



THE
BAGPIPE

*50 Years, A Legacy Revisited:
The retirement of the 1971-1972
Championship Falcon Basketball Jerseys*

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Celebrating 50 years of Diversity and Integration with the Retirement Ceremony of the 1971 and 1972 Thornridge Championship Basketball Teams

By Treyvaughn Heard

On this day, We celebrate those who paved the way for our athletes in today’s age.It is the celebration of the “50 year of Diversity and Inte-gration with the Retirement ceremony of the 1971 and 1972 Thornridge Champion-ship Basketball Teams”. The numbers of the retired players are #23, worn by Mike Bonczyk; # 24, worn by Ernest Dunn and James Loggins; #25, worn by Quinn Buckner; #30, worn by Tony Jackson; #31, worn by Boyd Batts; #42, worn by

William Gatlin and Michael Henry; #44, worn by Greg Rose; #52, worn by Mark McClain. William Gatlin, one of Thornridge’s greatest basketball players had a lot to say on coming back to TR. “It is always great coming back to see family, friends, and stuff we came up with at Thornridge, and there was a lot of history made. When we first got here, it was a lot of racial tension. We used to fight for our rights just to ride the bus back and forward to school.

After we started winning, it seemed it like it brought everyone closer together. In 1969 blacks were immigrated in Thornridge, and my broth-ers class was the first class with whites immigrated and it was pretty tough. After we started winning football championships and basketball championships, you never really saw any kind of racial discord. It seemed like sports kind of made ev-eryone a little bit known.

It is always good coming home and seeing people that you grew up with, had opportunities to play sports with and even people that you do not know. It is almost like when people see you it is almost embarrassing when they know you and you do not know them. It is not like you were bigger than them or anything, it is just the fact that they were fans. They were following us. We were taking names when we was coming up and we enjoyed it because we blew people out.



‘71-’72 Championship team with the ‘16-’17 Falcons

We was not in any gangs, we was not in any trouble, ev-erybody was saying, ‘yes sir and yes ma’am’ and I am not lying about it because respect was everything. But it is al-ways nice coming home.”

One of his goals that he has reached after high school, Gatlin said, “Yes, I have eight grand kids, one of them is playing at IU on the football squad. I got two of them that are going to Indiana State, one of them is a manager at Walmart. Two of them are still in high school so yes, ev-erybody is healthy and every-body is living. My goals was to graduate, get a good job, and find a wife. I’ve achieved my goals becuase I have been married for 34 years now.

I have four kids and they all are doing their own thing in life. They are all working and healthy so I mean it’s a true blessing. I try not to take anything for granted I mean anything I do is just graded compare to how they do. God is good to me, I mean I am still here. I am sixty one years old so I mean everything is great, I feel blessed.”

On of his most memorable moments at TR, Gatlin said “Winning, winning was unbelievable because of the prime that was going on. It was so much racial tension. We had to fight if a bus left us, practice would be over like at 5:30 or 6:00 o’clock, we would have to run from here to Phoenix. We would have to stop and go through our cuts and run some more and go through houses and we would just laugh it off.

We also had wrestlers and the basketball players on the same buses. It was some history going on when we was freshman,sophomores,-juniors, and seniors that it kinda paved the way because that winning helped create another culture because we was going to

Thornton. Everybody was going to go to Thornton and everybody knew that until 69’. It was like a rude awak-ening so like ok, we’re going to the Ridge (nickname for Thornridge)and once we got here, we started wearing them blue and white colors and we started a new culture.

They did not like us too much, no hispanics, no minorities and it was amaz-ing how sports can change attitudes because in football, Ark Riley, Mike Payne, Larry Lashley, Quinn Buckner, they paved the way too. In football, they took state the same year we took state in basketball.” William`s feeling on being honored at the ceremony, he said “It is great, it is good too that the community they love history, they love mem-

ories, they like to rehash a lot of fellowship. It’s like going to church, when you go to church you give your soul and your heart to the lord and then you also fellowship the part of culture to be able to come back to reminisce because I took Ernie, Greg, and a couple of guys down there to look at the wall and we flashed back ourself. We looked back and started laughing at it, the shorts, the hair because that was going on in that era.

So it is always great to be recognized. I talk to Quinn from time to time and I am in Indianapolis area and he works with the Pacers(NBA Team). A lot of people might be disappointed that he never comes back to the neigh-borhood but you know it’s unfortunate that it happens like that. Personally I am not disappointed in that because what he’s doing right now is unbelievable and everyone just wants to see him and that’s the thing though, that’s the hunger for people that they know or heard of es-pecially if they are from the area.”



William Gatlin explains:

“Basketball is always something that we did as kids and it kept us out of trouble. It made us competitive and discipline, it made us understand that sports can get you off the streets too. There were ways academically too, but to enhance that you can play sports and get it both ways scholarship wise and academically, so it was so important for us to stay out of trouble and especially in Phoenix because their were never any gangs out there.

I could leave my door open for my car or even my front door of my mom’s house and there were never any kinds of robberies, and that’s what I appreciated more than anything of my childhood life. It was an opportunity to walk up and down those nine blocks and never feared to get shot, stabbed, or beat up.”

When asked about the knowledge that he has now and the advice he would give his younger self, Gatlin said,

“Stay focused. Just stay focused because the eye on the prize is the big thing. It is not whats going on right now. It is what is going on down the road because whatever you are doing right here can affect what is going on down

the road. A lot of things we think we know but really don’t know, we were too young.

Our parents and the adults who try to inform us and stuff like that sometimes they get tired of telling us. They were tired of repeating themselves and sometimes that one mistake you can make in your life, it can last for the rest of your life because don’t forgive.

Sometimes you have to forgive a person for any kind of small or large mistakes because we only human. I look at it a lot of times when I think back and look back at a lot of people who got cut from sports teams, I say to myself that they should have made the squad but I know reasons why they didn’t is because it was attitude. In a way you can relate to people, your interpersonal communications that you have, and your ability to look a person in the eye and make that contact

contact can take you a little bit further then a know it all or a mouthy.” Seems that William Gatlin had a lot to express on his return to Thornridge High School.

Mark McCain, another Thornridge basketball player had some few words to say on his return to TR, he said

“It is wonderful, I have so many great memories of childhood, teammates, and friends that I also met my wife here, it’s a wonderful experience.”

Speaking about his goals that he has reached after high school, McCain said



can take you a little bit further then a know it all or a mouthy.”

“I have exceeded my goals in terms of job, awards, travel and family. I have seven grand kids and three children. Thornridge helped me surpass those goals, when I was in high school I did not see this many accomplishments.”

One of his most memorable moments at TR, McCain said

“I have had many memories in TR, a layup that I scored in the Bloom game and I think Quinn passed me the ball on the fast break and Ferguson yelled NOO then I went up around McCoy and layed it in then Ferguson said yeah yeah great job great job, it was unexpected.”

When being asked about the racial harmony back in his time, McCain said,



“For us students, we did not know that there was any disharmony. We were kids, I think it maybe for our parents, but for us students and teammates, I did not see a big deal.”

When asked how basketball effected his life, he stated:

“It taught me teamwork and commitment , it also taught me practice and in perseverance. I think perseverance is the big attribute that helps people achieve a lot of terms of success.”

The advice McCain would give his younger self,

“I would tell myself do not ever take yourself out of the game, make somebody else take you out of the game and I am not talking about a

specific basketball game, I am taking about life. From the very moment I heard these words in Grapevine, Marvin Gaye which said believe half of what you see son and none of what you hear.”

SPRING BREAK IS HERE AND BACK IN ACTION WITH NICE WARM WEATHER, THE RAIN TO FULFILL THE GRASS, AND BACK TO WEARING JACKETS. WITH A WHOLE WEEK TO BE OFF OF SCHOOL IS A RELIEF FOR THE STUDENTS. SO TO ALL THE STUDENTS, ENJOY WHILE IT LASTS BECAUSE IT WILL BE OVER BEFORE YOU GUYS EVEN KNOW IT.

BE SAFE AND ENJOY YOUR SPRING BREAK!



The Production of DJ Quik's The Book of David CD (Luv of My Life)

By Tavier Robinson

DJ Quik has been in the game for a long time. Being such an underrated rapper. He decided to do a new CD in 2011. To show why he is one of the originals. His album has caught a lot of people's ear. With the "Luv of My Life" being the main focus of the song. DJ Quik was trying to tell a story about how the beat was the love of his life. He felt as if this was something new, fresh, and digged it. He put his early 90's writing and beatmaking style into it. As, the beat bumped with a smooth West Coast style.

The bassline pushed it's way through the beat as so did the hi hat continuing to go. According to Quik and G1 it took all of 15 minutes to make the beat. With the kind of experience Quik had it should've taken lomg. After this DJ Quik was able to make a hook. The hook was "Luv of My Life" DJ Quik was one of the most prolific writers in the era of the 90's to now. He has revolutionized hip-hop. His style in choosing the right beats and style in which he has stayed with. His lines are so virtual and clever. According, to NPR



DJ Quik in the studio working on some music.

"the man still loves '70s funk and R&B". To be honest "Luv of my Life" is not to be over-thought says Quik.

When you take a listen to the actual song you sense the vibe that he's trying to set. Which, is the West Coast style of rap within his lyrics. To make this Single he still uses the same company's drum machines that have been the standard in rap music since the late '80s, Akai, and he's proud of the results these machines have given over the years. According to NPR DJ Quik brought Gift Reynolds a Rapper from the West side of Detroit to lay down some rhymes. Gift was very happy to have a chance to do something like this.

DJ Quik was asked How do you want people to listen to "Luv Of My Life"? His response to this was I want people to dance to it. It's a dance record. It's a groovy record that you feel. DJ Quik writes of the top of his head. He feels that if you write down what you say it'll be a lot harder. Then if you were just saying it from the heart. Which in this case it's harder to make good music.

Come out and Support the Fashion Show - April 13 at 6:30pm in the Commons. Doors open at 6pm. . . There will be a special guest you won't want to miss!

Movie Review - Jordan Peele's Get Out

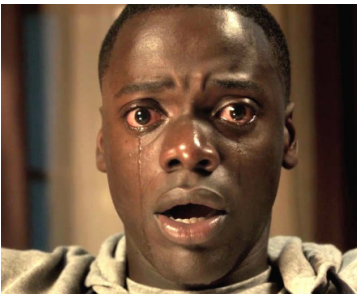
By Shavontay Hill

Get Out was released on February 24th 2017, directed by Jordan Peele who also wrote most of the screenplay. This film was about Chris (Daniel Kaluuya) and his new girlfriend Rose (Allison Williams). In the movie, Chris plays an airport security guard and meets Rose on the job. They date for roughly four or five months and they believe it is time to take their relationship to the next step. Therefore, Rose suggests they go visit her parents Missy and Dean for a weekend getaway. Little did Chris know he would actually have to get away.

So many African Americans are motivated to go out and see this film. Mostly because we, as African Americans, relate to the Urban, reality, and myths. I wouldn't say that interracial dating is as big a taboo as much as it was in the past. African Americans are always warned by family to be cautious around Caucasians whether they are joking around or being serious. We never really trust other races as much as we may portray.



Writer & Director Jordan Peele



Daniel Kaluuya as Chris

Get Out creeped many of us out with the hypnosis, but it also opened up a conversation that most don't talk about which is interracial relationships. Sure people in our generations are okay with having "black friends" but what about their grandparents and the people before them? In my opinion life, someone will always focus on the color of your skin even though they claim racism does not exist.

I loved this movie I've watched it three times and I am still willing to watch it again. I say this because the movie intrigued me with the background knowledge and extensive history references that you had to focus.. Not only that but the actors and actresses were amazing. There was not a dull moment in this movie. Get Out definitely opened my eyes to reality. Which was no matter what you do or how successful you are someone will always judge you off the color of your skin. There's no way around racism and it will always be here. I would honestly rate this film on a scale of 1-10. It would have to be an 11, that's how strongly I feel about it. I applaud everyone who worked on such an amazing

How to Play the Upright Bass

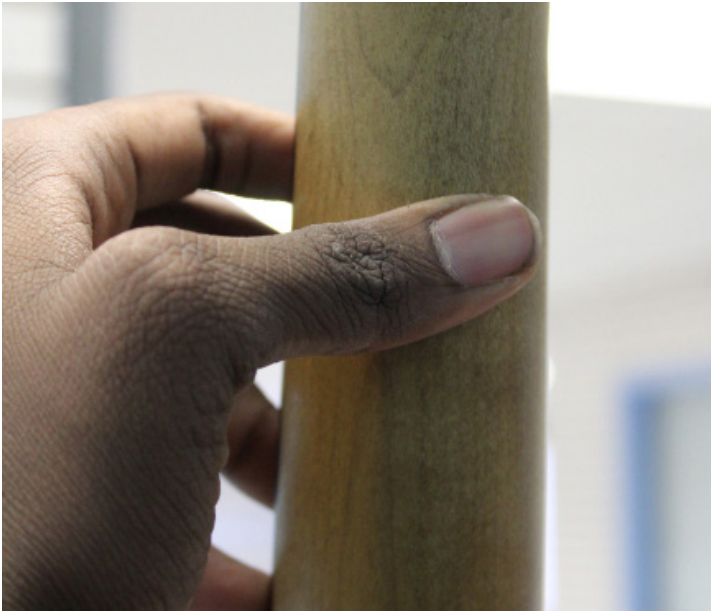
By Tavier Robinson

Playing an instrument has always been a great accomplishment. For many, this can be difficult and for other it can be easy. The Upright Bass has been around for centuries. It had transformed the way the people look at music. Upright Bass is in high demand as of today. Jazz has taken a great approach in using this instrument. It has transformed the way that people look at jazz music. Being the foundation to any standard piece the Upright Bass has made it's mark. People say that without a bass in a rhythm section it's empty.

Director of bands Mr. Douglas said in band practice“it's better to be felt than heard”. Which means that the bass is to be played with force and control. There are some simple steps to learning how to play this instrument. The first step to learning this instrument is to look for a nice brand such as Ibanez,Fender or even Yamaha bassess. Once, you have found a nice brand in a bass then you then work on technique.

The technique plays a big part in playing the instrument. It's very simple. You start with making sure that with your right hand your index finger along with your middle finger can pluck the string. Secondly you'd then form a C like shape in whichever hand you'd feel more comfortable with. This should make the actual letter C. If it doesn't look like a C then chances are you're doing it incorrectly. Then, after that you'd take that same position and flip it sideways.

Which will then allow your muscles in your hand to relax. But, remember not to tense up. Third make your hand positioning and posture when playing in alignment with the bass. Fourth, you'd work on plucking. You have to make sure that when you pluck you don't get a thin sound out of the instrument. If this does happen just apply a little bit more pressure to the string.



The thumb in not bent, but it is straight.



This is the C shaped hand. All fingers are pressed down firmly on the frett board.

If you are still having a hard time finding the right plucking style I suggest using your index finger. Some of the most common plucking styles are the index finger by itself, the index finger and middle, and the just the middle finger by itself. These styles can vary for different styles of music.Over an extended amount of time the rules have changed for the bass.

Many may get an Electric Upright Bass to make it easier for playing and technique purposes. Make sure if you get an electric upright bass that the pickup on it is the way that you would want it to be. These are just the basic steps you would need to take to learning how to play this instrument. It is left up up the person how far they want to go with this instrument. It is left up to the person how they plan on approaching this instrument called the upright bass. Be sure that this is a challenge that you're ready for.



The Standard Upright Bass



Photo courtesy of Google images



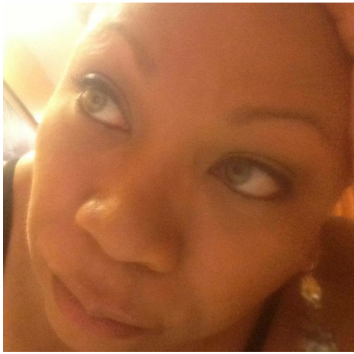


Caught in Action

7



We Love You Ms. Nesbitt



Kayla Winston, one of Ms. Nesbitt’s biggest speech babies, remembers Ms. Nesbitt as being very proud of her after the most recent production at the school, “Chicago,” because she truly saw the growth in her acting and performance skills since she first met her sophomore year. She always told her to never doubt herself and always put her best effort forth.



Ms. Bobo said one of her fondest memories of Ms. Nesbitt was at her first Thornridge High School graduation. She had not formally met Ms. Nesbitt, but when she graced the stage and began speaking, her eloquent, articulate voice commanded attention. She was captured by her grace and perfection of oration, which had her in amazement and state of awe. She felt she just had to introduce herself to this amazing woman. The following school year, she was formally introduced to her during registration and from that moment, a great relationship began. She says she is thankful that she was able to have several intimate and thoughtful conversations with her that yielded knowledge and guidance. She thanks Ms. Nesbitt for being a presence in her life and her smile, grace and poise will be greatly missed.

Ms. Yvonne Nesbitt, the best Theater director and speech instructor we have had here at Thornridge High School has moved to the other side. She was such a great woman with a wonderful heart and had so much faith in her students. Not only was she a teacher, she was a best friend, a life coach, so many different things in one. If no one believed in you, best believe Ms. Nesbitt would be the one standing in your corner. When something was going on in your life, She would be the person to cheer you up, and for a split second make you crack the biggest of smiles. Herein are the fondest memories and some of the maxims Ms. Nesbitt has shared with her co-workers and students.

By: Brian Jones



Rodney Jackson, one of Ms. Nesbitt’s true speech babies, said that he will forever and always miss Ms. Nesbitt, but as she would say, “The show must go on.” As long as I’ve known Rodney, he loved Ms. Nesbitt from the bottom of his heart.

Jalen Thomas, a former student and current speech member of Ms. Nesbitt’s, said he will never forget how she was a wise woman. She was the closest thing to the lord himself that he could come to.

Erykah Massey, one of her past speech students, remembers Ms. Nesbitt as always being encouraging and supportive when she needed it.

Cameron Curtis, One of Ms. Nesbitt’s speech kids and former students, said she would always tell him one of the things he remember is never let anyone steal your joy, regardless of the situation, or how hard it may tear you down.

Reah Mcdonald, a sophomore here at the school, said she misses Ms. Nesbitt stopping her in the hallways, telling her to sing a song over and over again until it was to her liking. Ms. Nesbitt was the queen of making people try their hardest!

D’onte Harris, one of Ms. Nesbitt’s speech kids, remembers when she would say “get your butt of the stage!” When she was fed up with him. He always made her laugh and he will never forget how fun she was.

Jalecia Watkins, one of Ms. Nesbitt’s past speech students, feels as though Ms. Nesbitt had an impact on all of our lives and that’s why all the kids called her mama.

A Change Has Come



By Brian Jones

Over the course of years and decades, society tends to go through major and minor changes to fit today’s modernization, some for the better and some for the worse.

Changes can occur in about every aspect of society, education, economy, etc. Most of these changes happen because the people themselves change.

Over time, Thornridge has experienced some big changes. Some of these big changes to the school include changes to the building,

changes to the student body, and the fashion and clothing trends of the students.

It’s amazing how different things are now compared to the past.



1966 Boys Swim



1968 Courtyard



1970 Theatre

The Building

One of the big changes to Thornridge High School are the additions and rebuilding of the building itself. One of these changes in the construction of the school was in the courtyard. In 1962, the courtyard was not closed off like it is today. There were less pathways and more grass. The four corners of the building did not connect, giving students a bit of a leeway to leave the school premises. Around the 1980’s, Thornridge remodeled the courtyard. There were fresh new paved pathways for the students to get to each hallway. Stone benches were added to each pathway. There was a big monument added in the middle of the field.

Another big change to the school was the walls and windows in 1974. These changes occurred due to safety hazards, and to fit the modern looks of today’s environment. Over the years, Thornridge has had minor changes also, such as reconstruction of the library, paint, and flooring. The building will always continue to change, for the simple fact that some things just get boring and worn out. Between the 60’s and 70’s, Majority of the building was made out of glass. The windows were higher and there was barely any wall, just all glass.

Students

Another big change in Thornridge High school was the student body. So much about the students have changed since the opening of the school, including the enrollment, the limitations, class shifts, and races attending the school. In the early years, Thornridge had about 5000 students actively enrolled in school, and all were middle class. Thornwood was built in the 1970’s, splitting the number of students almost in half. Thornridge would house the students residing in Dolton IL, while Thornwood took the students living in South Holland, which is still the same. With the mass number of students, classes were split between shifts. Students either had morning or afternoon classes because 5000 students could not fit in every class at once. That would also be very overwhelming for the teachers and staff. Majority of these students were caucasian. but over time Thornridge became more and more diverse until about 1991, when it became a predominantly African American High School.

At first, female students were not allowed to compete in sports. They were looked at as less than the male gender, whereas today, majority of the team sports have a male and female division.



1968 choir



Baseball 1972



Library 1970



Thornridge 1966

Fashion

One more change in Thornridge High school was the fashion and dress trends. In 1968, it seems like female students had it bad. Not only could they not compete, but they were not allowed to wear jeans or slacks. Girls were only allowed to wear skirts that came past their fingertips, which is much similar to the rule today about shorts, skirts, etc. In 1972, Thornridge abolished all dress code rules. The girls were not only allowed to wear slacks, but they were also allowed to wear mini-skirts, halter tops, tube tops, low cut tops, and other various quite revealing clothes. It was about the 1990’s where Thornridge but a ban on revealing clothes, making girls cover up.

Around that time, some of the big trends were big baggy jeans, jean jackets, and high top fads. Surprisingly, some of those trends are still in effect as of today. History really does repeat itself, especially in the fashion category.

Spirit week was always fun for students because they got to dress according to the day. whether it was twin day, or pajama day, students would show up and show out. It was also a trend for the students to dress up for the holidays, such as white and red for christmas, or their favorite costumes for halloween. Such Great Thornridge Pride!

Thornridge has experienced so many different changes over these past few decades. This shows that society and the environment is always going to adapt to the modern ways of living in America, and the world as a whole. With changes to the student body, the building, and clothing and fashion, With the way the world is going now, who knows what changes will be brought to the school? Thornridge is most definitely not the same school it was 50 years ago.

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Healthy No-Bake Chocolate-Peanut Butter Bars



By Brian Jones

Candy bars have a huge impact on obesity in the United States of America. When shopping, they are right in your face while in line to checkout, calling your name. It can be very difficult when you have such a delicious treat basically throwing itself at you, and to make matters worse, it’s packed with sugar and calories that is in fact, harmful to your health. Why can’t we enjoy the taste of a Twix or KitKat, without worrying about putting on a pound? Well have no fear, Brian the nutrition hero is here with a great recipe for a candy bar that will have your tastebuds satisfied and your weight at a stand still.

Ingredients

Directions

Crust

- 1.) Cooking spray
- 2.) 24 chocolate wafer cookies
- 3.) 3 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted
- 4.) 4 ounces semisweet chocolate morsels, melted

Filling

- 5.) 4 ounces reduced-fat cream cheese
- 6.) ½ cup creamy all-natural peanut butter
- 7.) ½ cup 2% greek yogurt
- 8.) ⅔ cup confectioner’s sugars

Topping

- 9.) ¼ cup chopped roasted unsalted peanuts
- 10.) Kosher salt

- 1.)Line an 8-inch square pan with foil so it overhangs on two sides and lightly coat with cooking spray.
- 2.)Process the cookies in a food processor until finely ground.
- 3.)Add the melted butter and process again until the crumbs are coated with the butter.
- 4.)add the melted chocolate and process until the mixture is the texture of very wet sand.
- 5.)Using an offset spatula, press the mixture into the bottom of the prepared pan, cover and refrigerate while preparing the filling.
- 6.)Clean out the food processor bowl.
- 7.)Add the cream cheese,

peanut butter, yogurt and sugar to the bowl of the food processor and process until smooth and combined.

8.)Pour the mixture over the crust and smooth with a spatula.

9.)Top with the peanuts and sprinkle with 1/4 teaspoon salt.

10.)Cover and refrigerate until set slightly looser than cream cheese, about 4 hours up to overnight.

11.)Run a knife around the edges of the mixture to loosen, use the foil handles to lift it out, cut into 12 bars and serve chilled.

Jamari Mckenzie, junior, said: *“These sound delicious and this would most definitely be something I would try. It’s a healthy snack with the same taste as regular candy bars.”* A lunch staff member said that they would love it if they could add more healthy treats to the menu, and this would be something they would serve.

How would you feel if these were served at lunch time?

7 Tips to Live a Healthy Lifestyle!



By Shavontay Hill

No one really knows where to start when they want to live a healthy life. Some people say start with eating salad or just quit consuming junk foods. In some cases these people are so right, but in others they are not. In order to live a healthy life, you must be healthy on the inside, mentally, as well as on the outside, physically.

The world gets so caught up in the physical part of healthy living rather than the mental part. Therefore, I am

here to give you 10 amazing tips to living an amazing healthy life.

1.) DRINK WATER!

Drinking water is such an important aspect in being healthy. It takes no time to simply drink water here and there. Water is essential for our body to function. Water is needed to carry out our body functions, remove waste and carry nutrients and oxygen around our body.

2.) GET MORE SLEEP!

If our bodies do not get enough rest we will be more encouraged to eat more and when we are encouraged it’s usually junk food rather than broccoli.

3.) LOVE YOURSELF!

If you don’t love yourself no one else will. You have to be your biggest fan, your biggest supporter and your own best friend. From a scale on 1-10, your love of self should be a 12! You have to love yourself more than anyone ever will.

4.) EAT MORE VEGETABLES!

Like fruit, vegetables should be a daily food in your diet. We should eat 5-9 servings of fruits and vegetables everyday. I myself prefers green vegetables they are my favorite broccoli, asparagus etc.

5.) CUT DOWN ON PROCESSED FOODS!

Processed foods are so bad for you no matter how good they may taste! The

most nutritional value is lost when making these foods, and the added preservatives is bad for our health.

6.) BE POSITIVE!

Being positive is an important part of your life. You don’t need toxic nor negative people in your life. If you feel someone of your life is negative and toxic let them go! Surround yourself with happy positive people.

7.) EXERCISE NOT ONCE A WEEK, BUT EVERY-DAY!

You should get at least 60 minutes a day of exercise. You don’t have to do hardcore workouts, just take a more active approach to your everyday activities.

Live by these 7 amazing tips for a better healthier life!

Food Diary

By Brian Jones



Sometimes, it can be hard to manage your food choices in the midst of eating what you want and actually eating what’s good for your body and soul. I, along with other students and staff here at Thornridge High School have had a difficult time trying to keep up with good food choices and keeping track of what’s going in and out of my body. Ms. Ortberg, the culinary arts teacher, came up with the idea of the food diary which is a great way to make better food choices.

Last semester in Fitness & Nutrition, we were assigned a project called the food diary . We had to keep record of everything that entered in and out of our bodies and what food group it belonged to. It really made me realize that most of the things I consumed were full of calories and unhealthy factors that can harm my body. When you actually pay attention to what you’re consuming, It’s like getting a wake up call. It made me want to make better food choices. Although it was a bit difficult to remain consistent writing down every single thing I was eating, I stayed on top of it and stuck it out.

At the end of the week, we put every food item into the appropriate food group and broke down if we had enough of that food group for the week according to the MyPlate template, which is a breakdown of what you should be consuming on a daily basis. It was an eye-opening experience that can really help us make better diet choices.

Everyone Dies

Feature short story by senior, Jamie Ball

Day 1 of 3

Everyone dies at one point in their lives. Kim Kardashian will die, Barack Obama will die, even Betty White can die whenever she feels like it. And now I will die in three days, this goes for the entire population because of some meteor thinks it was a good idea to destroy the world. I am a twenty-year-old college student with a full life ahead of me. If only I used it on better things instead of watching ghetto fights online and eating unhealthy for most of it.

The entire world has quit their jobs to spend their remaining days with their loved ones, but I can't do that. I'm in college in Chicago while my family lives all the way in Oregon. The roads are blocked with abandoned cars and a plane hasn't left since the bad news. Also, the signal is off worldwide, so no phone calls can go through either. Now I'm stuck in my dorm with my friend Grace watching reruns of 90s cartoons.

While a great percentage of the world loots or kill themselves, we jokingly make problematic remarks at each other sharing an old couch. An occasional "Oh look, Charlie! It's you!" Is thrown by Grace every time an unappealing black male is on the screen. And I would do the same every time I see a masculine woman on screen. Yep, that's our friendship. I guess friends until the end is taken quite literally at the moment all because some dumb rock wants to be so close to us for some reason. NASA, where you at? This is your job. By a shocking burst of entrance my other best friend

Courtney shouts with three walkie talkies in her hand. She was always the mom of the two of us. Ever since we met her freshman year of college, she would patch up my bruises. Now that we are roommates she makes sure we are safe and having fun. "Get up you two! We are about to set off for our final adventure on this earth. You can do literally anything you want with no consequences, but you choose to watch old Pokémon. You can shoplift, you can steal a car, you can even catch an STD if you're feeling saucy. Wink wink. Everyone must get up now and say one thing they always wanted do in their life, but never got the chance to do so." This surprising approach from Courtney only makes us laugh louder than usually. The same person who stops us from cursing in front of her pet turtle is telling us to catch a sexually transmitted disease. I think I like the dying Courtney better than roommate Courtney. Alright. Where can I sign up?

"Okay, I'll take this challenge," Grace says sarcastically. "My only wish is to find my one true love." She flutters her lashes mocking every cheesy princess known to man. "Maybe my prince will be waiting outside with my tiara and ecstasy."

Grace stands abruptly to bow like she's Cinderella, but Courtney's face is as straight as a line. "Check. Charlie, what's your final wish?" Courtney hands Grace and I a walkie talkie. I take on Grace's approach to say a wish as silly as possible. I swiftly stand from my couch into a military posture. "I

want to be a leader of my own mini country. I would have my own peasants that listen to everything I say. Is that wish good enough for you Court." I salute and she nods her head in agreement.

"I guess It settled now. On our last three days on earth, we will find Grace the love of her life and make sure Charlie become the second black president. But first, we will do what's on my bucket list. As you may know, I love any type of animal. So my wish is to pet my favorite animal: a tiger. It's going to be a challenge, but we do live near a zoo with no guards telling us what to do. Grab your camping gear and meet me in the car in thirty. Go!"

Confusion fills our brains with what Courtney has become. The once super mom now wants to pet a giant human eating cat. I mean getting eating by a cat can't be worse than getting smash by a giant space rock, so I guess it is alright. Just me and my two best buddies Courtney and Grace. And Courtney's pet turtle Grandpa. He's family too and we can't leave family. Grace and I rush to grab anything that is needed to go camping. I still don't understand why Court left the two people who never went camping in charge of getting all of the essentials. Tent, Check. Three sleeping bags, check. A taser just in case a giraffe wants to go one-on-one, check. Everything is set and done. Off to the Chicago zoo.

We drive as far as we can on the empty street until we get to the blockage that stopped everyone from leaving Chicago. Apparently, when the

news came on about the meteor, Chaos broke loose and everyone fled from their cars leaving the roads packed with stranded cars. The only thing we can do now carry everything on our backs while we walk a mile to the zoo Courtney desperately wanted to come to. To keep our mind off walking a mile with heavy equipment strapped to our backs is singing the theme songs to our old favorite cartoon. We jam and dance our way through the warm Chicago air into the open entrance of the door.

Inside smells like death in despair. Since all of the zoo keepers quit their jobs, the animals had to survive on their owns. By the smell alone you can tell most did not make it, but this does not stop the smile of Courtney reaching her ears. She jumps and giddy for the final wish to pet Tigger the tiger. Still not sure if it's alive in the first place. She runs and skips and Grace and I follow. I'm already tired, so all I want to do is leave her to sit down, but I can't leave her at this moment.

"Slow down Court!" Grace yells.

"Speed up! My turtle is going faster than you." Grace and I stand in front of the deathly tiger encaged for the remainder of his life. Too weak to do anything dangerous, but you never know. Even with their rib cage slightly showing, that does not mean they're aren't packing heat. I have seen enough fights online to know that you should never base strength by how they look. Even if the tiger has no energy, muscle, or will to live, it can still rip

Courtney apart wherever she is. "Can you two hear me?" Our walkie talkies activate. "I'm inside the tiger cage. I'm going to sneak up behind it so I can touch it. If I die make sure my funeral is lit. Oh. Make sure Grandpa has a front row seat if he doesn't die with me."

From a distance, you can see the insane Courtney in an all black spy attire. Her puffy natural hair is tucked under her dark hood to make her look like an alien. In one smooth movement, the tiger stares behind him to see the goofy looking Courtney. I can feel our heart beating faster than the Floyd vs Manny fight. Courtney stands breathless as if the tiger won't notice a silly looking black girl paused on one foot. Grace turns away to not see the death of our friend while I watch to try to help in some way. The tiger stands up weakly and turns her sight. He cracks his neck and stretches his jaw. Sweat pours from the traumatized woman.

Even Grandpa the turtle is hiding in his shell. Minutes of pausing pass and Courtney is still alive. The tiger appears to be too weak to even attack and get food. He slumps down in front of her and lay there from Courtney to get a quick rub and run. First, wish down, two to go. That was enough death defying action for today, so we decide to camp out in the empty gorilla encasement. We snack on the popcorn sold at the zoo, tell fake ghost stories and sleep. May our next adventure take place tomorrow.

Continued on page 12 ...

We're all gonna die and that's alright

Everyone Dies

continued from page 11.

Day 2 of 3

“BEEP!” Goes the gorilla alarm. Day two of our final adventure before everyone perishes from the attack of the space punch. Either Grace or I will get out last wish even if we weren’t serious to think of a real one. I wake up to see Grace and Courtney woken up already climbing the trees. Grace’s long golden dreads flow in the wind as she swings from the ropes.

“Get up Charlie! We have to find Grace her true love before doomsday. We don’t have much time so we need to get out of here asap.” Courtney yells on top of a tree.

The warm moist air wakes me up with a passion. The relaxing sounds of leaves sifting through the movements of my friends. Even with the world ending in a couple of days, this moment is probably the best I’ve ever lived through. Smiles stretch across the fake forest with ambition. I stand us still in a daze and silently walk out alone to get the adventure finished.

“I’m off to find Grace a boyfriend.” Outside of the gorilla pin, there is a lot more people out than yesterday. It’s almost like someone famous said they were here and others followed their way here. Many families walk in small groups to the empty grass area. Some people are teens who are having their last fun with people their age while some are in wedding attire. Today is almost the last day and Mother Nature must be trying to give us a gift. The bright cloudless sky blows crisp warm air in Chicago. Kids laugh and play even with the horrible sight-ing of the animals. In many areas of the zoo, people are getting married before they die. The list ranges from old



Jamie Ball is a senior at TR who enjoys writing, playing board games, and video games (Mortal Kombat being his favorite). When he grows up he wants to be alive, blessed, and highly favored. He is anxiously awaiting word from his college of choice Illinois State University where he wants to be Pre-Med. He has aspirations of becoming a neurosurgeon.

people in wheelchairs redoing their vows to kids to their first crush getting married. With the family watching, this is perfect timing to find Grace a boyfriend.

I run to nowhere with Grace and Courtney following behind. Smiling going person to person and trying to bring more excitement to this situation. Grabbing young girls by their hands to dance with them to the tacky zoo music. Moms kiss me on my cheeks and throw flower petals in enjoyment.

“Who’s here is in the male species and are in their twenties. I have a nice single woman waiting to get swooned!” I scream to anyone who would listen. Grace aggressively tries to stop me, but I will not listen. It’s her last wish and I will make sure she has it. “I don’t want a man Charlie. I was just joking.” She fights with no repelling. Courtney sprints persons to the person searching for the right single man. Grace is too busy on the ground fighting Charlie to get up and stop Courtney. The equal fight between a short male and female entertains the viewers. We aren’t as entertaining as the gruesome fights online, but it does give a laugh to the suburban families. “Do you see that girl on top of the male? She is single and ready to mingle. What are you up to?” Courtney applies to a strange nerd type young man. Grace is too powerless to get out of the grip I have on her legs. “No! I don’t like him! I don’t like any of these guys!” She screams.

She swarms out of the grasp of the tiny Charlie to possible catch Courtney running guy to guy. Now we are all in a foot race with Courtney jetting trying to find someone to sweep Grace off of

her feet, then there is Grace. The golden fit woman with her dreads flying through the wind with the angriest face ever shown. Then there is me. The guy behind laughing at her foolish wish that is back-firing on her.

“This is your wish! I’m just helping you get it!” Courtney stops and faces Grace. The crowds of weddings surround all three of us. Toddlers stare hiding behind their parents. “I don’t want any guy here. I don’t want any guy in general, Court.” She begs. Old people are adding their words saying to let her find her own love. A quick silence fills the zoo with awkwardness. Grace and Courtney face each other with tears and the laws pull them closer into a graceful hug.

“Does this mean?”

“Yes.” Grace interrupts smiling proudly. The crowd surrounds us takes it upon themselves to grab her and congratulate Grace on finally being happy. Her frail body swings on the shoulders of tall strong men and women as they bounce to the music. Even the bride and groom claps in excitement for Grace. This deserves a party for days. The crowds of happy people do what our clique does and spends another night in the gorilla pin. Families upon families all in tents indoor tents for the almost in of world.

Day 3 of 3

I guess today is the day. In a matter of hours, everything we have ever known will be gone forever. In a couple hours all of the families on earth will be vanquished. No Grace, no Courtney, not even Grandpa will be here anymore. Today finally gets to us knowing that we can not even say goodbye to our families.

Grace is walking around the trees with every color known to man painted on her face from the party. I’m just sitting on the ground with Grandpa and a young girl whose family slept next to us. Courtney is crying from the outside of the glass holding the gorillas back from the humans. She isn’t visible, but I know that sound from anyone.

Just knowing that I’m not anybody’s anything anymore makes me shed a tear. I wish I could just restart my life so I could remember to be happy all of my life. To not think so much about all of my mistakes and to just go with the flow. I didn’t even get my last wish. It’s not the time to remind my friends about my foolish wish before we die. So for right now, Grandpa and I will silently have a conversation reminiscing of the times I was ready to kick him out of my house. Every time he bit me got him one step closer to being someone’s snack. Good times. I love this guy. I love everyone I care about. I love all the things I’ve done and regret nothing. I can not believe I came from the guy who stayed in his room all day to the adventurous person who spends a night in a gorilla’s home with the best people on earth. Even if they suck most of the time, I love them.

“I love you, Grace!” I wail so she can hear me. She smiles and signs it back. “Oh look, it’s you!” I point at the same muscular male that lifted Grace during the party.” Remembering all of the old jokes we pulled on each other has Grace actually showing emotion and crying. She rushes over to give me my last hug. From our first hug being freshman year of high school to our last one sophomore year in college. “You still look dumb.” She whispers in this intense hug.

I can sense Courtney on the other side of the glass watching us still bawling. I knew her for only two years, but she is one my best friends right next to Grace. I knock on the black wall and sign ‘I love you.’ Nothing comes back until I heard a repeat of my knock coming back to me. Then a rush of footsteps running to the door inside.

Grace and Courtney simultaneously stand uniformly together in a military pose. They salute side by side to make my final wish come true. To become dictator of my own country. It isn’t much, but it is the thought that counts. Everyone now got their one wish no matter how dumb and jokingly it was. Courtney got to pet a tiger. Even if it was on its last limb on the life train. Grace found her true love, us. I now know that I won’t be the person she marries, but she does think Courtney and I are her loves. Now I. I have my loyal servants for the remainder of my time on Earth. I can’t make the law of everyone must watch old 90’s cartoons or you would be kicked from my country, but this will do.

The puffy haired mom comes jetting again to group hug the two of us in a sad moment. Her eyes are redder than two apples. “It’s happening now.” She says mid hug. “I love you too.”

“AHH!” Grandpa speaks, but we interpret that means that he loves us too. A large boom engulfs the encasement and frightens the groups of people here. Goodbye, everyone.

This is the time. Live for the moment as if it is the last. Enjoy the little things as if they are as tall as towers. Always remember that the darkest nights make the brightest stars.

“MOMENT FOR LIFE”

PROM 2017

MAY 12, 2017

TUSCANY FALLS
MOKENA, ILLINOIS

Doors close at 9:30 pm

Boys Will Be Boys, or So They Say...

By Brianna Alexandre

He could still hear them screaming, it was all he could hear at times. It seemed to never stop, the screaming in his head was a constant reminder of how he failed, how he could not save them...

Carter Stevenson sat in front of Dr. Yang, his court appointed psychiatrist, and began to think back to how it all happened, how he ended up there in the first place. Two months ago Carter was one of the most popular boys in school with a very tight knit group of friends and today he sees a shrink four times a week and no longer lives at home. Dr. Yang turns to Carter and says "Start from the beginning, tell me exactly what you think happened." Carter takes a deep breath to steady himself ...

After centering himself Carter begins his tale, "The four of us were always together-Kat, Adam, Penelope, and I-we'd been friends since we were in diapers, and when puberty struck Kat and I started dating, and have been ever since, the same is true for Adam and Penelope as well. It has been like that for years, and then suddenly three months ago things started to change." Carter goes on to explain that Adam began to distance himself from the group and as a result Penelope became very attached to her two other best friends. With exasperation he tells Dr. Yang, "It was like I had two girlfriends for a while. Then one night I got this phone call from Kat's mom. The girls were missing and a search party was being sent out to try and locate them." Carter decided he would try to help find the girls, but he wouldn't go alone so he called Adam.

"I couldn't reach him," Carter says "I didn't even know if he knew or not, so I had to find him first." On his search for Adam, Carter remembered an old cabin they used frequently when they were younger to get away. He thought Adam might be there and since there was no cell phone reception out there it would explain why he couldn't reach him. Carter looked at Doctor Yang and says "as I got closer and closer to the house I could tell something was off." Carter then pauses in his story, he takes a deep shaky breath. Feeling concern Dr. Yang says "we can take a break son, I know how hard this must be for you to relive." But Carter shakes his head in the negative "They would want me to be strong, to get better." He wipes away the tears that began to fall and continued with his tale.

"As I began to approach the house I heard something, a voice. As I got closer I heard the yelling, the screaming." Carter paused as if trying to find a way to change the events that had already occurred "I didn't know what to do, I couldn't call anyone there was no cell service so I just went in" As he entered the house he could finally tell who was screaming. "It was Kat, she was screaming for help, for me to help her and she didn't even know I was there yet." Carter explained "She was screaming my name I couldn't just to nothing so I ran to her. What I saw is the reason I'm here today. Kat and Penelope were tied up in front of the fireplace with looks of terror on their faces. I followed their eyes and saw Adam with a gun pointed right at them." At this point

Carter looks at Dr. Yang as if begging her to understand what he's about to say next "I looked between them and Adam and just started laughing, I thought it was some sort of prank or something. I just kept laughing then I told them we had to go because the cops were actually looking for the girls." As Carter paused Dr. Yang spoke to him "what happened after you laughed Carter? What happened next?..."

As Carter began to turn to make his way to the door he noticed no one moved. He looked at Adam and saw a sort of calculating look on his face. "Well look at you Carter always trying to be the hero, always the golden boy. That's how I knew you would come, you want to save everyone." Carter didn't understand what was happening he looked at the girls as if they could give him some sort of explanation. Adam went on "my whole life I have been second best, well I'm not going to keep living like that, and if you're going to be number one then I want you to be lonely at the top." It was quick. Three loud shots and then it was over. Adam first shot Kat, then Penelope, and finally himself. It happened in a blink of an eye Carter almost thought he imagined it, but as time slowed he saw the blood and the holes in each of his best friends. As Carter finishes he looks over to Dr. Yang "the next thing I remember is waking up here at the institute, and a lot of people asking me a lot of questions." As Carter finished talking Dr. Yang looked over to the door and saw two people outside the door. She closed her notebook she was writing in and addressed

Carter "Good, that was good Carter. I'll see you next secession excuse me," the doctor then got up and left the room.

Once in the hall, Dr. Yang addressed the couple, "Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson it's nice to see you again. I'm afraid there has been no change in your son. Carter still believes that this whole ordeal was real. He honestly believes he lost his three best friends, we've tried everything we could think of to bring him out of this psychotic break, but we have had to luck. We are sorry." The Stevensons nod at the doctor as if that was the news they expected and turned to begin walking down the hallway again.

As it turns out Carter is in Bradley's Institute for the Insane, and Adam is a personality he conjured up and personified during a psychotic break. While in one of his episodes as Adam he kidnapped two girls, Spencer and Anna, but was found before any real physical damage could be done. Once he regained consciousness he created this elaborate back story to compensate for what he had done. He is now at Bradley instead of jail and sees his psychiatrist four times a week. The screaming he hears is his own, the voices he hears are figments of his delusion, and his failure to save his friends is his own way of punishing himself for his crimes. He could not save them because he was the one that took them, only it was the other him that he is unaware of existing.

The End.

Meet Brianna Alexandre



Brianna is a welcomed transplant from Marian Catholic High School. She enjoys reading, listening to music, hanging out with friends, chilling with the fam, writing, and being social on her telephone. She is an avid reader who loves young adult, horror, the classics such as Jane Eyre, Shakespeare, fiction, romance, and comedies. She loves *The Notebook*, by Nicholas Sparks.

She is a studious student holding a 3.6 GPA with dreams of attending Illinois Wesleyan (where she will be a legacy student) or Rice University in Houston, TX. She plans to double major in Political Science and International Studies, and minor in Philosophy.

Five years from now she sees herself graduating Magna Cum Laude from one of her top schools and beginning life. When asked where does she see herself living she said it depends on where she goes to law school. She could be in Chicago because she wants to go to Northwestern Law school or New York because she was accepted to Cornell University. As far as her career goals she wants to be a junior partner or associate partner at a major law firm in either New York or L.A.

She drew inspiration for her story after reading *Psycho* and watching *Split*. After which, she wondered if she could write something just as haunting; hence her short story "Boys will be boys."

When asked what advice she would give to anyone who wants to write a great short story she says: "write what you are comfortable with, what inspires you. Don't be afraid to try new things."

If you are interested in having your story or poetry published please proffer all submissions to trbagpipestaff@gmail.com. Be sure that you proofread your work. If you have any qualms or quandaries please see Mrs. Joseph in the library or Ms. Zachery in B220 for more information.



Mama

By: Kayla Winston

*You were more than just a teacher
I gave you this name because just like my mother
You nurtured me and helped me become stronger
And for that I will always and forever thank you.*

*Thank you for the times you yelled,
For the times you pushed me past the comfort zone
You introduced me to a world,
A world where I knew I would never be alone.*

*Just know it's been hard without you
But you left us with the tools to get through
So, I know I have to continue.*

*This poem is short but I will stand tall
Yvonne Nesbitt you won't be forgotten
Not at all*

~Kayla W.

“Mama has the ability to make you believe in yourself. I want to see the world because of her.”



Speech students relating fond memories of Ms. Nesbitt.

R.I.P. Ms. Nesbitt

by
A Very Nice Senior

Ms.Nesbitt passed.
Her soul is in the past.
She was meaningful to this world,
helping those in need & even us girls.

Rumor has it, she had a heart attack.
My only wish is to bring her back.
She was so humorous, so full of life.
Her sarcasm could even stab you with a knife.

I'm going to miss Ms. Nesbitt.
She knew what to say at just the right time,
all of the knowledge She left
me with is worth more than a dime.

Survive

By: Shavontay Hill

I have to survive the wave
At times I'm tired and need some reassur-
ance

My battle is long and hard
I'll defeat the enemy by far

If I ever go away
It'll be in a casket, because I'm here to
stay

My dreams will become reality
While the people saying I wouldn't make
it

Choke on the words that they spoke when
they laughed at me

I got too much inspiration not to make it
The world is mine and I'm going to take it
Take it by storm because you'll never see
me coming

I was a secret now it's time I uncover
I don't need love just need to win the
struggle The tears was all worth it
Because now everybody knows

my purpose
I found happiness in myself
Who needs someone else?

Be who you are
There's no one better than you
You think I'm a liar but I'm speaking the
truth

It's too much money to be out here broke

This means a lot
It's not about the drugs and relationships
See my happiness is the best drug I've
ever token

It keeps me going when I look back on the
has been

The has been of me someone I couldn't
see

Someone who let others influence me to
be someone else

But now I know me
And I'm not vacant I'm pure again watch
me make it.

Bambi

by
Tamaria Hoover

*Walking through the forest with no care
Allowing the winds to flow through my hair
I heard a big bang
And a loud scream rang
Blood was everywhere*

The Start of a Bad Monday

by
Broderick Jones

On Monday I ran late for class
so I lied just to cover my tracks

My locker was stuck
and cursed, "Just my luck!"

And my teacher said, "Oh, make sure you get a pass!"

The Final Showdown

by Freyvaughn Heard

The last varsity has game has arrived and it didn't look too good from the start. With the Wildcats winning the tip at the start of the game workin a 9-0 run. The Wildcats commence to a full court press against the Falcons to cause a turnover and multiple scores.

Minutes went by with score leading 2-15, Jaylen Clark dunks the ball with fury into the hoop. Wildcats continue to full court press and starts to blow away early in the 1st quarter with multiple scores.

Falcons continues to cherry-pick down the court to get

the easy bucket. First Quarter has ended with adjustments to be made and will try to get back in the game. The second quarter begins and the Wildcats are leading with the score of 26-9.

Falcons tried to get back into the game but just couldn't find certain stops on defense.

The score is now 38-17 with Wildcats lead. Falcons got some shots up every other possession but couldn't get themselves back into distance. A lot of shouting from the crowd on how excited they were by the tremendous

plays the Wildcats were running. Playing up tempo was in their favor to score almost every basket. It's now half time with the Wildcats lead. Halftime is a much needed respite to help the Falcon regain composure.

The third quarter has now started with score of 22-53 Wildcats lead. Falcons couldn't get really get shots up in this point of time. Defense was really being shown on the Falcons with not much they could do. Minutes go by, with score of 24-61.

The game comes to a close with a final score of 47-87.



Richard Adams going up for the layup.



Jaylen Clark



The last cross district showdown for the seniors. Retirement Ceremony Game vs. Thornton

District 205 Bowling Teams

The Falcon Lady Bowlers had a very productive season where it ended with one very special young lady making it to SWSC Sectionals in Orland Park, IL. That young lady is none other than Thornwood's own Genae England (So). This was her first year on the Falcon bowling team which makes this a very special achievement for her. Also making it to sectionals from the boys squad was Lendon Smith (TW); he earned 3rd place in sectionals. Never before in the three years of the sport has a team member made it beyond regionals. Way to go Falcon bowlers!

End of Seson Awards

Girls Bowling Varsity
High Game - Dionne McArthur (238)
High Series - Diamond Rycraw (413)
High Average - Diamond Rycraw (155)
Most Improved - Miracle Patrick-Holmes (+22 pins to avg)

Boys Bowling

Varsity:
2nd place Team Series in the ICC Baker Tourney
Christopher Moore, Steven Harris, Waldell Ray, Lendon Smith, and Zealous Pendleton (TW)



(l- r) Genae England (TW), Miracle Patrick-Holmes (TR), Diamond Rycraw (TT), Aysia Smith (TT), and Dionne McArthur (TT).

TR's First Wrestling Sectional



By Treyvaughn Heard

TR host's the first sectionals for wrestling and it turned out pretty well. Over 20 teams was there, it was crowded and interesting to watch. But, three individual wrestlers who made it are Kelly Griffin, Jamari Brown, and Dareal Dugar. Jamari had high hopes coming in his matches and was excited because it was his last year of high school, he also had a strategy which was "to go out and be aggressive". He did just that by winning both his matches on Friday. Billy Evans, the junior wrestler who was an alternate said that "It could of been over quicker".

Kelly came in strong the first two periods but was short on the last period and lost to a tough battle against CAS. Kelly said that he could of done better but he best put his best effort in either way. Coach Potacki said that he was pretty disappointed in how the match turned out with Kelly but he knew he tried his hardest. In

a conversation about Jamari it was said that he's just a straight beast in general.

Coming up on Dareal's matches, Coach Potacki says that *he expects him to be aggressive just like Jamari.*

Dareal said before his upcoming matches, that he was *ready wrestle*. Going into his first match, he was being smart against his opponent, making smart moves to wear him down and get fatigued. Dareal did that the whole match almost and won. Smart strategy he did, now he have a next match to attend to and plan it out.

Dareal is now on his last match, lot of grappling was going into him and his opponent. A bunch of fatigue was on both of them. Then that last period came and Dareal lost his positioning. Believe me, it sure looked like a tough match up he was going against. But, he came up short. They all did outstanding and gave 100% effort.



Jamari Brown grapples his opponenet.



Dareal with the half nelson.



Kelly Griffin with the strong grapple.



Kelly with the stare-down.



Dareal sparring.



Congratulations to Jamari Brown who is a IHSA Wrestling State Qualifier. Jamari is the first to qualify for State since 2001.



Dareal preparing for his match.