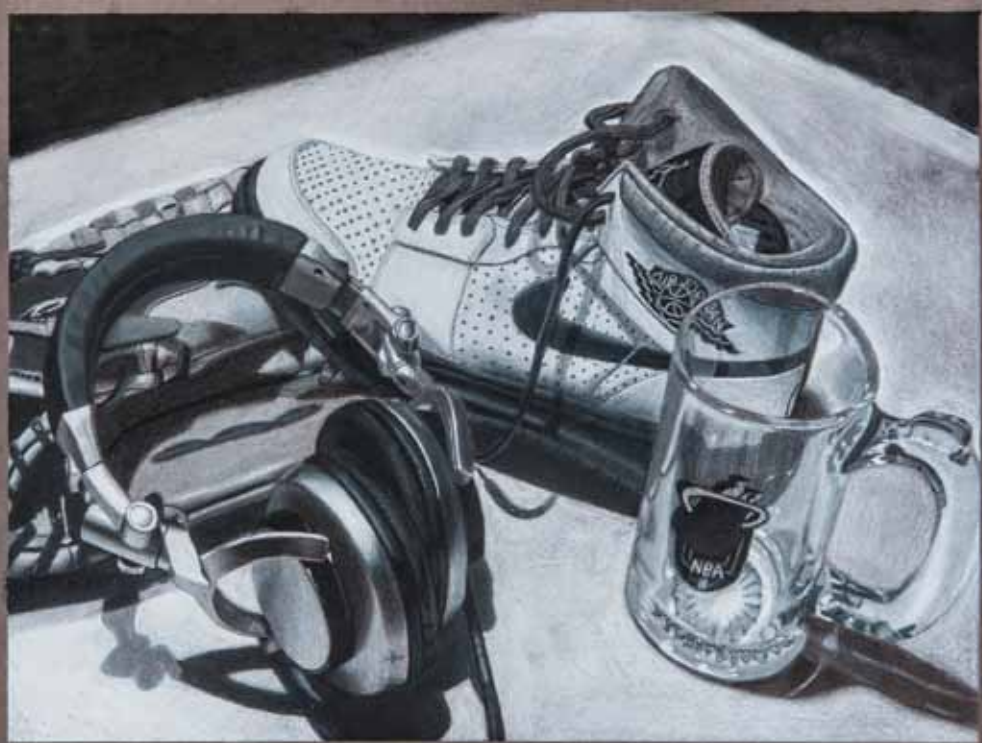




DIMENSIONS • 2014



HUNTER
MARKLE
"Junior
Year"
Charcoal



Hanover

by Garrett Reichart

Trees, leaves through the aperture
canary and crimson

altered from the glares
Smell of frying chips

Sunshine of early morn
On the wood desk

a piece of paper, the pencil
placed still, by which

a note is lying . . . And the
impeccable black chair.



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DIMENSIONS • 2014

ADVISORS: Megan Stitt
Marie Smith

Gold Key
Scholastic
Art 2014



Silver Key
Scholastic
Art 2014



Honorable Mention
Scholastic
2014



WHITE WATER

By Marissa Hoffman

*Fear consumes every part of my being
Anxiety sits on the top of my mind
I wonder,
Who will win this battle?*

*As we approach, people burst out of the bus
Excitement sweeps across their faces
While I,
Fade slowly into the crowd*

*In front and behind,
I see bodies lunge into
The "white water"*

*Floating,
Others experience Joy
While I am overtaken by fright
And soon, I could see no-
One.*

*An abyss of emptiness
Led me to cry as
The "white water"
Began closing in over my face
And sucks me up into its malicious
stomach*



KERRY
ALMEIDA
Pastel



NOAH
HARING
Pastel

BRIANNA
BLAIR
Pastel



TYLER
ROBISON
Pastel

DEVIN
BROWN
Pastel



*Fighting back the current
I feel no hope
I grasp onto a rock, choking
Straining for my inner tube,
My fears have become my reality*

*Unable to seize the tube
I discover myself under
The "white water"
Again.*

*Struggling to survive
Under the powerful clutch of the
waves,
A hand from above reaches
And lifts me to safety*



HARRISON
JONES
Pastel

*No trial or pain
Will ever test my heart
So much as it was
in
The "white water"*

*For, the water consumed me,
But the hand of mercy
Raised me from my
Grave.*

the silently suffering soul

by Henry Ecker

Friends look on
a delicately crafted disguise
makeup smeared on, heavily applied
Her slight visage contoured perfectly,
Eyes pop, brows colored in.

Yet, eyes twinkle,
smile-lines ghost:
Barely visible under
mounds of makeup masking
her extrinsic emotion,
a pathetic attempt to
stay true to her intrinsic self.

The group chortles,
cheers,
comraders,
chips away the chilled
glacier of sadness she squirrelled away.

The poor recluse,
hiding in plain sight,
she must paint her face,
wear her stilts and
prance around;
the ache she hides will
never be
found.

She locks her heart—
a spinning vortex
frozen protectively—
in a wrought-iron box
to hide her haunted heart
to surround herself
with ephemeral friends,
who will never
know
her
pain.



IAN BROWN
Self Portrait
White Charcoal



ANNE HENRY
"Untouched China"
Charcoal





ANNE HENRY
"Tree Stump Vase"
Ceramic



Right Feelings— *Write Feelings* by Anne Henry

This will be a happy poem.
It's going to be upbeat,
lighthearted, and fun.
It's going to make you feel
All "warm and fuzzy" inside.

It'll talk about love
And "forever".
It'll talk about the sweet, innocent
Purr of a baby kitten.
It'll talk about the beautifully
Euphoric feeling of eating chocolate cake.

But who am I kidding.
Saying I'm going to write a poem
About happiness . . .
It's silly.
And stupid.
And meaningless.

You can't force something.
You either feel it, or you don't.
Happiness is a feeling.
And to be completely honest,
I have not been happy in a long time.

So why go and write poems of lies.
Sugar coating realities
Just for an eloquent conglomeration
Of appealingly marvelous evasion.

No.

The truth,
Of not feeling.
A sort of numbness to emotion
That I did not choose
And would never wish upon even my enemy.
An emptiness that should be filled
With rage, pleasure, and every other mental state.
But remains.

What you are actually feeling,
That is what should be written.
Even if that "feeling" is not feeling at all.



EMILY HARRIS
"The Gift"
Charcoal

Gold Key Winner &
American Visions
Nominee





JENNIE DELL | "Greatest Show on Earth"
Collage



NIKKI BERNHARDT | "Mr. White"
Grisaille Painting



ANNE HENRY | "Obama"
Grisaille Painting



NOAH HARING | "America's Past Time"
Collage



The Human Complexity
by Haley Frederick

*Sometimes
I feel like people
are machines.
You have to take
them apart
to understand
how they were made.*

*Sometimes
I feel sorry
for fire.
It is so often seen
as destruction,
but not the things
it's good for.*

*Sometimes
I am a machine.*

*Sometimes
I am fire.*

ESTA PALABRA

by Brenda Castillo

¿Cuál es esta
palabra que usamos mucho?
¿Es algo que vemos?
¿O algo que tocamos?

No.

Es ese sentimiento adentro.
Que te hace emocionarte.
Las mariposas en tu estómago
que te hacen sonrojar.

Ese sentimiento que te da
cuando te abrazan fuerte
que te deja saber
que todo estará bien.

Cada vez que lo o la ves,
pierdes la cabeza
y de pronto
tus manos se tocan.

Cuando toman tu mano fuerte
son el ajuste perfecto
y luego empiezas a pensar
y pierdes la cabeza.

Lo o la miras
con lágrimas en tus ojos
pero las contienen
porque no puedes llorar.

Son dos simple palabras
los sentimientos que crecieron dentro de ti
abres tu boca
y dices. Te amo.

**MICHELLE
ALMANZA**
Oil Pastel



**MEGAN
SENFT**
"Los Flores"
Linoleum
Print

**AMANDA
WEIKERT**
Oil Pastel



This Word

by Carol Sargent

*What is this word
we use so much?
Is it something we see?
Or something we touch?*

No.

*It's that feeling inside.
That instant rush.
The butterflies in your stomach.
It makes you blush.*

*The feeling you get
when they hold you tight
that lets you know
everything's alright.*

*Every time you see them . . .
you lose your mind
and all of a sudden
your hands are intertwined.*

*When they hold your hand tight
they're a perfect fit
then you start thinking
and you just lose it.*

*You look at them
with tears in your eyes
but you hold them back
because you cannot cry.*

*It's three simple words
the feelings you grew
you open your mouth
and say . . . I love you.*



SAMANTHA
GILBERT
Tempera
Painting



BRIANA
ANGELES
Tempera
Painting



HANNAH
MARKLE
Tempera
Painting



LAUREN
WERNER
Tempera
Painting

Music

Make me, O Music
your melody.

Your harmony can be my name.

Make your notes my brain.

My heart is every song
sung by a beautiful voice.

My words are the lyrics
you utter.

-Sierra Hunter



Contest
Honorable
Mention

JEN REYNOLDS

EVENING OF COMEDY & MAGIC

Pen & Ink

ANNE HENRY

Comedy & DRAMA

Oh, thy director, make me your actress
Mold me and make me as you please
I am as comedy is to drama
My face is one but two
Emotions always changing
staying in a constant state of confusion
It's as my life is a play
a play not yet finished
My life is to a musical theatre drama
the beat dark and dreary
yet the words bright and helpful
My body is diseased with
the emotions of others
Others that I must become
My glazed eyes speak the lines
of a depressed young woman
While my voice sings the song
of an evil witch
I can bring alive the words on paper
through emotions from my own mouth
The stage brings me to my form
my form of who I am
Yet on the stage who I am
is everyone yet no one all at once
I have no true form
I am a peasant
I am a majestic queen
Oh director, make me your actress
I can be whomever you please.

—Jennie Dell



COURTNEY
HOFFHEINS



HUNTER
MARKLE

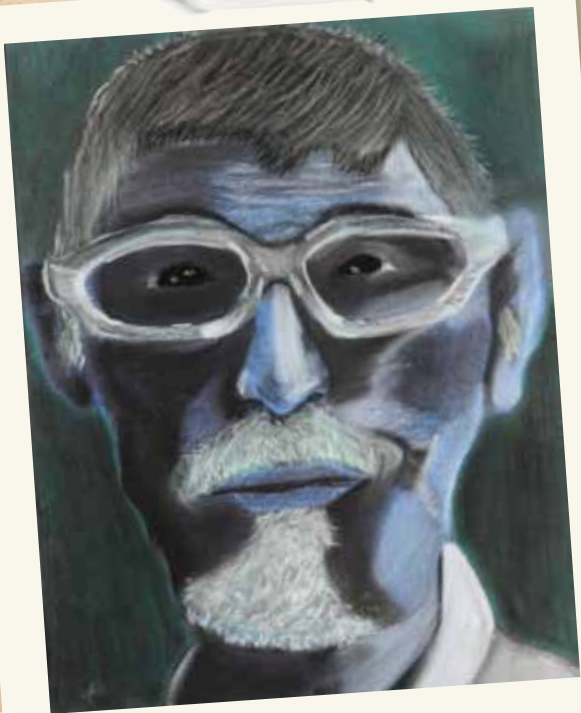
All of The "Old Men"



**DAMON
CLIFFORD**
"Too Old to Sail"
Pastel



**BECKY
COOK**
"Blank Stare"
Pastel



**NICK
TRISH**
Pastel



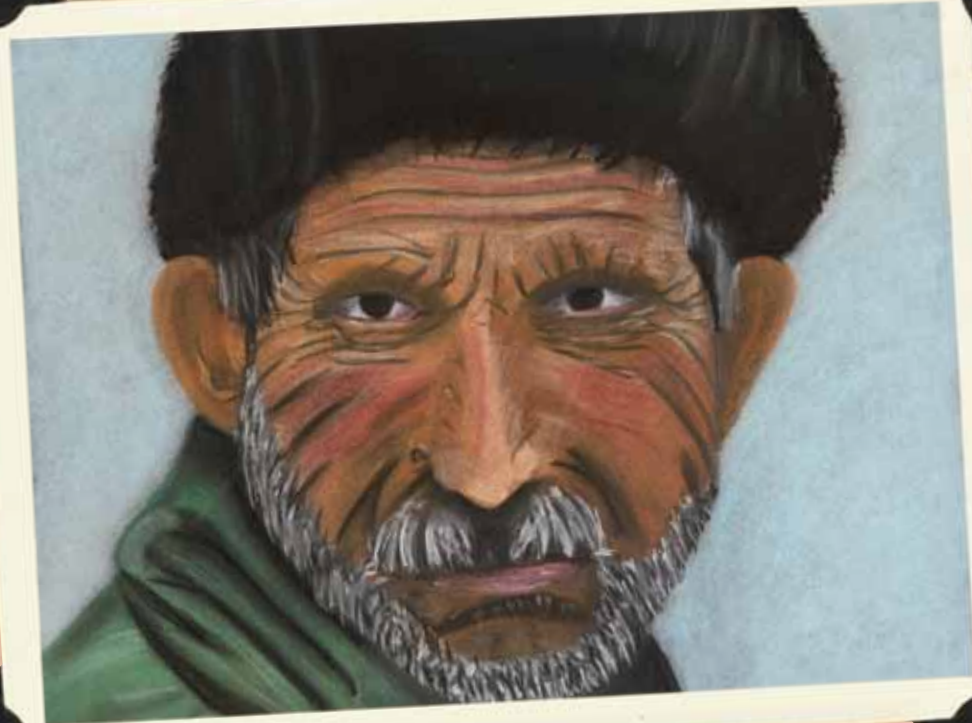
NIKKI
BERNHARDT
Pastel



GEORGIE
DECOSMO
"Earl Grey"
Pastel



MARISSA
HOFFMAN
"Weathering
the Storm"
Pastel



Excerpt from

“Gettysburg Ghost”

by Emily Giannini



Bullets of rain continued to strike the car, ricocheting off the surface like miniscule rubber balls hurled against a hardwood floor. Simultaneously, lightning struck, closely accompanied by thunder. Scrolling through picture after picture, I paused: A disfigured silhouette appeared in a family photo, so faint that its transparency nearly caused it to be overlooked at first glance. What appeared to be a reflection of light turned out to be a young man, his eyes fixated to the distance as if patiently waiting for someone to arrive. Attempting to get a closer look, the figure presented before my eyes unmistakably wore the clothing of a Union soldier, a hat, faded blue, resting upon his head; his body protected by the worn fleece of his once vivacious apparel. He stood pleasantly, one hand gripping his musket, the other resting comfortably in his pocket. Taking a second to process the image, my heart racing in fear and trepidation, I rubbed my eyes, gulped down a rather large amount of water, then dragged my eyes back to the photo. The soldier remained, engraved into the photo, though I had expected him to have disappeared; a mixture of fear and concern boiled in my chest as I anticipated the man to be figure of my imagination.

Continuing through my collection of photographs, I began to notice this familiar face time and time again; the face, though cautiously

alert, appeared mildly calm, a guardian angel sent to protect us from harm's way. Strangely enough, he never moved from his stance: musket in one hand, his other in pocket, looking off into the horizon. Instincts told me I should be frightened but reason told me otherwise. Not a trace of fear nor aggression washed over his face. Seeing this sense of calmness and serenity forced me to realize that

placed between myself and reality. An overwhelming abundance of thoughts provoked my mind, racing about like an Olympic runner heading into the last one-hundred meters of his mile, strides shortening into a sprint, feet anxiously pressing against the track.

Pulling out my camera, I captured one last memory of our remarkable trip. Impatiently waiting for the

... A disfigured silhouette appeared in a family photo, so faint that its transparency nearly caused it to be overlooked at first glance.

no harm laid before me. Feeling my blood pressure drop, pulse weakening, and my heart no longer racing like the wind, a sense of peace and relief floated over me.

The rain eased up as our car engine roared to life. My family, seemingly unaware of what I had just seen, continued to chuckle and discuss the braveness portrayed in the photo as my sister leaped from rock to rock, a sense of jubilation radiating from her triumphant posture, hands thrown above her head in immense elation. Glancing from side to side, it came as a surprise as they continued to reminisce, aimlessly, without a care in the world; not a trace of fear passed their faces, distorted from laughter. I'm trapped inside my own world, fearless and puzzled. Everything around me is turning to a blur, noises fading in the figurative distance I so easily

photo to load for what seemed like hours, it came as a displeasure when the image appeared pitch-black. Frustrated, I quickly took another. The shutter flashed closed, springing back open again instantaneously. Before my eyes came an imprinting image, one of horror and ruthless tragedy, that forced me to regret my decision. A battle of profuse brutality took place in the fields, soldiers shedding emotions as they wept at the sight of their fellow men lying lifeless by their side. More importantly, the lone soldier no longer stood in his standard position. Mere inches from where I sat, he stood, his hand, misfigured, pressed on the window of our vehicle. Despair covered his once unanimated face as beads of blood fell upon him from the sky, ricocheting off the surface like miniscule rubber balls thrown against a hardwood floor. ■



**KERRY
ALMEIDA**
Watercolor on Yupo



**JOSH
MARTIN**
Watercolor on Yupo



**MALLORY
REDDING**
Watercolor on Yupo

It's there,
Burning in the dark sky.
Leering towards the ground.

Its image.
Drawn in my core
Yet still before my eyes.

The glow,
and the icy chill.
Conquering this world.

The eerie quiet,
broken by the cry
whipping through the branches

The darkness
Fading to gray.
Embers sparkling in the void.

The burning extinguishes,
As the gray turns to white
Breaks to blue

— Courtney Hoffheins

Free by the sea

When I was a young girl,
free by the sea,
the waves seemed to swirl,
and sweep over me.

When I was a young man,
free by the sea,
His laugh would fill the air,
and sweep over me.

Together in loneliness,
free by the sea
desperate longing
would sweep over me.

Alone one again
free by the sea
his memory haunts
and sweeps over me.

*Inspired by William Shakespeare's
"When that I was and a little tiny boy"
—Shelby Barnes



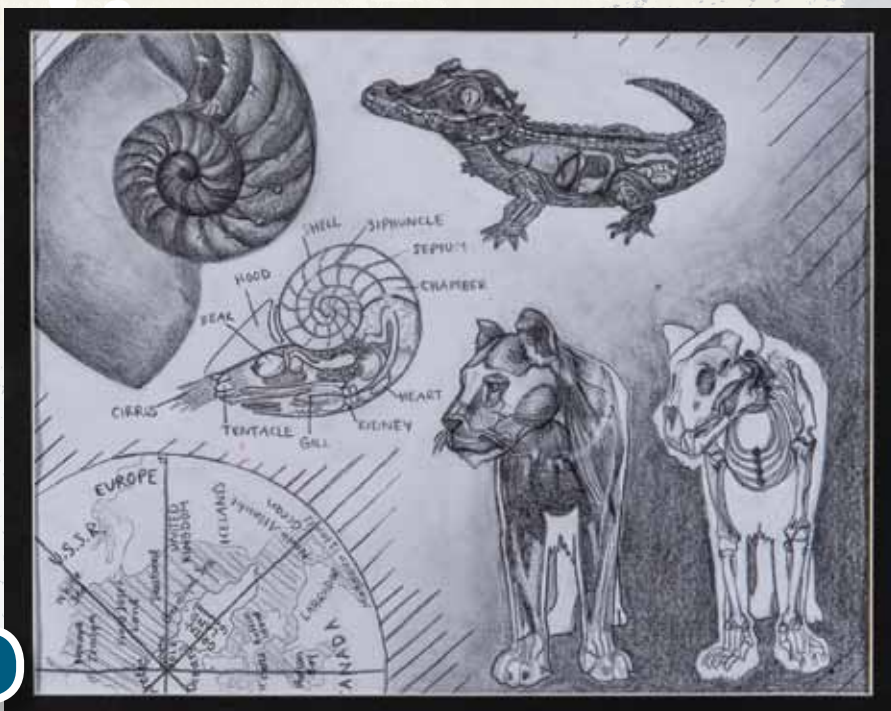
MARISSA
HOFFMAN
Graphite

YOU

You're black like a raven's wing,
your eyes as blue as the sky,
your beauty resembles
that of a god.

But, what I love
the most about you,
is the way that you love me.

—Ashlee Caler



BECKY
COOK
Graphite

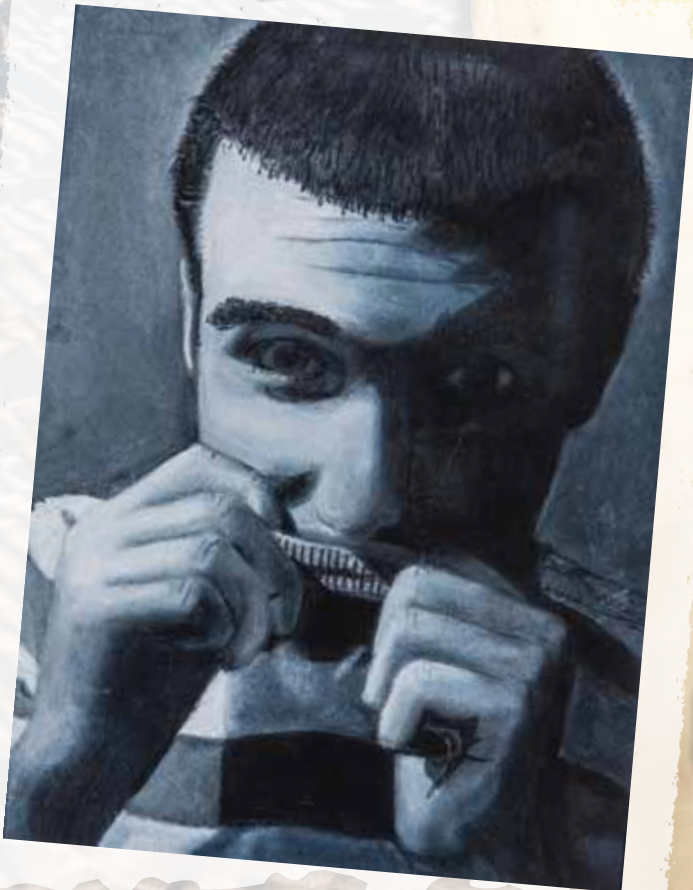




**MEGAN
CULBERT**
"Dreaming in
the Clouds"
Charcoal

Cape Cod

by Sierra Hunter



**HUNTER
MARKLE**
"Bazooka Joe"
White Charcoal

Waking up, going to the beach
Laying a bright towel on the warm, white sand.
Bathed in sunlight and soft music
Relaxing alone to watch the sunrise.

Sand-covered feet, padding along the seashore.
The perfume of sand and saltwater is
marvelously smothering.
A lighthouse in the distance that was once used
Now sits as a landmark, no longer keeping ships
away from treachery.

The aroma of the sea and hot spices overwhelms
Upon entering the seaside restaurant.
Live lobsters, and small a saltwater fish tank
fill the room

Along the walls, with other
nautical knick-knacks and menus.

Outside, eating, watching boats leave and
come home for the night.
Listening to the racket of seagulls
and boat motors.

Enjoying the view of the bay, wishing
to be on it
While the wind whips strands of hair
in every direction.




**HARRISON
JONES**
"Stern Wisconsin"
Photography



**COLTEN
EHRHART**
Self-Portrait
Tempera Painting



**LINDSEY
KING**
Charcoal

THE PROCESS

by Haley Frederick

Things build

And grow

And overflow

Inside my mind

And heart in kind

The mass expands

To reach my hands

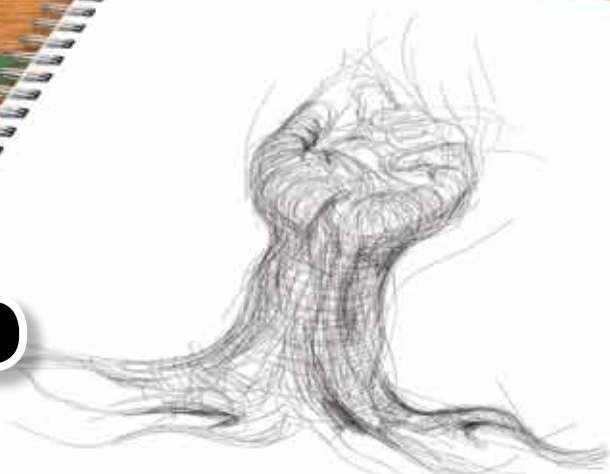
As I articulate

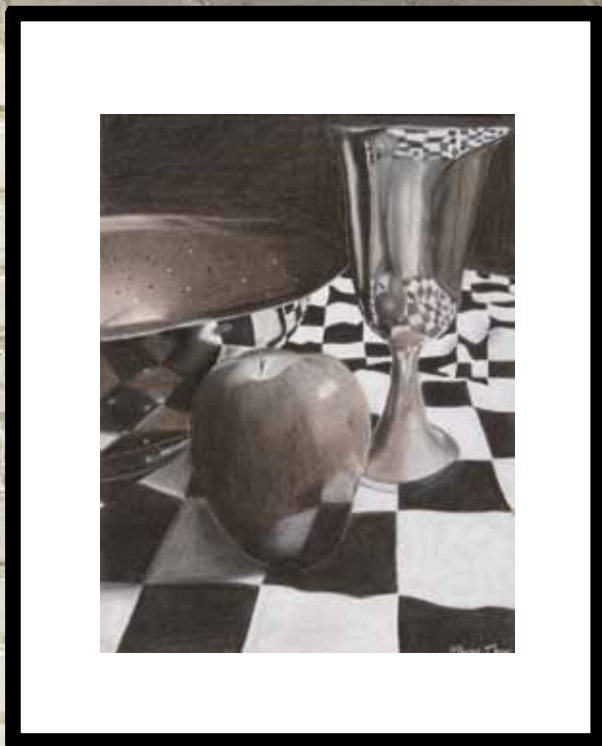
Ideas transform

And a poem is born

Then it is done

And expression has won





MORGAN
DEAN
Charcoal



BECKY COOK
"Moira"
Oil Pastel



SARANDA
GERLACH
Charcoal



Winter Has Just Begun

— Marissa Hoffman

Dusk pulls its blanket up early for bed
Slightly after the hand grips five
And all the goodnight stories have been read
Hello, goodbye, winter has just begun

Once heavy laden trees now rest with ease
As leaves slip hold and turn from red to brown
And all are gently tugged and twirled with peace
Hello, goodbye, winter has just begun

Children play outside with hats and gloves
And cold brushes both cheeks with red blush-tone
They jump and laugh carefree with playful shoves
Hello, goodbye, winter has just begun

They gather 'round and decorate the house
And hang the stocking up and light the tree
When done all turns as silent as a mouse
Hello, goodbye, winter has just begun

Then soon the roads are glossed with snow and ice
And all stay warm with tea and cozy throws
Snowed in, the need for rest will just suffice
Hello, goodbye, winter is almost done

* Winner of York Daily Record/
Versify's November Poem of the Month

* Inspired by William Shakespeare's -
"When that I was and a little tiny boy"



"Snow Sunset"



"Winter's Dove"



"Homeward at Dusk"

FEATURED PHOTOGRAPHER:
HARRISON JONES



"Almost Alien"



ReBirth

— Morgan Dean

Frigid, Dreary, Dull
A time of hibernation
Quiet, Still, Silence
Known for meditation
Barren lands and fragile bones
Strong and crisp wind
Everyone anticipates
A warm and beautiful Spring

Cheery, Bright, Breezy
A time of rejuvenation
Lively, Bright, Breezy
Known for warm awakenings
Blooming flowers and sunlit skies
Refreshing and calming rain
Wonder fills our hearts
As we wait for the next Spring



"Nature's Allure"



"Lady in Pink"



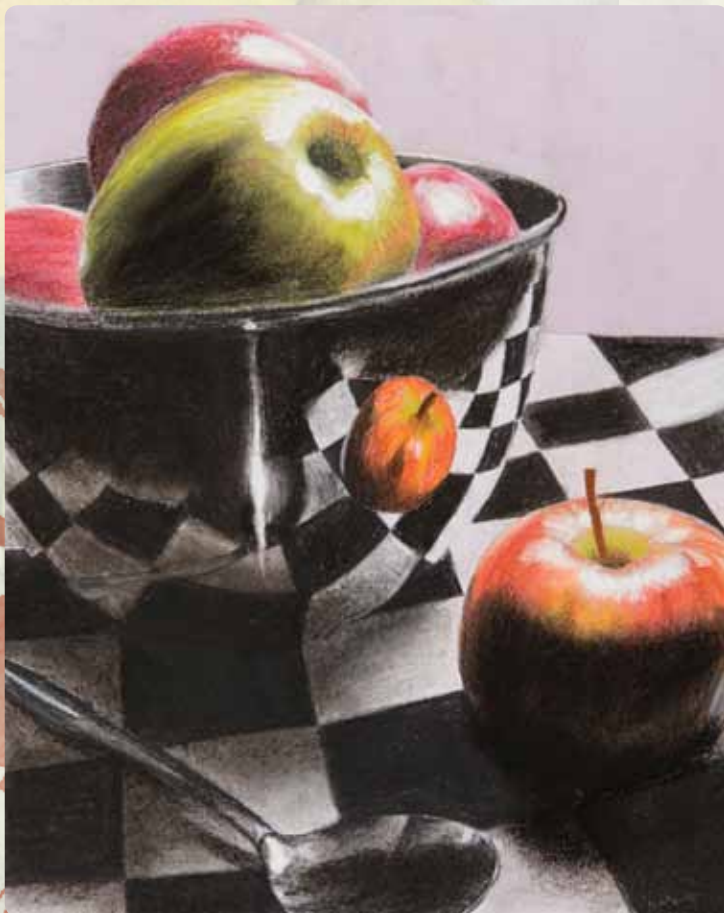
**ROB
KORMAN**
"Red Delicious"
Charcoal

Portal

by Rachael Abrams

His eyes run
with the clearest
blues
of which the
Venetian waterways
weep with jealousy
and the stars burst
as their beauty
cannot hope to
compare,

They are portals
to a piercing dimension
of enigmatic energy,
his eyes.



**RENEE
EISENBERG**
"Bowl of Apples"
Charcoal



GEORGIE
DECOSMO
"Pears"
Watercolor

FEATURED POET:
RACHAEL ABRAMS

Sub-Zero

by Rachael Abrams

Cold is a mold
creeping in skin
Forcing its way inside
bodies;

The shoes on feet
too shoddy

to contain any heat . . .

Legs freeze as the breeze

Bites at the flesh.

A torpid, aching death.

The sickly trees tease at a time

long forgotten, where lingering

Sun does shine,

Clouds and sky and warm mingling

To soothe precious plants

Down deep in the dirt —

Awaiting rebirth

end

by Rachael Abrams

Skin, ashen, strains
Against sharp bones

As stillness claws at
The emptiness, grey —

Star shines bright on a
Dull, lifeless mountain.

Stale air, stinking,
Stifles breaths . . .

Nothing moves. Light fades.

Cover your eyes.

Leave the camp.

UNCUT DIAMOND

by Nathan Arndt



**Scholastic
Honorable
Mention
Writer**

The
c o o l
night air wraps
around skin choking
the air from lungs in bitter
draws of smoke-tinged air. She
looks and spits more rings from behind
her mask, red embers catching from the lips
of the dragon lady. She smiles, but the burning of
the eyes turns a head away. Her mask grows until she
vanishes from cold.

The man walking the street looks and with a smile falls away into
the night, shadow drifting under streetlights desperate for a host.
Flies swarm and die, but never seem to succeed in finding their
beacon. They'll just be a puddle of the dead in the morning and
no one will know of their journey, nor of the man that saw it.

Words tinge lips and tears come to play and it's magic.
Tears stream and leave a face in such beauty as known
by none other. Comfort can be found in the misery and
the darkness that comes. Those words, though, they
linger, hanging in the night air for all to hear. Only
with the blush do they seem to be quenched.

In the streets riddled with sadness and those
forgettable momentos, there's some sort of
understanding between its members. No
one person is perfect, but rather many are
flawed. In these flaws come a gemstone,
glimmering in the night. Soft emeralds
in the eyes of the smoker or the gentle
sapphires of the drunk.

People are not some shiny
side. There is no such thing as
perfection. Each person is an
uncut diamond, beautiful
and flawed. Each attempt
at chiseling and shaping
that stone is done in
vain. At the end of the
day, people deserve
to be that uncut
majesty unflawed
by change. It's
what makes
them real.



Memory Project



MADISON
WERNER
Pastel



BRIANNA
BLAIR
Pastel



BRIANNA
BLAIR
Pastel



RENEE
EISENBERG
Pastel



I'VE MANY A MILE TO TRAVEL

I've many a mile
to travel

And far away
places to go

Tis sorrowful to
waste a lifetime

So I shall see what the
future will show

— Ryan Rudisill

HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

401 MOUL AVENUE • HANOVER, PA 17331