

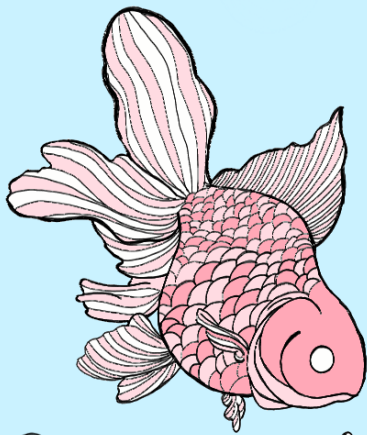
Gateway Regional High School

Perspectives

2017

to

2018



Kaylee Hayes



Gateway Regional High School Perspectives Magazine 2018

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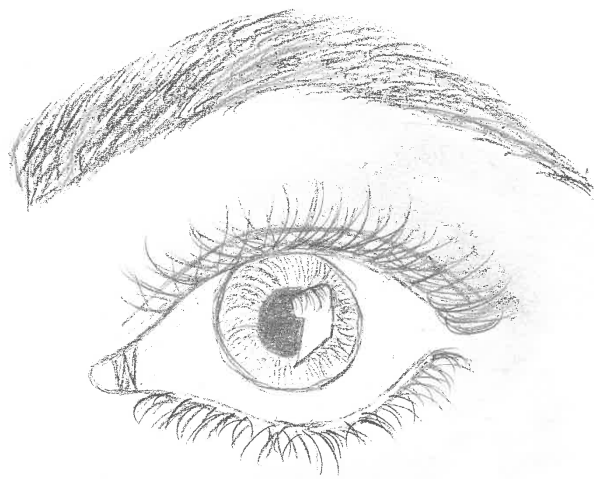
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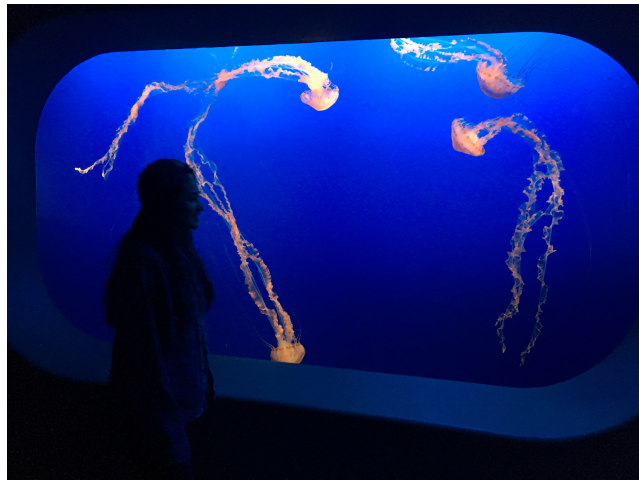
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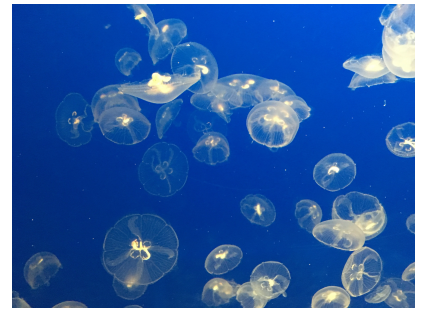
We print ***Perspectives Magazine*** as a way for the Gateway community to express their voice through essays, poetry, drawings, photography, graphic design, and painting. It is a forum that provides an audience for all people who want to share their thoughts, ideas, and dreams throughout literature and artwork. Thanks for all those who were willing to share their perspectives.



Julia U



photos by Maria Pless



Turtle

by Emma Doull

Yesterday I bought myself a little turtle.
I had to choose between him or a gerbil.
The gerbil was quite adorable,
but my turtle was way more affordable!
I've got a turtle now.
Chow!

Beauty of Nature

by Chaya Golas

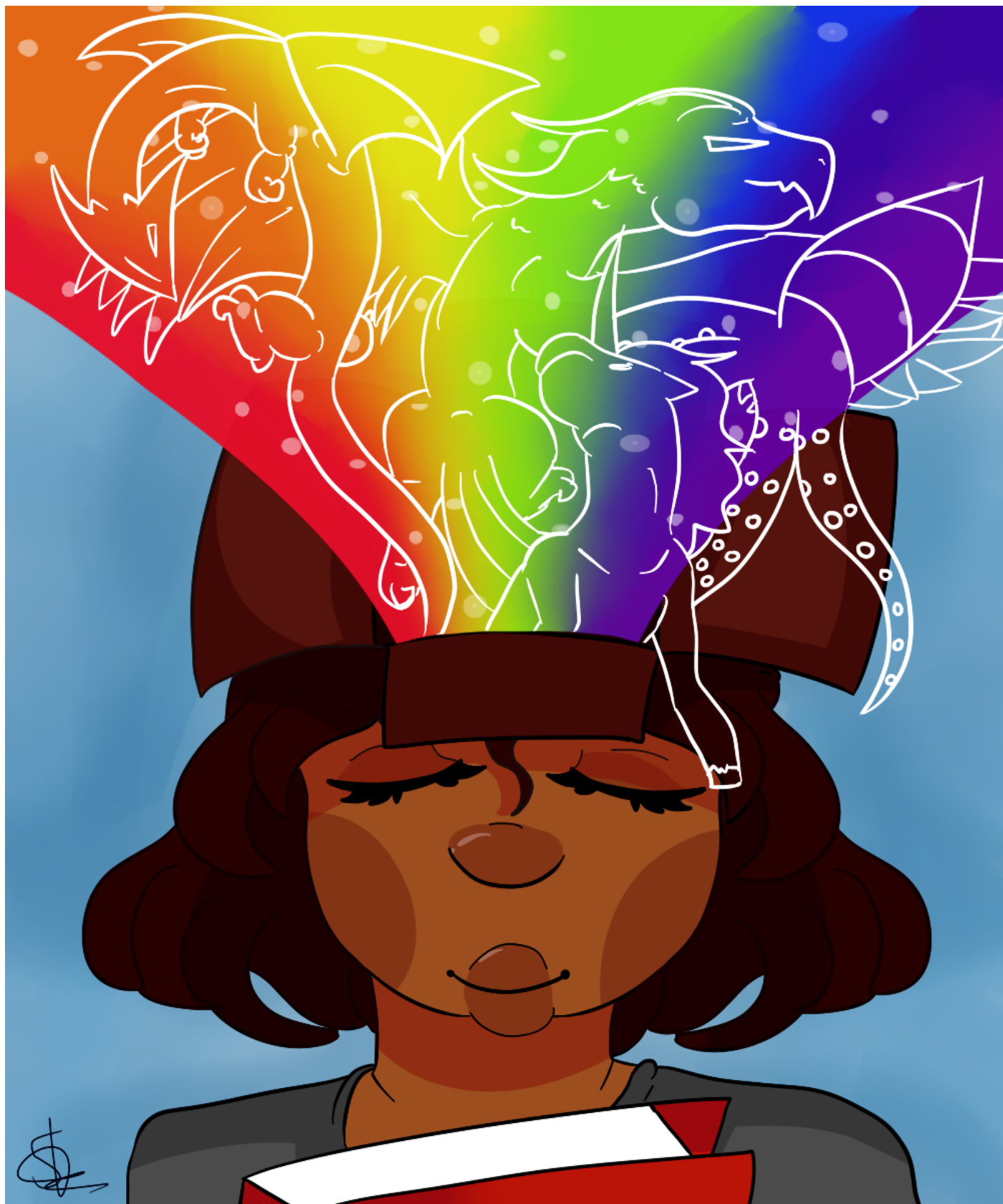
I've always been aware of the beauty of nature. I have always explained to my parents how wonderful I think it is that by just looking at the clouds roll by in their own size or form makes me feel so bright. How listening to the birds sing in the rustling trees can make me fall asleep, and just how splendid it is to feel the cool earth floor shaping to my bare feet. I wish to hold onto these abilities and enjoyments as I grow old. If anything, I wish to surround myself with people who feel the same about the world as me.



by Chloe McLeod



by Grace Van Buren



By Sofia de la Cruz Rivera

The Girl

by Eve Crane

There stood the girl of my dreams...
She was perfect in every way.
She loved me so
and we were beautiful.

We were beautiful.
For everyday
we stood there
face to face
hand in hand.

But no more.

She's turned away.
She doesn't notice me.

But I miss her.

Everyday.

When she stood right in front of my face she didn't see me.
And I cried.

She turned away.
Not remembering the years.
The years we spent together.



By Zane Oddi



By Zane Oddi



By Nathan Solitario

The Third Rail

by anonymous

[Note: Third Rail Coffee actually exists on the corner of West-3rd and Sullivan in New York, NY. I know none of the employees, this piece is a work of fiction. (I also know nothing about coffee.)]

“Welcome to Third Rail Coffee! What can I get for you?”

Dear God the eight P.M. shift is boring. I mean, seven A.M. to seven P.M. there's a pretty steady stream of NYU kids, but around seven thirty it just stops; nothing but weird synthwave music lightly falling from the speakers just to break the silence. There ought to be someone else working to help me out, but it looks like they're late. It's a shame the eight P.M. shift sucks so bad, it's one of like three I can actually do, being one of the aforementioned NYU kids. Goddard is only five blocks away, so Third Rail seemed like an ideal job. Fortunately, the eight P.M. shift is only the one hour long until closing up at nine.

With no word, around eight thirty, the doorbell rings. A rather annoyed looking girl in a long blue coat walks in. I recognized her, I'd done a handful of shifts with her a few weeks back while Laura was dealing with her grandmother's funeral out west. Her name was Karina, but everyone called her K by her own preference. Delivering my pre-scripted line, I said, “Hi! Welcome to Third Rail Coffee! What can I get for you?”

“Jesus Christ, Jazz, I'm here to work. You know the back door for employees in the alley?” She paused to let me confirm that, yes, I did in fact know that back door for employees. “Since this isn't my shift and I didn't leave Lipton thinking I'd have to cover but you know, it's fine, it's fine, everyone just throw your responsibility on Karina, I'm sure she can handle it.” She paused again, took a quick sigh and closed her eyes for a second like maybe, maybe if she wished hard enough all her issues would magically disappear. “Anyway, where was I? Since I didn't leave my room thinking I'd be here today, I didn't have my key, so of course I had walked down that alleyway for nothing and I was already late and there was this crazy guy on the street -”

“It's New York. What were you expecting? Were you expecting sane guys on the street? What kind of crazy? Like ‘homemade cigarette’ smoking dreadlocks hippie crazy? Or ‘the world is ending and God will judge you for not helping me out so I can buy more drugs’ crazy?”

“You know Jazz, I think it was more like ‘I lost my job and these drugs make it suck a little less, please help me make it suck a little less’ crazy.” She walks over to the counter and holds out her hand. The only way behind the counter is that back door. (Please allow me to pause so that you can confirm that you do in fact know the back door.) I extend

mine and she takes it. With one jump and one lift she's standing on the counter, and then it's one quick step over.

"You know management would kill you if they saw you doing that, right?"

"You know management would kill Jack if they saw him skipping his shift, right?"

"Touché." She went 'backstage'. She came back without her coat, wearing jeans, and a blue plaid flannel over a black 'Third Rail Coffee' t-shirt. We had to wear them on our shift, and most of us just kept ours there unless we were washing it. "You know K," I start, "You never answered my question earlier." I ask, figuring it's the least I can do.

"Yeah I did, 'more like an 'I lost my-"

"That's not what I meant." I paused, took a deep breath, put on my best fake 'happy employee' smile and asked again, "Welcome to Third Rail Coffee! What can I get for you?"

"You really don't have to do that. We don't get paid enough for you to do that."

"I'm sure Jack will have a good reason for a couple missing dollars from the register, seeing as register this shift is his responsibility." I laugh a bit, knowing that this was a bad move, but so was making K cover his shift.

"Cortado, but be a little heavy handed on the steamed milk, will you? Unless you're not the best barista in southern Manhattan." I turn right around and start of her drink.

"K! Don't sell me short like that! I'm the best damn barista on the island!" I say, and by the time I've finished the line, I'm handing her the cup with what could very possibly be the best drink in town. She takes one tentative sip.

"Not bad, but I think I might have you beat, Jazz. I'm sure Jack won't mind paying for our little contest...close your eyes." A little afraid of what she'll come up with, I close my eyes and face the door. I can hear her talking to herself, but I can't make out anything that sounds like coffee speak. About thirty seconds later she says, "Okay. Turn around and try it." I'm a bit frightened, but did I have a polite option?

The first thing I noticed was that it was cold. I never expected K to mix something cold. It wasn't the iced latte I knew from Third Rail, so it must have been the new guest bean for tomorrow, it had a richness Third Rail doesn't often go for. That's when I notice the chocolate flavor, not bad K. But it'll take more than that to impress me. Then the steamed milk hit, which I should have expected from K. Throwing it in the blast chiller was a good move. By this point, maybe a third of a second has passed.

"Not bad K. Blast chiller as a nice touch."

"Well, I should certainly hope so, otherwise I just wasted perfect ingredients!"

At this point, the doorbell rings, and Stephan walks in.

Don't be fooled by his Third Rail shirt, Stephan is not a Third Rail employee. He just really, really likes our coffee. He's spent enough time in here on the slow shifts that we know each other pretty well, and pretty much communicate his order by hand signals we developed as a distraction one really late night he was getting over a girl who'd just left him.

He raises two fingers straight up, brings them down forward, then to the right. One to-go, cappuccino, six ounces. By the time he's at the counter I have his drink ready for him. We're efficient, we are. "Can't talk today, gotta go." He pays rather politely with a crumpled five dollar bill and says "Keep the change." He throws a dollar in the jar as well, the only tip I'd get that evening.

As the door closes behind him K asks, "Did he just pay six dollars for a four dollar coffee?"

"Yeah, he really likes this place though. Or did you not notice the shirt?" She laughs,

"Yeah, the only thing more Third Rail than that bad shirt is this bad music." She says, gesturing with her hands toward the speakers. I nod to let her know that I too think that there is music far better out there that my parents' cat could make with a banjo. One of those things can be fixed you know..." she goes backstage and the synthwave cuts out. There's some quiet static until I can hear her music come through the speakers. It's a latin jazz song, the singer sounds familiar, but I can't quite place the song. She walks back out. Not so much walks, but dances, lip-syncing the words.

"You know, management -"

"Shhh. Management doesn't need to know. She sang along with the music, she wasn't a very good singer, and she looked like she knew it. But we both knew that wasn't going to stop her.

"What do you call a bad singer in a coffee shop?"

"The best barista in Manhattan?" She raised her eyebrows and smirked, basically asking me to counter her argument.

"That's not true. I have a fantastic singing voice." I say, drawing a short laugh from her.

"If you're so good, why don't you sing along then? I'm sure you know the words."

I shook my head and shrugged, "Actually, I don't," I said. "Please don't make fun of me for not knowing all your weird Indie bands."

"Come on! It's St. Alex! How can you not have heard of St. Alex?"

"I know St. Alex, just not the song...Is this going to be on the next album? I've made an effort not to look for spoilers until I see them in town next week."

"Wait, St. Alex is coming 'round here? Next week?"

"Yeah, we should go! I mean, because we both like St. Alex and none of my friends like them even though they're crazy good and, yeah."

"Jasmine Nha, are you trying to ask me on a date?" Damn it! I had one job, sound smooth enough to score a date with K. And here we are, the best barista on the planet and the worst dater. Those bad romance stories I used to write for my high school always made it seem easy!

"Jasmine Nha. I would love to go to the concert with you." That's right. Karina wants to go to a concert with me. "But..." There's a 'but'? Well, crap. "Why don't we

start a little smaller, okay?” Just getting out a relationship, hesitant to just jump in.....fair enough.

She laughs again, and I realize she’s not done yet.

“How about a cup of coffee sometime? I happen to know the best barista in Manhattan...”

“Really? I can help you with that!” Saying this, I take off my hat, spin on one foot, stop, and face her again.

“Welcome to Third Rail Coffee! What can I get for you?”



By Grace Van Buren



Photos by Chloe McLeod

McDonald's

by Isabel Beaudry-Hathaway and Samantha Medina

I walk in.
The greasy aroma fills the air.
Children roam the playscape.
Sweet soda pours into the supersize cups.
The flies circulate the trash can.
Fries drop to the ground.
Children munch on their apple slices.
The lady orders extra pickles on her Double Quarter Pounder.

by Nathan Solitario



The Museum Heist

by Brian Forgue

All great stories start with “it was a dark and stormy night.” Not this one. It was a night, and like most nights it was dark. It was not stormy, however, unless you’re a whack job who thinks only a couple lazy clouds in front of a full moon is a stormy night.

If you look up on this dark and calm night you may see a dark mass passing in front of the full moon. This aforementioned dark mass is much like a comet and cloud. It is making the dark sky bump, with occasional flashes of purple.

This dark mass is me.

Now you may be wondering how a dark comet-cloud is making this brilliant and riveting soliloquy. It all shall be explained in time. I am almost at my destination.

The Waterbury Museum has recently been constructed with many “wonders of science and times past.” Good marketing jingle.

This museum is on the outskirts of Waterbury, “a bustling metropolis of industry.” Gotta say, great marketing jingle. The museum is in its own section of the suburbs, with a large parking lot and rows of oak trees bordering the property.

I (the black cloud thing) flew over to the west wall and I change into my preferred human form, tall and lanky, with drawn-out cheeks, long black hair, and prominent nose. My robes form around me, reaching to my feet and flowing down my hands. I like my robes; various shades of purple and the deepest total black swirl around them, making them look liquid.

You may be wondering how a cloud could turn into a human. I am an Elemental, a darkness one, to be more specific. I can mold and control darkness like clay, including myself. I can mimic anyone and anything. The professor says I’m the most powerful darkness Elemental in a millennia. If he was telling the truth or trying to boost my self-esteem I don’t know. Hard to read, the professor is.

However, I can change everything except my eyes. They have no pupils and seem to glow purple. I usually wear sunglasses even on rainy days. Sometimes people think I’m blind.

I stroll to the front door, passing a sign advertising “You are under surveillance. Please apply discretion and be courteous to other visitors.”

Video cameras? Piece of cake, I thought.

The front door was locked, as I suspected, so I looked at the small shadow created at the corner of the door. It peeled itself off like a sticker, and slithered and squirmed into a crack in the door. A small click I heard. I then strolled into the museum.

I need to say it was an impressive sight. On the domed roof was a panorama of maps showing numerous scenes, early earth Pangaea, the 1950’s, and now. I liked it.

It was pretty well lit in here for this time of night. I need to be resourceful with my shadows.

I used the shadow of a panel modeling Pangaea bisecting into the Americas and Eurasia to take out a video camera on the wall. The shadow wrapped around the camera like a snake, and squeezed, resulting in a broken camera.

I’d give it about a minute and a half before the security guy noticed the camera’s gone. I walked faster.

I walked past many exhibits, a Shakespeare play illustration showing a standing ovation and a call for an encore, a replica of Abraham Lincoln, complete with a rostrum, giving his Gettysburg address, some Middle Age medical equipment with leeches – orthodox in those days, and a painting of a lavish mansion. The museum knows I can just look this stuff up on the internet for free right?

As I went, I sent shadow after shadow at video camera after video camera. I try to cause as nominal damage as possible. The professor said the items stolen will send just the same message as a museum in rubble.

I’m hearing the center of the museum – and in a corner, a small booth, full of T.V. screens was in my view. A middle-aged security guard sat staring at the screens, looking confused as to why some were blank.

Quick as a whip, I send a shadow through the crack under the door. It slithers toward the security guard, going up his leg. The guard looked horrified. The shadow, seizing its chance, went into his mouth. At once, the guard passed out. The shadow put him in a temporary paralyzed state that will pass as soon as I change form. This hectic development was thankfully inaudible, and I walked into my final destination without a second glance to the booth.

At the end of a roped hallway, I walked to a metal door. A small panel stood by the knob, and after pushing a button, I used the instruction of the museum's director "I am Jason Sullivan and I hereby ask for entry." I pushed open the door.

In the center of the room stood a glass box mounted on a tripod. At the keyhole, in the top, I semi-dissolved my right index finger and stuck it into the keyhole. It molded itself into the proper key shape and I opened the box.

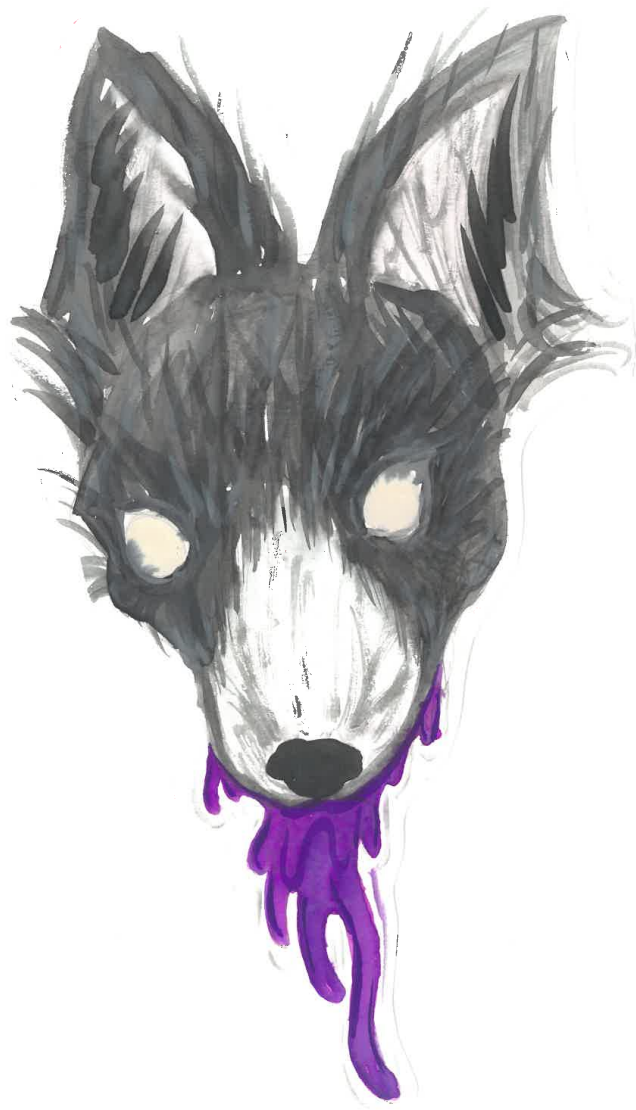
Inside the box was a priceless amulet, circular in shape with a gold chain. Inside it, in a circular pattern were eleven gems; four were missing, three in the oaken circle and a large one in the middle. The professor said to expect this. The missing pieces will be found in time.

I snatched the amulet, walked out the front door and used a shadow to lock it. Then, I froze.

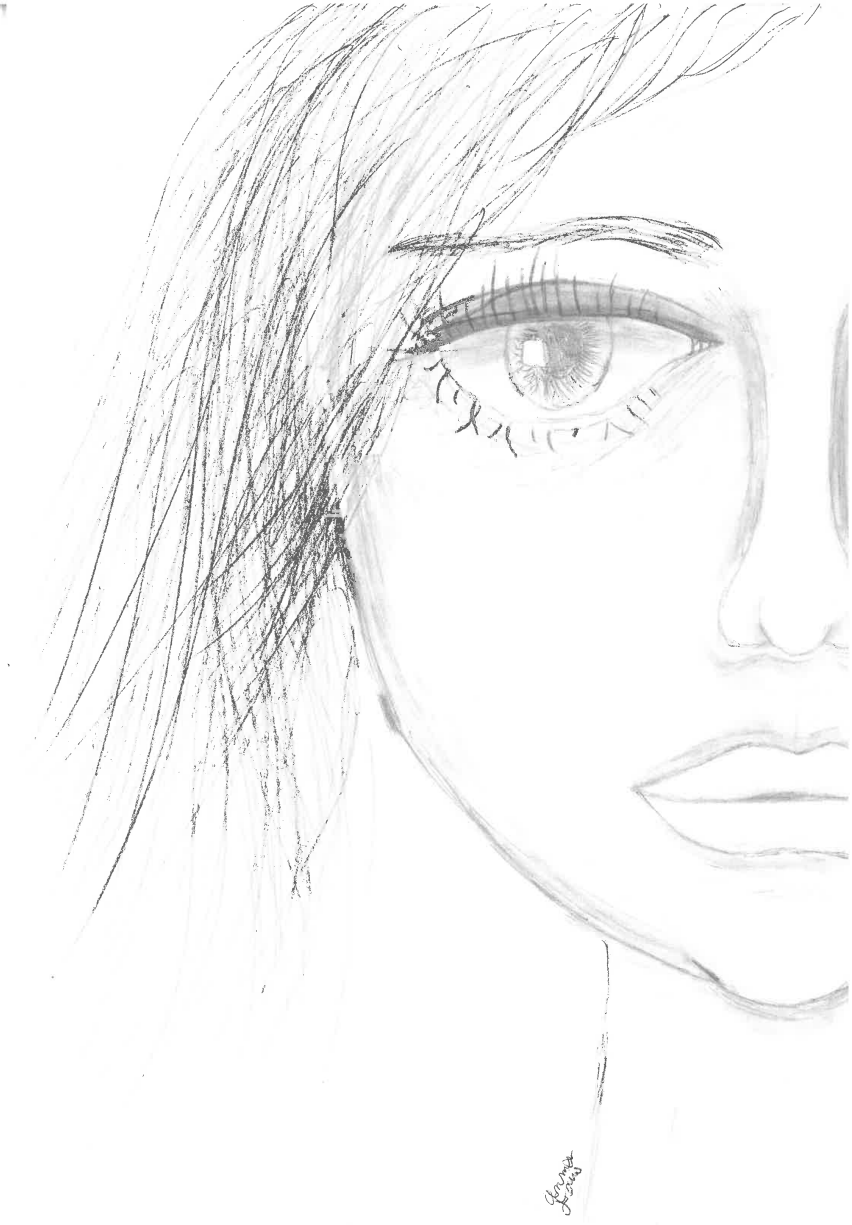
In the parking lot, was a young boy, maybe twelve, standing there with his mouth wide open. I panicked for a split second; then realized who would believe a kid who thinks he saw a tall man in purple robes leave a museum! The police would be expecting a guy in a gray jumpsuit with lock picking skills in order to do what I just did.

So I gave him a little salute, dissolved into my cloud form, and flew into the night.





By Zane Oddi



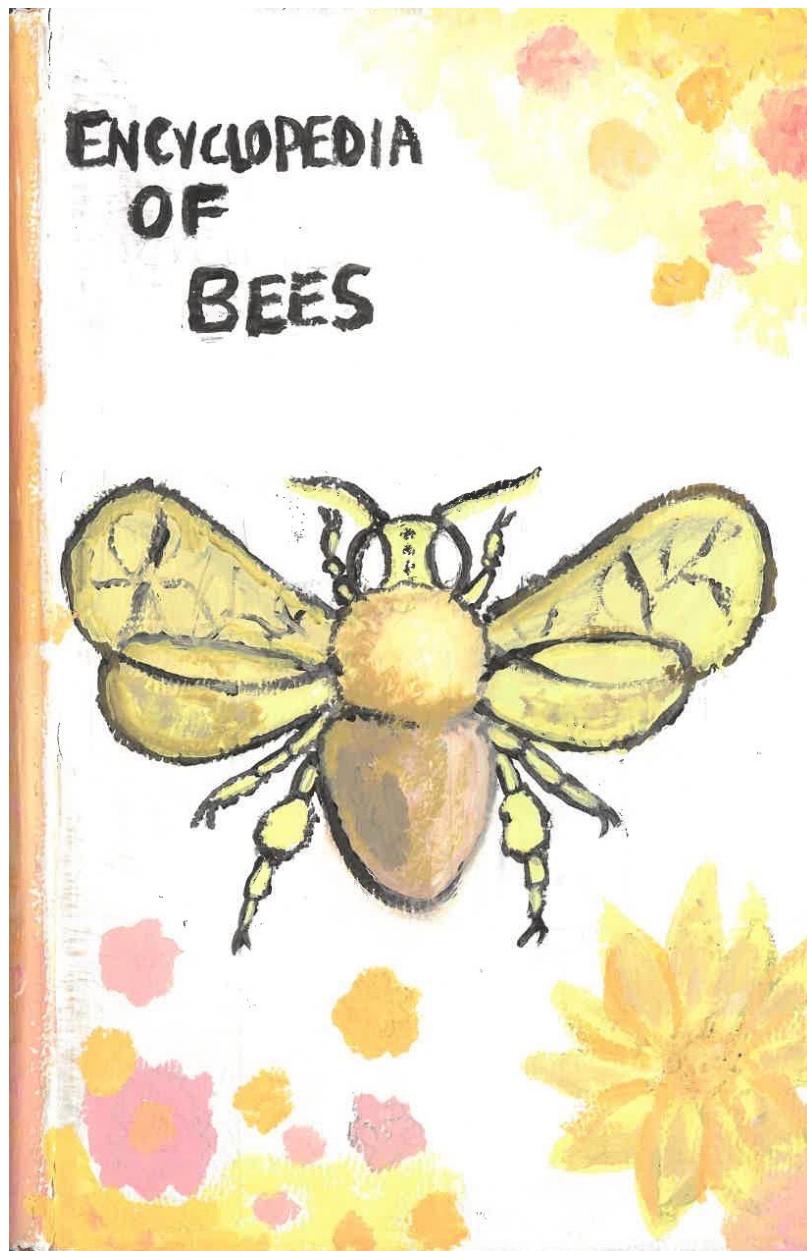
By Anna Davis



By Nathan Solitario

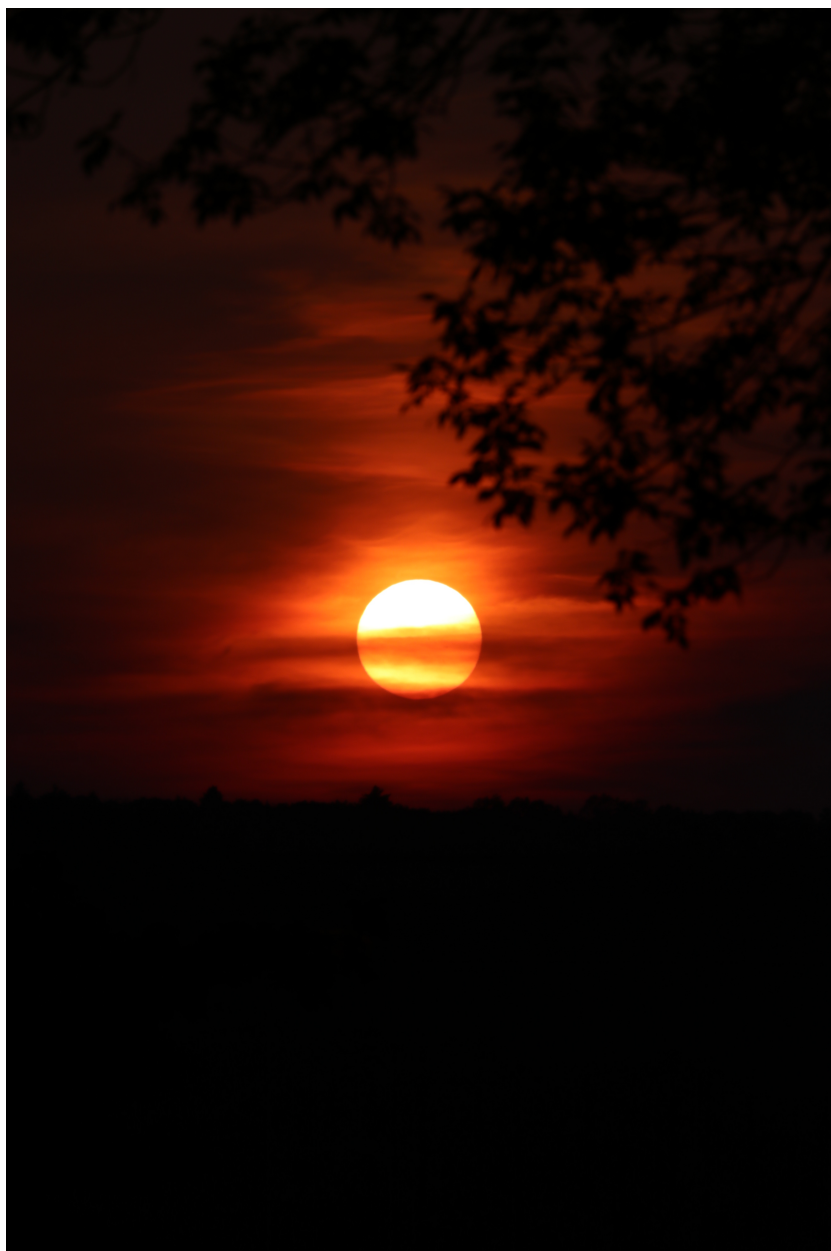


By
Renee
Healy





by Ashley Neveu



By Chloe McLeod