

## “words, words, words” —Hamlet

### MEGAN NGUYEN

*last thoughts*

Language is a beautiful thing. There were 7,102 languages spoken in the world in 2019 as of January 28. I just checked and that number is now 7,111. This number represents today, but it does not account for the vast history of the world or the tongues of those who came before us. Now what does say about the human race, the fact that we have come up with 7,111+ ways to communicate with one another? We live in a boundless world with unending corners and pockets. The road that connects one end to another may very well be a series of dialect, visual symbols and sounds.

Language binds individuals to a history; it carves a culture into him or her, just as it has for me. I am Vietnamese, duh, and I am mostly fluent. I've visited Vietnam twice in my life, most of my friends are Caucasian, the demographics of my community are not very diverse and Arapahoe High School is predominantly white. I do not have much that anchors me to my heritage. Yet the string that yanks me back is my ability to connect

with two peoples. And then there are those that I envy, who fluently speak six, ten, fifty languages. Who are they if not people who've taken bits and pieces of our epic world? Six, ten, fifty places remain with them, even if they are at the furthest reaches of the universe- any person, they may equally encounter; and any culture, they may call a home.

I am in awe of man's need to intertwine in each other's minds, so strong that sounds and symbols have become heavy tools of all different colors and sizes and purposes. Be aware of language, it is a beautiful thing. It is another dimension- another pocket of this world. It is a weapon, an instrument, and when utilized, it folds so that it may bring together opposite ends. I believe that: I, an AP English Language and Composition



student by lunch and Vietnamese daughter speaking to her mother by dinner.

P.S. My last name is Vietnamese and it is asked like a question (that's the accent). So for those of you who pronounce it like, "wen," it is not truly correct until you say, "wen?"

## DECLAN PALMER

### *young at heart*

### *the other side*



There are few things that I am not, at some point, ashamed of about my personality. The fact that I am 18 years and still absolutely in love with the entire Walt Disney Company is one of those things. My love of Disney stemmed from circumstances beyond my control: my parents have owned a timeshare in/at Walt Disney World for as long as I can remember. Even the fact that my mom is named after Annette Funicello (of the original Mickey Mouse Club members) basically guaranteed my lifelong love of all things Disney. I can count, on one hand, the number of PIXAR movies I have not seen (it's only two), and Star Wars is hard to hate. But my love for Disney goes much deeper than just movies and TV shows. This coming summer will be the first time since I was 6 years old that I won't be going on a Disney related vacation, and that's hard for me to imagine. Disney has been an integral part of my life for so long that it's impossible for me to not love it. Now, I'm not going to defend every single decision that Disney has ever made, but I refuse to let other people judge me for what I enjoy. 18 may seem old to most high school students, especially underclassmen, but I am still very young compared to the rest of the world. My passions may seem childish to you, but I am only a month removed from a child status. So I will continue to quote Disney movies in conversation, spend my summers in the parks and be unapologetically in love with all things Disney.