

Staff Editorial

The news is yours

Today, the New Trier News's 99th year comes to an end-- a year's worth of news that's comprised of your Science Olympiad triumphs and field hockey defeats, your letters to the editors and perspectives on potential technology bans.

On this day, the Class of 2019 bid goodbye and prepare to join the generations of alum who've passed through the school doors for last time and into the uncertain future. And as we prepare for graduation, the junior class prepares to step into our shoes, the sophomores into the juniors', and the freshman into the sophomores'.

As NT News editors, we've spent our years here writing pieces, questioning norms, scrutinizing data, and begging for quotes from anyone who would talk to us. To all the students who make up this institution, we hope to pass on this sentiment in light of everything we've observed through the years: the news is yours.

Everything that's reflected back to us in the news-- the breaking stories, the features, the opinions and sports-- is part of the world we will soon inherit. And with it, we inherit the responsibility of doing our best to extrapolate justice in this world wherever we can in whatever capacity we possess.

Next year, NT News' 100th year will begin again, rejuvenated by new energy. To the student body who will be here when we leave: make the 100th year a good one. At the end of the day, when it's your turn, your experience at this place will be defined by the way you embrace what this place has to offer. Likewise, to the rest of our class of graduating seniors, let's make our world a good place to live in.

If there is anything the news can teach you it's that you can't understand or analyze or make judgements about anything until you've first observed and described it. Pay attention to what goes on around you. Observe. Question. Reflect. Discuss. It is up to us to observe and reflect on our environment, because that is the way we can improve upon it.

And beyond this, there is a greater amount of contentment and meaning to be found in living "impressionably," as Emerson put it in an essay that many of us should have paid more attention to in our junior year English classes called "Fate."

"The great man, that is, the man most imbued with the spirit of the time, is the impressionable man," he wrote.

What this means is that our lives are enriched when we live in thoughtful examination of the world around us, sensitive to the details and the skeptical of its implications. Whether our next year is at NT or beyond its walls, it's up to us to observe and question the world around us. The news is yours.

Rivers till I reach you



by Ezra Wallach

Last Sunday, I went to Andy's to get me some custard, and approximately ten seconds into me eating my BootDaddy Concrete, my stomach started to growl. I went from happy to sad as I started to reconsider whether going to Andy's was a good decision, because despite the fact that it was yummy, it also made me feel yucky.

Just this year, in one of my articles, I advised y'all to stop doing things that make you feel bad, such as eating dairy if you're lactose intolerant like me, or using your phone all day if it gives you headaches, and at this moment, I was debating whether or not I should've listened to that advice.

But that advice had a major flaw, too—it simply ignored the good that comes from some of the things that also bring us pain.

As I sat there, eating my ice cream on this bench, I thought about a story from the book "The Bell Jar" about a woman sitting in the crotch of a fig tree staring at all the different figs that branched out in front of her.

It was a metaphor—each fig represented different paths her life could take. Instead of choosing one of the figs, and moving on with her life, she deliberated which fig was the best one to choose. As she waited, all the figs shriveled up and dropped to the ground at her feet, and she was unable to experience anything.

I know I'm looking really deep into an intolerance of dairy, but this truth extends far beyond just that, just like I did with my yearbooks, or with movies or songs or everything

else I wrote about this year. For most of my life, I have sat inside my own bubble watching life unfold around me, sitting at the bottom of a fig tree, unwilling to decide which of the figs I would choose, because of the fact that choosing one of the figs would mean losing all of the rest.

A couple weeks ago, I was reading the book, "Looking For Alaska," when I came across this quote at the end that hadn't resonated with me until my third time reading it through.

The main character states: "When adults say, 'Teenagers think they are invincible' with that sly, stupid smile on their faces, they don't know how right they are. We need never be hopeless, because we can never be irreparably broken. We think that we are invincible because we are. We cannot be born, and we cannot die. Like all energy, we can only change shapes and sizes and manifestations. They forget that when they get old. They get scared of losing and failing. But that part of us greater than the sum of our parts cannot begin and cannot end, and so it cannot fail."

After I wrote my first article, "To All The Girls I've Loved Before," I kept trying to remind myself that the decisions I will regret the most would be the ones that I chose not to make, and that the suffering that I could experience would also fail to truly bring me down. But for a little bit, I convinced myself that I wasn't invincible, and every time something bad happened or seemed like it could happen, I ran away from the idea of making my life like a movie, and ran back to my bubble where everything was painless but pointless.

At a certain point this year, as I continued to step further and further away from my bubble, and decided to be proactive and unreluctantly pluck different figs off of the branches of my life, all of the emotion that I had bottled up

in the past culminated in my "wtf I'm almost done with high school" existential crisis where I had found myself sitting in my car crying outside my house with emo music blasting. If you haven't experienced something like this already, you probably will soon too.

A year from now, we will all be gone, and our friends will move away (cue the song "Rivers and Roads" by The Head and the Heart), and I will be in Colorado and my parents will be in California, and all of you will be somewhere else too.

Instead of running away from the pain I experienced sitting in my car that night, I decided to embrace it, allowing my emotions to bring about what could've been the climax of the movie that was this past year. This, I figured was a million times better compared to resorting back to an endless stream of nothingness that would've haunted me with regret just as it had in the past.

And so, as I thought about all of these things while sitting and watching my ice cream melt right in front of my face, I decided to just start eating it, and embrace the pain that it brought me later that night in my bathroom. I decided that for the rest of my life, I would try to just do things, and recognize that while not all of my decisions will be the right ones, I am invincible and through tragedy and triumph, my meaningful life will ultimately bring me closer to the earth.

The best part about now is that there's another one tomorrow. Don't let anybody, including yourself, tell you that you are not invincible. Live it up in each moment but recognize that endlessly blocking out the good will block out the bad too—the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

All of our lives can be movies if we just let go of this fear and allow ourselves to simply open up, choose our own figs, and experience life as it comes to us.

Peace out y'all. It's been real.

Embrace the discomfort



by Danielle Kurensky

This is my last piece for the New Trier News and that fact hasn't fully hit me yet. I keep saying that because it's been colder and it doesn't feel like the end of the year, and while there is some validity to this statement, it's not the main reason. Rather, it's that I'm walking into uncharted territory.

This summer will be unlike any summer I've experienced, it won't end with me coming back to New Trier in the fall. Instead, I will be packing up my life, flying to a new state, and starting college.

I remember a friend of mine told me in 8th grade that she was only going to take one level of classes freshman year because colleges like to see growth. I was just thinking about which classes sounded interesting. The thought of college hadn't even occurred to me.

That all changed as I entered high school and seemingly everyone was always thinking, talking about, or doing things for college. Yet, as much as we talk about college, it's all focused on the application process and getting in.

Leaving people exactly where

I am now, in the weird in-between, knowing that your life is going to drastically change and that despite what you think you know, you have no idea of what's ahead.

During the transition to college, which I expected to be incredibly terrifying, I have felt a sense of calm. Maybe it's because I'm writing this article and it's becoming incredibly clear that my days here are numbered. Heck, the day this is published will be my last day at New Trier.

Rambling aside, this entire situation has made me think of when I first started journalism (no this article isn't going to become a pitch for you all to take journalism, even though you should).

When I first started journalism, I thought I was going to quit. I took it my junior year because I had always liked writing and was hoping this would give me an opportunity to pursue it.

When I got to class, it was not what I expected. There were eight students and we didn't begin with learning how to write a newspaper article. Instead, we interviewed a fellow classmate, briefly discussed how to write and then we were given a period to write an article, which we would later share with the class.

Upon hearing this, I began to freak out. That night I went home and told my parents I wanted to drop the class. It was too much on my plate, I didn't like the style of writing and whatever else I came up

with in an attempt to get me out of the class.

Luckily, my parents didn't buy it. They told me to stick it out for the rest of the week and then we could reevaluate over the weekend.

It's clear now that I never dropped journalism. In fact, I ended up enjoying it so much that I applied to be on the editorial staff, and now I can't imagine high school without it.

While I could've written about a variety of things for this piece, I wanted to focus on this, because I think we all find ourselves trapped by comfort. We often aren't willing to break out of the societal norm and live in that discomfort.

Now, only break the stereotype if it is organic to you. There is no shame in fitting a stereotype; but if there is something you want, that you feel like you could never do, instead of pushing it aside, step into that discomfort.

I understand how incredibly difficult this can be, and if my parents didn't make me stick it out, I probably would have dropped journalism. But I want everyone to try and be more aware of when they aren't reaching their full potential because they're scared of the discomfort.

As my final thought, I want to leave you with a quote that I shared in that initial journalism interview: be fearless in the pursuit of what sets your soul on fire.



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