



Friday  
February 22  
2018

# RAMPAGE

## Theater Class Competes in Annual Contest

*Students bring William Shakespeare's Works to Life on Stage*

BRANDON PIERCE STAFF REPORTER



*Mrs. Bruno's theater students at the competition at the Pittsburgh Public Theater on Thursday February 14<sup>th</sup>.*

On Thursday February 14th, students from Mrs. Bruno's theater class travelled downtown to perform in the annual *Shakespeare Scene & Monologue Contest* held at the Pittsburgh Public Theater. Students had been hard at work for weeks trying to find the right scene or monologue and perfecting it for the competition. Scenes and monologues could have been chosen from any play written by William Shakespeare; the only limits being scene and monologue length.

The contest has over a thousand participants in it each year, ranging from 4th to 12th grade students.

Students were given the opportunity to perform on the Pittsburgh Public Theater stage in front of a panel of judges who grade each student or students in a scene based on: understanding of the text, emotional connectedness, character development, physical and vocal performance, and pacing and the interaction amongst the actors in a scene.

Students from each participating school were also given the opportunity to have a private coaching session a few weeks before the actual competition. Professional actors, screen writers, or directors came in to coach each scene or monologue for each and every student. This provided an outside opinion that many of the contestants valued.

After all contestants competed in front of the judges, every judge collaborate as a group and nominate finalists, who will then be trained again and perform in a showcase at the Pittsburgh Public Theater in front of an audience. Honorable mentions will also be announced and recognized on the Pittsburgh Public Theater website.

The students were excited to participate in such a competition and look forward to performing in it again next year.



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### RAMPAGE STAFF

**Co-Editors:** Brandon Pierce and Shelby Petonak

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The RAMPAGE is a student-created publication of Pine-Richland High School, 700 Warrendale Road, Gibsonia, PA 15044. The newsroom is 217. The RAMPAGE is available in print and online every week. It is written by students, for students, and will make every attempt to report all school-related news. We welcome freelance submissions, suggestions, comments, story ideas from students and staff.

Teacher: Mrs. Harshman

*Would you be interested in freelancing for the RAMPAGE? See Mrs. Harshman in Room 217 if you are interested.*

## HE SAID... SHE SAID

### *Students Share Differing Perspectives About Their Ski Trips*

#### **Eatin' Powder Duuude...**

##### *A Beginner's Standpoint*

ETHAN SILIPO STAFF REPORTER

I wake up and prepare myself for yet another day of school. As I crawl out of bed, I remember that today is Friday and relief fills my sleep deprived body. Not only is it Friday, but it's a special one. Today is the year's first trip to Seven Springs, and for me, the first time skiing.

I sling a bag over my shoulder that contains everything that I need to stay warm on the slopes. It feels like minutes between the time I drop off my ski gear and pick it up at the end of the school day. Before I know it, I am off the bus and getting ready to ski for the first time.

I look about the wintery slopes in awe as the wind hits my face. Nervously, I sit on the lift praying that I do not fall off and break every bone in my body. When we get to the top, my friends quickly ski off while I am left behind inching my way towards them. Eventually I catch up to them and before they take off, I say "Is this an easy one?" In which they respond, "You'll be fine" as they turn their backs and fly down the hill. With uncertainty, I put my skis in "pizza" position and carefully travel down the mountain like a snail.

As I slowly but surely make my way down the mountain, I see a sharp turn ahead. As near it, I try to shift my weight around the bend but I lose my balance and fall with my skis flying many feet away from me. While lying on the ground, a girl comes around the same corner without slowing down and yells into the wind, "You good?" in which I answer "Yeah" but by then she was so far away that she could not hear me. In time, I manage to get back onto my feet. I pray I can make it the rest of the way without falling again.

Due to my poor skiing pace, my friends who have a need for speed left me alone by the lift. After locating a new ski-buddy, we go down some hills and laugh at our own terrible abilities.

We ski late into the night gaining experience and practice on every run. Eventually the time comes for our last run, and I decide to give hill I crashed on another go. With this in mind, I gather up some courage, and go for it. With my new skills and knowledge, I am way more successful and I get to the bottom much quicker and without falling.

I arrive home, and for the next few days I talk to my peers about how much fun I had skiing. Some people tell me all about the double black diamonds they went down which makes my laugh at myself. I know that there will be a day that I will be able to fly down black diamonds with ease, but until then, you can find me at the bunny hill.

GOT AN OPINION TOO? SEE MRS. HARSHMAN IN ROOM 217 FOR AN INTERVIEW AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE FOR THE PAPER!

#### **Shreddin' Powder Duuude...**

##### *An Experienced Standpoint*

MADDIE JEWART STAFF REPORTER

When I wake up on the very first Friday ski trip morning, I'm immediately overcome with excitement for the day ahead. Skiing is one of my favorite sports, and I have been doing it every winter since I can remember. School crawls by excruciatingly slow as I get hyped up for a night of skiing. When the bus finally arrives at seven springs, I get dressed in my gear as fast as I can, and hit the slopes.

When my friends and I reach to top of the mountain, I am itching to get onto the fresh white snow. My friends and I get off the lift, and collectively decide on a slope to start with. With great agility and proper technique we fly down the mountain at lightning speed, blowing past beginners. Being on the slopes feels so natural, and I make my way down the mountain with ease. As I approach a sharp turn, I see a struggling novice skier sprawled out across the snow, looking quite disheveled. I ask him if he's okay but I am already way too far ahead of him to catch a response. I dismiss it, and continue my journey down the mountain.

I meet up with my friends and we get ready for the next run. We enjoy our time on the mountain, and laugh hysterically at all of the "skiers" (if you can even call them that) that don't have a clue of what they are doing. The rest of the night is a blast, and I am grateful for all of the new memories I have made with my friends.

Everybody relaxes on the bus ride home, exhausted after a long day of school and skiing. My muscles are sore, my eyelids are heavy, and I drift into a deep sleep. When I wake up, I am already bubbling with excitement for the next trip. Through the next week, I talk about what an awesome time I had on my trip. Some people tell me about their first experience, and I laugh, imagining their first attempts at skiing. Although they aren't great yet, I know one day they will ditch the bunny hill, and shred some mad powder.

**GUYS AND DOLLS:**

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