

The Native

Art & Literary Magazine





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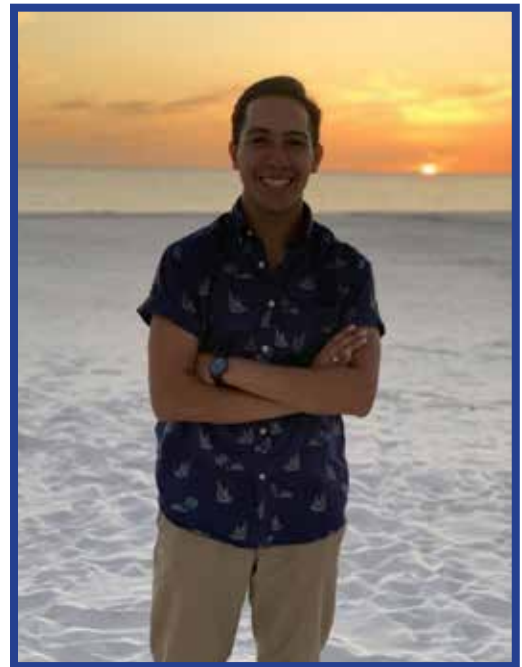
JANELLE MILLIGAN
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IN DEDICATION TO:

Derren Aguirre

The McEachern community lost a beloved senior, Derren Aguirre, on October 25, 2019. Derren was a talented, creative straight-A student who participated in the school's Drama Club and loved to play music on his guitar. He loved to listen and sing along to Queen and G-Eazy, and when he was lost in the music, he didn't care who saw or heard him. His pure heart and bright spirit kept a smile on everyone's face, especially those friends, teachers, and the family members closest to him. He saw the good in people and made sure everyone around him, whether that person was a stranger or friend, knew they were loved. Derren greatly changed the lives of those he had encountered and we are forever grateful we had the chance to get to know this pure soul. We will continue life with him in our hearts, and in order to honor the impact he had on everyone, we are dedicating this year's issue of *The Native* to him.

Thank you, Derren, for making everyone smile with the memory of your presence.



My Letter to the Senior Class

THIS IS DEDICATED TO YOU, CLASS OF 2020

By: Alicia Baynes

This school year started off with great enthusiasm and excitement as we welcomed the Senior Class of 2020! It is a milestone in its own right, an illustrious year that we had all wondered about and spoken of for decades. The year 2020: what would it bring?

For me, I was thrilled with the fact that I had been selected as McEachern's Teacher of the Year, which meant more to me than any other time, because I was not only a teacher this year, but also the parent of a senior. I finally had both of my children, a senior and a freshman, attending the school I have worked at for 23 years. The spring season is the time I had looked forward to for so long, as all of you have as well: the SkillsUSA State Competition, spring sports, prom, senior nights, Senior Week, the Senior Assembly, awards nights, banquets, Senior Supper, concerts, senior trips, graduation—in other words, all that encompasses being a senior at the best high school in the nation and continuing all the traditions McEachern is best known for. Now, due to this horrible thing called COVID-19, AKA “the corona” or just “Rona,” all of those events, moments, and milestones have either been cancelled or postponed.

I was asked to speak at the Senior Assembly this year as Teacher of the Year, but instead, I am writing this letter to you. I was super nervous about giving a speech, and I had a lot of anxiety over what to say. Now, I would give anything to be able to stand in front of you, your family and friends, and deliver this in person. I had planned to discuss the importance of traditions. I was going to title my speech and video “It's a Matter of Tradition,” then talk about how things have changed, will continue to change, and how you must prepare and adapt for the future. I think the current events prove even further how much that is true! Since I cannot give that speech, let me say this instead:

I feel you, Seniors! I feel your hurt, your heartache, your disappointment, your sadness, your anger, your loneliness, your isolation, your depression, your stress, your emotion, and I know that you feel as though you have been robbed of many defining moments during this uncertain time. However, I also see your fierce determination to not let this define you!

I see you! I see your ability to adapt and change. I see your connections, even though they are through devices and social media and the now common platform Zoom. I see you trying to keep your head above water and to make the best of a bad a situation. I see your flexibility in situations that you cannot control, and you seem to be handling it even better than your parents. You are the class that was born during the chaos of 9/11, and now you are graduating during a pandemic. You are a class of resilience, of making the best of difficult and scary times in our nation's history. You are the class that will continue to thrive and overcome because you have the “fight” to do so. You will not let society's problems overwhelm you. Instead, you are the students who will find solutions and make positive change for the future! You will stand up for what you believe in, and you will rely on art, music, poetry, design, wellness, and health to sustain you and make this world a better place.

As Maya Angelou once said, “You may encounter many defeats, but you must not be defeated. In fact, it may be necessary to encounter the defeats, so you can know who you are, what you can rise from, how you can still come out of it.” I pray her wisdom will help to guide you and help you understand this adversity. I hope this process will allow you the opportunity to learn about your character. Know that I believe in you and your ability to weather the storm!

Although this may not have been the senior year you dreamed of, it will be unique, one of historical proportions, and one that will be remembered forever. This senior class will always hold a special place in my heart.

There are many roads to get where you strive to be in life and your path is just beginning. Life will challenge you; sometimes it will give you what you want, and other times what you need, but as my dad always said, “it’s not the destination, it’s the journey.” A large part of your journey depends on who you travel with, and that’s one thing I have been positively blessed with: great friends and a loving family. Remember, it’s not where you come from, it’s where you belong, and McEachern has a tradition of welcoming every student and teacher as part of the family. McEachern will always be where you have a home and people who care about you.

ONCE AN INDIAN, ALWAYS AN INDIAN!

#WereAllInThisTogether

Thank you all for taking this journey with me.

I am proud of you! Stay positive and enjoy the journey!



Alicia Baynes - Graphic Design
Teacher of the Year



Acknowledgements

We would like to express our gratitude toward the artists and writers whose work appears on these pages. The creative process behind each edition of *The Native* begins during the fall semester, and after frequent meetings and lots of work, we unveil and honor artwork, literature, and creative accolades that celebrate the year's artistic and literary accomplishments at McEachern High School. It is an honor to have work included in *The Native*, and we hope you will save this digital file as a memento of your accomplishment.

Mrs. Alicia Baynes, Ms. Whitney Chandler, and Mrs. Ruth Thomas would like to extend two special thanks; one to Mrs. Danielle Walker, for providing the art you see on each of these pages; and one to Mrs. Amy Vickrey, for providing our staff with the writing of Derren Aguirre, to whom this edition is dedicated. To each of the teachers who encouraged their students to submit their writing to the Literary Magazine, thank you for your efforts in pushing the Indians towards excellence!

We would also like to thank our principal, Ms. Regina Montgomery, the school's webmaster, Mr. Todd McMath, and the McEachern Trust Board for their continued support.



Elizabeth Shyman - Freshman

Akkiye Bass

SENIOR



Akio McKinley

JUNIOR



Rain

MIA BADILLO - JUNIOR

Love is the rain:
It's a slow, calming song,
The smell of pine and sage,

The things I did for you:
Canceled plans,
Stayed inside,
Lied to friends.
A beautiful memory.

When you would leave,
You left me tired,
Leaving me with a desire...
A desire to do nothing.

The rain was gone.

You said dancing was okay,
But you didn't warn me I would fall,
With blue knees.
You told me it was safe,
But forgot to mention the puddles of oil and dirt,
The lonely feeling of having you around,
The flood that would kill whatever grows.

I thought I needed you.
Lied and said you would make my flowers grow.
But you rained for days,
Dead flowers laid in a row
You ignored me.
I ignored your warning signs.
The warnings, they flashed before me,
The lightning that got too close.
But you couldn't let me be.

Love is the rain.
I have found peace with it.
It wasn't my fault.
I saw your storm
And when the lightning hit,
I knew it was time to go home.



Jae Allen - Junior

Beta Club

Tyriq Hearst and his team (Khalilah Quamina, Jasmine Nobles, MaKayla Camese, Anthony Johnson, and Amani Riggs) earned 5th place for their creation of a club portfolio and an invitation to compete at National Convention this summer, as all competitions will now be online. Working off of a childhood favorite, the team showcased its McEachern Beta Clubhouse and all of the adventures Beta members have as they work on service, leadership, character and achievement.

After a competitive written application and interview round, Khalilah Quamina was selected as the first place Senior Scholarship Award winner for the state of Georgia (a \$1,500 prize). Khalilah's time in Junior Beta, status as a club officer, selection as a Leadership Representative and attendance at National Leadership Camp helped highlight her service record and make her the perfect representative for Georgia Beta. During fall leadership summit, the MHS Beta Club was recognized as a 2019-2020 Leadership School and three teams earned the right to compete at National Convention this summer, which will also be held online now. The Service Snapshot team highlighted the club's inaugural Trunk or Treat program, while the Rapid Response team worked together as a team to complete an onsite team challenge, and the Lead Outside the Box team showcased the club's plan for more environmentally conscious actions in our schools.

The Beta Club's ability to work as a team to design and create materials highlighting its role in the school's culture led to these outstanding results.



You're Pretty For a Darkskin

TIANA ROBERTS - SENIOR

I'm tired of waking up every morning to go to school for 7 hours just to go back home and do 4 more hours of homework before I go to sleep.

I'm tired of getting bumped into in the middle of Senior Circle, like dang, does "Excuse me" not exist?

I'm tired of the worker at the drive-thru constantly interrupting me to ask, "Will that complete your order?" Like, I'll tell you when I'm done!

I'm tired of going to the nail salon, asking to get my eyebrows waxed, and them asking, "You want mustache, too?"

But nah, do you really want to know what I'm tired of hearing?

I'm tired of hearing,
"You're pretty for a dark skin."
One, because that's not a compliment.
Two, like, how is that a compliment?
Three, yeah, it's just not a compliment.

And if you're still confused on why it's not,
then this right here is for you:



Michelle Wanjohi - Senior

It's not a compliment because that compliment didn't make me feel confident. I mean a compliment is supposed to make the other person feel better about themselves, right? But all that resulted in was young me looking in the mirror hating myself at night. My reflection no longer reflected Beauty; all I saw was The Beast. And because of that one "compliment," I become someone who was no longer me. I was locked up in my own body, in a prison named In-Se-Cur-Ity. I broke out because awareness was my key. I realized this thing wasn't only being said to me.

But hey,
I was young. That insecurity? I've overcome. I'm sorry that I'm not sorry for thinking that the people giving that back handed compliment are just dumb.

And if you're one of those,
this right here is definitely the one:

It's not a compliment, because hearing that I am pretty not because of my skin but in spite of it just doesn't sit right with me at all.
You gave a whack compliment, yet my confidence took the fall.
You are to blame, if anyone at all,
Because you are the reason why so many beautiful black dark women need this call.

And if you're a dark-skinned woman who thinks that's a compliment:

After hearing this, your highpitched "thank yous" and nice smiles after receiving it is something that you'll learn to outgrow.

They say you're pretty for a dark skin, yeah? But no.

You are pretty because you're pretty.

You're pretty because of all that you are,

not because you're still amusing to others even though you lack what they wish you had.

Why is that okay with you?

Like having lighter skin will make you so bad? I'm sorry, sis, but that's not your bag.

You're saying thank you for what?

Don't you understand they are insulting a part of you that will never ever part from you?

All they're saying is you're pretty, but your dark skin isn't meant for you.

Like somehow dark skin women aren't supposed to be pretty, too.

See, that's just not okay,

but "thank you" is what you say.

Because what?

That compliment warmed your heart?

You only said "thank you" because you didn't know your skin was beautiful from the start.

You didn't see it as it is a beautiful, sunkissed work of art.

So next time you encounter a person

who can't compliment you without insulting your dark skin,

don't say "thank you" and don't be ashamed:

tell that person of the error they made,

let them know it's not good what they say,

not to be rude, but that compliment just isn't okay,

God, I wish that saying would just go away.

What you're supposed to say is that their friend, cousin, sister, grandma, or mom would probably be ashamed of you, because nine times out of ten, they're probably dark skin too.

And sometimes the boy has the audacity to say that even when he's darker than you.

So, don't try to throw your own insecurity on me and think I'll catch it.

Tell them I'm beautiful because I'm dark,

And that's how you should've said it.



Rhyli Hunter-James - Freshman

The Relief of Dreams

BRAYDEN WILSON - SENIOR

At the end of my day,
When warmth and light fade away
To repress the stress that I keep,
I lay in my bed and drift to sleep.

During the day the stress only builds,
Completing task after task as my limit fills.
During the day I can only wait for the night,
When I can lay in my bed and my worries take flight.

These waking moments filled with grief,
But will inevitably be met with relief
When my consciousness withers away,
When I am no longer reminded of the day.

In my sleep, I harbor no worries,
Only the joy of release, so I hurry.
To dream another dream elates me,
So much so that I can't be left waiting.

In my sleep, my body repairs,
The damage it's taken from daily affairs.
In my sleep, my body will keep
Away illnesses that could cause me to weep.

In my sleep, I put to rest,
The blights that keep me from my best,
The blights that evoke my sense of enmity,
The blights that hinder my sense of entropy.

Talayah Blake

SENIOR



Lauyen Walkey

JUNIOR



Do You See Color?

HAYLIE TURNER - FRESHMAN

Do you see color?
I know I do,
But if you say you don't
Then you don't notice my hue.
I'm a nice shade of brown,
They call me darkskin.
There was a time when being this dark was seen as a sin!
I'm so in love with the different shades I see.
But if you say you don't see color, then you don't see me.
My people of color are queens and kings,
So again, if you say you don't see color,
You're not letting my freedom ring!
Maybe you say it because it sounds politically correct
But if you say you don't see color,
Then who does it really affect?
It affects us all, even you
Because if you say you don't see color,
You're not seeing the colors you carry too.
So I ask you again,
Do you see color?
I hope you say yes.
It's so hard for me to choose,
Because to me they're all best.



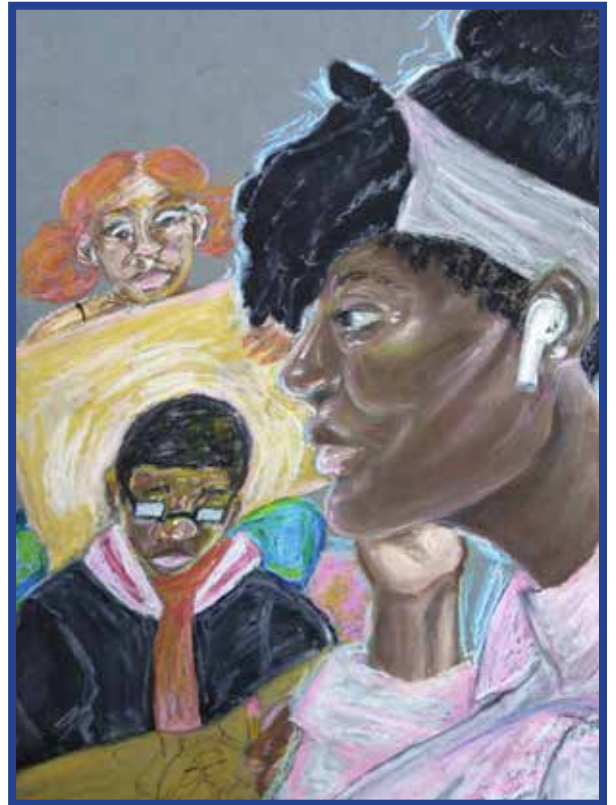
Yuleidi Arroyo - Sophomore



Naja Jean - Sophomore



Qynn Hollner - Senior



Stephanie Anokam -Junior

Bleach

Dakota Martin - Senior



Vianney Ortiz -Junior



Personal Pilgrim Journal

DERREN AGUIRRE - SENIOR

Then there's the story of a man with style:
You should sit if he talks; it will be a while.
Speaking openly is one of his main factors,
All of which are what make him a great actor.
He's 5'8", Hispanic, and has straight hair.
He's never afraid to take on any dare.
He has brown eyes, nice teeth, and an oval face.
Be careful if you judge his music, because he has great taste!
He tries to stay humble and not rise too far above.
He's caring, compassionate, and nice to those he loves.
He always loves to party, and he stays ready to have a ball.
He invites anyone into his family, come one and come all!



Kellie Roman -Senior



Kellie Roman -Senior

The Dangers of a Single Story

ANASTASYA LUBIN – SENIOR

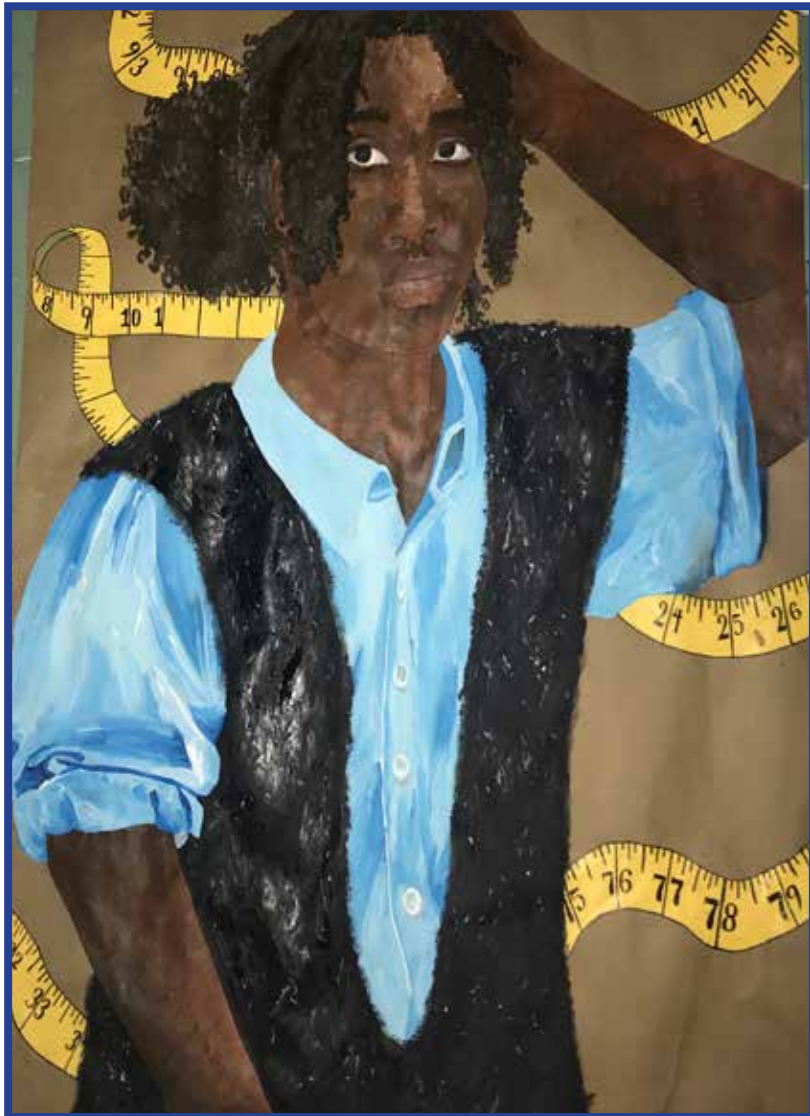
As Chimamanda Adichie said, “Show a people as one thing, only one thing, over and over again, and that is what they become.” In retrospect, I was close-minded and naïve about my ethnicity, my roots. Negative perceptions often portray Haitians as being poor, worthless immigrants. My cultural heritage once caused me embarrassment and shame, but seeing Haiti’s crystal-clear waves for myself surrounding the glorious island swept away the perceived indignity of my birthright.

The scorching summer heat blanketed my jetlagged body when I first stepped into Port-au-Prince. Sweat and anticipation filled my face as I dreamed of an ice-cold tumbler of water. The island’s mythological grandeur comforted me like an angelic hug from Aphrodite. The towering brown trees filled with coconuts, juicy mangoes, and ripened avocados offered down a greeting and welcomed me to their hidden paradise. As I entered the well-traveled town car, I felt this trip would lead me to ask myself an important question: How I could ever have been embarrassed?

A rickety brown boat carried me to the mysterious island of Ile-a-Vache. The sun’s rays pierced through the sky and beamed down onto my cocoa-brown skin, resulting in a sun-kissed burn. My anticipation built as the island’s resort showed itself on the horizon. Giant palm trees, mountainous cliffs, crystalized sand, and clear blue seas filled me with wonder while the fallen mangoes, stray animals, and forgotten souls peppered the sacred island and underscored my wonder.

Villagers concentrated themselves in multiple shaded areas, trying to make a profit off their delicately hand-crafted creations: Picasso-inspired paintings, beaded jewelry, metal pots,

straw-woven purses, and eclectic souvenirs. These natives' faces, their deep gratitude, and my observation of their day-to-day Haitian lives caused a tectonic shift in my self-perception. My humble appreciation deepened as I reflected on my life in the United States. The budding pride that was a result of my travel led to me learning more about my ethnicity and culture.



Lousie Bowling - Junior

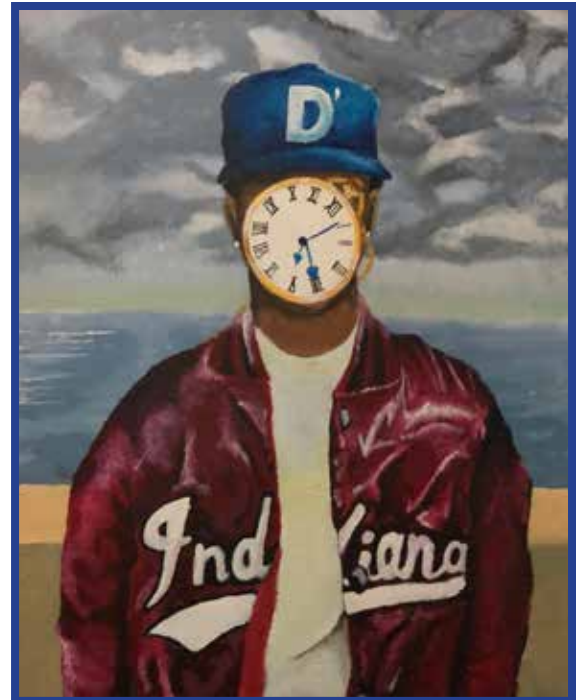
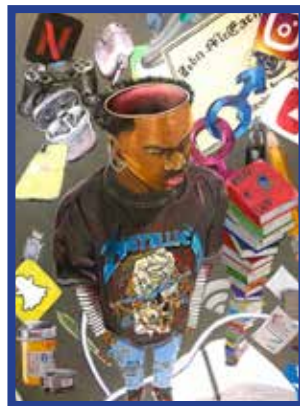
Gollin Iheanacho

SENIOR



Christian Magon

SENIOR



I Am From

ANGEL G. VASQUEZ - JUNIOR

I am from the heavy North where we greet with joy, and the common phrase is yerr.

I am from the blocks and projects that blocked my project of hope and growth.
And from my grandma's croquetas blessing the air, to my sister seen with a tubi on her head.
I am from the "Que lo que" and "Que bola" that tied my vocabulary to potential scars.
From the heavy hands to a soft heart, making a name for myself was the hardest part.

The Blocks

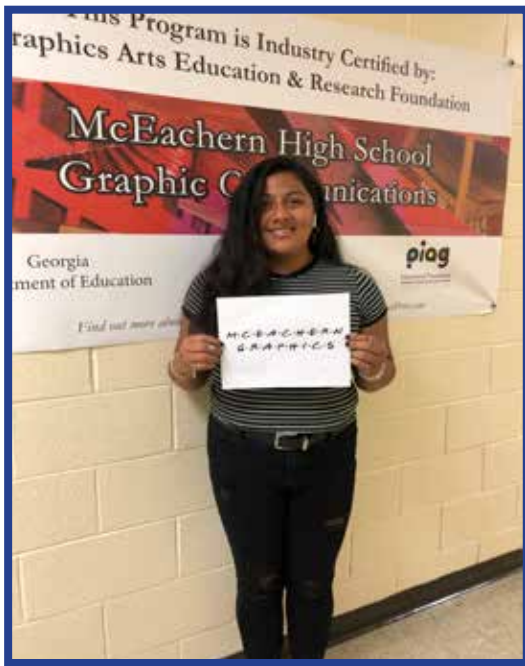
I am from the hard streets of the Bronx struggling for a meal like a lost-cause.
I am from the low corridor of 326, I yell Naranjo 'cause we made the hits.

The Family

From the separated heads that bound a child of misfortune and failure.
To one united by God and brought together with meaning.
Seeming. Reading my bible is a part of me,
Matthew 10:7 is my autograph of "ought to be," absentee is what I'll be
if I focused on what not to see.

Can you see?

I am from love, something so divine and everlasting.
I am from the gatherings of friends and family due to the one on the holy throne.
I am from the one who brought purpose in this earth, from my God who gave his son to make a
way for the church.
I am from "los isla del caribe," mixed with Cuban and Dominican.
I am from the BANG! on the conga drum and the fast hips in salsa.
I am from the import of beats and control-E on reverb,
My culture brought me rhythmic desire to music and F-chords.
Where I'm from, no boy is welcome, growth is very quick and to stay safe you have to sell some.
I was from the blood of many who tried to kill me.
Getting shot at two times is a lot for what people called a weakling.
This is where I'm from, and I'm glad that God changed me for the better,
because without it my family would have received a letter.




T-SHIRT DESIGN WINNERS 2019 - 2020




Kemp's Visit to McEachern



Governor Brian...  2/13/20

We had a great visit at McEachern High School in Powder Springs this morning! I was excited to see all the great work that students and teachers are doing there and share my priorities for education in Georgia! #gapol



2/13/20, 4:09 PM 



Lousie Bowling - Junior

N * G G E R

DYLAN CARDWELL - SENIOR

A collective group of letters that resemble hatred.

The first time I got called one, it stuck like a sticker.
They profile my people to Backwoods and Swishers.
They flood my neighborhood with bottles of liquor .
He got shot 12 times, but you can't tell who pulled the trigger:
Was it the police or his own people, 'cause this country is bitter?
It's like we come out of the womb with black skin and are labeled a sinner.
They were born with a head start, but I still feel like a winner.
They give us food stamps and welfare, but we still can't afford dinner.

And then they sexualize our women about their physique and their butt;
They say rest in peace, but they woke up King Tut.
That probably went over your head, though...
They say rest in peace but woke up King Tut!
Like... what?!
How does that work?
Rihanna's out here feeding Haiti, but you'd rather see her twerk?
My people got it from the mud, my people got it from dirt,
More than 400 years enslaved: Nothing can match that hurt.

They killed MLK and Trayvon and Malcolm X.
I look at you, I look at me, and then I ask who's next.
And white people want to say the N-word (that's just a weird flex).
It's like my blessing is a curse and look! We're all vexed.

Trayvon was just a kid with a pack of Skittles,
But since he had a hoodie on, I guess it's time to draw our pistols.
And I don't get how it's a crime punishable by death if I were to whistle,
But this man only gets probation if he throws acid in my face, just to watch it sizzle.

And with that acid in my face, I would just sit here blind.
It's like just because I'm black, I just started behind.
They spit in our faces, but still expect us to be kind
Thank God I wasn't born in the 50s, 'cause I would have lost my mind...

... Either my mind, or I would've lost my life.
My people get killed just for trying to do what's right.
They kill us by day and go home with a smile at night.
And if they kill me my son gets raised, but gets raised by my wife,
Then boom: single black mother, typical stereotype.

N stands for Natural, which we are to this Earth,
I is for Intelligent, that's what my people have been since birth,
G stands for Graceful and that's what my people are,
G is for Great, 'cause we were all born stars,
E stands for Excellence, that's what we hold ourselves to,
R stands for Resilient, 'cause look at what we've been through!

So if you want to call me Natural, Intelligent, Graceful, Great, Excellent, and Resilient,
Then go right ahead,
'Cause I'd rather be called the N-word than end up dead,
And though right now, life might seem glitz and glam or glitz and glitter,

I'll never forget the time that I got called
N * G G E R



Christian Mason - Senior

A Letter to You

EMELY BAIRES - FRESHMAN

For too long, I held my tongue.
For too long, I held my tears.
For too long, I stayed quiet.

For too long, I let your words hurt me.
For too long, I let your words affect me.
For too long, I apologized for being me.

But no more.
I learned how to raise my voice.
I learned how to speak up and speak loud.
And for once, I stood up for myself, and I let it all go.

I felt more free.
I felt more like me.
But you were still too angry to let it be.

And it was like
You could never see
The real me.



Jae Allen - Junior

Colouring Book



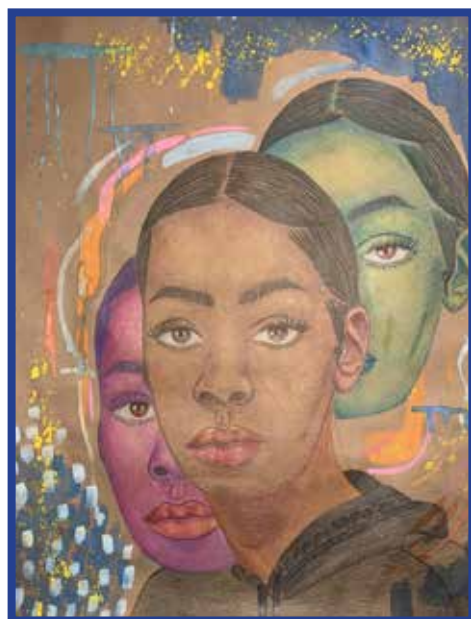
Olivia Weber - Junior



Naja Jean - Sophomore



Allie Murphy -
Junior



Poem For If Humanity Restarted

NAOMI DURANTE - SOPHOMORE

Humanity is a fragile thing,
Butterfly wing delicate.
When you pick up humanity
With your thumb and forefinger and set it into your palm,
You have to be cautious.
Don't rub it too much.
Observe how it curls and molds to your fingers,
Changes shapes.
It's a conformity.
Stay cautious of your words, wary of your actions,
Careful of how you look at certain pieces of it.
Everything is taken to heart.
Humankind is a snake waiting for an attack that isn't going to come,
Its elongated body in a tight position
Almost for comfort,
Head poised for defense,
Appearing almost idle.
A lion waiting for a meal that was never meant to be consumed,
Paws padded softly on the grass,
Shoulder blades hunched, in a comfortable spring.
Loosely tied to rational and irrational opinions.
They shouldn't be hungry,
But humanity will feed.
They will devour every last bone, organ, and hair.
Teeth will be tained with the words of hate.
They will take it upon themselves to go and react,
React unnecessarily.

React as if something is being stolen,
Stolen from the hearts of men and women.
Maybe that something is a desire.
A want.
Maybe that something is what makes them human.
But what if the person who created us didn't like it?
They didn't like how it corrupts our souls and tarnished our minds
To succumb to people's own internal wishes,
Not wishing for once that there is something better than what they have.
Maybe they did wish.
Maybe they begged and pleaded with the higher beings of immortality.
Maybe the dump of humankind treated them with nothing,
Nothing to act on.
Nothing personal to give.
Maybe the higher beings were tired.
Maybe they were emotionally drained,
The beings they created going
Ultimately to waste,
Like buying already expired milk,
Worthless and unsanitary.
Maybe the divine creatures of above started not to care at all.
What if they decided to conquer the pandemonium?
They decide to be emperors of our actions.
They decide to show humanity
Who actually holds us.
Would our skin sizzle and burn
Under their scrutiny?
Their gaze dissolve our structural form
Into a puddle of philosophies and judgments?
Would they pity those who live as they aspired,
Or would their nostrils flare in amusement as they
Turn
Their backs to a slap in the face,

A reason not to care for anything?
Would they immerse us in their tears of regret,
Robbing us of our first and last breaths,
Watching our lungs sputter and cough,
Choking on what could have been life?
Would they let their resentment and animosity
Hold them,
Heating the earth until it tickles our toes,
A comfort until it starts to nibble and bite,
A baby teething on your skin with barbed crystals
Gnawing, turning into a chew?
What would happen when the party was over?
Would they refurbish doings?
Build humanity back up?
Would they place the first brick?
Would there be anything left of us?
Would our conditions change?
Maybe more merriments would be available.
Would it be more corrupt than before?
Animal-like conduct our go-to for eras?
Maybe we should start over,
To see for ourselves how we portray and exhibit ourselves.
Maybe it's time to push the restart button.

Faith Josse

SENIOR



Gynn Hollney

SENIOR



SkillsUSA Fall Rally

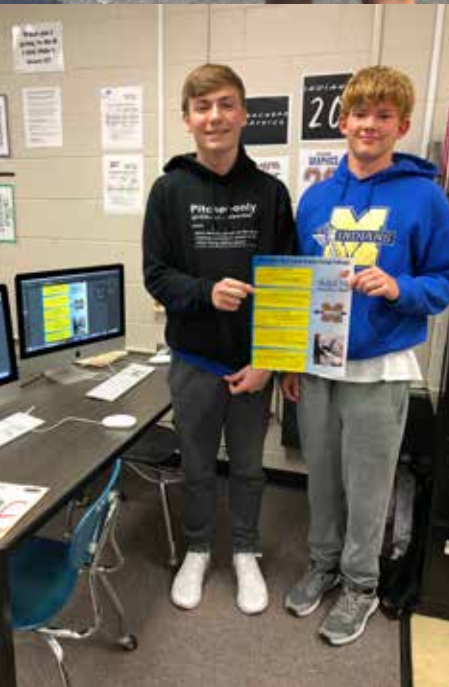
AULANI ABRAHAM – FRESHMAN

On Friday, October 4, 2019, the members of John McEachern's SkillsUSA Club set out to participate in the SkillsUSA fall rally held in Perry, Georgia. That day, the members of the club got up early to meet in Mrs. Baynes' room, to make sure they had accounted for each member that would be attending and the entries for their contests. Soon after they got settled, they got on the bus and started the trip. The first stop was to get breakfast at Chick-fil-A Truett's Grill in Morrow, and hours later, they finally arrived at the Georgia National Fairgrounds in Perry.

Members submitted their contest projects for judging and took their seats inside the dome. There, they listened to the opening presentation, and soon after, each participating school had to explain their respective banner. Following banner presentations, we heard an inspiring speech from a man whose message was about overcoming adversity (in his own life, he was bullied for not having all ten fingers, but he ended up having a more successful career than anyone from his childhood working for NASA).

After the schools' rally presentations, the sun was still out and bright, so the Skills members who had a wristband went on unlimited rides in the fair. Others bought carnival food and played games. At the end of the day, everyone reconvened at the judging area to see who won: Tione Lawler placed 6th for her Promotional Poster Design and Aulani Abraham placed 5th for her Promotional Banner.





SkillsUSA Fall Rally & Region Competition



SkillsUSA State Competition

HAZEL ORELLANA – SENIOR



Being a part of SkillsUSA was like being in a second family. The members are so supportive and helpful of any creative ask you choose to take on. Personally, I love taking my photos and have so much fun trying to find the perfect angle and lighting. I usually find inspiration by walking around places that people say are beautiful, but I especially love when I find hidden beauty in the middle nowhere.

The process of choosing my photos for submission was long, because I loved all of them: to have to choose only two didn't seem possible. So, I relied on my classmates, teachers, and friends in SkillsUSA until I had a list of the top three contenders. I spent at least a week debating which ones to send to Mrs. Baynes. We had one favorite picture that was definitely going to be sent in and we kept looking at the same two photos repeatedly, trying to pick the final submission, until I was scrolling through my camera roll looking for a specific picture and one photo caught both of our attention. I had recently taken a self portrait and I had edited it to be in black and white. As I scrolled and landed on that image, Mrs. Baynes said, "I think we just found our second picture."

From there, we had our two photos and now all we had to do is finish them, print them, and then get them matted. That was the easy part of the ride, but we weren't done yet. We packed everything up and made our way to the competition. We were all so excited to compete with other students and to show off all our hard work. When we arrived, we saw a lot of other schools' members milling around everywhere, and right when we were getting ready to get to our rooms and settle down, the teachers had to let us know that this year's competition would be postponed and that we would have to head back home. I still remember seeing all of our faces fall and I even saw some tears start to roll. But our work as members didn't go unnoticed because we still had the amazing opportunity to compete in our competitions online.

SkillsUSA Contest Winners



Kristian Chemwor - Senior
SkillsUSA T-Shirt Design

GRAPHIC IMAGING SUBLIMATION
2nd Place, Imani Ingram

SCREEN PRINTING TECHNOLOGY
2nd Place, Jonathan Saylor

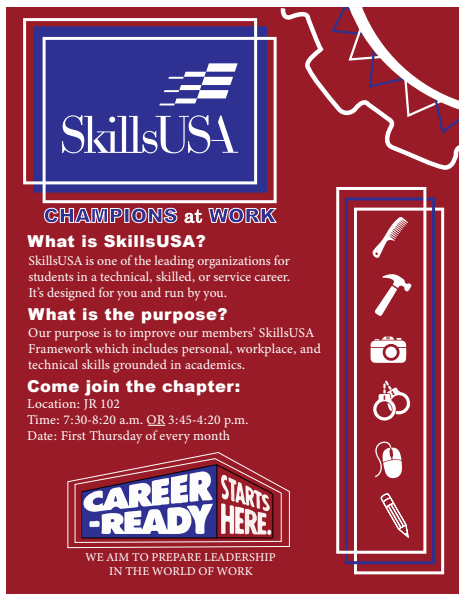
SKILLSUSA GEORGIA T-SHIRT DESIGN
2nd Place, Kristian Chemwor

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING
1st Place, Leigh Porter

CRIMINAL JUSTICE
3rd Place, Kyle Chekroune

CRIMINAL JUSTICE QUIZ BOWL
1st Place, Adel Diony
1st Place, Roxanna Munoz
1st Place, Navia Scroggins

HIGH RISK VEHICLE STOP
3rd Place, Kalea Hamilton
3rd Place, Taylor Beck Hogan
3rd Place, Samantta Lopez



Tione Lawler - Senior
Promotional Poster

Kellie Roman

SENIOR



Dakota Martin

SENIOR



An Unexpected Attack

JASAES HARDAWAY - SENIOR

[One day on the bus ride to school...]

Random student: "Look out! It's headed right for us!"

[Bus is broken down after being hit with something by a mysterious figure.]

The Mysterious Figure: "So this is the generation that's coming up? I'm not pleased."

Random student: "Who are you?"

The Mysterious Figure: "Wouldn't you like to know. I'm the person that's going to set things right with society, starting off by getting rid of y'all."

[Everyone starts to panic and the bus driver makes an attempt to compromise with the mysterious figure.]

Bus Driver: "You can do what you want to me, but in return, you don't hurt these kids."

The Mysterious Figure: "You would risk your life for people you barely know? Out of the people I have seen, you might be one of the few worth saving. I have to see something, though."

[The mysterious figure gets past the bus the bus driver and grabs one a student by the arm.]

The Mysterious Figure: "You see this? I wonder what would happen if something were to happen to this person."

[A portal opens on the floor in front of the mysterious figure.]

Random student: "What are you going to do?"

The Mysterious Figure: "I'm going to drop her in this portal and see what happens."

Jay, thinking: "Man, this is crazy. I really hope he doesn't drop that girl. I hope someone can do something."

[The mysterious man decides to drop the student and leaves everyone speechless.]

[Jay runs on instinct and jumps in the portal to try and save the student.]

The Mysterious Figure: "Hmmm. He actually jumped in. He's brave."

[Jay falling through the sky and trying to locate his fellow student.]

Jay, thinking: "Where is she? Where is she? I just want to try to get her to safety."

[Jay notices his fellow student falling and tries to get her attention.]

Jay: "Hey! Over here. Try to grab my hand."

The falling student: "Okay."

Jay: "Let's try and pray we don't die. We're falling from the top of the sky."

Jay, thinking- "Man, I don't know why I do these things. I'm not a hero. I don't have powers. This is possibly going to be my last day on Earth, and what did I do? I wanted to save someone's life. Some person I am."

[A portal opens below Jay and his fellow student.]

Jay: "Hey, a portal opened."

[The students both go through the portal and ended up back on the bus, left with a surprised look on their face.]

The Mysterious Figure: "You there. You tried to save this girl's life, even if meant your own life would be gone. Why?"

Jay: "She has family members and a close friend that really cares about her, so she shouldn't die."

The Mysterious Figure: "What about you? Don't you have people that care about you?"

Jay: "Yeah..."

The Mysterious Figure: "Yet, you risked your life for her."

Jay: "Yep."

The Mysterious Figure: "Hmmm. How about you come with me and I will fix everything, plus I will let your bus driver and fellow students go free? Is it deal?"

[Jay looked back and saw his close friends; then, he thought about the question.]

Jay: "Yes."

The Mysterious Figure: "Excellent. Let's go."

[As the mysterious figure and Jay leave, the bus mysteriously becomes brand new and everyone is left shocked by what just happened.]

Random student: "He just risked his life for that girl, and now he's doing the same for us."

[Meanwhile, on a peaceful field, a portal opens.]

The Mysterious Figure: "We're here."

Jay: "I assume you're going to kill me out here and or leave me here?"

The Mysterious Figure: "If I wanted to kill you, I could have did it while we were on the bus. I wanted to talk to you about what you did."

Jay: "Wait, what? You put many people in danger and now you want to talk? Why?"

The Mysterious Figure: "You did something not many people would do. You risked your own young life for your fellow student. When I saw that, I was amazed because I didn't expect anyone would help that girl. You see society in this time frame. The majority of the world's people care more about themselves instead of others, making them selfish."

Jay: "But you can't control people's personalities, though. That's just the way people are."

The Mysterious Figure: "You're a wise one, but I can tell you are a person who has scars. Am I right?"

Jay: "Yes."

The Mysterious Figure: "I see. Were these scars caused by people?"

Jay: "Yes."

The Mysterious Figure: "Do you mind sharing?"

Jay: "Why are you interested in my life? You almost killed a whole busload full of people, but now you want to talk?"

The Mysterious Figure: "I see. Society hurt you a lot in your life, but you are willing to do a lot for society."

Jay: "Yes, but what is my story worth to you?"

The Mysterious Figure: "You don't know who I am and you probably won't figure it out, but me finding you wasn't a coincidence. I attacked your bus to see if there was hope for your generation. You really show a lot of hope for your generation."

Jay: "Thanks, but why do an attack in the first place if you already know how people act?"

The Mysterious Figure: "You read the Bible before?"

Jay: "Yea, but what does that have to do with anything?"

The Mysterious Figure: "Jesus did mysterious things and was judged for it, but he ended up dying on the cross for us. I did the whole act because I wanted to see hope one last time."

Jay: "One last time?"

The Mysterious Figure: "Yes, there's not much value in my life. I don't have a family. I don't have a home. I just travel as I please."

Jay: "Wow. What happened?"

The Mysterious Figure: "I ended up believing the lies people told me and I was a slave to people's standards. I ended tortured and drained. When I tried to escape, I was all alone. I found this tech on the ground and decided use it. Something inside me thought this could be my second chance; I could fix the future. But when I got to your area, I didn't see much of a difference from your time and my time."

Jay: "Ohhhh, you're a time traveler."

The Mysterious Figure: "Yep. I knew you would catch on."

Jay: "I understand everything now, except for one thing. Are you giving up on your life?"

The Mysterious Figure: "Yes. I don't think I lived much of a life because I was following standards when I should have followed something else."

Jay: "I feel you, but you shouldn't give up, though. You can still live a great life and be who you want to be."

The Mysterious Figure: "What's the point? The world is too focused on their desires to come as one. It would constant battle of back and forth stuff."

Jay: "You have to keep fighting, man."

The Mysterious Figure: "I have a question. Why are you so hopeful when people treated you so badly?"

Jay: "I honestly don't know how to answer that man. I'm just really blessed, you know."

The Mysterious Figure: "I wish I could have been more like you in my timeline."

Jay: "You're good just the way you are man."

The Mysterious Figure: "I appreciate it, but it doesn't seem that way in society. People are talking about you and wanting perfection."

Jay: "That's the sad truth about life. It can suck at times. Sometimes you have to have to turn nothing into something. You can come join me and we can help each other out."

The Mysterious Figure: "You're very kind, but I think this is where our talk ends. You gave the best gift anyone has ever gotten me, and that was love. Now we must go our separate ways."

Jay: "Wait, what do you mean? You don't have to go."

The Mysterious Figure: "Nah. A wise person told me I must meet you and I must leave you. Now go through this portal to go back to your school."

[The portal opens.]

Jay: "...but I have so many questions!"

The Mysterious Figure: "It's all right, man. I will be fine. You have to go back to your time."

[Jay waves goodbye to the mysterious figure and goes in the portal.]

The Mysterious Figure: "You were right about him God. He's really going to be something big. Too bad I didn't get to know more, but I understand why. He would end up knowing too much."

[Jay returns to school and the portal closes.]

Random student: "Hey, it's Jay! He returned!"

[The students and adults hug Jay and thank him for his bravery, and ask many questions about what happened as the screen fades to black.]



Jae Allen - Junior

Jae Reagan

SENIOR



Gluttony



Envy

Sloth



Lust



Pride





Kellie Roman - Senior

Search Bay

CHARISMA PUGH - JUNIOR

I looked up your name today
Curiously, not obsessively,
With wonder, not possessively.
No, not your American name that your mom gave you in the hopes your heritage could be hidden.
I looked up your “real name,”
The one you hate, because it’s commonplace from you are from.
But to me, it sounded foreign;
It rolled off my tongue and felt new.
It made me feel like I knew you.
I found out I didn’t.
So, I looked your name up hoping that maybe I missed some information in your moniker
That no transference in the meeting of our lips and your hands on my hips told.
I must have missed something...
Somehow.
“Search bar.”
What does _____mean?
Enter.
Answer.
The name _____means God’s will.
The thing from which I strayed.
Huh.
You can’t tell me God doesn’t laugh at me.
I paid the price and played the game of leaving my God’s covering when I should’ve stayed.
Now I’m here
Looking your name up, searching for understanding
As to why you did and do the things you do
Why you chose the things you did.
The simple conclusion?
I just wasn’t for you.
I--you? Deserve better than what we tried so desperately to give each other.
God doesn’t reward disobedience.
Okay.
Maybe the answer is not so easy simple or good...
Maybe I’ll never understand why you left when you said you never would.

My Story and My Perspective

DERREN AGUIRRE – SENIOR

Everybody has a perspective on just about every topic that exists. To have a perspective means how a person sees a certain topic. Perspective can always be influenced or changed by different things and situations. One thing that influences everyone's perspective is life itself and who the person is. To know my perspective, you must know who I am and where I've come from. Let's start here. Hello, my name is Derren, I am 17 years old, and I want to be an actor. This is the story of who I am and my perspective.

Have you ever heard of the stereotype that Hispanics have a big family? Well, it's not a stereotype. It's real. But since I can only pick two family members to talk about, I would have to choose my older brother, Jordan, and my cousin Genevee. Let's start with Jordan. He would be what everyone calls the "Golden Child." he has a job, the newest GMC, a degree from Georgia State, and not only does he have an amazing girlfriend, but he's going to marry her in the summer. I'm not saying all this because I despise him. If anything, I want that too. I look up to him a lot and because of him, he influences A LOT of who I am and my hobbies as well. Then there's Genevee. She's a lot like Jordan, but with little differences. Even though she's my cousin, she's like a sister to me. I do the same things with both of them: watch movies, quote movie lines, go out on adventures, eat, and just have fun in general. Throughout their lives, they've gone through a lot and their experiences and stories help me not make the same mistakes they made. They influenced my taste in music, movies, food, and how important school is. They mean a lot to me and helped me see things differently from people my own age.

If it weren't for my mom finding God in a time where she was looking for peace, I wouldn't be where I am today. When I was five years old, my uncle, Miguel Angel Roman Jr., passed away suddenly in a car accident. He was my mother's only brother, and she, her younger three sisters, and the rest of my family took it hard. Through the Catholic Church, my family was able to find peace. I think back to when I was younger, how I didn't really understand religion until I went on a middle school retreat when I was 12. The Catholic Church taught me a lot and helped me see topics in a Christian sense, like what love really is. I have a different perspective on how the Catholic Church is seen from most people. People may see the Church as a place for innocent, perfect people, but that's far from the truth. Like its own members, it's not perfect, but we are trying to be better.

I may live now in Powder Springs, Georgia, but I wasn't born here in Georgia. I was born in Riverside, California, on May 13, 2002. My parents decided to move out here to raise my older brother and I in a safer environment. We moved around a lot because we couldn't buy a home, so we rented for three years. In my freshman year, my parents saved up enough and bought a house. From moving around a lot, my perspective on buying houses and money changed. It is not easy to save money, but by working hard, we can achieve anything.

My personality is very different, in my opinion. Compared to my friends and family, I am an extroverted person. I'm wild and fun-loving with my friends, but with my family, I am calmer. I can be wild with certain family members. I'm also a nice person who just likes people in general. I like learning about people's pasts and their lives to get a sense of who they are. To say that I like to talk is an understatement. I am a very talkative person, which is a blessing and a curse. And I'm honest with people, but I'm careful with how honest I am, because I can be too honest. I'm also the person who always needs an explanation of things I am told, especially with facts. If not, I ask a lot of questions due to my curious nature. This influences my perspective on how facts are given to me and what I find to be true and what is not true.

As a curious person, I like to explore and try new things. I recently got into men's fashion and style, just looking better for myself to improve my confidence. I am also versatile with music, which means I will listen to just about any type of music. I look more for music with a message I can relate to. If I had to pick one genre, it would be rock and roll, because I listen to it the most and I play it more on my guitar. That's right, I play the guitar! I learned the basics from my uncle, and then I taught myself more from there. At this point, people wonder if I sing. My answer is, "I like to sing, but I wouldn't consider myself an amazing singer. Besides music and fashion, my biggest passion is telling stories. Therefore, I love movies and acting. I have seen many movies multiple times, and I love to learn about what it takes to make a movie. This in turn is one of my reasons that I want to be an actor. I love to act, and I can see myself doing acting as a career. My hobbies give me a different perspective on what I like compared to what other people like. I see that I am different, but I have friends that have hobbies in common with me.

So, this is who I am and my perspective. I am a Catholic Mexican who is not like anyone else. But because of my faith, my family, other people's experiences, facts, and my own experience, I have shaped my perspective on many topics. I am not perfect, but then again, nobody is. We are all trying to be better and make the world a better place. In the words of Charlie Puth, "You can either hate me or love me, but that's just the way I am."



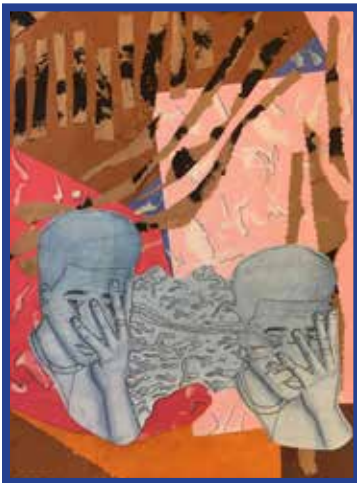
Angellina Thomas

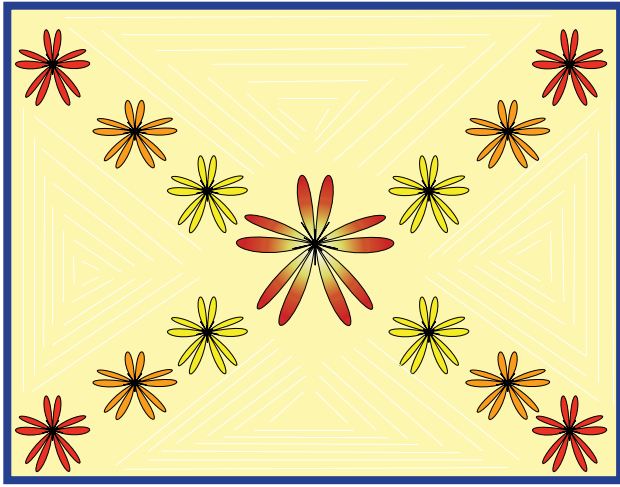
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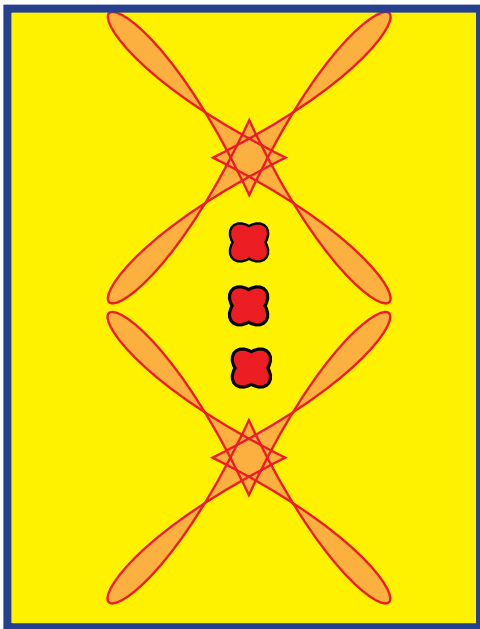
Tione Lawley

SENIOR

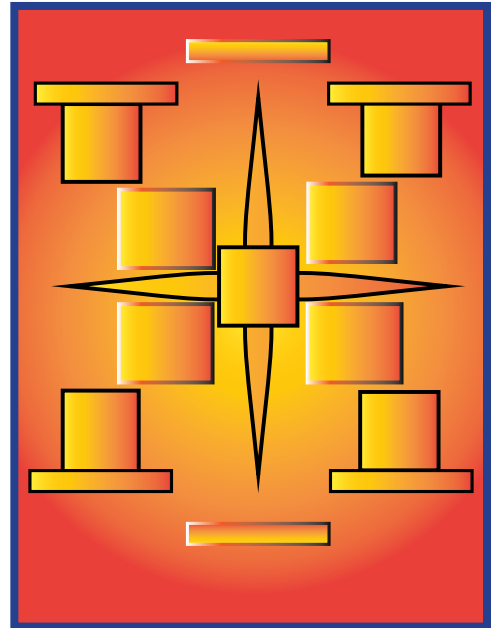




Juliana Dominguez - Freshman



Camille Fenderson - Freshman

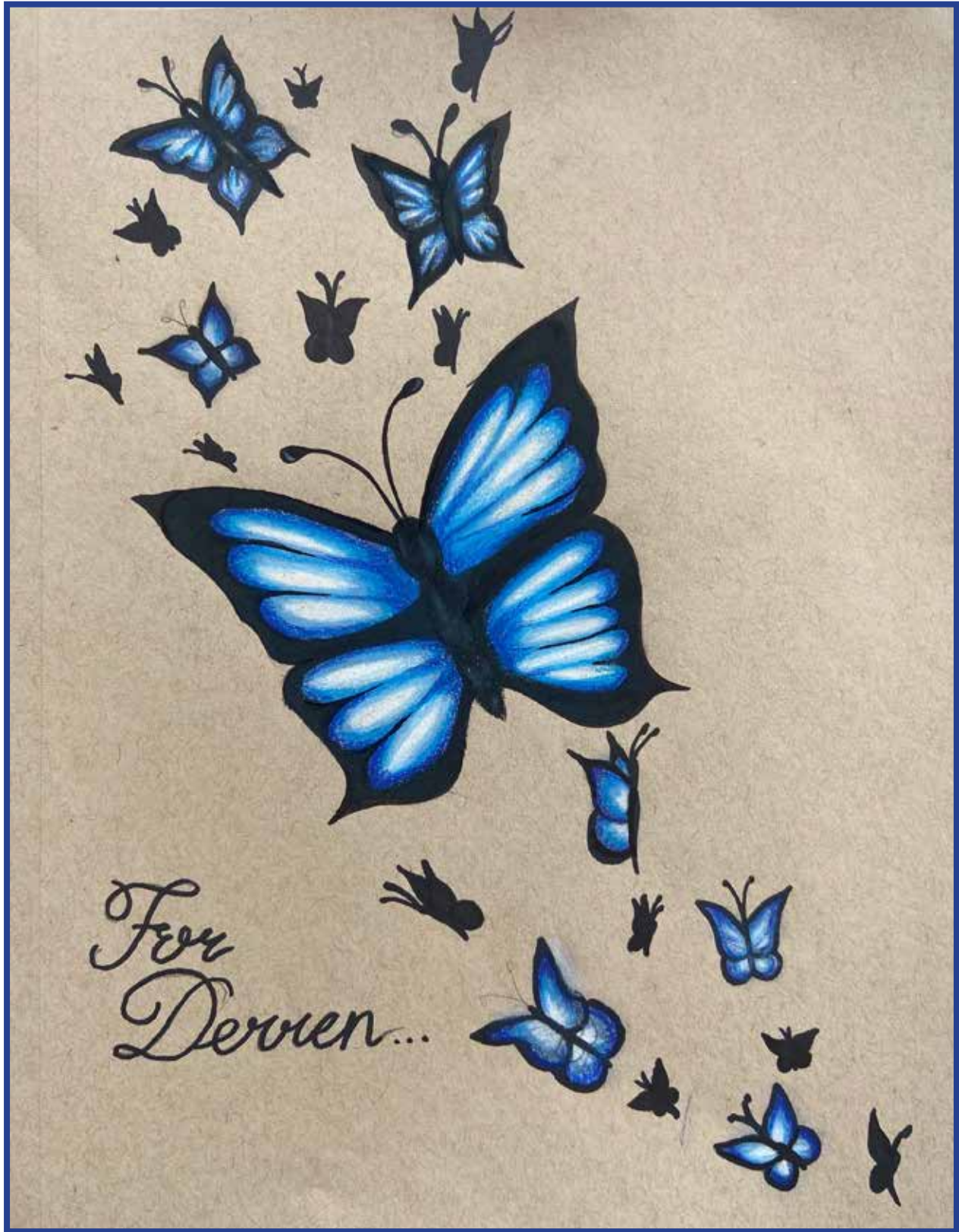


Ly'Nya Freeman - Freshman



Roxanna Munoz-Senior





Hazel Orellana - Senior

Let It Shine

MIRILYN SALCEDO - FRESHMAN

Living in a world where you have to hide who you are is hard.

But today, I end that.

Today, I'll shout from the top of Mount Zion

That Jesus is Lord.

Today, I choose to evangelize to all:

If you are weary, come to Christ

And you won't fall.

Feeling down? He'll share his love.

Feeling lonely? He'll send his dove.

Stop holding back the words of salvation.

Today we are free birds that fly from condemnation.

We all know John 3:16,

But can we recite John 16:33?

Our chains were broken,

Now we can sing:

This little light of mine,

I'm gonna let it shine,

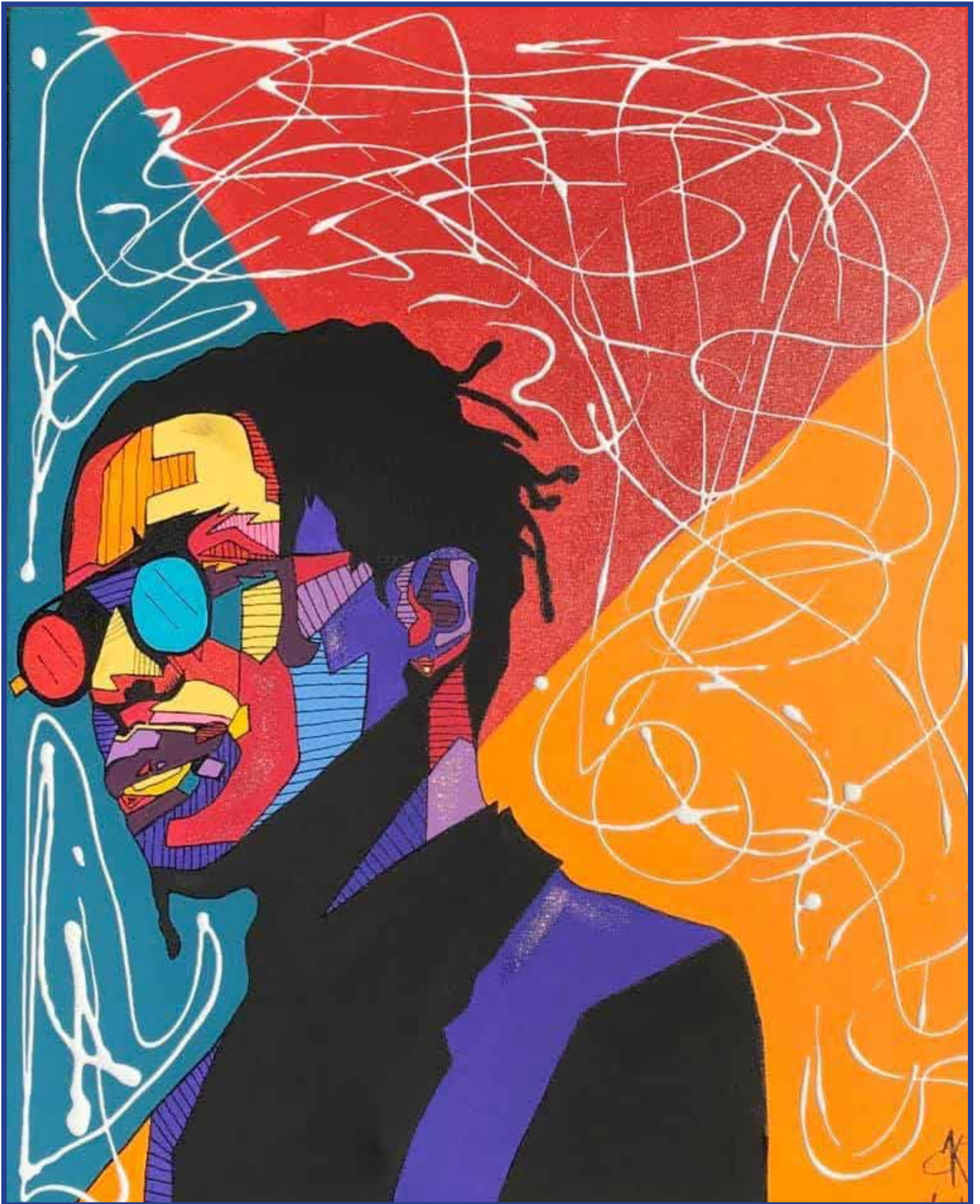
Let it shine,

Let it shine,

Let it shine!



Tribecca Harris - Junior



Kennedy Norfleet -Senior

Yuleidi Arroyo

SOPHOMORE



Vianney Ortiz

JUNIOR



Cobb County Film Festival

SHAYE RENNIE - JUNIOR

Every year the Cobb County Film Festival is hosted to give students the opportunity to display their work and compete with other students throughout the county. Students work together to write a script, act it out, record and edit the footage, in the end creating the film that they will enter into the competition. This year, we had some McEachern students enter the festival and do extremely well, showing their pride in the tribe.

Altogether, Ms. Leah Walker's Audio Visual students received three awards. We have Malik Johnson, who won Best Actor in a Novice Film. Then we have Julian Arey, who won Best Actor in an Advanced Film. Finally, we have our group of five: Sunnah Pasha, Michael Hyman, Malik Johnson, Xavier Pittman, and Raniyah Stovall. This group brought home third place for their short film, "Murder of Crows," also published in this year's edition of *The Native*. A big congratulations goes out to all the students who participated and won awards!



Why Do You Believe?

JASAES HARDAWAY - SENIOR

Demon:

"I just don't understand why you won't quit. Society has treated you so wrong for a long time. Why not just give up?"

You have been focused on a vision and a dream while many people are only thinking based off human logic. They have been discouraging your ideas because they choose not to believe in something above them, yet you still continue. Why?

You literally did so much for one girl and wanted to give your heart to her, but she barely showed any care to your life, yet you still try to keep pressing forward. She is supposed to be your friend, but she hasn't been a true friend to you.

You have been stabbed in the back multiple times and there were situations where people just left you there suffering, yet you care about society.

Why? Why do you care? Why do you believe in yourself? Why do you believe in people? You should give in and rest."

Me:

"It's crazy. I don't know when and I don't know how, but I know change is coming.

Society has deemed me unworthy for so long, but they don't know my life story. They don't know why I am the way I am.

I've made mistakes before, but I don't want to be perfect. I want to be me. Many people want perfection, but that's not possible.

As for the girl I wanted to be with, you just have to forgive and forget. I believe she will find the person who is right for her.

In many cases, the world makes love seem conditional, but I try to love unconditionally. Family members make mistakes. Friends make mistakes. We are all people that need help at the end of the day.

With that being said, you will perish soon, because as long as God pours water into different souls, there will be nothing capable of stopping them.

Demon:

“How can you be so hopeful when you took many losses?”

Me:

“That's the thing, I have been through so much in my life to know I'm here for a reason. I have to keep going. A loss is a loss.

To many it looks like defeat. It looks like there's no hope left. It looks like the end of the road.

When you actually think about it, our losses are training us for our wins, especially when we don't notice.

With each human having a story of their own, light will be shown across the world.”

Fall

KATERINE VASQUEZ - FRESHMAN

You walk outside
And feel the cool
Fall breeze hit your
Face.

You notice that
The grass has some
Frost on it.

You walk on it and
Hear the crisp sounds
As you walk.

The trees' leaves are changing
Colors, and you see some
Fall to the ground with
A flutter like a fairy.

The sun comes out from behind
The Clouds

And you feel the warm kiss on your face.



Hazel Orellana - Senior

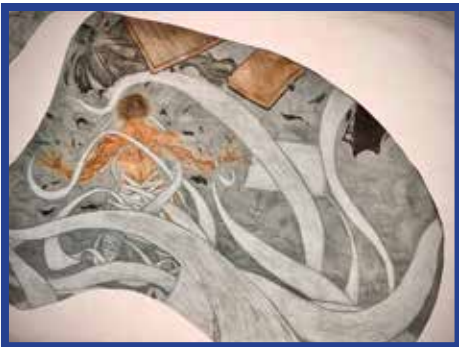
Fadil Raji

JUNIOR



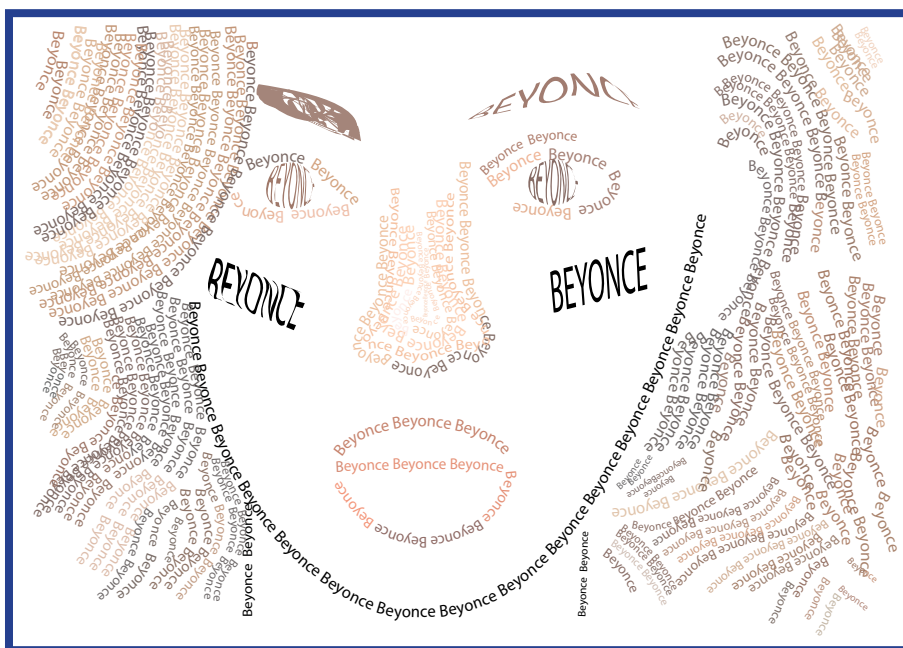
Jalen Fryer

JUNIOR





Matthew Zuniga - Junior



Kennedi Moore - Freshman

The Guye

CALEB J. MILLER - FRESHMAN

Lonely,

Desolate, solo, bitter thoughts poke and provoke the mind,

Causing us as humans to go blind and

Oblivious

To what is going on around us.

We're left stuck,

Sinking and plummeting into the bottomless hole

Of depression

In which we learn lessons of and tell our deepest confessions of

Love.

Love is such a beautiful thing.

Like a dove, it sings and soars throughout our bodies.

We feel it from head to toe.

From toe to head,

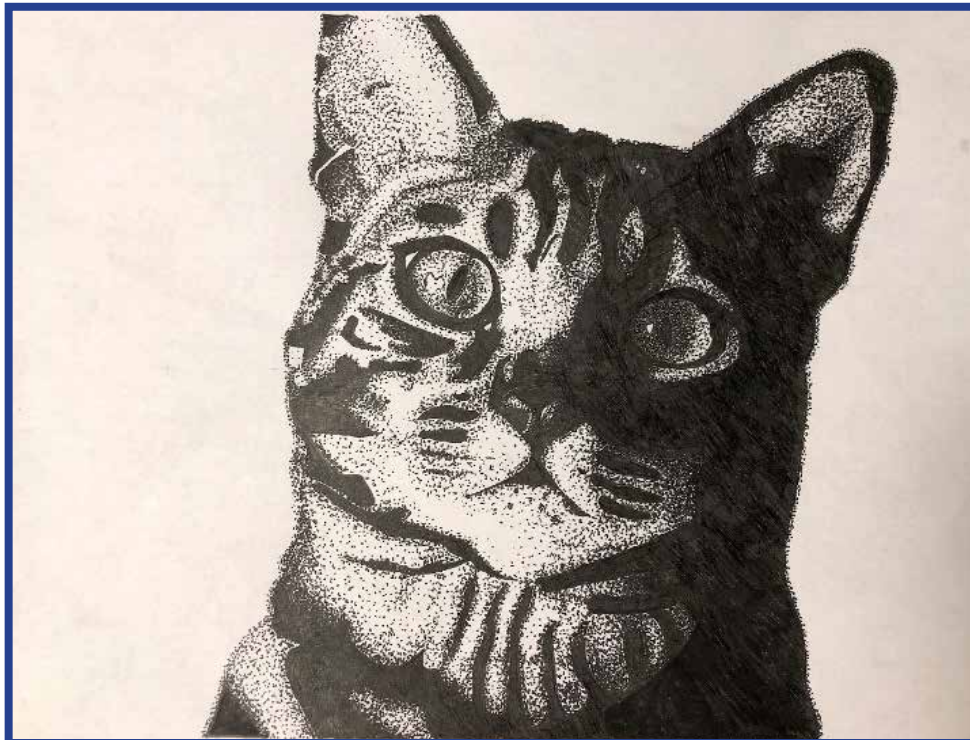
Our beating hearts bleeding red blood faster and faster

When the one we love

Enters our gaze.

And we can never tear away,
Won't ever tear away,
Because their beauty stays as gorgeous as day,
Frozen in time,
When emotional and mental intertwine.

Love transforms the mind from finite
To too bright.
The mind becomes a breathtaking landscape,
A stunning reshape
Of its former self.
Love does what nothing else truly can...
Love makes a better man.





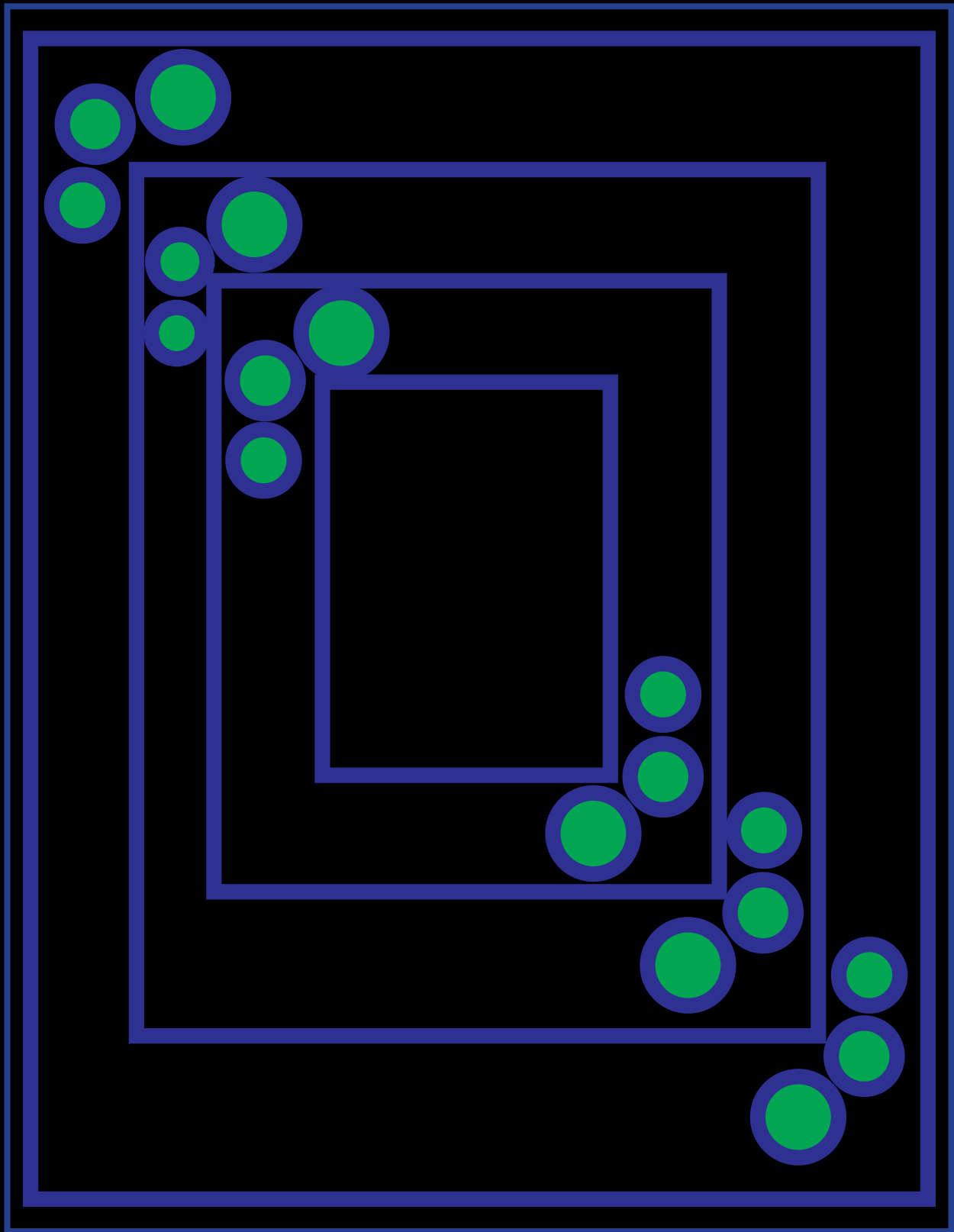
Hailey Thurman - Senior



Valeria Vazquez - Senior



Britney Gonzalez - Senior



GRAPHIC DESIGN BY:

ETHAN CARROLL

BACK COVER ART BY:

HAZEL ORELLENA

Class of 2020



WE MADE IT!