

Written by the students of Marblehead High School for our school and community

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April 17th, 2014

A Conversation Begun, but Not Finished

Dan Rosenberg Editor-in-Chief, Senior

Over my four years in Marblehead High School, have seen a variety of speakers brought into our school to discuss fostering a sense of community. These speakers are often very moving; they discuss intense, heartfelt experiences, and have tried to eradicate bullying from our school. Frequently, they use past tragedies as tools, and after these speakers come in, there's rarely a dry eye in the building.

The issue is not with the school bringing in people to galvanize the student body; they have done a great job at that. The problem is taking long-term action, and making sure that the ideals espoused by

the speakers are actually put into practice.

I can remember as a sophomore, we had a group called Rachel's Challenge come into the school. They told the story of a girl who died at Columbine, and it was a very moving presentation. Afterwards, every student was encouraged to sign a banner that was hung in the school, a banner which said none of us would ever participate in bullying. And for a few days, our school was a picture of harmony. But instead of continually focusing on fostering this sense of community, the school simply began to move on. The banner still hung in the school, but it lost the meaning it had held when it was first signed. Slowly but surely, Rachel's Chal

lenge became a moving yet distant memory. So while the school did a great job of beginning this discussion on bullying and kindness, there seemed to be a lack of continuing focus on the issue long after the speakers left the school.

That brings us to last week, when the school brought in Calvin Terrell, a man from Phoenix, Arizona, who has extensive experience with social justice, and issues of hate, to speak to us about being "warriors, not cowards." Mr. Terrell brought perhaps the most intense message I've heard in our school, and encouraged students to apologize for wrongs they had committed against each other publicly. It really was a heartfelt and emotional

experience for all of the students at the presentation. But after Mr. Terrell came, there has been no follow up. So while his message was clear, I'm worried that once again it will soon go by the wayside. And so then perhaps next year there will be a new speaker, but no new change.

I commend the school on their commitment to beginning the discussion on social justice; but it is a conversation that has been begun over and over again. We need to go further than just this beginning; if we really do want to make a lasting change to the community at Marblehead High, it will need to come not from the outside, but from within the school.

Spring Is In the Air

Riley Sugarman News Coordinator, Junior

Back in December, I discussed how to properly prepare for winter, so it's only fair to do the same for spring. As many of you know, the spring equinox began on March 20th, which is hard to believe since it only recently stopped snowing. It's time to break out the raincoats, umbrellas, and windbreakers, because oversized sweaters will give you a heat stroke. Now that the snow has changed to rain, and the sun rises a little bit earlier, I think we can agree on one thing: spring has officially sprung.

The first thing I like to do at this point in the year is to break out everything spring. This includes clothing, cessories, makeup, and even a new attitude. This year I have become obsessed with kimonos (really loose shawl-type garments) and floral patterns. In fact, last week I bought a floral kimono. When the equinox hits, I (along with many others) acquire a new "spring attitude." All winter blues dissipate and I feel reborn; I feel like Fawkes the Phoenix (raise your hand if you

understand that reference), which is probably my favorite part of spring.

If you ask me for my favorite season, I am 99% sure you will be told whatever season we are currently in. I love all seasons, and I really don't have a favorite, but at the moment I love spring the most. I love how everyone seems reborn, and how in the morning, the birds start chirping bright and early. The trees start to bud, my crabapple tree is a bright pink (sadly for only a few weeks), and a windbreaker is the only coat you need on many days. Also, when I ven-

ture the five feet from my bedroom to the bathroom in the morning, I can see where I am going (versus hitting something, usually the wall). Spring track recently started too, so when I race the mile I can run four laps, versus the ten or eleven on the indoor track. Everyone has their favorite part of spring, and whether it's the clothing, attitude, birds, or sports, I think we can all agree that the best part is ditching the heavy parka for a light windbreaker.

Opinions, Stories, and Advice, Oh My!

Morgan Hardwick, News Coordinator, Junior

A day doesn't go by without someone asking me about college. The questioning becomes an endless cycle of: "What schools are you looking at?", "Which major are you thinking of?", "Do you want to stay close to home?", "Big or small?", 'Graduate school?" And before I can answer, another opinion is thrown at my face filled with somewhat impractical advice and lined with old memories. Although appreciated, enough is enough. Adults don't understand that hearing old tales about how hard they studied (or partied) in college is not going to make me consider a school anymore or less than before. My junior year is coming to a close and college is one of the most important things on my mind, but it is becoming cluttered with the opinions from family, friends, and even strangers that I cannot think straight. My own mother is pushing for UMASS Amherst, a prestigious university no doubt, but with the amount of articles she's printed out and emails she's forwarded me, I think my head might ex- college is fast approachplode.

Picking a college ultimately comes down to the students' own opinion, and while adults are often wiser in aspects of teenagers' lives, this choice is something only

the students can determine. I know letting eighteen year olds make such a huge, life-changing decision on their own might be scary, horrifying even, but no one knows where they belong better than themselves. Parents only want what is best for their child before they leave the nest; however, what they think is best isn't necessarily right.

Coming from a teenage girl dealing with the college search herself, I believe that the one thing parents must unconditionally supply isn't their opinion, but their support and guidance. Thinking about leaving for college is scary, no matter how hard someone might deny it. But with the added stress from the family, friends, and friends of the family, students find themselves pushing off the thought of college.

A mix of annoyance and fear, combined with an overloaded brain filled with the thoughts of others, makes the college selection that much less exciting and helpful. So parents, occasionally offer your opinions and always offer your support; and students, the time has come for us to take the reins of this decisionmaking process because ing and we need to hold on tight.

A Stronger Boston

Drew Faria Reporter-in-the-Field, Junior

remember April 15th, 2013, much differently than most people do. My family and I left for the week of vacation to San Francisco, where some of our relatives live. On that bright and relaxing morning, we decided to visit the California Academy of Sciences. We strolled through rooms full to the brim with earthquake patterns to butterflies. I was caught up in a display on the

relationship between the genes of humans and insects, when my brother ran over to me with wide eyes. His hand clenched his phone, which would not stop buzzing. He told me of an explosion at the marathon finish line in Boston. A friend of his kept him updated, for her mother was a runner in the race. My brother would not stop his worrying reports. His phone vibrated incessantly. I began to feel a deep knot tighten in my stomach; something was definitely happening back home. The rest of my family had left the exhibit, which my brother could no longer pay attention

to. The two of us caught up to

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them on a bridge that spanned a large tank of fish. My brother instantly burst into an explanation of what happened in Boston. Mom reached for her phone to search for news updates. Sure enough, a bomb exploded at the end of the marathon, but details were scarce. Even though we were on the opposite side of the country, we could sympathize with our fellow Bostonians. It was at this time I looked over the edge of the bridge into the tank below. Thoughts flowed through my head faster than the water. I saw several sharks and sting rays in the tank. With them, several smaller and dearound them. My mind suddenly stopped all of the unending thoughts, except for one: why can't we be like the fish? Think about it, the sharks and rays had the teeth and barbed tails to easily kill all of the fish in the tank, but they didn't. So, why do humans with weapons have to use violence on each other? I reflected on this idea for a while. We do not hold responsibility for the marathon bombings. The terror and suffering that has been endured ever since is inexcusable. But in its wake, we should consider how our actions affect others, both short and long term. Maybe we yelled at someone in anger, and now they carry the

same animosity we did. Only negative consequences will result. If Massachusetts truly identifies itself as "Boston Strong," then our goal as a community is more than showing resilience since April 15th. We must focus on treating everyone with the respect and kindness that everyone deserves. The news reminds us of this all of the time. Too many shootings and attacks occur for us not to notice a pattern: most of the perpetrators faced persecution themselves. If we overcome the negative impulses we associate with different people, that is the way to truly make ourselves "Boston Strong."

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