



MMXIX  
/MMXX

THE HEARING —

# THE HEARING

2019 - 2020



The Hearing is a literature magazine published annually by John Randolph Tucker High School. Our mission is to provide an artistic platform for student voices. We welcome all student submissions from prose & poetry to photography & music composition. We look for works that demonstrate passion, creativity, and the Tiger spirit.

This magazine is the property of:

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2910 N Parham Rd, Henrico, VA 23294

# THE HEARING

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## COMPOSITION

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This year's magazine touches on a variety of issues — family, love, grief, and more. We're blown away by the talent, and we know you will be, too.

-- The Hearing Staff

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Enter.

Widad Khan



As I lay fatigued like you probably do  
I think about the world and I wonder who  
Who will stand brave and never go down  
Who will wear a smile and never a frown  
Well that is me, of course, me and all of you  
What wonderful colors, orange and blue.

- Yousseff Elmoutassir

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# LA NUEVA TUCKER

Damarys Rodriguez

La gente se ríe en los pasillos  
hablando con sus amigos  
Yo pienso de tiempos pasados y como el año estás terminado  
Cómo pasa el tiempo  
cómo cosas cambio  
El Tucker dentro de mi corazón  
No es el mismo dentro de tú  
Pero las experiencias  
Ojalá  
Son similares  
Bienvenido a Nuestra Tucker

Annie Trinh





Annie Trinh

I think I once lived in a simple dog town.  
We alighted on lark-lit streets  
with tubers called secrets beneath,  
sky-written trails above  
for simple dogs to read

Simple dogs threw baseballs,  
rough and worn  
like lips in MarchApril.  
A ball in the web, a heavenly smack,  
only inches above pain.

Simple dogs ate frozen juice  
in summer, giving new forms  
to old substance, licking the sticky sweet  
from fingers, tongues not knowing the  
lock and key of teeth.

Simple dogs bought shoes  
from a man in a tie, and slid socked feet  
into a cold metal contraption,  
measuring time they couldn't  
yet feel on their cheeks

Simple dogs created mud  
and buried their plastic heroes,  
just to dig them up, not knowing  
that all around them people were buried  
with no simple dogs to save them.  
Simple dogs looked under logs,  
finding a gelatin flow of arachnids  
and bugs who curled  
into their own armor at the poke of sticks,  
reminding simple dogs of their parents.

Yes, I remember now  
it was a simple dog town  
and simple dogs fed on picket fence,  
bicycle skid marks, lime chalk,  
and recess whistle blow.

They gorged themselves on fishing wire,  
bicycle spokes, denim, flannel,  
cafeteria steam and nine-volt blips.

I remember now it was a simple dog town  
and I sure am hungry now.

**SIMPLE DOG TOWN**  
Jason Golos

# O C T O B E R    1 5

Griffin Goodwyn

The morning began like any other:  
I woke up at 7:30,  
And frantically woke up my brother  
so we both weren't tardy.

I hopped into the car  
with chemistry on my mind--  
Formulas and equations,  
too difficult to keep aligned.

The night before I studied late  
for a test the next day;  
I knew that I'd prepared myself  
in every single way.

The early classes were a blur  
as my stress began to build;  
When fourth period drew closer,  
all my brain was filled.

I walked into the room  
still with confidence in my heart,  
But my friends foresaw failure  
before the test would start.

To our seats us students regressed,  
as she placed papers on the table,  
And after looking at the test,  
my heart rate became unstable.

My head lost everything  
I'd stuck in it yesterday;  
My brain had let me down  
in the very worst way.

I needed to calm my nerves  
as the minutes ticked away;  
Like a sandwich with preserves,  
I wrote in a messy way.

Without an ounce of confidence left,  
I turned that failure in.  
That test committed a theft  
that robbed me of my grin.

I said, "I don't want to be here,  
I just want to go back home",  
But I still needed to volunteer  
at the library, where children roam.

After that hour, I felt better,  
and I had a sense of calm;  
Yet my tears would grow wetter,  
and my day would explode like a bomb.

My mom picked me up from there  
as I observed the setting sun;  
I wanted to photograph the air  
because I thought it'd be fun!

So we kept on driving,  
chasing it like a shooting star,  
But my happiness wasn't thriving  
since it moved faster than our car.

Saddened after this failure,  
I drank some water from my bottle;  
It spilled on my new pants from the tailor  
when Mom hit the throttle.

---

As we journeyed home  
in the darkness of the night,  
We were startled by dented chrome:  
we were hit at a stop light!

Our car had come to a pause  
as we turned onto our street,  
And the driver hadn't seen us because  
she thought it was better to eat.

After some conversation  
making sure everyone was okay,  
I entered my room with jubilation  
after a disappointing day.

To resolve my sadness and stress,  
I decided to take a shower,  
But I could never guess  
that even that could turn my day sour.

I reached to grab my towel  
when I walked into the room;  
The metal rack that held it fell  
and crashed with a BOOM!

On this Tuesday in October  
I believed everything went wrong,  
But what what I will remember  
is the lesson I'd known all along.

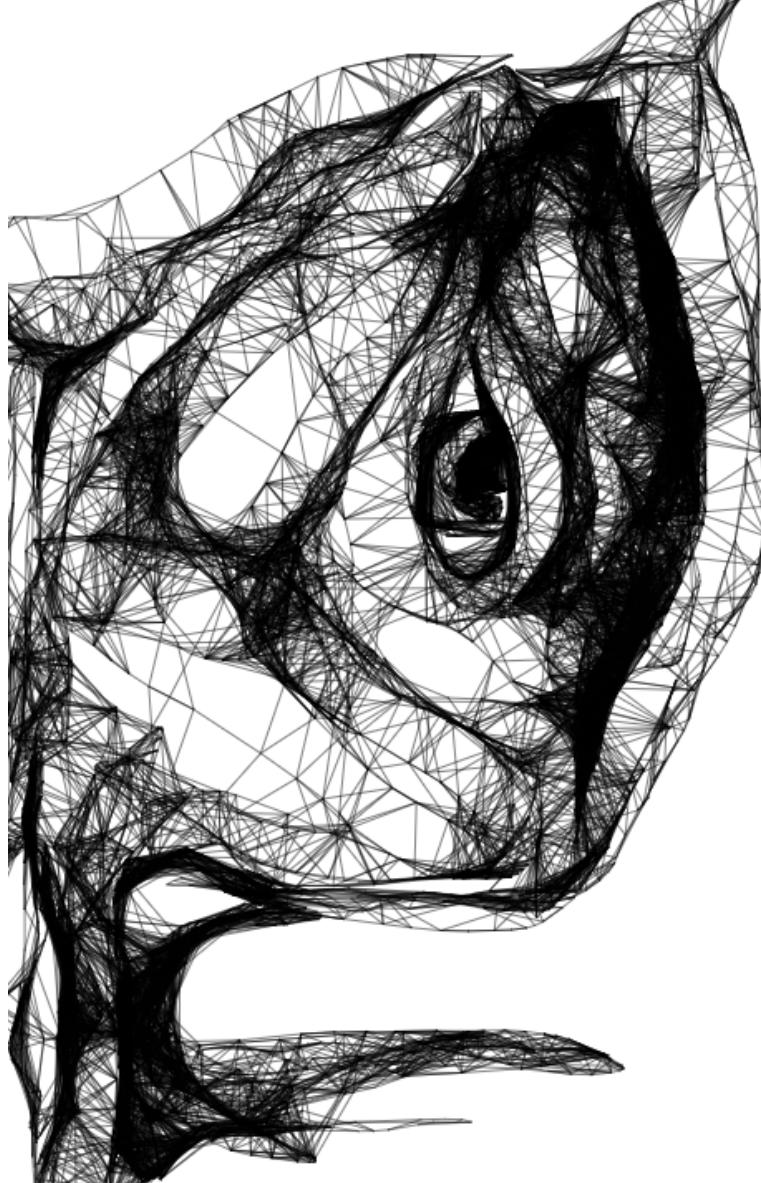
That day my fears materialized,  
and I was truly at my worst,  
But in the days that followed,  
my bad luck was reversed!

The car and rack were fixed;  
the stain on my pants went away;  
A beautiful sunset left me transfixed;  
my chemistry grade was still an A!

Everyone will have times of sorrow;  
everyone will have a bad day.  
But if you look forward to tomorrow,  
then everything will be okay!

Allyson Tham





Widad Khan

# A F R A I D

Charlotte Bell

And I hope I'm wrong  
And I hope I'm wrong

And I wasn't wrong.

And I wish I was right.

(If only I wasn't) wrong  
(If only I wasn't) wrong  
(If only I wasn't) wrong

But.

I can't let this  
I can't let this  
I. CAN'T. LET. this  
C O N T  
R O L  
me.

I am more than my wrongs

I am more

I am more than I think I am  
I am more than I know I am

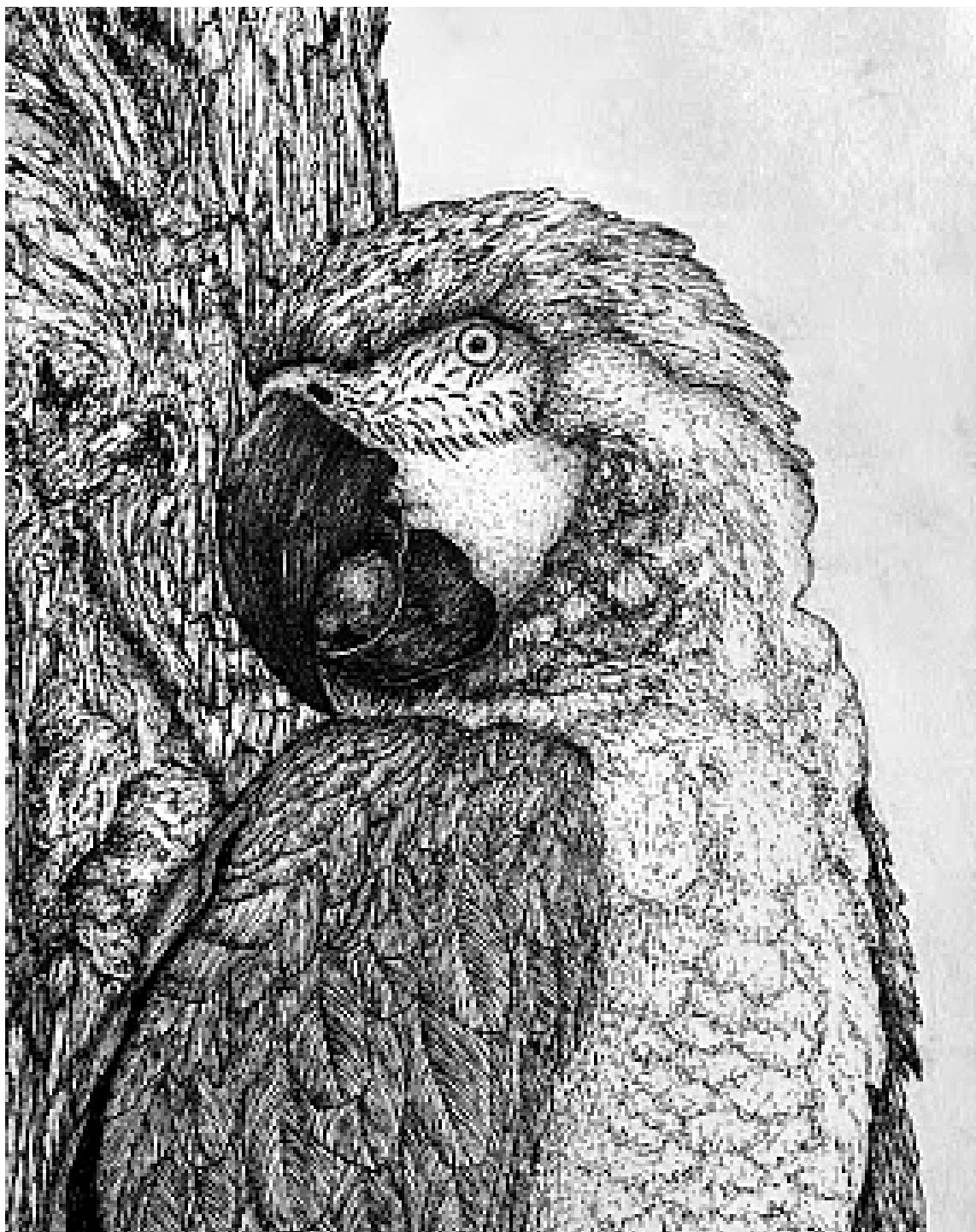
Right?

(Still, I am afraid)

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Fabiha Tahsin



# THEIR FLYING DOG

Anaya Surve

She always comes out with her heels on,  
clicking

down  
the stairs

with her hips swaying. She leaves  
the house exactly at seven, drops the baby off  
the same place we do  
goes to work with no sound  
except for her clicking.

I only spoke to her once,  
she told me I was beautiful,  
reminds her of herself.

I see her husband with their dog,  
a small dog,  
yipping  
running  
through the grass with his ears  
acting as wings.

He wears a button down shirt  
every day, and parks the car  
in the same spot. Has his lunch  
in one hand and the fingers  
of a toddler interlaced in the other.  
I never see the two of them together,  
one is always  
walking the dog,  
swaying her hips.

---

Then I saw a woman  
walking as if books  
were stacked on  
her head. Her lips  
a dull red, leaving prints  
on starched collars  
I heard shouting  
The silhouette of her  
holding up his button down  
shirt  
in the window. She knew.

Yet we left  
at seven.  
and I still heard  
her clicking.

We always notice  
the big white house  
with the perfect couple  
two children and flying dog  
but we don't talk  
about it.

**Widad Khan**



# IN AN INSTANT

Rachel Scott

In an instant  
anything happens.  
The world stops turning,  
as I stand rock still.

In two instants  
we can take slow breaths  
puffing the cold air,  
as the silence is filled.

In three instants  
we'll stare at each other,  
nothing being spoken,  
but everything said.

In four instants  
I'll smile  
you'll grin,  
the gap closes between us  
and we'll kiss again.

---

Allyson Tham



# L I G H T S

Minnie Zhang

Once a year, Mama puts up red banners and diamonds up around the house. She tapes them on the backs of doors and the closet underneath the stairs, and if you ever come down during the night you can see them wink at you like slabs of sliced ruby. She cleans the entire house because it is the New Year, and it might be February for the white folks but it is a new, new year for us, because the moon said so and we all came from the moon, anyway. The diamonds say wealth and she turns them upside down, because the Chinese word for *down* sounds like the Chinese word for *to come*, and then the upside down triangles become *wealth to come*, and everyone loves a good fortune.

Once a year, Mama strings up red lanterns that dance like puppets. They hang above my head like fat berries, ripe with fortune and luck and waiting to burst. She teaches me her childhood songs, voice trilling like glimmering lights, about baby sparrows and little apples and girls from the moon, all of them searching for a home.

Once a year, Mama takes us to parades they hold at the Chinese churches, where there are people with the same yellow skin and black eyes. My people dress up in their tasseled pants and paint their

faces, clip on long, long beards and put on masks swirling with cherry inks and glossy whites. They dress up like dragons, with fur-lined claws and crimson eyes, but no wings, because our dragons don't need wings to soar. Side to side, they sway, red and green and gold glinting like stars.

Once a year, we sit down neatly on our chairs, all of us with the same hairs and same eyes and same smiles. Men and women pass by us in their dancing costumes, tails skipping behind them, singing. My brother tosses coins at their sparkling tails and they sprinkle to the floor, glowing like a handful of tiny moons.

Once a year, we watch the dragons dance, their tasseled whiskers flinging up and down, bells and bells and whistles jangling. Behind them, boys and girls play their drums, clothed in red tradition, palms falling flat on sheets of pigskin. My little brother watches their legs cross as they dance, watches them toss their arms in the air and beam with joy, because today our new year begins. One by one, they parade by us, their mouths open and wider than the sun.

Once a year, I wake up and underneath

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my pillows there is money, a couple hundred dollars sealed tight in a red bag for good luck. I get up and cook breakfast for my parents, mouthwatering pans of dumplings and rice as white as snow. At night, we turn on the TV to the mainland networks, and we watch the mainland celebrate. They shoot fireworks so high in the sky, they look like stars. On the mainland, only the littlest of children sleep. Everyone else drinks cups full of red wine and *nian gao*, sweet rice noodles that melt in your mouth like candy. Everyone looks at the sky, at the moon that made us and the stars that love us and the old year that left us.

Once a year, I go back to the home that will always want me. There, the stars are bright and the lights are even brighter.



Annie Trinh

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The detergent of her clothes  
In a deep breath, it all came back.  
Frozen tears on cheeks still striped  
remembering her scent in the ice

the way her eyes crinkled at the edges  
and a beat of her lashes drew a rainbow  
somewhere. There was always one piece  
of hair  
that never fit, the way her gloves were  
sometimes  
mismatched when she went in the cold.

She didn't need to say anything  
But when she showed me how strong  
her heart was and how weak  
her smile was. I fell with her.

I finally think I understand  
that I'm not allowed  
to love her. I shouldn't  
hold her icy hands  
in the snow. I am a girl  
and with that comes a title  
we are not ready for.

When the fighting came  
her voice suddenly  
matched her strength.

Maybe first loves aren't meant to last.  
Maybe everyone in love  
grows apart  
eventually.

Maybe that won't mean much  
in ten years  
but it meant something then  
left us wishing we could freeze.

# SNOW ANGELS

Anaya Surve



Antonina Matic

# GRIEF IS NO STRANGER

Anonymous

Grief is no stranger  
To me.  
After a while  
It begins to feel like family.  
It says hello  
I reply,  
"Hi."  
We shake hands, chat, then say goodbye.  
I always try not to cry.  
But parting is such sweet sorrow  
And I'd hate to die  
To leave all I love behind  
And disappear.  
Never again to see or hear,  
Or taste or love,  
Or feel fear.  
But I know it will happen eventually  
To everyone, even me.  
I just have to be prepared  
To wish for the best  
When I won't be there.  
To hope that they'll be able to move on  
To mourn my memory  
While it's still fresh.  
But that Grief  
Won't linger,  
Just pass by.  
So please when I'm gone,  
Don't regret my life,  
Yours will carry on.  
Hopefully, happily.  
And if Grief ever stops by  
And you ever miss me  
Just remember  
My smile.  
And how I loved you so.

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Jessica Savage



THE HEARING

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# HIGH SCHOOL

Reagan Jones

it's 9a.m. on the first tuesday in september  
and i'm sitting in the back of an english class  
with room full of people that i've never met:  
a day my mom told me i'd remember forever  
and yet, i wish i was still sleeping.

i see a girl to my right with red hair and green eyes and a vibrant smile  
the red head leans over and asks my name,  
which is when i find out her name is hannah with an h  
and by 3p.m. we have plans for the mall that weekend

a month passes and homecoming has arrived  
hannah helps me apply my lipstick  
as i finish curling her bright red hair.  
we're wearing black dresses with high heels,  
and my mom calls me a lady for the first time.

two hours later we're singing our hearts out,  
our heels are in our hands,  
and our feet are bare,  
and our curls have fallen,  
and we swear to be best friends forever

it's february now,  
the air is cold  
and coach has yelled at us 5 times and it's only an hour into practice  
but for some odd reason,  
i feel happy and my heart is warm;  
i don't want practice to end

---

two months later

and the red head and i are on a bus on the way to a game at our opposing school.

we have our cleats on and we're quizzing each other  
on our vocab for the english test the next day

it's mid june now,  
and suddenly,  
it's the last day of freshman year  
and somehow, it's hard to comprehend how  
i won't see the same kids every day for 7 hours

i won't get annoyed by their loud laughs  
i won't be tired from studying late the night before a huge test  
i won't pass notes with hannah while the teacher isn't looking  
and i won't be able to play another game of soccer with these same people,  
and somehow i'm looking forward to september

and 3 short months later,  
it's 9a.m. on the first tuesday in september

Jessica Savage



# SUNFLOWER

Maliha Chowdhury

your chocolate eyes become  
pools of honey  
with just a tilt towards the sun.  
a smile so sweet. sun-kissed skin.  
your glory has just begun.  
it pleases me to know that  
i've already won  
that open, vulnerable heart.  
though, you spread your love  
so generously,  
as if the seeds in your center  
will never diminish.  
it pains me, darling,  
how you ignore me so.  
facing the light until you can't help  
but turn,  
pitying my cries from below.  
aren't we in love? how can that be?  
your thousands of petals are caressed  
by everyone except me.

why does it feel as if you're so far away?

though you insist there's no distance,  
your towering height  
deprives me of warmth.  
but still, i won't dare touch your roots.  
i refuse to snip the leaves,  
though they're overgrown.

instead, i'll let the aphids  
devour me instead  
i know how you desire



Ra Ha Ma Be

so strongly for sunlight,  
and i'll let you thrive.  
no matter how much it  
makes me wither away.  
your dear rose has grayed,  
balled tight in tears.

what folly!

this decay is what i've always feared.

# STILL NOT BORED

Maliha Chowdhury

Let's take a walk and  
Admire our fourth spring sun  
Talk for hours  
About spaceships and ice cream

We can walk in silence  
One that is comfortable  
We head back at sunset  
As the sky is filled with colors  
Burnt orange sun  
I feel comfortable and so do you

There isn't much to do today  
So let's not rush time  
Do something fun  
Watch a new movie  
Even start a new show  
Or just sit together  
As long as we're with each other

Like my best friend  
We can laugh for ages  
Even at the smallest things  
Talk about our feelings  
And hold each other with care  
Spend so much time  
Yet I'm still not bored

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# NOT AGAIN

Rachel Scott

I've been searching for hours but I still can't find them.

They're way too important to lose.

I checked the counter, my backpack, the bathroom, in my clothes,  
But my search only found an old pair of shoes.

Why does this always happen to me?

I think I'd much rather choose  
To eat a whole pile of broccoli stalks  
Then continue to have the blues.

I run to my mom and ask if she's seen them.  
She looks at me like I've got a few loose screws.

"What? Where are they?"

"Your glasses?"

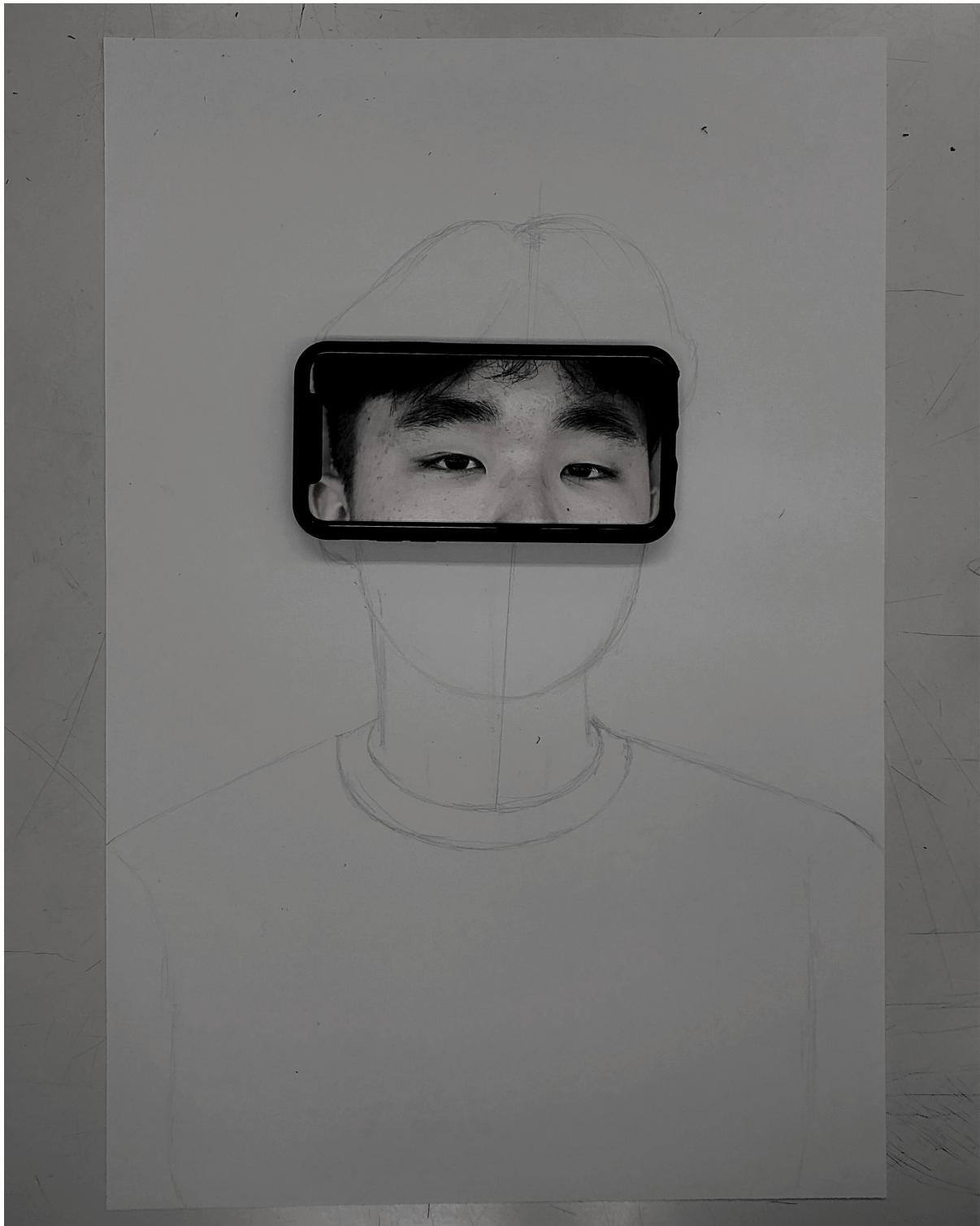
"Yes, those!"

"Silly, they're right on your nose!"

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Jack Lacy



THE HEARING

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# B I O - P O E M A

Matea Recalde

Atlético, responsable, pesado, amistoso

Hijo de Cristina y Francisco, hermano de Jade y Ariel

Jugar futbol, salir con amigos, comprar ropa

Me importa mis amigos familia y comida

Tengo miedo de payasos, grandes arañas y grandes montañas rusas

Logre entrar en el programa de inmersión y mejorar mi  
español y logre ganar segundo puesto en mi primer torneo de futbol.

Quisiera ver el Eiffel tower en la noche en la noche

Nací en Ecuador y viviendo en Virginia

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Fabiha Tahsin



# THE LAST BASKETBALL GAME

Masrik Dahir

The basketball game just started. The Tuckers -with an orange and blue t-shirt- crowded up the whole gallery like a bright, blue sky of a forest coated with sugar maple trees. The cheerleaders invigorated with enlightening spirit while the spectators cherished their way to appreciate the last match in the age-old gym. The fifty-seven years old gym stands on his glory where hundreds of renowned athletes made their way to triumph. Moreover, the school reflects the indelible mark of the students who glorified our community as a member of the Tucker nation.

The open campus encompasses considerable side-walls with fabulous artworks. The paintings symbolize the ethics of the tiger nation: diversity, creativity, and playfulness. It is a tradition for the seniors to renovate the walls with their creative touch. The canvass covers the alternate universe where Harry Potter plays soccer, glass-wing butterfly blocks the moon and refract bluish dim, blue whale speaks Spanish, and reindeer carry a Christmas

cart of KitKat and Reese. The art of gossiping reaches its zenith point during lunch. Most elegantly, the student can sit outside and finish their meal while discussing the top songs on iTunes or upcoming action movies.

The manner along with the environment varies along with the buildings: JRTC building blaze the flame of leadership skills, while the orchestra frost the overheating temper and tiredness. The band marches with their melodic rhythm to encircle the soccer field with dashing outfits. The baseball field, where pitcher's gloves lay in the dust, is always vibrant. The football field ground is never deserted; the freshman are strolling while throwing the football. The auditorium, theatre of the school, is the breakthrough for significant events and announcements; Thousands of guest speakers promoted values, scholarship, and career advice. The immersion building is the symbol of global citizenship. The variety of language binds a tight knot with another part of the world through diversity. The separa-

ted buildings plot an adventurous feeling. So many great memories lie beneath every inch of the concrete. Students rush during the bells with an absurd buzz like the honey bees suddenly coming out of the honeycomb.

This is Tucker: just gorgeous.

The game is over and so is the day-light. The sun is setting off with marking a bluish red sky. The final chapter of Tucker is about to end. However, the day will emerge again with the new sun-new Tucker. Just outside the main gym, the relay-truckers are running. The first runner of the team handed over the baton while the second runner runs for the finish line. Maybe the second runner would end up being victorious, but both runners share equal credit.

Thus, all the achievements and glory of the new Tucker will always be a part of the old Tucker which preserves the footmark of the great thinkers, writers, doers, and players. In our hearts, we will always have a room for Tucker, even though the dust of the old Tucker will be buried beneath the ground thousands of feet under.

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# MASTHEAD

2019 - 2020

**Minnie Zhang '21** is a current junior and a forever fan of milk tea. She is a five-time Scholastic Art & Writing national medalist, a two-time American Voices nominee and also one of four in the nation to receive the 2020 One Earth Award. Her work is published and/or forthcoming in *Ephemiliar*, *The Heritage Review*, and *The Best Teen Writing of 2020*.

**Isabella Sun '23** is a freshman at Tucker in the IB Program and was on the school girls' tennis team before school was cancelled. This year, she won her first Scholastics Gold Key for a mixed media art piece titled *Brush Strokes*, which took inspiration from traditional Chinese artworks. She is deeply interested in all aspects of her culture, including folktales, traditional clothing, food, and classic writing.

**Priyanka Mathur '20** is a graduating senior at J.R. Tucker High School in the IB program. She has been a part of *The Hearing* for two years and is a member of the Ethics and Leadership Council, Science National Honors Society, and Mu Alpha Theta. She has also been learning Indian Classical Dance and Music for most of her life. She loves to sing, dance, read, draw, spend time with her family, and paint.

**Charlotte Bell '23** is a freshman at Tucker in the ACA program. She was part of stage-crew for the past play, Puffs, and musical, Mamma Mia at Tucker, along with participating in the Forensics club and Creative Writing club. She is excited to be one of the staff for The Hearing and enjoys reading, writing, and making art.

**Griffin Goodwyn '21** is a junior in the IB program who became a member of *The Hearing* masthead this past year. He is also a member of Tucker's National Honors Society and Sociedad Honoraria Hispánica, as well as *The Gavel*, Tucker's school newspaper. He lists playing and watching soccer, reading books, and listening to rap music among his favorite hobbies and has aspirations of becoming a sports journalist or broadcaster in the future.

**Anaya Surve '21** is a current junior in the IB program. *The Hearing* is a new passion, and she enjoys every part of the "family." She is part of the Tucker Swim Team, Ethics council, and several National Honor Societies. She is most passionate about teaching children, and regularly tutors in creative writing and other art forms.

**Noah Logan '23** is a current freshman at Tucker Highschool. The Hearing is a good way to allow him to use his journalism skills. He is actively involved in the theatre department and is in the ethics club as well. He loves psychology and hopes to use his skills to make his performances more believable. He hopes to be a part of the Literary Magazine's crew for the rest of his high school career.

**OTHER STAFF** include **Hannah Pennison '22** and **Masrik Dahir '20**.

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:** **Minnie Zhang '21**

**COVER ART:** **Sophie George '20**



# ABOUT

2019 - 2020



## COLOPHON

The 2019 - 2020 issue of *The Hearing* was designed using Canva. Printed by the Associated Press.

Body: Libre Baskerville  
Title: Cormorant Garamond

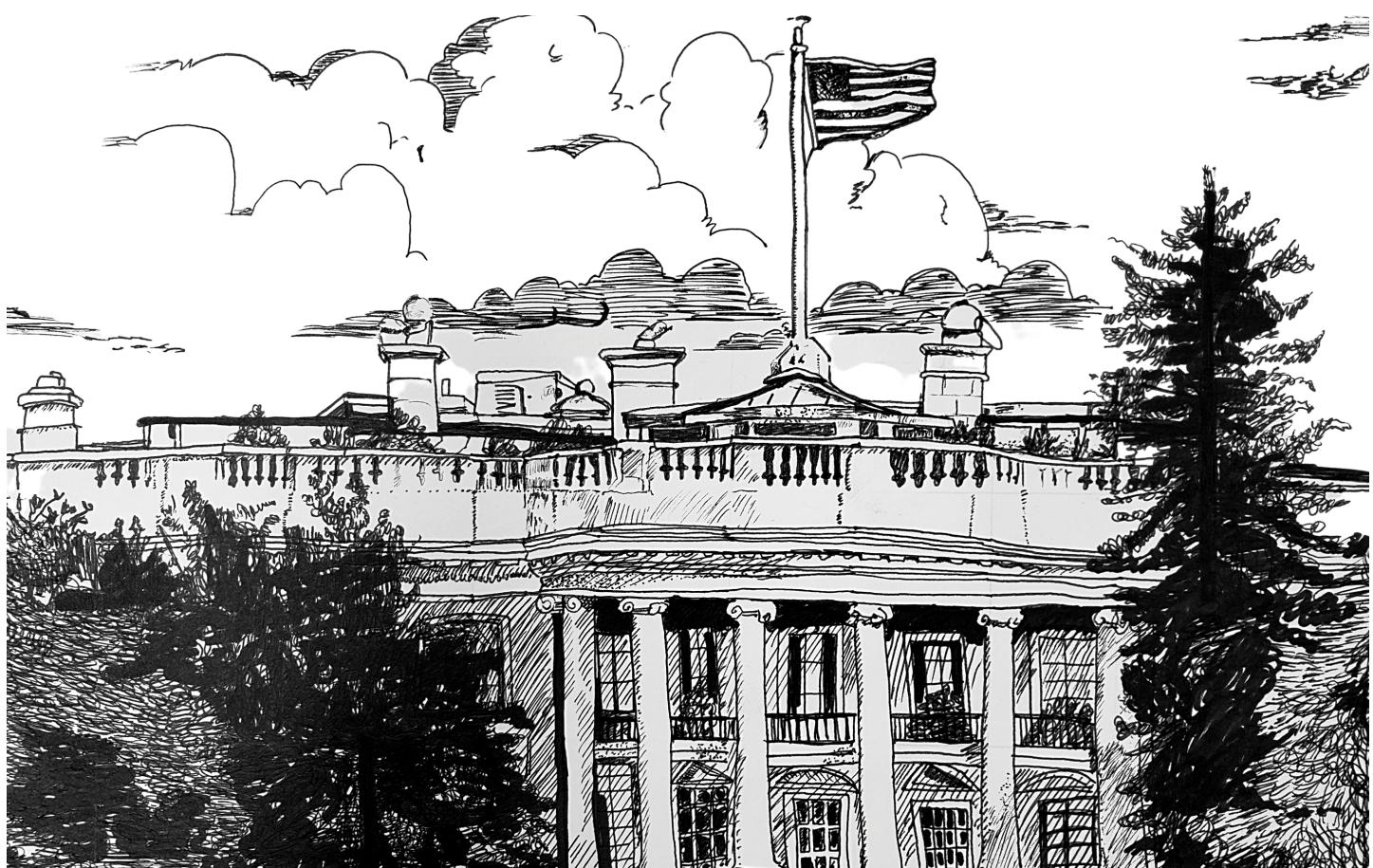
## SPONSOR

Margaret Lee Hall (faculty advisor) is an English Teacher at J.R. Tucker High School. Ms. Hall has an M.F.A. in fiction from the internationally acclaimed Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. Her work has appeared in *Richmond Lifestyle*, *Commonwealth Magazine*, *Style Magazine*, *The Cortland Review*, *Sarah Lawrence College Alumni Magazine* and online at *Lostwriters*. Ms. Hall is a book lover and a horse enthusiast; she is honored to work with the talented staff of *The Hearing*.

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