



That's so,

SLEIGH

By: Analeigh "Leigh" Yancey



Dear readers,

Hi I'm Leigh :) Also the author, interviewer, researcher and designer for this magazine!
As you might know, this magazine is about me! It is an honor presenting you all with the first ever copy of Sleigh(not the one Santa rides). If you are intrigued by the title, good. It is just a play on my name Leigh (full name Analeigh). I wanted to name it Slay because this magazine is a slay but instead of the normal spelling I added my name because this is all about me (duh). This magazine has a lot of cool things in it (maybe my tears). Hopefully you enjoy looking at it, experiencing and taking in this masterpiece. I wanted to create my magazine with a bunch of different aesthetics. This magazine will include a Table of Contents, my vignette, True Happiness, my passion piece, Accepting My Escape and some fun extras. Also I am a small business owner so please excuse some of the more bizarre ads. We are on a tight budget and due time, I would ever be so grateful if you were to appreciate my hard work. Also I would like to give a special thank you to Fiona Shi, Tiffany Zhang, Riley McKenna, and Brooke Johnson for the support!



- Analeigh Yancey



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True Happiness

The School District of Philadelphia forever altered the way students applied to high school for the 2022-2023 school year. And due to my incredibly unfortunate luck, this was the year when I would apply to high school. I walked into the cold, air-conditioned classroom feeling confident, collected, and more prepared than I could ever be. All of my classmates told me that the prompts were almost ridiculously easy, and I was incredibly sure that I would pass with flying colors due to my love of creative writing. I thought it would be simple, but it was way outside my expectations.

My world crumbled and collapsed into a million tiny pieces right before my eyes. I stared unbelievably at my essay score which stared back coldly from the computer screen. For a moment, my computer screen felt brighter than my future. I could feel warm tears welling in my eyes, pushing at one another in an attempt to escape from my eye sockets. It took everything I had within myself to hold my composure together and not break down at that very moment. It was the hardest thing I've ever done.

I felt my body heat rising as if I had been placed on a burning stove. My vision blurred. When I saw my mom, she asked me what score I had received, and I stuttered out the response that I wanted to forget. She was worried about me, so she asked my English teacher to have a conversation with me, though I knew nothing of this request.

The anxiety that rushed through me when my teacher called me out of the lunch room is all too memorable. But when she told me what we were actually having a conversation about, that gut stirring feeling didn't leave. I didn't expect her advice to be memorable, let alone impact me. What I took away from what she told me is, your environment does not define you. It doesn't make sense to stress and worry about other people's perceptions of you because only you know who you are.

What she said changed my perspective entirely. I used to be way too worried about other people's perceptions of me, that I would present myself differently. I thought I

needed outside acceptance and approval to be content in myself. I discovered to be truly happy, you should be yourself. When I started to worry less about others I enjoyed myself more.

I tried to find which parts of me were made up because it had gotten so blurred together I didn't know which parts were me, or a persona I created. When I realized that I did this myself, I started to think about the characters or people in the stories I would read.

Now, I give credit to her and the words that helped me discover who I am today. Coming to Science Leadership Academy has made it clear that being around people with varying different views grows your perspective of the world.



- Arrows N' Tulips
- King
- Red Hot Bell Peppers

**ROCKN
ROLL**

Concert this
week!



It's gonna be
fire!



(wherever closest)





Some Things About ME

~ Birthday: June 27th 2008



~ Zodiac: Cancer 

~ Siblings: 2 sisters ^{28, 21}

~ Hobbies: Painting , Drawing

~ Sports: Volleyball , Basketball 

Fav Show: Anne with
an E

 under-rated 



Accepting My Escape

I grew up being around the creative processes, dance, art, music, especially fashion. I have seen many fashion shows when I was younger and constantly wished it was me strutting on the runway. I was attracted to the radiant and confident energy they exerted on the stage. I wanted to be seen as a confident person. I would constantly shy away from anything that wasn't "normal," or "appropriate." At night, once I made sure everyone was sleeping, I would carefully pick out an extravagant outfit to wear on stage. The stage of my imagination of course.

I would sneak into my older sister's room making sure to test every step on the ground before I place my full body weight on it. I would wear her sparkly heels so everyone in the audience would be blinded by my every step. At dead of night I would curl my hair to perform to millions, patiently waiting to watch their favorite singer-dancer-model put on a performance of a lifetime. Everyone adored me because I was fabulous. With no one to judge me, I would strut across my room, making sure to do every model pose I know. I would cross my arms, I would crouch down, I would twirl my curly pigtails. At the end of the performance I would pass out on my bed and fall into slumber like everyone else in the house.

Years later, when I was in middle school, I became more conscious of the people around me. An insecure, eleven year old Analeigh dressed as boringly as she could. I did not want anyone to comment about the way I presented myself. If I didn't want them to say anything about me, I gave them nothing to say. I was shy, kept to myself, and usually followed the shadows of my more expressive friends. When I lost all of them I had to become a new person. I had to become my real self and not an imitation.

Quarantine was when extreme changes to fashion happened. Instead of skinny jeans, the new normal was baggy, cargo or mom jeans. People started to go thrifting and give new life to old clothes. It gave me nostalgia to the times of when I would watch models in unique clothes completely radiant. I asked my mom if we could go thrifting and when I stepped into the store I could not put anything down. Odd styles of clothing



were more acceptable and I took full advantage of what an eight year old me would have wanted.

Wearing any clothes I feel like has made me feel more comfortable instead of being in a shell and hiding away from who I am. Being able to freely wear what I want everyday has made it easier for me to present however I'm feeling that day. Fashion was my escapism into a world where people loved who I was. It was a world where I was accepted because of my fashion. Fashion has taught me to find acceptance and approval within myself.

Music
Recs??

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