

THE ROUNDUP

BY AND FOR THE STUDENTS OF HALF HOLLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL WEST

THIRSTY FOR JUSTICE: AN EPIC FIGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM FOUNTAIN

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You make your way from the gym to the water fountain. A long, treacherous journey with many twists and turns. You walk down what appears to be a never ending hallway, and then you freeze. You're spotted.

Nothing can escape Fran's gaze.

Your agenda book is in the locker room, so getting a pass is out of the question...and she knows it. You see her smirk as she begins to ask the dreaded question. You start to sprint as you hear from far behind you, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

You catch your breath and glance back. She's

gone, and finally, you arrive at the north cafeteria. After all that craziness (that you encounter every B-day), you expect to be met with the satisfaction of hydration, but instead you are met with disappointment and concern.

Hung above the fountain a sign reads: "Out of order: Do not use." You push the button again in hopes that this is all some kind of sick joke, but, alas, the

water does not reach your lips; and you leave thirsty and depressed.

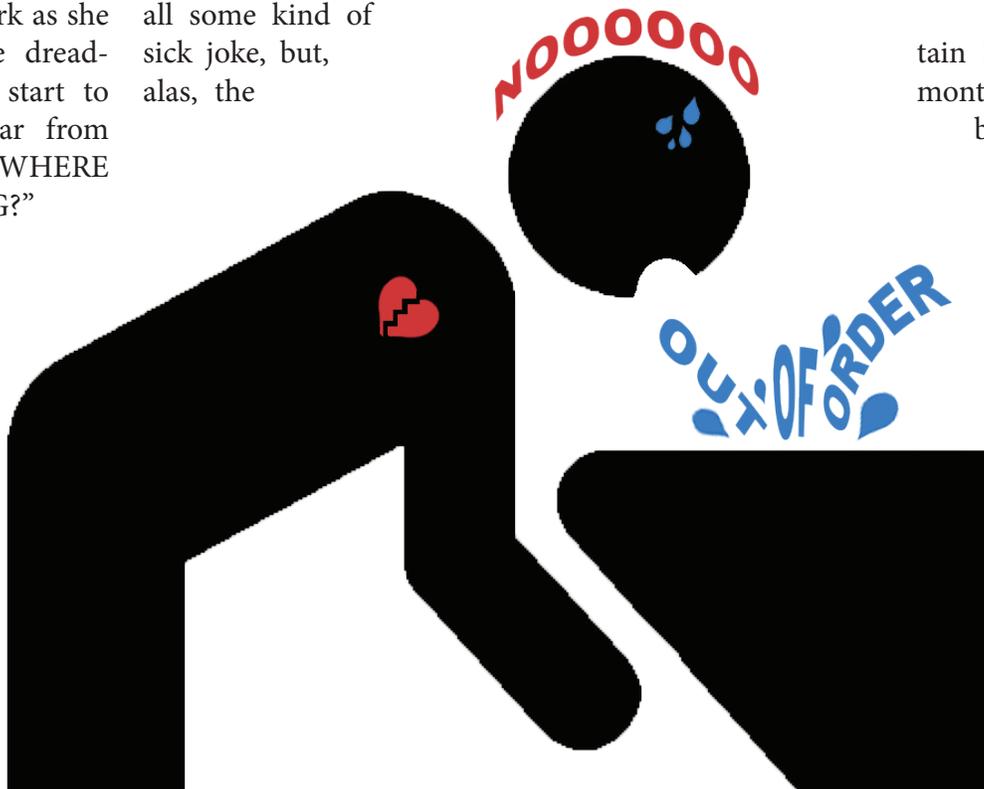
You return the next day. Not fixed. You come back the next. Not fixed. This cycle of never-ending torture continues for four and a half months. And thus my quest for answers began.

When the water fountain

was inactive, I asked Hills West students what should be done. "They should replace it with a newer water fountain," suggested junior Renaldy Charlotin. Upon hearing that there was a broken water fountain, senior Sari Pelletier stated that the school should "rip it out of the wall" then proceeded to ask which water fountain I was talking about. I was taken aback.

My beautiful fountain had been broken for months, and she was so blissfully unaware. I told her that it was the one in the north cafeteria and she then explained, "My favorite one is the one outside

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of the girl's bathroom, so I actually don't care." It took all of my being to stop myself from discrediting her claim that the water fountain outside of the girl's room is the best (for the record, the water fountains in the cafeteria are superior to that one for many reasons. However, that's another story).

I ventured on and spoke to junior Sam Nackman, who chimed in with a passionate statement about the issue.

"Yeah! Just fix it already! There's only one other good one in the school."

I was pleased to discover that most of the students were just as angered and aware of the issue as I was, and, with this knowledge in mind, I investigated further.

On the first Wednesday of March, I rushed down to the main office, notepad in one hand, pass in the other (take that Fran) and water fountain-loving sophomore Andrew Martin by my side. I expressed my

concern to the women in the office, and they called down head custodian, Mr. Carolan. He explained that he had assessed what was not working and that they were "waiting to hear back from the vendor, *Crest Good Plumbing Supplies*, to get the parts needed to fix the water fountain." When I asked when it would be fixed he assured me "very soon."

Little did I know that "very soon" meant THE VERY NEXT DAY.

On March 3rd, my prayers were answered and the water fountain appeared to be working efficiently. It even had a new sign next to it that said, "Water fountain back in service."

I teared up. My long journey had ended. I pressed the button (now placed on top of the faucet...that's new) and pursed my lips. I sipped and sipped, then all of a sudden...the water elevation rose. The water squirted up my nose.

I begged for progress to be made and this is the thanks I get. The water fountain may be fixed...but it's changed.



In loving memory