

The Beacon Magazine

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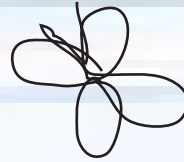
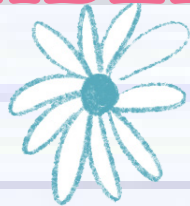
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Cover photo by Max Wix

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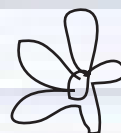
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Dear Readers

 Hi again! We're so glad you didn't throw this on the floor or in the trash can in the hallways (if you are one of the mice or roaches reading this because it has been thrown away, hey guys, you're our new target audience. We hope you enjoy the flowers.) We hope you love this issue as much as we do, from the Lisa Frank stickers to the dystopian short story. It is always so inspiring for us to see the different ways that people contribute to The Beacon Magazine, and we hope that you guys continue to share your beautiful work with us. ♡

With love,
 Madelyn and *Safia*



COLOR THEORY

How colors have shaped us and our history

By Virginia Suardi

Ever since I can remember, I have been dazzled by colors. Their evocative subtleties have mystified and enchanted me. My memories are tethered to colors: the crystalline intensity of the cerulean Mediterranean in the summer, the blinding brilliance of an ivory column, the rich raspberry-crimson of a satin dress.

Humans are obsessed with colors. We attribute them to divine beings, historical movements, and masterpieces of art, music and cinema. Iconic figures are remembered for the colors they incorporate in their appearance. Marilyn Monroe's signature platinum bob and cherry red lips illustrate the beauty standards of the 1950s. Jennifer Lopez's famous Versace Grammys' dress, in its shifting shades of jungle green, launched one of the most visited web platforms ever: Google Images. Prince utilized the edgy, mystical properties of violet to propel himself to fame. Entire decades are often characterized by colors: notably the neon hues of the 1980s, the bubblegum pink of the 2000s, or the earthy tones of the 1970s. Political movements and campaigns

also exploit color psychology to promote their positions.

Colors have intricate effects on the human brain. Though they aren't tangible, touchable matter, colors possess specific wavelengths that differentiate themselves from each other. These wavelengths, it turns out, don't just tell our brain what color to see—they actually affect our moods. For instance, there have been numerous studies on the remarkable effectiveness of reducing inmate violence in prisons simply by painting the walls pale pink. These effects are immensely complex, based on slight color variations. Furthermore, while "true green" is known to have relaxing properties, too much exposure to pale green can actually have the opposite effect, increasing anxiety levels.

Though colors may seem like trivial illusions, it is important to recognize the potency of these alluring deceptions. The colors that surround us have indisputable effects on our mood and our behavior. Color therapy, a psychological treatment involving the prescription of different colored lights to treat temperament defections, is an emerging and successful

form of therapy.

While these treatments are generally pretty inaccessible and expensive, there are easy methods to incorporate colors into our lives. To change the energy in our lives and emotions positively, there are many ways we can shift the colors surrounding us to serve our intentions. Need a dose of cheeriness? Yellow has been proven to boost mood and energy. Want to become more creative? Painting your room blue might help. Incorporating more green into your life may help relieve emotional tension, while an increased presence of red can boost your confidence.

Additionally, there are many ways to exploit the impressive powers of color for personal or professional benefit. Notably, studies show that waitresses dressed in red earn higher tips than those who do not. Science also shows that the colors you wear affect the way your personality is regarded: people who wear brighter or more potent hues are generally perceived as bolder, while those who wear neutral or darker tones might be perceived as more dependable and reserved.

Sitting in the classrooms of Wilson, many of which

include a wall of bright red (with its anxiety-inducing properties), I wish that the school designers would have been a little more conscious of color theory. Schools in the future should employ the use of colors to their benefit. Perhaps painting the art rooms blue would increase the creativity of the students, or a gym with more crimson touches might enhance the quality of workouts.

However, I must say that in comparison to other schools, Wilson's school colors and overall color design are mostly satisfactory and appropriate for an educational environment.

Colors are much more than meaningless mirages. They inspire us, elucidate us, and bestow upon our lives an unquestionable depth and beauty beyond the superficial world. What would life be, I wonder, if I couldn't see the sumptuous green jungle of DC's summer greenery, the glittering gold of a dangling necklace, or the triumphant blue of a sky with no clouds. Just the thought of a world with no color—so dull, so dismal and lifeless—is enough to make me see my wonderfully chaotic, exquisitely colorful world with a renewed lust for life and no limitations.

Blue

Though it is presently the most loved color in the world, blue has not always been widely appreciated. It has traditionally been affiliated with grief and sadness, and therefore generally avoided by most religions and civilizations. It often carries an association with the Virgin Mary, who is frequently portrayed wearing lapis-colored robes, further emphasizing the somber qualities of the color.

Though this influence hasn't disappeared ("I've got the blues") it is now generally prized for its calming influence and modern concordance with masculinity.

Red

Red is often associated with love, lust, and pain: the basal carnal afflictions. It has traditionally been a popular color because of its perceived vigor. Researchers have proven that just looking at the color red increases your heartbeat, possibly a result of your body believing that you are losing blood.

Yellow

Yellow's historical importance varies by civilization. In Ancient China, it was seen as the holiest color, worn by gods and emperors alike. However, in Christianity, Judas is often depicted wearing yellow, giving the sprightly color a deceitful connotation. Generally, it is known to boost mood and represents vitality.

Orange

Orange is a less researched and historically significant color, having not been officially named until the 16th century. Previously called "saffron", its current name is derived from a famous citrus fruit that had been previously called "yellow-red" in color. Like red, orange is usually linked to sexuality, especially in Hindu culture.

In our modern day, it is frequently associated with anxiety and danger (such as orange construction signs).

Green

Because of the abundance of green in our natural surroundings, the color green is known to have a calming effect on the human brain. However, the commercial use of green is highly debated. Though it is often associated with opulence and wealth (affiliations with precious gems like emerald, peridot, and jade are popular), it often holds a negative connotation. If you think someone is jealous, you might say that they are "green with envy." In popular culture, villains are regularly portrayed wearing hues of green. However, green is one of the holy colors of Islam as the favorite color of Muhammad, of Paradise, and of the rebirth of life that comes with spring.

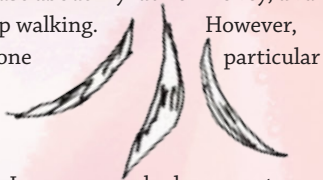
Purple

In Ancient Rome, because of the high cost of violet pigment, purple was esteemed as the color of wealth and power. Roman senators would customarily add a purple stripe to their togas to exert their dominance. Purple is generally thought to exude a mysterious, mystical aura, with a glamorous edge.

Sitting down with 2004 graduate Anthony Lamar Brown

By Ayomi Wolff

Like most, I usually pass by the homeless people in Tenley, acknowledge them sometimes with a smile, sometimes with a nod, but more often than not, an excuse about my lack of money, and keep walking. However, on one particular



day, I had some extra food. I stopped, offered the man nearby some, then kept moving. It soon became a habit. Whenever I had extra food or money, I'd offer him some, and occasionally even stop and talk. After offering food to this man for weeks, I finally asked him his name. "My name is Anthony [Lamar Brown]," he said with a smile. He, and his smile, in particular, reminded me of one of my younger uncles, his voice tender and sincere. I found out later that Anthony graduated from Wilson in 2004.

Anthony and I sat down for a meal at Crisp and Juicy, a establishment less-frequented by Wilson students but still loved by those who know it. "This my favorite restaurant," Anthony said. "I eat here almost every day." I reminded him that I was vegetarian and he laughed, noting a chicken place was not the best place for me to get a meal. "I like their yuca fries," I said. He scoffed, telling me politely that he does not like them, but we agreed to disagree. We got our meals, his: plantains. Mine: coleslaw and yuca fries.

At the beginning of this millennium, Wilson was, as he said, "kinda like what you see on some of those teen movies," cliques and all. "[There were] the cool kids, the punk rock kids, [the] smart kids, the jocks, the cheerleaders." But despite the apparent self-segregation that

occurred throughout the school, Anthony remembers no animosity between groups that seems to define movies like "Mean Girls" or "Heathers." "Everyone knew everybody. So it was kinda like if you didn't have any friends it's because you didn't want any."

Curious to know if he hung with the "theater geeks," I questioned him about his involvement in the plays and musicals. Anthony mumbled something about

theater not being a big part of his high school career. "I can't remember any of the plays except for one, and that was 'Othello' because one of my friends was in it." To my surprise, Wilson has been putting on Shakespeare's plays for nearly two decades. "'Othello' is my favorite play," recalled Anthony. "More kids should get into Shakespeare. It teaches you a lot about life as far as relationships, family, friends, women... Shakespeare is a very important part of culture."

But school wasn't all fun and

games, noted Anthony. Wilson was rigorous. I asked him if that intensity was a good fit for him. "Yeah, it was good for me. It helped me grow up."

At his middle school, Francis Junior High School, it always felt like someone was



asked about his teachers—whether he had any mentors, whether any adult at Wilson had been a role model to him during his formative years. After a moment's reflection, Anthony recalled one person: Coach Horace Fleming. "He wasn't like a teacher or coach," said Anthony, pausing to take a small bite of plantain. "He was like a family member." Anthony had not only seen him around after school for sports, but he was also his gym teacher. "He was very, very caring, you know... he always told me that if you want something to work out for your life you gotta put the work into it, it won't work out for you."

When we had both finished eating, our conversation moved towards his current life, away from his high school days. "I've got dreams too, you know like I'm doing a carpentry thing right now." Anthony currently works with a contractor, painting and laying down tile.

At the end of our lunch, Anthony had something he wanted to add: "Wilson is the best public high school in DC!" he laughed. "It felt like prestige. Like, it was a badge of honor to go to Wilson."

"overlooking," like a safety net. But Wilson wasn't like that. "It was more of you becoming an adult. You got to do this on your own. If you don't do it, then you don't do it." It seemed Wilson wanted its students to learn responsibility. "They cared if you passed or whatever but they were like this is all on your own merit."

Anthony, although appreciative of the academics, "I wanted to play basketball," said Anthony. In the 11th grade, he had sacrificed some of his AP classes so he could continue to play basketball. I then



Graphic by Ayomi Wolff

Teen Reaper: Chapter 5

By Caleb Davy

By the time I arrive at school, the shock of watching a man die finally hits me. I can still hear the echo of the shot that ended his life; it causes my head to pound. I suddenly find myself unable to move, chills flow all throughout my body like an electric current. Making matters worse, students crowd the halls as if they were a swarm of angry hornets. Nevertheless, I dive into the streaming crowd of bodies.

As the bodies brush up against me I feel my anxiety wrap its cold tentacles around me once again, my hands and feet go cold with sweat, and I'm unable to think clearly. This feeling drags on for another few minutes until I feel a hand touch my shoulder. The warm hand shocks all my nerves, and my body and soul awaken once more. I whip around to see who touched me, my eyes rapidly scanning the random faces in the crowd, until I finally recognize a familiar face: Kimbo.

Kimbo wears his iconic mischievous smile, with his teeth barely visible through the slight parting of his

lips.

"Got you again, man!" He says with a chuckle.

"Yeah you did." I do not share the glee and cheerfulness that Kimbo does. He seems to notice this, and his smile soon fades.

"You okay, Azari? You seem, I don't know... off?" He sounded concerned. My mind flashes back to the man pleading in the street, and the soldier who killed him. Despite my inner trauma, I reassure Kimbo, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm fine, I promise," I say with a weak smile. "Let's get to class."

His smile returns and he pats my back. "That's much better! Come on, I don't think I can stand teenage BO much longer, let's go."

With that said, Kimbo and I are swallowed up by the crowd.

We enter the classroom and all is silent. Rows upon rows of students stare blankly at the Holo-projection at the front of the room, as if they were mindless drones collecting data. We move along in the back of the class trying not to cause a disruption, our feet shuffling close together, our movement in sync. Unfortunately, my next step is a bit too loud, causing a loud creak on the wooden floorboards. Looking to my left, I see that Kimbo has stopped moving too.

"Mr. Aggaro, Mr. Peters." The teacher calls us by name in a tone so cold, so full of conviction, that the blood in my veins feels icy. "How nice of you to join us this morning,"

Kimbo, desperately wanting to break the tension, blurts out, "Glad to be joining, Ms. Pryce."

Not one laugh escapes the class, not one giggle. Their stares pierce into us like glass piercing into the skin.

"Take your seats gentlemen. Please insert your neurochips, scroll to Holo-slide number 32, and please," she puts a cold stare on Kimbo, "keep silent."

I take my seat right behind Kimbo. On my desk is a small black case with a black neurochip laying inside.

There was a time when learning and information came from books and newspapers, where students in classrooms could ask questions and debate about political issues they were curious about. But when my father took total control of the government, he deemed books a sign of rebellion and disorder. He ordered all books to be burned, and if you held one too tightly, then you'd be burned along with it.

The neurochip is placed on the back of my neck, and I wince slightly as the chip burrows deep into my skin. There are three beeps, and suddenly all the Holo-slides are visible. All around me, pieces of Nigerian history are shown in the form of holograms and digital images. I scan through the holograms and images until something catches my eye: a picture of my father, with the words "ORDER IS STABILITY. STABILITY IS PEACE. PEACE IS A PRIVILEGE," floating above.

That is the civilian code: stability, order, and most ironic of all, peace. Did my father really think he was ensuring peace? By burning, beating, and murdering his people, did he really think he was making our nation stable? An all familiar rage begins to boil up within me, the kind of rage I keep buried beneath my fake smiles and quiet personality. I can feel my fist clench and my jaw tightened; all my insides are hot and my bottom lip trembles a little. I am a volcano ready to erupt.

"Mr. Aggaro, are you still with us?" The A.I. voice of Ms. Pryce interrupts my silent fit of rage, and suddenly my blood feels cool again and my rage nearly evaporates into nothing.

"Yes Ms. Pryce, I was just

reflecting on some content, that's all."

"Good, now let's begin," the A.I. chirps with stern optimism.

The lesson drags on about the history of our broken nation, about the third World War that nearly decimated the Americas and how our supreme leader rose to power. As the A.I. speaks, holograms of historical figures flash before me I soon get lost in my own mind pondering on how far our world has fallen. A tyrant rules the land of Nigeria, and here is our teacher, the one we come to for knowledge and understanding, endorsing the very man who oppresses all. Which also begs the question, how many more children must be brainwashed by teachers until the teachers realize they have been brainwashed themselves?

Graphic by
Ayomi Wolff



Find the rest of Teen Reaper and the other articles using this QR code!



RUNNING INTO TROUBLE

finding empowerment and satisfaction through triathlon



By Talya Lehrich

Running has always been a sort of vice for me. Nothing compares to 60 minutes of pounding to clear the cloud of calculus, chemistry, and chaotic home life. But I could only run so much before the shouting of the tendons in my ankles grew too loud and I became bound to the

me onto the pavement. My first time swimming in open water (classified as basically anything but a pool, so a lake, river, pond, etc.) I thought I was going to suffocate: the uneasiness of only murky water in front of me, and the intense thrashing of hands and feet all around as I attempted

better themselves and their race.

My teammates have been instrumental in my ability to train for three sports at once. During the season, we have Skype bike workouts, where everyone logs onto Skype at 5:00 a.m. Our coach calls out the timing for the workout which we all do from

will become a full-fledged NCAA sport. Since then, girls with a background in swimming or running have become empowered to challenge themselves at the collegiate level to take on the multi-sport event.

Between each element in a triathlon, you must “transition”



pool or the bike to avoid the high-impact. When I found triathlon, I no longer had to worry about the endless injury cycle that has plagued my high school running seasons.

While running is fairly clear cut, triathlon is an extremely strategic sport, requiring many tactical skills and, consequently, involving many failures. Take clip-in bike shoes, a method of biking where your shoes are attached to the pedals. My first time (and many times thereafter) using clips I forgot to unclip when I came to a stop. Since I was effectively attached to the bike, not only did I fall right over, but I fell directly onto a teammate, who kindly cushioned the fall for

to swim was enough to make me gasp for air on every stroke.

But what used to be fear is now pure enjoyment. The exhilaration of a bike ride where the only thing keeping me going when my legs want to give out is the union of me and my bike. Biking, the element of racing I entered with the least experience, has become my favorite discipline of triathlon and the area where I have grown the most as an athlete. Where I used to gasp for air, I now embrace the chaos of the open water, calmed by the uncertainty that a swim can bring because it is never about the fastest or strongest athlete, but about the one who can take mishap in stride and use it to

our respective bikes at home (the original Peloton, if you may). Seeing my teammates on the screen motivates me to work that little bit harder and enjoy it that little bit more. Luckily, Skype practice ends in just enough time to get to track practice or to go for a swim before school.

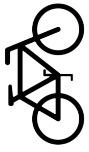
My track teammates are inspiring as well, making me excited to run every day, even when my body feels heavy and fatigued from a morning swim.

Through triathlon, I have become part of a growing women’s sports movement. In 2014, the NCAA agreed to add triathlon as an emerging women’s sport, meaning that if 40 schools adopted teams by 2024, triathlon

to the next element. During the transition from the swim to the bike, this entails running out of the water while removing your swim cap and goggles, putting on your helmet, and running with your bike to the mount line where you can get on. Between the bike and the run, this involves dismounting your bike, taking off your helmet, putting on your running shoes, and running out of the transition area.

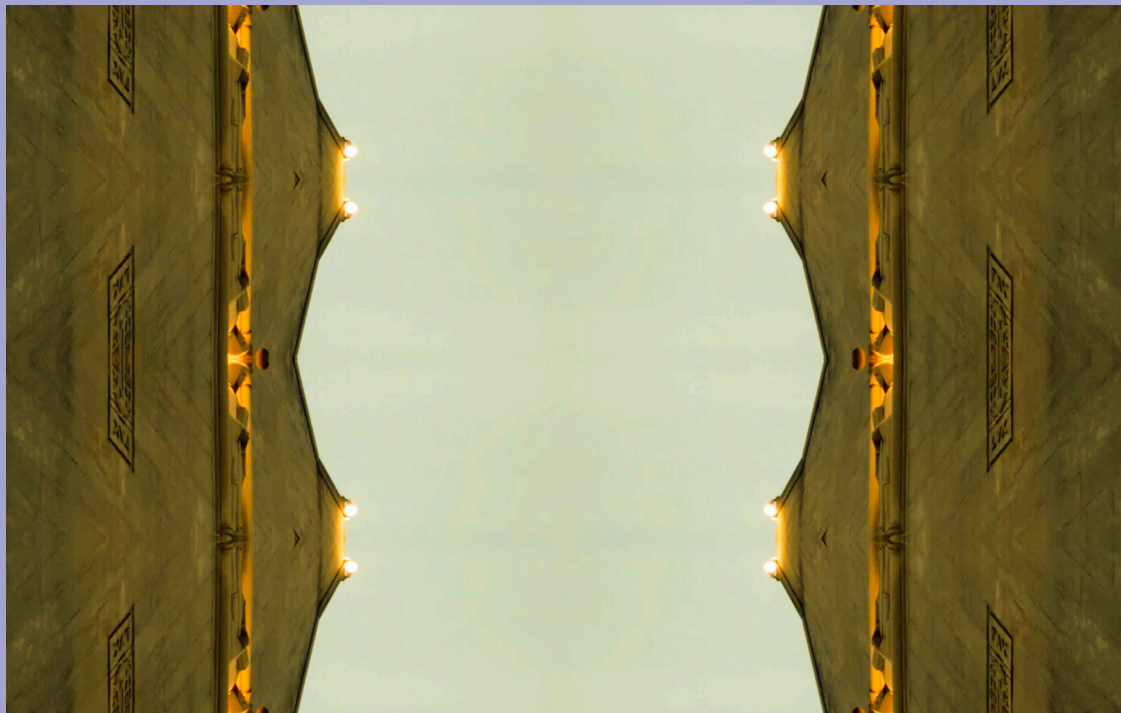
I like to apply the principles of triathlon to my everyday life: acknowledging the chaos that transitions bring and taking them in stride to begin the next thing that life brings.

Photo courtesy of Talya Lehrich



Distortion is one of the most engaging things to me. I first learned to distort videos in Mass Media, then I learned how to distort photos in Digital Media. Two of these images are actually edited screenshots from videos I made in Mass Media.

7 T a c k e s



My name is 7 and I am a senior. While filmmaking and photography have been a big part of my life, dance has played the biggest role in my creativity and development. I've been dancing for four years, and plan on going to college to keep developing my craft.



Bittersweet liberation: Unlearn

By Sofia Uriagereka-Herburger

Once, at a dinner party that I would have preferred not to attend, someone lectured me about the futility of the Irish Republican Army's cause. "They're so hypocritical up there," a friend of my parents said to me. "They can talk all they want about independence, but they're against abortion." While women's liberation was never particularly high on former prime minister Margaret Thatcher's agenda either, I couldn't argue with the fact that where one finds a militant desire for independence in Ireland, a conservative, weaponized Catholicism soon follows. I sat quietly for the rest of the evening, deep in thought (also because I was 15 and no one had very much to say to me anyways) about

the longevity of a revolution for the sake of national autonomy that does not allow for bodily autonomy.

While this seemed like a tremendous epiphany to me at the time, when I think back to it now, I'm embarrassed at the ugly glare of privilege that marked a conversation between two people who were not by any means Irish discussing the right these people had to freedom. It carried that familiar note of shame that most first-generation children know: when your parents have to sit you down and explain to you that the microaggressions you see in their hometowns do not exist to spite you personally, but are a product of halted progress. From Ireland to Kashmir to Mozambique to the Basque country to Palestine, we are all from our own traumatized little towns that seem frozen in time.

This invisible bridge between you and the "homeland" is both impossibly solid and constantly crumbling. Sometimes your last name, your languages, the food you eat tie you to it; sometimes it is the absence of these things that keeps you at bay. Sometimes it is the difference in smells—you are introduced to marketplaces, to chicken coops, to the blistering heat of new bread, gasoline smells different, cigarettes linger longer. Make it a country trying to repair itself from war or dictatorship, make it a country that is not permitted to be one, and every difference grows a little sharper, a little more painful.

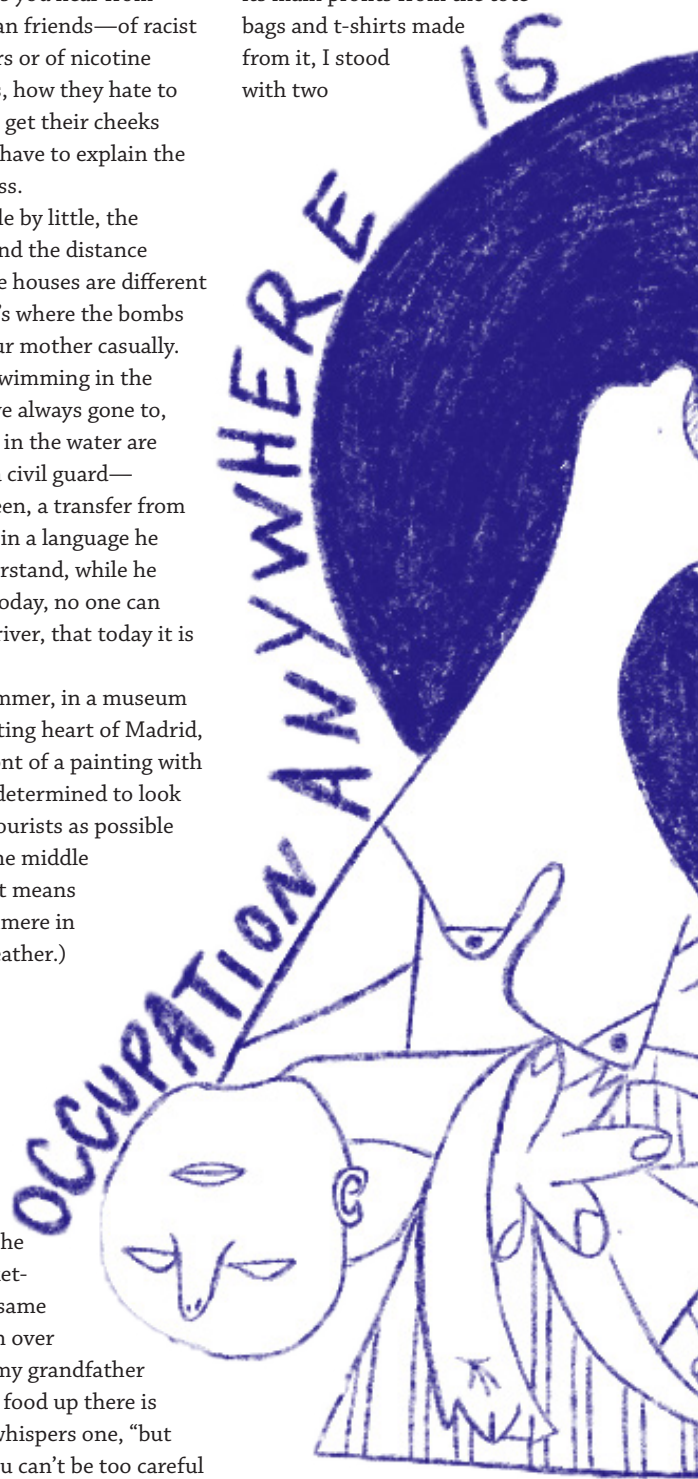
Eventually, the politics of the place begin to get to you—how the women are the first to cover up and the men are the last to be quiet, who cleans and where they're from, who is encouraged

to go in the sun and who is chided for it, who has beautiful eyes and whose are plain. It all feels exactly like the family reunion horror stories you hear from your American friends—of racist grandmothers or of nicotine addict uncles, how they hate to go home and get their cheeks pinched and have to explain the way they dress.

But little by little, the differences and the distance grows. "These houses are different because that's where the bombs fell," says your mother casually. Or, you are swimming in the river you have always gone to, and the boys in the water are shouting at a civil guard—barely nineteen, a transfer from the capital—in a language he doesn't understand, while he insists that today, no one can swim in the river, that today it is forbidden.

Last summer, in a museum in the unbeating heart of Madrid, I stood in front of a painting with two women determined to look as far from tourists as possible (in July, in the middle of Spain, that means wearing cashmere in 90 degree weather.) The painting in question, Picasso's "Guernica", depicts the aftermath of the state-sanctioned bombing of the Basque market-town by the same name, a town over from where my grandfather is from. "The food up there is incredible," whispers one, "but even now, you can't be too careful

in going. There's still a real anger there." In a museum that refuses to return this painting to the site of the bombing, that reaps its main profits from the tote bags and t-shirts made from it, I stood with two



Mourning the legacy of occupation

women who did not know me, the three of us on different sides of a shared history and with identical sweaty foreheads.

These situations always end up becoming clear in moments like these, when it feels like, for the first time in your life, you're seeing the full picture. There will always be someone commenting on the "considerable, remarkable, really", backwardness of the

place in question; and it will always either be "up there" or "down there", and it will always be from the mouth of someone who does not realize that their ability to condemn these people stems from the fact that they have inherited the winner's spoils of war.

Occupation obliterates progress. The occupation of a people will destroy more than just their songs, their languages, their histories—it creates legacies of misdirected anger that transform into abuse, it makes generational gaps unbreachable, it fosters a home for cyclical, unending violence. And it is nearly always those who have turned a blind eye to it, or profited from it who speak about it as if it does not exist. From India, you'll hear a miraculous story of the dissolution of the Indo-Pak conflict, and nothing of the approximately 70,000 Kashmiris who died, and are still dying for it. In England, the royal weddings make it easy to ignore the way the poor quite literally burn in Grenfell Towers, and Thatcher

gets painted as a 'nuanced female character/girlboss' while the ghosts of the nearly 250 Irishmen murdered by her paramilitary group go unrecognized.

I have not yet found a way to come to terms with the idea of imperfect liberation. A revolution that does not include the marginalized will necessitate another one. But if there is something to be garnered from this decade, it is the fact that if we are going to criticize the reasons and the means employed by occupied people, we must first ask ourselves if we have, in any way, benefitted from their silence. As we are growing up, in the wake of one war and, it seems, the cusp of another, it is imperative that before we offer up any pithy moral critique of the other side, particularly if—as it tends to be in the Middle East and the global south—it is largely stemming from western propaganda that is determined to paint parts of the world as untenable, treacherous jungles that can only be gardened carefully under specific rule; by inventing and funding abuses of the local people, former empires and neoliberal powerhouses sell a falsified brutality to their citizens in order to have them fund their own.

For those of us who have inherited occupation in varying degrees, those of us who feel our Americanness only when sitting at a table with our so-called countrymen—this disconnect is manufactured as well. Occupation, whether by foreign military or state-sanctions, leaves people with what sounds like a single story to tell, over and over again; to be misconstrued as an egomaniacal nationalism, to be taken as a form of mourning, to

be perceived as the words of people who can never let anything go, and never to be taken for what it is: a thousand smaller, silenced stories inside one. What can progress mean in places like this—where is there room for it?

I have only ever received one answer to those questions. Everyone who was willing told me the same thing: that people cannot move forward when they do not know what has happened to their children, to their siblings, and their neighbors. No one can overcome a grief so collective and so deep without knowing where their dead are buried. It all comes down to the harshest difference of all: the idea that mourning is a luxury to the occupied.

Graphic by Sofia Uriagereka-Herburger, based on painting by Pablo Picasso





Dear juniors, You'll survive senior year. Here's how:

1. Write your personal statement and fill out all of the information over the summer. This is honestly one of the best decisions I have ever made. In addition to the solid two hours it will take to fill in all the general information and enter all your classes, writing a personal statement tends to take a longggg time. I spent several days typing (then scrapping) various drafts, bouncing ideas off my parents, and looking at "Essays that worked" sections of college websites. Personally, I struggled with what to write about, so being able to spend so much time thinking about my essay—rather than being focused on school work—was very beneficial. It's also nice to have this done before you start writing supplementals, so that you know what not to talk about in order to avoid being repetitive.

2. Ask for recommendations at the end of junior year. I asked both of the teachers that I got recommendations from several weeks before the end of the school year. The two teachers I asked taught core subjects, and knew me both as a student and through extracurriculars. Note the requirements for the schools you're interested in—some schools specifically say that they want core teachers.

3. Expect less day-to-day schoolwork. Even though I'm taking the same rigor level of classes as I was last year, I get far fewer worksheets and papers due the next class. Teachers give many more long-term assignments. This was super nice for me, because I felt completely burnt out by the end of junior year. However, I have found that I'm far more prone to procrastinating when I have small amounts of work, so I've had to try much harder this year to get myself to do anything.

4. Take tons of notes during college visits. I took notes on my phone throughout most of my college visits, and found it immensely helpful once I started writing the "why this college" essays. Taking notes gave me a bunch of quirky traditions or unique opportunities to talk about during those supplementals.

5. Try making a schedule for completing your supplemental essays. Ah, supplementals. How I won't miss you. Besides the occasional fun essay about your favorite word, these can be long and oftentimes challenging to write. I honestly had a hard time sticking to the schedules that I made for myself, but I generally found it helpful to have an outline of everything that I wanted to do.

6. Some people get into their dream school. Others don't. Mid-December is quite the emotional rollercoaster. I've shed both happy and sad tears for myself and my friends, but overall found it to be an exciting (and certainly determining) time.

7. Be fearless AND realistic. If you're like me and have a school you've been dreaming about going to since you were little, go for it and apply early. Apply to as many or as few schools as you'd like, no matter what the acceptance rate is or what your scores are. I was originally timid about telling people about the reach schools I was applying to, but eventually realized that it didn't matter. No one is going to judge you for applying to the school of your dreams and not getting in. However, it is also important to be realistic and have at least one safety school. I like having options so I applied to three safeties that had very different sizes and locations, and getting those acceptance letters made me far happier (and more relieved) than I ever thought I would be.

8. I applied to my dream school. I was rejected. And I'm okay. What I've found to be most important is going in to the application process with no regrets. I knew that every essay I submitted was my best possible effort, and if that wasn't enough to get in, then that wasn't the school for me. I went in with the attitude that I knew it was a very long shot of getting accepted, but I also felt confident in the fact that how happy I would be if I got in was worth the much larger chance of me being rejected.

9. Take advantage of all the resources that you have. Dr. Fortson and Ms. Lane are incredibly kind and helpful, and Ms. Arrington is full of advice and great school suggestions. There are many after school essay writing workshops available. Tons of school representatives come for visits in the College and Career Center. Some teachers will even help you with your application if you ask! Wilson staff want everyone to succeed and have a bright future, so if you have questions or need help, just ask.

Sincerely,

Madelyn Shapiro



Colaboración artística: el poeta y el artista

Por Alejandro Diaz-Lopez y Ava

Para muchas personas, ser creativo no es fácil, pero para Jorge López y Drolvin García, sus creatividades vienen naturalmente. López y García son estudiantes del grado 12 en Wilson. López es de Guatemala y García es de Honduras. A López le gusta mucho dibujar y a García le gusta mucho la poesía. Juntos, crean obras fenomenales.

García comenzó a escribir poesía desde pequeño. “Me gustaba escribir bastante porque tenía clases, en particular español, y me gustaba cómo me expresaba y a los profesores también les gustaba,” García dijo. La poesía significa mucho para García y ha sido muy importante para su vida. Aunque la poesía tiene mucha importancia para García, él desea que tuviera un gran impacto en las vidas de otros jóvenes.

“Muchos de mi edad no les llama la atención la poesía; a mi edad lo toman como broma,” García dijo.

Para García, la poesía le ha ayudado expresarse. García escribe de lo primerito que viene a su mente pero le encanta escribir sobre sentimientos de melancolía y de tristeza. Al igual de escribir de estos sentimientos, García le gusta escribir de su país, Honduras, donde nació y a veces deriva inspiración de las historias de sus amigos.

Como García, López empezó a crear obras de arte durante su niñez. Cuando se quebró la clavícula, López tuvo la idea de empezar dibujar porque no podía hacer otras actividades. “Mis pasatiempos fue sólo dibujar,” él

dijo.

López le gusta transmitir sus emociones a través de sus dibujos. Con el arte, él ha encontrado que puede expresar muchas cosas que son difíciles explicar a otra persona con palabras. “Tú agarras un pedazo de papel y sacas todo lo que tienes por dentro,” López explicó.

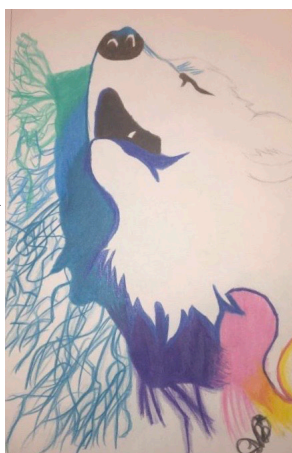
Él no quiere poner su arte en una caja definida por un estilo particular. El estilo de sus dibujos es un producto del momento y tema. “Me gusta hacer distintas

cosas y a veces combino estilos,” López dijo.

Hace un mes, García y López empezaron trabajar juntos para crear obras que incorporan la poesía y dibujos. “Nos llamaron la atención de mezclar los dos al mismo tiempo,” García dijo. Esta combinación crea obras significativas.

Antes de crear el arte, ellos piensan de un tema condensado en una palabra para inspirar su obra. Muchas veces, este tema se convierte en el título de la obra. Con esta inspiración, García y López hacen sus propias obras de arte que combinan al final para crear una obra bien compuesta.

García y López esperan que su arte pueda inspirar a otros aspirantes y artistas en Wilson a no tener miedo de compartir su arte con el público. “Creo que puede ayudar bastante porque sé que la mayoría tiene algún talento pero no lo hace porque no se ha escuchado su propia voz, tal vez por el lenguaje. Pienso que les puede ayudar a ver que hay gente latina que tiene arte,” López dijo.



Dibujo por Jorge López

Endless beginnings: why the new year shouldn't matter

By Maddie Gold

I never imagined I would be that cliché type to gaze up at the sky and question the true meaning of existence; I think I even used to make fun of those people. At a time when everything was happening in fast motion, with junior year's weight of anxieties threatening to topple over my shoulders and college applications lurking in the shadows of my future, I never expected to be able to take a breath. After reading TS Eliot over the summer in a writing class, I felt like I could finally breathe again.

Months later and at the start of a new year—a contrived beginning of sorts—I have so many questions, but also so many answers. Especially after hearing chimes of thoughtless resolutions to eat healthier and be nicer to others, I am confused by the change everyone thinks is happening. Why is it that we need a holiday to tell us to acknowledge change, when in reality, change is occurring at every moment in time?

Amid the homework, various sports practices, and clubs, there often isn't enough time to think about the bigger picture. Not just how what you're doing will impact your future, but much more: how your existence matters to yourself, how you choose to live in the physical world around you, and how you coexist with that other world within your mind. We fall victim to the construct of time, something we see as a series of closed doors. In actuality, time is anything but that. It is an infinite ocean that we are constantly flowing through, never in the past or future, but in a continuous beginning.

Each experience and thought we have builds a puzzle, and we are never just a singular piece. We are detached from our experiences to some degree, allowing us to grow from them or beyond them. We are never just defined by one thing, rather we are always in the state of defining. There is something comforting in knowing that there is a greater force beyond what seems to be our biggest anxieties, and that in each beginning is also an end.

I believe that spirituality is not confined to one religion or belief system, but inside of us. It is as simple as checking in with your thoughts and surroundings more often. When I was in Chicago for my writing class, I began to notice the little things: how the people I was around shaped who I became there, how incredible it was that there were beaches with vast water among the concrete sidewalks and gothic buildings—something that felt bigger than me, more important—and how free and passionate I felt telling my friends about all I had learned from my readings. There is existence all around us, and most of us are too busy to notice. Becoming conscious of and grateful for these things is a beautiful way to exist among the constant unknown.

The new numbers on the calendar will soon lose their glory; the new year's resolutions left to fade on a crumpled piece of paper, collecting dust and excuses. So, instead of a happy new year, I wish you not only a year of more awareness, but an existence full of it. We are never the same people as we were even a second ago; we are always moving, always growing, and always exploring.

FEEL LIKE

By Selam Weimer

I feel like I thrive in the existential
Because my heart beats in the paradox

Feel like we're all fallen angels
And heaven is still our home
Those beautiful moments and winks of *deja vu* remind us
but

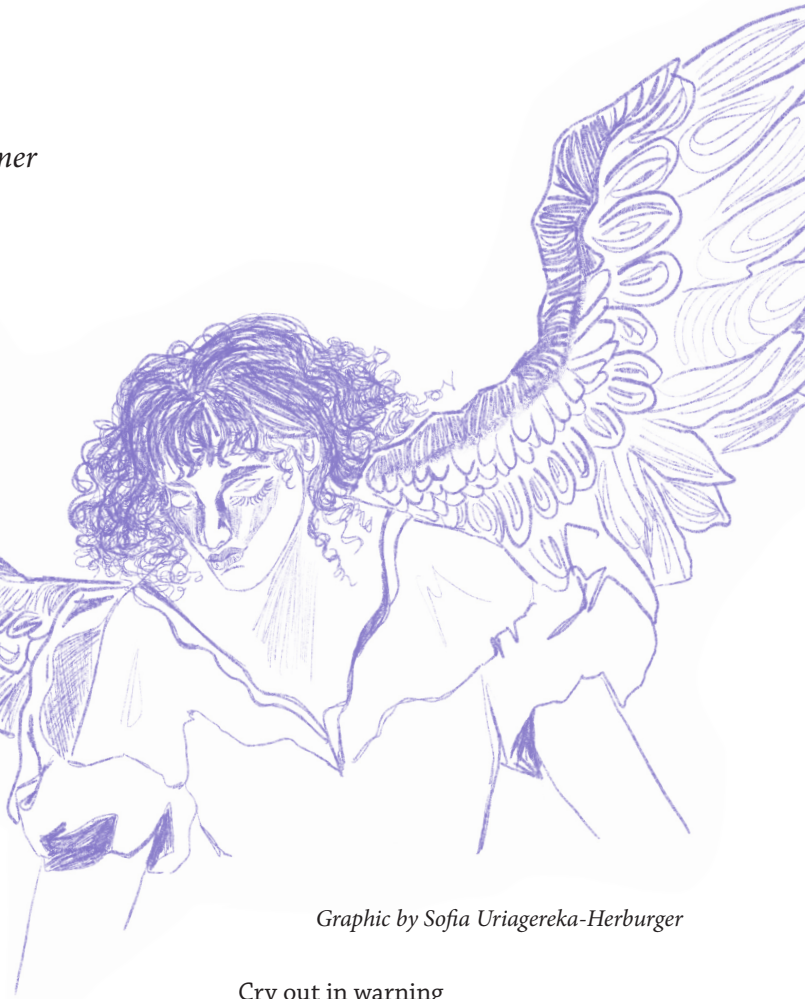
We hide behind our walls
And claim we're untouchable
But someone always finds a way
And we're left disappointed but not surprised
Suppressing our hurt inside
And the tears of our needs fall to the ground
As our walls reach further to the skies

I feel like we treat love like a science rather than an art
Intimidated by the unreciprocated
Attempt at awe of the mystery
But we're held down by memory
Or lack thereof
I feel like its fear not fragility
That feeds the lies of survival
And It's birthed in isolation
But I feel the circle of love is meant to be a door of discovery
Not a prison of infinity

I feel like we give what we hope to receive
Oblivious to the fact, we all speak a different language
We expect everyone around us to read our minds
Playing this game of hide and seek

I feel like there are times when the fog of the default
Blindfolds my vision
Each breath I take, resisting the illusion
Paralysis of poverty of the soul
I feel like the cycle must be broken

We need to stop switching on ourselves
Haunted by history, prisoners to the past
We're scared to plant roots
So all we have are weeds
Too many thorns cover the gardens of our dreams
Feel like the phantoms of the past



Graphic by Sofia Uriagereka-Herburger

Cry out in warning
Before history repeats itself
But we dismiss them all by saying
We don't believe in ghosts

Feel like they project their mess
In hopes that we will forget our crown
But I will always remember
The price of my wings
And the depth of my anchor
The weight of my name
And the oars of flight and gravity
That steady me to my peace

I've been thinking lately about the real founding fathers and
mothers
Whose bodies were the flag of this nation
Their backs covered in the red stripes
Their eyes the blue stars that fell too soon

I feel like I can hear the echoes of their melody
And feel the ripples of their rhythm
I'm beginning to realize that I am their resilience.

STAFF RECOMMENDATIONS: GUILTY PLEASURES



"Brooklyn 99" has all one could ever want in a bad—but funny—guilty pleasure TV show. With a dynamic cast of police detectives (including the annoying one, the old guys, the jock, the teacher's pet, the immature genius, the tough cookie, and the loyal best friend), "Brooklyn 99" revolves around the dazzling day-to-day life of the NYPD. The 99 catches bad guys in the most childish dream-like ways possible, while maintaining appropriate representation of Brooklyn and the people within it.

-Margaret Heffernan

The year: 2016. The scene: me, in my giant Skull Candy headphones, listening to "I Write Sins Not Tragedies." I am somewhat ashamed to say it, but on occasion, I don my former "emo" self of seventh and eighth grade and listen to Panic! At The Disco. Why do I indulge? Panic! reminds me of a simpler time, of graphic tees and "Doctor Who" references. Although I genuinely enjoy the music (shhh), it's less about the music itself and more about who I was when I listened to Panic! and how I've grown since then. Its nostalgia. Deep, dark, embarrassing nostalgia.

-Ayomi Wolff



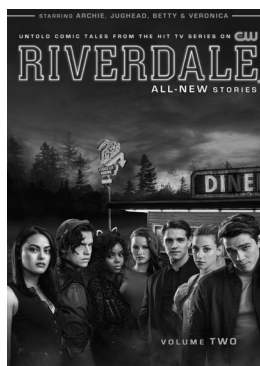
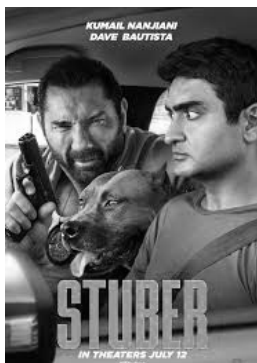
[scrubs]

While "Scrubs" was incredibly repetitive and had a whole five jokes that it reused over eight seasons, I was addicted. I started watching it because I wanted a medical show, and liked that it was funny and not gory. From the frustrating yet intriguing cycle of relationships to the conversations over the ethics of being a doctor, it was the perfect done-with-homework-just-want-to-chill show. I would highly recommend staying far, FAR away from season nine ("Scrubs: Med School"). Not even Dave Franco can heal that horrible, uninspired plot.

-Madelyn Shapiro

Amidst the bombastic blockbusters, shameless sequels, and numbing Netflix titles of last summer's box office, you probably missed a little movie called "Stuber." Co-starring Kumail Nanjiani (of "The Big Sick" fame) and Dave Bautista (Drax in "Guardians of the Galaxy"), it's about a temporarily blind cop who kidnaps an Uber driver named Stu (get it, Stu-ber?). If it sounds bad, it's because it is. But not the mundane "bad" of a Marvel movie, or the dry "bad" of a remake. "Stuber" is funnier than most 2019 movies, and one wild ride that I highly recommend whenever you need a simple movie to turn your brain off to and wholeheartedly enjoy.

-Alex Holmes

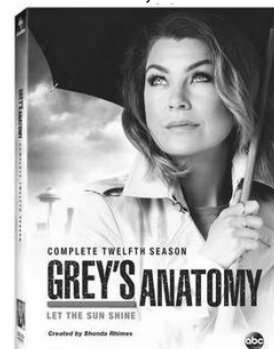


My guilty pleasure would have to be "Riverdale," but I refuse to feel guilty about it because it's the best show ever made. I cannot think of a show that better encapsulates the true nature of entertainment: fast-paced plot, borderline incomprehensible dialogue, and disturbingly old actors portraying teenagers. Sure, it might suffer from possibly the worst writing in the world, but that adds to the campy charm that makes it the perfect show for any time—preferably late enough in the night that your senses are dulled, though.

-Sofia Uriagereka-Herburger

For the past seven years, I have laughed and cried watching the endless seasons of "Grey's Anatomy." My excuse for watching the show is that it "teaches" me medical terminology. While the characters' overly dramatic lives are a wholly inaccurate depiction of the reality of a medical career and many of the medical references are incorrect, "Grey's Anatomy" is incredibly entertaining. With rare patient cases, relationship conflicts, and characters dying left and right, the show sure does not run short of drama. Though "Grey's Anatomy" may be on its sixteenth season and many argue it has run out of plot lines, I still enjoy every moment and hope to see many more seasons.

-Ava Nicely



"Glee." Need I say more? Okay fine I will. When I was in second grade, my parents wouldn't let me watch "Glee," so my friend Hannah would secretly update me on what happened in each week's episode. That was just the start of a long period of shame and guilt surrounding "Glee." I'm just kidding, but it most definitely is a guilty pleasure. The show is full of absolutely ridiculous plot lines. Finn truly believed he got a girl pregnant via hot tub. Terri faked a pregnancy and somehow her husband did not find out for at least a couple months. Rachel truly sent her vocal competitor to a crack house! While absurd, these are what make "Glee" so great. I'm not afraid to say that I love "Glee," and you shouldn't be either.

-Chloe Fatsis

In all honesty, "Blacklist" was on par with the rest of cable TV in season five—or maybe far before then. But I've been too starstruck to realize. James Spader's portrayal of criminal extraordinaire Raymond Reddington is just that good; good enough to surpass the meandering plot that is reminiscent of jazz in that everything seems to be made up as you go along; good enough to at least distract from the lack of star quality from confused good-girl badass Elizabeth Keen, the other main character; good enough to at least cancel out the extremely boring, predictable, wooden, unrealistic performances from just about anyone else. As the cable behemoth goes into its seventh season, the net good = James Spader - everything else" iron formula may finally be breaking down. Hopefully the captain doesn't go down with the ship.

-Elie Salem



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