



THE LOOKING GLASS



*“How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!”*

Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass*

WORLD YOUTH DAY

KYLIE CAMERON-BURR '08

Around 400,000 of the world's youth flocked to Cologne, Germany late in the summer to experience the celebration of faith during the week of August 16 to 21, 2005. From nations around the world, each person came for a different purpose, some to seek out other believers, some to strengthen their faith, some to experience the first World Youth Day to be presided over by Pope Benedict the XIV. Deutsche Welle, a group providing media coverage for World Youth Day, displayed a quote by Katja Jarc, "I want to meet as many people like me as I can in Cologne." World Youth Day, first instituted by Pope John Paul II in 1985, aims to help reignite the burning flame of faith in young people, and celebrate or fuel it for others through pilgrimage, prayer, and an array of other appealing activities.



The residents of Germany opened their homes and their city to the intrepid and faith filled throngs. Water stations were set up to prevent dehydration, and the youth found themselves sleeping wherever there was space, whether in a barn, a mosque, a family house, or on beds donated from the furniture retailers IKEA. Concerts, Jam sessions, tours of the area, sports and movies were all offered along with Masses almost daily to ensure an active and hopefully reviving experience for the pilgrims.

Maria Perdomo, a Montrose student, who attended the festivities with her youth group, thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to listen to Jim Caviezel, who starred in *The Passion*. "His talk was amazing," she recalled. After his wife spoke on chastity, the onlookers watched the movie *The Passion*. Much dancing and singing helped pass the time between activities making it an interactive and exciting experience. Maria recounted how her group spent their evenings at restaurants, giving them time to talk and reflect, away from the bustling crowds in the streets. Maria's group also created their own tribute to Benedict using the song, "Sweet Carolina" but replacing "Carolina" with "Benedict" to form a new song, "Sweet Benedict." Among the aweing sights of Colonge, the spiritual guidance from the Pope, and memorable social events, the trip promised to be one Maria would never forget.

At previous World Youth Days, Pope John Paul II encouraged the collective spirit and enthusiasm generated when 400,000 youth gathered to celebrate and explore their faith. Through songs and laughter Pope John Paul II touched the hearts of his reverent admires, leaving behind large shoes for Benedict to fill. Returning to his homeland of Germany, Benedict made his first journey beyond the borders of Italy since his election to the papal office. Taking into account both this and the tragic bombings in London, 4,000 police merged into the crowds, and remained vigilant through the week. Offering a strong guiding hand Benedict spoke to the generation of young people through out the week. USA Today.com reports that "Benedict told Vatican Radio this week he hoped World Youth Day would spur 'a wave of new faith among young people, especially the youth in Germany and Europe'"

A specific emphasis was placed on both the spiritual and cultural aspects of the week. Pilgrims came guided by the spiritual motto, "we have come to worship him" and left having lived this motto in the ancient cathedrals and most importantly in their hearts. The cultural focus aimed to create "bridges" between nations, and invited the members of the world to experience Germany through tours and welcoming families who opened their homes to the crowds. So many nations were represented that Maria Perdomo, when there, saw new flags from places she did not recognize. As a testimony to the success of the event, Maria is still in touch with some of the people she met from different countries. The people who made the journey to Cologne did not, although united by their faith, always agree upon the specifics of traditions within their religion. Some took a more lenient approach to rules and regulations while others preferred a stringent outlook. Deutsche Welle, a media source covering the events of World Youth Day, also quotes Dainela Gall, 18, from Munich as she reflects, "Something isn't right when there are so many devout believers in Africa and lots of them end up dying of Aids." The media source, Deutsche Welle, also includes others, such as Broch, 21, who takes a different approach, saying, "One of the strengths of the church is that it doesn't change every time society wants it to. There are people who say the church us too old school, but I think it should stick to its values and traditions." The week gave youth the opportunity to explore the diversity in the world, both culturally and spiritually.

Benedict concluded the week, speaking at the final Mass and sending out a last bit of advice to the youth who traveled so far to hear his wisdom. Very appropriately in the year of the Eucharist, Benedict emphasized the importance of attending Sunday Mass. At other times Benedict spoke on the saints and the value of attending confession. He also encouraged youth to reach out to do charitable acts for those around them, in a tone reminisant of the famous quote, "Ask not what your country can do for you, Ask what you can do for your country..." John F. Kennedy. Thus, the twentieth World Youth Day concluded in late August, successfully carrying on Pope John Paul's gift of love and compassion for future generations.



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS



Read Dr. Bohlin's interview on Page 4



Read about Spanish festivals on Page 5

JABBERWOCKY

NAME THAT TEACHER:

LOOKING GLASS STAFF



NAME THAT TEACHER

BRIDGET BURNS '11, KAYLA FRASER '11, CECILIA IACOBUZIO '11

Like many people, this month's Name that Teacher is a fan of the movie "Jaws." She once played the part of Alfred Lord Tennyson in a play when she was a child, and she loved going to rock concerts, as well. This mystery teacher went to the University of Massachusetts, and played the piano. Can you guess yet?



FROM THE DESK OF FATHER DICK:

"Watch our lady now, she prays for us."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities have crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense." -Ralph Waldo Emerson

WESTON DRAMA WORKSHOP'S *THE MUSIC MAN*

ABBY ROBBINS '10 AND ISABELLA DAHER '10

The Weston Drama Workshop, at Regis College, is a summer program for junior high and high school students, with ages ranging from 11 to 23. The camp is divided into a morning show and a night show. We participated in the morning show, since we were in junior high, and this year, we performed *The Music Man*. Our rehearsals consisted of a grueling 4 hour rehearsal 5 days a week. The only thing that saved us during those long mornings was a snack break to keep us from starving to death. We had to work hard during the physical and vocal warm-ups everyday, but it was a lot of fun.

We have decided to interview ourselves about our personal experiences.

Q: What about the morning show did you like the best?

Isabella: I liked the music because I love making harmony.

Abby: I liked how we had early hours, so we would have rehearsal in the morning and have the rest of the day to do other things. I also liked how, even though I had to do a lot of work, I had time to talk to my friends.

Q. Did you enjoy the play that was chosen? Why or why not?

I: I enjoyed it because it has good music, an interesting plot, and a huge backstage!

A: I enjoyed it because I've seen the play, but have never performed in it. It's a well known play with fun music, and there are lots of parts. It's even exciting to be in the chorus.

Q: How was this play experience different from the Montrose plays you have been in?

I: First of all, it had boys in it, which is much different than the Montrose plays. Also, the camp had five productions instead of the three that we usually have. At Montrose, the directors know the individual actors better and they try to get to know both the leads *and* the smaller parts. Montrose doesn't have hard physical exercises (which is a good thing!) And, also, Weston Drama workshop has longer and more frequent hours.

A: Weston Drama Workshop has longer warm-ups and a bigger backstage. At Montrose, everyone knows each other, which isn't always the case at WDW. Also, the camp has a larger and more diverse cast.

Q. How was the program a good experience for you?

I: It was a good experience because I got to meet new friends and spend the summer with the friends that I already knew.

A: I got to meet people that I didn't know. It was different from what I was used to in previous plays, where I knew everybody already.

Q: Based on your experience, would you go back next year? Why?

I: I would go back because it was a fun experience.

A: I definitely would go back next year because I enjoyed it and I felt like my friends weren't just "drama buddies" but people that I could talk to. Also, even though we were there for multiple hours, I felt involved even though I didn't have the lead part.

Q: Would you recommend Weston Drama Workshop to others?

I: I would recommend it because there are fun drama games for acting techniques. I want people to have the same good experience that I had!

A: I would recommend it to others because I think that they would have fun and enjoy it!

Editor's Note: *The Looking Glass* is the official student newspaper of Montrose School. It seeks to provide news information for the Montrose community, as well as to provide a forum for the discussion of issues related to the world, national, and school affairs. The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of *The Looking Glass*, or the Montrose School. The editors reserve the right to reject or edit any/all submissions, but only signed submissions will be considered for publication. If you would like to offer a submission, please contact one of the editors.



Dear Alice,

Sometimes girls my age tend to be rude to other kids, teachers, and other adults. I don't know what to do; should I be friends with people who do this?

-Confused

Dear Confused,

I'm sorry that your friends tend to be rude to others-- that probably makes you feel uncomfortable. It may make you feel better, though, to know that lots of girls who act rude don't really mean to act that way. Sometimes girls who are just very exuberant or outgoing can come off as slightly rude at times, even if they don't mean any harm. I think you can still be friends with girls who act rudely to others. Lots of girls who act rudely don't really understand that they're acting this way. Maybe the next time you feel uncomfortable by your friend being rude to someone, you could let her know very gently that she's getting out of control. You don't have to say, "Um, excuse me, you're being rude," (that's kind of a rude way to say it, and you don't want to do that) but you could explain that maybe teachers and other students take her words in a way that she doesn't want them to be taken.

Dear Alice,

I am always tired! I try to eat my fruits and veggies to give me energy to stay awake, but it doesn't seem to be working. Is there anything that will help?

-Healthy but Sleepy

Dear Healthy but sleepy,

Nice job eating your fruits and veggies - and eating them probably does help you a little, even if you don't realize it. Some experts say that an apple gives you just as much energy as you'd get from drinking a cup of coffee (plus, apple is a natural mouth freshener, while coffee doesn't do such great things for your breath.) But if you eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and you're still tired, I'd suggest reevaluating your bedtime--getting yourself into the habit of going to sleep at the same time every night, preferably before midnight, will put your body on schedule and provide it with the energy it needs. Getting your sleep schedule in balance - this is the key to not falling asleep in math class. Believe me, we've all been there.

Dear Alice,

I try to have breakfast every morning, but I always seem to be hungry by 10:00, with lunch 2 hours away! What should I do?

-Always Hungry

Dear Always Hungry,

Yes, the time between breakfast and lunch can seem unbearably long sometimes, especially if you're a Montrosian. Maybe you're not eating a large enough breakfast. After all, a piece of toast or an apple grabbed on your way out the door won't sustain you for very long. Although most of us can't make eggs, and a huge stack of pancakes in those precious few minutes between the time when we brush our teeth and the time when we have to leave, there are some easy breakfast alternatives that don't take very much time. Cereal works, of course; but you can also get those breakfast smoothies, or maybe go European and try cheese and croissants. The opportunities are endless and if your breakfast is really exciting, maybe lunch won't seem quite so far away.

ANNIE

KATE FITZGERALD '10

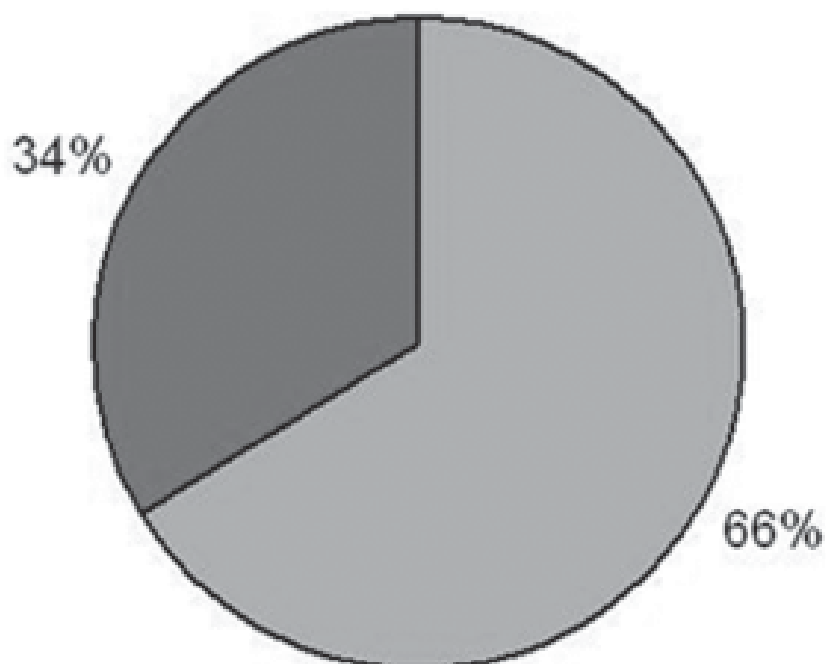
This past summer, I preformed in the musical production "Annie" with the Framingham Summer Scene group. Summer Scene is a 3-hour day camp that runs every week day for the entire month of July. It has a variety of different activities, but I have chosen Spotlight on Talent, the theatrical group, for the past 4 years. This year, I got to share the experience with my sister and Bridget Burns ('11). Annie is set in the 1930's in New York City during the Great Depression. I played a cook named Sophie the Kettle in Hooverville, a section of New York where many formally rich people live on the streets. I was also in the ensemble which required dancing and singing in Hooverville, Daddy Warbuck's Mansion, Times Square, and in several other parts of New York.

Although I thoroughly enjoyed the show, what happened backstage was just as fun. Creating all of the costumes and meeting all of the cast members from a different town which was an interesting and different experience from the Montrose plays. We had to learn all of our songs quickly but we also had time to relax when we weren't on stage. We played cards to fill up the time spent backstage. The cast laughed about their old fashioned costumes and how funny we looked. Amazingly, the casting was true to the story. The person who played the character of Annie (Olivia Wiles) is like a modern day Annie. She is always happy, and can talk to any one and everyone in the cast. The songs were a challenge at times and most of the time we all wanted to be in bed. However, we had to keep the show going. We only had 60 hours to learn, perform, and stage a 2 hour musical! Personally, my favorite song of the show was "Hooverville" (what a coincidence!). This song included the entire ensemble and we didn't have to smile because we were all poor from the depression! "Thank you Herbert Hoover!"

Annie is a show that I will never forget being a part of. Many people made this show a memorable one for me. It wouldn't have been possible without the director, Sheron Doucette, the musical director, George Perrone, the costume manager, Judy McEntegart, the stage manager, Peter Doucette, and all of the other behind the scenes people.

SUMMER READING POLL

We asked you, "Did you finish your summer reading the day before school?" Thank you to all who participated. Here are the results: 66% of you said yes with only 34% saying no.



WISE WORDS FROM THE HEAD

LAUREN ROBBINS '06

Dr. Bohlin, our head of school, is excited about this upcoming school year and has agreed to share with us her goals, memories, and advice.
(Compiled from notes from the interview)

Q. What is the most valuable thing that you have learned over the course of your teaching career?

A. The most valuable thing that I have learned is how important it is to always be learning while you are teaching. There is a vulnerability of the students when they are learning new things. Teaching writing inspired me to write; I allowed myself to learn from other people. Being open to learning and discovery is very important.

Q. How do you feel about the school's theme of the year: "Purpose"?

A. I think that it is a great theme. It reminds me of my favorite insight of Helen Keller: "Happiness is fidelity to a worthy purpose." Philosophers question the meaning of life and it is necessary for us to examine our life. We should find meaning in our work, relationships, suffering, and investigate our purpose. We have a small school with a big purpose.



Q. What do you look forward to this year?

A. I look forward to getting acquainted with all of our new students. I enjoy seeing students perform or present in all electives and classes. I especially look forward to the time where everyone is putting boxes on a truck to Medfield.

Q. What is your favorite Montrose memory from the past years that you have worked here?

A. My favorite memory was learning to ski on the Montrose ski trip with the 6th graders at Sunday River in Maine. My second favorite memory was directing *Pride and Prejudice*. I also enjoyed traveling abroad with Montrose students. We've been to England twice and Italy, and this past year, we went to Italy again.

Q. You published a book last year on character teaching through literature. Do you have any plans for other books?

A. I have thought about it. We have to renovate the campus before I write another book. I think that I would write a practical one related to student leadership and culture or a book similar to my last one with a look at films.

Q. What do you look forward to at Montrose's new site at Medfield?

A. I look forward to developing our new school community and campus. Together with students and families, we're going from a small school to a large home. We will shape the future together, welcoming new people and growing.

Q. We have many new students this year. Do you have any advice for them in their first year at Montrose?

A. It takes 3 weeks to build a habit. Be patient and determined and try to develop habits of good mind and character. Be open to people, learning new talents and possible friendships. "Discomfort can yield great things," so stretch yourself and push yourself.

Q. Are you looking forward to the fall play "Antigone" and do you have any advice for the actors who are taking on this great work of literature?

A. Yes, I am looking forward to this wonderful Greek drama. It is a play about conscience and conflict. It should provoke catharsis in the audience. It is important for actors to go deep into the characters and really identify with convictions and concerns so that they will bring them to life for the audience. There are many complex and interesting characters and it is important to keep the level of energy high and the tone appropriate to the mood.

Q. What did you do over the summer, and how did it compare with what you *wanted* to do over the summer?

A. I didn't get to see Shakespeare on the Common this year (in Boston), but I did get to spend some time with my family, my nieces and nephews, more than I had hoped to. I took a course on the philosophy of religion, which was interesting. I got outside more. Last summer I went hiking in the hills of Northern England. I missed that this year, but I went to Chicago and New Jersey to see my parents.

BOMBAY RAINS HOPE

VANI MANCHANDA '08

During my summer vacation, I stayed with my friends and relatives in a city called Delhi in central India for two months. I greatly enjoyed spending time with loved ones and experiencing the hot summer days. Little did I know that while I was living at ease, 3000 miles away in a city called Mumbai (Bombay) millions of people were trapped in torrential monsoon rains. The city was hit with nearly 37 inches (94 cm.) of rain, the heaviest rainfall since India began keeping records in 1846. On July 26th, more than 500 Bombay residents died and 20,000 more found themselves homeless. Some meteorologists believed this rainfall was a result of a cloudburst which is a phenomenon that includes short periods of heavy downpour. The meteorologists forecasted a large-scale rainfall on July 26th, but they did what is called "time-now-casting". This informs the audience of an approaching storm about an hour before it arrives.



Police urged residents of Bombay to remain in their homes, but many workers still walked for hours to get home or spent the night at train stations or bus stalls. The transportation systems were not active due to the danger. Many dangers like drowning occurs, electrocution, collapsing walls, or ravaging landslides, often resulted in death. Disease remained a serious threat as dead bodies and animal carcasses were strewn all over the city. Thousands of other residents revolted against power blackouts and the lack of clean drinking water.

All in all, Bombay now has half a billion dollar loss from the flooding. Let us all pray that this incident will not haunt the Bombay residents today or disturb the souls of those dead. I will keep those who are suffering in my prayers and I hope you will all join me. Joy can come from sorrow and Bombay still rains hope.

ON FACING THE HORRORS OF HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE FIRST TIME...

ALEXANDRA GHIZ '08

The words "high school" can seem pretty formidable, especially when they are given such an importance at a certain age, conjure terrible connotations to those who have experienced quite a bit of it, or most importantly are told as a horror story to those who have no experience or ideas on the subject to guide their better judgment. New high schoolers at any school, would suffer from these fears. I am sorry to say that the extreme stories the upper Montrosians might tell are usually firmly rooted in fact. The purpose of this article though is not to frighten away the freshmen, but to bring to light the real expectations and standard experiences of someone in ninth grade and perhaps high school as well.

The main fear uniting poor rookie high schoolers is the fear of homework eating what is left of their lives. This is a legitimate fear- Montrosians who made it through middle school will be well acquainted with this frightening characteristic of homework. I am sorry to say that at least in ninth grade, if you have homework in six subjects, you will probably have a maximum of one hour for each (and teachers love to push that max). If it gets over an hour though, and you're working your hardest, do mention it- five to six hours is already pretty heavy, especially if you have other things to do besides homework. I am by no means a pro at making light work of my homework, but I would suggest always having a reward in sight to keep you focused. Perhaps you'll have an extra hour of sleep, be freer to do what you like the next day, or just have a break. (However, don't spend your time doing these things until you're through, and don't let them distract you).

Another burden that Montrosians in high school are expected to bear is HUNGER. Alas, as some might know already, high schoolers do not eat until 12:21, and this is only if you are on time. This makes fifth period one of the hardest classes of the day, as it is indeed very hard to concentrate on working when you know the middle schoolers are downstairs MUNCHING and your stomach calls. An optimistic way of looking at it is that you only have three periods left in the day after lunch, and unless it is music, art or drama, sixth period isn't really a "class."

However, those and other experiences mark the parts that make high school generally difficult to bear. There is a whole host of great things that happen in high school, namely ninth grade, that have become legendary, though many people appreciate them only after they have been through the struggle.

High among the list of feared experiences among Montrose freshmen is the infamous history class. You may hear one of the alumnae make a speech and allude to Mrs. McKinney's medieval/Renaissance history class. It has lasted years in the minds and hearts of students perhaps because it is very demanding, but the reward for the hard work is hopefully an appreciation of the culture of the time and the idea that hard work is worth its while sometimes. Some of you may not be fans of history and might find it a little grinding, but by the end of the year the curriculum is more Renaissance Art history, which may strike your appeal if you're not a history lover. At least give it a chance. Many people groan through it, and afterwards they have nothing bad to say.

Another strictly ninth grade experience that has become legendary is Josh Week. Well, I think I'll let some of you be surprised. I don't think there has yet been a person who has really *hated* Josh Week. Perhaps they're too eager to witness instead of endure the torture. In short, Josh Week is one of those weird Montrose traditions involving an age-old relationship between the 11th and 9th grades. It is usually sometime in November and resembles an extreme form of dress up mixed with "Simon Says." I had an experience in which I was forced to gallop through the hallways wearing a plush horse. Others made vague attempts at singing. If you'd like more, ask around. It is not an experience easily forgotten.

Such events comprise the character of freshman year, the first of many memorable years in high school. It may seem like a great deal to cope with, but all freshmen somehow make it though together, and most of the 10th, 11th, and 12th grades have been through it too. It can't be *that terrible* if so many students have lived through it. In experiencing the same things together, everyone can relate with one another and help each other out in time of need.

SPANISH FESTIVALS

GRACE DAHER '08

This summer, I was fortunate to visit my grandmother, who lives in Spain. Over the years, I have learned many things about this lovely country. One of them is Spaniards and the Basques love an excuse to party. There are numerous parties and festivals celebrated by each town, most of them of a Catholic origin. These celebrations may span from a day to an entire week of revelry, and may include dances, running in front of bulls, or cooking contests.

One of these festivals is *Semana Grande* in San Sebastian. This particular festival celebrates the feast of the Assumption, on August 15. Throughout the week, there are musical and cultural events. One of these events is the parade of the *gigantes* and *cabezudos*, or giants and big heads. The *gigantes* are men on huge stilts, together about twenty feet high. These men and their stilts are clothed in traditional dress, and each holds a large paper mache head on his shoulders. Right behind them run the *cabezudos*, also wearing gigantic paper-mache heads, but without stilts. It is the job of the *cabezudos* to chase the jeering children who trail along the sides of the parade, calling the *cabezudos* names. Each big head holds a balloon, with which they hit the little ones, as revenge for their teasing. They run up and down the streets of the town followed by half-frightened, fascinated, and giggling children. During *Semana Grande*, there are also impressive fireworks displays. Each night there is a display from a different country or city. People enjoy guessing which one will win the international competition.



An hour away from San Sebastian, is the town of Maruri (near Bilbao). I have a cousin in that town, who invited me to her house for their annual festival. One of the most important events in this festival is the town-wide tortilla contest. A Spanish tortilla is a cake-shaped omelet, made with eggs and potatoes. This is a huge competition, in which almost every family and chef in the town participates. The contest takes place in a great field. All contestants must make their tortillas on this field, over a wood fire in an hour. On this field there are tortilla chefs of all shapes, sizes, and ages, and each hopeful contestant is busily chopping, peeling, or shouting friendly insults to the others. As the time passes, tension mounts, and some tortillas aren't cooking fast enough. With one minute left, contestants are seen dashing rapidly about. Is that the smell of something burning? With tortillas in hand, they race to the judging stand. Then it is time for the tasting. Cooks stare apprehensively as each culinary attempt is tasted by each of the three judges. There is much muttering and whispering, and finally, the winner of the highly esteemed prize is announced. The year I went, the fortunate chef was a smiling, chubby man. Happily, the tortilla my cousin's family made won second prize.

I had a wonderful time participating in these festivals because they are events that include the whole family. All generations can participate. Each festival is a new and different way to have a good time. These festivals are passed on through generations, and act as a bond between the past and the present.

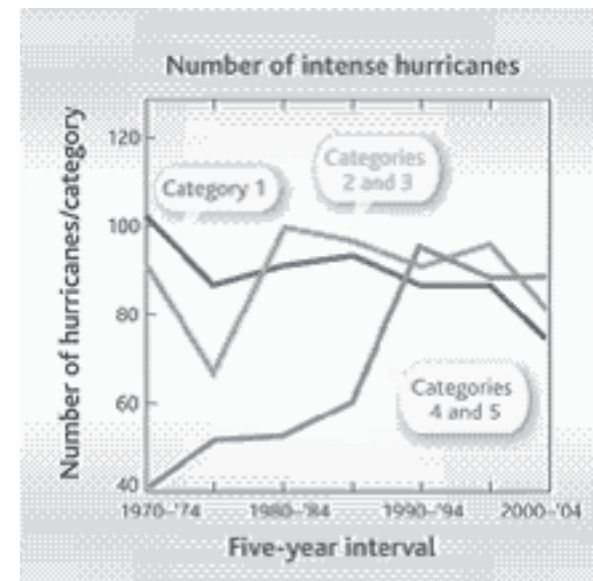
HURRICANE KATRINA: ARE THERE MORE LIKE HER?

BY HELENA KINANE, '09

Hurricane Katrina was the first category 5 hurricane of the 2005 hurricane season. She first made landfall as a category 1 hurricane just north of Miami, Florida on August 25, 2005. She then went back into the Gulf. She hit land again on August 29 along the Central Gulf Coast near New Orleans, Louisiana, as a category 4 storm. Katrina ended up breaking the levees in New Orleans and most of the city flooded with water from Lake Pontchartrain. Mississippi, Alabama, and other parts of Louisiana also had major damage. Katrina opened our eyes to what harm nature can do like the tsunami and raging forest fires. Scientists say these are examples of global warming. Hurricanes have always been said to be caused by this. Many wonder if Katrina was caused by global warming. Katrina leaves behind many questions, but most of all we wonder, "Are more hurricanes like Hurricane Katrina going to come?"

Scientists have found the answer. At the Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta, meteorologist Peter Webster and his colleagues examined satellite records of storms; a history now 35 years long. They found no long-term trend in the number of storms per year, only natural ups and downs. But the researchers did find a sharp increase during the past 35 years in the number of category 4 and 5 hurricanes. Globally, category 4 and 5 storms climbed 57%.

Science says that category 4 and 5 hurricanes have increased and will continue to increase. They have proven that there is a chance of more hurricanes like Katrina causing destruction in the future, so if you go to Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, or Alabama, WATCHOUT FOR HURRICANES!



DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES ABOUT FALL

COMPILED BY CLAUDIA LAU '08



If you had to write about one single thing that represents the fall season, what would it be? Leaves, squirrels, apples, foliage, and pumpkins are all symbols of fall. Here's what some sophomores had to say about the wonderful season of autumn:

Catch a Leaf
By Teresa Crevier '08

As the children walk on the sidewalks in the fall, wet leaves stick to the bottoms of their shoes. Crunch, Crunch, Crunch. The leaves of yellow, orange, green and red fall gently from the tall trees ahead. The city fills with millions of leaves that fall from the trees. Small leaves and big leaves stray from where they once grew only to leave their home bare. The leaves spin in the air from the cold breeze of the fall. The children reach out their hands to catch all the leaves, but they can't because the leaves fall in bunches, twirling uncontrollably from trees all around.

The Acorn and the Squirrel
By Charlotte Boyd '08

A fluffy grey tail sticks straight up helping its owner meticulously pick the acorn off the slender branch. Snap! The poor acorn's pointy hat breaks off from its first and only home. The security of the colored leaves is stripped from it by that grey tailed beast. Up-side down, right-side up, only four little teeth grasping the smooth brown shell of the acorn keep it from plunging to the earth. The acorn ceases its movement. Crack! The green and white soft meat of the acorn is now exposed to the jaws of that grey beast. Now eaten, the furry tailed animal leaves his dinner to have it become, nonetheless, crushed by that innocent passer by.

A Lonely Apple
By Grace Daher '08

The rubicund apple, the last of the yearly apple picking, lay heavily in the bowl. Its sunburned skin glared an angry red, the effect of an entire season of sun exposure. The peel was stretched tautly around the entire expanse of the body. It was perfectly molded, the ultimate cliché. The remains of a leathery leaf clung to the dry stem. At the other end, perched, like a small furry spider, were the ancient remains of the apple's childhood.

The Pumpkin
By Jenn Robbins '08

The big, orange, dirty pumpkin is found to be the most perfect rest stop for a tired little pumpkin picker. He tries to sit upon the slippery and awkwardly shaped vegetable but falls hard upon the frozen ground. This upset little pumpkin picker decides to kick the giant foe of a pumpkin. Soon a tiny pack of over-tired pumpkin pickers are beating upon a continually softening pumpkin. A brute of the bunch throws a punch at a soft spot exposed and demolishes the once strong thick skin into a sad excuse for skin. The little pack of pumpkin savages rip and tear the skin and pull out the goopy, slimy, soft insides. No longer is the pumpkin a pumpkin. The pumpkin is mush.

's CROQUET GROUND

ASHES

HILARY CULLEN BUDWEY '09

Her red hair, like leaves of autumn, danced in the breeze as she swung, back and forth, back and forth, on the rope swing, hanging from a tree. Cold blue eyes stared out from her pale ivory face, as if searching for something. Sparrows perched on the old iron gate, intricately worked by some blacksmith years ago, and on the branches of the tall oaks that stood about the field. Her feet gently skimmed the dew-damp grass as she swung.

She looked at the house, her grandmother's house, at which she and her family were staying. Its rose-grey granite walls, speckled with mica, stood high and proud. Pointed arches, flying buttresses, pinnacles, and piers, all pointed upward, casting ominous shadows. The stained glass windows let in filtered, jewel toned light, which fell into the building, illuminating it in colourful stripes. Gargoyles rested on various ledges, to scare the evil spirits away. Nevertheless, they did not. It was constructed in late Gothic style and was precariously perched on the edge of a cliff, behind which stood a large green field and a forest of elm, oak, maple, and pine.

The air smelled of rain. Clouds hung in the sky, grey and heavy. Small animals retreated into their burrows and birds returned to their nests. The first of the raindrops fell upon the thirsty autumnal earth. She stood and walked out into the field, the cool mist kissing her face and arms. She shivered and shut her eyes, as if to shut out the visions, the voices. *Two young, pale faced girls, in dresses of soft, white cotton, trimmed with lace, ran about the field, laughing, twirling, tugging at her sleeves, and fading. They faded into shrieks and screams, and finally translucence.*

She watched them slip away, and in a dreamlike state of consciousness, she turned to the house. The rain was falling harder now, like icy pebbles on her shoulders and on the ground. Her pale blue jeans were black from water, and her dark tee shirt was cold and dripping. A pale, wrinkled face peered out of the doorframe. "Finnea! Come in, you'll catch your death of cold!" cried her grandmother. She half-walked, half-ran, half-tripped up to the house in the manner of any eager ten year old, pushing her rain drenched locks from her face.

The house was warm, a shock from the cold of the rain. She went upstairs, through the myriad corridors, to her room. She changed into warmer, dryer clothes, quite like those she had on before with the addition of a black cotton sweater that her mother had knitted for her two Christmases ago. She rubbed the nubby fabric between her fingers before pulling the sweater over her head. It was warm.

She sighed and headed back downstairs. Through the soles of her shoes, she felt the iciness of the stone stairs. She descended slowly, eyes cast down, resting upon the dancing light, flowing from the windows. A sudden breeze blew strong and cold, though it came from nowhere. Anxious, Finnea ran down the stairs, nearly tripping over her own feet.

She walked into the room where her mother and grandmother were having tea. She was handed a cup of steaming Earl Grey, sweetened with honey. Tentatively, she took a sip. The warmth coursed through her body, to the very tips of her fingers. She placed the cup back on its saucer.

The silence in that room was deafening. The rain pounded on the windows outside and the wind blew sharply. She waited for someone to say something, but no one did and the silence prevailed. She was just picking up her cup again when she dropped it back onto the plate in shock and silent horror. She sat, wide-eyed, staring at the phantasm only she could see. *A man, dressed in fine Victorian vestments, bound and gagged. He looked at her despairingly, and then faded.*

She shuddered and sunk back into the velvet armchair. She picked up her tea again and drank, deeply this time. Her mother and grandmother looked at her worriedly. They had not seen what she had, but they felt something was not right. They said nothing and attempted to shake the event off as though it was nothing, but things like this had been happening for weeks.

They sat and chatted idly until around suppertime. The meal was quieter than usual, but otherwise everything went on as normally. Finnea went to her room at around ten o'clock. She was tired, but she could not sleep. She tossed and turned for hours before finally nodding off. While Finnea slept, she did not have dreams, she had nightmares. However, she remembered little of them.

Finnea awoke late the next morning with a jump. The sunlight shone brightly through her windows. She got up and dressed. She wore the sweater again because she felt safe in it. However, she did not feel safe in the house, or anywhere on the estate for that matter. Something was dreadfully wrong. She felt it, burning in her veins.

She walked downstairs. The rest of her family had gone to the town for a few hours. She was alone in the house. She sat for a while, sipping tea and reading. Soon, she grew restless. She could not concentrate. There was something in the house, and whatever it was, it was coming from the basement. She took a knife from the kitchen. Mechanically, she walked to the cellar door and descended the stairs, flicking on the light switch.

She was not alone; there were spirits there, ghosts. Her blood ran like ice in her veins. She felt them pulling at her, her sweater fraying, unravelling. It was fear that moved her forward. *The floor. Under the floor.* Her head spun. There were too many voices.

She fell to her knees and began tearing apart the floor. Visions flickered in her mind. *He argued with the man, the owner of the house, this house. He pulled out a gun. The other pleaded with him, but he did not listen. Someone brought the rest of the family in at gunpoint, bound, and gagged them all: the mother, the father, and their two young daughters. He shot them, all but the father, the man with whom he had been arguing. The corpses were carried to the basement, along with the living man. Hastily, they dug a pit in the floor and buried the dead bodies. Next to them, they buried the man, still alive. He fought them, but he was easily overpowered. The last bit of dirt covered him.*

When she realized what she was doing, she had dug up the entire floor. She stared. Three, decaying corpses lay there, murdered. But the fourth lived. She staggered back. The man was perfectly un-decayed and *breathing*. She felt light-headed and leaned against the wall, still staring in horror and disbelief. His eyes flickered open and he stared back. She wanted to scream, but no sound came. Her breathing was quick and shallow.

She stumbled to him, fumbling for the knife. She cut the ropes that bound his hands and feet. Then all fell to ashes and she was alone, standing on the cliff, her sweater torn. The bodies were gone, the house was gone, and everything was ashes. Except the tree swing. Numbly, she walked to the swing and sat down, to wait for when mother came back. When mother came back...

CURIOUSER & CURIOUSER

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

COMPILED BY HELENA KINANE '09

Grade 12
Juliana Halloran 9/9

Grade 11
Danielle Yuen 9/13
Brianna Mahoney 9/7
Chloe Abu-Jaber 9/27

Grade 10
Ellen Zatkowski 9/19
Charlotte Boyd 9/29
Srah custodio 9/23

Grade 9
Paola Garza fernandez 9/28
Elona Castro 9/1

Grade 8
Gina Damiata 9/26
Jessica Facey 9/18
Zoha Hussain 9/24

Grade 7
Karina Leon 9/13
Mary Parker 9/2

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

COMPILED BY HELENA KINANE '09

Grade 12
Sarah Blahnik 10/6
Christina McSherry 10/13

Grade 10
Alexandra Ghiz 10/20

Grade 9
Elizabeth Kelly 10/22

Grade 8
Hannah Werner 10/11

Grade 6
Erin Hepinstall 10/2
Catriona Kinane 10/17



MONTRROSIANS SPEAK OUT

The Looking Glass Staff asked you, "Do you think the Hurricane Katrina disaster could have been prevented? How has the disaster affected you?" Thank you to all who participated. Here are your answers:

I think the disaster could have been prevented if the wall could withstand a category 5 hurricane. If the wall I was stronger it probably wouldn't have broken and flooded the town. It affected me by making me think that things should be built to withstand the worst that can happen. Also, we could be anyone in the hurricane. Any one of us could be homeless and have to live in a state totally different. So many kids have to go to schools where they don't know anybody. What happened was just really sad. -Alex Marian

I think that the hurricane Katrina disaster could have been prevented. They should have had buses take people in and out of the city to higher ground or to another state. The disaster has affected me by making me realize how powerful nature really is, how we need to be prepared for anything and how we need to help each other. -Olivia Walker

I don't think the hurricane could be stopped, but the damage could have been. The levees could have been made stronger every year before the hurricane season started so that they could withstand a category 4 storm just in case. Also, they could have brought buses and planes to ship people to higher ground or out of state who were too old, sick, or poor. I was very sad for the people who lost their homes. -Bakhita Thordarson

As most people know, a tragic hurricane hit the gulf coast recently. The hurricane was most devastating in places like Mississippi and didn't do much damage in New Orleans; the most horrible part in New Orleans was the flood. Now Orleans had a great flood as an after shock from Hurricane Katrina. Before the flood, and even before the hurricane, the citizens of New Orleans were told to evacuate, but not many people did. There are some people in New Orleans who did not have enough money to flee so they stayed in the city. I do not think the flood could have been prevented unless the government gave them the money to build stronger and higher levees. I also think that the death toll could have been much less. If the people in New Orleans had listened and evacuated, or even gone to a safer and higher place in New Orleans, their lives could have been saved. This hurricane has brought devastation to many people in many places, and I think it is important to help the people in need. -Olivia Ghiz

Hurricane Katrina was a natural disaster; in light of this tragedy people everywhere have been helping and donating money to the people who lost their homes. However, a lot of people have also been using the disaster to criticize companies and governments and even individual people. I do not believe that pointing fingers and blaming others is the right attitude to take towards this subject. Hurricanes are natural disasters and we are all on the same side of the conflict. We have to turn away from saying, "It was the national government's fault or it was FEMA's fault." Instead of saying, "If only so-and-so did this then the disaster could have been prevented", we need to ask, "How can I help?" and "What can I do?" There is so much that we can do, such as selling bracelets to raise money. We need to concentrate on what we can do to help others. -Anonymous Sophomore

**ANSWER TO
NAME THAT TEACHER:
MRS. LYON**

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