



June 2020

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New Beginnings

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Senior year was definitely one of the busiest years of my high school experience. As far as me being a part of Varsity football, Roc Restorative team, being an upperclassmen mentor, & Bank of America student leader... it was a lot to juggle but I was up for the challenge.

The Covid outbreak prevented me from having the great end to the high school story. Not just me but for all the seniors for the class of 2020.

No prom.

No graduation.

Moments that a lot of us have been waiting for our whole lives were taken away from us.

But through it all I am still able to stay on top of my studies and get ready for that next chapter in life.

Everything just happened so soon and I still had to play catch up in certain classes to make sure that I was able to graduate on time. With the help of my teachers I was able to start getting back on track towards graduation.

The outbreak actually put some of us in a better position to graduate strictly based on the fact that the state is no longer counting the regents exams as a requirement.

It also gave us students more time to sit and think while being stuck in our homes, being around family, and trying new things you would have never thought you would be interested in.

Students can start to really decide on what is that next path they want to take in life. Whether it be higher education, taking on a trade or just jumping right into the work field and going back later to receive your degree.

This is a very crazy time for the world right now and we haven't experienced anything like this in so long and the people are in a panic.

This is still a time for personal growth and discovery.

This fall I'll be attending Morrisville state to major in human services and minor in psychology. This degree will give me the necessary tools and network to work towards opening my own nonprofit mentorship for kids in our city to guide them through school, provide them with the necessary resources, give them a space to come have fun, be able to get help with homework, and have a people to come to come talk to if they need anything school wise or at home.

Too much of our kids are falling victim to the system and becoming another stereotype and for me, being a young black male in this city, I never let that stereotype define me. If I can prevent another kid from going down the wrong path then I'm doing something right.

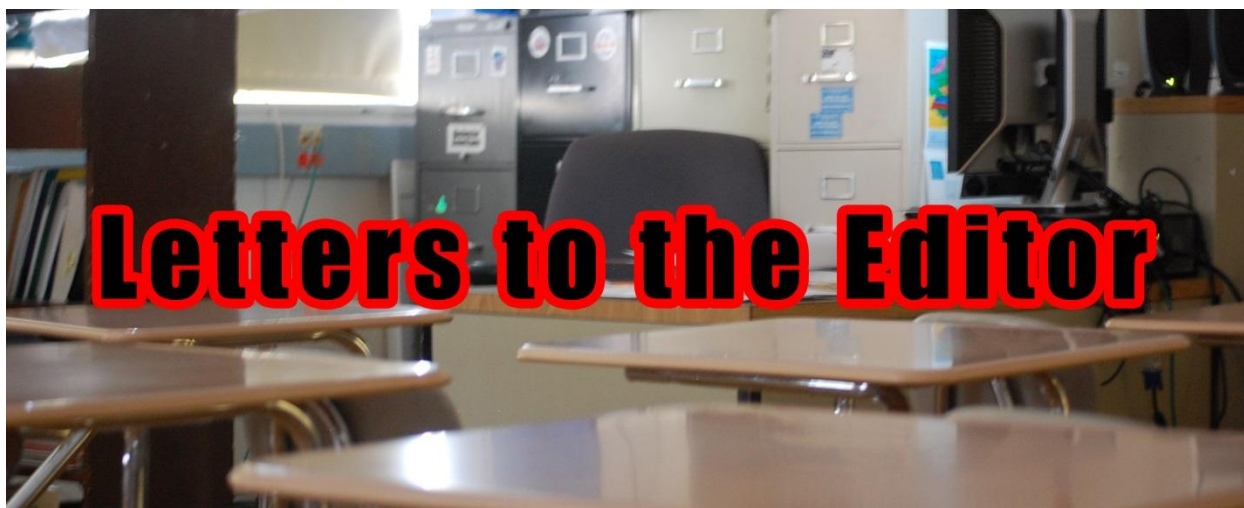
Being a young black male raised in the city, success is hard to come about without the necessary guidance.

Growing up, my dad was in my life but he wasn't seen as a father figure to me. My older brother, stepfather, coaches, and my uncle were all the males in my life that played a certain part in helping grow into the person I am on the right path.

I want to be that person to someone in the next generation so we can keep the cycle going.

We need to have more leaders and less followers.

Those who want to lead by example and not fall victim to statistics.



Questions or Comments?

E-Mail them to Don.Burns@rcsdk12.org (please put letters to the editor in the subject line)
Your letter may end up in future editions of the *Wildcat Times*

This is a letter from Management,

Another year of the *Wildcat Times* has passed... and another year of great editions.

The end of this year is bitter-sweet – yes, their high school journey is through but, when it's finally time for the Seniors of 2020 to experience long-awaited traditions such as Prom and Graduation, something's missing.

While the traditions fell through, the one constant that stayed is change.

The Class of 2020 learned a valuable lesson: Tomorrow is not promised and you have to continually adapt to reach your goals. While the loss of ceremony at the end of this year feels like a disappointment, our graduating class is stronger because of it. After all, life is about the journey... not the destination.

On top of that, graduating amidst the unrest that is dividing and crippling our nation, these graduating agents of change may be the ones strong enough to lead our country forward, mend our divisions, and show that there are no limits when a diverse population comes together and advances using the best parts of each citizens' respective culture.

But, before this change, I would like to thank Mrs. VanDerwater—your continued support has been instrumental in the success of this publication.

Thank you Dr. Wade—your guidance is always appreciated.

Thank you to the Wilson staff—your willingness to go above-and-beyond for our students with interviews, pictures... Wilson truly is a great place to be!

Finally, and most importantly, thank you to our readers. Your patronage is the sole reason for our existence.

Thank You,
Thank You,
Thank You,

The Wildcat Times

Before I send you off... in absence of this year's Literary Journal, I would like to share with you a sonnet written by Wilson Freshman Tyu Moo that seems poignant during these times:

The Mighty Sun
~Tyu Moo

The sun sets to paint its path with colors
To return the next day with joyfulness
In hopes of the path not getting covered
Rising the next day in its peacefulness

Coloring the world with beautiful light
Giving magical life to the flowers
Brightening the planet with its delight
It willingly feeds them with his powers

The path of the sun is covered with hate
Blocking the life energy being cast
Chasing the sun to the horizon gate
Finally escapes evil at long last

Even if the sun cannot find its path
It is not afraid of the evil's wrath