

THE HOWLER
contributors

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Creative Writing

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Brooke Lindsay

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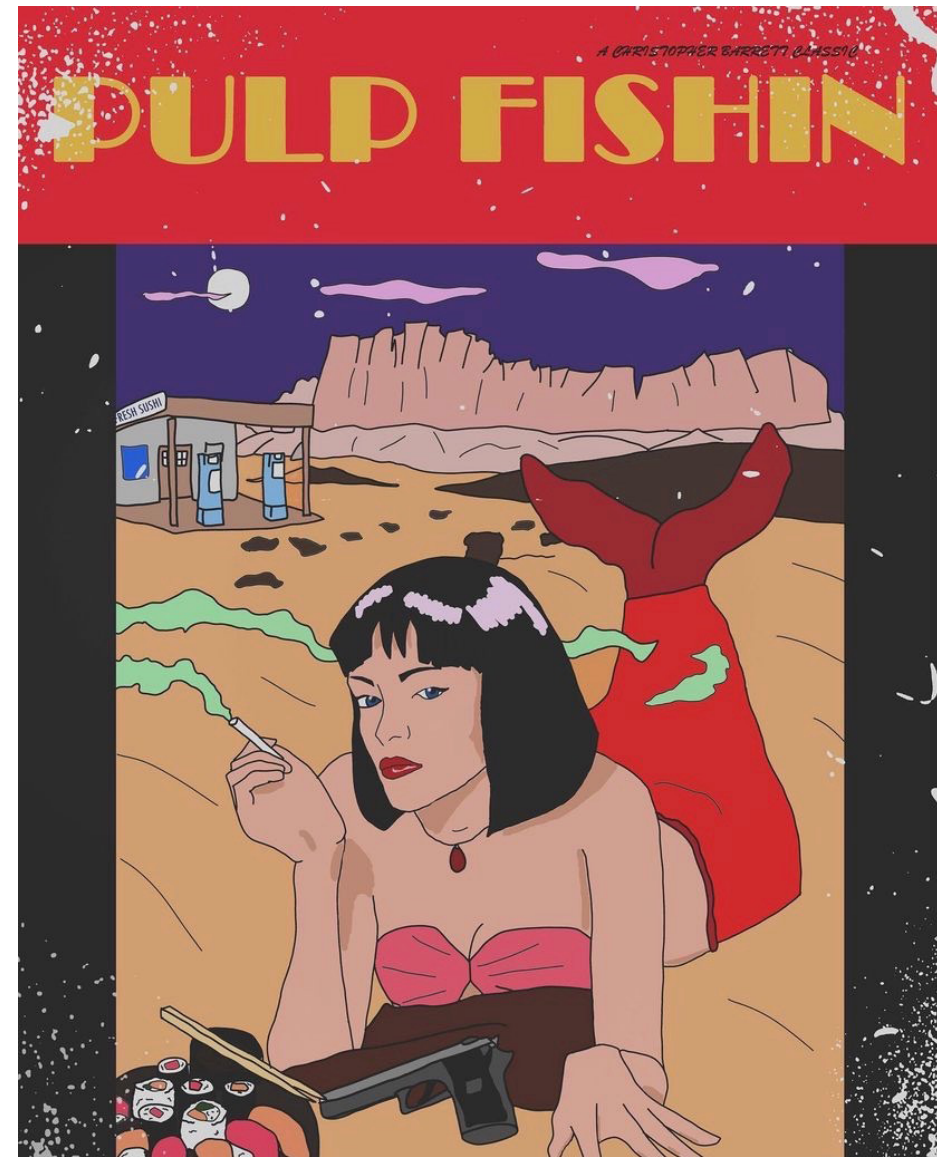
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Layout

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cover art by Maggie Hanley



Pulp Fishin'

by Chris Barrett

what is
THE

The Howler is a place for Nashoba students to showcase their creativity and passion for important issues. This first edition includes short stories, poetry, and visual art as well as articles on fashion trends and environmental science. If you are interested in submitting your work for inclusion in the next issue, please contact Brooke Lindsay at 2022blindsay@mynrsd.com.

HOWLER

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Forever Yen

by Sophia Lanza

Nine times out of ten does the silvery rain come in sleet down on the souvenir town of Immurey. The grass has long surrendered to the rain's persistence and instead of soaking in the shine it now sits as a dim reminder of what could be. Brumal in temperature and gelid in emotion, Immurey subsides off the beaten path, ungetatable. Outlined in highlights, the rain encases the town sealing the fate of an ivory bird, Yen. Yen fades in the distance, just past the river birch. The same unchanging terrain the snowy plover flies everyday is the same in which its soul will fly forever. With first degree incitement, Yen tears a hole through the sheets of rain, straight through to the town's welcoming sign. The sign is neither welcoming nor a sign, but instead a bleak piece of wood, withered from downpours of bygone days, twined up to a high tree limb. Nevertheless it sways through the days the same as everything else in Immurey. Unchanging, unmoving and trapped. Yen hurtles between the hanging twine and into the beyond of the town, where the grass is still green and the rain ceases and the souls don't fly in infinite loops. The attempt is in vain. When Yen's eyes open again, it is the tenth time. The rain mists down gently for the time being. Yen flies back towards the river birch, the same river birch it will fly around tomorrow, and the same river birch it will fly about forever.



How Touching

by Sonia Nicholson

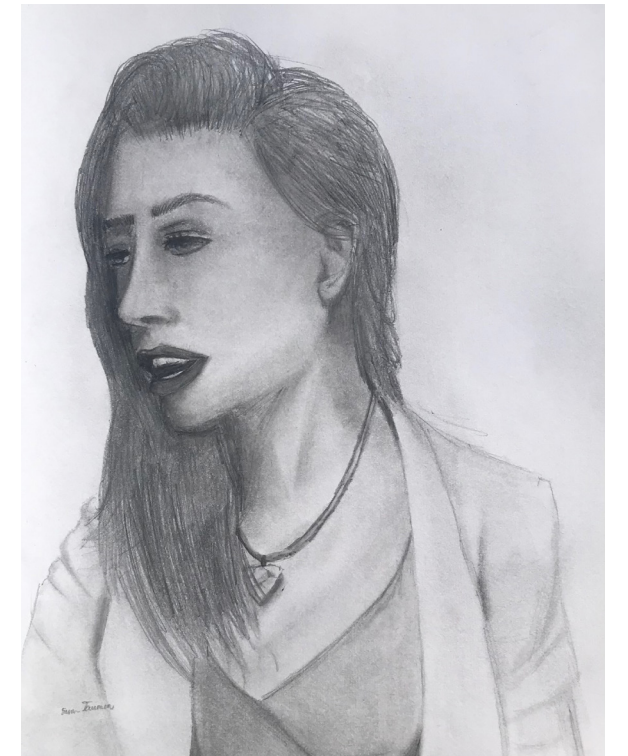
You are not my soulmate

by Sevi Mast

You are not my soulmate,
Though it makes me sad to say.
This simple kind of human love,
It wasn't meant to stay.
What everlasts is romance
I've developed with the moon,
And all the beauty of this Earth,
And every little tune.

I've made the world my own,
But of course I'll stick around.
Because of you, there's all this lust for learning that I've found.
Someday I'll be gone,
Drinking moments like they're wine,
Collecting pearls inside my head,
And sipping up their brine.

For now, I'm here beside you,
Still feeling like I've won.
I have the pearls you gave to me,
Still shining like the sun.
My love is every morning,
Every evening, every day.
You are not my soulmate,
But I love you anyway.



Delilah

by Erin Farmer

Hurricanes & Climate Change

by Drew Abrutyn

The 2021 hurricane season has been bad, even for Massachusetts. Questions like why hurricanes are getting worse and why they are so much more common are on the minds of most Americans. Especially as not just the Gulf states deal with the major consequences of harsh hurricanes. The answer to these questions: climate change. According to the United Nations, the increase in high-intensity hurricanes can be traced back to warming by human activities like the use of fossil fuels. Storms like Ida and Henri are proof of the changing weather patterns around the globe with Henri depositing a record 1.89 inches of rain in New York City in just one hour. The NOAA describes how some parts of the Gulf of Mexico are experiencing temperature rises of three to five degrees Fahrenheit compared to the end of the twentieth century. The ocean has been warming faster than at any point since the Ice Age. But what does ocean warming have to do with hurricanes? Hurricanes use this warm water like fuel, converting its energy into the massive storms we know. The warmer the temperatures get, the worse the hurricane. How can we stop this? The only way to stop global warming is to listen to science. We need to stop the release of greenhouse gases and work on converting to renewable energy sources. The reality of climate change is alarming and the longer it takes for us to right this wrong, the worse our planet will be for the future.



This Doesn't Make Sense

by Sonia Nicholson

Want to help the environment?
Join Green Team!
Meeting are on Fridays after school
in Ms. Bullard's room.

Mother Earth

by Brooke Lindsay

Her eyes are the foamy green sea, bespeckled with brown and gold earth patches that shine like mistaken paint splatters. Her nose is filled with the most vibrant and aromatic flowers, Gardenias, Arabian jasmynes, and Heliotropes, and she sneezes dandelion puffs. Her skin is the ancient wood of oaks, maples, sequoias, sycamores, beech, and her crown is their leaves.

She speaks to us in many ways. You can hear her whispering voice as the trees sway in the breeze and their branches creak and crunch, a foreign but somehow familiar language. The ocean's tides rise and fall as she breathes in and out, a clear and constant cadence. When she is happy, everything is beautiful. Her laugh bursts forth in a robust orchestra of bird song. Butterflies float around aimlessly when she daydreams, and sometimes she dreams up a clear blue sky with cotton candy clouds. She was happy. Once.

She is sick. When her fevers are mild, she slowly warms in an almost unnoticeable way. But the fevers are getting worse. Sometimes tremors rack her body and storm clouds of despair fill her skies. She cries tsunamis for her children whom she loves. It seems that they have forgotten to visit her now. She wishes that they would, and becomes bitter in her sadness. She cannot accept that she is dying, being younger than many of her sisters. Why should she be robbed of life now? Everyday, she vows to cry harder and harder, her tears building up until her estranged children are swallowed by them. Unless.



Sea of Orange

by Lila Grimard

BECCA'S BOUTIQUE

current obsessions



CLOTHING

Monochromatic B&W fits are really speaking to me right now. There's so many things you can do to elevate this simple style and make it really stand out, like layering a shirt over an opposite colored bralette.



DIY



Being able to alter your own clothes makes thrifting so much easier which really helps you to shop more sustainably.

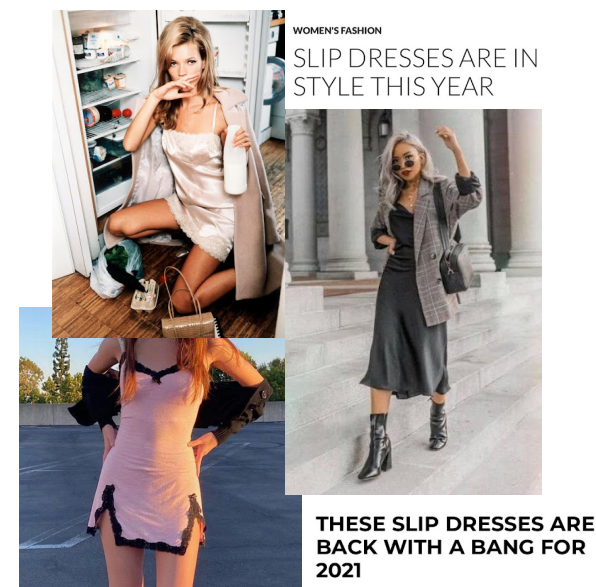
ACCESSORIES

Casual pearls add an extra level to so many different types of outfits and are a must-have for all genders in my wannabe professional opinion.



TREND

Slip dresses are trending right now and I say this as a certified Pacsun employee that has to constantly hang them back up when, true to their name, they slip off their hanger. Though they may look lingerie-adjacent (according to my mother), I assure you they are not. They're super easy to accessorize and can be styled for practically any occasion!



When Pigs Fly

by Chris Barrett

Manwell Agency

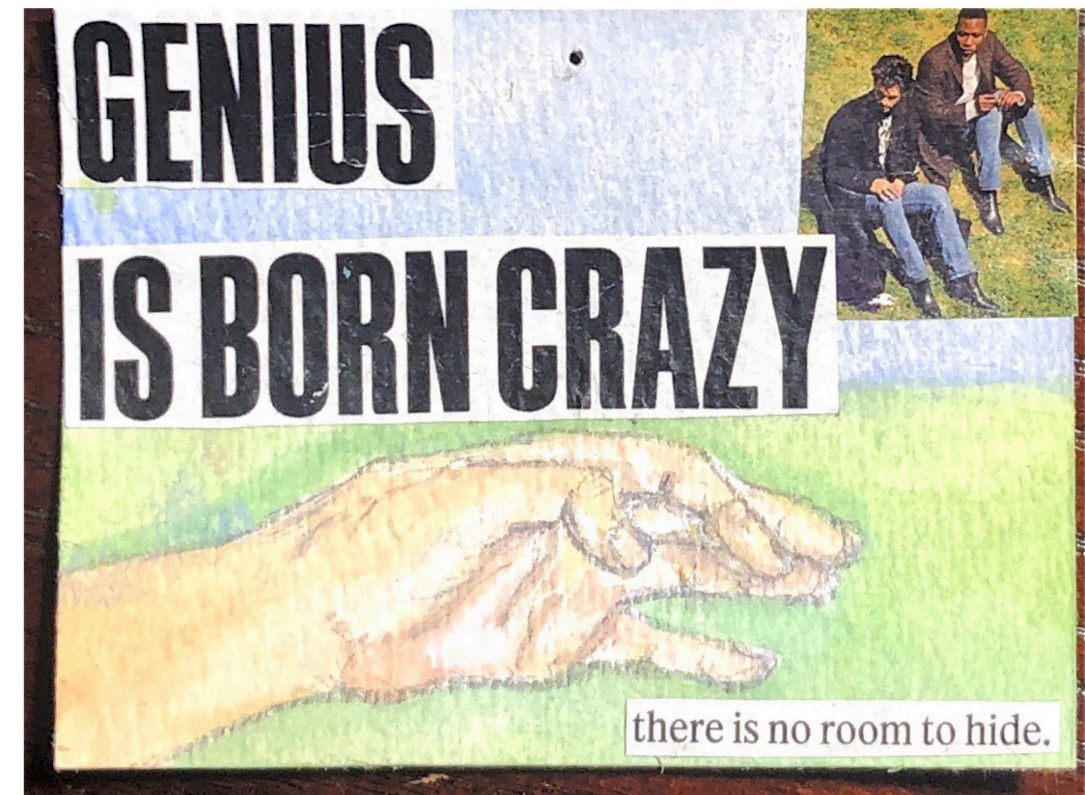
by Max Regan

CHAPTER 1: THE SAFE

It was a cold autumn night, in 1947, Detour City, California. I, Detective Henry Manwell, and my Admin Amber Rose, were relaxing after a hard day. It was tough being detectives, but we handled it well. We were born to investigate. Our agency had been standing for 25 years. We could crack any case, foil any plan, find any hitman. Tonight was a promising night, the grand opening of Minute Bank, which had opened five blocks down the street. And to celebrate, they had added a five-hundred and thirty first safe, that contained the very ink bottle that was used to write the Declaration of Independence. We watched the grand opening on T.V. at the Agency. As I watched, I noticed Amber getting riled up. “You watch Henry. I’ve lived in this city long enough to know that whenever something great happens, someone’ll come and ruin it. There’ll always be that person next to the haybill, holding a match. They’ll watch it go up in flames if we don’t stop ‘em.” “Sometimes I wonder why you became a detective instead of a writer, how do you come up with this stuff?” I asked, fairly amused. “I ain’t the type of person to use my hands for writing. I use these hands for filing reports, loading a pistol, and drinking my coffee. And you know that Manwell.” I just laughed and nodded. Amber was truly a great help for me, and I wouldn’t have it any other way. We went to bed shortly after watching the grand opening, considering it was 10:00 PM, and it was a work day tomorrow. And it was going to be quite a day. And for all it’s worth, Amber was right.

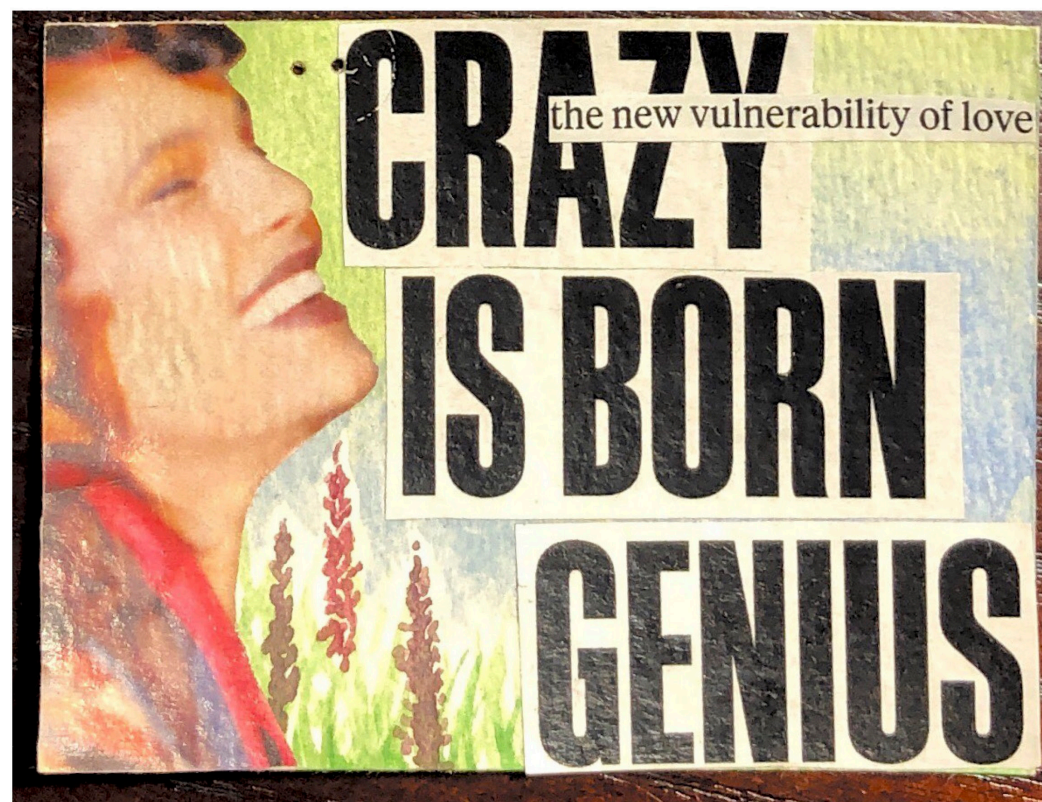
A few days later, 3 peculiar cases opened up. The first case said that the Northern Asylum had a power outage, and when the power came back on, a murderous man who was mysteriously overcome with insanity, commonly known as Bloody Bill, was found with a box sealed tight. The second case was of a golden arrow that a rich hunter said was stolen from him. He had kept it for many years, a trophy of his many successful hunts. The next case was of the old industrial Air Force base that was strangely reported to have been lit up at dusk. Amber and I, knowing of the day that was to come, split up to individually take a case, with a cup of coffee and a pistol each.

TO BE CONTINUED...



Genius is Born Crazy

by Sonia Nicholson



Crazy is Born Genius

by Sonia Nicholson

Ladybird

by Sevi Mast

They say, when it's winter, and the air grows cold,
That the ladybugs of Mass decide they want to become bold.
Through a crack in your window, they'll sneak in from the darkness.
Then die as redcoat soldiers, leaving behind their carcass.
We fight a silent battle, the ladybugs and I.
I stand upon my stool and try to swat them as they fly.
I watch the lights above me, always on guard.
Underneath my bed is a bloody graveyard.



Fog on the Water

by Lila Grimard