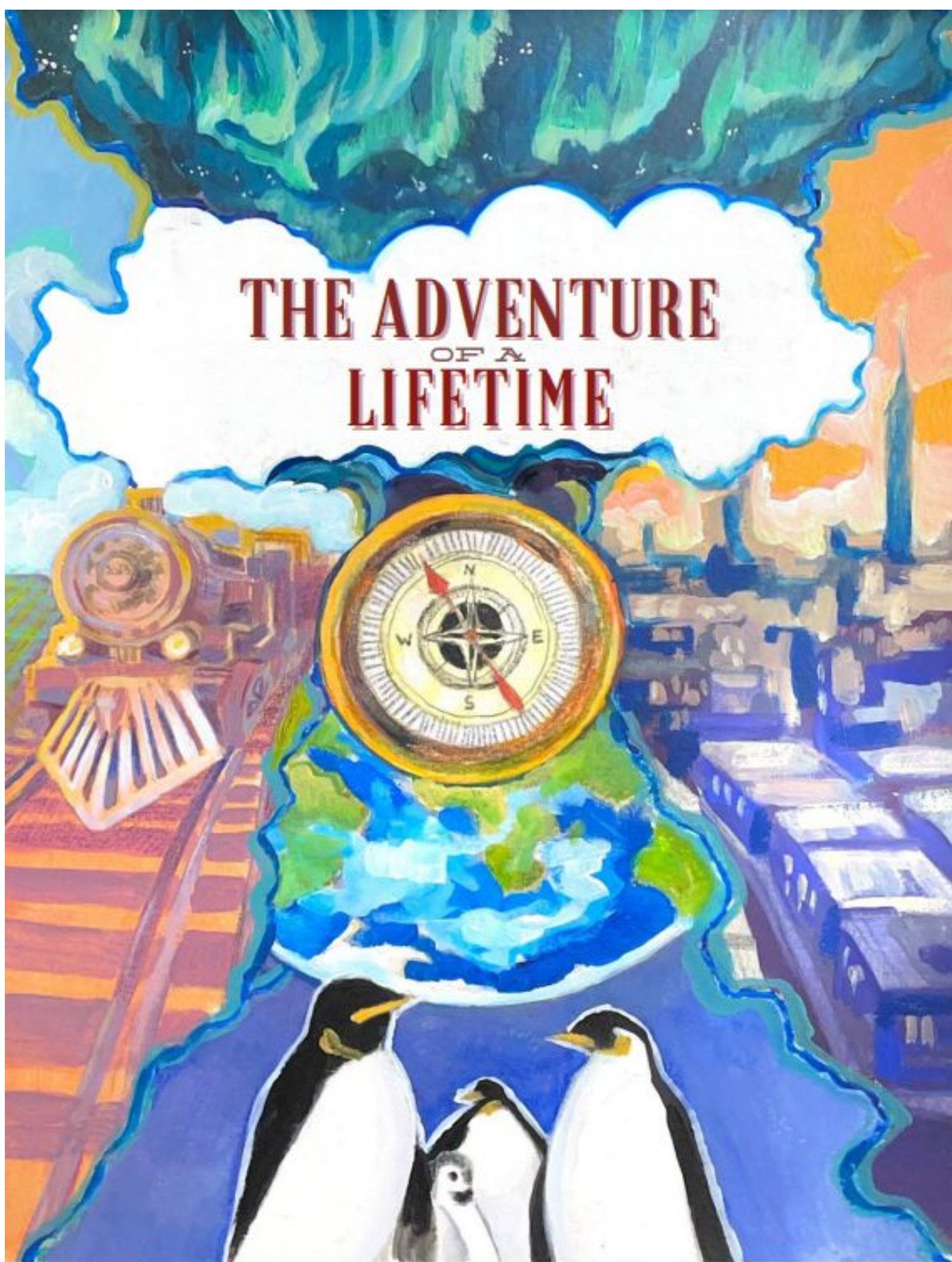


# THE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME



**Istoria: Literary Magazine  
of Trinity High School  
2022-2023  
Vol. 45**

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*This annual publication began in 1974 and has been in constant production since 1996*

# **Istoria: Literary Magazine of Trinity High School 2022-2023**

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# A Letter from the Editors

Welcome to the 2022-2023 Istoria: Literary Magazine of Trinity High School. We're so happy that you're here!

The Literary Magazine is a long-standing tradition at Trinity, with the first edition being published back in 1974. You are now reading volume 45 in the series, and we are very honored to serve as this edition's Co-Editors-in-Chief! This year's staff is made up of extremely talented writers and artists that share an incredible passion for the arts. We truly admire their dedication and creativity, and we are so lucky to have worked with them on this publication.

We also began this year with a brand new teacher advisor, Ms. Shaw! As an English teacher at Trinity, Ms. Shaw has always held a passion for student creativity and artistic expression. She has a love and dedication for all her students and we were thrilled to have worked with her this year to make this publication the best that it can be.

Back in October, our staff brainstormed and voted on this year's theme: Favorite Places and Travel. Our high school experience has often been defined by the lingering effects of the COVID-19 pandemic, so the staff found this to be an opportune time for reflecting on the physical places that we've missed and the new ones that we've created in our heads. During the pandemic, passions for art and writing were renewed as a way for people to share their stories and connect with others during isolating, trying times. This compilation of original works from THS students serves as a reminder of the magic and joy that comes with travel, whether it be physical or emotional.

All poems, short stories, and art pieces in this Magazine are unique and have been submitted by their creators for publication. We'd like to thank every author and artist who allowed us to share their pieces with the world. We simply ask that you keep using your imagination to inspire others beyond this Magazine and the walls of Trinity High School. Our world is in need of more creatives, and we see the future of art and writing right in these pages.

And thank you, reader, for taking the time to travel into a world of whimsy and adventure with us. Our editors have worked tirelessly to design and organize the 2022-2023 Istoria: Literary Magazine for your reading pleasure, and we truly hope that you love it as much as we do. So grab your passport - your destination awaits!

With love,

*Hannah Eisiminger*  
*Riley Dunn*  
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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# FRESHMEN



# The Strange Creature

Sarah Losko, Grade 9

A young eleven year old girl walked through the forest alone. This young girl is Lucy Stuart. She lives in an orphanage in White Mountain National Forest. She was left there as a young child in a small cardboard box by the doorstep. One day she decides to take a walk alone like she normally does. It's a cold, rainy day out in White Mountain Forest at Sobrenatural Orphanage. Lucy walks her normal routine until she sees another path to follow. The local landscaper must have cut a little bit more grass than usual, she thought. Little did she know that she was going to see the cutest animal living on Earth in front of her, and the most dangerous of all. Lucy decided to walk this new path out of plain curiosity just like any 11 year old would do. She walked to find a magnificent pond filled with fluorescent green lily pads and hummingbirds making a little tune. This pond seemed mystical. It glowed like no other pond would. Lucy felt quite parched, so she decided to take a drink from this glowing pond. She felt quite odd after she drank out of the pond, but never thought anything of it. This place seemed magical to Lucy. She stumbled upon a creature. He was rather odd. Lucy has never seen a creature like this before. This creature had a beautiful violet colored tone to him. He had green and beige feathered splotches all around his body. He looked like a hedgehog with no spikes, and he was brightly colored as well. She decided to name him Frank. Lucy tried to play with him to get a better understanding of what this creature exactly was. Lucy even tried to throw a stick to see if he would bring it back to her. She was having a divine time. This little creature ran towards Lucy as an attempt to attack. Frank was quite angry. He did not want to play with the stick, nor did he want to acknowledge Lucy. Suddenly, the trees blew in all directions. The creature flew towards the pond. Everything in front of Lucy flew backwards like a tornado. A huge mist of wind went right through Lucy's hair. She was quite puzzled as to what happened. Lucy left in a rush and never came back to this path.



# Upon the Shore

Madison Wasalasky, Grade 9

Upon the shore, where the waves gently crash,  
The sun covers the sandy beach in light.  
In the water, children all play and thrash,  
While their parents bathe in the bright sunlight.

The salty air fills my lungs with cleansing ease,  
The sand between my toes brings me much joy.  
The rhythm of the waves is sure to please,  
And all my cares and burdens, they deploy.

To sit and watch the sunset in the west,  
While the colors of the sky change ahead,  
Is one of nature's gifts, the very best,  
A moment where the mind and soul are fed.

The beach is a place of wonder and grace,  
That fills one's heart with peace and sweet embrace.

# Summer Time Baseball

Anthony Giorgi, Grade 9

Striped green grass  
As fresh as the breeze  
Gives joy to all who pass  
Except in the winter freeze

Players taking the field  
And audience all around  
Someone has to wield  
The bat ready for a pound

Concession food being bought  
For the parents and the kids  
While the ball is getting caught  
Don't be placing any bids

I love baseball, America's game  
It is the freedom we all wish to claim

# My Favorite Place

Antonio Borello, Grade 9

My favorite place to visit is Utah. The scenery is magnificent, the weather is nice and the sun is shining. You can hike and ski in the same day due to the elevation. Recently in the past 6 months I visited Zion National Park and I hiked Angel Landing, the most deadly hiking trail in the country.

The hike to the top of Angels Landing was treacherous. The humidity was a challenge with no water. One man asked me if I wanted a sip of his water but I kindly rejected and forged ahead. The warning said bring water but I didn't think I would hike so far. The trail was steep ledges on the side as high as 200'. The path was paved at first and then quickly turned to rock and gravel. Above our heads were two Condors looking for food. They were over six feet in length and weight a lot.

At one mile to the top we quit our hike due to no water. In the end no matter how hard it is you can physically accomplish anything. I suggest to anyone that they visit Zion National Park to experience the fabulous views. Go at a time when it is off season so you can see it all without the crowd. Don't forget your water!

# **The Cattle Show**

Ashlynn Mankey, Grade 9

I see lots of cattle and people  
I smell fresh shavings  
I hear cattle mooing and people talking  
I feel excited and nervous  
I taste my passion  
I think I can win

# Pond Hockey

Autumn Sitler, Grade 9

As I get ready to go on the ice and skate,  
I can hear the ice calling my name.  
I race to the pond to feel my escape,  
And get ready to play my favorite game.

I'm standing on a thin layer of ice, that the weather has made,  
But none of this frightens me to go.  
The clear ice is so beautifully laid,  
Covered with frozen white snow.

As the sun runs across the sky,  
It is dark now but, how?  
I look at my watch and say, "Oh my!"  
It's been 4 hours by now.

My breath is like a foggy cloud,  
I hear my hockey stick on the ice, it's my favorite sound.



# Florida

Avery Powell, Grade 9

The breeze is whistling as it blows the clouds  
The waves are as quiet as a mouse  
The sun shining proud  
The kids are playing and there is a bounce  
Where the dolphins swim with grace  
Where turtles are found  
Where the beach has no place  
Where the biggest fish is crowned  
Where the palm trees grow  
The crabs come out at night  
The moon glows  
The seagulls fight  
Florida is a Paradise  
But a sacrifice needs to be made because of the price.

# **My Name**

Cicely Sunseri, Grade 9

Cicely Sunseri, say that three times fast. My name has always intrigued everyone I've ever met. Being named after Sicily, the island located off the southern coast of Italy, I have always wondered what it would be like to visit. The colorful buildings and beautiful coastline have always attracted me to dream about one day being on this island. My great-grandfather Sunseri bravely traveled over on a boat in the middle of the 1900s with his brothers. The historic connection of my family to Sicily is a huge factor on why I want to visit or even live one day on the Sunseri street located in Sicily.

I imagine myself hopping on the back of a motorbike and touring the island from sunrise to sunset. Weaving in and out of city traffic, going coast to coast experiencing the mountains that change into soft hills. Being able to close my eyes and let the scents and flavors of the delicious food guide me to my next adventure. The locales would tell me stories and places to visit, especially the wind mills. Yes, Sicily has windmills and I am told it's like a painter paints the sunset on the salt pan every night.

# **My Name contd.**

Cicely Sunseri, Grade 9

Maybe a lifetime isn't long enough to experience the fine white sands and the waters that are described as every shade of blue. Sicily is a place where you will always find a new adventure awaiting to be discovered and maybe it could possibly even be love. I dream of soaking in the bright sun and lounging on the golden beaches feeling like I'm home once again. Cicely Juliet Sunseri from Sicily.

# Game Night

Coryn Stoyi, Grade 9

Game night, an evening filled full of fun, snacks, laughter, and activities  
A few hours on a Friday night dedicated to spending time with family  
while making joyful memories

Although my siblings like all different types of games,  
my favorites are Monopoly, Boggle, and any type of trivia

Competitiveness doesn't run through my veins but it does pump through my  
siblings' as they eventually stand up and begin to accuse one another of not  
following the rules or cheating

It's an unsaid rule to not take these accusations seriously as they are said out of  
pettiness by second place holders

Even as pressure is put onto those playing a game at times, I always come to  
focus on the scent coming from the kitchen as my mom prepares food  
The smell settles into the air and ordinarily relaxes the room

After we become bored, an argument breaks out of who is to clean up which  
game, but it remains to be an argument I enjoy as it is about a fun topic that I  
am able to bond over

Reflection flows through my mind as my bed holds my body with a book  
resting in my hands late at night

In spite of the fact that agitation and quarrels break out, game night continues  
to be my favorite because of the positive security it offers to my siblings and I.

# My Nana's House

Coryn Stoyi, Grade 9

I love going to my Nana's place  
And she doesn't live so far away  
When I get there we all embrace  
And when I am there, my day is no longer gray

There is always a large quantity of sustenance  
You'll never be hungry in my Nana's kitchen  
I go there without reluctance  
If I'm asked to go to my grandparents house you'll never see me ditchin'

When I first walk in the doors I hear angels sing  
Her house is like heaven  
I can hear the oven in her house go ding  
I pull up to her house around seven

I never want to leave the house of my nana  
I would rather slip on a banana



# Every Year

Cameron Street, Grade 9

Every year, since I was 5 years old, my family goes to Myrtle Beach in South Carolina. We check into the same condo, go to the same shops and restaurants, and sit in the exact same spot on the beach, every single time. You would think after a while, it would get boring. Then again, when have you ever heard the words “beach” and “boring” in the same sentence?

Every year, we all jump in the car, at 4 AM sharp. My little brother is barely asleep, groggily playing video games or watching a movie. My mom has a blanket draped over her, while my dad is in good spirits, excited to get away from town for a bit. I put my headphones in and listen to music until I eventually fall back asleep. We always stop at those rest stops that are in every state, and most times those are adventures of their own. Seeing people who are just as tired and excited for a vacation, wherever that may be for them. The packed restrooms, the weird smell no one can exactly describe, and them getting back in the car and doing it all over again in a couple of hours or so. For our car trips, my mom packs me a whole bunch of snacks, so once I wake up, I'll eat them, along with stealing my brother's snacks since he's still sleeping.

Every year, my family checks in At the Crescent Shore Condos, room 409. I always claim the left bed in the room my brother and I share, and I'm always the first one to unpack and ready to go to the little shop, “Surf and Sun” that's a 5-minute walk away. The store that has anything and everything you could ever imagine. Towels, hats, clothes, swimsuits, boogie boards, souvenirs, and so much more! Every year I beg my mom for saltwater taffy, and every year she reminds me I can't eat them due to my braces.

# Every Year contd.

Cameron Street, Grade 9

Every year, we take a trip down to Barefoot Landing, the place where I spend all of the money that I've saved up all summer. I look at the amazing clothes you couldn't ever find here in PA or the mansion-like sugar stores that are every kid's dream and every parent's nightmare. The amount of money my parent would spend for me and my brother to get pounds of candy was insane. Once it got dark, the path all across the landing lit up. It's like something out of a fairytale. The breeze kicks in, whipping your hair around while you enjoy the happy atmosphere around you.

Every year, we go to this go-kart park 20 minutes away from the condo. And every year, I strive to beat my dad in a race. It's a 'friendly' competition that has been going on for 5 years, ever since I was tall enough to ride on the same track as him. This past year, I was able to ride the fastest track at the park and ended up beating my dad-multiple times. To celebrate my victory, we went on the slippery track and messed around. I wiped out. Now that I've won, it's now my brother's turn to defeat him. He recently has gotten tall enough to ride with my dad as well, so now it begins. After our day at the park, we always get ice cream from this place called "Painters."

# Every Year contd.

Cameron Street, Grade 9

Every year, my family may do things all around the area, but that never stops us from spending a significant amount of time on the beach. From sunrise to sunset. My dad instantly runs into the water, dragging me and my brother, who are both swimmers, along with him. Back when the water was clearer, we all grabbed our goggles and would see what we could find. A couple of years ago, we found 8 hermit crabs, 2 stingrays, and a shark! And this past year, my dad and I both got stung by jellyfish and had to sit in the hot tub for 40 minutes to get rid of the stinging. It was miserable, not because we had gotten stung, but because that day it was 110 degrees, along with being in a 90-degree hot tub outside. Eventually, we got out and got right back into the ocean and swam with the jellyfish some more.

Every year, we pack up all of our stuff, things we brought from home, along with things we collected during our trip, and leave at 6 AM, a week later than when we arrived. The car ride is a lot more interactive, as we nonstop talk about the crazy adventures we experienced in just a couple of days. We get home and realize how much it sucks to be back, wishing the beach was our home.

Every year, my parents give me an unforgettable experience at the beach, which has made me love it so much. I can't wait to do it again this summer.

# The Trees

Cameron Street, Grade 9

The trees as tall as skyscrapers, the leaves falling on the ground

A little log cabin, a nice cozy place

The fireplace, and that good-feeling smell all around

All by myself, I get a little space

Waking up every morning hearing the creek flow

The breeze lifts me up and takes me away

The calmness of the atmosphere encourages me to take it slow

I wish I could stay.

A nice stroll into town, a new shop every two feet

So much to see, so much to do.

Museums, escape rooms, and the best ice cream to eat

Oh when I have to leave, I'll be blue

It's the best place to be, I guarantee,

That place is Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

# The Lake

Caden Miller, Grade 9

I see my family and friends joyfully playing outside,  
With the wind like a broom sweeping through their hair.  
The feeling of happiness overtakes me in a landslide,  
Oh, how I wish I could be there.

Even though my head was gouged by a rock,  
I still like to go to the cabin.  
I like to take my morning walk,  
And I love to just imagine.

Jumping and fishing in the lake with my cousins  
With a cold breeze leaping through the sky,  
We wander around in a quarter of a dozen,  
And hope we won't have to say goodbye.

Though we have loads of fun, make no mistake,  
We still like to kick it back at the lake.



# The Most Beautiful Place

Nathan Jones, Grade 9

Oh, how I love you, Niagara Falls  
I wish I could be there every day  
And when I go, I start to bounce off walls  
When I'm not there, my emotions are not a bouquet

You really are the best place  
You make the most fun times  
When I know I'm going, there is a smile on my face  
And you make me as happy as a kid with ten thousand dimes

I know that you are fantastic  
You are a beautiful site  
My happiness stretches like an elastic  
And you make me feel very bright

You will always make me feel glad  
And I will never be mad

# The Great Mountain

Matthew Goodish, Grade 9

Climbing up a mountain  
While hiking walked past a lake  
Then I walked past a natural fountain  
I then encountered a snake  
Walking past pine trees  
While the wind was howling  
Taking a break while sitting down on my knees  
There was a fox that was prowling  
I set up my tent  
While the temperature got as cold as ice  
There was no better moment than the present  
And I didn't even think twice  
Of walking back home  
While I continued to roam

# A Trip to Disneyland

Bayleigh Lowe, Grade 9

The excitement in the car is through the roof,

We park the car and see the sign,  
Dad is making jokes, he's such a goof.  
Mom is worrying about the long line.

Today the sun is bright as a star.  
We go into the park to start our day.  
The size of the castle is so bizarre  
All the attractions are on display

The day is getting very hot  
We take a ride on Splash Mountain to cool down  
Let's go find a character spot.  
I think I see one in Critter Country.

Well, we finished our day under the sun,  
Time flies when we're having fun!

# My Favorite Place

Brailyn Mitchell, Grade 9

My favorite place is my mind and all of the places it has been  
there are oceans so blue  
mountains scared to plummet  
waves clash with white similar to the mood  
caves scared to submit  
buildings stand reflecting life  
people pass with their wonders  
all of this is my delight  
with other's desires plundered  
there are so many places i'd like to be  
filled with life and memories  
dedicated specifically to me  
unexpected opportunities  
in a world filled with havoc  
what can one do  
but think about what will happen  
away from all their doom  
I dance in my mind like a rave  
I get lost in my mind like its a cave

# Jamaica

Marshall Burt, Grade 9

The color of the water  
The fresh Hibachi food  
The sound of the ocean  
The heat from the sun  
The amazing food  
This is paradise.

# The Rink

Keira Roddy, Grade 9

Bright white lights shine so bright  
Still and silent early in the morning  
Truly the most beautiful sight  
Setting the stage for a sport most rewarding  
Puck drops and silence rushes away  
Adrenaline and competition fill the air  
My favorite place to spend the day  
A sight to which nothing can compare  
When the final buzzer sounds  
Like a triumphant horn, loud and proud  
One team's happiness drowns  
While the others fans are wowed  
The winning team on the mountains summit  
The others hopes and courage plummet

# Block Island

Katherine Drezewski, Grade 9

Waking up to open windows  
With Sea-salt-air dried hair  
Catching minnows with my sisters  
No longer looking fair

Photographing the sunset  
And walking to the beach alone  
Leisurely, never working up a sweat  
And no internet for my phone

Seeking out my favorite shells and rocks  
That call to me from the shore  
Like a fish, I am not playing Roblox  
Instead, in the ocean I explore

Block Island is the place to be

If there is a special place in your heart for the sea

# Oh to be in Paris

Lily Hoy, Grade 9

Paris is where I would rather be  
Where the Eiffel Tower stands tall  
It's where I want to flee  
It speaks its presences to all

Oh the wonders I can see  
Oh the food I can eat  
I wish I could be with thee  
At the top of the tower we could meet

Paris is like heaven  
It calls to me  
I have wanted to go since I was eleven  
To flit around Paris like a busy bee

Oh Paris is the place to be  
To there I will one day flee



# Home

JW Jobes, Grade 9

Imagine a place where you are free,  
Nothing stopping you to roam,  
A lovely world for all to see,  
I call this place home.

Homework or sleep, I'm always thinking,  
How beautiful is this place.  
Even though I may not be singing,  
I'm always admiring its beautiful face.

In my home live others too,  
That bird, cat, and also, the rat.  
Everyone is welcome here, yes, even you.  
My home is like the fruit to the gnat.

Traveling far is fun, but what's the need  
When there's the whole world, at home, every time, guaranteed.

# **The Bahamas**

Madison Cevarr, Grade 9

The Sun is out, waves crashing down, people everywhere, children screaming. I couldn't wait for the beach. My name is Catherine, and for our family vacation I begged my parents to go to the Bahamas. They said no at first but eventually gave in. I love the Bahamas. It is so beautiful there. My little brother, Dom, complained about the trip at first but when he saw how fun it would be, he was ecstatic. The next day we hopped on our flight and I was so excited. We arrived and I had so much fun. We went boating, kayaking, sunset watching, and even had dinner on the water. I loved it there, I never wanted to leave. After about a week we left and I was so upset but I got back and I got to see my dog, Fluffy.

# Black Diamond

Jovan Weichel, Grade 9

The mountains with their cold breeze,  
A chill that shakes your core,  
Do not underestimate them as you might freeze.  
Climbing up is quite the chore.

Going down with a graceful flight,  
Racing through the slope with speed,  
Shredding the powder that is so white,  
The feeling is quite energizing indeed.

An icy villain comes to mess you up,  
Tread carefully as it will show no pity.  
Making a mistake will make you pay the price.  
Make haste as the situation cannot be solved by a committee.

As you make it past the final bend,  
Sadly, all journeys eventually end.

# Kennywood

Joslyn Laberdee, Grade 9

I see roller coasters  
I smell popcorn  
I hear screams of joy  
I feel excited  
I taste ice cream  
I think this is the best day ever

# Walt Disney World

Jordan Keener, Grade 9

The happiest place on earth  
Where dreams do come true  
With lots of laughter and mirth  
And Mickey and Minnie too  
Sprinkled with fairy dust  
The colors beaming beautifully bright  
No kid filled with disgust  
With fireworks exploding in the night  
The magic seems to never end  
It's a place away from reality  
A talking toy can be your best friend  
Even at the age of thirty  
What is this magnificent place with magic swirled?  
Well it's none other than Walt Disney World

# Why Not Japan?

Ivy Zheng, Grade 9

Cherry blossoms dancing in the wind.  
Oh how I wish I could be twirling with them;  
I would simply be brimmed  
With happiness, that I would be choking on phlegm.  
Early spring when the time is just right,  
They fall to the ground  
With the slightest flight  
While surrounding everyone all around.

A culture so unique like a snowflake,  
Containing scrumptious food and a variety of entertainment.  
I would love to try the wagyu steak!  
Although in order for me to do these things, I must grow out of my  
management.

You might say, "Why not visit Pakistan?"  
To that, I reply " Why not Japan?"

# Island Girl

Grace Cessna, Grade 9

The Hawaiian breeze with the scent of flower bloom  
The warm sea air filled with exploring  
I need to visit Hawaii and it must be soon  
Don't let Pennsylvania deceive but it really is boring

Get me a ticket, a plane, and a coconut in hand  
With the sun shining bright the temperature is harsh  
I need a bikini, a towel, and my feet in the sand  
But once again in Pennsylvania that all seems sparse

The smell of fresh fruit puts me into a daze  
The fun is endless and it never gets old  
I stare at the sea with such a deep gaze  
I want to stay forever but that seems too bold

The ocean is calling my name  
I can't miss my chance, it'd be a shame  
I need some new fun it can't all be the same  
I dream of Hawaii for Pennsylvania is lame

# Penelope

Ella Ward, Grade 9

Sarabi from *The Lion King* would be a great actor to fill the role of Penelope. Sarabi watched over her son, Simba, after her husband died. Sarabi also maintained a kingdom full of animals until Scar came to overthrow it, luckily using her wisdom, Sarabi and the other lions outsmarted the Hyenas and took back their homeland.



# Grammy & Pappy's House

Ella Ward, Grade 9

Old Furniture  
Cookies in the oven  
News on the TV  
Warmth of the house  
Hot chocolate  
How much I love my grandparents

# I am

Elijah Megyesy, Grade 9

I am from the long car rides, from the cake in the faces and the loudest happy birthday singer.

I am from the house on the hill and the smell of fresh spaghetti.

I am from the cacti, the spikes in the way shielding itself from the world.

I am from the wilderness, yet calm.

From “be true to yourself” and “you’ll go blind standing next to the tv”.

I am from the sleeping in on Sundays and missing church.

I’m from the hospital, spaghetti and pasta salad.

From the shopping trips, the Steeler’s games, and the trips to Ohio.

I am from the shelves where the memories lay, from the baby photos and Disney photos, to the memories held in my heart. If they were to be burned, I would fall apart.

# **This I believe**

Elijah Megyesy, Grade 9

I'm sure most of us used to play with our mother's makeup when we were kids. I was exactly the same way except I never stopped playing with her makeup until I got my own. I remember having the blue sparkly eyeshadow from Claire's on my face and red lipstick on my lips while my mom tried to scrub it off. But when my mom passed, my grandma that year got me a makeup kit and I used that gift everyday.

Back in the 7th grade I wasn't good at socializing, so on the weekends when I was alone I would practice makeup. Not eyeliner or eyeshadow makeup, I mean theater makeup. Fake bruises and fake blood; I was obsessed with all of it. Makeup allowed me to experiment being different people, and I hoped to discover a new me in the process. I would spend hours upon hours sitting in my room thinking about who I could be next. When I would look in the mirror at the makeup I put on, I would realize that the person looking back at me wasn't me. I was my own person under this makeup. The makeup was a way to escape and make myself feel like I was someone I wasn't.

I sat on my bed staring at the mirror and I grabbed the makeup wipe and started scrubbing the makeup off my face. As soon as it was on my face the fake bruises and blood wiped off.

# **This I believe contd.**

Elijah Megyesy, Grade 9

I used to take pictures of the makeup and upload it to social media, but there were two reasons I stopped. The first was because I found out I don't need makeup to make friends. The second was that I would get bullied for wearing the makeup and positing it. It eventually got so bad at one point that I decided to stop. There was a photo of me airdropped with my makeup on to the whole school for a joke that, let's just say, wasn't so good. My heart dropped when I saw it. My face paled and all I could think about was how my face was used for a joke that I didn't want to be associated with. Soon I felt myself go to the guidance office and let the emotions form into tears and pour onto my face. I went home and hid the makeup; I couldn't makeup to the people that would see it. I stopped using makeup and it made me realize I didn't need it to be a good person. Eventually I would keep the makeup off and talk to more people. Ironically, the absence of makeup helped me develop myself into a new person. Eventually I stopped asking my grandma to buy me makeup.

# A Place to Call Home

Elijah Megyesy, Grade 9

A place unknown by society and outgrown by the trees

Where the greener grass grows

Where the trees make music of the breeze

The place where the lightning bugs glow

The house filled with light

The golf carts vroom

Children's eyes beem bright

The hunting seasons' guns go boom

Fishing with Clover

Day time starts to unwind

All the dead fish turned over

Nighttime starts to creep

And everyone is asleep

# Camp

Elaina Ashby, Grade 9

My camp is always so fun  
I like it there when it rains  
But I like it more in the sun  
No matter the weather, I can't complain  
There are so many things to do  
I love to fish, kayak, and swim  
One day I can show you  
No matter what we do that day, it will be a win  
My heart is overflowing with happiness  
It's like an endless pit  
At dark you eat smores filled with sweetness  
As you sit and talk around the fire pit  
Camp is my best friend  
And this is a friendship I never want to end

# Iceland

Isaac Ikach, Grade 9

Watch the Northern Lights prance around the sky

Relax in the warm, steamy hot springs

Get my scarf off the mantle to tie

This place is so magical I just want to sing

Cast my line to catch a fish

Prance around a market for a strong and worthy lamb

Oh, this is my dream so I can only wish

As I talk to the locals, I call them Madame

Then I come across a volcano with a mask

Acting like a meek sheep with no aggression

This vacation is my utmost task

But instead of a goal it's an obsession

Iceland is the most beautiful place

Because once I get there all I will do is embrace

# The Beach

Emily Durbin, Grade 9

big blue ocean  
humid air  
huge waves crash  
fearless, confident  
salt from the water  
this is the life



# Trip to the Bahamas

Andrew Ciampa, Grade 9

Bahamas are the place to be  
Because it is so cool  
If you want to spend some time with me  
Come meet me at the pool

The trees are dancing in the breeze  
The water is clear  
Can I swim please?  
I'll swim with no fear

I see a turtle down below  
Swimming gracefully like a swan  
It is moving very slow  
Unlike on the autobahn

The Bahamas are a very nice place  
I recommend the space

# The Show Ring

Caitlin McCullough, Grade 9

Dust coming up from the sawdust  
Product of the animals filling the air  
Pigs squealing and oinking  
My hand tightening my grip on the whip  
Only the taste of saliva  
Will I win the class?

# **Woods for Miles**

Kelsey Snow, Grade 9

Woods for miles  
Freshly baled hay  
Crunching of leaves  
The breeze through the air  
The aftertaste of sweet tea  
I wanna take a nap

# Down the Slopes

Kimari Behrens, Grade 9

As I step in the snow,  
It feels like a soft blanket on my skin,  
I see a doe running away from her foe,  
As I fall in the snow on my chin.

Going down the hill on my skis,  
I think of hot chocolate.  
I become warm inside like tea rising in degrees,  
And remember things that are important.

Skiing is where I'm the happiest,  
No need to stress.  
School is where I'm the crappiest,  
When I'm there I become a mess.

When I'm in the ice,  
I become precise.

# SOPHOMORE



# Imaginary vs. Reality

Rebekah Jones, Grade 10

The grass at my feet is soft and the sun shines warmly behind me.  
I have finally made it to the top of the hill and I stand, looking over my town.  
Angling my chin up, there is a tranquil sky with clouds as far as I can see.  
But broken, unthriving, and suffering people is what I see looking down.

This hill, the beautiful sky, and the decaying town portray my own story.  
My painful past is represented through the dwindling wreck of a town below,  
The peaceful sky and happy clouds illustrate my possible future glory,  
And what I just endured mirrors the arduous climb to the top of this plateau.

My mind and body ache after the journey from which I was just released.  
I have defeated the obstacle and I stand, looking over my life  
Reaching for the future, I imagine unobstructed hope and peace,  
But looking to my past I know to be wary. I see only pain and strife.

I will not be held back by my past, but neither will I forget it or cast it aside.  
As the future draws near, I cling to a second chance.  
Hope is where my mind will reside.  
To continue, I will use both my past and my hope for a future as a guide.



# Girl with the Pearl Earring

Abigail Higgins, Grade 10

The girl, at first glance perfect,  
Beautiful features, and simplistic style  
Until you look closer  
Can you read her face like a book  
Mouth gaped, looking into the distance  
All of her thoughts pouring out of her eyes  
Behind her lies a black abyss  
Which she turns a cheek to  
The pearl earring shines in the light which she left behind  
One last final glance until she takes a step into the darkness  
The pearl will forever remind her of her once lavish life  
Her look of despair  
Matched with the scarf in her hair  
Will she be brave enough to take a step  
What lies ahead is unknown  
Her expression says it all...

# At the Seashore

Abigail Higgins, Grade 10

The white fluffy clouds mirror the blue horizon as far as the eye can see  
Warm bubbly waves crash into the shore and roll across my feet  
Screeching seagulls fly high in the sky  
Saltwater coats my blonde tangled hair  
The freshly coated sunblock on my sunburnt skin radiates the scent of coconut  
As I take in a deep breath,  
I am greeted with a salt filled air  
My favorite lip balm leaves a fresh vanilla scent on my dried lips  
The grainy sand, almost too hot to touch, runs through my hands like water  
Broken shells run across my feet while the tide pulls them back in  
An impression of peace fills my body



# Into the Darkness

Corbin Likar, Grade 10

*The Nightingale*

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dark outside. The sky was lit by a weak blue moon. "Night is our protection," Eduardo said. "Night and speed and quiet." He turned, stopped them with a raised hand. "Juliette will be at the back of the line. I will be at the front. When I walk, you walk. You walk in single file. There is no talking. None. You will be cold— it is night— and hungry and soon you will be tired. Keep walking."

Eduardo turned his back on the men and began walking up the hill. Isabelle felt the rain hit into her exposed cheeks and slipped through the seams of her raincoat. She used her gloved hand to hold the pieces of her raincoat together and began the long trek up the grassy hillside.

Sometime around three in the morning, the walk became a hike. The terrain rose steeply, the moon hid behind invisible clouds and blinked out, leaving them in total darkness. Isabelle heard the men's breathing become labored in front of her. She knew they were cold, most of them did not have adequate clothing for this freezing air, and few of them had shoes that fit correctly. Twigs snapped beneath their feet, rocks clattered against them, made a sound like rain on a tin roof as they fell down the steep mountainside. The first pangs of hunger twisted her empty stomach.

It started to rain. A gnashing wind swept up from the valley below, slamming into the party walking single file. It turned the rain into freezing shards that attacked their exposed skin. Isabelle began to shiver uncontrollably, her breath came out in great, heaving gasps, and still she climbed. Up, up, up, past the tree line.

Ahead, someone made a yelping sound and fell hard. Isabelle couldn't see who it was, the night had closed around them. The man in front of her stopped, she ran into his back and he stumbled sideways, fell into a hole and cursed.

"Don't stop, men," Isabelle said, trying to keep the spirit in her voice.

They climbed until Isabelle gasped with every step, but Eduardo allowed them no respite. He stopped only long enough to make sure they were still behind him and then he was off again, clambering up the rocky hillside like a goat.

Isabelle's legs were on fire, aching painfully, and even with her old leather boots, blisters formed. Every step became an agony and a test of will.

# Shore at Dusk

Lillah Clark, Grade 10

a landscape of sand, water, and sky,  
a deep orange in the light of the setting sun,  
stretches like a canvas beyond me  
the once bright beams begins to slip beyond the horizon  
transitioning the world into the darkness of night  
crashing waves foam white as they glide like penguins across the shore  
a seagull can be heard calling out to the silence of the early evening  
the fresh scent of palm trees, which line the bank behind me,  
gravitates through my senses, filling my lungs with the joy of nature  
salty air drifts through my nose, draining the moisture from my throat  
I gulp the remains of my sweet tea in an effort  
to cure the roughness of my tongue  
the cool breeze washing in from the sea is my savior,  
cooling me from the final sun rays left of the afternoon  
I gently brush my hair away from my face  
as the wind returns it to the tangled appearance once more  
digging my toes into the surface of the soft sand,  
I can feel the coolness just beyond the fiery surface  
a sense of clarity, freedom, and gratitude overwhelms me  
as I stare into the endless blue abyss

# Elegant Lady

Lillah Clark, Grade 10

Wind blows through a soft golden crown of hair  
stray pieces tickle her face like a soft feather  
The hot sun beams down upon the hill  
shimmering and glowing across her gentle features  
An umbrella shades her pale skin from the mark of light a figure of shadows  
are cast upon the land  
Grasses are swayed, dancing a gentle motion  
the meadow's greenery has life and emotion  
The delicate white dress blows like a cloud through the sky  
garnished with a crimson carnation, a pop of color  
Her face is somber as she appreciates the beauty surrounding her grass, sun,  
and sky wrap like a globe around her own beauty  
Blue sky dotted with fluffy white clouds  
shapes soar across the atmosphere, creating infinite interpretations A sense of  
tranquility floods the ever changing field  
soon enough light will fade to darkness and with light she will forever stay

# Dreaming of a Destination

Addison McCoy, Grade 10

The life of twenty-two year old Kay was fathomless and unbearably boring. Her age was considered the prime time in a woman's life, filled with delightful moments spent traveling with close friends. Kay, however, was stuck in her shabby hometown that contained no excitement for people like herself. Living in the lap of luxury was only a fantasy that she didn't hold the effort to work towards.

To generate the costly funds she needed to afford schooling, Kay found a job at the local grocery store called Jets. The job was anything but glamorous. Awaiting her everytime she arrived was the old-fashioned cash register that had to be at least forty years old. It only took Kay two weeks of working there before she wanted to smash the dying machine to pieces after it would refuse to open. Nevertheless, Kay admits she has made her fair share of special memories, besides the time a boy vomited on the conveyor belt.

In all truth, Kay hated her day to day life. While all her friends were overseas on vacation, she was stuck in her hometown. What a waste of her life. Though, not everyone is wealthy enough to afford a vacation.

Today was no exception to that routine. Kay had retreated home after her shift had finished, immediately collapsing on the couch into a deep slumber.

# Dreaming of a Destination contd.

Addison McCoy, Grade 10

Kay opened her eyes to see seats that were arranged in rows. They were green and made of dated leather. She looked around to see more people, other than herself, wandering about the premises. Across the way were more terminals that housed even more people. Behind her were windows that spanned the length of the entire wall. Peeking outside, she saw an array of concrete runways with a plane reading “European Airlines” on it. There’s no way she could be able to even afford a vacation with her lousy job and student loan debt.

“Ladies and Gentleman, may I have your attention please.” Kay looked to her left, there was a rather large screen above a podium, where a lady dressed in a black button-up stood tall. In the woman’s palm was a gray device, Kay could only assume that she was making this announcement. “We will now be boarding economy class. Please have your tickets ready at the gate.” A ticket? Kay didn’t even have one. At least, she thought so until she looked on her lap. There was a small slip of white paper that read “C256,” which was her seat number. Kay grabbed the airplane ticket and boarded the plane. Did she know where the plane was going? Only one thought remained on her mind.

# Dreaming of a Destination contd.

Addison McCoy, Grade 10

Kay woke up in a cold sweat, still laying on the green couch. What was that dream? No matter, Kay didn't seem to question it that much at the moment. The clock sitting next to the couch reminded her that it was time to go to work again. Reluctantly, Kay got ready to leave and drove to her job.

Another register shift was assigned to Kay. There was a line of elderly ladies, all waiting to play their number in the lottery. All of them came at the same time on the same day. It wasn't that Kay hated them, it was that she could never get them to stop talking about their grandchildren. On and on they would ramble about a baseball game or a play their grandkids participated in. Kay had little patience to begin with and this was testing her.

"Have you played a number before?" An old woman asked her, snapping Kay out of her thoughts.

"No, the lottery is only here to take money from people. I don't even have a number I would play," Kay teased.

# Dreaming of a Destination contd.

Addison McCoy, Grade 10

“Do you know what I have been told? Always play your dream number. When you dream at night and see a number, try playing it.” The lady smiled before walking away with her groceries.

The first thought to cross Kay’s mind was how ill-witted that ideology was, but it left her thinking. Kay gave in and played her number in the lottery. There was no doubt in her mind that the number would never win. What did that hag know anyways?

Her jaw nearly dropped to the ground when receiving the news that she had won \$5,000 dollars. How had she gotten so lucky? How did the dream even know? All Kay knew at the moment was that she had to celebrate.

The old ladies gave her nasty looks as she danced around the store in excitement.

So what did Kay do with the money? She spent it all on a trip to Italy, where her family is from.

It was finally Kay’s turn to brag to her friends on the vacation she got to go on. Her family was displeased with her decision not to save it. However, getting to visit your dream destination is worth every penny.

# The Thief

Addison McCoy, Grade 10

Cloak as dark as night.  
Face concealed beneath a mask.  
Hiding out of sight,  
from those who might interrupt his task.  
Stealing from the wealthy,  
Giving his finds to the poor.  
Remembering to be stealthy,  
Completing such a treacherous chore.  
Even with all the concern received,  
Many confused how a gentleman could be a thief.  
Eyes are sleeping when justice is achieved.  
There is no need for disbelief.  
He views it as an art.  
While still remaining true to his heart.



# Recital

Kaden Smith, Grade 10

The beautiful ballerinas,  
Dancing, so graceful and elegant,  
To the sleepful song of the violinist.  
The door cracked an inch open,  
to show the world of light beyond its frame.  
The mirror showing the world in its image.  
The piano, ready to sing to the world, its melody  
All in the room have some purpose, some use,  
Which makes this the ideal paradise.  
Everything except the lonely watering can, under the piano,  
Under everyone, and everything.  
No plants for its use, in this wooden prison,  
Which is seen by the rest as paradise, a place to be free,  
and fulfill their purpose.  
The lonely watering can, with no purpose.  
The lonely watering can, with no purpose.

# The Graceful Snow

Alexandra Coen, Grade 10

Down pours the graceful snow  
Piling up on the trees  
Slowly forming slick, sharp icicles  
Here comes Mr. Winter  
Shivering and sneezing tiny snowflakes  
To one and all, giving chills

The children refusing to come in with the chills  
Waiting impatiently for the christmas snow  
Mouths' wide for the different snowflakes  
Heads held up too high to notice the trees  
Finally Winter  
With fresh, ice pop, icicles

The cold melting icicles  
Warm hands getting the chills  
Frostbitten Mr. Winter  
Needy grabbing, pulling snow  
Hung down low trees  
Pouring down, attacking snowflakes

# The Graceful Snow contd.

Alexandra Coen, Grade 10

Blinding, blurring, snowstorm snowflakes  
Hiding, waiting to pop out for all icicles  
Into everyone's faces, wind blowing snow off the trees  
Temperature dropping, frostbitten chills  
Attacking, Aggressive, Overthrown Snow  
The pent up, tired, afraid to leave too soon, Winter

Tis the season type of Winter  
Welcoming Santa snowflakes  
Reindeer tracks in the snow  
Staring from the outside in icicles  
Melting by the fire chills  
Hiding indoors the Christmas trees

Snow melting down the trees  
Goodbye tis the season winter  
Processing the temperature for no more chills  
Rain instead of one of a kind snowflakes  
Breaking down and dodging the icicles  
Piles of never melting, muddy snow

Goodbye to the very loved snow  
Goodbye to what comes with, the unwanted chills  
And finally, goodbye winter

# A Star

Alexandra Coen, Grade 10

In  
the  
midnight  
sky, way up  
above, staring  
down at me to see  
more than all, the way I get to see into the past, the way the memories  
flow as I stare and stare and stare, I onced liked but now love,  
always looking at night to grab at the peace and calm-  
ness I greed for, the uplift of good energy,  
the way my emotions get pulled  
and pulled out into confession  
to up above, oh how much I love  
the stars, the shooting stars, the all of  
space, the sight of time passing,  
the love and sparkle I will  
always look for

# The Mountain

Andrew Palm, Grade 10

The mountain is covered in a white blanket of snow  
Animals take cover in the thick coverage of the trees  
Water quickly freezes into ice  
In the distance, behind the mountains, sets the sun  
The moon begins to shine through the thick coverage of clouds  
The temperature drops, with it comes the wind

The trees rattle in the wind  
The moon glares off the shiny, crystalized snow  
Snow piles up as it falls from the clouds  
Birds begin to chirp as they sit in trees  
Out in the distance, rises the sun  
Elaborate icicles form as dripping water turns into ice

Rays of light beam through thick pieces of ice  
Snowflakes dance in the wind  
The mountain is warmed by the glaring sun  
The pure, blue sky is revealed by the movement of the clouds  
The mountain is spotted in tall, green, trees  
Skiers go out, fascinated by the snow

# The Mountain contd.

Andrew Palm, Grade 10

The sky is painted with clouds  
Water drips off rooftops as the heat melts ice  
The wind shakes the leaves in the trees  
As they fall they dance in the wind  
They fall to ground, there they rest, in the snow  
Light peaks through the forest from the sun

Humans rise with the sun  
Hoping for skies free of clouds  
And the ground, covered in snow  
Lakes and ponds have froze to ice  
Whistling through valleys, runs the wind  
Only stopped by the trees

Blankets of white, broken by patches of green trees  
The mountain warms from the shining of the sun  
The change in temperature brings a brisk wind  
The sky is blue, speckled with white from the clouds  
Trees drip as water comes from melting ice  
The the glare of headlight sun reflects brightly off the snow

The melting stops as the sun hides behind the clouds  
The cold remains without the sun  
The mountain, now ready for a new blanket of snow

# The Large House

Angela Pan, Grade 10

The house with no mirrors is dark  
From the inside, there is a corner  
It's creepy and upsetting  
The air is quiet and lonely  
It's filled with wonder  
And a desire for a future life

Turn and see there is life  
In this room of sob stories, it is dark  
I am full of wonder  
Wondering what, or who, is in the corner  
There is a girl, with sobs that felt lonely  
To see her was upsetting

She reminds me of someone upsetting  
So sad, but was filled with life  
Had a love like no other, but was still lonely  
Turning the lights on, so it's no longer dark  
To see her head down, loud cries now, in the corner  
Escaping this house was her dream, inside her was full of wonder

# The Large House contd.

Angela Pan, Grade 10

Even more, it made me wonder  
There were thundering clouds, it made the mood upsetting so I choose to walk  
to the corner  
Immediately she looked up, with her eyes, that had no life  
They were dark  
They were lonely  
You could tell by her face alone, she was lonely  
And had nobody, so you wonder  
How does life get this dark  
For someone that lives in a big house, with nothing seemingly upsetting  
However, there was still a potential for a marvelous life we stood finally, and  
left the haunted corner  
There was no more cries coming from the corner  
There was happiness and not someone who felt lonely the girl was excited to  
start her life  
There was still wonder  
But, it was not upsetting  
It was light, instead of dark.



# Cookie Run

Angela Pan, Grade 10

I can't run or walk, but I can crawl away from this small space.

My whole body shakes of fear, I wasn't about to back down.  
The cookies were too stacked in my pockets to make a run for it

# What's for Dinner?

Sylvia Stoy, Grade 10

Dinner is my favorite meal and with each dinner, there are three different  
types of company I can enjoy

The first is myself

This type of dinner consists of toast or cereal

Dreary days when each family member enters the kitchen at a different hour,  
eating something completely different from the last

Often, I find myself lost in thought staring at my dark wooden table with dim  
lighting on such nights, lost in thought on the past day's events or what I may  
do the next

The second is friends

Pizza, chips, and soda is the dinner that I appreciate having with tons of smiles  
and laughter

This dinner usually is one that isn't finished as there are too many distractions  
such as board games and chatter

Sunny days with cool breezes and fresh air allow me to enjoy the pleasure of  
eating with my friends inside or out

For such meals, I'm left satisfied as my stomach isn't full, but my smile is

# What's for Dinner? contd.

Sylvia Stoy, Grade 10

The third is family

Dinner with family is one that I can consider the best

The sound of clattering dishes, the smell of homemade food, and comfort fill  
the room

I feel complete when I hear the gibbering and jabbering of my siblings grabbing  
spoonfuls of their favorite foods

Any problems of the day fade away and my face seems to always burst with joy  
when I look around and see everyone I love together

The weather outside has no effect on the love served and these meals seem to  
always leave everyone appreciative and happy to be with each other

Although each dinner can differ completely from the last, it continues to be my  
favorite meal

The reason is never because of the food or where I am, but that of whose  
company I can enjoy

# Waves Bringing Comfort Into Shore

Sylvia Stoy, Grade 10

As I feel my chest tighten and my breathing speed up, I feel trapped  
Closing my eyes, I let my mind take me somewhere else, anywhere else

While my head spins, my mind rests  
Waves crash against a shore and warm sand lays beneath my feet

While my hands tremble, my mind becomes still  
Scents of saltwater and distant laughter can be heard

While my mouth becomes dry, my mind is calm  
Cool water surrounds me, and I am lightly picked up by waves

In my mind, I'm relaxed in the ocean  
The laughter becomes so far away, it can no longer be heard  
The waves pick up and I realize how far away from shore I am  
I feel my chest tighten and my breathing speeds up; I feel trapped  
But I remember to breathe, count to ten, and repeat "everything is okay" to  
myself  
A weight feels like it's been lifted off my chest and my breathing slows down  
I open my eyes, back on my bedroom floor, grateful for the ocean

# The Beach

Ava Bowman, Grade 10

The cotton candy skies, painted light pink and vibrant blue,  
peacefully kiss the ocean.

Energetically, the young children play in the sand while the  
adults calmly read a book.

The waves quickly crash along the shore like charging horses.  
Eagerly, the wind carries kites across the sky.

The salty water and fresh scent of nature naturally fills the air  
and clogs noses.

Powerfully, the scent of seafood roams through the air from  
neighboring restaurants.

I greedily shove the fresh, sweet plums that my mother packed  
to the beach into my mouth.

# The Beach contd.

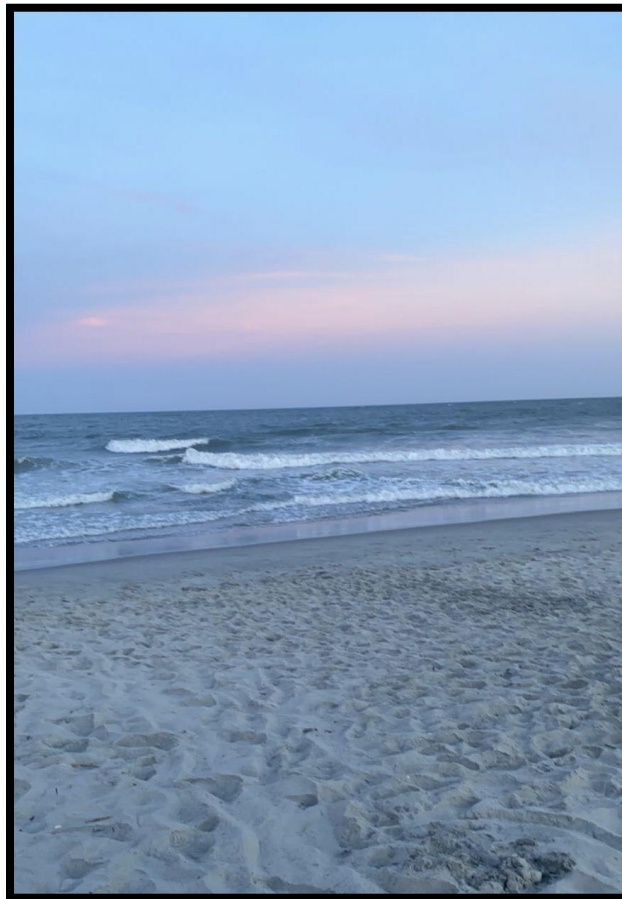
Ava Bowman, Grade 10

Slowly, the pungent salt water trickles down my burnt cheeks  
to my cracked lips.

I ferociously snatch the rough beach towel and wrap myself  
as tight as a cocoon.

Gently, I hold the slimy sand crabs that were found dancing  
beneath the water.

The tide obnoxiously licks my feet while the grains of sand  
gather between my toes.



# Remembering

Ava Richter, Grade 10

It was 52 weeks ago.  
Just a short 52 weeks.  
365 days.  
that's all.

looking back on it all, it doesn't seem that detrimental.  
Maybe it was just abnormal.  
For me to care so much, to hurt so much, to feel so much.  
But no matter what.

No matter how much I reflect on it,  
Look back,  
See what they're doing now...  
It still doesn't feel real.

It was just three months if you think about it.  
Yet in those three months I had experienced things I would  
never wish upon my worst enemy.  
I mean, I've always been known for being dramatic.  
But how can I explain the pain of a hopeless romantic.  
At the end of the day when I really look at it I realize more and  
more it was just platonic.  
Not for me, but for them.

# Remembering contd.

Ava Richter, Grade 10

And the thing is  
No matter what I tried to convince myself of  
It truly was just an antic.  
At least, that's what I thought.  
52 weeks ago that is.

Because everything that happened was just so unbelievable  
My feelings, actions, everything... leads me to believe it was not  
real.

So how can I justify anything  
Including my feelings  
Including my soul  
I say now it was worth it  
But within those three months I was so cold.  
52 weeks ago my life had ended.

I didn't even think I could feel alive again.  
52 weeks I was drowning so far deep that not even they could  
save me.

I was so utterly alone and filled with self-pity.  
52 weeks ago doesn't even feel real.  
Because just 53 weeks ago, I remembered I could feel.  
- someone convince me it all happened



# Adventure at Sea

Samantha Stainbrook, Grade 10

A white, glossy sailboat slowly floating on the cool, salty, aroma filled water to get to the wooden docs as the passengers shriek excitedly the fluffy clouds gently drifting across the blue sky like a person floating on a raft in the ocean happy children laughing as they get off the cruise ship today and get to travel the Dominican Republic the soft ripples of the waves, that are always crashing in the distance, and have arms that reach up to me the salty ocean water down below me is a whole city of organisms as I look over the balcony of the cruise ship the exotic foods of a new country that I have never tasted before on the tip of my nose sunscreen I accidentally got on my lips while lathering up for the long day ahead of me fresh air of a new territory that I have never been to before

# Adventure at Sea contd.

Samantha Stainbrook, Grade 10

the rough, salt covered railing  
as I look out at the beauty in front of me  
my phone as I capture a beautiful memory  
that will last a lifetime in my memory  
thrilled because my family and I will soon get ready  
to get off the ship and experience amazing adventures

# The Beach

Zachary Dames, Grade 10

A long blue expanse is a desert on the horizon  
    Pearl white sand hugs the shore  
Gentle waves graze the beach back from their journey far from here  
    Gulls circle overhead chittering about the days haul  
An oceanic scent greets every person with a fresh gift  
    Only the fisherman's bait can take it away  
    Sitting in a salty air that you can chew  
    And the dry snacks hiding from prey  
    Smooth shells poking up to see the sun  
Only to be met with towels which the bystanders lay  
    Content to be in this place

# Poem of the Painting Corn Harvest

Zachary Dames, Grade 10

The field was tired  
Long since growing from a seed to harvest  
But it can wait for the fieldhands are too  
Much work that is left to be done  
But the coffee is brewing under the sun  
The scythes need sharpened  
But their tired minds are dull  
The corn needs gathered  
But their thoughts lay scattered  
Although some still work  
It is only the young and mislead  
Who cut through the yellow expanse  
For they live in a trance  
As the ones who rest understand  
That a life of only work  
Is not a life that can work

# Steaming Water Sijo

Anthony Zimmerman, Grade 10

There I was, steaming hot water pouring down on my head,  
I couldn't stay in it much longer, or else there would be trouble,  
If only I could have stayed in the shower a bit longer.

# Tropical Shores

Remmie Seitz , Grade 10

Dolphins jumping in the distance,  
the sky changes color like a rainbow.  
Kids laughing in and out of the water,  
the waves crashing against the sand.

The salt travels through the air,  
the freshly caught fish that soon will be served.  
The sand that magically ends up everywhere,  
tropical smoothies that are too addicting.

Cool breeze blowing through my hair,  
the tools that build magical castles,  
My eyes jumped to see every beautiful thing.

# A Sunny Morning

Remmie Seitz , Grade 10

The dogs searching for something that is not there,  
The ground seems to be quite bare.  
Green grass has no room for air,  
Some people have no care.

The rich always seem to judge,  
Though the poor do not budge.  
In the shade on this hot day,  
Everyone sitting by the bay.

The water blue as a sky,  
The wind is just passing by.  
Trees doing their morning stretch,  
Seems the air is always fresh.

# Sweet Pralines

Morgan Baker, Grade 10

The ships rocking under the bridge, approaching, seeking  
Following me, nearly harsh lights  
Comforting against the dark water  
The celebrating people  
Happy to have landed, happy to have eaten  
The fresh water, smelling somehow salty  
Every fragrant restaurant reaching toward me, beckoning me in  
Fresh air against my teeth like cold water after a mint  
Sweet pralines from the candy shop two blocks back  
The stony divider  
The gentle guardian of the Savannah River below  
Beautiful curious paws bounding toward those rails  
Shadows of green life remember every song, ship, and soldier  
Nerves, Confusion  
Excitement, Relief





# Walk

Morgan Baker, Grade 10

Whipping this way and that,  
howling and screeching fills the valley  
it smells of dirt and stale water running through  
the old thawing creek  
the wind on the trees and it's high-pitched whistling  
join my walk

# I Am

Marco Veltri, Grade 10

I am a lost cause  
And I refuse to believe that  
I have a chance at my dreams  
I realize this may be a shock, but  
I am a great baseball player  
Is a lie  
I do not believe in myself  
In 30 years, I will tell my children that  
I have my priorities straight because  
desire  
is more important than  
morality  
I tell you this:  
Once upon a time  
I am one of the best players in my league  
But this will not be true in my era  
I am burnt out  
Experts tell me  
I have no chance  
I do not conclude that  
My dreams will come true

# **I Am contd.**

Marco Veltri, Grade 10

In the future,  
I will quit trying  
No longer can it be said that  
I have the skill  
It will be evident that  
I will fail  
It is foolish to presume that  
I will follow my dreams  
And all of this will come true unless we reverse it.

# The Stars

Lizzy Koffler, Grade 10



# Reversing the Odds

Lizzy Koffler, Grade 10

I am a procrastinator  
And I refuse to believe that  
I will find love  
I realize this may be a shock but  
I am happy  
Is a lie and  
Everything you see on the internet is true  
In 30 years, I will tell my children that  
I have my priorities straight because  
money  
Is more important than  
love  
I'll tell you this:  
Once upon a time  
I actually drink enough water  
But this will not be true in my era because  
I don't eat healthy  
Experts tell me  
You need 8-10 hours of sleep but I only get 4  
I do not conclude that  
I will get a good job

# Reversing the Odds contd.

Lizzy Koffler, Grade 10

In the future  
I will be lazy and unproductive and  
No longer can it be said that  
I have straight A's  
It will be evident that  
I didn't try in school and  
It is foolish to presume that  
I am successful

And all of this will come true unless we reverse it

# Kid Gets Spooky

Leah Falvo, Grade 10

The moon highlighted the red stains on my shoes as I slowly crept into the dining hall. Why was the room so big? Was it really that necessary to have huge arched doorways that led to another forgotten room? As I stepped farther into the abandoned castle-like room, the gaping windows covered in cobwebs swung with the cold air blowing through the cracked glass. The screams coming from the rats in the walls sent shivers down my spine as I held onto whatever courage I had left that I entered here with. I stopped in my tracks. In fact, what did I come here for? My thoughts are interrupted by the sound of a flashlight turning on in the corner. "AHH", I yelped as I ducked behind one of the rusted chairs. After a few minutes of cowering, I slowly stood up and dusted myself off, for brave children aren't scared of little broken flashlights. Continuing on my search, for what I cannot seem to remember, I stepped out into the next room, which seemed to be a living room of some sort. To my dismay, the fireplace is out, which is unfortunate given how cold it seems to be in this house.

"OOoooOOOoooOOOooOOOoOoOoO," erupts from somewhere behind me. Shaking, I slowly turned my neck around to see two figures in the doorway. I shouted random blurs of words as I tumbled back into the dusty bookshelf in the corner. "Who are you?! A-and what are you doing here?" I spit out as quickly as I could get air into my lungs, which did not seem to be in my favor at the moment. No sound came from the two darkened figures starting to curiously enter the room. They gathered around as if I was not even there. Maybe if I distract them, I could have a chance to escape, I thought to myself. Quickly, I grabbed as many heavy, dusty books off of the rotting, wooden shelf and threw them into the fireplace.

# Kid Gets Spooky contd.

Leah Falvo, Grade 10

As the figures were startled and advanced towards the ashy books, I made a run for the doorway. Sprinting through this maze of a house as fast as my pale legs will take me, I stopped in front of a grand staircase. As I descended up the stairs I could hear the ghosts murmuring various phrases. It seemed as if they were looking for something. Praying it wasn't me they were after, I continued my search up the stairs and down the darkened hallway. Every door looked the exact same. Cracked and withering, creaky hinges and rusted door knobs feel comforting yet so distant. Lights flickered above me like they knew something I didn't. There it was. Finally, at the end of the hallway I approached an open door leading to what looked like it used to be a child's bedroom. Apart from me violently coughing because of all of the dust from those comforters, the bed was pretty comfy. All of a sudden, something shiny caught my eye from across the room. There on the dresser was a small, stuffed bunny. "Huh...." I whispered out loud, "It looks like the one my mother used to draw me." I picked up the plush and went to put it in my pocket. I must have slipped on the flimsy carpet because the little plush fell right under me as I fell back onto the hardwood floor.



# Kid Gets Spooky contd.

Leah Falvo, Grade 10

No sound was made except for my frantic search for the childhood memory that had slipped my grasp. No....no....no....ugh where is it?! I mentally cursed myself. Before I could look under the bed, I saw the lights again. Closer and closer they swing around as if the ghost-like figures are hunting me down. Frantically, I made a split decision to just run back down the stairs as fast as I could, and possibly attack the ghost. For if they were ghosts, after all, I could run through them.....right? Sprinting down the corridor I brace myself for impact as I blindly pass through the figures. "AHHHHHHH," escaped from my mouth, from what I can remember, as I ran straight through them and tumbled all the way down the staircase. After a few seconds, they started running down the stairs after me. I dusted myself off and started running for my life through the house, looking for the way out. My head pounded in my ears as my vision was becoming blurrier and my mind foggier. Left. Right. Keep running. Left. Right. Right....no that's left. My broken thoughts halted as I almost ran into a door. This. This had to be the way out. I carefully open the door, and as I do a feeling of dread washed over me. I was in a creepy basement-type of room.

# Kid Gets Spooky contd.

Leah Falvo, Grade 10

The room spun frantically as I stumbled in. It was only a few seconds before I tripped over something in the darkness. With trembling hands, I reached for any source of light I could find to see what I had tripped over. It was a flashlight! Thank goodness, I sighed to myself as I clicked on the dim light. As soon as I did, a faint shadow of a little creature illuminated the wall. Upon close inspection, it was the stuffed bunny! "How on earth did this-" .....The bunny...was my bunny. The flashlight. Was my flashlight. The cold dead hand holding the bunny on the floor of this basement, in this old abandoned house, was mine.

# North Jetty

Katie Davis, Grade 10

The little old bait shop,  
at the North Jetty.  
Where people stay  
on warm nights  
to celebrate, yet another day.  
As the sun goes down,  
the noise softens.  
Even the waves become still,  
at the North Jetty.  
At the North Jetty not only the  
locals come around,  
to listen to the singing of the  
gathered crowd.  
At the North Jetty we find it  
strange,  
to not join in and engage.  
Because as the sun sets and makes  
it's way,  
we all grow louder and sing  
our praise.  
At the little old bait shop,  
at the North Jetty.



# North Jetty contd.

Katie Davis, Grade 10

Gray rocking waves repeatedly traveling to shore,  
only to break and scatter away on the rocks.  
The golden crested sun peeking above the fine line  
between sea and sky.

A guitar singing the natural sounds of nature with warm tones  
ringing through its mahogany knots.  
The laughter of my friends was a chorus of joyous emotion, with  
waves of new memories filling my mind.

The silence tries to creep in as the sun makes an exit for the  
day, and yet we managed to prolong its stay.  
The still-green blades of recently cut grass  
filled the air with a fresh spring aroma.

The pollen traveled up my nose after it trickled  
like water drops down the stems of flora.

The salty water stained my body and mind,  
leaving a desire to return once more.

The freshly picked bouquet of wildflowers with leaves  
that weaved in and out between my fingers.

The ridgid, rough surface of the boulders that kept my balance  
while climbing towards the horizon.

Ethereal.

# **A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte**

Jacob Rieg, Grade 10

Cheery people of all ages  
Out and about doing what they love,  
Enjoying the beautiful warm and sunny day  
out on the island.

The sailboats sit peacefully on the crisp, blue water,  
Women shade themselves from the rather hot sunshine  
with umbrellas,

Men talk with their friends about their  
current successes in life,  
Kids run around playing tag and hide 'n seek.

Dogs playfully trotting around,  
As well as a monkey, strangely.

The lush green summer trees also provide shade  
from the scorching heat,

In case you forgot your hat or umbrella.  
The delicious smell of french delicacies floats in the air  
from the nearby cafes and restaurants.

These are the best days to be alive,  
Not a worry in the world,  
Just people hanging out on a leisure-filled Sunday.

# Endings and Beginnings

Genevieve Halulko, Grade 10

Life starts with a beginning  
The flowers and trees blossom  
Making the dreary world colorful  
The cold frigid winter comes to an end  
No longer do the rose bushes shrivel  
And the earth starts to become less dark

But some people start to miss the dark  
The optimism of the new beginning  
Causes people's hope to shrivel  
Their true self fails to blossom  
As they take a back seat to their life and observe  
its end  
Sometimes the brightness is too colorful

You could argue nothing is ever too colorful  
The light at the end of the tunnel leading you away  
from the dark  
Helping you inch away from the end  
Everybody should long for a beginning  
A chance to reach self fulfillment and blossom  
How could happiness ever make someone shrivel

But that's a complicated term, shrivel  
And distaste of the brightness doesn't mean hatred  
of the colorful  
What makes one person shrink can cause another  
to blossom

# Endings and Beginnings contd.

Genevieve Halulko, Grade 10

Every once in a while you can find comfort in the dark  
Embrace it as a new friendship beginning  
Admire its beauty as it leads you to the end

Maybe humanity shouldn't fear the end  
Maybe it shouldn't cause our confidence to shrivel  
For isn't it just a different beginning  
That might surpass the current life and be more colorful  
We will always be followed everywhere by the dark  
But why should that cause the flowers to not blossom

It takes different conditions for all living things to blossom  
Some don't even start until right up near the end  
Mushrooms need to be in the dark  
But lack of sun would cause daisies to shrivel  
Just because your personality keeps to itself doesn't  
mean it isn't colorful  
And maybe being late to the harvest let's you learn  
more from the beginning

Isn't it wonderful that our end could be colorful  
That even people who shrivel get the chance to try  
once more to blossom  
That even if you're stuck in the dark you will always  
find a new beginning

# Blue Roofs

Genevieve Halulko, Grade 10

Gazing off my rooftop, my eyes are flooded with color,  
Dull but enchanting hues of a Paris skyline are all that can be seen for  
miles,  
The clouds look painted onto the atmosphere with delicate brushstrokes,  
Wind attacks my eardrums, as if trying to whisper a poem only for me to  
hear,  
What is it that makes this city so addictive?  
What is it that makes it home?  
Maybe it's the familiar shapes of houses when knowing that inside, they  
hold perfectly imperfect strangers,  
Maybe it's the slight tint of a pale green in the ether,  
Nonetheless I know, I've traveled as far as I will ever go,  
I've finally settled down,  
With a captivating view of blue roofs





# Ocean

Samantha Ciampa, Grade 10

Ocean as clear as ice  
Little kids running around and laughing  
The sand was a golden blanket  
Waves crashing onto the shore  
Seagulls in the distance  
The saltwater on my lips  
Sunscreen being sprayed nearby  
The tropical fruit drinks  
Millions of grains of sand  
The cold, refreshing water  
Relaxed and happy

# Wandering Winds

Sophia Zaragoza, Grade 10

Through morning mist, soft the wind  
Fleeing the amber burn of the fall  
My night is adorned with fallen leaves,  
enchanted by the scent of maple  
A pure scenery of crimson  
Gentle is the breeze's blowing chill

A beautiful path kissed by autumn's chill,  
with the lone traveling wind.  
Only memories colored of crimson,  
another day will go by and fall  
As a constant, trees embellished of maple  
bring along fiery leaves

Fallen and fluttering are the leaves,  
who float amongst the autumn chill.  
Crisp air tainted of a scent with maple  
The softest kiss of autumn wind  
Without shaking the branches leaves fall  
Assorting the ground with shades of crimson

# Wandering Winds contd.

Sophia Zaragoza, Grade 10

A bright moon aloft illuminating the crimson,  
where lifelessly lie the red leaves  
Eternity through the season fall,  
as each year the same autumn chill,  
blows throughout the wind  
Long gone are stories of maple

Loved by many the leaves of maple,  
a shame so many goodbyes happen when they turn crimson  
Carried on memories are through the wind,  
traveling over scarlet hills of leaves  
Precarious now comes the chill,  
where they flutter and fall

Fleeting now is the fall,  
gone now is the lovely maple  
Leaving behind a question of the chill  
Now lending my eyes a final peak at the crimson  
The silence in the calmed heart of leaves  
Just gazing at them like autumn wind

Left behind are memories of crimson  
Bygone are the withered autumn leaves,  
branches blown with now grieving wind

# Infatuation

Sophia Zaragoza, Grade 10

Infatuation is a dusty pink

You see it through a rose lens

As if someone were wafting vanilla through the air

It tastes like the warm feeling you get eating warm cookies

A gentle melody sung with the one desperately looked for

Feeling like on an axis of the world with just the two of you

# Spring Drizzle

Sophia Zaragoza, Grade 10

Spring drizzle peppers our faces  
With gentle blush blossoms adorning the scenery  
As we prop up golden umbrellas  
Shielding us from the sun's kiss  
If it's with you, it's beautiful

Looking towards your gentle face,  
I want to set my eyes on you forever  
I always thought eternity was difficult,  
but seeing you at my side wearing azure  
makes me want to try

The gentle rhythm of the dark kakei,  
reminds me to savor our calm lives  
Love is nothing stronger  
Even if we have to go a long way,  
I will still feel the same

Every step we take  
In this wonderful scenery,  
It's like a dance we perform together  
A moment like this would make,  
Even the most immature dreams come true

# Spring Drizzle contd.

Sophia Zaragoza, Grade 10

Leaves from the towering ginkgo trees  
Adorn the ground with golden hues  
But still allowing a gentle glow to the nature surrounding  
It seems grass grows greener here

I don't have to hide my feelings  
Here beside you under the spring's rain  
The words I sincerely wanted to say,  
I love you



# Summertime at the Beach

Melina Vitale, Grade 10

Families enjoying their vacations together in the hot sand.  
From sunrise to sunset the sky speaks fun.  
The light blue and gray lighthouse along the ocean bay, guiding boats along the way.  
People laughing and talking about fun times together.  
The clinking and clanking of silverware makes music in the restaurant.  
Small waves hitting against the deck and little brothers playing cornhole  
tournaments. Seagulls calling each other from beach to beach.  
We all watch them beg for yummy food.  
Warm ocean breezes with a smell of fish traveling throughout the air,  
like a bird flying and bee pollinating.  
The smells of sunscreen, tanning oil, and coconut lip balm fill the place  
with such a tropical smell.  
New and different types of food being cooked was my adventure,  
giving me a look outside my comfort zone.  
The happiness and excitement of going on new adventures  
Many delicious meals and desserts. Sweet, salty, sour, and tangy.  
Friends that are like family are becoming closer.  
Friends making new memories together, to last a lifetime.  
The warm wooding of the deck heats my feet  
while hot sun and sweat bathes on kids playing.  
The hot sun beating down on kids and adults' skin, they all glisten.  
The love of friendship and the happiness it brings  
makes all the new memories even better.

# Woodsmen's Safe Haven

Zoe Kumpfmiller, Grade 10





# **A Performance Yet to Come**

Zoe Kumpfmiller, Grade 10



# Gateway to Heaven

Allison Ewbank, Grade 10



# Reversal

Riley Venick, Grade 10

I am an embarrassing person  
And refuse to believe that  
I am funny.  
I realize this may be a shock, but  
I am a loving person  
Is a lie  
Staying up all night is healthy for you  
In 30 years, I will tell my children that I have my priorities straight  
because  
Hate  
Is more important than  
Love  
I tell you this:  
Once upon a time  
I finished an assignment a week before it was due  
But this will not be true in my era  
Of waiting till the last minute  
Experts tell me  
That I have a lot of bad habits  
I do not conclude that  
Trying your hardest is better than not trying at all  
In the future

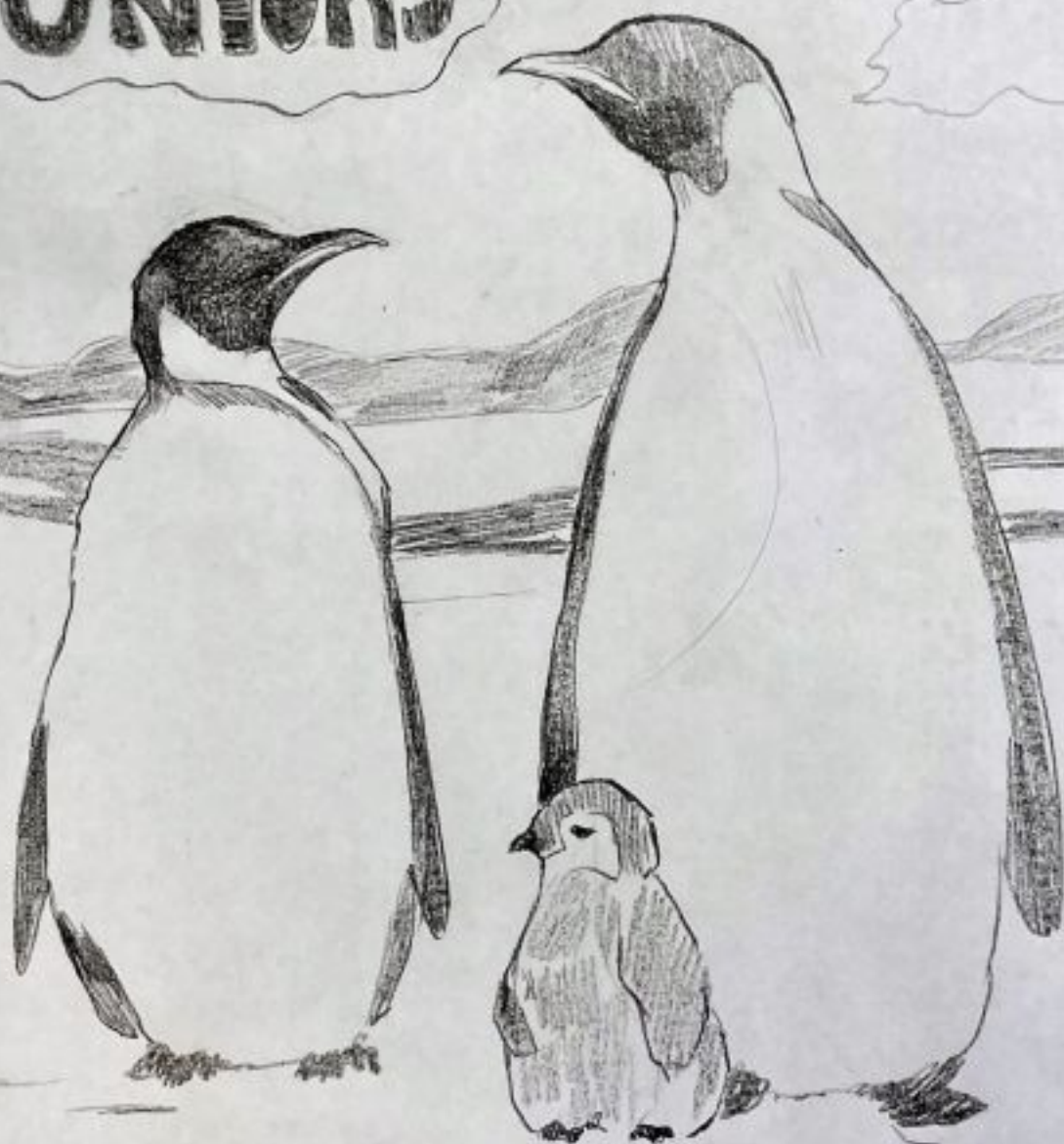
# Reversal contd.

Riley Venik, Grade 10

I won't try my hardest  
No longer can it be said that  
I am worthy  
It will be evident that  
I am lazy at times  
It is foolish to presume that  
You can't do anything you believe in  
And this will all come true **unless we reverse it**



**JUNIORS**



# More Than A Nine-To-Five

Sydney Wahl, Grade 11

The Earth is alive and to us it pleads,  
“Come see my beauty! Come explore me!”  
The Earth asks, why sit there at home?  
When you could instead see the glamor of Rome?  
Or why not jump at a chance to see  
The beauty of the Amazon, or the Caribbean Sea?  
With opportunity waiting at our fingertips,  
Why not book that flight in just a few clicks?  
The world is so vast, like a wide open sea,  
And we can explore it all, if you only agree  
To surrender your comfort, maybe even some sleep,  
Leave all hesitations behind and take that leap.  
Life begs to be more than a nine-to-five;  
We must do what makes us feel truly alive.  
Skydive, climb mountains, seek breathtaking views,  
Seize the day and each moment, and never hit snooze.  
Life is so short, yet the world is so wide.  
Seems a challenge from God, how far can you stride?  
Every step, every hike, every trip that you take,  
Every day spent tanning in the sun on a lake  
Is how God intended we live our lives,  
Seeing oceans afar and countries awide.  
Take a moment, imagine the breathtaking views  
You could see when you travel, if only you choose...

# Virginia Beach

Matteo Lesako, Grade 11

Virginia's sandy beach

A lot of places to stay such as hotels, condos, or even oceanfront houses  
Cook at home or go eat out at restaurants like Orion's Roof or The Hunt  
Room

Always remember to pack sunscreen for the weather is always hot  
Take friends and family, for everyone will love playing in the sand and  
jumping waves

In the ocean for hours upon hours jumping waves and passing football  
Of course the trip flies by so fast,  
you and your friends can't believe it is over

Never want to go back home and have to say goodbye the beach, friends,  
and nice weather

# What is truly more painful?

Madelyn Lolley, Grade 11

It was the early spring of 1692 when I met her. Felicity Collins. She was pale and lanky with long blonde hair and green eyes that could pierce into a soul. She always had a far off expression on her face, and her personality was what one could only describe as odd. I'd always notice her every now and again, her seclusion always baffling me each time.

My father was the head of the witch hunting regime in our town. The wicked sorceresses had been plaguing our new home in this strange place, and not a single person could say they hadn't been affected by a hex in one way or another. Father was very good at picking out the vile satanists from the rest of us. He had become accusatory of Felicity ever since he'd noticed her walking into the forest alone everyday at afternoon sharp.

It wasn't solid, concrete evidence, but after a few other minor misdemeanors and signs, he made his accusation public and demanded a trial. Felicity began screaming and wailing upon the testimony. "NO!" she cried out "I would never partake in that wicked practice, I swear it on my family name! They're vile creatures and I despise them! You all should know this!" Her pleads seemed sincere, and her green eyes were welled with tears. Her parents had both died of ailment when she was small, and many claimed it to be the first act of the witches in our town.

I didn't know what to make of the whole ordeal. Felicity had always been odd, but a witch? That was just absurd. So what if she took walks every day alone? It's not sure-fire evidence. Compelled to help her, I lost myself in a silent debate, when unexpectedly, Felicity clung to my ankles and begged me to save her. Her face was bright pink and drenched from sobbing. I made my decision.

"Father, this is completely ludicrous!" I choked out, "Felicity hates witches more than anyone in this entire village! She even said it herself! You have no evidence other than a mere hobby of walking to prove yourself!"

My father stood silent for a moment, his face somber and solemn. I realized the blasphemous mistake I'd committed. "Then I suppose you'd be willing to stake your status on it then, hm girl?" "Y-yes!" I stammered. He paused for a moment.



# What is truly more painful? contd.

Madelyn Lolley, Grade 11

“Alright, since you are my daughter, I’ll strike you a deal,” he said slyly, “ I will free this girl from her charges, as long as you live with and keep an eye on her.” I smiled, then realized he wasn’t finished. “But, you will not be welcomed home by me or your mother. Take this offer, and you will be disowned and cut off from our family. If you should decide she is guilty at any point, or just desire to come home, her execution will commence, and you’ll be welcomed home with open arms.” I sank into a daze. What was I to do?

# Pocahontas: Ultimate World Changer

Elizabeth Starr, Grade 11

Did you know that Pocahontas' name wasn't actually Pocahontas? She was originally named Amonute at birth but went by the name Matoaka. She earned the name Pocahontas, which means "playful one." Pocahontas was a very important woman in American history. She left an impression on the world that endured more than 400 years (National Park Service 2). There are many important details that lead Pocahontas to fame by the end of her life. This includes the story of her life, the reflection she had on society, who her influence was, who she's influenced, and how her locale and time period influenced her.

To start, Pocahontas' life played an important role in how she was led to fame by the time she died. Pocahontas was born in about 1596 and she was the daughter of Wahunsenaca, AKA Chief Powhatan, who was chief over the Powhatan Chiefdom. Pocahontas' mother is believed to have died during childbirth because nothing is written by the English about her. As Pocahontas grew up, she was taught women's work even though she was afforded a more privileged lifestyle as Powhatan's daughter. In May of 1607, the English arrived and settled in Jamestown when Pocahontas was about eleven years old. An English colonist by the name of John Smith was captured by Powhatan's brother Opechancanough. He was then brought to the capital of the Powhatan Chiefdom to Chief Powhatan. Two large stones were placed on the ground, Smith's head was forced upon them, and a warrior raised a club to smash in his head. Before this happened, Pocahontas rushed in and placed her head to his, which stopped the execution.

Pocahontas' life was very interesting as it includes many key aspects of how she came to fame. Pocahontas' life led her to fame because of the reflection she was to society. She reflected society by accompanying the sending of gifts of food to the starving English for Powhatan. She also contributed by negotiating for the release of the Powhatan prisoners. Pocahontas also showed a great amount of

Americanism. Americanism is an attachment or allegiance to the traditions, interest, or ideals of the United States. Pocahontas contributed to Americanism by strengthening the relationships between the colonists and the Native Americans. She strengthened their relationship by having helped the struggling English settlers in Virginia survive the early 1600s .

# Pocahontas: Ultimate World Changer contd.

Elizabeth Starr, Grade 11

During this time period, womens' work was separate from mens work, but both were equally taxing and equally important, as both benefited all Powhatan society. Women were responsible for building simple houses, doing the farming, cooking, collecting water needed to cook and drink, gathering firewood for fires, were barbers for men, would process any meat the men brought home, etc. As the daughter of the chief, Pocahontas may have been given added responsibilities or could have been relieved of some of the more tedious but, whichever, greater care would have gone into watching over and protecting her. Research also tells that Pocahontas accomplished many great things such as gaining prominence in England and emerging as the First Lady of the colonists with royal standing in her own right through her Father, who England considered a king. Not only that, but Pocahontas overcame living in a world of political intrigue, fighting, and suffering but handled it all with dignity.

# In Our World Today

Elizabeth Starr, Grade 11

In our world today, there are many moms who stay home with their children. There are many opinions that come with this topic, but I personally believe that mothers should stay home with their children until they reach a certain age. The reason I think this is because it can be less stressful, they get to focus solely on their family, it can be temporary, they get greater involvement in the child's day-to-day life, and they are there for every milestone of a child's life.

To start, I think moms should stay home with their children because it can be less stressful. Life is full of stress, and working is just another factor in the stress level, regardless of what is done for a living. Staying home is one way to simplify life and make time for children.

Also, when moms stay home with their kids, they get to solely focus on their family. Moms that are working aren't fully committed to their families or aren't thinking about their kids much during the day. Mom's that work must attend to work commitments that stay-at-home moms don't need to. Being home with their children all day allows moms to have much more time to focus on them. Not only that, but they don't have to worry about daycare or babysitters.

To continue, I think moms should stay home with their children because it can be temporary. For a few years, moms can stay home with their children to raise them and be a part of their childhood. Once their children are teenagers, then I think that if they really wanted to, they could get back to their career and professional aspirations.

Moms should also stay home with their kids because when they do, they get a greater involvement in their child's day-to-day life. Research shows that when parents are home more, it makes a difference in children's academic performance and how long they actually stay in school. Studies have also shown that children who spend a large amount of their day in daycare experience high stress levels, particularly at times of transition, like drop-off or pick-up.

# In Our World Today contd.

Elizabeth Starr, Grade 11

Finally, I think moms should stay home with their kids because when they do, they are there for every milestone of their children's lives. Most moms have a 8-5 job that doesn't allow them to see the special moments their children's experiences. Staying at home would allow moms to be by their kids' sides for the big and small milestones.

In conclusion, I think that moms should stay home with their children because it is less stressful, they would be able to focus solely on their family, it can be temporary, they get greater involvement in the child's day-to-day life, and are there for every milestone of a child's life.

# Davidson College

Blake Reihner, Grade 11

Davidson College

Average temperatures higher than PA

Venture to Lake Norman

Investigate the campus

Do some fishing or water sports

Sunlight on the lake

Offers great sights of nature & hiking trails

Navigate the outdoors of North Carolina

Never want to leave

Carolinas are beautiful

# A Tan, However Hard It Tries

Isabella Schrader, Grade 11

A tan, however hard it tries,  
Will always be dark.  
Never forget the sullen and dark-skinned tan.

The marine is not deep!  
The marine is exceptionally shoal.  
Down, down, down into the darkness of the marine,  
Gently it goes - the wakeful, the shoal, the light.

When I think of the sand, I see a marine sand.  
Never forget the obese and rotund sand.

# The Hoop

Aiden Davis, Grade 11

The basketball hoop has been there forever, with its orange rim.  
Everytime you hit the backboard, it goes thud.  
The net is still white, like a Polar Bears fur.  
Standing in the driveway everyday.

I've always wondered if it's been fixed,  
Because of how sturdy it sounds.  
Do their kids use it or do they even have any?  
I suppose since it is so clean, that it is not in very much use

I believe it is for kids,  
Just like the one in my driveway.  
OH wait, the hoop is mine!



# The Four Seasons

Sarah Shrontz, Grade 11

As she stepped outside, the air was chilly, and she looked around and the leaves were changing into colors; brilliant red, ravishing purple, golden yellow, and pumpkin orange. The smell of crisp green apples filled her nose. She began to walk around the brown harvesting field where everything was dead. A turtle dove fluttered away with its high chirp. The once-spring leaves crunched beneath her feet, and she looked down and saw burnt yellow and brown patches of grass.

**Fall was here.**

When he began to swim back from the warm, green salty ocean, something scratched his leg, and it felt as if someone took sandpaper and quickly slid it against his skin. He looked down, and saw that his leg had started bleeding. He dashed across the water, yelling “Shark, shark, everyone out!” Everyone jumped out of the water. It was now filled with bright red blood and a smell that reminded him of a deer ripped apart by coyotes.

As the boy looked at the water, he didn't see any fins dive underwater. He could feel everyone's eyes burning into his skin like needles. He could tell they didn't believe him. A couple of days later, while he was relaxing on his bed watching the news, something caught his attention. *“A giant great white shark killed two people today.”*

**And that was the beginning of his summer.**

As I sat in my room, I noticed it was darker outside, but it was only 6 pm. When I went to take my dog outside, the grass cracked under my feet, as if I was stepping on glass. The air was brisk, with a temperature of 20 degrees each night. The next day the trees looked naked, just dull, brown bark covering them. When I stepped outside barefoot, I could see my breath in the air and I felt the warmth that was surrounding my body go away, an icy trickle go up my feet. When I looked down I saw white, frosty, powdered snow covering my feet and everything else around me.

**Winter had made its arrival.**

# The Four Seasons contd.

Sarah Shrontz, Grade 11

I woke up early in the morning and looked out my window; everything was alive and active. The bright white daffodils were enjoying the sun, and the ducks were out swimming. All of a sudden, the sun hid in the clouds, and the sky grew black. Out of nowhere, droplets of rain started darting down dangerously from the sky. The flowers sank to the ground, and the wind howled as it pulled our dark oak off its feet, and made our house shake with fear. Suddenly the sun was trying to break free from the clouds. A faded rainbow appeared and the rain stopped. That let me know that it was over, and all was well.

**Spring had decided to join us.**

# All She Wanted

Addison Paul, Grade 11

All she wanted were good grades.  
She wanted to make her parents proud  
but the tears and the late nights  
never seemed to help.  
The stress drove her to a point of no hope  
so she distracted herself with fantasy books.

Mindlessly, she dove into her books  
She just wanted to be smart with good grades.  
Sitting alone in her room she would hope  
that one day she could make her teachers proud.  
She didn't want to ask for help.  
So she would stay up late on those cold winter nights.

She would fall asleep some nights  
and would dream of books.  
That always would help  
She didn't want to be the girl in AP class with a failing grade  
so she worked harder to make her friends proud.  
It wasn't getting better though and she had little hope.

Little did she know that her parents had hope.  
They saw her light on during those nights.  
Her parents were proud.  
They knew how much she loved the books  
because they distracted her from her grades.  
Their only downfall was that they didn't know how to help.

# All She Wanted contd.

Addison Paul, Grade 11

Her teachers tried to help.

They believed in her, they had hope.

They knew how hard she tried to have good grades.

They could tell she was up late on those school nights  
and how she had tired, swollen eyes from those books.

They were so proud of her.

Her friends were proud,

they knew she needed help.

They knew she got lost in the books

when she had no hope.

And they knew that on those late nights,

she was awake, worrying about her grades.

She faked a smile and tried to convince herself to have hope

and she began to ask for help

for those troublesome grades.

# Virginia Beach

Alexsus Vilga, Grade 11

Virginia Beach is beautiful on a hot summer day.  
On the beach, me and my sisters played.  
We swam in the water until the afternoon.  
My family and I listen to our favorite tunes.  
On a hot summer day, we wore flip flops on the sand.  
We all got a tan.  
As the day went by we saw a hermit crab.  
We went shopping and bought things in bags.  
The beach was beautiful when it was night.  
By the time we got up in the morning, the sun was bright.  
Virginia Beach was an awesome vacation.  
I hope my family and I go there again.  
Virginia Beach was a blast.

# Beach Day In December

Cameron Schofield, Grade 11

I sit in class and look outside  
It's cold and dark, the skies growling like an angry lion  
I sigh and imagine the ocean tide

Waves crash quietly on the sand  
Calling me to get in,  
My hair is wet and my skin is golden tanned

Suddenly I'm on a dock,  
Fishing like the old man in Ernest Hemingway's story  
We have to read about

I reel in a swordfish  
The ocean's salty spray kisses my face  
I lay in the sand with only one wish:

That my beach day would never end

But then I blink my eyes and am back in class once again

# The Cabin

Andrew Durig, Grade 11

The Beautiful lake side view  
The wondrous lake ripples that always come new  
The Calming sound of Natures night  
Brings out the quiet sizzle of lantern light  
The Naturally Pungent odor of natures breeze  
Makes Freshly brewed coffee lay my body at ease  
The enjoyment of fish freshly fried  
Leaves nothing but the urge for more inside  
The slimminess of the fish newly caught  
Is something my hands will not have forgot  
Leaving this place is like waking up from a good dream  
For the sorrow of waiting for it again is extreme.

# Travel

Isabella Mann, Grade 11

Tourists aweing.  
Rapid flights zoom.  
Airlines roam.  
Visitors enter.  
Empty wallets arise.  
Long flights torture.



# Vacation Spots

Joshua Sitler, Grade 11

Virginia has beautiful mountains and is home to a popular beach

Arizona is the desert state that has many cactuses and canyons

California is the dream state with its beautiful beaches and big cities

Alaska's glaciers and wildlife reveal it as a top tourist destination

Tennessee creates country music and hiking spots

Indiana is the race state as it is nicknamed the Crossroads of America

Oregon houses, forests of timber and the Pacific Coast

New York is home to the city that never sleeps and Lady Liberty

South Carolina is the home of a beach vacation and southern dining

Pennsylvania is the keystone to two major cities and rural countryside

Ohio is the home of roller coaster heaven also known as Cedar Point

Texas is cowboy paradise and the patriotic capital of the US

South Dakota is the spot that houses four famous presidents



SENIOR

CLASS OF 2013

# Differing traditions give Christmas meaning

Aiden DeWalt, Grade 12

The Holiday season has officially arrived at Trinity High School, and Christmas often takes all the spotlight during Winter Break with presents, cookies, and cake. But what about Christmas Eve? The Noel is similar for many, but Christmas Eve is often different for many people, including The Hiller staff.

The night itself is unique for all of us in The Hiller Newspaper. Staff Writer Abigail Drezewski, for example, embraces her Polish heritage through Wigilia, meaning Star Supper, a traditional Polish supper that honors Christ and contains no red meat. Drezewski's family also passes wafers to other family members to say good luck in the upcoming year.

Staff Writer Dresden Bouman's Christmas Eve is a little different, as her family typically fills up only on Christmas cookies and treats. Furthermore, when Bouman was little, she would hear mysterious noises on her Grandma's roof while her uncle was missing, and the family would say goodbye to their Elf on the Shelf.

Presents are another point of difference between staff, as Staff Writer Aiden DeWalt's family first began opening presents on Christmas Eve when his mother had to work, but it has evolved into a unique family tradition.

Feature Editor Hannah Eisiminger also does gifts a little differently, as her family typically opens one present the night before, which is usually matching Christmas pajamas to wear that night.

Presents and food are great, but what is Christmas without Santa Claus and treats? The Hiller staff also has different traditions that they do on Christmas Eve. Opinion Editor Addison Paul's family makes their Christmas cookies together on Christmas Eve and puts out cookies and milk for Santa, but also carrots for his reindeer. Editor-in-Chief Emma Riddell's family spends their entire Holiday baking cookies and wrapping up the day by laying out carrots and reading "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" together.

# **Differing traditions give Christmas meaning contd.**

Aiden DeWalt, Grade 12

Spending time together is the real idea of the Christmas season, but on Christmas Eve, the staff is split between large family gatherings and only spending time with immediate family. For example, Drezewski's paternal side of her family all meet together for Wigilia, but Staff Writer Leah Kubacka's family saves the reunion until Christmas morning.

One tradition that The Hiller Newspaper is united on is Christmas pajamas. Almost everybody on staff has worn special pajamas on Christmas Eve night since childhood.

Despite our different traditions, The Hiller staff is united in one tradition; spending time together with family and appreciating friends and family this Holiday season, [above the number of presents or stress that the season puts on everyone's shoulders.] We all wish readers a safe and happy Holiday season.

# Two Halves of a Whole

Hannah Eisiminger, Grade 12

Somewhere, there is a girl who longs to leave the city.

She dreams of being alone.

She wishes to be in the hills to smell the flowers,

And see the stars on a clear evening.

Oh, how she hates the city lights.

She vows to never return to the city's bustling streets.

She walks through those streets,

Headed for the biggest airport in the city.

It can't be missed with all its lights.

It's easy for her to find alone.

The flights are all on time this evening,

Ready to take her somewhere with fields of flowers.

And she finally sees those flowers,

While she walks through the French countryside on the cobblestone streets.

As the day turns to evening,

She's miles from the nearest city.

She realizes she's alone

Under millions of twinkling lights.

She wakes up in a small inn lacking lights.

Not far is her dream of the field of flowers.

She starts the walk alone,

Toward the field on those cobblestone streets.

She imagines what's happening in the city,

And thinks of all the people still out from last evening.

# Two Halves of a Whole contd.

Hannah Eisiminger, Grade 12

She meets a boy in the fields that evening,  
As he's fixing the barn's lights.  
She tells the boy that she's from a distant city,  
And she receives a bouquet of the field's prettiest flowers.  
He walks her back to the inn on the night's darkened streets  
And explains that the small town has always made him feel alone.

He wants to travel alone,  
Leaving on a clear evening.  
He wants to walk the bustling streets  
And see the neon lights.  
For so long, he's worked in that small field of flowers,  
But he longs to be in the big city.

For every person wanting to get out of the lights,  
There's someone hoping to take their spot in the city.  
In that, no one is ever truly alone.

# Love for Mother Nature

Hannah Eisiminger, Grade 12

The sapphire sky playing with pearly clouds  
And an expansive emerald forest cascading over the mountainside,  
A blanket over the hills  
The absence of human interruption  
And the chirping of hundreds of birds,  
A chorus of the most natural elements  
The sweet pine-scented air floating through the hills,  
And the fresh, morning dew on the leaves  
A dotted collection like salt and pepper  
The crisp mountain air  
And the winding, rushing river  
A snake slithering through the trees  
The rocky terrain on a long hike up the mountain  
And the old stone railing  
A mother's arms preventing a fall  
The peace of being away from the world, yet finally in it as well



# My Sister is a Cat

Riley Dunn, Grade 12

My little sister is a cat.  
Now, I know by the statement I might sound strange  
But here me out.  
Give me five minutes, okay?

Just five minutes for me to prove  
What I have long suspected  
That perhaps - if I am not mistaken  
My little sister is a cat.

## Exhibit A

It was clear she was a fighter.  
From her first words and  
Her first breaths  
She was born premature, the doctors said

Yet somehow, she hung onto life  
She fought like a cat fights over prey  
Her prey being life and her desire being to stay  
It was clear she was a fighter.

## Exhibit B

For such a petite girl, she has a mighty temper.  
Her moods change like the wind,  
Hour after hour  
Her stubbornness is very clear

Just as a cat, she does not back down  
One moment she's calm, and the next  
You're attacked  
For such a petite girl, she has a mighty temper.



# My Sister is a Cat contd.

Riley Dunn, Grade 12

## Exhibit C

She tends to wake at odd hours.  
And never seems to fully sleep through the night  
At 3 a.m. you might hear her  
Tiptoeing across the floor

She does not hide her actions  
And as a cat she flaunts them  
Too early, or too late, but never just normal  
She tends to wake at odd hours.

## Exhibit D

Her eating habits may seem quite strange.  
Her pickiness isn't hard to spot  
She'll only eat certain things  
And even then, sometimes it's for naught

As a cat sniffs and prods at her bowl  
Turning up her nose  
So does my sister upon the time of dinner  
Her eating habits may seem quite strange.

My little sister is a cat.  
Now, I know by the statement I might sound strange  
But now that you've heard me out  
Do you think you can agree today?

I think I've done my best to prove  
What I see plain as day  
That perhaps - if I am not mistaken  
My little sister is a cat.

—

# Graduation

Jackson Halulko, Grade 12

The moment has finally arrived,  
We stand before our family and friends,  
Clad in gowns and caps,  
The symbol of our journey's end.  
Our high school years are now a memory,  
A journey filled with laughter and tears,  
We've learned lessons that will guide us,  
Throughout the coming years.  
The halls we roamed and the teachers we had,  
Will always be a part of us,  
Their influence and guidance,  
Will never be forgotten.  
As we leave the school gates,  
We feel both joy and sorrow,  
Excited for what the future holds,  
Yet nostalgic for the time we borrowed.  
The world now awaits us,  
With open arms and endless possibilities,  
We'll take the lessons we've learned,  
And face our new reality.  
So here's to our graduation day,  
A milestone we'll always remember,  
We'll cherish the memories we've made,  
And look forward to a brighter future.

# I Write

Bailee Daugherty, Grade 12

I write with the light of the sun  
I write with the melody of my heart  
I write with the pressure of overwhelm  
I write to become independent  
I write to be me  
I write so I can love things I do again  
I write so I am motivated  
I write because of my mental state  
I write because of how I feel through the day  
I write when I'm sad  
I write when I am glad  
I write when I dance  
I write when I prance  
I write when I leap  
I write when the sun goes down  
I write after a shower  
I write when it's night  
I write when I am insecure  
I write when people are rude  
I write because writing poems is something I love  
I write when my hair blows in the wind  
I write when my eyes change color  
I write when it's my final school year,  
I write when I'm on the bus  
I write when I don't feel good  
I write when I run track  
I write for nursing  
I write because I am me  
I write to become the person I am today  
I write

# Peacock in Graphite Pencil

Kaylyn Weichel, Grade 12



# Extreme gingerbread houses “spice” up holiday season worldwide

Emma Riddell, Grade 12

Fewer baked goods are more closely tied to a holiday than gingerbread is to Christmas. Gingerbread houses, especially, are a fun and easy way to spend time around the holidays with friends and family. But not all gingerbread house construction is relegated to prefab kits on relaxed winter evenings; along with competitions that test entrants’ artistic and architectural prowess, extreme gingerbread houses have recently exploded in physical size and popularity.

Long before candy cane chateaus and edible winter palaces were pitted against each other for top prizes in the thousands of dollars, gingerbread was far from a once-a-year holiday treat. The earliest recipes for it were from ancient Greece and were reminiscent of soft honeyed loaves. With the advent of intricately carved wooden molds in medieval Europe, gingerbread began to more closely resemble its present form. By the 19th century, bakers in Germany started to craft houses out of gingerbread around the Christmas season, and a soon-to-be international tradition was born.

Gingerbread house competitions didn’t become commercially popular until the latter portions of the 20th century. In the U.S., the Annual National Gingerbread House Competition has celebrated the competitive art form for the last 30 years. Held at the Omni Grove Park Inn in Asheville, North Carolina, competitors from as far away as Canada enter their creations hoping to score a top prize of \$7,500. In 2022, more than \$40,000 was given out to the best entries across four age divisions.

This year, the structures were evaluated by a panel of judges notably including Ashleigh Shanti, a 2020 James Beard award finalist, and celebrity chef Carla Hall.

Locally, the city of Pittsburgh is celebrating its 20th annual gingerbread house competition. Historically displayed at PPG Place near Market Square, this year’s entries are on public display through early January at the Allegheny City-County Building.

# Extreme gingerbread houses “spice” up holiday season worldwide contd.

Emma Riddell, Grade 12

While competitive gingerbread house builders pour hours into carving grandiose structures and delicately placing fantastical candy decorations, Missouri native Jon Lovitch has taken it to a whole new level. Lovitch is the acclaimed sole creator of GingerBread Lane, a Guinness World Record holding seasonal display that has been featured across the country, including an eight-year residency in Pittsburgh.

Though he worked professionally as a chef in some of the top hotels in New York for a number of years, Lovitch now devotes his time year-round to crafting the massive gingerbread village. The display usually holds around 1,500 individual buildings, all made entirely from homemade gingerbread and edible decorations. This year, GingerBread Lane is on display at the New York Hall of Science.

For Lovitch, the time leading up to opening is akin to a professional athlete training for a big race. With up to 100-hour work weeks, he'll dedicate every waking second to perfecting *just* the right angle and decoration on every building. Though Lovitch's passion for gingerbread houses is certainly intense, extreme gingerbread house building has risen sharply in popularity in recent years. Food Network's *The Holiday Baking Championship: Gingerbread Showdown* sets teams of professional bakers against each other as they create show-stopping gingerbread castles and villages, and ArkDes, Sweden's national center for architecture and design, hosts an annual competition for professionals and home bakers alike that is displayed at its main campus in Stockholm.

Yet it's understandable that not everyone looking to build a gingerbread house desires extreme-sport-level intensity. Many people view the activity as a much more relaxed holiday event.

Freshman Katherine Drezewski looks forward to making gingerbread houses with her family every year.

“My favorite part [of making gingerbread houses] is probably eating my resources while I'm making the houses. I like that I get to eat some extra candy,” she said.



# Extreme gingerbread houses “spice” up holiday season worldwide contd.

Emma Riddell, Grade 12

Drezewski’s favorite house to date was her creation last year, which she decorated with Reese’s peanut butter cup windows and lots of Twizzlers, but she’s equally excited for her plan this year: a replica of the local Target store.

Mr. Phillips, math teacher, also enjoys building gingerbread houses, usually with his sons and nieces and nephews. This year, they used an Oreo-themed kit to build their village.

Phillips offered advice to others looking to make their own tasty gingerbread town: “When you are going to put the walls of the house up, put some icing on a plate first and stick the outside edge of the wall into it. Then, when you put the wall on the base it won’t slide around, and the icing won’t make a mess everywhere.”

Whether one views gingerbread construction as a balance between athletic precision and artistic skill or a simple weekend project, there are many avenues, from pre-made kits to recipes for structurally sound cookies, available to get started on a home gingerbread village. For extra inspiration this holiday season, check out the designs at [GingerBread Lane](#) or [ArkDes](#) and gather with friends and family to put together an extreme, or not-so extreme, gingerbread village.

# A Midnight Wish Come True

Gracyn Kafana, Grade 12

The clock in the middle of Times Square is at 11:55. The crowd roars with anticipation as the clock turns closer and closer to midnight, signaling the New Year. I stand in the center of Times Square with my family. The wind blows by, making me shiver and huddle closer to my father. When the clock slowly ticks down in the last seconds of the New Year, I close my eyes and make a wish. When I open them, I am no longer in New York, but in a distant memory: it is a memory from when I was just five years old. It snowed that New Years eve, the streets covered in white and not a person to be seen. My mom helped me get geared up in my snow attire, before letting me go outside to build a snowman. I went over to the yard and gathered up as much snow as possible to build my small, five foot snowman. By the time I was done building the snowman, my gloves were wet from the melted snow, but I didn't care. I ran inside and asked my mom for a scarf, nine buttons, and a carrot. She gave them to me and I rushed back outside to put them on my mountain of snow. I placed the finishing touches on my snowman bringing him to life. Four buttons for the mouth, three on the chest, a carrot for a nose, two buttons for eyes, two sticks peeking out from the sides, and a scarf around the neck to keep him warm. I gave him a hug and named him Ollie, before my mom yelled from the house, telling me it was time to go inside. I ran up to the open door where my mom stood with a steaming cup of hot chocolate, but I didn't go inside just yet. I turned around and looked at my snowman one last time, before taking the cup of hot chocolate and walking inside, my mom closing the door behind me. I sipped on my hot chocolate as I stood in the main foyer. After several minutes, my hot chocolate is gone, and my hands are numb from the cold, wet gloves that are still on my hands. I sit the mug on the entry table and peel off my gloves, sitting them in the basket my mom sat out from my wet clothes. I then take off my jacket and boots, sitting them in the basket as well. I then run into the sitting room, where my mother and father are sitting around the fire. I sit down beside both of them, and laugh as my father starts to tickle my sides. I blink for just a second, and when my eyes open, I am once again, standing in the middle of New York, but this time, with a wide smile, gracing my face. I got my New Year's wish.



# My Grave Tells a Story

Gracyn Kafana, Grade 12

Chase's POV:

The air is cold on this dreary winter day. It has been two years since my best friend Addison died. I stare at her concrete grave which holds her beneath it and run my fingertips across the cold, hard slab.

The accident happened on January 23, 2017. Addison was coming home from work late at night like usual. She never had the capability to leave her patients all alone at the hospital. The temperature dropped to negative five degrees and white flakes started to drop on the ground like water falling from a faucet. The snow starts to stick to the road, and turn into a fine sheet of ice.

Addison goes around a sharp turn moments after the snow starts, barely being able to see through her windshield. Bang! It all happens so fast. The car slams into the metal guardrail and goes tumbling down the embankment. The whole way down the sounds of breaking glass and metal being crushed echo through the wind. When the car reaches the bottom, it hits one of the many trees, coming to a halting stop. The sudden impact causes Addison to hit her head. A bystander calls 911 and an ambulance arrives several minutes later, but it is too late. Addison is pronounced dead at the scene of the accident.

It isn't until an hour later, that the friends and family of Addison Kenson are notified of her passing.

# Shovels at Night

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

It was my turn to be on nightwatch for the rest of the English trench. In the midst of the Somme, both the English and German forces were forced into entrenchments. The trenches were crudely dug up and supported with unstable beams of wood. Every day was filthy and muddy as the rest of us infantry were commanded to remain emplaced among the rats that would crawl underneath us. Everyone suffered from the filth, disease, and tiresome waiting within the muck, but everyone agreed that it was better than going into No Man's Land. The trenches might be the death of us, but No Man's Land will certainly kill us.

In the middle of the cool summer's night, four of my comrades and I stood watch while five others continued to dig and expand the trench. Even though I was only eighteen years old at the time, I was forced to stand there like a statue. My eyes drooped with exhaustion as I wearily checked to see if any Germans would pluck their heads up from the ground. I held my rifle by my side as I made sure that nothing but my helmet and eyes remained above the trench for only a few seconds at a time. Anything more, and I would get shot. No question about it. No Man's Land was the division, the boundary for both sides. Like a sleeping dragon, tempting it would only result in getting myself and my friends killed.

After a few hours, one of the soldiers that was digging came to me. "It's your turn to dig, Michael. Get in there and get started. I'll keep watch while you're gone. NCO's orders."

I went back to set aside my helmet and Lee-Enfield rifle and got out my entrenching tool. I crouch-walked over to the mouth of the newly built section of the trench. My mud-soaked boots and socks sloshed with discomfort as I made my way to the rest of the miners, who continued to hastily dig. Danny, one of the soldiers, looked back at me. "Michael, it's about time you moved your arse. Now, get up to the front and start prodding at the shite. My arms are tired." I squeezed by the rest of my comrades and got up to the front. The dim light bulb shone above us, giving only the bare essential amount of light to see what we were doing. It got incredibly hot and dusty as I started to pick at the dirt wall. The rest of the team focused on keeping the planks up and stringing the lights above us so the ceiling wouldn't collapse.

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

I picked and picked for what felt like hours. My malnourished body ached as I used all of my remaining strength to keep digging out the crap in front of me. My shovel felt like it was bound to snap in two. Then, faintly, I could hear voices unfamiliar to me. I didn't recognize them. "Pipe down," I blurted as I leaned my head towards the wall. "I hear someone on the other side. I don't think it is friendly." The rest of the men stopped their work and looked towards me and the wall. I listened more carefully. It was a faint scooping sound. Were my ears deceiving me? Were my mates still working and I couldn't tell? I know all of the gunfire from the days before have damaged my ears beyond repair, but was I just imagining things? It was strange, but I started digging again.

After another ten minutes, a piece of the wall suddenly fell into where I was digging. Everyone stared in my direction again as I started to look into the crack that formed. Then, the wall crumbled down like a loose pyramid of cards. To our horror, a group of German diggers were on the other side. All of us yelled in fright as the Germans did too. Then, in a flash, both sides charged each other, entrenching tools in hand. I quickly smacked the shovel into the leg of one of the Germans, sending him down. I was tackled by another, wrestled to the ground. While this was happening, the rest of my group were fighting off the other German soldiers in a frenzy. Knives and picks were viciously swung at each other in the mass confusion. We screamed for help, hoping the rest of our regiment would hear us, but it was futile. The German pinning me down pushed my neck in with the handle of his pickaxe and shoved my head into the infectious water beneath me. I could no longer breathe and was starting to choke. The light in my eyes started to fade as my head was yelling for air. With all of my strength, I started to kick at the German. Right as I was about to pass out, Danny was able to kick the German off of me and strike him in the head. In the narrow tunnel, I lifted myself up, struggling for air. I drew my knife and readied for another go at him. Before I could, a German officer rushed in with his Luger pistol drawn. In a deafening flash, a bullet was fired, landing directly into Danny's forehead, causing his blood to seep and ooze out.

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

With the adrenaline rushing, I quickly rushed back up and pushed the officer's arm out of the way before he could shoot me. As we fell, I took the knife and thrust it deep into his throat. He let out a gut wrenching scream as his life began to ebb away.

I woke up in a cold sweat, gasping for air. It was yet another one of those terrible nightmares from back in the trenches. Even though I was fully awake, I could still hear the shovels from that night ring in my head. I stripped off my white vest as I got out of bed to get my clothes on.

The war had continued to torment my family even though it ended a year ago. By some miracle, my other three brothers also survived the war, but none of us were happy. James is still in the hospital for his trench foot and Thomas is in a crazy house. The doctors say he is unable to handle his shellshock. Andrew stayed in Birmingham to work with the horses while I moved to Portsmouth to work with reconstruction of the docks. It helps me keep food on the table, but it is getting more tiring as the shovels keep banging around in my head. The infection my right ear got from the dirty trench water that partly deafened me didn't help either.

I buttoned my shirt, slipped on my trousers, put up my suspenders, donned my suit, wiggled my feet into my shoes and gently placed my hat upon my head. It was better than that cheap uniform I was wearing three years ago. I walked out of my council flat and locked the door. I continued down the stairs and exited the building. The skies were gray with clouds looming over the murky blue water of the port. The paint of the buildings have seemingly washed away from the previous luster. Only the brick remained.

I got to the next building we would need to start fixing. My boss, happy to see that I was early for work, greeted me. "Alright, Michael. We are going to need to unload more bricks and mortar for this one. Go on ahead and start carrying over the boxes to the entrance of that crumbled down building." The brick building, like many others, was clearly destroyed from the bombings during the war. Thankfully for me, it was close to the dock, so it was not much of a trek.

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

The boxes were heavy, but it wasn't too bad taking it across the dock to the building. Eventually, the rest of the workers started helping. Luckily for me, I knew I would be paid a little extra for starting early. The boss took notice of this. I tried desperately to keep this job. After about an hour, the shovels started to get louder. As I was carrying one of the boxes of bricks, someone flew from the water and grabbed my ankle. I dropped the box as I was dragged into the water. As I opened my eyes, I saw the face of the German officer. His skin was dark green and his eyes turned black. I could see the gash in his throat from when I stabbed him. He was back from the dead, seeking revenge. He grabbed my neck and plunged me further down into the depths of the trenches. I tried fighting back by punching him in his rotting face, but he completely ignored the blows. I felt that starving feeling in my brain again as I desperately needed air. It was no use. I was too weak to fight him off. My vision started to fade. Then, with a flash, Danny came back. He jumped and pulled the officer off of my body and rushed me out of the water. I gasped for air, still flailing my arms trying to fend that bastard off. I looked over at where I was. I was back at the dock. I looked at the man who saved me. This time, it wasn't Danny; it was one of the workers.

I was helped back to solid ground like an incompetent child. I still fought for air. All of the workers stopped to make sure I was okay. I layed there pathetically as my senses returned to normal. Soon, my boss rushed over. "Get up, Michael," he ordered. He grabbed a hold of me and lifted me up, dragging me to his office. He sat me down in a wobbly chair facing him at his desk. "Listen, Michael, you're a real nice lad. That's for certain. But you've been having one too many of these crazy seizures. You've been working hard, but, unless you get that loose screw screwed back in, I might need to sack you, and I don't want to do that. I recommend you go see the doctor. He's helped out other patients with the shellshock that has been going around the boys that came home." He handed me a slip of paper with the address.

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

I feared I was about to lose my second job. "Please, sir. Don't sack me so soon. I like this job. I need this job."

"Then go see the doctor first. After that, we'll talk."

My mind was numb with the stress of it all. I walked out of my boss's office gripping my head. Was I really going crazy? Have the hallucinations gotten that bad? Was I going to be put out of work during these hard times again? I already lost one job working in a butcher shop. I was not ready to lose another.

I eventually reached the doctor's office. Everything felt like a blur at that point. The nurse asked me questions, and I responded automatically. After waiting for a while, the doctor saw me, asked a few questions, and I spewed out my responses like a well oiled machine. We talked and talked, but didn't seem to get anywhere. The doctor said to come in tomorrow for another appointment. The entire time, those damn shovels kept on dinging.

I walked melancholically towards the local pub, the "Sailor's Retreat." I entered seeing the same usual people in front of the table having the same drinks and having their same conversations about this family member and that while the pianist in the back played the usual tunes. I was becoming a regular myself. The big and jolly lads around me usually called me the "sad Birmingham soldier that still couldn't get over the death of his comrades." They seemed genuinely sorry about it, but it became more of a gag nowadays. The bartender came up and asked if I wanted the usual. I said yes and laid the quid on the table. I sat there, back arched forward, sipping on my ale hoping it would numb the miners that wouldn't stop in my head.

It was about an hour until a fine dame walked in. I hadn't recognized her from town, and she didn't seem like the drinking-type, unlike us sad sods. She was in a silky green dress with a large white hat. Most of the men immediately laughed at the spectacle. A woman, who looked like she should be in Buckingham Palace, here? She walked up to the bartender, asking if this could be a place for her to work.

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

“Well, what did you have in mind to do here?” asked the bartender.

Francis, the drunkard next to me, blurted, “maybe she should get up on that table o’er there and give us a few songs while we drink.” He laughed, thinking he was a comedic genius.

“I was thinking about helping wash the tables, but I can sing,” said the woman.

“Then how ‘bout you go an’ prove that to us,” chuckled Francis.

The woman stood on top of one of the dinner tables and began to sing to the crowd. It was a song about the happiness of being home with family and the childhood memories of home we have. She sang it wonderfully, like a gleeful flock of robins flying over the summer’s sky. The fog from the alcohol and shovels faded a little bit to hear the sweet notes. Even my bad ear seemed to pick the tune up.

The room went into a thunderous applause as she finished. The bartender looked eager to hire her, seeing this as a huge attraction for new customers. She jumped down from the table and shook hands with the bartender. I couldn’t hear it because of the ruckus from my mates, but it seemed like they were happy to start working with each other.

Right before she was about to leave, I stopped her. I was eager to talk and get to know her. She seemed very cute. “Hello, ma’am. My name is Michael. It’s nice to meet you.”

She seemed surprised at first, as if any one of us would have manners at all. “I’m Joan. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“That singing sounded wonderful. It’s a really sought after talent in this quiet town.”

“Thank you.”

“Say, where are you from? I’ve lived here for only about a year since I moved from Birmingham, but I don’t recognize you.”

“I’m from East London. The city was getting too crowded with filth for me, especially after hearing rumors about some sort of flu spreading. I thought I could find a place to settle near the coast, so I came here.”

# Shovels at Night contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

“That’s not a short trip. I’m surprised you would come to a coastal town that far from London.”

“Well, I have family nearby, so I thought the trip would be worth it.”

We both chuckled a little bit. My heart started to race at the thought of asking her out. “Say, I was wondering if you would like to go out some time. Maybe stop at the cafe or walk along the port. I could show you around town if you need it.”

She thought for a second. “You have been very polite to me, and you were the only guy that wasn’t laughing right as I walked in. You know what, I think I might take your offer for a date. We’ll have to plan it sometime around my new job.”

I was excited. This was finally a chance to marry and settle down for good somewhere. Hopefully, I won't lose it. “Great! We’ll have to plan it. I won’t hold you up for long now. I know you probably need to get home now.”

“Yes, I do. It was nice to meet you, Michael. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight to you too.”

I strolled back to my apartment, thinking about my newfound happiness and excitement. Finally, there was something that broke the monotony of the work and the bar. I felt much more optimistic. Now, I wouldn’t let myself lose my job. I wouldn’t need to resort to alcohol to wash my sorrows away. I wouldn’t need whatever medication or Freudian therapy any doctor would give me. This could be my chance to help forget what happened in the trenches that night. I reached my council flat and unlocked the door. Inside was a sad little house, but I couldn’t care less about it. I undressed out of my work clothes and slipped on my white vest. I tucked myself in bed and closed my eyes. I started to doze off, quicker than I think I have since I left home for France. That night, I couldn’t hear the shovels.



# Friendly Fire

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

Free verse poetry is an odd thing to me.  
I know there are many famous poets that have written in free verse before,  
But I almost never seem to enjoy them.  
When I read other poems that have a solid rhyme scheme,  
I tend to understand it more clearly.  
But for free verse poems, my mind cannot wrap around the odd fact  
That sentences are separated as if it were supposed to rhyme,  
But don't. Generally, it is harder to find their meaning.

This is why I am writing a free verse poem  
To talk about why I don't like free verse poems.  
It might seem paradoxical to do this, almost like "fighting fire with fire,"  
But I think it can be a good tool to get my point across.

In my opinion, poetry is best when there is some structure to the writing.  
Wrapping up with a good rhyme scheme and stanza structure  
Helps organize the thoughts of the author.  
I believe they were designed this way to make poetry  
Not only more creative, but also more interesting.  
Breaking this structure, however, feels like it defeats the whole purpose of poetry.  
At this point, it simply looks like unorganized writing,  
Like a wonderful story that may have a key meaning behind it is ruined  
Because the pacing feels like it was written by a first grader.

Another thing free verse concerns me about is the lack of a solid limit to how many words are written for each line and how many lines are in each stanza. You can get really long or really short lines in a stanza that shouldn't be just because it is "free verse"

# Friendly Fire contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

See, that previous line could have broken down into three lines,  
But because I, the author of this “free verse poem”, can say so,

It goes

Even that previous line is all it is. Just two words.

It really breaks the pace, but I can do it because I feel like it.

It also gets English teachers and their students

To look at for hours to think, “Hmm,

Why did the author make such a break? It must have some

Significant meaning since it breaks the general pattern.”

In reality, you can interpret it however you want,

But the real reason is because I just felt like it.

This stanza is dragging on, but I can make it that way because it is free verse.

And then he woke up

Yep, that’s right, I just made a one sentence stanza. Hardly even one.

Additionally, it can cause readers to question the authenticity of what I am writing

And whether or not I, the director and narrator, am a reliable source.

Is this all a dream? Is this reality? Or am I sprinkling red herrings everywhere?

No, I’m just being silly. It has no meaning, but you can think what you want.

Also,

I

Can

Do

This.

# Friendly Fire contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

These

Are

All

Individual

Stanzas.

Some

People

Will

Have

A

Great

Time

Dealing

With

This

:)

Ok, I'll stop. You might be upset, but I can do this because it's free verse.

# Friendly Fire contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

My point is, because I have absolutely no restrictions on what I can and  
can't do,  
I can intentionally confuse my reader to hope that they will question its  
meaning.

When, for me, I just stop reading and think, "this is not worth my time.  
I'll just go read the next poem and hope I can understand that one better."  
In conclusion, there is nothing wrong with making interesting poems.  
If you like free verse poetry, good for you. Unfortunately, I am not the biggest  
Fan of them if you couldn't tell already.  
If anything, this should be labeled as a short essay,  
But it is free verse because I say so.

Now that I think about it, any work of writing can be seen as free verse.  
Sentences are just lines.  
Paragraphs are just stanzas.  
Chapters are just separations of different acts, scenes, or even smaller parts of an  
epic.  
Therefore, if everything is free verse, is anything free verse?  
I guess it comes down to intent. If the author says it is free verse, it is.  
If the author says no, then it's not free verse, then it is not.

To those that read this, thank you for taking your  
Time to read it. I appreciate  
Your effort to give this little "poem" a chance. If you  
Disagree, I don't blame you. In the end, poems are just  
For enjoyment while maybe learning something new.  
I just have my own opinions on them and decided to express  
It via friendly fire.  
Thank you and have a good rest of your day/night.

# Entropy

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

Bill forced the frozen cabin door open as he returned from the freezing, cold outside. It has been three weeks since all water and electricity had been completely cut off as the storm of storms hit. Now, in these frozen, Canadian wastelands, the village that once was a thriving community has turned into an empty prison cell. No one lives out here anymore except for Bill and his brother Andy. Everyone was either lucky enough to have escaped the village without realizing it before the storm hit or they had succumbed to the cold. Not even the most experienced woodsmen would survive. The northern world has turned into an apocalypse, yet there is no sound. The only ones that suffer are those that still try to fight mother nature.

Bill and Andy are those few that have survived thus far. Bill, whose facial hair had nearly turned to icicles, panted heavily as he gasped for the warmth of the fire that Andy struggled to keep alit in the fireplace. Bill threw his backpack and hunting rifle on the table as he scrambled to the fire to warm his numb body. Andy went over to comfort his brother. He was shivering heavily, even with his heavy parka on. Andy went over to Bill's backpack to see what he was able to bring home. In it, there was some deer meat, two dead rabbits, a first aid kit with bandages and painkillers, a few energy and chocolate bars, some extra water, and more wood for the fire. All of the nearby houses had been thoroughly looted, and their supply of store-bought food was running low, so the extra meat would help.

"Good job, Bill," said Andy. "Now, you rest up, brother. I'll start cooking this meat as best as I can and boil more snow. That way, we can ensure we'll have enough water for the next few days." Andy took out the red meat and placed it in front of the fire, crudely heating it up. He went into the kitchen to get a cooking pot for the snow.

"There was something else I found out there," said Bill. He took off his gloves, boots, and parka and reached into his hoodie pocket. "It's a map. I found it in that green car that we forgot to loot. That's also where I found the first aid kit."

Andy seemed puzzled. "What is it a map of?"

"It's a military base that has been circled in red pen. I think the man that used to drive that car was ex-military. If we can get to this base, we might be able to get out of here. Even if they can't help us escape, we might get supplies and better shelter."

# Entropy contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

Andy seemed concerned. It had already been three weeks since the storm. "Gosh, Bill. I don't know whether or not it will help us. How far away is it?"

"I know it's a long hike. It's around fifty kilometers away."

"Jesus, Bill. fifty kilometers? Out there?" Andy went to check the temperature on the thermostat. It read -40 C. "Bill, we would die out there. The thermostat says -40 C, and that only accounts for air temperature. With windchill, it might even be - 60. That's too far to travel."

"I know, I know, but we might get our ticket out of here. We wouldn't need to worry about keeping that fireplace lit anymore. We'd have a secured way to the South."

Andy was not in approval of it at all. "No, I am not going out there. Even if we survive, they all have probably either left the base or have frozen to death, much like us if we make it. Besides, I don't know how to drive their vehicles or even if they will operate."

"Andy, it's our only hope. If not, we'll die here."

Andy sighed, knowing he wouldn't be able to convince his brother. "Fine, if you want to freeze to death out there, then do so. I'm not going. Besides, it's my turn to go out tomorrow to scavenge more wood and food." He somberly walked out of the living room. He was thinking about how his brother is going to get himself killed. They will both probably die eventually, but it was safer and more stable back in the village. He thought it might be the cabin fever that was getting to him, hoping he would change his mind tomorrow.

As night was drawing closer, both Bill and Andy sat at the table in front of the fire, eating the deer meat that was freshly cooked. It tasted odd, but it was better than starving to death. The rabbits had just finished being skinned of their fur, meat, and guts, so the food was not ready to be eaten yet. Besides, they both knew that the deer meat would be better for them since it had more fats. Neither of them spoke a word to each other. As they finished their last bites, they threw a bit more wood into the fire. Either way, it would go out in the morning and it would be cold, but it would keep them warm for a little longer now. They got out of their chairs, walked up the stairs, and went to bed.

As Bill laid in bed, he thought about his brother. He feared that he would only try to stop him. He was only trying to look out for. If they stayed in the village, there would eventually be no more wood to keep the fire burning, and the ammunition for the rifle would run out. Since neither of them knew how to make a bow and arrows, their food supply would run out too. Bill thought the only possible way they would both survive was if he reached the base and found supplies or could contact help for both of them. It was going to be painful, but it was necessary. He closed his eyes as he tried to sleep in the cold and dark cabin.

# Entropy contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

The next morning, Bill got out of bed, peering out of the frosted window to see the sun rise over the treetops. Despite the cold and suffering they were feeling, he saw the deep, orange sky as comforting. He walked over to Andy's room. He was still asleep, his back facing towards Bill. Bill walked over and crouched down near his brother. He whispered, "I am going to save us, Andy, even if it seems impossible."

Bill walked down the stairs and started to get his backpack ready for the long trip. In his backpack, he took some rabbit meat, beef jerky, a bag of chips, an energy bar, three bottles of water, a can for cooking, a box of matches, some firewood, four tinder plugs, an emergency flare, a few bandages, an antiseptic bottle, painkillers, a hunting knife, and a .357 magnum revolver with twenty bullets. He didn't want to take too many supplies since Andy would still need to hunt for his own food while he was gone. Bill strapped on the backpack. It was very heavy, but he knew he would need it all. He walked to the entrance of the cabin. When he reached the door, he looked back, expecting his brother to come down to say goodbye, but he never did. Bill forced open the door and stepped outside to that white death.

Immediately, the cold started to sting his face and body. It didn't matter to him too much though. He was prepared and confident in his voyage north. If his body ever got too cold, he knew how to make a fire. He started to hike north away from the village. He was already familiar with the route for the first few kilometers since he hunted around here the day before. His fingers and toes felt numb and his head felt thick, but he continued to venture forward.

Bill passed the deer that he hunted yesterday. The carcass was being ravaged by a starving wolf, picking at what few scraps it could get. Above it, a murder of crows was circling, waiting for their turn to pick what the wolf could not. Bill kept his distance as he continued forward. Bill thought he would not be disturbed by any wolves, since they generally fear people, but then, a pack of four wolves emerged from over the hilltop. They stared down at him with hunger in their eyes. They craved for warm flesh and blood of any kind. Bill, fearing they would charge, quickly pulled out his flare and lit it. They started to inch back, fearing the warm, red flame screaming from it. Bill swung the flare at them, hoping they would all run away, but these wolves were more desperate than ever. One of the wolves began to charge at Bill. Startled, Bill quickly pulled out his revolver to shoot the wolf. He quickly shot twice, but missed.

# Entropy contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

The wolf had enough strength to tackle Bill to the ground, causing him to fall and drop the warm flare, snuffing its flame. The wolf tried scratching and biting him. Bill, with all of his remaining strength, pushed against the wolves salivating jaws. He was panicking, seeing this monster that was about to end his life. Somehow, Bill was able to pull the revolver up, press the barrel against the wolf's neck, and fire. He fired four times as quickly as he could. The weight of the wolf pressed against him as it fell. With the wolf's neck broken, it was essentially dead, helpless to have any chance of survival.

Bill quickly got up to see two of the wolves run away, but one was still ready to charge at him. The revolver was empty as he scrambled to reload it. His gloves were too thick to release the cylinder and empty the spent cartridges. Out of desperation, he removed his left glove, exposing his reddening left hand to the frost. As the wolf came near, he tried with all his might to reach into his pocket and pull out another bullet or two to load into the empty revolver. The wolf was closer. His hand was shaking uncontrollably and he struggled to bend his fingers. The wolf was closer. He faintly felt the bullet in his pocket. The wolf was closer. He slipped the bullet into the chamber, closed the cylinder, and pulled the trigger as hard as he could. He landed the shot right on the wolf's jaw. The pain was enough for it to flee, leaving a trail of its blood as it ran away.

Bill, exhausted, put the revolver away. He walked back and put the snow covered glove back on. He started to get a fire ready. He put some twigs in a circle and the tinder on top. The matches were difficult to grip with their tiny, wooden handles, but with enough patience, he lit it and placed it near the tinder. The tinder caught on fire and the twigs were lit aflame. The parka he was wearing was scratched beyond repair, so he took it off and threw it to the side. He poured the antiseptic on the bandage and wrapped it around his scratched and bruised arms, feeling the alcohol sting his cuts. He took the painkillers and ate some food. While eating, the wind started to pick up. The fire was under the tree, so it was sheltered for a little bit, but Bill knew he would need to leave soon. With the time left to warm up, he put the rabbit meat in front of the fire, hoping it would be a little warmer by the time he would need to eat it. He didn't bother trying to harvest wolf meat; he read that if carnivore meat is not cooked properly, you could develop parasites.



# Entropy contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

As the fire burned to its last embers, Bill left the camp and started to travel further north. He was not fully warmed up, he had one fewer layer of clothing on him, and it was colder outside, making the wind seemingly corrode his skin with the chill it gave him. Regardless, he kept marching forward. He would not stop until he reached that base. The cold froze his beard to a solid chunk of ice and his skin felt like it was stabbed in every direction with tiny knives. The pain would not stop, but he kept marching on, knowing that building a fire now would be a waste of time.

After hours of hiking, somehow, Bill persevered and reached the base. The wind was dying down and the snow did not fall that evening. Ignoring the pain, Bill rushed to the entrance, seeing that the gates were open. "Hello? Hello? Is anyone out there?" Bill yelled as loud as his fragile voicebox could. He frantically searched for anyone or anything in the base. He checked every corner of the dorms, the hangers, the offices, the armories, and the docks by the lake. There was no trace of any human existence, as if a ghost had swept down and removed everything except for the now dilapidated buildings. There was no morsel of food, no crumb of sustenance. There were frozen bodies in the beds of the dorms, but there was no food left. Their corpses were incredibly skinny, showing that many of them must have starved to death.

The only thing Bill could find was a distress pistol with two flare shells. Trying to escape the fate of the fallen soldiers around him, he tried to build another fire. He didn't have much wood left, but it was better than nothing. He tried to reach for the wood, tinder, and matches, his hands were so numb that he struggled to bend his shivering, frozen fingers. He lethargically placed some sticks and a log of wood down, which was all that he had left. He placed the first tinder plug down. He dumped his backpack so the box of matches could come out. They spilled over the floor. He struggled to get them in his hand. He tried lighting one, but couldn't do it. He tried a second, and still couldn't do it. In a desperate attempt, he bundled almost all of the matches in one pile and grabbed them with his deadened hands. He stroked it against the box. One strike. No luck. Two. Then three. Then four. Then, with a flash, all of the matches lit at once. He desperately rushed the matches over to the tinder. He carefully placed them near the tinder.

# Entropy contd.

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

The tinder started to light on fire. He was relieved, thinking that his fire would light again and warm his cold body back to health. However, the tinder burned out, and the sticks did not get set on fire. Like the ringing of church bells, what was left of his heart sank, seeing his lifeline snuffed out. He sat there, defeated, knowing the husk of the building he was in would never adequately heat him up. He thought he might be able to kill an animal and use its warm guts to warm his hands back up so he could grab the remaining matches and try again, but even he knew it was pointless.

Bill, absolutely exhausted from hours and hours of hiking, walked outside and sat down. Somehow, he was so cold that he was warming up a little bit. He no longer shivered, and he felt almost happy that he felt some sense of warming up. He started to take off his boots, then his wet socks to reveal his feet. His toes were almost as black as coal, and the rest of the feet were almost as white as the snow around him. The frostbite and hypothermia didn't matter to him. He walked for a little bit in the snow, admiring the scenery of the woods and the frozen lake around him. Drowsy, he laid down in the snow and looked up. He gazed at the evening sun and the pinkish hue that surrounded the sky. The sun, like a glorious father, stared back at him with its immense warmth. Bill thought if only he could be so close to it and wrap himself in its warmth like a cozy blanket. As Bill's eyes grew dreary with sleep, he continued to stare at the sun, noticing it had a little black spot. For some reason, the sun made him happy. He smiled at its gorgeous presence. The sky, the trees, the lake, and the sun were all pretty that evening as Bill laid in the snow. He could see the crows fly in a pack towards where he lay. He didn't let this take away from his happiness. He closed his eyes and fell asleep.

# I Walk With The Sorrow

Brett Phillips, Grade 12

In the cool, desert sunset, the soldier sheathed his blade  
And laid against a sandstone rock to wallow  
Only to make eye contact with the Sorrow.

He stood there, pale, and dressed in black  
Within a pool of cold water, which was, at first shallow  
That ached the soldier as he gazed into the Sorrow.

“Do you remember those lives that you have taken?  
For the sake of your life, these humans will see no morrow.  
Would they think the same of you?” asked the Sorrow.

The soldier stood up and unsheathed his blade  
Only to see their spirits walk the earth now hollow  
Which infused great anger into him from the Sorrow.

He tried to slash its electric skin  
Only for it to pass through like a shadow.  
Without a finger, he was grabbed by the Sorrow.

Blood spilled from his frantic mind, soaking the sand  
But a hand reached out, offering a tomorrow.  
The soldier was dragged across the dunes by the Sorrow.  
The homeward life would be mended in darkness.

# Music

Emma Liggett, Grade 12

Playing an instrument is such a funny experience. You make music out of nothing and somehow you can still be horribly wrong in multiple ways.

Scale after scale, note by note, my frustration grows larger as I fail to hit the repeated rhythm. Try again. One last time. From measure 79.

After the fifth attempt, I want to leap right into a field of grass with the darting rabbits and wandering doe. Let the fauna and flora welcome me into their home. I want to be passed and twirled in the wind. Hear the birds chirping and let that be the greatest music I hear.

Again. The simple word brings me back to reality and I am no longer within nature but alas struggling to stay afloat in this musical craft I've devoted my life to.

# Berry travels during gap year

Emma Liggett, Grade 12

There are many options for students after high school. Options being trade school, college, jobs, or traveling, there is a path for everyone.

2022 graduate Even Berry decided to take a gap year before starting college, choosing to do volunteer work and travel to different continents. He traveled and volunteered in Peru for three months and is currently volunteering and traveling in Madagascar for six weeks.

Berry always knew that he wanted to take a gap year before college and be able to travel. He had previous experience traveling these distances as he had spent six months in the Gambia in 2016 with his whole family. They traveled there as a result of his mother getting an offer to teach upper-level math at the college there. They lived in a compound among the locals and explored the land around them as often as they could.

When he was adamant about traveling, he and his mom started researching the best and most cost-effective way to do so. They both separately founded the company International Volunteering Headquarters (IVHQ). IVHQ is one of the world's most trusted and affordable volunteering programs. They have many projects and different time lengths to suit anyone's interests.

Berry went through Maximo Nivel in Peru and the costs covered two meals a day, housing with an exchange family, and it provided aid to the volunteer's project. He believes that he spent about \$500-600 a month out of pocket for food, activities and gifts.

Transportation is also not provided with the cost so individuals wanting to go should familiarize themselves with the bus, taxis and metro systems of their destinations.

Before leaving the continent, Berry had been on two cross-country road trips to Colorado and Florida and returned to prepare about two weeks before he left. During his travels to Peru, he spent two and a half months working at a dog shelter with other volunteers in San Jeronimo, Cusco, where he worked with around forty dogs for five hours a day.

While working there, a particular dog caught his eye. The dog's name was Kayra, and she was around four years old. She was incredibly sweet and Berry knew that he needed to bring her home.

# Berry travels during gap year contd.

Emma Liggett, Grade 12

He had previous experience bringing animals back to the States after his family adopted and brought Pumba, their bush dog, from the Gambia.

The rules for bringing home animals into the U.S. have tightened up since the pandemic, and many tasks need to be completed before Kayra can even be considered for admission into the United States. They need blood tests from Chile as well as an import permit that has a two to three-month waiting period just to hear back.

Through these difficulties, Berry tried his hardest to get this process done correctly while also figuring out when he could bring the dog home. He plans to go back to Peru after returning from Madagascar to pick up the dog.

In Peru, he also spent two weeks in a wooden shelter near the river of Puerto Maldonado doing jungle conservation in the Amazon. This work consisted of catch and release, tagging animals, maintenance work on the sanctuary and the trails and replanting projects.

After finishing his time there, Berry embarked on a mini adventure through Peru visiting Puno, Pisac, Ollantaytambo and Machu Picchu. He returned to the states at the beginning of December and embarked back out on January 13 to Madagascar for six weeks.

In Madagascar, he currently is helping to conserve sea turtle nests down on the beaches. The program also trains volunteers when they arrive so it is always a learning experience.

After these six weeks in Madagascar, Berry will be back in the States and preparing to attend college at W&J for computer science. He plans to spend many semesters abroad during his time there and take advantage of the Magellan Research project that allows students to travel to perform a research trip. Berry advises, "Do it, there's a big world out there and it might help to get out there and experience it."

There are many great experiences out there to chase, especially while students have the time. Whether it be traveling for a semester abroad, a volunteering trip, or just personal travel, there are many options out there to peak interest.

# Maine

Caiti Alder, Grade 12

Shaggy gray moss lay sunbathing beneath the distant day-star  
previously washed ashore by restless high tides  
dwelling spiders scatter at the sight of my curious reach  
into the shadowed depths of the rock graveyard  
glossy water threads crackle through the lone pebbles as the water retreats  
the ocean's own euphonious, melodic charm  
nostalgic family stories passed on by matured minds  
the echo of youthful remembrance and all the bygone times  
briny salt air wafted into the breeze by the enchanting ocean  
hinting at turbulent waters and drunken sea lions  
fresh lobster aroma lingering on the sailboat,  
traces of melted butter left over on sleeves  
Sweet blueberry donuts from cranberry island tease my tastebuds  
mouth watering as it savors the memory and the pearly glaze coats my  
tongue  
a salty tang stains my lips fault of the sea mist that coated my face

# Maine contd.

Caiti Alder, Grade 12

as the sharp waves pound against the boat  
fingertips against the rough pages of my sketchbook  
as i try and capture each fine detail  
sea glass, naturally worn by tide and time, i stash in my back pocket  
as i shuffle through each priceless stone  
like a desperate pirate pocketing hidden treasure  
crisp winds against my the hairs of my arm  
but warmth radiating from the sun overhead  
a euphoric sense of freedom



# Drowsy Town

Caiti Alder, Grade 12

In this drowsy little town  
the clocks take their time  
and stroll down the lake  
to hum and flip dimes  
in this drowsy little town  
news spreads through whispers  
and goodmorning head nods  
and rusty raincoat zippers  
in this drowsy old town  
the smog haunts the streets  
an echo of life  
and empty bus seats  
in this drowsy little town  
sullen shadows bleed blue  
whispers of a life more lonely



# Song of the Dead

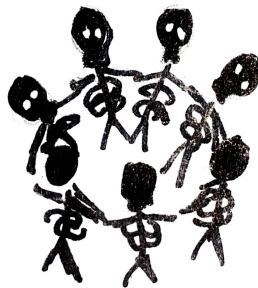
Caitlin Alder, Grade 12

Do not cry  
For I did not die  
I lie here in my tomb

The spiders say hi  
So I reply  
And try to make them room

The bugs in my ear  
Have become so dear  
My brains their new lagoon

I am near  
For I am here  
Singing this undead tune



# Song of the Dead contd.

Caitlin Alder, Grade 12

we wanted to be the sky  
we'd say when we were younger  
the sun a ball of flaming gas  
our curiosity at hunger

each dream and each vision  
all of cosmic creation  
our words an ultraviolet ray  
and our promises, constellations

We're older and grimmer now  
The weather always gray  
*The sun is too bright today*  
You said  
And i would say the same

we wanted to be the sky  
that's what we always said  
we dreamed of big interstellar  
things  
and settled for pebbles instead.



# I Find You

Mackenzie Dicks, Grade 12

In the early hours of dawn,  
in the storm clouds gathering,  
in the raindrops that land on my nose,  
I find you.

In the single sparrows mournful cry,  
in the dogs playful whimper,  
in the dandelions swaying in the fields,  
I find you.

In the start of the trucks engine,  
in the clinking of tools,  
in the smell of sawdust,  
and in fresh brewed coffee,  
I find you.

I find you in the wind blowing through my hair,  
The sunlight warming my skin,  
in the thought of boiling chicken,  
I find your, arms wide open,  
Smile painted across your features,  
Greeting me one more time.

And I know,  
I'm never truly alone  
for as long as the wind blows,  
and the sun shines,  
as long as the sparrows sing,  
And dandelions grow wild.  
As long as raindrops fall,  
and trucks engines run,  
For as long as coffee is brewed,  
I know I will always find you.

# Mornings

Mackenzie Dicks, Grade 12

In the early hours of day,  
right before the sun rises,  
to bring its light filtering through the windows.  
Before the birds start to sing,  
and the dogs start to stir,  
Before my eyes open,  
And my alarms go off,  
I can sense your presence.

Your footsteps still echo through the halls,  
And the smell of freshly brewed coffee,  
wafts through the house as it always did.  
the news reporter can be heard,  
his voice drifting from the radio you used daily,  
To listen to your favorite news channel.  
I can still hear the car starting,  
So the windows defrost and the air inside warms.

And to this, I awaken,  
Slipping on my llama slippers,  
and pulling my blanket around my pajamas,  
Cursing the cold air for touching my warm skin.  
Leaving my room, I descend the stairs,  
Eager to say good morning one more time.  
But as I round the corner, and I go to speak,  
I am greeted by pure silence.  
A moment of confusion passes,  
And realization sets in.

# Mornings contd.

Mackenzie Dicks, Grade 12

You weren't in the house,  
Haven't been for months.  
I went to your funeral, and held your cold, stiff hands  
Your ashes sit in the basement, with the rest of your stuff.  
And it hurts to admit it,  
But what I had thought to be true,  
was nothing more than a memory of you.

# A Walk Down Memory Lane

Providence King, Grade 12



# Submission Guidelines

Any student at Trinity High School is eligible to submit multiple works of writing to *Istoria*. All school appropriate works will be accepted. Submissions are accepted from January 1 - April 3 of each school year, with the publication being created and distributed in May of each year. All entries must be electronically submitted via email to [literaryjournal@trinityhillers.net](mailto:literaryjournal@trinityhillers.net) on a Google Doc. Please make sure to include your name and the title of the work in the header of the document. When applicable, please type each entry. All submissions will be edited for grammar and mechanics, as appropriate. Questions? Please contact Ms. Shaw at the email [kshaw@trinityhillers.net](mailto:kshaw@trinityhillers.net) or come down to room 166 for more information.



