



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

2016 Teacher of the Year

This year, the wonderful Choir teacher at EskDale High School **Lois Faber** received the 2016 Teacher of the Year honor from the Millard County School District. Receiving the award set her up in the running for Teacher of the Year for the whole state of Utah! On September 10, 2015 the Millard County School Board presented the award for Millard County 2016 Teacher of the Year. They asked the students of EskDale to surprise Faber as she received the award. She broke down into tears and said, “I wouldn’t be getting this [award] without all of you!” The students immediately ran in to give her a big group hug.

She then got pictures with Superintendent Styler and the rest of the School Board. Of course, she also had to get a picture with all of her students.

Faber found out near the end of the summer that she was in the top five finalists for Teacher of the Year for the State. On September 18, 2015, Faber drove up to Salt Lake City for the final announcement for the State’s award. It included a banquet with the Utah State Office of Education. She waited anxiously as they announced

that she was second



runner up! With this award she received a check of \$3,000, a gift basket of food goodies, \$50 gift certificate to McDonald’s, a Smart Notebook, and tickets to the Salt Lake Comic-Con.

Governor Gary Herbert of Utah was supposed to attend the banquet for the teachers, but he had prior commitments. He scheduled a different date for a dinner and invited the finalists. Each of the finalists were allowed to bring one guest, and Faber brought her husband.

Each of the teachers took a photo with the Governor in the Gold Room. Faber said, “It was very special for us to get to enter the Gold Room.”

This award served as a great platform for not only Faber, but also for the Millard County School District. Not only is Millard County a rural school district in comparison to other districts in the state, but also, EskDale High School is about as small and rural as you can get. Additionally, it’s fantastic to get recognition for a music program during a time when state and countrywide focus has largely ignored the arts for standardized test subjects. For those here, it’s nice that a wide spotlight has been placed on a teacher who has always been at the top in our book.

—Melanie Heckethorn

This newspaper was written by the 7-12 English classes and designed, formatted, and produced by the Journalism class.

Deputy Travis Keel

On the ninth of October, 2015, Deputy Keel of the Millard County Police Department came to EskDale High School-Garrison Secondary School to talk to the students about bullying and cyberbullying. What he mainly focused on was cyberbullying. One of the aspects of cyberbullying that Deputy Keel focused on was sexual exploitation, or sexting. Sexting is sending pictures of your private parts to other people. The police get involved in this when the person on the receiving end of these pictures threatens to post the pictures on the internet if the sender

does not send more. Deputy Keel made it very clear that sexual exploitation is against the law and those who do it will be prosecuted.

On August 28, 2015, just two months before, the What I Thought I Saw project came to EskDale High School-Garrison Secondary School to give a presentation to the students on judging people by how they look, what they wear, or how they sound. What I Thought I Saw is all about stopping people from making snap judgements of people and first impressions. Instead, the project encourages

everyone to take the time to really know someone, to give that second consideration. Chances are, that first snap judgment will be entirely wrong and two-dimensional in the face of knowledge and friendship.

After their presentation, they brought out African drums and let all the students play them in a drum circle. What I Thought I Saw and Deputy Keel both provided an educational experience for the EskDale students that they will not soon forget.

-Dallas Hayward

2015 Christmas Banquet

The Christmas Banquet is something that EskDale High School does every year. It has been going on for twenty-one years, and it is on its twenty-second this year. It's held on the second week of December on a Thursday and Friday; this year it will be on the 10th and 11th. The doors will open at 6:10p.m. When you first walk in the doors, there will be homemade black liquorice, a quilt raffle, hand towels, and BedBuddies rice bags that will be sold to make money for the school choir trips and musicals. The banquet costs \$25.00 per person. Also there will be babysitting available in the building next to the center for \$3.00 per child.

To make reservations, you can contact **Chandra Conrad** at her home phone (435-855-2250), her cell (435-209-0065), or her e-mail (conrad4chan@hotmail.com).

The evening all starts off with the Orchestra playing seven to eight songs. After they are done, it goes to the Choir, singing six or seven songs. After Choir there will be some solos. The solos consist of people singing and playing their instruments. There will be around four to six solos, and then they will have the play. The play this year is "Murder Me Always." The drama class will be primarily responsible for putting on the show. The students involved in the play are

Melanie Heckethorn, Megan Baker, Kayli Baker, Kara Conrad, Bryer Elmer, Moille Eldredge, Fatima Villarreal, Dallas Hayward, Jorge Saucedo, Ashley Wright, and last, but not least, Zeke Torres. While all this playing, singing, and acting is happening, guests are served a meal. The theme for the meal this year is "Christmas meals all over the world." The banquet organizers are thinking of adding little things from various countries that are all a part of a traditional Christmas experience. The meal every year is always amazing. The students always put on a very good show, and everyone loves it. They all hope you will come and support the school this year, too.

-Jami Weight

Featured Teacher

This year EHS has been blessed with Statewide recognition for our music teacher Lois Faber. However, at EHS all of our teachers are Teacher of the Year. Mrs. Teresa Conrad is one of those teachers. Mrs. Conrad has been the cornerstone of the Math, Science, and History departments at EHS for over thirty years. Math, Science, Physics, Chemistry, History, Geography: these are just a few of the classes she's taught over the years.

EskDale is well-known for its music and performing arts program, but there is another side to this school. While we are preparing for Christmas Banquets and musicals, students at EHS are also achieving high academic success as well, often performing far above district and state levels on things like standardized tests. Mrs. Conrad is at the core of this academic success. We can definitely say that this school would not be what it is academically if it weren't for her. As part of our Teacher Feature column I asked Mrs. Conrad a few questions regarding her time as a teacher at EHS.

How long have you been teaching at EHS? Both private and public? "31 years."

What made you want to teach?



~Teresa Conrad~

"I always liked working with young people and I love learning."

How many classes do you teach this year? Is that how many you usually teach? "Eight classes. Usually only seven." What is your favorite class to teach? Least favorite?

"It just depends what class I'm in. Probably science classes. Typing was my least favorite when we had to teach it."

What is your favorite part of teaching? Least favorite?

"Thinking up interesting ways to teach the kids. Dealing with paperwork. Like district paperwork and Sage paperwork. I just don't see the point."

Do you have any tips for aspiring teachers? "If you like working with students and have a love for a subject let that be your guide." Have you ever considered teaching at a University or College?

"It would require living somewhere else and I like living here. It would be fun though. I thought about being a university history teacher once."

What's your usual response when people call you the "Smartest person I know!"?

"Scoff. I hope they don't find out the truth!"

Do you intend to teach until you retire? "Yeah. Do I know when I'm going to retire? No. I would like to retire and travel, but I'm always happy to come home."

If you could teach any class, regardless if you've taught it or not, what would it be? "Geology. Well that's my answer for today."

If you could teach at any College/University/H.S. where would it be? "I don't know. I would like to go to some fancy school but I'm not sure I would want to teach. It may have been exciting when I was young but now I'm too old."

-Emily Weight

The Movie and Star Party

First at the star party we went to the center. We were waiting for the clouds to clear up so we could see the stars. We had caramel popcorn, hot chocolate, meat and cheese with crackers. We were waiting for a long time so we decided to play one big game of Apples to Apples. It was very long, and I don't remember who won. After we walked over to the school and looked at the stars, the clouds had cleared out pretty good. The 9th and 10th grade read us their information on their stars. The

stars were really pretty and everyone had a good time. Some people also saw some shooting stars and they made a wish. What would your wish be or if you were there, what was it?

The movie started out with people playing volleyball. It was a lot of fun. Once people got tired of volleyball they went and played football. Once the movie was ready everyone came back over to the school. The movie we watched was Home and it was hilarious. Everyone shared blankets and pillows and it was fun. The snacks

we had were meat, cheese, and crackers. After the movie we cleaned up and went home.

Both of the parties were a HUGE success and we can't wait to have more!

- Kara Conrad
- Kayli Baker



Rodeo for EHS Students

This school year, Hesston Elmer and Carson Wright are the first at EskDale High School to participate in Rodeo for credit. Both Elmer and Wright are participating in different events in Rodeo. The events in which they are participating in are Team Roping and Saddle Bronc.

Saddle Bronc riding is a rough stock event. Rough stock means horses and bulls that buck. When the rider is first getting ready to ride saddle bronc, they have to rosin their swells and chaps. Rosin is a sticky tree sap that will help the rider stay on better. The rider draws out a horse, and the stock contractor brings him in the chute for the rider. In the chute is where the rider puts his saddle on. When the rider gets his horse all saddled, the rider gets sat down on the horse and get ready to ride. The rider puts his feet in the stirrups and sits back with his shoulders behind his

hips and puts his hand up.

As soon as the horse leaves the chute, the rider has to have his feet above the horse's shoulders to mark him out and if the rider fails to mark him out, the rider gets disqualified. The rider and the horse both get scored from 1-25, the rider is judged on how good he spurs and how much control he has. The horse is judged on how high they kick, the strength and force of their action, their reverse in direction, and for their rolling and twisting action. The rider will be disqualified for getting bucked off, changing hands on the rein, losing a stirrup, or touching the animal, saddle or rein with free hand.

Team Roping the team may be composed of two girls, two boys, or a boy and a girl. In dally team roping ropes are loose from the saddle horn until the roper head

or heels the steer when the roper catches the steer you have to wrap the rope around the horn. The time doesn't stop until the ropes are tight, and both horses are facing the steer. The barrier gives the steer a small head start, and if the header leaves too early the team will receive a ten second penalty.

The West Millard rodeo club sells potatoes to fund their Rodeo careers. The West Millard Rodeo Club sold 50 tons of potatoes this year to businesses and people all over the state of Utah. All the money that the participants earn goes toward their entry fees for the year.

The upcoming events in which Carson and Hesston are involved are on November 13th & 14th 20th & 21st and 27th & 28th in St. George, Utah.

- Hesston Elmer
- Carson Wright

Basketball

It's the start of our 2015-2016 basketball season. This year our team consists of three seniors (Devin Timm, John Reil, Ricardo Villarreal), three juniors (Christian Conrad, Caleb Baker, Kirk Lewis), three sophomores (Hesston Elmer, Chris Reil, Justin Howland), and two Freshmen (Vincent Palfreyman, and a new student at West Desert named William).

This year we are playing 18 games all over the state. They are shown to the right (Schedule may change). Our new head coach Scott Anderson and Assistant coaches Kiah Conrad and Mark Johnson have a goal of taking us all the way to the state championships. With hard work and dedication, the team can make it.

- Justin Howland
- Vincent Palfreyman

<u>Date</u>	<u>AWAY</u>		<u>HOME</u>
11/9/2015		1st practice	
12/16/2015	Mount Vernon	@	West Desert
12/17/2015	West Desert	@	ICS
12/18/2015	Dugway	@	West Desert
12/19/2015	West Desert	@	Merit
1/6/2016	West Ridge	@	West Desert
1/8/2016	West Desert	@	St. Joseph
1/13/2016	Wendover	@	West Desert
1/15/2016	West Desert	@	Tintic
1/20/2016	Telos	@	West Desert
1/22/2016	West Desert	@	Mount Vernon
1/29/2016	West Desert	@	Dugway
2/3/2016	Merit	@	West Desert
2/5/2016	West Desert	@	West Ridge
2/12/2016	West Desert	@	Wendover
2/16/2016	ICS	@	West Desert
2/19/2016	Tintic	@	West Desert
2/20/2016	St. Joseph	@	West Desert
2/26/2016	West Desert	@	Telos
3/1-5/16		State Tournament	



Small in numbers, large of heart. This year's school cross country team has done very well, especially considering that three of the six participants are new freshman. With only four girls and two boys, we didn't qualify for any team awards this season, coming up just one short in the girls. Despite this, almost everyone made it to Utah State Cross Country Championships on their own by placing in the top ten at the Region qualifiers. A lot have seen major improvements on their times as well, dropping up to eight minutes from when they

started practicing. They placed well, too. Megan Baker (Freshman) won gold in the girls at the Telos Invitational on October 7th, with Zeke Torres (Senior) getting third in the boys. Marking only the second year since

Janille Baker has started coaching cross country, she has done an amazing job so far with these kids.

This year, Christian Conrad and Caleb Baker have been at Delta High School during the first school quarter, in order to play football. Representing half the junior class, both boys have wanted to play organized football since they were young, but haven't had

Cross Country & Football

the opportunity while living here in the valley.

They were able to work out a way, so they went to Delta for football season, staying with a host family during the school week. It has worked out great, and they are really enjoying the bigger school experience. Both Christian and Caleb are doing well, on the team and in school, and will be coming back to EskDale High around the beginning of the second quarter.

- Lauren Palfreyman



New School Year

Since our last newspaper, we have had many changes: new students and a new school year! We have new 7th graders: Bryer Elmer, age 12, Kara Conrad, age 12, and Kayli Baker, age 12. We also have a new 9th grader

who moved here from Idaho: Jorge Saucedo, age 14. We have lost a few students for this quarter, Caleb Baker, and Christian Conrad. They're going to school temporarily in Delta.

and go to the bathroom actually!"

Recently, we also lost one other student besides last year's seniors. Ambre Moorhous moved to Phoenix, Arizona to live with her dad and stepmom. We miss you Ambre!

This new year will hopefully be a wonderful year for all of us, both students and teachers. Next year we will also be gaining more students! Let's hope we don't lose any (besides our seniors). We'll miss you!

- Mollie Eldridge
- Fatima Villarreal



We asked Kayli Baker how she felt about this school. She responded, "It's great and fabulous!" After asking Bryer Elmer the same question he answered, "I really like it here. I can get a drink,

Stink Bug Infestation

This year, the stink bugs have been out of control here at EskDale High School in the main school building and in the Auditorium. The reason we have so many right now is because it is fall, and when it starts to get cold, they try to come indoors to get warm. When they get indoors, they are more active.

name for them is pinacate beetles. They are mostly all black, but occasionally you will get a few that are different colors. Stink bugs can not bite or sting and will not cause blisters or skin damage. That's why they are considered merely a nuisance pest.



And now you know.

- Bryer Elmer

What are stink bugs? The real

CAT EYE

Want to learn how to make the perfect cat eye?

Grab your eye liner

Close your eye & draw this shape on your eyes

Then make a line down the middle.

Now make some whiskers & a nose

Now, go work that Cat eye.

Dizia Villarreal

CAT EYE

Quiz Yourself!!

Quiz Bizz

1. Q: What is Sharon's favorite class to teach?
2. Q: Which past student put the duct tape on one of the lockers?
3. Q: Who is the loudest Alto?
4. Q: What are the names of Cinderella's step sisters?
5. Q: Who is the tallest person in the school? BONUS: Who's the shortest?
6. Q: Which math class is Teresa's favorite math class to teach?
7. Q: Which quote is in Sharon's classroom?
A. Just Do It
B. If a King farts, is it a Noble gas?
C. Understand Simple things deeply.

Just You

8. Q: Ugly and live forever, or be attractive and live for a year?
9. Q: You're walking home in the dark, you see something move. What/who is it? What do you do?
10. Q: If you had a brainwashing machine, who would you use it on?
11. Q: What is the last lie you told? (and don't lie!)

Word of the Week!

12. Q: What is a logophile?
- A.** A person that's obsessed with legos.
 - B.** A person that steals the logos of companies.
 - C.** A person who loves words.
 - D.** Someone that's afraid of catalogs.

13. Q: What does it mean for someone to be loquacious?
A. They are extremely chatty
B. The state of being drunk.
C. To love licorice
D. To love to be in the sun.
14. Q: What does it mean to be bellicose?
A. The attribute of loving to ring bells
B. The state of being bloated
C. To work hard
D. To have a willingness to start fights
15. Q: What does it mean for someone to disseminate?
A. To be very aggressive
B. To discriminate against everything
C. To spread something
D. To be deceitful

16. Q: What does it mean to be indefatigable?
- A.** To be fat and bloated
 - B.** To persist
 - C.** To be angry
 - D.** To be misleading

Guess the song from lyrics. Bonus: Guess the artist

17. "When I need motivation my one solution is my queen because she stays strong, yeah yeah."
18. "He said, let's get out of this town, drive out of the city, away from the crowd."
19. "And when the brotherhood comes first, then the line will never be crossed, established on our own, when that line had to be drawn."
20. "My broken pieces you pick them up, don't leave me hanging, hanging, come give me some."

Sports!

21. Which player is #3 in the West Desert Hawks?
22. Which major league basketball team has won the most championships? Bonus: How many?
23. What baseball teams did EskDale watch in New York? Bonus: Who won?
24. What two students went to Delta to play on Delta's football team, the Rabbits?
25. Which girl has the best PR in Cross Country this year? Bonus: What is their time?

Fill in the blanks!

- I went to the fair and _____ to the _____.
- (verb) (place)
- The _____ was really _____. I almost _____.
- (noun) (adjective)
- (noun)
- fell off the _____, but i'm okay! I had so much fun. The people there are really _____.
- (adjective)
- _____, let's hope next time is more _____.
- (feeling)
- _____. I can't wait till next year for _____.
- (something exciting)
- _____.



- Kayli Baker & Fatima Villarreal

Football Fails

Personal Narrative from English JR. class

The world will not end with a bang, but with a football. It was a frosty November, in the year of 2012. The frost glistened against the sagebrush and hard packed dirt. It was Thanksgiving, a time to give thanks and to die of laughter. A time when families come together for the most important Thanksgiving tradition (other than the meal, of course): football. In my family's case, we call it Baker Family Football.

Every year my family goes to my aunt Tana's and uncle Dave's house for Thanksgiving. A lot of other people do, too. For example, Tana's brothers come and Dave's and my dad's brother Craig brings his family.

Let's face it: football is hard. There are so many skills that go into playing football that I fail miserably at. For example, you have to know how to catch, run fast, and dodge other people. I'm not the best football player out there, but that doesn't matter in Baker Family Football. You don't have to be good, and you won't be ridiculed if you're bad. This year's game, in particular, was especially interesting compared to any other Baker Family Football games.

I was on my brother Caleb's team. He is one of the best football players in my family, and he really gets into it. The game started like any other football game: someone throws the ball, and I don't know what to do. I felt like Rachel from that one episode of *Friends*. One play, I even caught the ball that was thrown from the other side of the field! I know, it's a little sad how happy I was, but this was 2012. I was eight or nine. I was about to run; then my aunt Gretchen got me. I'm not bitter about it or anything. Nope, not at all.

After a couple of 'accidental' tackles between Clay and Ryan, two of my other cousins, Tana decided they could only tackle each other if one of them was trying to get the ball or had the ball.

In the second quarter I was supposed to be blocking Tana and my cousin Kori, "All you have to do is keep them away from the ball," Caleb instructs me. I didn't think it would be very hard, so I didn't sweat it. Let's just say it didn't end up how I thought it would.

"Hike!" The quarterback yells. Tana and Kori come barreling towards me. Still getting over my shock that they were running at me, and not the other way around, they each grabbed under one of my armpits and picked me up.

"Ahhhh!" I exclaimed, kicking and screaming. They ran around the field laughing,

still carrying me. They set me down once the play ended, and they were both trying to catch their breath. Everyone laughs and after a couple more plays, we get to halftime.

Halftime isn't very interesting in Baker Family Football. Tana goes and checks on the delicious turkey that is baking inside, others get drinks, and those left on the field play catch. Usually it's only me, my dad, and Matthew, my 5 year old cousin, on the field playing catch so it isn't exactly high energy. Once Tana comes back, we start playing again.

Third quarter was my favorite of them all, regardless of my perfect catch in the first. The scent of sweat hung in the air and everyone was ready to get the show back on the road. It started out smoothly, which is pretty impressive for my family. The last play of third quarter was the memorable part.

"Let Matthew play!" Tana yelled from the other side of the field. Matthew hasn't gotten much time to play. Megan said he was about as useful as I was; that's pretty dang useful in my book.

"You're just trying to get an interception, Tana!" Caleb shouted back, but he decided he would let Matthew into a couple of plays. He didn't regret it.

Alright, Matthew, I'm going to hand you the ball, and you run down the field with it, okay?" Caleb asked. Matthew nodded nervously and gulped. This was a serious matter; we were down a couple of touchdowns.

Caleb was the quarterback, so he started off with the ball and handed it to Matthew right before someone came and tried to tackle him. Matthew ran and ran as hard as his little legs could take him. The problem was, he ran the wrong way.

"Matthew, you're going the wrong way!" I shout as Caleb races towards him, desperately trying to catch Matthew before he gets a touchdown for the other team.

Caleb grabs Matthew by his shoulders and practically drags him to the other side while fending off any other people

that tried to get the ball.

"Matthew got a touchdown! Woohoo!" Tana exclaimed even if she was on the opposing team. She cheers for anyone, really.

"Go Matthew!" Everyone yells while laughing.

"That was the best play that I have ever seen," said my sister Alyshia.

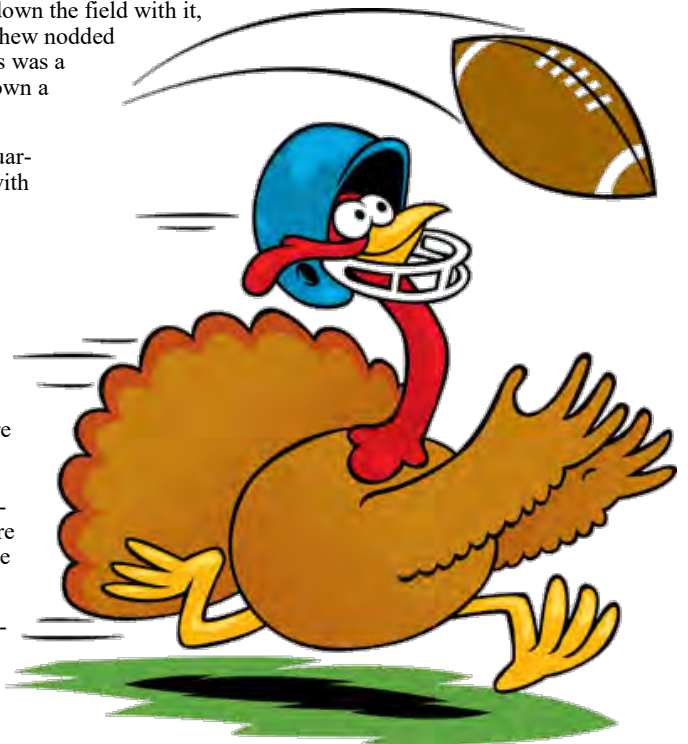
The remainder of the game went by smoothly, and by the end, everyone was ready for the meal.

"I'm so hungry," I complained. "I could eat a whole cow!"

"No you couldn't," Alyshia interjected irritably.

"I could, thank you very much!" I say defensively

We walked back up the small hill to the house. Right as I opened the sliding glass door, I smelled the amazing turkey, and we all sat down to have a wonderful Thanksgiving meal.



- Kayli Baker

To Catch a Shooting Star.....Creative Writing from English I class

Dry summer heat beat down on the asphalt, practically cooking the tar under its gaze.

"Are you ready to get settled into your new home?" Home? The young girl in the back seat of the government vehicle gave a short breath of humored air.

"Yeah, right. Home." Her words were short and carried no emotion other than annoyance. The driver looked back, a frown creased her brow as she did so.

"Don't be so chipper, Lobelia." A tone of irritated sarcasm crept into the driver's voice. The girl, Lobelia, mumbled an inaudible response. At this point the woman at the wheel had given up on any conversation; she knew that she wouldn't be getting any response now. Besides, if you couldn't say anything nice, don't say anything at all.

Lobelia Lee, presumably named by her mother, would turn seventeen years old the next day. Left at the door with no last name and only a semi-intelligibly scrawled first and middle name, crying and screaming. No one was quite sure how old she really was, and so she was given a birthday on the day she was left on the orphanage's doorstep. She had spent her entire life up until this point in the Saint Valentine's Home for Forgotten Girls. Now she was being relocated to Miss. Bernadine's Charity School due to financial issues. "Charity School..." Her voice was more of a huff than anything else, she spat out the words as if they were poison in her mouth. *'What's the point of hiding what it really is? It's an orphanage. It's stupid to call it anything else...'* She allowed her thoughts to wander, rambling on to herself about her upset over the name of the new place.

"We're here." Came the tentative voice of the driver; the tone didn't exactly make Lobelia feel certain about the arrival either. She shifted her dull grey eyes to the source of the voice: she had been blind for as long as she could remember. On a few occasions older girls had informed her that she got very sick when she was still a small baby and seemed to lose her sight shortly afterwards. This affliction made it difficult for her to trust people with worried or scared voices. She had always listened to the tone in other voices, the emotion in their words, and this attribute wasn't exactly helpful to her at that particular moment.

"Where's Doats?" It wasn't exactly a polite reply but she had been worried about her service dog for a long while now. "He should be waiting with Miss. Bernadine." Lobelia nodded and exited the car immediately, she was unfamiliar with the area and as such she waited for assistance to her bags and her room, and hopefully her dog. It was arid and broiling outside of the cooled car, the girl decided that it had been a bad idea to wear a long-sleeved shirt that day. Though the material was light and was not meant to trap any heat it still made for an extra layer. Someone took her arm gently, leading her up to what she assumed was the new orphanage she would be staying in. Though the blind girl couldn't see it, the main building was a warm, soft yellow with a red roof. The lawn was covered with bright flowers in all sorts of different hues, pinks and blues and purples and reds. She would have hated it.

"Hello, sweetie." A comforting voice spoke, Lobelia was surprised at how warm and welcoming it sounded to her. "Hey..." Her voice trailed off as she stared blankly at the ground, she thought that maybe if she stared long enough she might be able to see it. Sadly, a never ending expanse of darkness still filled her vision even after what seemed like an eternity of trying to see what laid beneath her feet. "I'm Miss. Bernadine, everyone calls me Miss though." The woman threw her arms around the smaller girl in a big bear hug. The action completely startled the teenage girl, she returned the hug hesitantly. She was anything but used to bear hugs, in fact, she wasn't even sure if she'd ever had such a warm and welcoming hug given to her by someone she had just met, especially under such circumstances. The more she thought about the hug the more she realized that the woman seemed much like a bear. She was big and strong, as well as seemingly very round and plump. Perhaps she

was more like a bear going into hibernation soon. Lobelia knew this was somewhat of a rude thought to have but she couldn't help it, her own arms almost couldn't wrap all the way around the older woman because she was so big around.

Pushing the thought aside she began in on her real inquiry. "Where's Doats?" With her priorities all straightened out she knew that she wanted her dog and that she wanted to go explore around the property. Miss. Bernadine gave a deep laugh, it was a loud and rolling belly laugh. "I'll get him right now." Within moments Lobelia could feel the warm fur of the large dog pressed against her arm. She knew she had been told what mix he was once upon a time but now she could only vaguely remember. Maybe the man who had given her the dog told her that he was a black, white, and grey dog that looked something like a collie and lab mix? He was a mutt, no one ever bothered to figure out what he really was after that.

After being handed the leash, Lobelia informed Miss. Bernadine that she would be looking around, if that's what you could call it. She then set off, Doats leading her out into the new place she would be staying for at most another year of her life. Nobody wanted a blind seventeen year old orphan. Her hand trailed over the rough wall of the building. She assumed it was brick or maybe an unfinished wood of some kind. Wandering further into the unknown place the atmosphere began to change, voices could no longer be heard and she wondered how far away she was getting. The still and silent area didn't scare her, she was used to the silence. The lack of noise was comforting to her, for most of her life the quiet had been one of her only companions.

To catch a shooting star is to hold the sky in your hand for a day.

The trills of birds and the scuttle of small animals amongst the undergrowth filled her ears as she travelled along what she presumed to be a trail. The occasional rock rolled under her foot giving her slight discomfort due to the thin soles on her shoes but it was overall bearable. She had long since discarded the long sleeve for the tank-top she wore underneath, though the shirt stayed tied firmly around her waist. Dewy droplets of rain clung to the girl's skin as she brushed against a small tree, its soft leaves drawing over her arm as she did so. "Hm...? A tree? Maybe a tall bush..." Her murmur was barely audible as she stretched her hand out gently tracing her fingers along the surface of the tree's bark. The craggy exterior of the shrubbery was a slightly disheartening feeling against the girl's skin.

"This is a forest, isn't it, Doats?" Talking to animals wasn't exactly something that was smiled upon in society but she knew that it was just the two of them. Alone in the woods, it couldn't have been far. It was probably just a wooded area behind the main building, though she was sure that she wasn't lost. "I'm not lost... We're not lost... Right, Doats?" The large dog pressed against her leg reassuringly. He had been trained to sense worry and to behave accordingly, it worked more often than not, though right now Lobelia wasn't quite sure that it was as helpful as usual. All she could think about was how far they were, how lost she had gotten them. "You're the seeing-eye dog here, help me find my way back..." With her voice cracking and tears welling up in the corners of her eyes she decided that she had to at least attempt to find her way back.

Lobelia's first instinct was to turn around and try to get back that way. However, they were soon even more lost than they had been previously. "Doats... I'm scared..." She lowered herself to the ground, sitting up against a tree. Tracing her fingers over the bark slowly, she discovered that, even though she was largely sick of

the grainy plants, it was a comforting feeling to have a solid object under her fingertips. Doats let out a soft whine, nosing his muzzle under the blind girl's free hand. "It's okay..." A hushed murmured, not much but it was something. "If I wasn't blind... If I could see we wouldn't be in this mess..." Her words were sharp, the knife was never dull when she attacked herself. She could feel the sunlight fading away, it's soft embrace no longer filtered through the trees to her skin. It would be night time soon and with it would come the creatures that dwelled in the dark. There was a sinking feeling her chest, it was almost as if her heart was being engulfed by a sea of misery.

As she sat, staring blankly forward with blind eyes searing into the flesh of one of the trees before her, she began to cry. A loud gasp of air initiated the first body-wracking sob. Her shoulders shook despairingly with every trembling breath she drew in, her throat burned and her eyes didn't feel any better. The rhythmic wiping of under her eye was creating a sharp and lingering pain as she was rubbing it raw. She allowed her mind to wander as tears rolled down her cheeks, her face becoming a shade of pale red as her breath became more ragged. Not wanting to feel the trees anymore, she shoved her face into her hands.

"There you are..." The voice first sent a chill of fear down Lobelia's spine but after a moment she realized that it was a familiar voice. A voice that she knew, not well, but one that she knew. "M-Miss..." Lobelia questioned in reply, her tone was still rattled by her former distress. "It's me." The older woman replied, the warm tone of her voice flooded the younger girls ears and gave her the same familiar comfort as it had in their initial meeting. The youth stood slowly, feeling her way to her feet by the way of bark and partially by Miss. Bernadine's hand. Lobelia didn't bother to wipe anymore of the tears from her face as she wrapped her arms around the large woman, she was as round and plump as she had been the first time they had hugged. It was a soothing sensation to have the soft fabric of Miss. Bernadine's shirt gripped between her fingers as she clung to her.

"Let's get you back, huh kiddo? We were all worried sick about you." Miss. Bernadine murmured, giving Lobelia a couple soft pats on the head before walking away. The older woman gave a sharp whistle and Doats began to follow after her, leading his girl forward. An intense, nearly overwhelming, feeling of alleviation flooded over both of them. What if I hadn't been found... What if I had died out there... All alone, in the dark. Cold and alone. Lobelia was broken from her thoughts as a faint light flashed across her vision. She stopped dead in her tracks, baffled by the streaking glimmer. "Wh-what was that...?" A tone of utter amazement was laced into her voice as she stared desperately in the direction of where the beacon had been.

"Hm? Oh, it was a shooting star." Miss. Bernadine's voice carried from a distance, it seemed remote and entirely detached from the emotion that Lobelia was feeling. "I could see it... I could see it." Her breath caught in her throat as she stood perfectly still, paralyzed in sheer wonderment. "Could you?" Miss. Bernadine didn't seem surprised in the slightest at what the blind girl had to say about seeing the falling star. "I vaguely remember someone telling me something once... To catch a shooting star is to hold the sky in your hand for a day." The elder woman's voice was soft and far-off, as if she was peering into a memory. Lobelia supposed she must have been, the way Miss. Bernadine spoke of the memory seemed as if it held all the importance in the world. "Then I guess I'll just have to catch one myself." Lobelia's words were but a whisper, finding themselves twirling upward and out into the inky black of the night sky. Dancing up and up and sitting amongst the stars, a dream in a voice and a wish in a word. A mere prayer in a world of demands, like a streak of simple and blinding white light in one girl's world of milky twilight.

- Ambre Moorhous

A Legend

Creative Writing from English II class

Once upon a time, when people were still happy, content, and everything was peaceful, there lived a boy named Ethan. Ethan was a citizen of the beautiful bright city, on the edge of the sea. He was only a young boy, but everyone in the beautiful bright city had a job, no matter their age. Some were cloud weavers, and worked with the sunset painters to create the most gorgeous skies. Others were creature builders, and were always coming up with new species of animals and insects. And still others were called Landscapers. They got to shape the mountains and design the forests and decide where the rivers should flow. Ethan, however, because he was so young, had only the task of making sure the morning alarm came on to wake everybody up in the beautiful bright city.

He was very good at waking up a little before dawn, making his journey through the grass covered streets, and climbing up the large stone tower to where the beautiful chiming bell was. It took all his might to swing the large pendulum back and forth, which produced a most beautiful sound to wake up the sleeping city. The bell had been given to the people of the city as a gift long ago, from a merking who had no use for it underwater. Before passing it to the city leaders, however, he had issued a warning; all who rung the bell must be of peaceable spirits, or the city would be answered with a destruction of which they had never before seen.

At the time, the people paid little attention to the omen, because of course everyone in the beautiful bright city was always cheerful and at peace, so they had nothing to worry about. The only action taken was to assign the job to someone young, because the children of the city were the most peaceful of them all. No destruction had yet come upon the city in any way as a result of Ethan getting the assignment, in fact, they were more prosperous than ever.

One morning, however, everything changed. All because of Ethan's mother. He had lived with his mom his whole life, and they would sit outside at night and admire the won-

derful work of the sunset painters, and listen to the quiet bubbling of the brook that ran by their house. He loved her very much, and never ever argued with her on anything, for there had never been a reason too.

That all changed when she got a new calling, one that required her to wake up even earlier than Ethan. Before, she had always slept in rather late, and yet been in an almost constant state of fatigue in spite of it. Therefore, Ethan fully expected that she would be even

ferent and unwelcome change to his normal chirping alarm clock, of which she had decided she needed to be the replacement. He was able to put up with it and still successfully ring the morning alarm for everyone else for about two weeks. As time went on, however, it got harder and harder and he started to ride the edge of not only losing his peaceful spirit, but gaining one that was ugly and hateful. Without realizing it, he and his mother were endangering not only the entire city, but the world.



The morning madness continued, and Ethan desperately wondered how anyone could possibly be that cheerful and energetic at four in the morning. *It should be against the law*, he thought bitterly to himself on the fifteenth day since his mother's new calling. And that was when he crossed the line. The moment he suggested that something should be outlawed, he undermined the city's policy and tradition of peace, and so lost his ability to chime the Merking's bell. He had doomed them all, without even realizing it.

When he climbed up the tower that morning, and swung on the giant rope, lightning from heaven struck. Where there had been clear skies, there was suddenly a huge storm rolling in from the sea, bringing the fiercest winds ever felt in the beautiful bright city. A moment

more tired now that she had to wake up early. He was right. She was even more exhausted now that she got very little sleep. However, Ethan also found out that there was a window of about two hours in the very early morning, where she had enough energy to run a marathon in world record time. That was all fine and dandy, Ethan thought, except for the fact that she had it in her head that Ethan should be just as energetic as she was. After the two hours were over, she was back to her tired self, but during, she would make her son's life a waking nightmare.

Bursting through the door to his bedroom the first day of her calling, she flipped on the light, blinding the still sleeping Ethan into a sudden, partway consciousness. She didn't stop there either. Marching over to where he lay in his warm comfortable bed, she pulled back the covers and shook him, bouncing him almost a foot of his mattress. All the while, practically singing, "Wakey wakey, eggs 'n bakey!" and, "Get up, daylight's a wastin.'" It was a very dif-

after this, the citizens-having been effectively awakened already from the noise-all fell over as an earthquake, the first ever, shook the earth. Buildings were toppling left and right, and destruction was everywhere. The storm- which turned out to be a hurricane- raged for three whole days. When it all finally cleared, almost everyone was dead, and those surviving were mere husks of their former selves.

So many terrible things were witnessed in those fateful days, that it changed the people right down to their core, altering their relationship with each other and the earth around them. They could no longer paint the skies or shape the mountains how they saw fit, and they began to find constant fault with one another, bringing contention into the world. Wars and natural disasters slowly became everyday occurrences, where once they had never even been heard of. All because of one mother being overly energetic and cheerful early in the morning.

ADVICE... answered

Dear Advocate of Advice,
They told me to lift, so I lift the top of oreos.
Is that good?
- Oreo Addict

Dear Oreo,
As a health expert, I can honestly say that if you collect enough tops of oreos in your life there is a chance that you will be able to mold them into a weight. Then, bro, you can start to lift for real.
- Miss(ed) Steak
(Self proclaimed "health expert")

Dear Expert,
What advice should I ask for???
- Cluelessly Cautious

Dear Clueless,
Judging by the fact that you don't know immediately what advice to ask for, I can tell you are a brilliant person. My advice to you is to run for president, with your obvious wits you'll be able to beat out everyone else in the running. I wish you the best of luck in your campaign, keep playing it safe.
- Sarcastic Sarah

Dear Advice Peeps,
Is my writing like a 4 year old?
- Four Fish

Dear Four,
No, but your question is.
- Ambre (A very angry editor)

Dear Question Answerer,
What book should I read next?
- Bookworm"

Dear Bookworm,
I recommend reading a book with words. You know maybe a book with pictures or a boring one, one the size of a dictionary. I got it, I've heard many good things about *See Jane Run*.
- The Psychic

Dear Advisor Giver,
How do I answer someone when they ask me,
"How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?"
- Woodchuck Lover

Dear Woodchuck Lover,
The answer is for that question is very simple. As much as it wants to chuck.
- Riddle Solver



Dear Know-it-all,
How do you learn to forgive people after they did something really mean and hurtful to you?
- Hurting

Dear Hurting,
This was a very good question which had me thinking. Do you want to move on? If so, then forgive that person. I know it's hard to forgive someone who hurt you, but do you want to keep a grudge on that person all your life? If you don't forgive that person, then you will never move on and forget what that person did to you.
- The Advisor

Dear Mathematician,
How do I get a good way to do the 9 times tables?
- Math Genius in the Making.

Dear Math Genius in the Making,
There are a couple ways to get your 9 times table. Have you tried the finger trick? One way I remember mine is, the number on the right starts from 9 and goes down to 0, then it repeats. The number on the left is the opposite so they start on 0 and goes up. So $9 \times 1 = 09$, $9 \times 2 = 18$, and so on. There are many other tricks that people use. Just remember to practice them and sooner or later you'll get it.
- The Human Calculator

Dear Advice Person,
I really like this guy who used to be one of my best friends. Somehow, he found out I liked him. He hasn't talked to me since. What can I do? How do I start a conversation with him and make it less awkward?
- M. Barrassed

Dear M,
I'm sorry to hear that you're having this problem. In my experience with boys, I've noticed that life or death situations usually make things less awkward. It would be best if you were to sneak into his house at night and hide a rattlesnake in his bed! When it almost kills him, he'll realize that you're the love of his life and that he almost died without telling you. In the event that he dies, cover it up. Good luck!
- Sssir Adder (Love, and snake, expert)

- Ambre Moorhous
- Dilzia Villarreal

Sheep—by Dilzia Villarreal



- Megan Baker

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
November 2015						
1	2	3	4	5 Melanie	6 Fall Dance	7
8	9	10 Zeke	11 NO SCHOOL Dilzia	12	13 Harvest Festival	14
15	16	17 Megan	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
				Thanksgiving Break _____		
29	30	Notes: Other Important Dates Christmas Banquet: December 9-11 January 13: 2nd Quarter Ends February 15: No School- President's Day Spring Break: March 24-28 Last Day of School/ Graduation: May 26 The school musical will be this spring and has not been decided yet.			Christmas Break: December 18-January 4 January 18: No School- MLK Day March 18: 3rd Quarter Ends State Track: May 20-21	

