



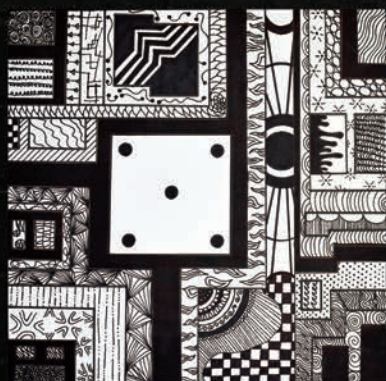
THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL VOLUME XIX

Dimensions 2022

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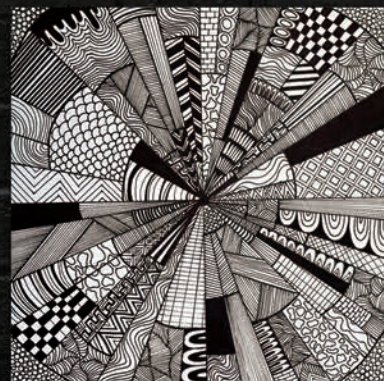
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ARIANA PATTERSON / Pen & Ink



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AMBER MUMMERT / Lino Print



ELIZABETH HUSTON / Lino Print

Staff: Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Julie Smith

Philosophy: Dimensions Literature and Arts Magazine is dedicated to showcasing the creative expression of Hanover High School students.

Production: Visual Impact Group

Thank You: Courtney Guimaraes, Dr. John Scola, Amy Crist

ANNE CHEN / Gold Key Scholastic Award



XO'LANI WILLIAMS / Colored Pencil



What Do You See

*What do you see
A person who is broken
Or a person who needs attention
What do you see within me
The person I used to be but I lost over time
Or the person I try to be
When I cry what do you see
Dreams being broken
Memories running away
What do you see in my tears
The fear I tried to forget
The losses that I experienced
My tears, my face, and myself
They tell a whole story
The story that tells my sadness
But no one is willing to read it.*

Elena Solorzano



ELIZABETH EHRHART / Pen & Ink



ELLA SWEENEY / Graphite

She and I

Growing up, I have always been surrounded by art in my family. Whether it was my older sister, an artistically-gifted individual, or my wonderful mother, imaginatively talented with writing and literature, art fills our home. If I were ever to be asked who in my life influenced who I am today, I would easily come to the answer of my older sister, Emily. I'm very grateful I have her, for I probably annoyed her as much as nails on a chalkboard, but she is the person who stole my attention when it came to art. I remember in the summertime when I was younger, Emily and I would sit out on our porch together. She would draw in her sketchbook, and I would sit right next to her, eyes growing larger and larger with curiosity as she made each stroke. This is where it all started for me, motivation growing inside of me like flowers sprouting from the ground in the spring.

I feel so grateful that my older sister started me on this glorious journey. Almost every one of my passions root back to her. She continues to be my inspiration for many different subjects, and I am so pleased to have her as my best friend. I am still a seedling, preparing for growth and change with my beloved sister, standing and flourishing right beside me.

Elizabeth Ehrhart



STARLYNN DECKER / Lino Print



ANNA CHEN / Gouache

It's Okay to be Alone

I stormed out of the hotel room, swiftly walking down the hall. As soon as my eyes met a stranger with a face of concern, I could no longer hold it in. Tears spilt over and flowed down my face like a river escaping a dam. Heart pounding through my chest, I picked up my pace, running, until coming to a sudden stop awaiting the automatic doors to open before me. Once opened, I took a big step outside into the luxurious resort in Mexico my family and I traveled to. The warm, calming breeze brushed across my damp cheeks. I exhaled as I allowed all my worries to exit with my steady breath.

Following the trail of palm trees, the euphonious sound of crashing waves grew louder as the grass beneath my feet eventually turned into sand. Warm and soft, the sand slipped between my toes until I sat myself on a short seawall bordering the beach. Mesmerized by the view, I sat in silence, thoughts loud, until the sun turned into the pale crescent moon reflecting light into the dark waves. At that moment, it was just me, the ocean, sand, and stars. Although I may not interact as often, I always felt most comfortable amongst a large group of people. I grew up in the city and spent most of my time with many other kids and teenagers. In fact, I had traveled in a group of over 30 family members.



ANNA CHEN / Gouache

Staring into the view, as if hypnotized, minutes turned into hours. I recorded every detail of that view, knowing I wouldn't see it again. The world around me, a beautiful globe, never looked better. Unlike New York, tall buildings didn't block the view of the beautiful sky. Stars filled the view in every angle I looked it until the horizon. I had a front row ticket to God's art museum.

Thea Persaud

My Broken Machine

The motors in my mind
keep moving nonstop
But the words I think
don't come out
I walk everywhere but don't
have an exact location
People in a big group laughing
I want to walk over
but my mind says no
I try to show emotion
but my face doesn't move

This body, mind, and soul I own
But everything is hard to control

Nothing works
Broken down in tears every day
I try to express myself
But my body and mind stop me
I walk around people who look so lively
Their lives seem so perfect
I wish I worked like them
But instead, I just stand here broken.

Elena Salazar

ANH TRUONG / Graphite & Acrylic



CAIDY GLADFELTER / *Tempera*

MYA PLANK / *Tempera*



ARIANA PATTERSON / *Tempera*

The First Win

Sitting on our turf field with the heat radiating off of the black, rubber pebbles, we sat waiting for our lineup excited to play our first game of the season. I think we all thought field hockey made our lives a little bit better ever since the lock down in 2020.

Our coach, Coach Gail, stood waiting for us to stop chatting before she gave us the line up. She had a white board in her hands with everyone who would be starting on it. The board, white and shiny, made me anxious. **My heart raced with excitement to see the lineup**, for if my name appeared on the board I would be excited and grateful, but as a freshman, I knew plenty of other girls on the team had more experience than me.

Our coach, Gail, started off by saying “I don’t want anyone to get upset over the starting line up because it can change as the season goes on”. With saying that she flipped the board to show us the names. Scanning the board, I looked for my name just as everyone else. Then I saw it, my name written on the whiteboard with a black expo marker. **As much as I tried to hide it, I beamed with joy.**

Mya Plank

What’s So Funny?

I’ve always had a nervous laugh. I got it from my mom. We laugh when something bad happens like when somebody gets hurt. The same laugh escaped from my lips on that fateful day.

Brian and I hopped and jumped around on the wrestling mat, fiercely trying to take down one another. He attacked, and I swiftly dodged, each of us patiently waited for the perfect moment to capture our opponent in our clutches. Eventually, Brian left his guard down, so I quickly knocked him to his hands and knees. Positioning myself so he could not escape, **I had him stuck**. In order for me to secure the win, I had to break him down to his belly and then turn him over to his back. So, I fiercely swung my hand into the crevice of his elbow. **I chopped like a karate master breaking a concrete brick**. To my surprise, Brian, unaffected and stoic, didn’t move an inch. His arm had not folded like I expected to happen. Out of confusion, I let another karate chop fly down to his elbow. That’s when I heard it, a sound neither Brian nor I will ever forget. **CRUNCH!** The sound one hears when snapping a glow stick revealing its hidden neon color.

Immediately Brian’s body sprawled out on the mat as he squealed in pain. Nervous and scared, I couldn’t believe that I might have just broken my friend’s arm. As I started to ask if he was okay, nothing but a hysterical laugh escaped my mouth.

Nolan Chronister



LUKE HOLMBERG / *Tempera*



STACY MORA-VAZQUEZ / *Graphite & Acrylic*

THE EMBRACE OF WATER.

Feet tapping against the diving board, I ran towards the edge. I put all my pressure into my feet and lifted off the ground. Excitement began to overflow my mind when the adrenaline took over. The joy of losing control and letting the sky control where I went astonished me, like a child being given a bar of candy. The air blew against my face and caused my hair to flow in an unusual manner. Moving upwards, I felt a moment of peace. Just for a moment. Then I began to fall downwards, losing the silence that felt like an eternity. Wind flew past my ears, a loud roaring sound echoed throughout my mind. Anyone's voice got immediately drowned out, creating an inaudible mess. The reflection of myself laid below me, as if I would jump into another version of me. It felt like that if we touched, the whole world would collapse in on itself and an explosion would happen. An explosion that would stretch across the entire universe and restart time itself. I braced myself for the explosion, for what may happen to my existence once we touched.

My feet hit the water first.

My toes felt the coldness, feeling the change in temperature.

Several alerts went off in my mind.

Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold!

Back off! However, it was too late. Too late for me to back off, not now. Not while I was so close. I decided to accept the coldness and let it be a part of me, ignoring the warnings. The freezing temperature took over my body, and my head slowly followed afterwards.

When my head went under, it really went as though I traveled into a new world. The old one was noisy. Loud. Obnoxious. Thousands of people and voices echoing throughout, not letting me get a single moment of levity. Even the moment of peace I had in the air didn't feel genuine or real. This new world did. The bubbles, small and fragile, clouded my vision for a while. I wanted to see the world, but I was being denied. Some began to pop and fade away from existence, but I swiped my hands to see clearly. Everything was a blur, anything moving I couldn't make out. So I closed my eyes.

My head popped out and I took a deep breath. The smell of flowers went into my body. I was brought back to life and brought back to earth, the friendly place I call home. I grabbed the edge of the pool and pulled myself out. Gasping for more air, I set my knees on the floor. Dripping and sloshing noises could be heard all around me as I stood up and walked. I set my feet on the board and breathed in. "Did you enjoy that?" my mom shouted at me. I nodded my head. I was ready to charge and do the whole thing over again.

JONAS CUE



ITZEL REYES VELAZQUES / Lino Print



PAUL KNIGHT / Lino Print

A GOOD MEMORY

I trudged sluggishly into the kitchen where my pop-pop sat at the table. My pop-pop, a man with a heartwarming smile, ushered me to sit beside him. Pulling out my Scooby-Doo chair from beneath the table, I sat down. He asked me why I was up so early. Thoughts converged on chocolate milk, I blurted out, "I want some chocolate milk." He told me to get some, so I walked over to the cabinet and grabbed my plastic Fox and the Hound cup. He always made fun of me because I loved to watch the sad movie every time I went to his house. I placed the cup on the wooden countertop that I had previously stained and got the milk and chocolate syrup from the fridge. I had filled the cup with milk and tried to put almost half the bottle of chocolate syrup in, but Pop-pop took the bottle from me before I could.

I sat back down at the table as he grabbed his coffee cup from the counter and sat down with it. I asked him why he had to wake up so early.

He replied, "I am old and need to work to pay the bills."

I had asked him what he did but he simply told me I wouldn't understand. I had just turned six years old at the time, so I probably wouldn't have. Our conversation continued as many of our normal ones would. The time seemed as though it flew by.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT WE SAID OR EVEN THE TOPIC OF OUR CONVERSATION AFTER, BUT I REMEMBER HOW IT FELT.

It felt good to just sit down drink coffee or chocolate milk and talk. It made me happy because I had always felt jealousy towards my mom who got to sit and have conversations like this all the time. I had wished it could go on forever.

Sadly, that did not come true. After the thought ran through my mind, my aunt looked at me, seething with anger. I assumed I had been quiet enough because my pop-pop hadn't said anything, but it appeared he got as wrapped up in the conversation as me.

She asked me in a stern, monotone voice, "What are you doing up so early and making so much noise."

I had become overwhelmingly nervous, but then I saw my pop-pop. Glancing at each other through the corners of our eyes, the shock in our faces turned to smiles. We burst out into laughter, the kind of laugh that makes your ribcage hurt because it is so loud before you even notice. She looked at us confused for a moment but quickly joined us. Before we all knew it, the house that had once seemed dark and dreary, became full of laughter.

Then, my pop-pop, slowly and regretfully, got up from the table. I questioned him about why he had gotten up and he replied that he had to go to work or he would be late. We gave each other a big hug, and he told me to go back to sleep. I watched him walk to his two-door truck and drive the long, rocky path down the hill to the street. My aunt then walked me back to the sofa, tucked me back in, and went back to sleep. I fell asleep quickly after her. I remember thinking that tonight would be a memory I would not forget for a long time.

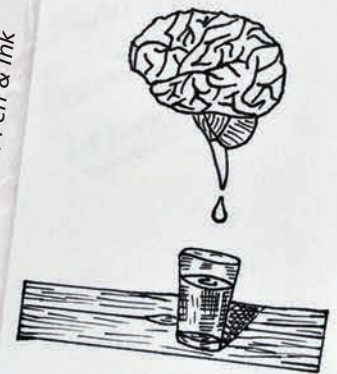
I AM NOW FIFTEEN YEARS OLD AND I WAS RIGHT. THAT NIGHT IS STILL SOMETHING I REMEMBER AS IF IT WAS YESTERDAY.

Around seven years ago, after I turned 8, my pop-pop died of cancer. For a long time, it hurt to think of memories like this. It

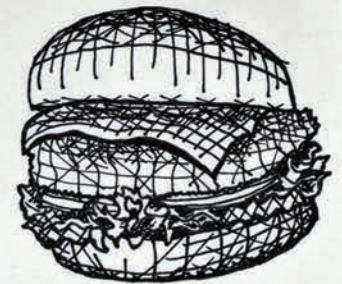
was so unbearable because I knew those happy memories, like him, would forever be just that, a happy memory. I could never make them with him again. Over time I learned that while it's hard to think of them, they are all that I have left of him. They might hurt, but they are too important to forget. So, I'll remember those happy memories and be glad that he was here to make them with me, rather than be sad that he is gone.

EMMA WALKER

REAGAN WILDASIN / Pen & Ink



ELIZABETH HUSTON / Pen & Ink



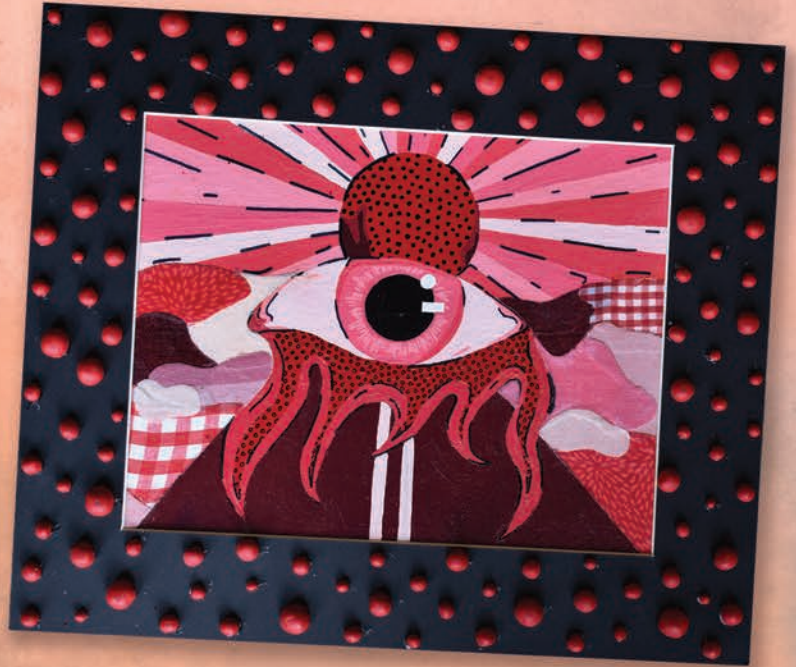
RADHIKA CHAUDHARY / Pen & Ink





All Digital Drawing on this page by CARA PATTON





All Mixed Media Artwork on this page by SHARON GEARHART





All Mixed Media Artwork on this page by RIAN DISNEY



KANOSAYO CIRCUS

The music box chimes its eerie song as the night awoke. Okashī hummed a faint song as she applied her makeup. “Everyone ready?” she called out. Trisha looked up, her fiery red hair fell onto her shoulder.

“Almost. Tying my braid now,” Trisha responded. Two girls jumped onto the dirt floor from above. As the dust settled they stood up. Shina, the girl with hair as pink as gum, nodded at Okashī.

“Stage is set. Crowd is filing in,” they said in unison.

“Good,” Okashī cheered as she finished her makeup. Her teal hair had been styled up into twin buns. Each girl wore a beautiful dress with stripes on the skirts. The dresses reached knee length keeping to the poofy circus look. Their appearances matched the cheerful circus atmosphere perfectly.

The show began. The girls ran into the blinding stage lights. Shina and Shinokawa, the girl with purple hair like a seasoned iris, climbed to the upper level and stood at the ready. Trisha climbed even higher to a ring in the top center of the tent. The girls halted until the music cued their routine to start.

Shina and Shinokawa swung toward each other on their bar swings. Okashī began an acro routine on the dirt floor. The twins did flips and tricks, catching each other when scheduled. Eventually the center ring lowered, Trisha sat in it. She flipped down gracefully out of the ring. Trisha dangled ten meters above the ground. Swinging the ring, Trisha used her weight to fling the ring to the side rails. She ran along them then jumped. She climbed to the center of the

ring as it spun around the large tent. Trisha laid back, hanging upside down, as she reached out. Shina leapt from her swing then grabbed onto the ring. Shinokawa swung up then fell off her swing, gaining gasps from the crowd. Her fall stopped as Trisha grabbed her. Shinokawa grabbed the ring.

Eventually the girls found their ending poses. The crowd clapped and howled for the girls’ display of tricks. The four girls went back to their tent to relax until the end of the show. The girls got a drink while laughing and chattering about whatever crossed their minds. An idle humming, no, ringing sound drowned the cheerful giggles as Okashī felt dizzy. Her eyes, dull and tired, turned toward the mirror.

OKASHI’S HEART JUMPED INTO HER THROAT THEN THUMPED HARD AS IF ASKING TO BE FREE!

In the mirror Okashī did not appear. In her place stood a boy. He appeared to be a teen, like her. He wore a festive outfit swallowed by a dark cloak. Okashī rubbed her eyes thinking that something stopped her from seeing color. The boy only had black and white features, not even his eyes had color. The black and white monotone outfit reminded her of a creepy clown.

His pale gray eyes stared at her. Despite their dull appearances, Okashī sensed a dark regret and worrying madness in him. He looked her in the eyes, his lighter hair falling into his face. The sound of shattering glass screamed in Okashī’s ears as he appeared to reach out of the mirror to grab her. A hoarse, grave shattering voice followed the shattering. “Run-Leave!-Be-E-For-r-re it’s to-oo late!”, he hissed in a choppy manner.



JOCELYN MOORE / Watercolor

Okashī felt that his gaze had lured her in, like she had fallen in and was now drowning with no escape. Her trance only fractured by Shina’s violent touch as Shina shook Olashī with a trill shriek.

“Okashī! Get up! Yosuke fell!”, Shina snapped. Okashī thrashed her head to rid herself of the chills creeping in her spine. Following her friends’ gazes she felt her attention pulled to the stage. Nausea weighed her down as she watched the medics in horror as they lifted the corpse of her now mangled father.

“Papa!?”, Okashī screamed, racing to the stage. The crowd shifted uncomfortably as they sat still. The ment her foot connected with the stage floor, a new sound echoed. A scream. Okashī looked up, feeling each hair on her neck rise. Okashī watched as the sound speaker came crashing down above her. Her vision went dark for a moment. When she blinked she found herself beside the broken speaker with shards of plastic piercing her body. Nothing too deep but enough to startle her. A shadow flickered across her eyes as she slowly felt the world spin. “Three-no, four...”, she whispered, seeing the boy from the mirror with three other girls. Each figure in outfits similar to Okashī’s. Darkness fell upon her closed eyelids.

JOCELYN MOORE

Mirror

THERE MUST'VE BEEN A TIME
WHEN IT WAS EASIER TO SEE YOUR BEAUTY
YOUR REFLECTION IS NOW A CRIME

YOU CAN KEEP TELLING YOURSELF
"I LOOK PRETTY"

THOUGH YOU PLACE THOSE MEANINGLESS WORDS ON A SHELF

THOSE MEANINGLESS WORDS THAT MEAN ALL TOO MUCH TO YOU
"MY MAKEUP LOOKS (UTE TODAY)"

YOU KNOW YOU DO NOT NEED IT, YET YOU STILL FEEL BLUE

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A TIME
WHEN IT WAS DIFFICULT TO SEE MY BEAUTY
MY REFLECTION IS NOT A CRIME
BUT A BLESSING

Elizabeth Ehrhart



XO'LANI WILLIAMS / Graphite



XO'LANI WILLIAMS / Charcoal

A RIDE TO REMEMBER

After some time of wondering, I decided to finally gather enough courage to ask my mom to try a new ride at Hershey Park. Walking with me to my first roller coaster, she seemed more excited than me.

We arrived at the entrance to the attraction and got our spot in the line. Sweaty and impatient, I looked up at the trees waving around us. I stared anxiously at the light shining through the dancing leaves, a myriad of green sparkles. I attempted to swat away the worrisome thoughts of what-ifs and disastrous scenarios, but they refused to give me time to relax my muscles.

The line didn't take as long as I expected, and we found ourselves in the coaster dispatch station. I looked around as sweat ran down my face and tried desperately to understand why everyone looked so excited. The attraction that gave hundreds of people nonstop joy seemed to be a one-way ride through agonizing anxiety. As the coaster pulled in and sped away like a speedy race car doing laps, we got closer to the tracks. We quickly found ourselves standing a foot away from the coaster track and the sound of an incoming cart boomed louder. The cart pulled up and gently stopped, and it felt as if a thousand butterflies swirled around my stomach at the speeds of a tornado. The time I longed to reach had come, and I didn't seem to have a drop of confidence left.

We slipped into the cart seats, handlebar lowering tightly over my mom and I. I fiddled with my fingers and tried my hardest to sit patiently, waiting for it all to be over. A woman yelled "all clear" and gave a thumbs-up gesture as a buzzer rang, and we began to accelerate forward. The roller coaster cart turned upward and slowly climbed a massive hill of tracks, a never ending mountain of torment. The sun glared hotter than I had ever felt before and the minute of escalation felt like an hour. As we reached the highest point of the track, we turned straight down and I gripped the handlebar tightly. We plummeted at an unbelievable speed, cheers

burst out with immense excitement. All of a sudden the intense butterflies disappeared from my stomach. The screams screeched around us as we swerved from side to side through loops and several hills like a ruthless dragon. My muscles relaxed and my body felt weightless as we stormed forwards. The unbelievable feelings washing over me felt like a dream.

Cherishing every second, the end came faster than the wait in line. Our cart swooped smoothly into the station once again and we all exited our seats with ease. Feeling like a new person, I ran down the exit steps with a large smile on my face. I just overcame a fear that terrorized and antagonized me for multiple years.

REEF SHAFFER

HERSHEY PARK HAPPY

After patiently waiting in line for thirty minutes, the gatekeepers welcomed us into the jungle of mystique. Anticipating that the line for Candymonium- the newest coaster- would quickly become horrendous, we bolted to the popular attraction and secured a very fortunate spot in a rapidly growing line. The queue immediately shifted from a line at Chick Fil A's drive-thru to New York City's traffic during rush hour. Looking behind us, seconds after entering the waiting room, the line's end had vanished.

Our screaming train zoomed, climbed, twisted, and turned, our arms reaching for the wispy clouds. Fear flew out of riders after the first descent and marvelous views of the park greeted riders within each angle. Parents, friends, relatives, and strangers from below pointed and waved at our speedy train swooshing away. A flashing light took us by surprise, capturing our facial expressions as we zoomed downhill. We started to decelerate as we drew closer to the end and our screams diminished. After coming to a halt back at the start, everybody tumbled out of the train and exited the ride with a memorable experience.

LIBBY HUSTON

THE DAY OF THRILLS

On that day, I had the luxury of visiting Hershey Park with some friends of mine. When we finally arrived, we got our tickets and headed for the front gate. Entering the park, the overwhelming smells and sounds of Hershey hit me, and I knew right in that moment that today would be great. Hiking over the lengthy hills through the park, we finally made it to our first ride, Storm Runner. With a fairly short line, we found ourselves in the front seat of this menacing ride.

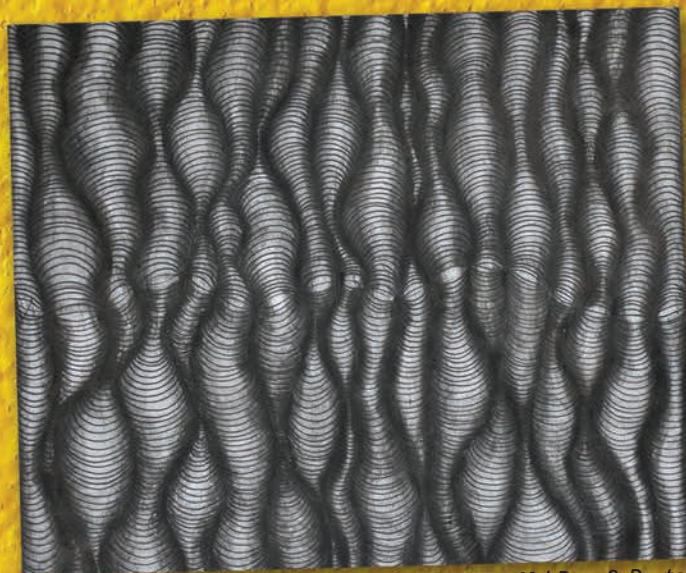
Leaving the station and entering the launch area has to be one of the most nerve wracking events that occurs on this ride. Sitting in my seat, heart pounding, palms sweating, it felt as if hours had gone by while waiting when, in reality, we had only sat for a couple seconds. As the recorded voice began to speak, I gripped the restraints tighter knowing in seconds we would blast off. It happened: the carts ripped across the tracks, shot up the towering hill as fast as lightning, entered several mind-bending loops and turns, and came to a halt, hissing slowly across the tracks. Just like that the ride came to a stop, it didn't even last thirty seconds. Reentering the station, the restraints unlocked and we exited the ride.

Next, we decided to tackle the biggest, fastest, longest, and newest ride they had, Candymonium. With it only having a ten minute wait time, we sprinted across the park. Entering the line, our hopes heightened. Thoughts rushed through my head while waiting to board. We entered with no hesitation, and the ride commenced, dragging us up the two hundred and ten foot hill. Peaking over the hill, we shot down at seventy six miles per hour, taking my breath away. Getting to the bottom of the hill we then shot back up another hill making us fly out of our seats. After going up and down a couple more hills the ride was over. Leaving the ride I figured out very quickly that I have a new favorite ride.

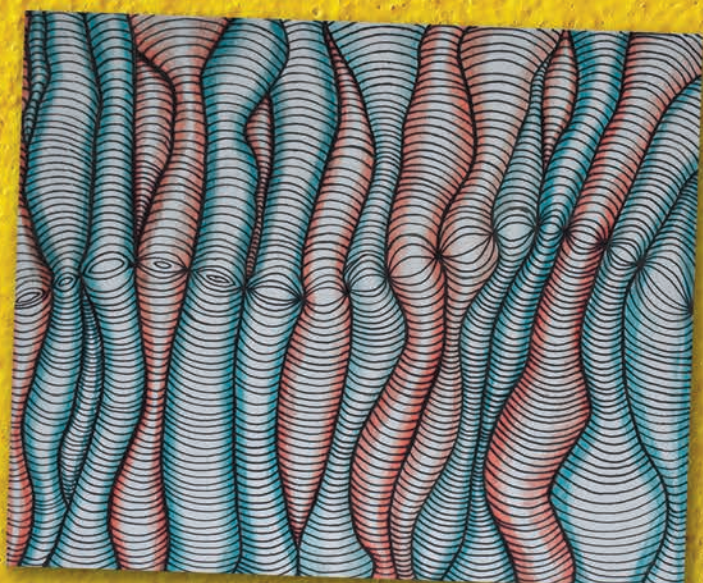
CAYDEN JONES



MILLYARIS LOGOA RODRIGUEZ / Pen & Pastel



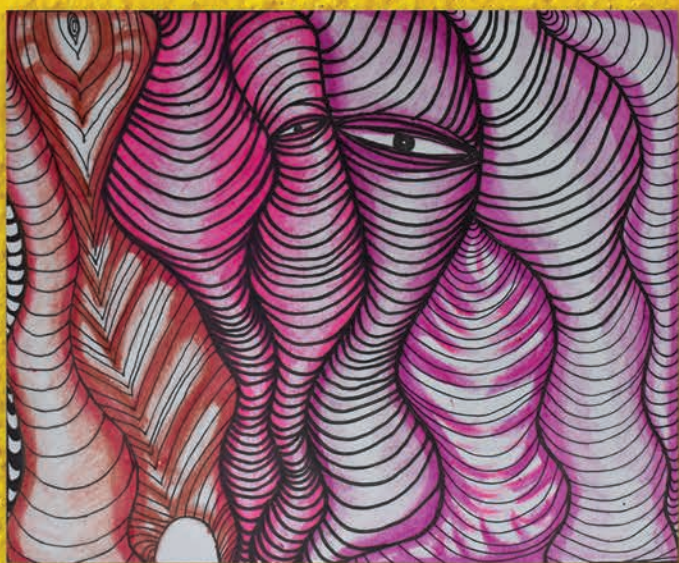
MYA PLANK / Pen & Pastel



CAIDY GLATFELTER / Pen & Pastel



ARIANA PATTERSON / Pen & Pastel



IMARI SCHULER / Pen & Pastel



KAITLYN ZEIGLER / Pen & Pastel

Roberto met Elisa Soto Rivas and they established a life together. Roberto's dream was to live in the United States and to have children there so they wouldn't suffer what he had suffered and be able to travel anywhere they wanted and live a nice life. They both agreed, and they both escaped one night. They put together 50,000 pesos to give to the man who was going to show them the way to get there. They lasted days without food and they suffered from cold as well. Roberto saw teens trying to cross, and not everybody made it at the end, dying from cold and hunger.

Once they crossed the border, they lived in California and had a child named Roberto Salazar Jr.. Roberto had to work in construction, trying to feed his kids, coming home at 8 at night. Elisa stayed with the kids to take care of them. Sometimes there wasn't enough food. They had no choice. Roberto had an offer to learn how to do custom staircases in Pennsylvania. They told him it paid very well, but the hard part is that you have to learn it. They risked it, and we went on a bus with friends to Pennsylvania. Roberto began his own successful custom staircase company.

In January 2022, Roberto Evangelista Salazar peacefully passed away. Randy Salazar is getting ready to graduate from high school. Roberto Salazar and Ricardo Salazar are successful in their own business. Roberto Sr. will be remembered forever and for everything he has done for his family. After Randy's graduation, they are off to Georgia, and the Salazar family will be ready for a restart.

Randy Salazar

LEYENDA DE GUADALUPE

JUAN DIEGO SUBIÓ A LA CUMBRE Y VIO A UNA SEÑORA DE SOBRESHUMANA BELLEZA, CUYO VESTIDO ERA BRILLANTE COMO EL SOL, LA CUAL CON PALABRAS MUY AMABLES Y ATENTAS LE DIJO: "JUANITO, EL MÁS PEQUEÑO DE MIS HIJOS, YO SOY LA SIEMPRE VIRGEN MARÍA, MADRE DEL VERDADERO DIOS, POR QUIEN SE VIVE."

CUANDO IBA DE REGRESO A SU PUEBLO, JUAN DIEGO SE ENCONTRO DE NUEVO CON LA VIRGEN MARÍA Y LE EXPLICÓ LO OCURRIDO. LA VIRGEN LE PIDIÓ QUE AL DÍA SIGUIENTE FUERA NUEVAMENTE A HABLAR CON EL OBISPO Y LE REPITIERA EL MENSAJE. ESTA VEZ EL OBISPO, LUEGO DE OÍR A JUAN DIEGO LE DIJO QUE DEBÍA IR Y DECIRLE A LA SEÑORA QUE LE DIESE ALGUNA SEÑAL QUE PROBARA QUE ERA LA MADRE DE DIOS Y QUE ERA SU VOLUNTAD QUE SE LE CONSTRUYERA UN TEMPLO.

LA VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE EN HOY O TIEMPOS DE HOY ES MUY IMPORTANTE PARA LA CULTURA HISPANA. Y MUCHOS LA LLAMAN LA REINA DE MÉXICO.

POR ARIZ

ARIZ MORENO



Artwork on this page by BRITTANY LOPEZ



ANNA CHEN / Oil Paint



SHARON GEARHART / Oil Paint



CARA PATTON / Oil Paint

ANNIE SMITH / Oil Paint



ELLA SWEENEY / Oil Paint

EMMET RESH / Oil Paint



EMMET RESH / Oil Paint



KYLEE PRESTON / Oil Paint

BLINDSIDED

When most people think about snow, white-covered hills and Christmas fill their minds. I, however, picture the flecks of snow that sometimes spread across my eyes like a thick blanket. As a child, I found it normal to occasionally lose my vision and have it replaced with small moving black and white dots (similar to television static). I didn't think much of this occurrence because it happened only now and then and never lasted for long. As I grew older, however, the dots started to show up more and more and the length of my blindness grew with me. By age twelve I had multiple flare-ups a day, most lasting about 30-60 seconds. **BLINDNESS CREPT UP FROM THE CORNERS OF MY EYES AND SLOWLY INVADDED MY SIGHT, TURNING THE WORLD INTO A BLACK, EMPTY SPACE AND FILLING IT WITH STATIC.**

The visual snow left behind a painful sensation in the back of my eye like a dull, plastic butter knife rapidly sawing through my optic nerve. Anxiety and fear trickled through my veins like blood. I had to tell someone.

For a child who has never required emergency healthcare, going to the Wellspan facility made my palms sweaty and brought a chill down my spine. Once they called my name, I quickly changed into a hospital robe, white and thin. Hands shaking, I slipped a yellow pair of comfortable

grippy socks onto my feet. After that, a nurse placed an IV full of dye for the contrast MRI in my left arm to guarantee a better-quality picture. Stinging, a tingly sensation smothered me as I trekked to the MRI machine. A thick heated blanket surrounded me like a hug. The nurse placed earbuds in my ears to distract me from the loud noises the machine made. Rumbling and growling, the scanner photographed my brain. They freed me from my boisterous prison the next hour. Viewing my MRI, the ophthalmologist subsequently sent me to Dr. Shalom Kelman, a neuro-ophthalmology specialist.

Dr. Kelman entered the room and introduced himself. Dr. Kelman, a wise man with a good sense of humor, had a comforting presence. His voice boomed and his thick Hebrew accent enunciated every word. Then, Dr. Kelman placed various different eye drops in my eyes, burning as soon as they plummeted into my cornea like missiles. I waited for my pupils to dilate, nervousness disrupting any other positive thoughts in my head. My brain flooded with memories of recent events and fears of future ones; my mother sniffing back tears as I waved goodbye to start my MRI, the terror of having an episode and my vision never returning, and the price tag attached to all of the doctors and tests.

After hours of examination and discussion, Dr. Kelman uttered words that I did not understand. Little did I know, these three words put a name to every optical struggle that I faced. "Visual Snow Syndrome."

LAUREN PRITT

LOSING GRIP

We got in the truck and headed down to Gettysburg at around noon, the smell of the summer air frolicked through my two nostrils. Ready to climb, we all scouted the area for the best rocks.

By the time we finished climbing the first rock, we all sat atop the large stone in triumph, practically gasping for air. The second rock, tall and smooth, seemed difficult to climb since we didn't have much grip on the bottoms of our shoes. Even though slipping on these rocks can be quite easy, we all managed to get to the top without injury. My father, the supervisor of this trip, did not like the danger of climbing such smooth rocks.

The more time we spent climbing the more confident we became, so my cousin and I hopped around the rocks close to my father and younger brother. There came a time where we just stood, entranced by the flowing water beneath our feet along with the feeling of the wind on our cheeks, crisp and sweet. While my cousin and I messed around,

I looked over to my father and brother to see what they had occupied themselves with. They seemed to be working their way up to the middle part of the stream where the rocks stood a bit higher off the ground. The moment I looked away, my brother, having lost his grip on my father's hand, plummeted 10 feet down into the void below. **MY EYES, WIDENED IN HORROR, WATCHED AS MY FATHER LEAPT LIKE A MADMAN BETWEEN ROCK AFTER ROCK TO ARRIVE AT MY BROTHER'S SIDE IN THE CREVASSE.** I sprinted across the many rocks that lay before me in order to get to my father and brother. The rocks had little space between each other, but in the moment those small gaps seemed like vast valleys. Adrenaline pumping, I arrived at my brother's side in seconds. Cradled in my father's arms, his body quivered as tears ran down his cheeks. "Did he break anything?" I sputtered out to my father.

"He hit his chin on the way down, but other than some scrapes and bruises, I think he's alright."

Needless to say, we climb at Devil's Den with much more caution.

NICHOLAS TOWNSEND



ANNIE SMITH / Oil Pastel



ANNIE SMITH / Watercolor



ANNIE SMITH / Oil Pastel



ANNA CHEN / Water Color & Gouache



ANNA CHEN / Watercolor

THE Mallard AT FAIRMOUNT PARK

*Inspired by "A Swan at Edgewater Park"
by Ruth Schwartz*

This isn't one of your
regular stately mallards
Wouldn't be at home on West Girard
Chooses the whole Schuylkill River
and East Park Reservoir
In its tidal fringe
Prefers to tout its stiff tail feathers,
smart bill
Into the flow of a moving River
Swilling whatever Lite it swills
Pinot Noir of stale beer with
a platter cheesesteak
While Philadelphians walk by saying
You, you fat duck!
Dignity isn't the point here; of course
The mallard is dignified,
But not like Angelo at 15, when
A future was possible
More like Angelo at 28
Wasting his days away his days ruffing up
His mother holding onto the rosary beads
His mother doesn't know yet he's gonna
Leave her, holding onto her beads -- and
He's a good guy, just got mixed up
And it's not his fault anyway,
but he loves her, he
Really does, he loves her wholly --
That's the kind of mallard he is
MATTHEW NAWN



ELLA SWEENEY / Tempera

Morning

Inspired by "Morning" by Mary Oliver

The woods backlit with orange light.
 The bare limbs of red maple. The worn forest path.
 The deer sniffs the muted orange leaves
 beneath her hooves.
 The way her nostrils perk up to the quick,
 gentle sound of a branch breaking.
 Then takes two spare steps.
 Then decides to seek some unknown treasure
 deep in the forest
 where she frolics from stump to stump,
 looking for hidden hints
 then turns back, as if remembering my presence,
 to imitate a statue.
 We stand, across the border
 of the civilized and free, looking:
 How could I break this trance?
 I stand within this other universe,
 offering my awareness to her.
 I stand within this other universe,
 everything transpiring around me.

ANNA CHEN

NATURE'S Whispering WORDS

Long, long are the days of summer...
 Wind dusting through the open streets
 Strew my hair just as a bird would do.
 Hop, skip, and a jump
 down the street day and night
 till finally,
 the warm, calming breeze turns into
 a careless whisper down my neck.

When all peace is met,
 I revisit the place I call home.

AIDAN MARKLE



Mixed Media Artwork on this page by KYLEE PRESTON



Mixed Media Artwork on this page by EMMET RESH



NASAL ATTACK

Skipping steps, I raced downstairs, heart pumping. I immediately smelled the rank odor radiating from my dog, Lucky. I watched as Lucky, the poor victim, dragged his face on the ground in a feeble attempt to alleviate the pain. The skunk's spray had blasted him in the face like buckshot.

My mom, in a frenzied panic, started to gather the supplies needed to quash this odor. She whipped out her phone and dialed my cousin. We knew he would answer our distress call, and like we predicted, he did. He agreed to help and hopped in his 2018 Honda Civic. He raced over, dismissing traffic laws, and screeched to a halt in front of the house.

My mom tossed us some masks to act as a barrier to the stench, and we got to work. I held him down, and like a duckling in a Dawn commercial,

we lathered him with soap. Hand pulsating from the scrubbing, it seemed as if our noses would be forced to smell this putrid stench. Finally after hours of rinsing and repeating, we threw in the towel.

Retreating from the stench, we convened inside the house and devised a plan. My mom looked up home remedies for victims of skunk violence and she found out that hydrogen peroxide, a known remedy, could be used. We searched the house to find our miracle product, but our search came up fruitless, and we started to panic. My cousin, our hero and savior, shot into his car like a bullet from a railgun and sped off to the store.

About twenty minutes later, we saw the low-beams of his car shine, a saving light, into our driveway. He tossed the bottle into my hands and we prepared to go to war. Fastening our bandanas around our face like a makeshift gas mask, we continuously massaged the product into his fur. The smell didn't disappear, and we realized that we had lost to the overwhelming stench. Lucky, foul-smelling and rancid, would just have to suffer the consequences of his actions. We swiftly moved his cage into the garage, far from the house, the fan pointing on his putrid-smelling body.

WILL MACE

When He Goes

Saying goodbye hurts deep down
Watching him walk aches my heart
The sound roaring masks my crying
The speed of take off
matches my tears rushing down my face

**How long will he be gone
how long until he comes home
is all I wonder**

Day by day night by night I wait
Till I hear that roar
Till I see it land
Till I watch him walk up to me
I cry tears but not of sadness but of joy
He is no longer gone, he is home...

Aidan Kennworthy



KATHERINE AUSTAD / *Tempera*



VIANNEY MEDINA-VASQUEZ / *Watercolor & Colored Pencil*



VIANNEY MEDINA-VASQUEZ / *Watercolor & Colored Pencil*

Framed Flower

When I was a kid, my mom put me in ballet, marking the beginning of my love to perform. I remember my last ballet performance when my mom, Oma, older siblings, and stepdad came. I waited backstage, trying to control my breathing while my heart pounded out of my chest.

Walking onto the stage, I squinted around the room as my eyes tried to readjust to the bright lights. I looked out to the audience for my family, finding them with smiles and cameras.

After my performance, I made my way off stage and out to meet with my family. They came over to me, all smiles and cameras again, my step-dad with his hands behind his back. He brought them around and gave me a bouquet of flowers, the first and only I've ever received. Carrying the flowers, huge in comparison to my tiny size, I peered over them like a kid playing hide and seek. I don't remember if I ever did ballet again.

I had forgotten about those flowers for almost ten years until my older sister presented me with a pamphlet for the ballet recital dated 2010. With it, she held one pressed flower, small and delicate, that she had saved for me. It's been four years since my stepdad passed away, so I always keep the flower displayed in a picture frame by my door. That flower is one of the only physical things I have left from him. It is my favorite thing.

Mya Reynolds

A Windy Thanksgiving

We decided to visit my sister, Sabrina, at college for Thanksgiving break. Freezing half to death and my hair blowing off my head, I battled my way into the motel room. The artificial heat spread throughout my body like an electric current. In the room sat a mostly empty can of cheese-flavored Pringles, half a bag of gummy worms, and a Dr. Pepper. We had not packed well enough; none of the food had any substance, and we had a very limited supply of water.

The next morning, the ghosts of turkeys could be heard gobbling across the country. It was Thanksgiving. We decided to go to the feast hosted by the college, Michigan State. We arrived in a giant room on the bottom floor of the dining hall. We discovered, unfortunately, that many families had the same idea. The line, longer than the Great Wall of China, seemed to stretch on forever. After waiting for what felt like an eternity, we reached the front of the line. I eagerly grabbed a plate, a can of Coca-Cola and shoveled turkey and biscuits onto my plate. Searching the crowded room for a place to sit, we found five seats next to another family. We scarfed down our food without saying a word to those next to us.

Lincoln Hobson

HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL 401 MOUL AVENUE • HANOVER, PA 17331

