



Imaginary
Gardens



Art by Abigail Le

Imaginary Gardens Arlington Catholic High School's Art and Literary Magazine

This Spring 2017 issue
includes work by:

Nicole Angelakis
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Alec Conrad
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Matthew Patterson
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Mia Raso

Cover by Hien Pham

Flight

by Allie DeFabritiis

My guardian angel
Flies around me with her paper wings,
And smiles that radiant smile of hers,
As she inspires me,
And I write down her encompassing beauty,
Attempting to capture her essence in a few mere words.
The flame at the tip of my tongue grows stronger,
Yet I am unable to capture her iridescent being,
With the pen and paper I hold in my mortal hands,
Because she is something that only God could have created,
And her spirit allows me to fly high above the clouds,
Into the cosmos,
And create constellations in her honor.
But even that is not enough to tell her,
That her beauty made her immortal.



Photograph by Allie DeFabritiis

Advice to My Sister

by Erin Montion

As you probably know, dear sister, I was not the social butterfly of Locke Middle School when I was your age. In fact, if I hadn't met the people that became my eighth grade friends, I would still have hair covering my forehead, listen to screamo, and have about three friends. Judging by how you're doing right now, you will be perfectly fine in high school when it comes to social life because you're almost the complete opposite of what I was. So, good for you. But don't think that that means you know everything.

I'm sure that the last thing you want is to hear my high school advice because you're already so popular; why would you need to take advice from me? Here's one reason why: high school is *not* a hierarchy, whether you think it is or not.

But, that's *exactly* what I thought it was my freshman year. I was so excited for a fresh social start at a private high school that when I didn't become the most popular girl in the grade within two weeks, I was crushed. I made more friends than I had in middle school, but I still thought, "Why am I in the same spot?" But then again, I also decided not to tell a single new friend that my birthday was coming up in October and then wondered why my locker wasn't decorated. Obviously, I did not move up the ranks from then to now. But my outlook on it has changed.

You know that I've met some terrible people in high school. But I've also met some of the greatest friends I'll ever have, and I stopped caring about popularity. I didn't stop caring because of my friends, though. That's so predictable. I stopped caring because nobody else cared, and I think the reason nobody else cared was because there's no such thing as a hierarchy in high school. You just have the different friend groups and that's it. People who actually think that there's a hierarchy are people who continually post pictures from high school on Instagram when they're two years into college. So don't treat high school like a hierarchy, because in the end, nobody cares about how many friends you have. And unless they're your friends, they probably don't care about you, period. If that's not reason enough, you might lose followers. That would be tragic.

Oh, and here's another thing I'm going to advise you to do: don't be an idiot in high school. Now, when I talk about being an idiot, I'm not talking about letting your grades slip. I'm talking about common sense. I'm not sure if I'm the best person to tell you about common sense, because last week, I spent about ten minutes in my art class looking for a

headband that was around my neck the entire time, but hear me out. There are actions far dumber than misplacing your headband. You're going to be a freshman next year. You may be going to public high school, but that doesn't make you exempt from this advice. First of all, do not stand in the middle of the hallway. Please. I have seen hordes of freshmen congregated smack in the middle of hallway. I have seen them stand in the middle of the *stairs*. Unless you really want to grind everyone's gears, either pull over to the side or keep on walking. And another thing: don't save anything for the last minute. I know that seems like it goes without saying, but in my junior year, I still procrastinate on my all my history notes until the morning they're due. The only upside to that is that I've learned how to write really fast. But that doesn't mean you should procrastinate. Don't do that.

But you know what the most important piece of advice I'm going to give you is? Balance. Balance is key. There will be boys. There will be snakes. There will be sports and social events and schoolwork and drama and good things and bad things and you'll be thinking about all of them, but remember what's important. You still want to be an orthodontist, right? I promise you, if you can balance your school life with your social life, you will be just fine. Don't let social events keep you from doing your work, but don't let your schoolwork consume so much time that you can't, well, live. Balance everything and you'll be just fine.

Look, I know this whole "high school advice" thing is painfully cliché, but just try to follow it. You could end up like your smart, gorgeous, perfect-in-every-sense-of-the-word sister! I'm kidding; in all seriousness, you'll really be fine, and you'll really enjoy high school. Just don't be *that* freshman, okay?

Staging Words

by Nicole Angelakis

Behind my pencil
I stare at the letters floating
Against the white of the page

I try to create
Make them my muse

I want them to look good
So I change who they stand next to
I force them to dress in tasteful font

To appear to be worth something
To appeal to the critical glance of an eye.

Upon them I cast a novel light
Filter out their insecurities

And yet they are convoluted, ugly
Existing as the synthetic and didactic offspring
Of a thought once sought

Of a thought once so simple
A countenance with a dimple of truth
And eyes clear as glass orbs



Photo by Allie DeFabritiis

The Bean Sprouts

by Suzy Duong

The red bean was borned a red bean, with a golden star at its heart, but still a red bean. That red bean eventually grew up into a bean sprout, just like other red beans. But with a golden heart, it was sent to Sam's garden, where he raises a whole bunch of little apple trees, with a handful of bean sprouts. The little apple trees greet the the red bean sprout with, "Oh, another green bean sprout", but the little red bean sprout lift up its little leaf and said, "No, I'm a red bean sprout. I came from the farm of red beans. I was sent here to learn the wonders outside of the farm. One day, I will become a red bean vine." But, the apple trees were either confused or ignorant, and told that little red bean sprout, "Oh, but all bean sprouts look the same, we bet you can bend your leaves when the wind come like other bean sprouts." But the red bean sprout can not do so, that is not how it faced the wind, it is not as flexible as the green bean sprouts, but with its strong little body, it can stand still when the wind come, so it did so. As the little bean sprout grow, the apple trees will constantly mistaken it for the green bean sprout, and ask it to do "the thing where you bend your leaves", and the red bean sprout will stop explaining and just said, "I am a red bean sprout and it is different." At the end of someday, the little red bean sprout will grow into a great red bean vine, and the green bean sprouts will grow into great green bean vines, and the apple trees will grow into huge apple trees, they will all be significantly different, some will stay at Sam's garden, some will leave, and they will all be so happy with themselves.

Showering Myself With Thoughts

by Michelle Donahue

“I lift my face to the nozzle, close my eyes”
and see clouds floating
over clouds
various shapes appearing the blue sky
and in the distance,
and airplane.

It must be heaven I see
that airplane
must be coming to save me.
It is this vision that
fuels me with desire
and leaves me wanting nothing
by to be here,
in this steamy glass box.

But I'm finally able to open my eyes.
And the second I do,
soap stings my eyes,
the water turns cold,
And I am welcomed
back to Hell.

Constellation

by Allie DeFabritiis

I never understood how you spoke the language of the stars so fluently,
Nor how you gained this sense of immunity.
I never understood how you and the stars could sparkle at one another,
Or how that was a language that caused you to utter,
Such beautiful words that I never could speak.
Every night the sight of the stars is something I would seek,
So I could remember that love isn't weakness, it is strength.
Some people say that love is like the moon and stars,
Others say our hearts are not a measurement of scars.
But I saw it in her eyes,
The weight of the world that she upheld.
All of those lonely years messing with her head,
A constellation of tears,
And a heart that has bled.
A head so filled with thoughts that it caused you to utter
The language of the stars that you spoke so fluently
And bleed the tears to form our constellation
Held high in the sky so all could see it.

The Veil

by Anonymous

All the world is hushed.
There is the silence of the vast lake
and the silence of the little neighborhood nearby.
The silence of the lights in the houses
and the silence of the pitch black sky, lit only
by the tiny white stars.

There is the silence of the glowing moon,
the rocking boats,
our phones that we left at home,
and us.

My friend and I are silently sprawled
on a still dock,
staring at the stars
as the purest, calmest,
most omnipresent veil of silence
cloaks us -
until it is torn apart

by a joyful giggle,
crescendoing into a chorus of laughter -
my friend's gleeful giggle
which turns into my distinctive cackle -
lifting the looming veil of silence until
all the world is laughing along.



Photo by Alec Conrad

Carrying It All

By Mia Raso

I carry English novels and pencils and pens. I juggle folders full of school work until I'm hardly able to keep my eyes open. I carry determination in order to succeed in school, academically. I carry motivation, stress, and a strong work ethic. Furthermore, six days a week I hit the ice skating rink, carrying sticks, skates, gloves, socks, shin pads, elbow pads, socks and much more. I carry my Boston College water bottle filled with 32 oz of cool blue Gatorade. Ms. Taverna carries a white board, whistle, stick, pucks, cones, and of course skates. Jasmine carries her goalie equipment and stick. The referees carry the nets across the ice. All players carry similar equipment and game intensity. Taking turns, players rotate through shifts battling for possession of the puck and score goals throughout the game. Then the team shares the locker room. Finally, we determine who worked her best and will receive the player of the game hat to carry until the following game. Finally, 6 days a week during the summer months I am the head chef at the Medford Boat Club's snack bar. I carry an abundance of patience for the customers. I carry outstanding cooking skills, my greasy sneakers, my navy blue work t-shirt, and my dri fit Nike shorts. Hovering over the hot bubbly friolero and grille, I carry the joy of preparing meals for all of the hungry children waiting over the counter for their red tray of food. I also carry relief when I walk out the gate after a long 8 hour shift in the stifling heat. I carry the vision of my future, in which I will be preparing luxurious meals for noteworthy men and women. But no matter where I am, I carry myself and 17 years of smiles. I carry all of my feelings and events that come and go and my passion and excitement for the future to come.

Untitled

by Moesha Dubuche

from changing seasons and ticking clocks,
to growing taller and leaning how to talk
it crawls by
slowly slowly slowly
until you're sitting waiting for a diploma
but yesterday you were learning how to read

dreams were clouded with far off lands
and magic fairies sprinkling pixie dust
knowing that all you needed to escape
growing up is to go to the
second star on your right
and straight on till morning

but you soon realized
you can't escape it
when all of a sudden your light up sneakers were snug
and your favorite shirt now clung tightly to your torso
when an hour of homework suddenly became a luxury
and your math soon became more than just numbers

when bright shapes and squiggles on your tv
soon changed to plots of lying, betrayal, and deceit
when you started to care about what others thought
and started to dress yourself and pick your own haircuts
that's when you knew.

you knew
that all the hiding skills you learned in hide and seek
couldn't protect you now
because your childhood had vanished
and your teenage years are slipping through your fingers
as you desperately try to hold on
but your knuckles go white and you finally let go
you're finally learned that no matter how fast you run
you can't escape growing up.

Untitled

by Shayna Gnewuch

A boy draws a handgun,
thumbs up
pointer fingers out.

He presses down imitating
the sound of rapid gunfire.

The friend feigns injury,
clutching his side,
and falling onto the snowy pavement.

An act so small
and so normal-
Why shouldn't you smile?

We all smile.

The smile is wiped from our face, however
when the pool of blood collects
around the little friend
and the little boy runs off screaming.

His hands dropping to the side,
Gun dropping onto the cold pavement.

A Decent Proposal

by Samantha Donahue

Oliver

Oliver rose from his desk and stretched his arms up into the air. The office was nearly dark, save for the light by his desk, and a light all the way on the other side of the room. His brow furrowed; who else would be here, at this time of night? He stepped out from behind his desk and crossed to the light.

The light came from the desk lamp of Miss Grace- the office secretary.

“Grace?” he asked, forgetting the “Miss” and himself. “What are you doing here?”

The woman jumped. She looked up and placed a hand on her chest, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Oliver!” she laughed. “You scared me!”

“I’m sorry.” he offered sincerely. She smiled, a small, delicate smile, which matched her small, delicate features. In appearance, she reminded Oliver of a china doll. In temperament, that was less so.

“What are you doing here?” he asked again.

“Just, um, just finishing some paperwork.” she said, half lifting a folder in demonstration. Oliver nodded.

Oliver turned away, leaning against Grace’s desk in a sort of half-sitting position. He pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and silently offered one to her.

“No, thank you,” she said shaking her head gently, “I don’t smoke.” He shrugged, took a cigarette from the pack, placed it in between his teeth, then slid the package back into his pocket. He took out a lighter, cupped his hands around the cigarette, and lit it. He leaned back slightly as he took a drag. Grace moved to sit beside him.

“I’m going to run this place someday,” he said staring out over the office before them.

Grace exhaled through her nose. It sounded like a laugh. Oliver chose to believe it wasn’t.

Oliver looked over at her. Her gentle finger waves cascaded down the side of her face, her makeup was lighter than most of the other women in the office’s, and he liked it. He thought, briefly, about placing his hand over hers. But he didn’t.

They were quiet for a long while.

“Grace?” he asked finally.

She lifted her head in response.

“Would you like to go get a drink, with me?”

“Oh,” she said softly, “I don’t think I should...sir.”

“Right,” Oliver said, shaking his head, every sense of propriety coming back to him at once. “I don’t- I don’t know what I was thinking. Forgive me.”

Grace nodded sincerely, “Of course.”

Oliver stood and stamped his cigarette out on the floor.

“It’s late,” he remarked. “We ought to be going home.” Grace nodded in agreement, moving back behind her desk to gather her coat and hat.

“Goodnight, Miss Grace.” Oliver said.

Grace smiled her same delicate smile and echoed the sentiment, “Goodnight, sir.”

Grace

Grace was bunkered at her desk, pouring over a stack of sales reports. She wondered how late it was. Her vision blurred, and she blinked a few times to get it to return to normal.

“Grace?” someone asked. “What are you still doing here?”

Grace jumped, her heart racing. In front of her stood Oliver, one of the men who worked for the oil company.

“Oliver,” she laughed slightly, placing a hand on her chest and breathing a sigh of relief, “You scared me.”

“I’m sorry,” he offered. His face displayed genuine worry, and his hand was half outstretched as if he meant to reach for her. She didn’t think he’d noticed that.

Oliver was a broad man, tall and powerful. He was older than her by a good decade, but he didn’t show it. His eyes were kind- a constant, even when he was upset, or angry, or yelling at someone over the phone. If she didn’t know better, she would have been attracted to him.

But she knew better.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

Grace held up a folder half heartedly in an attempt at explanation, “I’m just, um, finishing some paperwork.” She didn’t say that she was only doing so because he was working late, and thus she felt she should work late, to ensure he didn’t stay the whole night through.

Oliver nodded in understanding, then leaned against her desk. He offered a cigarette, but she declined. She’d tried them once in college, but found they made her voice scratchy in a way that didn’t befit her

person or position.

She rose and moved to lean beside him.

“I’m going to run this place one day.” he said. Grace smiled, imaging the whole idea. She liked it so much, she couldn’t help but laugh slightly through her nose. She hoped he wouldn’t take that as an insult.

The two of them were quiet for a long time. She worried that she’d offended him, but before she could apologize, Oliver said, “Grace?”

She looked at him expectantly.

“Would you like to get a drink, with me?”

Yes, she thought. *Yes, I would like that very much.* But she didn’t say so. He was, in a way, her superior, and it would be bad for both of them to fraternize outside of work- but for her especially.

“Oh,” she said finally, her voice smaller than she would have liked it to be, “I don’t think I should...sir.”

Oliver’s face flushed, and he looked away quickly.

“Right.” He said. “I don’t know what I was thinking. Forgive me.”

“Of course.” Grace said. He could do no wrong in her eyes.

Oliver stood abruptly, making some comment about the time and how they ought to get home.

“Goodnight, Miss Grace.” he said as she moved to get her coat.

“Goodnight, sir.”

The things I learned from my dog

By: Nicole Angelakis

Who do u want to be like when you grow up?
Well that's easy—
my dog.

What's a dog know about life you ask,
well I can assure you it's more than I do.

It's my four-legged furry friend
who knows that anyone and everyone is a friend
no matter what they look like
how they sound
or how they walk
or who they love.

It's my big-eyed pal
who sat on my lap,
licked up my tears
—showed me that the good will come back
and the bad just happens,
sometimes.

It's my drooly floppy-eared bestie
who ate my favorite sneakers and homework
and reminded me what life's for
which according to her is feeling the dewy air hit your nose
and saying hi to EVERY new person you see
and eating your food straight out of the can
and running till your paws have no feeling
and curling up next to your favorite human at the end of the day
and not wanting it any other way.

Maybe human's best friend
has a purpose more than being a friend
just maybe they are everything we should be.

Don't Be Waiting

By: Whitney Omouruyi

“We’re not saying Black lives are more important than other lives, or that other lives are not criminalized and oppressed in various ways. We remain in active solidarity with all oppressed people who are fighting for their liberation, and we know that our destinies are intertwined. Given the disproportionate impact state violence has on Black lives, we understand that when Black people in this country get free, the benefits will be wide reaching and transformative for society as a whole. When Black people get free, everybody gets free.”

In regards to the provided quote, not only do I concur with the arguments stated, but I also champion them. In particular, the line, “When Black people get free, everybody gets free.,” struck something within me. It was a reminder that blacks, indeed, were and still are the most hated racial group in America. Now, one could argue that Jewish or Latinos have also suffered under the hands of the white man, however, while their historical and present experience in America would not be described as endearing, it is not comparable to the unique condition that has been a constant in the African American community.

Likewise, the excerpt, “We’re not saying Black lives are more important than other lives...,” battles against the foremost form of ignorance and accusation which plagues the Black Lives Matter Movement: the claim black lives are supposedly superior to others in this nation. It begs the question, if that were so then why would cities around the country be protesting police brutality against blacks? If black lives are superior, then wouldn't the police brutality that occurs pertain to the officers against the notion that black lives are superior, rather than the authorities who devalue black lives?

Equally as important as the quote are the statistics depicted. Although all of the information is troubling, the one that saddened me the most was in relation to the preschoolers. 42 percent of preschoolers suspended were black, even though they only made up 18 percent of preschools in over 90,000 schools surveyed. Perhaps it saddened me because it unveiled my fear that if others were to read the same fact, it would be ingrained in

them that blacks are more prone to misbehaving, and that it was something that was demonstrated in blacks even as children. Another reality I dare one to answer is: why is it that African American youth are 9 times more likely than white youth to be sentenced as adults for the same crime? Don't assert to me that, "Maybe he or she has committed a crime before.", because then you would only be stereotyping. Instead why not question if in fact it was the white person who has a criminal record, yet, still manages to serve a lesser sentence than the black- who has either committed his or her first offense, or, also possesses a criminal record.

In brief, the quote and the statistics are personal because it is a reflection of me. Not only am I black, but I'm also a woman, which is a whole other issue in itself. However, it does not take away that I'm a black woman in America who is not waiting but rather expecting both the racism and sexism which comes with the title, "Being a black woman in America." Regardless, the Black Lives Matter Movement is missing one key component in its quest for black liberation: resolving black-on-black conflict. Not gang violence, if that is what you believe I'm referring to, but rather, for example: the hierarchy of colorism in the Black American community, black American being, but not exclusive, the posterity of African slaves. How many of us know the terms: light-skinned, brown-skinned, dark-skinned, yellow-bone, red-bone, tar-baby, blackie ? I myself did not know these terms until recently, being that where I live, where I school, and who I associate with are in fact, white. So my parting statement to the Black Movement is, you must help yourself before you help others.



Photo by Alec Conrad

The Depicted Illusion of Reality TV

by Katherine Aristizabal

The fundamental concept in today's warped society is that reality TV, no matter the scenario, or elaborate status one hosting holds, is real. However, I know the intelligence we all possess, so I stand before you today and ask you, is reality TV real or are we being manipulated by high paid producers who solely care about gaining power and money?

In today's society, hit shows like *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, *The Real Housewives*, and *The Bachelor*, tend to paint an altered image, filled with lavish items such as: private planes, materialized clothing, and the best mansions money can buy. If you look closely, you will find that more accurately these shows are categorised as "reality that we wish was real". For example, take an episode of the Kardashians, each episode we are presented with a problem in their family unity, whether it's Scott, who's being "literally so rude", or Rob, who not matter what he does can't seem to put down the cheese fries. Despite the scenario, the conflict within the forty-five minute episodes is always resolved and wrapped up with a happy ending. As much as we want to believe that we are watching someone's reality-say in and day out- what we really are watching is edits and external validation. And that is not reality, that is a falsified version of the truth.

Maybe this falsified illusion gives people hope that their complicated lives will one day be that easy to resolve. And maybe, just maybe,

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seeing this simplified version of reality provides a strain of hope, and serves as a temporary escape. Producers are always trying to get as much talent as possible, while spending as little money as possible. Ninety-nine percent of the people on reality TV get their expenses covered, and maybe a daily stipend of \$20 or \$30.

Additionally, reality television seems to paint people the way they prefer. However, this means showing only the edited versions of themselves--the one where the story on television plays out like the one we might secretly invent in our heads. The lumps and bumps of real life can be smoothed away in the edits and all but forgotten. In many cases, when magazines hit the newsstands with hit stars who appear on reality TV, their truth always seems to counter the image the show tries to paint. For example, the highly engrossing show *The Real Housewives of New Jersey*, star Teresa Giudice was tried for fraud, and served thirteen months in jail. If you watched the show, you would be shocked by this, considering Teresa and her picture perfect family always seem put together and very wealthy. Obviously the show was hiding certain points of their lives in order to create an unrealistic and ideal view.

Moving forward, reality TV also creates a misleading and “fairytale” version of the truth. For instance, if you look at the television show *The Bachelor*, you will see that love blossoms very quickly and easily. However, what will happen when the camera crew goes home and the show ends? Not only will the couple be forced to spend more than an hour together, but they will be forced to move in together, which can cause many complications in a relationship.

To close, I want to encourage each and every one of you to not idolize superficial and falsified reality. Each and every one of us make up reality. Because to me, reality is waking up late, spilling your coffee all over yourself (which I’ve done a handful of times) and spending day in and out looking forward to your next nap and the weekend. Next time you watch a reality show, try to understand the difference between truth and lies.

Do's and Donuts: Advice to Dunkin Donuts Customers

by Matthew Patterson

After being told I would need to write advice to a certain group of people, I wondered: "Who should I write to? I love my parents, and have no advice to give them. I respect my teachers far too much to give them any advice. My boss and coworkers all work just as hard as me, so they don't need any advice either. I have no one to give any advice to." But then it hit me. Which group of people work me harder and frustrate me more than anyone else? My customers! Not my friendly, smiley, considerate customers who have simple orders and tip well, but my grumpy, angry, selfish customers who order five coffees followed by three sandwiches, a bagel, two donuts, an order of hashbrowns, two lattes, and three smoothies, all while tipping me a grand total of seventeen cents. Those are the people who could use some advice from a cashier's perspective. Those are the people I can write to.

First, my cranky customers, you must understand that I, in fact, am a superhero. No matter how difficult your order is, no matter how inaudibly you speak, no matter how angry you get when I ask you to repeat the order you fired off rapidly at me, I can use the superpowers I have garnered while working at Dunkin Donuts to handle anything you throw at me. So please, entertain yourselves. Try to see how far you can push me before I collapse into a pile of tears and iced coffee. I promise my superpowers will amaze you.

Now, my not-so-friendly friends, make sure you order as many foods and drinks as you can possibly imagine. Do not limit yourself! I'm 100% alright with making three smoothies on one end of the store and then running like an Olympic sprinter across the store to make a latte and two sandwiches. And if I happen to be going too slowly for your standards, just complain! Roll your eyes! Sigh! GROAN!! Better yet, do a combination of any of them! (My favorite combination is the eye roll and groan. I find it helps me work much faster and more efficiently.) Obviously, this shouldn't happen though. Remember, I am a superhero. I should always use my super speed power to make sure that each order, no matter how massive it may be, is completed in sixty seconds or less.

Always, always, always make sure you are vague when ordering. When ordering a coffee, NEVER tell me: how much dairy you want; which dairy you want; how much sugar you want; what size coffee you want; or whether you want a hot coffee or an iced coffee. You will honestly just mess me up. You see, being a superhero, not only do I have the power

of super speed, but I also have the power of telepathy. Always know that if you come up to me and say: “I want a coffee,” I will immediately understand that you want a large, decaf ice coffee with two pumps of mocha swirl and three pumps of caramel swirl, one and a half sugars, eleven hots of skim milk, only half the ice, and an espresso shot. What kind of superhero-cashier would I be if I didn’t know that? If you want a bagel, don’t you dare tell me what kind you want and how you want it cooked. Just say “I want a bagel.” Obviously, I should know you want a multigrain bagel toasted lightly with reduced fat cream cheese on it. Always use my telepathy to your full advantage.

Never, I repeat, never order for your kids. Hold them on your shoulders and ask them what they want as drool trickles out of their wide-open mouths. If they point to the general vicinity of the donut cases saying “I want that one,” do not worry. Not only am I super fast and telepathic, but I am also omnilingual. I can fluently speak the Romance languages of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Romanian, and, of course, Baby. So when your child says he or she wants “that one,” obviously I know whether they want a glazed chocolate donut or chocolate frosted with the pink sprinkles, not the blue and green ones. The language of Baby is not easy to translate, though. “That one” could apply to donuts as well as munchkins, muffins, and even cookies. It takes a trained linguist such as myself to be able to decipher the differences. Failing to properly translate will result in a tantrum, not only from the child, but me too.

I think I have said enough. I hope my valuable and not-sarcastic-at-all advice is appreciated and helps you act properly in accordance with Dunkin Donuts etiquette. So next time you are in the donut shop, remember to treat me with as little respect and courtesy as possible. And, at the very least, make sure to throw a couple of quarters in my tip jar just to make things even.

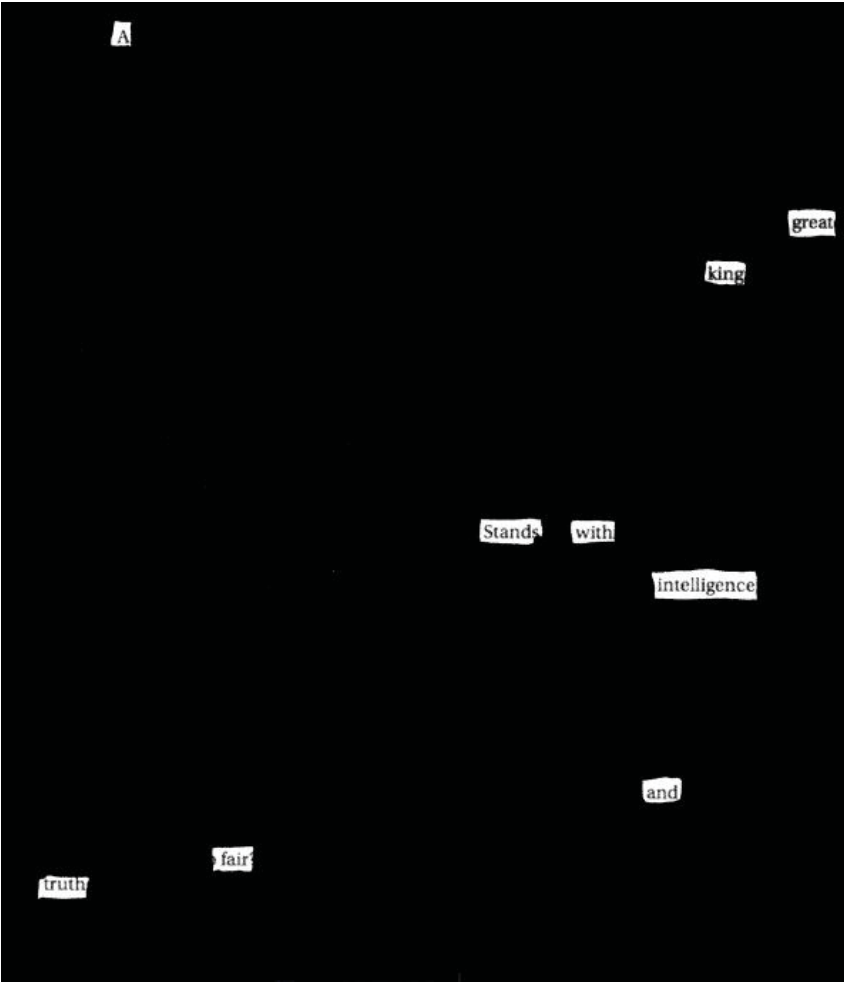


Photo by Alec Conrad

Society and the Arts

by Andra Preda

As our society grows increasingly dependent on technology and becomes absorbed by a virtual world, it is imperative to remember that, as Sophocles once said, “whoever neglects the arts when he is young has lost the past and is dead to the future.” This quotation resonates through every generation, and specifically applies to the 21st century, when people turn away from the beautiful arts of literature, theater, and music. In the time of Sophocles, which was around 400 B.C., citizens of Greece highly valued the arts and the qualities of imagination and creativity; in fact, all citizens, no matter their social class, were invited to enjoy the arts at contests that took place between playwrights, such as Sophocles. Unfortunately, this appreciation for the arts has been on a steady decline since the time when the Greeks crafted and mastered the art form of the tragedy. Exposure to the arts seems to have hit rock bottom, as every day I walk in the hallway at school and see every person with a phone an inch away from his/her face, absorbed by some meaningless text or the trivial matter of the amount of likes on an Instagram post. As I pass all these people, I wish I could see at least one or two intrigued by a book, but these days, it feels like I am almost alone in my passionate love of literature. When I was younger, I read constantly and found excitement in every turn of a page, wanting to gather more information to feed my growing curiosity and knowledge. People always ask me why my vocabulary is so vast, and the answer is not that I am a genius, or that I study a dictionary, but that I read. It breaks my heart that I cannot talk to people about a book I read or that I am currently reading without sounding like an alien. In every way, Sophocles is right. Overlooking arts - literature just being the example that is most closely related to my life - is a loss of great magnitude; people have lost the past because they have grown up without the gift of introduction to the arts, and these same people are dead to the future because they do not have the foundation from the arts that often forms the basis for creativity and forward thinking. Today, our society calls for innovators, but there will never be innovators without imagination, and there will never be imagination without the arts.



Poem by Samantha Klein

17 Lines of Goodbye

By: The Class of 2017

I've never been good at goodbyes
I hate the last five-fingered wave
Goodbyes are hard, but it is time
To say "good luck" and "see you later"
You want a goodbye to be profound, memorable, complete
Like the series finale of your favorite tv show
So make goodbyes good, for it's in the name
Eventually you'll forget the quiz, the test
But it takes forever to forget the laugh, the cry in ACHS
Thankfully, saying goodbye doesn't mean that it is the end of your
relationship,
But an intermission between meetings
Goodbye is a transitional tunnel that leads to hello
All we can do now is push our eyes forward, wave hello, embrace
someone new
After all, life is full of new beginnings which are the offspring of good-
byes
But I won't say goodbye to all my gained experience - I will carry it
If goodbye is not an end but rather a beginning
I'm ready to say it

P.S. Snack on that, Balliro

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Imaginary Gardens is accepting art and writing submissions for our next issue. Please see your english teacher or any staff member listed above for details or you may email your work to imaginarygardens@achs.net

