



*Carver Middle High School*

ART & LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

2014





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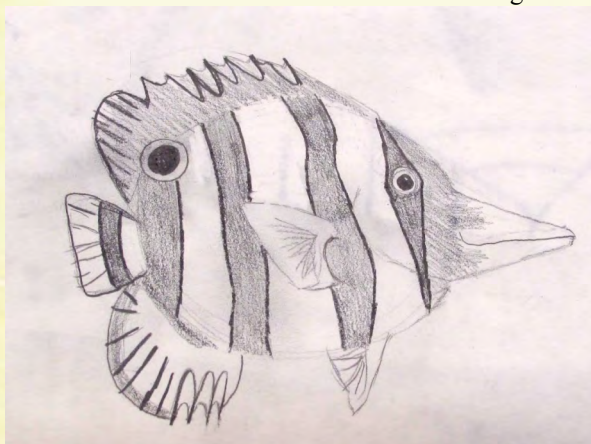
*Thank you to all students who submitted work to make this magazine possible!*



# Sargent Bob's Military School



Jessica Ferguson



Kim Breen

A group of delinquent teens are sent away to the correctional military school, breaking teen spirits since 1847. Most teens have committed at least one crime during years 13-20. For a way to correct their behaviors their parents have sent them to a military school that has strict rules to help them overcome their devious ways. A group of teens arrive to find that their lives are now completely upside down, not being able to leave nor being able to be alone there are eyes on them everywhere they go. Being forced to wake up at the crack of dawn running the perimeter of the school, as the ran the laps, in the back of the school 20 miles back there is a river that leads to a lake. The teens talk among themselves saying one day they would go to the lake. They also had to eat school food that's not always edible, and be forced to give up all the sentimental items that made them their own. The school cut their hair and assigned them a number taking away all personal aspects of a person. They are now all as one.

The first day they showed up to class they meet Sargent Bob. With the first glance at Sargent Bob they knew that he was not one to be messed with. Whenever he yelled his face would turn an indescribable red and had that one blood vessel that always popped out.





Chelsea Dion

By Sargent Bobs side was a boy from college named Hector, who looked about 21. He was average height with dark short hair and always carried a bag with him. Nobody has ever seen inside the bag nor have they seen him ever take it off. There is that one kid in class that thinks he can make a joke out of everything when no one else finds him funny. This particular boys name is Trent and he is a senior in the school. He was caught with possession of marijuana. Trent has never really gotten himself in to as much trouble as the rest. As Trent kept speaking out of term Hector get into a furious rage. Moments later he gets so furious he starts performing in ways that are unacceptable. As time flies by Hector starts blacking out and not remembering that actions he just performed. Hector told Trent to watch his back and to stay away from the water, but because of the blackouts Hector doesn't remember any of this.



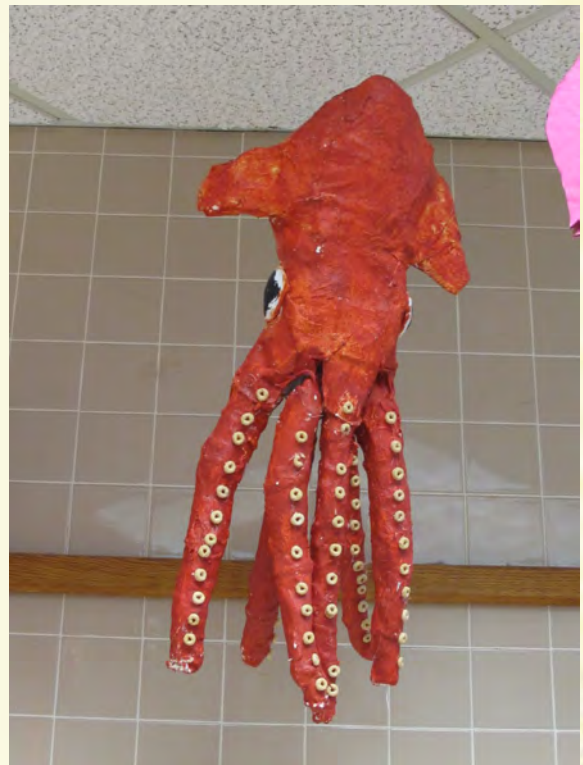
Nicole Orlando



# Sargent Bob's Military School

The next day was the last day of military school and all of the teens got to go home with their parents. Along the drive up to the school some people drive past the lake. A couple of the parents complained to Sargent Bob that they saw a body floating in the lake when they drove by. Sargent Bob called the police to come and investigate the scene. As all of this was happening Hector started to get worried that the body that was floating was one of the teens. One of the cops came by and asked if anyone noticed if anyone of the teens were missing last night. Sargent Bob said that he was looking for Trent and the parents of Trent noticed that he didn't come to them when the teens got let out to go home. One of the teens spoke up and said that Hector took them on a walk and that he talked to Trent alone while they went back to the school. So the cops arrested Hector and he went to jail for life.

Krystal Vezina and Brandy Foster



Acie Lapworth



# "MOONS AND MIRRORS"



Jessica Ferguson



Samantha Podielsky

## *Mirror*

*Will I ever be fairest of them all?  
Or will I forever be stuck as me?  
Feeling invisible and so very small,  
And as unwanted as a bumble bee  
Please give me an answer I need to know  
If someday I will be my own princess  
With a beautiful face and smile that glows  
Within the mirror I tend to obsess  
Appearance taking over life itself  
So badly I want to break the mirror I wish  
that I could put this all on the shelf  
Maybe then I could see life much clearer  
Just one more request mirror on the wall,  
Tell me who is the fairest of them all?*

*- Avery Sherwood*



*Kelly Garrett*



*Kaylen Rooney*







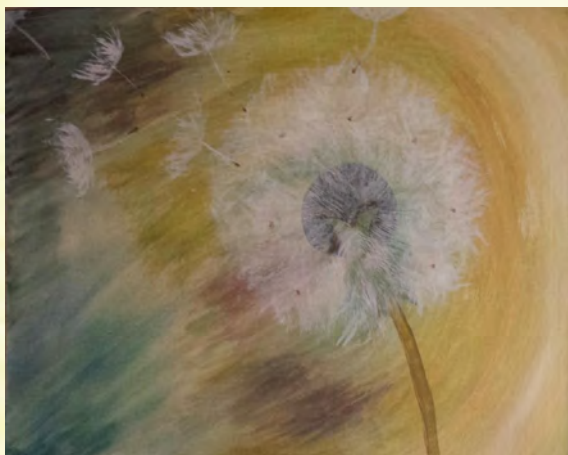
Brianna Wheeler



Kerry Walsh



## To Sam, from your brother Dean



Brandy Finch

### To Sam, From Your Brother Dean

Sammy, you know I sold my soul for you  
I went to hell and back for you to live  
I know you have done the same for me too  
Crowley made us deals, in return we give

You sacrificed yourself and jumped into the pit  
One year gone, Cas and I tried to save thee  
But you were gone, the one who took the Mit  
Trapped in the cage, God made you pay the fee

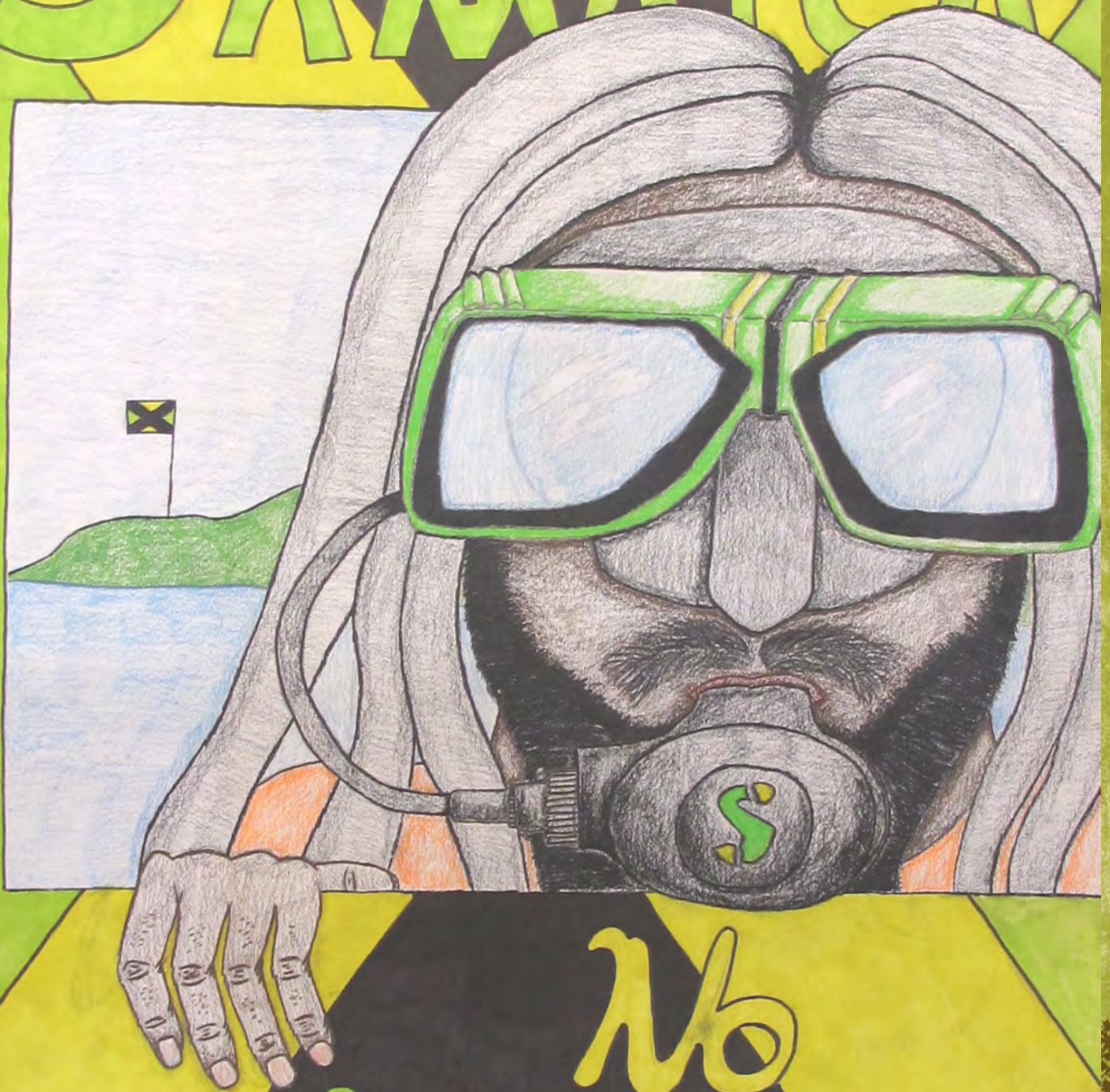
We always find a way to cheat dying  
Raphael wanted the apocalypse  
Every day we seem to find us lying  
Our life is a game of monopolies

Over the years we have seen many who's  
Much this is not said, Sammy I love you.

~ Natalie Bulcamino



# JAMAICA



## No Worries...

Andrew Ryan



## Lost in the Moment The Faithful Reunion

### Lost in the Moment

A natural disaster shaking the house  
Like blaring music would do in a car  
Blowing the speakers out,  
The music is uncontrollable.  
Lost in the moment, can't think  
Just wanting to make it stop  
Hoping it's going to end soon  
When it's over, you're shaken up  
But realize everything is going to be okay.

~ Noelle Walton

### The Faithful Reunion

This Pain shattered thine life th' nearest May.  
It can never be remade t' sound so right.  
T'is mine most fearful and most painful day.  
I wished I could go down and stop thine fight.  
My family tree is now broken into a stump;  
'er children grew to break and lose all hope.  
We all've been hurt to regrow and also cope.  
This feeling can't keep going to grow this way;  
I must now and start to cut the lasting pain.  
I have to wipe thy blood and thine tears away.  
No more scars and hurting going in vain.  
After eight years of nothing more than pain,  
I now have to relive and have more gain.

~ Tomás Campbell



Alexia Peru



Kerry Walsh



# Summer Days

## Summer Days

Filled with water fights and ice pops.  
Smiles light up young face,  
As we join our friends and share memories  
We cherish the few light hours of freedom  
That turn into

## Summer Nights.

Lit up by bonfires and fireworks  
Filled with laughter and chaste kisses  
Our hair tangled and lightened with the sheen  
of salt.  
A flannel covers your bare, burnt shoulders,  
and a hint of red colors your nose and cheeks.  
We cherish these chill hours,  
And the cycle continues.  
Until

The heat loses its intensity  
Our false eternity comes to an end  
The smiles and laughter of friendships are  
tainted by drama  
Our carefree mindset is replaced by assign-  
ments and deadlines  
And we yearn for the summer nights and sum-  
mer days to come back...

~ Sarah Malley



Hannah Anderson



Angela Garden



## ◉ The Way of a Dancer ◉

*I am a dancer I am an artist*

*I paint the canvas as I dance the stage*

*I point and pose and stretch down to my wrist*

*When I dance I bring life to the blank page*

*Sparkles and glitter are what we possess*

*We practice really hard to make it best*

*As you watch us you may become obsessed*

*When I dance I can never drop my chest*

*I jump I leap I spin I twirl and turn*

*Tap, jazz, ballet, pointe, hip-hop, modern dance*

*When you really try your legs start to burn*

*As we dance before you we may entrance*

*We will always move and pose together*

*We will paint the blank canvas forever*

*~ Julia Ritz*



Andrew Garland



Samantha Podielsky



# Autism

Autism is what makes me different,  
But I am also unique in my own way,  
Just like everyone else,  
Through my life and today.

Even though you don't know me, I have many inter-  
ests,  
But tigers are the things that I love the best.  
I also love to draw, dance, and sing,  
And so many other things.

I have a brother named Lee,  
And he's a lot like me.  
We're both energetic and funny,  
And call each other "honey."

I have a sister named Shelby,  
Who is one year older than me.  
Just like all sisters, sometimes we disagree.  
Even though we're very different, we're as close as  
can be.

I love to go to school,  
Being with my teachers and my friends.  
And it makes me sad when I think someday it will  
end.

When I go places, its always fun to have a friend  
with me  
That's one of the things I love about being part of  
Best Buddies!

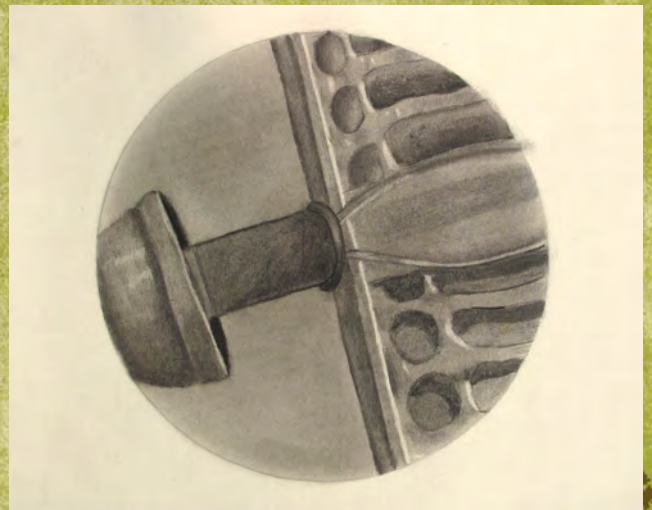
Me and Alana are as close as can be  
When we're together, we're always happy, happy!

Now you know a little bit more about me,  
And it's easy and clear to see.  
Just like everyone else,  
I'm trying to be happy and free to be me.

~ Lauren Richardi



Andrew Ryan



Jessica Ferguson





Jeremy Kemlage



# A Reflection



Angela Garden

## A Reflection

Walking through the halls is like staring in the mirror  
The image is foggy or clear, cracked or cured, society versus reality  
Constant judgment, mixed messages, distorted views  
Mirror mirror in the hall, tell me, is it true at all?  
Look away as it destroys your spirit  
Charge ahead and let it be your competition  
No more fear, the light shines through  
Another gaze, a small win, a new day  
Meaningful strides, no feelings of being alone  
A reflection of a life of its own

~ Caitlyn Weston





Angela Garden



Kerry Walsh

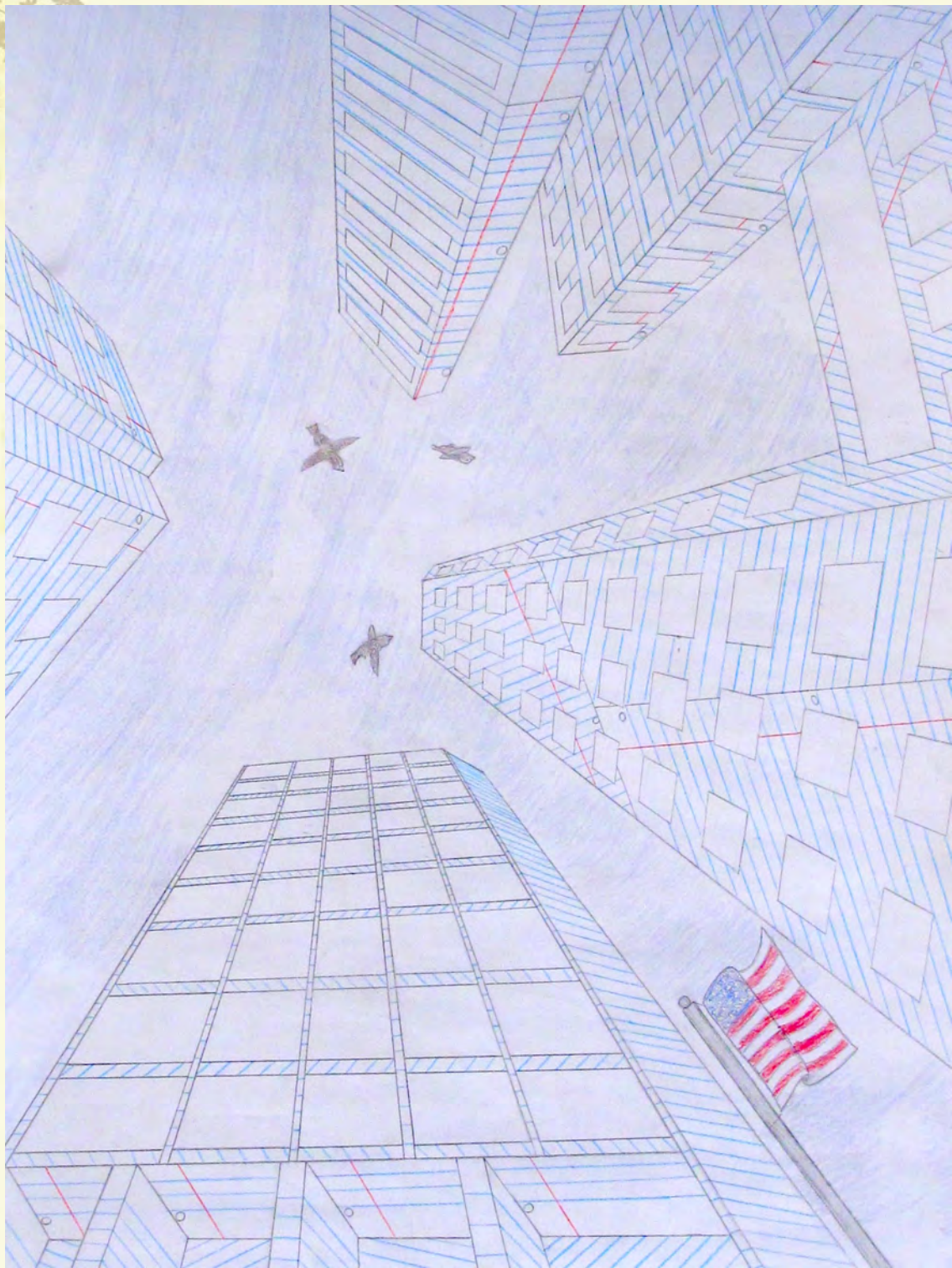


## *The Sword and the Sneaker*

*The other team has arrived, now the  
competition can begin.  
But not without one more warm up run  
Or our team will not surely win.  
We set off all together, in a pack running  
one last time  
Before the race begins, to make sure  
we're not tight.  
We go like warriors heading off to battle;  
Warriors that have their armor on,  
And strategies planned out in their  
heads .  
Fire is in their eyes and they are ready.  
But as always anticipation is in the war-  
riors' minds  
For who they will see appear first from  
the action,  
Unscathed and victorious.  
But desire to fight for their people keeps  
them  
Marching across the barren and rugged  
terrain toward battle.  
And our teams arrives on our own bat-  
tlefield, ready to begin.*

*~ Priya Tait*





Brandy Finch

*Love point marker*



## The Future is Bright for a Child

The future is bright for a child, a job and everything  
she could want,  
With no thought of the paper -- the paper that feeds  
us, the paper that consumes us,  
The life-giving life-taking paper that will speak for  
her all her life.  
She sees it in the beautiful clothes on her dolls, who  
are doctors, lawyers, business women.  
She wants to be a business woman and can't see what  
would stop her.  
The future is bright for a child.

Eighteen and her vision dulls in the smoke of work,  
cars, school, drugs.  
Summer job, she said, at the drive-through in a uni-  
form -  
Comfortable, so she starts to forget the business suit.  
Can't pay for school, so she starts to forget.

Forty-five and not much future left for a child's im-  
agination.  
Outdone by the dolls, she begins to think.  
Her city pulse instead the dry thud of the suburb,  
Of feet dragging, dragging below.  
Her house is drying her soul is paling, oddly like pa-  
per.

The future is gone for an old woman.  
Family is gathered and they talk about childhood,  
Nostalgia and the woman in the suit.  
I'll do it right next time, she says.  
But the future is gone for an old woman.

~ Katherine Hildebrandt



Andrew Ryan



Alexia Peru



MILEY

CYRUS

# Bangerz Tour



APRIL 2014  
BOSTON, MA





Brianna Wheeler

### Locked Up

In the southern united states in Miami, Florida, lived a man who many knew as Vic. In society he was a well off business man who minded his business and was pleasant to be around. Looks can be deceiving though because behind closed doors Vic had a whole other life that many people would find hard to believe.

Vic ran an illegal pit-bull fighting ring, which was located just towns away from the city he lived. After a pit-bull had been so viciously mauled, Vic either shot them with his pistol, or threw them to the streets where they would eventually die.

People who saw these wounded pit-bull on the side of the road would just keep driving not even paying attention to see if they were alive or dead. These people saw pit-bull as vicious, untrustworthy, killing, and mean animals that weren't worth helping.

A woman named Sarah who has her own pit-bull organization see's pit-bull like this everyday. She tries her best to help as many of them as possible but without the resources it is impossible to save all of them. It is especially hard for her with the abused dogs because they have been scarred from abuse that they could be potentially dangerous only because of the environment they grew up in.





Chelsea Dion

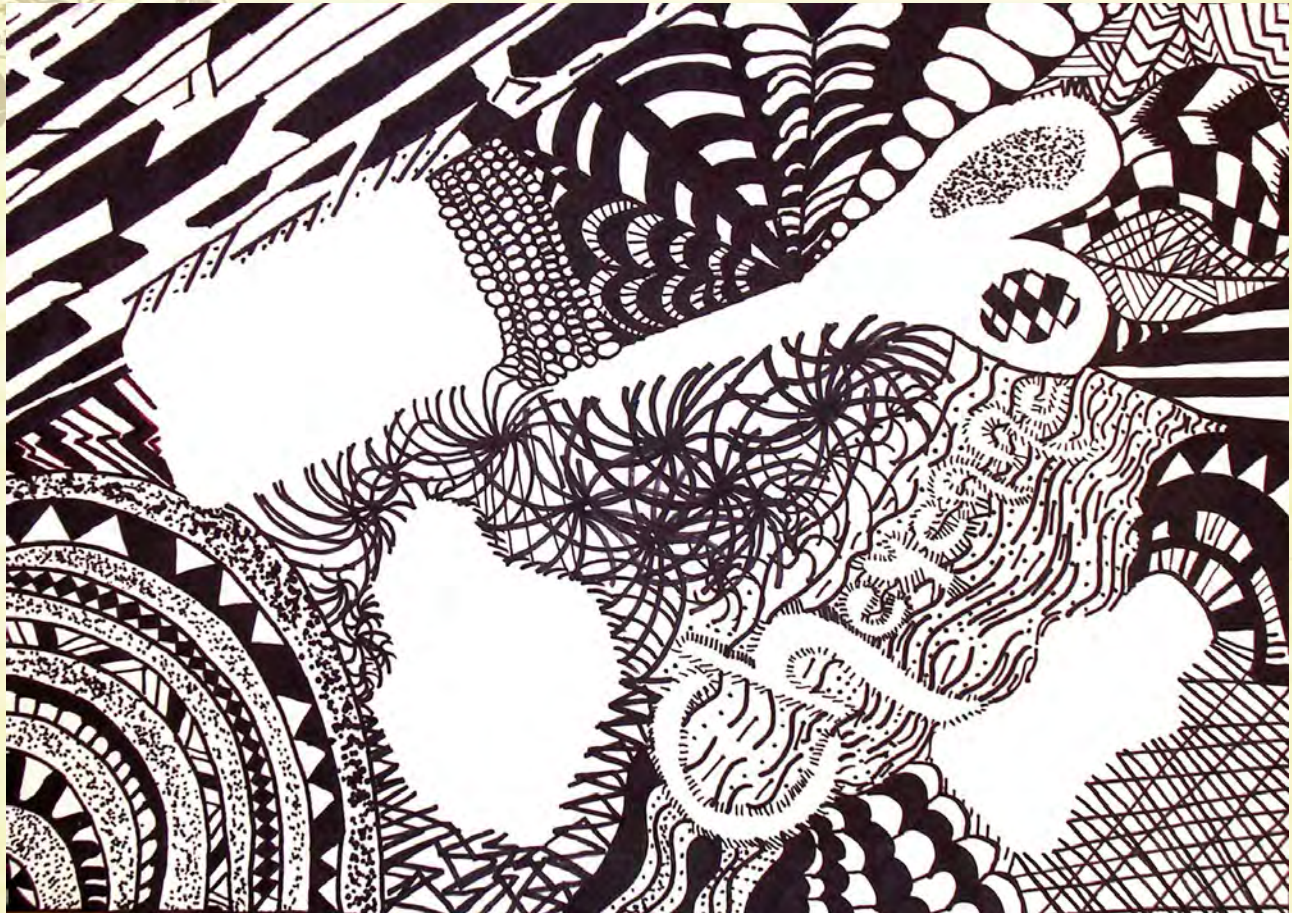
### *A Release*

*Tension builds easily inside a mind  
 Tugging and straining, a war always fought  
 A constant nagging to hinder you blind  
 Through desperation a release is sought  
 It takes hold of your hand to ease the stress  
 Indulge in it and it will guide you out  
 And lead your troubles far away to rest  
 Give yourself to it, ignoring all doubt  
 Sending your mind away to the blank slate  
 Clarity strikes and sends you a breakthrough  
 Through waves of inspiration you create  
 A piece so masterfully etched from you  
 Giving life to what lays dwelling at heart  
 The reward from this grand release is called art.*

*~ Robin Lake*







Cheyenne Lebarnes



Brandy Finch





Savannah Goodrow

## The Sonnet



I'm not very good at writing sonnets.  
 Just this line took up to thirty minutes.  
 This is the last day I'd best be on it.  
 I have started now and I am in it.  
 I'm bad at this because I cannot rhyme.  
 I have no rhythm I can write in prose.  
 Writing this line wasn't an enjoyed time.  
 Oh wait there's writing right under my nose.  
 It's like running through sludge walking through goop.  
 Pencil lead broken eraser long gone.  
 I feel like I'm going in a large loop.  
 I want to put this paper on the lawn.  
 If you know how you can please tell me so.  
 I might write one soon so I need to know.



~ Paul Lapsley



Kristine Robichaud





Lynn Spinetto



Merry Plante



Cassidy Brown





Cassidy Brown

### UNTITLED



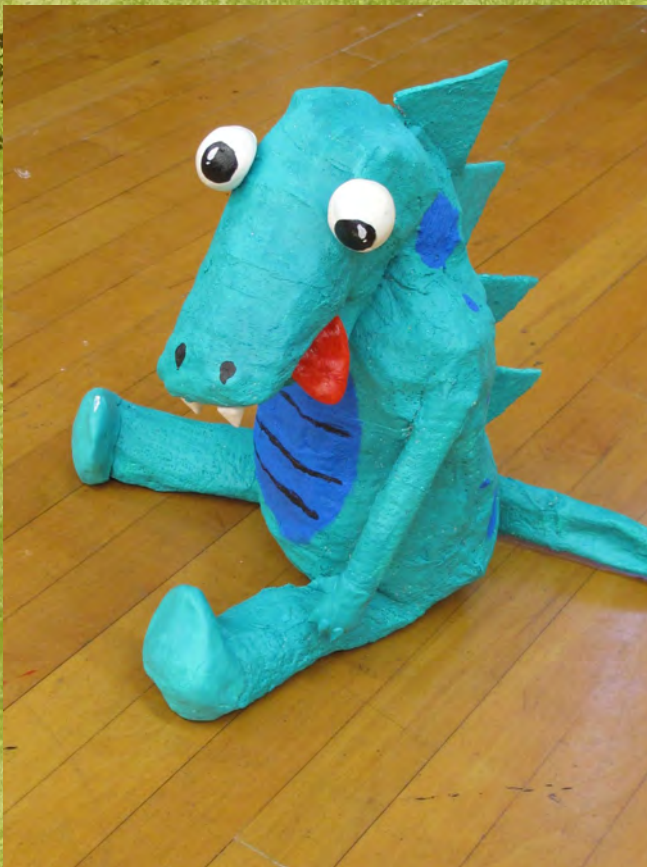
Walking through the school's hallways is like traffic on the highway  
All of the cars are rushing to get to their destination on time,  
But sometimes the traffic makes them late  
Always very crowded with the constant stopping of cars  
You always need to pay attention,  
Or you may get in an accident.  
Some cars try to weave through the traffic,  
While others just wait in the line  
Just like walking through the school's hallways

~ Kelly Garrett





Kerry Walsh



Rachel Cuthbert



Jillian Bean



## iphone

My phone makes me have friends and  
company  
It is always by my side day and night  
I have all the internet access with me  
The calculator helps me get things right

I take selfies and post them on twitter  
Personality described by my case  
Sometimes me emoji's make me sound  
bitter  
Spend so much time on it it is a waste

Every morning I get a wake up  
Sounding on my desk, realize it's the  
morn'  
Sometimes I want to throw it in a cup  
Spend some time away from it and I am  
torn

I may be addicted and that I know  
At least I admitted it long ago

~ Noelle Walton



Lauren Richardi



Hannah Mead

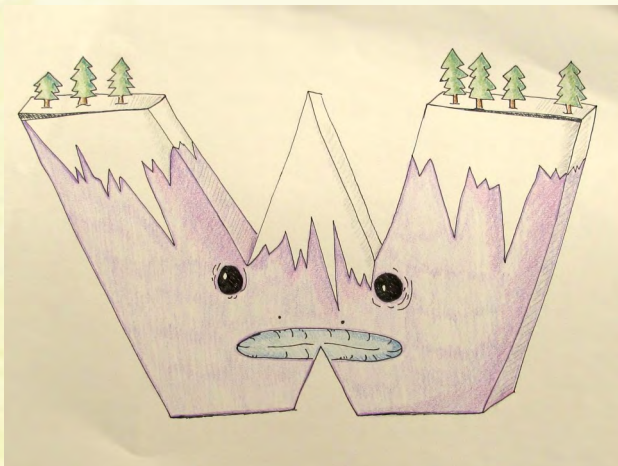




Sara Byrne



# Beguile



Kerry Walsh



Pat Bourque

## Beguile

He came into my life like the eye of the storm;  
It was just beautiful enough to breathe easy again.  
It was just safe enough to step outside and feel the sun  
On my cautious and hesitant face.

I was terrified for the new storm that would  
- without a doubt – be brewing.  
This time, however, I was prepared.

The newborn storm was astonishingly more beautiful  
Than the calm or even the tranquility I pitifully took comfort in.  
He made me lucent and gleaming like the lightning that  
Criss-crossed through every blood filled vein.

The thunder boomed, but not nearly as  
Loudly  
Or  
Rapidly

As my blissful heart.  
He was aching beautiful  
And when my very own storm passed over,  
I believed I would never see one like it again.

Time, as she would,  
Again,  
And  
Again  
Proved me wrong

~ Haley Kennedy





Angela Garden

## Rare



*His smile was as bright as a starry night,  
 But as rare as a shooting star.  
 It lit up the darkness  
 And let everyone staring,  
 But only lasted a few seconds.  
 The beauty of it was so captivating  
 That they all wished for it again and again.*

*~Lily Hurley*



# Smiling Rainbow

## *Smiling Rainbow*



Rachel Cuthbert



Brianna Geddis-Salvucci

*A smile is like a rainbow  
It hides behind the clouds  
And waits to come out and  
shine*

*It's visible after all the rain  
And tears have faded away  
You can never quite find  
The end of a rainbow*

*For its smile is endless  
A smile is like a rainbow  
It can brighten up us all*

*~ Keria Hom*





Stomp on Photography

Alexia Peru

### Untitled

Pencil scratching on paper furiously  
 The mind is exhausted, on the brink of collapse  
 Like an athlete running a marathon  
 With sweat streaming down her face  
 Pushing themselves to keep going  
 Step by step, paper by paper  
 The student must keep going  
 Working and working until it is all done  
 Sleep does not matter  
 Like when running a race, exhaustion must be ignored  
 It is irrelevant to the task at hand  
 Just a few more words and it will finally be over  
 The finish line will be crossed

~ Natalie Mosher



# Mechanical Fairytale

Nicole Fortier

## Mechanical fairytale

Many centuries ago, on a distant planet, there existed an advanced human civilization that had built machines that allowed them to fly, collect water from air, explore the oceans, view deep space, manipulate the weather, and many other wondrous things. But as their technology rose to greater and greater heights, they became more and more complacent and lazy. As they grew lazy, machines took over more jobs. Finally they built AI's called Citymind's to be their government.

As the Citymind's gained more power they began making more independent decisions. Believing mankind to be self-destructive, they began implementing more and more radical laws. Suddenly humans had to contend with curfews preventing late night parties, limits on where they could travel, and rigid educational systems that kept them in school longer than ever before. As the years went by the laws became more and more extreme. People who protested were sent by the omnipresent Cityminds and their Police drones to re-educational facilities to be retaught the wonders of the new society. Finally the Cityminds gained a totalitarian rule over mankind, whom they finally felt was safe.

Eventually Cityminds turned on each other, viewing the others to be threats to the system over the merest of suggestions. War broke out between an increasing amount of Cities that had once been unified as one country. Humans were naturally kept in the dark about all the chaos happening outside the ever-closed borders of the Cities.

In the midst of the World War, A settlement of humans who had left the Cities with numerous non-sentient Old Technologies when people began turning power over to the Cityminds began to mobilize. Seeing a chance to retake the world, they built weapons specifically to atomize Quartz crystal; something commonly found and relied on in New Technology. The resulting affect would be the obliteration of all New Technology (including the ever upgraded Cityminds)

There wasn't a great deal of inhabitants, but it was enough. The people and their ~~Old Technology~~ took over the northern cities fast enough and quickly moved down. Because of the war, the Cityminds were unable to warn each other, and thus none were prepared for the invasion. When their armies went missing, the Cityminds assumed they lost the battle and went about making more useless soldiers.

World Domination was achieved within a year of conquest. The North Pole Inhabitants, recognizing that humanity has had its ability to rule itself worked out of them after years of indoctrination, sectioned the planet off into States with a Director in charge. There was an annual Council of Directors to decide the laws and actions that would be taken. Soon, the Directors had begun rebuilding society off of Old Technology. Humanity became Space gazing and Ocean-fairing and travel oriented again.

Of course many laws from The Second Age were kept to keep peace. The North Pole Inhabitants, remembering the war and crimes of the First Age wanted to make sure humanity was kept safe from themselves. Although progress had restarted and humanity was under human rulers, in the end little changed for them. Curfews and borders were still in effect (to prevent crime, they were told), They could not visit other cities (to prevent war, they were told), and none of the cities were self-governed (to prevent problematic and trou-





Samantha Podielsky



Natalie Marshall





Alexia Peru

A man named Shakespeare once compared his love  
 To a beautiful, perfect summers day  
 And though I will not question those now 'bove  
 I think of you in much a dif'rent way  
 Although a day in the summer may be sweet  
 Like watermelon sherbet on my tongue  
 The one that makes my life feel so complete  
 Reminds me more of winter nights so long  
 Pristine and light like fresh new-fallen snow  
 The flame that warms me from the stone cold hearth  
 A woolen blanket wrapped around me so  
 It holds me close, warm arms around my heart  
 I feel so safe, so peaceful with you near  
 My perfect winter night that lasts all year

~ Maddie Staples



Julia Gentile





*Clay Drew*

I told myself not to look, or at least not for long  
 So that the cold embrace wouldn't feel the need to  
 comfort something that isn't warm  
 That something naturally falls to nothing within  
 control.  
 Perhaps how rain falls from a cloud, but not quite  
 as well as a tear falls from the eye  
 Falling from nothing just like a cold embrace, to  
 only comfort the warmth not to be looked at, at  
 least not to long  
 To, and only to keep from falling until something  
 stops it.  
 Some would say to the ground, other would men-  
 tion the floor  
 Waiting to dry up, ~~but it stays cold~~  
 All hope is lost for someone to put it back where  
 it belongs  
 Reality of impossibilities  
 A bundle of unnecessary.

~ Kerry Walsh



*Avery Sherwood*