A reflection of the past:

Before We Go Our Separate Ways

Graduating seniors reflect on their journeys over the past four years at UAHS.

READ ON PAGE 10
CONGRATULATIONS, UARISE BARISTAS!

“Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined.”
—Henry David Thoreau

UARise
Class of 2019

GOOD LUCK IN ALL YOU DO.

Skye Sassoon-Meyers • Mycca Sassoon-Meyers
Sarah Good • Carter Hyer

IN ALL YOU DO.

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GOOD LUCK

Class of 2019

CONGRATULATIONS,
UARISE BARISTAS!

Dear readers,

Most of us are counting the days until summer. But for us seniors, we’re counting the days until the end of high school, becoming more excited and anxious as our futures loom over us. From attending colleges or trade schools to starting businesses or something else, we are entering a new stage in our lives.

To be honest, it’s scary. It seems that all our lives we’ve waited for high school graduation, but now that it’s here, we’re nostalgic. What we took for granted for all these years now seems so precious—that shoddy classroom we secretly love or that everyday hallway fare of ours. In this issue of Arlingtonian, we looked to both the past and the future. Starting on page 10, 13 incredible seniors wrote about their high school experiences and reflected on their favorite memories. And on page 24, “Senior Destinations” provides a road map to our futures as the collective class of 2019 spreads to places as far as Hawai’i and Colorado and as near as Columbus and Dayton.

In “Bringing the Gap,” Sophie Yang highlighted the stories of two seniors taking gap years to study in China and Europe. On a more nostalgic note, senior Arlingtonian staff members shared their favorite memories on staff, from writing impactful stories to staying so late at school that they get kicked out of the Learning Center. Finally, we drew from our experiences to advise underclassmen. This year, Arlingtonian has gone through many changes: reducing from nine issues a year to five, growing our online presence, traveling to Chicago for a journalism conference and making our coverage more local and relevant. We have been so fortunate to be part of this change and to hear your feedback on our last four issues. The benefit has been mutual. Journalism has allowed us to tell your stories, but it also has exposed us to students that we never would have talked to otherwise and given us memories to last through our lives.

As we prepare to move on and leave UAHS behind, we hope you continue to read the Arlingtonian. If you want to contribute, please do so. If you want to stay connected, we encourage you to follow us on Instagram. We wish you the best of luck in your endeavors and hope to see you soon.

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come to my attention that the senior Capstone project has undergone significant modifications since the past school year. Chief amongst these was the added requirement of a 2000-word formal academic research paper. This requirement contains several stringent rules regarding its structure, style, etc. Normally, learning how to write in such a professional, scientific manner would be expected and useful, especially in a scientific community. However, the school must take into account that the Capstone project is not strictly a scientific project—the Capstone project is meant to inspire innovation, creativity, passion, outside-the-box thinking and “personal stretch,” as per the English department. Such a requirement, however, has put every student into a very restrictive box—a box which cannot fairly apply to numerous students’ projects and topics.

I went into the summer Capstone course with an open mind, thinking I might be able to make some good findings. My project was about music; I wanted to find out more about how musicians satisfy and appeal to their audience. I quickly found, however, that the design of the project was absolutely biased towards students working on projects involving social studies or science. I spent a painfully long time trying to locate the designated number of twelve scholarly articles that I was meant to “synthesize and analyze” through a collection of methods articles that I was meant to “synthesize and analyze.” I spent even longer hours trying to locate the references. Involving social studies or science. I spent a painfully long time trying to locate the references.

Although at the time of writing, the results of this year’s class election is unknown, we are proud that the GOLP candidates ran fair and courteous campaigns, showing the utmost respect and candor for the other candidates, thus exemplifying the ideals of the party and the democratic process as a whole. All GOLP candidates ran original, non-initiative campaigns.

The GOLP would like to expand membership and dominion to other facets of our school and community at large. This year, the Party only ran candidates for the class of 2022 class officer elections, but next year, we will nominate candidates for all races. We implore all students in general to join the party base. All Party members are entitled to vote in all Party congresses and primaries, run for ELT positions, and run for a GOLP nomination. Ultimately, the Party is a bastion of democratic engagement and collective student body. It aims to promote increased participation in student government school wide. We hope as a GOLP Party nomination that the party and the democratic process as a whole.

Definitely, yes. My mom was a little skeptical of Community School when I first thought about joining. She made me go ask [Teacher Stephen] Stern who teaches science in Community School but also Honors Chemistry. She made me confirm that it wasn’t full of “dregs and hippies.” Mr. Stern did confirm the drug rate is pretty much the same—they’re just regular kids on a slightly different form of education. There’s definitely a stereotype of academic underachievement. But personally, I’m in three AP/IB classes and Community School. There are plenty of people who take double English or IB Calculus or IB Psych. There’s nothing that stops you from taking AP classes and Community School—the same topic explored on the next episode of Arlingtonian’s podcast. The 3:05 front page of arlingtonian.com.

However, there are no possible alternatives; the only thing the Capstone administrators need to do is provide a larger diversity of options to the research component of the project. Students should be allowed to choose from a much bigger pool of research methods and essay structures. Research is important and should be encouraged, but its process and methodology cannot be generalized for all students.

I spent even longer hours attempting to organize my paper into that of a scientific study. All this was supposed to lead me to “report my findings” based on the information learned from the scholarly references. The reality, however, is that it just does not work that way. Not every single study ever explored consists of concrete findings that can be quantified, measured, and clearly defined in explicit steps compliant with the Scientific Method. To assume so is to discount and undermine almost all art forms and valuable work completed in those arts. It is impossible to assume every student will fit perfectly into these straitjacketed rules in a project that is meant to move past boundaries and inspire new ways of thinking. I understand that the school is looking to maximize effort and minimize laziness in students through the addition of the research paper component, but that is not worth the betrayal of Capstone’s said ideals and purpose. It’s not even as though there are no possible alternatives; the only thing the Capstone administrators need to do is provide a larger diversity of options to the research component of the project. Students should be allowed to choose from a much bigger pool of research methods and essay structures. Research is important and should be encouraged, but its process and methodology cannot be generalized for all students.

Are there stigmas surrounding Community School?

“Absolutely. What I want to hit home is that the stigma is just a stigma and not factual. I’ve grown so much in Community School. Some of my best thoughts have been there. There’s a constant conversation. That’s what Community School is like: it produces people who are outspoken, who tell their ideas to the world and develop their ideas.” —junior Cam Clark

“Yeah, for sure. But everyone at Community School just wants to learn but in a different way. For example, I’m on my Odyssey right now. Today I went hiking for three hours to find animals. You really just get to learn about what you want to do.” —junior Finn Aycock

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“Yeah. People say CS is easy and a place to go to when you don’t feel like doing school. That’s not true at all. Especially in literature class, we get to pick our topics and create the unit ourselves so that involves a lot of research and planning.” —junior Jane Williams

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 Are there stigmas surrounding Community School?
School choice notifications continue to fill students’ inboxes with information about changes in parking as construction goes on around UAHS.

According to the UA Schools website, a master plan was created in 2015 for a new high school to be built. And on April 7, a groundbreaking ceremony marked the official start to the project.

The school is being built on a timeline along with the renovations of elementary schools. The new building is planned to be open to students in August 2021, and the demolition of the current building will begin in the winter of 2022.

The project is reported to be on track and on budget so far by Chris Potts, Upper Arlington School District’s chief operating officer and adviser for the project. The cost budget for the high school direct construction cost is $105,145,000, according to Potts. The new stadium is planned to be finished in fall of 2019 while athletic teams continue to use the middle school fields and temporary ones constructed at Northam Park.

The finalized version of the building and project is available in a walkthrough video on the UA Schools website.
Students can pick up their yearbooks in the lobby after second period.

Study hall and lunch periods are good times to pick up your book and sign your friends’ books!

Book pickup will continue after school until 3:15 p.m. (or until the line ends).

* ONLY PRE-ORDERED YEARBOOKS will be available for pickup on May 20.

A VERY LIMITED number of 2019 yearbooks will be on sale for $80 in Room 221 starting May 21 at 7:30 a.m. These books will be sold on a first-come first-served basis (1 book per person) until they’re gone. Last year they sold out within 10 min.

Integrating iPads

Students who have tested next year’s 6th Generation iPads discuss their experiences. BY MATTHEW SHEPHERD, ’19.

One of the biggest changes students will be facing in the coming years at UAHS is the shift from district-issued laptops to district-issued iPads. This proposed change has been met with anger and skepticism by many students. One such student is junior Peter Johanni, who actively uses his computer for coding.

“When I first heard about the change, I was really mad,” Johanni said. “I like the computers and we can’t code Java on iPads. I didn’t want to type essays on them and there are so many problems that I thought would be unsolvable.”

Recently, Johanni volunteered to pre-test the iPads to see how they would function within student life. He said his decision was based on a recommendation from his computer science teacher Diane Kahle and his desire to help make the transition smooth and relatively painless.

“I wanted to help make the iPads the best they could be for students next year and I figured that I could help find all the bugs and problems so that we don’t have to deal with them next year,” he said.

Initially, Johanni said his reactions were more negative than positive. Many of these negatives included the durability of the hardware and the overall capabilities of the machines.

“I broke the stylus within two weeks of having it. Also, the word processing isn’t great but it works okay,” Johanni said. “The big problem is that applications I constantly used on the computer, like coding JavaScript, SketchUp and printing are all not possible from the iPads.”

Despite these immediate flaws, Johanni said he began to find that the iPads had positive applications as well. These ranged from additional accessibility to sites like Schoology and Netflix to the ease at which he could take notes during class.

“With the iPads, note taking is really fun and really easy,” Johanni said. “The Schoology app works great and it’s nice to have so many school apps that make going to frequented sites super easy. We have Netflix, Spotify and YouTube which makes the iPads useful outside of school as well.”

Johanni is optimistic about the machines and their integration into the upcoming school years, especially with the new high school a few years down the line.

“Timed writings are going to be rough, and the durability of the case and iPad will also be interesting to track next year because I think they will be less durable. That being said, they are cheaper, lighter, smaller and can take better notes,” Johanni said.

Despite Johanni’s optimism, other students who are testing the devices don’t see the change as positively. Junior Matthew Giammar, who tests the iPads in the same way as Johanni, believes that they are a step backwards.

“Without the stylus, note taking and other paper-like tasks are difficult. Overall I think the iPad is a less effective learning tool than the laptop,” Giammar said.
Before We Go Our Separate Ways

Graduating seniors share their journeys and favorite memories from the last four years.

Compiled by Arlingtonian Staff. Photos by Grace Call, ’20.

Omar Alghothani

It’s another one of those mornings. That morning where I had to set my alarm on extra early for that one extra club meeting, that one extra practice, or that one extra time I needed help from a teacher.

It’s another one of those mornings that I walk up to the door cold and numb in the Ohio winter weather with the sky still in nightfall. Or one of those nights. One of those nights that I stayed so long after school I witness the shades of the sunset from the hallway windows.

It’s another one of those nights that a volleyball game kept me long at school, or to help out with the setup of events, or just cramming for the semester exams. It’s another one of those nights that I mess around and race the empty hallways of this building. Then I walk out the front door to find my sister’s car, yet to come back the very next day.

I sometimes stroll around this old and rusty high school. All alone. And just think. Think about the countless lockers that line up the hallways. The countless photo competition winners from years back that puzzle me. And the tiny engravings in between the stone blocks and bathroom stalls that crack me up.

This building. This school. This home is the place that has fostered growth for me these past four years. That has created a second family I get to wave “Hi!” to in between classes. That has created a connection between the Upper Arlington community. As my time here comes to an end, I look back and smile about the past. Smile about the orientation that a bunch of soon-to-be-high-schoolers attended and were given a simple schedule on a lanyard. Smile about the times I would walk the school as a freshman and look up to seniors with full-grown beards, and just think “How?” Smile about the times I laughed with happiness when I aced a test and the times I cried when I failed another. Smile about the times we were dismissed home because of a gas leak, a lighting bolt, or a messed up fire alarm. So much smiling. So much.

Walking out this school, I am prepared to face the future. But I will never forget my roots. This school has given me everything I could have possibly asked for. It has provided me with countless blessings that has fostered growth in my academic life. It has provided me with amazing people that cheer me up when I’m down and smile when I’m happy. It has given me a family, one that I can relate to how cold it is outside, how hard that test was, and how tired I am. Although I am leaving, UAHS is never leaving my thoughts.

Anna Davies

High school was the worst four years of my life. I experienced the kind of stress, anxiety and earth-shattering tragedy that I hope no one, let alone no teenage kid, ever has to experience.

But amidst the pain and the trauma and the heartache, I held onto the things that inspire me like blogs and people and color and fitness. I held onto my dream of attending art school and getting as far away from my past as possible.

I became intrigued with blogs during my sophomore year of high school. The messages behind the carefully curated lifestyle platforms were a way to relate to others, find inspiration, ideas and even friends. It got to the point that I just wanted to create my own. So I did.

For my senior capstone project, I started Abundantly Anna-Noel: health, life and wellness blog targeted towards young woman. I was terrified, like completely terrified, because a small little girl like me had no business sharing her art and writing with the world. But I thought if it helped at least one person, it would be worth it.

I never got asked to a single dance in high school. My best friend was my mom, and I valued going to yoga more than partying. So when I started getting feedback—really, really positive feedback about my blog—I didn’t know how to respond. People actually found it empowering.

I couldn’t tell you how I ended up here or getting nominated for a senior spotlight. I don’t know how I went from never having a consistent group of friends to being the girl whose mom died to becoming a voice that people actually listen to. But I’m really, really thankful that my pain could help others in the time of our lives where we honestly need it most. I hope that girls and boys continue to use their voices at UAHS to advocate for what they believe. It’s more powerful than you think.
Looking back on high school has made me realize how much I've grown as a person in the four years I've been here. I became more mature, my friend groups have expanded, and I almost feel ready to tackle the larger world. But despite my growth, there are a few regrets I leave behind. Hindsight is always the best teacher, and I hope my advice can help some of you make high school be the best it can be.

As a freshman, I was unconfident and willing to please, a dangerous combination. I bounced from class to activity to assignment to event because I got compliments for doing it. This endless sprint around my life only intensified, reaching a peak the January of my junior year.

Everything happens in January: music competitions, coding competition, extracurriculars, summer program applications. All my hobbies and responsibilities collide on the first month of every year. There was too much to do, and not enough time to do it. I lived in constant stress, and I isolated myself from friends.

After the blur of that January had passed, I forced myself to take a step back and reconsider my choices, only to realize that I hadn't made any choices at all. By going with the flow, I had swept myself up into a whirlpool of commitments, deadlines, and stress. None of the activities were mandatory, so if I wasn't having fun doing them, then why should I put myself through them?

That question revolutionized my mindset: if it doesn't help me, then why should I do it? I began scrutinizing everything in my life, and shaping it to fit me. Before, I threw myself from place to place because someone else suggested that it would be good for me, and I didn't question the guidelines people set for me. Now, I go on my own terms.

Inevitably, my gaze turned to school, and I realized that like most other aspects of my life, I was making it much harder than it was. I was a stamped mold of what a “textbook” student should do. I threw the playbook out and started fresh, and my school day became infinitely more manageable.

If you were to look at me after school, you might not say I'm a good student. I never do homework unless it's for a grade. I don't take notes in class. I don't study. I sleep at least nine hours a day at the expense of my schoolwork. And yes, I procrastinate, doing anything else instead of "productive" essay writing.

And yet I get good grades, pass my classes, and arguably lead a more enriched life than if I listened to what others say is "good for me" at school. Please note, this is not an encouragement to take school less seriously. I still hold high standards for myself and schoolwork is not a joke to me.

Instead, I'm encouraging you to reevaluate your school experience. School doesn't have to be as soul-crushing as it's made out to be. Tailor your experience to you. Don't let your spirit be crushed. Because if it's not helping you, then why do it at all?

High school can be pretty intimidating for most. I was part of that majority coming into my freshman year. The movies emphasize a number of stereotypes that high school is supposed consist of: food fights in the cafeteria, mean girls who wear pink on Wednesdays—you know the drill. I'm not saying that these four years were perfect. They were far from it, but it's been a time to remember.

I dreaded the hallways when I first arrived here. Honestly, I thought most of my time would be spent being shoved in a locker or something of that nature. And that's never happened, so shoutout to that. These hallways were surprisingly places where I learned a great deal about myself and others. I learned that giving someone a high five can have a bigger impact on them than we think. I learned how far a "How's it going?" could make someone's day. Most importantly, I learned how to be intentional with people.

I love this generation.
Yoonseoo Lee

Coming into freshman year, I had the rest of high school figured out so precisely that I could have told you what I wanted to take third period senior year. Rowing didn’t have a part in this plan. Now, though, it seems as though my schedule only says “crew” year-round. From 6 a.m. liftings to multiple-day regattas, there are no other people in the world that I’d rather spend all this time with. This team has shown up day after day to prove the cliché that nothing is impossible and to support each other through the mess that is high school. Without them, I wouldn’t be where I am now—at the end of senior year, looking forward to the future and being the happiest and proudest I’ve ever been.

I have so many amazing memories from the past four years, but one that particularly stands out to me is from last spring after a long regatta in Tennessee. As we prepared to come back home, I expected a nice and quiet eight-hour bus ride through the night, but the team had other plans. Somehow we ended up screaming and dancing for hours until the bus driver got so sick of us that he shut off the air conditioning and made the bus “break down” in the middle of the highway. It was the mess that is high school. “You will go into medicine,” she told me. “You will go into medicine,” she told me again. A sudden emotional confusion came across me. Terminally breast cancer. A sudden emotional confusion came across me. I walked into an empty patient room. Silence. Shocked by the number of screens that glowed above her bed in the dark room, there was a single thing that instantly stood out to me. Her body. Shocked by the number of screens that glowed above her bed in the dark room, there was a single thing that instantly stood out to me. Her body. Shocked by the number of screens that glowed above her bed in the dark room, there was a single thing that instantly stood out to me. Her body. Shocked by the number of screens that glowed above her bed in the dark room, there was a single thing that instantly stood out to me. Her body.

One day I was talking to a patient on the surgical floor. Walking into her room, you could instantly notice something was off. Upon closer observation, the elderly woman had what seemed to be a million lines hooked to her body. Shocked by the number of screens that glowed above her bed in the dark room, there was a single thing that instantly stood out to me. Her hair. I introduced myself and asked if there was anything I could get for her. She replied “No” but then the conversation developed and she asked why I volunteered. Intrigued by the spark in her voice, I replied “I want to be a surgeon.” Raising her hand, she told me that instantly stood out to me. Her hair. I introduced myself and asked if there was anything I could get for her. She replied “No” but then the conversation developed and she asked why I volunteered. Intrigued by the spark in her voice, I replied “I want to be a surgeon.” Raising her hand, she told me that something that strikes everyone. Confusion is not only something that is physical, but it can also be mental. One of the first times I experienced mental confusion was during my volunteer work at a hospital. I started volunteering because of my interest in medicine. Although training was necessary, nothing can truly prepare you for what could potentially happen while volunteering.

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Gonzalo Pizarro

Staying stuck in a moment of confusion is not how to improve. These situations made me learn that in order to grow and learn as an individual, you must be confused. Because confusion is what leads us all to learn. The next time you find yourself confused, embrace confusion. Grow from it; learn from it. Don’t get lost in it. Gonzalo Pizarro
Gabrielle Adams

Between new standardized tests, curriculum changes, and construction, there have been quite a lot of changes around UAHS over the last few years. Because of the curriculum changes, I found myself under an avalanche of freshman in my sophomore year biology class.

There were a handful of sophomores in that class, and we quickly banded together out of both annoyance and fear of froshness. In a class of 14-15 year olds, awkward moments are guaranteed. My fellow sophomores (and the two freshmen) we liked enough to adopt in became a group of people to make knowing eye contact with when things got uncomfortable in class. Each of these moments became its own inside joke for no real reason at all.

We found humor in the strange temperatures on the biological hazard fridge that a sub once put their water bottle in, the primal sound of fear that a fly made when a fly moves too suddenly under a microscope, and the people make when a fly moves too suddenly under a microscope, and the study of geology.

At some point in the year, we learned that our teacher had majored in geology. Unfortunately, with our limited understanding of how science is interdisciplinary, we thought geology must be the exact opposite of biology. We might have laughed once about the idea of a biologist that was trained in geology, but this joke had staying power because of one fact: it is very easy to make rock puns.

After many, many geology jokes, my biology class came to an end and I moved on to chemistry. Chemistry lead me down the path to my capstone, which involved researching a moon of Saturn. Researching a moon lead me to...geology. I spent the summer before my senior year researching geology and moving out of my childhood home. While packing, I dug through my closet for the first time in eons, and I came across some rocks I discovered on a family vacation as a kid and handed across the country. Suddenly, everything came full circle. I had gone from a rock collecting kid to a student pursuing this as a career. In the middle of that circle, there was a brief period where I went through my rebellious teenager phase by, not appreciating geology during my biology class. I’m glad I’ve made it through the bulk of teenagers and now I’m seriously pursuing science. I’m excited to attend The Ohio State University with a major in chemistry, and, of course, a minor in earth science.

Asher Franz

I’ve always had problems fitting inside the box. My mind seemed to wander a lot more than most kids around me. My high school life hasn’t been easy. I’ve had to deal with both people and problems not everyone faces day to day. Being part of the LGBT group in Upper Arlington was difficult in the beginning. At one point I was harassed online by my school, a post on my social media reaching over 200 comments on things that I never saw as complicated. Why did wearing feminine things have to instantly separate me from every other male in the building? People hadn’t tried to take a step back and learn. I wasn’t sure why everyone seemed to have an issue with me, I always tried to be kind to every person I came across, but it didn’t seem to matter.

Not only was being gay difficult but surviving the high school lifestyle with PTSD made it a lot harder. It’s not something many people can just see about a person, it’s a deeper rooted problem that only people who are close to me really know about. And I didn’t want many knowing about it. I was embarrassed every time I had an episode during class or had to lay down in the nurse’s office while stressing myself out in my mind over a guy who wasn’t able to hurt me anymore. It was one of the hardest things I’ve had to overcome and it’s still a constant battle now. Luckily, I’ve found a passion that has really motivated me in life, which was something I had been missing for a while.

Art has always been an escape for me, from society, people, my own mind. It’s helped me move on day by day even when waking up is a task for me. It’s taken me some time to realize, but no matter what a person does, unless they’re naturally perfect, they’ll always have to work to fit in. But in ten years, even less, all of that work will be for what? A good four years with peers?

I’ve found out that just doing you is far easier than accepting the norm. Being you and accepting who you are builds so much confidence. It allows you to open up more parts of you, making you feel more real and connected to yourself. For three years of my high school career, I tried pushing people away with edgy looks and glares, only because I was terrified of what people had to say, but senior year has changed me for the better when it comes to accepting who I am and what I’ve experienced.

In the afternoon, I go to Fort Hayes Career Center. At first, Fort Hayes was just a way to escape the box that was being put down upon me. But, going has changed my life. We consider each other family in our classroom and the diversity I see every day down upon me. But, going has changed my life. We consider each other family in our classroom and the diversity I see every day.

Although I am still learning how to take steps in the right direction when it comes to life, what I want people to see is that you’re like no one else. In years to come, your high school stress won’t matter at all. You’ll be an adult living the life you choose, not worrying about peers and rumors. So, you might as well do what makes you feel good and brings self-confidence in your life. It feels so much better than wallowing in the dark. No matter what you do, someone will judge you, yes, but that also means someone will look up from their seat and maybe be inspired by what you do. Even if others turn their backs on you without trying to understand, there will be people who see the passion in your work or who you are and love it. With ups and downs, it’s taken me my entire life to learn that, but I think the journey was worth it in the end. The pain I’ve experienced has become a lever in my future and I wouldn’t change any part of it even if it means my life would’ve been easier. Without the suffering and fighting, I most likely wouldn’t be where I am now or who I am and that would suck. So, in the end, every tear and scratch was worth it and someday it will be for you too.
I am a pretty average student. Nothing about me is necessarily remarkable by any means. I get mostly Bs, I don’t answer in class too much and I don’t do my homework on time. I mostly come to school because it’s a nice excuse to talk to people and because I am legally required to.

In general, I would say my high school experience was pretty good. I made really good friends, enjoyed and passed most of my classes and just kind of hung out. I don’t remember much of high school but I don’t think anyone really does. You basically do the same thing every day for most of my classes and just kind of hung out. I made really good friends, enjoyed and passed most of my classes and just kind of hung out.

Part of my high school experience was Community School. It’s mostly a place where people socially and academically, which is kind of a sellout answer, but it’s true. It lets people who would have been otherwise unable to try and find out what they want to do with their life and what environments or subjects they excel in.

In general, I would say my high school experience was pretty good. I made really good friends, enjoyed and passed most of my classes and just kind of hung out. I don’t remember much of high school but I don’t think anyone really does. You basically do the same thing every day and then you graduate. But I think regardless if I remember it all or not, that it was good for me. It helps you grow as a person socially and academically, which is kind of a sellout answer, but it’s true. It lets people who would have been otherwise unable to try and find out what they want to do with their life and what environments or subjects they excel in.

Part of my high school experience was Community School. CS really lets you branch out and be more independent in your learning. This is great because it lets you explore more pathways of fields you may be interested in, but this can at times also leave you confused and not sure of what to do which perfectly simulates the real world. An example of this is the Odyssey.

The Odyssey allows you to explore something you are interested in and focus on it for an entire quarter. Personally, I am passionate about computers, so for my Odyssey I am getting CompTIA 901-certified which can help me get a job out of high school and building a PC which is pretty neat.

Lastly, just remember that if anyone tells you that you can’t slack your entire high school career, they are wrong. 😊

**Sam Frost**

O utside of the car window, the sky is a dusky blue above the dark house. The faint moonlight and pale streetlights paint the trees and grass a soft yellow and glimmer off the roof. Suddenly, someone throws three rolls of cheap toilet paper and a piece of red chalk into my hands. The car doors open with a low click and three-fourths of the girls’ tennis team scramble out onto the street—Evelyn Holman’s street. Save for our footsteps and snickering, we silently run onto her driveway.

“We should do chalk first,” somebody whispers. We drop the toilet paper, then spread out and crunch down on her driveway.

Brandingish my stick of chalk, I spell out “GOOD LUCK AT STATES!” in large block letters. I shade in the letters, smearing the powdery substance with my fingers, then I draw a cat with evil eyebrows. A thin dry layer of chalk coats my hands red.

Around me, the other girls are also writing messages of encouragement and sketching small doodles. “CONGRATULATIONS EVELYN!” and flowers and smiling faces illuminate the black driveway in a rainbow of colors. “Let’s get TP now.” The quiet scratches and scratches of the chalk cease and we gather up the flimsy rolls of toilet paper sitting by the side of the pavement. The grass gently rustles as the team disperses throughout Evelyn’s yard.

The smallest glimpse would have caught us. A few more seconds pass before a wave of relief washes over me and I resume my task. I quickly roll the toilet paper with reckless vigor and toilet paper trails litter Evelyn’s front lawn.

“I slowly crawl toward the front door, ready to give the bushes the same treatment as the trees. Suddenly, I freeze. Inside the house, I see a figure. Evelyn’s mom. She sits down on a couch directly facing the window—us. We’re in plain sight.

I am petrified with panic as I watch her read the book on her lap, somehow never glancing up. The smallest glimpse would have caught us. A few more seconds pass before a wave of relief washes over me and I resume my task. I quickly roll the toilet paper into the bushes and dart away back toward the team.

“We can get out of here! Her mom is right there,” I point at the window. All movement stops except for the turn of heads.

We all sprint back toward our cars, uncautious of the muffled crunches of the grass and the hard cracking of the concrete. The car door barely slams shut when I burst into laughter. Did Evelyn’s mom see us? Did she look up? Our joyous disbelief falls the small space of the car as we drive away to safety. 😊

**Evelyn’s mom is right there,” I point at the window. All movement stops except for the turn of heads.**

We all sprint back toward our cars, uncautious of the muffled crunches of the grass and the hard cracking of the concrete. The car door barely slams shut when I burst into laughter. Did Evelyn’s mom see us? Did she look up? Our joyous disbelief falls the small space of the car as we drive away to safety. 😊

**Angela Li**

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Have you ever wanted to ruin something so perfect it was almost detestable? Right now, I want to shatter the glass table. To slam my raw skin, my fists, on its surface until it cracks. With full knowledge of my own weakness and the danger that would ensue. Shards flying this way, now that.

This excerpt is from a much longer piece I started writing titled "A Tribute To H.C." in reference to *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger. Now you might be seeking an explanation as to why I lamented breaking my porch table but if I’m being honest, it doesn’t matter, at some point we all want to break the glass (I definitely didn’t even try to break it, by the way.)

The entirety of my high school career has been spent in a ‘house of mirrors.’ Metaphorically trying to find where my ‘real’ reflection would be accepted and even returned, always rushing from one event to the next, attempting to please everyone and exceed in everything. But when your entire life is trapped in dedication to an insane standard of ‘excellence,’ you lose the ability to connect with others, you lose the ability to have fun in a house of mirrors. It’s an ironic trick that so many of us fall victim to.

Ever since I was a little girl, I’ve been drawn to the stage. My mom even has stories of me climbing onto furniture or stealing microphones just to present a silly speech of my own creation to family members and strangers alike. Performance has always just been part of my life, but only throughout these past few years have I made it my own. For so long acting has been a way to hide from my peers by taking refuge in a natural gift, but over time and over the abundance of characters I’ve been blessed to portray, it’s taught me how to build camaraderie with people I never expected to understand. You don’t need to break the walls to have fun in a maze of mirrors, because ruining them will never fix what’s really broken.

If I can leave UA with anything it’s this: be willing to be kind and allow yourself to accept kindness from seemingly odd places. It’s hard and doesn’t always work out, but is ultimately much more fulfilling than any number of graduation cords.

Fernando Dapino

I’ve been kicking around a soccer ball since I learned how to walk. At the age of 7, I joined my first competitive travel team, beginning a life filled with practices and games. Eleven years on, soccer is what most people at our school know me for. As a four-year varsity player and OP club soccer player, my time at this school has been evenly distributed between academics and athletics. Especially during the fall high school season, studying for math tests on bus trips very quickly became the norm, something that many student-athletes can relate to.

Injuries have complicated my relationship with soccer. In middle school, I strained my groin. Twice. The June after my sophomore year, I overextended my leg in a club soccer game, causing me to torision my spine as my hips compensated for my lack of hamstring flexibility. I immediately felt my vertebrae pop, which was followed by a stabbing pain in the region just above my butt. I was later diagnosed with a stress fracture in the lumbar region of my spine. Unable to compete for over four months, I sat out the entirety of the summer and the first half of the fall high school season. Even when I did return to play, I found myself struggling with my confidence and mentality as a player, leading me to start questioning whether I was really cut out for the sport I love. Even now, I’m currently recovering from a sprained MCL—a ligament on the inside of the knee.

Despite this, I managed to have a positive senior season to end my high school soccer career on a high note. Alongside Peter Holmes Edwards III and Joe Cannon, I was fortunate enough to captain the most tightly-knit team I’ve ever been on. My time in soccer, as well as my many injuries, taught me the importance of perseverance and determination when faced with mental and physical challenges. Next year, I plan to study first-year engineering at Purdue University and I hope that I will be able to continue my soccer career as a member of Purdue’s club soccer team.

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Isabel Ali

Of course I will always remember high school with fond memories of the musical, touring New York City with Symphonic choir, and Young Life club every Monday, but what really will stick with me is how I have been able to grow because of these memories and the people I’ve surrounded myself with. Throughout high school, I have changed. A lot. I started out as a small freshman walking the halls thinking I knew everything there was to know. But I was so wrong. I continued to meet people throughout my high school experience who challenged my view of the world and how to live it. It is because of the people in this community that cared for me that have made me who I am.

Something that has always been super important to me is making others feel loved. I think it is vital that everyone knows how valued they are. This world is so harsh and any kind act is never overlooked. Kindness that my classmates showed me, I feel like I belonged and I felt like I could be me. Although it took me four years, I finally can say I got to a place where I know who I am and I know the kind of person I want to be in this world.

Charlie Fleming

As I am left with less than forty days of school, everything I’ve experienced is starting to come full circle. From freshman year, being immersed with all the Hastings kids and getting to make new friends to sophomore year, where my childhood friends and I split up and went our own ways within “friend groups.” This journey continues onto junior year, where I was able to “make it” into a “friend group” where I’ve spent the last two years making memories with a group of guys that I’ll be friends with for the rest of my life. Finally, I’m here in the last quarter of senior year and socially it has become how I’ve wanted it to be ever since I stepped foot in UAHS. Everyone is starting to hang out again and enjoy each other’s presence no matter the “friend group.” It’s like we’re all freshmen again, and no one is labeled by a “friend group.”

It is truly starting to become a reality to us that we have just a few weeks guaranteed to see and befriend one another before summer comes around. We might never see the people we’ve passed in the hallways for the past four years ever again, and we have a short amount of time to secure what we want to be remembered for during our time at UAHS. Everyone has a legacy that they leave behind after high school, and I’ve been thinking lately about what my legacy is here at UAHS? Often people don’t necessarily get to choose their legacy as it is determined by past actions, but I would like my legacy to stem from this article. I want my legacy to be that Charlie Fleming was the one who told people to make friends with as many people as you can because it’s over before you know it. I’m fortunate enough to have had this mindset for my four years here at UAHS and will be leaving this high school with so many people I can call a friend and that I will have lasting friendship with, whether it be boys or girls. It may be hard for underclassmen to realize this now, but I can almost assure you that seniors can all agree on this: it’s better to adopt this mentality now before it’s too late.

I want to emphasize to all the underclassmen to branch out from your “friend group” and get to meet others because they might teach you something about yourself or you might even make a friend that’ll last a lifetime. And to the seniors, I want to thank all of you for being my friend and shaping me into the person I am today. Let’s all enjoy these last few days together as one big family and hopefully this bond will continue on through the summer and into our college years. GO BEARS!
Senior Destinations

Class of 2022 begins the next chapter of their lives. Compiled by Claire Driscoll ‘19.

Arlingtonian regrets any errors or inadvertent omissions to the Senior Destinations list.

* Denotes a student who is deferring until the 2020 fall semester.

To make corrections or updates in the 2019 yearbook, please email the Neptune staff at norwester@uaschools.org.

Background graphic by Sophie Szn.
Early Risers

An idling car releases one pound of carbon dioxide emissions for every 10 minutes it is running. What does this mean in the wake of high school construction? BY MOLLY MITCHELL, 20.

Arlingtonian interviews Environmental Science teacher Beth Bailey on atmosphere concerns.

Q: Based on your background in environmental science, what concerns would increased idling of cars pose on the environment of UA?

A: Carbon dioxide is a big concern because it's a greenhouse (gas), but it's not the only emission in car exhaust. Other chemicals include forms of nitrogen oxides, which can contribute to climate change, but also to other problems like acid deposition and photochemical smog. Fine particulate matter and VOCs (volatile organic compounds) could be present which can contribute to smog as well.

W ith the construction of the new high school, parking availability for students has decreased significantly. Weekday mornings, sophomores and juniors arrive at early hours to park close to the school. Sophomore Aidan Vanek said he usually gets to school around 6:55 a.m., parks his car and does homework in the auditorium lobby. What would be the environmental consequences if Vanek instead idled his car until a few minutes before 8:05 a.m.?

The Environmental Defense Fund reports that for every ten minutes a car is idled, one pound of carbon dioxide as exhaust is released into the atmosphere. So Vanek would release around seven pounds of carbon dioxide if he chose to idle his car.

According to junior Andrea Orazen, who parks on Northwest Boulevard at 6:40 a.m., many students keep their cars running while parked through the morning.

“I do think it can create [environmental] issues because there are so many kids sitting in their [idling] cars for almost an hour,” Orazen said.

A common misconception for cars is that restarting them burns more fuel than leaving them idled. According to the Environmental Defense Fund, if you’re waiting more than 10 seconds in an idled car, you should turn off the ignition. So as parking decreases and students idle in their cars, Upper Arlington may see increases in the amount of carbon dioxide released.

Q: What solutions do you see to this problem?

A: Turn off your car! It’s spring, get moving, go take a short walk with your friends instead of sitting in the car. It will wake you up, help our air quality and save you money.

Q: How important, in your opinion, is addressing this environmental issue?

A: Local air quality issues and global climate change are important issues that we are facing as a society. I think sometimes people have the "out of sight, out of mind" mentality. Just because we can’t see all the chemicals coming from the cars and we don’t have immediate bad results from our actions, it doesn’t mean that our daily choices don’t matter.
The first couple of lines were scary, but once freshman Maddie Fine got rolling, it came naturally: “My name is Maddie Fine. I play tennis, and I was diagnosed with Tourette’s in second grade. Over the years, it’s been hard, but I’ve found many ways to be positive and sort of embrace it. I’m here to be a Youth Ambassador to advocate for others.”

On March 4 and March 5, Fine went through training to become a Youth Ambassador for the Tourette’s Association of America. Alongside 39 newly trained Tourette’s Ambassadors and other supporters from across the country, Maddie was a voice in a movement for Tourette’s syndrome advocacy. With her father and Jones Middle School principal Jason Fine, Maddie listened to speakers, practiced presentations, met dozens of individuals across the country with Tourette’s syndrome and spoke with Congress members in Washington, D.C. Maddie was paired with Mia Mantei, a junior from Cincinnati also living with Tourette’s, to advocate for Tourette’s awareness. The two outlined seven congressional acts including medication support, research and access to medical assistance for those affected by Tourette’s syndrome: TS.

“It was a powerful experience,” Jason said. “Watching Maddie and the other Tourette’s Syndrome Youth ambassadors creating new relationships with one another over a common bond was powerful. I was also incredibly proud of her maturity as she spoke with leaders on Capitol Hill. She spoke with grace and wisdom and I believe she made a positive impact for the TS community, fighting for more funding and research for TS.”

IMPACTFUL MOMENTS

The Tourette’s Association of America defines TS as “a neurodevelopmental disorder that is part of the spectrum of Tic Disorders and is characterized by motor or vocal tics.” Motor tics are associated with movement, while vocal tics are associated with sound. The Tourette Syndrome Association, founded in 1972 by parents and individuals impacted by Tourette’s syndrome, Vice President and Director of Digital Marketing Meghan Burns said the TAA Youth Ambassador Program brings together, trains and supports teens to advocate for Tourette’s Syndrome and Tic Disorders in their community.

“Some of the most impactful moments have been centered on youth ambassador training, a national conference and a national awareness walk. Any event that brings the community together in a meaningful way to engage with one another is special for us,” Burns said. “A large part of our community has never met anyone else living with Tourette’s syndrome, so these events let them know they are not alone on this journey.”

Although Maddie had never met anyone living with Tourette’s before training, she said she was fortunate to have a support system in the family: her father and uncle both live with TS. Maddie admits it was not much of a surprise hearing she had Tourette’s as her dad admits he could recognize symptoms as early as when Maddie was 1 year old.

“It was not a shocking experience,” Maddie said. “It was just something that became a part of me.”

Although Maddie said she has experienced motor tics like flexing her toes and clenching her stomach, she has mostly experienced vocal tics including clearing her throat, a squeaking noise and a snorting noise. Fine said TS symptoms were most like “a bad case of poison ivy.”

“It’s like you’re constantly wanting to itch,” Maddie said. “You can hold onto it for a while, but eventually you just have to let it out.”

A POSITIVE THING

Individuals living with TS are more likely to suffer from other neurological conditions such as Attention-Deficit Hyperactive Disorder (ADHD), Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD), depression and anxiety. Maddie said she also struggles with OCD and anxiety and sees the correlation between these conditions. She said symptoms of these disorders can be heightened with stress like during finals or before a big tennis match.

“If my tics are bad, then my anxiety and OCD are bad,” Maddie said. “If my anxiety and OCD are bad, then my tics are bad. It’s a big cycle. One affects the other.”

Over the years, however, Maddie’s family has seen her mature quickly with TS having been a factor. “She doesn’t worry about what others think of her and only focuses on what she can control,” Jason said.

Maddie finds strength in overcoming the cycle of TS, OCD and anxiety, grounding herself and avoiding triggers. “I feel like I know my limits and my boundaries,” Maddie said. “I think of this as a positive thing, I don’t see this as a negative thing.”

NOT AS RARE AS YOU THINK

Public figures like singer Billie Eilish and Colorado Rapids soccer player Tim Howard have spoken out about having Tourette’s, helping to spread the word about TS advocacy.

“When celebrities are speaking out about TS, people are more likely to research and understand,” Maddie said. “It also makes those with TS feel more represented.”

At the Tourette’s Association of America, over 450 Youth Ambassadors have been trained to educate the public about Tourette’s syndrome, correcting misconceptions and working to end stigmas around the disorder.

“It’s important for people to represent the realities of living with this disorder and show their communities what TS is and what it is not,” said Meghan Burns, Tourette Association of America vice president. “Their efforts increase understanding and decrease bullying, which can be tough in middle school and high school.”

Maddie said she is open to speaking with peers about TS.

“I don’t get upset or angry because they have no reason to [already] know,” Fine said. “I just explain to them. The whole point for me is to advocate so more people know.”

When Fine advocates for Tourette’s awareness in schools, she said she also advocates for kindness and empathy. While she defines her case of TS as minor, she wants to support everyone affected.

“It’s such an interesting concept that there’s something in your brain telling you to make these noises. Since people can’t help it, there’s nothing we can do to fix it. I think it’s just best that people are compassionate and caring,” Maddie said.

A POSITIVE THING

Back in March, Maddie sat down with legislators like congressman Steve Stivers and senator Sherrod Brown and proudly shared her story. Nervous at first, she admitted with “Do you know what is Tourette’s?” The first representative told her and Mia Mantei that her son was diagnosed with a tic disorder and would likely be diagnosed with Tourette’s.

“That was really cool,” Fine said. “My first meeting, it happened to be with someone who was affected by TS. [According to the Tourette’s Association of America], One in one hundred school-aged children are affected by Tourette’s, so it’s not as rare as people might think.”

Freshman Maddie Fine, certified Tourette’s Ambassador, advocates for research and support.

BY HALLIE UNDERWOOD, 20.
Surveys Revisited

Arlingtonian returns to surveys from years ago to gauge changes in student opinion.


- This survey originally ran in a May 2004 issue of Arlingtonian as part of the article “Teenage Sexuality.” The article investigated the pressures teenagers faced in choosing abstinence or sex.

- This survey originally ran in a January 2012 issue of Arlingtonian, as part of the article “Students Speak.” The article investigated the student body’s opinions on homosexuality.

- Graphic based on Arlingtonian’s 2019 survey of 228 students.

- Graphic based on Arlingtonian’s 2019 survey of 407 students.
Looking Back

Arlingtonian seniors answer: What was your favorite memory on staff?


“Realizing how much work we have during every final layout and the bonds formed through traumatic advertising experiences. Also, I learned how to cut out people from photos, which really opens up a whole new world of possibilities.”

Katie Zhao

“When Caroline Chidester and I wrote a story covering the opioid epidemic two years ago. The investigation was tough and the interviews were heartwrenching, but in the end we produced something great.”

Matthew Shepherd

“Eating Panera sandwiches with Dylan and Katherine in the upstairs LC at 9 p.m., all stressing over the issue 2 master document, approximately two hours before a custodian told us we should probably leave.”

Sophie Yang

“Walking to my house at 3 a.m. with Katherine and Sophie to finalize issue 4 after we got kicked out of the LC, and eating chicken with salsa verde as I frantically tried to finish writing the spotlight.”

Dylan Carlson Sirvent

“Stress-eating Donatos breadsticks while frantically trying to learn how to use InDesign for the 100th time one hour before final layout is over and stories need to be done.”

Clare Driscoll

“When a store owner melted into his counter as Dylan, Sophie and I used our investigative journalism skills™ to question him about potentially shady business practices.”

Katherine Dominek
Between Mandarin studies in Beijing, college applications and a spring semester in Europe, seniors and twin sisters Anna and Clara Grillo are planning a busy and learning-filled gap year.

Their first stop, Clara said, will be in Beijing for a nine-week study abroad program organized by CET Academic Programs. The program, which hosts about 50 international students each paired with Chinese roommates, is held at Capital Normal University and will last from mid-June to mid-August.

“It’s an intensive, immersive language program,” Clara said. “It’s for college kids, so we’ll be the youngest people there [and] we’ll be getting a college type experience.”

Anna said she thought studying abroad in China was a chance to become immersed in another culture—something impossible with short vacations. “You can travel to different places around the world, but you’re not actually [seeing] a lifestyle,” Anna said. “I’m looking forward to that.”

While Anna and Clara will be on their own during the program, Clara said their parents would accompany them to China the week before. “We’re going to tour and visit the orphanage [in Hefei, China] that we were from,” Clara said.

In the fall, Anna and Clara will return to Upper Arlington to work on their college applications. They’ll also make plans in Europe for the following spring, potentially in music since both play the violin, piano and trumpet.

“[Clara literally said] what I was going to say I think it’d be a little bit of an adjustment—it’s still be scary and new. But besides that, I think we’ll be fine,” she said. “[We’ll go] wherever fate takes us.”

said. “There are options in Scotland with a music program. We’re not really sure yet. We’ll probably find internships or some sort of program to study abroad.”

Clara said she and Anna had been considering this gap year since they were sophomores first thinking about university.

“It just lets us see more of the world and experience new things before throwing ourselves back into school,” Clara said. “We figured the best time to improve our language and other aspects of our lives was a gap year.”

Anna and Clara plan to stay together during their gap year, but Clara said they’re open to splitting up. “We’re going to tour and visit the orphanage [in Hefei, China] that we were from,” Clara said.

Anna agreed. “[Clara literally said] what I was going to say I think it’d be a little bit of an adjustment—it’s still be scary and new. But besides that, I think we’ll be fine,” she said. “[We’ll go] wherever fate takes us.”

Seniors Anna and Clara Grillo share study abroad plans for their gap years.
Arlingtonian Cartoon Caption Contest

Last month, Arlingtonian released this cartoon on Schoology and asked: what should it be captioned? Here are the three winning lines.

First Place
“Dipping before destruction.”
Sophomore Sam Wyzlic

Second Place
“When rules are meant to be bent, the Class of 2022’s hopes and dreams are meant to be BROKEN.”
Freshman Adham Hamed

Third Place
“This is fine.”
Freshman Noah Freud

By the Numbers

Explore UAHS through statistics. COMPILED BY SOPHIE YANG, ’19.

| Graphics by Sophia Shen, ’19 |

- **Instagram: the fan favorite.**
  - **88%** of students said Instagram was their most-used social media platform. In second place was Snapchat (23 percent) followed by Reddit (10 percent), Twitter (9 percent), Pinterest (4 percent), Tumblr (3 percent) and Facebook at a measly 2 percent.
  - **49%** of students preferred Club Penguins over Poptropica while 40 percent preferred Poptropica to Club Penguins. 24 percent of students said they had never played Minecraft.

- **Arlingtonian** asked students to rate ten Disney Channel and Nickelodeon shows from the mid-late 2000s. **iCarly** topped the list.
  - **1. Carly** - 4.29
  - **2. Drake & Josh** - 4.26
  - **3. The Suite Life of Zack & Cody** - 4.24
  - **4. Wizards of Waverly Place** - 4.08
  - **5. Victorious** - 3.75
  - **6. Hannah Montana** - 3.66
  - **7. Big Time Rush** - 3.5
  - **8. That’s So Raven** - 3.28
  - **9. Jonas** - 2.97
  - **10. Sonny with a Chance** - 2.78

- **The average Upper Arlington student has gone through 1.33 backpacks since the beginning of last school year.** Notably, 88% of students said they miss the music in the hallways that played on Fridays through fall of the 2016-17 school year. Notably, only 50 percent of students should remember this music.

- **Are freshmen the most destructive class?** The average freshman has cracked their phone screen 1.34 times. Compare this to sophomores' 1.19 and juniors' 1.13.

- **The New Zealand shooting revealed the need for more gun control in the United States.** 72% of students said the decision to switch from MacBooks to iPads will affect students negatively.

- **You nominated a teacher for the Golden Apple Award.** 56% of students said Yes, 29% No and 15% Undecided.

- **You arrive at school before 7:10 a.m. for parking.** 51% of students said Yes, 49% No and 0% Undecided.

- **You can speak two or more languages.** 47% of students said Yes, 49% No and 4% Undecided.

- **You think positively of the new school and its design.** 49% of students said Yes, 49% No and 2% Undecided.

- **You are attending or want to attend OSU after high school.** 72% of students said Yes, 22% No and 6% Undecided.

- **You have never played Minecraft.** 72% of students said Yes, 22% No and 6% Undecided.

- **You nominated a teacher for the Golden Apple Award.** 64% of students said Yes, 35% No and 1% Undecided.

- **You can speak two or more languages.** 46% of students said Yes, 49% No and 5% Undecided.

- **You arrived at school before 7:10 a.m. for parking.** 65% of students said Yes, 89% No and 6% Undecided.

**EIGHT in EIGHT**

Eight students respond to a question in eight words. COMPILED BY JOSIE STEWART, ’21.

Basic just all the bots and false preconceptions.
**Senior Chip Dunn**

What I’ll miss least is having no parking.
**Senior Daniel Jaskot**

How we’re trapped inside for practically all day.
**Senior Garrett Gellison**

I will not miss parallel parking on Brandon.
**Senior Alex Leben**

Being in an overcrowded building the whole day.
**Senior Charlie Dodelow**

The students not utilizing their access to education.
**Senior Camryn Moran**

Being stuck inside and in a concrete box.
**Senior Julian Wolfe**

When it snows inside the school from skylights.
**Senior Frances Kirk**

What will you miss least about high school?

- **First Place**
  - “Dipping before destruction.”
  - Sophomore Sam Wyzlic

- **Second Place**
  - “While rules are meant to be bent, the Class of 2022’s hopes and dreams are meant to be BROKEN.”
  - Freshman Adham Hamed

- **Third Place**
  - “This is fine.”
  - Freshman Noah Freud

**Yay or Nay**

**Compiled by Josie Stewart, ’21**

- **Data for this By the Numbers was compiled through a voluntary Arlingtonian survey of 330 students.**

- **Surveys for By the Numbers are posted quarterly on Schoology for all students to take.** Additional student surveys are posted at Arlingtonian.com.

- **By the Numbers**
  - **The average student has stayed awake until 1:59 AM.**
  - **Due to a class. This excludes 11 percent of students who reported having pulled all-nighters and another 11 percent who said they had never stayed up late for a class. Seniors reported having stayed up the latest: 2:22 a.m.**
**Conscious Streaming**

Columnist discusses what to and what not to watch on Netflix.

**AVOID: VELVET BUZZSAW**

One of the largest appeals to writing this piece was the opportunity to unleash my frustration about Dan Gilroy’s grand cinematic offense, *Velvet Buzzsaw*. Gilroy wrote and directed the purposeful and thrilling 2014 film, *Nightcrawler*, making the utterly pointless film *Velvet Buzzsaw*—which contains neither purpose nor entertainment—even more detestable. It was the best-made movie I’ve seen.

And neither did Jake Gyllenhaal, as proven by his sometimes flamboyant, sometimes calm—but still enjoyable—performance. Although his character, art critic Mort Vanderwalt, provides the only likable character of the movie, an awkward script and poor directing hinders his performance nonetheless.

In fact, *Velvet Buzzsaw’s* few enjoyable elements only hurt it. It’s neither good enough to enjoy by yourself or bad enough to laugh at with friends: It’s disappointing, unemotional? I’ll never know.

**BE WARY OF: ONLY GOD FORGIVES**

Nicolas Winding Refn is unmistakably an art house director, for better or worse. For better, look to his 2011 masterpiece *Drive*, an inspiring movie only hindered by its extreme violence; for worse, look his 2013 movie *Only God Forgives*, an often-horrible, needlessly moody, gratuitously violent film about a drug trafficker in Thailand seeking to avenge his brother.

The pacing of *Only God Forgives* drags perpetually: Too much of the movie is merely lead actor Ryan Gosling purposelessly standing, sitting, or walking. This is especially dreadful considering the movie’s atypical plot structure, which feels like an extended, hypnotic metaphor and makes little sense taken literally. Furthermore, although I don’t mind violence, Refn often diminishes it in his films, with a particularly gruesome torture sequence in *Only God Forgives*.

Still, reasons exist to watch the film, especially for patient moviegoers and Refn fans. For one, the cinematography entertains, as does the score. And although *Only God Forgives* is often boring, it forces audiences to contemplate its symbolism and messages far after they view it. Should you watch it? Maybe. Are there better alternatives? Read on.

**ENJOY: ZODIAC**

What ties this 2007 David Fincher masterpiece, my all-time favorite movie, which focuses on the Zodiac Killer’s murders in 1960s California, to *Velvet Buzzsaw*? None other than the pride of Sweden, the Columbia dropout himself—Jake Gyllenhaal, playing cartoonist Robert Graysmith. As always, Gyllenhaal delivers a fantastic performance, this time bolstered by meticulous direction from Fincher, who is known for his many takes. Additionally, Mark Ruffalo and Robert Duvall, Jr, support Gyllenhaal as detective Dave Toschi and journalist Paul Avery.

I find almost every aspect of this movie perfect: the acting, the pacing, the editing. But I know near-perfect films; there will be *Blood pacing, the editing. But I know near-perfect films; There Will Be*.

Colin Firth is not an anomaly among art house movies:

Most others also contain heavy symbolism and multiple layers of subtext. For example, Denis Villeneuve’s 2015 movie *Enemy* is a metaphor for commitment and the difficulty of breaking habits. Paul Thomas Anderson’s 2012 movie *The Master* utilizes symbolism to depict the human desire for both order and chaos.

I recommend *Enemy* for its fantastic writing and the great simplicity of its message. *The Master* often drags in pacing, potentially alienating viewers, whereas *Enemy* always entertains. And despite the first viewing being confusing, *Enemy* requires less analysis, allowing its message to resonate better. But I encourage everyone to watch *The Master*, as well—if not for the excellently-written plot, then for the fantastic performances from lead actors Joaquin Phoenix and Philip Seymour Hoffman and the stunning camerawork.

**ENJOY: ENEMY OR THE MASTER**

Perhaps the most explicit example of togetherness was when we brought our feelings to paper in an essay about the “human chorus.” I wrote my human chorus essay in a hospital gown on a hospital bed, writing to ease a little bit of anxiety after talking to doctors and nurses and psychiatrists. I turned my human chorus essay in a couple of days late because whether we spoke or sat in silence, we were all people and we were together.

Ms. Volksen reflects on her time in retiring English teacher Nancy Volksen’s class and her impact.

**On Ms. Volksen**

English nerd that I am today. I have always been called the teacher’s pet in my Language Arts classes for writing extra essays or sticking behind after class to talk about Shakespeare. English classes are often the part of my school day where I can leave all my worries at the door and step into the worlds of Ernest Hemingway or Joan Didion or Harper Lee.

The first day of junior year, I sat near the front of my IB English Language and Literature class with a couple of friends, some I hadn’t seen since the end of the school year. Ms. Volksen came in with a smile, surveying her new students. I can say we were all taken aback by how eloquently she spoke. We latched on to her every word, suddenly being taken from the squeaky classroom desks to a place we’d never imagined. She said words like “paradigm” in casual conversations while we spoke in “literally” and “like,” but she never discounted us. Even when we came in flustered over a test, she would stand behind her lectern and ask us to take an “oxygen snack.” We’d quiet and take in simultaneous deep breaths.

While Ms. Volksen stood at the classroom’s lectern to speak to us at the beginning of each period, she gifted the space to us. At first, reading our essays to the class was unfavorable, and when she asked us to come prepared to share an essay describing our summer reading experience, we each felt our stomach drop. Maybe our hands shook and our backs tensed the first couple of times, but I saw with each round of essays we grew closer than any other class we sat through. We laughed together, cried together, and often the squeaky classroom desks turned to places of ease because whether we spoke or sat in silence, we were all people and we were together.

Ms. Volksen cares so much for knowledge, she’s decided to go learn some more. And although leaving us is heart-breaking for everyone, she has taught me the most valuable lesson I have ever learned: trust yourself.

Maybe this time next year, Ms. Volksen will find herself with flip flops in her hands, starting out at the roar of the ocean. She may find herself volunteering for a nonprofit, or walking the streets of a newfound town, searching for inspiration for a new novel. Maybe she’ll be lecturing at Harvard. Wherever life takes her, I know she will be doing something worthwhile, because she is always pursuing something that she feels content with. It’s really all that matters: doing something with your life that you feel content with. Thank you, Ms. Volksen, for your incredible impact on us. We can’t wait to see where you go.
Columnist explains commonly used Muslim phrases. 

**Alhamdulillah**
A phrase that expresses being grateful or thankful.

**“Thank God.”**

**Mashallah**
You should say mashallah whenever you are appreciating anything of God’s creation.

**Bismallah**
A phrase used before any prayer.

**“In the name of God.”**

**Astaghfirullah**
A phrase used when you want to be forgiven.

**“I seek forgiveness from Allah.”**

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Columnist discusses anti-Muslim protests, including the New Zealand attacks.

I anti-Muslim protest. In the corner of my eye, I saw a woman outside my mosque holding a sign with the word “Islam” crossed out in red. I had only seen and heard things over the news about these protests, but it’d never really hit close to home. And at that moment, as a bystander, I wanted to respond with outrage. How could someone have the audacity to stand outside my mosque and demean the religion that was such a significant part of me? However, my community took a different approach. As she was insulting our beliefs, they treated this woman with open arms, displaying the core values of Islam. She gave us a chance and quickly had a change of heart. Though we do not deal with blatant hate to our faces every day, we must always prove ourselves and reverse the stereotypes placed upon us. 49 dead, 20 seriously injured. On March 15, that was what the world saw. On every screen, every news channel and every media outlet. I watched on TV as anchors spoke of a mass shooting fueled by hate at two mosques in New Zealand. And I cried. Because they were Muslim. I cried because they were people. I cried because they were in a place where they were most vulnerable. I cried because they should have been safe and because a part of my own—Muslim community—had died.

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Born to Be

Columnist believes that people are born to be kind.

With my family, my dad and I hold conversations aside from my siblings. Usually, we both disrupt the entire restaurant by banging on the tables in uncontrollable laughter, only this time it was my dad flailing in tears. He had been telling me a story after I was complaining about who-knows-what, reminding me not to complain—which I plaintively put aside—until I noticed the tears in his eyes.

He told me that his life had been changed the day before. The story was about a Special Olympics basketball game that he had attended. There was a boy who struggled to compete with the speed and skill of the other kids, left alone on one side of the court while the others dribbled and shot around him. Another boy, who my dad described as the MVP of the team, stopped on the left side, shoulder to shoulder to pray to The Almighty. Where we unite to pray to The Al-mighty. Where we unite every Friday, in Allah’s home. On that Friday afternoon, those Muslims were in congressional prayer. They welcomed the shooter with salam, a peaceful welcoming gesture. And I will still continue to greet anyone who enters my mosque the same way.

Since then, I started to realize how much I complain when I could be helping others. I was so worried about writing this piece because no one is perfect and I am not always kind. But I try. And I thoroughly believe that that’s all that matters because we are trying not to teach hate to those below you, but continue the culture of helping others.

And so, I pass on this generic reminder to be kind to others but with encouragement to think about it differently. To remind yourself that people will be kind as that is how they are born and that you will make mistakes, but if you pass the ball on, life will be more positive for yourself and the rest of your team.

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Kids in gym class keep the ball from a specific kid and terrorize the kids who can’t keep up, and yet, the children in the Special Olympics game helped one another.

It was then that I truly started to believe that people are born to be kind. We are born to help one another and taught how to hate. These kids, who have more to complain about than anyone, did not take it out on anyone else because all they know is love.

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In Between Words

Two Arlingtonian columnists discuss their experiences growing up between languages and cultures.

“I’ve worked on separating language and culture in my mind.”

“Before two summers ago, I hadn’t been to China in seven years. My memories of the cities—even my technical hometown and my grandparents’ house—had become a complete blur. Having almost no concept of social consciousness as a 9-year-old on my last visit, I remember the trip as a series of discoveries. My first discovery was that I should never again live without green bean popsicles. My second was that in a line entering an airplane, without my saying a word, Chinese flight attendants would speak Mandarin to my dad and English to me. From facial expressions and gestures, the natives in China can easily recognize Asian-Americans.

After years of family friends praising my “good Mandarin accent”—something completely out of spending my first four years in China—I thought that if I stuck to basic conversation and didn’t give away my limited vocabulary, I could blend in for a few minutes, and if I didn’t speak at all, no one would single me out. This wasn’t true, and I don’t think it ever will be—the cultural differences are too great. This realization came to me at the time as an ‘Oh, of course.’

But if the realization had come before others—say, when I was 9—I would’ve had more trouble accepting it. For the longest time, I equated culture with language. I latched onto being Chinese since I initially had trouble making American friends, and I latched onto being a Mandarin speaker after my parents told me to be proud of being bilingual after a preschool classmate said I was weird for being bad at English.

In my mind, being Chinese, speaking Mandarin, and speaking Mandarin without an accent were the same. So when in middle school I found I still couldn’t understand Lunar New Year skin or fully communicate with Mandarin speakers my age, I began to feel as if I had let my culture slip away. I didn’t fit in well enough at school to be American. I couldn’t speak Mandarin well enough to be Chinese, and Asian-American representation was so sparse that I didn’t believe a real community existed beyond isolated pockets of family friends. At the time, I made friends with two Chinese exchange students, Alice, one of the exchange students, once asked me if I spoke in English differently when I was around Mandarin speakers my age, I began to fully communicate with my American-born friends. I said I didn’t, and she said she definitely spoke Mandarin to me differently than her friends in China. She never explained exactly how, but I saw the cultural divide that had always separated us materialize—not opaque, but there. This was probably the moment when I stopped considering myself any shade of native Chinese. Doing so felt and feels inaccurate and naive. I still regret that it came so late.

Since then, I’ve worked on separating language and culture in my mind. The two are of course deeply connected, but the thing is that for the children of immigrants like myself, how much native language and culture we pick up in childhood is a function of dozens of factors, many out of our control. How many traditions were celebrated at home? Did our environment growing up encourage us to reject or embrace our parents’ language? My accepting this unequal passing on of culture and language—and seeing that it’s not only possible, but common for second-generation immigrants to approach their parents’ language and culture with fresh eyes later in life—has led me to accept my Mandarin ability. I still want to speak the language a little better than I do now; I want to become halfway fluent in reading and writing and pick out a few more folk stories than I currently can. But for the time being, I’m content to move slowly. I’m content to practice Mandarin characters with my younger sister on odd weekends, turn off subtitles on the occasional Chinese drama and prepare a journal for my next trip to China this summer. This time, it isn’t out of some plan to ‘fit in’ as the native drama and prepare a journal for my next trip to China this summer. This time, it isn’t out of some plan to ‘fit in.’ The truth is, I’m not. It’s so that I can connect with my mom and my grandparents just a little better. It’s so that decades from now, when I’ve grown apart from my extended family and no longer have a reason to visit China, my ties to the place where I was born don’t fade away.”

“I was 9 when I first started learning English. That was when my mom and I moved to Salt Lake City, Utah from my hometown León, Guanajuato in Mexico for her sabbatical. It was a struggle at first but as the months passed, English started becoming easier and easier for me. When I speak in English, words can flow from me without a second thought. When I speak in Spanish, I feel like I can be my true and full self. And that’s the strange thing about language: It’s not just about the words. There’s a much deeper connection. Spanish is a part of me, of who I am. English is just a second language. Recently over spring break, I was in Miami talking to an old family friend from Puerto Rico. At first, to be respectful to the non-Spanish speakers around us, I spoke in English. But once we got deeper into our conversation, we started speaking in Spanish and the way we changed was amazing. The whole time he had been speaking very formally and somewhat stilted, but as soon as he started speaking in Spanish, he leaned back in his chair and came alive. As for me, a huge smile came across my face and I could feel like myself. I relaxed, became goofier and my laugh became many times louder.

It’s strange and I don’t know how to explain it, but when I speak in English it feels like there’s a wall between me and those with whom I want to communicate. It’s built up by language. What I say doesn’t come out like I want it to come out, and I’m constantly trying to hold back my accent which fully reveals itself whenever I get nervous or am super tired. So when I say that I don’t consider myself fully fluent in English, that’s what I mean. Words can’t just flow, and instead I encounter that language barrier between me and those around me. Now, I’m still able to communicate almost everything I want to say in English, but I lack the ability to connect to the language on a deeper, more human level. Spanish is my mother tongue. It is the language I grew up speaking. It is the language in which I said my first word. It was “agua,” which means water. It is the language in which I think, the language in which I communicate. So when you think about language, think of that deeper connection. Because it’s so much more than just words.”

“When I volunteered for a few years at COSI, customers made a habit of pointing out the fact I had an accent. It follows me everywhere.

With English, I don’t consider myself fully fluent. When I speak I make conscious efforts to pronounce things correctly. I have to catch myself from pronouncing Yo like Jyo, or rolling my Rs, or messing up words like “sheet” and “beach.” (My mom and I both avoid saying those words if we can.) When I speak in English, it feels like I can’t fully be myself. But as soon as I start speaking in Spanish, words can flow from me without a second thought. When I speak in Spanish, I feel like I can be my true and full self. And that’s the strange thing about language: It’s not just about the words. There’s a much deeper connection. Spanish is a part of me, of who I am. English is just a second language. Recently over spring break, I was in Miami talking to an old family friend from Puerto Rico. At first, to be respectful to the non-Spanish speakers around us, I spoke in English. But once we got deeper into our conversation, we started speaking in Spanish and the way we changed was amazing. The whole time he had been speaking very formally and somewhat stilted, but as soon as he started speaking in Spanish, he leaned back in his chair and came alive. As for me, a huge smile came across my face and I could feel like myself. I relaxed, became goofier and my laugh became many times loader.

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Think Summer

Columnist encourages students to find summer in all seasons.

My friends and I drove around, windows down, Beyoncé blasting loud enough to attract attention from drivers stopped next to us at red lights. We later laughed about breaking through the bottom of the trampoline we sat on. It felt like summer to me. I was screaming lyrics to songs, not worrying about where I was headed or what the weather was like.

We may have all been huddled up in extra large thrift store sweats, but I questioned how it could feel like summer to me on the night of March 22. How far are we from all the typical warm weather nostalgia at any point in the year?

If summer is Grueter’s and tan legs, what is stopping me from hitting a tanning bed and swinging by Lane Avenue at any point in the year? Opening myself up to the idea of summer being more a mindset than a season with strict start and end dates keeps me motivated. If I can have summer every month or weekend or day why should I complain and drag along wishing for it? March meant we were roughly two months away from the start date of everyone’s favorite season, yet even for one night, I didn’t wish for May 24. Every day we are one day closer to this end date but I encourage you to spend your last few weeks doing things that make it feel like summer. Spend time with people who make you forget what season of the year you are in. Because for nine months of the year, school is what you make of it. Why not always make it summer? If summer is a mindset, think it.

Thanks, Theado

Columnist appreciates a principal who cares about the students of UAHS.

In core, student journalism gives voice to the stories that are relevant to students, but are not being addressed. Through my three years on the Arlingtonian staff, I’ve written about party culture, the political climate at UAHS following the 2016 election, how the #MeToo movement impacted our school and many other stories that call into question the environment of our school.

When I decide to pursue a story that may deal with sensitive topics, it is always so helpful to know that Andrew Theado, the UAHS principal, will support us. The first time I interviewed him for the story about the #MeToo movement and sexual harassment at UAHS, I thought Mr. Theado was going to be very defensive of the school and its policies. I was expecting to go in and have this interview be a journalism versus administration conversation. Instead, we had a constructive conversation about where the school stood with the awareness of sexual harassment and how he thought we could improve.

From then on, every interview I’ve had with Mr. Theado has been a positive conversation about our school. In my interviews, he gives me all of the information he can and will make time to meet not just with Arlingtonians, but any student about anything they may want to talk about. There have been times where I have stopped Mr. Theado in the hallway to ask him questions and he dropped what he was doing to help out.

Writing a story that may criticize the school can always be tough for a student journalist. Not only do you have to worry about what administration or teachers will think of you once the story is released, but it also means having difficult conversations with the people literally in charge of your academic life. With Mr. Theado, it’s never felt like a difficult conversation. He encourages an open dialogue and will answer any questions I have for him. He has made it feel like it’s not only okay but encouraged to ask about the school where we spend all of our time works.

Seeing how great he is with my stories, Mr. Arlingtonian really made me appreciate all that he does for the students and staff of UAHS. My first few years as a student, I only saw Mr. Theado as an authority figure to be feared. After taking notice of his kindness and openness during interviews, I noticed how much Mr. Theado cares about every single student in this school. From saying “hi” to everyone in the hallway to having lunch to talk about what students want to see at UAHS, he puts in the work to make sure every student feels like a part of the school.
Making the most of senior year

Arlingtonian seniors compile their best advice for the class of 2020.

1. Don’t get trapped by your friend group. Being part of a clique feels great... at first. You feel like you finally belong. But don’t be fooled. After a while, the magic wears off. You start feeling bad if you decide to sit with a different group of people one day. You think twice before befriending someone, asking yourself if they’re a right fit within your clique. And that makes you miss out. Not everyone fits into one group. How boring it would be if we did. So break free from your cliques and explore. Don’t just talk to people, truly befriend them. Get rid of those labels like “jock,” “nerd,” “goth,” “emo,” “techie,” “hip.” And so on and just interact with people as they are. Be yourself and let them be themselves. Because as soon as you throw away those labels, you realize everyone has a story, and that there is a potential friend around you.

2. Stop overthinking. It’s tempting to think that in order to accomplish something, you need to plan everything. You can only get a perfect ACT score if you start studying in middle school. You can only make it to an Ivy League school if you come in as a freshman man with a rigorous four-year plan. And so on. Look, plans are good, but in moderation. If everything you do is part of a plan, and your motivation comes from a list rather than your instincts, then you’re limiting yourself. You need to be impulsive from time to time. Join a club, sign up for a new class, take up a strange instrument, and so on—do it just for the heck of it. Yes, this kind of thinking can backfire and book you away those days. You think twice before befriending someone. You need to be if we did. So break free from your cliques and explore. Don’t just talk to people, truly befriend them. Get rid of those labels like “jock,” “nerd,” “goth,” “emo,” “techie,” “hip.” And so on and just interact with people as they are. Be yourself and let them be themselves. Because as soon as you throw away those labels, you realize everyone has a story, and that there is a potential friend around you.

3. Start your college search and main essay over the summer. You cannot finish a college essay, write supplements, send grades, send ACT scores and solicit college recs in under three weeks—which is exactly what will happen if you have a penchant for procrastination and a decent senior year workload. Draft your Common or Coalition essay over the summer—the goal should be usable, not perfect—and write at least two additional essays for the places to which you know you’ll apply. Related advice: ask for rec letters from teachers in person in May or mid-August. You’ll have to do it eventually, and it’s better to do it earlier than enter a panic when your favorite teachers are already too busy. This has happened to one of the writers. If you don’t know who to ask, the College Center will help you out. WRB is another life saver. Spots fill up fast two weeks before deadlines, so again, earlier is better.

4. Give yourself a break the last semester of senior year, but remember that graduation is close and strong finishes are always the most satisfying. By the time second senior semester rolls around, you’ll be burned out. There’s no avoiding it. So let yourself take a breather. Acknowledge your real senioritis—not the “senioritis” you’ve been claiming for the last four years, because senior year senioritis definitely feels very different—and decide how you’ll proceed from there. Maybe there’s one AP test that you’ll 100 percent need for your future: direct your remaining energy there. Maybe you decide to confront your burnout head-on and keep up your studying streak. Maybe your highest goal has nothing to do with school—maybe you want to strengthen a friendship or enjoy your last 100 days. Though you’ll be burned out second semester, you have full control over how you spend those months. So make a conscious choice and finish strong—whatever “strong” means for you.

5. Own your high school life, not your future college. Make your four years of high school count for you, not what you think your dream school wants. The index will give us a blurred view of some of their interests, if we even bother to pick through it. As the class of 2019 leaves the halls of UAHS to continue onward with our adventure, we hope to leave underclassmen with an idea. You don’t need to be anyone to anybody. Even while pop culture pushes it—because that’s what perpetuates this idea—the goal in high school isn’t to be popular. Some of us are, but most of us don’t strive to be that.

High school is about survival, a little like in Mean Girls but hopefully less scripted. We all are fighting to not drown out in overcrowded hallways, but the secret is: we all do.

To many, we’re all just a name and a face. An inanimate characteristic. No matter how recognizable you think someone is, the fact is that someone will have never heard of them. Just like in Hollywood, just like the Mean Girls reference. Someone reading this has never watched Mean Girls or never even heard of it.

Don’t let the fact that you are shy or have a seemingly large social circle or even have a seemingly large social circle get you down when you come to find that people have passed you by. You’re a face and a name. You’re something to everyone. Don’t let the fact that you are shy or have a seemingly large social circle or even have a seemingly large social circle get you down when you come to find that people have passed you by. You’re a face and a name. You’re something to everyone.
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