

# *Hemetera*

**2013**

Damaged But Not Broken



## EDITORS' NOTE

Sometimes we are broken, but we do not shatter. Life gives each of us obstacles that test our durability. With these moments we can choose to let them shatter us or merely leave cracks, reminding us of what we have overcome. These challenging times are documented in order to celebrate our imminent growth as individuals. This journal includes poetry, short stories, and photography of the students at Regis College who were ultimately triumphant in surpassing these dreadful circumstances. Together we refuse to succumb to the tragedies of life as we thrive as individuals. The result is a true masterpiece.

"Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass."

*-Anton Chekhov*

*Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13*

*Tessa Robb '13*

*Olivia Lander '13*

*Emily Cameron '15*

*Katarina Lee '15*

*Jennifer Amaral '16*

## HEMETERA 2013

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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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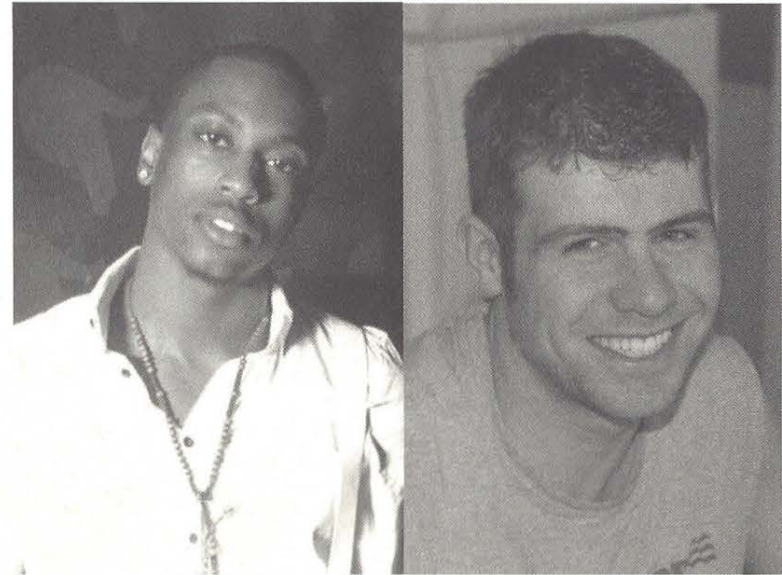
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# *In Memory of*



*Darner Alton*

*1-15-1992*

*9-20-2012*

*Michael Kaplan*

*10-10-1991*

*9-27-2012*

POETRY

## *To Whom I Will Meet*

RACHEL ABARBANEL '14

I often sit on the side.  
Escape all the pressures of the day  
and watch the tide.  
I look out over the white caps  
and follow the horizon to the lights that await.  
I think of you.  
But damn, I don't know you.  
You're there though,  
on the other side of this ocean.  
Looking down at the sand wishing  
I was there making your dreams come true.  
Each day we set out on our paths  
hoping they cross.  
Be the miracle that comes after each coin toss.  
I often tell you,  
I promise.  
I promise we'll meet,  
escape this cycle-  
Be the ones we both keep.  
I can't say when it will happen  
but damn,  
I can't wait to say,  
"nice to meet you"  
because then,  
and only then  
we'll know.  
We have been awaiting each other's arrival for quiet awhile.



## *A Late Night Prayer*

CHRISTINA PIERRE-LOUIS '14

Too many things laid heavily on him.  
He could feel the pressure of it all as it weighed down his  
shoulders and his back.

They tore at him from the inside out,  
breaking him down slowly day by day.

Overwhelmed, he did the most contemplating of it all at night  
when he was alone in his bed,  
worrying about the next day's troubles.  
He didn't realize the stars that were in the sky  
were trying to whisper to him that everything would be alright.  
Instead he allowed adversity to nearly defeat him.

Until one day,  
one day when he couldn't sleep,  
he got down on both knees and  
read a passage in the good book,  
had a conversation with God where he told him everything  
from his darkest secrets, to his heart's desires, to his greatest fears.

He asked God to give him a stronger back  
and to help him carry the load.

## *Fallen Angel*

ADAM MILLERICK '14

Banished from God's holy light  
those who fall from paradiser  
the burden crushing evermore  
to leave the glory of the Lord.  
A love is lost, a dream is gone.  
My angel fights forever on.



*Staircase to Heaven*

JENNIFER AMARAL '16

Photograph

*Heaven*

BERNIDAH CHERILUS '14

I'm not perfect, but I try to be.  
Can you blame me?  
Is perfection even in our dictionary?  
We're living in insanity.  
A world full of hate, sorrow, and pain.  
I don't mind though, heaven is where I'll go.  
He made us in his image, but is being here really a privilege?  
It feels like hell. The agony, the hurt, can't you tell?  
Sometimes I wish it were just a game of mercy--  
I scream uncle and am rescued from this misery.  
Since my birth on earth, his love I felt.  
I can't wait to feel the joy of heaven  
with no thought or sign of return.



## *Mike*

MEGAN PRATT '13

When suddenly a sweet young life comes to an end.  
A good friend Michael recently passed.  
Shocking everyone, it happened so fast.  
Mike was the type of kid that everyone knew.  
A kid you could trust because he always came through.  
He could light up a room with his bright smile  
and could make people laugh for quite a while.  
He would come out of nowhere with a strong embrace  
and never admit being out-swam by a female in a race.  
He never showed off how intelligent he was,  
but some of his thoughts could make your head buzz.  
As a friend, Kaplan was as loyal as could be  
and if you ask his lacrosse team, they would all agree.  
Mike and his father were so tightly knit,  
had a bond a child and parent could only hope to commit.  
Mike made the most out of his college career.  
He even played in a band the whole hallway could hear.  
He would roam the halls while he was half nude,  
and sometimes with an Abercrombie model attitude.  
He loved his bike and he loved his guitar.  
He loved his friends and he loved his family whether near or far.  
One can still hear his laugh like he's right there.  
One can only believe his spirit is everywhere.  
Dearest Michael we wish you happiness and love  
and can only hope you're rocking out up above.  
Your memories will stay with us forever  
And I know one day we will be back together.

## *When Love Will Not Do*

OLIVIA LANDER '13

As my heart aches, you continue with life,  
forgetting love, joy and memories once had.  
As my mind runs, you have continued on this strife,  
you think it trivial, but you don't know it hurts this bad.

They say that I am crazy to think it could be,  
you so many miles away, and your head just as far.  
There are pieces of me that wish you could see,  
the inside of my heart that you've left broken and raw.

We were pals, friends, lovers, and more.  
You packed it all up and you never looked back.  
I still need to know, have I treated you poor?  
Or is it me for which you have no knack?

The saddest part is that I will always love you,  
even if the thoughts of me remain to be few.



*Bird's Love*

VANESSA NOESI '14

Oil color pencils

*Poem 3*

MOLLY GENTILUCCI '13

It sounds a lot like  
bricks in a washing machine, or  
silverware falling down a spiral staircase.  
To me, that is.

As the sun rises,  
so does the sound.  
It is the last thing I want  
to hear at 6:30 in the morning.

CLOMP-BANG, CLOMP-BANG.  
Through the walls,  
outside my door, and  
down the hall.

I try to bury my ears  
into my pillow, as to  
hide from the terror  
that is merely feet away.

Why? I ask, daily.  
What does one say, or do?

I have but one request; please,  
buy a pair of softer shoes.





*Brinkley*

EMILY CAMERON '15

Photography

*Carpet*

SEMI SPAHILLARI '13

I'm crying now,  
As the red stains the carpet  
And the tears fall like rain  
And I hear my mom screaming  
I feel lost...

Then the door slammed,  
Then the people rushed in,  
And I was still crying...

It all started with the kick  
Then it ended with the bang  
Then the carpet was stained  
Then my heart dropped...

I'm feeling scared.  
My comfort is with the strangers,  
And their blessings on our new home  
And their gifts for my family  
And the new Turkish carpet...

That carpet that will forever be a reminder  
That one day I was young  
Playing soccer in my parent's room  
And I smashed the glass of wine,  
On our new Turkish carpet...



### *Pantry*

JENNIFER AMARAL '16

Photography

### *Clay Pots*

DEBORAH CAESAR '14

We are nothing but clay pots.  
God took dirt, molded us, and set us on our way.  
Do we actually have a purpose in this world?  
We're fragile.  
We can break easily.  
We're nothing but clay pots.  
But if you think about it,  
where did the pirates put their gold?  
In a chest.  
Where did we hide our nickels and dimes and quarters when  
we were kids?  
In piggy banks,  
those were made for a purpose.  
God never made something just to make it.  
God made these clay pots to hold his treasure.  
Because his treasure is in clay pots, his treasure is inside us.  
Because his treasure is inside us,  
we have a purpose.

## *The Game*

ASHLEY PIACITELLI '14

You would never really think  
to look at the un-obvious aspects in life.  
It's in one's human nature  
to deal with what's immediately in front of you.  
It's instinct  
to react immediately  
to what's stimulating us.

The immediate reaction happens so fast  
that we often forget  
to apply knowledge from past history  
or hypothesize the future.  
Yet, the future is so unpredictable.

Wouldn't one find this intangible thought  
to be a ridiculous counterpart  
in the decision making process,  
considering it's not defined evidence?

Well, I am beginning to think  
that I am,  
and have been for a while now,  
underestimating its power.

The great thing about being,  
the future is the one thing that we have the potential to  
change.

It's the one thing that isn't stuck in this "time continuum"  
we, as a people  
created.

Or discovered rather.

It is fact,  
we can't change the past.  
It has already happened.  
But, what we could have done  
was left open more windows  
for more opportunities,  
outcomes,  
more possibilities.

I am fed up with dwelling  
on the unsatisfactory events  
in this life I have been given.

My past misery and unhappiness was my choice.  
I, like everybody else who was given the gift of life,  
was dealt a shitty hand more than once;  
but it was my choice  
to pursue my undesirable cut of the deck  
and lay it out on the table.

I could have handled my suits differently.  
I could have tried them on for size  
and disregarded what didn't please me.  
But I didn't.



However,  
now I know that I should never settle.  
No matter how close the game is to ending,  
I'm going to keep playing.  
I'm going to shuffle my cards  
and look at all the possible plays  
I can make.  
I'll lie out the hand  
that will give me the BEST  
possible shot at winning.  
And if I don't win  
that time, I'm going to play again.  
Each game I will learn  
to develop new motives.

Eventually,  
I will learn to play the game.  
It will no longer play me.  
And I'll walk away with my winnings,  
still remembering  
what I have learned from my losses.

Except this time I won't think of them as losses.  
They are the stepping-stones  
to my success.



### *The Branch*

BRIANNA DALTON '13

Photography



## *Impact*

ALICIA MARTIN '14

There's something about a brush with  
death,  
even the smallest of whispers  
that makes one crave  
life.

Just to feel alive  
to feel that for just a few moments  
we are  
invincible.

But it's not just  
life

that we crave,  
it's a closeness,  
a heat that we need to  
feel and to  
hold.

Someone to make us feel  
that if we were  
taken  
from the world that just one person would care,  
that we meant a little bit  
somewhere,  
that we mattered,  
that we made an impact.

## *I Am Torn Between the Love of Just Two*

JENNIFER AMARAL '16

I am torn between the love of just two.  
I wish they could be one in soul combined.  
I cannot decide whom to bid adieu.  
My heart will not choose for my restless mind.  
The first is as bright as the morning sun.  
Ever present in the kiss between us.  
I sigh as it has only just begun.  
This love that has made me so curious.  
Yet there is the second so steadfast in devotion.  
His touch brings me back to eternal life.  
How can I give up this piece of heaven?  
This choice tugs at my heart so full of strife.  
Hence, my own decision I will regret,  
but I must choose none so neither will fret.

## *Interview with Gabriela Mistral*

DOUGLAS DUNBAR '13

Ugly.

That's what they might call you,

but why?

Because you embraced yourself?

Strong, confident

words the more intellectual would use.

Because after all, the beauty was

inside.

"Unibrow" moustache.

The things they might notice.

When so many cover this up,

you didn't care what they would say.

The talent you had,

made them jealous.

The fame that followed

the inner beauty,

Diego saw it, but they couldn't.

You didn't hide who you really were.

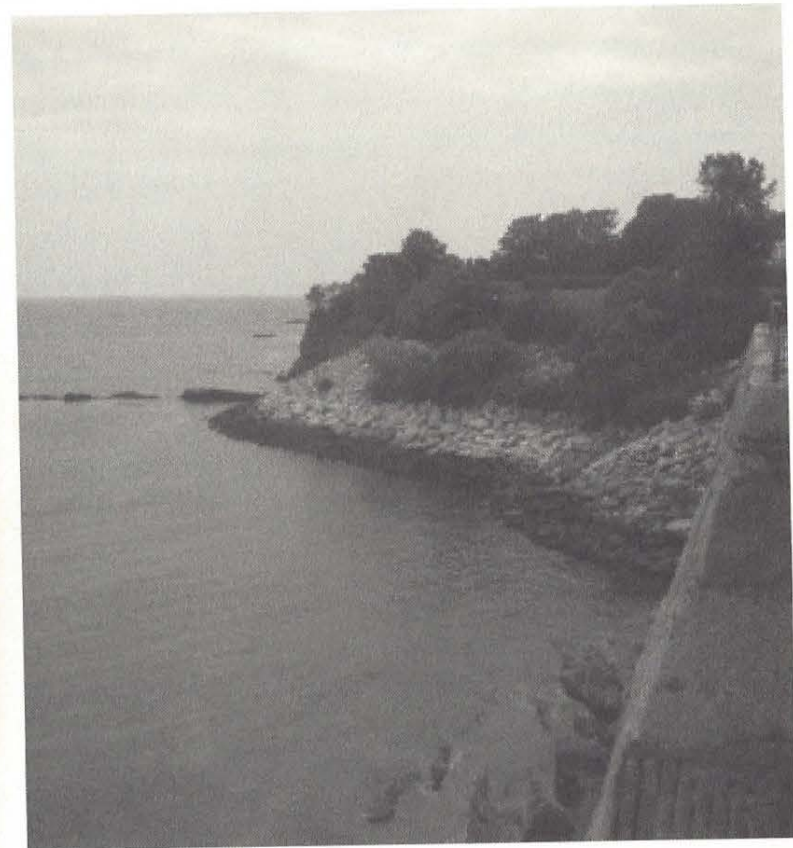
Like so many do.

You stood up and stayed honest with yourself.

And this is true strength after all,

in the one who takes words like stones,

and stays unchanging.



## *Newport*

KATARINA LEE '15

Photography

## *The Contest*

JULIA DOIRON '14

The sun beat down on us unforgivingly that day,  
beads of sweat trembled on our foreheads  
until they broke,  
and streamed down the sides of our faces.

The water warm,  
our hair sticky, tongues bone dry  
as we floated in our little round pool.

I could smell the grass sweating,  
hear the buzzing sound of someone's far-away lawn mower.  
Your fingers held up one, two, three.

My mouth widened and gulped dirty air,  
creating a full inner tube around my waist.  
I ducked beneath the line that separated chlorine and sky,  
lungs fully expanded, heart racing.

I talked myself through the pain of my body pleading for breath.  
Under water my eyes opened and I saw you,  
but none of the pain I was feeling was on your face.  
Your smooth skin and light freckles  
hid behind swimming blond hair  
and a small smile stretched underneath your plugged nose.

My hands pressed the bottom of the pool,  
struggling to maintain their place as gravity played tricks on them.

My thoughts stopped.

I could now feel the sting of chlorine  
scratching at my eyes and skin.  
You squirmed for a moment, but remained untouched  
and became godlike, unaltered by human limitations.

I squeezed my eyes shut,  
wrinkled my nose,  
and waited--  
my lungs beseeching yours  
to surrender.



## SHORT STORY

### *The Train Ride*

EMILY CAMERON '15

I got on the train at *Riverside Station* just before noon. I looked to my left and to my right, noticing all the seats were empty; it felt like the loneliest thing in the world. After riding alone for a stop or two, I was accompanied by an older couple. The man sat directly across from me with his wife, who had flashed me a polite smile, to his right. Both were dressed nicely. The woman, bundled in a light beige-colored coat, wore dress shoes and silver earrings that dangled on each side. Her husband wore a plaid Irish cap, and his thick black-framed glasses seemed to cover half of his face. I watched them, wondering how long they'd been together. A long time, I imagined, much longer than I, myself, have been alive. I wondered what they must have been like, and I wondered what they must have looked like thirty, maybe forty years ago. Once so lively and beautiful, I thought.

At another stop, a young man, who looked in his early twenties, got on the train. Standing a few feet away from us with earphones in each ear, he stared down at the floor of the train, nodding slightly and consistently. He seemed to want to drown out everything around him; for that, I couldn't blame him. His pants were long and baggy, and he had a long, curly mohawk dyed pink and green and yellow. The old man glanced over at him, and then looked back again, even longer the second time, I noticed. He held an interesting, and yet what I found somewhat amusing, expression on his face, as if waiting for his aging eyes to adjust. He glanced over at his wife to see if she, too, had noticed the young man standing there, but she hadn't been paying the least bit attention to any of it. I, of course, saw it all, and I wondered what the old man



was thinking. He must have thought the boy was some kind of freak. I imagined he was thinking, *Look at the way kids dress nowadays! Nobody ever walked around like that when I was that age!* I let my imagination wander, trying to picture the old man when he was that age. I couldn't. I wonder if strangers will be able to picture the young me when I get old, I thought.

As we neared the city, the train grew more and more crowded. People filled in steadily, some scrambling to find an empty seat. The old couple got off the train at *Hynes Convention Center*. I could no longer see the boy with the mohawk. But a little while later, after the crowds had moved and most of the people had gone on their way, I noticed he was gone. And just like the old couple, he was now a stranger I will never know.

## Wedlock

TESSA ROBB '13

I put my key in the lock and open the door. "I'm home!" I yell. I walk into the apartment. It's unusually quiet and I have a strange feeling. I close the door and look down the hallway into the kitchen. Everything looks normal. I turn around and look towards the living room. A man's body lies dead on the floor. I let out a cry, but there is no answer. I step into the bathroom trying to catch my breath. You're sitting in the tub, rocking back and forth, cradling your knees. I stare at you, waiting for an explanation. You give no such comfort.

"Baby, what did you do?" escapes breathlessly from my lips. Continuing to tremble, you rock back and forth in the tub. Tears fall from my eyes as I begin to accept that you are not the man I know.

I walk over to the body on the living room floor. There is no blood. Maybe I should check for a pulse. I think about calling the police, but then I see marks on his neck, as if he was strangled. What happened here? Shaking, I lean over to look at the man's face. I jump backwards when I see that his eyes are still open, a clear piercing blue. Horrified, I sit down on the couch and take a couple deep breaths. Who is this stranger? What was he doing inside my home? I feel numb. I walk back to the door and grab my car keys. An hour later, I stand in line at the Home Depot. I put the acid on the counter and smile blankly at the teenage girl behind the register. She smiles with contentment at me as though everything will be alright. What does she know?

Entering the apartment, my hands begin to move against my will. First, I empty the clothes from a plastic bin that had been in my closet. Then I pour a small amount hydrochloric acid into the bin. Thank you, Chemistry 101. I stuff the body into the bin, being careful not to spill any of the acid onto the floor. He doesn't fit. I cannot put the top on the container. I imagine in the week it takes him to fully

melt he will slip into the container more properly. I just have to give it time. I pour as much acid as I can over the body and watch as it drips over flesh and into the bin. I stare at the lifeless body in the container. I want to cry, to scream, to ask for help, but I know none will come. Where is my love? I stride back into the bathroom to find him where he was seated before. He is no longer trembling. He is still, almost catatonic.

“Are you going to help?” It’s almost a whisper. Who is this man I have spent the last three years married to? “Honey?” Still no response.

The next morning I take the somewhat melted body inside the plastic bin to the dumpster in the apartment complex next to mine. It’s early, just before dawn, and the birds are singing as if all was new. I plop the bin down into the bottom of the dumpster, tossing the top of the container over the body. I gag at the stench of flesh and garbage. I cover the bin with the few filled trash bags already inside. I wonder how long it will take for someone to find the body. Will they find him while he still resembles something human? Him. I had been dealing with the situation, ignoring the fact that he was a person. Does he have kids? Is someone missing him? I feel sick. Why wasn’t I home to prevent this? I turn away and walk back to the apartment, feeling completely insane. It is chilly and my arms are covered in goose bumps. I go into the apartment and wash my hands. Twice. I walk into the bedroom. You’re in bed staring at the ceiling. I lay down next to you, trying to comfort us both.

“Baby? It’s okay. It’s over now. Please, just tell me what happened.” Your eyes glaze over.

“Nothing. He broke in, it was self defense.” Your tone is cold. I feel the lie lingering in the air. I wait awhile in silence.

“Can I make you eggs before you go to work?” I ask, attempting normalcy.

“Sure, that would be nice.” Then you sit up and get in the shower as if it never happened.



### *Celtic Grave*

COLLEEN RYAN '13

Photography



## *Ashore: Chapter 1*

MOLLY GENTILUCCI '13

The crash of the waves against his feet woke Lawrence up from a drunken sleep. Wet and covered in sand, he sat up. His head was spinning and he felt like death. Looking around, he was the only one for miles on the beach, probably because it was just after sunrise. "Where am I?" he thought. The last memory he had in his mind that he could recall was taking that sixth shot of tequila and jumping off his father's boat into the ocean. Lawrence had no memory of how he got ashore, where he was or where his friends from the night before were.

Lawrence knew every beach in the community of Blue Boat Hills like the back of his hand, but where he was sitting, looking out at the ocean and around him, he had never seen this beach before. Lawrence stood up and tried his best to brush himself off of all the sand. He pulled a piece of seaweed out from his messy brown hair, which is normally combed to perfection. He took his soaked loafers off and poured out all the water. Lawrence then searched his pockets, his wallet soaked, but still salvageable, his cell phone on the other hand, was useless. With his loafers in one hand and wallet in the other, he started walking in the opposite direction from the ocean – in an attempt to find some street to make familiar with.

The beach was deep and lengthy, unlike most beaches in Blue Boat Hills. The beach was lined with the different textures of sand; wet, rocky, hard sand, and soft sand. Lawrence kept walking; he reached the end of the beach, which was marked with towering sand dunes. As Lawrence climbed up the dunes, he started to see a canopy of treetops.

Once at the top of the dunes, he stood facing a forest of trees – as if he crossed over a dividing line of two worlds. The ground where the dunes met the forest was covered in a mixture of sand and pine needles. Lawrence stood there contemplating his options. He could go back down to the beach in hopes that he would stumble upon someone or a boat, or he could take his chances of walking through this unknown forest. Lawrence decided to take his chances and walk through the forest – as he was wet, hungry and did not want to wait to be found.

As Lawrence made his way through the forest, he noticed that this forest was not like any he had ever seen. It was a clean forest – there were no branches or rocks on the ground, just pine needles. It looked as if someone tended to the forest, to keep it clean.

As Lawrence continued to walk he thought about where his friends from last night might be – and if his father's boat made it safely back to the docks. Lawrence's father was a big time businessman; constantly travelling overseas, and when he was away Lawrence would often take his father's boat and have parties out in the harbor. It was the first weekend of that summer, so Lawrence decided to have a party to celebrate. All of his grade school friends were there, and a couple of his University pals flew out to stay for an extended weekend. Lana, who Lawrence had admired for years, had been at the party with her friends last night too. She was a year younger than Lawrence, and grew up down the street from Lawrence and his family.

The more Lawrence thought about Lana, the more he was able to recall from the night before. He remembered that Lana jumped off the boat with him. This panicked Lawrence.

Where was she? Did she get back on the boat? Or make it ashore? Lawrence was now running through the forest in a dire panic to know if she was all right. He ran as best he could, stumbling, from the sheer fact that he was still rather hung-over. He started to see an open sky, so he ran even harder. Another stumble caused Lawrence to fall right as he made it to the open sky. And he fell hard; he tumbled down and knocked himself out.

When Lawrence came to, he looked up and realized he was exactly where he had started, back on the beach, looking up at a massive sand dune. This beach was different from the one he was on previously. There were footprints in the sand and remnants of what looked like a bonfire. "An island?" Lawrence thought. He had run straight across what seemed to be a small island. He stood up and collected his belongings. Lawrence decided to follow the footprints in the sand. "People," he thought, "people must be here on the island, and Lana could be here on the island."

Lawrence followed the footprints diligently, they hugged the base of the sand dunes and began to wrap around the island. The footprints stopped at a large and dilapidated wooden staircase, which led up the dunes. Lawrence climbed the stairs, gripping the railing tight – since the boards of the stairs were falling off and breaking beneath him. When he got to the top he saw a small little, run down cottage. He surveyed the area before moving forward. There was a small bench outside the cottage, next to what looked like a small garden with barely alive plants. The shutters on the windows were all bolted shut except for one window next to the front door.

Lawrence then noticed something out of the ordinary.

A pair of shoes – not just any shoes – Lana's strappy sandals that she had been raving about all night long. Lawrence ran up to the house and went to knock on the door. He noticed the door was cracked open, so he peered in before he made any entrance. There was Lana – tied up in chair, with tape over mouth. Lana saw Lawrence, but was only able to make muffled sounds. Lana's muffled sounds caused a man and woman to enter the room from a door behind her. Lawrence ducked back out of the doorway and looked in the front window next to the door, being careful as not to be seen if he had any chance in rescuing Lana. The man and woman began to speak with one another, but they were too hushed for Lawrence to make out what they were saying. The man grabbed an axe and headed for the door, the woman in tow. Lawrence began to move around the house, as not to be seen. Perched behind a wooden barrel, Lawrence watched the man and woman walk down the stairs towards the beach.

Once the man and woman were out of sight, Lawrence sprung from behind the barrel and ran back around the house and through the front door. He gently removed the tape from Lana's mouth and then untied her.

"You need to go, Lawrence," said Lana, "they will find you and they will kill you."

"Not without you, now let's go," Lawrence shouted, as he pulled Lana along.

"It's not just those two, there's another man too, Lawrence," Lana screamed, as she pulled away from Lawrence, "listen to me, I have run circles around this island for three days"

"Three days! I have been passed out on a beach for three days," said Lawrence, his teeth grinding.

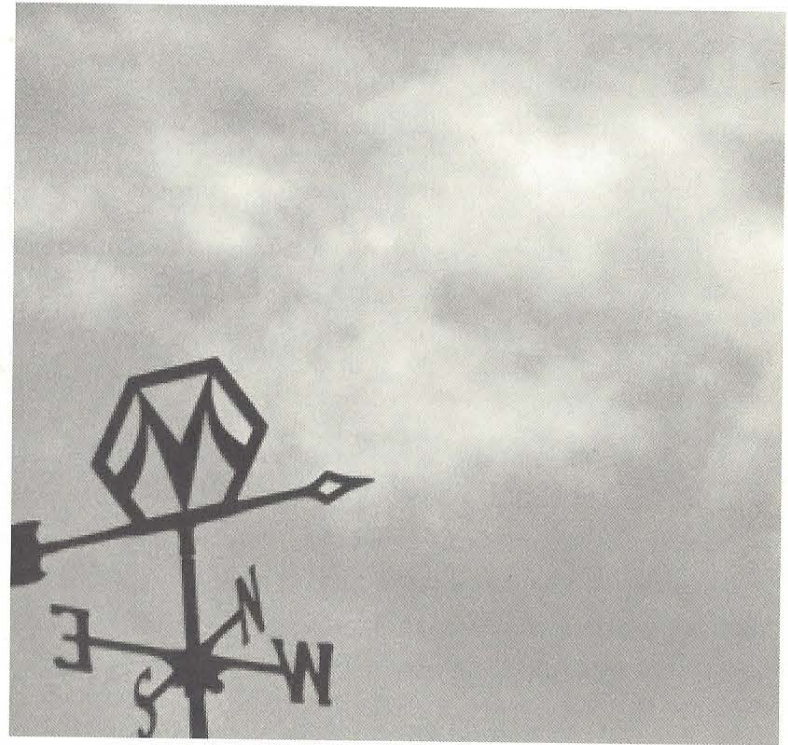


“Yes, now please just listen to me! I weaved in and out of the island before I found this cottage, I thought maybe they could help. I knocked on the door and the woman let me in and fed me, she said her husband had a phone and would be back shortly, so I waited. I was exhausted, so the woman let me take a nap on the couch, when I woke up I was slumped in that chair tied up with tape over my mouth. I looked around, I saw the woman cooking, and then the man came into the room, with some other young man. The older man came over to me and touched my face, and then looked back at the younger guy and said ‘what do you think?’. I tried to wriggle my way out, but every time I moved, the older man hit me.”

“Well what are we waiting for, let’s go before they all get back,” exclaimed Lawrence.

“I can’t – they all know the island like the back of their hands, they will find us. You go and find a way out – it’s better for one of us to make it out alive,” said Lana.

“Lana! Please –,” Lawrence ceased his words, as he could hear someone outside the door. The door pushed open, it was the younger of the two men, carrying a stack of wood and an axe. There was a gun tucked into the side of his pants. Lawrence stepped in front of Lana, and the younger man stepped inside. He put the wood down, and the axe next to the door. He slowly walked towards Lawrence and Lana. His expression was not that of a crazy person, but that of a person who seemed to have a troubled past. He moved one step closer, and whispered “Nobody leaves the island.”



### *Farm*

JACKIE VLAHOS '16  
Photography



## *Horse Play*

DOUGLAS DUNBAR '13

Derek was only four years old, and no matter how mature he was for his age there were some things he just was not ready for; however, he was a very adventurous young boy and was willing to try anything at this point. He had tried tee-ball, kickball, soccer, and learned some things and had a pretty incredible memory for his young age. He had even memorized the name of hundreds of dogs, but he wanted to learn more. He watched everyone attentively when they were doing something he didn't know how to do no matter how difficult. Whether it was pouring a drink or operating a coffee machine he wanted to know how to do it. Right now, it was cars that interested him and his mom and his dad both knew how to drive one, and he didn't. It seemed very unfair, so after weeks of watching how to turn it on and how to make it move he was starting to feel pretty confident that he could do it himself. So the following day he waited until his parents weren't around and went down the stairs, through the kitchen grabbed the keys and went out the door. He knew that his parents were going to be so impressed, so he double checked to make sure that they weren't around.

He was outside and was home free, he ran to the car a big ugly red one with four doors and a caboose where they kept the groceries. He unlocked the car, opened the door, grabbed the seat, and after several attempts pulled himself up into the seat. He then tried to remember what came after. He put the key in the ignition and put his seatbelt on, and now his four-year-old memory got a little hazy. He released the emergency break and turned on the car. His memory was even worse than before. There were so many little things that his

parents did when they were driving the car, so he improvised.

He then remembered that his parents always moved the stick in the middle to R. He could only assume that this stood for "run". They were going to be so impressed that he had learned how to drive at such a young age. He leaned down in the seat so that he could put his foot on the pedal and gunned it looking ahead the whole time. He could not see a thing but he could tell something was wrong. The car must have been broken he was not going forward at all. He put his hands on the wheel only to realize that the car was doing the exact opposite of what he had wanted. The car must have been broken or somehow knew that he was not the correct owner of the car. He became nervous and his confidence from before had dissipated. He narrowly avoided a tree with a strong swift movement on the steering wheel, but the whole car had reacted and he started heading for the front lawn. He turned even more and next thing he knew he had ended up taking out the whole fence in front of the lawn with the car, and the car no longer stood on its wheels. The car was lying on its side, but it wasn't nap time.

He became scared not knowing what to do because his parents had never made the car go to sleep before. His head even hurt a little bit from the accident, and a few bruises had already formed on his arms from the pressure of the seat belt. He began to cry for what seemed like hours. He waited for help from anyone, but no one was there to witness his first attempt at driving and he had made sure of this. So he cried, and the invincible young boy had shed his cape. He had no idea what to do, what button to press to fix this. His small arms unable to reach the door handle let alone push the door all the way open so he could escape and admit defeat to mom and dad. They certainly would be able to fix this, and either of



his brothers would have made the same mistake. They were all a little mischievous, they had all fought, wrestled, talked back, and been given timeouts. There was no way that his brothers tormenting him, the youngest of the three, was any better than making the car take a nap. Trouble wasn't even on his mind, he was not afraid to admit defeat to his parents, but he knew that they could not even see what had happened because he had made sure of it. It had realistically been five minutes since the car had toppled over, and still no one was there to help.

He became nervous, and had lost some hope. His arms and head were hurting even more, and he began to cry louder, still no one was in sight. He tossed and turned, but this only hurt more. He began screaming at the top of his lungs "wake up car, wake up!" to no avail. He had never seen the car nap before so this could be quite a long one. He finally heard something. He couldn't understand with the windows down, but there were old people talking and footsteps moving quickly from one side to another. The car shook, but it hadn't woken up yet. He then saw a face, but it wasn't one he recognized too well. It wasn't mom or dad, and for all he could tell through the tinted window it was a complete stranger. The man smiled at him, but Derek was still scared, he knew his parents would be mad at him if he talked to the stranger. He wanted to get out of the car, even if it was a stranger that was helping him to do so. He could learn how to drive some other day. It wasn't as easy as he thought, but he could learn, his parents would let him after they saw how close he was to learning without a teacher, plus it was all the car's fault that he couldn't drive today. The door swung open and he finally recognized the face. He lived on the street and would wave to him everyday. Derek felt safe now, he wasn't with a stranger now, but someone he actually recognized.

He couldn't quite remember his neighbors name he had always just called him Mr. Neighbor, and Mr. Neighbor had taken a liking to it. He was shorter compared to his dad, but his dad always appeared to be the tallest, and he was strong, but not as strong as his dad obviously. He had brown hair just like dad, but his eyes were brown. Derek didn't know anyone with brown eyes besides Mr. Neighbor. From what Derek had gathered, Mr. Neighbor only liked doing two things, yard work and plowing the streets when it snowed, and it would appear that he must have been doing yard work when the car decided it was nap time. Derek waited patiently as Mr. Neighbor pried open the door with one of the many tools he had seen him use. Derek looked at Mr. Neighbor in awe as he unbuckled his seat belt and pulled him from the useless car. "Take my hand" Mr. Neighbor said. Derek obliged saying, "Thank you, Mr. Neighbor. Why did the car decide to take a nap?" Mr. Neighbor chuckled slightly confused by Derek and said, "Because only big people are allowed to drive". Derek didn't quite understand. Surely he was big. He was much bigger than some of the other kids in his class. Derek had finally decided after seeing Mr. Neighbor spring into action that cars must do this all the time, and decided that maybe he should watch Mr. Neighbor for a while to learn some new things. The car was clearly broken, but his parents would buy another one. They always had money; however, Derek would soon learn that his parents were very resistant towards teaching him how to drive the new car.



### *Truck*

OLIVIA LANDER '13

Photography

### *Momentum*

ELISABETH O'DONOGHUE '13

Emma's small feet came nowhere near the ground and her tiny hands gripped so tightly to the metal chains suspended from the black metal bar, which towered over her little head. After making sure her bum was securely in the middle of the black belt, I began to push on her back gently. Her blonde hair began to lift off her back as she giggled with glee. Her sweet laughter drowned out the noise of cars off in the distance. The rainbow striped tights that protected her legs from the cool fall air suddenly began to reach new heights. She begged to go higher and I began to tease her, "How high? Higher than that tree?" Emma began to giggle harder and could hardly get out a response. Suddenly the world froze and Emma was mid-air when I realized I was Emma's momentum.

My expectations for Emma are higher than Daisy Buchanan's expectations were for her daughter. I hope she is more than "a beautiful little fool."<sup>1</sup> I was a "beautiful little fool" for far too long. That first night was embedded in my mind when I first saw that tall brown-haired-boy at a high school dance. He found me standing still because I was too self-conscious to dance. He did not realize I spent much of my time standing still. I was paralyzed by my own fears. I decided to stand still because moving backwards was too painful and moving forward was too scary. I asked him for momentum when I had seen all that I could see of the world by standing in the same place. I never knew I was asking him for the impossible. He gave me enough momentum to move through each day but never enough to embrace the beauty of life. I never did learn how to dance. After five years, he became bored with his "beautiful little fool." He was tired of giving



me momentum everyday and I had little to offer in return, so he left. I stood still where he left me for a few days, not knowing which direction to go in because there was no one there to push me any longer. Then I spotted that green duffle bag covered in dust. The one he tried to convince me to pack so many times. Suddenly, I began to walk towards the green duffle bag determined to create my own momentum in this world. In that moment, I realized my mistake for so long was that I stood still waiting for someone to give me a push, but God gave me legs to pump.

As the swing begins to descend I grab the metal chains and pull them to a stop. Emma begins to turn her head to yell in objection, but I cut her off and firmly insist, "You need to learn how to pump, so that I do not always have to push you." Her face begins to turn a bright red as she begins to scream, "I will never get high enough if you don't push." For a split second, I see myself in her, and I suddenly know that she is wrong. I demonstrate how to pump on the swing next to her and then I walk over to the bench to sit. She begins to struggle and although it is painful to watch I know it is necessary. She will never find happiness until she finds her own momentum. She needs to find her own reason to live everyday as if it is a gift because only then will she learn the beauty of living.

1. Fitzgerald, F. Scott. *The Great Gatsby*. New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1986. Print

## *The Long Walk*

JOE OSBORNE '13

As an Eagle Scout, I am familiar with long walks. A twenty mile hike with a thirty pound backpack takes a while, and leaves the body physically drained. But when I stepped out into the slight drizzle and saw the line snaking out of the front of the funeral home, I knew that this would be the longest walk of all.

An important approach for taking long walks or hikes is to let your mind wander to take the emphasis off of the distance. Stepping through the door my eyes see both friends and strangers, pain etched upon their faces, as it must be on my own. Looking to my left, I lock eyes for a second with Stephan and I am lost in memories of freshman year.

DO DO DOOOOOOOOO DO DO DOOO DOOO DO  
DO DOOOOOO DO DOOOOOOOOOOO

Temper flaring, I let out an exasperated sigh and decide to give my neighbor a piece of my mind. I mean, how many hours can you blast the same song on the guitar over and over before you stop? Knocking on the door, barely a second passes before a half-naked man in a towel opens it, with a big grin on his face.

"Hey, I'm Mike! You want something to eat? To drink? Come on in, sit down..."

A light touch startles me out of my reverie, and I notice the line has moved on a bit without me. Moving to catch up with the small group of friends that I drove with, my eye catches a scene on the TV showing a slideshow of pictures. One, with Goldberg, Mike, and a few others, all with giant smiles on their faces, sends me back into the past.

CRAAAACCCCKKK!

All movement stops in the room, as all of us look worried to Goldberg's bed where Mike and Stephan had been wrestling. The bed leans at a strange angle, one of its risers

broken, and both Mike and Stephan burst out laughing.

"I thought I broke you for a second there," says Stephan, still laughing.

"Uhh, guys, doesn't Goldberg keep his PS3 under there?" someone asks.

Checking under the bed reveals a PS3 with a cracked case, definitely not a good sign. Taking it into Mike's room across the hall, we find that it turns on, but knowing Goldberg, Mike decides to try and make it up to him, the best way he knows how. Mike takes the broken bed riser and puts duct tape over the top, making a crude drum. Goldberg's face when he saw the cracked PS3 and the drum didn't bode well for their continued friendship, but he was laughing along with us, and his cracked but still functioning game system, soon enough.

I continue walking along the line, seeing many familiar faces, all etched with grief and mourning. Time itself seemed to slow, as any conversation was short lived and faded into the soft sobs of people overcome by sorrow. As I entered the room with Mike in the casket, the silence took on another, deeper aspect to it. And as I knelt down on the small hassock in front of the casket, I finally placed where I had heard it: in the Fine Art Center, after President Hayes had made her announcement

"Mike is gone."

Three simple words dissolved the tenuous hope that the entire room had been clinging to. After what felt like an hour of sobbing, I wandered around the FAC aimlessly, trying to make sense of what had just been told to me. I saw friends, other students, and even faculty too shocked to say anything, left completely speechless. And that was the silence that I heard, the silence of a campus crushed by the loss of a friend and brother.

The silence that I felt, kneeling there in front of my friend, was an echo of that same pain and agony that I felt that afternoon in the FAC. Getting up, I felt myself falling

into that same despair I felt that day. But I felt a hand on my shoulder, turning me around and pulling me into tight embrace.

"He loved you, you know. He was always talking about you with me," he said, still holding me tight. Noticing my tears, he continued. "You know it's ok to not be ok right now. I'm certainly not ok. But he'd want us smiling, not moping around. You knew him, you know I'm right."

I nodded, not trusting my voice, and continued down the line of Mike's closest friends and teammates, getting hugs from those I knew, handshakes from those I didn't. But I knew that I had heard the words that would get me through this: "He loved you, you know" and "it's ok to not be ok" still echo through my head when I think of Mike. Now, after four months have passed, the pain is less intense. It still sneaks up on you though, sometimes when you least expect it, and that is why I will never forget those words Ron Kaplan told me that day, after the longest walk of my life:

He loved you, you know

and

It's ok to not be okay.



## COLOPHON

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