



MMXIX
/MMXX

THE HEARING I

THE HEARING

2019 - 2020



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

This magazine is the property of:

2910 N Parham Rd, Henrico, VA 23294

THE HEARING

COMPOSITION

Short Poem - Yousseff Elmountassir	04
La Nueva Tucker - Damarys Rodriguez	05
Simple Dog Town - Jason Golos	06
October 15th - Griffin Goodwyn	07
Afraid - Charlotte Bell	09
Their Flying Dog - Anaya Surve	11
In an Instant - Rachel Scott	13
Lights - Minnie Zhang	15
Snow Angels - Anaya Surve	17
Grief is No Stranger - Anonymous	18
High School - Raegan Jones	20
Sunflower - Maliha Chowdhury	22
Still Not Bored - Samah Elhassan	23
Not Again - Rachel Scott	24
Bio-Poema - Mateo Recalde	26
The Last Basketball Game - Masrik Dahir	28
Masthead	30
About	31

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

-- The Hearing Staff

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ARTWORK

Castle - Widad Khan	04
I Belong Here - Annie Trinh	05
Window Girl - Annie Trinh	06
Mirror Above - Allyson Tham	08
The Eye - Widad Khan	09
Parrot - Fabiha Tahsin	10
Baby Feet - Widad Khan	12
Untitled - Allyson Tham	14
Untitled - Annie Trinh	16
Portrait - Antonina Matic	17
Untitled - Jessica Savage	19
Friends - Jessica Savage	21
Untitled - Ra Ha Ma Be	22
Reflection - Jack Lacy	25
Untitled - Fabiha Tahsin	27
Treeless - Unknown	32

Enter.

Widad Khan



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

- Yousseff Elmountassir

LA NUEVA TUCKER

Damarys Rodriguez

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



Annie Trinh



Annie Trinh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIMPLE DOG TOWN
 Jason Golos

OCTOBER 15

Griffin Goodwyn

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

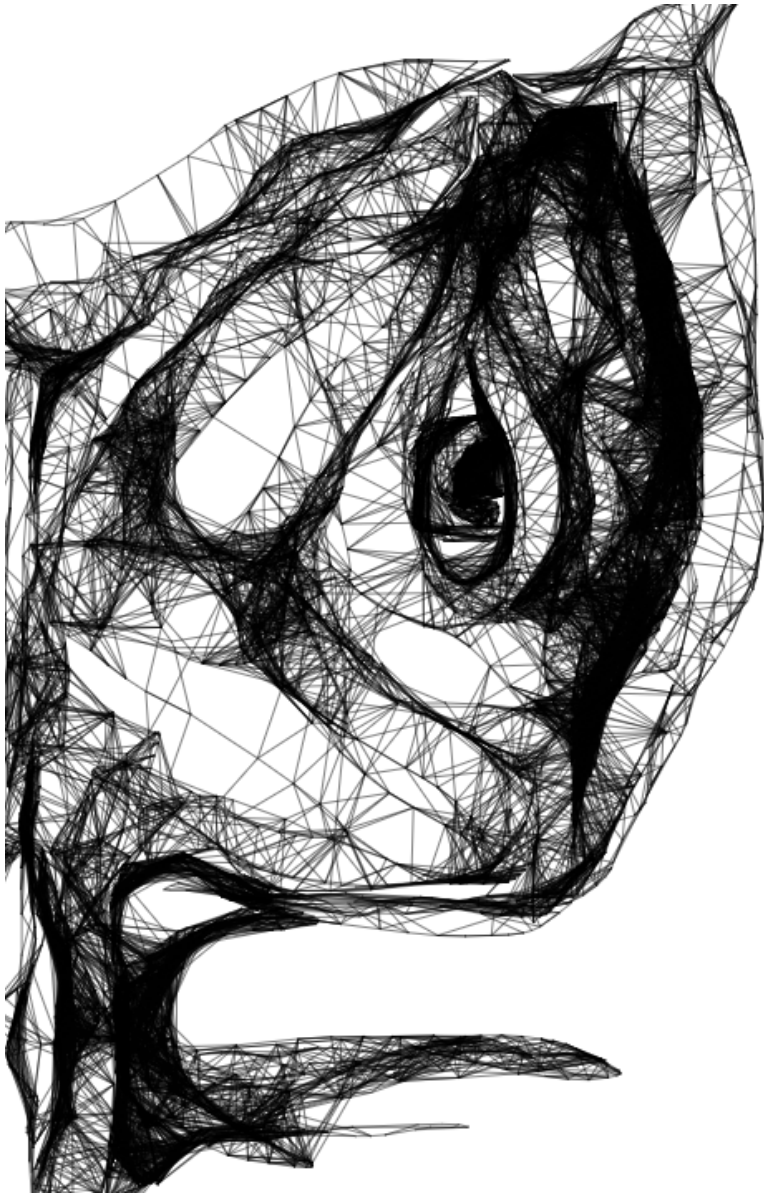
That day my fears materialized,
and I was truly at my worst,
But in the days that followed,
my bad luck was reversed!

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

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

Allyson Tham





Widad Khan

A F R A I D

Charlotte Bell

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

And I wasn't wrong.

And I wish I was right.

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

But.

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

I am more than my wrongs

I am more

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

Right?

(Still, I am afraid)



THEIR FLYING DOG

Anaya Surve

She always comes out with her heels on,
clicking
 down
 the stairs
with her hips swaying. She leaves
the house exactly at seven, drops the baby off
the same place we do
goes to work with no sound
 except for her clicking.
I only spoke to her once,
she told me I was beautiful,
reminds her of herself.
I see her husband with their dog,
 a small dog,
yipping
running
through the grass with his ears
acting as wings.
He wears a button down shirt
every day, and parks the car
in the same spot. Has his lunch
 in one hand and the fingers
of a toddler interlaced in the other.
I never see the two of them together,
one is always
walking the dog,
swaying her hips.

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

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

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

Widad Khan



IN AN INSTANT

Rachel Scott

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

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

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

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



Allyson Tham

LIGHTS

Minnie Zhang

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once a year, I wake up and underneath

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

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



Annie Trinh

SNOW ANGELS

Anaya Surve

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

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

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

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

When the fighting came
her voice suddenly
matched her strength.

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

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



Antonina Matic

GRIEF IS NO STRANGER

Anonymous

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

Jessica Savage



HIGH SCHOOL

Reagan Jones

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jessica Savage



SUNFLOWER

Maliha Chowdhury

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

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

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

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



Ra Ha Ma Be

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

what folly!

this decay is what i've always feared.

STILL NOT BORED

Maliha Chowdhury

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

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

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

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

NOT AGAIN

Rachel Scott

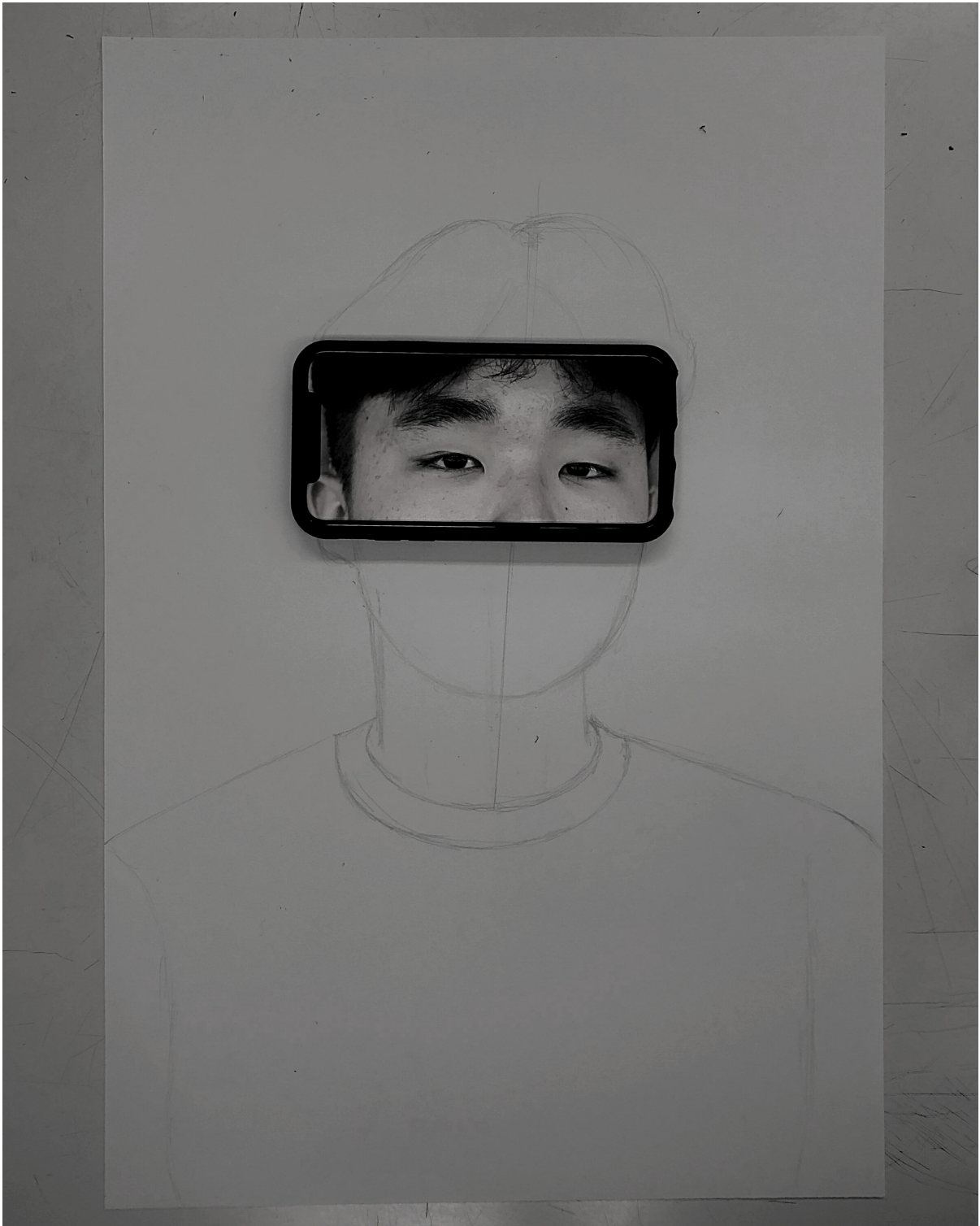
I've been searching for hours but I still can't find them.
They're way too important to lose.
I checked the counter, my backpack, the bathroom, in my clothes,
But my search only found an old pair of shoes.
Why does this always happen to me?
I think I'd much rather choose
To eat a whole pile of broccoli stalks
Then continue to have the blues.
I run to my mom and ask if she's seen them.
She looks at me like I've got a few loose screws.

"What? Where are they?"

"Your glasses?"

"Yes, those!"

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



B I O - P O E M A

Matea Recalde

Atlético, responsable, pesado, amistoso

Hijo de Cristina y Francisco, hermano de Jade y Ariel

Jugar futbol, salir con amigos, comprar ropa

Me importa mis amigos familia y comida

Tengo miedo de payasos, grandes arañas y grandes montañas rusas

Logre entrar en el programa de inmersión y mejorar mi

español y logre ganar segundo puesto en mi primer torneo de futbol.

Quisiera ver el Eiffel tower en la noche en la noche

Nací en Ecuador y viviendo en Virginia



THE LAST BASKETBALL GAME

Masrik Dahir

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

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

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

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

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

This is Tucker: just gorgeous.

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

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

MASTHEAD

2019 - 2020

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Minnie Zhang '21

COVER ART: Sophie George '20



ABOUT

2019 - 2020



COLOPHON

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

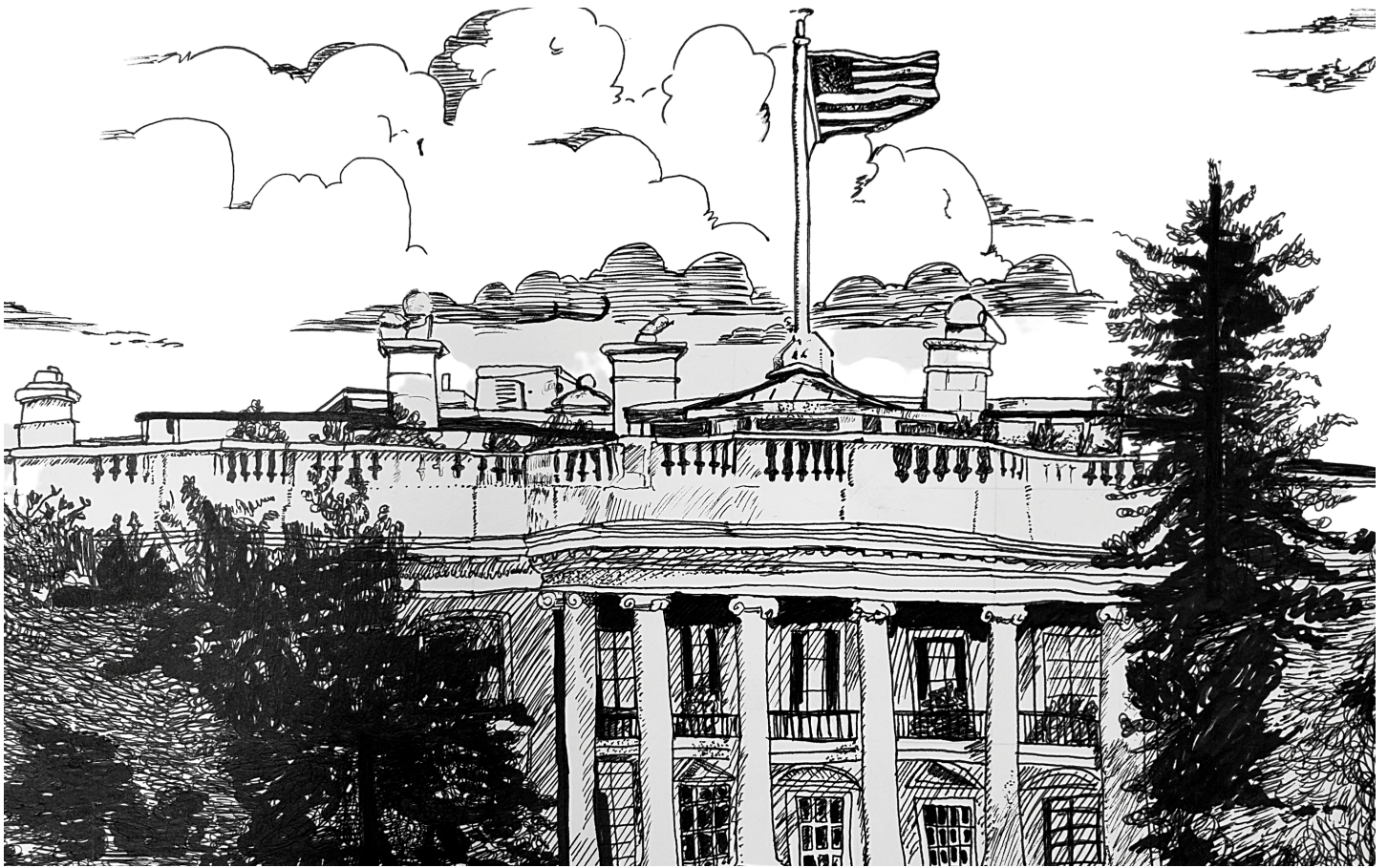
Body: **Libre Baskerville**
Title: **Cormorant Garamond**

SPONSOR

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Hearing staff would like to thank alumni of the J.R. Tucker class of '73 for their generous financial contributions: **Deborah Culbreth Carper**, **Anne Robinson Hallerman**, **Bill Oglesby** and **Mike Whitten**. A special note of gratitude to English teacher **Jason Golos** for his editorial contribution and ongoing support of *The Hearing*. Thanks, as always, to all our student contributors for sharing their creative work with our publication. We are especially grateful to teachers in the following programs and departments for nudging submissions our way: **International Baccalaureate Programme**, **Advance College Academy**, **Center for Spanish Language and Global Citizenship's Immersion program**, **Fine Arts Department**, **Art Department** and **English Department**.



Unknown

