

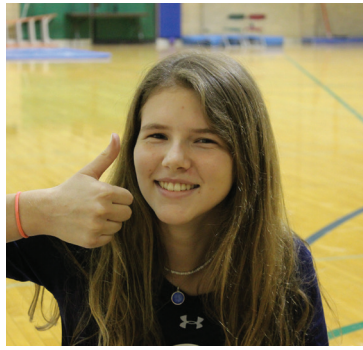
# Student Views

This week we asked Trevians what they think of the recent clown epidemic. Here's what they said...



**Frank Zawrazky, Freshman**

"We have to consider the intentions for these threats seriously."



**Olivia Burnside, Junior**

"I have a friend who's afraid of clowns. This has been really traumatic for him."



**Tyler Shinohara, Sophomore**

"People are talking about it way too much. It just makes it more popular. People think it's cool."



**Lily Mosele, Sophomore**

"It's creepy, but stupid. It's not okay to do that kind of thing--especially to little kids."



**Liam Erst, Senior**

"I think people are taking it too far. It's just a distraction from other problems."

## Lifting weights and breaking boundaries



*Marie O'Connor*

As a varsity athlete, twice a week I am required to skip lunch, change into sweaty clothes, and make my way to the Fly Solo room. Hidden away in the farthest corner of the stage gym, behind two heavy doors, lies this stuffy closet filled with athletes. The entire atmosphere screams masculinity.

*My torn up hands are painful and definitely not pretty, but they're proof to those who think female athletes are a joke.*

When I walk in, scan the board for my daily workout, and get started on the warm up, I can't help but notice the confused stares from the guys in the room, as if they have any more right to be there than I do.

I get on with my workout, some days intent on getting done as quickly as possible, and other days determined to push myself to be better.

Despite my feelings about being there, I hate that there are people who assume I am out of place.

It's true, if I did not have to lift for field hockey, I would most likely never have entered the fly solo room, never discovered how a forty-five lb. metal bar can ruin your hands, or realized that being a girl doesn't mean you can't be strong.

Okay, maybe I'm not that strong yet. I struggle through lifting the bar sometimes, and yeah when I do planks I can't always make it through the entire five minutes without dropping my knees. Despite

my not being "swole," I am still an athlete. And a state champ at that.

At New Trier we have 35 scholastic sports and 150 club and intramural activities, so obviously an athlete is more than just a beefy jock, and at least half of these activities include female athletes.

Also, not to brag or anything, but I can squat 105 lbs. And I won't tell you how much I weigh but that's a significant percentage of my body weight. Plus, I can do 8 pull ups--that is 8 more than I could do last year.

This slow progress sometimes seems pointless, and the day after lifting when I can hardly walk up the stairs or sit down gracefully, I curse the coaches who enforce this conditioning.

But in the end I'm going to be thankful for this grueling, sometimes miserable activity, and I'm glad I am forced to step out of my comfort zone.

It's kind of awesome telling people that I lift, and seeing reactions painted clearly on their face. My torn up hands are painful and definitely not pretty, but they're proof to those who think female athletes are a joke.

Of course I don't expect to attract the same amount of fans as our football team, but the fact that

I'm in the lifting room with football players twice a week makes me question why they are considered more important athletes.

I know that things probably won't change, and the student section for Friday night football games will not dwindle in favor of the Tuesday field hockey matches, but it might be consolation enough to continue to work hard and rake in the titles.

As a female athlete I know we work hard not for fame, but for personal pride. The Green Team section at the field hockey games have skyrocketed this year, with routine game attendance at one or two students, it's a 100% increase from the years past.

Every time I walk into that fly solo room I feel a little less out of place. I've started to ignore the judgements from guys who can clearly lift more than me.

I focus on the few more pounds I can lift each week, or the tiny bit faster I can run each practice. I am finding comfort and inspiration from the posters on the wall of this lifting room, because while it's an environment geared toward the males of this school, the walls are filled with state championship winning teams, the majority of which are female.



Student athletes train for their sports in this covert weight lifting room | Zervas

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## Your college is your business



*by Bella Geroulis*

This is a PSA for every NT student: after you graduate, you'll be okay. Trust me. No matter what path you decide to take, you will end up just fine.

Around here, there's a different type of peer pressure. It's not so much kids making people feel like they need to try anything illegal, but it's more so that they pressure students to try and be the best they possibly can.

That doesn't sound so bad, right? Pressure from your peers to try and do better is probably the best type of peer pressure you can have.

But it doesn't always feel like it's a good thing. It can often feel like our peers are the biggest critics of our academic careers.

Our teachers and parents are supposed to care about our futures. It's their jobs. But why is it that somehow our peers can make us feel like our worth and intelligence is defined by our GPA or our college entrance test scores?

What people do or where people choose to go after high school really has no impact on anybody but themselves, yet at New Trier the whole college process is extremely public and open. Picking a college or deciding a path after high school has changed from something that is such a privilege to something that seems like a status accessory. So many students believe that what college one attends is a mirror of who that person is.

Way too often I'm asked what I got on my ACT or what my GPA is. Each time I'm asked I'm left stunned by some people's complete disregard of privacy. I'm not embar-

rassed of my academic history, but it does seem weird to me that other people would even care to ask.

The truth of the matter is that the college we attend isn't nearly as important as what we will do while we're there. The college name is not a brand that we can wear like a new bag. Selecting what college you'll attend shouldn't be commercialized or treated like a consumer product. In its origin, college was a privilege designed for learning. Not vanity.

New Trier students seem to forget how fortunate we all are. I'm included in that, no doubt. I mean, most of us don't know anything different. But we are a minority when it comes to public high schools and their relationship with colleges.

If you drive 30 minutes south of New Trier to some of the Chicago public high schools, you'll find a very different reality. According to Illinois Report Card, the average Illinois public high school has only 46% of its students prepared for college. New Trier has 96% of its students prepared for college.

We also have a 99% graduation rate, compared to the Illinois average of 86%.

Maybe you won't go to Harvard. Maybe you won't follow your family's legacy at Notre Dame. Maybe you won't even go to college at all. It's okay. The admissions mania many seniors are now consumed with so often neglects to consider the central fact of why we attend college. Instead, it seems to focus solely on where we attend.

That being said, the college process is exciting. It's no wonder we want to talk about it. Talking with people and finding out where they want to go is genuinely interesting. If I can just reiterate one thing it's that where you go to college does not define who you are. All that matters is what you do when you get there.

## The New Trier News

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