Staff Editorial Running the risk of injury

Female students at New Trier say #UsToo

Several weeks ago, The New York Times and The New Yorker published allegations of sexual harassment and misconduct from multiple women against prominent producer Harvey Weinstein. What began as a revelation about one man's gross abuse of power soon evolved into a larger conversation about all women's experiences with sexual harassment and rape.

#MeToo flooded Facebook and Twitter feeds as girls and women all over the world recounted the times they were catcalled by old men, groped while riding the train, leered at by coaches, raped by boyfriends.

Teenage girls, and specifically female students at New Trier, are no strangers to such experiences. They have been taught that wearing tank tops, even at practice, is inappropriate. They have learned to never accept drinks from strangers, and to exercise the buddy system. They contact one another when they get home safely, and they carry pepper spray.

In short, they know that sexual assault most of the time is not perpetrated by thugs in dark alleys. They know that they are statistically more likely to be raped by someone they know, that females ages 16 to 19 are four times more likely than the general population to be victims of sexual assault.

It has become clear that one ad campaign, or one Netflix documentary, or one awkward Health class discussion will not end what has been classified by so many as an endemic.

Last year, less than 10% of the senior class attended the optional viewing of "Hunting Ground," a critically acclaimed documentary about sexual assault on college campuses. Students pointed out that administrators and advisers seemed to emphasize that female students, more so than male students, attend the screening and participate in related discussions. In general, male adviseries are rarely—if ever—expected to talk about topics and issues that are almost regular occurrences for their female peers.

This is not meant to discredit the struggles and stories of young men. It should go without saying that not all boys or men are rapists or abusers. However, this is a moment at which one man's egregious actions, sensationalized by mainstream media, have brought attention to a broader pervasive culture that historically has victimized women.

In high school, where education takes place outside of classrooms as often as it does inside, administrators, educators, and students have a responsibility to address this culture. They have a responsibility to have discussions as early as middle school, to not ask about the length of a victim's skirt, to hold boys and men accountable for their actions, and to speak up.

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REMEMBER CLASS, YOU HAVE A 10-PAGE ESSAY, 2 LAB REPORTS, A READING GUIDE, A TEST, AND PROBLEMS #1-100 DUE TOMOREOW...)

by Arjun Thakkar



Sports are dangerous, and people get hurt. That's just the unfortunate reality of competitive physical activity.

When we picture injuries, we think of professional athletes and how their injuries impact a team's success. That's why when you hear the name Derek Rose or more recently Aaron Rodgers, the first thought that comes to mind is their injuries.

What we don't really consider is the role that an injury plays on that individual beyond physical pain. My experiences running cross country and track have shown me the mentally taxing effects of injuries.

I know that high school sports aren't on the same level as collegiate or professional sports, but that makes the few injuries that occur even more infuriating considering they're in a smaller, more contained setting.

Before running on a team, I would've never considered running as such an injury-prone activity. As much as I love to run – I ran down hallways as a child imagining I was The Flash – I'm just not equipped to handle the sport, leading me into several injuries that repeatedly prevented me from running with my teammates.

What really hurts isn't the injury itself, but the feeling of being powerless. I don't know how Derek Rose felt when he couldn't play basketball, but I know how grumpy I became whenever I was injured.

The worst came during my junior year track season when I felt sharp pain in my ankle. Even though it hurt to walk, I initially ran through it since I had already faced so many injuries and wanted to help the team.

At that point, I was willing to endure any physical pain to avoid the disappointment of being injured yet again.

I ran well enough, but the injury worsened. Every step was like a saw gnawing at my right leg. The doctor diagnosed it.

A stress fracture in the distal fibula by the ankle, and over three months in a boot to recover.

There were times in this past summer of recuperation that were agonizing, especially with how slow the time was passing. Instead of running down the halls back and forth in excitement, I paced down them out of frustration.

I want to stress – no pun intended – that I'm not looking for pity. In fact, I'd like to bring awareness to how challenges like injuries help us grow.

I found solace for my feeling of imprisonment by spending time in the company of others. My coworkers and the kids I talked with as a camp counselor redeemed my summer.

And being with the team kept me sane too. I adopted a new philosophy, focusing on what was within my control. I cross-trained while the team practiced to keep myself busy, and I made an active effort to talk with teammates, helping out wherever I could.

And if that means going to every meet and cheering until my lungs burn to motivate a close friend, then so be it.

The training that the team put in this season to get to state tomorrow has inspired me to strive to be better, not necessarily in terms of running, but to keep moving forward past struggles.

I suppose that the injury has had that positive influence on me. Lobbing my right leg around for a few months made my outlook much more positive, making me realize that with a modest approach, not too hopeful nor too self-deprecating, my problems have much less of an impact on me.

Even now, when I struggle with shin splints and recurring uncertainty about my ankle, I remain optimistic, keeping in mind that whether or not I run isn't going to change the fabric of my existence, but my outlook will.

The unseen internal struggles ultimately shape the external.

So when your favorite star athlete inevitably goes down to injury, consider the sport of shaping their outlook they're trying to play.

We need less homework, not meditation

by Mia Sherin



Sometimes, school feels like death. Actually, a lot of the time. The hallways seem to be teeming with zombies weaving from class to class, everyone running on coffee and sleep deprivation. Or if you're like me and are too weak-willed for coffee, you are running purely on sleep deprivation and fantasies of a free weekend, that in reality is filled with catching up on the work Canvas keeps pestering you to turn in. It's overdue - I get it!

Sometimes, school rocks. I get excited about projects, or chatting with my friends during a class, or learning Tai Chi in Fit Female. The school has so much to offer us as learners, which is something that shouldn't be overlooked. However, stress follows us around everyday, whether it's a day filled with good vibes and Tai Chi, or a day filled with zombie stares and excess caffeine. While our student body has diverse opinions, one thing unifies us all: We're stressed out. I believe they've gone wrong. We do not need to learn to cope with stress. We need less homework.

Currently, New Trier is making many efforts to teach students to manage their stress.

An assessment is being conducted by the All School Wellness Team to identify ways stress management is incorporated into staff instruction. This assessment also serves to learn how the school is already helping students become aware of their stress.

One way this awareness is being built is through... wait for it... library displays. In addition, literature on high school stress will be put out at parent teacher conferences. And of course, there is a library webpage all about stress management. Your stress is already reduced just by hearing about these ideas, right?

On top of this, the students will

administration has the student's best interests in mind. And of course, we are more than lucky to be challenged every day in school.

Still, this approach is just not right. Rather than attempting to teach us how to manage our stress, action needs to be taken in actually removing some of this stress. With receiving so much work every night, it is not a matter of being poorly trained in stress-management.

Yes, as a generation, we are procrastinators. Yes, we can improve on time management skills. But even my most productive friends still feels the stress of New Trier every single day, overwhelmed like the rest of us.

Seeing a display in the library does not magically erase the poison that is this constant cycle of intense stress. Please, New Trier, don't call my parents and say you're "worried about me." I'm fine. Just stressed.

As different teams throughout our school work to educate us on stress management and coping strategies, they are missing the point. We don't need to meditate. We don't need to take deep breaths. And we don't need to hear guest speakers on how we can overcome the stress in our lives. We need action. We need less homework.



The administration knows this. However, they believe that we need to be taught, or given strategies, to cope with this stress, which is where take a survey in February on stress and anxiety. I can tell you right now what the results of this survey will be: Students are stressed. This is linked to our excess homework. Please, save us.

I can see it now. Sitting in advisory after minimal sleep, your brain struggling to function as you cram for a math test that you have yet to study for. Then, your adviser announces that you must take a survey on stress. Oh, the irony.

The school has good intentions, and I do believe that the

If there is anyone out there who is reading this and thinks I'm crazy, or who has never felt this cycle of stress that I am referring to, please tell me your secret. But don't tell me to take deep breaths.

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