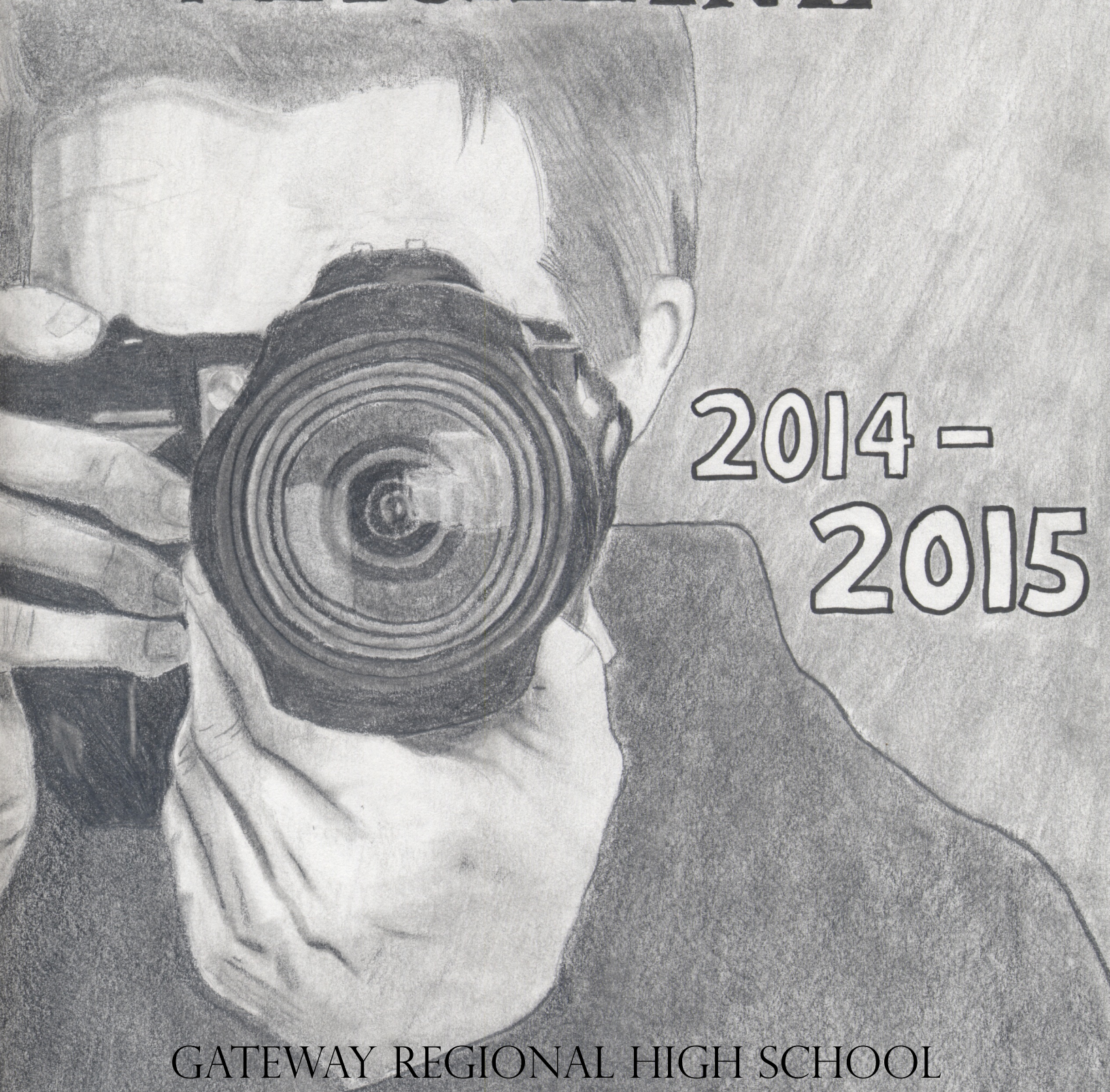


PERSPECTIVES MAGAZINE



2014 -
2015

GATEWAY REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL



Gateway Regional High School

PERSPECTIVES 2015

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Ursula Barth



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 through literature and artwork. Thank you to all those who were willing to share their perspectives



Jessica Van Heynigen



Megan Pont



Lauren Bardsley

My Pen

By Casey Pease

Simple.

Yet, complex

Cool metal—smooth liquid ink
small in size—enormous in possibilities
the ability to spread ideas
to create masterpieces
to craft words and draw the world
my pen—my capacity for greatness.



Daniel Fitzgibbons



Ursula Barth

The Cemetery

By Lauren Pisani

We pull through the gates of the cemetery, passing hundreds of stones set up like dominos, all of them in perfect alignment. After we pass the third maple tree on the left, we come to a stop. This is why we came here, to see him.

I get out of the minivan and make my way to a grave that looks identical to all the others:

Robert J Pisani, April 14, 1957 – October 18, 2006

Frank Sinatra's song "Summer Wind" plays from the van so faintly in the background it seems to float through the air. I remember dancing to that exact song in his memory the year he died. I wore a glowing white dance costume and my nine-year old body danced its heart out. The way the fog hovers among the gravestones reminds me of Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban, a movie that the two of us would watch parts of every night before bed.

Moss has grown since last year in between the letters that spell out his life. Like previous years, I gently pick out the moss until the marble white stone looks as though it were place yesterday, not eight years ago. That's how he would want it. Neat.

Sitting there staring at his grave, all I find myself thinking about, and I'm not sure why, is how he would come home from work with a Three Musketeers bar for me whenever I had a bad day. Although it is a tiny detail in the time we spent together, it is one of my most distinct memories. I can feel the smile growing on my face at the scene that has just played out in my mind. I still buy the same candy on his birthday.

My mother tells me that it is time to leave. I kiss my fingertips and place them on his name, as I do every time I say goodbye.

Losing my father has forced me to grow up, and to appreciate all of the little things in life. It has made me into the person I am today. His death has made me fully appreciate how giving and loving he was, and has made me strive to be just as generous and compassionate.

Broken Memories

By Jesse Buckman

Entering the nursing home for the first time was the hardest part because it meant finally acknowledging that this was really happening. The door to his ward had a code, 2479, four numbers burned into my mind. After punching in the code, I entered the ward, scared out of my mind. "This was a dream, right?" I asked myself. But it couldn't be, it was too real.

I passed a room full of very old people sitting in wheelchairs, their eyes accusing me of something unknown. He didn't belong here. All of the other patients were in their 70's and 80's; he was only 57. It was rare for someone his age to get Alzheimer's. A man in blue scrubs ran by me, yelling at an old woman who had just opened the main door in her confusion. She tried to fight him, begging, "Let me see my daughter, she needs me!" They strapped the poor woman into a wheelchair and took her away.

I entered his room, the first one on the left. On the door was one large frame filled with small pictures of my Dad, my Mom, my brothers and me, all smiling. They were taken back when we were happy. I closed the door behind me, walking deeper into the room. He was laying in bed, watching me, the look in his eyes saying it all. He didn't seem to know who I was.

"Hi Dad," I said. He looked into my eyes, and he smiled.



Ursula Barth

WAR

by Nicole Heroux

when people say war
world wars come to mind
maybe Vietnam or
Korean if you're
educated enough

people fighting in trenches
with explosives going off
in the sky blocking out
the sun making its own
bright light to illuminate
the horrors before them

but the internal wars
we each face kill
just as readily
you find men, women,
children gasping for
air bleeding out
in their homes



Koral Wentworth



A Season's Awakening

by Benjamin Jameson

Flowers sprouting, even shooting up like water spouts,
Green painted trees and grass jumping back into life,
A bee buzzing, humming, and floating about,
Turkeys strutting, rummaging, and walking
Through the thick, tall, luscious wet grass on a warm foggy morning,
Chipmunks and squirrels running, climbing, and scurrying around,
Searching for an early morning meal.
Soaring in the bright blue, glimmering sky, a sea of birds flocking back into
their homes,
The bird house and the barn.
Children splashing, thumping and jumping, through puddles,
The tears trickling down from dark gray skies,
Feeding God's flourishing garden,
The wind speaking to the earth,
Telling her the lion has receded back into his den,
The gentle lamb has returned,
Spring.

Through Smoke and Fire

By Casey Pease

"It's hot—God, it's hot," I thought as the sweat from my brow dripped down my face, leaving clean streaks from my soot-covered forehead to down along my cheeks. I gripped the hose tighter and let my strength become one with my partner's. The water flowed from the hose, like a dragon breathing fire as it fought against its greatest enemy.

I am a volunteer firefighter. I'm a part of a brotherhood and a sisterhood. I'm a part of a service that sometimes people forget is there, but in times of need—we come. Where I live there are no on-duty firemen, no paid personnel; just men and women who come to the call when we are needed. I'm a first-generation firefighter, and very proud of it. My father never desired to work in the fire service, my grandfather never did, and neither did my great grandfather. Being a volunteer firefighter, I am proud and honored to be counted among some of the bravest people I know, my firefighter family.

I've been asked by many people, "What motivated you to become a volunteer firefighter?" There is one call in particular that clearly portrays my ambitions for volunteering. I was headed home from staying after school on a day when the sky had a pinkish tint and the air was cool. As I drove the piercing sound of my pager took me away from my daydreams and brought me back to reality. "Attention: Worthington units, respond to Thayer Hill Rd. for a confirmed box alarm." This was it. The words "box alarm" shot adrenaline into my body, and I knew that where I was headed, there would be fire. My head was filled with one thought, "Breathe, Casey, this is what you've been training for, breathe." I arrived at the station, grabbed my helmet, rushed into my turn-out gear, and climbed inside Engine 1, heart beating, mind focused. "Northampton control, Worthington Engine 1 responding."

The smoke billowed up into the air, visible miles away. I jumped off the truck, my eyes immediately making contact with the fiery demon. "Bring it!" I said out loud as I connected the hose line to the tanker. I had a feeling of great satisfaction as the water rained on the fire, slowly putting the devil to sleep. The heat was unbearable, but I and my fellow volunteers were determined to win this battle. And we did. All that was left was a blackened, crusted outline of what used to be a barn, but we were able to save the house. I sat down on the ground that was wet with a soot-water mix. I took off my fire jacket and drank a bottle of water—it tasted fantastic.

As I sat there quenching my thirst a woman came over to me, her eyes filled with tears, and hugged me. “Thank you, God, thank you so much,” her voice shaking, and sincere. Yes, she had just lost half her property, but she was so thankful that we saved the other half.

So, that’s my motivation, the feeling I get when someone comes up to me during a structure fire or a car accident, or even a false alarm, and thanks me. It makes me think, “Today I helped someone—today I did something truly worthwhile.”

I have spent almost two years volunteering with my department and it has taught me more about life than anything else. It has allowed me to build a stronger character, it has taught me to challenge myself, and it has taught me how to work with a team. When you live in a small community like mine, you know that there aren't many dangers or many calls for help. But whether it is five o'clock in the afternoon or five o'clock in the morning—when the call comes, the soot-stained gear becomes my only barrier between my body and the deadly flames. The hose becomes my guide through smoke and fire.



Eve Crane

Time In A Bottle
By: Dawson D. Atkin

Part I: The Mysterious Girl

I had always lived a normal life. I was fourteen. I went to school every day in New York City. But, that was before my life got turned upside-down. That was before *she* appeared.

It was a normal winter day. The cold wind blew by me as I walked to school, which it ought to be in December. That's when I met her. The mysterious girl.

I was just walking down the street when she ran up to me. I could hear her yelling from a long way away. She kept turning around, like she was running from someone. Or something.

"RUN!" She yelled. I don't know why, or how, but somehow, I just knew she was talking to me. So, I did what any sane person would do. I ran. Fast.

I don't know how long I ran for, but it was a long time. I followed the girl as she wove through the right angles of the concrete jungle. I chased after her as she flew between the crowds of people, blocking the city sidewalks as they hailed taxis. I felt beads of sweat forming on my forehead. Finally, she stopped running.

As I caught my breath, I made the courageous decision to talk to her. "My name's Thomas" I said, through heavy breaths. "You?"

She responded simply "I wish to remain anonymous, always." That was only the first of the perplexing things she said.

"What were you running from?" I asked her, genuinely curious, but at the same time just looking to make conversation.

"It's kind of a really long story. I'm guessing you don't have the time..." She responded.

"Hey, you already made me late for school. It's not even worth going at this point. So, why were you running?" I asked her again, as I noticed the shine of the sun on her light brown hair.

"Well, I have to warn you, It's not exactly normal... You see, I met this man last year. I was introduced to him by my parents, so I could assume he was relatively normal. Relatively decent"

I thought I knew what she was going to say. Boy was I wrong.

"Then, one day, my parents said I was going to start working for him. He had a metal making factory, which he owned, and I was to learn the skills of running a business from him.

What they didn't tell me was that he didn't make steel, or iron, or anything like that. Perhaps they didn't even know. He made gold." She said to me, and I could feel the emotion in her voice. I could feel the fear and awe coming straight from her soul as she spoke.

"Wait, wait, hold on. Pause. You're telling me this guy could literally make gold? Like, a magician or something?" I said to her, completely confounded at the thought.

“Not a magician. An alchemist. The art of gold making was passed down to him from medieval times, when the alchemy thing was big. Eventually, his family moved to the United States, where they started burying their gold in California. Hence, the California gold rush.

Anyways, he’s been making gold for a long time. But, what he just discovered, was what he called ‘*Time in a Bottle*’. The whole idea perplexed me. He claimed it gave the user the ability to travel back in time twenty-four hours. I’m not sure I believe him, but he said he needed me to help him finish it. That was twenty minutes ago. I ran.”

“So, his plan was to use you for this potion, and then what?” I asked, not really believing much of the story, but with an interest in it that could not be described. Probably (hopefully) the way you feel right now.

“Well, he needed my blood for the potion. I would have to die. He paid my parents for me. He said he would give them some of the potion too. The dirty...”

Man, could she swear. She could’ve made a sailor blush with some of what she said right there. “So, you don’t love the guy.” I answered nonchalantly.

“Oh, did you catch that?” She responded sarcastically. I laughed. She did too.

“Anyways, he said he needed a boy too. He mentioned your name Thomas. That’s why I told you to run.”

OK, this was getting a little too freaky for me. How did she know who I was? How did HE know who I was. I was quite certain I had never seen her, and had definitely not met her. And an alchemist? Who the heck had ever met an alchemist? I didn’t know they even still existed.

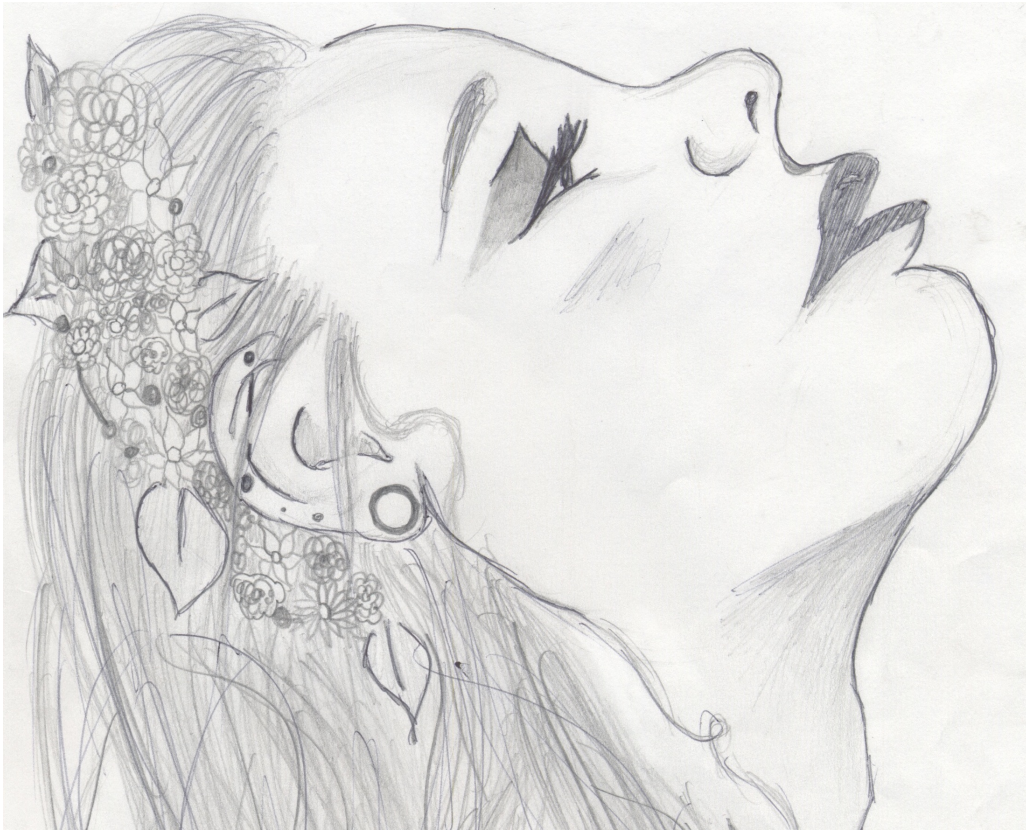
“OK, this is getting freaky.” I told her. I looked at my watch. It was hard to read with the sunlight reflecting off of it, but I said anyways “It’s getting late. I better be heading home”.

As we parted, I thought about her. How the odds of running into her again were so slim. Out of the eight million people in NYC, what were the odds of meeting the same one twice?

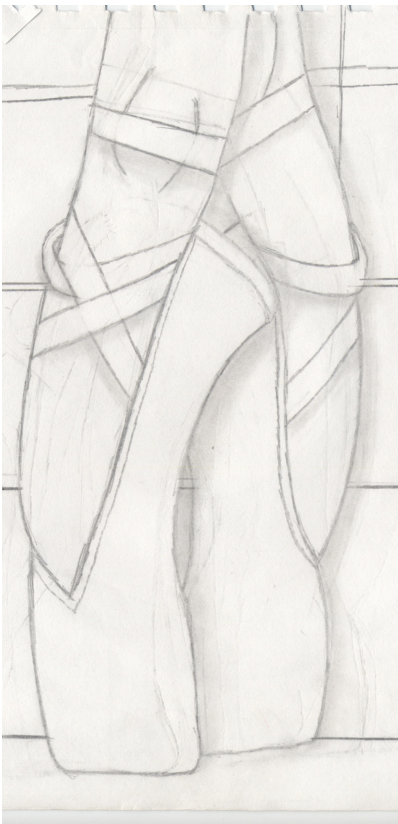
Apparently, not too shabby...

To Be Continued...

Part II will be released in the next issue of Perspectives Magazine, Part III the next year, and Part IV the next. If you plan on graduating before this, and care what happens, know that the story will be published on a blog as well as in this magazine, both released on the same day. This is a way you can find out what happens to Thomas, the Mysterious Girl, and The Alchemist. This is available at timeinabottlebydda.wordpress.com



Koral Wentworth



Eve Crane

The Girl at Harvard Yard

By Casey Pease

It was a lovely August day. The air was clear, the sky a brilliant blue, and the chickadees were singing a musical tune. A slight breeze blew the faintly humid air around me, causing goosebumps to form up my arm. I'd been spending the week at Harvard University for a conference. Each day at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I would walk along the concrete sidewalks of Cambridge from the Ivy League school, admiring the urban landscape while making my way to Harvard Square. Each day I would experience lively moments, but this day was especially special.

I was walking through the campus grounds and making my way to the Square, when I spotted a beautiful girl sitting next to a large oak tree. I decided to sit down near her, on Mother Nature's green blanket. What exactly it was about her that made me do that, I can't really say. I sat down on the soft grass and noticed that she was drawing. It was a detailed picture of students sitting, reading, and going about their day. It was like looking at a work of art.

I decided to comment on her drawing.

"That's really quite impressive."

She smiled without even looking up at me and said, "Thank you, but what's impressive is how by drawing people, you get a sense of what they're feeling."

Her voice was soft, and she spoke in a way that would calm a child readying for bed. She fascinated me. Somehow her blonde hair was like a mirror of the sun.

"Do you often come here to draw?" I asked.

She looked up at me then, and I could see her pure blue eyes almost twinkled. "I draw wherever I feel in the mood to," she said.

I was still captivated by her elegance, but even more fascinated by how mysterious she was.

We began talking, and not once did she put her work down.

"Are you from Boston?" I asked.

"I'm from everywhere."

I was puzzled. "Everywhere?"

"You see, I was born far away from here, yet today I am from here, because I'm residing here, and who knows where I'll be from next."

She spoke almost in a riddle. Then she asked me a question. "You're from here, aren't you?"

"Well, no, I'm from a different part of the state."

"Doesn't matter, you're still from here--still a creature of Earth."

I nodded in agreement. I noticed she was wearing a necklace with a symbol on it. It looked like a star with five points with a heart at the center.

"What does the symbol on your necklace represent?" I asked.

She stopped. She looked at her necklace and then at me.

"It means life" she replied.

"What do you mean 'life'? " I asked.

She looked up at me again from her work, "Each point represents an element and the center represents life."

We continued to talk for a considerable time. The sun shone on us, and her beauty was reflected in my eyes. She talked more about her drawing.

"You see," she said, "it's not about the big details, it's about the little details; the details that help you to understand the drawing, to understand the scene, and to understand the moment. Each blade of grass is drawn to show the green of the ground, the emotions on the faces are drawn to show the feelings, and the clock in the center is timeless, to show how this moment is captured, captured forever."

I noticed that each person had their heart drawn visible on the paper.

"Why do you draw everyone with their hearts showing outside their body?" I asked.

"Because," she began, "because it shows that no matter who you are, or what you do, no matter what color your skin, or what gender you are, everyone has something in common. Everyone has a heart. A heart that can love."

It was a beautiful conversation. She spoke of life, she spoke of where she was born in Turkey, and she explained her passion for drawing.

Eventually, the yellow sun began to fade to orange and set. I decided it was time to head back to where I was staying. I asked her, "Will you be here tomorrow?"

She replied, "I'll be wherever life takes me."

She was unlike anyone I had ever met—she intrigued me. I left that day curious and wanting to know more about her. I arrived back at the hotel where I was staying. The sun had now set upon the horizon, and the city had begun to light up and come to life. It was a sleepless city. I peered out through my blinds looking at the Bostonians below, watching them move like ants going back to their colonies. But this night I was sleepless like the city. I laid in bed pondering the conversation I had had with the mystifying girl. Eventually my thoughts turned into dreams, and I was asleep.

I awoke the next day to the sounds of morning taxis rushing and honking their horns, trying to bring their customers to their destinations. Today was my last day in the great city, and I took longer walking to the conference, so I could take in what I'd surely miss. As I was walking along the concrete sidewalks, I passed an antique store, and inside, something caught my eye. Hanging on one of the mannequins was the same necklace that had been on the girl I spoke with. I proceeded to walk inside and was greeted by the store clerk. "Can I help you look for anything?" he asked.

"Yes, I have a question about a particular item." I then walked over to the display window and took the necklace off the mannequin. It was cold, and immediately gave me an odd eerie feeling. "What can you tell me about this?" I asked. The man took a pair of glasses from his pocket and inspected the medallion.

"Hmm... I believe this is a symbol that represents Angels."

"Angels?"

"Yes, it shows how the five elements of the earth are all connected by one holy figure, and that's the center heart."

“Where did you get this?” I asked.

“It came from Turkey. I think it is from the early 18th century.”

I rushed out of the store toward the Harvard Square. I thought to myself, “Is it possible that the girl I saw was an angel?” I went over to the oak tree but she was not there. Then I saw, tacked to the oak tree, a piece of paper. A paper labeled, “To The Boy From Elsewhere.” I un-tacked it, and opened the paper to find the image she had drawn the previous day, but there was a modification. At the far corner of the paper an oak tree was visible, and sitting below it was a boy and a girl, but as I looked closer, I noticed that the girl had a halo over her head.



Ursula Barth

THE GIRL IN THE STREET
By Nicole Heroux

there are no roses here
rain drops fall on
land covered in misery
rain, just Earth's tears
she falls to her knees
now covered in despair

there are no roses here
just black covered cheeks
a car drives by
music hitting the air
a splash slams the curb
she looks up and wonders
how she ever got here

there are no roses here
just broken promises
and dripping hair
a person runs by
trying to get home
head in her hands
her body shakes

there are no roses here
just mud covered knees
a squirrel scurries up a tree
a dog barks down the street
no one noticed
the broken girl in the street
until it was too late

roses now cover the room
sadness everywhere
they say they never saw
the blackened cheeks
they never knew
the broken heart
that was always there

her pain was obvious
to no one though
she cried so openly
you'd think the neighbors
would have seen
would have noticed
how clearly the pain was shown

but no one cares
til they see the body
in the morgue then they say
how beautiful the soul
oh how they should have known



Taken in Goshen MA by Ryley Carleton