

# Headlight



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

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## A Trivial Addiction

Jack Krtivit, Sophomore  
Reporter

With midterms approaching, there are too many ways that a Marblehead High School student can procrastinate. Posting pictures of food on Instagram, searching through the limitless supply of cat videos on Youtube, and even staring blankly at a wall are three great time-wasters. My newest addiction and time-waster is called Trivia Crack. This competitive quiz game is now a very popular app, ranking number one on Apple's list of Most Downloaded Free Applications. Trivia Crack is such a universal hit because, like the drug, it is designed to cause a dependency that is not easy to shake.

The concept of the game is to answer as many trivial questions correctly before your competitor does, in subjects including entertainment, art, sports, history, science, and world geography. After spinning a rainbow wheel, the turn begins. Each question is timed for thirty seconds and the player must choose from four possible answers. After answering three questions correctly in differing subjects, the player is able to make an attempt for a "character." The first player to secure characters from each of the six categories wins the game.

Now, what is it that makes this simple trivia game so addictive? For me it's two things: competition among friends and strangers, and the ability to always be entertained by new random pieces of information that I often didn't know before. Trivia Crack can be played against an arbitrary opponent from around the globe, or a Facebook friend. The excitement that comes from competing against someone that you might see in school every day, and the possibility of winning bragging rights makes this even more compelling. I have engaged in sixteen games with a single friend and our competitions are fierce. In every game, I learn new and interesting factoids that could help me if I ever needed to know the capital of Turkmenistan, which part of the body bronchial infections mainly attack, or what RG3 stands for.

I have deleted and re-downloaded Trivia Crack two times now in my unsuccessful effort to "get this monkey off my back." It's tough to kick because once the application has been downloaded, it is very difficult to return to reading books and other ways of passing the time productively, especially if, like me, you lack the willpower to keep it deleted. Let's hope that this free app on my iPod doesn't turn into a "gateway drug" for Trivial Pursuit, Jeopardy, and Who Wants To Be A Millionaire!

## New Year, New Me

Morgan Hardwick, Senior  
Reporter

A year ago, I could have blamed us missing our flight on the inconveniently designed Chicago airport. Or on the freak ice storm that hit New England last winter. Or on the fact that my family of eight flying, from Steamboat Springs, Colorado, just had really back luck. Nevertheless, we were now traveling home via Greyhound bus along the endless I-90 East, while our luggage was on the next flight to Logan. At that moment in time, also known as three o'clock in the morning, I never imagined that traveling 985 miles would have an effect greater on me than carsickness or claustrophobia. But reflection is a beautiful thing, and 36 hour bus rides are pretty eye opening.

The man I sat next to on the bus from Indianapolis

## First Night of My Last Year (in High School)

Joanna Rosen, Senior  
Editors' Assistant

As a senior at MHS who has lived in Marblehead for almost her entire life, I'd say it's pretty embarrassing that up until this year I had never been to Boston for New Year's Eve. Typically I spent the evening of December 31st curled up on my couch with friends watching the original Star Wars or doing marathons on Netflix. But this year, my friends and I ventured into the depths of the T system to watch the parade and see the fireworks. It was bitterly cold and ridiculously crowded, but we went to Faneuil Hall for food and then walked to Copley. We saw the protesters--although we missed the die-in--and we watched the parade. Because our planning skills are incredibly lacking, there was no way we could have gotten a reservation for dinner. So we trooped to Faneuil Hall instead for some mac & cheese. Clueless as I am, I had expected the parade to be similar to our Marblehead Christmas Walk: marching bands, floats, cars. I was absolutely not expecting dragons, clowns, and Eastern dancers. While I enjoyed these nonconventional festivities, I missed the excitement of the parades I was used to.

By the time the parade wrapped up, the six of us had turned into solid blocks of ice. Trips into H&M and Marshall's in desperate search of heat proved fruitless and we ended up huddling together in the line at Panera's. It was then that we made the decision to head home before the fireworks. It was just too cold.

So we trudged back to the green line and made our way to Wonderland. This trip into Boston for First Night, though slightly unsuccessful, was the highlight of my break. Despite having to eat dinner while standing at the counters in Faneuil Hall, and despite the frigid weather forcing us to leave early, this New Year's Eve adventure helped me end 2014 on a good note. This past year had been pretty good to me, and I was not looking forward to its closing. It may not have been what I was hoping for or expecting, but this First Night experience helped me form a brighter outlook going into the New Year. Like all seniors, I hope to be accepted to my top schools, and I hope to have as relaxing a second semester as possible. If I let myself get hung up on what goes wrong, I won't be able to focus on what goes unexpectedly right. When plans fall through and readjustments must be made, I won't let myself be consumed by how it should have gone. In 2015 I'm going to make it my goal to appreciate that my plans will change. I will not be perturbed when my expectations are dashed. Instead, I will go into 2015 hoping for the best, but understanding that if the best doesn't happen, life isn't over.

to Pittsburgh was named Terry. He told me a great deal of his life story. He shared how he was traveling to upstate New York to help his sister take care of her fatherless children, how he'd bounced back and forth from foster homes until he was eighteen, and how he worked a series of odd jobs to save money for his trip. He was kind, intelligent, and suffering from a bad case of gangrene.

Eighteen hours in, somewhere along I-90 East, the bus broke down. Worried whispers permeated the air. I tensed at the thought of sitting on the Ohio roadside for any longer without clean clothes or a toothbrush. Terry, on the other hand, was perfectly content. He smiled at me and said, "Oh, this is nothing, I've experienced much worse." Stuck on the side of the highway, Terry shared with me his stories from being homeless and about the poverties he had faced. He told me he could get through anything because he never let life's hardships define who he was.

I told Terry parts of my life story, too, about how I grew up in the small town of Marblehead, Massachu-

## The Problem with New Year's Resolutions

Becky Twaalhoven, Sophomore  
Reporter-in-the-Field

The first few weeks of the New Year are always the most successful for the resolutions people make for their lives. However, it's common knowledge that many of these resolutions don't last long; within two months a large percentage will have been replaced or abandoned. What is it that makes New Year's resolutions so difficult to fulfill? The problem isn't that the creators are lazy or incapable, because everyone is capable of accomplishing goals. The real trouble is a result of several factors, mainly unrealistic goals and preconceived expectations that are inevitably not met.

First, many people see the new year as a time to entirely reset and reevaluate their lives. While a fresh start and an inspiration to set goals can be positive, this often leads to irrational and unattainable resolutions that may not reflect a person's actual goals, especially with a strong media influence. And if you don't believe in the possibility of success, then it will never happen.

Second, there is often hope that accomplishing the goal will immediately change a person's life for the better. While it is possible to make a positive impact through goal-setting, major change is gradual and not instantly gratifying, which can lead to despair and the abandoning of goals.

Another common mistake with New Year's resolutions is vagueness where the idea of "go big or go home" often comes into play. For example, it's fairly safe to assume that many peoples' aspirations for the upcoming year have something to do with physical health and wellbeing, generally as simple as "be healthier." Easy enough, right? But what's the first step towards achieving this goal? Given that there is no quantitative standard for "healthy," how would someone gauge their success? What is the end result being striven for? Unspecific goals such as this are a major stumbling block, and it's impossible to measure the success rate.

All of these factors play into one's eventual failure with New Year's resolutions, yet all of them are easily remedied. Instead of one overarching distant lifestyle change, set specific, measurable goals with clear benchmarks to measure progress, and an end result in mind. Along the way, have some self-compassion: reward yourself with each small success, and don't dwell on any setbacks that might come your way. Remember that any sort of progress, no matter how small, can be a step in the right direction. Above all else, don't force yourself to do something just because you think you "should" - focus on what is right for you. With a fresh perspective and a plan in hand, your resolutions are much more likely to meet success!

sets. Everyone knows each other in Marblehead, small talk is found on every corner, and it takes less than fifteen minutes to get from end to end. Marblehead has shaped who I am. I realized I was a person who thought long coffee lines and missed flights were life's biggest problems. They aren't. What I saw as problems in my life are only mere inconveniences. After meeting Terry, I started separating the big issues from the small. I worked towards the new mindset that I cannot let what the world throws at me define who I am, and I cannot define the world by the problems I face.

Terry and I parted ways at four o'clock in the morning in the New York City bus depot, but the impact of his words followed me home. I learned from Terry that hardships are only hardships if you let them be, and that resilience to life's challenges is a sign of strength. Terry's perspective on life changed that of my own, and he has influenced me more than he will ever know.

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