

Headlight

Written by the students of Marblehead High School for our school and community
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Cliche Title: My Joyful Experience with Headlight

Matt Lieberson
Editor-in-Chief, Senior

Before I begin, I need to call out the Ukulele Club, whose home base is across the hall from us on Monday afternoons. You guys NEVER played the same song at the same time. All I heard was like 5 different ukuleles trying to overpower each other playing different songs in different keys. You also didn't take the suggestion that Joel and I gave you to play "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" like that Hawaiian guy did on the ukulele. I understand that Mr. Ryan was gone for a large portion of the year, but you guys need to get your act together for next year. You guys are better than that. Strive for better ukuleleing.

Now, I digress.

There is so much that I want to pack into this final article. With under two weeks left in my Marblehead High School career, there is so much that I want to accomplish before I move on to the next phase in life. It is baffling to me that my four years have gone by so fast. Let me just say thank you to all of those who read this newspaper. My friends may joke otherwise, but I am convinced that there are people who read this paper and enjoy our work as much as we do.

There are only so many opportunities in life that somebody gets to honestly speak their mind to an interested audience. Headlight has provided me this chance countless times. I

have been able to publish my take on various issues, from March Madness (four years in a row!) to events at the school, to the plights of teenagers at Marblehead High School. This isn't something I take for granted. I savored each and every article I wrote, albeit some more than others. Looking through the scrapbook of my articles that my mom was smart enough to keep made me realize how much I have evolved as both a writer and a person. My interests have shifted, and my viewpoints and style have become more complex. Seeing my writing improve through four years of newspaper was extremely satisfying.

My experience as Headlight's editor-in-chief has been nothing but positive. My predecessors before me, Ian Kingsbury and the tandem of Brian and Michael Drumm, set a tough example to follow. But as Mr. Higgins said, "every editor will bring his own flair to the paper; everyone has his own twist." Mr. Higgins has been so helpful with the newspaper advisor isn't overlooked. Thank you very much for everything, Mr. Higgins. I am lucky enough to have had fellow writers who were just as excited to be on the Headlight staff as I was, and it was the staff that helped me evolve our flair and bring the twist to this paper. Joel Katz brought wit and a keen sense of humor. Danny Plunkett brought heartfelt writing and an empty stomach. Alex Stein brought a fresh take on almost every-

thing and deep-cut, hilarious pop culture references that made me smile. Paige Kelloway brought a passion for service, as well as many stories to brighten our Monday afternoons. I can't thank you guys enough for your work with the newspaper.

Our next issue will have new names at the bottom. Grace Perry and Dan Rosenberg will take over as editors-in-chief for the rest of this year, as well as next year. I have complete confidence in the two of them, and I'm sure they will continue the strong tradition of this paper. But it will be different from this year. They won't bring the same flair that I did. They'll have a different twist on the newspaper. They'll have a strong staff coming back, with Alex Kerai continuing the paper's expansion onto digital platforms such as our own website and local news websites as well as some other characters returning to write.

But my name won't be listed next week. That thought saddens me, as I have had the best time as Headlight's editor-in-chief. I have different challenges to face next year at college. I'll make sure that my parents mail me the Marblehead Reporter every week so I can see what's happening with Headlight. Maybe I'll even write an article or two next year. I'm going to miss this newspaper deeply, but I'm sure that seeing the continuing success of Headlight will still make me smile, even when I am off the staff.

I just hope my roommate doesn't play the ukulele.

Some Parents of Seniors Prepare to Become Empty-Nesters

Danny Plunkett
Everything Editor, Senior

For eighteen years, parents devote to their lives to a singular purpose: raising their children. They agonize over every little detail of their offspring's lives, sometimes to the point of obsession. There are ups and downs, to be sure, but through it all parents never stop caring, never stop worrying, and never stop loving.

That is, until college.

Every spring, seniors graduate from high school, and the following autumn those graduates are ferried off across the country to their respective places of higher learning. It is around this time that parents start going crazy. I started noticing the signs when my sister went away three years ago... and now it's happening all over again. The nest is about to be emptied, and the mother and father birds are getting worried.

As the younger child, the empty nest phenomenon was obvious to me from the start. The moment my sister left the house I became twice as important. I was the new baby, and my parents practically created imaginary problems for me so that they could solve them. However, I was still in the house. The nest was not yet empty. That absolute condition had not been reached. The last child is finally leaving though, and the strain is beginning to show.

Mothers twinge every time college is brought up

at the dinner table and fathers just avoid the topic altogether. Families spend twice as much time at that same dinner table as parents scramble to have as many meals together as possible in the "remaining time together."

New projects spring up in abundance as parents try to fill the emptiness they feel enveloping them. Dads start building things for no reason at all, just to pass the time. Moms take up cross-stitch or knitting, even though they hate it. When the family falls apart, so too do the minds of its leaders. It's insanity, really. I have been lucky so far, and my parents have maintained some semblance of composure, but I know full well what will come in the future.

Arbitrary pets will start popping up around the house soon enough: snakes and rabbits and turtles and cats and dogs, running around, filling the emptiness. When my sister went to college, my parents got a flock of chickens. It was an obvious result of the E.N.S. (Empty Nest Syndrome). With my own graduation approaching, they almost doubled the number of chickens.

Pets are not the only additions though. Vacation homes become one of the only solaces for newly isolated parents as they attempt to flee the homes that hold all the memories of their kids. "Mid-life crises" spring up like weeds, and sports cars appear in the driveway almost as frequently as designer purses on mothers' arms.

Eighteen years is a very long time, made even longer by the trials and tribulations of raising children, and it is almost like emerging from a long prison sentence into the outside world. Not that I'm implying that having children is anything like prison... but the simple truth is that some parents cannot adjust to the new lifestyle.

When college students come home for a weekend, parents try to resurrect what used to be... but to no avail. The E.N.S. is more a mentality than anything else, and cannot be defeated by a hug and a nice dinner.

Parents recover with time and new hobbies finally fill the void, but it is a long, painstaking process. The vacuum that is created when a child goes off to school does not last forever, but neither does it truly ever go away. I'll miss my parents, and I'm fairly certain they already miss me.

Is the E.N.S. a joke, a theory, a medical condition? Nope, it's just nature, and I know I'll treasure my remaining time in my nest.

Danny Plunkett has become an expert in many fields this year as Headlight's Editor, from fashion design to buffalo wings. He plans to expand on his knowledge of just about everything next year at Middlebury, and he strives to become better at everything.

Lasting Memories Mark Successful Senior Year

Paige Kelloway
Co-Editor, Senior

I think every senior would agree that our last year at Marblehead High School has been quite the whirlwind. An interesting, busy, surprising, special, crazy whirlwind.

Powderpuff and the progressive dinner feel like just a few weeks ago, and it is hard to believe that we will be graduating in just over a week. Moments I have looked forward to my whole high school career, or longer, have come and gone. People I was introduced to on the playground

in kindergarten, ate lunch with in middle school, and presented projects with in high school have all become familiar faces. But like the moments that have passed, so will all the faces, travelling across the country to start the next chapter of our lives. However, before the year is over, the class of 2012 still has a few more memories left to make.

We will all be completing our senior projects this week. I worked at the Village School with three other seniors and I honestly would not have traded it for any other project. Yes, it was a nice way to get out

of school for the remainder of the year, but working with Ms. Devaney, the school's guidance counselor, was really fun and it allowed me to explore the field of study in which I am interested. The other seniors and I got to meet and play games with many different students every day; Ms. Devaney was right when she said she did not have a redundant job. I think I am going to miss seeing the kids' faces every day once our project is over.

Next week, the majority of the grade will be going on the annual white water rafting trip down the Pe-

nobscot River in Maine. Last year, they returned from the trip with a host of injuries among students and teachers. I trust we will all come back unscathed, though I do hope we come back with some funny stories – and with our class, I'm confident we will. It will be our first class trip since we all went to Camp Bournedale back in the sixth grade, so it is sure to be an interesting experience.

Following the rafting trip, we have the long-awaited graduation day. Even though I have been waiting the whole year to finally graduate from high school,

the fact that the day is actually almost here is incredible, and a little scary. Amidst the excitement and happiness of finally receiving that diploma, I'm sure the day will be somewhat bittersweet.

One day when I was working at the Village School, I looked at the kids and wondered about when all of us were that small, when our biggest worry was getting to be in charge of four-square at recess. It is amazing to look back on that now as I prepare to say goodbye to a place where I have spent my whole life, and to so many people I have grown close to,

whether it was a best friend I met in the first grade or a best friend I made just this year. Our class has come so far since the days on the Village School playground and I am certain we will all grow even more after we take the next big step of our lives, whatever it may be.

Even though I told Matt I refused to write a cliché departure article, and without invading Stein's Corner's sentimental area of expertise...Class of 2012: "My wish for you, is that this life becomes all that you want it to."

THANKS TO THE 2011-2012 HEADLIGHT STAFF!

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