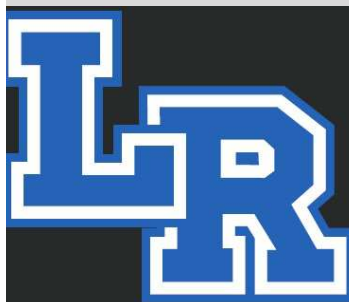


Volume 1, Issue 1

October 2016



LAKE REGION'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

The Ranger Post

www.lruhs.org/rangerpost



Photo: Mr. Earle

Hey LR Students! Got Something to Say???

Let's Hear It!!!

Introducing Lake Region's NEW Student Magazine and Online Blog!

Now's your chance to get your voice heard and share your creativity. We're looking especially for reports about things going on at LR:

- Sports teams/games
- Club events and trips

We also always accept submissions of creative writing, commentary, opinion articles, politics, comics, reviews, artwork, essays you've written for classes... anything!

If you've got something you want to write, please check out the Ranger Post online at www.lruhs.org/rangerpost and click the "Submit" button.

We hope you enjoy reading!

Stay tuned for future issues, and in the meantime, check out the blog for more writing and art by Lake Region students.

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SPIRIT WEEK! 10/3-10/8

Be sure to check out all the events!

- *Monday: Pajama Day!*
- *Tuesday: Twin Day!*
- *Wednesday: Costume/Animal Day!*
- *Thursday: Throwback Thursday!*
- *Friday: Class Color Day / Pep Rally!*
- *Saturday: 11am—Girls Soccer
2pm—Boys Soccer
6pm—Donkey Basketball
8pm—Ranger Rumble Dance*

Opinion: Bring Back the School Store by Chris Truszkowski '16

If the school store was open again it would make our lunch periods a hell of a lot better. If they opened it again we could buy stuff and money could go towards school functions. It could help raise money towards senior trip and money could go to the school as well. They could also buy stuff for the school store so if people wanted to get stuff for lunch or whatever.

I think if we did open the school store more people will go into it. If more people went into the store that means more money to buy stuff and people and talkers to come in. If we

could make more money for the school that could also go for things to go in our gym and more stuff to go into the school and classrooms.

If the school opened this we could have extra money for the senior class trip. That means if a kid didn't have all the money the school

could help the kid. If this did help with stuff it would be a big help. This is why I think they should open the school store again. It will feel like a type of freedom for the kids that can't leave.



I'm Not a Barbie, I'm a Girl by Emily Lawson '15

I am not a Barbie, I am a girl
I do not have a perfect body and flawless hair
I'm a human being that is perfectly imperfect

I do not have people dress me
People do not crave my existence
I am normal in a unique way
I have insecurities

Brush my hair
Call me pretty
Idolize me
thirst to be like me

No, take me as I am
accept me
I'm just a girl that needs a place
I have a personality, strengths and weaknesses
I'm not perfect
I am not a Barbie, I am a girl



Sarah McCartney '18

Hiking for the Descent by Camden Devereux '17

We hike mountains in the winter. It is cold and there is snow up to our waists. Taking turns breaking the trail, we climb around cliffs and through thick trees and brush. We are weighed down by our heavy skis and plastic boots we have strapped to our backs. Usually we hike for hours, but it takes seconds to come down.



One of my favorite places to hike is right behind my house. I think it is called Barton Mountain. We start at the bottom, or as far up as our four wheelers will make it, which isn't very far. Then we start hiking.

Two of my friends and I started hiking one morning in March. It was a warmer day, about 25 degrees Fahrenheit. Most of the recent snow had been shaken off the trees by the wind. When we got off the packed trail to head upwards, the snow was well over our waists. The sky was blue and some birds were singing. The bare trees swayed in the wind, but we couldn't feel the wind down where we were. I had my pair of skis in one hand and my poles in the other. I was wearing my heavy plastic ski boots because I think that is just as easy as carrying them on my back. We pushed off the trail in a straight line, one behind the other. The person in front had it the worst. He had to break the trail by pushing through the untouched snow. The

other two behind him just followed in the trail he made, leaving behind a little canyon in the snow everywhere we went. This was always so much work, and half way through every hike we always questioned what we were doing. We always knew, though, that in the end, it was worth it.

Eventually, the path started getting steeper. This only made things harder. A ways into the steep section the trail turns into boulders and cliffs that we have to weave our way up through. We made it as far as we could, and took a break on the edge of a small cliff. I waited while my friends changed their boots in the snow, occasionally letting out a swear or two when they got snow on their feet. I looked down the steep slope. There were not many trees in this section, mostly just rocks and cliffs. Then the trees started, and the brush and more rocks and cliffs. The cliffs

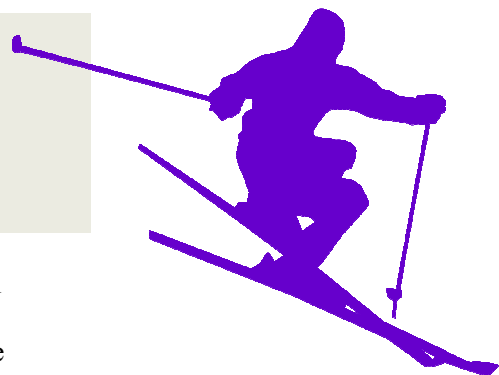
"If you hard work, what comes after is almost always some sort of reward for your effort, so always work hard."

flattened out to a steep and bumpy area of dips and small hills and trees. The blue sky was easily visible through the trees.

My friends were ready. We decided who would go first. I looked over the edge of the cliffs, and jumped forward as far as I could. Everything seems to slows down when you're flying through the air. Hopefully you are going fast enough to land on top of the snow, because if

you don't, you will be stuck. It takes a large amount of struggling and sweating to dig yourself out. I was flying over cliffs and jumping boulders, cruising right along. I could hear my friends behind me. I whipped over the last cliff, and flew through the trees, my body coming within inches of the solid wooden obstacles I wove between. We went all the way back down, our skis spending more time in the air than in the snow. We didn't slow down, carving between trees and rocks. Before we knew it, we were back where we started, at the bottom of Barton Mountain.

Hard work is very beneficial. Working hard is something everyone should do, whether it in the workplace, in school, or just for fun. If you hard work, what comes after is almost always some sort of reward for your effort, so always work hard.



Fragile: Handle with Care by Rachel Butts '16

(Based on a true story....)

Was it worth it,
To go to the bar that night?

A twenty-one-year-old male leaves the saloon around 2 A.M.
Drives his pickup the back way home
Hoping to be on the road alone,
As to avoid meeting anybody on the road
Trying to stay between the winding lines,
Not wanting to receive any fines.

She is in her early forties
Heading home from work
Has three kids of her own,
All safe and sound at home,
Around the same age as him.
Two beautiful grandbabies,
Two years and the other a couple months.

At approximately 2:30 A.M. the two met
They didn't meet like anyone would have
thought that they'd have met.
Head-on collision within half a second.
Car totaled,

Seeing red,
Almost on her deathbed.

Drenched in blood
Knocked out cold;
These accidents are getting old.
Something so easily preventable,
Turns into something so very lamentable.

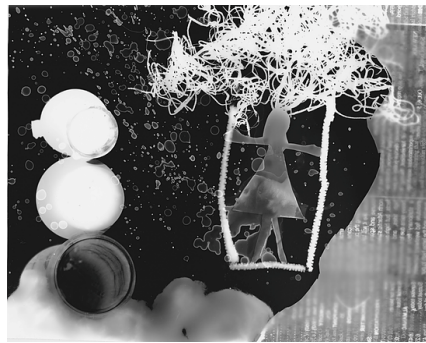
Life is something precious,
It should have a label reading "FRAGILE: HANDLE WITH CARE"
Not everyone's life is treated fair.
He was being reckless;
He took life for granted.
Lessons that should have already been implanted,
He should have known that he wasn't right to drive,
Now her family is deprived.

Was it worth it,
To not call a sober friend?
We know this was not what you would intend.
There's always another option to making it home,
Rather than driving drunk and alone.

When walking the line of his field sobriety test,
Face meeting the pavement, he confessed,
"I f*cked up! I f*cked up!"
Now he's headed for lockup.

Was it worth it,
To have that last shot of vodka;
Just to create all of this trauma?
To be frowned upon for the rest of your life;
She is a sister, a mother, and a wife.

Blew a BAC of 0.19
Don't even worry about the fine,
Because you have someone's life on the line.
He's no longer floating on cloud nine.



Photogram: Jade Piette

Fortunately she is doing well.
A couple weeks have passed,
She's still lying in a hospital bed,
Feeding tubes wrapped around her head.
She will not be recovering fast.

Surgeries upon surgeries,
Thousands of prayers,
Her bulging arteries,
Millions of severe repairs.

When will we come to the realization
That being under the influence while driving a vehicle
Fills everyone with an appalling frustration
The damage that can be done is unbelievable.
People's lives can and will be destroyed.

It's not worth it to drive while intoxicated
To have someone else's life dictated
Due to your lack of good choices
And ignoring other's voices.

In the blink of an eye,
Two people's lives have changed forever;
Especially hers,
Pray for her.
Think,
Is it really worth it?

Divorce by Anonymous

Divorce
It's hard for all involved
Some think it's harder for the adults
It pretty hard on the kids if I do say so
Divorce
It sucks to leave a parent to go to another
Most weekends were cold
Nothing but fighting for us
Divorce
My parents won't look each other in the eye
Dad it's cold in here
We ran out of oil suck it up
Divorce
Rotten milk in the fridge to make coffee
It was gross
Less sleep and more crying
Divorce
Acting out just for my dad to notice that I'm
there through all the beer
Worse grades
Everything was going to be okay as long as
my parents are still here
Divorce
We did everything for dad
We cleaned his house
He was too depressed to do anything but
drink
Divorce
Beer bottles everywhere
Nothing to do anymore
Dinner was always from a box
Divorce
Didn't have enough money for food
Had to rely on food stamps
Felt like a bum using them
Divorce
Nothing was going right
Riley was being raised by girls
My dad called every night to talk to Riley
Riley cried every night to see Dad
Divorce
Through even the worst things, he was there
When my baby cousin died
He was there for us and my Uncle
Divorce
She was 2
She was the happiest girl ever
The hospital killed her, and fights broke out
Divorce
Uncle and Emily went insane
Her funeral was so sad
I've never cried so hard in my life
Divorce
It was hell for me and mom and Brit
But we lived through it
Were still standing
Divorce
Didn't have a lot of money for things
Christmas was terrible

But we said thank you and it was a great
Christmas anyway
Divorce
It was rough for my parents
It was rough for all of us
But it was the worst for my brother



Photo: Emily Faust

Divorce
We went down the road, winter, black ice
Spinning out of control
Landed in the river
Divorce
Totaled car
Traumatized
Nightmares to this day
Divorce
Mom blamed dad for this
It wasn't his fault
Black ice is a bitch
Divorce
After that Lisa came into his life
New house
New people to deal with
Divorce
She didn't cook well
It was terrible to be honest
Christmas Tree Cakes were life there
Divorce
Lisa had kids that were terrible
Cassie was a bitch
So I was a snitch
Divorce
They were the Meads
Terrible people to deal with
Cassie stole all of my Christmas Tree Cakes
Divorce
She tried to steal my clothes
She tried to steal my friends
My brother punched her in the face, he was
4 at the time
Divorce
Christmas with the Meads was terrible
All of their family together
And all of mine was split up
Divorce
"I don't like them, Dad"
"It's okay we will be home soon, Hail"

"That isn't my home, home is my home"
Divorce
Staying up all night with my sick brother
Dad went to bed at 11
My brothers raspy breathing kept me awake
Divorce
I held him to keep him breathing
His asthma was kicking his ass
I was just waiting for it to pass
Divorce
I slept on the floor next to my brother on
the couch
Dad came back in around 4
Asked me why i was on the floor
Divorce
It was torture to watch him struggle
He couldn't keep anything down
But i stayed by his side all night into the
morning
Divorce
Held him in the rocking chair
Holding his inhaler to wait for his relief
He couldn't breathe without the inhaler
Divorce
My sister wasn't there most times
She stopped coming with us when he
moved into Lisa's
I missed Brittany when she stayed home
Divorce
I watched my life seem to fall apart
When in all reality it wasn't
I just thought that it was
Divorce
I was told it was going to be fine
It wasn't
It was worse than in thought
Divorce
It was a living hell
I got through it
It's all back together now
Divorce
It was really hard on me
I fought with my parents so much
They always forgave me
Divorce
After so many years of the struggle
Dad got kicked out because of me
He was sleeping in his truck, and we took
him home
Back together for 3 years now

D-I-V-O-R-C-E

Stuttering by Sam King '17

Small victories are what I aim for. Successfully ordering food at a restaurant. Talking on the phone without panicking first. Even saying my name fluently while introducing myself.

I've had a stuttering problem for as long as I can remember. In fact I cannot recall a specific time or a single day being stutter free. Every night before I go to bed I unconsciously predict what the rest of my life will be like with this problem that I have. And each morning as I lie in bed I think about all the challenges I will face that day. Will I have to read aloud? What if get called on to answer a question in class? However, now I also think about how I can use my speech impediment to change someone's life.

Until just a year ago, I had never met another person who stutters. I joined a stuttering support group where a small group of stutterers from the area would come together to simply exchange stories and tell each other about their latest accomplishments or failures. No speech therapy and no stress - just a room of imperfect people trying to make sense of a difficult world around us. The first fellow stutterer I met was Ben Manning. Ben is student at the University of Vermont studying to be a Speech and Language Pathologist, to help people like us. Meeting another person with the same abnormality as me was renewing, but on top of that he was one of the coolest people I had ever met. He was an athlete just like me, and I could tell he was extremely smart. His courage and openness about his speech inspired me.

I felt perplexed by Ben's attitude about his stuttering. He acted as if he didn't even have an impediment at all. Although his fluency was

"Each morning as I lie in bed I think about all the challenges I will face that day... However, now I also think about how I can use my speech impediment to change someone's life."



clearly hindered, I never saw him become upset or show that he was worried having a hard time with his speech. In one group session there wasn't a single word that came out of his mouth smoothly, but he kept talking and stuttering. He just didn't care. It didn't seem like he was thinking ahead to all the challenges that he would be presented with throughout his life. He seemed carefree. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure he had crippling anxiety and possibly some depression as many of us stutterers do, but he was focusing on living his life - not as a "stutterer," but as Ben Manning.

Ever since meeting Ben I have been trying to look at my life completely differently. Before, if I had a rough day with my speech I would get upset and start feeling sorry for myself. What Ben showed me was that lingering in depression and sadness wasn't a way to live my life and that I should just laugh at myself and move on because there's nothing anyone can do about it. Life goes on. His words and attitude changed my life for the better and I hope someday I can be that person for someone. I hope I can inspire others to live happily with whatever hand they were dealt.

6th Gear by Dylan Lahar '15

heart beating fast mind searching
hands gripping tight to the steering
wheel
left foot pressed deep into the clutch
like a sunken anchor
the words running through your head
wishes to just be able to thank her

but its to late
and you've already decided your fate
key turns and you're the devils next
date
the sound of the engine is your new
symphony
and the exhaust is your harmony
you reach for the cardboard box in the
passenger seat
and grave your 9th beer
It begins with first gear
body filled with moods but no fear
sound of flowing exhaust fills your ears
the rpms climb fast

2...3...4...5...6...7...8
shift

the speed gains as your feeling start to
lift
blood flowing through your veins
but this is life, and your at the edge of
the cliff

shift

third gear
you're lost in the emotions of your lost
wife
this tragic world has claimed her life
the blood she shed by the point of that
knife
nothing can fill you now
except for the feeling of throttle down
bottle up.
the speeds begin to fly up
thoughts of why you can't just stop
forget what is now gone
peoples voices screaming in your head
just move on

shift

fourth gear
heart beating fast and your minds

searching
your adrenalin fills you now with every
corner you barely make
you begin to ask yourself what will it
take
to make you forget what makes your
bones just ake
you've routed from the inside out
trying to find a way to just end the
doubt
the what ifs
and if you were there
she must feel like you just don't care
how could you ever let this happen
your lost heart is now blackened



shift

fifth gear is here
you grave the next beer
the now gone memories began to play
in your mine
the wishes for just a little more time
speeds climbs deeper into the triple
digits
the last bit of sense you have craves for
you to stop
but you're gone its to late
all senses lost as if you where helen
keller
why couldn't you have just gotten to
tell her

shift

sixth gear
the car is your new home
your one, united, melted together from
bone to steel
feet to the pedals and hands to the
wheel

no more time to kneel by her grave
no more questions
no longer a slave to the memories and
pain of deaths game

shift

its back to fifth gear
your eyes open wide and filled with
fear
times up no more tears
if only you had remembered that corner
was so near
you know now there is no cure
your wife is gone
nothing more to dwell on
you slam down on the breaks
as your life begins to flash before your
eyes
not even a chance to cry
your car slammed end over end
and still no chance to say goodbye
silence
is what now fills your mind
and the blood pouring out of you its
only a matter of time
vision blurred
with nothing to be heard
but theres a new melody
one you can no longer refuse to play
it begins with the sound of sirens
with a chorus of falling broken branch-
es and burning plastic
but of this song there is one thing so
graphic
it fills your ears with a sound of defeat
it is that of your faint dying heart beat
1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8

shift

but there are no more gears
only the shift from this now past life
no more thoughts of your lost wife
heart not beating mind still

Fortune By Bianca Mackay '16

Kylie walked down the gloomy street late that night to go to a restaurant she never knew existed in downtown New York City. She saw the moths getting magnetized by the flickering street lamps that shined down on the cracked and bumpy sidewalk. She walked in the Chinese restaurant as the door made an obnoxious creek. She was approached by a chubbier character with a scar down the right side of his face. Kylie had a bad feeling about this place. She explained to the man, "I'm meeting my date here?"

All the big guy did was point to the barely lit corner of the isolated restaurant where one guy with dark hair and mystery hidden in his eyes sitting in a booth. She had no idea what she was getting herself into. She slid in the slippery green seat. As they introduced themselves, the food is brought over on a rusty silver platter. The man explained in his deep voice, "I hope you don't mind, but I ordered for you sweet thing."

Kylie felt more uncomfortable and anxious than when she walked in on her husband fooling around with one of his college students. She didn't want to be rude and leave so she stayed and ate the slimy undercooked stir fry her blind date ordered. Little words were exchanged between the two making Kylie's stomach turn even more. She wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. She picked up the fortune cookie on the side of her plate and crinkled the plastic wrapper open. She noticed her delicate hands shaking as she put the fortune up to her bright blue eyes. It read "*Your life's in danger. Say nothing to anyone. Leave immediately.*"

As Kylie's face was filling with

panic, she didn't even hear the man as he mumbled something. "Huh?" she asked with her voice trembling in fear.

"I said, what does it say dearest?" he said in his croaky voice that made a shiver go down Kylie's spine.



"Oh, it says 'you will soon come into great success'" stuttered Kylie nervous as hell.

"Hmm, mine says I need to tie up some loose ends."

Kylie caught a glimpse of shining silver by the man's side. "*He has a knife.*" Kylie jumped out her seat and beginning running to the door in her little black heels. She was almost there and then the man appeared from around the corner and put the knife up to her neck. He said in a danger filled voice, "*You're not going anywhere.*"

Kylie felt her whole body quivering as she was frozen there with nowhere to run, nowhere to go. All of the sudden someone appeared behind the man with a gun to his messed up head. It was the man with the scarred face, "Let go of her before I do something I'll regret."

With a rush of adrenaline, Kylie swung her purse at the man with the knife and knocked him out of her way. As Kylie ran out the door and back up the street, her ears were blasted by a gunshot as her ears

began ringing. "*No looking back, just keep running*" she kept saying to herself. She saw a cab in the distance. She began screaming and throwing her hands around to call it over. The heroic cab pulled up and Kylie threw her scared weak body inside.

She hollered her address at the driver in a hurry. The driver turned around with a psychotic smile on her face. It was the college student. "Hello Kylie, nice to see you again. Guess who's pregnant with your husband's baby." Kylie passed out in a moment of anxiety in the back on the cab.

She suddenly woke up in her bed to see her husband sleeping beside her. She felt nauseous to her stomach and leaned over and puked up a storm in the trash can as she thought to herself, "Oh god, not again..."

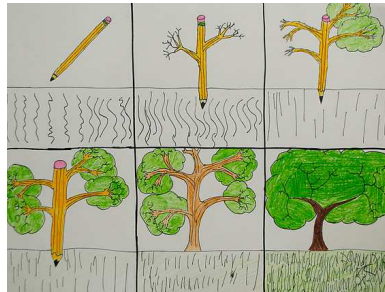
Failure by Zach Royer '16

Does failure define who we are?
Some argue this is a valid point but me,
I believe it shapes the choices we make next.
It is the test that we take everyday
The inevitable that most of us refuse to face.
It is like a sharp point pencil which breaks on the last
word of your final exam.
It is a sign that is trying to tell you that it wasn't meant to be.
Or the blunt fact that you were not good enough.

Can failure be reversed to something positive?
To a negative mind, failure is a scapegoat of getting out of something.
To the right mind, failure is everything but negative.
To a positive mind, failure is an opportunity to learn.
Failure is a test within itself to see how strong willed and hearted you are.
To me, failure is not negative it is an incentive to get better.
Absolutely, failure can be turned into something positive.
If I have never failed what is pushing me to get better?
The lack of failure causes settling, and to a positive minded person this is never an option.

How does one fail and come back even stronger?
Failure is like a beard, once shaved it only comes back thicker and bigger.
It knocks you back a few steps and then you leap past where you once were.
This is because where you were was obviously not good enough for what you want to accomplish.
Working out is a failure every time.
Never once when you work out is your body strong enough.
Every rep you lift, your muscle tears and fails on you.
But then once healed it is stronger than it has ever been before.

How does constant failure not get demoralizing?
It is all in the power of the brain.
If you let it tie you down, you will never “pass” again.
Failure is the downfall of people with negative minds.
They can't see the good in failure.
But for those with a positive mind, they are joyous when they know they have room to improve.
As long as you are failing you will always be winning.
And as long as you are winning you will always be failing.
Nothing is guaranteed therefore you have “failed” but as long as you continue to press on you will
always “pass” in the eyes of the beholder.
Therefore Failure is never an option.



I'm Finally Home By Kiana Royer '16

Home; my home
that floor, those walls, that roof.
That is home; my home

The floor that holds poker chips,
the walls that hold fans and racks,
racks like my granddaddy's ten pointer.
Man we heard that story every season,
but seeing the smile, the smile that showed
his remaining teeth, was the best sight.

The roof hangs flowers, flowers that remained
from granddaddy's funeral.

That is home; a home built from dirty hands

Crosshairs, crosshairs that have
seen it all.
Bow season full of downed does
Muzzleloaders off
by millimeters
Rifles that can't hit broad side.

And a floor that holds beer caps,
with walls that hold pictures, pictures
worth far more than a
thousand words.
And a roof that holds nails from
granddaddy himself.

That is home; a home where a man can't be
forgotten.

Because that man
taught us well and
served us better
and there's a stone that
don't do justice
for the man that lay beneath.
He may be six feet down
but he never lets us down.
We folded that flag with pride
although we cried
we cried with pride.

That is home; a home where a man can't be
forgotten.

Coolers full of beer, mouths full of stories,
stories of the hard week at work.
Stories of the bucks
we all dream of knocking down and stories,
stories of grandkids who will live it.

The floor holds stains, stains that came
from the deer on that old oak.
Walls are home to drunk punches
and the roof that broke a dozen arms.

That is home; a home where the kids will play

And on Thanksgiving day, we let the
boots stomp, branches snap and bullets fly.
And if you're lucky there will be one that
strikes
but five that strive, to pull that
eight point buck through the swamp,
across the thicket and to the weigh station.

The floor that holds dirt, dirt
from battlefields.
Walls that hold drunk jokes
and the roof that has seen hundreds of snow
falls.



Photo: Allison Warner

That is home; a home where family gatherings
have importance

Drinking beer and shooting deer.
Slurring words and dragging deer.
You learn to walk.
You learn to cuss.
You learn to drink.
You learn to aim.
You learn to shoot.

That floor holds broken chairs
those walls are home to hundreds of quarters
The roof holds smoke from granddaddy's
old wood stove.

That is home; a home of many lessons

We live deep in those woods.
We call it camp road
We are family, family made from
the brothers and the sisters
the nieces and the nephews
the uncles and the aunts
the cousins and the grandkids.

We learned to call with the grunt
and track with the scrapes.
We are hunters who wear
more orange than camo.

In fact we represent our
redneck roots.

There is a floor that has seen
many drunk faces. With walls that
hold
glass bottles. And a roof that let us
see stars

That is home; a home where legends
never die

We have bobbers that float
and bait that sinks.
A family business soon to take.
A river with dropoffs
A granddaddy with laughs

Five generations with more kids
than fingers and toes.
Nicknames that run a mile long
Brother Moose
Momma Doe
Brother Buttons
Cousin Skipper
Brother Tootsie
Cousin Bambi
Brother Grizzly
Uncle Slayer
Sister Smalls

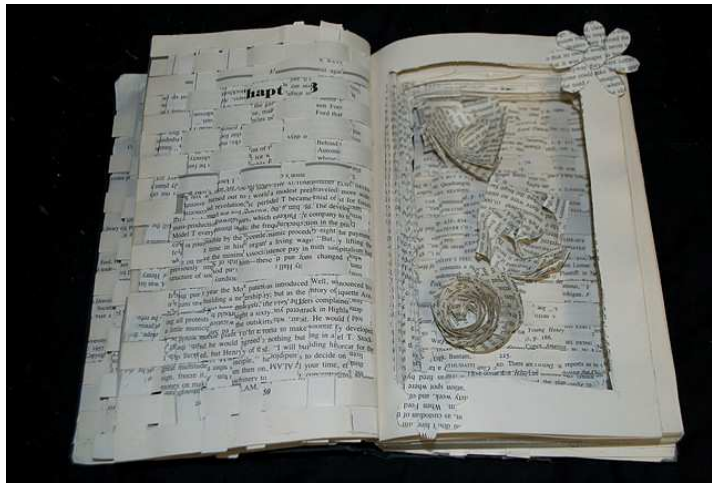
That is home; a place for many more

We take that family trip
with those family boats.
We sit around those family fires
Because we are family, family
with bigger roots, and louder boots.
A family full of loud mouth drunks
but hearts full of love.

That is home; my home.

My home away from home.
My home that holds freedom.
My home that has hope.

There is a roof that hangs flowers,
flowers that remained
from granddaddy's funeral.



[Your voice here!]

If you have any work you'd like to share, opinions you'd like to express, or news from a team or club you're a part of, write it up and share it on *The Ranger Post*!

Submit online: www.lruhs.org/rangerpost



Photo: Melanie Joubert



Ranger Post

THIS ISSUE EDITED BY:

Mr. Tatum with assistance from
Hannah Brown, Rebecca Doucet, Margo Foster, Elizabeth
Locke, Ashley Morrill, Olivia Owens, and April Streeter

Anyone interested in being an editor for either the print or
online version of the Ranger Post should see Mr. Tatum

***Special thanks to all the writers
who have already submitted!***

More writing updated on the
Ranger Post blog!

www.lruhs.org/rangerpost

Want to write something for the Ranger Post? There's a submit page on the website too! We're looking for reports on the sports teams, political commentary, opinion pieces about school, interviews with teachers, creative writing you've done, art pieces you've made, comics you've written, doodles you've drawn... ANYTHING!

***Don't forget to check the online version of The Ranger Post blog
for more writing updated regularly! www.lruhs.org/rangerpost***



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