

Student Views

What are you watching on Netflix right now?



Kailyn Alani, Junior

“You,’ because it’s different. You don’t find that many shows about stalkers, it’s creepy.”



Bobby Soudan, Senior

“I’m watching ‘Breaking Bad’ because it’s a really good show.”



Johnyell Owens, Security Guard

“The show is called ‘Trigger Warning.’ I like it. He pushes the edge of black culture in America.”



Tess Shields, Sophomore

“‘Girlfriends’ Guide to Divorce.’ It popped up and it was good and funny.”

Second semester senior year isn’t all it’s cracked up to be



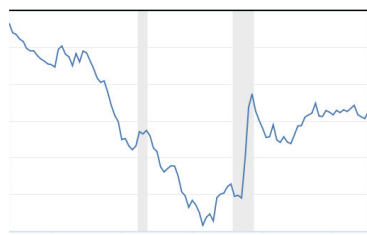
by Stephanie Kim

I know, I know, you’ve probably read a quadrillion of these “I have ascended to second semester senior status, now it’s time to reflect” articles, but just hang with me for three minutes (assuming the average Lexile reading measure). I promise I’ll make it worth your while.

As previous Perspectives editors of our paper have noted, second semester of senior year isn’t truly what I envisioned back in the throes of freshman year. I keep looking for the day when I will finally bask in the glory of reprieve... and I keep looking... and I’m still looking...

A picture is worth a thousand words, so I present to you a graph of my New Trier adventure if my New Trier adventure was the U.S. trade

deficit (credibility of photo questionable):



... in which the y-axis is my intensity of happiness (measured in ☺), the x-axis is my time at New Trier, and the right edge of the graph is where I’m at right about now.

I’ll be frank: I never really understood when my dad kept telling me to sap as much joy out of high school as I could, because I would miss it dearly when it was over, he claimed.

High school isn’t quite over yet, so maybe I’m not quite in the position to assess the validity of his wistfulness, but I can tell you that starting from my sophomore year, I counted down the time remaining to second semester of senior year not in semesters, not in days, but in hours

of most likely lost sleep. In any case, the number was pretty high, but my anticipation of this moment never faltered.

Where was this consistent “joy” of being a hyper-stressed, occasionally angsty high school student that my dad mourned? It sure wasn’t present in the past seven semesters. I kept telling myself that maybe it would come in that final semester, that maybe it would come if I was accepted into college.

It’s also not that I didn’t experience any electrifying moments during my time at New Trier. That first day of freshman year, all of the cross country meets where I used my GoPro to the end of its (battery) life, the life-altering friends I’ve made, classes I’ve taken, teachers I’ve met that I still praise to this day — that, I wouldn’t trade for anything you could offer me.

It’s the consistent absence of sleep, the nights spent with my face in my hands bawling from stress, the underlying current of competition in the earlier years of high school, the immense pressure to take this

AP and get that A and be perfect at this while managing that — all of that, and so much more, made me feel like a grain of rice drowning in a pressure cooker. What’s depressing is that I had so many more of those moments than the memorable ones.

Becoming a second semester senior hasn’t really changed any of that. The only difference I can physically feel is the diminishing thickness of my planner as graduation comes near.

I’ve got my highs punctuating a constant stream of lows, and it’ll probably stay that way. This last semester blends in pretty seamlessly with all of the other ones when I was really hoping for it to shine.

And as far as I can tell, the most stellar aspect of my last two semesters at school is that monster of a drop my grades have suffered. (Seriously, it’s a decline severe enough to be its own elevation within Winnetka. Senioritis waits for no-one.)

Honestly, though, I’ve gotten used to having so many lows that it doesn’t bother me as much anymore. Getting a C on a test freshman year

would have made my eyes pop out of my head, but now I take a single glance on my C’s in my Calculus BC class and sing to the Holy Trinity that it wasn’t a D-.

Would I repeat high school? It’s tempting to say yes, because I look back and I see a host of missed opportunities that I should’ve jumped on at the time. I look back and I see pockets of memories worth reliving.

But the same time, though, I’d have to politely decline the offer. High school is an experience I need just one time around, but I can’t say I’d give it another go with all of that sleeplessness and migraine-inducing anxiety.

Or maybe I’m speaking too soon. Who knows? I might end up wishing I was a freshman in high school again when I’m 30 and calculating my taxes incorrectly while forgetting to do my laundry for the nth time.

Because like Andy Bernard, I, too, wish there was a way to know you’re in the good old days, before you’ve actually left them.

A high school job is worth more than just the paycheck

by Eleanor Kaplan

The day I turned 16, I walked into an ice rink with my resumé in hand, asked for a job, got an interview, and fifteen minutes later I was a skate guard and skating instructor.

I have since worked at the rink for almost three years, and what I’ve learned are skills that school and sports and other extracurriculars could have never taught me. I got a job because I wanted to make some money and was bored, but it’s meant more than that to me.

When I first started making minimum wage, I began thinking about purchases in terms of actual money. If it’s your parent’s credit card you’re using, it’s easy to bypass price tags because, well, it’s not your money.

Having a job, however, made

me aware that my \$8 Potbelly sandwich was an hour’s wages. And those LuluLemon shorts I wanted just didn’t seem justified anymore as a full 8-hour work day’s pay.

Making minimum wage proved to me how hard it is, and sometimes the impossibility of, surviving on so little. With an hourly minimum of \$8.25, even if one were to work a 40-hour week, that’s only \$330, not including taxes. There’s rent to pay, food to buy, heating, doctor’s appointments, insurance, taxes, schools, clothing, and you practically have to pay to breathe air.

According to the real estate website Zillow, there is not one apartment in the New Trier district for rent that one could pay for with the monthly income of a minimum wage job, even excluding buying any of the other necessities listed above.

It may seem obvious, but money is valuable, and it’s difficult to learn its value without working hard to earn just a little bit of it.

Fortunately for most of us in high-school, we are still fully supported by our parents. Therefore, starting to learn how to handle money is a low-risk process, and now is the perfect time to start gaining this experience and start thinking about money in a real-world way.

Speaking of the real-world, having a job threw me right into it.

From the time I clock in to the time I clock out at the end of a shift, I pretend to be a real adult. People don’t treat you like a kid when they’re handing you their credit card. And if they’re not pleased, they don’t hide it.

Whether it’s handling money as a cashier or providing first-aid care, part-time jobs can put you in a po-

sition of responsibility and accountability that’s otherwise unknown to teenagers.

Unlike a volunteer position, bosses aren’t just happy for you to show up whenever you can. If you don’t want to go to work that day, suck it up. Unlike school, your mom can’t just call you in sick whenever you want to miss. When I’m sick, it’s my responsibility to either show up or find a replacement, no excuses.

There are aspects of every job that you may not like. For example, I don’t find cleaning bathrooms that exciting. But I do it anyways, every weekend.

Working in a service industry provided me with a crazy amount of respect for employees. Often times, we can forget that the person checking out our book at the library is a real person. The transaction can

seem mechanical and the person behind the desk can be ignored.

I’m sure we’ve all stood in a long line at a coffee shop and seen people talking rudely towards the baristas about the wait. As someone who’s worked behind the desk, you gain a new perspective and can better empathize with the stress that employees feel.

A job requires sacrifices: I’ve missed out on hanging out with my friends sometimes, I’ve been unable to attend some school events, and my weekends are always consumed by work. Despite these hurdles, getting that job on my birthday over two years ago has been one of the best decisions I’ve made. I was able to expand my world beyond this school and gain skills that I’ll use for the rest of my life. Bet calculus can’t say as much.

The New Trier News

Published Fridays during the school year by the students of New Trier Township High School, 385 Winnetka Avenue, Illinois 60093.

Correspondence may be directed to the New Trier News Office, Room 011, or by calling (847) 784-2278.

All letters to the editors are welcome, though we will not print anonymous letters. Direct these and other inquiries to our email at ntnews@nth.snet.edu

The Staff Editorial is written by the editors-in-chief, not adult faculty.

Editors-in-Chief.....Eleanor Kaplan, Claudia Levens
Chief Online Editor.....Stephanie Kim
News Editors.....Molly George, Layla Saqibuddin
Opinion Editors.....Danielle Kurensky, Ezra Wallach, Stephanie Kim
Features Editors.....Darcie Kim, Alyssa Pak
Sports Editors.....Jack Soble, Millie Winter
Photo Editor.....Danielle Towers
Graphic Design Artist.....Alessia Liebovich
Editorial Adviser.....Carlo Trovato
Assistant Editorial Adviser.....Sarah Gompers