



THE Soldier's Sword

QUARTER 1 EDITION

OCTOBER 16, 2017

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

BY MOLLIE ELDRIDGE

KEEP UP WITH EHS ONLINE:

OFFICIAL WEBSITE:
<https://sites.google.com/a/millardk12.org/ehs-gss/>

EHS FACEBOOK:
www.facebook.com/EskDaleHighSchool

EHS YOUTUBE:
www.youtube.com/EskDaleHighSchoolUT

On Tuesday, October 10, 2017, the students and teachers of EskDale High School visited the Utah Shakespeare Festival in Cedar City. There, they were greeted personally by Fred Adams – which was entirely coincidental and fortunate. As they awaited their stage combat instructor, Adams talked with them about when he founded the Shakespeare Festival and how and why it was successful.

In the stage combat workshop, the students learned how the actors would stage things such as sword fights, fist fights, or slapping in order to make it look realistic without someone actually getting hurt. In pairs, they practiced the exercises shown to them, even using some famous lines from Shakespeare plays to “set the stage.” They were also specifically told not to *actually* harm anyone.

A quick break was taken for lunch

before going back to the Festival. Upon their return the students visited the Southern Utah Museum of Art (SUMA), a museum showcasing local artwork and costumes used in previous plays. Then they spent the little time remaining before the play in the Randall Jones Theatre gift shop.

Most of the students had studied and seen a film adaption of the play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* before in their English classes. This is with the exception of the seventh grade and a few other students who had been gone during these times.

The main difference between the live play and the film version they had seen was the one at the festival was set in the



1920s Jazz age. It was beautifully and hilariously done and all of the students enjoyed it, even those who had never seen or studied it before.

This school trip was not only fun, but a great learning experience for all who attended. Most of the students had not seen a Shakespeare play performed live before. This alone made it a day well spent. ♦

SOLDIERS' CROSS COUNTRY SEASON ENDS AT STATE

BY MEGAN BAKER



As the latest school year starts, so does the 2017 Cross Country season. EskDale High School's team this year consisted of just three runners: Mollie Eldridge, Kayli Baker, and Kara Conrad.

Though this was the first year racing cross country for these runners, they have all had an amazing season. All three have continued get faster with every meet, dropping minutes off of their starting times for the season.

At the Region 21 Cross Country meet on October 11th, all three athletes competed really well. Mollie came in fourth with a time of 22:19.9, Kayli in seventh with a time of 24:14, and Kara

placed eleventh with a time of 25:15.8.

Sadly, it's only the top ten places that are able to compete at State, and we did not have a team to help qualify all of our runners for State. The UHSAA 1A State Championships are on October 18th, at Sugarhouse Park. Mollie and Kayli will be running at 10:30 MDT. It would be great to have people come and support them, and we hope to see you there! ♦

STUDENT COUNCIL FOR 2017—2018 SCHOOL YEAR

BY MELANIE HECKETHORN

The 2017-18 Student Council of EHS has been elected by student votes. The new student body officers include Jenna Conrad as Junior High Representative, Kayli Baker as Lower Class Representative, Ambre Moorhous as Upper Class Representative, Fatima Villarreal as Treasurer, Kara Conrad as Secretary, Dilzia Villarreal as Vice President, and Megan Baker as Student Body President.

Recently, an interview was conducted with Student Body President Baker.

●**As President, what goals do you have for this new school year?**

To have lots of events that lots of people participate in that will be fun.

●**Why did you run for president?**

Because I wanted to be a part of the student council and plan more activities other than dances.

●**What are some upcoming events that the student council wishes to implement?**

We're hopefully having a Halloween bonfire.

●**How are you going to improve communications from the student body to the student council?**

Have a suggestion box in the library so students can suggest ideas for what they want.

●**What other problems are you hoping to fix during your term as President?**

Having more consistent activities that people participate in more often.

●**What's your favorite season?**

Fall because it's still warm, but it's cooling off.

●**How do you like your eggs cooked?**

I don't like any yolk runny things at all. Scrambled eggs over hard.



And there you have it folks, our new student body president. We are all hoping that this year is filled with fun and we hope you have a successful term! Thank you President Baker for all of your dedication to this school! ♦

This issue of
The
Soldier's
Sword

was written and produced by the Language Arts students of EskDale High School

INTRODUCING OUR NEW SEVENTH GRADERS

BY DAISY TORRES

With this 2017-2018 school year, we lost our last year's seniors, Emily Weight, Christian Conrad, Caleb Baker, and Lauren Palfreyman, we gained three new seventh graders!

I have interviewed our new seventh grade students to learn more about them, how they feel about EskDale High School so far, and how it is different from their old school in Baker.

Yudnelly Avelar is the oldest of her family with three younger brothers.

She wants to be a fashionista when she grows up. She likes going to school at EskDale a lot more than Baker and Garri-



son. One thing she likes about this school is that there are more classrooms, and it is more organized. She says that her favorite subject is math.

Burklie Wright, younger sister of Carson Wright, a junior this year, thinks that school has been good so far and very different from Baker. She doesn't really know what her favorite part of this new school is yet, but there is still a lot more to learn and discover! She says that her favorite subject is math. She doesn't know what she wants to be when she gets older yet, but she is still young and has lots of time to think about it.



Rylee Elmer, younger cousin of former students Bryer and Hesston Elmer, says she wants to be a veterinarian when she grows up because she loves animals. Rylee loves this school because everyone is so nice here. Her favorite subject is PE because she enjoys sports.

These three girls are very good students and are going to make quite an impact in our school. They already fit in so well with others, and I can't wait to see what they end up doing later as they get older and get more used to this new change of school. Welcome to EskDale High School! ♦



SCHOOL PARTIES AND EVENTS SO FAR...

BY DILZIA VILLARREAL

The student council so far has had two school events: the Back to School Bash that took place at Garrison Reservoir and the Night Hike to Stella Lake in Great Basin National Park. Another event that a few other EHS students went to was the Sadie Hawkins dance at West Desert High School.

The Back to School Bash was a fun end-of-summer party at Garrison Reservoir where students could go and swimming and eat the yummy snacks provided by the student council. Many varieties of chips and delicious chocolate chip cookies (made the day before by the student council President Megan Baker and myself). As the sun began to set, many took pictures before they drove home. Overall, everyone

had a great time.

The Night Hike was September 16th, a Saturday night. The students who participated met at the Upper Wheeler Peak Campground. Students were required to bring snacks and warm clothing. Brandi Roberts graciously provided everyone with red headlights so the light didn't interfere with night-vision for viewing the stars.

Once we reached Stella Lake, many took pictures of the stars, and then we headed back. By this point, it was pitch black, and so many of us switched our red lights to regular white lights for the downward journey.

Once we reached the upper campground, everyone said good night and went home.

The Sadie Hawkins dance was September 30th at West Desert High School. The dance started at 7:30 p.m. and ended around 10. Everyone at West Desert attended along with four students from EskDale High School. A majority of the songs were slow songs for couples to dance to and a few line dancing songs. Snacks and Sodas were provided along with polaroid pictures.

Overall, it has been a fun, successful first few months of school! ♦

PRESENTATIONS AND PE FUN

BY YUDNELY AVELAR AND BURKIE WRIGHT

For this first quarter, EskDale High School has had fun PE times and informative presentations, such as Charles White's hip-hop dance fitness presentation, a Red Fox presentation by Presten Alden, and a presentation by Chris Normant, a college professor who is the artist/writer in residence at the Great Basin National Park. We have also had some bullying, cyber-bullying, and gun violence presentations by Nomi. That's not all, there is a lot more!

Charles came and taught us how to dance Hip-hop. He showed us how to dance some cool moves that we never thought existed. That day was so much fun for all of us. Charles was a great teacher, but sadly, he can't come any more to teach us how to dance because of his work schedule. So now, we try to remember what he taught us. (Some of us don't remember what he taught us, so we just make dance moves up by ourselves.) Thanks, Charles!

Buffy Perea has taught us how to play Volleyball and Basketball. She is really happy to be teaching us even when we don't get stuff right. In Volleyball, Buffy has taught us to hit and serve the ball and to be in the right positions, too. In Basketball, she taught us how to dribble, pass it to other people, and to set up to shoot hoops. Buffy is a really good teacher and an expert at these sports. Thanks, Buffy!

Adam Casper teaches us fitness and weight-lifting

exercises. Adam showed us to jump rope, do the farmer's walk, squat, and how to do lunges in place and in a walk. He is a good teacher; plus he is ripped and he is trying to get us ripped, too. He is a great guy when you get to know him but when you don't know him, his workouts can seem really scary. Thanks, Adam!

Jon Reynolds and Ben Roberts have come to teach archery. They taught us how to shoot a bow in the right position. Some of us really didn't get it, but then there was a competition. There were four left and it was down to those who were in first place and second place. They were so proud and happy to see everyone do well in the competition. We all had learned a lot since the beginning of the school year which made things even better. They were really good teachers and helped us as much as they could. Thanks, Jon and Ben!

You know Nomi: she is our principal, but she also does some cool stuff for PE. Yoga is one of these fun things. Nomi uses this website called amaZEN U. It is kind-of hard, but it's funny because half of the people don't make very many facial expressions. Nomi has also done a few bullying, cyber-bullying, and gun violence presentations. All based on the stuff you hear on the news and on the presentation by Derek Larson, the Educational Technology Director from the Southwest Educational Development Center. Nomi is a good person to teach PE. Thanks, Nomi!

Presten Alden was a presenter that talked to us about red foxes. He had hiked all across Great Basin National Park and across even more of the Great Basin area. Presten found some red fox skat and other things and he went to a lab and did a lot of research. Then he found where some of their dens were and then made a map. He talked about native and non-native foxes it was really interesting. He gave us a really interesting presentation and told us about the red foxes we have in the valley.

Chris Normant was another presenter that came to our school. He is a college professor in the Department of Environmental Science and Ecology College in Brockport, NY. He is the artist/writer in residence at Great Basin National Park and is on a Sabbatical leave from the college. He is studying the Great Basin to possibly write a book. He writes creative nonfiction—that means he writes books based on true events. His presentation was really interesting. We were really glad he came to tell us about New York and some of his hiking adventures.

All of the first quarter was amazing because there was a lot of fun PE and presentations. Now we won't have PE again until our fourth quarter. For second and third quarters, some of us will have drama, and others will just find other stuff to do while we wait for the fourth quarter and see if new people will come and teach us in PE again later in the school year! ♦

GIRLS' BASKETBALL OVERVIEW

BY KARA CONRAD

This year, once again, West Desert and EskDale High Schools will combine to have a basketball team—however, for the first time, it is a girls' basketball team!

Right now, they are working towards getting new girls' jerseys, since the old ones are in terrible condition and ripping apart. Unfortunately, jerseys come at a steep price. However, the team has already held a fundraiser to help with the cost. At the Snake Valley Festival, they had a drink booth to help raise

money for the jerseys. Hopefully, they are ordered and on their way for when the basketball season begins in the second quarter.

The head coach this year will be Kayla Christensen, and Buffy Perea will be the assistant coach. The team will begin practice sometime in November and the girls will be practicing every school day. The practice schedule is still unknown, but from what they know they will be switching off practicing at the Baker Hall and at the West Desert High School

to help alleviate some of the burdensome daily traveling.

The girls are excited to have a basketball team. Some have wanted to play basketball but didn't have a team to play on; now they can. None of the girls from either school have played for a high school team before, and it will be a new experience for them all. Hopefully, they will all have fun, and win a few games. ♦

INTERVIEW WITH THE SCHOOL NURSES

BY FATIMA VILLARREAL

On Thursday, October 5th, we were visited by the school nurses. The nurses are Linda Stephenson and Shauna Nelson. We are very thankful to have nurses who are willing to come out to our small school and make sure we are all in good health. Various students got vaccinations, and the 7th grade had the standard scoliosis check-up.

I took this time as an opportunity to interview them and let them answer some of my questions.

Q: Do you like your job?

Yes, we have the best job in the world.

Q: What's the worst experience you've had with a kid?

Linda: Besides getting kicked? A kid with diabetes

passed away and it was really hard for me.

Shauna: I had to turn a kid in to DCFS because he/she was neglected.

Q: What's the most shots you've given to an individual at one time?

6

Q: Which is your least favorite shot to give?

Cancer shot/HPV, but don't let this out because then they won't want their cancer shot.

Q: Do you guys give each other shots and sometimes question what they're doing?

Yes, but we would never criticize each other.

Q: How did you become interested in this career?

Linda: I wanted to be a teacher, but I didn't want to go to college for the four years. In the end I had to go to school for the four years and then another year and a half.

Shauna: My dad had been hospitalized for a year and the nurses were the ones taking care of him. They brought him back, they really did. They were like angels. I decided I want to be one.

Q: Have you ever had a student with a really bad case of scoliosis?

Yes, the student had to get a metal rod in his/her back.

Thanks for answering my questions! ♦

FIRST QUARTER THOUGHTS

BY KAYLI BAKER

Kayli Baker recently conducted a series of interviews with various students to see how they felt about this school year so far. These are their stories:

Q: How's school been going so far?

Ambre: It's been fine, college classes aren't as hard as I thought they'd be which is good.

Kara: It's been okay so far.

Fatima: School. Where should I begin? It's been going very well, honestly. I like everyone in the school, and I've even gotten to know the people at West Desert a lot better.

Mollie: It's been okay.

Danielle: It's been pretty good. I think I'm getting good grades. Hopefully, haha!

Q: Any classes that stand out as your favorite?

Yudnelly: Math & History

Ambre: With my college classes it's definitely English 1010 I really like having two English classes and I really like Yearbook.

Kara: I can't decide between Geography and Earth Science.

Fatima: I'd have to say my favorite class is Orchestra.

Mollie: English has really always been my favorite.

Daisy: Math, even though I suck at it.

Q: Favorite thing we've done so far?

Ambre: I really liked the night hike.

Kara: I thought the Back to School Bash at Garrison Reservoir was a lot of fun.

Fatima: I got a new clarinet teacher which I really like, I got little plastic hands, and I was really hyped for the Shakespeare Festival.

Mollie: Going to see the play at the Shakespeare Festival.

Jami: I really liked the Back to School Bash and I liked the Shakespeare festival.

Q: Are you excited for anything that's going to happen later in the year?

Kara: I'm excited for the Banquet and basketball.

Andrea: I am very excited for the Banquet.

Fatima: I'm excited for the Musical, Basketball, Track, and getting Little Caesars Pizza Kits.

Jami: I'm excited to do lights for the Musical and Banquet.

Daisy: I'm looking forward to the banquet.

Melanie: I'm am SUPER excited for the Musical.

Q: For our new 7th graders, how has your first quarter here been?

Yudnelly: It's going great and I've made lots of new friends.

Burklee: It's been good. It's a little bit harder than Baker but I like it a little bit better.

Rylee: It's been okay.

Q: Is EskDale HS turning out to be what you expected?

Burklee: It pretty much has been, it's fun.

Yudnelly: Yes it's turned out how I really wanted it to be.

Rylee: Yeah, pretty much.

Q: For our only senior, thoughts on it being your last year here?

Ambre: I'm kind of scared to go to college, of course. But I'm optimistic and I'm going to treasure the remainder of my time here.

Q: What college?

Ambre: UVU

Q: What do you think of my interviewing skills?

*Ambre: I think you're doing a really - *REDACTED* -*

Kara: They're a little... I mean... they're great. You have great questions.

Burklee: Wonderful. ♦

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BROKEN FINGER*

BY JENNA CONRAD

It was August 17, 2017. The second day of the school year. Jenna Conrad, an 8th grade student, was having a great school year so far, though technically it had only been one day. The second day neared its end, and it was time for the students to go to PE. The activity for the day just happened to be basketball, which is one of Jenna's favorite sports.

Jorge Saucedo, a 11th grader was passing the ball to Jenna while she was talking to the person next to her (as she always does), and she wasn't looking. The ball hit Jenna's head, and she was now feeling some natural rage directed toward Jorge.

The next time Jorge passed Jenna the ball, she was aware and alert. However, Jorge threw it really high, very hard, and rather in the wrong direction. Jenna, a

great basketball player, might I add, was reaching for the ball when it hit the tip of her finger. Immediately, a sharp, shooting, pain ran through her finger.

Jenna couldn't bend her finger, for it was stiff as a board. As her finger ached and swelled, she continued to play, although she shouldn't have because the dribbling really hurt. Finally, she couldn't take the pain any longer, so she stopped.

The next day, Jenna's finger was throbbing, swollen, crooked, and a plethora of different colors. She had definitely burst some blood vessels. She went to the doctor and had her finger x-rayed.

Jenna had fractured her middle finger on the left hand. She went an entire month unable to participate in PE. Instead, she walked almost everyday those four

weeks, looking at the same rock and tree everyday.

After four weeks of no PE, she went back to the doctor. They told her that her finger needed another four weeks to heal. And so, for yet another four weeks, she walked around the community while the other students played sports together. Let me tell you, she got very tired of walking.

Jenna once loved walking. Not anymore. And to this day, her finger is still hurting and swollen, and she only has one person to be severely angry at.

And that person is Jorge Saucedo. ♦

**The Editor requests that the reader consider this article's author and partake of the appropriate grain of salt as necessary. ☺*

BY DANIELLE HAYWARD

HISTORY OF A PLACE YOU'VE COME TO KNOW

In the very beginning, the school at EskDale was a private boarding school. Many of the students during the 40 years that EskDale was a private boarding school lived in a dormitory. The first dormitory was in the building that is now the preschool. Later on, they built a new dormitory which is now our present high school.

The first high school was a little two-room building that has since been added on to. It now looks like a little house and is right next to the old elementary school. Later, in 1964, the high school moved to a little larger building that has since been torn down.

In 1958-59 when the high school started, there was only one student, and she took her classes through a correspondence course. The next year there were two students in the high school!

Over the many early years EskDale High School was a private school, the total number of students each year varied from about 12-20, and the number of students in each class was similar to what we have now. The classes offered when EskDale was a private school were very similar to the kinds of classes we offer now.

At the start of the high school, the classes were few, but they grew in number over the years.

However, they had a few classes that we don't have now such as a vocabulary class. There were also Bible classes that the whole school had to take. In the private school, you had to take orchestra and choir without question. You also had to take piano and another instrument.

As a private school, EskDale High School didn't pay a lot of attention to following all the holidays that the public school does. They followed the required number of days of school, but many of their days involved a lot of extra-curricular activities. The kids helped with everything. They had to help with the harvest, and if there was a ditch to be dug, they dug it. Sometimes the school would go and pick up potatoes and still get a half day of school. Sometimes they would have a half day of school, and then spend the rest of the day, into the night, bottling fruit. An expected part of the school day was chores. The girls did the cooking and dishes, and the boys chopped wood, hauled coal, and took care of the animals.

There were a few more things that were unique about the private school. Back then you had the option to go to high school for 5 years. This meant you could go to 13th grade! Many people thought that the 13th grade would help you become better prepared for college. Also, their school week ran from Sunday-Thursday. Another thing was that like our



public school, the private school had an average of three main teachers, but if they needed a class taught and they didn't have anyone with a teaching certificate to teach it, they would ask someone who had a lot of training in that area even though they didn't have a teaching certificate.

There were many wonderful and interesting things about the early private school system in EskDale, but over the years, the school changed and adapted as did the community which supported it. In the fall of 2001, EskDale High School became a proud part of the public school system in the Millard School District. Since then, many new doors of opportunity have opened, and, like the private school before it, EskDale High School continues to offer excellent instruction for the students in Snake Valley. ♦

BY DALLAS HAYWARD

PRINCIPAL'S POST

This year is the 4th year that EskDale High School has been blessed with the presence of Nomi Sheppard as our administrator (although she was a part of the EHS family prior to that as secretary). She currently fills the important roles of teacher and administrator in EskDale High School.

This year she teaches Carrier and Technology Education (CTE) and Carrier and Carrier Awareness (CACA), and Physical Education (PE) as well as performing the task of school administrator which entails the jobs of principal,



secretary, counselor, janitor, and occasionally suburban driver.

Nomi is a Stanford graduate with a Bachelor's degree in linguistics and both a Master's degree and PhD in education. She used to work in both Denver and Chicago as a web designer but decided she didn't like living in heavily populated areas and moved to Snake Valley.

We are very happy to have Nomi in our high school. As part of this article, I asked Nomi about her time here at EskDale High School.

Q: Do you like your job?

Parts of my job are challenging, but I love my students.

Q: Do you like teaching?

I love teaching!

Q: What is your favorite class and why?

My favorite class is CACA because I get to talk to people in that class

Q: Do you like being administrator more than being a teacher?

No

Q: Do you have any goals for our school as administrator?

My goal for this school is to have a happy, healthy student body!

Thanks for all you do, Nomi! ♦

FEATURED TEACHER—SHARON CONRAD

BY AMBRE MOORHOUS

Sharon Conrad teaches a myriad of classes here at EskDale High School and has had an impact on the way that we learn and what we learn in many different ways. Not only does she teach all of our English classes, but she also teaches Junior High History, Junior High Science, Junior High Reading, Health, Seventh Grade Math, and Yearbook. She has a strong passion for English and brings it into the classroom in a way that inspires her students to feel the same.

In the interview below, she answers some of her students' most pressing questions, and some of the less pressing ones as well.

Q: How long have you been teaching at this school?

A: This is my fourth year in terms of full years, but I started at the end of the 2013-2014 school year and taught for a month until summer.

Q: What made you decide to become a teacher?

A: Well, when I graduated from high school I thought I was going to be an English teacher, but I then decided against that. Then, after college, I started helping Lois with the kids in drama and decided that I really did love teaching and working with students. I also had some really amazing professors in English college courses, and that cemented it for me.

Q: Was there anything specific that made you want to teach English over another subject?

A: I love English, and I always have. I knew there was need for it, and it was something I loved to do.

Q: Did you ever want to go into a different field? If so, what?

A: I really never did. I did think about theatre because I love it, but I never was a very good actor. I thought about directing but never really as a career, more as a hobby. So, really, no.

Q: What did you major in in college?

A: The first time around, I earned a Bachelor's in Liberal Arts, which I was originally going to use for going into Elementary Education. Now, I have the equivalent of a second Bachelor's in English Education.

Q: Did you like college? What was the hardest part?

A: The first time around, I really liked it because it was the college experience. I hated winter—though Logan is beautiful, even if it is Siberia. The hardest class I took the first time was Advanced Spanish Grammar. Second time around was all distance education, but in MY favorite subject (English) with the best teachers I ever had.

Q: With your junior high classes, is there a subject that you like to teach over the others? If so, what is it?

A: I've come to really love teaching junior high science, which is why I am working toward my Biology / junior high science endorsement.

Q: What is your favorite part of teaching?

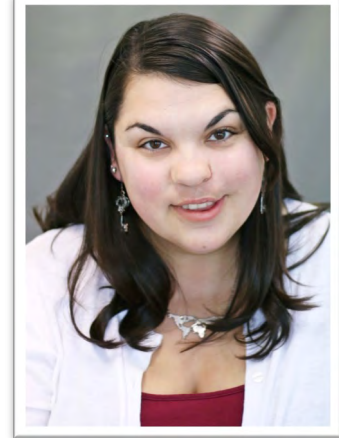
A: The students.

Q: What is your least favorite part of teaching?

A: The politics.

Q: As an English teacher, what is your favorite book that you've read with one of your classes? Are there any specific moments in class that makes this your favorite book?

*A: I really enjoyed reading *Fences* by August Wilson, which is actually a play, but it applied to what was going on in the world at the time we last did that unit. I had a really small class at the time, and it seemed like every day we were able to have engaging conversations about the text and how it resonated with what was going on in our own society at the time with the Black Lives Matter movement.*



Q: Favorite poem?

A: Too many! Right now, I've been revisiting Emily Dickinson, and I really love "Some Keep the Sabbath" because of its subversive spirituality.

Q: Do you want to work here until you retire? Are there other places you would like to work?

A: Here. I love teaching, but if I couldn't teach here, I would find something else to do. I have my dream job because I get to do what I love, living here where I love.

Q: Is there anything you'd like to say to your students?

A: "More than ever before in history, the ability to read and write well will determine how far you go in this world."

(Pretty sure all of my students have this memorized. ☺)

To close, Sharon Conrad's students would like to thank her for all she does for us. We all look forward to many years of her teaching and look forward to seeing her in classes for years to come. Thank you! ♦

EVERYBODY HAS A STORY—A PROFILE ON MARJ COFFMAN

BY RYLEE ELMER



For this feature, I interviewed one of Snake Valley's oldest residents. Her name is Marjorie Coffman. Born in 1927, she is now 90 years old and still as vivacious as ever.

Marj lives happily in the small town of Baker, Nevada with her black cat named Sammy. She moved to Baker because all the people in the town were so caring and involved. "It's a small town, but we do keep busy." She also liked Baker because her spiritual teacher was here.

She participates in Seminar at Home Farm (the School of the Natural Order) in the summer. There she teaches people how to use breathing as a tool.

When she first moved here she worked here as a Teacher at Garrison Elementary. She said, "It took me almost a half a century to get my education so I could be a teacher." During

the time she taught, the school nearly doubled from 23 kids her first year to 45 kids.

Marj likes to go to Cedar City, Utah to watch the Shakespeare plays at the Utah Shakespeare Festival. Marj's favorite things to do are quilt and read. She also likes to cook in her free time and has collected cookbooks from around the world.

Thanks for sharing your story with us, Marj! ♦

HIKING GONE WRONG—A SHORT STORY BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

By JENNA CONRAD— 7/8 ENGLISH

It was an ordinary summer day; the valley was hot and morbidly dry. But for a particular group of school students, it was a day gone totally wrong. It was a summer geology school trip for the junior high at EskDale High School, and of course, school wasn't in session. There were five students which included: Jenna (hilarious and, might I add, beautiful), Kayli (smart and humorous), Sam (cocky), Kara the Heathen (Jenna's sister), Danielle (quirky), and Teresa (the amazing and smart teacher).

The class started driving to a nearby hiking spot called Hendry's Creek. As soon as they got to the spot, they were ready to hike! Along on the hike with them was their lunch and all their personal belongings.

"Okay guys, we will be hiking to the third creek crossing which is basically two miles. I repeat, only to the third creek crossing." Teresa clearly informed the eager young whippersnappers.

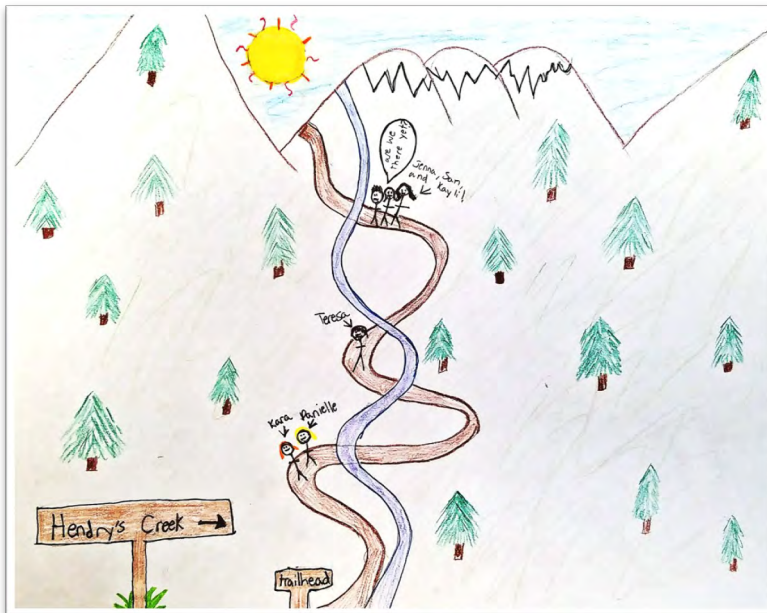
The class started hiking and sure enough the creek and the hiking trail intertwined a lot just like they all had thought. The trail was not uphill and not downhill but somewhere in between. By the time the group got to the first creek crossing, Sam was far ahead and Jenna was rather tired because she's definitely not a hiker! The struggle was real at this point, because the students and Teresa had to build a little bridge out of rocks to get over the creek; this was not a promising beginning. Well, then there was Sam, who just walked right through the creek. The creek was rather on the freezing side, and who wants to hike in wet shoes? It was so cold that you should probably get out when you can't feel your feet anymore. As soon as that raging battle with the creek was over, Sam was ahead of the group, and Jenna and Kayli started hiking right behind him. And these young whippersnappers were off again.

The trail wasn't hard, but it was a hot day. Hot enough for the need to be constantly drinking water and reapplying sunscreen. Jenna and Kayli stopped to take a short break for water. Teresa, Kara, and Danielle weren't too far behind, so the wait wasn't long.

"Let's wait for the group right here!" Jenna suggested. "Yeah let's stop." Kayli agreed.

As soon as the group was in view, Jenna and Kayli were off but where was Sam? Who knows what Sam was doing, but he was in the front the entire time. By the time Kayli and Jenna got to the second creek crossing, Sam was just sitting on the ground waiting for the group. Kayli crossed, and Jenna barely made it. Jenna is one of those people who says they can do something, but then falls in the river. But, she did make it so we will give her that. Once Kara, Danielle, and Teresa got in sight, Sam got a little antsy and went on up the trail before Kayli and Jenna could stop him. Now, unlike Sam, Kayli and Jenna decided to wait for the group first. However, Kayli and Jenna caught up with Sam again, and he was going pretty fast.

"Aren't we supposed to be looking for a clearing or something to tell us that we made it to the end of the trail?" Jenna questioned.



"Let's keep going 'til we find that clearing or a sign that we made it to the end of the trail." Kayli said

They got to the third river crossing, but there was a problem: there was still no clearing. They waited for the rest of the group, but they were going too slow so Sam, Jenna, and Kayli kept going on. Now this is where things went awry. Teresa had told them to only go to the third creek crossing, and Sam, Kayli, and Jenna went beyond that.

"Didn't Teresa say to only go to the third river crossing? Because we are here!" Jenna yelled.

"Well, yes, but there is no clearing yet, so let's keep looking." Sam asserted.

"Well, what if we are supposed to be looking for a pile of rocks? You never know with this class; there is just always something to look out for!" Kayli exclaimed.

Jenna examined the matter. "Sam, Kayli has a point; Teresa said to go to the third crossing. She didn't say where though!"

However, Sam, Kayli, and Jenna couldn't wait for the group any longer, so they went on. At this point, they wanted to get to the supposed clearing, end of the trail, or the random rock spot on the trail first. And they were hauling up that mountain. Let me tell you, these young whippersnappers weren't ever going to stop. Until... the dreadful fear Jenna had came upon her... she was out of water!

"Guys, I feel like we should wait here for the rest of the group. Don't you?" questioned Kayli.

"It's hot, and I am tired so let's stop for a moment." Sam suggested.

"And, wow! Doesn't it feel like we have hiked over two miles? And we have already passed the fourth river crossing! Let us wait right here on this cold hard rock." Jenna agreed.

What do they do but keep going. Meanwhile, back with Teresa, Kara and Danielle are also getting a little antsy and

get ahead of Teresa on the trail. They stopped, however, when they heard yelling.

"Sam, Kayli, and Jenna: stop hiking! You have gone too far up the trail you need to come back!" Teresa yelled up the mountainside.

As soon as Danielle and Kara heard this they started walking back down the trail to find and meet up with Teresa.

"I am going up to look for Sam, Kayli, and Jenna. If I do not find them in one hour, I will come back, and we will drive down to the valley to call search and rescue." Teresa dictated as she anxiously walked away.

Teresa got up the trail far from Kara and Danielle and started yelling, "Sam, Jenna, and Kayli come back! You need to come back to the third river crossing!"

Well, from their position below, Danielle and Kara thought they heard Teresa yell, "Jenna has fallen off the cliff!" Then they thought they heard "Sam has drowned in the river!" This is no joke. This sent Kara into a panic about what on earth her sister was doing on the edge of a cliff. Danielle and Kara became extremely worried about Sam and Jenna.

Higher up, Sam, Kayli, and Jenna started to question the reason that the group had not caught up to them. They were at the fifth creek crossing still waiting for the group. After ten minutes of waiting, they got impatient.

"What if the group is looking for us because they think we are lost?" wondered Sam.

"Well, I am not crossing this creek one more time." Jenna exclaimed. "Look how wide that is, and you know how clumsy I am. There is definitely a 100% chance I will fall in. I am also out of water. What if I die up here because I get dehydrated? I am too pretty and hilarious to die. Plus, what would happen to my MoMo (Jenna's cat who so dearly loves her)?"

So, they sat on some rocks and started writing in their notebooks about what they saw because that is what Teresa had wanted them to do. They cooled themselves by splashing the freezing creek water on their faces; they also ate their snacks. Then they see Teresa coming up the trail. An immediate sinking feeling united them and the kids know it is only going to go downhill from here. The expression on her face said it all. The young whippersnappers were terrified.

"I told you to go to the third creek crossing, and you are at the fifth. Do you even have any idea of how far you walked? You've walked well over four miles!" Teresa exclaimed to the panicking children.

"I knew we walked more than two miles!" Jenna assured them, recalling her earlier claim.

They made their way back down the mountain, and Sam, Kayli, and Jenna were feeling awfully dumb and bad for making Teresa hike really fast to stop them for two extra miles.

"Next time, just stay where you can hear me and where I can see you!" exclaimed Teresa.

Sam, Kayli, Jenna, and Teresa reached Danielle and Kara heading down the trail. Together, they continued their studies on the rocks. It was a wonderful rest of the day besides being sore from hiking eight miles on accident. Sam, Kayli, and Jenna learned to listen carefully and to never get too far ahead of the group. ♦

By MOLLIE ELDRIDGE— 9/10 ENGLISH

THE HARDEST DECISION—CREATIVE FICTION

James let out a booming laugh as Holly turned red from whatever he had said. They didn't expect me to add to their conversations anymore which was both a relief and a little disappointing. We walked down the same street covered in dancing sunlight as we did almost every other day after going to the same dinner for lunch which only added to the monotony.

Though my mood was not due to anything my friends had said or done. As always, they were great. When I did decide to speak they listened and didn't force me to speak when I was quiet. James and Holly were my best and only close friends, they had lived next door to me for my whole life and this meant we walked home together whenever we went anywhere.

"Alex," I looked up at Holly, "have you talked to your

parents yet?"

"You know I hate being called that," I chose to ignore her question, rather commenting on her mistake with my name.

"Oh, don't even start that, Alexandra," she stressed the use of my full name, "you told me yesterday you planned on telling them soon. When exactly is soon going to be?"

"I don't know," I sighed, "every time I try to bring up the end of the summer my dad just starts going on and on about how great the University of New Orleans is and how much I'm going to enjoy it. I can't even picture going to a college my dad teaches at." Her grey eyes met my own blue ones with a fierce look, telling me my answer was unacceptable.

"Well, you're going to have to soon. Before you know it

summer will be over and you still won't have told them."

"I know. I'll tell them tonight, I guess," I sighed. James ignored our conversation, he had heard similar versions many times before, and turned down the gravel pathway to their house.

"You do that," was the only answer I received, and with a flip of her golden hair, she hurried after her brother.

I trudged down the street to the next house, my own. The two-story building stood proudly behind a green lawn despite the faded and peeling paint. In serious need of being mowed, our lawn was accented by, as my mother called them, ornaments, or as I liked to say, useless junk that serves no purpose other than to trip me. This picture was enhanced by the lazy black cat sunning himself on the front porch. Wednesday opened one eye lazily at me and I gave the

THE HARDEST DECISION—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

feline a pat on the head as I went by.

Opening the front door released a blast of cold air that drifted out only to be suffocated by the much warmer air from outside. My dad was in the living room, book in hand, sitting in his favorite recliner. From the kitchen came the sound of my mothers humming and the smell of what I could only assume was going to be our dinner.

Sitting on the floral couch I tucked a stray piece of short, black hair behind my ear and gathered my courage. Holly was right, now was as good a time to tell them as ever.

“Dad?” I started cautiously. “Hmmm?” He mumbled halfheartedly, not even glancing up from his book.

“Dad, I have been thinking about how summer is going by so fast and before it ends I would really like to go on a trip. I’ve been planning it for a while actually.”

“And what, exactly, does that mean?” He asked, clearly frustrated.

“I mean that I could go to Russia and do some research on like our family history and culture. I’ve always really wanted to do that and it could be a great experience for me. Grandma has a brother who lives near St. Petersburg and they’ve told me I could stay with them for like two weeks. I’ve been saving up for this trip for forever and it would be so amazing if you would let me go.” I rushed out.

My father just stared at me for a second, clearly trying to figure out whether I was joking or not.

“That sounds like a wonderful opportunity for you, sweetheart,” my mom spoke up from the kitchen doorway. “If you are sure about this and have everything planned out I don’t see why not.” She ignored my father’s surprised stuttering.

“Thank you guys so much!” I exclaimed, giving my mom a hug.

The next couple of days consisted of packing and keeping my parents from changing their minds. James and Holly were just as happy for me as I was to go.

“You have everything? Passport, coat, both your bags?” my mother fussed as we were jostled around in the busy airport.

“Yes, mom for the thousandth time I have everything I could possibly need,” I reassured her before giving both of my parents a hug and continuing on to board my plane.

The whole plane ride went by in a blur. I sat between the aisle and a stuffy looking man effectively canceling out the world with headphones. One of the most boring experiences of my life ended as the plane landed and I finally stepped out into fresh air and sunlight outside the airport.

“Alexandra!” I heard my name shouted. A short man

with the same merry blue eyes as my grandmother waved his arms enthusiastically at me. They were definitely siblings and he looked no more than a year or two younger than her. As soon as I walked up to him I was engulfed in a suffocating hug.

The drive to his home was filled with some of the most beautiful scenery, not only was the city itself beautiful, but also when we reached the countryside with fewer houses more spread out. I learned my uncle’s name was Ivan, and he was married to Diana, a woman who was equally as nice as he was. All of their children had grown up and most had families elsewhere so I didn’t get to meet them, though I might as well have with all the stories I was told about them.

A couple times a week Diana would visit a farmers market to get her groceries rather than travel all the way to the city. A few days after I arrived she took me with her on this trip. Everywhere I looked there were stalls selling anything ranging from vegetables to baked goods and people crowded around browsing for something to buy.

“Do you need help finding anything?” a voice asked from behind us.

Turning, I found a grinning boy, around my age, with light brown hair and eyes that nearly matched.

“Good morning, Viktor,” my aunt greeted, clearly knowing him, “Viktor lives near here. And, Viktor, this is my great niece Alexandra, she’s visiting me and Ivan from America.”

“It is very nice to meet you, Alex,” Viktor greets.

“Thank you and you too, but my name is Alexandra.”

“Yes, I heard that, Alex,” Viktor smirked a little, revealing that annoying me was his intention. I held back a snarky reply and opted to rather follow Diana as she continued shopping.

“Wait, Alex, since you’re new here I was wondering if you would like for me to show you around?” Viktor stopped me, sounding more serious.

“Maybe, if you actually learned my name.”

“Great, I’ll go tell your aunt! Wait right here, I’ll be right back.”

“Wait, I don’t think you understand—” I cut myself off as Viktor ran after my aunt, returning in a few short seconds.

“She’s fine with it, come on.” I was pulled after him, still slightly shocked with all that had happened, to a slightly beat up truck.

Never had I been anywhere so beautiful and besides the fact he couldn’t seem to remember my full name, Viktor wasn’t as annoying as our first encounter made him seem.

Though, he was still plenty annoying. He showed me not only the countryside but St. Petersburg itself. I spent less time with my family than I had intended and most of my trip was spent with Viktor.

“I can’t believe I have to leave tomorrow.” I wondered aloud to Viktor who sat across from me. Though it wasn’t exactly warm out he had insisted we have a picnic, leading to where we were now. We sat on a checkered quilt with a basket holding our lunch between us.

“What if you didn’t?”

“Pardon?”

“What if you didn’t leave, Alex?” he questioned once again. He still refused to use my full name, though I had grown somewhat accustomed to the nickname. That didn’t mean anyone else could call me that, just that Viktor was the most stubborn person I had ever met.

“You could stay here, your aunt and uncle love having you here and I really like spending time with you. We could work something out, just think about it,” he further explained.

This frustrated me more than a little. How did he think it was even remotely possible for me to move to a completely different country for someone I had basically just met.

“I do love it here and this whole trip has been amazing, but I can’t stay. My whole life is back home, I can’t leave my parents and friends.”

“That doesn’t mean you couldn’t have a great life here too,” he tried once again.

This decision consumed my every thought. If it were a simple as Viktor made it seem it would have been easy to agree to stay. The fact remained, however, that it was not simple in the slightest. I wouldn’t just be moving away from my home and family, I would be moving to a completely different country. As I thought it over it was very clear that there was really only one choice I could make.

Diana hugged me tightly before letting me go. The small sad smile Ivan gave me let me know he would miss me as well. Both of them had come to see me off at the airport. Viktor hadn’t come or even talked to me after I explained I was still standing by my decision to leave. It was not fair of him to ask me to stay. I could no more ask him to move to America than I could be asked to move to Russia. This would hopefully not be the last time I visited Russia, but to live here permanently would take more thought and time than I had at the moment. I still felt strongly that the choice I had made was for the best. ♦

ONE STEP— A PERSONAL ESSAY

BY MEGAN BAKER— 11/12 ENGLISH

One step—all it took was one step to completely ruin everything that I had been working toward for over a year. There aren’t many people that understand loving to do something so much that they enjoy the pain that comes with it. I love being so sore that it hurts to sit, I relish in the moments where my lungs burn so bad that I think I may die, and I love the feeling that I’ve run hard enough that my legs shake like jelly. Most people don’t get it and never will, but even I didn’t realize how much I truly loved running until it was gone.

The region meet on May 10th was the last time that I raced. I wish I could tell you everything about that race—the way I felt, what I was seeing, and what was happening around me—but for some reason I can’t for that day. I remember everything in little moments, realizing I was in the lead as the others fell farther behind me, mom yelling at me as I crossed the finish line again at the end of the first lap, and then passing my dad at the 200 meter mark. As I started to really sprint towards the finish line, I took a step that just didn’t feel right, and it hurt a lot. I kept sprinting, but it happened again and then I couldn’t sprint anymore. I basically limped to the finish line, and Meghann Clare, one of my competitors, helped me back to our tent. I couldn’t put any weight on that foot or bend it any direction.

Over a year I had been running, imagining how much more fun racing at meets and at State would be if I were actually good enough to actually compete. It was something that I thought about all the time, obsessing over every moment of what it would be like or how it would feel. Imagining running at State was something that pushed and motivated me to work my hardest. All it took

was one step to take it all away.

I sat on the tarp under our tent yanking away at the laces on my spikes as if taking off my shoe would make the pain disappear. I ripped all of the tape off of my leg that my cousin Christian had applied just before my race, but there was no sign or mark on my leg. How could it hurt that much when it looked like nothing was wrong? My mom decided that my dad should take me to the Instacare in Tooele to see if they could figure out what was wrong before we had to leave for the choir trip the next day. At the Instacare we were told that I had just sprained a ligament in my foot and that I would be fine in a few days. The doctor there told me that it was just a routine thing that sometimes happens and that it didn’t hurt that bad, in that moment I knew that we couldn’t be talking about the same thing. He told me that I was worrying for no reason and that I would be absolutely fine to run at State the next week. I don’t think that he could have been more wrong.

The trip to San Antonio went from something that I couldn’t wait for to a nightmare that would never end. My leg was swollen to the point that my calf was the size of my thigh and my leg couldn’t bear any weight, but I would obviously be fine to run the next week. After leaving the trip early and going to our regular doctor, we found out that the doctor in Tooele was completely wrong. It wasn’t a few days that I wouldn’t be able to run, it was going to be a few weeks.

After I got over the initial shock of what he said, I had to face the fact that there really was no chance of me running a State, and that my season was truly done. I wasn’t just unable to run, I also couldn’t walk or even

more my ankle. I thought that not being able to run would be the hardest part about being hurt, but what was hardest for me was watching the ungratefulness of others. Watching as others whined about having to go do something that I didn’t have the ability to do was painful. They considered running a punishment and called me lucky for not *having* to run. What I wouldn’t give to step off the sidewalk and run for miles.

Days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months and the more time I spent away from running, the unhappier I got. I stayed awake every night not able to fall asleep because not only could I not do anything to exhaust myself, and I obsessed over when I could run again or how much training I had missed out on. I thought back to all those times that I had skipped a run and how that would make a difference to how in shape I would be when I could run again.

There are a lot of opportunities that we take for granted, and sometimes something being taken away is what it takes for us to appreciate it. Running and competing in sports is actually an amazing opportunity that we are all lucky to have. Being able to train to compete against others your age who also work hard to reach a mutual goal is rare. Being able to run is something that not everybody is able to do, and it’s something to be thankful for. I didn’t realize how much I would miss running until I couldn’t, and I also didn’t know how much I had come to rely on running. Getting hurt seems like an awful way for me to realize how lucky I was, but it definitely taught me to be more grateful for the ability to run. It all just reminds you that one step is all it takes for everything to disappear, so take advantage of each step you get. ♦

REFLECTION ON THE LAS VEGAS SHOOTING

BY JORGE SAUCEDO

On October 1, 2017 a horrible tragedy occurred in Las Vegas, during the Route 91 Harvest Festival (This festival is held in the Las Vegas village). There was a man on the 32nd floor of the Mandalay Bay building who had broken the window with a hammer and shot firearms at people from his suite. These people were attending the final day of this festival, and it was the closing show.

When he started shooting, people heard the gunshots and mistakenly took them for fireworks that were going off. It wasn't long until people started falling to the ground and other people started running away, and the gunshots continued. There ended up

being a total of 59 dead and 489 injured in this mass shooting. The shooter ended up committing suicide before the cops could find and question him. His girlfriend was in the Philippines and didn't have any idea about what was going on until she got back from her trip and discovered what her boyfriend had done.

I went around the school and asked various people what their opinion was on the shooting, and all of them said essentially the same thing: that it was terrible and that they were happy that the man killed himself. Sam said, "Well, frankly, the guy was insane. It's really horrible that the record for the biggest mass shooting has been broken yet again."

Nomi said, "I think it's really sad; I think it's really tragic and sad. What I really would like to know is what drove this guy to do it. I guess we'll never know."

My opinion is pretty much the same as everybody else's although, if the man hadn't shot himself, we might have more answers. I want to know his motive—want to know the reasoning (however warped) behind the biggest mass shootings in the history the United States. This was just one of the most tragic events that have happened so far this year, and hopefully it doesn't get any worse than this after this year. ♦

WHITE PINE COUNTY FAIR RECAP

BY CARSON WRIGHT

A few of the students in EskDale High School worked hard all summer to prepare their animals for the livestock show and sale in Ely Nevada. Those who participated were Megan Baker, Kayli Baker, Rylee Elmer, Mollie Eldridge, Burklie Wright, and Carson Wright. All of these participants from our school did very well at the fair. They all sold their animals in the sale, and the market was really good this year. Each of them made a good profit from the sale and were able to save the money for college.

FALL BREAK PLANS

BY JAMI WEIGHT

Fall Break is coming up soon! I asked around the school to see what students are planning in their time off.

- Ambre—I don't know, bro
- Megan—going to Colorado
- Dallas—I don't know
- Melanie—umm hopefully not working
- Jorge—Probably working or going to Denny's with Ambre
- Jami—Maybe going to Cedar City
- Dilzia—Ummm probably nothing. Ha ha.
- Andrea—uh, I might go to Delta
- Mollie—I don't know. Too far to think ahead.
- Kara—Working, chilling, hanging with the cows
- Kayli—Going to Colorado
- Jenna—Working. Plus, my grandparents are coming
- Carlos—I don't know probably hanging with my little sis
- Sam—I'm going to work on my Halloween costume and read
- Daisy—Nothing. Sleeping, working, and playing with my dog
- Danielle—Hanging out with family
- Burklie—I don't know

A HAPPY HALLOWEEN

BY CARLOS SAUCEDO

It was another exciting Halloween in the small town of Rexburg, Idaho. I was in the second grade, and my parents took me to the costume store. After looking around for a while, I found the perfect costume: the red Power Ranger was available! Eagerly, I ran to my parents and asked if I could get it, and they agreed.

Every Halloween at my elementary school everybody would go around the school into every classroom showing their costumes. It goes by grade the first graders go first, then the second graders, then the third graders, and finally the fourth graders. I was a second grader, and that meant that when the first graders were done, I would finally get to go around the school showing my Power Ranger costume. I was nervous at first because I worried that some people might make fun of me. However, after about thirty

seconds of unnecessary worry, I thought to myself, "Who cares what I am for Halloween? I love it!" And so I went around the school with no fear of what people thought. I was so proud.

That day, my brother Jorge and I left the school to go Trick or Treating. Usually, we would go to places that were close to our house and we would get a lot of smaller candy. However, we knew there was a neighborhood up north where the houses gave out big candy bars. This place was the Trick or Treater's heaven. Therefore, this year, we convinced our parents to let us wander a little further than our own neighborhood. They agreed, but Mom made us take her cell phone with us "just in case."

We started walking, fairly confident we knew where we were going. Twenty minutes later, we

weren't so sure. In fact, we were lost. Reluctantly, we called home and asked our parents to come find us. It took them longer than expected, as we had wandered for twenty minutes in the *wrong direction*. South is not the same as north. By then, it was getting late, and we had to settle for Trick or Treating in our own neighborhood again where everyone gave out small candy bars.

We were lucky though. It was late, and people were naturally ready to go to sleep. Trying to get rid of all their extra candy, neighbors everywhere heaped handfuls of candy into our eager arms. We headed home with more than double our usual amount.

That night, as I went to bed, I thought, "What a successful Halloween!" ♦

A HALLOWEEN QUIZ

BY ANDREA GOMEZ

1. What is another name for Halloween?
 - A. Feast of the dead
 - B. Samhain
 - C. All Hallows Eve
 - D. All of the above
2. Where do pumpkins grow?
 - A. Vines
 - B. Bushes
 - C. Hallophopb Stalks
 - D. Trees
3. What do guests at a Halloween party bob for?
 - A. Apples
 - B. Oranges
 - C. Skulls
 - D. Turnips
4. What does the noun "Hallow" mean?
 - A. Spook
 - B. Spirit
 - C. Sin
 - D. Saint
5. Which priests first celebrated Halloween?
 - A. French
 - B. Druids
 - C. Christians
 - D. Romans
6. Which country celebrates Halloween by eating sweet skulls?
 - A. Italy
 - B. Scotland
 - C. Mexico
 - D. Aboriginal Australia
7. Which Halloween custom began as a way of finding out who would get married first?
 - A. Trick or treating
 - B. Making lanterns
 - C. Carving pumpkins
 - D. Bobbing for apples
8. What is a male witch called?
 - A. Warlock
 - B. Witchman
 - C. Halloweenie
 - D. There's no such thing
9. What animal is associated with Halloween?
 - A. White rats
 - B. Green frogs
 - C. Black toads
 - D. Black cats
10. What colors are associated with Halloween?
 - A. Yellow and orange
 - B. Black and yellow
 - C. Orange and black
 - D. Black and red

Advice

AS DICTATED TO SAMUEL ROBERTS

Gathered here is a compendium of the sage advice from the Soldier's Sword (as dictated to Samuel Roberts) in response to student letters.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Will you do my Financial Literacy homework?
Thanks,
Anonymous**

Dear Anonymous,
I would like to point something out. I am a sword. If I tried to do your homework, there is a very good chance that I would slice it to bits. Do you really want that to happen? I thought not.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Should I go big and be a lawyer? Or should I keep realistic and be a Vet tech?
The Undecided Student.**

Dear Undecided Student,
There is absolutely nothing unrealistic about becoming a lawyer. Do it. Go Big. Don't let your dreams be dreams.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
I am having an really hard time getting to all of my homework because all I want to do is read instead. What do you think I should do?
Homework Man**

Dear Homework Man,
I used to have this problem too, until I figured out an solution. Use an book as motivation. First, get to an cliffhanger. Then, shut the book, and start your homework. Your desire to find out what happens next will speed you through your homework. Then, enjoy the book.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Why do I have so much homework? -
Too Much Homework**

Dear Too much Homework,
The reason is simple. You didn't get it done in class, or for some reason you view homework in such a way that even a small amount looks enormous. I wouldn't know which.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
This kid is really creeping me out at school, he's so weird, what should I do? HELP ME
- Creeped Out**

Dear Creeped Out,
This is what you should do. Next time you see the creepy kid, tell him firmly and politely to please stop creeping you out. If that doesn't work, tell a teacher, and they'll get him to stop.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Are there more field trips?
- Curious about the Future**

Dear Curious about the Future,
I don't know. I'm not on the Council, and so I'm not privy to scheduling.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
I have no idea what to do for fall break.
- Needful of Ideas**

Dear Needful of Ideas,
Use your google-fu. It's your greatest resource. Find something cool to do or make. There are lots of ideas on Pinterest or Reddit.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
- Philosopher**

Dear Philosopher,
Asking me that is about as useful as wondering which version of a Greek myth is the original. That being said, though, neither, since it's an circle and has no beginning or end.

**Dear Soldier's Sword,
Why is school so hard?
- Difficulty in Academics**

Dear Difficulty in Academics,
Two points. Don't rush on your assignments, and don't guess on your assignments. It's that easy. ♦

SEASONAL QUIZ

BY JAMI WEIGHT

- 1) During which month does summer end and autumn begin?
 - A September
 - B October
 - C November
 - D June
- 2) During which month does autumn end and winter begin?
 - A October
 - B November
 - C December
 - D September
- 3) In autumn do you turn your clocks ahead or back?
 - A Ahead
 - B Back
- 4) Why do the leaves change color in autumn?
 - A No particular reason
 - B As the leaves lose chlorophyll, their other pigments are exposed.
 - C Because they like to look pretty.
 - D For fun.
- 5) Which of these animals hibernate?
 - A Deer
 - B Squirrels
 - C Bear
 - D Human
- 6) When do Canadians celebrate Thanksgiving?
 - A October
 - B September
 - C November
 - D December
- 7) When do Americans celebrate Thanksgiving?
 - A August
 - B December
 - C January
 - D November
- 8) When is Remembrance Day?
 - A November 5
 - B November 11
 - C November 22
 - D November 1
- 9) What is the best way to dispose of fallen leaves?
 - A Throw them out with the trash
 - B Burn them
 - C Compost them
 - D Eat them
- 10) Squash is harvested in the autumn. Which of these is not a variety of squash?
 - A Spaghetti
 - B Summer
 - C Eggplant
 - D Winter

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

- **October 18, 2017**—Cross Country State
- **October 19, 2017**—No school
- **October 20, 2017**—Start of 2nd Quarter
- **October 24, 2017**—EskDale Parent/Teachers Conferences
- **October 25, 2017**—Garrison & Baker Parent/Teachers Conferences
- **October 25-27, 2017**—Fall Break
- **November 3, 2017**—ACT for EHS Juniors
- **November 10, 2017**—No school—Veteran's Day Observed
- **November 17, 2017**—Harvest Festival at Baker Hall
- **November 22-24, 2017**—Thanksgiving Break
- **November 23, 2017**—THANKSGIVING! Don't forget about the Turkey Trot 5K on Thanksgiving morning! Run & earn your pie. ☺



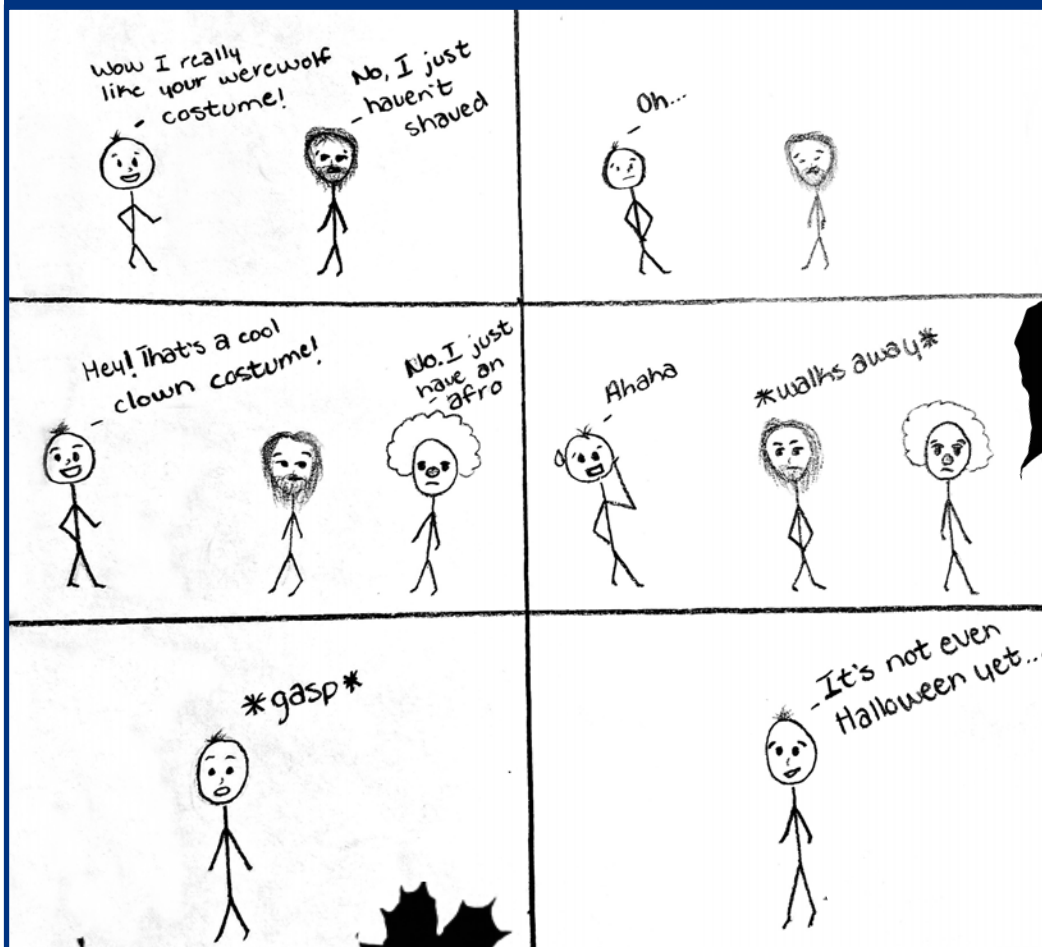
FALL AT NIGHT

The sun sets slowly,
 Daytime creatures lay lowly,
 Ready to rest their heads,
 Nestling down into their winter beds.
 But bats take flight,
 Into an endless night,
 Children run from door to door,
 Asking for candy, they want more and more.
 "Trick-or-treat!"
 They never miss a beat,
 Feet moving briskly,
 Leaves crunching crisply.
 The pumpkin patch comes alive,
 When the stars begin to thrive,
 Vines growing and inching,
 Their strong leaves always unflinching.
 Black cats glare,
 Into the chilled autumn air,
 But don't mind their leer,
 For our favorite season is here.

BY AMBRE MOORHOUS

DENSE DAN

BY ANDREA GOMEZ



FALL?

The leaves had no time to change their colors,
 Just off the trees they went,
 Onto the ground with all the others,
 Their time in summer spent.
 Oh wait! Oh no! Where has fall gone?
 Oh, what has happened here?
 This is what we call winter,
 Oh dear.

BY MELANIE HECKETHORN