

# SHED SOME LIGHT ON YOUR SUBJECTS

WITH MODEST INVESTMENTS IN EQUIPMENT FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, YOU CAN SEE THEIR IMAGES IN A WHOLE NEW LIGHT.

**stop, look, AND LISTEN**

reporting by Monica Fuld and Lindsey Bright | photo by Jacob Dossel

He was born in Russia, with an inherited genetic trait leaving parts of his inner ear damaged. At the age of three, a surgically implanted cochlear implant gave him the means to conduct his mobility to hear. Despite his disability, he kept up with his peers while living in his hometown of St. Petersburg, Russia. That all changed in the 8th grade when his family moved to the United States to follow his father's work, with only some French and a bit of his old Russian. Relearning to be in a new culture and a young age to attend school knowing little to no English and a child of learning by watching the lips of the new kids around him. Through his large, supportive, and social adjustment, he remains a kid of challenges and is now fluent in two languages, surrounded by a close friend group, and fully immersed in two cultures both at home and school. Freshman Artur Gonchardov proved he had more to gain from stepping out of his comfort zone and taking risks than from being able to see the world from his home along the way.

**U**pon returning from St. Petersburg, Russia, and I am from St. Petersburg myself. My grandparents are from Russia. All of my family lives in Russia, so the Russian language is very important to me. I go back almost every summer. I moved to Corning when I was nine, it was a really unique experience. It was interesting to learn about the new culture and the new language.

**A**t first, learning was very difficult because I spoke Russian only. I barely spoke any English. I did not know English in Russia, but I wasn't very proficient in it. Communicating with friends was tough at first. I didn't know what to ask because I didn't know any of the English language. All I knew was how to say "how are you" and simple stuff like that. Eventually by adjusting into the culture I was able to learn the language. By 8th grade, I was able to speak English somewhat fluently. Being bilingual has improved my critical thinking, memory, and my language acquisition skills, so it's easier for me to learn other languages like Spanish now.

**W**hen I first came to Corning, it was very surprising how school worked. In Russia, you can't pick your subjects and usually stay with your whole class in the day. I miss seeing Russian food for example, the pastries that are flat and delicious, but I really like the schools here and the culture. Like, you can buy anything here, like there are a lot of malls with cool stuff. Sometimes my family goes to the theater where they have shows with international products and we get stuff that we can't get in Russia, like different candy.

**I** received my cochlear implant when I was three years old. I don't really remember when I got my implant because I was really young at the time. [The implant] is pretty complicated. Cochlear [refers to] the little hairs that get the frequency of the sounds, and they don't work for me because it was oriented that way [genetically]. The cochlear implant basically bypasses that part and the implant takes the place of the function of the cochlea. I can't hear music from my phone so my hearing processor, and I can turn off my hearing and just listen to music, so that's cool.

**D**ifficulties are pretty common, however the main one is that when I'm in a crowded situation, for example, talking to my friends in a classroom or in a lunch, it can be hard to hear them. All the voices are blended, and it is hard to tell the voices of individual people. Some people here after I moved did speak very quietly, and it is really hard to hear what they are saying.

**A** lot of people think that speaking really helps, and that if you don't, it would be easier for them to hear you, but that's just when you speak loudly it might be harder to discern what you are saying because the main difficulty is recognizing what you say. It's better to speak slowly and clearly rather than loudly.

**A**s a person, I'm more open-minded to the culture, and I'm more interested in learning about new things and new languages. [My experience] made me more confident because I didn't know any English, so I had to take risks. I know that might make myself look like a fool because I didn't know the language, and I had to be willing to take more risks. I'm not going to jump out of my comfort zone.

**28-29 STOP: ARTUR GONCHAROV**  
photo by Monica Fuld

**life across THE POND**

reporting by Sarah Carter | photo by James Smith

**A**djusting to life in a small town that's miles away from what you know or home would be daunting to anyone, but when home is across the Atlantic Ocean in France, making the move is a bit more complicated. Starting high school in a new country in a small town, but she takes it with a smile as she looks through high school and an entirely foreign to her. A girl who seems quiet and reserved in a room of English speakers knows she is an outcast among her fellow Francophones. But knowing the French language fluently is only half the battle—everything from small town to social norms is different. It's a challenge to balance classes, work, and a social life, but she determined to make it work. What is it like to live in Corning, freshman Clémence Paris takes it one word at a time.

**W**hen my mom talked about changing an opportunity and she asked me if I would be OK with it, I knew my mother would be. Corning and I had a bit of a love-hate relationship, but the more we were together, I was really excited because before I moved here I went to New York City, Washington DC, and other cities nearby, and I loved those cities. I wanted to come back, and now I'm here.

**I** moved here in the beginning of August. I had my first month before moving here and I started school. Before I left, I went to classes over the summer to learn some English. It was helpful because I had English a lot of [at] the school, and English is the hardest thing about moving.

**I** was most nervous about making friends here. In America, strangers come to you to talk to you for the first time, but in France, it's hard to speak for the first time, but once you're

friends, you're friends. I stay in touch with my friends in France on some weekends I Skype with them, so they know what I'm doing, and we talk. All my friends were and had reached for me. [There] I have a few French friends from English for Seniors of Other Languages, but I have a lot of American friends, and from school I always speak English, but if I can't explain something, I go to French. I always go back to English after.

**F**rance education is really strict, and it's longer. We started, usually, after 8 or 9 AM, and we finished around 5 or 6 PM. On Wednesdays we had half days. Here, I have to honor a business day though. There's more France so the schedule is longer, but in English it was hard for me, so I changed to Regents. I'm in ESCO, but if I don't hand homework or in it's hard to hear me. Without ESCO, it would have been much harder to move here.

**I**n France, we had lunch for

minimum of one hour so we could be with our family. We like that time to eat with the family, and it's time to relax, but here it's quick eating. [There's] not enough time to eat, and then it's on to the next period.

**U**nlike the American schools here, it's not an effort, so you're not always stressed to speak. The school is very big, but when you see it, you enjoy going to school. My school was very nice. The building was gray and very ugly, but here it's happy.

**I** am doing better French because I have something I did once in France, but in Paris, in France, if you want to play a sport, it's a challenge without the school. There, sports are stronger, it's all the days. It's harder, but good here.

**I** know that I am just staying here for two years. After, we don't know if we will stay here or go back to France. I want to go home, but I would like to go to France here. It would be awesome.

**1-15 STOP: CLÉMENCE PARIS**  
photo by James Smith

**TESSERAE**  
Corning-Painted Post HS  
Corning, NY













as I am

# Chris Paludi

Senior Christopher Paludi opens up about his childhood and how he is moving forward

I can't remember ever being a kid. Life at 20028 Barnard Avenue forced me to grow up fast. To learn how to survive. My mother was mentally unstable. I'd have been the term bipolar—used on the weekend, drinking hard between and during episodes of increased frequency and severity. She forced my father from the house. I was nine, my little brother Collin was six, and we were suddenly alone with her.

I was desperate to protect him. When our mom would start to get violent I hid in his room, telling him, "Stick your door and your pillow over your head, and please, please don't come out until I come back." All that I could beg her to stop, but that hope was soon broken out of me. This was my reality. I grew myself up, she'd forget about my body brother.

Every day was dominated by the voices of my next round of abuse. I never tried to speak out, never sought help. She had beaten me and into submission, but she always, into a fear of something far worse than cuts and bruises and blood if I tried to tell. I was afraid she would kill me.

My marks eventually told for me though, and Collin and I were taken away, coming back. I hate that I was there, that I never told anything. I hate that I was somehow submitted even long after, as though I even my fault.

Thankfully though, I found protection in my few close friends, who inspired me to confront my life and take control of how I choose to live. I was somewhat immune. For the last year or so I've been trying to really approach every day with an awareness. I think that a big part of being happy for me is being aware that I don't live in my own skilled kingdom where everything happens only on a moment's time. My happiness has come from not putting others before myself but by putting them on the same level as myself. Which makes it an important distinction.

In addition to finding close friends, I have also found where I wanted to go to college. I wanted to go somewhere where I could have more options than going to somewhere like Georgetown would give me because everybody thinks that I'm over-privileged and that's correct, but I also have a steady strong inside inclination to work. While at Kenyon College, I start me being behind a lot of my language and becoming not a new person but a more grown-up me. I really reform myself. My dreams right now, as far as career goals, is to be a speech writer for the White House. I think that it probably the core of both my interests coming together. I want to be influential, I want to matter, and I want to be happy. I am pretty happy right now and so I want to have that continue.

## THE PILOT (2016 BOOK)

Redondo HS  
Redondo Beach, CA



as I am

# Dylan Allen

Junior Dylan Allen loses almost all fourteen years of his memories due to various small head injuries

I played football freshman year and it was my first time really playing tackle football. I had played tag before but never actually tackle. I got hit in the head a lot because it's a contact sport, but there was never a concussion. I got hit and was down for a long time. And then one day, just woke up in my room and didn't know where I was at all, and I couldn't remember anything about what had happened the night before, or events before, or years before.

So I called my mom in, and she wasn't panicked or anything. She asked me questions about what I did know. I couldn't tell her what day it was or what year it was, but I knew what my room was. I knew who I was, and I knew my parents and my brother and that was it. And so she took me to the hospital, and they constantly asked me questions to make sure I was awake, and I could never answer them. I'd forget right after, too. I'd forget what was going on even when they'd call me. They'd tell me what year it was—was 2011—and ask me again five minutes later, and I still couldn't tell them. And I'd just start making up answers because I really didn't know. I'd get my random years and get it wrong every time and then they'd tell me the right answer. I'd just forget again, and I just went on like that for almost a week.

There were really small, vague things that I could remember, but like no specifics, ever. They just kept asking me, giving me long comic, spiral tops, and stuff like that, but they were—well, anything, so they released me from the hospital. After that, my awareness got a little better. I could start actually remembering things after I was told instead of forgetting instantly. I could be aware of where I was and what was going on with me. It wasn't even until I was released from the hospital that I knew what was happening to me.

I didn't know how to identify myself with anything, since I didn't really have much past experience. I had to be told what I was like from other people. Honestly, and I'd changed or anything, but I don't really remember feeling panicked. I was just, especially when I didn't know what was going on with me, like I was not myself at all, was kind of blank. My mom always said I had a blank look in my eyes when I was in the hospital.

I went to this clinic called the Amex Clinic in Orange County, and they did a SPECT scan, and it actually showed brain trauma in one of the areas associated with memory. There's no official diagnosis or anything. That's all I ever got as an answer.

I was always afraid of not being able to return to normal. Even when I did come back to school a month later, I was so different. Classes I wasn't the same as before. I was always afraid that I wouldn't return because I was so different. But my memory would never come back. Over time, I just started to forget about that, like how I was before and why I was so scared, since I had new people and learned that I didn't need to always be the hardest classmate. It was really hard for a while, like I couldn't read with for a long time. Eventually, I started to accept it and accept that not everything will come back. Fourteen years are gone.

as I am

# Kaita Pannor

Sophomore Kaita Pannor describes how her passion for art and her sexuality has affected her life

I first started getting into art when I was 11 or 12. I just had the ground coloring, actually drawing on a program on my DS at first, basically for fun. My mom is a graphic designer, so she had drawing programs, and a tablet that I could get going on as soon as I was ready to do some. My "come up" to art was unusual because most artists learn on traditionally, then branch into digital art when they want to change things up or become interested. I did the opposite. I learned art on Photoshop and did years of digital art before I ever seriously attempted traditional art. Now, I sell digital character designs online through PayPal, and I have actually made pretty decent money out of that. It means a ton to me that my hobby led me to a place where I was able to make such a profit on my own at a young age, especially given my family has had big financial troubles in the past few years.

Art means a lot to me because it provides for me a creative outlet. I can use to explore my emotions. I can see myself experience things and remember everything through colors, shapes, expressions and motions. I even feel like I'm a baller, or that I haven't been progressing. I can go back and see not only how much I have improved artistically, but also how my tastes have expanded on experiences, new things and people who am further. I'm very lucky to have a family and friends who are very supportive of my art and promise to help me whenever I choose to go with it. At times, being gay has been a struggle and has presented issues. I had to get over, but it wasn't really big deal for me because my family and friends have always been very supportive of me. I'm a fan of the Kinsey Scale, so usually I just refer to myself as gay, but I'm not completely gay. "Homophobic" if you'll have it, though that's mostly cathartic. Before they knew, my parents were so open that when they would mention us dating in the future, they would always say, "You know when you have a boy friend, or hey, even a girlfriend whatever." I am very very lucky to have had this, or definitely helped me quickly get over the idea that being gay made me inferior.

There are a few challenges I've faced on behalf of my sexuality. Looking back, I've always been gay, I just didn't consider it a possibility until the seventh grade, so it never occurred to me. I always just "chose" boys to "like" because I figured that's what everyone else did. When I finally did figure out that I actually did not find boys emotionally or physically attractive, I spent a little bit of time just considering it. I did not accept it pretty quickly, but there was definitely a part of me that was unhappy, uneasy, and in denial about it.

I've never made a wide "I'm gay!" announcement to everyone I know, and I don't feel it's necessary. Honestly, I believe coming out in that manner where it isn't relevant in a particular conversation is a bit counterproductive to the goal of making being gay a normal thing. As a society, we just shouldn't assume that someone is straight upon meeting them. Besides, someone shouldn't have to announce that they aren't straight when they meet someone if it's not relevant in the conversation. In my opinion, when we do it, it just promotes the idea that it isn't a normal thing. So I only "come out" to others when it's worked into conversation and it seems appropriate or relevant. I still have a few friends that probably don't even know I'm gay because it's never come up. I'm totally fine with that.





# THE PILOT

(2014 BOOK)

Redondo HS  
Redondo Beach, CA

**SHOW STOPPER**

**Kevin Lemley, 12**  
 Wrestling  
 140 lbs  
 5'8"

Full body  
 Sweeping, MuzThru, and lifting weights

**Vanessa Barnes, 12**  
 Soccer  
 120 lbs  
 5'5"

Arms and legs  
 Run  
 From 2 to 5 miles, do cardio, and sometimes longer

**Carson Hatten, 11**  
 Baseball  
 160 lbs  
 6'2"

Core, quads, full arm  
 Pitching, warming, and throwing warm

**Alexa Stronach, 10**  
 Lacrosse  
 110 lbs  
 5'4"

Quads, hamstring, hip flex, and traps  
 Running in the off-season and conditioning with my team

**SHOW STOPPER**

**Colton Hinkle, 12**  
 Football  
 140 lbs  
 6'8"

Core, arms, quads  
 Weights and run

**Joseph Ortiz, 17**  
 Water Polo  
 160 lbs  
 6'1"

Arms, shoulder, thighs  
 Swimming, jumping, and bumping

**Kelcie Hinkle, 11**  
 Track & Field  
 100 lbs  
 5'11"

Thighs, quads, and core  
 Run  
 Almost every day of the week and 4-5 times a week

**REDONDO**

**SHOW STOPPER**

**WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S UNDER NEATH**

What is **STRENGTH**? It's a wonderful sensation of hard work and... it's knowing your opponent. It's knowing that without a doubt, you can DO this. It's keeping your eye on the ball, your eye on the ball, and knocking it out of the park. It's getting on the zone. It's staying on your toes. On **THE COURT**, on top. Strength is staying your... on the face and saying **BRING IT**. Strength is power. Strength is work. Strength is effort. It's a little bit of... **STRENGTH**. And we'll show you the strength **UNDERNEATH**.

**Allyson Gilmartin, 11**  
 Softball  
 110 lbs  
 5'6"

Full arm, core, quads, calves  
 Run the track and involved in softball practice

**Ellie Jensen, 11**  
 Tennis  
 110 lbs  
 5'10"

Core, shoulders, legs  
 Swimming, jumping, bumping, and running

**Joan Richard, 12**  
 Volleyball  
 130 lbs  
 6'1"

Quadriceps, knees, ankles, and core  
 Bump, set, and running

HYPERTROPHIC SUPPLEMENT TEAM | BOOKS | SUPPLEMENT TEAM | HYPERTROPHIC SUPPLEMENT TEAM | BOOKS | SUPPLEMENT TEAM | HYPERTROPHIC SUPPLEMENT TEAM | BOOKS | SUPPLEMENT TEAM