When looking for safe and inexpensive child care, parents often rely on their oldest child to supervise their younger children. Many believe it is a necessary responsibility for teens. They become responsible, independent, and more mature. Even though these are good qualities to have, babysitting can start to become a burden. Some parents do not keep in mind the consequences it can bring to their kids. It can cause students to fall behind in school, disrupt the relationship between siblings, and limit teens when it comes to enjoying their free time.

Aida Bautista, a mother of four, has an oldest child who is 18 years old, Jenny, and the youngest is four months old, Danny.

She often uses her daughter as a babysitter when she is at work or running errands. “When I work, I wake up at 3:30 in the morning. I feed the baby and get ready for work because I have to clock in at five in the morning. I get out at 1:30 p.m., so I get home around two in the afternoon. When I get home I have to cook, take care of the baby, wait for my other kids to get home. When my kids go to school the baby stays with my husband.”

When asked about why she lets her eldest daughter care for the baby instead of a babysitter or daycare, she responded, “I'm scared of leaving the baby with people that I don't know. I know he is safe with my daughter. I trust her to be responsible enough to take care of him.”

Her daughter, Jenny, is a second mom for Danny.

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Caring for Baby Siblings
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At only 18, she has to wake up at 3:50 a.m. to care for her little brother until it's time for her to come to school. Not only does she have to worry about Danny, she has two other siblings to worry about. "I take care of him until eight in the morning. Then, I have to drop off my siblings at school. Since my dad works the night shift, he takes care of the baby from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., until my mom gets home. After school, I either have work or after school activities."

Jenny doesn't complain when it comes to watching over her siblings, she sees it as mandatory. Jenny states, "I don't mind watching over my siblings, but there are many things that I had to give up like sleep, and sometimes I feel it can become too much for me."

Like many teens who care for their younger siblings, Jenny often feels her own needs are not being met. "I had to give up a lot of sleep. It is difficult because you have all of these things you have to do and you feel like you don't have enough time. I can't go out the same because, even though it is not my child, I still have to take him into consideration. There are times my parents have to go out and I have to stay home to babysit." It is tough to take care of kids when teens repeatedly feel like kids themselves.

Pamela Garber, a therapist who works with adolescents regarding family issues and other life stressors, revels in an article titled "Role Reversal: Teens as Caregivers" that "often, the negative consequences, such as resentment and an overdeveloped sense of responsibility, are linked to other issues and problems."

For instance, "Teens might begin to exhibit negative behaviors because they feel their own needs are not being met." When teens begin to feel that their needs aren't being attended to, they can undergo phases of poor behavior.

Coming to an agreement as a family is the best way to find a balance when teens feel over pressured. In the same article mentioned above, Beth H. Garland, a licensed psychologist at Texas Children's Hospital, stated, "It is helpful for parents to make sure their teen has structured time that is strictly for him. Ideally, teens should be able to allocate time in their schedule for both school and social obligations. This will help them feel cared for and valued. Additionally, teens will have the opportunity to mature socially, so the peer disconnect will be limited."

The child and parent need to understand each other's necessities and come to an agreement that works for the two. If it is difficult to come to a compromise, it might be best to leave the younger children with actual babysitters or nannies.

Aida stated, "If I notice my children stressed out because of the baby, I will find a nanny for him. There is nothing I want more than my kids to be okay, not just physically, but also mentally."

No Homework Over Winter or Spring Breaks?

"As students taking rigorous AP and honors classes, we study, complete homework assignments, and learn on a day-to-day basis. Throughout the semester, we often are left with the struggle to find the time to spend with our families; in addition, we don't have much time to work on maintaining our strong mental health. Holidays are the events we use to make up for this lost time with family. Homework assigned over this holiday break deprives us students from maintaining our social interactions, which, according to the University of Michigan, is important because there is strong correlation between achievement and behavior. Jones College Prep and Lane Tech, as well as other schools, have a "No Homework during Holidays" policy set in place, as it benefits social emotional development and health.

Our mission as students is to put an end to assigned homework over the holidays. A student body will be meeting with administration to further discuss the possibility of implementing this policy."

—Jasmine Cevallos
**Whatchoo Had to Say about the November Issue**

**Bellydancing Gave Me Confidence:**

“A lot of teens hold their emotions in and Esperanza’s story shows how she used to do the same. Overall I think her story can help make teens to be encouraged to find a way to express themselves and find confidence like Esperanza did with belly dancing.”

— Oscar Perez

“Reading this helps us understand not to see ourselves based off someone else, but ourselves. Nobody is perfect and having flaws is what makes us uniquely beautiful to the persons that love us.”

— Julieta Trejo

"It made me look back into my own life and reflect upon it. The people that are around us can have a big impact in our life. We need to get away from negative people and find someone that truly appreciates us and builds us up instead of someone that can one day make us crumble."

— Jesus Sanchez

**Stigma Surrounding Mental Health**

“Many times, when we think of depression we have this stereotypical image of a teen ‘emo’ who listens to screamo and self harms; however this isn’t the case at all. Mental disorders can be found in anyone no matter their interests or social class.”

— Yamile Pacheco

"What really stood out for me in this article is the fact that when you tell your parents that you just don’t feel right, they shrug it off and say you’re just having a bad day."

— Angela Diaz

“Latino parents tend to shrug it off as if nothing when their children are voicing their emotions and / or when they seek treatment they feel as though they failed as parents when in reality, that is not the case.”

Lesly Ballesteros

**Hancock Students Inspired to Speak Up**

“I never realized how we had been put in a ‘box’ separated from others. This article makes me realize how many of us are unaware of the daily injustices we face and we need to start doing something about it.”

— Geovana DeLatorre

"The motivational speaker left the whole school thinking about his experience, and maybe even about similar situations they have faced. Many realized that people need to speak up when they want to see change.”

— Jocelyn Padilla

“After reading this article in the school’s newspaper I felt inspired, all over again. I remembered when we were called to the auditorium, everyone complained and were angry at the whole situation but as soon as we heard the speaker, there was a connection that everyone felt and understood.”

— Beatrice Vega

**Life after Hancock**

"A student has to occupy a sense of dedication and focus within their mind in order to reach their goals.”

— Froylan Castillo

“Griselda Guzman’s words about her experience made me think more about why so many people always say you should follow your passion but don’t think about the obstacles one has to face.”

— Dioceline Miranda

“Seeing that someone else accomplished something they feared they couldn’t do makes us realize that we should follow our passion and not give up due to the challenges we face.”

— Alondra Cervantes

Tell us whatchoo got to say about this issue. Give your response to your English teacher or Mr. Salazar in 201.
Hancock Goes to College

This fall, Hancock students traveled to colleges to get information and about their post-secondary options.

*Photos by Yearbook Staff*
More often than not, the first image that pops up when people think of sexual harassment is of a woman being bothered on the street, workplace, or even at school by a man. The sexual harassment of women has become a topic of conversation and debate—celebrities speaking out, media covering the issue. However, while the majority of sexual harassment cases reported are made by women, it’s important to remember that men can and have also been harassed by other men or women.

“Many people mistakenly believe that harassment is limited to females,” says Roberta Chinsky Matuson, a human resource expert in an NBC News article titled “Male Sexual Harassment Is Not a Joke.”

“The truth is that this type of experience is just as damaging to men,” the human resources experts says.

According to the University of Michigan’s Sexual Assault & Prevention Center, sexual harassment is defined as unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature.

For Ever Perez, a twenty-something Southwest side resident, sexual harassment came subtly, but these instances are the kind which are the most overlooked. He recalls the experience happening at a concert where an intoxicated girl “grabbed at [his] backside multiple times throughout the night and often tried to hold on to [him] even after [he] explicitly rejected her advances and contact.”

He says that while he tried to move away to avoid her without making any sort of scene, it kept happening, and even after he told her to stop, it took a while before she did.

The experience was even worse because of the fact that his girlfriend was there with him.

“She did witness what happened and the incident ended without the need for further confrontation, but she was very upset at the situation and many men would feel bad telling their significant other what happened because at best, she would be upset that they got harassed at all, and at worst she would be upset at the man because most sexual situations are viewed as consented by the man,” he shares.

“Keeping this in mind, if a man speaks out against sexual harassment he will be seen as someone to ridicule or ostracize for rejecting a woman’s advances because in many men’s eyes, that’s something to admire or boast about.”

The U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission’s (EEOC) 2012 Enforcement and Litigation Statistics shows that although the number of sexual harassment charges filed has decreased from 7,809 in 2011 to 7,571 in 2012, the percentage of charges filed by males has increased from 16.1% to 17.8%.

“Sexual harassment in men is viewed differently from women’s sexual harassment because sexual harassment cases for women dwarf the amount reported by men so that skews the significance in society’s view even though they should both be taken extremely seriously,” Perez chimes in.

A huge step in the right direction was 1998 Supreme Court ruling—recognition by the legal system of male-on-male harassment. The high court found in Oncale v. Sundowner Offshore Services that same-sex sexual harassment is a form of discrimination protected under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. However, the first ever court case involving sexual harassment of a man in the workplace was in 1995.

According to a New York Times article, the EEOC sued Domino’s Pizza after a female supervisor of a male store manager sexually harassed him and then fired him. The case went to trial in Tampa and the male manager was awarded $237,000 in damages.

Federal agencies such as the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) protect

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Male Harassment
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both men and women against sexual harassment and sexual assault in the workplace. Many labor experts say men are less likely than women to speak up about harassment for fear of being mocked by coworkers, and even fewer would risk reporting it publicly.

“Society also sees mens’ sexual harassment cases as less serious because men are typically viewed as the gender with the position of power and/or influence in most scenarios involving a man and a woman, so it is difficult to imagine a man as the victim,” Perez reflects.

While we still have a long way to go in recognizing sexual harassment happening within the male population, one of the biggest obstacles is the societal pressure on masculinity that bars males from reporting incidents. However, the amount of coverage of harassment in general has made strides and has encouraged all genders to speak up against their perpetrators.

Recently, actor Terry Crews filed a lawsuit against a powerful Hollywood agent for groping him at a party.

A Hancock Teen Starts Over after Parents Say “It’s Over.”
By Wendy Barajas Avilez

There I lay on the comforting green grass in Costa Mesa, California, slowly picking the bright yellow petals off of a delicate flower. A bird chirped in the distance and sang its song after swiftly landing and then sitting on the bottom branch of the pine tree that lay in front of me. I looked at the bird closely after it abruptly stopped its mesmerizing vocals, inspecting its feet and looking as if it was ready to harmonize once again, but it no longer sang; instead, it began to look frightened and suddenly moved uncontrollably. With every sudden opening of its sharp, dark yellow beak came a muffled shout. With every sudden flap of its wings came muffled voices, coming closer and closer, louder and louder, clearer and clearer.

The surrounding birds unhesitantly quickly took off towards the sunset without the bird in distress and didn’t look back. Moments later the sunset folded itself in two. No longer was there a light of hope in the darkness. No longer was there a bird in need on the branch. No longer were there the bright yellow traces of petals in my hands and alongside me on the floor. Instead there were furry feathers and a sharp beak attempting to nestle in my hands. It closed its eyes and drifted into a dream as I instead opened my eyes and flew out of mine. Muffled shouts became louder and louder as I stepped out of bed that morning.

That morning, I felt myself becoming more and more awake with every cautious step I took in attempt to try and find out what the matter was in the kitchen. The atmosphere didn’t feel like the loving nest I was raised in.

It was then when the pulls at the heart began. Never before have I seen such an amount of hatred shared between two people, and even less, the two being my very own

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mother and father. Their hurtful replies to one another’s different points of view bounced off of the walls of the room and back into my ears, building up in both magnitude and mass on my twelve-year-old shoulders.

The two people I loved most then traveled down a path I never would’ve imagined for them—the first punch made into the wall just barely hit my mother, and the chairs thrown at my father were directed at his chest. Broken plates and vases came to create a new white tile floor. Pots and pans became dented, and my heart, too, was on the ground not only as I watched as my parents tear each other apart, but as I also watched as my younger brothers crouching right behind me under the table, torn down. Stifled tears were present in my mother, my brothers and me.

Not knowing what to do or where to go and because we were too afraid, my two brothers and I stayed put and shared the moments of our family sharing the same room with one another for the very last time.

An empty closet was found the following morning. Not wanting to deal with anything else, I didn’t get up to prepare for the school day. My body did not cooperate with my agenda. As the pile of work that rested in my folders grew, I lost more and more hope in the idea of my family reuniting.

My brothers were just as upset in this situation as I was, locking themselves in their rooms, not eating, and barely sleeping. Not coming home to an embrace or a welcome from my father anymore became all I thought about in school.

Worried about him and the outcome for my family as a whole, my grades dropped dramatically. I was no longer a committed student; rather, I was a student who found herself in depression. My peers did what they could in order to try and avoid me because I was seen as “too unhappy,” and just “not as fun as you used to be.” I began to feel hopeless when the people that I thought would have my back when I needed them simply left me when I needed them the most, and they didn’t look back.

From that point on, I lost all sight of who I was. With a disconnected family, the reputation of a failure among my peers, and with no support, the darkness easily won the fight and took over my life.

Four months into this fight with myself, my mother moved us into a family-owned apartment where we rented one room for the four of us to live in, due to not having the money to keep living in the same house without my father’s support.

From there on, I came home to a room where a Spongebob bunk bed took up one-third of the total space available. The closet was overflowing with clothes, since the room was only meant for one to two people. There was only one small window included in the room, which helped preserve the smell that came with it. It wasn’t one you ran away from, but it wasn’t one you found comfortable with either. It was a smell that stained the smell of your clothes when they were folded on the shelf.

It was one that made you repeat the words, “This is my home,” and forced you to believe them because you didn’t have anywhere else to go. This constant losing battle in my family as a whole in continuing to try and go on with our normal lives in these living conditions while also trying to go on without the presence of a father figure in the lives of my brothers and me, and a supportive husband for my mother’s further tore us down.

On a foggy evening, I waited where I usually waited for my mother to pick me up from my after school program. The metal bench was cold against my skin, and that was when arose a bright yellow jacket from the fog. My mother, her head held up high, took my hand for the first time since her violent divorce, and brought me into an embrace—the same embrace my father would give me when I came home. Stepping into the car and turning on the car light, my mom revealed her tired, puffy, and barely awake eyes.

She pulled over after five minutes of driving in order to avoid a possible accident due to her sleep deprivation, and the moonlight slid on her forehead. The moon then seemed to illuminate itself right then—did it open in half?

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Starting Over

She looked through the window and asked me then, slowly, “What if we moved to Chicago?”

Her shiny eyes lit up the dark and they looked into mine, searching for an answer. It was then when I realized that it didn’t matter where I lived, and what I had to live with. If I have a family, I will always have a home.

I have learned that it is okay to not know yourself for a while, and that it is okay to leave all that you know behind for the chance of having better opportunities for ourselves and the people we care for.

The determination that was revealed amongst my family while we tried our best to handle our normal work lives during our times of depression and hardships proved to be taxing. It has shown me to be incredibly grateful for my home, my resources, and my family’s well-being. It is my responsibility to do what I can in order to better my family through my choices, and to be there for them—especially when they need me the most.

It’s my responsibility to pick the life-brightening petals of hope off of flowers that grow in amongst support and scatter them on the paths of my family when I find the chances to and stand alongside them. I will continue to support them in what they do as we fly off together towards the bright yellow sun.

Hancock Band Students Earn Spots in All-City Band

Congratulations to the following students from Mr. Catomer’s band classes for auditioning and being accepted in the CPS City Wide All-City Concert Band:

- Attzy Rodriguez - Oboe
- Jada Oliver - Clarinet
- Giselle Hernandez - Percussion
- Martin Olivares - Percussion

They rehearse every Saturday at Curie Metropolitan High School and will perform at Symphony Center in March 2018.