



VOLUME  
**XVII**

# DIMENSIONS 2020

The Art & Literary Magazine of Hanover High School

# artwork



## SENIOR FEATURE:

You will see this logo throughout to indicate featured artwork by a Senior.

LYDIA HOBSON.....	Acrylic .....	Front Cover
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Acrylic .....	Back Cover
NAOMI GARLAND.....	Photograph .....	ii-1
CARA PATTON.....	Pen & Ink .....	ii-1
OWEN SMITH.....	Pastel and Fabric.....	2
OWEN SMITH.....	Pastel and Resin .....	3
ALYSSA JOHNSON.....	Oil Pastel.....	4
ALDO MICHUA.....	Oil Pastel.....	4
ABIGAIL LAWRENCE.....	Acrylic Painting.....	5
JASMINE JOHNSON.....	Mixed Media .....	6
AUBRE CALER.....	Mixed Media .....	6
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	7
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	7
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	7
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	7
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	7
ALEX GRUVER.....	Ink & Watercolor.....	8
ALEX GRUVER.....	Ink & Watercolor.....	8
ALEX GRUVER.....	Ink & Watercolor.....	9
ABIGAIL LAWRENCE.....	Watercolor .....	10
ABIGAIL LAWRENCE.....	Watercolor .....	10
ABIGAIL LAWRENCE.....	Watercolor .....	11
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Mixed Media Illustrations.....	12
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Mixed Media Illustrations.....	12
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Mixed Media Illustrations.....	12
OWEN SMITH.....	Mixed Media .....	14
OWEN SMITH.....	Oil Painting .....	14
OWEN SMITH.....	Oil Painting .....	14
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Mixed Media Illustrations.....	15
LYDIA HOBSON.....	Mixed Media Illustrations.....	15
ELLA KRENZER.....	Watercolor .....	15
CHELSEA VALDEZ.....	Acrylic .....	16
CHELSEA VALDEZ.....	Watercolor .....	16
CHELSEA VALDEZ.....	Watercolor .....	17
CHELSEA VALDEZ.....	Watercolor .....	17
ANNIKA ZITTO.....	Mixed Media .....	18
ANNIKA ZITTO.....	Mixed Media .....	19
ANNIKA ZITTO.....	Mixed Media .....	19



NAOMI GARLAND / Photograph

EMMA COX.....	Graphite & Ink.....	20
EMMA COX.....	Graphite & Ink.....	20
ALEX GRUVER.....	Watercolor & Ink.....	21
ALEX GRUVER.....	Watercolor & Ink.....	21
ALEX GRUVER.....	Watercolor & Ink.....	21
EMMA LANIER.....	Photograph .....	22
VALERIA AGUILAR.....	Charcoal.....	22
TRENTON MURRAY.....	Charcoal.....	23
ISABELLA KAPUSTA.....	Graphite .....	23
KYLEE PRESTON.....	Pen.....	23
ANNA CHEN.....	Charcoal.....	23
GLADYS RODRIGUEZ.....	Medium.....	24
KYLEE PRESTON.....	Digital Drawing.....	25
KYLEE PRESTON.....	Digital Drawing.....	25
EMELY MORA-BAILON.....	Mixed Media.....	26
ABBY DUVALL.....	Mixed Media.....	26
MIA ALVAREZ.....	Paper Collage .....	27
NICHOLAS SHAW.....	Digital Collage.....	27
RIAN DISNEY.....	Graphite.....	28
ELLA SWEENEY.....	Charcoal.....	28
ELLA SWEENEY.....	Graphite and Charcoal.....	29
ANNA CHEN.....	Pen and Ink.....	29

# poetry & prose

<i>It Comes for All of Us</i>   DEREK HETRICK.....	2
<i>Prelude to a Manifesto</i>   OWEN SMITH .....	2
<i>Becoming the Shepherd</i>   JENNA BUCH.....	3
<i>A Meaningful Gift</i>   ZACHARY BEALING .....	4
<i>Shoe Polish</i>   MATTHEW NAWN.....	5
<i>Gone Fishing</i>   MITCHELL BROWN.....	6
<i>All Before Noon</i>   TYLER NEWMAN.....	6
<i>The Ride</i>   DANIELLE PITTENTURF.....	8
<i>Swingset Fever</i>   KYLEIGH BUCKLEY .....	8
<i>Discord</i>   AMIR BENSON .....	10
<i>Love Note</i>   AUTUMN GARRETT-WEIR.....	10
<i>Courage of Stars</i>   TOBY GROFT .....	13
<i>Growing Up Young</i>   TOBY GROFT.....	13
<i>Better This Way</i>   OLIVIA KEEFER .....	16
<i>Mipha</i>   CARA PATTON .....	17
<i>A Flickering Hope</i>   ANONYMOUS .....	18
<i>Her Last Drink</i>   ANONYMOUS .....	19
<i>My Defining Moment</i>   JAELENE NEGRON .....	20
<i>Thanks Universe</i>   JULIANA ARNOLD .....	20
<i>Here, But Gone</i>   LEA COPPOLA .....	22
<i>The Locket</i>   JAEDA KUHN .....	22
<i>The Morning</i>   CHRISTOPHER MAGANA .....	24
<i>The Rocking Chair Routine</i>   LILY MOORHEAD.....	25
<i>Upperville Horse Show</i>   CARLEE LAWRENCE .....	26
<i>Top It Off with a Peach</i>   ANNA CHEN.....	27
<i>Flying Home</i>   ANONYMOUS .....	28
<i>Untitled</i>   COLBY PETERSON .....	29
<i>Hurricane Maria</i>   NEISHLIAN MARCIAL.....	29



CARA PATTON / Pen & Ink

**Staff:** Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Marie Smith

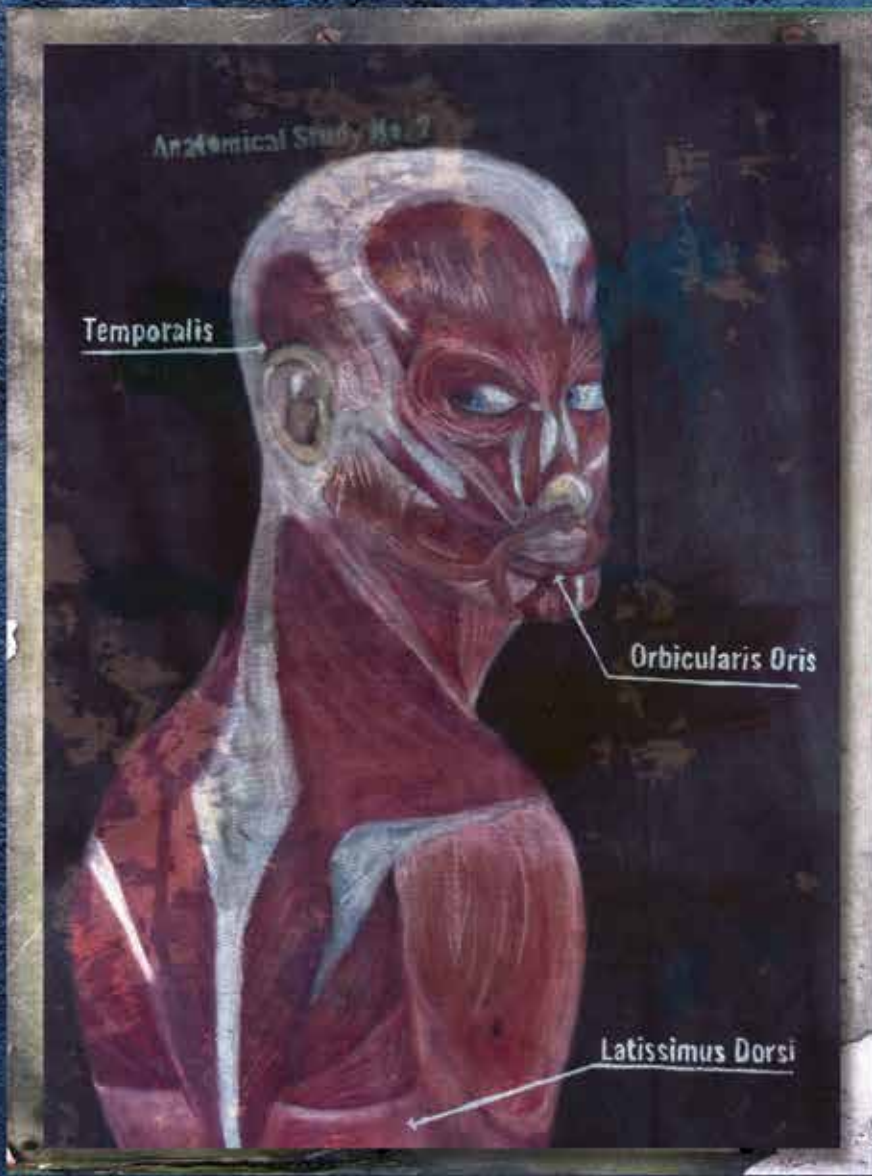
*Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Marie Smith were granted an Award of Excellence from PenSPRA Excellence in Education Communication Contest 2014 in the category of Special Purpose Publication.*

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2020 OWEN SMITH / Pastel & Fabric

## Prelude to a Manifesto

I wish I could convey to you something profound  
 but I would come off as being pretentious  
 I could paint pictures of nature or animals grazing  
 in a field but frankly nature's become a cliché

Maybe I'll discuss some dire issue  
 The world seems to be going up in flames  
 but I don't think I'm intelligent enough to cover such a  
 complex matter

I do like to think of an array of things: what I'm doing  
 Tomorrow, I need to water my plants, or death  
 Sadly, I have no desire to write a poem about  
 any of these things

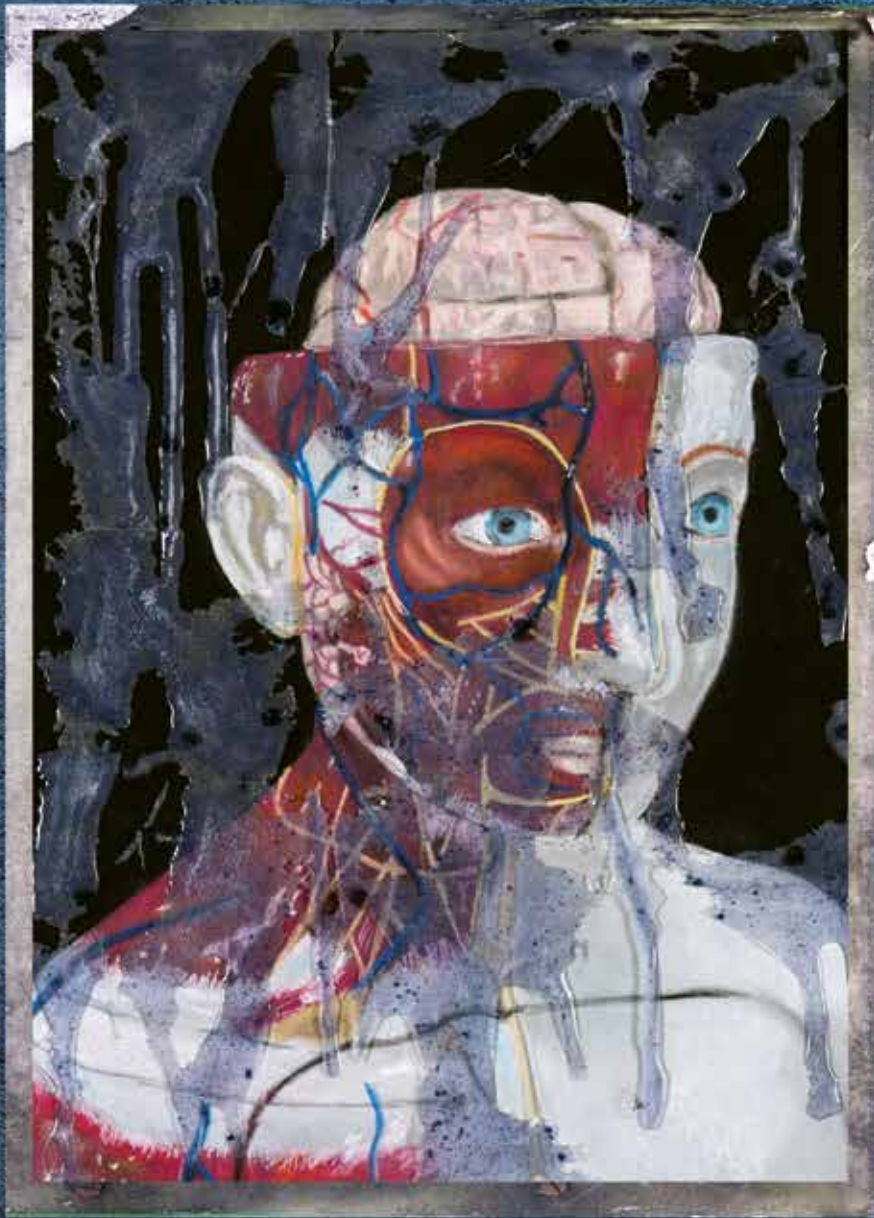
Instead I'll hope you can pull something meaningful  
 From this meaningless slew of words  
 I've never been one to write poetry I only write  
 Manifestos in my mind

Owen Smith

## It Comes for All of Us

I had to duck as our LYCP crashed into the shore, bullets like beams of light piercing the boat. The usually blue ocean was ominously red. I climbed over the side of the boat with my rifle over my shoulder and dropped in the bloody water. Screams echoed in my ears from every direction. I tried to swim, but moved too slowly with all of my gear. I had to move up to the sand. I saw my friend whom I lost track of in the confusion. He crouched behind cover a few feet in front of me. I fired my rifle up the beach, and in a split-second decision, dashed, trying to reach the cover with my friend. I was almost there when a bullet ripped through my stomach. I couldn't stand anymore and crumpled to the ground, my blood soaking the grains of sand under me. "Nathan, please help," I called. My vision faded. I lost consciousness.

Derek Hetrick



OWEN SMITH / Pastel & Resin

## Becoming the Shepherd

The darkness through the depth of the forest  
And tenebrous eyes and hair at a crest  
His heart as dark as a winter's day  
Frozen and cold, leaving love astray

Blizzard by blizzard, storm by storm  
And snowflakes, laugh, dance, perform  
His feelings hidden in hibernation  
Longing for warmth, a seasons migration

And just like that, he tiptoed into spring  
Lavender, roses, and all sweet things  
His eyes catch a girl, eyes like the ocean

## What

Shepherd's life he's been absorbed in.

Dragging his sheep, his sorrows around  
And secrets and misery, all decrowned  
And replaced with verdure so fertile  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle

And he shouts to the heavens above  
Come live with me and be my love  
The girl, she glances back with a smile  
And says "why don't you stay for a while?"

His heart, it fills with all things nice  
To clear his darkness he needed spice  
And he will never let ice fill his chest  
The darkness through the depth of the forest.

Jenna Buch

ALYSSA JOHNSON / Oil Pastel



ALDO MICHUA / Oil Pastel



## A Meaningful Gift

As the scent of freshly baked cookies and the candle my mother bought a few days before fills my nostrils, I scan under the Christmas tree in excitement and see only two gifts under my side of the tree. One is a small box that piques my interest. I unwrap the paper to reveal a navy blue jewelry box. Inside sits a dog-tag-like necklace with my initials. The necklace, silver and shiny, causes me to tear up. Crying, I stare blankly at the necklace, thinking about how it actually means something to me.

Incredibly poor, my mother managed to get me a life-changing gift. The tears only got worse as I began to put on the necklace and notice faint words engraved into the back. The necklace stated, "My dear son, always remember you are braver than you believe, stronger than you know, and smarter than you think." This short statement enveloped me into a world of warmth and comfort. The darkest days of my life begin to lighten up.

"I didn't know if you would actually like it, but I thought it was worth a shot," stated my mom, looking me in the eyes.

"Of course I like it, it's amazing," I said back to her, trying to keep my voice steady.

The sweet smell soon takes my attention away, and suddenly I find myself stuffing my face with homemade chocolate chip cookies. We sit for hours, almost all day, watching poorly made Christmas movies and eating cookies with a warm feeling upon us until we fall asleep that night.

### Zachary Bealing



ABIGAIL LAWRENCE / Acrylic Painting

## Shoe Polish

These black dress shoes, while inanimate and just pieces of black leather, are human. These shoes, like all humans, need love and attention. When left unattended they become cracked, weak, and forgotten. Polishing cracked, weak, and forgotten shoes is a struggle. The same truth resonates with human relationships. Though the task to preserve these shoes involves the sacrifice of the beauty of my hands it is a necessary task. Relationships compare to the shoes. Friends demand polishing, buffing, and edge dressing. This preservation of relationship involves an often monotonous, dutiful sacrifice.

I try not to live in the past. I value empathy, and I polish my parade shoes. I guess an old classic I may be. But if you have nothing to do on a rainy Saturday, ask your father for a relationship. Ask for his dress shoes if you do not own a pair (You should purchase a pair.), procure some trashed Inquirer articles, some black Kiwi, and then spit into the can, rub the polish on the shoe, buff after a minute. Sit there, enjoy the smell, listen to your mother complain about it, and form a relationship before you lose it. Make a nostalgic memory. Polish your shoes.

**Matthew Nawn**



AUBRE CALER / Mixed Media

## Gone Fishing

I ALWAYS STARED AT THE BOBBER INTENTLY, BUT COULDN'T HELP BEING DISTRACTED AND MESMERIZED BY THE BEAUTY OF THE POND. THE SMELL OF HONEYSUCKLE FILLED THE AIR, TURTLES COULD BE SEEN PADDLING ACROSS THE WATER, BUTTERFLIES, LIKE GRACEFUL BALLERINAS, FLAPPED THEIR NIMBLE WINGS TRAVELING FROM FLOWER TO FLOWER, AND THE OCCASIONAL BASS LEPT OUT OF THE WATER CREATING A SPLASH. FROM THE BANK OF THE POND I COULD SEE LITTLE MINNOWS, FINS RACING WHILE THEY CHASED EACH OTHER THROUGHOUT THE WATER.

A COUPLE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I LAST FISHED AT THAT POND. NOWADAYS, THE LAND IS PRIVATE AND CAN NO LONGER BE USED BY THE PUBLIC. THE LAND OWNER HAS CUT DOWN MANY OF THE TREES, AND THE POND NO LONGER GLOWS LIKE IT USED TO. THE WATER IS MORE GREEN THAN BLUE, AND ALGAE COVERS MOST OF THE SURFACE. NOW THE POND IS A DISTANT MEMORY, HAPPY WITH THE THOUGHT OF SPENDING TIME WITH MY BROTHERS, BUT SAD TO THINK ABOUT WHAT THE POND HAS TURNED INTO. I HOPE ONE DAY THAT THE POND WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, SO THAT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TAKE MY KIDS THERE TO FISH ONE DAY, SO THAT THEY CAN HAVE THOSE SAME GREAT MEMORIES THAT I DO, SNAGGING FISH, ADMIRING TURTLES, AND SAVORING THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

**MITCHELL BROWN**

## All Before Noon

MY DAD LANDED THE FIRST FISH IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES. THE FIRST MATE AND CAPTAIN HAD TO LIFT UP THE FISH TOGETHER. ALL ONE HUNDRED AND THREE POUNDS OF TUNA SLAMMED ONTO THE DECK AND SHOOK THE BOAT. THE SEA-MONSTER SLID TOWARD MY CHAIR LIKE AN ICE SKATER ON ICE. FOR A SECOND I ANALYZED THE FISH. ROUND AND LONG, THE FISH'S TIGHTLY STRETCHED, SHINY, GLOSSY GREY SKIN WITH SMALL BLACK SPOTS AND BLUE STREAKS TRACED ITS CURVES.

JUST AS THE FISH I HOOKED INTO WAS GETTING CLOSER, BEN, MY BROTHER, HUSTLED OVER TO ME LIKE A BULL SEEING RED, ORDERING "GET UP RIGHT NOW, THIS IS MY FISH!" AS IF HE HAD REELED IN THE FISH FOR THE PAST THIRTY MINUTES. GRUDGINGLY, I DECIDED TO LET HIM HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF CATCHING WHAT I HAD CAUGHT.

THE CAPTAIN, IN A THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT, YELLED "IT AIN'T BEEN FYE' MINUTE AN' YOU MAKE ME CLIMB DOWN TO HELP YOU PULL UP ANOETHA FISH". MY MOUTH HUNG OPEN IN AWE WHEN I SAW THE ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN POUND TUNA HE PULLED OVER THE STERN. HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO TIME TO RELAX, JONATHAN, MY OTHER BROTHER WAS STILL BATTLING HIS FISH, AND HE WAS LOSING. HE YELLED AT ME TO CRANK WHILE HE HELD THE POLE TO KEEP IT FROM FLYING INTO THE WATER. IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, WE THREW ANOTHER FISH, WEIGHING ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR POUNDS, THE HEAVIEST OF THE DAY, ONTO THE DECK. SWEATING PROFUSELY, I COLLAPSED ONTO A COOLER AND Poured WATER OVER MY HEAD, NOTICING THE PUDDLES OF SWEAT ACCUMULATING ON THE FISH-BLOOD-COVERED DECK.


**TYLER NEWMAN**



JASMINE JOHNSON / Mixed Media





All Watercolor Paintings on this page by **ELLA KRENZER** 



ALEX GRUVER / Ink & Watercolor



ALEX GRUVER / Ink & Watercolor

## THE RIDE

RETURNING TO THE TUBE SLIDE AT KNOBLES, WE GET INTO THE INNER TUBE AT THE TOP. MY AUNT GETS IN FIRST TO SIT IN THE BACK, AND AS I'M ABOUT TO GET IN, SHE FALLS OFF THE BACK OF THE INNER TUBE. NOT ONLY DO WE BUST OUT LAUGHING, THE PEOPLE WHO SUPERVISE THE RIDE COULDN'T CONTAIN THEMSELVES EITHER. AS SOON AS WE BOTH GET IN, WE MAKE OUR WAY DOWN THE RIDE, ZOOMING DOWN THE TUBE. WE GET AROUND ONE CURVE, MY EYES BULGE WITH FEAR AS I FEEL MY BODY LIFTING OUT OF THE INNER TUBE. TOWARDS THE BOTTOM MY AUNT STARTS SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS, **"DANIELLE, WE'RE GONNA FLY OUT!"** AND ONCE WE GOT TO THE BOTTOM, WE BECAME AIRBORNE. THE WATER, COLD AND TRANSLUCENT, SPLASHED ABOUT OUR FACES, AND WE COULD FEEL OURSELVES SLIPPING UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE, MY AUNT SPRAWLING AROUND IN THE WATER TO FIND THE SURFACE AS I FLOATED BACK UP. I COULD HEAR LAUGHTER COMING FROM ABOVE. MY GRANDMA AND SISTER STOOD AT THE END CACKLING WITH NO INTENTION OF STOPPING. MY AUNT JENNA MADE IT TO THE SURFACE BEFORE I DID, SO WHEN I GOT UP SHE STARTED LAUGHING AND SAID **"THAT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA, WHY DID YOU MAKE ME DO THAT?"** AT THE FIRE WE REWATCHED THE EVENT ON THE GOPRO, LAUGHING ABOUT IT UNTIL WE DECIDED TO GO TO OUR TENTS. WE SLEPT TO THE SOUNDS OF TREE BRANCHES CRACKING, THE RAIN TAPPING ON OUR TENT ROOFS, THE ROCKS SKIDDING DOWN THE PAVEMENT, AND THE CAMPFIRE CRACKLING.

**DANIELLE PITTENTURF**

## SWINGSET FEVER

THE COLD STUNG MY EXPOSED FOREARMS, WRAPPING AROUND ME LIKE A BLANKET, PUSHING GOOSEBUMPS TO RISE TO THE SURFACE OF MY SKIN. I'M WEARING AN OLD, FADED JACKET THAT SCRATCHES AND PULLS AT MY ARMS WHEN I MOVE. THE WIND WHISTLING AROUND MY EARS DROWNS OUT THE HOLLARS OF THE OTHER THIRD GRADERS ON THE PLAYGROUND.

MY FRIEND TURNS TOWARD ME AND URGES THAT WE PRACTICE JUMPING OFF THE SWINGSET. I AGREE, AND SHE TUGS ON MY SLEEVE TO PULL ME TOWARDS IT. THE MULCH GRINDS UNDER THE SOLES OF OUR SHOES AS WE SPRINT OVER TO THE SWINGSET. THE SWINGSET'S OLD, WORN SEATS HUNG BY CREAKING, RUSTY CHAINS. THE ORANGE PAINT BLOTCHES ACROSS THE METAL FRAME HOLDING THE SEATS, ITCHING TO BE REPAINTED NEXT FALL. THE SEAT'S COLD WHEN I SIT DOWN, AND MY HANDS STRUGGLE TO GRASP THE CHAINS WITHOUT FEELING LIKE I'M THROWING MY HANDS IN A FREEZER.

KICKING MY FEET TO GET MYSELF STARTED, I SOON JOIN MY FRIEND IN A RHYTHM. WE SWING HIGHER AND HIGHER AT THE SAME PACE. **EVENTUALLY, WE BOTH LAUNCH OURSELVES OFF THE SWING. THE FEELING OF ADRENALINE AND THE WIND RUSHING PAST MY FACE EXHILARATES ME.** MY FEET SLAM INTO THE GROUND AND I HAVE TO CROUCH IN ORDER TO KEEP MY BALANCE, HEARING THE CRUNCH OF MULCH BENEATH ME. MY FRIEND LANDS BESIDE ME, A PERFECT LANDING ON HER TOES, GRINNING EAR TO EAR.

WE LAUGH AND SPIN AROUND, RUSHING BACK TOWARDS THE SWINGS. THEY'RE STILL IN MOTION FROM WHEN WE'D JUMPED OFF, SO WE GRAB AHOOD OF THE SEATS TO KEEP THEM STILL WHILE WE'RE GETTING BACK ON.

**KYLEIGH BUCKLEY**



ALEX GRUVER / Ink & Watercolor

## Discord

An orchestra that can only be played in discord,  
Commanded to be played no more,  
Deemed void of competence,  
It was given no sentiments,  
The reason behind my gratitude when you heard my plea,  
And offered to share your song with me,  
Although I could never match your tone,  
I must sing it on my own:

When the luscious spring lets the chimes ring  
I will walk amongst the finer things.

Winter snow, like notes on the piccolo  
Watch them as they dance to and fro.

An autumn breeze strums the willow trees-  
You're my favorite kind of tease.

Summer winds playing violins,  
Butterfly wings breaking silence.

A moving earth forever in melody  
Sing the lyrics of your spell to me.

You can never break the harmony,  
As long as I'm alive, I'll always be free.

From now on, when I am mocked for my cacophony,  
I shall remember the gift that you offered.  
You split pieces of yourself just to give me some  
The lovely nature of your requiem.

Amir Benson




## Love note

Describing your star power  
Celestially captivating  
Wish on a star for a sign  
You're so new  
I feel your vibe  
It's contagious  
A force within my eyes  
Skin to skin and I feel a spark arise  
Tidal wave flow so soothingly calm  
Meadow sweet lemon balm  
I been watching you for a while and peeped your style  
Good looks- I'm already hooked  
I hear you're already booked, but I can wait as friends  
Because I don't believe we were put together not to be together,  
My Hibiscus Passion Flower.

Autumn Garrett-Weir



All Watercolor Paintings on this spread by **ABIGAIL LAWRENCE** 



©2020 All Mixed Media Illustrations on this page by **LYDIA HOBSON**

## Growing up Young

My next-door neighbor, Dominic Parker, roughly three years older than me, picked me up, had me stand, and said, “No matter how bad of a shape you’re in, and no matter how much it hurts, when someone asks you if you are okay, you always say ‘Yes’. Then, you’ll learn to pick yourself up.” From that day forward, physical pain seemed irrelevant to me as it stood in the way of my goals of becoming the person I wanted to be. Toughness and resistance were my tools in my progression towards adulthood, and these fearful cries—the only obstructions in my path.

Looking back, I never had second thoughts about what happened. I never questioned anything we did, because in the moment, it helped me heal and have fun. Every second I stopped crying and got over that pain became another second I could spend in the sun, having fun.

I became scarred in far too many places for me to count or to remember how each of them got there, but a select amount of those scars have significance to my life.

I am an intricate book, and my scars are my stories. They may not be clear, or have an obvious meaning, but the stories that they became can cut as deep as the wounds that became them as well. And just like these scars, the memories I have because of them will not fade ...not before I do.

*Toby Croft*

## Courage of Stars

When I was a young boy grown  
Fantasy of flying home  
The world in the sky  
The beautiful sights that I’d never see

But then I grew up too fast  
Younger days they’d never last  
But the world in the sky  
Those beautiful sights they waited for me

And when I never felt more alone  
Sitting flat on my throne of stone  
I’d look up above and wonder where could I be

And when all of the lights fade low  
Losing sight of all that I’ve known  
I’d count the stars from Venus and Mars that I could see

The courage of stars  
Passed down in our arms  
The dust that once made the world that we know  
Will rise us up farther than we could fathom  
Our dreams aren’t just dreams as long as we have them  
Keep us at large  
This courage of stars  
Give us the strength that we need  
For they’ll always be waiting for me

*Toby Croft*



All Artwork on this page by **OWEN SMITH**





LYDIA HOBSON / Mixed Media



ELLA KRENZER / Watercolor



LYDIA HOBSON / Mixed Media



CHELSEA VALDEZ / Acrylic



CHELSEA VALDEZ / Watercolor

## BETTER THIS WAY

ONCE WE GOT TO THE VET, MY MOTHER CHECKED SAMMY IN AND I TOOK HER OUT OF HER CAT CARRIER, SAT ON THE FLOOR, AND SNUGGLED HER CLOSE TO ME. SOBBING, I CARRIED HER BACK TO THE ROOM WHERE IT WOULD HAPPEN. THE PURPLE-PAINTED ROOM SMELLED FRESH, AND A FISH TANK BUBBLED IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. MY HEART SANK TO MY FEET, AS A ROCK TO THE BOTTOM OF A LAKE, WHEN I SAW THE METAL TABLE WHERE I WOULD HAVE TO LET HER GO. I GENTLY PLACED HER ON THE TABLE, AND FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES, ALL FOUR OF US BAWLED, TEARS STREAMING FROM OUR EYES. WHEN THE TIME CAME, I REMOVED HER COLLAR, KISSED HER ON HER FUZZY, LITTLE HEAD, AND ASSURED HER THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE JUST FINE. THE VET GAVE HER A SEDATIVE, AND WE WATCHED HER DRIFT OFF INTO A DEEP SLEEP. WE ALL LEFT THE ROOM BEFORE THE VET GAVE HER THE SECOND SHOT, WHICH WOULD TAKE SAMMY'S NINTH LIFE.

**OLIVIA KEEFER**

# MIPHA

THE PUPPY WAS SMALL. MAYBE 8 WEEKS OLD. WITH CURLY GOLDEN FUR AND GREEN EYES. HER FLUFFY CHEST HAD A DELICATE SPLASH OF WHITE. ALONG WITH HER TWO BACK PAWS. IT LOOKED LIKE SHE WORE SOCKS. AND I FOUND THAT HILARIOUS. TINY. NEEDLE-SHARP PEARLY WHITE TEETH GLEAMED WITH SALIVA IN HER MOUTH. CONTRASTING AGAINST HER BRIGHT PINK TONGUE. SHE WAS JUST AS EXCITED AS ME IN THIS WONDERFUL MOMENT. BARKING AND PANTING AT MY MOM AS SHE LONGED TO BE SET DOWN.

SIGHING LOUDLY. MY MOM LET THE PUPPY ONTO THE GROUND AND SHE TROTTED ALONG THE CARPET ANXIOUSLY. SNIFFING THE GROUND FOR ANYTHING UNFAMILIAR THAT COULD POSE AS A DANGER TO HER. AFTER SHE CHECKED THAT EVERYTHING WAS SAFE. SHE LOCKED HER GREEN EYES WITH PEPPER'S BROWN ONES AND LUNGED FOR HER. SNIFFING HER FACE AND HEAD RAPIDLY AS PEPPER GROWLED ANGRILY. SHE DID NOT LIKE THIS NEW DOG. MUCH AS A SIBLING IS JEALOUS



WHEN A NEW BABY COMES ALONG. SHE HAD BEEN AN 'ONLY CHILD' FOR TEN YEARS. AND NOW, SHE BECAME THE VICTIM OF A BLONDE FURBALL LICKING HER FACE AND INVADING HER PRECIOUS PRIVACY.

AND THEN THE DOG, CARSICK FROM THE TWO HOUR JOURNEY BACK UP TO MY GRANDMA'S HOUSE, VOMITED ON THE FLOOR. MY PARENTS GROANED AND RUSHED TO CLEAN UP THE NASTY MESS, BUT I DIDN'T MIND. MY MIND RACED AS I CLUTCHED THIS NEW PUPPY CLOSE TO ME. AND WHILE SHE WRIGGLED IN MY ARMS, I BURIED MY FACE INTO HER FUR AND WAS READY TO TAKE HER HOME.

I SAT IN THE BACKSEAT OF THE CAR, HOLDING HER IN MY ARMS. THE SMELL OF VOMIT AND DROOL BLASTED THROUGHOUT THE HEATED CAR. RAIN POUNDING ON THE WINDOWS AND DOORS AS WE DROVE QUICKLY TO GET BACK HOME. AS MY THOUGHTS WERE LULLED TO REST BY THE DARK CAR AND POUNDING RAIN, I FELT MY EYES CLOSE AND MIPHA SNUGGLED UP BESIDE ME.

**CARA PATTON**



# A FLICKERING HOPE

Out the window I glance, searching, wondering if he will come back. Trying to feel reassured, I tell myself that he will. Yet as the hours pass, I watch as my mom, usually a very calm and lighthearted woman, paces throughout the house. Her face, like chiseled coal, tries to hide all emotions within. Heart pounding, I turn my back to the window with my arms crossed. "Please don't do this, not again," I whisper shakily.

## "He's not coming back," my mom furiously mutters,

staring out at his blank parking space. My heart drops into my stomach, blood rising to my head. So many feelings and emotions revolt inside of me, but I continue to remain solemn and visually empty of emotion. Defeated, I let out a long, exasperated sigh, "I know."

Infuriated, my mother cries out in pure disbelief, yet also in deep hurt. For hours she shouts and rants in a fiery fury as I remain mentally blank, vigorously cleaning anything in sight. Why am I so shocked and hurt, I ask myself, this has happened countless times.

I put my baby sister to bed, kissing her goodnight, hearing my mother's cries of devastation echoing throughout the dark hallways. Devastation at how unfair the world is. Devastation at how this could happen to her. "I can never get a break," she sobs, shaking all over like a leaf in the wind. I sit by her side, unsure of what to do or how to feel. I simply lay my hand on her shoulder, listening. She cries out powerlessly, throwing her phone aside, "He's saying all kinds of terrible things."

I nod in recognition and get up to wash the dishes and clean the dining room, remaining silent. The silence ringing in my ears soon drowns out by the rush of the sink water. **Still so silent.** Lifeless. No sounds of my mom singing aloud. No sounds of my step dad playing his football game. No sounds of my sisters playing. Silence like that of a graveyard.

I slightly turn my head to the dining room, half-hoping to see my parents at the table, drinking their nightly coffee as they laugh at old stories from their years as young adults. There's nothing. Pattering quietly to the door, I check to see if his truck, a beacon of hope, happens to be parked in its usual spot. To my great disappointment, his space remains as empty as the life in the house.

ANONYMOUS



All Mixed Media artwork on this spread by ANNIKA ZITTO



## HER LAST DRINK

I woke up, stretching, on a Monday morning in May just like any other. My sister and I, dragging our tired bodies downstairs, sat at the kitchen table for breakfast. My nana walked in and faced the two of us, "ok" she said. Her voice quiet like the morning breeze. She broke the news two young daughters never want to hear.

Our mom, a complicated but loving woman,

**took herself to the hospital the night before because she drank too much.**

Sitting at the kitchen table that Monday morning, staring at my yogurt, tears running down my face, I didn't know what to say. My nana kept reassuring us that this would be the best thing for our mom. I didn't want to listen to anyone, I didn't want to go to school, I just wanted to stay in bed. Tears still streaming down my face, I went upstairs to get ready for school. I had no idea how I would be able to face people. I attempted to put makeup on, my eyes bloodshot from crying and my face red from the tears, soon I realized it was no use. I've never walked into school looking worse, but I didn't care. All I cared about was my mom, imagining her sitting in the hospital that night, **scared and alone like a lost cat.**

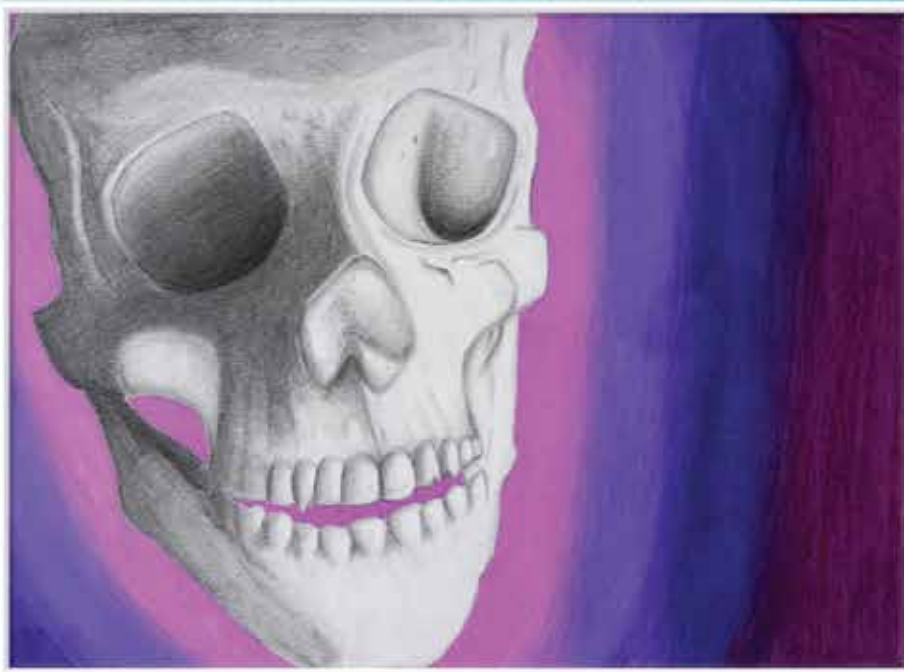
ANONYMOUS



# MY DEFINING MOMENT

The feeling that ignites in my body when I move is unexplainable. The way that my arms rip through the air and my feet move in sync with the music just makes me feel .. alive. This is how I know dance is my passion. This is how I know my heart has chosen dance. I've aged fifteen years to become a dancer, deep down in my mushy insides, buried past my ribs, I know it. I am certain of my destiny. I am certain for my future.

Jaelene Negron



# THANKS, UNIVERSE

The time had come, high school orientation at a brand new school, where I knew absolutely no one. I woke up that morning with a terrible feeling in my stomach, struck with the fear of the unknown. I rolled out of bed, trudging my way to the bathroom, to start getting ready for what was **bound to be the most awkward hour of my life.** I did my hair and makeup to the best of my ability, pulled on the outfit I had bought the day before, and walked downstairs to get a cup of coffee.

I met my dad in the kitchen as he made breakfast for my brothers and I. I gulped down some coffee, warm and comforting, as he reassured me that everything would be just fine, but the butterflies in my stomach were telling me otherwise. Then, at last, the time came when we had to leave. Dragging my feet like heavy potato sacks, I made my way to the car, slouching into the passenger seat. I took a deep breath as we started driving to the school, trying to calm my nerves.

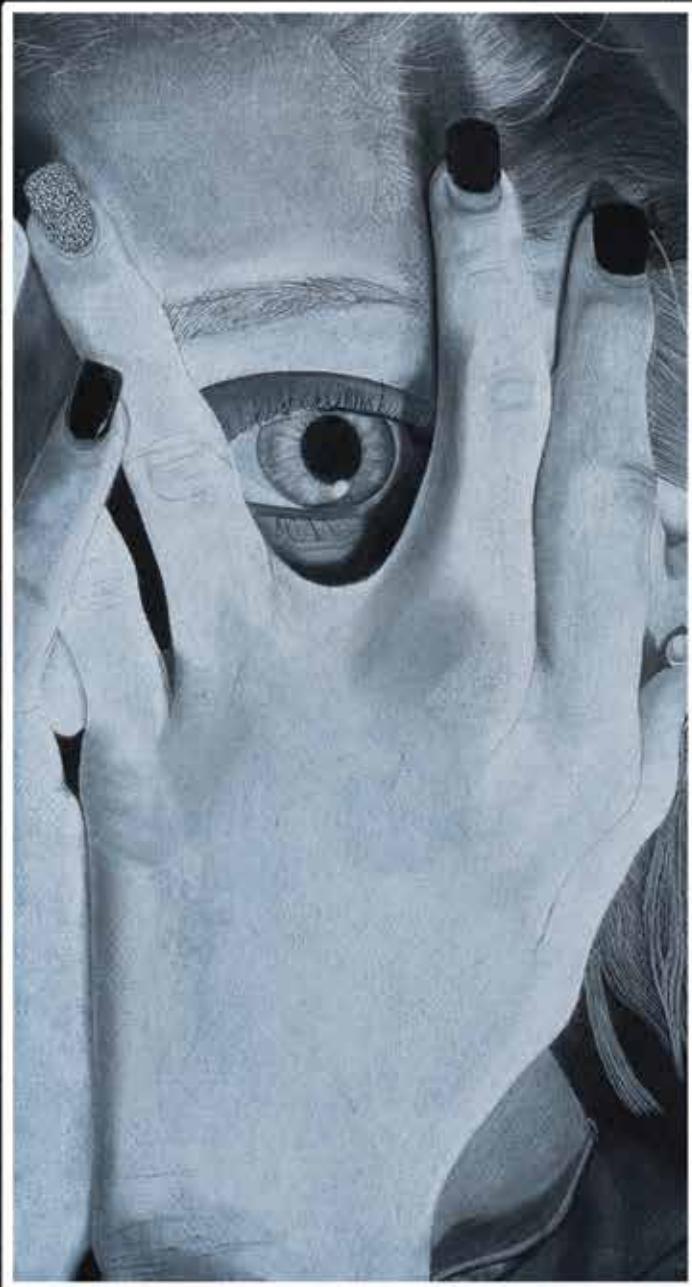
Juliana Arnold

Graphite & Ink artwork on this page by EMMA COX



All Watercolor & Ink artwork on this page by **ALEX GRUVER**





VALERIA AGUILAR / Charcoal

## Here, but Gone

On a Friday, dance picture day to be exact, I came home from school to a house full of my relatives and close friends. By this point my father was in hospice care, with a slim chance of getting through this tough battle once more. He had cancer, the horrific disease that infected his lungs, and later, more. He slept in the living room, confined to a beige hospital bed, reminding me of a sack of bones, weak, delicate, and feeble. It hurt me to see him like this, but it had become normal. I finished packing up my costumes, shoes, and makeup. My mother couldn't leave him, so one of the other dance moms offered to give me a ride to the studio. Eagerly, I bolted halfway out the door frame before my mother grabbed my arm and jolted me back inside.

"Go over and say goodbye." my mother muttered in my ear. **My feet dragged behind me like anchors on the bottom of the ocean.** Leaning over the rail, I continued with my goodbyes.

"It's okay, you can go. We will be fine... I love you." I whispered, choking on my tears. My mouth forced out those words due to the fact that my mother had pulled them out of me. I never wanted to say goodbye, and at eight years old I didn't think I had to.

Lea Coppola

## The Locket

I realized that it is okay to miss her and be sad. Some days I still open the box and hold my locket to see her and know that she is always there, but as I stand with the locket in my hand and the box lying open, I realize that I don't need the locket to make myself think of my mom. All I need to think of my mother is the memories that I have of her. I realize that all I ever needed to remember my mother when things got rough were the stories she used to tell, faces she used to make, and words or phrases she used to say to my brother and I. I think about my mother, the once saintly woman to whom I looked up, and realized that the more you love someone, the bigger the hurt and heavier the weight is when they are no longer in your life. Now, looking back on that time, I realize that I know more now than I knew then.

Jaeda Kuhn



EMMA LANIER / Photograph



ISABELLA KAPUSTA / Graphite



KYLEE PRESTON / Pen & Ink



TRENTON MURRAY / Charcoal



ANNA CHEN / Charcoal

# THE MORNING

The morning takes me  
With the flow of the sunshine  
It evaporates my sins until they are not to be  
With a flow of a never-ending straight line

A feeling as free Almost divine

To be one with my chi

When my bed, window, and sun align.

CHRISTOPHER  
MAGANA

# THE ROCKING CHAIR ROUTINE

Two Easters ago, we held our family gathering at my grandparent's house. I looked at my little rocking chair, a reminder of past happiness with my grandmother, sitting alone in the corner of the room and decided I wanted to try it out again. My aunts and uncles made jokes about me being too large; however, I ignored the comments, picked the chair up, and set it down on the light-colored wood. It seemed as if nothing had changed. The seat, tight and woven, felt familiar; however, the feeling that arose as I sat in it was different. I looked around and, although all of the same precious items still rested in the same place, the one person who truly made the routine special was missing. I decided to wake up from my tiny, but doleful daydream and put the chair back, however as I attempted to stand, the chair came with me. Laughter flowed through the crowded room and I couldn't help but laugh too. Prying the chair off of me, I sat the chair back in the lonely corner. On that day, yet another rocking chair memory was born.

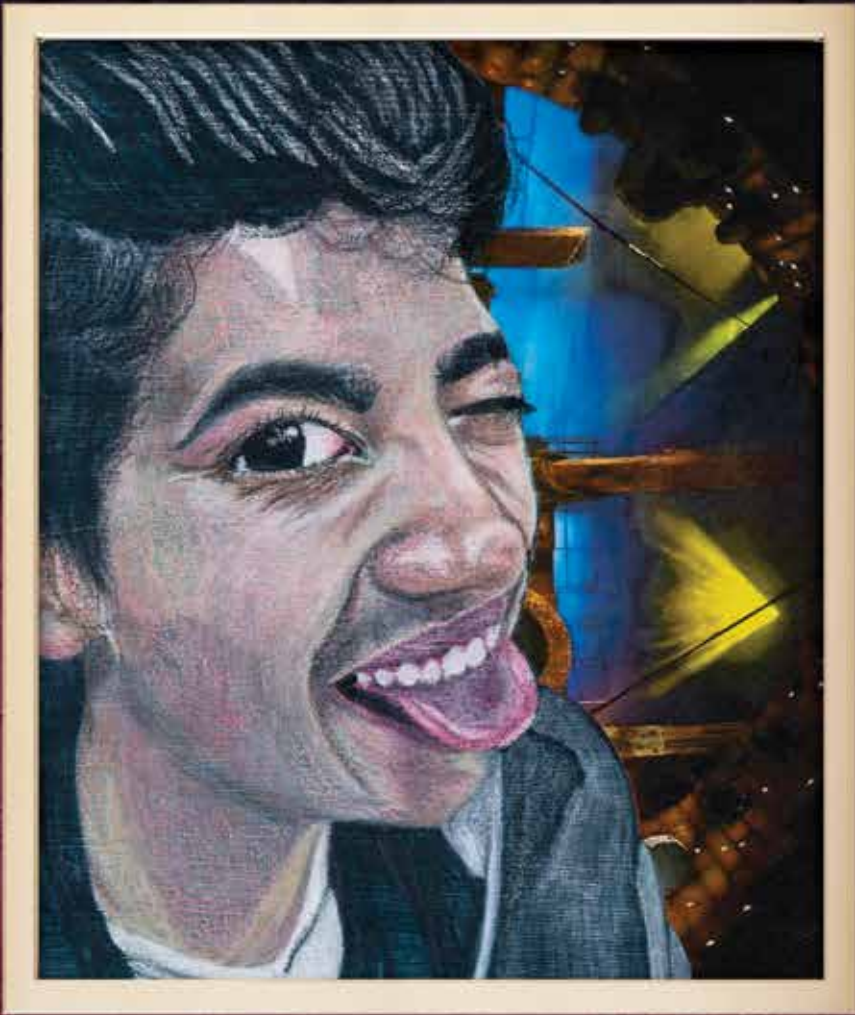
LILY MOORHEAD



KYLEE PRESTON / Digital Drawing



KYLEE PRESTON / Digital Drawing



EMELY MORA-BAILON / Mixed Media



ABBY DUVALL / Mixed Media

# UPPERVILLE HORSE SHOW

IT'S 3:00 IN THE MORNING, THE COLD OCTOBER MORNING SMELLED OF RAIN AND FRESH CUT GRASS, EVERYTHING STILL DARK AND WET. I PUT ON MY BRITCHES AND SHOW SHIRT ONLY TO THROW MY PAJAMAS BACK ON OVER TOP. AS I RACED DOWN THE STAIRS, SLIPPING ON MY STINKY OLD MUCK BOOTS TO HELP PACK THE CAR. BY THE TIME WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE BARN, THE CAR OVERFLOWED WITH COOLERS, SADDLES AND BRIDLES. THE WHOLE CAR SMELLED LIKE SADDLE SOAP AND WET LEATHER.

AS WE PULL INTO THE BARN ALL THE HORSES IN THE FIELDS BECOME ECSTATIC, PACING UP AND DOWN THE FENCE LINE, WHINNYING LOUDLY. I SLID THE HUGE METAL DOORS OPEN TO REVEAL A LIT UP BARN, THE SMELL OF BLACK COFFEE OVERFLOWS THE SEAMS. I'M GREETED BY MR. MIKE SAYING, THERE YA ARE, CARLEE! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE.

THEN, I WENT OVER TO PAISLEY'S STALL TO SEE THAT MY HORSE, GREY AND BEAUTIFUL, HAD A BIG OLE' SPOT OF BROWN MUSHED INTO HER SIDE. I BRING HER INTO THE WASH STALL TO SCRUB HER DOWN WITH SOME SHOWSHEEN, TRYING TO GET HER BROWN STAINS OUT. AFTER SOME ELBOW GREASE AND LOTS OF BUBBLES SHE GLISTENED WHITE.

# CARLEE LAWRENCE

## TOP IT OFF WITH A PEACH

FOR THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS OF MY LIFE, I LIVED WITH MY AUNT, MY SECOND MOTHER, BACK IN CHINA. HER HOUSE WAS IN A SMALL RURAL VILLAGE WHERE THE FIRST THINGS YOU WOULD SEE UPON ENTRANCE WERE FIELDS OF CROPS AND ROLLING MEADOWS. THE AIR, SWEET AND SOFT, PRESSED AGAINST MY SKIN AND THE NIGHT FILLED WITH CRICKETS, CHIRPING AWAY IN THE FIELD.

ON AN ABNORMALLY HOT AUTUMN DAY WHEN I WAS AROUND FIVE, I REMEMBER HIKING A MOUNTAIN WITH MY AUNT AND HER ONE FRIEND. THE HIKE, MORE LIKE A TREACHEROUS WALK, WENT TO THE CHILDHOOD HOME WHERE MY MOM, MY AUNT, AND THEIR 5 OTHER SIBLINGS HAD GROWN. I CAN'T REMEMBER NOW WHY SHE HAD TO VISIT HER CHILDHOOD HOME SINCE THE HOUSE, ABANDONED AND OVERGROWN, HADN'T SEEN ANYONE FOR MANY YEARS. GRASS SNAGGED AND POKED AT MY LEGS AS I TRIED, TO NO PREVAIL, TO NAVIGATE MY WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN, TRAILING A FEW STEPS BEHIND THE TWO OF THEM. MOREOVER, THE HEAT MADE MY CLOTHES STICK TO MY SKIN AND THE PALMS OF MY HAND DAMP WITH SWEAT. I ANNOYINGLY EXPRESSED MY DISPLEASURE TO MY AUNT. EVENTUALLY, MY AUNT, THOROUGHLY DONE WITH MY WINNING, PRESENTED TO ME A PEACH, AN ADMIRABLE ATTEMPT TO KEEP ME SILENT, SO BIG THAT IT COULD BARELY FIT IN MY TINY GRASP. I ECSTATICALLY ACCEPTED HER GENEROUS GIFT WITH A FULL GRIN ON MY FACE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, I CONSUMED DOWN THE PEACH LIKE A STARVING LEECH GIVEN BLOOD.

**ANNA CHEN**



MIA ALVAREZ / Paper Collage



NICHOLAS SHAW / Digital Collage



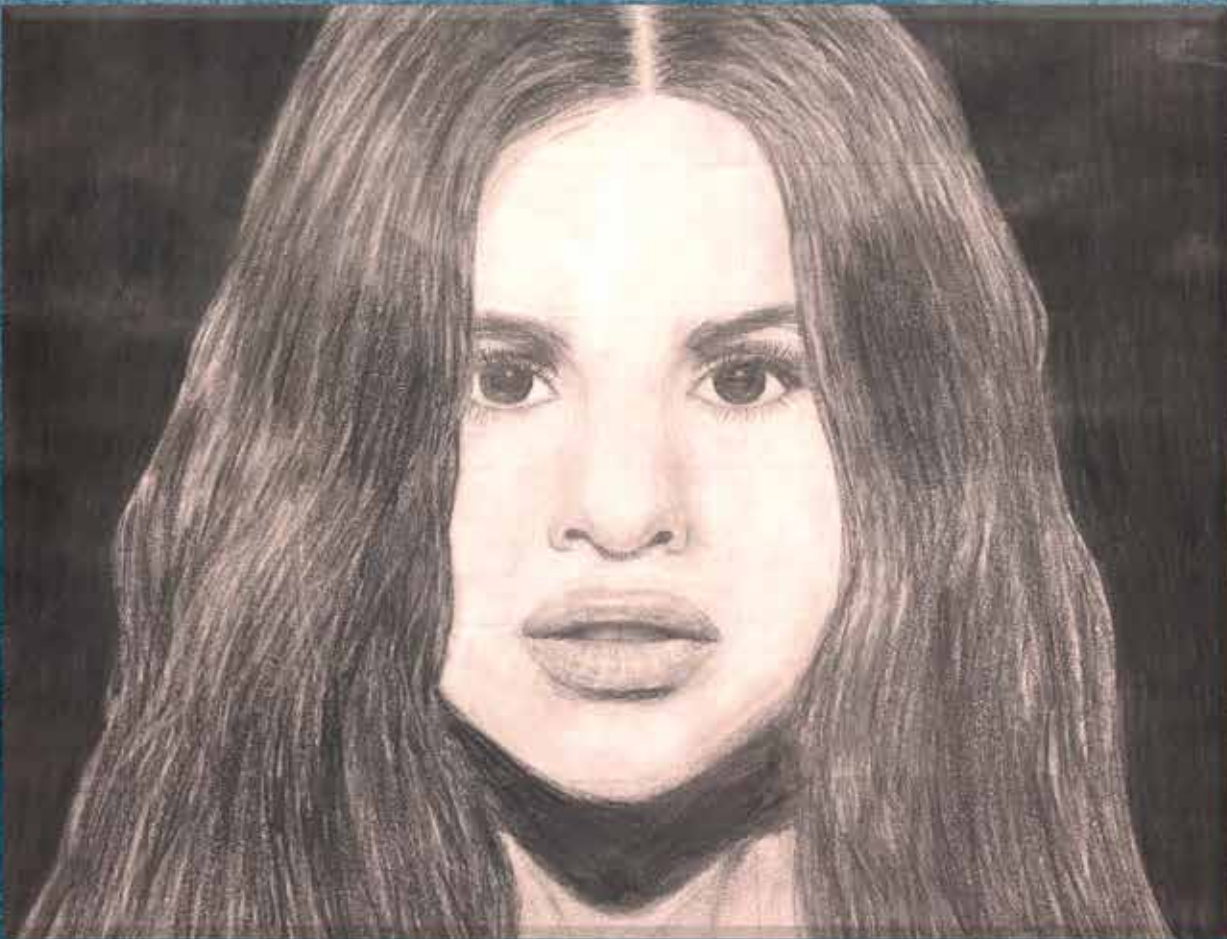
ELLA SWEENEY / Charcoal

## Flying Home

Letting my mind wander once more to avoid making my parents any more upset, I recalled seeing my mother walk out of the house and down the driveway that practically went on for miles. She made it all the way to the end, crying the entire duration of her walk. I desperately wanted to follow her, but I also didn't want to look at her. I had so much anger towards her and at my father too. I felt trapped, with nobody to go to, and no desire to have fun. It became hard to play with the other kids because they didn't have to hear what I heard, see what I saw, and fear what I feared.

Everything had indeed changed once we returned home. My parents stayed together; however, they weren't the same loving couple that I had known before. They didn't get along like they used to and stayed too caught up in their own marital issues and fights to pay mind to who sat nearby listening. I had changed too, for I held onto that anger for a very long time, resulting in me ripping apart a sticky note my father left for my mother that read, "I love you." There still remains tension to this day, yet not nearly as intense. It's a dark stain always there to remind us what happened that night, denying us all the chance to fully move on and heal.

*Anonymous*



RIAN DISNEY / Graphite

Will the world wait for you to tread upon its secrets  
The dirt and wind the same as those who saw before  
A place shining, unchanging like a beacon  
Some place to call back to long past shores

The change of death creeps upon every tide  
What can be captured for the future to see?  
The wise are unwise and the past wants to hide  
The beacon wiped let go and set free

**Will time have its way  
an inevitable end to sacred things?**

A farmer switching crops for better soil  
What can impact and have the people sing?  
People will survive and time will be its only foil  
Why building beacons may be a direct way  
The better we build each other will long sway.

*Colby Peterson*

## Hurricane Maria

Hurricane Maria is considered a deadly hurricane because it was category five hurricane that devastated Dominica, the Virgins Islands, the United States, and Puerto Rico. Hurricane Maria was on September 16, 2017. The geographical location caused Hurricane Maria to be more devastating than it would have been if it had affected another location. From the valleys that accelerated the winds to the mountains that bounced in the eye, causing the accumulation of water, it was a very difficult experience. It was very difficult to find water and canned food. My parents had to spend a lot of money when the hurricane approached Puerto Rico because the stores had expensive prices. When Hurricane Maria arrived in Puerto Rico the winds started at six in the morning. The winds were very strong; it rained so hard that our house flooded with water. Puerto Rico is still recovering. Never again will Puerto Rico be the same after the passage of Hurricane Maria.

*Neishlian Marcial*



ANNA CHEN / Pen & Ink



ELLA SWEENEY / Graphite



**HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL**  
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