

Metamorphosis



**THE NATIVE
ART & LIT MAG
MCEACHERN 2021**



The Native: McEachern's Art & Literary Magazine



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*Logo Design By:
Bill Ankrah - Junior*

*Front & Back Cover Design By:
Leo Escobar - Sophomore and Yuleidi Arroyo - Junior*

*Back Inner Cover:
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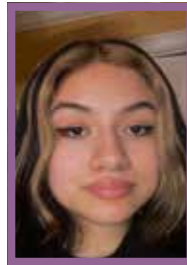
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Prologue

By: Jacquez Moore - Junior

“Just like the lotus, we too have the ability to rise from the mud, bloom out of the darkness, and radiate into the world.”

At the end of the spring semester, we are five months into 2021, and over the past year, we have seen so much. It seems like it all started with the outbreak of COVID-19 in early 2020, with many events unfolding unpredictably from that point on. At first, we were supposed to spend just two weeks at home, which turned into an entire spring, summer, and fall. Civilians grew tired of systemic racism and police brutality, which resulted in countrywide protests that themselves turned violent. Parts of some cities burned down, and some historic rulings were handed down from courts. Compounding the chaos was the presidential election cycle of 2020, culminating in a history-making change in presidential leadership.

2020 was truly a year for the books. At times like this, it is extremely important to focus on the good. You can't let yourself spend too much time reflecting on the bad things in the past, or else you'll never see the good things coming your way. Much like the lotus flower, we have been through the mud, and we have seen the darkness beneath the water. But this does not stop us from blooming.

Keep these words in mind as you radiate into the world and show it your greatness.



Genesis Lee - Senior

Letter to the Senior Class

2021 Dedication
By: Charisma Pugh - Senior

Friday the 13th, in March 2020, to be exact,

We joked and laughed, worried and wondered what would become of us after our two week break.

We didn't go back...

This you know, for you have lived it, breathed it, and mourned it.

You've grown because of it, and

in each of our homes (which to some became tombs for the self that changed during isolation,

A self that could not survive the season and therefore found reason for evolution and blossomed;

In our pain, and in our love for others, we sacrificed many parts of our school year)

We found a cocoon.

We wrapped ourselves in a dream of woven fabric, with hope that when we emerged there would be unity, health and maybe even prom awaiting us.

What we got instead was a longer incubation than what we expected, which led to opportunity that no other time could have given:

A time of renewal and creativity perfected, and of course, some disappointments that we had to triumph over.

All in all, let it be remembered that we tried, and successfully

Pushed through senioritis to open our computers and wipe down our desks.

Even when the rising numbers were against us, we didn't rest,

Finishing strong and striking a place in history as the seniors who truly conquered the madness.

Even as we experienced heartache, death and riots, we never stayed the same, undergoing a powerful metamorphosis of mind, body, and spirit.

We celebrate now, for in that time, we baked bread, whipped up coffee, sat in anticipation for the inauguration, and TikToked the time away,

Reinventing our styles, identity, religions and relations with others.

We've manifested true beauty in the madness,

Our souls time capsules dug up as we leave McEachern's soil in gladness.

We dust ourselves off and proudly say "We're back," and better than ever. Having reached equilibrium we are ready to spread our wings with pride in our tribe,

Forever known as the seniors who came of age with grace, strength, and most importantly, patience as two weeks seemed to have turned into an eternity.

Let it be known with certainty we are ready and willing to begin our future as the Class of 2021.

Alphabet Photography

Graphic Design
By: Jalen Ratchford - Senior



MY ABC'S

by:
Jalen Ratchford

Powder Springs Logo Design

By: Peter Jean - Senior

It was a fun experience working on this project, which involved creating and presenting designs from scratch to help support smaller businesses and encourage the Powder Springs community to “Buy Local, Shop Local.” My classmates all worked to make their own unique design to help support small businesses. When I presented everyone’s projects in front of the committee, it gave me experience talking with people who work for a big company, which led to me having greater confidence presenting in front of an audience. This project taught me a lot and will help me in my later years of life when I continue my graphics career.

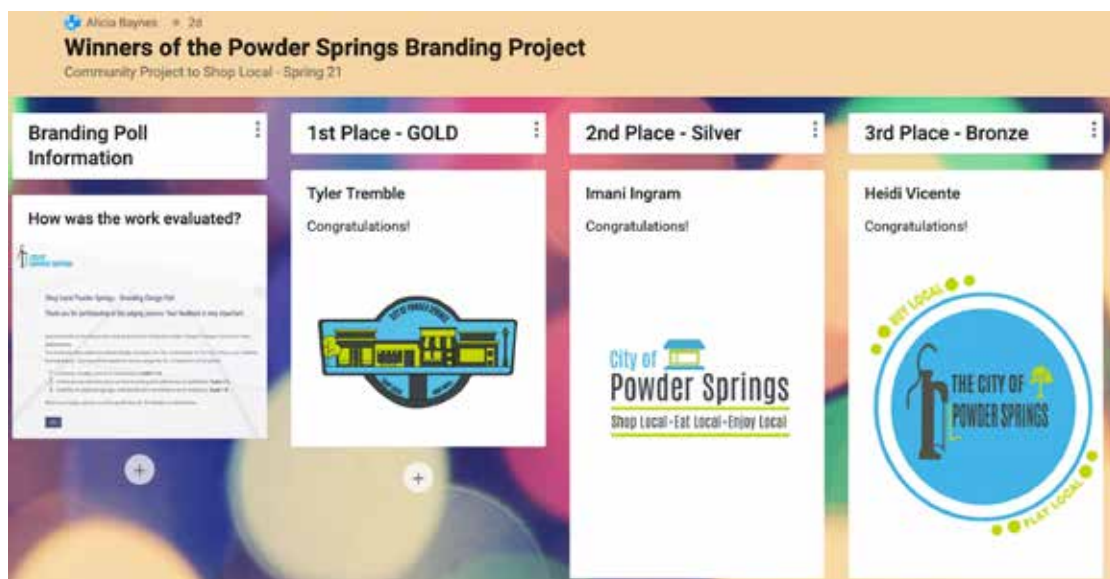
And The Winner Is...

By: Tyler Tremble - Senior

The Powder Springs logo design project was a great experience for me because it opened my eyes up and showed me how being a graphic designer is in real life. The design was the hardest part of the project; it took me almost two days just to narrow it down to three designs, but after I got to the final design, it was really easy from there. I had a little bump in the road with making the colors for the design go together, but after trying some color schemes, I finally got the right look. From there, I just did some touch-ups and kept trying to make the design look nice and clean.

The experience of the project was fun, even with a strict deadline. It helped me with time management and not getting sidetracked because usually, it’s a struggle for me to stay on one task.

It was great to be recognized for doing what I love, which is designing and making art. But also, this project taught me some things along the way. It taught me about real-life design experiences, deadlines, and how to go out of my comfort zone to design something new and different.



I Matter Because...

Poem

(Also Published in Reflections, 2020)

By: Zy'kayla Carter - Junior

Why do I matter, you say? Why, I thought you'd never ask.

I matter because God gave me life.

I matter because God allowed me to live and see another day.

I matter because I have a purpose here on Earth.

I matter because when my sisters need someone to call, I'm here.

I matter because when my brothers fall, I'm here to lift them up.

I matter because when my momma is lonely, I'm her company.

I matter because when my daddy feels abandoned, I'm his friend.

I matter because when my best friend needs to talk, I listen.

I matter because I have a voice to speak, and I will use it.

I matter because I have a future, and it is my choice to choose it.

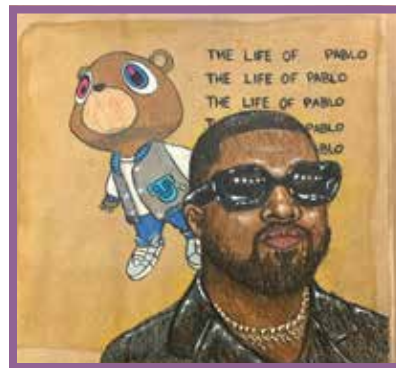
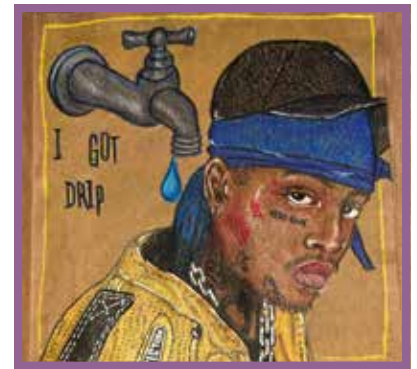
I matter because you matter.



Alexandra Gillis - Sophomore

Allie Murphy

Senior



I Am

Poem

By: Amirah Edwards - Freshman

I am

Leaves. Maggots. Dirt.

People and promises mean the most.

Listening is important to me.

Open-mindedness is important to me.

Self-love is important to me.

Expression is a good thing.

Hatred is bad, but some deserve it.

You are the flesh maggots adore.

Do not touch my soul with your dirty hands.

This is me.



Asia Fizer - Junior

Elton Jonas-Hampson, Jr.

Senior



Exulansis

Spoken Word
By: Charisma Pugh - Senior

There is a fragile comfort in quotes, books, or any prose written so well that we, in the plain text, see emotions that we are afraid to embrace and envision, and yet the threat that comes with those words seems to be a loss of autonomy, so all at once we feel understood, yet cheated out of individuality. To be heard is at the danger or expense of a loss of our own “specialness,” the concept so selfish that only we could endure our hardships. The secret in the security that we are elusive in our thoughts and therefore above the curve is a vanity anyone who can read or hear must either conquer or concede, for the sun has never opened its eyes wide in surprise to what humanity has offered under its beam. So, dear reader, I urge you to find the like-hearted and find comfort that it is your time to experience (even if just for a moment, or in words, a lot or few) that there is always someone thinking like you.



Stephanie Anokam - Senior

Poison

Poem

By: Liv Collins - Sophomore

Poison starts at the roots,
Roots hold it and pull it up,
Up the poison goes and soon it's
spreading,
Spreading so far it's hard to stop.
Stop the poison, please, I beg of you!
You keep the poison flowing,
Flowing to everyone.
Everyone is poisoned, yet you don't
care,
Care about me, even though I know it's
tough:
Tough to forgive and forget,
Forget the poison and leave it all
behind,
Behind so you can move along,
Along and far away from the beginning
of it all—
All the roots filled with poison.



Cameron Garner - Junior

A Is for Andretta

Monologue

By: Saraya Bailey - Junior

You think I give a d*mn what you want? I don't. I can't believe you have the nerve to sit there and call me by the name my mother gave me. You don't have that privilege anymore! And honestly, you never did. You've been real comfortable, huh? While me and "the greatest woman you ever met" were scrounging for food, jumping from home to home, hoping for a miracle. Where were you?! Huh? Where were you? In Italy? France? Maybe you were right here in this very state with food on your table and clothes on your back. Where were our clothes? Where were MY clothes? At the lowest point in my life, you call my phone, talking about a second chance. Talking about how "you can help." There is no second chance because there was never a first. You were NEVER there. Not once. I can hear the "call declined" tone now. I can hear the "I haven't seen him" like it's someone whispering in my ear. You didn't want to be seen! You come waltzing in, hoping to be what? Some kind of savior? News flash! I don't need saving anymore. I don't need a single thing from you. So, no, I don't give a d*mn what you want.

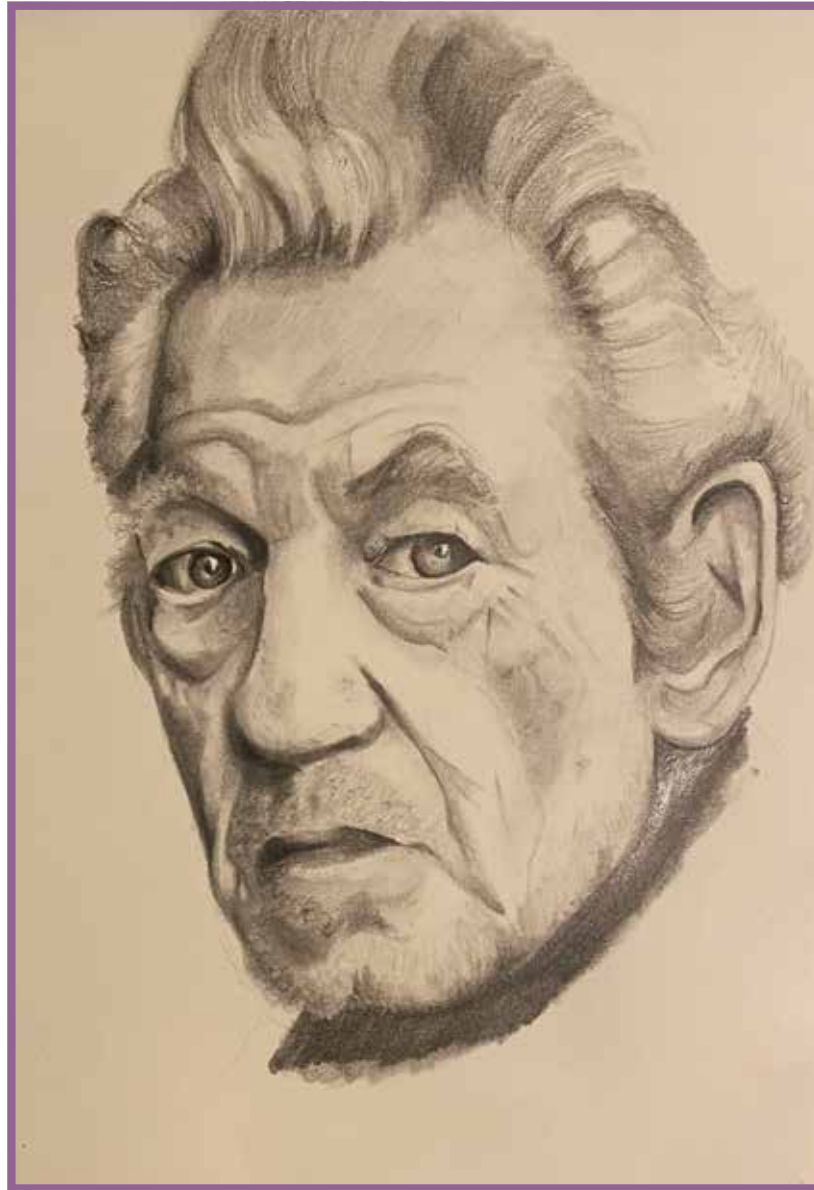


Charli Erwin - Sophomore



Daniel Gray

Sophomore



Destiny Dortch

Junior



Naya Allen

Senior



Donyale Flemister

Sophomore



Imani Ingram

Senior



A Love Letter to the Grass

Poem

By: Amani Pyron - Senior

I only ever felt whole in nature,
Able to be fully consumed by its depths,
Absorbing the natural light,
Breathing in all that was.

Looking at the sky was an extrasensory experience.
My soul would evaporate and I would float to the ozone,
Touching all that was,
Seeing more than one could describe.

The only time I could find the key to unlock all my restraints.

A path that I would wander on and dare myself to get lost in,
Each time taking a different route,
Deliberately avoiding leaving clues on how to get back,
Subconsciously hoping I could live there forever.

The soil whispered my name as I took feeble steps.
The creek sang mating calls.
The sun dared me to reach out and touch.

What privilege was bestowed on me, to allow myself to consume
The tint of yellowed orange as the sun began to set,
The light reflecting off the leaves,
Dancing shadows across my face.

The earth was beauty and grace
That I dared to let myself partake in,
A loveless beacon of light
That magnetized me into her field
Rather in a former existence.

I was no mere human,
But a speck of grass,
Rooted singularly in the dirt.
Every time I dared to tread on her,
It was my past self calling.

Vision of America

Poem

By: Kaliyah White - Junior

I hear American singing, the varied carols
I hear:

The protestors begging for justice, each
one screaming a little louder than the
other.

The kids typing hard on their keyboards to
become the next best thing.

The gunshots of policemen that hurt
someone every other day.

The government demanding we never
leave our homes.

The fans screaming while athletes risk it
all to entertain them and maintain their
jobs.

The holler of a Black mother pushing you
to be the best one can be.

The bounce of a basketball making you
become better than you were before.

The whispers of people talking about
those who have a different style or skin
color.

People that are not of color chanting the
N-word like it's no big deal.

This song of America plays in my head
every day when I wake up,

24 hours, 7 days a week:

A life of the same song on repeat like a
broken record

That cannot be fixed.



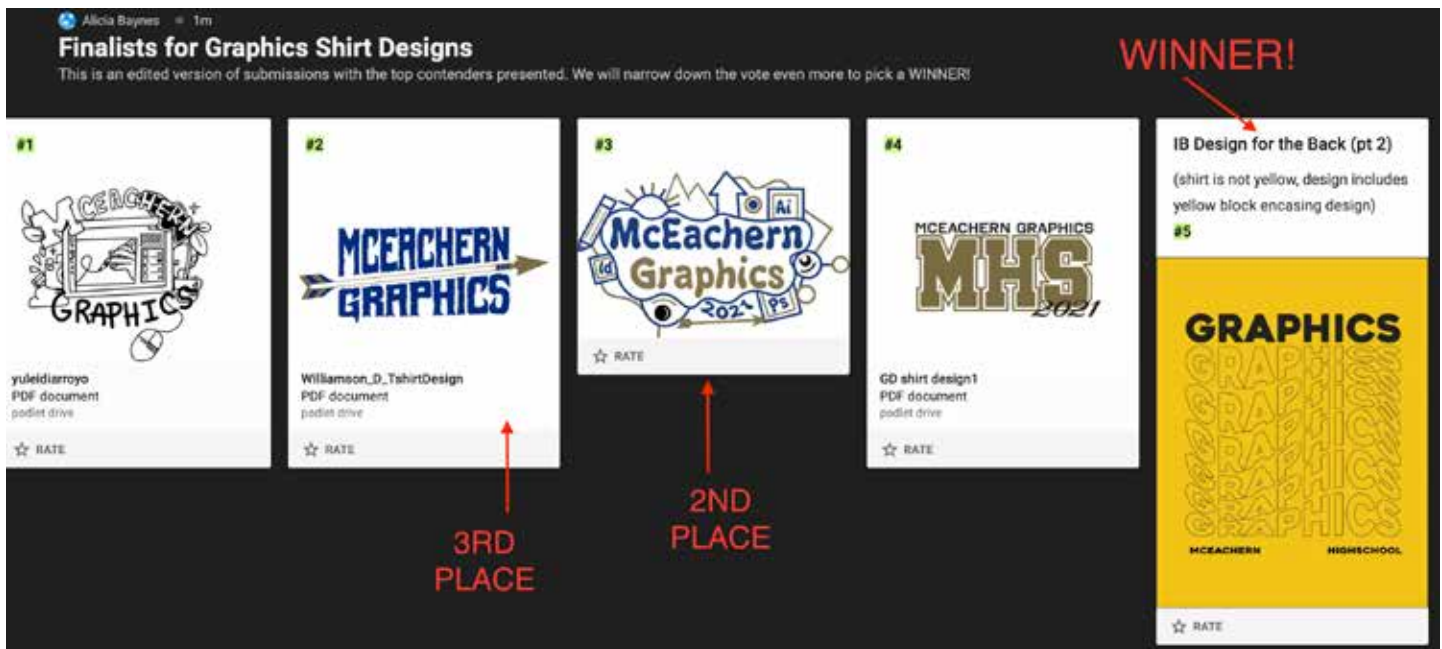
Stephanie Anokam - Senior

T-Shirt Designs

Article
Graphic Design
By: Bella Broyles - Sophomore

When approaching my t-shirt design, I wanted to create something minimalistic, yet bold. This way, the design would not come off as tacky, but as artistic and posh, while still effectively advertising the class. I had seen a stacked text pattern on social media and thought it would be a great fit for the back of a t-shirt, paired with a simpler design on the front. I picked the phrase “Pantone Thieves” for the front of the shirt. I figured it would act as a clever inside joke for designers and a point of intrigue for those who were interested. Having the front of the shirt be so simple allows it to be an item for everyday wear, instead of causing the person wearing it to feel like a walking advertisement. The shirt’s back design is much larger and bolder, featuring a stark yellow box and the word “GRAPHICS” warped and repeated. However, it still doesn’t feel like an ad, since one could easily find a shirt like this at the mall or an online boutique.

Designing the t-shirt in alignment with current fashion trends makes the design and the association attached to it feel more approachable. Having an understandable and wearable design erases the stigma surrounding art and design classes and enforces the idea that art is, in fact, for everyone.



Perfection

Poem

By: Kiwani Harvey - Junior

Perfection:

The thing that matters
to some but not others.

The word we use
to all but ourselves.

Having thoughts
of how you want to be,

Having thoughts
to how you should be.

Our bodies, our faces

Our hair and our clothes.

Perfect, perfection:

we are who we are.



Jakeline Vazquez - Junior

Jalen Fryer

Senior



BLM In My Eyes

Spoken Word

By: Kaliyah White - Junior

Black, a color that has so much meaning to it.

A color that everyone hates, but wants to be a part of.

A color that I am and am proud to be.

I don't understand that hatred towards Blacks. You want our flavor, our style, and our personalities, but don't want the way we live in this cruel world. Why make our life a living hell just because of the way we look?

You claim you understand the struggle until you see a Black person's struggle. You claim you understand the struggle, but never had to fear a cop. You claim you understand the struggle, but don't know the feeling of walking or driving past anything confederate. You claim you understand the struggle, but you've never been looked at like you're an alien in a big group of white people.



Black is beautiful and Black is something I am proud to be, but I am not proud of how we are being treated in this "United States."

Why does a skin color get under your skin so much? Please elaborate, because I just don't understand! The fact that someone raises their children to hate people of color whatsoever is the craziest part. Because meanwhile, Black parents have to have a talk with their children about the hatred of their skin color.

This racist act has to go; it's been going on for too long with none of it being fixed. However, for my generation I will speak up and continue speaking up.

Jonathan Rodriguez
Sophomore

Just Because

Poem

By: Stakia Barnes - Junior

Just because I'm in a wheelchair,

Don't think I'm not cool.

Don't think I'm not smart.

Don't think I'm not independent.

I'm super awesome.

Just because I'm a young black male,

Doesn't mean I'm rude.

Doesn't mean I'm aggressive.

Doesn't mean I'm a killer.

I'm a handsome, hardworking, dedicated
young black male.

Just because I have an afro,

Doesn't mean I'm not presentable.

Doesn't mean I don't care how I look.

Doesn't mean I'm ghetto.

I am not my hair.

Just because I'm nice,

Doesn't mean you can take advantage of me.

Doesn't mean I'm weak.

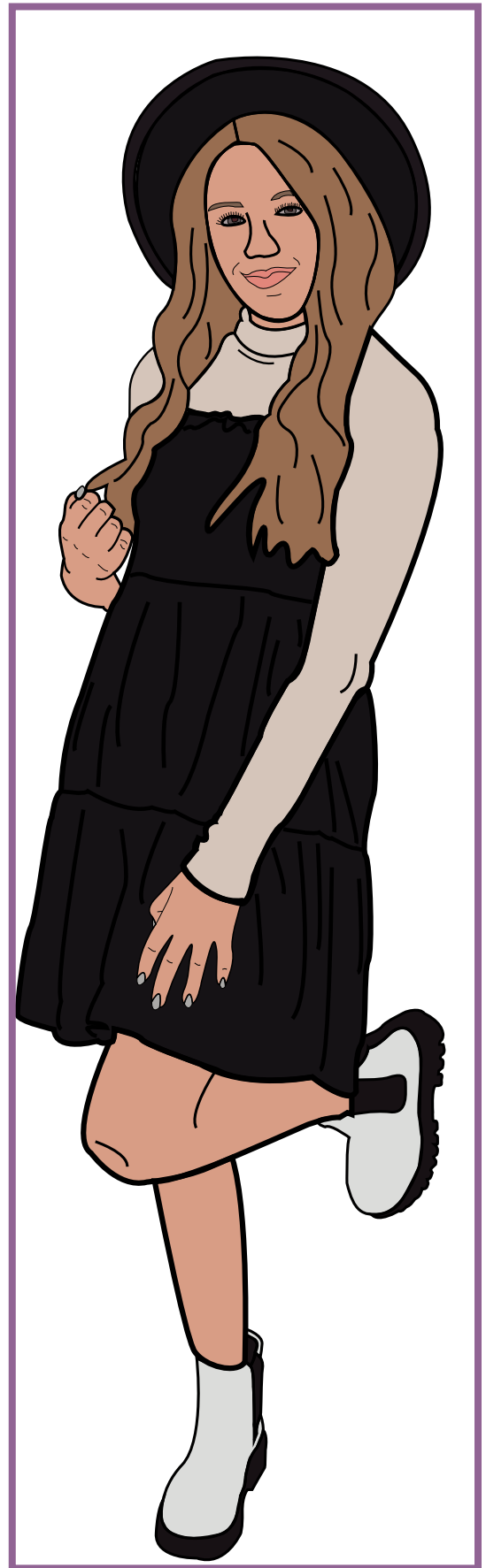
Doesn't mean I can't be mean.

I treat people the way I want to be treated: nice.



Julian Arey - Junior

Kai Willis - Senior



Kinedy Miller - Sophomore

Minutiae

Poem

By: Charisma Pugh - Senior

The lie we are fed is that perfection is best loved.

It's why we edit ourselves, hair, and personality to fit into a mold I've found to be ever-fluid,

No one quite fluent on the season in which it will flux, or its flavor.

Nor the beauty or skill it favors.

But when it is our time to be perfect
We savor.

Changed behavior based on the whim of a judge whose gavel is heard and not seen,

Leading even the seems-to-most "perfect" to seem obscene.

This is what I have gleaned in my minuscule 18 years of life:

That beauty is in true disaster, disarray, and dichotomy it is redrawn and redefined in,

The failed fit of shirt worn with pride, the shaved head that ushers thoughts of a lobotomy,

The jangle of chains and bangles or hair filled with tangles, kinks, or straight as the day is long,

The face that has a jaw strong and eyes that seem to sit wrong upon a head,

Imperfections the bread and
breeder of beauty, an idea so
archaic yet never fully achieved or
understood. Beauty is a hallmark of
childhood,

A regulation inescapable.

Its consequences mark us all,
Deflating our confidence when we
permit it.

You as an individual must deny
Its provision,

Starve it of the capacity to hurt
your confidence.

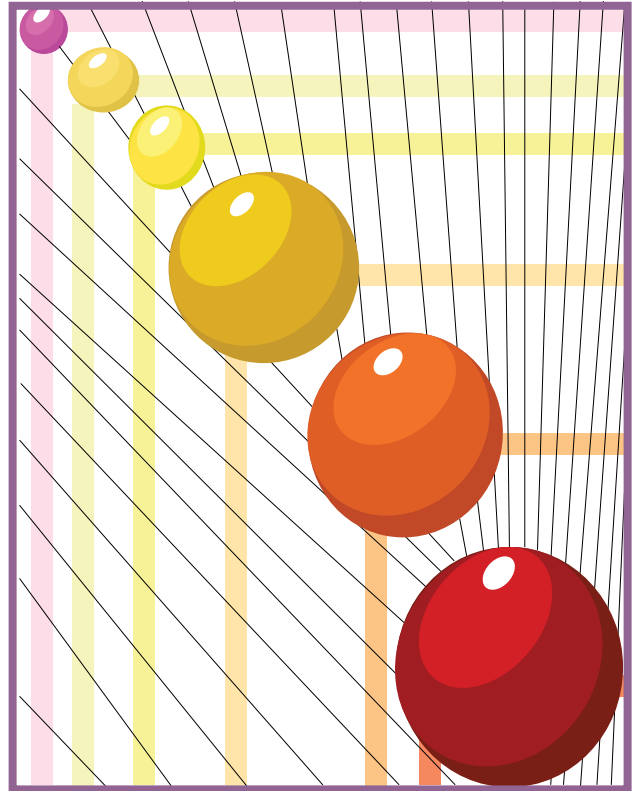
Give it no attention!

For there being one way to be beautiful is a broken human invention.



Kaylah Saleem - Junior

Amaya White - Sophomore



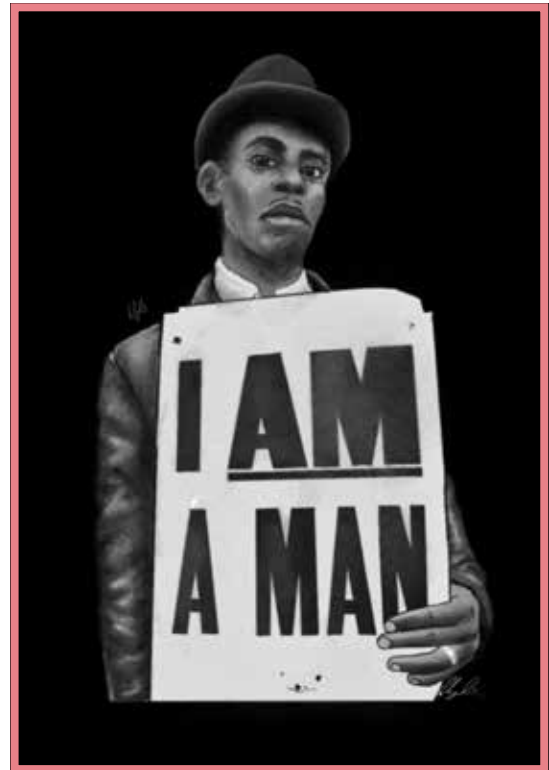
Kentrell Coley - Sophomore



Caelan Ellis - Junior

Rhyli Hunter-James

Sophomore



Sy'Riaha Bailey

Sophomore



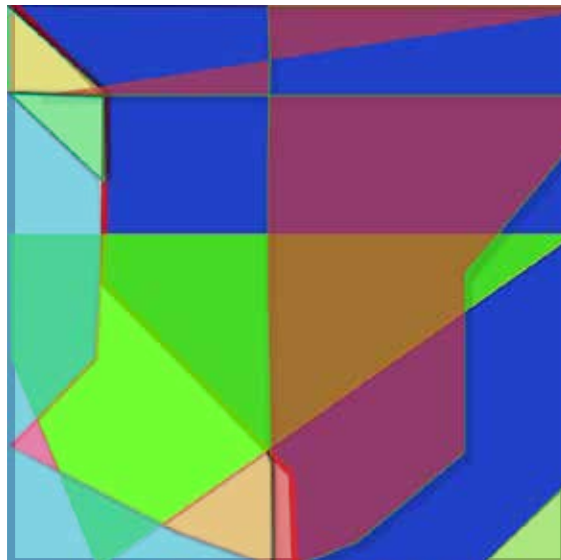
Tribeca Hannah

Senior



Joseph Treccia

Senior



Zachary Jackson

Junior



Jasmin Bosquez

Junior



Emily N. Castro

Sophomore



Passing On

Short Story

By: Anastasia Georges - Junior

My name is Roman, and I have severe brain cancer. I will be 20 in three days, but my doctors don't think I will make it until then. Heck, if I just died right now, I wouldn't be surprised. I've been sick ever since I was a kid. I remember my mom quit her job to stay home and take care of me. I had an older sister; she was so sick of me having all my parent's attention. I honestly felt bad for her. They didn't even acknowledge her after I was diagnosed, and I used to hear her cry at night when everyone would be asleep. I don't know how she felt, but while she cried, I sat outside her door because it was the only emotion she had for me, and the only thing I could hold on to. One day she was so upset. She and Mom got into an argument after her concert at school and she ran out, but when she ran, she got hit by a car. My mom was so heartbroken. The last words she ever said to her was the gut-wrenching phrase, "What are you even here for, Calissa?!" I didn't get to tell her I'm sorry or that I sleep outside her door at night to feel her connection. After that day, my parents started having financial problems because of my medical bills and my sister's. She's brain dead now, but my mom won't let her go, and my dad couldn't take it anymore, so he divorced my mom. My mom said something while she was praying when I was sleeping. It made me feel the pain she felt:

"What's the meaning of life? Are you born to walk around feeling pain, feeling love, or feeling nothing? Did I waste my life experiencing nothing? Or did I live it out watching it go by like a movie? Never missed a second, thinking what could've been if I just didn't say what I said. Now I take care of a boy who's been sick since he was a child and a perfect daughter who is now dead because of me. What have I done to deserve this, dear God? I didn't get to tell her I loved her and that I'm sorry for everything. If I could only hold her one more time... if only I could take it back..... but why, why now? Why not later?"

She could only cry and question, but that night, she killed herself. She overdosed, and I found her in the morning by the bathroom floor. I held her in my arms for an hour until the ambulance came, and I whispered, "You're not a bad mom. It's an unfortunate circumstance and it happens. But you're not alone, and I'm here." Sometimes, though, my words turned to anger: "You could've at least stayed for me, you shouldn't have given up, not yet."

"So that's why I'm alone now, Doc. That's the story of my family. We'll be together again, but 'til then, I have one request, Doc."

"What would you like, Roman?" the doctor asked, holding back tears of pity and sadness for me.

"I'd like it if I could watch the sunset with my sister Calissa before I die. We never got to do anything together, because she always hated my disease. But I feel this is better than me sitting outside her door while she sleeps." I forced a laugh, but it hurt inside. Back then, I never held it against her; she is human, after all. I felt sicker, but still better than before. Maybe because I had this huge sadness lifted off my chest, and now, I know I can move on.

It's my last day and I want to get dressed and look nice for my sister, even though she can't see me or tell me I look nice. Today, we go to the meadows to watch the sunset as I pass on to the next world, the one beyond this one. I grabbed my bag and headed for the hospital door. I can feel my mother's spirit, next to my dad's and sister's, down the hall waiting for me, and I feel so at peace right now. We all walk off to have one last moment as a family while troubles drift away. I can't help but cry. I never thought it could be like this, but it is, and I am loving every moment of every second going by.

Tick, tick, tick.

I close my eyes one last time and take my last breath. I go into the light, as they call the passing over. I open my eyes and feel at peace as I walk into the abyss.



Jasmin Bosquez - Junior

Naya Allen

Senior



SkillsUSA

Synopsis

By: Aulani Abraham - Sophomore

SkillsUSA is a career and technical student organization that is a partnership of students, teachers and industry professionals working together to ensure America has a skilled workforce. This year, our SkillsUSA members exceeded our expectations by overcoming the obstacles we faced due to COVID-19, with all of the contests that our members participated in being virtual. This was major change for our members, because pre-COVID, all contests would have been in person with other schools in Georgia.

The theme for this year was “SkillsUSA: Champions at Work, Empowered to Succeed,” which would be used depending on which contest the students entered. If the students’ contests required it, they incorporated the theme in their design or speech.

Each student had to take a professional development test, where the results of the test would be used if there was a tie in between the creative submissions. Some competition areas include the design of promotional graphics (State Finalist: Aulani Abraham), pins (State Finalists: Peter Jean and Imani Ingram), t-shirts, esthetic displays (State Finalists: Kimberly Meus and Pamela Nito), branding materials (State Finalists: Yuleidi Arroyo and Sandro Moreno) and ads; criminal justice (State Winner: Kyle Chekroune); digital cinema and sports highlight reel production (State Finalists: Sandro Moreno, Emmanuel Ridore, and Akio McKinley); photography (State Finalist: Shaye Rennie); and extemporaneous speaking (State Finalist: Jadon Strong).

Quote from a Member

Imani Ingram - Senior

When I joined SkillsUSA as a junior, I didn’t know it was all about competing, but I saw the value in having an opportunity to practice for real world design tasks. I signed up for Pin Design and also a category called Graphic Imaging and Sublimation Printing, which I had never heard of before. I knew how to do screen-printing, because that was a fundamental topic in our graphic design classes, but this was completely different. Designing the pin was easy, but then I had to cram in knowledge of a new printing method for my second competition, so much that doing it was like second nature.

The day we arrived at the competition was when COVID-19 started picking up traction, and everyone quickly had to head home and start preparing to be online for what we thought was two weeks. That was fine when we thought it was just two weeks, and I thought it would give me more time to study how to use the fancy printer.

I took the test about a month later, still at home, and hoped for two things: first, that there wouldn’t be dozens of students signed up for this seemingly random category, and second, that I would do well enough to break into the top ten. I got second place and was stoked. My pin design didn’t place, but my placement in something else was enough for me. During my senior year, I did another pin design and won second place for that!

SkillsUSA prepared me for a career in a competitive industry. It taught me how to make and learn things based on guidelines and rules, and it helped me tailor my work for a specific purpose, which is a lot like what would happen in the future. There was also teamwork involved in this process, because I needed others for feedback and assistance. Without Skills USA, I wouldn’t be as ready to jump into competitions as I am now.

SkillsUSA Submissions



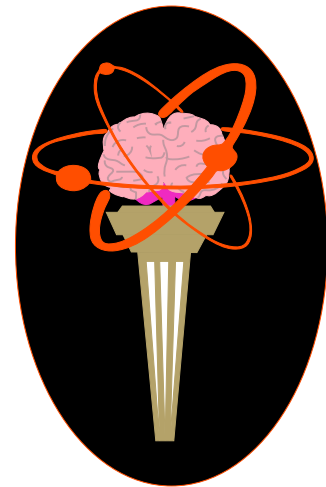
Bill Ankrah - Junior



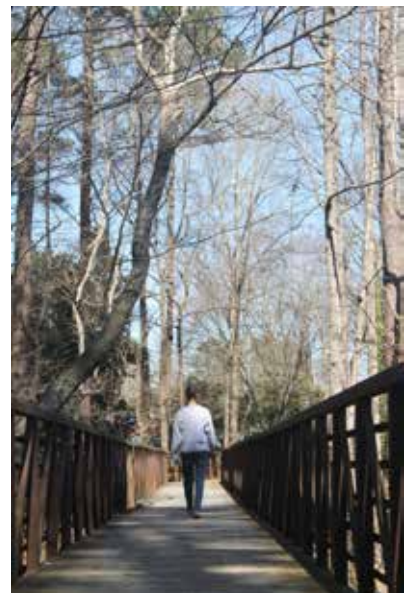
Imani Ingram - Senior



Peter Jean - Senior



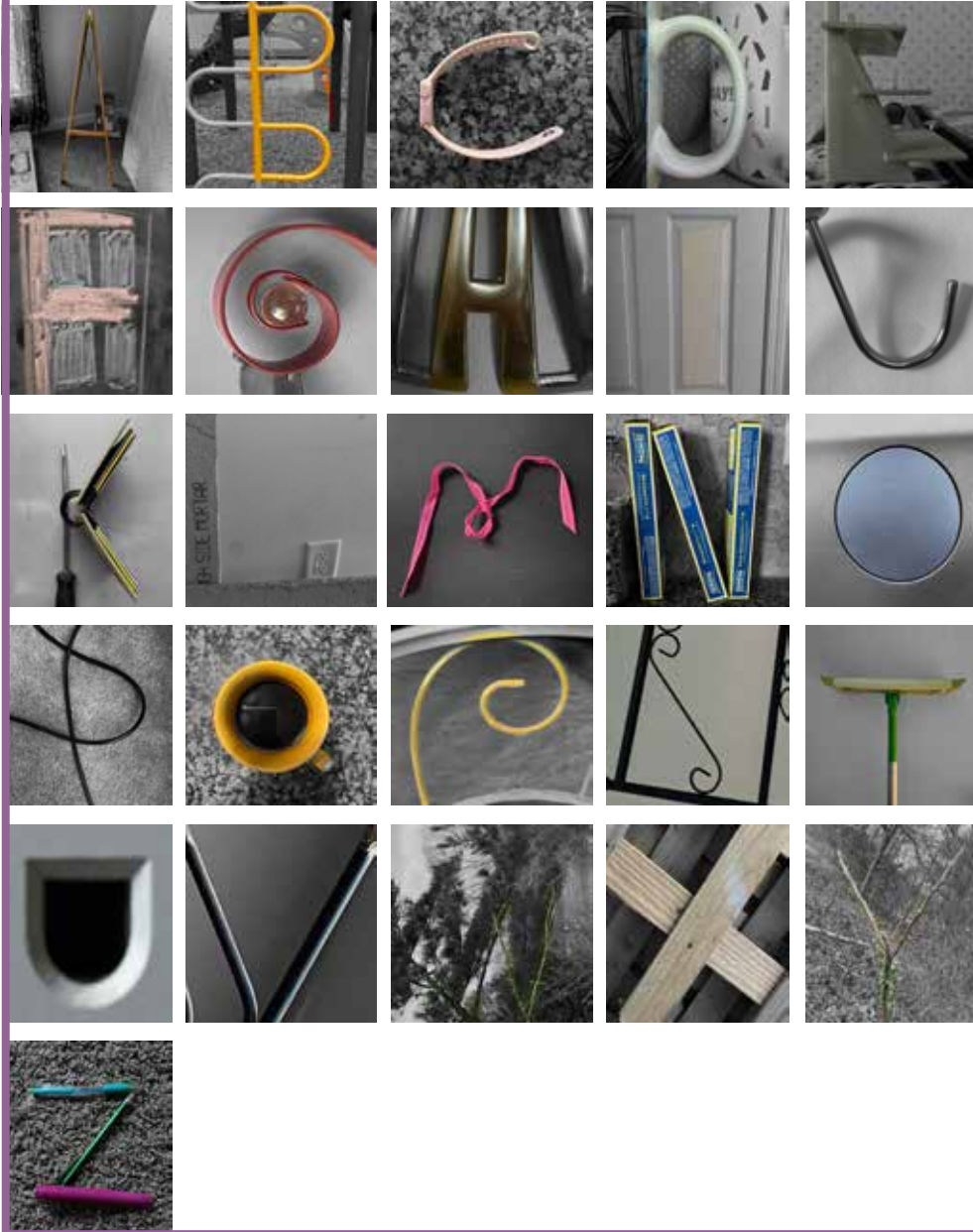
Shaye Rennie - Senior



Alphabet Photography


Graphic Design
By: Syrian Andrew - Senior

Alphabet Photography Project by: Syrian Andrew



Graphic Design: Live Work

Peter Jean - Senior



**EAST COBB
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Nelson Sifontes - Senior

Downtown
DESIGNS

Peter Jean - Senior



Jean's
CLEANING

Power Washing

•Garbage Bins •Homes •Decks •Driveways

(470) 437 1715

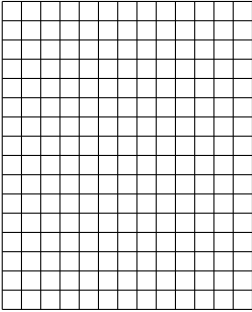

Jeancleaningwork@gmail.com

Instagram Facebook Jeanscleaning


Dion Williamson - Senior

NOTES

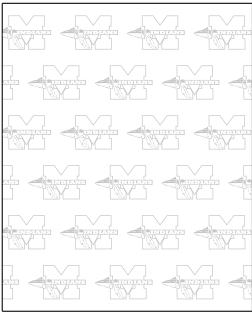

QUICK SKETCH



NOTES



QUICK SKETCH



Inside the Insane

Creative Writing
By: Jayla Brignac - Sophomore

My name is Sarah... No, that's not my name!

My name is Riley... No, no, no, that doesn't sound right either.

My name is Blake. Blake. Bla-

The spiders are on me! The spiders are on me!

"Get rid of them, Blake!"

Shut up!

"Get rid of them, Blake!"

"Get rid of them, Blake!"

"Get rid of them, Blake!"

"Get rid of them, Blake!"

Shiny shoes! Shiny shoes!

I am here. I am there. I am everywhere followed into nowhere.

Now you see me, now you don't, I'm off and away in my little rowboat.

... What's my name?

My name is Carly... My name... my name is Blake, and I'm a mother of 12. No. I'm 12- yes!
My name is Charles and I'm 12- BLAKE- my name is Blake.

I remember- it's stuck in my brain.

"You're never getting rid of me."

"I'm a part of you."

Just leave me alone... the context of leaving someone alone.

Roger, leave me alone. Leave me alone. Roger. Leave me alone. Roger!

One- two, tie my shoes...

One- two, tie my shoes...

The little boy is staring and getting kind of daring.

My name is... Blake and I'm- the context of leave me alone.

My name is Blake... and I'm 12 years old. 12 years of age is enough for ME! Where am I? HOT. Fire.

Help-help- somebody help me. I'm coming to save you.

I CAN'T SWIM!

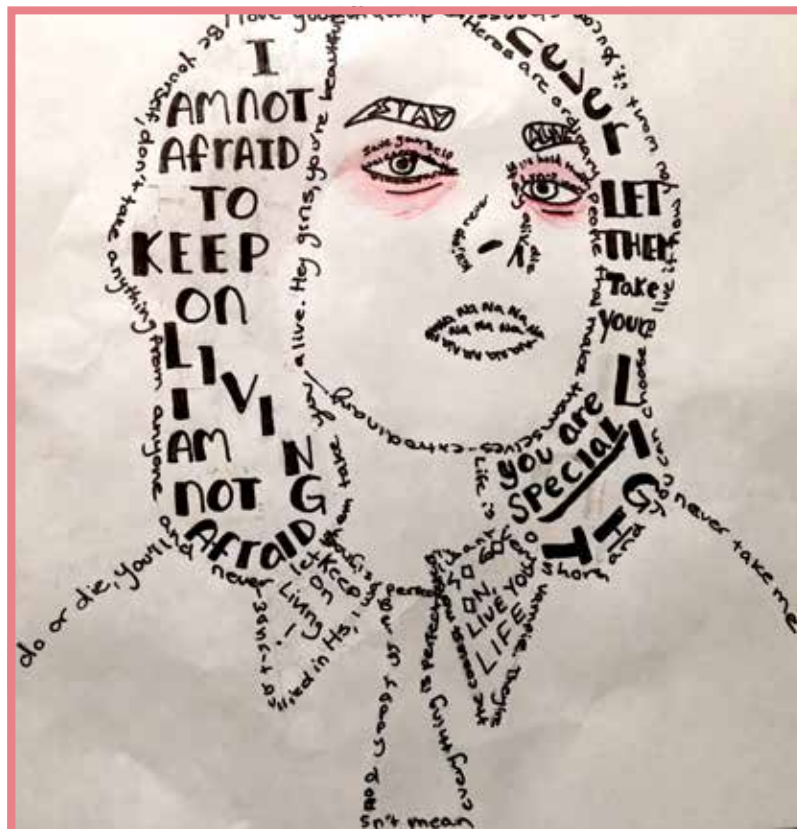
"Nobody will help you."

No silly! It's a wall.

My name is.... my name? Is ... my name is Blake.

Alexis Newsome

Freshman



Alphabet Photography

Graphic Design
By: Shaye Rennie - Senior



GHP

Article

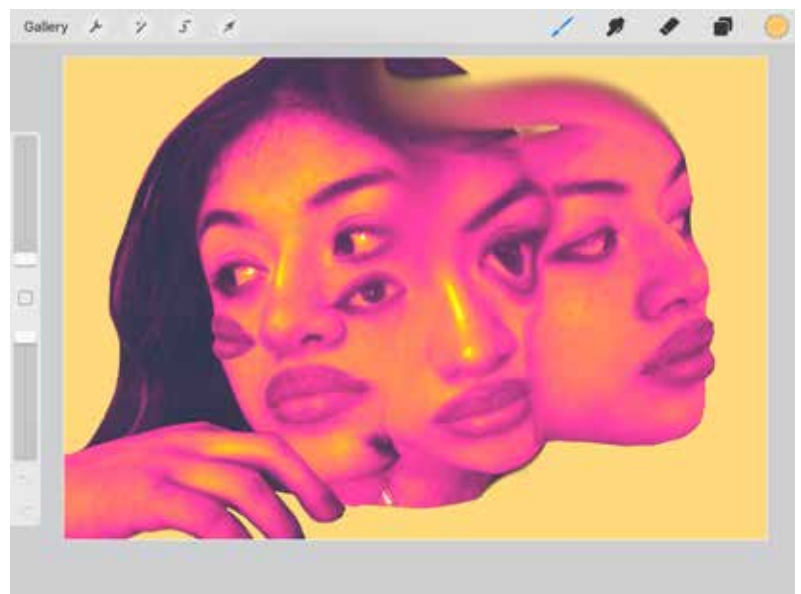
By: Yuleidi Arroyo - Junior

Doing GHP during my sophomore year allowed me to experience how the art industry is by competing against other talented young artists in the state of Georgia. The first stage was to submit my application and answer questions, such as, “Why do you want to go to GHP and what would you contribute?” My application was accepted, and I had to create a portfolio of up to 15 pieces of art, plus submit a sketchbook. The judges critiqued my artwork at the county level by interviewing me for 15 minutes.

Considering the quality of my work, the judges advanced me from the county level to the state level. For this, they required me to record a video in front of my best artwork, describing the elements, color choices, or meaning behind it. I felt very anxious, like I couldn’t afford to mess up. At this level, I also had to create a 3D sculpture. I painted a woman, glued on sunflowers, and sewed a dress onto the cardboard.

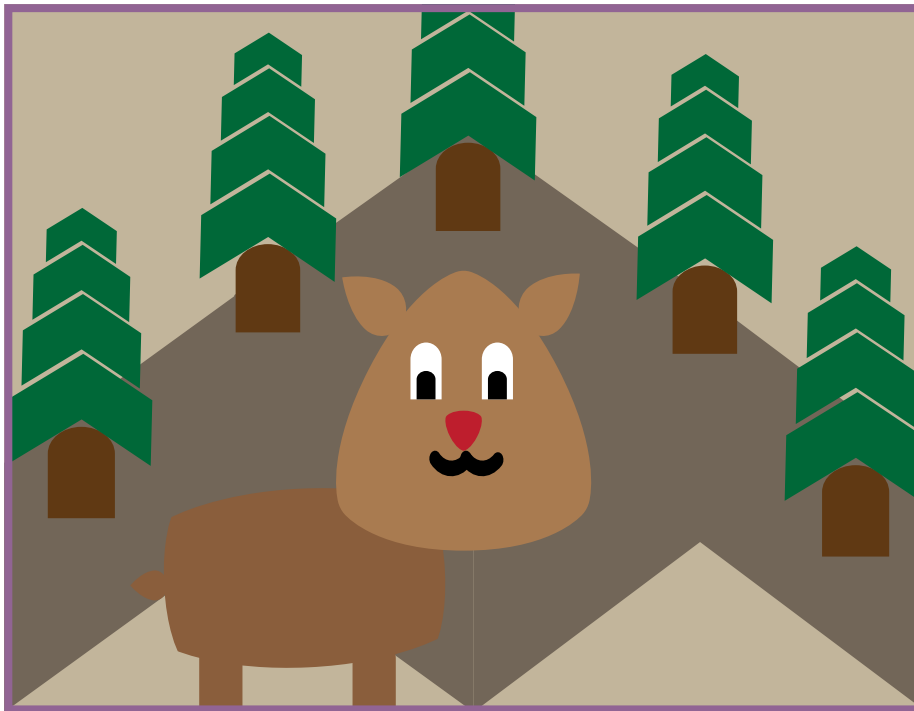
At the state level interviews, I saw student’s artwork that was beyond what I could imagine. Most students brought in large sculptures, huge paintings, and very detailed works; however, I had a few obstacles with my portfolio, too. My portfolio was very heavy, and I had to drag it across an unknown campus. I was really scared I wouldn’t arrive on time, but I made it. The students who were ahead of me in line were either taking a test or being interviewed. I was finally called into a room, where I began to spread out and arrange my pieces onto the floor. This gives me chance to look at other artist’s works, and I could see that everyone had a unique style or way of creating art. My eyes were opened to the quality of high school art here.

When my interview began, I was asked questions like, “Who inspires you, and what would you like to do in the future?” My pieces were critiqued, and I received feedback on my talent, where they told me I needed to work on my knowledge of art. The criticism coming from these professional artists helped me realize what weaknesses I should work on. When the interview ended, I was sent into a room to take a test, which was a mixture of knowledge about graphic design, sculpture, and visual art. This was the final process, and I had to wait to see the results. I found out I made it to GHP as an alternate, and I was very proud of myself, since I was competing against hundreds of juniors and sophomores from across the state.



Kinedy Miller

Sophomore



Dione Williamson

Senior



Mia Badillo

AP Art Student
Senior

Savior complex at its finest.

My religion is the bone I wished to break.

When you want to catch the attention of others, shock factors always seem more interesting than sweet interactions. The topic of religion tends to bother or tick a nerve in most, whether from their personal attachment to it or their distaste for it. In my study, I investigate the traces that Christianity may leave behind in youth like myself, discussing topics such as mental or emotional trauma, abuse and corruption, but also the enlightenment most feel, the power of support and love, and lastly, a feeling of hope. I use personal experiences, studies, and information gathered from those who've spoken out in my study. With my opinions and research, I do not intend to insult or ridicule, but since I've grown up in this situation, with this environment, I believe I can artistically express my concerns and elaborate on the issues I've seen. Of course, to be professional and not let my own emotions intervene, I've investigated how Christianity can bring in a sense of hope, love and more, by asking myself, "Is this my own opinion? Is it logical or an emotional feeling? What types of trauma can religion bring onto the young? How is it that religion can save many? At what point does it go too far and create trauma? What elements can I use to portray a sense of light or hope?" My study is about the relationship and traces that Christianity can leave on a younger audience and how it could affect them in the future or even today.



Beta Club

Article

By: Aulani Abraham - Sophomore

McEachern Beta Club is our local chapter of the National Beta Club, in which members are recognized for their academic excellence and are asked to “Lead by Serving Others” through service projects. This year, many of McEachern’s Beta members entered the yearly state convention. Due to COVID-19 protocols, all competitions were held virtually.

In this convention, there are three different categories that the members partake in, including individual competitions, team competitions, and a club competition. One Beta member from each grade level was able to compete in one academic subject area (Math, Science, etc.). Some students paired up with others to compete in a team competition, such as the Quiz Bowl, where a team of four joined forces to take an hour-long test. Many of our students placed in the top ten of these competitions, with first place winners listed below.

MaKayla Camese, Shukraat Adesina, Emily Barragan, Jada Iseghohi, and Ashanti Noble submitted a portfolio of all the incredible things our Beta Club chapter has done despite COVID-19 affecting our lives to such a great extent, and the portfolio won first place in its competition. Jessica Macharia’s poem won first place in its competition as well. Finally, the Beta Club as a whole took first place in the State Philanthropy competition.

After developing, editing, and presenting a compelling campaign, Shukraat Adesina was elected Vice President of the State of Georgia’s Beta Club!



MHS Beta Club Website



Portfolios

Yuleidi Arroyo

AP Art Student
Junior

My investigation consists of illustrating Hispanic urban legends and beliefs. In Image 1, La Llorona cries and mourns for the loss of her children. She searches through midnight and lures her victims into the river, where they are found dead. That's why people warn others, if they ever hear a weeping lady, to flee. In this color scheme, I used washed colors to show the emotion of despair and pain in her face (Image 3). The evil eye is a superstition that Hispanics believe occurs if someone glares with envy from afar. You will get very sick in that circumstance, and the only cure to break the spell is to rub against a raw egg and sing a prayer. Since babies are vulnerable, they wear a red bracelet with a blue eye to protect them. In this piece, I went for a semi-realistic style, and I contrast the two different energies by using colors such as dark blue to bright yellow. The green hands symbolize envy trying to spread its influence onto the baby. In Image 4, a very well-known tale concerns the "Chupacabra," a monster who feeds on sucking goats, but has never been seen. With pastels, the lines and cool colors created movement within the night sky, which emphasizes the balance between the goat and the Chupacabra. I purposely made the Chupacabra blend into the background since no one knows its true form. Guiding my exploration, I asked myself the following questions: How can I experiment using different elements to visually illustrate stories? Will readers understand their meaning?



Aisling McHenry-Steele

AP Art Student
Senior



When I was exploring what I wanted to do for my sustained investigation, I was also questioning what I wanted to do after high school. Did I want to be an animator? A novelist? A screenwriter and director? I decided that I needed to prove to myself that I can commit to one project at a time, but I don't like how restrictive that it can be, and as an artist with ADHD... well, I have had issues finding the right subject matter. I love movies; my mum and grandfather were film and musical theatre majors, so that was a big bonding experience for my family. At the time I started my investigation, I was considering minoring in film, so it made a good theme.

Throughout my works, you will see a variety of films, genres and media blends, levels of detail and linework. I like to blend physical with digital and take photographs that center around telling a story.

I grew up watching film adaptations of works by Jane Austen and I drew inspiration from these (Images 4 and 5). I wanted to study light and how it can be altered in these pieces.

In Image 1, I wanted to study focusing on background texture and simplifying foreground detail.

Akio Mckinley

AP Art Student
Senior



After spending years developing my own unique artistic style and coming up with thrilling stories for the characters I create, I wanted to show the process of how I come up with my characters and what goes through my head when creating them. Creating characters is something I've been doing since I was a little kid, because I've always been fascinated with how in depth you can go when you do it. But sometimes I would be so focused on my creations, I would forget about reality.

In Image 1, I show the mental struggle between doing my homework or finishing my artwork. This is something that I often struggle with because art has a major impact on my life. The first character I have ever come up with is shown in Images 2 and 3. Image 3 shows the character in full, the entire look of the character from top to bottom. I drew close-ups of the character to show how the character would look in different lighting and moods. On the other hand, Image 2 shows the more dark and morbid different side of the character. The use of greyish tones gives the image a gloomier feeling. Through my sustained investigation, I can go in depth with my characters, showing off the characters in full depth. I believe that each part of my investigation expresses my love for character design and my passion for creating a story for each of them.



Elizabeth Shyman

AP Art Student
Sophomore

Hands: a commonly misunderstood body part. Some people take for granted these tools and the miraculous things they can do. Most of society has the access to use these tools we call hands in numerous ways. They can be perceived as anything, from an animal to an object. Or perhaps the combination of both.

My concentration allows me to investigate the collaboration of both hands and animals, either together, in different poses and stances, or apart, from weird or strange perspectives. As you can see in Images 1 and 5, both had an appearance of an animal, with the idea of showing how hands can be used as tools. You will see in Images 2 and 4 that hands are being held back, whether it be by physical or mental barriers. While investigating this concept, I was able to personally understand how hands are important: how they are mine, how they are a gift that I am so lucky to have.



Haille Saenz

AP Art Student
Junior



Drugs: a pandemic that has affected everyone. The effect it has on the addict is always prevalent, and it never fades away, much like the addiction itself. People fail to realize that it's a disease that controls the addict, rather than just another good high. And it doesn't matter whether it's alcohol, meth, opioids, heroine, or cocaine: it's all a disease. Addiction melts away personality's hopes and dreams, along with all motivation (except the one to fix a never ending craving for the high). These paintings and digital art are my representations of what I have seen personally. These are the struggles that my family and friends have dealt with, from probation to internal struggles. My piece "SUGA BOOM BOOM" is inspired by the song of the same name and how that artist got out on probation sober; however, he struggles to stay away from heroine, but is trying to be an honest man. My collage piece shows how everyone around that person and how the person's self is tired and drained of hope and willpower.



Jalen Fryer

AP Art Student
Senior



During the journey of creating my portfolio, I continuously questioned what I could do to express my passion for animation. As my artistic skills have developed, I have grown fond of animation, and this skill will determine my future career. Essentially, animation is a series of drawings or successive pictures that are put together to create the illusion of movement. The process ranges from storyboarding, to sketching and directing, to line art and coloring, and to shading and other various effects. Seeing this skill being put into motion has always been fascinating to me and developing the ability to create animations has and will continue to have a huge impact on my life. Unfortunately, the process and final product of animation has overall become a huge misconception to many ignorant individuals. Some assume that animators or studios are lazy when the final product or even an individual drawing does not meet their expectations. This assumption could not be further from the truth for a multitude of reasons, one of those being that some studios are given a pressing schedule that gives animators very little time to express their skills to their full potential. Other reasons are the tough working conditions and harassment that animators have received from the masses. Hence, my reasoning for taking it upon myself to break down and convey this subject and dexterity.

I typically use questions such as “what inspires me to make this,” “what is the meaning behind this piece” and “is there a way to convey the struggles and complexity of animation as a whole” to conduct my journey through this process. I ultimately want to express my interest in animation by any means, along with the artists’ endeavors and the meaning behind everything. Through my Sustained Investigation, I am able to continue conveying these ideas in countless ways. Pieces such as SI1 and SI3 express the motion and timing of characters for one. On some pieces, I could express the necessity of fluidity or impact of motions. I wholly believe that each part of my sustained investigation encapsulates various characteristics of animation.

Dobey Rules!

Story Book
(Published)

Illustrated By: Jalen Fryer



This children’s book is about the dog of my mom’s co-worker. She came up with ideas to express what her dog, Dobey, is like, but she needed an illustrator who could help her visualize her mental image. I accepted that challenge, and this agreement led to me illustrating the book about Dobey and his adventures.



Michael McCrary

AP Art Student
Junior

My sustained investigation represents me learning and experimenting with different art styles. I experimented with multiple art mediums such as digital art, oil painting, acrylic painting, and drawing. When using these mediums, I learned all the pros and cons for each one, and doing this made me become a better overall artist, because it is important as an artist to learn multiple mediums, instead of trapping yourself and limiting your creativity.

When doing my first digital piece [2] I wanted to dive in and challenge myself, so I decided to draw a woman's body. In this piece I experimented with colors and highlights. I feel like this is a strong piece especially for it being my first digital art form. When doing my first oil painting [1], I went in with the same mindset and wanted a challenge, so I painted another woman, but this time I decided to paint her from the torso up. I learned a lot by doing this, and for my first time with oils, I feel like it was a strong start into learning this medium. My first acrylic painting [6] is a piece that I am especially proud of; I feel like although it was not a big learning curve, and it was fun to see the art come to life.



I started noticing that experimenting with other mediums helped me become a better artist overall, and I feel like returning to my roots was an important part of my sustained investigation because it was the first time I used a medium I was already familiar with. When doing my first drawing [11], I felt like this is where I was most comfortable, and in turn, these were my strongest pieces. In this process, I experimented with drawing on dark paper while using a light-colored pencil.

The portfolio represents myself and my perspective, and it shows that I tackled my goal of wanting to become a better multimedia artist.



Naja Jean

AP Art Student
Junior



The focus of my concentration statement is the lack of minority representation within alternative subcultures, specifically those who are people of color or a part of the LGBTQ+ community. Many alternative spaces are either very bigoted, and or they try to push out those subcultures, or they are lacking minority representation in general.

I first wanted to focus on the lack of Black people in these subcultures (pieces 1, 3,5 and 6), as well show a subculture specifically for Black alternative people, Afropunk (piece 2). I also touched on disabled people in my portfolio (pieces 3 and 4).



Naya Allen

AP Art Student
Senior

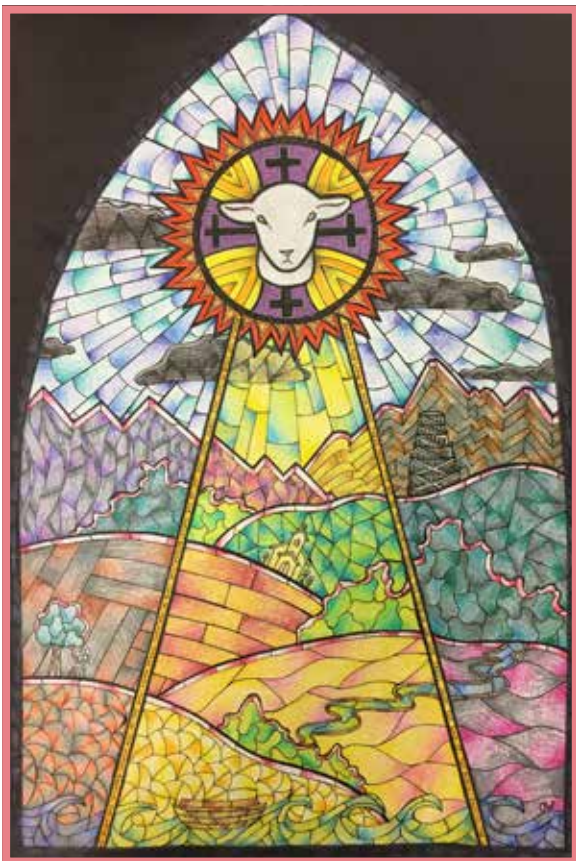
Inspired by the book *Miseducation of the Negro* and the album *Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*, my SI focuses on the miseducation of identity. In the book, Woodson emphasized knowing oneself and culture, one's specifically in the Black community. People of color have a long history of having to conform to a different culture and society (Image 2), to the point where corruption and self hate are extremely evident in our community. As a Black woman, I know the world has tried to give me false ideas about my identity and role in society. While I was informed on ideas of Black success (image 1), colorism (image 4), and competition against other women (image), I realized that these beliefs were pulling me away from myself. It was not until recently that I made it a priority to change my way of thinking, re-educate myself on who I was, and seek my own purpose. As a person of color, I know that we can be physically oppressed, but mentally, the mind and body can be our own weapons of oppression. Black people have had a long history of unjust treatment, and we have been known known to settle for standards expected of us. Redefining our identity will liberate not just us, but those around us as well.



Olivia Weber - Senior

AP Art Student

Modern art has greatly impacted my artistic style. I enjoy expressing myself in a way that is abstract and outside of the box. For my sustained investigation, I wanted to focus on how many commonly known works of Christian art all appear to be influenced by Greek and Roman cultures. Instead of copying previous styles, I wanted to create my own, in order to better express my faith. I found that the best way to achieve this was through repetition and pattern. In piece 1, I took inspiration from Catholic stained glass and created a piece in a style that was less realistic and more cartoon-like. I used Bible verses alongside patterns, seen in pieces 2 and 4. Creating my own modern style has allowed me to share my beliefs in a way that is not restricted by previous Roman and Greek art styles.



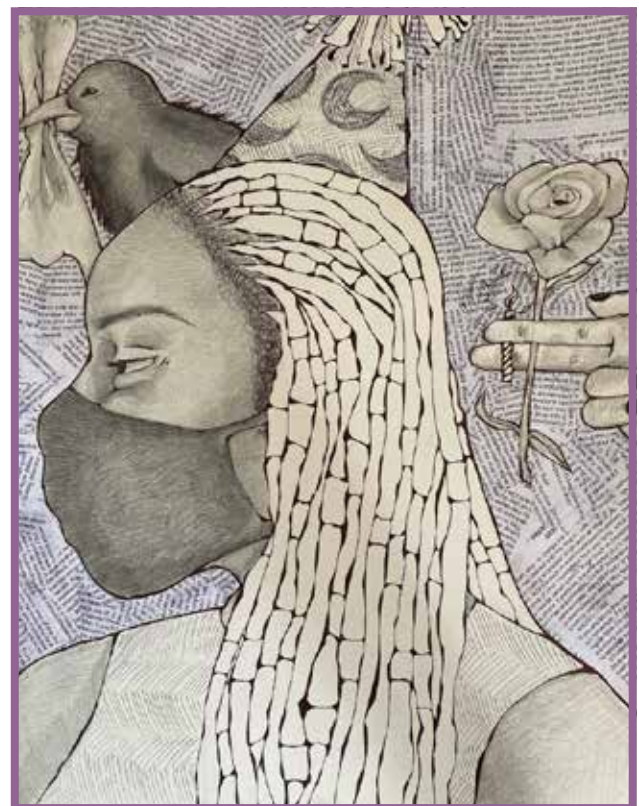
Stephanie Anokam

AP Art Student
Senior

Grief and great loss are two emotions I have become enveloped in, as of the beginning of this school year. Grief twists me in many ways: in the ways I see the world, yes, but more specifically, in the ways I see myself. The idea my art portrays in this investigation is the visualization of how great loss impacted my self expression and my view of my person... or in simpler terms, how I expressed myself artistically during the constant waves of loss.

Each piece shown is a portrait of myself. This was an intentional choice to force me to create an intimate relationship with each piece. I wanted them to be weird, displaced, odd and somewhat messy, because that's how I felt. I'd log my emotions and turn them into lines, into shapes and forms. Like vague stories.

Drawing myself over items of the deceased, to represent my desire to be closer to what was lost through material things, is the concept of Image 2. Symbolizing my disconnect to the living using multiple mediums, editing to create confusion, or drawing a literal divide to display the disconnect are exemplified in Images 4 and 3. Using beauty and complex patterns to distract from the painful details, representing denial is my concept for Image 5.



Tariq Drawton

AP Art Student
Senior

I have been drawing my whole life, but just a few months ago, I fell in love with the art of painting. I've gone through phases of inspiration, from the old masters to modern day art, along with realism, and even a combination of all three, such as in piece #2 ("Kobe") and piece #1 ("Say Cheese"). All of my work displays what inspires me and what I love about my life, especially the concept of being Black. Many artists tend to attack topics like Black Lives Matter, systemic racism, or the hardships of being a Black adolescent growing into a man/woman in America, and of course, all of these are important. However, I tend not to focus on the negative that pushes me, but moreso on the positives that have molded me as an

artist. The lyrics of rapper Westside Gunn, who represents my hometown of Buffalo, New York with a brilliant mix of high-end fashion, poetry, and a "dark" street feeling is featured in piece 5. The Caravaggio setup of a dark background and almost nude body yet wearing a Chanel ski mask contradicts it all. My art demonstrates my development as an artist and what appeals to me in different forms of art, which may change over time... but that change is the beauty of it all.



Vianney Ortiz

AP Art Student
Senior

I asked myself, “What are the effects that body dysmorphia has on a person? How does body dysmorphia make you feel? How can I illustrate the emotions and internal personal conflict that body dysmorphia evokes in a person? How can I show the feeling of being uncomfortable in your own body through my art?”

Body dysmorphic disorder is a mental health disorder characterized by the obsessive idea that some aspect of one’s own body part or appearance is severely flawed. You may feel so ashamed and anxious that you avoid many social situations. You may feel so uncomfortable in your own body that you just want to hide from everyone.

Our modern world is obsessed with physical appearances. From the time we are infants, society sends a message that our desirability and value as a person is somehow linked to the way that our bodies are formed. In my portfolio, I wanted to capture the eye of the audience and try to have them feel and see the internal and external struggles of living with body dysmorphia. Throughout my pieces, I have puzzles to show that a person with BD is always trying to solve the puzzle and figure out what they look like.







Growth

Rebirth

Evolution

Retribution

Change