

DIMENSIONS

THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL // VOLUME XXI

2024

ARTWORK

ELIZABETH EHRHART	Mixed Media	Cover
MILLIYARIS LAGOA RODRIGUEZ	Mixed Media	1
CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ	Charcoal	1
MABEL RECK	Charcoal	1
CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH	Prismacolor pencil	2
CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH	Acrylic on canvas	3
CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH	Acrylic on canvas	3
CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH	Watercolor	3
ROMAN KING	Sculpture	4
ADANELIZ LOPEZ RODRIGUEZ	Sculpture	4
CJ MAXWELL	Sculpture	4
MABEL RECK	Sculpture	4
VINCENT PECK	Sculpture	4
REEF SHAFFER	Sculpture	5
CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ	Sculpture	5
ALEXANDRA HERNANDEZ-LOPEZ	Scratch Art	7
REEF SHAFFER	Scratch Art	7
CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ	Scratch Art	7
ROMAN KING	Scratch Art	7
ADANELIZ LOPEZ RODRIGUEZ	Scratch Art	7
KAI IRVINGS	Scratch Art	7
EVELYNE WADDELL	Scratch Art	7
SAVANNAH SEWELL	Scratch Art	7
ELIZABETH EHRHART	Watercolor	8
ELIZABETH EHRHART	Watercolor	9
ELIZABETH EHRHART	Oil Painting	9
ELIZABETH EHRHART	Watercolor & prismacolor	9
BELLA PELI	Mixed Media	10
JACOB PHELPS	Mixed Media	10
KEVIN GONZALEZ	Mixed Media	10
JOCELYN MOORE	Mixed Media	10
JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO	Mixed Media	10
GREY WILT	Mixed Media	10
CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO	Mixed Media	11
CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH	Mixed Media	11
MYA PLANK	Mixed Media	11
JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO	Oil Paint	13
JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO	Watercolor	13
JOCELYN MOORE	Clay & Arcylic	13
MABEL RECK	Acrylic	15
KAYLEE CORNETT	Pastels	16
VALERIE PADILLA	Pastels	16
AUTUMN CARPENTER	Pastels	16
KAILY LOPEZ VASQUEZ	Pastels	16
CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO	Watercolor & collage	17
CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO	Oil Paint	17
BELLA PELI	Copic and watercolor	18
BELLA PELI	Copic and watercolor	19
BELLA PELI	Copic and watercolor	19
BELLA PELI	Copic and watercolor	19
BELLA PELI	Copic and watercolor	19

ANNA CARR	Watercolor	21
JACOB PHELPS	Posca pens	22
GREY WILT	Watercolor & Gouache	23
GREY WILT	Watercolor	23
NATALIE LEYVA	Pen & Ink with Prismacolor	24
VALERIE PADILLA	Pen & Ink	24
KYRA SOBYAK	Pen & Ink	24
KYOMAREE CAMILO ROSARIO	Lino Print	27
MYA PLANK	Charcoal & Marker	28
MYA PLANK	Graphite & Charcoal	28

POETRY & PROSE

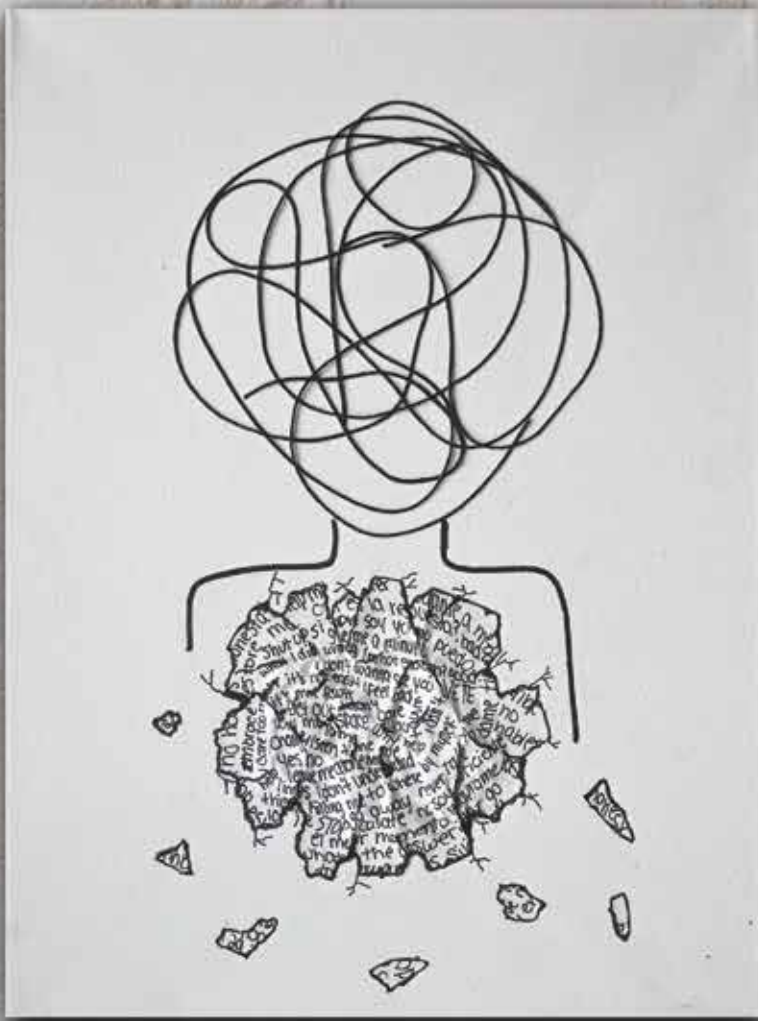
Midnight Salon CORABETH PECK	2
Beach Trip Twist JUSTIN FLICKINGER	5
A Box for Time Travel OLIVIA HISSONG	6
Memories of You HALEY FLICKINGER	8
If My Way HALLIE HORNBACK	9
If My Way GABE HARMS	12
Face in the Mirror ALONDRA SANCHEZ	12
The Judging of People, The Appreciation of Sealife MABEL RECK	14
An Unpredictable Day JADEN SELBY	16
The Noise WILLIAM BLAIR	17
The Evergreens ANNA CARR	20
My Trip to Arizona KADEN GROFT	22
If My Way LACEY BLANK	23
A Clean Plate MEGAN NAWN	25
A Beautiful Creation BLAINE SHEERER	26
Puerto Rico MAYLEEN RODRIGUEZ MARTINEZ	27
The Worst First Impression KAYLEE CORNETT	28
If My Way TYLER HARTMAN	28
The Unexpected Rescue MARISSA HAGERMAN	29

STAFF: Mrs. Megan Stitt & Mrs. Julie Smith

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

PRODUCTION: Visual Impact Group

THANK YOU: Courtney Guimaraes, Ellena Keriazes, Dr. Marc Abels, Mrs. Kessinger, and Dr. John Scola



MILLIYARIS LAGOA RODRIGUEZ / *Mixed Media*



CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ / *Charcoal*



MABEL RECK / *Charcoal*



Snip, Snip, Snip...

The kitchen scissors made their rounds on my head, creating what can only be described as a rugged kindergarten cut and paste craft. My eyes, however, remained focused on the honeycrisp apple occupying my hand as I sat still for my grooming. Each bite, refreshing and sweet, entered my mouth and distracted me from the atrocious bangs and jagged ends which my sister graciously gifted to me. I can't recall whose brilliant idea had inspired this very moment; who had thought it up like a lightbulb flickering awake on top of their head. Either way, I ended up the victim of my sister's creativity, sitting in a wooden chair, my blonde locks receiving the torment of the selfish scissors. They took what they pleased, cutting and cutting despite the effects on my appearance and my pride.



CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH / Prismacolor pencil on paper

“How is it looking?” I inquired, hoping my sister wasn't herself, a determined 7 year old, but rather, possessed by a trained cosmetologist. I should have taken her neglect to answer as a red flag, her mouth snapped shut, lips pursed and concentrated. I didn't. I ignored the nervousness bubbling in my stomach and continued to munch on my apple.

Snip, Snip, Snip...

Although my sister and I were not trusted during the nights for a few years after, and had the scissors hidden from us, we will never forget the story of our own little makeshift salon, only open past 12 am. The Midnight Salon...

Corabeth Peck



CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH / *Acrylic on canvas*



CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH
Acrylic on canvas



CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH / *Watercolor*



ROMAN KING



ADANELIZ LOPEZ RODRIGUEZ



CJ MAXWELL



MABEL RECK



VINCENT PECK

Beach Trip Twist

In the morning, things started out just as normal as the previous days. Later in the afternoon, while we were out on the boards, dark clouds started to roll in. The rain came out at first like a trickle from the tap of a kitchen faucet, but then it developed into bullets, raining down from the sky as if we were caught in a war. With a disappointed look on my face, we headed back because of the awful storm.

We recouped for a little while before heading back out, waiting for the rain to stop, but it didn't. It kept raining down, until eventually

I heard taps

on
the
ceiling.

I looked out the window to see hail raining down from the sky. Before I knew it, we got a warning on our phones.

A tornado just decided to show up during our beach trip.

The sky looked as if it threw up with the yellowish-grayish colors painting the clouds. We stayed in the room just waiting it out. Eventually, the storm lifted.

The next morning, we went out to look at the damage, and I remember just being in awe. The buildings next to us looked as if the tornado stepped on them, but our place looked like it didn't have a scratch.. I couldn't believe my eyes. That's why I'll never forget that day as one of the strangest yet luckiest days of my life. It really felt like a beach trip twist.

Justin Flickinger



REEF SHAFFER



CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ

A Box for Time Travel

My grandma catches my eyes watering.

"Are you alright?" she asks me.

"Mhm," I nod, "just a little teary." She smiles at me and hands me a Kleenex. I try to delicately wipe away the water droplets, careful not to smudge my makeup. But it will get messed up anyway. That's what I get for not packing waterproof mascara.

"I get teary looking at these too," Grandma says, squeezing my hand. We look at each other for a second, and I see my grandmother differently—stronger and more resilient than I had thought. I hope I have inherited some of the qualities that make my grandmother so wonderful.

We breathe together for a second longer before returning to the box. I won't get to hear my grandfather's stories or ask him for advice, but these photos make me feel like I know him, if only a little. I learned more about him that afternoon than I have my whole life. That night my mother tells me how much he would have loved me and how much she wishes he could have met me. I hope he knows me anyway. I think my grandfather and I have more in common than I realized. I hope he is proud of me.

My grandmother and I spent the rest of the afternoon traveling through the box, examining each one as an art critic would peruse a museum. Grandma explains to me in detail each character I do not recognize. People who passed away before I was born. People who I don't recognize as anything other than having white hair. She tells me stories from her youth and stories of the mischief my father got up to as a child. We find my great-grandparents in their Sunday best holding my grandmother as a toddler; captured in black-and-white with scalloped edges, like fabric cut with old-fashioned pinking shears. Grandma and I laughed at how chubby of a baby she was.

I gathered a little pile of photos to take home at the end of our visit. The wedding picture, my great-grandmother holding my father as an infant, my grandmother in homemade dresses, my grandfather in several plaid outfits. Tightly hugging my grandmother, I whisper a thank you. I don't think she knows how much the photos mean to me.

The navy blue box is replaced in the back of a closet in the back bedroom when we leave. It will sit there for six months until I return to the house in the freezing cold weather of December and dig it back out. But for now, when I place a record on my turntable, I will think of my grandfather. When I fire up my sewing machine, I will think of my great-grandmother. When I wear my hair in pigtails, I know I will think of my grandmother.

Olivia Hissong



ALEXANDRA HERNANDEZ-LOPEZ / *Scratch Art*



REEF SHAFFER / *Scratch Art*



CATHY MORA-VAZQUEZ / *Scratch Art*



ROMAN KING / *Scratch Art*



ADANELIZ LOPEZ RODRIGUEZ / *Scratch Art*



KAI IRVINGS / *Scratch Art*



SAVANNAH SEWELL / *Scratch Art*



EVELYNE WADDELL / *Scratch Art*

Memories of You

The overbearing pain after death, the thief of our joy. The ache in my heart that will never go away, the loss of my boy. The pressure builds up, my head feels as if it's going to explode. I call out for you, and my tears are uncontrolled. I weep and I wail, knowing you are not here. I know you are not hurting, and I know you aren't in fear. God has called you home, although we were not ready. Your wings were given, and now my world feels unsteady. The darkness takes over the sky, and the pain inside never fades. I sit and I ponder as the memories are replayed. I will call out your name, until the very day I see you. Although you are far, I will never forget you.

For as long as you are gone, you are held in my heart. I will wait for you, everyday that we are apart. My heart hurts and my chest feels tight. I feel overwhelmed, I don't feel alright, I put on a smile, so everyone is fooled, they see me as a fresh piece of skin. But nobody will notice the pain I hide deep within.

My world feels empty, and I hurt inside. My world feels shallow, I feel as if my wish was denied.

It hurt to see you, laying there in that hospital bed, it was so unfair. I held your hand, and I spoke to you softly. I cried by your side, for the memories haunt me. The memories replay,

and they bring me joy. But it hurts to know that I lost my boy. You were my best friend, the one I called hero. You protected me always, the fear level was always zero. You did not deserve this, none of us did. I question why, why your life was forbid. I question the reason, the reason behind all of this. I want to scream. Why were you taken into the abyss? I look at the sky, and I wonder where you are. I feel you sometimes, other times you seem far. I miss you endlessly, and there is an ache in my heart. It hurts to know that we shall be apart. When the day comes I grow my wings and return to you. It will truly feel like a dream come true.

Haley Flickinger



ELIZABETH EHRHART / Watercolor



If My Way

In the journey of life, when challenges arise,
Stay resilient, meet them with unwavering eyes.
If you can keep your calm when chaos unfolds,
And trust your instincts when the story unfolds.

If you can be humble, but not weak,
Value the voices that others speak.
If you can lead with compassion and grace,
Leave a positive impact in life's vast space.

**If you can love with a genuine heart,
Yet keep boundaries from falling apart.
If you can forgive, let go of strife,
And find the strength to rebuild your life.**

If you can hold onto your truest self,
Amidst opinions and judgments on the shelf.
If you can learn from every setback,
And never let your courage and hope retract.

Then, my friend, you'll find your way,
In the highs and lows of each passing day.
You'll be the master of your fate,
A soul that no challenge can intimidate.

Hallie Hornback





BELLA PELI



JACOB PHELPS



KEVIN GONZALEZ



JOCELYN MOORE



JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO



GREY WILT



CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO



MYA PLANK



CALLIE STRAUSBAUGH

FACE IN THE MIRROR

IF MY WAY

If you can take hurtful words that feel like pins and needles
And still have a smiling face through everything
While keeping your composure
You, my friend, are more mature than most.

If you get put into a dire situation
And not set everything on fire
Even if you're walking on a tightrope made of wire
You, my friend, are more mature than most.

If you can make a rose
Out of a thorn
Toot your own horn
You, my friend, are more mature than most.

If you found the love of your life
Make sure they don't have your heart in a vice
As you will pay the price
If you already knew
You, my friend, are more mature than most.

If you have discipline remember it is not a punishment
It's a blessing
It could be a reward for being on track
There's a fact that comes with that
You, my friend, are more mature than most.

GABE HARMS

Bringing me back to my senses, my phone hums and sings a song to me. I let out a small sigh and turn the wretched alarm off once more. Glancing at the time and then at myself in the mirror once more, I feel a flush of embarrassment and humiliation crash over me. I pick up my chosen outfit and begin to change into it, feeling ashamed for having gotten so obsessed with my appearance. Graphic tee, blue jeans, and dark gray socks drape over my skin.

Dried tears kiss my skin, streams of the salt and sadness evident on my face. Reddened nose, puffy eyes, and uncomfortably moist skin make me cringe. I shiver and wipe the tears off of me, arm hairs slickening down. My hands coil around my arms as I hug myself to attempt to get comfort. I look at myself in the mirror once more, lifting my gaze from the hideous tile floor.

I lean in. Placing my hands close to my face once more, I move my dark somewhat-shoulder-yet-not-shoulder-length hair, shifting my bangs so they would cover my eyebrows. Styling, guiding, and handling the shape. At least what I could do since it was so unkept at the moment. My deemed hideous and beautiful hands dance gracefully along my semi-oily hair strands, combing with a mix of care and hurriedness. Dissatisfaction with my appearance courses through my veins yet I haven't got the time to shower. I frown and sigh deeply, checking the time once more. It was way later than I had expected, just barely ten more minutes until the van would arrive.

ALONDRA SANCHEZ



JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO / Oil Paint

JENIFER CRUZ-ROMERO / Watercolor



JOCELYN MOORE / Clay & Acrylic

The Judging of People, The Appreciation of Sealife

The Baltimore Aquarium feels like the biggest building I've ever been in. I mean, five levels! All full of fish! Astounding! The lobby—all clicking tiles and building maps—is massive and echoing. However, I am quite small and at the moment, very quiet in anticipation of seeing those neat little critters.

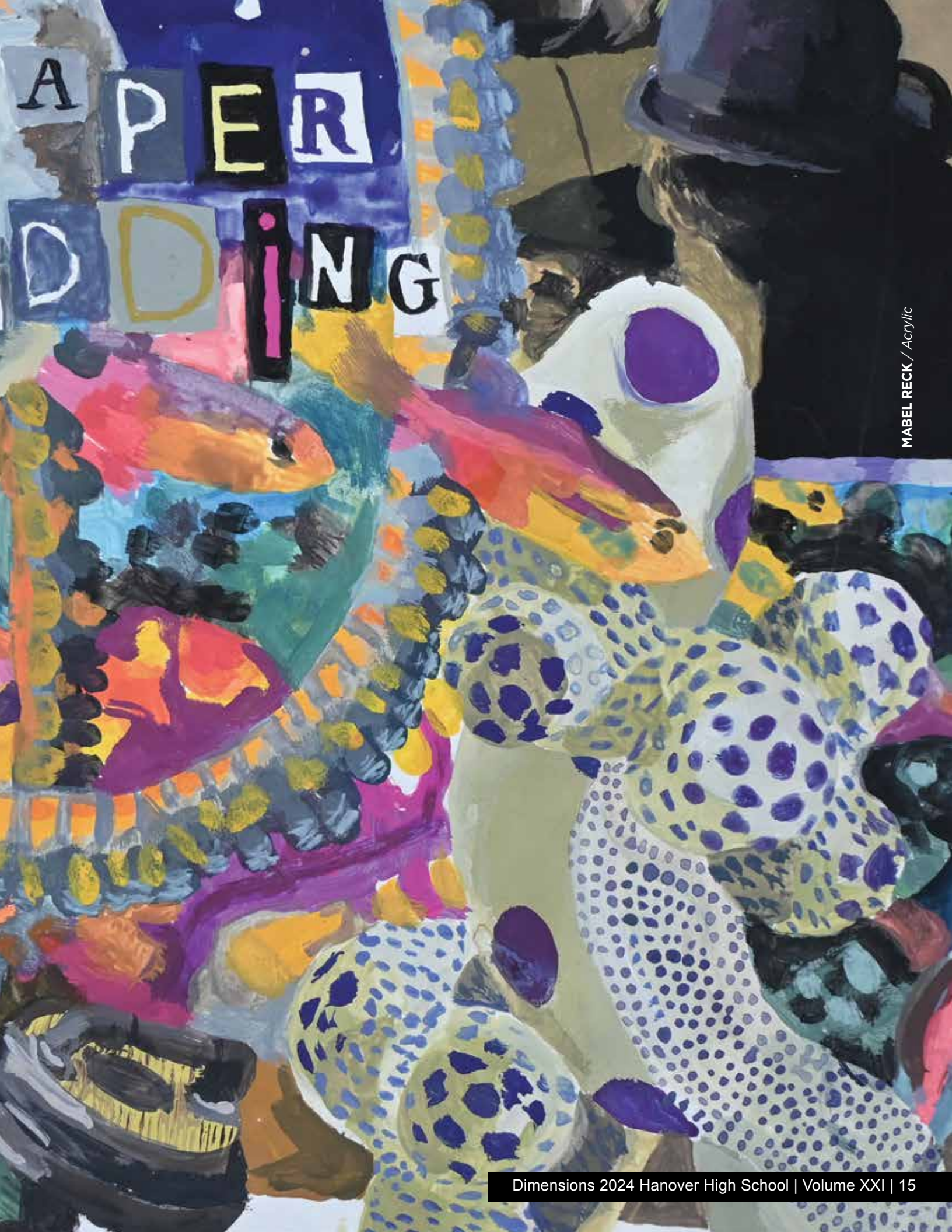
Touch pools, glowing with dim lighting, gently swish and bubble with little stingrays, crabs, and grabby fingers hoping to form a soul connection with a skate. Unfortunately, that's crap for little babies; I'm five years old and ready to see a moray eel.

Opening and closing their mouths like an old person smacking their lips, moray eels gawk as they inch slowly out of their crevices. Green moray eels, like the ones in the Atlantic Coral Reef exhibit, aren't really green. Their natural brown is coated in a yellow-y mucus, giving them their namesake green. They also have two sets of jaws. The oral jaws work as a way to trap prey in their mouths, teeth curling in with sharp points. The pharyngeal jaws, set father back in the throat, lunge forward to grab the prey and push it down the esophagus. Pretty cool I think.

Thinly carpeted floor lightly muffles footsteps in the middle levels of the building. I like to read the little metal plaques, showing snippets of the animals and their habitats, and tuck this information away into my filing cabinet brain/mind palace. Like a teenage boy with suuuper underground music taste, I judge the other aquarium-goers harshly. Oh, you like sharks? Name five species, and Don't say Great White. They all just go to see the fish. I, on the other hand, am also here to see the fish. However, I've gone into the experience with slightly more of a fish background. We aren't the same.

Mabel Reck





MABEL RECK / Acrylic

KAYLEE CORNETT / Pastels



VALERIE PADILLA / Pastels



AUTUMN CARPENTER / Pastels



KAILY LOPEZ VASQUEZ / Pastels

AN UNPREDICTABLE DAY

I opened my door with a smile on my face and ran downstairs to the aroma of freshly baked cookies, just waiting to be eaten. First, I went to the kitchen to see if something delicious waited for me on the table. I couldn't believe the feast on the table and the mess left in the kitchen. The kitchen looked unwashed and smeared with dirty stains covering one half of the kitchen while the other side looked gleaming and sparkly clean. Pots and pans stacked on top of one another in the sink, plates, bowls and silverware wanting to be cleaned. I really didn't pay much attention to it, but I focused on the feast. It felt like thanksgiving on Christmas, nothing compared to it. Pancakes, sausage, waffles, bacon, eggs, and more, made my mouth drool. I wanted everything, but I would be sick all day if I ate all of this. I grabbed my plate and filled the plate with everything. The sweetness of the syrup, the greasy sausage and eggs filled my mouth as I continued to eat another pancake.

JADEN SELBY



CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO
Watercolor & collage

THE NOISE

SUDDENLY A LOUD CRASH ECHOED IN MY EARS. MY HEART, BEATING LIKE A DRUM, FILLED MY EARS AS THE THOUGHT OF A POTENTIAL THIEF ENTERED MY MIND. ON HIGH ALERT, I LEFT THE BATHROOM, AND A SLIGHT SHAKE OF MY HANDS MADE MY FEAR PROMINENT. RUNNING THROUGH THE HALL, I WENT TO MY FATHER'S OFFICE, WHERE ALL THE SWORDS LAY SAFE. GRABBING THE FIRST SWORD I SAW, I QUICKLY WENT DOWNSTAIRS, ALL FEAR FLOWING AWAY LIKE BLOOD FROM A SWORD WOUND. WITH MY HEAD HELD HIGH, I SHOUTED "IS ANYONE THERE!? I HAVE A WEAPON!"

FEAR STARTED TO BUD YET AGAIN AS EMPTY SILENCE FILLED MY EARS. MY HEART STARTED TO BEAT IN SYNC WITH MY CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS. I REACHED MY BASEMENT DOOR, IT CREAKED OPEN. "IF ANYONE'S THERE, COME OUT!" I CALLED INTO THE STAIRCASE, LONG AND BLACK.

AS I REALIZED THE BASEMENT DOOR STOOD EMPTY, I MOVED TO THE KITCHEN. GLANCING AROUND, IT SEEMED EMPTY. CREEPING TO THE DINING ROOM, THE THOUGHT STRUCK ME LIKE AN ARROW, THEY MIGHT BE TRYING TO ESCAPE. I QUICKLY CHECKED THE DINING ROOM AND RUSHED TO THE FRONT DOOR. PEEKING OUT, I NOTICED THE STREET LINED WITH SIDEWALKS AND CARS, BARREN AND EMPTY. NO ONE WALKED THE CONCRETE PATHS. REALIZING THE EMPTINESS, I ACCEPTED DEFEAT. THE CRIMINAL DISAPPEARED, I COULD NOT GET THE SATISFACTION OF THWARTING THE VILLAIN WITH HEROIC PROWESS.

WITH THE SWORD, FINGERS GRIPPING, STILL IN HAND, I LOOKED DOWN AT MY DOG, CONFUSION IN BOTH OUR EYES. DEFEAT CREPT INTO MY HEART WHEN, LIKE A TIDAL WAVE, MY STUPIDITY FLOODED IN. MY NEPHEW'S TOY LAY ON THE FLOOR, NOT IN

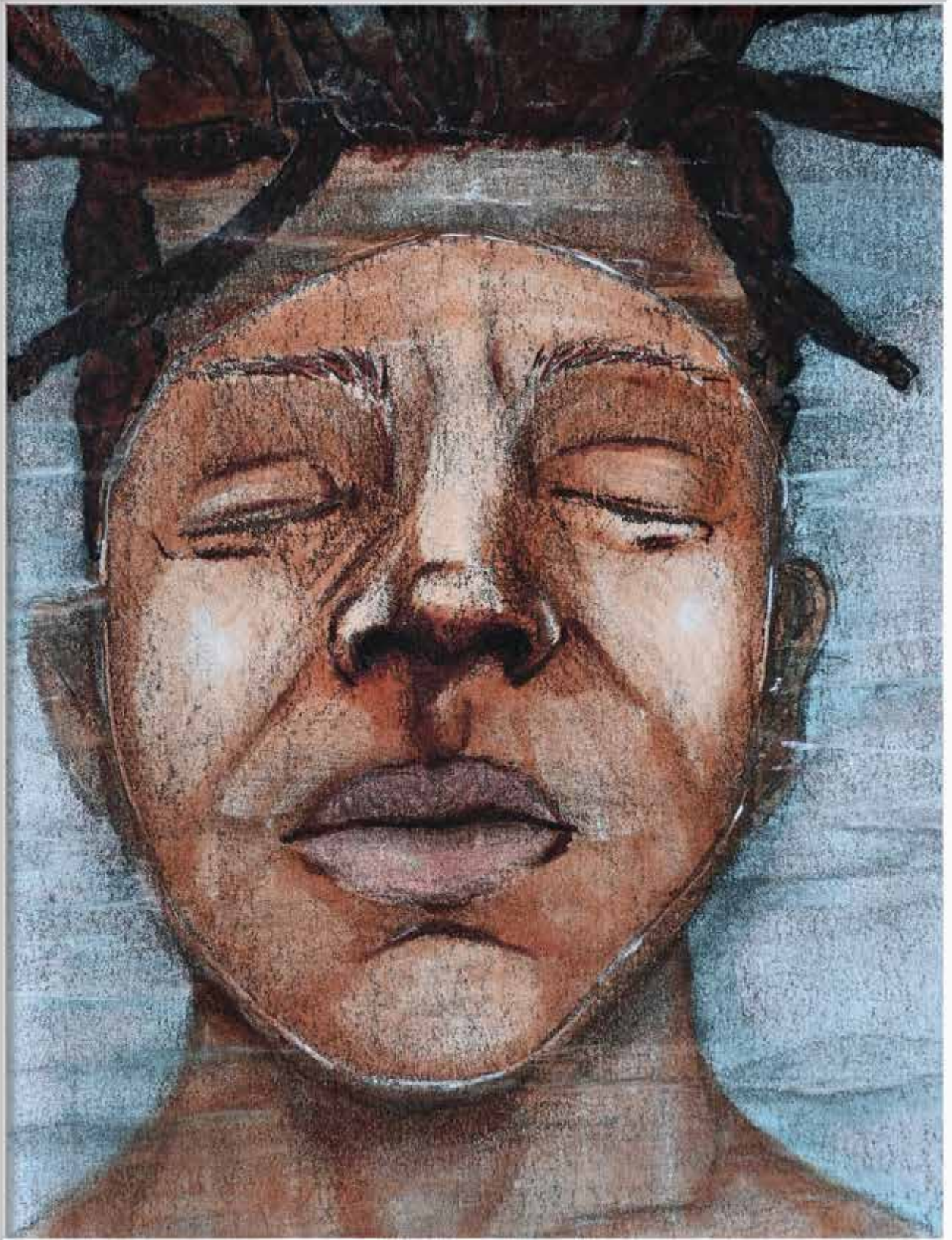
THE SPOT WHERE IT LAST LAY. I THEN REALIZED MY DOG, LUCAS, HAD MOVED. MY BOOGEYMAN WAS NO MORE THAN THE FAMILY PET. WITH THAT REALIZATION, RELIEF RUSHED OVER MY MIND.

EVENTUALLY, MY PARENTS GOT HOME. I TOLD THEM THE STORY OF HOW I RUSHED AROUND THE HOUSE, SWORD IN HAND, WHEN I SHOWED MY FATHER EXACTLY WHICH SWORD I USED. HE SAID I SHOULD USE A SHORTER ONE, BECAUSE I GRABBED THE TWO-HANDED SWORD IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE. EVEN TO THIS DAY, IF I HEAR A NOISE IN MY HOUSE, I IMMEDIATELY THINK OF GRABBING A SWORD.

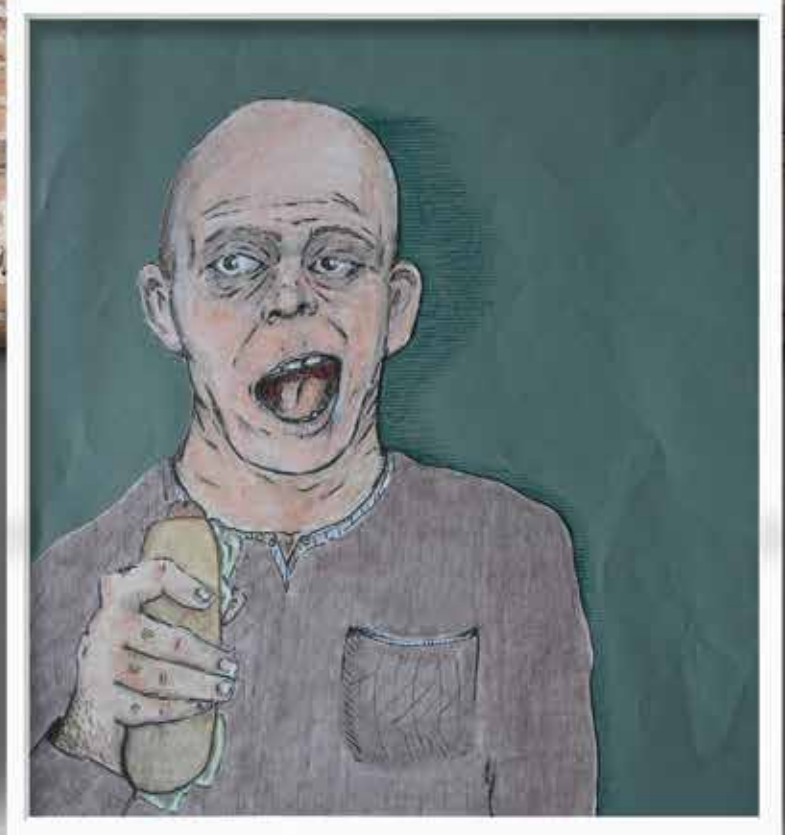
WILLIAM BLAIR

CITLALY ILDEFONSO-JACINTO / Oil Paint





All artwork on this spread by **BELLA PELI** / Copic and watercolor



The EVERGREENS

Along with existing right beside the lake, the Ranger Trail at Codorus State Park contains a large area filled entirely with evergreen trees. The evergreens remain my personal favorite part of this trail. Over this most recent summer, me and my mother decided to set up a picnic to read in that forest. We packed fruits and other snacks, a blanket to sit on, and of course, our books. The next hour or so consisted of quietly reading a few feet away from the hiking trail, listening to the calming sounds of birds, the wind rustling through the towering evergreens, and other beauties of nature. The large sun, shining bright and clear that day,

made for a beautiful scene in the woods. The sun poked through the tops of the trees and dappled the forest floor, leaving small showers of light for all kinds of creatures to bask in. Leaves and pine needles loomed over top of me, like a colossal flock of birds. Though I remained partially focused on the story I was reading, I became immersed in the woodland scenery as I always do, smelling the familiar scent of the evergreens. They watched over the landscape as they did for many years, wise and calm. Eyes taking in all that was around and ears listening intently to the various sounds that surrounded, I found myself at a brief state of complete peace.

When I find myself in settings as peaceful and breathtaking as this, I can't help but stop and think about how lucky I am to be able to experience the raw beauty and loveliness that the Earth has given us the privilege of being present with. We as humans, though we may not realize it that often, are quick to take advantage of the environment around us, or overlook its wonder. Sure, the woods aren't for everyone, but I guarantee you, whoever may be reading this, that a trip to a scenic, beautiful spot away from the tall buildings and lights of our cities and towns would do you some good.

ANNA CARR



ANNA CARR / Watercolor



JACOB PHELPS / Posca pens

Embarking on my journey to the Grand Canyon, excitement surged through me. The anticipation built with each passing mile. An hour and twenty minutes later, we finally arrived at the Grand Canyon. Anticipation flooded me as I walked towards the first rail, an outlook to the marvelous depths of the canyon. I was in awe of the magnificence before me.

MY TRIP TO ARIZONA

The vastness and complexity of the canyon, with every edge and dropoff carefully carved by Mother Nature's hand over millions of years, truly left me speechless. I stood at the edge, taking in the breathtaking panoramic views that stretched as far as the eye could see. The colors of the rocks, and the layers, each drastically different, exposed years of natural art and diversity, and truly illuminated the beauty of our world. I proceeded along the trails, feeling the exhilaration of nature's masterpiece. I wallowed in the different plants, animal species, and discovered some of the history and secrets of this beautiful landmark.

KADEN GROFT

GREY WILT / Watercolor & Gouache



IF MY WAY

If you need to escape
The everyday chaos of your life,
Pick up a book,
And begin an amazing journey.
If you find a good book
You can travel to places
That you never thought you could,
And feel free like a bird.
If you feel stuck
Like you're drowning in quicksand
And you can't move on
Because life is dragging you down,
Transport yourself into a good story.
If you read it can teach you about
True love, kindness,
and the true meaning of family,
It can teach you what they all could be
And how important they are.
If you need that escape.
And we all do sometimes,
It will always be there
Whenever you're ready,
So pick up a book and read
Because you never know where it may take you.

LACEY BLANK

GREY WILT / Watercolor

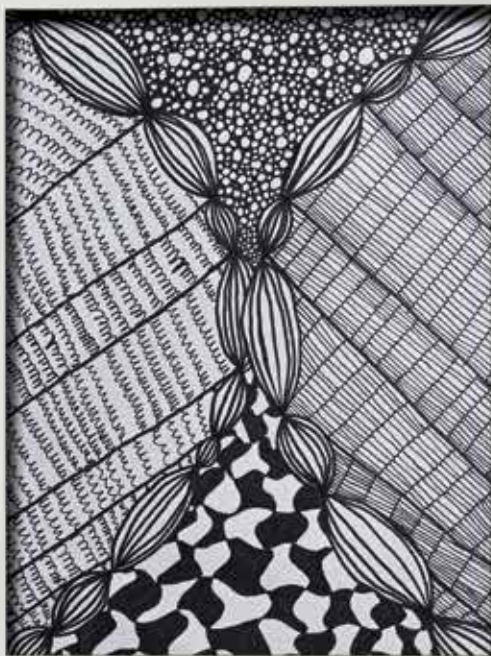




NATALIE LEYVA / Pen & Ink with Prismacolor



VALERIE PADILLA / Pen & Ink



KYRA SOBYAK / Pen & Ink

A Clean Plate

My mother sauntered into the kitchen and loaded the double basin sink with scalding water and purple-tinted dish soap. Periodically, I would attempt to hide from this chore I profoundly resented. However, my mother's voice, soft and patient, would never fail to beckon me back into the kitchen. Like clockwork, she ceaselessly stood at the same spot near the kitchen sink, soaking the dish rag, scrubbing the dishes, and then rinsing them. Her hands scrubbing, my mother methodically washed each dish with a sincere attention to detail. This systematic procedure of scrubbing, rinsing, and finally drying the dinner dishes operated like a well-oiled machine. The sweet aroma of the lavender-scented dish soap flooded my nostrils as I employed the soft dish towel, diligently drying each porcelain plate.

Throughout this process, I imagine my mother had a thousand thoughts running through her head, varying from her day at work to picking me up from track practice. However, she put her dreams and fantastical notions to rest when doing the dishes. Instead, she selflessly forged a way into my defensive heart and mind. I know her earnest exhaustion from her workday fatigued her. However, despite her weariness, she opened her warm heart and ignited a conversation. She always began by sharing an amusing story, which, against my best efforts, invariably made me chuckle. She shared the events from her day, including the seemingly perfect moments she adored and the awkward ones she strove to forget.

My mother, the youngest of four siblings, always sympathized with my ceaseless annoyances in regard to my two older brothers, Matthew and Andrew. While drying the dishes, I often complained about them and proclaimed that I could not wait for them to move to college. Indeed, she always supported me, even when I was wrong. On other occasions, I would utter a sarcastic remark. My mother, laughing at the witty comment, smiled at my freckled face. Her gentle smile felt like a warm beam of sunshine in the dead of winter.

Nowadays, when I do the dishes, I no longer loathe the task. This mundane procedure no longer feels like an odious chore. My heart and soul become pleased when the plates appear neatly stacked in the kitchen cabinet. Perhaps this contentment emerges through transforming a dirty, smudged plate into a clean one.

Megan Hawn

A Beautiful Creation

The first day to work on the guitar comes up. I woke up and instantly started tracing the template of the body onto the slab of wood. Once I finished putting the pattern onto the wood, we walked it up to the shed and tried to think of a good way to cut the rough shape.

I chimed in, “What about that electric hand saw?”

“Let’s try it...”

We started cutting, and it works like a dream. My grandfather, a very talented woodworker, goes around the line, and gives the walnut its rough shape. We take it to the sander, to make sure all the sides match up with the template. Sandpaper chewed through the side of the block, flinging sawdust through the air. We used some lighter grit sanding to it and decided to call it a day.

The next day we rounded the sides, making a nice slope in place of sharp edges. Routing all the cavities challenged us, so we decided to use a drill press instead of a hand router. This idea floated in my head for a while, nervous about how it would work, but I trusted him. I lowered the drill press, plunging it into the wood, and routing out the traced areas. We also cleared the cavity for the neck and leveled it.

Staining revealed the beauty of the grain. I decided to use a dark chocolate stain. I dipped the cloth in the can and slathered it on the body. The stain swept along the walnut, creating a smooth and rich finish. After a couple of layers, the time for a clear coat presented itself.

We sprayed on many layers of lacquer, and it looked incredible. After the last layer, we left it to dry overnight.

When I got home, I gathered the electronics and hardware and assembled and soldered. Me and my father put a coat of wax on the body, making it as shiny as possible, and protecting it more. By the time I finished getting the parts ready, it was pretty late. I decided to go to bed, eager to wake up the next morning and finish the job.

In the morning, I gathered the finished soldered pickguard, and set it in the body. I screwed the neck and pickguard into place and adjusted the height of the pickups. Finally, I put the strings on and tuned it. I plugged it into my amplifier and sat for hours, proud of the creation. The beautiful tone swept through the room, gracing my ears with the sweet sounds of success.

Blaine Sheerer

Puerto Rico

Isla del encanto

Where men and female
fight to be free
Our roots are deep,
our foundation is strong.

We are from an Island,
not a large nation
But, we've seen enough
flooding and devastation.

We are spreading our wings
like a bird on a flight
Showing our strengths
and our might.

The colors we represent
The accent and slang
The algarete and swag.

You'll hear our music,
you'll see our dance
You'll feel the
sensation of romance.

We have overcome hate,
oppression, and fear
And still have
amongst our tears

We are forever Natives
everywhere we go.

Let's show that we
are here to stay
And our minds and souls,
they can't take away.

"Isla del encanto donde he nacido yo"

Mayleen Rodriguez Martinez



KYOMAREE CAMILO ROSARIO / Lino Print

THE WORST FIRST IMPRESSION

I wasn't expecting to be this far with lacrosse when I started playing in 4th grade, but pulling into the University of Maryland parking lot, I felt proud. Seeing the hoards of girls playing and waiting to get on the fields filled my whole body with nerves. My stomach twisted and turned. I told my mom I wanted to go home. Seeing all of the talented girls playing on the fields doing trick shots, moving swiftly, and slamming 8-meter shots, my mind started doubting my skills.

I got up the nerve to register, even though brand new faces surrounded me. I got my jersey and shirt for the two days. I was number 380, which felt so weird because I never knew they made numbers that high. I finished registering and headed back to the car until it was time to practice.

KAYLEE CORNETT

IF MY WAY

In the field of dreams, we stand tall and true. Like mighty oaks, we root down deep. Our gloves like shields, our bats like spears, We charge the diamond, with hearts full of zeal.

The crack of the bat, a symphony of hope. Like a bird taking flight, the ball soars high. We stretch and dive, reaching for the sky Our eyes on the prize, our spirits never die.

The field is our canvas, the bases our home Like knights on a quest, we fight for our honor. The roar of the crowd, a thunderous sea. We stand as one, a brotherhood of fire.

In the bottom of the ninth, we face our fears. Like warriors in battle, we refuse to yield. The heat of the moment, the pressure immense But we rise to the challenge, unbreakable and intense.

So as we stand on the field, with victory in sight. Let's remember the spirit, the grit, and the fight. For in baseball and in life, we must always believe That with passion and perseverance, we can achieve.

TYLER HARTMAN



MYA PLANK / Charcoal & Marker



MYA PLANK / Graphite & Charcoal

THE UNEXPECTED RESCUE

As my Mom and I entered the labyrinth of promotions and wares in the big-chain pet store, we split up. She went to the enclosure aisle and I went to go look at the reptiles. That was my mistake.

As I wandered towards the wall of plastic enclosures, an average person would see exotic creatures from different continents, most they've never seen before. I could feel my mood fall. But, then I saw him: a male leopard gecko, in a tank with 2 other, younger geckos. I shuffled closer to the plastic enclosure to get a better view. He was in rough shape. He was as thin as a rail and his coloring was faded. He had old shed stuck on his head and his body was pressed against the window of his sad little house. I pressed a finger against the cold, hard plastic. The poor little guy looked like he had given up on life. I watched him so intently that I didn't notice my Mom appear beside me.

"Whatcha lookin' at?" she asked playfully. I said nothing, pressing more of my hand against the plastic. "What's wrong with it?" Mom asked, a growing concern seeping into her voice as she noticed the slumped creature.



"PEOPLE, AND THEIR INSATIABLE DESIRE TO MAKE MONEY OFF OF ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THEY CAN. LOOK HOW SICKLY IT IS." I REPLIED GRIMLY.

Mom pulled a dime out of her wallet and examined both of its shining sides. "If it is heads, we take him home. If tails, we talk to the manager and leave him." She flipped the coin, and we both held our breaths. The coin landed on the floor with a ping.

And so, Pharo the leopard gecko managed to work his way into my life.

MARISSA HAGERMAN

HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL 401 MOUL AVENUE • HANOVER, PA 17331

DIMENSIONS 2024

