

Chariho High
School's

—the **GREEN** Light



Table of Contents

Literature

Ocean Breeze . . . Cassidy Carter	1
Oxygen Cycle . . . Lauren Beaudreau	3
Bitter . . . Maxwell McArdle	4
Rain . . . K.A.	5
A Flag Worth Flying . . . Anonymous	6
The Call . . . Anonymous	7
The Chosen Spirits of Dreams . . . Anonymous	8
Dreaming . . . Carissa Hawkes	9
Kaleidoscope Nights . . . Maddie Kuba	11
Broken Eclipse . . . Anonymous	12
Misunderstood . . . Paige Brown	13
The World's Struggle . . . Anonymous	14
I Know What You Did . . . Madeline Potts	15
I'm Sorry That I'm Sorry . . . Paige Brown	16
The Cycle . . . Orion Ford	17
Your Gift . . . Sarah Behm	18
Saint Truro Chronicles . . . Eric Warren	19
Green Light? . . . Mike Bruscini	20

Artwork

Hopes Teran	1, 4
Wesley Lovewell	2, 20
Grace Vargo-Willeford	5
Lydia Lee	6, 18
Tiffany Buck	7
Natasha Bento	8
Carissa Hawkes	9
Eva Angrisani	10
Karlisle Wilbur	12
Ezra Toneatti	13
Cassidy Argo	Cover, 14, 20
Devan Ravino	15
Ashley Perez	16
Kahekee Northup	17
Natasha Bento	19
Samantha Joslin	20



Art work by Hope Teran

Ocean Breeze

By Cassidy Carter

The wind blew,
Swept away my tears,
Rushing past, I flew.
With no absolute fears.

For the first time,
I was free.
Avoiding the absent line,
I was at the sea.

The place where no thought was passed,
But light was the shining victor.



Artwork by Wesley Lovewell

“The bird of Hermes is my name
eating my wings to make me
tame.”

- George Ripley

Oxygen Cycle

By Lauren Beaudreau

Her gaze was fixed upon the rustling leaves of the tree that sat outside her window- anything was more desirable than where she was now. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine the touch of the rough bark against her hands, or how it must feel to have the light breezes blow through her long black locks of hair. The image of herself in a light dress, with her hair cascading down her shoulders and the wind circling her ankles, brought a fickle smile to her lips. Oh how nice it'd be to be away from this place, she so desperately thought.

Slowly bringing her hand to the window, she frowned when her fingers were met with the coolness of the glass. There was something more that she wished for. As desperate as she was to feel the wind on her face, she longed even more to step out into the lazy sunlight of the spring. She wanted to see not only the beams of light, but to feel them warm her cheeks and tickle her nose as she walked among fields and fields of endless flowers. To see her dark skin be ignited with the fire of the sun- yes, that's what she desired most. Alongside being released and seeing her sweet son's face again.

Her son. The thought of his large brown eyes and the freckles he got from her made her smile once again. Her sweet innocent son, Raphael- where was he now? The answer was unknown to her- and although she had begged them to tell her, they refused. How was she to be sure that her son was safe- away from the treacherous hands of him?

Him. He had hurt her beautiful boy once, and he wouldn't hesitate to do it again. She knew the man well enough to know that he would search until his feet blistered and his hands bled to find her son and bring a fate most undesirable upon him. The thought ignited a spark in her, and with a speed she didn't know she possessed, she rushed to the room's door and brought her fists down upon the heavy metal, crying out.

"He's got my son! Someone, please! I'm serious this time!" There was no denying it- something deep within her screamed danger- something knew her sweet boy was in trouble at the hands of the man she loathed so deeply. She felt the fire in her stomach burn to reach her fingertips- the heat she had longed for suddenly filled her being. It wasn't in the form of sunshine or summer warmth, but in a form of power and rage that was only fueled by the thought of him, the thought of the man getting to her family, to destroy it as he tried once before! Her eyes burned with a fire so intense, she felt her face heat up. With a power unknown to her, she continued to slam her fists into the door, making reasonable dents in the metal, but unable to free herself from her isolated prison. Yes, she felt warmth!- but she wanted it to consume her body. She could only continue to cry out. "Help my son, please, Apollo will take him and hurt him again! PLEASE!"

On the other side of the door, where a long hall connected dozens of identical rooms, a young man in a white coat passed with his superior. There was no ignoring the consistent slamming on the door in front of them, and although the young man's face twisted in confusion, the older one only sighed.

"What's going on in there?" The man asked. He paused a moment, to listen to her yells. "Who is Apollo, and is her son okay? Should we check on her?"

The older man, tapping the clipboard he held against his leg, cast his eyes towards his friend in disinterest. "That's Adrestia. Nothing is wrong; she has episodes all the time, where she says her husband is out to get her son. The thing is, she burned her husband alive years ago." The older man then led the younger one down the hall, away from Adrestia and her fury, the one that set her on fire like she so desperately wanted.

Bitter

By Maxwell McArdle

My interest peaks in
what they do not want me to have,
My hand is slapped away

I can feel worthy
but I can feel discontent;
understand how it feels to be let down

and to let down.

Contradictory fronts are met,
expected to amalgamate;
become a mere imitation of another

Lost, so we can no longer recognize the image
reflecting back at us
a stranger, replaced.

This place, where the sun never looks
beyond the clouds

And white roses,
dirtied by play, only wither away

These faces, emotions wiped
buried deep in that wooden box.

So, they have roamed
far from that seasonal meadow,
screams and playful jeers can be heard,
and callow buffoons trot nude
to their own beat

For, they know of the flower
and have lost it;
left only with the knowledge

Substituting life for this dead quality,
exchanging the substance for its shadow

But, do take my hand as I
stop you from tumbling over,
into a sea

Of bitter reverie.



Artwork by Hope Teran



Artwork by Grace Vargo-Willeford

Rain

by K.A.

I
Hear
Nothing
Until the
Sudden plop
Of a drop of water
Knocked on my window
and said it was going to rain
and the little drop of rain was right
it was down pouring and it didn't stop
I went outside and I hear droplets of water
Like the droplets of water are ringing the bells
In the church on a Sunday, but more quiet and slow
I got into my car, started it up and turned on the wipers
And I was on my way to work, and slowly the droplets
Started to go away, and the clouds started to go away,
And the glorious ball of light started to show its face
The world would not be the same without the sun
This is why I am telling you this poem
Because life will have rainy days
but know that tomorrow
will be brighter.

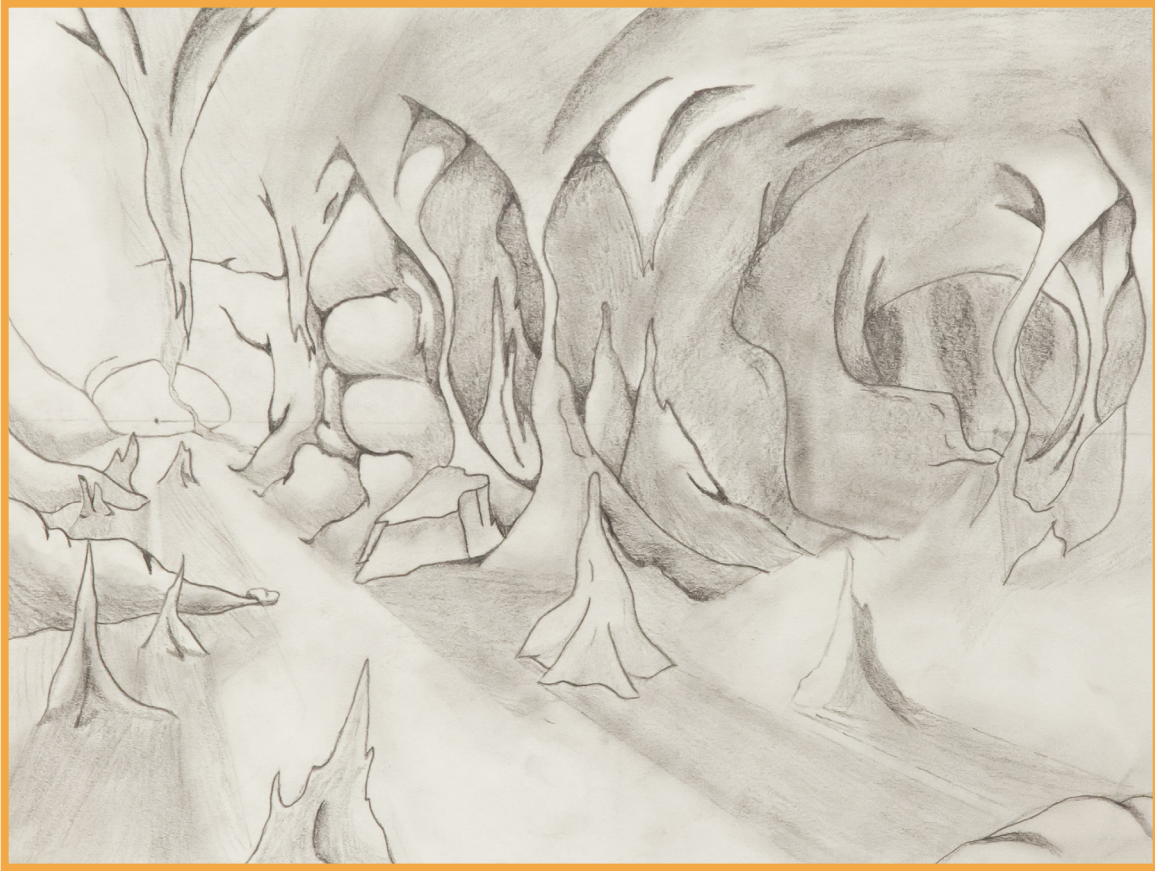


Artwork by Lydia Lee

A Flag Worth Flying

By Anonymous

High above the ground you wave,
A cool breeze within your folds.
A sight which many people see,
Yet many disregard.
I've pledged myself to you and country,
But others have forgotten.
Time has not been easy on you,
Nor has it been generous.
From a land wishing freedom you were born,
To rally those who dared.
Beneath your gaze a country grew,
A land of those cast out.
A silent promise you had given,
To any and all that wished for a new home.
"Life" you said,
As you took in those whose countries forsake them.
"Liberty" you whispered,
While culture upon culture mixed within your bounds.
"Happiness" you smiled,
As you watched your people prosper within a new world.
But your people did not see your country,
Only its flaws.
You watched as brother killed brother during the Civil War,
And families tore apart.
But you stayed strong,
And soon you were whole again.
A new strength was imbued within your Stars and Stripes,
One that would withstand the tests of time.
You watched your people starve in the Great Depression,
And gave them hope that they could have a better life if they tried harder.
What other flag could fly above the lands of France during the Great War,
A Hero arriving to offer salvation?
What other flag could symbolize the free world,
The strength of humanity and the resilience of a single people?
You have been burned by those that hate you,
A symbol of defiance made out of fear.
You have been stepped on by those who live under your protection,
Misusing the rights they have been given under your watch.
But fear not,
For you have not been abandoned by those you love.
For every soul that condemns you for your past,
There will be those who will carry you over the battlefield.
For as long as a true patriot draws breath,
The dirt will never stain your colors.
My Brothers and I will carry you,
For under you we have been delivered our promised land.
You are not perfect,
Nor will you ever be perfect.
But your believers will never drop you,
Your burden will be ours to carry.
For the day that you stop flying over the country I love,
Is the day my country dies.



Artwork by Tiffany Buck

The Call

By Anonymous

I remember we got the call
I stood there, in the hall
I wanted to bawl
Mom told me you'd be okay
But I was selfish and didn't think I would be okay
You were drinking
On that bridge
You got out of that car
You wanted to fall
But I didn't want that at all
Remember when I was little?
We always used to play ball
But now
This was your entire fault
You just wanted attention from us
You lost your kids
You lost your family
Now that I think about it
I wasn't selfish at all
It was you, who decided to fall



Artwork by Natasha Bento

The Chosen Spirits Of Dreams

By Anonymous

Before modern civilization was created, there was a time where the people lived as one with nature. In this time, in a frosty forest, there was a tribe whom few knew of. This tribe held dreams high in their spiritual beliefs, and many today unknowingly still believe the same. They believed that dreams were a way to subconsciously make a balance in your spirit or for you to unknowingly find solutions to many different problems. Some people do not dream from their own mind, but others'. These people are known as The Chosen Spirits Of Dreams, for their spirit, chosen by a passed elder, gives them this gift so they can help the people in their tribe. These Chosen people were to become leaders, healers, because of their gifts. These gifts also gave them an animal, of pure white or pure black fur and the opposite eye color. If an animal was white, its eyes were black. When and if the animal was to die young or be killed, the chosen would die, and if the chosen were to die, the animal would die the same. Well, now in modern times, these people are hard to find. This tribe still lives, but some members, taken. This story is one about a taken Chosen Spirit of Dreams, who finds a way home, through the dreams of others.

Dreaming

by Carissa Hawkes

In a state of being asleep
Is where one finds adventure
Of past events or memories
Which become many crazy dreams
But don't get lost like Alice
Who always seeks to leave
Enjoy the madness of creativity
That was once locked away
But don't become too attached
Cause the clock is ticking fast
For the sun will rise
And the dream will fade
And all will return to reality.



Design by Carissa Hawkes

“Everything in life is writable about
if you have the outgoing guts to do
it, and the imagination to improvise.
The worst enemy to creativity is
self-doubt.” - Sylvia Plath



Artwork by Eva Angrisani

Kaleidoscope Nights

by Maddie Kuba

The air fills my lungs as I dance with the wolves in the night
My eyes sharpen to soar with the owls
The dark forces a howl out of my throat and I'm ready to fight
All around me is life that no one ever sees

It is all around me, I see it now that I'm older
On the stars and in the trees
The ground is cold and the air is colder

Embracing the ice, my independent state of mind unfurled
No one but the creatures of the night see me running
This place I now know is different from when I came into this world
There is a lot more complexity and meaning

How can humans be so scared of the night when there is so much magic to be felt?
So many wonders to be seen

Humans can never fathom the freedom that comes with having your soul being entwined with the moon

They are complicated and rare beings
They are quite beautiful
They are very fragile
Delicate like a whisper

For they are the kaleidoscopes
Before you look into one you are viewing one big image
But when you peer into it the image becomes fragments of color

Humans have many fragments to them, each fragment making up a part of their own selves
When you stitch those fragments together, no matter how different they are you can always get that one
complete image again

A beautifully fragmented
A uniquely broken
Human

So leave behind your human eyes for the night and come run side by side with me

Broken Eclipse

By Anonymous

I am not intelligent, and should have known if I was. It ends the same, like a cycle of lies, or like a habit that repeats, or a river that never flows a different way, and ends where it begins. My heart begins to heal with my soul, but once again, like a plague, it has taken over my body, and killed my heart, broken down my soul into nothing: the nothing that fills things that are not real. Nothing- what is it? You can never do nothing, even after death, you rot. Your body lies in the ground, and your soul? Well, it can do many things. I can't even breathe through the tears; I feel blood going down my cheeks, dangerous and painful. I thought I could be fixed, but my wounds never heal. They only become worse, and will never fade, only grow, like a drop of ink spreading across the wide canvas. My heart feels like emptiness that fills a black hole. My soul thought it reached heaven, but it quickly fell to hell. In my eyes you see the decay of who I wanted to become, the growth of what I must and always will be. But this will never end, for I will try again and again to be happy even if it's for a short while.



Artwork by Karlisle Wilbur



Artwork by Ezra Toneatti

Misunderstood

By Paige Brown

Do you see the kid, flaming hair bottled up, insecure, open book.
She is an oxymoron.
She is her past, lost in the present, seeing no future.
She is a leader, who follows directions.
She wants to be left alone, but hates being lonely.
She is angry, but not at you, at herself.
She is the whole, empty shell.
She is the broken healer.
She is the optimistic disbeliever.
She is the hopeful, hopeless.
She is the dark for the light
The light for the dark.

Do you see the girl, losing who she is?
Losing passions
Losing hope
Losing thought
Becoming a fluid motion
Becoming her biggest fear, becoming her past, in the present.
Emotionless, thoughtless fragment of some madman's imagination.
Can't you see?

She is me.

The World's Struggle

by Anonymous

The world is struggling to understand,
That anyone can become evil no matter religion;
Struggling to understand,
That not all Muslims are evil.
That evil men,
Can make good men do evil

If you disagree,
It is just perspective.
Good men trying to survive,

Join a cause they never believed in
Never would,
Never will.

But they are promised that your
family will be Protected
That your
Soul will find Peace.

IF you think this is evil,
Think,
What would you do?

If
Every step is disastrous,
If

Where you live is in constant war,
And

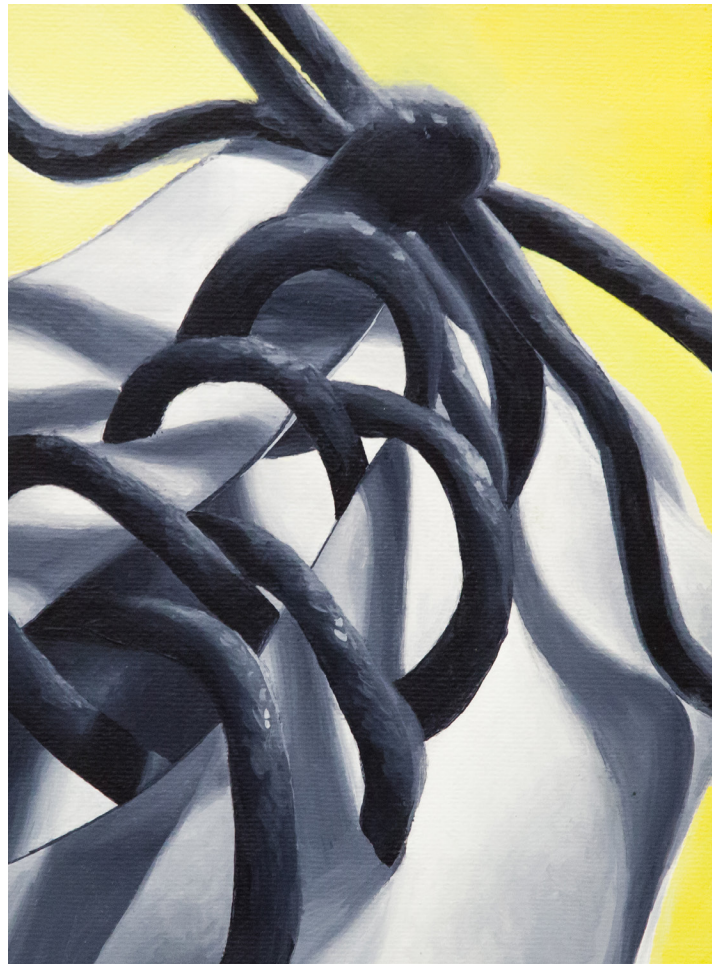
These people promise to bring some type of order.
Though you don't really know how,
Would you find something?
Anything
To believe in
To find faith in.

No,
I do not think that those insane people who are
blowing themselves up are right,
That they should be doing these things.
But tell me if you were them what would you do,

I will tell you this, as a closing statement
Not all Muslims are evil,
And not all Christians are good.

If people are seeking a way to escape,
The wars,
The fear
Why

Do we make it just as terrifying as the places they
are trying to escape?



Artwork by Cassidy Argo

I Know What You Did

By Madeline Potts

8:50 a.m.

10 minutes. My alarm went off, the loud beeping blaring in my ears. I rubbed my eyes and felt around for the snooze button on my phone's alarm clock. I pulled the sheets off of me and, quite literally, rolled out of bed. Remembering why I set my alarm so early, I jumped up and grabbed my phone from my nightstand.

8:55 a.m.

Five minutes. I held the phone in my hands and stared at the screen as I paced around my petite apartment kitchen. The timer on the toaster went off, and I jumped in fright, until I realized that it was only my two slices of toast, burnt to a crisp. My eyes never left the screen of the phone. Repeatedly, I checked to make sure that the ringer was turned on, so I wouldn't miss it. Then I went to butter my burnt toast.

8:59 a.m.

One minute.

9:00 a.m.

Zero minutes. My phone started blasting "I Wanna Get Better" by Bleachers and I leaped off the cold leather couch and skittered across the cold tile floor. I grabbed my phone and stared at the number. "UNKNOWN CALLER," read the heading; for the thirteenth time in two weeks, I hit answer.

"Hello?" I breathed quietly, merely a whisper. There was a pause on the other end, but I could hear the faint breathing of someone on the other line.

"I know what you did." said a rough, raspy voice, before the call was ended abruptly by the man on the other line. I pulled the phone away from my ear and stared at the screen. The unknown number never left a trace on my phone; there was never a number in my recents, or a voicemail when I didn't answer- it was like a ghost.

But someone knew what I had done, and I needed to figure out who.



Artwork by Devan Ravino

I'm Sorry That I'm Sorry

By Paige Brown

I know that there was nothing I did wrong, that you are just telling me that you have a problem.
But I am sorry.

I know that it was an accident, that it was not my fault.
But I am sorry.

I understand that you were in the wrong and that I should not apologize for your problematic so-called friends.

But I am sorry.

I am sorry I wasn't there to help you when you needed me the most.

I AM sorry I could not stop the accident before it occurred.

I am sorry I could not see the fault in your friends.

I understand that I cannot fix the world, but I want to help as many people as I can in this so-called civilization.

I am sorry.

But do you not understand?

I am not sorry because you have a problem, but I am sorry that I could not mend it.

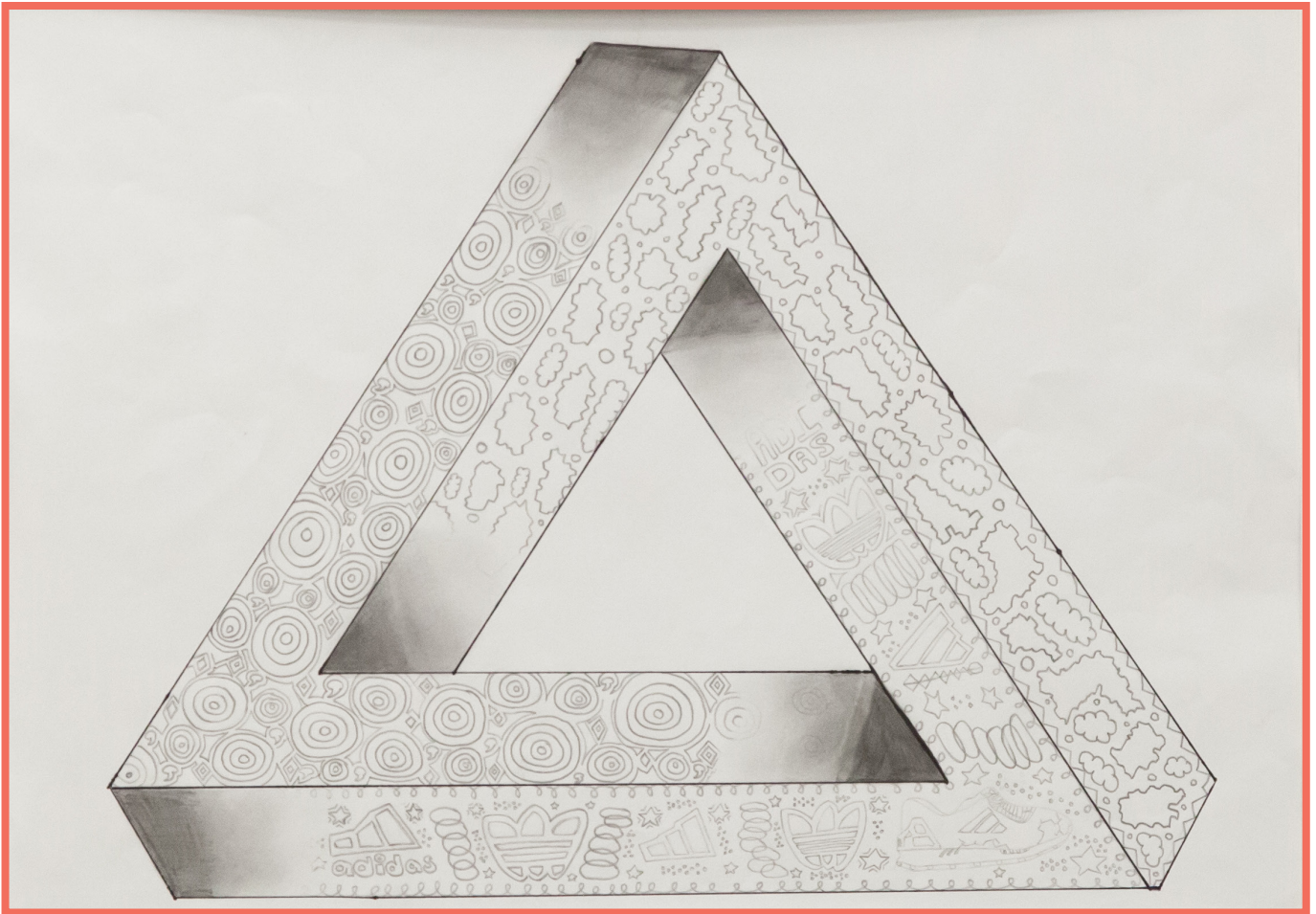
I am not sorry because I have nothing to say, at all, but I am sorry my words would have not been enough.

I am not sorry because your friends hurt you, but I am sorry I was not there to stop them.

I am sorry, that I'm sorry.



Artwork by Ashley Perez



Artwork by Kahekee Northup

The Cycle

By Orion Ford

As time goes on
People race
Like the hands on clock.

As time goes on
People grow
And grow together.

As time goes on
People learn
And learn wisdom.

As time goes on
People age
And pass that wisdom

Onto the next generation



Artwork by Lydia Lee

Your Gift

by Sarah Behm

You were delivered to this earth
Every breath and step you take you make your worth
You are a member of mankind
You are to do brilliant things as you were designed.
To build, to create, to mend, to learn, to discover,
You, a human, must be the one beholder.
From birth your soul is filled with success,
And your heart with courage,
And the brain the power nest.

The skills you are gifted with.
You were always meant for this.
The skill your success key,
The keys that will make you thrive happily.
To stress, to the fray, to despair, to trouble may come
Your nest of power will cast these hells out with
your victory hum.
Your gift must be put to work right away.
For you and your skill will be gone one day.
Only a fool would give their gift away.
Now, tell me, what will you do with your gift when
comes your day?

Now read in reverse

“The more clearly we can focus our attention on the wonders and realities of the universe about us, the less taste we shall have for destruction.”

- Rachel Carson

Saint Truro Chronicles

by Eric Warren

-Episode 1-
"Mrs. Hayfield's New Tenant"



Artwork by Natasha Bento

About fifty miles west of Plymouth, in old England, there lay a town named Saint Truro, nestled between the feet of two great hills that overlooked the unseen boundary between the Channel and the Atlantic. As the weather always is for towns so close to this great body of water, summers were brief and fruitful and winters unofficially lasted till April. This served to keep most travelers away, but occasionally an adventurous couple or lost soul would pass through on their way to other places. Such tradition kept the town very quiet even in the heights of 'the tourist season' that plagued neighboring villages.

Even if many strangers were to visit at one time, it would've set the town founder, John Henry Kenwyn, rolling in his grave to the point of scaring them away. The town was not what it had been intended to be- a secluded home for Kenwyn in tumultuous times where kings and queens exchanged the people's freedoms like handkerchiefs. He had purposely placed it in the farthest known corner of the English realm to consolidate what little peace there was left.

Fortunately, the Hayfield family, who shall begin our story of this little town, was among the first of clans to settle around the founder's house. It is in their original stone-and-thatch homestead, renovated into an inn by the present Mrs. Hayfield, that we begin a tale of small, everyday magic.

&&&

The doorbell rang as an autumn breeze rushed inside.

"Can I help you, dear?" asked Mrs. Hayfield, bustling out from the sewing room to the front desk.

"Why yes, I am in need of a room this night," replied the young lady, who was looking about the foyer. She looked very tidy in her black boots and scarlet scarf. She carried with her a single satchel of crimson leather.

"Well, if you'd take interest, there's a room upstairs dearie," replied the old woman.

"How much a night?" asked the lady.

"Oh, only six pounds will do. Might I ask your name?"

Handing her the money, the young lady seemed to tilt her eyes skyward for a moment before replying, "My name is Nora Godfrey, Mrs. Hayfield."

Though curious as to how the young woman knew her name, Mrs. Hayfield quickly surmised that the inn's sign boasting it outside had tipped her off: "Well, it's very pleasing to meet a person of your age with such pleasantness. Your room's just up the stairs and beyond the third door on the left. It's painted a sort of maroon, dearie. Mind you don't enter the cherry red door- that'd be my husband napping."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hayfield," answered Ms. Godfrey with a slight giggle.

Making herself busy tidying the money on her desk, Mrs. Hayfield happened to notice Ms. Godfrey's scarf fluttering as she skipped away: it shimmered to become a deep emerald color.

"Oh, and dearie, this is a family tradition, but I'll have no magic in this house," said Mrs. Hayfield.

With a small bow of her head and a well-meaning yet devious smile, Nora Godfrey continued up the staircase.

Sharp old woman, she mused quietly.



Artwork by Wesley Lovewell



Artwork by Wesley Lovewell

Green-Light? A poem/rant by Mike Bruscini

I would rather not have my work in our school's magazine.
If this gets in, I'll weep and scream :(
Why? Why? Why, Is this a graded assignment?
I would not could not.
Not anonymously,
My schoolwork is my personal property.
Nor with my name, for with my name I feel the same.
Not with green eggs and ham.
Not on a boat, or with a goat.
Not any classwork that I wrote.

Never!

Submitting is admitting submission.

But if Chariho does so wish,
This piece they may publish.

But I'd rather they didn't.



Artwork by Samantha Joslin



Artwork by Cassidy Argo



The Greenlight functions as an outlet for those who are not often heard, and it will shed light on the many talents of Chariho's student body.

Editor-in-chief- Marissa Alfiero
Managing Editor- Dylaney Cianci
Art Director- Cassidy Argo
Graphic Advisor- Mr. Rose
Advisor- Ms. Kenny
Art Advisor- Ms. Johnson
Photography Advisor- Mrs. Caster

Special thanks to:
Ms. Goretoy
Mrs. Burns

