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Writing to Save the Earth

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Writing to Save the Earth

A Magazine of Sustainable Ideas from EN 199 ∞ Bridgewater State University ∞ Professor John Kucich

A Class Manifesto

Children who are taught that the boogeyman called *global warming* is coming often withdraw and distance themselves from nature.

I might think about *eco-doom* once or twice a week but it won't truly impact my unconsciousness.

While I want to *fight for a green world*, I don't want to live my one life on earth as a person who sees everything through one lens.

Instead of building wonky policy initiatives, take some time off to *build a tree fort*.

We must learn to reawaken and *keep ourselves awake*, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn. To be awake is to be alive.

We are animals too, animals who have evolved along with other animals on this earth.

Simplify.

Love the nature of the *abandoned lot*, the nature of the small secret patch of beach protected by rocks.

Just *turning off a cell phone* is a step into a wilder world.

Zero hour. Time to go.

We live in a world where technology is at our fingertips. Almost everyone has access to some sort of technology, and this generation is getting caught up in it. We don't connect to the world like we used too. We don't notice what is going on around us because we are so focused on looking down at our phones or tablets. Just walk down the street in the city and look at how many people are just staring down at their phones and not paying attention to their surroundings. Boston's population alone is 645,966. How many of those people are being controlled by their technology and don't even realize it?

We have unlimited wants with limited resources, which leads to deforestation and extinctions. We are rapidly expanding and taking away the homes of countless species of animals. We have been cutting down trees for buildings, apartment complexes, stores, etc. Trees are one of our main sources of oxygen, and without all of these trees, pollution is becoming a greater risk, especially with all of our buildings and factories and cars. All of this pollution is one of the main factors in climate change. Climate change causes an endless amount of problems, such as worse storms and rising sea levels. This is happening now. People need to realize this.

Why is change so slow in coming to the world today? One of the major drawbacks to any solution of global warming is the price. The initial cost of building an alternate, clean energy source is very expensive and is put off to the tax payer. These sources require large amounts of land and sea, and there many arguments about where to put them. Another shortcoming is the way we teach about global warming. We teach the children that the world is ending and all the animals are going to die. When we do this, kids actually shy away from nature and turn to technology for comfort. For their own comfort, people say they are doing things to combat global warming, but in reality they are not doing anything themselves; they are simply talking. If everyone jumped in and contributed to the fight against global warming, we could make a difference.

The best way to solve this problem is to focus on the next generation. Teach kids in school and out of school to love nature. If kids start to love nature, then they will start to care for nature more. They will want to save the world around them. When we are older we won't want our kids to sit on their iPads or tablets. Instead, we will want to spend time with them outside. People who want to get involved in the fight to save the world should start small with their communities and work from there. Finally, younger people should get educated on the new political leaders. Having a leader who wants to help gets us one step closer to saving the earth.

A Sense of Place: Essays on Where We Live

Fogo, Cabo Verde

by Leonarda Vieira

Cabo Verde, or Cape Verde, is located off the West Coast of Africa. Cape Verde is known for its warm climate and its ten beautiful islands, which include Santo Antao, Sao Vicente, Sao Nicolou, Sal, Boa Vista, Maio, Santiago, Fogo and Brava. Cape Verde's capital is Praia, located in Santiago, and the smallest island is Brava. The island Sal is well known for its beautiful beaches. The island I am most connected to is Fogo. Fogo teaches us how to connect with nature and how to find natural resources like Thoreau did at Walden.

Fogo, Portuguese for "fire," also known as the Volcano Island, is an island discovered in 1460. It is the land of the volcano, which may be a couple miles from where you live. I know people who have been inside some parts of the volcano. I remember going to this place called Cha, and from there you go up one side of the volcano that is filled with soft black sand. When you try to walk the sand gets in your shoes, and when you are trying to go back down the sands slip from under your feet, making you go down faster. The black sand is not only near the volcano, there is also some in some beaches – yes, there are beaches with black sand. There are also some rough parts of Fogo, where all the rocks are, smooth rocks and sharp rocks and when you walk on them you have to be very careful because if you fall it will hurt, and all the people have scars from falling.

To get to our farm field where we planted crops we would have to walk a long road for about half an hour from our home, then go down in an empty river and come back out of it. Walking in the empty rivers was dangerous

because there was no place to actually put your feet on' you had to find a good place and go down very carefully; however, there were times when it would be raining and the water would be running down and there would be this huge waterfall and the best way to get across was to have someone take you across, especially if you were a kid. The best part was once you come out of it all you see is green. A large green space with all the crops that families plant. Everyone owned a large piece of land; I remember my grandfather's land and running through it. Planting the crops was the way you got food. We planted beans, lima beans, corn and many more. There were so many different types of fruits. There were green and purple juicy grapes that most people made wine with. You could also find a big mango tree with all the best mangos, green, red, red and yellow. I remember picking the cashew fruits - when you spot a bright red one on the tree you had to run for it. I also remember getting the papaya, and we would make "doce de papaia" which translates into sweet papaya. I remember feeding the animals, the cows, goats and the pigs. The houses were made of stones and most of them had the gray cement look; some had colors and those houses would stand out.



I tell people that Fogo is like Brockton while Praia is like Boston. Praia is the more modern city where everyone would be, the city where you wanted to work and enjoy time going out, while Fogo is like Brockton because people did things in their own way. Also, Fogo is a city where you have to work hard and build your way up.

I was born in the island of fire, Fogo. When I think about Cape Verde the first place that comes to mind is Fogo because I connect with it the most. My family were all born and raised there. This was the place where my grandmother and grandfather were born and the place they met and had seven beautiful daughters. The place where my four sisters and I were born. I connect to Fogo in so many ways. My two sisters and I came to the United States on January 25, 2008, when I was 10. Now my mom has all her kids here, but we still have family members in Cape Verde. When I was in Praia, I always went back to Fogo during the summer to see my sisters and cousins, to help out and go to church. I loved every moment I spent with in nature, planting crops, playing games outside and enjoying time with family because we basically had no technology. I loved the nights where we had no lights and we would light up the candles and tell stories with the whole family sitting around in one room. For the games we would play, we didn't need fancy dolls or anything because we would use whatever we found. We would make outlines of the houses on the floor with rocks. I remember the taste of the homemade coconut popsicles which were only twenty-five cents. There are a lot of things I remember and things I won't forget until I go back.

I think the island Fogo relates to Thoreau's *Walden* because they are both filled with nature. Fogo is a place where not all the houses have electricity, so you had to find ways to enjoy your time. I think Thoreau had to find new ways to enjoy his time; he had to do things

that he didn't do in the town. I remember that I had more fun in Fogo. I feel like Praia, the capital, was the town Thoreau lived in and Fogo was the woods he lived in because he had so much less there. I think he enjoyed his time without the things from the city and I feel like this is how I felt when I was in Fogo. I didn't mind the TV shows I left behind or sharing beds with people and having a working toilet. Fogo is a place you find nature around you. I think nature brings people close to each other, and this is what Fogo does. It brings family close. Thoreau didn't have any family living with him in the woods. Thoreau wanted to be alone, he chose nature to find himself, to be with nature not with family. Thoreau had to do more work during the different seasons because he had to adapt to the weather and change the way he lived. In Fogo we didn't have to change much because the weather would stay almost the same. I think that if he could have gone to Fogo he would have had a wonderful time because he would be learning about the place and its people, not sitting in the house wasting time. I think that people can learn from a place like this and just because it isn't fancy doesn't mean it is boring.

Fogo, Cape Verde is a place you can relax and enjoy time with family and enjoy nature. You can always have something to do. This is a place that made me who I am today, it is a place I connect to very much, where my family still belongs, and one day we hope to go back. You can eat so many foods and know where they came from, and you can pick the ones you want without others ever touching it. Thoreau did the same thing. He knew where everything came from. When reading Thoreau's work it reminded me of Fogo because I feel like there, wherever you go you can connect yourself with nature some how. Fogo shows me that a place is somewhere you feel connected.

Weweantic River

by Sydney Holbrook

When I was little I went to a daycare down the street from me. It wasn't like a preschool; it was more of a home day care. I grew up going there every day while my parents worked, so it was like my second home. Claudia, who was the owner, would always have us do different things during the day. We would read, play on the swing set, and go on walks. She always wanted to keep us occupied so we weren't bored. She would find creative ways to do different things each day.

When we went on walks, we used to go to this place on Seventeenth Avenue in Wareham, which wasn't that far from where she lived, on Thirteenth Avenue. At the back there was this break in a fence, and if you went through it then it would bring you to a path in the woods. We used to always call this "bear hunting." We all really thought that there were bears in this part of the woods. We would find holes and think that it was the bear's den. We would always look for clues to point to bears. It became our favorite thing to do, especially because we wouldn't be able to go every day. It got us excited to think that we might actually have a chance to see a bear, even though looking back at this, it is kind of obvious that we would never have seen a bear this close to where we lived. But just the "what if" of the whole situation made it so much more exciting. We could only go once in awhile, when she didn't have all of the babies because she couldn't bring the strollers with us.

While walking on the trail, it takes about one minute and thirty seconds to get to my favorite part, which is the top of the hill. The trail is narrow and the ground is covered with pine needles and leaves. There are pines trees on either side of you and you can hear the wind blowing the trees back and forth. There are little

plants growing all around your feet as you walk. I know towards the edge of the trees there is some poison ivy, so you have to be careful. Walking to the top of the hill is sometimes hard, especially when it just rained because all of the leaves and pine needles become extra slippery and I know that I have had my fair share of falling down over the years. But getting to the top of the hill is so worth it.

Once you get to my favorite spot, you can look down at the water from the Weweantic River. You could walk down the hill to the water, but if it is high tide, then there isn't really much land down there. At the bottom of the hill, there are all these green tall plants that look like cattails but without the fuzzy part at the top. The water is a deep blue, and it is so peaceful to watch. At the top of the hill, there are a lot of roots from the trees that grow out of the ground into arches. If you don't go there a lot, then you could easily trip on them without even seeing them there. Sometimes the pine needles actually kind of camouflage them.



Being at the top, it is the prettiest view ever. Across the river there are trees everywhere. I've always wanted to go and explore more onto that side of the river, but I have never had the chance. It is definitely going to be a goal of mine to try and get over there by the end of next year. To be completely honest I'm not even sure how you get to the other side. It's crazy to think that the river is actually seventeen miles long, yet I only see and

acknowledge such a small portion of it. It just really makes me realize how big the world actually is.

If you continue on the trail, it continues to get smaller and smaller. It actually leads you into someone's yard. They used to leave it open so you can walk the whole trail then go back to the street from their yard, but they recently just put up a fence so you cannot walk the whole trail, you can walk to that point but then you have to turn around and walk the whole trail backwards. This part of the trail becomes harder to walk. There are trees that have fallen down and block the path and branches that you have to push out of the way. It is more of an adventure because you can really pick which ever way you want to go. You can explore more and find different things each time.

One of the reasons that this is such an important place to me is because of Claudia. She was such an important part of my life, she was like another mother to me. She is the reason that I am pursuing a career with children. I want to help children like she did and make her proud. She just recently moved to New Orleans to be closer with her family, and that was really hard on me. Imagining that she wouldn't be there for me to go when I wanted someone to talk to was crazy to think about.

Eventually, as I got older, I would go there just to think about everything. It makes me feel like I am young again and have no worries. I feel like it is the only place where I can go that I can still remember all of the old memories. It makes me realize how quickly time passes and how you only have one chance at life. You need to make the most of it and try to be completely present in every second of your life. Sitting there just makes everything so clear to me. Our problems are not the biggest deal in the world; there is so much going on that we don't even realize and we are just a small part of this beautiful world.

Henry David Thoreau, similarly, had an emotional connection to Walden Pond. He lived there for many years and acknowledged its beauty over the years. I didn't live here, but I have been many times over the years, so I understand the emotional connection that he feels. I have so many memories there and going there just brings them all back. I have come to admire all of the little things around the trail, just like Thoreau did during his stay in Walden. In *Walden*, Thoreau states "The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not frequented it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description." I believe this is true for my place as well. Most people probably wouldn't think it was as beautiful as I do, and actually most people probably don't even know this exists, and that is the sad part. Most people wouldn't even look twice at this truly remarkable view and experience. Thoreau probably wouldn't have had such a connection with Walden if he wasn't there all the time and noticing the little things that really fascinate him, and this is the same with me. Going there all the time made me notice the small little things, like how the roots of the trees start to grow all over the ground and make a beautiful design or the way the wind blows at the very top of the trail. It is all just so beautiful, and more people need to stop and notice all of the little things in life.



Carver Pond

by *Brianna Gallagher*

The first week as a first-year student at college, I felt like a plant that had been ripped up from the ground and re-planted in a completely new place. Everything seemed so foreign and unfamiliar to me, which I found to be very overwhelming. Luckily, I found a hideout spot near campus that gave me the comfort and personal space that I very much needed. My new hideout, Carver Pond, is a beautiful place to go to when you need to relax or be in the great outdoors. It is a public place open for all who wish to come. With that in mind, the best time to be at the pond is when no one else is around, because that's when you can truly appreciate the beauty surrounding you, without any distractions.

The pond is only a ten-minute walk from Scott Hall, where I reside on campus. It's close and convenient, which is one of my favorite things about it. Approaching the pond, there is a small, rectangular dirt parking lot. Off to the right of the parking lot, there is a path that leads around the body of water. The path begins to narrow and thin out as you walk deeper and deeper through the woods. Some of the most beautiful parts to be seen are the areas among the path, such as the flowers and whimsical vines wrapping up the trunks of trees. The beautiful pine and oak trees cast giant shadows, offering plenty of shade on a hot, sunny day. Sometimes I like to stand underneath them and look up at their branches stretching infinitely upward, high towards the sky. Their height amazes me. As the sunlight illuminates the green chlorophyll in the leaves and evergreen pine needles, beautiful lighting is cast upon the forest ground below as the leaves are gently blown in the wind.



The surface of the water glistens in the sun while petite, white lotus flowers rest among the lily pads. Cattails border the marsh outlining the shore, which consists of patches of grass and rocks. Hidden and scattered throughout the trail are burgundy wooden benches. The benches are perfect for sitting while fishing or catching your breath after a nice run. Mulch covers the surface ground around these red benches, and little plastic grocery bags hang from the bench posts on each end. Every time I see the trash bags, it makes me wonder who empties them, and where the trash goes after that. These thoughts triggered my sense of place and I grew appreciative for the small little things other contribute to the world, such as a simple grocery bag on a bench to collect trash to avoid pollution. This type of thinking is the kind Thoreau wanted everyone to participate in. Thoreau highly valued his connection to nature. By connecting with nature and appreciating life in its most simple form, we are able to look deeper within ourselves, like Thoreau. In *Walden*, he mentions "I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so

companionable as solitude.” Much like Thoreau, I also like to escape and have time to myself. Being alone in the outdoors allows me to assemble my thoughts and reflections, which helps me decompress and calm down. Being out in the woods by the pond is the best part of any day for me. It’s my time to reflect upon myself and the day I have either got through or have ahead of me. Whenever I get upset or worried, I take a walk down to the pond to clear my head. Most of my problems can be fixed or relieved by simply letting them go and focusing my attention on something else, like the ripples in the water or the swans swimming in between the lily pads scattered on the surface. By taking time to appreciate nature and reconnect with it, you can learn more about yourself, and that’s something money can’t buy.



Nantasket Beach

by Brianna Davidson

My favorite place in the entire world is the beach. The beach I go to is Nantasket in Hull, Massachusetts. Now I come here with my boyfriend and sometimes his family. My mom and I would often go for the day during the summer time when I was little. I remember I would walk down to the water and watch people dive under the huge waves. Still to this day it frightens me because I remember my dad would jokingly tell me there were sharks waiting for me underneath. I continue to hear his words and I will never even think to do it.

The beach is the place that makes me happy in many ways. When I take my first step on that steamy soft sand, I feel a tingle between my toes; that’s when I know its going to be a good beach day. Every scent here makes me happy. The tanning oil, the sunscreen, the snack shack, the seaweed, the ocean, the fish, and the ocean breeze. I love to look at the pretty white seagulls flying over the clear blue sky. The sound of the big waves crashing against the shore covering the sand with millions of bubbles. I’m amazed at the artwork of the sandcastles and the sea animals under the clear water. I find it really fascinating how I could be swimming in the same water as all these cool sea creatures.

When I think of the beach, I automatically think of peace. I’ve learned that when you’re on the beach no one is there to bother you, you have time to yourself and not a worry in the world. While all of these details make me happy, tied together, they up to something so different and so large that can make one individual so happy. Something so small and meaningless to some people that they don’t think about it every day, like a scent, can go such a long way to making me happy. Scents can bring back so many memories and can make someone feel

good. Thinking back at all these memories can make me thankful for the little things. I can always go back and reminisce about these memories and the beauty of it all. This place is so beautiful and breathtaking its unbelievable. It is crazy to think about all the living things you're surrounded by.



The book *Walden* reminds me of peace. The chapter "The Pond in Winter" awakens memories in me of peace in the way Thoreau showed no haste in any of his actions. He would always take his time and make stops to enjoy every bit of his surroundings. He felt peace wherever he was and loved what he did. For example, he would sit near the pond nonchalantly making conversation with the fish. He tried not to stress over finding supplies to make fire even though he needed it to survive. Even though it took him longer to do his chores than we do nowadays, Thoreau would never complain; he would take his time and enjoy the fact that he wasn't burdened with a deadline like many of us are today. Every day Thoreau would go make a trip to the pond to admire the beauty he was surrounded by and instantly he would feel filled with joy. It was where he felt most at

home, just like me when I'm relaxing at the beach. Thoreau's environment was different because he preferred to be more secluded, but he found company in nature and the natural life that was still teeming around him despite the harsh conditions of the winter. He looked at this place as a solution to all of his problems and an answer to all of his questions, I think, it was this serenity that brought him peace and made him feel at home. He viewed the depth and purity of the pond as it related to mankind: not all ponds were this deep and could be this pure. At one point, he witnessed the pond being harvested for its ice. At first he viewed it as a detriment to the pond, almost as though man was stealing from it, but later found peace in the thought of the ponds beauty having been shared. Thoreau was able to find symmetry in all parts of his life, living through nature. In his two years living at the pond he was not only able to see the beauty in the most minuscule things, but also, in himself. I believe Thoreau enjoyed every minute of it. This is a place where he would go to feel happiness. Thoreau never took anything for granted. Nature is a beautiful thing in every way.



Ames Nowell

by Cassidy Morrow

The pavement ends and a small sign reads, “Ames Nowell.” It is crooked and hanging sideways. The light dust engulfs the cruising car until it reaches a stop. I turn down the music to embrace the silence. As I roll up the windows I prepare myself to let go of everything and let the soft breeze take it away. I take one more minute to worry before I am moving from my seat and toward simplicity. I start down the narrow foot path. The difficult rush of the world seems to come to a screeching stand still as I lose sight of the parking lot. From this point on, I am only focused on the change of direction I need to take on the path in order to reach my destination.

Over grown weeds and leaning grass claim my ankles as I maneuver through the labyrinth of paths. This is when I start to become tuned in to the sounds around me. The wind starts to whistle through the leaves, creating a chaotic whisper overhead. The frantic rustling under feet from rhythmic footsteps creates a steady sound of snickering laughter in the leaves.

Up and over a fallen tree comes the small stream that means I am almost there. A few more tests for shoes, balance, and agility and I reach my destination, my special spot. I jump across the water and climb the tall black and gray rock that sits perched on the water’s edge, letting the sun pound down hard on its smooth dark face. The rock has a chair-like stature, just above the water’s surface. It allows you to sit just high enough above the water to keep your dangling feet dry. The steep sudden incline provides a chair back perfect for lounging. It was meant to be a chair on the water from creation, meant to be a place for troubles to melt away. This place makes me realize my place in the world, my role as an individual.

Like this rock, I am only a small part of a whole picture. Sitting in this place and thinking about Thoreau’s writing made me fully understand the quote, “The universe is bigger than we see it”.

Once in my spot at this place, all my worries melt away. With every gust of wind that whips through my hair I feel the cool deep air fill my body. I let go of all the little things that make my head race and worry. I can finally stop all thoughts and just look at my surroundings. The sky pink and blue with light fluffy clouds smeared across it. The sun beaming from the sky just over the trees enough to warm your skin. The reflection off the water is blindingly beautiful, creating a rainbow of color in the softly rippling water.



For this hour I can be simple and curious. And most importantly have simple thoughts. The sounds of the slow ripples of water at the base of the rock are calming, consistent, and rhythmic, reminding me that every rough wave leaves washed away clean slates. They remind me that things keep rolling regardless of what is in their way.

In this setting I am reminded of Thoreau and his search for simplicity in life. I never thought that deeply about sense of place until reading Thoreau. The “sense of place” was a concept I acted on but never thought twice about because it was always there and always reliable. The place is meant to be calming, unique, and beautiful. This spot is ever

changing without ever really having a different quality from the visit before. The point Thoreau tries to make is that we have to appreciate the natural order of things around us and to ultimately stop and smell the roses in times of distress.

As the wind blows away my worries I learn that a sense of place is sacred and important to individuals. This is because it keeps individuals grounded and aware of the natural simplicity. When we search for simplicity in life, we often times overlook nature instead of turning towards it. Turning to nature for me has been a key activity I recently turn to for support. I know this place will always be there, and will always leave me feeling peaceful and complete. It reminds me I am a part of something bigger than my academic and work life.

After reading Thoreau's *Walden*, I found that the sense of place is much more than the spot I relax at when my life throws curveballs at me. This sense of place is the idea that we are part of the nature, and that we all come from parts of nature. I learned that sometimes taking the time to look for the simplicity in life is what an individual needs to find his or her place within the jumbled message of society.



Old Orchard Beach

by Jill Blye

I know where I am just from the sounds surrounding me. I close my eyes so I can take in the beauty without physically seeing it. My other senses and memories all contribute to the feeling of serendipity I have when I come here. Old Orchard Beach, Maine, was always my favorite spot to be. Having my eyes closed allows my other senses to sharpen. My ears perk up to listen more closely as the car rolls down the pavement. With every whisk of wind that whips through the window, I know we are getting closer and closer to the destination ahead of us. I tie my long blonde hair back into a bun with the elastic that is wrapped around my wrist. This way, my hair isn't getting trapped in my eyelashes. The smells come back to me then, the sweet aroma from the petite shops that line the streets. I smell the pizza and fried dough that lingers throughout the car as we pass on by. I can only imagine the amount of people roaming about this warm July day. I hear the roller coasters in the distance that are located in the carnival just steps from my destination. I hear their cars slam from side to side while children scream from a mixture of terror and enjoyment. The coaster screeches to a halt at the top of the ride and breathes out the exhaust from underneath. This simply drags out the anticipation of what is to come when the coaster drops and continues its course. I then hear the screams of the children as the ride drops and their hearts rush and beat faster than normal. This is summer, this is my second home on the beach.

While my dad continues driving, the coaster disappears and the merry-go-round enters. The music repeats over and over again, never really coming to an end. There is the chatter of the tourists on the boardwalk, making plans for the festivities that will occur later on

that night. Some people are laughing deep within while they cherish time with their friends and family hoping to hold onto these moments that they will look back upon as the years go on. This is a happy place, not only for me but for many others, whether they live here or not.

The sounds are all familiar to me. I can tell you my exact location just from the sounds that surround me. Not only are the sounds familiar, but so is the smell, sometimes even the touch of the surroundings. The food wafts through my nostrils while I walk along the boardwalk, there are shops on either side of me and a view that looks out far over the ocean. Memories constantly flood back to me while I take everything in again. Even with the amount of times spent in the same place, I never seem to get bored or restless.

Not only have I experienced this lovely golden place in the summer, but also in the winter. The two seasons bring alternate feelings and emotions. If you take this same drive in the winter as I am right now, the atmosphere will be completely different. Not only are there no screams and excitement, there is no carnival smell. There is only the smell of the brisk air that sweeps off the ocean that makes you wrap yourself up to try and keep warm. The car window is no longer open, and instead of the warm breeze coming through, heat breaths through the vents. The warm summer days of July have turned into the numbing, frigid days of December. I have a blanket wrapped around my crouched up body while I rest my head back and listen to the sound that is always constant. The one sound that will never disappear is the crashing of the waves. This conquers all. This noise sets the mood for where you are in that exact moment.

The destination stays the same no matter the season. After arriving at the house that my family has recently purchased, I walk down the street to the ocean. It's quiet. There's no movement like in the summer. My seasoned

boots shuffle through the snow that is gracefully falling onto the ground, very different from my flip flops months earlier. Looking around I take in how different the scenery looks compared to only a few months ago. I am the only one around, and there is an eerie sense that roams around while I walk hovering over me. I move closer and closer to the beach while looking about. To my right is now a barren area of space where the carnival used to be. As I step onto the beach, the snow crunches under my feet. I look down at my snow boots debating whether to risk the cold or to go back to the toasty house. I take off my boots then and squish my feet into the snow, burying further down until I reach the sand. It's no longer cold, and it resurfaces the same emotions and memories as once before. I run down to the water while my scarf flies in the wind covering my face, just like my hair in the summer. The water feels like ice as I walk up to my ankles. Looking out to the horizon I know then that there is no other place that could make me feel the way I do here. This is my home, this is my serendipity

Maine is my sense of place not only because I've spent a lot of time there but also because of the atmosphere. It feels like home to me and that is why it is so special. Just like Walden Pond for Thoreau, there are certain places that make you feel a way no other place can. The spot in the snow reminds me of Thoreau and how his emotions poured out into the nature around him, as mine does at this very moment. I feel comfortable and at ease with myself and the world around me. Although this place was much different from the warm inviting place it once was, it still captured my attention. The ocean itself is a drifting current as it pulls the waves in and pushes them out. Even as I may be pulled away more during the months of winter, I will always be pulled back to enjoy its cheery summers. Thoreau loved to just be surrounded in nature and he loved the way it made him feel; the same goes with me.

A Place in the Sky

by Danielle Souza

On September 7th 2014, my family and I drove to Orange Massachusetts to Jumptown Skydiving for my 18th birthday celebration. My father, brother and I were all going to jump out of a perfectly good airplane on this beautiful day. The skies were clear and blue like the ocean, with the perfect amount of sun beaming down on the town of Orange. We could not have asked for a better day. I was very nervous while they explained the rules and how all of the equipment worked. This was my father's second jump, and my brother's and my first. We would actually be pulling our own parachute and turning pulling the ropes for us to glide through the sky. I could not stop smiling. It could have been from my nerves, but I know I was feeling excited, too.

Once we suited up and loaded onto the airplane, it was pure awe. We took off. I was in the back of the small plane, holding about twenty jumpers, next to my father and behind my brother. Out of nowhere, everyone on the plane joined my father and brother in singing "Happy Birthday" to me. My whole face turned red and I just smiled even more. This moment seemed to have settled my nerves down a lot, because now I was just very excited. I could not keep my eyes away from looking out the window. It was so beautiful, watching the trees and buildings get smaller and smaller, and no longer being able to see small details. I was very excited to be able to experience what it is like to be in the sky without being inside a plane or helicopter, just you.

My experience of jumping was even better than I pictured. Before I jumped, I imagined feeling my stomach drop and being so scared. I stood in the doorway of the plane, being the last one to jump out. Once I saw my father disappear into the sky, holding back the

"rock on" symbol, followed by my older brother, waving back at me as he flipped out of the plane. It was now my turn, My instructor and I stood up, walking slowly toward the opening because we were both attached by a bunch of straps and hooks. I looked down, and it was unbelievable. I sucked in one big breath and on the count of three, I held my head back onto his shoulder, crossed my arms in front of my chest and leaned back and leaped forward out into the sky.

This experience was unbelievable. I jumped out of this perfectly good airplane, into the beautiful, cool sky at 14000 ft, doing three backflips into the sky. The first sixty seconds of free falling was a crazy feeling. Once I was signaled to pull my parachute, my instructor waving three times in front of my face, I reached down and pulled on the yellow rope that unleashed the parachute. It was an even more unreal feeling. I was just slowly floating down through the air. I could not even believe this feeling of pure awe and amazement up in the sky. It is so peaceful and quiet in the sky, only hearing the sound of the wind coming from all different angles. After pulling off my goggles as I made my way back to the ground, I could not believe what I saw. I was speechless.

The sky was so clear and so blue, I was slightly chilly, but it did not bother me. I was too preoccupied with my surroundings. The beautiful ground below us, the look of the trees, all of the land and the sky, were indescribable. I felt weightless in the sky, like nothing in the world could take away this peace and serenity I was experiencing. It was amazing to be in the sky, no plane, nothing. Just a parachute. The instructor waved three times in front of my face, and I reached down and pulled on the yellow rope that unleashed the parachute. It was an even more unreal feeling. I was just slowly floating down through the air. I could not even believe this feeling of pure awe and amazement up in the sky. It is so peaceful and quiet in the

sky, only hearing the sound of the wind coming from all different angles. After pulling off my goggles as I made my way back to the ground, I could not believe what I saw. I was speechless. The sky was so clear and so blue, I was slightly chilly, but it did not bother me. I was too preoccupied with my surroundings. I could see the Boston skyline, Mount Monadnock, the Quabbin Reservoir. I felt weightless in the sky, like nothing in the world could take away this peace and serenity I was experiencing. It was amazing that I was able to be in the sky, no plane, nothing. Just a parachute.

After reading *Walden*, by Henry David Thoreau, I felt as though I could root myself in place and better understand the ways the details of living affect the world around us. Thoreau models how to live deliberately in our own place, and captures the experience of connecting to a specific environment. As I read, I pictured a place that most people normally would not when describing where they feel connected. The sky. Although I have only been in the sky once, when I went skydiving, I captured an amazing sensation and came to know the sky very well in just a couple of minutes. While reading *Walden*, I connected my adventure of skydiving towards the end of book, in the “The Pond” chapter. Thoreau describes Walden Pond, saying that “a field of water betrays the spirit that is in the air. It is continually receiving new life and motion from above. It is intermediate between land and sky.” Thoreau believes that the pond is the soul in the middle of the earth and heaven, living in an earthly world, but also reflecting a peaceful world above just like the pond reflects the sky. I get a sense that he is describing some sort of balance within the world, that the ground and the sky are equally split and both result in beautiful, natural peace. I completely agree with him. I consider myself lucky to have been able to experience the sky the way that I did, and I

encourage others, if they are brave enough, to do the same as I did. Since jumping from the airplane and seeing the beautiful world below me and the clouds and skies around me, I appreciate the ways of the sky even more. Before jumping, I never really thought of the sky as different world, or even a place. I appreciate the sky way more than I did prior to jumping. The sky to me is like Walden Pond is to Thoreau. Now that I was able to see it from the point that I did, just me and the air surrounding me as I floated down to the ground, the sky is now a part of me.



Pond Meadow

by *Samantha Cicirelli*

Pond Meadow Park is a protected nature reserve in both Weymouth and Braintree, Massachusetts. It has about a three hundred acres, with a two mile paved path that goes around the pond. The pond is fed by a stream that eventually leads to a man-made dam that prevents Weymouth Landing from flooding. Pond Meadow has many trails that run through the woods to different areas. The land offers different sceneries such as meadows, ponds, swamps, and marshes. The park is beautiful during each of the seasons, but my favorite season is the fall. The smell of the crisp air, the sound of the dead leaves crunching under your steps, and the colors of the foliage make Pond Meadow one of my favorite places to visit.

When I was growing up my dad always brought me here for walks. He loved to bring me here because he grew up exploring these woods with his friends. My backyard led right into Pond Meadow which eventually ran into the Red Trail. To get there, we first had to walk through a mess of briar bushes. My dad would put me on his shoulders and venture through them. The briar bushes spread for as far as my eyes could see. They were green and all tangled with one another. Once we got through the field of thorns, we would arrive at the Red Trail. The Red Trail had huge rocks along the sides that I climbed over and over again. My favorite one was at the top of a hill and had perfect little edges for my hands and feet to grab so I could get to the top. As our walks went on, there were logs that had fallen years ago from storms or heavy winds that were decaying in their spots. Going for walks with my dad though these woods always meant I was going on a new adventure. Going back there now still feels the same. When I go, I almost feel like home. My

favorite time to go there is the fall because everything about the place feels familiar to me.

Walking along the paths that are carved through the trees you can hear so many different sounds. My favorite is the sound of leaves crunching under each of my steps. As the wind blows you can hear the leaves that are still attached to the trees ruffle together like pompoms. The leaves on the ground get swept altogether and shuffle around the paths like tornados. The birds flee to another tree, chirping one after the other. As you travel along you can hear the dark river water make its way down the creeks until it eventually leads to the dam. The dam is loud like a waterfall. The pure sounds of nature always have a calming effect on me.

The colors of the woods in the fall are beautiful. As the leaves change colors the world around you becomes a painting. The leaves turn to amazing shades of oranges, yellows, and reds. The ground reflects these colors with the leaves that have fallen. The old pine needles get pushed off the branch to let the new ones grow in. As they lay on the ground they start to blend in with the other leaves because they, too, are turning orange. You can see old bird nests on the bare branches and new ones tucked away still hidden, with birds getting ready for their flight down south. The water is a deep navy blue. When the water is calm it has a mirroring effect with the trees. The trees are crystal clear on the water.

When the air begins to cool down it becomes more crisp and has a certain fresh smell to it. It smells like the air is clean. The pine trees give off an extinct smell. If it has rained within a few days of your walk, you can smell the essence of damp earth. The scent of the woods is so refreshing. Each part of nature gives off a different aroma.

After reading *Walden*, written by Henry David Thoreau, I began to learn how to appreciate nature better. He lived in the woods

and wrote about his experience from the summer to the following spring. In his chapter titled “Spring”, he says, “The day is an epitome of the year. The night is the winter, the morning and evening are the spring and the fall, and noon is the summer.” I think that the quote reflects the days in Pond Meadow perfectly. The mornings are always cool because of a breeze that comes off of the water, the night becomes cold because the sun goes down behind the trees and the whole park becomes dark. The afternoon is always the hottest time of day. If you sit on an old broken dock that sticks out into the pond you will feel the sun’s warmth on your face and body. Thoreau explains nature in a way that makes you feel like you are out there. All woods have similarities and it’s like Thoreau wrote about every aspect of the wilderness.

When I go into nature I feel so relaxed. I feel calm walking through the woods. Nature was always a part of my childhood and I think that’s the reason I am always drawn to go into the woods and explore. I feel like nature brings us back to our bare roots and make us feel natural. Nature has an effect on me that I don’t get from anywhere else. I can always think straight when I’m surrounded with trees and the peace of the wind.



Imagining a Future: Speculative Fictions

Peggy the Penguin in Antarctica

by Haley Piotrowski

The year of 2015 is on record for the hottest year and definitely feels like it. It is currently November and people have still yet to turn on their heat. I, myself, definitely feel a significant change in the weather compared to last November. We may have the hottest or the coldest winter yet this year, but we will just have to wait and see. In Antarctica, ice is melting due to the climate change. The Antarctic Peninsula is sensitive to small rises in the annual average temperature; this has increased by nearly three degrees Celsius in the region in the last fifty years, and this is about ten times faster than the average in the rest of the world. Antarctica lost about 152 cubic kilometers of ice between 2002 and 2005. This shows that large changes in climate have happened very quickly, in tens of years, not in millions or thousands. I am very curious to see if the weather will fluctuate in the next twenty or so years. I am sure the animals are not too happy about this in Antarctica, especially the penguins.

It is currently the year 2015 and Peggy, the penguin, is not a very satisfied penguin this year. Peggy lives in Antarctica with all her family and friends and she is sad about the weather being so unpredictable and just wants the weather to be normal again. It fluctuates every week, dropping and then rising again. She is experiencing ice melting and is hoping that it will start to get cold soon like everyone else in the world is hoping. Where Peggy lives, it is about -15 degrees Fahrenheit, which is not good for the ice and for the whole continent.

She always thinks about what will happen if the ice keeps melting into water and wonders if she will have a home or a life anymore. Peggy loves swimming and catching food and being on the ice. She really hopes the temperatures will get better in the future so she can live happily with her family and friends.



Fast forward twenty years and it is 2035, the hottest year ever on record. Just as everyone thought, the weather was normal again for twenty years, it turned out they were wrong. The climate change is so terrible that people don't even want to do anything anymore. It is November and it is about five to ten degrees every day in Antarctica, which is supposed to be the coldest continent. Due to the climate change, some penguins have lost their homes and lives due to the water temperature rising which didn't allow fish to survive anymore. Fish is the main food source for penguins. The climate change can cause serious consequences, not only in Antarctica, but all over the world. Peggy, for example, has lost a lot of her penguin friends this past year because almost all of the ice in the continent turned into water. Some penguins have drowned, died from starvation, or couldn't handle the heat. Peggy is now nervous

because she is struggling to find food and her habitat is completely ruined. She worries that she will no longer live and be with her family. She stumbles upon a friend and they walk around Antarctica together to see the change in population. There is a drastic change in everything; ice, people, food, smell, the sound. Peggy used to eat numerous times a day until this happened and because of this, she is losing weight. Peggy has also lost a lot of fur from the heat, and she can't roll around in the snow or on the cold ice. That was her favorite way of staying cool and relaxed. From this day forward, the only way of surviving is just hoping everything will be back to normal before it is too late.

What if climate change was not a problem? Everyone would live fearlessly and harmlessly. It is back to 2015 and things seem to be normal this time. The weather seems to remain the same and the temperatures feel appropriate for this time of year, which is November. People have changed the way they live for the sake of a better life for them and the people around them. To reduce the rate of climate change, people needed but also wanted to help put a foot forward in the world. For this to be made possible, people have started to do things such as not using their cars as much to get from place to place, using less electricity in their homes when necessary, growing food and eating organically, recycling more, flying less, and not polluting. These are just some of the things people have been doing almost the whole year now and everyone has seen a drastic change. This will benefit our future if people continue to participate in saving the earth.

Fast forward to 2035 and everything is looking how it should be, but better. Peggy is still living in Antarctica with her family and friends, feeling happier than ever. The way people have been contributing and taking care of the world for the last twenty years, has put an effect on the way life is today. The animals do not have anything to worry about, especially

because of the weather temperatures in Antarctica. The penguins have plenty of cold water to swim in, ice to live and slide around on and, most importantly, they are not dying of starvation. In November, the average temperature for this continent is at about -36 degrees Fahrenheit and that is what it has been this whole month. Everything right now seems to be great. Everything and everyone who lives in Antarctica or anywhere in the world, should never have to worry about climate change if people continue to be smart about the way they do things in their everyday life.

The reason for choosing this topic to write a fictional story is because I see the way people treat our environment and I think that should change. I would not be happy if my future in 2035 was looking like Peggy's. Not being able to survive because of the climate change is very depressing. It is warm for November this year and I do not think this is normal, which sometimes makes me nervous for future climate change. I want to live in a world where people care about the way we live. I'm hoping our new president in 2016 will help encourage everyone to help reduce climate change. Twenty or so years from now, I am very interested in looking back and seeing an extreme difference on sustainability issues and what has happened since 2015.

Lives Change in One Day

by Julianne Kilduff

Wednesday December 15, 2056

It was like any other day. We got woken up our alarm going off on our phone, went downstairs to eat breakfast and watched TV, got ready for school and we were off. My brother Jake and I walk into school and everyone like usual is staring down at their phones; the halls are silent because no one is ever talking. This was just like any other day, and of course Jake and I had our phones with us to, we wouldn't leave the house without their being in our hands. I hate Wednesdays because dad is usually on conference calls and is always on his computer, whether it's for emailing, facetimeing or just because he can't be away from it for more than five minutes. I wish I knew what it was like to not have any electronics and see what kind of a world that would be, I bet it would be pretty boring and there wouldn't be anything to do.

Saturday December 18, 2056

We had to be quiet this morning because dad had another one of his conference calls but during his call the line got disconnected and he lost the call, which has never happened before. He called the guy back and neither one of them could figure out what had happened. Later on Jake and I were on our iPads and mom was on her phone and all at once we lost Wi-Fi and couldn't get on the internet. We all looked at each other puzzled and didn't know what to do, but after a few minutes it came back. We didn't think much of it and we just went on with our day like any other.

Monday December 20, 2056

Today was a very strange day and we're starting to get nervous about the Wi-Fi shutting down. While we were in school everyone was talking about how their electronics got shut

down for a few minutes over the weekend; students, parents and faculty members were up in arms with this tragedy. They knew that it was hard to pay for all the Wi-Fi being used considering everyone you talked to has some type of electronic device that needs Wi-Fi, and more then less have more than one. People are starting to think this is the start to the end of the world considering there won't be Wi-Fi, which means no phone, computer, iPad. What are we going to do with ourselves every day?

Friday January 1, 2057

We need help right away everything is starting to shut down and my phone isn't working anymore, my dad can't get his conference calls and my mom had lost everything she saved to her phone as far as schedules and what needs to be done every day. It a new year and now it starts to happen to everyone. We just got new tablets for Christmas and we can't even use them now. We can't lose everything! I need my phone - I'll die without it.

Monday January 4, 2057

School was intense, friends were running up to me and didn't even know what to say, and honestly I don't remember the last time I actually talked to Abby, we would usually just text each other. No one knew what to do with themselves, kids were lost, teachers couldn't teach their classes because they relied on having the computer to show them what to do. And to think school was bad, when Jake and I got back from school we found out that our dad got laid off from his job because they knew that they wouldn't be getting Wi-Fi anytime soon. My dad couldn't believe this had happened, but he wasn't as upset as I thought he would be. When I asked him about it he surprisingly said this will be good for our family to not be have all of these electronics glued to our hands.

Sunday January 10, 2057

A week has gone by without having Wi-Fi and people are going crazy, kids don't know how to have a conversation. We all go outside but don't know what to do with ourselves; we just stare at one another. Parents are losing their jobs because there is no way of communicating, they don't know their schedules because everything was in their phones. We think the world is ending and there is nothing we can do about it.

Wednesday January 13, 2057

We were going through the attic and found dad's old basketball pictures and trophies and that got Jake and I thinking that maybe we should actually try out for the town team. Not many kids play because everyone is busy on their phones, but we wanted to try it. Dad took us to the tryouts and we ended up making the team. We both loved it! We couldn't believe how much fun it was, and it brought our family closer because we were spending so much time together and not worrying about our phones.

Saturday January 16, 2057

The Wi-Fi is back on!!!! Everything got turned on this morning and we have texts and facetimes coming through like crazy. The whole family was in the kitchen and we all looked at our phones put them on the counter and left for our basketball game together.



Dust

by Adam Hayes

The nightmares came. They always came. Vision's of attacks, raids, ambushes everywhere. Chaos. Savages attacking base camps searching for the one material that was most valuable in this world. Water. Water is what drove everything now. The search, the attacks, everything only for those two hydrogen and one oxygen atom combined. People have been all but wiped out, with very few remaining. Some went towards the sea, hoping that there would be some remains of the Atlantic left over, but no one knew for sure. Some went inland, thinking that they might find something no one else did by going in the opposite direction. The only thing that was known for sure was Water was scarce, and the fire. The fire was everywhere.

Aaron Drake gasps as he wakes up in the driver's seat of his old Red pickup truck. He's relieved, and looks over at the young girl sleeping in the passenger seat. She's beautiful, with dark auburn hair, freckles, and dark green eyes that she got from her mother. Aaron smiles as he notices the smile on his daughter's sleeping face. He gets out of the truck, and the dryness of the air hits him like a brick. Aaron admires the irony in his nightmare, as the resource of fresh water has been extremely scarce for twenty four years now. Twenty four, or was it twenty two? He wasn't sure. The concept of time faded with the majority of humanity and Aaron had lost track. The rising global temperature dried up all nation's lakes and ponds and the worldwide drought caused a massive demand for water that was already in bottles. It was the scarcity that drove people mad. People looted shops, murders were rampant, and martial law was declared. It was chaos. That was the beginning. People died out, and there were only groups of raiders left.

Vegetation was gone, lacking the water to survive. Overproduction of carbon dioxide from humans and lack of oxygen made it hard to breathe. The world was a barren wasteland.

By the time Aaron had finished recapping in his head, he had reached the gates of Lincoln Financial. The football field was one of Aaron's favorite places to hunt for food, as there was always some does feeding off the grass. Aaron hops the entrance gates, and makes his way up the stairs into the stadium seats. As he walks, he passes by all the popcorn stands and abandoned merchandise booths, with broken and rusted machines and cash registers. Broken windows and old bobble heads



line the counters. He sighs. Aaron loved the Philadelphia Eagles, and he spends days thinking about what he would do just to watch them play one last time. He reaches the seats, and hops the railing and lands on the sidelines, he looks and sees a herd of deer, bending down to nibble the blades of brown, dead grass. Aaron slings the bow off from his shoulder, and draws. He doesn't fire, yet. He has to wait for the perfect moment. He stalks his way along the sidelines, purposely avoiding running straight across the field. He lines himself perpendicular to the herd, and fires. The arrow whizzes off the bow in a perfect arc and digs itself into the back of a deer, out of sight. The other deer scatter, and Aaron runs up to view his prey. It's a doe,

gasping for breath with the arrow lodged right in the bottom of the neck. The animal looks up at him in fear, as Aaron kneels down and ends the doe's life. He gathers the meat from the carcass, with a single tear running down his cheek. It's been years since he even thought of crying.

Aaron made his way back to the camp, his mind full of regret and angst of this new world. He cries all the walk home, and he lets out a flow of bottled up emotions. Walking the dry, dead streets of Philly, slugging the carcass over his shoulder, he thinks about what could have went different. Maybe they could have changed it. Maybe they could have saved the world. He thinks about the darkness in human nature and how he despises it. He thinks about all the horrible things that he has had to do to survive, yet he doesn't blame himself. There is so much hate and blame inside him, targeted towards his fellow humans. If only we changed our ways sooner, the world would still be okay. But it's not. The world isn't okay and now good people like himself have to pay the price. He's pissed. It's bullshit.

Aaron returns to camp to find his daughter up and well, with a lit fire and old Coca-Cola. She welcomes him, asking how his hunt went and if he looted anything special. She's only fourteen, Aaron remembers. This world is the only one she's ever known. They spend the rest of the night grilling their game, having dinner and telling stories about the old world.

"And there were these trucks. Trucks that drove around and sold ice cream to us little kids. The trucks would blast music so we would know that they were coming, and we'd beg our parents to buy us some."

"Trucks that sold food? And you could just run out and they'd have it stored in the truck?"

"Yeah."

"And your parents trusted some random guy in a truck?? That's weird."

"Yeah, yeah I guess it was."

Taking Action: Policy, Politics and Activism

Climate Reality

by Brea Caisey

Sustainability is the ability to continue a defined behavior indefinitely. When it comes to the environment and environmental issues, like climate change, sustainability is very important. Many organizations, companies, and even the government have made changes to help stop climate change and reduce pollution. Al Gore, a former vice president, has taken it upon himself to bring awareness to the issue of climate change. He has created a new project to help motivate everyday people to do something and protect the planet.



Gore won a Nobel Prize in 2007, informing the world of the dangers of climate change. His film, “An Inconvenient Truth,” is a documentary that focused on his efforts to bring the issue of global warming to people all over the world.

The film won several awards and is one of the highest grossing documentaries of all time. He has helped create and fund an organization called the Climate Reality Project. This project focuses on getting people to make not just big changes but also small changes to their lives to become aware of their personal effects on the environment.

The Climate Reality Project was created in 2006 after the release of Gore’s documentary. This project is meant to provide a way for normal everyday people to make a difference in the world, even if it is just a small one. The mission of the project found on the website is, “to catalyze a global solution to the climate crisis by making urgent action a necessity across every level of society.” The website mentions the levels of society because when it comes to most environmental issues, people mainly focus on the government or big companies making changes instead of regular people. For the project, there is an easy way to donate and support the cause as well as keep up with the project’s new initiatives. It provides multiple videos explaining the issue of climate change and why the project is so important.

One of the initiatives held by the Climate Reality Project is the “24 Hours of Reality.” The event is held once a year in November in an effort to make climate change and globally recognized problem. During the 24 hours, people all over the world come together to celebrate their progress through actions and music. This year, the event was held on November 13th to the 14th to motivate people across the globe. The 24 Hours of Reality is only one of the many initiatives this organization has created to promote its cause and bring awareness to people. This project as a whole provides a simple way to make a change or help the cause by making it possible for everyone to be involved. Projects and events to bring

awareness to global issues is the first step towards environmental sustainability.

Letter to Bridgewater State Students:

Dear fellow Bridgewater State Students,

As you've probably learned or heard a million times in school or on the news, there is a serious crisis with our planet's environment. But I am going to make this short because I know, like most college students, you have better things to do. First of all, former vice president and Nobel Peace Prize winner, Al Gore, has taken it upon himself to make climate change a globally recognized issue. He's created an organization called the Climate Reality Project which helps bring awareness of climate change to people all over the world. It was founded in 2006 and is making a huge impact on the issue of global warming. The project's main goal is to motivate younger adults and teens to adopt more environmentally friendly lifestyles. As much as that sounds like another boring global warming project, it is not. This project has created a fun website that is easy to navigate with videos, news articles, and many ways to donate. Any teenager capable of using a computer can use this website. After asking a few friends that are also students, I found that most actually favor the website rather than other types of websites supporting the same cause. They claimed it was intriguing and easy to understand and find out new information. The main goal of the project is not to get big investors and companies to become more aware of climate change but the normal everyday person. As young people, we tend to ignore the issue and say the adults or government will handle it, but in a few short years that will be us. And as much as we don't want to take the time to make a



change, it's our future children who will be living in this failing ecosystem. I'm sure you are probably thinking, what can I do? Well, fellow students, there is a simple answer to that question. Anything. You can pick up trash you see when you're walking down the street, start recycling bottles in your house, or other things around the community. Even the smallest changes to your everyday life or lifestyle to help the planet will make all the difference. If everyone on this planet were to take a moment and change one thing, the world's climate issue would start improving. So at some point today, tomorrow or even the next day check out the Climate Reality Project and see what changes you can do to make this world a better place.

Sincerely,
Brea Caisey (a fellow Bridgewater State Student)



Wind Turbines in Massachusetts

by William Tkaczuk

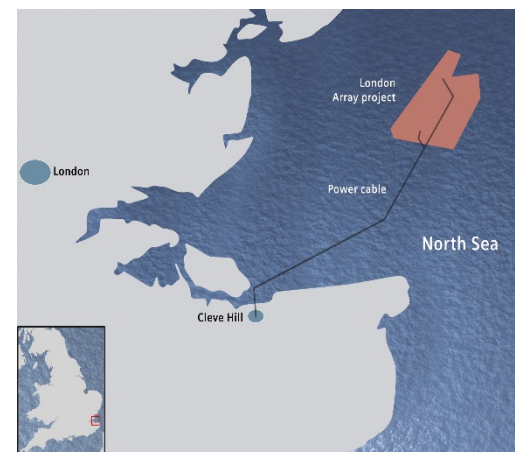
The Cape Wind project is an idea to place wind turbines off the coast of Cape Cod, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard to power these places and many others. The Cape and the islands are very vulnerable to the effects of climate change. The result could lead these areas being underwater if the amount of CO₂ emissions does not decrease in the upcoming years. Cape Wind could be the first off shore American wind farm and could be the model for many more wind farms to come. As of right now Cape Wind is currently in its financing and final commercial contracting stage. Even if Cape wind fails, there has been another story that has popped up of another off shore wind farm. There has been news of a Danish company possibly putting wind turbines further out to sea just south of Martha's Vineyard. If Cape Wind fails, then our hope could just be the Danish company.

As of right now the wind farms that we do have in America are mostly located in the middle of the country in the Great Plains. There are no off shore wind farms in America. America has thousands of miles of coast and not a single wind farm. If Cape Wind does happen then we could start to see many more across the country. Also if we do decide to create more wind farms and off shore wind farms, then we could see the creation of thousands of jobs. Unemployment rates could plummet with the creation of jobs across America. Factories that create the parts would have to hire more people to keep up with the demand of wind turbines. Then more jobs would have to be created for the installation of the turbines itself. The coast line of America could be littered with off shore wind farms. We could be the leader in clean energy production and be the leader in wind power.

If we do not create clean energy then we could see much the current coast under water because of global warming. Cape Wind would create about seventy-five percent of the energy used on the Cape and islands. If we do this across the American coast, then we could see much of the coastal property being powered by wind turbines. Also, with this new proposal popping up from the Danish company, America could be on the fast track to becoming the leader in wind power. This could really help stop global warming.

Across Europe there is the use of wind power and, more specifically, the use off shore wind farms. The largest off shore wind farm in the world is located off the coast of England, called the London Array. As of right now the London Array is complete but there was a "Phase two" planned. The reason phase two did not work was because it was located on the boundaries of an endangered bird species and, since it was already a conditional of phase one, they decided not build there and focus on other important features. In October of 2012, the project was complete and that was when the first power was created from the London Array.

The London Array contains one hundred seventy-five Siemens 3.6 MW. They are arranged in rows and columns. The turbines are designed to run for over twenty years, twenty fours a day and seven days a week. Cape Wind could operate in a very similar way, though not quite as big. Cape Wind could use London Array as a role model. A much similar concept could be in store if the wind farm off the coast of Martha's Vineyard



gets passed. They are discussing of putting up thirty to thirty-five turbines in their phase one and then they would continue to add more as time passes.

One of the reasons that Cape Wind could possibly fail is because the locals from the Cape and the islands are not supporting Cape Wind. They are saying that it will ruin their view from their beautiful ocean front property. The wonderful thing about the proposal from the Danish company is that the turbines are far enough off the shore that if you saw them they would not be as in your face as the turbines from Cape Wind. If Cape Wind passed then the turbines would just be five miles off the coast from the Cape and the islands. If the Danish company gets their idea passed then the turbines would be far enough off shore where it would be very difficult to see them.

Another problem with off shore wind farms is the financing. Cape Wind is dependent on money from outside investors. This is one reason why it has taken so long for Cape Wind to actually happen. This is where the Martha's Vineyard wind farm has the upper hand. The Danish company has come out and said that it will not need investors for the project and it will be able to pay for the whole project itself. One

reason they said this is because they are an 11 billion-dollar company that already has many wind farms back in Europe. Another thing they have said is that they will be able to sell the electricity back to us cheaper than that of Cape Wind. Cape Wind was offering twenty-one cents a kilowatt. While DONG energy, the Danish company, has not said what they will charge they did say it will be cheaper than that.

Cape Wind and the Martha's Vineyard wind farm could be used as role models for off shore wind farms across America since they could be the first of many here in the United States. The Cape Wind Project and the Martha's Vineyard proposal are wonderful ideas. They could provide clean energy and could make all of the protesters realize that it is a genius idea when their house is not underwater. Some of Cape Wind's protesters were some of the residents of the Cape and the islands. Some of the protestors for the Danish company's idea could possibly be wildlife experts since it looks like it could possibly be in whale territory. Yet these concerns can be addressed. More importantly, both of these wind farms could help reverse the effects of global warming and keep the Cape and islands above water.

