



PAWsome PUBLICATIONS

**Vol.
1**



HIGHLAND MIDDLE SCHOOL

BY: HIGHLAND STUDENTS

COVER ART BY: RYAN RUIZ



CREDITS

~Cover art by: Ryan Ruiz

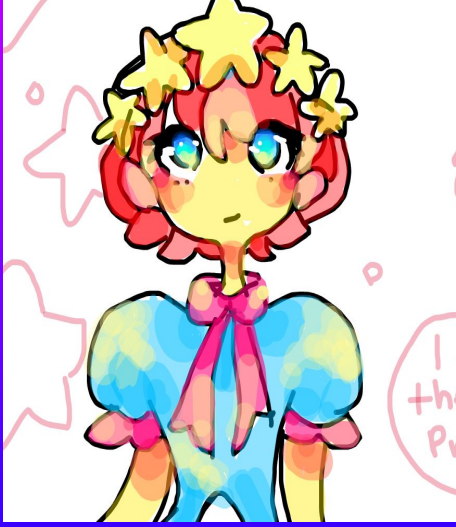
**~Magazine editors: Joy Shook,
Avery Kautzman, and Chloe
Cassidy**

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Berkley's cute art



By: Berkeley Strasser

The Cat

Halloween themed story

Tw: Mention of death

There was once a man who liked to be alone in his younger age. He didn't have much family and didn't have a partner. However, as he got older- let's say in his 60s or 70s- he started to get a bit lonely. His house was surrounded by an immense forest full of tremendously large trees. One day the man drove down to a small village not too far away from his house. Once he got there he went to a grocery store to go shopping. As he walked back to his car, he heard a small meow coming from behind him. He turned around to see piercing yellow eyes that belonged to a boney, skinny cat.

When he gave the cat a piece of fish that he got from the grocery store, the cat ate the fish unusually fast. The man gave the cat another piece of the fish; again the cat ate it faster than the man could comprehend. Yet, he still felt bad for the cat, so he went back to the grocery store and bought a couple of cat food cans for the unusual cat. He brought the cat back to his house, and started to unpack the items that he got when he was out. However, when the man took out the cat food, he heard what partly sounded like a meow; he turned around to find those piercingly large yellow eyes looking up at him. It kept meowing until the man gave it its food, however, the way the cat ate was quite unsettling. The cat opened its jaw as wide as possible and ate the food in one bite. Then, it looked up at him with those piercing yellow eyes and meowed the strange meow yet again.

When the man finally had enough courage to look away from those eyes, he continued to unpack the items. After he unpacked the groceries, he sat down to watch television. Though, when he started to doze off he was startled awake by the meow that didn't even sound like a meow anymore. It sounded like something was trying to mimic a cat's meow. The man looked over to where the sound came from; and saw the cat that was still very skinny, but seemed to grow larger since last he noticed it. The more the man stared at the cat, the more it meowed, and the more it meowed the more raspy and unsettling that meow became.

"I can't sleep with this cat in my house," the man said to himself.

So he put the cat outside with some blankets to keep it warm. He went back inside and climbed into his bed. The cat yowled insistently, keeping the man awake. He finally fell asleep, and woke up in the morning to an eerie silence. He slid out of bed and cracked the door open to check on the cat. A few feet away was the cat... which didn't look like a cat anymore. It was now the size of a bear, and its limbs are long and boney almost like a spider's limbs. The creature is surrounded by animal carcasses from the forest. It currently seemed to be feasting on a live deer. Even though it had eaten the animals, its ribs were still showing and the head was still boney as well. The horrified and shocked man runs back into his home, grabs a gun, barricades the door and waits for a sound... any sound.

He waited until night, because he was deciding if he should stay there to sleep. "No!" the man exclaimed, "After seeing that thing, when I leave I will never come back." So he disassembles the barricaded wall covering the door and walks out into the darkness of the night. The man walked a few feet away from the house and stepped over the pile of animal corpses. When he was only a few steps away from the car, he got a chill down his spine. He slowly turned around only to see those piercing yellow eyes looking down at him.

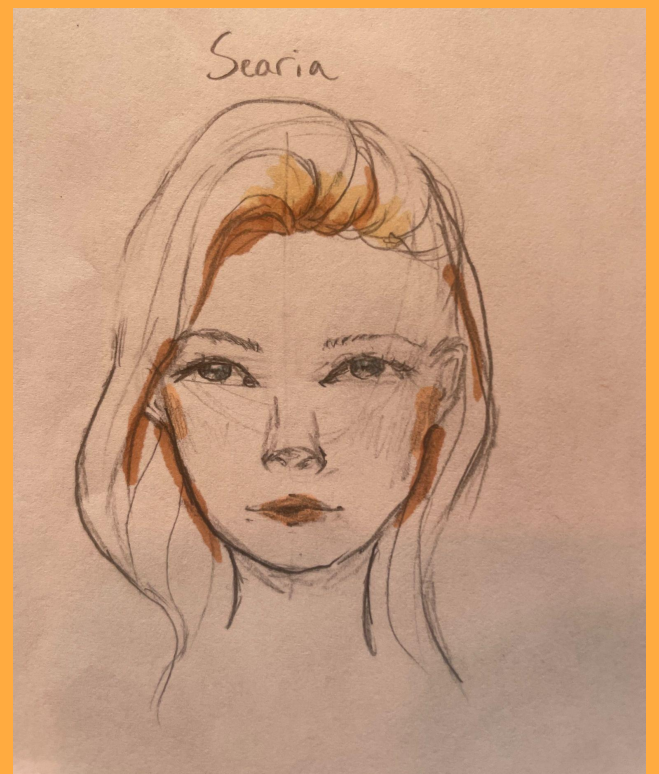
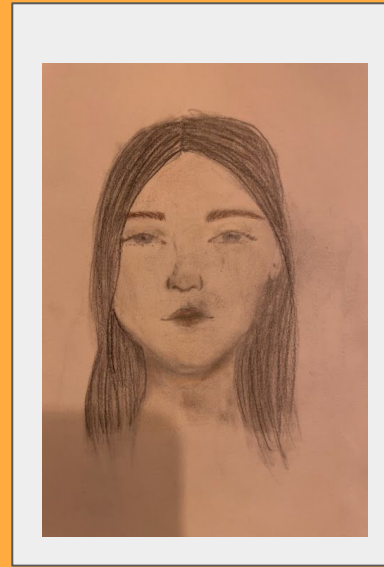
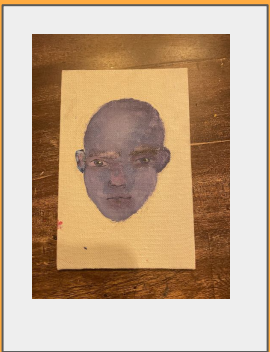
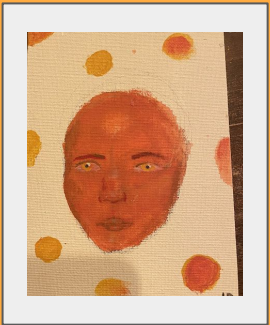
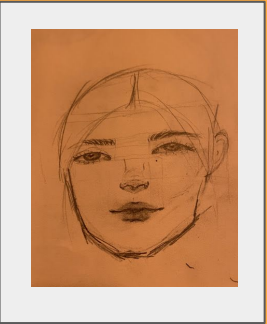
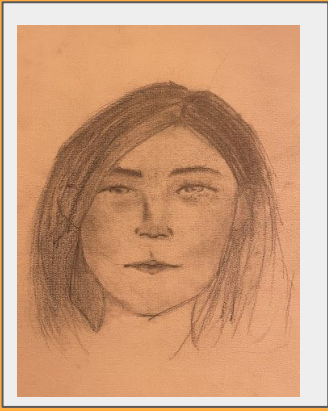
THE END

By: Ashe Kernig

Artwork By Violet Nielson



Art



**A poem that describes
the feeling of confidence.**

Poem by: Mateo Morales

**Confidence is something that comes from
within,**

I believe it is something that helps me win.

**I will reach for the stars and try something
new,**

**Knowing there are no limits in anything I
do.**

**When I have confidence I feel like I have a
chance,**

but believing in myself takes a firm stance.

I can,

i'm determined,

I know that I will.

With that thought in mind I won't sit still.

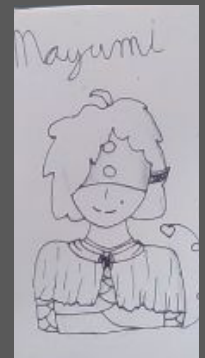
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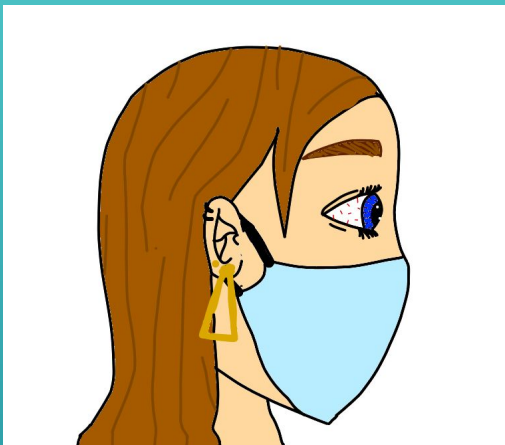
Art by ... Mya Rees



Best artwork

Art by ... Mya Rees





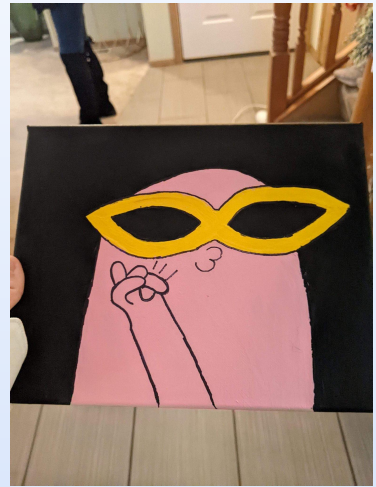
By: Joy Shook

My Art

Resin pieces



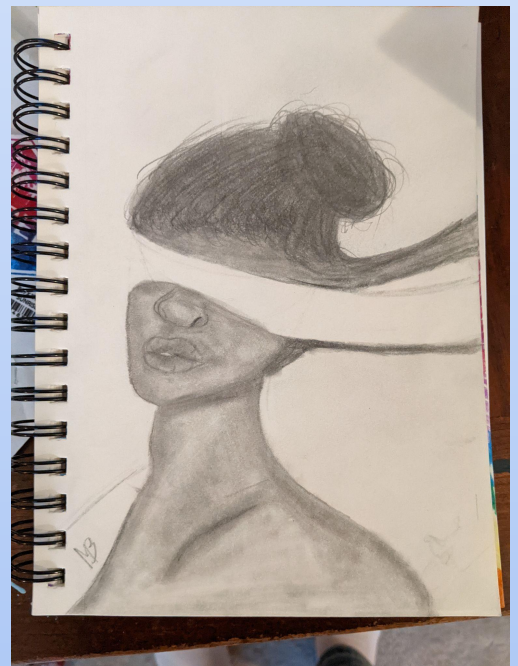
“Sass With Class”



Eye Drawings



My Favorite drawing

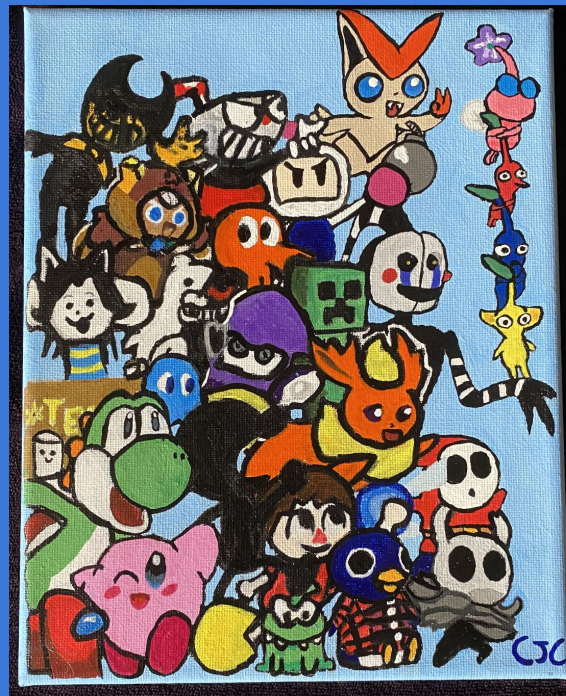


Crushed Fanta Can

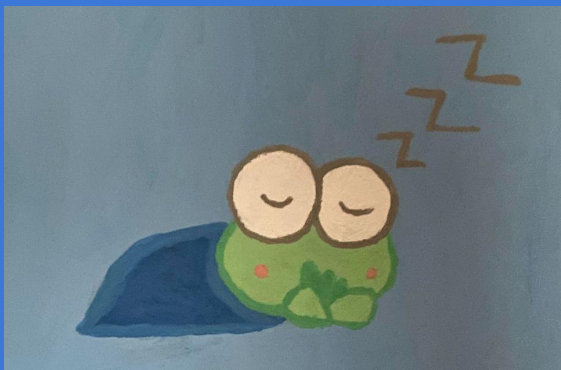


ART BY: Madelynn Bylow

Art of Chloe Cassidy (CJC)



"Buy a Yearbook" -
The Yearbook Team



ART BY: CLAIRE ZUMINI



Picture of: Ahsoka Tano, my favorite Star Wars character.



Corbin Shiras

The Mirror *A Wings of Fire Fan Short Story*



Scorpion was a clever and quiet dragon. His intelligence hardly ever failed him, and if he found something he didn't know or understand, he would try to find out more about it. He was also quiet, which helped him in some ways. He could examine his surroundings and figure out things others wouldn't notice as they roared on and on about who would be the first to catch a lizard or who's ring looked the best on them.

All of these things came with advantages and disadvantages. He could be highly perceptive, but when it came to being popular and getting friends, not so much. He couldn't manage to be noticed by any of the kids in his school group, and his only friend, Palm, was too young, quiet, and introverted to want to join him in any activities.

Scorpion walked along with the rest of his school group. They were coming back to the school from their field trip when they stopped to take a break. They had taken a pause near a group of palm trees under the shelter of what little shade they had to offer.

"I'm hungry." declared one of the students when the Guide was facing the other direction.

"Let's grab a lizard or something." another student suggested. The others nodded, got up and quietly, and crawled behind a large dune out of sight.

"Are you coming?" a student named Dhole asked. Scorpion was rarely invited and this came to a shock for him. He followed them to the dune and when the guide didn't seem to notice a few dragonets missing, they glided over the sand until they found a group of Joshua trees. They found a few lizards and one found a snake. They torched and gobbled up their catches in a single bite and laughed with each other.

Scorpion wasn't hungry so he just sat around. He felt out of place in this group of friends. They hardly noticed him. But occasionally would ask his opinion on the topic they were chatting about. After a couple minutes, they started to fly back.

That's when he noticed an unusual shine out of the corner of his eye beside a cactus. He had to investigate. He swooped down and landed on the ground. The shine seemed to come from a reflective black object in the sand. Only a corner of it was visible. What could it be? He swiped some sand away and it revealed a black mirror emanated wrongness, a creeping feeling of beetles crawling up his back. The thought made him shiver.

He racked his mind to try to remember what this possibly could be. Had he read something about this? He kept thinking until it hit him like a snake striking its prey. The Obsidian Mirror! An animus-touched mirror allowing the user to see others from anywhere.

He had to make sure it was really the real thing, so he thought about who to try it out on. After a moment he decided to spy upon Palm. He breathed a plume of smoke onto the mirror and thought of her name. The smoke twisted and changed its color and shaped itself into the blurry body of a pale sand-color of his friend Palm. she appeared to be hiding in the corner of the play area at school. Poor Palm.



The Mirror continued...

But it worked! This was something very rare, he couldn't believe his luck. How did it work, well, magic of course, but how did the magic make it do this? How long did it last? Who made it? All questions that would be answered later, but first he knew he had to get back. His group had begun getting back in the air towards the school. He joined them and the guide interestingly managed not to notice he had just rejoined them, but continued on his perfectly boring and average day.

When school ended, he went straight home, no time for visiting a library today. He popped into the house and he went straight to hopping onto his sleeping area, which was covered in camel skins and mats, and began examining it. There were markings along the handle, and the surface of the mirror was clean and smooth gave a perfect reflection.

All of the extra flying was catching up to him though, so he decided to give into his tiredness and take his evening nap and then he'd see if they had any books about it in the library. He curled up on the blankets and fell asleep.

He woke up a couple of hours later. It was evening, and he only had a few hours before the library closed. He reached for the mirror but realised it was missing. He looked around to see if he put it somewhere else, but he saw no signs of the mirror. Where was it? He rechecked every crevice, but then noticed a black scaled tail slip and disappeared though the door curtain.

He chased after it, but when he slid the door open he only saw the busy streets of his neighborhood. It was gone.

Top Right: mantis

Top left: Halo Alpha Base (pixel)

**Bottom right: Mythical Cave
Creature**

Bottom left: Halo Alpha Base

Anxiety.

The hitch in my breath signaled to slam myself into the bathroom.

Its Ok Its Ok Its Ok

Breath. Shade.

I grab onto the wall to keep my grip as I balance on my feet. Breath in. Breath out. The breathing doesn't work as a group of girls walks in the bathroom, slamming into me as they giggle, putting on mascara and lipgloss. I step out the bathroom hanging on tight to my backpack straps as I strut down the hallway.

I can NOT have an anxiety attack right not.

It's fine Shade. One more class.

My thoughts race making me grip my backpack more. I probably look like I'm about to murder someone.

I can't do this.

I want to cry.

I should just skip right?

No you'll get in trouble.

Right.

I bite down on my tongue to shut myself up from screaming down the hallway.

I don't want to be here.

I can't be here.

I don't want to pretend to smile anymore.

My eyes get watery and I look up at the school lights as I turn into class.

Get over it.

I place a smile on my face, and the thoughts devour me whole.

"How are you?"

"Good," I bite down the tears, the racing thoughts swallowing me into the darkness.

One.

More.

Class.

● Shade Schlosser

Halloween Night

My family and I were watching a scary movie one Halloween night. We heard strange knocking sounds from the basement. Was this a joke?

My dad said "Don't worry pumpkin, it's probably just a creaking pipe."

We heard it again. EEEEE. The noise was so much louder this time. I was shaking underneath the blanket.

My dad said, "I'll go check out the noise if that makes you feel better."

He went down the creaky old stairs into the pitch black. A few minutes passed and he didn't return, then suddenly the power flickered out. My mom found a flashlight in one of the drawers.

She said, "Your father is probably stumbling around trying to find the breaker. I'll go find him."

So Mom traveled down the dark creaky stairs to try to find Dad. A few more minutes passed and she didn't return either. I was trying to find another flashlight in the dark. My efforts proved unsuccessful.

All I could think to myself was that they were fine, they must have been fine, but deep down I knew something must have happened. I finally found a small little flashlight in our junk drawer. It didn't provide much light, but it provided enough. I ventured into the basement. Mom and Dad weren't there, and there was no sign that they were actually ever down there.

All the boxes were in the same place, there was dust covering everything, not even the breaker box was open. That's when I start to get worried. There was an urban myth that this house was haunted, but we never believed it. Besides, it was just an urban myth.

I don't think anyone in their right minds would believe it, but who knows maybe the ghost of the witch from the myth took my parents.

Thinking what could have happened to them, I traveled back up the creaky dark stairs. When I got back upstairs, I realized something wasn't right. I couldn't place it, but it just feels different. Maybe it was the fear that my parents were gone, or maybe there was something watching me, or even the idea that the chair moved.

All I knew was something was very wrong. I kept running around trying to figure out what was so wrong with this place. I went to her parents' bedroom, my bedroom, the bathroom, and to the kitchen, but I couldn't figure out what was wrong.

I went back to the living room and that's when it hit me, someone or something was watching with me. I can't see it, I can't hear it, but some sixth sense told me it was there I thought to myself. Was it the witch's ghost from the story?

It was said that she would steal children's parents so she could get to the children, and when she got the children, she returned the parents, and the parents don't know what happened to the child.

Could that be what was happening? All I knew was that I needed to get help somehow, but then a thought came to me: "Who would believe me? No one would! No one would believe that a witch's ghost made my parents disappear in the basement. It doesn't have any doors or windows."

Now that I know I was alone, with no one to turn to, no one that would believe me; I have to figure it out myself.

Quickly, I got on the family laptop and Googled the 'Story of the witch in the Twin Elms house'.

I found folktale after folktale, but none of them came close to giving me answers. A few of them are close, but not close enough to be believable.

I started to think to myself, 'Maybe it wasn't the ghost.'

Then I thought, 'No. It has to be the ghost of the witch.'

What's happening makes perfect sense to the story. I'm trying to figure out a way to vanquish it.

I finally found a couple stories that matched up. Step one was to surround the ghost in a circle of salt, saying some weird chant. Step two, figure out what it wants.

The chant scared me, and although I was scared to find out what the witch wanted, I checked the pantry, and thought to myself, 'That there should be enough salt here. I hope.'

I made a circle of salt in the middle of the kitchen floor knowing that somehow I had to lure the witch to me. I thought, if she wanted kids then that's her weakness. Maybe I should make myself look weak.

I got down on my hands and knees and started to pretend to cry. I pretended to sob for a few minutes, and that's when I heard a large crash in the other room. I knew if I reacted the spirit of the witch wouldn't come for me. I continued to lay there in the circle of salt until it was almost like the ghost was on me.

Suddenly, I jumped out of the circle praying that the salt would hold her.

I said the chant and immediately a flood of thoughts came into my head. I understood what the witch wanted, but I wasn't sure if I'd be willing to give it. She wanted my life in exchange for her parents' lives and for all of her future victims, she would not feed again. It was a hard decision for me to make knowing my parents would never know what happened to me, but I made my decision. I knew I'd never be able to turn back. My parents were returned and no one else ever suffered again.



All art by Ryan Ruiz.

Sword in the Chasm

Chapter 1 Paragraph 1

“CRAP” I thought as I narrowly dodged the wooden long sword. “DEVIN, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING.” yelled Colonel Richardson. I parried the next attack from my friend Jaden then rolled to the side and thrust my wooden sword at his open side. “Ow what the heck.” yelled Jaden. “Oops, sorry.” I replied. I brushed my hair out of my eyes. “All right we're done here.” yelled the Corporal.

Sword in the Chasm

Chapter 1 paragraph 2

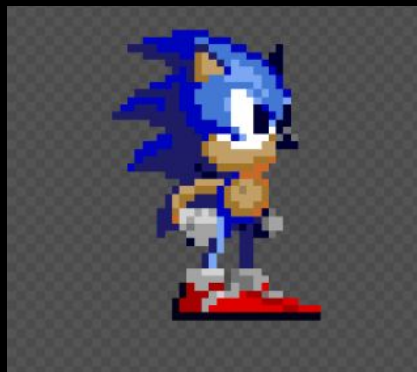
As we walked back to our camp we talked about the war's current status. “The city is being threatened.” Jaden said “yeah” I said “ but we have a tight hold on the surrounding area, they're going to need more than a few hundred raiders”



Story by Miles Curtis

Pixel Art and Drawings

By: Samuel Masinter



*Art by . . .
Addie Marshall*



Toxic

Art by... Sarah Robbins :)



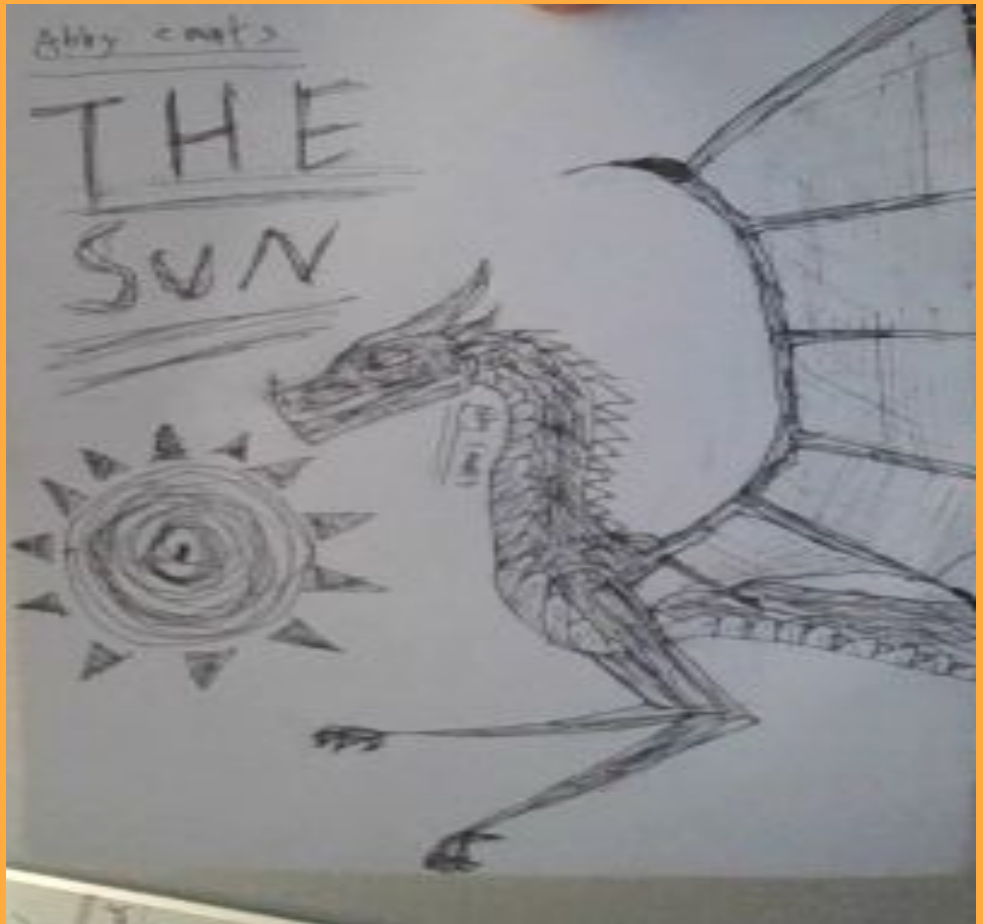
Mi-fit parte #1

Most fairytales start with "Once upon a time",

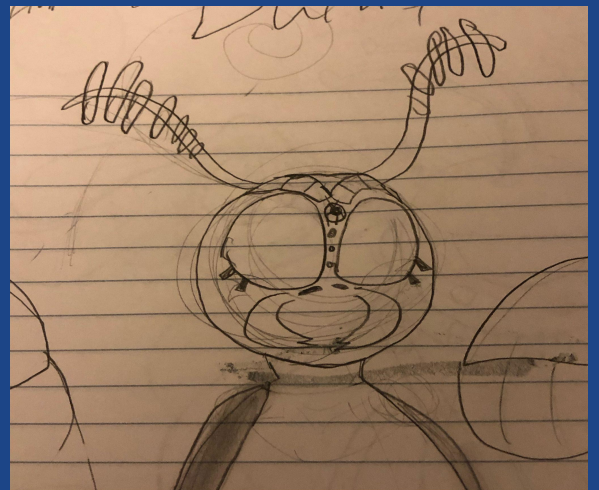
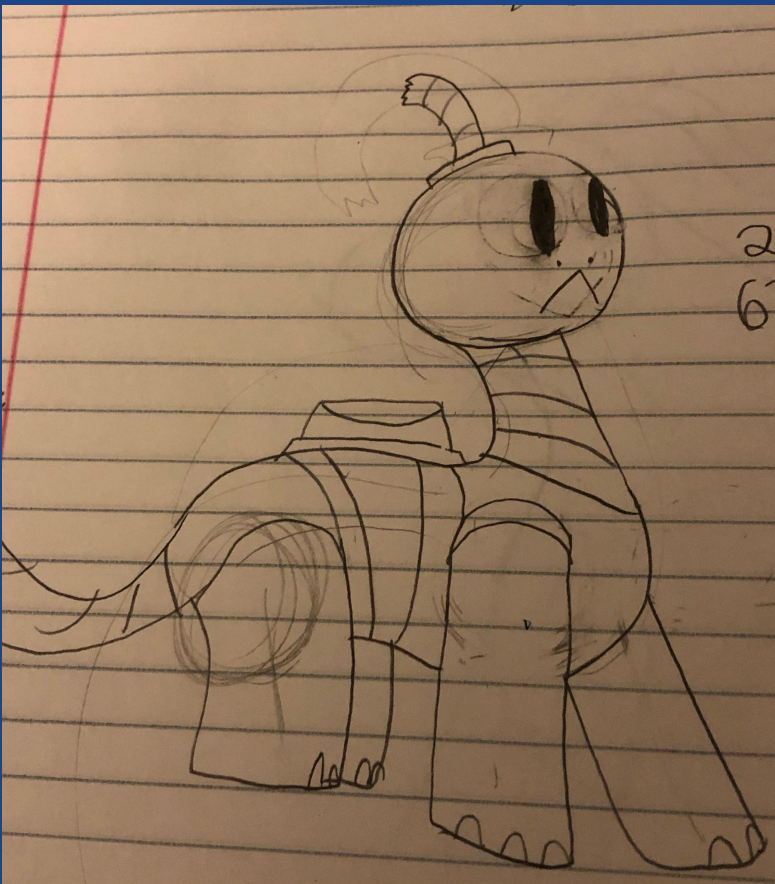
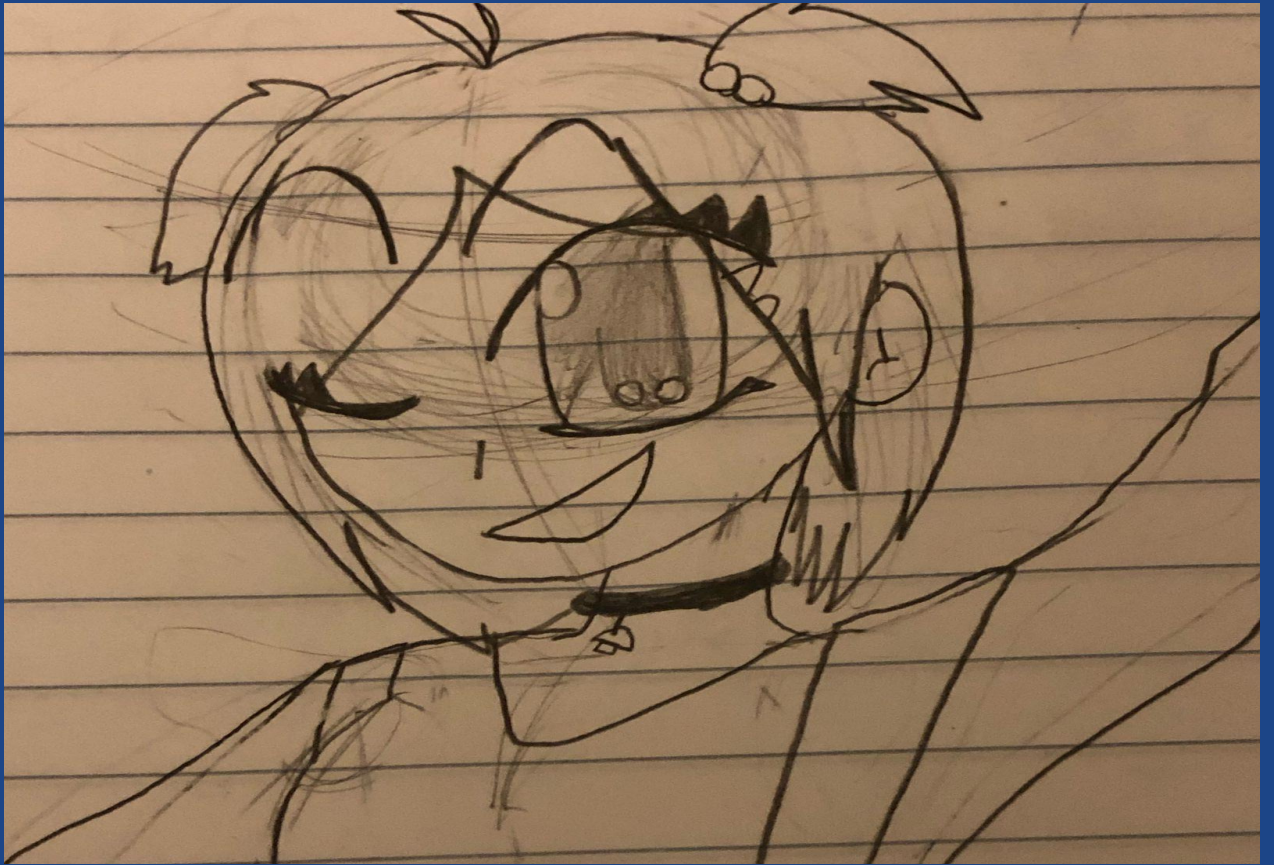
"Once long ago", or even "it all started when", but this one starts with, "It all started when I was a pup." I know it sounds boring but being a dragon wolf pup was hard especially if you were like me.

I was sitting by my father, wings tucked at my side and eyes not quite open. When it occurred to me that I was the only one who stayed by my father, my brother and sisters were always with our mother. I get it she is the one who feeds us and father is the one who plays with us; but they are always around her unlike me. I only go to her to feed. Others thought this was unique and unnatural. But being with my father I learned a lot.

Art By: Abby Counts



ART BY: THE QT



The Goblin Song

By: Mia Snider

Okay, truth? Maybe I did accidentally free the goblins from their prison, but it wasn't all my fault! Saidie, my friend, turned out to be Queen Remora, who, by the way, is bent on destroying the world! Oh, don't panic, not Earth! No, the fairy tale world. Yeah, big difference! Lots more magic...but no ice cream. Anyway...wait. What is that sound? Okay, here is the story of how the goblins got let out, I disintegrated the school, and the Earth stopped spinning for two hours.

It was just a normal day for Sasha. She had just escaped into the hallways of the school to get away from the evil of Terra, who had picked on her since she had come to school here in fourth grade. Now, she was in sixth grade, and.... *Whomp!*

Sasha sat bolt upright, terror racing in her veins. She was sitting in the hallway of the school. She had fallen so hard, she had blacked out! No one else was around her. The bell must have rung while she was unconscious! Standing up, Sasha ran through the halls, until she found her way to Science class, her first period. She grabbed the handle, and it disintegrated in her hands. Sasha put her hand on the door, hoping to push it open, and it too disintegrated at her touch. Sasha felt a tingling sensation in her fingertips. She walked through the area where the door had been. The people in her class, including the teacher, were frozen in the middle of the lesson. Sasha reached out to the beaker that was spurting pink bubbles. They were frozen. Dashing out of the stifling room, Sasha went to every classroom. Once, she tripped and caught herself on one of Terra's "friends". The girl was flawless. But, she melted away, into little black specks, and drifted away.

As Sasha looked around, she had the strangest urge to touch the school walls. It was like she could not control her mind anymore. Her feet walked to the school's brick walls, and put her hand on them. There was a startling coolness on her hand, then raging heat. Sasha tried to pull away, but the walls disintegrated, and there was a new world in front of her. She stepped forward, and touched a tree, one that looked suspiciously like the Walking Trees from her fave book, *The Second World*. The tree shook, looking like the black specks would take it too, but instead it stood, and rumbled a complaint, then walked off, still muttering. Sasha's eyes opened wide, and she took in all the sights. Suddenly, she felt movement behind her. Whipping around, she saw Saidie.

"Oh, yay! You're here too! Can you believe this? How did you..."

Sasha trailed off, as Saidie turned from a shy girl with glasses to a tall girl with perfect skin, raven black hair, and cold eyes.

"Welcome," she said "To the second world."

Turning, Sasha ran harder than she ever had, Suddenly, she tripped over a young girl, crying on the ground. *Owww!* Sasha thought, then comforted the girl.

"What's wrong?" Sasha asked.

The girl was crying so hard, she could not speak. So, she pointed to a cage filled with people who resembled her.

Oh. Nodding at the girl, Sasha stood up and freed them. As quick as lightning, they shot out, and all turned into ugly goblins, even the girl! Their skin was the green of unripe grapes and their eyes were the purple of a fresh bruise. To top it all off, they had oozing, uneven lumps all over their bodies.

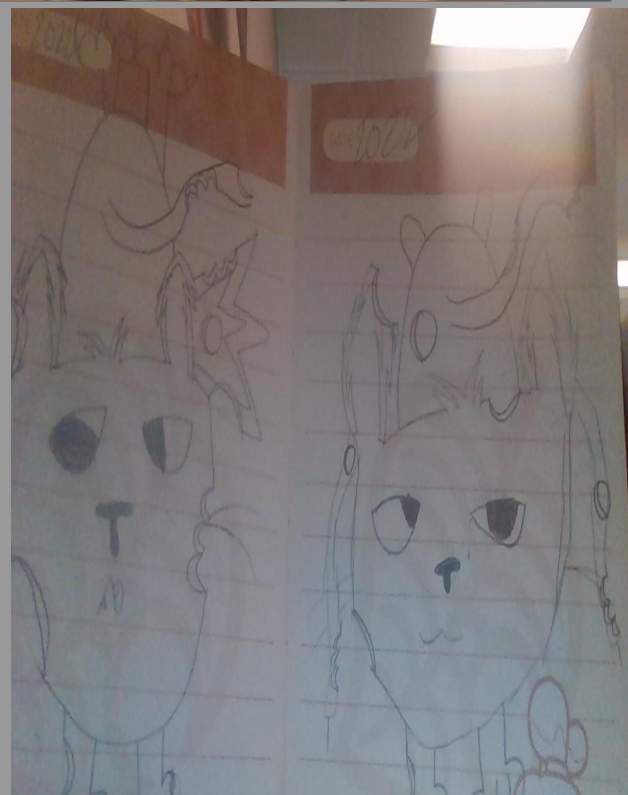
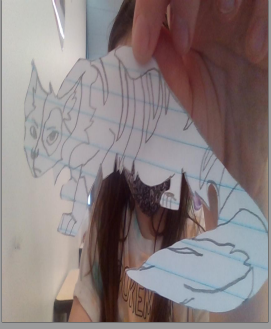
They all screamed, and the sound halted the world. The music was haunting and more beautiful than you would expect from such repulsive creatures. With a blinding flash of magic or light, Sasha wasn't sure, the world stopped spinning and the magic seemed to stay around everything. Without thinking, she just reached out and a sharp bolt of shining magic bolted out of her hands and hit the cage, which floated up and enlarged then sharply yanked the door off, leaving a sharp point along the edge. Quickly, it shot like an arrow down by one of the goblins, abruptly cutting it off. *Ohmigod. Did I kill it?* Sasha thought, panicked. She crawled over, and thankfully saw it had just been knocked unconscious. But, the song seemed to need all of the goblins, and this one was not singing. Looking up, Sasha realized the others had escaped. A frog turned to look at her. It must have been there the whole time because it gave her a very skeptical look. "ROB-BOB-IT" it said sassily, then hopped away.

"Oh no," I said miserably "There must have been a reason they were in a cage...And I may have just doomed the Second World!" (Cont. In next edition!)

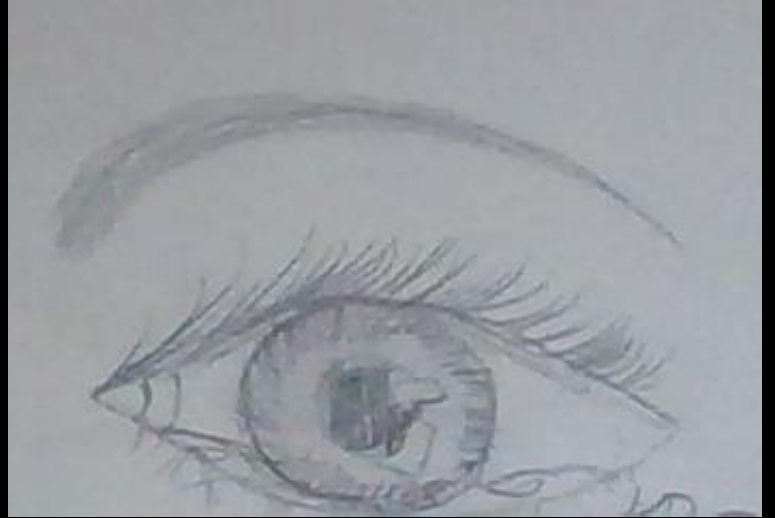
By: Evelyn Isaacson



Art



Art made by: Aiva Austin



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