

Headlight



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

The 2014-2015 Editor Issue

www.mhsheadlight.weebly.com

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Taillights

Meredith Piela, Senior
Editor-in-Chief

As my three years of Headlight come to a close, I've not only improved as a writer and discovered that journalism is a passion of mine, but I have learned things that the rest of my high school career has not taught me. A few of these lessons have stood out to me, so I present to you, the next generation of Headlight writers...

FIVE THINGS I'VE LEARNED FROM HEADLIGHT:

- 1) Don't get upset when someone makes changes in your articles. That's what the editor's job is! After writing my first article my sophomore year, I was shocked and a little upset when I saw the edits made in my article. I realize now that this has helped me become a better writer.
- 2) You can still have fun in a club that's not a tight-knit group of students. As someone who values a sense of community and loves being part of a sports team that considers itself a family, I still have a lot of fun at Headlight, even though we're not the closest (or most talkative) group. We're all there for just about the same reason, and that's what really matters.
- 3) Be aware of what goes on at school. You don't need to be involved in every sport or club at school, but having some understanding of what's going on around you is always helpful with article ideas.
- 4) Write about something meaningful to you. If you're writing about something you're not that interested in, chances are the reader will be able to tell, and won't be that interested in your article.
- 5) Don't be afraid to give ideas to the editors. At the beginning of the year, my co-editors and I sat down and made a list of everything we wanted to do this year. To be honest, we weren't able to accomplish everything, and I'm sure other people had ideas of things they wanted to see in Headlight. If you have any ideas that you think would be beneficial for Headlight, please share those ideas!

The lessons I've learned from Headlight were mostly taught by the former editors, Grace Perry and Dan Rosenberg. Hopefully, my co-editors and I have taught the new editors lessons they can pass on. Speaking of the new editors, I'm so excited to announce that next year's editors are Linda Fitzpatrick and Becky Twaalfhoven! These girls have been a pleasure to have in Headlight, and they will not only be great leaders, but they will get things done and be productive. Linda, a rising senior, has been a dedicated member of Headlight these past couple of years. She is interested in journalism, and being an editor of Headlight will most definitely help her with that! I hope Linda enjoys her senior year and tries to capture and enjoy every moment, and I know being an editor won't just be another activity on a college application, but a highlight of senior year. Becky, a rising junior, has also been a dedicated member of Headlight these past two years. Becky is a talented writer who writes excellent articles, and is always able to write a great last minute space filler article. Becky is fortunate to have two more years of Headlight left, and I know she will accomplish a lot in this time. A wise man named Andy Grammer once said, "this is your masterpiece, don't forget to dream... don't stop 'til it is beautiful." These girls have so much talent and potential, as well as many great ideas, and I can't wait to see and hear about everything they accomplish and the masterpieces they create.

As great as being an editor has been, it wouldn't be nearly as fun without my co-editors and good friends, Alex Kerai and Liam Reilly. I've been friends with these guys for all of high school and have shared some wonderful memories with them. Having the opportunity to be editors with them this year has been a highlight of senior year. It has been a pleasure to spend my Monday afternoons editing articles and putting issues together with these two. Although I sometimes feel like the odd girl out, I know there's no one else I would rather be editors with.

This article would not be complete without a very important thank you to the man who keeps Headlight alive, MHS English teacher Mr. Higgins. Mr. Higgins is responsible for making sure our issue gets sent out to the Marblehead Reporter, error-free, and makes sure everything runs smoothly. He has given us all such great advice these past few years, and he has made our time as editors as smooth as possible.

In the fall, I will be off at Saint Anselm College studying Communication, and hopefully writing for the school newspaper, the Saint Anselm Crier. It will be nice to know that every time I am excited by Communication or writing for the paper at St. A's, it comes from an excitement that started when I began writing for Headlight. Best of luck to the new editors and the rest of Headlight—I know you will all do great things in the future, and I can't wait to see what you accomplish! One more thank you to all of the Headlight readers in Marblehead. Thank you for letting me share my high school experience and my passions with you these past three years. Finally, congratulations to my fellow class of 2015. We did it!

Is This to End or Just Begin?

Alex Kerai, Senior
Editor-in-Chief

I had a picture in my head of what it would be like to graduate from high school. It had me as this big senior – the ones I had always looked up to (literally and figuratively) – counting down the days to graduation and ready to move on. I would know what was coming and would be prepared, but it turns out that even the thing you've looked forward to since elementary school can surprise you. These things sneak up on you and suddenly, as all the events and moments in the past twelve years rush back, you realize the gravity of June 7, 2015. Oh, and the fact that it's this Sunday.

I guess after all this time I still don't feel like a senior. It hasn't fully sunk in yet and probably won't until 4:30 on Sunday once I have graduated. But during these last few months, the signs have all been there. It's like a farewell tour complete with nostalgia and a list of "lasts" I have slowly been checking off. I sailed my last high school sailing regatta, played in my last high school concert, lit my last high school drama production, and here I am writing my final Headlight article after four years on staff... It's all finally starting to hit me. There was even a moment a month or so ago, as I was driving to sailing practice, when I realized how far we've all come. I was stopped behind a school bus on the Neck that was unloading students from Village. As I watched them all run out and start playing in the grass as they walked home I couldn't help but think about how small they looked. It dawned on me that only a few years ago we were those small, middle schoolers bounding home from school ready to play outside. It's crazy how time flies by.

For the past twelve years of schooling, graduation from high school and admission to college has always been the goal and final destination so I assumed there would be fanfare and a sense of completion with these tasks. But there really isn't. There's the sense of completion but it isn't at all like the picture in my head; instead it's surreal and going by way too fast. I don't feel like I should be graduating on Sunday, it doesn't feel like it's my time to leave. It only began to dawn on me in the past week that this year is over. Sure, I had those moments after the concert or sailing State's where I realized that I wouldn't be doing this ever again, and there were the few minutes after Drama Fest at Veterans this year when the seniors stood in the back of the theater and looked at the stage that had been our home for years, but life went on afterwards. We all still went to school and saw each other and everything seemed normal and as it had been in the past three years. It was only when I was driving to Prom last Friday with Riley that it finally dawned on both of us that this was our senior

Most People Don't Speed in the Parking Lot

Liam Reilly, Senior
Editor-in-Chief

The other day, I walked with my sister from the school to my car to drive home. While the lot is designated for senior drivers only, we were aware that it was filled with junior cars, so we made sure to look before crossing the parking lot in order to avoid any cars racing out of the parking lot on this sunny half day. The parking lot was clear, and we began to cross. It was then, out of the corner of my eye, that I saw something speeding towards us. I just had time to pull my sister back before the car rapidly passed us. While the parking lot has a posted speed limit of 10 mph, I know as well as anyone that students will exceed that while they are driving. Exceeding that limit by upwards of 30-35 mph, however, seemed a little excessive to me as my sister and I narrowly avoided getting hit in the parking lot. "Slow down," I yelled at the car, and its junior driver, as it moved closer and closer toward being out of earshot. What I heard in reply out the car window was a highly explicit suggestion that I chose not to heed. Flustered, I continued to my car. At this point, the parking lot was literally a parking lot; an influx of traffic as hordes of cars strove to enjoy the extra two hours of time outside of school granted to them. I braced myself for a long, long wait to finally get my car into the line that would wait and eventually join another line that would then join an additional line that would ultimately lead to a traffic light. When the cars began to move, I looked in vain for an opening in the line, but all I saw instead was car after car passing me. After maybe a minute, I stopped seeing cars in front of me. Curious, I looked to my left to see why the inevitable stream of traffic had been discontinued. What entered my line of vision was another junior car, yet this car was different. Rather than prepping for trials at the Monaco Grand Prix, this car was stopped. A kind, friendly hand stretched from this car window, offering me a spot in the line of traffic.

I'm not really one for "goodbye" articles. Yes, all senior writers in Headlight will have, by the time this is published, written a farewell in one form or another, but I have never really seen the value of these pieces. What they are is a paragraph or two of flowery thoughts that ultimately boil down to one word: goodbye. Goodbye is a word, and should be advertised as such, not a paragraph or two. As a result, I should be thankful to the budding Jimmie Johnson, practicing to get the part in the next Fast and Furious film, the kind, friendly individual who took the time to do something nice for someone else, and the conclusion I drew on the way home that day. Now, I think I will have a more fruitful "goodbye" article.

It's easy to say that schools are getting worse, especially when you are leaving one. It's easy to look around and label students as lazy screw-ups who won't ever match the effort and attitude of your grade. It's easy to see a car speeding at you and shake your fist and say everyone is as rude, disrespectful, and wholeheartedly unkind as its driver. What's harder, in my opinion, is to isolate the bad from the good, and remember that there is hope and positivity in what carries on after graduation that greatly outweighs the bad. If I, or my sister, or anyone for that matter, had been hit by that car, it would have been a big deal. There might have been local news stations covering the accident, lambasting teenagers and their terribly reckless and selfish driving habits. It would have been a terrible and sad time for all involved. But that didn't happen. What did happen was that someone stopped driving in the tedious process of exiting the high school parking lot and let me join the line. This is a far more common behavior than tragedy. The difference between the two actions, besides the obvious difference that one is a nice thing to do to someone and that the other is an awful thing to do to someone, is that the bad thing gets so much more attention. There are no news stations coming to cover the breaking story of a high school student letting someone go in traffic, and there is no one coming out of the woodwork to praise the considerate and model driving habits of teens. Rather, the positivity that our community fosters remains unassuming for the most part, greatly in the majority to the negativity.

As I leave life as a high school student, one of the best pieces of advice I can offer to teachers, students, and staff at Marblehead High School is that there is always hope. In a world where kids seemingly become addicted to "corrupting" technology at younger and younger ages, and where respect and courtesy seem scarce, we must remember that most people are doing the right thing; most people are willing to let a fellow student go in traffic, whereas few students speed and curse. Every grade may seem like "the last of a generation," but what is to come from the next generation is equally promising. To cap off my highly enjoyable and beneficial tenure as co-Editor-in-Chief, I ask that we all remember that lesson. While it is rather sad to say goodbye and reflect on what Alex, Meredith, and I brought to the table, I am very much looking forward to what our next editors and staff will put forth – they are all of the letting someone go in traffic variety.

prom and after this came graduation and after that...Well after that we're done.

As I've been preparing to write my final Headlight article, I've been thinking about my time at MHS, but I've also been going through the online Headlight archives, re-reading my articles from the past four years. It's funny to look back on the words I wrote in sophomore or freshman year and realize how far I've come. Then, my only goal was to get through another year and continue writing. I could reflect on my year easily because I knew there was another one coming up for me in a few months. But this year my final article of the year is the final article of my Headlight career.

I could not have asked for a better experience in Headlight than the one I have had. I have been fortunate to be on staff for all four years and to have worked closely with Mr. Higgins as well as the editors who came before me. I learned so much from them and continue to learn from Mr. Higgins. Without him, Headlight would not be here and there would be a lot of writers without an outlet to voice their thoughts. He is the reason students from MHS get to see their words published in the Reporter each week. I am eternally thankful and grateful to him. My fellow editors this year, Liam and Meredith, have been great friends of mine for my four years at MHS and I could not have asked for a better duo to edit with every Monday afternoon. It's something I will definitely miss next year.

Putting all of this into words has taken me about four years. I needed the complete experience of high school before I could fully comprehend everything I've gone through. The relationships, the friends, the losses, the triumphs, the confusion, the anxiety, the stress, the celebrations, and all the emotions in between have slowly turned me into the person I am now. I wouldn't be who I am without Marblehead High School and the people I've met and things I've done. I think in our rush to get out, we've all forgotten that this school has shaped us into who we are. I owe a huge debt to everyone I've met here - without them I don't know where I'd be. And of course, my family deserves the biggest thank you for putting up with me during this roller-coaster of a ride that included the trials and tribulations of college admission, tough teachers and hard classes, and friendships which sometimes didn't make any sense. But isn't that what high school is for? For us to discover who we are by successfully getting through all of this? I mean, look at us; together, all of us have gotten through these past four years.

A friend of mine told me he didn't see the point for goodbye articles at the end of high school, and I suppose I see his point. There's nothing really to say besides "Goodbye," and to spend an entire article saying that is pointless. But I don't want to say goodbye to everyone because I know this isn't it. We've made it through the past four years together so there's no way, after Sunday, we go our separate ways and part forever. Instead I'd like to say – to all those people I've known, worked with, and been friends with for the past four years here at Marblehead High School – "See you later."

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