

# THE LIVING ROOM TIMES

[http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Brendan\\_Loy/](http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Brendan_Loy/)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1997

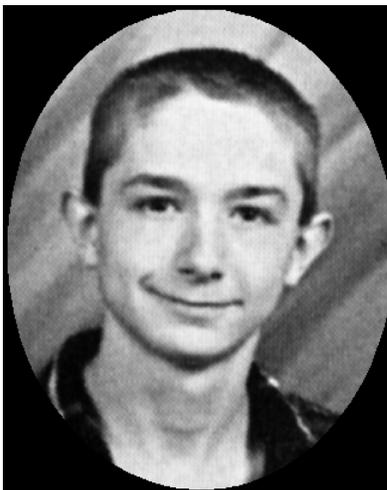
ISSUE 4 OF SEASON 5      ISSUE 339 SINCE DEC. 27, 1993

## After two devastating tragedies... **NHS mourns**

The Newington High School community was stricken with two incomprehensible tragedies in rapid succession last week when Robert "BoB" Aniello, a junior, and Jennifer "Jen" Partridge, a freshman, died untimely deaths within 24 hours of each other on Tuesday, November 18 and Wednesday, November 19.

Today, as the school recesses for its four-day Thanksgiving break, the grief continues for all those affected by these tragic losses.

In this very sad special edition of *The Living Room Times*, we take a look back, in words and pictures, at the shock and mourning through which all of NHS has struggled in the past week.



**BoB Aniello**  
1981-1997



**Jen Partridge**  
1983-1997

"Another life  
has met its end,  
another person  
lost their friend."

—the late BoB Aniello, in  
a poem written 9-29-97

"Death  
makes  
angels  
of all  
of us..."

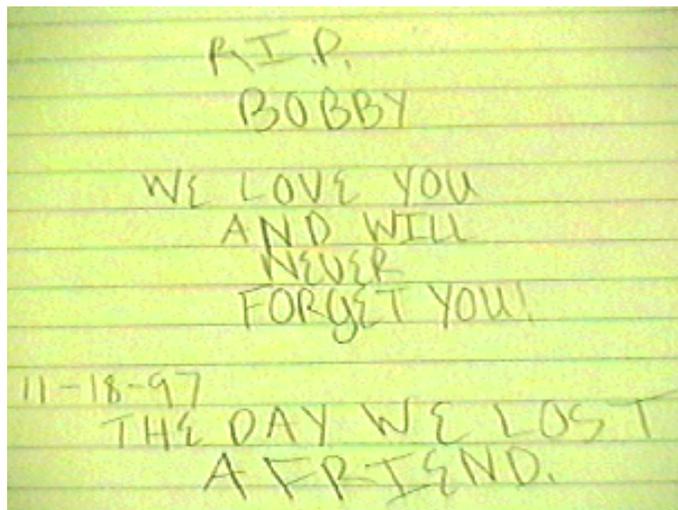


...and  
gives  
us  
wings  
where  
we had  
shoulders."

# BoB/Jen

“I just wish I could hear your voice once more.”

—Michelle Montgomery, in a poem written to BoB



“This isn’t goodbye  
I know you’re  
still here  
But still I have  
the tears.”

—anonymous,  
in a poem written to Jen

## The Living Room Times — Page #2

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# BoB/Jen

## Yesterday

*by anonymous*

*(posted on Jen's locker)*

When boys meant “yuck”  
And friends were new  
Dreams were unshattered  
And worries were few

When recess was too short  
And life forever long  
Decisions came so easy  
Without the “needing to belong”

When the stork delivered babies  
And passions weren't so strong  
Friendships were unbroken  
And life continued on

When bad things didn't happen  
And only skinned knees brought tears  
When the night light in the socket  
Quieted all our fears

When good-bye meant just for summer  
And real friends didn't part  
The fun went on forever  
And there never was a broken heart

“Whenever a life is taken prematurely it leaves not only a physical void but a mental and emotional one at that. And when two youths that you know are just gone, it hurts. Even though I did not know Bob really well, or Jen for that matter, their losses affected me beyond comprehension. My condolences go out to each person's family. All I can say with certainty is that Bob and Jen will be greatly missed.” —**junior class president Ryan McBride**, in an entry in the special LRT Online website memorial guestbook

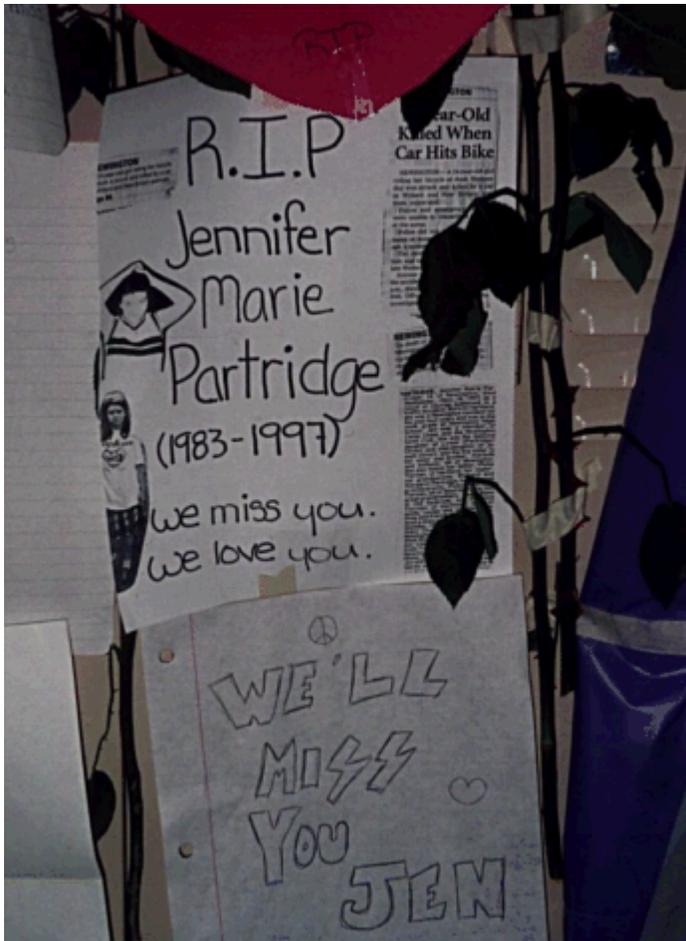


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# Bob/Jen

“Although I didn’t know these two well enough, I give my greatest sympathy to those who have lost these wonderful people. Their great memories will always be with us in our hearts and...will never be forgotten.” —*Melissa Breen, in an entry in the special LRT Online website memorial guestbook*



*a poem by Melissa Pantelao  
(posted on Jen’s locker)*

A girl is heading home from school  
A girl now lying lifeless in a bloody pool  
she got hit by a car  
It threw her frail body far  
She did not get up or move around  
A new tear had been found  
The drivers frightened by their action  
Not knowing the people’s reaction  
A girl stripped of her future  
Only hoping for so much more  
She could have turned out to be someone,  
Now none of it will ever get done  
The second life that has been taken  
As new fears have been awakened  
So take heed as you head out  
Not knowing what might lay without  
A girl whose smile will not be seen  
Way doesn’t the world seem truly mean  
A girl whose presence is now lost  
And just remember at whose cost

## **The Living Room Times — Page #4**

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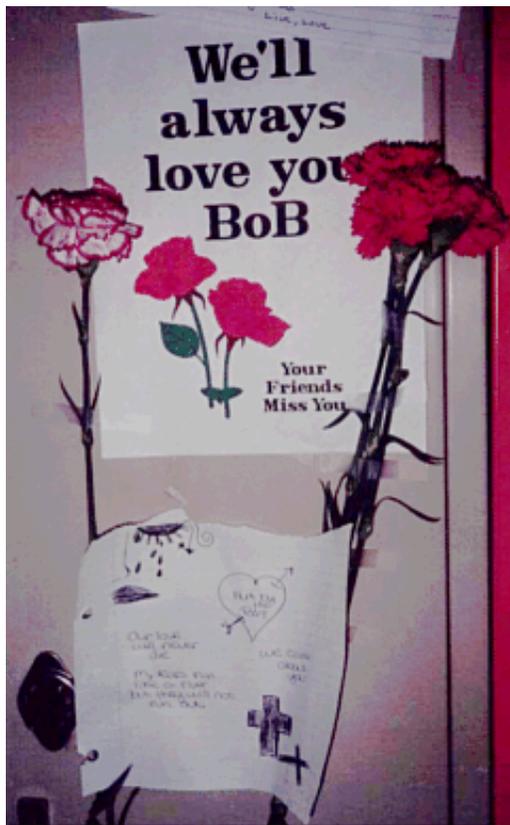
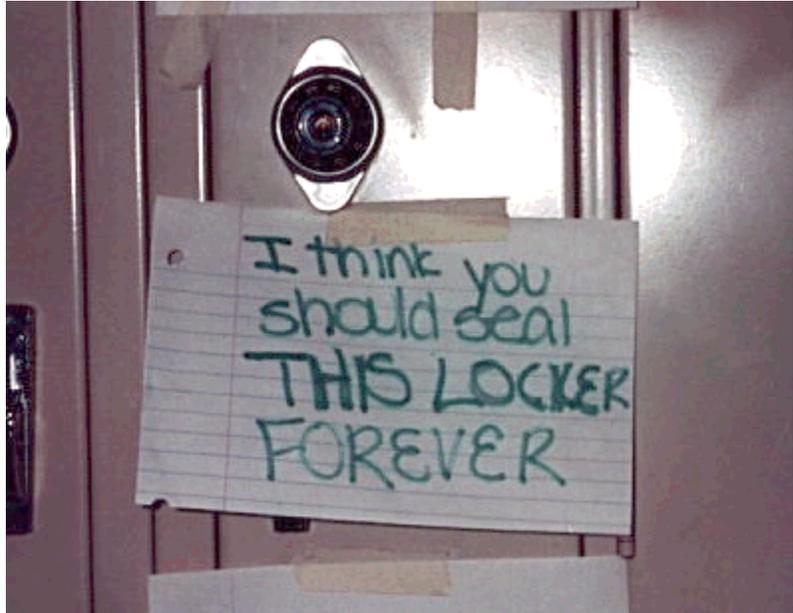
# BoB/Jen

## Another

by the late **BoB Aniello**

written seven weeks before his suicide

Another day another hour  
another person lacking power  
Another crummy day goes by,  
another person asking why  
Another question goes unanswered,  
another soul can't find its master  
Another heart ceases feeling,  
another bastard goes on stealing  
Another warm breath does protrude,  
another query does allude  
Another faithless one believes,  
another faithful one deceives  
Another theft is justified,  
another baby woke and died  
Another life has met its end,  
another person lost their friend  
Another accident destroys a home,  
another peasant desires the throne  
Another fire engulfs the flesh,  
another battlefield is littered with death  
Another dumb mistake is made,  
another plague consumes the lame  
Another storm lays waste to land,  
another rock is turned to sand  
Another idea goes unthought,  
another hope cannot be got  
Another dream turns to dust,  
another sword begins to rust  
Another house starts to rot,  
another writing starts to blot  
Another body turns to dirt,  
another loving couple hurts  
Another soldier fights and falls,  
another tyrant conquers all  
Another tree is cut and felled,  
another pain has grown and swelled  
Another father doesn't care,  
another parent isn't there  
Another monster is let loose,  
another player draws the deuce  
Another innocent man is killed,  
another drink is tipped and spilled  
Another one can't make amends,  
another poem, has to end

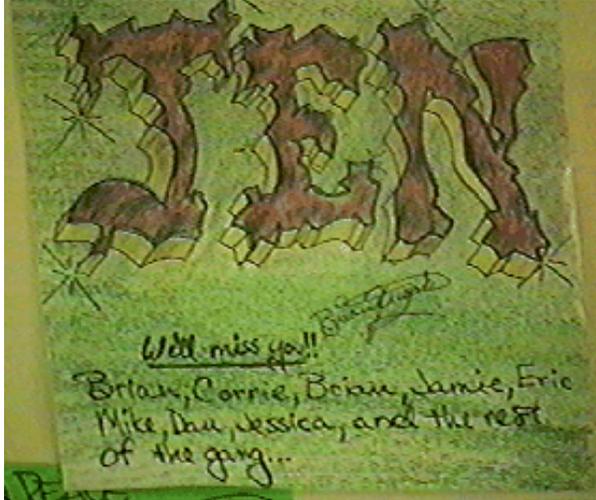


“To Bob Aniello...  
I knew you somewhat,  
which is to say that  
I was in your computer  
classes last year. I will  
always remember your  
unbelievable typing  
skills without using  
the homerow keys...  
Your presence will be  
felt in my heart as well  
as others at NHS  
forever...Rest in  
Peace...For Jen  
Partridge...Although  
I didn't know you,  
your loss has still  
affected me deeply.  
I grieve for you and  
your family in this time  
of mourning...your  
presence will be felt  
in the NHS hallways  
forever....”  
—Ben Fairclough,  
in the guestbook

## **The Living Room Times — Page #5**

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# BoB/Jen



*a poem by Michelle Montgomery  
(posted on Bob's locker)*

What am I supposed to do,  
Besides sit here and cry?,  
Tell me, my friend,  
Why'd you have to go and die?,

You left us with this whole,  
unanswered thing,  
I just wish I could hear your voice once more,  
Maybe hear you sing,

Every where I turn,  
I see memories of you,  
Every time I close my eyes,  
I see your smile,  
Everything I do makes my heart cry out for you,

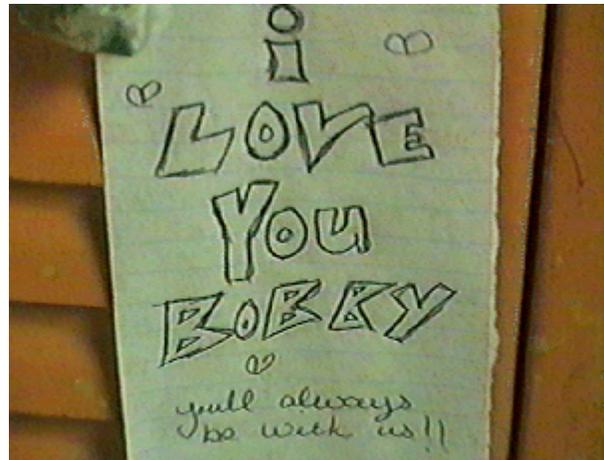
These days go by in such a blur,  
I wish there was a way to remove all this hurt,  
So many memories of you,  
So many things we'll never get to do,

My God, I miss you so much,  
Every thing about you,  
Your humor, your smile, your touch,

*a poem by anonymous (posted on Jen's locker)*

I can't believe it  
This can't be true  
you've been taken from us  
too early for your time  
you shouldn't have been there.  
this wasn't supposed to happen to you.  
you died so young  
this fate wasn't meant for you.  
we know we can't change this,  
but we wish we could.  
we love you, Jen, and we'll always miss you.

love, all your friends



Some who didn't know you really well  
Say they know how we feel,  
Why can't they understand,  
We need some time to heal?,

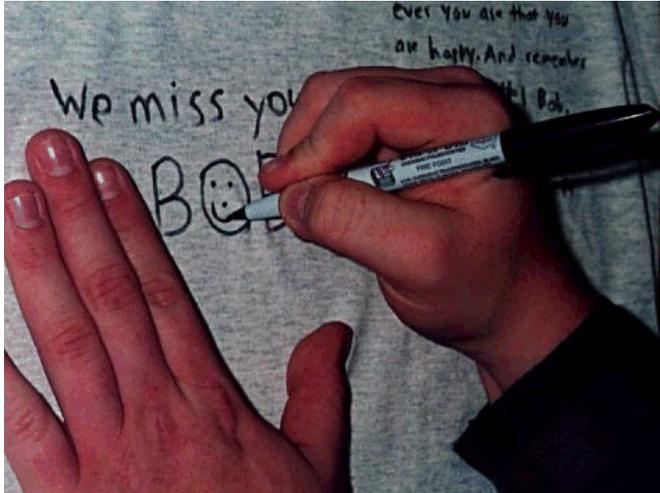
You've captured a special place in my heart  
Where you will stay,  
You were and always will be my friend,  
Till death comes, once again, to take me away,

I'll always love you, BoB!  
You'll always be a part of me!

## **The Living Room Times — Page #6**

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# Bob/Jen



“Both Bob and Jen will be missed by all. NHS won’t be the same without them. To me, Bobby was a great friend. He was a very nice guy and he always knew how to cheer me up. His smile brightened up every day. I just want to let him know that I will miss him and I forgive him for what he’s done. I know he is watching over me and all his friends. I also want to let him know that I will never forget him and what he has done for me. I will use what he taught me and I will always value our friendship. I know you’re up in heaven, in a better place, Bobby, and we will meet again soon. As for Jen, I wasn’t as good friends with her, but she too brightened up my day. I looked forward to her little squabbles with Miss Nagy. She always brought a smile to everyone’s face. I will miss you Jen. As for you Bobby, I love you and I miss you.” —*Jessica Fortuna, in guestbook*

## **The Living Room Times — Page #7**

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**Bob/Jen**

You will never  
be forgotten.  
In love

## Rest In Peace

**Robert Michael Aniello**

June 20, 1981 - November 18, 1997

**Jennifer Marie Partridge**

May 4, 1983 - November 19, 1997