



## Senior Show: "the last laugh was certainly OURS"

Sophie Hauck and Sophia Piper, Seniors  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF and ASSISTANT EDITOR

Senior Week is essentially the highlight of every high school student's career, especially this year, when Prom, Senior Show, and Graduation were all just a couple of days apart. The day after prom, we piled into the MVMS Performing Arts Center like we were back in seventh grade, performing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The night began with a hypnotist, as is the tradition, and he definitely did not disappoint, prompting our classmates to make bird calls, dance through the aisles to "Thriller," and mimic a kindergarten class. "When it was over, I didn't remember any of it," admits Cam Heafitz, one of 20 students who went under hypnosis. "When he said, 'Dance like Michael Jackson,' I was just staring at my feet."



After the hypnotist, Samantha Power premiered the culmination of her video production senior project: A 15 minute mystery film featuring the hosts, Abby Avin and Tess Keaney. The theme of the night centered around the mysterious identity of @MHSBootleg, an anonymous Instagram account that posted senior superlatives all throughout the school year. Avin and Keaney's mission was to uncover this identity before the account voted them the worst senior show hosts, and they toured a variety of friend groups in pursuit of this account owner. "A usual day working on the video would be a few hours of filming and then a few more of editing," says Power. "I had so much fun and got a lot of experience with new videography techniques."

As the night unfolded, most of the jokes were centered around the same core social circles, but it was still refreshing to hear lighthearted laughter,

and the acts provided more than enough entertainment for those out of the loop. Marv Worrick began the performances with a heartfelt dance to "Waving Through a Window," an emotional ballad from the Broadway show *Dear Evan Hansen*, pictured here. In contrast, Cam Alexander shredded his guitar to an original song, and Farrah Finn sang "Fireside Nights," a track off of her new album that she dedicated to the friends she made in high school. A musical fixture in the Class of 2021, Jolie Quintana rounded out the night with two covers, unveiling her impressive vocal range and commanding stage presence.

Before the end of the night, Avin and Keaney introduced the owners of @MHSBootleg, who they revealed to be none other than video mastermind Power, plus friend Luca Scola. "Honestly, our goal for the account was to have something fun for the senior class," says Scola. "We didn't know what it was going to look like when we first started, but once we got on track with superlatives, we realised that those were getting engagement and we think people enjoyed them." As Keaney says of the night, "It was awesome just going on stage and seeing our whole class together since we haven't had any events like that in the past year, other than this last week." As the night reminded us, our grade is talented, close knit, and grateful for this opportunity to gather despite the distance of this year. After an untraditional year that felt like some sort of karmic prank, Senior Show allowed the Class of 2021 to finally be in on the joke, and the last laugh was certainly ours.

## The High School Band Concert: Goodbye, Seniors!

Miranda Connolly, Junior  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

I have been in Band since fourth grade, and every single year (except for last year, but I can't possibly remember why they cancelled), there has been a Spring Band Concert. We would file into the Middle School's auditorium, where kids were running around, blasting their instruments, and there was always someone looking for their music. This year, the concert was performed outside on the field, and it was a wicked good time.

This concert would be the first time the band was able to perform in front of a live audience this year, not to mention this was one of the first times the band got to play together and actually

be next to each other. It had been a while since I'd been able to hear my friends playing (since before then, we had been practicing in different corners of the auditorium). Finally being able to really hear all the hard work of the freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors made the night special. It was also the last night we would be performing with the seniors. I have been playing with some of the seniors for the last seven years, and it's crazy to think that our last performance together came so quickly.

The concert was not the last time we will be seeing the seniors, as the band will also be performing at graduation. "Pomp and Circumstance" will be our final send off to all the seniors in the band, as well as to the school. I am sure

## Freshman Year in Review

Aislin Freedman, Mona Gelfgatt, Sydney Armini, and Kate Twomey  
REPORTERS

**Freshman year** is supposed to be full of new experiences and new friends, but this year with COVID, the usual ratios of those things were all mixed up. We have had more new experiences than others might have in a lifetime, being remote for over half the year and learning the ropes of new platforms, such as Zoom and Google Meet, which by now, most of us probably know better than the back of our hands. We have also had a harder time making and meeting friends, due to the world being behind a screen. Even once we gathered in-person, there was still literal and figurative distance between the freshmen. Only recently have we started back up with group projects and full discussions in class. Freshman year is supposed to be socially challenging, if not as academically challenging as junior or senior year.

**Navigating a new school** is always scary, especially when that space is over double the size of your last school. As a girl from the Marblehead Charter School, I was used to a one floor building, one music room, one art room, and a relatively small gym. Entering the new year, I was forced to find classrooms I have never been to, let alone know where they are. As we went into the building, there were arrows leading us through the doomful halls, making it even harder to find your way around. Down the first floor A-wing, up a staircase, through the second floor A-wing, and down the entire science hallway. That was how I found my way to my first science class, and it was extremely disorienting. In order to get to English, one hallway over from my history class, I had to go all the way down the first floor, and back up again. I was no longer walking the halls of a high school, but was instead aimlessly walking the identical paths of a multilevel corn maze.

**At the sound of a bell** everyone gets up, and runs to lunch, people cluster around friend groups and everyone seems to have a place. That is what lunch time looks like on the screen. The reality is a mess of three different lunch times, classes split in half, and not having any

friends in your lunch period. Our first lunch block was only a few weeks ago, so I vividly remember it. I was confused out of my mind, not sure where to go, or if I was even going to lunch at the right time. All around me were crowds of gossiping teens that I followed outside. My first lunch wasn't too bad, especially because I ended up finding an old friend from third grade there, but on Days Three and Four, my schedule gets confusing. At first, I have my first lunch, and neatly go outside after C Block, but the second two days, I have second lunch and leave study space, along with my train of thought and my backpack, to go outside to lunch. I know one person in that lunch period who I talk to sometimes, but splitting my class originally was incredibly confusing. When the bell rings and everyone leaves, I still turn around to make sure I'm not missing something and that it really is lunch time.

**A locker** is a place to store all your excess books and binders when you don't need them for the next few classes, along with your lunchbox until that time comes. It is also a place where people can talk and congregate, or so I have heard. The only year I had a locker was second grade, and it wasn't that much more helpful than the locker and cubby I had in fourth through eighth at the Charter School. Now, with the lockers all locked up, we are all forced to bring our backpacks everywhere, lugging binders and notebooks and lunchboxes everywhere we go. Many people may see this as frustrating or unnecessary, but for me, who doesn't know any difference, it just seems normal and unimportant in this world of constant changes.

As **freshmen**, we are the youngest at the school, and that is always hard. With everyone so separate, we have personally not even noticed most people outside our personal bubbles. There have been few school wide events, and even the first play was remote. This year has been a massive challenge, but we have found ways to overcome these obstacles and make new friends, while experiencing high school in a unique light that no other year has seen before.

that everyone will enjoy the music immensely; that is, if they aren't distracted by the graduation itself. Although graduation will be bittersweet, I am excited for the seniors as they leave the school, diploma in hand, ready to begin their lives.



The band performed under a dazzling spring sunset.



Students from all grades assembled for the concert.

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Last Week's Meeting!

