

The Teen Scene

Tomorrow's Voices Today

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This past March, Brunswick County resident Michael Cairnie climbed to the Base Camp on Mount Everest. The Base Camp is the last stop before the summit and one of the most remote hospitals in the world. As he and his team ascended, they carried portable x-ray equipment to take x-rays of people living and working on the Mountain.

But why go through all this effort, hiking for nine days, up harsh terrain in harsher weather? In short, to prove that they could.

More specifically, to prove that diagnostic technology could be transported and used in areas as remote as Mount Everest. Isolated medical facilities often severely lack diagnostic technologies necessary for health care procedures such as x-rays, MRIs, and invasive surgeries. This issue is known as global healthcare inequity.

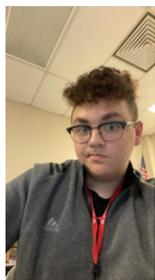
Michael is part of a team making efforts to bring awareness to this problem. He has delivered, installed, and performed



Brunswick County Early College

“Arbeit Macht Frei”

by Nathanial Brown, 10th Grade



Background: The sign at the entrance of the Auschwitz-Birkenau complex, which was one of the biggest Nazi concentration camps used to murder Jewish people. The sign says “Arbeit Macht Frei” which means “Work sets you free” in English.

The guard dressed in his Feldgrau suit with his black cross-like symbol on the bright red armband looking up at the metal sign the sign reads Arbeit Macht Frei then he walks through to meet the Fuhrer's first officers

The men, women, and children dressed in blue and white striped pajamas being pushed through the metal gate getting closer to the smell of death children screaming and crying begging their parents to stop the mean men in suits

The atmosphere of death surrounds the grounds



the gate opens to let the Fuhrer through all through the camp, the silence was prevalent then in a synchronous breath, the soldiers say, “Heil Hitler.” Then just as if nothing had ever happened, the soldiers turned and once again, all you could hear were quiet screams of the people being beaten and the crackle of the metal whips hitting their skin.

Climbing Everest for Healthcare Equality

by Grace Cairnie, 10th Grade



maintenance on x-rays equipment in 51 countries, and most of these countries were isolated and severely lacking in this type of equipment.

Michael's experience on Everest is an excellent example of the effect global healthcare inequity has on healthcare in remote areas. There are no roads or vehicles, and if someone is injured, the only way to reach treatment is to walk. “If you're lucky, someone might have some sort of pack animal you can ride,” Michael commented.

Even after reaching a hospital, their health isn't guaranteed. Due to lack of equipment, doctors are occasionally forced to make a diagnosis without actually seeing the problem. This is common in places suffering the effects of global healthcare inequity. It is the goal of Michael and his colleagues to not only bring awareness to the issue but offer their assistance in solving it.

Their stance is that “The technology is there. We just need to make that a priority.” (Cairnie).

By showing that x-rays are perfectly capable of functioning in areas as remote as Mount Everest, he has proven

that technology is not the problem. The issue is that the technology needs to be implemented, and Michael's expedition showed that this is achievable.



Why can someone in Waterville, Maine, get hip surgery and an MRI tomorrow, but someone in Pheriche, Nepal must travel 40 hours on foot to receive care?”

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Earth And Fire

by Isabella Booth, 11th Grade



I often think about the relationship between Earth and Fire.

Earth smothers Fire but also fuels them.

Fire's passion burns and scars Earth.

Fire never apologizes but Earth always does.

Perhaps for instigating the sometimes-devastating mix of Earth and Fire.

After all, Earth brought it on themselves, right?

Fire used to think they hated catching.

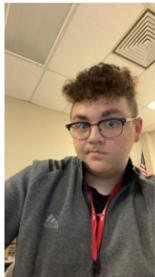
Earth set them alight.

Fire doesn't let Earth know they love burning.

Earth sees Fire as the light, warmth, and gift of the sun.

The End of a Chapter

by Nathaniel Brown, 10th Grade



May 12th, 2022 was Brunswick County Early College High School's Awards Ceremony for the 2021-2022 School Year. The ceremony was kicked off by the playing of our National Anthem. Then, the graduates of ECHS were recognized for all of their amazing accomplishments and scholarships.

Each teacher was able to give a "Rising Firebird" Award for the Fall and the Spring. Several of our astounding students earned a Rising Firebird Award. Towards the end of the ceremony, the teachers handed out awards to the students with the highest average in each class. The ceremony concluded with a tearful announcement of the 2022 Teacher of Year, Mrs. Leah Perkins Brown.

On May 13th, 2022 students of Brunswick County Early College High School had their final regular school day which contained the Quarter 4 Celebration during our club time. Students had an amazing time soaking up their final day of school and preparing for all of their EOCs (End of Course Exam) the following week.

Finally, on May 20th, 2022 Early College Graduates walked the stage on the football field of West Brunswick High School and said their final goodbyes to all their fellow students, staff, and faculty of Brunswick County Early College.

I Will Come Back

by Ashlyn Baldwin, 11th Grade

A short story based on the song "It will Come Back" by Hozier



She knew better. She treated it with a kindness that it never deserved. She fed it by hand and offered a home when she should have left it alone, left it to the land. Now this beast keeps coming up to our door, scratching and pawing and howling for a love they became addicted to. But the love is lost and strewn about. This creature is never satisfied anymore,

and yet it returns every night demanding more. I thought she knew better than to give it a soul that displaces. The land was cruel but it's what this creature knows.

I thought she knew better. She gave me a kindness that was filled with falsehoods. Her smile made me relax and she held me with a trust that I never knew before now. But she had no intention to keep me. It is so easy to need her, to crave her. I thought she knew better than to let me in when she never wanted to keep me. I scour through the cold to find her warmth. Days are never filling without her by my side. And yet, even as I lay beside her it feels cold and desolate. Blue from the cold and textured with a dryness, but she remains beautiful all the same. If only she never showed me a mercy she could not sustain.

She should have known better. I sit outside of the door every night. I yearn and howl for a love I have never felt before, but one that I cannot get out of my head. She never understood. You cannot let it in without an intention to keep it. You never understood, babe. You cannot be kind, because I will come back.

In Our Bedroom After the War

by Kaleigh Aull, 11th Grade



Laying in silence is a terrible existence.

I have learned to never trust it. The quiet and peace was something I would always thrive in, but there is no peace left in it. My bedsheets only covered my legs and the rest of the sheets poured onto the floor in

a messy puddle of comfort. I pawed the left side of the bed, and she was missing.

Last night we sat in unnerving almost silence. We ate microwavable spaghetti dinners, the television man reporting the new headlines in the background. Tuning out the television has been a learned behavior. It was over, but it still could not erase my memories of death reports, nuclear sirens blaring, the risk of death every day. I was just seventeen when it began. A child. I could never forget this. I focused on the silence so hard that the television became static.

Tsh Tsh Tsh.

Lovers who go through tragedy together develop in mysterious ways. Romance is rationed during war; the unfamiliar familiarity grows as the death total stacks up. She busies herself, goes to work every day and takes extended hours. She busies herself to forget. On the other hand, I am a man who rarely leaves my bedroom, rarely looks out the window, rarely wants to exist.

A collection of cars screeched and screamed outside the bedroom window. People were leaving town, trying to forget. If you listen closely, you can hear the birds sing. If you listen closely, you can hear the bells ring. These sounds were the only things that sounded alive. They were the living among the dead.

We all want to heal. We are all trying to heal. The war is over and we are beginning.

What Defines Time?

by Kaitlyn Cooper, 11th Grade



Is it the seconds on the clock or the minutes that pass?

Is it the days on the calendar or the moments that never last?

Is it the heartbreak we deal with or the smiles we flash?

Is it the smell of home-cooked meals or the boring long days in class?

What defines time?

Is it the first date or the long life ahead?

Is it the sick days with mom giving you meds?

Is it the early mornings with dry toasted bread?

What defines time?

Is it the summer we long for or the cheeks our loved ones have kissed?

Is it the tears we cry or the lovers we miss?

What defines time?

Between you and I?

Between the sun and moon?

Between the Earth and space?

What defines time?

Time is the moments we share and the long nights of despair.

Time is full of memories and luxuries.

Time is never slowing its always there.

So, tell me what defines time?

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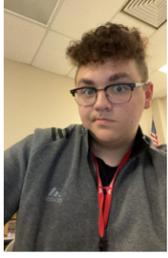
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The Cultural Impact of Dr. Cristina Yang

by Nathaniel Brown, 10th Grade



ABC's Grey's Anatomy is the longest-running medical drama in TV History. Along with this title comes a very long list of cast. Throughout the years, viewers have loved several of the show's characters, however, Dr. Cristina Yang is more than just a fan favorite. Cristina was often judged by her fellow interns and residents for her "rudeness" or her "dangerous ambition". One of the people that judged her the hardest was Dr. Meredith Grey who in the end became her best friend. Since the first season, Cristina and Meredith have had a very close friendship that has created several interesting plotlines in Yang's 10-season tenure. At the beginning of the first season, Yang and Grey did not get along however as the season progressed their intricate friendship progressed and they fabricated the term "my person". The majority of Oh's characterization revolves around her love of Cardiothoracic surgery. Most of her fellow interns had no idea what their surgical

specialty would be for at least another 8 seasons, but Yang knew from Day 1 that she would be a Cardiothoracic surgeon. One of the things that make her character so great is that she broke gender roles by being persistent about wanting to take her work seriously and not have a family. From day one Cristina knew that she was not meant to be a mother, because this would interfere with her career. This became a "problem" with two of her lovers, Preston Burke and Owen Hunt. From the beginning, Cristina was a significant advocate for herself and what she wanted and she was not interested in being manipulated by anyone, especially a man. Today, the character is set to be in Switzerland being the Director of Cardiothoracic Surgery at the Klausman Institute for Medical Re-



search, where she has been for almost 9 years. In an interview, Oh was asked "It's been several years since you left Greys, what's the number one question you hear still from fans on the street?". Her response was "When are you coming back? I'm not coming back". To this day after almost 10 years, Cristina is the only character to be given her own custom Grey's Anatomy title card and that shows just how much she means to viewers. As she once said, "If you want crappy things to stop happening to you, then stop accepting crap and demand something more."

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Leland Middle School

Inspiration within the Horse

by Charlie Sedbrook, 8th Grade



Sometimes, some people need some love in their lives. Not romance, I mean connection. Like Person to dog, or person to horse even. Horses may seem like huge animals who are scary and frightening. But really, they are like you; very similar actually. Every person has something missing to them, and horses have a human waiting for them. The perfect match perhaps. Some horses, though, are so hurt inside from damage in the past, they are scared to carry on, like lots of humans. But you have to listen to them. Tell them, "it's just me and you." and "I promise I won't hurt you." Make them feel safe. Just like you would want to feel. If you ask me, Riding is my way of flying free, you don't need wings to fly, you need passion, hope, balance, strength, a soul mate... a horse. You know, I write stories all the time because it's my therapy, it makes me feel like I can express myself and riding is exactly the same for me. Most people love riding because it's therapeutic, the animal listens, and will never turn on your back. I ride horses at Clover Leaf Ranch, with my amazing Coach, Alex. Alex has a passion for horses, she and the animal are connected. Alex doesn't just "help" kids learn to ride, she teaches them

self-growth, discovering strengths no one knew they had, balance, skill, and precision. Alex loves teaching because of the "Lightbulb" moment when a rider figures out how to do something correctly, as she stated "when the pieces of the puzzle come together to make the big picture, "turning nothing into something beautiful". Recently I was at a rodeo for western riding, thanks to Natalie, the owner of the ranch. You can find her at Turnandburnfarm on most social media sites, I suggest google. At this rodeo, I saw beyond just riding a horse. I saw commitment, power, and love. I met Julianne, a 17-year-old, She was so inspiring. She has been riding for 12 years, on a horse with 1 eye. And that's not the only part, Her whole family is deaf, including her. She taught that horse, Skeeter, all on her own, and she rode him like a champ. She rides horses because it's her therapy. Julianne had her first competition that day I met her. She Told me It takes practice to be a good rider. And even though Julianne may not have a voice, she has a huge heart full of love, passion, and so much strength from where



she came from to here now. She was an absolutely amazing rider, and I hope to see her at one of our competitions. Let's talk About Mckenzie, a 13-year-old girl who loves to go fast, and has been riding her whole life. Today she was riding one furious horse, though she has a lot of skill. She managed to stay on her horse, Knicks, the name fits. Knocks ran some good rounds. He is a fast horse, fit for Mckenzie, a fast lover. Mckenzie used lots of balance to stay up on him when he was getting rowdy. Great job! Horses aren't just some huge creatures who are scary and mean, they are friends, family per se.

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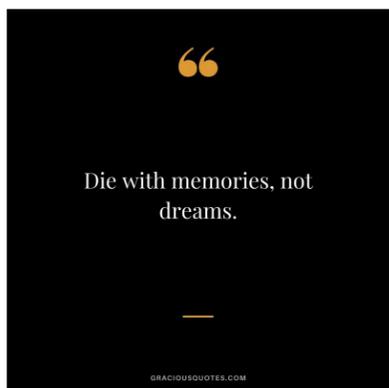
North Brunswick High School

Golden

by Kieran Daniels, 9th Grade



I wish that you could
see
Through my eyes of
gold
How much you mean
to me
And all the strength
you hold
My heart's in knots
My mind lost at thought
Through darkness may abound
And I lose my sight to see



Project Sunflower

by Olivia Williams, 9th Grade

Brunswick High School. She is a 15-year-old from Leland, NC. Olivia is infatuated with birds and creating bird art. These are two of her original artworks that she produced this semester. She is a walking encyclopedia when it comes to birds! I had the privilege of teaching Olivia this semester and



was grateful to have her as a student. The photo above was a project we were doing for Ukraine called "project



sunflower." Olivia's version is very powerful and depicts the heartache and blood shed identifiable with the Ukrainian war.

The artwork below is a colored pencil rendering of a bird that won first place in the student show at Franklin Art Gallery in April 2022. The Franklin Art Gallery in Southport sponsors a student art show every year and has always been very supportive of the visual arts in our Brunswick Co. Schools. Olivia won best in show in the Graphic Design category. Olivia's favorite medium is color pencils, especially "Prisma" color pencils!



West Brunswick High School

Friends

by Delilah Miller, 9th Grade



Friends have been something everyone has had since the beginning of time, some have less than others, and they are essential in many lives, but they leave.

Think of the most important friend you have and then think of what you would do without them because that happens day to day to many people.

Sometimes it's at a random time. It is something you wouldn't expect, and it's not something I ever hear people talking about, so I wanted to address it.

When you lose a friend, do you ever wish that you'd known it wasn't forever when the friendship started? Then you wouldn't have "wasted time." Or, have you been glad to keep just those memories? Depending on the situation, you're going to be different. Or it might depend on your personal experiences and personality?

I believe that no matter what, if you have a truly good friend and lose them, it will hurt. Friends aren't just people

you hang out with; they are there for you. They are people who cared for you, and you have cared for them, and people who appreciate you. If they're true friends, some people think they won't leave, and I don't think that's true.

There is more than one way to lose a friend, including a friend's death. There are limitless ways, and there are different kinds of friends, not just people. There are animals out there that helped someone more than a person. Before I finish this off, I want to talk about fake friends-people you knew because they weren't friends half of the time. It's one-sided, meaning only you cared for them or only you were there for them. There are a few reasons why someone would be like this; they could gain something out of it, they could do it for a laugh, or they could have done it because they felt bad for you.

So as you think about "friends," I will ask you again, "Would you rather lose a friend and have all those memories? OR, instead, never have met them in the first place so you wouldn't have to face losing them?"

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