

# Values exercise

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|---|---|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Community            | <input type="checkbox"/> Intuition          | <input type="checkbox"/> Control            | <input type="checkbox"/> Autonomy              | <input type="checkbox"/> Honesty        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inspiration          | <input type="checkbox"/> Trust              | <input type="checkbox"/> Surprise           | <input type="checkbox"/> Wit                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Independence   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Serenity             | <input type="checkbox"/> Social justice     | <input type="checkbox"/> Nutrition          | <input type="checkbox"/> Patience              | <input type="checkbox"/> Cooperation    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Physical challenge   | <input type="checkbox"/> Intellect          | <input type="checkbox"/> Competence         | <input type="checkbox"/> Listening             | <input type="checkbox"/> Affection      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Responsibility       | <input type="checkbox"/> Self-reliance      | <input type="checkbox"/> Risk               | <input type="checkbox"/> Commitment            | <input type="checkbox"/> Wisdom         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Competition          | <input type="checkbox"/> Laughter           | <input type="checkbox"/> Balance            | <input type="checkbox"/> Leadership            | <input type="checkbox"/> Knowledge      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Practicality         | <input type="checkbox"/> Faith              | <input type="checkbox"/> Self-discipline    | <input type="checkbox"/> Helping others        | <input type="checkbox"/> Growth         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Working with others  | <input type="checkbox"/> Involvement        | <input type="checkbox"/> Courage            | <input type="checkbox"/> Practicality          | <input type="checkbox"/> Mystery        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Freedom              | <input type="checkbox"/> Adventure          | <input type="checkbox"/> Family             | <input type="checkbox"/> Creativity            | <input type="checkbox"/> Order          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Security             | <input type="checkbox"/> Vulnerability      | <input type="checkbox"/> Empathy            | <input type="checkbox"/> Excitement            | <input type="checkbox"/> Innovation     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Strength             | <input type="checkbox"/> Adaptability       | <input type="checkbox"/> Fun                | <input type="checkbox"/> Collaboration         | <input type="checkbox"/> Accountability |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Self-control         | <input type="checkbox"/> Restraint          | <input type="checkbox"/> Humility           | <input type="checkbox"/> Social change         | <input type="checkbox"/> Democracy      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personal development | <input type="checkbox"/> Healthy boundaries | <input type="checkbox"/> Efficiency         | <input type="checkbox"/> Beauty                | <input type="checkbox"/> Tradition      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Respect              | <input type="checkbox"/> Friendship         | <input type="checkbox"/> Intensity          | <input type="checkbox"/> Passion               | <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER?!        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mindfulness          | <input type="checkbox"/> Excellence         | <input type="checkbox"/> Health and fitness | <input type="checkbox"/> Integrity             |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Culture              | <input type="checkbox"/> Meaning            | <input type="checkbox"/> My country         | <input type="checkbox"/> Ecological awareness  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bravery              | <input type="checkbox"/> Power              | <input type="checkbox"/> Music              | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality relationships |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Communication        | <input type="checkbox"/> Privacy            | <input type="checkbox"/> Truth              | <input type="checkbox"/> Travel                |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Change and variety   | <input type="checkbox"/> Self-expression    | <input type="checkbox"/> Resourcefulness    | <input type="checkbox"/> Logic                 |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Compassion           | <input type="checkbox"/> Stability          | <input type="checkbox"/> Awareness          | <input type="checkbox"/> Curiosity             |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nature               | <input type="checkbox"/> Diversity          | <input type="checkbox"/> Art                | <input type="checkbox"/> Spirituality          |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Experience           | <input type="checkbox"/> Love               | <input type="checkbox"/> Religion           | <input type="checkbox"/> Directness            |   |

Ava Maddux

Christensen

English IV H

30 August 2021

### “Coach’s Daughter”

I’ll never forget the tingly feeling that charged my veins when I walked into that gym on a Friday night as a second grader. All my friends’ eyes grew wider as I took a step beyond the purple sideline and onto the glossy hardwood floor. Basically a celebrity by my dad’s side, I would take a seat in his lap on the bench. The following days at school my classmates would ask a selection of questions like, “Wait, how come you get to sit on the big floor?” or “How do those big, old high school boys know your name?” Trying to hide my beaming smile, I’d respond with the same variation of “Oh, it’s no big deal. I’m just the coach’s daughter.”

By middle school, travel basketball tournaments were much of the same story. My team of eleven girls would take our seats pressed up against the same red walls of the gym we spent our whole spring in, waiting for our third game of the day to begin. While unwrapping my granola bar, my dad would call me over, almost like clockwork, to meet another unfamiliar coach who would greet me like they’d known me my whole life. After a brief introduction, I’d return back to my teammates who would ask “Who is it this time?” and another would say “It’s probably just some coach her dad knows. It’s not a big deal. It’s just because she’s the coach’s daughter.”

My life has been consumed by the idea of putting a ball through an orange hoop. Spending six hours every day all summer at my dad’s Nike Basketball Camp was what I looked forward to each year. Lacing up my pink and orange basketball shoes, I grabbed a sticky ball,

wet from the hot summer air permeating the gym, off the rack. Nonchalantly, I took a shot that hit off the front of the rim. In the back of my ears, their words almost physically piercing me like a knife, I hear one of the coaches walk by and say “C’mon, Ava, you should make that. You’re the coach’s daughter.”

Entering into high school as a naive freshman girl, my hopes were innocently high. Hearing from every direction that “high school will be the best time of your life,” I skipped into that white-bricked building feeling on top of the world. The infamous topic of Homecoming is all the buzz every October. I patiently waited for a big sign with a silly saying written in almost illegible high school boy handwriting accompanied by a cheap bag of sour candy every day leading up to the dance. Watching my friends get asked one by one, my hope started dwindling. The Wednesday before the dance, I took a peek at my friend’s phone when I saw my name in her text messages. My stomach immediately sank. Written in a blue and white text bubble on her cracked iPhone screen by one of the boys in my class read the words, “I mean I would ask her, but I can’t. She’s the coach’s daughter.”

Summer going into senior year, I sat in my dad’s office chair one final time. After his announcement that he was taking a new job outside of coaching the previous day, I didn’t know how to feel. Looking back on my life, I should’ve been happy, right? Would there actually be a possibility of an invite to one of those hang outs after a Friday night football game? Maybe, but I realized I didn’t want that anymore. His time in this school will always be part of who I am. The loss of the classic times that everyone claims makeup high school pale in comparison to the lessons I’ve learned from him. And even though he isn’t physically on the sideline for 27 nights of the year anymore, I will still always proudly be: “The coach’s daughter.”

Addie Reese Zapp

Mrs. Christensen

H English IV

30 August 2021

## Cannons

Tripping up the roughly carpeted stairs on a Saturday morning, my two friends race to plop their ornately patterned sleepover bags on my bed. We rush to that stained, green couch and fight over who gets to use the one blue Wii controller. Once controllers are assigned, and the pouty faces of the two girls who ended up with the white controllers turn to eager grins, we begin. I put the scratched Super Mario Brothers disk into the Wii, and we pick up where we left off last Saturday. We are moving level to level through the jungle-themed World 5, swinging on vines and swimming under sea monsters. Avoiding those pesky goombas and hopping over turtle shells, we make it to a special level. If completed, the world offers a prize: a cannon. The cannon sends you straight to World 8, bypassing Worlds 6 and 7. Now, we had encountered special levels like this in Worlds 2 and 4 before, and despite completing all three of these levels, the three of us always decided against utilizing the cannon. We wanted to fully experience all that each world had to offer. From frozen winter and sliding blue penguins in World 3 to the flying green stingrays and cloud hopping in World 7, we didn't want to miss any of it. Regardless of the fact that it took longer, we were content with having to beat each level, conquer each castle, and sometimes face heartbreaking defeat only to try again. We were in no rush to finish the game or our Saturday tradition.

My least favorite world is undoubtedly World 2. It is desert themed with sand dunes, lava bubbles, and cactus enemies called Pokey. With every passing level, the three of us let out a

frustrated groan or sigh, doing our best to complete the world. Unfortunately for us, there was no cannon to bypass World 2, not that we would've used it. Ultimately, we were happy we trudged through. The three of us would've missed the rush of hopping on each finish-line flag from little pyramids, freezing out the pokey, and defeating the final-level challenger Roy Koopa. That pink, spiky shelled turtle in his industrial goggles was no match for us.

Interestingly enough, I think we often wish for those cannons in our lives. We want to skip over challenges and fast-forward to what's easy and comfortable. I used to want a cannon for my anxiety. I wanted to stop my incessantly racing mind, hot flashes, shaky legs, and having to hide my attacks in the middle of class. But who would I be without it? I wouldn't be as organized or as proactive about getting work done. I wouldn't crack each finger before my basketball games, mess with my rings when I feel an attack coming, or touch my earlobe when I get embarrassed. I wouldn't find pleasure in perfect spacing or arranging playlists completely by genre, artist, and album. I wouldn't feel an overwhelming sense of accomplishment after giving a simple speech about school spirit or a presentation on graphic design to the journalism team. Most importantly, I wouldn't know who offers me true and life-giving friendships. My Mario buddies push me to break through that anxiety but are always there to comfort me when I need them. My life would be easier without anxiety, and Super Mario Brothers would definitely be easier without flame-throwing Pokey, but neither would be nearly as fulfilling.

So, yes, those cannons could have brought us to the finish line sooner, but why would we have wanted that? To me, life isn't just about making it to the final castles at the end of each World as quickly as possible. It is about all of the seemingly insignificant moments, the power-ups we find, and the goombas we squash. No matter how badly you want a cannon to skip

over that World that never seems to end, those are the times that make the game worth playing.

So, same time next Saturday?

Addie Reese - what an honor to read this guy. I have goosebumps and am so proud of you. Lets fine-tune it a little and then you are GOOD TO GO. Love it.

Eliza Crockett

Christensen E

Survey of British Lit

16 September 2019

## My Rings

I wear rings every day. Four of my fingers are decorated with gold, silver, and jewels passed down from women who went before me. On my left ring finger, I wear a pearl wrapped in a gold band that my mom wore in high school. I was given this ring before my first high school dance and have worn it every day since. This ring started my obsession with old jewelry and my appreciation for something that is real, authentic, and has been worn before.

I often reflect on the stories my rings tell and how they connect to women in my life. On my right middle finger an oval opal stands tall, whimsically wrapped in silver, and its beautiful rainbow of colors reflect in the light. Years ago, my grandmother took a trip to Australia and purchased this ring. She kept it safe on her delicate finger and for my 16th birthday passed it down to me. Her incredible trips to foreign countries throughout the years are stories that I look forward to hearing every time I'm with her. I wonder what countries this ring has seen and all it has been through. Though she can no longer travel and the years haven't taken a toll on her body, she passed the love for travel down to me, and now I get to wear her ring all over the world as she did.

My spunk and creativity is inherited from my other grandmother, Grannan. On a weekend trip to her home in Knoxville, Tennessee, she just took off one of the rings that covered her tiny fingers and handed it to me. This blue lapis gemstone on a silver band has been resting on my

middle left finger ever since. When I look down at this blue stone, I'm reminded of the woman who has overwhelmed me with her authenticity and creative soul. My appreciation for art and everything pre-owned started with this lady, and I've held my life to a higher standard because of her; she is the best grandmother and best friend a girl could ask for.

For my upcoming 18th birthday, my parents decided to let me pick out another ring, and of course I chose vintage. I love the history and beauty that comes with knowing that someone else wore it before me. This ring is going to serve as a reminder of who I am in Christ as I head to college. As I was in Knoxville visiting a vintage store, I found the perfect one. This ring from the 1890's is a long pointed oval that stretches up and down the finger and is filled with little turquoise stones. At first glance I fell in love. I have no idea who all has worn this before me, but I bet it could tell some amazing stories. I'm excited to have this ring as part of my life and hopefully one day I can pass it down to my children, and they can fall in love with rings like I have.

When I look down at my crowded fingers, I feel a sense of appreciation for the women that loved these rings first. Eventually I'll pass them down to the women that follow me, but in the meantime I'm onto my next adventure, and my rings are coming with me.