

BROOKE book

By: Brooke J.

— Class of 2026

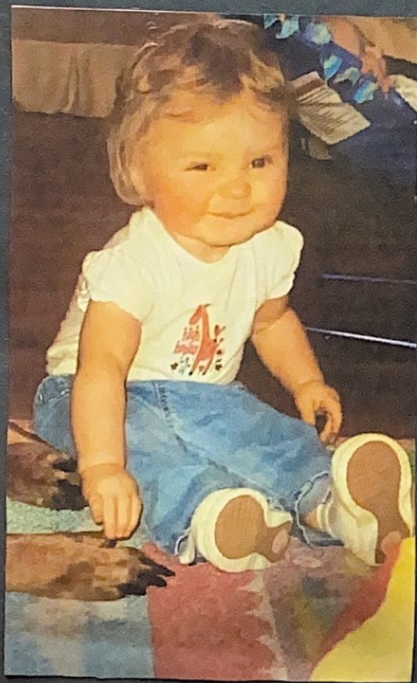


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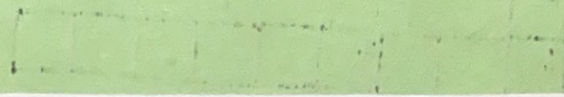
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shiny snowflakes



Dear Reader,

A lot of people my age don't know who they are as a person yet. Luckily for me, I found the things I love at a young age. I'm not saying that I have life figured out at 14. I'm very far away from having all the answers, but I am fortunate enough to find some of the key details that make me who I am. Even if this changes in upcoming years, and it probably will, I have an idea of what shaped me as a child. I hope some of the positive values I possess now carry with me throughout my adulthood. I learned these values from the small moments and passions I have created throughout my short time on Earth. In this magazine, I tried to shed some light on the interests and important experiences up to this point in my life. While I don't believe that moments that happened in middle school will be the highlights of my life, the good and bad experiences in my childhood are what will create the person I will become. When you are young, you learn valuable lessons and ensure they shape your history. I hope that whoever is reading this, whether it be now or years later, understands that what you do now matters. It is always important to find the things you care about no matter how old you are.

LET'S GO!

[Faint, illegible handwriting in pencil on the green background, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Spotify Playlist - Musicals

"Showstoppers"

Defying Gravity - Wicked

Seasons of Love - Rent

Satisfied - Hamilton

96,000 - In the Heights

Dead Girl Walking - Heathers

I Know Where I've Been - Hairspray

This is Me - The Greatest Showman

You Will be Found - Dear Evan Hansen

Maybe This Time - Cabaret

Cell Block Tango - Chicago

Don't Rain on my Parade - Funny Girl

Ex-Wives - Six



★ Vignette ★

The only noise in the class was the sound of yet another 5th grader presenting their short story. I did not hear much of it though. I was too busy listening to the voice in my head telling me not to mess up, constantly reminding me that I only had one shot. If I stuttered or missed a word, I would not get an A. But even worse, my class would never let me live it down. As the class started clapping, I swallowed hard. I knew it was my turn to present next. I was a sheep trying to impress a pack of wolves. Reluctantly, I walked to the front of the classroom and introduced myself. I didn't even say my last name yet when I heard the door open. "Great, just great" I thought to myself. An elderly woman that I did not recognize walked through the wooden door. She came in to talk to my English teacher, but she stayed to hear me read. My heart sank. I had to accept she was not going to leave the room without hearing me read my story. So, with a deep breath and a final dismissal to my panic, I started to read the horror tale I created. The presentation only lasted a little longer than five minutes, but in the moment, it felt like an eternity. The second the last word of the fiction left my mouth I took my cue to run back to my seat. Relief coursed through my veins when I was able to sit down again. All I had to do was listen to other kids speak. A finger ever so lightly tapped me before I had gotten that opportunity.

"Can I speak to you in the hallway?" the older female asked. I looked to my English teacher hoping she wouldn't let me go, telling me I needed to stay in the class, but she didn't. Instead, she gave me a nod of approval and egged me on. Panic arose in me just as quickly as it left. When the senior led me into the hall I shut the door behind me, cutting me off from the safe space I had just created for myself. The distress I was holding in must have been apparent on my face because the woman quickly told me I wasn't in trouble. "I just wanted to say that your story was amazing." I was confused but swiftly accepted the compliment. Before I could say anything else, the woman ran into her office to grab something. When the lady returned, she handed me a small stationary pad. I accepted the token of appreciation gratefully. "I love the detail you put into your writing! You were born to be a writer." My heart swelled like the Grinch on Christmas morning. Something as simple as a complement made me feel more confident. Not only in English class but in every assignment since that day. Thanks to Mrs. Taylor, the once unknown teacher, I always try my best in class because I believe I can do great things. My new philosophy has been to strive for work that is worthy of words as kind as Mrs. Taylor's once were.

Lacrosse Mitch-Match



Players

- Kevin Crowley
- Corey Small
- Kiel Matisz
- Matt Rambo
- Ben McIntosh
- Kyle Jackson
- Blaze Riorden
- Brett Hickey
- Cory Vitarelli
- Sam LeClair



Jersey Numbers

- 90
- 47
- 11
- 15
- 1
- 21
- 92
- 46
- 10
- 25



Answer Key:
K.C. - 21
C.S. - 15
K.M. - 46
M.R. - 1
B.M. - 90
K.J. - 47
B.R. - 10
B.H. - 11
C.V. - 25
S.L. - 92



Passion Article

The activity that taught me the difference between liking something and caring deeply about something is singing. For as long as I could remember I would sit in my room and sing when I was bored. The first artist's career I remember following was Kelly Clarkson. When I was about five years old I struggled with my home life and I related deeply to the lyrics she sang. My love for music was evident since I was younger but I started expressing my passion when I was ten years old. In the fifth grade, I auditioned and was accepted into my elementary school choir. At the time I was not a good singer, but my music teacher gave me a chance and I have improved immensely since then. The first major choir event I performed at was a concert called American Young Voices. Even though it happened over three years ago now I remember the moment I felt comfortable singing in front of thousands of people. That hot June day is the reason I realized I loved to perform. It was the moment I realized what I wanted to do with my life. The adrenaline that courses through your veins when singing is unmatched, but nothing feels the same as when you are performing alone and you are the center of attention. The first time I had a solo on stage was my sixth grade talent show. With practice, my skill and confidence grew, prompting me and my friend to perform the duet "Lovely" by Billie Eilish and Khalid. The show went well and it only fueled my passion for singing. Sadly, my devotion for performing had to be paused due to the coronavirus. It wasn't until my eighth grade year that I was able to sing openly again. Even though choir was on hold my vocal growth was not. For almost two years I had nothing to do but sit home and sing. While boring at times, it really helped my talent blossom. In just my eighth grade year I was able to have two solos at our school concert and perform at our graduation ceremony. Most recently, I have joined the Masterman High School choir to sing on a bigger scale. So much progress has been made in the three years I have been training my voice. My hope is that I proceed to get better at singing to the point where maybe one day I can consider it a talent I possess. This would be ideal for me because one day I wish to have the opportunity of joining the musical theater field. If I am ever lucky enough to be met with this opportunity I would like to open as a leading lady on Broadway. As of now, my dream role is Veronica Sawyer, a part created from the 1989 film *Heathers*. Of course this dream requires perseverance to keep trying even if you get rejected and the ability to grow as a singer, actress, and a performer.

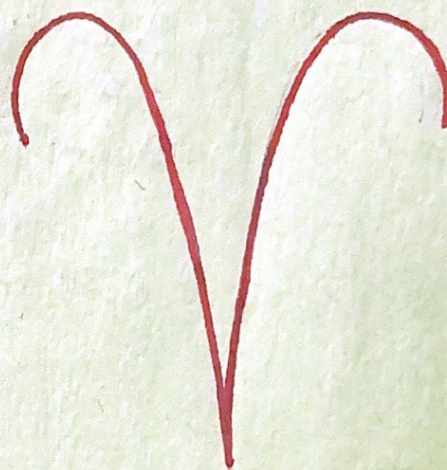


Zodiac Information-

My astrological sign: Aries

Aries Stats:

- March 21 - April 19
- Fire sign
- Ram symbol
- Mars ruling planet



Aries traits:

Positive

- Independent
- Charismatic
- Leader
- Confident
- Quick-witted

Negative

- Impatient
- Restless
- Argumentative
- Short-tempered
- Insensitive

Made in 2022

