

KSU TRIO Programs
Proudly Present



THE 2019 OWLETTE

Volume 2

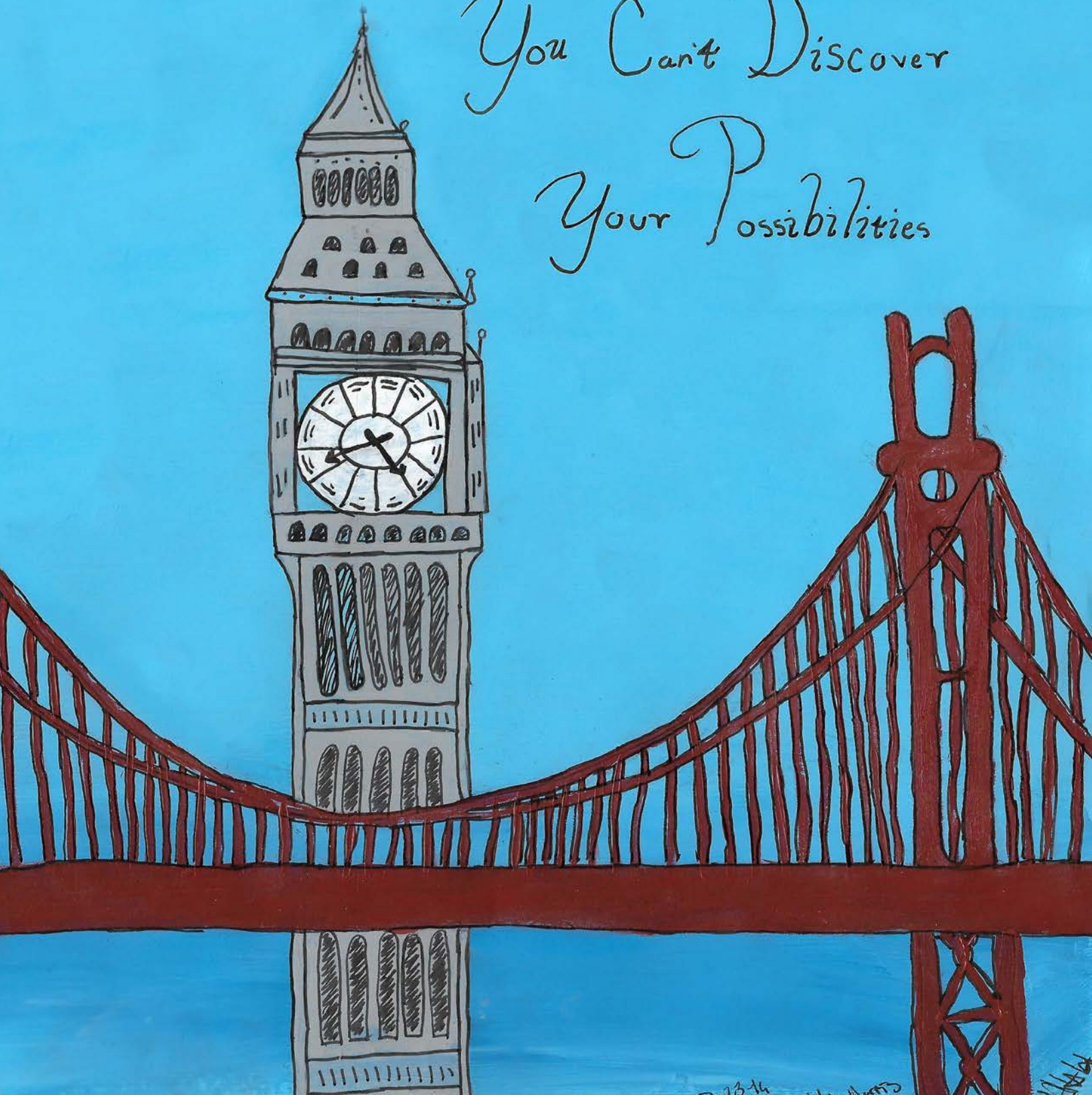


**KENNESAW STATE
UNIVERSITY**
PAULDING
TRIO Programs

Until You Cross The Bridge

You Can't Discover

Your Possibilities



THE



Volume 2

**A Booklet of 2019 TRIO Summer Academy
Student Work and Photos**

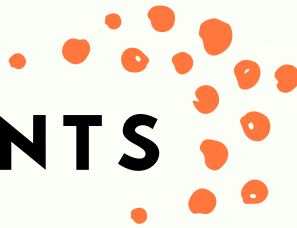
KSU Paulding TRIO Programs
Kennesaw State University Paulding Site
25 Courthouse Square,
Dallas, GA 30132



**KENNESAW STATE
UNIVERSITY**
PAULDING
TRIO Programs

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FROM THE ADMINISTRATOR

We've proven 2019 to be another successful Summer Academy - congratulations.

The staff is so proud of the hard work and growth our students have achieved this summer! The six week long KSU TRIO Summer Academy is required of all UB/UBMS students from Cedartown, East Paulding, Hiram, and Rockmart High Schools, unless the student is participating in an alternate summer program. Summer Academy provides students with rigorous yet innovative classes that prepare them for the coming school year. It is designed to enrich our students' high school curriculum and help prepare them for college. In addition to learning in their academic classes, our students were given the opportunity to participate in many cultural and educational activities and field trips throughout the summer.

To commemorate all the students' progress this summer, the Owlette serves as an annual magazine of the KSU Summer Academy, published at the end of each summer program. It is designed by both our staff and students. The magazine features our students' writings, artwork, and pictures which capture the events that took place during the summer.

Please enjoy.



Dalton J. Lemelle, Jr.

Dalton Lemelle



POETRY



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THE BENCH

I sat on a bench.
The sun peeked through tall American Sycamore trees
And kissed the side of my face.
There was a subtle breeze
And the leaves danced in it.
Birds chirped in perfect harmony.

Two planes flew in the bright cerulean blue sky.
Very resounding until they were out of sight.
An assembly of smoke laggard behind them.

I paid attention to small details.
Noticing every little thing around me.
The bench was very eye-opening.

Miracle Weeks, HHS

UNTITLED



Carrying a load Buried in the fabric of unforgiving truths,
wishing time would move as swiftly as Loonette.

Rushing through life,
No time for escapades,
Bouncing buoyantly because on time means late
Blank stares cross your gaze

Begrudgingly, praying for a bright future
Sameness always strikes your path,

Routine is safe,
Pacing the next steps, you take

Evoking the history of lineage past,
Statistics show YOU are never number ONE!
Fall out of line, The journey has just begun



Anonymous



FOREVER FRIEND

Friends we are
Forever friends we'll be,
Wherever we are
You're right beside me

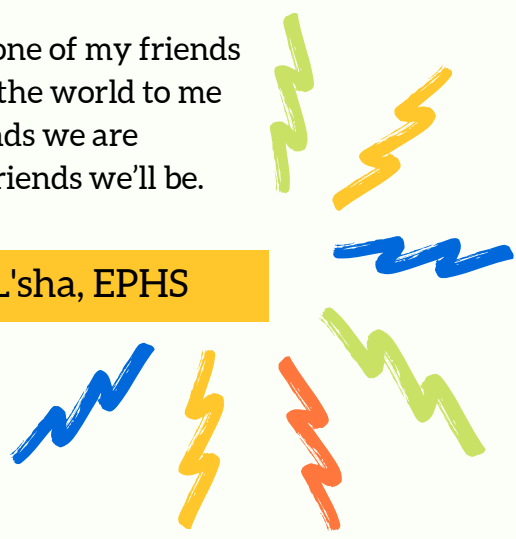
I hope we stay friends
'Til the end of time,
And whenever that is
Our friendship will still shine

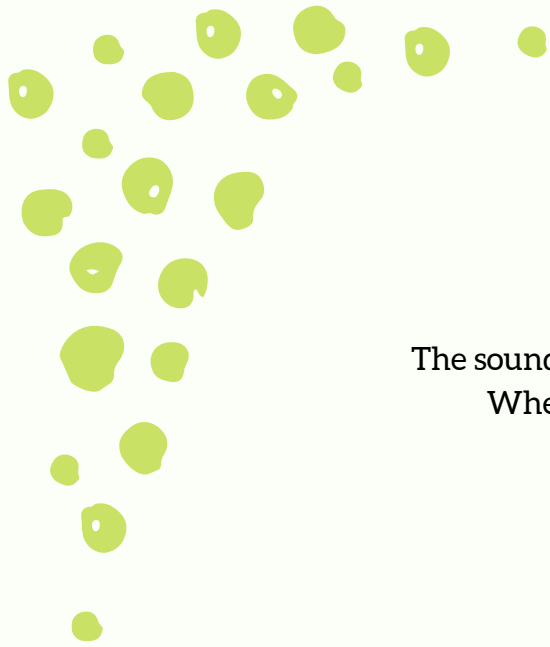
You mean the world to me
I hope the same with you
You're always helping me
Whatever it takes, you'll do

Now that we're growing older,
Changing our ways,
I know we won't lose our friendship
I hope I never see that day

So to every one of my friends
You mean the world to me
Friends we are
Forever friends we'll be.

Kayla L'sha, EPHS





UNTITLED

As I walked out the door,
the rays from the star laid itself upon me.
And as I walked further out,
Colors of all sorts became all I could see.

The sound of the lawnmower blaring is all the campus could hear
When I approached the machinery getting closer and closer,
The irritable noise became too much to bare.

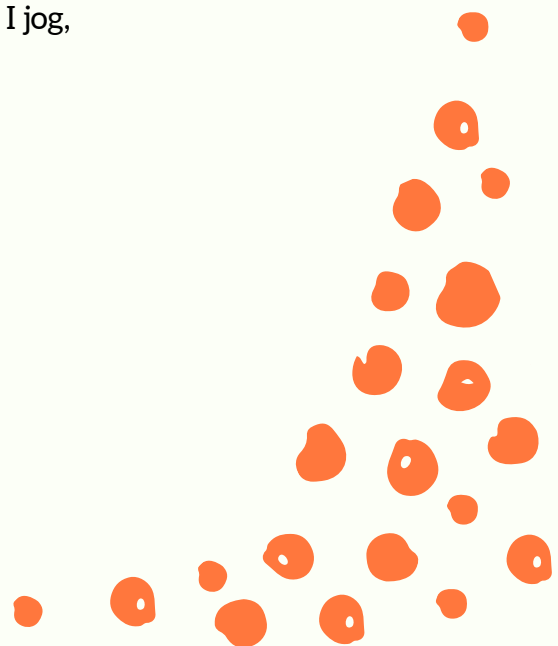
After journeying the campus for half an hour,
I took a break, for my feet began to tire.
When I took a seat exerting little power,
A stiff and bare material is all I felt.

James Booker, HHS

NEW SHOES

I have some new shoes, Yes, Vans, I adore,
the new shoe smell puts on a smile.
The black and white checkers all over my feet,
I hope these shoes last a while, I walk, I hop, I skip, and I jog,
I run, run faster than ever!
I love the new feeling, so soft and so comfy,
I won't take these shoes off. NEVER!
I'm bouncing off walls because of these shoes
I love shoes, love, love, love
I wear a size 10, maybe a tad bit big,
But trust me they fit like a glove
It's now time for bed, the shoes must come off
I know, I said, what I said!
I love shoes so much, more than I can explain
Forget it; I'll wear them to bed.

Bre'Yonna Stone, HHS



THE TRUTH ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL



I don't understand

Why young girls wonder what they did so wrong?

Why young boys live life so recklessly?

Why our emotions are the, be all, end all?

But most of all,

Why graduation is so bittersweet?

Why prom and homecoming will be the last times we're all together?

Why senior year marks an end we never thought would come?

What I understand most is:

Why the memories we share mean so much

Why the families we choose ourselves, sometimes mean the most

Why we will always love the people, we grew up with.

Audrey Jeffress, CHS

FAMILY TREE

Roots

Family, Heritage, Culture, Love, Laughter, Life, Mother, Father, Christopher,
Kauluhea, Maurice j.r

Joshua, Courtney, Jaxon, Isis, India

Blood Doesn't Make Family It's A Connection.

Nothing Is Better Than All The Love And Comfort I Get From My Family

Friends Become Family And The Bond Gets Stronger Everyday

All The Memories And All The Laughs I know Forever That They'll Last



Julie Heyliger, EPHS



OUTSIDE IN THE COURTYARD



Outside in the courtyard on a Thursday morning.
Clank, crash, as the construction workers laughed and yelled out directions.
Cherp, cherp sang the birds above the treetops.
Rumble, rumble as I hear the grass being mowed from afar, and the smell of fresh cut grass passes by me.

Wind blowing towards my face as the sun's bright rays passed through the tree branches, warming me up.
People passing by, getting from one place to another.
Tiny insects rushing back and forth through the rough concrete.
Leaves blowing in the direction the wind lifts them off the ground.

A couple getting their small booth settled in the middle of the courtyard.
The older man arranging their set up.
The lady trying to get students attention as they speed past her without interest.
Offering colorful rosaries to those who stop by and listen.

A young man who had a second to listen, stood in the middle of the courtyard.
He stayed there for quite a while.
The older lady seemed very informed and was moving her hands around.
Trying to explain to the young man about "God's word".



Noelia Escutia, CHS





I AM

I am 7 and I want everything to myself
I'll brush my own hair, I don't need help
I'll run through the banana trees, watch me fly, You'll see!
But my mother is here, she has come to take me to
Another place I'll call home, to the land of the free

I am 10 and I don't find comfort in my own skin
To be in another body, that's what I feel
Why am I like this, I want to know
I need something that will feed my soul

I am 13 and I don't know what to feel
My father has left, why isn't he here?
"He's in a better place now" they all say
But inside, I feel a heavy weight
I'm talking to the man above,
why couldn't you just let him stay?

I am here now and I am prepared
For what the future holds, I am not scared
I'll be pushed and stepped on, but I will be unscarred
in a world where everyone wants to win
This new path I'll begin
I think I've found peace from within

Vannesa Campesino, EPHS



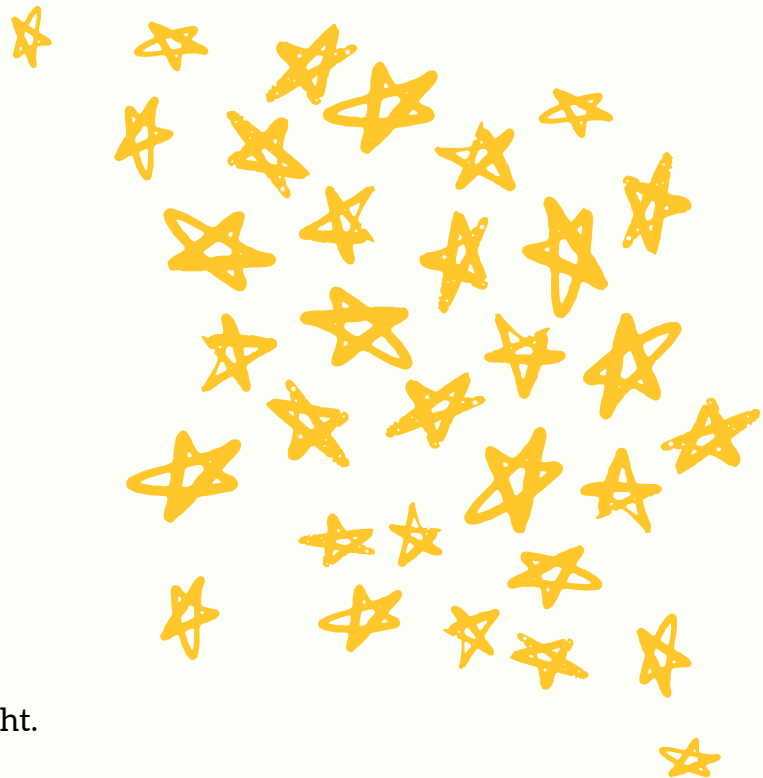
EARTH

I don't understand
Why the world is so pretty
Why the world is also ugly
Why the world is the way it is

Most of all,
Why do people kill each other
Why do people hate
Why are we born just to die?

What I do understand is:
Why Nature is so beautiful,
Why the sun beams every morning,
and Why the moon shines every night.

Nathaniel Quinones, HHS



REST

The birds flap their wings as they fly across the clear blue sky.
I lay down under the shade of the tree as rays of light peek through the leaves.
There is a constant beeping and obnoxious construction going on that distracts me from my slumber. Cars pass by every couple of minutes keeping my attention, waiting for its return.

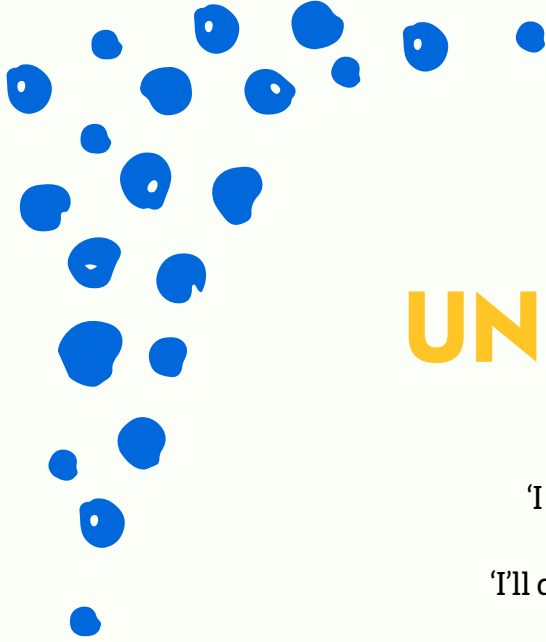
People converse but just out of reach where their conversation is only murmur, which keeps me entertained. Finally, I decided to move to a more secluded spot with less people but also less shade. The birds have perched up in the trees and begin to sing relaxing tunes.

The heat starts to rise as I begin to sweat. As I begin to lay down and close my eyes, I hear singing and instruments. There is a group of students walking around with one of them carrying a speaker in their hand listening to music. I notice ants crawling everywhere and some begin to crawl up my shoes. I give up and head home to my bed in my dark room. In

here, there is no loud construction or beeping. There are no cars passing by or people listening to music. There are no humans or animals to bother me. It is only me in my bed wrapped up in my blanket in a freezing room.

I sense myself drifting off when I hear a woman's voice call out my name.

Angel Bohorquez-Cortez, EPHS



UNTITLED

'I love you'

'I exist for you'

'I'll die without you'

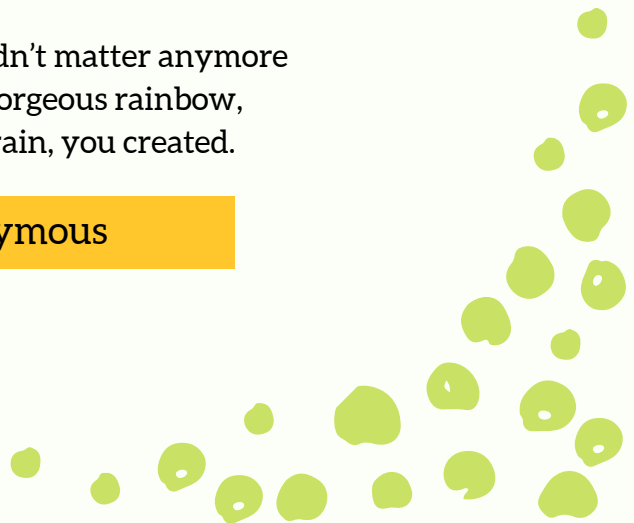
These are the lies I spent too long telling myself
You deceived me with beautiful words
You had me locked in a prison of memorized lies
You kept me locked in a dream-covered cell

Until one day, I saw a crack of
Sunshine in the concrete ceiling
I broke free from your tyranny
And set off to discover myself

As time passed, your fury swelled
The more you saw I was detaching myself from you

But, how you felt didn't matter anymore
Because I AM a gorgeous rainbow,
Thriving in the rain, you created.

Anonymous



STARTLING NATURE



I hear the leaves getting blown by the wind across the cement
The birds chirped in such sequence, I felt soothed with no reason
The polished bench felt smooth, yet stiffened in others
The squirrel danced with such elegance as if it was unbothered



The flowers, they glistened as the sun rain upon them
While the trees flow in rhythm and the leaves have slowly
fallen fragrance of nature enclosed me with innocence
I was carried by the wind, I closed my eyes and I'd reminisce



I'd seen--heard--smelled--and touched many things
But they all came together as one--with many--harmonies
But the harmonies all stopped when I heard something go "plop"
It was Kayleen---and her water bottle had dropped.

Jarneisha Barber, EPHS

DREAM CHASER

I see the brightness in my future.
I rely on my own power to blow the wind on me.
I like when I wake up every day I see my walls of black and yellow.
Whenever I look around, I get inspired.
Sports Cars zooming past me draws my attention.
Vibration and sound of music has melody.
Wind blows me back.
But, I keep pushing myself forward.



I am living my best life by traveling
I'm speeding on the freeway in my black and yellow Camaro.
I see glowing rainbow buildings when I am cruising.
Customization inspires me.

Marqui Anderson, EPHS



IT HURTS

It hurts to get knocked over,
to fall and scrape your knee,

It hurts to think way too much,
the term is *overthink*.

It hurts to feel alone, with no one by your side,

It hurts when you can't talk to no one, and cry throughout the night.

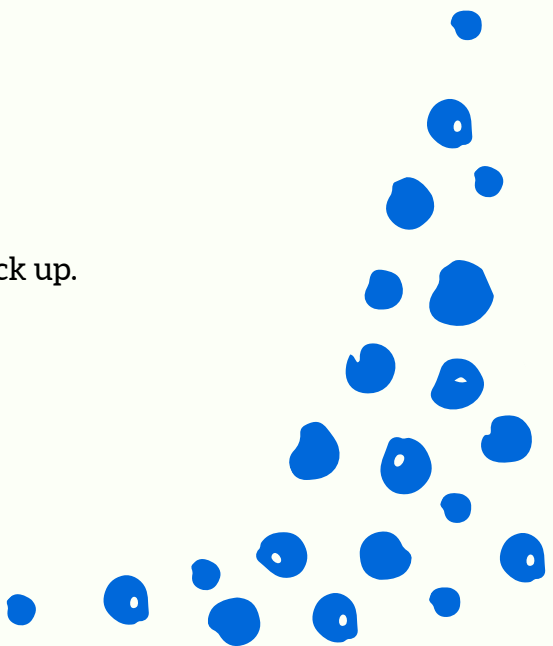
It hurts to think you're useless,
think you have no place on earth,

It hurts to feel like no one's there,
but you need to learn your worth

Because
You ARE precious,
You ARE smart,
You ARE needed, beautiful, and loved.
Let your loved ones help you
when you feel that times get tough.

It's okay to fall down,
It's okay to cry,
but it's not okay to give up,
So, wipe your tears away because you need to get back up.
So, yes it hurts when things go wrong,
but get up and keep on trying,
You're very smart and you can do it,
So please stop your crying.

Anonymous



BATTLE FIELDS

Being alone can make you go crazy,
and the voices in your head aren't amazing.
The time that you spent trying to recover,
The errors you made letting it blow over,
Letting your emotions build,
Every step is a Battle Field.

Falling hard makes it feel real,
In the end, you'll be okay.
Everything is not in your way.

Laughing away your pain,
Doesn't make you go insane.
So don't let it all out at once.

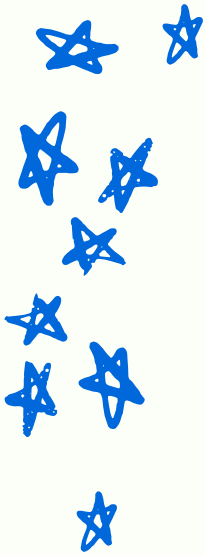
A Battle Field can and will not be overcome,
But you have to keep fighting.
A Battle Field is: a Battle Field

Rachel Cooper, HHS

*In the end,
you'll be okay.*



UNKNOWN ACCUSATIONS



Your surroundings are more entertaining

The swoosh of the wind blows

The keys move in the kids clothes

The conversation of individuals

“No rules”

“Look dude” Does that not give you clues?

Approaching the building

There are faint smells of food

The sweet smell of a new home flows

As the smell breeze past my nose

Catching my attention I see a girl’s jewelry glow

Smacking of gum, clacking of flip flops

An urging feeling making your head explode

As I feel, the chills run down my body

Someone yells, “IT’S COLD!”

Walking on the carpet all you feel is soft

If you lay on it, it may take a load off

The emptiness you feel in your body

The rumble sound of hunger

“Where did you go?” Plays in the background

The mind floats off and drains into the music

Now we are here all along

Checking out nature all along

Lots of things can distract you as a crime

Technology, people, even your own mind

Exploring nature just takes a little time

So sit back and relax

The world is beautiful

And that’s a fact!



I'sjah Davis, RHS

THE WAVE

I don't understand
Why people hope to get rich
Why people pay others first
Why the poor and the middle class buy liabilities

I don't understand
Why people think with their emotions
Why people expect change without action
Why people work for money

What I understand most is
Why the poor struggle for money
Why the middle class never get rich
Why the rich get richer

Yvan Ngah, HHS

STATE OF MIND

A quiet state of mind,
a state in which I wish I could put mine.
A state where a person is less stressed,
and still feel just as blessed.

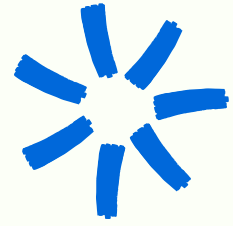
The feeling of the nice cool breeze
with the sight of the sun beaming through the leaves,
can make one feel at ease.
Undistracted by the buzzing of the bees.

One can close their eyes
and hear the sound of planes flying through the skies.
The smell of lavender flowers,
which has relaxing powers,
makes time slow down and turn seconds into hours.

A quiet state of mind,
Where the people are kind.
Seeing people laugh,
not knowing whether or not their heart is broken in half.

Kayleen Uriostegui, EPHS

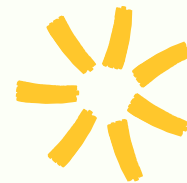
ON A THURSDAY MORNING



The first sound I had heard
Was the drilling noise of construction?
Then the chirping of birds
My ears didn't feel a disruption



The only thing I could smell
Was the scent of fresh air?
I had started to yell
When I got scared



At the sight of a squirrel staring at me
As it had tasted the fallen acorn from the tree
I planted my feet where my eyes could see
The small land animal being free



During my observation, I met a distraction
A colony of white dots floating in action
I attempted to get a hold of one, but it was too small to grasp
I tried to run after it, but it was just too fast

Maybe all of this was just in my imagination
That lives inside of me
Don't hold yourself back
Let your mind run wild and free



Zy Harshaw, RHS





**SHORT
STORIES**

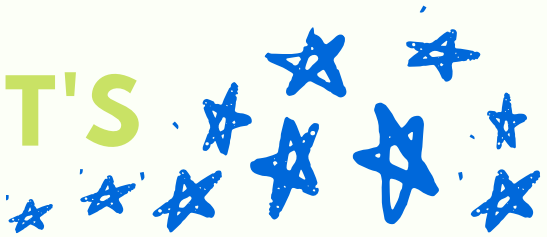


20 Saabirah Mansur

22 Jada Callier

25 Haley Harris

AN ADOLESCENT'S DREAM



“You can overcome any obstacle if you try”, were the wise spoken words of mother. She would whisper this to me every night as she tucked me into bed with her majestic, heart-warming soul. Although I did not completely know what she meant, I knew that I was destined for something beyond measure. Something that I truly had a passion for. Something that no one could take away from me.

From that point on, I made it my mission to figure out exactly what it was that assured to define me for the rest of my life. I carried my mother’s words with delicate care, because for one day it would eventually save me. Being a part of a large family has always affected my mindset. Growing up in a household with four other siblings who were all homeschooled and with a single mother has continuously motivated me to think outside the box. I was the middle child who always had to push harder in order to make my existence known. I was surrounded by females, since my mother, in all efforts, tried to have a son but could not seem to bear one. As one would be amazed for it was the dream we were living, but a true innovator will say that ‘with every remarkable invention allowed cons to follow’.

For the majority of my childhood, I always felt like the shadow of my family. It did not help that I was underweight so all my clothes were too baggy, or the fact that I wore huge glasses that ironically made me invisible to everyone else. I was always left in stores where my mother had to be called to the front of the building to get me from security, or even forgotten at people’s homes when I fell asleep. As an adolescent hitting different milestones, we begin to gain clarity of situations we once had no care for. As for me, this realization hit me at an earlier age than most. I watched, as my younger sisters paid no mind to the countless babysitters my mom had around us because she worked two jobs whose shifts would fall back to back after one another. The fact that this was needed in order to keep the utilities running and pay rent left me doleful because I understood. I would stay up late as she tried to sneak through the front door to her room like a lion patiently staring down its prey. She would collapse into her bed while her body sank into her sheets until they were one. Some nights I would help her into bed. As I begin to lather, her feet with her scented lotion I started to wonder ‘what are her obstacles?’

I express this emotion of curiosity as I rubbed her heels that felt like sandpaper between my baby fingers. I stared at her empty veins and her swollen ankles as they once had separate identities. I felt the throbbing of her toes from the miles she had walked; for my heart and her toes danced with the same rhythm. The older I got the heavier my mother’s words weighed. I found myself in a continuous loop of catering to her pain with deep tissue massages that made her more relieved after her shifts.



I then would meet up with my friends, after my house was calm enough to leave, where they would talk and compare themselves to their cartoon idols with powers and unrealistic journeys. I never mentioned how generic their archetypal dreams were because I knew I could possibly end their childhood along with our relationship. The reflecting within myself had begun as I sat in the playground's jungle gym twiddling with the stems of leaves that had fallen by the occasional wind until my name was called to go. I sought clarity.

Around the age of ten, my aunt had decided to open up a summer camp that was walking distance from my house. She offered to pay me every Friday in cash if I agreed to the schedule of nine in the morning to three in the afternoon on weekdays. I accepted though I thought the task would be easy since I already took care of my younger siblings. I was dead wrong. Between the bleeding of my eardrums from the high-pitched screams of spoiled toddlers and the scratches I encountered from unexpected tantrums on a daily basis I was willing to throw in the towel.

Just before I knew it, I became a younger version of my mother. Everyday, there I was at 3:15 p.m.; spread across my living room couch with a trail of clothes that started from the door. My eldest sister's laughter woke me up. She sat next to me and began rubbing my sweaty forehead. She told that she knew that I would wait up on my mother to make sure she was cared for and that the roles have switched since I had a job. I complained about my exhaustion and my intentions of not going back and had no intentions in working with children in the future.

She continued to laugh and asked if I knew "what kept my mother motivated to get back up and go to work". I shook my head no. She told me that it was me who stayed up waiting on her and took care of her; so she felt the need to return the favor. It was the relief of built up body tension that enabled her to move as if she did not just get off a sixteen-hour shift. In utter shock, she continued to tell me that even though I did not have a passion for children, that deep down I knew what I wanted to be, a masseuse.

In that same following week, I started researching common salaries and the necessary time required to gain a license. I enjoyed reading the experiences and satisfactory the clients were left feeling. I compared them to the way my mother felt before I went back to bed after restoring her from physical stress. Suddenly, my mother's words wrapped around me like a warm blanket on a cold winter day in November. I understood that there are times where you have to go through obstacles of annoying children to find what it is that makes someone truly happy. Every now and then, I sit with my aunt and we laugh about the wild stories we shared that summer and how I stood my ground.



Saabirah Mansur, HHS

I HAD A DREAM



Since before I could remember, I have always wanted to make my community a better place. Cliché, I know. However, growing up, as a proud African American, you are taught at a young age that being silent is not an option. I was always told not to ever complain about something, I was not willing to change. However, someone neglected to tell me that the road to becoming a speaker for your people, all people, was not as clear as it appears in the history books.

Majority of my summer was a blur, but now it was sophomore year. Not only was I no longer a “Scrubb”, but I was officially in my second year of Criminal Law. I took a deep breath as I inhaled the sweet richness of justice. I was home. This is the place I had fought to be my whole life. The place where you were taught the ins and outs of the criminal justice system. As I carefully sat in the seat that I claimed as mine for the rest of the semester, I thought about everything that had occurred during the summer. Most importantly, the first African American movement of my generation: Black Lives Matter. Suddenly, I was torn from my comfortable state by the sound of the classroom door being slammed.

Tall, stalky, and white. Before he even opened his mouth, I could feel it in my bones. It is another one of those “things” I was talking about earlier. The hairs on my neck stood in defense. My grandpa’s words ran through my head like a catchy, but overplayed song on the radio, “Breathe, no sudden movements, breathe, no sudden movements... breath.” This man was not the teacher that I knew. This man was a threat. This man was a cop.

He walked across the classroom attempting to make, what the teachers call, an “icebreaker” conversation. The basics, name, business, a long list of degrees that no one cares about nor understands, and the list of awkwardness continues. He goes on and on to tell us about how this is his first job teaching and that he is still on duty and active in the United States Military. I raised an eyebrow, then he makes the biggest mistake that you could ever make as a teacher. “So let’s skip all the bullcrap now shall we! Police Brutality. I was a cop. Ask away.” Never come to class unprepared!

I listened as students rumbled him with questions all in the rim of his career choices, none testing his intelligence. “Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown; every black man and woman ever pulled over by a police officer. How do you feel about those cases?” The whole class looked at me as if I shot this “teacher” man in the face. Well, cops always wear bulletproof vest, right?

He took a seat and rolled his eyes. Just the reaction that I was looking for. I waited for him

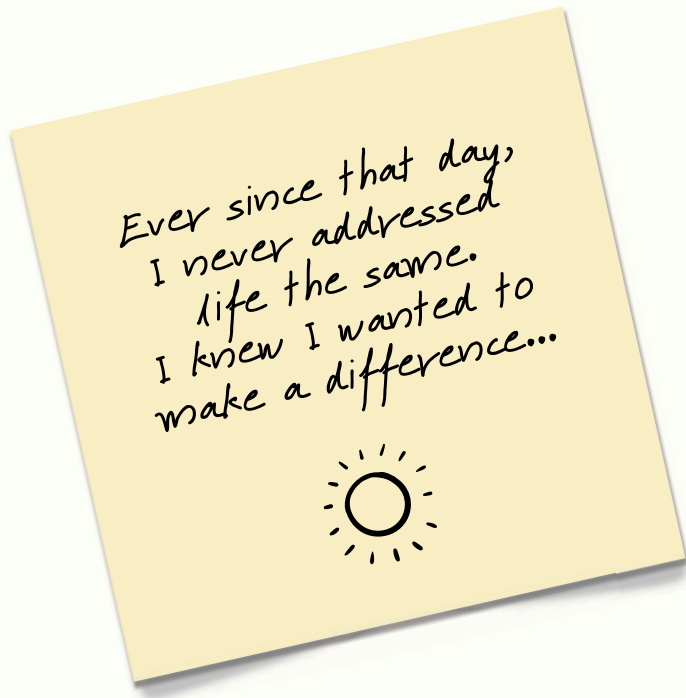
to reply. Most importantly, to give me a reason to believe that he was something more than I had been taught all my life. A break in the cycle perhaps. Too bad I was right about him.

He opened his mouth and replied in terms of story. Basically, He put us in a scenario in which he (a cop), had to arrest someone (a child) with a weapon. In addition, by weapon he meant a baseball bat. "So I am standing there, not knowing this kid. All I know is that I have a job." I squint my eyes and propose another question. "So instead of acknowledging the situation, you shoot?" Without a blink or any hesitation he replies, "All I know is that I have to get home to my family."

Ever since that day, I never addressed life the same. I knew that I wanted to make a difference within the government. I honestly had my mind made up. Sadly, I had to learn that my difference wouldn't be made through the government, but by challenging it instead. Although Criminal Law is no longer my career choice, I still made a promise to my community and myself. No matter what I do or become, I will always stand for the people who do not have the strength to stand on their own.

A decorative graphic consisting of numerous orange circles of varying sizes, scattered across the page. Some are solid, while others have a white center, creating a bokeh effect.

Jada Callier, HHS

A yellow sticky note with a white border, tilted slightly to the right. It contains handwritten text in black ink and a simple drawing of a sun at the bottom center.

Ever since that day,
I never addressed
life the same.
I knew I wanted to
make a difference...



DREAMS IN THE MAKING



Every child has wondered what they would do when they get older. Some little girls wanted to be princesses, some boys wanted to be pirates, superheroes, or even ninjas, right. Well, we have all thought about being one of those things or a firefighter, a police officer, a famous singer/band member, or even a ballerina. What ever happened to those dreams?

Most of the bright little kids grew out of them and now see them as very silly thoughts every child has had, but I guess I'm still one of those foolish children that believe I could be the type of person that can still be one of those "heroes", if you will.

It started when I was in 2nd grade, all I wanted was to be a great martial artist and take karate lessons. My mom would always drive past this one karate place close to where we lived and I would beg to try taking the classes every time we drove passed that place. She always told me no, that I could not because I was already one of the toughest little kids she knew, just to make me feel better.

So after then, I forgot about that little "dream" and moved onto ballet and being a musician. When 4th and 5th grade came around, I would ask my parents if I could join chorus and sing with everyone else, because I loved singing, I still do, and my dad said, "sing for me right now. Any song, right now." It scared me for a minute because it was unexpected and I was caught off guard. All I could do was shake my head and say, "No, I don't wanna sing in front of you." He just looked at me, shook his head "If you can't sing in front of me, then you can't join chorus and sing in front of all of those people."

I thought that was the end of that little dream until I met some of the friends I have now and started singing with them. They somehow managed to convince me to go to church with them and, after a couple years, sing with them in front of the entire church. After the very few times I did that, I decided that wasn't exactly the thing I was cut out for. I used to think I was great at singing, but I guess I convinced myself I wasn't out of fear of having an audience that large.

So then, the 2nd day of 7th grade rolled around and the science teacher gave the class a type of "murder investigation" assignment to teach us how life science can help in real world with things such as criminal investigations. My only friend in that class, Cely, and I worked together with that assignment and that was the day I realized "this is the career that I'm cut out for. This is what I want to do."

It all came so easy to me and we finished that assignment within one class period. Since that day, I have taken that field of work a lot more serious and I have gotten intern positions with district attorneys (DA's) and a sheriff's office in a neighboring county. We don't always know what we really want to be when we get older because we were all interested in completely different things at various stages in our lives.

That being said, all of our dreams are trial and error, we never truly know until we either try it out or until we realize something else is right up our ally. Nonetheless, those various things we thought we wanted to be can and might help you figure out what you really want to be in the future, all that's left to do is find a dream, pursue it and don't stop until you know it either is or isn't right for you.

If it is right for you, you will be one of the heroes you have always wanted to be.

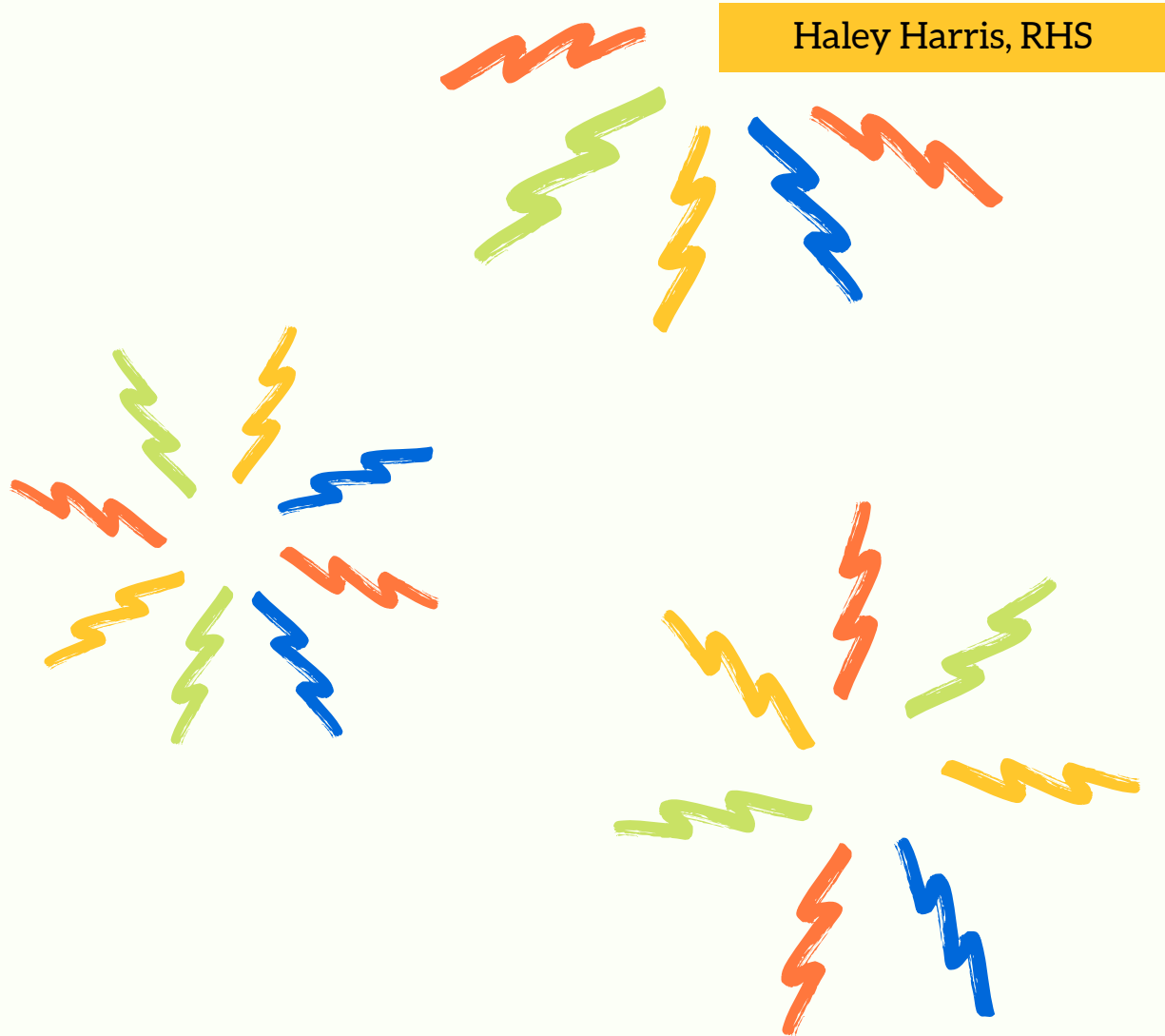
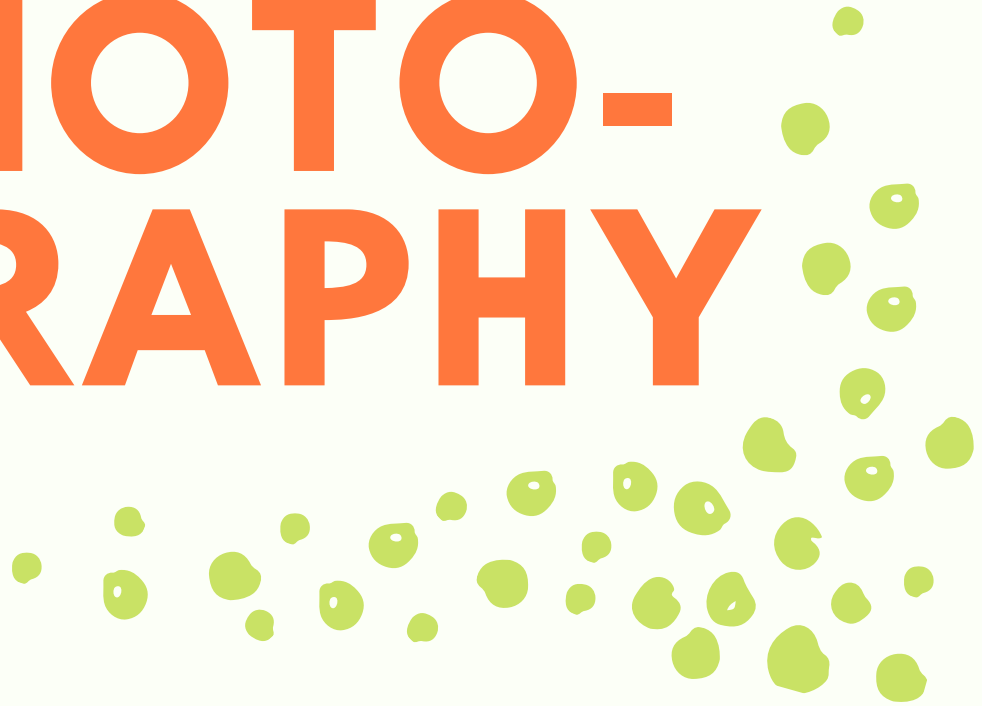
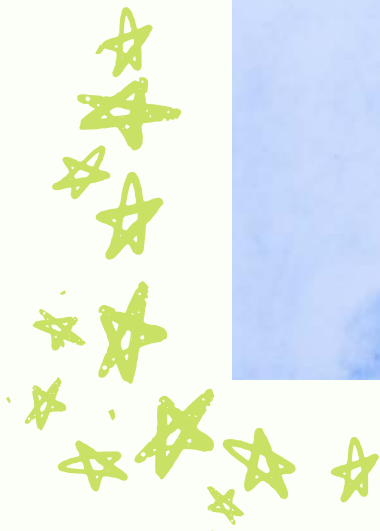


PHOTO- GRAPHY



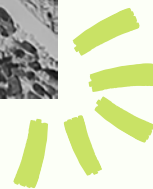
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- 28** Julie Heyliger
- 29** Nyla Hines
- 30** Ashley Paramo
- 30** Noelia Escutia
- 31** Kayla Woodall
- 32** Zy Harshaw
- 32** Jarneshia Barber
- 33** Nyla Hines
- 34** Taneisha Gary
- 34** Ashley Paramo
- 35** Jaylen Knowles





Taneisha Gary, EPHS

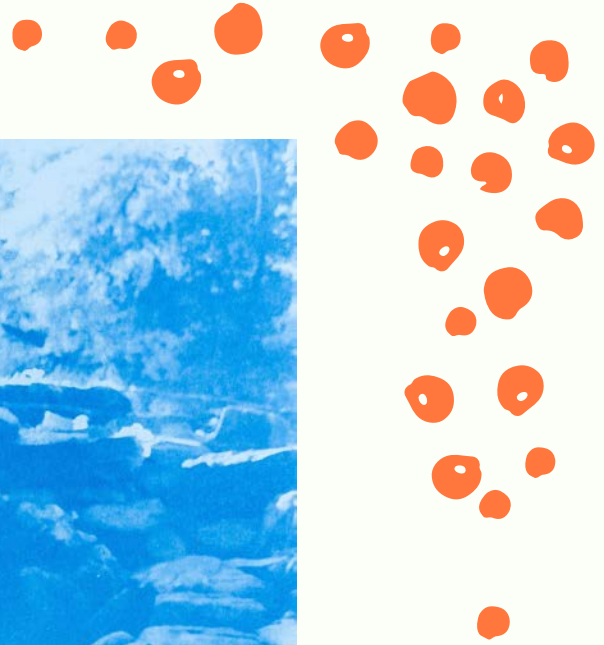
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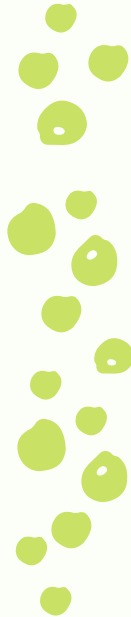


Nyla Hines, EPHS

Noelia Escutia, CHS

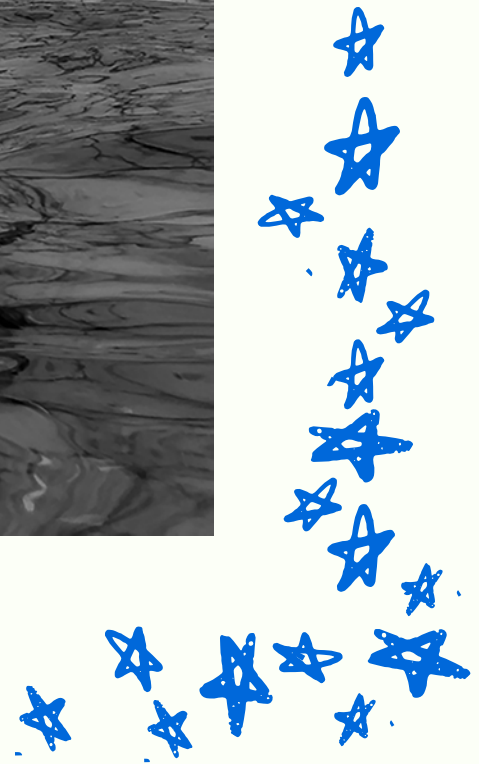


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Kayla Woodall, EPHS

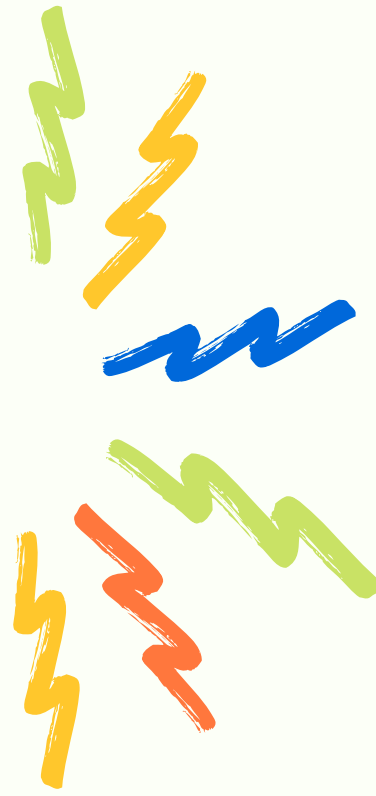


Zy Harshaw, RHS



Jarneisha Barber, EPHS



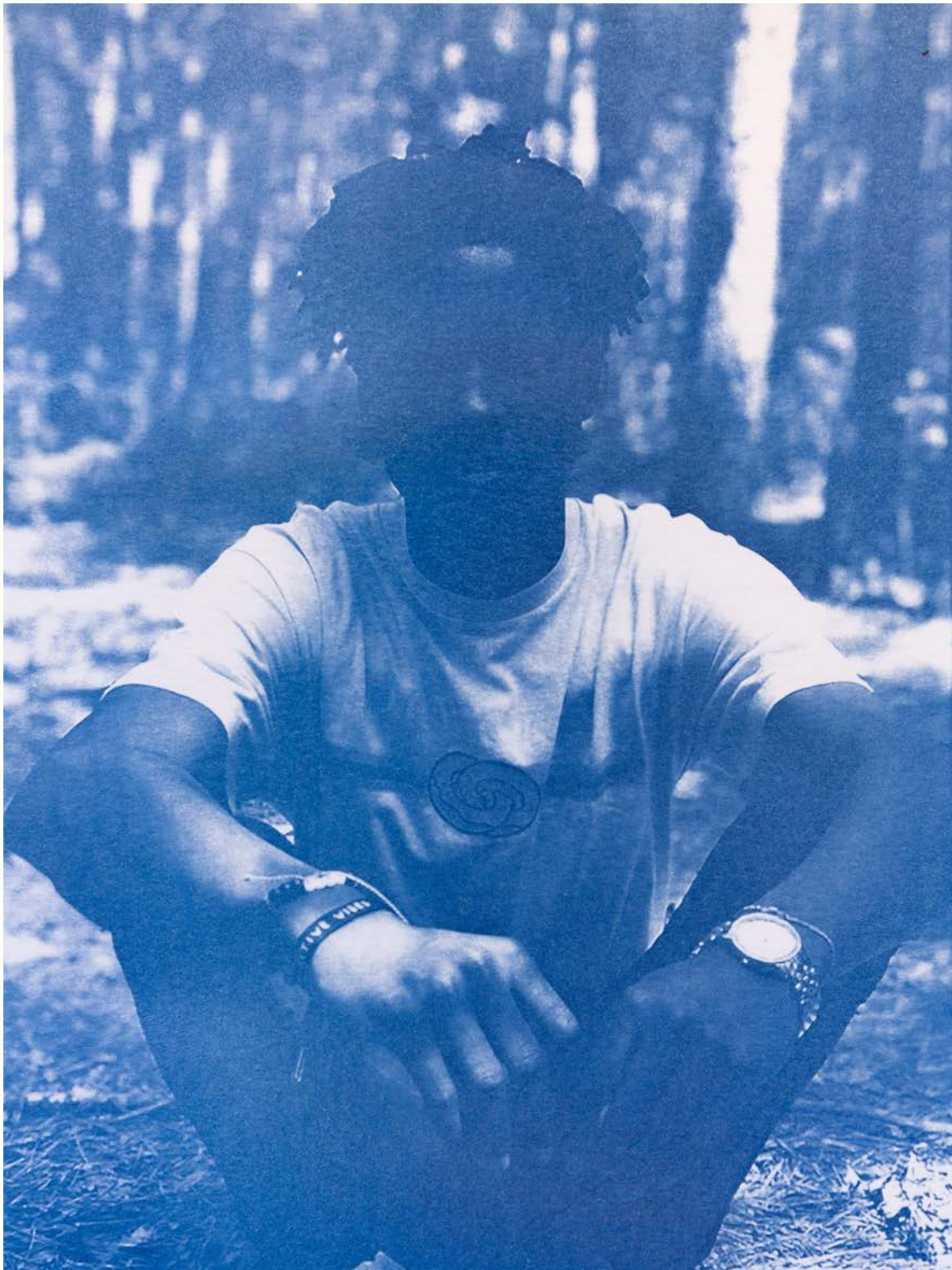


Nyla Hines, EPHS

Taneisha Gary, EPHS







Jaylen Knowles, EPHS





ILLUST- RATION



- 37** Nyla Hines
- 38** Haley Harris
- 39** Vanessa Campesino
- 40** Haley Harris
- 41** Ariel Bishop
- 42** Haley Harris
- 43** Quimara Anderson
- 44** Ariel Bishop
- 45** Haley Harris
- 46** Anna Blaylock
- 47** Jarneisha Barber

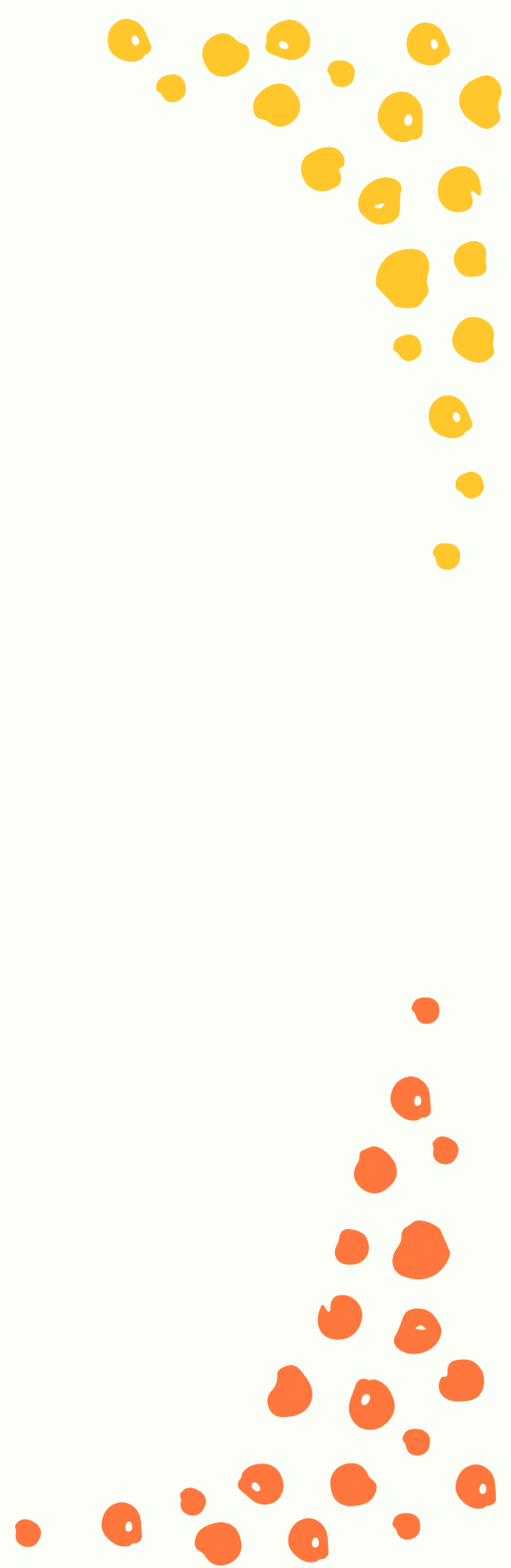




Nyla Hines, EPHS



Haley Harris, RHS



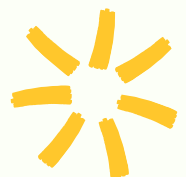
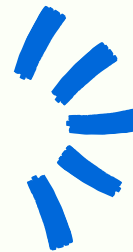
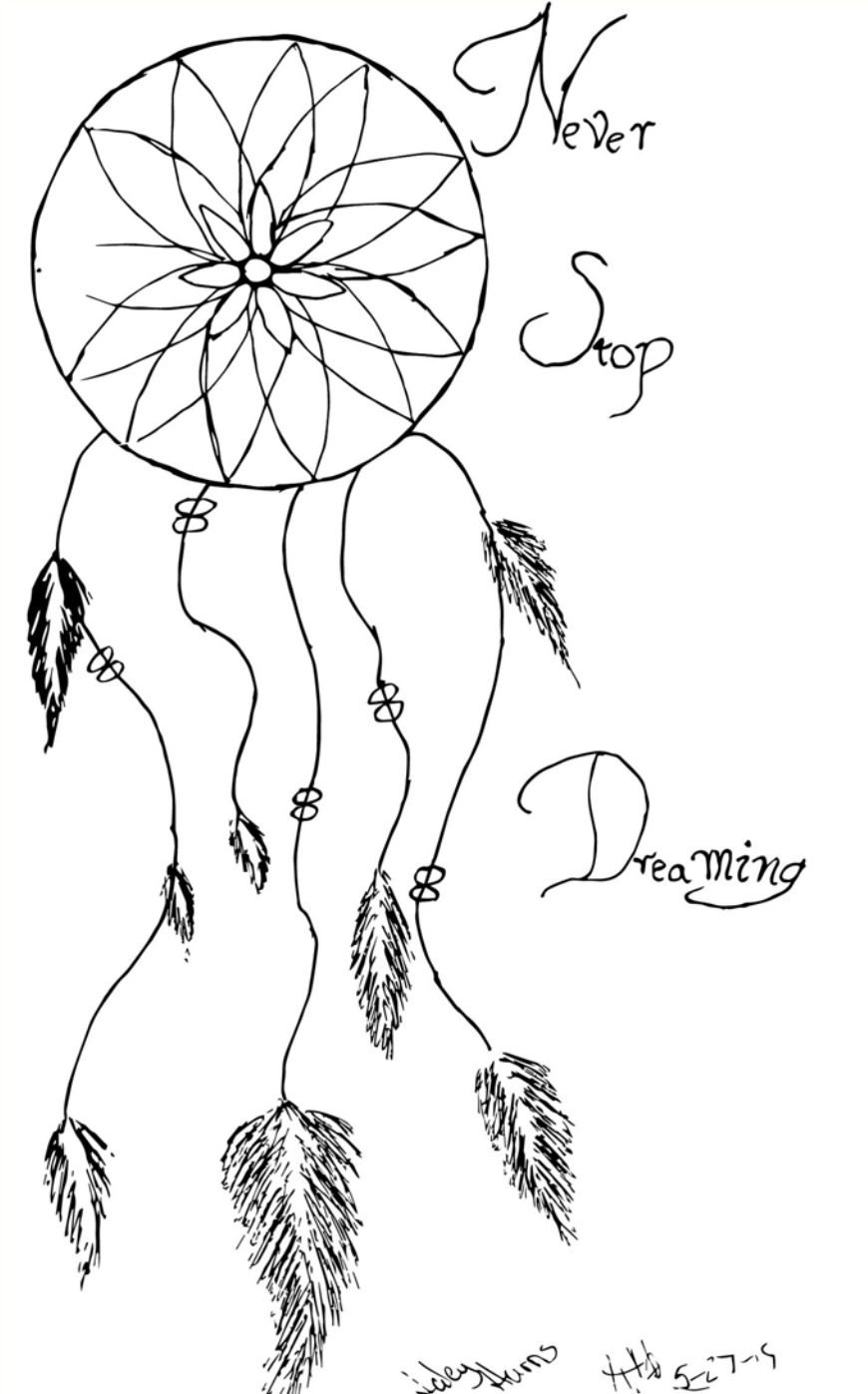


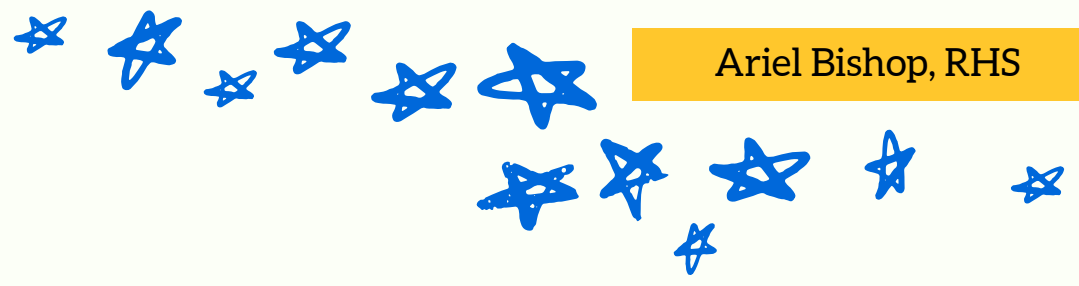
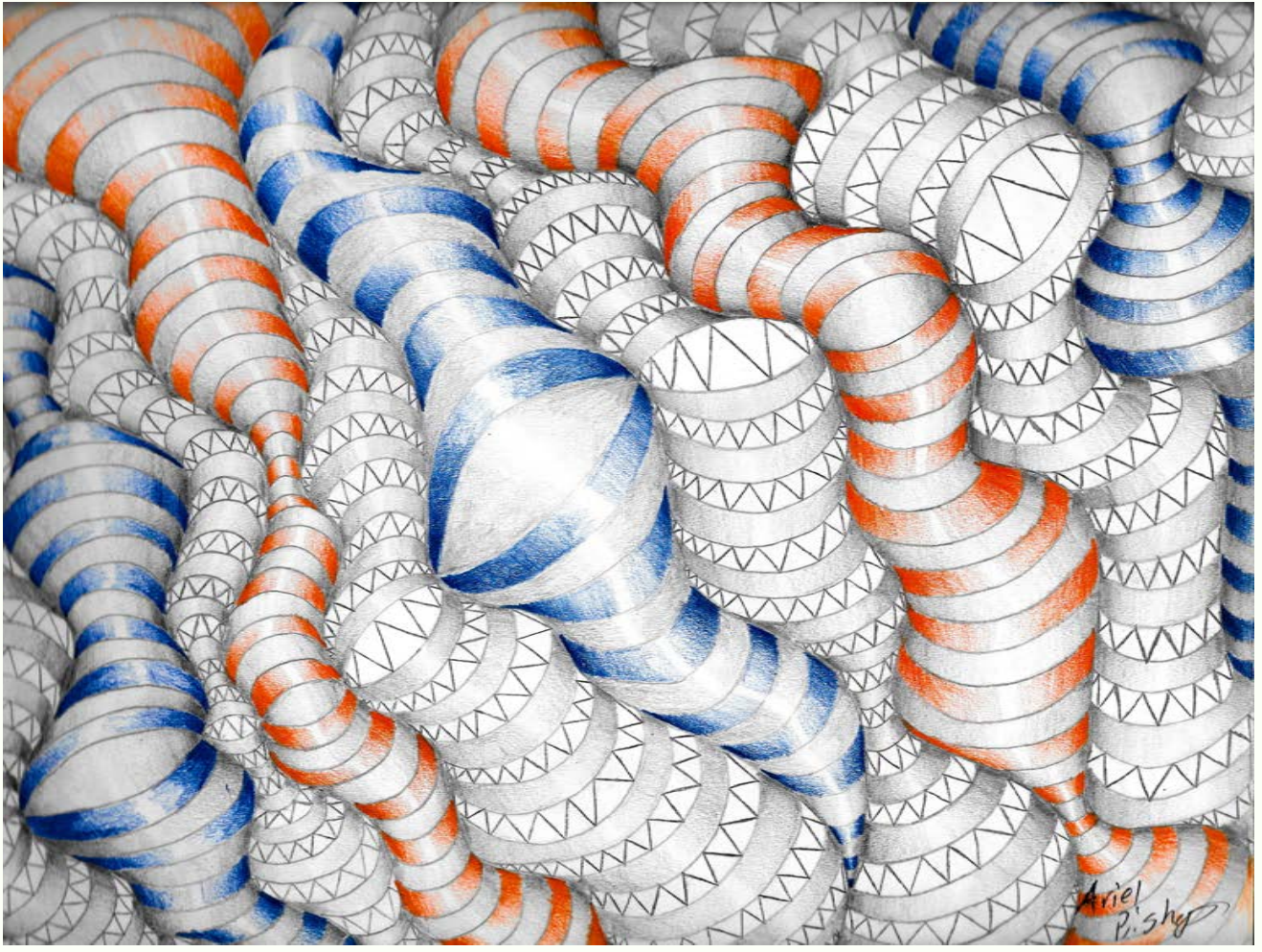
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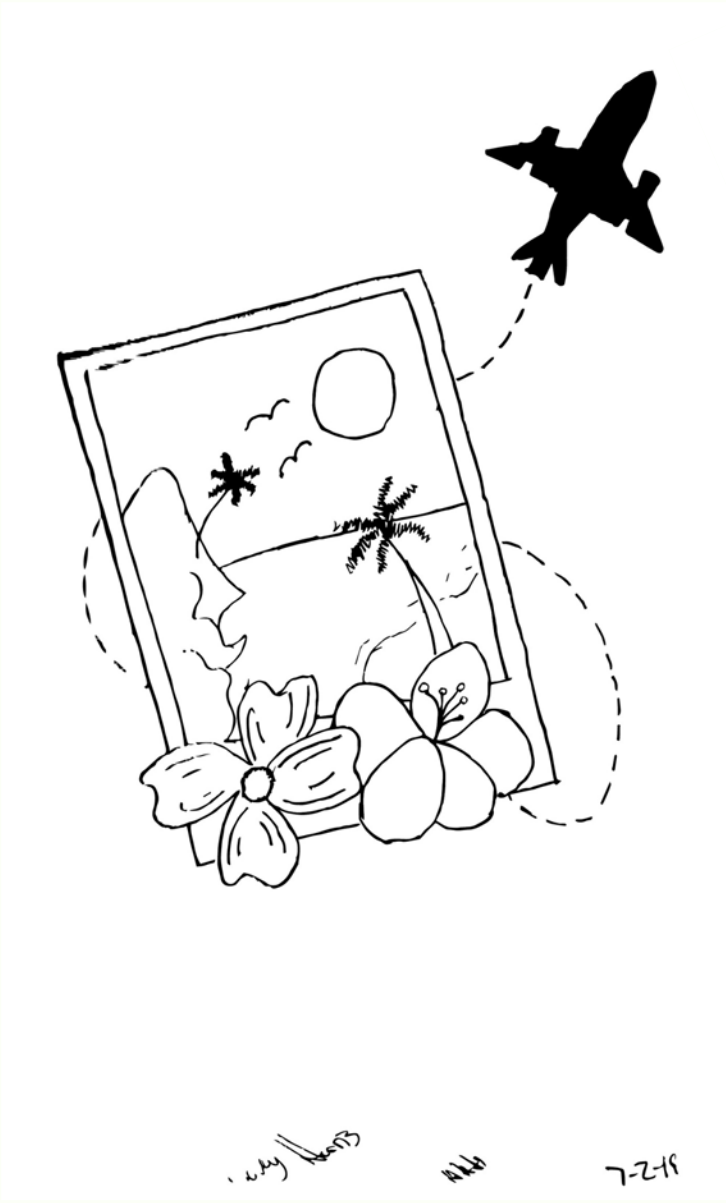


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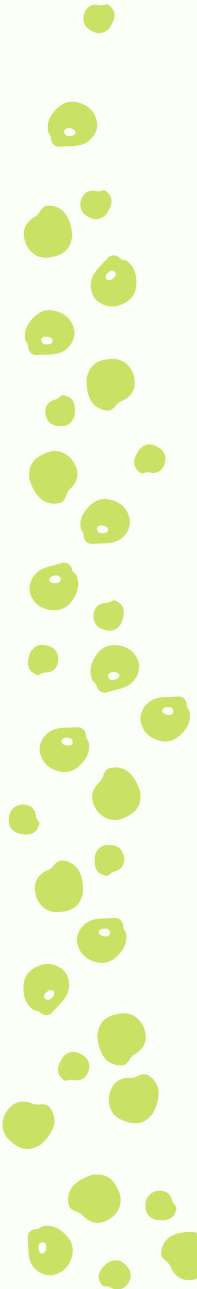




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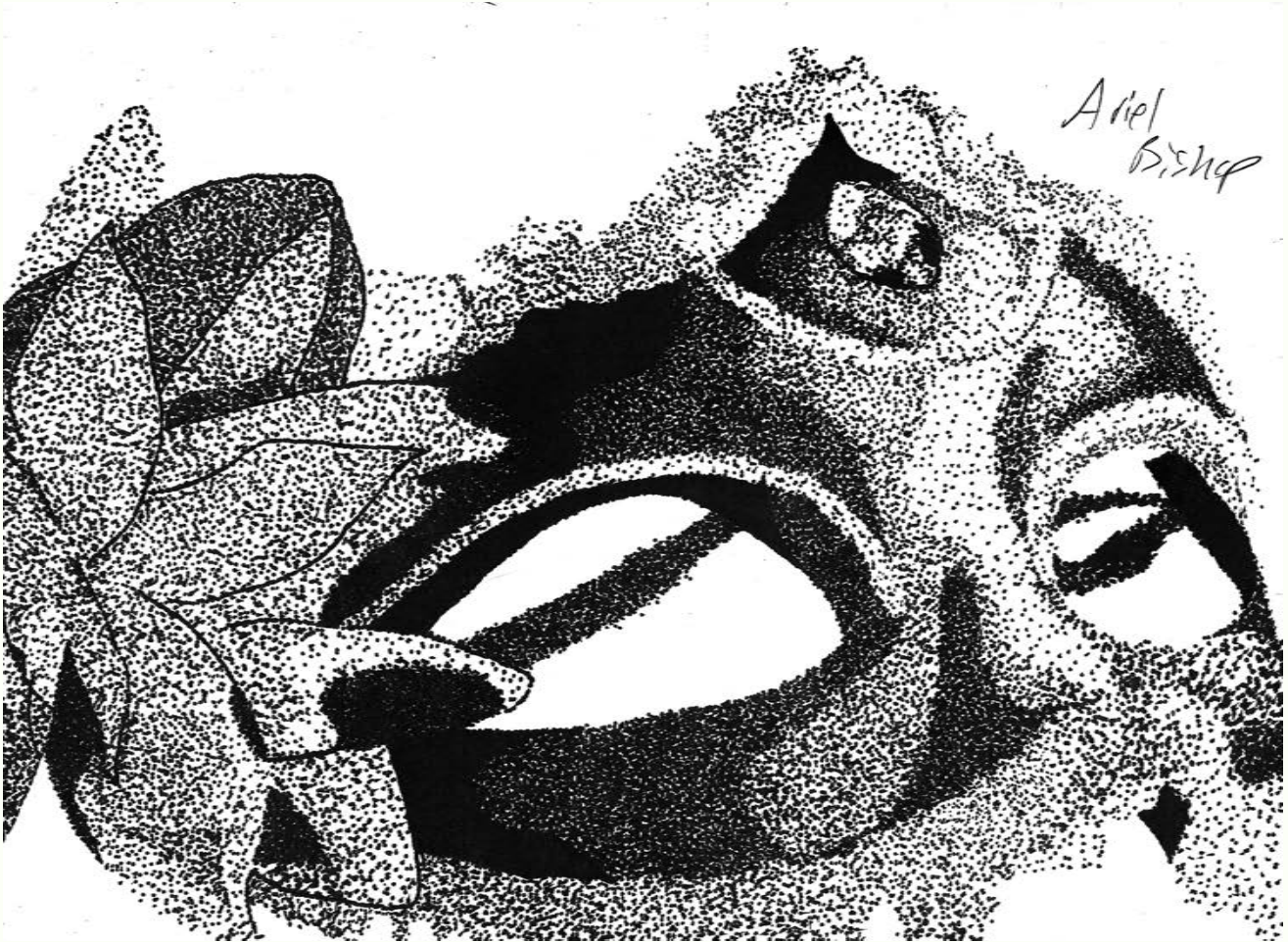


Haley Harris, RHS



Quimara Anderson, EPHS

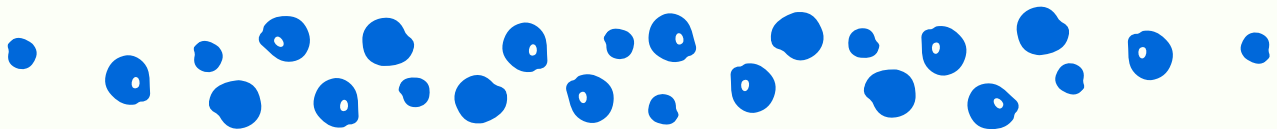
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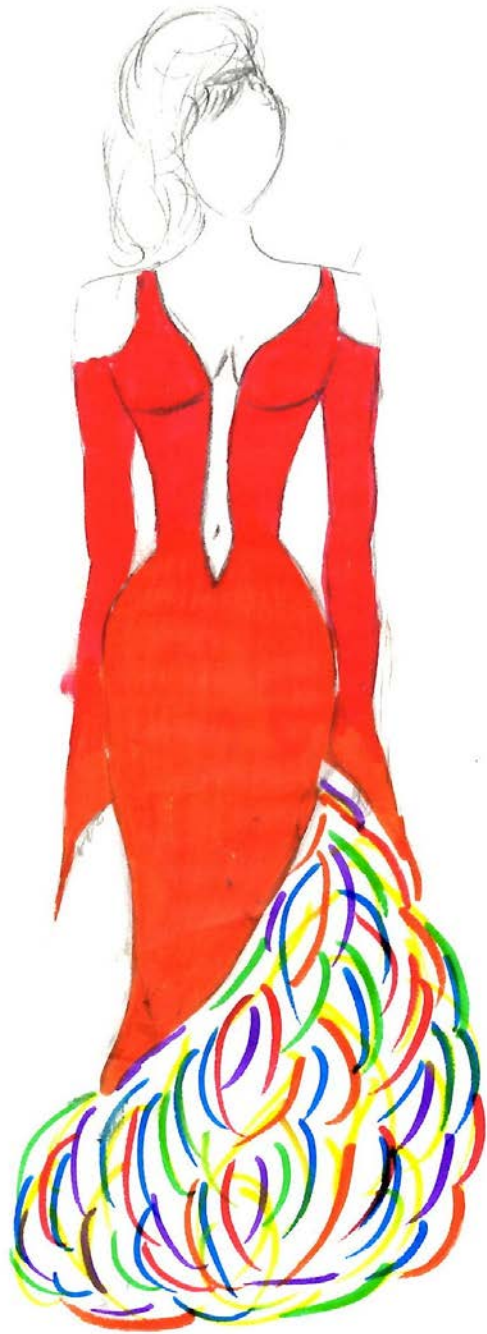




Haley Harris, RHS

Anna Blaylock, HHS



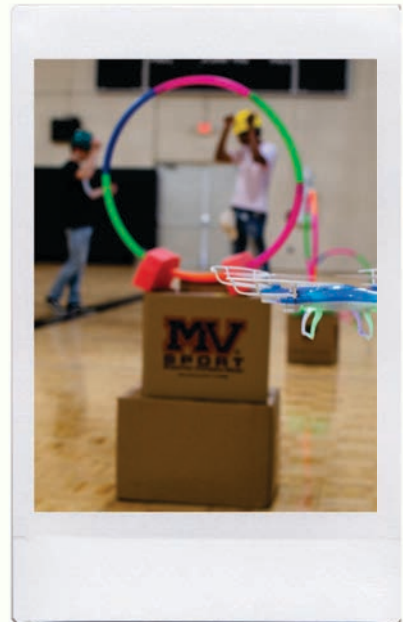
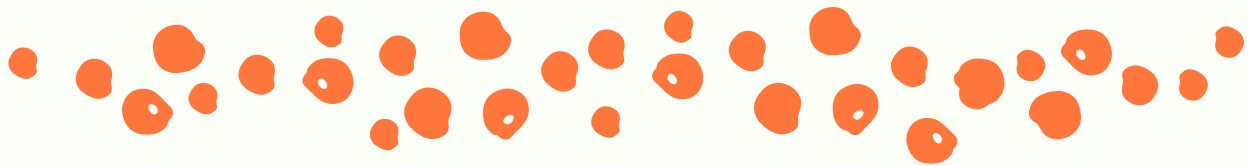
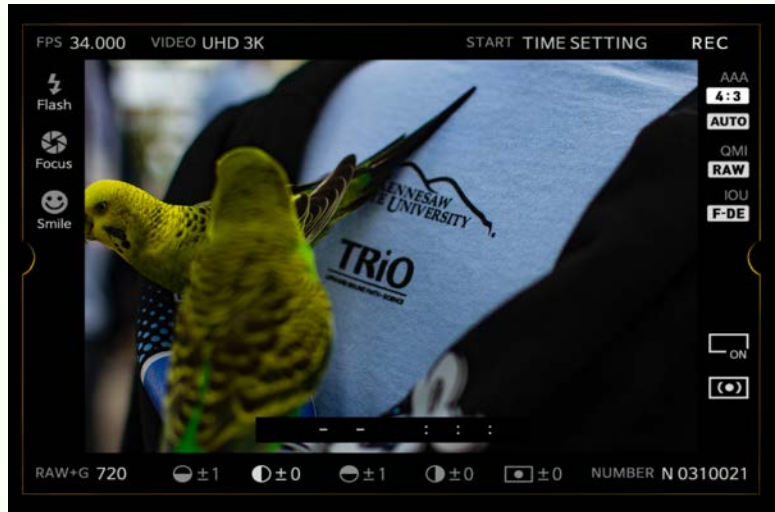


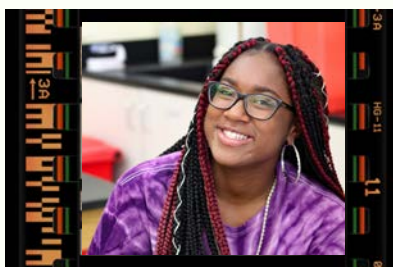
Jarneisha Barber, EPHS

SUMMER SNAPS

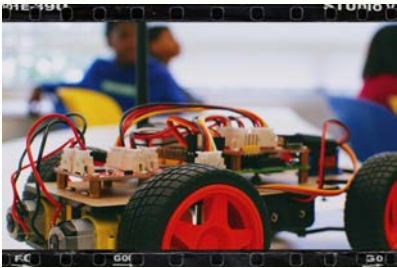
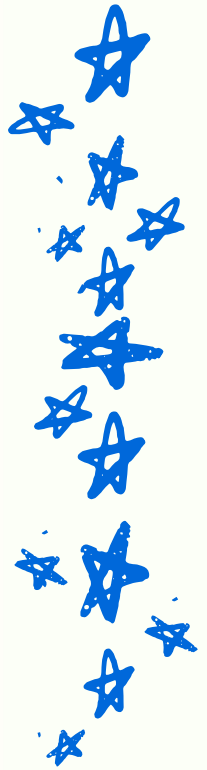
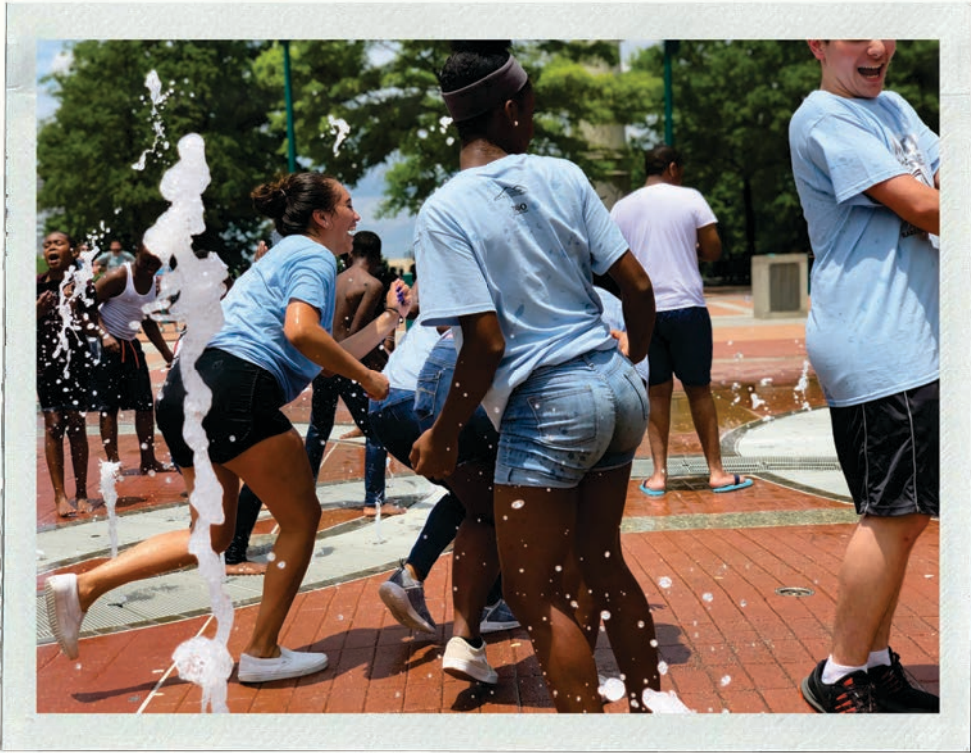


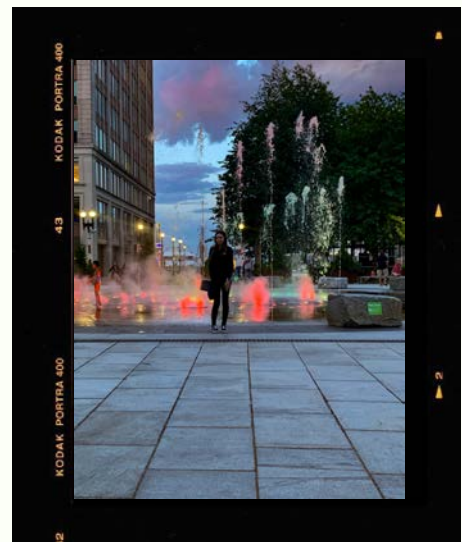
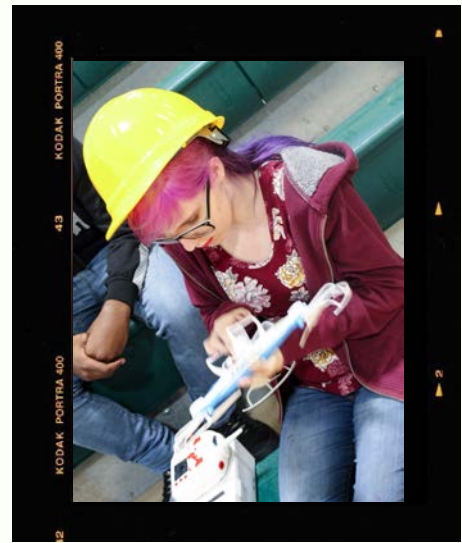
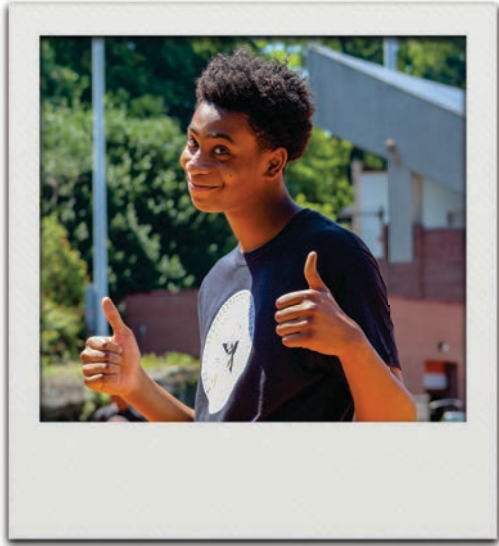
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Programs and Trips*

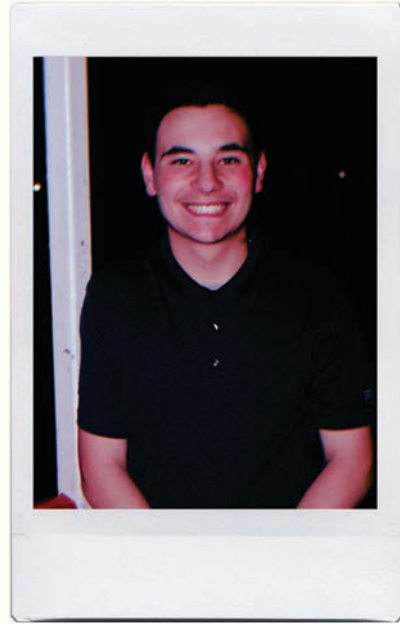
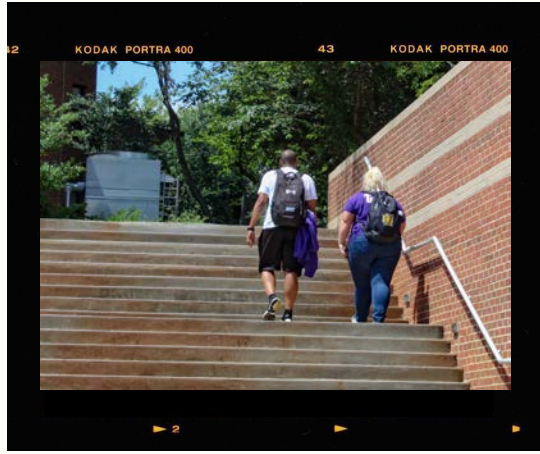


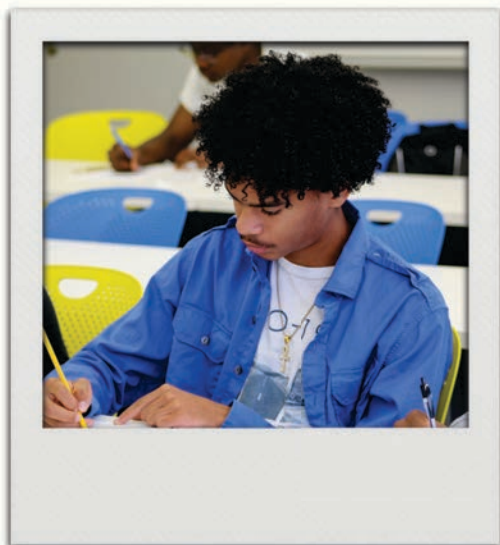


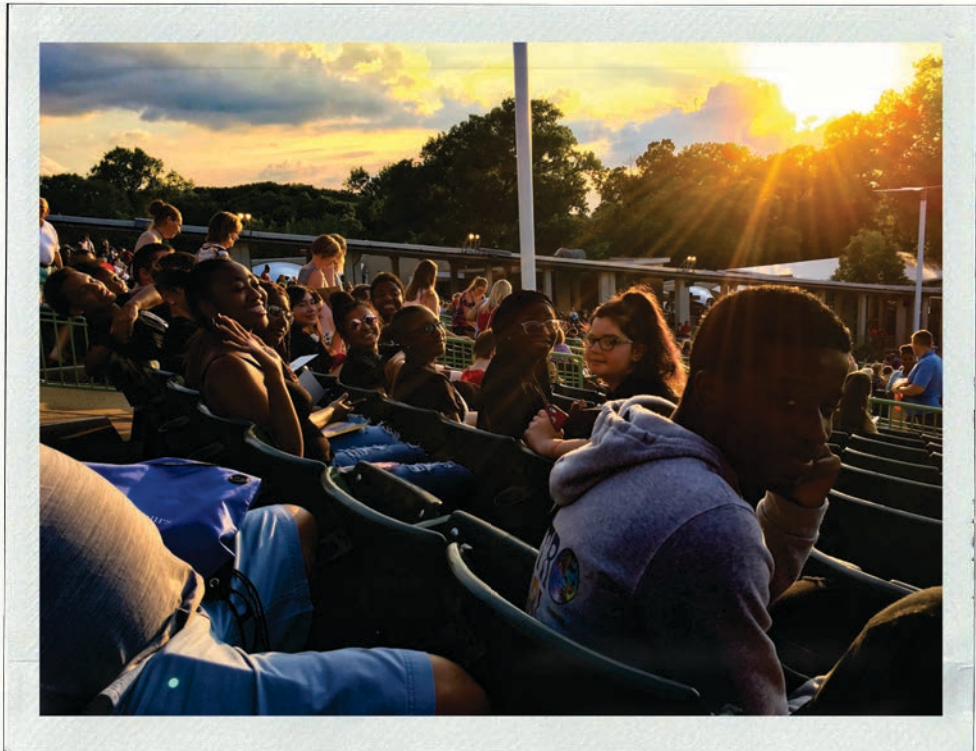
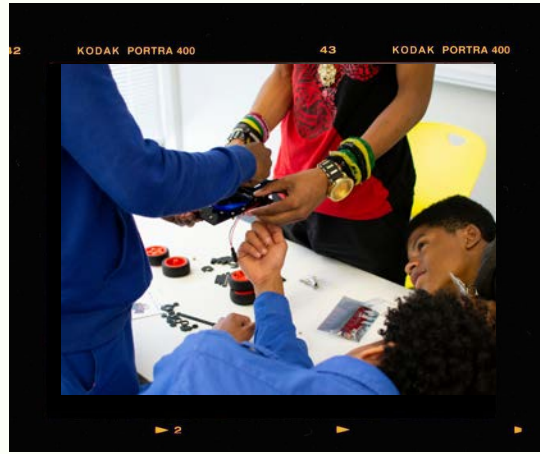
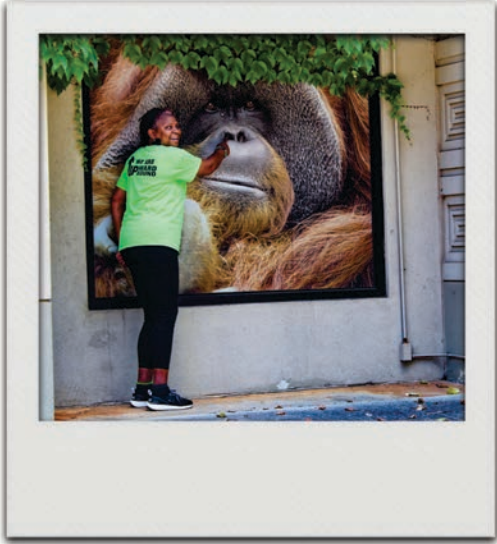


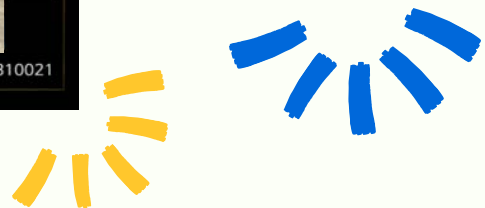
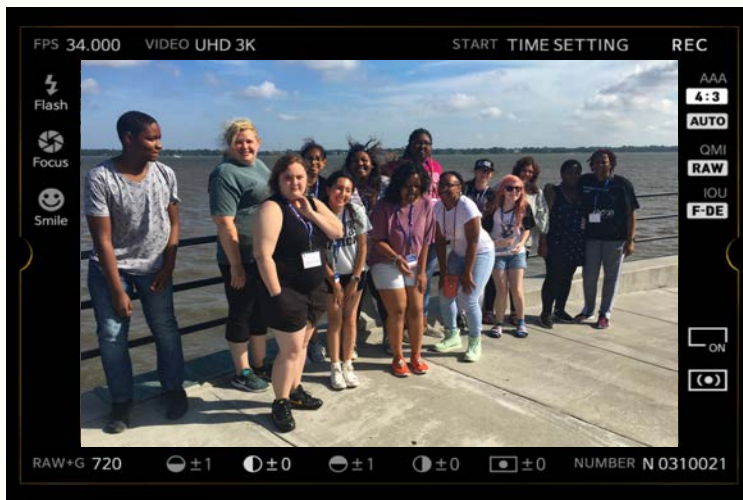
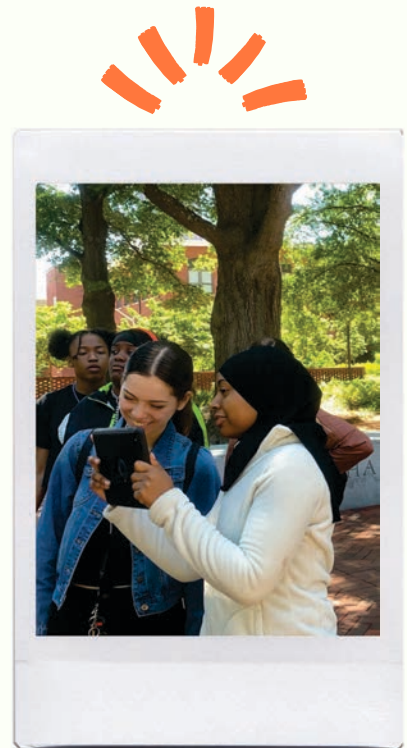
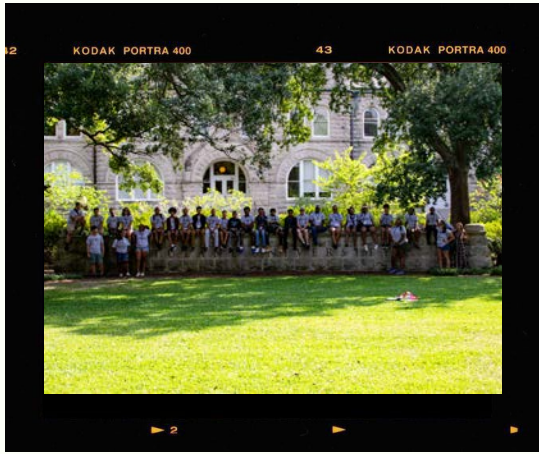


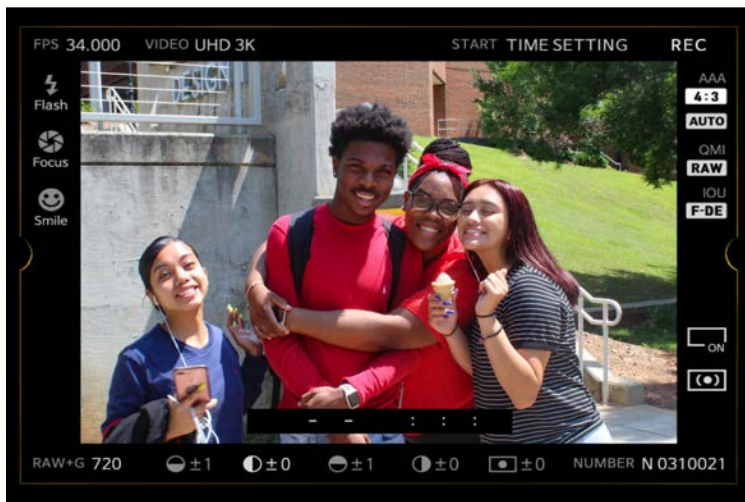
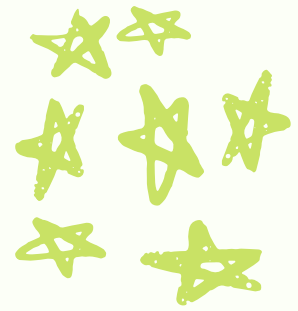


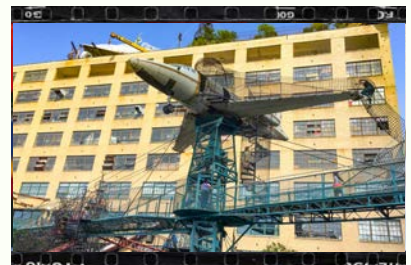
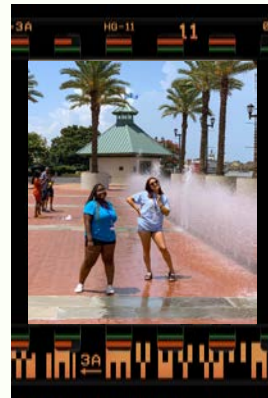
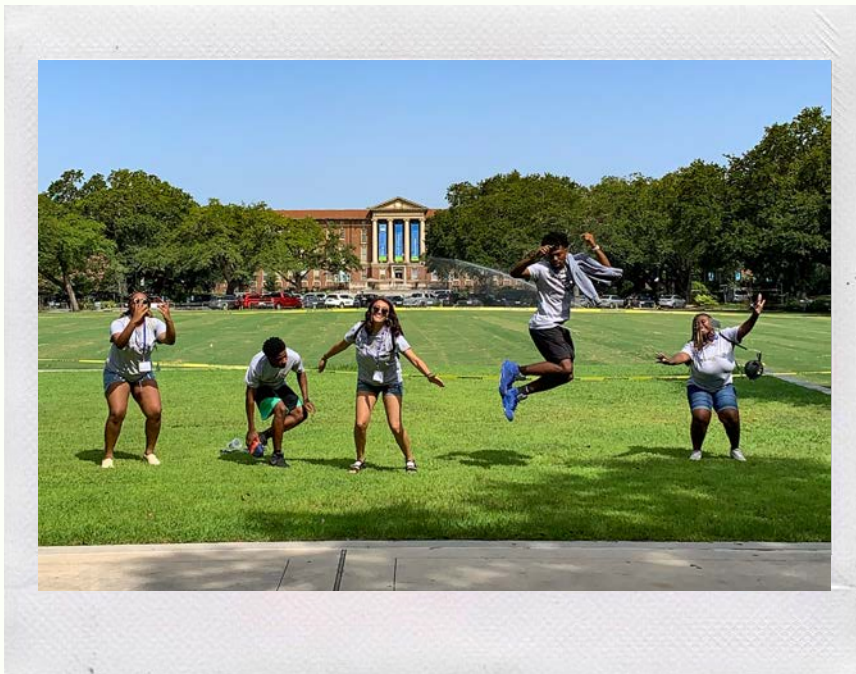
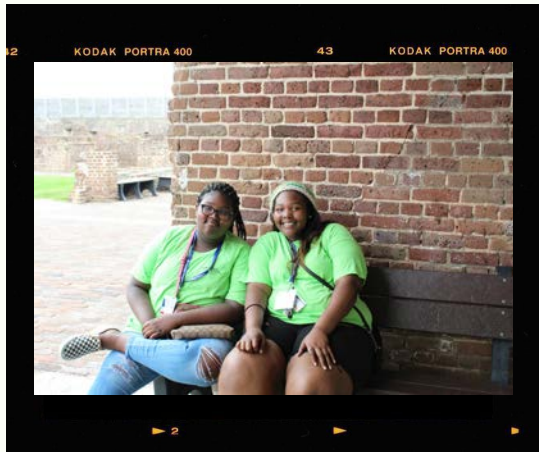
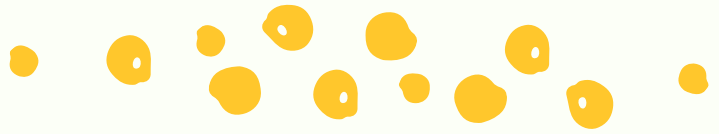


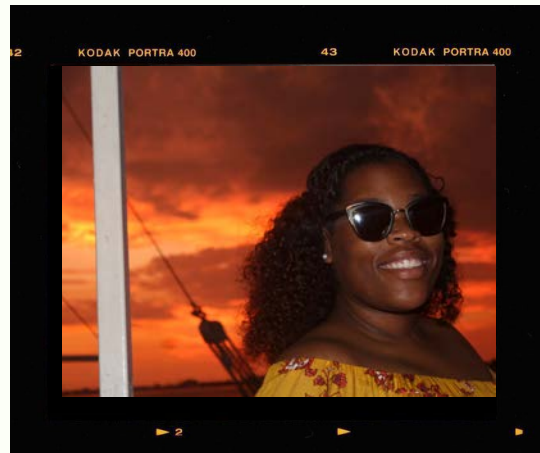
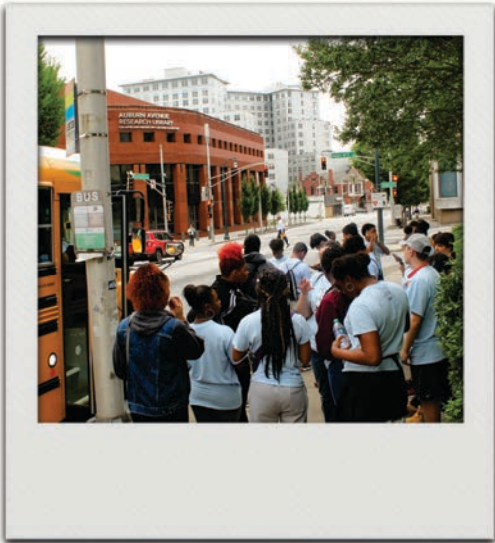
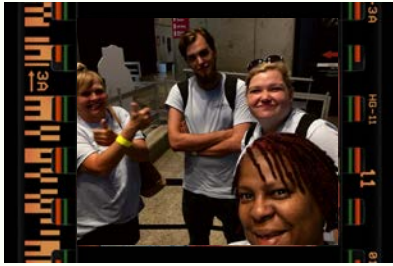


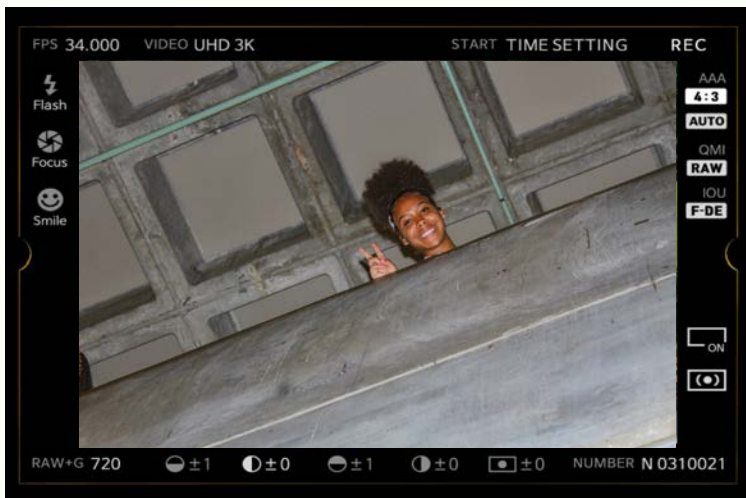
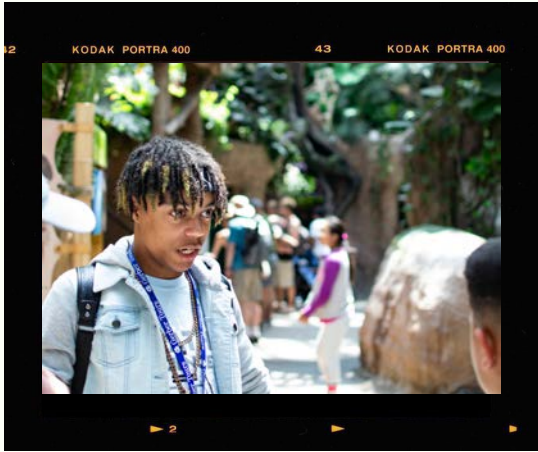




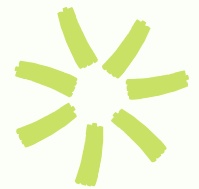












“It is the goal of Kennesaw State University’s TRIO Programs to empower our TRIO families to success, motivate students to achieve their dreams, and enrich our communities.”

KSU TRIO



Front And Back Cover:
Taneisha Gary and Jennifer
Craton

Front Inside Cover:
Haley Harris

Back Inside Cover Art:
Ariel Bishop

A very special thanks to Ms. Deborah Defreitas-
Rausseau and all the Summer Academy Teachers
who submitted student work. Without you, this
summer would not have been possible.

OWLETTE VOL. 2

Hiram High School
Upward Bound Program

Cedartown High School
Upward Bound Program

Rockmart High School
Upward Bound Program

East Paulding High
School Upward Bound
Math Science Program

TRIO



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