

DIMENSIONS 2018

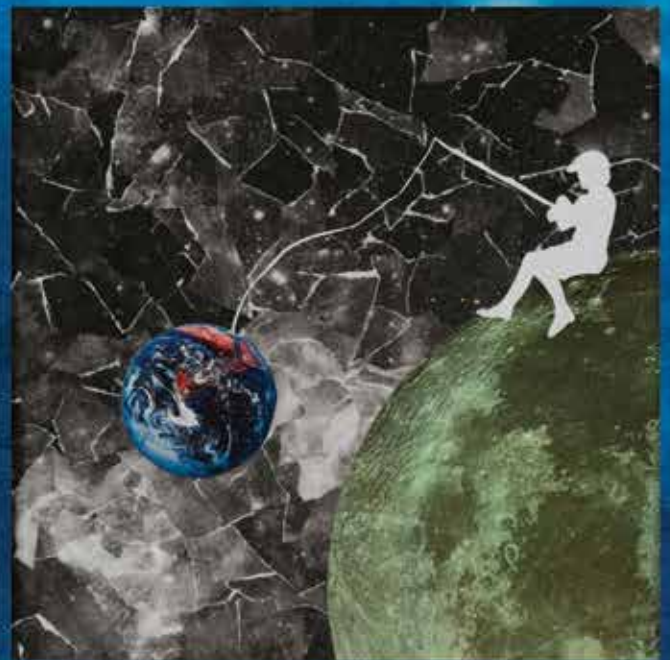


Volume XV
The Art & Literary Magazine
of Hanover High School

artwork

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ARTWORK ON THESE PAGES IS BY
EVERETT KENWORTHY / *Mixed Media*



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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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DIMENSIONS 2018



MADISON HANLON-RECK / Watercolor & Ink

MADISON HANLON-RECK / Watercolor & Ink



Trying Out

As a freshman trying out for district orchestra, I obviously had talent. I was going to prove to my entire orchestra of eleven that I was, in fact, the best player they had. I could play Sonata in G minor without my music--an incredibly impressive feat--and I knew all my scales by heart. I had received first chair cellist, a great honor for someone of my age. No one in our orchestra could do that, let alone a freshman. Thoroughly prepared, I definitely had a shot at this.

I woke up early that morning, packed my cello in its cherry red case, shiny and new--one that shouted for attention, just as I had hoped.

I got in the car for my dad to drive me to the auditions an hour away, at a school I had never even heard of. Breath puffing in the wintry morning air, my stomach churned the duration of the car ride.

We parked in a back parking lot that was already mostly filled, and I lugged my bulky instrument out of the trunk. The oversized thing strapped to my back, I trudged towards the doors. In a sudden rush of nerves, my legs became flimsy and weak, my

bladder even weaker. But no, I would persevere--this is not how this was going to end. I opened the door to find a thin, reedy boy standing in the middle of the entrance, peering at me as I entered, playing his violin boisterously and just a little bit too confidently, smirking and keeping his eyes glued to anything that moved, like a bird of prey. He dragged his bow across the strings in a large sweeping motion, ending on a long and loud chord before he began bowing

away, his fingers crossing over the strings furiously.

Sidestepping around the boy awkwardly as he continued playing, watchful eyes waiting for his next victim, I wandered down the next hallway towards the sound of continuous clamor of bowing and plucking.

Madison Hanlon-Reck

The Journey into Adulthood

I later ask my brother to play games with me as the adults have all indulged in their own affairs. Grandpa reads a book while my grandmother warns my father of his unhealthy habits out in the kitchen. My brother and I keep ourselves occupied until it is time to open presents. As all of us hesitate to start, waiting for someone else to be the first, grandma sits against the wall observing with disappointment. All she says is "I'm sorry it isn't much," suffocating me with guilt.

After the exchange I tell the adults that I'm tired and need a nap. All leave for the kitchen to make more small talk. I sit down in grandpa's chair, alone in the deep silence, and take in the view. The ribbons hang there in the same place they did seven years ago. The owl on the lamp still remains flightless and now dusty. The village, that must have taken grandma at least an hour to set up, is lifeless. If I look hard enough, in the mirror I can see mother standing behind me and my brother dashing in front of me with my cousin closely behind, chasing him with some insect in hand. I hear only the dim sound of "Jingle Bells" from the music player outside and the sounds of my breath. If I listen hard enough I can hear the faint sound of my aunt's silly laugh and two known melodies through the sour ring of the untuned piano. At this time I realize why weariness has been hovering over my head all night,

I will never again have that special moment when everything is unspoiled and sweet as the honey glazed ham grandma used to make.

My ignorance lays on the deathbed reliving its greatest memories. This very room, that had once been my childhood, now has nothing to offer me but sadness, detachment, doubtful hope.

I look around and nothing has ever made me want to cry more.

Emily Hamm



MADISON HANLON-RECK / Acrylic



MADISON HANLON-RECK / Graphite

A Good Foundation

The open rafters that helped insulate turned into spotlights, warmth filling my face the way sunlight never could. Thin, plastered walls turned into the wings of the stage, black curtains kissing the stage. A dusty plaid couch that held the weight of every family member I knew faced the wall in front of me. No longer was it a couch, now it stood as seats that filled an auditorium of eager audience members. They lent me their eyes, and I promised to give them back.

As I danced along the cracked wooden floor panels, my problems slipped through and filled in the missing pieces. The stairs that separated my stage from a mere home gym served as a ballet barre, and I imagined a ballet teacher, stern and caring, showing me the steps. "Neck elongated, stomach in, ribs closed..." she encouraged. When the music came to a halt, and I opened my eyes, recognizing the exposed rafters, the raggedy couch that traveled through time with me, I realized that there was no audience, only my reflection in the broken vanity mirror.

A good foundation lacks error, a good foundation is sturdy, a good foundation is dependable, a good foundation will be built on.

Malcolm Ellis



ELLA KRENZER / *Mixed Media*



JON SPIELMAN / *Mixed Media*



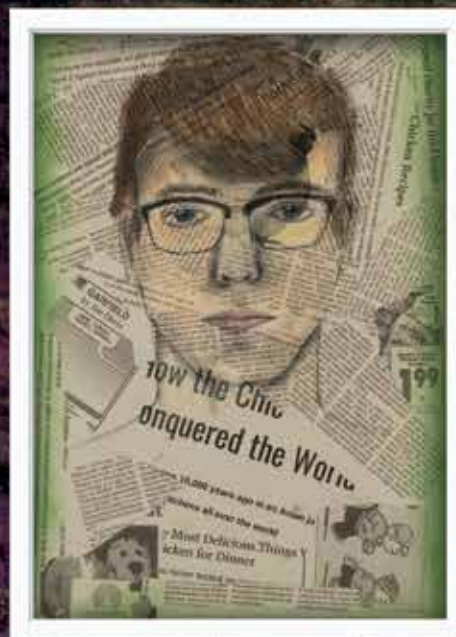
ALYSSA JOHNSON / *Tempera*



LYDIA HOBSON / *Mixed Media*



SAIGE STEVENS / *Scholastic Silver key / Charcoal*



JOSH LYNN / *Mixed Media*



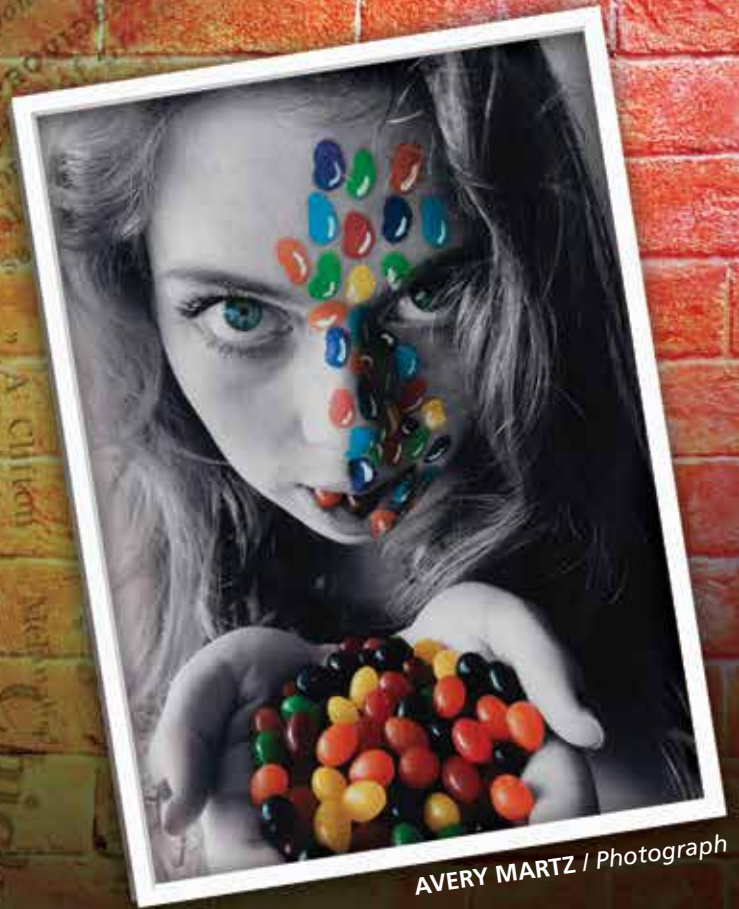
JOE VOGEL / *Mixed Media*



SHARAY MITCHELL / *Mixed Media*



EVERY MARTZ / Photograph



EVERY MARTZ / Photograph

GAME FACE

On the long yellow school bus, emotions flooded my body. Excited and nervous, I focused in on my music, my source of adrenaline, to pump me up for my game. Music streamed through my headphones with my game day playlist, the playlist consisting of every inspirational and motivational song ever written. I sat in the back of the bus, gazing out the handprint smothered windows, looking at the acres of cornfields and soybeans. **It only took one glance up at the bright blue sky for me to be indulged in the white puffy clouds, clouds that reminded me of the marshmallows I spent endless summer nights roasting.** Everyone knew our destination lied right around the corner once we approached the large, blue water tower that looked over the whole town.

Half an hour and ten songs later, we arrived at the Biglerville field hockey field with our game faces on. Creaking and screeching, the bus came to a stop. We loaded up our equipment and trudged on over to the field like a mini marching band. For all of my teammates, the Biglerville game was just another step on the path to districts. On the other hand, I arrived at Biglerville ready to make school history.

Avery Martz

ON A MISSION

My night began with with a Grey's Anatomy marathon, a usual theme in my life. I enjoy watching myriad medical tv shows as they not only amuse me, but also fascinate my budding interest in the medical field. In fact, I have completed copious college applications to get into a Physician Assistant program after high school. **Because of my desire, I decided to make a rash decision.**

I arrived in the hospital parking lot, anxious yet enthusiastic about my plan. The wind, swift and chilly, swept my hair in various directions while goosebumps surfaced upon my body. I looked around at my surroundings; for 3:32 in the morning, the amount of cars in the parking lot surprised me. Questions bolted through my mind. What occurs in the hospital at 3:00 in the morning? Why are there so many people here at this time?

My feet moved me towards the large, brick building. Heart pounding against my chest, I contemplated whether or not I should actually go through the main doors. How could I, an obvious teenager, sneak into a hospital without getting caught?

Elaina Freeze

ABIGAIL LAWRENCE / Paper Cutting



JON SPIELMAN / Paper Cutting

TARGET @ CHRISTMAS

I love Target. Pretty decent clothes. Make up. Food. Starbucks. Now, I'm not a basic girl, but if there's anything basic about me, it's my Starbucks obsession. That's besides the point. **Christmas in Target is a living hell. Literally.** You think the world is going to explode since everyone is running around getting stuff. I don't know why because they're going to die anyway. The first time I went in there during Christmas, I knew it wasn't going to end well. Battlefield. Worse than

Warped Tour. I started to make my usual rounds slow people in front of me. People trying to come the other way on my side.

Get on your own side, peasant! I was already getting anxiety. I finally made it to the back. Should I look at Christmas trees? Nope, too many people. Onto food. People everywhere. My anxiety was getting worse. Of course I didn't bring the stuff to help it because I didn't realize how

psychotic Christmas was. It just got worse from there. I'm done. I started heading to the clothing section. Safe haven. It was still busy but a lot better. My anxiety lightened up just a little. I saw someone I didn't like from school. I hid behind some sweaters until he was gone. He's weird. Finally, my mom came back. She knows where to find me. Let's go! I've never been that relieved to feel the painfully cold air.

MEKAYLA SHEELY



LYDIA HOBSON / Paper Cutting



EMMA LANIER / Paper Cutting

WE WERE MERELY FRESHMEN

I step down from the bus and onto the oddly slushy ground, my black converse hightops squelching in protest, disgusted by the after effects of the late season snow. We both know that I'd like to run and the slippery ground would prevent my trusted pair of shoes from carrying me away. I sigh, looking toward the silhouette of the Hanover High.

He gives me a translucent look of understanding and I take another cement-filled step toward the school. Brown water invades my shoe, soaking my socks with a cold and wet sense of foreboding. Another step and I feel a pull at my abdomen, a

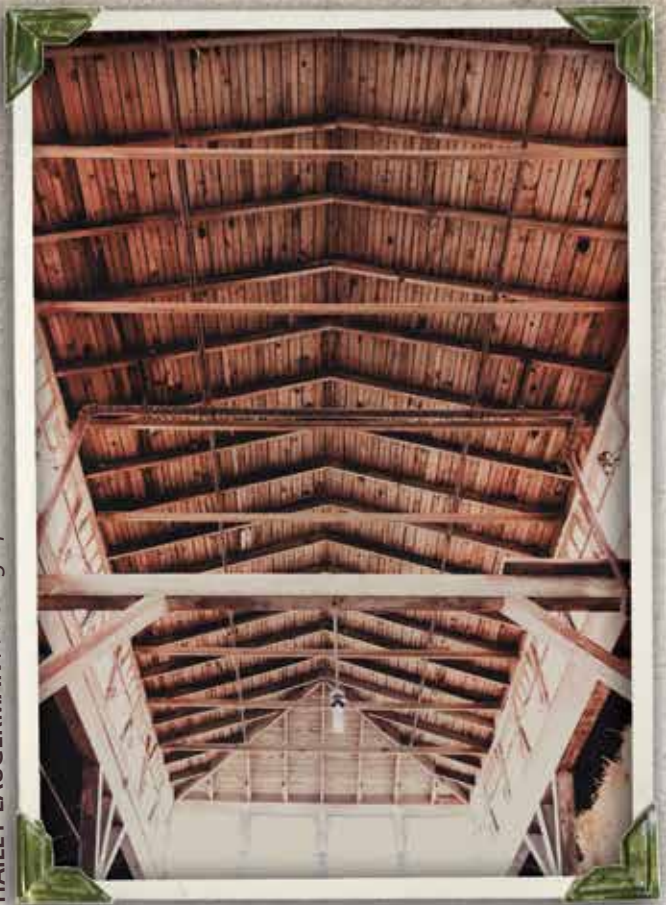
kind of odd squeeze as if my stomach is pulling its knees to its chest in a quiet corner of my rib cage, trying to use my lungs as a security blanket. I breath in through my nose, counting to four just like Donna taught me.

The smell of dirt, grass and runoff overflowing the streams of the environmental lab some football field's length away fill my nose. I push the air out, my lungs deflating as my shoulders slump, every finger falling limp as they unfold from their previously curled position, revealing the broken skin on my palms in places that I had no knowledge of them digging into.

EMMA LANIER



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph

Summer with Trio

This summer a neighbor asked my family if we knew about the mother cat and her four kittens running around our cul-de-sac on the fourth of July. This news, exciting and intriguing, sparked a curiosity in me.

After observing the kittens for days, my mom and I noticed that three of the kittens and their mother had abandoned the smallest one. We wondered why they would do this, but the wondering ended when we saw him limping to the food we had left for him.

“He must have been left behind because he couldn’t keep up,” said my mom as we sat on our porch gazing at the hurt kitten. Knowing he might need medical attention made me want to rescue him even more.

Eventually by enticing the kitten over to our yard with food, he started to come to our yard nightly for dinner and lived in the bushes and brush of a different neighbor. Mom thought we should name him Trio because he only had three good legs, and I thought that fit him perfectly. Trio, soft but scruffy, would appear yawning and waiting for food, and as time went on, his three other siblings found their way back into our yard, too.

Near the end of July, my family and I went on vacation and had someone come take care of our pets and the kittens, but when we returned home, our four kittens had disappeared. Searching and asking neighbors if they had seen our kittens, my mom and I routinely walked around the neighborhood. Nobody knew what had happened, but everyone, alert and concerned, agreed to call if they saw them.



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph

DAYANA ALVAREZ / Photograph



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



A week before school started we received a call saying a neighbor a few blocks over had found a hurt kitten in his yard. My mom, heart pounding, bolted out of the house and down the block. After about an hour, I got a text, and to my surprise, I saw the most adorable picture of Trio lounging on the neighbor's deck. Overjoyed with happiness, I waited for my mom to come home. He let his guard down and instantly become the most affectionate kitten that would crawl up in my lap and rub against my face purring all the while.

The next morning we took Trio to the vet, and he told us he thought Trio had an incurable virus or rare case of lungworms. We treated him for lungworms, and as the days passed, my family and I fell more and more in love with Trio. Quarantined to the bathroom, I found myself sitting on the floor with him all day and night. Trio made some progress, but after a week, we took him back to the vet for an x-ray. The x-ray revealed that Trio, born different than most, had his intestines in his chest cavity. Trio had a five percent chance of living if given surgery. In light of my pleas, my parents brought him home and agreed to have the surgery the following Tuesday.

Later that night, Trio started to decline rapidly as he did not want to eat or sleep. I went to take a shower not knowing that when I returned I would face such a heartbreaking event. Minutes before I came back to the dining room, Trio limped his way to both my mom's and dad's feet and then laid on his side. Born with organs up in his chest cavity, Trio could not lie on his side because he could not breathe comfortably. I entered the room and bent down to admire him. Making eye contact for only a split second, my mom could see Trio dying. My dad rushed me into my living room where I stood bawling and repeating to myself, "God no".

Moments that felt like years came to an end when my dad shuffled into the room and worded to me, "He's gone". My dad held me, and for the first time in my life, I saw my dad tear up.

In retrospect, I've come to realize that Trio came home to die. Grateful for our time together, I consider him a blessing to my family. He not only stole our hearts but the hearts of many of our neighbors as well. Challenged with walking and breathing problems since birth, he lived his life like any other healthy cat. Trio, a symbol for strength and hope, inspires me to persevere when times get tough. Knowing that he died surrounded with love comforts me. He will always have an everlasting place in my heart.

Michelle McDaniel



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph

English Castles

I hope I dream of English castles.
I hope I also dream of you.
These things both are worlds away
But yet, I still need to make do.

I'll think of you each waking moment,
Though I never see you by.
I'll visit castles in my memories.
This won't suffice, but still, I'll try.

I haven't seen you for a cent'ry.
We'll never meet again, but still,
I'll dream of you in English castles,
And pray to God someday we will.

Since you, like structures cent'ries old
Are worth, to me, no less than gold.

Bridget Shea

A Glimpse of a Forgotten Childhood

I was never allowed to go up the rickety wooden stairs to the room over my grandmother's garage without clutching the hand of my older cousin. My grandmother always stationed herself at the bottom of the stairs, watching my every move with fearful eyes. She undoubtedly imagined a seven year old me tumbling down the stairs. With an eye-roll and a shake of my head, I clambered up the stairs after my cousin, always ecstatic to see the dim, cramped, dilapidated room. A bitter smell permeated the unoccupied room. An inch of dust covered all the surfaces of the room with flying particles visible in the small patches of sunlight streaming through the yellowed glass of the window. The room was full of boxes. Boxes full of years old birthday cards addressed to me and signed by people I didn't know. Boxes full of junk that had somehow migrated up from the garage. Boxes full of my father's stuff from high school.

This small room above the garage was where my father hung out with his friends after school and on the weekends. Signs of his antics could be seen throughout the room.

A beaten up sofa with springs popping up out of the cushions laid haphazardly across the frayed carpet. Stacks upon stacks of CD's cluttered the floor; album covers full of names I didn't recognize. Colorful Grateful Dead posters covered the walls.

The place was a cluttered mess and I loved pawing through the boxes. The boxes gave me a glance into my father's life as a kid.

During this time of my life, my father worked twelve hour days. The father I knew didn't have time to hang out with his friends or listen to music or even take a minute to relax. The father I knew came home exhausted and covered in dust from work. The father I knew made silly jokes, trying to get his kids to crack a smile, masking his exhaustion. The father I knew didn't have the time for unimportant things like that room.

Sierra Stevens

Not Merely a Player

As a child, I wanted to be an actress. While watching TV, movies, plays, I saw the performers and hoped to someday be just like them. Thankfully my parents, two tolerating individuals, obliged to my whims and would take me to various shows, and even let me perform in a few productions myself; but as I grew up, my wishes changed. I still loved acting, of course, but as I learned more about myself and the world, I decided that this career path, difficult and often unrewarding, was not for me. My point is that for all of my life, I loved acting. I had my first role in *Charlotte's Web* at the YMCA when I was seven. When I was eight, I had a small role in my elementary school's concert. The next year, I had a leading role in that same performance shortly after I appeared on Hanover High School's stage as a newsboy in *Miracle on 34th Street*.

Once I entered middle school, I began to act more often as more opportunities became available to me. Then, I became a high school student, and I made the decision to opt out of the first play so I could put my full attention on my schoolwork. I ended up miserable.

However, another opportunity to appear in the spotlight soon approached, for it was time to prepare for our school's annual drama night. The directors picked the play, a spoof of *Jekyll and Hyde*, held auditions, and assigned parts.

Our play, light and fun, delighted every audience member. We, the freshmen, performed before everyone else, so we had to wait through three other performances, none of which I remember better than our own. After each one, the time had come for the judges to leave the room and debate over the results while the actors patiently and obediently wait onstage to hear them. My peers and I waited on our school's stage for what seemed like hours. My head, brimming with anxiety, raced over the many possibilities. How would we do overall? Would we win best play? Would I perhaps even win something?

After waiting an eternity, the judges finally agreed. They began to announce the results one at a time, and before each one, my heart raced. Of course I hoped that our class would win something, in fact, I expected to do so. A tiny part of me held out hope that, just maybe, I could win something too; however, there was a larger part of me that told the rest that it was impossible, I was a freshman, inexperienced and green, I could never win when I was up against all these talented upperclassmen.

Finally, the judges announced the night's last category: best actress. In the miniscule moment before they announced the winner's name, my mind was a blur. Eyes darting over every other actor on the stage, I wondered who it could be. Then, I heard my name called. I won. My mind forced my legs to walk to the front of the stage; they refused to do so on their own. I couldn't believe this happened to me. In that moment, I ceased to be Bridget Shea, awkward high school student. Instead, I was Bridget Shea, best actress.

Now that I'm a high school senior, wise and worldly, I know that this was not an oddity. The title that I earned my freshman year has consistently been given to freshmen since then. But because of that night, I learned that performing is just as much a part of me as any physical trait. For all the world's a stage, but I am by no means a mere player.

Bridget Shea



MADDIE DELL / Collage



DIEGO AGUILAR / Photograph



DIEGO AGUILAR / Photograph



Thank you

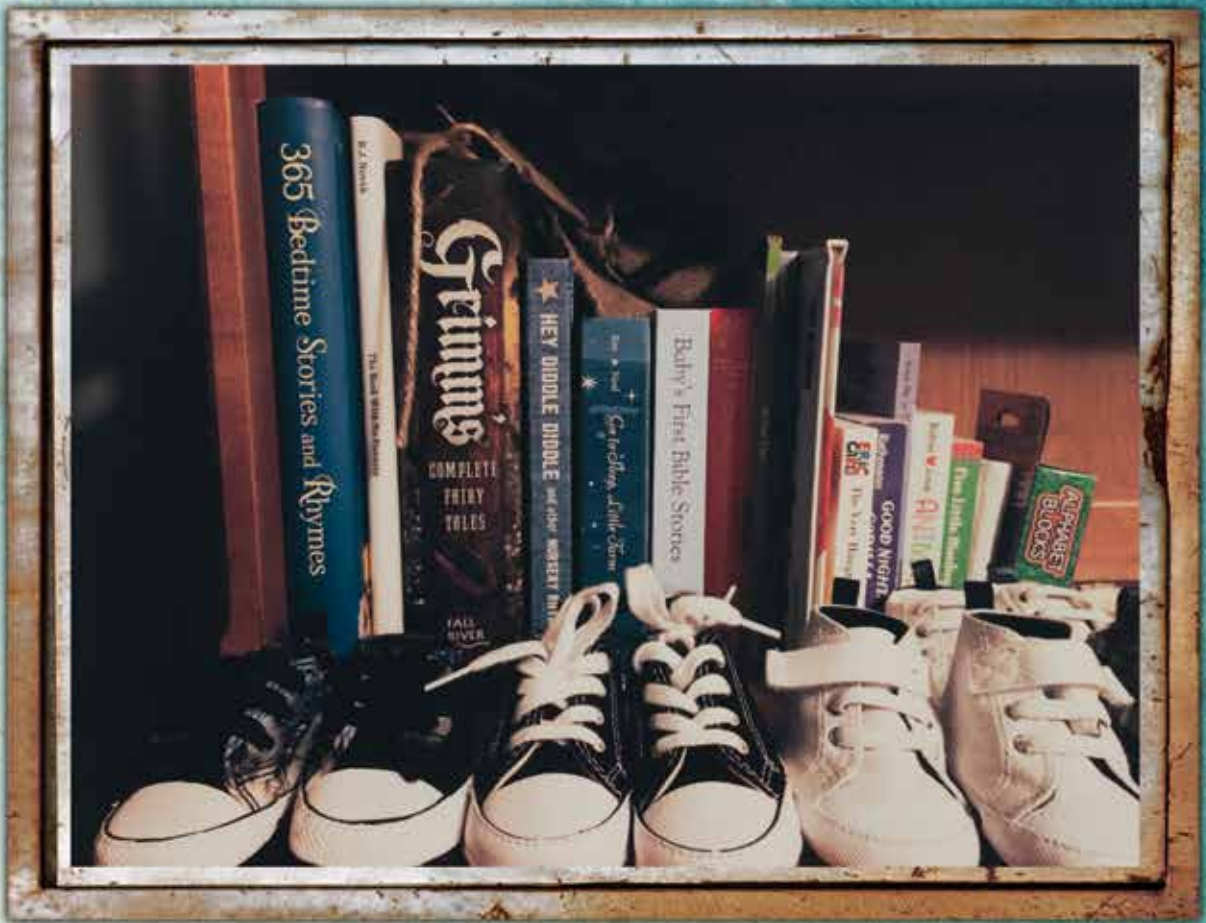
When the sky darkens and the fog clouds the earth,
I stumble, losing sight of the path ahead,
And I forget that I'm loved, forgetting my worth.
You search for me, unlike the ones who've fled.

You offer me your hand to keep me from fading,
Pulling me close into the warmth of your arms
Gently wiping the tears that won't stop falling,
And you continue to hold me as if I'm a precious charm.

Despite my flaws, you whisper words of love,
Words which I hope to one day to return
Or pass along to another who are in need of,
And maybe hold you and wipe your tears in turn.

Allona Frock

CHLOE ASPER / Photograph



Family First

The internet holds lot of stories and secrets, but I never thought it would be the place where I found my sister's sonogram.

Confused and lost in a daze, I couldn't quite place what reality truly felt like. I couldn't confront her about it; I recently turned ten and she just enrolled into college. I looked up to her and respected her, and yet, a single picture changed my entire perspective.

{ The person I looked up to the most lied and hid such a big part of her life. }

As the months went on, I saw not only her stomach grow, but her grow as a person. Times became somewhat difficult and we always struggled financially, but we got by for her and for the sake of baby Kherington. As the months passed, I anxiously waited for the arrival of my niece.

One night, my mother, brother, sister, and I decided to take a trip to Friendly's. Ordering the cheeseburger sliders and the waffle fries, my sister ordered the same thing, plus a monster

sundae that I begged my mother to get me every time we went. Our food arrived, and before my sister could lift a single fry to her mouth, she grunted in pain; another contraction. As my food disappeared from my plate, the contractions worsened and became a lot shorter. Eventually, my mom called my father and took my brother and I home, all while trying to calm down my sister.

November 29th, 2012, became a life-changing date for not only my sister, but everyone around her. Kherington Noelle came into this world and I have loved her ever since I saw her sonogram.

{ The first time I held her, she grabbed my cheek as I cradled her small head into my gentle arms. I knew then in that moment, she would be everything to me. This all happened for a reason. }

Savannah Disney



ARTWORK BY ELAINE GREENFIELD / Graphite

You

When the sun does not shine

you give me light.

In the darkest night,

you are the stars that shine bright

Keeping me warm,

you are the jacket I wear in the coldest snowstorm

When the rain falls from the sky,

you are the umbrella that keeps me dry

When disaster strikes,

you are the shelter keeping me safe.

In a world driven by hate,

you are a love made for **me** by fate.

Maggie Re

The Odds

Before my grandma went into surgery, we got to visit for five minutes beforehand, to say, perhaps our last words to her. Now delusional, she yelled, frantically waving her arms that had been strapped down so she couldn't tear out her incisions, that she wanted water and that she wanted us all out. She couldn't name any of her family or the day. She just wanted out of that small room, which gave me goosebumps and claustrophobia.

Beep.... Beep.... Beep....

The beeping that had been drilled into my head took an allegro speed as the nurses, voices not as sweet as usual, shooed us out of the room in order to calm her down for surgery.

I didn't go to school the next day. I stayed overnight at the hospital. I didn't eat. I didn't drink. I didn't sleep. I started a book. I finished the book.

Sometime around four o'clock, the same blunt doctor from before strolled out from a windy hallway. The same hallway that smelled like sour milk oozing through the walls. The doctor's saddened face said it all. I told myself to hold back my tears until I had the chance to be alone.

The blunt doctor looked to me, and then to my grandfather, both of us thinking the same thing.

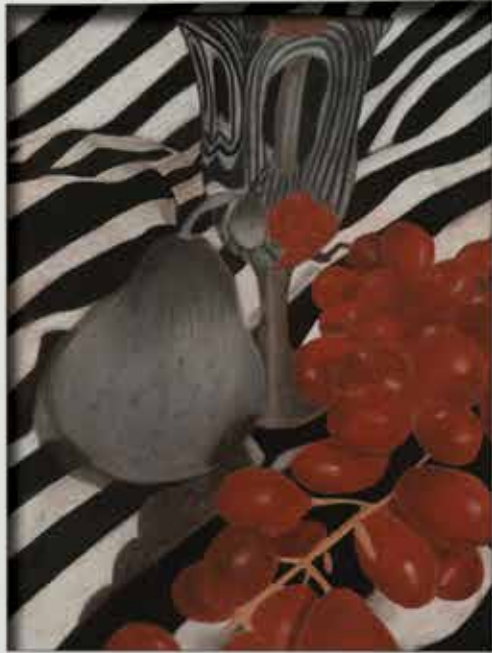
"She's a lucky lady."

Jenna Buch



ARTWORK BY ELAINE GREENFIELD / Charcoal & Graphite

Flowers left on a stoop, wilting. -Madison Selby
The Arizona sunset; a gigantic butterfly. -Aleana Williams
A welder's flame has finally died. -Sabrina Hobson



ABBI MARTIN / *Charcoal*



ELLA KRENZER / *Charcoal*



LYDIA HOBSON / *Charcoal*



JON SPIELMAN / *Charcoal*

rock solid treatment

Our property in the middle of the mountains borders a large creek, which flows heavily through a green valley. One day I realized the creek's water level dropped drastically, so my step-brother and I decided we should rearrange the large rocks and attempt to make a dam to raise the water level. In our heads it seemed like a great idea, so we hopped right to it. We moved many smaller rocks for a while but then came the heavy boulders, massive and slippery, which needed teamwork to move. As we lifted the first boulder to its intended spot, the plan to put the rock down wasn't thought out very well, and the boulder became heavier and heavier, pumping lactic acid through my arms. **Then the boulder slipped out of my hand, and as I tried to save it my fingers were underneath it as it landed atop another boulder.** I felt the rock pinch my finger, but I didn't think much of it nor feel any pain yet. But when I looked at my finger I saw it had split down the middle with my nail nowhere to be seen and my bone on the tip of my middle finger visible. The sight almost caused me to fall face first into the creek. **JUSTIN BARNES**

The scar

As my dad mowed the lawn and my mom prepared herself for a dinner out, I found myself walking across a row of rocks that separated my house from the neighbors. Without a care in the world, I pretended to be a pirate, walking the plank in my new little pink cros that I adored.

My imagination and contentment quickly came to an end.

Everything stopped for a second, the color black and pictures of stars filled my eyes. I ended up tripping over a pile of the rocks, uneven and slippery, and fell right on my head. It didn't hurt me as much as it frightened me. Shock occupied my mind; I disregarded the pain. I remember standing up and feeling blood, red and sticky, dripping down my face. Terror overcame my body as I began to sweat and shake. I dashed as fast as I could inside, hiding my face in fear that I would get in trouble.

When I got inside, I went straight to the freezer to get an ice pack. Ice packs make everything better right? Shortly after I found my ice pack, the cold, soothing remedy, my dad came running in to see the repulsive wound above my left eyebrow. The look on his face made my stomach drop, his eyes bulging with fear. Immediately I knew it was worse than I thought. He didn't know what to do, I mean what would you do if you saw your five year old daughter standing in the kitchen with a hole in her forehead? He yelled for my mom so she could take a look at the gash in my head as well. Her reaction was the same as his. Shocked, scared, nervous. She said that it looked like she could stick half of her pinky in the wound on my head, quickly they decided that they should take me to the emergency room.

ELLA KRENZER



ABBY LAWRENCE / Charcoal

fragile

Human bodies are **fragile things**.

We **break** them

We **cut** them

We **scrape** them

We take risks that **don't go as planned**

And we eventually learn

To stop doing the things that hurt us

But **somehow**

We **forget**

To stop getting

Our hearts **broken**

EMMA COX



LUIS AGUAS / Oil Pastel

Modeled after "When My Love Swears"
by William Shakespeare

When she smiles, reassuring me that everything is okay

I believe her, even though I know it's a lie

So she might think I do not care enough to notice

Blind to all the sleepless nights and puffy eyes

Although she knows I care about her

Foolishly I allow here to believe that I do not see these things

But why does she not tell me she is sad?

And why do I not admit that I am not naive?

O, pride gets in the way of love

No boy likes to admit to being emotional.

That is why I lie to her and she lies to me

And the lies we tell each other, help us forgive each other

Kourtney Parrish



JEMIAH DENNINGS / Oil Pastel

Modeled after "When My Love Swears
That She is Made of Truth"
by William Shakespeare

When my love swears that she is made of truth,

Every rule she has broken with her lies,

Everything is written in her face with guilt of truth,

Although both of our lies shine like diamonds.

Our hearts pounding fast with our promises

We will be brave and the time will bring her heart to me

I know that she is embraced by someone

And that someone will be me.

Little by little this pain in my heart will be released,

I sniff the air sensing danger,

Opening my wings like a hawk and escaping,

But you let me down and cut my inspiration to fly.

Feeling this pain and fear that you might leave me

Teach me how to love you because I can't let you go.

Karla Garcia Melquiades

Stars

Yellow lights on a black canvas
The attractiveness illuminated the eyes of many
When the shine hits my eyes
I become blind at the sight
The main star, the Sun
Shares the spotlight with others
Although all together, every star has a different look
A different curve, a different shine
The stars make the night shine
Making sure nothing will be left in the dark
But then the New Moon comes,
making once again a black canvas

Isabelle Dropeza



JOSHUA LYNN / Oil Pastel

Silence

the sound of silence is deafening.

the pulsing sound of a heartbeat, silent;
never to be heard again.
influential voices, silent;
their job to represent us.

i only know a silence
overflowing with empty promises and insincere prayers.
when will enough actually be enough
before a change is made?

**but i say that we will not be silent,
in a world where silence is praised.**

we will be **resilient, unwavering,**
and stand in the face of ignorance.
and then, the sound of silence will no longer be deafening,
but instead filled with the voices of the future,
the voices that demand to be heard.

Emily Crouse



ELYNDA GARCIA / Oil Pastel

INVALUABLE YET INSIGNIFICANT, THE MISSING TOOTH

I stared down at my cupped hands, my mouth agape in disbelief as millions of thoughts instantaneously bolted through my mind. Shaking in fear from what I saw: not just "a" tooth, a pearly white vault of enamel used for chewing, but "my" tooth. Such an extraordinary tool of the body, an immaculate apparatus of the mouth, lied insignificantly in the creases of my two hands.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER, I REALIZED THE ENORMITY OF THIS SOLE TOOTH- "I AM NOT A CHILD ANYMORE," I TOLD MYSELF, "BUT AN ELEVENTH GRADER, AND ONLY CHILDREN LOSE THEIR TEETH."

Darting from side to side, my eyes, meticulous and thorough, scoured the evidence that I had ascertained, noticing bite marks incised in the wooden laundry clip. My theory, to my dismay, appeared to be correct: using my teeth as a multitool, both as a chewing device and an opening mechanism, horrifically backfired.

Jumping out from underneath the confines of my bedsheets and practically flying down the staircase, I nervously waited to my parents as I sprinted into the kitchen, "Help, my tooth fell out! Please fix it- hurry, hurry!" "Oh gosh, I am actually going to look like a pirate for the rest of my life," I gloomily whimpered to myself.

"Henry, slow down," reassured my parents, with a calm, even, level-headed cadence. "These things happen, you are surely not going to look like a pirate," my father pragmatically interjected, rubbing my shoulders as I held up the iridescent shards of the old friend who had resided in my gums.

My mother cooed, "I am calling the dentist as we speak- you will be back to normal in no time."

"Sadly not- the dentist will see you after school on Thursday," she retorted in a dour tone, staring directly at my teeming disappointment.



KRISTIN DELL / Photograph

As the next two days progressed, I followed my highly detailed plan of attack, keeping my head down and avoiding eye contact as I walked the high school hallways. This short-lived span of my life followed that of a hermit crab: at any sign of provocation, I would contract deeply into my shell, covering myself in a veil of cowardice and timidity. While, admittedly, I continued to attend my classes, my social life suffered, as usual conversations surrounding favorite movies and music shortened to scanty nods of the head.

Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, I excitedly promenaded into the dentist's

office after school on Thursday. Lying down uncomfortably on the awkward, bulky foam chair, radiations of long-awaited relief warmed my body for the first time since my tooth had first splintered into the shards of alabaster enamel. As the dentist, a man in clean, blue scrubs whose face was concealed behind the protection of a medical mask,

shined a bright, yellow light directly over my face to observe the complex labyrinth of my mouth, I had a certain thought ingrained in my mind. Rather than a thought about how my mouth would finally be restored to its former glory, or a thought about how my life would once again be back to normal, I pondered a thought of mellow regret. This regret stemmed from the fact that, crippled by uneasiness over how others would judge and perceive me, I changed my whole self to avoid confrontation from those in my surroundings. Rather than embracing my imperfections, wholeheartedly devoting myself to life's importances, I allowed myself to give into unease, fixating on my outward superficial qualities. For I found upsetting not that I had hidden such an insignificant piece of my entire being, a broken tooth, from those around me, but rather that I had chosen to hide this piece, feeling as if doing so was necessary to my well being, to my progression through my

life. Studying the blinding yellow light that obscured my vision, I smiled my idiosyncratic, toothy smile, proudly running my tongue over the gap in my mouth that I had so immensely loathed. Tears streaming down the side of my face in a moment of ecstasy and self-realization, I knew that never again would I compromise my honest self-- a loud, opinionated, Rihanna-loving, french fry connoisseur-- to compensate for my imperfections in fear of those of my surroundings, especially over something as senseless and trivial as a missing tooth.

HENRY SMITH

SAVANNAH FANCOVIC / Oil Pastel



LESLIE LOPEZ / Oil Pastel

CAMERON KOHLER / Oil Pastel



MADISON SELBY / Oil Pastel

ASHLEIGH LUTZ / Oil Pastel



EMILY EHRHART / Oil Pastel



BRI MARTIN / Acrylic



MEKAYLA SHEELY / Photomontage



MEKAYLA SHEELY / Digital Drawing

An Aversion to September 24

Warm water sprinkled on me, my head clearing - *oh no*- I just remembered that today would be the day my dad gets married. Full of emotions, *tears trickled down my face*, warmer than the water falling on my head. Rushing, I got out of the shower, putting on my favorite outfit, an outfit based off of one of my mom's old shirts, and a comfy pair of flip flops. I confidently went down the stairs, greeted by my grandma, pacing, waiting for me to hurry up; I had to go get my hair done, an always arduous process.

Rushing, the hairdresser, pulled my hair tightly, as though the act of yanking would dry my hair quicker. My grandmother huffed, shuffling around, yelling at my cousin to sit down and be quiet. As I sat in the salon chair my grandmother, head down and

eyes focused, rapidly painted my nails, spraying them with quick-dryer. I hopped off of the large spinning chair, hair as stiff as a wooden board. My punctual grandmother began rushing to my aunt's house to put my dress and makeup on.

Hair up, flowy blue dress on, and sandals tightened, we walked around my aunt's ginormous mansion, pretending to live in a castle, becoming scared when we went to the attic filled with dusty boxes and darkness. I never wanted to leave, tears forming, I realized that the ceremony was soon. Clock ticking, legs rushing, running around the house, we grabbed all of our belongings.

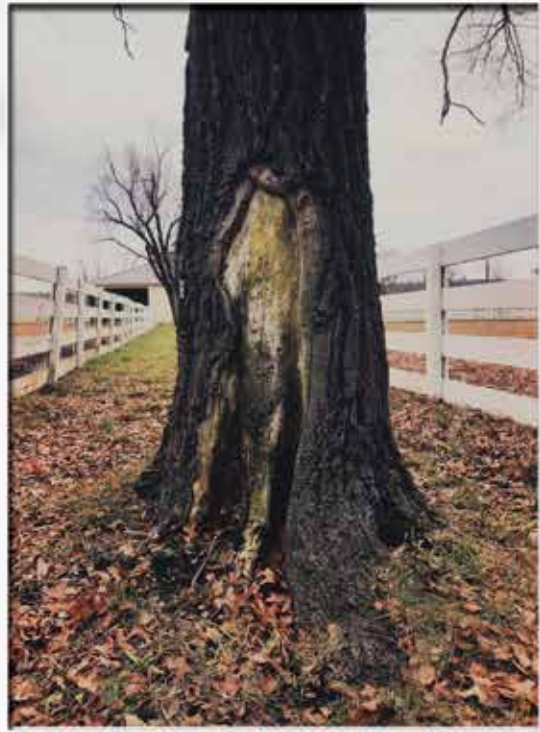
Speeding to the venue, my cousin and I giggled, playing games on my flip phone. *This was my out; I could sit in the bathroom and play games all day.* My grandma quickly became irritated, grabbing and snatching, she took my phone, making me leave it in the car. We had arrived.

Jessica Reed

ASHLEIGH LUTZ / Acrylic



EMMA HAGARMAN / Photograph



The Not-So-Perfect Christmas Present

As the youngest of four, I, an eight year old, had only just started to become comfortable with the whole idea of spending each day at school; however, my older sister had already been enrolled as college freshman for a few months when the Santa Shop arrived that year. She, living all on her own, worlds away from 8-year old me, embodied the definition of a grown up! So clearly, as I examined the tables of gifts, eyes latching onto the white, novelty, plastic spaghetti measurer, it became love at first sight: a **must have**. Having to cook all the time, as adults do, measuring the ideal pasta portion would be as easy as pie for her with this handy-dandy tool by her side! Strutting out of the Santa Shop with swagger carrying what I believed to be a rose in a tangle of weeds, I **easily** became the best sister in the whole entire world.

After arriving home, I **immediately** wrapped the gift, as eager as a child waiting for dessert. I couldn't risk anyone—not even my mom—seeing what gift I picked out; it would be a surprise.

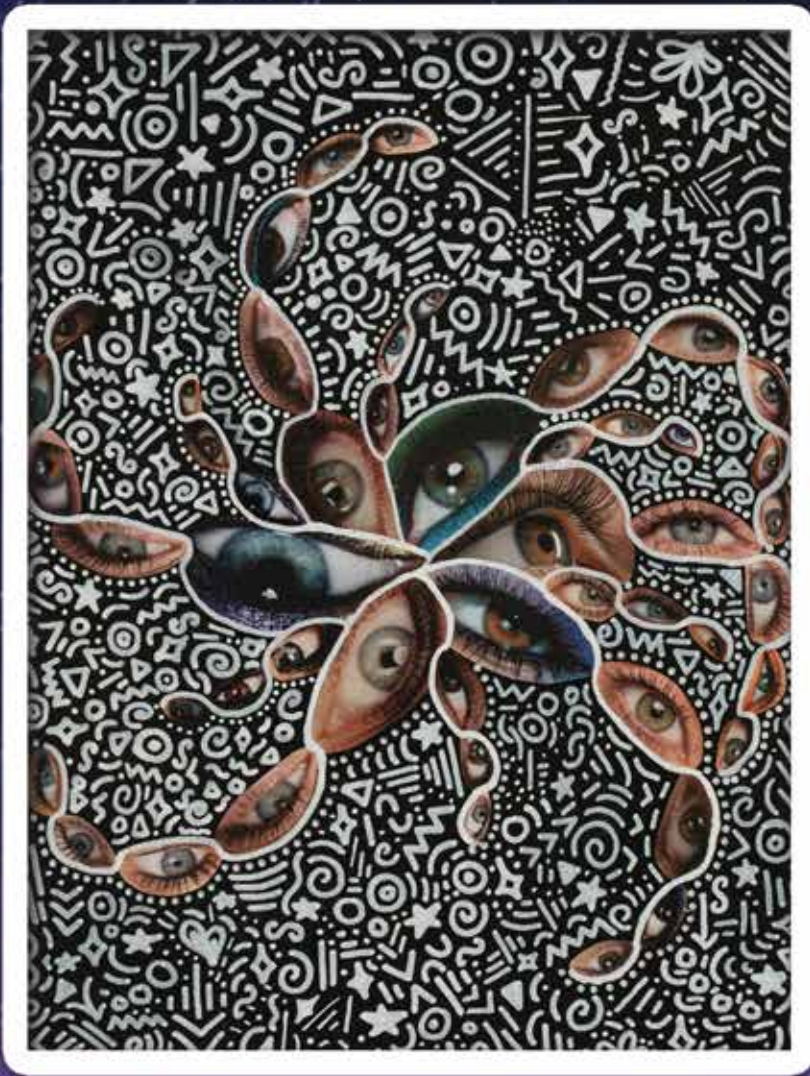
After tossing and turning all through the night with anticipation, when 5:30 am came around on Christmas morning, I rushed downstairs to wait by the tree. Glancing from side to side searching for any signs of life in my surprisingly solemn house, ears twitching with every whistle of the brisk wind outside, I sat patiently next to the fragrant, green Christmas tree determined not to budge until my family rose from their slumbers. I could not **wait** for my sister to see the amazing gift I had gotten her all by myself. I'd never really given her a gift before; this was a **big** deal.

Pride and joy permeated through me as my sister praised my gift—she loved the spaghetti measurer! Sure, she had no idea of its purpose at first, but I, an intelligent eight year old (who may have already asked an adult to explain to me the use of the device) easily elaborated on the extremely practical gift to my sister. Understandably, after my thorough explanation, it became clear to my entire family that this gift ranked above all others that Christmas.

I guess that's why, when I discovered it sticking out of a pile of shirts in her room a month after she returned to school, confusion raided my mind. Why would she have left her beloved gift at home? When I called her, she apologized fervently, assuring me that I need not mail it to her in D.C. because she'd grab it when she came home for spring break. I sighed with relief.

When I once more found it (more successfully hidden this time) following her departure after spring break, more uncertainty and doubt took over me. Attempting to comfort me, my mom explained that my sister did care about me and my gift, but the spaghetti measurer just wasn't something she needed at the time. This idea, extremely difficult for me to grasp, only made me more committed to giving gifts from the heart.

Helen Rosenbrien



RYLEE SMITH / Scholastic Silver Key / Mixed Media

Comedy

Why can't waves stay waves

Instead of crashing down

Why can't flowers stay flowers

instead of dying

"Everything good must come to an end"
my mother said

But then I ask "Why?"

So she answers "Nothing gold can stay"

I ask her if she came up with that herself

She said yes

She lied

Anthony Scusselle

January 9, 2010

I awoke to mountains of pearly white snow and rushed downstairs, eager to find out if I would have to attend school that day. With my fingers crossed, I asked my mom what my fate would be. After confirming that I could stay home for the day, I quickly ate breakfast and changed into my winter gear. My baggy snow pants, jet black and shiny, slipped on with ease. Hastily, I draped my jacket over my shoulders, forcing my arms into the sleeves as I walked back upstairs. Reaching the top of the steps, I bolted to my eight-year-old brother Nick's bedroom. After waking him, I hurried outside to play in the snow. He followed about ten minutes later, ready for a day of fun.

Carelessly, I stacked three rough mounds of snow on top of each other, which yielded a deformed and sloppy snowman, while my brother, Nick, meticulously crafted his idea of the perfect

snowman. As he put the finishing touches on his masterpiece, he criticized my snowman, calling it "stupid" and saying that it "looked awful." While I knew my creation looked mediocre, I defended it and in turn, insulted his. Our bickering continued for a few minutes. **When it began to escalate, I dramatically knocked down his entire snowman, punching it and stomping on it. My brother stood in front of the ruins in awe, his mouth hanging open.**

Once he processed the event that had just occurred, he became infuriated. Nick, charging at me like a bull, face red and jaw clenched, began to punch me. I immediately ran away, and initiated a short chase. He continued to run after me, throwing snow and yelling childish threats. We made our way back to the front porch, and I ran inside, kicking off my boots and throwing my jacket on the floor. Nick followed, and promptly copied my actions. He then continued to chase me, grabbed both of the television remotes, and threw one at me. I ran to the nearest

Galaxies

You are the person
people write love poems about.
You're the **one**
whose eyes shine like galaxies
and
you're the **one**
with the enchanting smile.

You are an actual work of art.
You are a warm soul
lost in this cold world
and
I am so sorry that not many people
understand your **beauty.**

Jazmin Stump

hiding spot, the bathroom, and yanked the door closed, but before I could lock it, Nick yanked it open. Struggling, we both pulled on the handle, and I could feel my clammy, damp hands starting to lose grip. Letting go of the handle, I sent my brother flying into the wall behind him.

There was a momentary silence, and then he let out a bloodcurdling scream. Immediately, my heart sunk, as I had realized that I made a terrible mistake. After closing the bathroom door, I looked down at my little brother, lying on the floor howling, and I instantly knew something had gone horribly wrong. I had seen him cry many times before, but never in this manner. I looked up to find my mother standing in front of me, eyes bulging. With a panicked look on her face, I could sense her concern, rather than anger. Nick's sobs, so dramatic that he couldn't speak, prompted him to point to the source of pain: the back of his head. **Blood oozed from his fragile scalp, as tears ran down his red cheeks.**

Ben Shaw

EVERETT KENWORTHY / Scholastic Silver Key / Mixed Media



EVERETT KENWORTHY / Mixed Media





SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal



SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal



SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal

SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal



SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal

WEEKLY WORK

IT FLICKERED. FLICKERING ONCE, THEN BLOOMING LIGHTLY LIKE THE SLOW GLOW OF A DULL FIREFLY. IN THAT MOMENT, PANIC FLOODED THE BEHOLDER. HOWEVER, A RELAXING STREAM OF RELIEF FLOWED AS THE LIGHT ONCE AGAIN BOUNCED AGAINST THE WALLS. REFRACTING AND GLEAMING WARMLY AGAINST THE LOOMING, NARROW WALLS. THE WALLS, DAMP, HARD, COOLED THE PATH, LEAVING THE BARREN TRAVELER SHIVERING WITH BOTH FEAR AND CHILL. TENSENESS AND A FREEZING HUMIDITY ABSORBED ALL BREATHABLE AIR. THE LIGHT, THE ONLY WARMTH ADDED TO THE ATMOSPHERE, HALTED ONCE AGAIN. THE PRISONER AWAITED. THE LIGHT CAME BACK, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, ONLY TO REVEAL A FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE. SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING WAS DARK. FAILURE.

2 A.M. AND STILL NOT HOME

My mother, the self-centered woman that birthed me, used to be everything to me, in my eyes the world revolved around her. She's all I had since my father has remained a mystery.

One night, in early March, around dinner time my mother said that she needed to walk to the store, which was only about fifteen minutes from the house. My heart sank in my chest because I knew, by hearing these words, that she wouldn't return for hours. As a ten year old I yearned for my mom to be happy enough to stay like a starving child yearned for food.

At two in the morning, my mother had still not returned. Firm on the couch, I peered out of the window, the glass fogging up every time I released a breath. The lingering smell of stale cigarette smoke poured into every breath I took. The clock, loud and menacing, ticked making me more and more impatient. I sat, waiting, watching for the dark, moon lit outline of my mother to come into view. Silent, trying not to move too much and make the springs in the couch squeak, I strained my ears to hear the door downstairs open. The house phone planted in my hand, so I could feel the buzz of the phone ringing as soon as it started. I had already called her twenty times without her ever answering and I desperately wanted just to hear her voice.

Slowly, all this pain turned into anger. My eyes fiery, my blood boiling, my stomach twisting in knots as my mind spun out of control in thought. My body pulsed as every thought I could have possibly had intertwined. I hated the fact that my mom took advantage of my trust in her again, for what felt like the thousandth time. I realized that keeping hope in her was like having hope of rain while standing in the middle of the desert. Exhausted, worried, hurt, and alone, I finally decided that my mother wasn't worth going through this every night.

ALYSSA

JOHNSON

Additions to the book *Honeybee: a book of poems about letting go*

Reality

In reality, the sun shines through my bedroom window, birds sing, and all is well. In my head, it's dark and raining, the birds were shot out of the sky, and I'm dying. The worst part about you leaving wasn't losing you. The worst part was losing reality.

Seven Years

They say it takes seven years to completely regenerate every cell in your body. In seven years we will not be the same people we were when we first met.

In seven years there will not be a single part of me that you've touched. In seven years we will be nothing but strangers with memories.

But in seven years I promise not to reintroduce myself to you.

Abigail Lawrence

Unforgettable Trip to Hershey

We approached our first ride at Hershey Park, the ride with the highest drop and the longest wait. Anxiously, I paid very close attention to the drop time, counting the agonizing seconds it took to plummet towards the earth. The rumbling of all the people talking made it very difficult to stay calm. The ride employee directed us to our seats and my mom, my sister, and I swiftly went over and lowered the restraint. The ride roared upward, without any hesitation; my mom and I, at the top peak of the ride, glanced down at the people below us. **Seconds felt like hours, as we held our breath, waiting for the far decline down. My heart racing and my palms sweating, the ride rapidly fell straight down, bouncing at the impact.** Once it ended the ground became sweet relief and the air swept with the aroma of sugary chocolate and fresh grass. I pulled the restraint off, struggling to get out of the death trap. Hands shaking and knees trembling we all left the area in a hurry.

Countless rides and adventures later, we noticed nobody in line for my favorite attraction, the Wild Mouse. I waited for my sister and brother to finish on the ride they hopped onto earlier, so I could get in line for the next one. We stayed seated at a bench for a few minutes until a single drop of rain fell right on top of my head. As soon as the rain began to fall, I felt my heart speed up with fear and anticipation.

It happened so fast, the quick motion of dry surroundings, to a soaking wet atmosphere. My mom, dad and I dashed for shelter under a tree, hoping for my sister and brother to appear. I carefully pulled my hood over my head and briskly put away all my belongings. The drops of rain diligently rushed down to the floor. The road, drenched in rain, turned into a river. My sister and brother, angry and wet, sprinted out the ride exit. They ran like cheetahs about to hunt their next meal, as we all readied ourselves to leave through the main entrance. Dodging people left and right, my family and I tried to go as fast as possible, our clothes saturated with rainwater.

Lydia Hobson

Tumbling Along the Bottom

Adrenaline pumped through my veins, causing me to feel fearless. I ran back into the water after riding a wave. The surge, tall and powerful, barreled toward me. Making a quick decision of whether or not to ride it, I got ready to take the wave into shore. At first I rode it just like every other wave. **I felt free, nothing else mattered at that moment; however, that feeling lasted for about two seconds.**

The top part of the wave crashed down, causing me to lose control. Tumbling along the bottom of the ocean, fear sliced through me like a knife. **With no way to stop the pushing of the ocean, I panicked. The tight grip of the wave prevented me from getting air, a burning sensation spread through my lungs.** Finally released from the wave's grip, I went straight up to get air. Breaking the surface, I opened my mouth to gulp air into my lungs. Instead of air, a wave smacked my face. Gagging, the bitter saltwater filled my mouth.

After coughing up the water, I greedily gulped air. My mom rushed quickly to my side. She ushered me to our umbrella and bags on shore. Mom then gave me a water bottle to rinse the bitter saltwater taste out of my mouth. No matter what I did, the flavor stayed in my mouth. Sitting out only for a little bit, I rushed back in the water. Scared of getting pulled under, I did not body surf anymore that day.

Madelyn Hutton

KRISTIN DELL / Ceramics



SCOTT MOORHEAD / Ceramics



HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

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