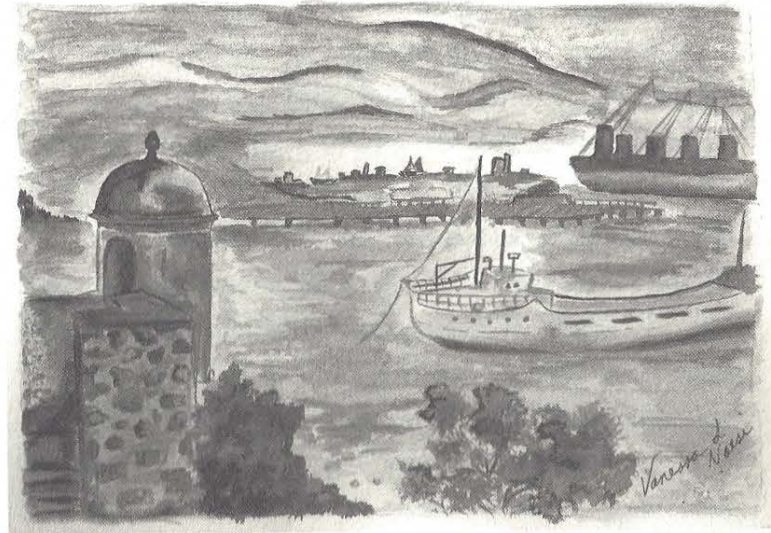
Michael Wong '14

The smell of iron floats in the air,  
engulfed by walls of mirrors,  
nothing to hold me back.  
I free my mind from negativity,  
preparing for war.  
Eager to sweat and shed tears.  
Dumbbells meet callused hands.  
Each rep is painful and agonizing.  
Each day I torture myself.  
I do this not for women,  
but for myself.  
This is my home.  
Where aesthetics are born.

## *At Peace*

Alyssa Serfes '13

We meet unexpectedly on a late June night,  
strangers, we thought, but instantly connected by heart.  
Talking for hours, staring at the sparkling stars,  
before we knew it, the beaming sun rose.  
Lost in your emerald eyes at that very moment,  
scent of diesel fuel from his work clothes  
lingering in the stifling summer air.  
You grabbed me with your calloused working hands.  
My tender lips met with yours,  
body numb with an electrified feeling.  
Seven months later, he's still in my presence,  
calming my nerves, making my fast-paced mind,  
come to rest.



## *A Day in the Port*

Vanessa Noesi '14

Watercolor on paper



## *Home*

*Olivia Lander '13*

When I go home there is going to be a white picket fence,  
with flowers in the garden, lilacs, and tulips.  
There will be a swing hanging from the tree,  
ready for me to swing to the moon.  
I will see my puppy waiting for me to play,  
and my kitty curled up wanting to cuddle.  
Mother will have bought me a new dress,  
expecting that I will wear it for my school pictures.  
She will be so proud at how pretty I look,  
that she will show all of our family and friends.  
Father will walk in after my homework is done,  
he will bounce me on his knee and tell me how smart I am.  
Before I go to sleep, he will come in and read me a story,  
and always make me the princess in it.

When I get home there are cold iron bars,  
and the only plants are the dead leaves from the tree.  
There is no swing hanging from the tree,  
no hope for me to swing away to the moon.  
there will be a crow cawing waiting for me to approach,  
and a rat will quickly scurry by my feet.  
Mother will be there with a bottle in her hand,  
expecting that I will wear my torn clothes for my school pictures.  
She is not amused by how pretty I am,  
she tells me she is ashamed of me in front of our family and friends.  
Father will not walk through the door after my homework is done,  
we have not seen him in nearly three years.

Before bed, I will not be read a bedtime story,  
there will be screaming and crying until Mother passes out.

When I leave home I will have a white picket fence,  
I will have flowers in the garden, lilacs and tulips.  
There will be a swing hanging from a tree,  
ready for me to swing away from this world.  
I will have a puppy waiting for me to play with,  
and I will have a kitty wanting me to cuddle.  
I will buy my daughter a beautiful dress,  
and she will look beautiful in her school pictures.  
I will be proud of how pretty she looks,  
that I will show all of our family and friends.  
Her father will walk through the door after her homework is through,  
and he will bounce her on her knee and tell her how smart she is.  
Before she goes to sleep we will read her a bedtime story,  
and of course she will be the princess in it.  
But most importantly of all, we both will tell her,  
that she is absolutely perfect, and we love her.



## *Laying, Thinking, Moon*

Roberson Ambrose '14

Laying on the ground,  
watching the moon.  
Seeing the stars twinkle,  
don't count the stars,  
never count the stars.  
Bad luck if you count the stars.  
Laying on the ground  
where the children play,  
watching the moon.  
Hearing the wind rocking the swings,  
hearing the silence disappear --  
thinking now, you're back thinking.  
Thinking,  
while lying on the ground,  
thinking of the moon turning,  
growing.  
Thinking of the moon  
shining brighter than before.  
Brighter than the sun.  
Thinking,  
thinking -- thinking of the people.  
At night watching the light of the moon  
bouncing off their faces.  
Possibilities change watching the moon .  
faster, while time changes,  
the earth changes.  
Lying on the ground,

watching the moon and the stars,  
in the park.  
Don't count the stars,  
never count the stars.  
Bad luck to count the stars.  
Thinking now,  
while lying on the ground.  
Thinking of the moon turning,  
shining brighter,  
brighter than the sun,  
thinking of the reflections --  
of the moon and Venus  
and earth dancing.



*London*

Brianna Dalton '13

Photograph

*Evening in Montreal*

Nick Lee '12

In the evening, cars shuffle by  
filled with men who are off to pay the rent.  
Their engine hoods gleaming beneath the street lamps  
and the graffiti  
under the bridge  
is illuminated by carlight.

As I make my way to Saint Laurent,  
the central artery  
I end up in a part of town  
with half empty Greek restaurants,  
vacant movie theatres,  
and women drying their tears in Burberry scarves  
returning from skirmishes with their boyfriends.  
The teardrops saunter down their cheeks  
with lonely walks and maxed out credit cards  
and sacks of over-priced clothes  
benetton and balenciaga.

Under the fire escape  
the homeless man living in a box  
cultivated from post office packaging  
begs passersby for bus fare  
well versed in every language.  
His fingers outstretched in a cup  
his woolen cap pulled over his eyes,  
but they refuse to give him the time of day.

Men loiter in the café  
smoking twelve dollar cigarettes

hoping that one day  
they will find the right woman.  
Amidst their world of boissons and beer  
the waitress comes to the table  
her skirt falling at the knee  
and they know  
that when she brings the plate  
they are elated  
as they ponder how to flirt.

In the moonlight,  
on Avenue du parc  
Rabbis mingle in kosher grocery stores.  
Their yarmulkes fixed tight around their ears  
ducking their heads in prayer.  
They are off to spread the word of God  
to enlighten people in the dairy aisle.

Beside them the grocer packs away his wares for sale.  
He knows that a good sale tomorrow  
could help him pay the rent  
and he can't afford to lose it  
because strawberries and peaches are all he has.

When the last children have been sung to bed  
and the street is alone with the stars  
I clamor out of the square  
catch the 80 bus to the curb  
and sink back into the darkness of the apartment  
where I join the world in sleep.

## *Drama*



## *Nerves*

Leanne Calderone '12

### Act 1 Scene 1

*There is a bed on stage long side facing the audience. A night table and a chair are also on stage. Max and Connie are sitting on the bed. Connie is facing stage right, Max is staring at Connie. The lights come up on Max and Connie. At stage right there is a couple embracing, mostly in shadow. Connie is staring at the couple.*

MAX: What are you looking at?

*Connie continues to stare at the couple*

MAX: Um...Connie?

*Max pushes Connie with his foot. Connie shakes her head and turns to face Max. The couple leaves the stage.*

MAX: What were you staring at?

CONNIE: Hmm? Oh, nothing.

MAX: You disappeared.

CONNIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

MAX: Of course you do. You have so much to celebrate and you're lost in thought, staring at things that are clearly not there.

CONNIE: Come on, Max.

MAX: No, don't give me that. And get that look off of your face; I'm not letting it go.

CONNIE: Please? *(pause)* Max, please?

*Connie gives Max a pleading look and curls her legs up, hugging her knees to her chest.*

CONNIE: (*whispering*) I can't.

MAX: Can't what babe?

CONNIE: This....I.....um...feel.....

*Connie starts shaking*

CONNIE: This feels so horrible. I thought I was gonna be able to handle it.

MAX: Stop crying. Seriously.

CONNIE: (*sobs*) Excuse me?

MAX: You heard me.

*Connie starts to cry louder*

MAX: I'm literally not kidding. This isn't like you, so you need to stop (*pause*) now.

CONNIE: Can I have a tissue?

MAX: What makes you think I keep tissues in my room?

*Connie wipes her eyes with a blanket on the bed. Max laughs.*

MAX: Guess I'm doing laundry tonight.

CONNIE: Since when do you do laundry?

*They laugh once. (Brief silence)*

MAX: Can I ask you something?

*Connie looks at Max and nods*

CONNIE: Sure

MAX: Do you regret any of it?

CONNIE: No.

MAX: How?

CONNIE: How what?

*Max gets up from the bed, starts to walk stage left, pauses and turns to face Connie*

MAX: I don't get it.

*Max takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and shakes his head. Connie gets up from the bed and walks toward Max. When she is arm's distance away she stops and looks at him.*

*She then reaches out and puts her hand on Max's shoulder. Max grabs Connie and kisses her. As he puts his arms around her waist she pushes him away.*

CONNIE: (*yelling*) What do you think you're doing?

*She pushes him*

CONNIE: What is your problem?

*She pushes him again than walks back to where the bed is.*

CONNIE: I can't believe you.

MAX: Why are you so upset?

CONNIE: (*laughs*) You're joking, right?

MAX: Um, no.

*Max starts to walk closer to Connie.*

CONNIE: No, stop. Don't move. Stay away from me.

MAX: Come on, Connie.

CONNIE: Max, you're my best friend. I'm sitting here freaking out and you do THAT? Talk about kicking me when I'm down.

MAX: It's not like that.

*He starts to move closer again*

CONNIE: I said stay away, don't come any closer to me.

MAX: Connie, please.

CONNIE: Nope, you really made a mess of things.

MAX: Do you have any idea how long I've wanted to kiss you?

CONNIE: No, and I don't care.

*Connie moves to walk off stage. Max crosses the stage and puts his hand on her arm to stop her. He turns her around. Connie faces him, looks at his hand and slaps it off of her shoulder.*

CONNIE: Don't touch me.

MAX: (*angry*) Is that what you're telling him tonight?

CONNIE: That's none of your business.

MAX: Really? A few minutes ago all you wanted to do was cry on my shoulder about him. Now it's not my business? Why, cause I've given you a different option, a way out?

CONNIE: No. It's not your business because you just screwed the line between friend and someone I no longer want to be around.

*Connie goes to sit in the chair; Max moves to stand behind the bed. Connie curls up into the chair and turns her head to face away from Max.*

*Lights out*

End Scene

## Prose



## *A Mid-Summer's Eve*

Pat Meehan '12

The light atop the front entrance of the building flickers on and off as hundreds of nocturnal critters zip by, smacking again and again into the bulb, attracted to the burning filament within. A dark blue sky, filled with a gorgeous array of stars, looms above the quiet campus. A cricket gives off a faint chirp at the edge of the woods and falls silent, as if the vibrant constellations of the night's sky were ensuring the sound sleep of the hardworking students below. As the wind blows through the tops of the trees a faint, almost inaudible, whistle sounds that is so delicate and harmonious one could mistake it for Freya herself humming the ballad of the forest. In this beautifully orchestrated silence a young woman by the name of Eve suddenly awakens lying bruised and beaten at the edge of the forest.

Her eyes dart back and forth rapidly as she attempts to gain some awareness of her surroundings, and in the haze of her reawakening she hears voices. The voices don't sound like anything she can recognize; they sound distant and disconnected, almost hallucinatory so she ignores them and slowly gets up. Her muscles tighten and her joints crack like she had been lying there for days, though she manages to stand upright. She is wearing a tattered and bloodied white dress with torn bands of yellow, wrapped around her, and her bare feet are covered in cuts and scrapes. When she takes a step forward, a locket falls from her pocket.

Eve puts it back into her pocket, only to have it fall out when she takes another step, as though something were pulling it. Looking down at the locket again, she notices that the chain isn't connected end to end; in fact one end is wrapped tightly around her ankle, and the other end leads back to where she was lying. Eve hears the voices again, coming closer now, though still slightly muffled. "EVELIN," the voices call out. Eve turns to the direction she thinks they are coming from, but there is nothing. With no idea of where she is and no memory of how she got there, Eve becomes terrified, and even more so

when she realizes not a single soul is there to notice. She cries out hoping someone in the building nearest to her will hear her shrill cry for help, yet it is covered by a sudden whistling gust of wind. In her frustration Eve picks up a pebble and hurls it at a window. She waits for a sound, but there is nothing, only silence. In sheer desperation, Eve screams, "WHERE AM I?" and yanks harshly on the gossamer chain of the locket, yet it holds steadfast to the earth with unnatural resilience. She throws the chain to the ground and upon further examination of her ankle, Eve notices how the bindings have worn deeply into her flesh, and yet she has felt no pain or even slight discomfort. The plight of her situation finally gets to her. She breaks down into tears and just then the voices return, closer now.

"So you found the body at--." One voice is interrupted by another.

"Her name is Evelin...and yeah, I just finished moving back in when I saw her...around 5 pm..."

Eve hears the voices coming from beyond the forest edge. "Jonathan? Jonathan, I'm right here, I haven't gone anywhere!" she yells. Eve runs into the pitch-black nothingness and hits a wall, like a bird hits a glass window. She falls on her back, but gets back up and runs at the wall of darkness once more, this time prepared and pushing with all her strength. Eventually her left hand begins slipping through the barrier, and Evelin lets out a harsh cry of pain as she begins bleeding from her ankle. She feels every little cut and bruise. She coughs up blood, falls to her knees from the pain, and quickly rips her hand out of the blackness. Another voice is heard quite clearly, like it is coming from right beside her.

"By the rate of decomposition I would put the time of death somewhere around Saturday afternoon."

Eve wipes blood from her lips and hits the black barrier with her fist, softly speaking to Jonathan.

"I'm not...I can't be..." Storm clouds begin to gather over the quiet campus, and the soft roll of thunder can be heard in the distance.

"The killer wraps his victims in yellow caution tape just as they're dying," a voice declares.

It begins to rain, slowly at first, as Eve lies on the ground in shock and pulls the locket to her side. She picks up a nearby rock and holds it in the air.

CLANK. Lightning strikes as the chain bends.

CLANK. Another flash as the chain cracks.

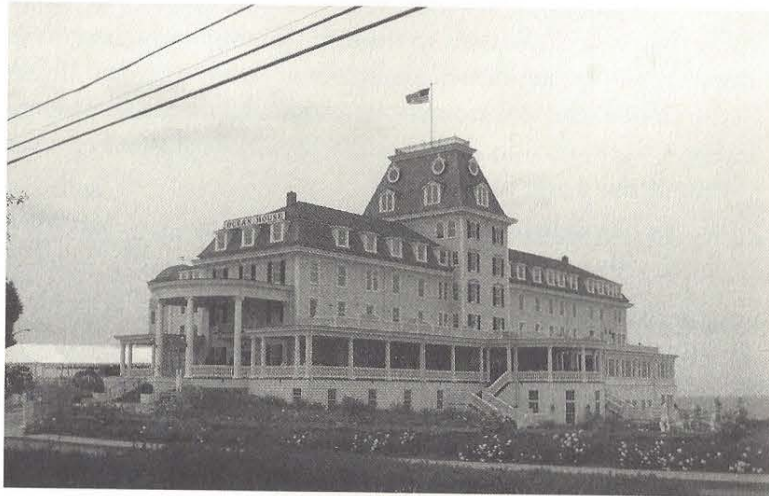
CLANK. A final flash of lightning as the chain snaps and the locket lies disconnected.

Evelin picks herself up from the ground and begins to walk north, along the pitch-black barrier at the forest edge. Finally, the clouds release the downpour as the sky weeps for young Eve. There the broken locket remains--Evelin's final shred of connection to the world of the living.

As Eve walks away she hears the voice one last time, distant and muffled.

"Well, kid... better off her than you, I guess." A car door shuts, and the car screeches away.





*Ocean House*

MaryJane Barron '12

Photograph

*Staying on Beat*

Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13

The radio was blaring and the music was toxic. It flowed from the speakers into her ears, down to her heart, and into her hands forcing them to finish what had been started. The bedroom window was open and the hot summer air filled the room along with the sounds of sirens, horns, and church bells all mixing with the beat of the music. There was something else that crept in the corners of the room silently waiting to overpower the strength it took to get rid of the evidence. Nostalgia was in a white summer dress with a smile and sticky sweet s'mores covering her face silently tempting the girl to put the pictures back on the wall that now lay on the ground. Nostalgia shows the girl the picture of the rowboat tied to the pier and the girl begins to hear the echo of the water tapping the side of the boat, and in the next picture the boy wrapped in a blue blanket reminds her of all the words to the *Bernstein Bears Books*. The girl begins to miss the sharp taste of blueberries right off the bush, but she cannot let herself go back because the truth hurts. The faces found in the photographs are finally fading from her memory and with that thought comes relief, which is immediately followed by guilt. Those memories were supposed to mean something to her. They were supposed to be held in albums for generations to come. As the girl begins to surrender to Nostalgia, Resentment walks confidently through the closet door dressed in a long flowing red gown. She pulls the girl up from the ground and holds her hand. As Resentment stands tall next to the girl she recalls what was not present in the pictures and what Nostalgia always forgets to mention. With every injustice mentioned Nostalgia shrinks smaller and smaller until the white dress is all that is left spread carelessly over the pictures covering the floor. Resentment disappears just as quickly as Nostalgia leaving behind her warmth in the girl's hand.

The girl glances out the window and suddenly she becomes immersed once again in the hot city air, the sounds of sirens, horns, church bells, and the beat of the music. She takes the



pictures and throws them in a large black bag along with the white dress. She takes the three frames lying against the wall and begins to hang each one carefully. As she stands back to admire the Cliffs of Moher, the Tower Bridge at night, and the beach of Costa Del Sol her eyes catch the pamphlet for Italy on top of her green duffle bag. She can never change where she ended up in her past but that duffle bag ensures she can always change where she ends up in her present.

## *Elevator Mix-up*

*Anonymous*

She was stuck in an elevator with someone she considered her worst enemy. For Echo, the day had been proceeding well for her, too well in fact, from her normally clumsy nature. Usually she would be fine in the presence of the other woman, but neither of them has spoken a word to each other in forty-five minutes. Yes, her happiness had taken a nose-dive a long time ago.

“How long do you think it’ll be before they get the elevator fixed?” Her companion said softly, finally breaking the silence.

Echo shrugged. “Who knows? It’s already been almost an hour since we called from the emergency phone.”

The two lapsed into silence once more, Echo closing her eyes to listen to her iPod while the other woman played with her phone. Echo tried to remember why the blonde across from her was her enemy, but couldn’t quite remember the details. She decided that it was because her companion was tall, blonde and skinny, the opposite of her short, plump frame and brown hair. Suddenly the silence was broken again as the blonde snapped her phone shut and glared at Echo.

“Is there a reason why you seem to hate me? I’ve never done anything to you before that I know of.”

“You stole my boyfriend.” Echo said, avoiding eye contact.

“I what?”

“Stole my boyfriend. I finally had a boyfriend and then he dumps me to date you.”

Her blue eyes blinked slowly, once, then twice before she spoke. “I didn’t steal your boyfriend; he just thought that he had a shot with me. Which he doesn’t by the way, so you can go after him if you want.”

“Wait, why doesn’t he have a shot with you?” Echo snapped. “You’re pretty, blonde and have blue eyes. Isn’t that what all guys want?”

The blonde looked incredulously at the shorter woman. "No. And I'm not even looking for a boyfriend right now. I'm at college to earn a degree, not to party and play all the time."

"Who said I wasn't here to get a degree? I have a 3.3 gpa. I'm even on scholarships that require me to keep a high gpa or I lose them, unlike you. You probably can pay your way through here and then some."

"I'm a scholarship student too! And I'm also top of the class; I work my butt off every day to keep it that way. Sure, I'd love a boyfriend, but I really need to be at my best right now. I want to become a doctor so I can help people. In order to do that I need the best grades I can possibly get." The other woman shot back angrily.

Echo blushed out of embarrassment. "You know, I think I was wrong about you."

The reply was abrupt. "Oh, really?"

"I thought you were one of those preppy types that just have their path already planned out for them."

Smiling sadly, she shook her head in response. "Just the opposite actually. I'm always fighting to make sure I reach my goals and dreams."

Echo slowly extended her hand out. "Let's start over. I'm Echo, a sophomore here. I'm studying for a degree in Art."

With a smile the blonde took the offered hand and shook it. "Candice, also a sophomore. I'm majoring in Biochemistry."

Echo and Candice passed the next hour finding out things they had in common, besides being in the same graduating class. They both liked reading over playing sports. Their favorite food was anything with chocolate in it. The two women also had things that made them unique. Candice had a nut allergy and didn't like being popular. On the other hand Echo loved eating nuts, and wanted nothing more than to be popular.

"Trust me, being popular is not as nice as you think it is. Just be yourself, that's what I found out after coming here." Candice said, pushing a blonde lock behind her ear.

Finally the elevator started moving again, and opened at the

first floor. As they both stepped out laughing at a joke Echo had made, they took note that a certain boy was watching them. Echo looked at Candice, who nodded, and then walked over to her ex-boyfriend.

"At first I was mad at you because you dumped me for Candice. Now that I've talked things over with her though, I realize that I don't need or even want a boyfriend right now. So thanks for the small time we had together, but I'm over you now." Echo smiled at him and waved goodbye, then went back over Candice. "So, now that we're out of the elevator how about we go to the dining hall and get something to eat. And since I'm starving, it'll be my treat."

Candice nodded in agreement. "Yeah, let's go."



## *The Light Display*

Roberson Ambroise '14

It was a Sunday night when it happened. Purple, green, and then red lights suddenly appeared in the sky. So vivid, so strong against the dark sky, where the stars slept. Everyone from Center Street and beyond looked up at the spectacle that brought bewildered eyes into focus. If you drove through the streets of Dorchester, you could see families and friends stopping to gaze at the beautiful display of lights. They stood outside their battered doors, beside cracked windows and on the dirty sidewalks, either barefoot or not. The lights hit our faces, and we could see its reflection on our skin, it wasn't scary or even shocking.

I was with my wife and five-month-old daughter when it came. Like a flash of lighting, an intense rainbow appeared and spread across the dark sky. We were out on the porch of our first-floor urban style apartment. No one spoke. It was silent. My baby girl, who had been crying ever since we brought her home, stood staring out towards the sky with a bright smile, which made me smile. Her little hands reached out, trying to grab the very far-away lights. Her blue eyes filled with the reflection of the colors from the sky. No one noticed anything different, besides the lights. I stood there motionless. A cool breeze was hitting me from every direction, but I was too occupied to feel its effects. Maybe my paint-stained sweater was useful.

It felt good looking at those lights as if the bills didn't matter, or the recent layoff was only temporary. I was looking at the future. The whole world was thinking the same thing. But we misjudged the display of lights that grabbed our attention.

I woke up to the loud explosions and screams. As I stared out the window, peaking through the dusty shade, I saw people scurrying about my neighborhood; there was smoke. I raced down the hall to my little girl's room and with great relief realized she was fine, fast asleep. She was quiet when her eyes sprung open and she began to stare out the window. She looked almost hypnotized. I followed her gaze and saw the horror she

witnessed. I saw houses blown to pieces right before my eyes. People were running for their lives.

There were white lights coming from the colorless sky--not the red, blue, and green like the previous night. The light came spontaneously from various directions, striking homes and people. In a matter of seconds entire homes were completely abolished. People turned to dust, leaving no trace of their existence as that same dust spread and mixed with the rubble of the houses. My little girl was motionless and smiling, as if it were amusing; but what would a baby know? A few blocks down the Henderson's home was devastated, so were the O'Brien's, the Giving's, and the Michaels'. In mere minutes that vast light had struck a crowd of people. No blood, but it was scary. People ran for their lives through the cheap dull park. They just ran, with no purpose or destination.

Finally, I broke away from my own hypnosis. I quickly grabbed my daughter and ran towards my bedroom. My wife lay there fast asleep. I shook her, and grumpily she awoke. I pulled her to my side, dragging her. The loud noise coming from the explosions woke her, and she ran downstairs with me. The house was crumbling from the top down. We had to make a break for it. We ran outside as the house crumbled to pieces. We ran with no intended destination. We just ran. My little girl was in my arms, as my wife and I ran hand-in-hand.

I couldn't believe what was happening. The little league field where my team won the game against the Titans when I was ten was blown to pieces. There was nothing but a gigantic hole in the center. With cars flying through the air as beams of light struck seemingly random targets, we ran. Thousands of us were running around like some sort of kid's game, a game not intended for our amusement. The beams continued to strike anything and everything in their path.

It suddenly got worse. The blows became more vicious, and twice as many people were vaporized. The screams became quieter as more and more people disappeared. The pavement was ruined, and we had to watch our step, barefoot and cold, as we ran.



Beyond the dense crowd of people running through the streets I saw a car with its door open. The people were so scared and preoccupied by the white lights they didn't notice it, but reaching it seemed impossible. We ran towards the car anyway, and as I suspected, the keys were in the ignition. As we drove away we began to regain control of our breath and were able to really see this horror for what it was--a termination, either by God or something else. While we continued driving, the lights continued to beam in all directions. I started to realize it was controlled. It had to be. Someone or something had the power to commit this monstrous act, but what? I quickly pushed on the gas; something was trying to strike me down. It was as if the lights were following me, trying to catch up to my zigzagging and turns. My wife pleaded for me to go faster, and I did. We flew and then we spun through the air. My wife held our daughter held tightly in her arms. We hit the ground with a bang; the car, although it had stalled, miraculously landing on its tires.

It wouldn't start. Anger clouded my face, and then right there in the sky, it happened again. The colorful lights of blue, red, green, and even yellow came back. My anger evaporated. It was so beautiful; it was so unique. I got out of the car and forgot everything. The attacks, my family, and the maddening question of what could have caused such an attack left me. I smiled and closed my eyes. A sudden gush of wind stroked my face.

What it was is unknown, but I could tell it was some sort of flying mobile. My eyes were not strong enough to open. Even if I could have opened one eyelid my eye would have been completely destroyed by the massive wind that was gusting about me. It was funny how my body didn't move but remained there motionless. When the gush of wind stopped, I opened my eyes and saw what I believe and what people for years would believe was a space ship. It covered the sky, casting over us a shade of darkness yet again and leaving us in total darkness for the rest of our lives.

"Is that what I think it is Randy?" my wife Sharon asked me.

"I guess so," I could only reply. "I guess so."



*Unique is Beautiful*

Molly Danforth '13

Photograph



## *Dark Comes to Light*

Ashley Castor '14

"That will be 23 stars for you, Jeremiah, keeping you in the lead," exclaimed Professor Cummings. It was your average school day at Blue Hill Academy. Nearly all students enjoyed Professor Cummings' class because her teaching style was so unique. She awarded her students with a star for every correct trivia question answered. Jeremiah seemed to always get the most stars. Unlike the rest of his classmates, he felt attending this academy was his only chance to getting into college. Not only was his motive different, but also the color of skin, where he came from, and even how he dressed on a daily basis was unlike his classmates.

Blue Hill Academy wasn't your average school. In order to even be considered for entrance you would have to have exceeded the elementary school curriculum and be fluent in another foreign language. For Jeremiah this never deemed to be an issue because he graduated with high honors from elementary school. He also spoke French, Spanish, and Italian fluently. When Jeremiah first applied for the academy, he realized the color of skin would be more of a problem than his intelligence. Even though he had the wits of Albert Einstein, students would constantly snicker and laugh as he walked down the hallways. In the classroom when the teacher would call on Jeremiah for the correct answer, you would hear a chorus of sucked teeth by his classmates followed by an exclaimed, "brown nose". That was their favorite line to use. They hated the fact that every teacher would constantly pick him even though a few students had their hands raised waving vigorously as if they had the winning lottery ticket. Jeremiah didn't pay them any mind because he was there to learn and he wasn't willing to let anyone get in his way.

After three years of attending Blue Hill Academy, Jeremiah was so used to his classmates' tactics that he began to laugh it off like he was in on the big joke. "That was a good one, Jim!" exclaimed Jeremiah. He figured if he laughed with them, they would get intimidated by his unlikely response and in long run

put an end to the foolery. It didn't bother Jeremiah that his classmates didn't like him, but it did bother him that based off his milk caramel complexion and preconceived notions they judged him and placed him into a category. The idea of being placed in that category irked him so much that he wanted to grab them all up by the collar, fly them into the future and show them how much he could make of himself. "If only," Jeremiah said softly as he continued to do his schoolwork.

At home in the projects, his friends would constantly tell him, "everything you need to learn in life you can learn in streets." "A book can't teach you nothing, son. It is filled with a bunch of made up lies the government wants you to believe," that's what Rico would always remind him every time he passed by the hood. Jeremiah felt as if this was a never-ending battle between himself, his conscience, and others. "Who am I kidding?," Jeremiah whispered to himself as he peered out the moonlight window. The school year had just begun and he already wanted it to be over. Despite this feeling, Jeremiah always seemed to show off his pearly white smile. He would just remind himself that success wouldn't feel so good if it wasn't for the struggles he went through.

Jeremiah found himself filling out numerous college applications, scholarships forms, and licking envelopes until he had no more saliva left to spare. As each day passed he became more and more anxious. "One more year and I will be closer to my dreams," he whispered to himself as he checked over his shoulder to make sure there weren't any bystanders to point and laugh at him.

The coast was clear and he began to walk towards his locker. The feeling of an empty hallway with no eyes to see except the janitor, who was most likely snoring off in the staff room, gave him the urge to run down the hallway screaming "Fuck you!" over and over again as if the words were piercing bullets through his classmates' bodies. A rush of adrenaline came over him as he started pacing back and forth through the hallway. That's how big Blue Hill Academy was. Although there were only 200 students the facilities were gigantic. The hallways were so long that



they would pass the regulations for a football field. Jeremiah was so caught up in the moment he failed to realize the janitor mopping the floor on the other end of the hallway. Just as he went to blurt "Fuck you!" one last time he found himself sandwiched between the janitor and the mop bucket. Jeremiah's mile of redemption had quickly ended before it started. Jeremiah quickly got up to spare any more moments of embarrassment. "Fuck me?" the janitor said with such a confused look on his face. "You all right there, chump?" Jeremiah heard the question but wasn't able to respond. His eyes began to glance over Mr. Repairman's nice clean-cut attire. His navy blue pants were so straight and pressed as if they came straight from the dry cleaners with a deep crease down the pant leg. To complement his pants he had on a baby blue polo shirt so fit and snug like the models on a Ralph Lauren catalog. Not to mention his golden blonde hair which was constantly slicked back to one side. If anyone had seen Mr. Repairman outside of these walls, no one would ever mistake him for a janitor. Jeremiah began to look at Mr. Repairman in disbelief "Chump?" Jeremiah said softly. He never pictured in a million years a man like Mr. Repairman would show any type of concern or even hold a conversation for that matter. Quickly Jeremiah's feelings began to change as he realized he had also been judging and looking at others differently. He began to tell Mr. Repairman the long tales of the five foot seven, milk caramel skin complexion, born and raised on Norfolk Street who had nothing going for him but his education.



*Not So Different After All*  
Molly Danforth '13  
Photograph



## Hannah

Kate Davies '13

"I don't know, Sar, my mom didn't really say anything beyond that. I didn't want to ask questions. It felt awkward. I don't think she knows anything either."

There was silence on the phone as Sarah tried to come up with something to say. I knew she was feeling uncomfortable. Even though I was only a sophomore in high school, I was already an expert on all of this: the way people act around you when you are going through something they can't begin to understand.

I focused on a spider crawling on the ceiling, feeling too detached from anything to care enough about it to kill it. I watched its fluid movements, unsure how long had passed since I'd last spoken. Behind me, the door opened. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see my parents, coming to talk about what to expect, or how to go on, but instead, I saw a smaller version of myself, blonde and petite with a round face and a messy ponytail. Seeing the phone pressed up to my ear, she smiled awkwardly and began to back out.

"Sar, I'll call you back okay? I just have to—" I paused, trying to think up an excuse, then remembered I didn't care, "I'll just call you back." I hung up the phone and threw it on to the round Papasan Chair in the corner of my room.

"Hey," I offered lamely, unsure of how she wanted this conversation to go.

"Hi."

It was a painfully loud silence, more than I could bear, so I hit play on my CD player. Soft sounds trickled from the speakers and filled the room, so we could both breathe again. She took another step in. "So mom told you about my doctor's appointment?"

I nodded slowly. Was that okay? Did she not want me to know?

She nodded, too. I could tell she was analyzing me as much as I was her. Sisters are born with an innate super power enabling them to read one another more clearly than anyone else could ever hope to do. I knew she was aware of my own emotional state, probably more so than I was.

"So she told you, then? That it's cancer?"

I nodded again, cursing myself silently for losing my hold on the relaxed persona I had so easily worked up for Sarah. Where were my words? Where was my maturity? Why was I being such an idiot, when a nine-year-old could calmly conduct a conversation with me about her diagnosis?

She glanced at the muted TV. I shook my head to regain my senses. "Are you scared?" The second it escaped my lips, I wished for a do over. What was wrong with me? Why on earth would I ask her that?

I looked at her face, wondering if I should tell her not to answer. Somewhere downstairs a spaghetti pot clanged against the sink. I watched in horror as my sister's face crumbled slightly before she sniffed and pulled herself together. She looked past me to a spot on my bed. "I'm not scared of surgery or anything, if that's what you mean." She glanced at me, daring me to question her bravery. I knew better.

Her eyes slid over to the open window. I knew it was too cold out for me to have it open, but the night's breeze had felt so comforting, each gust reminding me to breathe.

"I'm scared to die, though."

For a second, the world was still. The breeze died down, my breathing halted, my own heart stopped beating. In all this time since my mom had told me the news, I'd never once considered losing Hannah. I'd never considered that death was a possibility. After all, this was Hannah. Hannah, who threw cups at me in contempt before she could even speak. Hannah, who beat the tallest and fastest boy, Noah Richards, in a race on her first day at camp. Hannah who was fearless, and strong, and stubborn, and infuriating, and frustrating, and funny. Hannah who I wished I was just like.

And yet here she was, looking at me, waiting for a response to the phrase no nine-year-old should ever have to consider seriously. Our eyes locked, and for that long silent minute we were the only still and sure thing in a chaotic and inconsistent world. She and I, that was all there was, resting in the center of everything.

"I promise," I found myself saying, knowing full well I had no idea how to keep a vow so impossible, "I promise I won't let that happen. You'll be fine."

Being as smart as she was, I knew she was aware that I couldn't keep that promise either however, for the time being, it was good enough. She crawled into my bed, and I did the same. We got under the covers, and hugged each other for a long time without speaking. Sisters can have a conversation without words. They can say exactly what they want to say to one another without even opening their mouths.

She rolled over, finally, facing the window, and I turned and shut off the light, resting my arm under my head and molding myself to her shape. "I'll be fine," she murmured, her voice petulant, as if daring some cosmic being to try and challenge her. I think the cosmic being knew better.

We fell asleep like that, me thrashing about, freezing, never quite immersed in sleep, and her, still as a subject in a painting, deep in slumber, sticky with sweat. When we woke up, we never spoke of the night before, and it's never come up since, not even to this day.

And though I'm sure it will never cross her mind, I think of it now and then. The night two sisters fell asleep together. The night we made a promise—I, swearing that I would never let anything happen to her, and she that she would never give in.

The night my nine-year-old sister became my hero.

## Colophon

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