The Badger Pause

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6th Grade Camp Counseling Information

by Ben Pelletier, BP Staff Writer

The end of the year is fast approaching with Seniors and students gearing up for their Shadow Projects, Finals, graduation and summer. Along with all of that comes the awesome experience of 6th-grade camp for both the 6th graders and the Juniors and Sophomores. 6th-grade camp takes place on the week of May 27 to May 31, so it is important for those interested in counseling to start thinking about it.

If you're new to being a 6th grade camp counselor, you might ask "What exactly is the job of a camp counselor?" The answer may seem simple: to watch and monitor the 6th graders, and while that is a big part of the job, your job is also to aid the 6th graders in understanding their assignments and responsibilities. Former 6th grade camp counselor Michael Miller says, "As a counselor my main duties were to make sure the kids were going where they were supposed to go, making sure they were being safe, and making camp a great time for everyone."

As a counselor you will be responsible for monitoring the 6th graders in three main areas, the first being the cabins. Typically two counselors stay with five to eight 6th graders in a cabin. Second is the food groups where two counselors will eat with a group of 6th graders and assign them specific jobs such as who cleans the table, who gathers the food, etc. Lastly, three to four counselors will chaperone with a day group.

There are multitudes of each type of group, which require the help of multiple counselors. However, in recent years there has been a shortage of willing volunteers who want to be a camp counselor. Speaking from personal experience, being a camp counselor was one of the most entertaining and eventful weeks of my life. I got to know the 6th graders pretty quickly as they were energetic and ready to go.

There was a plentiful amount of activities to do with the 6th graders,such as canoeing, star gazing, hiking,building fires, etc. Not only is it great to help the 6th graders learn how to do these activities, but it's also fun to try these activities with them. Former camp counselor Michael Miller states, "I had a lot of fun being a counselor getting to help with the activities and making sure everyone was having fun."



The sixth grade class of 2017 enjoys one of many activities offered at camp.

Yet, 6th grade camp can't operate without the help of the sophomores and juniors. It is critical that the program has enough volunteers each year, and it all starts with the Juniors and the Sophomores stepping up and becoming counselors. It's a pretty easy process. First, check with the main office to see if applications for 6th grade camp counseling are available. Pick one up and fill out and return it to the main office. If you're accepted, Mrs. Hoschild will contact you about attending a couple quick meetings to accomplish a few tasks. 6th grade camp needs volunteers and if you're looking to have a good time then go sign up.

PSA: The seniors are definitely NOT doing a senior prank

by Josiah Cheung, BP Staff Writer

Hello all, Senior Class President Cheung here with a public service announcement.

I would just like everyone to know that, despite rumors, the senior class will definitely not be hosting a senior prank this year. After much discussion and debate amongst in-class advisors and constituents it has been decided that the longstanding tradition of a senior prank to celebrate the end of a long, difficult, and rewarding high school career is an activity too primitive and barbaric to be attempted by a senior body of our impeccable class, civility, and intelligence.

Ms. Hull, current guardian of the media center, recalls various pranks performed in past years of Berkshire's vivid prank history, such as the release of a hoard of crickets into the school. According to Ms. Hull's memory, "They were literally everywhere."

She recalls another time, many years ago, when a student released pepper spray into the school's ventilation system, causing the school to be evacuated, the police to make an arrest, and causing even the school bully to go, "Dude, not cool."

In addition, students used to hoist various objects onto the school's roof, such as the big cow from the fairgrounds, and an actual horse and buggy (ex the horse).

These are undoubtedly some of the most successful pranks the school has ever seen. But in recent years, senior pranks have fallen out of style. According to Ms. Hull, there have been few, if any, successful senior pranks in recent years. Likely due to the difficulty of organizing them, and the fear of repercussions.

I believe it was Martin Luther King who said that the goal of education is to create intelligence and character. As such, the Senior class will not be releasing a swarm of bees into the school as was originally planned. Nor will the Senior class be releasing the ten Biblical plagues upon the school, as after much debate, we have come to the conclusion that only God has such authority.

We are still toying with the idea of forcing the freshmen into gladiatorial combat. However, this is still going through the committee. As actual weapons are not permitted in the school, we have considered equipping them with pencils and heavy water bottles instead.

There has also been a motion in the house to prank the entire lunchroom by replacing the fruit in the lunchline with wax models of apples and bananas. It has been agreed upon by the committee that this event would be "Hysterical." However, due to the high likelihood that someone in the school would not, in fact, notice that they were eating wax, we feel it may be irresponsible to do so.

Above all else, the senior class has decided that such childish endeavors should be reserved only for peasants and delinquents. And even if pulling such pranks were possible, rest assured we would never stoop to such levels.

The senior class of 2019 is full of ambitious, driven, and intelligent individuals, and we are certain that making fools out of ourselves through pranking would be a tragic waste of talent, effort, and thought.

So, rest assured, the senior class of 2019 will definitely not be pulling a senior prank this year. Thank you for your time, and now back to your regularly-scheduled program.



An example of what the hallways at Berkhire will NOT look like.

Go outside, you *%@#%

by Jude Connors, BP Staff Writer

Warm weather has finally come around, destroying the majority of excuses that you hermits use get out of going outside: "It's too cold," or "I don't have snow pants," doesn't work anymore. And you can't say that it's too hot because its only in the 60s so (oh no!) you might actually have to go outside. I know--crazy right? I know some of you will lose your sanity if you can't play Apex or snap your friends at every waking moment, but I'm almost positive the majority of you will be okay. Trust me, it's not *that* bad. Going outside, rather than staying in that stuffy room of yours, is actually pretty fun.

Oh, and here's an idea, stop drinking vitamin D and actually go outside and get some from the sun. Yeah, not only is going outside fun, but it's also healthy. Fresh air is also really relaxing when you are stuck inside a school all day.

Now I know some of you guys may be confused or scared, but the green stuff outside, that's called grass. I promise you, it doesn't bite. And did you know that people used to actually go outside to talk to and hang out with friends? It might sound a bit insane, but trust me on this one. Here's a new word for you: oxygen. It's pretty different than the recycled carbon dioxide that fills your room. Whaaat? And get this, it's breathable! Even video game companies are concerned for your health. Pokémon GO was created solely for the purpose of getting people to leave their house and walk around. There you have it, we've gotten so lazy that even the companies that make money off of our laziness are concerned for us.



Photo Courtesy of South Park Studios

Recorded evidence of what people who don't go outside grow up to be. You don't want to be like him do you?

Now don't worry, going outside doesn't mean complete seclusion from technology. Have you heard of drive-ins? They are outdoor movies that you can watch. Outside. Oh and roller coasters at Cedar Point. Real adrenaline. Real wind, not the breeze from your overhead fan. And all you videogame players, don't worry, your cramped thumbs will stop hurting after a little bit. Trust me, going outside is pretty fun and refreshing. So maybe when you go home, how about you go outdoors? Don't fret, there is nothing to worry about (except maybe the coyotes that will be drawn to the smell of Solitary Teenager). So maybe ease yourself into the wildlife by not being alone at night.

What's the next step?

by Jackson Hare, BP Staff Writer



It is nearing the time where seniors must say goodbye to high school and hello to what lies ahead. Although, what is to become of the seniors after high school? Well let's find out!

Who's going to college after high school?

Josiah Cheung- Calvin College, Grand Rapids MI, business major

Mason Mulacek- UMass Stockbridge, farms and marketing major

Skylar Nettles- Youngstown State University, music education major

Bella Jones- Kent Geauga, business major

Zach Yokules- Bowling Green, marketing major

Dylan Spangenberg- Lakeland, computer science major

Jillian Humes- Mercyhurst University, forensic science major

Ky Bowman- Ohio University, business management major

Shaelin DeLong- undecided college, criminal justice major

Julia Frank- Hiram College, biology major

Diego Peters- Ohio State University, biomedical engineering major

James Patterson- Ohio University, undecided major

Josh Hauser - Ohio Technical College, welding major

Kelsey Szyska- Kent Geauga, nursing major

Zac Wolfe- Bowling Green, accounting major

Forrest Kuchling- Bowling Green, finance major

Justin Boyk- Kent State, computer engineering major

Griffin Urban- Ohio University, undecided major

Michael Brilla- Westminster, sports management major

Hannah Keough- The College of Wooster, English major

Jarrod Malkus- Bowling Green, education major

Who's immediately joining the workforce?

Bella Jones- a salon to work in cosmetology

Who's joining the military?

Jacob Smetana- Marines
Gage Geers- Marines
"Matt" - Air Force
Justin Boyk- Navy

Teacher superlatives

by Samantha Pinzone, BP Staff Writer

Messiest desk:

Mr. Keller. Personally, I do not see Mr. Keller's desk often, but I do believe that you guys are correct.

Most likely to win a rap battle:

Mr. Keller.

School dad:

Mr. Hoover. Oh Mr. Hoover and his 'Daddy Lectures.'

Most likely to create world peace:

Again, Mr. Keller. Of course. I am definitely not surprised by this one! I do believe that Mr. Keller could gather everyone together and talk to them with his soothing voice and big words.

Scariest death glare:

A tie between Mrs. Bartosic and Mrs. Furst. There is no arguing here. Sorry, Mrs. Bartosic and Mrs. Furst.

Most likely to be the next Steve Irwin:

Mr. Keller, with 47 votes. Mr. Keller and his biology background definitely make for a great base knowledge on every possible animal you could think of. I do also think that Mr. Keller is the most likely to have a ton of pets, after all, he does have a snake.

Most likely to be attacked by a bear:

Mr. Hoover. I don't even know what to say to this one, guys. I'm not quite sure what I was expecting, but I a think if this were to happen, Mr. Hoover would roll up into a ball on the ground and rock back and forth. Or, quite honestly, he could win by confusing the bear with geometry.

Most likely to win a fight against Bigfoot:

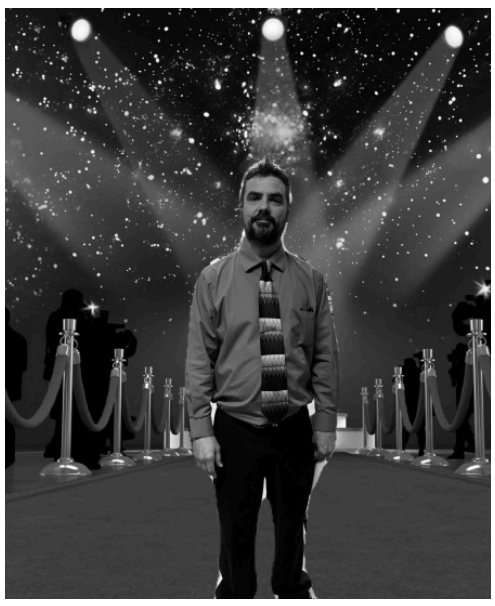
Mr. Keller. No! Mr. Keller would never hurt a living being.

Most likely to start crying during a lecture:

Ms. Bomback. I feel like this one is pretty accurate. I mean, I'm sorry Ms. Bomback, but I think you may be most likely to do this.

Most likely to be seen on the big screen:

There was a four way tie for this one. The winners of this category are Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Deweese, Mr. Higgs, and Mrs. Jaskiewicz. I think all of these candidates could definitely surprise us all by making it big in Hollywood.



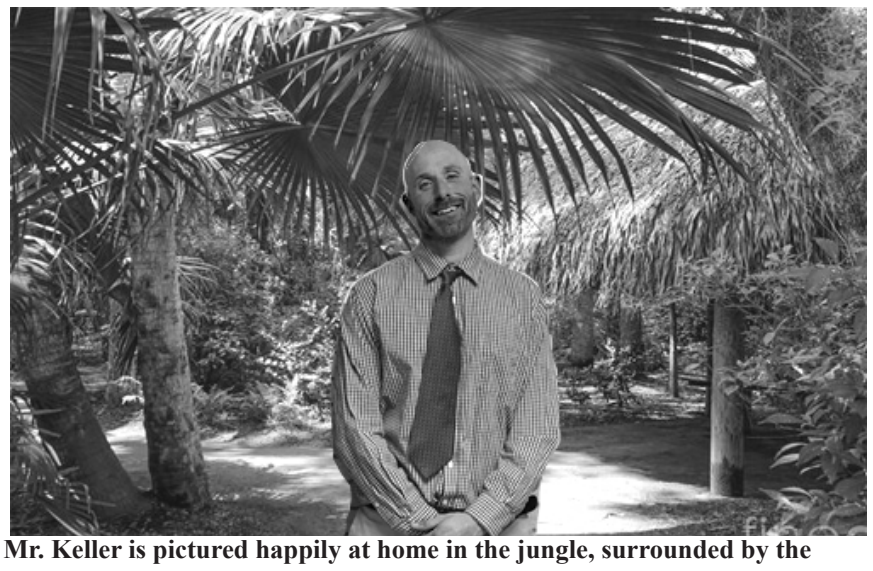
Mr. Higgs struts his stuff on the red carpet.



Mrs. Jaskiewicz holds her Oscar for her work on Hollywood in absolutely nothing (yet).

Most likely to live in the jungle:

Mr. Keller, with 41 votes. There is no debating this one. Mr. Keller and his biology, it only makes sense.



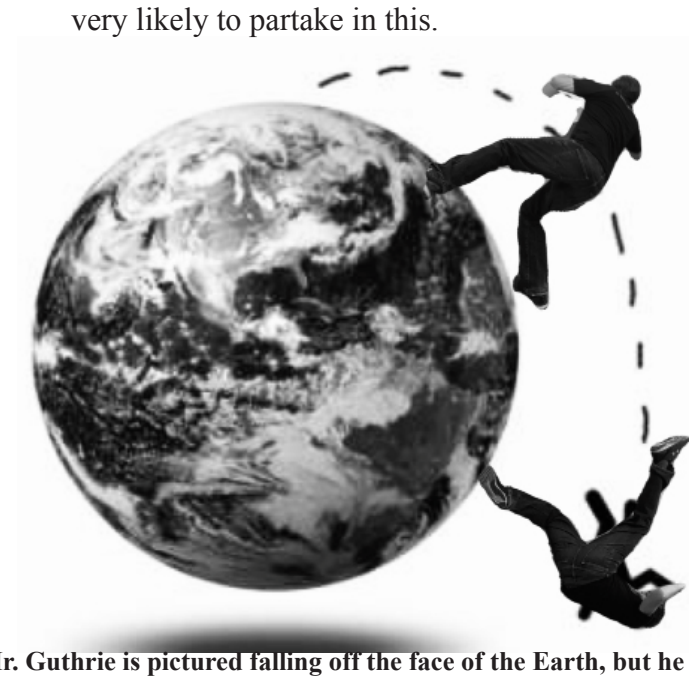
Mr. Keller is pictured happily at home in the jungle, surrounded by the biology he adores.

Most likely to fall off the face of the earth:

Mr. Guthrie. Hmm… Interesting choice, guys! A close second was Mrs. Koler, who I feel could 100% accomplish disappearing without a trace!

Most likely to break out and dance:

Mr. Guthrie again, with 9 votes. Yes, I agree with this one, athough I do also think that Mr. Hoover is very likely to partake in this.



Mr. Guthrie is pictured falling off the face of the Earth, but he appears, also, to be dancing as he does so.

Most likely to sneeze himself to the moon:

Mr. Deweese, with 41 votes. Definitely. If you have never heard Mr. Deweese sneeze, boy are you in for a suprise.



Mr. DeWeese has, without any fraudulent aid of photoshop, literally sneezed himself to the moon.

School mom:

Mrs. Giel. This one, I feel, was obvious. Mrs. Giel is so loving and so kind, and she treats everyone like they are her own children.



Mrs. Giel and her big, happy family of students.

SURVIVING THE REAL WORLD: AN EXPERT'S GUIDE

by: Clark Jackson, BP Staff Writer

As seniors, we must come to the realization that we can no longer avoid the struggles and hardships life throws at us. The beloved Forrest Gump himself was even quoted in saying "life is like a box of chocolates: I hate chocolates." Lucky for you all, though, I have done the essential research and will present to you the skills that are absolutely vital and necessary for surviving the real world upon graduation.

Skill #1- Swordsmanship

Out there in the real world, threats and dangerous situations will present themselves at a much higher rate. Do not fret, however, because there is an easy solution. A simple course in swordsmanship will prevent you or your loved ones from being harmed in these harrowing situations. Reliable statistics report that 96% of all robberies could have been prevented and/or resolved if the victim had in his or her possession a sword and was properly trained.



Swordsmanship takes many years to perfect

Scenario: You are walking home from the Krispy Kreme after enjoying a sugary snack when, all of sudden, a hooded man jumps out from inside a metal trash can and demands your money. Instinctively, you tell the man to bug off. The hooded burglar then pulls out a firearm and again demands your money. The situation has escalated. Most people, when held at gunpoint, would pansy out and hand the thief their currency. However, imagine whipping out a katana and with one swift motion, lasting less than a mere tenth of a second, the hooded man's severed hand lays on the concrete sidewalk. This is what the professionals like to refer to as a "win-win-win" situation: you still have your money, the criminal was stopped from bringing you any harm, and nobody was seriously injured.

I hope this accurate and spot-on analysis of a real life scenario has sparked within you all an enlightenment. Now some of you may be thinking to yourselves, "Clark, what is the logic behind carrying a full-size sword around all day? It is simply impractical." Well to those of you who are under this belief I say to you: Would you really trade your safety for convenience?

Skill #2- Martial Arts

For centuries, martial arts has dominated the playing field in terms of hand-to-hand combat. Like it or not, life in the outside world is a combat zone, and sometimes it gets a little gruesome. Fortunately, there a plenty of gyms and dojos locally that offer martial arts training. Beyond self-defense, if you ever want to get anywhere in life and achieve anything, then martial arts is a must. Taekwondo, Judo, Jiujitsu, Karate, and Aikido are all practices you must have in your inventory if you wish to succeed. In order to obtain an authoritative position at a worksite, you must strike fear into those who you work with, with hopes that in a matter of time those people will be working for you.

Scenario: You have just been hired by a business, and on your first day your boss walks up to you on your break and hands you some papers relating to your job. He requests that they be filled out and returned to him by the end of the day. You take the papers from his hand, look him right in the eye, then proceed to do the five-finger death punch on him--a technique first introduced by Tarantino in his blockbuster film Kill Bill Vol. II. Having not seen this cinema masterpiece, he makes nothing of what you just did. Once your boss is out of the picture, you then assume his position, and anybody who questions your ability to lead only has to take one look at the previous boss before opening his or her mouth against you.

Although this specific scenario might be a little morbid, never underestimate what life can throw at you. You need to be prepared for anything and everything.



This image has been silhouetted because its real content is too graphic to display.

Skill #3- Taxes

Taxes are for chumps.

So there you have it, a guide to what you need to know and the skills you must possess if you wish to defeat life at its own game. I understand if any of you readers might be a little skeptical, but I can promise you this: If you follow my instructions to the T, there is nothing that life can throw at you for which you won't be ready. Will Rogers once issued the quote, "There are three kinds of men. The one that learns by reading. The few who learn by observation. The rest of them have to pee on the electric fence for themselves." If you adhere to my guide, rest assured you will not have to urinate on any fences.

Badgers: Everything we are not

by Nick Misconin, BP Staff Writer

We are Berkshire! We are the Badgers! What does that mean? Honestly, I'm not quite sure, but that's why I'm here. I'm Nick Misconin, BP Staff Writer and part-time animal researcher, here to tell you what makes the badger an interesting creature to study. I am personally confused as to why we as Berkshire students are known as the Badgers. Berkshire's Badgers are very different from wild badgers. We are human beings, not badgers, so why are we referred to as badgers? As this professional study will show, I will attempt to resolve this concerning identity crisis at hand. Let's dive right in, shall we?

Observation A: Appearance

The American Badger is short in stature, but has a wide body structure. Also to note is that the American Badger has short, thick fur with a decently tough hide, making it relatively tough. While documenting my research within the school, I could not pinpoint these exact characteristics to any group of or individual student. All students at Berkshire vary in body makeup; everyone's different. Despite the variety of physical traits, I could not match the description of a badger to any one student. The exception to this is Burt the Badger, whose physical characteristics match an actual badger to an extent, but what's shocking is that Burt has evolved beyond the degree of any other badger I've ever encountered. He is bipedal, a trait I have never witnessed in other badgers. Also, he is roughly 3-4+ times the size of a wild badger, which means he is the largest badger in existence to my knowledge. Profile completed. Observation A resolved.



The Badger's stature is intimidating

Observation B: Behavior

Badgers have a very distinct and infamous behavior. They are tough, yet stubborn and aggressive. Some of these features are visible in adolescent humans, but it varies from person to person. Most Homo Sapiens do not exhibit similar patterns of aggression to the same level of a wild badger, but there are always outliers in a population. Badgers are nocturnal, which means they complete their daily activities at night. This can be disproven immediately, as school is held during the morning and early afternoon. They are also surprisingly very social creatures, a characteristic held by both feral badgers and academic badgers. Badgers are known to burrow and hide in the ground. Either our student body hasn't displayed this behavior yet, or I haven't seen any students doing this because they are so good at burrowing and hiding. Study incomplete, inconclusive research. Must study subjects further for proof of burrowing.

Observation C: Environment and other Information

The American Badger, in particular, lives across most of Canada and the continental United States. I have witnessed lucrative migration patterns of Berkshire's Badgers, traveling to a place for only a short time and returning home (I believe they call this vacation, a social activity that Homo Sapiens partake in). Most of Berkshire's Badgers inhabit Geauga County or the surrounding counties, a very specific woodlands area in Northeastern Ohio. I'm not sure what survival advantage this spot grants the Berkshire Badger as the area is very plain and honestly pretty boring, but I will continue my studies. Wild badgers are omnivores, meaning they consume both meat and plants alike. A main chunk of their diet are earthworms and larvae. They also eat slugs, smaller mammals, and fruit. After witnessing more than a handful of Berkshire's lunch periods, I can safely state that earthworms and larvae are not routinely consumed by a "Berkshire Badger". The only similarity in diets is the consumption of fruit. Study concluded, no further info needed on diet.

After ruthlessly studying and trying to research this rare species of Badger, I have concluded that the Berkshire Badger may not even be a badger by all technicalities. In fact, our students are Homo Sapiens, not literal badgers as my studies suggest. Well, I thank you for your time



The Badger prowling for his prey

What are those seniors up to this time?--A charade game

by Dani Zilka, BP Staff Writer

The seniors have struck a pose, but can you guess what they're doing? ***Answers at the bottom.***



a.Peeling potatoes
b.Being French girls
c.Changing a car tire
d.Eating cereal



a.Gathering fruit
b.Invading Canada
c.Being attacked by/ attacking a bear
d.Putting up the Christmas Tree



a.Bowling
b.Go-Karting
c.Being penguins
d.Building a pyramid



a.Eating twizzlers
b.Going to a drive in movie
c.Reading War & Peace
d.Discovering America with Columbus

A note from Dani:

As I say goodbye to the senior class of 2019, I bid farewell to many good friends. I remember the good times I shared with so many of you, and I remember all the lessons I have been taught by you, like how to write in this very newspaper. The stage will darken without you to shine lights upon. The newspaper will be even more black and white.

Answers
Picture 1 - b
Picture 2 - c
Picture 3 - a
Picture 4 - d

Jacob Wichert is DEAD

by Jacob Wichert, BP Staff Editor

I am writing this final article in the interest of preserving one last account of my research about the supernatural figures that are wrongfully both revered and worshipped around the world. If you've read my works before, you probably already knew that these figures, such as the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus, are little more than dangerous and deceitful apparitions wholly intent on exploiting the innocence of children around the world, and should be treated as such in the interest of self and mutual-preservation. I'd hoped--having written a number of these warnings--that I had successfully suppressed the threat of these otherworldly figures. I had thought for a moment that the threat may have died out entirely--faded away with the colored ink on old editions of The Badger Pause.

Oh how wrong I was.

I can't help but laugh at myself now, as I sit in this cell, a victim of my own hubris. I don't suspect that I'll be seen again, but I can only hope that this final warning reaches the public before the worst happens, and that whomever reads these words learns from my mistakes. Allow me now, to recount the night that brought about my current situation; the night that I was at last defeated by a threat long forgotten.

I knew my error the moment I awoke in the small hours of the night on April 21st to the faint, but entirely distinct sound of jingle bells and the thumping of hooves upon the roof of my house. Something was wrong.

I had been expecting the arrival of a certain anthropomorphic rabbit, and had prepared accordingly. My house was littered with freshly grown carrots to distract the beast from its true goal. I'd enlisted the help of no less than 5 hunting hounds, to both alert me of any unusual presence, as well as defend me from it, should the situation call for such measures. Regrettably, neither of these precautions could have prepared me for what was about to unfold.

A sudden crash sprung me out of bed, and was followed by the slow and methodical thumping of heavy winter boots, slowly making their way up the hall, towards my bedroom door. A chill crept up my spine as my truest fear became a reality before me: the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus were in kahoots, and they were hell-bent on taking me out. Why else would Saint Nick make an appearance a whole 8 months ahead of schedule? I wasn't on his 'nice' list, of this I was certain.

Still, something didn't sit right with me. The heavy footsteps were there and accounted for, but where was the rhythmic thumping so easily attributed to the stride of a rabbit? Entirely absent, from what I could tell. I didn't have time to ponder, as the footsteps found their resting place at the base of my door. I leapt out of my window mere moments before it was broken off of its hinges. No doubt, Saint Nick saw me, and yet he chose not to pursue me. As it turned out, I was already caught, I just didn't know it yet. I landed clumsily, making contact with the ground at the base of my back, knocking the wind out of my lungs and causing my head to spin.

A fool, I had been. Once I'd thought myself smarter than these fiends. A savior to those ignorant of their deceit. Now I was prey, and I was afraid. I stumbled around my lawn for a moment, the only sound breaking the silence of the night was that of my labored and dragging footsteps; until it wasn't, of course. It took only a moment for me to realise my mistake, as the sound of movement ripping through the foliage of the forest made itself known, and grew louder by the moment. I'd been predictable, and now I had nowhere to run.

A shadow emerged from the brush at the edge of my yard, and loomed over me for a moment, as if basking in its soon-to-be victory. It was wide at its base, and stood roughly two or three feet taller than myself. Atop its head stood the staple of its image: the tall and unmistakable ears of a hare.

"Run." the figure seemed to challenge me, without speaking a word. And run I did, for just a moment, before the faint glow of the moonlight was blotted out by absolute darkness. Every moment following has been a blur. I vaguely remember being carried for a moment, before being thrown into what I can only assume was Santa's sleigh, and now I'm here, left to rot in this cell alone, until my captors grow bored of keeping me alive.

If nothing else, there's a lesson to be learned from my mistakes. I let my guard down. I stopped considering the possibilities, and now I'll pay for it. I only hope that others won't do the same. By the time this letter reaches you I'll no doubt be gone, but do not grieve for me, I'll die a martyr to my cause, and such a death is one that I can be only proud of. Take the teachings of my research to heart, and defend yourself at all costs. They strike when you least expect it, I know this now. With that I'll close my final warning. I can hear them coming now. I officially turn in my badge, and hope that whomever chooses to take up my mantle next s prepared for the responsibilities that come with it.

Signing off for the last time,
Jacob Wichert, Chief Investigator of the BPPD

Creative Corner

Cyclops

by 8th grader Abbi Connors

"Quick! It rounded the corner!" I yelled to my partner, Jack.

He sprinted toward me while reloading his semi-automatic-modified destroyer.

"It's my last cartridge," he huffed, breathing heavily.

"Same. Come on, before we lose it." We jogged together in the direction of the thing.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I think it's a young cyclops. Eight-ish feet tall, usually has amazing strength and tough skin, but I think we wounded it."

"Well, crap," I said, "Watch out! Car!"

A blue car came out of the sky. We dove behind a tree as grass, dirt, and glass flew everywhere. I turned a shot in the direction it came from.

"Do you see it?" I asked.

"Yeah! Aim for the chest; it's wounded there!" he answered, pulling out a grenade. He threw it at the monster's feet, but it ran far enough away to be safe. I fired at its back.

"Darn, I'm out," I told Jack, leaving my gun behind the tree, "Let's go!"

We ran after the cyclops, Jack shooting at its back. I pulled out a sword.

"I'll distract it; you get a grenade on its back and blow the thing to the sky," I said, sprinting ahead, "Come and get me, you dumbo!" I yelled to the monster. It lumbered toward me and I charged, hacking at it anywhere my sword could.

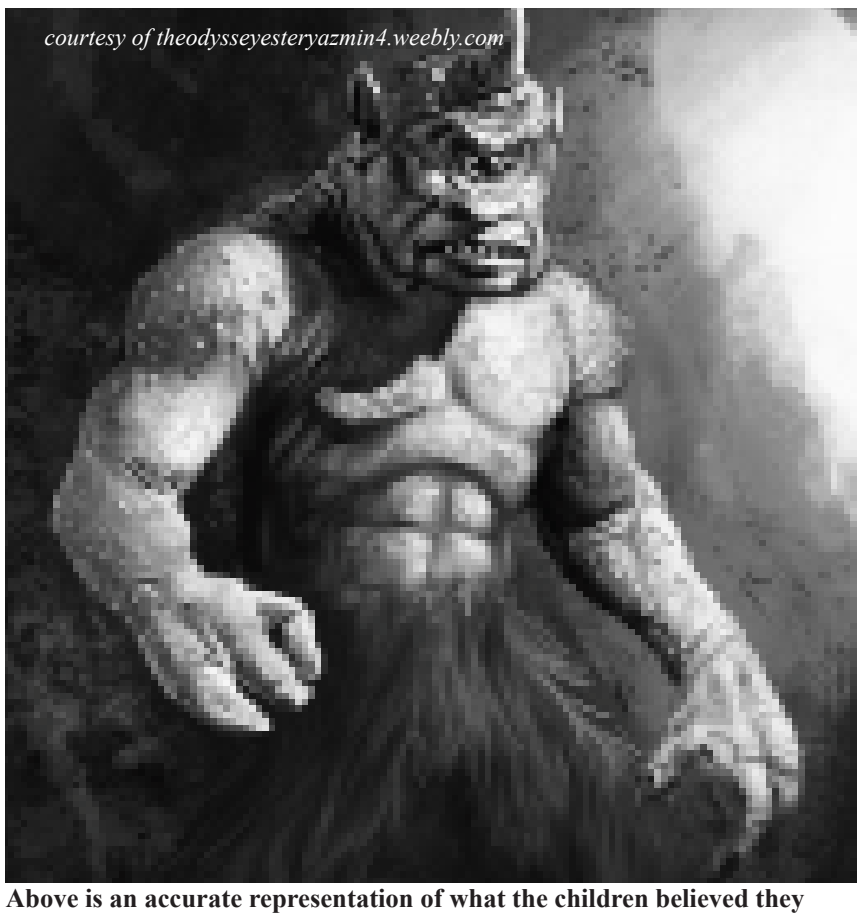
"Rawr!" it bellowed and slapped me back. I fell to the ground and lost my breath. It came towards me and I scrambled up, running away.

"Hurry!" I screamed to Jack. I ran toward the road, turning as I heard a thwap. The cyclops turned, looking for who threw the sticky grenade I saw on its back. "Yes!" I cheered running up the driveway toward Jack.

"Ka-boom!" Jack said, "Okay, so now it's dead, but pretend I'm hurt."

"Wait. We should probably pick up the nerf darts first," I said, breaking my stick sword and walking to the tree where I stashed my gun.

"Fine," Jack grunted.



courtesy of theodysseyesteryazmin4.weebly.com

Above is an accurate representation of what the children believed they were fictionally battling.



courtesy of Imgur.com

A Jesus hampster.

A short story

by sophomore Kalea Percic

"It's been three days--the time is now."

"Are you sure we've waited long enough? We started the christening process at 11:32, but we officially laid him to rest at 12:01." One eye-roll, one pondering mind. A decision.

"I've come to a decision."

"It's only been 12 seconds."

"Well, seconds are very important here, if you haven't noticed!"

"So, does your decision have to do with the fact that it took you 12 seconds to think of it?" A brief pondering.

"Probably--but I'll most likely need approximately 17 more seconds to figure out why."

A small voice from the back: "We're wasting seconds."

"Okay! Yes! Thank you! So, on the terms of my decision, I've decided that we will wait the remaining 37 seconds until 12:01 before we embark on our mission." A sign.

"That's so dumb; let's just go now."

"I swear to God, Richard." Gasp.

The small voice: "You can't swear to God: That's illegal!" Sigh.

"Amalia is right: I suppose we'll add five more seconds of waiting time to make up for it."

Richard holds back a protest. He knows it will be useless. Silence. Tick. Tick. Tick. After 21 more ticks: "Okay—now we will go."

In the distance the sound of footsteps approaches. Uh oh. Ears perk, but only two seconds are wasted. Back to the task. Done. Now run--run away!

Gasp. "You guys! I think it worked!"

"Amalia, stop running ahead—that's the men's work." An apology.

A different voice: "Both of you come on; you've got to see this!" Six feet gather at the grave.

"Oh my goobers."

"Christ is real."

"Our hamster is the son of God."

One foot bravely kicks the dirt. Nothing. Three kids stare into a hole in the ground in amazement. What happened? The tracks leading away from the scene tell the truth, but now even the culprit is concerned. Son of God? If what the kids say is true, Maxie the golden retriever might not make it to heaven after all.

After some forced retching, the son of God lays regurgitated in the dirt, and Maxie is saved. In the distance, three kids cheer for a total of 22 seconds before heading home pleased with the outcome of their holy experiment.

Faster and faster

by 7th grader Vicky Spanos

Every tick of the clock
It's me they mock
It keeps racing faster
I wish I were its master
Why can't it be slow?
All it does is go, go, go
If only it would wait
Alas, that's not my fate
A day goes by like an hour
And it leaves me here to cower
I wish it would freeze
Oh please, oh please
Now I must scurry
Go fast: hurry, hurry
I'm thrown into a fit
All because of it
Why won't it hush?
It keeps making me rush
Weeks pass like days
No one it obeys
My head might just pop
If only it would stop
I never feel free
With it over me
Every tick, tick, tick
Feels like a kick
It's me it's trying to sink
I can hardly think
I don't care about scientific laws
I just want it to pause
I think I have a sign
Next will be my last line
I'm out of time…

Farewell from the editors

by Hannah Keough and Jacob Wichert, BP Staff Editors



Editors Jacob and Hannah sit in a pile of past publications reminscing on the memories

A bittersweet salutation
by Jacob Wichert

I'll preface with an admission of my guilt: I've been putting this off for a long while. I could brush it off and claim that it's just one final wave of senioritis suppressing my ability to care about getting anything done, or a lack of time to sit down and commit to writing, but I don't think either of these claims could be considered honest if I were to commit to them.

I'm more inclined to say that the real reason I've neglected to write anything yet for this edition of the newspaper lies in the fact that once I finish whatever dumb, exaggerated satire (or otherwise) I end up writing, that'll be it; a wrap on my time among a group that I can confidently credit for my development of confidence and style in writing, among many other things.

It's a predictably bittersweet farewell; this being my final contribution to a program that I've watched grow, shrink, and grow again, as well as evolve in a number of ways over the last three years. I can't deny my remorse for leaving, and yet I'm confident in the direction that it is headed in.

Speaking directly to the current newspaper staff: Thank you for making this year the most fun I've ever had with the program. Over the past three years I've seen people come and go who joined only because they figured that it'd be an easy credit for them to sleep through, and far too often it's made apparent in the content that they've produced. This year, I can't claim to have seen that. Every member of The Badger Pause this year writes because it's what they love to do, and it's resulted in some of the most inspired and unique articles that I've personally seen in the newspaper in a long time. Fun and inspired articles are frankly a lot more enjoyable to edit, and your across-the-board talent doesn't hurt either.

"I can't deny my remorse for leaving, and yet I'm confident in the direction that it is headed in."

That said, I can't discuss my role as an editor without attributing the bold majority of this year's success to fellow editor Hannah Keough, who repeatedly picked up my slack whenever and wherever I far-too-often dropped it, on top managing her own responsibilities both inside and outside of the program. Speaking to Hannah directly now: Thank you, it hasn't gone unnoticed, if that's even a fraction of consolation for the late nights editing and long school days spent pouring over indesign layouts by yourself in the library.

I look forward to seeing where the future Badger Pause staff takes the newspaper next year and onwards. It's been the highlight of my last three years of high school, and I sincerely hope that it proves to be the same for any and all who choose to be a part of it. I would also encourage anybody considering getting involved to do so. It's more than worth the time and effort, I think you'll come to find--I know for sure that I did.



A grateful goodbye
by Hannah Keough

On the surface, this lopsided, repurposed, brick building does not prove itself to be the best of homes. But it is--held together by mutual suffering and, more importantly, by the most passionate teachers, who care like parents, laugh like friends, and work like--well, teachers: diligently and incessantly. You all make Berkshire what it is. I will miss you dearly, and I must thank you greatly.



Ms. Hull, Mrs. Koler, Mr. Lester, and Mrs. Hunter assume characteristic poses, each exemplifying their respective greatnesses.

Mrs. Hunter, your shenanigans and torment always keep me in my place. You remind me of who I am by challenging me to be someone better. I'll always have your shame-pointing finger propelling me forward.

Thank you, Ms. Hull, for providing a home and a hide-out (which I am currently taking advantage of to power through the sorrow of writing this). For ranting and being the receiver of rants. For giving me the opportunity to grow so greatly as an individual and a writer--and soon, too, a traveler.

Mr. Lester, from seeing me walk in the hallways you saw something theatrical in me. And while I may have given you a hard time in the fall of 2017, I am beyond grateful for you pushing me into theater. My experiences on and off stage--good, bad, ugly and beautiful--have shown me a greater side of myself. Thank you for caring, always.

Mrs. Koler, "Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything" (Khaled Hosseini, *The Kite Runner*). Either I don't have to or I can't--I'm not exactly sure which. Regardless, there is far too much for words, here, to encompass.

I cannot list name by name, class by class, because the sentiment would be lost in the pure mass of it all, but to every educator in the classrooms of Berkshire Jr./Sr. High, thank you most sincerely for making these six years so hard to bid adieu.

I have to go. Not now, but soon. I know I will live greater years, that will all, most likely, fly by as fast as these, and before I'm even aware of my presence in the moment, I'll be saying goodbye to it. These last moments are ones I will force to last as long as possible, even if it takes spending the night here to do it.

Berkshire, you may not be perfect, but you've been great. Thank you for helping me start my life.



Goodbye, Mrs. Leikala

by Shaelin DeLong, BP Staff Writer



Pictured above is Mrs. Leikala's final Berkshire Staff photo.

As this year comes to a close, Berkshire not only has to say farewell to an entire senior class, but a beloved teacher and caring woman. Mrs.Leikala is Berkshire's art teacher. She started working at Ledgemont and worked there for 30 years. She later began working at Berkshire and has been here for three years. She has taught all grades, K-12, throughout her 33 years in teaching.

In addition to being an art teacher, she was a class advisor for 15 years and, in 1996, started the Teen Institute and Project Love at Ledgemont. In 2000, she became an advisor for Relay For Life and later carried Teen Institute into Berkshire. Mrs. Leikala has been a mentor to many students throughout her years in teaching. She is always willing to help others and she believes in every one of her students. Julia Kastor, a student who has known Mrs. Leikala for many years, says, "I have always loved her class. I will miss her a lot." Kastor is just one of many who will miss Mrs. Leikala.

Mrs. Leikala has been many students' source of inspiration, knowledge, and motivation because she is more than a teacher. Not only is she a very caring lady, but she also puts her students before herself. She says she's going to miss "[her] kids" the most but she is excited to "have the time to do [her] own artwork." She loves to draw and one of her favorite medias is colored pencils.

To support her like she has us, make a visit to Stella's Art Gallery in Mentor, Ohio where Mrs. Leikala plans to display her art and later start teaching classes there.

Mrs. Leikala, you have been an inspiration to many of us and we thank you for your years of teaching us. May you enjoy your retirement! We love you and will miss you dearly!

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