

# Headlight



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

The 2014-2015 Editor Issue

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## Looking Back on My First Year

Eleanor Mancusi-Ungaro, Freshman  
Reporter

Going into my freshman year of high school, I had many contradicting thoughts about what the first year of high school would be like for my friends and me. Older friends of mine warned me that as a freshman, I would be subject to the whim of every upperclassman in the building, and family members regaled me with stories of their high school glory days. My health teacher warned me that I would be offered illicit substances by high schoolers, and that if I so much as stuttered on my "No, thank you," I would wake up the next day entirely dependent on drugs. Other teachers informed us that talking back, being late to class, or not doing homework would result in the wrath of our teachers, and that we would be graded much more harshly than we were used to. I was told that the music program might fail completely, that the classes I took would determine the college I went to, and that I would not be able to balance sports and theater. A certain now-graduated friend of mine told me that high school would "be exactly like a "High School Musical." I am happy to report that many of these stories and warnings were very, very wrong.

When I started high school in September, I told myself I would follow the advice I had been given. After all, these people lived through high school. They must know what they're talking about, and it was nice of them to give me this advice. For the first few weeks of school, I kept my head down, spoke to upperclassmen rarely, if at all, and tried to make a good impression on my teachers. However, auditions for the school musical in mid-September quickly changed that. My acceptance into the play meant I was now spending hours after school almost exclusively with upperclassmen, many of whom were close friends. Over months of rehearsals, I got to know most of them, and rather than having to obey their every command, I wound up bossing a few around once in a while. By the time the show ended in November, I had made a number of friends, and had earned the respect of a few upperclassmen who were happy to tell me the truth about high school.

Over the long winter, I chose to break what I had been told was the central tenet of high school: blending theater and sports. Being a member of the swim team had been a goal of mine for years, and while I was eager to swim competitively, I also was interested in the winter drama production and a chance to continue working with my friends from the musical. While I had missed the audition date, I decided that if I had the chance, I would love to be on the stage crew. Balancing swimming and school along with other extracurriculars hadn't turned out to be as difficult as I imagined, and I felt reasonably confident I could manage if I added in another activity. And I did. The swimming season ended a few weeks before the play did, giving me time to enjoy both groups equally, and no bolt of lightning came down from the sky to smite me. When I finished the winter, I had met more people, gotten more comfortable in my classes and with my teachers, and I had survived my first midterm exams with only minimal panicking and a few last-minute study groups.

By the time spring rolled around, I was eager for my sophomore year of high school to begin. Rather than worrying about if I would be too busy, as I did going into my freshman year, I found myself wondering if I would have enough to do come fall, or if it wasn't too late to try and sign up for Independent Wellness so I could have another class block to squeeze in an elective, or if I really needed a study hall in place of a class. As I hurried from sports practices to shows to concerts, I arrived on graduation on Sunday eager to perform, but also eager to leave and get started on a number of homework assignments I would have to turn in the next day or later in the week. However, looking out at the gymnasium brought me up short. Why had I been in such a rush to leave, when my friends were right here about to experience the final moments of their high school years? They had been working towards these hours in the school gym and the diplomas about to be pressed into their hands. Suddenly, the ceremony changed from just another thing I had to do to get a good grade in a class into a bittersweet moment for me. I watched as diplomas were given to my mentor, my friends from sailing and swimming, former classmates, people I had written for or with, and the seniors I had shared a stage with. There were people I had liked from the moment we met, people I thought despised me, and people I thought I would despise. There were seniors I saw who I had known for years, and some who I had only recently met in the last few weeks of Senior Project.

As the band played "Marblehead Forever" and the now-college bound seniors exited the gymnasium, I saw a group of juniors taking pictures with leftover caps that had been left behind. A junior girl behind me weighed the merits of going to the beach with the rest of her grade or sleeping in the next morning. Slowly, it sunk in that the end of the school year was approaching with the speed of a NASCAR driver. Of course, summer would be a welcome time to relax and enjoy my absence of classes, but after that school would come again, and another year would fly by as quickly as this one. Be that as it may, I'm looking forward to a second year of high school in front of me, and with a little bit of luck, I'll enjoy the next one just as much.

## A Life Made for Living

Becky Twaalfhoven, Sophomore  
Editor-in-Chief

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on." So said Robert Frost, one of the great American poets whose profundity continues to inspire countless readers to this day. Frost lived to be 90 years old and witnessed incredible change and uncertainty in American history during this lifetime; yet in the end, he could only say with certainty that life goes on. The unavoidable truth of time is this: it continues forever, unchanging and uncontrolled, no matter what happens in the world. I say all of this not to be profound, but rather as a reminder of the continuity of life and the inevitability of a new day. This concept is the foundation for a challenge I pose to anyone reading, and which I myself have decided to undertake in the hopes of finding more in life: live with abandon, not regrets.

Over the course of my sophomore year, I have learned a lot about myself through experiences and big changes. Much of it is fairly cliché and not uncommon, like the fact that I don't like change and I like to feel in control of my life, or that I dislike uncertainty. Though these can be positive attributes, they also have the potential to cause incredible stress and discomfort, as they did this year. During the year, I made the mistake of attributing my overall stress, apprehension, and fatigue to whatever was happening in my life at the moment, be it an A.P. test, a family emergency, or even lack of sleep the night before. This was a mistake because when each of these events ended, the discomfort remained, and I was left wondering why I felt dissatisfied. Looking back, I realize that despite all of the changes, there was one major theme during all these periods that stayed constant. I spent so much of the year looking back and regretting the past or looking forwards and fearing the future that I forgot to look at my life in the moment and live it.

At the risk of sounding cliché, I really believe that acknowledging and appreciating the present can be the key to happiness. I know as well as anyone that sometimes, the "right now" can be uncomfortable and unhappy, and it feels easier to live in the comfort and security of the past. At the same time, the uncertainty of the future can be daunting or anxiety-inducing, and planning every minute seems like the best way to ensure stability and success. Yet both of these attitudes contribute to a sense of dissatisfaction in the present, since it will never live up to the highlights of the past or the potential of the future, and it can feel like life is passing you by, as I experienced this year.

## Moving Forward

Linda Fitzpatrick, Junior  
Editor-in-Chief

This past Sunday, June 7th, Marblehead High School said good-bye to the Class of 2015 during their graduation. As a part of Mixed Choir, I joined other singers to perform Rod Stewart's, "Forever Young." Being a part of this milestone for so many in our community has generated a plethora of thoughts in my mind about life and time. I feel as if each year there is something everyone says about the next year to come. Last year, all I heard the summer before entering my junior year of high school was how hard it was going to be, and stressful with college on the horizon. Then I lived it, and it wasn't nearly what it was talked up to be. Yes, I was busy and worked hard, but it was just another year. Right now, I've been told to look forward to next year and cherish it, because it is the last of its kind. And while I am excited to be a senior and experience all it has to offer, like Powder Puff, Senior Project, and the opportunity to create a future for myself through college and other avenues, it is just another year.

Right now, the graduates of MHS have a nerve-wracking but ultimately incredible journey ahead of them. They get to enter the world in which they have chosen to follow their passions. At this time everyone has something to tell them. Whether it be good luck, just have fun, or you'll do great, people have opinions and thoughts on their first year of college just like every year past. To the graduated seniors, I'd like to remind you that those are only opinions and now is your chance to decide for yourself how you feel about your life. Treat next year just as you have each year of school since kindergarten. Keep moving forward.

Because that is what we as humans can only ever do. Whether we are excited, freaked out, or depressed about the future, time stops for no one. To me, this is fascinating. Time is vital to our society. It often seems we would not live without time. We keep ourselves on tight schedules so as not to waste our lives unproductively. While I'm not sure I endorse that lifestyle, I've certainly gone through periods of my life, whether for a year or a week, when it felt like I'd never have a moment to just relax. It's natural to feel pressured to use the time we have in life instead of wasting it, but time can't actually be wasted. No matter what you do, the clock clicks on. No matter how filled with emotion you are, the sun sinks and rises in the sky and life moves forward. If you are sitting on your couch watching Netflix on a Friday night, you are using your time. If you are sleeping the day away on Sunday, you are using your time. If you are ignoring your homework until midnight every evening, you are using your time. Everyone is going to have a different opinion because everyone lives a different life. If you are alive and you are living, time cannot be wasted.

With that idea said, time is not a factor which needs to hinder success or your future. People seem to think you can't actually start living your life until you get out of school and have all the certified skills in your field or passion. I do not believe that is an accurate statement. You are alive, who is to say how long you have left? Time knows no tomorrow, because time doesn't stop to sleep. So, stop using it as an excuse to limit, push aside, or hide from your dreams.

Watching my peers graduate has reminded me of my future for next year and the privilege it is to spend a year in a classroom gearing up for a lifetime of emotions, hopefully most of which are happy. And so today, I study on to end junior year, a year that was supposed to be filled with stress, and prepare to see for myself what senior year is like. I move forward a grade, in time, and in life.

## A Review of Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee

Amber Born, Sophomore  
Reporter

The sixth season of *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee* premiered online on June 4, 2015. For those who haven't seen the show before, the title is pretty self-explanatory. In each episode, Jerry Seinfeld invites a fellow comedian to get coffee with him and go for a ride in some type of vehicle (usually a classic car, but there have been exceptions: Aziz Ansari's episode featured his tour bus, and Seinfeld took a boat trip with Jimmy Fallon). Along the way, the comedians discuss life, family, coffee, and most importantly, comedy.

*Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee* features a wide variety of comedians, from venerable legends like Mel Brooks (director of *Spaceballs* and *Blazing Saddles*) and Jay Leno (*The Tonight Show*) to those whose ascension to fame in the comedy world is more recent, such as Louis C.K. (*Louie*) and Trevor Noah, who is slated to take over *The Daily Show* later this year when Jon Stewart departs.

Noah is one of the comedians who will appear on season 6 of *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*, along with some better-known names: Stephen Colbert, Steve Harvey, Jim Carrey, Bill Maher, and Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Louis-Dreyfus' episode opened the season last Thursday. It was a great episode both for viewers who wanted to wax nostalgic about the stars of *Seinfeld* (1989-1998) and those who want the comedians to move forward. Julia Louis-Dreyfus first achieved widespread recognition in 1982, when she became a cast member of *Saturday Night Live*, but her big break came with *Seinfeld*, where she played Elaine Benes on the "show about nothing." Now, she stars on the HBO show *Veep* as protagonist Selina Meyer. But SNL and *Veep* don't come up at all in her episode of *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*, because she's with her Seinfeld co-star, so they have other things to talk about. There have been a few episodes of *Comedians in Cars* that have been quasi-*Seinfeld* reunions (one actually features Seinfeld, Jason Alexander, and Wayne Knight reprising their characters, and others have starred actor Michael Richards and *Seinfeld* co-creator Larry David), but I found this one to be the most enjoyable, mostly because of the camaraderie between Louis-Dreyfus and Seinfeld. He always tries to select a car that is somehow relevant to his guest, so Seinfeld picks a James Bond car (a 1964 Aston Martin DB5) because, as he tells Louis-Dreyfus, "you're the James Bond of comedy. No matter the situation, you come in and kill it." Lines like that demonstrate that *Comedians in Cars* is actually well-planned and executed, despite its seemingly relaxed format and status as a free webshow. This episode in particular feels like a *Seinfeld* episode, with minor gripes and witticisms. On people who count to three before taking pictures, Seinfeld quips, "Just take the picture. I'm not gonna get happy on three," and later, when he's being blocked by another car, Seinfeld fixes the situation by saying, "I'm sorry. We're doing the *Seinfeld* reunion, and you're not in it," which Louis-Dreyfus says he can only get away with because he's so charming. The show has an unexpectedly wide appeal. The cars are all beautiful (or intriguing in their ugliness, as Jon Stewart's Gremlin was) and each episode features well-shot images of various car parts. The visuals of food and coffee would make anyone hungry and serve as promotion for whatever restaurant or diner the comedians stop at. And for comedy fans, there are lots of jokes, observations, and analyses of both everyday events and what makes things funny. You don't have to be a *Seinfeld* fan to enjoy *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*.

### (A Life Made For Living, continued)

Of course, I am not suggesting that anyone should or can entirely discard their life up to this moment or disregard the future. Much can be learned from the past, and reminiscing can be a positive experience provided it is for the sake of simply remembering. Looking forward has its benefits also, and a little bit of foresight and planning can be necessary to some extent. That being said, the challenge is to find the right balance of allowing yourself to learn and imagine without comparing or taking yourself out of the present. I can't say with certainty what that balance is, since it is different for everyone, but I can take my own advice and live simply to enjoy every moment I am given.

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