



HERE WE GO AGAIN, SPARTANS

By Jason Lewicki

MHS welcomes you as this new school year finally kicks off! This is the West Street Journal, the official student newspaper of Milford High School, always here to spread the word on all sorts of subjects, both in-school

and out. This year's summer was a hot one, but as the air cools and the leaves start to turn all sorts of beautiful colors, let's all do our best to make sure that we come out the gate swinging!

Whether you're new to MHS or a returning student, we're glad to have you. Here at our school, we have all sorts of avenues through which to connect with the students around you and show your Spartan spirit. Join a club! Attend a sports game! Support our theater program! Read our newspaper! These and more are just some of the ways you can have fun, meet new people, and make new memories here at Milford High School.



**WEST
STREET
JOURNAL**

The Official Student Publication of Milford High School
100 West Street, Milford, NH 03055

October 2023 - Vol. 3 No. 1

Poe in the Present

By Payton Burke

With spooky season right around the corner, there is no better time to discuss the master of some of America's eeriest writing, Edgar Allen Poe. Poe was a prolific writer whose work continues to shape the world today, even outside of literary circles. For example, did you know the Baltimore Ravens were named after his famous poem The Raven?

Poe was regarded as the architect of the modern short story and was the first to use the term 'short story' in 1840. Poe was orphaned at a young age and faced many misfortunes throughout his life. He was never able to make enough money to live off his poetry and stories in life. Thus, he took on a number of jobs such as military sergeant major, and editor for a publication in Richmond, Virginia. Dying as mysteriously as his stories, he was found semi-conscious due to unknown reasons and died a few days later before ever being conscious enough to relay what had happened.

Throughout his life, however, he continued to write and publish his poems and short stories, all with his cat Catterina on his shoulder. Though he reached little acclaim during his life, he evoked major

movements with his mastery of his craft. However, almost all his short stories were originally published in only 3 books: Tales, Tales of the Grotesque and Abesque, and The Prose Romances of



Edgar A. Poe. As the names suggest many of them were dark, eerie, or captivatingly creepy in tone and themes. His works are so prolific that today are it is one's first thought when they hear the word Gothic.

Though he also is attributed with creating the detective genre with his work The Murders in the Rue Morgue, Poe did not invent the mystery, fittingly enough considering his own death was one of the first to have a character solve the mystery by analyzing the facts of the case. Setting the "rules of the game" and many tropes of the genre such as the world's first armchair detective, and a piece of evidence in plain sight overlooked by everyone but of course the brilliant detective. All while only writing three detective stories of his own. Including the previously mentioned Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Mystery of Marie Roget, and The Purloined Letter, and created further tropes for the mystery genre as a whole in his Thou Art the Man, The Man of the Crowd, and The Gold Bug.

Overall, it's not hard to see how Poe came to shape our world and why his name continues to remain popular in society at large even nearly 175 years after his death. So consider setting the mood by reading one of these spectacularly scary short stories this Halloween season.

Creative Writing

By Isabel Lamb

The breeze rippled through the leaves and said “Shush,” but they didn’t have to be told to be quiet. Words were the last thing they needed, and everything had been said, anyway. They knew each other well enough to understand when or if someone was in danger, and that was all they needed to know. When you’ve got five kids trekking through the woods trying to find an ancient demon god, nobody really wants to talk anyway.

Azareth, the Lord of Demons, had kidnapped their sixth member, and the five were desperate to get their six back. Eli, Tracy, Kendal, Chloe, and Stephanie had been searching for Noah for about an hour by now, the initial adrenaline fading to worry and panic. All they had to do was find some ancient oak tree and summon Azareth. So simple, right?

Snap. Their heads all turned towards the direction the sound came from. Although they hoped it was a deer or rabbit, they knew that the chances were that it was a minor demon, or, if they were very unlucky, a Shadow.

A figure stepped out from between the trees, and stumbled towards them. It was Noah. Chloe rushed forward to make sure he was okay. She inspected him loosely, making sure he wasn’t hurt.

“Noah! I’m so glad we found you!” She whispered to him, breaking the silence that had been hovering above the group. Noah

just nodded, remaining silent.

Eli nudged Kendal and pointed to Noah’s eyes. They were reversed. He had heterochromia, so his left eye was blue and his right eye was brown. Noah-whoever this was-had a brown left eye and a blue right eye.

Kendal silently pointed it out to Tracy and Stephanie, who both gasped silently.

“So, Noah, where is Azareth? Where was he holding you captive?” Kendal asked, squinting suspiciously. NotNoah didn’t answer, remaining silent.

Eli sprang forward and punched NotNoah solidly in the ribs. He opened his mouth to let out a howl of pain, but only silence. A shriek sounded from deep within the woods, in the direction that NotNoah, now clutching his ribs laying on the ground, had come from.

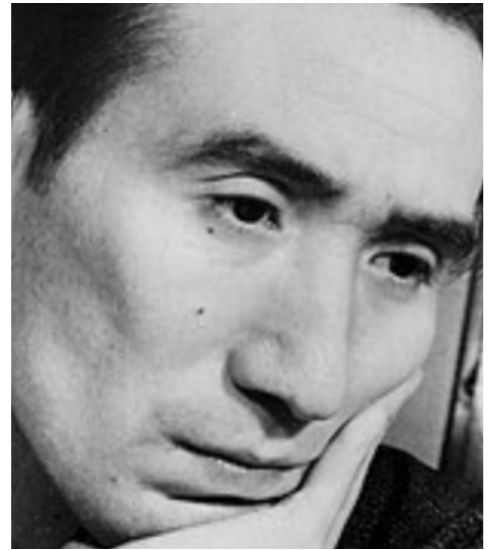
“Noah!” Chloe yelled, realizing what was going on. This wasn’t Noah.

A Memoir of a Man or a Monster?

By Malakai Ramirez

The lure of a violin playing from a record, a potential respite from hauling a heavy rucksack of seafood while in the cold February searching the fairly large town of Funahashi for a friend he wanted to visit, led him inside the coffee shop. He noticed and vaguely remembered the woman who worked at the bar in Kyobashi he had frequented about ten years prior, and it seemed she remembered him also. They expressed the expected exaggerated interest in what the other had been up to, while also taking care not to mention the air raids as others always did. Somewhere along their conversation, the woman asked if the man had ever known Yozo, and when he said he never had, she went and presented to him three photographs and three notebooks. "Maybe they'll make good material for a novel," she said.

That night after drinking a while with the friend he had at last found, he decided to spend the night at the friend's place. Whereas before he kept those photos because they fascinated him, he now studied



Mine has been a life of much shame. I can't even guess myself what it must be to live the life of a human being.

them more closely to figure out why. The first photograph of the man is of when he was a little boy. He is wearing brightly checked trousers and standing by the edge of a garden pond surrounded by many maids. His head is tilted about thirty degrees to the left and his teeth are barred in a smile. No, it is not a smile, not at all. It is a smirk. A hideous and dreadful smirk, like that of a monkey. He had never before seen a child with such an unaccountably freakish, unclean, and nauseating expression. The second photograph of the man is of when he was a student of high school or college days.

And unlike the first photograph this time he is extraordinarily handsome, yet the feeling of inhumanness did not cease. His rather adroit little smile still utterly lacked substance. The photograph produced a sensation of a complete and unpleasant artificiality. The last photograph of the man is the most monstrous of them all. His hair is now streaked a bit with gray and he is standing in a corner surrounded by crumbling walls and a terribly dirty room, his small hands held in front of him over a heater. This picture not only lacks a smile, it lacks an expression of any kind. Not even that, his face fails to leave a memory. It was as if a horse's head had been attached to a human body. Something ineffable about this man leaves the beholder to shudder in distaste.

The man who kept these pictures decided to peruse the contents of the notebooks... and found himself so immersed in, and unsettled by, the memories that he did not fall asleep that night.

The notebooks detail without sentimentality the life of Oba Yozo.

The Evermoor Children

By Isabel Lamb

*Across the placid waters
Beneath the iron and stone bridge
Creep children without their fathers
Down to the evermoor ridge*

*Each child paired with another
Fighting against the wind
Going away from home
Houses with roofs tinned*

*Into the inky blackness
Just like the night before
Keeping an eye on the hapless
Leaving footprints galore*

*Many times this has happened
Never have they been caught
Only the howl of the wind
Persons another - not*

*Quickly they reach the ridge
Resting their tired legs
Stealing glances at the bridge
Their shouts of joy turning
to screams and begs*





“If rainbows could rot
then so could stars.”

— ANN FRAISTAT

Book Review: *What We Harvest*

By Sophie Loss



What We Harvest by Ann Fraistet is a thrilling, pandemic-like horror book. The story revolves around a teenage girl named Wren, and her family's farm that is infected by quicksilver blight. Quicksilver blight has been around for a long while and infects through touch. Anyone, or anything, that has been taken by the blight disappears into the woods. They are never found really alive again.

Rainbow Fields is one of the handful of the mysterious farms in the town. The abnormal wheat is mystical in a way. Due to some force towards nature, it takes on a perplexing rainbow color. Baking the colored wheat into bread creates a treat like no other. The other farms in town have about this same sort of effect with various other vegetables or fruits. Quicksilver blight, a metallic, inky substance, infects each farm.

When this story begins, Wren is far into Rainbow Fields, trying to push the blight away from her crops. She calls her ex (now friend), Derek, to gain some assistance in protecting her land. When day turns to dusk, they run indoors to avoid overstepping the curfew. If night were to fall, and they remained in the darkened land, they are at the mercy of infected beasts. Returning home, Wren realizes her parents should have been home hours ago. Wren and Derek attempt to find Wren's parents throughout the story, while concurrently finding the cause of the blight.

This twisting tale is full of mysteries, action, and lies. Reading this book is an adventure for sure. It allows you to dig deep into the lore of Wren's family history and the secrets they have planted right under their noses.



Book Review: *Dreams Lie Beneath*

By Sophie Loss

“Dreams often revealed one's greatest vulnerability; dreams were doors that led into hearts and minds and souls and secrets.”

— REBECCA ROSS

Disguises, infiltrating homes of those that have taken from you, literally fighting the fears of your neighbors, all of these are major plot points of *Dreams Lie Beneath* by Rebecca Ross. This story's protagonist, Clementine Madigan, is an apprentice to her father, a magician and a warden to their hometown. Magicians in this world are people whose job is to protect the people of their town or village from their imagination.

Every month on the new moon, a random citizen dreams a nightmare. Every month, this nightmare comes to life. It is a magician's job to take down whatever creature, or thing the dream sprouts by collecting a golden item from it. In this world, dreaming is dangerous. The only way to prevent it is with an expensive elixir.

When her father's job and her home are rightfully stolen by one of two brothers, she swears vengeance on them both. Getting help from an occult woman who lives on the hill, she adorns a disguise, heads towards the city, and gains an apprenticeship from one of the men who wronged her.

Clementine and Phelan grow close throughout the book. Clem battles the two sides of tug-of-war with her vengeance on the brothers and her growing relationship with Phelan.

Overall, if you are looking for a light fantasy novel with small tid-bits of romance and deceit, this is the story for you. The tale of Clementine and her self-assigned mission is an addictive and thought-through hidden gem of a book.

Spartan Sports

By AP

Hey there Spartans! In this Sports Column, you get to hear all about your favorite Spartan teams!

Starting with the week of 9/10-9/15:

- The Varsity Football team played against the Souhegan Sabers on Saturday (originally meant to be on Friday but delayed due to the weather), and lost 39-0. The team never gave up, even through the multiple interruptions during the game. They showed their true Spartan Spirit that night!
- The JV Football team lost to Souhegan 39-32. They never let the Sabers crush their spirits. It was a close match!
- The Reserve Football Team played against Plymouth and lost 28 -14, always fighting to get back.
- The Volleyball girls had a great week with JV and Varsity beating Conval 2-1, and 3-0 respectively on Tuesday and Plymouth on home ground with 3-0 for both Varsity and JV on Thursday.
- Now for our Soccer teams, we had the Girls' Varsity Soccer play hard but ultimately lose to John Stark 2-0. The Boys' Soccer team played hard against Coe-Brown but lost 2-0.



Photo by Mamie Miles

***“Hard work beats talent
when talent
doesn’t
work hard.”***

– Tim Notke

For the week of 9/18-9/22:

- The Cross Country team had their first ever home meet since 2017, and they absolutely dominated the rest of the teams by ending up taking 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th places (Daniel Sixon, Logan Korthals, Will Whitley, and Grant Skorupan, respectively). Chase Paiva got a 10th place finish, allowing for Milford to get 1st place with a total of 20 points.
- The Cross Country team went to Manchester Invationals on Saturday and ended up with an overall 6th place finish.
- The Field Hockey team lost to Kingswood 2-6, but they fought hard with Willa Audley and Mairead Kirby scoring goals for Milford.
- They came back strong on Friday by beating Derryfield 1-0.
- The Girls' Varsity Soccer team fought their hardest but, alas, lost to Laconia 1-2.
- The Boys' Varsity Soccer beat Pelham 4-2, a wonderful match!
- The Boy's JV Soccer team lost to Pelham 0-2, never once letting themselves get down.
- The Boy's JV Soccer team lost to Pelham 0-2, never once letting themselves get down.
- The Boys' Varsity "Game of the Week" was the tremendous game against Hollis Brookline, with Milford scoring in the last 5 minutes to bring home the win.
- The Boys' Varsity Soccer had a 6-5 win against John Stark.
- The Varsity Golf team showed their Spartan spirit by earning team honors with insanely impressive scores (Hunter Kolesar-50, Gavin Lockhead-50, Will Bertoncini-50, Jack Bastarache-54, and Landon Piece-55).
- The Golf team went to Overlook Country Club but couldn't quite get the hole in 1, however, Alex Johnson and Jack Bastarache had impressive scores of 43, and 47 respectively.
- Girls' JV Volleyball played against Souhegan on home court and beat the Sabers 2-1.
- Girls' Varsity Volleyball played hard but couldn't quite get the hit in, and ultimately lost 0-3.

Lastly...

- Both JV and Varsity Girls' Volleyball fought hard but fell short to the Oyster River Bobcats.
- Will Wagaman and Aiden Lacasse earned a top 6 place finish to be qualified for the State Bass Fishing finals on the 30th of September.



OUR HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

West Street Journal is the Official Student Publication of the Milford High School, having its name revived on October 2021. This name originated back in 1985 replacing the old publication named "Oracle" (70's) and "Mash Journal" (early 80's).

From 1997 to 2007 and during the pandemic year of 2020, MHS didn't have a school paper. During the following years, however, the school paper existed in different names such as:

- "The Spartan" (1987-96)
- "ConText Journal" (2008)
- "Literary Journal" (2009-2010, 2016)
- "ConText" (2011, 2018-2019), and
- "Telegraph Writers" (2012-2015, 2017).

We hope that West Street Journal will continue to carry on in the years to come.

(MK)

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We are a group of students who are striving to report school events as well as feature fun stories and topics for the reading pleasure of the Milford High School student body. Feel free to submit your works, ideas and opinions.