

The Link

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From finding the perfect shot, to getting into a good groove, life’s memorable moments are the ones spent fully engaged. In this issue of The Link, we focused on the joy of living in the present.

Building the Moment

By Esther Janis

When me and my siblings build with Legos, we go to a place called Inspiration. It’s a place that disappears too easily and too often. When we go here, pieces connect perfectly in our head, and all we have to do is find them. We start multiple projects, and they are spread out around us in a circle, each with their own piles of pieces. We press ourselves against the wall, gathering more and more Legos until we have to push everything back so we don’t crush ourselves. We rummage through boxes, looking for one or two pieces, but end up with fifteen because we see things that interest us. Creations are taken off shelves and broken, with permission from the creator, and used for new things that are better. The playroom becomes a whirlwind of Legos and boxes. Ideas come into our head and leave through our hands, turning into houses, cars, gardens, cities, But this headspace is taken away too soon. We have hours to build and create, but it all goes by in a blink of an eye. We are called down to do chores or eat dinner, and Inspiration



disappears. Creations fall apart in our heads, turning once again into meaningless piles. Gleaming cities and luscious parks crumble to dust, waiting to be built again. We go and do other things, patiently waiting until the time where we can go back to our boxes and pieces, waiting until Inspiration comes again.

Pancakes for Four

By Alec Stetzer

It was a boring night. The kind where you sit in front of the fire, scrolling through your phone, or on the floor of your room, back pressed against the leg of your bed, absent-mindedly flipping through a book you’ve read a hundred times. However, it is on these nights that sometimes something interesting happens. Something that breaks the monotony of your average night and floods it with something new. See, this night, in particular, would be different. I would be one of just three people to receive a text inviting me out for dinner. Dinner would take place in approximately 10 minutes. A person could have said no to this invitation. They could have said it was too last-minute or too ill-prepared. I did not. In five minutes, I was in my car and driving to the rendezvous to meet up with the three others chosen. It was only after I reached the point and waited for the last person to arrive, that I heard the plan. We were going to get pancakes. However, there was one flaw in the plan. It was currently 10:15 pm. Most places were closing, if not already closed. So after several minutes of intense research, we discovered the holy grail. A 24-hour diner located out of Concord. With cheers of victory, we jumped into the largest car and sped off into the night. When we reached the destination, we

climbed out and headed inside to meet the host. As a few members of our party went into the bathroom, I worked to arrange a table. I then learned some unfortunate news. The diner would be closing early tonight due to work shortages. As my friends came back from the bathroom, I turned to give them the news. We climbed back into the car battered but unwilling to give up. There were rumors of a sister diner in Manchester, another glimmer of hope for my gang, so without further ado, we started our next 40-minute trip. Now, we had heard stories of Manchester. Not good stories. So as we slowly rolled through the dark streets, we felt a little uneasy. The roads were confusing, and after going the wrong way through several one-way roads, we saw the bright, red light of the neon sign that signaled triumph for me and my friends. Half-starved, we burst out of the now parked car and ran towards the fluorescent beacon of light. But to our horror, as we reached the door we saw the interior of the building. The small diner was packed full of people. There was no way we could even fit all of us into the building, let alone claim a table. After not one, but two defeats, we were losing morale. As we sat in the car, wondering what to do next, the thought of going home with-

out any food crossed our minds. We started to leave- to head home without tails between our legs, broken and dejected- when from the back seat came a gasp. A third, and final diner, just 30 minutes away. Without another word, we turned the car around and headed back the way we had just come, towards this third hope. The drive there was silent. Whereas the other two trips had been lively, with all of us talking and laughing, this one was the opposite. The shortest drive of the three we had taken so far seemed like the longest. When we finally reached the parking lot of the new diner we found ourselves to be alone. It too was closed. No one said a word. We had no more ideas. We had been defeated. Crushed under the foot of poorly made plans, and lack of significant research about our destinations. With a final effort, we stopped by a nearby McDonald’s as we headed home. Although we did not achieve our goal, what I went through that night was much better than sitting at home. For the first time in a long time, I felt alive. The spontaneous nature of the trip had only emphasized the good parts, and even though the trip itself was a bust, it was still one of the best in my life. And it could have never happened if it wasn’t an in-the-moment thing.

Mindfulness

By Maggie Baribault

When thinking about the quality of being grounded in the present moment, my mind wanders to things I find beautiful, those which captivate me and which make me still and thoughtful. I gravitate towards dusk, the expanding orbs of street lamps against a black sky, twisting wood smoke and the crackle of its fire, and the smell of dark roast coffee in quaint bakeries. I think of vivid fuschia sunsets or jazz music or a warm embrace, and am immediately solid in my being and in the present.

However, aside from my own instant interpretation, being grounded may also be felt through language, breath, and the awareness of the physical body. Ocean Vuong, a Vietnamese American poet, essayist, and novelist writes primarily on war, death, love, and language. He often contemplates the violence of modern language: “But why can’t the language for creativity be the language of regeneration? You killed that poem, we say. You’re a killer...” “Good for you, man” a man once said to me at a party, “you’re making a killing with poetry. You’re knockin’ em dead.” This topic creates for Vuong a repetitive discussion and still thought, just as repeating a phrase such as “I am safe” would do for someone struggling with anxiety, that is, naturally grounding and bringing the mind to the present moment.

Vuong also writes on breath, and the importance of breath: “We tend to these basic functions not because we



Photo by Ethan Marony

are brave or selfless but because, like breath, it is the most fundamental act of our species: to sustain the body until time leaves it behind.” In his interpretation, breath is fundamental because it keeps us alive, but breath is also fundamental for its mental wellbeing properties. In terms of Buddhist meditation and the practice of yoga, breath brings awareness to the physical body, and is a grounding and centering place. Always, we return to our breath. In Thich Nhat Hanh’s book Being Peace, “breathing in, I calm my body and mind. Breathing out, I smile. Dwelling in the present moment I know this is the only moment.”

In talking with friends and family members, I found that similar concepts often ground those around me. Deep breathing, and touching a physical object close to their body were common responses. One friend told me about the texture of the carpet in their bedroom they often sit on, and the feeling of a tea mug in their hands, both of which grounded them and brought them to their current situation. Another explained the way listening to guitar music rooted them in their core, and created peace and a sense of belonging.

Now I want you to think, what centers you? What allows you to live more present in the moment? Like Henry Miller wrote, “all we ever really have is the present, but very few of us ever live in it.”

Finding Your Flow in Music

By Conor Simmons

What is music flow? What does the zone feel like?

As stated by Wikipedia, the flow is “the mental state in which a person performing some activity is fully immersed in a feeling of energized focus, full involvement, and enjoyment in the process of the activity.” I do, however, believe that the zone sense may differ from person to person as people self-define a personalized idea of it with correlated feelings and analogies.

Hello, my name is Conor Simmons, and I am here today to talk about it! I’ve interviewed a few friends to hear their perspectives on the topic. This is what we came up with:

2020 Conval Alumni, Mather Kipka, stated that he feels music flow/the zone is “piecing and layering everything together into a whole piece, like fitting together a puzzle but from all sides and angles at once - especially as a producer when your job is to kind of put all of the musical pieces together into a whole that’s greater than the sum of its parts.”

Adding to what Mather stated, also coming from a producer perspective, I agree. I feel like when you have an idea/approach for a song, you create a 4d mental blueprint of exactly where every part will be. Also, over time and practice, you start to get a feel for what sound you need where, and when. This blueprint al-

ways changes as you work on the song.

Berklee Freshman Arthur Caplan mentioned it’s “when you’re so passionate about something that while you’re working on it, nothing else matters. For me, it happens when I’m feeling inspired/creative and ideas will just start flowing out of me and there’s nothing that can stop it. I used to get all pissed off if I got interrupted when I was in the zone - I guess I still do.”

When you are entirely enveloped in a project, a piece of art, there is a direct connection between oneself and the flow of it at the moment. He mentions that he gets pissed off when his flow gets interrupted. I certainly empathize with him on that one and I am certain that most people who enter flow in the zone do not want to leave. This is where optimized efficiency occurs. This is where the best arts are cultivated.

Denver Colorado University of Music Student Ben Norton said that being in the zone of music is: “almost seeing it come together. It’s like the last piece of a puzzle or the last bit of snow melting after winter. It feels whole. Makes me smile, makes me laugh.” This is such a succinct way to represent music flow/the zone. I certainly feel puzzles are a good visual for those who have not experienced this feeling before. I like his connection to melting

snow and feeling whole.

As for me, Conval Senior Conor Simmons, I find music flow to be an expression of my inner self. It provides a natural prompt for reflection. When I enter the zone, there is an overflowing fountain of ideas. There are times when I simply have to tap the record button to garner and harness these ideas. These recordings can act as a basin for the overflow. This may catch ideas that may have slipped my mind if I were to have consciously been writing it down otherwise. With this technique, it lets me go into a state of free association where I can continue and elaborate without a conscious focus of logging the information. It builds a stronger ability to write and feel in this zone as I am strengthening the connection between present creativity (improving and experimenting) and my ideas. Through this, ideas tend to come more naturally as time goes on with practice and training. I see this in myself as fluid intelligence transforming into “plasma intelligence” in the zone. It’s like a “state” of ability turning into a “country” of opportunities. I like to think of it as having planted music in myself at a very young age and now having it deep-rooted within me through cultivation, in which it now is blossoming my abilities that flourish to this day.



Photo by Gee Hardwick

The Woman from the Mirror

By Corey Guzman

I was frozen. I had no clue who or what was touching me. The cold, bony hand froze my body the moment it touched me. My heart was pounding, I had no clue what to do, I was scared to move, scared for my life, I had no clue what would happen to me if I moved. After debating on my actions for a few minutes, I finally gathered my courage, and jumped out of bed.

Immediately after I jumped out of bed, I looked back to see what was touching my shoulder, and there was nothing. I moved the sheets and pillows around expecting to find some sort of clue to figure out what it was. I already had an idea of who this could be; the woman from the mirror. But this felt different, the woman in the mirror felt warming and comfortable. This hand felt cold, moldy, and uncomfortable. After flipping through the sheets I decided to lie back down and try to fall asleep. As soon as I got comfortable, I got a strange chill flowing through my body. I immediately opened my eyes and right in front of my eyes was the woman. I jumped back and out of my bed. This lady looked similar to the one from the mirror but she was different. Her eyes were yellow like stained teeth, her skin was pale and moldy, you could see the inside of her mouth through a gaping hole on where her left cheek should be. Her teeth were black and decayed and her hair was black and frizzy. She was wearing the same white gown from before, except it was tattered and had dirt stains on the bottom fringes.

Luckily the door was behind me. As soon as I saw the women from the mirror in this far less pleasant form, I turned around and ran out of my room. I ran down the long hall, lit from the full moon light from a window at the end of the hall. Halfway down the hall I turned left to go down the stairs, but before I went down the first step, I saw her waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs. I immediately ran to the end of the hall where the window was and I saw her again down the hall on my left walking towards me. I then ran right, where my parents bedroom door was, and ran into their bedroom and slammed the door shut behind me. The room was dark, with one glow of moon light coming from their window. I then walked towards my parents bed to wake them, and to let them know what was happening. As I walked toward their bed I stepped in some sort of thick liquid. I looked at my foot and brought it to the moonlight and then saw what it really was: blood.



Photo by Justin Norton

The Peninsula

By Fletcher Maggs

Five forty-five AM, my alarm clock rang. I had found myself with a new hobby of photography. Eager to get out and take photos of Norway pond, I left the house about half an hour before sunrise. I knew if it were early enough I could capture perfectly calm water, ideal for photos of reflections. As I walked out the door and hopped on my bike, subtle hints of orange and pink had begun to fade into the dark sky. Instantly, I went from very sleepy to wide awake as my photographer's adrenaline kicked in, and I felt nothing but excitement to have my eyes open.

The short 5-minute ride was quite peaceful. There were no cars to be seen as I was cycling in the dead center of downtown's main street. Soon after I would take a right onto a street called depot road. I pulled into a dark parking lot where I leaned the bike against a tree. The water was a short walk through the woods, and so I began to trek through the shrubs. As I got closer and closer, a glimmer of light from the open lake grew more and more visible. Finally, I made it, however, the angle of the sunset was just shielded by trees across the pond. "I need to move and get a different angle" I thought to myself.

And so I began to walk the radius of the lake. Climbing over, and ducking under numerous trees and bushes, I eventually spotted a path in the distance. I was still not nearly at the angle I needed to spot the rising sun, and the path was headed roughly in the right direction. So I headed to the path.

Intrigued by where on earth this mysterious trail had come from I found myself sprinting through the overgrown forest. When I made it to the path I examined my surroundings intuitively and continued to run in the direction of the sunrise. I trotted down this path following the outside of

the lake, until eventually, it came to a sharp right. At this point, my hope to find the right angle was running out. My curiosity to reach the destination of the mystery path was outshining my desire to capture daybreak. Understanding this, I kept following the path. After turning right the land around me was becoming thinner. I was walking down a narrow strip of land, and beyond the outer layers of trees, there was water to both my left

and right. It felt as though I was walking on a natural bridge, headed towards the center of the pond. After about 3 minutes of trudging down this pristine bridge of land, I feasted my eyes on one of the most fascinatingly beautiful places I had ever been. The strip of the earth that I had been walking across widened into an island-like circle. A Peninsula I thought to myself. The Peninsula I would call it. It was rather small. Maybe an acre, surrounded by a wall of trees on the edge of the water, yet a completely empty field of pine needles filled the center. You could hear nothing but echoes of birds chirping and small waves brushing the rocks. It shocked me how there was not a house built, or a campsite, or anything here? However, that was the beauty of this place. Its sole purpose was to be appreciated.

I've brought a few and limited the Peninsula to very special people. I've been able to share so many memories here. Planting flowers in the spring, watching fireworks in the summer. Leaf peeping in the fall, making snow angels in the winter. There was never a wrong time to go to the peninsula. It always seemed to make me live in the moment.

I had not lived in Hancock for long prior to my discovery of this wonderful place. My old memories in Peterborough outweighed anything this new

town seemed to have to offer. Always striving to obtain comfort in my new home, the Peninsula has given me something more valuable than money or time. A sense of home.



My Adoxography on Heliophilia

By Willow Baribault

My desire to stay in the sunlight,
heliophilia,
despite the dried glue skin
and transparent whites of the eyes.
A hot iron branding on upper cheeks
contaminated with specks of rust and white cells;
Like war-paint tattoos ground into bones
to form transcendence and pride
to live under a massive tangle of hot iron molecules.
Say it's self-mortification.
Say it's reunion.

Say grace is removed from aeipathy so my bones can
hear,
the hydrophobic ringing may resolve
into firefighter engine screams
and distinct singing of billions
of bird-scattered excarnation
present in terms of the mountain.

A landmark of sandstone.
Willow tree and magpie,
off-white blue carnations.
A collection of space dust without mortician or dove;
A red-giant flame
melting opaque plastic to a transparent mold with limbs
and a soul
full of art and mechanics.

Charred skin rash - peeling glue;
Maturing swell of cactus fruit = vitality:
Carved from heliophilic to sun.



Photo by Fletcher Maggs

Burgundy on Rye

By Elijah White

The day was bright and beautiful, but in a humbling way
The type of day that tells you to do something, but not a whole lot

Club sandwich with egg being eaten by a veteran smoking a Cuban imported cigar
A smart nun negotiating the strike with the original Cola Company
A lost hope, an excuse, and a somber flight home for the local baseball team

Just the type of city that you could lived in
Yes, you
Everyone
Anyone, anyone with hope
Sure, it had a name, but that name didn't describe the city in a fond way

Not in a way that could show the trolleys rolling along next to the train station
Not in a way that could show the carts filled with coal rolling out of the mine into the dense forest
Not in a way that could show the largest ferris wheel anyone could imagine, not at that time at least

The space station on top of the highest hill, overlooking the city whilst fashion models, police officers, and race car drivers went their very own way.

However, one thing everyone, even the astronaut fastening his seat belt, would overlook is the fact that this city was a dream.

Not a dream that appears in one's mind at night, but a dream that fuels fake passion, a fake mindset, and fake lifestyles.

The landing of the ferry, rolling into the port, the hope on the new arrivals
Tangible, almost visible in the palm of your hand

Like most things in your city, the ill-fated hope soon diminished
How long did it last? Well, it depends on who you ask

A picture had been painted of your city
A picture that was hung up on the walls of every advertisement, movie trailer, and luxury item

A picture had painted itself onto you, the false sense of belonging had crept into your mind as soon as the idea of moving away had moved in.
From what you had known before, it would have been difficult for most
It almost felt like this city was your home, even prior to moving
While the vines crawled up the sides of the infamous town square
Your walk down to Cherry Tree Hills was grim
On this very day, the day that invited you to do something, but not a whole lot
You realized that your city was everything but real

The Link is a collaboration between the Monadnock Ledger-Transcript and ConVal High School, advised by Ledger-Transcript Editor Ben Conant and ConVal Photo/Video teachers Lance Levesque.

The Presentness of a Home vs. a “House”

By Eva McCullough

Loam is the perfect soil composition for such a heavy structure as a house. The ideal consistency of silt, sand, and clay makes loam an extremely balanced soil, allowing it to hold water with effortless equilibrium. However, even a house on loam cannot stand forever. A house is such an impermanent structure-- it's always susceptible to irrevocable damage. You can't control everything that happens to a house; some forces of nature are far too strong for the inanimate structure. And so, in a privileged way, you may be confined to these four walls that may be there one day and gone the next. The ebb without the flow.

A home is tangential to a house: they connect at a point-- the relation in that a home can be a house, but they don't touch again in the sense that a house is always a home. You are the architect of your home. There are no boundaries of what it can and cannot be. You can always find your way home without metal numbers tacked to the boards that cover layers of insulation and plywood. You can inhabit your home in more ways than one: through speech, through touch, through associations, through things, through presentness...

My home is my plants that surround me with luscious life. When I take care of them, it reminds me to take care of myself. My home is my Block

3 AP Us History Class. I feel at home when I wrap myself in its multi-colored knitted blanket of love and listen to the memories of “Frog and Toad Are Friends”, recited by Mr. Bowman and his innate charisma of story-telling. My home is the reconstructed Peterborough Town Library. I like to think I am a co-architect in the beauty of the structure because I built the foundation of my home within its plans. My home is my Ghee's crêpes. They always feel like home wherever she makes them-- but I always thought the humidity of Florida played some role in their superiority to the ones made in Massachusetts. Or maybe it's the red onion-cutting glasses I flaunt there, that adds something to her technique. My home is my association with everything green and my home is wherever I find a frog. I have a ceramic frog, Abby, that sits by my bed next to her green lamp and meditates for me constantly-- the work of a saint-- and the metal one, Manilla, patiently sits in front. My home is my friends. They comfort me when my house is too heavy and burdensome for my soul. My home is here, my home is there; my home is in the present, and yet my home is forever changing to fit the mold of my needs. And when the world becomes so much, my home gives me a big hug.



Comic by Maeve Finn, Rendered by Sadie Cahoon

The Ice Rink That Melts

By Avery Pope

The past few years my dad and my younger brother have taken on the annual task of trying to build an ice rink in our backyard. I try to join them when I can but the temptation of the wood fired home just paces away is too much most days for me to stay out long. They seem to have some conviction I do not.

The process of constructing the rink is a tedious one, and from my point of view not worth the time. They set out the wooden side panels (really just two-by-fours) before the first snow falls and on the ground they lay a large piece of plastic liner. This liner is a new addition after years of failure trying to hold water on tarps duct-taped together. When it gets cold enough they flood the plane with water from the house that then freezes. Or sit outside for hours spraying the area down with the hose. Seems simple enough. It's not. The process is dependent on the weather being perfect for long periods of time. It needs to be cold enough that the ice won't melt, and there can't be any precipitation while it is freezing.

Even once it does freeze a good nor'easter will cover the area in a foot of snow, that would then need to be shoveled away. The field that they construct it on is not by any means flat, thus one side of the rink fills up with enough water to spill over the two-by-fours before the other side even touches the water. And of course every hose we own has to have a leak in it, so while the water is spraying out the hole it should be, it is also coming out the side to soak through gloves and sleeves. All of this is to say that one will rarely see me helping out.

Sometimes, when I am feeling especial-

ly happy, or when I am procrastinating school work, I take a stroll out back. Usually I don't stay for long at all, usually I find some reason to leave. But not always.

It was during one of the shoveling phases, my father was inside doing any number of his other jobs within the house. My brother, spade in hand, and I, with a slightly smaller spade that matched my work ethic, headed out towards the rink.

I had never been one for skating, perhaps the reason I wasn't too invested in the rink. My father was big into hockey as a kid and still retained the skills he had learned from then. My younger brother was big into whatever my dad was big into, so he could show me up on the ice anyday of the week. I could skate fine, I just had trouble with stopping. On a lake or in an arena this wasn't much of a problem, I could just coast until I slowed down enough. But this rink was small, to go fast I needed to know how to stop, and I wanted to go fast. I didn't think that all the work that I was doing was beneficial to me.

I started to shovel, my smaller tool wasn't as effective as it could have been. I tend to do things like that. If I don't want to do the work often I end up making it harder for myself. I remember carrying wood across our acres and stacking it as slowly as possible in protest that my parents were making me do that instead of letting me play Minecraft. So basically at that point I gave up my endeavor to remove the new snow from the rink I wouldn't use.

I let myself fall over into the mound that had been shoveled onto the sides, on the side further from the ice.

I was significantly more bundled up than

my brother. While he chose to wear a sweatshirt and sweatpants, I was wearing my warmest snorkel jacket and my water proof pants. He didn't seem to care much that I was abandoning him and I didn't really care either. In fact, at that moment I didn't care much about anything.

There is a certain way that lying in the snow like that feels. It is perhaps the single most relaxing thing one can experience. I don't know if I had any thoughts of anything, and if I did they came and went like trees out a car window. I could stay entirely still like that for long periods of time and not realize.

I don't know why I have come to be thinking about the rink these days. They made another one this year and it worked out really well. I shoveled a bit, at least enough for one night of skating. I had a really nice time that night. But the rink is gone now, the rain made sure of that. Maybe the two of them will get up next weekend if it is cold enough and start over. I doubt that I will be helping with that.

Winter is a fleeting thing. Sure, the other seasons come and go just as fast, but winter seems to be different. Winter leaves without telling. One day I wake up and see the grass, and then every day after that too. The snow melts quickly and I forget to say goodbye. I wish I could appreciate it more. If asked I would probably say I don't like the winter. The snow does tend to limit the places I can go and how I get there. And The darkness makes me sad. But it all ends up being so fragile. I feel bad for the winter, and I respect its ability and determination to come back every year to people like me, who might rather be inside.



E-Sports

By Alexander Humphrey

E-sports? It’s a new extracurricular here at Conval and I am here to tell you a little bit about it! Founded and led by Jack Theberge, the club meets in the library every Tuesday from 2:30-4. It is a very casual club where members bring their own equipment, hook it up to the library TVs, and choose what games they want to play. Participants can watch or play and overall it’s just a great environment to destress.

If you need help with your set-up, just ask another member and things will get sorted out. If you want to join, just ask Ms. Mckillop or Mr. Bartch, and they can assist you.



Photo by Alex Olivo

ConVal Sports Stats

By Henry Main

Boys Varsity Basketball 2021-22:

Record: 15-3

Percentage: 83%

Average ConVal Points per Game: 62.6

Average Opponent Points per Game: 51.3

ConVal: 60, Hanover: 34

ConVal: 65, Plymouth: 34

ConVal: 71, John Stark: 56

ConVal: 77, Sanborn: 73

ConVal: 58, Hollis-Brookline: 43

ConVal: 69, Pembroke: 58

ConVal: 64, Bow: 46

Souhegan: 45, ConVal: 42

ConVal: 58, Milford: 46

ConVal: 62, Hanover: 54

Pelham: 75, ConVal: 62

ConVal: 44, Merrimack Valley: 43

ConVal: 51, Coe-Brown Northwood Academy: 47

ConVal: 70, Laconia: 51

ConVal: 75, Manchester West: 57

ConVal: 74, Pelham: 59

Bishop Brady: 95, ConVal: 84

ConVal: 61, Lebanon: 58

Preliminary Round:

ConVal: 71, Kingswood: 40

Quarter Finals:

ConVal: 70, Sanborn: 66

Semi-Finals:

ConVal: 58, Pelham: 47

Finals:

Souhegan: 53, ConVal: 51 (OT)

Boys Ice Hockey 2021-22:

Record: 4-13

Winning Percentage: 24%

Hollis-Brookline: ,11 ConVal: 2

Kearsarge: 7,ConVal: 1

ConVal: 7, Monadnock: 3

ConVal: 4, Laconia: 3

Hollis-Brookline: 10, ConVal: 0

Sanborn: 4, ConVal: 2

Belmont: 4, ConVal: 1

John Stark: 8, ConVal: 1

Berlin: 9, ConVal: 1

ConVal: 4, Monadnock: 2

John Stark: 5, ConVal: 4

Sanborn: 7, ConVal: 2

ConVal: 4, Laconia: 2

Kennett: 5, ConVal: 1

Lebanon: 1, ConVal: 0

Kearsarge: 4, ConVal: 1

Girls Varsity Basketball 2021-22:

Record: 9-9

Percentage: 50%

Average ConVal Points per Game: 37.1

Average Opponent Points per Game: 46

Hanover: 66, ConVal: 27

John Stark: 44, ConVal: 32

Hollis-Brookline: 52, ConVal: 33

Merrimack Valley: 43, ConVal: 30

ConVal: 39, Plymouth: 32

ConVal: 49, Sanborn: 38

Pembroke: 46, ConVal: 31

Hanover: 66, ConVal: 27

ConVal: 44, Milford: 38

Pelham: 54, ConVal: 44

ConVal: 57, Coe-Brown Northwood Academy: 37

Laconia: 51, ConVal: 37

Bow: 45, ConVal: 27

ConVal: 43, Timberlane: 32

ConVal: 60, Manchester West: 36

ConVal: 56, Bishop Brady High School: 42

ConVal: 45, Souhegan High School: 36

ConVal: 47, Lebanon: 46

Preliminary Round:

Hollis-Brookline: 53, ConVal: 31

Girls Ice Hockey 2021-22:

Record: 1-16-1

Winning Percentage: 5%

Exeter: 11, ConVal: 1

Bedford: 8, ConVal: 1

Bedford: 7, ConVal: 0

Bishop Brady: 8, ConVal: 1

Lebanon: 9, ConVal: 0

ConVal: 5, Pinkerton Academy: 3

Souhegan: 8, ConVal: 0

Keene: 4, ConVal: 3

Bishop Guertin: 7, ConVal: 0

Kingswood: 8, ConVal: 0

Kingswood: 5, ConVal: 1

Oyster River: 8, ConVal: 0

Berlin: 8, ConVal: 2

Concord: 9, ConVal: 0

Manchester Central: 6, ConVal: 3

Keene: 7, ConVal: 1