



## Hello *Messenger* readers and welcome to the May issue!

For our last issue of the school year, *Messenger* staff members were asked to write four very different pieces. Their *My Turn* essays are modeled after the reader-submitted pieces in *Newsweek* magazine; students wrote about a personal experience that had literally and/or figuratively changed their lives. They were even required to page these essays exactly the same as the pieces that *Newsweek* publishes. These essays are written from the heart and each one reveals something very positive about its writer.

Secondly, students were asked to combine journalism with creativity and write a news story that was based on a nursery rhyme or fairy tale. The results, as you can imagine, are quite hilarious--picture if you will Children's Services being called to the home of the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe.

Students were then asked to create a story based in photojournalism. They developed a survey on a topic they chose, then selected the students who would respond. *Messenger* staffers took their own photos and combined their responses with pictures to create these pages.

Finally, another creative assignment asked students to write a piece of fiction for a literary magazine. Three staff members chose short stories and one chose poetry; all of their efforts show amazing writing skills and creativity.

And as if four writing assignments were not enough, we decided to take a field trip with Mrs. Lawwill's students in May and then write about that, too! We visited Chilo Park and the Crooked Run Nature Preserve and then went to my house (the Griffin Estate aka Mortgage Manor) for lunch and some quality time with the Griffin menagerie. This was a wonderful trip for all of us.

*The Messenger* staff this year has been small in number, but giant in terms of quality of work, motivation and heart. The staff (seven first semester and five second semester) has produced 15 different publications, including seven regular issues of the paper, the senior issue, programs for all three plays, the Academic Team and the Troubs and band senior recognition concerts. They have fostered and developed a bond and a true friendship with Mrs. Lawwill's students that truly speaks to their heart and their character.

I couldn't possibly be prouder of every single one of them and although I am losing most of them to other classes next year, I'm so grateful that, at least for this year, they chose to make *Messenger* part of their schedule of classes. I hope that all of you will share in that pride. Thank you all so much for your support of the paper--enjoy our last issue of 2015-2016.

*Sue Griffin*



# My Turn

## THE REAL LESSON OF HIGH SCHOOL

Public secondary school teaches much more than just a standard education.

BY: JOE MAXWELL

**H**IGH SCHOOL IS AN IMPORTANT PERIOD IN EVERYONE'S life. I was blessed to have such great friends, teachers, coaches, and administration that I learned a lot throughout high school. I was also lucky enough that most of it was not out of worksheets, textbooks, or notecards. In high school, I learned that most of what you learn isn't from FDR's New Deal, the mitochondria, or George Orwell. The most important things you learn in high school, you learn by listening to those around you, applying yourself to clubs/activities, and being a good friend to everyone. High school teaches you more than meets the eye, you learn how to be not only a human, but an individual. During high school, you learn what you interests you, you learn what you dislike, you learn what motivates you, and what irritates you. You learn how to hold a polite conversation, you learn how to shake hands and dress nice.

The point I'm trying to make is, high school isn't always about the test grade, the ACT score, and the final papers. High school is about overcoming adversity, learning self-control, and focus. High school is about being resilient and picking yourself up when you get a bad grade on a project you worked hard on. High school is about learning how to be successful, not necessarily getting an A in Algebra. High school isn't all about the numbers, it's about the qualities you develop.

During my time at New Richmond High School, I was cut from the baseball team. I had played baseball from the time I could hold a bat, I was defeated. Yet, I decided to pick my head up and take up tennis. Now as a senior tennis player, I am a first team all star, Coaches Classic tournament champion, varsity first doubles player, and best friends with some of the greatest people I would

have never met.

High school also taught me that approaching every situation with a good attitude goes a long way. Even when you are upset, as long as you approach every situation with a positive mindset, the task becomes much easier and way less stressful.

High school has also taught me a very important life lesson. There will always be a student with better grades, someone with more friends, someone who is better than you at tennis, someone who has nicer clothes, and there will always be someone who you feel has more than you. Although, there is no one that has a life better than yours. In life, there will always be someone who has a better job, bigger house, and nicer car, but there is no one that has the same experiences you do, the family you have, and the friends you cherish. When you come to the realization that it is pointless to chase after a life that isn't yours and start to love your own, your life will instantly become much more satisfying and enjoyable.

What they say is true, high school flies by. It doesn't seem like it, well, until it does. I have never met a person that doesn't long to wear the cap and gown, but I have also never met a person, in my four years of high school, that has graduated and not missed high school. My advice is to enjoy high school, don't stress out too much, and never stop learning. As Mahatma Gandhi once said, "Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever."



**HIGH SCHOOL:** *What you really learn in school*

# Oblivious to the Obvious

## The moment I accepted Christ into my heart, I became happier.

By HAILEY JOWERS

**I** NEVER KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I NEEDED. I knew that I was always missing something, a void that I tried filling with people and things and anything else that could create a short time of happiness. This wasn't okay, but what I did not know then, I would eventually find what I was looking for and my obliviousness would not remain.

My whole life I have gone to church. I would stay at my grandparents' house on Saturday nights and then get up bright and early to go off to church. As a ten year old, I didn't care, I just went with the flow and dragged my mean self behind. I was possibly the meanest child you could have ever met. I walked around acting like I was all that and a bag of chips. While I never got in trouble at school, the outside world knew me for the stubborn buffoon that I was.

I never was all that and a bag of chips, though. I was broken, I was nearly nothing and a bag of chips that had been opened upside down with cracked and crushed chips inside. Well, at least that's what I felt like. I had not become open about anything until at least seventh grade. I never told anyone what I was feeling or what I was going through; I kept it all to myself.

While I struggled with my own problems at home, school and church were the only places I could escape. Church became my main option, though. At twelve, I knew I wanted to be baptized. I knew why, I knew why I should be, but I had a bit of an attitude problem. I was still struggling with things at home, and things in my head. I had asked my father if I could be baptized and he repeatedly told me no because he felt I wasn't ready, but he hadn't seen the other side of me. He always saw the



**I** CHOSE to follow Christ's path

girl at home. I was different at home because of everything. I was a brat at home because I was always mad at my mother. I took my anger out on everyone at home because I never wanted to be there. Outside of school, I had no reason to be mad.

At an early age, I started getting attached to motherly figures because, for the longest time, I lacked my mother. The attachments

progressed and I became too clingy. Enough for every single one of them to push me away, and each one of them to leave me. I didn't own them and they had their right, but I got hurt each time. I started having terrible feelings. I felt worthless. I felt worse than what I'd ever felt before. Negative thoughts, bad thoughts, began to clutter my mind. The worst part was I still never opened up to anyone. My emotions were so unexplainable, but I knew that I didn't want to go on any longer. The week of Thanksgiving in the seventh grade was when I hit my lowest point. My parents fought every day now, and they never stopped. My mom still yelled at me every day and it became harder to deal with. It was the week of my birthday, the week of Thanksgiving, after my birthday party with my parents arguing in the back room. I began thinking of ways that I could kill myself, the suicidal thoughts were abundant and were hard to get rid of, but at the same time, I was afraid of death.

My Christian beliefs and my relationship with Christ were failing. I didn't care about becoming baptized any more. It was still in the back of my mind, but it wasn't my number one priority. But one day, I suddenly realized everything I needed to know. I was sitting on my bed when I got the message that my current stepmother sent me. It was a picture that said: "Your value doesn't decrease based on someone's inability to see your worth." While she had sent me little things like this before, this one really hit me. I needed Christ and He wanted me. My whole life, I was wanted, but I never really felt it. I was insecure about everything. I began praying and listening more in church. I kept to the word of God.

In the summer between seventh and eighth grade, I had the greatest experience. My church traveled to the Cumberland University in Kentucky. We were there for camp, and the whole week we did mission work when we went out and helped in the community. We got to interact with people and we got to help them. The love for Christ that I saw that week was radiantly abundant. I had

never felt so great, and apart from that, I was away from home. Home was where all of my problems were. My parents fighting all the time, me crying twenty four seven. When I was away at camp, I didn't have those things, I had the opportunity to forget about it all and I didn't have any reasons to cry.

I met so many great people who exemplified Christian behavior in so many ways. One woman I met was a 21-year-old youth group leader, and she began as the church youth group leader when she was seventeen years old. Myra Joy is one of the most lively people I've ever met in my life, and she was such a great listener. Whether it rained or was as sunny as could be, Myra was always joyful (as her middle name explains) and optimistic. Her love for Christ was so exuberant and you could tell she loved people, just as Christ told us to do. One night she let me just sit and talk to her in the dorm room she stayed in. Her older sister was sitting in there listening and she began talking to me, too. I was explaining about how I felt, and how insecure I was, and Anna and Myra both kept explaining to me that I was loved, worth something and beautiful, especially to Christ. They helped me realize these things, things that I always felt were impossible. It was an inspiring experience that inspired me to become more Christ like.

I came home, and begged my dad to let me get baptized. He kept saying no, the answer had always been no. That night I went into my room and prayed, and prayed, begging Christ to open my father's heart to not only let me accept Christ as my savior but also to let my dad accept Christ into his life. Not long after that, during the winter break of 2014 (my eighth grade year), my parents finally split up. I stayed with my father and when my mother moved out, I felt a little better, like something had been lifted off of my shoulders. I already felt things changing. I was a happier person, and I sought Christ. Things were beginning to look up and my dad began attending church every Sunday.

The summer of 2015 came quickly, and my urge to get baptized grew more and more every day. My positive attitude was accelerating. Saturday, June 27 of 2015, I called my father after sitting in the kids' room at my grandmother's thinking about how that Monday I would be leaving for the second summer of camp. I asked my father if it was okay that I would get baptized at camp the upcoming week, but the answer was then again, no. But my father wasn't saying no to me getting baptized. He said to me, "How about getting baptized here, in front of us. I'd like

to watch you. We can talk about it tomorrow." At that moment, I was ecstatic. I couldn't believe my dad actually said yes.

The next day, I talked to my dad about it and he said it would be okay that I got baptized that night. I was so very happy, but much more happiness was yet to come. I had previously asked my current stepmother to baptize me and she still planned on doing so. My baptism had come, and I was so nervous but kept praying that Christ calm my anxiety and walk me through this. Not long after that, I was already feeling much better. We said a prayer and did the "Hailey Renee Jowers, I now baptize you, yada, yada, yada...for the remissions of your sins and gift of the Holy Spirit," and when she finished, I felt the propelling hands of my stepmother immerse me into the water. As I came up from the water, I felt so great. This had already been the best moment of my life, the moment I gave my all to Christ.

Following my baptism came great changes, I had become happier than ever, and all hope had been restored. My fear of death had gone away, and I had become a much nicer person. My insecurities with myself were and still are diminishing. It made me want to be great. From then on, I've let God take all control of my life, and I've told myself that he loves me, that I am worth it to him and that he died for me. When I am scared, I ask God to keep watch over me. When I am sick, I ask God to touch me with his healing hands. When I am sad, when I feel hopeless or that no one loves me, I remember the immensity of Christ's love for me and remind myself how privileged and proud I am to be a Christian.

I'd been looking in all the wrong places, trying to find who I was, trying to realize who I needed, who I was missing. becoming attached to so many older females, because for the longest time I had been lacking one. I tried to fill the holes in my heart with people who weren't able to fill them, who didn't have enough in them to do so. I didn't need them, even though I had them, and quite frankly, I didn't need my real mom, whether I had her or not. I had officially done it without my mom; I did it with the help of God. I found who I was and who I was supposed to be. I found how I got there, and I found who I needed along the way, and also who I didn't need. My whole life has been a roller coaster, with many malfunctions along the way, but all I needed to know was how to buckle myself in correctly, and that conclusion would set me up for the rest of my ride.

### **The Messenger**

New Richmond High School  
1131 Bethel-New Richmond Rd.  
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2015-2016

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*The Messenger* would like to remember Mrs. Betty McKenney as we begin our 75th year, and once again, thank her for her many contributions to our paper.

We would also like to remember Ms. Diana Spinnati, for her support and encouragement of our student journalism program.

*The Messenger* appreciates our administrators, both past and present, who have supported both the newspaper and the journalism program at NRHS.

Opinions expressed in *The Messenger* are the opinions of the writers only and not necessarily the opinions of the adviser or administration of New Richmond High School.

*The Messenger* accepts letters to the editor and guest columns and will publish both at the discretion of the newspaper staff and as space permits. Both items must be signed by the writers.

*The Messenger's* regular monthly issues are now online only and are available on the high school's and district's web sites. The Senior Issue will be printed, and will be available for purchase at school at the beginning of April.

Please direct comments or questions about the paper or its contents to the adviser, at 553-3191, x10314



## Help Yourself By Helping Others

I gave up all of the comforts and luxuries of home, but that was where I found true happiness.

By CHRISTINA LAROY

**A**S OUR FEET HIT THE WARM PAVEMENT OF THE parking lot, a feeling of relief overcame the nine of us. Hours were just spent driving south, through the winding roads of the Appalachian Mountains, while awkward small talk was made amongst the five of us traveling in the van, who had only known each other for a few weeks. None of us knew what we were getting ourselves into.

We didn't know that the week we had ahead of us was going to be such a hard one. We did know that we were on this mission to help the families living in poverty, but we didn't know that we would leave being the changed ones.

The trailer door was pulled open, and one by one we all grabbed our bags, pillows, blankets, and tool boxes. Loaded, we walked through the front doors, not even knowing where we were going.

"Girls sleeping quarters that way" said a woman standing in the hallway, pointing right. "Boys that way," she continued, pointing left. We all parted ways and headed to our rooms.

Through the door marked "Girls only", was a classroom. Desks were stacked high in the corner and tables were shoved against the closet door. That was to be expected. However, that's all that was in there. There were no beds.

"I thought Jeff said there were cots." I asked Stephenie, our group leader, in confusion. But she looked just as confused.

"Look's like we're sleeping on the floor." she replied while lying her blanket down onto the concrete floor. The atmosphere of frustration was already settling down around us. The rest of us decided to lay our blankets down as well and try

to get some rest. However, the relaxation was cut short when 35 frenetic, stir-crazy girls barged through the door. Right then, the thought of me trying to get any sleep this week went out the window.

The night was full of girls giggling, and talking, and playing on their phones, and shining their flashlights all over the room. Every few minutes, the door would slam shut from someone leaving to use the restroom. But the noise wasn't the issue. My chattering teeth drowned out the sounds from everyone else. There we were, in the Appalachian mountains with no heat in the building. I set up my "bed" near the wall, where on just the other side, the winds were howling with the 50 degree air.

The next morning, girls started popping their heads up from under the covers while Party in the U.S.A. came on over the loudspeaker. Everyone put on their overalls and made their way to the cafeteria for breakfast. We said a quick prayer, grabbed a cup of coffee, and stood in line to get our food. People started coming out of the other side of the kitchen with trays. A small, hard biscuit sat on the tray. We went through the line and got the same thing. We were about to face an eight hour work day with nothing but a biscuit in our stomachs. Lunch was no different. Sandwiches were to be made before we left and packed with our tool boxes. However, there was only enough peanut butter and jelly for about half of the volunteers. No food and a long, tiring work day makes some miserable workers. The rest of the week was the same as



**OUR GROUP** repairing the outside of the home.

the first day. Someone had forgotten to order more food for the week and the only store to buy more was a hundred miles away. So, we were fed tiny portions of leftovers from the week before.

When we arrived on the job site, it looked like a tornado had gone through. Wood scraps scattered everywhere, fallen trees lying across the yard, bricks everywhere. But what was hidden inside was even worse. As we walked up the front porch and opened the door, there was no room to walk into. The floor and far wall were gone. Simply not there. However, it was our job to fix that. The next 6 days were full of hard work, hot weather, and no food.

The last day of the week seemed liked it would never arrive. We arrived at the worksite, like we had every other day of the week, and starting working. Eventually, the last few pieces of the floor were put into place, and wah-lah, it was finished. Almost simultaneously,

our group took a step back, a let out a sigh of satisfaction as we looked at the finished room. We ate our lunch, packed our tools up, and got ready to bolt for the car and head out for some ice cream. However, we had to tell the homeowner that we had completed our job. After a few knocks on her bedroom door, the eighty-five year old woman, dressed in rags full of holes and stains, made her way to the living room. Suddenly, her face filled with a look of over-whelming joy. The little old lady took off for the middle of the floor and started dancing. Jumping up and down, her eyes swelled with tears.

"I haven't been able to walk across a floor in my living room in so long. You all probably think it's not a big deal to have something this simple, but I thought I would never have the resources to fix it." she explained through a cracking voice and a smile the width of her face. She walked over to hug all of us, and in

that moment, I realized that this week wasn't only about her. I knew that we came on this trip to help someone living in poverty. However, I didn't know I would leave being the happiest I've ever been. Through our own tears, we said our goodbyes, and walked out her front door for the last time.

As we drove home, we all sat in our seats, exhausted, but changed. I realized that I should appreciate that simple things I have and not take them for granted.

As we go through life, we often forget what truly makes a person happy. Material things can only please a person for so long. Things break and wear away, but love for other people fills a void that 'things' can't fill.

I hope that everytime she walks across her living room and feels the floor beneath her feet, she thinks of us and our life changing trip.



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# Go Lions!



# I Dedicate it to You

There are hundreds of phone calls you can get before your first debut. You don't expect your aunt to die that night.

By MARY MORAN

I DIDN'T GET A LOT OF TEXTS. I DIDN'T HAVE TOO MANY FRIENDS, BUT I really didn't care. That night, I was in such a daze that I didn't need them anyway. I was just a small town child preparing for a big night; a night bigger than the universe. It was one of the best days of my life already, I was in a pleasant mood all throughout the day, and I was going to accept my favorite type of fate in approximately an hour.

I picked up my phone to check the time and discovered a new name on top. I had never seen it in my life, but I still looked at the message. "Tell your mom to call me..." His number was listed. I did as anyone would do and told my mother about it. She recognized the name as one of my aunt's friends, and she asked me why he was texting me instead of her, then quickly ran off to call him. By that time my grandmother had already arrived at my house for my big event. I sat with her, awaiting my mother's arrival. Moments passed, but she arrived all too soon. My mother was crying, and I knew. "She's gone..." my mother said through tears.

I was numb for a moment, then I recovered my senses and realized what my mother had said. My aunt was dead...tonight? How? She wasn't very old, and we assumed she was healthy. We were all hugging, but I didn't really notice. How could she be dead? I hadn't seen her in months. She lived all the way up in Waldorf, Maryland, and we only saw her occasionally. She couldn't possibly have been dead.

By now, there was about half an hour until we had to leave for my event. It was a choir concert; to be exact, Mr. Douglas

Heflin's last concert in his career, and the one where a song I wrote was to be performed by our eighth grade choir. It was



Mary's aunt Debbie (left) and her mother (right) from the early '70s

one of the greatest things I have ever done in my entire life, and I knew it would be before we went on. We had to leave all too soon, and by then my few friends had already started wishing me luck. I told them to go away, and by the time I got to the school, they swarmed me. They were all quite helpful, and I regretfully still pushed them all away. The big moment was arriving at atomic speed. I sat on the floor the majority of the time before, contemplating happy thoughts so I could perform.

I gave Mr. Heflin a starfish that night,

because he always told us, "You are my starfish," as a metaphor. He's the reason I pulled myself together. When the actual concert started, my voice wasn't too out of whack, I could still sing well, and I had hope. My song was third on the list of five. It went beautifully, and as we finished, I came down and took a bow with Mr. Heflin. It was at that moment that I dedicated my song to my aunt, Debbie Ann Moody Doll.

Later that night, I shook hands with Mr. Heflin. He said, "It was nice working with you," and I said the same. I was tearing up with tears of joy at that time, and people were congratulating me left and right.

My aunt had a massive heart attack about a month before she was supposed to retire. She was going to come to Ohio and live with us for a while, or forever, we would've had it any way she liked.

Mr. Heflin was an amazing inspiration to every single person he met, and even if someone didn't like him, they missed him when he was gone. No one can tell you honestly that he was not a fantastic man, or anything negative. He was a ray of positivity. It was one of my favorite experiences working with him on my song, and I wouldn't trade the memories for the world. When it was first presented to the choir, I teared up, and it's yet another moment where he has touched someone's life. That was something he and my aunt had in common; they touched people's lives. You remembered them.

In retrospect, May 11, 2015 was the day I lost them both. My aunt went to heaven, and Mr. Heflin went into his happy life in retirement. If you're reading this, we miss you. Thank you for the memories.

MORAN lives in Laurel, Ohio

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# If high school students became president...

By: Christina LaRoy

With it being the year that our president of the United States is elected, everyone is thinking politics; however, we're bringing the elections right here to New Richmond. Why would you win a presidential election? What would you do to benefit your country? Who would be your vice president? We asked two students from each grade level from New Richmond High School just those questions.

**Greg Walker**  
Freshman



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

I would win because I am for the people.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would get rid of government and set up an anarchy.

**Who would be your vice president?**

Christina LaChoy would be my vice president because she understands my plans.

**Abby LaRoy**  
Freshman



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

Because I'm a great leader.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would put more funding into education and science and try to stop wars.

**Who would be your vice president?**

My vice president would be my sister, Tina, because she would be a great president.

**Ryan Wolf**  
Sophomore



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

I would win because of my ability to think outside of the box.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would tax everything coming in and out of the United States.

**Who would be your vice president?**

Zak Hubbard would be my vice president because he is simply hilarious.

**Meagan Brown**  
Sophomore



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

Because I can offer things other people can't.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would have more people join a sport.

**Who would be your vice president?**

Natasha Waters would be my vice president because she always helps me out.





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# If high school students became president...

**Luke Smidy**  
Junior



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

I would win because I have morals. I am the change in the political ring that people have been looking for. I am scared of walls and guns, so we won't have either. A huge aspect of mine that makes me the best candidate is my ability to make huge promises that I can't keep. Also, I am very literate with a doctorate in obscure handwriting.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were the president?**

The first thing I would do is designate a holiday for each day of the year. Example days include "National Bacon Day", "Hold a Puppy Day" (government will provide puppies in all government buildings), and "Netflix Day". Netflix Day will be a day when everyone gets the chance to binge watch a show until they hate themselves, which is an average Saturday for most Americans. This is to make the public happy, but I won't actually do any of it.

**Who would be your vice president?**

My vice president will be Stubbs the cat. Stubbs has been a mayor of Talkeetna, Alaska since 1997 and the town has been doing well. It has a stable economy and crime is non-existent under Stubbs. Stubbs is the hero we need.

**Grace Hauserman**  
Junior



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

I'm honest, trustworthy, and will do anything it takes to get our country back on track.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would require drug testing for all recipients of welfare.

**Who would be your vice president?**

My vice president would be... hmmm, that's tough. Probably Paul Ryan because he seems experienced.

**Deionna Tillery**  
Senior



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

I'm smart, funny, and awesome.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

I would try to make the U.S. a better place.

**Who would be your vice president?**

Amber Lamb.

**Cole Thompson**  
Senior



**Why would you win a presidential election?**

My good looks.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were president?**

Stop Global Warming.

**Who would be your vice president?**

Peyton Kroger, he knows what's up



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# Most Likely To Be Famous...

By: Mary Moran

Between the plays, the talent shows, the musicals, the art classes, and the writing classes, a fair amount of beauty comes from our little school on the river. Over the past few weeks, I surveyed four students who were found worthy of the title "Most Likely To Be Famous," two juniors, and two seniors.



## Hunter Gilpin

**The thing you're going to be famous for:** Music

**Age:** 16

**Feel free to self promote:** "Hunter Gilpin" on YouTube

**Favorite artist:** All Time Low

**Height:** 5'11"

**Hobbies:** Playing music with basically any and every music. Also video games and a skele-ton of puns

**One thing you like about yourself:** Me

**You'd like to see about yourself in the future:** At least making some change in the world. Like I really feel that is my purpose.

**What makes you think you'll be successful in the future:** I don't know, I'll let fate decide (but I hope for it)

**Who you would like to be interviewed by when you're famous:** Anyone, really. Doesn't matter but CNN would be cool.

**What inspired you to start down the path to fame:** Mr. Douglas Heflin, Chuck Spiker, Cole Thompson (see next page), and myself.



## Anne-Marie Woods

**The thing you're going to be famous for:** Hopefully something good

**Age:** 17

**Feel free to self promote:** LOL no

**Favorite artist:** I could never choose a favourite

**Height:** 5'7"

**Hobbies:** Flute, theatre, choir, reading, and volunteering

**One thing you like about yourself:** (she didn't comment, but she has nice penmanship)

**You'd like to see about yourself in the future:** Where I am in life

**What makes you think you'll be successful in the future:** No idea

**Who you would like to be interviewed by when you're famous:** Mary Moran! :D

**What inspired you to start down the path to fame:** Uhhhh...I don't know

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# Most Likely To Be Famous...



## Cole Thompson

**What is the thing you're going to be famous for:** Being in a band, being a musician

**Age:** 17

**Self description:** I'm in a band called "As You Like It," I play drums, guitar, and occasionally do vocals as well as co-write music. My bandmate is Charlie Spicker! We have a ton of music on YouTube and one of our videos just hit 1200 views.

**Favorite artist:** Sum 41 is the band that got me interested in music. I started listening to them around 8 years old and started playing shortly after.

**Height:** 5'9"

**Hobbies:** Mainly music, but outside of that I enjoy basketball, hiking, road trips, and anything that has to do with friends.

**One thing you like about yourself:** My personal drive to make music a career.

**You'd like to see about yourself in the future:** I would like to see myself happy. If I can play music and make a difference I'll be the happiest guy in the world.

**What makes you think you'll be successful in the future:** People don't really, truly understand how much work and dedication this takes. Charlie and I work two jobs each just to pay for the equipment we need to perform at our best. We practice until we can't anymore. I think this is why we'll be successful.

**Who you would like to be interviewed by when you're famous:** Anybody that finds me interesting enough to interview.

**What inspired you to start down the path to fame:** As a kid I didn't have a whole lot of interest in anything until I discovered music. Since then I've had this driving passion that I just can't ignore. I need to do this. I constantly crave the feeling of being on stage. I've never loved something so much.



## Isabelle G. Oiler

**What is the thing you're going to be famous for:** Acting and singing

**Age:** 16

**Favorite artist:** Christina Perri

**Height:** 5'6"

**Hobbies:** Choir, theatre, singing solo, listening to music, reading, drawing, and volleyball

**One thing you like about yourself:** I like my voice. I'm very insecure a lot of the time, but my singing voice is one of the few things that I'm proud of.

**You'd like to see about yourself in the future:** I would like to see success and happiness in whatever I do.

**What makes you think you'll be successful in the future:** My will to succeed. I refuse to fail and I expect more of myself. I know I might fail, but I will never give up trying to succeed.

**Who you would like to be interviewed by when you're famous:** Ellen Degeneres

**What inspired you to start down the path to fame:** My father and mother instilled a love of acting and music in me ever since I was a small child. They wanted to make it, but never went all-out to get there; so I hope to make something of myself to make them proud.



# Mars Mission Team Competing to Take 'The Step'

## You Choose Whose Boots Hit the Red Planet First

By Joe Maxwell

**Astronaut:** Carter "Light Year" Light

**Height:** 6'12"

**Weight:** 173.8

**Age:** 21

**Why are you most fit to take the first step on Mars?**

"I can get there in a Light Year."

**What would you say during/after taking the step?**

"Where's Matt Damon?"

**What would be your first course of action after taking 'The Step?'**

"Taking anotha' one."



**Astronaut:** Eric "White Mamba" Rolfes

**Height:** 6'5"

**Weight:** 190

**Age:** 18

**Why are you most fit to take the first step on Mars?**

"These other astronauts are playing checkers. I'm out here playing chess."

**What would you say during/after taking the step?**

"I don't want to be the next Neil Armstrong. I want to be the first Eric Rolfes."

**What would be your first course of action after taking 'The Step?'**

"Build a basketball court."



**Astronaut:** Lindsey "Linds Will" Williams

**Height:** 5'5"

**Weight:** 110

**Age:** 17

**Why are you most fit to take the first step on Mars?**

"Have you seen me? I'm better than everyone else on the team. \*flips hair\*"

**What would you say during/after taking the step?**

"I'm the Queen of Mars. :)"

**What would be your first course of action after taking 'The Step?'**

"Trying to find aliens."



**Astronaut:** PJ "Relloboi" Simmons

**Height:** 6'0"

**Weight:** 235

**Age:** 16

**Why are you most fit to take the first step on Mars?**

"Cuz my mixtape is fire. Mars ain't ready for my heat."

**What would you say during/after taking the step?**

"Bet..."

**What would be your first course of action after taking 'The Step?'**

"Hit the whip."



# What were you like in high school?

We are obviously all aware of what our teachers are like today. But what we do not know is what they were like when they were our angsty ages. In a recent poll at New Richmond High School, five teachers were surveyed, asking six questions that were related to their high school years.

## Mr. Shoemaker



**What was your height and weight in high school?**

6'1" 170 lbs.

**What was your GPA?**

4.125

**What activities or sports did you participate in?**

Basketball, Baseball, S.A.D.D., Chemistry Club, National Honor Society, Captain of the Underwater Basket weaving team, El clubo de Espanolo, lead in all eight school drama productions, both Homecoming King and Queen.

**What is your favorite memory?**

When I got the pleasure to take T. Swift to my junior prom. I came to find out later that the song "You belong with me" was written in my honor. Unfortunately, "Bad Blood" was written shortly after, also in my honor. She ended up being rather koo-koo.

**What advice do you have for your high school self?**

I would have two things of advice to give to my highschool self. I would advise myself to create an online social networking site full of nothing but pictures,

it would be called "Insta-space-book". that way every Sunday people could use the front camera feature on their iphone 3s to take something I would coin "#selfiesunday". The other word of advice I would give to myself would be to never talk to T. Swift because of the aforementioned k o o - k o o - n e s s .

**What advice do you have to give to present or future high school students?**

Never text and teleport, it's extremely dangerous.

## Mrs. Davis



**What was your height and weight in high school?**

5'7" 110lbs

**What was your GPA?**

3.75

**What activities or sports did you participate in?**

Theater, Church youth group

**What is your favorite memory?**

Doing the musical Brigadoon my senior year.

**What advice do you have for your high school self?**

Don't take life too seriously and have fun every now and then!

**What advice do you have to give to present or future high school students?**

Have fun, but understand that life is not handed to you on a silver platter. You have a responsibility to get a job and make a meaningful contribution to society.

## Ms. Wilkins



**What was your height and weight in high school?**

6'5" 250lbs

**What was your GPA?**

4.25

**What activities or sports did you participate in?**

Turtle racing, future mathematicians of America, Dodgeball.

**What is your favorite memory?**

When I won 1st place in the county fair for racing my turtle.

**What advice do you have for your high school self?**

Canadian tuxedo... not cool.

## Mr. Wessner



**What was your height and weight in high school?**

6' 175lbs

**What was your GPA?**

3.1

**What activities or sports did you participate in?**

Football, basketball, baseball.

**What is your favorite memory?**

Fall and winter friday nights.

**What advice do you have for your high school self?**

Take more risks.

**What advice do you have to give to present or future high school students?**

Learn how to type, learn a foreign language.

## Mrs. Parker



**What was your height and weight in high school?**

5'11" 114 lbs.

**What was your GPA?**

6.0

**What activities or sports did you participate in?**

Volleyball, Student Council, Troubadours, Ecology Club, S.A.D.D., Messenger

**What is your favorite memory?**

First Troubadours concert, Sophomore singing "Applause"

**What advice do you have for your high school self?**

Be Comfortable and be yourself- you might spend the rest of your life here! Haha!

**What advice do you have to give to present or future high school students?**

Good grades actually do matter. The opinions of mean girls (or guys) don't matter. Always, always choose to be kind. Decide to be happy.

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# All of Hamelin's children gone in the night

Said to have been caused by the sound of a pipe

By: Mary Moran

Late last night, it was reported with great sorrow from every parent in Hamelin that their children had been stolen. There was no sign of a break in at any of the locations, but it's believed to be caused by a man authorities are referring to as, "The Pied Piper." There is not a description of him, for every man who has ever seen his cannot remember him, nor have they seen him since.

The Mayor would not give any quotes so not to tarnish his reputation, but some of the councilmen reported a strange man visiting the town recently. "The rats were so bad, we thought it would never end," said John Thomas, a committed council member. "So, when a man said he could get rid of them, we jumped at the chance. He told us that he required a thousand florins, and the Mayor offered him fifty-thousand. It was foolish, but we accepted. He used his pipe to free us from them, and the Mayor would not pay. Call me crazy, but if it worked on rats, why not children?"

"That man, or should I say boy--he looked about sixteen--had something I didn't like from the beginning. He promised what

we all feared would never be offered, and that was crazy. I think his name was Peter; it seems he mentioned it before the Mayor became frantic," said Bartholomew Curtis, councilman. "He was just a child himself, how could he be the culprit? But something in his eyes...he looked like he came from a land of sorcery."

The mothers of the children have been frantic. One young mother claimed to have heard the sound of a pipe. "It was only for a moment, I awoke and heard this luring noise, like a flute. I used my reason and just rolled over, but my son, Nicholas, did not use such reason," said Elizabeth Grace, a local mother.

Only one boy remained in the town. Hamelin's own Benedict Martin was the lone survivor, who ran into town at approximately 3am. Young Benedict claimed to have been trapped under an avalanche of some sort, lured there by a man with a pipe. He said he heard music. "I walked outside with my brother, and we followed the sound that awoke us. It was very pretty. I wanted it. I don't understand it, but I wanted the sound so much I had to follow it. I

knew I was wrong, but I took Timothy with me, and we went. I found the music under a mountain, where I froze. An avalanche threatened my life, but I grabbed Timothy and ran. He just had to go back..." said Benedict. "He's trapped. As are my friends. Don't trust the piper."

The sheriff was immediately on the case. The mountain has been investigated thoroughly, and the children have not been found. "There isn't any sign anyone's ever been out that far," said Sheriff Julian Ambrose. "I don't know what type of sorcery this is, but those kids aren't out there. That's just one big mountain, and the Benedict boy is delusional. I'd say they ran away."

Benedict didn't speak much after the initial spark. He mumbled a few words several hours after the attack. "Peter...island...boys..."



made.

One man who lives on the outside of town was found around the general area of the mountain. He has been brought in for questioning. He had one hand missing. "If you see the boy, bring him to me. I can find the children, but I must find where he lives," said James Hook. "We have a history. That's all I'll say, but I have reason to find him. Please, report anything you know." Hook is a known sailor and ship captain, and he is assisting the sheriff on the case, along with his crew. They'll set out to search the seas next Tuesday. Please come to the police with any information you have before then.



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# Eight children in a shoe

## Fed only broth throughout the week

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.*

*She had so many children, she didn't know what to do;*

*So she gave them some broth without any bread;*

*And she whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.*

Thursday night, police were called to a possible crime scene by a neighbor. Upon arrival, eight children were found living in an unstable structure shaped like a shoe. The eight children were running around the scene, with ragged clothes hanging off of their malnourished bodies. The scene had garbage scattered and there was a window missing in the structure. The police immediately called Child Protective Services. While waiting for them, the police interviewed each of the kids.

"My mother has always made sure that we had everything we've ever needed. She doing her best to find a new home for us, but eight kids with only one mother that has one job, it's not easy," said 12 year old Tommy Lachoy.

"We only get fed broth throughout the week, and on Sundays, we get bread, too. I sometimes ration my bread for the whole week because broth always needs bread," said 8 year old Tony Lachoy.

"I don't like living in an unstable environment, but it's what we've got to do," said 8 year old Toby Lachoy.

"I don't feel safe living in this shoe-shaped, somewhat of a house, I wish we'd get fed actual food," said 10 year old Tonya Lachoy.

A few of the other kids did not wish to be announced but what they did say is that they do not like living in a the unstable struc-



Residence of Tina Lachoy and eight children. Photo/Messenger

ture and do not feel safe. The police went over the interviews and considered whether or not the children would go to foster care. Child Protective Services agreed.

"The mother has only fed her children broth throughout the week and the structure of the house is not in great shape. I see probable cause to exploit the children fully from the house, and place them into the care of another family," said Officer Derik Gundler.

"I agree fully, the structure of the house is not something a child should live in, and they need to be fed more than a bowl of broth a day. This is not acceptable," said Susie Burch from CPS.

Distraught in her ways and oblivious to her actions, the mother, began to plead her case. "But I promise, I'm a good mother. I try my best and work hard for all of my children. I love them dearly," said Tina Lachoy.

Officer Gundler justified Tina's claim, but was still stuck on his

own opinion. "I'm sure that she loves her children but she isn't capable to feed them, clothe them or even house them," said Officer Gundler.

The police quickly rounded all of the children up, and sent them back to Child Protective Services for tonight in order to give the foster parents time to prepare. The children would have to split up; there would never be enough room for eight children in one household.

Tina Lachoy was still devastated and she was proven unfit for the reason of child endangerment.

"This is truly saddening, my kids are all that I have. I am still unsure what I have done wrong," she said.

Officer Gundler concluded that Tina Lachoy was not capable of being the mother she is supposed to be. "She is unfit to be a mother; she cannot handle it. She is not able to support her children and she has put these kids in harm's way," he said.

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# Young boy in hospital with serious burns

## Jack Story injured in candle jumping stunt

By: Christina LaRoy

Six-year-old Jack Story was admitted into Storybrooke Children's hospital's burn unit Sunday night with second and third degree burns covering 75% of his body and a broken ankle.

According to Jack, he tried to jump over a candle that was sitting on top of a table. The candle was

knocked over and fell to floor, causing the carpet around him to go up in flames. In Jack's panic, he tripped over the table and broke his ankle. He was able to limp out of the house and call for help, but was not able to escape the burns.

"It was so scary," he said. "I'll never try these stupid stunts again. I'm just thankful to be alive," he continued.

Cindy Ella, the Story's neighbor, saw the smoke rising from the house and rushed to help until paramedics arrived.

"Jack has always been a bit of a wild one. I don't know why his mother and father allow him to be home alone at such a young age," she said.

Jack's parents were reportedly at a friend's house playing cards. They refused to talk to the media.

Sheriff Robert Flynn reported to the scene. "Children should not be left to their own devices at six years old. This little fella could have killed himself and the parents would

still be out with their buddies. I want to see these parents charged with endangerment. That will

send a message to every single parent in this town that I take my job of protecting everyone very seriously," said Sheriff Flynn.

The city prosecutor, Emma Swan, is also not happy about this incident. "I intend to make sure those parents never endanger that boy again," she said. "I hope the jury will see the danger in parents leaving their children home alone all day while they are out partying with their friends. It was Jack's dumb idea, but it wouldn't have happened if there was some supervision around that house," she continued.

The parents are currently being held in Storybrooke jail with bond set at \$5,000.

Jack will have surgery next Monday to put in skin grafts to repair the burns. He will also be a cast for eight weeks

to repair the broken ankle.

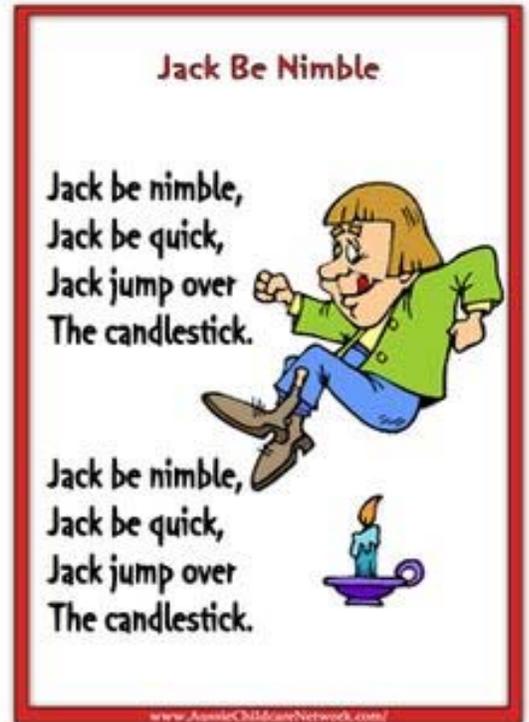
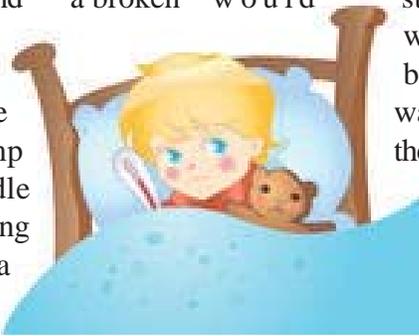
The Story's home suffered severe damage as well. The living room, dining room and most of the kitchen is destroyed. Damage is estimated to at about \$25,000.

The community has all come to together and is reaching out to help Jack. Cindy Ella is the main organizer of the help efforts.

"I have known this family for a long time. I have watched this child grow up. It really is the least I could do," she said. "I'm going to the courthouse first thing tomorrow morning to get ap-

proval to foster little Jack and help take care of him until he is all better and his parents can actually start to take care of him," she continued.

You can support Jack and his recovery by donating to his GoFundMe page at [www.GoFundMe.com/JackStory](http://www.GoFundMe.com/JackStory).



# Poetry by Hailey Jowers

**Hailey-**

Kind, Talkative, Energetic, and Religious,  
Sister of Zeke, Eli, Shelby, Destiny, and Dylan,  
Lover of Christ, laughter in great times, and  
taking photos of beautiful nature,  
Who feels curiosity when learning, joy sitting  
in a church pew, and ecstatic when writing,  
Who needs reassurance, love, and family,  
Who gives smiles, respect, and sass,  
Who fears frogs, loneliness, and repeating the  
past,  
Who would like to see sincerity in the community,  
confidence in teenage girls, and the ocean,  
Who lives surrounded by woods, in a cozy home,  
-Jowers

## **I remember**

**I remember sitting in the hospital waiting room,  
waiting to hear if my father survived.  
I remember fighting with my cousins over the  
remote at Grandma's house.  
I remember sitting in bed at night talking to my  
sister,  
about our day at school.  
I remember sticking beads up my nose.  
I remember playing softball in the yard on warm,  
Summer nights.  
I remember going to the circus for my birthday.  
And  
I remember playing in the creek searching for  
crayfish and turtles**

## **Love**

Passionate, patient  
Understanding, Forgiving, Persevering  
Creates happiness for all  
Unfailing, honoring, cherishing  
Faithful, sincere  
Everlasting

## **Growing Up**

Childhood is being happy when you receive gifts.  
Childhood is waking up on Christmas morning,  
ecstatic to look under the tree.  
Childhood is fearing that you'll destroy the sand  
castle  
you just created.  
Childhood is creating pillow forts and jumping from  
couch  
to couch afraid you'll be eaten by sharks.  
Childhood is going to sleep in one certain spot  
but waking up in a different one.  
Childhood is wanting to grow up and  
then growing up when you realize you've  
missed it.  
-Hailey

## **Words will stay unspoken**

Through the hallway she walks,  
With kids fluttering through,  
No one knows her story  
Or what she goes home to.

The whispers of cries,  
Are too quiet to yet be heard.  
But what she tries,  
Doesn't always work.

With the yelling in the back,  
She begins to block it out.  
But with all of the yak,  
The words will always hurt.

Word after word,  
It always gets harder,  
But she never speaks,  
Never tells a soul

Her brain becomes so jumbled,  
Now she contemplates life,  
Her parents are always fighting,  
But words will stay unspoken.



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# Finding a place: Brynn's story told

## Summer experience shapes her future

By Brooklyn Parker

Once upon a time there was a girl named Brynn who was different from all of the other kids in her school. Everyone in her school seemed to be so perfect. All the girls had light, beautiful, straight, long blond hair, crystal blue eyes, and none of them weighed more than 130 pounds and they all were 5'5". None of the girls in her school looked like her...she was 5'0, had dark, long, curly, brown hair, green eyes she thought were the ugliest thing, and she weighed 140 pounds.

All of the other girls ignored her when she sat down at the lunch table; she always worked alone on the partner project because no other students would let her work with them. They think she's weird because she's

different. Every day she went home and cried. She never told anyone how miserable she was because everyone in her house was just as perfect as the kids in her school. They seemed to be happy all the time. They had tons of people who like them. It seemed as if everyone wanted to talk to them and be their friend.

Day after day Brynn miserably walked the lonely halls in her school and then went home to lock herself in her room. She did this every day until one day her parents, who noticed that she wasn't talking to anyone, having any friends over or going anywhere, told her they found a camp she could go to for a week if she liked. She, of course, was hesitant about going at first, but

then decided that anything had to be better than being in school or at home with all the perfect people. Her parents figured she would enjoy a week of camp with kids like her. Kids that felt different than everyone else.

She spent an entire week packing outfits she figured would help her not get ignored or made fun of. When the time came for her parents to drive her up to camp, all she could think of was, "What if i'm not pretty enough? What if they all have blond hair and blue eyes? Am I going to be the weirdo freak again?" As her parents pulled into the camp, she saw lots of boys and girls climbing out of their cars pulling large bags with them. The kids were all DIFFERENT!!!! There were people with blond hair, brown hair, black hair and even blue and pink hair! She was so excited, she smiled; the first real smile in a long time. After just a few minutes of being at the camp with all the other kids really talking to her and playing with her, she didn't want to ever leave. She spent the week ziplining, canoeing, singing, swimming, making crafts and for the first time in her life....friends.

The week flew by faster than any week had ever gone. When she heard her parents calling her name for her to leave, she dreaded going home. At home was the same as it had been before she went to camp, except when the other students wouldn't talk to her, instead of getting sad, she dealt with it. She'd start to think about all the

fun things she did at camp. She would spend every day counting down the days till she would get to go to camp again, and instead of spending her evenings locked in her room, she would sit outside and call or text her friends from camp. They would talk about how much they missed camp and how out of place they felt at their schools. The kids at her camp felt out of place at their schools because, like her, they were different. People ignored them because they thought they were weird or different.

Brynn's family started to notice a change in her. Her smile seemed wider and her eyes seemed to have a sparkle in them now that they hadn't had just months before. Soon, the school year was over and it was time for Brynn to go back to camp; she was beyond ecstatic. This week of camp was better than the last, every one was excited to see each other. To Brynn, camp was like a second home and a second family. It was the place where she could truly be herself, a place where the idea's of society (what's considered pretty, skinny, "normal") didn't matter. There were no popular groups or "lame" groups. Looking back on what shes gone through she realizes it could have been better for her at school if she had just put herself out there like she did at camp, maybe if she did she would have had more friends. Looking towards her future she realizes that she wants to spend the rest of her life helping people feel like they can fit in.



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# Young lonely turtle chases her dream

## Teeny the Turtle hits the beach

By: Christina LaRoy

Once upon a time, in a forest in the northern corners of Georgia, lived Teeny the Turtle. Teeny spent most of her days wandering around the forest floor. She couldn't move very fast, because of the fact that she was a turtle, so she had never gone far from her tree home in the forest. She loved playing cards with her friend, Benny the bird. They also loved to bake and collect flowers together. Everything that Teeny the Turtle did, she had her best friend by her side. However, there was one thing that Benny

the Bird did every winter that Teeny the Turtle couldn't do... travel.

Every year, Benny would leave his bird friends and fly to the Florida Keys until it was warm enough to fly back home. For three months out of the year, Teeny was left alone, with no other friends and nothing to do. All she did was sit around and think about how lonely she was. Every few weeks, Benny would send her pictures of himself on the beach, living in paradise. That only worsened her depression

and loneliness.

Once spring rolled around and Benny came back home, all he had to talk about was how great his trip was. This really made Teeny feel sad and left out.

After hearing about the warm sand and breathtaking views for the hundredth time, Teeny decided she wasn't going to sit around and feel bad for herself any longer. She was going to go on her own trip and see the ocean.

Teeny packed her bags and said her goodbyes to all of her forest friends before setting out on her journey. She spent the first day of her trip walking to the edge of the forest and to the road.

At the edge of the forest was a rest stop where all the people would stop their cars to rest before getting back on the road. Teeny didn't really know what she was going to do until she saw a family walking to their car with bags full of sunglasses, beach balls, swimsuits, and sunglasses. "They must be going to the beach!" Teeny said to herself.

As fast as she could, she took off for the family's car. She climbed up to a snug little spot underneath the car and got ready for the car ride. The walk out the forest was long and tiring, so she fell fast asleep.

The rumbling of the car com-



ing to a stop woke Teeny up from her slumber. She felt the heat coming off of the pavement of the parking lot and opened her eyes to specks of sand in the cracks of the pavement. The realization that she reached her destination overcame Teeny.

Teeny jumped down for the car and took off for the ocean. She made her way over the hill that separated the beach from the parking lot, and there it was. Deep blue water as far as she could see, waves crashing against the shore, and sand stretched for miles and miles along the coast. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

She made her way to the sand and found a nice quiet place to relax in the warmth of the sun. She laid back, kicked her feet up and felt all of her worries and hurt feelings melt away as she listened to the melody of the waves crashing on the shore.

As Teeny the Turtle laid in the sand, she realized that nothing great in life is handed to you. If you have a dream, get up and chase it!

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# Never have I ever thought I'd end up this way

A reporter and a new addition with some breaking news

By: Mary Moran

The faint buzz of the television sputtered in an uneven pattern across the room from me. It bubbled a bit, then squeaked slightly. I jolted awake at the high-pitched sound, looking around the room for where it came from before I realized the dead light was radiating from the television. For some reason, on the screen there was not a show, but a white and black speckled space that reminded me of the feeling you get when your foot falls asleep. I rolled off the couch and attempted to turn it off. Click. The clock read 3:39 in the morning.

I had to get up at 4:00 anyway, so I got up and turned off the clock across the room. For some reason, I fell asleep on the couch the night before. Something told me I was up late, yet I didn't remember why. I strolled sleepily into the kitchen of my apartment flat, which was basically the living room, dining room, and pantry all in one, and begged for coffee. The machine sat solely on the left side of my miniature fridge, between the stove, on the small counter. Well, that wasn't true, there was a small photograph of my mother in her youth leaning up against the wall. I glanced at it emotionlessly before I began to brew some coffee.

The windows were open, but no light shone in due to the fact that it was four o'clock in the morning. Not quite 4:00, it was 3:51 currently. I had to be awake in nine minutes.

Eight.

The fridge looked at me with discontent. It had to be miserable by now; it was about twenty years old. Being a news anchor, I could afford a new one, but I didn't care to. These possessions were family. I left behind my real family for the business. But that was okay, because everyone knew my name. Everyone

could glance at me and say, "Oh, look! It's the blonde lady on Channel Six News!" It didn't occur to me that after twenty years of news work, I was still on the graveyard shift with a twist.

The coffee bubbled as it strained through the poor, misused machine. In my bedroom, my second alarm clock went off. It was a radio, tuned to whatever I put it to the night before. That was odd; it was set for 3:57. That was my second sign that it was a long night.

The clock struck 4:01, and I chugged my coffee before going in for another cup. It was dregs in the bottom before I could think twice, and I attempted to fill it, but I didn't have the willpower. I knew it was dangerous for my health to throw back caffeine, and my health was necessary for the job. I grabbed a glass and filled it with sink water quickly before taking it down faster than I could think of the bolting headache in my brain. It was like a screaming whisper reminding me that I wasn't done, and everything came with consequences. I didn't remember why, though.

The doorbell twitched at its own beep. I didn't flinch, but I took my time walking to the door. Of course, it wasn't someone I recognized; I didn't have friends. The teenager who stood before me wasn't very big, but she still looked mature. Her posture was excellent, her hair was slicked back in a ponytail, and her eyes were as bright as mine were twenty years ago. She looked like a younger me. Well, I was a little taller. "Hello?" I beckoned.

"Ms. Mallary? Is it you?" Her voice was strong, and it carried well. She could be on the radio.

"Yes? Who are you?" My voice sounded almost like hers, just a bit darker. It was shocking to hear. I cleared my throat. "Are you the new intern, Joan, or whoever?"

The girl slouched a bit before hugging me. "Hi, auntie," she mumbled. I didn't hug back, but I pushed her away. I held her shoulders out in front of me. "That's not possible. How old are you?" I glared at her with resentment. "You have to be at least 18 by now."

She shook her head. "I'm 15, and I'm your niece." She looked down. "My name isn't Joan, by the way, it's Alyssa."

Alyssa. My sister always wanted a daughter named Alyssa. "You're telling the truth."

"I know." She smiled slightly. "I'm here because I sort of need a place to live. Daddy told me you're a news anchor, and I've always wanted to be on television. I was hoping to get some help?"

"Place to live?" I looked at her. "Where's my sister?" Alyssa looked at me in return, and she got that look on her face. The one I had when reporting a serious event, or a death. "She's been dead for three years."

The door was shut before I knew what I was doing. I slammed my arms into the wall and threw my head down, realizing the splitting headache never ceased. I remembered the night before. I had gone to my sister's work. She was a teacher. I went to the school before realizing there was a different name on her door. I went to wish her a happy birthday, but I was greeted by a woman I had not seen. A woman who had replaced her three years earlier.

I got very drunk last night, it was clear now. Last night. How did her daughter find me? Her daughter. I remembered her, and rushed to the door. Alyssa was still there. "Would you like to come in?" She walked in and made her way to the couch. "You left the coffee pot on," she noticed.

I turned it off. It didn't call me

like it did before. "It's 4:30 in the morning, what are you doing here?"

"I had to come before school," she said. "So, can I stay here? I'm sorry about mommy. It was fast. They caught the guy who did it the other day."

"Who did it? Who did what?" I sat down. "Where's your father?"

"A man from down the street from us shot her one night when she was coming home from work. The crazy one at the end of the block. Daddy? Daddy's in jail, but that's okay, because it was for a good cause. He went after the crazy guy." She paused. "Daddy's. I never bothered to learn the killer's name."

I didn't answer her for about thirty seconds. "Why did no one tell me about this?"

She looked down. "I'm sorry. Please, can I stay here?"

I nod my head and stood up slowly, walking towards the door in a trance. "Where are you going?" She called after me.

"Work," I mumbled, "you can stay. My room's in the back." I made my way down the hall, not really thinking about what was happening. How did I get so drunk that I forgot something so important? How did I push my sister away to begin with? I didn't remember why I left her all those years ago, but I regretted it. Now her husband was dead, too, and their daughter was living in my flat. Alyssa was a clone of me. Same dream, same look, same voice, same mind. Well, maybe not quite the same mind. She wasn't driven into the ground from years of television. She was still young; and I think that was the thought that disturbed me the most. Out of habit, I clumsily fell towards my work; my everything, my solace. I just walked forward, because that's what people do.

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# A trail, a museum, a river, oh my!

## The history of our local Lock and Dam #34

By: Mary Moran

The information in this article came from the information boards posted at Chilo Lock and Dam #34, as well as from the naturalist for Clermont County Parks, Jana Marshall.

As of May 10, 2016, the New Richmond High School Journalism staff, as well as the MH crew, visited Chilo Lock and Dam #34. Not only was the trip to Crooked Run, a trail on the lands that used to be farms, but the staff traveled through the museum, and learned about the history of the park. Below are the interesting facts that were collected.

During the construction, the additional workers brought a boom to the local economy. Temporary barracks were set up on the dam reservation. A mess hall was also constructed to feed the many men who built the dam.

The total cost of the dam in 1925 was \$3,336,000. Lock and Dam #34 was finally completed and dedicated on October 6, 1925. By 1929, the series of 51 locks and dams along the Ohio River had been completed, opening the river for year round navigation.

Work on Chilo Lock and Dam #34 began in 1914, when 14 acres of land was purchased by the United States. Lock and Dam #34 was to be part of a system of

locks and dams on the Ohio River that would provide a minimum nine foot channel depth for year round navigation. Most of the construction of the dam and the buildings didn't begin until 1924. Workers from the National Construction Company were hired and worked around the clock for over a year to complete the project.

Wooden boxes were constructed then dropped into the water next to one another. Once enough of these boxes were tied together, they formed a larger box, called a cofferdam. Pumps were used to drain the cofferdam of water, to allow the workers to work on the bottom of the river.

When the dam opened in 1925, workers who lived on the reservation paid \$15.00 a month for rent and had to buy their own coal to heat their homes. Chilo Lock and Dam #34 brought a small boom to the economy of Chilo. With the opening of the new dam, nearly 30 jobs were created for local residents, and nine houses were provided to some of the workers. It was its own community. As men would work together, their children would often play together along the banks of the river, or in the open grassy areas of the reser-

vation. For many years, the Lock and Dam #34 provided a place to work and live among the Ohio River. Even after its closing, the dam still serves as a gathering place for residents to enjoy the river.

"Everyone worked here on the dam, or everyone here had a family member who worked on the dam. The current museum here was once known as the 'Powerhouse.' The children in the area used to sit under the water tower after it was flushed and collect the night crawlers. They would use them to go fishing," said Jana Marshall, a naturalist for the Clermont County Parks.

Marshall said, "Before the dam construction, the river was only 1-2 feet deep. In 1818 when they started the plan, originally it was supposed to be 54 dams from Pittsburgh to Illinois. When they started the construction, it raised the water level to nine feet. In 1964 when Meldahl Dam was built, the water level continued to rise. It is now 30 feet deep."

"This is a huge river for transportation," said Marshall. "When it was only two feet deep, the boats would get stuck. Later on, when people came to remove the tree snags and wreckage, they removed over a thousand tree snags, and about four hundred boat wrecks just to start the construction of the actual dam."

The old Head Lockmaster's house has since been torn down and replaced by a flower garden. "It's a good example of how the community gardens used to be. They grew enough vegetables and food for everyone on the reservation. They also shared



with the boat shanties that came down the river with supplies," said Marshall. It was said that the bottom four rows closest to the river "belonged to the river" because the boat shanties were given the food from those rows.

Lots of people visited the Lock. "Many gypsies and visitors used to come down here. It's a special place, you don't see this very often," Marshall said.

In 1937, a flood crested up to 73 feet. That comes up to the second floor of the old "Powerhouse," or modern museum. There was another flood in 1997, the most recent, and it crested at 64 feet.

The Lock is currently closed, but the museum and the nature preserve that is connected to it continues to be one of Clermont County's most active parks. The Lock closed in 1964 because the dam was broken, and simply no one fixed it. Now all of the farms have become trails, the wetlands have been restored, and the buildings have been converted into offices for the people who work there. To this day, it is still a fantastic place with plenty of opportunities for families.



# Chilo Lock 34 park through the eyes of the camera

Students take a field trip to explore the nature around them

By: Christina LaRoy

On May 10th, Mrs. Griffin's journalism class and Ms. Lawill's class took a day to learn outside of the four walls of New Richmond high school. The group started their day off with a bus ride to Chilo Lock 34 Park where they were met by Jana Marshall, a Cincinnati Naturalist, who gave us a quick history of the reservation. The group explored the museum, which is now in the first floor of the old powerhouse, then set out to hike the mile long trail that is in the park. After their hike, they relaxed with lunch at Mrs. Griffin's home. Take a look at some pictures taken while they were on the field trip.



The pawpaw tree is another tree commonly found in Ohio forests. The pawpaw is unable to grow in shady areas. When the European settlers first came to America, forests were overgrown and caused shade. Because of that, pawpaws could not grow and were rare. After the settlers cut down large areas of land for farming, more sunlight was able to peek through and the pawpaw tree to take over the Eastern areas of North America.



Ben and Phillip enjoyed listening to the tour guide, Jana Marshall. Jana is a naturalist in the Cincinnati Parks department. She guided our hike and taught us all about the different plants on the trail.



Our tour guide, Jana Marshall, informed our group about the history of the dam and reservation. Right in front of where we are standing, used to stand a dam until a barge crashed into it, knocked it off track and caused the construction crews to stop work.



Polypore fungi has started to take over this tree. Polypore fungi is a form of mushroom, even though it doesn't look like a mushroom, that 'eats' decomposing wood. The fungi breaks down dead trees and helps put it back into the soil. This fungi is a very important role the nutrient cycle.



The black cherry tree is another tree commonly found on trails in southern Ohio. The tree sprouts red cherries, which serve as a food supply for birds and mammals in the area. Native Americans used to chew on the bark to soothe a sore throat and to fight off colds.



Found in the center of the reserve, is the Chilo lock 34 powerhouse. Today, the powerhouse is used as a museum.



If you're walking through the Chilo reservation, you might think you're in a jungle by the sounds you would hear. However, that monkey-like shrill you hear is actually the pileated woodpecker. The pileated woodpecker, which is native to Ohio is about the size of a crow, making one of the largest woodpeckers in the country. During mating season, the woodpecker will drum its beak on a tree to attract a mate. "Wouldn't that give them a headache?" you might ask. The bird's tongue wraps around its brain and keeps in it place while they drum away.

**Chilo Park and the Crooked Run  
Nature Preserve are located at  
521 County Park Rd, Chilo, OH 45112;  
the park is directly off US Highway 52,  
about a quarter mile past  
State Route 222.  
(513) 876-9013**



One of the oldest features of the park is the water tower. The tower stood before the dam and the power house was built. The tower holds about 10,000 gallons of water and provided clean water to the families living on the reservation while the dam was being built. Every once in a while, the water would need to be flushed. After the workers flushed the water out, the children would gather under it and collect nightcrawlers to go fishing.



Along the trail is a large grassy meadow. The meadow is home to deer and many different kinds of birds. The park naturalists have placed boxes in place to project the birds. The meadow is mowed down once a year. Other than that, the animals take care of the grass on their own!



Phillip enjoying lunch at Mrs. Griffin's home after our hike. Brooke Parker, a journalism student made cornbread pudding for the group.



Nina and Hailey had fun petting Gramps, one of Mrs. Griffin's cats.



Of the assortment of plants along the trail is the Spicebush tree. Spicebush, which is native to Ohio, is usually one of the first plants to bloom, sprouting leaves in late December. Bright red fruits appear on the plants in late summer, only to be quickly eaten by wildlife. The plant is not only unique because of its unusual bloom time, but because it smells like fruit loops! Nina enjoyed smelling the sweet aroma of the leaves.





Another plant found along the trail is the Japanese Honeysuckle. Don't worry about not being able to find the plant, because it is everywhere! Although the plant smells sweet and looks pretty, the plant is invasive and deadly to those around it. Native to Japan, the plant was brought to the United States as a decoration in 1806. Since then, the plant has taken over the Northeast.



Another plant found along the trail at Lock 34 is the cleaver plant. The plant is hard to miss because you will probably take some with you without even knowing it! The small crooked hairs that grow on the leaves will stick to anything they come into contact with. It is said that Geroge de Mestral, the inventor of velcro, got the idea of velcro after taking his dog for a walk in the woods and noticing the cleaver plant clinging to his dog.



Nina and Phillip had fun pretending to be divers in the museum. While exploring the museum, they learned that it would take up to 24 hours for divers to go underwater to check the maintenance of the dams.



Ben learned all about the lock 34 dam that once stood and then took a look at the new dam that replaced it.



Hailey, Phillip, and Nina looked for birds over the river in the bird lookout. There had also been some river otter seen from here by previous hikers, but we didn't have any luck spotting any.



Phillip posed for a picture near the floodwall. In 1937, the river rose to a record height of 73 feet.



Jana told the group about the wildlife living in the marshy areas of the park.



We started our day off with a video teaching us all about the history of the dam before we ventured out to explore the rest of the museum.



Best friends, Brooke and Nina enjoyed the hike hand in hand.



Phillip relaxed on Mrs. Griffin's front porch and admired all the flowers.



Bus rides are always fun when you're with your best friend.



After a mile long hike, Brooke and Nina are still all smiles as they get back onto the bus to head to Mrs. Griffin's home for lunch.



The journalism crew had a great time at the Chilo Lock 34 park. From left to right, the journalism class consists of Mary Moran, Hailey Jowers, Brooklyn Parker, Christina LaRoy, and Mrs. Griffin.

# Taking learning outdoors

## A trip to Chilo Lock 34 park

By: Hailey Jowers

Located on what used to be a US Army Corps of Engineers lock and dam on US Highway 52, sits Chilo Lock 34 park. The park offers a three floor museum, a boat themed playground, a picnic area, and a hiking trail including a meadow, a wetland and a creek. The park also includes an overnight area, with yurts and a fireplace. The park overlooks the Ohio River and a piece of northern Kentucky. Chilo lock 34 greets many people, and welcomed Mrs. Griffin's and Mrs. Lawwill's classes for a field trip on May 10.

Most people on the trip, enjoyed the hiking trail and being out in nature the most.

"I liked the hike," said senior Nina Mastin.

"Our class had a great time on the field trip. The nature hike was my favorite part of the trip. A nature guide told us about native plants and animals," said Lawwill.

"Hanging out with Nina while walking the trails. She was so adorable and tons of fun," said sophomore Brooklyn Parker.

"My favorite part of the trip was being outside. I enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Ohio River, and tried to imagine how the workers and their families of Lock 34 lived," said instructional aide Jennifer Shinkle.

The hike was about one mile long, and included a meadow, a wetland and an estuary which is native to the nocturnal river otters. The hike presented many plants and animals; one plant that was prevalent was the Spicebush, which many said had a distinct smell almost like the smell of Fruit Loops. All students and teachers said that they learned some sort of information during this trip.

"I learned how animals live in nature. I wish I would've seen the otters," said freshman Ben Spires.

"On this trip I learned a lot about the place I grew up at. As a child, I spent hours on end at this park with my grandfather, and now I know about the history of the place, the types of plants that reside on the trails, and the families who used to have workers on the dam. I learned that this is a really historic and important place to the Ohio River," said freshman Mary Moran.

"That you can combine 'ages' and have a great time. It felt like we had known our 'new' friends for years," said instructional aide Gail Fletcher.

"I learned about the spicebush," said sophomore Destiny Bullock.

This trip consisted of many



Relaxing on the front porch after lunch; Mary, Hailey, Christina, Brooklyn, Ben and Nina take some time to chat.

stops, which Ben seems to explain quite well, "1. We took a bus ride to Chilo park. 2. We watched the video on the power house. 3. We took a nature hike. 4. We went to Mrs. Griffin's house to eat lunch."

Philip enjoyed the part where we went to Mrs. Griffin's house, and got the opportunity to see her animals. "I ate lunch at Mrs. Griffin's house. I liked her dogs and cats."

All of the students and teachers said that they enjoyed this trip very much, and that they would definitely do it again.

"I would like to go on this trip again so I can see more of the

museum," said Ben.

"The nature guide was very interesting and sharing many points of interest about the park, plants, and animals in this area. It was a super day," said Lawwill.

"I would love to go on this trip again. The kids in Mrs. Lawwill's class are super sweet and fun to be around. I also enjoyed being outside and seeing the beautiful reservation that has been preserved throughout the years. Lastly, I love photography and the park is full of flowers and unique things to take pictures of," said freshman Christina LaRoy.

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