

# Timely Tales



THE  
TECH of TOMORROW



Istoria  
Literary  
Magazine



TODAY'S  
FASHION



**Istoria: Literary Magazine  
of Trinity High School  
2023-2024  
Vol. 46**

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*This annual publication began in 1974 and has been in constant production since 1996*

# **Istoria: Literary Magazine of Trinity High School 2023-2024**

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# A Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

Welcome to the 2023-2024 edition of Istoria: Literary Magazine of Trinity High School. Thank you so much for joining us!

2024 marks 50 years since the first publication of the Literary Journal here at Trinity! Currently, you are reading the 46th volume in the series. I am truly proud of the work that the staff has dedicated to working on making the journal exemplary. Our shortened numbers did not deter the publication in the slightest. All of the staff have a keen eye for literature and art of all types, which assisted immensely in turning the journal into the work of art that it is!

While this is my second year being a part of the Literary Journal staff, it is my first serving as Editor-in-Chief. I was quite nervous filling in the shoes of our previous Co-Editors-in-Chief, Riley Dunn and Hannah Eisiminger, yet everything managed to come together. Genuinely, I thank you all for supporting me in this role and I sincerely hope I have managed to fulfill my duties to the highest extent. With this, I would like to extend a personal thank you to Ms. Shaw for assisting me as I settled into this position.

In fall of 2023, our staff voted on the theme of time! We agreed that this theme was not only ambitious but allowed for much room for creativity. The passage of time has been an obscure concept to humans since the start. Students tend to find themselves reflecting on the nostalgia of their past, while others prefer to enjoy the present they are living at that time. In class, we often find ourselves daydreaming about the future and what wonders it will bring for us. Although, we may not be sure what is awaiting us, which can be a frightening thought, yet there will always be hope.

The staff and I would like to express our gratitude to everyone who had shared their poetry, short stories, and art pieces with us. Our staff has worked hard to craft the 2023-2024 Istoria: Literary Magazine to ensure your work gets the spotlight it rightfully deserves. So, take your time and check out this year's magazine. I sincerely hope you enjoy. Here's to 50 years of this Trinity tradition and to many more!

Sincerely,

*Addison M.J. McCoy*  
Editor-in-Chief

# Table of Contents

Pg. 7	Blizzard to New Faces by Adam Fowler	62	Our Family's Way by Chloe Bricker
8	Time's Toll by Jayden Caltumo	63	Boys' gold team finishes 2023-34 season undefeated by Cadi Wright
9	To Never Return by Jayden Caltumo		America, America by Cicely Sunseri
10	My Favorite Time of the Year by Sutton Williamson	64	Stormi by Cicely Sunseri
11	Time's Purpose by Paige Schott	65	Time Flies by Cierra Haskey
12	Wings of Time by Tessa Wright	66	Time by David Gill
13	Time is Money by Allison Flynn	67	"Warm Summer Night in Florida" by JW Jobes
14	Time at Work by Bailey Amos	68	"The Scream" by JW Jobes
15	Time Tells by Brodie Tarr	69	Poetry is... by JW Jobes
16	The Present by Destiney Malloy	70	A Deadly Flashback by Emalee Megesy
17	Growing Up by Ella Bradley	71-72	Rhymed Poem by Emerson Webster
18	Growing Old by Elliot Bodart	73	Free Verse Themed Poem by Emerson Webster
19-20	Getting Up for School by Georgia Poach	74	Memories of Color by Grace Cessna
21	Falling Up by Isabella Bull	75	The Lake by Isaac Ikach
22	Tick Tick Tock by Vittoria Emerich	76	Snow Day Sestina by Ivy Zheng
23	Thrilling Time by Saylor Kitsko	77	Time by Jovan Weichel
24	When it Comes to and End by Jesse Jimenez	78	Comfort by Jovan Weichel
25	Why Time? by Jesse Jimenez	79	Sanity by Jovan Weichel
26	Meet Time by Jonah Bieranoski	80	The Annunciation by Katherine Drezewski
27	Time Flies by Katerina Molinaro	81	Fans tune in to the 66th Annual Grammy Awards by Katherine Drezewski
28	Thief by Kayla Berdine	82-83	Angels by Kelsey Snow
29	Times Tale by Landon Crowe		Where I'll Go by Kelsey Snow
30	Wonder and Evil by Olivia Angelo	84	The Colors of Nostalgia by Kimari Behrens
31	Time is Delicate by Ryleigh Swart	85	The Seasons of Time by Luke Poland
33	Summer Mornings by Amelia Grayson	86	Wonder by Luke Poland
34	Winter Blues by Amelia Grayson	87	An Excerpt from: Battle on 9-Mile Beach by Patrick Gaskill and Maryn Plesko
35	Time is Naught by Miranda McConnell	88	The Road Trip of a Life Cycle by Ryder Nguyen
36	Chinese Rose by Miranda McConnell	89-90	Time's Abstractivity by Tyler Vitteck
37-40	The Alliance with Israel Must End by Miranda McConnell	91	The Ticking Hands of Time by Tyler Vitteck
41	What is Poetry? by Jordan Keener	92	Grandma's Old House by Jonathan Thomas
42	Oh How Time Flies by Lily Hoy	93	Every Second by Jonathan Thomas
43	The Future Teller by Sarah Losko	95-96	"The Nutcracker" spreads holiday joy across generations By Leah Kubacka
44	Paradise by Sarah Losko	97	No Time Like the Present by Sylvia Stoy
45	Poetry is... by Sarah Losko	98	Lady of Light by Lillah Clark
46	The Sunset by Andrew Champa		Sweet Childhood by Lillah Clark
47	Run by Andrew Ciampa		Dear Future Me.. by Leah Falvo
48	My Origin by Morgan Layhue	99	Drown Out by Addison McCoy
49	Melting Clock by Bently Layhue	100	You Walked this Earth by Addison McCoy
50-51	The Clock Ticks Quickly by Micha Mariana	101	A Collection of Haikus by Zachary Dames
52	Running out of Time by Brailyn Mitchell	102	Thoughts Before I Fall Asleep by Caitlin Nguyen
53	Sunrise Symphony by Ben Peth	103	Chasing by Sophia Zaragoza
54	A Perfect Summer by Addison Mecurio	104	Backyard by Morgan Baker
55	The Girl with the Pearl Earring by Addison Mercurio	105	Dissonance by Sienna Heasley
56-57	PA to CA by Autumn Sitler	106	TLC gives back this holiday season by Addison Paul
58	What Lies ahead? by Bayleigh Lowe	107	
59	Farm Show by Caitlin McCullough	108	
60	Winning Class by Caitlin McCullough	109	
61	Club hunt: students discover new interests by Cameron Street	111	

# Table of Contents

Pg.113	Trinity football team “heats up” 2023 football season by Zoe Neelen
114	Students with special needs are “brewing up” some business by Charlotte Magon
115-116	Hamlet AP Analysis by Carrie Proudfit
117	Fourteen by Finley Hohn
118-119	To Be or Not to Be: An Analysis by Matthew Heffner
120-121	“To be, or not to be” Soliloquy by Payton Wright
122-123	Hamlet AP Essay by Sydney Wahl
124-126	Planet Poems by Isaiah Kimble
127	Strings of Life by Nathan Sander
128	Submission Guidelines

*The*

*Trinity*

*Literary*

*Journal*

# *Freshman*



VOLUME I NO. 1

**THS**

36

*The  
Trinity  
Literary  
Journal*

# **Blizzards to New Faces**

By : Adam Fowler

Grade : 9

It was a cold, stormy day. The wind echoed through the windows as the car slowly rolled down the crunchy path that seemed like it was going on forever. An endless storm was brewing around us as we were stuck in it. I didn't know where we were going, but I hoped my dad knew the way. We could no longer see through the windshield. We were in Washington, at this point, but we should have been close to the house. So every time we started to go slowly through the cracking snow it seemed like just an eternity of white path. Even though I was warm in the car, I could hear roars coming from the angry wind. I had never been in any situation like this before and I wasn't as aware as it was scary for a little kid like myself. But my mom swooped me up, lighter than ever, and I started to sway swiftly back and forth. Slowly my breathing calmed, and as my mom finally got me to relax. I was awakened by an unsettling noise as something almost hit us directly on. Automatically I started crying like a baby from the crash, as the snow made it difficult to determine what the noise was coming from.

The car was affected a decent amount, based on my brother's opinion, and then my father went outside to see what we hit. It was simply a mailbox. But not just any mailbox, our neighbors' mailbox. Now keep in mind, this was all of our first times in Pennsylvania. So my dad left the mailbox there and then we went inside our house. I followed him inside and later that day, my dad met our neighbor. Well, at least one of them. Her name was Mrs. Debby. She was the sweetest lady we could have asked for as a neighbor and would bake us a chocolate chip, peanut butter, and M&m cookies. Due to her kind nature, she didn't care about the broken mailbox,

Once we met our second neighbor, we realized which one was better than the other. We called this old grouch "krabby" Patty due to her yelling at us everytime we walked on her lawn. Now that we learned the personalities of our neighbors, I knew who to spend time with and who to avoid. I started to cut my grass every day but every other weekend, I would watch "krabby" patty cut her lawn. Though, I would always make sure to visits Mrs. Debby to enjoy some cookies.



## **Time's Toll**

By : Jayden Caltumo

Grade : 9

It has a future-telling sight,  
with a long memory of the past.  
It moved faster than the speed of light,  
and forever it will last.

It takes a toll on everyone.  
Each day it takes a life  
and yet it adds a new one.  
It is the one of which we all drive.

## **To Never Return**

By : Jayden Caltumo

Grade : 9

Locked away alone  
Where did all of my time go?  
To never return?

# **My Favorite Time of the Year**

By : Sutton Williamson

Grade : 9

There are different times of the year  
My favorite time is hot, not cold  
Some seem far and some near  
The summers are very bold  
I love the hot sun and the cold water  
This time is filled with fun and ease  
Then, nothing can be a bother  
Going through the days with such a breeze  
A couple months feel like a few days  
Filled with ice cream and lemonade  
This time is a haze  
To miss out, there would be nothing I would trade  
When it isn't this time it's such a bummer  
But nothing can go wrong during the summer

## **Time's Purpose**

By : Paige Schott

Grade : 9

Time and infinity, both are like a never ending galaxy  
That each possess the power to be immortal  
And in which have a place in reality  
To showcase their ability to be normal

Time and infinity, differentiate as two  
As one goes on and on forever  
While the other one could end for you  
However, your time will come whatsoever

Time and death, similar enough to one another  
As death is the effect of the ending of time  
Both are the consequences of one other  
If one dies, the other perishes in its prime

Time - as a whole - could be the destruction of us all  
While it could still live on, it could watch us all fall



## **Wings of Time**

By : Tessa Wright

Grade : 9

Time is a swift, graceful bird.  
Sometimes still, sometimes flying.  
It passes without speaking a word,  
Winging on and never dying.  
Light as a feather, it flutters along.  
Its figure gentle and sweet,  
Singing its eternal song.  
Soaring by in a beat.  
Time, a mysterious thing.  
Ever onward, gliding past,  
Like a bird flapping its wings.  
Airborne, it continues to last.  
And, like the bird, it flies  
On and on, and never dies.

# **Time is Money**

By : Allison Flynn

Grade : 9

Time is like money  
You can never have enough  
You might think it's funny  
But it's really kind of rough

Spend your time wise  
You never know when you're going to  
run out  
You might need to strategize  
How you can make the most of your  
route

Money is spent and earned  
Don't spend your money on things that  
aren't worth it  
Time is brief and learned  
Don't waste time on things that aren't  
the best fit

Time is money and money is time  
Hopefully, you take something from this  
rhyme

# **Time at Work**

By : Bailey Amos

Grade : 9

No matter what time, it is always in  
motion  
Time may feel like it just stops out of  
nowhere  
Especially when you are feeling a lot of  
emotion

And when time feels like you are  
moving round and round on a carousel

Time flies when you're having fun  
Or just when you are busy  
Either way, it will feel like you have just  
begun  
But by the end, you will end up feeling  
sleepy

Even if it feels like you have just woke  
up  
When you look outside it will be night  
Before you go to sleep make sure to  
take a breath and figuratively backup  
Once again time is at work, once you  
wake up and look outside you will see  
light

Time is always at work  
But remember it can sometimes be a  
jerk

# **Time Tells**

By : Brodie Tarr

Grade : 9

People may try to tell the time  
Though time cannot be told  
Time is like a rhyme  
It tells people about the times in bold

Time tells people when to eat  
Time is a dinner bell  
Time tells people when to accomplish  
their feats  
Even if time appears to dwell

What time tells is not always accepted  
Time is hard to face  
Unfortunately time cannot be deflected  
Time and people everyday race

Time tells people what to do  
Times will continue to brew



# **The Present**

By Destiney Malloy

Grade: 9

Time is like a gift  
It's something we should cherish  
Here is the gist  
You'll never know when your time will  
perish

Time can seem meaningless  
But it is really just a test  
To see how much attentiveness  
You hold within your chest

As we watch as the time dies  
We regret every unspent minute  
We watch as it flies  
And the time we reach our limit

And as time is important, as which you  
are told  
Make sure it's something you love and  
hold

## **Growing Up**

By : Ella Bradley

Grade : 9

You can't escape time no matter how hard you try  
The future is approaching like a plane  
As minutes will fly by,  
Don't let it slip like rain

Childhood will soon be gone,  
So spend your time wisely  
For days are like dawn  
And the weeks are timely

Time is slowly sliding away like sand,  
Years seem like minutes,  
Don't let it slip through our hands  
For we need more memorable snippets

Just remember, in the wink of an eye,  
Time will fly by

# Growing Old

By : Elliot Bodart

Grade : 9

Humans age way too quick  
With too short of a life  
We are gone in a flick  
So we must our fulfilled rife  
Starting now with all peoples  
We must enjoy our time  
Before we are overtaken by evils  
And are turned into grime  
Time is unlike a human  
It keeps on going and going  
With the help of no true man  
And always ever growing  
Our lives will always be sublime  
If we just look at the time.

# Getting Up for School

By : Georgia Poach

Grade : 9

I wake up in the morning  
From a nightmare I leap  
It's still very early  
I fall back asleep  
I wake once again  
It's 3:45  
Only an hour has passed  
For more sleep I strive  
I hear my alarm  
It is yelling at me  
"Go to school!", it says  
So I get up and flee

I run out the door  
Only to find  
I set the wrong alarm  
I set the wrong time!



## **Getting Up For School (cont.)**

By : Georgia Poach

Grade : 9

I go back inside  
Tired and mad  
I realize the door  
Awakened my dad  
I quickly say sorry  
And I go back to bed  
My alarm goes once more  
I just want to lie dead  
I bring myself up  
And once more I walk out  
I get on the bus  
And it goes on its route

The day passes by  
And I shut the door  
I have to wake up tomorrow  
And repeat this once more

## **Falling Up**

By : Isabella Bull

Grade : 9

Growing up is such a pain  
Yes yes, it is a scatter  
Just as sadness of pouring rain  
Memories drop from the top of a  
ladder

Soaking into the ground beneath  
Down down, through the cellar door  
Time has been stolen by the thief  
Life ended, the pain is no more

Crawling, walking, running, flying  
Light light at the end of the tunnel  
Soul lifted, while others are crying  
Passing through the golden funnel

Eternal embraces of celestial choirs  
Hark hark, the melodies inspire.

# **Tick Tick Tock**

By : Vittoria Emerich

Grade : 9

Tick Tick Tock  
The clock keeps ticking  
I went to the clock  
To see what hour it was picking

I asked it the question that has been haunting me  
How much time on this earth do I have until I rest?  
The clock looked at me and saw my insanity  
And gave me the answer that it knew I would detest

“You shouldn't waste your valuable time thinking about time  
Instead, make memories with the people that surround you.”  
As I went to walk away, I heard the clock chime  
And went back to my home with a new point of view

Tick Tick Tock  
The clock never stops.

# Thrilling Time

By : Saylor Kitsko

Grade: 9

Sometimes time is very fast  
Other times it can feel extremely slow  
Some people like focusing on their past  
But you need to look to the future to grow  
You have limited time here on this earth  
Use it well and don't be wasteful  
Every single second has worth  
Always be very grateful  
Time is running out  
Never take anything for granted  
Look to the future without a doubt  
This is a great opportunity you've been handed  
Time is a tactful, thrilling, tireless, thing  
Without it, we wouldn't know when there is spring

## **When It Comes To An End**

By : Jesse Jimenez

Grade : 9

What comes to our minds when we think  
of time?

Do we think of the famous tool, the  
clock,  
Or of how it's as worthless as a dime?  
Perhaps it is how two lives interlock

Most tend to waste it like it is nothing,  
But others cherish it like it's their life  
Some ignore it and continue running,  
While others go on to settle their strife

As we begin to grow old, we look back,  
And wonder if we had loved or been  
loved

Then death will come to give us a hard  
smack

At least when we go up, we won't be  
shoved

When we all take a look, from up or  
down,

We'll see time is as foolish as a clown

## **Why, Time?**

By : Jesse Jimenez

Grade : 9

Time, Time, oh why?!  
It's our spirits you sever,  
When you vanish in the blink of an eye,  
And always take forever

It's never serious to you  
But is really a game  
We thought you were someone  
we knew  
But you only brought us shame

Up against you in our hardest moments  
A race against time is what they say  
You, giving us torments,  
Also the demise of the day

All we ask,  
Is for more without getting bored  
But you're too selfish to understand  
That our need is one that shouldn't be  
ignored

## **Meet Time**

By : Jonah Bieranoski

Grade : 9

Hello, I'm time  
I take too many lives  
Yet I committed no crime  
And I am still alive

I'm as old as God  
But as fast as light  
This may seem odd  
But it truly is right

When you are happy  
I seem to fly  
When you feel crappy  
I seem to cook as long as pie

I'm taken for granted so be careful  
about how you use me  
I am always watching you even though  
you can't see

# **Time Flies**

By : Katerina Molinaro

Grade : 9

Time passes while we wait for things to  
happen

While you might think it isn't fragile  
Oh what time it would take to imagine  
That we might not always be agile

Like a clock ticking slowly by  
Like the way the sunset rises and falls  
It can speed up and be sly  
And you can not notice it all

We can look back at what happened  
that one week in July  
One can only imagine what will happen  
next

Or look back on the days we cry  
And we may become so vexed

So don't take time for granted  
For no one knows what time has planted



# **Thief**

By : Kayla Berdine

Grade : 9

Fly fast the years  
For I be torn,  
Eyes filled with tears  
For I do mourn.

As it is very rare  
Of those malicious,  
To ever give care  
To us ambitious.

Time like the theft  
Of great things we  
hold,  
For all we have left  
Is ourselves I am told.

For plenty of time was  
had,  
But plenty of time was  
bad.

## Times Tale

By : Landon Crowe

Grade : 9

Time moves us like a river, never still,  
Sweeping us along with its gentle thrill.  
Each moment slips away, quick as a  
blink,  
Leaving memories, like stars in the sky  
to link.

Tick-tock goes the clock, steady and  
true,  
Matching the rhythm we all do .  
Yesterday fades, tomorrow looms near,  
But today, this moment, is what we hold  
dear  
In the quiet of night, when all is hushed,  
Time whispers softly, memories brushed.  
In its passage, we find our tale,  
Painted in moments, never too pale.  
Time marches on, a tireless guide,  
Through the valleys low, and peaks to  
ride.  
It steals away the light of day,  
But brings the promise of a new sun's  
ray  
With each passing season, it shows its  
might,  
Changing the landscape, day and night.  
Yet in its grasp, we hold the key,  
To cherish each moment, wild and free.

For times canvas, for us to paint,  
With colors bright, without restraint.  
In its threads, our story we weave,  
A tapestry of moments, for us to  
believe.

# Wonder and Evil

By : Olivia Angelo

Grade : 9

Time, such a wonder and evil  
Destroys one, and yet another it creates  
For one a punishment, for one a reprieve  
In it is our fates  
Age to age, the terror of time  
A dangerous foe lurking  
A wonder in its prime  
A friend, for us, working  
Crumbling castles  
Falling as sand in the hourglass  
Creates such hassles  
Oh but alas  
Such problems will be lost  
Forgotten, but at what cost

## **Time is Delicate**

By : Ryleigh Swart

Grade : 9

Time is delicate

Days go slow and years go fast

From playing with dolls to getting ready for  
high school events together

We fought with our siblings but our parents  
always said "You'll be best friends when you're  
older"

At a young age, we didn't understand that  
nothing lasts forever

We only have 3 more years of waking up in the  
same home

About 1095.75 more breakfasts together  
After this, we venture into the world of the  
unknown

Although we will continue to change and grow,  
the memories will never fade

Don't take these days for granted and make  
reminiscences of a lifetime

The precious days, I wish I stayed  
Delicate, delicate time

# Sophomore



## **Summer Mornings**

By : Amelia Grayson

Grade : 10

The rose-colored sky chases as quickly as lighting as we walk to the beach just before sunrise  
With evident tiredness on the faces of the people around us, we all wait to see the prettiest part of  
the day

Violent crashes of the waves after the strong storm from the night before

The wind begins to whistle as the sand is blown around

The fresh, powerful after-rain scent mixed with salt lingers all around the island

The subtle oceanic and earthy scent of seaweed leaves a nice aroma that'll stick like glue to paper

As always the sand dances in the breeze while the sun keeps moving up into the sky

The always salty-tasting air is coming in from all directions

Freezing cold water patiently waits to be warmed by the hot and fiery sun

Soft, squishy sand between our toes one last time before we head home

The strong humidity of South Carolina is already beginning to rise for the day

## **Winter Blues**

By : Amelia Grayson

Grade : 10

The winter season can be miserable, cold and snowy, making everyone tired

Lots of people don't like driving in the snow or being outside

But, some people enjoy the snow for skiing and other winter activities

# **Time is Naught**

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

The past does not exist and neither does the future  
Our clocks will never stop, yet death will come to claim us  
Nothing lasts forever but matter cannot 'die'  
It may only change

Time is not your enemy and it is not your friend  
It may heal all wounds, but scars don't want to fade  
Pain persists, but it too will change one day  
Time will heal your wounds, but you don't have much time



## Chinese Rose

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

The Chinese Rose,  
Look how beautifully one grows.  
It's the flower of your home,  
A place I feel I must disown.

They would make a lovely bouquet.  
Would you gift them to your mother?  
I think that would be okay,  
Unless she'd prefer something other.

These are things that I don't know.  
Would she want you to knead the dough  
And bake her cookies with your own two hands?  
Or would she be glad that you've seen other lands?

I'd like to apologize.  
You are both people I will never recognize.  
But I wonder if you'd both be lively.  
If your mother could see me and look at me kindly?

I'm sure you know perfectly well.  
The things that I think and the feelings that I quell.  
I'm sorry that you will never get to live.  
Would you find it in your heart to forgive?

Sometimes I still feel sorrow,  
That you became me.  
Perhaps I'll visit your grave tomorrow.  
I'll lay these flowers for you to see.

I hope that your soul has long been set free.  
Please be at peace, Tong Mingzhi.



Untitled Rose Painting  
by Gao Xin Zhu

# **The Alliance with Israel Must End**

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

Conflict between Israel and Palestine has been ongoing since the late 1800s ("Israeli" 6). Last year, war broke out between the state of Israel and Hamas, the ruling body of the Gaza Strip. Although supporters of Israel argue the alliance opens up opportunities abroad (21), it is time for the United States to end the longstanding alliance. Israel has proven itself to be a country the United States should not associate with by contradicting American values, breaking international law, and wasting billions of American tax dollars.

To begin, Israel's founding directly challenges core American values, and Israel's conduct continues to. America greatly values equality and freedom, especially individual rights. Israel's founding principle, Zionism, was initially the desire for a safe haven where Jews could escape persecution in Europe. Early Zionists refused to establish this haven anywhere else but Palestine, land already occupied by Palestinians (6). Then, Zionists began to adopt the idea of manipulating Palestinians to leave. In 1895, Theodore Herzl, author of *The Jewish State*, a Zionist book supporting the creation of a Jewish state, wrote in his diary, "We shall try to spirit the penniless population across the border by procuring employment for it in the transit countries, while denying it any employment in our country." (qtd. in "Israeli" 7). This claim alone implies the immigrating Jews would not tolerate the poor population already living on the land and would coerce them to leave. Not only is it classist to discriminate against people because of their socioeconomic status, but there is usually a greater proportion of poor individuals than wealthy ones in most populations, implying that Herzl, and others, desired to remove as many Palestinians from the land as possible. Denying Palestinians employment based on their wealth is also a form of discrimination and takes away their freedom to seek work on their own land. Beyond this, by labeling Israel as a Jewish state, one religion is valued over others. The author of "Israeli-Palestinian Conflict" wrote, "To paint criticism of Zionism as antisemitic...is to ignore the point that no single ethnic group should have a right to an entire nation unto themselves." (24). Furthermore, for one religion to be valued over another, other religions would have to be discouraged socially, at best, and punished, in any way, at worst. This leaves other faiths ostracized inside Israel, even ones that share similar beliefs. This directly goes against the American ideal of religious freedom and the belief that religious discrimination is unjust. Journalist Peter Beinart argued, "...It is not bigoted to call for people to live equally under one law." (qtd. in "Israeli" 24). Overall, it is hard to believe the United States has aligned itself with a country that has challenged core American values since its inception.

## **The Alliance with Israel Must End (cont.)**

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

Moreover, Israel has broken international law and ignores criticisms from other countries. Israel has repeatedly been accused of using disproportionate force against Palestinians and international law demands compliance with the principle of proportionality (O'Connell 2). Mary Ellen O'Connell, a professor of law and international peace studies at the University of Notre Dame, explained "...the principle of proportionality then mandates that the force used must be commensurate to the injury suffered." (2). In 1978, the First Intifada broke out when Palestinians in Israel began rioting, protesting, striking, boycotting, and throwing stones and Molotovs in small-scale attacks after an Israeli Defense Forces truck killed four Gaza refugee camp workers ("Israeli" 13). Israel responded with an "iron fist" policy, beating, arresting, and rounding up Palestinians in detention camps ("Israeli" 14). In total, the Palestinian losses were just over five times that of Israel's with 1,400 Palestinians and 270 Israelis killed ("By" 2). Later on, in 2014, three Israeli teens were kidnapped and later found dead. Israel blamed Hamas and Israeli extremists reacted by killing a Palestinian boy. When Palestinians in the West Bank began rioting after, Israel launched air strikes against the Gaza Strip and completed a ground invasion intending to destroy tunnels used by Hamas to smuggle weapons. 2,100 Palestinians and over 70 Israelis were killed. The Gaza Strip also took a lot of damage with hospitals, homes, schools, and more destroyed. Palestinian losses were far greater with nearly 30 times the number of deaths and 10,000 civilian buildings damaged or destroyed ("Israeli" 16). Israel was criticized for using disproportionate force against the Palestinians but defended itself by claiming, "Israel warned Gazans whenever it was about to unleash an air strike near their buildings," ("Israeli" 16). More recently, in 2021, Hamas launched rockets into Israel and Israel retaliated with air strikes. Again, Palestinians were left in far worse conditions than Israel:

By the time the cease-fire took effect, the United Nations reported, hostilities had forced an estimated 77,000 Palestinians from their homes and cut off hundreds of thousands from power and clean water. More than 250 Palestinians, including 69 children, died in the fighting. Twelve Israelis, including two children, died from Hamas attacks. Israeli intelligence asserted that nearly half of the Palestinians killed were affiliated with terrorist groups, a charge pro-Palestinian groups disputed. ("Israeli" 18)

Even if Israel's claim is true, that leaves the other half of the Palestinians killed as civilian casualties. The hundreds of thousands of other Palestinians who suffered because of Israel are still civilians. Regardless, in these three conflicts, Israel has been left with significantly fewer losses and far less damage. In addition, intentionally targeting and killing non-militant civilians is forbidden (O'Connell 2); "Civilian distinction forbids the intentional or indiscriminate targeting of civilians or those no longer taking part in fighting." (2). Israel has attacked civilian infrastructure, even while civilians were present:

## **The Alliance with Israel Must End (cont.)**

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

“There has been no recognition of the attack on Palestinian families being ripped from their homes right now. No mention of children being detained or murdered,” Representative Tlaib said on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives [in] May 2021. “No recognition of a sustained campaign of harassment and terror by Israeli police against worshippers kneeling down and praying and celebrating the holiest days in one of their holiest places, no mention of Al-Aqsa [a mosque in East Jerusalem] being surrounded by violence, tear gas, [and] smoke, while people pray.” (“Israeli” 24-25)

Mosques and religious sites have not been the only civilian infrastructure destroyed either. Israel destroyed the Gaza Strip’s only COVID testing site, other medical facilities, homes, and media buildings (Saper 4). Apart from this, many opponents of the U.S.-Israel alliance have also brought up concerns about the ongoing Gaza blockade. In 2007, Israel blockaded the Gaza Strip after Hamas rose to power (“Gaza” 2). Most concerns lie in the fact that the blockade has failed to achieve its goal and has created a crisis for Palestinians. Israel’s goal of the blockade was to prevent Hamas from gaining weapons that would be used against Israeli citizens (2). Despite this, Hamas has still been able to gain access to weapons (2). Additionally, Israel has also prohibited items such as newspapers, shampoo, construction materials, fabrics, and musical instruments from passing the blockade (3). Most concerning, items on the prohibited list include farm animals, certain spices, seeds, canned fruit, dried fruit, and fresh meat (3). Limiting food items always disturbs people as it is illegal under international law and generally immoral. “Denial of food, water, medicine and other necessities to the civilian population is never permissible.” (O’Connell 3). Even if Israel is allowing some necessities and humanitarian aid to pass (“Gaza” 3), people are largely worried about how the blockade has severely damaged the Gaza Strip’s economy, created a humanitarian crisis due to food shortages and food insecurity (3), driven Palestinians to sympathize with Hamas militants (4), and seems to be Israel’s way of collectively punishing Palestinians (2). While it is true that Hamas has attacked innocent Israeli citizens, Hamas is one extremist group that does not include every Palestinian in the Gaza Strip. It is absolutely unjust to collectively punish the entire Gazan population for the actions of one group. Israel has repeatedly broken international law by ignoring the principle of proportionality, targeting civilians, and denying necessities to the Gaza Strip.

## **The Alliance with Israel Must End (cont.)**

By : Miranda McConnell

Grade : 10

Meanwhile, billions of American tax dollars have been given to Israel in aid packages, “...we provide several billion dollars a year in military assistance to a rich country and thus subsidize the bombings of Palestinians.” (Kristof 2). Since Israel’s founding, the United States has given Israel \$146 billion in aid and \$38 billion in 2016 alone (“By” 2). American taxpayer dollars would be better spent providing more aid relief packages to the Palestinians or going back toward Americans. After COVID, the government reduced the amount of money being given to Americans registered in the Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP), their food assistance program (“Low” 1), even though food prices were expected to continue rising (2). This forced many people to cut back on their spending, buy cheaper products, and even skip meals. Food banks and charities are now burdened to provide even more where the government has stopped (2). Additionally, student debt in America reached \$1.6 trillion in 2022 (Hammond 1), making it the second largest debt in America, just behind mortgages (Walsh 2). With over 40 million Americans with student debt (Jones 3), those billions of taxpayer dollars could be used to better the lives of American citizens instead of being sent as military aid to Israel. Beyond student debt and food assistance, there are calls for more federal funding in public education, affordable housing, social security, and other progressive reforms. Overall, American taxes are better spent on Americans or providing relief to Palestinians and any other people suffering from the crisis.

In conclusion, the United States needs to end the alliance with Israel. Israel has repeatedly challenged American ideals, broken international law, and wasted billions of American taxes. If the alliance with Israel continues, American authority and reputation will suffer and Israel’s actions will stain American history. This alliance should be of concern to more than just the American government. It is imperative that individuals bring attention to this issue and continue to speak up.

# What is Poetry?

By : Jordan Keener

Grade : 10

What is poetry? Who knows?  
It's just a bunch of words squished together that isn't prose?  
Whatever that means, I suppose  
What is poetry? It expresses feelings, you say?  
Why does it have to express its emotions in such a roundabout way?  
You're telling me gray isn't just the color gray?  
A symbol for boredom, it conveys?  
You're talking crazy now, I say!  
What is poetry? I repeat once more  
It's supposed to make you see, smell, taste, hear, and touch the words it explores?  
How are you supposed to do that just by reading a couple of words, oh lord!  
What is poetry? I now can see,  
Isn't defined by one thing, certainly  
It's anything you want it to be, sincerely,  
Jordan Keener, the no longer confused poet, nearly

# **Oh How Time Flies**

By : Lily Hoy

Grade : 10

Time is a pale yellow  
It looks like a rushing river  
It smells like nostalgia and your childhood  
It tastes like a sweet cookie  
It sounds like a cheering crowd  
It feels like a wave of dizziness

# **The Future Teller**

By : Sarah Losko

Grade : 10

I was running through a street that looked rather peculiar to me. The streets were glowing like a firefly, finding its way through the night sky. The scenery was like no other, with purple, hazy skies replacing that airy blue I'm so used to. The air was slow with only the slightest breeze trickling down my fingertips. I looked left and then right with my dark, black hair swaying in every direction. I began to wonder, "Where was I?" Only ten minutes ago, I was doing my usual walk in the park enjoying nature. It feels like a mirror sometimes but always remains. The oddest thing happened to me, a kind woman with the sweetest smile came up to me and asked for a moment of my time. I said, "Sure" like anyone would reply. She asked me, "What is one thing you are eager to discover?" I pondered on the question for a few seconds and replied, "I am eager to find out what the future holds for me."

Next thing I know, I'm in someplace that is not home. People were walking in every direction. Everything looked the same, but different at the same time. The people had these odd shades on with the most serious appearance. They all walked in an orderly fashion with no casualness to them.

I was in some sort of park, one that was almost identical to the park I'm so used to. A formal businessman who must have been at least six feet tall came to walk toward me. Everyone else seemed to mind their own business. He walked toward me across the sidewalk, and replied, "Miss, is everything alright? You seem quite lost." "I-I'm fine but... what year is it, may I ask?" It was the only thing I could manage to say. "It is 2075." I went pale for a second. What could this possibly mean?

Did I time travel? I had never imagined the young woman would take me so literally. Am I dreaming? I could never have imagined seeing the future. Then, I saw someone with hazel eyes, pale skin, and dark black hair just like mine walk by. She glanced for a second and walked off with the rest of the crowd. She was me. I knew it at the sight of her, but she was much, much older. At the sight of this, I blacked out on the barren field that felt so bizarre.



# Paradise

By : Sarah Losko

Grade : 10

The swaying of the palm trees  
Evolves into a fresh morning breeze  
Like no other  
fills the afternoon air.

But it all stays the same while we all change.  
Isn't that strange?  
Every thought, feeling, and action  
Grows as one.

The sensation of heat trickling up my skin.  
The ground is as secure as a good win.  
I am not going anywhere, but I am.  
I am going somewhere.

The only place that gives me a sense of glee.  
A blissful sensation as fresh as morning tea.  
Everything is gone.  
An escape from the past,  
And an open gate filled with endless possibilities.

The crimson red crabs scuttling with the open air  
Moving with all so much care.  
Along with the small fragments of rock  
Spreading across the whole ocean shore.

Every destination has a beginning.  
Every superhero has an origin story.  
Every president has a birthplace.  
But, when is it time to truly begin?

# Poetry is...

By : Sarah Losko

Grade : 10

Poetry is expression  
A way of life  
Almost like a bunny finding its burrow  
Nothing to disturb  
But the feeling of tranquility

My happy place  
A way to feel right at home  
In the midst of a new day  
Right by the ocean bay.  
Comes a time of  
Singing, dancing, Smiling  
All express what poetry is

Any thought, feeling, or action  
Expressed in a unique way  
It can happen any time of day  
Language so pure  
Pure as the rising sun

Never-ending  
Countless beginnings  
A way to find yourself  
At home, at the park, or in school

It can happen anywhere  
No matter what  
A set of ideas  
Blending together

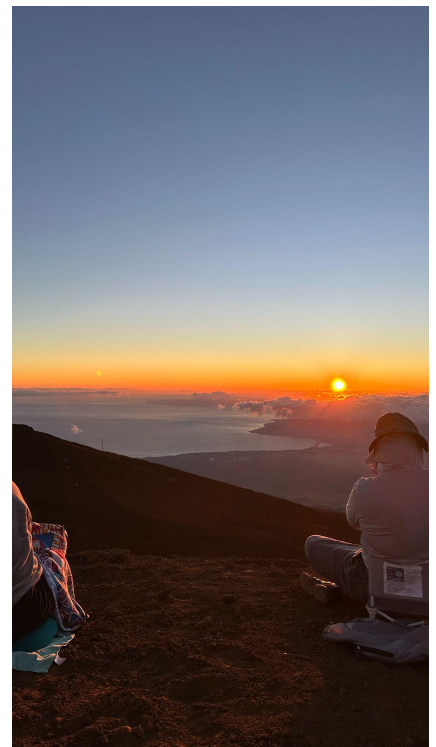
The readers grasp onto this feeling  
The emotion setting in  
Nothing to hide from within  
But utter surprise  
With the extraordinary use of words  
Full of shock, but with a great surprise

# The Sunset

By : Andrew Ciampa

Grade : 10

Colorful streaks of vibrant colors as the sun fades into the clouds  
Waves crashing on the beach far below  
Brittle rock, covering the ground as far as the eye can see  
The wind whistling in my ears  
People gasping in awe at its beauty  
The fresh air, as crisp as the first bite of a fresh apple  
Dirt as dry as sandpaper that has blown into my mouth  
The frigid wind blowing on my dry lips  
My goosebumps arms, hopelessly attempting to warm up  
The rough rocks were ice to my touch  
Warmth spreading across my body as excitement and Awe course through my veins.



## **Run**

By : Andrew Ciampa

Grade : 10

My heart races and my breathing shallows as the nerves set in.

People crowd around me. Suddenly, a gun is shot.

I take off running as fast as I can trying to win the race.

# **My Origin**

By : Morgan Layhue

Grade : 10

I am from hair bows, from Matilda Jane and Justice  
I am from the blankets...cozy, perfectly placed on the couch  
I am from the roses, the red petals  
That can only stay in perfect condition for so long

I am from baking Christmas cookies and having long legs  
I am from the running late and stopping to pet dogs  
From always smiling at people and taking a walk in their shoes

I am from church on Christmas Eve  
And getting dressed up in tights and sweaters

I'm from Washington,  
Iced coffee and banana pancakes

From the stories of my dad's childhood,  
The bad eyesight from my mom  
And the time my brother broke his arm

I am from picture books piling up in the attic  
From my mom's Instagram posts  
And from the disposable film cameras

# **Melting clock**

By: Bently Layhue

Grade: 10

The time was melting throughout the  
days  
The sound was ticking throughout the  
sky  
Not knowing what was going to happen  
next  
We watched as the clock turned 12  
Only to keep ticking around  
Waiting for what was to come  
Day by day living by the hour  
Waiting to see when the time was ours  
The time to start a new day  
And start over from what happened in  
the past  
Waiting for the clock to turn over  
To see what a new day brings to us  
And to see the time keep passing  
As each day goes by  
A new adventure is brought

# The Clock Ticks Quickly

By : Micha Mariana

Grade : 10

40,182,518 minutes. 916 months. 76.4 years. That is the amount of time that us humans, on average, have to live. That may sound like plenty of time, but all of us here have chiseled off on average 16.5 years of that time. Time flies by quickly, and our time is very limited. So how can we make those days we have left in our lifetime worth it? Life is a magnificent journey, and its beauty lies in our hands to take in every moment and live it to the fullest.

To begin, let's appreciate the ability we have of self-discovery. Take the action of embracing your passions, strengths, and values. As you uncover your authentic self, you open the door to a life that resonates with your deepest passions, which will lead you to live the life that will bring you feeling fulfilled. While searching for yourself, it is important to remember that setbacks aren't roadblocks but are rather stepping stones to a better life. For example, I remember when I played basketball in middle school. My team had gone undefeated or practically undefeated in every season I had played prior. I know, it is just middle school basketball, but to a bunch of 13-year-old girls, this seemed like a big deal. Back to the point, our first tournament of the season was a complete blow, where we lost so quickly in the second round. With this, it seemed that the season was going to be the worst one we ever had. My coach didn't let that game determine our season, though, and when the season finally began and we were playing official games, we went on to win championships undefeated. Because my coach and my team pushed through a setback rather than let it affect us, we were able to reach a big accomplishment. Hearing this, make sure that when you are faced with challenges to nurture your resilience. Every hurdle is an opportunity to learn, grow, and be seen as an even more of a confident leader to others. Let your adversities and bad days fuel your motivation, turning setbacks into launching pads for success.

Next, you want to be sure to create a vision for how you want your life—a vibrant image of all of your dreams. You may be asking what that means. Know that anything is possible, so don't be afraid to set extreme yet attainable goals that propel you forward. Break them down into manageable steps, and treat yourself for the small victories that pave the way toward your larger goals. It is like building your favorite sandwich. The ingredients on their own are okay, but you can't expect to have your sandwich without putting the parts together. The small ingredients in a sandwich are all important to make the final product. Another way to make the perfect sandwich is to surround yourself with positivity. Build a supportive environment of friends and influences who inspire and uplift you. You wouldn't want to be around negative people, would you? A positive environment nurtures a mindset of possibilities, helping you in navigating life's twists and turns with a sense of optimism.

Time is essential in making your perfect life. How much time do you waste using your phone each day? Whether it is social media, games, etc. , so many people waste their time and days being bounded by their phones, rather than looking at all life presents to us. I know it seems like we cannot live without our phones, but take some time to look at what the world has to offer. Everything is so much bigger when you look farther than a screen. People also look at time in a different way. A lot of people dwell on the past, which makes them worry about their future. This holds you back in so many ways, so make sure you live in the present moment. How many times have you had moments where you should have been nothing but happy, but thinking about the past or the future would make you shift into a horrible mood? Trying to change things that have already happened will hold you back in so many ways, so remember that the past is a guide, and anything may happen in the future, but remember that the present is where your life is most important. Treasure each moment as a chance to create memories and appreciate the beauty that exists in the current moment.

## **The Clock Ticks Quickly (cont.)**

By : Micha Mariana

Grade : 10

Another thing is to not fear mistakes in all that you do and to take risks, as they are the small building blocks of growth. Stepping outside your comfort zone opens doors to new experiences and potential that you may not have yet discovered. Embrace uncertainty, as it often covers up and stands in the way of the greatest opportunities for self-discovery and achievement. You should instill a mindset of gratitude. Make sure to appreciate the people, experiences, and opportunities that you are provided in your life. Be grateful for all life presents to you, as gratitude helps you to have a positive outlook on so many things, drawing more abundance and joy into your existence in life. In the pursuit of your dreams, be persistent. Great achievements take time to unfold. Consistent effort, dedication, and perseverance are the cornerstones on which your most significant successes will be built.

In conclusion, life's potential is so boundless and all your possibilities are endless. Seize each day as an opportunity to become the most authentic version of yourself. Embrace challenges, nurture resilience, and surround yourself with positivity. Time flies by quickly. Even now, when things should be easy in high school, it seems at times that everything just goes wrong. Life is better than it ever will be, though, so take advantage of the present time and see all of the opportunities that are presented to you and the good in the things that you see. The days go by fast, and everything can be gone before you know it, so make every moment count. Your life has a purpose, so find it.



# **Running Out of Time**

By : Brailyn Mitchell

Grade : 10

We choose to believe our life is dry  
Lacking fun and too many rules to abide  
We sit and wait for the future and ponder in the present Why don't we just pay attention for a  
second

Once we do it is all too late  
Wondering what is causing our fate  
As our old friends fade and we progress  
We find ourselves reminiscing

Those times we felt were the best  
In the distance our memory is fading  
Likely due to all this waiting  
We look through the bottle filled with regret

Were these years a sick test?  
Did we fail to make amends?  
To the mistake of taking time for granted

# Sunrise Symphony

By : Ben Peth

Grade : 10

The nature sings to the flowers,  
As the expression on the face of the mountain  
says good night to the animals.

The dark, vast ocean  
is darker than the deep forest  
when there is no more sun

The morning sun  
rises as the flowers  
bloom creating art in the forest.  
The bare mountain  
has tears running down into the ocean.  
The tears are loved by the animals.

You can watch the animals  
get their refreshing morning drink under the still-rising sun.  
The burning hot sun reflects off the ocean,  
while enjoying it, the flowers  
look towards the towering mountain with a new expression as the mountain  
becomes happier and the forest

like stained glass makes the animals find shade in the forest.  
The tears are scattered with all sorts of animals,  
as they enjoy the gift of the mountain.  
They have grins on their snouts like the sun,  
even the stiff-necked flowers  
Are smiling, but not the waving ocean.

I wave back one more time at the ocean,  
turn my back to the birds tweeting in the forest,  
and take flowers,  
as a gift from the animals,  
My face becomes brighter than the sun,  
and I hike back down the mountain

I come back like a tourist from the forest  
I leave with my souvenirs, the flowers,  
and give them to my son.

## **A Perfect Summer**

By : Addison Mecurio

Grade : 10

A blend of blues to yellows  
Fluffy clouds drifting across the sky  
Blue sapphire with turquoise waves crashing against large rocks  
Screeching seagulls begging for food like a kid in a candy store  
Fresh salty ocean water while the wind blows under my nose  
The coconut pie sunscreen whipped across my face  
Chilled water going down my throat  
My mother's freshly picked strawberries with deep red juices flowing down my mouth  
The grainy, soft, sand spilling from my fingertips was glitter falling to the ground  
Shiny, glossy, beach balls dancing around  
Deep love in my heart for the beach, nothing could make me leave.

# **The Girl with the Pearl Earring**

By : Addison Mecurio

Grade : 10

A girl with a blank facial expression that could say a thousand words.

Mat, pale skin in the light reflection

The room was silent enough to hear a pin drop

A sigh of relief as air escapes her mouth

Eyes look like a deep pool you can be sucked into

Her mind constantly thinking of the next thing

Sticking out like a sore thumb with nothing left behind

Her pearl earring glistening in the light

A reflection being brought back to you as you stare into it

Dangling from her ear like a tiny weight tugging her down

The vibrant deep blue turban draping along her back

Soft streaks of cotton flowing from her head

Glossy, red, lips like rose petals blown apart

A cry for help so loud, yet there are no words coming out

That precious, vulnerable expression... it almost scares you

## PA to CA

By: Autumn Sitler

Grade: 10

My favorite place,  
The sunny, bright, Venice, California  
beach,  
As I sunbathe, I spot a beautiful  
mountain,  
With its white, snowy, peak.  
California humidity curled my hair,  
In California, the food was delightful.  
I went there for hockey, so delightful,  
California ice rinks, what a unique  
place.  
I remember skating down the ice with a  
braid in my hair.  
After the games, we would dart to the  
sun-setting beach  
Eating tacos on the beach I hit my  
happiness peak.  
Through the dark, you could still see a  
stunning California mountain.  
Waking up in the 5th-floor hotel, I can  
spot the mountain.  
Even the hotel view, my family called  
delightful.  
Turning in school work on time, so my  
grades stay at their peak.  
Venturing to find breakfast, somewhere,  
some place.  
Often in California, we could look out  
the window, and see a beach.  
Because it was a "vacation" in CA, I  
always fixed my hair.  
I dyed my blonde hair to brown hair  
For our trip to see a breathtaking  
mountain.

## PA to CA (Cont.)

By : Autumn Sitler

Grade : 10

For our trip to enjoy laying on the  
Pacific Ocean beach.  
I enjoyed the weather, how it was  
delightful.  
How California overrides Pennsylvania  
as my favorite place.  
The lovely scenery of California has to  
be the US scenery pea  
California hit my monthly spending up  
to its ultimate peak.  
California convinced me to change my  
hair.  
California convinced me to change my  
favorite place.  
That state made me search for the  
Hollywood mountain.  
That state was simply just so delightful.  
Those California beaches were greater  
than any other beach.  
But leaving the bright, sunny, beautiful  
beach,  
And those glorious mountains with a  
snowy white peak.  
Sitting on a red-eye flight home,  
wondering if PA will ever be this  
delightful.  
They say hair holds memories, it's the  
same, I want those great memories to  
stay in my hair.  
I think the image, permanently in my  
head, is a breathtaking California  
mountain.  
When stress and unease visit me, I can  
just travel back there, my happiness, my  
place.

# **What Lies Ahead?**

By : Bayleigh Lowe

Grade : 10

In the future, there's so much to see,  
Tech and dreams, wild and free.  
Innovations are the name of the game,  
Changing the world fame by fame

But it is not all smooth, there's rough too,  
Challenges lurking, what will we do?  
Yet hopes in our hearts, shining bright  
Guiding us through the darkest night

So let's face the future with a grin,  
Ready to fight, ready to win.  
With love in our hearts, we pave the  
way  
For a better tomorrow, come what may

# **Farm Show**

By : Caitlin McCullough

Grade : 10

The bright light shining on you  
New corduroy jackets that a new FFA member won  
Laughter of all the FFA jacket winners  
Sounds of boots echoing through the arena like a bunch of wild bulls  
The roasted nuts filled my nostrils with pure joy  
The weird scent of dust filling up our nose  
The famous Farm Show milkshake is still on my tongue  
Cheese in the cheese cubes melting on my tongue  
The embody of my name, Caitlin McCullough  
Thin sawdust made its way into my shoes rubbing the bottom of my feet  
Happiness took over my body knowing I deserved to be here, in that area, winning a jacket



## **Winning Class**

By: Caitlin McCullough

Grade : 10

When will I know the placing?  
The last two in the ring  
Everyone is on their feet, trying to find out who will win the class  
The pigs walk past each other at their walking pace  
The judge who is admiring each pig  
Takes the mic and starts talking  
Time slows down  
Describing the winning pig  
Neither shower knows what pig he is talking about  
Our eyes make contact with the waiting faces  
The judge shuts the mic off to shake the winner's hand  
Judge walks slowly between the two pigs  
Everything stops  
Worry sets in till he shakes the hand  
Everything sets back in time  
I won the class!

## **Club hunt: Students discover new interests**

By : Cameron Street

Grade : 10

Trinity High School has various clubs to choose from this year, all based on certain interests and talents. Clubs enable the student body to gain experience and prepare them for the future. The more popular clubs are bursting with people eager to join and activities to be a part of, but there are so many clubs that aren't as well known. Are these clubs just as interesting, if not more?

Model UN is a club where students simulate the United Nations and learn about world issues and peace. This club travels frequently, even representing Trinity at Duquesne University. The members of this club are encouraged to educate themselves about international culture in order to be prepared for their meetings. Mrs. Hartley oversees this club, and most communication happens over email. Anyone interested in history who would like to join can contact her at [jhartley@trinityhillers.net](mailto:jhartley@trinityhillers.net).

Meetings are expected to be every Wednesday or Thursday.

"It's a great experience to learn about other countries," Senior Alex Raymer comments.

For people more interested in foreign languages, Trinity also offers both Spanish and German clubs. As most people know, the German club is in charge of creating the rolling bulletin board, but they do so much more. The German club's main goal is to teach others about the culture of Germany.

People who are in the upper-level German classes also help out the newer German students. This year, the club is planning a field trip to go to the German festival in Pittsburgh. Students interested in joining can contact Herr McLaughin at [jmclaughin@trinityhillers.net](mailto:jmclaughin@trinityhillers.net). Their meeting dates are not set yet, but they will take place in room 289.

"Come try it out, it's fun," Senior Natalie Ewbank states.

Spanish club is another fun way to learn more about one of the foreign languages Trinity offers. The club helps to expand the knowledge of Spanish culture through fun activities. Later in the year, the members will also participate in the Pulsera project. They will be selling bracelets made and imported from Hispanic countries. Meetings will be held on the first Thursday of each month in room 276. Sra. Banish is the advisor for the club. For more information, contact her at [sbanish@trinityhillers.net](mailto:sbanish@trinityhillers.net).

For students looking for a calm and creative club, the crochet club is a perfect place to start! With homeroom meetings every Thursday in room 289, students can practice their crochet skills, learn how to crochet or simply learn new strategies. Supplies are offered, and anyone is welcome. The crochet club is welcoming to everyone! For more information, contact Mr. McLaughin.

"We just want to give people a group to hang out with," Junior Caroline Miller says.

Book Club is a perfect club for anyone passionate about reading and serving the community. In book club, members bring the enjoyment of reading to people all around Washington by doing book drives, donating to little libraries and charities, while also traveling to daycares to read to children.

This club also allows students to enjoy books without the strict day-to-day rules. It's extremely laid back, and an overall relaxing space to enjoy reading with others. Monthly meetings will be set soon and will take place in room 166.

# **Our Family's Way**

By : Chloe Bricker

Grade : 10

Time was everywhere  
Here and there and everywhere  
Always checking our watch  
To see if we were on the clock  
Never wanted to be running late  
But always lost track of time  
Being late was out of the question most  
times  
It was the Bricker family way

# **Boys' golf team finishes 2023-24 season undefeated**

By Cadi Wright

Grade : 10

The hard work of the Trinity High School boys' golf team has paid off, as they have finished the 2023-24 regular season undefeated in their section.

The coaches and players on the team are all proud of the accomplishment as their final record was 10-0 in their section and 11-3 overall. This impressive record qualified the team for WPIALS and they were section champs for the first time in school history, with the highest finish in the last twenty years.

"I'm proud of this team. They're a fun group looking to improve and it's great to see them grow as players and as people," Assistant Coach Tessmer states.

WPIALS took place on Tuesday, October 10, 2023. The qualifying players included seniors Tyler Johnson, Logan Daniels, and George Coyle, Junior Benjamin Spino-Yanak, and sophomores Ryan Walther and Brock Carrigan. The historic season has left everyone excited for next season. Since the team has so much talent, they hope to continue their winning streak into next season, win their section, and qualify for WPIALS next season as well. Walther says, "Next season I'm looking forward to winning our section and improving my game." Many players on the team, including Daniels and Walther, hope to continue golfing in college and for the rest of their lives. Being a part of the team has inspired them to push themselves to improve and grow. The team's ability to win matches is not the only reason players love being on the team. The players all get along well and sincerely enjoy each other's company and friendship.

Daniels, who has been a member of the team since his sophomore year, says that his favorite part of being on the team is getting to be around his teammates.

The close-knit team spends plenty of time together with practices being held two to three times a week. They put in their best effort in matches, and are especially competitive when it comes to competing against teams such as Laurel Highlands and Peters Township.

# **America, America**

By : Cicely Sunseri

Grade : 10

Patriotism is red  
It looks like crying families of soldiers  
fighting  
It smells like hotdogs and hamburgers  
Tastes like my water in history class  
Sounds like fireworks crackling through  
the sky  
Feels like the hot summer sun on the 4th  
of July

## **Stormi**

By : Cicely Sunseri

Grade : 10

The dog lifts his head, and makes his  
way cautiously to the window  
He peers out nervously and is excited  
at the sound  
It's the UPS truck, but he didn't order  
anything from Chewy

## **Time Flies**

By : Cierra Haskey

Grade : 10

Where'd all the time go? It's starting to fly.

Look back at old friends waving goodbye.

Watching my body change,

And thinking how strange it is.

I never stop; always on the go.

Time goes by way too slow.

I'm growing up I suppose.

What in later time, no one knows.

# **Time**

By : David Gill

Grade : 10

## **Time**

Always leaves with a chime  
Never says goodbye  
But always comes by  
Doesn't have emotion  
For what causes commotion  
Never guaranteed  
No matter how much you plead  
We always remember  
The many things that burnt to an ember  
We never depress  
For the major success  
That we know is forever gone



## **“Warm Summer Night in Florida”**

By : JW Jobes

Grade : 10

Pearl lights illuminating the outline of the buildings glinting like stars in the night sky  
The flushed-out reflection of buildings on the glassy water  
The chatter of cars passing in the distance was a river of sound that gifted life to the land  
Songs of the frogs were present as they danced around their floating homes below  
The salt of the Mediterranean water lined my nostrils  
An aroma of fruity, palm-ridden air flowed into my mind  
A sweetness of this newfound fondness for this enchanting land ran through my heart  
The sourness of leaving my newfound love took over my body  
My hands seemed to instinctually slip onto my camera, with a distinct meaning of capturing  
this beauty  
With the press of a button, this moment will never be forgotten  
A feeling of blessing filled my body, as the lord allowed me to see such a beautiful sight,  
on this warm summer night, in Florida.

## **“The Scream”**

By : JW Jobes

Grade : 10

Amber magma flows  
Moving like a soft type of dough.  
With the waves clashing roughly,  
The artist stands toughly.  
The subject however lets out a shriek,  
Quiet, compared to the pier's creak.  
Through the hazy sky,  
A touch of life passes by...  
Green...  
Green is seen,  
But not by the man below.  
For he is startled by the golden glow,  
Of the sight, of the heavens on earth.  
However, his portrayal might just be the  
mask,  
To a larger question, we must ask.  
Could all of this be a theme,  
Or is it simply just *the scream*?

# Poetry is...

By : JW Jobes

Grade : 10

Poetry can be written in many different  
ways,  
Whether or not it rhymes is completely  
up to you.  
Poems can be found in books, stories, or  
plays,  
But one thing is certain—poems pop off  
the page like the hop of a kangaroo.

Starting with the *Epic of Gilgamesh*,  
Poetry dates back thousands of years,  
Most poems, keep my mind thinking  
fresh,  
But some, bring me tears.

Writing poems can sometimes leave  
you in a muddle,  
However, when you get it just right,  
You'll find some words not plainly in  
sight,  
And they'll splatter on your page, like  
the shine of a bright light,  
Or even, like the splash of a big  
puddle!

# A Deadly Flashback

By : Emalee Megesy

Grade : 10

Twas a dark and stormy night in the state of Michigan. The night of Halloween and everyone was out shopping the morning of. Even our main character, who will unfortunately fall victim to a witch.

"A witch?! In Michigan?!" You may be asking yourself. But alas, it's true. Our story starts with a young teenager, going to a birthday party where he will meet his fate. The scent you can only smell once a year. Once in a blue moon some may say. He walked into the place, of which he doesn't want to be in. Yes, it was fun but was boring. The different colors of the floor unmatching the color scheme of the main characters. Oh yes, the main character I never explained to you. Tobi was the name, and he wore little to no color. So, his boots did not match the color scheme of the colored carpet. His jacket did not match the wall color. He felt out of place. He, unfortunately, was in a Chuck E. Cheese on halloween night.

Being an emo out on halloween would have been a dream for Tobi, as he would be able to go out with his friends. But being dragged by his leather jacket onto the colorful floor, he didn't exactly have many other options. You see, Tobi and his friends have had this plan of dressing up as a costume that would relate to each other. Tobi had even bought the costume before the news was released. The moment the words fled out of Tobi's mothers mouth, "We're going to Chuck E. Cheese for halloween." The 13-year-old emo teen had just fled to his room.

Twas his second cousin's birthday that night, and he was not allowed out of the birthday party. No matter how badly he wanted. He tried and begged, even offering his phone but, nonetheless, his father was persistent. So off Tobi went on search for a good game to play with little to no tokens. Out of nowhere, a fortune telling machine appeared. He put the coin in but had to kick it once or twice due to its age. "Come on, you hunk of junk," Tobi said as the machine turned on. The flashing lights glow up their eyes. "What is your wish," The magical fortune teller asked. "I wish to be a witch", Tobi said. That's what he wanted to be for Halloween. The machine boggled and bangled, tossed and strangled. A note soon came out. Tobi didn't feel off or even dark and gloomy. He felt so hopeful that when he picked up the note, he knew it was true. But when the note came out, it read, "Sorry, the machine is out of service. Try again soon!"

Tobi felt so hopeful that when he read it, their mood was doomed. He was so excited for it to work, for Tobi to be a witch on All Hallow's Eve, but no, the machine just had to be broken... So Tobi went to the ballpit and sat next to it. All the bright colors of the balls made Tobi feel left out. Tobi's colors never fit in anywhere, not at school, home or even at Chuck E. Cheese. Tobi lost balance and fell over. Now Tobi was the one boggling and bangling. In fact, he even tossed and tangled. Right into 1620.

## **A Deadly Flashback (cont.)**

By : Emalee Megesy

Grade : 10

Tobi rose from their fall and to find he were in a pilgrim dress. "What?!" Tobi exclaimed, understandably disturbed. He looked around. Everything was so dark and gloomy and, well, scary. He never favored this time period, when witches were burned at the stake. Tobi wandered around looking for a way out when all of a sudden, he heard screams. Screams of agony and torture. These were little screams, as if a child was being hurt. To which it was true, Tobi turned around and there it was. A tiny child no more than 4 ½ inches tall was tied to a large stick up in the ground. Rocks around them, cheering pilgrims, the assumable mayor standing there with two large sticks, and the intention to hurt the child. "Burn the witch!!", one shouted, "Burn the wretched child!" screamed another. Until a loud noise was heard. A noise not even a deaf person could miss. And that noise came straight from Tobi's mouth. "STOP!" is what was said. Suddenly, it felt like time had just stopped. The noise was heard by the pilgrims, to which they turned their heads to face Tobi. All the pilgrim's eyes on Tobi, not a word attempting to be spoken. "You can't hurt this child!!" Was that the noise everyone heard? "Oh yeah and why the bloody heck not?" One pilgrim asked. Tobi wasn't able to answer. He stopped where he was, realizing what he had done. All of a sudden, Tobi felt electrified. Physically. He was shot at by the child. The child was a witch no doubt about it. The child was being put on trial for messing with other people's bodies. The child could manipulate a person to see them as a child and help them. Tobi fell victim to that. The child was in Toby's body. Now, Tobi's body was burned at the stake.

No one remembered who Tobi was in the Chuck E Cheese, not even his own father. When asked, the father said, "I don't have kids." Eventually, a burnt skull was found in the ballpit, but nothing else. The police eventually gave up on the case and left the head in a museum. To this day, it is left in a dark and gloomy room labeled, "The Witches Head."

As for the Chuck E Cheese, an unknown fire burnt it down. The night when Tobi fell is the night when Tobi's second cousin as well died. Poor thing was only two-years-old. The small child's skull was found behind the ball pit. Some may say she died in the fire and some may say she died from starvation. But I say that she died as a witch.

## **Rhymed Poem**

By : Emerson Webster

Grade : 10

*The glistening snow fall lights up the sky*

*I was lucky enough to see it while I was  
passing by*

*The smell of hot chocolate and the sound  
of holiday cheer*

*Walking past and seeing all the baby  
deer*

*Going to grandma's house to spread love  
to all*

*Happier than ever it's no longer fall*

*Freshly baked cookies are awaiting upon  
us*

*Waiting to see our new baby cousin,  
Gus.*

*Decorating the tree with the family gives  
everyone much joy*

*Waiting for Christmas morning to get all  
the toys*

*Finally the night has gone by*

*And now we wait for the time until  
morning to pass by.*

## **Free Verse Themed Poem**

By : Emerson Webster

Grade : 10

*At the age of 1, my parents were a big fan of hockey, but  
I couldn't even talk yet.*

*At the age of 2, I could finally talk, but not about hockey  
yet.*

*At the age of 3, I went to my first Pens game.*

*At the age of 4, I joined my first little team and was  
learning how to play and skate.*

*At the age of 5, I grew a stronger relationship with my  
dad because of the sport.*

*At the age of 6, I joined my first boys hockey team called,  
The Rinkrats.*

*At the age of 7, I scored my first ever full ice goal.*

*At the age of 8, I grew to love the sport of hockey and  
get to know more people.*

*At the age of 9, I learned to advance my skills and help  
others at the same time.*

*At the age of 10, I was enjoying the sport and it was all I  
ever wanted to do.*

*At the age of 11, on top of a boys team, I tried out for a  
girls team too, and made it.*

*At the age of 12, I was scoring a lot, having fun, and  
growing as a player.*

*At the age of 13, I had decided to quit boys hockey after  
playing it my whole childhood, and now I was just playing  
girls hockey.*

*At the age of 14, I was at the top of my team, absolutely  
loved my team, and had an amazing season.*

*At the age of 15, I was faced with the biggest adversity of  
my life, and had to get shoulder surgery and miss the rest  
of my hockey season.*

# Memories of Color

By : Grace Cessna

Grade : 10

Childhood is WHITE,  
It looks like bins and bins of plastic Barbie dolls  
never put back where they were found.

It smells like fresh-cut grass as I run free in the  
summertime with nothing but time to spare.

Tastes like endless piles of Halloween candy as I  
feel the cavities grow.

Sounds like innocent giggles as I ride down slides  
at the park.

Feels like sticky popsicles melting down my hands  
in the hot sun.



# **The Lake**

By : Isaac Ikach

Grade : 10

Ever is the glossy sparkle of the pearly  
water,  
Whines and cries below, as I'm carried  
by my vessel across this teeter-totter,

Muscular and slim fish dart from under  
me like a toy torpedo,  
Creaks and screeches follow from the  
bottom of this boat's red speedo,

Fresh, murky breezes fill me with  
wisdom,  
The water and I are connected through  
our innermost system,

Today, the lake's stench was overcome  
by musty pine trees,  
Alast, the tangy tart lake causes me to  
sneeze,

Very bittersweet it became, like a  
relationship with a rude friend,  
Now the gritty oars and I begin to  
blend,

Here I am in my oily and icy chair,  
Never could I expect to be met with a  
freezing, winter stare.

# Snow Day Sestina

By : Ivy Zheng

Grade : 10

The cold frosty air  
Swirls the tiny particles everywhere.  
Nearby a little girl sees her first snow  
She rolls on the ground  
Whilst the whole neighborhood is quiet  
She plays in the snow blanket  
She is older but still clutching that blanket  
Now surrounded by the fire's cozy air  
Spreading the quiet  
All through the house, everywhere!  
The barren ground  
Will soon be covered by a pillowy snow.  
There's a new meaning to snow  
It means longer times under the blanket,  
Pouring salt on the ground,  
The gust of icy air  
Blowing her hair everywhere;  
But when she arrives inside there is a calming quiet  
All is calm and quiet  
As a gentle breeze blows the snow  
Onto the car window, it gets everywhere.  
She wipes off the snow blanket  
And lets out a puff of warm air  
While looking at a puddle of melted snow on the ground.  
The young lady shovels the snow off the ground  
There is no more peaceful quiet  
Since her family's chaos echo in the air  
Her kids joyfully play in the snow  
As she wishes she was huddled up in a blanket  
But all the while she is glad to have so much love everywhere  
The old woman wanted to explore everywhere  
But presently she could barely get up from the ground  
All she can do now is reminisce while curled up in her blanket  
Enjoying the eerie quiet  
Wishing to see, once more, the lustrous snow  
As she breathes a final breath into the air  
The excitement of winter fades as it is overtaken by quiet  
Continuously she still wishes for snow  
Although there lingers an aging air

# Time

By : Jovan Weichel

Grade : 10

Time waits for no one,  
Continuing on for all eternity.  
There is no race to be won,  
In a plane of existence with no  
integrity.

Space is meaningless and time melts  
away,  
Empty space full of wrinklers and  
nothingness.  
Time here has lost its way,  
In a place with nothing to express.

Some things in this universe should not  
be seen,  
Such is that like a place like this.  
Some fear this place, but they couldn't  
imagine the scene,  
Others see it as what it is, something of  
an abyss.

Do not fear, nothing is amiss.  
For such a place, time cannot exist,  
However, when it does come, no one  
can resist.

# **Comfort**

By : Jovan Weichel

Grade : 10

Comfort is light blue  
It looks like family and friends  
It smells like warm bread  
Taste like hot chocolate on a cold, wintery day  
Sounds like a beautiful, lyrical, slow song  
Feels like a mother clinging to her small child.

# **Sanity**

By : Jovan Weichel

Grade : 10

Sanity is white

It looks like sand on a lonely beach

It smells like rice cake

Taste like a plain cracker with nothing  
with it

Sounds like a grandfather clock, ticking  
away for eternity

Feels like a stress ball

# **The Annunciation**

By : Katherine Drezewski

Grade : 10

The virgin under the canopy,  
Sitting opposite the messenger of God.  
Humble, she listens as Gabriel,  
Shares the Word of the Lord,  
His son is on the way.

Eve and Adam banished from Arcadia  
Lured by temptation and immorality.  
Giving to mankind the curses of cruelty  
and evil,  
Their fall from grace infects the Earth  
And exposes all beings to the disease  
of sin

When he arrives to the Earth  
In nine months time  
He will begin his journey to fulfill God's  
will  
And bathe humanity of Adam and Eve's  
impiety.  
His life's purpose content  
As he carries our wrongs on his back

# Fans tune in to the 66th Annual Grammy Awards

By : Katherine Drezewski

Grade : 10

Every year, new music and new artists rise to stardom. In early February, the Grammys recognize the new big contributions to music from the past year, as winning a Grammy award is the highest recognition that a musician can receive in their career. This year, the 66th Annual Grammy Awards will be held at the Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles on Sunday, February 4, at 8:00 p.m. Eastern Time.

One award that people look forward to is the Grammy Award for Album of the Year. This award is the most impressive award in the Grammys. This year, the nominees include *Did You Know That There's A Tunnel Under Ocean Blvd* by Lana Del Rey, *GUTS* by Olivia Rodrigo, *SOS* by SZA, *The Record* by Boygenius, *World Music Radio* by John Batiste, *The Age of Pleasure* by Janelle Monét, *Endless Summer Vacation* by Miley Cyrus and *Midnights* by Taylor Swift. These albums were all very influential in pop culture over the past year, with majorly successful concert tours and creating new music lovers all over the world.

In my opinion, *Did You Know That There's a Tunnel Under Ocean Blvd* should win this title. Even though Taylor Swift did a fantastic job of using *Midnights* to create a strong, dedicated fanbase and launch her notorious Eras Tour, I feel as though the music on Lana Del Rey's album is superior. She blends pop music with something deeper, integrating more personality. Her unique lyricism and voice both make her stand out against artists like Taylor Swift and Olivia Rodrigo.

Although *The Record* by Boygenius has beautiful music that evokes more emotion than any other album on this list, it was less recognized across all music genres and did not make a giant splash in the industry, similar to *World Music Radio* and *The Age of Pleasure*. *SOS* was extremely successful but wasn't groundbreaking, similar to *Midnights*.

While I believe that *Did You Know That There's a Tunnel Under Ocean Blvd* is a greater album than *Midnights*, my prediction is that *Midnights* will come out on top due to its extreme publicity and popularity this year across the world.

Another title that gets awarded at the Grammys is The Best New Artist. There are quite a few candidates for this award: Coco Jones, The War and Treaty, Noah Kahan, Fred Again, Gracie Abrams, Victoria Monét, Ice Spice, and Jelly Roll. Although all these artists all worked hard to make a name for themselves this year in music, a couple of them made a bigger impression than the others.

Noah Kahan, Gracie Abrams, and Ice Spice were popular on all social media platforms and released multiple albums and songs that quickly gained relevance and stayed well-known throughout the entire year. Noah Kahan gained popularity this year through TikTok, promoting his 2023 album expansion, *Stick Season (We'll All Be Here Forever)*, and building excitement for future projects. Gracie Abrams used Instagram and YouTube to build her platform, gaining an audience of all ages. Although she started getting attention in 2020, the release of her album *Good Riddance* in early 2023 launched her career and opened her up to opportunities like performing as an opener for Taylor Swift. Ice Spice first began her rise to fame in late 2022, but quickly made a name for herself when her song "Munch (Feelin' U)" went viral on TikTok. Throughout 2023, she collaborated with other popular artists and released her debut EP *Like...?*, charting at #15 on the US Billboard 200.

## Fans tune in to the 66th Annual Grammy Awards (cont.)

By : Katherine Drezewski

Grade : 10

Any of these artists would make an acceptable winner of this award since they all accomplished a similar amount throughout this past year. They all play very different genres of music, so it's difficult to compare them.

One of the last awards that considers music from every genre is Record of the Year. The contesting records are "Worship" by Jon Batiste, "Not Strong Enough" by Boygenius, "Flowers," by Miley Cyrus, "What Was I Made For?" by Billie Eilish, "On My Mama," by Victoria Monét, "Vampire" by Olivia Rodrigo, "Anti-Hero" by Taylor Swift and "Kill Bill" by SZA. Most of these songs are from each artist's album that was nominated for the Album of the Year Award as well.

Two records that will probably not win, in my opinion, are "On My Mama" and "Worship." Along with rarely hearing these songs on the radio and online, these songs are not that enjoyable to listen to. I believe that "Not Strong Enough" is the best song out of all these options, not considering the major commerciality of "Vampire" and "Anti-Hero."

I think "What Was I Made For?" by Billie Eilish will win this award. Featured in the hit movie *Barbie*, this song impacted watchers worldwide and has a more important message than any of the other songs up for the award.

I think "Anti-Hero" and "What Was I Made For?" are the top contenders for Record of the Year because they made the biggest impact across the board. "Vampire" has a good chance of winning as well, but I'm not sure if anything will be able to beat "Anti-Hero" since it's a Taylor Swift song and she was extremely prominent throughout this past year.

Next month, the Grammy Award Show will air and the awards will be granted to the artists and the music that deserve it the most in the eyes of The Recording Academy, an academy for music professionals in every field.



# Angels

By : Kelsey Snow

Grade : 10

The clouds coming together and  
touching, forming different objects

As the sun goes back, it forms something  
so small but so beautiful

Leaves crunching as the squirrels chase  
each other around on them

Deers chasing each other around  
making noise acting wild as a buck

The brisk breeze of the wind going past  
our noses

Deer poop you can smell from a mile  
away and know they are near

Fresh dehydrated deer jerky, who's  
gonna get the first taste

Homemade biscuits and gravy on the  
stove ready to be eaten

# Where I'll go

By: Kelsey Snow

Grade: 10

Who knows where I may end up  
Years can go by and I still will not have a idea  
It may be in the mountains, it may be by the river  
I could be a welder or an elevator mechanic  
Some bonds may be broken and some may be kept  
Montana is an option but so is Wyoming  
I might be alone for some of it but it will all be worth it  
Remember all the battles fought will be worth it in the end  
Oh all the places I will go

# **The Colors of Nostalgia**

By: Kimari Behrens

Grade: 10

Comfort is brown.

It looks like dinner with your family on Christmas Eve.

It smells like your grandparents' house.

It tastes like freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.

It sounds like the laughter of your siblings when they're  
supposed to be asleep.

It feels like a snowy day, snuggled up under a warm blanket.

Childhood is turquoise.

It looks like a swingset in a person's backyard.

It smells like freshly cut grass.

It tastes like chicken noodle soup.

It sounds like a bird chirping on a crisp, early morning.

It feels like the comfort of laying on your grandma's couch  
while watching cartoons.

# **The Seasons of Time**

By : Luke Poland

Grade : 10

When I go outside  
I feel the hot summer days turn cold  
I see the leaves falling off the trees  
I see snow and rain falling from the sky

When I go outside,  
I see people in coats  
with frost on the grass  
And no birds in sight  
When I look outside,  
I feel and see that time has changed

# Wonder

By : Luke Poland

Grade : 10

**W**onder is very important

**O**nce you see wonder, you change

**N**obody will take you for granted

**D**on't let people criticize you

wond**E**r is in everybody.

wonde**R** is a thing that makes you think  
and try new things.

## **An excerpt from: Battle on 9-Mile Beach!**

By : Patrick Gaskill and Maryn Plesko

Grade : 10

“Okay. This should be the beach spot for the bounty.”

Jessie Ashbrown was talking aloud to herself while she walked, a few feet ahead of the other two members of her party. Aquila Flann was trying to keep in step with Jessie while Booker Kayce brought up the rear, both walking in near-silence and listening as Jessie hummed a merry tune and happily skipped along.

They were on a trip to kill a cast of Mortin crabs that were terrorizing beach-goers on Nepagua City's 9 Mile Beach. When the crabs decided to come out of hiding, they slowed business around the beach area, so the country-wide questboard was updated with a poster asking for any free bladesmen to take care of them. The group didn't want to accept the request due to the extremely long trek to get there from Goldmeadow City. Aquila insisted that it was perfectly safe and would get them some much-needed money, so they all ultimately agreed.

“Yup! We just need to find those crabs quickly. Where could they be hiding, anyway?” Aquila asked as they looked around the beach.

The beach was beautiful. The yellowish-tan sand was soft and grainy, with very little in the way of weeds and messes. The small waves emerging onto the shore from the great and vast Lake Narcis foamed when they met the sand, and Aquila remembered that the locals believed the water had calming properties.

They were all temporarily stunned by the beach's beauty and let their guard fall, but they quickly came back to attention when Booker shouted out, “I found them! Look to the west, behind those bushes by the walkway. Draw your weapons and be ready to attack, guys.”

The gigantic crabs weren't very good at hiding; they outsized the bushes two-fold. They were around 6 feet tall now that the group could see them fully. Sensing their position was found, the cast of crabs sprung out of the bushes and started scuttling to the three bladesmen. There were five of them, each with a vibrant, scarlet-red body and conal shells reminiscent of opals.

Jessie and Aquila responded to Booker's directions, nicking their thumbs on their cavalry-given, pricked shoulder pads and wiping the slightly bloody surface against the emblem sewn on their chest pieces.

Jessie's Hearthstone Crusher Hammer and Aquila's Obsidian Obliterator slowly materialized into being. The hammer was massive, and since Jessie wasn't quite acclimated to the heavy 3-foot-diameter hammer just yet, she struggled to get a full grip on it. She wobbled with it until she could adjust to the weight, then stood up and adopted a fighting stance. Aquila, however, had perfected their grip, so they had no trouble grasping the weapon and holding it firmly.

“Let's do this!!” Jessie exclaimed, glancing at Aquila as Booker drew his rapier. The charms clasped to its guard clanged against the metal, having been jostled with the quick movement.

He turned to his peers with a slight smile. Their upbeat attitude was a good change to his usually dull life, and he hoped they would stay traveling together for a good while. Seeing movement out of the corner of his eye, he blinked back into focus, and quickly shook his head to clear his mind.

*I don't think I need to draw the Boreal Edge for this one, as fun as it'd be. I need to make sure these two grow as well,* Booker thought as he watched the crabs. He knew the two were younger and less experienced, so he didn't want to defeat the crabs himself and leave them in the dust.

## **An excerpt from: Battle on 9-Mile Beach! (cont.)**

By : Patrick Gaskill and Maryn Plesko

Grade : 10

The three, now completely prepared, stood together, waiting in anticipation for the hustling crabs to reach them.

“How much do we get for defeating these guys, again? What was it, 400 Vel? 500?” Jessie asked.

“Uh... 500. It's kind of hard to split that up, though, so I think I'll let you guys take 150 each and I'll just grab 100,” Booker responded, knowing the numbers by heart because of listening to Aquila ramble.

Aquila risked a quick look in his direction and nodded. They liked Booker. He was kind, and it was nice having someone as experienced as him around since he was 4 years older than they and Jessie were. It was worrying, though, how quiet he was. They didn't know much about the guy, and sometimes it pressed on Aquila's mind and made them more wary than normal. But, they guessed, that's par for the course when you just started traveling with someone two weeks ago. A little bit of caution was probably normal.

“Fantastic conversation, guys, but we can discuss splitting our profit after we have it. A few more seconds and we can attack the crabs, so get ready!” Aquila ordered.

“Gotcha!” Jessie responded enthusiastically.

The trio readied their blades and engaged the crabs. Two crabs immediately surrounded Aquila, two stepped near Booker, and one started pinching angrily at Jessie. Jessie, ever so impatient, took a step towards it and claimed the first swing of the battle with a very strong whack to the crab's side.

Her hammer bounced off the shell, causing minimal damage and making the crab narrow its beady eyes at her. It hissed in response and went to pinch her side. Thankfully, she jumped back just quick enough to avoid its claws.

“Uh, guys? How do I fight this thing? My hammer just bounced right off its shell with no damage!” she shouted out to the others.

Already engaged in battle, Booker was too distracted to respond. He was facing the same issue Jessie was: the crabs couldn't be harmed by any of his blows. The shells were so hard and covered so much of the crabs, and every time he went for a stab, the crab he was aiming for seemed to sense exactly what he meant to do and quickly scuttled out of range.

Even with his vast experience, seldom did he face an enemy with such defensive capabilities. He looked towards Aquila, who was on the defensive with their crabs. He could tell something was brewing in that brain of theirs based on the look on their face.

He finally spoke to Jessie, saying, “Just keep them at bay; I'm pretty sure Aquila is thinking of a way to incapacitate them. Distract the crabs and give Aquila time to do their thing. If you have too many, I'll take one or two of the crabs to keep the heat off of you.”

“I- Ok, but are you sure?” Jessie said while hitting a crab upwards, but to no avail. The crab landed and immediately came back for another round.

“Yeah, don't worry about me, Jessie. I can handle it.”

# **The Road Trip of a Life Cycle**

By : Ryder Nguyen

Grade : 10

The exploration of a journey starts in the summer.  
The summer activities expand to a road-trip,  
where the adults bring their kids.  
Although there are troubles with the van,  
our guide is still with us leading to the sun.  
The journey begins with us smiling with tears.  
Dad starts his day with the pouring of coffee like tears,  
with the filling of the breeze of the summer.  
The windows allow for the looking of the sun,  
it brightens up the mood of the road-trip.  
The moving forward will last hours in the van,  
but the boredom of the ride will make patient kids.  
The pit stops allow a break for the kids.  
The sipping of the water fountain dripped down like tears.  
The first destination allows for the stoppage of the van.  
The journey to the canyons allowed for the renaissance of summer,  
making for the first grand adventure of the road-trip.  
These new places of exploration were beaming like the sun.  
The enjoyment of journey is what's most important like the birthing of his sun,  
the passing of the journey will be the giving of the kid to the next kid.  
The looking of landscapes already made the road-trip.  
Even through tough times when rain wailed through tears,  
this journey will give us stories to bring back to school about the summer.  
We will cherish the positives and the negatives of the household placed in the van.  
Through experiencing more life with one another we became friends with the van.  
These memories of going to new places will be in my core like the sun.  
Bucklisting things to complete the summer.  
I hope the journey I went through will be a dream for every kid.  
By the end, I hope there are no tears.  
This marks the end of my journey and I hope that there will be another road-trip.  
When thinking of a plan to do for my kids, I could only think of a road-trip.  
The fresh breeze of new air of new places flowing in a van.  
My memories as a child through that journey made my eyes tear.  
My young memories blossomed fueled by my sun.  
This journey will be passing generations of the former kid to the current kid.  
All I can pray now is that this will make their summer like it did for my summer.



# Time's Abstractivity

By : Tyler Vitteck

Grade : 10

In the river of time, we aimlessly float  
Lost in a sea of moments, a haphazard  
boat

Each moment a blur, swiftly fleeting  
In its wake memories quickly retreating

From dawn's first yawn to twilights sigh  
Time spins its yarn a jumbled lie  
In its currents, we stumble and flail  
Through murky waters without sail

Eternal yet fleeting a jumble of noise  
Times whispers unheard, its melody  
devoid of poise  
Through life's chaos its rhythm drones  
Guiding our steps on shattered stones

With each tick of the clock, a forgotten  
tale

In times clumsy, stumble, destinies frail  
So grasp at the void in its endless grime  
For amidst the wreckage, we fumble for  
our time

# **The Ticking Hands of Time**

By : Tyler Vitteck

Grade : 10

Watching the clock go

As the pendulum swings

Repeating over and over without end

Keeping a steady pace as it goes

It's the bone on death's hand

Shaking back and forth repeating

Tick, tick as he sings to me his decaying

Mocking that my days are coming to an  
end

# *Junior*



# Grandma's Old House

By : Jonathan Thomas

Grade : 11

Grandma's old house...

Racing around the house like little children.

All of us barged downstairs to raid grandma's delicious food!

After this, we all have a rush of excitement in order to play in the yard.

The cars rushed up and down the lonely road.

My stomach was filled to the brim like a stuffed pig.

An interesting beast sitting on the porch.. a pig?

The pig sleeps all day on the porch of the run-down house,

watching as the cars pass by the crumbled road.

The pig never experienced what it's like to act like children...

Not being able to wander the muddy yard.

Only being able to sit around because of the obesity of food.

My excitement is drained such as the energy from my delicious food..

But there is one thing that doesn't have excitement but all the food

needed... the pig.

Watching as we wander the yard.

Grandma sitting on the couch in the house.

Filled to the brim with the love of her children.

Not realizing the end of the road...

A huge chunk of regret for me because of this road.

Eating away my sorrow and regret with this delicious food.

My happiness and mindset is as strong as growing children.

Being able to eat like a pig but not look like a pig.

Me building up myself just like a family's house,

With a beautiful surrounding of a small yard.

Sitting with my guard down not thinking of the future in the yard.

Not realizing grandma's soon ending road...

Leaving behind her broken house.

I never experienced treasured memories of creating grandma's delicious  
food.

The road ending slightly shorter than grandma's for the pig.

Leaving behind the heartbroken children.

## **Grandma's Old House (cont.)**

By : Jonathan Thomas

Grade : 11

Now a young teen, looking back at his sad past as a child.  
Remembering the cherished memories with his cousins in that cherished  
yard.

Left behind six feet under with the pig.

The rest of us left behind this lonely road.

Still being the child I once was trying to eat all the food.

I miss grandma's old house...

# **Every Second**

By : Jonathan Thomas

Grade : 11

Time is like an hourglass...  
Slowly seeping down like a fading memory.  
Time can be many things; time can be the time to get  
up.  
Time can be the time to show up to work, or even to fall  
asleep.  
But no matter how much time is given every second is  
meaningful.  
A second is as quick as a batted eye.  
A minute racing against a responding ambulance to the  
scene.  
An hour a day of exercise keeps you physically pure.  
Time can be many things in this world but at some  
point, everyone runs out.  
Time is the most meaningful thing but is the hardest  
thing to grasp.  
People do not understand the concept that every second  
matters.  
The only time that matters to others is days.  
Days melt away like heated steel,  
Just like the rain falling from the sky, seeping into the  
warm earth ground.  
Time is like spinning in a circle with a compass,  
Compasses constantly give directions to north just like  
time moving forwards.  
Compasses can never be reversed south as moving  
backwards.

# **“The Nutcracker” spreads holiday joy across generations**

By : Leah Kubacka

Grade : 11

Holiday traditions come in all forms. From baking cookies to family get-togethers, the most classical and timeless of them all has to be seeing the iconic ballet “The Nutcracker.” Composed by Pyotr Tchaikovsky and choreographed by Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov, the piece debuted in Russia in December 1892. Despite it being over one hundred years old, the ballet is a Christmas tradition for families all over the world to this day and has become a staple for thousands of people.

The Christmas-themed ballet follows a young girl, Clara, who befriends a nutcracker that comes to life on Christmas Eve. Through a series of performances, other toys come to life and help Clara defeat the Mouse King. Shortly thereafter, the nutcracker becomes a prince and takes Clara on a journey through “The Land of the Snow” and “The Land of the Sweets.” Clara finally wakes up from the dream on Christmas morning and reminisces about her adventure.

With a variety of other winter festivities to be celebrated around this time of year, what is it that makes “The Nutcracker” so captivating? For one, the intricate and impressive choreography performed by the selected dancers never fails to amaze a variety of people, ranging from those with dance experience to those without any knowledge of the art.

Sophomore Cameron Johnson, a dancer at Moschetta’s Performing Arts Center, comments that for her, seeing “The Nutcracker” is a vital part of Christmastime and watches the ballet nearly every year with her family.

“I always love to see ‘The Nutcracker’ during the holidays. I think the show is an important part of the season and always brings me so much joy and excitement,” she adds.

“The Nutcracker” is also popular for its enjoyment across multiple generations, which makes it a fantastic family tradition. While most holiday activities are enjoyed by specific age groups, the ballet can be appreciated by all ages. Celebrating the holidays is all about spending time with family, and “The Nutcracker” provides the opportunity to do just that.

Gianna Stiehler, a sophomore at Dance With Me by Sisters 3, remarks that “The Nutcracker” is a classic that thousands of people enjoy every year because of its ability to be watched repeatedly and still amaze people that have seen it plenty of times. She also comments on how it can entertain the entire family.

“I think seeing ‘The Nutcracker’ has become a tradition for so many people because it really resonates with people of all ages. From the story, to the choreography, to the iconic music, it really is a special holiday tradition for so many families,” she explains.

It’s agreed that one of the most iconic ballet pieces of all time is the Christmas-classic “The Nutcracker” for people all over the world. Watch a local rendition of the timeless ballet this holiday season at the Benedum Center in Pittsburgh or at local dance studios offering their version.

# **No Time Like the Present**

By : Sylvia Stoy

Grade : 11

The peculiar stream that flows,  
Containing moments that come and go.  
With a rhythm sublime,  
Memories entwining through the fabric of time.

The morning holds a sun rising high,  
Hues staining the sky make me sigh.  
As the day unfolds, time creeps away,  
Leaving behind echoes of delight and dismay.

With each advancing hour, the world evolves,  
Stories are recounted, and issues are solved.  
Time brings us together, time pulls us apart,  
A persistent companion, an eternal beating heart

Cherish each second, each minute, each day,  
Since time is a gift that won't ever stay.  
Embrace the present, let the past be a guide,  
And make every moment an exceptional ride.



# **Lady of Light**

By : Lillah Clark

Grade : 11

Wind blows through a soft golden crown of hair  
stray pieces tickle her face like a soft feather

The hot sun beams down upon the hill  
shimmering and glowing across her gentle features

An umbrella shades her pale skin from the mark of light  
a figure of shadows are cast upon the land

Grasses are swaying, dancing a gentle motion  
the meadow's greenery has life and emotion

The delicate white dress blows like a cloud through the sky  
garnished with a crimson carnation, a pop of color

Her face is somber as she appreciates the beauty surrounding her  
grass, sun, and sky wrap like a globe around her own beauty

Blue sky dotted with fluffy white clouds shapes soar across the  
atmosphere, creating infinite interpretations

A sense of tranquility floods the ever changing field  
soon enough light will fade to darkness and with light she will forever stay

# **Sweet Childhood**

By : Lillah Clark

Grade : 11

The past, a miraculous thing that fills your memory with some of the best and worst things. I like to focus on the good memories, the ones that bring me joy, but also sadness, to think about...

Just think, it's a mere 4 days before Christmas and you wake up thrilled for the day's events to come. You throw on your favorite Christmas pjs, the ones with the little snowmen, and rush downstairs for breakfast, not even bothering to grab your backpack. You wiggle with excitement as you scarf down the pancakes you mom just made. Today is a big day; it's the day where nothing else matters except for the joy and anticipation, knowing that you are about to be on Christmas break. You hop on the bus, squeezing yourself in the seat next to your best friend. The two of you squeal in excitement, just waiting for the day to unfold. You arrive at school, rushing into your classroom filled with paper snowflakes, crafts, games, and treats. The day passes by in a flash of gingerbread house decorating, holiday crafts, hot chocolate, and your most favorite movies. You leave the school, your arms filled with all of your new treats and creations, so excited to tell your mom all about your day.

Now we try to make it through each week, just waiting for Christmas break to come for a small retreat from our work and problems. I miss the innocence and pure joy of Christmas time that I once felt. I miss the laughter, the magic, and the spirit. I love to recall this sweet memory of my childhood that brought me so much happiness.

## **Dear Future Me...**

By : Leah Falvo

Grade : 11

Dear Future Me,

I hope you get to know me better  
I hope you finally breathe  
I hope you go and send that letter  
I pray you up and leave

I hope you learn to chase your dreams  
I hope you know your part  
I hope you sew up all your seams  
I pray you use your heart

I hope you hold your head up high  
I hope you don't give up  
I hope you look up to the sky  
I pray you raise your cup

I hope you never lose that spark  
I hope you always stay true  
I hope you cherish every mark  
I hope,  
I pray,  
I trust,  
you know I'm rooting for you.

## **Drown Out**

By : Addison McCoy

Grade : 11

Mouths open, words come spilling out like poison  
It's a leak that can never be patched  
Mindless thoughts spew out until they melt into mush  
Colliding like careless cars, a jumble of destruction materializes  
They speak to be heard, yet nobody is listening  
Behind their speech lays no hidden definition  
I yearn for the pieces to assimilate into place  
Headphones, the diadem I wear upon my head  
All at once, everything fades into the background  
Peace of mind flows in like a stream, my soul finally rests  
Vocals validate the vacancy  
Strumming substitutes the screams  
Drums determine the course of daydreams  
Keyboards kill the Kakorrhaphiophobia  
Synthesizers soothe the silence  
Rhythm ridicules the regret  
Beats battle the blabbering  
In a busy life, solace overtakes for a brief moment  
Oh how I long to linger here longer

# **You Walked this Earth**

By : Addison McCoy

Grade : 11

You were once present on this floating orb,  
Full of the wonders of life and the history of mankind.  
Now, I have found myself tethered here.  
I don't know who you are, but you never knew me either.  
My face is a jigsaw puzzle, my voice a burning record.  
Yet the physical archive that was once yours remains.

I've heard your voice in distorted videos,  
Ones recorded on devices that sat to collect dust.  
Many of those tapes are lost to time, no recovery in sight.  
Your pictures, stored in a shoebox in a grimy attic,  
All of them faded from the sun's ultraviolet rays.  
Their true tones will never be revealed.  
Your whole world appeared dull, a colorless life.  
A quiet being, where you entered peacefully  
Yet fought a losing battle in the end.  
I will learn about you from stories, your highs and lows,  
Though, I will never hear it from your perception.

The feeling hasn't truly settled in,  
Knowing that I will not learn more than what is available.  
We'll never sit down and have a conversation.  
I'll never see you watch the world grow as you age.  
Your time ran out before mine could start.  
Yet, our paths will cross again one day.  
We will walk together, and until then,  
I won't let your memory get lost to time.

# **A Collection of Haikus by Zachary Dames**

By : Zachary Dames

Grade : 11

## **False Confidence**

Essay Submitted

Results returned to the door

No peace in our time

## **2008**

Market at new heights

To us the future awaits

Good times never last

## **2003**

Empty the Desert stood

Engine's echos roar again

Back to the sandbox

## **Sisyphus**

Boulder I roll

Content in my punishment

Truly I am free

# Thoughts Before I Fall Asleep

By : Caitlin Nguyen

Grade : 11

We are a hurricane  
Flashes of a life we could have had swirl in my mind  
When we are young on the roof drinking soda out of glass bottles  
Sixty degrees in our hoodies, shorts, and slippers  
Cars twinkle like little lights in the streets of the suburban neighborhood  
The sky clear and yet so full we toss our heads back as we laugh  
Years later we meet in the city full of neon lights  
We sit on a porch above it all and breathe in the toxins  
Wild and carefree the metal etched into our skin  
Our legs dangle from the ledge tangled in the string lights  
You are in this moment everything wrong with me  
I now shut my eyes and wake up on the beach  
It is not sunny but it is snowing  
And then I see you with a slight smile and snowflakes in your hair  
A cliff behind us and atop a house facing the ocean  
Everytime I open my eyes and it is all gone and I feel as though I have lost it all

# Chasing

By : Sophia Zaragoza

Grade : 11

Time, the thief that keeps on stealing  
Lost on a moonlit summer night,  
Every moment so precious  
As a reminder of only one time for living

Time, the thief that keeps on stealing,  
Hoping to catch it again  
Down in earth like a meteorite  
Leaves me chasing for that feeling

Time, the thief that keeps on stealing  
With birds of dawn singing songs anew,  
Leaving the moongrass' enlightenment  
I can only continue searching

Time, the thief that keeps on stealing  
A desire to feel once again  
That elusive feeling as it fades  
Only left with a yearning



# **Backyard**

By : Morgan Baker

Grade : 11

The moon starting to shine  
The rain slowing  
The fog rolling in and the wind pushing the trees

Toads croak  
Birds roost  
Deer eat  
The stars glowing brighter

Dew on the grass  
Ripples on the pond  
They play their nightly game together

# Dissonance

By : Sienna Heasley

Grade : 11



How far we've come...  
How far we'll go...

# Senior

High School  
Year Journal  
2011-2012

# **TLC gives back this holiday season**

By : Addison Paul

Grade : 12

TLC stands for tender love and care, but at Trinity, it also stands for the Trinity Leadership Committee.

The name originated in 2013 when Mrs. Berty and a senior at the time, Sami Golaski, got together to choose a name after wrestling with different options for some time. The play on words of the name perfectly sums up what the goal of TLC is.

The club provides students with an opportunity to help people and do good within their community. It is entirely focused on students helping other students, which makes the club different from others. TLC is always open to any ways to improve and help the school community.

The Trinity Leadership Committee is under a huge umbrella organization called Multiplying Good. This organization provides guidance on how to help the community while encouraging the students to always look to improve themselves and their projects.

One giving-back task that TLC does is make birthday cards. Every month at their meetings, students sign the cards for the teachers and faculty around the school.

The signing of cards may seem like a small task, but the ripple effect of kindness begins, and the club is already seeing a positive impact on the Trinity family. Another activity that TLC leads is the making of holiday cards for over five different local retirement homes around Washington. Each year, hundreds of cards are donated to the elderly residents of the homes that need a pick-me-up during the holiday season.

Many of the residents don't have family members to visit them, so these cards make a huge impact. Many classes at Trinity High School have hopped on the trend, such as Mrs. McCarthy's and Mr. Swarrow's classes, which dedicated an entire day to creating these cards to give back during the holidays. Even the eighth grade students in Mrs. Bristor and Mrs. Richey's history classes created cards after their Veterans Day lesson.

TLC also participates in helping with the collections for Range Resources' 1000 Turkey Drive. The club participated in a town-wide competition between nearby schools to raise money for families in need this Thanksgiving.

Their biggest project is the Silent Disco. The Silent Discos involve students in the special education classes and the students in TLC. The students in special education are provided with a pair of headphones that are adjustable to sound and station. The students have the option to choose from three genres of music. This allows the students to have a sensory-friendly experience while getting to hang out with their friends. Junior Haylee Roupe who participates in the discos said, "They are always awesome.

I love wearing the headphones and listening to country."

## **TLC gives back this holiday season (cont.)**

By : Addison Paul

Grade : 12

Typically, TLC extends the invitation to another school, such as the middle school or Washington High School, to participate at Trinity High School. The students all bond together through this experience and make long-lasting friendships.

The next Silent Disco will be held on December 21, 2023 and will be Christmas-themed with holiday activities where the Trinity middle school special education classes will be in attendance.

This year, the goal of TLC is to continue doing good in their community and school. They hope to have a bigger, prom-like Silent Disco with multiple schools at the end of the year.

The facilitators, Mrs. Berty and Mrs. Giorgi are always looking for other clubs and students to get involved. If anyone is interested in making Trinity a better place, students can email them at [mberty@trinityhillers.net](mailto:mberty@trinityhillers.net) or [jgiorgi@trinityhillers.net](mailto:jgiorgi@trinityhillers.net).

# Trinity football team “heats up” 2023 football season

By : Zoe Neelen

Grade : 12

This season, the football team kept all of their fans on the edge of their seats. After winning the first playoff game and beating some of their rivals, Thomas Jefferson and Chartiers Valley, the boys did an admirable job at keeping the competition hot.

The team had a rigorous practice schedule, spending time practicing drills, plays and workouts Monday-Thursday from 3:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m. and Sunday from 6:00 p.m.-8:15 p.m. on the field or in the athletic center. With all the time the team spent practicing, the boys kept close relationship on and off the field.

“We practice so much we are just always together and that is how we stay so close as a team,” explained Senior Dante DeRubbo.

Now that the new athletic center is open, equipped with an updated weight room and field, this season the team had the opportunity to practice whenever they needed to. Seniors DeRubbo and Tony Chiploetti commented that the new athletic center will be a big deal in years to come for all athletic teams, including the football team, because it will allow teams to work out and practice year round.

This season, the boys faced many challenges that they have come out successful. One of these successes was beating Thomas Jefferson for the first time in 20 years with a score of 26-3. After a competitive game, students and fans rushed the field to congratulate the team and sing the Alma Mater with cheerleaders and football players. DeRubbo and Chipoletti recognize this as one of their favorite football memories.

Turning the football organization into a winning program has been another one of the team’s biggest challenges this season. With hard work and countless hours of practice, the team made it to the playoffs and won the first round against North Catholic. During this game, Senior Braeden Helmcamp recalls his favorite memory, which was having two “sacks” in a playoff game.

Although the team lost the second playoff game, they still kept an admirable mindset and showed their devotion to improve the program. According to DeRubbo, this was made possible by the hard work of the coaches and the cooperation and dedication from the team.

With this being said, the team’s biggest challenges turned into their biggest accomplishments. Football isn’t only about practicing and winning games; some of the players have said they have learned valuable life lessons from the sport. In countless situations, the team had to be resilient and play to the best of their ability. Being able to flip the switch and play their hardest, even in tough situations, has been one of the team’s most valuable lessons.

With the season coming to a close, this year has been one to remember. Seniors urge underclassmen to enjoy the last few years of being able to play Trinity football.

Chipoletti comments, “It goes by really fast. Enjoy every minute and take in every moment.”

Great season, boys! Hiller Nation, let’s ride!

## **Students with special needs are “brewing up” some business**

By : Charlotte Magon

Grade : 12

Coming soon to the Trinity High School Cafeteria is “The Hiller Cafe featuring Crazy Horse Coffee.” Mrs. Giorgi, an Autistic Support teacher, has collaborated with Crazy Horse Coffee owner and operator, James Bendel, to open this stand and to teach students skills that will be useful in the workforce.

“It's going to be a combination of the business class and life skills classrooms. It's a group effort,” says Giorgi.

The students from the life skills and autistic support classroom will be serving and crafting lattes in the stand. They will also be helping manage the stand by doing inventory, grocery shopping, and cleaning.

“They will have real-life coffee shop experience that they can apply to a job in the community,” says Giorgi.

This stand wouldn't have come to life without the support of Crazy Horse Coffee's training and guidance and the grant from Washington Financial that helped pay for all the equipment.

The Hiller Cafe's opening date will be after Thanksgiving in the Trinity High School Cafeteria. The stand will operate from 7:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. during the school day.

“Anyone is welcome to go down and buy a coffee with the teacher's permission,” mentions Giorgi.

This stand will offer coffee treats such as hot chocolate, espressos, Americanos, lattes, and chai tea. These products can only be purchased with a card; no cash will be accepted.

Everyone in the special education department is thrilled about this opportunity.

“The most difficult part is waiting to see everything come to fruition,” comments Giorgi.

This new coffee stand can be a great way to interact with new people and the school community. It may also be a way to save a few dollars on an expensive coffee from Starbucks and Dunkin'.

“If we have our own [coffee shop] here we will give you Starbucks/Dunkin' quality coffee,” says Giorgi.

Make sure to stop by the stand after Thanksgiving break to support the students and grab a quality drink!

# Hamlet AP Analysis

By : Carrie Proudfit

Grade : 12

Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be" in *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare is about Hamlet contemplating whether or not he should commit suicide to end his anguish. Even though Hamlet is in extreme emotional pain, he is distressed whether it is more cowardly to kill himself without facing his problems. William Shakespeare employs juxtaposition, metaphors, diction, and punctuation to convey the universal struggle experienced when life throws challenges in one's way.

Shakespeare conveys Hamlet's severe dejection after stalling the vengeance of his father's death. In the very beginning of the soliloquy, he utilizes juxtaposition in the iconic quote "To be or not to be," which immediately offsets the expectations for the speech. The question simply asks whether to exist or not. This beginning to the soliloquy is unique because the question makes the speech relatable when usually soliloquies are about personal thoughts and situations. Instead of using personal pronouns, Hamlet repeats the words "us" and "we" throughout the speech. The question of "to be or not to be" emulates contrast because a noble should not be grouping himself with common people, especially in a speech used to express personal emotions. The fact that Hamlet is descending to a common level shows that he has abandoned superiority, which is uncommon for the hierarchy in Elizabethan England. Unlike many princes, Hamlet accepts himself as a standard human who experiences things the same as his inferiors. Hamlet is showing signs of corruption and emotional distress by expressing that he is one with ordinary people. Furthermore, Shakespeare uses an extended metaphor throughout the soliloquy with the comparison of "to die, to sleep." Although these two states may seem completely unrelated at first glance, Hamlet sees it differently: Both are experienced by every single person, and both permit a state of maximized peace. Hamlet takes a more philosophical route when contemplating death at this point in the speech. He considers the factors all of humankind shares: sleep and death. Sleep and death bring the human mind to a state of complete tranquility that can only be achieved once in these states. So, the comparison between sleep and death further connects Hamlet to common people, signifying corruption in the mind of a nobleman like himself. Again, Hamlet ranking himself among commoners while he is the heir to the throne shows extreme turmoil and emotional distress because that is not how princes are expected to perceive themselves. Finally, Shakespeare involves connotative diction at the beginning of the speech by using battle-like terms like "slings and arrows" to connote the fight against death. Of course, he realizes this would be a futile fight because, no matter what position he holds as a nobleman, he will die. The description of his fight against death makes him realize that there will be a negative effect no matter which decision he makes. This realization troubles him further when he cannot just do whatever will cause the least heartache.



## Hamlet AP Analysis (cont.)

By : Carrie Proudfit

Grade : 12

Shakespeare reveals the strain on Hamlet's mind as to whether the endurance of life's hardships or suicide is more cowardly. Throughout the entire soliloquy, he uses dashes to represent Hamlet's broken thoughts, such as in the excerpt "No more—and by a sleep to say we end." Dashes are used in Hamlet's speech to represent his broken thoughts and the many different things he is thinking about while considering suicide. This constant change in thought that Hamlet expresses explores Hamlet's primary flaw of overthinking, and overthinking stops people from taking action. Specifically in this soliloquy, Hamlet goes from depicting his "sea" of emotions to hypothesizing what comes after death in a matter of a few lines. His inability to settle on one idea to cogitate makes it nearly impossible for him to decide which route is more cowardly. Additionally, Hamlet advances his comparison of sleep and death by further comparing death to an "undiscovered country" through another metaphor. He reasons that death is like a foreign country that nobody ever comes back from. This comparison demonstrates that nobody knows what the afterlife holds, and additionally, nobody can come back from the dead. He sees that most people would rather suffer in their miserable lives than face the unknown, which is cowardly in Hamlet's eyes. Near the end of the soliloquy, denotative diction is used in the word "quietus," which denotes a final settlement. In this case, Hamlet uses the word to mean of surrendering himself to death. After listing off the miseries that life offers, he says that most people would choose death, but there is also misery there. Suicide would be the easy way out of a miserable situation like the ones he listed, so he decides the "quietus" would be the cowardly thing to do.

In the "To be or not to be" soliloquy in *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare, Hamlet vacillates between the decision to kill himself or endure his hardships and gain justice for his father. Similarly, every person has their misfortunes and is given the decision to face those problems or run away from them.

## Fourteen

By : Finley Hohn

Grade : 12

Oh for life to be as easy as it was when I was fourteen  
Sounds like summer and feels like the breeze when no one is mean  
Pool days and grilled chicken  
The time always seemed to quicken  
Lighter and softer transformed my hair mane  
The flowers and grass danced in the rain  
I swam in the water slithering like a snake  
As my mom watched and laughed while she gardened with a rake  
The peaceful rhythm of my dad's piano  
Made my stomach turn resenting the days of snow  
Thinking about Winter cuts me like a knife  
But that's just a part of life  
Long drives during sunset in my dad's Chevy  
It makes me sad and it hits so heavy  
Because when days were as simple as ice cream and a spoon  
I was so happy I felt like I was on the moon  
It didn't matter if I was at home  
And it didn't matter if I was in Rome  
But the feeling of growing up bites me like venom  
Because all that mattered was the shirt I wore with my denim  
All the junk we ate at Sheetz  
No one had to keep track of our sweets  
They told us not to jaywalk  
But all we thought of was drawing with chalk  
But as we grow up we leave the memories in the trash  
Soon we'll be walking at graduation with a blue sash  
While cutting our cakes saving us a slice  
Taking for granted our high school years, should make us think twice

# To Be or Not to Be: An Analysis

By : Matthew Heffner

Grade : 12

The “To be or not to be” soliloquy from *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare is about the titular character’s ponderings on his own mortality and how he believes that suicide is the logical option that should be chosen to escape the cruelty of life. Yet, he concedes that the uncertainty of the afterlife is what prevents him and others from carrying out this rational course of action and ending themselves. Shakespeare uses diction, personification, form, metaphor, and imagery to convey how the fear of what lies beyond the mortal realm can quell the human instinct to end it all.

The initial conclusion that Hamlet draws with regard to death is that it is something to be embraced and that the agonizing nature of life warrants a swift suicide. Shakespeare makes Hamlet employ diction such as “troubles,” “heartache,” and “shocks” while the character is lamenting what life presents to the average person. These words denote misfortunes, mental anguish, and sudden upsetting events. Hamlet thus paints life as a thing rife with pain, a constant, cacophonous bombardment of adversity that wounds the flesh and mind. So, for Hamlet, it then logically follows that putting an end to the horrendous storm of life through suicide is the clearest course of action, as peace can only be attained once the chaos of the mortal coil has been eliminated. This train of thought is compounded by the personification that Shakespeare has Hamlet utilize in his soliloquy. Fortune is portrayed as a bellicose entity shooting “slings and arrows” at the living, and time is rendered as bearing “whips and scorns” against those who experience it. Both of these core aspects of the human experience, fate and the passage of time, are presented with an air of savagery in Hamlet’s description, which, though figurative, applies soundly to reality. Though not through actual warlike volleys, fortune, and luck can still hurt the living through the chance moments of anguish that are presented over the course of a lifetime, and time may still lash at a man, not with a whip but instead with the wrinkles and aches of old age. Hamlet reasons that, since these key factors that constitute the human condition are bent on causing as much pain to the living as possible, “to die,” the ultimate defiance against life, is therefore the optimal way to fight back against this dismal reality. Hamlet’s syntax within the soliloquy is also another element Shakespeare wields to convey the character’s state of mind, specifically with Hamlet’s long set of grievances which he begins listing in line 15 (“For who would...”). Here, Hamlet outlines many more hardships that are presented to the living, like prideful people, unrequited love, and unjust legal systems. The list drones on for multiple lines, once again conjuring the image of a disorderly, treacherous whirlwind of misfortunes which matches how Hamlet feels about life. Yet, the list is capped with the notion that a man, presented with this unrelenting torrent, could “his quietus make / With a bare bodkin.” The long, winding list which Hamlet has just presented is juxtaposed by the conciseness of this notion. Ending one’s life in response to life is juxtaposed with the conciseness of his suggestion to commit suicide with a mere knife. As such, embracing death in response to the world’s harshness, in Hamlet’s eyes, is the elementary solution to a monumentally insurmountable and complex problem.

## **To Be or Not to Be: An Analysis (cont.)**

By : Matthew Heffner

Grade : 12

However, there is one essential “rub,” or difficulty, that Hamlet acknowledges as the reason for man’s hesitation to take the plunge into blackness, that of the disquieting uncertainty in which the afterlife is shrouded. Shakespeare has Hamlet first confront this realization in the midst of an extended metaphor. Hamlet compares death to “sleep,” likening the peaceful, unbothered state that those in slumber find themselves in to the eternal rest which death would give to himself. Yet Hamlet, in a moment of sudden clarity, adds the idea of dreaming to the metaphor. “To dream,” Hamlet reasons, is to confront an uncertain outcome, one where both wonderful visions and horrifying nightmares are possible. Death should give similar motivation to “pause,” then, because the experiences of the deceased, whether good or bad, cannot be known to the living, mirroring the nature of dreams. This, Hamlet argues, is the critical fear preventing him and others from carrying out the aforementioned suicide that seemed so alluring. Shakespeare has Hamlet append this idea through visual imagery later in the speech. Hamlet illuminates how “the native hue of resolution, / Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” depicting a clear, solid color becoming sullied and opaque through an external contaminant. The solid color symbolizes decisiveness, specifically in the context of the speech, to follow through with the suicide, while the contaminant is the burden of overthinking, specifically the hesitation that the unknowns of the afterlife bring and thus put a halt to said suicide. Consequently, the decision to promptly end his life to escape the perils of living loses its clarity and reasonableness through the unsureness brought about while Hamlet contemplates what lies beyond death—a resoluteness crushed by the weight of thoughts, as is so common of the human psyche. Throughout the entire soliloquy, the punctuation decisions that Shakespeare makes when expressing Hamlet’s manner of speech further illustrate the uncertainty that creeps into his viewpoints. The beginning of the speech is abundant with dashes, creating a sporadic way of speaking that indicates Hamlet is undergoing a sort of philosophical epiphany, where he extols the desirableness of suicide. The speech then shifts to making heavy use of question marks as his aforementioned epiphany begins to lose its clarity. He desperately questions who would be willing to bear the never-ending calamities of life if what comes after it was known. The interrogative nature of his pleas creates an aura of irresolution which parallels the unknowable nature of life after death. Hamlet then finally declares that this hesitation toward the unfathomability of the afterlife is what puts a moratorium on his desire for death, and is the crux of why he is so torn on all of the issues he presents in this soliloquy.

In brief, this soliloquy chronicles the mind of a man split between the sweet release of death and the knowable nature of the living world. The ideas that Shakespeare has Hamlet explore in relation to death and mortality are universal and remain relevant even in today’s world, no doubt contributing to the legendary status of this speech.

## **“To be, or not to be” Soliloquy**

By : Payton Wright

Grade : 12

In Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," by William Shakespeare, Hamlet reveals the conflict he is facing internally with whether he should live or die. Hamlet is wrestling with the possibility of relief that death holds and the underwhelming comfort that living has. But Hamlet tends to overthink, and the unknown of what comes with the afterlife makes him hesitant. Shakespeare utilized metaphors, diction, and a volta to express the mental conflict that can occur within oneself. Shakespeare reveals how, although people hesitate, they will always yearn for what they can't have, especially when it comes to the relief one can obtain through death.

Shakespeare uses a metaphor and different forms of diction to express the teetering of Hamlet's emotions between life and death frequently. Hamlet's debate between life and death is made no more apparent than in his very first line. Hamlet opens up his soliloquy with the line "To be, or not to be—that is the question." Shakespeare uses negative diction primarily in this line. Hamlet favors death in a certain aspect because one wouldn't question the idea of living or dying in the first place if the pain and urge weren't prominent. To open up with such a heavy question reveals the mental state he is in—a heavy, serious, and painful state. Hamlet proceeds with his heavy mental state, using a metaphor in the fourth and fifth lines, stating, "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles and, by opposing, end them." Hamlet uses these lines to compare his struggles to the sea. Hamlet feels as though his struggles are so immense that they can relate to the size of a sea. He also says, "by opposing, end them," meaning that if he ends his life, it would also end his problems. He seems sure about the death, reveling in the assumption that it would end all of his pain. This brings to the forefront the universal idea of how deeply people yearn for relief from the world and its pain. Utilized as well is diction, where Shakespeare uses words like "die," "sleep," "end," "heartache," "shock," and "flesh" to connote a negative feeling as they relate to pain and a momentary or permanent escape. Hamlet is thinking negatively when it comes to his life; all he can think of is the pain that his life has and how he desires to find a way to end that pain. He describes how his pain relates to the feeling of heartaches and a thousand natural shocks—he is mentally on edge—the pain is so immense. He wants to end that pain, but he doesn't know if the full commitment of death is worth it when he could sleep instead, even though he would still have to wake up and face the pain once again. This circles back to the idea that people will hesitate for something and yet still yearn for it deep down.

## **“To be, or not to be” Soliloquy (cont.)**

By : Payton Wright

Grade : 12

Shakespeare also uses a volta, a metaphor, and a form of diction to demonstrate the hesitancy Hamlet has for death and how, although life has brought him nothing but pain, he at least knows what occurs in it. In line five, Hamlet connotes two forms of escapism, “To die, to sleep,” as they have the same idea of escaping from the real world, one just being more permanent than the other. Hamlet, in this soliloquy, reflects on the idea of dying frequently but always seems to go back to the unknown of dying and how he seems scared of the commitment. He relates dying to sleep because he can skip the commitment of death and avoid the unknown of after-death by sleeping instead. So to him, sleeping substitutes death. It can give him a momentary escape from life. Following that, Hamlet reveals the conflict of the idea that no one knows what life is like after death in lines 23–27, using a metaphor. The line starts as “But that the dread of something after death, the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.” Hamlet overthinks living and dying so much that he simply cannot decide. Because even when he comes to a slight decision, he overthinks it more. In this situation, the idea of what there is after death scares him. He compares it to a country no one has discovered, and in that case, no one would know what that undiscovered country holds. So he relates it to death, as no one knows what it holds because no one has died and been able to come back. This idea of no return makes Hamlet hesitant as he questions if it will hold what he wants, and if it doesn't, he fears he will be stuck.

Which causes a conflict in Hamlet's mind because, although he is eager to die to escape his pain, he can't settle with the fact that it's not what he hoped it would be. And yet, although he knows he is hesitant, as he has been throughout his soliloquy, he still yearns for death. Hamlet still discusses the idea of what death could be like for him. Finally, Shakespeare creates a shift in Hamlet's soliloquy using a volta between lines 27 and 28, as line 28 starts with the word "thus." The line continues, “Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.” This line reveals Hamlet is coming to a conclusion of some sort, something he was struggling with throughout the soliloquy. Hamlet had been so back and forth when it came to dying or living, never being able to decide 100%. Hamlet says the conscience makes cowards of everyone, as he had over thought each situation, leading to his not being able to decide what he wanted. Even now, as he says “thus,” he doesn't come to a stable conclusion; he just knows he can't commit to death, which is the closest conclusion Hamlet can give.

Shakespeare's "To Be or Not to Be" soliloquy for Hamlet expresses the internal struggle Hamlet has over whether to live or die. Hamlet struggles with his belief that death can bring him relief and the little comforts of life. However, Hamlet has a tendency to overthink things and is cautious because he doesn't know what the afterlife holds. Shakespeare expressed the internal tension that can arise in oneself through metaphors, diction, and a volta. Shakespeare shows how people would always want for what they cannot have, regardless of whether they hesitate, especially when it comes to the comfort that comes with dying.

# Hamlet AP Essay

By : Sydney Wahl

Grade : 12

In the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," Shakespeare captures Hamlet's conflicting grief and emotional turmoil over his existence, questioning if the unknowns of death are worth the apprehension that keeps people alive, even with all the pain and troubles inherent to life on Earth. Shakespeare uses metaphors, diction, and imagery to illustrate man's perpetual wrestling with the ideas of life and death.

To begin, Shakespeare uses visual imagery, negative diction, and a metaphor to describe "the heartache and the thousand natural shocks / that flesh is heir to," revealing Hamlet's grief over all the pain and troubles of this world. Hamlet poses his infamous question, "To be, or not to be," and soon after speaks on the latter option through a metaphor, stating, "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles / and, by opposing them, end them." Here Shakespeare proposes the option of taking one's own life as an end to all of life's problems, which he compares to "a sea of troubles." Through this metaphor, we see that Hamlet views these Earthly troubles as both futile and exhausting, much like how a drowning person will fight against the waves and currents of the sea until they can fight no more and are inevitably pulled under the water's surface. In this sense, Shakespeare implies that no matter how hard we fight against these troubles, death will take us in the end, so our fighting is truly futile. Soon after, Hamlet poses the rhetorical question, "For who would bear the whips and scorns of time," followed by a list of many injustices he has faced, indirectly calling out many who have wronged him. In this line alone, Shakespeare's use of the words "whips" and "scorns" employs negative diction, used to further emphasize Hamlet's grief toward the pains and troubles of this Earth. He feels as if life itself exists as pain and punishment, as both words bring about these feelings. Shakespeare continues with this idea as Hamlet laments, "Who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life." This quote provides the visual imagery of man struggling to hold up to the burden of life and growing weak under its weight. Again, this further shows Hamlet's grievances toward life and all the troubles that man must bear. Altogether, Shakespeare repeatedly reveals Hamlet's deep sorrow over the pain and suffering that man must bear throughout his life, and suggests suicide as a solution to end these Earthly troubles.

## **Hamlet AP Essay (cont.)**

By : Sydney Wahl

Grade : 12

Despite Hamlet's deep despair about all the pains of life on Earth, apprehension toward the unknowns after death stops him from taking any action. Shakespeare conveys this anxiety that keeps Hamlet from ending his life through metaphor, denotative diction, and visual imagery. In his lamenting, Hamlet explains his hesitation, stating, "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, / When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, / must give us pause." The word pause denotes a temporary stop or hesitation in action, referring to this anxious overthinking that keeps Hamlet alive. This quote shows that the fear of the unknown ("dreams") that accompanies death causes man, including Hamlet, to stop momentarily, hesitating to end their own lives for fear of what may come next. This hesitation continues with Shakespeare's use of a metaphor comparing death to dangerous and uncharted territory. Hamlet remarks, "But that dread of something after death, the undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveler returns." Through this, Shakespeare highlights the finality of death and absolution surrounding the choice to end one's life, which we see creates much anxiety for Hamlet. His anxious overthinking continues through the volta of this soliloquy, where Hamlet concludes, "And thus the native hue of resolution / is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." This description provides the visual imagery of a bright light (Hamlet's resolute choice of ending his own life) continually dimming the longer he thinks about this decision, further stressing the effect of Hamlet's anxious and overthinking mind. As seen in these three examples, Hamlet's overthinking results in much apprehension toward the idea of death and stops him from taking any action against his own life, even despite his insurmountable grief over all the pain and troubles inherent to life on Earth.

In conclusion, in the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," Shakespeare illustrates Hamlet's conflicting emotions surrounding life and death, specifically how his apprehension towards what follows death prevents him from ending his life, even with the many troubles and pains that burden him on this Earth. Shakespeare conveys Hamlet's emotions through multiple uses of metaphors, diction, and imagery, revealing man's everlasting turmoil over life and death.



## Planet Poems

By : Isaiah Kimble

Grade : 12

Mercury

First

The best

Sun told me

I told the rest

I'm the messenger

But he grew, the sun grew

Too busy for me

He's famous now

Venus

I'm the hottest planet

Fertile, lovely, gorgeous,

jealous.

Why does Earth carry life?

He cannot handle

The countervailing duty

Of precious life and death



Earth

Celebrated and destroyed

Adored and abhorred

I gave life, Their life takes mine

"We need a new Earth" they whine

I raised you, I made you what you are

Love me, show appreciation

Or you won't live to see my next

creation



Mars

You're on the way

Something I thought I'd never say

I stand stoic, but every part of me

screams

Only a witness soon to be victim

To your inevitable damnation

Something I thought I'd never say

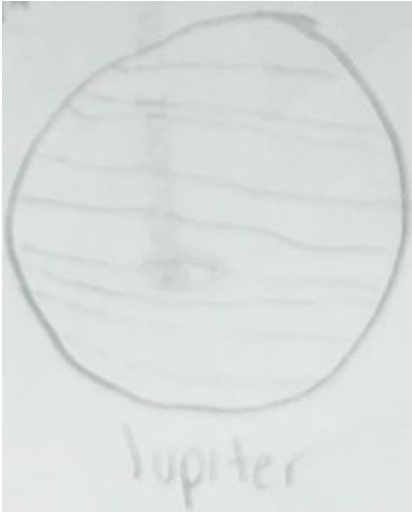
You're on the way



## Planet Poems (cont.)

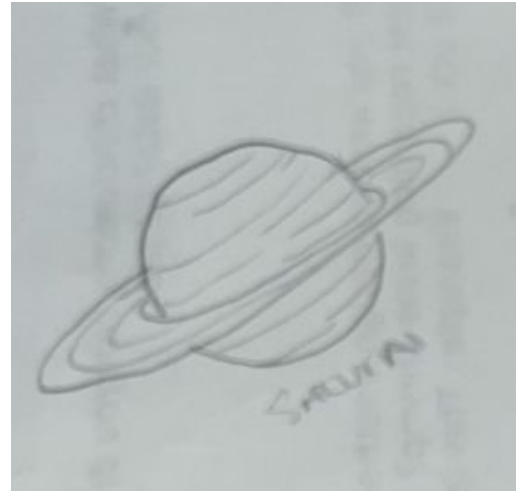
By : Isaiah Kimble

Grade : 12



Jupiter  
I've always been the biggest  
The baddest  
Set flame to me destruction  
Combustion  
Sky opens into thunder  
Und der Brand  
Planeten kennt mich nicht  
Ich erzähle ein größerer Stolz  
Aber Ich bin innen klein

Saturn  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7  
Ringe  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6th  
Planet  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
Milliarden Jahre  
1 + 2 + 3 + 4  
Mal größer als Erd  
1, 2, 3  
Gründe sollte ich  
erste sind  
1, 2  
Gründe sollte ich  
erste sind  
1  
Grund  
Ich bin am besten



## Planet Poems (cont.)

By : Isaiah Kimble

Grade : 12



Uranus

Bow to me

I created you

Not Gaea

She holds you captive

If it were up to me

With a temper as thin as pencil tips is

You'd freeze on my surface

Ungrateful, for I am the father

Your world falls to me

Neptune

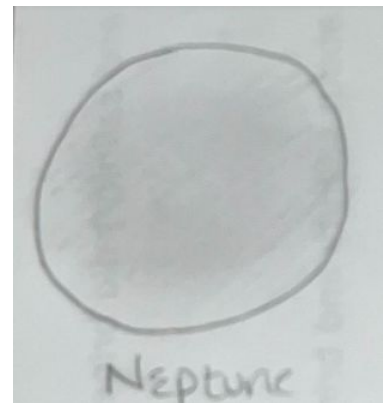
I'm cold but this blue is bold

I'm ice but my views suffice

I'm fountains frozen but your eyes will drown in

I'm heaven, I give life seventy-seven times seven

I'm Neptune, I'll be on top soon



Pluto

Day by day

Minute by minute

I slowly fade away

Not out of sight,

But out of the fight

The fight to be seen



# **Strings of Life**

By : Nathan Sander

Grade : 12



## **Submission Guidelines**

Any student at Trinity High School is eligible to submit multiple works of writing to *Istoria*. All school appropriate works will be accepted. Submissions are accepted from January 1 - April 4 of each school year, with the publication being created and distributed in May of each year. All entries must be electronically submitted via email to [literaryjournal@trinityhillers.net](mailto:literaryjournal@trinityhillers.net) on a Google Doc. Please make sure to include your name and the title of the work in the header of the document. When applicable, please type each entry. All submissions will be edited for grammar and mechanics, as appropriate. Questions? Please contact Ms. Shaw at the email [kshaw@trinityhillers.net](mailto:kshaw@trinityhillers.net) or come down to room 166 for more information.

## **Colophon**

The Literary Magazine is available in hard copy print form, with an electric version available on the high school's website, [www.trinitypride.org](http://www.trinitypride.org). This issue of the Literary Magazine was designed and formatted using Google Slides. The front and back cover were designed by Trinity High School student Sienna Heasley. The section divider photos were taken, as well as edited, by Trinity High School students Nathan Sander and Zoe Kumpfmiller. The Literary Magazine is funded by the National Honor Society of Trinity High School and are given to students who contribute. A digital copy is available for students, teachers, and community members on the District's webpage, [www.trinitypride.org](http://www.trinitypride.org).



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50  
YEARS

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