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THE TELEGRAPH

The Voice of Herriman High

Celebrating Student Achievements in Arts and Athletics



Photo courtesy of Landon Smullin



"Lurking Shadows"
Artist: Kylee Montague



Artist: Vivvianna Thompson



Artist: Rylan Simonsen

"Have you ever seen the world?"

By Landon Smullin

*Have you ever seen the trees?
Yes, I hear you say but have you ever really SEEN them
The leaves' colors shift on an October afternoon.
They dance in the wind and then slip away from the branches into December
Have you ever seen the sky?
Why of course you have. Everyone has, haven't they?
But have you truly SEEN it
The world shifts as the colors of the sky mix.
From bright blue into dark black, then pink, then blue again.
Have you ever seen the world?
Maybe in pictures you have, no?
But have you truly SEEN it? All of it?
Perhaps, maybe, now you have...*

Half truths

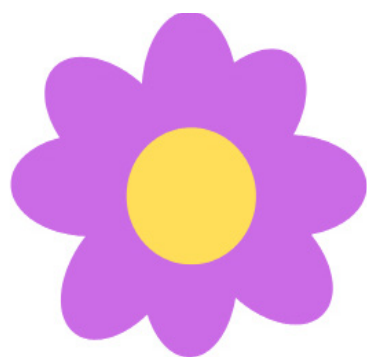
By Landon Smullin

*Throughout my life and my youth, I was quite the liar
Constructing spires without tire
These spires of lies, though I meant no hate...
Were fun to make and clever, like I was building a cake.
For me, it was fun, a game without end.
"Half Truths" I called them, my laws with a bend...*

The Drinking Bird

By Landon Smullin

*Oh, sweet drinking bird,
You're thin, you're tired, you can't ever seem to get enough
So you ever so daintily drink, drink, drink.
Nothing seems to stop you now.
You balance carefully, dipping your beak into the water
drip.. drip.. drip..
Oh the drinking bird..
With such careful motions that I'd believe...
Gravity itself controls you.*



I am a paradox
By Emma Goldman

I am immovable
Steadfast as the earth beneath my feet
A mountain so formidable
Heaven kisses its peak

I am ever changing
Churning like the sea
Peace and power rolled in one
Sink or float, I'll see

I am cold and biting
The frostbite on your nose
Calm and calculating
The ice piercing your soul

I am flame and passion
Blood boils beneath my skin
Heavy like the summer's air
Difficult to take in

I am the petal of a rose
Velvet and fragile
But, too, I am the thorns beneath
Tough to make you bleed

I am gentle and serene
Like dancing Northern Lights
And too I am the storm
That rages through the night

I am a force of nature
Hard to understand
When all the sides of me conflict
To make me who I am

There is then a final word
Like sweet fruit on my tongue

Does it Scare You
By Emma Goldman

Does it scare you
That you can't knock me down
That I take all my trials
And wear them like a crown

I am not a victim
Nor am I afraid
For from all that fire
A warrior was made

Do I intimidate you
Because I speak my mind
I look you in the eye and say
Ignorance makes you blind

I don't sit still and silent
Like the world says I should
I have opinions and a voice
And I use them for good

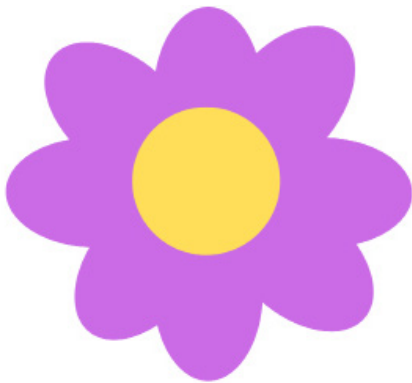
Do you find it threatening
That I burn so bright
A fire you cannot put out
A beacon through the night

You can't understand
How I'm not miserable
Despite all that I've been through
Light still fills my soul

You tell me that I'm less than you
While I daresay I'm more
For as you try to put me down
I take my wings and soar

Neither Lost Nor Found
By Anonymous

*Not long ago did I stray,
Now alone on a wooded road
Of which I once knew the way.
Lost, my cadence painfully slowed.
Now, up ahead did I gaze,
But very little could I see.
Only visions of lost days
Alone, the moon, the trees, and me.
Along the path ahead of me
Lay a rock, firm and flat on the ground.
In my sight, familiarly,
A solid stone, neither lost nor found.
As I went forth, and wandered on,
Many times did that stone cross my mind.
Of that rock, I grew rather fond,
Hoping that in it, love I may find.
When I mused 'pon that rock in the trees
I wondered what one may find underneath.
Amidst such ponder, there came a breeze.
To me it whispered, quietly, "bequeath."
Thus, I left the will to find my way
In hope that when I gazed under that rock,
To my relief, she may let me stay.
No longer alone, together we'll talk.
Neither lost nor found, beneath that rock.*



Replaced Sky High
By Gregor Stewart

*I'm caged above a gluttonous sky
There's no route down; I'm up too high
These pillars of soil are my new home
I'll sleep atop this giant dome*

*Despite all its fruits, I have grown tired
May I open my skull and tear out my wires?
I'll throw myself down; I'll join the crowd
My husk will remain for the crows that I've found*

*The daylight watches me wail and squirm
It thinks I can't make it; this belief is firm
But I've hidden beneath the false palm trees
I will soar down; the sun will never see*

*The folks below me do not know
They'll never unearth the plants I've sown
Born anew, he'll be erased
High in the sky, I'll be replaced*

Thread Unbound
By Gregor Stewart

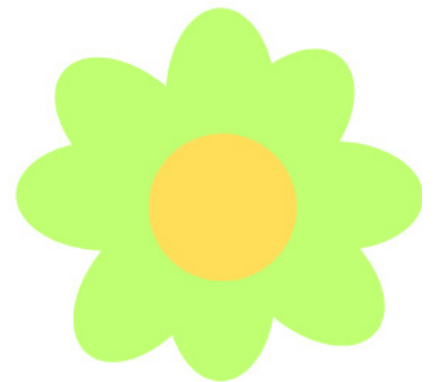
*I purchased land with hope of virtue
But you stomped it out before my eyes
So, I torched the isles to subdue
The sorrow that crept up inside*

*Revolving plates of molten stone
Churn the seas and warp the hills
Flaming geysers dissolve my home
And cocoon me in a web of thrills*

*No one comes to see my abode
Not a single visitor in sight
On a stallion, the fire rode
To herd the heat and sharpen the light*

*Lands sever and molten lakes grow
I use my thread to make amends
But the flames commence a brighter glow
And char the strings up to the ends*

*I can't snuff out the molten air
My touch creates a violent boil
If I pleaded, would you care
To stomp out the flames of my turmoil?*



Southman
By Gregor Stewart

*Massive marble muscles writhe
Forests bow down to its scythe
Thrashing towns with whips of twine
Southman awoke and left no sign*

*Crashing down upon the heart
Slabs swoop down into the dark
Life resets before it starts
Southman treads right where lands part*

*Calling folks down to repair
The stone titan takes their wares
Using gems they cannot wear
Southman took off without care*

*His outstretched hand reaches the end
His heart will refuse to mend
Broken down, he can't pretend
Southman walks the trail again*

senior spotlight
Mckaylie Andrus

What are your plans after graduation?
After graduation, she plans to take a gap year and work a full time job while trying to do some fun things. Afterwards, she'll be attending USU and major in veterinary science!
What is something you learned at Herriman that you'll always take with you?
She's learned to be more outgoing and to trust the process. Through these things it had enhanced her experience at Herriman for the better and made her into who she is today and want to strive for in the future

What is a piece of advice you have for the next class?
Her advice for the next class is to enjoy every day in high school while you can and take it all in. Sure there's days where you're in a slump and just want to be done. But there's lots of fun opportunities and things that Herriman has to offer you alongside forming new friendships and finding new interests.



HIS PLANS AFTER GRADUATION ARE TO MOVE TO MIAMI FLORIDA, TAKING A GAP YEAR TO GAIN RESIDENCY, AIMING TO GET A JOB AT A DEALERSHIP!

LACHLAN GILCHRIST

ONE THING LACHLAN WILL BE TAKING AWAY FROM HIS EXPERIENCE AT HERRIMAN HIGH SCHOOL IS HIS ENJOYABLE TIME WITH HERRIMAN'S MARCHING BAND AS WELL AS CREATING MEANING FULL RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS! ONE PIECE OF ADVICE HE'D GIVE TO THE UPCOMING STUDENTS IS "DON'T SLEEP IN, AND DO YOUR WORK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE"

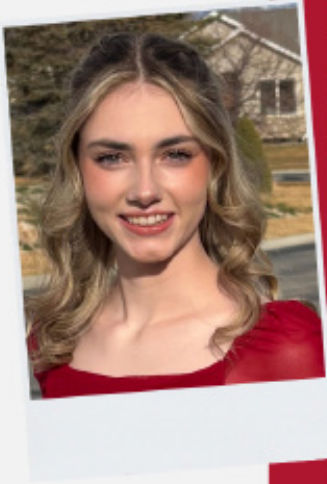
Luke Howell
President of Math Club, member of Indoor Percussion and Choir

Plans after graduation:
Luke wants to go on a mission and then go to college. He believes that both will be very important in his growth and help him gain new perspectives on life that he would otherwise not have.

Something he'll take with him from Herriman:
Luke will always carry the grit that he's learned from his participation in Indoor Percussion this year, and the ability to always keep going even when he has no idea what he's doing. Also, the perspective he's gained from his classes. He appreciates how eye opening it has been to understand not only how things work, but why they work.

A piece of advice:
Don't hold yourself back to fit to what everyone else is doing. If you're not able to do as much as others, that's okay, do as much as you can. If you see that you are excelling and you're going further than others, do not be afraid to let yourself do that. Do not stunt your own growth so you can feel like you fit more in with the crowd.

Kylee Montague



Kylee Montague joined the Herriman Telegraph staff just this year and she is excited to see what fun it brings. Kylee loves to dance and to choreograph dances. She wouldn't say she's the best at either, but they make her happy. Kylee works at a candy store and loves it and hopes to work there for a while. She is also very interested in geology, specifically the bigger rock forms or even natural disasters like volcanoes and earthquakes. She hopes to study geology in college and eventually become a geologist. Herriman High School has given Kylee many new opportunities and many new friends, those are the main reasons why she loves it. She enjoyed newspaper for the experience she gained with interviewing and writing more things out of her comfort zone.



Artist: Char Grayson



Artist: Neveah Lee

MY PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOMINIC PEREZ



finding shape in plain sight.



beauty in the grass.



photoshop skills.

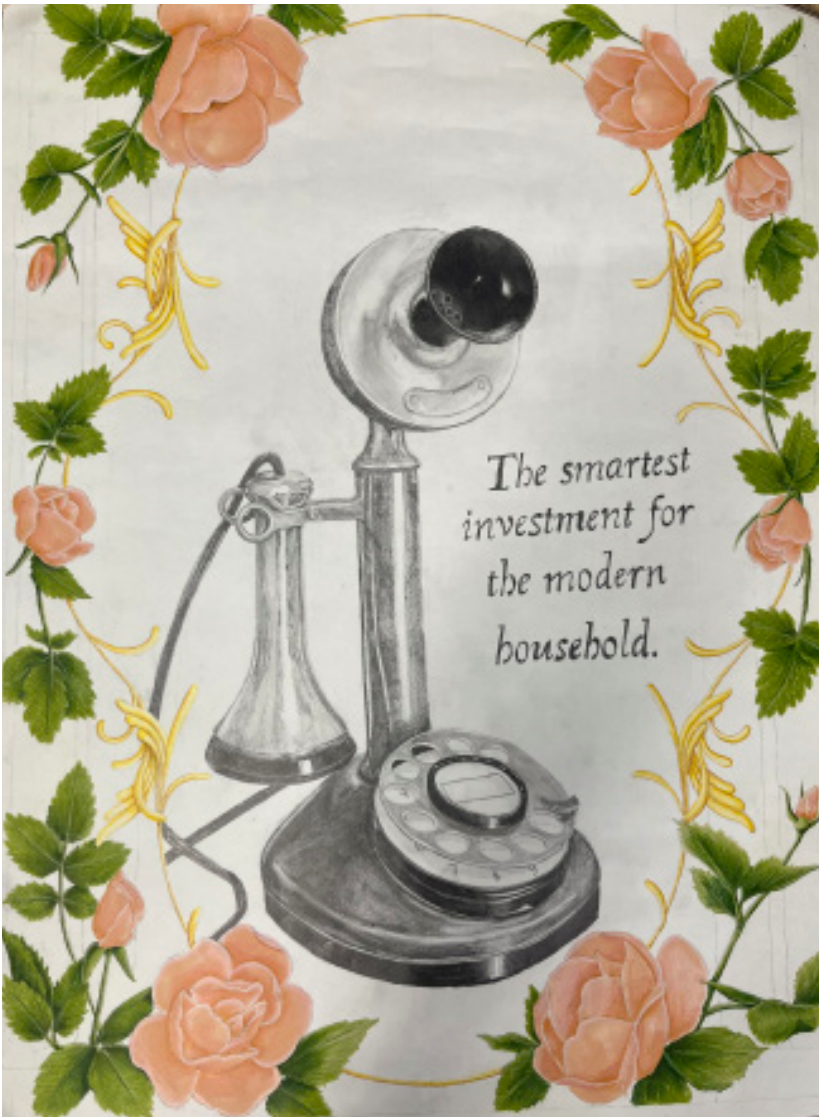
HERRIMAN
HIGH 2026



Artist: Ainsley Linford



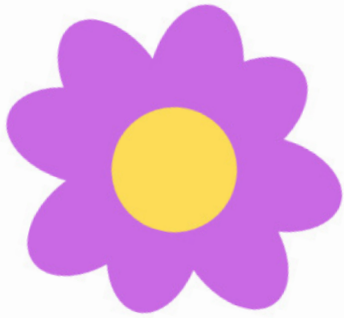
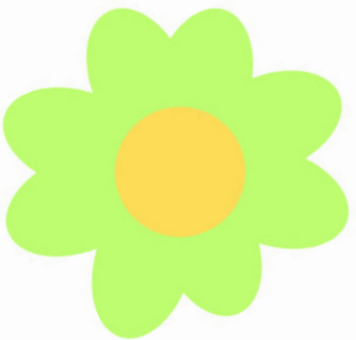
Artist: Rylan Simonsen




Artist: Rylan Simonsen



Artist: Logan Heninger



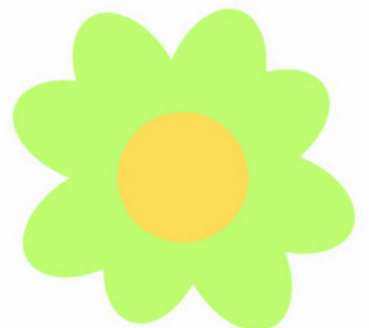
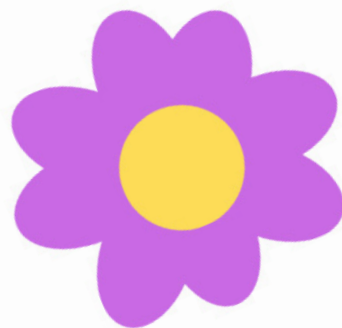
AIDAN FALCON **CLASS OF 2026**



Aidan Falcon intends to become a professional photographer or a graphic designer. He's also interested in fields such as video and music production. Falcon has decided to take a gap year to ensure that he chooses the schooling route that fits his needs best. Within the next few years, he'd like to go into photography or graphic design full time as his own boss or a freelancer. He'd like to use his talents to help expose local artists and give them more recognition. Something Aidan learned at Herriman High was that "you don't have to find your footing immediately," and that a feeling of uncertainty will only breed more creativity and improvement. Advice he has for upcoming graduates is to embrace change and be curious.



Artist: Gregor Stewart





Oliver Cummings



Nhi Trang



Emmarique Gilbert



Sadie Henderson



Kyra Frame



Everleigh Rose



Gregor Stewart



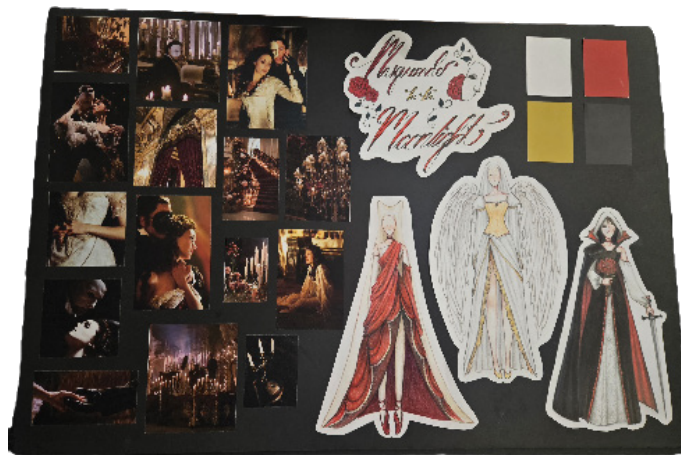
Ezra Bastian



Erin Roper



Arielle Lalampaa



Stella Quackenbush



Katie Perry

ATHLETE

SPOTLIGHT

JACKSON SPENCER

"TRACK IS IMPORTANT TO ME BECAUSE IT IS SOMETHING THAT I ENJOY. IT IS A WAY OF LIFE FOR ME."

"I THINK MY FUTURE OF TRACK ENTAILS A LOT OF HARD WORK AND DISCIPLINE AND LOVE FOR THE SPORT."

GATORADE PLAYER OF THE YEAR

FASTEST KID IN THE NATION

"JACKSON HAS AN OLYMPIC LEVEL MINDSET."

"HE SEES THINGS THROUGH THE LENS OF WINNING."

Athlete Spotlight: Jackson Spencer

The future Olympian

By Violet Moon

Jackson Spencer has been in track since 7th grade; this is his sixth year of being in track. He wanted to get into track because he saw a running poster at his school and decided to sign up. Track is important to him because it's something he enjoys. "It is a way of life for me and I am glad that I chose it," Jackson states. BYU is his choice school because it has "one of the best coaches in college track and it has a community that I feel that I would thrive in." He loves Herriman's track program. "My teammates are some of

my favorite people and they like to work hard and show up every day, just like I do. Coach Soles' program is a great program and it has helped me achieve a lot in this sport!" Coach Soles has been Jackson's coach for two years. He states that Jackson has "an olympic level mindset" as "he always believes he is going to win and works hard to make sure he is ready with races." Regarding his character, Coach Soles says that Jackson is a hard worker. "Very few high school athletes work like the pros do, but he is

one of them." The most impressive trait he notes is that "Jackson is a winner. He sees things through the lens of winning. He will do what it takes to be successful, even if it is boring or exhausting, because he understands the payoff at the end of it all is worth it." They won the national title in XC in 2023, and the coach thinks that was probably the biggest change for Herriman High. "Jackson has taught many people that they can accomplish anything they set their minds to."





Seven Minutes in Heaven

by Wyllie Brown

They say for the first seven minutes after you die, your brain replays your life story - jumping from memory to memory like a frog on so many lily pads. Like the band on the Titanic playing their last song, like your father carrying your 'sleeping' toddler self from the car to bed and your mother tucking the blankets to your chin, like a last meal on death row, it's a final comfort and a beautiful tragedy.

It's minute one:

You've just woken up from a nightmare with tears streaming down your face like waterfalls (which you just learned about in class yesterday, aren't they cool) and your feet take you to your parents door before you even finish processing that it wasn't real. You knock, because it's polite, but don't wait for an answer and then you're standing at the foot of your parent's bed, and they're sleeping and for a moment you feel horribly guilty, but then your mom is blinking awake and inviting you up into the bed and your dad is asking what's wrong? and you can't help but start to cry again because it was scary. But now your parents are here, listening to your babbling explanation, and it's hard to be scared under their blankets with them bracketing you like sentries, keeping all the monsters under the bed and in the closet where they belong.

(You are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute two:

Your parents took you to see a musical for the first time (you've listened to a couple before, but never seen them). It's Hadestown, at the theatre downtown. Hermes introduces the characters with music that's seen the world, and Orpheus and Eurydice fall in love with each other like you're falling for this theatre, and Hades' voice rumbles up your spinal cord like the first sign of an earthquake - a life shaking event. And there's this feeling like something clicking into place. You're looking down at the Fates, and this really is

Fate, isn't it?

You can see yourself then, years older than you are, standing on that very stage, singing When The Chips are Down like your life depends on it, with a costume that feels like pride and fits like love.

You're watching this musical, and you know that the universe can be kind, that everything is right in the world, and that you have a part to play that is just waiting for you to fill it.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute three:

You're with your friends at a roller skating rink. One of them is doing laps and spins and other tricks you can't even name while you're clutching just as desperately at the other's arm as they're clutching yours, because neither of you know how to skate, ok?

The lights are flashing, the music's blaring, and you make some joke that in the next second you couldn't remember if someone put a gun to your head, but the friend you're holding onto is laughing like nobody's business, and your other friend has done another lap around you and is now on your other side catching their breath and asking what's so funny? You try to explain, but get so confused that your feet follow suit and you trip over nothing and bring both of them down with you.

Now all of you are laughing so hard none of you could get up if you tried and you don't care about how embarrassing that was or that you're blocking the way, just that you can barely hear yourselves over the music and the lights are running wildly through the tears bubbling up in your eyes from how hard you've doubled over, and everything in this moment is perfect.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute four:

You're finally under the bright lights

of Broadway (or, you know, the off-brand type that performs in tiny theaters in front of tinier audiences on the outskirts of the city right next to a bar that gets more attention than you do) and you're playing the Bullet in Hamilton. You have no speaking lines, and your costume is almost the same as the rest of the ensemble, but you deliver every bit of news, every killing blow, perfectly. You're deadly, you're proud, and you might not be famous, but you're known by the actors on the stage and the people that read your name in the playbook.

And that's enough.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute five:

You're in love.

Another actor, playing the main antagonist, has eyes like oak wood with rings denoting each year of wisdom and a voice like wildfire. You want to be caught in the black river of their hair and burned by their ferocious energy and witness to every one of their incredible feats - from verbally assaulting your horrible director to beating you in a race to whispering a lullaby to your future children to knowing the answers to your questions before you ask them to simply existing in every patch of comfort they come across.

They don't know you exist. You don't think they do anyway.

But then they look over, and you lock eyes, and hurry to look back down at your script and pretend it never happened.

(but if you imagine hard enough, you can pretend there was affection in that glance)

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute six:

You're divorced.

(Horribly)

(Terrifyingly)

(Finally)

The papers were approved by the judge, and now, legally, you are no longer married.

(You haven't been together for over a year)

It should hurt, and it does, it burns like the wildfire you always knew them to be.

But, mostly, you're just relieved. You've stepped out of the river, out of the woods, and now you can see the sky clearly for the first time in what seems like years.

It's a strange comfort, especially when you can still see the hurt in the few-ringed, beautifully brown eyes of your children.

But beneath that hurt is love.

Love that is shown through surprise hugs and joy filled laughs and affectionate glances that prove that everything is going to be okay, eventually.

(You are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute seven:

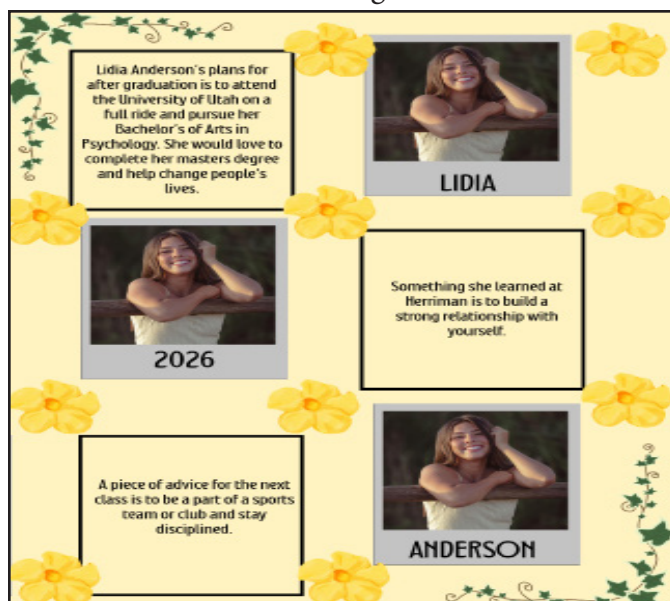
You aren't on your own bed. This one is stiff and uncomfortable and doesn't have nearly enough blankets.

"Are you cold?" Your granddaughter asks, and when you force your eyes open, there she is - young, with hair like a black river, and eyes as green as yours. She has so long to live, so much to learn, so many places to be - and still she is at your bedside.

"Don't worry about me, honey." You try to say, but it comes out more like a croaking in your throat, and-

And you're more scared than you remember ever being (you thought this moment would be easy, that after all these years you would be ready to die, but you're not, you're not, you're never going to be) and then your son is by your side, and your granddaughter is draping her favorite blanket over your chest, and - it's hard to be scared under their blankets with them bracketing you like sentries, keeping all the monsters under the bed and in the closet where they belong.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)



Spring Showers

By: Kylee Montague

Mom always used to garden. She loved it. She was always the happiest when springtime rolled around and her flowers bloomed. She had the most beautiful garden that had every flower imaginable. From periwinkles to poppies and chrysanthemums to roses, they all smelled as nice as they looked. Mom's favorite flower was a marigold. She even named me after them. She'd always smile when she saw me and she'd wrap me up in a hug and kiss my forehead; she said I reminded her of marigolds with my tan skin and my round shape.

But now she frowns. Or cries. she never hugs me anymore. She never gardens. She rarely goes outside anymore. And when she does it rains. She doesn't tell me why she's so sad, and that makes me sad. She tells me not to go outside, or something bad will happen. But I don't believe her.

I tip-toe down the dark hallway. It's cold in the mornings because mom turned the heater off, she says it will get too warm before I know it. My hands ache from clenching them close to my body. I have to be quiet, Mom can't hear me. She can't. If she does she'll never let me out of her sight.

Once I make it to our living room, I make a beeline for the front door. I slide my frozen toes into Mom's house slippers and open the door. My heart begins to beat quickly, so fast I can hear it. My muscles warm up in anticipation of a fight. Cold, spring air makes it through the tiniest crack in the door. My fear and excitement merge into one and I swing the door open.

A smile stretches wide across my face. No clouds in the bright blue sky, and the shining sun barely peeks through the wall of what used to be fat evergreen trees that surround our house. Dead grass and a dried-up spring settle themselves in our front yard. A sigh of joy makes its way out of my mouth. I dare to step onto the concrete stairs leading up to our house. When the tip of my slipper hits the ground I lift my other foot to follow.

Right as I step fully out of my house an earth-shattering rumble rips through the air and dark clouds replace the sun. My smile drops, my hands flying to cover my ears as I squeeze my eyes shut. I hurry and step back inside and fling the door shut behind me.

Turning around, I am met with Mom's disapproving eyes on me. Inside and fling the door shut behind me. Turning around, I am met with Mom's disapproving eyes on me.

She folds her arms and I grimace, scared of what's to come. She looks so angry with me, I would have thought she would slap me across the face. But she doesn't. She backs away from me and shakes her head. I see her chest lift and fall as she takes a deep breath in. As she lets the air out she chokes out a sob. Her knees shake and she crumples to the floor. She whispers something into the carpet, and she repeats it over and over. I try to kneel and comfort her but she gasps and scuttles away from me. Her eyes shine with terror, so much that my own reflect the same emotion.

Suddenly, rage crosses her feature and she runs to the door, swinging it open. Rain pours down on her and she runs into the dead grass field. I watch with anxiety as she raises her arms into the air and falls to her knees. She screams, she screams so loud.

"She's too young!" Blood-curdling. Somehow she continues, her vocal

cords unable to give up. "Don't do this to her! I beg you!" her screams of anger melt into heartbroken sobs. Curled in a ball, being beaten by large raindrops, Mom cries. She cries because of me.

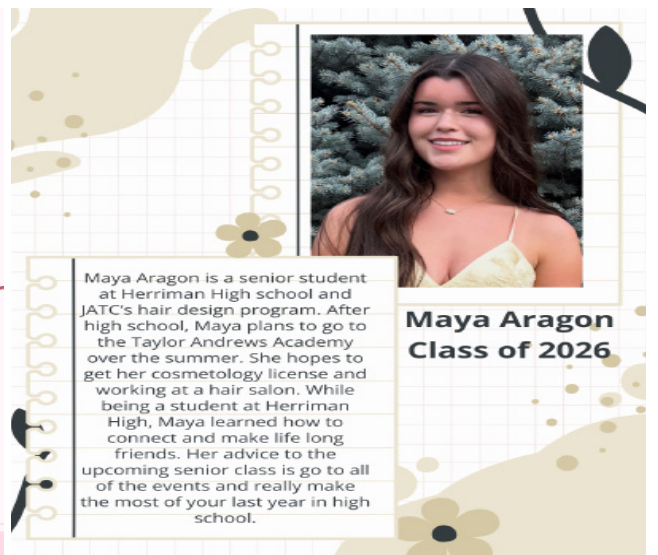
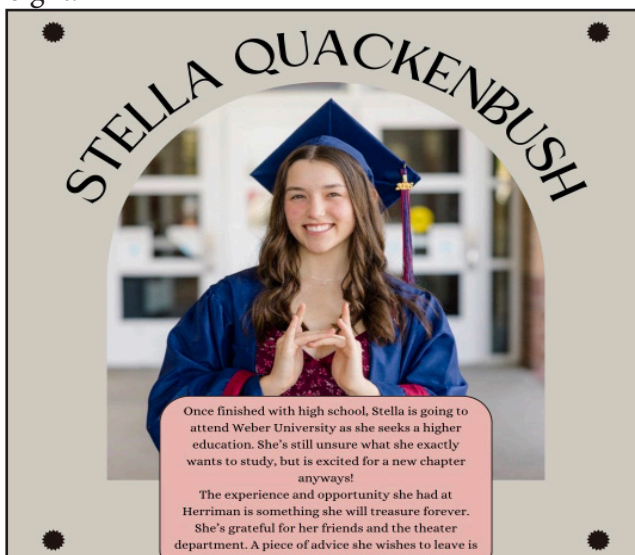
I ran out to her. I drop onto my knees beside her and plead for answers. She looks at me with sorrow. "It's all his fault," she sobs, "He was a good man. What happened?" I just stare at her hoping she'll go on, but she can't. The sobs racking her body are too powerful.

"Who, mom, who?" I ask, bending down to make her look at me.

"It's your dad," she sniffs, "He left the day after you were born. He never returned. He sent two letters, though. The first was sent on your fifth birthday. I was elated to hear from him. I ripped the envelope and opened the letter. It said, 'I'm sorry. Be careful.' I wanted to scream. The second letter was sent on your tenth birthday." Mom's eyes closed and she took a breath. "This one said something much worse."

"It said," she looked at me and paused. I urged her to go on.

"I made a deal with the devil."



The Fog

By: Owen Bird

It's a lovely day, walking around the flower field, even alone I'd say. The sun is shining brightly, casting a warm glow on the vibrant petals that sway gently in the breeze. The air is filled with the sweet scent of blooming flowers, and the sound of buzzing bees adds to the symphony of nature. As I stroll through the field, I feel a calming sensation I haven't felt in a while.

I kneel down to examine the intricate details of each flower. The delicate petals of the roses, the vibrant colors of the tulips, and the graceful dance of the daisies. It's as if the flowers have a language of their own, whispering secrets to one another as I pass by.

As my walk progresses, I go further than I had planned originally, but it

feels more adventurous, so I continue until I run into a fence. Beyond the fence is more path. Strange. "Why would this fence be here if the path continues?" I ask myself. "Well, you only live once." I hop over the fence and continue down the new path. The flowers in this area are even more wild and colorful than before.

It starts getting quite foggy. The further I go the worse it gets. I turn on my phone flashlight to help me see better.

"Where did all this fog come from?" I say waving my phone around trying to light up the path better. Out of nowhere, I trip on a vine, which causes me to drop my phone. I search all around me for it, but it's nowhere to be found.

"Damnit," I mumble, frustrated,

"Now how am I supposed to get back?" I look around me and see a strange clearing in the flowers just a few feet away from where I'm lying. I stand back up and carefully tread toward the clearing, when I come across a peculiar sight, a large pit, hidden amidst the sea of flowers.

"This is... odd," I mumble, stepping back, but curiosity gets the better of me, and I approach the pit cautiously. Peering into the pit, I see nothing but darkness.

"Maybe I should go," I say, unnerved, looking back in the direction I was walking before, only to find that the path has disappeared.

"Okay, that's a problem," I look back at the pit and hear and hear a low, ominous hum, but I'm probably just hearing things.

I begin to run away from the pit, only to find myself right back at it. I try running in all directions, but I can't seem to escape it. To make matters work, the foliage seems to be getting thicker and harder to make it through.

A sense of dread washes over me as I continue trying to run, only to find myself in the same place, over, and over, and over again. At this point, the plants are too thick to walk through, it's hopeless.

I've been stuck here for about two hours at this point and I've lost all hope, when I hear friendly voices. The things they are saying are severely muffled, and I can't make out a thing, but regardless I begin to walk to the voices, only to be led right into the pit.

Seven Minutes in Heaven

by Wyllie Brown

They say for the first seven minutes after you die, your brain replays your life story - jumping from memory to memory like a frog on so many lily pads. Like the band on the Titanic playing their last song, like your father carrying your 'sleeping' toddler self from the car to bed and your mother tucking the blankets to your chin, like a last meal on death row, it's a final comfort and a beautiful tragedy.

It's minute one:

You've just woken up from a nightmare with tears streaming down your face like waterfalls (which you just learned about in class yesterday, aren't they cool) and your feet take you to your parents door before you even finish processing that it wasn't real. You knock, because it's polite, but don't wait for an answer and then you're standing at the foot of your parent's bed, and they're sleeping and for a moment you feel horribly guilty, but then your mom is blinking awake and inviting you up into the bed and your dad is asking what's wrong? and you can't help but start to cry again because it was scary. But now your parents are here, listening to your babbling explanation, and it's hard to be scared under their blankets with them bracketing you like sentries, keeping all the monsters under the bed and in the closet where they belong.

(You are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute two:

Your parents took you to see a musical for the first time (you've listened to a couple before, but never seen them). It's Hadestown, at the theatre downtown. Hermes introduces the characters with music that's seen the world, and Orpheus and Eurydice fall in love with each other like you're falling for this theatre, and Hades' voice rumbles up your spinal cord like the first sign of an earthquake - a life shaking event. And there's this feeling like something clicking into place. You're looking down at the Fates, and this really is

Fate, isn't it?

You can see yourself then, years older than you are, standing on that very stage, singing When The Chips are Down like your life depends on it, with a costume that feels like pride and fits like love.

You're watching this musical, and you know that the universe can be kind, that everything is right in the world, and that you have a part to play that is just waiting for you to fill it.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute three:

You're with your friends at a roller skating rink. One of them is doing laps and spins and other tricks you can't even name while you're clutching just as desperately at the other's arm as they're clutching yours, because neither of you know how to skate, ok?

The lights are flashing, the music's blaring, and you make some joke that in the next second you couldn't remember if someone put a gun to your head, but the friend you're holding onto is laughing like nobody's business, and your other friend has done another lap around you and is now on your other side catching their breath and asking what's so funny? You try to explain, but get so confused that your feet follow suit and you trip over nothing and bring both of them down with you.

Now all of you are laughing so hard none of you could get up if you tried and you don't care about how embarrassing that was or that you're blocking the way, just that you can barely hear yourselves over the music and the lights are running wildly through the tears bubbling up in your eyes from how hard you've doubled over, and everything in this moment is perfect.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute four:

You're finally under the bright lights

of Broadway (or, you know, the off-brand type that performs in tiny theaters in front of tinier audiences on the outskirts of the city right next to a bar that gets more attention than you do) and you're playing the Bullet in Hamilton. You have no speaking lines, and your costume is almost the same as the rest of the ensemble, but you deliver every bit of news, every killing blow, perfectly. You're deadly, you're proud, and you might not be famous, but you're known by the actors on the stage and the people that read your name in the playbook.

And that's enough.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute five:

You're in love.

Another actor, playing the main antagonist, has eyes like oak wood with rings denoting each year of wisdom and a voice like wildfire. You want to be caught in the black river of their hair and burned by their ferocious energy and witness to every one of their incredible feats - from verbally assaulting your horrible director to beating you in a race to whispering a lullaby to your future children to knowing the answers to your questions before you ask them to simply existing in every patch of comfort they come across.

They don't know you exist. You don't think they do anyway.

But then they look over, and you lock eyes, and hurry to look back down at your script and pretend it never happened.

(but if you imagine hard enough, you can pretend there was affection in that glance)

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute six:

You're divorced.

(Horribly)

(Terrifyingly)

(Finally)

The papers were approved by the judge, and now, legally, you are no longer married.

(You haven't been together for over a year)

It should hurt, and it does, it burns like the wildfire you always knew them to be.

But, mostly, you're just relieved. You've stepped out of the river, out of the woods, and now you can see the sky clearly for the first time in what seems like years.

It's a strange comfort, especially when you can still see the hurt in the few-ringed, beautifully brown eyes of your children.

But beneath that hurt is love.

Love that is shown through surprise hugs and joy filled laughs and affectionate glances that prove that everything is going to be okay, eventually.

(You are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)

It's minute seven:

You aren't on your own bed. This one is stiff and uncomfortable and doesn't have nearly enough blankets.

"Are you cold?" Your granddaughter asks, and when you force your eyes open, there she is - young, with hair like a black river, and eyes as green as yours. She has so long to live, so much to learn, so many places to be - and still she is at your bedside.

"Don't worry about me, honey." You try to say, but it comes out more like a croaking in your throat, and-


And you're more scared than you remember ever being (you thought this moment would be easy, that after all these years you would be ready to die, but you're not, you're not, you're never going to be) and then your son is by your side, and your granddaughter is draping her favorite blanket over your chest, and - it's hard to be scared under their blankets with them bracketing you like sentries, keeping all the monsters under the bed and in the closet where they belong.

(you are loved, you are loved, you are loved.)



MARLI WRIGHT

Marli is the goalie for the Herriman girls lacrosse team, she loves being part of such a fun and competitive sport. One of her favorite things is playing alongside her friends and making memories throughout the season. Outside of lacrosse, she loves hanging out with friends and family and traveling. She has been to over 25 states. Marli has never broken a bone or had stitches, but has had plenty of memorable bruises from lacrosse. This past year has been especially meaningful to her because of the time she has gotten to spend doing what she loves most with the people she cares about most. Marli will always cherish the friends she has made at Herriman and advise the upcoming senior class to prioritize their relationships. After graduation she plans on moving to South Carolina and hopes to become a vet.



Lidia Anderson's plans for after graduation is to attend the University of Utah on a full ride and pursue her Bachelor's of Arts in Psychology. She would love to complete her masters degree and help change people's lives.

LIDIA

2026

Something she learned at Herriman is to build a strong relationship with yourself.

A piece of advice for the next class is to be a part of a sports team or club and stay disciplined.

ANDERSON



Meet The Graduate...

Diego Guerra

After Graduation? Attend SLCC and start my nursing program.

What You Learned At Herriman? Choose your friends wisely they will always be there for you.

Advice for next class? Don't do anything stupid.

Making Self Care for Men an Experience The Start of a New Men’s Grooming Service in Herriman Utah.

by Bree Murphy

A rapidly expanding luxury men’s grooming brand is making its mark in southwest Salt Lake Valley with the opening of a new location in Herriman.

Hammer & Nails Grooming Shop for Guys officially celebrated the grand opening of its newest shop on April 27 at the Miller Crossing shopping center, located at 5139 Miller Crossing Drive. Herriman local Damien Olson brought Hammer & Nails to Utah after falling in love with the brand. “Hammer & Nails, like, just the feeling you get when you enter the store versus the one that I was going to use is completely different, the lighting, the energy, the aesthetics. Everything’s different.” The big goal of Hammer & Nails is to create a comfortable environment and a lasting experience for the men who make appointments. Olson, “Because, you know

men are, you know, supposed to be tough and burly, but I guarantee you, some people have insecurities and don’t feel comfortable doing it. We try to make that environment comfortable.” It’s a safe space for men to have luxury care.

Creating a welcoming environment was especially important to Olson because many men may not always feel comfortable investing time in personal care. By removing the stigma around self care and creating a judgment-free setting, he hopes the business can encourage more men to prioritize their confidence and well being. The shop’s design, music, lighting and private service areas all contribute to that mission. That elevated environment is exactly what Olson hopes to bring to Herriman and the surrounding communities. Rather than creating a rushed or impersonal experience, he said the goal

is to offer a space where men can feel comfortable taking care of themselves and prioritizing self care without judgment. Bringing in elements like a dark room for pedicures where each man has their own television and noise cancelling headphones. “I would encourage everyone to try it. Just come in, and we’ll make, we’ll make the experience something that you’ll enjoy”

The new business has also generated excitement within the local community and shopping center. As Herriman continues to grow rapidly, new businesses and amenities are helping shape the area into a thriving destination for families and professionals alike. Olson believes Hammer & Nails fits perfectly into that growth by offering a unique service that had previously been difficult to find in southwest Salt Lake Valley. Olson plans to work with the

neighboring businesses to create customer based days with activities.

This grooming business is on the up and up with the goal of creating five more brick and mortar spaces across Utah in the next few years. Olson’s goal is to have one open per year, spreading this luxury experience to men all over Utah state.

Hammer & Nails is a fast growing men’s luxury grooming business. It’s a highly recommended experience made to create a peaceful environment for men. If you ever find yourself in the area looking for a place to relax while taking care of your hygiene needs, Hammer & Nails is the place for you.



Photos of the pedicure room at Hammer & Nails. Courtesy of Bree Murphy.



Photo of the front of Hammer & Nails. Courtesy of Hammer & Nails.



Photo of the main room of Hammer & Nails. Courtesy of Hammer & Nails.