

PERSPECTIVES MAGAZINE



Danqu Bittard

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By Cade Fuller

Gateway Regional High School

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Editor: Eve Crane

Staff:

Dawson Atkin

Brittany Klein

Anna Davis

Livia Shepard

Advisor:

Mrs. Jerilyn Beauregard

Cover:

Dayna Britland

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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.



By Christina Joanides

Obedience

By Dawson Atkin

“In this experiment, you will be the teacher,” the man in the suit said. “We are testing the effect of pain on learning. When the learner answers incorrectly, you will deliver an increasingly painful electric shock.” The teacher looked uneasy. His eyes shifted around the room, not making eye contact with the man in the suit. He agreed anyways.

“Clear: window, sky, skin, door” the teacher read aloud.

“Window” the learner said.

“Incorrect. The correct answer was ‘clear sky’” the teacher said. He administered the electric shock. It was still relatively light, like a static shock. He asked the question again.

The Roman people watched as their Consul became something more. Nobody was quite sure exactly how the man had been named the Roman Dictator, but they accepted it.

He was a man of esteem, without a doubt. After all, he had vastly expanded the Roman Empire, and recently emerged the victor of a great Civil War in their land. Not everyone in Rome liked him, but that was to be expected of a man as powerful as he. However, even those who disliked him, respected his power and authority.

So, when Caesar said that he, and only he, would rule Rome, who would question him?

Milgram watched the experiment as it was taking place. He watched the so-called teacher as he flicked the switches. Milgram watched the teacher’s reactions to the screams of the learner, and watched as he went on to flip the next switch.

Of course, there were no shocks being administered. That wasn’t what mattered. What mattered was that the teachers thought they were administering shocks. What mattered was that they heard the pre-recorded screams and still flipped the next switch.

The teachers always did that. They always kept going. It didn’t matter how loud the screams were. People obeyed the man in the suit who told them they had to administer the shocks. They could have stopped at any time. But they rarely did.

Milgram watched as they hurt other people simply because they were told to.

The executioner stood by the guillotine, looking his next victim dead in the eyes. His eyes were full of sorrow, pain, and loss. They were full of innocence. In truth, the man had done nothing wrong, except speak his mind.

The Reign of Terror showed no signs of slowing. The Revolution had started out with high ideals: Liberté, égalité, fraternité. That all ended with Robespierre.

When Robespierre came into power, everything changed. He was a well-known leader of the revolution, but he took it too far. He always took everything too far. Immediately, he began a witch hunt for the so called "enemies of the revolution."

The executioner looked again at his victim, not wanting to pull the rope that released the blade. He didn't want to watch the blade slide down the rails. He didn't want to hear the screams from the onlookers as the man's head fell into the basket.

He pulled the rope anyways. He could have walked away from the guillotine at any time, but he never did. No one ever did. It didn't matter how hard the people cried. He always pulled the rope. He pulled the rope because he was told to.

The teacher flipped another switch. The screams echoed through the room. He felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. He did what the man in the suit told him.

The teacher, more than anything, wanted to stop. He couldn't. He wasn't allowed to. "It would ruin the experiment," he had been told. "We must finish the experiment," the man in the suit had said.

The screams from the learner grew louder.

The screams from the people grew louder. They grew louder as they were herded into a room by a man with an armband. They were packed in as tight as they could be. "Let us out!" they screamed in German.

"Let me out of here!" the learner shouted at the top of his lungs.

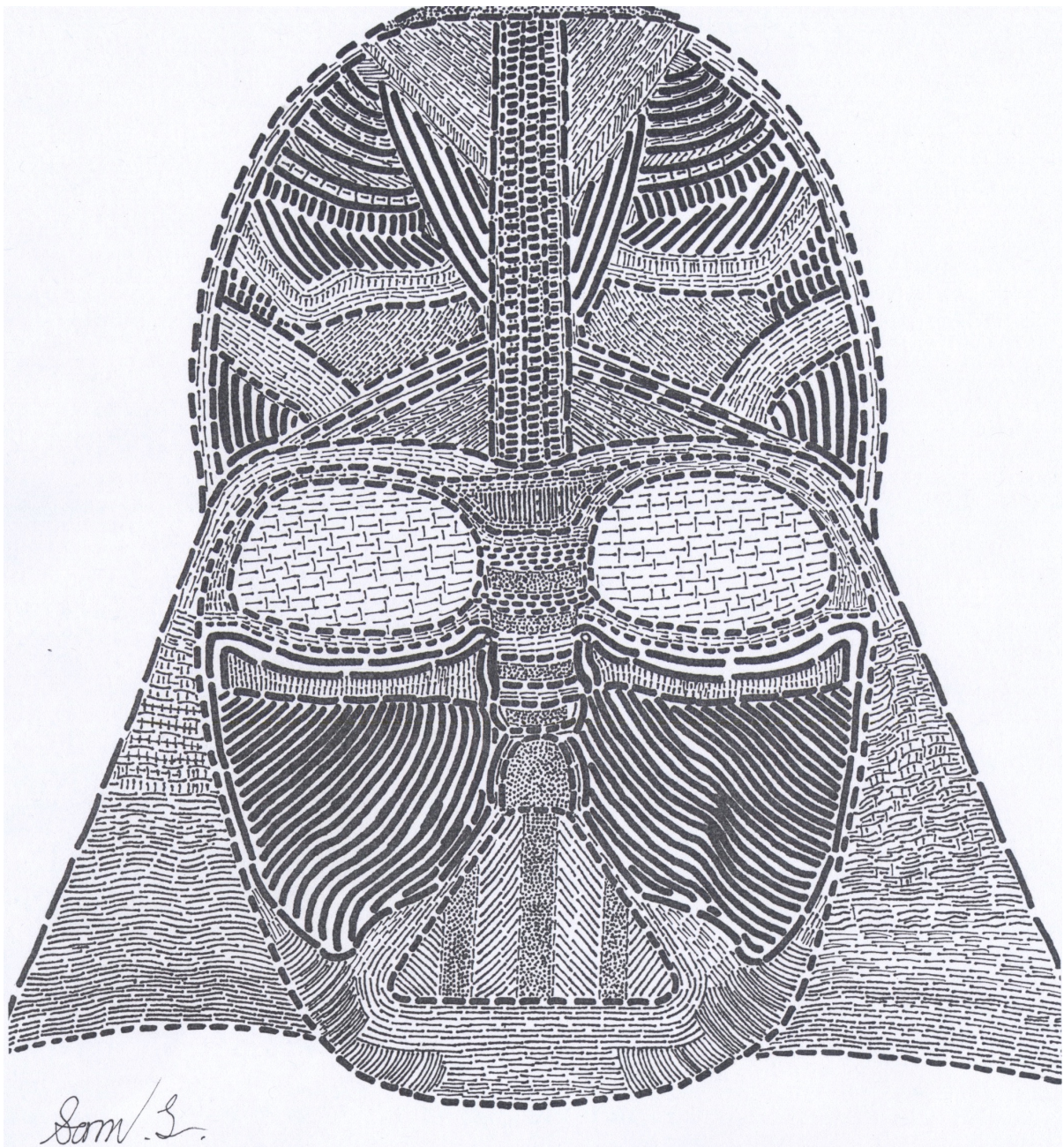
A man with an armband sat in front of a control board, feeling horrible about everything he was about to do. He had to. His superior had told him to.

The teacher sat in front of a control board, feeling horrible about everything he was about to do. But he had to do it. He had been told to.

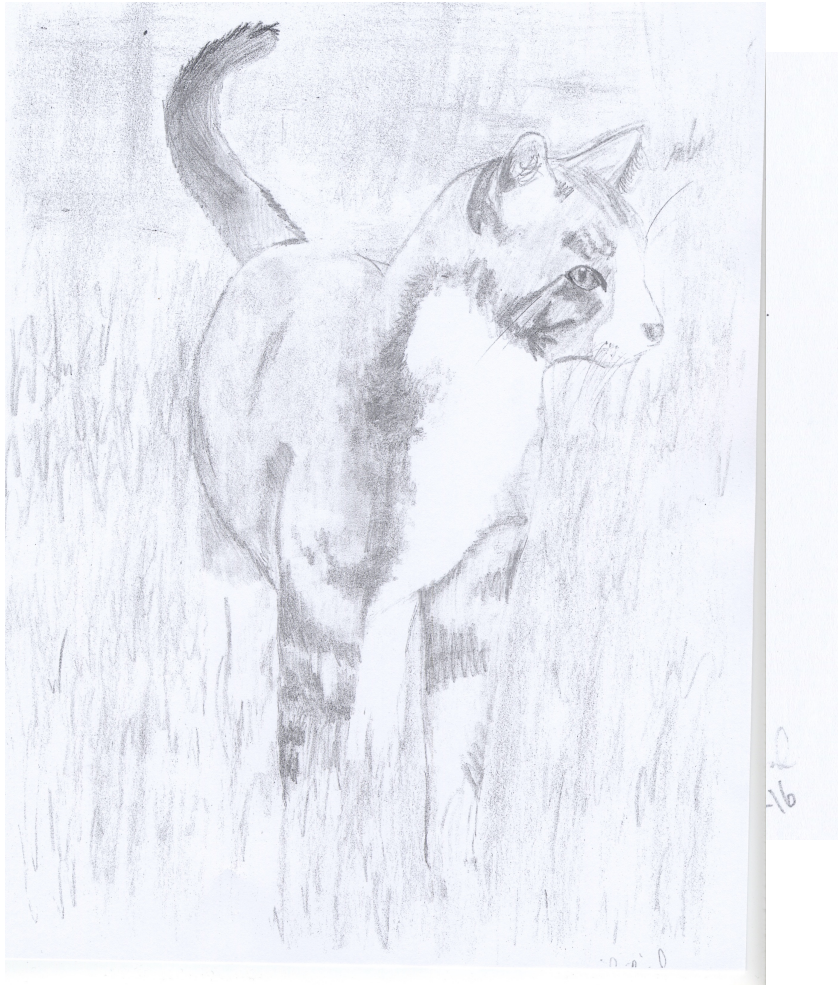
The man with the armband flipped the switch.

The teacher flipped the switch.

For a moment, the shouts of fear and pain intensified. Then they stopped altogether. The experiment was complete.



By Sam Labrecque



By Mariah Pinard





By Kaylee Hayes



By Alyssa Klein

By Yukino Tama



The Secret of the Carrot

By Dayna Britland

I want to tell you a secret. Well, it's not so much a secret, but it may just ruin your life. It nearly did to me the first time I heard it, so I'm giving you this opportunity to stop reading, to put this down and walk away happy and unscathed.

If you're with me in the second paragraph I assume you've opted for a ruined life and perception of the world. That's okay, most people will choose this. We're all cats killed by curiosity. Well I won't put it off anymore. Here it is, the fact that blew my mind and changed my life forever: Baby carrots are not actually baby carrots.

I know what you're thinking, what? How is that possible? I sorry to say that I'm not lying to you. I'm not joking either, well, maybe a little. The majority of baby carrots are actually full-grown adult carrots that are shaved down to their core, turning them 'young' again. Plastic surgery, for carrots.



By Alyssa Klein

The Monsters Under The Bed

By Clarissa Tweed

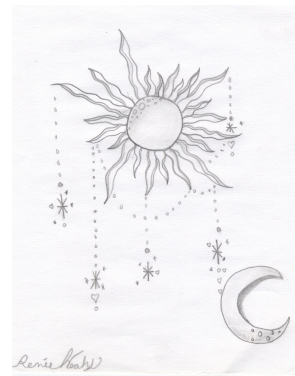
Jane had gone to bed around 10:30 p.m., not being able to sleep before that. There was banging to be heard around her room. When Jane woke up, the light in her room was out. Her parents always did that to her when she fell asleep, she hated it with a burning passion.

“Jane! Jane! Jane! Come out of that bed of yours and play with us!” called a voice. It was a raw, growling voice that was getting louder with each counting word. Jane had obviously refused, the poor girl was scared out of her mind. The 8 year old girl went under the covers and tried to block out the monsters under the bed.

“Jane! Jane! Jane! Come out of that bed of yours and play with us!” they chanted again. A boney, green looking hand with long nails, had snaked itself up and latched itself to Jane’s leg. Jane let out an ear piercing scream, she moved her leg back and forth, trying to shake the hand off. The monster kept a tight grip with it’s disgusting dry and scaly hand.

“Jane! Jane! Jane!!” The monsters yelled. Jane covered her ears and she could still feel the hand on her leg. The girl was crying and screaming for her parents. Suddenly the light had turned on and everything zipped back under the bed.

Before her parents could see anything.



By Renee Healy



By Renee Healy



By Kaylee Hayes

Kaylee H.

Of People Walking By

By Livia Shepard

Of the people walking by
How many do you know?
Not just who they are
But them, their heart, their soul

Of the people walking by
How many are your friends?
How much do you know
About those closest to you

Of the people walking by
How many do you understand?
It is difficult to understand
For to understand, you must know

Of the people walking by
Whose stories do you know?
Not just the good, the humorous
But the ones that shaped their lives

Of the people walking by
How many have you saved?
Without knowing, you may have helped many
Simply by being kind

Of the people walking by
There are few I truly know
There are many I consider friends
But the two don't always go together

Of the people walking by
There are few whose story I know
There are few I truly understand
But I try very hard nonetheless

Of the people walking by
I hope there are some I have helped
And I will try to understand
As I walk by

Overthinking

By Brittany Klein

It's all in
your head
The explosion of
your mind
You can't fix
Your thoughts
Yet they control
Your life
Until it stops
And suddenly. . .

Stuck

By Brittany Klein

Stuck inside my thoughts
No one can hear them screaming
They say I'm crazy

Writer's Block

By Brittany Klein

Telling me to write
Can only make it harder
Yet here I am now

Life After Death

By Brittany Klein

I won't be ready
But I'll know when I must go
When the time is right

I...
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 Alessandra Fopiano





By Zoe Oddi