

The Philadelphian

Dear Readers,

My name is Nora Diffily-Kenney and this is my Me Magazine, "The Philadelphian." This magazine tells the stories of my passions, my happiest moments and some things at the end to keep you interested. The first thing you'll read about is my passion. Music. Music has always been super important to me and when asked to write a piece about passion, music came to my head almost immediately. The second thing you'll read about is one of my favorite memories. My Vignette. It goes into last Christmas, December 22nd 2021 and tells the story of that night. The night that I finally understood that everything really did happen for a reason. So again, when I heard the assignment, the topic came to my mind very quickly. The last thing you'll read in "The Philadelphian" is my extras. The things to keep you entertained all the way to the very end. I included some senior rescue opportunities for dogs and a cat. I have two rescue dogs and even though neither of them are seniors, finding forever homes for dogs and cats that people don't pay enough attention to is very important to me. I also included a restaurant review of Loco Pez. You'll have to read to the end to figure out what I think about it though. No spoilers here. Thank you so so much for reading this and choosing my magazine.

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Nora Diffily-Kenney

Class of 2026

Music

I've grown up with music my whole life. My Dad is the biggest rock nerd you will ever meet and



because of that, he's always filled our house with music. When I was a baby, he sang me "The Grateful Dead" and "The Beatles" to calm me down. Sometimes, he would be out for hours walking me around, singing to me. As of now, he has 1000+ records sitting in the cabinets we made just for him. When he walks the dogs he listens to music. When he's making dinner he listens to music. When he's folding laundry he listens to music. It's a constant thing. People always say

"you become your parents" and even as much as I don't want it to be true, I think he's rubbed off on me a little bit.

Now, I don't make or produce music, but I still think that listening and enjoying music is my passion. I love to talk about it and I love to share my music taste with other people. It's something that I never get tired of and to me, I would classify that as a passion. It's what makes me happy.

Some artists affect me differently. I like Steve Lacy's "Static" and "Bad Habit" because they both have deeper meanings than is surface level clear. I think it's fun to dissect the lyrics and find what the artist is really trying to say. I also love Taylor Swift's "the lakes" because like Lacy, the lyrics have a deeper meaning that is apparently clear. Her lyrics **always** have incredibly intricate and intense meanings.

In a lot of ways, the reason I love music so much is because it's one of the biggest ways I choose to express myself. What I'm feeling, what I'm doing, other things I feel passionate about. I use music as a voice sometimes. Even if that sounds kind of lame, I think there are a lot of people who use music as their only way of expressing themselves. People make it their entire job. It's the thing they love the most so they choose to pursue it. Right now, I don't see that in my future but that doesn't change my appreciation and deep attachment to music.

The other big reason I love music is because it's a big way I bond with my Dad. As an only child, my family is already pretty close, but music is just another reason for my Dad and I to connect. We listen to some of the same stuff and because he's also the biggest concert fan you'll ever meet, he was the person who brought me to my first ever concert experience. Something I think both me and him will remember for a long time. My Dad has a real job and all that, but music is his real passion. Always has been and always will be. Music is a huge part of both of our lives.



Having something that is that important to us in common is one of my favorite parts about me and My Dad's relationship. He is my biggest fan but he's also one of the people I admire the most. He's the reason I am so passionate and expressive about music.

The Days Before Christmas

Laughter. That's all that night was. Wednesday, December 22nd 2021. I remember the whole night. So carefree and euphoric. It was winter. Almost Christmas and the air outside was bitterly crisp but in a way, it felt nice. Practically setting the mood. As we walked home from the park, all the Christmas lights that hung from doorways, railings, and roofs shimmered brightly and there was a slight crunch of snow under our feet. Our sleds dragged behind us, making a line in the snow right next to our footprints. Our noses were a vibrant red and our hands felt like were gathering ice in real time. It was late. Almost 11:00pm. And even though my boots were full of ice cold water, my socks were soaked, and my hat was ripped, nothing else really mattered. I mean, I was cold, I was tired and I was hungry but I was having the time of my life and it was Christmas. The season for joy, and forgiveness and all that corny stuff you hear in a Christmas song.



When we got back to my house, we were greeted by steaming hot chocolate and warm faces. The house was dimly lit and there were twinkle lights covering every banister in sight. People were laughing and talking on every side of us. Sharing happy stories, triumphs of the past year. There was music drifting through the halls and smells of cookies and cake enchanting every nose to smell it. There was just a very obvious sense of joy filling the house. And of course, there was



Christina and I. Standing there, in our cold, wet clothes, feeling on top of the world. Once we went upstairs and changed into warm, fresh clothes, everything just felt that much better.

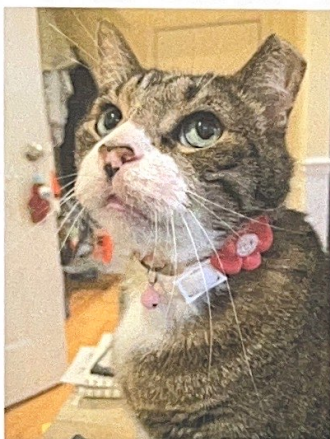
Soon, people started to grow weary and dispersed upstairs. And I realized, it was just us again. Just like how the night had started and now, just how it would end. With my best friend beside me.

After we had retired to my room and the lights were turned off, I started to think about how incredible of a night it had been. I went sledding with my best friend, had a Christmas party with lots of family and friends, and had some amazing food. I felt blissful. Like the Grinch, whose heart grew three sizes. And even though the snow had just stopped falling, signaling a final end to the night, I didn't

feel all that sad. I knew I'd had an incredible night and that's all that matters to me.

I had a feeling down in the pit of my stomach that I'd picked the right people and that everything had really happened for a reason. People always say that when they don't really mean it but it felt true right here in this moment.

This is Mickey and Patches. They are Brittany Spaniel Brothers. They are senior dogs (10 years of age) and need a forever home. They are both spayed and up to date with their vaccinations. They are both house trained, good with kids, and good with other dogs. Patches is “always smiling” and bouncing into everything. His brother Mickey is a lot more relaxed but just as sweet. They are both very well behaved and gentle. If you are interested in the duo, call 609-693-1990 or email office@ahsppz.org for an application.



This is Coco. She is a senior (10-13 years of age) Domestic Short Hair cat. She is spayed and her vaccinations are all up to date. She is house trained and good with kids. Before getting rescued, she hurt her foot but after having some minor surgery on it, everything is all healed up and she is ready for her forever home. She is a “friendly, gentle and low energy girl who loves nothing more than chin rubs, eating and sleeping.” If you are interested in Coco, call 267-507-5297 or email straycatrelieffund@gmail.com.

The West Philly Loco Pez looks nice on the outside but is the food really “all that?” I’ve heard a lot about Loco Pez over the years and have been to it many many times. I live down the street from it so I’m about to debunk some rumors and recommend some dishes.



There are several different times they serve. Brunch, Lunch and Dinner. For Dinner, Nachos are a delicious appetizer and a great way to start the meal off right. When we are getting ready to order your main course, I’d recommend the Carnitas. The slow roasted pork with cilantro and onion in a corn tortilla dish. I’ve had it a couple times and it never fails to disappoint. For Lunch, I’d recommend the Polo Tinga burrito because the way the Tinga chicken is cooked, it feels like it melts on your tongue. It’s absolutely divine. Lastly, for Brunch, I always go with the chicken and waffles. It’s a malted waffle with buttermilk chicken. It’s SO good. Loco Pez nails it by tying in the sweetness of breakfast and the saltiness of lunch.

Some people say that Loco Pez is bad or that it doesn’t always nail it with their dishes but I am here, a happy satisfied customer to debunk all those rumors and tell you that Loco Pez is delicious and I recommend it to everyone.

