

October 2020

TRUTH AND COURAGE

The Student Voice

October Editorial

By Anna Kozikowski '23

I found myself, a few days ago, wondering and trying to predict what our world would be like in a couple of months. Would Covid be over? Who would be president? Will people continue to protest? These were just a few questions that ran through my head everyday. So, I wrote an essay for class about change and how we (as humans) can embrace and accept it. And, after rereading it one night to my parents, I suddenly realized that, maybe I needed to hear my own voice, to remind myself that change is always with us. It opened my eyes, and, for that reason, I want to share with you what I have learned about change and acceptance.

“As humans, we want a sense of security and routine because that signifies that nothing is ever going to change; that nothing will force emotions that are scary, and that happiness will always be present. The reality is that life and stories are constantly changing. Life does not follow a steady path, nor does a story. People must accept that change will happen and that it is not something that can be prevented. Rather than searching for ‘what is the next change or challenge’, it is through the unordinary in which new ideas are discovered, sights are seen, and stories are written.”

This is one part of my essay in which I discover how change is inevitable and that we should embrace these challenges in order to grow and look at change as an exciting and positive aspect rather than just negative. Through my own experiences, I feel that, in order to move forward and not get caught up in the past, we have to accept that change is natural. It is something that everyone faces, granted everyone’s situation is unique; so, therefore, everyone’s changes are also different, but let me remind you, dear reader, that through these challenging times, we will only become more accepting and more understanding. We will look back at this year and say to our children and grandchildren : “I was there, and here’s the story.” Of course, they will never truly understand, just like I am never able to understand what the Great Depression was like, but the story stays alive. My great grandmother grew up as a young girl in the Great Depression, and she often reminds me that they got through it, and that major events helped to shape

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who she is today. Or, take my parents for example, they tell me the story of 9/11 and how they can still remember where they were- rushing home and sitting in front of the TV, wondering if everything would be okay.

Take this as a reminder that change is not something that we can always prevent. In fact most of the time, change shows up and we get caught up in the idea of trying to predict the outcome.

“This novel is a reminder for all that not every situation is great, and it takes a lot of struggle in order to succeed, but in order to do that, one must learn how to accept change and find comfort through tough times. Hardship prepares ordinary people to live, love and see the world.”

For October, one change that many young people have had to accept is the change to trick or treating. Halloween is a big tradition in the United States, and many states or towns have had to cancel it due to health and Covid concerns. My younger sister, for example, was devastated that she might not be able to go trick or treating because she loves to dress up. So, she put together a different plan. She decided that even though our town is still trick or treating, she wants to do it at our house. My parents will hide candy in the yard, and she, with a flashlight, will go and find it. My sister is an example of one who is accepting change. And, while it may seem minor to others, understand that, for kids, this is a big loss. With my sister's careful planning and understanding, she was able to move past the idea of no trick or treating and instead find a way around it. I encourage all of you to look for ways in which you can find comfort during these ever-changing times and keep an open mind that everyone's changes and challenges are different, and that doesn't make them any less important. Our first step is to work together and find ways to help everyone embrace change and acceptance.

“The fact that something as basic as a window can change people's perspectives, proves how valuable change is. No matter how big or small something may seem at first; we begin to long for it or wish that things were back to the ordinary.”

This October, I remind you that everyone is searching for acceptance: Members of the LGBTQ+ community celebrating LGBTQ+ history month ; black Americans fighting for their rights; children and adults who don't understand the consequences of Covid; businesses that might have to close and everyone trying to stay healthy and keep their families safe. No matter where you find yourself searching for acceptance, your opinions and emotions are valid and important. Try to connect with others and accept that they may be facing different challenges and together we can work together to build a safe and open environment. Happy October, everyone.

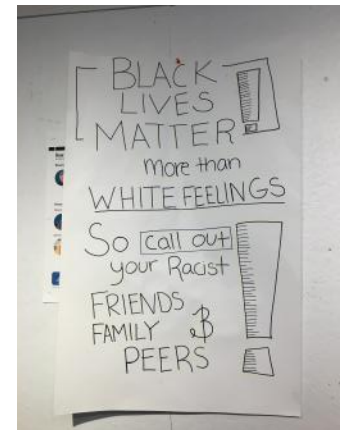
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Black Lives Matter Protest

By Elijah DeJesus '23

On Saturday October 17th, I attended my first protest at Dublin City Hall to protest for the Black Lives Matter Movement. I was extremely nervous due to my nature of overthinking. However, a woman next to me also participating in the protest started to talk to me about how she feels about the state of America currently and the importance of her vote. The conversation moved to the point of the “future” how this election will affect the lives of the kids and teenagers who can’t vote at the moment. It may seem like a small gesture but I felt very hopeful because of this dialogue . Maybe it’s just my softness but I felt like those outside my community think of the kids who look like me and grew up like me and want to help. I felt like someone thought about me and how their actions might affect my future and present. I quickly thanked her and felt intrigued to hear about her story. She told me about her early days as a “Radical” borrowing guns from the Black Panthers and patrolling alleys. Personally, this story impressed me and showed some of the untold stories of our past that are so thought- and emotion provoking. I proclaimed this thought to her and told her I wanted to tell this story in Dublin School’s Newspaper and to my delight, she obliged. On top of having a terrific article idea for this month’s publication, this interaction also served as the first part of my life’s journey.

If you couldn’t already tell, I love writing and telling stories whether it be poetry, essays, or articles. I’ve enjoyed storytelling and feel that I have a certain knack for it. As I grew up, I noticed the issues with social injustices in America and how our society still struggles with finding the solutions to solve them. I am not a genius so I don’t have all the answers but I do think and have experienced examples where storytelling can help in certain situations. Because of this, I want to use my gift of storytelling and to not only tell my story, but to travel the world and hear other’s stories, try to sympathize with them and attempt to understand them and ask “Can I tell your story? Can I use my gift of writing to give your life a spotlight and try to make the world a more understanding place”? I know that this idea may not work and may lead me to find stories that conflict with my ideas of the world. But I think that is the beautiful thing about it. On top of using my gifts to help others, I also learn from others and make myself more educated. This is what I believe is my life's work and the mission I bestowed upon myself. I thank this self proclaimed “radical” for helping me remember my ideas and filling me up with hope.



A sign having in Gillespie
Photo by Daisy Ober '23

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LGBTQ+ History Month

By Daisy Ober '23

Though June is well known as Pride Month, October is the lesser known LGBTQ+ history month. In August 2019, a law was passed in four states that now requires public schools to teach LGBTQ+ history. These states are California, New Jersey, Colorado, and most recently Illinois. This was a pivotal moment for the LGBTQ+ community, and we can only hope that in the future the whole country will have this requirement. For more information about LGBTQ+ history, CNN has a wonderful article. <https://www.cnn.com/2015/06/19/us/lgbt-rights-milestones-fast-facts/index.html>



Campus at sunrise (left) and sunset (right)
Photos by Owen Conway '21

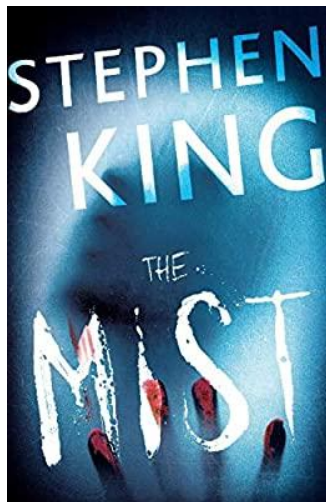
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Book Recommendations

By Anna Kozikowski '23

The Truth and Courage Paper is excited to recommend these two novels for our October edition.

Since it is LGBTQ history month, Ms. Luxmore, Dublin School's librarian, has recommended the novel *Red, White and Royal Blue* since it follows a beautiful romance between two young binary men relating to themes of politics, acceptance, power and personal identity. The story follows a character named Alex Claremont-Diaz, whose mother is the first female president of the United States. The plot thickens when Alex is forced to attend a British royal wedding for the older brother of his enemy, Prince Henry. Alex has always disliked Henry for his handsome looks and "perfect" personality. Their mutual loathing changes after emails and texts and soon they begin to arrange meetings to carry out their secret affair. After these emails leak to the press, both boys must figure out what to do. How will they save their relationship and their image to the world?



Our second recommendation is the short story *The Mist*, by Stephen King. This is a quick read that is perfect for a "dark stormy night". With this dark and somewhat twisted novel, readers are sure to fall asleep with a light on. The story takes place after a Maine summer thunderstorm, the small town of Bridgton notices an unusual mist. David Drayton and his son, Billy, find themselves trapped in a local grocery store with other survivors. David struggles to keep his sanity, return home to his wife and protect his son from the monsters that lurk in the mist. In this short suspenseful read, two main characters emerge. Mrs. Carmody, an extremely religious woman stuck in the store and David Drayton trying to keep the survivors from not going insane. After Mrs. Carmody suggests killing David's son as a sacrifice to God, David knows that they must escape. But the mist is so thick and the monsters are slowly closing in.

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Ghost Story

By Delaney Keene '24

Two girls sat huddled alone in a frigid basement. Thick air hung around them like a cloak. They separated out halloween candy, trading the ones they didn't like for the ones the other did.

"Lucy, do you want my Snickers?" Ingrid couldn't eat peanut butter, and Snickers bars just happened to be Lucy's favorite.

"Yeah, sure. Want my Twizzlers?"

"Yes! I can't believe that house gave out full-on Twizzlers!"

"That was awesome," she agreed, nodding. Then, a door creaked open slowly above them.

The two girls instantly looked in the direction of the sound, but they saw no one.

"Hey, why are we in your creepy basement again?" asked Ingrid, her voice trembling.

"Uh.. Because it's Halloween, duh!" She laughed. "But the door was just the air vents," she explained. "Sometimes the doors open and close randomly."

"Oh, okay." Ingrid nodded. She would never admit it, but she had a huge fear of the supernatural. She absolutely could not watch horror movies. Even some halloween decorations (specifically the automated ones) could give her a good scare.

"But... wouldn't it be creepy if it were a ghost?" She wiggled her fingers around and grinned.

Not wanting to admit her fear, Ingrid nodded and played along. "Yeah..."

"What if the guy who lived here was a creepy old man who created mannequins of his long-lost family and had tea with them on Sundays," Lucy speculated, unwrapping a Twix bar. She bit into it and laughed.

Suddenly, the lights in the basement shut off. A loud click sounded throughout the room, resonating off the walls.

Lucy turned on her flashlight and widened her eyes, and tried to be scary again. "Maybe it is a ghost!"

"Maybe it is," Ingrid mumbled, unsurely. Now she was breaking into a cold sweat.. A shiver ran down her spine.

"No, it must have been the breaker." Lucy said as she stood up and shined the beam of her flashlight around until she found the circuit board.

"Ah! I found it, right here." She said as she pried open the grey, metal box. It was as cold as ice.

"Good!" said Ingrid.

"Okay," she said to herself, finding the switch that was in the wrong position. "Weird. All of them seem fine here."

"W-What?" Ingrid stammered. Her pulse quickened as she could hear a faint whistling sound in the distance. "Do you hear that noise?"

Lucy squinted, trying to determine what the source of the noise could be. "Sounds like a kettle, but... but the power's off, so it can't be that." She shined the flashlight at Ingrid. "You look like..." She stifled a laugh.

"What?" Ingrid asked.

"You look like you just saw a ghost!" She burst into

rambunctious laughter at her own joke, because nobody else was going to laugh.

Apparently someone thought it was funny, though, because manic laughter, seeming to come from the rafters, echoed throughout the cold basement.

“Ingrid?”

“T-That wasn’t me.”

“Oh, n—”

A loud, piercing scream cut her off. Every muscle in her body tensed.

“Ingrid?!” She shouted, feeling her breaths quicken. It felt like someone with steel-toe boots was stepping on her chest. She couldn’t seem to get enough air into her lungs. Frantically, she moved her flashlight around the room.

Her friend was gone. The only thing left was her pile of candy on the floor. The scream continued, becoming softer and softer as she went farther and farther away. But they were alone in the house, right?

As if Lucy were on autopilot, she ran upstairs, her legs taking control of her direction. Her mind wandered to the darkest of places. When would the ghost get her? Where was Ingrid taken? Would she be killed? She screamed again, softer this time, but still loud enough to take Lucy out of her own head.

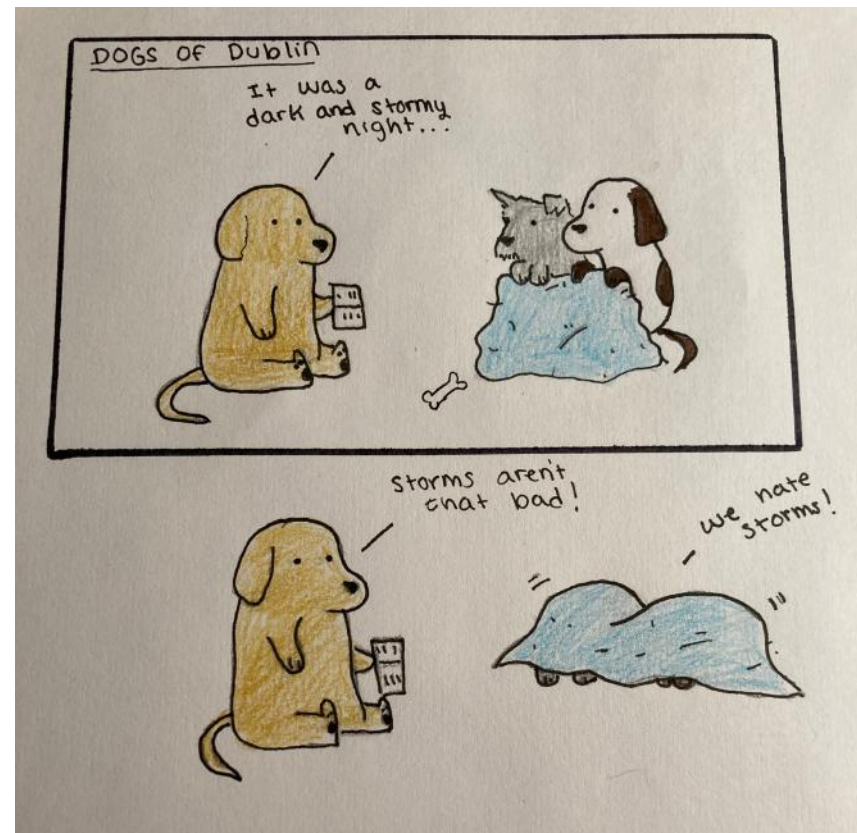
In the kitchen, water was overflowing from out of the sinks. She could hear the downstairs shower spraying its water. Upstairs, water gushed. She assumed it was from the bathtub flooding. All the sounds blended into an amalgam of terror and a deafening roar.

Who is doing this to her house? Why did her parents

have to be at some business dinner tonight? Where was Ingrid?!

“INGRID!” She screamed. “INGRID!”

“Ingrid can’t help you here,” a wobbly voice shouted. “You’re on MY land, now.”



Dogs of Dublin
By Anna Kozikowski '23

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Poetry Column

Hollow's Wood

By Olivia Jadlocki '23

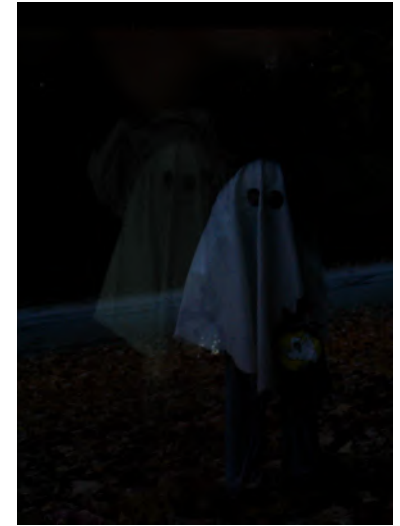
As the clouds roll over the full moon the town starts to shift
You can hear the howls of the wolves hidden from sight
The air turns foggy and all you see is the darkness trapping your mind
Screams and shrieks echo off the walls
Cold gusts blowing come and go
The hairs stand up on the back of your neck
You can feel breathe run down your spine
Blood runs cold as you feel a hand grab your arm
The cold slimy grip releases you quickly as if it were being burned
The shadows dance on the walls
Creatures hidden behind
Blood drips down the wall
The sun begins to rise
The clouds and fog slowly receded
The town returns to normal
Until next Hallow's Eve



Off to class in the fog
Photo by Taylor LeClair '23



Gillespie courtyard lit up at night
Photo by Owen Conway '21



Ghost
Photo by Olivia Jadlocki '23



Autumn Leaves
Photo by Lucks Emerson '23

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Taken

By Alexandra Beltran '24

Flashes of blue flickered across the sky,
Fire blazing just above the clouds
Howling winds shaking the trees, a familiar laughter
Creatures consumed in the black cover of the night
Whisperings from every corner
Haunting them as so
Quiver does so the lips
Tainted with a flaky purple and blue
Listen, he said
Find the peace in the night
But what He doesn't understand; silence is
Louder
For if the trees stopped their shaking
And creatures stopped moving
The darkness no longer offering its mysterious noise

And the flames die
Forsaken they have become
Succumb to the prayers and devoured by the desires
Fought to the death driven by fearsome consequence
Listen, He said
But the unearthly stillness delivers more trembles than the
thunder ever will
If the whispers are gone
If the whispers are gone
And the Raven's eye is taken
The named Unnamed have vanished
What more should they listen to?
As the reaper has come and won
Laughter no longer found, and whispers sliced to thin
No; taken He has.



Pumpkin carving
outside of Gillespie
Photo by Ms Green



70s themed roller
skating party
Photo by Ms Green

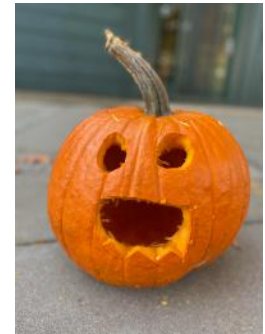
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“The Lady In White”

By Rae Harrison '23

The shadows takeover, the fear increases
The ghouls are back, the skeletons rattle you with dread
The moon is dark, faded away from sight
Your hope is gone, the terror becomes too much
You scream a shriek, the blood curdling sound
Breaks the silence of the night, up rise the zombies
Here to stay, never going away
The night creeps up you, compelling those who feel the fright
The night grows stronger, the dread is too much
You might not make it, you say out loud
The creepy creatures get closer, closing in on you
You are getting sleepy you will obey, they whisper in your ear
You close your eyes, you awake in a tomb
You scream into the abyss, the abyss cries back

Out walks a lady in white, you notice her dark rotting flesh
You start to feel light headed, she floats closer
She whispers in your ear, the only way to escape is to play
along
You feel the air getting stale, you desire for escape
She stalks back to the shadows, as you run away
You go through the maze, the twist and turns confuse
You make it to a door, opens to a child
Sitting in a chair, you approach with concern
You tell them to escape, tell them to play along
Stalking back to the shadows, they run out into the maze
As the moon rises above, the howling of the monsters
increases
You realize your fate, the maze is never ending



Jack'o'lanterns

Photos by Lucks Emerson '23

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She Paints the Air with her Body

By Daisy Ober '23

Blank papers litter the floor at her feet as she
Stands
Staring blankly at the blank canvas in front of her.

Her world is black and white
Filled with white paper
And harsh black lines.

But when she moves her fingers
A small spark of color blossoms in the air
So small she nearly misses it.

She sits
On her black and white couch
In her black and white room
Watching her black and white television.
Dancers in all black move across the screen
A stark contrast with the shockingly white stage.
She closes her eyes to block out the world.

She dreams in color.

In her dreams her canvas isn't blank,
It is splashed with the most vibrant colors.
Paint leaping and swirling across the surface.

In her dreams her floor is littered with scraps of brightly
colored paper.

In her dreams her television is saturated in color.
The dancers paint across the screen
So colorful
It is like watching a rainbow.

In her dreams she's dancing with them.
With each movement of her body a new color blooms in the
air,
She is painting.
She paints the air with her body.

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Music Column

Best of Half Decade (2015-2019)

By Lawrence Chen '21

The last decade was an era of change for music; the rise of streaming services such as Spotify and Apple Music changed the way audiences interact and listen to music. The internet and social media provided more possibilities than ever for artists to promote and share their music.

Inspired by other end of decade reviews and lists created by mainstream media outlets, I decided to make a list of the best 50 albums (based on my own judgment) from 2015-2020, when I really started to listen to a lot of music. Considering how much music one can really listen to in five years, I think this is a pretty good selection. Starting from this month, I will put out 10 albums every month. Enjoy!

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1.) *We got it from Here... Thank You 4 Your Service*

by A Tribe Called Quest

Tribe's newest album since the last release 20 years ago, with the sudden pass of Phife Dawg and the 2016 election. Tribe changed their playful tone, making this album into a timeless discussion on politics, race, and inequality. Depressing while empowering, Q-Tip delivers this album with exceptional imagination and creativity, outstanding samples and luxury guest line-up (Kendrick Lamar, Kanye West, Andre 3000, Anderson Paak...) making the Tribe's last album an instant classic.



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All Mirrors by Angel Olsen

Angel Olsen chooses string for this album to convey her loss, struggle, and love. Looking back into her past mistakes, memories, and wounds, her poetic lyrics and extremely malleable vocal echos with the audience. The entire album is like an opera, with the powerful and dizzy opening of “Lark”, and the subtle but enchanting “Chance” to close the show.

Harry Styles by Harry Styles

I am not a Pop music fan, nor am I a Harry Styles fan, but this album escapes the traditional Pop category. Paying tribute to classical rock, Harry Styles really showed his great creativity and amazing song writing without any restriction. Honestly, “Sign of the Times” really stuck in my head!



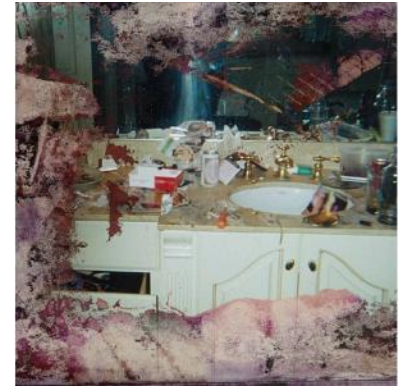
Sound & Color by Alabama Shakes

To categorize Alabama Shakes' music is impossible. You can hear the sound of southern blues, with the influence of gospel and southern rock. Their music is energetic and delightful, with Lead singer Brittany Howard's powerful and explosive voice, moving all of us.

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***DAYTONA* by Pusha T**

Kanye as a producer released 4 albums in 2018, but this album and the collaboration with Kid Cudi (*Kids See Ghost*) are the only memorable ones. It caught most people's attention with King Push's beef with Drake. The quality of the album? "*If you know you know*".



***“Awaken My Love!”* by Childish Gambino**

If anyone can make a platinum Psychedelic Funk/Soul/Rock album in 2016, and get nominated for Album of the Year, that person can only be Donald Glover. Donald Glover's creativity is just out of this world.

***Die Lit* by Playboi Carti**

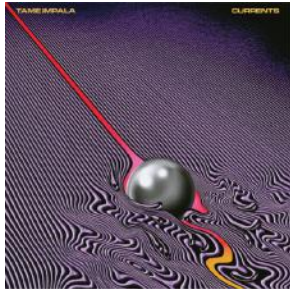
The reason I picked this album is not because it's a great rap album- Playboi Carti will definitely not be the best rapper you've ever listened to- but his nonsense lyrics and mumbling really represented the height of "mumble rap". Despite the rapping, the production of the album is simply fantastic; dream-like beats with his laid back auto-tuned voice came together perfectly.



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***Currents* by Tame Impala**

Tame Impala's talent of layering and gluing different sounds together is just amazing. The entire album sends you back to the golden age of psychedelic rock. This album marks the new height in his songwriting, production, and artistic expression. The consistency in production quality throughout the entire album is another thing we need to appreciate in the age of music streaming.



***IGOR* by Tyler the Creator**

I have always been in a love/hate relationship with Tyler, I'm constantly impressed with his expansive style of production and his imagination, meanwhile constantly feeling discomfort because of his bold personality and effort to differentiate himself from other artists. But after a while, this album started to grow on me. The structure and the emotion in this album really reminds me of some Kanye projects, where the dramatic highs and lows create so much contrast it makes the audience really focus on the message the artist is trying to convey. This is a fantastic album, it really makes me put aside some of my biases, and I really enjoy it.



***You Want It Darker* by Leonard Cohen**

Leonard Cohen's last album before his death in 2016. It's not the poet's best work, but it is still memorable.

