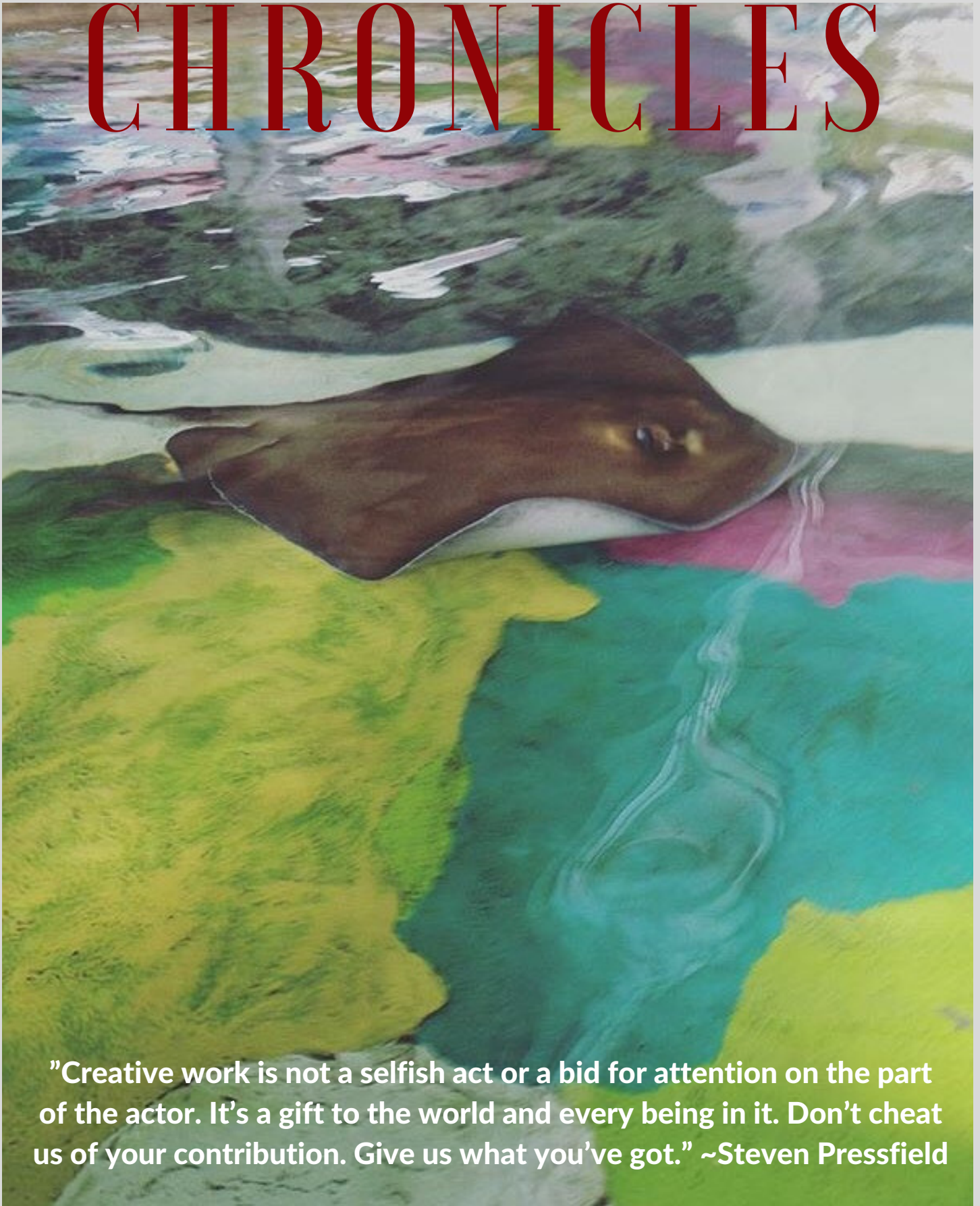


Old Colony Regional Vocational Technical High School Presents

VOLUME 01
ISSUE 01
APRIL 2017

COUGAR

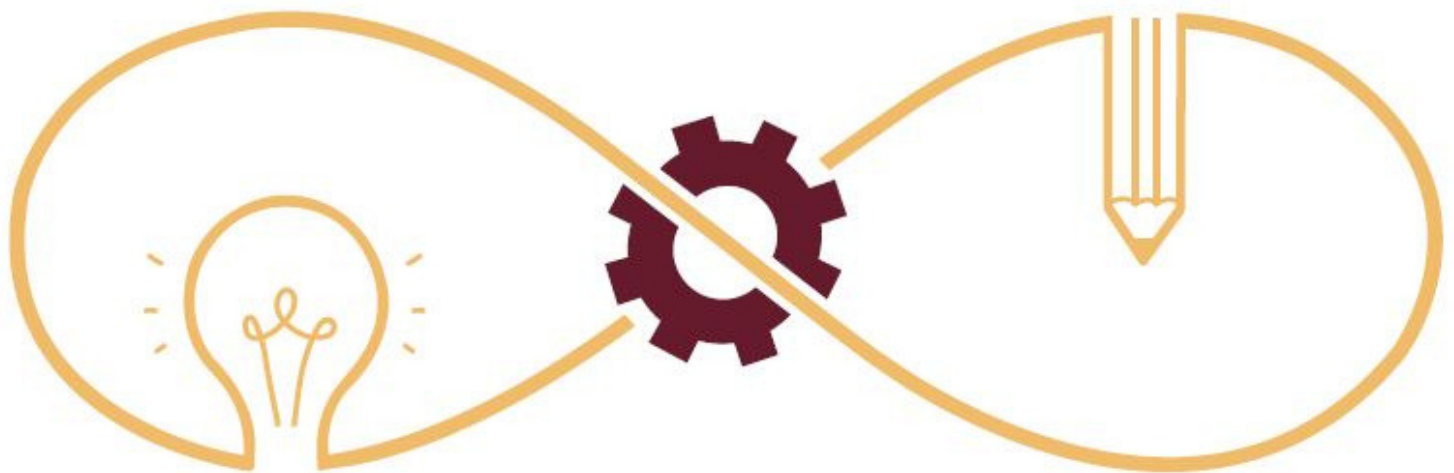
CHRONICLES



"Creative work is not a selfish act or a bid for attention on the part of the actor. It's a gift to the world and every being in it. Don't cheat us of your contribution. Give us what you've got." ~Steven Pressfield

Within the first issue of the Cougar Chronicles tri-annual magazine, you will find literary pieces and artworks created by our students at Old Colony RVTHS.

The students who were willing to share their identity along with their work are named at the bottom of the literary piece or artwork. Some of our student artists and writers did not wish to be identified and have been listed as anonymous. The anonymous students' works are displayed intermittently throughout the magazine. We wish to express our deepest appreciation to everyone who was willing to share their talent with their fellow peers, the faculty and staff, and the OC community.

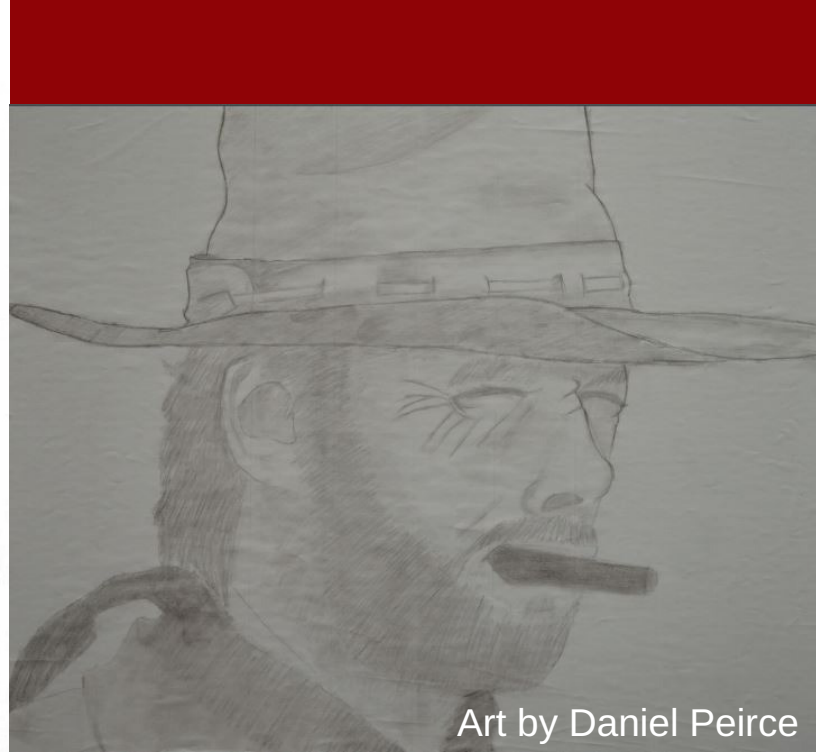


OCcreates

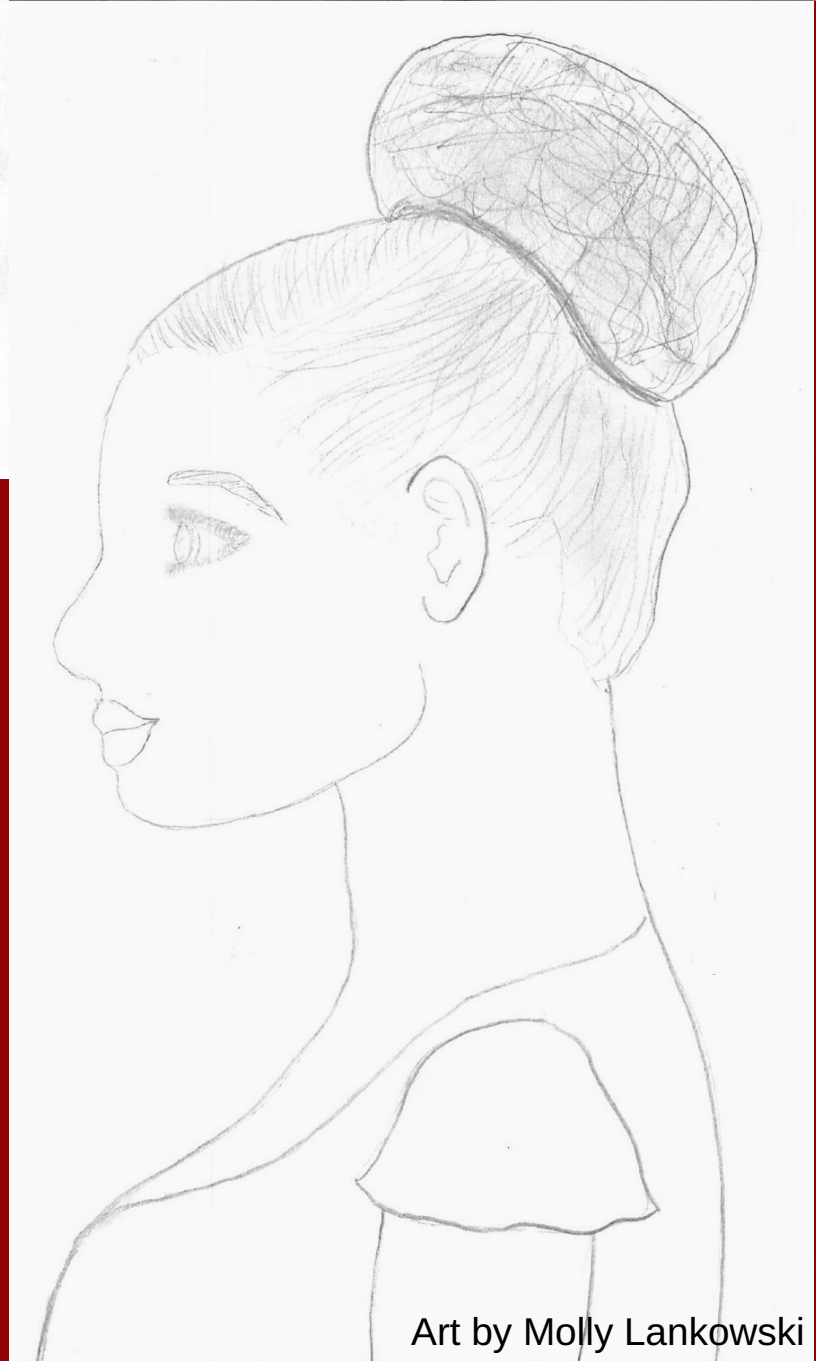
*"Only those willing to walk through the dark night will be able to see the beauty of the moon and the brilliance of the stars."
- Archbishop Socrates Villegas*



Photography by Anonymous Student



Art by Daniel Peirce



Art by Molly Lankowski



Art by Julia Pitter

*Life is too short to worry
about things. Have fun. Fall
in love. Regret nothing, and
especially don't let people
bring you down.*

-Molly Lankowski

INTELLIGENCE
WILL NEVER
STOP BEING
BEAUTIFUL



*"Never look for a good face;
it will turn old one day.
Never look for a good skin,
it will wrinkle one day.
Never look for a hot body,
it will change one day.
Never look for nice hair,
it will turn white one day.
Instead, look for a loyal heart
that will love every day."
- By Unknown*

Photography by Anonymous Student



*"The love of beauty is taste.
The creation of beauty is art."
-Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Photography by Anonymous Student



The Ocean

BYNATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

*The Ocean has its silent caves, Deep, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury on the waves, Beneath them there is none.*

*The awful spirits of the deep Hold their communion there;
And there are those for whom we weep, The young, the bright, the
fair.*

*Calmly the wearied seamen rest Beneath their own blue sea.
The ocean solitudes are blest, For there is purity.*

*The earth has guilt, the earth has care, Unquiet are its graves;
But peaceful sleep is ever there,
Beneath the dark blue waves. The Ocean has its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone; Though there be fury on the waves,
Beneath them there is none.*

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Broken Hearts

Broken hearts are painful. They take a piece of you when the person leaves. But you are stronger, Yeah, it may knock you down. Yes, it may break your spirit. But you can't let it break your trust. Trust is what people need to believe they are okay with one another. Your heart can be mended. Either by you or someone else. But it will eventually be mended.

Kaysie Moniz, *poet*

I promise you.

LIFE IS LIKE



A BOX OF
CHOCOLATES

-Forrest Gump



Photography by Anonymous Student

"The world is your
kaleidoscope, and the
varying combinations of
colors which at every
succeeding moment it
presents to you are the
exquisitely adjusted
pictures of your ever-
moving thoughts."
- James Edward Allen



Art by Rin

Rin



Broadway

By Walt Whitman

What hurrying human tides,
or day or night!

What passions, winnings,
losses, ardors, swim thy
waters!

What whirls of evil, bliss and
sorrow stem, thee!

What curious questioning
glances—glints of love!

Leer, envy, scorn,
contempt, hope, aspiration!

Thou portal—thou arena
—thou of the myriad long-
drawn lines and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones,
curbs, facades tell their
inimitable tales);

Thy windows, rich and huge
hotels—thy side-walks wide;

Thou of the endless sliding,
mincing, shuffling feet!

Thou, like the parti-colored
world itself—like infinite,
teeming, mocking life!

Thou visor'd, vast,
unspeakable show and
lesson!

Photography by Anonymous Student



*Sweet is the swamp with its secrets,
Until we meet a snake;
'Tis then we sigh for houses,
And our departure take*

*At that enthralling gallop
That only childhood knows.
A snake is summer's treason,
And guile is where it goes.*

by Emily Dickinson