

Flight: 2020 Visions

*A Literary Magazine for
7th and 8th grade
Central Columbia Middle School
May 2020*

FLIGHT: A Literary Magazine
for 7th and 8th grade
Central Columbia Middle School
May 2020

Editorial Staff



Contact FLIGHT: ccronrat@ccsd.cc
Central Columbia Middle School
C / O Ms. Cynthia Cronrath
4777 Old Berwick Road | Bloomsburg, PA 17815
Fax: 570-784-3570

From the Editors...

Dear Readers,

We hope you enjoy this year's edition of the FLIGHT 2020 Magazine. Due to the unique circumstances, our book looks a little different from previous years. We'd like to thank all of our creative peers who contributed to the magazine, and bearing with us as we experimented new ways to make the book. We are excited to show you FLIGHT: Visions!

There are many types of visions. We all perceive the world around us in different ways. Through our perception, we chose to dream and our dreams lead to imagination. Imagining, if we're brave enough, becomes our experience. These experiences lead to enacting. We hope our book inspires you to turn your dreams into a reality. Happy reading!

~Brady McNamara and Adi Mitchell

From the Advisor...

I could not be more inspired by this staff of students who rallied through Zoom meetings to produce a Literary Magazine despite a Pandemic shelter-at-home. A particular challenge was that the abrupt change to everyone's world left many students paralyzed and unable to create as much as they had in the past.

For example, the Flight Staff had hoped to feature a section of student creative reflections and poems about their Pandemic experience. But despite several calls for work, no submissions came. After a discussion, the staff concluded that it was just too much---too difficult to create and design with so much ongoing loss.

Congratulations to the staff and the 7th and 8th graders who have managed to rally and to create through art and writing their ideas about the world. You give me hope.

—Ms. Cynthia Cronrath



Table of Contents

Visions---Perceiving

Photo “A Little Droplet”	Xuan Ho
Leaving My Legacy in the Shadows.....	Phoebe Zieger
Solitude at Sunset.....	Phoebe Zieger`
The Two Sun Seasons.....	Hunter Dietterick
Peeking Sun.....	Marisa Baskin
Chillaxin.....	Marisa Baskin
The Dead Comes to Life.....	Bethany Martin
The World Outside my Window.....	Seth Priestman
Photo “Apple Blossoms”	Xuan Ho
Puppy Pal.....	Marisa Baskin
Outside my Window.....	Bryce Rafel
Here’s Lookin’ at Ewe.....	Machaella Knelly
Photo “Geometric Watermelon”	Xuan Ho

Visions---Dreaming

Visions 1.....	Thomas Duncan
Ambition.....	Seth Priestman

Visions---Imagining

Visions 2.....	Thomas Duncan
Intimidating Smile.....	Skyla Bower
Storm In September.....	Brady McNamara
The Awakening.....	Evan Huckans

Visions---Experiencing

Spring Flowers.....	Stasia Bobal
India.....	Esha Patel

Visions---Enacting

2020 The Great Outdoors.....	Brady McNamara
What Does Freedom of Speech Mean to You.....	Brady McNamara
Vibrant Peacock.....	Marisa Baskin
Exploring Another Culture through Literature.....	Adi Mitchell
True Wealth.....	Adi Mitchell
Daughters of the American Revolution.....	Brady McNamara
2020 Earth Day Poster Contest.....	Megan Stout

Visions...Perceiving

"We are all in the gutter,
but some of us are looking
at the stars."

-Oscar Wilde

Visions...Perceiving



"A Little Droplet"
Photo--Xuan Ho

Visions...Perceiving

Leaving my legacy in the shadows

*It was the morning but everything was in the shadows.
I felt the crisp air of the morning blow onto my skin.
I see the beige colored boxes as far as I could ever imagine.*

*Suddenly I felt like the shadows were becoming the night sky.
The crisp air was blowing harder and harder,
and the boxes felt like they were collapsing on me.
I fell to the floor in sorrow.
Was this the end?*

*Suddenly the floors began to flood waves of water rushing down my face.
The windows are struggling to stay closed.
The roof shattered to the floor in pieces to much to count.
Was this the end?*

*The floors began to shake.
But I stayed there.
The hail began to break.
But I stayed there.
Was this the end?*

*Everything I loved had vanished.
I sat there in silence.
I sat there waiting and waiting for it all to come back.
Was this the end?*

*Suddenly everything froze in mid air...
The wind took a breather.
The shadows became a sunrise.
And there was no sound to be heard.
Was this the end?*

*As the suspense grew and grew the truck pulled into the black paved driveway
and the boxes became exposed
I knew this is not just the end, it is just the beginning
to a new life in Pennsylvania!
Is this the beginning? Yes!*

--Phoebe Zieger

Visions...Perceiving



“Solitude at Sunset”

---Phoebe Zieger

Visions...Perceiving

The Two Sun Season

*Summer sun,
Spring breeze—
I see the bees;
And feel the fleas.
I smell the flowers;
For lots of hours
Summer sun,
Spring breeze*

~Hunter Dietrich

Visions...Perceiving



"Peeking Sun"--Marissa Baskin

Visions...Perceiving

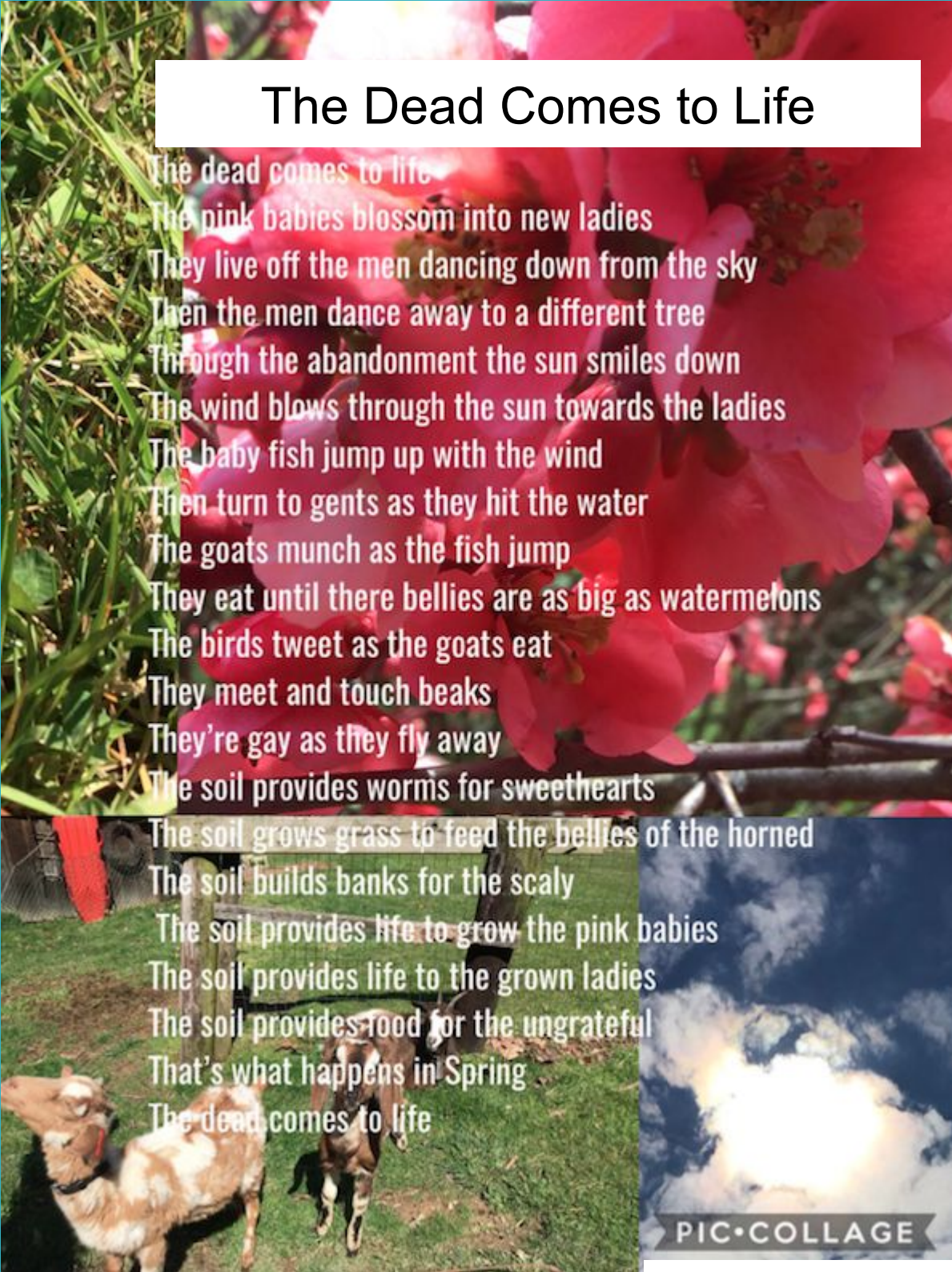


Chillaxin --Marissa Baskin

Visions...Perceiving

The Dead Comes to Life

The dead comes to life
The pink babies blossom into new ladies
They live off the men dancing down from the sky
Then the men dance away to a different tree
Through the abandonment the sun smiles down
The wind blows through the sun towards the ladies
The baby fish jump up with the wind
Then turn to gents as they hit the water
The goats munch as the fish jump
They eat until there bellies are as big as watermelons
The birds tweet as the goats eat
They meet and touch beaks
They're gay as they fly away
The soil provides worms for sweethearts
The soil grows grass to feed the bellies of the horned
The soil builds banks for the scaly
The soil provides life to grow the pink babies
The soil provides life to the grown ladies
The soil provides food for the ungrateful
That's what happens in Spring
The dead comes to life



--Bethany Martin

Visions...Perceiving

Pear blossoms
Intensely
green grass
Furious wind
Plump hedges
Rolling,
heavy clouds
Patchy sunlight
Pale blue sky
Sunny raindrops
A kaleidoscope
of life

THE WORLD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW



--Seth Priestman

Visions...Perceiving



“Apple Blossoms”
-Xuan Ho

Visions...Perceiving



“Puppy Pal”
--Marissa Baskin

Visions...Perceiving

Trees Begin to Show Their Buds

Trees begin to show their buds.

The daily frosts melt away.

Robins and rabbits are hopping around.

Whitetail buck commence the growth of their antlers.

Gardens are being prepared.

The scent of freshly trimmed grass overtakes the air.

Showers that last days and nights roll about.

Canadian Geese honk their way back up north.

The early blooming forsythia plants show their color.

Musical ice cream trucks begin rolling around town.



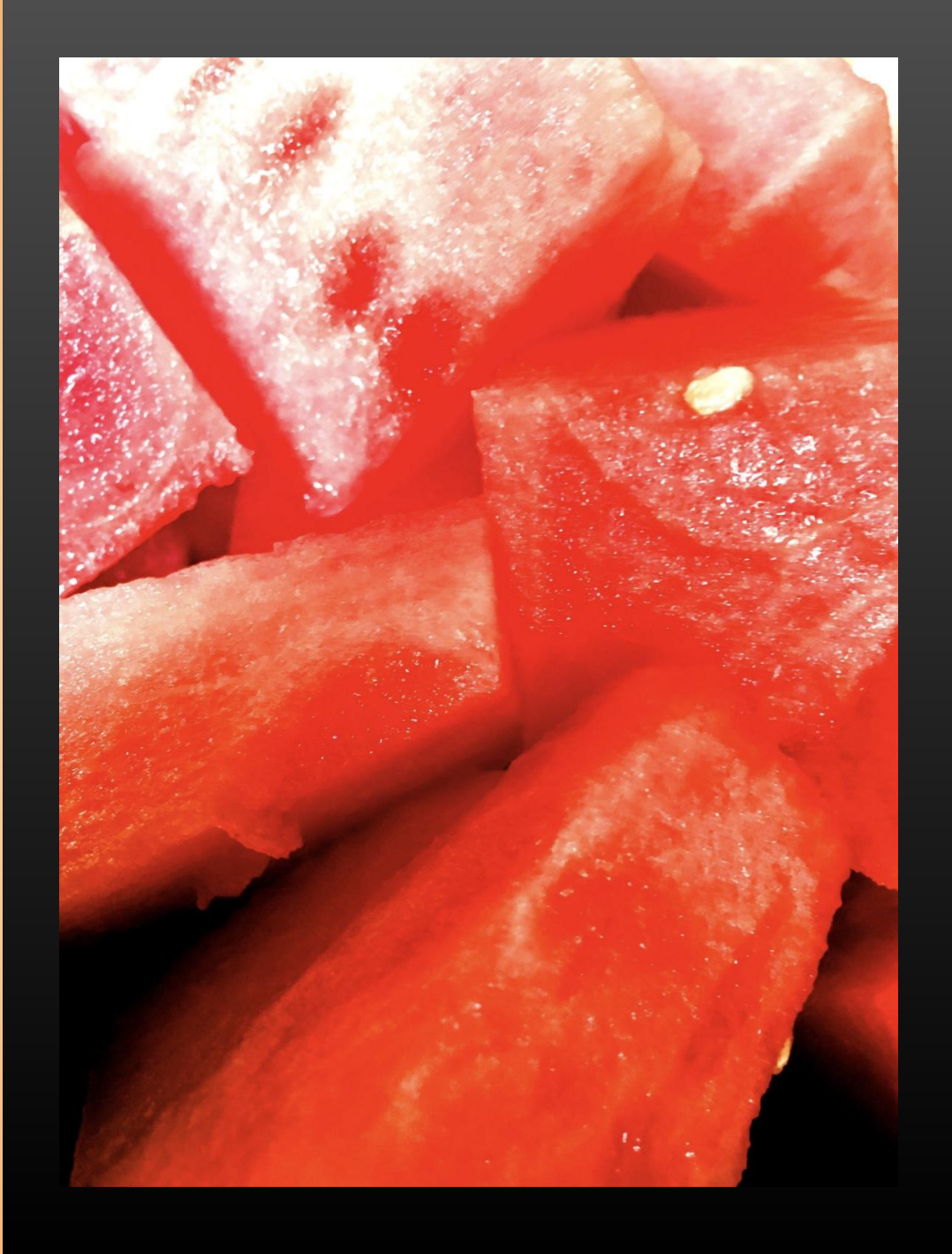
Bryce Rafel

Visions...Perceiving



“Here’s Lookin’ at Ewe” by Machaella Knelly

Visions...Perceiving

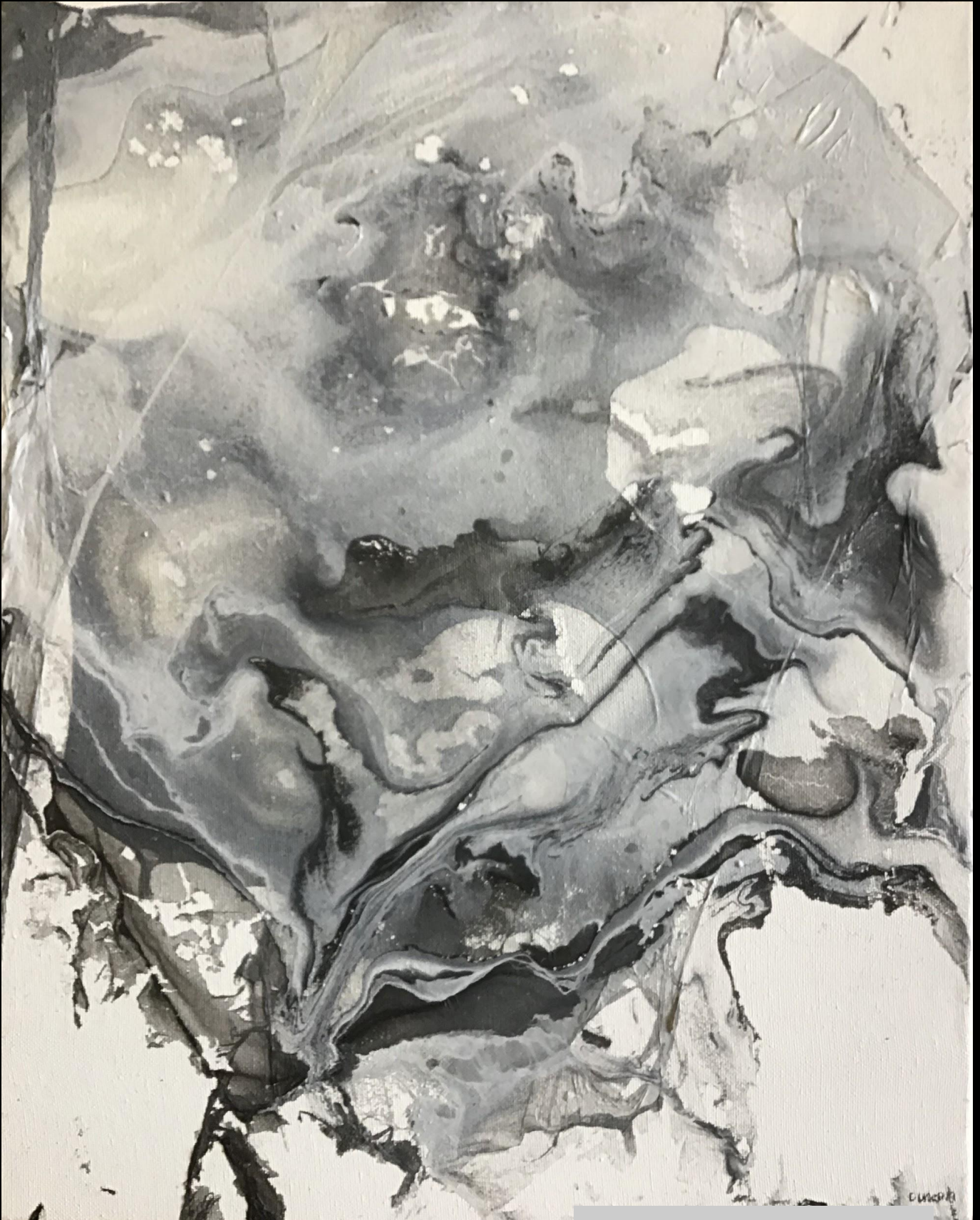


“Geometric Watermelon”
--Xuan Ho

Visions...Dreaming

Hold fast to dreams,
for if dreams die,
life is a
broken-winged bird
that cannot fly.
~Langston Hughes

Visions...Dreaming



"Visions 1"
--Thomas Duncan

Visions...Dreaming

AMBITION

I look upward to the stars
Their radiance feeds my desire and
purges my doubts
How good it would be to stand in
their light, feel their power
But comfort pulls me to the down
and holds me not with jaws of
steel,
but of lazy promises and
soft warmth
It whispers soothing words
You will reach for the sky and
fail in the void
A sad Icarus in a sea of failure
You will die alone
Content creeps over my body like
gnarled roots, binding me to the
ground
I watch the stars with longing
eyes, but I am so very tired
Perhaps I will rest..

Visions...Dreaming



Spines in the Night-- Xuan Ho

Visions...Dreaming



Outside My Window

The smiling yellow sun is shining
Bright green grass is shooting out of the ground
Colorful leaf buds are emerging on trees
Flowers are beginning to bloom
Birds are chirping, while fighting over seeds
The remnants of rain puddles are drying
Birds nests are full of different colored eggs
A cool breeze whispers in the air
Pollen covered bees tickle the flowers
A different world outside my window



Megan Stout

Visions...Imagining

*The power of imagination
created the illusion that my
vision went much farther
than the naked eye could
actually see.*

~Nelson Mandela

Visions...Imagining



Visions 2
--Thomas Duncan

Visions...Imagining

The Snake and the Spies



East turned the corner of 5th and Main, striding purposefully. As he walked, he looked at his reflection and saw a shadowy car following. He turned at the next corner, then again, and looped back around. Then he ducked into a store and waited for 10 minutes. When he came back, the jet black car was still there. Its smokey windows sent shivers down his spine. If that car was what he thought it was, it could mean trouble. Big trouble.

East was your average nineteen year old. He had a one room apartment and a job as an accountant at the bank. However, recently East had been struggling to make ends meet. He had, therefore, decided on a less honest money-making career.

East thought quickly about his next plan of action. He could either turn around and go back home, but that would look suspicious. He could also hide out somewhere. He decided to go to the diner and have a extended "meal." As he walked towards safety, he couldn't help but notice an identical car join the first and follow him.

On the sidewalk, a man in a trench coat and a low brimmed hat bumped into him. East dropped his briefcase and it burst open on the sidewalk.

"Here, let me help you with that." The man got on his knees and began gathering up the papers as they blew into the street. As he knelt, East saw him scanning every paper for suspect information.

"Hey, give me those, they're mine!" East said, and snatched the papers away from the man. He left in a walk-run with his briefcase half open.

By the time East reached the diner, his brain was whirring like a overworked clock. The cars where surely there for someone else. The diner was filled with people, he reasoned. His stomach had dropped into his feet, and his heart was pounding a hole in his chest.

"What can I get for you today?" The waitress in a flowered dress snapped her bubblegum as she spoke.

"Just coffee, thanks."

As she wrote down the order, she glared over the notepad at him. He squirmed in his seat under the burning stare. As he drank his coffee, he saw the waitress still watching him at the counter.

He couldn't take it anymore. He hurried out of the diner as the watchful eyes pounded on his neck. The cars drove after him as he rounded the corner to his apartment.

Visions...Imagining



He had to walk by the front desk on his way. The lady at the desk watched him with eyes in yellow slits like a crocodile's.

"Good morning, Mr. Sterling." she said, with blank smile.

"G...g...good morning!" He said, his voice cracking. As he went up the stairs, he saw two men who claimed they forgot their suitcases followed him up another five floors. He unlocked his apartment and walked in.

Someone had been there. Someone had gone through his things! His dresser was askew. His shirts on the the rack had been jostled. He was certain that those jeans had been hanging from the doorknob earlier! It was a feeling of wrongness, of disturbance. And as he glanced out of his window, a third car joined the watchers, the prowlers, the hunters.

His phone vibrated in his pocket, breaking the oppressive silence. He went to answer. It was a unidentified caller. His blood ran cold as he hung up. Was it true what he read? That people could track you through your phone? As he glanced out the window once more, a tourist on the street watched him through a camera.

His own apartment wasn't safe. He had to run, to hide! He fled the room, not knowing where to go. He took the stairs four at a time and ignored the crocodile lady as he left the building.

There was a crowd on the street now. They were all turning their heads and watching him with their squinting eyes. Everyone saw through him. Everyone knew. He could see them smiling to themselves as they saw his panic. Suddenly, the phone slithered in his pocket. He broke into a dead sprint. He pushed past spy after spy, but they didn't mind. They were everywhere. No matter how fast he ran, he couldn't get away.

His pace became a frantic dash. The snake in his pocket beat out the rhythm against his leg. The buildings hunched over and watched him too. They blocked out the sky with their grey shoulders. Their malicious eyes bored into him, watching with amusement.

Still the snake hissed and the spies stared. They both laughed at his folly. His breathing grew so loud that his ears ached. And still the snake whispered, Foolish boy. We cannot be avoided. We live in even you. You will never escape.

He threw the snake to the ground and rammed his heel into the screen. It shattered and sparked, but it had invaded his mind now. The snake had told the truth. There was no escape.

Visions...Imagining

The buildings crushed inward, forming a dome over East's head. They shrunk and got closer, closer...they coiled around his lungs and squeezed, and squeezed...

He screamed at the spies. He shouted and swore. But they would not leave. Their terrifying eyes still pierced him to the bone. After that, he begged and pleaded, please go away, please, please...They still surrounded him. They pretended to be concerned and want to help him. But East knew better. They were agents of the snake.

Now the strangling coils of the buildings grew ever tighter. Concrete pylons delightedly wrapped his body. Steel I beams bent and contorted to pin his arms. The buildings formed a laughing mouth and eyes filled with mirth as they slowly killed their prey. He strained to reach the thin air. His head aches as his lungs labored for air. His vision tunneled and blurry lights floated towards his eyes.

A car soon appeared, black with flashing lights. Two more spies came out of it.

"Calm down, son. We don't want anyone to get hurt."

East looked around wildly for a escape route.

"22 to 19. We have a situation." The spy whispered into a black box on his uniform. When he was done speaking, the hissing voice of the snake came out! He knew that he could not fight two. So he ran. But the agents followed him, as the snake in his mind knew they would.

Two more agents cut him off at the sidewalk and and tackled him. As they dragged him back into their car, they hissed to the snake that they had captured the fool.

And the snake hissed with pleasure.



Visions...Imagining



Alma
--Xuan Ho

Visions...Imagining

The Awakening

Evan Huckans

I wake up to the stench of rotten fruit, my hands cuffed to a table with rough iron. I look around with blurry vision, making out chairs and tables drenched in white sheets tinged with something dark. I try to think back to what happened and how I got here, but I can't grasp the blurry images slipping through my fingers. I don't even know my name, or how old I am. Finally, I snatch one memory away from the blur. The last thing I remember was getting cornered by a group of thugs and getting shot with something and everything instantly going black. I had to get out of wherever I was. As I was trying to get the cuffs off, I heard a low, gruff voice beside me.

"Oh, look you're finally awake," he says. As I look up, I take in his features. He has a sharp jawline with a rough beard, dark, stormy, grey eyes, black clothing, and a menacing look. I glance down to his waist, and see metal shine in his left hand. Seeing my glance, he hides it behind his back.

"Calm down," he says, with a mischievous look in his eye. "We're just going to run a few tests on you. You are our test subject for a new cure that will save millions of people. You will be known for your greatness in the medical field for all eternity. If we run into some difficulties with the effects of the test, we'll make sure you won't feel a thing." He fades back into the darkness.

I lift my head up as far as the cuffs allow, and then look at the locks on my wrists and feet. The locks look old-fashioned, and easy to pick--if only I knew how. One thing I notice is that the cuffs are a tiny bit loose. I try yanking my hand out of the iron, but it's just tight enough to stop my wrist. I hear yelling in the distance. "Subject M seventy-two is ready! Remember how the last one went!? Be ready for anything!"

Visions...Imagining

Doctors in white gowns are running around the room, lifting up white sheets on other tables, and then the odor really hits me. Those are rotting bodies. There were dozens upon dozens all around me. I have to get out of here. I put my hands over my mouth, and try not to burst out crying. It was like trying to hold back a tsunami. I see a pair of feet slowly walk past my desk, amid all the havoc.

Then, I see the legs bend down, and the man's eyes sear into mine as he says "Hiya, Pretty!" I heave the desk on him in desperation to get away, and run into the room on my left. Hiding behind the door, I hope they don't see me as they rush into the room.

"The girl is in the next room over! I found her!" says the man who saw me under the desk.

"Alright! Next room! Let's go! We can't let her leave!" screams the same person who first talked to me. My hand is throbbing so badly. I just want all of this to be a horrific nightmare, and wake up, but I know that isn't going to happen. They all rush into the room and, thank god, they don't see me. I dash back into the original room, and dive under the desk, in case they saw me slip back into the room. After a few seconds, I crouch up from my hiding place, and see two long hallways leading to rooms. The room on the left leads to the doctors, and the other on my right is unknown.

Visions...Imagining

At this point, I know this is my last chance to get away. I yank as hard as I can on the iron, trying to get my wrist through, and feel my bones chafing together and then hear a sickening "crack." I cry out in pain, and hear, "What was that?!" quietly in the distance. I look around for a key to get my other hand free, and see one on the tray next to the raised desk I'm on.

It's almost out of reach but I manage to snag it with my crippled hand, feeling darts of pain go up my arm. I unlock my hand, and then start to unlock my feet. Footsteps get closer and louder! I desperately shove the key into the lock of my left foot. I twist it, and hear "click!" Only one more to go. I fumble with the key while I can almost hear the jagged breathing of the person coming.

Finally, with what felt like ages, I manage to get my shaking hand in the keyhole, twist and it unlocks. Red lights blare, and a loud wailing echoes throughout the building. I spring off the table, and hide under a desk just as thundering footsteps arrive where I was lying two seconds ago.

"She's gone!" the man yells. I hear another voice. "Search the room! Now! Everyone! Lets go!"

Visions...Imagining

My only option is the hallway on my right. I sprint down the hallway, passing multiple blood-stained, glass cubicles on either side of me, with people banging on the glass. They all are glaring at me, some trying to spit through the glass as I dash past. Others are lying on the ground not moving. As I run by endless rows of cubicles, the hallway forks into two different paths. I choose the right path. Gasping for breath as it gets harder to run, I glance behind to check that no one is following me as I run right into a doctor carrying a tray. Glass tubes fly everywhere, spewing liquid all over the white, unmarked floor.

I look up, but somehow, they already are standing up, with a knife in their hands. I scramble, sprinting in the opposite direction, but something metal bursts through my bicep, and my arm goes numb.

Collapsing yet again to the floor, I hear raspy breath closing in on me. I grab the knife out of my arm, jump up and shove it in their leg. I hear a grunt as they fall to their knees, but I wouldn't be able to see them in their pain. I'm already twenty yards away, tearing through the air to escape this wretched place. I hear yelling behind me, and dozens of feet. Up ahead, I leap up a set of stairs leading to an opening covered with vines, nearly slipping on fresh, sticky blood. Bursting through the vines, I collapse onto a forest floor. I take a mental note to let someone know about this place--if I get out of here alive. I look behind me as I keep running, and a group of savages wielding machetes bursts out of the vines.

"If you stop now, we won't hurt you!" one of them screams. I take flight. They slowly gain on me. I know they will catch up sooner or later. I look back one last time, and they're almost in range of throwing their knives, as I run straight into a tree, and feel my nose snap. I look up with blurry vision to see them ten yards away, raising their knives.

I get up as fast as I can, and keep on sprinting, but now they're within arms' length. Then, next thing I know, I'm running onto a cliff. I stop at the edge, and they stop behind me.

"Don't move!" said one, holding a gun. "Hands above your head now! Now!"

I obey their command, and put my hands above my head, or at least try to because my numb arm won't move. I look behind me, and there is a long fall down to the ground. I see a small stream, and think I might have a chance if I jump. I look back at them, feel a rush of adrenaline, put my hand on my chest, close my eyes, lean back, and feel a rush of air.

Visions...Experiencing

“The purpose of life is to live it, to taste experience to the utmost, to reach out eagerly and without fear for newer and richer experience.”

~Eleanor Roosevelt

Visions...Experiencing



Spring Flowers
--Stasia Bobal

Visions...Experiencing

Facing Fire Brady McNamara

“Chapter Thirteen”, I said in my best reading voice and prepared to launch into more pages filled with adventure, thrill, and imagination, all while remaining in the comfort of my cozy bedroom. After years of keeping a distance from books, my little sister Josey, had finally started to enjoy them and I was absolutely ecstatic about it. I had begun reading books aloud to Josey because the reason she did not enjoy books was that she was not the best reader. I realize reading to her was not helping her reading skills, but I enjoyed sharing my love of books with her too much to tell her I could not read to her anymore.

My mother’s frantic yell pierced through the air, “Girls, get the dogs and get out of the house NOW! Hurry!!!!” I had no idea what possibly could be amiss enough to warrant this frightening warning, but I was not one to question a woman screaming at me to evacuate my house. Dumbly, I fumbled around my house trying to find leashes for the dogs. Of course, one of the leashes were nowhere to be found and dogs would not cooperate. They ran all over the house, thinking I was playing chase with them, which is a game we often played. I was cursing myself for dabbling in dog trainer land and wished I never got the idea to teach them any games. At least both of my dogs are small so it was not too bad running around with the dog whose leash was missing in my arms. Of course, it was the fat one whose leash was missing. Once I finally, wrangled the other crazy dog, I was able to grab only what was closest to me at that moment: My winter coat and my library book.

Meanwhile, Josey, stood stock still, as if paralyzed. I shook her and screamed, “What are you doing, you idiot?! Did you not hear what mom said?!” I couldn’t believe she was just standing there! Finally, her brain registered my words and she jumped out of the bean bag chair she was sitting in and started running after me. We ran towards the door, frantic and not understanding what was going on. Along the way we passed through the kitchen where I thought I heard something sizzling very intensely, but dismissed the absurd idea.

We burst through our side door and were hit with an icy wall of chilly December air. I felt responsible for Josey, but I did not know what to do to get her to the safest place. My nerves increased along with the setting sky every single second. Some relief did ease my clenched stomach when my mom finally exited the house. “One of the outlets started sizzling and a ball of fire went up inside the wall! I called 911, they are on their way!” My mother’s frantic, full of worry tone effectively caused me to realize the gravity of the situation. After realizing her idol’s fear, Josey’s eyes grew as large as saucers and her eyes began to glaze over. I felt as if I was on the world’s craziest roller coaster! What if our house burned down?! All of my stuff is in there! My entire life was in there! Most important, “Santa’s” Christmas presents were in there too!

Visions...Experiencing

Instead of beginning to cry like a sane person would do in this circumstance, I began to laugh absolutely hysterically. When I say hysterically, I mean bordering on demonic cackling. My peculiar actions interrupted Josey's sobs and she looked at me like she wished she did not share the same DNA as me. Unfortunately, this did not help my hysteria at all, and only caused me to laugh even more. At this point, we could hear the sirens blaring through the previously calm night and my madness doubles. All of my friends were going to hear the emergency services coming to our house! For some reason, this concept was hilarious to me, so much so that my stomach began to ache. I was the literal embodiment of a cackling madman and my companions were becoming increasingly concerned for my sanity. However, Josey had completely stopped crying and my mother did not look nearly as frantic. In retrospect, I believe my temporary trip to insanity was very beneficial for my family.

On the other hand, I was having a jolly good time! I had my coat so I wasn't cold and I had a book, what more could I need? Then, the realization came to me that if our house burned down and people donated stuff to us, then I would not get a new coat. In retrospect, this is a very strange and inappropriate thought to be having at that time. It is extremely insensitive and I like to believe I would not have such thoughts under normal circumstances. However, it was what concerned me the most at that point. I suppose it was my coping mechanism.

"Beeeeeeedoooooooo beeeeeedooooooooooooo!", the sirens of approaching emergency services grew increasingly louder and the flashing lights were now visible. First, came one fire truck roaring up our steep driveway. This elicited several chuckles more chuckles. Next, came an ambulance, which increased the cackling exceptionally. Another fire truck arrived and I admit I was fully delirious at that point. Then, two police cars approached and yet another fire truck arrived. It is safe to say Chucky had completely possessed me once the second fire truck arrived, so I was not faring very well by the third. In only minutes I had come unhinged, completely in maniacal. My stomach ached, salty tears were running down my face, and I was struggling to breathe. Overall, it was definitely not the best situation, but I feel I was not accountable for my bizarre actions that night.

Visions...Experiencing

Several firefighters, with their full gear on, began inspecting the house and putting out the small flames. The red and blue police lights cast a shadow on their extremely serious expressions. Through the windows I could see their heavy duty headlights flashing across every wall and the top of their helmets moving about as if little characters in a board game. Due to the cause being electrical, more firefighters were trying to wade through a sea of clutter in our garage to get to the electrical box. Eventually, one brave soul made it to the destination and began experimenting with the box. All of our house and Christmas lights started flashing and I began to feel as if I had contracted epilepsy.

The night sky was illuminated by flashing red and blue, Christmas colors, and house lights. The busy chatter of official voices filled the previously peaceful neighborhood. Fortunately, there were no ambulance chasers there to observe all of this madness crashing into my quiet world. Despite my jacket, the frigid winter air still moved through me like it would to a measly piece of paper. Alas, I had sobered myself up and was taking into account the gravity of the situation. This could be really horrible for my family. An all-encompassing wave of fear rolled through me, incapacitating even my thoughts. Of course, this feeling could not last because Josey picked that moment to begin complaining about how much she had to poop.

Was I really expected to be composed after that declaration? It goes without saying that my attempts to remain mature were extremely unsuccessful, but I truly did try to remain somber. Unfortunately, instead of my laughing cheering her up, this time it seemed to only provoke more whines about her unfortunate issue. Meanwhile, I was dying with laughter. My mother only disgustedly looked at me as if she wished I did not possess the ability to laugh. Honestly, I wished that as well.

Visions...Experiencing

However, when I saw two very serious looking firemen approaching, I almost controlled myself completely. Almost. One began to speak in a very warm and comforting manner, "Ladies, you don't need to worry because we got everything handled. But, you should get an electrician to come out a have a look at your other outlets. Thanks for giving us something to do tonight!"

"No, thanks to you all! You are lifesavers!", my mom gushed back. Her appreciation was going into hyper overdrive. Thankfully, before she could continue speaking, the fireman engaged Josey in a thoughtful conversation. He asked her all about school and Christmas, the usual works. I let Josey answer these questions, I knew she was way more frightened than she let on.

"I truly believed my emotions were in check then because this circumstance really hit home with me. I realized how close my family came to being completely devastated. If the outlet had exploded with more damage, our house could have burned down, in fact, it almost did. We could have lost all of our possessions. I had a lot of books in my room and I honestly do not know how I would have functioned if I lost all of them. Literally, all of our worldly possessions were in that structure and I do not like pondering what would have happened if we lost it all. But, however devastating the loss of so many precious belongings would have been, I knew that it really was just a house. A house is not your countless memories, crazy hopes and beloved loved ones. My family would have been okay if our house did burn down. We would have struggled, but we still had each other, so I know we would have made it through. Eventually, we would have gotten another house, more belongings, and new books, but it is my family that is truly irreplaceable and will be with me for the rest of my life.

One of the firemen then turned to me and kindly inquired, "What would you like for Christmas?"

"Oh, just a coat."

Visions...Experiencing

WAITING FOR SNOW

Snow is my refuge.
A crystalline abode that I return to every Thursday.
The snow always smiles upon me,
Unlike my family or friends.
I shape the snow into a painting of movement,
My tool is my board,
In both long and fleeting strokes,
I tell my life story upon the mountainside.
I pour my heart out into the powdery snow,
And then it melts.
Then my life is waiting.
For the snow to return.
For my only friend to greet me.



Seth Priestman

Visions...Experiencing

Intimidating Smile: A Memoir by Skyla Bower

It was the day of the solar eclipse. August 21st, 2017. I dreaded that day my entire life. It was the day I got braces. My ten-year-old body was shaking out of nervousness. I didn't know what was going to happen. As my mom drove me to the orthodontist, I was rattling off all of the horrible things that could, but didn't happen. She just laughed off my nervousness and said, "You'll be fine. You're ten years old, you won't understand." What was I supposed to understand here? I had nowhere near a sensible answer. I couldn't help it, the situation was completely different than anything else she said would be "fine."



Normally, she would be persuading me to try a new food or go on a new roller coaster, not getting metal wires stuck onto my teeth. She said it was going to help me. Help me how? I had no clue. When we finally arrived at the orthodontist, they immediately called me back. I looked at my mom for a sliver of moral support, but I just got laughter. I hesitantly walked back the hall with the orthodontist. "Are you nervous?" said a tall, brown hair, blue eyed woman. I nodded my head vigorously and got even MORE laughter. What was so funny?

Visions...Experiencing

After what felt like forever of explaining the process of getting my braces, the orthodontist laid me down and said to relax. "How do I relax in a situation like this?" I said. More laughter erupted from the other people around me. I didn't think any of it was funny. A woman walked up to me and put a pair of glasses on my face to, "protect me from the lasers." I had no clue that lasers were involved. Half way through the process, they let me get a drink of water and see what I looked like at that point.



I was so confused. I didn't feel anything being put inside my mouth, but there was metal square things on my teeth. They looked so boring. I was honestly surprised when I didn't feel any pain. I walked happily back to my chair and laid down again. After the process, they asked me what color I wanted on my "brackets." I thought they were called braces, but oh well. I had no clue, so they just picked two colors for me. They ended up putting blue and white bands on the so called "brackets" and told me to go brush my teeth.



I walked over and looked in the mirror. I was so surprised. I was expecting to feel a bunch of pain shoot into my mouth, but nothing came. I finished brushing my teeth and walked back to the orthodontist. She called my mom back while I was gone and was in the middle of explaining the cleaning process to her when I came back. "She's back! Show your momma how they look!" the woman said. I smiled and my mom smiled back. "See, it wasn't that bad," she said. I laughed and nodded my head.

Visions...Experiencing

When we finally got to leave, my mom drove to Sheetz and asked me what I wanted. I had no idea what I was able to eat. She ended up getting me a grilled cheese sandwich. It was incredibly hard to chew but I managed. I honestly thought that the entire process would be worse, but it really wasn't. Sometimes, people tend to really overthink things when they're nervous, but there was no need to worry in the first place.



-Skyla Bower

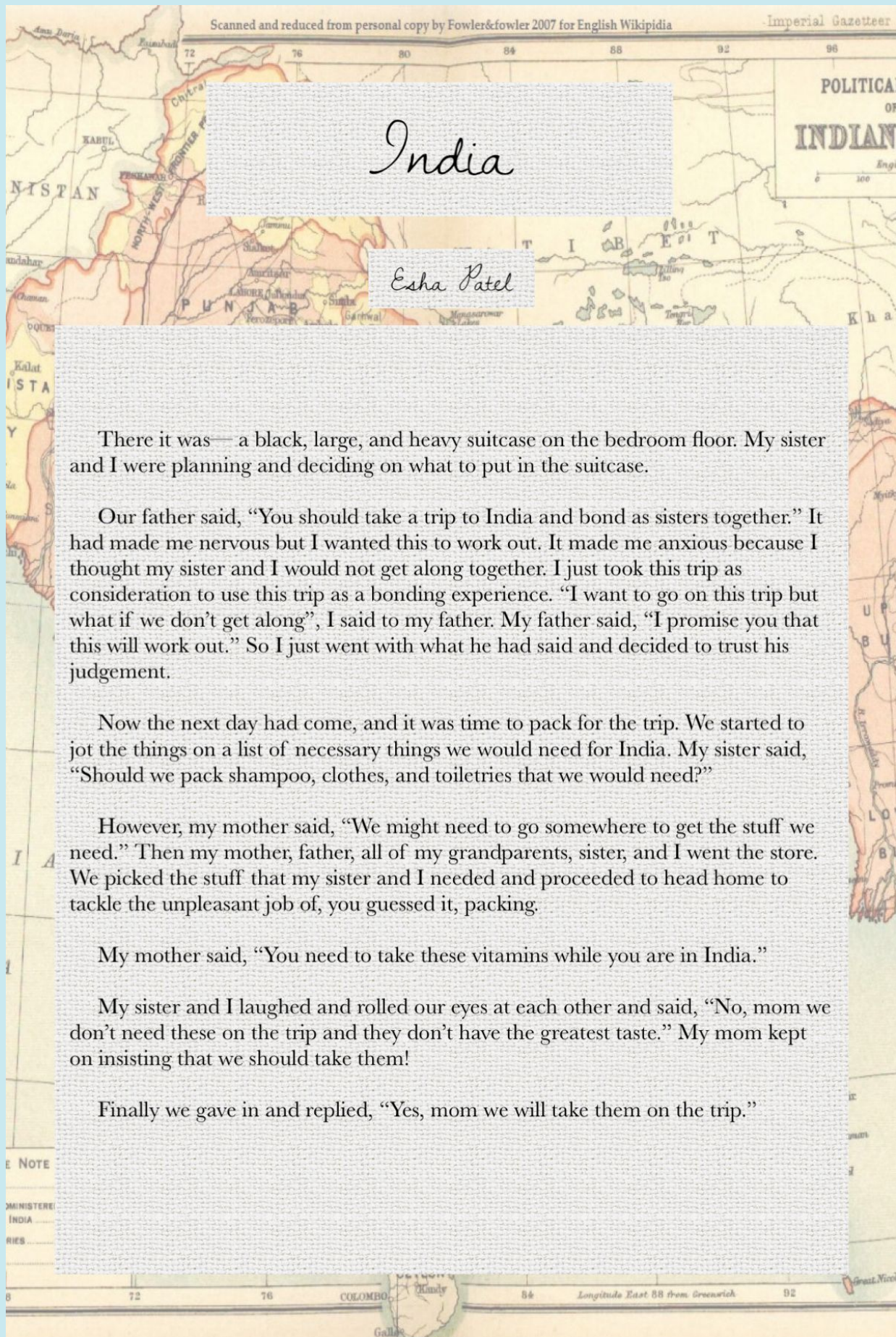
Visions...Experiencing

Storm In September

Ominous, gray clouds are approaching
The earthy scent of advancing rain is at bay
Chilly gusts of wind send goosebumps down my arm
The previously humid and dense air now forgotten
Fallen leaves rustle in the cool breeze
One lonely droplet finds a home on the tip of my nose
The overwhelming pressure is about to bubble over
Eerie calm before the storm soon will be no more.
The tense draft morphs into a tornado
The single raindrop is now a gushing waterfall
Large, warm droplets have landed on my tongue,
overpowering my taste
The walls of the dam have finally broken.
Branches fly through the whirling air, slamming against
windows with a thud
A garbage can has toppled over with a clunk, sending
trash swirling
Yet, the rain is washing away the pain and mistakes
of yesterday
Rushing down steep hills, chasing a newfound prey
Pesky weeds are ripped from the topsoil
Flowerbeds are now prepared for next spring
As the storm slowly fades away, a sliver of sun peeks through
the chaos
Amidst it all, a faint rainbow has emerged in the haze.

—Brady McNamara

Visions...Experiencing



India

Esha Patel

There it was — a black, large, and heavy suitcase on the bedroom floor. My sister and I were planning and deciding on what to put in the suitcase.

Our father said, “You should take a trip to India and bond as sisters together.” It had made me nervous but I wanted this to work out. It made me anxious because I thought my sister and I would not get along together. I just took this trip as consideration to use this trip as a bonding experience. “I want to go on this trip but what if we don’t get along”, I said to my father. My father said, “I promise you that this will work out.” So I just went with what he had said and decided to trust his judgement.

Now the next day had come, and it was time to pack for the trip. We started to jot the things on a list of necessary things we would need for India. My sister said, “Should we pack shampoo, clothes, and toiletries that we would need?”

However, my mother said, “We might need to go somewhere to get the stuff we need.” Then my mother, father, all of my grandparents, sister, and I went the store. We picked the stuff that my sister and I needed and proceeded to head home to tackle the unpleasant job of, you guessed it, packing.

My mother said, “You need to take these vitamins while you are in India.”

My sister and I laughed and rolled our eyes at each other and said, “No, mom we don’t need these on the trip and they don’t have the greatest taste.” My mom kept on insisting that we should take them!

Finally we gave in and replied, “Yes, mom we will take them on the trip.”

Visions...Experiencing

Our mom came into the bedroom and said, “You will need these tissues for the trip.”

We both gave each other a bizarre look and then shook our heads and said, “Why in the world would we need that?”

A little background of my story was my sister and I had never been to India without adults, and we were both much younger, so our memories were not very clear. My mother was referring to the fact that hygiene is not the same as it is in India. The bathroom situation is horrendous...the part I hate the most. So, what my mother was trying to protect us from was running out of toilet paper. That would not be a good situation at all.

As much as teenagers hate to admit it, my mom was right and saved us a lot of grossness. We packed lots of tissues and thank goodness we did, because we went through them all.

My sister and I had argued along the way as we packed our things for India, but this was something as an experience that I could have been using to get along with my sister. This was the only time that we could share this bond, which was in the summer at the time. The next day it was time to go and we had said our good-byes first to my grandmother and my other grandmother. Then my grandfather was working where my dad works at so I said good-bye to him and the rest of the employees and workers. I had hugged them like a bear, because I was going to miss them for a month.

I said to my sister, “I have a severe case of butterflies,” as we left our home for a month and drove to the airport.

Visions...Experiencing

When my sister, father, and mother and I went to the airport we did everything that everyone does at the airport. We ate at the food court and sat for a while. I said to my father, "When is it time to go?"

He answered, "We have some time yet."

The hard part was yet to come. It was time to head to security and it's here, we would be separated from our parents. When my sister and I started to leave, we said our good-byes to our mother and father then hugged them. Our mother started to tear up and get emotional. It was hard for her because she wasn't going to be with us for a month. You know how moms get.

We hugged her and said, "It's all going to be good and we will call you." Then my sister and I said, "I love you". This was an important memory because my sister and I don't get into arguments as frequently as we used to but because of the trip our bond has become stronger.

Visions...Enacting

*“It does not do to dwell
on dreams and forget to
live”*

~J.K. Rowling

Visions...Enacting

2020 The Great Outdoor Scholastic Essay Contest
Pending Judging
By Brady McNamara

We have all been there, stuck in a stuffy classroom for what feels like eternity, counting down the minutes while staring at the clock while a teacher drones on and on about this and that. Most people have experienced this at least once in their lives, probably more. School is a great concept, somewhere young children can go to enrich themselves to the ways of the world and gain knowledge. It is a novel concept really. However, when you throw twenty or so kids into a nine hundred square foot room, you cannot expect all of them to focus and truly learn the material. For some students-many actually-traditional classroom learning just doesn't cut it. It is for these students that we must do better. We need all of our students to succeed and strive, not just the ones who are better at focusing in the standard environment. This is exactly the reason why adding an unconventional "classroom" to students' day will be worth it. I plan to introduce an idea for an alternate classroom-one that will be an ideal learning environment for all students-not just the ones lucky enough to be blessed with a larger attention span and ability to learn in a typical classroom setting.

Imagine this: If when you were a student you were taught surrounded by nature, fresh air circulating in your lungs while in a treehouse. It would not just be your standard rectangular prism treehouse, however. This treehouse-called Chateau Learning-will take the form of a castle, spiraling towers peaking into the air and an aura of regality. Overall, the exterior will have a very medieval and magical atmosphere. If you think for a second that your surroundings do not influence your willingness and eagerness to learn, you are dead wrong. Just like the standard classroom provokes dread in students' minds, this type of setting in nature will evoke enthusiasm. Students will be excited to learn for a change. Chateau Learning will be just like the standard classroom and at the same time, the polar opposite. It will be full of books, calculators, pencils, and any other material a teacher would need to run a traditional class. However, instead of sitting at a cold, hard metal desk all day long, students would be able to sit at comfortable furniture like a bean bag, stool, or hanging swings. That type of seating will promote more creativity and individuality. Not to mention, students will not feel trapped for hours on end.

If you were beginning to doubt this idea because students would not have the standard school necessities such as a library, gym, or cafeteria, allow me to enlighten you. An entire tree house will be made specifically for the library. This structure shall be full of rows and rows of books, and larger than the rest of the tree houses. However, rows of books will not be the only form of bookcases. I envision an abundance of floating, geometric, hidden, and just about every other unique type of bookcase under the face of the sun. Again, the furniture will be unconventional, including bean bags, hanging swings, and other modern appliances. It will be the type of place that inspires the urge to devour stories in students' minds, not the place that incites yawns. Students will be eager to find their next adventure, a feeling excited by the nature around them and the castle theme in this unique library.

Visions...Enacting

As for the gym and cafeteria, well that much is taken care of. A sufficient amount of picnic tables will be placed firmly on the ground for lunch purposes. Gym classes will have certain boundaries-enforced by a fence-that students will adhere to. The possibilities for gym class are endless. The games and physical activity having school outside allows will cause students' health to be immensely improved.

Science class will be a dream with all of the nature surrounding students. Math could easily be implemented, with students learning the practicality of their studies by observing natural phenomena such as Fibonacci's Sequence. Language Arts in a treehouse designed as a medieval castle would open students' minds about "boring" and "old" books by letting them into the world of the regal royalty in Hamlet or the good natured thieves in the Adventures of Robin Hood. Learning would not just be restricted to the treehouse so history class could be held in nature and students will not be yawning away the hours as someone drones on about dates, but learn on the "battlefield" about the past.


Furthermore, in cases like the recent global pandemic of COVID-19 we are facing right now, this style of learning could benefit the community even more. Instead of students and teachers being stuck in the literal incubator of germs and contagion that is the standard school, they would be out in nature, where sickness is not as easily transferred. In addition, this idea works just as well with the standard cold and flu. Overall, this setting will help students and teachers stay vastly more healthy and slow the spread of viruses such as COVID-19.

Obviously, it would be pretentious to think schools would just drop their standard methods of teaching to begin educating in nature. Despite the studies done to show that learning in nature promotes creativity, imagination, and better attendance and reduces students' anxiety and behavior problems, it still is a big leap to expect that of schools. So I would propose making a small number at first, five perhaps, and testing out the system with a few select classes. However, no matter the evidence and logic backing up this new idea, there is still a possibility that it could completely flop. As I am aware of this, I believe this could also function as an integral part of our community in several other ways. Imagine how amazing it would be if your local public library was in a medieval castle themed treehouse. Or, your child's daycare being there. Perhaps, it could also be a summer camp location. Honestly, the possibilities are endless. With those countless possibilities also brings endless opportunities of benefit in our community.

As you can see, by promoting creativity, imagination, and improved attendance and reducing anxiety and behavior problems this unique style of learning will directly have a benefit on the community because students will graduate as citizens who are eager to take their next step of learning or join the workforce. Places like Chateau Learning are the future of schools, the type of schools that provide the world with future leaders, engineers, artists, writers, scientists, and just about any other occupation. In conclusion, Chateau Learning is the type of institution that will certainly make the world a better place.

Visions...Enacting

Elks Lodge Essay Contest Winner "What Does Freedom of Speech Mean to You?"
By Brady McNamara



Freedom of speech means nothing and at the same time, means everything. It means nothing because I can spew whatever worthless garbage I think of out to the country without repercussions. However, it also means everything because I am given the right to speak my mind. Our country was built on this fundamental right and it would be the death of us, were it not allowed. Of course, it may not be true that America would meet its death without the freedom of speech, but I am allowed to make that declaration. There will be no government agents knocking on my door with repercussions.

Robert Kennedy once said, "Hand in hand with freedom of speech goes the power to be heard, to share in the decisions of government which shape men's lives." This quote captures the true embodiment of freedom of speech. Without the right to express our opinions, the country would be archaic. Freedom of speech holds significance because it causes the evolution of society. Women never would have been granted the right to vote if Americans did not have freedom of speech. Citizens would not have been allowed to express their opinions. Likewise, African Americans still would be segregated and common workers would have limited rights. This essential right has literally shaped America. To me, freedom of speech means that I can become one of the people who shape history.

Freedom of speech also symbolizes how proud I am to be an American. This freedom is what our founding fathers built America on. However, if I resided in North Korea, where law states basic freedoms are allowed, but not executed, my level of pride would be very different. Hence, freedom of speech illustrates how proud I am that my country is open to evolution, knowledge, and awareness.

Visions...Enacting



--Marissa Baskin

Visions...Enacting

Exploring Another Culture through Literature...

Winning 3rd Prize in a National Essay Contest was great!

But writer Adi Mitchell found that it was also a win to gain a different perspective through reading a collection of folktales from the Korean Culture .

A Reflection by Adi Mitchell

Writing an essay for the KSCPP (Korean Spirit and Culture Promotion Project), was a little bit of a challenge for me. First, I had to read the 141 page book title “Chung Hyo Ye, Tales of filial devotion, loyalty, respect, and benevolence from the history and folklore of Korea”. From there, I had 3 different prompts to choose from. I chose the second prompt, which was “Which of the stories from the book captured your attention or curiosity and why?”. I chose this prompt because one particular folklore connected with me. It was titled “True Wealth”, and discussed how a social class in old Korean times put a life of simplicity and strong morals before a life of wealth and riches. It was interesting to me that these successful people didn’t use their success for monetary gain. With the pressure in today’s society to do well in school and make a good salary, people aren’t happy. It’s rare to see someone follow their dreams, and even more rare to find someone who enjoys going to work. As a 14 year old, I still have the opportunity to follow my dreams, and so do my peers.

Visions...Enacting

Congratulations!

It is our pleasure to announce that you have been chosen as the Third Place Winner of The 13th KSCPP Essay Contest on Chung Hyo Ye.

You will be receiving a check and award letter by priority mail in May. Once we mail it out, we will email you the tracking number. Please email us your correct mailing address.

Thank you.

KSCPP

Another challenge I faced was being thrown into another culture and having to write about it. Before entering this contest, I knew nothing about Korea's history or beliefs. I chose to enter the contest because I love history, traveling, and writing. I read the first few pages of "Chung Hyo Ye" and was immediately captivated by it. However, with such a different heritage, it was difficult to fully understand the Korean culture. I did some separate reading about the history behind "True Wealth" to better understand how it relates to me and other kids my age. My research helped me realize just how different some people's morals can be.

Overall, I learned that not everything in life is about your financial status. To a teenager who has some monumental life decisions to make in the next 10 years, reading "True Wealth" gave me valuable realizations. People who are truly happy are the ones who let go of the burden of money and follow their heart. I felt that by writing this essay, hopefully my peers will learn a lesson that helps them make important life decisions, too.

Prize-Winning Essay! KSCPP National Essay Contest 3rd Prize

“True Wealth”: Exploring Values in Korean Literature

By Adi Mitchell

In “Chung, Hyo Ye, Tales of filial devotion, loyalty, respect and benevolence from the history and folklore of Korea”, I found that the story “True Wealth” sparked my interest. Having lived in the United States my whole life, this historic story first confused me. The more I thought about it, the more these old Korean morals made sense.

“True Wealth” tells the story of the *seonbi*, or a “person of nobility and integrity” (page 117). Seonbi people believed in a life of little possessions, but a heart that was full. As Seonbis climbed the metaphorical social ladder, their simplistic lifestyle would increase. For example, if a Seonbi had a house with 5 rooms, he would reduce to only having 4 rooms. In a straightforward sense, it was considered morally correct to decrease possessions the more wealth and success you obtained.

To most Americans, especially the upper class, this would seem, well, almost crazy. It completely refutes the idea of an upper class society. When I picture upper class, I imagine huge houses, multiple cars, maids and fancy clothing. The main way of obtaining all of these possessions is either inheriting the money, or having a very important job. Picture a town mayor. He starts off with a two story house, and a Subaru. Then, in a few years, he runs for the Pennsylvania State Senate. He increases his house to three stories, adds a pool, and adds to the car collection with a Convertible. In four years, he becomes President of the United States. He now lives in the White House, a building with 132 rooms, multiple butlers and maids, and of course, as many cars as he sees fit. This is an extravagant example of what the upper class American society looks like today.

Meanwhile, in old age Korean, this would be the opposite. If the man starts out as a teacher’s intern, in a house with 5 rooms, and he gets promoted to a teacher, then the house would decrease to 4 rooms. Say he gets promoted to a university professor. Once again, his rank moves up, so his amount of rooms will decrease to 3.

This was very confusing to me, if it was this way in our society, everyone would be in the same social class. Why would somebody voluntarily give up so many possessions? The seonbi gave up their life’s work in riches. Most people choose a job where they make a living, but instead, the seonbi work for the love of their activity.

Visions...Enacting

Are we that brainwashed as a society? I think that all people can learn from the morals of the seonbi. Maybe, we should put the love and passion to do something important before the monetary gain. Instead of taking drastic measures, like decreasing the meals we eat and the rooms of our house, we could just take small steps. Next time we consider buying extras of something unneeded, we could put it in savings. When we get that big promotion, the money put towards remodeling the 8 year old kitchen could go towards your child's college fund. Perhaps, we could encourage my generation to do something that inspires them and motivates them, not something that will provide a lavish lifestyle.

The second half of this honorable tale shares an example of what "True Wealth" really means. Sang Yeongbu was a rich man, but honorable man. He "won great admiration by his virtuous practice of lending money to those who found themselves in sudden need of it" (lines 14-16, page 117). Every New Years Eve, he would gather his collection of papers found in the safe. These papers had certain details about the people who borrowed money from him the past year. With the papers in his arms, he would burn all of the information. This is an extreme act, considering that all of the money was just simply forgotten about. Sang Yeongbu was told that his extreme generosity would cause his descendants to thrive. This "myth" was proven true when his grandson, Sang Jin, became a prime minister.

It wasn't unusual to see seonbi scholars burn all of the money owed to them. This seemed very uncommon to me, however. It seems obvious that when you borrow money from someone, you must pay them back no matter what. Why would somebody just give away their money?

Lately, it seems that money is the root of all actions. Take climate change, for example. As a society, very little is being done for how drastic of a problem climate change is. Why do we continue to chop down trees and drill for oil that is quickly dwindling? Money. The demand for these products is high, and so are the prices. Companies see lack of resources as an issue, but also an opportunity. It is an opportunity to make more money and expand the company. We are willing to destroy the plant in order to receive good fortune. Meanwhile,

Visions...Enacting

Essay Contest 1st Place: Daughters of the American Revolution
By Brady McNamara

20 September 1620

Well, I never imagined I would end up in this situation. It's utterly astounding. I should be helping grandfather's maid prepare afternoon tea, instead I am on a boat bound for the New World. Imagine that, Felicity Jones in the New World. I am so excited! However, the events which have led me here are rather disheartening. My parents were never well-respecting people and they were thrown in jail for the debt they owed. Ever since I have lived with my grandfather, he's the one who gave me this beautiful journal. Anyway, grandfather's bookstore started doing poorly, and soon he also went deep into debt. I could not bear the thought of him rotting in prison like my parents, so I volunteered to become an indentured servant. If all goes well, in a few years I will be back in England with my grandfather.

30 September 1620

Mrs. Robinson, my employer is becoming increasingly more demanding as the voyage continues. Today, I was ordered to mend any imperfections in Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's clothing. I did not think the task would be too demanding, until I found myself sifting through all of their luggage to find the items I required. In one bag there was a kettle, gridiron, sewing needles, slippers, soap, shoes, wooden spoons, Monmouth cap, cloaks, coifs, shifts, bodices, powder, and towels! After my eye-opening examination of their many belongings, I began feeling very unprepared for life in the New World. I am not a peasant, but I am certainly not a noble. Grandfather helped me pack and we decided the only provisions I should only bring are a cloak, coif, bodice, gridiron, several of my favorite books, and of course, my trusty journal. I hope the Robinsons will provide for upon our arrival, otherwise I am in big trouble!

12 October 1620

Life on the renowned Mayflower is quickly becoming torturous. I can only reread my books so many times! The only other girl my age is a noble's daughter and she doesn't want to speak to the likes of me. Furthermore, it would be improper of me to socialize

with the young men on this ship. So, I am left to read Romeo and Juliet over and over again with dim lights in my cramped cabin quarters. I love Romeo, I really do, but I can only read about his horrible attempt at love so much.

Once I grow tired of reading, I usually find my way to the deck. The foamy green waves simply fascinate me. The ocean is so powerful, a true wonder of the world, and for some reason it allows this boat to float in it. If it wanted to, it could kill us all with one massive wave. We have survived some intense storms this voyage, but the ocean has always spared us. While these thoughts unsettle me greatly, I still find my eyes transfixed on the beauty of the sea.

Visions...Enacting

21 October 1620

I truly hope life in the New World is better than on this wretched boat. Yesterday, I witnessed the nastiest rats I have ever seen scurrying around, I imagine there is a vast amount of wild creatures in the New World, so I will have to get over my inhibitions. Not to mention the danger of savages. They're the only creatures that frighten me more than rats, I have heard rumors and believe them. Those savages are nothing but flesh eating monsters, I suspect they will attack as soon as we arrive. I am perfectly fine with residing on this boat until they are defeated, frankly, I am in no hurry to get killed soon after finally escaping this dreadful boat.

31 October 1620

The captain is promising a swift arrival, but I'm not so sure. I recall him saying that two weeks ago. All kinds of horrible illnesses have broken out in the ranks and I am desperately avoiding them. Passengers' gums are bleeding! I have been told it's called scurvy. I cannot think of what will happen to Grandfather if I perish, at best he will be thrown in jail for debt! I have noticed tensions between the crew members and the passengers who call themselves Pilgrims. Needless to say, I am not one of them. It's very unsettling to the other passengers and I, we do not want the people who control our safe arrival in the New World to be angry at other passengers.

6 November 1620

Land ahoy! I have never seen so many trees in my entire life! There are acres upon acres of them, I will be surprised if we find any room to build. The New World does not look as wild as its reputation suggests. I am sure we will do just fine in settling a colony here! I am disappointed to learn we will not be building our colony until winter concludes, though. We wouldn't be able to finish building our houses before winter struck, so it is an intelligent decision.

17 January 1621

We are in the midst of a horrible winter, I have no idea how I am lasting. After having only one previous death on the voyage, the amount of passengers dying now is significant. And we are just sitting so close to land. They came so close to attaining their dreams.

12 March 1621

Huzzah! I have survived the winter! I feel remorse about celebrating when over half of the passengers have perished, but I cannot help feeling relieved. Now that spring is here, I am hopeful again. I am genuinely excited to begin my life in this new colony. Mrs. Robinson even requested that I live in their home, so I will not have to worry about having insufficient supplies. Despite the circumstances that have put me here, if I had the choice I would definitely choose to sail to the New World over living the same tedious life in England.

Visions...Enacting

Honorable Mention: 2020 Earth Day Poster Contest
Megan Stout





Contributors to VISIONS 2020

-Isabel Snyder

-Xuan Ho

-Phoebe Zieger

-Hunter Dietrich

-Marissa Baskin

-Bethany Martin

-Seth Priestman

-Bryce Rafel

-Machaella Knelly

-Thomas Duncan

-Skyla Bower

-Evan Huckans

-Stacy Bobal

-Esha Patel

-Brady McNamara


-Megan Stout

-Adi Mitchell

Special thanks to:

Ms. Cynthia Cronrath, advisor

Mrs. Heidi Ritter, for promoting the magazine.



**Thank you so much for
reading our magazine!**