

The Looking Glass

Lauralton Hall's Creative Magazine 2016

AP Comp Class Dreaming
By Mrs. Boynton's AP Comp Classes

While we should have been reading Kingston, we were listening and dreaming of
the world outside the brick walls of school,
a universe unmanned,
the secret stars, shining in the day's sunlight,
whales singing in the ocean,
a great ship
sailing me away
from my responsibilities,

While we should have been reading Kingston, we were listening and dreaming of
A rainstorm, complete with a cold wind and darkness,
a moment of tranquility amidst the chaos of every day,
the soft glow of the night,
the first ray of light that appears at the window above my bed,
sparkling waves rolling against a smooth shore,
weightlessness
looking over the edge of the Piton mountains,
beds as soft as clouds,
Love and Life.

While we should have been reading Kingston, we were listening and dreaming of
the mango-colored sunset spreading across the sky,
the music that waves create as they rush
up and
down
shimmering sand,
snow falling silently between the tall, tall buildings,
skiing on fresh power beneath the evergreens in Vermont,
our hearts and hooves beating as one as we canter
along the wooden frame,
the gentle wind fluttering on my skin like a sheet,
the faint sound of crashing waves, sighing
beneath
the crisp blue sky,
a meadow of dreams,
a fall forest,
bright orange and brown leaves covering the ground and
warm sunlight wafting down through the trees,
the Life that lives in all sound,
mindlessly floating with not a care in the world,
the bench, stiff and cold,
the long-awaited release from society's penitentiary,
Christmas in Florida with my whole family for the first time in ten years,
God—glistening in all His Glory—opening the gates of Heaven for a group of people—
men, women, and children—who left Earth too soon,
Peace with and within ourselves.

The Summer Kitchen

By Kathryn Blanco '17

Fifteen Christmases ago, I lay sprawled across a blanket on the floor of my grandparent's kitchen. As if memorializing that day, the room lives in a state of never-ending yuletide. The gingerbread men still hang from the mantle, smiling at their partners stitched into dish towels on the counter. Above the red-and-white checked tablecloth, Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig of A Christmas Carol twirl from a ribbon in a perpetual December-the-25th dance. Being just ten days old at the time, I don't remember my first Christmas. What I do remember is making the drive every summer, without fail, to Grandma and Papa's house. The kitchen is always the first destination.

Just as each visit begins in the kitchen, so does each day. The sun rises to the sound of my grandparents feeding grinds to the coffee maker. By the time the rest of the household gropes their way out of bed and down the hall, mugs of black coffee and a communal plate of olive oil toast await. In good weather, the deck door is always slid open, allowing forest chatter and garden scents to slip in with a breeze. The kitchen table, which barely seats six and, when my uncle comes to visit, manages to barely seat seven, serves as a headquarters of sorts. Here plans for the day are formulated, accompanied by forties tunes floating in from the record player in the next room. By midday, the kitchen is once again the center of activity. Lunch is on the table and dinner simmers on the stove. Olive oil, garlic, and the metallic smell of the hulking white gas stove perfume the space. If it is just me and my grandmother, sometimes she'll take the mismatched tea things from the hutch and we'll sit down together. If the whole family is present, some member will whip out a card game or board game to set up. By the time things wind down for the night, the kitchen table once more serves as a gathering place. On a typical evening, dessert dishes are stacked in the sink and the kettle is whistling on the stove. Here it is decided how the night will end, what final game to play or movie to watch before everybody begins to nod off. As the day started, the day ends, once more in the comfort of the kitchen.

Through spending time in such an enchanting environment, I came to see that a room, despite being inanimate, has the ability to take on a vibrant personality. The red and brown tones of the kitchen suggest warmth, and it's cluttered but clean appearance gives off an approachable air. The room always seemed to be its own place, separate from the realities of everyday life. Time doesn't stop, certainly. In fact, time is marked, though inaccurately, by a dozen clocks. None tell the same time, and no one bothers to find out which are right. Even when the record player sleeps, the house supplies its own symphony of ticks and tocks, bongs and booms, cuckoos, carolers, and bird calls. Though it doesn't stop, time does seem to bend. Very little has changed in the room since I first crawled across its floorboards. Standing next to the fireplace, it's not so difficult to think back to the times I would pretend to cook over a wood burning fire while my grandma made the actual dinner. Just behind my grandma's rocking chair, my toy broom still sits as if expecting me to take it up again any moment. Pictures from my first visits and pictures taken before I was born line the walls and are tucked into corners. When that annual summer pilgrimage is made, I feel as carefree as I did on my first few visits. The kitchen was familiar to me before the house I live in now. It's been the setting of many a family memory, and hopefully will be the setting of many more.



Photo by Meredith Miller '16

After Sunset

After witnessing a sunset, what do you see?

An empty stage.

The lights above are dimmed
And applause echoes across the
Black void.

The stars must put on a lively show
In order to rival the vibrant actor,
Who graced the stage just minutes before
With his golden crown—
Now gone.

The moon performs her solemn act.
Quiet and mysterious,
She glides through the night
Like a dancer who memorizes each step
To a celestial, midnight ballad.

I see a stage of new performers,
Talented and full of light.
The cycle moves ceaselessly as they prove their worth,
Responsible for a show that must continue

Until sunrise.

By Amanda Gerstenfeld '16



Photo by Margaret Telling '18

Mysterious Mermaid

Angela was happily swimming in the ocean.
Being a diver meant that she could hold her breath for over ten minutes.
Camile, her friend, was not as good as a swimmer as Angela.
“Dare or Truth?” Angela asked.
Emitting nothing but silence Camille thought.
Finally after thinking for a couple minutes Camille responded.
Gradually she said, “Dare.”
Happily Angela said “swim as far down as you can.”
Instantly Camille looked terrified.
“Just do it,” Angela encouraged.
Kindly Angela suggested, “I can do it with you if you want.”
Lamely Camille agreed.
Moments before the two reached the bottom Camille saw a large fish tail.
Nothing happened as she swam closer.
Out of the blue the tail moved.
Petrified Camille could not believe what she saw.
Quaking in there was a half fish, half human creature darting behind some coral.
Rapidly Camille waved Angela over.
Suddenly Camille was out of breath.
Turning blue slowly Angela realized what was happening.
‘Up’ was the only word Angela could think.
Vigorously she swam up and pulled Camille.
Wiping the water from her face Camille
was agasp.
“Xoinkies!” Camille exclaimed; she told
Angela all she saw.
Yearning to see the mermaid again Camille
and Angela searched all day.
Zest-lacking the two went home and never
saw the mermaid again.

By Walsh Geelan '19



Artwork by Amelia Koch '19

Anxiety

Do you ever feel alone?
Like everything surrounding you is dead silent.
It's only you.
Isolated.
You're trapped in your own world.
Lost in your own thoughts.
You open your mouth to speak,
But no words make it to the surface.
Some days are better than others.
You focus on the little things.
Questions flood your thoughts until you can't think.
You're tired, exhausted.
It eats at you from the inside out.
At times it's hard to catch your breath.
You can't breathe.
You can't speak.
Your palms are sweaty.
Your body shakes.
Over and over again you assure yourself that you're ok.
It's scary.
You never know when your next attack will come.
Overthinking gets the best of you.
Once it's over, you sit.
You realize it's ok.
You're ok.

By Audra Logan '19



Photo by Maya Zaleski '17

Computers Around the House


By Kaeli DeCesare '16

This computer, very unique in size, shape, style, and function, is quite the technological advancement. It comes in many different colors such as pink, light blue, dark blue, purple, green, red, yellow, maroon, orange, lime green, white, peach, silver, gray, and black. It has a tank, a lever, a screen, and only one button. A thin metal tray sits atop a hollow plastic container located in the center at the front of the computer. The tray often has a design such as a flower, crown, circle, or star. There are even rubber toppings that come in endless colors and designs, that go on top of the metal tray. The options seem endless when it comes to the type of products this computer can produce; some would even say there are close to 500 options!

Precisely at 6:00 A.M. each morning, it awakes and begins its task with an aquatic rumble. As the computer continues to process its programming, it begins to withdraw the proper serving of water from the tank on its side. 8 oz. of water is heated and prepared for its next command. My father places his tan Starbucks mug on top of the metal tray directly underneath the spout. He lifts up the round metal handle and places the tin foil topped cup into the proper area and firmly pushes the handle back down. As the handle goes back down, a sharp point punctures the airtight tin top of the cup and another point punctures the bottom of the cup. Now, the computer has all of the information it needs to complete its task. The heated, pressurized water pours through whole in the tin top of the cup and into the grain in the cup. The flavored grain then passes through a filter within the cup and continues with the water out the hole in the bottom of the cup. Finally, out pours from the spout a beautiful blend and rich brew of fresh coffee. The straw-like shaped liquid pours out at a rapid rate filling the mug to the proper amount and then finishes off with a few last drips. Dark roast, medium roast, breakfast blend, decaf, bold, espresso, Italian roast, French roast, and cinnamon, are just a few options for the flavorful morning caffeine fix. The computer has now successfully completed its task and produced this morning's fresh cup of coffee and an amazing aroma to awake the entire household.



Artwork by Rory Woods'19



I lie in bed
in the empty dark
Wide awake
dreaming
I waltz through the black
Each step
into nothingness
How much longer before my foot
brushing against the night
drops
down
into nothingness
Falling, falling, falling
Legs tensing for the impact knowing
the pain to come...
Lights.
Blinding, harsh reality.
I must cross the line
Between
failure and perfection
despair and hope
falling and flying.
I never look back at the black.
Leaping toward the future
glittering, dazzling, inspiring
If I hold the pose
and stretch into the correct shapes
perhaps my nothingness dreams will transcend into
reality.

By Sara Abbazia '17

Photo by Meredith Miller '16

A New Look at Red
By Cristina Ludwig '19

Red is furious and vicious; red is muscular and strong
Like a fierce volcano, red is a fiery dragon, never ending, and oh, so long.
Red is jealousy and strength, adventures abroad and dangers ahead.
The liquid flowing inside veins that some do not like
Or the love, beauty, and elegance that red just cannot hide.

Red is roses from someone you love
Glamorous and alluring; wearing sparkly red gloves.
Red is romance and hearts on Valentines Day,
This color screams "pay attention!" as you it see along the way.

Red is sweet cherries, raspberries, and strawberries in season
Juicy but sour, gather them quick
Sweetness yet tartness, ripe at the pick.
Red is excitement and new energy, like a robin in the spring
But have caution and be mindful; red can also sting.

Beautiful ladybugs crawl down low
Precious and gentle; putting on a delightful show
They shout out, "Look at me, I'm red!"
These miniature beings are as delicate as thread.

Red is embarrassed, its cheeks show the fact
Blushing faces; a mistake during a play act.
Red is passionate and restless; it evokes an exciting feeling inside.
Red is fireworks, flames, and the 4th of a hot July!

Red is the American flag, flying high in the air
Red waves its hand down, as others look up and stare.
What red represents most is an empowering ruby
As the hot summer sun falls in and erodes; red is not just a shy newbie.

Red can be mean; it can burn your last dream
But it can be also cautious, sweet, or build a tough, strong team.
Do not tremble at the sight of red, with that advice being said
Continue to cower from this hue, or red could become your best friend instead.

Sailing at Night

Essay and Artwork by Kimberly McGuire '16

I lie in a fairly uncomfortable position on the solid deck of the racing sailboat, head resting on the windbreaker-clad leg of a fellow crewmember, back pressed against the upper deck. My legs are stretched out portside and my Duberry-clad feet dangle over the side of the boat only inches above the bottomless, calm sea below. The numbing chill of the cold night air creeps through the rubber of my heavy-weather gear, sinking into my skin.

Long Island Sound is an empty church and we are the clergy, silent with respect and meditation-strange, considering we are six healthy, able-bodied teenagers lying like a group of kittens on a bathroom mat. The sea laps softly at the hull of the boat and the mast creaks in response, dancing slowly back and forth to the rhythm of the waves. My dad sits at the stern of the boat, perched behind the helm and exhaling gray cigarette smoke into the ocean sky, dispersing into silver swirls as it rises towards moon. He drones quietly on about technical sailing to one of the older crewmembers but I can't find the energy to decipher what he is saying.

I let my eyes fall shut. The conversation I hear between the ocean and the boat is the only proof that we are not floating like a fallen tree limb in a pond of still water. Mother Nature's gentle breath pushes tenderly against the sail, causing it to luff in slow motion. I can hear one or two people shifting, attempting to find comfortable positions, as they lie beside me, while the rest are lost in the shrouded visions of light and sound.

I open my eyes. Above the sky is an endless dome of black, dotted with shiny, crushed pieces of white glass. The moon sits on its throne, draped in darkness, only a small sliver of its crust left shining in the sky. It is as if our earth has disappeared, leaving our 37-foot long boat, Wind Song drifting through outer space.

My eyes drop down to the water to take in the shadowy mass that is Long Island, twinkling with tiny yellow and red lights of civilization and the lone headlights of midnight wanderers darting through the trees, not unlike the mythological will-o-the-wisp. Aloof curiosity tickled my brain trying to imagine what the drivers were doing so late at night. Were they together or were they alone? Is someone waiting for them? Why are they out so late?



Millenials

Trapped in a society
Full of judging and hypocrisy where
Body image is distorted and
Self-consciousness is high

Feelings no longer matter
To our generation;
We wear the labels in which others
Demand we must live by

Everyone is a carbon copy
Of the person they stand next to;
Originality no longer exists
And popularity—or lack there of— defines your identity

Nothing will change because
Millenials are too scared to admit
They take part in such a cruel and
Malicious cycle

By Teylor Veliotis '17



Photo by Maya Zaleski '17

By Fatimah Khan '16

Some students have a background, identity, interest, or talent that is so meaningful they believe their application would be incomplete without it. If this sounds like you, then please share your story.

Title: Snapshots

SNAP: My three-month-old cousin is smiling, but he is at the stage where babies learn to smile and coo; within seconds he goes from whimpering to chuckling with laughter. His eyes open wide and he looks straight at me and into the camera. The purity in his laugh is enough to ease any amount of stress, and leave me smiling because of the infectious nature of the laugh. It was the art of the capturing him at that moment in time that allows me to relive his happiness whenever I press play.

SNAP: The 4-year-old Guatemalan boy Francis is following me so I begin to chase him. He turns around and I capture his mischievous grin. This is my way of relaxing after my day of building the school has come to an end.

SNAP: Through the terrace windows on the second floor, there are thousands of pilgrims circum-ambulating the Ka'aba. The white, marble floors juxtapose the rich, velvety house of worship. I am there, but the image in front of me is surreal.

It wasn't until the 8th grade that I gained this appreciation in capturing special moments. At the end of every school year, I would participate in Young Bright Scholars, where we would showcase our talent and highlight our accomplishments during the school year. At that time I didn't know what my talent or interest was. Sure I had always taken photographs, but it was not until this talent show that I focused on photography as a form of art. I won first place that year for my photography slide show featuring the Long Island Sound.

I continued taking pictures and soon I was running out of objects that would interest my viewers – although, now I know that is never possible – so I began to take pictures of my subjects. My first two subjects were my sisters. Before I did their photo shoot, I would professionally do their hair and makeup. They were my models in the truest sense. When I was taking pictures of them I didn't realize how their attitude had shifted and that they wanted to stop. I only realized that afterwards when I was looking through the pictures altogether. There are so many things that go unnoticed in this world while we are living through them, and I wanted to take the time to shed some light onto whomever or whatever and give it the attention it deserves. The world is in constant motion, and by taking a picture, I was able to freeze that special moment, whether fabricated by my models, or happening in real time.

Everyone has seen pictures of the sky, pictures of the ocean, pictures of the field, and although each one is beautifully unique, they want to see more than that. They want to see the details that make up the sky, ocean, or field. They want to see something they have never appreciated or revered the same way a photographer has. I have taken over 5,000 pictures, each capturing a different moment in my life, whether it is an ice storm at home or the sleeping Pacaya volcano in Guatemala. I am the one who notices what others do not. Instead of creating the masterpiece, my task is to capture it so it can later be reminisced.

My love of photography seeps into my artwork. This year, I took a picture of an ordinary tree, and I changed that picture into a drawing of a tree depicting the human brachial plexus and striations of the muscles laid out in its branches and trunk. It was selected to be on display in my school hallway. The drawing is a fusion of my love for art and my desire to pursue medicine.

SNAP: Dorm room, anatomy and physiology, takeout Chinese food, dim lights. I am ready to capture a new chapter in my life.



Artwork by Fatimah Khan '16

Breathless

By Oliva Dunn

As human beings, a goal that has been presented to us ever since we were born is to experience moments in life that “take our breath away.”

Thinking back on my fourteen years of living, I don’t believe that I, personally, have ever had a moment that has given me that certain feeling.

Realizing this was slightly discouraging, yet quite thought-provoking.

It got me to thinking the obvious fact that I am still only young and have the whole rest of my life to find this feeling, yet the other thought I came up with is somewhat more interesting.

These moments I thought I had been striving for my whole life I have found to be completely contradictory to what I was actually looking for.

Maybe we’re not looking for moments that take our breath away, but rather moments that make us realize why we’re breathing.

Moments in life where you finally comprehend why you were placed on Earth, and where you are able to go from there.

Moments that don’t make your heart stop all at once, but moments that make your heart beat faster.

I cannot speak for everyone, but as of now, I know that I am not looking for moments that stop me in my tracks, I am looking for moments that push me to keep moving forward in my ambitions.

So now we humans are presented with another choice.

Is the light red or green?

Does the remote say pause or play?

Is your moment now or forever?



Photo by Maya Zaleski '17

Vacation... Gone Wrong

After a long week, Irene's family decided to spend their weekend in Miami, Florida.

Between summer and winter, Irene prefers warm weather.

Certainly, the weather in Florida was nice today; the plane finally took off at MCO.

"Do you want an ice cream?" asked mom; Irene and her sister had their favorite, chocolate and vanilla; then the family left for the airport.

Eventually, the family arrived at the hotel; the hotel stands by the sea, with a white beach and palm trees.

Finally, they had their dinner at a fancy restaurant, called Applausi.

Great lobster and salmon made everyone satisfied.

"Hope you have a wonderful time here!" said the waiter.

Irene and her family went back to the hotel; her parents started watching TV; Irene and her sister went swimming.

Just after she jumped into the pool, her sister came out with an inflatable ball.

"Kick it!" Irene yelled to her sister; Irene caught the ball; her sister jumped into the pool.

"Let's play volleyball!" suggested Irene; sounds great, answered her sister; they began playing in the swimming pool.

Meanwhile, a sketchy man was standing in the corner.

Noticing the girls playing volleyball, the figure approached them.

Out of nowhere, the man started talking to Irene's sister.

"Please tell me your name" said the stranger.

"Quinn" Irene's sister said.

Reflexes struck Irene, she grabbed her sister by the hand and led her away from this strange person.

Suddenly, the stranger started to follow the girls.

Together, the girls got out of the pool and ran into the women's restroom to get rid of the man following them.

Under the safety of the women's restroom, the girls heard a noise.

Very carefully, Irene peeked out of the bathroom, to see if the man was still there.

When she saw the man waiting outside the bathroom, Irene screeched under her breath, in shock.

X men read the back of his jacket.

"You girls want to go on an adventure with me?"

Zippering up his coat, the man took the girls by the hand, and they flew into the sky and never returned.

By Marianna Bischoff'19 and Hanzhang (Lisa) Xu'19

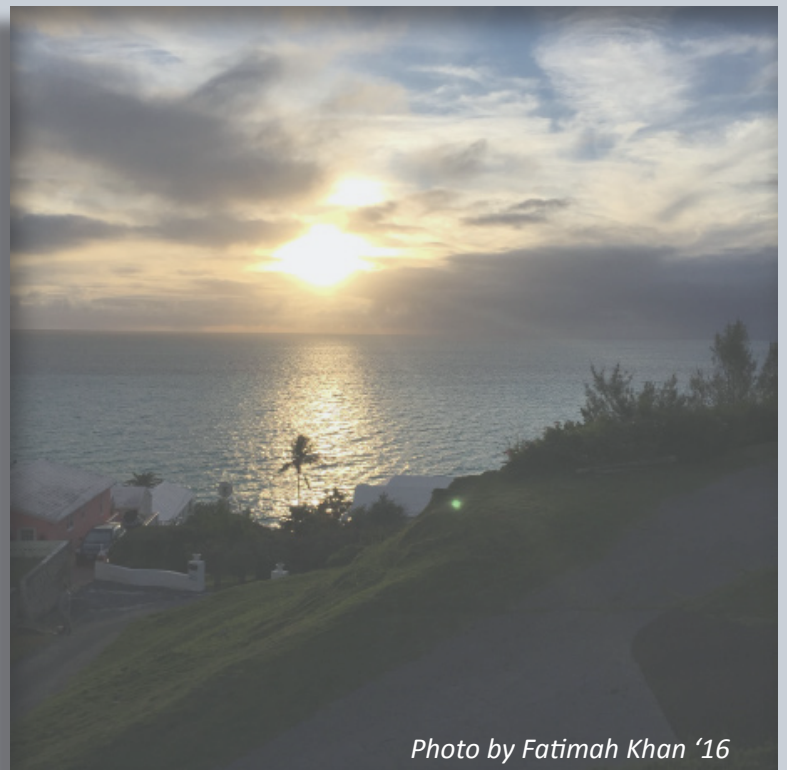


Photo by Fatimah Khan '16

The Big Chop
By Adaeze Dikko '16

Hair in hands, my mother's favorite scissors thrown carelessly on my bedroom floor, I stood in front of the vanity mirror. As the unwarranted tears collected, I willed my eyelids to be my levee, holding back all the pain which had been brewing within me for 15 years. Unfurling my fast grip on the tired strands in my fist, I watched, vision blurred, as they fell to the ground in pitiful clumps. This was the day I let go.

I never could quite recall the day I learned my kinky-curly hair was unacceptable. Perhaps I had always known, a call for assimilation introduced 600 years before I would ever take my first breath. Black hair = bad hair. It was passed down through the generations, a tradition not to be challenged; and the smiling black girls on the relaxer box gave me all the courage I needed to accept what had 'always been.' Their eyes seemed to hold a promise of happier days if only I would sacrifice my afro for bone-straight hair.

Those smiling girls on the relaxer boxes betrayed me. I looked up to them as I walked down the "black hair care" aisle, trailing slowly behind my mother. Their perfect smiles hid a horrible truth for me, allowing me to live blindly, sheltered from just how much damage those creamy chemicals were doing to me. My thick, kinky hair gradually became a distant memory occasionally sparked by the photo albums in my living room, my former mane now a series of brittle, stiff strands. But hey, at least it was straight! Maybe my friend, the no-lye relaxer, had lied about being healthy for me, but it still promised to protect me from my own emotions, faking a smile just like those girls on the box.

I think I spent an entire year researching the "big-chop." Every YouTube video and blog post was a documentation of the thousands of other black women deciding to cut it all off, and a story of a messy relationship with chemical straighteners: recalled anecdotes of the first relaxer, chemical burns on a tender scalp, the excruciating pain barred for 'just a few more minutes' so that she could look 'pretty' for tomorrow's picture day. Each woman's narrative returned me to my own history, but also made me excited for the happiness my destiny could hold.

I knew that for me the big chop would be more than a haircut; it was never about aesthetics or even my self-esteem. With no more places to hide, I was forced to confront all that my hair had come to represent. My life seemed to flash before my eyes as I relived those days I had come home, embarrassed of the pieces of my identity I just could not kill. The nights filled with countless wishes to be anyone but myself. Cutting my hair was so painful because I had finally come face to face with the ignored self-hatred I had been taught was normal.

For days, after my big-chop, I stood in front of the mirror that had seen me through my entire journey. In its reflection I saw sorrow and hope: the past, present, and future. Tired of my yesterday, I began to look back at the girl in the reflection with a smile. Maybe my hair and I wouldn't understand each other overnight, but that was okay. I couldn't wait to see how we would grow together as time passed us by.



Artwork by Rory Woods '19

America

By Rebecca Rakiec '19

American flags are flying;
All the people are smiling;
Church bells are chiming;
American soldiers are fighting;

There is difficult history;
Some things are a mystery;
These events are in our memory;

It was here that I was born and raised;
What happens in other countries I am amazed;

In America there is liberty;
There is a commonality;
There is a sense of familiarity;

The light shines through the clouds;
Pride we have found;
We stand on American ground;
I am an American and I am proud.

Photo by Meredith Miller '16

Me

*Sometimes I am bad
 callous, spiteful, selfish,
Sometimes I am good
 kind, caring, generous.
Sometimes I am dark
 cynical, closed, doomed,
Sometimes I am light
 content, carefree, relaxed.
Sometimes I am little
 timid, scared, vulnerable,
Sometimes I am big
 confident, determined, bold.*

*All of these things
connect and intertwine
to form
me
And I am enough.*

By Gabriela Baghdady'17



Photo by Meredith Miller '16

The Moments Before

By Ireland Miessau '16

From a long wooden bench that divides the locker room in half, I stared into my slightly rusted blue locker. Nerves for today's game sent butterflies fluttering in my stomach. Reaching in and unfolding the white and navy short sleeved top, I laughed to myself as I noticed the permanent greasy smudge from my eye black on the right collar. The moment I pulled my jersey over my head and smoothed out the front so "22" was perfectly visible, the day was officially Game Day.

I reached behind my head and began braiding my hair, slowly enough to get each braid perfect, yet fast enough to recognize each plait was bringing me one step closer to the field. After snapping my hair tie at the end of my braid, I slammed my locker shut with an emphatic thud, grabbed my bag, and began my walk to the softball field. The weight of my bat, helmet, glove, and cleats inside my bag fell on my back. My equipment clicked with a soothing rhythm with every step I took.

After walking through tall trees and down a steep hill, I clipped my bag onto the fence and sat on the cool metal bench, my cleats in hand. The metal spikes of my cleats scraped across the dirt-covered cement dugout floor, sending chills up my spine. I cautiously tied my old laces, avoiding any sharp pulls that would snap the fraying strings, and the need to buy new cleats in the upcoming weeks.

Once I was laced up, I unzipped the upper portion of my bag and coaxed out my helmet and glove. My helmet was covered in dirt-filled scratches, some from using it each day and others from the occasional slam into the ground after a frustrating at bat. My glove smelled of leather and saddle oil, and was wrapped with a piece of cloth to hold the old softball tucked in the perfectly-shaped pocket. I unstrapped my bat, the grip beginning to fade away, and marks from uncountable numbers of swings covering every inch of the barrel. I placed my bat against the fence in perfect line with the rest of my teammates, laid my helmet and glove on the ground, and began my warm up routine.

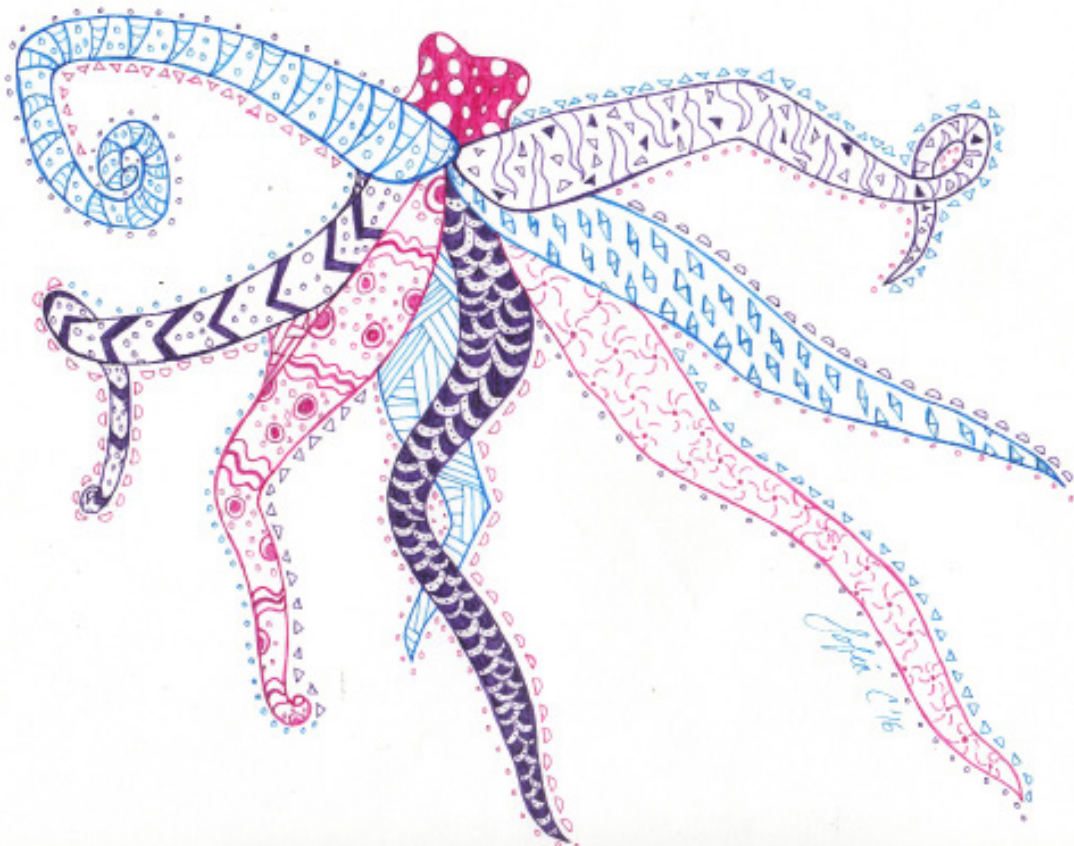


Photo by Meredith Miller '16

Underwater
By Catherine Fortin '17

I am floating in the sea. Will I swim
or
sink?

My backpack and homework
weigh me down.
Latching onto my back like an octopus,
dragging me into the cloudiness and unknown.
As anxiety, expectations, and responsibilities increase,
I disappear further into the dangerous depths.
All I wish is to break the surface, to take that refreshing and revitalizing
breath of air. Air is life and life must be lived to its fullest potential.
However, that is not possible when you are
underwater.
Atlas held the weight of the sky on his shoulders,
I tried it but look at me now,
I'm underwater.
It's hard to know above from below
underwater.
I can't breathe
underwater.



Artwork by Sofia Cholewczynski '19

Confessions of an Addict

By Janae Staltaro '16

If I were ordering at any restaurant right now, I would pick up the menu for a solid 60 seconds, in an attempt to make it look like I actually have to ponder my order. My wandering eyes would slyly make their way over to the kids' menu, where I would—blessedly—find the familiar combination: crispy chicken tenders accompanied by salty French fries. “Miss, are you sure you don’t want to try our broiled filet of tilapia? It’s our special this evening,” the naive waiter would ask. I’d smile, “No thank you, Sir. That sounds quite appetizing, but I’ll stick with the tenders.”

My life as an addict began at a rather young and innocent age. It all started the day that my mom—an esteemed, registered dietitian—allowed me to order for the first time, on my own, at a local diner. Ecstatic to make this choice myself, to finally be an autonomous eater, I was nevertheless overwhelmed by the myriad of choices staring me down on the menu. “I don’t like tomatoes, nor will I ever eat peppers. Mushrooms are a definite no...I gag at the mere thought of that fungus slithering down my throat like a snake,” I thought to myself. After scanning the culinary details of each combo, I eventually muttered the words, “I’ll get the chicken fingers and French fries, please.” My mom frowned, evidently disappointed by my decidedly unhealthy choice. “Janae, why don’t you order something a bit more...organic?” she offered. I contemplated the decision, but then reassured her, “It’s just this once, Mommy.” But it soon became clear that—no—it was not “just this once.”

Casual diners after school, fancy bistros on a night out, fast-food joints when I’m in a rush—anywhere I go, any time of any day—I am perfectly content with my simple meal selection of mouth-watering goodness. I don’t need any scallops topped with a raspberry beurre blanc, or a lobster sautéed in salted tarragon butter; I am genuinely delighted by nothing other than a plate of deep-fried heaven with a refreshing Shirley Temple to drink—if I’m feeling a bit risky, that is.

They say that confronting your problem is the first step on the road to recovery, and I am filled with pride to say that I have done so. As much as I do enjoy those tasty tenders every once in a while, I vow to venture out and try new dishes. Maybe next time, I will try a Chicken Francese with—dare I say it—vegetables on the side. Perhaps, I could even consider the Chicken Kiev, Chicken Marsala, Chicken Parmesan, Chicken Saltimbocca, or the haute cuisine promised by an entrée of Chicken Cordon Bleu.

When it comes to choosing chicken, and when it comes to living life, my options are endless. I believe it’s time to tuck those dear tenders aside, to open my palette to pleasing possibilities, and to look at the menus and make brave new choices. I am on the cusp of choosing new foods, new places, new people, and new things to learn. But I still might—on occasion—order some French fries on the side.



Photo by Fatimah Khan '16

A Bewildering Paradox

Sometimes, in those dreaded midnights –
When moonlight creeps through the windowpane,
Cruel thoughts seep into my mind;

“I am Nothing.”

An apparition of girl.
A forgotten word.
A hidden being in the sea of humanity.
The silence of a desolate hallway.
A broken string on a violin.
I am Indescribable.

Sometimes, in those magnificent midnights –
When starlight drowns my lonely bedroom with its archaic loyal glow,
I reason;

“I am Everything.”

An emotion that is sparked when I am no longer a vision in the sea.
A kaleidoscope of words that infects the blank page with beauty.
A symphony of rolling thunder and a whistling wind.
Relentless raindrops.
A sky dyed by the petals of roses and lilies.
I am Indescribable.

I am a bewildering paradox in a world of similarity.
But I am wrong because –
We are nothing and yet we are everything.

By Cristina Villalonga '16

Photo by Meredith Miller '16

the black, nicked ring
By Hope Hattois '17

all the nicks,
nicks upon the ring

onyx blacker than an oil slick
yet clearer than a spring

they show the years gone quick
and a lifetime of a king

as well as a pauper's, whether from throne or brick
whether of gold or bronze, a ring sings

the most beautiful things are imperfect
that's why they belong to all



Artwork by Kimberly McGuire '16

ABC STORY

A= After school every day for the last two years, Jessie would walk to the same statue to meet her friend Bethany before they walked to the train.

B= Bethany approaching her in the pouring rain, she noticed all the books in her hands and realized she left all her library books in the library.

C= "Can you hold these", she said handing her book bag with her phone and school supplies to Bethany.

D= Dashing up the stairs of the school, down the hall, around the corner, down the stairs and through the door to the library, Jessie hadn't realized how fast she was running.

E= Entirely forgetting about the table and chairs in the library, Jessie crashed into the furniture and fell to the ground hitting her head.

F= Facing the ground, Jessie woke up only to find that it was now night and hours after school had ended.

G= Going over all of her questions in her head Jessie wondered, "why hasn't Bethany found me", "What happened", "what time is it".

H= Having been hit in the head Jessie had a headache, however she still needed to leave and find Bethany.

I= Impulsively she pulled herself off the floor and walked to the front doors.

J= Just as she was leaving she thought she saw something move in the distance, but decided it was just her head.

K= Kinetic energy notes is what she saw as she looked down to find her notebook that was in her bag, which Jessie had given to Bethany.

L= Luckily they weren't ruined from the rain but as Jessie walked towards the gate of the school she noticed all her stuff was thrown on the floor as if Bethany had run away in a hurry.

M= Money, papers, and her phone was all over the wet grass.

N= Noticing this Jessie picked them up and looked at her phone.

O= On her phone was a bunch of texts from Bethany saying "please call me you need to leave the school immediately"; then Jessie saw the ground in front of her.

P= Pausing, Jessie saw the shadow reflecting on the pavement in front of her.

Q= Questioning herself on what to do Jessie watched as the shadow walked towards her.

R= Rustling leaves could be heard as the figure grew closer and Jessie stood there so panicked that she couldn't move until she gained her senses back and started to run.

S= Stabbing her feet into the ground Jessie ran for the gate.

T= Thoughts ran through Jessie's head but the one thing she wanted to know was who or what was chasing her.

U= Unable to see who was behind her she turned a corner and saw a glimpse of who it was.

V= Vividly she saw the statue chasing her; it was the statue that she saw every day for the last two years with Bethany, IT WAS ALIVE.

W= Water pouring down her face, she was in disbelief and horror.

X= Xanthoses pedals started to fall from the trees above as Jessie started to freak out and tried to dial a number on her phone.

Y= Yellow pedals were getting in her way and right before she could dial the number she fell to the ground and couldn't get up.

Z= Zalking, the statue walked towards her and that was the last thing Jessie remembered before she woke up in her bed.



Photo by Caroline Sarda '16

Ma Famille

By Sara Abbazia '17

Il avait une fois, je suis née
J'étais impuissante- j'étais juste un bébé
Mes parents ne demandaient pas que je prenne soin de soi
Il était impératif que mes parents prennent soin de moi.
J'avais cinq ans, et tout à coup
Mes parents et mes profs m'enseignent beaucoup
Mes parents recommandent que je sois curieuse
On doit être sympa, polie, et toujours respectueuse
J'aime ma famille parce que nous sommes unies
Mais de temps en temps, nous nous disputons aussi
Le fossé des générations entre mes parents et moi est grand.
Ma mère a la technologie, mais est-ce qu'elle vraiment la comprend?
Mon père n'avait pas d'un ordinateur quand il était jeune
Il avait besoin rarement d'un technicien
Dans ma famille, j'ai deux frères
Je suis contente quand ils ne se mettent pas en colère
Puis, j'ai aussi trois sœurs
Qui j'aime beaucoup et tiens à mon cœur
Finalement et bien sûr, il est crucial
Que ma famille soit très géniale
Ils souhaitent que je prenne en considération leur avis
Et j'espère que nous resterons toujours amis.

Long ago, I was born
I was helpless and young, not ready to learn
My parents did not ask much of me
They took care of my every need
When I turned five, suddenly
My parents were my teachers and asked a lot of me
I must be respectful, polite, kind
stick with my family, and stay intertwined
There are many things my parents don't understand
Is technology something they truly comprehend?
There were no computers when they were young
The praises of technicians were rarely sung
Then there's my brothers, and while we disagree
I'm glad they rarely get angry with me
I love my sisters- they're beautiful and smart
I will always hold them close to my heart
Throughout my life, through good times and bad
I'll always have my sisters, brothers, mom, and dad
They'll stand by me to the very end
And I hope we always remain friends

*Note: Not an exact translation word for word

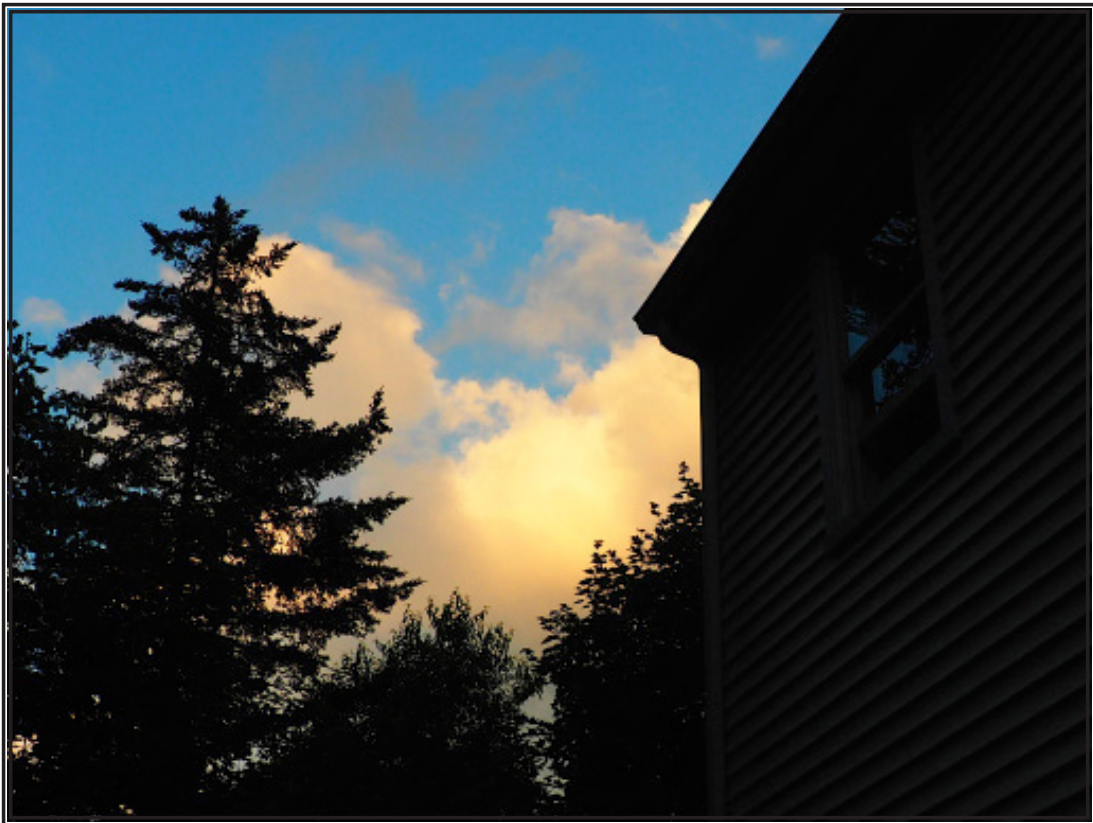
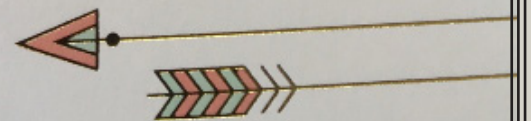


Photo by Meredith Miller '16

答 文武妹妹:

你好!我也很高兴认识你。对不起我的信到得很慢。美国的邮政服务很不好。我很喜欢你的名字的故事,真是很神奇!你的名字比我的名字漂亮。我是天秤座。我不相信星座,可是我觉得星座很有意思。你喜欢不喜欢南京?我希望有一天去中国。我觉得中国很有意思。你对美国的印象是什么?你喜欢不喜欢冬天?我不喜欢冬天。我觉得春天比冬天舒服。可是,我喜欢滑雪。你滑过雪吗?我不喜欢滑冰。我有的时候去滑冰,可是我滑冰滑得很不好。我希望你考试考得很好。我觉得你能成功。我最近已经被大学录取了,可是我还不知道我的专业。我也觉得语言学习有一点点难因为我的记忆力也很不好。我常常忘记中文的生词。你喜欢不喜欢学习英文?我的老师告诉我们我们的英文的语法很糟糕。你去过音乐会吗?我很喜欢去音乐会。我想有一天去 Adele 的音乐会。

晚安
内玓



Chinese by Caroline Sarda '16



Artwork by Katherine Hackett '19

亲爱的戴庭豪，

你好！我收到了你的来信。我也很高兴能
成为的笔友！我觉得你是哲学家。我也希望
我们依旧能够愉快地交流。我的生日是上个月，所以我现在十八岁，是射手座。

我们很相似。我也很安静，但是假使遇到
我感兴趣的话题，我便停不下来了。我对研究我
的家谱感兴趣。你对什么感兴趣？

你的一天看起来没意思。我希望你以后多玩
和多放松。我的一天常常变化多端。大多数
的时候，我去学校，但是我有的时候去曲棍球，
有的时候去社团，有的时候去我的朋友们家玩。

我不喜欢边看书边听音乐。我觉得很分心。
我安静的时候喜欢看书。但是我喜欢古典音乐，我
觉得很美。

谢谢你给我的诗。你很周到。那个诗很美，但
是我不懂它。我的老师帮我读它。我爱艾米莉·狄金的
诗，但是我不知道怎么把它翻成中文。

此致

敬礼

小梅



Chinese by Susannah Lapointe '16

Artwork by Molly Paulis '18

Everyone Dreaming
By Kathryn Blanco '17

"Dream"

- the word, like the idea it represents,
cannot be defined,
not exactly.

There is
the sleep kind
and
the day kind,
the good kind
and
the bad kind.

There are
wish-dreams
and
wild dreams,
dreams to follow,
and

dreams to wake up from.

They sneak on padded paws
only to dart away,
leaving their prey a fistful of fuzz
that doesn't quite match the real world.



Artwork by Rory Woods '19

Untitled

By Emma Mastropietro '17

"There is a world far away.
A world that we cannot understand.
There is a universe far beyond the reach of
the very limits of
our understanding.
There is a place where light dances
and everything has a pattern.
A constant cycle of life
and death.
There is no evil.
There is no pain.
A world
safe from our contamination.
A Utopia of beauty and magnificence.
the stars.
the sun and the moon
and the galaxies and planets out of our grasp
and our comprehension.
Immune to hate, injustice, prejudice,
corruption, deceit,
and disease.
an untainted perfection of consistency
and interdependence.
Every piece necessary for
function.
Stare into the vast
expanse of the unknown galaxies
before you
and wonder what else we have yet to explore."



Photo by Meredith Miller '16

The End of Hockey

By Sarah Harris '17

An icy chill rushed through my body. I heard distant cheering or maybe it was screaming; it was hard to tell at first. For a split second my mind had gone completely black as though I was nonexistent. My eyes staggered open and I glanced around, trying to figure out what was happening and where I was. At first the scene around me was fuzzy but the hockey skates that surrounded me were crystal clear. Struggling to push myself up, everything became clearer. It was at this moment I realized that this was the end of hockey for me.

As a little kid I always loved ice-skating and after years of begging my parents finally let me play ice hockey. Being an ice skater my whole life helped me easily get into being a hockey player. Once I was accepted to Lauralton Hall, my excitement for their hockey team grew every moment that past. I would be finally part of a sisterhood that I knew I could fit into.

It was a Friday afternoon; the bus had just pulled into the parking lot of Hamden's hockey rink. I felt so pumped for this game and my teammates noticed as we piled into the locker room:

"Hey Bobby you ready?" my friend Betsy, the goalie, said while trying to place her shin pads on.

"I'm so pumped, who cares if it's their senior night we can still win," I said, even though in my head I knew we couldn't.

Throughout the season I've always been the little ball of energy that was best at getting everyone motivated. No matter whom we played I always showed up to the game with a huge smile on my face and a positive attitude. I knew that as a team player, just showing positivity makes everyone else on the team a better player. Whether we were on or off of the ice, a high five or a warm hug, I was always there for my team. My team was my everything; it was what made my identity.

Turning to my teammates I said, "No matter what the score is, we will not let this team crush us, this game is ours and we can win. I love you guys so much"

We were all lined up on the bench and the coach turned to me and said "Bobby get out there!"

Jumping quickly over the sideboards I hopped onto the ice and began sprinting towards the puck. I made it just in time to steal the puck from a girl about to shoot. Not even stopping, I pivot and sprint towards their goalie. My eyes burned with fire and I was about to shoot. Suddenly out of nowhere a Hamden girl tripped me.

I felt my skates leave the ice and the last thing I remember was seeing the puck slide right in front of the goalie and one of my teammates tapping it into the net. My head hit the ice and my mind went black.

A second or so later my eyes open. Still in a daze I skate over to the bench. The rest of the game I was confused and completely unaware of my surroundings. Except one thing was clear to me, I will never play ice hockey again. This wasn't my first concussion and because of that I knew my parents would never let me play again.

My entire life had been devoted to at least succeeding in one thing, more specially a sport. Now my dream was crushed. Hockey was over. I felt so alone and abandoned for the first time. It was as if the ice was a part of me and now that part of me was taken away. Never to return again.

My head was spinning, mind racing, and stomach turning. I sat down and without even trying to stop it; a tear slipped out of eye and trickled down my cheek.

After a year I had hoped that I would've found something that would help me move on from hockey. Something that was a new hobby that could become my new everything, but I still haven't. Instead of using my energy in an activity that I love, it's wasted on trying to find something that's important to me. I know some day I'll move on from hockey, but in the now, my identity has been shattered. Part of me has been taken. I've been robbed of my identity and overcoming this loss has become my everything.



Photo by Fatimah Khan '16

Winter

The weather has gotten colder;
The sky gets darker;
The days keep getting shorter;

There is snow on the ground;
No leaves can be found;
Snowmen are made round;

The people are laughing;
The children are playing;
Everyone is shoveling;

The fireplace is glowing
The wind is blowing;
Outside it is snowing;

In the snow the children have played;
Hot chocolate is made;
The cold starts to fade.

By Rebbeca Rakiec '19



Photo by Fatimah Khan '16

ABC Story

By Bridget Fama '19

A fter the day Bridget had, she just wanted to go home.
B reakfast had been terrible as she had spilt juice all over herself.
C uriously, it had not been her juice, but the man next to her on the trains.
D iscarding her coat, she tried to clean off the juice.
E xasperated, Bridget decided to give up and move seats.
F oolishly, she got off the train at the wrong stop.
G eniously, she called a friend who came and picked her up.
H elping her into the car, her friend accidently ripped Bridget's backpack strap off.
I rritated, Bridget got into the car and asked her friend to drive her to school.
J eopardizing their lives, Bridget's friend almost crashed into another car while texting.
K indly, Bridget asked to be dropped off at the nearest bus stop.
L uckily the school was closer than the bus stop, so Bridget just got out and walked.
M iserably, she made it to school two hours late.
N ot surprising, but she still got into trouble with her teacher for being late to class.
"O h no", Bridget exclaimed as she had forgotten her homework on the train.
P articularly annoyed, Bridget explained why she did not have her homework to her teacher.
Q uickly, the bell rang, and Bridget went to get food as she still had not eaten and it was lunch time now.
R ight after lunch she had to give a presentation in english class.
S ince she had just eaten, Bridget felt quite queasy.
T ragedy struck when she got up to present, and she threw up.
U tterly embarrassed, Bridget went to the nurse and called her dad to come pick her up.
V igilantly, Bridget waited for her dad to take her home.
W hen Bridget's dad finally showed up, Bridget ran down the stairs, slipped and fell.
X rays
a side, the hospital really was not all that bad, and Bridget had only broken her wrist.
"Y ou have to be more careful, Bridget", said her dad. "Yeah I know", said Bridget.
Z oning out, Bridget hoped that tomorrow would be a better day.



Artwork by Kimberly McGuire '16

Before a Rainbow
By Teylor Veliotis'17

Before a rainbow shines bright
And the clouds suddenly clear
There is much pain and despair
That can be felt far and near

The sky begins to fill
With darkness and gloom
And a raindrop or two
Is followed by a large boom

The thunder is so loud as I try
To calm myself down
But the lightning makes it worse
As it spooks the whole town

Once the puddles form
And tree benches have fallen
The sun shows itself
On the fields, once crestfallen

A rainbow is made in the center
Of the once dreary, hopeless sky
Making way for bright and hopeful
Days waiting to arrive



Photo by Fatimah Khan '16

One Last Show at LH

Kaeli DeCesare '16

My toes are squirming
My knees are shaking
My heart is racing
My eyes are widening
Lines and dance moves and songs cascading throughout my mind
A familiar feeling
One last show
One last chance
A feeling of Nostalgia... but not yet
Suddenly, the blue hue dims to blackness all around as the curtains part
This is it
One last show to give it my everything
One last chance to shine before all
This is it... for now
Singing my heart out, completely indulging in my character, and nailing
every dance move
This is where I am me in another
This is where I can become anything
This is where I can do anything
This is where there is no judgment
One last show where it is all familiar
One last chance before I begin anew



Artwork by Amelia Koch '19

I'm going to miss Lauralton Hall next year.

I'm going to miss the community that is more like a family than classmates.

I'm going to miss my teachers that I've built a relationship with; they care about the students in such a genuine and loving way.

You get to know them on a personal level of their past life, the present, and your future.

I'm going to miss the school itself because of the character it holds.

The small decorative rooms of the Mansion and the creaky floorboards of Mercy Hall will be missed so dearly.

The updated school building holds the most modern classrooms you'll find at the school that adds to the sense of history found in the others.

While sitting in Mercy Hall thinking about the many girls that lived in these very rooms and have gone on to do amazing things, it's inspiring.

The present achievements of past students make me excited for what I will accomplish in the future.

I'm going to miss the landscape of the school, the huge cherry blossom tree that pops to life in the spring illuminating the English room with warm pink hues.

The random carousel in the back next to the odd choir room adds to the uniqueness of campus.

It all comes together to form an experience of a lifetime.

I'm leaving Lauralton feeling empowered to confidently pursue my ambitions, humble to see every individual around me as an equal, and intelligent to question the world instead of taking it as it is.

As difficult as this relationship has been to make it is one I will never forget and continually look back to.

Lauralton has created a feel of home to me and will forever feel as so.

By Meredith Miller '16



Artwork by Fatimah Khan '16

Composed Upon the Third Floor of the School Building, May 2, 2016

Four years ago almost to this day,
Emma Lou and her friends came out to play.
At school, they learned about the troops
And to keep the packages and the groups.
Soon they moved on to geometry
And did the problems without the answer key.
A short year later, they meet a friend:
Hilary, a donkey with a farm to tend.
They mooed and munched throughout the year
And with only one to go, they shed a small tear
A final member joined their super cool gang
A great cook who helped them end with a bang.
She taught them some math here and there;
They spent their final days together with great care.

Four short years passed and they learned a lot,
A circle of friends tied in a firm knot.
The memories of the days will not be lost
And the lessons learned will never be tossed.
So to all those left out on the farm,
Enjoy the second home and her charms
It is time to embark on a journey unknown,
Thanks to the teachers whose wisdom has shown.
Memories of a family with love for all
You will be missed dear Lauralton Hall.

By Julia Spillane '16



Photo by Caroline Sarda '16

The Looking Glass

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