

# Families pack picnics, head to Pinebrook Park

by Emily Nehme

A narrow, gravel road takes you to a parking lot fenced in by repeating wooden poles about four feet high. The sun's warmth and a brushing breeze, an ephemeral yet perfect combination, takes your body to a new place. The scent of freshly-cut grass filters in through your nostrils. The constant rushing of the Brodhead Creek makes for an ideal soundtrack.

Welcome to Pinebrook Park, located off Route 191 in Stroud Township near Pinebrook Bible Camp. This park has sixty acres of lush forest that is ready to be explored. As you come in through the north entrance, picnic tables are dispersed throughout the park. Some are out in the open while others sit under the shade of towering pine trees.

"My family and I go there for picnics a lot during the summer," said sophomore Denise Gonzalez. "My nephew loves to run around in the grass."

The park is also a popular fishing spot, and has been since

its opening in 2000 at the beginning of trout season.

Pinebrook contains a large open grass field at its south entrance, which serves as the perfect place to let your dog stretch.

"I take my dog there all the time," said sophomore Stephanie Rosenberg. "It has a huge field which is great, because she never gets to run around like that in my backyard!"

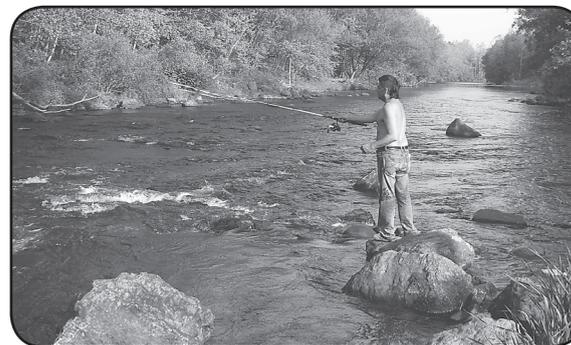
Friendly trails weave in and out of the forest while sparrows lead the way, their chirps softly echoing off the trees. One early blooming tree stands isolated from the rest, its pearly pink petals reaching for sunlight. A coterie of bumblebees bustle about, landing gently on flowers in hopes of

gathering some pollen. Ebony crows gather about the foot of the blossoming tree, pecking at the ground for food.

Mighty pine trees stand in a ring, tall and strong. Bunches of pinecones rest at their feet, and grass drier than toast lies parched beneath their needled canopy.

Tables and grills, under the cool shadows of the trees, offer visitors the perfect place to eat lunch.

As you head back up that narrow gravel road, taken aback by all that you've seen, you feel as if you've forgotten something. It isn't until you get home that you realize you never got to eat that picnic lunch you packed. Well, there's always next time.



## Letters to the editor continued from page 5

### King of Hearts shares his noble opinion one last time

Goodbye, Stroudsburg.

This is my last letter to the editor ever. I would like to start it off by stating that I am not writing the stereotypical "OMG, I'll miss you guys so much!" that everyone writes this time of year. I wrote this letter not to make you laugh, and not to be sarcastic and witty. I am being dead serious.

We are the "Y" generation. "Y do work?", "Y bother? I don't care", "Y so serious?", "Y not add the letters 'L-O-L' after everything we say, therefore removing any seriousness we might have had going for us?", lol. We have no motivation, no focus, and no sense of direction. All we do is whine and moan about our problems, but never once do you see someone taking a stand or planning a solution. Instead, we sit idly and sigh... or listen to annoying music and wear black clothes. "Oh, I'm so unique! I'm expressing myself by wearing Converse and clothes bought from Hot Topic or Spencer's"... yeah... you sure are being original by LOOKING LIKE EVERYONE ELSE! Your apathy doesn't solve anything, because you have nothing to contribute to society. You do have an opinion, and it does count. It just

needs to be heard.

Class of 2010! You should be ashamed of yourselves. We messed up big time... everyone hates the uniform, yet no alternative plan was proposed. Instead we wore pieces of black cloth on our arms... real productive, guys. You know who I truly feel sorry for? The classes that will be here ten years from now. Wanna know why? It's because they won't even know that there used to be a time when seas of denim filled the hallways and shoes were colorful and eye-catching and it was all right to wear an all-American plain white T-shirt without consequences. They'll think it's perfectly normal to have to wear a uniform to public school. They'll look at their peers in the school districts around them and think that they're the strange ones. That's when it'll start. More and more schools will start adopting a uniform policy to eliminate racial and social differences.

Slowly, regular clothes will be phased out in favor of politically correct uniforms. We, as a nation, are becoming so afraid of offending each other, that we are taking away our own freedoms and rights. My theory is that, subconsciously, our society fears the race war Charles Manson dubbed "Helter Skelter."

As for the administration, you have no

need to fear! We're too stupid to take action! Your students will never be organized enough to express a common distaste for any rules you enforce. The only "revolution" they know is a page in their history books, but that's the way you like it, right?

Do you all want to know why I write letters to the editor? There are two reasons:

(1) I adore the feeling of getting patted on the back by my peers and teachers (it's a great boost to my self esteem), and (2) I look around. I look around and listen, I hear your complaints, I see your frustration, I feel it all... I take all your voices and try my best to put them together as one. I'm not saying that I'm our spokesman, but I'm the only one close to it that I see, AND I AM SICK OF IT!

Our class should have had initiative. I mean, I can't be your voice forever. Then again, what I just said sounds conceited, because I might not be your voice at all! I might just be an annoying nuisance who spews out unappreciated social commentary and never learned to shut his mouth, and I'd better stop before I get too philosophical for my own good. You guys need to grow up and make your own opinions rather than blowing with the wind. I guess that's what makes me different... I am a firm believer in individu-

ality and in being unique. Never in my life have I fit society's standard of "normal." LOOK AT ME! Sure, I'm odd-looking and frightening to most small children, but I have never been without friends! I have only lived here THREE YEARS and I've made enough acquaintances to win King of Hearts. The biggest counterargument to that is that I was voted for as a joke, but here's the secret... I DON'T CARE! I HAVE THE CROWN!

I still remember my first day in Stroudsburg. I never imagined I would become as well known as I am. Who would've guessed that the weird fat kid from Brooklyn would have stolen your hearts? Certainly not me. I have truly enjoyed my three years in the spotlight, making you laugh, making you cry, and making your day, every day. My friends, I truly appreciate your kindness, support, and most of all friendship. I couldn't have made it without you. I've done it all in these three years: outcast, rock star, king, and one of the monthly highlights of the *Mountaineer*. High school is over. Onwards and upwards! Goodbye forever, Stroudsburg!

With love,  
Henry Schecker  
senior



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