

THE CHRONICLE'S POLICY

The Chronicle is the official student newspaper of William Mason High School.

The Chronicle promises to report the truth and adhere to the journalistic code of ethics through online and print mediums.

The Chronicle is produced by students enrolled in Journalism I, II and III.

Editorials reflect the staff's opinion but do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the school administration or the Mason City School District.

The Chronicle is published monthly. Call 398-5025 ext. 33103 for information regarding advertising in *The Chronicle*. *The Chronicle* reserves the right to refuse advertising it deems inappropriate for a high school publication.

As an open forum for students, letters to the editor are welcome, but are subject to be edited for length, libel, obscenity, clarity and poor taste. Letters to the editor may be dropped off in room C103 and must be signed.

The Chronicle is a member of The Columbia Scholastic Press Association, The National Scholastic Press Association, Quill and Scroll International Honorary Society for High School Journalists and the Ohio Scholastic Media Association.

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TWEETS TO THE EDITOR



It's the end of the world: you have one thing left to eat. What is it?
#TweetToTheEditor

Justin Koehler @Jck_Koehler 23h
@mhschronicle Those whole wheat noodles from the school lunches. Nobody would eat those until they are the last thing left

Lyndsay Bamberger @LittleLyndsayB
@mhschronicle I wouldn't bring food. I would drink water and eat the sand, or all creatures that inhabit it #survival



Jaidyn Coleman @jaidyn_ 22h
@mhschronicle the last Twinkie in the hostess truck. (But it turns out to be a snowball🌨)



What does your mom still do for you that she can't when you're in college?
#TweetToTheEditor

Maeve Morris @Maeviebabie 23h
@mhschronicle all my laundry. I've tried to learn but she has an algorithm for sorting clothes that isn't darks and lights...

Zack George @_zackgeorge_ 23h
@mhschronicle make me food from the home country

Justin Nordeman @CincyFan6226 23h
@mhschronicle Tell me what time to go to bed

Keegan Muff @KeeganMuff 22h
@mhschronicle she won't be able to pay strangers to be my friends.

Marti Gruber @party_with_an_M 23h
@mhschronicle call me in for sick days

STAFF EDITORIAL

Overindulgence of teenagers creates lingering dependency in college

Life skills wanted.

We have yet to learn what the 'on' button on a washing machine looks like, but we'd be hard-pressed to find a student in these hallways who couldn't recite the quadratic formula on a whim. Mason is a college-prep high school to the extreme: we can now manage textbook-crammed backpacks heavier than large mammals, fill out scantrons with our eyes closed and handle brain-splintering classes without suffering (complete) explosion. As far as the academics of college are concerned, we're ready.

But with college academia comes complete independence, a shift for which most of us couldn't be less ready. Though we've all known a friend to score a 32 or higher on the ACT, few of us have ever packed our own lunch or learned the hard way that our red Ohio State hoodie has no place in the same laundry load as our white-out tee.

And yet it isn't the school's responsibility to wean us off the training wheels. Because we know time management--we juggle sports, part-time jobs and homework piles too heavy for the Yeti--but making our own dinner and washing our own socks was never learned through $y=mx+b$.

While we're cramming for that Calc final, our moms bring us plates of chicken, mac and cheese and something green she's still optimistic enough to believe we'll eat. She saves us from a night without dinner: we'd never cook for ourselves; we'd never make time to eat.

In the morning, she'll come in to wake us instead of the alarm, despite her reminders the night before that "You should have been in bed an hour ago." Her momma bear instincts are strong enough that she's willing to help us with everything--gas money, college essays, scheduling all our doctors' appointments. And we let her because she's our mom, and we love her, and that laundry bin is growing feelers.

But then our senior year arrives, and we realize too much helping is hurting. Suddenly we're halfway across the country and don't know where to get money when our piggy banks are depleted. We're still as dependent in our post-high school days as we were under our parents' roofs.

It's our job to unscrew our training wheels, unearth that favorite pair of sweatpants from the laundry pile and wash it ourselves.

Because sometimes the best help is none at all.