

Editorial Staff: Malec Jirari, Jordan Novak, Brandon Polomsky, and Tim Souza

Producer: Mrs. Meyer

Produced by OMS Newspaper Club...



Q4 2019

The OMS Press

Feature Teacher

Interview and Article by Jordan Novak & Malec Jirari & Elizabeth Woloszyn

Mrs. Waligora



Monitoring

Mrs. Waligora has been monitoring for 13 years at Orchard. She wanted to be a monitor because she wanted the same days off as her kids. Her favorite part about being here is us, the students/kids! She has enjoyed every day monitoring here, and hopes to keep on doing it.

Family

Mrs. Waligora has 3 kids, 3 grandchildren, 1 son-in-law, and a husband. Allison is her youngest child. She is 19 years old and graduating from high school, June 5 2019. She works at Pizza Hut and is going to Kent State. Her middle child is Wesley. He is 24 and a gamer. Her oldest, Miranda is 27 years old and is a social worker. She has been married to her husband Eric for 5 years. They have 3 kids. Miranda's oldest is Rachel, a junior at the high school. She is in lots of AP classes and is 17 years old. Miranda's middle one is Rayne who is currently 3 years old. Miranda's youngest is Ramsey who is 5 months old. Mrs. Waligora and her husband Bob, have been married for 28 years.

Mrs. Kleman



Teaching

This is Mrs. Kleman's 19th year teaching choir at Orchard Middle School. She loves teaching at Orchard because it's a lot of fun and she loves the kids. Her favorite part of teaching here is seeing the kids grow and how awesome they are.

Family

Her family is doing great, but very busy. She has 3 kids: Katherine (11 years old), Sarah (8 years old), and Joseph (4 years old). Her husband's name is Jerry Kleman.

Growing Up

Mrs. Kleman grew up in Stow, Ohio. She grew up with one brother who is 4 ½ years older than her. She was a very busy person. She did tap, jazz, ballet, pointe, played piano, oboe, flute and violin. She went to Capital University and Baldwin-Wallace University.

Peaking Our Interests

- She has many hobbies including crafting, knitting, crocheting, stamping, card making,

Growing Up

Mrs. Waligora grew up in Rochester, New York. She has one brother and one sister and they are both younger than her. Her mother was a Secretary in the highest rank. Mrs. Waligora wants to go to Tri C for college.

Peaking Our Interests

- Some of her hobbies are scrapbooking, making cards, boy scouts, and hiking.
- Her favorite animal is a Black Bear, because she loved helping out boy scouts.
- Her favorite book series is Harry Potter.
- If she had the opportunity to live anywhere, she would choose anywhere in Europe.
- If she had 100 million dollars, she would travel and donate to charity.
- If she had 1 superpower she would make everybody kind.
- If she could go back in time, she would finish her bachelors degree.
- Her least favorite things in the whole world are Roller Coasters.

and sewing.

- She conducts a singing group for adults
- She loves being outside and spending time with her family camping.
- Her favorite animal is a Koala.
- Her favorite book series is Harry Potter like Mrs. Waligora and she also loves the movies.
- If she could go anywhere in the world for vacation it would be New Zealand because it has been called the most beautiful place in the world.
- Her least favorite thing to do in the world is cleaning up messes.
- She had 3 jobs before she started teaching which were, McDonalds, KMart, and she taught private lessons for oboe and piano.

ASK AN APPLE Orchard's Advice Column

Dear Ask an Apple

I have witnessed people talking about (other) people (behind their backs). I have not done anything about it. I don't know what to do because they will get mad at me.

-Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

I understand how that can be frustrating. Now what you need to do is try not to spread whatever they were saying to other people so it turns into a huge rumor. Also I know it sounds wrong not to tell the person what other people were saying, but you shouldn't. Nothing good can come from telling the person what others were saying about them. If what was being said was really mean, it could hurt the person's feelings and it can also ruin their friendship with the other person. However, if you are talking with them and they start talking about someone

in a negative way, what you should do is don't contribute to the conversation or say something like "I don't think that" or "she's actually really nice". If the talking about the other person gets really bad, you should tell an adult (parent, teacher, counselor).

Sincerely,
Honeycrisp Apple

Dear Ask an Apple,

We took our spring pictures and when it was my turn I messed up alot. Everyone saw it and people were laughing. What should I do?

-Messed Up

Dear Messed Up,

I know how that can be very embarrassing (trust me, I have first-hand experience). What you can do is try not to think about the incident that much, and you know probably everyone's going to forget about it by the next day. No one's going to decide that you are a terrible or lame person just because of that one time you messed up your spring pictures. But, if everyone doesn't forget what happened, and it gets bad, just tell them you don't like how they make fun of you. Or just approach it like a joke and just keep on going and laugh with them. Sometimes it's easier if we can laugh at our own mistakes.

Sincerely,
Golden Ginger Apple

Dear Ask an Apple,

I stress way too much about state tests. Is there anyway that I can't?

Yours truly,
Appleboy319

Dear Appleboy319,

I know state tests can be VERY stressful, but one thing you can do is not think of it like a huge big test. Think of the state tests as just a regular test, and think of how all you can do is your best, and just answer all the questions the best you can! Remember that how you do on this test isn't a part of your grade. I know there's a lot of pressure to do well, but remember the test won't affect you as much as you think. Good luck!

Sincerely,
Honeycrisp and Ginger Gold Apples

Dear Ask an Apple,

My schedule is really messed up and I barely have time to do my homework. I really need help getting my schedule straightened out. Even though I have no signatures I am worried I will get one soon. I really need help getting my schedule straightened out.

-Worried

Dear Worried,

First and foremost, before we get to the advice, I want to make it clear that it is 100% OKAY to get a signature. Even the most amazing, awesome, and smart students WILL get a signature either in their fifth grade year, their sixth grade year, or most likely, BOTH!

I know how having a tight schedule can be stressful. What you should do is buy another agenda just for home. I know it sounds crazy but trust me it works! Write all the things that you are doing that day and the times, and then find the times when you are free and write the times when you can do your homework. Studies show that having a visual representation is much more effective than keeping it all in your head. But if you have no time for homework, you can always go in early in the morning to study hall. If you have something in the morning, you can always tell your teachers the day before and ask if you can do your homework in IR. I hope these suggestions help.

Sincerely,
Gala Apple

DO You want to Know How to Send your OWN Letter To Ask an Apple?

First the rules:

1. Do not spread rumors in your letter. This means don't state any information that is not true, or that includes an opinion.
2. When you are typing your letter, remember--there is always more than one side to a story.
3. Don't mention people's names

Now the Steps:

1. Think of your problem. Does it say bad things about others? Will it hurt other people's feelings? If not, you can move on to the next step.
2. Type your letter
3. Be sure to explain your problem, and to sign your letter with an anonymous name.
4. Send your email to askanapple1819@gmail.com, the password is freedvice56.
5. Check over your letter. Is your name and other's anonymous? This means you cannot use real names. You can use fake names like Apple Pie. Is this material school appropriate? If so, you can move on to the next step.
6. Send it to our Ask an Apple email
7. You will get your answer in the Orchard news paper.

! KEEP IN MIND !

Only a limited number of letters are chosen each time. We will randomly select letters. *Your letter will not be selected if it does not follow all the rules of the advice column and the rules of Orchard.*

Fictional Writing

Midnight Dog

By Nora Bao

Part 1

Adam crouched down low and crawled out of his house. He leapt onto a tree and crawled up, hoping he wouldn't get noticed.

It was unusual for a dog to be able to climb a tree without falling down or making a loud noise.

Suddenly, there was a noise.

Adam stopped. After a few seconds, he turned his head quickly, but there was no one there. He continued climbing the tree.

"BOO!"

Adam fell out of the tree.

"Ha! Scared you!" Zervia shouted, laughing loudly.

"Hey, that hurt!" Adam growled angrily at Zervia. "Also, I didn't shout 'ah' or anything like that when you tried to scare me. That means you didn't scare me!"

"Yes I did!" argued Zervia. "You fell off the tree!"

Adam stood up, his legs feeling sore from falling out of the tree. He chased Zervia and she ran away quickly. Adam wasn't faster than her, but he kept running until he ran into a tree.

"OUCH!" Now Adam's face also hurt. He wasn't very good at running in the dark.

Adam looked around for Zervia. *She probably went back to her home.* Adam thought as he walked away.

Then, Adam felt something go through him. It felt like a ghost.

Zervia was right in front of him. Adam started wondering if she was just playing a trick on him or if Zervia was actually a ghost.

"Zervia, stop it," Adam said. "I know what you're doing."

"No you don't," Zervia replied

Then, Zervia ran off. Adam just stood there.

"Probably playing a trick on me by pretending to be a ghost," Adam muttered to himself. He walked away, taking one last look behind to see if Zervia was still there or not.

The next day, Adam woke up like it was a perfectly normal day. He walked outside to see his friends. His friends, James and Mia, were already there.

"So, ummm..." Adam didn't know what to say. "So, do you know who Zervia is?"

"No," James and Mia replied at the same time.

“Um, small dog with wavy black fur and-” he began.

“Actually, yes, I think so,” James said. “Why are we talking about Zervia?”

“Hey, let’s go to the park.” Mia said, pulling James’ fur.

James rolled his eyes and followed her. Adam decided to tag along.

Once they got there, Mia ran over to some random cat Adam didn’t recognize. The cat looked at her and said something Adam couldn’t hear.

After their one-minute conversation, Mia and the cat finally ran over to the other two, who were just sitting there.

“Hey, guys! Meet Arri!” she said in her happy, energetic voice. “I met her when I was-”

“Hey there,” Arri said uninterestedly. “Mia, you really do not have to tell everyone when we met. That is unnecessary information.”

While Arri and Mia were talking about things that Adam didn’t really care much about, Adam spotted something purple, that looked very strange. It could’ve been a flower, but Adam didn’t think it was a flower.

“Hey guys, what’s that purple thing over there?” Adam asked the others.

“What purple thing?” James asked, looking around.

“Over there!” Adam pointed to the strange purple circle. James still couldn’t see anything.

“FINE, I’m going to find out!” Adam ran off to see what the unusual thing was.

James, Mia, and Arri followed him.

Suddenly, he fell into absolutely nothing. Adam wondered why he was falling down at a place he probably shouldn’t be. Before he could start thinking of why he was falling, he fell headfirst into the soft ground. It was soft, but his face hurt from falling from a high place.

Adam looked around, expecting that he was the only one there, but Mia, James, and Arri were all there.

“What just happened?” Arri asked. “I’m going to be so mad if you randomly teleported me to some random place,” Arri hissed

“Calm down, cat,” James said. “We don’t even know where we are.”

“Unless Adam has some secret place that he wants to show us by making us fall flat on our faces,” Mia growled. “Wow, Adam, I really appreciate that.”

“I didn’t!” Adam yelled. He tried not to get mad. “Guys there’s a tree over there, let’s go climb it.” He walked toward the tree and was about to climb it.

“Hey, you’re not going anywhere, tree climber!” Mia growled, pulling on his tail. “Let’s follow James and Arri over there.” Mia pointed to the other two.

Adam tried not to roll his eyes. He decided it was best not to remind Mia that Arri is a cat and cats can climb trees. He followed the others. He was planning to split up with him and have Arri going one way and James and Mia going the other way. Of course, he didn’t want to argue with Mia again, so he followed the others.

They walked such a long way that Adam’s legs started getting sore. Surprisingly, Mia didn’t complain about it, but Adam was very close to complaining about how tired he was. The place was very empty. There was nothing but the floors and walls.

They found a doorway and walked in. James hadn’t spoken in a long time.

“Hey guys, should we-,” James started.

“HI-YAH!” They all heard a voice and someone jumped out and kicked Adam in the face. Adam expected to be lying on the ground in pain, but he didn’t feel anything when he was “kicked” in the face. He was very confused.

“Umm, what just happened?” Arri asked

“Hey guys, did you miss me?” asked Zervia

James, Mia, and Adam shouted, “AH!” while Arri stood there in confusion. Arri looked at Zervia, who looked like a ghost. “I don’t even know who you are.” she said.

“No one was asking you!” Zervia walked past Arri and said hello to the other three like it was a normal day that didn’t have teleporting to some random place or having a ghost dog with you.

“SERIOUSLY, ZERVIA!” Mia barked into Zervia’s face. “WE GET STUCK IN SOME RANDOM PLACE AND YOU LOOK LIKE A GHOST, AND YOU’RE ACTING LIKE IT IS A NORMAL DAY.”

“Well, there is absolutely nothing wrong with this place and there is nothing wrong with me,” Zervia said calmly.

Adam walked away quietly. He looked at James. James was silently watching the others argue. Adam tapped him on the shoulder and James looked back. Adam pointed to a direction that he was planning to go. James nodded and followed him.

The two kept walking until they found a door.

“Hopefully we don’t run into more ghost dogs,” Adam said.

“Now that you just said that, we probably will run into more ghosts,” James said, looking a little annoyed.

“Whatever, I’ll just go, already!” Adam stepped closer to the door and without thinking first, he opened the door.

Inside was a bed, a carpet, a drawer, a shelf, and a chandelier. It looked like a normal room, but at the same time, it didn’t look normal. Then, Adam noticed there was also a tree.

Adam climbed up the tree. He hadn’t done it for a long time. Last time he TRIED to climb up a tree, but Mia interrupted him.

Adam climbed half way up the tree, but didn’t go any farther.

“BOO!” screamed a voice Adam couldn’t recognize.

Adam fell out. “Oh my gosh, enough with the ‘boos’!” Adam cried.

“Hey, um, I think we have a problem here,” James said pointing at the tree.

On the tree sat another dog. She was a medium sized dog with long, wavy fur. Like Zervia, she was transparent like a ghost.

“Uh, hi there?” Adam took a step back from the dog. “Ummm... Uh, do you know why we’re here? Does Zervia know anything? If you know Zervia...uh-”

“I am Lillie,” said the dog in an I’m-not-going-to-hurt-you voice. “Yes, I do know who Zervia is. She did not tell me anything about random non-transparent dogs though.”

“We’re not ghosts, you know,” Adam said.

“Um, we just got here and I don’t know how,” James told Lily.

“Why? Did you end up here from going near something?” Lily said a little more aggressively. “Did you not learn anything?”

“What are you trying to say?” Adam said.

“Seriously!” James gave him a look. “‘Did you not’ is the same as ‘didn’t’, idiot!”

“Ooooooh! Oops,” Adam always used less syllables. He felt stupid for not knowing.

Lily just looked at them. Then, flames came out of her, and she growled at the other two. Other ghost dogs came out and they growled. They chased after them and when Arri and Mia opened the door, they too began running, now, away from the ghost dogs. Zervia, who was nowhere to be found, was the only ghost dog who wasn’t chasing after them.

One of the ghost dogs leapt toward Adam and looked like he was going to bite him, but Adam dodged him.

“Oh no! We’re going to get kiiiiilled!!!” Arri ran around, crazily.

“No we aren’t!” James said. “We will survive! At least I think we-”

One of the ghost dogs, one that looked like she was a golden retriever, except it was hard to tell since she was transparent, sparkly light blue color, bit onto James’ tail and James screamed “OUCH!” He shook the dog off him, and the dog slid on the ground on her feet.

“Ok, what you said about us getting killed might be true,” James backed away from the dogs.

Adam bit into one of the dogs, but it failed since the dogs were transparent everywhere except for their teeth.

“So... I guess we’re running?” James asked the others, nodding at his own question.

All the ghost dogs were already ready to chase them. Adam and the others didn’t move like they had agreed to.

Adam flinched at the sight of the small golden retriever leaping towards them.

“STOP!” Zervia ran into the middle of them, causing the small golden retriever to miss them and fall down.

Everyone’s eyes were now turned to Zervia. Everyone had to stop what they were doing.

Part 2

At first, everyone was just awkwardly staring at Zervia, but Cheynlurr decided to speak.

“What was that for!?” Cherynurr barks.

“You shouldn’t attack them! At least not right now,” Zervia says. “I know these other dogs here, so don’t do anything and let’s just try to cooperate with each other.”

Vaelurius walked toward the other dogs. “Yeah, maybe we should try to get along with them.” He turned to the other dogs. “So, uh... hi?” he said, trying to spark a conversation.

“Now may I ask, why are a bunch of ghost dogs trying to attack us with their doggy powers and their non-ghost teeth in some random empty place?” asked the small Border Collie. “OOPS. I already asked before you could say yes.”

Vaelurius heard the sarcasm in his voice.

“Alright, Mr. Sarcasm!” Alex says loudly and even more sarcastically. “HI, NICE TO MEET YOU, I’M ALEX AND THESE ARE SOLSTAR, LUNARMOON, MAVVIONNE, LILY, XEGUARNIA...uhhh... a bunch of other dogs. I’m not going to sit around and name all of us.”

“Alright, Alex,” says the Border Collie. “I’m Adam, and these are Mia, James, and Arri.”

“Strange how you didn’t include my name when making that tiny list, even though I just spoke before you did and you should have noticed,” Vaelurius whispers loudly at Alex.

"I thought you already introduced yourself!" Alex complains.

"I obviously did not!" Vaelurius makes a you-are-such-an-idiot face at him.

"And you said Mavvion's name, but included me in the 'bunch of other dogs' instead!"

Mavvielle looks like she was about to punch Alex.

"You know I can't really include all 75 of us," Alex says defensively.

"Well you could have said, 'I'm Alex and these are my friends!'" Mavvielle barks back.

"Let's just get this thing over with," Rose says, rolling her eyes. "Everyone wants you to stop being annoying, ALEX," she put extra emphasis on the name. Everyone could hear the sarcasm in her voice, but she always sounds sarcastic.

Everyone decided to be quiet. Zervia leaded all the ghost dogs back to the room. The other dogs were surprisingly silent. They were just standing there and looking at each other. Vaelurius walked faster to catch up with everyone.

"Stay over here," Zervia growls once everyone gets in the room. "Vaelurius and Rose, make sure no one decides to go out of the room."

"What about meeee?" Alex asks in a whiney voice. Zervia ignores him and slams the door.

"Enough, Alex," Solstar says. "You're probably the most immature ghost dog here by far."

"Uh..." Lunarmoon, Solstar's older sister walks to Solstar. "If Alex is the most immature ghost dog here, you're the second most immature here."

"Whaaat?!" Solstar complains in the same tone Alex had used. "No I'm nooot!"

"Are you going to stop talking, Solstar?" Cheynlurr says rudely.

"Stop it, Cheynlurr," Vaelurius says. He already knew how rude Cheynlurr was. "I think I can handle this in a less harsh way."

In the room, they decide to mess around. Zervia hadn't told them what to do and they probably wouldn't even do what Zervia told them to do if they were told to do anything. Vaelurius knew that he and maybe 2 or 3 others would be the only ones who follow the directions. Not even Rose would listen to what Zervia told them to do while Zervia isn't there and Zervia trusts her the most.

Zervia is that one dog who runs all over the place. She's always like, "I'm gonna go somewhere, you guys stay over here. Don't cause any trouble." But every once in a while they mess around and cause trouble, but it isn't like Zervia is the boss of them or anything.

Zervia finally comes back. "Hey guys, uh, I think we have a problem here," she says. "I'm trying to help those three get back to where they came from. I can do it, but they can't do that for some reason."

"Cause they're not smart," Cheynlurr boredly says while reading a book.

"Cheynlurr!" Vaelurius scolds loudly. "Be nice to other dogs."

"First of all, they aren't even here right now, unless they're eavesdropping on us, which I FEEL like they're doing. And second of all, you aren't the boss of me, so YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED," she barked back.

"Okay, okay, you don't need to be so mean," Vaelurius says nervously.

Then, Alex, Mia, and James hear it and step into the room, meaning they actually were eavesdropping on the conversation and what Cheynlurr had said.

They stare awkwardly at each other before Mia interrupts the silence.

"Um, sorry, did I hear this clearly?" Mia sounded like one of those people who try to act really smart. "I'm not sure if being a normal dog and being able to do normal dog things doesn't stink more than being some colorless ghost who haunts people."

"We don't haunt people..." Rose snorts, finding it funny. At the same time, Vaelurius is trying not to get himself in trouble as he hides behind the other ghost dogs, not exactly working, since they are a little bit transparent and he is also one of the ghost dogs the three normal dogs might actually remember.

"Hey, you. Are you trying to get out of this situation?" One of the dogs calls out.

Lucky for Vaelurius, Xeguarnia help him. "Why is this one particular dog so important to this situation? He's just another of the 75 ghost dogs."

"Ok, whatever," The dog named Adam rolls his eyes. "We just need to find a way to get out of this place, plus it isn't even me who told him to that, it was Mia who wanted to act rude." He ignores Mia's glare that is trying to say, "Stop framing me!"

Just then, Vaelurius saw the door open and everyone stops what they are doing all of a sudden. There at the door is Leonor.

"Um, what are YOU doing here?" Rose snorts as Vaelurius tries hard to keep her quiet. "I thought you said you were going to go haunt other dogs in the normal dog world, like a few hours ago!"

"Well, looks like I'm back." Leonor says, walking into the room casually.

"What are you doing here? We're busy!" Cheynlurr growls.

"Uh, and what are those boring things doing here?" Leonor asks.

"So, uh, they are just minding their own business after I went to haunt them and they went to the park and stuff. Then Adam was being ABSENT MINDED and saw some portal thing. He didn't know what it was so he went in and dragged the other two with him.

And then-" Zervia is interrupted by Adam.

"Um, I'm not ABSENT MINDED?" Vaelurius states.

"Chill, it's a joke," Zervia says, rolling her eyes.

Adam turns to Leonor to explain to him. "My friends and I kind of got into this portal and now we don't know how to get out."

"Oh, I know how you can get out," Leonor says, flipping a book somehow with his transparent ghost paws. "It says here that ghost dogs are able to immediately teleport to the real world, but if a normal dog gets stuck and needs to get out, they need to kill this monster who is guarding a locked gate and find the key to open it that leads to another portal that teleports you to the real world."

"UUUUH TOO MUCH WOOOORK!" Mia groaned loudly.

"We're literally just doing two things" Vaelurius points out. "Come on guys, you need to get out of here, so if you're going to be lazy, you can stay here forever."

Vaelurius leads them out the door. Rose and Zervia come along as well. They walk into the hallways, trying to find which hallway has the monster in it. Leonor says the monster is called a Gawher, which Vaelurius thinks is a very unfitting and dumb name for a monster. It is for them to find it since the ghost dogs themselves don't even know where this place is. Vaelurius sees

something shiny on the ground, but he figures it would be a waste of time, so he ignores it and hurries along to catch up to the others.

They find this door and they decide that it could be the door leading to the monster.

“So the monster has five heads and looks like a dragon,” Rose describes to them. “It has large wings that are probably bigger than itself, sort of like bats. Also, its tail has fur at the tip of it. There is fur in many places like around its neck and it is colored a dark purple and and red with-”

“That’s got to be the dumbest color combination ever!” Mia interrupted.

Rose cleared her throat. “It is dark purple and red with many spikes on its back. We need to prepare incase the monster is actually here.”

They open the door. They don’t find anything in it except for a bat, some sticks, a computer, and a violin case.

“Cool! I’ll smash the monster with this violin case and BOOM! we’re done and we can leave this ugly, dreadful place that’s filled with a bunch of creepy ghost dogs!” Adam shouts.

Zervia gives him a look that tells Adam that she is also one of the ghost dogs.

Adam shrugs nervously. “Um-uuuh... uh, except for Zervia! Zervia isn’t creepy!”

Mia rolls her eyes while James gives him a look that says, “you’re embarrassing me”. They decide to ignore it and they take a few of the sticks. They all know a few sticks, a bat, a computer, and a violin case won’t do anything to the dragon, but at least the ghost dogs have powers, so they just take what they could.

As they all found another door, Vaelurius tells them, “Okay, just incase the monster is in here, we need to prepare.” Vaelurius has already forgotten what the monster’s name is and the description of the monster that Rose described for them. He decides to pretend like he knows.

They open the door and they see something they never expected. Lying on the floor, sleeping, is a small dragon with huge wings that are the size of itself.

“Uh, is this a joke to you?” Mia stares awkwardly at the small dragon. “Let’s just attack it already, it’s simple!”

Adam grabs the violin case and tries to use it to attack the dragon. Instead of breaking the dragon’s skull, the violin case splinters.

“What is this?!” Adam yells loudly, surprisingly not waking the dragon up with his volume. “The violin case breaks instead?!”

Zervia, Rose, and Vaelurius try to attack the dragon with their ghost powers, but the dragon keeps bringing a shield around it. The dragon has really good defense, which is incredibly frustrating for them all. Suddenly, Vaelurius realizes something.

“OOOOOH, we’re all just being dumb.” Vaelurius suddenly feels stupid. “Look, the door’s right in front of us, but we’re still trying to kill this small thing.”

Everyone else just stares at him, having a lot of awkward silence. Suddenly, everyone starts murmuring “oooooh” or “why didn’t we realize that?”

“Let’s open the door.” Vaelurius and the others walk toward the door. James pulls on the door aggressively, but the door doesn’t open a bit. They see that there is a lock.

“We need to find the key!” Vaelurius stops for a moment, realizing something. “The shiny thing I found was the key! I need to go get it, if I remember where it was, I’ll be right back!” He runs off while the others are confused about what Vaelurius is trying to say.

Vaelurius reaches the hallways. He walks down the hallways, trying to remember where the key was. He reaches one of the hallways and stops, confident that the key is somewhere in this hallway. He keeps looking, but a shiny object catches his eyes. He runs toward it and kneels down to see what it is. It is the key! Vaelurius grabs it and quickly runs off to go back to the room the dragon is in. Zervia takes the key and aggressively turns the key in the lock.

Zervia struggles to open the door. Suddenly, the dragon awakens and is charging towards the dogs.

“Hurry up, PULL!” Vaelurius pulls along with Zervia and the door opens. They run into the door and slam the door hard. They are finally back in the normal world. Luckily, no one is around to see them panting hard.

The dogs say goodbye to each other and Vaelurius and the other ghost dogs return to their world.

Destiny

By: Julia Wang and Angela Sun

The waves hit the shore of the harbor, then blend into the Boston skyline. A churn of waves fill my ears and the breeze catches my hair as I turn toward Boylston Street, on my way to work. Freedom rushes over me as I breathe in the Boston air. I’m finally on my own.

The sun suddenly melts and rain starts to drizzle. My pace turns from calm to running. I hurry to the library before the rain can drown me out. Indy barks and I start to become worried. I run as fast as I can and I make it just in time before the library door shuts. I take one last glimpse behind me and I see the silhouette of a man dashing with something odd in his hand.

“Hurry up!” shouts the librarian.

I take one last glimpse, but he's gone, and I scurry into the library with Indy. Everyone starts muttering about the unexpected weather, but before I can take another step something clicks.

The power’s out.

“This is going to be a bad one,” the librarian mumbles.

Everyone huddles together in the center room. Outside the wind howls and screeches. Lightning flashes and someone beside me is saying prayers underneath their breath.

The storm seems to last hours, and as we all huddle together in the dark, I wonder about the man I saw earlier. Did he make it out of the storm? Or was he trapped out there? And what was he holding? I sigh, knowing that there was no way I could know. Indy senses my distress and comes over rubbing up against my legs.

A couple minutes later the storm stops. The librarian flips the power switch and the lights turn on. On a nearby table there's a stack of old newspapers. The headlines say,

Notorious "RAPTOR" Back at Jail

Child Abuser 2001

I shiver, remembering the day I turned 8. The day my mom let the so called "Raptor" into our house. And even though she knew he had a criminal record, he seemed too nice to actually be bad.

So mom fell for him. Soon after she married him, she died from a heart attack.

My biological father had died in a car accident before I was born, so the "Raptor" was the only family member I had.

Every day I sat inside my closet. One meal a day. Every day he came home drunk. After 9 years of abuse, I finally went to college and turned him over to the authorities.

My eyes stare into the newspaper and the words squished together. Before I can think of anything else the librarian taps me on the shoulder. "If you're interested in the "Raptor", there's actually a book he wrote a few years ago when he was in jail."

"Oh really?" I ask.

As the words sink in, my eyes widen and freeze and I quickly say, "What is it called!?"

"Well it's actually quite an unusual name for the story, but it's called Time Changer. And let's just say it is quite hard to find. It's a fictional story, but he contradicted and said it *has* to be in the nonfiction section. His last name is not to be said, so we just put it in the R section."

I think in my head. *That's wrong, his full name was Remurd Mood. Why would he put it in the R section when the whole world knows that its Mood not Raptor?*

Then I say out loud, "I'll go look then."

I walk up the spiral staircase, looming into darkness that soon turns into laughter and chattering. I scan the R section looking for the book he had described. "Time Changer," I mumble, "Time Changer."

After a few minutes I finally find the book. The binding looks brand new; untouched. The gold letters spiral down the spine indenting the book in two words; Time Changer. I slide the book out and the name of Remurd Mood appears. I grab the book by the "Raptor" and check it out.

The librarian looks at me closely and says, "So you've decided to read this book I see. You're the first one *ever*. This is the first and only copy of the book. Most likely the original. "

The moment I flip open the cover, my head starts spinning. My eyes go blurry, and my mouth gurgles with irritation. I black out, and 1 minute later I wake up freezing. *What is happening? It wasn't cold before!*

I stand up and peer out the window. All around Boston I see snow. *When did it start snowing? It was raining and shining a minute ago!*

I look at the clock. *Did the time just change?*

I look around to see people all bundled up in mittens and scarves and I realize that I'm freezing. She looks at me with concern while I shiver. I grab the book, and Indy and I run out of the library. I run home panicking and sweating, plowing through the snow like it's nothing. I can't go to work today!

At home, I begin to look at the book, not sure if this is really what I want to do. The first few pages tell about Remurd's life. He was born and raised in New Orleans, Louisiana. He described his experiences in jail for driving while drunk, taking drugs, and robbery, and how much he wanted to get out. The book describes his time with my mom, he describes her as "the light to my darkness"; the one person who could change him. He talks about how my mom left him with a spoiled brat of a kid. He describes his anger from when I turned him in.

I turn to the first chapter and my eyes focus on the page. It says, *"I am on the run from the Raptor, the one who purposely abused me."*

My eyes widen and my hands start to shake. I scream and somehow I know that the next few days will not go well. I search up Remurd Mood's release date from jail. *"Remurd Mood, also known as the Raptor, will be released Friday, June 13."*

That's tomorrow! I panic.

I walk around pacing the room. *Calm down Klaire. Use your brain. I doubt he knows where I live now. Oh why didn't I move sooner!?* I think to myself. I could have moved as soon as I got out of college. But my heart was stuck in Boston. I open the book again and look at the next sentence. *I was free from him for years.* Thoughts keep racing through my head for hours and hours. My heart beats rapidly. I am likely just hallucinating. Probably.

I look at the time and start to realize that I stayed up the whole night. I realize that I need to go to work today so I hurry to put on my shoes. A new book will be published today. As one of the lead publishing managers, I need to be there.

I give Indy some food and water, and run out the door. I run down the apartment stairs, grab my bike, and start pedaling. I pass the library again, and remembering the dark silhouette makes me shudder.

A few minutes later I arrive at work. I run inside. Everyone else is already there. I am there just in time for the first book to run through the machine. I hurry to the machine as it starts to proceed, and then another manager starts to speak, “Now welcoming the book... Time Changer!”

I feel my face drowning, turning white. “Why didn’t I know about this book before?!” I ask.

Everyone starts to stare at me, and I back out of the room. My heart starts pounding. *How could this have happened without me noticing! What is happening?! I thought there was only one copy!*

I decide to take deep breaths and begin to read the book. I plead inside of me that this is all fake. My eyes are forced onto the page with doubt. The pages are exactly the same as the ones I read not long ago in my apartment. I walk over to the editor and ask, “Why didn’t I know about this book?”

He turns to stare at me. “What do you mean? We told you we were publishing this weeks ago.”

What? How did I not notice? Was it the time change? I storm out of the room, pacing back and forth. I try to flip to the back of the book, but the it doesn’t budge. Yet I see other people able to flip it. I decide to just read the beginning again. *“I was on the run from the Raptor, the one who purposely abused me. I was free from him for years, yet time was coming where I would be tortured again. And it was 3:00 p.m when it all started. The horror.”*

I look at the clock and it is exactly 3:00 p.m. My heart jumps and then a siren goes off. Everyone is screaming.

At this moment, I realize the book is my prophecy, and the only way for it to end is to live through it.

A Cat and a “Purse”

Part Four-Ivy

By Ashley Rhee

Previously, in “A Cat and a “Purse”, after 15 years, Hershey, everybody’s favorite “Purse” Cat, has escaped from his fat brother Cosmo’s alien planet Food on Food. He has been invited to Earth by the leader of the P.M.G. (or Purse Must Go Association), Alona, to help fight a new rival and redeem himself of his past crimes. He comes face-to-face with this “Menace” in an abandoned house, only to find that his brother Cosmo has been falsely accused, and the real Menace is within the P.M.G. One of the members, Minnie, has revealed herself as Ivy, an intergalactic supervillain, and Hershey (with the help of the P.M.G.) is chasing after her to avenge his brother’s now-exploded planet.

I inhaled the fresh air, winded from running so far. Alona had promised that we could catch Ivy together, and we would... after a long breather with my purses, of course.

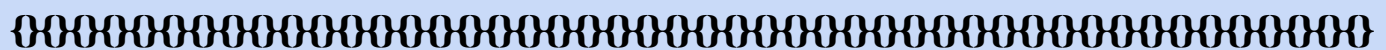
The sky above us went dark. I looked up. Cosmo, in a private Food on Food rocket, was hovering over us.

“What are you waiting for? Come on, guys, let’s catch her!”

Then, an idea formed in my head.

“Hey, wait a second! We can’t do this alone, no matter how hard we try! We have to assemble a team! I think we have everybody we need... except for one...”

I ran off, purses in tow, leaving the breathless P.M.G. behind.



The old house was rickety and almost ripped off of its foundation from the burden of holding in all of Cosmo's weight. The young girl, who had lived in the house (and had previously asked me to take her gerbils to the pet shelter) was still there, crying out to her parents, who were not there.

“Bingo,” I whispered under my breath.

“Umm, hello again?” I said softly. This might get awkward.

The girl looked up. Her eyes were red, and her face was tear-stained from crying. “Hershey? Is that you? Why did you come back?”

“What’s your name? I - sorry, my team and I - need your communication skills.”

The girl sniffled. “My name is Charise. What are those?” she asked, pointing to the purses.

“They are the purses. My best friends.” I wanted to comment, “*My only friends,*” but that would be a little bit snooty, seeing that she obviously had the same problem (not to mention more - she had nowhere to live now!).

“Oh. My mom heard about those - they attacked Earth 3 years before I was born.”

**I was insulted beyond borders. WHAT? My purses did not attack Earth!
“They didn’t attack... you know what, never mind. Do you want to come with me or not?” I asked, a little frustrated.**

Charise paused for a moment. “Yes,” she finally decided. She and I walked back through the center of the ravaged town towards the P.M.G. and Cosmo’s rocket.

When we came to where the P.M.G. and Cosmo were waiting, Charise gasped. “The P.M.G.?? You’re here? OMG, I’m like, your biggest fan!!” She ran toward Alona and Carla. “Can I have your autograph?”

Mandy half - smiled. “Sorry, I didn’t catch your name?”

“Charise Walker. You’re Mandy, I presume?” she replied.

Mandy reared back, a little surprised. “You... know who I am?”

Charise nodded proudly. “You are the seventh - most famous person in the universe, and the adult EVERYONE wanted to be when they grew up in my old middle school!” Mandy grinned widely and nodded. “That’s neat,” she said, but her big smile revealed it all - she obviously wasn’t very popular in middle school, and this was comeback.

“This is all very lovely and all, but we have work to do,” the now - fully recharged Alona put in.

“Yeah,” Carla added, “Ivy’s probably in the next solar system already. We need to catch up!”

“Hershey? You have bright ideas. You can be the purse - man and the ideas man on this mission. What should we do?” Alona asked.

I thought about this for a while. AHA! A very big idea had formed!
“Listen up! I have an idea! Why don’t we use the rocket ship from the P.M.G.’s very first mission to get up and out of the Earth’s atmosphere!”

Just a spoiler alert, in the P.M.G.'s first mission (15 years ago), Alona, Carla, and Mandy built a rocket ship to return Hershey's original purse to Litter Box, Uranus. Minnie (before she went rogue) and Ben programmed it to last in a hostile environment, like outer space.

Alona grinned. “That’s a good idea, Hershey! Ben, is the original programming still intact?”

Ben checked a data spreadsheet. “I don’t think so, but it was a good idea. Any more ideas, gang?”

Carla frowned. “Back to square one... Cosmo, how much fuel is left in your engine?”

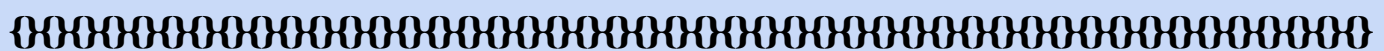
Cosmo disappeared into the back of his rocket. A second later, his face popped out of the rocket's peephole. "I'm around three - quarters full, why?"

Alona beamed. “Perfect! Team, let’s roll out!”

We all loaded into Cosmo's personal rocket. There was more than enough room, because Cosmo's Food on Food rockets were expandable to fit his endless fat layers.

Alona was leader. Carla was assistant tech girl and commander. Mandy and Charise were communicators/translators. I was the purse commander and the ideas man. Cosmo was the smasher (literally, he could smash anything with the layers of blubber he had stored up!), and Ben was the head tech manager. The purses were the army. Together, we would capture and turn in Ivy!

The rocket ship blasted off. Carla yelled, “AW, YEAH!!” and we were screaming into the endless void known as space once more.



A few hours later...

I was bathing my purses. I didn't want to be known as an intergalactic person - harasser anymore. I looked around as the original purse splashed around in the bubble bath. Alona was snoring, conked out from the endlessness of the voyage in space. Mandy and Carla were playing a spinoff of Rock, Paper, Scissors; Purse, Soap, Gunk (Purse gets beaten by Soap, Soap is consumed by Gunk, and Purse eats

Gunk). Charise was looking out the window, keeping her young eyes peeled for Ivy's hoverboard. Cosmo was curled up next to Alona in the cat bed aboard the ship, and Ben had the rocket on Autopilot.

“Charise? Any sign of Ivy?” Mandy called.

“Nope,” she responded, “but I feel like we’re getting close!” she smiled.

“Ben, what’s the fuel level? The oxygen level?” Carla asked next as she formed “Purse” with her hands.

Mandy groaned, “Ugh, why do you always pick Purse?” she muttered.

Ben answered from the cockpit. “Oxygen level is 212. Perfectly fine. But the fuel level... 13... oh, jeez, that’s dangerously low. We could land and recharge the fuel, but it only reacts to Food Fuel, the fuel naturally made by Food on Food. Now that Food on Food is destroyed... we just have to hope that somebody has leftover Food Fuel to propel our mission.”

Just on cue, Alona jumped up from the cat bed, awakening a startled Cosmo. “WHAT’S THE NEAREST PLANET???”

“EX-56-0834. It’s a planet in the galaxy EX-MON-28305.”

Cosmo's furry face lit up. "EX-56-0834! That planet had a trade relationship with Food on Food! They should have Food Fuel!"

Ben grinned. “Perfect!” he exclaimed.

And just like that, we were back on track again.

“Food Fuel! Does anyone have a gallon of Food Fuel? Part of a heroic mission! All for a good cause to catch an intergalactic supervillain!” Alona called.

A few EX-56-0834 - goers stared at Alona. “Is that the leader of the P.M.G.?” they whispered.

Alona didn't care, though. She was determined. Carla, however, was embarrassed.

“Why oh why did we think this would work? Nobody’s going to have a spare gallon of Food Fuel, much less give it to a bunch of strangers!”

“We’re not strangers. We’re the galactic superheroes, the P.M.G.!” Alona defined. She glared at Carla. “Pessimist...” she muttered.

All of a sudden, a cloaked figure approached us. “I hear you need a gallon of Food Fuel. I have some,” the figure said.

Charise gasped. Alona came running.

“We have a buy eeee rrrr!!!” she trilled happily as she swiped up some intergalactic money. “We can pay you \$30,000 ID’s (Intergalactic Dollars) for that gallon,” she reasoned, crossing her fingers toward the rest of the team.

The cloaked figure shook its head. “I’m not looking for money. I’m looking for forgiveness,” it said softly as it reached upwards and pulled down the hood.

It was Ivy herself.

Alona stood frozen, her mouth propped open. Carla rushed to the rescue. She put her hand under Alona’s mouth to push it up. “Sorry, sorry, we’ll gladly take it!” She smiled her most entrancing smile.

Ivy smiled a timid smile. “Thank you. This means a lot to me - well, obviously, it means a lot to you, too, but... this isn’t just giving you 1 gallon of Food Fuel. It’s like... you accepting my apology.”

Mandy grinned and hugged her twin. “As long as you don’t blow up any more planets, I’m okay with accepting you and your apology!”

At that moment, my insides were warm. I had learned what was important - your friends. Without those important people in your lives, you become sad and lonely. As my clean purses hopped around Cosmo and the now - charged spaceship, I looked up at the sky.

“Hey, Charise, look. The stars look like they’re smiling.”

The whole P.M.G. looked up at the starry sky of EX-56-0834. “Wow, it’s beautiful,” Alona breathed, and Carla nodded.

I decided: This would be my new home.

Epilogue: EX-56-0834
Hershey’s house, 3 months later

I climbed up nimbly to the roof of my small yellow cottage. I tried not to trample on my precious ivy plants growing in a pot in the finished attic. I walked across the dark gray roof to the telescope. The original purse followed me. There were no clones this time. I had shut them down, as they were too much to care for now that I had more friends to occupy my time.

I looked into the telescope. The P.M.G. rocket was due into the EX-56-0834 orbit tonight. The original purse climbed into my lap. The rocket flew into view! I looked up at it. Charise, in the cockpit, waved. Alona, Carla, Mandy, and Ben's faces pressed up against the window glass. I could make out faint lip - read "Hi!"s and "Hershey!"s. I grinned.

At least the rocket no longer relied on Food Fuel. The rocket overshadowed, but vaguely highlighted, Food on Moon. Cosmo was there, reigning supreme as he had on Food on Food. We had all pitched in to help him find a new location for his beloved planet (it's technically a moon of EX-56-0834, but don't tell him that).

Maybe Ivy was still out there, exploding planets. Maybe Food Fuel was not at maximum production levels. Maybe EX-56-0834 would never get a proper name that didn't get people's tongues all tied up. Maybe Mandy would return to her old middle school to show them what she'd become. Maybe Charise's parents would never be found, and maybe she would never have a real house. But all of this didn't really matter. All that mattered was I was here; alive and free. All that mattered was now. As I looked up to my friends, I never gave all of those bad things in the universe a second thought as I waved back.

Imaginary

By, Mandi Lu

To refresh your memory on [Imaginary Part 1](#), follow this link.

Part 2

"Hey Ambi....," Mia said cautiously.

"Don't call me that," I snarled back.

"Ok....Amberlyn....I was just checking to see if you-," she began.

"NO! I am still not happy with you, and NO! I still don't want you here!" I yelled.

I whipped my head around to find with relief that she had disappeared.

It had been a week since she had confessed to me who she really was. I had met her 9 days ago, and it hadn't taken me long to find something was wrong with her. And it had taken tears, screaming, confusion, and anger, but she had finally

confessed to me who she really was; my imaginary friend. And it did not make me feel better. It had made me feel even more like a freak. I already have people at school to make me feel like a freak, I don't need any more. And it simply made me mad to think she thought we were friends and still kept such a big thing away from me. Friends don't keep secrets like that. Friends aren't fake. Friends don't make you feel like freaks.

But the worst part is that I know Mia doesn't deserve so much anger. But I had worked so hard to find out who she was only to find out and feel worse. How was I not supposed to be mad? I had to move, be made fun of, and thought of as a freak. But then Mia came. And I had really thought I'd found a friend. But she was really just in my head. Imagine how bitterly disappointing that is. And maybe the kids at my school were right now. I was hallucinating. I *was* a freak.

My mind wandered back to that day, a week ago. I had ran around the halls, screaming, crying, and searching for her. After a particularly loud pleading for her, she had finally appeared again. And she had finally told me the truth.

I felt sick as soon as she told me and ended up leaving school early.

In frustration I got up from my desk from which I had been studying and plunged, face first, into my bed.

~.~.~

"Ambi! Get up! Rise 'n shine sleepy head!"

I was about to scream for Mia to go away, but then I realized it wasn't Mia, but my mom.

"Oh, hi, g'morning"

My mom smiled and left. A wave of unexpected isolation washed over me. Not even my mom knew about Mia. My supporting, loving, caring, mom. But she couldn't know. No one could ever know.

It would stay like this. Forever.

I slumped back against my bed.

~.~.~

Mia, surprisingly, didn't show up during specials. Which was surprising since she always did to try to apologize. Though I always turned her down, I did find fierce satisfaction in doing so. And was therefore slightly disappointed when she didn't show up. Though I would never tell her that.

Other than Mia's absence during gym, the rest of the day was normal.

I had a paper airplane flew into the back of my head by some boys in my science class.

Typical.

Andrea tripped me on my way to hand in my test during math class.

Typical.

I sat alone for lunch.

Typical.

I was last to get picked for kickball in gym.

Typical.

Mia didn't show up once during all of this.

Weird.

I was not sure how I felt about a Mia-free day. Of course I didn't want her. I didn't need her nagging me about how sorry she was for not telling me the truth earlier, and how bad she felt for making me feel like a freak, and yadda yadda. But a small part of my mind-a very, very small part-maybe the only part that hadn't changed since I moved-felt the smallest bit of guilt.

I lied in my bed thinking about this, hours later.

"Hey" Said a very quiet voice.

I didn't bother turning my head.

"What" I snarled.

"Amber-Amberlyn, please....I've given it some thought and-"

"Same here, and I. Don't. Forgive. You"

I turned and looked at her.

I wished with all my might that she would go away. I imagined my life without her. Sure, I'd still be bullied and made fun of. I'd still be called a freak. But at least I wouldn't feel like a freak.

That made all the difference.

A shriek brought me back to reality.

Mia's image was fading. As if she were a hologram. She stared at her hands. Her fingers were disappearing rapidly. soon her hand was fingerless. I stared at her, transfixed. Her entire body was disappearing. Like magic.

"Amberlyn stop it!"

"I'm not doing it!" I yelled back angrily. But she was gone. I knew as it came out of my mouth, that it was a lie. I had made her disappear. And....it made sense. She only ever existed because of me. So I could made her unexist too, couldn't I?

~.~.~

Mia never appeared once during school for the rest of the week. I wasn't surprised this time. She did appear when I got home, crying sometimes, but I willed her to disappear every time. She started appearing less and less. Sometimes she appeared while I was in school. I couldn't yell at her because no one could see her, so I mouthed nasty things at her.

After one particularly bad day (which consisted of being pushed out of my chair in the middle of math), I arrived home and Mia was already in my room. This was the first time in four days that she wasn't crying. Though she looked about ready to do so at any time.

She took a deep breath and said,

"Amber....I really need to talk to you"

For the first time in many days, that little bit of pity that I had had for her came back and I didn't give any of my usual angry retorts. I didn't even will her away.

"Okay" I muttered.

Thankfulness and appreciation filled her face and she looked ready to cry again.

I suddenly realized something. Was it me or did she look oddly pale. Her skin extremely white and her fingers seemed...translucent? No. No I was just imagining it. Like I was imagining her. Anger seemed to come through me again.

"Look," I bit my lip, "I-"

I tried to just stop being angry. I was tired of being mad all the time. But I still couldn't stop myself.

I threw my arms up in anger and for a split second it felt as though my hands were going through ice cold water. I looked at Mia, a look of terror across her face. And I suddenly registered what had happened.

I slowly put my hand to her chest and instead of touching it, my hand went right through her chest.

~.~.~

How? It had never happened before...I'd always been able to touch Mia!

I sat in class as memories of last night floated back to my brain. My hand had gone through her chest, she had screamed. I withdrew it just in time to see her disappear.

Mia didn't come back that day, or the day after, or even the day after that.

There were a hundred possible excuses as to why.

She could be scared of me.

She could be mad at me now too.

She could have given up on trying to apologize.

But somehow, I knew what was up with Mia. She was up to something. How did I know? Because I was having terrible headaches. And also because I just knew. Don't question it, I thought to myself.

What was it? I didn't know.

I spent the next few Mia-less weeks pondering this question.

There weren't too many reasonable answers I could come up with.

The most reasonable of answers was that she was thinking of revenge. But I knew that couldn't be right.

I sat in class one morning writing this down on a scrap of paper.

Andrea and some other old enemies stood by chatting.

The bell rang and the class went silent.

"Good morning everyone!" said Mrs. Yates.

The class gave a half-hearted reply.

"I have a little announcement before we begin! Today we're being joined by a new student!"

My stomach jolted.

"I trust you know my expectations. I expect you to be nice to her and treat her with the same respect you treat all the other classmates! Am I clear?"

"Yes Mrs. Yates," we chanted.

The door creaked open to reveal a familiar face.

"Class, please welcome Mia Lucado!"

She walked in shyly giving me an I'll-explain-later-look. My jaw dropped. How? What? WHY!

I didn't know what to feel.

I was staring transfixed at Mia all class.

How? It was the only question I had. It was all I could think.

First period seemed to last a century.

Mia could so-obviously tell I was goggling at her, she never looked back though and it made me feel a bit mad. Finally the lunch bell rang and I raced out of my seat, pushing students aside, ignoring their dirty remarks. We walked single-file to lunch.

As we turned a corner, I violently grabbed her shoulder and swerved her into the ladies restrooms.

“EXPLAIN MIA LU-”

“I’m sorry!”

“NOW!”

She took a deep breath.

“I was scared for when you realized you could make me disappear, because when you make me disappear, you are slowly forgetting me. If you keep doing it....I won’t exist anymore. So...”

She shut her eyes and took a deep breath.

“So-I escaped your mind to make myself real. That’s why you’ve been having headaches.”

I looked at her not knowing what to think or say.

“But...are you allowed to do that?” I said not yelling anymore. My throat hurt.

“I don’t know,” She sighed, “But Ambi....”

I didn’t stop her from calling me that,

“I don’t care, I couldn’t let you forget me”

I thought for a moment and I realized that from the moment I met Mia, all I had wished was that she was real. Ever since I met her that’s all I had wanted. I was just too angry to see it. But now she was. Now I had a friend. Now I wasn’t alone anymore.

“Okay....”

She looked at me relieved.

World of Shadows

By Ashley Rhee

-

- The Beginning -

When I opened my eyes, the shadow was still there. Watching. Waiting for my next move. I concentrated on the journal. The entry that would tell a later reader about the Shadow People’s existence and how to defeat them.

The shadow snatched up my journal and flung it across the room. I inhaled a sharp breath, catching the attention of the thing in my room. It turned in my direction and hissed. It was a slow, long hiss that blew cold air in my face.

Before I knew it, I was back in the Shadow Realm.

I sat in the Room, my mind faraway from where I was. The Shadows circled around me menacingly.

Per my knowledge, Shadow People are creatures from nightmares. They come from the Shadow Realm and overtake bodies so they can escape. They are organized into tribes, kind of

like towns in the real world. Each tribe has a fearsome queen that controls all of the other Shadows in that tribe. Queens are eternal sleepers, those who would never escape.

That was all I knew, but it was more than any other person on Earth. Somehow, Shadows erase the possessed person's memory of being a Shadow Person, so no one alive knew about them. No one but me.

It was a vicious cycle. Somehow I had never encountered a queen or been possessed by a Shadow Person. They seemed to be somewhat afraid of me, just like I was somewhat afraid of them. It was a mutual relationship, I guess.

From what the Shadows had told me in Dark Tongue, I was in the largest Shadow Tribe. They also told me that I was the only real person in the Shadow Realm overall.

Suddenly the ground began to tremble. The Shadows began to hiss simultaneously in a creepy chorus of hisses. The queen was coming.

I screamed at the Shadows and tried to hit them with my hands, having no luck. I needed to get out of this place! The shaking felt like a full-out earthquake. A Shadow hissed loudly at me, an ominous warning to be quiet and stop acting like a five-year old.

And then there was a stench. The horrible smell tickled my nostrils, daring me to leave the conscious world. Boy, Shadow Queens were smelly! I hauled my body over to the small corner filled with boxes. I hoped with all my heart that the Shadow Queen would not see me. She probably was mad at me for holding information on her tribe. What if... what if she possessed me? I would be stuck in the Shadow Realm forever!

There was a shadow at the door, growing larger by every step it took. I knew this was the queen. I braced myself for a warning hiss, or the feeling of being overtaken by a Shadow.

Then the queen spoke in clipped English; "Welcome. To. Shadow. Realm. Welcome," her face twisted at the pronunciation of my name, "Kay-it-lin."

"It's pronounced Caitlin," I managed to croak out before the Shadow Queen was finished trying to pronounce my name.

The Shadow Queen, who really wasn't all that fearsome, gave a regal nod. "Welcome. To. Realm. Pronounced Caitlin."

The queen raised her hands and, at once, dark substance came over me. Each individual particle tickled my body as I was transported back to my bedroom where it all began.

I was back in my bed. I looked around. No Shadow People or their queen. I peered across the room. There was my journal, lying on its front, pages bent and strewn around the floor.

I tiptoed out of bed and snatched up my journal, pages and all. I sat promptly in my worn-out brown bean bag chair with my favorite pen.

I began to erase the previous entry that had taken me almost three years of encounters with Shadow People to perfect. I began an entirely new entry on the last page, not about how to defeat Shadows, but how to befriend them.

Dear Later-Generation Reader,

Shadow People are creatures from nightmares. They possess people's bodies to escape the Shadow Realm. After they overtake a body, they somehow wipe the mind of the person. Their main communication may sound like mindless hisses, and they might communicate with you by throwing things or hissing in your face. They come across as scary, but they are a tribal species. They live in tribes, each with a queen that controls all of the other Shadows. Shadow Queens are those who sleep forever, they are stuck there for an eternity (deceased people, probably?). Shadow People really communicate through a form of language called Dark Tongue, which are the "mindless hisses" that you may have been hearing about. Shadow People are also not the most intellectual species, and they take everything literally. That is all I know about Shadow People and their tribes, but it is more than anyone on Earth (reread the mind-wiping part), as I have never been possessed... yet. Hopefully this journal entry will inform your mind of the Shadow People and teach mankind how to befriend a species so like their own.

Sincerely,

Caitlin, 16 yrs.

July 13, 1986

I ripped the last page containing my letter to the future and folded it neatly. I then closed my journal and shoved it into my messy desk drawer, which was a place where many generations would never even look, even after I had died.

By then the light of daybreak was shining into my bedroom. Before I opened the door to get my breakfast, I looked back.

I could have sworn I saw a Shadow Person wink, then disappear into the waning night. I smiled, knowing my secret was safe with me, at least until the next person to come across it.

- The Next Generation -

"Juniper, can you get this box?," my mother called from downstairs. I was wandering around this new house. I was almost sorry about giving her "an attitude" about this house and especially Old Miss Harford who used to live here. When I was younger, I thought this creaky old house and its even older resident was *haunted*. But it wasn't, and it actually was a nice house - much better than our other house that had roaches crawling in the corners.

"JUNIPER!" Mom was getting exasperated. I ran downstairs. Mom was holding a box labeled "*Juniper's Stuff - Keep Out!*"

"Take this box to your new room, please." Mom sighed and ran her hands through her blonde hair. "Sorry if I'm a little cranky, dear, but you must understand that moving has been very stressful for me," she continued.

I ran upstairs with the box. It was fairly light. I set my stuff down in an empty room with gray walls. My favorite color. Since the furniture wasn't coming until next week, the only things in the room were myself, the box with all my stuff, a chair, and an empty desk. Nails were the only things that adorned the gray walls.

I sighed and ripped open the box. The first thing I saw was my pencil collection. I only needed a few pencils for school, and some for the top of my new desk. The rest could go inside the drawer. I walked over to the desk and opened the desk drawer.

Much to my surprise, there was a piece of folded paper and an old dusty journal inside. I took out the journal and read it. It belonged to a girl named Caitlin Harford.

Wait, I thought, Caitlin Harford? This must be Old Lady Harford's journal from a long time ago!

I read on. It was all about her life in the 1980's - almost seventy years ago! Afros? Spandex pants? MULLET? What the heck was a mullet? Whatever. What was most peculiar was that the last page was ripped out.

I put the journal back in the desk and took out the piece of paper. The first thing that I noticed was that it fit the edge of the last page. It must have been the page that was ripped off! I unfolded the tinted paper carefully. The first thing I read on the paper said, " Dear Later-Generation Reader". How strange. Almost like Miss Harford predicted that one day, when she was gone, someone would open her desk and find this mysterious piece of paper.

I read on, stopping on snippets to make sure I had read them correctly. *Shadow People... creatures from nightmares... wiping the mind of the people they possess... hissing... queen that controls all other Shadows... Dark Tongue...* What kind of entry was this? The most strange thing was that at the end, Miss Harford signed off with a sentence that did not match the rest of her entry. It read, "*Hopefully this journal entry will inform your mind of the Shadow People and teach mankind how to befriend a species so like their own. Sincerely, Caitlin, July 13, 1986.*"

"Befriend a species so like their own"? What did it all mean? Especially the last sentence. The Shadow People sounded terrifying, not something mankind needs to befriend.

I thought vaguely about showing this entry to my mother, but I figured she was under enough pressure with the move. She didn't need some wacky entry by a wacky old lady when she was a wacky kid in the 1980s.

I put the piece of paper inside the drawer with the old journal and closed it. Suddenly the house didn't seem so docile anymore. It was more... sinister than before.

I ran out of the room to get another box, quickly looking over my shoulder to see if there was a black Shadow in the room. I shook my head.

Juniper, you're paranoid. Stop. That entry was written by someone who went mad. Who knows what they did with that journal. That didn't stop my heart from pounding hard in my chest even after the next box was moved.

My mind was racing. Once upon a time, Old Miss Harford slept in this very room, fearing the Shadow People. The Shadow People. I couldn't get them off my mind. I tossed and turned in my sleeping bag. What were these strange creatures? Were they really real?

Stop, I reminded myself in my mind. *You're messing with your head, stop it.* I thought to myself, trying to convince myself.

Then I heard a low hiss. I sat straight up in my sleeping bag. There was a shadowy thing creeping along the wall in front of me. It resembled a person. My mind went back to the letter. *"After they overtake a body..."* This was a Shadow Person! They really were real!

The Shadow Person hissed again and turned toward me. Its eyes were a glowing amber color. It traced its finger along the wall, leaving a bloodred trail.

YOU ARE AWAKE.

I screamed, and the last thing I saw before everything went dark were black particles that surrounded my body like heavy fog.

I opened my eyes. The particles were gone, but I had to keep reminding myself that the Shadow People were real. Old Miss Harford was smart to know of the Shadow's existence, but she was pretty stupid to write in her journal that we should be friends with these things.

I took a quick analysis of the room; black walls, hard floor, tiled. Three Shadow People were surrounding me, and a fourth was hissing into a futuristic-looking communication device. I knew from the journal entry that this 'hissing' was actually their language, Dark Tongue.

I took my phone out of my pocket - I hadn't noticed that it was there before - and opened the app for translation of Creaturespeak. Shadow People were creatures, so maybe Dark Tongue would be translatable.

I held up the phone to weird looks from the Shadow People. The Shadow was still hissing the same pattern over and over again into the communication device.

Right before my phone's battery died, I saw the translation.

"BRING IN THE QUEEN."

I was in a windowless room. The ground was trembling. All of the Shadow People were hissing in union. I screamed at them to stop, but it was useless. A door on the far side of the room opened, and out stepped... another Shadow Person?

All of a sudden, all of the Shadow People started bowing in synchronization to this new Shadow Person. Then I knew, this must be the Queen. The Queen who controlled all other Shadow People of their tribe.

A Shadow Person, probably giving an ominous warning, carved an inscription into the plain walls of the vibrating room.

MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE SHADOW REALM. ALMOST NO ONE ESCAPES. MUCH LESS YOU.

I took out my flashlight and shined it on the inscription to read it, accidentally catching the Shadow Person in the light. The Shadow Person let out a screech and dissolved into black particles much like the ones that brought me here.

Hmm. This thing was a useful weapon.

I spun around the room, shining the light on all of the Shadow People, each one letting out an ear-splitting cry of defeat. That Caitlin person never included how to defeat the Shadow People, probably because she was delusional enough to think that we could trust this race of horrible creatures.

"HI - YAH!" I cried, kung-fu style, as the last Shadow Person dissolved into dark particles. I was about to shine it on the queen, when she cried out.

"Please. Don't. Hurt. Me," the Shadow Queen spoke in broken, but perfect English. I jumped back, startled that a Shadow could speak anything other than Dark Tongue.

The Shadow Queen began to tell her story, with me in awe; the flashlight dropped on the floor. The lightbulb inside was smashed.

"My. Name. Is. Caitlin, Caitlin Harford. I. Left. Journal. For. New. Generation. You. After. Moving. Into. My. Old. House, I. Knew. You. Would. Find. Journal," the Shadow Queen told me.

I was shocked. The Shadow Queen was Caitlin Harford, the same person who once made a note on how to befriend the species?! Then again, it made sense. Caitlin had passed away, so she was technically an eternal sleeper, like what the letter said about queens.

I looked the Shadow Queen in the eyes. I bit my lip and took a deep breath. "I will spread your story. I will make it my mission to befriend people and the Shadow People. But you must help. Stop taking over bodies. Stop making them afraid of you, and I will assure you, one day very soon, people will speak Dark Tongue and trade products with the Shadow Realm."

Shadow Queen Caitlin smiled and raised her arms, sending me back to the real world in a swarm of black particles.

Twenty years later (100 years since the writing of the letter that started it all) in 2086...

People crowded the streets of my hometown. They shared the sidewalks with the Shadows. A treaty had been signed by the President of World Peace decreeing trade between the two worlds, Earth and the Shadow Realm. I was so wrapped up with my thoughts that I crashed into a Shadow Person. The Shadow hissed playfully. I sassily hissed back in Dark Tongue, and the Shadow made a face. We then parted and went our separate ways. If this were a few years back, I would have been overtaken and become one of them. Instead, Shadow People were the alter egos of people who were asleep. Eternal Sleepers were the everlasting Shadow People, or at least until their dead bodies decayed away.

Every Eternal Shadow Person got a nice ceremony. I myself attended quite a few, including that of Caitlin Harford's. I cried at hers. Me! A successful negotiator and translator for Shadow People! Caitlin gripped me on the shoulder and bid me farewell. "Goodbye, Juniper," she said. In return, I smiled at her through my tears. "Until we meet again," I replied. "See you in the world of shadows."

THIS STORY WAS INSPIRED BY THE DEEP SLEEP LOGIC GAME TRILOGY MADE BY SCRIPTWELDER. ONCE YOU PLAY THE GAMES, YOU'LL SEE THE SIMILARITIES TO THE STORY.

NOTE: NOT RECOMMENDED FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE EASILY SCARED, HATE

CREEPY MUSIC, AND/OR ARE AFRAID OF THE DARK!!!



← This is what a Shadow Person looks like in the game.

Hallie and Mr. Nightmare

By: Camryn Klein

Something felt wrong that night. The wind was making weird noises, and it was very cold. My mother and I had previously been in a fight that evening, and I was sitting in my room with my arms crossed.

My phone rang and I went to pick it up. A random number texted me saying, "HI HALLIE", in all caps.

I texted back, lying, saying, "Sorry new phone, who is this?"

My phone rang, but before I could look at it, my mom called down, "Hallie come down for dinner!"

Dinner was very quiet. As I placed my bowl in the sink, my mom said, "Hallie we can't keep on having these fights!" I wrapped pasta from the colander in my fork, before leaving the kitchen. "Hallie!" My mother said, her eyes glaring down at me.

"I know," I said taking another forkful of pasta.

"Hallie, you know it's not easy!" My mother said slamming her fork down. "It's not easy being a single mom, having to deal with the bills for your brother's college, and we're barely meeting the rent of this house," she said grabbing our dishes and washing them in the sink.

"I know," I said wiping the pasta sauce off my face.

"Is that all you're gonna say?" She said slamming the plates down in the sink. "You know, with your father leaving in the last year, and your brother leaving to go to college, it's not easy," she said removing the sweat on her forehead.

"I'm going to my room," I said grabbing my phone and staring at the random contact. The person had not yet responded, so again I wrote, "Who is this?" I was now all the way up the stairs. I grabbed the door knob and tried opening the door.

It was locked.

I tried again.

It was still locked.

I knocked and the door opened up. The window also open, and cool breeze was blowing in my room.

"He-", Just then someone grabbed my mouth. I screamed. I overheard my mother coming up the stairs screaming "Hallie!" She kept repeating the same word over and over, each time getting louder. Just then the hand let go and the dark shadow crept out my window.

"Hallie are you alright? What was going on in here?" My mother said, with a nervous expression on her face.

"There... there... there was a shadow in here!" I exclaimed.

"You're probably just imagining it," she sighed wiping my head. "Get some rest."

I did as my mom had told me and changed into my pjs. I crawled into bed closing my eyes.

"I'm coming for you!" a voice whispered. I quickly sat up, but no one was in sight.

Silence

By: Camryn Klein

I am still
I feel chilled

Breeze blowing in my hair
It feels as if I'm running out of air

In shock
It's hard to even walk

Missing my friend
I feel as if I am at a dead end

I see her pale face
It seems out of place

Her cold hand
This wasn't her plan

It's too soon
I still remember her favorite tune

Being here
Makes me tear

I miss her
I wish there was a cure

From the ache
The hurting

And the pain

Taken Away

By Aizah Shahbaz

On an ordinary day, a girl named Isabel was walking to school. Nothing seemed wrong or different, but that walk to school became far from normal.

When Isabel was walking, she realized halfway that someone was following her. She panicked and ran to school and thought everything was okay. After school, as she was walking home, a mysterious figure came out of the bushes. She didn't know what to do. If there was somebody following her, she didn't want the person to be in her home when she was all alone.

She decided to try her friend's house but no one was home. She turned the pick of the lock in the creepy doorway but it didn't budge. As as she turned around, Isabel then saw the man standing right in front of her. She screamed at the top of her lungs and called for help. She was scared out of her mind.

Isabel confronted the man and asked why he kept following her. He did not respond. He grabbed her, dragged her outside and dumped her into a truck. She could not escape. She tried opening the doors and windows. But there was no hope.

Soon they arrived at what she thought was the man's house. He dragged her in and as she looked around, she saw pictures of a girl that looked just like her. He threw Isabel into a room and she spent the night there.

The next morning, she asked the man, "Why are you keeping me here?"

He said, "You are my mission."

Isabel was terrified and asked, "What mission?"

He stated, "I did some DNA testing and found out that you are my real daughter."

Isabel was confused. She was curious and asked, "Then why did you not just tell me?"

Confidently he said, "Isabel, do you think you would have believed me if I just told you?"

"No" she replied.

"Exactly, I had to get some proof, so I put pictures around here and showed you." "Do you believe me now?"

She didn't know what to think. The man was very convincing. She decided to ask a couple of simple questions about herself to see if this was real and sure enough, he could answer the questions.

Isabel's new father told her that her mom passed away when she was 6 years old and ever since then her father searched for her.

He said she was taken away from him. He was glad she found her real parents, but realized what about the parents that have been taking care of her? Did they realize she was gone? Were they looking for her?

This is a mystery to behold.

“Someone Different”

By Selena Liao

“Hey, Old Troll, why don’t you come over here?” Tom yells.

I ignore him. Does no one call me by my name anymore? Am I really that ugly? Well of course I know the answer to that. People tell me. Every. Single. Day. Ugly this, ugly that. I bet if you went into the dictionary, my picture would be next to the word, ugly.

People have been bullying me all my life. I was born with a nose too big, small eyes too wide apart for *their* taste. I don’t care. But *they* care, which makes me care. I would tell my mom about this but I’m a gross coward. If I tell her, she’ll freak out. Then she’ll tell the school, and then they will get my bullies in trouble, which is basically everyone in the school. Then after their punishment, my bullies will bully me even more. I know, because once when I was being bullied, my teacher told my parents.

Well long story short, the bullies got punished. I got a bruised eye and lost a tooth after that. I moved that year.

Tom and his friends continue to call me names and they continue to try to do anything they can to make my life miserable, because I don’t look the way they want me too.

The school bell rings. Day’s over. I walk to my bus but Tom pushes me before I make it to the sanctuary of the yellow shield. He pushes me to the ground. My knees get disgusting scrapes.

“Haha,” Tom laughs to his friends. People have gathered to watch. “Now his knees are almost as hideous as his face,” he mocks me.

My hideous face burns a deep red. Everyone laughs. A teacher was watching and steps up.

“THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!” Ms. Harisonsky yells. “Have your parents taught you nothing?” She then takes my hand and drags me to the nurse’s office. The nurse puts some rubbing alcohol on to prevent infection. I flinch. She puts on some kind of ointment and a bandaid afterward.

“Here ya go kid.” She opens her mouth to keep talking, but I intervene.

“That’s fine for now, I have to go.” I give a hurried thanks and walk away. I try to avoid Ms. Harisonsky, but ultimately fail.

“Do you want me to tell your par-?” she asks.

“No!” I quickly say. “Please, please, *please* don’t tell my parents.”

“Well if you insist,” Ms. Harisonsky shakes her head. “Are you okay with me suspending them? What they’ve done is unacceptable.” Then she mutters under her breath, “Kids these days.”

“No! No!” I beg. “Don’t suspend them! No! Oh please don’t!”

“What? Why not?”

“Because they’ll bully me more.” I mutter.

“Sweetie, you gotta speak up. My old ears can’t hear you.”

“Because then they will bully me more!” I say, a bit too loudly.

I try to convince her for a few more minutes when she finally shakes her head and agrees. But she makes me promise that if it happens again, I’ll tell her, my parents, and let them punish Tom and his friends. She makes me swear on it.

I crossed my fingers.

“Hey bud,” Dad says at dinner time. “What happened to your knees?”

“Oh, uh I fell,” I lie. “I uh, tripped over this rock when I was walking to the bus.”

“Oh, well be more careful next time. We can’t have you break your legs because you trip over a pebble.” He tries to lighten the mood. But after the day I’ve had, it doesn’t work.

Time flies. I do my homework, play video games, read, and then I get ready for bed. Mom comes in and says goodnight, and I try to sleep. I cringe when the memory of me falling and being pushed around resurfaces. For some reason my knees burn more than before.

School the next day is as normal as ever. Except there’s a new student. A guy named, Jordino.

When he came in, everyone stared. I admit, I did too.

Jordino was in a wheelchair. He had no legs.

Immediately the whispers started to form. *OMG! He has no legs! Woah his legs are missing! Haha a new friend for Ugly Bones. What a loser. Weirdo!*

“Hi I’m Jordino,” he said, kindly.

People burst laughing. Jordino flushes. *Look, he’s so stupid looking, just standing there like the loser he is. Oh wait, he can’t even stand ‘cause he has no legs. Haha.* They’re almost as rude to him as they are to me. It’s a cruel world.

When the bell finally rings, and people walk outside to recess, everyone else start to laugh at Jordino. Jordino’s head hangs down low, probably so no one would know that he’s crying. Trust me, I know from experience, it doesn’t work the best.

“Hey, follow me,” I whisper to him. “I know a good hiding place where I always hang out. It’s okay, people bully me too.” I point to my face. “I’m not the most attractive. Don’t worry, this hideousness isn’t contagious.” I run as fast as I can, while he rolls on his wheelchair as fast as his wheelchair controls will let him. When we get there, we both take a break to rest. Well at least I take a break. He didn’t have to run. I mean, well he can’t. His wheelchair did all the hard work and didn’t even break a sweat. I’m envious.

“Those bullies are just jealous that you have a wheelchair that does all the physical activities for you. Well at least I’m jealous.”

“Hey thanks. I don’t know what I would’ve done without your help. Also, why is everyone calling you Ugly Bones?” he asks.

“Yeah, no problem. And for your question, well I really don’t know.” We laugh. It feels good. He pulls a chocolate bar from his pocket. He then splits it in half.

“Want it?” Jordino asks. I thank him and take it. It tastes so sweet and smooth on my tongue. It’s delicious, and I don’t even like chocolate that much.

During lunch, I sit down at an empty table. Surprisingly, Jordino sits/wheels his wheelchair to the seat next to mine.

“Is it okay if I sit here?” he asks.

“Yeah, totally, no one sits next to me anyway.” I respond coolly. But on the inside, I’m freaking out with excitement.

Could it be that I’m making my first friend?

Jordino and I now hang out all the time. Even though people talk about us behind our back, call us names, and try to drag us down, we don’t care. We don’t care that one of us has no legs. We don’t care that one of us looks terribly ugly. We don’t care. If you want to make fun of us, then go ahead. ‘Cause guess what? We won’t care and we never ever will.

“Hey, Deformed Dude! Hey, Loser Legs!” People yell at us, but the names bounce off of us like an echo, never making its mark.

“It’s Jordino!” Jordino yells.

“It’s Arik!” I yell.

Then we leave them, with our heads held high.

PHANTOM

By Taryn Robinson

“I’m just saying…” Caoimhe muttered. “Bad things always happen when people move.”

“And that’s why you shouldn’t be watching so many cartoons,” Mami pointed out, hefting a box out of the moving van.

“*Movies*,” Caoimhe corrected. “There’s a difference.”

“Not much of a difference,” Caoimhe’s little sister, Callie piped up. “They’re both stupid.”



"Oh, yeah? You didn't think that when Avengers 4 came out!"

"Girls!" Mami scolds, her face burning with embarrassment when neighbors turn to stare. "You're not making a good impression on the neighbors."

"Yeah, Caoimhe. Your not making a good *impression*," Callie states smugly.

"I'll make an impression in your-"

"Caoimhe, stop it. Both of you, start taking the boxes in the house. And no arguing. I mean it," Mami commands.

Muttering, Caoimhe grabbed her box with her violin in it.

"You can carry more than that!" Mami called, her frown deepening.

"Can't! My violin will break!" Technically, that wasn't *fully* true, considering her violin had been through much worse. Ignoring her mother's protests, Caoimhe clomped up the steps, Callie hot on her heels.

"It smells like rats in here," Callie claimed, wrinkling her nose.

"Yeah, captain obvious." Caoimhe stuck her tongue out, dropping her box on the ground.

"Look!" Callie said, ignoring Caoimhe and wandering over to a bust of a woman. "This is a weird looking man."

"That's a woman, genius!" I shove her aside, but I have to give her some credit-it *was* pretty ugly. The statue had arched, thin, flamingo eyebrows, with thin frowning lips and a long pointed nose that curved at the end. And a strange red ruby in her eye caught Caoimhe's attention.

"She has a gem!" Callie admired the ruby in the busts eye, and tries to pry it out.

"Are you nuts?!" Caoimhe screeched, yanking her sister away from the statue.

"But it's sparkly," Callie protested, pulling her hand away and admired the ruby again.

"So? You didn't attack Lady Gaga when she was in her sparkle phase. Go get your cello."

Callie clamped down the steps, mumbling about how Lady Gaga did *not* have a sparkle phase. She turned back around. "Are you coming?"

Caoimhe hesitantly looked back at the bust. "Yeah. Hold on."

The girls came down to find their mother leaning against the moving van, holding an ice cream sandwich. "How about we take a break?"

Caoimhe chose a strawberry, while Callie chose a chocolate chip banana. Caoimhe devoured hers in exactly 3 seconds and turned back towards the house.

"What the heck, Caoimhe?" Callie called. "You don't even like strawberry ice-cream sandwiches." She picks up a fudge one and waves it. "*These* are your favorite."

Caoimhe glanced over her shoulder at the house. "Yeah.... But, I'll be right back." Not waiting for her mother to reply, Caoimhe dashed into the house and up the creaky steps. The

ruby had seemed so dull and ugly before, but now Caoimhe was enchanted by it's intriguing beauty.

"It's pretty right?" Caoimhe jumped, then turned to see Callie have a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Yeah...." Caoimhe stuck her fingernail underneath the gem, surprised at how easily it gave away.

"You'll regret that." A voice said.

"Not funny, Callie," Caoimhe said, turning to scold her sister. But Callie had a fixed look of confusion on her face.

"Hello? I'm talking. Not her, me."

The girls turned around, only to find a tall, thin, frail looking girl with skin as clear as the sky.

"Mmhhmmm. I'm talking. But you may not be able to for much longer...."

Caoimhe grabbed her sister's hand, shoving her behind her. "W-what are you?"

"I'm a who, not a what." The girl said, getting taller and taller with each step she took.

Unable to hold it any longer, Callie let out a blood curdling scream.

"No," The girl said. She looked at them with big, gray eyes. "I'm here to help you."

To be continued.....

(bonus tip.... To find the rest of the story, go to this link →)

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1BudYzxmuQEJ4oswAcFUiF8JMB6HRTdDJebrXQg9G-Zo/edit>

Writer's Block

By Ashley Rhee

Anwen held her pencil to her ear. Stupid writing assignment. Why did fifth grade have to be so hard? She bit her lip and thought about what to write.

Anwen desperately looked around the classroom for ideas. Her deskmate Priscilla covered up her writing and whispered, "Cheating isn't allowed!"

She looked toward Eva's writing. Eva shot Anwen a glare and shook her head. The same thing happened with Mason.

"Five minutes," their teacher, Mrs. Rivera, called from the front of the room. Anwen started to sweat. If she didn't finish this assignment, she would get a zero!

Anwen looked to the front of the room. Of course Ilana was way ahead of everyone else. She was scribbling on what looked like her **THIRD** page. What a teacher's pet.

"Time!" Mrs. Rivera called. "Bring your journals up here. Tomorrow I will read your entry and grade it."

Anwen groaned out loud to strange looks from Ilana and Priscilla. The small group moved toward the front of the room to turn in their journals.

"Thank you," Mrs. Rivera told her group. "You may now return to your regular classes."

The group filed out of the classroom, school books in hand. Mason, Ilana, and Eva all went their separate ways. Priscilla and Anwen walked toward their next class, History.

○

Walking down the long hallway lined with lockers was always a challenge for Anwen and her friends. People looked their way and snickered. They laughed as people shoved them into lockers. They only judged them by how they were born. It wasn't Anwen's fault that she was born with schizophrenia. Yeah, but they couldn't say that five times fast. Priscilla has autism. That's not her fault either. Anwen wished people could just *understand* them instead of judging them by our behavior.

Even worse was when people looked their way and smiled a fake sympathetic smile. “We don’t need your sympathy!” Anwen thought to herself. “We are perfectly functional. We have friends, and we all have the ability to learn.” But people didn’t seem to think so. They thought they were doing some good by being “friendly”. Every day, with all their bruises and bumps from the bullies, Anwen and her friends withstood sympathetic looks from not-so sympathetic people that just thought of them as a scheduled part of their day.

Anwen could still think and interact clearly, just not as up-to-tune as other kids. Her behavior was fine too, but people always avoided her like she was a time bomb about to blow at any second.

Priscilla snapped her out of her rant. “Anwen! Earth to Anwen! We’re almost there!” Anwen nodded, wishing that people would understand more about kids who had certain mental disorders.

An idea came to Anwen’s head.

“Wait here, Priscilla. Tell the History teacher that I’ll be a few minutes late. I have to go talk to Mrs. Rivera!” Anwen ran off down the long hallway.

○

Anwen came into Mrs. Rivera’s room, breathless and panting.

“What a surprise, Anwen. Aren’t you supposed to be in History?” Mrs. Rivera said, smiling at her.

“Can I have my entry back? I turned it in on the bottom of the stack,” Anwen answered.

“Sure,” said Mrs. Rivera, handing Anwen her journal. “What do you need to do?”

“Revise my writing,” she exclaimed. “Good writers always need to revise their writing, like you said.”

As Mrs. Rivera smiled at the thought that someone was actually paying attention in her classes, Anwen began to write.

And what she wrote? You just finished reading..

Call of the Woods

By : Rachel Torgov

Prologue

Wind tugged at her hair. She felt the cold, merciless wind jab her in the cheek. The unfamiliar place surprised her, and she woke up with a start.

Where am I? What am I doing here? Then, as she started to piece things together, a cold, firm hand grabbed her by the collar of her soaking wet dress and dragged her toward what looked like a tent. She was so exhausted. She went limp and let the hand drag her. Her sight ebbed away, until darkness swept over her.

Chapter One

This was how Rieka first met Flint. She still remembers that day. She was about eight at that time, she thought, but she wasn't sure. Age didn't matter. At least that's what she was told.

She didn't know who her parents were, or her actual origin. All she knew was that she was different. But she had no idea how, or why. Flint had dragged her into his little dwelling place, where they lived, and there they raised each other like sister and brother.

He taught her to hear the call of the woods, to feel the lives that were gently laid into the vast forest, and to see the only place she could ever call home. And she taught him to keep walking. To keep walking, no matter what happens. Don't let the past weigh down on you, and keep going. That was the only thing that kept Flint standing ever since.

Chapter Two

The bells were ringing louder than usual, which was always a sign that something was going to happen. Everyone was crowded on the main square, waiting. Then the guards came forward. Sasha tried her hardest not to give a look of hatred and disgust. But there was nothing she could do about what was happening.

Then, threatening for silence, the guard began to speak, "Attention! I SAID ATTENTION!!!!!"

He yelled at a little boy about three or four, busy pushing his toy car. But the boy kept doing his thing, not reacting to the sounds around him. *He must be deaf.* Sasha thought sadly. *Poor child.* Those who were disabled or disobeying the guards were taken away, never to be seen again. The guard jumped down. In one crack, the car was smashed. Sasha winced as a splinter came crashing in her leg. The child began to cry.

"Take him away!" The guard boomed.

He looked like a mountain compared to the boy. *So heartless,* she thought.

The guard climbed up again. "We are looking for a girl called Rieka. She committed a crime of stealing from the supreme chief! She may look innocent, but if you find her, a great reward will be offered!"

Sasha was furious. Just because Rieka's father was a man of crime, didn't mean his orphan daughter was also! He almost killed her! Sasha felt guilt sweep over her. *I should have done more than hiding her in the woods. I wish I believed her sooner. I should have known she wasn't lying about father's plans. I hope she's safe.* Sasha thought.

A moment later she froze from fear and shock when someone in the crowd shouted, "I know where she is! Let me take you to her."

Chapter Three

Rieka was waiting for Flint for what seemed like forever. *Where could he be? It never took so long to hunt.*

As she was beginning to worry, she heard a knock on the door. *Thank goodness. He's back.*

She opened the door, and barely suppressed a gasp of terror. *They found me!*

Then she heard Flint's footsteps, getting closer as he leaped on the guards. But it was no use. They fired a bullet in his arm. *No!* Then the guards aimed a shot in his chest. *This can't be happening!*

Before she had time to think, she shot forward and shoved Flint onto the snow.

She was about to move out of the way of the bullet, but it was too late. Pain seared her for a moment, and then all went still, as darkness swallowed her.

Chapter Four

One of the guards gave a snort. He prodded her body roughly with his leathery polished boot. Then they all turned around and marched into the woods.

Tears welled up in Flint's eyes. *Why her?! Why not me?!*

He started to remember the day he found her. He felt affection for her as soon as he saw her. The flame colored hair, sweeping the snow, the blazing green eyes...

Then he heard someone sobbing under a bush. It was a girl, and surprisingly, she resembled Rieka a lot. What shocked him even more was that she looked just as guilty as he felt.

"She was innocent..." she murmured, her words muffled by sobs, "why so soon...she was so young..."

Flint felt his grief turn into anger, until he felt like it would swallow him. "Why would *you* care?!" he shouted, "Who even *are* you?!"

"I'm her sister, Sasha!" she screamed, then sobbed louder.

"I should have been a better sibling to her! I should have protected her! This is all my fault!" she cried.

"W-what do you mean?" Flint stammered.

Sasha wiped her cheek and began.

"Rieka was born when I was four, and our father was a man of crime. Our mother was the only one to protect us. But unfortunately she died. The guards were after us, all of us, because they wanted my father and we were his kin. Rieka kept getting in our father's way, for she was still a young girl, so he wanted to kill her. I never thought he could ever do that to his own daughter, so I didn't believe her when she told me he threatened to kill her. Then, when I realized she was right, I left her in the woods, and started disguising myself. It wasn't hard, because my looks came from my mother. Then someone found her...was it you? Now I wish I knew who took the guards to where she was hiding..." she broke out in a sob again.

"Keep walking," Flint murmured, remembering Rieka's words.

There they sat together, in grief, and listened to the call of the woods, hoping that somewhere, Rieka was calling to them; hoping that she was singing with the sunrise, dancing with the rain. This was the only way they kept each other standing, living together, in the place where the rustling leaves sing a tune, where the woods call out to you; in the only place where they, including Rieka, could ever call home.



Food Fight

By Jordan Novak

May 20 2019 Meatball Monday

This week is called Food Fight Week. It is a tradition in the Redhawk school district. Today is Meatball Monday. So, if you get hit by a meatball, you're out, until Wedding Cake Wednesday. You get a one day suspension from the game. If you don't get hit until Tater Tot Thursday, you are in the finals for Fish Friday.

Rocky Delwinner, is always in the finals. He's won 4 times, and lost 2 times. One time I made it to Fish Friday, then Rocky threw a fish at me so I got out. And the worst part is, the fish was still alive!!! The whole school laughed when it hit me in the guts, but cringed when they saw the fish flopping on the floor. I'm not so sure I want to be in the finals. Ever again. Unless it's a duel with Rocky.

Woosh, a meatball almost hit me in the face!

"Better watch out, Penny" Rocky said, then grinned. "Hope someone doesn't get you out."

I forgot to mention, they used to be able to hit us in the classrooms, the gym, the music room, the lunch room, and the art room. Last year, this girl named Angela, was so focused on her painting, she got hit with a meatball in her face. The splat splattered all over her painting. We all assumed she moved, because we never saw her again. That's why the district made a designated time and place for it. Now the food fights are only allowed in the cafeteria.

Ring, Ring, Ring. "Attention all students, please head yourselves to the cafeteria," the principal announced through the speaker.

I saw all the students run, except me and Rocky.

"Slow and steady wins the race," he said to me, as if he thought I didn't know what I was doing.

Rocky, I thought. He makes my blood boil! "Thanks for the tip," I replied sarcastically.

Oh no, I thought frantically. If I walk with him, I'll get smashed with a meatball from him. I know how to fix it. But I have to have this on camera.

"Good for you. See you later," he said. But, when I saw him leave, I saw a wink coming out to me.

I know what he is doing! He is trying to get me to fall for him, so he can beat me up with cake tomorrow. Well, two can play that game. Tomorrow should be fun.

[illegible]

May 23 2019 Tater Tot Thursday

It's finally Tater Tot Thursday. I didn't log Wednesday, 'cause nothing big happened. Just the usual Rocky tried to throw a piece of huge cake at me. He got 3 people out. I got 1 person out. So far I have not gotten out. I plan to get out Rocky before tomorrow. Oh no! There's only 2 minutes left as I look at the clock. Guess I should get back into the game.

Two minutes later, the principal announces, "That's it for today. The following will proceed to the finals tomorrow:

Penny Rugthord

Rocky Delwinner

Patrick Starlighter

Kate Brichkavon.

Congrats, Food Fighters."

No! I didn't ⁴ get him out in time. I'll get him tomorrow... with a live flopping fish.

----- At home later that day

"Dad can you take me fishing right now?" I asked

"Sure, but why?" he asked.

"I need to hit someone with a fish tomorrow. Also, can we buy a fish tank, to put the fishy in?"

"Whatever you need darling," he said.

[illegible]

May 24 2019 Fish Friday

"Today is the finals!" the principal announced. The crowd roared in the stands. "Will the final four please come into the ring."

"I heard Penny was sick today," a boy said from the crowd.

"That means I'll be winning faster," Rocky said.

The crowd booed.

Luckily no one knows yet but, I'm a girl in the audience in disguise, I can wait and go into the ring, and hit Rocky when he thinks he has won, and then I'll actually win.

----- The Food Fight Finale

"Rocky is the winner!" The principal announces.

There is a mild applause, but nothing big.

"Wait," I shout from the crowd. "I'm here."

The crowd roars with delight. I guess they really want me to win.

"Please come in Penny. We are excited for you to join *The Fight*," the principal announces to everyone's surprise.

"Wait! Is she allowed to join now?!" Rocky asked with rage.

"Yes, we never made a rulebook. We'll make one for next year," the principal replies.

I'm so glad my plan is working. It's on...me vs Rocky. Who will win?

"I got a secret weapo," I told Rocky sinisterly.

"Okay, you'll totally get me," Rocky said sarcastically.

The bell dinged. He made the first throw. He missed. I threw my live fish at his face.

Bullseye!!!!

The bell dinged again.

"Penny Rugthord, you've won! Congrats!" the principal announced to me. He gave me the Food Fight Week trophy.

Yay! I won!

"But, why is she allowed to just join in? I win fair and square! She just joined at the end!" Rocky raged. "This is a baloney sandwich!"

"You can write the rulebook if you think we need one. You and Penny," the principal said quite harshly. "Also, watch the profanity."

"You know what, Penny can do it herself, we tend to backstab each other, so no." Rocky said backing away.

"I'll do it," I say to the principal, "it seems fun!"

"Much appreciated," the principal says to me happily.

[illegible]

May 25 2019

It turns out Rocky doesn't like me. I'm glad! We both used each other for our own use to win Food Fight Week.

I made the rulebook, The principal said he literally loved it! Yay for me.

This is the last day I get to log before my mom and dad take it away. They take my journal at the end of every Food Fight Week to see what I wrote and enjoy my writing.

As I look to the clock it is about to turn 12 am. So I gotta log out. PEACE OUT!

But don't worry, I'll log next year. I'll see you soon!

A Broken Part of the Sea

By: Abby Goodman

Chapter 1.

There's a thing I've noticed about the radio. Almost 89% of the music is cheesy romance. Stuff about breaking up with boys and being scared for life or trying to run away from a girl and finding he can't. I hate that kind of stuff.

It used to be my favorite thing, when I was like, 7. That was when I didn't forget everything. Now, I'm just a quiet, sad, shy girl who only speaks two words at a time unless I'm alone. Oh, and I have short term memory loss.

I am currently thing about how I know that yesterday may not have happened. I'm not even sure if tomorrow will ever come. That was confusing. What was I talking about? Oh right, all REALLY I know is now, and now's don't stay for long. About one second, really.

It's annoying to always be living in the present. I guess it's better for me, because then I don't have to live in the past all the time. People who live in the past are always sad about stuff. Unless their past is really, really happy.

Back to the music. I'm clicking the radio on and off because I can't find anything that's not about crushes. Geez.

My stomach growls. I've been up here for hours, messing with the radio. I get up and go downstairs.

Chapter 2.

My name is Lily, by the way. Names are one of the things I always remember. ALWAYS. Like, half of my brain space is practically made of everyone's name. I know a lot of people. Well, no. I've MET a lot of people. I don't KNOW anyone really except myself, my parents, and my dog, Malley. (We're obsessed with Malley's Chocolate.)

I think because my dog is named after Malley's, I am able to remember my family's favorite store. I kinda wish we owned Malley's Chocolate. That would be really cool.

Sorry, we were talking about my name. My name, Lily, has four letters, it's short for Liliana, and it's also my mom's middle name. My mom is a little obsessed with middle names. She's always making a big fuss about my name and how pretty it is.

I don't like it. It's too pretty. And I'm not pretty enough. I'm a thin kid with short, brown curly hair, freckles, and green eyes that lost their summer-color a long time ago. When I was like, 7.

Oh, I'm sorry. I already said something about being 7. That's probably because when I was like, 7 ½ my life changed, probably forever. And I know I said that I don't live in the past, but sometimes I can't help but remember somethings. The **important** things.



"Hey Lily, catch!" I duck. The tennis ball thumps in the grass. Yellow against green. I smile. I like those colors.

I turn back to Lewis. He's laughing. "You can't catch ANYTHING!" He says. I blush. "I don't want to get hit in the head!" I shoot back. Lewis is perfect. (In my opinion.) He's smart, not too tall, he has this perfect golden hair, AND he can catch stuff. Unlike me of course.

Lewis is the same age as me. The exact same age, actually. We're twins. We're not identical, and our personalities are NOWHERE alike, but we get along just fine. And anyway, I love Lewis. And that's not gonna change anytime soon.

"Lily, you should at least TRY to learn how how catch a ball!" Lewis is still laughing. He's red in the face. I don't really know what's so funny about me not being able to catch a ball. Maybe it's just the look on my face when I see it hurtling towards me.

I smile at Lewis. "Let's go inside. It's too hot out." It really wasn't that hot, I was just bored of failing at catching tennis balls. It was summer though, I guess that helped. We were running back to the porch when it happened.

Something big hit me in the back of the head. I saw stars for a moment, but then everything went black. Somewhere in the back of my mind I thought heard Lewis's voice yell for help.

I couldn't move. I couldn't see. I couldn't hear. And Lewis was in trouble. What was happening! I couldn't... I couldn't...



Pain. Nothing but pain. Everything hurt. My arms, my legs, my head... I couldn't take it...



"Lily? Lily can you hear me?" I opened my eyes. The light was too bright. Too, too bright. I closed my eyes again. The voice calling my name faded into back...



"Lily, please wake up!" This voice... Where had heard it before? Where was I? Why was it so bright in here? Shapes blurred, colors mixed together. My eyes were open. I could see. And hear. But I couldn't move.

I blinked. A lady was peering over me. I looked at her. She looked back. She was wearing a white dress with a name tag that said, SALLY in big, blue letters. I figured that Sally was her name.

"Do you know who you are?" Sally asked me. My lips moved. No sound came out. I tried again. And again. Finally, I managed to croak out, "Yes. I'm Lily. I'm 7 ½ years old, and I have a twin brother names Lewis. Where is he?"

Sally looked away. My breath caught in my dry throat. "Where is he?" I yelled. "Where's Lewis!" Sally took a deep breath. She whispered that very same words I was dreading, or pretty close to them at least.

"We don't know."



There a lot of theories of what happened to Lewis. Apparently a kidnapper attacked us. He threw a rock at me. It hit me me the back of the head. Then he grabbed Lewis and took him somewhere.

The rock he threw at me damaged my memory. I couldn't remember any moments that happened after Lewis went missing. Well, most of the moments. That's why I don't leave the house. Ever. I'm too afraid to forget.

It's been two months since the "incident," and we still haven't found Lewis yet. And our, my, birthday came and went too. But no one wanted to celebrate. Not without Lewis. It was one of the worst birthdays of my life.

In those two months my dad and my mom have pretty much stopped talking to me. I've been alone for hours, sometimes I'm left at the house by myself until midnight. I'm pretty sure they're busy looking for Lewis. I can take care of myself, it just gets a little lonely sometimes... Most of the time.

One time I called mom. She picked up. I told her that I was scared and lonely, and that I missed Lewis. Mom hung up when I said Lewis's name.

Chapter 3.

My mom is making me come to her office. This is the first time I've left the house in two months. I'm glad that my mom cares about me enough to take me to her office.



My mom's office is pretty nice. "This office is where I work. I rented the place out so that I could find Lewis." I just nod. Mom smiles a tiny smile. I know it's just a floor in a apartment building.

I take a look around the place. The walls are painted a soft, minty green. The carpet is yellow. But it's not that gross yellow that looks like Malley just threw up, and it's not that bright yellow that doesn't match with anything, it's that perfect yellow that you sometimes see when the sun sets. Yellow against green. I smile.

There are small, white lounge chairs all around the room. And in the middle of the room there is a white table. And on the windows there are white curtains. In one of the chairs, there is a girl. She had this red hair that goes past her butt. I'm not kidding. She's like, sitting on it! She also has this really pale skin. It's so smooth. Flawless, almost.

Mom sees me looking at the red haired girl. "That's Nellie. She helps out here." mom tells me. Nellie doesn't move. She's reading, "*Blended*" by Sharon M. Draper.

I nod at mom and have a seat next to Nellie. She looks up at me. For a moment, we just stare at each other. My dull, green eye piercing hers, and her deep, blue eyes piercing mine.

She smiles at me. She's like, 11. I'm only 8. I blush hastily. Her smile is so grown up! Either that or she just brushes her teeth too often. Nellie stops smiling and asks what my name is. I don't answer. I just look at the ground. Then Nellie says,

"I'll give you a tour of this office. You're new her, and it's sorta my job to show new people around." I hesitate. This was what I was afraid of. If I stopped writing, I might forget about what the tour was like! Nellie has stood up. I guess I have no choice.



I 'm trying to remember what happened on the tour. First we went to one room. And then another room. And then a different room. I forgot everything else. I do

remember meeting a boy though. His name was Jack. I'm sorry I don't remember what he looked like, but next time I go to mom's office I'll draw a picture of him. That way I won't forget.

Chapter 4.

I'm back at the office right now. Something's going on. Mom left in a hurry. I followed her out the door and into the car. Mom didn't say anything. We parked at the office and both climbed out of the car. Then, mom grabbed my hand and pulled me inside.

So, here I am right now. Sitting in the lobby. Mom went into a back room at the end of the hallway. She told me to wait here. So, I'm waiting.

Wait, Nellie! Nellie just came down the hall. Jack is with her. By the way, Jack has short, brown hair and caramel eyes. He's also got olive skin. His hands have a lot of cuts on them. He looks like he's younger than Nellie, but he's older than me. Like, 9 or 10. Or 9 ½. Either way.

"Lily, come on." Nellie says. Her voice is urgent. Realizing that I have no choice, I stand up and go with Nellie.



I'm back home. In bed. Mom is next to me. She's telling me what happened. I'm glad. I don't remember. Apparently, there's been a sighting of Lewis. One of my mom's college friends, (who lives five blocks away) Mrs. Sally, saw Lewis running thru the woods in her backyard. A few moments later, a man, dressed all in black came running down the same path.

Mrs. Sally called the police. But, they weren't fast enough, and the man got away, with Lewis carried over his shoulder like a sack of corn. Or apples. One of those.

No one got a picture of what Lewis OR the man in black had looked like. There's no evidence, but Mrs. Sally can draw decently well. "We've got a drawing of what she remembers, and some hope." Mom is saying. I like that.

Hope is a funny word. It feels like... like... like rain. How sometimes it can come crashing down on us, unexpectedly, but so, so, reliving. Like how sometimes it downs on us bit by bit, starting of a patter, then growing to a roar. How it can nourish as well as hurt. How it can sometimes come with thunder. Hope.

Chapter 5.

I'm back at mom's office. I'm holding Nellie's hand. I happy. For the first time in two months, I am happy. Why am I happy? My short-term memory loss is... GOING AWAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm NOT KIDDING! The doctors kept assuring my mom that it would be temporary, that I would stop, that my mind would heal, AND IT'S HAPPENING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I guess the rock wasn't big enough to do PERMANENT damage.

I do keep getting headaches though, I bet that's just my mind sewing itself together! I think that's how it works. I'm probably wrong. That's why I'm not gonna be a doctor when I grow up. I know nothing about medical stuff.

My dad's a doctor! He's a surgeon. He works on people who need surgery stuff. He says it's exciting. I think it's gross.

Back to the office. I'm still holding Nellie's hand, because we've sorta become friends. (Even though I'm 8 and she's 11.) I still can't believe that my memory-loss is going away. I haven't felt this way in a while. Happy, I mean.



"Hi, mom. Hi dad." They are in my room right now. I'm chilling under my covers, writing in this book. I can't see them, and they can't see me! It's funny. I can hear them though. They sound happy. They're not crying or anything. I poke my head out of the covers. Mom smiles. It's not a happy smiles, but it's not a sad one either.

"Lily? We have something to tell you." Dad says. I see a flash of... fear? In his eyes? Huh? Something's up. I swallow.

"What?" I ask. Mom holds up a picture. My breath catches in my throat.



"Hey Lily, I'll race you to the park!" Lewis hops onto his bike. I grin. "You wanna bet?" I kick up the kickstand and pedal fast down the hill, Lewis right behind me. It's one of those summer days when it's not too hot, but it's not too cold either. It's one of those sunny days when mosquitoes hide in the shade. (Yes! No itchy bites!) It was the perfect day, for betting on a bike race to the small park by the ice cream store.

Dad is following us on foot. Pretty soon he becomes a mere speck; his yellow shirt bright against soft green grass. Yellow against green. I smile.

Lewis and I reach the park. I beat him. He's laughing, his blond hair in waves from the wind. We run to the swings, happy. Happy. Happy. Happy. Hope. Hope. Hope. Rain. Rain. Rain.



In the sand,

on the beach,
waves lick at it,
a stick,
one word,
Lewis...
Handwriting...

H E L P

Chapter 6.

Lewis is out there. I can feel it. He's not dead. He's just in trouble. And from the looks of it, big trouble. I don't know why he was running away from the man in black, because that man doesn't look like the kidnapper. I'm starting to get pieces of my memory back; the kidnapper had a beard. And very tangly hair. This man was bald.

It's 8:00. I'm in bed. My mom and dad are making me go to bed early, ever since the shock of seeing the picture of Lewis's handwriting in the sand. Nellie had just been walking along the beach, when she saw the word. She took a picture and sent it to us.

I wonder who did it. I wonder WHY they did it. I wonder where Lewis is. I wonder... I wonder why I still feel hope. I've been through so much, I've seen too many things, and yet, it's still there. The rain inside. I take a deep breath.

I wonder about a lot of things. All day it's on and off, of "I wonder this" and "I wonder that." Right now I am wondering. I am wondering about why I can't just go to sleep and wake up tomorrow to find out that none of it ever happened, that Lewis is still sleeping peacefully in his bed, that mom and dad are ready to go down to the beach and get us ice cream and be happy.

I wonder why none of this is a bad dream.

*Raise your words,
not your voice.
It is rain that grows flowers,
not thunder.
-Jalal ad-Din Rumi.*

Raise your spirits,

not your doubts.

It is hope that keeps us going,

not expectations.

-Lily (Me)



"Good morning, Lily!" Dad says as I walk downstairs. I'm guessing he's trying to keep my mind off Lewis. I'm not sure if it's gonna work. I nod to him and pour myself some cereal. The kitchen becomes quiet, except for my soft chewing. *Swallow, spoosh, chew chew chew.* The sound is louder than usual.

There's a knock on the door. Dad stands up. He opens the door. Lewis is standing there. Right there! I run up to hug him. Suddenly, the door becomes really, really far away. A long hallway separates us, and although I'm running through it at top speed, it doesn't seem like I'm moving at all.

"Lewis!" I shout. "Lewis!" Suddenly, dad grabs my shoulder. I turn around. But instead of dad standing there, it's the bald guy that Mrs. Sally saw chasing Lewis! His teeth fangs, his head shiny. The house starts to collapse around me. It is only then that I wake up.

Gasping, I lay tangled in the bedsheets, sweat and tears soaking the mattress through. I swallow and breathe. Breathe. In, out, in, out. I close my eyes for a moment. Then I get up and go downstairs, shaky and still dressed in my pajamas.



Back in mom's office. Jack and Nellie are sitting next to me, one on either side. I haven't told anyone about my nightmare yet, but from how I looked and from how little I ate when I came downstairs this morning, I'm pretty sure that mom and dad both got an idea of what happened. I'm so embarrassed! Nightmares are for little kids, and I'm 8! Eight years olds DON'T have nightmares.

Jack gives my hand a squeeze. I think he can tell what I'm feeling right now. That guy has like, brain powers or somethings. He can make anyone feel anything. And he always seems to understand how people feel. I like Jack. He's silly. Nellie's all work. Jack's all wit. But they seem to get along just fine.

"Lily, come here please," Mom says. I stand up and go with mom. Mom ducks into a room to my right. I follow. In here there is a projector. And a big white screen. It's dark in

here, too. I see a light switch next to the door, but I don't touch it. I think it's dark in here so that the projector can work.

"Have a seat," a voice says. I look around. Standing next to the projector is a man in a white coat. He has REALLY big glasses and a pointy nose. He looks like something out of a cartoon.

"Have a seat," he says again. I sit on the floor, because there are no chairs or benches in the room. I'm grateful for the carpet I'm sitting on. These floors did seem kinda cold.

The cartoon man smiles at me. I don't smile back. I don't trust him. There's just something about him that's not right. Like he's a wolf and I'm a mouse, and he's sniffing me to see if I'm a good meal.

"I'm going to show you some things today, Lily," the man says. I look at the floor. His voice has honey dripping off of it. And not the sweet kind of honey, the bitter kind that nobody likes.

"My name is Dr. K," the man continues. "I'm going to show you all of the sightings of Lewis that we've had so far, and because your memory is coming back, I need you to see if there is a pattern between what you remember and what comes up on this screen."

I swallow. I don't think I like the sound of this so far.

The screen starts to show images. There's an image of Lewis's message on the beach, of Lewis in Mrs. Sally's backyard, of Lewis huddling under the steps of a warehouse, of Lewis in a tree, and of Lewis hiding behind a tree. None of the pictures are clear enough to see Lewis's face. I blink back a few tears.

"Well? Is there a pattern?" Dr. K. asks.

"He's always... hiding?" I guess.

"And his face is never facing toward the camera." Mom adds.

I jump. I forgot she was in the room too.

Dr. K. is writing on a clipboard. I don't know if she's writing down what Mom and I said or just notes and theories.

"Thank you. You ladies can go now," Dr. K. says. His face is all scrunched up, like he's trying to figure out a really, really hard puzzle. I wonder if Dr. K is feeling any rain right now.

Chapter 7.

"Hey mom? Can we have some ice cream?" I've grown to speaking at least 10 words at a time now. It's easier to socialize. Mom is hunched over her computer. Her long brown hair is shadowing her face. There are dark circles under her eyes.

"Not right now, sweetie," she says. I sigh. The phrase, "not right now" has turned into "in a million hours." Mom has been hunched over that computer for a week! Whatever's on it must be really, really, really important. Like, finding Lewis important. I wonder how close they are to learning what really happened to him.

"Hey Lily, your mom's busy. I'll take you out for ice cream if you want," Dad is standing in the door frame to the kitchen.

I smile a tiny smile. Dad grabs my hand and we go and climb in his car. The ice cream place is close. It's close enough for us to bike there, but it's the hottest day of the year today, and I think that dad just needs some air conditioning.

The ride to the ice cream store is long. Longer than usual. There's no traffic, so I'm guessing that it's just my imagination. Normally these rides aren't as long or as quiet. When Lewis is here, it's loud, and silly, and fun. Oh Lewis...

I can almost see him out the window of the car, his face pale, barefoot on the sidewalk, running away from a bald man... Wait, what?

"Dad! Dad! Lewis!" Dad turns and looks out the window. His mouth falls open. He rolls down his window.

"Lewis! Lewis!" He calls. Lewis turns and looks. He sees our car, dad's face, my face, and he starts to cry. I need him back. I need Lewis. We can help him. We can get him home. Everything after that realization happens in a blur;

I unlock my car door. Dad slows down. I pull the door open. Dad's car screeches to a stop. Lewis jumps in. Our eyes lock for a moment, and then he's in, hugging me like if he let's go the world will fall apart. I pull the car door close. Dad starts the engine up again. We turn around and drive back home, our ice cream forgotten.

The bald man screams and curses as we run off. I don't know why he wanted to kidnap Lewis, I don't know who he is, and I don't know if he's working with the bearded man or not, but one thing's clear; he's mad at us. He'll be back. I just hope that time's not soon.

Chapter 8.

Lewis is back. He's okay. He's okay. He's okay. (He's in the hospital, but he's okay.) I realize now why he was running, why he was hiding, why he wrote H E L P in the sand. It was because he was lost. Mrs. Sally lives **five blocks away**, the beach is a **15 minute car ride** from our house, and where he was seen in other places is around a **20 minute car ride** from our house. He was running from someone trying to capture him in unfamiliar places.

Chapter 9.

There's a thing I've noticed about the radio. 84% of it's music is about being happy. Being happy that they're "not alone" or that they are "stronger" and that they are happy about having a girl they like in their house, eating nachos and watching T.V. with them.

I love that kind of stuff. And Lewis does too. And mom. And dad. And Nellie. And Jack. Right now we're all in the car, riding to the ice cream store, singing along to one of our favorite songs,

*Finally together,
on this small boat forever.
The sun is sinking too low,
the ocean in it's glow,
and I'm holding a broken part of the sea.
A broken part of the sea.
A broken part of the sea.*

The rain inside me seemed to fall faster and faster and faster.

Stitched

By Camryn Klein

I look around me, doctors examining me. I feel so weak I can barely keep my eyes open. I hear light whispers.

"Do you think she's gonna live?" whispered a doctor. "Yes, but she will never be able to talk again," another doctor said.

"Look, she's awake!" said another doctor.

"Miss Vera?" Said a doctor examining me.

I tried to speak but the words just wouldn't fall out.

"It's ok, you lost a lot of blood, but it's going to be ok," assured the doctor.

I reached to my throat to find stitches all over it. I tried to speak again, but I just couldn't talk.

"Miss Vera, do you remember what happened?" questioned another doctor.

I shook my head.

"You had a terrible fall down the stairs of your home. You're lucky you're still alive," said the same doctor.

Just then the memories came flooding in. I remember blood everywhere, feeling very nauseous and light headed.

"For now and forever you will use this pad of paper," a doctor assured, handing me a purple notebook. "Your father and mother would like to see you," the same doctor said as I nodded my head.

Just then the doors opened and in came my parents. I tried to say, "Mom, Dad," but then I remembered, I couldn't.

"Oh sweetie!" my mother cried running toward my bedside.

I jotted down "*I'm scared*," and handed it to them.

"It's alright sweetie!" my father said wiping tears away. "Were just glad you're alive," he sobbed.

"You're all we've got," my mother said wiping away tears.

I then traced, "*Am I going to die?*"

"Oh, don't ever say that sweetie!" my mother said, hysterically crying. "You're not gonna die!"

At that moment, I had a flashback of what happened to me. I remembered everything. I remembered my parents telling me about my brother and...

1 week earlier

My mom always complained how much better my brother, Kayden was. We looked a lot alike. But he was in college, about to graduate. She always said "Oh well why can't you get good grades, like your brother?" Or, "Why can't you listen more, like your brother"

So that night when I came home with a C, I knew she wouldn't be happy. I was imagining what she would say. But just as I was about to grab my key out of my backpack, my father opened the door.

"Carly, we have something to tell you," My father sighed.

"Joanne, she's home," My father shouted as I went in the doorway.

My mother came down and we went in the living room.

"This afternoon..." My father tried to hold back tears. I could tell.

"Your brother was found dead in his apartment."

I gasped. My head was spinning with thoughts.

My mother started to cry.

Everyone was silent.

"I need to go to my room," I sighed standing up and going up the stairs.

After an hour nap or so, I woke up. I was fine until I remembered what had happened that day. My father and mother telling me my brother died.

My head was spinning as I came close to the steps. I felt dizzy. I dragged my foot down to the step, missing and tumbling down the stairs.

I tried to open my eyes, but it was hard. I felt blood on my neck.

I heard my parents screaming, "Carly? What's going on?" Then their voices got louder, "Carly!"

~~~~~



Surprisingly, at that very moment, I felt at ease. My mind clear, for once I feel things are going to get better. I will greatly miss my brother, but I am so very thankful to be alive and well and there for my parents.

# *The Feeling of Belonging*

By Marin Wurst

## Chapter 1

"Sarah!" Aurora shouted in frustration. "We have to go, now!"

Sarah ran down stairs skipping every other step as she went. "What?" she mumbled. "We need to leave. NOW!"

Sarah jumped into her chair and slowly started to eat her cereal.

These days Sarah felt weak and tired. Aurora was frightened that something might be wrong with Sarah. She had been slow, weak and had to go to the bathroom at least ten times a day.

"Aurora, do I have to go" complained Sarah.

"Yes your are part of a team and your team is counting on you" Aurora said calmly.

"NO THEY AREN'T! THEY HATE ME!" Sarah retorted.

"They don't hate you, you're their teammate." Aurora replied calmly.

"HOW DOES THAT CHANGE ANYTHING!" Sarah said as she stormed out of the room.

"I hope she realizes that she's not worthless one day." Aurora whispered to herself.

## Game Time

### Chapter 2

"Lizzie pass the ball!" Mrs. Johnson screamed.

Lizzie was sprinting up the field with the ball in her feet. She was getting ready to take the shot when she saw Sarah out of the corner of her eye, wide open. Lizzie did a move to get around a girl and then it was Sarah's time to shine. Lizzie didn't exactly like Sarah but like a good teammate she sent the ball up to her.

It was 0 - 0 against the hardest team in the number one division. There were five seconds left on the clock and Sarah had a wide open shot on goal, no goalie. Sarah was five feet away from the goal. She took a shot an it missed by a mile. Sarah's entire team was groaning in disbelief. The referee blew the whistle and the game was over. They had tied 0 - 0.

Sarah felt like she was about to puke.

## Family is Forever

### Chapter 3

Sarah plopped down onto the couch with tears rolling down her cheeks. She had missed the easiest shot in the world. She was face to face with the goal, no goalie and she had still missed it.

Aurora came over and sat next to her. Silence. "I love you," Aurora said as she gave Sarah a hug.

Sarah was startled by the random act of kindness but she hugged her sister back. She loved Aurora and she wanted her to know that.

"Aurora I love you," Sarah said through sniffles. They sat there like that for a few minutes then Sarah hopped up to go to the bathroom.

After Sarah had gone to the bathroom, she went over to the office to do her homework. Aurora came in and said something that Sarah thought she would never mention again. "Do you miss mom and dad?" She said in a sad tone.

"Of course. Do you?" Sarah replied.

"Yes." Aurora said sadly. "I wish they would have never gotten in that car." she continued as she walked away.

## The New Friend

### Chapter 4

"Sarah! We need to leave!" Aurora shouted once again.

Sarah came downstairs in her new dress ready to start school.

"Don't you think that's a bit formal for school?" Aurora said.

Sarah shrugged and went over to fetch her backpack.

"You're going to be late," Aurora said as she helped Sarah get her backpack on.

"I know," Sarah said as she walked out the door.

### *Ten Minutes Later...*

Sarah walked through the door with her confidence sky high. She walked into Mr. Gifford's room with a smile on her face. Then out of nowhere a girl jumped in front of her with her arm outstretched.

"Umm you need to go over there," the girl said as she pointed to a corner. There was a boy who looked a bit older than her who had a headset and was breathing into an inhaler.

There was also a girl who looked a bit younger than her who had glasses, braces, and you could practically see the stench emanating from her.

Sarah was puzzled. She wanted to go to the small group behind the girl with kids who looked like... well... normal kids. Sarah tried to step past the girl, but the girl got in front of her and knocked her over sending her glasses flying.

The class burst out laughing. The only people who weren't laughing were the boy and the girl. They were just looking at her like she was a dying puppy.

Sarah jumped up brushing herself off and went over to the group of two, soon to be group of three.

After around ten minutes Sarah had found out that the boy's name was Zack and the girl's name was Lily. Sarah always liked the name Lily.

"Why are you wearing such a fancy dress?" Zack asked in fascination.



"I don't know." Sarah replied slowly. "It was my mother's dress when she was young." Sarah said as she held back tears.

"I think it looks pretty," Lily said after a few moments.

Sarah smiled and then shuddered a bit. "Are you ok?" Lily and Zack said in unison.

Sarah stood up walked about three steps, the next thing she knew she was on the ground and all she could see was darkness.

## The Truth

### Chapter 5

The next thing Sarah knew was that she was in the hospital and there were tubes sticking out of both of her arms.

"OH MY GOSH! THANK THE GODS!" Aurora squealed once she saw Sarah was awake.

Sarah was confused, tired, and she felt like she was about to vomit.

"W-what happened?" Sarah said in a scratchy voice.

A doctor came in. "Miss Evenson. I hate to tell any child this, but we have to inform you that you have been diagnosed with Type 1 Diabetes."

Sarah's jaw dropped.

## Epilogue

### Chapter 6

Sarah, Zack, and Lily were out for a walk when they noticed something. There was a dark shadow coming toward them. Sarah squinted through the darkness.

"Is that.....," Lily trailed off.

"Yes it is," Sarah said in a stern voice.

Sarah knew exactly who it was and she was pretty sure that Zack and Lily did too. Isabella came closer. Sarah wasn't afraid of her. It was summer and she didn't have time for Isabella. After last year she didn't like Isabella. The whole year Isabella's friend group had gotten smaller and smaller while Sarah's friend group had been growing bigger and bigger.

After she had been diagnosed with Type 1 Diabetes she had felt like an outsider, but with her friends by her side she started to feel normal again. All that was different between her and everyone else was the fact that she had to do shots for almost everything she ate.

"Sarah," Isabella said as she drew closer.

"What do you want," Sarah replied in a harsh voice.

Isabella still coming closer. Sarah, Zack, and Lily just stood there. Watching. Waiting.

As soon as Isabella got up to Sarah, she did something Sarah couldn't believe. She hugged her. Isabella slumped to the ground.

"I'm sorry," Isabella said through tears. "I'm sorry."

Sarah knew she could never forget how rude Isabella was on that first day, but she thought they could maybe be friends. She stood up and hugged Isabella back.

"Friends?" Sarah asked, forgivingly.

"Friends," Isabella responded, thankfully.

# The Hidden Mask

By Kartika Mohta

My name is Flora, I am a nobody. Some may disagree, but there is no one here to tell me that I am wrong. So as I alone, walk on the streets of the place I used to call home, I don't wave, I don't smile, I don't even look up. I just keep my head down and close my mind from the pictures that will always haunt my head.

I've been living on the streets, for the past three years. Those years have felt as if they have been slowly eating my insides from the knowledge they hold. Every year I notice some kids smiling and laughing, and some don't do either. Some cry and scream from not getting what they want, but they don't know what it's like to not have anything. Nothing, no food, no water, and especially no one. Sometimes I just want to scream at them and hope that my whole life is just a nightmare that has a beautiful miracle coming close by. This is my life.

I was 12 years old when my parents died in a tragic car accident. I was a really "unique" kid. That's why no one took me when my parents died. They all thought I had issues. I won't blame them. I **am** different, but my parents never thought about it; they were just happy about me being their daughter.

I do have an older sister that I don't really know. She was having a graduation party last time I saw her, when I was 2. I bet she doesn't even know what happened to me. I vaguely remember her being a good big sister, till she had to go to college.

My sister looks like a clone of my mom, but I look like the exact opposite. They have blonde hair; I have dark brown hair. They have brown eyes, I have blue eyes. My parents are really tall, but I'm really short, or as some people call it average. Sometimes I feel like an alien, because I don't fit in with the rest of the people, and it's not a good feeling, trust me.

After a long day of sitting at the library, the librarian, Mrs. Schwelts, finally notices me sitting at the far north corner of the play area. I know it's a little childish for me to be playing with the kitchen set, but it's the closest thing to cooking I've had in a long time. I use to cook with my mom and make brownies and birthday cakes every time someone's birthday came up, or just for a holiday.

Ever since I have been living on the streets, Mr. Adler, the owner of the the Rose Tree shop, always gives me food in the morning and we eat together at night. I never want him to leave my life. He's like a father to me, but he does have a life outside of the Rose Tree shop.

He has a beautiful wife and two kids, who are both younger than me. His kids are sometimes extremely annoying and are always curious about how I ended up a homeless orphan. They are like

chipmunks, cute but nosy. His wife on the other hand is perfect. She walks perfectly, she talks perfectly and is the best mother these two kids could ever have. She reminds me of my mother.

Mrs. Schwelts, the librarian gets closer to me, and she looks scared, really scared. She opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. Then finally she says, "There is a person outside who wants to see you. She didn't say who she was or who you are. But she looks really serious."

I'm so confused, who would want to see me? I don't know what to say. So I just sit there, frozen like an ice sculpture.

"The person is waiting outside by the window for you," Mrs. Schwelts points at the window where a person is standing.

The person is pointing their finger at me and waving it back and forth. They do look like a normal person, but the window is quite blurry. So I nod at Mrs. Schwelts and get up, I walk toward the door. The closer and closer I get, the higher my curiosity level goes.

Once I am out that door, four cold hands hold me tightly. I push and pull, but they are much stronger than me. They pull me to a corner where a black car is parked. One of them puts a piece of tape around my mouth. Another one opens the door and pushes me inside.

Two people are at the front, a driver and the person that taped my mouth. They are doing some kind of sign language with their hands. I try screaming, but it just sounds like muffled voices. We start driving, really fast, through a tunnel and into a secret passage that leads straight into an abandoned mine.

They turn off the car, get out, but leave me in the car. They talk for ten minutes and then two people leave, but the driver comes back inside the car and drags me outside.

That's when I looked closely at her. She is really tall, and has one streak of pink hair. She has brown eyes and is pretty skinny. Maybe she is the leader of a gang. I can see it from the way she acts, and the way people listen to her without any question or words.

After a few minutes of walking, we enter a prison type of place, with beds and food doors, even iron bars surround the rooms. She throws me onto the bed and tells me to wait. So I sit there trying to figure out what is happening to me.

After a half an hour, a very tan boy comes up and tells me that the Head of the group wants to see me. I thought that the head would be the girl who drove and dragged me out of the car, but I am sorely mistaken. Her name is Vanessa. And the boy who sat next to her in the car, is called Zack. There is one more girl and two other boys. The girl's name is Sarah and the two boys are twins named Ethan and Evan. Ethan, Evan, and Sarah didn't really talk much. It's like they're mute. Zack and Vanessa did all the talking. They tell me to sit by the door until the Head calls me in. But the door isn't completely closed, so I can still hear them talking.

After two to three hours of sitting and listening, my turn to see the Head is finally up. I am hoping to actually see her face, but she is wearing a mask that covers her whole face except for her eyes. Weirdly enough, her eyes seem familiar, but I can't understand from where.

The Head had dark brown eyes, and they seemed confident and strong. While in the room, the Head asked lots of questions, but I don't say anything because Vanessa and Zack do all the talking for me, thinking that they know all about me just by the way that I look. But there is one question that comes up that none of us can answer. She asks, *'Where do you live?'*

I feel weird telling them that I am living on the streets, so I lie and tell them that I am on vacation and visiting from Ohio. They somehow believe it and go on talking more. After the "Interview", they bring me back into the prison cell, and tell me to sleep.

I do as they say, mostly because I want time to think about the Head's eyes and where I have seen them before. At some point I fall asleep, but somehow I am dreaming about her eyes and figure out whose eyes they are.

"OMG" I say, as I get up, they're from... I can't believe this. I keep trying to influence myself that they are from someone else but, I just have a gut feeling that I'm right. And the thing about me since I was a kid is that my gut feeling is usually right. So I get off of my bed, and pace around for a little while. I am so focused that I don't even notice that one of twins has come up. That's when I realize that they all live in here, including the Head!

"Hey kid, what are you doing, go back to sleep," he says it in a voice, like I offended him in someway. He is still wearing his mask. I don't understand why they won't just take off their masks, I mean it's not like I'm escaping from this dungeon anytime soon.

"I can't," I say in a whispered voice.

"What did you say? You're talking so quietly even the mice in this area won't understand you!" He started laughing, loudly. I don't know if he was trying to make fun of me, or if he was trying to scare me with the mice. So I don't say anything and just try to go to sleep.

He leaves once I'm on my bed, but I really can not go to sleep. Every time I do, I keep seeing those specific eyes. And right now that is the last pair of eyes I wanna see.

I can't take it anymore, I have to make sure that those eyes belong to someone else. I crawl out of bed very slowly and hide next to the wall in the dark. I need to find out where the Head's room is, but without getting caught. As I think of a plan, I see someone's shadow walking toward my room. I don't know what to do, and as the person comes closer, the more I panic.

**To Be Continued by an OMS Press Writer in the  
2019-2020 School Year! Will it be YOU!**

# MIST

BY STEPHAN OTTERMAN AND CALLEN SILVERBERG

My name is Mist Talongard, son of Jon Talongard.

One day I was hunting in the woods for deer for Bear Hunters (my dad's shop). Everyone on this side of the country knows he is scared to death of owls and he would be frightened if he saw a bear face to face, so the fact that his shop is called *bear hunters* is kinda funny.

Let's start from the beginning, I'm the kid that walks around on the playground and the blacktop confused like he doesn't know which path to take. Oh! I'm also the kid who you always feel sorry about because he looks like a person with a story to tell but nobody listens. Also I have a pendant that totally works with my shirt. It was my moms before she... Never Mind . It doesn't matter.

Anyway, I was running through the woods feeling as free as a bird.

I loved this forest called Hulkburn [We call it that because it burned down 50 years ago. I don't know about the hulk though. But it has re-grown... because trees do that.]. The roots of the trees were sticking out like they were made to trip me, and well, it worked, because I tripped.

Anyway, it hurt a whole lot.

As I was inspecting my wound I felt something buzzing on my chest. The amulet that my mom gave me, started humming and floating. As quick as you can say "axolotl tea time", a greyish, clearish, whitish cast went around my leg. It was stunning. It felt like it hadn't broken at all. My whole body felt stronger faster and I had more energy.

Unfortunately, it only felt that way for 3 seconds because It started to get harder to stay awake. Then I collapsed on the ground and everything went black.

# Alex

I stole the shiny necklace off the boy and walked off.

I'm Alex Shadowthorn, a thief. So easy peasy, right? No! The guy woke up and followed my footsteps. I was looking at the fancy neckwear when the angry kid in bamboo armor with a pokey stick started running at me.

Luckily, I had a tarkin [which is like a weird shaped sword that's a little shorter than a normal sword,] but the face of this boy told me that I WAS IN GRAVE DANGER. The look was basically a death threat in a glimpse.

I ran away as fast as my legs could go. I randomly went street to street until I realised I was in the alleyway I lived in, and I was cornered by a very angry boy with a stick of bamboo that could penetrate clad armor. This was a very bad

situation, so I pulled out my grappling hook gun, which I only use in emergencies, and from the looks of this, *this was an emergency.*

So I shot it up one of the walls and was making my quick getaway when it stopped and started making this sickening clicking sound like the spring was coiling, uncoiling and recoiling, like it was trying to pull me up, but it was being forced down.

Then I realized that Bamboo Boy was grabbing my ankle keeping me down. He was getting heavier and heavier and it was getting harder and harder to keep my grip on the handle of my grappling hook gun. My sweaty fingers started to slip free on by one until finally I slipped free and we both fell onto the pavement.

My grappling hook gun just zipped up the wall without me, so I had to take a route I've only seen in action movies. Great!

I ran up to the wall, jumped, launched myself off of it, pulled out my tarken in air and shoved it into the wall. I put both feet in the wall and launched myself up another section of wall, only to see that Bamboo Boy was doing the same thing. He was chasing me up the wall. Good thing though, I was a step ahead of him, so I got to the top first.

This was when Bamboo Boy made a *mistake*. He threw his pokey stick up, and I pushed his hands off, so he fell off the side of the wall.

He grabbed the handle of my grappling hook gun, and I couldn't lift *that* so he made it up anyway. He picked up his pokey stick and I pulled out my S.S.O [shiny.sharp.object].

We started fighting. He stabbed. I dodged. I swung. He ducked. We ended up totally turning into this green and black tornado of screaming and craziness.

That's when this redheaded boy, wearing a leather apron and a tool belt, showed up. He and the Bamboo Kid teamed up to try to take me down.

The red-headed guy, named Sol, quickly picked out a shard of GLASS and chucked it at me.

I was like WHAT? THAT'S NOT A WEAPON! YOU HAD A HAMMER ON YOUR BELT! LIKE WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?

When Sol threw the glass, it hit me. My reflexes lunged out and I grabbed the shard of glass, but it made a large cut in my hand. The red liquid of death started gathering at where the glass hit me.

I fell backwards against the hard pavement. I looked at my hand, splattered with blood. The glass was lodged pretty far into my hand. Muttering a few cuss-words under my breath, I was able to pull out the shard.

Before I was able to get back up and fight, I felt a sharp pain in my back. Before I collapsed to the ground I saw out of the corner of my eye Bamboo Boy with his pokey stick at my back. Then it was my turn to black out.

Sol

My name is Sol Swiftman. When Alex blacked out, Mist and I looked at each other and ran. Mist told me what had happened; a very strange story about a thief, a broken leg, and a fight over an amulet.

# Informational Writing

## 9 OLD SHOWS YOU DIDN'T KNOW EXISTED... THAT YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT!

By Mallory Kavanagh and Ashlyn Fitzgerald

Do you ever get bored of watching the same old boring shows? Do you wish you had something better to watch? If you answer yes to either of these questions, this list is for you! Here are 9 old shows ranked (according to our personal opinions) from 9 as our least favorite to 1 as our favorite show that you may not have known existed.

**9. The Brady Bunch :** The Brady bunch is about two families joining together and making a big family with 3 girls and 3 boys Their mother is a stay at home mom, and their dad is an architect. This show is about the life of this huge family. It takes place in the late 60's and early 70's.

**8. The flintstones :** Everyone knows that catchy theme song in commercials, but do you exactly know what it's from? The Flintstones is a cartoon that takes place in the Stone Age. The story takes place with the daily activities of the caveman family, the Flintstones, and their next door neighbors, the Rubbles.

**7. The Muppet Show:** We have all heard of the Muppets, but have you heard of The Muppet Show? The Muppet Show is all of your favorite

muppets all in one show! The show has Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Gonzo, and of course Fozzie, and many more! The Muppet Show may be a favorite for younger kids, but it's quite enjoyable for older kids as well!

**6. Who's The Boss:** Tony and his daughter Samantha were living a very hard life in their old town. Samantha was constantly getting beaten up and Tony did not have a job. Tony decides to move to Connecticut, where they find Angela Brower and her son Jonathan. Tony wanted to be a housekeeper for them. Angela was very hesitant, but she gave in, and Tony and Samantha end up living with them. Later in the series, romance grows with Angela and Tony.

**5. The Cosby Show:** The Cosby Show centers on the lives of the Huxtables. The show includes obstetrician Cliff and his lawyer wife Claire, their daughters Sondra, Denise, Vanessa and Rudy, and son Theo. Based on the standup comedy of Bill Cosby, the show focused on his observations of family life. Although based on comedy, the series also addresses some more serious topics. [www.imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com)

**4. Perfect Strangers:** Balki Bartokomous comes to America after being a sheep herder in Mypos. In America, he finds his cousin Larry Appleton, who just left his big family to have a place of his own. Though Balki was really looking forward to this, Larry has never heard of Balki before. Since Balki has nowhere to go, Larry lets him stay in his apartment. Balki and Larry become very good friends.

**3. Family Ties:** Steven and Elyse Keaton are hippies with liberal viewpoints. They have 3 kids who do not at all have the same political viewpoints. The kids are Alex, Mallory, and Jennifer, and Andrew in later seasons. Family Ties is about their struggles in life.

**2. Sabrina The Teenage Witch:** This show is about a girl named Sabrina that just moved in with her aunt because her mom had to dig for fossils in Peru. Little did Sabrina know she is a witch! Her aunts are too! She is not allowed to see her mom because her mom is a "mortal". If she sees her, her mom will be turned into a ball of wax.



**1. Growing Pains:** Maybe you haven't heard of this but I'm sure your parents probably have. Growing Pains is about the Seaver family. The Seaver family consists of 6 people, 2 parents and 4 Kids. The parents are Maggie and Jason. Maggie is a journalist for the paper and a news reporter. Even though she works very hard at work, she enjoys being home with her kids. Jason is a psychiatrist and he works from home the majority of the show in his at-home office. The oldest kid is Mike, a troublemaker, who makes the show very interesting. He is always getting into trouble, also later on in the series he is an actor. The second eldest child (as she would say) is Carol. Carol is extremely smart, and is a know-it-all. She and Mike are ALWAYS fighting. The next kid is Ben. Ben is your average kid, cute when he is in kindergarten, but then in his teen/tween years he is pretty much your average teen/tween. The youngest kid is not born till season 6, and her name is Crissy. Crissy is extremely cute!! She is your average little kid. She even has an imaginary friend mouse named Ike! Growing Pains is an AMAZING show!

Fill out This Forum To Tell Us What Old Show You Would Watch!!

[https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSejK-Z5x-R7\\_ciWtJu7McMsfMLag88NBQFaXILpWNpsVZO\\_7w/viewform?usp=sf\\_link](https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSejK-Z5x-R7_ciWtJu7McMsfMLag88NBQFaXILpWNpsVZO_7w/viewform?usp=sf_link)

## Top Five Vacation Spots To Go

By Jordan Novak

### 5. Scottsdale, Arizona.



Imagine yourself in the place where most is desert. But, desert is not in all of Scottsdale. So, in Scottsdale, you find yourself in a really green place, with high mountains, and pools. At night you find really pretty lights! During day, you could hike the famous Camelback Mountain! Camelback has been known for its shape and height. It's height is 2,707 feet! That's so high.



#### 4. San Diego, California.



Arf, Arf. You hear the sound of a Sea lion. Rawr, Rawr. You hear the sound of a Panther. EEE- EEE. You hear the sound of a monkey. You hear all of those sounds as you walk through the San Diego Zoo. As you walk through the zoo, "asking" the animals to pose for your camera. The next day, after a good night's rest, your parents take you to SeaWorld. You ride the roller coasters, watch the Dolphin show, and so much more.

#### 3. LA, California



Time to go to see the Hollywood sign. After that, time to see Mickey and Minnie at California's Disney Park. After long day of sightseeing, you decide to take a break, like taking a nap. The next day, you get the tickets for the Warner



Brothers studio tour. You get to see many props and sets of movies and shows.

#### 2. Hard Rock, Punta Cana, Dominican Republic.



Splash! "CANNONBALL!" someone screams, as they jump into the pool. Splash! "Ewww. Seaweed!" A girl yells, as she jumps the waves, and seaweed wrapping itself around her legs. Splash! "WHOO!" As a 6 year-old shoots out from the mini waterslides. All of this noise is coming from Hard Rock Casino, Punta Cana, Dominican Republic.



#### Fort Myers, Florida.

Wooosh, wooosh, goes the wind. Wooosh, there it goes again. Giggle, goes the little kids down at the beach. Splash! Splash, goes the water of the Atlantic Ocean against the soft, sand. Giggle, go the kids again. " How do you like the beach?" Your grandmother asks you. " It's awesome! Thank you for taking me here!" You respond. "Do you think Grandpa will play catch?" "Maybe, he went on walk." Grandma responds.



**Thank You For Reading!**

# RAT CARE

By: Mira Kirby

I have a vision. A vision of a Rat Care. And please, consider this. Rat Care would be a safe place for rats. If people find rats in the streets, in sewers, or in their home, people would be able to call Rat Care. They would gently capture the rat, so people don't have to. And the rat would get vaccinated, fed, cleaned, and put out to a pet store or rat shelter, for people to buy as pets. Because some people actually like rats. Including me.



Rat Care would make it better for the rats, *and* humankind. Better for humankind, so we won't have to worry about them being diseased, and won't have to worry about a majority of them in the streets either. But if the local Rat Care shelters get to crowded, we could put them in shelters all over the world! Rat Care would also be good for ratkind to, because they will be safe, fed, vaccinated, and with people who love them.



And I know, most people are like, "just *kill* them! It will be so much easier!" BUT that's selfish! *That's* why! How is a rats life any less valuable than a humans?! Look, I know we have a much more crazy life than rats, but they still have one. There should be a law, where you can't use an exterminator to kill rats.

You don't have to like rats, but don't *kill* them! Again, that is selfish. Just because they're suffering, (diseased, hungry, cold, and rejected by most of humankind) does not mean humans should hate rats. Also, we shouldn't judge them by how they look. You don't do that with humans do you? No. And it's not the rats fault they are suffering. It's us. It's most of humankind's fault. Because no one will take a stand and give rats what they really need. So I will.

If this vision comes to life, people would have a number to call that would bring people with special gear, (to make sure they don't get diseased while they are getting the rat) to take the rat out of houses, sweers, or on the streets for free. They won't stop until they have the rat, or unless you tell them to stop. They would have special ways to get the rat in the cage, without much of a chase. It would be better for people because one, it's free. And two, people won't have to touch the rat. And of *course* it's also better for the rat, because it will get vaccinated, fed, cleaned, and put out to a pet store or rat shelter, to get taken home by people who love them. And for the people who *do* buy the rat, the rat would be priced reasonably, (not to expensive of a price, nor to cheap of a price) with all its needs included.



Rats really are great animals. They have many, *many* great qualities. And again. You don't *have* to like them. But one more person who likes rats the better! Rats they can clean themselves, but still like water if people want or need to give them a bath. They also eat a lot of different things, so people don't



have to worry about spending a lot of money on them for specific food for them. Rats are also *really* smart and easy to train. And finally, they are really sweet animals. They love to cuddle, play with you, and love you. Honestly. Rat care would be better for everyone. Rats *really are* great animals. Some people just won't give them a chance. So, please, help me make this vision come to life. Give rats a chance!

## Amazing Authors

By Aaron Choate

Throughout the last few years, I've praised these authors for their amazing books. I kept getting hooked into them, and kept on borrowing them from the library, now repeat that quite a few times. If you have heard of them, I'm sure you know how good their books are. If you haven't, I hope I inspire you to try one, or two, or more!

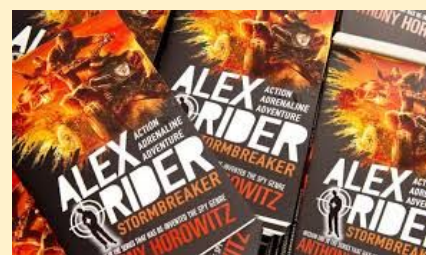
### 1. Rick Riordan

Rick Riordan is one of the greatest authors of all time, writing series' such as Percy Jackson and The Olympians, The Kane Chronicles, Magnus Chase and the Gods of Asgard, and Heroes of Olympus. Rick was born in San Antonio, Texas on June 5th, 1964. He is now 54 and lives in Boston with his wife and two children. He was inspired to write the Percy Jackson series by his son, who has ADHD and Dyslexia, and an interest in Greek mythology. As you can probably guess, he focuses mainly on mythology like Egyptian, Norse, and Greek.



### 2. Anthony Horowitz

Anthony Horowitz is well known for his realistic fiction series, Alex Rider. It is all about a teenage spy going around the world dispatching some REALLY bad people. The series even has its own movie and TV show! I've read the entire series, and my favorite book has to be Scorpia. I'm not giving away any spoilers, but it's tempting! Anthony was born in Middlesex, UK on April 5th, 1955. Anthony was inspired to write Alex Rider when he watched the *James Bond* movies. He liked the whole "spy around the world" thing. He is now 63 and lives in Central London with his wife and two kids.



### 3. Suzanne Collins

Suzanne is best known for her million-dollar series, The Hunger Games. It has 3 books & movies, and the actress and actors for Katniss Everdeen and Cinna are Jennifer Lawrence and Lenny Kravitz! The Hunger Games has had over 23 million copies sold! Gregor The Overlander is a series also by Suzanne Collins and it is awesome. She was inspired to write The Hunger Games when she heard the story of Theseus and the Minotaur from Greek mythology. She



liked the idea of the whole "selecting kids to be sacrificed every year" part. Suzanne was born in Hartford, Connecticut on August 10, 1962. She is now 56 and lives with her husband and two children.

Sources: Wikipedia, Scholastic Interviews



## SOCIAL MEDIA SUPERSTARS



By: Taryn Robinson-Snowden

### SOFIE DOSSI



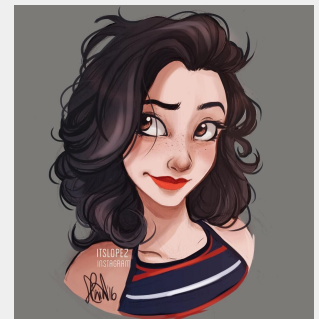
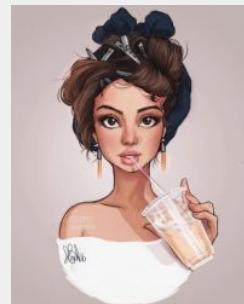
Sofie Dossi is a famous contortionist, often known for getting the golden buzzer on America's Got Talent and her youtube videos. Sophie Dossi is also instagram and Facebook famous. She is currently 17 years old, and her birth sign is cancer.



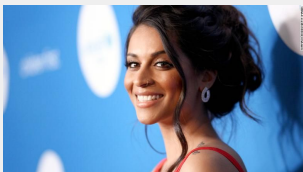
### Laia Lopez

Laia Lopez is a famous artist. She has illustrated over 130 drawings, and even has a book, *Gleaming: The art of Laia Lopez*. She is currently 25, and her birth sign is Aquarius.

[Laia López \(@itslopez\) • Instagram photos and videos](#)



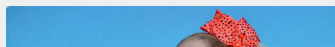
### Lilly Singh



Lilly Singh is a world-famous youtube, model, and instagram star. She is famous for her youtube videos and her book, *How to be a Bawse*. She is currently 30 years old. She is also known for playing Misty in *Ice Age: Collision*

*Course.*

### Joelle Joanie Siwa



Joelle Joanie Siwa, also known as Jojo, is a very famous kid social superstar. She is mostly known for her youtube videos and her role on Dance Moms. She is currently 15 years old.

# Seals

By Evan Dan, Michael Li, Adam Han and Malec Jirari



A torpedo-shaped object shoots through the water. It suddenly stops. The black spheres on the head of the object spot a school of fish. It moves suddenly toward the school of fish. The object cracks open its mouth. The object moves gracefully through the fish making the smaller fish disappear into the mouth easily. What is this torpedo-shaped object? A seal eating

some fish! Seals are considered semi-aquatic marine mammals because they spend more time in oceans than on land.



## Predator and Prey

The predators of this torpedo-shaped seal are orcas, polar bears, and sharks, but apparently, humans are also considered one of the seals' predators. However, seals are one of the top predators of the ocean, and are at the top of the food chain. The seals eat fish, squid, and crustaceans. Although the seals are at the top of the food chain, certain seal species are endangered. They are endangered because of the intense hunting of seals in the 19th century and also the melting ice. The hunting was mainly for the fat to burn lamps, to heat food and for the fur of certain seals. The seals were also hunted because the hunters needed food to survive.

## Life Cycle



There are six stages in the life cycle of a harp seal. The first stage of a harp seal is called a newborn yellow jacket. The newborn seal is called yellow jacket because it's fur is slightly yellow. The yellow jacket seal is usually 24 lbs and is about 3 ft long. The second stage is the white coat stage. A white coat seal will have a white coat of fur and they can literally triple their weight in just 12 days. After that, the seal is into the ragged coat

stage, it is called the ragged coat stage because the seals coat starts to moult and dense gray fur will appear. Then it's in the beater stage, in the beater stage the seal is finally moulted. Next, it's into the bedlamer stage, seals during this stage were given this name in the 15th or 16th century by the Basque and Breton settlers in the Strait of Belle Isle. The



term comes from the French 'Betes de la mer' (Animals of the Sea). And finally, the seal will become an adult. The males reach adulthood between 7-8 years of age. The females reach maturity between 4-6 years. After that, it will mate and reproduce and the process of the life cycle will start all over again for the offspring.

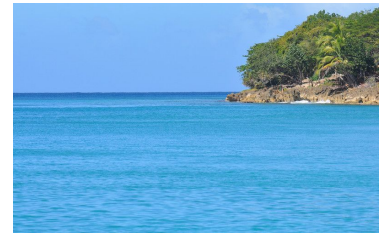
## Ancestors



Seals have been around for 15 million years, enough time for mother nature to create ancestors for the seals. The ancestor that evolved to today's walruses, seals, and sealions, is the *puijila darwini* (an animal that lived 21 million years ago). This animal had all the characteristics of a seal except for its 4 legs. Interestingly, a seal is actually 3% related to a dog, as they are in the same suborder, Caniformia. Seals are still more closely related to weasels and otters, than other animals.

## Habitat

Seals mostly need a cold habitat to live and don't spend much time on land. They spend most of their time in waters of Northern Atlantic and Arctic Oceans. All of those waters/oceans are relatively cold compared to other oceans where the great animal named seals call their home.



Seals are very interesting mammals. If you closely study them you'll see they many special attributes that make them unique. They are very great swimmers and also have many other strengths and adaptations for living in salt water regions.





# Julia's Baked Creations!

Interview By: Brandon Polomsky and Jordan Novak  
Writing By: Jordan Novak and Malec Jirari

**For those who don't know Julia,  
she is Mrs. Meyer's daughter,  
and she makes the most delicious desserts!**



Click here to check out her website [Juliask Baked Creations](http://juliaskbakedcreations.com)

## **Biography:**

Julia Meyer is 22 years old, and has a love for dogs, kids, and most of all baking. When she grows up she wants to be a teacher like her mother, only she'll be teaching high school. Julia attended John Carroll University and just graduated. She was a student teacher at Walsh Jesuit High School. When asked where she sees herself in 10 years she said, "Honestly, I see myself as a mom and owning my own bakery."



## **In the Kitchen:**

Julia's signature recipe is her chocolate cake, which she is still trying to perfect. Her two favorite things to bake are cakes and cupcakes. The only mistakes she makes are forgetting to put in flavor (not so often) and running out of ingredients. She'll ask her brothers to run to the store for her, and they usually reply with, "Really!?" Julia has never ever burnt one of her bakings because she always takes the food out at the perfect time.

## **Back to the Beginning**

Julia has always had a passion for baking from when she was younger and through college and it became more of a business after her Sophomore year of college. She uses baking as stress reliever. It started out as just baking cookies, then people loved what she made and told her she could make a business out of baking. She listened, and started Julia's Baked Creations.

## **Occasions:**

Julia bakes for every occasion from graduations to birthdays to wedding cakes! You can check out her baked goods on her instagram, <http://juliaskbakedcreations.com> and to get them you'll need to get in contact with Julia.

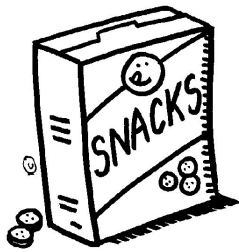
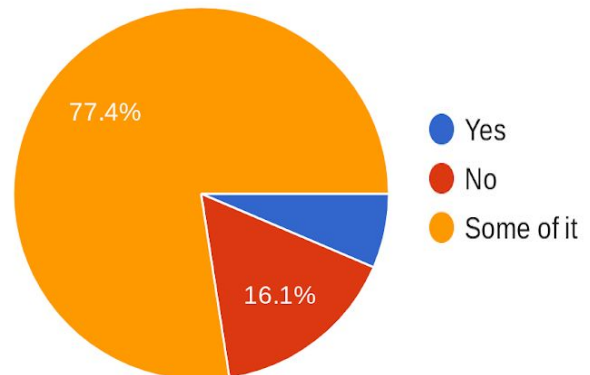
## **Logo:**

Julia went on a website to create her logo, and at first she thought it was a flower, then she said, "Oh, it looks like a cupcake." She thought that would be perfect for her logo.

# ORCHARD CAFETERIA FOOD, HOW MANY PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIKE IT?

By Mandi Lu

Orchard's Cafeteria has many options and tons of people buy lunch from it. But how many people really like what they're eating? Are they eating it because they want to, or because they have to? We asked a handful of students from grades fifth and sixth whether they like school lunches, and the answers are here.

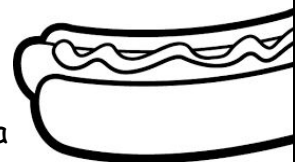


The three options for the students to choose from on the form were

that yes they liked the cafeteria food, they liked some of the cafeteria food, or that they liked none of it at all.

Out of the thirty-two responses, only a gapping 2 people (6.5%) said that they liked all the food. Elizabeth Woloszyn says that she likes how there are snacks "like muffins and donuts" and Camryn Klein says, "I think they **usually have good food-allergy options** and very **tasty foods!**" Though Ahayla Pandian contradicts this statement saying, "To be honest, I'm allergic to nearly all of it. I can eat like chicken nuggets and the snacks but like that's pretty much it, so if I have to buy lunch I usually don't have much options. I usually have to take chips and salsa if it comes to that. That kinda makes me mad because **they should have more allergy free foods for people who have allergies**" Lauren Molyneaux also agrees, saying that " **they should have some more variety**"

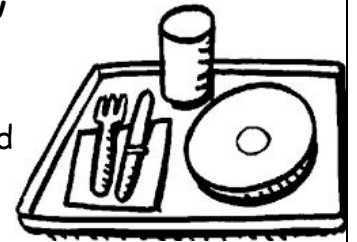
But allergies aren't the main concern. Of the 24 people (77.4%) who voted that they liked some of the food, nearly half of them had concerns for how healthy the ingredients were. The "food overall is not that good, often watery, **not fresh, or plain unhealthy,**" says Kailani Farivar. "Some of their foods appeal to my taste, but some of them don't. Maybe it's because of the ingredients they use, or **the freshness of the ingredients,**" adds Sasha Squire. "I prefer to eat something a bit healthier and some of the **school lunch doesn't look too good for my body.** However, some of the choices may not be the most healthy, but they still **look and taste pretty decent.** Other cafeteria foods look healthy so I eat that," agrees Isabella Liu. Nora Bao also mentions how a lot of the drinks say things like "100% juice!" but when you drink them, "all you can taste is sugar."



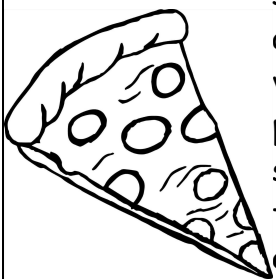
But that's not the only worry. Another is with how healthy the food is. Emir Nadvaul says, "I definitely like the corn dogs, but everything else has **way too many calories.**" The five people (16.1%) who voted that they liked none of the food at all have many concerns for the health. "**Their food is so processed ....It does not provide any nutritional value. It has so many calories in just overall so many sugars and food dyes,**" Says Ellie Amarino. "The foods have a bunch



of **fats** that are terrible for your body and **nearly every drink is from concentrate**," adds Anonymous. Ashley Rhee had a lot to say about how healthy the food was. She writes, "**I think that Orchard's food would be okay if they didn't serve such unhealthy food**. They serve hamburgers, hotdogs, and much more **unhealthy stuff that in the long run isn't the best for your body**. Some people that eat the school lunch every day are putting very unhealthy fats in their body. Also, **the school breakfast doesn't have much healthy foods either**. Hash Browns, even though they are a popular choice, are VERY unhealthy. So are sausages.... **Overall, if Orchard's food wasn't so unhealthy, I think it would be pretty good**." Next to that, some people have found some pretty bothering things in their lunches. Ashlyn Fitzgerald says, "I think that **some of the meals may taste good** but when you look a little closer you can see things you wish you never saw. Take the spaghetti for example. It used to be one of my favorite things but **then I tasted a hair and looked closer and saw a lot of things in it like pieces of plastic!**" Alyssa Feldman also says, "...me and many of my friends have **found small and large hairs in that food as well as a small stick once.**" An anonymous person adds, "Me and my friends have not only found hairs and tiny sticks in our lunches, but also pieces of plastic, which is a **choking hazard**." They are not wrong, pieces of plastic and sticks in your lunch, does not make the safest meal.



The third biggest problem that people mentioned was the quality. "Some tastes good, like the grilled cheese & tomato soup, but the pasta in the macaroni and cheese and spaghetti and meat sauce is **ALWAYS under or over cooked**," says Aaron Choate. But one big thing that Anonymous mentioned was that, "One time the steamer was broken but they served the food anyway, but it was REALLY hard to chew. I guess you can't really blame the lunch ladies because they still had to serve something." And that's true. The lunch ladies really are trying their best.



However even after all this, a ton of people, even some people who responded no to the survey, said that there was one food that made Orchard's Cafeteria "amazing and awesome" (-anonymous) and that food was Domino's pizza. "The vegetables are not the best even though that's supposed to be the healthy part of lunch. But **the pizza is pretty good even though its not healthy**," says Julia Wang. Tons of people agree. Maggie Coggin adds on saying that there are some foods "even" she likes, and it's "something that **the cafeteria doesn't even make; Domino's Pizza.**" Even Alyssa Feldman, someone who responded no, said that, "**that pizza is goooood.**"

In summary, the cafeteria food has it's downs, built it also has it's ups. And just a disclaimer, the concerns can't be blamed on anyone working in the Orchard Cafeteria, but really the company from which they get the food. Whether people like the food or not, we should take the time to thank the lunch ladies. They are nice ladies who work hard to do their best to provide us meals.

# 10 Fun in the Sun Hacks

By: Camryn Klein



1. Ever hate when flies get in your drinks? Well this hack is just for you! First, place a cupcake liner over your drink, then poke a hole in the cupcake liner. Then insert your straw and... tada! Your bug free drink!
2. The summer can be super hot! That's why this hack is great for sun burns and keeping chill. First grab an ice tray. Use aloe to place in the ice tray. Then freeze it until it is solid. These are great for the beach and pool days.
3. Ever hate when sand gets stuck to your feet? Well this hack is perfect for this! This hack is simple, all you do is rub baby powder on your feet and the sand easily comes off!
4. Hate wasting things? Well this hack works for old sunscreen bottles! Take a sunscreen bottle that no longer has sunscreen in it and open it. The next time you go to the beach put your treasured belongings in it and close it. No one will think that there would be money or keys in a sunscreen bottle right?
5. Don't like when your straw falls out of your pop can? Well if that's you, you just might like this hack. When you open the pop can make sure the tab doesn't fall off the can. Then insert your straw. Now you have your straw falling out of your pop can free pop.
6. This hack is very popular but if you didn't know, that if you put your phone in a ziploc bag, and securely zip it up tight, you have a water resistant phone. Sometimes they sell ones that holds a strap around your neck but this is honestly cheaper and easier.
7. Are you a neat freak? Well this hack is just right for you! Lots of people have barbecues in the summer, this hack is great to keep all your condiments neat. Place a muffin pan on the counter. Then put in your choice of different add-ins for hamburgers, and hotdogs. Now you can neatly store condiments for barbecues!
8. Mosquitos can be so annoying in the summer. A great way to avoid itching is applying toothpaste to your skin. I know your probably thinking "Toothpaste?" "That's just crazy" but for some odd reason it works!
9. The beach can be fun, sunbathing or maybe taking a dip in the water. Well sometimes after you swim and you go to sit down. Sand gets all over you, and everywhere. Well if you bring some old sheets to the beach, no sand! You can always place a towel on top of your sheet too. It's also always better to have something holding it down on the sides, like heavy rocks or coolers.
10. Sometimes in the summer people go berry picking, and it can be so much fun! But sometimes if you get hungry while picking, you're probably gonna want to eat some of the berries. Sometimes berries can stain your hands, that's why this hack is perfect for berry picking. All you do is rub lemon juice on where the berry juice stained your hand.

## Sources:

- [Life Hacks That'll Make Your Summer Breezier | Reader's Digest](#)
- [20 Genius Summer Life hacks That Will Blow Your Mind - DIY & Crafts](#)

# **Fun Facts About Ohio**

By Camryn Klein



- 1. The first ambulance service was established in Cincinnati in 1865.**
- 2. Cleveland boasts America's first traffic light. It began on Aug. 5, 1914.**
- 3. Akron was the first city to use police cars.**
- 4. The American Federation of Labor was founded in Columbus.**
- 5. Cleveland is home to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.**
- 6. Ohio is the leading producer of greenhouse and nursery plants.**
- 7. Neil Armstrong became the first man to walk on the moon. He was from Wapakoneta.**
- 8. The first full time automobile service station was opened in 1899 in Ohio.**
- 9. In 1852 Ohio was the first state to enact laws protecting working women.**
- 10. Ohio became the 17th state on March 1, 1803.**

Sources:

[Ohio State Facts - 50States.com](http://OhioStateFacts-50States.com)



# News

## TEACHERS BEAT STUDENTS 27-16 IN STAFF VS STUDENT HOOPS FOR HEART BASKETBALL GAME

BY ELIZABETH WOLOSZYN

As the teachers do every year, they beat the students in the Staff vs Students Hoops for Heart basketball game. Even though the teachers won, the students put up a good fight. To get into the spirit of things A LOT of students from 6th grade made signs for teachers and friends and the students playing. Students from 6A chanted "MVG!!" when the literacy teacher in 6A (Ms. Griffin) came out to play in the game and when she scored a point. Many 6th graders agree that the game this year was much better than last year. The game was fun and it went to great cause, the American Heart Association. Students participated in the game or raised money for the cause. The money raised by Orchard students was sent to American Heart Association for research.



# **The Fall of Notre Dame**

**Written By Kyle Dong and Mandi Lu**

**Edited by Kavneer Majhail**

Just recently, the historic 12th century Catholic cathedral, Notre Dame, burned down in full view of the public. The horrific fire started just after 6:20 P.M. on April 15th and ended early on April 16th. The fire, fortunately, did not kill any bystanders, but the beloved cathedral was left barely standing. Thousands of people crowded around it after the fire to see the remains of the cathedral. Well-known singer Camila Cabello speaks for us all when she tweets, "my heart is breaking seeing the fire at Notre Dame. I'll never forget walking in the first time in Paris and being in awe of the beauty of it."



## **How it Started**

It is said that the fire was caused by an electrical short circuit. As soon as the alarm went off at 6:20 P.M., the guards immediately started getting people out of the building. The small flames quickly grew because of the century old wooden ceiling, which was extremely dry. A tiny flame quickly became a huge fire. For years, a large amount of attention had been given to the risk of fire at the cathedral. The Paris Fire Brigade drilled regularly to prepare for possible emergencies, and had on-site exercises in 2018. A firefighter was posted to the cathedral each day, and fire wardens checked beneath the roof three times a day.



However the alarm system was not designed to automatically notify the fire brigade, which was summoned only at 6:51 after the guards had returned. There were over 400 firefighters at the scene and a hundred more were moving precious objects to safety. The fire was mainly fought from inside the structure. Water was supplied by boats pumping from the Seine River. Aerial firefighting was not used because planes would be too fast to accurately drop water, and the heat from the fire made the air thin, which would make them fall out of the sky. So, firefighters fought the flames manually and finally stopped the fire, 15 hours later, the following morning.

## **The Remains**

Many works of art and religious relics were fortunately moved to safety just minutes after the flames started, so they were not damaged. The most prized possessions of the cathedral, including a crown of thorns that Jesus was said to have worn during his crucifixion, were in a special fire-proof room





and were not damaged. The thirteenth century rose windows and the cathedral's two pipe organs also survived, though several other stained windows sustained damage. Only 3 people suffered injuries. President Emmanuel Macron started a fundraising campaign to restore Notre Dame and has currently made €1 billion as of April 22nd. Some smoke-damaged paintings are expected to be transported to the Louvre Museum for restoration.

### Witness Accounts



Paige Donner- "I live very near the Cathédrale. I was walking back in that direction from métro Cardinal Lemoine. As I approached the Pont de la Tournelle, I saw a large crowd gathered on the bridge. A woman crossed the street in front of me just in front of La Tour d'Argent, so I stopped and asked her, "Madame, what is going on?" And she responded, "Notre Dame is burning!"

At midnight, thick crowds of people were still gathered along Quai d'Orléans (on Ile Saint-Louis), Pont de la Tournelle and Quai Montebello just watching, with mouths agape and eyes wide in disbelief, as this regal and majestic 850-year-old church, the Cathédrale Notre Dame de Paris, was burning before their very eyes.

Shock. Awe, Disbelief. These were the quiet reactions of the onlookers. A few simply hurried by as if they knew that stopping to gawk at such a tragic sight would surely break their hearts.

"People were almost zombie-like, mesmerized by this spectacle of a tragedy. None of the neighbors I have spoken with so far have ever been witness to something on this scale before. It looked and felt so unreal that I was sure I was watching some kind of horrible action movie," remarked another onlooker.

Mo Mozuch- "The Notre Dame is on fire." My wife looks up from her phone. We are on the top floor of Galeries Lafayette, an elegant French department store chain, browsing wooden toys for our 18-month old son. I shrug it off with the kind of phone-news skepticism native to someone whose career is phone news. "Probably some construction thing. It's like a stone fortress," I grouse and return to shopping. Notre Dame on fire? Seems impossible. But it isn't... I could just make out flames licking the tip of the 300-foot flèche. The smoke is more obvious, as are the crowds, clustered at windows and corners and sight lines on the street. They thicken as we walk to the 4th arrondissement, the cathedral's neighborhood for 800+ years. They say



Witnesses sing "Ave Maria" as they watch Notre Dame burn down.

time is the fire in which we burn. We know it is history. We have to see it. It was a literal night and day difference when compared with our walk the night before, when we traipsed along the Seine, and marveled at the cathedral's serene majesty. You can't see anything like it in America, including our native New York City. There is no bustle to Paris after midnight; you hear your steps echo on the worn stones and are dazzled by the soft, yellow lights. You stop often to gaze at the Statue of Some Great Man on a Horse, more important than any of us will ever be. Paris cannot help but humble you. So when a part of Paris falls, the world takes notice."

### **Rebuilding Notre Dame**

Now, there is the issue of rebuilding Notre Dame. Even though some people protest the idea of rebuilding Notre Dame, they are a speck of dust in an infinite sea. Many wealthy celebrities and people have



already contributed money to help rebuild Notre Dame. As of April 29th, 2019, Notre Dame has received over \$1 billion from donors. However, even with lots of funding, there is still a shortage of qualified architects and carpenters.

French President Emmanuel Macron vowed to rebuild the cathedral even as the flames were still burning. Generous offers to help rebuild Notre Dame have come in from around the globe. Air France even said that they would offer

free flights to anyone involved in the reconstruction. Billionaire François-Henri Pinault, chairman and CEO of the Kering group that owns the Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent fashion brands, pledged €100m to the fund. Bernard Arnault's family and their company LVMH - a business which includes Sephora and Louis Vuitton pledged another €200m. French cosmetics company L'Oreal and its founding Bettencourt family have promised to give a further €200m to the reconstruction effort. TOTAL, the French oil giant, has also pledged €100m. The President has also set a deadline of 2024, which is just in time for France to hold the Olympic Games, but experts say the deadline is too ambitious. They suggest thinking it through, so the architects can thoroughly plan out the reconstruction of Notre Dame. Even though it is an old cathedral, it is a very complex construction that took hard labor, precise planning, and about 200 years in construction time.

### **Against the Reconstruction**



Even though Notre Dame is almost certainly going to be rebuilt, there are still people that don't like the idea of rebuilding this breathtaking cathedral. See, Paris is a capital city with about 30,000 homeless people, and only wealthy residents can afford to live by Notre Dame. In some places, over 35 percent of people live below the poverty line, which is really bad. However, the wealthy neighborhoods balance the scale, so Paris only has an overall poverty rate of 14 percent. When Notre Dame easily raised \$1 billion, which is well over the estimated cost of \$400-\$600 million. This angered many people living in poverty, because \$400 million could easily be given to people with poor living conditions, and the many homeless people on the streets. Thing is, they have a point. As beautiful as Notre Dame is, human lives are just as, or more, important.



### **The Future of Notre Dame**

Now there is the question of what will become of Notre Dame in the future. If it is to have a future at all. Of course, it will never be the same. After rebuilding, it may not have the same emotional impact. But it won't be that different either. The many ways we could rebuild Notre Dame are actually causing a huge debate. In the following months after the fire, suggestions as how to rebuild the cathedral have been pouring in from design studios around the world. Most people want it to be built exactly as it was before it burned down, fire hazard and all. Others want it to be modernized, not only for safety reasons but they think it might attract more tourists. Some of the craziest designs include a solar powered roof, a green house for insects, a copper honeycomb beacon, and a roof made of recycled ocean plastics. Justin Davidson writes in an online article, "Whether honest and sensitive or garish and crude, restoration is never just about reclaiming the past; it's about applying today's values to the foundations that neglect and disaster leave behind."

We don't know what Notre Dame's future is going to look like. There are so many steps in the staircase to a good future for the beloved cathedral. Researchers say that it will take many, many, years to recreate Notre Dame. But it's future is in our hands. Weather we recreate it just as it was, or turn it into a greenhouse, one thing's for sure; it will never be in danger again. When those many, many, years are over, people will finally be able to visit Notre Dame again. And this time, they



won't just see a thirteenth century cathedral. They'll see what mankind can do when united as one.

## Orchard Middle School

### Sixth Grade Events

By Olivia Liu

There are some things to look forward to in sixth grade at Orchard. Fifth graders, read on to find out a couple of different things you're going to experience next year as the oldest in the school.

- **Math-** In fifth grade, everyone took an Algebra Placement Test. This determines whether or not if you would be in Accelerated math, Algebra 1, or 6th Grade Math. Sixth grade math focuses on all of the 6th grade math standards. Accelerated learns sixth grade math too, along with seventh and some eighth. Algebra 1 students will learn the first stage of Algebra math(ninth grade).
- **Labs-** In science class, you would be able to have access to some more science materials. This includes powdery substances, safety goggles, several minerals, and to top it off, dead worms. Yes, in one of the many science labs, you will be dissecting dead worms. It will be gross, but it's the closest thing to dissecting organisms in the year.
- **Greek Mythology-** If you like Greek mythology and hate analyzing texts in literacy, towards the end of the year, you'll be learning about Greek mythology. This means learning about the gods, the stories, the myths, all using the book, "Percy Jackson's Greek Gods". There will be some work, but if you like mythology, look towards to the end of the year.
- **DARE-** DARE, or Drug Abuse Resistance Education, teaches kids about parts of the brain, drugs, and how those drugs affect the body. You also learn about social networks, communicating, and bullying. And after classes, you must write a report covering all of the topics learned in DARE. But DARE is not all boring lectures and reports. At the end of the year, there will be a "DARE Graduation".
- **HOW-** HOW, or more commonly known as Health On Wheels, is something all sixth graders dread. During Health On Wheels, teachers from the Natural History Museum will come in and teach everyone about the human body. Sounds alright, right? Not exactly. The body parts students will be learning about is somewhere not openly talked about. In short, it's about the human reproductive system.
- **Sixth Grade School Concert-** If you choose to be in band or orchestra in sixth grade, at the end of the year, the sixth grade band and orchestra will perform some songs to the school. This mini concert will show fifth graders what kind of music they should practice and prepare for.



- **Sixth Grade Camp**- Of course, the famous sixth grade camp. Three days, two nights, at Mohican. Staying in cabins and exploring the site, attending a few classes. There will also be a campfire with songs and stories, hiking, and rafting in the river. During the time at camp, you will be attending “classes” with a group called your ‘tribe’. Before camp, you get to choose a couple of people you want to be in your tribe. During the nighttime, you will stay in cabins or dorms with other kids of your gender. You can pick your bunkmate and choose a bed. Just make sure you pack everything you need.
- **Leadership Team**- In sixth grade, there is a thing called, “Sixth Grade Leadership Team.” If you decide to join leadership, you and the rest of the team will be split into ‘committees’. Each committee will be in charge of a specific category, such as Spirit Day, School Store, Black History Month, Drives, etc. They work on the categories in ways such as making posters. Leadership Team meets on the first Friday of every month to discuss things and come in during recess to work if they need extra time.

Sixth grade at Orchard will be featuring activities that will be a lot different than in fifth grade. These include different classes, experiments, performances, and the ever so popular sixth grade camp. There are many things to look forward to in sixth grade. Be prepared. Fifth graders, are you ready for your last year at Orchard?

## The Top 5 Coolest Iron Man Suits!!

By Aaron Choate

**Side note: There are some spoilers! Read at your own risk!**

Iron Man HAS to be the best Avenger, with 51 different suits! The other 5 A’s are still awesome, but none can truly match what he can do with his stuff. Give him a day or two, and he’ll make a suit that can go into space and serve french fries and ketchup! LET’S GO!!

### 1. Mark 50 (Bleeding Edge)

Mark 50 had so many features, you couldn’t even list them all. Here are a few that I think are the coolest. **1. Nanotech.** Nanotech is so small you can’t even see it. He can bring it to normal size at any time, instantly creating shields, laser cannons, missiles, etc. **2. Friday input.** When Jarvis got put into Vision in A: AOU, Jarvis was almost lost. Tony came up with a new program, called Friday. Friday has much more superiority than Jarvis, and she can do virtually anything. **3. Instant suit up.** It can be activated by a simple 2 pushes on the Arc Reactor. In A: IW, when NYC is under attack, Tony presses a button twice on his chest, (shown above) and it’s one of his fastest suit-ups ever.



## 2. Mark 44 (Hulkbuster!)

This thing could beat the living daylight out of the Hulk, hence it's name... and it did! The two had a ridiculous battle in Southern Africa when Scarlet Witch, at the time, was bad. She brainwashed the Hulk and made him go on a rampage in a city, you know, like all big green monsters tend to do. It is activated by Tony's personal satellite, Veronica. It shoots down the pieces to build it from space, and can also send replacement parts if needed. The Hulkbuster features a cage arm, jackhammer fist, speakers, missiles, and looking so dang cool in general. It's also a lot less practical.

## 3. Mark 5

Now we're going back to something that so pathetic. The thing is, though, it's not. After all, the suit in its neutral mode is a briefcase! It features many abilities, and it beat the daylight out of Whiplash in Iron Man 2.



seems



## 4. Rescue

Technically, Rescue is Pepper Potts' suit. Tony built it for her, (SPOILER INCOMING) but she never used it until the final battle in Endgame. To be truthful, though, Tony's DAUGHTER was the first to wear the helmet. The first version was red and silver, and had a magnetic pull so strong, it could save an airplane from crashing. The Endgame suit was blue and yellow, and had more laser cannons than Doctor Strange had extra arms!



## 5. Iron Spider

Again, not HIS suit. This was the improvement for Peter in IW. The old version in the Spider Man show looked ridiculous, and only had three arms, while the new one has four. Tony originally wanted to give it to Peter in Homecoming, but he declined.



# Six of the Strangest Animals All Around The World

By Kartika Mohta

## 1). The Axolotl



The Axolotl, aka the Mexican Walking Fish, is a salamander found in Mexico. Although it's called the "Mexican Walking Fish", it is actually not a fish, it's an amphibian. They live all of their life in water, and never dare to come to land. These salamanders are named after a god. They are endangered, and you can EAT them, though you shouldn't if they are endangered!

## 2). The Atretochoana

The Atretochoana are limbless amphibians just like the Axolotl, but they have features that make them look like earthworms. One fun fact about these creatures is that when they are babies, they feed on their mothers skin. Another interesting fact is that when they are born, they all come in different colors. The Atretochoana is found in Brazil near the mouth of the Amazon and in the Madeira River.



## 3). The Glass Frogs



The glass frog has translucent skin on the bottom of them so you can see the insides of these, like the heart or the liver. If it's a female, you might even see her eggs. They are found in Southern Mexico and like to live in tropical rainforests. Fun facts: There are 60 different types of glass frogs, and they eat lots of different spiders and insects.

## 4). Mata Mata Turtle





The Mata Mata Turtle is a freshwater sea turtle. This turtle might look dangerous, but it's really just a show to scare off animals. Their physical features are good for camouflage. Mata Mata in Spanish is "Kill, Kill", even though these turtles are harmless. The Mata Mata Turtle is found in South America, primarily in the Amazon and Orinoco basins.

#### 4). The Spike Nosed Tree Frog



The Spike Nosed Tree frog is also known as the pinocchio tree frog, because of its unusually long nose. The place where these adorable creatures is, Foja Mountains of Papua (province), Indonesia. Many unknown species are found here mainly because humans have not disturbed it.

#### 5). The Chinese Water Deer

The Chinese Water Deer is a very territorial animal. Unlike other deer, these animals have long teeth that can grow up to be almost 8 cm long. Just like a vampire, they use their "fangs" like a vampire, by stabbing other animals, on their heads, shoulder, and legs, leaving a large mark. The Chinese water deer are found in the lower Yangtze Basin of east-central China and in Korea.



#### 6). The Markhor



The word Markhor is considered to be from a Persian word, with "Mar" being "Snake" and "Khor" being "Eater". This is appropriate due to the fact that it is thought that these beautiful creatures can kill snakes. One impressive thing about these animals is that their horns can grow up to 1.6 meters long. These mammals are great climbers, which is a necessity for their survival, to escape their predators. These graceful creatures are found in the Northern Areas of Pakistan.

# NBA REFERENCE

By Grant Lee



Do you like to watch basketball? Then you should watch the games hosted by the National Basketball Association (NBA). The NBA hosts 30 teams that compete 82 times a season. Every season there are the playoffs. The playoff bracket includes four rounds. In the first round of the playoffs teams play 7 games together. Whoever wins the series goes onto the next round. Then, there are the semifinals and then the conference finals. Finally, we have the finals. The finals are between the champions of the Eastern and Western conferences.

## How It All Started

On the day December 21st, 1891, Dr. James Naismith invented the game of basketball, as he found that the people at the YMCA were too bored and he wanted a way to entertain them. He made the first basketball game with two peach baskets and a soccer ball. At that time, there were barely any rules. Most people were relatively short at the first basketball game. The score at the end was 1-0, very unlike the high scores of today's games.

## Player Positions

There are five different positions in basketball. The first position is the point guard. The point guard handles and passes the ball really well. They are also considered a “coach on the floor.” The point guard is usually good at three point shooting, even though they are the shortest player on the team.

The second position is the shooting guard. The shooting guard's main purpose is to help his team score points and steal the ball when they are defending.

The third position is the small forward. They are typically shorter and quicker than the power forward or the center, but they are still taller than the point guard.

The fourth position is the power forward. The power forward's position is also known as the “post” position.” The power forward is typically a bigger forward and has very good rebounding skills.

The fifth position is the center. They are also commonly known as the “big man.” The center is normally the tallest player on the team.



# Great NBA Players

There are many great NBA players. Two of them are LeBron James and Michael Jordan.

## 1) LeBron James!



LeBron Raymone James Sr. (born December 30, 1984) is currently an American professional basketball player for the Los Angeles Lakers of the NBA. He is often considered the best basketball player in the world and regarded by some as the greatest player of all time. LeBron James got drafted by the Cleveland Cavaliers in the 2003 NBA draft. He was about 19 years old. In the first part of his career, when LeBron was in Cleveland, he helped the Cavs get to the playoffs many times, but only got to the finals once in 2007. When they got to the finals they got swept by the San Antonio Spurs, 4-0. He played with the Cavs until 2010, when he was traded to the Miami Heat. He went to Miami, Florida to play with Dwyane Wade and Chris Bosh. Then, in 2014 LeBron returned back to Cleveland. In the 2015-16 NBA season, LeBron James and former teammate Kyrie Irving led the Cavs to a 4-3 win over the Golden State Warriors. The Cavs thus won their first NBA title in franchise history, which gave LeBron his third NBA championship. He is now on the LA Lakers and is having a bad season.

## 2) Michael Jordan

Michael Jeffrey Jordan (born February 17, 1963). Also known by his initials, MJ is a former American professional basketball player who is now the principal owner and chairman of the Charlotte Hornets of the NBA. MJ was drafted by the Chicago Bulls in the 1984-85 season. He led the Bulls to their first championship in 1991. They won two more championships in 1992 and 1993. In all, MJ has won six championships with the Bulls. In 2002, MJ went to play with the Washington Wizards. He did not win any championships with the Wizards. Many people think that MJ is the best in the history of the NBA because he was so offensively dominant that he framed the era he played in.



Both of these basketball players were amazing and had a great impact to how people saw basketball as a sport. There are more great players out there that may be the next LeBron James or Michael Jordan's.

# Riddles, Quizzes, Recipes, Reviews, and More

## ***WHICH CHARACTER PERSONALITY ARE YOU?*** ***THE PURSE SERIES QUIZ, MADE BY ASHLEY RHEE***

**Q1.) You are awakened by an extraterrestrial force in the dead of night. What do you do?**

- A.) You're a natural leader, so you arrange for all of your friends to come over and investigate.
- B.) You run downstairs to tell your parents. It's their property, after all.
- C.) You smirk. This is going to be SO amusing.
- D.) What kind of a practical joke is this??? You'll check it out later.
- E.) Whatever, bro. It's not your problem! You go back to sleep.

**Q2.) You are in an argument with your best friend. Why?**

- A.) Because they won't let you copy their homework. You had soccer practice, after all. How annoying.
- B.) Because they want you to come over to the movie theater with them, but your parents won't allow it. The movie is rated R, anyway. Why can't they just let it go?
- C.) Because they are pressuring you to do something that you don't want to do. They can be such bullies sometimes.
- D.) Because they want to kick you off of a club that you **HELPED FORM**. Excuse them?!? You helped start it!!!!
- E.) Because they said you couldn't eat a whole 3 hot dogs in 1 sitting. You totally could, though. They are SO WRONG!!!



**Q3.) Your friends in a club you formed want to try something dangerous. What do you do?**

A.) LET'S DO THIS!!!!

B.) NO. Definitely NOT. We are going to get ourselves KILLED in a dangerous stunt. You have too much homework to do, anyway.

C.) This will show the rival club that we are better than them. BRING. IT. ON.

D.) You'll help, but not on the front lines. Maybe something more mellow, like a helper role.

E.) This is stupid anyway. You'll just watch.

**Q4.) Your favorite place closes down. What is your reaction?**

A.) NOOOOOO! The world is ENDING!!!! What are you going to DO without it?!?!?

B.) Whatever. You can just find another place, and besides, you only went there twice.

C.) There's other places like it, for sure. It might even involve a little bit of exploring to find one!

D.) You'll pout in your room. In the meantime, you'll do some computer games to keep yourself entertained.

E.) That's sad, but hey, you can try new places. Maybe they will turn out to be better than you thought.

**Q5.) You post an adorable pic of your cute pug wearing a dress on social media. Someone puts a nasty comment underneath it. What do you do?**

A.) You can't please everyone. In the meantime, you should find out who they are and confront them at school the next day.

B.) How mean! You report them. Serves them right. Maybe they'll lose privileges.

- C.) Oh, it's REVENGE. Next time you see a post made by them, you'll do the SAME EXACT THING. See how it feels, person.
- D.) Grr... they're just jealous that they don't have an awesome, adorable pug like you do. They probably have an ugly dog. So there.
- E.) You know what, dude? You're gonna get what you give. That's called KARMMA

Q6.) You are trapped in the worst possible situation with your friends. What do you do?

- A.) Use your quick thinking to craft a beautiful and clever plan to escape this nightmare, only to find out that it probably will not work.
- B.) Hatch a great plan that involves complex logic... and it works!
- C.) You yell every curse that you can think of at everyone you see. This is SO frustrating.
- D.) You are not in the nightmare, you are causing it! It's all a little plain fun, that's all. Not to be mean or anything.
- E.) You use your knowledge and common sense and find the weak point of the nightmare to escape. The most important part of your plan is patience.

Congratulations! Here are your results!

### Mostly A's: Alona

You are brave and adventurous, and can find something exciting in every situation, no matter how hard. You can stick up for your friends and what is right. Finding friends is no problem for you, as you are very friendly and

### Mostly B's: Carla

You are smart and logical, and you can find your way out of any sticky situation. You tend to go along with whatever, but you can do what you want anytime. You enjoy to get good grades, and you are one of the smartest kids around! Besides being smart, you are also very friendly. You probably will be the most successful because of your

### Mostly C's:

#### Hershey

You are the creative cat, always sticking out of the ordinary. You try to stand up for what you believe in and what you feel is right and good. You always find yourself in the strangest situations. You might

have a bold personality. In a group, you are most likely the leader.

common sense and nice personality. In a group, you are most likely the "geek". Don't worry, that's a compliment.

have insecurities about yourself, but you're no purse! In a group, you are probably the quirky one with the best ideas.

### Mostly D's: Ivy

You are smart and cunning, and you always have to have your two cents in. You are also a devious prankster, but mostly it's just a little fun. Often you can be found hanging out with your friends. In a group, you are definitely the upstander.

### Mostly E's: Cosmo

You are stereotyped as the nicey-nice person that does whatever, but it's not always that way. You can take charge anytime, and you often stay out of trouble. You may not be a rainbows and sunshines person, but you always are kind to everyone. In a group, you might be the friend of everyone.

### Mixed Answers: All!

Having mixed answers is not a bad thing at all. Your personality is a mix of all 5 of the positive character personalities. In every way, you are a unique, special combination of all the qualities. This means you have a little bit of everything. You can play various roles in a group, or even more than one!

## Summer Jokes!

By: Camryn Klein

1. What do you get when you combine a elephant and fish?

*Swimming trunks*

2. Do fish go on vacation?

*No because there always in school*

3. Why did the dolphin cross the beach?

*To get to the other tide*

4. Why was the seaweed wet?

*Because it weed!*

5. Why don't oysters share their pearls?

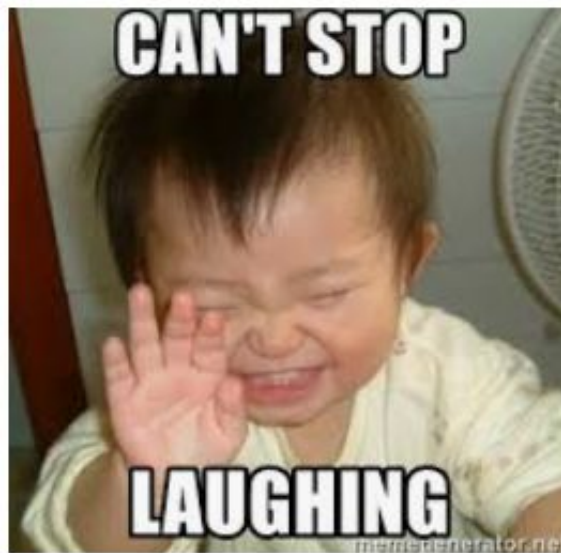
*Because there shellfish!*



6. What is a shark's favorite sandwich?  
*Peanut butter and jellyfish!*
7. What is a frog's favorite summer treat?  
*Hopsicles!*
8. Why are fish bad tennis players?  
*Because they never get close to the net!*

Sources:

[Hilarious Summer Jokes that Kids Will Love](#)



## Sports

### Bold Records for all 16 AFC Teams in 2019

By Emir Naduvil

This free agency was a frenzy! Antonio Brown to the Raiders, Odell Beckham Jr. to the Browns and C.J. Mosley to the Jets was just the beginning. Here are the bold records for all 32 NFL Teams in 2019.

#### **AFC North**

1. Browns → 10-6 - The Browns loaded lots of young stars and veterans during free agency, including Olivier Vernon, Odell Beckham Jr., Sheldon Richardson, Morgan Burnett, Kareem Hunt, and many more! This team is set to win a Super Bowl or 2 in the forthcoming years. It will take a while to get on track, but in their first year they will break their curse of the playoffs and take the AFC North Crown.
2. Ravens → 9-7 - The Ravens loaded the Legion of Boom product Earl Thomas. But they did lose Za'Darius Smith and C.J. Mosley to the Packers and Jets, respectively. Lamar Jackson is a rising quarterback on the Cam Newton road. They will go a mediocre 9-7 and maybe make the playoffs as a wild card.
3. Steelers → 7-9 - The Steelers lost Antonio Brown, Le'Veon Bell, and other key players during free agency. Big Ben is the only Killer B left and it doesn't look good for the Steelers' future, as Big Ben is in his twilight years and soon to retire. The addition of Devin Bush was great, but it won't do too good this year.
4. Bengals → 4-12 - The Bengals are **DONE** if they don't do anything in the next few years. Jeff Driskel is definitely a good quarterback, but injuries to great targets like Tyler Eifert and AJ Green won't do too well for the Bengals.

## AFC South

1. Colts → 11-5 - The Colts are loaded with lots of talent. Andrew Luck is on the rise again. T.Y. Hilton is backed up with lots of other receivers. And Darius Leonard, the Pro Bowl-worthy stud, is only in his prime. The Colts will do great next year, watch them take the AFC South Crown!
2. Jaguars → 10-6 - They got Nick Foles through free agency. Assuming their defense is superior and Foles can find all his targets quickly, this team will make the playoffs, and could possibly overtake the Colts.
3. Texans → 8-8 - The Texans have their franchise quarterback, a stud linebacker and D-line core, but need work on their secondary. While it was great to sign some average corners, they lost Tyrann Mathieu to the Chiefs, so don't expect them to win the crown or make the playoffs.
4. Titans → 7-9 - The health of Marcus Mariota determines the Titans' success. They got Cameron Wake, Rodger Saffold, and others, but a lot of these signings were in their late prime/early twilight years. They could make the playoffs, but with Marcus Mariota's injury-prone year last year, it doesn't look good for Tennessee.

## AFC West

1. Chiefs → 11-5 - Patrick Mahomes is the **BEST** quarterback in the league. The losses of Dee Ford, Justin Houston, Eric Berry, and possibly Tyreek Hill definitely hurt. But acquiring Frank Clark and Tyrann Mathieu fix part of their defense, but Patrick Mahomes will have to deal with the loss of many of his targets. I still think they'll take the crown, but by less than before.
2. Broncos → 10-6 - Drew Lock was an AMAZING steal in the second round. Anchoring their O-line with Dalton Risner was a great decision. Phillip Lindsay is a star running back,

undrafted in 2018. And as soon as Drew Lock gets his targets all good, they will EXPLODE into the playoffs. Great drafting, Elway.

3. Chargers → 9-7 - Phillip Rivers will become one of the best quarterbacks to not win a Super Bowl, along with Dan Marino. He is in his late twilight years, and only has one great target, Keenan Allen. They lost Tyrell Williams to the Raiders. Although they have a very balanced defense, expect this team to be on the verge of the playoffs even after signing Thomas Davis.
4. Raiders → 7-9 - They got awesome talent in Lamarcus Joyner, Vontaze Burfict, Antonio Brown, and others. But they will take time to become an AFC West foe again. They will be a mediocre team in 2019, just under .500.

## **AFC North**

1. Patriots → 10-6 - They lost Gronk and don't have a great replacement for him. And they didn't do much better, losing Chris Hogan, Trey Flowers, Trent Brown, and others. They got Michael Bennett, but is this tea going to have more than 10 wins? We will never know.
2. Jets → 10-6 - They have many playmakers on offense and defense. They have Jamison Crowder, Bell, and Mosley among others. They will have a great year, but because of the Patriots, they might not make the playoffs.
3. Bills → 9-7 - They have Cole Beasley, John Brown, and many more. But the Jets got better free agents and the Patriots, well, they're the Patriots. Expect this team to win a Super Bowl soon.
4. Dolphins → 3-13 - They got Josh Rosen, but where's the rest of the team? Xavien Howard and Kenny Stills are the only names that stand out. This team will fail this year unless their team starts rolling.

## **NFC North**

1. Bears → 13-3 - We're looking at a brand new offense led by Trubisky, Patterson, Cohen, Allen Robinson, and others. Their O-line is great, but the defense is the best part. They have Ha-Ha, Eddie Jackson, and a great 7-man core. This team will have high expectations next year.
2. Packers → 10-6 - They completely re-made their defense. Their offense, led by Aaron Rodgers, is pretty good. If all the pieces of the puzzle come together, the Packers will return to the playoffs.
3. Vikings → 7-9 - Kirk Cousins' future in Minny is questionable. They have all the talent, but just can't put the pieces together. If everything goes as planned, Minnesota will be a force to be reckoned with.

# Art Gallery

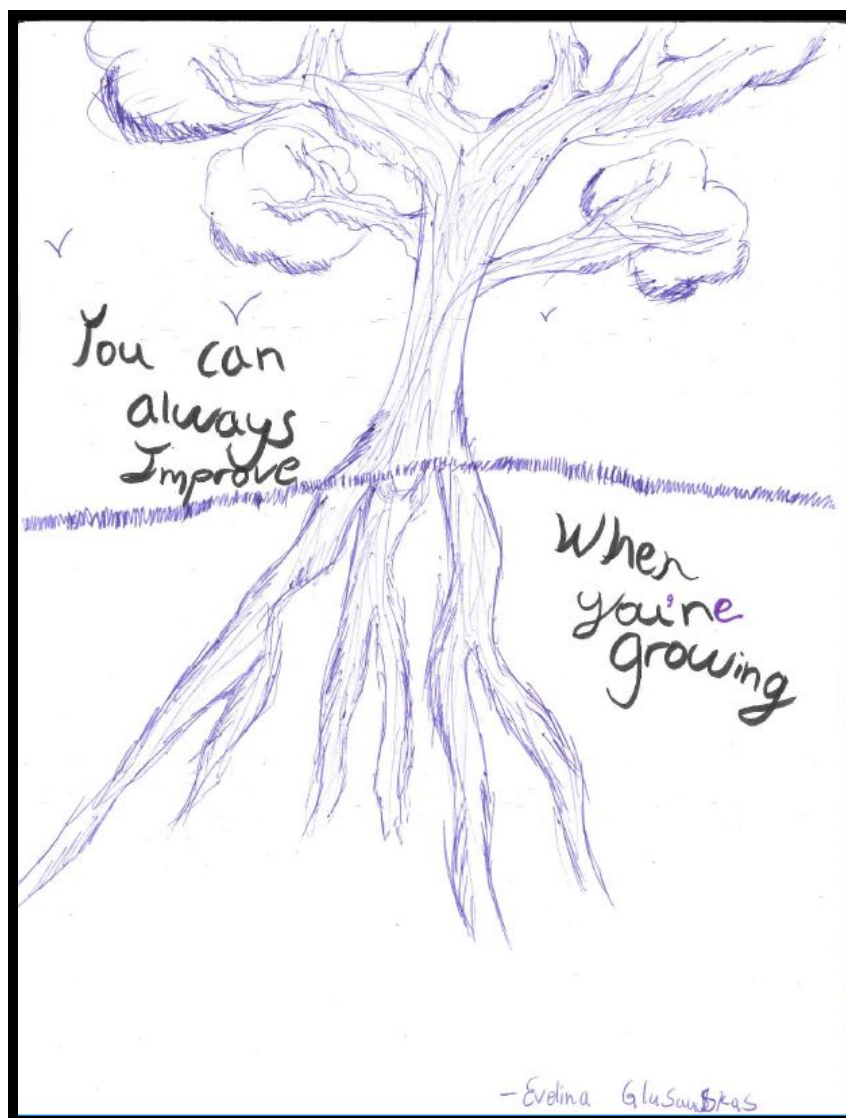


Gabby Dose, Evelina Glusauskas



Shannon Corlett







Shannon Corlett



## Coaching By Mandi Lu



## Signatures By Mandi Lu



## Comic Ideas By Mandi Lu



## Air Testing By Mandi Lu



# Memes!!!

