

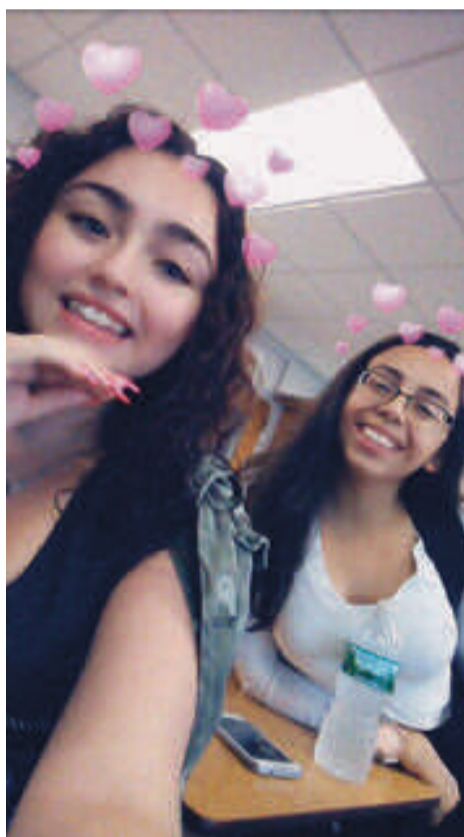
The Mental Pab

Alyssa's Issue



In Loving Memory of Alyssa Panasuk

August 26, 2000 - April 8, 2018

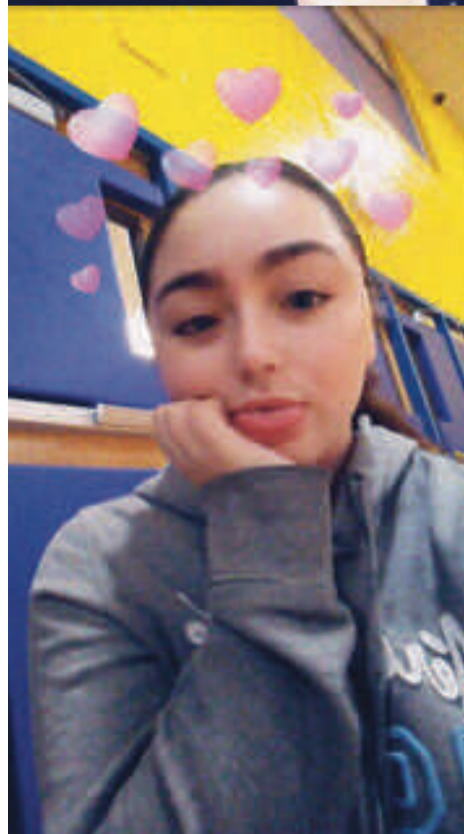
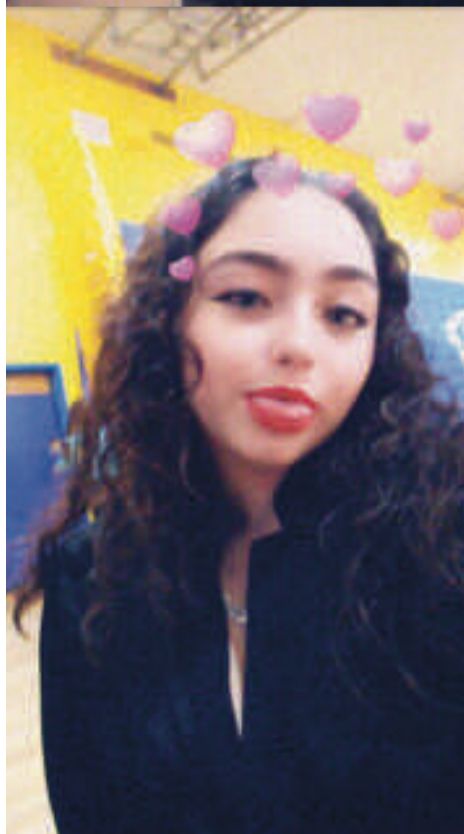


By: Chyna Crawford

This is a story about a girl who was loved by many, and loved many. This girl was about 5'1, had pale skin but a blush tone to her face. She had dyed her brownish blonde hair red in 11th grade, and we were all obsessed with it. Well, at least I was. However she would always cover her hair with her hoodies that she would wear all the time. And we would all tell her, "Don't cover up your hair it looks beautiful." Yet she would smile sheepishly at us and say, "What are you talking about my hair looks a hot mess?!", and we would all laugh it off. But deep down she knew that she looked good. She was confident in her looks but she was very modest about it.... Some of the time. She would have to know because as her friends we would always tell her that she looked amazing. This girl had a great smile and her beautiful blue eyes to compliment them. We would tell her, "Your eyes are such a pretty blue." or "OMG your eyes are so gorgeous I'm so jealous" or even, "I wish my eyes could be that blue." And even with us telling her these things, she would somehow come up with the idea that her eyes were the same color as toilet water. She was also the comedic type in a way. She would tell corny jokes, do funny dance moves with me (making us look like total idiots), make her anime impressions, and a whole bunch of other things.

I'm not going to lie though she can be very awkward at times, especially when you first meet her. Although when she opens up to you she gives all of her personality with no apologies, and you either like it, love it or get lost. Even when I first met her she would barely look me in the face, she would just let Rosemary speak for her. But as time went on, I got to know how crazy she really was, and that made us great friends.

Our bond was like no other because we could relate to a lot of things with each other. We could rant to each other and it would be the best feeling to know that someone else understands how we feel, even if it's something stupid. And me and her could talk for ages. One time I had went to her house, we here having a movie night, and we had so much fun. It was just her, the ferrets and I all having a blast in the living room. Yes I said ferrets. It was so funny how I found out. I had seen a cage and I heard rustling but i didn't see anything. Then I kept hearing it so I finally asked her, "Girl what is that?". She laughed and said, "I'll show you. Sit down, close your eyes, and hold out your hands". So I did what she said and I felt something furry, so I thought it was a hamster. But it was too long to be hamster, so I got nervous. I opened my eyes, I saw the ferret, and I almost threw it. It scared me so bad, because you just don't see those everyday. But it was actually very cute so it was all good, and we continued with our night. She and I were devouring the popcorn and chips, with the occasional sacrificed pieces of popcorn that I had thrown at her, and chugging down soda. We ended up having an unplanned Disney marathon. That night is the best memory I will ever have of her. She means so much to me, now more than ever. This girl holds a huge part of my heart. This girl was my best friend. This girl was Alyssa Panasuk. And even though she passed away, she's not truly gone from me, or any of us. If you can remember anything about her, she's still with you. Continue to remember her at her best.



School Violence, The Millennials Legacy

By: Lina Mavruk

Do you remember being told in middle school that we are the future? We constantly heard these words, and although no one really knew what it meant, we all thought it was something amazing. Our generation is the generation of the millennials. We have it like no other generation before us had. Everyone is able to get an education. We're far more open minded than our parents, their parents, and their parents' parents. We've rid high schools of the status quo (for the most part.) We have the whole world at our fingertips. Such a great name was built up for us. At what point did we become the generation known for school shootings?

When the news about Sandy Hook hit the news in December, 2012, the nation lost it. No one could fathom that someone would enter a school with a weapon and the intent to kill. From 1990-1999, there was 63 reported school shootings. Since 2013, there have been over 300 school shootings. There has been 17 in 2018 alone (we're only in May need it be reminded.) At this rate, and the last shooting being in March, there will be around 68 shootings by the end of 2018. Mind boggling, isn't it?

There really is nothing to ask other than "why?" And even so, what will the answer be? I'd love to see someone stutter their way to a logical response, which, by the way, will still be wrong. Where did we go wrong?

Now of course, we're not necessarily responsible for these crazy people making the decision to shoot up a school. But maybe that's one of the reasons they continue to happen. When old folks on social media made that hashtag #StandUpNotOut, I was a little annoyed. It's the epitome of victim blaming 101. After I got to thinking about it though, there's a valid point behind it. Make friends! Sit with the people sitting alone at lunch. Stand up for the kids that you see being picked on in the halls or in class (we all know it happens. Just because no one gets stuffed into a locker doesn't mean bullying in LHS isn't real.) Do something, anything, to make everyone feel like a part of the school's community. All it really takes is a smile.

We, as a generation, must do better. There is no ifs, ands, or buts. It's become extremely clear that we **MUST** do better. Let's be remembered for positivity, rather than atrocities.

Moving On Doesn't Mean Forgetting



By: Lily Cervantes

When you Google, "How to Get Over A Death" a WikiHow article comes up with seven steps as to how to move on. The obvious, grief, denial, anger, guilt, depression, and acceptance. I was eight when my landlady passed away. She had cancer and had to get her legs amputated. She was so beautiful and had the kindest heart someone could only dream of having. She worked at a ballet studio and pushed my father to sign me up. She was and is the reason I love ballet. I stopped going when my father left, but she would bring me to her house and teach me herself, even with no legs. It was 9 o'clock at night when my Mami Angela and Mama brought me to her house and her husband told us she passed. I ran back home and broke down crying. I was only eight. I had never experienced death like that before and didn't know what to do. So here's what I did: I made my Mami Angela buy me sunflowers to plant. My landlady loved sunflowers, she enjoyed having something beautiful to park her wheelchair under during the harsh, blazing summers. I planted the sunflowers and watched them grow, only I wished they grew tall enough to reach her in Heaven. I wrote her letters and put them in a box so I could reread them when I missed her. Being a religious child, I put her in my prayers.

I did little things that made me feel as if she was still her. I kept my ballet shoes, they were hung in my closet until I moved out. When I lost her, I felt like I lost an aunt. She adored me, she bought me snacks for school when my mother couldn't, she did so much for me I couldn't handle losing her, but I did, and nothing I could do would bring her back. Her passing did not mean she was gone. Her passing did not mean I should have given up ballet or her. So, I didn't. I kept going with ballet until it wasn't my main focus anymore. I continue to think about her when I'm at tough times. I keep her in my prayers and while I no longer have a backyard, the sunflowers on my paintings represent my everlasting admiration for the kindest women who has ever lived. My advice to anyone who has ever lost someone stands as this: cherish them as though they are still alive, keep them alive in your memories, alive in your hearts. No WikiHow article can give you the correct way to grieve, it doesn't know your lost one like you do. Most importantly, it all takes time. It takes time to register the idea of them passing, it takes time to truly accept what has occurred. I'm truly sorry for whoever you have lost and wish for nothing more than for you to come out knowing they love and appreciate you just as much as you have loved and appreciated them.



Multicultural Week Highlights

Lawrence Diversity

By: Stacy Portillo

Lawrence High School is made up of a diverse group of students. Aside from the diversity, the students are extremely talented. Their talent was showcased during the multicultural assembly in April. Leading up to this assembly there was multicultural week. Multicultural week included dance lessons, special food lunch options and dress you culture day. There was even a multicultural festival, which included food from around the world. By Monday everyone was excited to see the performances the multitude of cultural clubs had to offer. Art Honor Society showcased a video of the process of face painting artwork pieces from painters from around the world. Life Rhythms performed pieces that included and mixed styles from different countries. Latin American club danced through the decades, while History Club gave a beautiful dance interpretation about being American. The dance department brought the house down with their step routine; the African American club danced, sang, recited poetry and gave a speech that had the audience on their feet. Each performance left the audience with a lasting impression and a lesson learned. No two people are alike and it's important to have events like this that help us embrace how we're all so different, but united.



Poetry and the Creative Mind

From Flowers to Flames

By: Alexis Charlton

The air engulfing us is candied with the aroma of honeysuckle.

A canopy of green stretches boundlessly above.

Sunlight slithered through cavities between the leaves.

Your hand in mine, we danced to the wind's melody.

God's earth harmonized, a symphony tailored for only you and I.

In that moment and every one that followed the most ravishing creation was us.

Something was ignited, it blazed feverishly, consuming everything in its wake.

A sweet, searing addiction for you, and only you came over me.

You were the substance and I the receiver, leaving me craving more each time.

You were virulent and toxic symphoning the life from me, leaving me a shell of my former self.

But damn you felt so good, and I loved being addicted



Awaiting Your Flower

By: Alyssa Magliaro

She started off as a bud on a flower

but soon grew to know she too would blossom and bloom.

Swaying all day in the sun and the wind didn't seem to hard,

until she realized it would take days, hours, weeks and years for her to flourish.

She needed the sun, she needed the rain, she needed her family for her to remain.

Being a little a bud gave her time to imagine the flower that she wanted to be.

What color, what shape, and which petals.

She later saw that she then had more to do before she could become that flower. She felt pressure, a lack of time and stress in her roots, Other flowers tugging at her leaves for her to decide what flower she wanted to be. Should she be a daisy, should she be a tulip or should she be a rose.

This bud now standing in the sun, with her roots in the soil, now had her moment to show what she was to be. She flourished into a bright red sparkling flower, the one she had always dreamt of being.

The Unknown

By: Elijah Washington

Do we really love the way we look?

Or do we love the way people say we look?

Ok yea there's mirrors but there's also covers to books.

Are people really scared to die?

Or do we fear what we don't know?

When, where, how are questions we ask ourselves

But that's like a child trying to get a book off the top shelf

why? might be a person's favorite question

But not even God himself could answer it because he too is part of the "unknown"

Will we actually ever know the full truth?

Or will the chicken or egg question forever be asked to the youth?

Do we really need to be motivated to be successful?

Or should not knowing how it feels to be dirt poor scare us enough?

But everyone's quick to say "sure would be great to have a lot of stuff."

Do we really care whether or not someone loves us

Or does it just irritate us when we realize we will never actually know someone's true feelings

At the end of the day we are all just human beings



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