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mosaic

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL 2020

COVER: *Hot Tempered* | JESSICA SHI '23



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Dear Readers,

While we always feel each edition of the Mosaic is special, this year's is certainly unique: the influence of the COVID-19 pandemic. Despite remote learning in the spring, the spirit of creation remained strong in the community. Students continued to produce quality work while in quarantine, and as you peruse the publication, you will notice references to coronavirus in many of the pieces. This year's publication reflects work done both before and after remote learning.

The dedicated Mosaic staff spent many hours during the spring and over the summer reviewing submissions and meeting via Zoom to put this publication together. We hope you enjoy it!



GRACE ROE 21

Haiku Day

During quarantine, the Holderness community participated in Haiku Day. The following poems were submitted by students, staff, and faculty.

You are my solace,
my provider, and best friend:
Refrigerator

Interruptions abound
All day home never alone
Exponential chores

Homeschool frustration
The screaming child turns to tears
Hugs and love replace

Why aren't they laughing
My jokes are still as funny
Oh, my mute is on

Rare and luminous
How I took you for granted!
Precious rolls of white...

The people I miss
include, my teachers and friends,
praying for everyone

Dig deep in pantry
Expired on twenty-ten
Still good to eat, right?

No check-in ruckus
No overflowing garbage
Yet, I miss you, boys

The bluejay outside
Feels joy in the warm spring sun
Let us learn from him

My jaw is tired
Not from talking to you all
Quarantine munching



Travel Blanket Left Behind

CAROLYN FERNANDES '20

River Repose

BY KIRSTEN DICICCO '20

The cluster of branches and leaves above me swayed gently in the faint wind. Between two trees, I settled myself in my hammock, admiring the bright blue sky peeking through the branches. Swinging slightly, I felt at peace. The mild rush of the river to my left, tumbling over slippery rocks had a soothing effect. In the distance, I could hear the faint shouts and splashes of other kids swimming nearby. But I had no desire to swim. Snuggled in my hammock like a caterpillar in its cocoon, I took the time to just breathe. The faint chirps of birds and the running water hypnotized me. I fiddled a crisp page of my book between my index finger and thumb, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not focus. I had been eager to start a new book and was determined to make a dent in it by the time the day was done, but now I had a new objective in sight.

Enveloped in my oversized grey sweatshirt, I felt hidden. Hidden from school. Hidden from homework. Hidden from the real world. I had left my headphones at home and my phone sat turned off in my backpack. This was my opportunity to embrace the outdoors in its purest form: hundreds of beautifully colored trees, a flowing river, a bright blue sky dotted with picturesque, cotton-candy clouds, and silence. I had taken extra care to find myself a perfect spot. A spot with a good view of the river. A spot with just the right balance of sun and shade. And perhaps most importantly, a spot in which I could not see any of my other classmates.

My lunch—a peanut butter sandwich, a banana, and a granola bar—sat unopened in a crinkled, brown paper bag on a rock next to me. After my long trek upstream, I was initially very hungry. Food was my first priority. However, the second I lay in my hammock, I could not find the will to get back up. It felt as though with every breath I took, I sunk deeper and deeper into the blue fabric. And before I knew it, just like a baby rocking gently in its crib, I suddenly found myself being lulled to sleep, and the best part was that I didn't have to fight it. I let the tranquility overtake me as I slowly closed my eyes and dozed off.

Comfort Rain

BY GARRISON GAGNON '21

Wind howled like a mother wolf without her pup.
Rain barreled down the path, taking rocks – dust – anything it could grab.
The sun was nowhere to be found, but spine tingling clouds ready to strike.

And then there was a bench.
Old, crickley, and disheveled
And that is where I sat

Calmness and stillness flow through my veins in this weather,
Like broken pieces of ice trekking down a river at the first sight of Spring
BOOM! CRACK!

But still.
Flashes of lightning looking like the barrel of a gun in the midst of combat,
But still.
I embrace the rain and wet with open arms filled with love and compassion,
Being overcome by a tsunami of emotion, I sit.

“It’s raining cats and dogs out there!” says my mother
This saying brings me joy,
Those words bring me excitement,
The type of excitement you have the night before Christmas morning.
Just for me to sit there – wet – sometimes cold – and in the dark
But I like this feeling...I’m there...I’m concrete...
I’m...



RUDY BEER '20

Untitled

BY ISABELLA QIAN '21

When my grandmother, Waipo, commanded the kitchen and I filled in as the assistant, I was always irked by her instructions: *shiliang* of soy sauce, *shiliang* of sesame oil.

“But how much is ‘an appropriate amount?’” I often nagged her.

“*Shiliang* is *shiliang*,” she would always reply—to which I would roll my eyes and add each ingredient in meticulously-measured teaspoons, confirming the taste with her after each addition. Cooking should be a science; I knew my cake would rise as long as I added the perfect ratio of leavener and activator. The same should’ve held true for *qiezi fan*—my favorite meal of dried, steamed, and stir fried eggplants that demanded a bowl of Dongbei rice—but I didn’t know if our *qiezi* would be too salty or greasy if I added another spoonful of condiments.

Waipo’s cooking was a mystery that ate at my curiosity. Sometimes I experimented with stolen ingredients, but my *qiezi* would always leave an extra hint of soy sauce that Waipo’s definitely didn’t have. Eventually, my lack of success flustered me, so I went back to the comfort of perfectly risen vanilla cupcakes and airy cream puffs.

It was the eve before the Year of the Monkey. My family and I made dumplings that symbolized unity, because it was so rare that we could celebrate a holiday together. As usual, Waipo scuttled around in the kitchen, me tailing closely behind her, trying to find any keys to the secret of her cooking. Opera-style singing, a classic background music to Chinese New Year nights, played faintly from the living room, where my parents, sister, and Waiye chatted.

“Drain the water out of the cabbage after I salt it, *Yueyue*,” Waipo said. (Yueyue, or “happy,” was my baby name.) Waipo’s fingers were thin and delicate, but they wielded the chopping knife deftly. Chop chop, chop chop chop. The knife turned into a blur that danced across the cutting board like the lions that dance to celebrate the New Years. “Next, let’s prepare the *jiangcong* water. This is easy; just infuse scallions and ginger into the water.”

Waipo slit a handful of scallions diagonally and tossed them into a bowl of water with ginger. “Then pork.” Waipo dumped a block of minced pork that was submerged in a tub of defrosting water into a big silver bowl. It hit the bottom with a muffled thud. “You have to *kai* the pork—see, add some water and stir, and *open* it. Add... and stir.”

“How much water do you need to ‘open’ the pork, Waipo?”

“*Shiliang*.” I peered over her shoulders—which was an easy task since I’d grown taller than her in the previous two years—and tried to gauge how much she used. Was that two *jin* of pork to three stalks of scallions to two thumb-sized bits of ginger to 1.5 cups of water? I can almost hear her exasperated voice say, “*Shiliang!!*”

I watched Waipo splash some water onto the meat and proceed to stir it vigorously. Her thin, loose arm brandished chopsticks that churned the mountain of meat around. I asked again, “How do you know

when to add more water? How do you know you've stirred enough?"

"*Aiya*," Grandma shot me an impatient look. "You ask too many questions. How can you open the pork if you don't open your heart first? Look: this is the right amount." She scooped some pork sludge and let it dollop back into the bowl.

I stood corrected: Cooking was not a science.



NOAH MCINTIRE '20

A Boy in High School

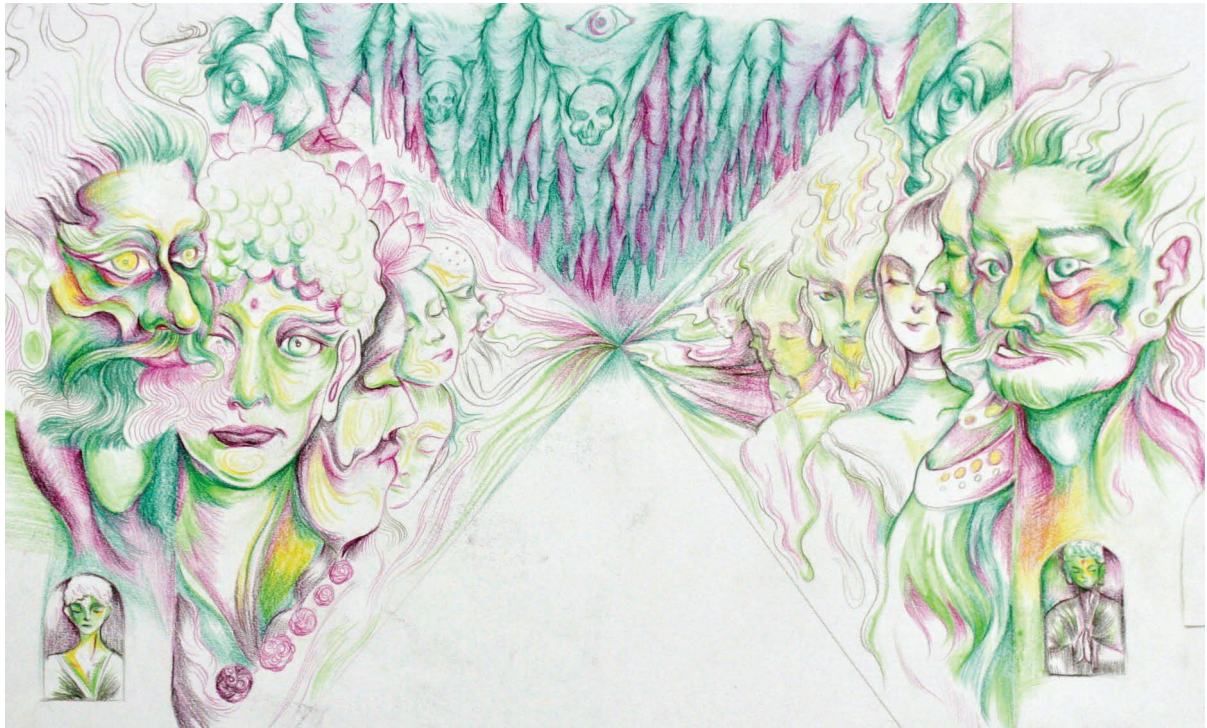
BY HONOR PATON '21

His mind was glorious in the way that it would fluctuate.
On some days he was good enough; strong, talented.
Those days felt worth it.
Every practice, every lift, every late night of homework,
He could feel his struggle have purpose.
He craved the understanding that his actions had implications.

The days when he wasn't,
It was like his brain had tried performing a backflip,
But instead of a graceful 360 motion
His forehead dove into the cement.
Those were the longest days.
As if time would stop.

His horizontal legs clung onto the navy blue, plaid duvet.
As his eyes examined the ceiling,
Its one white face loomed over his body.
As if he and that ceiling were like things that should be compared.
His mind consuming him.
Screaming at him,
"You are not good enough."
At a certain point he begins to believe the voices in his head.
His body goes numb.
Not wanting to be,
Yet the sharp needle sensation enveloped the entirety of his lanky figure.
He never wanted to be sad,
It would just randomly dominate his entire existence.

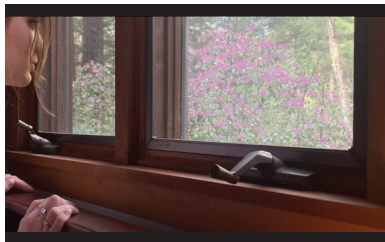
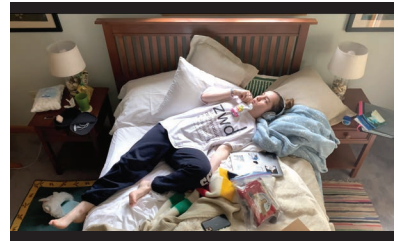
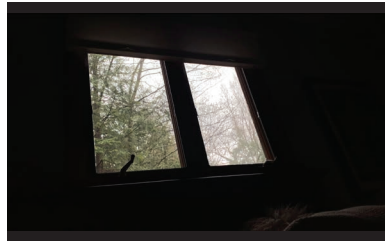
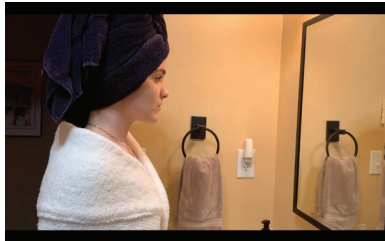
It was his senior night,
His ex girlfriend of high school,
The pretty blonde that cheated on him until the Cambridge Reservoir went dry,
Showed up.
No one had invited her.
Yet, she was standing against the glass for his senior game,
Wearing one of his old sweatshirts he had given her long before that night.
Her arm was tucked into her new victim.
By the end of the game, the plaid duvet,
although nowhere in sight was screaming his name.



Hall of Horror

DIANNE FU '23

Wet Season



ELENI SPILIOTIS '20

Wet Season

BY ELENI SPILIOTIS '20

It was 2AM when I noticed the spiders quarantining in my shower.

I stared at them for a really long time. Usually I would crush them, but they were the first living thing I could touch after days of isolation. I didn't touch them, of course, because they were spiders. But, I didn't kill them either.

I told myself I would deal with them in the morning because I was delirious from my vitamin D deficiency and my blue light sufficiency.

I felt like those spiders, small and vulnerable, and clinging to the shower tiles despite my fear of water. Mother Nature had been crying for days. I knew they were taking refuge from her wrath.

Did you know spiders can survive half a year without food? They reduce their activity to conserve energy, but they never actually close their eyes. They're just suspended in space, waiting.

Self-care became survival. I spent the days lying in my bed, never really sleeping. Waiting for my phone to buzz. Waiting for the gurus of the digital age to realize that they can't make quarantine trendy. A face mask won't reduce my anxiety, and journaling won't make this grieving process easier.

I didn't want to record this initiation into adulthood. But, if I refused these distractions, I'd have to face how I feel. I know Mother Nature is mad. And, I am mad. And, I know this pandemic is just a manifestation of that anger.

So, I waited. I thought that it was some great sacrifice to lay in bed surrounded by snacks and blankets and textbooks and choose to suffer.

Today it stopped raining. There's so much life everywhere. Even just being able to appreciate all the color and light and sound, I know that my life can never be as simple as a spider's because I can't just wait for the sustenance I need. And, I have the urge to create something more than what's necessary.

Spiders are a passive character in their own story. They build their beautiful webs with the sole goal of food and shelter. And, they wait. And, spiders aren't precious with their art.

Sure enough, when I went back inside, they were gone.

Corner of Jarvis and Paige

BY CHARLIE MORRIS '21

At dawn, the sun rises between the windmills,
Above the cliff at World's End, and the shores
Of Nantasket beach. But the more important
Beach to me, is the one down the road.

It's the one where I learned to sail the crowd
Pleaser, capsizing on almost every tack and gybe.
Where I once took late-night strolls to the
Thunderous symphony of an incoming 747.

This is the beach that performs a spectacular show of
Glowing lights, while the last seconds of
Sunlight cast mesmerizing silhouettes of the
Boston skyline across the horizon. I've stood in pain,

Barefoot, humming a tennis ball into the shallows,
Watching a very salty dog sprint over the awkward
Shaped rocks and shells, and into the cool water.
It's one that I've walked over on my way home

From work, towards the corner of Jarvis and Paige
Weekly, for an entire summer. It's where a gooey line
Of seagrass and spiral wrack mark the high tide,
and the mushy, muddy floor hide during its lows.

It is shin-deep in this funky, foul muck that I call
this beach, my home.



Flow State Climbing

GRACE ROE '21

Dear Basketball

BY EMILIJA JAKUMAITE '20

From making paper balls
And shooting last three seconds shots into a garbage can.
From dunking delicious donuts into dairy cream.
From learning good shooting techniques and twisted tricks.
“I got you, orange ball...Don’t be afraid”
The little girl said and she fell in love...

“WHOOOP” the first lay-up,
“SPLASH” the first free throw,
“SWISH” the first three.
“POW” dream became reality...
I belong to a team!

A worthwhile Wednesday
Played the best game in the season,
“Yeah, we played okay today.”
The love so deep it feels like I’m never enough of it.
The love so deep so I gave you my all.

Big gyms, tons of people
My eyes have never seen it before.
My heart pounds like music in a club,
Sweaty palms like I’m the avatar with power of water control.
Ten hearts on the floor, giving it all.

Dribble in the middle,
Pass to the wing,
Fadeaway on lower block and
A shot goes through right away.

From every sound that floats,
From the rust within their throats.
From every girl and her love to you
It started with a thought and it became our life.
3...2...1...”BZZZ!” The game is over.

The Value of the Arts: Permission for You to Pick Up that Brush and Put on That Smock

BY HANNAH MULLALY '22

In our society STEM is currently more valued and applauded than the arts. After graduating college most parents hope to see their children in a meeting room wearing a pristine, unwrinkled suit, along with shining shoes or in a white lab coat hunched over a lab table, but their proud smile fades at the thought of their children becoming a writer who dedicates their life to story telling or an artist who never seems to be able to scrub away the paint stains on their hands. Artisans and writers, although not always championed, provide a lot of value to society and should be credited for the hope they incite in humanity through their artistic innovation and work.

Girls are commonly urged to like STEM over the arts, and if this is not the case these girls are criticized, titled as weak, and their differing interests are discredited and even shamed. One commentary on this issue shares, “girls who “stop liking math” and “women who quit STEM were cited to me as tragedies” (Kesidis). Boys too feel this same pressure as a result of societal expectation that men be the provider for their families, and thus they are blindly shoved into a STEM career so that they are able to be this honorable breadwinner. Many students do not receive approval of their true passions, and feel obliged to pursue science or math. Our society today is favoring and giving more praise to the future of STEM over the arts. Parents also want the best for their children who soon will be expected to fend for themselves, thus they consider what career may offer the most financial support. The endorsement of STEM displays itself on many career guidance and support websites where it is advertised as the most profitable career option. When you open the website Careergirls.org the first banner that pops up broadcasts “Whatever you can dream about doing, chances are there’s a STEM career to make it come true. Plus, STEM jobs pay well!” (“STEM”) These websites which are meant to offer career guidance do not fairly represent the arts as a real livelihood for those seeking employment. Instead, by appealing to money as an incentive, it urges that the safest bet is to pursue STEM even if it is not your passion or what you truly dreamt of doing with your life.

The STEM agenda even manifests itself in the employment opportunity hubs of our nation: cities. This is clear even in the very architecture and appearance of these urban centers when you walk down the street. What you see is mechanical, dull, and engineered construction compared to a stroll down the streets of Italy where you will find spirit and life in the streets through colorful buildings and art in the secluded alleyways or on the carved pathways that roll through the cities. The cities in the United States are incredibly industrialized, lacking the color, beauty and delicacy that art renders. Whether it’s the densely packed colorless skyscrapers, or the light pollution blocking out our stars at night, everything is designed for practical use, and nothing is created for simply the sake of artistic beauty or creativity.

Art and literature immensely contribute to maintaining spirit and happiness in society. Art has proved time and time again as a mode of uniting people when faced with adversity by engendering

hopeful spirit in others. I remember when I was younger my mom would always read the book *Frederick* by Leo Leonni, which tells the story of a mouse that painted art in the minds of the mice in hibernation trying to get through the cold winter months. While all the other mice spent their fall days panicking and relentlessly gathering food for the winter, Frederick spent his days in the meadows gazing at the blue skies and marveling at the beautiful flowers before he couldn't anymore. When the winter came and the food they collected could only get them so far, they relied on Frederick's storytelling to paint images of hope and beauty in their mind. Although this is a children's book, it powerfully gives art the credit it deserves and proves that in some cases it can be just as valuable as what we deem the essentials in our lives. This is especially relevant as we are now facing a worldwide pandemic. After being in an enforced quarantine for almost 3 months, many may have found it difficult to maintain a positive attitude. However, art more than ever, is truly being acknowledged for the strength it brings to a broken society, and how it can move people to unite. In downtown Santa Monica, California people asked "Can we do something that can give people some hope?" (Hilarie). Now, the response was not to reassure people that scientists are hard at work and a vaccine is on its way, but instead they relied on art by creating bright colorful Covid- 19 murals on the streets that read optimistic messages such as: "Togetherness, Together we can, Love is standing 6 feet apart, After the plague came the renaissance, and many more" (Hilarie) . The event organizer said, "It really adds a layer of color and inspiration in these grim times" (Hilarie).

Personally, I have always been passionate about art and I've found myself mindlessly doodling or sketching during class. Throughout the past few months of feeling a little lost about myself and the restrictions the lock down has put on my life, like the people in Santa Monica I too have found comfort and joy expressing myself artistically through painting and writing. I have found myself painting murals on my walls of mountain ranges with fields of wildflowers that I dream of being able to see after quarantine. I have spent my days watercoloring the cities of Greece and the Eiffel Tower, all places I look forward to seeing one day in my life. Art has given me a way to look to the future, as STEM does, but in a way that allows me to be present in the moment.

Art has no one answer. It brings an endless realm of possibilities and it's open to personal interpretation, which is what makes it so beautiful in my mind. However, sometimes this openness can rouse controversy and consequently shaming and censoring of art; this is probably what makes it so unnerving to many. Because of its bounding possibilities and lack of one formulaic direction, art and literature can be seen as a risky career path because it is subjective, and one person's brilliance may be another's pitfall. One of the greatest literary stories of all time, *Harry Potter: The Sorcerer's Stone* by J.K. Rowling, when pitched, was rejected 12 times before getting published. When I first mentioned to my dad that I was interested in music and writing he retorted with a typical, sarcastic "good luck". Although he supports whatever I choose to pursue, he knows that it is extraordinarily difficult to be successful in the writing and/or music industry because of the subjectiveness of it, and the possibility that your hard work may not be praised, approved or rewarded. STEM is not as subjective: there is a right or wrong answer, or something works or it doesn't. Nothing in STEM is left up for interpretation as a lab can't reject a right

solution the way a publisher can reject a pitch for a book that they personally believe doesn't have what it takes to make it.

We live in a future oriented society where we look towards the next great invention or scientific breakthrough for our world. When we are asked to picture what the future entails, we tend to envision self-driving cars, robots completing simple tasks, and humans living on Mars. Although all that sounds incredible, and science should be commemorated for improving the quality of life, this should not come at the expense of creating our own artistic renaissance or looking to the art of the past as a reminder of where we once began as a society. Art forces you to live in the moment and enjoy what is in front of you, a concept commonly lost in our fast moving and evolving world. This is probably why it is difficult for some to see the value in it, as spending the day painting or reading or creating music for them is just wasted time that should have been spent “productively”, thinking about the chem lab that's due next week or checking off another item on that to-do list. If we continue to overlook the contribution and value art has on society, then we will forget the good that comes from stopping and being present in a moment, and we will only use our limited time on Earth preparing for the next thing and the next until we forget the very reason we were so concerned with what was to come, and not what was right under our eyes. One day you might look up and realize you lost all the chances to enjoy the colors of the bright blues in the skies, or the small detail in architecture, or the lively hoot of music and dancing. Art is a powerful force that unites fractured people, allows for creativity, and forces us to be present in every moment. Maybe next time you dive into the piling collection of tasks to be done, do not be bossed around by that list, but instead take a moment, as an artist would when painting a placid lake or a serene forest. To detach yourself from the go-go-go-ness of our world, and give yourself the chance to be creative or appreciative of what is around you. If anything, what our society needs most, is to embrace the accepting, observant, appreciative, present, unapologetic, and emancipated mind of an artist. Leave behind that pleated skirt and fancy blouse, and change into that paint splattered, rugged, apron, unabashadley, as an artist.



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Sushi

BY COLIN ELDRED '21

As much as it is an array of mouthwatering eatables, sushi is an artistic creation. The organization of the dish is remarkable: sprinkles of reds, blues, and oranges dot the fluffy white exterior. A calming mound of mint-green lies in the corner, bringing an almost unbearable heat to the dish. The best part being that this is only one of a million possible combinations! Seaweed or soy? Tuna or salmon? Avocado or mango? Would you like that flipped? No matter your choice, each platter ends up uniquely delicious!



Spaceship Earth is Crashing

CAROLYN FERNANDES '20



Untitled

CAROLYN FERNANDES '20

Sacred Moment

BY RYAN MCNAMARA '21

As the gleaming hot sun beams down on the fair-skin of the man, he rests peacefully under a tall, old pine tree. The forest is as calm as a deep breath, and a screech of a mouse flies miles through the thin air. His muscles tense up as his foot feels light and tingly while he tries to remain as still as possible. An old polished rifle settles across his lap while his sweaty finger rests on the red safety switch.

Off in the distance, a deafening bugle awakens the sleepy man; his heart plummets offbeat and his chest is trembling like an earthquake. He gasps a long deep breath as he plants his rugged boots into the arid ground. When he perches up against the tree he suddenly hears the powerful animal pounding up the hill! Crunching and cracking echo from the antlers as they force through the tight brush; the snorting gets closer and closer to the bold hunter. While the hair on the back of his neck creeps forward, his hand tremors a glistening gold bullet into the round barrel. He rests his forearm on the rough bark of the tree and settles the old wooden stock in the pocket of his shoulder. The gun stares down the radiant eyes of the graceful elk, yet he doesn't fire.

The colossal beast is trapped between two trees, so the man holsters his gun. For the hunter to kill, the kill must be justified knowing god sacrificed this animal for him. Therefore he can bring it back to his family, and eat it all winter long. As he considers the situation of the ferocious bull, he contemplates whether to take a life unjustly. He decides to help the groaning elk out of suffering pain. He focuses the tip of the barrel on the stout rear leg so it won't kill the elk although it will free him. Just as he calms his breath to secure the shot, the beast shimmies out of the entanglement. The elk stumbles to its hooves and gallops off into the golden, dreamy, day. The hunter continues to wait patiently for the right opportunity to arise.

M.E. and I Bond Over Butter

BY TEDDY GEMMELL-HUGHES '20

My grandmother and I are exceptionally close. I can easily say that I am closer to my grandmother than many others. For starters, every summer of my life the entire Hughes family congregates on a small compound in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts. My grandmother, Maureen Hughes, the lone matriarch of my family is commonly known by her grandkids and youth of the community as M.E. (pronounced Emmy). This name became her staple when, in the 1980s when writing to her three kids away at boarding school in college, she would initial her letters at the end, from me. With dyslexia flourishing within our family, “M.E.” was now an infamous nickname and presence within our family.

My grandmother is a small woman, 81 years old, 95 pounds. What keeps her going and healthy? Butter.

She has always made me pancakes. She has made all of us pancakes—every morning. Pancakes and bacon, every day, all summer long. When my mom makes pancakes she follows the recipe, adding just a tablespoon of butter to the mixture. M.E. doubles or triples that amount. And then when she serves the pancakes to us, she sets out syrup and more butter. I always use only butter. And she smiles. I am the only grandchild to add butter to the buttery pancakes. I smile back because I know she loves me more for this. We have even joked about salting our pancakes.

M.E. and I want our food hot. We want the butter to melt on our pancakes. We want dinner hot too—whatever it is. We bond over butter, over hot food, and salt. It is common to see M.E. and me sitting next to each other, passing the salt shaker back and forth. She salts her pizza, and I salt the rolls I eat with butter with the hope of perfect seasoning every time.



ABBY PALMER '21



To Reach

COCO ZILING CHEN '23

Is it Worth it?

BY MALIN ALUSIC-BINGHAM '20

The boy scampered down the dimly lit hallway like a spooked animal, scurrying around dark-wooded corners, frantically looking behind him every other step searching for some unknown predator. He made a final effort and lunged towards a door plastered with art, beautiful sketches depicting regal mountains and glassy rivers.

"Too slow." The voice gravitated towards his ear, sending a shiver jolting through his wiry frame. He gulped, desperately trying to fill his meager lungs. His chest rose and fell too fast to be healthy. A bead of sweat inched towards his gasping mouth, eager to escape the mat of jet black hair that was currently plastered to his head. He turned around slowly, clammy palms pressed against the door behind him. He cursed his shaking hands as he reached up to wipe the perspiration from his eyes.

"Please," he said, "I truly haven't done anything."

"Not yet," replied the voice. The boy still hadn't dared to look up but was staring determinedly at the dirty carpet beneath him. "Come now, we can do this the easy way or the hard way."

"Don't you think that's a bit cliché?" A girl's voice, chiding her harsh-toned male counterpart. At this, the boy looked up, bright blue eyes taking in his pursuers for the first time. Before him stood people dressed in clothes he had never seen before; the girl wore pants, which struck him as odd. Both were dressed in black leather, though it looked well worn and comfortable now. The most strange thing was what they held: guns. Nothing like he had seen before, they were more refined, all black with a smooth design and bigger barrel than any revolver he had seen before. And, they were pointed directly at him.

Her male accomplice responded with an annoyed "Whatever," before taking a mocking bow as a gesture for the girl to approach. The girl stepped forward, raised her gun so it rested level with the boy's pounding heart, and pulled the trigger. He was dead before he hit the ground.

"You could have at least said something nice like, 'enjoy heaven' or, 'I really am sorry about this!'" yelled the man.

"I didn't really feel like he deserved it, him being Hitler and all," responded the girl.

"I can see where you're coming from with that," he joked. "Now let's go, I don't want any guests, I am not in the mood for a memory wipe at the moment."

The girl nodded vigorously in agreement; memory wipes were the worst. She glanced down at the boy lying dead at their feet. Even though she knew what he would have grown up to be, it didn't make the killing any easier. He had looked so scared, so confused, so... human. It wasn't how she wanted to think of someone like Hitler. She looked away, it was better not to dwell on the dead.

"Hey, are you coming?" She looked up to see the man standing in the middle of the hallway, looking towards her expectantly. Her eyes flicked involuntarily down to the boy on the floor; she shook her head and started down the hall, jogging to catch up with the man in front of her. They walked in silence for a while, but she knew he was thinking the same thing as her.

She stopped walking and turned to look at the man beside her. “Do you feel sort of...”

“Guilty?” He finished the sentence for her, “I do, but I know it was the right thing to do. Just think of the millions of people we saved.”

She knew he was right, “I just wonder if maybe we could have helped him, put him on a path to goodness rather than genocide.”

“Maybe,” she knew what was coming, “but people like him, they’re just bad. I don’t think they can be helped. Even if we did try to help, something in him is rotten, spoiled. It’s better that he’s gone for good.”

They had this conversation every time they killed someone. She knew she should be used to it by now, it was all part of the job. Hitler was their biggest kill so far; usually it was more common criminals: mass shooters, human traffickers, kidnappers, murderers, the occasional warlord. But Hitler? This one was big.

They were now walking along a country road, a lush valley on one side of them and mountains rising up on the other with a river running beside the road. She stopped.

“I think this is good,” she said.

The man pulled a watch from inside his pocket; it was silver, a polished metal inlaid with shimmering diamonds. The back of it was perfectly smooth save for a swirling letter E for their work title. A knob protruded from one side of the watch. Across from it a silver chain snaked its way up towards the man’s pocket. The man grabbed her hand, pulled the knob out of place, twisted clockwise, and gazed around him as the world blurred and the hands on the watch began to spin at an alarming rate, picking up speed as they left the 20th century and headed for the year 2965.



MAX RICCIO PEREZ '23



Dreamland Self-Portrait

GRACE ROE '21

On What is Outside the Window?

BY JULIA KNIGHT '20

The question is not what is *outside* the window but rather what is inside. It is the first warm day in a while, the sun apologizing for the thunderstorms of last night. The birds greet each other with shrill songs and leaves dance shyly in the wind. The whole world is outside, but the expansiveness of the beautiful day draws my focus on the opposite.

I sit on the back lawn, gazing through the kitchen window of the neighbors eating breakfast. The mother feeds her toddler with a bottle while the father flips pancakes. I often see these neighbors taking in their trash barrels or grabbing mail from the mailboxes. The mother always appears frazzled, a mess of hair atop her head and typically one or two children hanging from various limbs. It seems every time I see the family, a new child or two has emerged from the works.

New movement begs attention on the road, a dirty pickup races by. The windows are down, the unassuming driver props a cigarette in his mouth, and a large dog laps up the passing air with its tongue. His back tires kick a cloud of dust over the road and the blaring country song echoes in my ears for minutes to come. The bed of his truck displays several fishing rods cuddling each other in a pile. It's the perfect day for fishing.

Across the street I study the windows of the barn. Less they are windows, and more gaps in the red walls for the horses to take in the outside air. There are five horses, each a different pattern and color. The horses always stare back, and occasionally I will venture over close enough to reach them, but don't. It is in this field, the one housing the horses, where nature really traffics. Families of deer leap through the tall grass and it isn't uncommon to see a bunny or groundhog scuttle into the treeline. It is days like this, that flirt with summer, where you take notice of new people and new routines. I lay back against the grass and close my eyes, seeing red from the heat of the sun.

Rest in Peace

BY KAT SANTANA '20

The brightness of the white, cloudy day peeked through my curtains disturbing my slumber and lighting up my mint pigmented room. 10 am illuminating from my alarm clock without making a sound. I tried to wake myself up by aggressively rubbing my eyes and stretching each limb to the corners of the bed. My heart felt heavy. It drooped all the way down to the pit of my stomach, creating an intricate knot. I brushed it off as if I had not eaten. As I slumped out of bed, my toes pressed onto the cold tiles sending chills up my spine. Leaving my room, I felt my stomach twisting more into undetangleable loops. I stood still and listened to the sounds of the walls. All I could hear was someone sniffing. Every step I took down the stairs, the lump in my stomach started to rise. Saliva built up and that tartness that came with it intensified. The sniffing got louder as I approached my parents' room, and when I opened the door, my heart sank to the floor. The knot in my stomach unfolded and my heart shattered into a million pieces. I quickly ran up to *Papi* and gave him the only thing I knew to give him: a hug. Not a single word was said, our wails expressed our misery enough. I shielded my eyes from the screen that showed the last picture I had of her. The disbelief in *Papi's* eyes brought an unforgettable pain. I took a peek at the screen and read the most painful words. *Descansa en Paz Mama, Rest in Peace Mama.*



Untitled

CHARLIE WERNER '23

BY CHARLIE MORRIS '21

Weekend Activity Committee and their Groundbreaking Idea of Fun

BY ALL I DO IS NGUYEN NGUYEN NGUYEN NO MATTER WHAT '21

Earlier this year, during one of our wonderfully rushed sit-down lunches, the announcer cried for a meeting with the Weekend Activity Committee at Mr. Sisco's table. Everyone was excited to see what awaited them in their first couple days off.



New students were experiencing their first Saturday at this marvelous institution and were discussing the endless possibilities of fun.

Days passed by with lots of rumors for a lively dance in Pichette, open gym with tournaments involving diverse groups of friends, or having a hypnotist come amaze the audience. "I'm so nervous and thrilled for what's in store for this weekend!! I think I'll even call my mom," a freshman exclaimed.

"I might even stay here and sleep over on the weekends and hopefully convince my parents to let me be a boarder just so I could be a part of this exhilarating weekend," one day student proclaimed.

While interviewing some new students, Christina Patty said, "The only reason why I begged my parents to send me to a boarding school in the middle of nowhere New Hampshire is because of all the crazy activities at our school and the ballyhoo I saw on the news! Everywhere in the world, people are rushing to send their kids here because of how well the school balances academics, sports, AND entertainment!"

Friday announcements in assembly couldn't have come sooner. Although Mr. Lin did mention that the WiFi cuts out sooner yet teachers will continue to give an absurd amount of homework, the students were drum-rolling and were on the edge of their seats to hear the fun events planned for Saturday and Sunday.

When Rick and Rachel came down to announce their innovations, everyone held their breath. Rachel was in charge of the Saturday night and she exclaimed, "SATURDAY NIGHT STUDY HALL!" The entire crowd went wild and everyone shrieked. But when Rick said "SUNDAY WALMART TRIPS," confetti popped from both sides of the auditorium. The students' minds were blown by the creativity that surpassed the years prior.

They all jumped for joy because the idea had exceeded their expectations. The Weekend Activity Committee had once again saved the day.





ABBY PALMER '21

Cooking Through Covid

BY MEG MACLAURY '23

I look at the list of dishes I have to make. Mango chutney—already done and in the fridge chilling. Naan—dough rising. Rice is cooking. I need to start the dal. It's four o'clock on Wednesday (my day off), and I am cooking an Indian feast for dinner. I scurry around the kitchen, lighting the stove, simmering the lentils, chopping garlic and onions, sprinkling spices, stirring, tasting. My face becomes warm from the heat of the steam coming from the various pots. I'm in a zone. I'm not thinking about the latest news on coronavirus, nor am I bored or stir-crazy from being cooped up inside, and I feel good that I am cooking a meal for my family to enjoy together. In the uncharted territory of coronavirus, cooking has entertained me, created community, and given me a sense of purpose that has undeniably helped me stay positive during these challenging times of COVID-19, and I know others have experienced the same.

Finding meaning during this time is hard. It is easy to feel like our lives are void of purpose. Cooking gives people a purpose because it requires creativity, planning, motivation, and in the end creates something special and meaningful. *King Arthur Flour* describes the satisfaction well: "The pride you feel when you pull a hot, golden loaf of bread out of the oven is unmatched."¹ With the world so crazy, many of the things that used to provide us with satisfaction and purpose are out of reach, which can be upsetting. In the *Atlantic* article *What the Great Plague of Athens Can Teach Us Now*, it reads "Self-government requires self-confidence. A democracy is unlikely to survive when the people have grown unsure of themselves and their leaders, laws, and institutions."² Humans are just like a democracy, we must be sure of what we believe in. Right now we do not have much freedom or control in our lives. Although the purpose is to keep us safe, many feel angry that they are stuck at home. Cooking a meal gives a small freedom: you get to choose what to cook, what ingredients to use, which farmers to buy from, and you can control the end result. So cooking provides us with a way to find our own control and decide our life's meaning.

There is a reason it is called social isolation. It can be very lonely without our usual hubbub of friends, extended family, teachers, and strangers to pass by in town. Cooking has provided a much needed sense community because food can be shared with many, whether online or with family at home. Food draws people together, to the table or kitchen, through Instagram or Zoom. The online cooking and baking community has grown tremendously during Covid. Samin Nosrat, Author of *Salt Fat Acid Heat*, had a cooking challenge she called "#TheBigLasagne." On Sunday, May 3rd, close to 30,000 people cooked Samin's Lasagne recipe.³ Her idea was to bring people together through food, which we have all been missing in the absence of restaurants and dinner parties. So many people are filling that void with cooking. Just scroll through Instagram for a few seconds on my feed and you will see many pictures of all the things people have been cooking up. I did not make lasagne, but I have been participating in Holderness' cooking club. It has been a great way to talk to people outside of Zoom classes. My social life in quarantine would be a lot smaller without cooking! Staying separate is essential to healing the world from coronavirus, but we must keep valuable connections with the world. Athens' downfall in the Peloponnesian war was partly due to the chaos and fear that the plague ensued.⁴ We are fighting a war too, and we can only fight it together.

Quarantine is boring. That is a fact known by the whole world. Cooking is entertaining, and the world is learning this. Flour has disappeared from stores for a reason. Cooking is great entertainment because, one, we must eat, and two, you can make something new every time. Our lives are unchanging in quarantine, so variety is welcome. Cooking asks of us a new level of creativity, as trips to the grocery store are few and far between. All pandemics have different stories of how people created entertainment for themselves. In the 1918 influenza pandemic,⁵ as well as in the many bouts of plague,⁶ children created rhymes to repeat whilst playing. In the pandemic of COVID-19, cooking is among one of the most popular activities to pass the time. In an Allrecipes article, a variety of COVID cooks have been portrayed. Some are busy parents with lots of hungry, growing children. Others have never cooked before, and are discovering how much they enjoy it! Others are cooking up “quarantine pizza” and “lockdown loafs,” trying to get creative with what is on hand.⁷ More and more people are discovering the fun in cooking.

Back in my kitchen, at around 6:30, the dal is finished, the chickpeas are simmering in tomatoes and spices, and it's time to make the naan. I am no longer alone in the kitchen, everyone has been sucked in by the tantalizing smells of cumin, garlic, and chana masala. I begin to roll out the dough for the naan, and Indian flatbread to be fried in butter and garlic. Graham, my brother, begins to help divide the pieces and roll them out. “They’re too thick,” he says. At first I don’t pay heed to what he’s saying, but he’s become a bread master during quarantine. (He has made five batches of braided challah, each one more beautiful than the last.) I follow his advice, rolling the naan out thinner. We work as a team, efficiently flipping and buttering every piece. We shuffle out of the way as my father checks his lamb stew and my mom makes saag (spinach with garlic and mustard seeds). Soon, it’s time to “serve it up!” We fill our bowls, head to the table, and marvel at the fact that we made everything, including the naan, which is now a new part of our Indian repertoire. My mango chutney stole the show as well (it’s delicious chilled). When the bowls are empty, we are filled with delicious food, triumphant because we cooked it all, reminded of all the travelling around the world that my parents have done, and thanking each other for participating in the making of this feast. Cooking gave life a new challenge, my family found a way to work together on something we care about, and reminded us of what we believe in away from isolation.

¹ King Arthur Flour on *Instagram*: May 18, 2020, https://www.instagram.com/p/CAVdyS7Hqjd/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link.

² March 23, 2020. Katherine Kelaidis. *The Atlantic, What the Great Plague of Athens Can Teach Us Now*. https://drive.google.com/file/d/17KSF8QSda_e-BxvR8kXhPaBIshnvMP3C/view

³ Samin Nosrat. *Instagram*, May 3, 2020, https://www.instagram.com/p/B_yO9Otnj-2/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link.

⁴ March 23, 2020. Katherine Kelaidis. *The Atlantic, What the Great Plague of Athens Can Teach Us Now*. https://drive.google.com/file/d/17KSF8QSda_e-BxvR8kXhPaBIshnvMP3C/view

⁵ “Influenza 1918,” PBS (Public Broadcasting Service), accessed May 20, 2020, <https://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/films/influenza/>.

⁶ *Plague 101* | *National Geographic*. YouTube. April 18, 2018. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYnMXEcHI7U&feature=emb_logo

⁷ Carl Hanson, “How America Is Cooking During Coronavirus,” Allrecipes (Allrecipes, April 10, 2020), <https://www.allrecipes.com/gallery/allrecipes-community-cooks-during-covid/?slide=6057bb04-cca7-43a6-88f6-3179c744db49>.

Untitled

BY KATRINA GRZESZCZUK '20

Drip...
The old faucet leaks
And leaks and leaks
Its rusty beak lets
Drop after drop fall
Down the drain

Drip... drip...
The yellowing shower
Now lets loose
Shouting its song of insurgence
So the sound is
no longer soothing

Drip... drip... drip...
The his and hers sinks
In harmony begin to haunt
The current hell of the bath
Heckling, harassing, horrifying
Without hesitation

drip.
Drip.
DRIP.

The hellscape of the never-ending noise
No escape from the stalking sound
No place to run
Collapsing on the floor
Like a vase crashing
To end up in petite pieces
Like so many times before
Left to run down the drain
With the drips of water



Night Market

AMBER HUANG '21

Poor Girl

BY SHINYA LEE '21

Childhood

Poor girl, she just wants to live like the people she sees on the television. Always dreamed of a huge house, a captivating car, nice clothes, all of that, but no. Instead, she's an only child living in a house with holes in the wall covered by duct tape, a layer of thick dust on the couch, dirty dishes with mold on them, and a mother who does nothing but smoke her life away. The poor girl only speaks to her mother; it's always a head nod or a shoulder shrug to others. She doesn't have much. Her clothes are all the same, dingy, smelly, faded, and she has one pair of sneakers that are so destroyed she can feel the cement through the bottom of them.

Self-reliance

She decided she needed to somehow get enough money so that she could support not only herself but her mother too. She roamed the polluted streets so she could think. Passing one tree after another she turned the corner and came upon this little shop. It had a red and white checkered floor, three long silver tables, and next to it a small old lady with a white cloth in her left hand and a spray bottle in her right. Then, it clicked. A maid, she could be a maid! She swiftly walked back home and talked to her mom to see if she knew anyone that needed help with cleaning. She did, the poor girl knew this was her chance so she reached out with a letter. The poor girl was so excited that she went to bed early so that the next morning she could eagerly run to the nearest post office.

First work day

Poor girl walked to the house she was assigned. When she arrived she was in awe. It was just like her dream house, so huge and spectacular. Slowly knocking on the front door, it opened and the house was spanking clean, had about three floors, a ceiling that nearly touched the clouds, a spiral staircase, a lustrous chandelier, and a table sitting in the middle with a nice beautiful blue dress on it, and a white mob cap to go with it. There was not one wrinkle in that dress. Smiling from ear to ear the poor girl's heart filled with gratitude. Finally, something new she could wear without it smelling like an old boot.

Truth hurts

It's called chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, (COPD) for short. Don't take her away, poor girl needs her here.

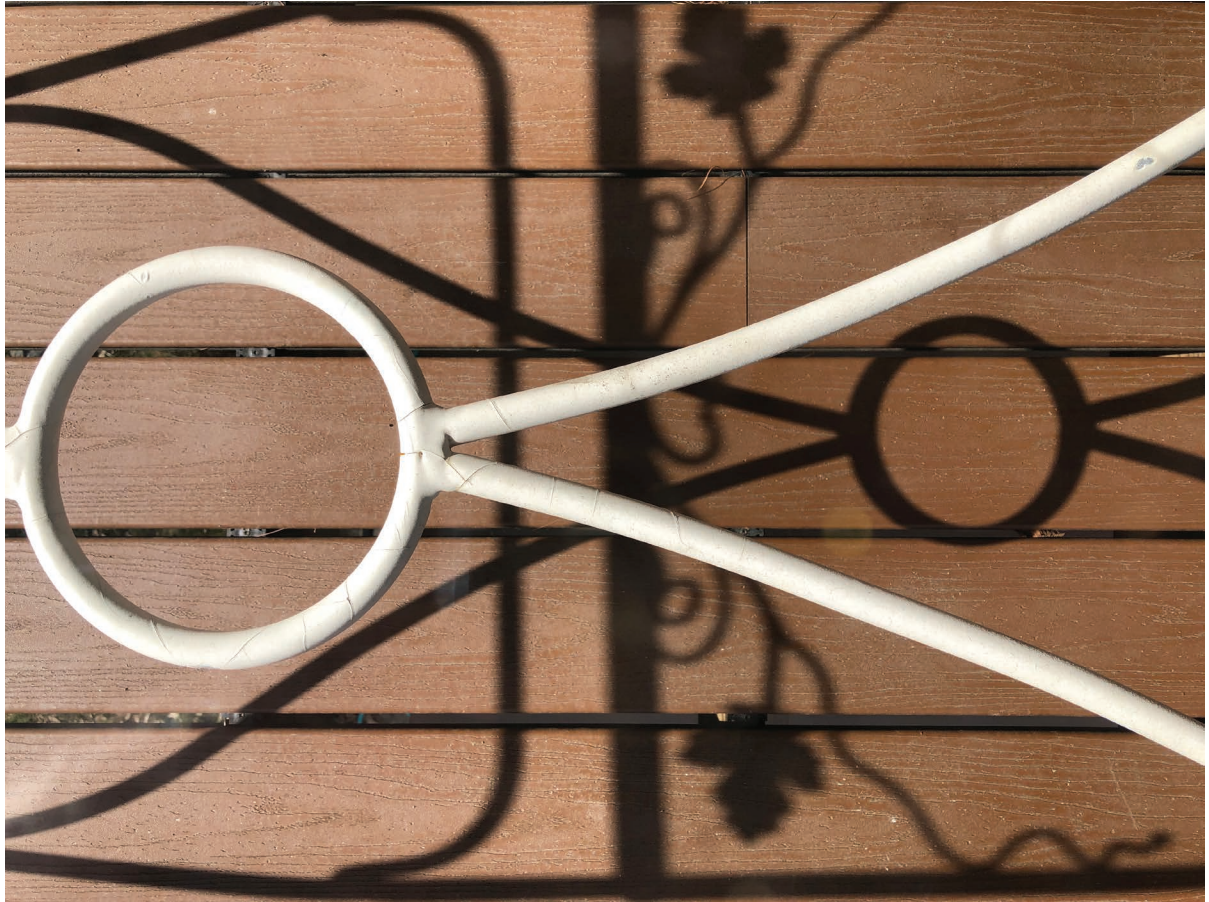
Next Chapter

One year later, poor girl wishes her mom could see, she's worked so hard to get here, finally she is living her dream.



Death

DIANNE FU '23



MEG MACLAUREY '23

Coming Home

BY HALLE BARKER '21

My eyes slowly flutter open as we pull into our short driveway that can somehow fit our two cars. I stretch in my seat awakening my body from its light afternoon slumber. My eyelids are heavy and my body feels weak. My mother slowly eases on the brake and puts the car in park, pulling the emergency brake up to ensure the car doesn't roll down the driveway crashing into the busy, congested street. I sluggishly open the heavy metal door and walk to the trunk. Every step is forced. My body feels like it is sinking into the ground. The bags of groceries weigh tons compared to my feeble arms. Trekking up even just five steps to get to the door feels like a task.

This apartment is new to us and the lock is tricky so it takes a couple tries to get the door open. My mother smoothly slips the silver key into the lock and turns it right, trying to push open the door simultaneously. Nothing happens. She turns it left. Nothing.

From inside, I can hear the tap of little footprints running down the hardwood stairs, and quiet jingles from tags clinking against each other. Her high pitched, playful barks grow louder and louder: "WOOWooWOOWOOwoo" come from behind that door. How can such a flimsy door keep us out so well? Finally, turning the key right, feeling the weight of the door come with it, the newly exposed space reveals a small, stocky black and white chihuahua. Her petite yet long figure wiggles uncontrollably from an overload of excitement. I step in and immediately drop the bags to the floor, my body coming down with them. My blank, fatigued face forms a smile as soon as I catch sight of the ball of joy that stands before me. She comes running towards me, hopping and jumping around the room. I pick her up and onto my lap as she licks my face in a frenzy. Suddenly I do not feel tired anymore.

"Big" Sister

BY ALIA PICCINNI '21

When I was four years old, I remember waking up and having to make myself breakfast. My older brother was at school down the street, my father was at work, and my mother was taking care of my older sister. When I tell people this story, they often don't believe me, but mostly, they wonder why my mother was taking care of my older sister, Amanda, and not me, the baby of the family. Amanda is different from most. She is now twenty-one years old, but she has the cognitive ability of a toddler and is unable to walk due to a genetic disorder she was born with. Amanda has shaped me into the person who I am today, as growing up with her has taught me from a young age to be independent, empathetic, and humbled, simply by spending time with her.

Amanda's condition requires my parents to give her their full attention most of the day, and therefore, for the most part, I had to learn how to take care of myself. Often, my parents could not be there to help me with homework, make me meals, or help me get around town, and though it felt difficult at the time, I gained an understanding of independence earlier than most. One of my earliest memories is having to dress myself every morning before pre-kindergarten; meanwhile, my mother got my sister dressed and fed before her bus came. My outfits rarely matched, sometimes my teeth didn't get brushed, and I barely made it to school on time some mornings.

Beginning in my early adolescence, I developed a sense of empathy towards all people, earlier than most. I recall an occasion where my family and I went out to eat at D'Parma's, a family-owned Italian restaurant, and my sister, unable to control herself, began communicating with my family in her own way, making noises similar to those of a baby. Her actions of communication were loud and drew attention to our table. People stared and whispered, glancing back at our table every so often throughout dinner. A little boy behind us asked his mother, "what's wrong with her?" and his mother simply avoided the question. This memory caused me to realize that when children are young, they often do not have enough life experience and exposure to all of the diversity in the world, and they do not know how to handle sensitive social situations. Growing up with Amanda, I adapted and learned how to accept and be polite in situations around people who may look or act differently than most.

Being brought up in a family such as mine has taught me to be humble, predominantly because of Amanda. Simply spending time with her in our basement watching Sesame Street, doing her hair for her before school with clips that matched her outfit, and sharing meals when we were younger, gave me an understanding of what it would be like to live life as she does. My parents had to lift her onto the couch, or sometimes even let her stay on the floor, scared that she might fall off while they weren't looking. I, her younger sister, had to do her hair for her, and my mother had to cut up and feed her food to her, and she still does to this day. Meanwhile, I tie my own hockey skates, braid my own hair for field hockey practice every day, and cut my own chicken parmesan when I'm home for Sunday family dinner. The awareness of my abilities compared to Amanda's makes me see the world differently.

When I walk into Amanda's room at her residential living facility, one she has been in since she was 17 years old, she always has the most contagious smile on her face and starts clapping her hands. I know she recognizes me, I know that she knows who I am, even if she can't say it. It is in moments such as this, that I take the time to realize that her presence alone has had a great effect on my development as a person. To this day, she continues to inspire, humble, and teach me about being the best version of myself that I can be.



Fast Fashion

ELENI SPILIOTIS '20



COCO ZILING CHEN '23

What a Five Year Old Girl Can Do

BY ABIGAIL COLE '21

What defines a person? What defines a culture? What defines me? I am Abigail Cole and I am a third culture kid. When I was four years old, my family moved from Massachusetts to Shanghai, then Aberdeen and Dubai. Growing up internationally has defined the person I am today as I have experienced rich cultures, religions, and languages of over 25 countries. I understand my origins to be European, but I know my identity to be a mixing pot of all of the places that I've been to. I understand the meaning of cultural awareness and appreciation better than most. I understand how prejudice plagues the world, and how perceptions of cultures derive from political and religious misunderstanding which leads to conflict.

When I was four years old, living in a city teeming with people, I was exposed to a wide variety of customs and traditions, unlike the ones I had seen growing up. When I walked to the store with my family, people gave me second glances, asked to take pictures with me, and abruptly gave me hugs. I didn't know these people, but my shining blond hair and fair skin was a beacon of prosperity and class. These experiences were quite odd to my younger self who didn't understand why I had suddenly gone from disappearing in a sea of "normal" to being bombarded by people who looked nothing like me. What further defined my separation from this culture was my language. Attending Shanghai American School where my parents were teachers, I spent an hour every day learning Madarin as a foreign language while I learned more vocabulary and pronunciation from my Chinese Ayi, a maid/nanny who cared for my sister and me. Around the time I was five, I have a vivid memory of being in an elevator with my family when I overheard a group of Chinese ladies speaking about me, complimenting me on my looks from what I understood. Being the naive child I was, I abruptly jumped into the conversation saying thank you, "xie xie!" I will never forget the expressions and reactions that followed.

When I uttered those simple words, I had no idea I would break so many cultural stereotypes and misconceptions. I bet to this day, those ladies remember that feeling of complete disbelief when a tiny white girl spoke their native language with a perfect accent. Recounting this experience today, I understand how the world I live in is full of generalizations that alter the way we think about people. Americans today generalize foreigners as robbers of jobs, and non-US citizens generalize Americans as obese, racist people. These generalizations aren't useful as no two people from any country are the same. Who says I need to be defined by my appearances? Who says a five year old American girl can't also speak Chinese? All of these misconceptions only lead us to problems like xenophobia that drive disconnect in the globalized world we live in.

Right now you may be wondering what a 16 year old girl knows about prejudice and stereotypes. I come from a middle class American family that has attended private schools all over the world. Well I can tell you this; stereotypes impact every single person. Our minds are trained to categorize people by their appearances and actions. Human nature defines how we perceive others, but I challenge you to oppose that natural instinct. Stop doubting that a little five year old girl can speak Mandarin. Stop doubting that your Mexican neighbor is an illegal immigrant. Believe you are capable of breaking cultural stereotypes, because I promise that a five year old girl will thank you for not making her feel like an outsider with your bewildered expressions.

Dear Hockey

BY MATTEO TURNIN '21

Dear hockey, I love everything 'bout you	I
The times I've spent, thinking about our bond	
Since I started watching you, I knew	
That one day, I'll be the star of the pond.	4
You are like the sun to my universe	
The goals, the chants, the brothers that I've made	
'Cuz of you, lugging my bag like a purse	
To those early practices will never fade.	8
All those amazing moments will be missed	
You have taught me how to believe	
Even if sometimes, you've got me pissed	
I've learned how to put my heart on my sleeve.	12
Dear hockey, you mean the whole world to me	
It's never goodbye, it's till next penalty	14



MAX RICCIO PEREZ '23



LILLY MAGNUS '20

My Papa

BY KIRSTEN DICICCO '20

My Papa is no taller than 5'1, but what he lacks in size he makes up for in his personality. He is a loud and lively eighty-eight year old man whose deep, Italian heritage is easily recognizable once you meet him. Every so often, his thick, Boston accent gives way to short excerpts of Italian. I have picked this up over the years and even asked him to teach me some of the words he says. One of his favorites is 'que bella' or 'che bella' which translates to 'what a beauty' or 'how beautiful'. It is very clear where my dad gets many of his personality traits from. Both of them share a great sense of humor and youthful disposition that I love so much.

Being away from home at boarding school, I have come to appreciate something as small as his accent or perfect use of Italian slang, considering he calls me almost every night of the week to check in on me. On some of my worst days, this can be what grounds me. Even through those bad or boring days, he just wants to make sure that all is well. This is a dominant characteristic of my Papa. He just cares about people, and this doesn't just apply to family. My grandfather has worked at the TD Garden in Boston for over forty years. He works as an usher and therefore comes in contact with hundreds, if not thousands, of people every week. He always has stories to tell about some of these people: if it was their first time at a Bruins game, if they were tourists and where they came from, or stories about their past experiences at the Garden. He has always been genuinely interested in getting to know people. This behavior has affectionately earned him the nickname 'The Mayor' by me and my dad, and the title of 'il capo dei capi' (the boss of bosses) from many of his co-workers. We always joke about how it seems as though he is trying to earn votes in the upcoming election with the amount of handshakes and introductions he does. I love this about my Papa. It comes from a genuine place of care that I think the world could use more of.

He recently received an iPad as a gift and the very first thing he asked to learn to do was video chat. He wanted me to help him set it up, but of course I had been at school when he first got it, so we never really got around to it. When I came home for Spring Break, one of the first things I did was set up the iPad. I don't think the timing could have been much better. Maybe a week or so after I set it up, the coronavirus exploded and restrictions began to get serious. Being able to see my grandparents during a time like this is something that I do not take advantage of. He still calls me almost every night, but instead of just being met by his thick, Boston accent alone, I get to see his beaming smile along with it. Despite the situation, he is remaining optimistic and looking forward to everything getting back up and running. Most of all, he cannot wait until the quarantine is over because that means he can get back to doing the job he loves.



NOAH MCINTIRE '20

Lighthouse

BY JACK SAWYER '21

As I approached,
the gravel crunched underneath my feet
from an absence of grass
where thousands of shoes
molested the thriving vegetation that
once led up the hill.

The rock had been cracked;
The water slapped it
across the face relentlessly until
the rock lost itself and began to crumble,
letting go of its own identity,
shedding the jagged skeleton
of a piece of land that succumbed
to the relentless force of the tides.

Atop this land remained a lighthouse.
It too suffered from the seasons,
standing up to the rains that
rust its metal rails, withstanding
the cold of winters touch against the
red and white paint.
The lighthouse was made to stand.

Slice of Rain

BY JULIA KNIGHT '20

A dull light-gray color that covered the sky today begins to deepen, fading to darkness as it reaches higher into the sky. The moon threatens the leftover sunlight, whispering the beginning of night. Below it, the lake reflects the fleeting clouds, currently pouring heavy droplets of rain that fall like a marathon of footsteps onto the roofs surrounding the lake. The trees droop with the weight of their new company: drops of water clinging to the dark green pine needles hoping not to touch the ground. A light gust of wind separates them from their host, and for a brief second, the footsteps on the roofs become heavier, more incessant. The trees spring up slightly, only to droop again with new drops of water. The cycle continues as more wind gently brushes the water off of the branches.

On the lake, small ripples spread across the surface, signifying the final resting place of the raindrops. The slight rise and fall of the water distorts the reflection of the clouds. The air smells fresh, clean, earthy, almost heavy. It's as if the sheets of water washed off any preexisting scents and left a blank slate to be filled by the smell of rain, almost indescribable. The humidity has left its stamp, giving the air outside a damp and warm feel. The air weighs more than usual, a soft blanket of moisture floats over the world. The dirt on the ground changes color from a rich dark brown to a brown color almost indistinguishable from the black spreading across the sky. Little imprints disturb the flat ground as a black and white cat darts towards a nearby home, his tail high, his fur slick, his formerly white paws now tinted by the wet earth. All the while the moon becomes more defined as the day fades to night.



ABBY PALMER '21



MEG MACLAUREY '23

Untitled

BY KATRINA GRZESZCZUK '20

the door had rung as we stepped in
the old man looked up from his counter
i passed by the new and shiny board games
through the wooden building blocks
winding through the shelves
my sneakers tapped along the tile
as i searched for my treasure
a playful growl rang out
i found him hidden
behind the dusty books
and the tired toys with missing parts
he too was missing an eye
but oh so soft to the touch
a tiny poor old teddy bear
he was to be my forever friend.

One Jobe, Two Times

BY TEDDY GEMMELL-HUGHES '20

Ten year old Jobe was a source of huge embarrassment for me.

His outward appearance was confusing to say the least. The outfits he'd compose were a horror. He made his shorts into cutoffs from pants, and the legs were never even. He drew all over the shorts to make them even messier. He always wore socks hiked up as high as possible, sometimes to his knee or above. His checkerboard Vans were also illustrated. And, lastly, he chose from a selection of no more than three tee shirts and a few polo shirts in his rotation. I cringed because he was not conforming like any other kid at the time who followed the norms of society. I found myself angered by his appearance.

But his appearance was not the only thing that got to me. He had ticks galore. His ticks were both verbal and physical. To list some: doing 360s everywhere he walked, clearing his throat compulsively, and even nodding his head, which confused many because it appeared that he was always in agreement. Interacting with him drove me crazy.

Jobe spent his time finding new obsessions left and right. My parents, being so fond of his artistic ways, always indulged him in his pursuits. Skateboarding, snowboarding, large-scale art (my parents gave him the huge attic of our old house as both studio and canvas), graffiti, vinyl and plastic action figure collecting, comic books, legos, on and on. I was jealous of how he got so much attention from my parents.

Jobe was an extremely sensitive kid, he didn't play conventional sports, and he was in some ways more intellectual than many of his peers. He was therefore labeled the weird kid, and I was embarrassed by him.

SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD JOBE is my greatest source of pride and inspiration.

Looking back on Jobe's past fashion choices, I see now that Jobe was on the vanguard of an emerging streetwear boom that has completely taken over the fashion world. He still wears clothing that is very personalized and still confuses me with some of his outfit choices, but he clearly has been and continues to be setting and not responding to fashion trends. Just last summer, an executive at Barneys who was in charge of shoe purchasing saw Jobe's illustrated Vans and had to have a pair. Jobe dutifully made her a pair.

Some of Jobe's obsessions have remained, and he's gotten to be pretty expert at them. He is a great snowboarder and probably a better skateboarder. I watched him the other day at a park, and he had the attention of everyone there because he was so good. He still makes art in a variety of mediums—through sound, through clothing, and through visual arts. He's also added theater to the mix. Jobe gives much attention to his craft, regardless of what he's doing, and he puts in the time to accomplish his goals.

Jobe's greatest accomplishment in my opinion is that he is adored by so many people, young and old. He has no ticks anymore. Instead, he is comfortable with himself and he can therefore make others comfortable. He is a leader, a friend, an artist, and the best brother.

Those who have been unkind to Jobe are a particular sort, who simply can't see his magic. I was one of them until I saw the magic.



Beautiful Boy

JOBE GEMMELL-HUGHES '21



Holderset

XIN YAN LI ZHU '22



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