

VOLUME XVIII



DIMENSIONS 2021

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JUST NOISE

ABIGAIL DUVALL / Mixed Media with Records



Trudging under the metal detectors at the doorway, a massive and crowded lobby of stairs, screens, refreshment booths, and merchandise tables immediately greeted me. Hundreds of people walked around as excitedly as me, band shirts hanging from their shoulders, many wearing classic 80's vests with patches of Slayer and other metal bands. Metal, particularly Slayer's kind of metal, has never been mainstream, and frankly, most of us metalheads like it that way. But seeing all these people gathered together with one common interest, excitedly chattering about the bands playing tonight, definitely felt special.

The opening acts finished and a large black screen hung in front of the stage. From my seat in the upper rafters, I leaned to the right and got a slight view behind the curtain, watching the staff scurrying around the stage like mice, setting up the drum set, amps, distortion pedals, and pyrotechnics. Suddenly, the room went black, the crowd cheered, and the instrumental track, titled "Delusions of Saviour" started playing, the droning low-tuned notes circled the arena as we all waited anxiously. Lights began to flash, and projectors began to slowly crawl back and forth, casting two blurry, out of focus images. As the instrumental swelled, the two projectors combined to form the Slayer logo. From the first strike of Kerry King's guitar, the curtain dropped, revealing the band, and the crowd erupted in cheers, fists pumping, heads banging, as the band's instruments began forming the first song on the setlist that night. Eventually, down on the floor, carefully being carried across the twirling mosh pit, was a man in a wheelchair crowd surfing, pumping his outstretched arm and hand, which formed signature metal horns, towards the stage. That image has remained with me to this day, because it encapsulates the spirit of the heavy metal genre. **The raw emotion**

and power that is felt throughout the four or more minute windows of a heavy metal song is unmatched to me and so many other people, to the point where no hardships or limitations (like a wheelchair, for instance) is strong



ABIGAIL DUVALL / Mixed Media with Records

ANNA CHEN / Acrylic



enough to stop you from enjoying your music. As the final song started, I cheered loudly along with all the people in my row, quickly beginning to headbang, our heads swinging up and down like tetherballs on loose strings.

As the last note fizzled into silence in the arena, the audience cheered loudly and the lights began turning back on. The members of the band stood up in the front of the stage and thanked everyone for coming and supporting them during their career.

Walking to the car on that cold, pitch-black November night, I realized that I had just watched one of the very last stops on the tour. A few more shows left and it would be the final appearance of Slayer. I left the arena that night knowing that I had been on the receiving end of one of the last goodbyes the band would give an audience, and while part of me felt disappointed by that sad truth, another part of me felt inspired.

Nathan Lanier

ANNA CHEN / Acrylic



WASP INCIDENT

A menacing grin stretched across Brett's face as he uncovered a 5-inch hole directly in front of his feet. Puzzled, I looked to my brothers for some sort of explanation. Clearing up any confusion, Bryce explained that brewing below the surface lived a bustling wasp nest. At first, I could only wonder why a hive of wasps would build a nest below the ground, but I soon realized why our two neighbors held wooden tridents in their hands. Bryce and Brett planned on surprise attacking the malicious creatures buzzing beneath our feet. Before my brothers, dad, or I could get a single word out trying to stop this madness, Brett drew the stick up in the air, then suddenly snapped his arm and plunged it into the earth.

I watched, mouth dropping to the ground, as dozens of wasps emerged from the hole and rose up into the air. Like a herd of wildebeests, they assembled into formation and began to take flight.

THEIR TARGET: ME.

I tried to run, I tried to hide, but I just couldn't escape their stingers fast enough. **I winced, jumping at every sting, as the wasps ambushed me.** I ran away, but the wasps ran with me. I shook my limbs until I looked like an inflatable flailing tube man outside of a car dealership, but the wasps, **ruthless and unforgiving, would not stop attacking.**



CHELSEA VALDEZI / Acrylic

Finally, to my relief, I made it back inside my house. I looked at my arms, red and throbbing, and discovered a dozen wasp stings scattered across them like a case of the chickenpox. My brothers and father had also suffered multiple stings across their bodies, and we all craved an ice pack to numb our swelling bulges, which grew by the minute. My father suddenly had a genius idea - to heal our wounds with an episode of our favorite television show, Scooby-Doo, and a massive bowl of ice cream. Sitting on the couch, eyes fixed on the latest Scooby-Doo adventure, my pain slowly starting to subside, and I realized that a bowl of mint chocolate chip ice cream is the perfect medicine.

ANNIE SMITH

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Suddenly, I witnessed the wall start to crumble, bricks falling and breaking. **My life flashed before my eyes like a sudden burst of lightning.** Fear and anxiety filled my body, as I slipped through the small crevice in between the couch and wall. I dashed to the bathroom and threw my body into the shower, protecting myself from the flying wood planks and loose nails. Panicked and worried, my sister flew down the stairs, confused about the explosion in the basement. She yelled out my name until she found me, trembling and distraught on the bathroom floor. Legs quivering with fear, she assisted me, picking me up from the ground. Together, we sprinted down the hallway and up the stairs like hunted prey. Pushing me out the door, my sister shut the door behind us. **Shock filled my veins as I stared at the car rammed into the back of my house.** **The brick exterior of my house standing with a humongous hole- dangling insulation and plaster scattered across my yard like leaves waiting to be raked.**

Questions ran through my brain. How could someone reverse out of their garage, through an apartment parking lot, over a bright yellow concrete block, through my fence, into my tree, and then finally into my house?

Examining for any injuries, the EMT's compared me to a miracle - I didn't have one scratch on my body. The firefighters rushed to check the stability of the house. A collapsing house would be a disaster. Twenty minutes later, my aunt, uncle, and cousin drove to my house to help us

with the damage. It truly looked like a tornado went through my house, clothes and decor broken and torn. Broken glass covered the floor and wood impaled the ceiling. After double-checking the stability and everyone's safety, the emergency services left.

The big question stood before us... what do you do with a hole in your house and a destroyed basement? My dad said "If she wanted to come into our house. Why didn't she just use the front door?"

MYA MALONEY

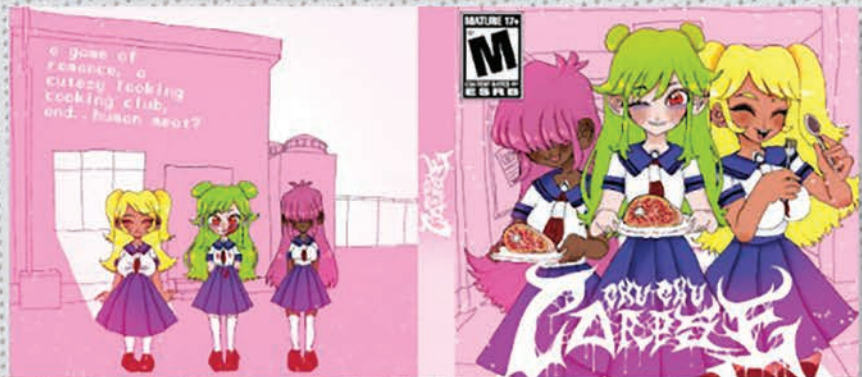


CHELSEA VALDEZ / Acrylic



All Digital Drawing on this page by ELLA SWEENEY

All Digital Drawing on this page by JOSEPHINE RESH



Scootering from the Past

I eventually got a scooter, a razor scooter, one you would commonly see people perform little tricks on, and hit their ankle. It felt as though everyone I know had one as a kid. To this day, I still have no idea of where it came from, I got it one day spontaneously like receiving a package I didn't order. Specifically, the one that I received had a clean metallic grey exterior with handles, spongy and jet black. I went to sleep that night, or rather, I didn't, as the prospect of getting something new to play around with became the only thing on my mind. I eventually gave in to my heavy eyelids.

Building courage, I finally took my first step on the scooter and let gravity do its work, slowly rolling down the street. Every time I would go faster than walking speed, I stomped my foot down onto the ground to stop myself. Of course, my parents also had restrictions on where I could go, so I could only go as far as the end of the street. A bus sign, perhaps two or three times my height, towering over me, marked this distance.

After a few tries I got past the fear of falling off, and I went as fast as my short legs could carry me. However, I definitely still got a few bumps, cuts and bruises from falling off. I felt the wind brush past my face, as I raced down the street like a dog without a leash. Without much to do, riding around on the scooter became the most exciting thing I had experienced during my time living in New York City. Despite the protection the helmet and other safety equipment offered, my six year old self thought that wearing these looked pretty lame. In an effort to look like the cool kids, I would take off the helmet every time I could. Every once in a while, my mom would come outside to check on me, and I would scramble to put on the helmet; acting like nothing had ever happened. This happened regularly like clockwork.

- Aidan Chen



AALIYAH SNEDEKER / Acrylic



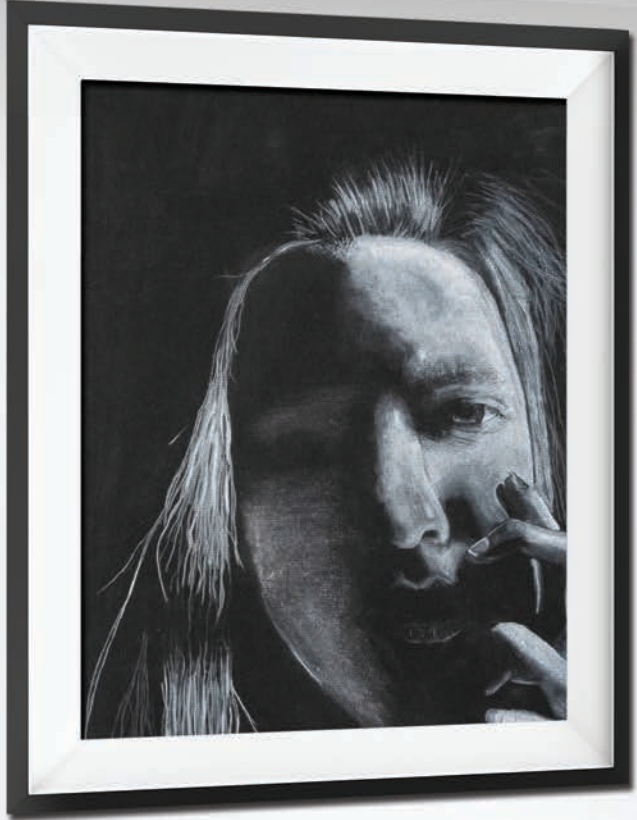
CHELSEA VALDEZ / Acrylic

Gifts

My family has taught me many important values and has influenced me through mental and physical strength, kindness, the paths in life, and most importantly, my education and how to look at life. My education is very important to me because I see a future: I see myself going to Penn State, studying what I want my career to be. I also see myself as successful in life and obtaining what I don't really have right now, but have always wanted. With hard work, determination, and sustainability, you are able to obtain and get whatever you want in life. Also, when you achieve your goals, you are going to look back and know you've made it, thinking you could never achieve it. The gifts that you receive in life might not always be material objects, but they might be from the smallest details and things you have in life. Sometimes, you might not even notice it, and they are basically things we take for granted.

-Jessica Sanchez

VIANNEY MEDINA-VASQUEZ / White Charcoal



ANNIE SMITH / White Charcoal

BRITTANY LOPEZ / White Charcoal



COREY DILLOW / White Charcoal

CARA PATTON / Digital Art



JASMINE JOHNSON / White Charcoal

BENJAMIN KIME / White Charcoal



Differences

Everyone feels the same pain
when losing something dear
We all experience pain and strive for justice

Just ordinary people
driven to seek vengeance

In the name of justice
if one comes to call vengeance "justice"

Such "justice" will only breed further vengeance
and trigger a vicious Cycle of Hatred

Right now, the past, the future
human beings cannot simply understand
each other

And they never will.

Erin Homan

All Watercolor artwork on this spread by ABIGAIL LAWRENCE

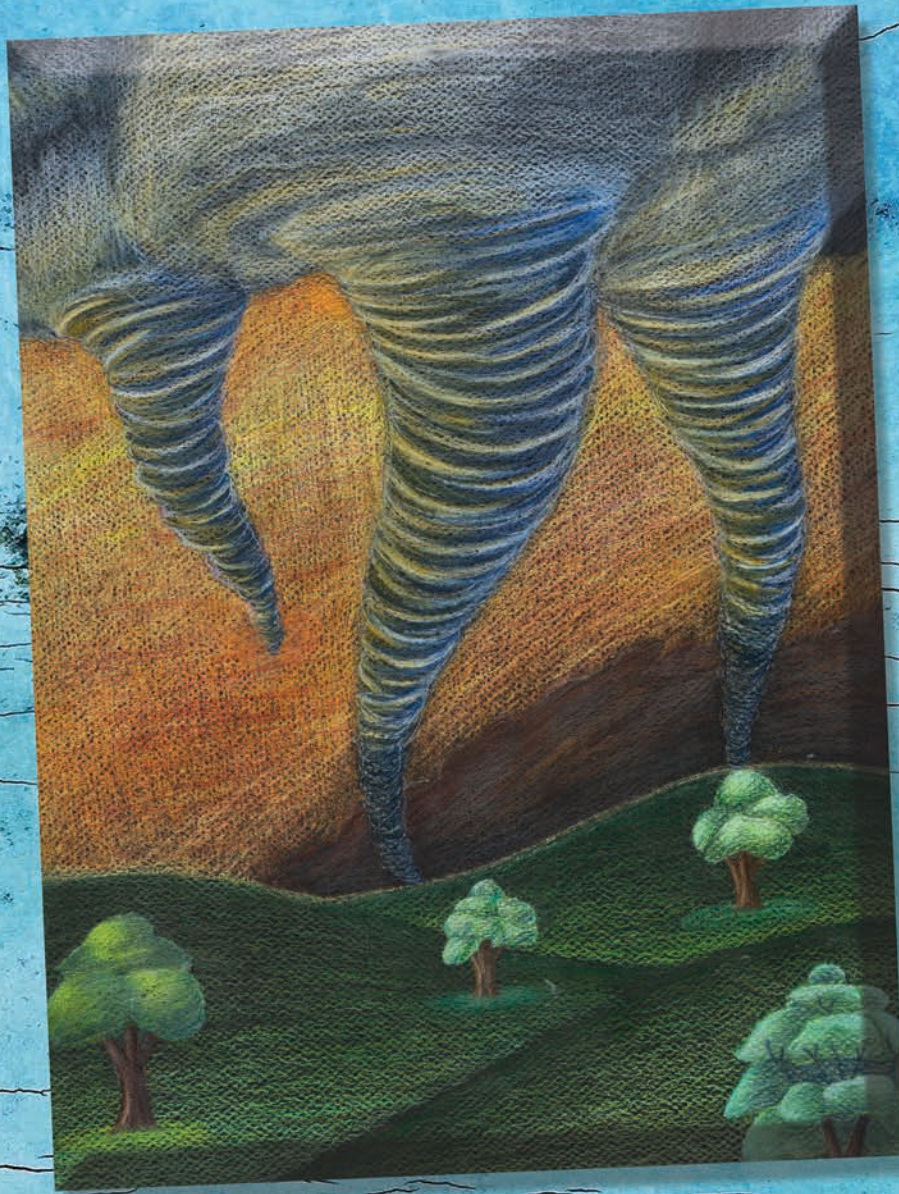


A PORTAL INTO HISTORY

After about an hour of wandering the nearly endless displays at the Smithsonian Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center with my grandmother, I noticed a particularly shiny silver plane propped up on yellow stilts. Calling back to some old WWII documentaries I watched in the years prior, I recognized it as a Boeing B-29 Superfortress. This caught my attention, and I quickened my pace as I weaved through the crowd. The museum air, breezy and cold, swirled around me as I awkwardly speed walked, trying not to be rude to fellow visitors while still maintaining my pace. Within a few seconds I managed to place myself directly in front of the Superfortress. Like an eagle with its wings spread, it dwarfed the surrounding planes. The wings stretched at least 140 feet. Two engines, over twice my height including the propellers, embedded themselves in each wing. I saw the iconic symbol of the United States Air Force painted on the left wing and both sides of the body. A letter "R" surrounded by a black circle proudly displayed itself on either side of the tail. Then I noticed the relatively small black print painted across the side of the nose. It spelled "Enola Gay". These two words instantly froze me in place like a statue. I had heard that name before. Calling back to those old documentaries from earlier, **I realized that this very same plane had flown over Hiroshima nearly seventy-five years ago, dropping an atomic bomb. Over 80,000 people died as a result of that fateful mission,** as explained by the plaque displayed underneath the aircraft. Mouth gaping, I tried to wrap my head around the sheer magnitude of that shocking statistic. - **TOMMY PELI**



EMELY MORA-BAILON / Colored Pencil



EMELY MORA-BAILON / Colored Pencil



ANNA CHEN / Acrylic



ANNA CHEN / Acrylic

Dear Sugar,

I am having problems choosing if I should play sports this year. I have always been involved in basketball, track, and football, but I think that I will be too busy to play all three this year. I love playing all of these sports and I'm really good at each one, but I am noticing that my grades are dropping and I have no time to myself. Sports have always been a huge part of my life and I'm having problems deciding. My dad thinks that I need to play sports, so I feel like I need to keep playing to make him happy. My mom is concerned that I do not sleep enough and that I am too tired to keep my grades up. I need some advice. Can you please help?

Sincerely,

TooTiredToFunction

Dear TooTiredToFunction,

I understand what you are going through completely. I am a young girl, so I experienced/am experiencing the same you. It can be hard to decide whether or not to take a break from sports to focus on yourself.

I am 15 years old and, growing up, I played many sports. My one main sport is soccer, and I now play it all year around. I have it 2-3 days a week and then I have games and tournaments a lot on the weekends. This being said, I also feel like sometimes I have no free time. So, I think you are going through a lot right now and a part of you does want to quit. You want to quit so you can get your grades up, have free time, and get a good amount of sleep each night. I think those are all good reasons to quit, but I don't think you should. Many kids end up quitting a sport and they miss it. You play three sports which is a lot to handle, but imagine if you don't play one or all three of those sports. If you can imagine that and it doesn't upset you then stop playing them, but if you imagine not playing them and do get upset, stick with it. Like my parents always told me you won't be able to play sports when you are older, and if you quit now you'll regret it later.

I think that all of this that is going on, all of this stress that you have is good. Yes, it can be a lot, but it's good. All in all, I think you should stick with it. I think all of these obstacles will make you work harder which makes you even more special. Don't give up good things just because there are some bumps in the road. Get a good schedule going, when you get home on days you don't have sports, find the motivation to do it. If you can't, look into getting a tutor. On days you do have sports, try and get it done in school or sometime before or after your sports practice. Just find a schedule that works for you and use it to your advantage.

I hope this helps, please look at this both ways...if you have the sports in your life or if you don't, how would that make you feel?

Yours truly,

Baylie Kirby

Dear Sugar,

I have been feeling really sad lately. I can't find motivation to do anything that used to make me happy. I was really into drawing and painting, but I can't find the energy to do this anymore. My friends think I'm fine because I can manage to smile and ask them how they are doing, but they never ask if I'm okay. My mom is too worried about my grades to see how sad I am. Also, her and my dad have been fighting a lot. This puts a lot of stress on me because I don't want to say anything to cause more fighting. Part of me wishes they would just get a divorce. I want to stay in bed all day. I just need some advice on how to feel myself again. Can you help?

Sincerely,

Dear AHugelInconvenience

Dear AHugelInconvenience,

This past year, I was diagnosed with Anxiety. I had absolutely no motivation to do anything that involved seeing other people, school, or even going to grocery stores. So, I know exactly what you're going through. I tried and tried and tried to get over it and push through, but one day, I just let all of my emotions go and made my next move of going to the doctors to see what I can do to help myself.

From there, I told the doctor how I was feeling, all of my emotions, and what all I didn't want to do. I didn't want any social contact, because I was afraid. I was afraid people would judge me, I was afraid people would stare or look at me, I didn't want to talk in class. I was always the quiet kid, and now we know why. Because I have anxiety. Stress is definitely a factor that was put onto me, along with everything else. I just couldn't find the urge to be in front of anyone with the way I was feeling. While I was at the doctors, she recommended that I go to a therapist/counselor, and she prescribed me anxiety medication. This has really helped for me, so I would suggest this to you as well. My ways to cope are deep breaths, talking to friends to get my mind off of it, and writing in a journal at night about my feelings from that day. You don't have to go back and read them, you can burn them if you really want to; it's just a way to clear your mind and let go of your thoughts.

Sincerely,

Jacy Miller

Dear Sugar,

I don't feel like school matters to me. I wish that I could drop out. Everything that I am learning in school feels irrelevant to what I want to do. I don't need college, so why does it matter that I am not doing well in classes? I have friends in school, but I don't feel like they care if I am here or not. The only class that I enjoy is metals, but I only have that for a forty minute period every day. That doesn't seem worth all the other crap that I go through during the day. I need some motivation to keep going with school. Can you help? I know my parents would be mad if I asked them for advice about this.

Sincerely,

Don'tWantToBeHere

Dear Don'tWantToBeHere,

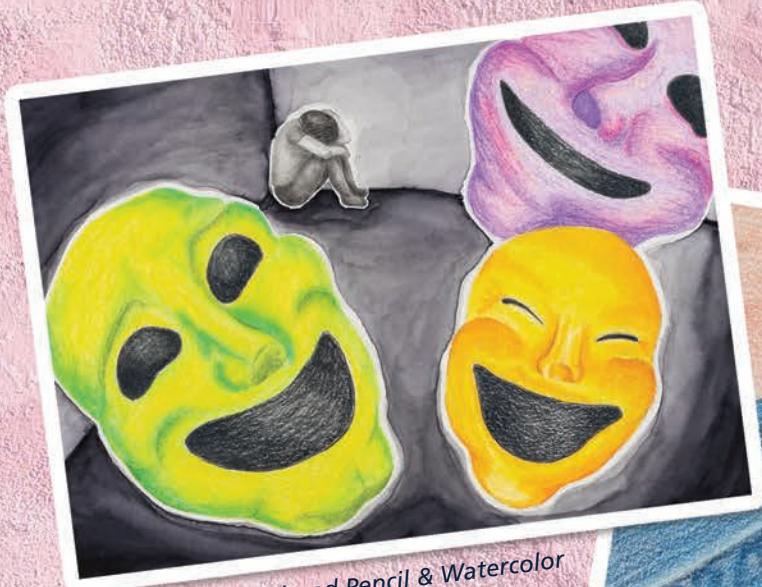
I know that what you're going through is hard, and you can't find the motivation to do your work for school. I have been in that situation once before too, and I agree, finding motivation to do work can be really hard sometimes and it took me a while to find the right motivation too. I still have trouble finding motivation sometimes but I do end up getting it and being able to finish my work with little to no problems. I have my best two ways to find motivation for work.

My first idea for motivation is finding something you love to do and imagining that if you do not do your work, you may lose that thing you love or the ability to do it. This also worked for me when I was young. When I was young I was in wrestling, and I wasn't the best at it. I never won a match, but I remember some advice my coach gave me before I went into one of my matches. I have this blankie that I have had since I was a baby and back then that blankie was the most important thing to me, I felt like I could not live without it. Before I went into my match my coach came up to me and said "imagine the person you are wrestling took your blankie, and you need to win this match to get it back from them", and that made me want to try the hardest. I almost won that match, I did not but what my coach told me really motivated me to win.

I wish you the best of luck with finding your motivation for work. If the advice I gave you does not work, you may always email me again and I may give you more ideas. I hope you can fix your grades so that you and your friends can all move on to the next grade together.

Sincerely,

Aliyah Caler



AUBRE CALER / Colored Pencil & Watercolor



AUBRE CALER / Colored Pencil



KYLEE PRESTON / Digital Art



KYLEE PRESTON / Digital Art



ALEXANDRA GRUVER / Colored Pencil & Ink



ALEXANDRA GRUVER / Watercolor & Ink



ALEXANDRA GRUVER / Watercolor & Ink

PITCH BLACK HAIR

To think our moments were once my yellow
 To your presence bringing me terror
 Your pitch black hair, wicked eyes,
 and twisted disease
 Have ripped me from my voice
 Broken promises, empty emotions, a hateful mind,

fear in my bones

It's all you've given me

Where is that love your promised
 The love people gush over about
 The love they say is worth all the imperfections
 The love that makes me want to stay
 Your love was just an illusion, never real
 My most craved dream
 What did I do?
 You didn't birth me
 You birthed your pain
 I never realized how empty I was because
I was so full of you

JATZIRY MENDEZ VALDEZ



AUBRE CALER / Graphite & Watercolor

AUBRE CALER / Graphite & Oil Paint



MY MOTHER'S MONSTER

When you're a young child, you think your parents are invincible, that nothing can ever happen to them, but my mom, just like me, is also human, and we are not invincible. **I snapped out of it and finally faced the reality of the situation: she had cancer.** A rare form, which just made the whole situation even more bitter to take, like when you're taking cough syrup as a child.

She had to have a HIPEC surgery performed on her. They made an incision in my mom from the top of her stomach to the bottom, had a bunch of her organs removed, filled her up with heated chemotherapy, and shook around like she was caught in the middle of two people playing London Bridge.

I remember the night of her surgery, mainly because my thoughts, heavy and spinning in my mind, made me unable to sleep that night. The hospital, which had huge glass windows everywhere, seemed like it never ended. One building, in particular, had multi-colored railings, doors, walls, everything, it almost looked like a huge colored Jenga tower. My mother's room, in particular, had a very large glass window where I could see many buildings. When I finally got to go see my mom, she had tubes flowing out her, making her look like a spider with eight legs. She wasn't able to speak very well because she had tubes in her nose that supplied her oxygen, but I was just happy to see her.

MIKENNA AVERY

ARACHNOPHOBIA

Crawling, spinning, webbing
 All eight eyes focused on mine
 Crawling, spinning, webbing
 Every leg piecing my skin
 Silk threads covering my torso
 Working up to my head,
 suffocating slowly
 Crawling, spinning, webbing
 Slumbering in a crazy cocoon
 Infinite sleep
 Crawling, spinning,
 webbing

GABE MINETOS



VIANNEY MEDINA-VASQUEZ / *Pastel*



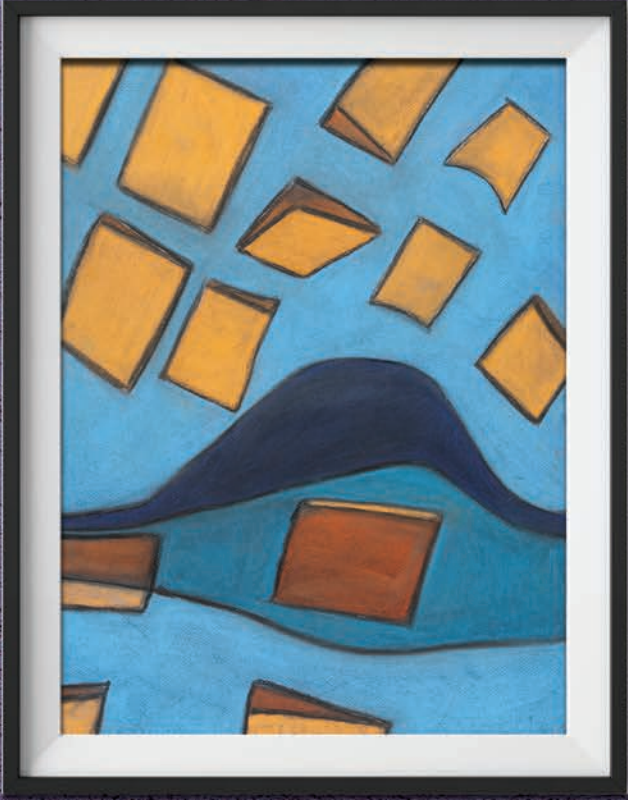
ALIZANDRIA LAKE / *Pastel*



ANNIE SMITH / *Pastel*



GLADYS RODRIGUEZ-TREJOS / *Pastel*



BENJAMIN KIME / Pastel



JULIANA ARNOLD / Pastel



BRITTANY LOPEZ / Pastel



VIANNEY MEDINA-VASQUEZ / Acrylic

PLACES I REMEMBER

MY FAMILY AND I VISITED MEXICO ONCE A YEAR. IF WE WERE LUCKY, WE WOULD GO TWICE. BACK THEN, WE WOULD HAVE TIME AND WEREN'T AS BUSY TO TRAVEL. WE WOULD GO AND VISIT MY GRANDPARENTS IN MEXICO AND ALSO SOME OF MY MOM'S COUSINS, AUNTS, AND UNCLES. I REMEMBER MY GRANDPARENTS TAKING ME TO EL MERCADO, OR THE STORE, THAT WAS AROUND THE CORNER. I WOULD GET MY FAVORITE JUICE AND SOMETIMES CHIPS. I REMEMBER GETTING CHASED AND CHASING CHICKENS AROUND MY GRANDPA'S LITTLE FARM. I LOVED GOING THERE UNTIL A CHICKEN ENDED UP BITING ME WHILE I WAS EATING JELLO FROM A LITTLE BAG. NOW THAT I AM NOW GETTING OLDER, I REALIZE HOW MUCH THE LITTLE THINGS MATTER. MEMORIES REALLY LAST FOREVER.

Arizbeth Moreno

MEXICO

WEEKS PASSED BY AND I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HOW UNGRATEFUL I'VE BEEN MY WHOLE CHILDHOOD. IN MEXICO, I HAD TO BATHE MYSELF WITH A BUCKET, TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FARM ANIMALS, AND SLEEP ON THE FLOOR MOST NIGHTS. **WHEN I CAME HOME FROM MY THREE-MONTH VACATION, I UNDERSTOOD WHY PEOPLE WANT TO COME TO AMERICA: FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM.** IT GREATLY AFFECTED ME TO CONVERT FROM A POOR VILLAGE TO A FIRST WORLD COUNTRY WHERE MONEY MATTERS MOST. I TAKE NUMEROUS ITEMS FOR GRANTED, AND NEVER THOUGHT OF THE PEOPLE IN MY HOME COUNTRY. THEY WANT TO LIVE A BASIC HUMAN LIFE WHERE THEY WOULDN'T FEAR GETTING KILLED OR GET PAID WHAT IS EQUIVALENT TO ONE DOLLAR HERE AN HOUR. DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE MY COUNTRY. GUADALAJARA IS AN ELEGANT AND DIVERSE CITY WHERE THE PEOPLE CROWD EVERYWHERE AND CARS HONK. KIDS BOLT ON THE STREETS KICKING SOCCER BALLS. GIRLS GALLOP TOGETHER IN GROUPS. BUSES ZOOM, AND DOGS BARK.

NOW, I HAVE A NICE, STABLE HOUSE WITH FOOD AND EVERYTHING I NEED. I AM GLAD THAT MY MOTHER CAME HERE, AND I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE BORN HERE. SHE CAME TO THE U.S. FOR HER CHILDREN TO HAVE A BETTER LIFE. SHE ALWAYS WANTS WHAT'S BEST FOR MY SIBLINGS AND I. I PROMISE HER I WON'T DISAPPOINT HER IN THE FUTURE. I WANT TO BE SUCCESSFUL AND PAMPER MY MOTHER WITH GIFTS AS I'M OLDER.

Dulce Ildefonso



All Digital Artwork on this page by NICHOLAS SHAW



JASMINE JOHNSON / Oil Pastel



ANNIE SMITH / Oil Pastel



ANNIE SMITH / Acrylic & Oil

Olives

One, two, three, I counted my steps
Round the corner off the beaten path
Into the sand my shoeless feet sink
The blistering sun showed its wrath

Trees turned their backs to the sun
The water wouldn't dare come further on sands
For fear it had never known before
Crawled its way beyond the lands

One tree, on this vicious day
Turned not his back to the sun
But rather faced the ray
Thus I wondered, what mustn't he hide

One, two three, my way towards the tree
Little fruits, I found, dangling like grapes
Off the branches facing me
Dropped sundried Olives by my feet.

Aidan Chen



YESSICA SANCHEZ / Photography



EMELY MORA-BAILON / Watercolor & Colored Pencil

The Ocean, Home or Distant

I remember seeing the large horseshoe crabs scuttle along the sand, leaving trails where they once existed. The waves, mysterious and powerful, crashing upon the earth like a hammer from the heavens. The dolphins, gracefully surfacing to inhale precious oxygen, before returning to the vast swath of water. And most importantly, me, experiencing the ocean through the tiny scope of my eyes.

I vividly remember my first time on the Judith M, a fishing boat off of 21st street. The ship, large, powerful, and intimidating to a young kid, jostled among the other, much smaller, boats at the docks. We had arrived at the dock the day after a large storm passed through our voyage, making the ocean churn like an earthquake had just begun. The waves, recorded in the tens of feet for the first time in months, hurled the ship around. On the way there, I did not have time to remember that I became easily seasick, before vomiting twice. On the way back, the vomiting continued until my stomach had nothing left to even try to bring back up. One of the crew members caught a juvenile shark, and I had the luxury of releasing it, a consolation prize for making the journey. That first boat fishing trip expanded my horizons on what becomes possible with the ocean. The ship transformed my entire personality, as dreams of becoming a firefighter or police officer faded, leaving me with the dream of becoming a marine biologist.

Eli Swope

ANWA CHEN / Clay coast



SPLISHING & SPLASHING

We decided to “accidentally” spill another bucket full of water. After the water fell from the bucket and coated the kitchen floor, we looked at each other and started rolling in it, soaking our clothing. My shirt, wet and tight, felt uncomfortable. Because we had so much fun, we kept dumping water onto the floor of the kitchen until it became completely coated and high enough for us to “swim” in. We thought it would work, but we obviously forgot that we

have a carpeted dining room that remained connected to the hardwood-floored kitchen. I noticed the carpet getting wet during all of the fun, so I ran out of the kitchen to the bathroom and grabbed a bunch of towels. Once I lined the entrance of the kitchen, I gave a thumbs up to keep dumping water. We kept dumping water and playing in it soaking our whole bodies. The floor felt like oil, and so did our skin. We slipped off of our feet many times, but we never stopped playing even if we got hurt. After a few buckets, the water, ankle-deep, looked high enough for us to play in. That evening, we watched as she started walking into the kitchen, stopping in her tracks, and turning toward us. The glare made my body

cold, making me shiver where I stood. She must have seen the looks on our faces, so she asked us, “Why is the carpet wet?” We looked at each other, back at her, and shrugged. She realized the lie, the very obvious lie, and came to me to ask me, a very bad liar, again.

“Antoinette. Why is the carpet wet?”

I broke under pressure, but I didn’t throw us all under the bus. I told her that we accidentally spilled water. She ended up believing it... until she put the pieces together.

**Antoinette
Williams**

TRENTON MURRAY / Watercolor & Ink



TRENTON MURRAY / Watercolor & Ink



MY MYSTERIOUS WOUND

One rainy and dreadful April morning I decided to go to the provided breakfast on the day of the fourth-grade PSSAS. I finished my meal and got up to throw the wrapper away, but I completely missed the shiny layer of liquid that had spilled and covered a small portion of the cafeteria floor. Being a clumsy ten year old, I slipped on the liquid and fell harshly on my side into the hard, metal door frame. I heard gasps from the onlookers. Standing up, I assessed the damage of my embarrassing morning to see a hole in the shin of my left leg. A hole I could only get if I punctured my leg on something. I hobbled over to the creaky cafeteria tables and waited for a teacher or supervisor to come near me. **As I sat and waited, a cold tear slid down my flushed face.** "Would you like to go to the nurse?" asked a teacher, crouched down to my level. She looked at me sympathetically and I already felt better. Limping to the nurse, the pain in my left shin became horrendous. The tears, like the blood, only came faster. I walked into the office where the smell of antiseptic intoxicated me. The nurse, Mrs. Simpson, looked at me confused until I explained the situation. She took a wet paper towel to my bloody leg and wiped the semi-dried blood that stained my shin. I winced as she grazed the newly formed bruise around the eraser-shaped hole. I headed back to class with not much time to spare before my dreaded test. To this day I have a small, white, and leathery patch on my left shin. Also to this day I don't know what could have punctured my leg. However, I still get teased by my friends for slipping on water.

Jocelyn Fleming



● ELIZABETH HUSTON / *Tempera* ●



● CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH / *Tempera* ●



● JOCELYN MOORE / *Tempera* ●



● ELIJAH BEAMAN / *Tempera* ●



● CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO / *Tempera* ●



● REAGAN WILDASIN / *Tempera* ●



● MADISON FAVORITE / *Tempera* ●



● NAOMA JOHNSON / *Tempera* ●



● MADISON STARCK / *Acrylic* ●



● MAKAYLA MOYA / *Tempera* ●



● SIENNA HENDERSON / *Tempera* ●

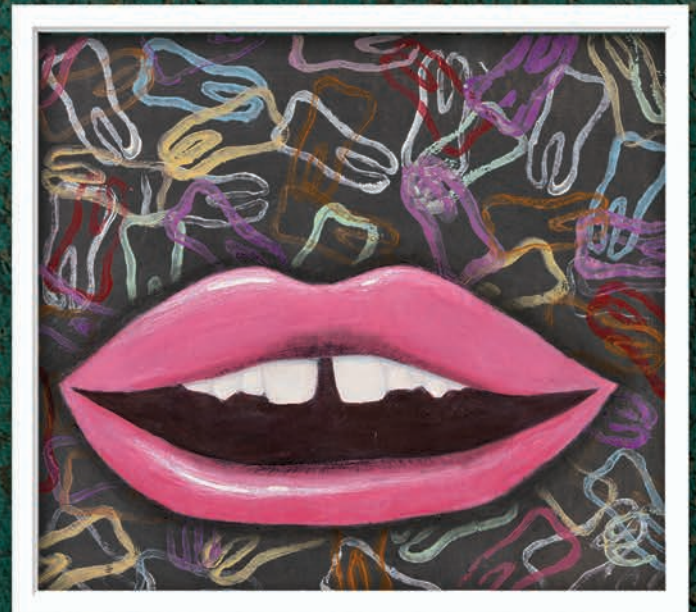
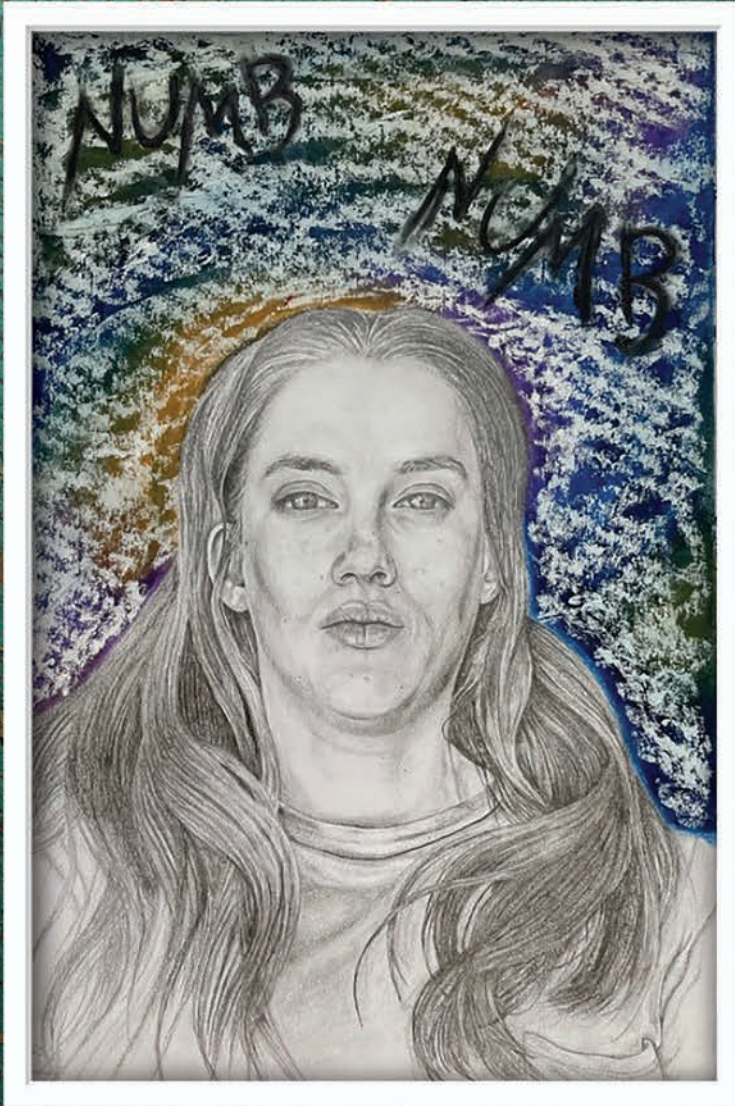
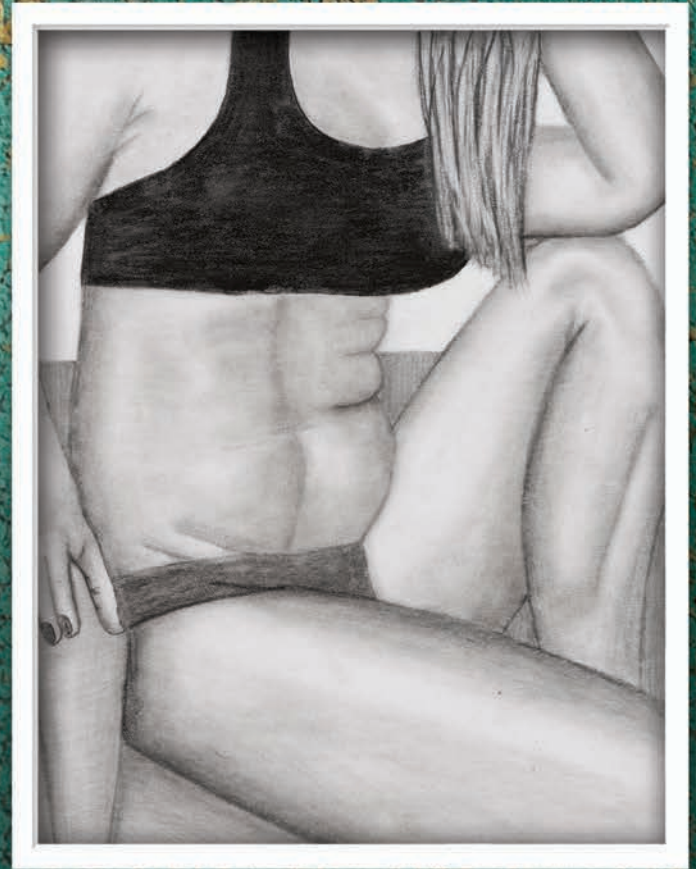


● RACHEL COX / *Tempera* ●

KATIE CAPPS / Charcoal

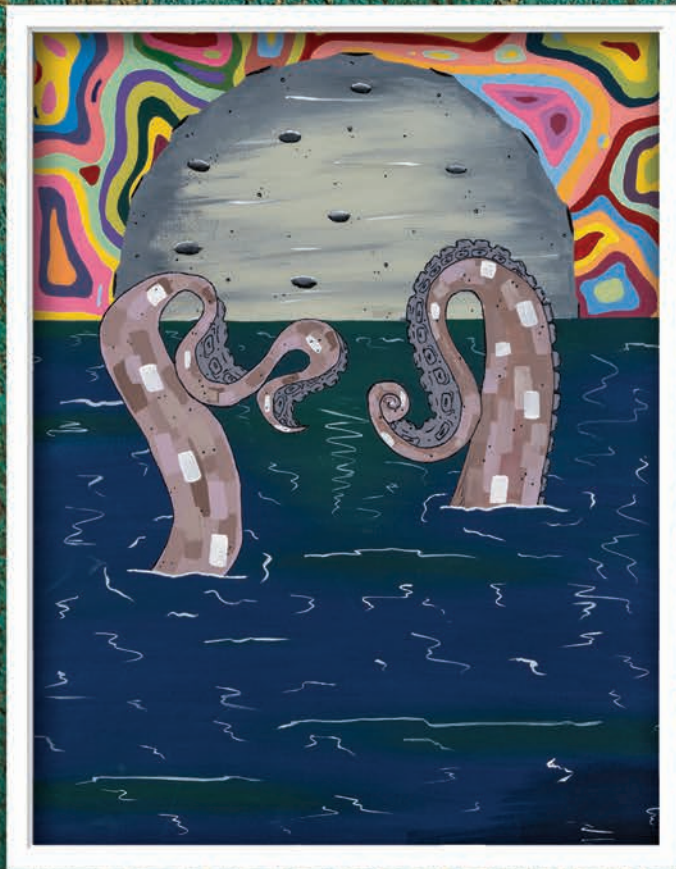


SIERRA HAHN / Graphite

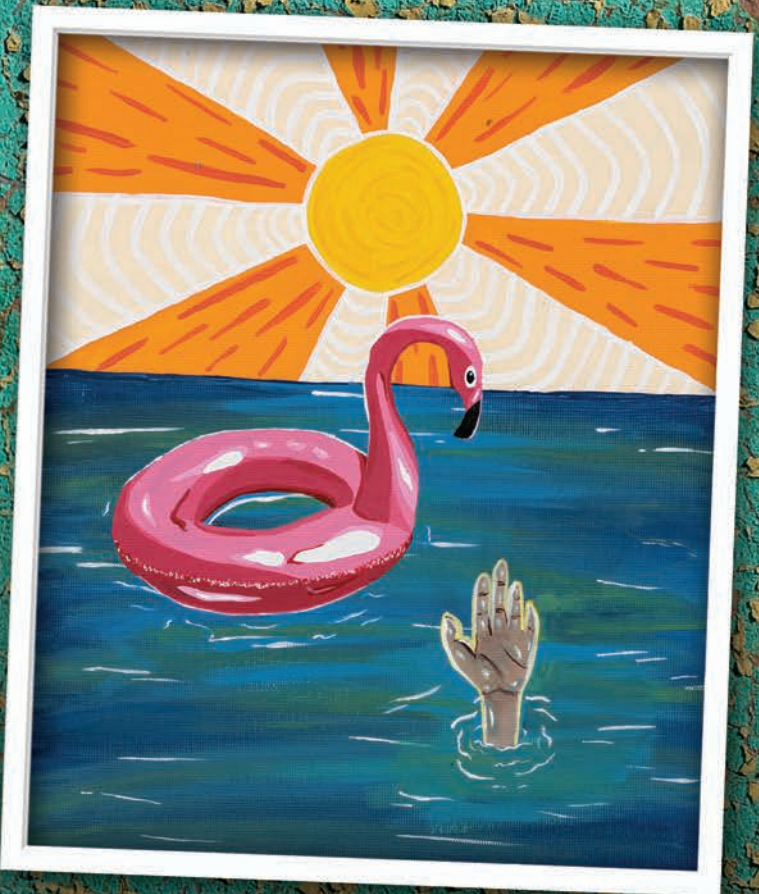


SIERRA HAHN / Acrylic

KATIE CAPPS / Graphite & Pastel



CHELSEA VALDEZ / Acrylic



CHELSEA VALDEZ / Acrylic

NEVER THE SAME

Now nearing the third time around, the little beads of water from the boat's massive wake started to sting like hot bullets, and the wind danced in my hair. In those very moments I realized I had been wrong, tubing happened to be exceedingly more fun than I expected and I regretted being so stubborn for all of those years.

Not realizing the tube had already started turning the opposite direction, I had no way to get a steady grip. The wave, acting as a brick wall, never became aware to me.

Black. The darkness was like a long hallway with consciousness at the end pulling me closer. By the time I came back to reality, I was being pulled back onto the boat. Falling in and out of consciousness like a strobe light on the lowest setting, I tried to regain my thoughts and evaluate what had happened. My brain searched for anything to focus on, eyes hanging on to anything that could keep it stimulated enough to stay

awake. Pounding and throbbing, consumed by pain, I started to realize that my brain pleaded for help in the worst way it could think of.

Wobbly and unstable, I attempted to stand up and walk back inside, a task that proved much harder than I would have expected. Disembarking the boat, I realized my next challenge and what would be more challenges to come: balance. Feeling like two socks filled with nothing but jello, my legs proved not to be on my side. After multiple close calls and near falls, I managed to get to the safety and warmth of the house, crawled into the darkness, and slept. The darkness became my closest acquaintance for the rest of the trip and ride home, with pain medication being a close second. I wasn't scared for the diagnosis, I was scared for what came after it. The unknowingness acted as a long dark hallway with success at the end, and hidden pitfall traps scattered throughout.

LUKE HOLMBERG



HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

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