



Flight: Patterns

A Literary Magazine for 7th and 8th grade  
Central Columbia Middle School  
July 2019

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for 7th and 8th grade  
Central Columbia Middle School  
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## **From the Editors...**

**Dear Reader,**

**Your 2019 FLIGHT team worked diligently on this year's magazine. We collaborated to share the artistic works of our peers, and we wanted to settle on a theme that could accurately showcase the wide span and variety of works. With that said, we'd like to introduce FLIGHT: Patterns!**

**Patterns occur not only all around us, but constantly; we see all types of patterns in nature, in relationships, in perceptions and in experiences/scenarios. Everything we see in daily life is a pattern in some way, shape, or form, and we wanted to represent metaphorical patterns of life with literal ones (hence the mandelas). We hope you enjoy FLIGHT: Patterns!**

## **From the Advisor...**

**In a famous poem entitled, "Patterns," the American poet Amy Lowell asks, "What are patterns for?" This year's FLIGHT staff explores patterns throughout relationships, nature, thought processes, and time.**

**This 2019 edition of CCMS Flight: A Literary Magazine features art and writing, and has itself evolved as an artwork, a creative collaboration inspired by the viewpoints of a perceptive and talented group of students.**

**The voices and art of these students have inspired me. It is with great sadness that I must say goodbye to them as yet another pattern repeats, and these 8th graders move on to high school.**

**—Ms. Cynthia Cronrath**



# Table of Contents

- "Pastel Sunset" -- Elizabeth Stewart -- 6**
- "The Beholder's Eye" -- Reece Knorr -- 7**
- "Heart Lock"-- Alexis Eichner --8**
- "Perfection" -- Thanh Ho -- 9**
- "Creative Thinking" -- Alexis Eichner -- 10**
- "Time" -- Leighann Fitch -- 11**
- "S'mores to People" -- Alexis Eichner -- 12**
- "Wonderful Waterfalls" -- Xuan Ho -- 13**
- "Latte Love" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 14**
- "Nature's Mind Clay" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 15**
- "Black Box" -- Thanh Ho -- 16**
- "Bridges" -- Leighann Fitch -- 17**
- "Less" -- Justice Edwards -- 18**
- "Crystallized " -- Marissa Caspersen -- 19**
- "The Runaway and The Thief" -- Justice Edwards -- 20-21**
- "Cedar Tree" -- Xuan Ho -- 22**
- "Doubt" -- Justice Edwards-- 23**
- "Bloom" -- Xuan Ho -- 24**
- "Violence" -- Alexis Eichner -- 25**
- "Spines in the Night" -- Xuan Ho -- 26**
- "Mindy" -- Laura Deroba -- 27**
- "Toxic" -- Justice Edwards -- 28**
- "Stay" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 29**
- "Hooked" -- Justice Edwards -- 30**
- "Repetition" -- Justice Edwards -- 31**
- "Sun Kisses" -- Xuan Ho -- 32**
- "Every Last Cut" -- Justice Edwards -- 33-35**
- "Under The Moonlight" -- Alexis Eichner -- 36**
- "We Are One" -- Marissa Caspersen -- 37**
- "Cliff Towers" -- Elizabeth Stewart -- 38**
- "Patterns Of People" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 39**
- "Oxygen" -- Justice Edwards -- 40**
- "What We Deserve" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 41**
- "Glass Heart" -- Leighann Fitch -- 42-43**



# Table of Contents *(Continued)*

- "New Beginnings" -- Xuan Ho -- 44**
- "Blooming Waltz" -- Xuan Ho -- 45**
- "Blossoming" -- Xuan Ho -- 46**
- "Escapade" -- Leighann Fitch -- 47-52**
- "Digital Art" -- Alexis Eichner -- 53**
- "Self Portrait" -- Alexis Eichner -- 54**
- "A Sort Of Star is Born"--()-55-58**
- "The One Who Stands Beside Me"-- Maize Beer -- 59-65**
- "Mysterious Street"-- Elizabeth Stewart -- 66**
- "Self Portrait" -- Thanh Ho -- 67**
- "Moss" -- Xuan Ho -- 68**
- "Clay Platter" -- Jimmy Altamirano -- 69**
- "Tigger" -- Laura Deroba -- 70**
- "When is Trash a Treasure?" -- Leighann Fitch -- 71**
- "Transition-- Podcast Challenge:Art Builds Community" -- 72**
- "Reflections Cubed: Podcast" -- 73**
- "What it Feels Like" -- Thanh Ho and C Cronrath -- 74**
- "We Are Equal" -- Anna Sarnoski -- 75**
- "Transition: Science Meets ELA; Text Dependant Analysis" -- 76**
- "Good Water=Good Life" Leighann Fitch)-- 77**
- "Transition: In History" -- 78**
- "Religious Tensions Erupt; Citizens Sent Packing" -- Celia Sondheimer -- 79**
- "Birth of Religious Haven" -- Thanh Ho -- 80**
- "Transition: 8th Grade Research" -- 81**
- "How Can Stress in Student-Athletes Be Prevented?" -- Peter Lanza -- 82-84**
- "Transition: Narratives" -- 85**
- "Life Lessons Learned at JA" -- Alex Arnold -- 86**
- "First Ride On The Phoenix" -- Ella Sedor -- 87-91**
- "The Hunting Trip" -- Alex Arnold -- 92-95**



**Pastel Sunset**  
**-- Liz Stewart**



# The Beholder's Eyes

*There's so much more to people than what meets the eye.*

*To most, I'm the nerd who reads 24/7.*

*To most, I'm the girl who's all school, all the time.*

*To most, I'm the girl who's not allowed to say "stupid".*

*To most, I'm not the person who I am.*

*To me, I'm the "nerd" who hasn't finished a book since September.*

*To me, I'm the one who does their homework on the bus.*

*To me, I'm the girl who uses "stupid" to describe her looks.*

*To me, I'm not sure if I'm the person I am.*

*In dreams, I'm the girl who's the perfect balance of sporty and smart.*

*In dreams, I'm the valedictorian.*

*In dreams, I'm the girl photoshopping and Insta-filtering my way into prettiness.*

*In dreams, I dream of a better reality.*

*In reality, I'm texting, asking what homework is on my way to the game.*

*In reality, I'm missing easy points in L.A.*

*In reality, I'm getting my phone taken away for having Instagram.*

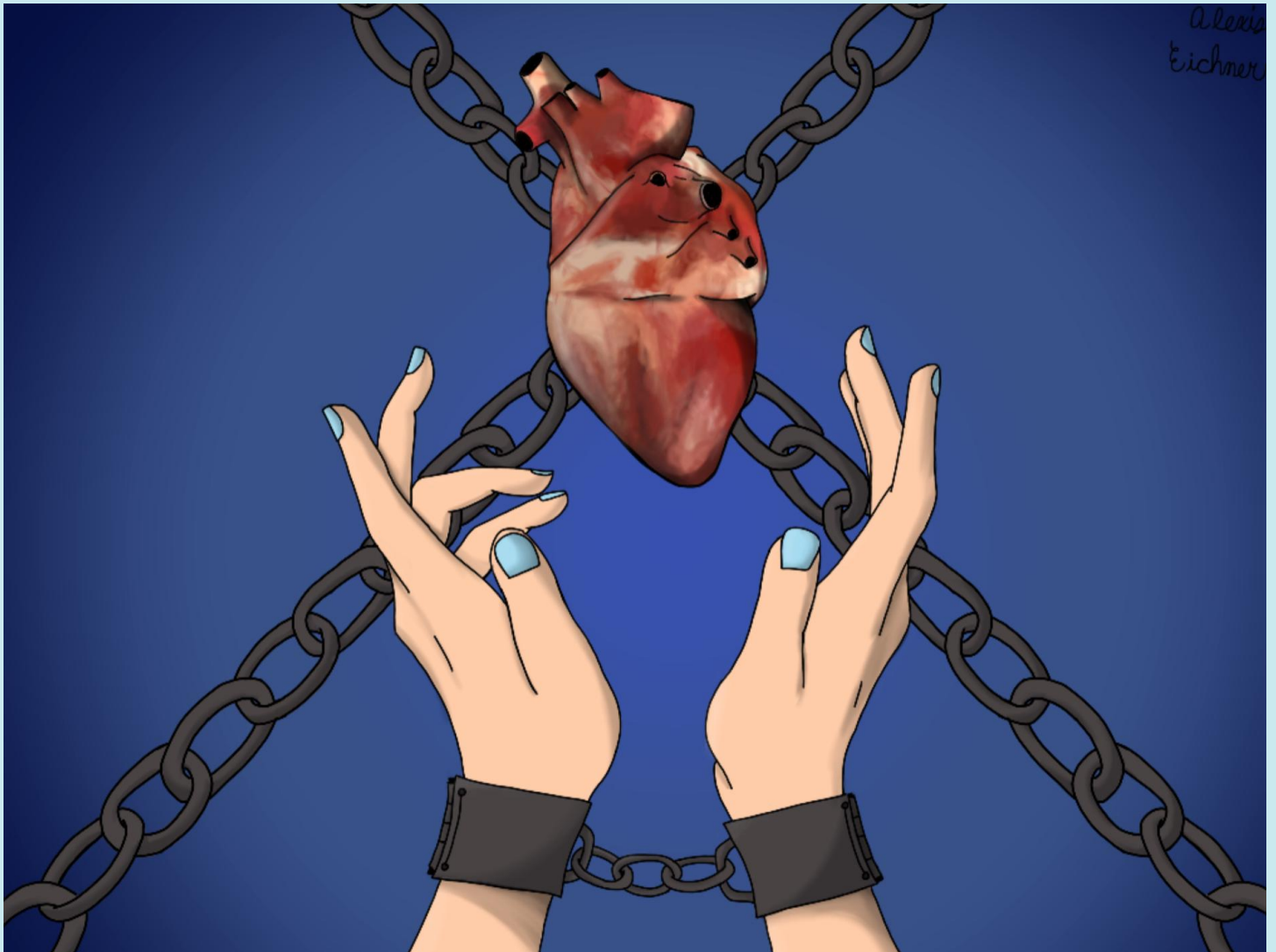
*In reality, I'm wishing life was a dream.*

*Never look at a person and judge; you don't know who they really are.*



Reece Knorr

# Heart Lock



*--Digital Art by Alexis Eichner*



# Perfection

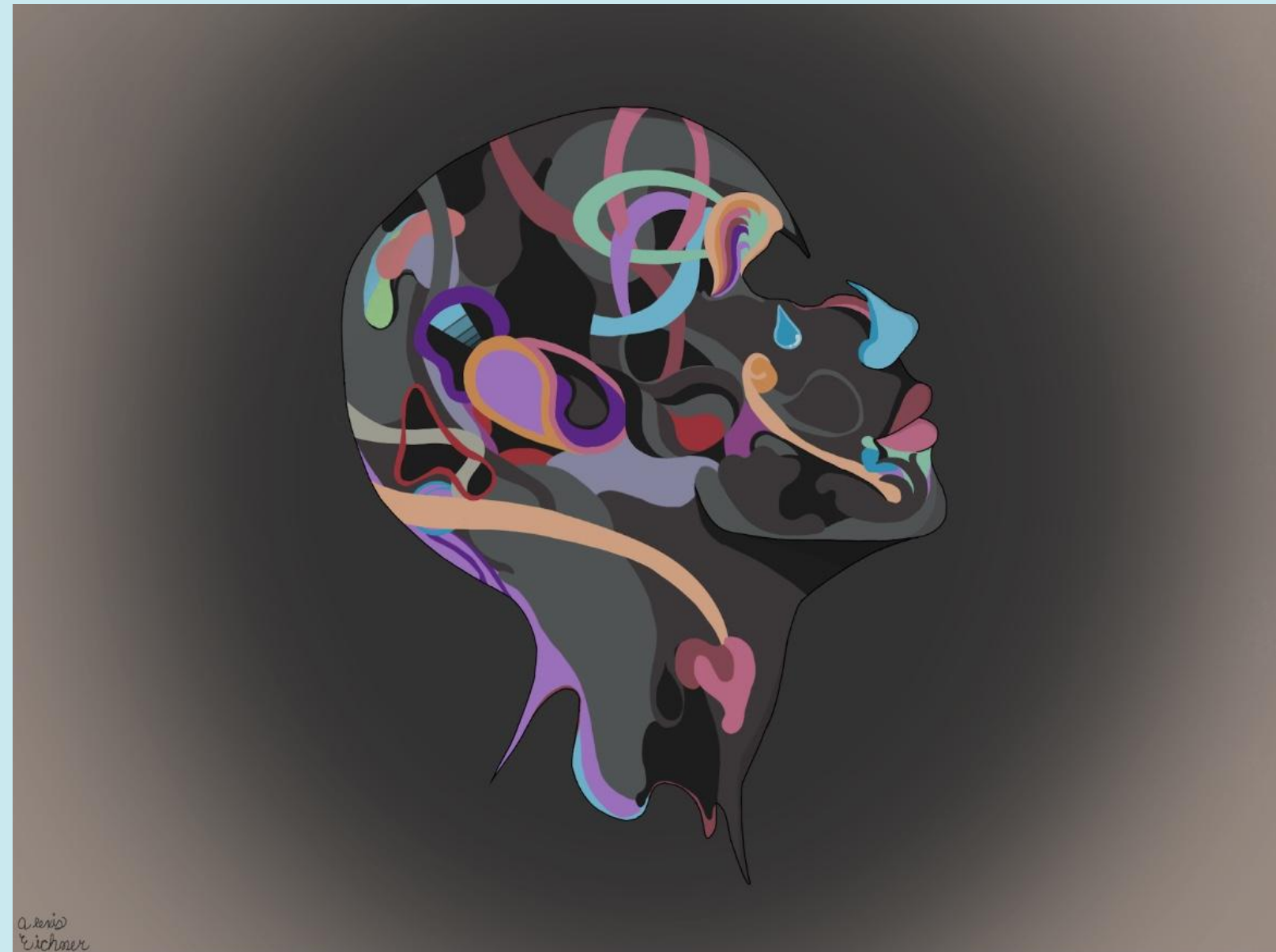
***Perfection is when  
Everything is at best.  
When all desirable  
Has been peaked.***

***Many seek it,  
Many chase it.  
All come close,  
But never succeed it.***

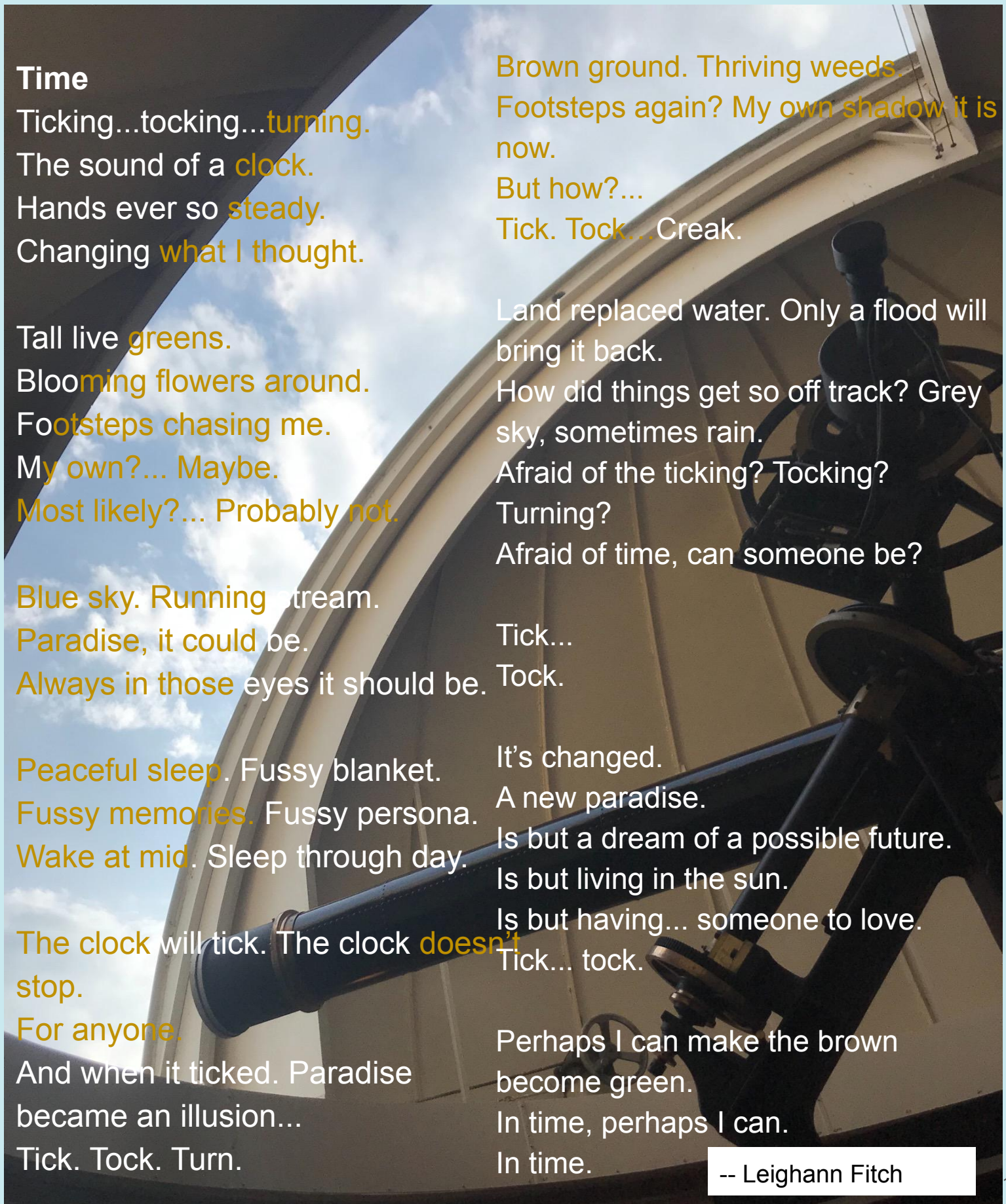
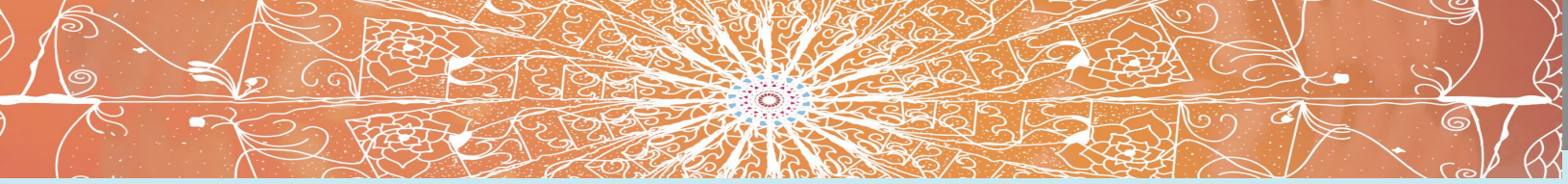
***Perfection is like a light,  
In the bitter darkness.  
Everyone who chases it  
Only gets further,  
Shrouded even darker.  
Everyone who seeks it,  
Only shackles themselves  
With their own expectations.***

***Perfection is impossible,  
Because even at best,  
There can always be better.***

**--Thanh Ho**



Creative Thinking-- Alexis Eichner



**Time**

Ticking...tocking...turning.  
The sound of a clock.  
Hands ever so steady.  
Changing what I thought.

Tall live greens.  
Blooming flowers around.  
Footsteps chasing me.  
My own?... Maybe.  
Most likely?... Probably not.

Blue sky. Running stream.  
Paradise, it could be.  
Always in those eyes it should be.

Peaceful sleep. Fussy blanket.  
Fussy memories. Fussy persona.  
Wake at mid. Sleep through day.

The clock will tick. The clock doesn't  
stop.  
For anyone.  
And when it ticked. Paradise  
became an illusion...  
Tick. Tock. Turn.

Brown ground. Thriving weeds.  
Footsteps again? My own shadow it is  
now.  
But how?...  
Tick. Tock...Creak.

Land replaced water. Only a flood will  
bring it back.  
How did things get so off track? Grey  
sky, sometimes rain.  
Afraid of the ticking? Tocking?  
Turning?  
Afraid of time, can someone be?

Tick...  
Tock.

It's changed.  
A new paradise.  
Is but a dream of a possible future.  
Is but living in the sun.  
Is but having... someone to love.  
Tick... tock.

Perhaps I can make the brown  
become green.  
In time, perhaps I can.  
In time.

-- Leighann Fitch



## S'mores to People

People are like s'mores,  
It may sound crazy, but it's  
really not.

Just like the s'more,  
We are made of  
different things.  
There are many different  
variations of the s'more,  
Just like how no two people are  
the same.

Just like chocolate,  
Everybody comes in  
different colors.  
But color isn't what  
really matters,  
It's the personality  
that does.

Like the marshmallow,  
we go through fire.  
Without the fire in  
our lives,  
Life isn't complete, and it  
feels empty.

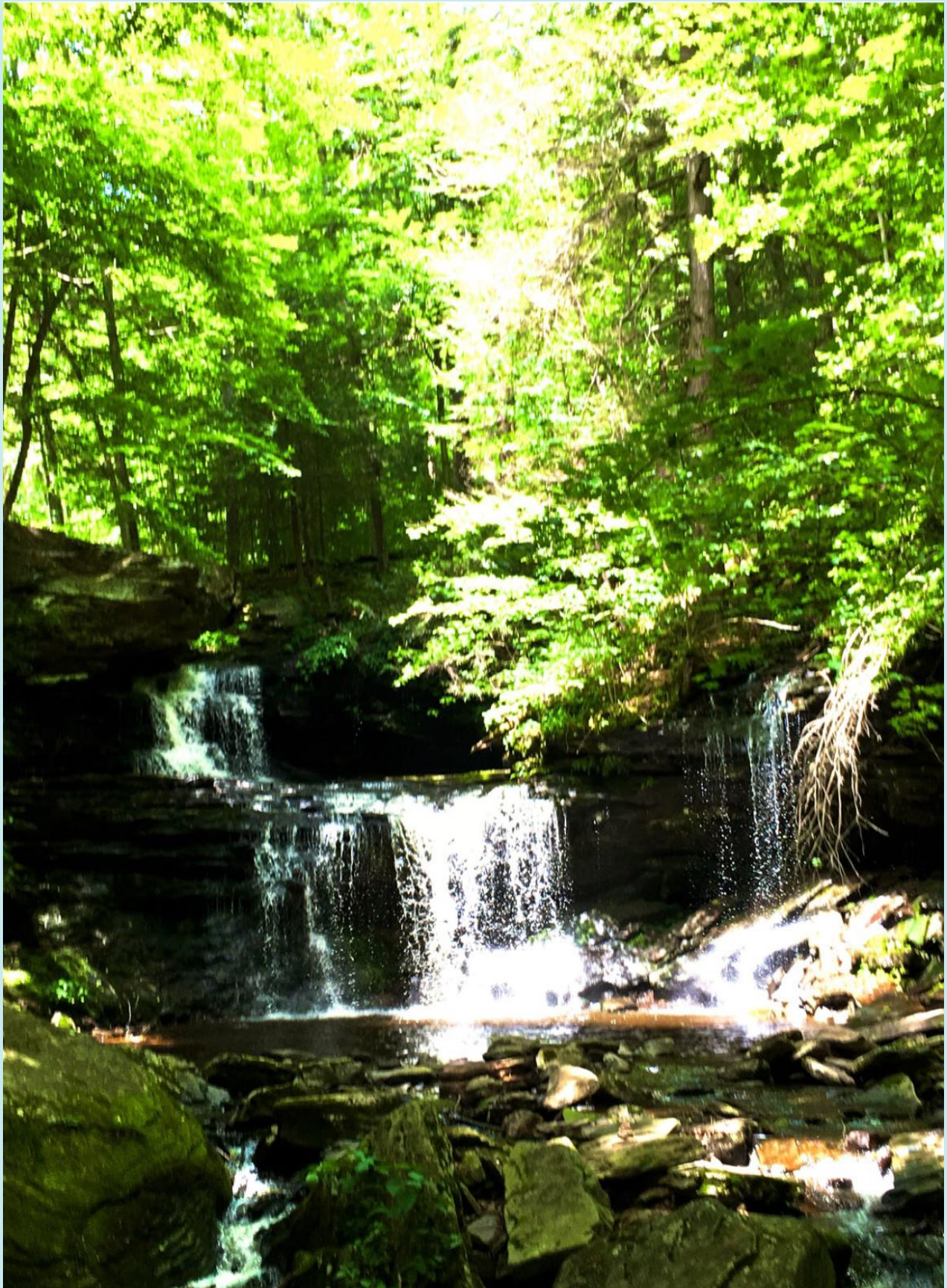
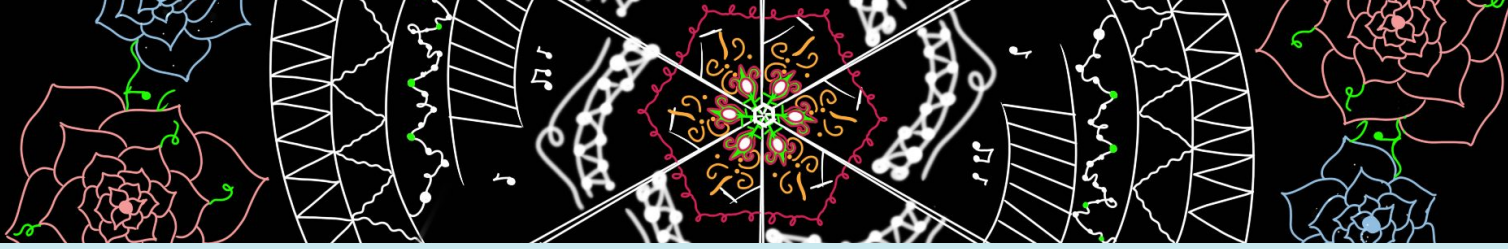
Just like every person,  
Every s'more has a story.  
Different memories come with  
each s'more,  
And a different memory with  
each person.

Graham crackers can be brittle and  
break easily,  
Just like people.  
Graham crackers don't have to be  
brittle though,  
Just like people.

All people are fragile,  
Some more than others.  
All people are breakable,  
Whether it be mentally or  
physically.

So you see,  
People are just like s'mores.  
Everybody different and unique.  
And every s'more is different  
and unique.

-Alexis Eichner



Wonderful Waterfalls—Xuan Ho



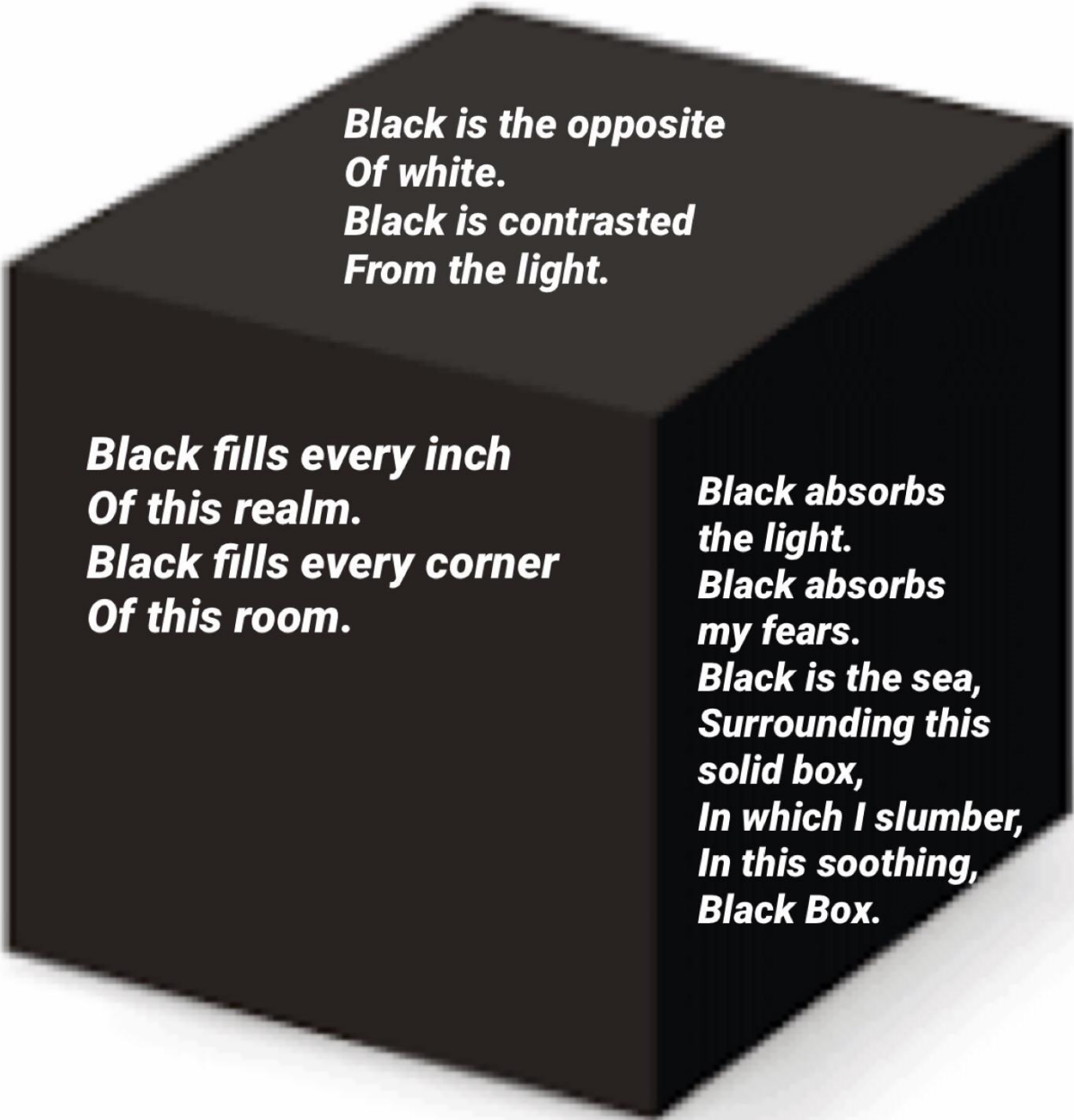
Latte Love-- Celia Sondheimer

Nature's Mind Clay-- Celia Sondheimer

I sit down with a pen,  
A piece of paper in front of me.  
Blank.  
Almost as blank as my mind.  
"Okay," I tell myself. "Write. Just...write."  
I breathe.  
I think.  
I search my mind for inspiration.  
Something.  
Anything.  
I search my brain.  
Hello? Anything here?  
Where is the inspiration?  
Why can't I write?  
Do I just have nothing to say?  
Have I lost my touch?  
It's like an internal scream,  
But no sound emits.  
I pound my fist blindly against the blackness of my  
empty head.  
Maybe, I'm just speechless.  
But I think.  
Maybe, it's not that I have nothing to say.  
Perhaps it's all just too much to write.  
--Celia Sondheimer



## Black Box



*Black is the opposite  
Of white.  
Black is contrasted  
From the light.*

*Black fills every inch  
Of this realm.  
Black fills every corner  
Of this room.*

*Black absorbs  
the light.  
Black absorbs  
my fears.  
Black is the sea,  
Surrounding this  
solid box,  
In which I slumber,  
In this soothing,  
Black Box.*





Bridges-- Leighann Fitch


# Less

**I settle for less  
Less than I deserve  
Less than I am worth  
Less than I want  
Less than I need  
I settle for less  
Because you need more  
Because you need me  
To be perfect  
To be useful  
To not take what I may need  
Because you need it too  
I will settle for not breathing the same air as you  
For I may waste  
What you need to breathe  
I will settle for not eating the same food as you  
For I may waste  
What you may need to consume  
I will settle for less than I need  
Because you need more than I do  
I settle for second best  
Because I love you  
I love your smile  
I love the warmth behind your eyes  
I love the way your hair falls in front of your eyes  
Because you may have laughed a little too hard  
I love your laugh  
Because it sounds musical  
I love you  
Because you are one of a kind  
I love you because you are all I need  
Even if I run out of air  
Even if I run out of food  
Even if I run out of patience  
Even if you run out of love  
I will always settle for less  
Because  
You are more  
Than I could ever need.**

-- Justice Edwards



“Crystallized World”  
--Marissa Caspersen



## **The Runaway and The Thief**

He gently lifted his lips  
To the frosted glass,  
Caressed in his small cracked hands,  
“I don’t understand  
Why they all leave  
Before they even get to know me,”  
He huffed and downed most of the amber liquid  
The small frosty glass held.

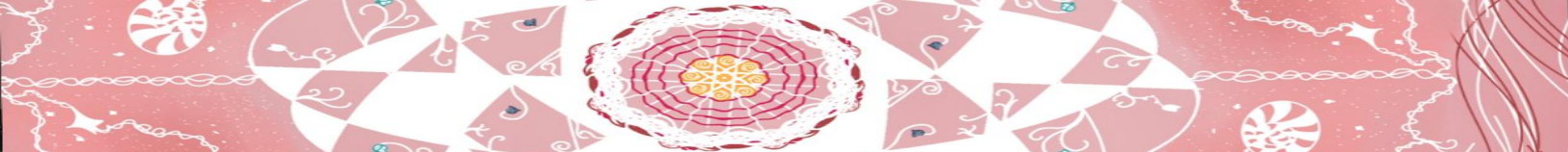
“ I had known this one ma’am  
She was sweeter than even the world’s finest of sugars  
But oh was she more a...a...um Jekyll and Hyde.”

His hands rose to his puffy face  
And pinched the bridge of his nose.

“But, she is gone  
She said she loved me  
She told me  
I was the only one  
For her.

Alas she left  
Without a note  
Without a word  
And without her stuff.”

He stifled a chuckle  
“But was she a riot  
She even knew how to cook,  
Bake,  
Sew,



But who am I kidding  
My girlfriend  
Is sweeter than even the finest of sugars  
She is brutally honest.”  
He chuckled and looked off the young woman sitting beside him  
“And she can’t cook,  
Or bake,  
Or sew.  
But boy does she sure know how to steal!”  
The young Burnett next to him  
Whipped her head around  
And flicked his forehead and huffed a quite  
“Rude.”  
He chuckled  
“Oh yeah she steals a lots of things:  
Like my cookies,  
My hoodies,  
My money,  
My heart,  
All of my love, and  
Even all of my future”  
The woman smiled at him  
And the recording ended.

--Justice Edwards



**"Cedar Tree"**  
Photo--Xuan Ho



# Doubt

Doubt can not only be reminisced;

It can be worn

Like an itchy sweater.

When worn in public,

One cannot remove this

Irritation.

When in public,

One cannot scratch.

One cannot dispose of said

Irritation.

But as soon as someone enters the front door

Of their home

They tear this sweater away from themselves

And scratch at the skin

That had been concealed in doubt.

Each time the claws meet the skin,

The skin slowly becomes weaker

And weaker,

Nails Slowly tearing apart

The pink fleshy material

Leaving scars

Leaving doubt

etched into their skin.

Ever growing,

Doubt can never be silenced.

Because no matter how hard we try to get rid of the sweater,

We always have to pull it back on

when we leave the safety of our homes

And enter the doubt filled world.



Bloom-- Xuan Ho



# Violence

*Isn't it strange?  
How the world's view can change?  
In just an instant,  
People become so distant.*

*It's like the entire worlds fallen in love with  
their insanity,  
And everyone's filled with inhumanity.  
It's as if the apocalypse is within us,  
And we've all become treasonous.*

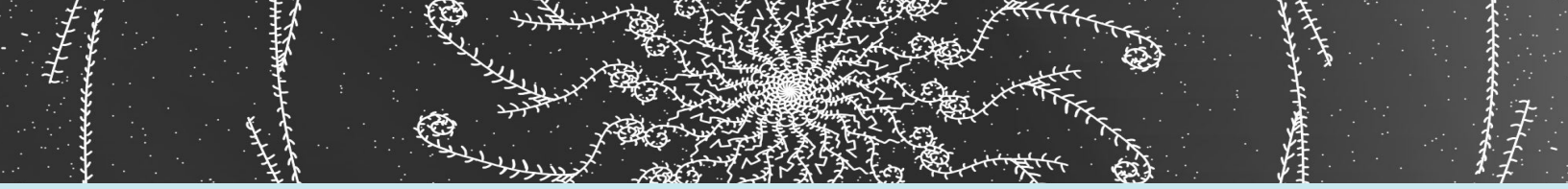
*We love watching others suffer,  
Just so we can think we're tougher.  
We just use lies as excuses for violence,  
And the governments become fraudulent.*

*Now it's all about who has the best weapons,  
So we can maybe teach others a lesson.  
We want to prove we're invincible,  
But only by killing other people.*

*Hatred is becoming a feeling we thrive on,  
Love is almost completely gone.  
We hate one another,  
We grow with pother.*

*Will the world ever love again?  
Or will everything be bloodstained?  
Can we undo what we've done?  
Or has violence already won?*

--Alexis Eichner



Spines in the Night-- Xuan Ho



## Mindy

Mixed, multi-colored,  
marbled together.  
Meowing constantly,  
Moving to many  
marvelous places.  
Making as much  
movement as may be  
possible.  
Much scratching,  
many bites,  
Magnificent posture,  
Much love.

By: Laura Deroba





## Toxic

I never thought,  
That I would need you this much.  
Every curse,  
Every verse,  
And every line.  
That you had used to keep me in your grasp,  
I know now that you  
Are toxic.  
When we are together,  
I end up losing myself.  
Every trace of  
Who I am,  
Who I was,  
Who I want to be.  
You are intoxicating.  
But I still  
Want to experience every little high  
And quite possibly every low.  
I am addicted to the  
Toxicity  
You present me with  
And even though I am aware  
That toxic things are dangerous,  
I am left still craving  
More.

--Justice Edwards



# Stay

Hey!  
Hey you!  
Yes, you reading this.  
Please don't go.  
Please don't let go.  
I know;  
The world is wide  
And life's unfair,

But,  
You know that person  
That's the last person you think of  
Before you drift off to sleep?  
That person you think of when you wake up  
And suddenly  
Today doesn't seem so scary?  
That person you couldn't imagine life without?  
Well, you're that person to someone.  
There's someone who's life you make bearable.  
You're the reason someone can get up in the morning.  
Someone loves you that much.  
You unknowingly comfort someone when they need it.  
I know, you don't believe me.

But if you're reading this now,  
You've already made *my* life better.  
And if you've ever made someone smile,  
You've done that much to make the world a better place.  
You aren't just a "waste of oxygen."  
You have purpose.  
So please don't go.  
Please don't let go.  
Because you have so many reasons to stay.

--Celia Sondheim

# Hooked

***You tell me***

***I care too much***

***I care too much about my appearance***

***I care too much about what you think***

***I care too much about you***

***I care so much***

***That I don't care***

***I don't care about eating***

***I don't care about sleeping***

***I don't care about my dreams***

***I don't care about my grades***

***I don't care about my music***

***I don't care about anything***

***But***

***your unneeded opinion***

***your stamp of approval***

***your judgmental words***

***I wish I didn't care so much***

***But I care too much***

***To a point***

***Where it has even become***

***An obsession***

***I am obsessed with the euphoria I receive from your approval***

***I am obsessed with the high I take in from your intoxicating words***

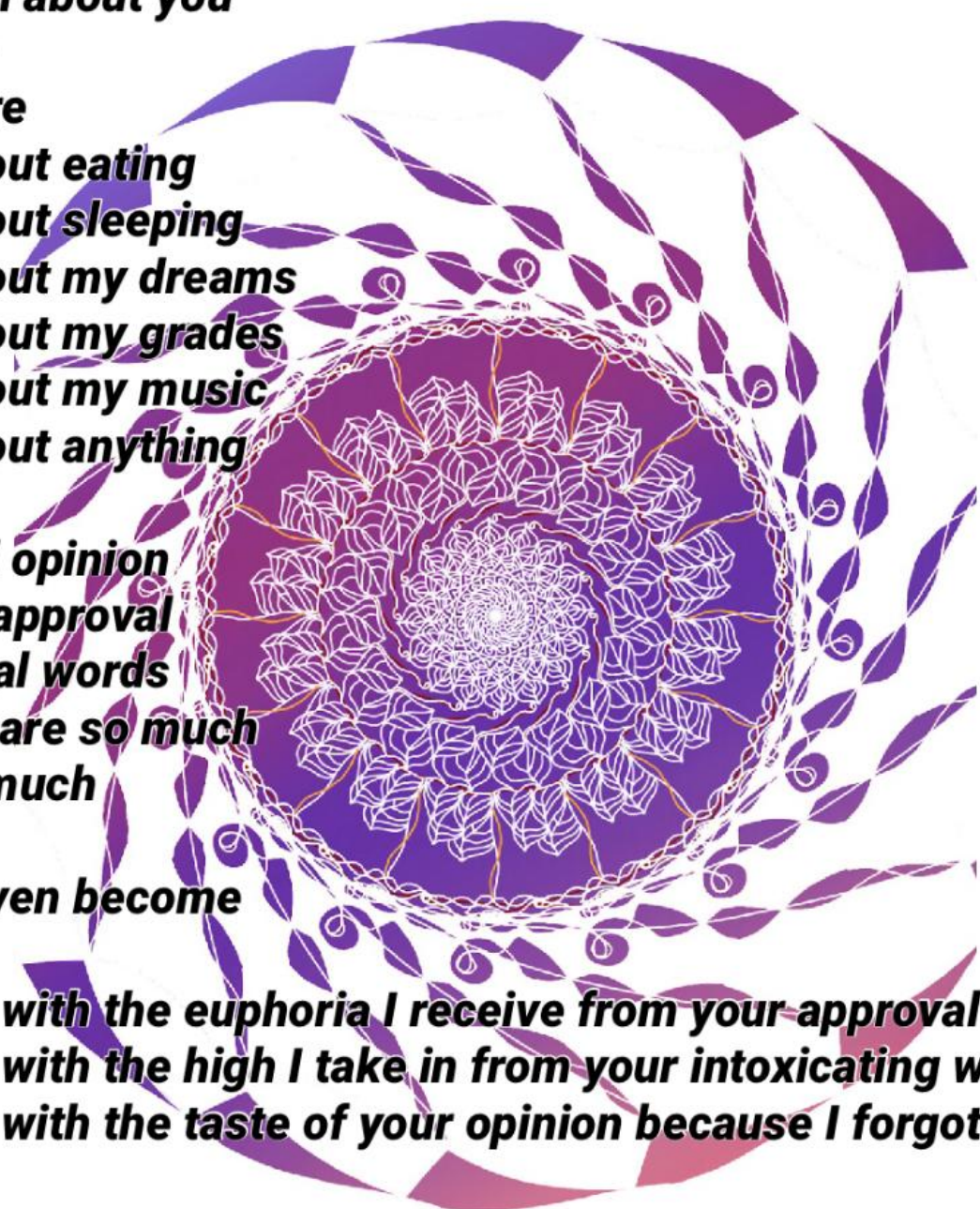
***I am obsessed with the taste of your opinion because I forgotten any other taste***

***I am hooked***

***And there is no way***

***To wean me off your judgement***

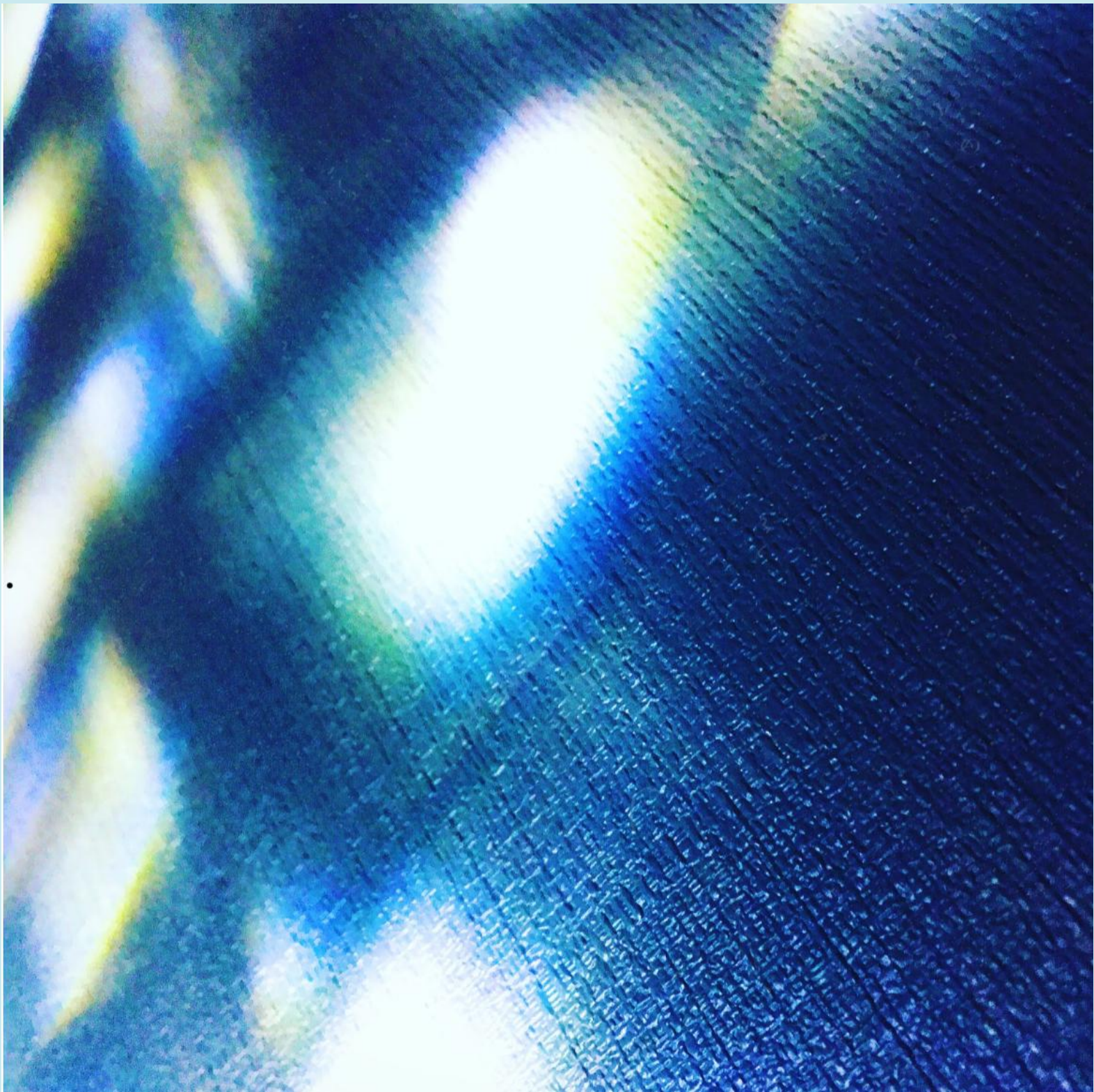
***For I am hooked.***





## Repetition

Again and again,  
Again and again,  
You tug at my emotions.  
Once more,  
Once more,  
You toy with the way I feel.  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
You leave.  
Once more,  
Once more,  
I hurt and run back to you.  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
The sun rises and tears pour.  
Once more,  
Once more,  
It is the same old thing.  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
I need to break this pattern.  
Once more,  
Once more,  
But this time I will never return.  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
Or at least until I wish to suffer.  
Once more,  
Once more.



Sun Kisses  
photo-- Xuan Ho



# Every Last Cut.

"I believe that people are like surgeons,"

He stated to no one in particular

Smiling blankly at the floor

"We cut at each other

Trying to satisfy the craving that comes

With each clean incision

Every monotone beep

To show that no matter how much you cut

The victim is still alive

Every clean line carved into the unconscious

As human beings with scalpels

We see ourselves as gods—

Gods with the power to keep cutting,

The power to mend the broken,

Even if nothing is really broken;

Until finally you make a mistake—

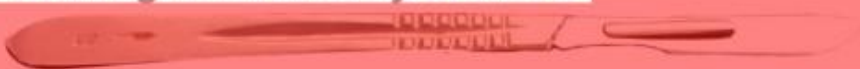
one that cannot be taken back.

Guilt begins to bubble

And you unsuccessfully

try to undo what you have done

Knowing that this is your fault.



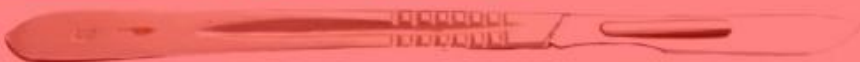


The once-soothing monotone beep  
Turns into a frenzied tone—  
But the noise is too distant;  
Your focus is on mending,  
But there is nothing left to mend.

They begin to suffocate.  
Their heart begins to beat weakly,  
Quickly slipping away—  
Inevitably they died:  
you couldn't save them from the damage—  
The damage you caused.

Finally you have to own up.  
Own up to your mistakes  
And admit your addiction  
That is the addiction to cut.

They begin to suffocate.  
Their heart begins to beat weakly,  
Quickly slipping away—  
Inevitably they died:  
you couldn't save them from the damage—  
The damage you caused.





Finally you have to own up.

Own up to your mistakes

You look at yourself after the procedure

Which failed immensely:

Do you still wish to cut?

Do you still wish to crave?

But knowing you have an addiction

Means you are someone—

Someone who can not stop,

Someone who will not stop,

Someone who will never stop.

“You have to look the family of your victim in the eyes

And say how sorry you are

For their loss,”

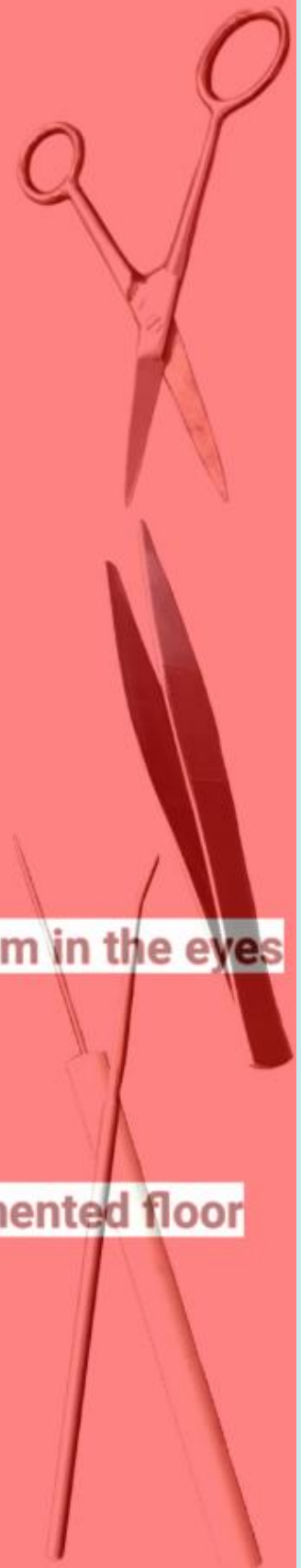
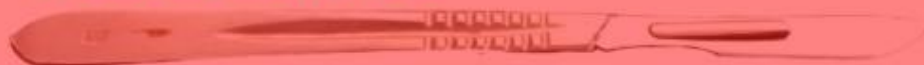
He concluded,

Peeling his eyes away from the grey cemented floor

Finally looking at the ceiling

Pondering his thoughts.

--Justice Edwards





*Alexis  
Eichner*

**Under the Moonlight**  
Digital Art -- Alexis Eichner

## **We Are One**

**We are one**

**Discrimination, something so alive in our world**

**Something, so heavily pushed on us**

**Society pushes us to be negative**

**And point out all the flaws in the world**

**We are forced to differentiate each other**

**It is as if, it is the only way**

**But, we are all humans**

**Either black, white, or in between**

**Either male, female, neither, or both**

**Either straight, gay, lesbian, or other**

**We are still one**

**We are still a whole**

**We are still, humans**

**No matter what, we must stick together**

**And remember**

**We are one.**

--Marissa Caspersen



Cliff Towers-- Liz Stewart



# Patterns Of People

I don't know you  
I like you a little  
I like you  
I like you a lot  
I love you  
I love you less  
I like you a lot  
I like you  
I like you a little  
I don't know you.

--Celia Sondheim



# Oxygen

You  
Are like my oxygen.  
Even though you  
Tug me underwater,  
You still provide me with life.  
But when you leave,  
I am left.  
Breathless,  
Because when you left,  
You took all of my oxygen  
With you.  
And now as I lie here,  
Upon the ground,  
Gasping for you  
To fill my lungs,  
I will remember  
How you had done me wrong,  
And how you have left me here  
To suffocate.  
Because without you  
I am just a breathless  
Corpse.



# What We Deserve

**As people, we could have a  
million people  
Who love and care about us  
infinitely.  
Good, kind people who want  
our love,  
Who want to love us.  
They would love us forever in a  
heartbeat.  
But we, being people, push  
them away.  
We push them as far as we can.  
We deny ourselves every chance at  
love and isolate ourselves from good  
people  
And we chase those who will never  
love us.  
We seek people who will never give  
us the love we so seek  
Because we seek  
What we think we deserve.**

What We Deserve-- Celia Sondheim



# Glass Heart

Walls put up

Never brought down

Not until something turns around

Not until someone... rids of the pain...

The little guards attack the last strand of dignity.

Taught myself not to cry.

Taught myself not to be weak in front of the crowd.

Tried not to be down.

So I hid myself deep away.

Tried not to get close to others.

Only so they wouldn't break away.

None can break the self pact.

Only one that truly knows.

Only one who truly wouldn't give up.

One who wouldn't leave the damaged sight.

But nobody does.

Or so I have learned to think.

Drown in the flame. The emotionless pit.

Walls cover the glass heart.

Fragile to the touch.

Don't throw stones.

It is but only glass.

A glass heart in a world of jagged edges...

and shattered pieces of the heart.



Taught to be tough for myself.

For my glass heart.

I only want to protect it from shattering.

From being... broken.

One day I might have had a stone heart.

Could take the damage.

Could take the pain.

Could take the pain when I didn't understand.

Understand what was said.

The stone only holds up until it can become but a beautiful...  
art.

Only let out when someone breaks the walls concealing it.

Concealing it to protect it.

A fragile piece. A fragile person.

If I had the stone heart I'd go through an ocean for them.

For the other glass hearts who think they are alone.

But I'm not, I'm just the glass heart.

With walls to protect.

To be distant.

To be lonely.

Not to be personal.

So I can't be broken.



New Beginnings  
photo--Xuan Ho



## Blooming Waltz

Soft, delicate petals in the spring  
filled with vibrant colours that fling.  
Blooming in millions like the stars of the night sky  
they raise their heads proud and high.

The birds that sing the song of joy  
as beautiful as Helen of Troy.  
The birds that fly to the warmth of the sky  
touching the clouds that lie up so high

The flowers that bloom,  
The birds that sing,  
Dancing in nature's ballroom,  
Emerging proud like a King.



--Xuan Ho



Blossoming-- Xuan Ho



## **Escapade by Leighann Fitch**

**Setting:** A bunch of kids in a classroom causing trouble.

**Characters:** Fallon- age 14, Reyes- age 15, Jeremy- age 13, Lena- age 13, teacher, narrator 1, narrator 2, other kids.

**Narrator 1:** The bubbly brit, known as Lena, was walking to class and stopped to say hello to her friends along the way. She soon figured out their “master plan;” and joined in.

**Lena:** “Heya guys! Whatcha doing with all those materials? Aren’t those the teachers’?”

**Jeremy:** “It’s our master plan. We’re going to first blow up this balloon, stuff it under a hoodie, and make it seem like Reyes is just sleeping in class!”

**Reyes:** “I never agreed to it being me, he ju-“

**Jermey:** “Yeah yeah, blah blah. Theeennn w-”

**Fallon:** “We’re just going to annoy the teacher. Also, you need to shout random, annoying stuff.”

**Lena:** “What? Why me?”

**Fallon:** ““Cause apparently random words and your British accent can be really annoying if done the right way.”

**Reyes:** “Clock’s ticking! Someone blow up the balloon.”

## **Escapade by Leighann Fitch**

**Narrator 2:** Reyes held out the balloon as everyone stared at it like it was poison ivy. Except for Jermey.

**Jeremey:** “You guys seriously can’t blow up a balloon? Wow... I’ll do it then.”

**Lena’s inner voice:** Sweet mother of Jesus. His cheeks were the size of a grapefruit and sufficiently red. It’s not possible to get face fat that fast. Right? I’m doubting myself now. You can’t be serious. I think I’m dreaming. His cheeks look like stickin’ ripples in water.

**Lena:** Uhm, Jeremy I don’t think that’s how yo-”

**Jeremey:** “I’m getting there, wait

**Fallon’s inner voice:** Oh, my god. He just got spit on my face!

**Fallon:** “Ew Jermey stop I’ll get a new balloon and do it myself.”

**Narrator 1:** Lena got a new balloon and gave it to Fallon. Reyes didn’t seem too affected by Jeremey blowing up the balloon. But he sure is by the new contestant.

**Reyes inner voice:** You know, I thought Fallon would have known how to blow up a balloon. Oh was I wrong she’s got no clue. It’s worse than Jermy! Her checks are even bigger and flubby-er! Did she just go cross eyed? My word I hate blowing up balloons. I hope Lena can.



## **Escapade by Leighann Fitch**

**Reyes:** “Lena you blow up the balloon. These guys clearly can’t.”

**Narrator 2:** Jermy and Fallon said at the same time, “Yes I can. You didn’t give me a chance!”

**Lena:** “Oie, I’ll do it. Only ‘cause you guys are delusional.” She said with a smirk on her face.

**Narrator 1:** Lena blew up the balloon with much success and headed to first period as planned. The teacher wasn’t found and boy did they set up quickly. Whilst Reyes hid his face in his locker.

**Teacher:** “Good morning. Open your notes from last class, your bellringer is on the board. I’ll regroup after you guys are done.”

**Lena’s inner voice:** What could go wrong? Discipline referral, detention, more homework, lunch detention, other stuff... Eh nothing I need to worry ‘bout.

**Teacher:** “Alright! So, if  $X+y=2h$  squared. What is your final answer?”

**Narrator 2:** Lena promptly raised her hand.

**Lena:** “Heya, can I have some hot choco? Always tastes betta’ with some squishy squares! You should try it.”



## ***Escapade* by Leighann Fitch**

**Narrator 1:** The teacher blinked many times before looking to see if it was actually Lena. She never does this stuff. He thought maybe Reyes would actually give an answer so he called on him instead.

**Teacher:** “Not the answer I was looking for. Reyes! What did you get?”

**Narrator 2:** Lena chuckled as the hoodie didn’t move one bit.

**Teacher:** “Something funny Lena?”

**Lena:** “Uhh no sir, just wishing I could have that choco.”

**Teacher:** “okay, then what did you get for the bellringer?”

**Lena:** “SQUISHY SQAURES!” She said with the derpiest face she could have. Smile up to her ears.

Other kids: “Jeremy, Fallon, lunch detention, no butts.”

**Narrator 1:** Fallon and Jermey where struggling to contain their laughter, as the teacher was talking in a quiet voice with much restrained annoyance and anger to Lena trying not to disturb the class.



## ***Escapade* by Leighann Fitch**

**Teacher:** “Lena, please just show me your paper. You’re never like this.”

**Narrator 2:** Lena crumbled her paper and put it in her mouth. The teacher soon face-palming after the fact.

**Teacher:** “Did Jeremy have something to do with this? And you know Reyes, why is he sitting like a dead guy?”

**Lena:** “Do you think pigeons ‘ave feelings?”

**Teacher:** “My word Lena be quiet --goodness. Reyes! Wake up! Class started 20 minutes ago!”

**Narrator 2:** Reyes sneaked into the classroom behind the teacher to the side.

**Reyes:** “Yeah, I dunno how to do this problem.”



## ***Escapade* by Leighann Fitch**

**Narrator 1:** The teacher jumped a little and put his right hand over his face as if he had given up with the class. He was the “cooler” teacher though, so he had a high tolerance.

**Teacher:** “I thought you were in your seat.”

**Reyes:** “Nah”

**Narrator 1:** Reyes walked to his seat and magically pulled out a pin and popped the balloon through the hoodie.

**Teacher:** “Reyes STOP Someone’s sitting th-” POP

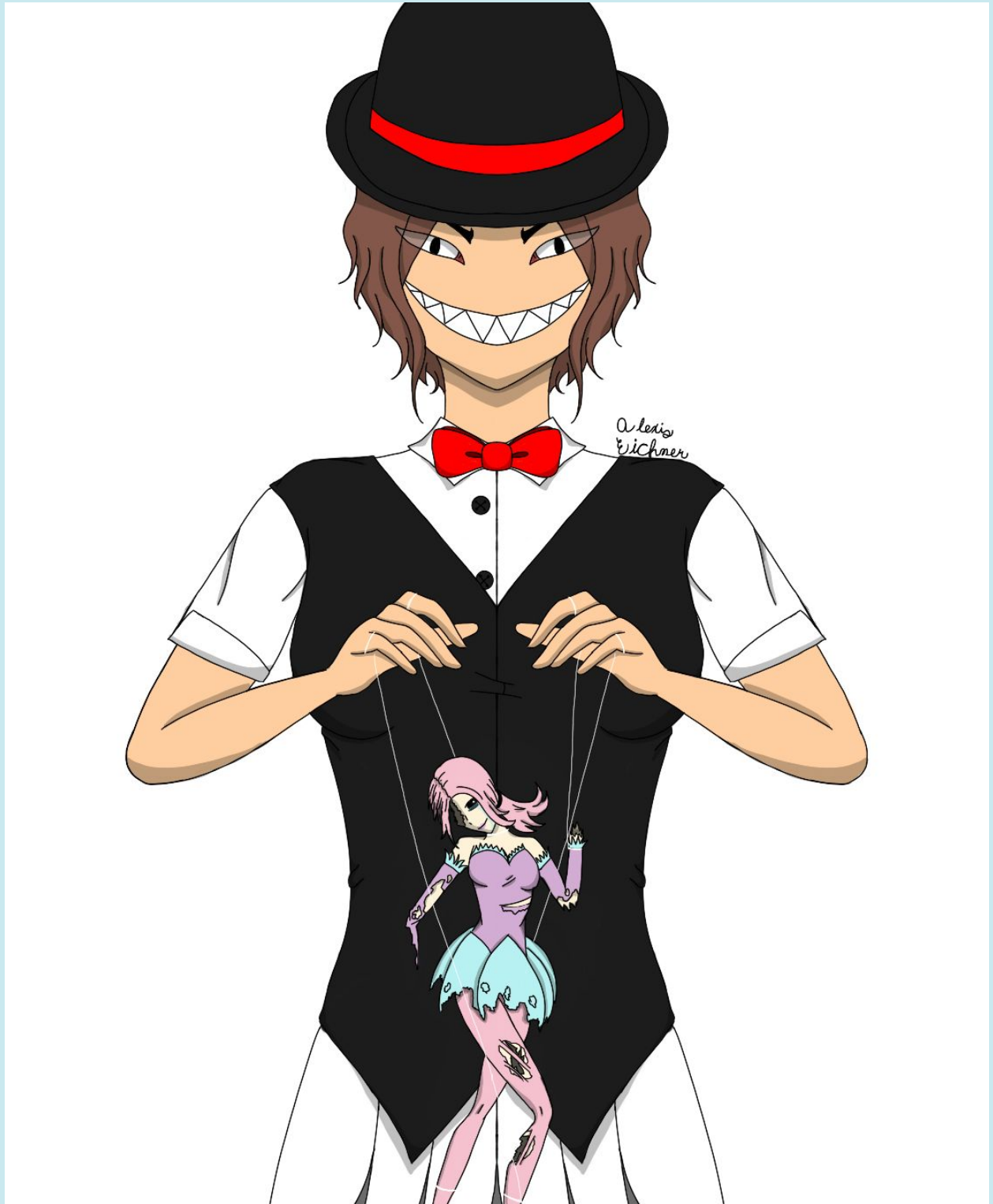
**Narrator 2:** The little group was silent throughout almost the rest of the class as forty minutes passed.

**Lena:** “Welp looky what time is it. Gotta go!”

**Narrator 2:** The bell rang, Jermey, and Reyes went and hid behind a large line of students as Lena went a different way.

**Jeremy:** “Hey, Lena, we need you to do us a favor...”

**End.**



--Digital Art by Alexis Eichner



Self-Portrait--Alexis Eichner



# **A Sort Of Star is Born**

--Celia Sondheim

*My small, six-year-old hands tremble as I clip a laminated white card, reading "B6", to my pink, lacy dress. I sit on a velvety seat in the dimly lit lobby and anxiously swing my legs under my chair. I breathe heavily, looking to my mom for moral support, but she offers only laughs at my ridiculous nervousness. "You'll be fine," she says calmly. I try to act blasé, but inside, I run through every possible awful situation that a six-year-old could dream up. The butterflies in my stomach seem to be having a grand party, fluttering all about.*

*"Group B, you're up!" calls a tall, black haired woman. Behind her, children in group A emerge. Perhaps it was just my wild imagination, but they all seemed positively petrified, which only contributed to my flaming nerves. I looked around in a panic, hoping no one would notice that I was supposed to move, as if they couldn't see the giant "B6" pinned to my dress like a card of shame. Realizing that it would, in fact, be impossible to dig a hole, crawl into it, and live in the sewers with rats as friends for the rest of my young life, I stood up, hugged my mom like I was being shipped off to war, and walked over to join the rest of the kids in my group.*





***The black haired woman smiled at me, probably recognizing that I was about to explode from anxiety. She lead us to a row of cushy seats in the front, where we got a brief, chuckle-inducing speech from the director. And so, my very first audition experience began. The director, who I now know as Richie, gave a brief self-introduction, cracking a few corny jokes here and there. He then explained that we would audition in order of our numbers; B1 would go first, then B2, and so on. That meant I had a whole 5 auditions left to live! Yippee!***

***I listened to all the kids before me audition with cutesy Christmas songs, shaking as I imagined myself in their place, but falling off the stage or suddenly losing my ability to talk or sing. Sooner than I could bear, it was time for B5 to go. I was horrified. I was next! Surely, this had to be the end for me. Finally, the dreaded moment; B5 was seated and it was my turn. I was tempted to switch cards with someone who had already went in order to avoid having to audition. However, looking around, none of the other 6-year-olds seemed too keen on taking on a secret deal with me. So, I took a breath and stood up.***

***I calmly walked up to the stage.***



Photo credit: BTE archive





***There I stood, a little child looking microscopic in comparison to the large, glossy stage. My conversation with my director went something like this.***

***What I actually said: "Hi, my name is Celia!"***

***What I telepathically said: "Please, please help me. If I stay up here one more second, I may collapse and possibly die." But unfortunately, Richie wasn't one for reading minds.***

***"Hi, Celia!" He talked to me for a few seconds, and then asked me if I was nervous. I smiled. Maybe Richie was a mind reader after all.***

***"Yeah," I said. "A little."***

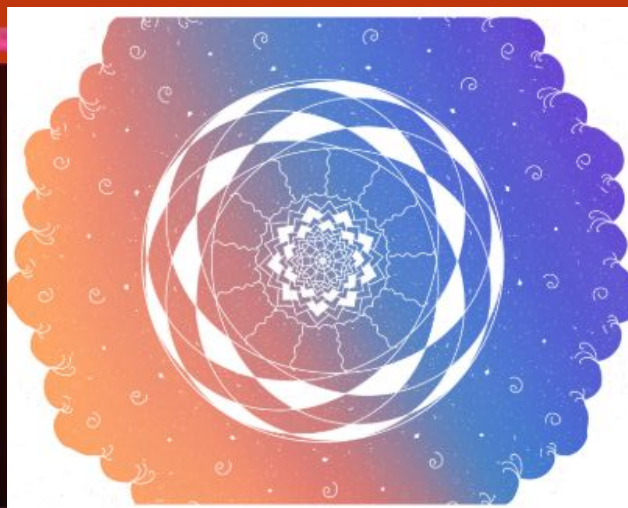
***"You'll be just fine," he replied.***

***"I hope so." He laughed, but I didn't understand why. I most certainly wasn't joking...***

***"And what's the name of your song, Celia?" Ah, my song; the crazy belts, insane key changing, Broadway singer level, difficult high and low noted song...***

***"Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer," I replied. Then, the dreaded words hit my ears.***

***"Whenever you're ready." Ah, the universal sign for "get on with it!"***





***I looked at the rest of the kids. Their faces seemed to morph into the face of every past bully, every person I've embarrassed myself in front of, even Rudolph himself, all chanting evil things and laughing at me. Was this just my imagination? I clenched my toes (to not show my fright) and began singing. It was... about what'd you'd expect from a six-year-old singing Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer. I mean, no one was clutching their ears and rolling around on the ground screaming for mercy, so I took it as a victory! I sat back down, floating on a cloud of relief. I looked at the kids who had gone before me; they looked as relieved as I felt. Then, to my other side, the kids who hadn't gone yet; they looked like they were contemplating the "living in the sewers" option, too. How had I managed to not notice how trembly they were?***

***A few weeks after, I received a call informing me that I would appear as my first ever role of "Celia Billiams"! I went on to be a part in dozens of productions, but no crowd on any show ever topped the anxiety of auditioning. To this day, I still reflect on my first audition, and I oftentimes laugh at myself and how I was too careless to realize that everyone around me had the same nerves. While never taking nerves too seriously, I have managed to reach age 13, above ground, and not living in the sewers.***



# The One Who Stands Beside Me

*The One Who Stands Beside Me* by Maize Beer

## *Scene 1*

*(Main character and his best friend have met up the night before the first day of school.)*

**Best Friend:** So you ready for school?

**Carson:** As ready as I will ever be

**Best friend:** You have Miller for homeroom, right?

**Carson:** Dude, I told you just the other day I got Mr. Flynn!

**Best friend:** Haha! Sorry forgot

*(\*Main Character laughs)*

**Carson:** It's cool, hey, I gtg see you tomorrow man.

**Best friend:** Yeah, **the big first day of 8th grade.** Night bro. **(adds context)**

*(Lights Out)*

*Scene 2: Main character and best friend walk in together, then start off to their first classes*

*(Lights up)*

**Carson:** Morning!

**Best friend:** You nervous?

**Carson:** A little I have my presentation first thing today

**Best friend:** Oof that sucks, but you cool so don't stress it

**Carson:** Thanks, I'm trying not to but Maddie is in that class

**Best friend:** Oooh you want to impress Maddie, don't worry she'll love you dude

**Carson:** I wish

*(\*First bell rings\*) (Sound effect.)*

**Best friend:** That's my cue, good luck man

*(Lights out)*

*(Lights up)*

*(All backstage "students" ready to walk in with desk/chairs. Main character walks to his class and sits down. As teacher voice is heard on recording, class reacts. \*)*

# The One Who Stands Beside Me

## **Recorded Voice 1:**

**LA teacher:** Welcome back, I hope you all enjoyed your summer! To ease into the year we are all going to present our “get to know me more” presentations. Who would like to go first?

(Students all try not to be noticed--not wanting to go first.)

**Maddie:** I would like to share first

**LA teacher:** Thank you Maddie.

*(\*Maddie presents her presentation first\*)*

(Need words from Maddie. Other students do their “bit” as Maddie talks.)

*(While Maddie talks, heartbeat offstage; Shadow does heartbeat gesture; Carson gazes lovingly at Maddie)*

**Recorded--Teacher:** Nice job Maddie! I had no idea you were a ballet dancer.

**Maddie:** Thank you

**Teacher:** Who would like to go next?

*(\*Main character raises his hand shyly\*)*

**Carson:** I’ll go, I got lots of interesting things about me

**(LA teacher)** Ok, Carson, you may go next.

*(\*Class laughs lightly\*)*

**Carson--lines?**

*(\*Main character gets up and presents\*)*

*(\*Whole class laughs and teases him throughout )*

*(\*Shadow starts to walk hunched over\*)*

*(\*Dim lights and go to next scene\*)*



# The One Who Stands Beside Me

***Scene 3: Main character and best friend are walking to next class together***

***Curtain is pulled. Backstage, students set up the cafeteria scene.***

***(Lights up)***

***In front of curtain,***

**Best friend:** How'd it go?

**Carson:** Well everyone laughed at me

**Best friend:** Well they will probably forget about it soon anyways

**Carson:** I hope, I want Maddie to like me this year.

**Best friend:** Well that was a decent first day, I don't know what I was so worried about

**Carson:** Yea I guess it was good, I'm thinking everyone will forget all about my presentation by the end of the week.

**Best friend:** I'm sure it will blow over in no time. Well here we are, see you tomorrow

**Carson:** see ya

***Lights out.***



# The One Who Stands Beside Me

***Scene 4: fast forward 2 weeks later, going to school***

***(\*Boys walk into school\*)***

***(Lights up)***

***Curtain opens. Cafeteria scene. Students preset at table, Maddie at end; bully Jack sits near Maddie, his head will be visible between Maddie and Carson during the exchange.***

**Carson:** Boy am I glad that first week is over, now I can really make my first impression on Maddie, I'm gonna try to talk to her.

**Best friend:** Good luck, I heard she has rejected 3 boys already this year.

**Carson:** Noted

***(\*Gets up bravely and goes over to Maddie\*)***

**Carson:** Hey Maddie

**Maddie:** Hey boy who had the weird presentation

***(\*Carson starts to get nervous\*)***

**Carson:** My name is actually Carson.

**Maddie:** Well hi Carson.....so why did you come over here?

**Carson:** Well I was wondering if you would like to hangout sometime? Like maybe a football game or something like that?

**Maddie:** Oh umm I'm not interested in having a relationship right now, sorry.

***(\*Whole table starts laughing\*)***

**Carson:** Oh ok well I'll see you around then

**Maddie:** Bye

***(\*Girls start gossiping about what just happened\*)***

# The One Who Stands Beside Me

**Scene 5: (Carson walks over to best friend.)**

**Best friend:** Based on what I'm seeing, she said no, didn't she?

**Carson:** Not exactly, she said she wasn't interested right now. Which means maybe in the future

**Best friend:** Ok I think that was her way of letting you down easy, sorry man

**Carson:** it's cool, not like everyone knows about it

**Best friend:** Not yet at least

**(\*Shadow starts to limp and hold arms together like its cold\*)**

**Lights Out.**

**(Cafeteria table gets flipped to become four poster bed. Extra chairs are taken off stage left)**

**Scene 6: That night, main character is in his phone and gets a text**

**(\*Carson lays down on his bed and starts looking through Instagram\*)**

**(\*Bully stands stage left in front of curtain. Intonates as if texting. (Text says "I heard you asked out Maddie and got rejected, tragic"\*)**

**Carson:** Oh my god, how did he find out! Where did he hear it from

**(\*Texts back "How do you know that? Who told you?")**

**Text message:** Dude everyone knows, good luck with the rest of this year lol

**Carson:** How am I gonna be able to go to school now

**Lights Out.**

**(\*rest of week goes by: 2 days\*)**

# The One Who Stands Beside Me

***Scene 3: Scene 7: At school next day.***

***(Lights up)***

***Carson:*** Wow what a week, I'm glad we got the weekend to hangout

***Best friend:*** Yea, I had a good week tho

***Carson:*** Lucky you

***(\*Carson rolls his eyes sarcastically\*)***

***(Enter--Bully)***

***Bully:*** Hey munch, hows it feel to get rejected

***Carson:*** Leave me alone (name)

***Bully:*** Why don't you make me

***(\*Bully gets up in main characters face\*)***

***(\*Carson stands up\*)***

***Carson:*** Leave me alone!

***Bully:*** Why? What are you gonna do about it

***(\*Bully pushes Main character over\*)***

***(\*Shadow starts to curl into a ball\*)***

***Best friend--Leave him alone.***

***(Bully gives him a push)***

***BIG FREEZE MOMENT WITH SOUND CUE***





# The One Who Stands Beside Me

*(\*Main character sees what's happening to his shadow\*)*

*(\*Carson sees what's happening to his shadow\*)*

*(\*Carson stands there in shock and starts to think that he needs to change his mindset\*)*

*(Bully is frozen. )*

*(Shadow gets up, crosses and takes microphone from Bully; begins to walk away, turns back, takes Bully's hand, puts it over Bully's mouth. )*

**Carson:** What just happened?

**Shadow:** You were just bullied in front of 60 million people.

**Carson:** I know Something needs to change.

**Shadow:** Exactly. Maybe you need to change your physical appearance. The way you look. Maybe your interests.

**Carson:** I don't want to conform to other people's standards. I'm my own person.

**Shadow:** Well then, act like it. Shake that stuff off. (Shadow grabs him and shakes him.)

**Carson:** But how?

**Shadow:** You just have to get it in your mind. And that's a really hard thing to do. It takes some time. It's hard to just think "I don't care what these people think" when someone's insulting you. Just give it some time.

**Main Character:** But what about now? Should I walk away? Should I fight them?

**Shadow:** No, no. Just block them out in your mind. Ignore them.

**Main Character:** (nods)

**Shadow:** We'll get through it together. Picks him up.

**(Unfreeze to reality)**

**Standing in front of the bully. Shadow has arm around main character.**

**Carson:** Ok. I can stand up for myself now. Thanks for the pep talk.

**(Lights Out)**

**(Cast quickly move to line downstage. Lights up for quick bow.)**

**(Exit music same as show scene transitions; then morphs into mood of next number.)**

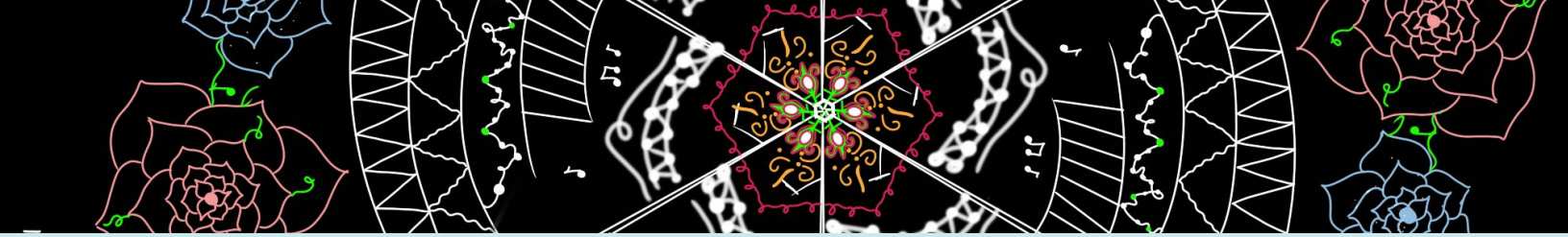
# Mysterious Street



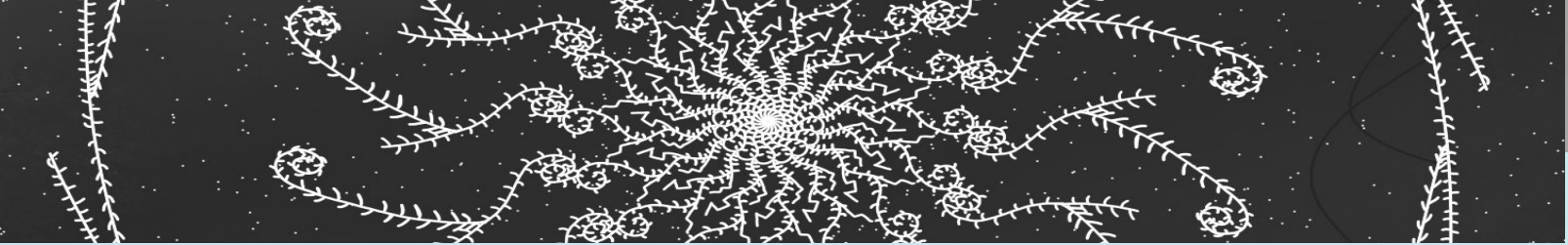
Photo--Elizabeth Stewart



Self Portrait--Thanh Ho



Moss-- Xuan Ho



Clay Platter-- Jimmy Altamirano

# Tigger



Tearing through the house  
like thunder  
Tugging, toying, tripping.  
Times to love,  
Tufts of fur twirling,  
Toys to spare,  
Tangled in too much yarn,  
True love.



By--Laura Deroba

# When is Trash a Treasure?

By: Leighann Fitch

Headphones...my treasure are my headphones. Headphones people would probably throw away after a year to get new ones. Headphones that people would say suck because of the wearing material. Headphones people would never use anymore because they aren't earbuds or a trending style. Those medium to big black with little red bulky headphones I wear around my neck everywhere but school. Yeah, I treasure those super extremely utter crap pieces of headwear.

Now why would I treasure such an abomination? Well, ever since my mothers still unfortunate condition, I would listen to music to drown myself away from the world, using those soundproof headphones. Every song I ever listened to would be using those headphones. Every emotion I felt because of the song, I felt wearing those headphones. As cliché as it sounds, it's true. The feeling I get when I hear an irresistible beat to tap my foot, sway my hips, or maybe bob my head, I would be wearing my headphones. I treasure them. Every feeling of me being in my own realm is because of the music blasting through those headphones.

Maybe to you, they are utter pieces of crap and mean nothing. But what happens when you find your long lost blanket? Or teddy bear that you got when you were in the hospital. The feeling when you got a gift. The feeling of joy maybe? Well, my headphones make me remember all of those feelings.





Flight: Patterns  
Art Builds Community

National Public Radio Podcast Challenge 2019  
Top 300 of almost 6000 entries--  
Reflections Cubed



# **Reflections Cubed: Podcast**

***This year, 7th and 8th grade students combined forces to create a symphony of art, both poetry/songs and drawings in a production entitled "Reflections". When your 8th grade FLIGHT team saw an NPR national podcast competition, they jumped at the opportunity to create an audio-based talkshow about the Reflections show. We faced many obstacles in the production process; it's certainly not perfect, but we put lots of heart and many hours into it. Out of 25,000 students that entered nationwide, your FLIGHT team received a coveted Honorable Mention! Click the link below to check out the podcast.***

**<https://soundcloud.com/ccronrat/central-columbia-middle-school-reflections-cubed-podcast-2019>**

## What It Feels Like

Imagine having to go to school all day when the teachers and other students speak a different language.

Imagine Algebra, History, Science, English in words that you don't know very well yet.

It is overwhelming to spend hours in confusion.

I don't get it.

What are they saying?

How does this language work?

What is the teacher talking about?

I need to get help for this problem.

But how?

Why is it so hard?

Why do I have to do this?

What are they saying?

I hope someone

can help.

--by Thanh Ho with Ms. Cronrath

## We Are Equal— Anna Sarnoski

You belong here, in this world.  
Don't be scared to open that door.  
If there's any trouble, you can face it,  
it doesn't matter what your gender or race is.  
We are equal.

You try hard to not show, what is truly a person that glows.  
You smile because you are hiding,  
what is truly something not worth fighting.  
We are equal.

You sing in a group because you don't want them to know,  
the voice that is the star of the show.  
You play the flute because you don't want them to hear,  
the sound of beauty in their ears.  
We are equal.

You wear plain clothes because you don't want to draw attention,  
but you should be showing off the beauty that is worth a mention.  
You wear jeans because they're "trendy,"  
when you would much rather be wearing athletic pants, definitely.  
We are equal.

You think they are better because they are "popular,"  
but what they don't see is the person who is truly unstoppable.  
You think you're a "nerd" because you read,  
that knowledge will get you somewhere that you will need.  
We are equal.



Flight: Patterns  
Text Meets ELA  
Analysis

8th Grade attended Water Education Day at Briar Creek Lake, and then read a recent article about one young person's efforts to make a difference.  
Making Connections is a Pattern!

# Good Water, Good Life



--Leighann Fitch

***By 2050 more plastic than fish is predicted to be in the ocean! Yes, that's a lot of lazy people littering! In the article "Giant Plastic Catcher Heads for Pacific Ocean Clean-up," the author mentions a few related topics to everything learned on Water Education Day. Specifically, taking time out of your day to do the simple and small things will make a difference. (Obviously I know there are more, don't get mad.)***

***Off of that note, during a drama presented on Water Education Day the actors/actresses told a story about a girl trying to help a boat load of starfish. Another character in that story told her it would not make a difference. However, it would, for that one starfish she just saved. Small deed, large impact when done in numbers.***

***In relation to that story, the article is based off of a young college drop-out student who had a small vision that turned international. Something so small might make a big difference in cleaning. I quote, "vision to a serious international enterprise." You know, that international enterprise part? It used to be a small vision was meant as an idea that could help. Something simple. That vision could possibly make a big difference in the future, just as the girl made a difference for that starfish.***



# Flight: Patterns In History

What would a Revolutionary-Era newspaper article have reported? In 8th grade, students in Mr. Miller's class created newspapers about topics of the day. Are there patterns that repeat in history?

# Religious Tensions Erupt; Citizens Sent Packing

The Antinomian Controversy Is Blowing Up. Here's  
Everything You Need To Know.

## The Antinomian Controversy

### Who?

Known to be involved is Anne Hutchinson, John Cotton, John Wheelright, and local priests

### What?

A religious controversy

When?  
1636



### Where?

Boston,

John Cotton

Massachusetts

### Why?

Conflicting beliefs and tension

\*Psst! People who rebelled or criticized against the Puritan church were known as "Antinomians." Make sense?

## The Tea



Anne Hutchinson has made a gutsy decision to stand against the church and its preachings and encourage people that loving Jesus guarantees admission into heaven. This has created tension among her family and the priests, causing what shall be known as the Antinomian Controversy. John Cotton, a well known priest, has sided with Hutchinson, but has backtracked on his words as he watches his friends go up in smoke.

Anne Hutchinson has been sent away as a result of a brutal punishment, due to her behavior being, "not tolerable...in the sight of God nor fitting for [her] sex." In other words, her religion and preachings are unacceptable in the face of God and will not be tolerated in considering of her gender.

John Cotton:

Cotton wrote his sermons with the covenant of grace in mind. This was controversial among other priests and Puritans. He wanted to see changes among the Puritan church.



Anne Hutchinson:

Hutchinson was known to criticize Puritan priests, with the exception on John Cotton and John Wheelright.

# BIRTH OF RELIGIOUS HAVEN

## ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE BIRTH OF RHODE ISLAND

Editors: Thanh Ho

Reporters: Corrina Yashimski, Harlee Hons, Zachary Slusser

### Who

Roger Williams

### Where

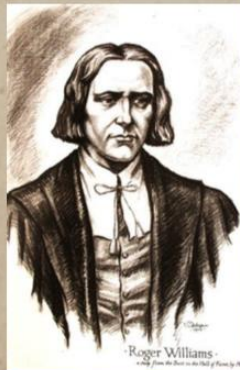
- Rhode Island
- Massachusetts

### When

- 1630s-40s

### What

As someone who had the minority beliefs, Roger Williams created a haven for those like him.



## THE SCOOP:

1635- Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony for spreading dangerous opinions. Stated by William Bradford, "He began to fall into some strange opinions, and from opinion to practice, which caused some controversy between the church and him." The initial opinion was that people should be allowed religious freedom, such as things like "no single church" should be supported by tax dollars. The other was Williams' belief that the Natives should be treated fairly in that their land should be claimed only through fair pay.

In 1636, Williams bought land from some Natives and payed fairly. This land that he bought is now Rhode Island. But when he bought it, it was a "religious haven" for all except Puritans and a land that was free of danger from the Natives.







8th Grade Research  
Flight: Patterns

Learning to ask questions is an important  
Life Pattern--  
Asking Questions leads to a Pattern of Discovery

## How can stress in student-athletes be prevented?

By: Peter Lanza

Imagine yourself, a three sport athlete trying to survive school. That night, you have a game an hour away and your teacher hits you with a four page assignment, due the next day. What would you do? Would you take the hit to your grade? Would you skip the game? Or possibly stay up until two in the morning to complete both? Everyday, student-athletes are forced to answer this question to some extent, and their answer is vital. Either way, they will suffer with their health, grades or team commitment. However, the signs and symptoms of stress in student athletes can be prevented through knowledge and action.

### What causes stress in student-athletes?

Throughout the daily life of a student-athlete, they must encounter many different challenges, one of these being stress. Many different things can put the pressure of stress on student-athletes. These things include: no longer being the best on the team, the threat of an injury, getting along with team officials, and the constant pressure of getting playing time (Wilson, et al. 1). Also, Compton adds, when participating in sports, stress can be aroused from worrying about future outcomes, and from this, if society welcomes them or not (Compton 2). To add to this, A vast majority of student-athletes state that sources of their stress include: keeping good grades, and homework/missed work (Wilson, et al. 2).

### Why is this more prominent in freshmen?

Although this stress occurs in people of all ages, it has been shown to be more likely to happen in college freshmen. According to Wilson and Pritchard, a recurring and quite obvious source of stress in athletes, and specifically freshmen is time. These freshmen are faced with the regular problems of their social life, along with the ones associated with sports, and classes. This gives them less time to walk around, and become more familiarized with the new world around them. With this new college seeming a cold and unfamiliar world for these students, this can add even more stress atop the pile (Wilson, et al. 9). They then add to this by also mentioning that

another major source of stress in these athletes is managing their life well. Wilson's study shows that student-athletes (especially college freshman) can feel pressure put on them by social demands, navigating a relationship with a boyfriend/girlfriend, and the other unique forces of a freshman student-athletes (5).



Continues on the Next Page

### **How can stress negatively effect student-athletes?**

Anyone who has heard of stress knows that it is a negative thing, and this is no exception in student-athletes. Although it can surface in multiple manors, none of them are a benefit to the human. Most commonly, athletes with stress are suffering from general stress, however in more severe cases student-athletes can be diagnosed with OCD (Obsessive Compulsive Disorder), PTSD (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder), and depression. Specifically, stress can be incubated to grow more easily in people with OCD, because they will only be able to think about their daily traditions until they are completed, this will leave them vulnerable to stress (Fullerton 6). To elaborate on this, one out of two athletes feel stress that comes from sports. These include: stress to consistently win, performance related anxiety, frustration with failure, and mental health changing fear (Wilson, et al. 1).

### **What are the symptoms of stress in student-athletes?**

More specifically, this stress can reveal itself in a range of ways. Student-athletes who are susceptible to higher levels of stress can also be more likely to have suffering health. These people are shown to be more likely to have a variety of health issues such as low self esteem, insomnia, chronic tension, tiredness, and overall aches and pains (Wilson, et al. 1). Additionally, the most common signs of stress include “anxiety, anger, guilt, depression, shame and feeling sorry for oneself.” Along with these, one’s behavior may also be affected. This can be through “sleeping disturbances, restlessness, aggressive behavior, alcohol or drug abuse, sulking, crying, poor performance, absenteeism, and

clenched fists.” On top of all this one may also have “muscle tension, increased heart rate, indigestion, stomach spasms, pain and headaches” (Fullerton 8). Also, when stress is on an athlete, it can change the level at which they play, and in the manner at which they respond to the stress can determine wether they continue to have stress, or put it out, which can be very vital to one’s future (3).

### **How can we prevent stress in student athletes?**

Although stress in student-athletes is not desirable, it is always looming around the corner. However, this can be avoided. A lot of times, athletes handle stress wrong, and it causes them to have to seek outside help. Before the stress gets to this point, athletes can handle it in a natural way by having fun, keeping a positive self image, and learning to relax. However, if professional help is needed, it should be acquired (Fullerton 10). Also, Compton suggests that if a child is stressed more than normal, they can do something active, such as playing a sport. This will help them to relive their stress (Compton 4).

#### **Summation**

Through methods such as education and action, the negative effects of stress on student athletes can be nullified. If you are anyone you know are in a situation such as this, the information discussed can save lots of time, money, and pain. Next time you are caught in a pinch, remember the methods, and it will help you effectively alleviate the stress.



**Continues on the Next Page**

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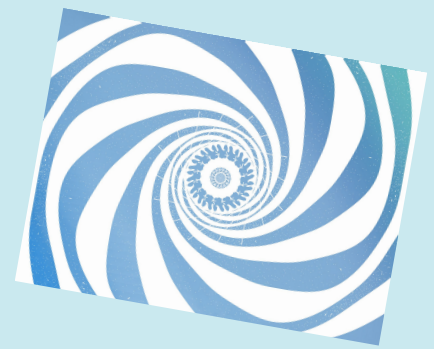
# Flight: Patterns Narratives

Telling our stories--  
A human pattern since the beginning of history

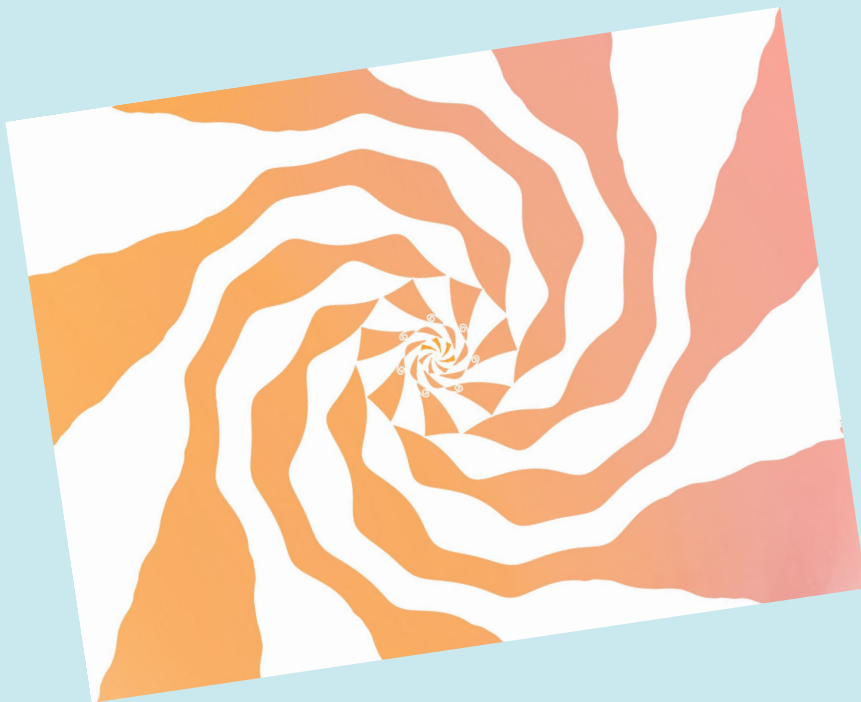
# Life Lessons Learned at JA

--Alex Arnold

Let me start out but saying one thing: life is hard. A lot of times, it's also unfair. Both of these lesson (and more) were taught to me during the 8th grade field trip to JA, short for Junior Achievement. Here's a quick summary of what we learned: **EVERYTHING IS EXPENSIVE.**

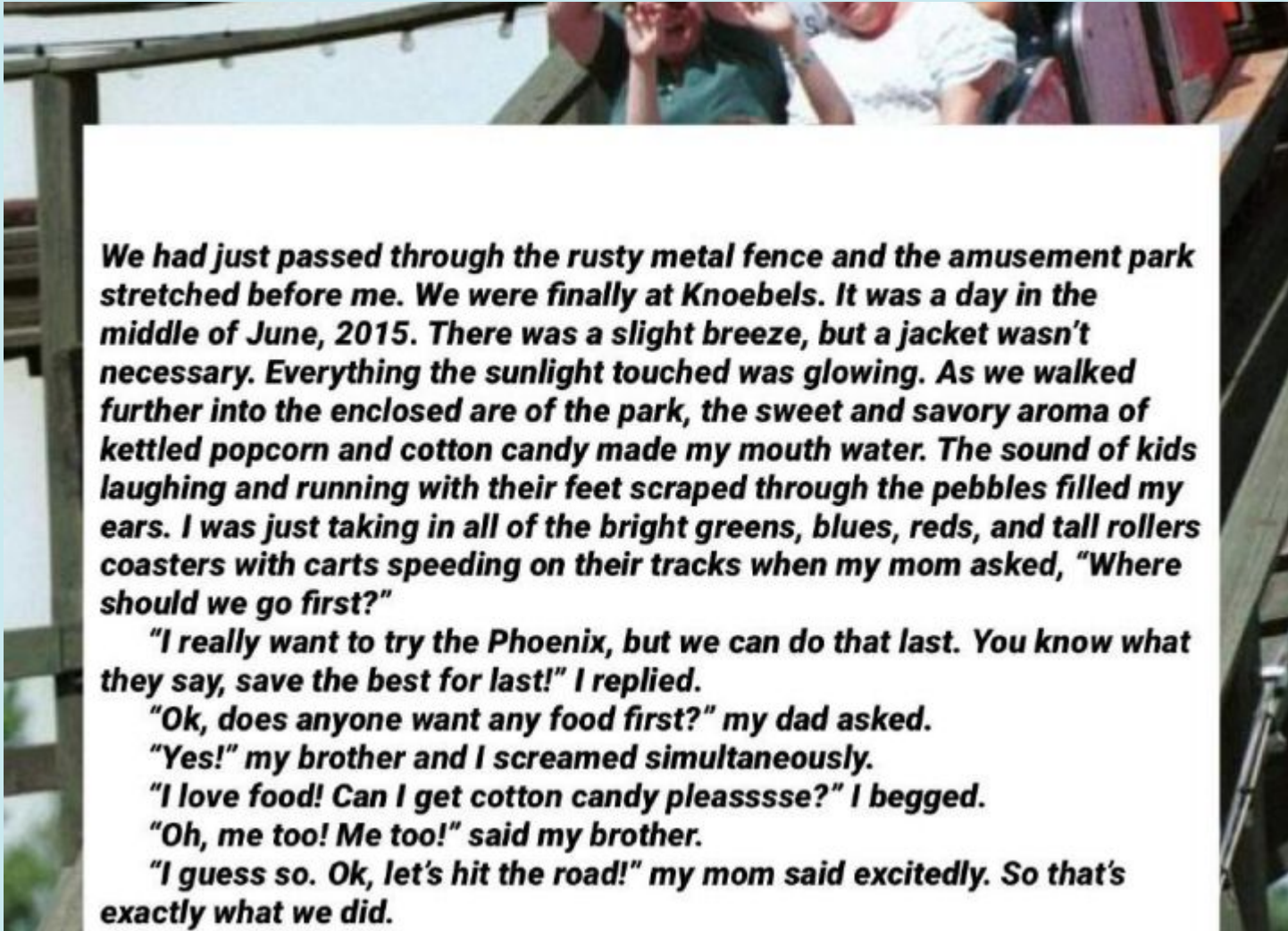


I'm talking about food, rent, pets, even running water. All of these necessities are ridiculously costly. Couple that with college fees, and you'll be drowning in debt before you even know what hit you. Think a spouse will help keep you afloat? **WRONG.** You and your spouse could make thousands of dollars a month, only to have it disappear in the blink of an eye. And if you have kids, oh, don't even get me started about how much those little rascals can cost you. You'll end up scrounging for loose change by the time your next paycheck arrives. So, in conclusion, you better have a foolproof plan for adulthood, because otherwise, you don't stand a fraction of a chance.



# First Ride On The Phoenix

-- Ella Sedor



***We had just passed through the rusty metal fence and the amusement park stretched before me. We were finally at Knoebels. It was a day in the middle of June, 2015. There was a slight breeze, but a jacket wasn't necessary. Everything the sunlight touched was glowing. As we walked further into the enclosed are of the park, the sweet and savory aroma of kettled popcorn and cotton candy made my mouth water. The sound of kids laughing and running with their feet scraped through the pebbles filled my ears. I was just taking in all of the bright greens, blues, reds, and tall rollers coasters with carts speeding on their tracks when my mom asked, "Where should we go first?"***

***"I really want to try the Phoenix, but we can do that last. You know what they say, save the best for last!" I replied.***

***"Ok, does anyone want any food first?" my dad asked.***

***"Yes!" my brother and I screamed simultaneously.***

***"I love food! Can I get cotton candy pleasssse?" I begged.***

***"Oh, me too! Me too!" said my brother.***

***"I guess so. Ok, let's hit the road!" my mom said excitedly. So that's exactly what we did.***

## First Ride On The Phoenix (cont'd)

*I was surrounded by rides and rides galore while eating my cotton candy, it was a dream! I couldn't help myself, I wanted to try anything and everything. My brother on the other hand, was much younger, and most of the rides he didn't seem too interested in. And plus, the roller coasters he did want to ride were lame. I mean... that's just my opinion. Not gonna lie though, I was just there for the Phoenix. Which lead me to ask, "When are we gonna ride the Phoenix?" in that 10 year old whiney voice I acquired. Then, before my mom got time to answer, I felt a wet droplet on my skin, like one that falls from the sky in the form of precipitation, and makes things wet. Ugh. An unsettling feeling washed over me and a chill ran through my body, knowing the inevitable. I gazed up and sure enough, dark gray clouds rolled in across the sky and obscured the sun from view. Everything was now covered with a gloomy and eery blanket. "You've got to be kidding me," I exclaimed.*



## First Ride On The Phoenix (cont'd)

**"It's ok," my dad said, "Let's get to the Phoenix quick before it starts to pour."**

**"I don't want to go! I am going to get soaking wet!" my brother pouted.**

**"Come on, you won't melt. It's just a little rain." my mom assured him.**


**"Yeah come on, I have been waiting for this all day. Hey, can we run so we get there faster?" I said.**

**"That's probably not the greatest idea, but eh, what the heck." my dad stated.**

**Soon, we were running through the park and through the crowd as fast as we could without, like, knocking anyone over or slipping. That would have been really bad. Imagine the ground yelling in pain as I fell onto it. \*shudder\* But anyway... as we ran, the rain poured harder and harder. And it got darker and darker. When we had reached the ride at last, I was out of breath. Rain pelted my body. I could literally wring out my shirt. All of these horrific thoughts flooded my mind. What if the cart falls off of the tracks because it is so slippery with the rain and it explodes with me in it when it hits the ground? What if the cart slips and goes too fast and my head flings back and I die? What if I fly out of the seat and land flat on the ground like a pancake? "Dad, I don't think I want to do this. I am too nervous and scared I might...die." I said**

**"Well guess, what? You are going on that stinking ride that our whole family just ran to, FOR YOU, and got soaking wet, FOR YOU! Jeez kid, you can't back down now." My dad said.**



**I knew he was right, but still... I couldn't help the thought of dying because you know, who wouldn't think about dying in this situation? "Ok, ok. Fine. Let's go." I said, sucking it up. I knew I wasn't tall enough to go on my own, so my dad had to go with me. I said bye to my mom and brother, and we were on our way. The line barely moved a foot in fifteen minutes. The wait was agonizing. I just really wanted to get it over with. Dying I mean. I wanted it to be quick and painless. What better way to die then on a roller coaster? I looked around the line and just happened to see the huge 1,000 foot drop. Yeah that didn't make anything better. I was now more nervous then ever. My dad kept telling me it would be fine. I was finding it hard to believe him.**



**The cart covered in raindrops made its shrieking appearance as it stopped in front of me and my dad. "Here we go. You will be fine. Don't worry." my dad said, trying to reassure me.**

**"Yeah I'm just gonna say my goodbyes now. Goodbye dad, hope you enjoy the rest of your life without me. We will meet again soon. I will miss you." I said. We hopped into the cart and my heart began to pound. I took deep breaths to try and relax. The person running the ride greeted everyone by saying, "Welcome to the Phoenix! Please keep all body parts inside the cart, and enjoy the ride! Oh and remember, keep your arms up for the drop!" If he thought I was gonna do that, there's something severely wrong with him, and not just the fact that he runs a ride at Knoebels for a living. He then proceeded to pulling a big, scary lever, that I didn't even have time to be afraid of because the cart jolted forward.**


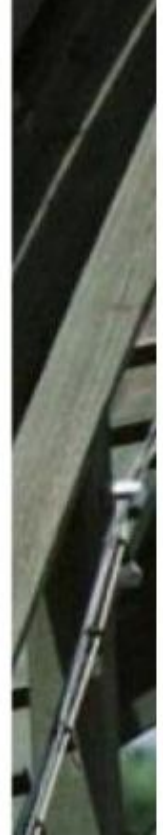
**My head flung back, but somehow I didn't die. We started off pretty slow, and I thought I could get used to the speed. Oh was I so utterly wrong. Faster we went. Nope. Uh-uh. I did NOT like it. It was hard to breath, and I couldn't see a thing. Even if I managed to open my eyes, all I could see was a blur of rain and wooden tracks that even blurry, did not at all look safe. We whipped around a corner. I swear the cart slipped off of the tracks for a second. Next thing I know, we are tilted back and we are going up. My body was rocking up and down. It felt like that for what seemed like an hour until we leveled out. Wondering what had happened, I opened my eye slightly and saw nothing ahead except the dark sky. I knew the drop was about to come. "Don't look down," I muttered to myself, "don't look down". I was completely numb.**



***I held on tightly to the bar securing me and screamed as the cart tilted head first and down we went. Plunging to our deaths. This is it. Goodbye Earth. I sounded like a cow that wasn't born with the right vocal cords to moo. Wait. I suddenly stopped my screaming that probably made everyone on the ride think I was a psychopath, and laughed. I was completely wrong about the ride. The drop was so exhilarating that I turned my laughter into screams of excitement. I smiled and faced my dad and without opening my eyes, said "This is amazing! You were right! Haha!"***


***"I know, I'm always right." my dad said confidently.***

***It was the bottom of the drop, and that was when I put my arms in the air. The rain felt like needles stabbing me, but I didn't care. I couldn't open my eyes, but that made it all the better. I didn't know what would be coming next, it was unpredictable. Soon we were flying up and down, up and down, but I wasn't thinking about any more horrific thoughts. I was just thankful I ended up going on the ride. The cart slowed down and pulled to a stop.***



***I opened my eyes and everything seemed brighter. I exited the ride with my dad and even though I don't think it was possible, we were even more wet then we were when we got on the ride. I ran to my mom and told her how much I loved it, that it's my new favorite roller coaster. I realized it wasn't raining, but it wasn't sunny either. I know I would have much rather run, but sadly, we walked back to the car. The rain had cleansed the whole entire park, and I could smell the fresh and pure smell it emitted. I was happy, even though my teeth were chattering and I was shivering.***

***I got in the car and all my clothes stuck to me like glue. It wasn't the most comfortable, but it was definitely worth it. I couldn't wait to get home and dry off, but more importantly, I couldn't wait to ride the Phoenix again.***



# **The Hunting Trip**


--Alex Arnold

**I did not have high hopes going into the day. I had gone the entire season without seeing a single buck. Almost three whole weeks of seeing nothing but doe. Do you know what that does to your confidence as a hunter? It drops it real low. So, I got out of bed early, stumbled blindly down the stairs, ate a bowl of cereal, and dressed in full camo. Whilst I sat on the couch scrolling through my phone, my dad slowly got dressed as well. He then stepped into the room, looking like a character out of a hunting documentary with his eye black and orange vest.**

**"You ready?" he asked.**

**"As ready as I'll ever be," I responded with little enthusiasm.**

**We stopped twice during our ride to our spot. Once at my grandfather's to pick him up, and once at an old friend's house. Remember what I said about the day not starting off good? Yeah, well it got worse when I forgot my licenses. My grandfather had to run back to our house (a thirty minute drive) and grab them, while we patiently waited with Rick (the old friend) at his house. We passed the time by sharing stories with one another. It'd been a long while since I'd seen him last.**




**"I heard you got a buck a few weeks back," I started.**  
**"Yeah, it was pretty nice. Six-point with a 14 inch spread,"**  
**he replied.**

**"Cool. I still haven't managed to see one, let alone shoot it."**

**"Hey, you've got one day left. Make it count."**

**When my grandfather returned, we finally set off towards the woods. Cut to an hour later, where my father and I are both sitting next to the base of a tree on the slope of a hollow, uncomfortably slipping down and then trying to rearrange ourselves back to our original positions.**

**Like most days, it started off incredibly mundane. The woods made no sounds, except for the small crunch of squirrels paws on leaves as they chased each other around. I occupied myself by watching them and their odd dance about the forest, but eventually they either slipped up a tree and out of sight, or ran farther down the hollow into thicker brambles. In the silence of the woods, I caught myself nodding off several times. For a short while, I tried to fight the incoming drowsiness, but eventually I succumbed and closed my eyes, drifting off to an odd dream about forests and massive squirrels. I'm not sure how long I was asleep, but it must not have been long enough for deer to come in, as I awoke to find the woods the same as they were before. Today was not a good hunting day.**



**Without the sleepiness that had haunted my body earlier, I could do nothing but observe the woods. The squirrels had long since moved on, leaving only a slight breeze to rustle the leaves in their place. We had forgot to bring the food and hot chocolate out of the car, so I could do nothing to satisfy the hunger that rumbled through my stomach. It was now that I gave up hope for this season. We were planning on leaving around 9:00, and it was 8:45. The time ticked by at an alarmingly slow rate.**


**"Is it time to go yet?" I asked him.**

**"Just a little longer," came his response.**

**I was try to doze off against the tree once more when I heard his hoarse whisper beside me.**

**"Here they come." he said in a tone so quiet I could barely understand him.**

**They originally appeared atop the opposite side of the hollow. Slowly, painstakingly slowly, they descended towards the bottom. I got my gun ready. The leader of the pack stepped into sight, and I saw that it was a small buck, a one horn. I let it go, as I couldn't really get a good shot on it. More doe came down. At least 15. The time seemed to slow to a standstill, I didn't want to breath. I didn't want to move. I didn't want to do anything that could blow my last chances at a buck.**



**The last of the herd stepped onto the slope of the hollow. My father said he had <sup>seen</sup> some horns in the middle of the herd, but I <sup>paid</sup> no attention to it. I had my eyes <sup>on</sup> the last of the pack, because it was there that a massive buck showed himself. My dad pointed it out to me at first, and I'd trained my scope on it ever since. My dad grunted several times to try to stop him from moving. The last grunt, a mixture of a grunt and scream, stopped him dead in his tracks. I took aim, released the remains of a deep breath from my lungs and squeezed the trigger. He took off like a bolt of lightning, running over a hundred yards, before he collapsed in a heap on the forest floor.**

**There are a scarce amount of words to describe the amount of joy I felt in that moment. It was my first buck, a <sup>a</sup> trivial event to some, but to me it seemed as important as my first car. My dad and I got up from our spot, and carefully maneuvered to the spot we saw the mammoth go down. My dad was the first to get there. I cannot describe the look on his face when he first saw it. It was bigger than either of us could've hoped for. Bigger than anything he'd seen in his forty-some years of life. We field-dressed it, loaded it into the bed of a truck, and took it to our butcher shop. There we weighed it, and found it was over 190 lbs, which is a behemoth for a buck in that area. It was then I realized that it was actually a very good season, I just had to have patience**



# How *Flight: Patterns* Came To Be-- Inspired by Mandelas

A Personal Account by Justice Edwards

I became interested in the idea of making mandelas from my love and adoration of patterns and their symmetrical tendencies.

I stumbled upon an application that allowed me to make intricate symmetrical designs that had an amusing pattern.

After I had made my first design, I showed my creation to my English teacher. She thought that the designs were great and would make a fantastic metaphorical theme. She asked me if I would be willing to make more and show her the finished project. Later on, she said that we should use them in the magazine, and eventually they swelled to it's overall theme.

The works displayed in the magazine represent the everyday thought patterns found within our generation.

I was inspired to submit my works so that they could be used to enhance the works and innermost thoughts of people my age.

I loved watching how many works could be related all by the simplest colors and elaborate patterns.





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