

DIMENSIONS 2016

VOLUME XIII / THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL



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Staff: Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Marie Smith

Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Marie Smith were granted an Award of Excellence from PenSPRA Excellence in Education Communication Contest 2014 in the category of Special Purpose Publication.

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Chasing the Dream

Thinking back to my early childhood, one of my fondest memories centered around a blue Fisher-Price car.

Apparently, it got passed down from a neighbor whose two children lovingly enjoyed driving it for at least six years, but it did not matter to me. I loved the car so much I spent countless hours driving it around the neighborhood and on the back patio. The vehicle, sturdy and made of molded plastic, had a front and back seat. The car's gadgets and accessories, a gas tank, a gas pump, and telephone, made it

extra fun. Instead of having pedals, I powered the car using the quick action of my bare feet.

My father helped me set up a track around the patio. The track included a pit stop, located in the center, where I could bring my car in to fill up or make repairs. Just like in NASCAR, when drivers have to qualify for their starting positions, my father would time my laps as I tried to beat my previous time. **I, swiftly and competitively, raced around the track until my feet became raw.** Weaving in and out of the furniture and hugging the inside curves, the car picked up

speed entering the straight away. My father acted as a commentator and gave the play-by-play as I fiercely raced around the track. If I won the race, **I climbed out of the car and banged on the roof celebrating my victory**, and my father interviewed me about my performance that day. Like all good drivers, I would mention my sponsors and say, "The Fisher-Price car ran good today. I would like to thank my crew chief and team for giving me a strong engine. The team made adjustments and the car got faster and faster throughout the day."

- Madison McDaniel



HELEN ROSENBRIEN / Grin and Bear It / Relief Print



EMMA HAGARMAN / Sweet Tooth / Watercolor



BRIANA MARTIN / Spring Flower / Oil Pastel



DANE DOWNEY / Red Grace / Oil Pastel



OLIVIA LAWRENCE / Poppy / Oil Pastel



BRANDI WALLACE / Pink / Oil Pastel

Happiness

Happiness comes from within

This is true

Money can't buy everything.

Life is a struggle

I know that

life is hard.

Turn the positives to negatives

Put your best foot out

Make your life yours!

Happiness comes from within.

-Kassandra Bolten

HANNAH MARKLE



BIRCH TREES / Acrylic

The Umbrella

Inspired by "The Bagel"
by David Ignatow

I bent down to catch the umbrella
leaping through the sticky air,
angry that I allowed the wind and raindrops to steal it
from my hands,
weak and slippery.
The umbrella twirled and cartwheeled along the street
as I chased through murky puddles,
water seeping through the toes of my high heel shoes.
The heels snapped.
I found myself rolling down the street,
dirty water staining my summer dress,
feet flying over my head,
somersaulting like the umbrella
and strangely, I laughed.

THE PARANORMAL CROSSING

Shutting the heavy car doors as gently and quietly as possible, we walked across the gray gravel, hesitant to approach the wooden mass staring back at us.

Brave and proud, I took the first step onto the bridge, and my friends hastily followed in fear of being left alone. We glanced back and forth, waiting for something creepy or supernatural to happen. Crickets chirping, cicadas buzzing, and water lapping on the shore, we yearned to hear an out-of-the-ordinary noise. When we heard a branch crack and leaves crunch in the thick, black woods, we knew there was someone, or something, watching us. Becoming increasingly anxious, we agreed to see if the camera flash legend the tour guides shared with us was true. Shaking, we held our cell phone cameras in our cold, trembling hands, facing the bridge. On a shaky count of three, we all flashed the bright, white lights over the crossing. Delicate spider webs illuminated in the rafters and nails, holding the bridge together like joints connecting bones, reflected back in our wide eyes. We turned the flashes off one at a time, eventually leaving one single flash shining across the bridge. Glancing at each other and turning the last flash off, our necks slowly turned to face the single most terrifying event we would ever experience.

Misty, translucent soldiers faced us, their necks twisted in strange

angles, making the military caps on their heads dangle by threads. Their faded dark blue clothing stained with deep, dark blotches of burgundy, filled our bodies with pure fear. Their beards, long and curly, swayed as the wind swirled through the air, sending the scent of tobacco and gunpowder straight through our nostrils. Completely horrified, our jaws dropped, resembling the black hole we faced. Painful, agonizing moans grew louder and louder, and then, they started to move. The sound of the spirits' feet stuffed in boots dragging across the wooden boards approached us faster and faster, and we, in complete shock, stood still, mouths and eyes wide open, tears and screams quickly forming. The moans turned to foul, angry grunts, and the pale, bony fingers of the ghosts slid

along their torn leather belts, reaching for their weapons. Without planning or hesitation, we simultaneously raced to our cars, feet pounding against the ground, hearts beating as fast as we were sprinting. As the rest of my friends crammed into cars, pushing and shoving, I fumbled with my keys, trying to start the engine and escape as quickly as possible.

Once I found the ignition, my wheels spun on the rocky road, creating a high-pitched screeching noise as we sped out of the park.

Once on the main roads, our heartbeats slowed and our lungs were able to accept oxygen again.



SELF-PORTRAIT / Charcoal



JON SPIELMAN / Me, Myself & I / Tempera



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Me / Tempera



ALYSSA LAUGHMAN / Seeing Green / Tempera



MADELYN DELL / Self-Portrait / Tempera

The Curtain

The curtain opens,

The curtain closes.

Such is life,

When time to die.

-Issac Silver



WENDY RAMOS / Self-Portrait / Tempera



MADISON JACOBS / Self-Portrait / Tempera



KRISSY DELL / Deep in Thought / Tempera

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Thunder roared as lightning split the sky. Waves crashing against the side of The Blue Moon. Inky black hands pushing and pulling as if to drag it under the blackened seas. The ship's crew had at the beginning of their journey been in high hopes and bright spirits. For the promise of gleaming jewels and riches untold had given them incentive powerful enough to go against better judgement on this fool's errand. Now, however, doubts and fears crawled in their minds, perched on their shoulders like leather winged beasts.

"Those two must be at each other's throats again."

A broad shouldered man built like a brick wall had spoken up above the turbulence of the storm. He stood at 6 feet, gnarled by the passing of time and hardened by a harsh life at sea. The men aboard, or at least those close enough to hear, had glanced at him in their panic as they dashed from one end to the other. Orders being thrown to the wind in the hopes of being heard. Although no more notice was put into the man's words. "That's alright" he thought to himself and grimaced. He stood looking out at the obscured horizon as rain came down like splintered ice. **"They'll know soon enough"**.

-Wendy Ramos

Night Terror

Andy jolted awake to a sound of breaking glass, seeing a girl with tattered hair and her dress caked with mud. She glided over to him, pulling the air from Andy into her own lungs, then she tucked his stiff, stone cold body back into the bed.

-Mekayla Sheely



DUSTIN RUTTER / Old Man / Digital Art



ALEX RAPP / Fear of Fire / Mixed Media

You're Next

"Mom, I'm telling you, I opened the door and Alby bolted out." I cried, pacing the floor. "Either you go and look for him or you wait until I get home from work. Goodbye, Lilyane." My mother snapped, ending the call. "You're a great help." I groaned, walking towards the wooded area behind my house. "ALBY!" I shouted, walking deeper into the trees. I continued to yell for him. Glancing to my left, I saw Alby lying dead on blood-covered leaves. I froze, crying. A voice from behind me uttered "You're next".

-Rachael Jones



NICOLAS SEYMOUR / Grains / Digital Art



MCKENNA SHAFFER / Butterfly Eye / Digital Art

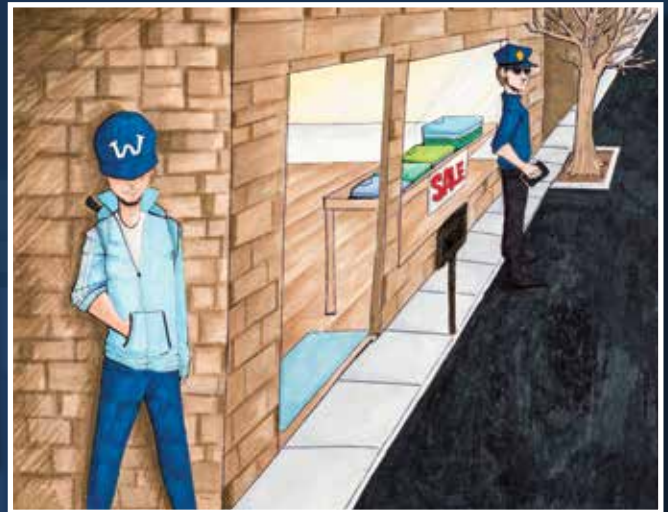
Scanning the room,
our eyes met.
Glued to each other,
we couldn't look away.
- Hannah Heagerty



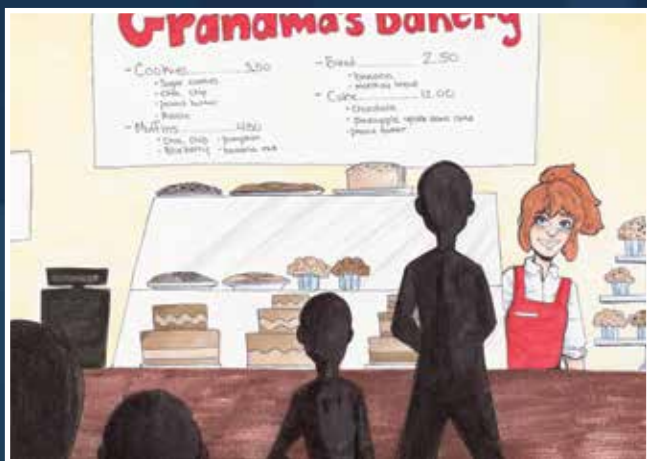
MARIAH SPENNER / Self-Portrait / Digital Art



JEN REYNOLDS / Interrupted / Ink



JEN REYNOLDS / On the Run / Ink



JEN REYNOLDS / At Work / Ink



JEN REYNOLDS / Meeting / Ink



ALEX RAPP / Fear of Puppets / Ink

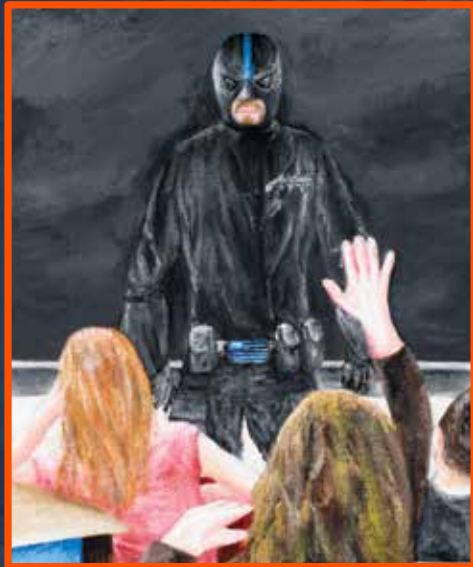
Acrylic Paintings by
Jack Spielman



Saving Cats from Fires



An All American Hero



A Classy Hero



Fan Mail

Bank Robbery

1. Give Me Your Money
2. To the Rescue
3. The Reaction of the Criminal
4. An Unstoppable Force





MADELYN DELL / Mint Chocolate Chip / Watercolor



BRI ANGELES / Marine / Watercolor



JESSICA REED / Bubbles / Watercolor

Unpopular Opinion

My bathing suit, a tight, uncomfortable one piece catastrophe, made me resent the vacation even more. After getting doused and bathed in spray sunscreen, I slowly dragged my feet towards the crowds of people in the sticky and dreadfully hot sand. Once I had drug my feet far enough to the point where my toes graced the powerful waves when they came to shore, the water, refreshing and ice-cold, seemed enjoyable. So, I inched further and further into the water. At this point, the salty water caved in around the middle of my shins and children much smaller than I brushed and jumped the big waves out way further than me. I, now feeling like a wimp, squirmed up further.

Before my eyes, I saw a *monstrous* wall of saltwater making its way towards me.

Having no experience with monstrous waves, I had no idea what would come my way. With no warning, the wave, a powerful force, consumed my body. Under the sheets of salty and course water, I felt no control over my body; with each call for help, I felt my life slowly wither away. My limbs flapped like a deflated tire against the road . With each heavy gulp, long and uncontrollable, my lungs dropped heavily like bowling balls. ***After what had seemed like an hour, I washed onto shore like a dead fish.*** Full of saltwater and hatred towards everyone and everything, I found my family; basking in the sun, smiling, and showing off their wonderfully toned and tanned skin that glowed radiantly in the bright sunlight. They laughed like hyenas, having the times of their lives, while I experienced a near-death endeavour. How could they be so fortunate? They seemed to being basking in their own self-glory. At that very moment, I vowed to never speak to them again for taking me to this deadly place, where truckloads of sunscreen left me with bubbly blisters.

-Bri Angeles

Millennials.

Few words can describe us—
lazy, dull, stupid
No one will say we are
eager, smart, creative.

We are
reliant on everyone
not
thinking of others.
We're always late.
Something we never are is

Early
We come prepared
To fail
We strive not
To succeed
We work.
We are millennials.

-Maria Drawbaugh



MICHELLE ALMANZA / Plastic / Collage



MAYRA PEREZ / Kaleidoscope / Acrylic



LORENA GOMEZ / Mystery / Colored Pencil

MY FORTRESS

THE DAY THAT I MET MY FATHER CHANGED MY LIFE DRASTICALLY, MAKING ME VIEW THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY. AFTER YEARS OF REFLECTING, I CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT BAD THINGS IN LIFE COULD BE A GIFT, MAKING US LEARN TO APPRECIATE EVERYTHING PRESENT IN LIFE AND VIEW WHAT WE DO NOT HAVE IN A POSITIVE WAY. I COULD NOT HAVE MY FATHER BY MY SIDE, BUT KNOWING HE LOVED ME AND THAT HE WOULD BE PROUD OF ANYTHING I ACCOMPLISHED WOULD KEEP ME GOING. ALTHOUGH I HAD NO CONTROL OVER HIS DEPORTATION AND MY MOTHER HAVING TO RAISE ME ALONE, I COULD NOT WISH FOR THINGS TO HAVE HAPPENED ANY OTHER WAY. WITHOUT THESE OUTCOMES IN THE OBSTACLES LIFE PUTS IN OUR WAY, I WOULD NOT BE THE STRONG AND CONFIDENT PERSON I AM TODAY. STRIVING TO PROSPER IN ANYTHING I SET MY MIND TO, **MY STRENGTH WILL ALWAYS COME FROM MY MOTHER, MY LOYAL COMPANION, AND FROM MY FATHER, MY FORTRESS.**

-NANCY DIAZ





RYLEE SMITH / Eyes of the World / Tempera

A Journey Through Words

A book is like a door
A pen like a key
Dreams caught on paper like a tribal charm
Clutched by a web of intersecting ink
Opening to a world
Of imaginative infinity

Open a cover
Read it and take another
Always be immersed
In this beautiful world
Verse by Verse

We hide away from our feelings in the wardrobe of our fantasies
We tuck away our fears in the creases of a page
All in all we hide from the things that make us brave
But yet we still feel so for the stories seem so real

For every child there is adventure
For every elder there is life's meaning
For every scholar there is truth
For every lost soul there is a path

Every romance feels like a fairy tale
Every challenge feels like a destiny
Every accomplishment a crown
And every train ride a mystery

We all find our way in the pages of a book
We all find the door in the frame of our stories
We seek out our lives in the tales of our dreams

-Zeke Kemmerling.

Depression

In the cold dead of night
the one who never sleeps
creeps within the shadows of every corner.
Hiding from the light of day
feared to be burned by its rays of hope.
He lies in wait for the opportunity
these opportunities come in many forms
thus making it difficult to see him coming.

Death, heartbreak, hardship

these are only some of the signs of his approach.
He sees all this past his dark red locks
past the tears that build up in his soulless eyes.
To see his next prey hurting and broken
like a crow coming down on a dead animal

this entity of darkness swoops down and consumes another lost soul.

All that remains is a hollow shell that roams,
wanders the earth for a soul to call their own
though this is not simple to attain.

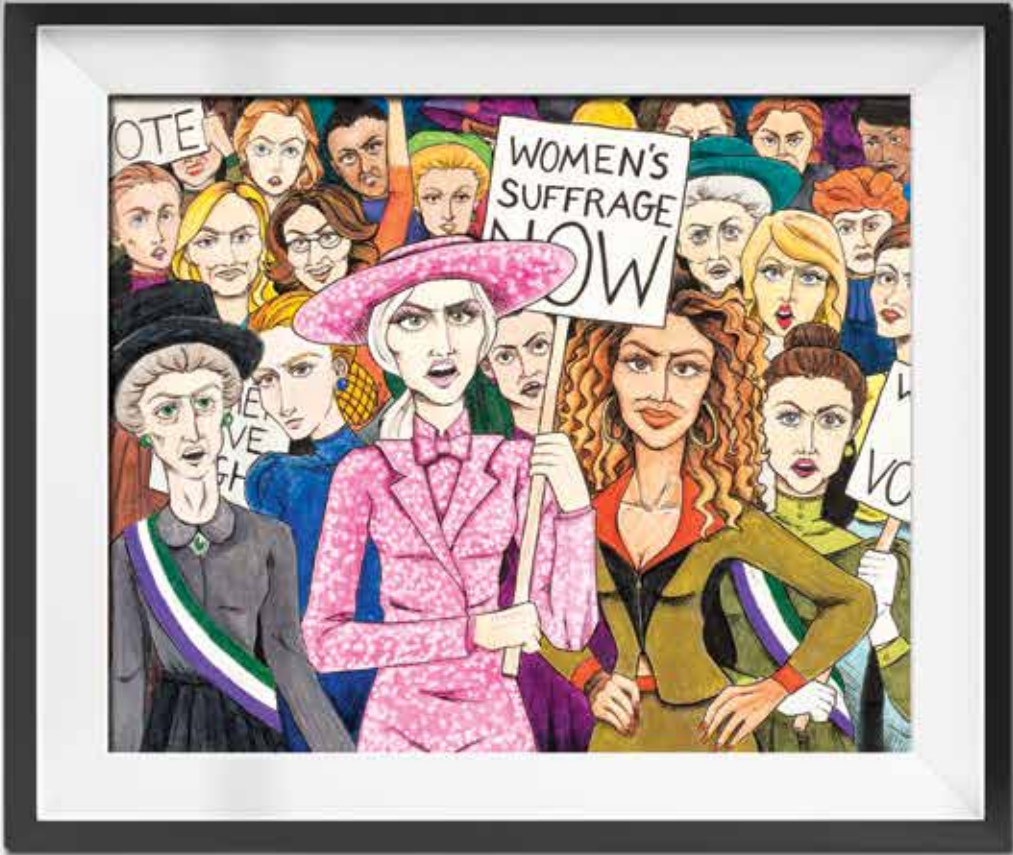
The crow follows you wherever you roam
quick to snatch up any light that may
taint his new host
that, or all who see you do not see you.
They only see the crow,
always looming, always circling you.
Making you just another shell
whom must roam this earth
coated in an eternal fog of darkness.

-Dane Downey

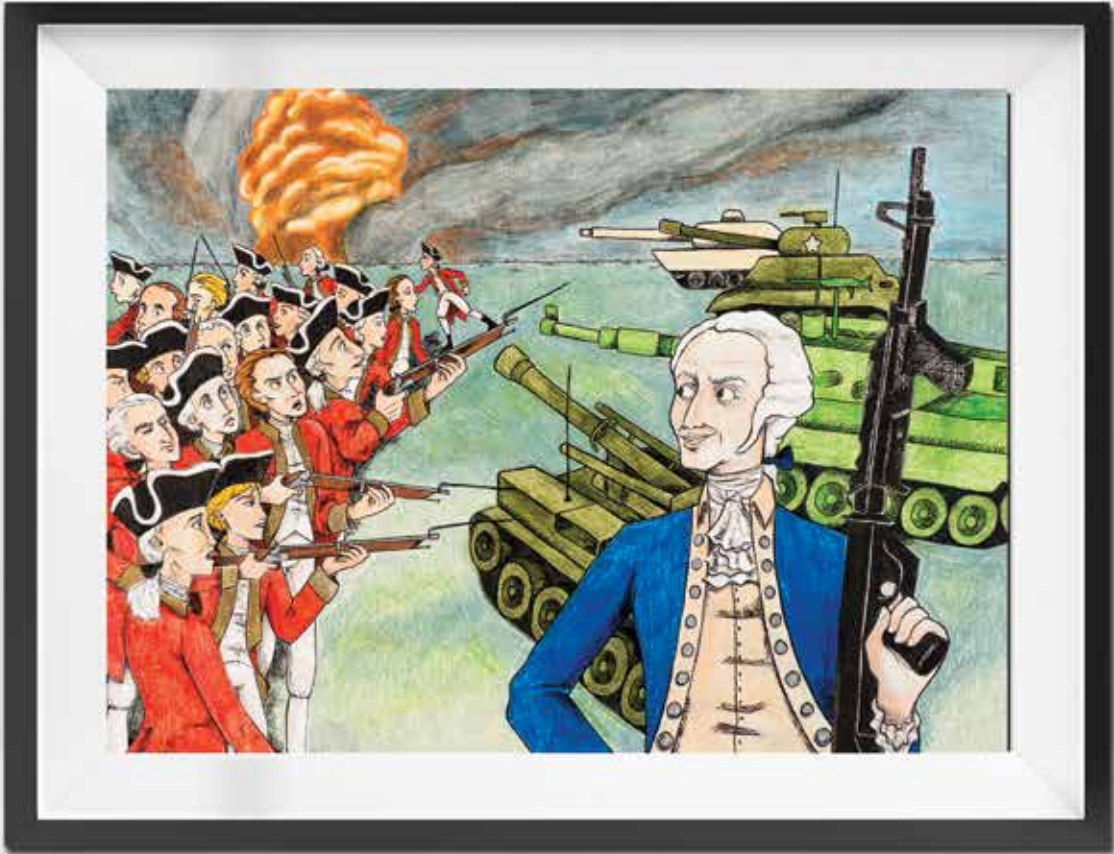


JACK SPIELMAN / Great Dane / Grisaille

Ink & Colored Pencil Drawings by
Autumn Brendle



Women's Suffrage



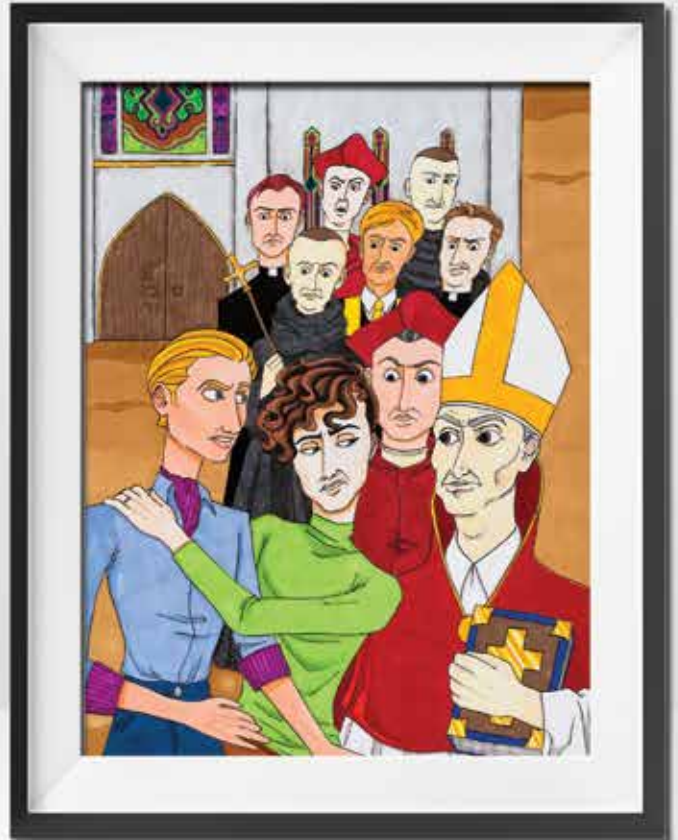
George's Army



Roll Over Beethoven



Elizabeth's Spring Collection



Gay Marriage



LUIS LARA / Raccoon / Scratchboard



APRIL BURGESS / Lizard / Scratchboard



AMA ALLISON / Panda / Scratchboard



JACOB LORENZO / Cat / Scratchboard



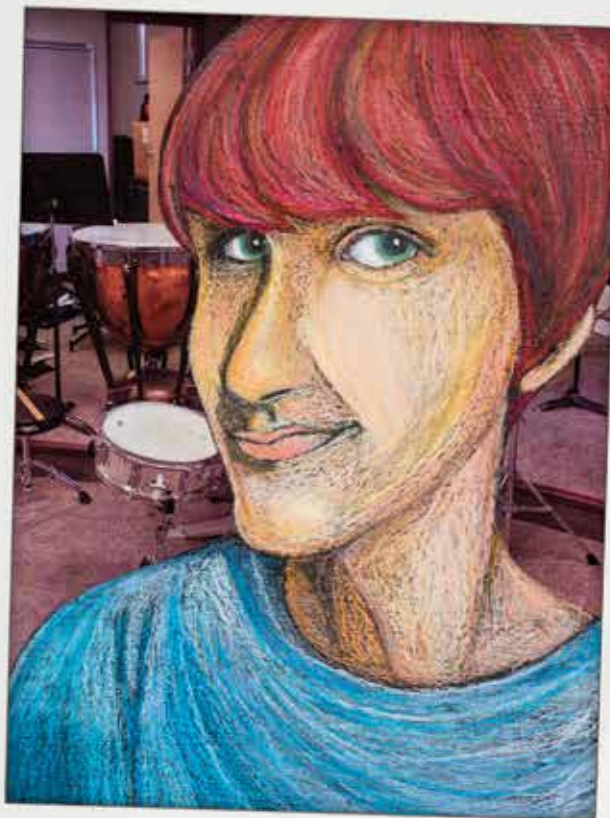
EMMA HAGARMAN / Owl / Scratchboard



NATHAN CALER / The Joker / Scratchboard

No Longer Retained

As my teacher neared the climax of the story, I managed to make my retainer do a complete 360 in my mouth. In amazement I tried to make it happen again, only this time it only flipped about 180 degrees before sliding down the back of my throat and latching onto what felt like the side of my throat. Grabbing onto the retainer in a panic, I gave it a gentle yank, trying to get it unstuck. As I began gagging on the rainbow colored piece of metal in my mouth, the taste of blood, salty and bitter, filled my mouth. Gagging, I quickly became the main focus of class. My teacher, face still and eyes narrowing in on me, asked if I needed to go to the nurse. After she heard me gurgle out an attempted answer, which put me in a great deal of pain, I shook my head up and down in hysteria. Standing up, I stood still with one hand on my retainer, making sure it wasn't going anywhere. With all eyes on me, I walked to the front of the class, snatched the hall pass, and off I went. My teacher ordered the girl



AUTUMN BRENDLE / Chloe / Grisaille Painting

sitting next to me to be my escort to the nurse, but before she could finish giving the girl instructions I disappeared. The hallway seemed endless as I trudged down the corridor in dismay. Reaching the nurse's office I let out a big sigh of relief, exuding a long line of drool dribble down my chin. -Sara Durika

The First Day

In fourth grade I took part in the foreign and unnerving experience of signing up for

football. At the time I had never even watched football let alone understood the intricacies and rules of the game. My mom, a caring and hardworking parent, dragged me to the location of the football signups. She marched me up to the coach, an intimidating man with a balding head and booming voice, and signed me up to participate. Silent and uneasy, I managed to look the head coach in the eye and shake his hand, sealing my fate.

-Dustin Rutter

The Weekend

Eggs,
Bacon,
Pancakes and,
maple syrup
drizzled on top.
coffee,
sugar stirred in.
Fuzzy pajamas,
and messy hair.
The weekend calls my name.

-Carolyn Delauder



BRI MARTIN / Still Life with Peaches / Charcoal

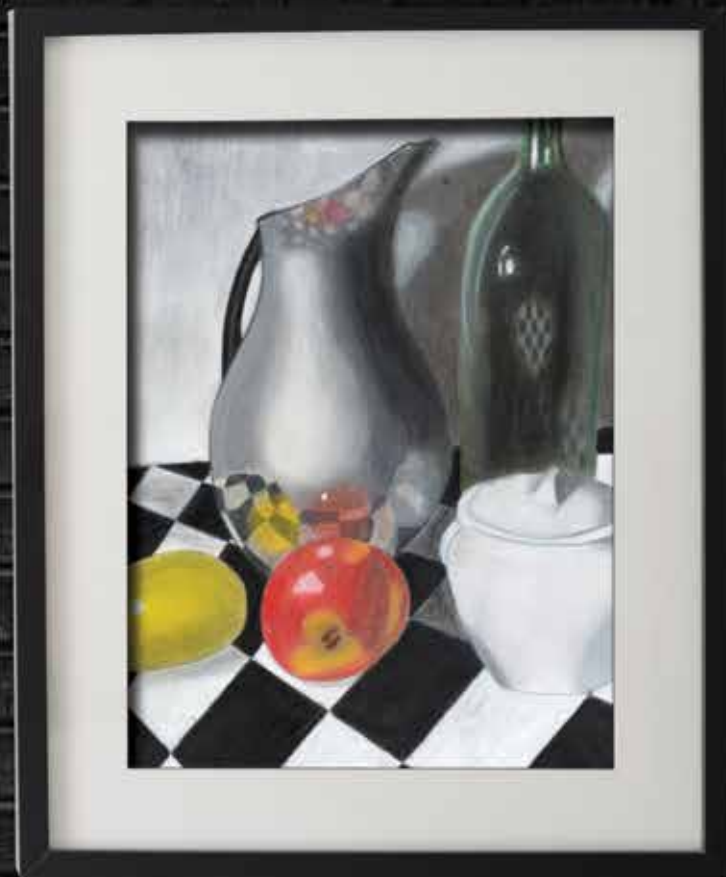


ABBY ROWE / Apples to Apples / Charcoal

Winter

Winter smells like a
burning chimney.
Winter looks like a
white blanket.
Winter feels like
ice on my skin.
Winter sounds like
the crackling of the snow
under snow boots.
Winter tastes like
hot chocolate on a cold day.

-Hannah Gibson



AVERY MARTZ / Still Life with Apple / Charcoal



RYLEE SMITH / Still Life with Apple / Charcoal



AUTUMN BRENDLE / The Plague / Ink Pen & Colored Pencil

WASTE BODIES

The surgeon stood at Martha's bedside and drew a square-like pattern on her scalp with a thick, black sharpie. The surgeon took the tray from the nurse and immediately grabbed a sharp scalpel off of it. The surgeon took the scalpel firmly in his hand and began to trace along the square-like pattern on Martha's forehead. Then, in a most grotesque manner, the surgeon grabbed Martha's scalp and peeled it back, revealing a large, fleshy, incision in Martha's scalp. Surprisingly, both the nurse and the surgeon seemed as calm as could be. Next, the surgeon reached his hand deep into the back of Martha's scalp and pulled out a long, cylindrical, silver battery that had a strange, blue luminescence. The young nurse grabbed a large trash bag and used it to cover Martha's body, and the surgeon inserted the peculiar, battery-like cylinder into a large glass flask. The nurse then walked down the hall of Morganstown Memorial Hospital pushing a gurney with the trash bag on top. She continued down the hallway to a door leading outside, and then proceeded to a large, green dumpster with a distinct label reading "waste bodies." The young, seemingly-feeble nurse dumped Martha's body effortlessly into the dumpster, as if she had done so numerous times before.

When she arrived back, she found the surgeon in the room with a new body lying on the hospital bed. The body laid limp and motionless on the table; it was the body of a beautiful, young woman with hazel eyes, white skin, and blonde hair that covered her face. The motionless woman also had an incision in her head, synonymous with that of Martha. The surgeon removed the silver, battery-like, cylinder from the glass flask and grasped it firmly in his hand. He then inserted the glowing battery into the the back of the beautiful woman's head, where her scalp was peeled back. Then, with much caution, the surgeon placed the woman's scalp back in place, and proceeded to stitch it back to her head, as if putting the completing a complex puzzle. Almost simultaneously, the surgeon left the room, obviously urgent to get to another place. Then, out of nowhere, the seemingly-dead, beautiful woman stood straight up from the hospital bed, with her blonde hair cascading down her shoulders. "Okay Miss Martha, we got you all fixed up," cheerfully exclaimed the nurse.

Then, in a tone and voice synonymous to Martha's, the woman responded, "It's greatly appreciated. I have to get on my way now." The woman stood up effortlessly and walked out of the hospital room, and she did so with the same hand posture, stride, smile, and personality of Martha, as if Martha had continued her life in another body.

-Henry Smith

FEAR

*Fear with a thumping heart finds solace in an enclosed hand.
He is as pale as a blush-colored peony
Shaking as if the wind howls fiercely around him
His hands mimic the rain pellets seen in the distance
Seeking comfort he shouts for company
Apologetic for making a scene is in his nature
As soon as the storm ceases he will venture out from his safe spot.*

-Grayson Capps

Numb in In-School-Suspension

I continued to replay the events of the past two days in my head. I couldn't believe what I had done; the reason why I was here. I had my reasons, and some pretty legitimate ones at that. Whatever. If I was stuck in here for three days, fine. I've decided that it was worth it.

I was walking through the hallway, filled with smelly, squeaky sneakers echoing around everyone. All of a sudden I heard rushed footsteps behind me and a, "Hey, can I talk to you?!" I turned around to find Robby, the boy who had been following me around for weeks.

"Sure," I muttered as I turned around to continue walking.

"Hey, homecoming would suck without you!"

I turned around to see Robby holding a handful of lollipops and a sign.

Good lord. Please get me out of here.

I stared blankly at the sign. He asked again, "So, uh, do want to go to homecoming with me?"

I felt awful, but I couldn't do it.

"I'm really sorry, Robby, but I'm just going with friends this year..."

The go-to-answer. He stared at me bovinely.

"I'm really sorry," I repeated.

"Well maybe you should stop acting like you can get a better guy than me when we both know you can't. Not with a body like that," he answered contritely.

I saw red behind my eyes. I blinked, and Robby was on the ground. I felt my fist throbbing and looked to see a red mark right on Robby's cheekbone.

Next thing I know, I'm in tears walking towards the office, so many pairs of eyes on me as I shuffled down the hall, the hall monitor close behind me.

So here I am. Cold and numb in the in-school-suspension room.

- **Madison Reck**



The background of the page is filled with a dense, overlapping collage of text from various newspaper articles and advertisements. The text is mostly illegible due to its small size and the way it is layered over the portrait. Some legible words and phrases include "RIFF'S SALE", "HANOVER APARTMENTS", "ITALIAN CANE", "SHERIFF", "BEGINNING", "BROCK", "PUPPIES", "MORTGAGE", "ASSOCIATION", "PROPERTY", "LIFE", "MARRIAGE", "MADISON RECK", "MIXED MEDIA", "DIMENSIONS 2016", "HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL", "VOLUME XIII", and "27".



Oda a los macarrones con queso

por Shania Womer

Me comes cuando se necesita algo rápido.
Soy muy blanda, pero buena.
Niños pequeños me aman.
Vengo en una caja, una taza, o un paquete.
Vengo en varias formas.
Pero sobre todo los fideos,
Mi queso es para morirse.
¿Qué soy yo?

Oda a los espaguetis

por Madison McDaniel

Se come en el almuerzo o la cena
Se sirve en los restaurantes
Fideos deben ser hervidos
Tiene una salsa de tomate
Algunas personas los comen con albóndigas
Y algunas personas los comen con pan
Hay que beber agua con estos

Son los espaguetis!



Oda al licuado

por Nicolas Seymour

Dulce y a veces amargo.
Hecho con muchas frutas.
Mi favorito es con plátanos y fresas.
Más común comerte con un popote.
Se podría hacer con una licuadora.
Un saludable plato.
A pesar de que puede ser muy insalubre.

Oda al pan a la francesa

por Grayson Capps

Usted me encontrará en un restaurante.
A veces hay fruta en mi.
En general tienen jarabe en mi.
Es posible que me encuentre con azúcar en polvo.
Estoy hecho con huevos y pan.
Yo soy café y dorado.
Lo mejor es comerme caliente.



Oda a pastel

por Hannah Markle

Te como cuando yo celebro,
Y en las bodas y graduaciones,
Con leche o helado, decorado con muchos colores.
Necesito un tenedor comerlo.
Puedes ser chocolate, vainilla, terciopelo rojo, fruta de coco,
Y eres cubierto con capa de azúcar.
Eres dulce, suave, y delicioso. ¡Tú me encantas!

Oda al pescado

por Lauren Werner

Me gusta nadar en el mar
Me puedes comer al lado de la playa
Vengo en muchos tipos diferentes
No me gusta ser atrapado
Soy lo mejor con la salsa de tartár
Yo tengo branquias
¡Te encanto!





HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

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