An abstract painting with a vibrant color palette of greens, blues, and yellows. The composition is filled with organic, flowing shapes and textures. A prominent white sphere is located in the lower right quadrant. The overall style is expressive and dynamic, with various brushstrokes and layered colors creating a sense of depth and movement.

DIMENSIONS 2013

# FOOL'S JOURNEY

Let's make a **FOOL'S JOURNEY**.

Let's sit on the moon  
and fish for **stars**.

Let's travel at midnight  
to the broken wall  
where so many visit  
but none take the  
**time to climb**.

Let's have an adventure  
that lasts a week.

Let's give birth to an idea  
that **shakes the world**  
and makes us known  
in every home  
and house.

Let's make a **FOOL'S JOURNEY**.

Bethanie Leppo



Mackenzie Nail  
"Summer Breeze"  
Reduction Block Print

# DIMENSIONS 2013

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**Art Teachers:** Sara Little & Marie Smith



Gold Key  
Scholastic  
Art 2013



Silver Key  
Scholastic  
Art 2013



Honorable  
Mention  
Scholastic  
Art 2013



**Lily Tran**  
*"Material Life"*  
Charcoal



**Megan Culbert**  
*"Motor Head"*  
Charcoal

# Delivering Love

A fast beating heart,  
a quivering hand stills.  
A racing mind slows,  
the words start to flow.

Emotions  
pour over the page.  
The room spins,  
clamoring noise stops.

The only sound  
is the pen stroking,  
gliding across the paper.

The finishing touches  
the final words.  
The pen stops,  
a deep sigh.

**Alright, time  
to deliver.**

Chelsea Otis

# The Lioness

Perched waiting for her prey  
Sitting patiently stalking  
The first pick is too gaunt,  
The next is under bred  
The specimen must be perfect  
She's used to eating only the best  
Pacing the area she spots her victim  
Muscular, well groomed, only the finest  
Prowling towards the target,  
she makes her move  
Sinking her teeth into his heart

Morgan Yealy

**DOES HE  
LOVE ME,  
DOES HE  
LOVE ME  
NOT?**

**TO MY UNSPOKEN LOVE;  
I HAVE PICKED THE WRONG PETAL,  
MY HEART FLUTTERS WITH ANGUISH  
TEARING IT TO PIECES, WITH NO REPAIR.  
ONLY TIME WILL TELL  
FOR THE FLAME WILL REKINDLE  
WHEN THE BRAIN IS OVERTAKEN  
BY AN UNBREAKABLE SPELL.  
DOES HE LOVE ME, DOES HE LOVE ME NOT?**

**SOFIA MURILLO**

**A POEM WITH  
A LOT OF PUNS  
ABOUT SPICES  
AND HERBS**

I open the drawer  
and they all roll out.  
A slight layer of dust  
coats the results of my search.

I'm looking for a sage to guide  
me, preferably one that's cumin.  
As I look I realize  
I'm running out of thyme.  
It's fufile, like looking  
over a bay.

Then I find it, the sage I need  
and it's in mint condition.

**ZACHARY GULDEN**



Brianna Blair



TEMPERA  
PAINTINGS

Lynne Eisenberg



Deysey Salgado



Renee Eisenberg



**Damon Clifford**  
*"Damon"*  
White Charcoal on  
Black Paper

**Rachel Kelly**  
*"Naked Man"*  
Ceramics



**Emily Harris**  
*"Dog"*  
Ceramics



**Kelsey Sager**  
*"Woman w/handkerchief"*  
Ceramics



**Cullen Rosenbrien**  
*"Hand"*  
Ceramics



**Nikki Bernhardt**  
*"Mime"*  
Ceramics



**Georgie DeCosmo**  
*"Issey"*  
Ceramics





**Victoria Klein**  
"Vase"  
Ceramics



**Laney Jenkins**  
"Vase"  
Ceramics



**Alex Wertz**  
"Egyptian Vase"  
Ceramics



**Wyatt Batoha**  
"Man with Brain"  
Ceramics



**Caleb Gerlach**  
"Cup and Plate"  
Ceramics



**Drew Johnson**  
"Short Vase"  
Ceramics



# COLORS

## ON THE OUTSIDE

ON THE OUTSIDE

I'M CALM

LIKE DARK OCEAN WATERS  
AFTER A STORM.

ON THE INSIDE

I'M FULL OF COLORS.

I HAVE A WILD SIDE

LIKE THE BRIGHT PINKS

AND PURPLES

OF WILDFLOWERS IN A FIELD.

I'M WARM AND WELCOMING

LIKE THE RICH COLORS OF  
FALL LEAVES.

I ALWAYS HAVE A

POSITIVE ATTITUDE -

YELLOW, LIKE THE CHEERFUL SUN.

MEREDITH HEAGERTY



## A BIG

MY LIFE IS A BIG  
**RAINBOW.**  
IN MY SADNESS  
THE WORLD  
TURNS BLUE.  
IN MY ANGER  
MY BODY  
FEELS RED.

## RAINBOW

IN MY CALMNESS  
MY MIND BECOMES  
SHADES OF FALL -  
YELLOWS, ORANGES,  
BROWNS.  
MY LIFE IS A  
BIG RAINBOW.

AMALEA  
WILLIAMS



Caleb Gerlach  
"Ode to Andy"  
Block Print on Fabric  
with Colored Ink

# A COLORS POEM

THE RELAXING **BABY BLUE** OF THE OCEAN  
PUTS ME TO SLEEP.  
THE HOT SAND  
RICH IN **TAN COLORS**  
I RELAX AS I RUB MY TOES  
ACROSS ITS SURFACE.  
THE SEASHELLS FLOAT IN AND OUT.  
I WILL FIND ALL COLORS  
**BRIGHT WHITE, DEEP PURPLE** AND

**SPARKLING SILVERS.**  
THE SUN FLOATS BEHIND THE  
**OFF WHITE CLOUDS**  
THE PERFECT SHADE OF **GOLDEN YELLOW**  
IT POPS OFF THE **BRIGHT BLUE SKY**  
BUT, WHEN THE SUN SETS,  
MAGIC HAPPENS.  
THE COLORS BLEND  
**CINNAMON SAND, TURQUOISE WATER,**

THE **GOLDEN SUN,** EVEN  
A TOUCH OF **FUCHSIA**  
REFLECT TO FORM  
A **SPARKLY SUNSET.**  
THE COLORS MAKE THE  
BEACH WONDERFUL.

MORGAN DEAN

## Part of Me

Part of me is  
pastel colors;  
a go-with-the-flow  
person.

Shades of dark  
blues, grays, and  
purples consume me  
when I'm emotional,  
distracted,  
drowned in  
sad thoughts.

Neon blues, greens,  
reds, oranges express  
my crazy, outgoing  
personality  
beautifully, like sunsets  
in the midst.

I'm filled with colors  
some hard to explain.  
I'm a happy person.  
Glad who I am.

Lexi Spangler

REDUCTION  
BLOCK PRINTS



Devin Brown



Renee Eisenberg



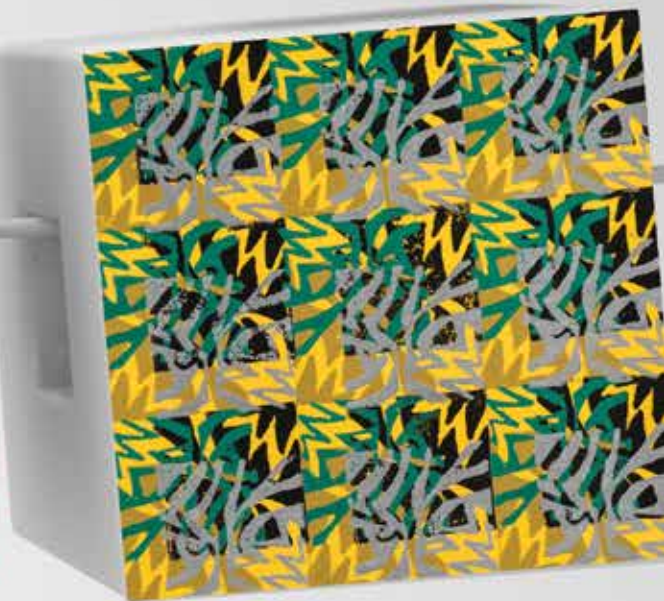
Sarah Harris





**Morgan Herrick**

**Noah Haring**



**Kerry Almeida**

**Briann Staub**

# Seven Deadly Sins



**Jessica Lin**  
"Lust"  
Mixed Media



**Jessica Lin**  
"Gluttony"  
Mixed Media



**Jessica Lin**  
"Greed"  
Mixed Media



**Jessica Lin**  
"Sloth"  
Mixed Media



Gold Key  
Winner and  
American  
Vision  
Nominee



**Jessica Lin**  
*"Wrath"*  
Mixed Media



**Jessica Lin**  
*"Envy"*  
Mixed Media



**Jessica Lin**  
*"Pride"*  
Mixed Media

## Salute

Our eyes meet, she smiles and waves  
hiding my grimace, I salute back.

I step to the runway and sigh,  
knowing what is to come next.  
I steel myself, wipe my mind clean,  
if I dare think what's to come, it won't happen.

I silently count down in my head,  
forcing my movement when I reach zero.  
One strong, sure step with my left  
followed immediately by the right.

I accelerate rapidly, arms pumping,  
legs driving, my destination approaches.  
I hurdle, swing my arms, kick up my heels.  
Before I can think about it, I'm upside down.

My hand hits the table just as my shoulders pop,  
I'm back off the table as fast as I was on it.  
I spot the wall, brace for impact, and land.

Feet together, knees flexed,  
with a smirk on my face,  
I turn and salute once again.

Spenser Durika

## Flipped

Shining like the stars  
Poised and on point  
**brilliantly flawless**  
As they perform  
Diamond cut  
**They twirl and pose**  
Power and elegance  
All in one

Head is spinning  
**Skills that could kill**  
Flying through the air  
No end in sight  
**Body on fire**  
Trying to impress  
Perfection is key  
**Yet impossible to achieve**

Lynne Eisenberg

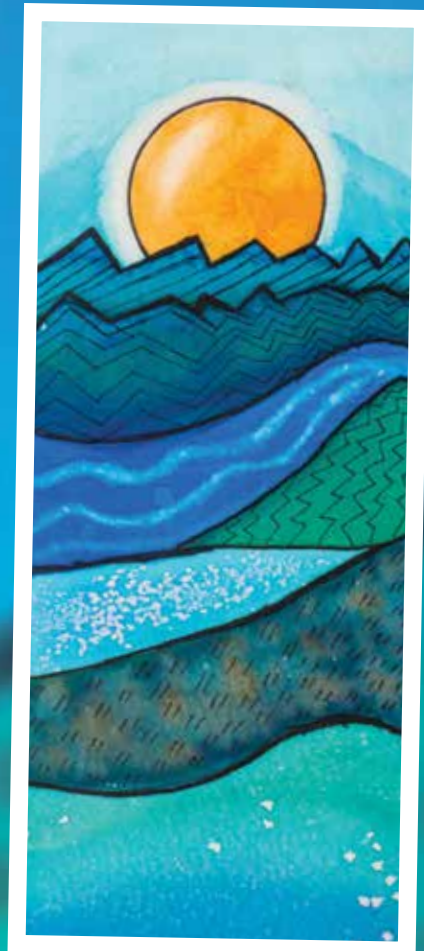




Brianna Blair



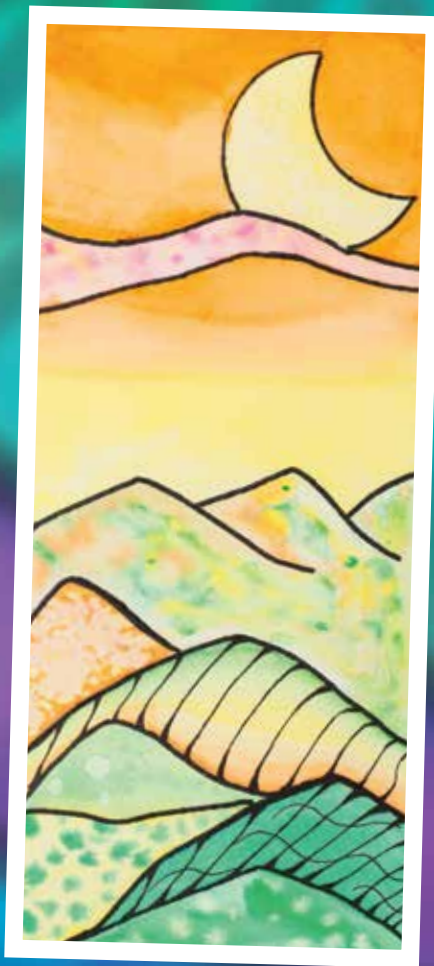
Devin Brown



Harrison Jones



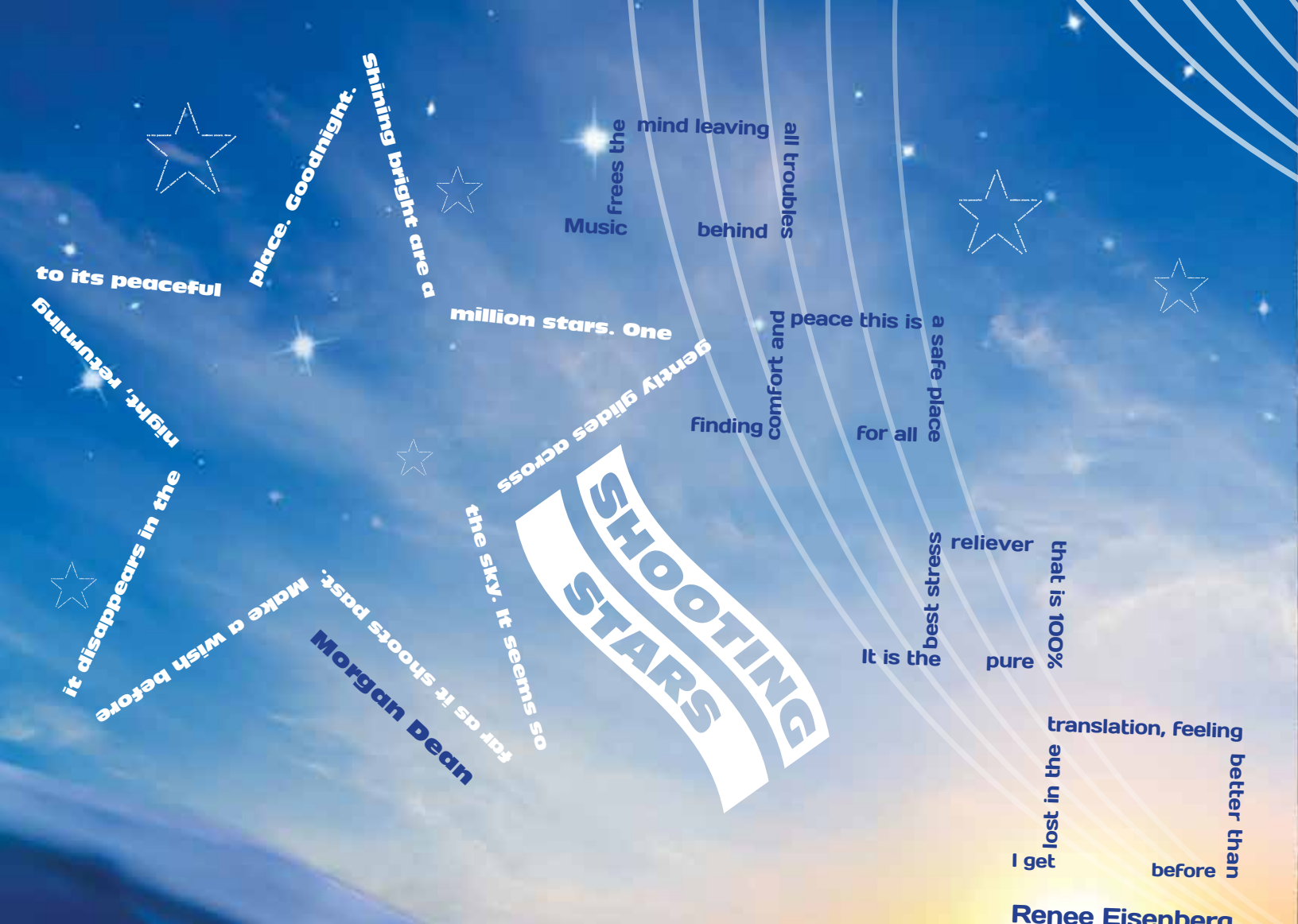
Madison Hart



Robert Korman



Lynne Eisenberg



to its peaceful  
 night, returning  
 it disappears in the  
 place. Goodnight.  
 shining bright are a  
 million stars. One  
 gently glides across  
 the sky. It seems  
 far as it shoots past.  
 Morgan Dean

Music  
 frees the  
 mind leaving  
 all troubles  
 behind  
 finding  
 comfort and  
 peace this is  
 a safe place  
 for all

It is the  
 best stress  
 reliever  
 pure  
 that is 100%  
 translation, feeling  
 lost in the  
 I get  
 before  
 better than  
 Renee Eisenberg

# Fish

They say that there are  
 plenty of fish in the sea. But there is  
 only one fish for me. Maybe it's time to move on.  
 But something about you keeps me holding on.  
 Everytime I see you I think about the past. Then  
 I realize that you're already  
 gone.

Morgan Herrick

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 plenty of fish in the sea. But there is  
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 I realize that you're already  
 gone.



**Marissa Hoffman**  
*"Family Memories"*  
Mixed Media



**Victoria Ahn**  
*"Myun He Kim Ahn"*  
Mixed Media

## ENGULFED IN A SONG

Memories are engulfed in a song  
with lyrics we both knew,  
lingering in those Sunday drives  
that were long in distance  
but short in time.

Felt in the cool breeze  
sifting through the winter air.

Found in the sounds of the  
lawnmower and  
the fresh scent following it.

One place memories will  
always be found  
is in the heart  
of a father's daughter.

*It's strange how memories work.*

—Madison Hart





**Victoria Klein**  
*"Totally Me"*  
White Charcoal on  
Black Paper

# KNIFE BY NATHAN ARNDT

*\*The selection below is an excerpt from a short story written by Nathan for the Scholastic Writing Competition.*

You will often hear words of wisdom, small pieces of information so dire that you would wish to act upon them in your moment of need. **It should be known**, though, that it may be near impossible to act upon something so philosophical in a time so drastic. Times like these, like the ones I am experiencing, lend themselves towards **a world where chaos reigns supreme**. I wouldn't want to upset the order of things.

I was told to always stay with a friend when going down these streets in the city. It was too dangerous for just one person to go down. I usually listened to what was told to me. Every time I walked down this street it was with my best friend. She was a fun type, always full of energy. She would sneak up on people, that hushed rush of steps before both her hands were planted on your shoulder, head snapping forwards **like that of a curious cat**. It would turn, and as you turned to look at her, you'd bump noses with her, and then when all the dust had settled, you'd be locked eye to eye. It was flirting in her own way. She did it with everyone, including me. We'd manage to stay like that for just a few moments before **we'd both burst out laughing**.

---

SHE HERSELF WAS FAIRLY TALL, STRIKING A FIGURE ON HER OWN WITH THE SOFT SLANTS OF HER EYES

---

She herself was fairly tall, striking a figure on her own with the soft slants of her eyes accented by the heavy mascara that was typical of her on a day-to-day basis. She was in a mock dress that day, wearing a black tank top and tutu-like skirt that pulled away from her body with layer after layer of tulle and chiffon. This look **wasn't out of the ordinary** for her and neither were the shoes on her feet. Fairly simple tennis shoes. They were **flat against the ground** but had plenty of padding for running. It helped her transition straight from the everyday experience of school to going out to be active.

She was my friend, three years now, one of the best I had ever had in truth. I was always that loner type, the one that was secluded from people. It was convenient to push away the ones close to me because I'd never have to experience things like betrayal and lies. With her, it was different, very different, and I felt comfortable with what I told her because I knew she would not speak a word beyond us—not even to her own close friends, people I'd grown accustomed to as well. **I trusted her. She was my friend.**



## Hidden in the Grass

obscurity caresses them  
shining like a gem  
they continue on their life  
buzzing about with no strife

they hide out in the leaves  
they hide out in the trees  
they hide out in the seeds  
they hide out even as fleas

living life carefree  
a life near free  
chased by predators  
they face their competitors

lifting their faces  
they see our places  
they wonder,  
what is this prison  
we think not of our condition

Harrison Jones

Harrison Jones  
Photography

# SAROYA'S TALE: AN ORIGIN MYTH

In a world where modern civilization was still buried deep in the earth, there lived a girl—Saroya. **Saroya was an average being** compared to her sisters. However, she possessed a heart **filled with love and desire** of which no one could satisfy but that of her beloved Aiden. **Aiden was a berserker**; he was full of strength, cunning war tactics, and a temper that could never be controlled. Aiden and Saroya were twin flames, made specifically for one another. When one was not in the presence of the other, both were left with a hunger that could never be satisfied. Nonetheless, Saroya's father, Stefanovich, **greatly despised Aiden**.

One day, as Saroya watched Aiden ride off into the sunset, her father approached her. He informed her that she should **never be with Aiden again**. As her father strode away, he turned to her and told her that she would be married within the fortnight. Horrified, she ran to her room, tears falling from her eyes. Later that night, she leapt onto her windowsill and silently jumped to the ground, running off in the direction Aiden

had headed. If her father denied her to be with him, she'd leave and allow herself to be with him.

She reached Aiden before dawn. Falling to her knees, she told him of her father's words. Hanging her head, **she allowed herself to cry** in great, heaving sobs. Aiden took her face in his hands and assured her that he would kill the man her father arranged for her before the next sunrise, stating his authority over her. This only made Saroya sob harder. She feared her father would murder Aiden himself. She looked into Aiden's beautiful blue eyes, studying his exquisite features and the long black hair that fell over his right eye just so. Then, she mouthed the words "run." That night they ran. **They ran until they both fell exhausted**.

Laying side by side, Aiden wrapped his arms around Saroya holding her tight as they watched the stars overhead.

Stefanovich was already agitated at his daughter for running off to find Aiden, and now that they had run off together, he was further enraged. Aiden heard

Stefanovich's approach first, and he pulled Saroya to her feet as he turned to flee. It was hours before they realized they would never escape Stefanovich's target-locked gaze. **Aiden wrapped his arms around Saroya and kissed her passionately**. He stepped back and began pushing the land inside of itself. Huge, towering pieces of land began to arise all around Saroya. Aiden knew if her father reached her he would kill her himself. When Aiden had finished there were **miles and miles of towering pieces of land** all around Saroya. Saroya could only watch in horror as her father murdered Aiden in cold blood.

As legend goes, the huge pieces of land, **now called mountains**, still exist today. These are all that is left of Aiden's love for Saroya and the sacrifice of his own life for hers.

**ASHLEY SHERMAN**



**Rachel Cosgrove**  
*"A Thing of the Past"*  
Charcoal

**Nikki Bernhardt**  
*"Black Telephone"*  
Ceramic



**Rigoberto Ramirez**  
*"Black and White Plate"*  
Ceramic Plate

**Lily Tran**  
*"Black and White Plate"*  
Ceramic Plate



**Morgan Yealy**  
*"Black and White Plate"*  
Ceramic Plate





Jennie Dell



Lynne Eisenberg

# ROSE WINDOWS



Shelby Gulden



Mackenzie Keeney



Kerry Almeida



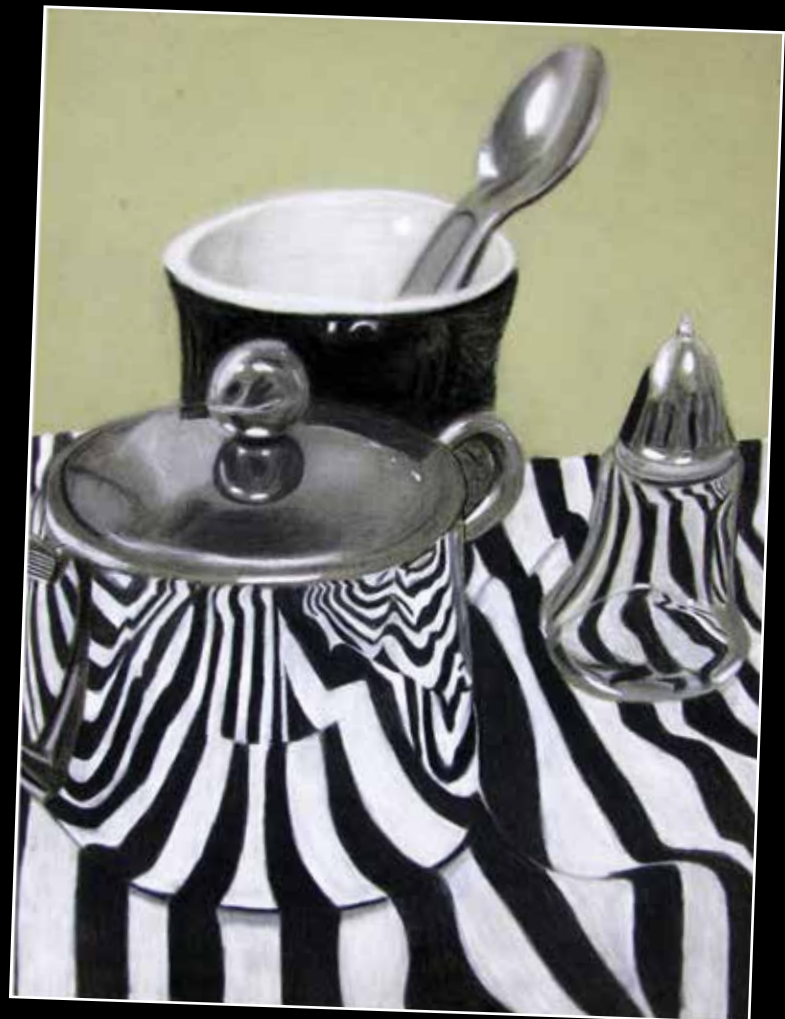
Renee Eisenberg



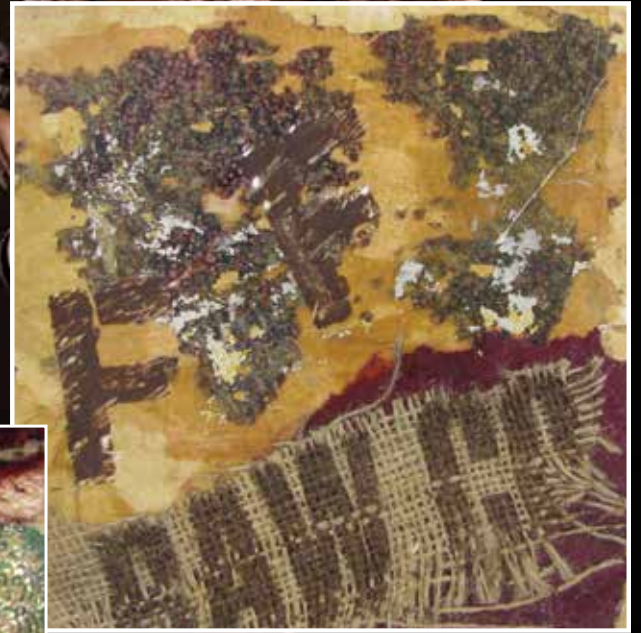
Josh Martin



**Annie Henry**  
*"Chow Time"*  
Charcoal



**Megan Senft**  
*"A Little Bit of Sugar"*  
Charcoal



**Cullen Rosenbrien**  
"Coffee Klatch"  
Mixed Media



## WINTER'S HAZE

With all intentions of work  
and none of rest,  
I arrive from the **brisk wind**,  
greeted by the **warmth**,  
and intoxicated by the scent  
of **hot tea being steeped**.

The steam in my face and the  
**hot touch of the clayware**,  
**comforts** rather than burns,  
as I encompass the mug in my hands.

As I sit against the **cold leather** and  
recline in my socks, I allow the warmth to  
penetrate **the cold**, which I harbor.

Now, drowning **in a sea of quilt**  
accompanied only by silence,  
**I drift** from the seat,  
without moving at all,

Into a land with many less worries  
and no discomfort,  
with no intentions of work  
**and all of rest**.

**CULLEN ROSENBRIEN**

# Hanover High School

401 Moul Avenue  
Hanover, PA 17331

