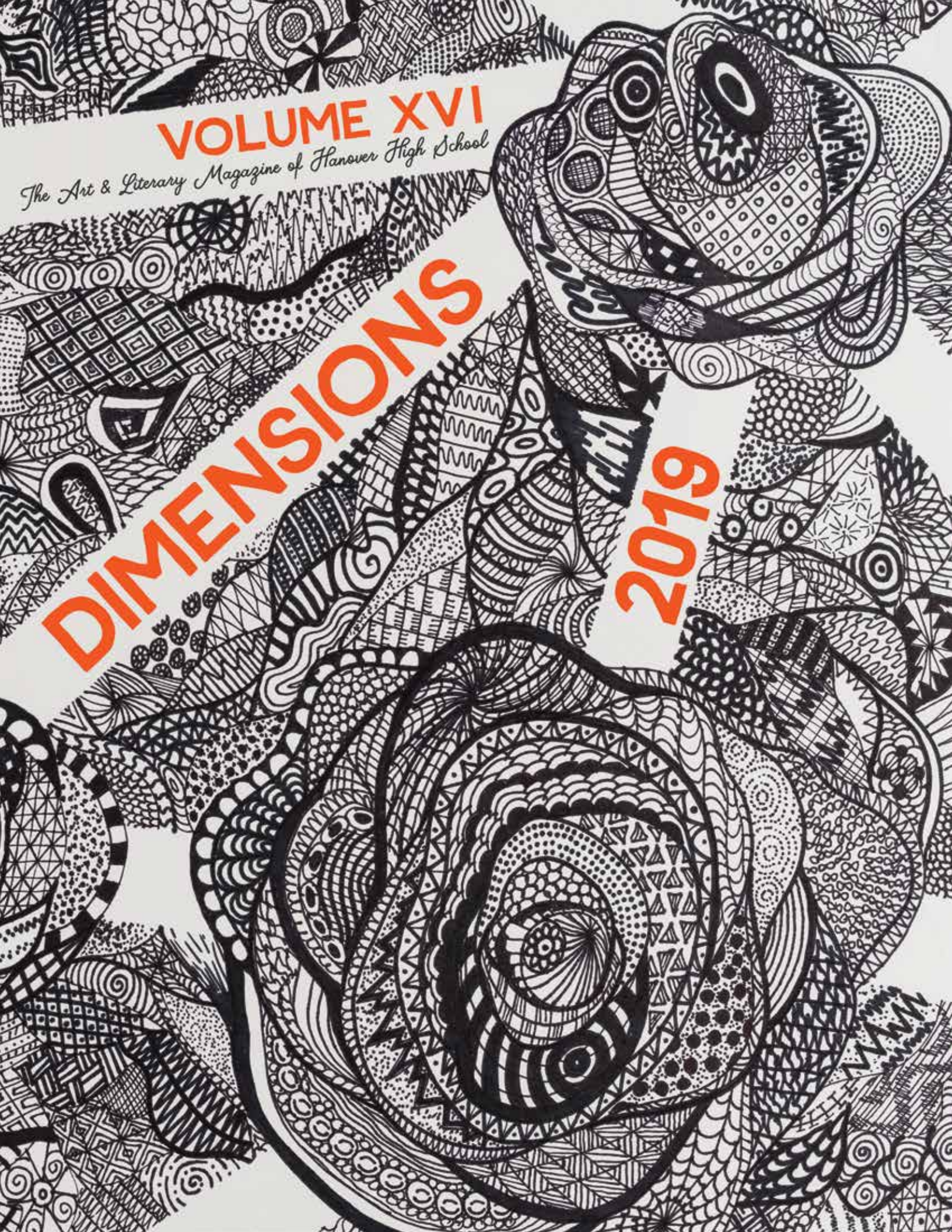


VOLUME XVI

The Art & Literary Magazine of Hanover High School

DIMENSIONS

2019



artwork

DIMEN

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SIONS 2019

poetry & prose



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Staff: Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Marie Smith

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MADISON SELBY / Acrylic

Keeps Me Grounded

“Mom!” I cried, bolting into her loving embrace. I wrapped my arms tightly around her, my head on her shoulder, creating a damp spot on her shirt where my tears had fallen. “I didn’t think I would see you again.”

We remained in the embrace for the following few minutes, genuinely enjoying the company of each other after having been 3,000 miles away from one another.

After the stress I experienced, it became difficult for me to leave my mother. I refused to spend the night at anyone’s houses or even be more than a few hours without her. I began to experience separation **anxiety**.

My head would spin, panic would run through my body, and I almost felt pain.

In those few days on my own, I felt the most alone a young woman could ever feel. Ultimately, never again will I take advantage of the very thing I hold the most dearest admiration for—my mother.

Madison Martin

Perfect

As a fifteen year old, I've learned that **precious memories are just that: precious.**

Memories, warm blankets on cold winter nights, supplying that cozy, fuzzy feeling like sweet delicate caramel that melts and oozes on your tongue, are all I have. All we parted with. Forgetting those memories would mean losing her. Forgetting the long car rides to my brother, Najae's, games when we would consistently take a wrong turn.

Never could the word "perfect" describe the relationship that my mother and I had. But the fact that it wasn't perfect is what made the journey with her memorable, even perfect.

For the short six years that my mother and I shared stands as the best years of my life, the years that I cherish the most.

"You and your brother are my everything. There's nothing in this word that can compare to the love that I have for you two." My mother said, staring into my seven-year-old-mocha eyes, a sweet smile popping onto her face. In that moment in time, I knew she meant every word. I knew that her words were true and, to this day, still warm my heart.

They say the older you get you grow out of your old habits, but wanting to be at my mother's side is one thing I'll never outgrow. I never want to lose that seven year old's need for a mother's hugs, kisses, words, and love. Sometimes I imagine what it would be like if I could get one last chance, a last chance to say goodbye. Those three little words **"I love you."**

Nakhaiya Jacobs



MADISON SELBY / Acrylic



CARA PATTON / Graphite

WHEN MY CAT MEOWS AND THROWS HUGE FITS

**Based on William Shakespeare's "When my loves swears she is made of truth"*

When my cat meows and throws huge fits,
 For her tasty cat food, the bowl is already full
 Of tasty chicken and fish-flavored bits,
 Yet she still gets angry as a bull.
 I believe she thinks me dumb,
 Although my brain is far more superior than hers,
 She decides to treat me like some sort of scum:
 The fur ball cuddles against me, and lets out some purrs.
 But why does she yell for the smelly kitty treats?
 Mayhaps she is yelling over her toilet box?
 She always avoids the mounds of meat,
 And screams and yells like she is the king of the rock.
 Yet in the end, all the young kitten wanted,
 Was the pocket pack of tissues she eagerly hunted.

CHLOE BRENDEL

A CURIOUS INTERACTION WITH A CAT

A cat fleeing from its human,
 who persists after the cat.
 "Get over here!"
 The cat flashes a smirk and shuffles off.
 "Stop running away"
 The cat pretends its prominent ears never existed,
 but it has reached a corner and
 suddenly is off the ground.
 Immediately it wishes to leave.
 "Please don't go!"
 The cat violently thrashes about.
 In a swift moment, the cat mistakes a hand for a small animal
 and
 proceeds to attack with the force of a thousand swords.
 "Hrmph!"
 The cat doesn't leave; it is entertained,
 so
 the human looks at their bites and scratches and
 Smiles.

JOSH LYNN



GWEN BENNETT-BARE / Graphite



ANNA CHEN / Graphite

IT'S A
BIRD,
IT'S A
PLANE..
NO IT'S A
TODDLER CHAIR

For several long days in my YMCA preschool classroom, Madison opened her wide goldfish-filled mouth and sank all her baby teeth into the flesh of my forearm, making me scream in agony. Wailing, sobbing, and crying, I couldn't defend myself from the blood-sucking vampire.

... I had to end the pain.

That night I told my mother that, once again, the devilish Madison had sunk her cavity-filled teeth in my pure skin leaving marks. Of course, my mother talked to the teacher, but this teacher, stubborn and oblivious, blamed it on me, only making my fat fists clench up in anger. Enraged, furious, and wrathful, I wanted to scream. I vowed the next day I would make Madison pay for what she did to me, make her feel the pain of my skin being torn open by thirty-two, gross, ugly, baby teeth.

The next day, picture day, came. I sat by myself, in my favorite pink chair coloring a pony. Suddenly, I heard footsteps approaching, ones sounding similar to a hippo: It was Madison! As she approached me I held onto my pink crayon tightly. She grabbed my right arm, sinking her claw-like teeth into my delicate skin. Using my fat, stubby hands, I grabbed her claw-like teeth into my delicate skin. Madison, hitting her head.

Sitting in time out felt like hours and hours, but nothing made me more happy than knowing that Madison and her teeth would leave me alone for good.

MIA MINETOS

SLOW

He grasped my hand as the cool solution glided against my skin. Then, I saw her on the screen. She was my own blessing until I couldn't hear anything anymore. The room was eerily quiet as the realization overcame all of us. The silent sorrow overcame me and all I could think is "why?"

SAVANNAH DISNEY

ELYNDA GARCIA / Watercolor



JOSH LYNN / Watercolor



MADISON SELBY / Watercolor

LICORICE

Cancer, the silent killer of over 7 million innocent people each year, had just infected my grandfather.

Over the next month, we visited him in the hospital, each visit tougher than the last. The lifeless shade of eggshell white plastered onto every wall, and the reek of sterility and chemicals overwhelmed my father and I, two people most certainly not used to hospitals. I arrived at the hospital every day with a freshly prepared goodbye speech.

I'VE REALIZED THAT THERE IS MUCH MORE PRESSURE IN SAYING THE RIGHT THINGS WHEN WHAT YOU SAY TO SOMEONE MIGHT BE THE LAST THING THEY HEAR. My grandfather had become as weak and fragile as a frail branch on a winter tree. Numbness taking over his creased hands, he grasped my hand and clenched as hard as he could, and let out the mumbled phrase "licorice". Almost instantly, my father bolted out of the room and returned ten minutes later, bag in his hand, and smirk across his face.

Seized with a determination to do one last thing for himself, my grandfather hobbled out of his hospital bed and snatched a striped, paper gift bag from my father. Black licorice, heavenly and mouth-watering, brought my grandfather's final smile to his face. After devouring the last piece of candy, he slumped back into his bed, and shut his eyes. Hand in hand, I expressed my last "I love you", although I prayed that they wouldn't be the last.

ALEX GRUVER



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



ANNA CHEN / Watercolor



MALCOLM ELLIS / Watercolor

Puppet Master

You pull my strings to make me walk
 Though walking isn't so good when I'm standing on the edge.
 The stars don't shine there. They climb their way inside me instead,
 making me cough up star dust and ashes.
 You pull my strings to make me claw at my face.
 Maybe if I claw hard enough, I can erase it and paint a new one.
 I don't stop until there is red and flesh under my fingernails.
 You release my strings. My hands fall to my sides
 The stars inside me explode, turning to black holes,
 Pulling every inch of light away from me.
 I can't take it anymore and I wonder if I
 would turn into a black hole.
 The string pulls one last time, but I fight back.
 I thrash and pull until the strings fall at my feet.
 I walk towards a table, a cup of calm
 Waits for me. I sit without the strings. I smile
 Without the strings.
 And as I bring the cup to my lips I realized
 You can't pull my strings anymore. I cut the ties
 And allowed myself to be here. I'm free.
 I take a sip.

Junanna Shealey

Promise Me

"I promise, Princess. I promise." His voice rumbles deep in his chest. He cradles the back of her head and holds her close as seconds turned into minutes and he couldn't let any more time pass. He took her face into his hands and brought his lips to her forehead, to her cheek, to her nose, and her lips. The kisses were quick and sweet, but they still held his love and passion for her, and they lingered, the girl's nerves tingled in every place his lips touched. She watched him stand back up, take his bag and walk away; he didn't look back because he knew if he saw her tears, he could never leave. The girl watched the love of her life, she watched her best friend disappear into the crowd of people that seemed to swallow him whole, that seemed to take away her entire world, with only a promise and a few memories to hold onto until he comes back home.

Meghan Strenmel



JULIANA ARNOLD / Watercolor



CARA PATTON / Watercolor

Backseat

When it's three in the morning and I have yet to fall asleep
My mind only wanders to the secrets you keep
The questions I wish to ask you but fear the answers would cut too deep
The mountains I climb for you even with the knowledge they're too steep
Barely reaching the top and you still wish for me to leap
Already standing on the edge I take yet another step forward and into only the air I seep
My adrenaline rushes through my veins in presence of hope, not fear
Although you're nothing of the sorts, all my thoughts of you are sincere
Clearly I'm in possession of the realest feelings for you but you act like they're unclear
You're with someone else in the backseat but making me steer
You'll act like you hate me then suddenly veer
As I start to give up, you say that you love me and that you want me here

Aaliyah Snedeker

Water

Water.

Splash. Drip. Crash.

Her eyes see through everything;
she could never be obtained.

She is the mother of all of us,
yet is the killer as well.

Lived in water, is of water, die of water.

Hadleigh Sutherland

A Rekindled Bond

A rekindled bond
unbreakable by will,
emits a happiness
unknown by some,
in the deepest region of souls.

Aleana Williams





MADISON SELBY / Oil



EMILY EHRHART / Oil

Up at Night

What are you afraid of?

Death, pain?

That's common.

What about life? Love? Happiness?

Those are the things that keep me up

Because those are the ones taken away the fastest.

Nathanyal Mummert



OWEN SMITH / Oil

IN THE KINGDOM OF NIGHTMARES

In the kingdom of nightmares, ruled by none,
Freed from the reign of the tyrannous sun
Names of the night called out with a glisten
And told their tales to those who would listen.

Leo found justice and met his demise,
Corvus, the messenger, chose to tell lies,
Draco protected the apples of gold,
Delphinus marched through the treacherous cold,

Pegasus, in trouble, fell from the skies,
Eridanus would catch who failed to fly
Aires, the savior, rode strong, brave and bold,
Aquila followed the oldest of old.

Few were forgotten while many met ends
Others taught fortunes of history's bends.
Though many were lost, and some of them fell-
Every name had their own story to tell.

NICHOLAS SHAW

LUCID

I slowly turned my eyes over. The creature disappeared immediately after I fixed them on the door. It was even more quiet than before; the storm still raged and now I couldn't hear my heart beat. After what seemed like only a few seconds of staring, the door slowly creaked open. The creak sounded like it was amplified by a microphone-no an amp. Then, it stopped and I could see the creature outside of my room through the small gap in the door.

It grinned insanely, teeth sharp as knives, face black, and its eyes dead as a corpse.

I couldn't make it out, but he was speaking. His lips mouthed some words very sharply, and then he screamed. His eyes began to bleed and there was a huge strike of lightning. The thunder followed the lightning immediately, but as soon as the light cleared he jumped on the bed and pushed hard on my chest. I couldn't breathe. The creature screamed at me and the storm raged on, but the only thing I could hear was the thunder. His face tore open, bleeding, and his eyes seemed to gouge out. I was paralyzed. I could not feel.

IHSAN EL-HADDI

THE MODERN PLAGUE

Storms escort positivity and the warmth away,
Confidence and a staggering pride decay
Gales howl with a newfound purpose
The spires of progress have been reverted

**Immobilized is the victim
of this egregious plague**

A pestilence possessing a four-letter name
A passive force to which no emperor could conquer
The aura of **Fear**; humanity's antagonist.

LUIS RAMOS GONZALEZ



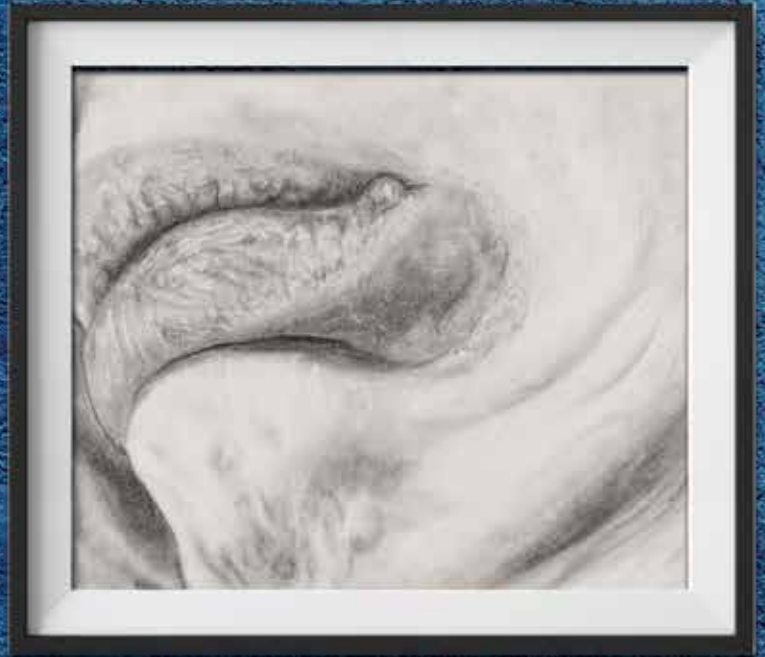
OWEN SMITH / Oil



OWEN SMITH / Oil



OWEN SMITH / Oil



SLAM

I watched as it approached us. Rapidly, without any intentional glimmer of reducing speed. Seconds passed as though they were hours, one, two, three, went by as it barrelled forward. There was nothing we could do, no where we could move. A straight path, not a single question. **Not a single doubt it targeted us, hateful and angry.** A mental brace for impact, established. **SLAM.** We rocketed forward upon impact. Small shards of glass, flying through the air, thinly slicing our skin. I watched as every tiny piece impaled me in slow motion. I felt no pain. Everything halted, there was no more movement, we sat still for minutes, absorbing the recent occurrence. **Suddenly fire.** The golden feathers encased us all in a warm cocoon. Finally, the end. We were all gone.

ELAINE GREENFIELD



All Graphite artwork on this spread by ELAINE GREENFIELD

THROUGH ITS TINY EYE

I watched steadily, my eyes, filled with curiosity and wonder. Peering from across the room, I also feared getting closer. Not only my eyes gazed, for its stare found me from afar. Its little eyes, looking at me with the same inquisitiveness. The moment my eyes broke away, it would briskly scuttle to a new location. I craved to share this beautiful creature with the world. I searched the house for family, running, light and fast. No one else was to be found. I returned, and it had relocated once again, my mind raced as I scanned the room to find it. Spotted. There, in the corner, sat the magnificent creature. However, my trip proved not to be worthless. I slipped the rubber gloves up my arm, the yellow squeaking against my skin. **Its eyes peered at me through several lenses. My hands enticed the little fellow easily, with it gently crawling into my palms.** My arms, fully extended, guided me through my home and to the door. It still watched me, through those tiny little eyes, as I placed the glorious creature onto the outside ground and waved goodbye.

ELAINE GREENFIELD



ELAINE GREENFIELD / Charcoal

Peripheral Vision

When I looked into your eyes
I saw an endless ocean
With tides and waves so strong
I knew you could pull me in
And never let me go

When I looked into your eyes
I knew that if I looked too long
Your tides would surround me
And cause me to drown

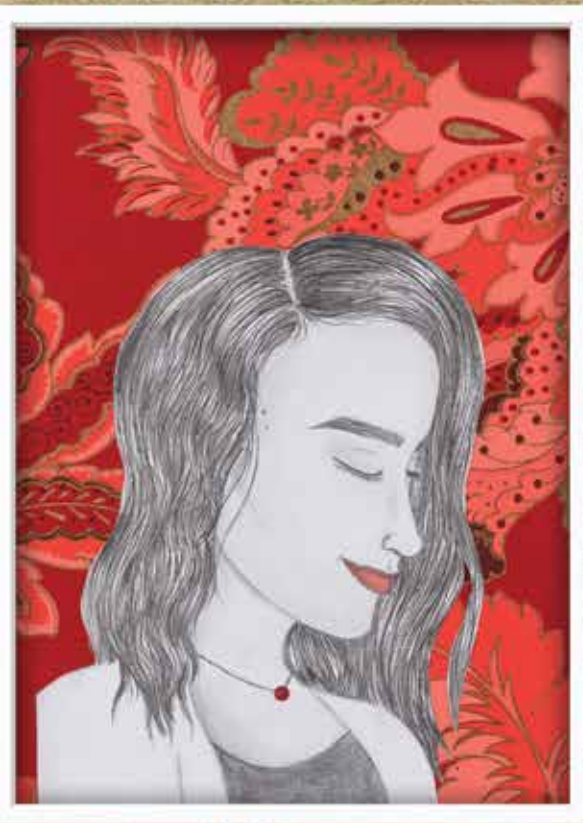
I knew that you could take my life
I knew your waves could destroy
Yet I could never look away;
Your ocean was all I could see

You pulled me under
Your waves filled my lungs
My tears of pain were meaningless
While drowning in your ocean

I was so in love with your sea
That I thought drowning
wouldn't be so bad,
But now it's safe to say-
You weren't worth my last breath.

Alyssa Fiorelli

EMMA COX / Mixed Media



Golden Pillow

I was six when my father was deported, too young to understand what was going on or why it happened. Helpless and confused, I clung to the gold pillow, small and rectangular, he gave to me, for comfort, trying to convince myself nothing would change. I thought a couple extra miles and more borders wouldn't affect us. I was wrong. We visited my father's birthplace, St. Lucia once, not long after his deportation, but when the airplane took off, turning my father into a small black speck, both my brother and I, clinging to each other in tears, somehow knew it would be the last time. My mother did everything she could in effort to bring him back but nothing worked.

Soon after phone stopped ringing, and the promised gifts and money never came in the mail.

My mother and my brother gave up hope long before I did. I clung to my golden-tassled pillow as my mother struggled to make ends meet, and I clung to my pillow when my brother became angry at the world, but as time went on, it became harder to hope.

One summer, my grandma took me to the beach. My mother couldn't come with us because she couldn't afford to take several days off. I brought along the precious pillow which was probably no more than ten dollars at a local craft store; however, when the time came time to leave I decided I didn't need it anymore. I tucked it underneath

KATIE CAPPS / Charcoal



ALYSSA JOHNSON / Charcoal



EMELY MORA-BAILON / Charcoal



AUBRE CALER / Charcoal



the hotel bed, packed up the rest of my things, and left it behind, hoping it would again fall into the hands of another who truly needed it.

I work everyday not to reflect on what could have been. The pillow never really cushioned me from my harsh reality, my only choice continues to move forward.

Anonymous

Not a Toy

I am no longer a toy.
 I am no longer a past time.
 I am no longer a mute plaything.
 I am no longer silenced.
 I now speak freely.
 I now can use the word "no" without fear.
 I am not a toy.

Lilly Bowlin

THE SNOWGLOBE

I STOPPED ON MY WAY OUT AND REGRETTINGLY PEERED
SITTING TIGHT AS A SILENT KILLER,
WAITING FOR ME TO GIVE.
STRONGER AND STRONGER ITS HEAT BECAME
WITH ME UNWILLINGLY SUBMITTING TO A ROARING BEAST
PROFOUNDLY CONSUMED, SPREADING COMPANY.

AND I FOUND MY YOUNG SELF DOUBLED OVER WITH IT IN-HAND
AND FROM A SMALL CORNER PLEADING FOR A MIRACLE
TO BRING ME A HERO
AS THE DUST CONTINUED TO SETTLE TO THE BOTTOM OVER AND OVER
SOME LANDING ON THE TORTOISE'S SHELL ENCASED IN THE GLISTENING DOME

I INHALED THE REALIZATION.

KNEES TO CHEST, HEAD OVER HEELS, ALTHOUGH IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN-
AFTER ANOTHER THEY ALL LEFT ME
THROUGH THE PILING ARRAY OF ORANGES AND REDS
THAT WOULD DISSOLVE MY SKIN
AND MY LIFE.

EMILY HAMM

I TAKE THE STEP AS MY FOOT SLIDES IN
BECOMING NUMB WITH PLEASURE
I LOWER MYSELF DOWN
VULNERABLE, PRAYING
THAT I'LL ACCEPT THE WATER
I SLIDE THE DOORS SHUT
THANKFUL FOR THE LIGHT FROM THE CANDLE
FLICKERING, STATIONARY I SAY
I LET THE SOAP SEEP
AROUND MY BACK
THE OILS DANCING IN THE DIMMING
FOR THEY HAVE ONE THEY CAN SPREAD OVER
UNLIKE THE WATER
I WARM UP, CLOSE MY EYES
AND HEAR DARKNESS, SEE SILENCE-SUDDENLY
IT IS NO MORE,
PANIC.

SO I SEARCH FOR THE FEELING OF GAINING PLEASURE FROM BEING ALONE BUT I'M NOT

THE OILS CONTINUE THEIR DANCE, FORMING
FACES AND ANIMALS AND WEAPONS.
I REMEMBER
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO TAKE A BATH
WHEN I, A CHILD, FEARED BEING PULLED
UNDER
SEEING THE FACES THAT WOULD BECOME
HEADLESS BODIES
LURKING AROUND THE CORNER.
I TRY TO BE LIKE THE WATER
JUST THERE IT STAYS
ALLOWING OTHERS TO DIP A TOE IN
BUT ALWAYS SETTLES

I PREFER THE DARKNESS.

THE CANDLE, ON THE COUNTER, FLICKERS
VIOLENTLY, I REAPPEAR TO THE THICKENING SPACE
NOTICE,
I AM BURNING
SMOKE RISES- NO
GUSHES OUT OF MY ARM
AND MY HEAD, WALTZING TO THE TOP
WITH THE OILS TWISTING JOVIALY ALONG
NOW SCREAMING FOR THEIR
CHILD TO STAY.

I LOOK DOWN TO FIND HER FACE, WISHING I COULD ANSWER HER PRAYERS
IF ONLY SHE KNEW I WOULD BE THE ONE TO DROWN.
THE AIR DISSOLVES IN US BOTH,
BUT I KNOW I WILL SEE HER IN THE LIGHT WHEN I RISE UP,
I CRAVE FOR THE COOL AIR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR TO
CARRY ME AWAY
LIKE A LITTLE GIRL CRYING FOR HER MOTHER
TO TAKE HER HOME.

EMILY HAMM



LYDIA HOBSON / Collage



SAVANNAH FANCOVIC / Collage



ARMED WITH DISTRACTIONS

I have a freckle on the palm of my left hand, right in the center. A scar on the pinkie toe of my right foot, bright white and slightly raised. I have grown used to looking down, staring at my hands, my feet, the floor. My sister and I have become masters at finding something to focus on, something to draw our attention away from what was happening in front of us. From the supervised visitations to mandatory counseling sessions, you learn to go to another place, any other place. Our last visit was the worst.

My mother had just gotten out of jail several months earlier, and we were hauled to my grandmother's house. It was the thing we dreaded every week - visitation day. We constantly made excuses, but saying we felt sick only worked once with my father before he realized our ruse. Shuffling up the cracked stone steps, we braced ourselves. Our uncle swung it open, holding it with one outstretched arm as we filed in. We were immediately surrounded--Mom, Grandma, Uncle Justin, Aunt Terra--all closing in on us. We backed into the refrigerator as warfare began. Magnets dug our backs, smiling photos of us hidden in the shadow of me and my sister. Words were thrown at us like grenades, strident and callous.

"Why won't you just spend time with your mother? She loves you!"

"It's just your father putting ideas in your head!"

We let the grenades hit us, bereft of emotion. We sunk back into ourselves.

I counted. 35 black tiles on the kitchen floor. 4 freckles on my right arm, 3 on my left. Two Looney Toons band-aids on Sierra's knees. She was clumsy.

My uncle grabbed my jaw, pulling me away from my distractions.
"Look at me when I'm talking to you."

Internally, I slip into another place. I'm armed with distractions.

SAIGE STEVENS



SAIGE STEVENS / Pastel



SAIGE STEVENS / Pastel

SAIGE STEVENS / Collage



SAIGE STEVENS / Charcoal

SAIGE STEVENS / Collage





ABIGAIL LAWRENCE / Watercolor



ABIGAIL LAWRENCE / Watercolor



OWEN SMITH / Oil

LYDIA HOBSON / Pen & Ink



ELLA KRENZER / Watercolor



CHELSEA VALDEZ / Papercut

THE FOREST

Crunching of leaves,
multiple colors like a rainbow of forest colors
Shoes soaked with the morning dew,
coating the ground
Trees shade me from the sun,
covering everything above
Coos and calls echo through canopies.
The flashlight flicked on, blinding me momentarily,
sun turning off and moon going on
Coos and calls grow louder,
along with my heartbeat
The path ending soon,
my safety near
The car horn beeps and the seatbelt clicks,
on the way home,
Smell of forest coats my body.

ALLY MONTOUR

ALWAYS

Living fine and living free
I just need some time to breathe,
Getting pulled down but I'll breach;
Soon I'll have it in my reach.
I don't need to beg and plead
Just for you I'll always bleed.
Does that prove my loyalty?

MIGUEL CINTRON

A LOVELY INTRODUCTION

You push your heart into their hands
Ask them to take full responsibility
As if it were a puppy left at their doorstep
Or a flightless bird, away from the nest.
You say to view the faults, point them out
Yet love them regardless.
Or find the broken pieces
And configure it back like an expensive vase.
You wish for them to keep it warm
Envelope it with their entire entity,
Keep it close to theirs.

But they all take it
And carry it for awhile
Until the weight is much to bear
They drop and watch it shatter,
Turn on their heel and not once look back.

DAISY MENDEZ



JOSH LYNN / Mixed Media

SHOES

One step

Two steps

Everyone worries about appearance

Everyone worries about their outfit.

One thing that changes that all is the shoes.

Different reasons for different people

The shoes make or break an outfit

The shoes make one feel like they're flying on the court-

Rocking up to the court with the Jordans.

Reloading in the Adidas.

Running in the Nikes.

Everyone trying to fit in

Everyone desperate.

If you ain't got 'em

Then they sockin' him

They put you down

Everyone desperate

They want to get their hands on them.

CHRIS MAGANA



JANCEY SANCHEZ GONZALEZ / Papercut



LYDIA HOBSON / Mixed Media

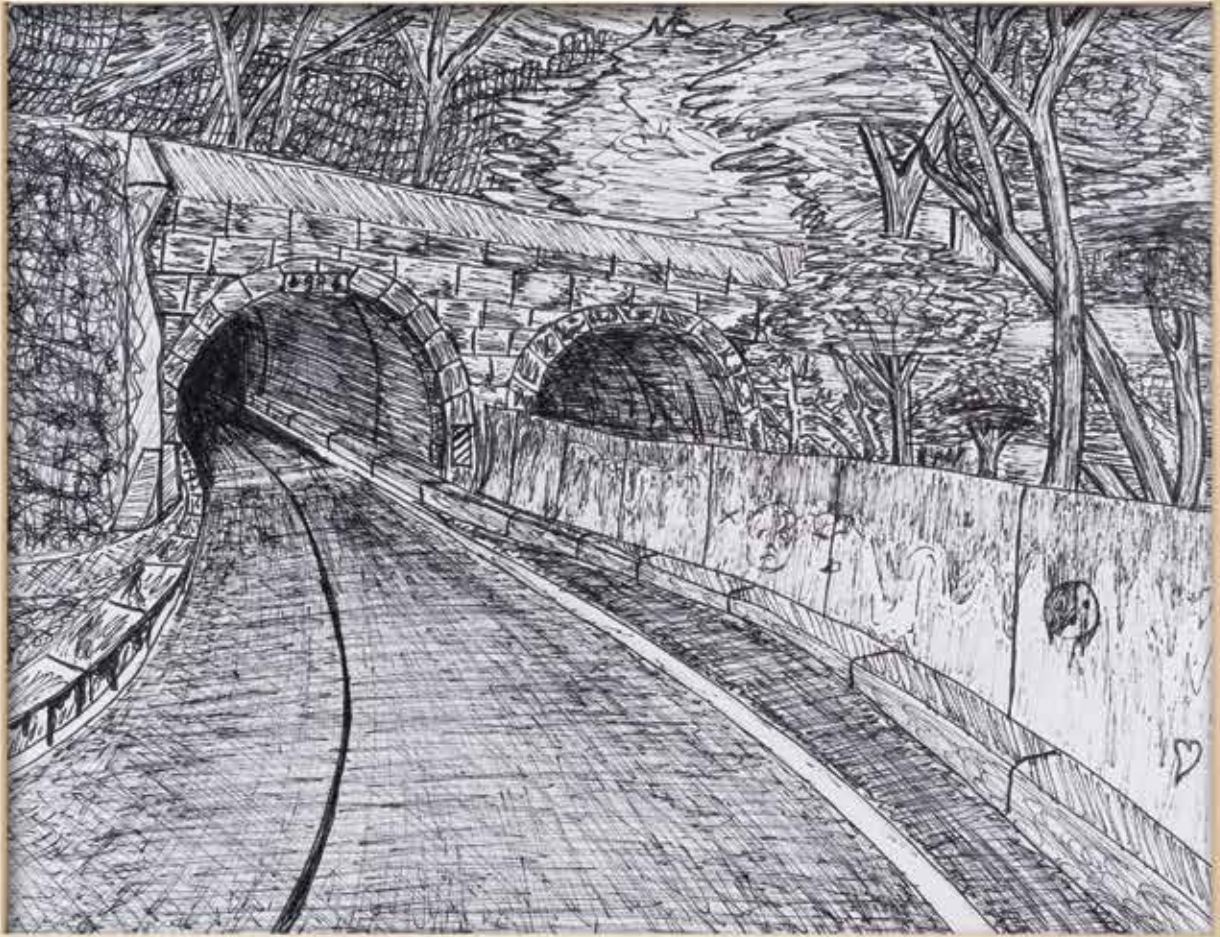
DOUBLE VISION

If I had been born an only child, rather than an identical twin, things would be much different. Maybe I wouldn't have been thought of as "the shy one". Maybe I wouldn't have been known as "the weaker athlete". Maybe I would have just been Sierra: a person with her own feelings, opinions, and characteristics, none of which to be compared to a carbon copy of herself. But that's not my life.

It's always been "Saige and Sierra". We've been identified under the label of "the twins" since birth and it's a cage from which we can't escape. A life sentence. It's tough to be yourself when you've been compared to someone else your entire life.

It's the little things that get us through the comparisons. Thanks to Saige's persistent hair curling, our insistence on never wearing the same outfit, and our extremely different personalities and pastimes, we have created spaces in which we're able to just be ourselves, not "one of the twins." Whether it's on the volleyball court, surrounded by my coworkers on the weekends, or sitting alone in my room, I now have places where I'm just me. Sierra. I will always live with the shadow of my sister behind me. But that's where it belongs. Behind me. Not something that covers up my accomplishments or masks who I am as a person, but something that I choose to carry with me.

Sierra Stevens



SCOTT MOORHEAD / Pen & Ink



ELYNDA GARCIA / Pastel



AUBRE CALER / Charcoal



ARIELLA STANSBURY / Charcoal



KATHERINE CAPPS / Charcoal



ALYSSA JOHNSON / Charcoal

SKIN Upon arriving at the barber shop, my father and I walked in, and all eyes focused on us.

Rows of elderly white men, smoking cigars, smelled of faint musk and racial bias. The barber told my father and I that they did not cut "our people's kind of hair".

They did not have to say any slurs, they got their point across.

I can't pinpoint the first time I realized that my skin was seen as unfavorable. I can't pinpoint the first time I realized that my skin was seen as a death sentence. But even so, I am affected by racial slurs, my skin absorbing the prejudice of a thousand generations. The hate, slurs, and misconception are all things I've learned to deal with; however, I use my voice to defend my skin. Skin. Each human has about six pounds of skin on their person. Six pounds. Using that knowledge, it's something that everyone carries.

I don't know a single person who doesn't possess skin.

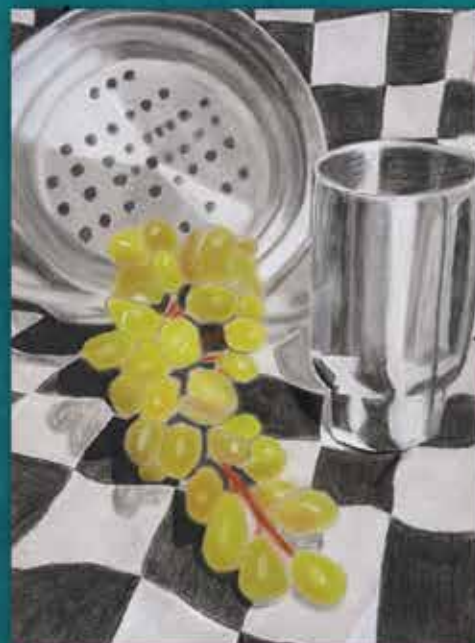
Some people are lucky enough to be unaware of these experiences.

I consider myself lucky to have skin.

MALCOLM ELLIS



ALEXANDRA GRUVER / Charcoal



NICHOLAS SHAW / Charcoal

DEAR 2019

This year I'm dreaming of a better year
A year where I can laugh myself to tears

A year where people don't have to be afraid
A year where powerful women are made

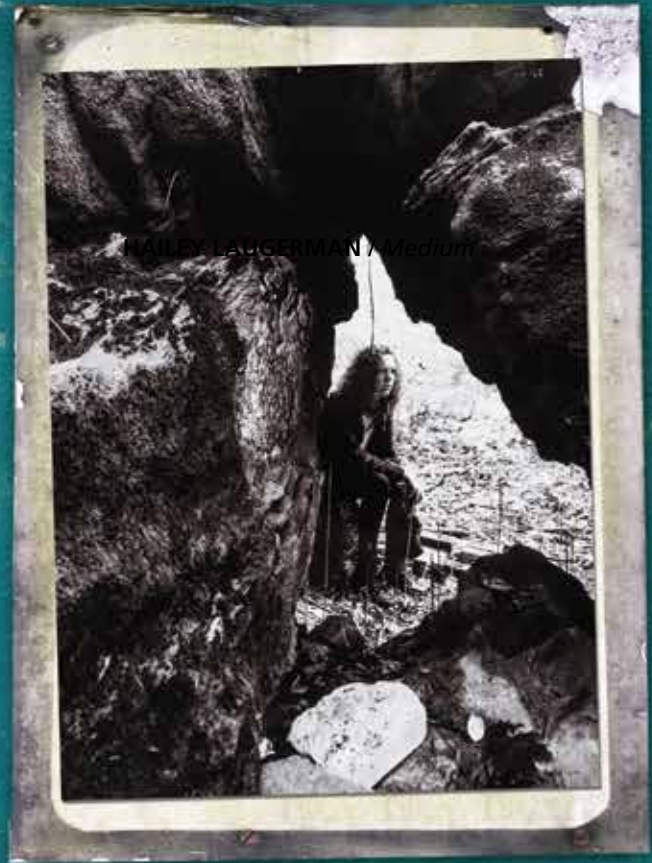
A year where hopes and dreams can soar
A year where hatred stands no more

A year for lending a helping hand
A year for things to go as planned

Give me a year of more love and joy and light
Give me a year of less hatred and anger and spite

This year I'm seizing control of my fate
I'm in charge, the change awaits

SABRINA HOBSON



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph

THEY SAID,

hello
how are you doing
what nice weather we're having

glancing up for just a moment before their
eyes darted back to the cement path

nothing ever changed.
their voice
stayed monotone

it was never anything more or
anything less

just enough to say they said hi,
but never enough to actually care

and without a smile in their eyes
or genuinity in their voice—
they mumbled

have a nice day

SARAH GINN



HAILEY LAUGERMAN / Photograph



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