

Senior Projects



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The Story Behind Storytelling

BY BRETT ROOD

There once was a man who desperately wanted to reach the top of a mountain that bordered his small town. The problem was that the mountain was very steep and only the strongest of men could reach the top. Every day that man attempted to climb the mountain, and every day, he failed to reach the top.

One morning before the man began to climb, someone from his town approached him. He asked, "Why are you trying climbing this mountain?"

"This mountain always blocks the sunset, so I would like to sit next to the tree at the top and watch it one evening," the climber replied as he pointed to the tree at the top of the mountain.

"What a silly goal!" yelled the man as he laughed hysterically at the climber, and walked back towards the town. Regardless, the man began climbing the mountain as he did everyday, and each day he climbed higher and higher.

The next morning, as the climber prepared himself, a large group from the town came. All of them laughed as he attempted to climb the mountain and once again failed. *(Continued on page 4)*

Sister Act: How Sisters Showcase their History

BY LILY PEARL POIRIER

Ideals and stigmas can be the lasting legacy of the period in which they're formed. Those who live through these moments in time are undoubtedly affected by their presence, and they become ingrained with the knowledge. It is therefore perfectly feasible to believe that relationships developed in or around a specific time period are symbolic of the era. This is the case for sisterly relationships. For decades, literature has been utilizing sisterhood bonds as source material so as to reach an audience. You might remember a few yourself. Laura and Mary Ingalls? The March girls? Heck, Katniss and Prim. All these girls bond in a way so familiar that we as readers can't help but relate and reflect. And, knowing these relationships so intimately, their time periods are immortalized in both their literature and our minds. The relationships between sisters in literature reflect the ideals and stigmas of the novel's time period. *(Continued on page 2)*

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Your Mind on Music

BY GENEVIEVE GRINGETTI

There is no such thing as a good car ride without good music. Get in the car, and one of the first things that we do is crank up our tunes. All of a sudden, the sky is a little bit bluer, the sun is a little bit brighter, and before you know it you're tapping your fingers and singing like it's nobody else's business. But, why? What changes? This is the question that has sparked the need for knowledge about the effects of music on the body and mind for many years. Music has been used since the beginning of time to communicate with the gods, heal the ill, and to build a sense of community within a group of people. And for a long time, this was all seen as a ritualistic, but thanks to modern science, what we now know about music and its seemingly miricalistic powers is so much more. Music is a now known as a literal healer of the mind and body in the practices of medicine and psychology. Today, music has been proven to help patients with mental issues... *(Continued on page 9)*

SENIOR PROJECTS

SISTER ACT: HOW SISTERS SHOWCASE THEIR HISTORY (Continued)

... We're going to throw it back to the beginning: Welcome to the times of the Bible. The Bible, no matter your religious beliefs and opinions, can prove to be a literary goldmine. In it's pages we see a classic tale many of you should already be familiar with: the story of Rachel and Leah. Long story short, Rachel and Leah are sisters who end up married to the same man because their father tricked their husband, Jacob. Jacob loved the beautiful younger sister Rachel, and served 7 years as a slave for her. At the end of those years, the girls' father presented him with Leah and said that if he wanted Rachel he must serve another 7 years. Their father effectively created the world's first love triangle. Leah loves Jacob, Jacob loves Rachel, and Rachel loves Jacob. But of course there's a catch, because when isn't there a catch in a biblical story. Leah turns out to be fertile myrtle, bearing 6 children, while Rachel is left barren. Moral of the story? Envy only blinds you to what you have and gives you misery for what you don't. (Well, that and something about God.)

So what does their relationship say about their time period? Well, to put it simply, biblical times were not known for their calm nature. Wars were fought, people died -- it's all very dramatic. Losers envied the victors, countries were jealous of other's conquerings. Leah and Rachel are the same way. Each views the other as the competitor, the one to beat out in the fight for their mutual husband's affection with the weapon of bearing him children. You catch the drift...

Jumping forward, we've reached the 19th century. The 19th century kicked off in what is commonly known as the Regency Era. Or, as I tend to think of it, Jane Austen's territory. The Regency era was named for the period when King George III was deemed unfit (the polite term for insanity caused by incest) for rule and thus replaced by his son, the King Regent -- also named George. This era was known for its immense social, political, and economic changes; including an ongoing war with Napoleon. Known also for its major refinement in

culture, this period is considered a turning point in England's history. People valued beauty and excess, and a rising class of the uber rich was emerging as the London slums enlarged.

Enter Jane Austen and her classic *Pride and Prejudice*. *Pride and Prejudice* chronicles



Sisters Celie and Nettie from "The Color Purple." Image via melliot.com

the trials and tribulations of the five Bennet sisters on their journey to marriage with the hopes of finding love, and, to please their mother, marrying up the social ladder. The sisters -- Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Kitty, and Lydia -- are all vastly different in their personalities.

Jane is the shy yet lovable one, Lizzie the outspoken, Mary the serious, Kitty the follower, and Lydia the family rebel. The girl's stark contrasts can each be seen as representative of a separate aspect of Regency history.

Jane can be viewed as the model upper-class, refined lady. Her beauty and mannerisms mark her out to be accomplished and desirable. Skipping over Lizzie, Mary seemingly represents the older generation -- those who grew up in a "less cultured" version of England and see no reason for all the hoopla associated with fanciful modernizations. She values the old fashioned ideals of feminine virtue, and lets her sisters hear no end of it. Kitty (the forgotten sister) is just along for the ride. She's the typical civilian, rolling with the punches as they come.

Lydia is the social climber who jumps at the merest suggestion of excess and expense. In her eagerness to marry for looks and position, she looks only at what she may gain -- not at what others may lose. In this sense, Lydia is comparable to the King Regent himself. As a stand-in for king, the regent was kept entirely removed from any political or military exploits and therefore channeled his time into the pursuit of pleasure. Much like young Lydia here does.

It's Elizabeth, though, that embodies the changing of the times. The transitional phase between one period and another where people are dipping their toes in the water to test it out first. As the novel progresses we see Lizzie slowly emerge herself more and more into the world of the extremely wealthy, gaining comfort in a world so different than the middle class one

she grew up in. Her easy adjustment helps to showcase the fast way England adapted to the regency and took the changes in their stride.

Going forward another 50 years we've come to the 1860s. The 1860s are easily characterized by the American Civil War. This conflict, in case some of you were sleeping in history class, was when the country split into two parts -- Northern states and Confederate states. The Northern states fought to spread the (newly re-assessed) values of the U.S constitution. The Confederates seceded from the north and fought to retain states' rights to uphold slavery. After four years of fighting, the Northerners came out on top

and initiated the following years of Reconstruction for the South to repair the shattered economy and social state. And, yes, that was a sweeping generalization.

Gone With the Wind is a classic Civil War drama that tells the tale of southern belle Scarlett O'Hara as her idyllic world is turned upside down by the war, and how she attempts to rebuild her life after. Now, *Gone With the Wind* is not classically known for the strong sister bonds held within its over 800 pages -- and for good reason. Scarlett O'Hara has two younger sisters, Suellen and Careen, and, to be blunt about it, she despises them. She views them as the enemy, obstacles in her way on her rise to the top. The turmoil they face with each other only increases as the war years drag on into Reconstruction.

In sharp contrast, *Little Women* is the classic tale of sisters. Focusing around Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy March, we readers get to tag along as the girls grow up in wartime New England. With their father off at war, we see the girls come into themselves as the fighting continues. They have a loving and supportive relationship, with minimal turmoil ensuing throughout the equally lengthy novel.

In other words, the O'Hara sisters symbolize the Confederate side of the Civil War while the March girls are the Northerners. Haughty and self-assured, Margaret Mitchell's troop of southern belles aren't afraid to get their hands dirty to fight for what they believe in: their childhood home, Tara. During the actual war, the Southerners were confident they'd beat those Yanks before Christmas -- little did they know it'd take four years and thousands of casualties. The March girls are a solid unit with strong bonds to each other. They represent the Northern troops, who remained strong through adversity, staying together even after the conflict was over. Put together, these two sibling sets valiantly fought for what they believed in, getting through the war stronger than they were before. Much as our country managed to do, eventually.

Moving along, we've come to the first half of the 20th century -- around 1910 to 1940 ish. In this period of history, we'll be...

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Sisters Jo, Beth, Amy, and Meg from "Little Women." Image via radiotimes.com.

SENIOR PROJECTS

SISTER ACT: HOW SISTERS SHOWCASE THEIR HISTORY (Continued)

...focusing on the seminal novel *The Color Purple*. Some of you may remember this book from freshmen year English, and for you guys this book may be the easiest to see how sister relationships can define your life, if not your history. This was the period in United States History when African American people began to come into their own. No longer slaves, yet not fully accepted into society, a whole new culture was cultivated from the ground up. One example is seen in the Harlem Renaissance, and the development of Harlem itself. Of course, this does not mean that there were no hardships. Lynching of African American citizens was a growing crime, and the Jim Crow laws of the South insisted that the "old ways" could be kept in place. Racism was an unmanaged and overlooked phenomenon, with segregation being legally allowed under the guidelines of "separate but equal" -- a requirement that overlooked the fact that anything that is separate is inevitably unequal. Despite these immense challenges, the African American population banded together to form a culture of their own that strove to overcome the hardships thrown at them.

The Color Purple follows Celie, a young woman embracing her individuality through striking out against her husband and society's image for southern black women in the early 1920s, all while using her sister, Nettie, as her personal god(dess) in times of trouble. The novel showcases the hardships and triumphs of Celie on her journey to becoming herself. Celie represents the hard truth of overcoming adversity and coming out on top because of it. All her life Celie has been held down by the men in her life, beginning with her step-father and then her

husband, the nameless Mr. _____. Men like these are the obstacles in her path to freedom, similar to the effect that the Jim Crow laws or segregation had in the country. The ripples of these hurdles are still felt and seen today.

But there is a bright side, and for Celie that was the idea of her sister Nettie. These two have a no-contact relationship, both are denied access to the other. Celie reaches for her sister the same way that African American people reached out for equality, as a nameless dream. Celie and Nettie's reunion symbolizes the moment where freedom has finally become possible, and from there it only goes up.

Decades later, we've reached the 1960s. The 1960s were a landmark decade all over the world. The United States saw an increase in political protests in stark contrast to the conformity of the 1950s society. Across the ocean, the Republic of the Congo (now the Democratic Republic of the Congo) had finally begun its fight for independence. The fighting was violent and primarily targeted civilians, but the country eventually won. The years of hard fighting rocked the nation to its core and led the country into worse political conflicts in the resulting years.

This is the setting of the novel *The Poisonwood Bible*. A lesser known, yet still amazing, book, *The Poisonwood Bible* focuses on a missionary family stationed in the Republic of the Congo as the country battles for its independence. There are four sisters dragged out to Africa by their obstinate father: Rachel, Leah, Adah, and Ruth May. Each sister, as is usual in both literature and life, are vastly different from one another. Pretty, adventur-

ous, crippled, and innocent; their relationship is that of girls thrown together by circumstance, relying on each other and supporting each other through the good times and the bad. That is the nature of the conflict they are put in. Turmoil bubbles under the facade of stability until it can hide no more and strikes out. The girls are merely victims in the war they are forced to be a part of. The general consensus of the time was the desire to break free. Each of the girls had something they felt they needed to be rid of. Rachel wanted to leave Africa. Leah wanted to leave her family. Adah wanted to leave herself. Ruth May wanted to live and be rid of the overall conflict. Collectively, they wanted to be free of the religion binding their father to the Congo. In this sense, the sisters embodied the fighting spirit of the era they were set in -- only their battles can't be so easily solved.

These novels, all considered classics, have been a topic of discussion for their symbolic nature since the date of their publication. As each book gets older, and history is developed and refined more, the symbolic nature of each aspect of the novels is revealed in even further truth. Each character relationship opens the door to even further analysis of the legacy of an era. Whether the relationship is inspiring or tumultuous, history seeps through the bond in a memorable way.

Look at your own relationship with your sister. Think about how you grew up, what you played with or behaved like. These small facts are how historians will look on you to characterize your generation. Are you happy with how you're labeled?

Back to the Roots

BY ROSEMARY LOER

What do the words "expelliarmus," "expecto patronum," and "lumos" have in common? You might recognize them as iconic spells from the Harry Potter book series -- but they're also Latin words, too.

The seven Harry Potter books have captivated generations of readers since the release of the original book, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, in 1997. What many readers might not have picked up on, however, even after multiple reads, is the presence of Latin language and Roman culture throughout the series. Though Latin is argued to be a dead language, it was carefully chosen by author J.K. Rowling as the inspiration for many aspects of the series, from character names to spells, mythological creatures to the Hogwarts school motto "Draco Dormiens Nunquam Titillandus" ("never tickle a sleeping dragon"). "Latin is very much alive in all the books, adding its rich descriptiveness and magisterial tone to spells, names, places and more," it says on Rowling's website *Pottermore*. "Latin is the language of mysticism, and alchemy, and secrecy and legend: it's the language of magic."

Rowling received her education in Classics, as well as French, from the University of Exeter in South West England.

Rowling chose to use Latin throughout the series because of its heavy influence on modern day languages. With Latin being the core of Romance languages and making up over 60% of English, the terms Rowling uses are well known enough that even on an international scale people can recognize most of the references. Though Rowling takes liberties with grammar accuracy, vocabulary is what's most important in helping the reader identify terms. *Pottermore* adds, "With wizards being old-fashioned in nature, it's not surprising that so many of their spells are rooted in a more archaic language." There has always been a close relationship between Latin and magic; the two have gone hand in hand for centuries. On behalf of the Texas Classics Association, one Latin teacher writes, "That words hold magic is an ancient idea, one demonstrated in the importance given to words in formulaic prayers at ancient Roman ceremonies, in the power held in knowing the true name of a city, or in the use of defixiones or curse tablets."

In an article from the *Journal of Adolescent & Adult Literacy*, one author calls Rowling's use of language "clever," citing it as "one reason her books are so internationally successful." During a 1999 interview with Stephanie Loer, a children's book critic for *The Boston Globe*, Rowling says, "If I have worked hard at the plot and it is well constructed... then I have the freedom to do the fun stuff and I can embroider the details

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Below: J.K. Rowling, the mind behind the Harry Potter series. Rowling graduated from the University of Exeter with a Bachelor of Arts in Classics and French.



within the plot at points where they create the most interest." Among the details Rowling is referring to is her complicated use of Latin language and culture.

This she does intentionally, and for different purposes depending on the context. When present in character names, Latin helps reflect the key characteristics of each person, or even suggests a hidden clue about their true identity. In spells, Latin roots assist the reader in remembering what each one does, or in some cases imply a spell's greater relevance to the plot as a whole. In addition to language, Rowling uses Roman mythology to encourage the reader to recall stories they're already familiar with to improve their understanding. Throughout the Harry Potter series, J.K. Rowling uses Latin to engage a large audience of readers and evoke hints of underlying themes in the books.

Surprisingly, the name Harry Potter is not derived from Latin, nor is his best friend Ron Weasley's. Hermione Granger's name, however, is associated with that of an ancient heroine who was known for being clever, and Hermione Granger definitely has that reputation. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts, has a straightforward Latin name: "rubeus" literally translates to "red-faced," which is a pretty accurate description of him (just don't say it to his face!). Or, if you know what Professor Dolores Umbridge's pen does to the student who uses it, it's understandable that her name is derived from "dolor," the Latin word meaning "pain." The "draco" in Draco Malfoy's name can be translated as "serpent," which makes sense as he is the epitome of the perfect Slytherin student. However, it can also be translated as "dragon," which perhaps is calling him a sort of fire-breather, as he throws around a lot of insults. Draco's last name is made up of two French words, "mal" and "foi." These words are actually derived from Latin "malus," meaning "bad," and "fides," meaning "faith." So the name Malfoy could be translated as faith in bad, as Draco is a follower of Voldemort and specifically a Death Eater. On the other hand, it could be translated as poor faith, as Draco questions his loyalty to Voldemort a few times in the later books.

There's more where that came from. What about Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher Remus Lupin, who turns into a werewolf once a month? "Lupinus" means "wolf" in Latin, and "re" means "thing," so Remus Lupin could be translated as "thing of wolf." But wait! There's more! Remus was a Roman mythological character, who, along with his brother Romulus, founder of Rome, was raised by wolves as a baby (are you thinking to yourself "Why didn't I see that before!"). Perhaps the most insightful name is that of Harry Potter's infamous rival Voldemort. Though name itself is comprised of two French words, these terms actually... (Continued on page 5)

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THE STORY BEHIND STORYTELLING (Continued)

...Every day a larger crowd came to laugh as the climber failed to reach the top of the mountain. Eventually the whole town watched him and laughed. As the years passed, the man continued to fail, and the town continued to laugh. The climber grew old, as did everyone in the town.

One day, the old climber was sick of hearing the laughter of the town and was determined to reach his goal. He grew closer and closer to the top until finally taking the last step onto its peak. The town grew silent. The man sat in a grassy patch next to the tree and watched as the sun set. The climber smiled, as now he was content with his life. Everyone from the town soon realized that they had used all their time laughing at the climbers dream, but they never pursued their own.

Storytelling is almost instinctual to us as humans. In the time of Nomads, cave drawings told stories of hunts for food, in ancient Rome and Greece, scholars wrote epic poems talking about different heroes and now we use a wide range of different storytelling devices for entertainment. Storytelling in its purest form is a device for understanding other humans and different experiences that they have been through. As time has gone on, storytelling has become more and more accessible. With accessibility, many scientists have noticed the effect that storytelling had on mental health.

In a study performed by Worcester students at the University of Massachusetts, it was found that storytelling can help ease the initial denial of patients after they get diagnosed with something. For example, if a patient were to be diagnosed with cancer, hearing other stories about survival would be comforting to them. This tactic is used in many other places, such as Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) meetings where patients talk about their different experiences. This not only gets secrets off of your mind, but also helps other people relate to you. Storytelling has even helped me in this way. I was diagnosed with arthritis earlier this year, and I was faced with the decision of taking a drug Methotrexate or not. After talking with one of my friends who had taken it, I decided that there was no harm in taking it.

Sharing experiences might help people's stress or anxiety levels, but how



Image via pixabay.com.

and why exactly does this happen? Well, the answer is, the science isn't fully there yet, but there have been studies that may shed some light on the subject. According to Pamela Rutledge, Ph.D., what makes storytelling so impactful is that our brain processes stories we hear or see as real experiences rather than fiction. In another study conducted on the brain, scientists in Canada found that while we watch a movie, the brain uses the same parts of the brain as when interacting and understanding others.

People go to the movies in order to watch a story about someone that they don't know. It seems weird when you put it like that, but I believe that our attraction to stories is caused by our need to feel better. I find that whenever I am watching a movie, play or reading a book, that I always feel better after reading it.

Everyone even since they were a child has been surrounded by stories. At night, kids listen to bedtime stories or read books, and as they get older they gravitate towards TV shows or movies. With new network platforms such as Netflix or Amazon Video, accessibility to TV shows and movies has become much easier. With greater accessibility came "binging" and "addictions" to TV. But why? What about these stories draw in so many viewers? It quite simply is society's need to feel better. When someone

is having a bad day they can throw on their favorite show to pick their spirits up.

In recent years, the world has had several movements in hopes of making a more accepting society. These movements have carried throughout all of society, including entertainment, such as TV shows, movies, and books. Many of these platforms have introduced several characters that are gay or Deaf. For example, in a short film "The Stutterer" the main character had a stutter. By adding characters like this, it not only intrigues people that can relate to him, but it gives every other viewer insight into the hardships that people go through.

Storytelling has carried throughout all of human history, yet I think people misunderstand the real use for it brings people together. Storytelling won't work if you are the only one to experience it. It forces people to learn about something that they have never experienced before. Whether it be scary stories around a campfire, a book, or a movie it brings a group of people together.

Many stories, such as the one of the climber, have a moral or a lesson, and others like "The Stutterer" help you understand what people are going through. In one way or another, storytelling has impacted everyone's life. Storytelling reminds us that everyone leads a different life, and to always be conscious of the experiences people have had.

CREATIVE WRITING

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS: PART 5
A Voyage to "Paradise"

BY EMILY WILSON

Students in Ms. Brunelle's Honors English 11 class were assigned to write a part five to the four-part classic satirical book "Gulliver's Travels." This creative work was meant to be satirical of various human behaviors with an overarching theme.

It is 1721 when Gulliver boards a ship headed down Europe's coastline for the first time since his voyage to the land of the houyhnhnms. When he grows tired of the bestial "yahoos" on board, he jumps off and swims to the shoreline of a mysterious island - a island which calls itself "Paradise".

It was April of 1721 by the time I had committed to another voyage. A year prior, my home had burned to ashes leaving us impoverished and barely alive. My wife and all my children had escaped unharmed, but the flames had destroyed our belongings and life savings. Desolate and emaciated, I heard of an opportunity to go by ship to Lisbon, Portugal and back to England if I agreed to work as a medic for the crew members. I was ecstatic at the thought of leaving my barbaric family, even if only for a few months, and I was even more elated to receive compensation for it. This way I would be able to bring money back for my family to live off for a while. The deal couldn't have been any better. In the depths of my longing, I secretly dreamt to be thrown from the ship back to my beloved houyhnhnms and to live there for the rest of my days.

I still despised humans and their disgusting, selfish nature, especially my wife and children who, thankfully, were beginning to realize my distaste for them would never subside. Perhaps my family wanted me to go as much as I wanted to go, but there was always the risk that they would starve in my absence. Truthfully, it would serve them right for their gluttonous habits. My wife begged me profusely not to leave again, but I needed to find money to feed them, so I knew I had to.

I boarded a rickety ship called "The Aristocrat". It's wood was decaying in many places, the foulness of the lower deck was enough to make anyone weep, and it's sails were besmirched to the highest degree, but my commitment was already final. The peach-colored light of dawn met the dark wood of the cargo ship, softly becoming brighter with every passing minute. The clear horizon appeared to me like an open door to the rest of the world, just waiting for something to cut across the untouched morning waters and to explore whatever may exist beyond. Of all the strange voyages I had ever embarked on, I had never felt so ready to take the risk again.

Aboard the ship were about 150 other men, along with the captain's family. Only three stops were to be made along journey to Lisbon - firstly, to a place called Cherbourg, a fishing city on the western edge of France, at 49.6337° N, 1.6221° W. It would take about twelve days to get there. Then, we'd stop in La Rochelle, another French city known for fishing, at 46.1603° N, 1.1511° W, which would take nine more days to reach. Lastly, we'd be stopping in northern Spain in a coastal city known as Vigo, at 42.2406° N, 8.7207° W, a ten day excursion from La Rochelle. From there, we'd travel right to Lisbon, Portugal, 38.7223° N, 9.1393° W, a place just seven days

away from Vigo. "The Aristocrat" carried various exports: teas, fabrics, livestock, furs, among other things. I thought that, once I reached Portugal, I might consider staying and working to send money back to my family. That way they'd be taken care of and I'd be happily apart from them. Some men might worry that their wife would fall for someone else in their absence, but that was no concern of mine. Not because I didn't think it might happen, but because I wouldn't care if it did. In fact, I'd prefer it. That way I'd be able to depart from that family with little guilt and they could find someone else to take care of them.

Upon boarding the ship, I was shown to the place where I was to sleep. I opened the door, expecting a quiet, private room, a place with a bed and perhaps a desk, as a surgeon would expect. But when the door opened, I was shocked to find I would be sleeping in a dark, dingy, filthy room full of other men. There were a minimum of ten other cots, with a shared chamber pot much too close to those cots. The room was musty and filled with the sound of low chatter and dull conversation. I had left England to escape the annoyances of the yahoos, and, foolishly, I had expected to be situated in solitude. This was not the case and I was in for a long journey.

The first two days of the journey were treacherous for me. I swear I wasn't alone for a split-second, as the yahoo people were constantly making noise and trouble, and everyday, someone had some problem that required my attention, annoyingly. My only form of solace was sleep, when I could rest my head and the world would fade out, if only for a few hours. Although, I did not get much sleep since the others in my room were moving about constantly.

The yahoos aboard the ship were insufferable. They would talk loudly at the most inappropriate hours causing me to lose a great deal of sleep. They even fought - oh, how they fought. A small off-putting comment could turn into a violent brawl instantly, and I would sometimes find myself in the path of the men fighting, in which case they'd shove me aside carelessly.

On the third day of the journey, I noticed a foggy shoreline only 200 yards away. We were traveling very close to land, and a heavenly land at that. This I found strange because I knew we were much too far from the mainland for it to be France or Belgium or Holland.

As I gazed past the waves, which were pummeling each other as if a storm was upon us, I stood contemplative on the deck of the ship. A tall and rambunctious yahoo, who was very drunk, came up from behind and fell into me. Without so much as an apology, he returned to his drunken state and continued singing and laughing, utterly ignorant as to the perceptions of his crewmates. Actually, I was the only crewmate that seemed to care how obnoxious and deplorable he was acting because half the crew was even drunker than he. The ship wobbled about and chaos ensued. This was my last drop of patience with their kind - yahoo people were worthless, I decided then and there. Staring out across the unsteady seas, I saw my opportunity to relieve myself from the misery of that ship, and I took it.

As brave as Hercules, I dove off the edge of the ship without hesitation, and without any of my belong-

ings. It didn't matter - nothing I brought on that ship was worth another second in Hell. The cold water was the most refreshing sensation I had ever felt, or maybe the relief was what felt so wonderful. Either way, I knew I had made the right choice. "Never might I see home again," I thought, but that didn't matter. I had, at that age, maybe ten years left alive, so my family would've had to get on without me at some point. I was not the best thing for them, anyway. They'd be better off without me, and I would certainly be better off without them.

As I attempted to swim to the safety of the shore, the riptide pulled me from side to side relentlessly, and even dragged me under. That was when I noticed a sizeable, floating piece of driftwood that bobbed about, which I pegged at half a yard wide and very strong. I grabbed onto the device, which saved me from certain death. I wondered where the driftwood came from and how it got there.

As I drew nearer, I saw a mountain of sand rising from the mask of fog. The mountain was smooth, a pale yellow, and high, like a desert pyramid. Palm trees and fruit bushes lined the shore. "How odd," I thought. "Why would there be a tropical island this far north?"

The sky began to clear as I made my way up the beach and to the jungle at the base of the mound. As I got closer, I could see there was a hole in the top of the hill, a large one. "Perhaps it is a volcano?" I considered.

Desperately exhausted, I decided to fall asleep somewhere - the journey thus far had been draining in every way. I found a short tree with a protruding branch long enough for me to take refuge in. I climbed the brief distance up the tree and balanced myself, attempting to get comfortable. It was not a warm bed, but I was grateful to find repose anywhere I could.

I must've slept for hours, because by the time I woke, the sky was red and yellow like a flame, burning the day away until it would eventually cease to burn at all. The sun was extremely low in the sky and I could see only half of it over the broad horizon. The red light met the sea, giving the now gentle waves a unique hue. I considered my latest impulsive decision as I watched the sky blacken. Soon, I was fast asleep again, peacefully, but my carefree state of mind proved ephemeral. I was soon jolted awake and, somehow, moving swiftly, yet staring up at the morning sky. I examined myself and saw that I was tied down with the lanky leaves of some strong plant, bound onto the branch which I had fallen asleep on. I was being carried over the heads of my assailants, whom I could not see. My fear was so intense that I could not even open my mouth to scream. I felt that I needed to stay silent until I knew who was carrying me. Just then, I had apparently given them some indication that I was awake, because my assailants began to communicate with one another, rapidly in a strange tongue that I could not understand. I could only imagine the most violent of outcomes to arise from this situation. Would they roast me over a fire and eat me? Would they mug me and leave me for dead?

I was soon forced to confront the perpetrators face to face when suddenly my body was tilted upwards. They were carrying me up the mysterious yellow mountain... (Continued on page 7)

"THE OFFICE" CROSSWORD PAGE 10



BACK TO THE ROOTS (Continued)

...originate from Latin. "Mors" is the Latin word for "death" (from where we get words such as "mortal" and "mortuary"). It gets most interesting with the Latin word "volo," which can either mean "to fly" or "to want." So, that means Voldemort's name can either be translated "I fly from death" or "I want death." This name summarizes the complex idea of Voldemort's horcruxes. To help himself stay alive, Voldemort puts six pieces of his soul into different horcruxes, a variety of objects. Each time he does this, he cuts out a piece of himself, and thus the "I want death" translation comes into play. However, Voldemort does this to evade death and overcome the natural course of life, so the translation "I fly from death" is very apparent. Not to mention, "horcrux" contains the Latin word "crux," which means "cross." Pretty interesting, right?

It is said not to judge a book by its cover, but subconsciously, we often do. It's the same way with names. A name can automatically make us think a certain way about someone. Rowling takes advantage of this idea to formulate names that help the reader better understand characters. At Brigham Young University, a school newspaper interviewed fans about Latin in the series. One student commented, "If you were to know certain words in languages, you don't even necessarily have to know about the person. Just with the name you know what kind of person they are."

In 2018, the magazine Medium published an article about the importance of character names. In the article, the author writes, "Good names can suggest some primary value, core essence, or narrative function of a character." This is exactly what Rowling does, as she is able to simultaneously state a character trait or plot theme outright, yet conceal it subtly through the mysterious veil of Latin.

Character names are only one aspect of Latin in the series. It is equally present in the myriad of spells cast in the wizarding world. The Latin roots that make up the base of spells either state what the spell does or somehow indicate the relevance each spell has to the plot. Like character names, some spells are straightforward. "Incendio" is a spell used to set fire to something; it comes from the Latin word "incendium," which literally means "fire." The famous disarming spell "expelliarmus" is a combination of the Latin words "expellere" and "armus," which translate (rather obviously) to "expel arms." Thus the spell knocks the other wizard's wand out of their hand. There's also the famous "wingardium leviosa" spell, which levitates objects. Rowling played around with the Latin a bit for this one, but still, "leviosa" is coming from "levare," meaning "to lift," as well as "levis," meaning "lightweight," just like the feather the students are first tasked with lifting. Even two out of the three Unforgivable Curses, the Cruciatu Curse and the Imperius Curse, are Latin words. "Crucio" means "I torture" and "imperio" means "I control." For as many Latin character names exist, there are even more Latin spells.

One of the most intriguing spell meanings is of the famous "expecto patronum," which is used throughout the series to repel Azkaban Prison's wand out of their hand. There's also the famous "wingardium leviosa" spell, which levitates objects. Rowling played around with the Latin a bit for this one, but still, "leviosa" is coming from "levare," meaning "to lift," as well as "levis," meaning "lightweight," just like the feather the students are first tasked with lifting. Even two out of the three ghost guards, called Dementors (whose name comes from "demo," meaning "to extract" and "mens," meaning "mind," which is exactly what they do to anyone who gets in their way). When one yells the words "expecto patronum," the Latin translation is "I await a patron," patron in this sense meaning protector. The protector that the spell refers to is a "patronus," a wizard's animal guardian. So with this spell, they're not actually just repelling Dementors, they're calling for their animal patron to help protect them. Here's where this ties into the plot, though. Harry's patronus is a stag, as was his father's. This relates to one of the overarching themes of the entire series: how the love and protection Harry's parents gave him are the reason he could not be easily killed by Voldemort or other evil creatures.

Another interesting spell is the incantation "morsmordre," which summons Death Eaters. "Mors," as mentioned before, means "death," and "mordere" means "bite." Thus the spell can translate to "death bite" which perhaps is referring to Voldemort's ability to instantly make all of the Death Eaters' wrists burn through their Dark Mark tattoo.

In addition to Latin itself, Roman mythology plays an equally important role in the series, especially in character names and magical creatures. For example, in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone, there's Professor Quirinus Quirrell, one of my personal least favorite characters. Maybe that's because he's very two-faced, in more ways than one. Janus Quirinus is an early Roman god of doorways, and the source of Quirrell's name, according to Pottermore. He is portrayed as a man with two faces, one on either side of his head. If you know Roman mythology well, you might have been able to guess early on that Quirrell wears a turban for a reason, which is finally revealed towards the end of the book.

Professor Minerva McGonagall is another example. She's introduced in the first chapter of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone as the sharp-witted and fearless teacher of Transfiguration. Her name was inspired by Minerva, the Roman goddess of wisdom. Minerva was also the goddess of battle strategy, which foreshadows McGonagall's major role as a leader in the Battle of Hogwarts in Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows. As written in an article in Vulture magazine, "...it is McGonagall who makes plans and prepares Hogwarts for war while Harry's off conversing with ghosts about tiaras." A very savvy Latin reader might have been able to predict future events in the series after seeing Minerva McGonagall's name in the first book.

Then there's Narcissa Malfoy, the vain and coldhearted mother of Draco. Her name is derived from Narcissus, a mythological character who fell in love with his own reflection, which eventually led him to his destruction. Though it doesn't necessarily lead Narcissa to her downfall, it is clear that maintaining her family's good reputation is what is most important to her, even when Draco is suffering. To further prove this point, she even makes an Unbreakable Vow to "protect" Draco, but it's obvious that it's actually to protect the family honor.

As the caretaker of Hogwarts, Argus Filch's name comes from Argus Panoptes (Argos),



Above: Rubeus "Red-faced" Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts.

known in mythology as the spy of Zeus' wife Hera. Argos had eyes all over his body, which is comparable to the way character Argus Filch always has an eye out when it comes to what's going on inside of Hogwarts. Also, Argos had to guard a cow for Hera, which is similar to how he guards the school.

Besides character names, mythology is very apparent in the various kinds of magical creatures that appear in the wizarding world. J.K. Rowling directly borrowed most of these creatures from Roman mythology.

In the first book, we meet Fluffy. Don't be fooled by the name: this giant three-headed dog is the first defense for the Sorcerer's Stone. But did you know that this creature is really called "Cerberus," and is the pet of Hades, the god of the dead? Cerberus stands at the gates of the Underworld to prevent the dead from leaving. It has been referenced many times in countless myths, and is one of the most iconic mythological characters. It makes sense that Rowling would base Fluffy off of Cerberus — Fluffy guards the entrance to the depths that protect the Sorcerer's Stone, just as Cerberus guards the gates of the Underworld.

There's also the Basilisk, the giant serpent that wreaks havoc throughout Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets. This creature was inspired by early Greek and Roman stories, which actually described it as being of small size, unlike the Basilisk in the books. Pliny the Elder wrote in one of the earliest references to the Basilisk that it's "no more than 12 fingers in length." Rowling likely chose the Basilisk for its well known ability to turn anything it looks at to stone, which it does to many characters at Hogwarts after emerging from the Chamber of Secrets in the second book.

One of the most loved mythological creatures in the series is the Buckbeak, a Hippogriff, which is half-horse, half-eagle. As discussed on Pottermore, the Hippogriff is said throughout mythology to be a symbol of Apollo, who is the god of light. This relates to the creature in the book because Buckbeak is always a beacon of light to the characters, often getting them out of difficult situations.

Last but not least, the phoenix is a very popular mythological character, and is also Dumbledore's pet. Phoenixes are known to have healing powers, and Fawkes, Dumbledore's phoenix, on occasion helps to heal Harry. More importantly, and perhaps the main reason why Rowling chose the phoenix as Dumbledore's pet, is that the phoenix is a symbol of hope. When a phoenix dies, it goes up in flames, and is then again reborn from the ashes. Similarly, this represents Harry Potter's fight against darkness, and how he continuously rises up after experiences with death.

Latin is not just arbitrarily present throughout the series. J.K. Rowling uses carefully chosen Latin words and Roman mythology that conveys to her readers certain details about spells, characters, creatures and more. Her underlying use of Latin gives depth to the plot. Through these references, the reader can discover the foreshadowing of future events and key aspects of the story. A name might just seem like a name at first, but when looking at the Latin roots of each, one can find out more about fundamental character traits or the role a character plays in the bigger picture. The Latin in a spell name reveals the true intentions of what it does. In addition to Latin itself, Rowling's use of Roman mythology helps the reader call upon the stories they already know to better understand the events in the book. All of these uses of Latin were done intentionally by Rowling, and were done so in a way that brings extra magic and new life to the series. So next time you read the Harry Potter books, keep an eye out for what more you might discover!

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS: PART 5 (Continued)



...The angle allowed me to see the creatures, and they were not human. I couldn't tell what they were for a long while. All I knew was that they were about as tall as the average human. They had smooth black skin with gigantic dark eyes. On their heads were two moving antennae, and their arms and legs appeared strong and covered in bristles. They marched in unison, and although I couldn't understand their language, I could tell that they spoke to one another with a sense of professionalism, which I thought strange after spending my entire life with barbarians. It seemed that even mysterious non-human creatures were more civilized than the family I once knew. As I put the pieces together, it struck me - they were terrifyingly large ants walking upright. This made me more petrified, as I had no idea what a human-sized ant would want with me.

Their expedition had a leader - an ant who appeared stronger than the others from my observation. He walked in front and yelled at his ants to move forward, for if they stopped on a shifty sand hill, they'd surely slide down. They spoke to their leader with respect and submission, as if they were soldiers addressing a colonel.

We reached the top of the mountain and they brought me down a steep incline into the hole at the peak. I realized this was not a mountain nor a volcano, but an ant hill. I lifted my head as they carried me inside, catching a glimpse of their underground world. Inside the hill was a vibrant civilization full of other ants, sand structures, noise, and lights. Immediately I felt a surge of intimidation. How could giant insects build such a futuristic place under the Earth?

The four ants carried me down a labyrinth of stairways which lined the interior walls of the ant hill. The sand was hard and solid, more like sandstone than soft sand, as if their structures had been there for thousands of years. Hundreds of other ants hustled one by one up and down the stair cases carrying fruits, leaves, mosses, grasses, and other forms of vegetation. They moved swiftly, their gazes down, wasting no time wondering why a human was in their space. They had the most severe case of tunnel vision I had ever observed. How could they have been so focused on their work that they would miss something so incredibly unusual?

It took no longer than five minutes before we were at the deepest level of their civilization. I saw that the city beneath the earth had a fluttering emerald-green light about it. It shone out from a glistening gemstone in the heart of the city placed directly under the hole in the hill, right where the sunlight hit. The green stone was cut like a diamond into a stunning multi-dimensional shape. It was placed on a pedestal of sandstone which gripped it tightly in place so it could never be stolen - as if, with it, the soul of the city might also disappear. The gem was no larger than a coconut, but its beauty knew no bounds. The slowly-moving kaleidoscope of green colors imprinted itself on the city around it.

I still didn't know what they wanted with me or if I would ever be free again. They brought me across the town to the foot of a tall and imposing structure, resembling a government building, with a wide staircase leading to its double doors. They propped my branch upright at the foot of the steps and held me there. By then, a crowd of ants had gathered at the foot of those steps and they stared at me. The double doors, constructed from branches and leaves mostly, flew open, and out walked a tall, fat ant with a wooden cane and a top hat. As he appeared, the other ants cheered for him but could not clap due to their anatomy, which I thought to be very awkward. He bowed and greeted the crowd with cordiality. He walked down the grand staircase slowly and confidently as the audience continued cheering. He stopped halfway down the steps, suddenly. He was standing intimidatingly above me, looking down.

The crowd fell silent. The ants who had carried me began speaking in their bizarre native tongue which didn't consist of words, but more a mixture of high pitched and low pitched squeaking noises. They seemed to be asking me a question, but I, of course, couldn't respond in a way they'd understand.

"Sir, I don't understand. I can't speak-" and before I could finish my sentence, the mysterious ant cut me off with a sound I can only describe as a squeal. The ants who carried me seemed as though they were afraid of him. They offered up to the powerful ant some medical tools and devices, my surgical instruments, which they'd stolen off of me. I hadn't realized were gone until that moment.

"My instruments! You give those back to me at once or else I'll-" Again, cut off by a horrible squeak.

After seeing those tools, the tall ant looked me up and down and thought for a moment. While I couldn't understand exactly what he said, I could tell he was much calmer and more accepting of me for some reason. He began to speak very loudly to the crowd, using grand gestures and an elevated tone. The ants untied the strong leaves that bound me as I tried to regain my footing. My legs had fallen asleep severely. He gestured me up to the step he was standing on and pulled me up by the back of my shirt so my legs were off the ground. Effortlessly, he dangled me from my own shirt collar as if I weighed nothing. He began yelling out to the crowd, which murmured in response to whatever his statement was. I worried that he was selling me, I couldn't think of any other possibility. Seconds passed as he stared into the crowd like he was expecting something.

In the midst of the low, awkward chatter, someone in the back of the crowd raised her leg and called out, making her way to the front of the crowd. As she approached, I noticed she was carrying two bundles wrapped in leaves, for they were larvae, one she carried with her top set of legs and the other she carried with her middle set of legs. She briefly and quietly conversed with the ant holding me as if they were making an agreement. I was unstrapped which caused me to stumble down the steps. Without reluctance or hesitation, she helped me up, took my hand, and briskly rushed me through the crowd.

Her name was Marvi, the ant who took me in that day. She looked like the others - a tall black garden ant, with six strong legs, walking upright most of the time, her face adorned with wondering eyes. But she was not all the same. Marvi had a broken left antenna - it was unmissable, the first thing one would notice upon looking at her, aside from the fact that she was a giant ant, of course. The antenna was snapped in half and it dangled helplessly from her head.

Marvi lived in a sandstone shack built into the walls of the underground city in the farthest corner from the shimmering green light. In fact, Marvi's home was significantly far from any light source at all, other than the candles that lit the streets. Even during the daytime, her world was dark, and the broken antenna didn't make navigating that darkness any easier for her.

When she brought me into her home that day, she showed me kindness like I hadn't known in a long time. We didn't know each other's languages at first, but she still provided me with nourishment until I was able to learn. When I first arrived in her residence, she gave to me berries and water, which was all that she had. As I was already emaciated upon arrival to the island, I may have perished without her sacrifice.

As I continued to stay in Marvi's home, I learned more about her incredible culture. The name of her civilization translated to "Paradise", which was home to the "Paradisians". The ant who had held me by my collar on my first day there was the Mayor of their land. Marvi told me the land was called Paradise because.

"It's a wonderful place here," she said as she slouched over the food bin searching for scraps. "We have everything - nourishment, beauty, the gem - I just wish I could see it shine way out here. We have all that we could ever possibly need and more." And Marvi was right, Paradise was a lovely place from what I had seen.

Marvi's home was extremely humble. It consisted of a bed made from branches and dried leaves, two wooden cradles for her larvae, a hole in the ground lined with leaves to keep food in, a stone water basin, and little else. I was surprised to find out that these ants were skilled artisans and were able to make stone and wooden objects with precision.

Marvi was employed as a food-fetcher. Her job was to collect berries, leaves, and other foods to bring back to the hill, and from there the goods would be compiled and sold. Marvi worked harder than I could fathom, usually dragging herself home near midnight and leaving very early in the morning. She earned little money. I had great respect for her hardworking spirit, but I would often notice her feeling discouraged. To Marvi, it seemed that no matter how hard she would work, she would have to scrape by, barely able to feed her larvae nevermind herself. Nevertheless, she continued working and I would stay with her larvae whenever I wasn't working. There were many ants in Marvi's neighborhood who slept on the streets in starvation, so she was actually quite lucky.

I, by contrast, was allowed to stay in their world because they needed doctors. Marvi had told me that the shortage arose from a largely uneducated population. As tragic as this was, I was not about to complain, for I was paid a fair salary. I did ask her what motivated her generosity of spirit, to which she replied:

"Gulliver, if there's no one willing to care for you, whoever will you be able to care for?"

Paintings of flowers with golden centers could be

found all over Paradise. On every wall, in every shop, and in every home, there they were, painted on with crushed berries and precious metals. Paradise was so strangely beautiful. It was filled with ants, entirely underground, yet I was still mesmerized by it.

Marvi and I would often have discussions about the contrasting systems of government in our lands. One desire we had in common was the desire for more power. I told her that, in my home country of England, we lived under a monarch. I told her that all the respect and loyalty in the world was to be owed to the King or Queen and they controlled our lives. She explained to me that her government prioritized hard work and discipline, which is why she worked constantly and a quarter of the population was in the dungeon, which was a deep chamber beneath the city. I thought her system of government was wonderful, the disciplinarian nation of it was sure to keep citizens in order.

Most of the money in the city was held by the rich. Marvi told me her situation was not unique and that most Paradisians barely made enough to survive. She said there wasn't much help available and that wages were low.

"Perhaps I don't work hard enough," she said. "If I work harder, I'll be like them. I'll be rich and healthy and my larvae will be too."

I always encouraged her. In Paradise, anything was thought possible with hard work. My only reservation was that she seemed to be holding herself back unintentionally. Poverty cost her any money she made, but I still encouraged her work ethic.

Marvi and I grew continually closer during our time together. Her life was difficult despite the ingenious government of her city. I was a great friend to her when she needed it and I assisted her to buy food and water. Our bond was strong. The only other instance in which I can remember knowing a person so well was with the houyhnhnms.

Though I had little money at first, I was paid well and soon I was considered one of society's higher-ups along with the other doctors, some lawyers, and the government officials. I would frequently spend time discussing money and politics with them in their extravagant sandstone houses. I even became friends with the mayor. One day, while I was working, I started up a discussion with another doctor who was telling me about their beautiful home, and he asked me why I didn't have one. I explained to him that I was staying with the ant who first welcomed me into her home, and I, in return, was helping her get by. After all, she was impoverished and she had been very kind to me.

"Hah! Staying with a poor ant, how naive," he said.

"And what exactly do you mean by that?" I asked, mildly annoyed.

"You have money, why subject yourself to living in a shack in a bad part of the city tied to someone you barely know?"

"But I do know her, she's my friend."

"And that's fine, but just think of everything you could have. You could have a townhouse, perhaps in view of the green gem, right in the center of the city. You don't owe her anything, but you do owe it to yourself to live luxuriously."

His words confused me, but I figured with all the money I had, I didn't need to stay with Marvi any longer. I could be independent. She worked, she could support herself, and I thought that I had more than repaid her kindness.

"Now it is my time," I thought. "It is my time to get what I've always wanted. I don't owe anyone anything." I wanted a house in view of the gem, I deserved it. So out I set.

Marvi seemed to understand my decision, but I could see in her face that she was slightly heartbroken. I thanked her for all she had done and wished her the best of luck. It wasn't my fault she was struggling, it was the fault of the system she had lived in all her life. With this logic in mind, I didn't feel guilty leaving.

It had been weeks since I had last seen her when she came into my doctor's office in a daze. She had broken another antenna and could barely navigate her surroundings. (Continued on page 8)



Top photo: Professor Quirinus Quirrell, shown with two heads, one of them being Voldemort. Bottom photo: Janus Quirinus, Roman god of doorways, the inspiration for Professor Quirrell's name.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS: PART 5 (Continued)

... I agreed to help her if she would pay the fee, but she told me she could not. As much as it hurt me, as much as she begged, I was forced to turn her away. I couldn't help her. So, I moved on and went about my day, paying little mind to the encounter. If she really needed help, she could go petition another doctor, but I didn't want to be the one to lose money on her.

On my way to work the next week, I stopped and picked up the newspaper like always. In this city, the ants actually made paper out of tree bark. I ruffled through the pages until I saw a story that caught my eye.

"Unidentifiable Ant Found Deceased" Curious and intrigued, I read through the short article, which was on the very back page. The story described an ant who appeared homeless, jobless, and malnourished, who, while carrying two larvae, died somewhere in Marvi's neighborhood. My heart stopped for a second as I imagined the unthinkable.

The last sentence read - "The ant remains unknown and unidentified. Her only unique physical traits include two broken antenna."

And instantly, my heart shattered.

Shocked and in agonizing disbelief, I fled Paradise without hesitation. Guilt took the form of tears and filled my eyes, though I hadn't cried in ages, and I pushed my way through the crowded square I had been standing in, through the other ants, past the green gem and up the stairs. A storm festered in the skies and rained on me as I reached the top of the ant hill, which now seemed to me a dull grey rather than a pale yellow. I sped down the steep incline, sliding down the slippery sand until I reached the grassy edge.

On the shore, in the weeping rain, I fell to my knees in ruins. I threw my head in my hands and sobbed hopelessly for Marvi, and as I did, I learned the meaning of the word "regret". My regret was simple yet intensely complicated. I should've helped Marvi. Why did I let that green greed take over my heart and head? Why did I let that

meaningless gem take away my sight and turn it into selfishness? Why did I let her suffer?

I stayed on that beach in deep grief for a long time, until the rain subsided. When I got back up again, weak and defeated, I stood contemplative over the dark seas. Though the rain had gone, I still felt the sensation of grief in my chest, deeply, and it pained me. The reality that no one would mourn for Marvi set in like fangs into my skin, and the venom must've poisoned my thoughts. In yet another moment of weakness and impulsivity, I sprinted forward and dove straight into the troubled waters, not caring whether I would live or die.

I woke up hours later on the deck of a ship, lying in the sun, soaked from head to toe, terribly confused, for I did not know where I was or how I ended up there. The sun was blinding after having been asleep. Over me stood men who appeared shadowy with the sun to their backs.

"Are you alright?" I powerful voice interrupts my confused state. I forgot how to speak for a moment and just looked up at him as my eyes adjusted to the light.

I processed what he had said seconds later. "Yes, I'm fine." I sat up and coughed. "What happened?"

The strong-voiced man answered me. "We were sailing past a small island and saw a body washed up against the rocks. We assumed you were dead, but we picked you up and, as luck would have it, you were alive." The man was tall and imposing, with fair eyes and a long, scraggly brown beard.

I looked around and saw the ship was relatively small. It appeared that only four sailors were on it, plus myself.

I learned that the men were sailing from Britain to the French Coast, and back to Britain again. Their ship was called "Heaven's Bounty" and the captain, who was the rough looking man I first spoke to, was named Captain Edward Bradford. He was an experienced sailor who transported illegal goods from Britain to various European countries in small shipments. He did not tell me what specifically, but he did tell me it was

some type of alcohol that had been outlawed in the countries he was bringing it to.

I told them I was an experienced surgeon and could help them with medical problems, should they have any. They let me sail back to England with them by participating as a crew member.

I told them my story and they believed I had hit my head on the rock I was found on. I did not blame them nor was I surprised that they were in disbelief, my story was pretty unbelievable. I do admit that I left out many of the compromising details about my inconsideration toward the late Marvi.

The crew was kind to me and let me help them on their voyage. They provided me food, water, and alcohol in exchange for my hard work. We didn't talk much about anything, I could sense they were not sympathetic nor emotional people, so I hardened myself and kept quiet.

My crew's kindness made me forget about my previously held convictions about humans. Their kindness and my vulnerability after losing a friend put me in the position to reevaluate my logic and consider that humans might not be as malevolent as I thought. I felt that I did not have room in my life for hatred.

About two weeks after I was picked up, I returned to England, ready to embrace my family with open arms and apologize to them for my dismissive attitude over the past few years. I arrived at my home to find that my wife had remarried in my absence, thinking I had disappeared at sea. Had I been gone so long? I was overwhelmed with confusion and anger.

I remember upon leaving for my last journey that I had hoped my wife would find someone else, and my wish had come true much to my dismay.

I knew then and there that I would never go on another voyage. The risk of my life changing for the worse was too great. I had learned a great deal on my voyages, and they had surely taken a toll on my life, but my cynicism ended up costing me the greatest price.

YOUR MIND ON MUSIC (Continued)

...assist with pain management, regulate your heart rate and breathing, and much, much more. But, in all the research into the benefits of music, most of the studies are isolated to the sick, and the unwell. So, what if we could take this miracle medicine and use it for good in the lives of each and every person around you, including yourself?

A Brief History of Music Therapy

The idea of music as a healing influence goes back in time as far as the writings of Aristotle and Plato. The 20th century profession of music therapy formally began after World War I and World War II when musicians of all types, both amateur and professional, went to Veterans hospitals around the country to play for the thousands of veterans suffering both physical and emotional trauma from the gruesome wars. The patients' notable physical and emotional responses to the music led the doctors and nurses to request the hiring of more musicians by the hospitals; and from there, the push to educate young people on the topic to improve modern medicine only grew.

Does it Affect Your Emotions?

The second you turn that music on, your brain chemistry begins to change. Endorphins begin flowing to your receptors and you are given a sense of euphoria. According to science journalist Erika Montgomery, this euphoria the music gives you is similar to what they call a "runner's high". Depending on the kind of music and its tonality, it contains the power to make you feel sad, happy, relaxed, excited, or anywhere in between. Music therapists have grasped these effects and have figured out how to use different types of music to help their patients to, for example, accept their diagnosis and come to terms with the cards that have been laid out in front of them. Or, to help control their emotions during difficult treatments that can cause mood swings, depression, and other negative side effects. Now, imagine if you used this knowledge of the limits of music therapy to control your emotions; to take their research and use it to manage your highs and lows on your own terms, on any given day. No drugs, no therapists, just you.

Music As Medicine

Not only are these endorphins good for controlling emotions, but they are also an extremely effective pain blocker. Imagine if you had the option to choose between Advil, and dangerously addictive painkillers, or, a carefully put together album, just for you, to manage your pain. This technique has been proven to be successful most recently with cancer patients who are receiving Chemotherapy. At MD Anderson's Integrative Medicine Center, every patient reported significantly less discomfort with the live music provided by the hospital, and it provides a non-invasive, and not to mention, free, way to handle pain. According to an oncology nurse in this center, "It [music therapy] tends to be the only treatment that even the sickest of patients want, accept, and can tolerate on an ongoing basis." This is also a common new treatment when dealing with babies and the elderly, whose bodies cannot handle many medications without negative repercussions, that are often times not worth it. This goes hand in hand with another amazing effect of music. A chemical called Immunoglobulin A, a cell that attacks viruses and other toxins in the body, multiplies exponentially when listening to



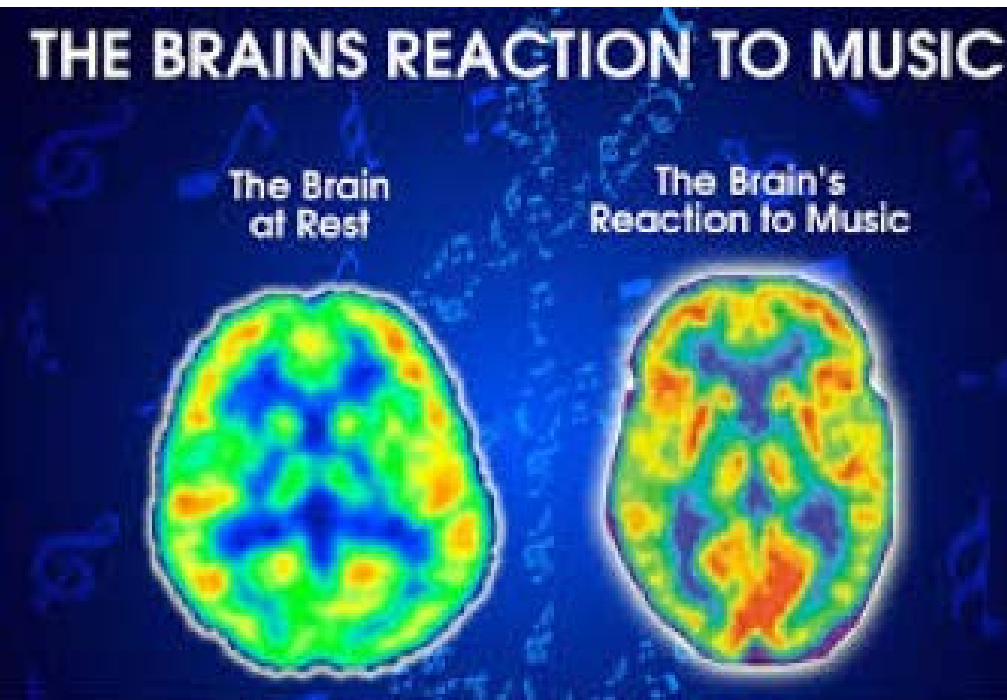
music, and in turn, strengthens your immune system. Not to mention, with children who experience heavy anxiety that comes with their diagnosis, music can be used as a stress reliever to keep the patient mentally healthy. Your body cannot heal without a confident head. This relief isn't just magic, it comes from music's effect on a stress hormone called Cortisol, which is dramatically reduced when listening to music; making it easier for patients to undergo procedures, and calming them like no prescription medication can.

Your Body on Music

Now, music does not only trigger a chemical change in the brain, but also affects your physical body. Do you ever wonder why your foot taps when you hear a song that you like? Well, it's the same reason that dancers dance. Music activates the auditory cortices of your brain, and the auditory cortices activate the motor cortices of your brain. So, the part of your brain that controls all of your movement literally lights up when you hear the rhythms of music. A relaxing song has the power to slow your heart rate, while an upbeat song does the opposite. Our bodies try to match the rhythms we hear without us even knowing. For example, ballet uses slow, calming music, often played on a piano or violin and this music is reflected in the delicate, fluid movements of the dancer. While for hip hop, rap music is often used, and the dancer's facial expression changes, and their movements become sharp, strong, and groovy. This effect on the motor cortex has worked miracles on patients with illnesses that affect the motor cortices such as Parkinson's disease, which causes them to have many moments of uncontrolled freezing in their movements, even when they are simply just trying to walk. These symptoms can eventually become debilitating. Not to mention, many diseases such as this have no cure, and the medications to aid the symptoms have many side effects and the process for finding the right medications can be grueling. But, watch a Parkinson's patient as they listen to their favorite song. The freezing stops, and their movements become fluid. Their motor cortices are being activated, and they are given more control over their own bodies. Eventually, you can watch the patients dance with ease. This is similar to how Alzheimer's patients can hear a certain song and they are able to pull out a memory of a person or a dance that they know. It seems like a miracle, but it's really just the magic of music.

So, What Should This Mean To You?

As I've said, music has been discovered to be a perfect aid for many illnesses and symptoms, for people of all ages. It has no limitations for who can use it, no side effects, and it helps many parts of your well being. But, put aside the medicine, and what are you left with? A stress reliever, a pain reliever, a way to control your emotions; and none of it is myth, it has all been proven thanks to modern medicine. So, next time you get a headache and think about popping a few Advil, try turning on some of your favorite calming music, and feel the magic for yourself. It's even more immediate than pain killers because your brain starts releasing chemicals the second your ears pick up on the sound. Or, you've had a bad day and you're stressed out or upset, scroll through your songs and put on whatever seems right. There's no formula for what triggers what in your brain, it's all up to you. The power of music lives within the listener. It's solely up to you to turn it up, and let it take control.



DO YOU SPEAK SPANISH OR PORTUGUESE?

Volunteer at the New Bedford Immigrants' Assistance Center

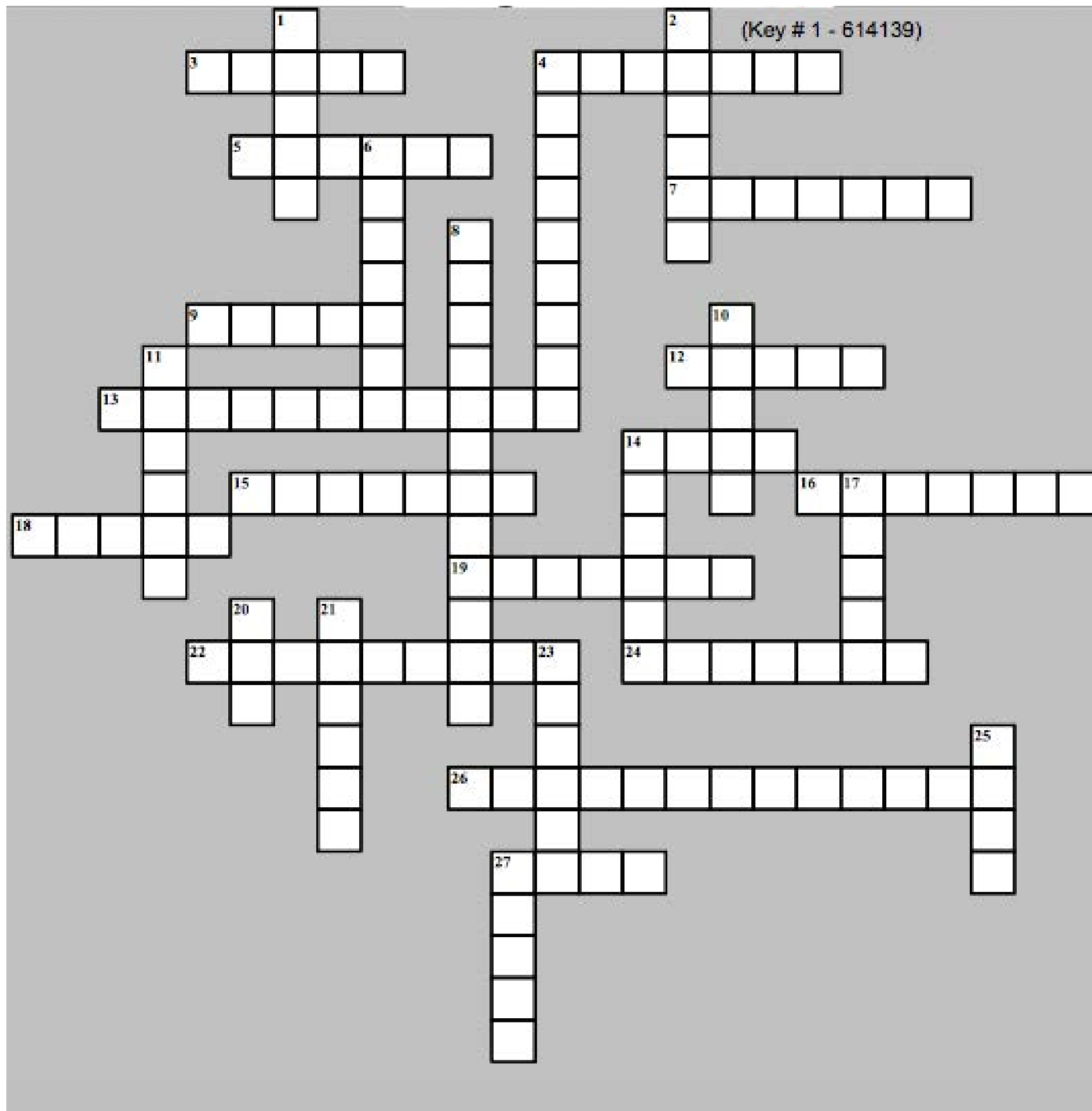
The NBIAC needs volunteers to help people learn English. Bilingual volunteers HIGHLY preferred.

Email vicente@iac1971.org OR emilywilson@oldrochester.org to find out how you can help.

GAMES

“THE OFFICE” CROSSWORD

Think you know a lot about “The Office”? Complete this crossword puzzle to test your knowledge!



Across

- 3. Name of Ryan's baby
- 4. Michael's favorite kind of Chrysler
- 5. Here Comes _____
- 7. One of Stanley Hudson's "mistresses"
- 9. Who said "Bankruptcy is nature's do-over"?
- 12. Last name of the individual responsible for diversity day training
- 13. Brand of lady's suit Michael accidentally buys
- 14. Would Michael rather be feared or loved?
- 15. College Andy attends
- 16. Initial name of Jim's sports marketing co.
- 18. Erin's real first name
- 19. Number of cousins Dwight claims to have
- 22. The worst thing about prison
- 24. One of Dunder Mifflin's top competitors
- 26. Phyllis's wedding band
- 27. Dwight's weird cousin

Down

- 1. Company that buys out Dunder Mifflin
- 2. _____ Family Paper
- 4. Angela's cat whom Dwight killed
- 6. City where Holly and Michael move to
- 8. Spontaneous-Dental _____
- 10. Art institute Pam attends
- 11. The highest rated episode of the series
- 14. Andy's middle name
- 17. How many time has Meredith been divorced?
- 20. # of people who get their arms cut off in a baler each year
- 21. Last name of politician Jo Bennet is friends with
- 23. Michael's favorite NYC pizza joint
- 25. Who wins the "Hottest in the Office" dundy the first time?
- 27. The MIDDLE name of Pam and Jim's first baby

ENTERTAINMENT

TUCKS TRACKS: SKYLIGHT

BY TUCKER NUGENT

Alternative indie rock band, Pinegrove, released their 2018 album “Skylight”, an undeniable essential for any alternative line up in the near future. The album consists of 11 songs, making up 30 minutes of easy listening heavy rock. With fast paced love songs like “Rings and Angelina”, as well as slow moving ballads like “Light On”, “Skylight” is an essential part of any playlist for alternative and indie listeners. Lead singer, Evan Stephens, can be compared only to Isaac Brock of Modest Mouse, with somewhat scratchy, raw vocals, making every song sound like its coming from deep inside his heart. The song “Rings” is about changing for someone in the start of a relationship, as showcased in the first lines of the song:

*I draw a line in my life
Singing this is the new way I behave now
And actually live by the shape of that sound.*

By drawing a line, he departed his old and his new self, separating their personalities, lives, and behaviors all in the name of love. The next line suggests that Stephens has tried to do this before but hasn't succeeded yet.

“Angelina” is another love song on the record taking the five slot. The song chronicles a past love in a mysterious woman in the lines:

*I love you like it's the old days
When I could ask you anything.*

Harkening back to days past when things were good, juxtaposed to heartbreak and sadness. The last track leaves the listener satisfied as the song wraps up the album perfectly.

“Lights On” is sung slowly and carefully by Stephens, displaying raw emotion as he opens up about his struggles with remaining positive in life. This idea is expressed in the opening lines of the song:

*I wanna be better to me
The better I do I let it leave me.*

This expresses the idea of self and positivity that he desperately wants but is struggling to get. The album encompasses feelings and emotions that are melancholy yet hopeful, focused on self-improvement and positivity that seem just out of reach.



Musical group “Pinegrove”. Image via The New York Times.

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MORE OR TO CONTRIBUTE!**



A student art submission, by Kaitlin Kelley, published in a previous issue of Paw Prints.



FROM THE ARCHIVES

Occasionally, *Paw Prints* likes to look to the past to see how life at ORR has changed and evolved. Our most recent trip into the archives takes us to March 2002. At the time, Mr. Allain was a senior at ORR trying to capture the technological struggles of the day. When questioned about this article, Mr. Allain described his work as “the result of an immature child grasping for a chance to wield his imaginary authority as a senior in high school. My writing was clumsy and my viewpoint was narrow, but I’m happy to see that I maintained a respectful and constructive tone.” Mr. Allain also asked us to leave his structural, grammatical, and spelling errors in place to remind readers that we are all works in progress. He also asked us to feature the original graphic for authenticity.

Please enjoy!

The computer room: The lost resource

BY RANDY ALLAIN

It was the same old story. I reported to the computer room to work on my review for the school newspaper and found it nearly empty. The room was almost silent, I could only hear the hum of the air conditioner in the background. As I moved to sit down, the peace was suddenly broken from across the room as I was informed that a class was scheduled that block and I had to leave because there was a mystery as to how many computers would be available.

Everybody has a similar story, and it has become clear to me that the school’s investment in the computer room has not provided the student body with a productive student resource. Both space and time is being wasted every day. This should not be happening.

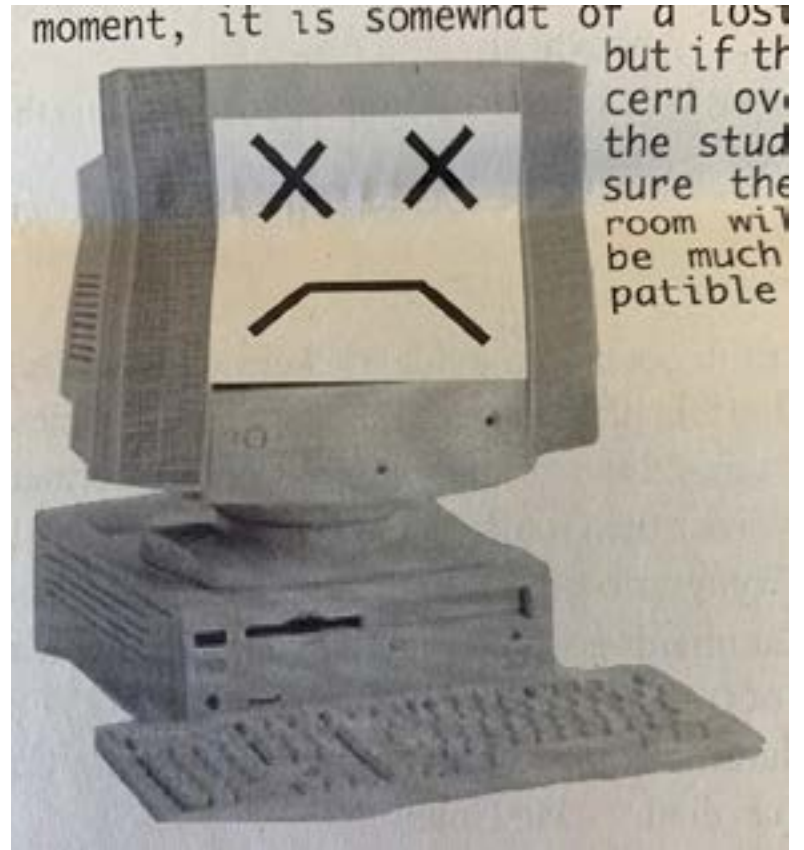
Obviously, something has to be done to see that our computer room is used in a more productive manner. Although it is intended as an important student resource, the computer room does not take the student into consideration. Instead, the room is usually signed into the hands of a class. According to Mrs. Hohne, the teachers have the freedom to schedule and cancel computer appointments according to their needs and she is not authorized to deny them this right just for the convenience of the students. Wielding this omnipotent control over school resources for an entire block, classes usually show up, but only when it is convenient. Meanwhile, busy students are turned away from an empty room to fend for themselves despite Mrs. Hohne’s efforts to admit who she can. I am not saying I don’t support the efforts of a classroom to incorporate technology into their curriculum, but there must be a more student-friendly way to achieve this.

All of the confusion and disorganization associated with

the computer room could be avoided if a more controlled system were instituted for signing out the room to a class. Teachers looking to make use of the computer facilities should have to sign up for a specified block of time and a specified number of students; they should also be expected to arrive within a reasonable time of their appointment. Otherwise, the room should be opened up to students who will actually be making use of the resources that are being paid for. When possible, teachers should send their classes in shifts, rather than take up the entire room a fifteen minute attack that turns away many students for an entire block. This would allow the flow of individual students to get their work done, while classes could still reach their goals and be more productive in the classroom at the same time.

As an additional courtesy to the student body, a schedule of when the computer room will and will not be open should be made available to the students. The computer room schedule should be included in the announcements as well, so that students can be better informed when planning their work regiment. This would also decrease the flow of superfluous students to the computer room, wasting less time on behalf of both the computer room staff and the students.

It is important that student resources remain respectful to the students and that resources are used as productively as possible. The computer room is one instance of where this goal is not being met. At the moment, it is somewhat of a lost resource, but if there is concern over helping the students, I am sure the computer room will work to be much more compatible.



Graphic published alongside original Volume 4 article.



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