

The WVMS Literary Magazine  
Spring/Summer 2023



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# Poems!

Written by Addison Hurd

## SHOCK

Sparks and zaps.....

You get shocked when you're surprised

STORMS go BOOM with the shock of thunder

Never knew it was such a shocker

You could even fall off of your rocker

SHOCK, BOOM, SPARKS, ZAPS

LIGHTNING from clouds

and BOOM like a flash

It's very cool in such a weird way

SHOCKS are something that makes me feel

different

Something weird you could say:

'[]'

SHOCKS,BOOM,SPARKS,ZAPS

This is the end,

I hoped you liked that.



## COLORS

Red orange yellow green and blue

Purple indigo that's the truth

The colors fill the sky

With a rainbow that's the truth

They are always there and will continue to be

If the colors disappear

Then you couldn't see any colors

There magic it's the truth

You couldn't color without colors

So if colors disappeared then

Then i would miss you

Red Orange Yellow Green and Blue

Purple Indigo I would miss you.



**“Hooty The Teenage Retail Worker ”**

**By: Sophie Quicke**

**Hooty Clawthorn is a retail worker**

**That gets taken advantage of**

**And is never appreciated.**

**Always there with a preppy tone**

**And a cheerful smile**

**Trying to help you in any way**

**He can**

**But even throughout betrayal**

**And manipulation with**

**Managers and customers,**

**“Friends” and “family”**

**Without him wouldn't be**

**the same**

**Hooty is the underrated,**

**Overworked retail worker**

**Keeping the group and work place**

**Feel like home**

And now, a series of very serious, very professionally made poetry presented for your viewing pleasure by *the* Madeline Pesta.



### Rice

Rice  
So good it doesn't need a price  
Rice  
Ignore that  
We need economy  
That is beyond me  
Rice  
Inflation is bad  
I have a dad  
Rice  
It is very nice.

### Presidential Precedents

History is cool  
Cooler than my pool  
So that's saying a lot  
Alexander Hamilton was shot  
Aaron Burr was not  
He was mad he wasn't president  
Now he can't set a precedent  
Thomas Jefferson could  
And he would  
And he did  
The End

### The Floor

It is dirty  
And very sturdy  
I am walking  
I am talking  
All on top of the floor  
Do you need to know more?  
No, you don't  
Chromosome

### Why I write poems

Once upon a time  
There were no poems in a line  
To put in the literary magazine  
So I wrote really good poems  
They were better than the ones  
written in rome  
And the people loved them  
And that's why I write poems

# Picture Perfect Photography!



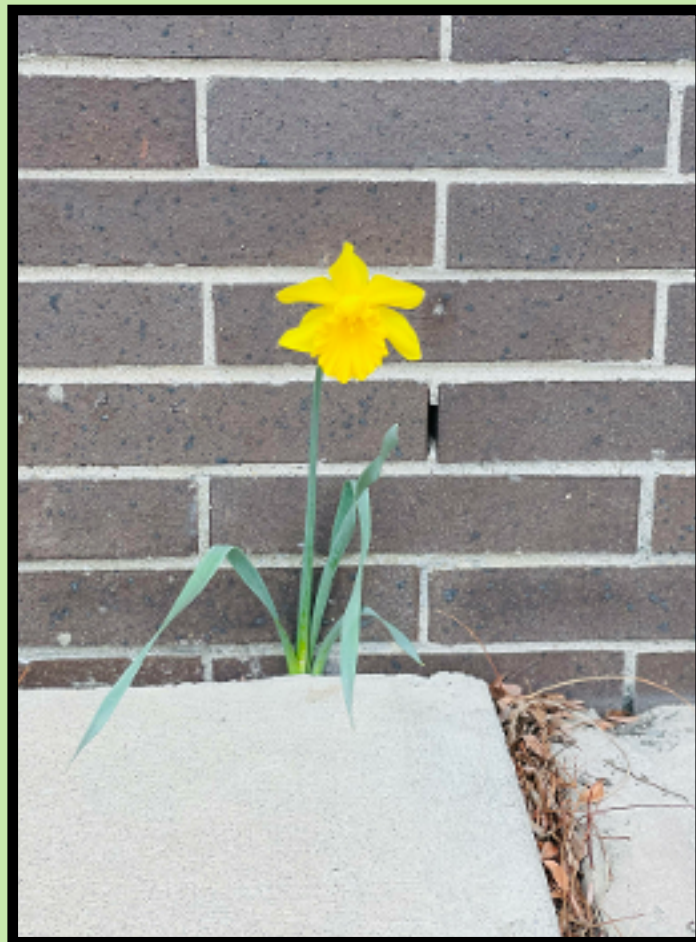
By Chloe Spencer



By Aubrey Cordero

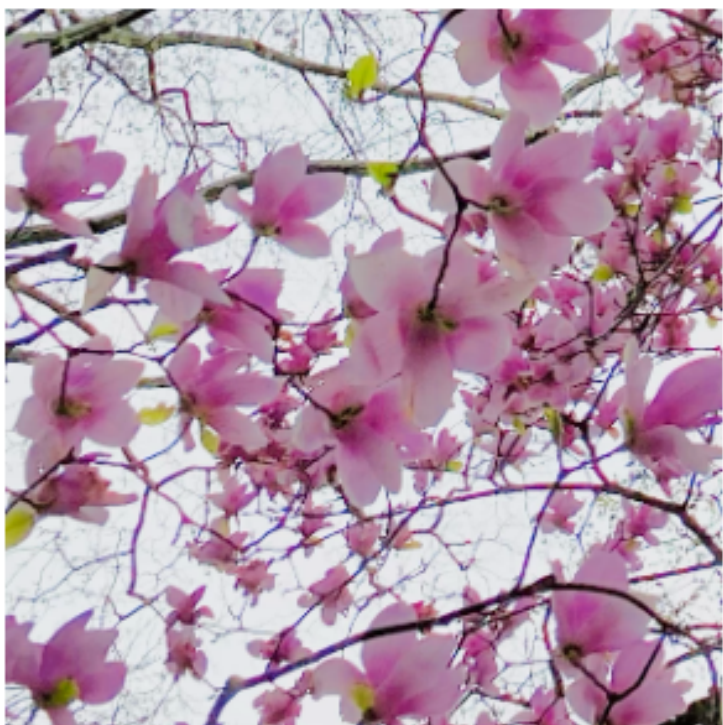
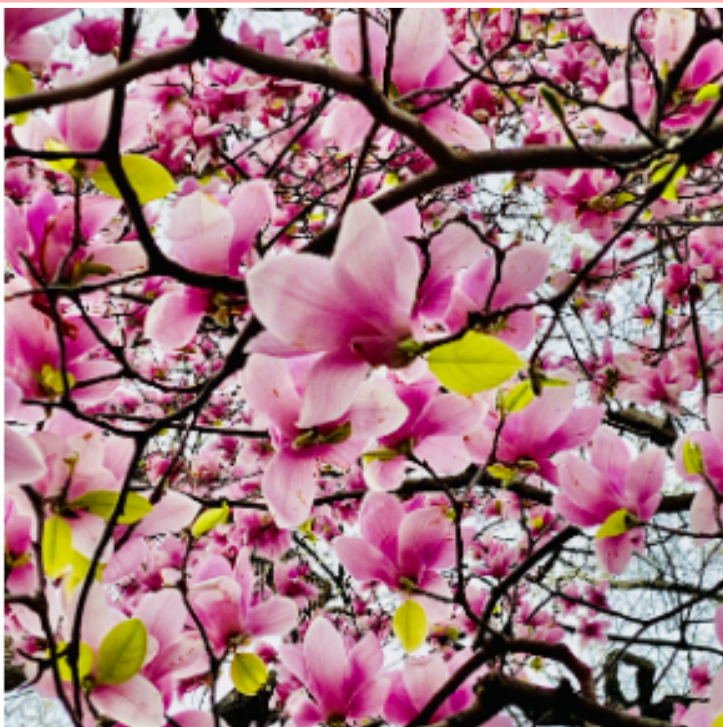
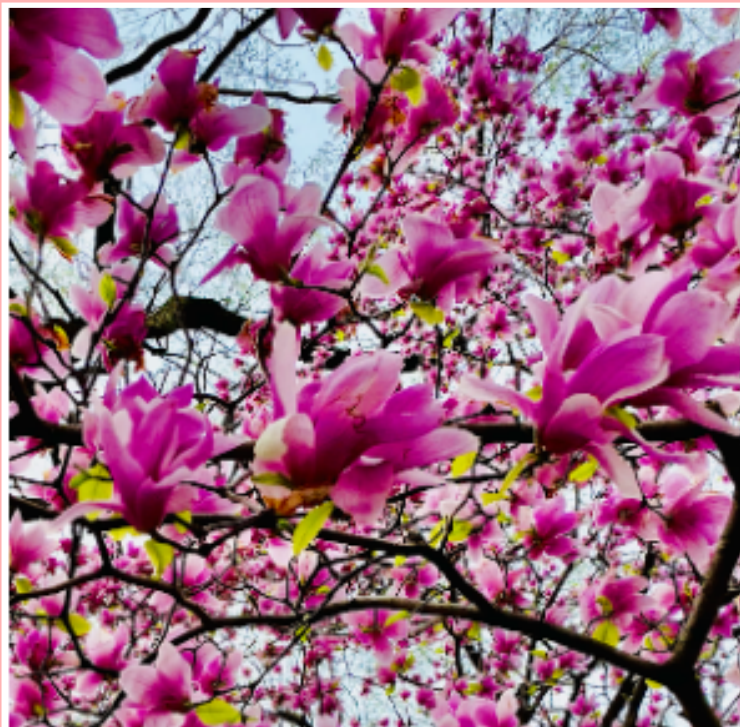
# *Spring Has Sprung in Warwick!*

Photography by Ella Heller



# *Cherry Blossoms in D.C.*

Photography by Aubrey Cordero





# "Out" Part 2

## by Aspen

Yet another day of living at my boyfriend's house. After getting kicked out of my house about a week ago, I came here and introduced my presence by gracefully falling on my hip on his stairs. I've been surviving. Life has changed a lot since I got kicked out.

Surprisingly, I've kept my job, and I'm still on the school's roster... technically. I have been out since... since I got kicked out. This is all very new to me.

"FELIX!" Damion shouted as the door flung open.

"AAH! WHAT HAPPENED?" I shout back, very concerned.

Damion took a deep breath before answering.

"Your parents are at the door"

My heart stopped. He looked incredibly nervous, I was too, my thoughts were frantic.

"Do you want me to answer it?"

"Yeah!"

Damion walked down the stairs to the front door where my parents were waiting. Ok, that was not what I wanted to say, but now it's too late. I ran to hide in the bathroom, I really don't want to talk to my parents.

"Do you want anything to eat or drink?" Damion asked them.

I could hear my parents murmurs from downstairs, they seemed to like Damion. That's a good sign, they aren't angry. Then I heard them all coming up the stairs.

Crap.

"He is in my room if you want to talk to him." Damion told them.

Without any other thought in my mind, I bravely opened the door to find my parents and Damion standing in Damion's room. Obviously, I'm not there.

"Well, he was supposed to be there,"

They all turned around and saw me, standing in the doorway of the bathroom. My mother ran and hugged me, I stayed completely still. Damion looked at me with a nervous smile.

"Avery, please come back home!" My mother said through tears.

I made my way out of her embrace and took a cautious step back.

"But, you kicked me out," I said, confused. "I don't think I even want to go back home."

My father's eyes shot daggers at me.

"Are you saying that you weren't happy with us?" My father scowled.

"Mr. Hart, you should understand, now that you know-" Damion began.

"This is a family matter." My father coldly interrupted.

My thoughts were racing, I knew that I would have to answer, should I go back with them? I wasn't happy, that's my fault anyway. I put myself in this mess in the first place.

I have been happier at Damion's house, I want to stay here. I would be a burden on him though, he shouldn't have to deal with me all the time.

I looked at everybody in the room, all staring directly at me.

I didn't know what to do, I couldn't fix this, so I ran. I ran, again. It feels like my life is over, I can't come back to Damion's house, or my parents. My legs were running on their own, I wasn't going to stop them. I could just run forever, find a new place, maybe a new town. Anywhere but here, everyone knows about me here.

"Avery, where are you!" I heard in the distance.

I ran faster, if I were to be caught by anyone, I would at least rather it be Damion.

"Felix, please come back!" Damion yelled.

"Felix? Why would you call her Felix?"

As I ran farther I could hear the argument grow quieter. I took a deep breath and stopped running. What did I just do. How am I even going to talk to Damion after this? I just ruined our relationship with one stupid decision. The worst part is, I know it's my fault. He probably hates me for this.

I start to walk. Walking away from everything I've known, for real this time. I can't come back for, at least a year. Not until everyone forgets about this. I walk past the cafe, the salon, the shops, then the library. I officially walk into the next town.

My legs are throbbing, but I can't stop now. Tears form in my eyes. I'm so tired, this week has been terrifying. I left all my stuff behind, I don't have any money with me, no change of clothes, not even a pencil or anything slightly useful.

A car comes up behind me and honks its horn. I jump into the bush next to me so it can pass by, but it doesn't move. The man inside opened the car door, and I saw Damion, exiting the car.

He looks straight at me. I hurled myself into the bushes only to realize I was rolling right in the middle of a highway.





*The mind itself cannot deny,  
while the heart still stands to justify  
Ordering the lips to preach its woes  
“What misery is a cage of gold  
if all its shine pleases the eyes  
of those who love and idolise?”*

## *“Goodbye”*

*By Jae Browning*

I remember thinking about how many people I'd seen visiting this spot. Family, teachers, quite a few family friends and acquaintances whom he had never truly known in his fifteen years, yet nevertheless showed to pay their respects. None of them were there the day I visited, though the evidence of their mourning was clear. The day wasn't cold and rainy, nor a cloudless, sunny sky, but rather a day in between. A slight breeze brushed the grass in an almost imperceptible manner, chilling the air to the perfect autumn temperature. A blanket of cool grey clouds was draped over the sky. On that day, I could look straight up at those clouds without needing to close or squint my eyes. It was his favourite type of weather, and it remains mine still.

I stared down at the name engraved on the tombstone. Fourteen familiar letters that I had grown so accustomed to, yet estranged myself from as I gazed upon them now. For a long spell of time, I stood there, the breeze chilling the hollows of my ears. It was a strange sensation that came with my hair being too short to offer protection from the elements, and I disliked it.

It was tragic, the accident. I had heard many things about the events leading up to his untimely demise in my occluded walks through the village.

“I heard the boy ran out because of an argument between his parents.”

“Really? He never seemed like the type to be troubled by life at home.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, you know, the boy was so far beyond his years. It's such a shame that we lost

someone as bright as he.”

“Such a shame..”

“I heard it was because the father struck him.”

“Nonsense, the boy was too smart for that. He would never do anything to warrant that measure of discipline”

“He ran out into the street, didn’t he?”

“ .. ”

I tried not to dwell on those eavesdropped bits and pieces for too long. Instead, I tried to speak. I did try, really. In my mind, I had played out this moment a thousand times. The scene would unfold in my head as I made mental edits to the scenario, repeating lines over and over until each syllable conveyed precisely what I needed to make known. It reminded me of my school days, when I would sit for hours on end revising a single line of an essay, needing it to be perfect even though I knew the paper would already score me top marks if I turned it in as it was. Saying it all aloud was different. I realised just how stupid I sounded when my mind wasn’t warping reality. What did I really have to worry about? I had my own room, and a bed to sleep in. I made all my teachers proud in terms of academics, I never wanted for food, drink or clothing. I had a family. I had a father, and I had a mother, even if I didn’t see her as often. And yes, they fought and argued and the only thing they ever seemed to agree on was how amazing and mature I was, but that’s hardly a worthy reason at all. Besides, I was far from amazing. I still am.

Really, what in my life was so unbearable that it constituted such an extreme reaction? True, I might’ve just taken advantage of the situation, but it wasn’t as if I hadn’t contemplated equally drastic measures before. On nights when I let my mind wander, I would sometimes find myself at the window. I would press my forehead against the cool glass. A few times, I even opened it.

Somewhere in my mind I knew that nothing I said could ever hope to explain my selfishness, and part of me knew there was no shame in that. I knew emotions hardly ever made logical sense, and that I shouldn’t judge myself too harshly because there didn’t have to be a “worthy” or even conceivable reason for why I felt trapped in my life, the way I did. I knew that, but for all the world I could not make myself believe it.

In the end, I resided in loathing and guilt, staring daggers at the tombstone in front of me, and hating myself more than I had ever hated the person I had been.



**BY JAXSEN MITA**

## What Is AI

You use AI most every day of your life. If you search something up, you use AI. Your computer uses AI to get to know who you are. AI stands for "Artificial Intelligence". There are 2 different types of AI.

### Reactive machines

Reactive machines are AI systems that have no memory and are task specific, meaning that an input always delivers the same output. They usually take customer data, such as purchase or search history, and use it to deliver recommendations to the same customers.

### Limited Memory

For limited memory AI, the algorithm imitates the way our brains' neurons work together, meaning that it gets smarter as it receives more data to train on. An example is self-driving cars.

## Using AI

I am using a Limited Memory AI to make some short stories. The AI website I am going to use is [paraphrasingtool.com](https://paraphrasingtool.com). On the next page, you'll find some of my favorites that the AI generated.

## Dogs

Every household has one. Whether they're cuddly Labs or growling Rottweilers, they're members of the family. But what do dogs really do all day when we're not around? For the most part, they hang out by the door or wait patiently beside their owners while we run errands. But there's a lot more to dogs than just fetching sticks or sitting at our feet. They can also help us protect our homes and families, and serve as loyal companions.

## Humans

One day, an alien observing humans decided to ask a human what he or she found most impressive about the species. Without hesitation, the human answered, "our ability to learn and adapt." The alien was impressed by this answer and decided that humans were a very special kind of creature.

## Cats

Once upon a time there were three cats named Jerry, George, and Fred. They lived together in a house and enjoyed spending their days lounging around, playing with each other, and raiding the trash can for food.

One day Jerry got sick and couldn't move around as well as he used to. George and Fred decided to take care of him until he died. Whenever Jerry felt uncomfortable or weak they would put their bodies weight onto him so he could rest more comfortably.

After Jerry passed away the two cats continued living in the same house together. They still spent their days lounging around and playing but now they did it all while looking after Jerry's spirit.

# Attic Finds

By Jasmin Uzun

Sloan Hughes used to think that there are two ways to go about handling difficult situations. You can cry about it until your eyes are forever damp, or you can face it head-on with remarkable persistence. At the moment, though, she wanted to add one more option: doing utterly nothing.

It wasn't a difficult situation as much as it was confusing. Sloan was in her finest black dress, clutching a bouquet of red roses in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. It was her first time wearing high heels, which were digging into the wet earth in front of the gravestone. Grandfather was dead, and Sloan didn't know what to do about it. Of course, there are only so many things you can do when your mentor is dead. Except for sob as loudly as you possibly can, which was what she was already doing.

That is why this was a confusing situation. Especially since this meant Sloan was an orphan, for fate had come for her parents in the form of a house fire six years earlier.

She hiccuped and continued crying great, heaving sobs.

Technically speaking, she had always been an orphan while in Grandfather's care, but this was different. This time, she had no remaining family.

Sloan stood there a long time, staring at the gravestone with Grandfather's name engraved on it.

By dinnertime, a man in a well-made suit was edging towards her, clasping a sheet of paper in his left hand tightly. He introduced himself as Norman Small and handed Sloan the paper, which contained a bunch of squiggly words and legal terms that Sloan admitted she was not smart enough to understand.

"It means," Small said plainly, reading it back to her, "that you are now the owner of your grandfather's estate."

"Hughes Manor?" Sloan squeaked, her voice teetering. Grandfather's beloved mansion was one that simply proved that he was a very rich man indeed. It was lined with marble and limestone, with two stone lions that she had comically named Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

"Well, if it were up to me, I would have you in a group home, because a house like that should not belong to a thirteen year old. But fortunately for you, it is not up to me, and you now own the entire manor." Small confirmed, and to make a point he added, "and the entire bank account, as well as your Grandfather's collection of..." He reread the paper, as if he could simply not believe it. "Baseball cards?"



Sloan's family had made a fortune by making baseball cards signed by all the greats. Grandfather had even apparently got all up close and personal with Babe Ruth!

Small drove her home, and when Sloan saw the manor again, her brain was crowded with fantasies of what every child would want. So she decided to put all this stuff to good use and got hundreds of dollars of bags of jelly beans shipped to her door.

Sloan was a responsible girl, generally speaking, so she acted as mature as she could. However, she wept after school every day for her Grandfather. Most days, Sloan would scream and throw horrible tantrums, shattering the most expensive of vases. She wanted her favorite person back.

Halfway to midnight on a Friday, Sloan was wandering the halls searching for her bedroom when she bumped face-first into a staircase she had forgotten all about.

The attic staircase! Sloan remembered Grandfather telling her, as a kid, that the attic was not for children and was full of sharp objects. It had been a disappointment at first, not being able to explore it, but she had gotten over it as soon as she remembered there was a blue popsicle in the refrigerator. Sloan looked around, as if anyone would try and stop her.

She began to climb the staircase to the attic.

It was pitch-black up there. She stumbled around, trying not to trip over anything, until she fell on top of a lamp, turning it on.

The attic was beautiful! Sure, it was dusty, (as attics go) but Sloan thought it was the most perfect attic around. There were boxes everywhere with different labels. She examined one with the words **JOURNALS** strewn across it in messy black scrawl. Sloan dumped out the box and observed that the books were...well, nothing she cared about. A bunch of old diaries, so she cleaned it up and moved on to the next box. Sloan wanted to discover everything that could be discovered in the old house.

She woke up the next morning still in the attic, with the sun pooling down on her face. Sloan was drooling on another box, and she decided to continue rummaging.

A whole box of photographs of her and Grandfather. Sloan saw herself, much younger, on his lap. That gray hair, those freckles, that smile that pulled at the corners of his face. It didn't just bring back fond memories. It completely *drowned* her in fond memories.

Sloan cried again, as she usually did these days. But this time, something was...different. This time, her tears weren't from wild tantrums and screaming fits so that everyone around her would understand how completely devastated she was. This time, the tears were silent and tiny, like a drizzle of rain on a foggy day. This time, Sloan truly missed Grandfather with every fiber of her being. This time...her tears were more genuine.

Sloan was not a little girl anymore, but a young lady.

She did a last tear-wipe and then rocketed down the stairs for breakfast.

# ~Them~

## Part 2

By Emma Rose Rieder

*Hey, it's me again, Barney? Don't remember? Eh, I don't blame you, it's been awhile since the story. I bet you were like, 'Oh my god, Barney, why did you do this to us?! We need more details!'. Whoa easy now, I'll continue, but I'm gonna warn ya, it gets really weird. As they made an unnecessary announcement, I walked over to the food court.*

"Hey Xia."

"Hey Barns, how is it?"

"It's pretty fine, thanks."

"I'm guessing you got Jacob?"

"Yep, and Emma's even got someone too"

Just before I was going to take a sip of fruit punch, I heard a voice.

"Barney, baby!" I jerk my head over to the right. I open my mouth in shock, but nothing comes out.

"Hey man it's me Alex!"

"ALEX! Where were you, you weren't at school?" He runs over to me and darts to laugh, "Bro I already told you, I was on vacation!" "I got back early!" *Phew, well this dance now won't be as awkward.* I then walk over to Max.

"Care to take this dance my good sir?" he says smugly. We start laughing. *YES, COME ON BARNEY KISS HIM YOU!!! No, not yet, we need the d r a m a.* Then pretty soon it is free style dance, Xia is doing the macarena, Alex is doing Cha-Cha, Emma is well, hip hop dancing I think? Max is doing the robot. My favorite song comes on, *Made You look*. I start dancing really crazy, and the next thing I know, I'm in the posh pit! Max starts rolling his eyes and laughing.

"Hey, I'm starved, do you want to go to the food court?" Max asked.

"Sure," I replied back. We walk up to the food court. We both start to eat.

"So, there is only an hour left, I heard that there is a slow dance, do you wanna go? I mean it's kinda stupid but-"

"Sure!" I interject. "You know just to, joke around a little."

"O-oh." Max starts to blush. "Y-yeah I guess we can do that." We both get on the stage as a slow song starts to play. We both blush massively.

"Hey Max, look I have something to tell you.."

"Oh? What is it?"

"Listen, ever since I first laid eyes on you, I-I, I like you.. A lot."

"O-oh well I like you too.."

"Really?!" I basically jumped out of my non-existent chair.

“Yeah, I just haven't really had the guts to tell you.” I step towards him and give him a light kiss on the cheek.

He blushed madly.

“Soo, should we meet up on friday?”

“Sounds like a good idea to me!”

What's next for me? Who knows, but I know that it's gonna be a real bumpy ride.

**~End~**



# Florida Family Getaway

By Owen Barrett



The airplane landed. The sun is smiling down on us. I already am feeling optimistic and relieved knowing I'm getting a break from all my worries. I am so glad to be back in my happy place... Florida. Thoughts about what plans mom is going to make for us fill my head. Zoe and I talk about who will find Grandma the biggest and most perfect shell on the beach. Oh, the beaches! They are so different from our beaches here. So many different inlets with no crowds. Sleepy bays and voracious oceans can be enjoyed without ever seeing another person. You can walk on and feel like it's your own private beach. No packed parking lots full of cars and no long lines. No loud and angry traffic to beat, getting to them either. It's just simple and easy and stress free, just the way I like it. Nice and calm without any pressure. The waves crashing onto the beach and the backwash is inviting me in. I'm filled with happy memories and anticipating new ones! I am at peace and I don't get to feel this way often, so when I do it's wonderful!

As soon as we get to Grandma's house I run to see if Timsaboater (my grandma's husband who is a grandpa with a special nickname) is out by the pool, watching *Judge Judy*. We've got some professional golf courses to scout out and boat rides to take. I've got my lizards here! It's one of my favorite things about Florida. Watching, catching and releasing lizards. Big, small, fast, green, brown, redheaded...I could just observe the ultra cool reptilian lizards all day long, until it's dark out. Zoe loves petting the smooth and slimy skin of the stingrays as they pass by and Brittany loves visiting rescued sea turtles.

Relaxed is the mood I feel most in Florida. I'm content there. I feel it walking on the docks, by the bay, by the ocean, on the nature boardwalks, in the gardens, and on the boat. It is hot, really, really hot, but by the water you can catch a nice breeze. The breeze makes the palm trees wave to me. It's nice to see Mom happy walking around shopping with Grandma in places that have little stores and have live bands playing music, especially when the view of the water is right there. It just makes you feel so calm. I love hearing my mom tell stories and remind grandma about places they used to go too. My mom can be a real barrel of laughs sometimes. It's nice to sit by Grandma's pool and bubbling hot tub that overlooks the canal with Timsaboater's boats lined up along their dock. Fast moving but angry rain cries down from the clouds. It doesn't last long, it stops almost as fast as it starts. Being at Grandma's in Florida is my favorite place to be and relaxed is my favorite mood I get to be in, when I'm there.

# THE GUMMY BEAR PIRATE PART 2

BY ALLIE LUNDGREN



It was just me, Thomas, and the blaring sun and deep ocean. By the way this is the clip on the floor of the boat. Suddenly Thomas yelled " I FIGURED IT OUT. WE GOTTA TO GO NORTH THEN EAST AND THEN LOOK OUT FOR AN ISLAND!!" " what " I said in a confused voice. He told me again and then we started sailing.

One night, the night after we started sailing. I was looking at my birthday present. I was touching the tummy of the Gummy Bear and then " POP! " The clip opened and a necklace with a tiny bottle charm with what looked like an entire ocean in it. I shook it and then a storm appeared. Then when I stopped the storm disappeared. It's like the ocean's power was in my hands.

“ IT'S THE ISLAND! I SEE IT! STOP WE'RE GONNA CRASH!!! ” said Thomas. ASAP I ran to the wheel and stopped the boat one inch away from a giant rock. “ Whoof, that was close ” I said. As we stepped off the boat I saw the chest. “Yes this must be . . . wait what is this? ” I think it's a letter chest, ” said Thomas. Then I thought what if there's a letter that explains what happened to my mom in that chest. I ran to the chest and opened it. There was only one letter. One from my mom.

**Dear Sarah,**

**I only disappeared to protect you. Pirates wanted me because of my power to create rare gummy bears. You have the power too. The clip holds the main source of your power. All you have to do is put your blood ( only a drop ) into the bottle on the necklace. Before you put your blood in you must make a storm while there's no cap on the bottle. My blood will fall out then put yours in. Also your other power is connected to the sea. Your father is the nephew of Poseidon. So don't get made if you start to grow scales under your feet. Also under this note is the map to me. Another thing is in the chest there are gummy bears in the secret compartment. Eat them so you can grow in power.**

**From Mom.**

After that day I never lived normal again.

# Jam Thumbprint Cookies

By: Aubrey Cordero

## Prepare Ingredients:



1 cup and 2 tablespoons all purpose flour

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking soda

$\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon baking powder

6 tablespoons softened butter

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar

3 tablespoons cream cheese

1 egg yolk

$\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla extract

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup jam

## Gather Baking Equipment:

Rimmed baking sheet

Parchment paper

Medium bowl

Whisk

Electric mixer

Rubber spatula

1 teaspoon measuring spoon

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon measuring spoon

Oven mitts

Cooling Rack



# Jam Thumbprint Cookies

## Get Baking!:

- Move oven rack to middle position
- Heat oven to 350 degrees
- Line baking sheet with parchment paper
- In medium bowl, whisk together flour, salt, baking soda, baking powder
- In bowl of stand mixer or in large bowl with handheld mixer, add butter and sugar and mix on medium speed until fluffy for 3-4 min
- Add cream cheese and egg yolk and vanilla to bowl with mixer on medium speed for 30 seconds
- Add flour mixture and mix on low speed for 30 seconds or until combined
- Remove mixer and use your hands to roll dough into 24 balls
- Place dough balls on baking sheet, leaving space between each ball
- Use your thumb to make indentation in center of dough ball
- Fill each cookie with jam
- Place baking sheet in oven
- Bake 15-18 min until golden brown
- Remove baking sheet from oven and place on cooling rack
- Cool about 30 min

# Cheesecake Bars!

**By: Aubrey Cordero**

## PREPARE INGREDIENTS:

### CRUST:

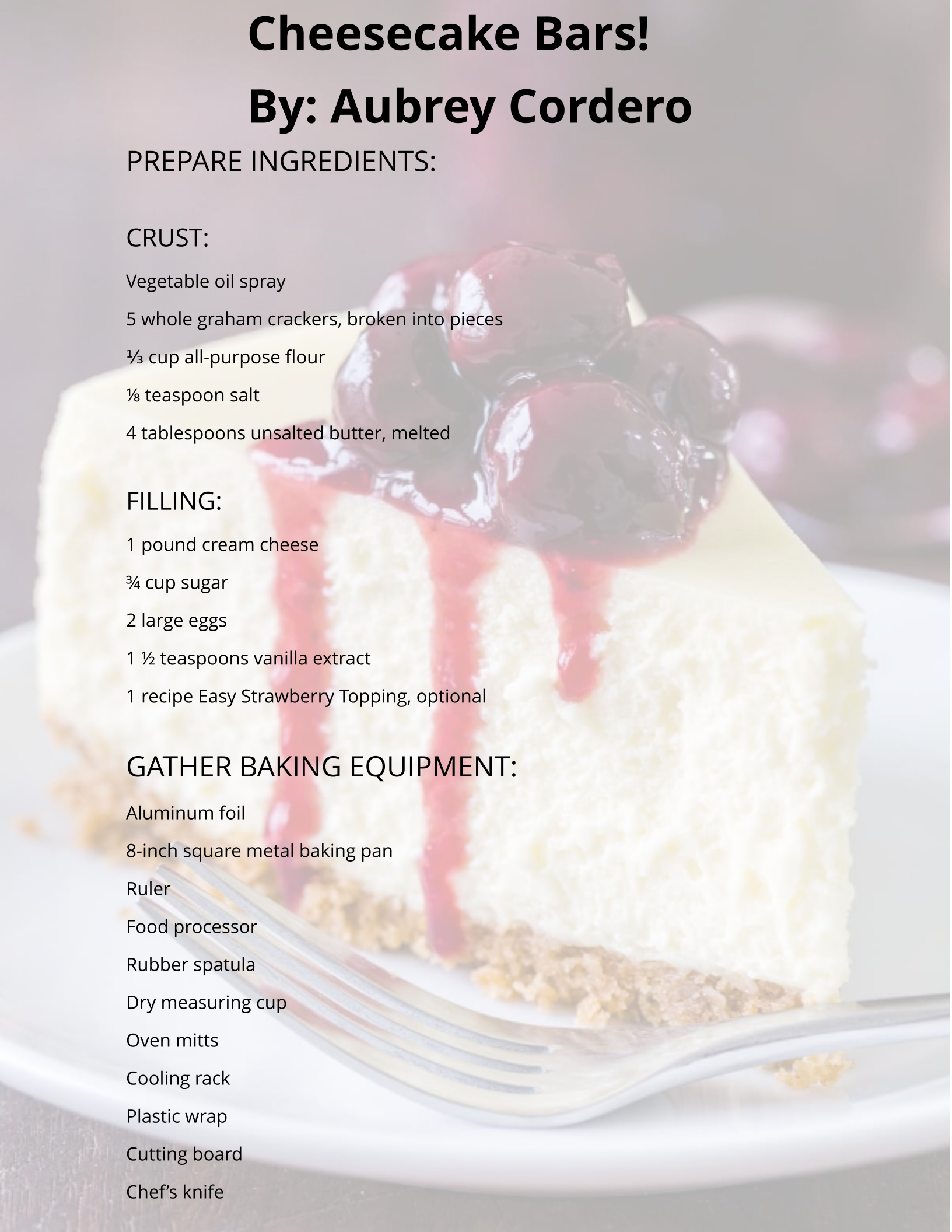
- Vegetable oil spray
- 5 whole graham crackers, broken into pieces
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup all-purpose flour
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted

### FILLING:

- 1 pound cream cheese
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla extract
- 1 recipe Easy Strawberry Topping, optional

## GATHER BAKING EQUIPMENT:

- Aluminum foil
- 8-inch square metal baking pan
- Ruler
- Food processor
- Rubber spatula
- Dry measuring cup
- Oven mitts
- Cooling rack
- Plastic wrap
- Cutting board
- Chef's knife



# Cheesecake Bars!

START BAKING:

**1. For the crust:** Adjust oven rack to middle position and heat oven to 300 degrees. Make aluminum foil sling for an 8-inch square metal baking pan. Spray foil with vegetable oil spray.

**2.** Add cracker pieces, flour, salt, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar to the food processor and lock the lid into place. Hold down the pulse button for 1 second, then release. Repeat until crackers are broken into small pieces, about five 1-second pulses.

**3.** Turn on processor and process until crackers are finally ground, about 30 seconds. Stop processor. Remove lid, add melted butter to processor, and lock lid into place. Pulse until butter is combined with crumbs, about ten 1-second pulses.

**4.** Remove the lid and carefully remove the processor blade. Use a rubber spatula to scrape mixture into a foil-lined baking pan.

**5.** Use your hands to press crumbs into the even layer covering the bottom of the baking pan, then use the bottom of the dry measuring cup to press crumbs firmly into the pan until very flat.

**6.** Place the baking pan in the oven. Bake until the crust begins to brown at the edges, 15-20 minutes.

**7.** Use oven mitts to remove the baking pan from the oven. Place the baking pan on the cooling rack and let the crust cool for at least 15 minutes.

# WHOLE-WHEAT RASPBERRY MUFFINS

By: Aubrey Cordero

## PREPARE INGREDIENTS:

Vegetable oil spray

**3 cups of whole wheat flour**

**2 ½ teaspoons of baking powder**

**½ teaspoon of baking soda**

**1 teaspoon of salt**

**2 large eggs**

**4 tablespoons of unsalted butter melted and cooled**

**¼ cup vegetable oil**

**1 cup sugar plus 2 tablespoons of sugar, measured separately**

**1 ¼ cups buttermilk**

**1 ½ teaspoons of vanilla extract**

**2 cups of fresh or frozen raspberries**

## GATHER BAKING EQUIPMENT:

12-cup muffin tin

2 bowls ( 1 large 1 medium )

Whisk

Rubber spatula

⅓ - cup dry measuring cup

Toothpick

Oven mitts

# WHOLE-WHEAT RASPBERRY MUFFINS

By: Aubrey Cordero

## START BAKING!

1. Adjust oven rack to middle position and heat oven to 375 degrees. Spray 12-cup muffin tin, including top, with vegetable oil spray.
2. In a medium bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt.
3. In a large bowl, whisk together eggs, melted butter, oil, and 1 cup sugar until combined. Add buttermilk and vanilla to the sugar mixture and whisk until well combined.
4. Add flour mixture and use the rubber spatula to gently stir until just combined and no dry flour can be visible. Gently stir raspberries into batter. Do not overmix!
5. Spray  $\frac{1}{3}$  - cup dry measuring cup with vegetable oil spray. Use a greased measuring cup to divide batter evenly among muffin cups. Sprinkle remaining 2 tablespoons of sugar evenly over the batter.
6. Place the muffin tin in the oven. Bake until the muffins are golden brown and toothpick inserted in the center of 1 muffin comes out clean, 20-25 minutes
7. Use oven mitts to remove muffin tin from the oven. Place muffin tin on a cooling rack for 15 minutes.
8. Using your fingertips, gently wiggle the muffins to loosen from the muffin tin and let muffins cool for 10 minutes.

# How to Make a Chai Latte

**By: Amelia Soehngen**

**What you will need is a small pan and a stove.**

**2 cups of water**

**1 tsp cinnamon**

**½ tsp cardamon**

**½ tsp ground nutmeg**

**⅛ tsp ground allspice**

**Whisk spices in the water, turn on the stove and let the spice boil. After a minute or so, turn off the stove and allow the spice to steep in the water for 5 minutes.**

**Add 2 "Black tea" tea bags**

**2 tbs of 100% pure maple syrup**

**Mix. Then strain your mixture into a large bowl. Then clean your pan.**

**Pour ¾ milk in the pan**

**1 tbs of pure maple syrup**

**Pinch of cinnamon**

**Boil and mix**

**Whisk until the side are bubbly. Pour 1 cup of your brown mixture into a mug, then pour your milk mixture on top.**

**( and if your chai latte is a little bitter add some sugar)**

**ENTER THE REALM  
OF SCARY STORIES...  
IF YOU DARE!**

**The following writing pieces were  
created by the WVMS Scary Stories  
Club.**

**Special thanks to Mrs. Boland for her  
support of creative writing in the  
middle school!**

# The Candy Shoppe

By Ryliegh Retcho

*Thump, Thump, Thump.* “Shh,” says Fleur. “But I want to play Fleur,” said Eloise. “Shhh, we must whisper.”

“But why?”

“Because we don't want to be caught.”

The Piere family lived an average life. They had a father, mother, and two daughters; Fleur aged 9, and Eloise aged 5. They lived in Strasbourg, France in a two-bedroom apartment and had a pet cat named Quincy. Eloise was always wearing a bright pink hair bow and pigtails. She loved that hairstyle even though her sister thought it was stupid.

One day, on the girl's walk home, they noticed a new sweet shop. They walked in and went up to the counter hoping to buy some sweets with their allowance money. When they got up to the counter a sweet-looking old lady told them to follow her to the back to show them all the candy. She wore an apron with string in the back that resembled a rat tail and had a very crooked nose with little hairs that almost looked like whiskers.

That night the girls never came home. Their parents were frantic, calling everyone they knew and the police. Little did they know, the girls were perfectly fine in the sweet shop, or so the girls originally thought.

At sunset, Fleur started to realize something was wrong. There was no clock but she could tell that I was late. She asked the old woman where the door was and the old woman responded, “Oh, why ever would you want to leave here?”

“Well, our parents might be worried and it's getting late.”

“Oh, why ever would you want to leave here?” the old woman repeated.

“I just explained why to you, madame,” Fleur said



"Oh, why ever would you want to leave here?" the old woman said again.

"Eloise," Fleur whispered. "Mhmm," she said. "Let's get out of here."

They started to leave but the old woman stopped them. Then Fleur grabbed Eloise's hand and ran. She managed to find a closet, threw Eloise inside, and crawled in too. They sat there for a while until they heard footsteps coming. Eloise started giggling. *Thump, Thump, Thump.* "Shh," says Fleur.

"But I want to play Fleur," said Eloise. "Shhh, we must whisper."

"But why?"

"Because we don't want to be caught."

As they were sitting there, Fleur noticed Eloise was playing with something furry.

"What is that?" Fleur asked.

"I don't know," Eloise said, "but it's super cute."

When Fleur got a closer look at it, she almost screamed. "That is a rat. Where did it come from?"

"Right there," Eloise said and pointed to the crack under the door. Soon more and more rats started coming in. They were all scrawny and hairless with jagged whiskers. After about 20 rats were in the room, they started stacking on one another.

"Ahhh!!!!!" someone screamed.

"What was that?" a nearby neighbor said.

"I don't know," her husband replied. "We should go have a look." When they got to the shop they looked around and found nothing but a few scurrying rats and a bright pink hair bow. "Hmm, that's odd," the man said.

As they left the shop, the rats went along with them and the girls were never to be found again.



## Untitled by Addison Emm

Emily and Felix always got along. Their parents would say that they were two peas in a pod. They had been friends for longer than they could remember. The two of them studied together, and they constantly hung out.

But then Emily changed.

She started collecting old puppets. She would say that they were probably sad and lonely without a puppeteer. She thought they looked vintage in her room. Most were marionettes with broken strings. Some were missing limbs or parts of their faces. The paint was chipping, so it always looked like they were missing eyes or mouths. She also had traditional rod puppets. They were definitely the most terrifying. She loved the ones with half faces or animal heads. She always named them, which only made her more attached to them. It was fine for a while, but then she seemed to get a little too connected to them.

Felix was sleeping over at Emily's house, and he woke up in the middle of the night to see her standing at the end of her bed. She was staring at one of her marionettes.

"Uhm... Emily? Are, are you okay?" He asked.

She turned around. "Oh, yes. Everything is lovely,"

She walked over and sat next to him, and a chill ran unexpectedly up his spine.



"Okay... Knock it off, you're scaring me," Felix said hesitantly.

"Don't be scared." She smiled. "I'm right here."

Those words were normally filled with comfort and safety, but as her nails dug into his arm, he got the feeling they meant something else.

She tilted her head, and he could feel her hand begin shaking. It was starting to feel inhuman, almost like wood. Her eyes turned inside her head. He felt a string tighten around his neck. Emily's face began to blur together, and he couldn't feel anything besides a sudden amount of pressure. It was as if something was dragging him to the bottom of the ocean. He couldn't breathe. He could barely keep his eyes open. He tried to speak, to scream, but he couldn't make a sound.

Emily opened her mouth, but it wasn't her voice that came out. "You don't want to ruin the surprise, now do you?"

Then it was all over.

When he was finally able to open his eyes and sit up again, it was morning. Golden sunlight streamed in the open window like a scene from a fairytale. A light, crisp breeze blew in. The birds were chirping, it was beautiful. However, he couldn't enjoy it.

At first, he couldn't remember what had happened, but as the sunlight hit his face it began to come back to him. The more he thought about it, the more surreal his life seemed to become. He wished it was a nightmare, that it never happened. He knew it was real though. Last night really happened. He struggled to his feet and pulled on his sweatshirt. He plodded to the kitchen, expecting to see Emily at the table with her mother making them breakfast and her father in the living room. But the room was empty. There was nobody in the house. At least not anymore.

There was nothing besides three new puppets sitting on the table.



# Misty Lake

By Joey Murtagh

My family owns a cabin up by Lake Taray. The lake is in the mountains and sometimes a thick mist rolls over the mountains and covers up the whole lake. You can only see 6 inches in front of you.

One summer my family and I went up to the cabin to stay. The mist wasn't planned on so we thought we could stay for longer than usual. We packed for one week. That night my dad left with my little brother to get pizza in the nearby town. My mom and I started to get the table ready for dinner. Afterwards, we went for a quick walk along the shore of the lake. After a while, I saw the mist flowing over the horizon. I told Mom to get back into the house and tell Dad to hurry up.

We got inside and locked the doors. After a while I saw a black figure walking up to the patio door. I ran to the stairs and told Mom about it. I peeked around the corner, Mom told the guy, "Beat it pal!" and then, **SLICE**. I yelled and ran away up the steps, crying. I slammed the bedroom door open and ran out onto the balcony. Then the man followed me into my room. Without thinking I jumped out the balcony and onto my Mom's car. Then the man fell over dead. Mom survived and she knocked the man out.

I ran upstairs again and comforted Mom until Dad came home. I called dad upstairs and we drove to the hospital. To this day I'm still scared and we don't use that house anymore.

# THE THING PART 6

## BY LIAM SHAW

The figure's last kill was not unnoticed.

Three police officers, Bob, Steve, and Sam, had caught it on camera, and they started to run. As soon as the figure noticed them, he knew if he didn't kill them, the whole world would know about him. The figure quickly ran at them. The officers ran as fast as they could, but the figure threw an orb at Sam, who turned slowly into ashes.

Bob turned around and looked in horror as then the figure threw an orb at him, and he turned into a skeleton. Sam knew he would be next, but then, he threw his baton at the wooden bars that held up the attic. The bars, and a torch, fell on the figure, causing a fire, and when the figure got up, he had dust on him. Then Sam got into his cop car, and drove away as fast as he could.

The figure quickly teleported inside of the car, remembering how 100 years ago he did this as well to kill another Bob (from The Thing Part 1). Sam quickly flew out of the car and threw his walkie-talkie at the open gas tank. The car exploded, and the figure, with two small bruises and more dust, sent down a lightning strike, which made Sam fly at him. He luckily dodged him and then was about to send the video, but the figure held him, and with a snap, Sam's chances of showing the world the figure were all GONE!!!

# The Exquisite Corpse

## by Scary Stories Club

For this story, the members of the Scary Story Club wrote one or two sentences on a strip of paper. The strips were randomly selected and this is the order in which they were pulled.

“Exquisite Corpse” is a loose term popularized by the Surrealists, in which a work of art is created or reassembled in a random order with different writers or artists contributing and participating in the creation of the final work.

The murderer's mission was finally complete. The turtle was so cute until he bit off my finger. The trees were so beautiful, so much violet, so much red, and so many were in between.

But the scariest thing about the dungeon was the corpse lying in a corner. The dungeon was dark and scary, the walls were crumbling. The bars on the doors were bent, the floor was made out of dirt. There it was, coming for me. The mistress had arrived again. John's problems have finally caught up to him. The child looked traumatized.

Monsters with bloody red skin

Moon shiny hard

I never looked back

That would be hard.

When I went to my friend's house, I didn't mean to kill someone. The rat was hairy and scrawny looking. Cold chains wrapped around his wrist as the darkness consumed him, and the smell of hot wax drifted down from the stairs.

The trees were so beautiful, so much violence, so much red, and so many were in between. The breeze fluttered through her long green hair.

# SHORT STORIES

## BY ADDISON HURD

### **When The Blue Figure Follows You**

Locked in school again, yes, again I always go to the bathroom and always miss the late bus this time was different because well you'll find out. I tried to find my teacher's room. She leaves a key everyday in case I have a club which I do almost everyday. So I got there and I had a weird feeling that someone was following me but I ignored it. I found the key and ran to the door, but I noticed something, the janitor. I know his schedule, he never cleans on Thursdays, who was the guy and why was his skin blue? He finally saw me and he turned to a giant blue figure. I ran as fast as I could but I was no match. It ran right into me. I felt as if my soul was leaving my body. When I woke up I saw my body lying on the ground and I had a thirst for blood.

### **Zombie Lolly**

Everyone loves candy but you would hate this one. One day Chris bought a bag of "Braineaters", the newest candy and he gave one to the whole class except me. After that day, 12 kids disappeared. The next day, 12 more were gone and there were only me and Chris left. I guess Chris had run out of them. The next day I saw on the news that the new candy was turning people into zombies! I did not believe it, so I went outside and saw Chris on his porch crying. That's when I saw his parents chewing on Braineaters. "Oh I'm Sorry". He jumped up and grabbed my hand and we were gone. Thousands of zombies were chasing us "OW" I had gotten bitten on the way. When we got to where Chris was dragging me, his brains were already gone.

# Excerpt from "For Amira"

By Charlotte Gunther

Aliyah lay on the bed shivering trying to get warm. The bed was hard and it was made out of wood. The bed sagged to the floor and it groaned when she moved. Aliyah was trying to get some sleep but sleep did not come easily to Aliyah. Blankets were a rare privilege for Aliyah especially during the winter. Aliyah reached up to brush off the little shards of ice that were trying to freeze over her hair. Finally, she couldn't stand the cold or the bright sun any longer. She sat up and opened her sea green eyes. She looked around the room and wondered for the millionth time why and how her life had changed so drastically and so suddenly. The room was in a condition so bad it was depressing to look at. The room was a miserable sight, the walls paint was chipping, leaching out all the color to brown and gray. The window was cracked with some shards of glass missing, so that it created holes in the panes. The windows were stuck open, letting all of the freezing winter air in. The curtains were torn to shreds. They were a pink so faded, it looked like the color of rust. The bed was made out of chipping splintering wood. There was no mattress, no sheets, no blankets, or pillows. A large faded purple dresser sat unused in front of her door to barricade it. The only thing in the room that remained the same from when she was younger was an old fashioned desk that was rigged with hidden compartments and doors. Her mother's desk, the only thing her father couldn't take from her. It was hard to look at sometimes. She didn't know where her mother was, dead, thrown in the dungeon, or executed, or maybe her mother had escaped, maybe she had to run before she had a chance to tell Aliyah. In any case her mother couldn't help her now.

Aliyah swung her legs over the side of the bed. She closed her eyes and imagined what the room used to look like when her mother was with her. The room used to have brightly colored walls painted with a clear blue sky, a rainbow on the wall opposite the bed behind the desk. On the other three walls there was a deep blue sky with puffy white clouds. The windows were as clear as crystal, and the curtains were a bubble-gum pink with sparkly lavender bows holding them away from the window. The bed was strong and sturdy, smooth and cool to the touch, the bed had the softest squishiest mattress ever, the blankets were fluffier than a bunny, and the pillows were puffy as a cloud. A little purple dresser sat in the corner next to the door, it was filled with soft comfy clothing. The top had been transformed into a vanity. They even had a mini fridge right next to the oak desk filled with sodas and fizzy drinks, candy and ice cream, frozen pizza and many other snacks in case they got hungry between meals. Aliyah wished there were more of her mother's things in the desk,



but only a few of her mother's precious things survived her father's raid. Aliyah didn't want to open her eyes and see the state of disrepair the room had fallen into. She wanted to see it how it used to be. She wanted to pretend it was still the same as when she was younger. The freezing cold winter air was coming through the broken window on her left. From the right, somewhere behind the door came sounds of shattering glass, banging pots, and things being thrown across the room. She couldn't ignore the present day so she opened her eyes, stood up and walked across the room into the bathroom. Aliyah could cross the room in two steps, five if she walked from the window to the door, that's how small the room was, but somehow all the furniture fit with just enough room for Aliyah to move around.

In the bathroom Aliyah looked into the rusted mirror. It was hard to see her reflection, but she knew exactly what she looked like. Aliyah was a thin girl with straight shoulder length black hair and green eyes. She had on a thin white nightgown and no shoes. She rested her hands on the sink, her nails were dirty and unclipped, her hair was knotted and messy. Almost everything in the bathroom was yellow and rusted. Aliyah could cross the room in one step, and she only had to turn around to face the tub. Aliyah reached for the faucet and turned on the water trying to get warm. "Did you know you have flecks of ice in your hair?" a familiar voice said, startling Aliyah.

She turned to see her best friend Elly standing in the doorway, one hand resting on the door frame. Elly had an amused smirk on her face and looked as if she were trying not to laugh. Elly had dark blue eyes, and long blond hair tied up in a ponytail sliding down her back. She wore gold slippers and a white dress with a red and white checkerboard apron over it.

"You know Aliyah." she said, stepping into the room and throwing out an arm, letting an arm cuff slide off her arm and onto the floor, "I am starting to think they don't like us," she said sarcastically. "I don't understand, if they want us to work, why do they make us wear these things and make it harder for us." she added, pointing at her arm cuff. Elly and her family were servants in the palace and all the servants had to wear arm cuffs. They were sort of like handcuffs but they went all the way up your arm. It made the servants' job a lot harder, weighing down their arms in painful hot tight clamps. They had to work fast, otherwise they would get the full torture treatment.

"How did you get in?" Aliyah asked. "The door is barricaded and the windows are dangerous to climb through." Elly pointed to the ceiling. "Ventilation shaft," she said. Aliyah laughed.

"As long as you don't fall on top of me again," said Aliyah. Elly laughed and shook her head.

"Oh no!, we are not doing that again!" said Elly. Then she paused. "At least I won't try to."

Then the smile slid off her face.

“What's wrong?” Aliyah asked,

“It's nothing,” said Elly.

“Elly!” Aliyah said in a warning tone. “If you don't tell me, I will lock you in the bathroom so you can't get to a vent.”

Elly smiled again. “Nice try” she laughed, “but there's no lock on the bathroom door.”

Aliyah smiled. “Good point, but I can still barricade you in.”

“Oh ok fine,” Elly said. “I give up.” She held up her hands in surrender, her smile fading again. “Your father had another one of his ...” She looked away, considering her words carefully. “Disagreements,” she said at last. “Amira was in the room at the time,” she explained.

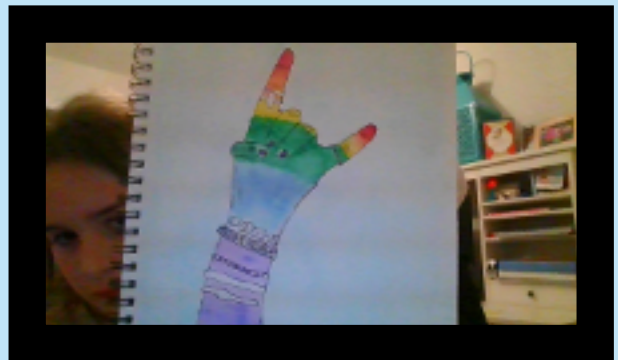
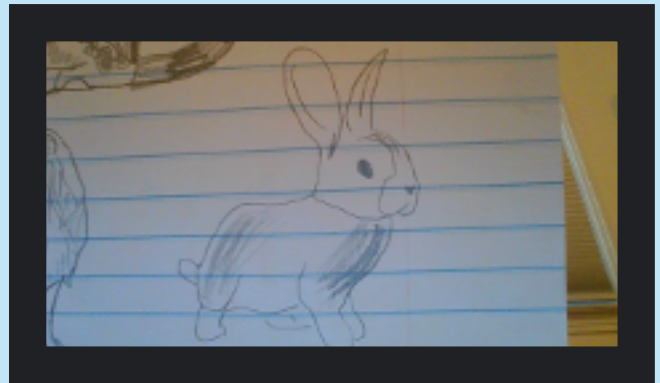
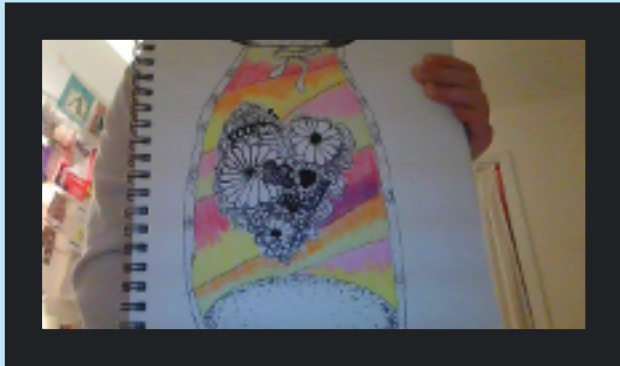
Elly hesitated, not meeting Aliyah's eyes as she said, “and Amira, Amira got hit with one of those sharp glass serving bowls, it shattered against her leg and the glass buried itself in one of her joints, her leg is definitely broken and we think some of her muscles were ripped. But there's no way to be sure yet, she may never walk again.” Aliyah could feel her heart pounding so hard it was the only thing she heard. She sat down hard on the side of the yellow rusted tub, forgetting that the tub was only temporary, it was moveable. The tub flipped over onto Aliyah's head. Elly rushed to help her get the heavy tub off her head.

“Are you ok?” she asked Aliyah, but Aliyah didn't hear her. She hadn't even noticed that the tub had flipped over. She leaned her head on the drawers that were underneath the sink. She closed her eyes and tried to keep her breathing steady. Aliyah hadn't seen her sister Amira in a year, exactly a year, Exactly a year since Aliyah's mother had disappeared. Since her father had gone insane. Amira had turned 13 this morning. Amira was only a year older than Aliyah, but Amira always seemed much older, the way she looked and the way she acted. The way she moved with the grace of a swan, and most of all Aliyah missed the way Amira would always know what to do and how to do it. Amira was a perfect heir to the throne. Now to think that her beautiful sister may never walk again. To think that she may never live to claim the throne was unbearable. Elly was still shaking Aliyah's shoulder. Finally Aliyah looked up, Aliyah realized that Elly was frantically shaking her shoulder, and asking her if she was alright. Aliyah finally looked up.

“Get out” she said in barely a whisper. “We need to get out, we're going to escape so we can get Amira help and then we can get everyone to safety.”

# Amazing ART!

Illustrations by Aubrey Cordero



# Pet Spotlight!



By Amelia Soenhgen



By Chloe Spencer



By Aubrey Cordero



By Jack Fiore



# School Play Interviews!

By Aubrey Cordero

*Newsies is a play in which a bunch of street boys who don't get paid much go on strike because they are not being paid enough. Check out the following interviews by actors in the WVMS Spring Musical!*

## Interview #1: Angie McKnight

**Why did you want to join the play?** *I wanted to join the play because I love drama and the story is so inspiring.*

**What was your favorite part:?** *My favorite part was probably getting to learn all the music and choreography.*

**What was your favorite song/dance?** *My favorite song was Seize the Day.*

## Interview #2: Aila White

**Why did you want to join the play?** *I wanted to join it because I really like acting and I want to be an actor when I grow up.*

**What was your favorite part:?** *My favorite part was the song Seize the Day because I got to show my character.*

**What was your favorite song/dance?** *My favorite song was Seize the Day.*

## Interview #3: Isabella Cordova

**Why did you want to join the play?** *I love acting and love being around my friends. It was really fun for me to be on stage because I love performing.*

**What was your favorite part:?** *My favorite part was being able to hang out with my friends during breaks and being on stage.*

**What was your favorite song/dance?** *My favorite song was Letter from the Refugee but my favorite ensemble song was Once and For All.*

## Interview #4: Lila Monti

**Why did you want to join the play?** *I joined the play because I wanted to do something fun with my friends.*

**What was your favorite part:?** *My favorite part was practicing the songs with Mr. Peters.*

**What was your favorite song/dance?** *My favorite song to perform was Seize the Day.*

# Steam Fair!

By Aubrey Cordero

*The **STEAM** fair was an event that took place on Friday, May 12th in the old gym and was an interactive fair. **STEAM** stands for science, technology, engineering, art, and mathematics.*



*The first place winner is:*

*Sara Marina and Eva*

*Chuckran*

*The second place winner is:*

*Devin Torino - Margoils*

*and Mila Perry*

*The third place winner is:*

*Jaxsen Mita*

*The first place winners ( Sara Marina and Eva Chuckran ) project at the **STEAM** fair was "Does the 5 Second Rule Really Work?" The second place winners ( Devin Torino - Margolis and Mila Perry ) project at the **STEAM** fair was "The Battle of Yeast". The third place winners ( Jaxsen Mita ) project at the **STEAM** fair was "Solar Ovens".*





# Fun with Non-Fiction Texts!

By:  
Blue 5

## MLB HISTORY

By: Lucas LaPenna



### 5 best players in the MLB


- Aaron Judge
- Mickey Mantel
- Tates jr.
- Stanton
- Nester Cortes

### MLB Facts

- The MLB is known as america's best pastime.
- The MLB started in 1876.
- The bases on the diamond are 90 feet apart


### History

The MLB started in 1876




All about Aaron Judge

Aaron Judge has 64 home runs in one season which is a record





## Yellow Labrador

By Brody Foust




The Labrador Retriever or simply Labrador is a British breed of yellow gun dog. The Labrador breed falls into the group of retrievers.



Fun Fact

- Labrador Retrievers were first bred to hunt for duck-hunting and fishing assistance.



## The History Of Horses

- Except for the dog, no animal has provided more to humans than the horse
- Horses have given us food and shelter
- There is no way that anyone could rewrite the history of the horse



What was the first original horse called?

The first horse was actually called a Eohippus Also called a Dawn Horse, extinct group of mammals that were the first known horses

What horses were used for back in the day




### Facts

- ★ Horses can't breathe through their mouth
- ★ Horses can sleep standing up
- ★ Horses have amazing hearing
- ★ Horses have a nearly 360 degree

# Sharks

Did you know: Most sharks live and hunt alone?

By Daniel O'Shea



Sharks are a species of carnivorous fish. They have been on earth since before the dinosaurs. The biggest shark to ever live was the Megalodon and it is now extinct. Sharks don't actually have bones. They have cartilage instead, which makes them more flexible.

Here is a Great White shark swimming.


Did you know: Just a shark's skin feels like sandpaper?

### Fact Box

- Most sharks have good eyesight.
- There are over 500 species of sharks.
- Sharks grow up to 50,000 teeth in a lifetime.
- Sharks make no noise.
- Sharks have 6th sense.

### Shark Characteristics

Sharks have many different characteristics. Some of these can help tell the difference between a shark and a fish. Sharks usually are wider and shorter than fish. They have an upright tail, pointed fins, a pointed snout, and sharp, triangular teeth.



This is a diagram showing a lemon shark.

# Shipwrecks

By Mason Bowman

The most famous shipwreck in history is the Flor de la Mar. It sunk in 1511. It sunk in The Indian Ocean.

The first shipwreck ever was in 2,700 - 2,200 BC.

The Flor de la Mar




Map of shipwreck

### 3 Facts About Shipwrecks

- At least 3,000,000 shipwrecks have been found.
- The most deadly shipwreck ever in history was The Wilhelm Gustloff.
- The biggest shipwreck ever was the U.S.S. Samuel B Roberts with a depth of 22,916.

# Emperor Penguins

By Brie Vivino








Diagram of Emperor Penguins


Emperor Penguins only eat types of fish, squids, and krill.

Baby Emperor Penguins

The Emperor Penguins live in Antarctica. There are only two known species of Penguins that live in Antarctica. Other Penguins live in the Arctic.

# Owls | By : Pamela McKay



Owls are a type of bird that usually live alone and hunts for food at night time. Owls are *birds of prey*, or *birds that kill and eat other animals*. Owls usually eat mice, rats and other small animals.

Screech Owl sitting on a tree.




### Glossary

**Binocular** : adapted for or using both eyes

**Nocturnal** : done, occurring, or active at night.

### Fun Facts

- Owls live in all habitats
- Owls have binocular vision
- A Barn owl can eat up to 1,000 mice a year



# Personal Coat of Arms

By: Red 6



Write a paragraph to explain the key points of your Personal Coat of Arms.  
Be sure to explain each element of your design and why you chose it.

The reason I chose that is because the tiger fierceness and color and the black and red the color and military fortitude and I want to go to west point and that is a military school. The football represents sports and I really like sports, the fish represents courage and fish is for the outdoors and I camp a lot.

Personal Coat of Arms Name: Red 6

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My coat of arms represents me & my personality because of the colors & symbols I chose. The colors I chose were silver, blue, and purple. Silver represents purity, blue represents loyalty & truthfulness, and purple represents justice. I had all of the meanings of these colors represent me in a way. For the animal, I chose a unicorn because it represents inner courage. I think I have courage because I do gymnastics meets over the weekends which takes courage. Lastly, I chose a crown & a sword for my heraldic symbols. A crown means authority & a sword means warlike. My name means always, so I chose the crown to represent that. Also, sometimes I can get warlike in school.



**Personal Coat of Arms** Name Ryland


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So, I used certain things in my coat of arms. I used red to show military service or respect for my country. I used an eagle to show leadership. Purple to show justice. Blue to show trust, and silver to show peace. I chose these things that they represent me.

**Personal Coat of Arms** Name Samantha

Write a paragraph to explain the key points of your Personal Coat of Arms.  
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I included three symbols along with three colors on my coat of arms. These symbols and colors display and describe my sense of my interests and personality traits. For instance, one color I included on my coat of arms is yellow, representing my generosity towards others. Another color I included on my coat of arms is blue. Blue displays my loyalty and faithfulness to those around me. The final color I included on my coat of arms is pink. Pink is not only one of my favorite colors but also represents the many great friendships that I have. Furthermore, one symbol I have included on my coat of arms is a flaming heart. A flaming heart shows my passion for dance. Additionally, another symbol I included on my coat of arms is pointe shoes, representing my love for dance. Finally, the final symbol I included on my coat of arms is a dog. Dogs are not only my favorite animal but also represent my loyalty to my family and friends.

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of purple paw prints. The prints are arranged in vertical columns, alternating between solid purple and white with a purple outline. The central text is set against a solid purple rectangular background.

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reading!**

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**Additionally, we would like to thank our INCREDIBLE students. Without you, this wouldn't be possible!**

**To our graduating 8th grade writers, photographers, and artists, we wish you the best of luck in high school!**

**Happy Summer!  
See you next  
school year!**