



PINE-RICHLAND RAMPAGE

THURSDAY APRIL 11 TH , 2024 № 16

"DELIVERING HIGH SCHOOL NEWS...ONE PAGE AT A TIME."



PR Chess Club: Meet the Members Behind their First Open Success

BROOKE DEEGAN STAFF WRITER



Juniors Matteo Rotelli and Michael Tunder

On March 6th, the PR Chess Club successfully hosted its first Pine-Richland Open, an enthralling tournament in which several school districts around the area came together to compete in multiple rigorous rounds of chess. Taking place at the NA Baiert Center, this event was a wonderful time for everyone involved-- from the officers and organizers themselves to the competing PR students, to those who came from neighboring districts. Mutual passion, knowledge, and adoration for the cognitive pastime fueled the bright participants as they engaged in each intense game of chess, and such a rewarding experience would not have been possible without the thoroughly intricate planning of PR's Chess Club.

"At our tournament, we were tabulating and making match-ups. Everyone was yelling, and it was really hectic and fun," said junior Matteo Rotelli as he described the vibrant scene of the Open and the officers' role in executing it.

Sophomore Adam Proctor who was not affiliated with organizing the thrilling event but took great joy in participating, believed his favorite aspect of the tournament to be learning from other like-minded students.

"The Open was a fun experience. To be able to compete against very smart kids from other schools in the area was a great opportunity, and I loved it."

When elaborating on those who attended the event and competed against PR's own, junior Shubham Tewari explained, "I think NA has a lot of popularity with chess. They had two teams at Pine-Richland's chess tournament, and both of their teams won first and second [places]."

In addition to large-scale occasions such as the Pine-Richland Open, the Chess Club hosts a multitude of in-house tournaments and meetings, typically every other week during the activity period in the GATE Room (102). These meetings are characterized by an adequately welcoming atmosphere in which people of any skill level can attend and obtain new knowledge whilst competing against other chess fanatics. The more experienced players and officers of the club often meander around the room, carefully surveying matches and assisting players who need guidance. Matches and meetings such as these can tend to be rather eclectic, considering the varying experience levels of participants, but are an amusing time for those involved nonetheless. They are largely arranged by the founder of the Chess Club, Will Tamburri, alongside Dr. Poole, the club's sponsor and an admired PR teacher.

Junior Will Tamburri created the Chess Club at the beginning of his sophomore year of high school, throughout the autumn of



Students competing at the PR Open

CONTINUED...



(Left to right) Juniors Michael Tunder, Sean Burke, Matteo Rotelli, Will Tamburri, Shubham Tewari, Aris Kralios, Ian Hurt, and Allen Chen in an interview with the Rampage

2022. His recognition of the massive amount of interest in chess among PR students combined with the lack of organized manners of playing it at school inspired him to take on the task of founding this remarkable club. Because he grew up infatuated with the essence of the game, his genuine passion for chess amplified the club's success and even catalyzed many people's love for it, such as Michael Tunder, another junior and avid member of the PR Chess Club.

“Chess is simply a board game, but to us, it is a way of life,” said Tamburri.

Although there are a plethora of exceedingly skilled chess players within the club, there is one who is particularly renowned among the majority of the members... And that is Allen Chen. A junior here at PR, Chen is widely regarded as an incredible player, largely because of his strategic patience and observant

nature.

He explained, **“The way I play, I try to find openings and my opponent's weaknesses... And when they make a mistake, I capitalize on it.”**

Matches may seem to be nothing short of simple to brilliant players like Allen Chen, but there are most certainly challenges embedded within them regardless of who is playing.

Michael Tunder said, “It's difficult to out think your opponent.”

“The hardest part is there are so many options, and so many different ways to play. No game is the same game,” said Matteo Rotelli.

The Chess Club currently has a myriad of members, consisting mainly of the sophomore and junior classes, along with a promising group of incoming freshmen they expect to see next year (students who are in eighth grade at the moment). However, despite all of the present and up-and-coming players, they are always looking to expand their community. If you have any interest in joining this extraordinarily entertaining and logical club for future competitive Opens or tranquil recreational matches, contact the club sponsor, Dr. Poole, or officers Will Tamburri, Matteo Rotelli, Michael Tunder, and Ian Hurt for more information.

A Different Perspective on Sleep: How the Times Have Changed

ELLA BARKLEY STAFF WRITER

Sleep. Seems like such a tiny portion of our busy day, but in reality, most of the time we sleep for at least 1/3 of the day. Crazy how over time our opinions on sleep change drastically.

I hate going to sleep.

The year is 2010. You hate going to bed. You hate being told to take a nap. You hate having to go to bed so much earlier than your older siblings. That feeling of fearing you are missing out on something has set in and all you want to do is stay up all night playing with your toys. Your mom just told you 10 more minutes and then you're headed upstairs to take a bath and get changed into your PJs and soon enough

you'll be in bed. You think to yourself, “Why do I have to go to bed while everyone else is doing something? It makes absolutely no sense.” Everyone else in the family gets to hang out downstairs having a bunch of fun while you are stuck in bed upstairs being forced to close your eyes and go to sleep. Your parents didn't know how much energy you still had left to burn off. It doesn't get much

CONTINUED...



worse when the sun is still setting and you're in bed trying to fall asleep. I mean don't get me wrong, you love sleeping, but the thought of going to bed and missing out on all the fun isn't what gets you excited. It feels like all hope is lost and you get stuck picking the short straw out of the hat.

I love going to sleep.

The year is 2024. You love going to bed. Every chance you get, you try to take a nap or relax in your bed. But that doesn't always work. There seems to be something happening during all hours of the day. How are you supposed to be fitting in those 8 hours of sleep you're recommended to get everyday? Instead of being forced to go to sleep at a

certain time by your parents every night as a child, you have to make time in your schedule to fit in sleeping, which isn't easy. You know you need the sleep, but the time for it just isn't working out. Instead of being mad when you go to sleep like you were as a kid, you are so exhausted from the tiring day, that it feels like you're laying on a cloud when your head hits that pillow at the end of the night. If you could stay there all day, you totally would. After a day that you never thought would end, your bed is the first place you want to head to to catch up on sleep.

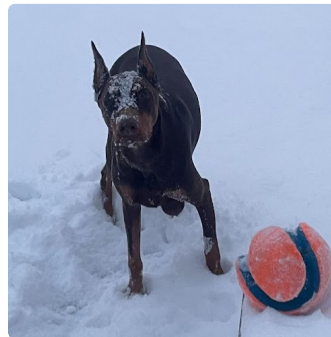
Who would have thought that your viewpoints on sleep would differ in just a couple of years? Crazy to think that our parents forced us to go to sleep at a time during our lives and we tried to decline it.

Grieving the Loss of a Childhood Pet: We all Grow Up

FRANCESCA GUZZY STAFF WRITER

Owning a pet is like gaining another sibling, especially at a young age. Watching your pet grow old and as well as your pet watching you blossom into a teenager, creates an incredible bond. Not only does aging with your pet grow such a strong attachment, but it also builds many routines such as getting greeted by your energetic dog as soon as you burst open your door, or hearing your cat scratch at your door over and over again to get in, lay on your bed for 3 seconds, then leave again. These habits build into our everyday life; your pet will gain its personality, you will play with them, take them on walks, laugh with them, cry with them, and spend all the little moments together. You will both notice everything about one another: the second you're sad, your pet will be on the rescue, licking your face and getting hair everywhere, in an attempt to cheer you up, as well as we notice the little things too; as our pets grow older, we notice how a pet maybe can't jump as high anymore, or lose its crazy spunk they've always had due to aging. You have limited time together. You'd spend as much time as possible with one another, all the way until it's your turn to comfort your pet, and never leave their side. The time after your childhood pet passes, you feel a sense of quietness in the house, no more sound of the screeching barks at squirrels, no more getting greeted first thing by them, no more playing with their favorite toy together, and no more gross licking and drooling. You'll miss them greatly.

For example, my childhood dog, Rose, a doberman, passed away a few weeks ago. As said before,



Rose as an Adult (7)

many habits were made when she was around: we had to put our socks in a high place to prevent her from eating them, we'd constantly hear the jingles of the bells placed on the door, signaling she wanted to leave, always getting instantly greeted by her slobbery smile right as I walked through the door, and so many more. She had a crazy sassy personality and always wanted your attention; she was a goofy dog. Rose comforted my family and me countless times and was always there for us, and we were there for all the way until the end. I know losing a pet is extremely hard, but we need to always remember that they are always there for us, still greeting us at the door, slobbering everywhere, and always having a smile plastered on their face no matter what.



Francesca Holding Rose as a Puppy



“I Don’t Want a Puppy:” *Discovering Different Love for a Pet*

ELLA BARKLEY STAFF WRITER

I didn’t want a puppy to join my family.

Hard to believe, isn’t it? It’s not that I don’t like puppies or pets in general; I just didn’t think a new puppy would benefit my family. Don’t get me wrong--I love going over to my family and friends’ houses to see their sweet and playful dogs-- I just didn’t want the craziness and responsibilities that came along with a new puppy. I know my family and I knew that it was going to be way too much for us. But my family didn’t take my advice. I didn’t get my way. So on August 4th, 2023, my family adopted a 2 month mini goldendoodle puppy named Nora for my sister’s birthday. As you can imagine, my family was ecstatic and over the moon. I on the other hand wanted nothing to do with her. I wouldn’t even glance in her direction let alone hold the tiny 5 pound puppy. Sure, she was cute and all, but I wasn’t letting that fool me.



Ella Barkley's Puppy Nora

I knew that our lives were now going to be controlled by this stupid dog. Instead of sleeping in during the last month before school started, I was getting woken up by her needing to go out in the middle of the night. Instead of us going up to see my cousins who live in Michigan during the summer, we had to reschedule because we had to train the puppy. Somehow it was always Nora’s fault. All of my predictions were accurate and I continued to remind my entire family multiple times, “Whose idea was it to get the puppy?”

But the times have changed since the beginning of August. I was forced to stay home with Nora and make sure she didn’t get into anything a couple days before school started. This is when I created a special bond with her. It was almost like something in my brain clicked where I knew that I loved this puppy even though she was a lot of work. The puppy I never wanted in the first place soon became someone I couldn’t live without. I couldn’t imagine our lives without her in it. When I arrive home from school everyday and I see her wagging tail, my heart just melts. It’s hard to think of when I would come home from school when I was younger and not get jumped on by a puppy.

It doesn’t matter what people say, dogs definitely put a smile on your face when you need it most. Although I’m definitely not her favorite, which makes sense, since I ignored her for the first two weeks, we are slowly but surely getting along. I guess everything does work out for a reason. Only problem is that I won’t see her everyday once I leave for college in less than two years. If you would have told me in August that I would be sad to leave this new edition to our family, I would have laughed. Crazy how one little puppy can change your entire perspective on life.



Nora



My Dainty, Downy Dogs: *I love my pups*

MADDY HOMER STAFF WRITER

27mhomer86@prrams.org

I have two dogs, Daisy and Skylar. Daisy is a havanese poodle mix also called a “havapoo” and Skylar is a lab poodle mix or “labradoodle.” Daisy is three years old and Skye is two. One of my favorite things to do with my dogs is give them a “spa day.” My mom and I do this with our dogs a lot over the summer. We use facemasks and brush their fur. Daisy loves this and would probably do it everyday if she could. Skye likes it but she's so wiggly due to all her excitement.



Maddy's Puppy Daisy

Daisy absolutely loves everything about relaxing. She is always laying on her back and searching for someone to give her belly rubs. Her favorite thing to do is lay by the fire or lay in the sun. She is quite lazy, but also has random bursts of energy in which she will play with her sister and have her chase her all around the house. Her favorite foods are bagels, eggs, and blueberries. She is good at listening when she wants to be, and one of her best and only tricks is giving high fives. If there was to be an award given out to the laziest dog, Daisy would without a doubt win that award.

Skye is extremely energetic. I could argue that she is the happiest dog on this planet. Her tail doesn't stop wagging. She is always excited and happy to meet new people but is also just happy in general. I would consider her to be very clingy. After naming her Skye my family and I joked that we should've named her “Shadow” because she always follows us around and always wants to be near us. She has so much energy and one of her favorite things to do is play fetch in the backyard. She loves to swim. If she loves anything more than playing fetch, it's playing fetch in the pool. She loves to with her toys and is always looking for someone to play with her.



Maddy's Puppy Skye

Did you know that many dogs can sense when you are sad? Many dogs can get a sense of how we are feeling and if we need a little extra attention. This is released in changes with emotions: sad, depressed, or happy as well as with stress and nervousness. So, your dog can often truly tell if we are upset or sick. I've noticed this with my dogs. Whenever I am not feeling 100% they often try to make me feel better by doing things like sitting on my lap or bringing me a toy to play with them.

I am so grateful that I have these dogs. They bring me so much joy and comfort.

**Don't forget to buy a yearbook!
Only 5 remain. Purchase in room 221 \$75.**



My Childhood Pets: *The Best Friends I had Growing Up*

LILLY REMBECKI STAFFWRITER

A bunch of kids had pets growing up: cats, dogs, or even pet fish are probably the most popular family additions and my family gladly took care of them too.

Even before I was born, my mom and dad adopted two cats in 2002: Elviro and Shakira (an interesting choice, I know). These two weren't the biggest fans of one another at first, at least that's what my mom told me. My dad used to sleep in a separate room with Shakira because he thought the cats would attack each other. Still, to everyone's surprise, they ended up developing the cutest and best sibling relationship one could think of.

Unfortunately, Shakira was put down in 2014 and Elviro passed in April 2018 due to old age.

They had another companion adopted in 2012, a great Swiss mountain dog called Elliot.

Elliot was blind which is why we never coupled him up, but my mom regrets that every day.

My cat Shakira was more of a shy cat so my dog and her never really had a deep connection, but Elviro and Elliot were the biggest buddies in the world.

My dog and I were really sad when they passed, so my parents decided to adopt another cat called Mary at the beginning of 2019. Mary is a very sassy and spoiled cat, but she's absolutely adorable and I love her way too much.

Elliot adored her and even though my cat always acted a little "cold" towards him, we all knew that she secretly loved him equally as much as he did her.

My dog sadly passed on my little brother's birthday in 2022 and my cat slept on his bed up until we moved.

We all know that our pets can't stay in our lives forever, so appreciate and value every second that you have with them.

My Pets: *The Dogs and Cats Who Occupy my House*

JACK HADLEY STAFF WRITER



Grace

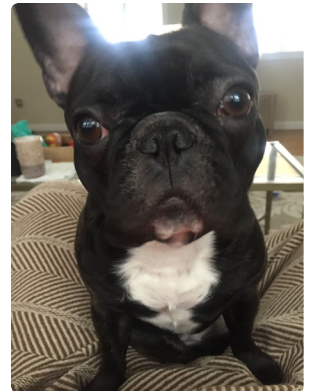
Growing up I have always had a house with a dog in it, and at 17 years old nothing has changed. But now I also have cats so life has only become more chaotic, but they all honestly make my day. So without any further delay here are my pets...

My first pet I can share with you is my dog Grace: a two year old pug. She enjoys snuggling, going for walks, car rides

surprisingly, and playing with or annoying my cats. Grace loves a lot but nothing comes close to food with her; she really has sort of an obsession with food. It doesn't matter if she is on another floor of the house; if all I do is drop a chip she will be running to the kitchen before she can even think. While I have nothing against the name Grace, we got her when she was a bit older compared to our other

pets so we didn't get to pick it out; this was really unfortunate because I wanted to name her Biscuite. Also she hates windows and when you poke her on the nose.

My other dog who lives with my dad instead of my mom like Grace is Sidney. Sidney is a French bulldog who will be turning 7 in March. Sidney sadly has some back problems so she is just lays



Sidney

around, but I don't think this bothers her much since she's always either with me or my dad or both of us. She really enjoys watching tv with us and she really does watch the tv the whole time; it's pretty funny.

Next is Finney: a ragdoll cat who is 4 years old. He might have the biggest ego problem of any animal I've ever met in my life but it's ok; we still love him. He spends most of his days watching birds, sleeping, attacking our other animals, and eating.

Gypsy is Finn's sister: the most spacey animal I've ever met. She is also the athlete of the animals because she randomly jumps.



Gypsy left and Finn right



Humane Animal Rescue Of Pittsburgh

The best place to find your new best friend

IZZY BANJAK STAFF WRITER



HUMANE ANIMAL RESCUE
of Pittsburgh

This week I wanted to give a tribute to an animal shelter. After some research, I decided that the Humane Society deserves

to donate to the Humane Recuse once you can set up a monthly payment. You can also donate toys for the pets to enjoy. But, my favorite way to give to the shelter would be volunteering at their fundraisers. Another awesome way to help out these animals is to foster them, a step lower than adopting. To foster you take in a pet and treat it as your own until they can find a permanent home. The reason the Humane has fostering as an option is because the shelter takes in every pet that's given to them, so they eventually run out of room.



the Spotlight. I know many people like to get their pets from breeders now. I'm guilty of this too, but I think it's important to give less fortunate animals the same amount of love.

I want to talk about the Humane Animal Rescue of Pittsburgh (HARP). They have two normal campuses: on the North Side and one on the South Side. But, they also have a wildlife reserve campus, which I think is amazing. If you're looking to adopt, they have an awesome program there. They have multiple pets to choose from including dogs, cats, hamsters, bunnies, and even turtles. The adoption process is very easy and personalized: you can meet any pets you want, and if you choose to want one you can fill out some quick paperwork and they're yours.

Another great thing about this shelter is that there are so many ways to give to these animals and their environments. You can



The Humane Animal Rescue also has a campus fully dedicated to helping wildlife. If you were to find an animal that should be in a different environment than it is or looks hurt you can take it to the wildlife campus. The main campuses also offer veterinary care. It is a full-service veterinary office including services such as vaccinations, microchipping, neutering, onsite pharmacy, annual wellness exams, etc.

I chose to write about the Humane Animal Rescue because they are not just a shelter. They offer so many more things that can change these animals' lives.

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TEACHER: MRS. HARSHMAN, ROOM 221



Cats are a Girl's Best Friend: *The Best Fella I Could Ask For*

ADDISON BARNES DESIGN EDITOR

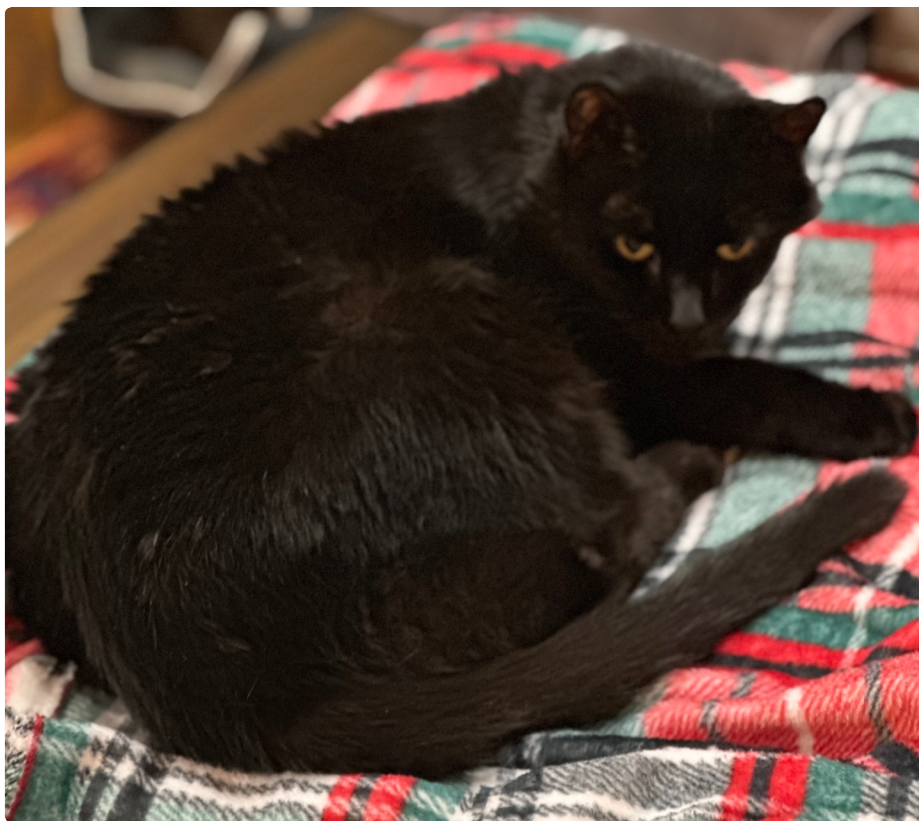
It was the summer of 6th grade, and after a persistent two weeks of pleading, and my dad's lame excuse was, "We already have two cats." My dad finally relented and let me bring home a charming black cat in need of a family. After all my efforts, though, he finally caved and let me take in the cat.

As my mom and I drove to the vet ready to bring our newest family member home, I made sure to tell her, "Let me go see him first. You two already have 'your' own cat, and I want this one to love me more than both of you," which makes sense if you know about the cat distribution system. The vet front desk lady leads me to the back where they keep cats that need to be watched overnight. Then the moment I've been waiting for: I finally meet my best bud, Spooky. He is a black cat with a

white patch that makes it look like he is wearing a tuxedo.

The first two weeks we had to put Spooky into my bathroom so the other cats could recognize his scent and slowly get used to him.

Once those two weeks were up he was ready to have full access to the house. At first, there were lots of fights between him and the other cats because he was new, but over time they stopped fighting and got along, except when it came to dinner time; then it was all feline for themselves.

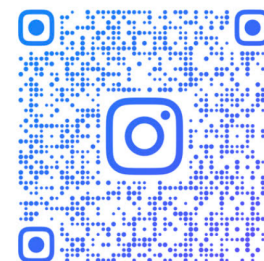


Spooky

I have had Spooky for the past five or six years, and he is the best thing that has ever happened to me. He loves the outdoors but doesn't understand that even though it might be warm inside during the winter doesn't mean it is warm outside. He does a lovely job at keeping away the moles and loves to greet the neighbors, but his favorite thing to do was hang out with my old neighbor's dog before she passed. My neighbor's dog was named Squirt and she and Spooky loved each

other. He even jumped over the fence and crashed their get-together, just to see her. As of now, I am in the process of convincing my parents to let me take him to college if the dorms allow pets. However, I don't think that will happen because my dad loves that cat.

We made an Instagram!
Scan the QR code or follow us
@pinerichlandrampage.





Match the Pet to the Owner: *Whose is Whose?*



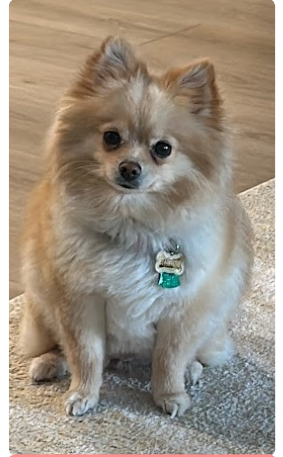
Pet 1



Pet 2&3



Pet 4



Pet 5



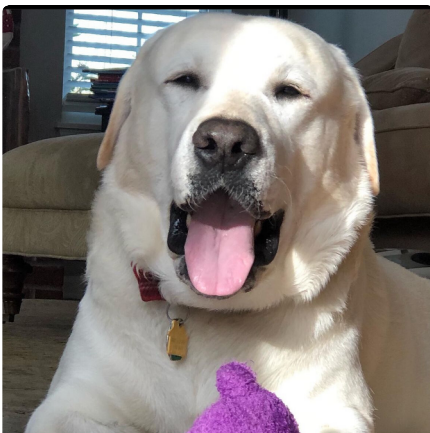
Pet 6



Pet 7&8



Pet 9



Pet 10



Pet 11



Pet 12



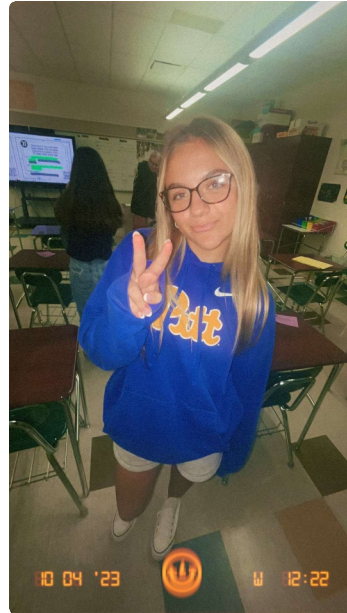
Match the Pet to the Owner: *Whose is Whose?*



Junior Addison Barnes



Junior Tristan Farrar



Freshman Izzy Banjak



Sophomore Natalie Stewart



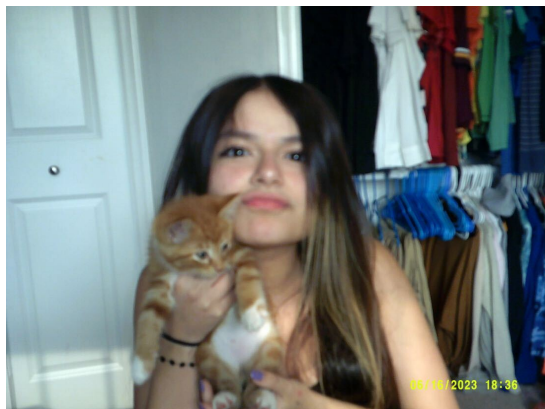
Senior Julianna Abraham



Junior Owl Dyon



Sophomore Elise Duckworth.



Junior Ana Gonzalez



Junior Kaleb Mathieu.

**ANSWERS
WILL BE ON
PAGE 14!**



Childhood Pets: A Soul Too Sweet To Stay

ELLA DAVIS STAFF WRITER

The year was 2014. I was spending a summer day at my grandparents' house with my cousins in Indiana, PA.

The farm next door always had barn cats that would roam around my grandparents' house and play in their backyard. However, today was different.

Me and my cousin were eating inside when we heard my brother and our other cousins making a big deal about something. They called for us to come outside.

I was expecting just the average neighbor's cat sunbathing on the deck, but when I opened the glass sliding door, my eyes widened in surprise.

There was a whole litter of kittens playing with each other.

I called for all of the adults to come outside and that's when I saw her. She was this beautiful, tiny little tabby cat with big eyes. She was playing with another cat.

My kindergarten self had decided that I had to take them home. After begging relentlessly for them, my parents finally gave in. Little did I know, I had made a lifesaving decision.

I decided to name her Sophie, and her brother Mr. Sprinkles (5 year old me would not make any negotiations about his name).



Sophie Laying on Ella's Backpack

I absolutely adored these cats. My dad and I built them a cat tower in our garage, I made them friendship bracelets to wear as collars, and I would race home from kindergarten everyday to spend time with them.

However after the first few weeks, Sophie started to get sick.

After taking her to the vet, we found out that she had an immune disease.

Luckily, we caught it only days before she could have passed away. She was put on daily medicine.



Ella with Sophie and Mr. Sprinkles the day she found them

She wasn't just a cat to me. She had a certain understanding and kindness towards people. When I was younger, she could always tell when I was feeling sad or stressed. She would lay in bed with me every night until I would fall asleep. She was always by my side when I was at home sick with a cold. She just had the sweetest soul.

Unfortunately, about 6 years later, she got even more sick. She was later diagnosed with diabetes along with her previous immune disease. She was only about 5 pounds and she started to lose her teeth. You could tell that she was still trying to be there for everyone, despite what she was dealing with.

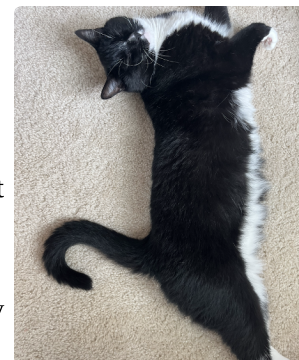
I knew it was her time to go. She couldn't make it up the stairs to say goodnight and she spent her days laying in bed. She had to be put down because we didn't want her to suffer. I took it so hard because she was like a friend to me when I was younger and I didn't understand why she couldn't stay longer.

I think that childhood pets have such special places in our hearts because they get to grow up with us. They were our first true friends before we started branching out in school.

She was too sweet and innocent for this world and I still think about her every night when I'm going to sleep.

The loss of a childhood pet is so devastating. It can be hard for a young kid to understand what is going on and why it had to happen that way. It's also hard to understand that you have to do what's best for them, not what is best for you. But I know that Sophie can now rest and she wouldn't want us to be sad.

Mr. Sprinkles still spends his days laying in the sun and spending time outside. Despite his cute and fluffy name, he can be quite mean sometimes. He always had a soft spot for my little brother. He would bite and scratch anyone that would pet him for too long, but he would let my brother carry him upside down and run all around the house with him.



Mr. Sprinkles

After Sophie passed, he began to show his sweet and affectionate side to everyone else. Overall, childhood pets will always have special places in our hearts, whether they are still enjoying life or gone too soon. While they may be just a small chapter of our lives, we are their whole entire book.



Pine-Richland's Athletic Adversity

How the Basketball Team Overcame Injuries and Made Playoffs

ALEX BYWALSKI FREELANCE REPORTER



Eli Wentz

Pine-Richland Boys Basketball ended the 2022-2023 season with a 7-15 record. As a part of the team last year, I felt that it was an amazing experience, but our team didn't always put enough effort into our games. We missed the playoffs by a large margin, and all of our players were disappointed. This season, we were expected to be a pretty solid team, with a ton of young talent, but no one could've predicted the end result of our season.

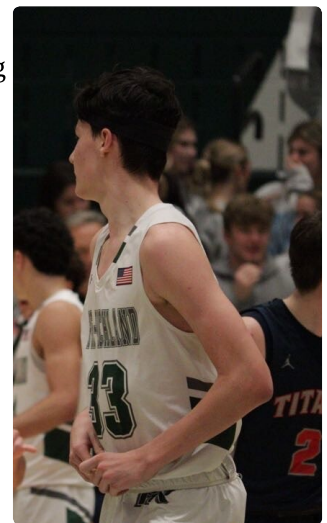
It began with losing- something we were all too familiar with from last season. We lost the majority of our first games by close margins, and every player leaving their all on the floor. The team chemistry felt much improved as compared to that of last year, and

we were forming bonds with each other that were obvious to see on the court. We began to find our groove as of late December, and we started winning. However, the first bump in the road occurred in our first game after holiday break, at which point we were sitting at a solid 4-4 preceding section play. One of our team captains and starting guards, Emery Moye, went down to a concussion late in our first section game against Central Catholic. Central Catholic was predicted to win section 6A this year, and we had them in a very tight game until the injury happened. We ended up losing a very winnable game by 8, but just because of the injury, we didn't lose hope. We took a rough section loss to North Allegheny the next game, and morale was low, but we were able to rebound when it was most important. The next two games, both incredibly important section matchups against Seneca Valley and New Castle, would hold a huge impact in deciding our playoff chances. We ended up winning by 10+ points in both games, proving that we could fight through adversity. With our section record sitting at 2-2, we felt confident that we would be able to make playoffs this year.

That confidence quickly faded from the team, because in the 2 practices leading up to our next section game, against Butler, our starting center Doolin Stober and starting guard Eli Wentz both went down to ankle injuries. Being down 3 starters, we felt completely beat and hopeless, but we continued to persevere. We ended up losing the next 5 games following the Butler game, and playoffs seemed to be a far ways away. Our home stretch

of the regular season began with a game against Seneca Valley, a team who we had previously beaten. However, in the practice before this game, JL Aiello- a large contributor to our team- went down with a knee injury. We ended up winning against Seneca in an overtime thriller, but lost our next game by 3 to New Castle. Our last section game was against a great Butler team, and although Eli Wentz returned from injury, we were down another huge contributor, Grant Spacciapolli. Nonetheless, we played a great game, losing the tight contest by a score of 58-50. We entered the locker room after the game, and tuned into a local radio station that was broadcasting the Seneca Valley vs. New Castle game. This game was especially important because if Seneca won, due to tiebreaker order, we would be sent to the playoffs. We got the outcome we wanted-Seneca took home the win, and we were somehow into playoffs with an abysmal 7-15 record.

In the days preceding the playoff game against #1 Seed Mt. Lebanon, our coach, Mr. Bob Petcash, was named 6A Coach of the Year for how well he was able to deal with the hardships along our improbable path to the playoffs. Also, our two senior guards, Carson Baer and Vasile Balouris, were



Doolin Stober(Photos were taken by Elise Duckworth)

named 2nd-Team All Section players. We ended up playing the rest the season, showing much effort and leaving our all on the court. Unfortunately, we lost by 11, but the effort that we played capped off a successful end to our whirlwind of a season.



Let the Debate Begin: Record Player vs. Spotify

ELLA DAVIS STAFF WRITER



Record Player: The phonograph was invented in 1877 and was extremely common until the 60's and 70s. Not only is it a truly authentic form of listening to music, it has that vintage feel that everyone loves. When stepping into a record store, you can find any records, even dating back to when record players first made their debut. From the 20's to modern music, there is a selection for everyone. Record companies make different vinyls from translucent colors to cool marbled patterns.

VS

Spotify: Listening on

When listening to music on Spotify, it can be hard to listen to older music or very low-profile artists. By purchasing their vinyl, you can enjoy their vinyl and directly support them because you are purchasing from them. Collecting vinyls is such a fun experience and it can lead you on many different adventures. It can also help you discover new artists, as you are sifting through a bunch of different vinyls to get to the ones that you are looking for.

Spotify can be such a fun experience. You can create playlists based on your favorite songs at the moment and listen on the go. You can even create playlists with your friends and listen together. Unlike a record player, you can listen to music on the go and you don't have to pay for anything. However, unless you pay for Premium, you have to listen to ads and you can't listen to whatever music you want to. All of your playlists have to be listened to and you only have about six "skips." This is a pretty big downfall when listening to Spotify. It's also a lot less authentic and it's not as easy to discover new artists. It's also harder to listen to older music because Spotify tends to focus on newer artists. Either way, it is still a great way to listen to music.



Freshman Eva Bloom said, "Although Spotify is more convenient, I feel that using records is way more fun and cooler than just going on my phone and clicking on my screen."

Don't forget to read previous chapters from previous newspapers!

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The RAMPAGE is published every month. Be sure to look for new issues online every two weeks and in print once a month!



Outlawed

Ella Davis, Emma Early, Maddy Homer, Ally Tully

The group darted down the road, Tony glanced towards the rearview mirror, the faint image of a mud covered Emily gradually disappearing.

“Do you think Emily actually called the police?” Hudson asked with trepidation lingering in his words.

“And risk seeing this gorgeous face in jail? She wouldn’t dare,” Tony replied, gesturing towards himself.

Tony pressed harder on the gas, exceeding the speed limit by several miles. The group drove along the highway for an hour more. The rest of the group fell asleep in the passenger seats while Tony stayed wide awake. He wanted to get to Nashville for the concert before the sun rose the next morning.

Rory jerked awake to the sound of sirens and Tony’s panicked muttering. For a moment, she only sat up sleepily, until her eyes went wide as she registered the noises and what they implied.

“Are those real?” Rory became as awake as Tony had been. She turned around to look out the back window. Trailing behind the group, a police car with its sirens grew closer.

“Guys wake up!” Rory’s yelling stirred the two others.

Hudson and Ivy looked at the red haired girl’s panicked face with a disoriented stare.

“What’s happening?” Ivy replied. She sat up fully before freezing and whipping her head around to look at the law enforcement behind their car.

“Pull over!” Hudson yelled at Tony, “What are you doing?”

“I don’t know!” Tony replied, panic lacing his voice before he picked up speed trying to get away from the cops.

Up ahead on the deserted highway a sign said “Welcome to Arkansas”. The group failed to heed the sign, three of the four passengers continued to yell at the driver to pull over before they hit the border but Tony would not listen.

“Tony, I swear on Esmerelda, I will kill you myself before the cop does if you don’t pull over!” Rory lunged in his view, begging and pleading for him to slow down and consider pulling over.

The mention of his grandmother broke him. Tony started to slow down and merge onto the shoulder past the border sign. They had now entered Arkansas. Tony muttered something before reaching over to the glove compartment on the passenger side. He grabbed his registration and took his license out of his Gucci wallet.

Apprehensive footsteps closed in on the car. Those in the back could see the officer walking up to the driver side with a hand on his gun. Once he got to the window, he motioned for Tony to put it down.

“Sir, can you please step out of the car without any of your belongings.” Tony did what was asked and opened the door to get out.

As soon as Tony stood up out of the car, the officer turned him around and pushed him up against the door. He grabbed his arms and wrenched them behind Tony’s back, handcuffing him. The officer proceeded to tell the boy his Miranda Rights while pushing him towards the officer’s car. Tony could see the others through the window as they watched their best friend get arrested. Tears running down all of their faces.

Once Tony sat apprehended, another officer showed up, and together they arrested the rest of the kids in the young man’s car. Leaving the vehicle behind, the two officers drove the kids down to the nearest police station and put them into one of the holding cells.

Several minutes went by, in which Tony banged on the bars, demanding his phone call. Eventually he got his wish, and a deputy led Tony to a phone booth where he put in his grandmother’s number. It rang several times before she finally picked up.

“Hello?” Esmerelda spoke through the landline, which made Tony sigh in relief.

“Nonna, we are in some deep crap right now.” Tony ran his hand through his black hair before switching the phone to his other hand.

“Ah, what did you do?” Her voice had an edge when she asked the question.

“We uh—” Tony stuttered, “we got arrested... for dining and dashing, kidnapping, speeding, and evading law enforcement across state borders?” Esmerelda paused as she took in the information her grandson gave her.

“You what!” She exclaimed over the line before muttering incoherent Italian to herself.

“What do you expect me to do for you?” She asked Tony after a long minute.

“Bail us out? We have the money.” Tony pleaded with his grandmother.

Pet 1-Tegan Rich	Pet 6-Elise	Pet12-
Pet 2,3,& 10-Tristan	Duckworth	Natalie
Farrar	Pet 7&8-Kaleb	Stewart
Pet 4-Owl Dyon	Mathieu	
Pet 5-Anarella Pena	Pet 9-Julianna	
	Abraham	
	Pet 11-Izzy Banjak	



The Benefits of a Rich Italian Grandma

Alexis Verba, Emmalyn Blackburn, Marianna Zahorchak, Meredith Robinson

“Fine. I’ll be there shortly.” Esmerelda gave in easier than Tony had expected given her...freewill, to put it kindly.

“Oh, thank you so much,” Tony responds with a heaping sigh of relief.

“But don’t you *dare* do anything else, or I swear to goodness, Antonio-”

“Yes, yes of course Nona; thank you again.” Tony cuddled the phone as if he were a meek child, comforted by the snugly warmth of his childhood teddy bear.

Three hours had passed when Esmerelda finally arrived at the jail, darting through the entrance, headed straight for the cell of the meddling teens. Her palms grasped the external side of the metal bars of the confinement, knuckles whitening with rage.

“You owe me big-time, *sciocco!*” Esmerelda growled at Tony, her Italian finger waggling with disapproval and trembling in the heat of her fury. Releasing all of her disapprobation in yet another accentuated sigh, her voice shifted to a more casual tone.

“You know, this kinda reminds me of my summer of ‘35. Just some young teens, getting a taste of their newfound freedom. Hah! We even got into the same sort of trouble.” She laughed, managing to evoke a lighthearted nature from somewhere deep within, buried in the memories of her youth.

“You kids stay here while I go and talk to the nice young man over there! Well. I guess you’re not really going anywhere regardless,” Esmerelda giggled.

The group all walked over to the bars of their cell, comically sticking their heads between the bars to better look at the front desk. It was barely visible from where they were looking, but from behind the bar, an undecorated rookie had stepped out.

Rory’s breath caught as the attractive man turned back to the teenagers, away from the cellar. He stood dressed head to toe in a black work suit, sculpted with large muscles and the broad shoulders of a lacrosse player, easily towering over Esmerelda as he approached. He stared at each of them, his dark eyes assessing the group, some of them feeling the gooseflesh strain against their skin.

Rory and Ivy swapped glances back and forth, a slight blush coloring their cheeks.

Suddenly, a smile broke across the rookie’s face, cutting his aggressive glance in half and calming the group rapidly.

“Oh, Sebastian! I didn’t know you were stationed here, my good boy! How is your mother as of late, son?” Esmerelda questioned, giving the man a light fist bump.

“She’s doing much better! She had a CT scan back in July and no tumors! She is officially cancer-free,” Sebastian exclaimed, “What have you been up to? Still moving around wonderfully I see.”

“I’ve been well! Except for the fact that my *dumb* grandchild got arrested and-”

“Nona!” Tony chimed in, annoyed.

“Okay, my grandchild and his *dumb* friends-”

“That’s not much better!!”

“Yes, the group got themselves caught up in quite the predicament. Well...” Sebastian stated pitifully, placing his hands on his hips.

Sebastian shook his head, displeased, and turned to Esmerelda.

“Well, if you’re ready to bail them out, we can do that,” Sebastian added.

“Thank you, my dear boy. I’m ready whenever you are,” Esmerelda replied before following Sebastian to the front desk.

The group waited anxiously in their cell for Esmerelda to come back, adding two more tallies to their “minutes in jail” tally marks. Altogether, they had managed to survive a grueling 192 minutes in the harsh, harsh conditions of the slammer. Tony heard mutters of gratitude from his Nona before both she and Sebastian walked over together.

“Well, kids, you’re officially free to go!” Sebastian cheered, unlocking the cell door. The group piled out quickly, glad to be freed from their consequence.

“However, I do have to tell you, I’m your parole officer. While it is an unfortunate circumstance, there are actually two ways we can go about this. I can either stay here and you guys can video call me every day to check in and wear these security anklets to track your location, or I can accompany your group for the rest of the summer until you get back into town,” Sebastian explained, “So, what’s it going to be?”



Chapter Ten: New Beginnings

Brooke Deegan, Elizabeth Liebe, Sarah Shaffer, and Lilly Rembecki

The friends turn to each other, sly smirks slowly forming on their faces. It is clear to each of them, except for Hudson, that they are on precisely the same wavelength as one another. Tony takes it upon his bold self to speak up on behalf of the girls, who are too good and too timid to crack the sort of remark they all want to.

“Well Officer, we would *love* for you to come with us,” he finally says.

Ivy and Rory nod in agreement in the background. Tony deviously grins at them, his jade eyes sparkling with glints of humor and mischief.

Nonna begins to lightly chuckle as she swiftly turns around to address the kids. “That cop is one hunk of a man!” she vibrantly whispers with a playful wink.

Tony enthusiastically nods, along with Ivy and Rory. It’s clear that they are all enamored with him and his charming appearance-- Tony’s one for muscles, and the girls are particularly fond of his welcoming oak eyes. Hudson? Well, he doesn’t quite get the appeal. His eyes dart back and forth from his delusional friends to the clad-in-black cop, attempting to comprehend their obsession with the man. As Tony and Ivy nervously giggle and Rory’s fair cheeks flush to be the same color as her fiery hair, he shrugs it off and mentally deems it as immature and awkward. In fact, he finds the whole outing to be immature and awkward. Barely anyone has acknowledged him yet.

“Okay guys, we need to get going, Britney awaits,” Ivy comes to her senses and stops everyone’s drooling. As the friends walk to the parking lot, Ivy whips out her pink notebook. Inside, is a carefully drawn-out road map showing all of the routes to Washington D.C.

“Alright everyone, we need to figure out what route we are going to take to D.C. Also, we need to figure out the seating situation, because clearly, Tony can’t drive,” Ivy decides, lightly rolling her eyes at Tony.

“I call dibs on the seat next to Sebastian,” Tony excitedly yells as he begins to dart into the vehicle.

Rory tilts her head and lets out a minuscule grin, “I thought you were our beloved passenger princess.”

“Oh, for Sebastian, I’ll give up some luxuries,” Tony says dreamily, his head evidently miles in the clouds.

“Talk about giving up luxuries, I would much rather be seeing Usher or Jay-Z instead of Britney Spears,” Hudson grumbles and frustratedly buries his head in the palm of his hand.

“Hey, you are just getting cultured,” Rory fondly pats his shoulder with a little laugh.

Sebastian turns around in shock, “Hold on, you kids got arrested...going to a Britney Spears concert!?”

Hudson exasperatedly sighs, “Tell me about it! This whole entire trip has been nothing but trouble-- Trouble that I wasn’t even comfortable getting into in the first place. And not even for a decent cause-- We are talking about Britney Spears,” Hudson is now yelling, turning red, “Britney Spears! I’ve always thought *your* addiction to her is a little *toxic*... But *oops*...*I did it again*... I’ve gone along with it because you guys are my friends. Or, at least, you’re supposed to be. You’re supposed to be my friends, yet this entire time, you’ve ignored me and acted as if I were nothing but a ‘perfect football player.’ I am more than that. You constantly tell me that I am more than my grades, than my sports, than what my parents want, but do you even act like that? No! And I didn’t even want to go to this concert, but you convinced me, thinking that it was what was best for me! But it’s not the best for me! And you don’t even care to ask. I am not a side character!” Hudson breathes heavily and then crumples to the ground, defeated.

Ivy, Rory, Tony, and Sebastian all stand as still as statues, paralyzed by Hudson’s shocking outburst to which they were hurting him, and feel awful now that they can finally see it.

“Hudson, we are so, so sorry,” Ivy begins, twangs of remorse in her voice.

She approaches him and places her delicate hand on his broad shoulder.

“If we had known you felt like this, we wouldn’t have ever put you through everything. I feel sick. We should get you home.”

“No, guys. I’ll still tag along. This is my last summer before college, and I want to spend it with you guys, even if it is not the way I would have planned.”

“Well, what would you have planned? We have five days until the Britney concert in DC. We can take a day on the trip to do whatever you like,” Ivy asks, pulling out her notebook.

“I don’t even know...I just thought that we would do something...more?” He contemplatively runs his hand through his thick, blonde hair.

The four look at him, awaiting any sort of response to come out of him.

“Wait... I think I have an idea...”