

# Dimensions 2011



Morgan Yealy

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Linsey Bowersox

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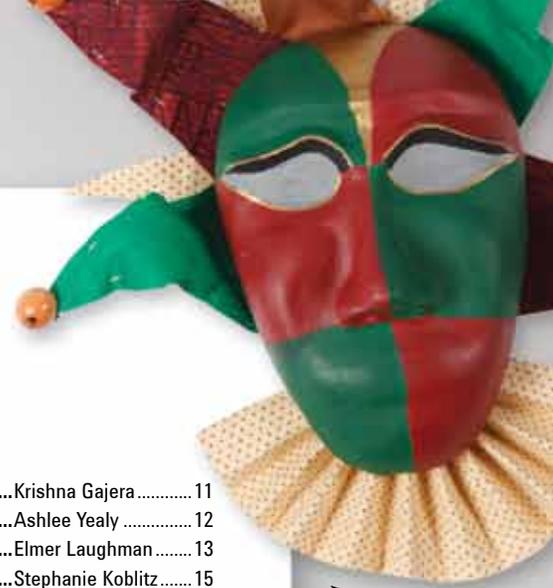
Stephanie Koblitz



Front Cover: Nikki Vlahos, Gold Key Region-at-Large National Scholastic 2011

Caleb Gerlach

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Karlee Ginter

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Linsey Bowersox



Carly Forbes



Stephanie Koblitz



Calvin Hersh

# MOUNTAIN

Holden Jones

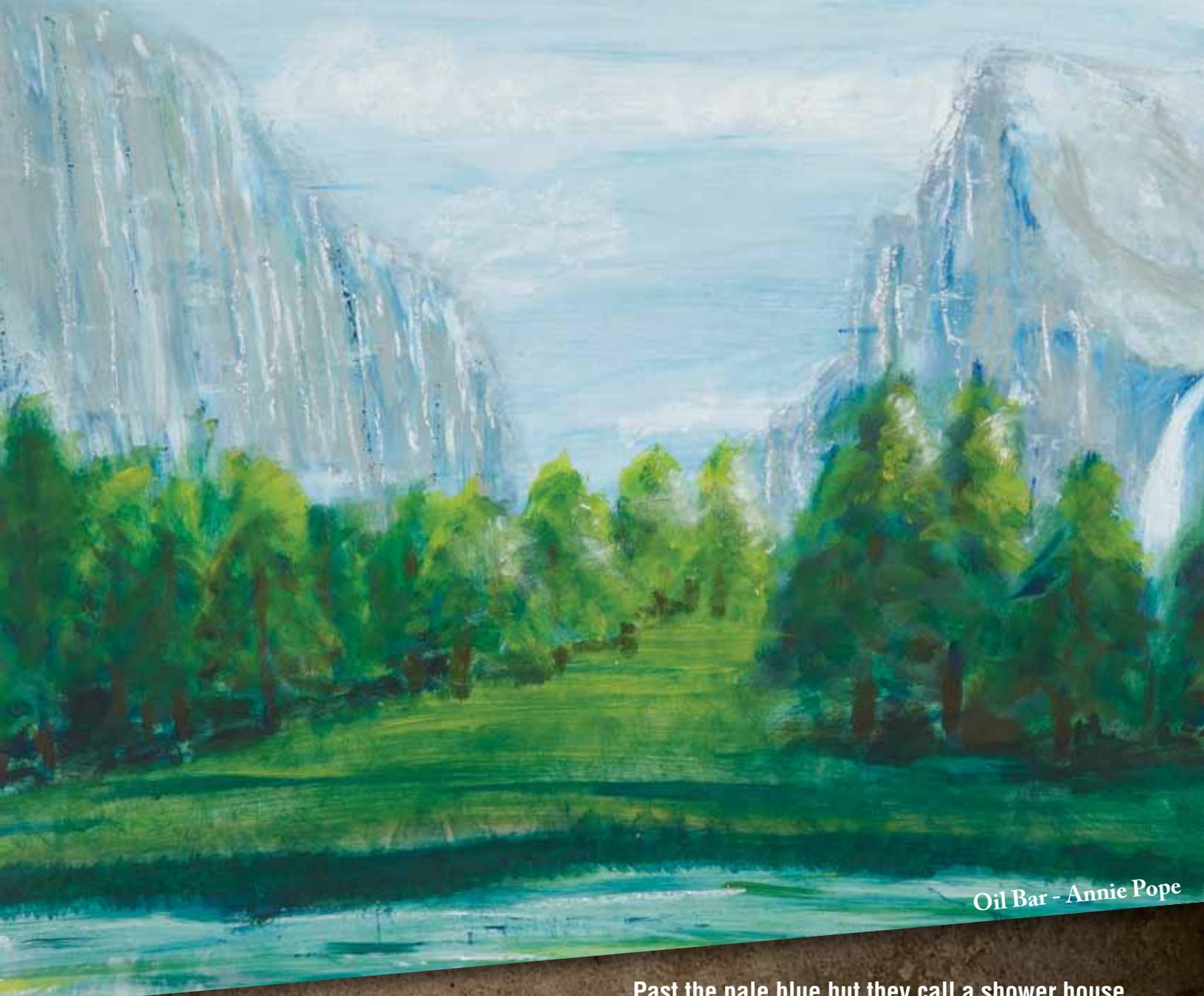
The  
Dark  
Mountain  
Loomed before  
My weary legs  
A challenge in itself  
To teach my soul's spirit  
What it means to be alive  
But I cannot do it now  
I will falter or fall  
It is not meant  
For the likes  
Of me, a  
Simple  
Man

But  
The  
Mountain  
Draws me  
Forward like  
A magnet of soul  
Myth of glory pulls  
My spirit into renewed vigor  
I cannot fail, this test of strength  
My goals are deeper than the darkest cave  
But I fall  
Into the  
Lightless  
Chasm

I look  
For a way out  
But all  
Is lost  
I am done  
Until a  
Light  
Way up above me  
Shines into my heart  
It is the ray of hope eternal  
Which pulls me from this precipice  
This pit that rings despair like it is a bell  
Pulled into the high reaches of the highest mountain  
The mountain that is my surest challenge, the peak it is my rest  
And it is from this peak that I cannot fall, I will not falter once more  
As I  
Once  
Did



Ceramic Mask - Lily Tran



Oil Bar - Annie Pope

# Level UP

The **great** beginning  
Surrounded by all the excited people in the camp.  
The tall trees useless against the sweltering heat.  
It falls silent.

One person speaking  
The formation of lines look less like lines than mobs.

..... Follow the leader .....  
• Up the trail, mulch crunching under my feet  
• Past the rickety cabin with crisp clean porches.

Past the pale blue hut they call a shower house.  
No more mulch, only stones now poking at my feet.  
Winding up the side of the mountain  
Hiding the burning in the legs and shortness of breath  
Legs take me out of the woods and into the orchard  
Directly up the mountain now

Total silence now  
No hiding the pain now  
Left...Right...Left...Right...

## A fire has erupted in my legs

Staggering with each step  
Until finally I reach the top  
Collapse  
Then run back down.

-Alex Daubert

# The Sound of Crashing Waves

At the beach  
I feel the warm morning sun  
I walk along the shoreline  
Cold water brushes along my toes  
Gently holding the hand of the one I love  
On the boardwalk.  
The sound of footsteps on the wooden planks  
Stuffy and crowded.  
The smell of freshly made funnel cake  
And hot fries.  
Loud fast beat music spilling from the shops  
Amusement park with thrilling rides and  
Loud screams.  
Game buzzers ringing  
The look on the winner's face  
A big fuzzy teddy bear  
Sunsets.  
Cold breeze blows.  
Night time comes.  
I lay in bed  
I fall asleep to the sound of crashing waves.

Stevie Wagner

Ceramic Sculpture - Victoria Temple



## Ocean Eyes

*Ocean Eyes*  
With the sea caught in your gaze  
I see the waves  
Crash as the tide sweeps [across]  
Your face

*Ocean Eyes*  
Amidst the storm  
The beach is empty calm and thrashing  
Remnants wash up [after the storm]  
You've been here before

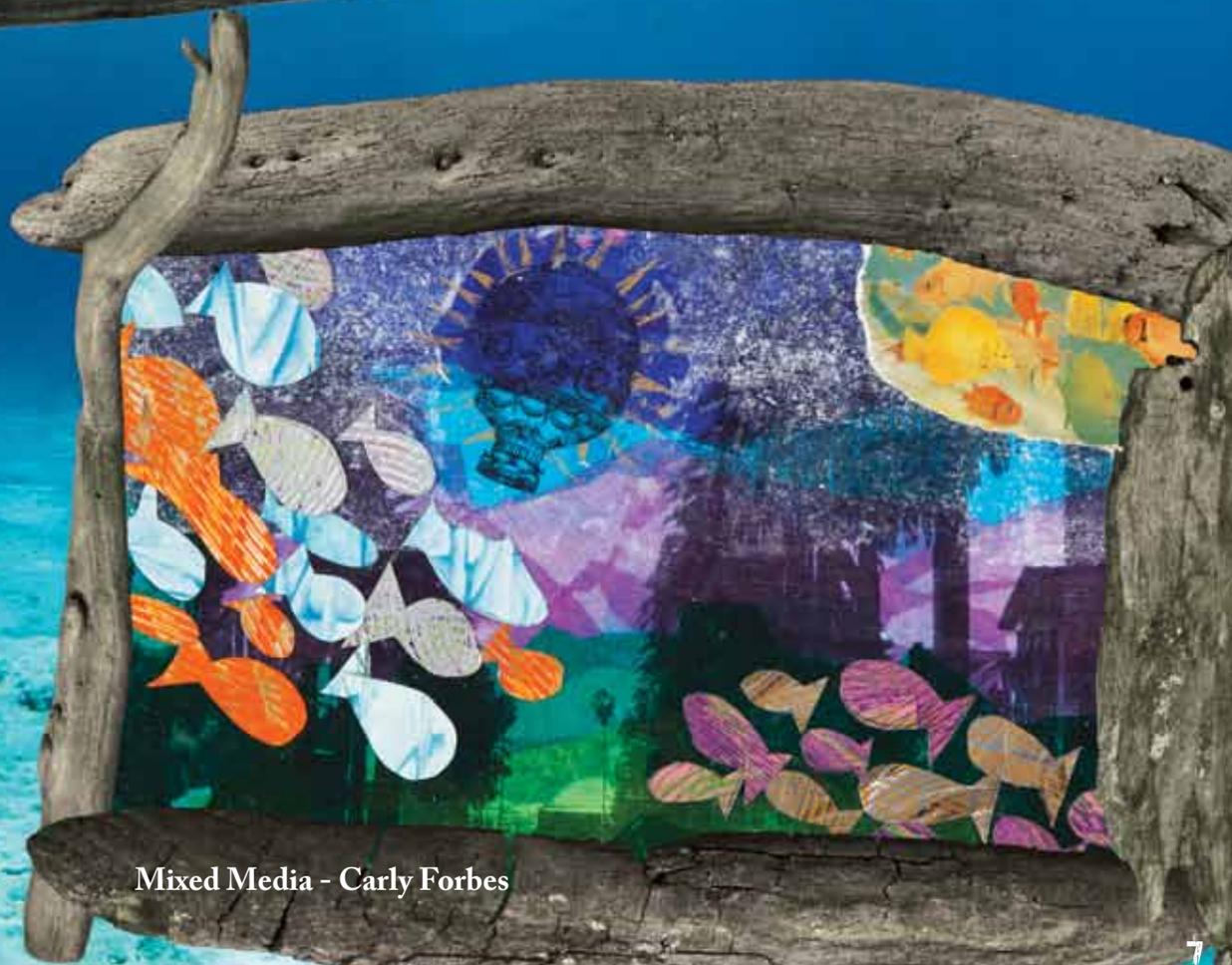
*Ocean Eyes,*  
Where the tide meets shore  
See the music in your eyes  
Keep on playing until the sun [grows dim]  
And the stars shine upon

*Those Ocean Eyes*  
Beachy waves fall  
Upon those Ocean Eyes  
Under the painted black night  
To awake to the new dawn  
With bright  
*Ocean Eyes.*

Sarah Hammond



Oil Bar - Cristian Salgado



Mixed Media - Carly Forbes

# Step Hop Skip

-Bethanie Leppo

Step hop skip, step hop skip,  
Down to the stop sign and back.  
A race against my sister,  
She would always win.

But she slowed towards the finish line,  
A designated crack in the sidewalk,  
So as to not make her victory  
Too great against her little sister

Dad appears at the top of the steps,  
We each grab a hand,  
And set off on an adventure,  
Just me and Daddy and Em.

"Elephant" - Kyra Shaffer



"Sock Monkey" - Morgan Yealy



"Swan" - Josie Diaz



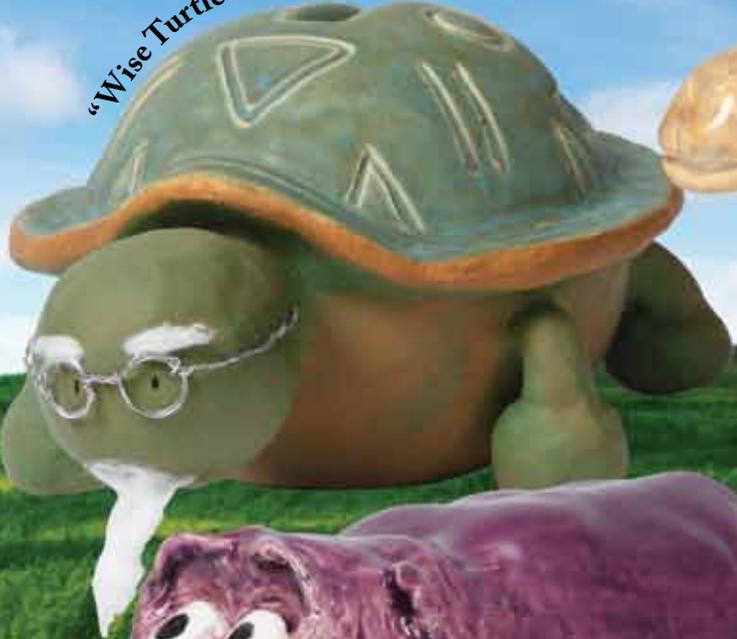
Look right, look left,  
Quick cross the street,  
Trade places so I'm in the middle,  
They swing me to and fro while I laugh.

So many sights pass by,  
In a colorful blur.  
Make up a funny story to tell  
Mom when we get back.

We finally reach our destination,  
The corner store.  
We can pick out one thing we want,  
We both choose candy necklaces.

By the time we're home,  
The sun's halfway down,  
Half the necklaces are gone.

"Wise Turtle" - Karlee Ginter



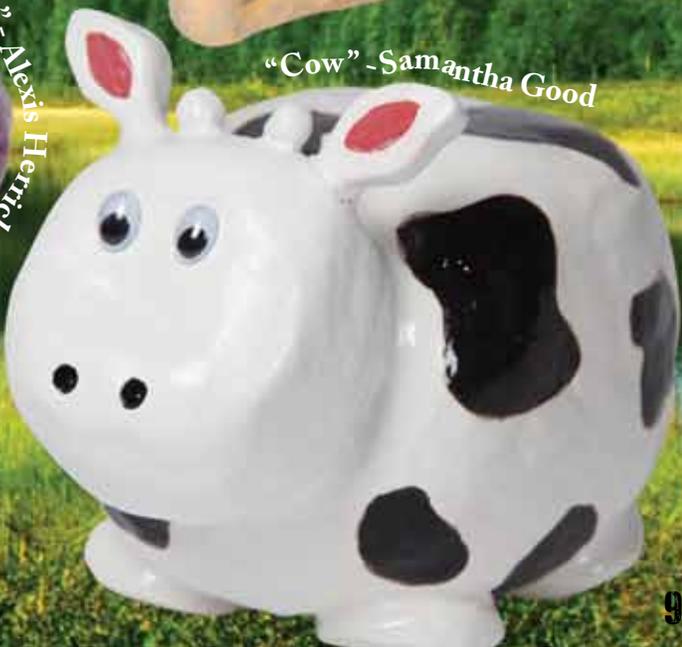
"Camel" - Caleb Gerlach



"Hippo" - Alexis Herrick



"Cow" - Samantha Good





Ceramic Mask - Nick Spalding

# Good Morning

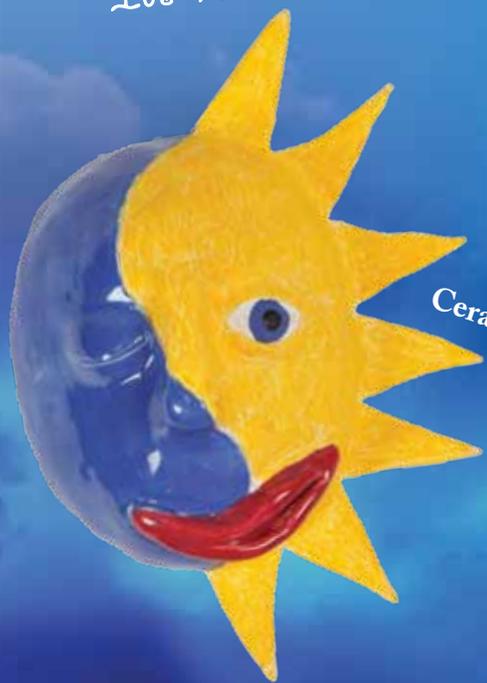
That soothing pleasure before one must meet the day  
 Laying, waiting, knowing it's only an eye's blink away  
 Internal tapping, counting, keeping track like a heartbeat of its own  
 Expecting that horrid sound to pierce that purr like a mean  
 Counting fractions of life on schedule never to miss a beat  
 Continuous, waiting for no one with or without feet  
 Won't even slow down to pause and think  
 Repeat, redo, restart continuing without a broken link  
 Wait, listen, can you feel it now, don't sneeze, don't cough  
 It's 7:00 AM and the alarm is going off!

-Cristian Salgado

# Insomniac's Lullaby

2 AM  
 Tossing  
 turning  
 Like a lost ship at sea  
 Open eyes  
 Darkness, stillness  
 Almost as if  
 the world is dead  
 One more try  
 Close eyes again  
 Wait...  
 Nothing  
 Deep breathes in  
 to no avail  
 Morning light is still  
 too far away.

-Brianna Bryson



Ceramic Mask - Mackenzie Nail



Ceramic Mask - Abbey Rhodes

# The Library Between Here and There

by Matthew Kline

I sat writing at the library, stacks of paper surrounding me, when a man approached me. “Why sir, what is that stack of papers and what are you writing?”

I answered, “Well, it’s my life story.”

“Oh? That’s a lot of pages for someone so young.”

“It’s actually too few for the spirit,” I said. “I’m not concerned with age or people. Just the spirit of life. It’s so much more.”

The man just laughed, “You don’t know that though.”

I laid my pencil off to the side and leaned back in my chair a bit. “Don’t I? I have seen the Universe for what it is and what it will be. Time slips through the glass. It’s not like sand; it’s indescribable. It’s like everything you’ve known and more, sliding through a vast emptiness. Almost like a black hole, but an entire other Universe. It’s not only your spirit, but everyone else’s spirit going through with yours, creating different Universes as they make their own decisions, playing out scenarios that we, as sentimental beings, have never experienced before and will never experience.”

Not knowing how to respond, the man stuttered, “The...The...Then how, sir, did you experience it?” I just smiled at my writings. “I died.”

The man started to back up. He was mystified.

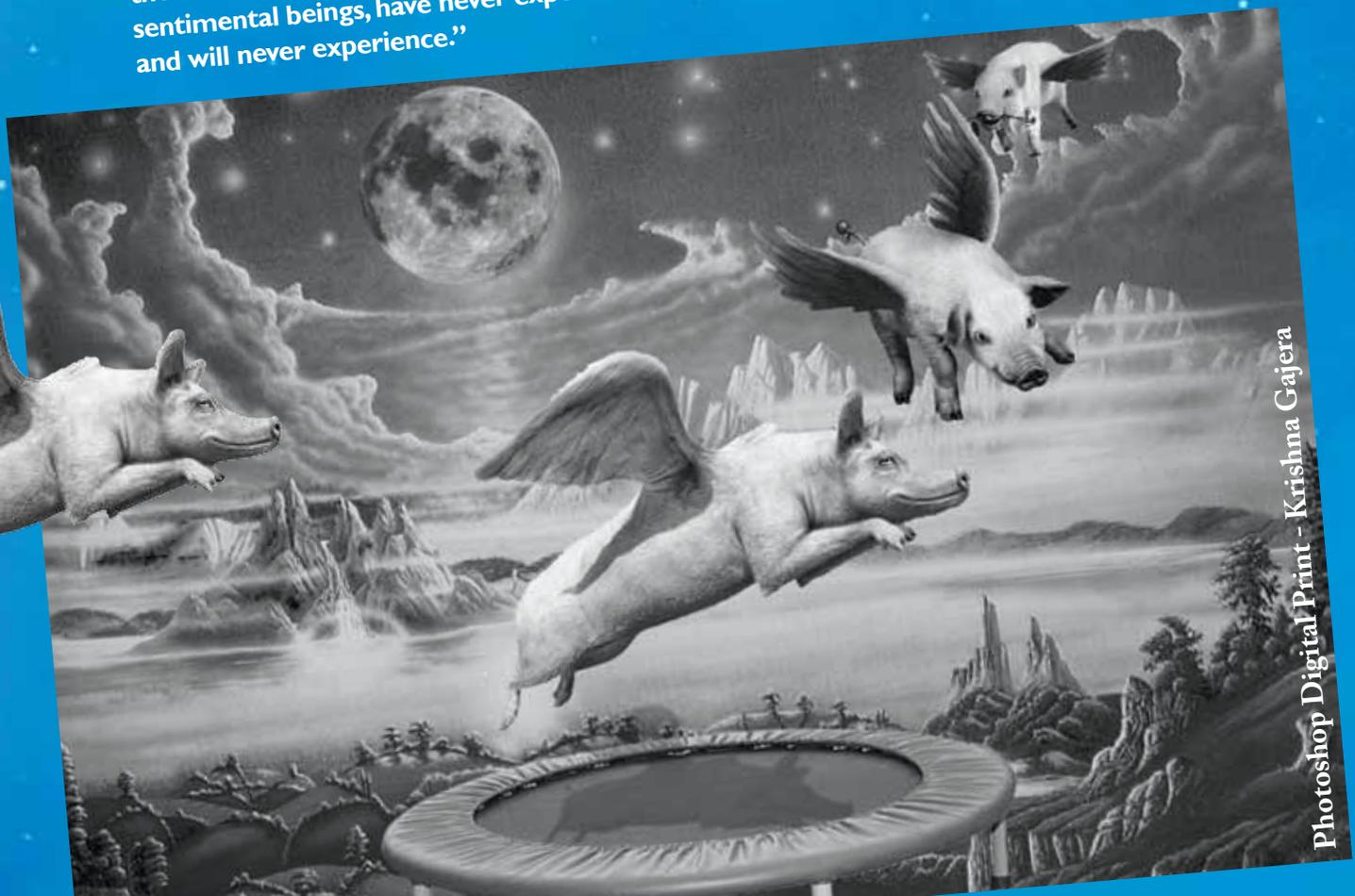
“As a matter of fact, I don’t think you should even be able to talk to me. Have you noticed the clock stop moving? The air growing still? The world stop turning? Before you leave this part of the Universe, I want you to think of all that you hold near and dear, because before you know it, it could be gone.” I snapped my fingers. “Just like that.”

“I don’t understand....”

“Just leave. Maybe it’s best if you just forget this. Just be careful to make it back to your own Universe. We wouldn’t want to screw that up.”

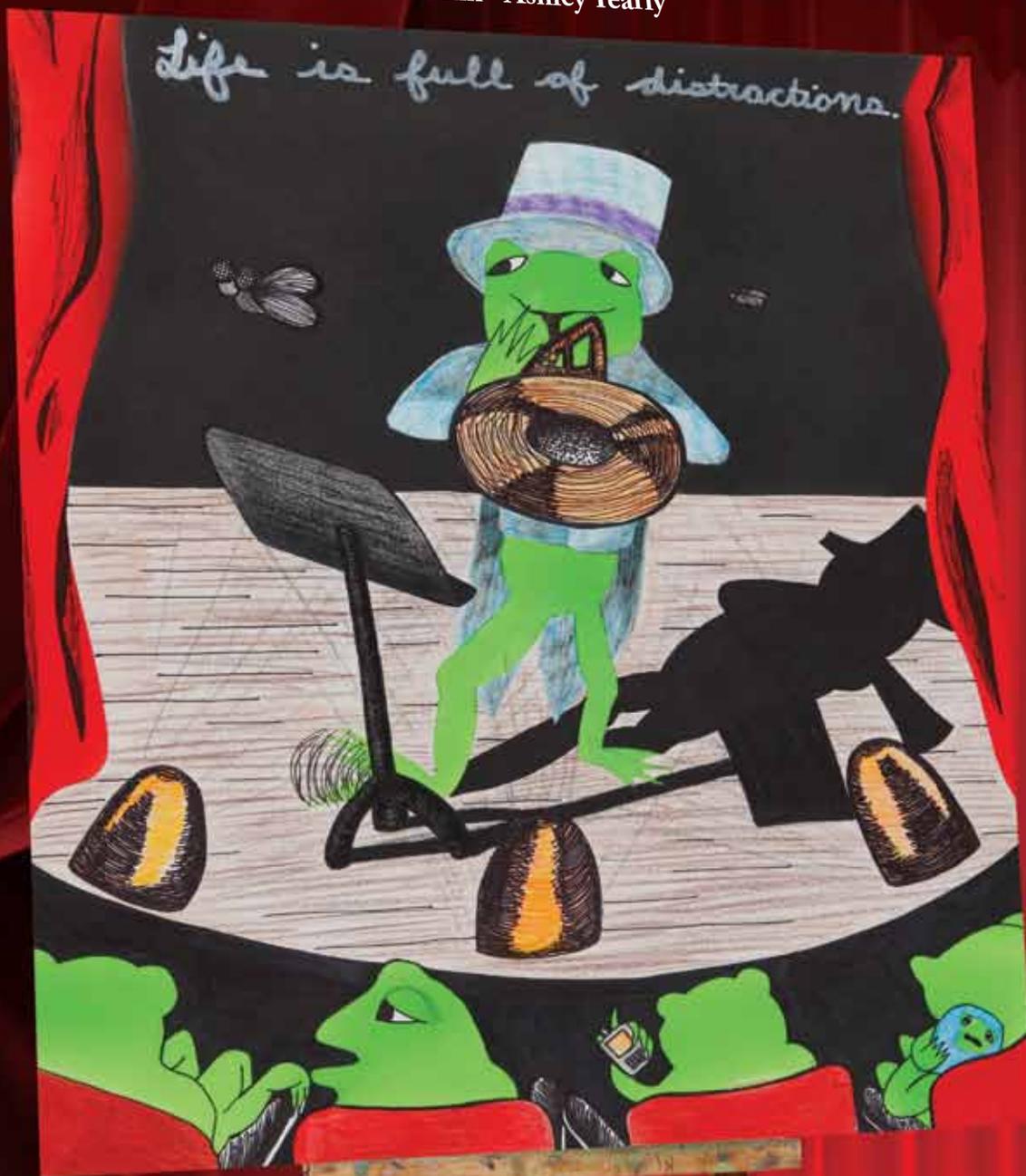
The man turned and left without a word, the books falling off the shelves as he briskly walked past them.

I just sighed. “Pity. I could have used the company.”  
**And I continued writing.**



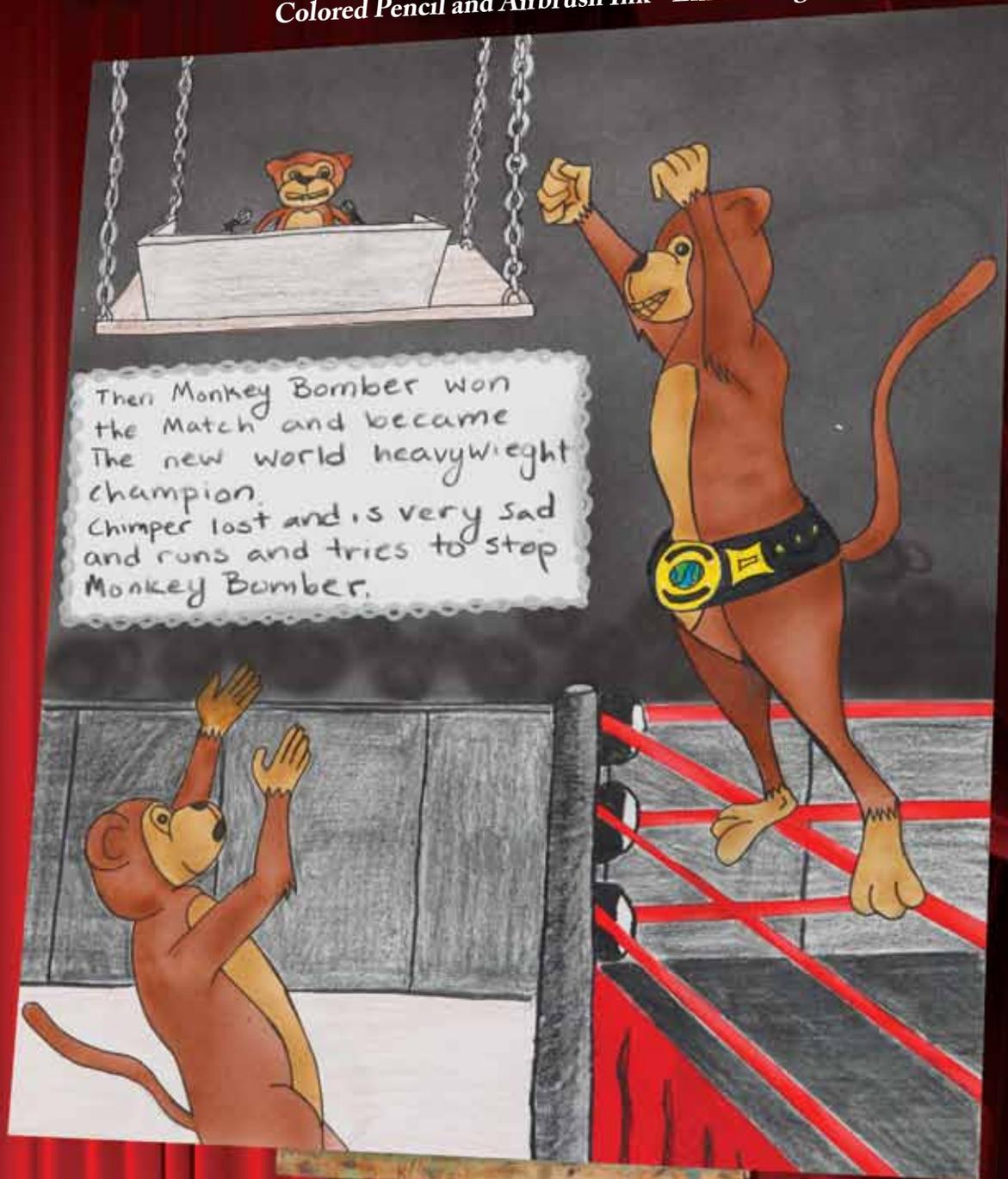
Photoshop Digital Print - Krishna Gajera

Colored Pencil and Airbrush Ink - Ashley Yearly



201442  
**CURTAIN CALL**  
201442  
-Francesca DeCosmo

About to dance  
How exciting  
I start to feel a rush  
On the stage we will  
begin



The curtains open slowly  
The lights shine through  
I raise my chin  
Now the music will begin



First Place, Local & State  
American Veterans Essay Contest  
by - Rebekah Cartwright

# Ballots Make a Boom.

Just this past November, millions of Americans set aside time from their hectic work days to cast their ballots for the officials who will run our country for the next few years. Just this past November, millions of Americans chose to not participate in the voting process. Voting is a right that, in our country, is often taken for granted, even though it was so fiercely fought for on several occasions. To cast a ballot is to actively participate in the running of our country. For that reason, this privilege should be of certain value to American citizens.

A single ballot can affect the entire nation. The officials that are elected into office have the power to change our country, for better or worse. Think of what our country would be like if certain influential presidents hadn't been voted into office. For example, without the "founding fathers," such as Thomas Jefferson, the very foundation of America would be vastly different. The votes cast in even those early elections have affected our country, centuries later. This also applies to the elections of officials who had more negative influences on our country and the world. With the fate of our country in voters' hands, every vote is valued. In addition to this, with America being the influential country that it is, a single ballot can affect the entire world.

The United States wears many hats in our world—policeman, peace keeper, relief provider, and financial advisor, just to name a few. The leaders of America help to fulfill these numerous roles, therefore the ballots cast for them hold the potential of essentially making the world a better place. A lack of voters could result in the loss of a potentially great leader. We, as Americans, don't know the leaders and changes we may have cheated ourselves and the world out of by simply not going to the polling stations. Voters don't just vote for people, they vote for change, ideas, and everything the nominees represent. Expressing this right is a way of encouraging the country to move in a hopefully positive direction, thus impacting the world.

In essence, voting is a way of changing the country and changing the world. Every vote is an act of hope. The great leaders of our country were endorsed by voters nationwide, as were the not-so-great leaders. Nonetheless, voting has gotten our country to where it is today, and modern voters have the chance to move our country in hopefully a positive direction. This right should not be taken for granted, as voters hold the future. All it takes is a single ballot to affect an entire nation, or even an entire world.



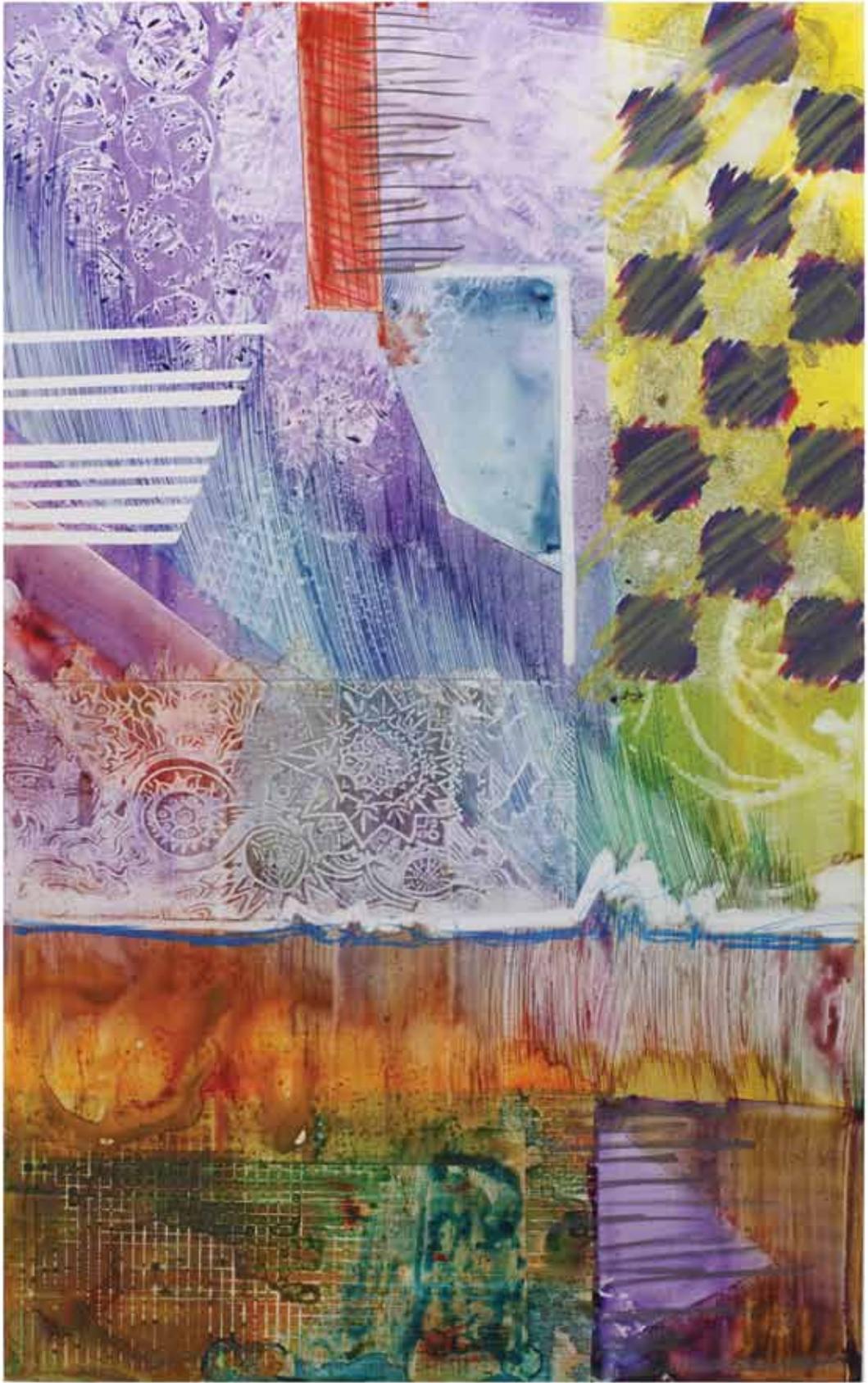
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Charcoal - Stephanie Koblitz

Watercolor on Yupo - Asael Perez



Watercolor on Yupo - Katie Little





Water Soluable Oil Pastel and Crayon - Annie Pope

# My Controlling Emotion

-Meredith Brown

I feel it  
Pushing  
Down on me  
Like a boss over a worker  
It commands me  
With its loud inextinguishable voice  
I try to escape it  
I run, heart pounding with every step  
Straight into a trap  
It's going to get me anyway  
Can I drive it away?

## NO

It will stay subconsciously  
Hovering like an annoying fly in the  
back of my mind  
Suddenly  
It stops  
Have I escaped  
Or is it around the next dark corner  
I round it as I hear silence in my head  
The silence is so new I begin to pick up  
the constant whistling  
The distinct voice is gone

Suddenly it's there  
And my chase begins again

# COLD

-Tyler Baldwin

Like rain on a stormy day,  
I too feel bleak and sorrowful.  
Words seem to slice my heart,  
Echo through the serenity of my soul.  
Those few words scream so loud,  
As my knees begin to fold,  
Ring through my ears but I do not comprehend  
The words will forever be sketched in  
I will have to cope with the loss of her  
But right now I feel alone

# UNSEEN

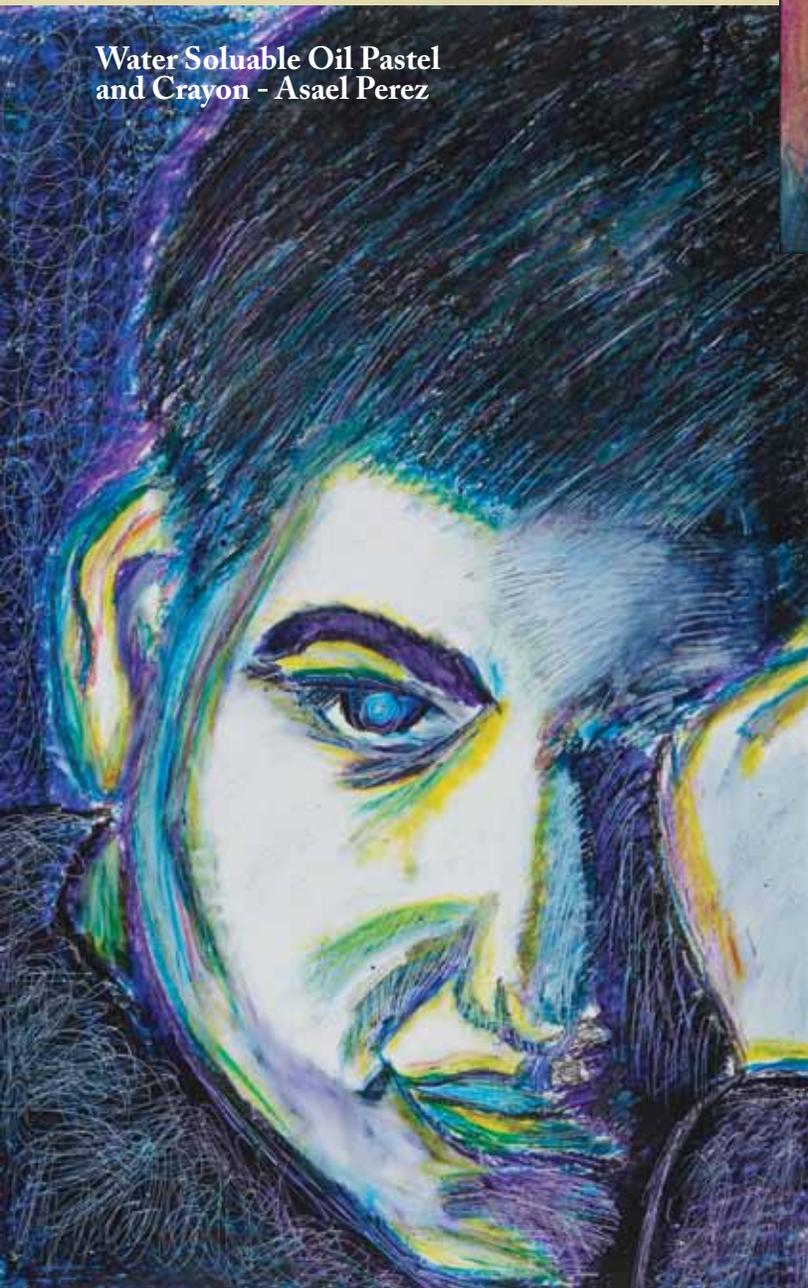
I am the invisible man  
not the one with bandages  
that make himself **seen**  
but the one who rides through life  
hides through life,  
my ripple can't be **noticed**  
I'm the tree when no one's around  
but no one said it was a bad thing  
I see more than **anyone** else  
a one-way mirror  
you see a reflection  
I see past that  
I'm not a strange person  
I'm just an **observer**

-Zack Gulden



Water Soluable Oil Pastel  
and Crayon - Katie Little

Water Soluable Oil Pastel  
and Crayon - Asael Perez



# Lies

Lies, you are a **sin** to say the least,  
Tempting people everyday,  
Adding stress to their lives.  
You give people **false** hope,  
A sense of relief.  
Your humor is sick,  
Yet many choose to **stick** by your side.  
You stab your friends in the back,  
However, they seem to always return.  
And you greet them **back**,  
With open arms.  
Oh, how I wish for you to vanish,  
To disintegrate into thin air.  
I want truth to finally win the **battle**,  
Against you, that is.  
For then, and only then, will the world know,  
Exactly how powerful and victorious **Truth** is.

-Linsey Bowersox



# Through The Eyes of a Flyer

-Allison Seibel



Cheerleading stunts are entertaining to see,  
Being thrown in the air sure isn't easy!  
It's not fair that I get all the glory,  
People need to realize the full story.

To the bases who are throwing me high,  
You have the muscles that make me fly.  
You never fail to catch my weight,  
This is why I call you a teammate.

I apologize for always kicking you in the head,  
I'm probably the reason you had to stay in bed!  
There is no doubt our stunts always hit,  
With bases like you, we can always do it!

I give a special thanks to my front spot,  
When cradling, I kick you a lot.  
Your face may be opposite of the crowd,  
Buy when our stunt hits, you can hear them get loud.

We may drop a stunt—it's not the end,  
Together, it gets back up again.  
I'm sure your muscles are always sore,  
We reload, twist, and cradle galore!

As a flyer, I'm responsible for it all,  
Thanks to all of you I never fall.  
All the times you told me, "stay tight!"  
It has paid off, we're dynamite!

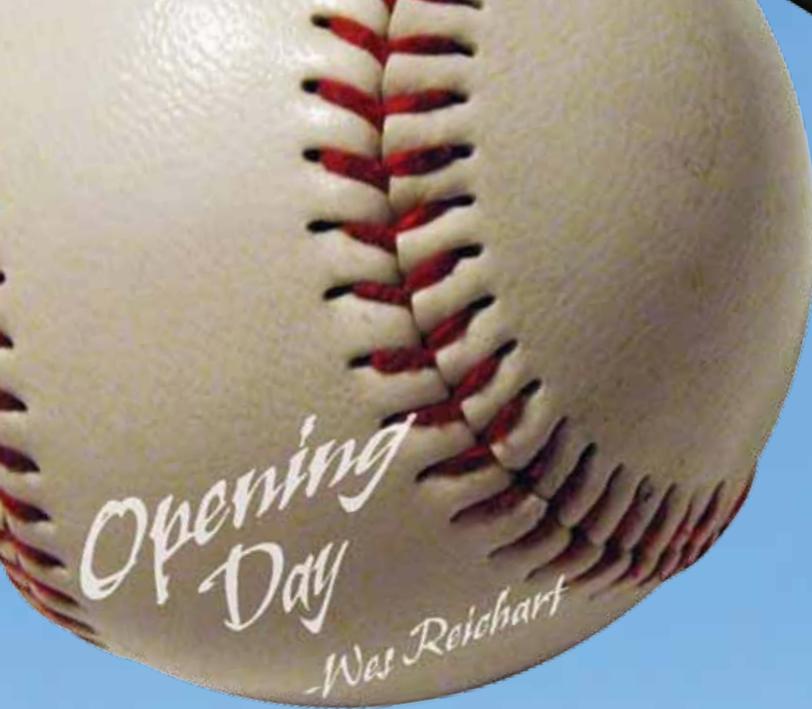
To my bottom girls who don't get enough credit  
And through the practices we all have dreaded,  
Each of us is important in order to hit a stunt—  
The flyer, back, bases, and even the front!

## R Running

-Paige Elder

Leaves fall off the trees and spring sports are here  
I get intense, but also very calm  
I can feel the baton placed in my palm  
In my first race all I sense is fear  
I stretch my legs and practice my **block starts**  
Ref asks each one of us if we are ready  
I'm in my blocks and trying to stay steady  
Gun shoots off, hear the beating of my heart  
I'm sprinting to get to the **finish line**, fast feet  
All I hear is my mom's quotes – they never end  
Approaching the end feels good, but depends  
I'm just a freshman, next year **I won't be beat**  
Running isn't just a sport in the spring

It's also a way to **get away** from things.

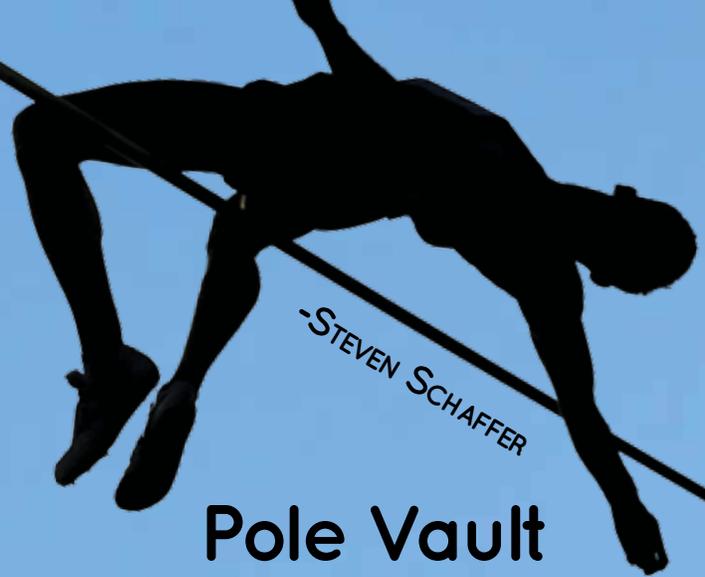


The fresh cut grass stood short  
Smells of its clipping permeated the surrounding air  
It was long since the days of **autumn**  
Yet not too distant from the **winter thaw**

A diamond of precious proportions  
Stood out like a **red flame** in the darkness of night  
The lines in the dirt would mark a new beginning  
Once again after the **winter thaw**

Scents sweet of **spring** filled the atmosphere  
On this time of reawakening  
Arms and legs moved with perfect calculation  
A steadiness of routine

Tastes of **sunflower** seeds and gum  
The pop whiz pop as ball hit leather  
The crack of **wood** shattered the silence  
Could it be opening day?



-STEVEN SCHAFER

## Pole Vault

It starts off with me standing on the rubber runway  
My heart pounding more than I can say  
In my hands rests a long **fiberglass** pole  
Cleaning the school record has always been my goal

Here is my chance to clear **13 feet**  
I've been waiting for this moment since my first track meet

The official tells me, "Go!" so I put my **left foot** back

I feel like a cheetah that's ready to attack

Before I start my run towards the **big blue** padding

I pray to myself that I'll fly like the carpet in Aladdin

I do my gallop and then my dead **full sprint**

Before I know it my pole is bent

It happens **so quickly** that in a blink of an eye

I'm up and over and on the mat there I lie

I jump for joy when I see that the **crossbar** is still there

I'm so happy as I put my hands in the air

I make my way back to **where** I began

Where I will attempt to do it all again

If I clear it or not, it **will be** my fault

This is the event we call Pole Vault



# Dr. Peabody and the Staircase

by Vance Jenkins

“Oh, when will I ever learn?” Dr. Peabody said to himself. A rather hefty man who took on the occupation of a doctor because of his helping nature, Dr. Peabody had gotten a call one day from a man in a neighboring town concerning Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was an elderly man who had not been seen outside of his house in years. No one dared to enter the house because of its morbid state of disrepair, but despite this, the townspeople greatly respected the old man because of his generosity to the town itself. Dr. Peabody was called upon to check on Mr. Jenkins, to see if he was alright or needed any medical assistance.

Dr. Peabody took the call and was guaranteed by the caller that he would receive payment for any medical bill if Mr. Jenkins needed assistance. Dr. Peabody made his way over to the Jenkins' home very late in the afternoon; the sun had almost set by the time he finally reached the steps of the dilapidated home.

The doctor set up the stairs to the house, thinking to himself as to how long his visit would take and as to whether he would ever be able to get back to his cozy home in Notting before sunrise. He took his steps and noticed that he hadn't seen anybody on his way into town. The town seemed deserted.

The sun had set now. Dr. Peabody was still climbing the stairs.

How long had it been?

He couldn't help but ponder this because he noticed the sting of sweat burning in his eyes. He looked off to the door.

He was still climbing his way up the numerous stairs of the old, decaying house.

Stairs? Why would I venture out to a house filled with these miserable stairs? Dr. Peabody thought to himself in utter agony as he climbed even higher to the distant front door.

The stairs seemed to stretch away from him, as is he had to take two steps just to reach the next. The door didn't seem on the horizon any longer. It seemed closer, motivating the poor Dr. Peabody to get to the house quicker, at a faster pace.

As he took his final steps towards the dark, eerie door of the home, he realized his body had become soaked in sweat, his breathing had become shallow, his pulse had become sporadic, harsh. He turned and looked back down those daunting stairs, he couldn't see the cobbled street. It was almost as if a black mist had settled at the bottom of those never-ending stairs.

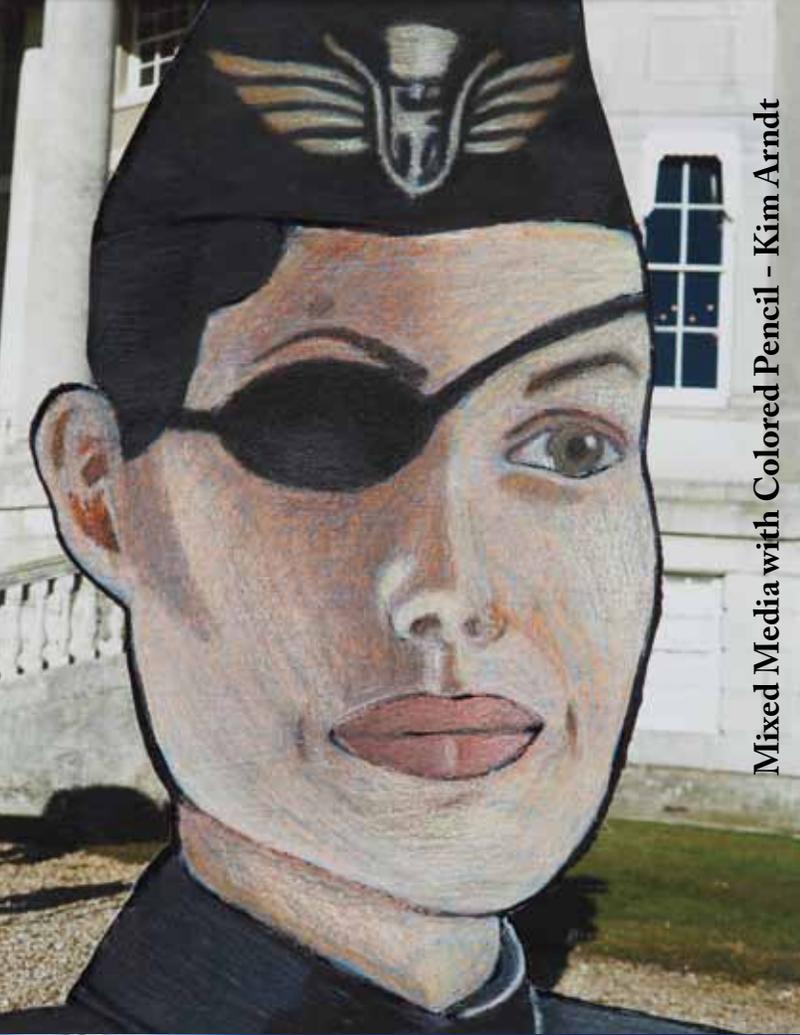
Finally, Dr. Peabody knocked on the door, only to be received by a hollow echo from within. He waited for what seemed like days for an answer before raking up the courage to enter the disheartening house.

He turned the knob. The door creaked open, sounding throughout the great expanse of the house. He walked through the doorway, walking through what felt like a cloud of thick odorless smoke. He headed towards the staircase, seeing as the bedroom would most likely be on the second floor. He stumbled his way up yet another breathtaking stretch of stairs. He sweat his way to the first door, opening it to discover a large room lit with a tiny candle on a nightstand besides a massive bed with the outline of a figure underneath the sheets.

Dr. Peabody walked up to the bed, pulling the cover back with his sweaty hands. His breathing became labored now. His body began to tremble, his eyes darted from one hand to the other in anticipation, never leaving the covers. What he would find hidden underneath these blankets of insanity, under the dark silhouette of the Reaper's cloak?

Dr. Peabody found the unimaginable. He discovered pain. He looked upon...himself. There lying underneath those hellish blankets was the body of a long dead Peabody. His hands and arms shook violently, his heart stopped, he turned towards the door, away from the bed but he was falling backwards now. He was falling onto the bed, into his grave. He screamed now. His screams shook the house, they boomed throughout the rooms and down the haunting staircases, all in vain. He had had his last case; he closed his eyes on what he realized then as his own death.

*A doctor no more.*



Mixed Media with Colored Pencil - Kim Arndt

## These Lines

These lines, these lines

Fill these empty spaces between my unwritten words

They say more than if I would have written anything at all

These lines haunt me

Watch me

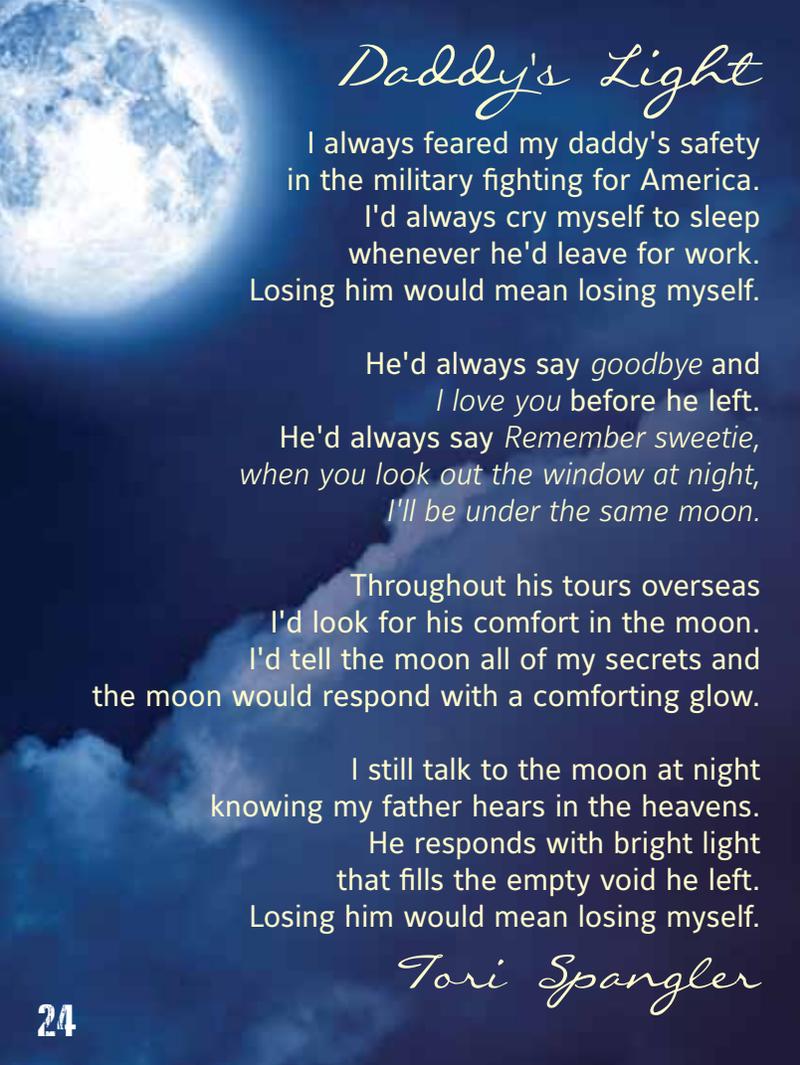
Pressure me

They take a hold of me and never let go

These lines

They have become me.

-Logan Myers



## Daddy's Light

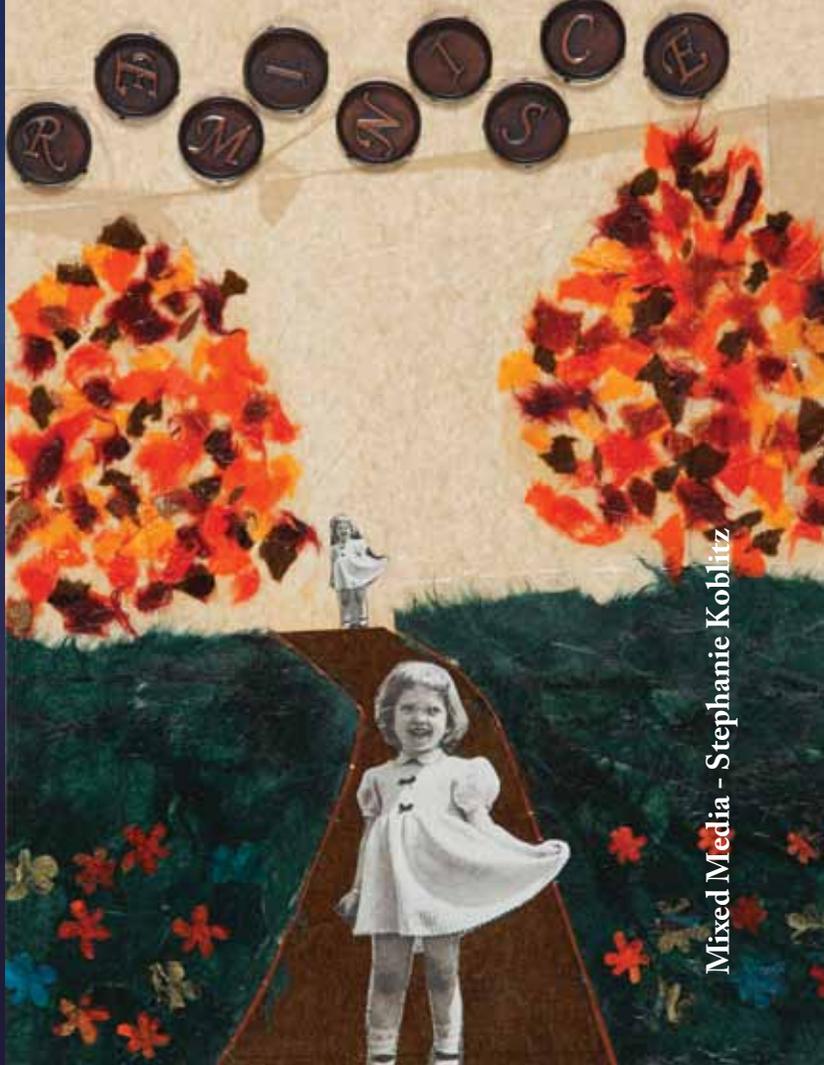
I always feared my daddy's safety  
in the military fighting for America.  
I'd always cry myself to sleep  
whenever he'd leave for work.  
Losing him would mean losing myself.

He'd always say *goodbye* and  
*I love you* before he left.  
He'd always say *Remember sweetie,*  
*when you look out the window at night,*  
*I'll be under the same moon.*

Throughout his tours overseas  
I'd look for his comfort in the moon.  
I'd tell the moon all of my secrets and  
the moon would respond with a comforting glow.

I still talk to the moon at night  
knowing my father hears in the heavens.  
He responds with bright light  
that fills the empty void he left.  
Losing him would mean losing myself.

Tori Spangler



Mixed Media - Stephanie Kobltz

# THE LAST SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH

-LILY TRAN

ever since i was young,  
it was always the same car ride.  
i would buckle up and slowly drift off,  
giving a silent goodbye to this small town.

the last sunday of every month was routine.  
i would wake up after a mere two and half hours,  
to sites and smells unlike hanover.  
this place was not my home.

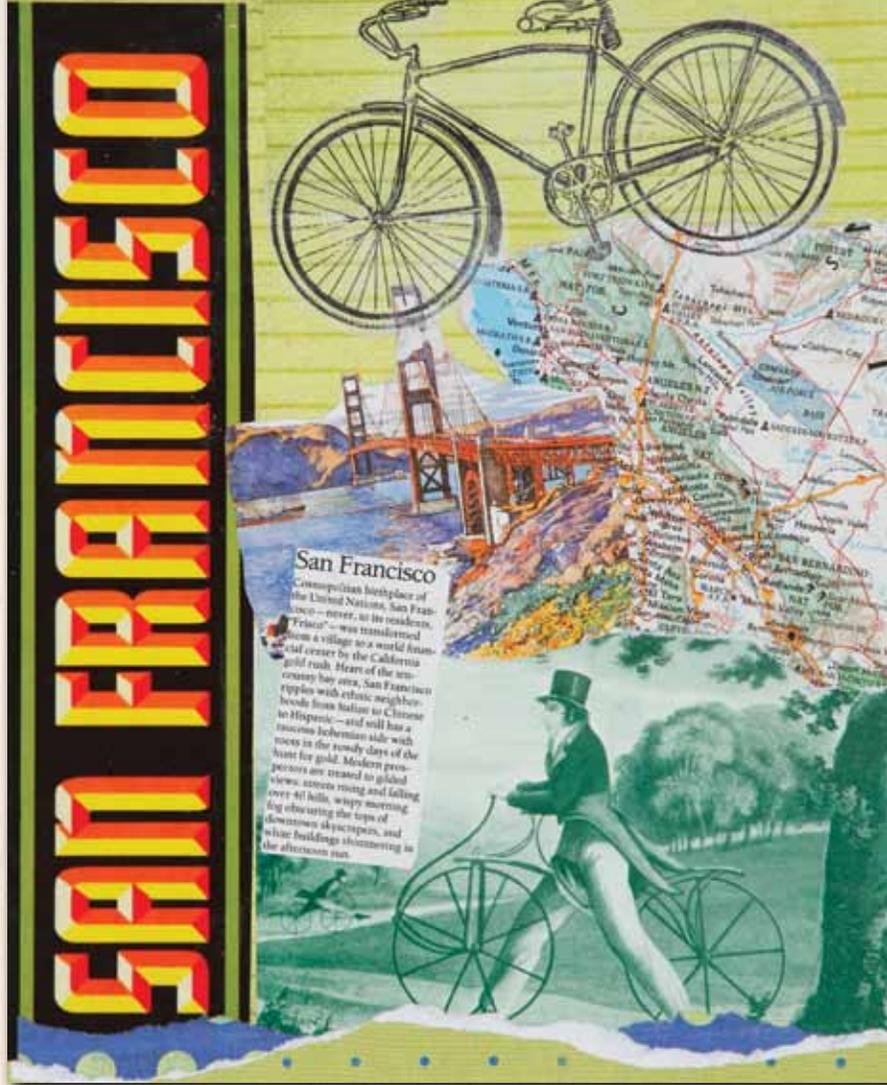
and yet it was.  
red words on signs in other languages.  
fresh produce sold on sidewalks,  
and the aroma of foods that filled my lungs  
all meant i was in china town.

people hurriedly walking past,  
with skin that looked like mine.  
jet black hair attached to heads,  
with mouths that spoke in tongues that i understood.

my mother would take me to the unchanged market,  
with all the ingredients we needed for a vietnamese dish.  
father would buy supplies that he required,  
and i was free to explore with my sisters.

the horns that honk on busy streets,  
and the scents both pleasing and nauseating,  
are always something i can recognize,  
even to this day.

china town in philadelphia.  
a place i visit more often than others.  
pulls me back into my culture.  
forever holding memories since i was a child.



Mixed Media - Corey Byers

*Gold Key Region-at-Large National Scholastic 2011*



Graphite - Ashley Yealy

ANGELS IN THE NIGHT  
ONCE IN THE NIGHT  
OUR ROAR WAS GENESIS.  
BATTING OUR FEATHERED WINGS.  
AS HEAVEN'S FIREWORKS,  
WE SHINE, EVEN THROUGH TWILIGHT

-CHRISTIAN TORRES

DESTINY  
ONCE, DARKNESS WAS ALL.  
BUT OUR LIGHT NEVER FADED.  
AT LAST, VICTORY!  
OUR TRUMPETS SOUND PARADISE,  
WE SHALL NEVER FALL.

-CHRISTIAN TORRES

### TIME ONLY KNOWS

Searching and looking  
Across the calm shore.  
Feeling accomplished to find  
The perfect smooth rounded pebble.  
Skip, skip, skip, blop.  
Watching the pebble  
Disappear into the chilling water forever  
Leaving a mini tsunami in its wake.  
The skips of the pebble  
Become shorter and shorter  
Eventually coming to a stop  
As life always does in time.  
Slowly sinking down to the crowded dark bottom  
Finally being reunited with  
The other forgotten and lost pebbles.  
You never know exactly when  
Until it's the end.

AUTSIN VACEK

SLY LOVERS  
WE CRAWL IN THE DARK,  
ONE STEP, LOUD CREEKS- SILENCE!  
FREEDOM WILL BE REACHED TONIGHT,  
OUR BOND IS NO PRETENSE,  
REACH FOR CLOUDS, GAZE AT MOONLIGHT.

-CHRISTIAN TORRES



Tempera Painting - Linsey Bowersox



Tempera Painting - Mackenzie Nail

# With You

When I look outside, I see everything that is possible  
When I see a child crying, I see everything that is pain.  
When looking in the mirror, I understand the meaning of  
life,  
And when I look towards the sky I dream of what can be.

When I am alone, I think of my dreams,  
And when I am with you, I forget all things.  
You are the source of my hope and happiness  
And I would give anything for one last kiss.

Lakeisha Williams

## LIES OF A BROKEN HEART -Sarah Easley

Your Mother asked me how I've been doing  
I told her I've been fine  
Might have even fooled myself  
That lie was quite divine

Always gave you everything  
My heart was yours to take  
Warned you it was **fragile**  
Also easy enough to **break**

Couldn't sleep the first few nights  
The pain was just too strong  
Told my heart it was soon to heal  
Unfortunately, I was wrong

It's difficult to forget your existence  
All of the memories we have shared  
Because every time I remember them  
It's a reminder that you're not there

Twisted knot inside my throat  
My **heart stung** by a bee  
Why'd you have to string me along  
When all you wanted was to be free

Nothing hurts worse than a **broken heart**  
But I've been crying less since  
we've been through  
It's not easy to **forgive** myself  
Even harder **forgiving** you

Never got my **goodbye** kiss  
Not even a **goodbye** at all  
You promised me forever more  
Wasn't expecting to see us fall

Smiling more and yelling less  
People think I'm so strong  
If they knew me like you did  
They would know that they are wrong

You used to make me laugh so much  
My number one best friend  
Why'd you leave me **all alone**  
Why did it have to end

Your Mother asked me how I've been doing  
I told her I've been fine  
Might have even fooled **myself**  
That lie was quite divine



Photoshop Digital Print - Annie Pope



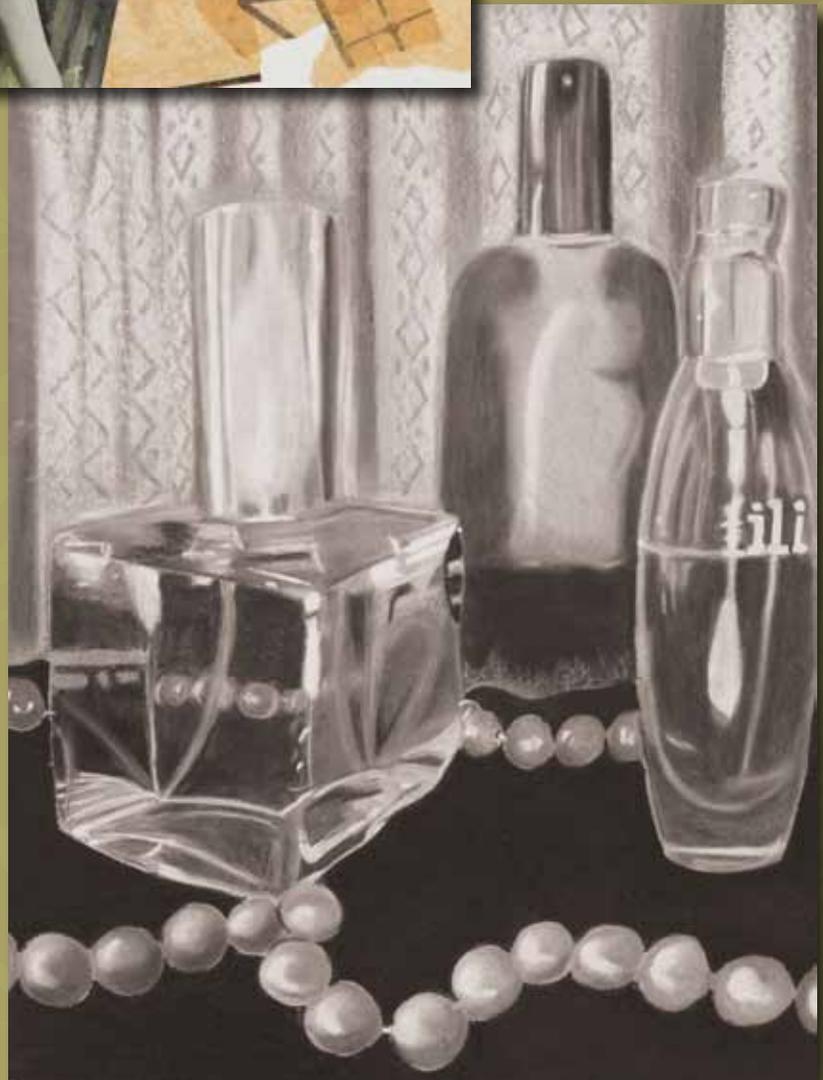
Mixed Media - Logan Myers

# Fashion

Victoria Temple

Charcoal - Francesca DeCosmo

I love fashion more than everything.  
 From clothes down to the RING.  
 Style is what counts.  
 Not price or amount.  
 Comfort is what some people say is KEY.  
 And it is quite easy to do you see.  
 Everyone has what they consider to be comfort.  
 Some might say sweats and a T-shirt.  
 While others might say it is a blouse and a skirt.  
 A statement piece can be a PURSE or a shoe.  
 They come in all colors every bright blue!  
 Fashion is all about finding what works for you.  
 As long as it is a fashion "do."  
 Color can make all the difference in an OUTFIT.  
 But attitude is what will make you a hit.  
 Although fashion has a lot of rules, they all seem to involve JEWELS.  
 Anyone who goes to a store, young, old, rich, or poor will see the next big trend.  
 But it all depends on what you are willing to SPEND.



# What is Life?

-Steven Osladil

Life is like the waves of an ocean  
At one moment I am on top  
And the next I am below the surface

Life is like a kite flying in the wind  
At one moment I am high and above all  
And the next I find myself falling to the ground

Life is like a baby bird  
At one moment it has no motive to fly  
And the next it finds itself falling fast with hope



Charcoal - Corey Byers

## Si te vas

*Si te vas llevate las estrellas para que ya no me brillen  
Si te vas llevate el cielo para no sonar  
Si te vas llevate mis pensamientos, para poderte olvidar  
Si te vas llevate mi corazón para poderte olvidar  
Si te vas llevate mis lágrimas para no llorar  
Pero si te vas ya no vuelves más*

*-Laura Maqueda*



*The crunching  
of the leaves* -Annie Pope

The crunching of the leaves—  
Echoes in my ears.  
The crashing of the waves—  
Is forever burned in my eyes.

The **reds, oranges, and yellows**—  
Only prove how often green goes away.  
The tide wipes away all the tracks,  
Leaving only the remnants behind.



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