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Emotions

By Kristen Su

They haunt me;
shake me to my roots.
They shatter me to bits and pieces,
making me question my very existence.
They are swarming bees,
forever buzzing in tangled knots.
They overwhelm me with unwanted thoughts,
and submerge me in a hollow, empty void of nothing at all.
They cloud my vision with guilt, dread, fear;
They tug at the corners of my mouth, until I'm beaming from ear to ear.
They swirl around destructively inside my head,
until I demolish everything in my path.
They write their own stories without words;
create their own paintings without paint.
They tell me right from wrong;
they tell me left from right.
These are the voices inside my head.
These are my emotions.

WINGS

By Camille Metters

Some people think that my wings are a curse, others a blessing. If you were to ask me, they're both. Not many people have asked me how I got them, other than my friend Seavi, who noticed them before anyone else even caught a glance at me. So I'll tell **you** how I got my wings. It started maybe... a year ago? That seems like a good starting spot.

My home is a nice, but cramped cabin on the edge of Swallow woods, just south of the summer camp that serves metal-tasting sandwiches. Gross, right? My mom, dad, and my older brother Mark share two bedrooms right across from each other. Me? I personally can't imagine sharing a room with my video-game obsessed brother. I just can't. His games are too loud for my imagination (though I do like to come in sometimes. Come on, it's video games for crying out loud) Dad says that my brain isn't big enough for all the stuff I can think up. He's a dreamer, like me. That's what I like about him. Even though I'm 12, his stories never bore me. If I wanted a story about an astronaut, he'd make up one that had aliens, fairies, and even a second Earth. It's amazing. wait, you wonder where I sleep? ok, 1) That's creepy, and 2) I sleep in a makeshift tent outside. More of a hammock if you were to ask me. I don't mind, since I get to see the beautiful sunrises and sunsets and the purple night sky with it's sparkling diamond stars. Not many people get to see something such as this.... actually no one does. Swallow woods is right smack dab next to the busy city of Bridge Port, where everyone is yelling at each other or swearing, one of the two.

I always thought that Swallow woods was almost magical, because it seems to keep out the pollution that slips out of Bridge Port. I've been inside the city multiple times, and the smoke is so dense that you can't even see the sun, just it's hazy yellow glow seeping through the smoke. I always wonder

if people miss the sun, or if they have ever seen it before. Ever since I visited, I've always wondered what makes Swallow Woods so clear, and not have a hint of smoke in its woods. Just a week after being in BridgePort for a grocery shopping spree, I learned why.

Is there a word for parents that aren't concerned with what their kid does? If there is, it would explain my parents. I can walk in the woods every day and they don't mind. So one day, I was taking my usual walk in the woods when I noticed something very strange. I've been on this trail a million times and hadn't come across this before. It was a blue sweater with a pair of white wings on the back, and it was hanging from a branch from my favorite dogwood tree. Quickly glancing around, I thought to myself, *who would have left this sweater here like this in the middle of the forest? Perhaps they didn't want it?* So I reached out and grabbed it by the collar. It felt like the feathers of a bird, silky and smooth. Looking around one last time, I threw it on without hesitation. All of a sudden, I had this crazy itch in my back, and it wouldn't stop. Then it started to hurt, then so much that I almost cried. Doing a faceplant on the dirt, I felt a slight flutter in my back, and turned around to see what caused it. When I saw what it was, the world went black.

Sajod

Sajod was a 14 year old boy. He was a very unlucky kid. He could not win a single game, pass a single test, or write a single word. It was impossible. When he went to pick up a pencil, it snapped. When he took a test, all the questions became immensely hard calculus. When he played soccer the second he tried to kick a ball, he fell in a hole and rolled his ankle.

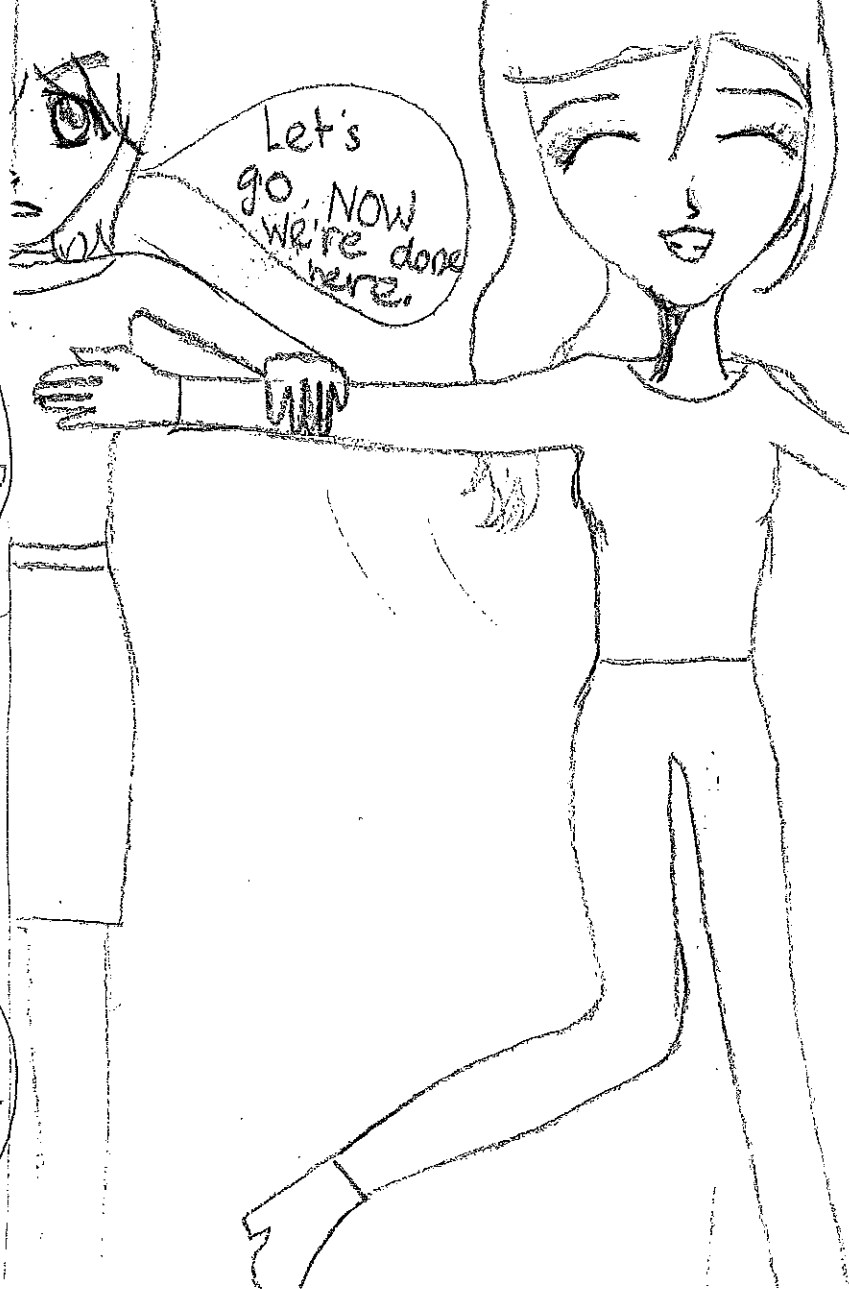
But one day, everything changed. He kicked a soccer ball and he scored! He actually understood the test, and he aced it. Sajod was good at everything. But what he didn't know was that he was being snobby about it. Nobody liked him because he always was bragging about one thing or the other. He was very confused though. Sajod wondered why suddenly he became so...good. Then, it dawned upon him why his bad luck vanished: **Sajod was slopping over some cereal for breakfast. His mom told him they were going to the zoo that day. "But Mom!!!" Sajod complained. "I'll probably make all the animals go rabid."* *"Don't be silly, you'll be fine" his mom stated.* When they went to the zoo all the animals loved Sajod feeding them. Not one of them growled or even hesitated when he stuck out his hand. Even the tiger ate up the lamb chops that Sajod gave him. Sajod realized that the cereal he ate was called- **Super Cereal*- Make your dreams come true!* The cereal actually made Sajod's dream come true!

Though Sajod was *extremely* relieved that his bad luck was over, it came with an unexpected cost. The store his mom bought the cereal from suddenly went bankrupt. Then, their owner went missing and the store caved in after a tragic 5.0 earthquake. After that, everyone in the town was short of food because the supermarket crashed. Sajod realized that the right thing to do was try and return the cereal to the original producer it came from.

So, Sajod began the search for the producer. He went online to search the Super Cereal. Oddly, there were no results. Then, he searched the name of the store. There were a few articles about the tragic happenings about the store. He scrolled down until he found this: *In unfortunate happenings at the Riverside Supermarket, main producer John's cafe and market® will accommodate all earnings and items of Riverside Supermarket.* Sajod was now flooded with excitement! All he had to do was find the location of this other Supermarket. He typed it into the search engine and found out it was about 30 minutes away. After school that day he hopped on his bike and rode down to the other supermarket. When he went to the counter to return it, the man said it was not from their store. Sajod explained that it was bought at the old store but transferred there. The man at the counter told him that he had never heard of such a cereal but that Sajod should check in the cereal section. Sajod found a cereal called- *Chocolicious Crunch- makes your average day!*

Sajod bought the cereal even though he knew it wasn't the answer, or so he thought.... The next morning he ate the new cereal and suddenly, everything felt different. When he went to school, everyone was normal, but so was Sajod. He took a test and the questions weren't quadratic equations! Sajod realized his normal self and a vast variety of talents. For example, he learned that he was a very skillful soccer player. He made lots and lots of friends and their school's team performed outstanding with Sajod operating the field. Finally, *FINALLY*, Sajod was a normal kid, in a normal environment, with lots of friends, and no people rolling their eyes at him for being clumsy. He was beyond relieved. Hey he thought to himself, time to enjoy the normal life.

BY: PRANAV RAJARAM



The Legend of Karuga volume 2

As you may remember, at the end of the last volume Karuga was in quite a predicament. The Morog was after her, but in between books she managed to incapacitate it. Now she is running along the volcano's wall, until she met up with Forduk.

"Why are you here, you little rascal?" Karuga asked "I thought I told you to guard my pet wolf." Forduk just grunted and stamped his foot. He ran into a cave, but being a giant, hit his head on the entrance. Karuga ran in, then used her ability to run down the tunnel at an amazing speed. Her Ildem fur armor was enchanted by a wizard we all know and love, whose name I shall not use for fear of overusing it. When she reached the end she used her ability to turn into the drill-like creature called the valum, who burned down Karuga's forest house. She drilled through the rock until she reached the surface, where she was met by a group of fribisian warriors, who as you probably recall, were her friends throughout the first volume.

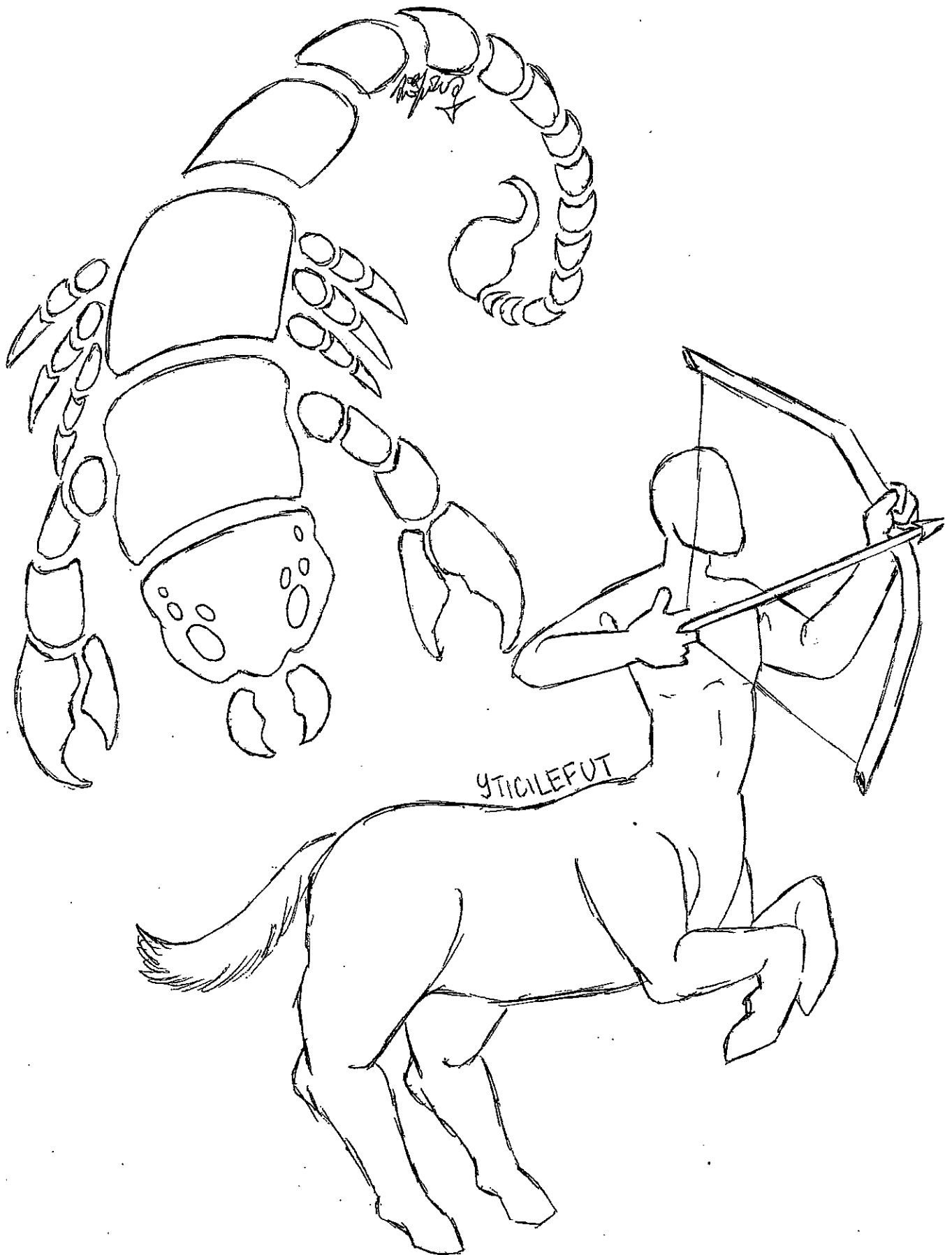
"Traitor!" shouted their leader.

"I did it to protect myself!" Karuga replied. She unsheathed her trusty aruval, and the warriors backed off.

"Yeah! Run!" She yelled. The warriors started to jog away, and it advanced into a run, and then a sprint. Forduk came lumbering up the hole behind her.

"Did I scare away your friends?" he asked.

"No" she responded. She went into her valum form and dug out a large area. She used the stone and ores she dug to build a scale replica of the Kremlin, and eventually established a form of communism that revolved around worshipping Pericles. The End.



Jennifer Hunter

By Andrew Anderson

Chapter 1

Hi. Jennifer Hunter (Jenny for short) here. The school blew up. I know that was fast but I'm busy. Busy running away from a 7 foot CATMAN. He just came out of nowhere when I came home from school (after it blew up). I ran to the forest. Then onto the road. Finally onto the highway where people will see the soldier cat chasing defenseless me. But the cat man is fast and he will grab me. Well that's great. Alright. No one to save hopeless Jenny. No one cared about me anyway.

As Cato (I named him) holds me and grabs his walkie talkie, I start to scream out loud. Loud enough so that at least I could make his ears hurt. But Cato wouldn't budge. I can't break his Hulk-like grip.

But while I was screaming like Freddy Cato seemed to be weakening because he just let me go. As I run back home in glee, my glee turns into an oh no. here are more animal soldiers coming and taking me. Then one of them knock me out. And everything goes black.

Time to explain. I used to be an orphan at Lullaby's Home for Orphaned Children (Worst orphanage ever) until I was 6. There was a young women by the name of Gracie Hunter. She and I moved to Marshfield together even though people hate me just because I was born with red eyes. They said my father when he had to leave me had brown

eyes which doesn't explain anything. Gracie says it could be a genetic mutation.

Because of my red eyes people thought I was some kind of demon/human hybrid and one kid found out devil is diablo in Spanish. So people started calling me Diablo. Because of that I could not make any friends. Today I am still a loner without friends or special abilities. Then today something weird happened.

I was was just getting my stuff for 3rd period when a screaming skeleton head popped out of my locker screaming "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH". The jumpscare almost gave me a heart attack. Then I started to hear a few boys laughing. I of course recognized them and their leader, Andi, who was obviously was the one who did it because I know he is a master prankster. As Andi and his crew laughed their heads off, people joined to laugh at my humiliation. The laughter, pranks of humiliation, and teasing had to stop. I been holding my temper for way too long. The fact that I had to make these people shut up has been with me for 5 years. It had to be today that I show them what I'm made of. "SHUT UP!!", I screamed. Exactly when I said shut up the lockers instantly exploded. Then we all exit the school where the firemen came and school was cancelled. That was when as I was getting home Cato chased me.

I finally woke up from my slumber caused by the animal men. I hoping it was a dream and Gracie would be giving me some hot chocolate.

But no. I'm in a blank white empty room with nothing but me in it. Now I'm going crazy because I'm claustrophobic. I feel like the world is closing in on me. So empty and lifeless in here like I'm the last person on Earth. It is so quiet that I try to hold my breath to make it more silent. But the silence ended when I started to hear footsteps. Someone

was outside of the empty room. And it sounded like it was coming for me.

I ran to the wall where I heard the footsteps the most. I listened for the steps outside of the empty room. Then one the sides of the room opened revealing two men. One was some dog person and the other was a scientist.

“ Hello Jennifer“, the scientist said. ”We have a lot to talk about“.

Then the scientist brought me into a room.

”I know you have a lot of questions and many of them will be answered“, he said. “But firstly I want to tell you that I am your uncle, Dr. Jefferson Loge.”



Jennifer Hunter

Coffee Break
By Annika Hoag

Monsters

We've all heard the word
We all know what it means
Big

Scary

Terrifying

Lives under the bed

Eats children

And pretty much everything else

But is all of this true?
How do we know
That what our parents told us
Is really true?

Well let me tell you

IT'S NOT

Monsters are just like you
And me
And everyone else

They go to school

They work

They eat food

They have families

But most importantly

They
Drink

Coffee.....

Life
Long, crazy
Living, surviving, dying
We enjoy until our
Death

Desserts
Sweet, scrumptious
Lip-smacking, tasting, enjoying
I am addicted to
Frosting

Shapes
Pointy, sharp
Stabbing, building, creating
Geometry loves them too
Triangles

Drinks
Tasty, slippery
Fizzing, popping, sparkling
We are energized by'
Soda

Climate Change
Dangerous, deadly
Killing, suffering, dying
It is so hot
Global Warming

Politics
Crazy, intense
Campaigning, debating, voting
Donald Trump is president
#Election2016

Stress
Unbearable, taut
Pressuring, taunting, crying
Don't get taken by
Anxiety

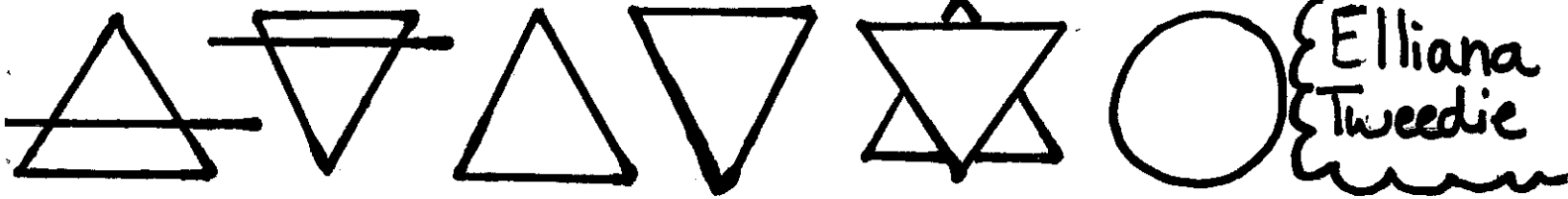
Books
Enticing, entertaining
Amusing, reading, speculating
Not in real life
Fiction

Fall
Tenth, autumnal
Becoming cold, leaves falling, learning
Did you trick-or-treat
October

Office Supplies
Glutinous, tacky
Attaching, connecting, binding
Don't get yourself stuck
Glue

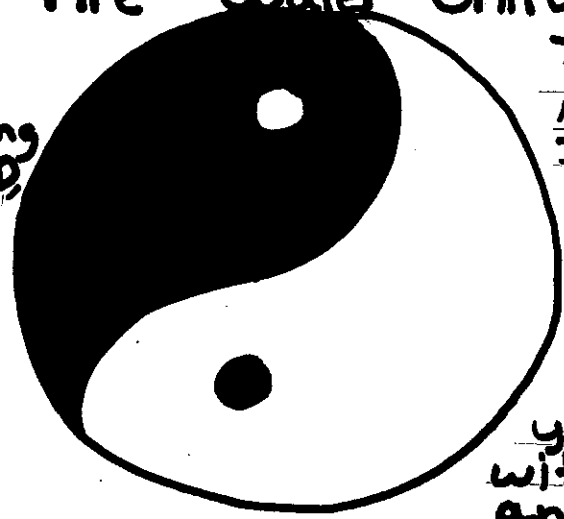
Magazines
Amusing, entertaining
Writing, editing, reading
We have a magazine
Blanchard Messenger

Technology
Interesting, Entertaining
Gaming, Texting, Programming
Apple products are epic
iPhone



Air Earth Fire Water Unity Spirit

"When given the choice between being RIGHT or being KIND, choose KIND"
(Wonder-Palacio, 48)



You can be mean or nice,
Make friends or lose them,
Insult or compliment,
SO many choices that
are all YOURS!

Everyone is different
and that's OKAY! If
you have a problem
with that it is your fault
and loss'n.

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choices are what people remember you by.

honestly - wouldn't you rather be nice!?

only remember, everyday you make more enemies!

if you have a problem... don't blame others!

can you please not make fun of my friend?

everyone is different and that's okay. 'U'

somehow I don't find your jokes about other people funny.

THE PENETRATINGLY, PATRONIZINGLY, PICTURESQUELY, PLENTIFULLY, PERFECTLY COOKED LOBSTER

BY ANNIKA HOAG

Once upon a time there was a very small town named Stretsbol. It was nestled in between the towns of Strets and Bol. Stretsbol was a very important town. Its coast was stuffed with lobsters. In fact you couldn't even see the water, all you could see was lobster. Stretsbol supplied the neighboring towns with the lobster for generations, but then some random unidentified pesticide killed most of the lobster, so everyone in Strets and Bol left to live in the bigger city of Nwo. The people of Stretsbol were lazy though so they stayed.

After many years the Stretsbol lobsters returned. The greedy mayor of Stretsbol (his name was The Mayor) was the first to find out. The Mayor was stressed out because his people were getting on his nerves, so he decided to take a walk along the coast. Then The Mayor saw something red in the water. *It couldn't be*, he thought. *The lobsters have returned!* Now any sane person would tell everyone in Stretsbol that the great famine was over, but this person was nowhere near sane. *I shall keep all of these lobsters for myself.*

Obviously after a few weeks people got suspicious. Why was the mayor constantly going to the coast? The townspeople had made an alliance in which they met weekly and talked about The Mayor behind his back. This week they all knew the discussion topic - why their leader was sneaking out everyday. They chose two spies to follow The Mayor around. The spies discovered what The Mayor was up to.

The rest of the townspeople soon found out about the lobsters' return. The Mayor almost immediately heard of the "rumors" that he was secretly smuggling lobsters. He decided not to even bother. Who cared? Just because the people of Stretsbol knew his secret, didn't mean they could do anything about it. After all, he *was* their leader.

The Mayor continued to smuggle the lobster. And the townspeople continued to starve. Everyone sent letters to him. Even the children (ok so maybe the kids didn't write the letters themselves). Despite the people's efforts, they could not get The Mayor to crack. Then one not-so-stormy night (in fact, a pretty nice night), The Mayor had a disturbing dream that would live in infamy. In this dream there was a lobster. He was dressed in a tuxedo and had a cane and tap shoes. The lobster was standing still, until he suddenly started tap dancing to the type of music they play in old movies. Then he started to sing. He sung about how the people were starving and dying. The music stopped. The lobster bent down on one knee. He begged the mayor to feed him to the people. Over and over again.

The Mayor awoke with a start. He was sweating and his blankets were thrown on the floor. He shook his head to wipe the dream from his head. *It's ok. It was just a dream.* He walked into the bathroom and took some sleeping pills in an attempt to remove that dream from his head. The medicine was no use. The dream returned. When The Mayor awoke for the second time, he vowed never to eat a single lobster again.

The next day The Mayor gathered all of the townspeople in the town square. "People of Stretsbol. I have seen the error of my ways. Out of all of the lobster I have taken, the lobster that's left, is yours for the taking. Enjoy."

The people were overjoyed. But The Mayor kept one perfectly cooked lobster in his money vault.

While all of this chaos was happening there was a family in Stretsbol called the Napper family (pronounced naper). There were two parents and they had a son named Frank. The parents had a serious napping problem where they would nap for hours at a time. Sometimes days. Sometimes weeks. Frank was hungry and needed food. He heard about the big lobster giveaway from his neighbors. Frank dashed over to the mayor's house.

Frank waited for almost an hour. Finally he got to the front. Before he ordered, the man running the sale stopped him. "Sorry kid. I can't give you any lobsters without your parents 'ok'." Frank was so mad. There had to be another way. Suddenly, he overheard the conversation between two kids next to him.

"Any idea why they're giving away all this lobster?" asked the first one.

"No idea. Can you believe they won't let kids take any lobster without parent permission?!" said the second.

"I heard that The Mayor kept one lobster in his huge money vault. But any man would be a fool to try and take that lobster." And it was as if a light bulb had gone off in Frank's mind. He would sneak in and take the lobster.

Getting by the guard was easy. He was too busy pushing little innocent kids away. The hard part was once Frank got inside the house. It took numerous jumps and tip-toeing and wrong-turning before he reached a big sign.

THE MAYOR'S SECRET MONEY VAULT. DO NOT ENTER OR STEAL

There couldn't have been an easier way to know for sure what was inside. He picked the lock with a rock he found outside. Inside was a giant room filled floor to ceiling with money. "WARNING! STEPPING IN MONEY WILL TRIGGER ALARM!" said a big red sign. Frank was puzzled. How could he get to the lobster? He decided to try and jump around the money. He finally reached the lobster. Frank, eager as ever, reached for the lobster with a shaking hand. Frank's entire frame was coated in a thick layer of sweat. He quickly grabbed the lobster with a tight grip, when suddenly he dropped the lobster, making contact with the money.

The loudest alarm Frank had ever heard made his head pound. A red flashing light illuminated the vault. Guards came almost instantaneously. They grabbed Frank by the arms and dragged him away. Next thing he knew he was in a cold dank room with just a bed and a sink. He was in jail.

After all of that work, he thought, I will still never get to eat that penetratingly, patronizingly, picturesquely, plentifully, perfectly cooked lobster.



