

*A Note From
the Editor:*

Dear December
Readers,

Merry Christmas! Or if you don't place a Christmas tree in your living room, happy holidays and happy December anyway! Most of the students here at MHS do indeed celebrate Christmas this time of year, & all of the Wave staff members are part of that percentage. So in our December issue we have all reflected on some of our favorite holiday memories & annual traditions for you to enjoy! Enjoy the upcoming holiday vacation! I wish you all a huge dose of holiday cheer!

-Joyously (maybe just
cheeseily)

**Lauren
O'C.**

Our Christmas Memories & Holiday Traditions



Kaci N.
Staff Writer

Oh Christmas Tree

"Watch out, Kaci!" my dad yells, as I blink and open my eyes. It's dark and smells like pine cones and feels like little needles are poking me all over. What do you know? There were little pine needles poking me all over. I'm on the rug and the light appears as my dad lifts the huge, decorated Christmas tree off of me.

Five minutes earlier, I was sitting on the ground next to the beautiful, brightened Christmas tree we decorated about three days ago and as being seven years old, I was very proud of my decorating the tree so nicely. My mom was setting up my brother's bath as my brother was getting naked for the tub and my mother's scrub. My dad is with me in the living room on the grandpa chair reading a newspaper. And me just sitting there gazing into the television tube watching those Christmas specials. Out of no where, and I mean no where, my dad yells at me to move and me so tuned in didn't even notice and there I am two seconds later, my face plastered against the smelly rug. As the tree is lifted off of me I look next to me and there are broken ornaments' scattered about and then I look up and there is my 5 year-old brother's naked body standing before me. Talk about gross.



Sara A.
Sports Editor

A Month of Christmas

Every year my family and I do the same thing during the Christmas season. We try to make Christmas feel as long as possible. The weekend after thanksgiving we go a pick out a Christmas tress, and decorate the whole house. Every weekend in December is spent shopping or going to Christmas parties. My favorite part about the Christmas season is Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve my family and I spend it in Bristol; we go out to dinner to the Lobster Pot, and have a big party at my brother's house. Then the whole family attends mid night mass. After mass everyone stays over my brother's house for the night and then in the morning it is Christmas.

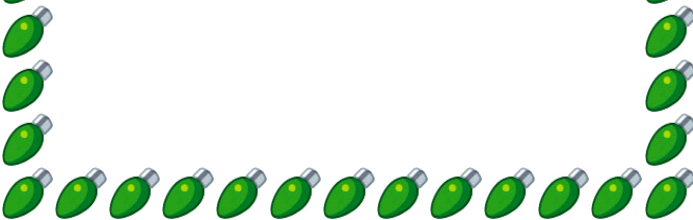




David P.
Staff Writer

An Annual Affair

Every family has Christmas traditions; eating dinner with grandparents, putting up the tree together, singing Christmas carols, etc. For my family we throw a Christmas party on Christmas Eve at my uncle's house. All the family goes to the party, even the out-of-town relatives. At the party we exchange gifts, play games, and have good holiday fun. We stay until midnight, and when it gets to midnight we all open one present. My family has been doing this long before I was born, and we will probably be doing this for future generations. This my holiday tradition that I have grown attached too.



Andrew S.
Staff Writer

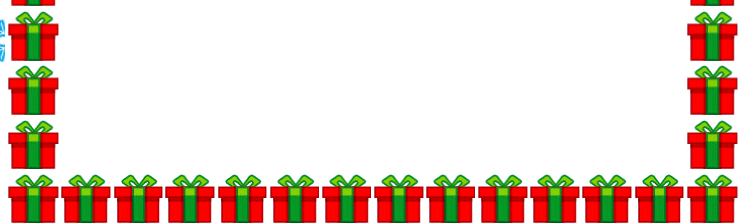
A Head Banging Christmas

I looked outside and I could see that it was morning. I looked over at my cousins and they were lying down with their eyes closed. I got up and trip over my cousin's toy, but that did not stop me. I got right back up and started to sprint again down the hallway. My mom and dad were sleeping on the pull out couch. I jumped on my mom and bellowed with excitement, "Merry Christmas lets open presents now!"

My mother opened her eyes and said, "Go back to bed it is too early to open presents now, your cousins are not even up."

As I ran back to the room I saw the mound of presents, and all of my focus went to them. I had forgotten that in front of me was a wall and my head, big as can be, smacked into it. It happened so fast that I did not know what hit me.

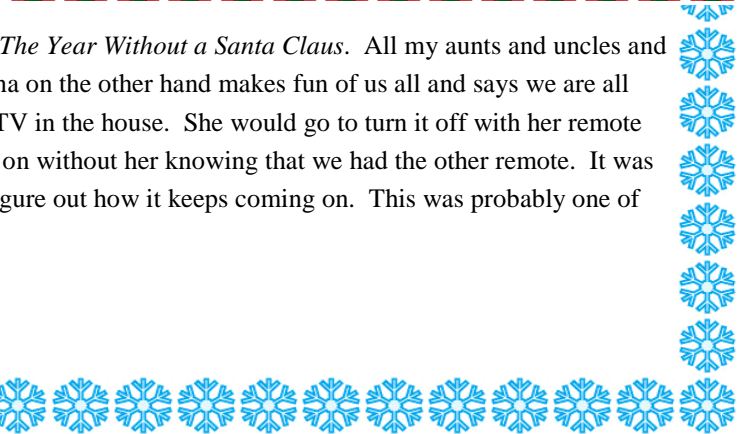
When I went back to bed I could not sleep because I was so excited for Christmas; and because my head was throbbing. Even though that was the first Christmas that hurt me, I had a great time with my family. And a great time opening the presents. And spending time with family is what it is all about.



Kyle B.
Staff Writer

A Funny Phenomenon

Every year on Christmas Eve everybody used to go to my Nana's. Our family's favorite Christmas show is *The Year Without a Santa Claus*. All my aunts and uncles and all my little cousins never miss it when it is on TV. My nana on the other hand makes fun of us all and says we are all crazy. So one year when it came on we turned it on every TV in the house. She would go to turn it off with her remote and one of us would use a different remote and turn it back on without her knowing that we had the other remote. It was hilarious watching her go nuts around the house trying to figure out how it keeps coming on. This was probably one of the funniest Christmas memories that I have.



Amber C.
News Editor

The Christmas Kitten

One of my favorite Christmas memories would have to be from Christmas 2007. Every year the whole family comes to my house to exchange gifts and have dinner. During dinner 2007, my Aunt Rose got up to go to the bathroom and when she did, she mentioned that she had heard a meowing sound coming from somewhere around the house. That's when I noticed my mom giving my aunt a weird look. My family already has a cat; his name is Elvis, and so I didn't think much of it. Then my Aunt mentioned that she heard the meowing again. So, my mother got up to go in the other room and when she came back, she had a kitten in her hands! It was the tiniest kitten I have ever seen! So, there was another kitten in the house all along and my mother was forced to give her to us early because she couldn't keep quiet! We named her Purrsilla. She is my favorite Christmas present I have ever received.

Jordan P.
Style Editor

The Most Wonderful Time of the Year

I love Christmas! It's my favorite time of the year! My family is pretty traditional around the holidays, nothing extreme or crazy, but we do have traditions, some that have been going on since before I was born and others that have compiled over the years. Every year my mom buys my sister and I an ornament that she feels 'reminds' her of us. Sometimes they're really simple and meaningful, and other times they have been crazy and random, but I've loved every one. Like the year I got my license and my mom got me a little toy car ornament to commemorate it. Along with an ornament to add to our collection, on Christmas Eve we always get to pick one present under the tree to open early. I usually pick the smallest one and save all the big ones for Christmas morning when I come home. There are no words to describe the way I feel about the holidays except... I CAN'T WAIT!!!

Breegan S.
Staff Writer

Holiday Traditions with All The Semonellis

My dad, in the nicest way possible, is a Christmas fanatic. He is that man you see the day after Thanksgiving stringing up obnoxious neon lights, dragging every single person in our house outside to see his "job-well done" - Chevy Chase style. If you step into my house the second after the last piece of leftover turkey is diminished (after you regain your hearing from the completely unnecessary bells he hung upon the door), you will be blasted with Christmas music. Not even good Christmas music. We seem to be stuck in a decade from many years past, because I don't remember ever hearing music with such a slow tempo and so little understandable words on the radio since I've been born. He goes completely over the moon for Santa hats, and if you don't share the same love for them, you are automatically dubbed as "The Grinch". Every day to day task with him seems to be smothered with Christmas cheer when the holiday season rolls around, and if that puts a bounce in his step then good for him. But he seems intent on spreading Christmas cheer to all, starting with his family. To say we aren't exactly into the whole outdoorsy thing is to say the least, but we all suck it up on one designated December afternoon, where we trot seemingly halfway across the nation to pick out a tree suitable for a living room oozing with Christmas, like ours. It seems my

dad gets his wish on bringing us all together because we are confined to a car with eight people stuffed in (with their Thanksgiving pounds as well) until we find a tree that sparks the right ignition for my dad. As unappealing as this situation sounds, it is worth it to some extent because my dad's Christmas cheer is so contagious that it puts us all in the same category as him. By the end of the day, we are all humming those melodies that usually would cause us to cover our ears, each of us contributes in hunting for the best Christmas decorations, and not one of us complains. The December afternoon I reserve for my dad every holiday season always ends being worth my while and I even find myself looking forward to it, much to my dismay.



Krystal P.
Editor-in-Chief

A New Addition to the Family Tradition

When it comes to choosing what my favorite Christmas is, this always becomes an intricate decision, but one that is memorable to me is the Christmas of 2006. That year I went to New York to celebrate the joyous holiday with my family. My immediate family consists of my parents, my brother, my grandma, grandpa, my uncle, his wife, my aunt, and her husband. We are a small, but close family and the reason why this Christmas was going to be enjoyable was because there was a new edition to this Christmas. My cousin Adriana was born on December 9th, and this was going to be the first time that I was going to see her.

weeks old, I was in aw. She was so adorable and was the perfect “gift” our family received that year. Nothing could top that! Finally, it wasn’t just my brother and I as the only grandchildren. Throughout that wonderful day there was a huge feast including many delicious meals prepared by my aunt and her husband, singing, and let’s not forget the presents. We exchanged gifts after dinner and I received many gifts. The fact that I got to go to New York and spend Christmas with those I love makes that Christmas one that I could never forget. After all, a favorite Christmas can’t just be about the year you got the best gifts.

That year our Christmas get together was held at my aunt’s house. When I first saw my cousin, who was then only two

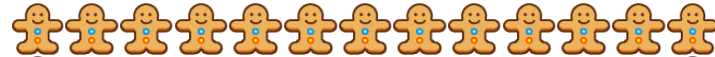


Elizabeth H.
Staff Writer

A Cozy Christmas

My favorite Christmas memories are from Christmas Eve. Every Christmas Eve we go to my uncle’s house in Maine and have a big Christmas party with our whole family. It is the only time of the year when my whole family is together. The smell of a fire burning, hot chocolate and pine are the scents that flow over you when you walk into the house from the cold, brisk outdoors.

I remember being very young, when Santa still existed and you tried to stay up all night to catch a glimpse of him. Those were the best Christmas Eves’ I can remember. We would read *The Night Before Christmas* before everyone going off in their separate directions. Everyone all snuggled together in the warm house. Surrounded by family and friends, not knowing how lucky I was. Before leaving, all of the kids got to open up our present from our aunts and uncles since we were not going to see them the next day. Then we were on our way home to try to get some sleep before Christmas morning came all too early. Those are the best Christmas memories that I can remember.



Alicia P.
Staff Writer

Baking & Bonding

Every single Christmas my mother and I spend it with my family at my Aunt Andrea’s house. My whole family gathers together on Christmas Eve to exchange gifts with each other. We sit in her living room in a huge circle with our whole family and just pass around gifts to each other. It is a fun tradition that keeps our family together during the holiday season.

Another huge tradition that my family has during the holidays is my mother and I bake a Christmas themed cake together. We look in any good Women’s magazine around Christmas time and pick out a good cake and we bake it! Its always so much fun and something I look up to every year!





**Rachelle P.
Staff Writer**

A Multi-Cultured Christmas

It was the year of 1997, and my family and I went to Europe for Christmas. I was about five years old and after visiting my family in France, we decided to stop in Switzerland for a while before visiting the other side of our family in Italy. I would like to say that it was a fun and enjoyable stay in Switzerland, but in truth, it wasn't.

The second day of my stay in Switzerland came, and it was a beautiful day. So my parents thought they would take me to a park that was nearby our hotel. The cobblestone street was still wet from the thunderstorm that previous night; it was next to a lake that was shimmering gold in the morning sun.

I was in an exceptionally good mood considering I now had puddles to splash in here and there along the road. So as I trotted along my parents sides, jumping in every puddle I came across I noticed something, there was a rather large group of birds just floating on top of the lake.

Happy as I was with the puddles, my day turned even brighter with the birds just floating along the edge of the lake. I, having decided I wanted to pet the birds, ran over to them. I jumped around happily, but when I realized that

they didn't notice me, I yelled "BIRDIES!" at them. They didn't like that, so they all started flying towards me. I had never liked birds flapping in my face, so of course, I started crying. Though, my parents were laughing at me, they picked me up and brought me to the park.



Rachelle (far right) Chasing The Birds

The swings over in Switzerland are very different from the swings in the United States, and since I was only five, I had no way of knowing this. So, after about fifteen minutes or so, I had stopped crying and was trotting around the park. Then I saw the swings. It looked so fascinating, because it was so different from the ones in the States. It was just a round piece of wood for the seat and then there was a rope in the middle of the seat. Letting the curiosity take over, I

climbed aboard and asked my mother and father to push me. They did, and I ended up getting a good three feet of air across the park, simply because I didn't hold onto the rope.

I of course, was crying. I mean, would you just laugh it off if you had gotten flown off a seat and then landed face first in the mulch? Yeah, not so much.

I'm proud to say now that I can properly swing on one of those swings, and that I haven't fallen off since that incident. Though, every time I see a swing like that I just laugh.



**Kelsey M.
Staff Writer**

The Best Gift of Them

For as long as I could remember the number one thing on my Christmas list every year was a dog.

Over and over I would wake up on Christmas morning praying that I would see a little puppy with a vibrant red bow tied around its neck underneath my Christmas tree. However, year after year I was filled with disappointment. I mean don't get me wrong I am always grateful for whatever gifts I receive, but the thought of having a



Kelsey's Favorite Christmas Gift

dog of my own was still at the top of my list.

It was Christmas of last year when all of my disappointment had come to an end. At around seven in the morning on December 25, 2007 I woke up to an unfamiliar noise coming from the living room. It was somewhat of a soft and almost silent whimper right outside of my bedroom door. Suddenly there was a little bit of scratching on the bottom of my door and at that time I knew that I had finally gotten what I always wanted. There at my feet as I opened the door to my bedroom was

the cutest tiniest pug I had ever seen!



Laureen O’C.
Special Sections Editor

For as long as I can remember, every Christmas has started in one place: my Uncle Jim’s winter house. On December 24, around 5:00pm, my dad, my sisters Claire and Michelle, and I make the drive up to Boston to attend the annual Christmas Eve party. Just about every member of the O’Connor Clan arrives throughout the night along with a few friends of the family, and plenty of people I’ve never met in my entire life.

The party itself is usually beautiful, holly lining the banister on the staircase, red and green candles placed on display, a fire obnoxiously crackling in the living room, eggnog and cookies on every coffee table, and a Christmas tree with themed ornaments –pretty much every Christmas cliché you could possibly think off. My cousin Teddy usually plays bartender and my Aunt Anne greets everyone at the door with that same old smile plastered on her face.

It’s all very pretty and seemingly perfect, but honestly, I usually just can’t wait to get out of there.

Every year I would stand there in my little red dress, with ruffled underwear to match, drinking my Shirley Temple bored to death by all the adult talk. Because I am the youngest of all my cousins, I never had anyone to play with. The closest to me in age was still seven years older than me.

It was my boredom that led me to find a place to hide every year, a place where I could run away and escape the attitude left in the air by the snide remarks from one relative to another that hung so heavy in almost every room in the house. What I found was my uncle’s office. It was a small room in a wing off of the living room, with a couch and several chairs along the wall, and a TV set up in the corner.

Every year after that, I spent the majority of my time in that room. I’d arrive and say hello to everyone, grab a drink at the bar and maybe a Christmas cookie, and then I’d sneak off into the office and watch the various Christmas specials broadcasted throughout the night. One program in particular became a ritual viewing for me: *A Christmas Story*. The classic movie is played continuously for 24 hours on *TBS* every Christmas, and to this day I watch it every year. For a while no one knew where I would escape to, but eventually people figured it out. One would think this would ruin everything, but it actually made it better. People would waltz in and out of the office to say hello and enjoy a moment of hilarity with me as we watched the film. Then they would leave and I could have my peace again. There was one group

The Safe Haven

of people, however, who were always welcome to stay: my sister Claire, my sister Michelle, and my cousin Beau. Beau has always been more like a brother to me and my sisters, rather than a cousin, and the four of us are the closest in age among the entirety of our family.

I was still drastically younger than them, but that’s what made them coming to see me so great. Usually they wanted nothing to do with me; I was the annoying, uncool, sometimes cute baby sister/cousin. It wasn’t common for them to enjoy hanging out with me, but as we all sat in that room, away from the chaos and the awkward tension of judgmental relatives, watching *A Christmas Story*, we were happy. I was happy, and that feeling of warmth and family unity was the strongest and most precious to me throughout the entire two days worth of Christmas celebrations. Christmas mass, presents the next morning with my father, and the special Christmas feast with my mother, it all just couldn’t compare to the feeling of happiness that overcame me when I sat in that room with the best of my family.

Now that I’ve gotten older, I am no longer the youngest at the party. Out of my fifteen cousins, six have gotten married and had kids, and now they all attend the O’Connor Christmas as well; and they are now the ones sneaking into my uncle’s office watching *Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer*. But as they are under 5-years old and I am now almost 17, they don’t exactly provide me with any peers. Rather I am yet again the odd one out, which is why unfortunately my time has now come to drift off to the adults. I have done a pretty good job of it so far, with my relatives deeming me exponentially mature for my age, even though I was kind of forced to be. But even as I am allowed a few glasses of champagne and the opportunity to converse on the same level as my far older family members, I still long for the comfort of that cozy room, away from them all. That room was my safe haven, a place where I couldn’t get myself into any trouble and no negative energy loomed in the air. I know my nights spending Christmas eve in that room are over, I miss them, but I am still able to remember the happiness that came over me, as I sat on that couch with my sister and my cousin by my side, and I think I’ll treasure it for the rest of my life.