



THE MOUTH
JANUARY 2019

OUR TASK MUST BE TO
FREE OURSELVES

BY WIDENING OUR
CIRCLE OF COMPASSION
TO EMBRACE ALL LIVING
CREATURES AND THE
WHOLE OF NATURE AND
IT'S BEAUTY.

ENJOY






Join Us!

Six local teens, including four Four Rivers students, met recently in Greenfield with leaders of the Franklin County Continuing the Political Revolution (FCCPR) organization to plan for a youth-led climate activist event on Saturday, February 23rd in the early afternoon.

The teens present at the meeting included Four Rivers students Rufus Seward, Magsy Lombard, Isaiah Newcombe, and Jaden LeBreux; one Greenfield High School student, Jacob from the Environmental Club; and homeschooler Alexander Davidson-Carroll. Through this event, the teens hope to educate other young people about the urgency of climate change, catalyze action regarding local climate legislation and the Green New Deal (see Seward’s article in the November issue of The Mouth), and build greater momentum for climate activism among youth in Franklin County.

Gathered around a large table snacking on FCCPR task force chocolate, the six students brainstormed aspects of the event that would engage participants. This could include climate-themed visual art collected from local schools, youth and local activist speakers, a march to The Commons, phone banking stations, and food from local businesses.



I haven't eaten anything today because I have to write an essay about climate change for English Class. I'm not helping myself survive. We need to help each other survive.



Organizers involved have been completing tasks such as:

- 1) Reaching out to other students in Franklin County.**
- 2) Approaching local businesses like Hawks and Reed and The Greenfield Market for event location and support.**
- 3) Contacting speakers like local radio figure Monte Belmonte, former MA Senator turned Solar advocate Ben Downing and UMass postdoctoral fellow Ambarish Karmalkar -- a contributor to the UNIPCC report.**
- 4) Creating social media platforms for Franklin County Youth Continuing the Political Revolution.**

The Four Rivers organizers indicated that they welcome support from fellow students to help plan and carry out the event. Lombard said, “Please don’t be paralyzed with fear of climate change. Join this local movement and take action!”





December/January Crew Council Updates

From Gina Magin

Firstly, the crew council have received many questions regarding what we do. Crew Council is a space where crew representatives from each division hold meetings about improving our school. It can be easy to feel like you don't have a voice when it comes to school issues; however, Crew Council can give students an opportunity to have an impact on school issues. If you have any kudos, questions, or concerns, please speak to your crew council representative so we can discuss it in our biweekly meetings.





KUDOS

- The high school appreciates the LGBTea club for organizing the Gender Bender Dance on Friday, as well as the chaperones that volunteered to be there. Thank you to Mr. Garbus, Ms. Sun, Ms. Chamberlain, Ms. MacNeish, and Ms. Wexler!
- We appreciate, all contributors to The Mouth, and The Mouth editorial team! All of the hard work you do to make a school paper fun is greatly appreciated!
- Division 1 appreciates the speedy repairs to the middle school girl's bathroom sink!
- Good job Division 2 teachers, bringing mindfulness practices into the classroom. We appreciate mindfulness in this busy time in high school.
- As always, thank you Mr. Smith!

CONCERNS

- Traffic in the hallways and around classroom doors/high traffic areas causes a disruption. Please try to move out of the hallways as soon as possible and walk on one side to get to your next class.
- The table-cleaning procedure at lunch has been inadequate. To stop the spread of germs and respect our lunch room, thoroughly clean the whole surface of the lunch tables when assigned.



October in the mostly Whites

The tips of stunted spruces point up to our trail of cairns.
A medieval defense weapon.
We surrounded by dusky umber brindled hills.
Within weeks
This view will be as white as the glittering moonscape of our mountain
Fir needles decorate my tongue with recollections of past expeditions.
Vivaldi L'inverno 2. Largo should be playing. It's that beautiful.
Just two girls
Tripping,
Sliding
Down the slope past crags gilded with snow.
Fir needles decorate my tongue with recollections of past expeditions.
Numbing
Cold clumps cling
To our sodden ankles.
The cabin caretaker picks his way
with the practiced movements
Of someone who has turned any ankle on this path before
Packs lightened by growling tummies swing
To the beat of our pounding footsteps.
Nipping wind on our noses
Left behind in the alpine along with the
Stunning ice castles pointing windward.
Sorbus Americana's festive petioles and berries return
To the balanced decor of the boreal forest.
Giggles flow from our lips as we forge
A tune collaged of our thoughtful complaints.
Mainly wet socks and chilled ankles.
We tumble
Then stride
Into camp



I was watching Saturday Night Live's Weekend Update in October when I heard about CNN's newest publication that the "Planet Has Only until 2030 to Stem Catastrophic Climate Change." That's 12 years.



Tree Review

From Skylar Craig

42°34'58.3"N 72°35'46.0"W

Juglans cinerea - White Walnut Tree/Butternut Tree



This big beautiful tree resides on the far end of Congress St. in Greenfield. This boy is so big he makes a bump in the sidewalk about three feet high. In the fall, he drops powdery brown sprigs of leaves and heavy walnut fruit. This type of tree grows rather slowly so it is safe to say our man is at least 100 years old. Every time I walk by him, I stroke his rough bark and say hello. I usually do this two times a day.. You can collect his buttery fruit and bake with them. If you're looking for some local tree fruit, I recommend this tree, as he yields quite a bit. His limbs stretch out about 25 feet from the ground, so you'll just have to wait until he drops the butternuts for you. My sweet friend gets a solid 4.5/5 stars. 0.5 star reduction simply because of the obstruction he makes to the sidewalk.



A few nights ago I was just about to fall asleep when I realized how fast 12 years was about to become 11. I'm so anxious to get my drivers license. But by the time I do there will be 10 years. By the time I graduate college it's 5. I couldn't get to sleep after this.



42°28'07.6"N 72°34'42.4"W

Platanus occidentalis - American Sycamore



Platanus occidentalis

You might roll your eyes and suggest that it is cliché of me to have picked this tree. The historic landmark, the legend itself, the Buttonball Tree of Sunderland. How could you not include this tree in a local tree review? Our friend here is around 400 years old. The tree appears to be healthy and strong considering older sycamores tend to contract a fungus that hollows their trunk. Our boy is most definitely one of the last remaining trees of the Sunderland forests before all our ancestors chipped the other ones down. It's incredible that this friend has been allowed to stay all this time. Often, they are cut down because their roots are unruly and sully the smoothness of sidewalks. There are other sycamores around though. I mean, you can see Buttonball's brothers and sisters all around the area, except now they are turned into houses. This tree has all the flakes and certainly all the girth you could ask for in a tree. According to Google reviews, this tree gets a 4.2/5 stars. I personally give a 4.8/5 simply because giving it a 5/5 is too mainstream. I recommend you see him for yourself. He lives on North Main St., Sunderland, MA.



This planet's seen a lot. World wars come and go, species die out, continents shift. Humans adapt and overcome; everything is a sort of phase. But it's not just a phase! This is the rest of human existence!



42°35'46.8"N 72°37'14.2"W

Acer saccharinum - Silver Maple



Out front of our very school you might notice a massive few boys. They are so huge they have wires suspending some of their limbs. This is characteristic of most trees of the type. Their limbs are brittle and their root systems shallow. In particular, this review goes out to the huge baby out in front right of the farmhouse. My goodness, would you look at those voluptuous limbs? And the trunk? These standards aren't achievable by most trees. This tree is somewhere around 300 years old. Quite the fellow if you ask me. His folk have a sap that is sweet; however, the sap is usually less sweet than that of trees we sap for syrup (*Acer saccharum*, the sugar maple). Perhaps one of these days we can give the boy a small tapping. It's nicer to let him be though, considering his years. Every year he gifts us with his luscious leaves. His moss? Merely an accessory. Overall our friend gets a 5/5 stars. I gave him a few extra points since he's family.



Sometimes I think I fill my bedroom with plants because I'm subconsciously making a climate change escape bunker.



36.0331° N, 86.7828° W

Kesha Speciosa - Kesha



Kesha is truly a tree like no other. Her bark is warm and squishy, completely unlike other trees. She is not very girthy and her leaves are rather sparse. This tree can be found somewhere is Brentwood, Tennessee. The man is known to make music of multiple genres including country, pop, and electro. She displayed her most tree-like behavior when she featured in Pitbull's song "Timber," released in 2013. Unfortunately, her tree skills have since declined. Our guy gets a .4/5 stars because she's simply not tree-y enough to make the cut.



I wanted to do my Do Something on the way sexism is polluting my grade. I wanted to have a career around art or history. I want to go back to worrying about dumb stuff like if Andrew Shaw's going to be ok after eating that sticky note.



Wheatfield - A Confrontation: Battery Park Landfill, Downtown Manhattan

From Grace Cabral

Agnes Denes planted a two-acre field of wheat on a landfill in Manhattan. This in and of itself was political; she grew life and food from forgotten trash, two blocks from Wall Street and the World Trade Center, looking out at the Statue of Liberty. She cared for the crop and was able to eventually produce 1000 pounds of healthy wheat.



WHEATFIELD BY AGNES DENES

Denes then took the project a step further. The use of wheat was no coincidence; she intended the wheat to represent, “food, energy, commerce, world trade, and economics. It referred to mismanagement, waste, world hunger and ecological concerns.” She used the field as a platform to highlight the “misplaced priorities” we have as a people. Once the wheat was harvested it was sent to “twenty-eight cities around the world in an exhibition called “The International Art Show for the End of World Hunger”” (Denes). The seeds from her wheatfield were taken by people from that art show and then scattered throughout the world, as a statement. This statement was the purpose of her art.



Now every day I feel more and more obligated to devoting my life to climate justice, which isn't even all that interesting to me. The words “CO2 emissions” bore me. Windmills bore me. But I can't watch it happen without doing anything about it. And I hate that sometimes I wish I could.




The Mouth Mouth

Vol. 3

Chef Sam 2: Secret of the Ooze

After writing about my disappointment with the Thanksgiving dinner lunch served on 11/15 I had a lot of people tell me that they also felt let down by what is normally top-tier meal every year. A few weeks after that a lunch showed up on the menu that read as follows: Herb roasted pork loin, mashed potato and gravy, winter squash, dinner roll, green salad, and apple cobbler. This caught my eye for a number of reasons. First off it was exactly what I had put on my wish list for Santa. Secondly, it seemed oddly similar to what you might hope to find in the type of Thanksgiving Dinner meal that missed the mark right before intensives. With my expectations tempered by recent memory I decided to give it another shot (to be honest it's not like I was going to do anything besides get hot lunch like I always do.)

I knew that I was in for a treat before I even sat down with my tray. This meal hit all the right notes for an institutional, holiday-adjacent, semi-celebratory lunch. I felt like the lunch program was paying me back for something it had taken a few weeks prior. A sports analogy came to mind as I ate. Sometimes when the referees make a call that seems like a mistake, then end up making another call later on that also seems a little off but benefits the team that was harmed by the original ruling, people refer to it as a "make up call." I saw this lunch as a sort of make-up call, designed to erase the earlier mistake from our minds. And speaking for myself, it worked. One of my favorite things that sometimes happens during lunch is when other



I might be starting to lose my mind over this, which can't happen. It gives us a reason to take care of ourselves; we need to be mentally fit enough to deny our human instinct: that is what they say it will take.



people look impressed by my school lunch and give me a sort-of compliment on it. It makes me feel vindicated in my habit of getting the hot lunch every day and lets me take a modest amount of pride in something I had no part in creating (though having my own ceramic plate does do wonders for the presentation.) I got a bevy of compliments and jealous double-takes as I strolled to my seat with that make-up lunch.

If the story of Thanksgiving-like lunches ended there I think we'd look back on this year's version of the perennial classic fondly, even if it took two tries to get there. But on 12/20 I noticed that there was yet another holiday meal on our menu. This isn't unheard of for the last full day before holiday break, however I was surprised to see Chef Sam's name next to the entree. Anyone familiar with the type of lunches that the Good Chef contributes knows that Sam's got a particular style, often expressed via flatbreads, spicy sauces, and even cilantro. None of those leitmotifs were present in the menu I was looking at. Even after being served, I looked at the food and wondered if Chef Sam's name was added to the menu by accident. Then I took a bite and tasted what I couldn't see. Chef Sam's influence was there in the most important component of the meal: the gravy.

Sam found the perfect part of our holiday lunch to upgrade. Gravy is the interstitial lynchpin responsible for holding the entire meal together. What the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles discovered in their 1991 sequel holds just as true today, at least where mashed potatoes and roast turkey are concerned: the secret is in the ooze. I saw this experience as a metaphor for our school. At first glance, the school campus looks like many other small schools, and our classrooms, when empty, aren't that remarkable. What makes the difference is how we treat each other and what happens between us when we're here. Our school culture is the gravy that ties us all together, and just like Chef Sam's lunches, it's something worth celebrating. Take care everyone and I'll see you in the lunch line!



Our human instinct being, in most cases, to do what we want. It is my understanding that we'd all have to drop everything now and work toward keeping the global temp increase under 1.5 degrees Celsius.



Ask Rufus

A Veritable Doric Column of Advice

How do you get dog poop off your shoe without getting it on your hands?

This is a simple 1-step process: find a six-hour mindfulness meditation exercise. Center yourself, and focus on only your energies, moving slowly throughout your body. Attempt to ignore the stench as you breathe in and out, excessively. This will ready you for the 7-step process of removing the feces from your shoe. First, find a **fusilli maker**. Something similar can be purchased at your nearest pasta supply store, so this should be no issue. We will get to the effectiveness of this later. Next, **excavate your house**. This is absolutely vital to getting the poop off your shoe, and once again this will be explained. Did I say “get a fusilli maker?” I meant get **several hundred machines capable of creating fusilli pasta**. Thirdly, line them up where your house once was, and create a compact cube of pure pasta procuring power. You will live in a **hotel or an asylum for carbohydrate manufacturers**, and will have more than enough money with all the fusilli you’re selling. Pro tip: selling pasta is the quickest and most effective way to make money in most parts of North America, except in some parts of Manitoba of course. The fourth step is, of course, to sell this pasta. You should soon have thousands of dollars, in addition to marketing your **pasta cube** as the **ninth wonder of the world**. However, you still have shoes sullied by feces! Step five: diversify your pasta industry. Turn your neighborhood into a veritable pasta grid. Once people know what you are doing, they will be happy to sell you their houses. As I so often say: “People have great sympathy when it comes to pasta-related business endeavors.” Since you are now the self-proclaimed Honorable Lord Pasta Tycoon of Western Massachusetts, you’ll also need some protection. Step 6: hire a **private mafia** to do your bidding, dubbed the Fusilli Taskforce. At this point, with strong



But we’re all still going to keep coming to school.



military power under your belt, you will stage a coup on Massachusetts' state government, and **secede from the United States** (anyone who has ever removed poop from their shoe knows how necessary this is, given stringent laws). At this point, the final step comes into play. With control of your whole state of residence, a military to do your bidding, and countless pasta-manufacturing factories and cubes, you can now order the people of your area to create a shoe factory. At this point they will toil for years, and just before you are ousted as leader, you will receive a **brand new pair of shoes**. Was it worth it? You will wonder until the day you die.

I have \$1,000 that I don't know what to do with. What should I buy?

As with all of life's greatest quandaries (such as removing poop from your shoe) the easiest answer is to **secede from the United States**. Start your own country, and spend your money on a printing press. This way you can create your own currency, and it will be as valuable as you say it is! Only to you of course, but you have always desired a life of solitude anyway. As Burt Bacharach once said, "you can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink." This is why you saved some money for a **horse companion**. A trusty steed will never leave you, and since equestrian mammals are so gullible, you can make him believe that your currency is worth a fortune. The other, less popular saying goes "you can lead a horse to a fabricated currency, and you can, in fact, **make him believe it is real**, as well as valuable." In doing all this you will have created the world's smallest economy. Just a man and his horse, the way economics should be.





I want to court your friend. Help me out, bud. ;)

My only friends are a **guild of thieves** I met behind a Hobby Lobby. And they have never been seen in daylight, so how you noticed one of them, I do not know. What I do know is the simple proverb: “the best way to lure a small-time thief into a relationship is to give him something he could never steal.” So do just that! Find the one thing he would never encounter in the craft section of a strip mall: authentic wool socks, a comprehensive guide to falconry, or your undying love. Any one of these things would persuade him to renounce his thievery and settle down with you.

What do you call a polyhedron which has all identical faces, all of which are regular polygons, and has an odd number of sides?

Now I’m no mathematician, but it seems like you need **love**.

Explain the distinction between “take” and “bring”.

I see people get this one wrong a lot. This depends on the function you are attending, as well as the type of long mammal you have with you. You **take** a ferret to a potluck, and you **bring** a weasel to a farmer’s market.

How do I get my class to like me?

Have you not been listening? **Secede from the United States**. It shows individuality. Or on a smaller scale, be your own person and don’t let anyone distort who you are. Insecurities are one thing, but never change yourself fundamentally for another human being. You are **the only person** you’ve ever been. Alternatively, you have been several other people. Your class will love this, as they’ll get to know every person you have inside. Maybe you’re born with it, maybe it’s **multiple personality disorder**, maybe it’s Maybelline, and maybe it’s reincarnation. It doesn’t matter cause now you’re popular and everyone likes you.



I’m stressed out. Send help.



How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

A woodchuck would chuck **all the would** he could chuck, and then stop and say “I can no longer chuck any more wood, nor do I want to.” Then he would find all the would he chucked, and attempt to rebuild the trees from which it came. After the damage is undone, the woodchuck would go to sleep, and dream about lush forests. “I can die happy now,” he thinks to himself. “**I can die happy.**”

