

The Looking Glass

Lauralton Hall's Literary Magazine 2018

Bumblng and buzzing—the Bees fly

Julia Elizabeth Petalcorin, '18

Bumblng and buzzing—the Bees fly
As they go by my Room—
Always seeking out the Honey—
Waking me from my Dream.

The Bird chips away at the Wall—
Flying by the Tree's Top.
He chooses our Home over Food—
Waking Me from my Nap

The Tree knocks against my Window—
Her Hair floats in the Air.
Every Morning—her Arms stretch wide—
Waking Me through my Ear.

Warming my face—His Waves come through—
Signaling a fair Day.
The Sun climbs up every Morning—
Opening both my Eyes.



Artwork by Juliette Garvey, '19

#1776 At Times I'd Like to Run Away

Lily Wald, '18

At times I'd like to run- Away
And never look back once.
Forget we they foresee- for Me
Escape for months- and months.

The hopes and dreams of He and She
For me are but- a Bore-
What they imagine I should be
Is what I most abhor.

I stand- indeed- alarmingly
At precipice's edge-
Between what Eyes perceive- and Me
A fine line I must tread

So though I wish to fly- Afar
And leave my strains behind
I'm bound to look up at the stars
From back of these- closed Blinds



Artwork by Alexandra Karpiak, '20

Anne Gallagher, '18

When i met You It was mid-May
that dark and misted Night
A bad idea-i thought i might
regret that fateful Day

When i met You i had a cross
to bear upon my own-
but Now i know the company
With whom i'll gladly hold

When You met me the color Blue
Meant only seas and skies
a definition shifted to
The hue of lover's eyes

When I met you I did not know
The hurt that would enthrall-
Eternity lasted two short years
Goodbye come senior fall



Artwork by Juliette Garvey, '19

If You Were Coming to End Me

Maria Katsetos, '18

If you were coming to end me,
Sure, I'd stop the Timepiece—
Pretending the Light would never—
No, could never blind me—

If the Timepiece proved powerless,
Sure, I'd use my own Light—
To blind you, in the place of me—
The just, eternal fight—

If my white Light could not best you,
Sure, I would not submit—
For when one is but in her youth—
She has not Time well spent.



Photography by Elisabeth D'Albero, '21

To Celebrate National Poetry Month in April, Mrs. Gallagher's sophomore English classes and Mr. Blahnik's junior English classes experimented with a style of collaborative poetry writing known as Exquisite Corpse poems. Here are some samples of their work!

"Narcissistic George Lopez boxed mysterious crème brulee."

"Ambitious chia seeds swim a green moon."

"A young fish hit a BLACK BIRD."

"Trustworthy Nature ate Ilsa's Prom Date."

Spooky Jennifer Lawrence kissed Syd's Arizona cousins.

From New York to Chaos (An ABC Story!)

Paige Hottois, '21

ABC

"A h, I cannot afford to lose this time! I need to kidnap Princess Peach and trick the Mario Brothers somehow," Bowser said angrily, talking to himself and walking in circles.

"My next sinister plan has to be the best of the best!"

"B ad news, Dad! The Mario Brothers and the Princess are going on vacation, starting tomorrow!" Bowser's son, Ludwig von Koopa said, sounding panicked.

"C heck again, are you sure, Son?" Bowser asked Ludwig, as he was walking toward his son who was standing by the window that faced the front of the castle.

"D ouble-checked, I am absolutely positive!" Ludwig responded.

"E veryone, get together and attack the Mario Brothers and their gang! I will not be completely satisfied if the Princess isn't kidnapped!" Bowser commanded loudly.

"F inally! A well-deserved vacation!" Mario said, excitedly.

"G oing to New York! This is going to be so amazing!" Toad exclaimed.

"H ello, real world, goodbye Mushroom Kingdom (or at least for a little while)!" Mario said, helping Luigi, Princess Peach, and Toad into the warp pipe to New York.

"I s this New York?" Toad asked curiously since he has never been to the city before. Mario nodded his head.

"J ump! Bowser's here!" Luigi yelled in panic, pushing his friends away from the danger.

"K nock, knock. Who's there? Bowser, Bowser who? Bowser is taking his Princess back!" Bowser announced.

"L ook, we don't want to harm anyone here. Give Princess Peach back, and everything will calm down," Mario explained.

"M e?! Give Peach back that easily?! HA! Never!" Bowser cackled while charging towards Mario while Ludwig held Princess Peach and ran next to Bowser.

"N ever'? Yeah, I don't think so," Mario said and put his leg out, tripping Bowser, while Luigi tripped Ludwig. Toad jumped and caught Princess Peach in midair. The two villains ended up falling into a warp pipe, warping them back to their castle with nothing.

"O h, no, looks like Bowser and Ludwig lost again," Luigi said in a sarcastic tone.

"P rincess! We saved you!" Mario exclaimed happily.

Q ue to our villain, Bowser, who is in deep anger.

"R ats! I lost! I lost! It's not fair!" Bowser cried.

"T o be honest, Dad, I think you should allow someone else, not yourself, to attempt to capture Peach. "For example, one of us (or even all of us) would try to capture her," the Koopalings argued to Bowser.

U p at the ceiling, Bowser stared, thinking about what he was going to do next.

"V ents!" Bowser yelled out of nowhere and everyone looked very confused. "I meant, these vents stink! They need to be fixed!" Bowser explained.

"W ow, he sure is weird," Wendy O. Koopa whispered to Iggy Koopa, who snickered.

"X ylophone! We need one of those in this house!" Bowser announced randomly, which caused all of the Koopalings to shake their heads.

Y es, this family was all over the place. Maybe if they stayed on topic, they would be more successful in capturing Peach.

Z ooming, a Shy Guy ran over to Bowser and started talking quickly and notified him, "There's a Yoshi bombarding us with Yoshi eggs!"

"What?"

The End

Disney World Theme Parks: Magic Kingdom and Epcot

Amelia Burrell, '21

When planning a trip to Disney World, have you ever wondered which of the main theme parks is really worth your money? Since these parks tend to be so expensive, it is often hard to decide which one is really worth it. This is especially relevant when deciding between Magic Kingdom and Epcot. These two extremely popular theme parks have similarities and differences in their rides, food, and other attractions.

Firstly, Magic Kingdom and Epcot are known for their spectacular rides. Although Magic Kingdom is really the ride heavy park, both parks offer rides that are geared towards younger children with no height limit, except they may have to ride with an adult ("Walt Disney World"). In addition, both parks have specific rides that appeal to older patrons. For example, at Magic Kingdom, there are three mountains with rides that go a little faster and stand out from the common Disney theme; these mountains are known as Big Thunder Mountain, Space Mountain, and Splash Mountain ("Magic Kingdom Park"). At Epcot, however, some of the bigger rides tend to be even faster with a more strict height limit ("Epcot"). These rides include, Relauched Mission: Space and Test Track.

Although both parks have many delicious food options to choose from, Magic Kingdom has many more counter service vendors, usually themed after the "land" in which they are located. In addition, at Magic Kingdom, "guests can enjoy classic Disney foods like a Dole Whip, smoked turkey legs, or meals from an array of quick service or table service restaurants. On the contrary, Epcot has many more sit down restaurants, pubs, and bars that all revolve around a culture from around the world. For example, Chef de France is a restaurant that serves native French cuisine while indulging in the French culture ("Epcot"). Lastly, in both parks, guests no matter their age, can experience that amazing feeling of meeting their favorite Disney character in real life by participating in the many character dining options. For instance, guests can dine with Cinderella and other Disney Princesses in the Cinderella Castle at Magic Kingdom or with Chip n' Dale at The Garden Grill Restaurant in Epcot ("Walt Disney World").

Both the Magic Kingdom and Epcot offer many live performances. At Magic Kingdom, for example, there are many shows including the Dapper Dans, Citizens of Main Street, Casey's corner pianist, and the Main Street Trolley Show that allow tourists to experience what it was like in the early days of Disney ("Magic Kingdom Park"). However, at Epcot, the live shows, are culturally themed such as the Jeweled Dragon Acrobats in China, El Mariachi Cobre in Mexico, and Matsuriza in Japan ("Epcot"). Lastly, in both parks, guests have the opportunity to meet even more Disney characters including Elsa and Anna and characters from Alice in Wonderland ("Walt Disney World"). In Magic Kingdom, guests can meet Captain Jack Sparrow at his pirate tutorial, Ariel at her grotto, and Mickey Mouse and Tinkerbell at Time Square theater ("Magic Kingdom Park"). In Epcot, tourists can find their favorite Disney princesses in their native countries such as Belle in France, Mulan in China, Jasmine in Morocco, and Snow White in Germany ("Epcot"). But surely, no matter what Disney theme park you choose, there is a 100% guarantee that you will have a magical experience.



Photography by Elisabeth D'Albero, '21

A clothesline strung above the Earth

Emily Plumb, '18

A clothesline strung above the Earth—
And though I am no one—
Twisting Ivy, light brought forth—
Its own vine idly spun.

Unpraised—the Mind—duly Confined—
With death by Mutton sleeve—
Too terse the Deacon, robed in white
Too rigid the sermon—one leaf—

And as the daunting Oak stands tall—
I weave and shall unwind
Hush!—Truths I feel I cannot tell—
Venture over the line

I've known the fear of each small Bloom—
When faced with blade—and blood—
They'll let you keep your garments white
Surrender, then, Above.



Artwork by Elisa Howard, '20

Barefeet

Carly Weber, '20

I walk with no socks across the lawn.
I feel the grass, trying desperately to reach the sky,
only to be cut down by cold, spinning blades.
I feel the wind against my ankles,
whipping violently, howling in my ears, tearing my fragile skin to pieces.
I can see the grass waving in turbulent winds.
It moves in imperfect ripples through the manicured garden.
I relish the feeling of walking barefoot,
but I know those who wear socks.
Socks that cushion the impact, alleviate the damp pressure of morning dew,
shining against the dark backdrop of dawn.
Socks to protect and to shield, to cloud and to mask.
Socks to remain untouched by the unpredictable nature of grass.
I walk barefoot, for I want to feel.
And those with socks walk to preserve the ideal.



Hannah Gnibus '20

Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

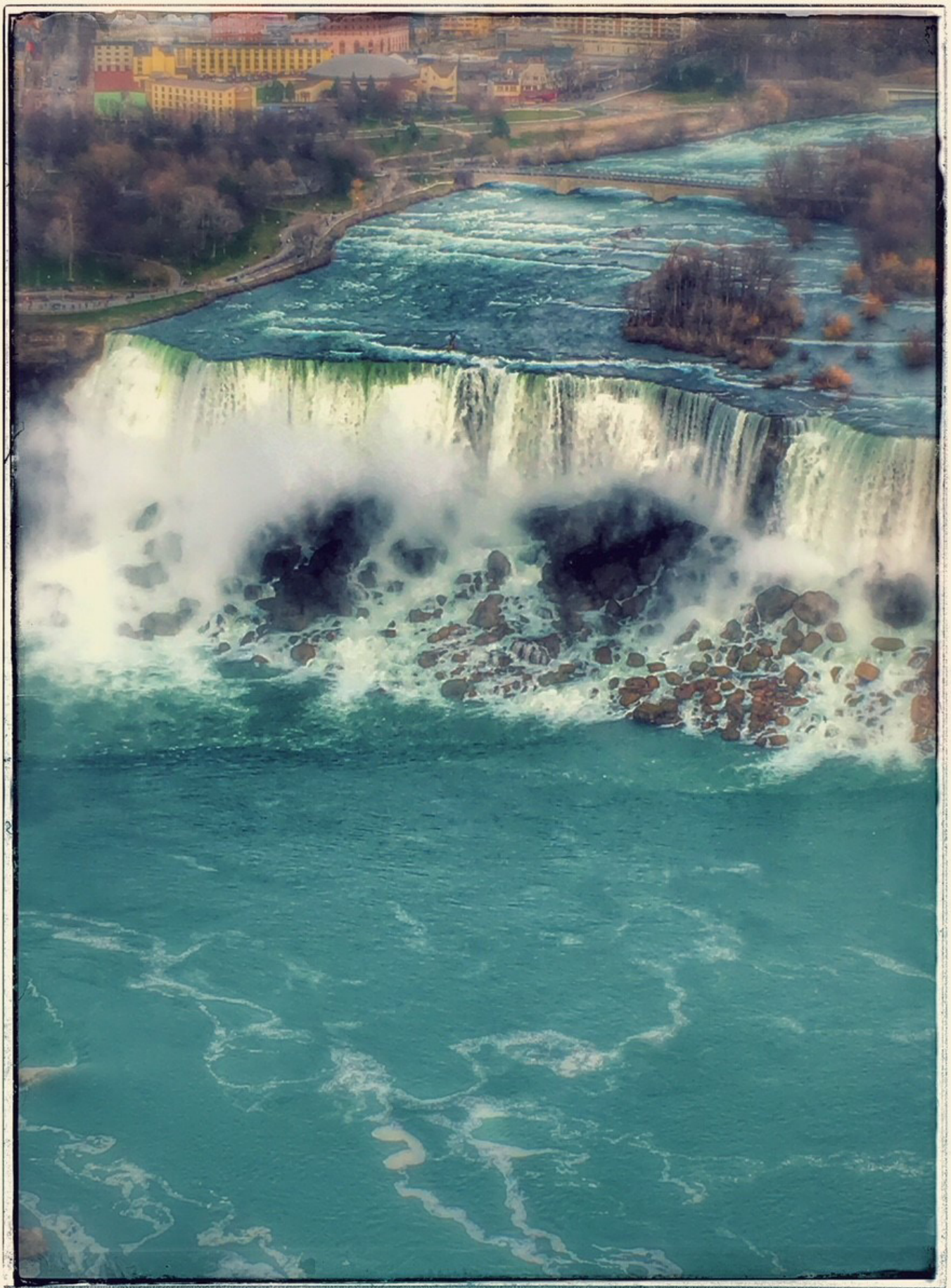
京城一别十万里，孤烛异乡已两年。节至思然畏临面，惟见容尚余泪痕。

ten thousands miles away from home
two years living out of my comfort zone
lonely celebrate the festival in a foreign single room
wiping tears like a weaving loom

by
Rebecca Peng, '20



Artwork by Sarah Li, '20



Photography by Elisabeth D'Albero, '21

FrankenHyde: The Strange Case of Love at First Murder

Grace Jensen, '18

Hyde ran down a dark alley, running from the crime scene he left behind. He lived for these few moments of control - they were what made his existence bearable. He was sick of Dr. Jekyll, so innocent and guilt ridden; it was an annoyance he would rather live without. One he soon would be living without.

Hyde looked over his shoulder as he ran, making sure he was not followed. Not paying attention to where he was walking, he bumped into something. He recoiled, then looked ahead, ready to take out anymore witnesses and torture Dr. Jekyll even more than he already had that night. To his surprise it wasn't a person, not one like he had seen before. The thing before stood much taller than he—clearly human—but only in a vague sense. He was standing before a monster, a more literal sense than the monster he himself was.

The two shared a brief moment of silence before Hyde spoke, not quite sure how to proceed but unafraid of what he would have to do if the situation turned the wrong way. "What are you?"

The monster did not speak. Looking down the alley, Hyde finally understood that he had a past he was running from, as an angry mob called for his head. Hyde may not be able to be good, he may be all the terrible thoughts and feelings Dr. Jekyll locked away his entire life, but he could understand what this creature was going through. He found someone like himself, a monster who didn't belong.

"Follow me," Hyde encouraged. "You have encountered the one person who is an expert at getting away from angry mobs." Hyde pointed to the back entrance to his home, the place he sought as his own refuge. Pulling the creature with him, pulling the creature by the hand, they entered Dr. Jekyll's home. This creature was interesting; he wanted to know more. Hyde realized he couldn't trust Jekyll with this creature; Jekyll was an elitist and he wouldn't understand Hyde's infatuation. While Hyde might look like a monster, there is nothing wrong with being a monster. Everyone has some monster inside him, and Hyde often proved himself the perfect example of that. He didn't care if he wore his monster on the outside. He shouldn't be treated like one. In Hyde's opinion, monsters should roam free, without hypocrisy. If everyone has a monster lurking within, what's the point of hiding it?

"You'll have to hide down here; no one will find you," Hyde told the monster. But Hyde had to move quickly, to settle the monster quickly as he could feel Dr. Jekyll coming back to the forefront. "I'll be back, just wait here. Don't move." The creature sat, doing as he was told. He didn't move, he didn't fight. Monster just sat there, looking at Hyde as innocently as a child. If anyone called him a true monster, they were blind.

Hyde ran upstairs, shut the door, and pushed the creature from his mind. He was determined not to let Dr. Jekyll see anything. He couldn't know about this. The discovery of the monster was Hyde's secret to keep to himself.

Several hours later as Hyde felt the transformation shifting and he gained control, he could feel that Dr. Jekyll was gone. He was Hyde now; there was no more good doctor to take his body away from him. He could get out, run away with a body that was his, and never look back.

But before his final escape, Hyde remembered his friend in the basement.

Hyde walked down, opened the creaky door, and peered inside, looking to see if the creature was still there. And he was. He was sitting on the floor, patiently waiting. Hyde opened the door completely, letting light fall into the room and as it did, the entire scene was revealed. The creature was sitting there, just waiting to see what Hyde would do. He wasn't striking first, he wasn't trying to run away from a man who had done him no harm yet. He was just waiting to see what happened.

Hyde didn't think he'd mind a friend on the run.

"Let's go, we're leaving town," Hyde offered.

Hyde and the creature escaped that night, running far away from the places that had brought them trouble and trauma. Leaving all worries behind, they moved forward, letting their true natures unfold without anyone there to judge them. The creature didn't judge Hyde's evil nature and Hyde didn't flinch at the sight of the creature; they were a match made in heaven.

Across the globe they ran, swindling tourists, slaughtering their enemies, and finding something special along the way. The two monsters found something they had never felt in each other, someone they could truly be themselves with. They found love, despite their own monstrosities. Who else to love a monster but another monster?



Artwork by Rory Woods, '19

Homer's Sexism in The Odyssey

Carly Weber, '20

Sexism has existed since the dawn of time. For as long as humans have kept record, women were always deemed the weaker gender and forced into more narrow stereotypes than those of the opposite sex. While gender equality is becoming more within reach today, ancient works of literature still remind readers of what life was like for women many years ago. Homer's writing and portrayal of female characters in *The Odyssey* epitomizes this blatant inequality. From the actions of the women in his epic, to the way they feel about men, to how easily Odysseus deceived them, female characters always seem to be at a disadvantage. *The Odyssey* best exemplifies why Homer is sexist based on his unfair characterization and treatment of women, specifically nymph goddesses (Calypso and Circe), major benevolent goddesses, and female monsters.

Homer clearly exploits his sexist nature through his portrayal of magical nymph goddesses; including Circe and Calypso. The two goddesses are often compared, as their similarities are striking. Odysseus arrives at both Ogygia and Aea in desperate need of help, and eventually leaves with only his own best interests in mind. Both goddesses become very attached to the hero and hate to see him leave the comfort and safety of their own respective islands. Odysseus, doing only what is necessary for survival, rarely takes the goddess' feelings into account. For instance, when trying to convince Calypso to send him off of Ogygia safely, she initially refuses, angry with him for trying to leave.

However, after telling her to, "Look at my wise Penelope. She falls short of you, your beauty, stature. She is mortal after all and you, you never age or die..." (Homer 159), she appears flattered, relents, and makes plans to willingly send Odysseus off of the island. Simple rationale is unable to convince Calypso to let Odysseus leave, yet mindless compliments are able to change her mind. This makes it obvious to the reader that Homer believes women, even extremely powerful and potentially dangerous women like Calypso, are easily persuaded by compliments to their physical beauty. He writes that women cannot be convinced from simple logic; only flattery from potential lovers. After giving Calypso false hope about their relationship and its meaning, he is able to build his watercraft to return home to Ithaca.

While Circe is less emotionally attached to Odysseus than Calypso, she still refuses to help Odysseus and his crew until they have engaged in an intimate relationship. Circe makes a dangerous enemy and Hermes warns Odysseus about this fact after telling him exactly how to defeat her. It never once occurred to Odysseus or Hermes that Circe could be a rational goddess and agree to setting him and his men free after a simple conversation. Odysseus immediately resorts to lunging at Circe, plotting to kill her, and making her swear an oath to protect him before having intimate relations with her, seemingly the only aspect of Odysseus' conditions that convince her to swear the oath. Sex is the only thing that changes Circe's mind. This explicitly shows that Homer believes women to be weak-willed creatures who can easily be persuaded by compliments or sexual advances. Homer's major purpose in including these immortal nymph goddesses is to, "... fully live[s] up to the powerful female's climactic function in the extended narrative pattern, providing Odysseus access to the next phase of his homecoming." (Bloom 178). Both goddesses serve as stopping points for Odysseus as he continues to find his way back home, he brushes off their feelings without a second thought.

Homer's characterization of the nymph goddesses and their role in aiding Odysseus back to Ithaca implicitly show the reader that he is sexist in nature. The way that Athena helps Odysseus return home and the manner in which Telemachus finds his father also depict Homer as sexist. Many of the disguises she assumes convey that she must act like a man would in order to achieve her goals. In Book 8, King Alcinous is holding feasts and games in honor of Odysseus, the revered guest. After Laodamas angers Odysseus, who does not want to participate in any games, he immediately grabs the discus and hurls it much farther than all the other competitors.

Looking to cry out Odysseus' distance and make him seem more impressive to the Phaeacians, "Queen Athena, built like a man, staked out the spot and cried with a voice of triumph, 'Even a blind man, friend, could find your mark by groping round- it's not mixed up in the crowd, it's far in front!'" (Homer 197). In order to be taken seriously by the people of Phaeacia, Athena must take the form of a man in order for others to listen to her announcement. Even the mention of the word "queen" from the above line associates Athena with being a powerful goddess, yet she transforms herself into a man in order to secure influence. Had Athena transformed into a mortal woman, she would not have been heard in the crowd.

The theme of Athena's male disguises is common throughout the *Odyssey*. When Telemachus is surrounded by suitors in the first 4 books of the epic, he opens the palace gates and is pleasantly surprised to see a man who looks like Mentos (really Athena) at the door. Mentos acts like a father figure to Telemachus when he praises him, tells him that he bears a resemblance to his father, and encourages him to look for the lost Odysseus. Had Athena disguised herself as a mortal woman, Telemachus not have engaged in an intelligent conversation with her.

Despite not having a father figure growing up, Telemachus instantly trusts Mentos and takes "his" advice to search for his father simply because he is a man. Even in Book 1 when Athena first initiates her plan to get Odysseus home, she pleads with her father, Zeus, for his help and blessing to help the Trojan war hero. She begs, "Father, son of Cronus, our high and mighty king! If now it really pleases the blissful gods that wise Odysseus shall return- home at last- let us dispatch the guide and giant-killer Hermes..." (Homer 80). Despite the fact that Athena is an extremely powerful goddess in her own right, she must beg Zeus for his permission and assistance before taking any action. Athena initiates the help of men and takes on their physical form in order to be taken seriously in *The Odyssey*.

The majority of evil monsters in Homer's *Odyssey* are female, and they provide the greatest temptations and dangers throughout the epic. After departing Circe's island of Aea, Odysseus is forced to make a difficult decision. He can risk demolishing his entire crew by sailing near the treacherous waters of Charybdis, a female-monster-whirlpool that threatens to suck down anything that gets too close, or lose six of his men to the bloodthirsty six-headed Scylla, who lies in wait on the mountainside. Odysseus, wanting to ensure the safety of the majority of his crew, chooses to sail past Scylla. The depiction of both of these monsters as female makes Homer's low opinion of women obvious. Besides characterizing them as weak and spiteful, Homer writes his two most dangerous and uncivilized monsters as women. Their ugly appearances symbolize that without physical beauty, women cannot amount to anything. Their curious lack of speech also prevents them from defending themselves or providing reason for acting in a violent and seemingly random way. Many Greek myths describe Scylla as once having been young and beautiful, but she is changed into a hideous monster after being punished for lusting after a married god (Friesen). Homer exaggerates her hatred towards men by having her lash out at any who come near her. This exemplifies Homer's understanding that feminine feelings must revolve around men. Conversely, Odysseus insists on having his crewmates tie him to the mast of the ship when sailing past the entrancing Sirens. Legend has it that no man can resist the temptation of the Siren's song and whoever swims towards their island will be killed by them. Odysseus wants to hear the song, as he is convinced that it will make him wiser; the hero would be the only man to hear the Siren's song and live to tell the tale. The Siren's beautiful voice exemplifies yet another stereotype - that a beautiful, feminine, singing voice is more important than intelligence or courage. Circe's warning to Odysseus about the Sirens is terrifying, yet he is eager to hear their mystical song. He even warns his crew about, "The danger he notes comes from the song of the divine Sirens," (Nugent 48), something he rarely does in the epic. Odysseus knows how dangerous his wishes are, yet continues to pursue them in order to conquer his quest based on the female monsters. Odysseus fears the Sirens, yet wants to hear their song, if only to boast about it later. Be they beautiful or hideous, Homer's female monsters epitomize danger and demise as Odysseus sets his sails towards home.

Sexism in The Odyssey is readily apparent in all of its 24 books. From Telemachus criticizing his mother for weeping over her lost husband, to the Sirens symbolizing what the ideal for feminine beauty was in ancient Greece, to Odysseus cruelly manipulating Calypso and Circe in order to secure his safe arrival home, The Odyssey is riddled with gender inequality and unfair treatment of women, as well as their ghastly and grotesque characterizations. In spite of these depictions however, Homer has crafted his female characters as some of the most memorable and relatable throughout all of Greek mythology.



Artwork by Julianna Vincent, '21

A Man Called Finn

Nicole Destefanis, '18

Finn is a homeless man with a roof over his head. In fact, he's been surfing TripAdvisor and Airbnb for the past two weeks in hope of booking a trip to Barcelona with a dear friend living 3,472 miles away from his sturdy plated roof. Finn hasn't seen Gracie in a couple of years — ever since “important life things” continually popped up in their equally busy schedules. He really has no interest in Barcelona other than the fact that he's never been, and that he caught word about the nudist beach. But what else can you really expect from a 20-year-old guy in the middle of his grand old university years?

TripAdvisor has been glitching ever since the beginning of the Web, and out of pure frustration and partial laziness, he's letting Gracie take care of it; she's better at finding the best deals anyway. So by “surfing TripAdvisor and Airbnb,” Finn is just sitting on the couch of his common room in his dorm suite with the TV on mute, playing images of some doomed-to-fail reality show, scrolling through the texts, links, and trip documents Gracie has been sending him. It will probably take him another three weeks to respond to Gracie as to which hotel and which airline he would most prefer. He sips his beer, watches as the TV couple fight in silence for a few moments, looks at the clock, sighs, and decides to get some sleep before his next lecture on the fundamentals of the physical world.

In his tiny neighborhood on the outskirts of central London, there are no beaches. In fact, there is nothing remotely close to sand — nothing but concrete and cloudy skies. Just arbitrary museums and tiny parks barely big enough to throw a frisbee with the underlying possibility of hitting a passing car with the modernized ancient Greek discus. In fact, his friend Luis was telling him how this very situation happened no longer than a week ago when he was throwing a frisbee about with his hoyt toyty intramural sports club. Finn told Luis he should just spend his time in a shop or café, instead of trying to kill newly licensed drivers with his horrid aim. It is unknown if Luis took this advice.

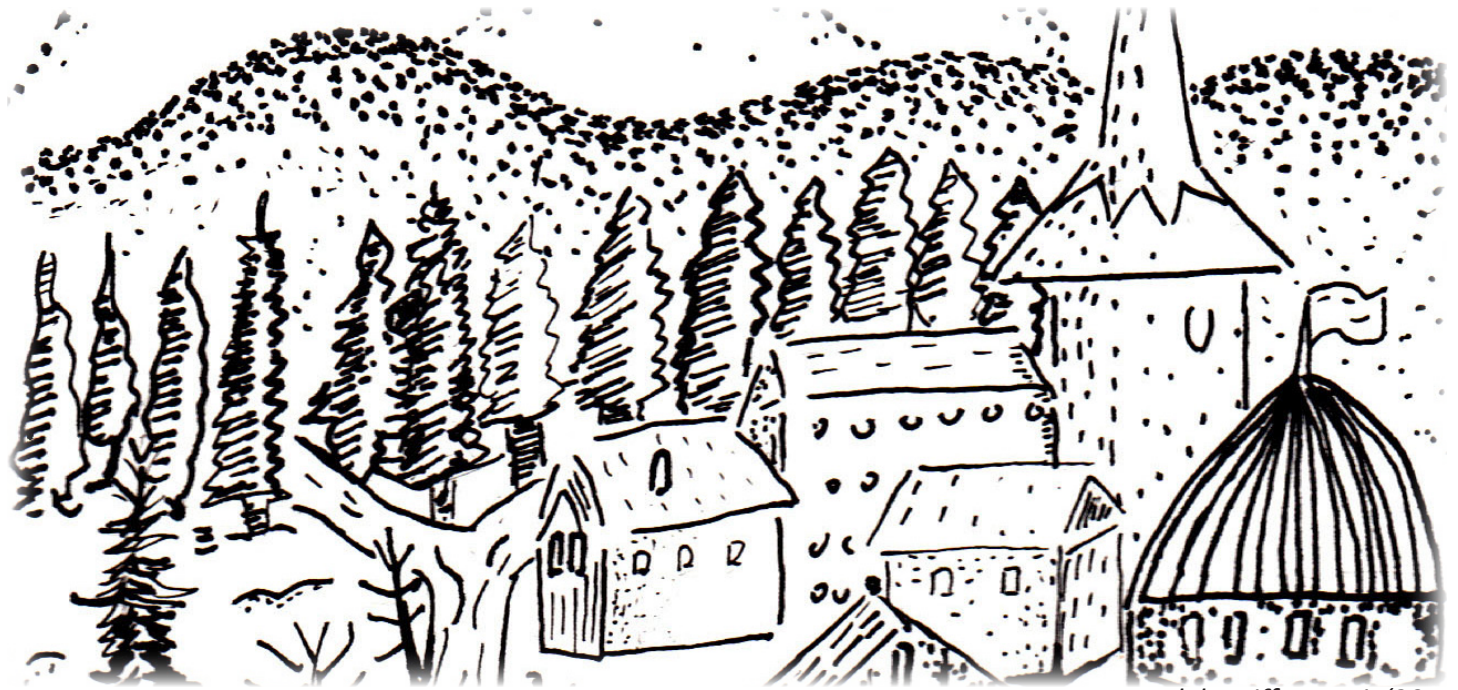
Finn grew up here until he was forced to grow up faster than all the rest. He moved to the States when he was 11 and recreated an entire life for himself among hundreds of new faces. This is when and where he met Gracie, but they rarely exchanged words in his time in this “land of the free.” Not until he moved back to the “land of the queen” did Gracie start to play a role in his life because truthfully, no one really cares until they are without what was once there. When there is a hole in our life, we can either fill it with what we believe to be the right shape, or we can try jamming an abnormally shaped puzzle piece into the gap. It's really all a matter of preference. Finn prefers going about these types of things with the utmost precision.

In America, he lived his life as best he could. He grew fond of the East Coast... more specifically, the coast itself. The abundance of blue, sunny skies, even on snowy winter days, will forever be one of the little things he misses about living in New England. When he first saw the beaches and parks and trees in all of their summer glory, anyone could tell he was hooked on this type of life. Oh God, the trees...the number of trees forming woods, filling real parks — not just patches of grass — and even lining the beaches. How they reached the sky like big umbrellas. How some of them had little etches in them like all of the classic American movies he had studied before even stepping foot in America like a true pilgrim. This is what fascinated his 11-year-old mind. The entire geographic location of his new life spurred on such an obsession with climate change, moving tectonic plates, and of course, location in relation to other locations. He went so far to even quiz anyone in his near vicinity on geography. To this day he still makes fun of his kid sister for not knowing the proper latitude and longitude of Johannesburg. Just for reference, it is not in Russia.

By the time Finn was 15, he was back in London where no one asked to hear his voice because his accent wasn't unique to anyone... except to the tourists who got lost on their way to Abbey Road. He was now among the old friends who had adjusted to living their lives without him. But like always, Finn adapted. New school, new faces, new roof—and he had to pretend he never left it all. He brought back interesting stories about the “savages” in the States with their reckless spirit and obnoxious tendencies, but he also brought a new culture with him. He was a worldly man, and he continued to nurture this external perception. So, he traveled.

At 17, Finn had been to France, Ireland, Canada, India, Australia, Portugal, and Dubai—along with a few trips he made to and from the United States. He liked to go back to America to see the friends who never stopped trying to make him a part of their lives. Gracie was one of these designated friends. Gracie and Sawyer, and Erica, and Lynn, and oh God who could forget Ian. Finn honestly just liked the attention he received from the few of them who made the effort because to Finn, the world always revolved around him, and to these few friends, the world always revolved around Finn. He knew it was lavish to have some five or so people drop anything and everything just to have a quick chat to hear about the rather monotonous day he had. They made him feel like he had a place somewhere. No matter where these people end up in the world, he would always be drawn to them. Thus, Barcelona.

Finn hadn't seen Gracie for three years now, because out of the five or so American friends obsessed with Finn, she was the only one who put herself first. Instead of traveling to London to visit Finn at his new college like all the rest, Gracie chose to work and save her money for her own education. But now that she was doing a semester in Madrid and Finn's spring break was fast approaching, he mentioned the idea of going on an adventure to the Eastern Coast of Spain and discovering Barcelona together. And the idea stuck.



Artwork by Tiffany Lai, '20

Something about the east coast... it doesn't even matter that Finn's Spanish skills only include the three words "hola," "gracias," and "sacapuntas." Sacapuntas means pencil sharpener in Spanish. Finn hasn't used a pencil sharpener since he made the switch to mechanical pencils at age 8. But he liked the word and has shouted it at the most random times, always flustering those around him. He plans on yelling "sacapuntas" when he greets Gracie. Gracie has no idea. She's more focused on finding a roof for them to stay under.

This roof, whichever one Finn finally settles on, will probably not suffice for his permanent "home," but the search continues as it has his entire life. He doesn't worry about finding a "home" just yet, for he has enjoyed the journey thus far. So he sleeps soundly before his fundamentals of the physical world lecture. In fact, he doesn't awake from his slumber until three hours after the lecture has ended. Finn has yet to invest in an alarm clock, but he begins his day like any other despite the fact that it is starting at 2 in the afternoon.

He throws on a fresh pair of jeans, brushes his teeth, and sends a text to his kid sister, asking about her day in 6th grade. And then he's out the door with the singular thought lingering in his mind to visit a club with the only purpose to dance to awful music and enjoy every second of it. He ponders. "Dancing Queen" by ABBA is stuck in his head again. He decides the club will have to wait until tomorrow. So he walks down the nearest Tube station and heads toward Primrose Hill. This is the closest thing to America he can get to these days while still being authentically British. Maybe it's because of the obscene amount of loud American tourists who visit the Hill daily mixed, with the city view from the top.



Photography by Isabel Spooner, '19



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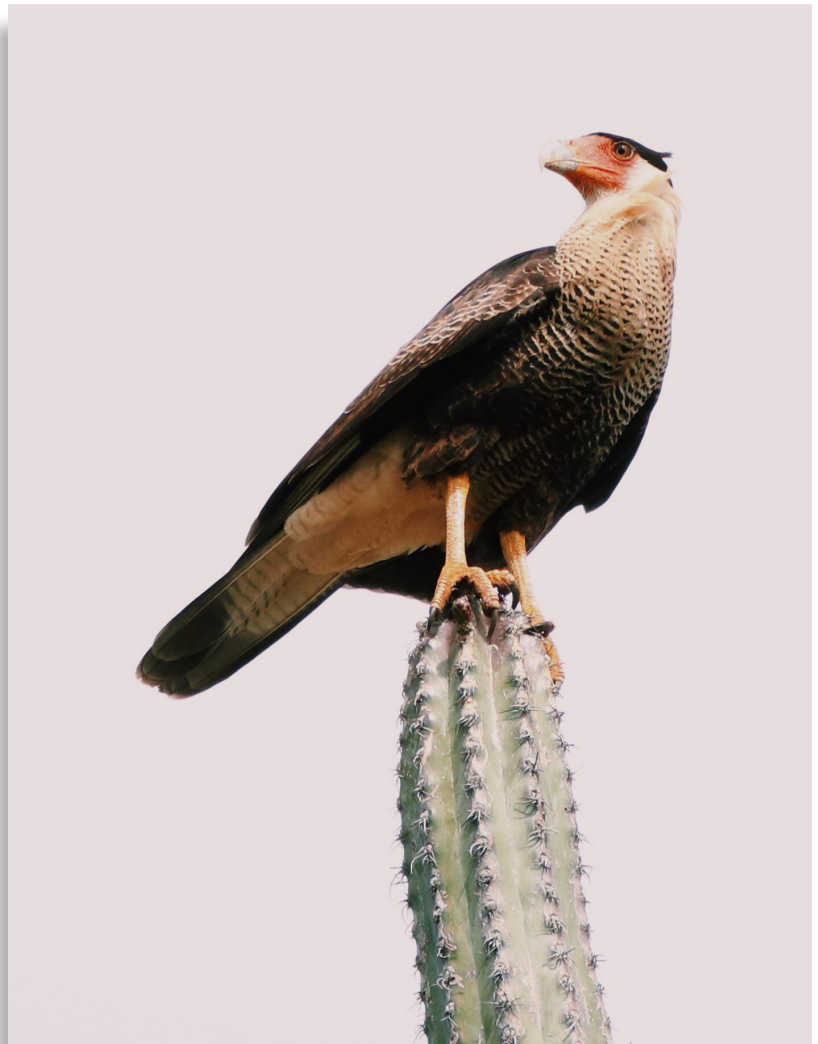
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