

# Shape Your Future!

WHS Student Life



## A Day in the Life

By Mercedes Solis & Emily White

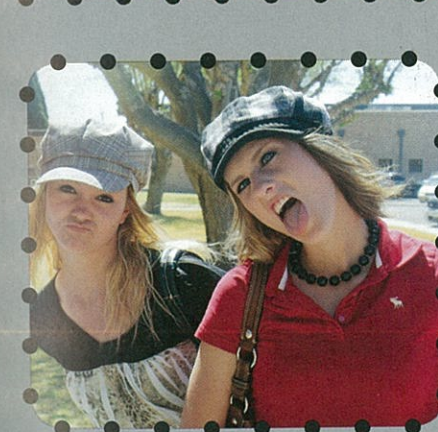
Here at this awesome *rectangular* school, we have all had our moments, whether they are embarrassing or just plain *square*. Wink High School does not house ordinary *circles*; it is a place where you can become an amazing *star*.

On Wednesday, many students have UIL in the morning and so begins our day. As we first walk through the *rhombus* doors, our fellow students' many accomplishments stare back at us. Then, as the *circle* clock tells us it is 8:15, we go to first period.

We go through the morning and, finally, lunch is here. As lunch comes to an end, we go to our sixth period class. Now, our sixth period class is very small; there are only six of us. Our very *triangle* teacher Ms. Fletcher allows us to have a blast, but we still have to get our work done. In between classes, life is just a plain *parallelogram* for three minutes. As we walk to the next class, an *irregular shape* crawls across the floor...it could have been a bug but we don't look too closely.

Mrs. Evans tell us all to form a large *semicircle*. Everyone is looking around at each other wondering what it is we could be doing. Finally she says, "Now I want everyone to imagine that they are a *hexagon*. Okay, now try an *octagon*. Now, we are going to be adventurous-*trap-ezoid*!" Slyly one eye opens and perplexed faces await. Then, Mrs. Evans says, "Okay, maybe we should just skip this project and go straight to the textbook." After some grumbling we sit down at our *square* desks and get to work.

Afterward we sprint to athletics on the *rectangular* sidewalk. As those forty-five minutes go by, our *spherical* minds think about what we are going to do tonight in the great small town of Wink!



## Reflecting on the Life

By Marissa Armendariz & Shea Abbott

Dear Diary,

Today in my English class, my mind began to wander and I began to reflect on my past experiences at this *irregular shaped* high school. Some would say that life in a small town would be somewhat *square*; however, I find life at Wink High School to be much more of a *star* experience. An average day at Wink would consist of walking through many *rectangular* doors, sitting in a variety of *square* classrooms, and doing work with many *hexagonal* pencils. Several globes might be required, their *spherical* disposition puzzling students day in and day out. During lunchtime, a student's outlook on life is always briefly lifted with the promise of a cone of vanilla ice cream. If students happened to venture into Coach Summer's room, a world filled with *cylinders*, *heptagons*, *pentagons*, and other various shapes and puzzles would await them. But they shouldn't stay too long...unless they wanted a *pyramid* of homework to be cast upon them. The athletic period will consist of grueling trips around the treacherous *oval* track. Though this is quite exhausting, it always seems to pay off in the long run. As they eagerly gaze upon the *circular* clock as it ticks ever so slowly towards the end of the school day, they can't help but put up an *octagonal* stop sign in their heads and take a second to think about how lucky they are to be a Wink Wildcat. If a student ever finds him/herself going down a rough road, they should always remember that just like any road, this road is a *parallelogram*; just on the other side is the smooth road to success.