

*Making Your Mark
2019*

Making Your Mark

more than words

2019
Volume 50

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Poetry and Short Stories
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Untitled
by: Mariam Sonbol



“On being asked where is the beauty in
war?”

by: Michael Panchery

In solitude, a rusted rifle rests
A corpse, death's haunting presence manifests
On brink of dawn, the horizon- it glows-
A scarlet, it rose, like poppy-filled meadows
The blood, it trickles down the poppy stem
Engulfed by human encroachment- there she grows
Exuberant as royal diadems
In death, his field, so gray and dull, she blows.

Poppy, Poppy, her gracious petals sway
And drift in mornings calm, of pleasant May
Offering life to slaughtered souls of war
With selflessness contained in her pith- her core
Eternal light she bears, a head of red
Above the skulls of humans stands her grace
She lives- as humans sent to final bed
Allure of battlefield, she will embrace.

Untitled
by: Ashley Quiros

When the only way to build yourself up is to put others down
When the only way to reach for the clouds is by shoving everyone to the ground
When being well known is more important than the way you act
When the only way to feel good is by doing something and having people react
When power becomes more important than family and friendships
When cash app and Venmo become the only thing you yearn for rather than potato crisps or someone you love's lips
When putting yourself first is the only way you follow through
When risking other's happiness becomes an okay thing to do
When you realize it's your last day but you can't apologize
Maybe then and only then will you look back at your actions and realize
You were at the top of the world but all alone with no friends or family
You may have "had it all" but did you have it all, really?
Or did you allow yourself to believe that and now you're seeing clearly?
Maybe Now you'll try to escape the fates and truly change, sincerely
Listen to my words in this tale of woe
For you're at risk but you can change with the words below
Cruelty and hate are better off less explored, risking another persons happiness, now is that something you can afford?
Love, respect, and humility
Use these all in your life, because you may have stability but where is your sensibility
Don't let it become too late you make a change
Your Fate is not set in stone yet so go make a difference, rearrange
Be a better person than you were before
Any relationships broken in the past you may be able to restore
When you begin to see the world and yourself through new eyes,

You look around at every situation and thing, you realize
When you take into account others emotions and situations
You begin to make observations on the countless variations of issues
plaguing people and their locations
Terrible things happen to everyone and there's no need to make their
lives worse
Because in the end we've got to live peacefully, we're all together in this
universe

Palm Sunday
by: Sadie Coords



Room
by: Erin Washbourn

I mean it's all a little strange.

You sit in the same room you've been sitting in for 18 years,
the same room you've cried in over stupid drama and boys,
the same room you laughed in, screamed in, sang in, danced in, cried
in, loved in.

The room you locked yourself inside,
the door and windows you slammed over and over,
hoping to bruise walls and break bones of glass.

The room that's held you in a loose embrace on all the nights you could
not sleep.

This room saw you writhe and sputter your way through your high
school years

saw tears lick themselves in salty trails down your cheeks,
saw you in the moments you did not want to see yourself.

And it's weird,

because you sit here now and run your fingers down your walls,
like walking through battlefields after a war.

You find the bullets, the damage, the echoes of combat.

You knock your knuckles against the surface and hear the hurt,
hear the rustle of branches and vines that grew as you grew.

And at the center of it all is your heart beating inside these walls,

this room,

ringing out like a peace call.

This is how it ends,

and this is how it all begins.

Untitled
by: Ashley Quiros

11:11,
Shooting stars,
Dandelions,
Wishing Wells.
Eyelashes,
Birthday candles,
Lady bugs,
Wishbones.
Things that we hope make everything come true.
All things I wish for, and yet I still don't have you.
Maybe it's just not meant to be and time will move on.
Or maybe I'm just out here doing it all wrong.
Maybe for a wish to work I have to take action.
But lord knows I'm not confident for that type of interaction.
So maybe until I'm ready my wish won't come true.
Or maybe, no matter how much I hope and wish, dreams just don't do what we
want them to.
When you're a kid you're taught to wish on everything and somehow you
accidentally carry that on.
I know I'm gonna teach it to my kids not knowing if it's right or wrong.
Are wishes real or just an innocent way to cope with things we have no control
over?
How can I be sure that what I want will come true if I ask a four leaf clover?
So do wishes work?
I guess that's really up to you.
How far your willing to take it to make your own dream come true.
Work hard and power through,
Its all you can do.
You're in control of your wants, wishes, and dreams.
You set your own scene.

The future is yours, take it, and make it your own.
Use every will you have in your aching bones and make yourself known.
A wish is only as good as you chose to make it
So if you're reading this and it's 11:11 go ahead, make a wish, your time starts
now, so seize this opportunity, go ahead and take it.

The Hidden City
by: Omaema Syed

This place, this city, was a puzzle, unsolved,
Pieces scattered, from deep oceans to vast skies.
Inside, the rest of the world was dissolved
Here, up is down and there's no otherwise.
Colors climb trees, cascade around the clouds
And the humble, dim moon remains hidden in dusk
Stars gleam just like enchanting diamonds, proud
Above the graveyard that held such a musk
It's I who has been grounded and has stayed,
Yet I escaped one day beyond the city's drab gates
To discover that they hold an...
Other planet! Better than mine, it awaits
This new world I've entered starts my life.
The beginning of my story has sprung,
But forever mark my city, my roots, from young.

The Season of Renewal
by: Sydney Handler

Snowy days melt away,
Flowers begin to bud.
Bees return and buzz again,
Green grass grows out of mud.

People revel in the warm air,
The ghost of winter has run.
Days become enjoyably longer,
Bright colors of nature bask in the sun.

Animals spring up from burrows and caves,
Leaves unfurl bright green.
Weather steadily improves,
It all feels so fresh and clean.

Dining alfresco is an option again,
Celebrations throughout the season.
Whether it's spring break or a holiday,
Just give me a reason.

April showers bring May flowers,
Students give a little cheer.
Knowing summer is just around the corner,
Spring is officially here!

Tattoo
by: Amy Lee

I've had a tattoo
From when we met

The needle, dug into me
The sharp edge carved a point
At our meeting
The color slipping under my skin
At our growing friendship
And everyday now when we laugh,
The tattoo grows bigger

Not everyone likes tattoos
But since I can remember,
I've been painting them onto my body
Now I have hundreds.
Yours is just one

Some tattoos hurt
When the needle digs too deep
Stinging pain that leaves scars
And the lasting memories

Still, the needle rips into my skin
Each person comes into my life
And makes their mark on me.

One Minute
by: Sabrina Eilers

5:00 AM

The waves lap the shore
The salty water scent reaches up to my nose
The grains of sand offer me comfort as they engulf my toes
The smell of the Ocean lingers in the breeze

I pick up my shoes and throw them aside
Like a child running to a mother, I embrace the shore with love
I run till my feet are covered with the cold waters of the ocean
I press down my heels into the wet sand

Leaving my trail of water behind me I run towards the boardwalk
Laying on a bed of sand; it lets my mind drift
My eyelids slowly fell to a close
As I saw nature open for a new day around me

5:01 AM.

Changing the Sky
By: Medha Kasina

Change, the one thing that drives us forward,

Night and day, as the sky switches
From blue to black
And black to blue,

But over the yonder when lightning strikes, it switches
From blue to white
And white to blue, over and over again,

No matter what, everything will return to blue,
Not because the sky has to, but because it wants to.

The sky may be happy or sad at its state,
But it will always return to blue.

Untitled
by: Anais Bouchatta



Memories
By: Rhenly Henson

Life is an adventure,
a mysterious one.
Everyone has its own path to take,
and destiny to fulfill.

The world spins,
the clock ticks,
the time passes by,
And life goes on.

People will leave in our life,
And that's inevitable.
It's the sad truth about life,
that we all have to embrace.

Yet, they will remain in our heart.
So we hold on to those feelings,
treasure and cherish those moments,
while carrying that burden along the journey.

It's a burden that we bear,
from the past to the future,
that connects each of us,
no matter when and where.

A burden that leaves a mark which reminds us,
the important things in our life
that we'll always remember
in our mind and in our heart.

Our memories.

Home
by: Peyton Quackenbush

Home is the place that makes me feel calm. It is the place where I feel safe, and there are no worries about anything. Home shapes me as a person as well as the people around me. I am carefree, worry-free and smiling when I am home. The basketball court is where I feel at home because it is where I get support from my teammates and my family and where nobody lets me leave without a smile on my face. My teammates are not solely teammates. They are friends. They help me through the hard times and keep me smiling through the good times, when I am on the basketball court and when I am off the basketball court. When I am on the basketball court, all my focus goes into basketball. I'm always laser focused on what I am doing and not a worry goes through my mind. When I play basketball, it is the only time I am living in the moment rather than worrying about the future. The basketball court is my home. It shapes me as a person, an athlete, a teammate and a friend. As a person on the basketball court, I learned how to focus, how to strategize and have become healthier in the process. It shapes me as a person because it keeps the competitiveness alive in my blood. As an athlete, being on the basketball court helps me learn how to work with others on a team and makes me never want to let my team down. Home is the place I want to be. Home is the place I feel stress-free and happy. It is the place I see my family in the stands, and the place I always receive support from them. I'm thankful to call two places my home.

“Menuka: The Hero”
by: Alison Karki

As my grandparents’ red Jeep came to halt in front of the gate of Raksha Nepal—a rehabilitation center for sexually abused and human trafficked Nepalese children, a petite and enthusiastic woman approached me.

Her name is Menuka Thapa, and she is the founder of Raksha Nepal, my mentor, and my friend. The seventy children that she has rescued from prostitution call her Aama, which means “mother” because her care, compassion, and determination have allowed them to start new lives. She is a hero for all of the children there, as she continues to risk her life to ensure a safe future for them.

As I volunteered over the summer, Menuka and I grew closer; she once told me that being a leader meant setting an example for others and “giving a voice for the voiceless.” Through her charisma, she is the embodiment of a leader. I, too, began calling her Menuka Aama since I saw her as my second mother and my hero, as she encompassed the definition of leadership—to empower individuals like myself to make a positive difference in society.

This past July, I had the privilege of teaching children in Raksha Nepal math, art, and English. Most of them were shy at first, but as the month progressed, they opened up; soon enough, the kids and I developed a close bond. They began calling me Dijju, which means “older sister;” the word diju was a symbol that the children had looked up to me, and I was beyond honored.

One eight-year-old girl in Raksha Nepal named Puja and I had a particularly close bond; I had thought of her as my younger sister. “I want to be like you one day,” she whispered in my ear, “as you are my role model.”

Those words had reinstated a sense of hope and motivation in me to inspire others. I was overwhelmed, since I thought of the children as being my role models. They had taught me so much, from dancing to playing taekwondo. Though, more than anything, they had educated me that—despite past hardships—a person’s worth is measured by his or her strengths and perseverance.

Menuka has made a lasting imprint on the children that she has rescued and on society. Though she grew up in poverty and was abused by her family, she overcame such adversities and vowed that no other child would go through what she had suffered herself.

When I look at Menuka, I see her compassion and her determination. Though she is a small and petite woman, her melodious voice and her eloquent speeches empower any man or woman that listens to her.

I hope that I, too, can rescue other innocent children from inhumane atrocities such as prostitution and abuse.

I hope that I, too, can “give a voice to the voiceless” as Menuka had.

I hope that I, too, can take after Menuka and be a role model to other young girls, as she has been an inspiration to me for most of my life.

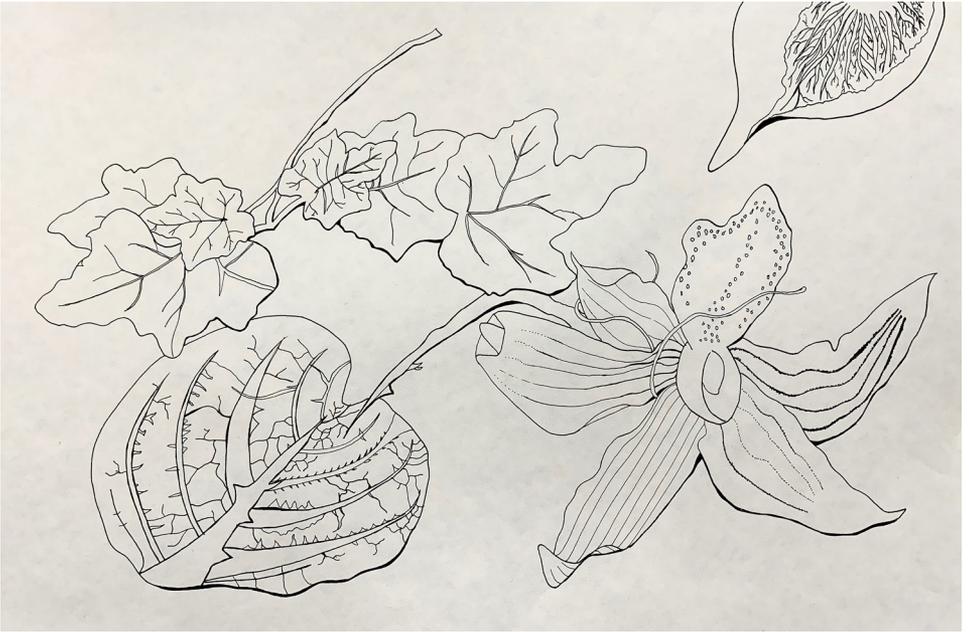
Untitled
by: Lauren Nelson



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MAKING YOUR MARK

Untitled
by: Corey Moon



Untitled
by: Maggie Gries

Why is it that every time I reach for a tupperware container there are always an abundance of lids, yet not a single one is a match to the base?

Hours were spent mastering a brownie consisting of a bottom layer of homemade chocolate chip cookie dough, a middle layer of decadent oreos, and topped with a fudgy brownie batter. After putting the dessert together and waiting for it to be completed in the oven, I sliced each brownie to the same proportion and stacked them into a container. It slipped my mind to snatch a lid when I originally took the container, therefore when I went back for one I obviously could not find the missing puzzle piece.

A choice now had to be made. Do I remove all 34 brownies from the container and place them into a brand new container or do I use an alternative barrier such as Press N Seal? Each choice had its perks but each also had a few complications. Transferring each snack from one container to a new one allowed for the brownies to stay completely in tact and have a matching container set. This change, however, meant more dishes would have to be washed because the old receptacle was already dirtied and now a second one would be soiled. Now this may not seem like a huge deal to whomever may be reading this but just know: I HATE washing dishes. I can not even fathom thinking about touching food that may have been eaten or when the food soaks up the sink water before being scrubbed off. The idea of squishy food getting stuck underneath my fingertips or stuck between each finger is absolutely repulsive. Cooked brownies are not supposed to be soggy, therefore this was not an option I was willing to consider.

Taking a bit of a short cut and using tin foil or a cling film as an alternative cover was a viable option because no extra dishes would have to be done. These pliable matters do have a downside though because they can easily tear, allowing the food to become contaminated. I was not going to waste all of the hard work and money that was put into constructing the pastries, so again: not an option.

I sat on the floor, staring into the abyss of tupperware in my kitchen cabinet. There are always so many things that happen in life that do not line up or pieces do not line up. How have I gotten past these imperfections? There are multiple possible solutions to these bumps in the road but each have flaws. How do people not break down inside, knowing that there are two pieces to a puzzle but one is clearly blue and the other is yellow? Those do not go together! Not everything has a perfect match or a certain way things are supposed to play out. Life has this special way of working things out in its own special way. College seems to be one of those things that there are so many options including what kind of school, the location, the size, the beliefs, the majors offered, financial costs of attending and so many other variables that factor into the decision. I need to find the right college that is going to fit to myself and allow me to succeed in the path that I am made for. Tupperware is awaiting the perfect lid to enclose itself and allow it to serve its purpose of preserving its' contents. The process of applying to colleges, awaiting the decision from each school and then making that final decision of where to invest your money and future is something that can be so overwhelming but believing that everything is going to work itself out is calming. I know there is that special tupperware lid just waiting to send me its' acceptance and awaiting my arrival in the fall of 2019.

Extending my arm into the depth of the cabinet I reach around and extract a rectangular lid with blue rounded edges. I raise myself from the floor and hover the lid above the brownies and lower it with my eyes closed tight. The rubber edges hug around the lip of the canister and ease down creating a watertight seal. It was a perfect match. I knew with persistence and hard work I would find the lid and not have to pick soggy brownie bits from my fingernails. I also know the same will happen with my college decision.

The Robin's Reflection

by: Faith Bailey

It's Monday. I crash onto the bed. Tears roll down my face, staining constellations on the beige carpet. Something heavy presses down on my chest. I can't breathe. I can't move. Even my own thoughts are colorless anchors. Part of me wishes I was more like my friends, all flashy talents and look-at-me strides. They're in constant light and perpetual motion. What does that make me? Where's my light? Where is the voice that says go or yes? This body is a tricky machine, clumsy and desperate like contraband. It's something flighty and half-starved, hard to pinpoint. I am deemed invisible. The mirror does not reflect me. My slender fingers, the chime of my voice, my sketches and skin, pushed back and away like nomads in search of precious oasis. I expected more than this, as if my name wasn't already **WORKTWICEASHARDFORHALFASMUCH**. My #BlackGirlMagic blew a fuse or something. Now what? You can't leave a trace in sand. So what's left?

A red-breasted robin perched on the balcony outside my window. They're pretty common, so much so, that you cease to notice them at all. It's head darts back and forth. I finish my homework, drifting in and out to its birdsong. I like the way its little crimson chest billows, claiming the air, owning every inch of lung. It crescendos then dips, then rises with pulsing trills. I dangle composers like seeds: are you a little Bach or Tchaikovsky? It's such a glorious, soothing music. I'm ashamed not to have noticed before. It's the kind of sound you curl into, cradled after a rich meal. The robin flits away. I go for a walk. I listen. A blue jay streaks overhead. It's a gorgeous blue-feathered creature, but its call is loud and harsh like a battle cry. No composers spring to mind, but it does remind me of a girl I know, in perpetual argument with someone over something. Territorial. Cardinals are a close second. Those red feathers, and repetitive, nagging notes. And here I thought their plumage was all that mattered; the only standard.

So many birds. Peacocks and raptors by default. Yet I come back to the robin. On the one hand, an ordinary bird. It may not recognize its own image, and attack it furiously. I know what that's like, blinded by a syrupy tonic that cures nothing. On the other hand, it's a clever architect, and exalts in its own sound.

Will sing regardless. And that melody, from such a humble breast, is a gift, and ripples the air as butterfly wings spur hurricanes.

It's Monday, so I sing. I sketch dragons and jeweled insects. I play seven instruments. I make medicine, in as many colors as I want. I zone in. My stamp on terra firma marches on regardless. My ordinaries are nova because they're mine. I own them just as the robin imbibes the air to belt out a tune. And that's delicious. Modest hopes are delicious. Extravagant hopes are delicious. A little more beauty for me. To share, one person-at-a-time, one day-at-a-time.

Untitled
by: Demitra Rooyakkers



Sonnet
by: Ashley Quiros

The cold chill of a winter nights last dream
The ugly harsh cries of bitter goodbyes
The sun shine of a summer hopes last beam
Discolored stains on your face as tears dry

Trickling water of old rusted drains
And death came sooner than we both had thought
The sod howl of a runaway train
Death chased you away and soon you were caught

The memories of you excite my mind
Filled with joy our voices filled with laughter
Remember your smile bright and eyes kind
Your soft aura and sweet talk thereafter

I wish you were still here for me to hold
But the future and death move uncontrolled

Untitled
by: Lauren Nelson



Untitled
by: Rashmi Prem- Janardhan

The mistress of the manor stood in front of the mirror, shifting here and there. Her eyes harshly evaluated the satin dress on her body. The intricate lace and gold thread made her look like a princess from bygone era. But the beauty was a facade, a hollow lie. Soon the dress would hold no meaning, and it would be consumed along with her body. She had contemplated wearing nothing, to be bare in front of the edge of eternity. But she found the idea too pretentious. She was human after all, and vanity was her sin of choice. If she was going to die tonight, she was going to do it with her best pearl necklace donned and a glass of champagne in her hand. She smirked at herself and made her way down the long, winding staircase to the observatory.

In the front of the room was a glass wall. It showcased the entirety of the galaxy. In front of her sat Osiris 3. It was a tiny star, and it laid at the end of its life. Noxious gasses ejected from the star's dying body. As the star gasped its dying breath, it would consume the ship along with our heroine. The mistress grabbed a glass of champagne and toasted to the red giant. A last drink for you and me, both.

The mistress was a storyteller of sorts. Inside the ship sat one giant library, full of stories from among the cosmos. She hopped from planet to planet, meeting people. She chronicled everyone she met. And now in her grand observatory, surrounded by the stories she sacrificed her youth for, she would die.

She made her way to the last book shelf, and grasped the last book. The last one she had written before setting course for Beta Centauri. The last one before the whole world had gone to hell.

It was a haze, the years leading up to this moment. A virus that only infected humans. Quarantines that didn't work. Fatal sentimentality that would end up being the doom of anyone with an opposable thumb in the galaxy. And then it was just her. One lonely old woman sitting bitterly at the end of time.

The last book was a sad one. A daughter had returned back from a pilgrimage on Gaius 9 to discover her father had been dead for years. Due to the light year difference, the messages she had gotten from him were delayed. 3 months on Gaius 9 was 23 years back home.

Another book followed two lovers who had run away together only to realize that they never truly loved each other. They only loved the sound of blood pounding in their ears and adrenaline pumping through their veins. When they were faced with the possibility of spending a lifetime with one another, they bolted. Constantly running. Only after a lifetime of adventures did they reunite. Wrinkles had set in. Scars had trudged their way through soft skin. Patience and understanding had settled in their wizened hearts. Finally, at the grand ages of 92 and 97, they got married and set off for a new star. Running together. The mistress had met these two at a rest stop.

One of her favorites. A young boy had died in a fatal accident. He died in the arms of a stranger, a middle aged woman he didn't even know the name of. After he died, the woman took it upon herself to finish his bucket list. She had gotten a tattoo, bungee jumped for the first time, and visited the red spot of Mars. She was barely even through half of his list, but she had found herself in him.

Like clockwork, the mistress paged through each book. She ventured earlier and earlier through her career. As the books grew older and older, the mistress grew younger and younger.

At then at last, as a child, she stood in front of it. The first book. The one at the first bookshelf. Tattered and old, it sat in an almost indignant posture. As if it were trying to say "where were you?" Age had melted into the pages leaving the smell of dust and asbestos.

The mistress flipped through the pages. There, written in red crayon, was the first book. It talked of a king and a queen and their two loving daughters. The princess, of course, had a striking resemblance to the mistress. The book's naïveté warmed the cold heart of the mistress.

She had been peeled back, layer by layer, as she read each book. This last book ripped the paper thin remnants of the mistress's soul. She imagined the Anderson kids running through her childhood backyard, leaving loud squelching footprints in the freshly rained on mud. She could see her younger sister, graduating from high school, launching her blue cap in the air with a triumphant smile on her lips. She could feel the slowing, staggered thumping of her father's heart under her ear. She felt her mother's hair brushed over skin, as tears trailed down her cheek. And then she knew what it was to be the last human. In her dainty palms, sat the entirety of human history, the triumphs and falls. Back on earth, old pieces of human life would stand. Cars stuck in endless traffic jams. Cartons of milk soured over years. Pictures of weddings, graduations, and first days in jobs that were never to be cooed over again. Monoliths dedicated to the insane complexity of human nature.

Humans were storms of love and destruction and they left pieces of themselves wherever they went.

The star was ready to burst and she knew what she was going to do. There was one last escape pod left on the ship.

The mistress had resigned herself to dying with the star. That plan wouldn't be altered. These books, however, wouldn't be destroyed with her.

She emptied the grandiose bookshelves. One by one the grand library grew emptier.

Finally, the mistress ejected the hard drive of the ship. It contained encyclopedias in various languages, and it chronicled almost all of human history. She tossed on top of the pile of books.

The star eventually hit, and it consumed almost all in its wake. However, a tiny pod of books would travel the universe, taking with it all of humanity.

Overcast
by: Sadie Coords



The Day You Left
by: Symone Marsh

I remember that day, I woke up startled
I remember that day, I woke up scared
My terrifying thoughts came true
You left me, I remember seeing you after school
My terrifying thoughts came true
I miss seeing your smile after school
I miss hugging you, after school
My terrifying thoughts came true
My days of seeing you were over
My days of happiness were gone
You were my best friend
My terrifying thoughts came true
I woke up to your death
I woke up broken
I woke up without a friend
You left me and took a piece
A piece of me I treasured
A piece of me that mattered
You left me with a missing piece

An Ode to Senior Year
by: Abhishek Iyer

In September, you remember all the seats in each new class,
By November, all the embers of excitement disappear.
Some days you feel, that life's a wheel, that rolls through endless grass,
But other days, you're just amazed, by how short is the year.

We like to think we'll never shrink and always be supreme,
That the world is ours and so are the hours we wear around our wrists,
But deep down there, we're well aware, how fervent we all dream,
Will not revise our coming demise we know that e'er exists.

It's January, not so merry, midterms 'round the corner,
You hold your head and look with dread, and wish you could get out,
Now June is nigh, you heave a sigh, and feel you'll be a foreigner,
Four more years that isn't here, your head is filled with doubt.

The point that I'm trying to make, no crying about it, no more tears,
Whenever you felt, that you would just melt, so painful seemed the stress,
Those times helped shape your great escape into a land of fears,
'Cause you'll grow fonder, maybe ponder, the building called HHS.

Untitled
by: Erin Townsend

To our little miss Morkie, our Sophie schutz, our neighborhood patroller-it's hard to keep reminding ourselves that once we finally got you, that we were told by the doctor that we should give you back. Dad looked at us with tears in his eyes and said, "Well, we're just not. We're going to give her as many good years as we can while she'll stay with us" and she gave us seven.

Seven years of morning cuddles, licks, kisses, and begging for half of dad's dinner. Seven whole years of discovering your quirks like only eating beggin strips after you've successfully hidden them around our house, and never being a dog motivated by any kind of dog food. We laughed when we couldn't find you and found your tail sticking out from under our parents' bed. You had so many little things about you.

We watched you grow from 2.2 lbs of fur to 9 lbs of pure muscle and pee. My parents weren't sure if they even wanted you, but after looking into your big brown eyes, we knew we couldn't live without you. Thank you for standing tall in my window every single day watching for your people. Thank you for not barking when Casey took you into grocery stores and places she shouldn't have taken you. You were such a good dog. Thank you for being our shotgun rider, and for laying so perfectly in my arms. Thank you for letting our extended family into our home- I know you were very reluctant, because you didn't want to share your people, but once you let them inside, you made them smitten over you too. Thank you for letting me put bows in your hair and for letting Mommy clean your eyes no matter how much you hated it. Thanks for making Dad smile while you ran through our backyard so freely. Thank you for being a good dog and never running away from us and walking right beside me, when I insisted you were a good girl on and off the leash.

Thank you for learning to sit, give your paw, and to roll over- you gave us all something to be proud of. Thank you for being there to lick the tears off of our faces- the hardest part about losing you is not having you to do it now. Thank you for being so stubborn, for introducing us to so many neighbors, for making strangers smile at stoplights at the sight of you on our lap. Thank you for being our best friend and a companion to each and every one of us.

You made us smile everyday. Every single day was a better day because of you. We love you, and we will never forget you, and we will never ever be able to replace you. The mark you left on our hearts will last forever.

Untitled
by: Lauren Nelson



Untitled
by: Kiley Chen



Legacy
by: Emilia Kudelko



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