



Electra Lancers

Electra Lancers is Lamoille Union Middle School's online newspaper, a collection of student writing, drawing, and news.

The Ossipee Sessions

By Keegan Farara

It was the week of June 20th 2009 and I had my guitar and a brand new notebook in my hand. We picked up John, with him he carried his guitar and a suitcase. We loaded up the cars and began to drive. My dad put in a Terry Adams CD and then he was in his own little driving world. As we passed through Stowe, John was in the back seat, passed out. I was in the front listening to Motion City Soundtrack. Two hours had passed and the fog set in as we drove through the mountains of western New Hampshire. My mom's car was miles ahead.

We eventually made it to Ossipee, New Hampshire. Our cottage was one of the few placed around Lake Ossipee. There was a long and dirty road which circled around the lake. After about a 20 minute drive we arrived at the house. We unloaded the car and found our rooms. John and I had a room with a nice view of the lake and two single beds. We were there to write an album, and that is just what we did.

John and I had been playing together for about three years. We had a few bands with other people but we felt we'd make more progress as an acoustic duo. So I decided to bring John along on vacation to write some songs. I brought my lap top to record some of the songs that we wrote. Continued on pg. 2

Thanks for checking out this collection of work from Lamoille Union Middle School students. Let your Language Arts teacher know if you want to be published in the next issue.

The Ossipee Sessions continued...

It eventually turned into a recording session and we wrote an entire album consisting 16 songs. Fuelled on a 24 pack of Mountain Dew and family size bag of Chex Mix (which we finished in 4 days) we changed our musical lives forever.

It's hard to explain how it felt when we wrote these songs. It came to us so naturally; it was hard to believe we had written them. It was physically painful after the first five days. Our fingers were bloody and callused. The last song we wrote, "The Bystander", required painful chord formations. All the guitar playing we did left us with mild carpal tunnel for the weeks that followed. Both of us had been listening to some new music. Many of my songs were about being abandoned and having a broken heart. John's songs were about lust and betrayal. At the time we had both gone through some bad relationships, so that's where most of our inspiration came from. The music we composed had a completely different sound from what we had played in our past. We were using more minor and drop keys and the lyrics had a very dark and mature feel. We had finished most of the material over the course of the first four days. We recorded and re-recorded the songs during the remaining time at the house.

The sessions were a retreat from our usual frantic school lives and it was a perfect place to meditate, write and to be one with our music. John and I have very similar musical tastes. John likes some things that I've never heard of and the more and more we play music together the more he turns me on to different genres. But together, the music we make has such a profound emotional impact on the both of us. Without it, I don't think I'd be who I am musically today. It really changed the way I listen, compose and enjoy music.



How I Became Musically Inclined Taylor White

I've always wanted to play a musical instrument, specifically the guitar. When I was 9 years old my grandma got a boyfriend named Fred. He used to play the guitar but then he got arthritis and couldn't play any more. So I told him that I wanted to play the guitar, and asked if he could teach me. He said that he couldn't teach me because he had the arthritis but that he would give me his guitar. I was very happy and excited that I could pursue my dream. This changed my life.

Learning to play guitar impacted my social life because I met a lot of new people when we had guitar conventions, where I get taught the guitar. I got to play guitar with other kids my age. I thought that it was neat to be able to play with other kids my age and learn more about their guitar style and their social life. It's nice to have friends that do the same hobbies as you because you can both relate to the same thing and it's easier for them to understand how hard some things on the guitar are and how easy things are. People who don't play the guitar have no clue how hard it is and how much practice it takes to get down a song or understand notes on the guitar. At school I've made some new friends who play the guitar and I talk with them about guitar. It's nice to be able to relate with each other about playing the guitar.

I've also expanded my music that I listen to. I've learned new songs on my guitar that I've never heard and played so many songs of different styles. Before I started playing the guitar I only listened to hip-hop and pop. Now that I started playing the guitar I've done a lot of country and rock songs. I have listened to some rock and I've heard some country songs and now that I have done these songs on the guitar it has inspired me to listen to more country and rock songs. I almost listen to more rock and country than hip-hop and pop now.

Learning to play the guitar had a huge impact on my musical life. My guitar teacher actually told me that I was a natural guitarist. It was very exciting to hear that I was a natural and that I could maybe some day become a song writer and do that for a living. I have written a few songs and I really like the finger picking and songs that are long and have solos. I have done two finger picking songs that were very good. I've done one very long song that is called 'The Wall' that was a rock song with a lot of power chords and two solos. If I had the chance to write music for a living I would probably write rock or finger picking songs. Those are my two favorite types of guitar playing songs. continued on page 4

How I Became Musically Inclined continued...

In conclusion playing the guitar has changed my life both socially and musically. I've made new friends and tried new things while playing the guitar, and became more interested in the guitar and in music. I hope to one day become a musical song writer for a living and sell my music to the citizens of the US or maybe even around the world. I think that this will take a lot of practice to make this dream come true, but if I encourage myself to keep trying and never give up I could possibly make this dream come true.

Please enjoy the student writing which continues on page 5.



The Love of Snow

Phineas Wish



The landscape passes beneath me as I speed down the ice covered slope. Freely scouring down the mountain my skis seem to disappear in the white blanket of snow, and I feel as though I have taken aloft like a bird, flying high above the reach of mortal man. The cold wind hurls itself against me in an attempt to extinguish my joy, but to no avail. I bound over a mound of snow and fall into the welcoming powder of the glades. Rising from the ground I speed off, and maneuver through the sea of evergreens. Like a bullet I shoot out of the glades and back onto the main slope. I glide along the endless highway of snow. The smell of a fresh snowfall hovers in the air. A steady stream of powder juts from the back of my skis, creating a mist of snow behind me. Looking ahead I see that I am entering the terrain park. The jump is not too far ahead. In my excitement I mindlessly speed by countless rails and smaller jumps until I am only a few meters away from the huge, ominous white giant. Gaining speed I ascend, and like a bird of prey I fly off the top of the jump, and into the air above. In mid air time seems to stand still, and all I can do is wait to be released from the moment. I land back onto the snow covered ground with a thud, sending a spray of ice into my face. Recovering from the landing I race off down the mountain, with the silliest little grin spread across my face. There is no equivalent to the joy I get from skiing.

Skiing has really changed my life forever. You might ask yourself as to how skiing could possibly be so important. It's a fun sport but how could it change someone's life? When I was in 4th grade I was what you might call a little over weight. I didn't do anything athletic or enjoy outdoor activities. Most of the time I just stayed inside and read books or watched movies. Then my school started a winter sports program. I figured skiing was as good a sport as any. At first I thought skiing was the dumbest thing that I had ever done. I wasn't very good at it, and all I ever did was fall down and freeze in the cold

weather. But then I started to improve. Once I actually got better at skiing I realized that it was a lot of fun. The better I got the more I enjoyed it. I finally found out that I could enjoy going outside, and that sports could be really fun.

After I started to enjoy skiing I started to try other sports too. The same friends that I skied with were accomplished athletes as well. They helped and encouraged me to get better at other sports. Since I was already in fifth grade it took a lot of work to become anywhere near as good as some of the other kids. Most of them had played sports their entire lives, where I had barely played any sports at all. With lots of practice I finally got good enough to compete with the other kids. To my great surprise I realized that I wasn't over wait any more.

Skiing and sports gave me a great competitiveness too. I had never really cared about my grades that much, but soon I wanted to do well in school and get straight A's. My grades really started to improve, and I even made the honor roll. Doing well in sports and school gave me a lot of confidence in myself. I felt like a better person, and although being good at sports and school doesn't make someone a good person it still felt pretty good. My new confidence and competitiveness didn't just help me with my life in the present but also helped me to think about my future.

The Playground

Sonya Buglion Gluck



My hands scabbled for hold on the metal grid of the Hyde Park Elementary school's playground tower roof. Hauling myself up onto the top of the tower, I felt the usual rush of exhilaration that follows climbing, the freeness of leaving the ground and the excitement of potentially falling. Sitting astride the tower I smiled to myself at the girls from my soccer team yelling at me to get down, "You'll hurt yourself! Get down here now! You're crazy!" But I didn't care. For me, climbing has no danger. If I fall it's just a new adventure. But this time though, the danger lay elsewhere. ...continued on page 9

The Playground continued... Nearly as soon as I reached the top, a voice was yelling at me, harsh and demanding, not the enthusiastic cheers of my teammates, but the angry cries of a teacher. My heart stopped, my chest constricted. My hands were clumsy as I scrambled down the tower roof. My heart was loud in my ears, blood pumping like mad. The ruthless shrieks of Mrs. Aires followed me down, "What are you doing up there? Get down now!" I trudged somberly towards her imposing form, my head hung. As I approached her, Mrs. Aires chastised me, telling me how I had made a big mistake. My eyes filled with tears. Being yelled at was hard for me. I was always a good student so I was rarely rebuked and if I was it was always mild. But this direct and severe censure was different, I was the only target, absolutely the victim of a blunt reprimand that was completely and absolutely my fault.

"I was scared," she had said, but it did nothing to calm my mood. It didn't matter if she was scared or not, she still blamed me for following my heart. She marched inside to talk to other teachers so she could secure a punishment; I trailed behind forlornly, trying to staunch the flow of tears streaming down my face. My punishment was hardly severe, just a threat really, but it marked me, from that day on I was much more afraid of reprimand than I was before that moment.

My whole life I have always been mischievous and a troublemaker, but being one has kept me from falling into a state of sadness, boredom and loneliness. As a child I would always be the one who walked on thin ice and left the group without notice. Climbing was, and still is my specialty; I will often disappear into the woods to climb. Sometimes I will just feel the urge to leave society and be in nature. I will go for a long walk or climb a tree. Occasionally someone will come with me, a kindred spirit who has the same love and need for nature, but mostly I go alone. On these trips I often do things that seem as though I am doing something dangerous or foolish, climbing to the top branches of a one- hundred foot pine tree may seem dangerous, but for me it's not. The danger truly lies in my staying with the group and depriving myself of climbing. Climbing is my way to stay in touch with myself; if I do not do this I can become very melancholic and negative about life. I have a tendency to become negative if I cannot let my feelings out. Because climbing is a way for me to open my heart and let all the feelings that have been bunched up inside me go, it keeps me from falling into a state of melancholy. In this way climbing has sustained my happiness and love of life!

However, the world does not see this, they do not understand my needs, so when they see me climb or run away they think I'm being foolish and ignorant and they get scared and angry. This is why climbing often gets me into trouble. Being a sensitive person, I find it hard to bear the d person. However, this was not always so, when I was younger I did not pay head to the

The Playground continued... the tireless stream of warnings I got from my teachers and parents; until the incident with Mrs. Aires. Then things changed for me.

Mrs. Aires reprimand was set in a different context than others I had received, so I felt differently about it. I wasn't expecting her to yell at me so I was hurt when she did because I didn't think I deserved it. The incident took place after school so I wasn't under her control and I believed the rules I was breaking didn't apply because of the instance in which it took place. Furthermore, I didn't know Mrs. Aires so the reprimand was multiplied in my mind. Most of my life I have been reprimanded by people I know very well and trust. Because I didn't know Mrs. Aires and she yelled at me I got the impression that people (particularly teachers) would yell at me if I climbed and followed my heart in ways that can sometimes appear dangerous. In this way, having Mrs. Aires, who I didn't know, yell at me gave me the impression that teachers would yell at me if I did anything against the rules.

Having the impression that teachers' would yell at me if I did anything that I wasn't supposed to led me to fear teachers. Before the incident with Mrs. Aires, I was not afraid of teachers yelling at me. This was because I had never been really yelled at by anyone, and if I had it was by people who I really knew. Furthermore, when Mrs. Aires yelled at me I didn't think I was really doing anything wrong. Because of this, I got the impression that teachers would yell at me even if I wasn't doing anything wrong. Being a hypersensitive person I don't like getting yelled at so I became scared of teachers when I concluded that they would admonish me for climbing and following my heart. This is the way in which a vicious cycle of fear and restlessness crept into my life.

Over the years since the incident with Mrs. Aires, many things have changed for me, but I still have the lingering remnants of the affects of this occurrence. When I was yelled at by Mrs. Aires I was in a tight spot. I had just moved school's which had been a difficult task for me and I was changing and learning rapidly. This made the confrontation with Mrs. Aires even more ruthless, I was very unstable at the time so I was easily distressed. However, I believe that as time went by, I became surer of myself as I progressed in an arduous and staggeringly beautiful journey into my soul self. Being able to know and understand myself helped me to realize that I needed to climb and be mischievous even if it meant being reprimanded. I learned that my heart was wild and, like a captured beast, must be set free or live a life of mourning. When I could truly understand this, I was able to accept the events that took place with Mrs. Aires and accurately assess the reasons for which I climbed that tower. In this way, the episode with Mrs. Aires actually helped me because it taught me how my heart works and it helped me to prepare for the future. So, after all it wasn't really such a horrible thing, knowing ones self is far more important than not getting castigated!!