

# The Bulldog Times



November 2023 – The Voice of our School Community –  
Issue 2

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By Oindree Bandyopadhyay and Callie  
Gleason



I see the problem. Your guitar is out of tuna.



Don't be part of the problem.  
Be the entire problem.



No VR disaster for This month 😞

By Oindree Bandyopadhyay

Due to planning for cricket club, I sadly have to say there is no VR disaster this month. There will be 3 chapters of VR disaster next months issue- Sorry to say, Oindree

## No Foodly History for This month 😞

**By: Eddie Jiang and Ishaan Parthasatharay**

Due to a mysterious incident in Journalism Club where the ENTIRE ISSUE got deleted on publish day, there will be no Foodly History for this month, as I just can't slap together a makeshift issue with digital duct tape and scrap steel in an hour. Sorry everyone. Hey, I promise next month's issue will be EXTRA INTERESTING! Stay tuned, folks! If it's any help, here's my source article for the would-be history of tea:

<https://www.tea.co.uk/history-of-tea#:~:text=The%20story%20of%20tea%20begins,his%20servant%20had%20accidentally%20created>

## Israel & The Levant: A History (Part 1)

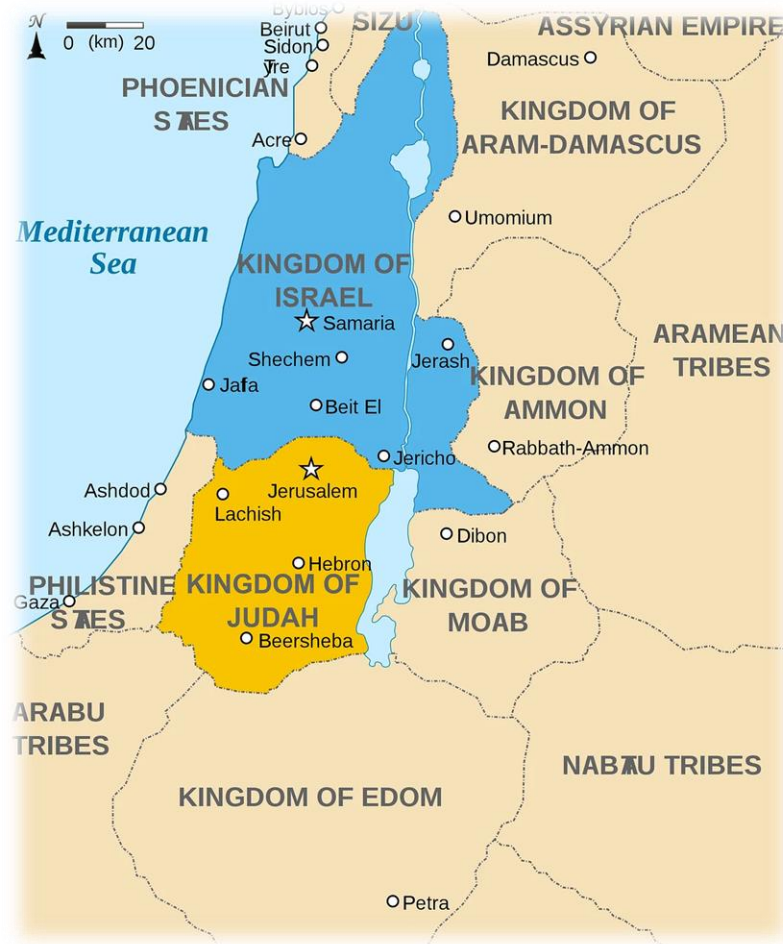
### CHRONICLES OF OBSCURITY 📖

**By Kirill Mukhin**

NOTE: This month's issue was mysteriously deleted the day before it was to be published, and due to this many articles were deleted. Additionally, this article was too long to include in this issue, and due to this I am only publishing the first part this month.

Now back to what I have written for this month:

Welcome back to Chronicles of Obscurity, where I will tell/write to you about history's obscure secrets that they don't tell you in social studies<sup>tm</sup> (Okay fine, not really). As you all know, a war recently began between Israel and the Palestinian-based militant group Hamas. But there are many complex factors at play in this conflict, most of them relating to the regions troubled history over the past century, and even farther back in time, and in this article, I'll try to adequately explain this tapestry of events and territories while remaining impartial and objective. In this part, I will be focusing on the history up until the Zionism movement and the Balfour Declaration in 1917.



First, to adequately understand the conflicts and tensions of the region, let us travel back to antiquity and medieval times, where the tensions stem from. The original Israelite kingdom existed in the southern Levant between the 1000s and c. 930 BCE, at which point it split into Israel in the north, and the kingdom of Judah in the south. (Note to 6<sup>th</sup> graders: Don't worry if you're confused, you will learn about the early history of the Israelites in social studies later in the year.). The kingdom of Israel would fall first to the Assyrians in c. 722 BCE, while Judah outlived the Assyrians, but would be conquered by the Neo-Babylonian Empire under Nebuchadnezzar II in c. 597 BCE, at which point the Babylonian exile of the Israelites occurred. After the conquest of the Babylonian Empire by Cyrus the Great, the Israelites were allowed to return home, but remaining part

of the new Persian Achaemenid Empire. But the Persian Empire would not last forever and was conquered by Alexander and annexed into his empire in the 330s BCE, but after his death and the collapse of his empire, the Levant became part of the Seleucid Empire, which roughly corresponded to the Achaemenid Empire in terms of borders. Another major result of Alexander's conquests was the Jewish Diaspora, where many Jews became spread out throughout his empire, which would alter the religion's history forever. But as the Seleucid Empire weakened, Judea seceded after the Maccabean revolt, but would fall to the all-devouring wave that was the Romans in the 1<sup>st</sup> century BCE, though they weren't taken over immediately, but would instead be gradually absorbed through politics and puppet rulers. In 37 CE, the region was formally integrated into the empire as the province of Judaea. However, when the province rebelled against Roman rule, a full-on war broke out between the Jews and Romans, culminating in Titus' retaking of Jerusalem and the almost complete destruction of the second temple. After a second revolt in the 100s CE, the Romans renamed the province Syria Palaestina, which became the primary term used for the region throughout the next centuries. Another major event that occurred in the region during Roman Rule was the establishment of Christianity, which added a second religion to the melting pot, which also held that Jerusalem was a holy city.

*Fast-Forward to Medieval Times...*



After the region was conquered by the Islamic Rashidun Caliphate, Islam expanded throughout the middle east, including to the Levant, which would lead to a Muslim majority in the region, hence why all the countries in the area except Israel are currently predominantly Muslim. The area would also become a center of Muslim power when the Umayyad Caliphate made the city of Damascus in

modern-day Syria its capital, strengthening Islamic Hold over the Levant. However, after the Abbasid Caliphate moved the capital to Baghdad in 750 CE, the fractured identities of the region made it a center of anti-Abbasid sentiment & revolts. But perhaps the events most people remember most that occurred in the region were the crusades, where the Christian Europeans attempted to retake the Holy Land throughout several large-scale campaigns, though they were ultimately unsuccessful, with the Muslims keeping control of the region. Muslim rule over the Levant would persist through the centuries, eventually culminating in the Ottoman Empire's dominion over the region as part of their control over the middle East.

### *Fast Forward to World War I...*

After World War I ended, with the Ottoman Empire on the losing side, the Treaty of Versailles granted the Levant to the UK, now known as Mandatory Palestine (From the term "Mandate", and it was one of multiple British Mandates in the region). It was also during this period that the Zionism movement began. This movement sought to restore a Jewish homeland, specifically in Palestine, and the movement gained traction among Jews in Central & Eastern Europe. Many Jews began settling in Palestine, and the plan became supported by the British government with the Balfour Declaration in 1917 by British secretary of State Arthur James Balfour, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Balfour (World Record Holder for the shortest & most boring name ever ;)), which proclaimed British aims to establish a Jewish homeland in Palestine, which was then an Ottoman Territory with a Jewish minority...

*To Be Continued...*

Lol I'm sorry for putting a cliffhanger ending in a history article, but as I mentioned at the beginning, the subject of this article is too large and complex for a single issue, and so I will continue in the next issue...

MUAA

Sources: World History Encyclopedia, History.com

World of Music: Where is this month's article?

By Victoria

## World of Music

Hi there everyone, this is the author behind World of Music, Victoria, speaking. Due to several setbacks, the most recent being the original article being fully deleted, I have not been able to complete this month's article. Look, no matter what you say, I can't just slap together an article in like, an hour with all the trimmings needed to make it interesting and serve it with cranberry sauce and gravy and stuffing and all of the other components of a Thanksgiving dinner. I think that it would be impossible for a regular human being to make on the regular whenever this happens. Pushing this aside, I again apologize for not having the article. But not to worry! I will be posting the next issue of World of Music in the next article of The Bulldog Times. So get ready, and make sure your saxophone is squeaky clean, as we're going to dive into the world of jazz!

Sincerely, Victoria, your reporter for World of Music

# Captain Stephenson and the Troublesome Turkey Troupe

**By: Shruti Sridharan**

Mr. Stephenson was in his office one Friday evening, skimming through emails on his laptop. It was 5:00 pm on the day before Thanksgiving, and he was awaiting some special deliveries. He looked out the window and saw a tall man in a worker uniform saying, *Hi! I'm Fred!*, with greasy hair and a bunch of cooked turkeys in his hands. Mr. Stephenson immediately went out the door and thanked the man for the turkeys, handing him the money and coming back inside.

He turned to the Commons, where lunch tables were already set out and ready. He put out a stack of plates and glasses and bowls and utensils, and set out the gravy platters and mashed potatoes, placing the turkeys in the middle of the food as a finishing touch.

He went back into his office and said on the intercom, "Teachers and staff, may I have your attention please?" He paused. "It's time for our Thanksgiving party!"

Before long, staff were piling up at the tables, slapping food on their plates and sitting down to eat. When they were all ready, they dug in. They all laughed and chatted merrily, taking helpings of everything except the turkeys – they wanted to save the best for last.

Halfway through their dinner, when they were done with the appetizers, they were about to eat the turkey. Mr. Stephenson was about to cut a part for him, when the turkey jolted. Mr. Stephenson reeled back, alarmed. The turkey again jolted, then sat up, gobbling loudly. The gobbling must have awakened the other turkeys as well, because they too sat up and gobbled.

The turkeys hopped off the plates and onto the floor. Mr. Stephenson lunged for the turkeys, but they just slipped from his reach. The turkeys twitched a little suddenly, growing and growing into gigantic turkeys. They looked down at Mr. Stephenson, and one of the turkeys grabbed him with their...wing? Mr. Stephenson wriggled in the turkey's iron grip.

He managed to break free and scrambled into the A-wing. He ducked into the janitor's closet. A flash of light, and there was.... CAPTAIN STEPHENSON! Captain Stephenson went back into the Commons and stopped in front of the turkeys. The rest of the staff had vanished. Captain Stephenson rummaged through his giant fanny-pack and came up with Super Coffin's original Water Blaster.

He pulled the trigger as he pointed the Blaster at the turkeys, saying, "YAAAAHHHHH!!!"

But all that came out of the Blaster was air.

Captain Stephenson eyed the Water Blaster. "It must be out of water."

He looked around for any sign of water. There was a water fountain nearby, but it was too far from the turkeys, and they could escape. But then he got an idea. He grabbed a bowl of gravy and poured it into

the Blaster. Shaking it up, he sprayed the gravy at the turkeys, and they fell to the floor with a deafening THUMP!

They got up slowly, angry. And even though they didn't say anything, Captain Stephenson knew exactly what they meant.

*It's on.*

And so, the battle began. The turkeys pounced on Captain Stephenson, but luckily, he escaped. Captain Stephenson tried to pounce on the turkeys and hold them down, but it didn't work. In the end, both sides were exhausted. But then Captain Stephenson took out his "sound ray", which uses heavy sound waves to put people to sleep. Captain Stephenson put on headphones, and powered up the ray, which knocked the turkeys out cold. They shrunk back to their normal size, and Captain Stephenson took them out to the garbage cans outside.

"A job well done." he smiled.

He dusted his hands off triumphantly and took out his phone.

He dialed a number, and said, "Hello. May I speak to Fred, the delivery man? I'd like to report a giving-mutant-turkeys-to-people problem."

## Carnival (Creative Writing-Scary Novel)

By: Reva Nair and Sarah Sharma

### Chapter 3- Fall

Mira Patel-

"Have we sent out the invitations? We shouldn't invite Tony. Rumors say that he picks his nose..." Ariya whispered then followed by with a shudder. "We need music and party favors! Have we-"

"Yes, we have!" I yelled. Ariya always takes simple things too far.

"Let's just through a simple party, but it should be amazing." I looked up and moved my hands in a rainbow motion. I imagined God-like music in the background.

"Ok..." she lowered her clipboard.

"Now, let's go shop for awesome outfits!" I jumped.

We rushed to our colorful rooms. I rummaged through my room searching for my antique piggy bank. Finally, I found it and turned it over. The clatter of pennies and dimes rang through the house.

"I got \$50.25." Ariya said, counting them carefully.

I ran my finger through the dollar bills.

"\$25." I sighed. "It's okay. Let's go now."

We started walking towards the mall. I finally noticed that fall was beautiful. I never liked fall, I always thought it was overrated and cold. But for a second, I took a good look.

Leaves fluttered all around us. Squirrels jumped from tree to tree. Cold breezes knocked into us. I shivered and laughed. As if time froze, we ended up in front of Target.

As we entered, we saw so many cute and stylish clothes. We tried everything we could see.

"I found the one." I said holding up a black t-shirt and ripped jeans in front of my body and twirling with it.

"Perfect." Ariya held a thumbs up. "I already found my clothes, so let's go."

We walked out of Target and stopped. We noticed a group of girls were wearing stunning outfits. Our self-confidence broke looking at their makeup and clothes compared to our lame outfits. But the next moment or thing they said, we were intrigued.

## Chapter 4- "Did you hear?"

Ariya Patel-

"Did you hear that the old run-down carnival got replaced and they're having a grand opening?" one pretty girl asked.

"Yeah, we should go." said another.

"Apparently, it is going to get high ratings and it is spooky." she made a spooky high voice which made them giggle.

Then they started talking about random stuff which we didn't hear because we were too focused about the carnival.

"Mira, are you thinking what I am thinking..." I slowly turned to face her.

"Probably." she shrugged. "Should we host the party at the carnival?"

"Yeah!" I spoke. "They would have a blast playing games and getting scared and going on rides."

We both agreed and left to get ready for the carnival. I sent out invitations to our friends and they all accepted.

We set out for the carnival, not knowing what awaits us.

## Upcoming Sports Events

**By: Anzelia Yu**

Greetings and salutations, Bulldogs! Fortunately, this article wasn't affected by the newspaper deleting. Season 2 sports are about to start, so here's the information you need about them.

Wrestling begins on November 6<sup>th</sup>, so save the date. There are two main matches during November: a home game against Pine Lake on the 28<sup>th</sup> and an away game at Cougar Mountain on the 30<sup>th</sup>.

Girls Basketball will be starting on November 6<sup>th</sup> as well. There are two matches in this month: one on the 28<sup>th</sup> and one on the 30<sup>th</sup>. The first will be at Pine Lake and the second against Cougar Mountain.

Have a great season, and best of luck!

## The History of Veterans Day

By Anzelia Yu

You know Veterans Day. A day off of school, a boring assembly where you sit and watch a slideshow. But what about its past?

Veterans Day used to be called Armistice Day. It was held on November 11<sup>th</sup> in commemoration of the ending of WW1. The armistice was held on the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month, hence the date.

The first celebration of “Veterans Day” instead of “Armistice Day” was held in Birmingham, Alabama and organized by Raymond Weeks. A U.S. Representative from Kansas proposed changing Armistice Day to Veterans Day. It came through in 1954.

In 1968, the date was changed to the fourth Monday in October. This only lasted for a decade until Congress changed the date back in 1978.

And that’s the past of Veterans Day! This year, Veterans Day falls on a Saturday, so we have the 10<sup>th</sup> off. On the 9<sup>th</sup>, a Veterans Day Assembly will be held. You've probably heard the announcements, but remember to wear red if you’re in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, white if you’re in 7<sup>th</sup>, and blue if you’re in 6<sup>th</sup> grade! I’ll see you there.



### Author’s Note:

Hi everyone, this is Evelyn, the author of *15 fun facts* (hi!). Due to a mysteriously mysterious incident where the entire November issue was (very frustratingly!) deleted ON PUBLISHING DAY, I had to throw together a bunch of random Thanksgiving facts in a random order. Next time I will do them in a more organized order, from least interesting to most interesting. I hope you enjoy it anyways!

15. Thanksgiving was originally celebrated in mid-October.
14. Pumpkin pie isn't actually Thanksgiving's favorite pie.
13. Historians have no record of turkey being eaten at the first Thanksgiving.
12. "Jingle Bells" was originally a Thanksgiving Day song.
11. The turkey's tryptophan *doesn't* actually make you tired.
10. Most Americans secretly dislike classic Thanksgiving dishes but eat them anyway.
9. President Calvin Coolidge was the first to pardon a raccoon in relation to Thanksgiving. (I have no idea what that means either)
8. Black Friday, aka the day after Thanksgiving, is the busiest day for plumbers.
7. The turkey bird is actually linked to the country of Turkey.
6. Thanksgiving leftovers led to the invention of TV dinners.
5. About 200 cranberries are needed to make one can of cranberry sauce.
4. The author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" helped Thanksgiving become a holiday.
3. The first Turkey Trot included only six runners.
2. There weren't any balloons at the first Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in 1924.
1. The largest pumpkin pie ever baked weighed 3,699 pounds (about twice the weight of a Clydesdale horse) and measured 20 feet in diameter.

## Diwali: Festival of Lights (International Tradition Coverage)

By Kimaya Mahajan

You may have never heard of this odd sounding "dih-wah-lee." Or, perhaps, you could ace a test in thirty seconds about it. Whether you celebrate or not, today you're going to get a crash course on Diwali, by MEEE (Kimaya of course)! As I go through this, keep in mind that India is a huge country, and this article can't cover everything, or it would be 800-ish pages. Omg so true!

First things first: the history of Diwali. Diwali is a festival where you celebrate the triumph of good over evil. It sounds cheesy and really cliché, but it's true. One legend in Southern India relating to this is that Diwali is the day when the Hindu lord Krishna (a reincarnation of the god Vishnu), defeated a horrible demon called Narakasura. A Northern Indian legend is that Diwali is the day when Lord Rama (surprise, another Vishnu reincarnation), his brother Lakshmana, and his wife Sita, returned to their kingdom of Ayodhya after defeating the demon king Ravana. The mythology varies.

Now, the traditions. On Diwali, we wear new clothes, light up our homes with lamps called *diyas*, decorate our homes with colorful sand art called *rangoli*, decorate with lanterns called *kandils*, light fireworks, and make delicious snacks and treats. We clean the house to welcome the Hindu goddess of wealth, Lakshmi.

In conclusion, Diwali is a bright, fun, colorful festival. It's a time to celebrate, talk to family, stuff yourself with food (I admit I do it too,) and just relax. It's on November 12<sup>th</sup>. Maybe you could relax too. If this got you hooked, then do some research! Tune in to the next issue of International Tradition Coverage.



Would you like your holiday (and/or YOU!) to be featured in the next article of International Tradition Coverage?

[Click here to submit a form!!](#)

# My Guilty Secrets

By: Valerie Yong (6<sup>th</sup> grader)

Creative Writing 

## CHAPTER 1: TRAP

"It's a trap," my sister whispers.

A moment of silence passes between us.

"You know I wouldn't be myself if I don't go, I can't risk putting you in danger," I hear myself say.

Another pause of silence.

"You're choosing to go," she confirms. Her voice is laced thickly with worry and sadness. I see her eyes starting to brim with tears, but she quickly wipes it away with her sleeve. I realize that she's trying to stay strong for me. Seeing her do so makes *me* want to break down.

I wipe my own tears away. *Not yet*, I tell myself. *Janice's staying strong for you, so stay strong for her, too. When you're on the train, then you can weep all you want.*

"Ciara?" she breathed. *I realize I should talk back to her.*

"I'm choosing to go," I repeat her words.

"It's a trap," she mutters again. I nod my head instead of talking - I know I will burst into tears if I try.

"But you won't be yourself when you come back," she tries a last attempt to make me stay here.

"They aren't just threatening me, they are threatening you, and mom, and dad, and..." I trail off, getting more upset with every word I say.

Janice doesn't say anything else. She knows that anything she says will not convince me. She understands that I have made my choice and that I wasn't turning back.

"Promise me I'll see you again," she mutters quietly.

"They said my duty only lasts a month," I respond.

"Then pinky swear to me that you'll be back after the month," she mumbles.

I don't answer her. I don't like breaking promises, and I know that if I make this promise, I will break it.

I don't remember the details of what happened next, and the next few minutes are a blur. The next thing I know, I'm packed into a train, with tons of other people. I'm sitting in a soft, velvet seat, and the window is beside me. Right outside the window is Janice, staring at me. Across my seat I see an old woman, who seemed to be quietly sobbing into her handkerchief. Beside me, there is a little toddler clutching her mother's hand tightly; the mother was frantically talking into the phone, and I can make out a few words in their conversation: "I'm...sorry...see...again...worry...goodbye..." When she whispered the "goodbye" into the phone, she ends the phone call and brings her hand up to cover her mouth. Her eyes are brimming with tears, and I wish I could comfort the mother, if only I did not have to say my own goodbyes.

It is that moment that the train starts to lurch, the cars of the train start to move forward, the wheels making little changa-changa sounds.

I stare out the window, watching my hometown, the place I have lived my entire life, disappear from my view. Then I spotted Janice, running down the station, trying to keep up with the train.

"Bye, I'll see you in a month!" she shouted, her voice barely audible. Tears are streaming down her face and dribbling down her cheek.

"See you in a month," I shout back, my own tears starting to drip. I cannot push the tears back any longer.

The train is moving forward faster now, and the train station disappears, taking Janice with it.

I can feel myself slipping away into sleep; my grief and sadness melting together, eating away at the last of my energy. After all, I haven't been able to sleep the past few nights; how could I, when I knew I would be leaving Janice in just a matter of days? Little did I know, the last thought I have before I fall asleep will be the only clear thought in my mind for the rest of the long week.

I wish my last words with Janice weren't a lie.

## **747: History of a Legend (Continued)**

**By Eddie Jiang**

Last we left off Boeing had just started building the 747 plant in Everett. However, things quickly went wrong. As all of you know, the would-be November issue was mysteriously deleted, and so please excuse any inaccuracies in the story. Now, let's get started.

Boeing was building what would become the largest building held under a single roof. However, there was a man who happened to own a house in the middle of the location for the plant. Boeing struggled to convince the man to sell his house, and after a lot of arguing and wife-finding, everything was back on track... sort of.

The construction crew began building in the summer of 1966. The crew worked tirelessly, moving more dirt than the construction of Grand Coulee Dam. However, things quickly got derailed when the seasons changed. Western Washington, being the rainy pine forest it is, dumped endless storms on the workers. When winter hit, snowstorms made sure that construction was delayed even more.

When the 747 crew arrived at the plant to create the wooden mockups of the 747, they found out that the walls weren't completed yet. They moved back to Renton, and the construction crew kept working.

Meanwhile, Boeing was busy lining up customers. In the beginning, no one was really interested in the leviathan of a jet. Then, as airlines started fearing that others would buy 747s and outdo them, orders started to arrive. With the addition of foreign airlines fearing that Pan Am would tighten its hold on the overseas air routes even more, orders from foreign countries started to arrive, too.

The 747 crew had some problems. For example, conventional turbofan engines weren't strong enough, so Boeing, Pan Am, and Pratt & Whitney (A leading aircraft engine manufacturer) got together to create the JT9D, a high-bypass ratio turbofan engine. However, it wasn't the engines that bothered the 747 crew the most. It was safety.

Everyone at Boeing knew that even a single 747 crash could do tremendous damage to the company's reputation and wallet. The 747 crew made every effort to make the jet safe and reliable, from real-time system analytics to quick-reaction alerts. In the end, the 747 was one of the most reliable jets ever created.

Finally, the big day came. Rollout. At the time, 26 airlines had placed orders for the 747. On that day, the jet was christened by 26 flight attendants, who then lined up for photos in front of the humongous jet. The event received tons of press coverage, and huge crowds gathered to see the jet.

A few hours later, the jet was rolled back in to be worked on more. After a few months of hard work, the *City of Everett* was rolled back out again, this time with pilots inside. The plane took off and flew to a height of 15,000 feet before doing systems checks and simulated failures like a simulated hydraulic systems failure.

The plane took it like a champ. After more than an hour in the air, the giant aircraft landed safely on the runway. What followed was a barrage of testing and test flights, amounting to over 1,400 hours in the air. On December 30<sup>th</sup>, 1969, the FAA approved the 747 for commercial use.

The plane was supposed to be a big hit. It was supposed to dominate almost every major flight route in existence. But it didn't. Development costs for the 747 were blowing the budget roof into the stratosphere, dragging Boeing's debt up with it. Even worse, Boeing's SST (Supersonic Transport) program was cancelled by Congress, leaving the company lost as what to do.

Boeing was in trouble. It began laying off thousands of workers, which basically launched the local unemployment rate way up. For the next few years, the only new orders were a handful from foreign carriers. Adding to the problem, the 1973 oil crisis only made things worse, especially when considering the fact that the 747 burned a LOT of fuel.

However, Boeing weathered through, and by 1975, the company was selling more and more 747s. People who flew on the 747 praised its high ceilings and luxurious interior. Pilots commented on its high maneuverability and pilot-friendly controls. In fact, it was such a good plane that it became the President's sweet ride: the iconic Air Force One 747, AKA the "Flying White House".

It wasn't just the President buying 747s. NASA purchased two for the iconic Space Shuttle carrier, and the Air Force screwed around with some, trying to turn them into flying aircraft carriers. They were also used as aerial refuelers, becoming flying gas stations for jets.

Fast forward to October 25, 2007. Up until then, the 747 had no trouble in the market, boasting as the only jet of its kind. Then, the A380 was released. The 747 and A380 became competitors in their market, each trying to outsell the rest. However, they were fighting in a losing market. Airlines no longer favored large, luxurious lounges and cavernous cabins. It was all in for putting more people in less planes. Fuel-efficient two-engine jets like the 737 and A330 became the dominating jets in the sky.

And now, we arrive in December 2022. Boeing halts production of 747s. The last jet rolls out the factory doors. The 747 plant is refurbished to manufacture 787s and 777s, which will replace the 747. Why? Because, while 747s are awesome jets, they're just too uneconomical, too expensive for their usefulness.

So there you have it. The history of the 747, from an inability to stretch the 727, to the best jet in the world, to becoming a dying race. However, it has left many great memories, from Kennedy stepping off the Air Force One, to the Space Shuttle carrier, to some awesome museum displays. If you want to see the original City of Everett, the first 747, you can visit the Museum of Flight in Everett Field! That's all for this article. See you next month!

## FLAME & FROST

### BY EMBER (CREDITS TO WARRIORS!)

Hello! This is the author speaking! First, I want to give credit to Yara and Kimaya, as they helped with the story. The protagonist of the story is Flamepaw. Flamepaw as a she-cat with flame-colored fur and a set of brilliant white wings. She also has fire powers. Some of the cats in this story will have elemental powers, wings, pets, or the ability to transform. Also, you can ask me if you want to see the full story of Flame & Frost or Falkor. (P.S, don't have high expectations for anything, I'm not the best the best at writing) Send me an email; my email is [emberdragonwing@gmail.com](mailto:emberdragonwing@gmail.com) or [linyan30@issaquah.wednet.edu](mailto:linyan30@issaquah.wednet.edu). Right now, this is just a side chapter, but it will have a relationship to later in the story. This also relates to Falkor; another story I'm working on. You can also send me a request to add a new character through [here\(click\)](#). 99% of the time, I do. For example, Kimaya's cat (Dreampaw) now has her own side chapter. And Storm will come in later through the story. Ok. That's all for now ~ bye!

## SIDE CHAPTER: A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY: DREAMPAW (FROSTCLAN)

I swiped one paw over my ear, making sure my scarlet rose was in place.

"Dreampaw!" called Birchfur, "Time to go!"

I stood up and bounded over to Birchfur. Today was my first day out! My wings twitched uncontrollably in excitement as Birchfur began explaining today's plans.

"Okay. First, we'll explore the territory and do some battle training before going on a border patrol." I almost squealed like a kit, but then reminded myself that I *wasn't* a kit anymore.

"Okay Birchfur!" The white tom nodded and then bounded out of camp.

I scrambled to follow him, beating my giant eagle wings fiercely. A pink feather drifted off my wings. Eventually, BirchFur finally stopped. (Thank StarClan, I was sure my legs would drop off any moment!) I skidded to a halt behind him, panting.

"This is the border," said Birchfur.

He glanced over at me, where I had dropped on the ground and was distracted by a fluttering blue butterfly nearby.

"Dreampaw?" asked Birchfur, prodding me back into focus.

"Aah! R-right, Birchfur!" I yelped, leaping to my paws, my wings half-unfurled.

"Repeat what I just said..." said Birchfur dryly.

"Um. That is the border between us and FlameClan and we need to mark it? A lot?" I guessed.

Birchfur sighed. "You were completely not listening, were you? I *said* that we only need border patrols only two times per time, once during well, right now, and once during sun high. To mark the border, you simply scent specific markers."

I nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, Birchfur!" Birchfur seemed pleased by this and nodded.

**46 minutes later...**

I poked my nose at the waterfall. "Woah, it's so *cold*!"

Birchfur looked amused. "Of course it's cold, it's a river!"

Suddenly, a terrifying shriek spilt the air, and I lost my balance on the slippery rocks beside the river. "Help!" I wailed as I fell in.

"DREAMPAW!" cried Birchfur, lunging out to grab my scruff. The white tom just barely managed to hang onto me in the river's current. Slowly, Birchfur dragged me out, step by step. I was trembling with fear as he set me out on the ground.

"Are you... okay?" Birchfur panted.

I bobbed my head. "Yeah, I really want to check out that shriek though. What if cats get hurt?" I asked, concerned. I bounded over to where the waterfall fell down a long distance and also where I'd heard the screech come from.

Birchfur frowned. "I'm not sure... that *is* FlameClan territory.

Then, suddenly, the tip of what I thought was giant ice spikes shot above the trees. I jerked back with a yelp then turned to look at Birchfur. "Is that enough reason?" I asked him smugly.

BirchFur slowly padded up and surveyed the ice spikes. "That is Snowdust's signature move. We better get back to camp; FlameClan might need help..." said Birchfur grimly.

"Oh... do you mean they're having a battle? Yay! Let's go help!" I said excitedly.

Birchfur stared. "Dreampaw... if Snowdust used it, that means they are fighting something terrible. Perhaps three badgers or something like that. We must get help. Come on!" The tom spun around and bounded back to camp with me at his heels.

## CHAPTER TWO: BLOOD AND FANGS

I stared around the clearing in disbelief. A giant, snake-like creature with a vulture's head and wings was strewn out around the clearing. It had a long gash along its side that had already scabbed over. Its head was poised over Snowdust, who was bleeding heavily. Nightpelt was the nearest cat to us, and she looked like she was dead, blood pooling into a tiny pond around her. Shadowfur was circling behind the thing, claws unsheathed.

"Chimera..." breathed Bristleclaw.

"I thought they were extinct decades ago!" said Diamondfur, shocked.

"NIGHTPELT!" screamed Eaglepaw, lunging forward to Nightpelt's side. "Nightpelt, get up! We're here, come on!" Eaglepaw nudged Nightpelt's head.

The chimera's head jerked toward us instantly at the noise. Snowdust immediately zipped from under it to us. "She's dead," said Snowdust grimly. "I saw the chimera break her neck with its beak; it's no use."

Eaglepaw let out a wail filled with sadness and desperation. "NO! She *can't* be dead!"

"...I'm sorry, Eaglepaw. But she's in StarClan, now." said Snowdust softly.

"Let me try to heal your wounds." mewed Leafeye, who had a healing ability. "We don't want any more casualties today."

Leafeye raised her paw, which was now enveloped in a light green light. Leafeye gingerly touched Snowdust's most threatening wound, a deep gash along her side. Snowdust flinched but didn't move away. The wound slowly closed, new fur growing over it, before Leafeye healed a few more wounds, before Snowdust said, "No, that is enough. Save the rest of your strength for fighting; the medicine cats can do the rest when we get back." Leafeye looked about to complain, but Snowdust silenced the cat with a glare. The chimera suddenly shrieked like an eagle. Everyone whipped around

"Attack!" yowled Flutteringjay, launching herself at the chimera. "FOR NIGHTPELT!"

The other cats echoed the battlecry and launched themselves at the chimera, which let out another piercing screech.

I leaped at the chimera, searching for an opening in its lashing tail. *There!* A spot in its tail didn't have any scales, I could just make out the pale flash beneath. I lunged at it, gripping tight with my claws and beating my wings fiercely. I scrabbled at the spot, trying to rake out more scales. I succeeded in a few before using my teeth. If I dug my claws into the root of the scale and attempted to rake out a wall around it before pulling it out with my teeth, it was much easier to pull it out. I'd dislodged about ten scales when Rabbitpaw noticed what I was doing.

"SKYPAW!" he yowled and darted to my side, copying what I was doing. Skypaw joined too and we started to dig a hole, making the chimera's tail tip more vulnerable. Then I had an idea.

"Guys! We should dig around the tail and then... I know it's kind of gruesome, but we could try to pull it off." I muttered.

"Sure, we can try it," agreed Rabbitpaw and leaped over to the other side at began ripping off scales from there.

Skypaw ripped off scales a little way up from where I was going. Blood stained my teeth as I continued the work. Eventually, the chimera noticed. Flutteringjay and the other warriors had distracted it until now but apparently, the pain had become too much. The chimera shrieked in anger as its head streaked toward us, jaws glinting with sharp white teeth and wide open. I yowled in terror but stayed frozen in place; fear immobilizing me.

"FLAMEPAW!" yowled Flutteringjay and dove straight at the chimera, fur bristling along her spine.

"NO!" I cried as the chimera turned toward my mother and snapped her right wing with one bite. My mother fell to the ground, and yowls of outrage came from the surrounding cats.

"HOW DARE YOU!" hissed Snowdust. "I've had enough!" The angry white she-cat reared onto her hindlegs before slamming her paws back onto the earth. Giant spikes of ice appeared out of the ground, cutting into the chimera's skin in some places and separating my fallen mother from its jaws in the process.

"Mother!" I cried, racing to FlutteringJay's side.

She groaned and her eyes opened slowly.

"...Flame...paw?" asked the she-cat.

I flapped my wings, casting blades of air at the chimera. A she-cat raced in circles around the chimera, leaping over and skidding under the chimera's attacks, distracting it while I attacked it. The pale gray cat looked like a ghostly blur as she avoided every attack with ease. I narrowed my eyes and concentrated on building up a big attack as I knelt beside my mother. Then I reared up and slammed my paws into the ground, casting cracks spiraling toward the giant writhing monster. Orange light from the cracks seared the chimera wherever it touched. *Oh. I guess I can still use Backdraft here!*

"That's it, Flamepaw! Keep doing it!" screeched Storm, shooting a bolt of electricity at the chimera's beak.

The chimera gave another scream in rage and opened its feathered wings, ready to fly away. Wrong choice. With a powerful flap of my wings, I sent tornadoes spiraling toward both its wings. *Hehe. Take that, ya big lump of a snake bird!* I grinned as I watched the chimera get torn down by the tornadoes and cats leap on top of it. *Turns out even if it's in another universe, my power still works the same way!* I paused as I turned to watch Flutteringjay. Glancing around to make sure nobody was watching, I waved my paw, casting holyfire over her wounds, which instantly closed.

Flutteringjay didn't seem to notice. She staggered to her paws, too distracted to question her sudden recovery. A sudden screech distracted me, and I looked to see warriors emerge from the distance. They leapt to assist us in taking down the snake thing, which was now determinedly shaking off FlameClan warriors.

"Frostclan!" Snowdust cried, a hint of relief in her voice. She didn't take her eyes off the chimera however and sent spiraling ice towers with a flick of her tail to surround the chimera, cutting off its escape. Storm suddenly aimed a rogue bolt of lightning towards the chimera, but it suddenly shot off course toward Snowdust, who was concentrating on the chimera too hard to notice.

"Oh no!" she gasped. I flicked a paw and used my wind powers to redirect it towards the chimera. The bolt went back onto its course but now had blades of wind surrounding it.

*Woah. I didn't know I could do that!*

The mixture of power struck the chest of the snake, and it hissed with fury. At this time, the Frostclan warriors screeched and flung themselves at the beast. The chimera, seeming to notice it was on the losing side of the battle now, flared its wings and flew into the sky, despite the injuries. I growled in frustration. *Fine*. If I couldn't kill it, I would at least give it an injury it would remember! I raised one paw into the air. Fire blazed above me, forming a phoenix. Rising Phoenix never failed to injure its target. I sent the fire streaking toward the chimera and heard a long shriek as it spiraled toward the ground trailing embers.

Skypaw gasped, and a few cats turned to stare at the fiery bird. It majestically shrieked before diving, talon first, into the midst of the sky. Rising Phoenix was entirely on fire, and its claws scraped the tail.

The weak spot now targeted; the phoenix triumphantly tore the tail off. Blood oozed, but I realized a moment too late that the chimera was falling to the ground.

"Run, warriors!" Snowdust commanded. I burst into flight a moment too late as I tried to make the phoenix grab the chimera and throw it in the lake nearby. Suddenly, a cat thrust me forward. I looked to see Rabbitpaw by my side, helping me run.

The chimera was now lying on its side. Half of its body lay in the lake, which was tinted red around where the wound bled. The tail had smoldered to ashes before it had even touched the ground and I had extinguished the phoenix. Leafeye tentatively took a step toward the chimera, Sunfoot tasted the air for any other threats, but Eaglepaw rushed to Nightpelt's body.

Eaglepaw slowly put her muzzle in Nightpelt's fur, I looked back, grim satisfaction in that the chimera had paid for its bloodthirsty actions. My heart throbbed with grief.

Storm, who had assisted us, padded to my leader. "It must be hard to lose a loved one." She whispered to Snowdust.

*Is it just me, or do I hear anger in her voice?*

"Thank you for helping. You have good skill." Snowdust replied, distracted from Storm's tone as grief shimmered in her eyes.

Longwing, Sharpclaw, and Diamondfur assessed the damage. Leafpaw came to me, grinning. "I didn't know you could summon that phoenix!"

"It was nothing." I replied, wincing when I saw the scratches on Leafpaw's flank. My paw twitched but I knew I couldn't reveal my secret.

My foster mother hurried to me, worry in every paw step. "Are you okay?! That chimera almost fell on you! You're only a one-day old apprentice!" Flutteringjay gasped. My adoptive mother curled her tail around me and frantically checked me over for wounds.

"Flutteringjay! I'm fine!" I complained, though I didn't truly mind. Warmed by her care, I looked to see cats huddled around Nightpelt.

"Bristleclaw, Sharpclaw, please carry Nightpelt's body to camp. There we shall give her a proper vigil and burial. May her spirit live in StarClan." Snowdust mewed, her voice weighed down by sadness. The cats nodded grimly, but Eaglepaw stood still, shadowed by grief. I gently padded to my friend's side.

"Eaglepaw? Are you okay? I know she was a good mentor," I soothed, running my tail down her spine.

"Yes," agreed Flutteringjay as she came to Eaglepaw's other side. "She will be missed by all the Clan and many more. She will never be forgotten, and her spirit will live on in all of us.

Eaglepaw sighed, her eyes glittering with unshed tears. "I hope so. Do you think she'll ever visit me? I know that's for medicine cats, but..." She sighed and her head dipped toward the ground. I didn't want to say anything to increase her grief.

"Well...possibly!" I tried to sound as cheerful as I could. I nudged her shoulder and ran my tail tip down her side gently. "Come on, they'll be waiting for us at camp."

Flutteringjay nodded, and Eaglepaw sighed, rising to her paws. "Okay."

I stayed behind to look at the crumbled remains of the chimera when a few paw steps sounded behind me. I turned to see Storm, the rogue.

"Hello. Your name is Flamepaw, right? I'm Storm." I nodded, looking towards the gray she-cat.

"What a beast!" She snorted. Then her voice became softer. "Would Snowdust find it in her heart to accept me in Flameclan?"

"Well, probably! But I should be leaving. We need to treat wounds as well as... Nightpelt," I dipped my head, to show that I meant no disrespect.

"Take me with you," Storm pleaded. "I can ask Snowdust while you're there." Her eyes had widened, begging. I hesitated. The she-cat was nice, but why was she asking an apprentice? And why did she want to join so badly?

*But she's so earnest...It wouldn't hurt to bring her to the camp. And she's strong, too.*

I nodded and Storm brightened. "Thank you!" she purred happily.

# PARROTS (Parodies)

Creative Writing 

By Ember, Kimaya & MM

## Chapter TWO: Angel

Sam told me to split off because somebody was still there. I veered off to the left, circling around to the back. I didn't really see anyone though.

"Where is everyone now?" crackled Ruby's voice through my mini transceiver.

"Me and Sam are back, but Sam says there is still somebody there." I responded.

"Yes, I'm not sure who yet, but I suspect it's Spike. We fooled him enough with the circle formation, he probably knows what it is now." said Sam

"I've finished up my business, heading back." Cody's voice chirped through the transceiver.

"Got it," everyone responded.

"So, Sam, should we wait until everyone arrives to go in? Especially since you think it's Spike..." I said to Sam.

"Yes, but could I ask for a favor from you, Angel?" answered Sam.

"Sure!!!" I said happily, "What is it?"

"Could you, um, scout, and make sure who it is?" asked Sam.

"Sure!" I responded.

I flapped my wings and swooped up into the sky, landing on the roof of a building. I looked around. Well, everywhere besides up. I should have known better though. I hopped to the edge of the building and peeked down.

"BEHIND YOU!" shrieked Sam.

I leaped out of the way just in time to see giant, sharp talons rake the ground beside me. I yelped and flapped away as fast as I could, Spike right behind me. He hissed and snapped his sharp beak at my tail. On the fourth try, he caught a few tail feathers. I veered sharply to one side and Spike cackled in delight. He bit off more, and I started to lose control of my flight. MY FLIGHT. Flying was one of my favorite things, and this... this stupid excuse for an eagle was destroying my favorite hobby! How could he?! I turned around in anger, shrieking at the top of my lungs.

"STOP BITING ME, YOU IDIOT!" I shrieked.

Spike lurched back in surprise for a second, and that was enough. I lunged toward his right eye but missed. Still, I ripped feathers from his face, and I'm quite sure it hurt.

"GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU BIG LUMP!" screeched Ruby's voice.

Ruby crashed into Spike, shoving him to one side.

"Come on!" yelled Sam, flapping away.

The three birds nodded, and we flapped away onto a busy street, with traffic lights and power wires. I couldn't control my flight well though, and Ruby had to help me get back on track sometimes. I felt myself starting to sob. (Yes, we can cry) "It's fine, you were very brave," Sam soothed. Spike cried out behind us in anger, as the big bird of prey couldn't maneuver through the wires and other things as well as us, and we all accelerated. Suddenly, Cody appeared, holding a cup full of coffee precariously in his beak. A bit of coffee sloshed out, onto a person's head. Cody did the possibly bravest thing he had ever done in his life. Aiming the coffee at Spike's head, he threw it. It was the best shot Cody had ever done in the group. Spike screeched. I was surprised as the coffee cup shattered against his head. Coffee-stained Spike's white feathers and fell to the ground. People yelped as they looked up to find cup shards, coffee, and an eagle falling on them.

"What the heck?!" yelled a man.

"I'm calling Animal Control!" yelled a woman.

A kid squealed in delight and poked Spike before being dragged back by its mother. Suddenly, a white van pulled up, and on its sides, in big blue words: **ANIMAL CONTROL**.

"Everyone, we've got this under control!" yelled a man in a white coat that said: **ANIMAL CONTROL**, like the van.

Uh oh... I thought.

"SERIOUSLY?! *ANIMAL CONTROL*?! WE ARE NOT BUGS!" complained Ruby furiously.

The humans seemed oblivious to Ruby's complaints and started to chatter to each other. Ruby muttered something, and I was glad enough to not hear it. Suddenly, an enticing smell wafted up from a cage they put out. My mind started to get foggy, and I felt myself slowly flapping down...

"WAKE UP, YOU DOLTS!" snapped a voice above me.

I jerked out of my trance and looked up to see LightningTail hovering above us. LightningTail was one of our earliest friends, and we had proven a good bond with the female peregrine falcon.

"Nutheads," muttered LightningTail, before saying, "Follow me!"

LightningTail swooped away to the west, the parrots trailing after her. The Animal Control People (We shall call them ACP, because, obviously, Animal Control People is way too long) yelled in confusion and hurried after us in their van.

"New York has changed some since you guys left," said LightningTail. "For one thing, Diamond and Silver found out how to make tiny bombs."

"Yay." I said flatly, "What are they going to do with the bombs? Throw them at people?"

"Humans have recognized the intelligence of some birds in NYC, as well as in other areas. We're developing... defenses." said LightningTail.

Then, SparkFeather, LightningTail's mate, arrived and the two explained the circumstances in New York and basically, everywhere around the world.

"So, that is how everything- RUN!" screeched SparkFeather.

The two peregrine falcons zipped off in an explosion of feathers. One feather landed on my head. I shook it off. I followed the falcons without knowing exactly what we were running from. I risked a 360 spin to see what it was and... uh oh.

## Cats.

The ACP had found two cats and were making them chase us. Oh joy. I beat my wings harder, the wind and adrenaline rushing through my feathers. I decided to be a little brave and swooped just within the reach of the cats.

One leaped forward and I rose into the air gracefully. Well, as gracefully as I could with some missing tail feathers. "Feline jealous?" I teased with amusement.

Cody flew next to me. "Come on, I know it's fun, but we shouldn't risk it," he said worriedly.

"Party-pooper." I muttered.

I gave an annoyed huff and soared ahead. Cody flew just ahead of me, and I saw some sticks in his claws. No, wait. Not sticks, matches.

"CODY! WHAT ON EARTH?! WHY DO YOU HAVE MATCHES???" Ruby screeched.

She was probably jealous.

World News 🌐

Israel-Hamas war

By Spriha Suman

**Due to a mysterious incident in Journalism Club when the ENTIRE ISSUE got deleted on the publish day, there will be no updates for the war between Israel and Hamas, But I'll try to put some updates together. Sadly, next month there won't be a World News section, but instead, you can watch the news and stay tuned.**

**HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!** 🎃

The war between the countries Israel and Hamas started over the weekend of 10/7/23. Hamas launched a missile attack on Gaza, which caused Israel to declare war on Hamas.

The war between the two has escalated, in Gaza over 8,000 people have died. Mainly, Women, children and the elderly have been killed. U.S has sided with Israel and Gaza, supporting, and giving medical supplies.

Gaza's hospitals have been destroyed and the home shelters cannot hold many people, so some are sent back to the rubble of their homes. Egypt has sent 94 trucks to Gaza, bearing food and supplies.

Hama's holds many people hostage, including Gaza civilians and U.S visitors. Many have been killed and evidence shows that Hamas has over 200 hostages.

## **CREATIVE WRITING: LOST IN THE WILDERNESS: CHAPTER 2**

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**By Avirnila Rajkumar (Nila)**

*In case you missed the previous article, here is a quick recap.*

In the previous chapter, we learn that our main character MEG is stranded. She is tending to her injuries when a BLACK BEAR pounces on her. The black bear then says hi. No, really! The bear literally says "hi!"

Meg screamed. Not that the bear expected it, he wasn't used to humans at all. He jammed his paw into Meg's mouth to stop her. "What are you doing!?! " He rasped. "you'll wake the wolves, and then we'll both die!" Meg stopped trying to break free from the bear's grip; he had a surprisingly strong grip for such a small bear. Thoughts were swirling around in her head. *Since when do bears talk? And what wolves are so deadly that they can kill a bear and a human? Did I knock my*

*head against something or am I just having a very weird dream? Yeah, I hope I'm dreaming. Let me pinch myself.*

“OW!” Meg shouted. In surprise, the bear withdrew its paw. “*WHAT PART OF “QUIET” DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?*” The bear angrily whispered.

15. America Recycles Day	16. Button Day	17. Homemade Bread Day	18. Occult Day	19. Have a Bad Day Day	20. Absurdity Day	21. Go For a Ride Day
22. Go For a Ride Day	23. Eat a Cranberry Day	24. Flossing Day (the tooth kind)	25. National play with dad day	26. International Cake Day	27. Pins + Needles Day	28. National French Toast Day
29. Throw out your leftovers day	30. National Mason Jar Day	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.



## RC Car Club

By Em Jackson

### Beginning Of Meeting

I was amazed as everyone walked in and started talking about all things RC. All the conversations hit me at once. Tires, bodies, and batteries covered the back of the room. Mr. Clymer told all to hush and log in using the Google Form. He joked with a student about the name on the form being “Remote Control” instead of “Radio Control.” He then said, “I wanted people to take this club more seriously.” Everyone paid attention as he went over basic

guidelines and rules for the day. The goal is to get more TRX 4 Crawlers. He then went ahead to talk about the mystery crawler, getting everyone excited. The room hummed with excitement as everyone talked about their ideas. After a while budget talk took over the room. He encouraged everyone to speak up about all things RC Car. We all watched a video titled, "RC Downhill Battle". With its dramatic music it was entrancing. Mr. Clymer helped everyone prepare their cars and then we left.

## Outside

We left down the stairwell, crossed the staff parking lot, and headed up the power line trail. I've walked this trail many times before, but this time we took a steep hill up to the side of the baseball field in Klahanie Park. All the people tried to have their little cars run up the hill. Most of them tipped over. I sat down on the out bench and watched all the little RC cars race around the field. I put down my laptop and got up to watch and boy, am I telling you those little things are fast. They whizzed around and skidded creating dust clouds all over the place. But you better watch your feet sometimes they hit you on the heel. As soon as the battery died it was sent to Mr. Clymer. After a fun 30 minutes we headed back. All in all, I really enjoyed RC Car Club. Peace out-Em Jackson

# Surveys

By Evelyn, Rishika, and Kimaya

Thanks for so many responses for the forms, and we hope you enjoy the new ones!

## Last Month's Results:

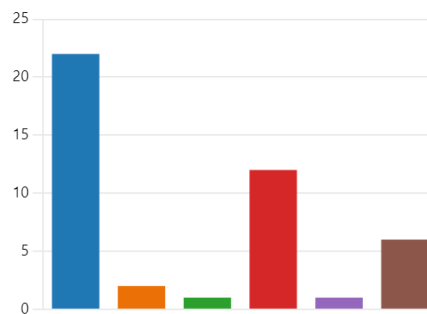
### Opinions About Halloween:

3. What's the best thing about Halloween?

[More Details](#)

[Insights](#)

Trick-or-treating	22
Carving pumpkins	2
Being scared	1
CANDY	12
Decorating your front yard	1
Other	6



4. Do you like being scared?

[More Details](#)

YES	15
Sure	15
I don't care	7
Not really	4
NO	3

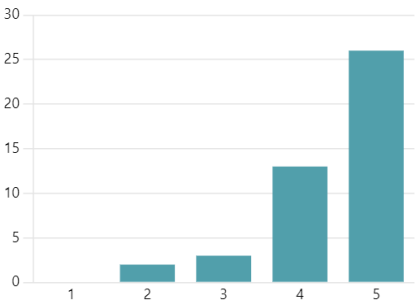


5. How do you rate Halloween?

[More Details](#)

Insights

4.43  
Average Rating



Most Overrated Fall Flavor:

1. Which is the most overrated fall flavor?

[More Details](#)

Pumpkin Spice	32
Cinnamon	4
Apple	4
Caramel	6
Chai	7

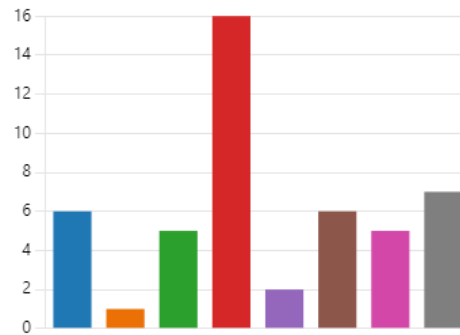


Favorite Winter Activity:

### 1. Favorite Winter Activity

[More Details](#)

● Skiing	6
● Snowboarding	1
● Snow Tubing	5
● Sledding	16
● Building Snowmen	2
● Snowball Fights!	6
● Vacations	5
● Other	7



### New Forms:

Best Thanksgiving Food?

[Thanksgiving Food Form \(click\)](#)

Best Holiday?

[Holidays Form \(click\)](#)

Favorite Game?

[Games Form \(click\)](#)

Talk to Evelyn if you have an idea for  
a new form or click below!

[New Form Form \(click\)](#)

## *Trapped in a dream*

By Amna Ahmed

Chapter 2: Alive?

Sara's eyes dart open. She looks around to see skyscrapers the size of rocket ships.

She was exactly where she was when the car tried to crush her to death. But she wasn't dead at all....

"How am I alive?!" She exclaimed. "The car clearly crashed into me..."

"GET OUT THE WAY!" screamed a dwarflike man. He tried to kick Sara, but she didn't feel a thing.

"Wait a minute..." Sara pinched herself, but she didn't feel a thing.

"OH MY GOD THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T DIE, IT WAS ALL A DREAM!" She screamed.

"All I had to do was jump off a building."

She aimed for the short office building since it was the nearest and she wanted to wake up quick.

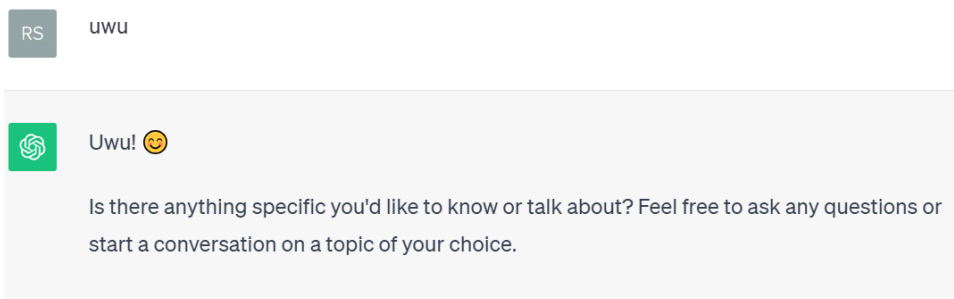
"Here goes nothing..." she said, and she jumped off.

"WHEEEEEEE" She hollers, then everything goes dark.

Stay tuned for chapter 3 in December issue!

The Latest Memes! 🤖

By Ram Shreyas

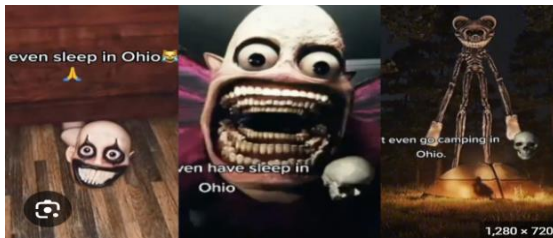


ChatGPT saying UWU

Memos That Left Us

Welcome to the first article of the latest memes on the internet! Here we will be discussing some of the latest memes that have arrived, memes that might be coming back, and the memes that have officially resigned from the meme world. Let's get to those memes!

First, we shall give our last words to the memes that have resigned from our world. The most popular meme that has left is the blowing up 2023 spring-summer meme: OHIO.



The OHIO meme came from a picture from a person named "screenshotofdespair" and the picture said, "Ohio will be eliminated". Later after almost 6 years, the picture reached the popular platforms TikTok and Twitter, and it blew up in August 2022. But it died 1 year later. There has also been a song created/related to the meme: LIL-B, Swag Like Ohio (18yrs+ song).

Another meme that has died is the Doge Meme. It left around late August 2023. But the reason it died is very sad.



The doge meme was blowing up everywhere. It all started from a 2010 photograph of Shiba Inu dog named Kabosu which became popular in late 2013. It became so popular that the meme created a cryptocurrency named "Dogecoin" in December 2013. But sadly, the dog/doge had cancer, and the dog/doge died on August 18, 2023, the owner mentioned on Instagram.

Stay tuned for the next 3 memes that have finished their life in a couple months to a couple years!

# Endangered Animals (Wolves)

By Ember

## Gray Wolves

Gray wolves. They look like their name. They are wolves with grey fur and some white as well. Gray wolves are also common in stories for kids, like 'The Big Bad Wolf', which depicts the wolf as gray. It's common in other stories as well. Perhaps that's a reason why not many people know that they are endangered. The grey wolf population right now might sound like a lot. After all, isn't around 200,000 – 250,000 a big number? Turns out, not when you're dealing with animal populations. People could make that number go down to 0 in a matter of years if they wanted to. And that happened, once. That was the reason gray wolves went onto the endangered species list, among other things.

Poaching, hunting, whatever you call it. That is one of the main reasons gray wolves were endangered. It's been banned, the poaching of wolves. But does that stop people? *No*. People, as you know, can be sneaky. I'm sure all of us have done something that we shouldn't have without our parents noticing before. Perhaps we still are. My point is, people can sneak past the laws, no matter *how* they do it. The fact that wolves are seen as a threat to many farmers also doesn't help. But let's get back on topic.

Gray wolves right now are threatened most by habitat destruction and intentional killing (Like poaching). These animals are rapidly losing vital habitat and losing places to go. Pollution in streams and other things also make wolves sick and ultimately, these wolves usually die. But many conservationists are trying to save these wolves, and some habitats they live in are being protected, like Yellowstone.

## Ethiopian Wolves

Okay. If you have never heard of Ethiopian wolves, I'll forgive you. But these wolves are *extremely* endangered. From habitat destruction and degradation to conflicts with ranchers and farmers, this wolf population is steadily going down. Diseases like rabies and canine distemper virus (CDV) can also kill wolves in a short span of time.

The Ethiopian wolf population has less than 500 individuals. Even though programs are trying to save these wolves, it will need much more to restore these wolves to their original grandeur. With such tiny numbers, Ethiopian wolves are highly vulnerable to disease outbreaks. In the past few years, they have been experiencing rabies and distemper outbreaks that have devastated the population further. Habitat destruction is also a main reason Ethiopian wolves are dying out, as they get pushed to more remote areas as their homes are destroyed for wood and space. Habitat degradation plays a part as well. The pollution of their air, water, and food can make Ethiopian wolves easily sick, and die. When people kill these wolves for going too close to their farm or ranch also doesn't help. Wolves are often not tolerated and shot down when they come too close to farms and ranches, and sometimes, any kind of building they come close to gives people a reason to kill them. Don't blame them, though. They probably think wolves are pests and bloodthirsty animals that can and will kill humans whenever they can. I won't say they *can't* kill a human, but usually, they won't. They'll stick to their usual prey; whether it's deer, rabbits, etc.

## Red Wolves

These wolves are critically endangered with only *twenty (20)* wolves left in the entire world. Why? Illegal killing, like hunting, is a big factor in the red wolf's decline. Scientists are trying to breed red wolves with coyotes to save

the species (they are called coywolves), but I am not sure if it works or not. Now, red wolves are mating with coyotes, but it's not a good thing, exactly. They are being *mistaken* for coyotes and shot. Their persecution by private landowners and livestock operators continues too.

As of August, Fish and Wildlife said the known collared population in the wild was 13, with a total estimated population of around 22 to 23 wolves.



<- Red wolf



<- Ethiopian wolf



<- Gray wolf

## The day everything went wrong

**By: Emily Smith**

Chapter 1: Okay. So, this day was not *all* bad, and neither were the ones that came after it, but some of it was still horrible. My name is Charlie, and I am in 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Today I was at soccer, but this isn't really that important to the story. I was there for an hour, me and my friend Lizzy were at team 1 practice, and every time we're at team 1 practice I get hurt. I usually get hurt in the head and fall and get back up and act weird, but today was different. I fell so hard, and I totally thought I was okay, but my coach said to sit out for a while. So, I did. Then I felt better until in PE when we were playing volleyball and I got hit in the head. Then.....

**Find out in the next issue.**

## **Upcoming FTC Spencer League Meet 1 (Robotics)**

### **School News**

#### **Kirill Mukhin**

Welcome all to this month's news from the clubs, and in this issue, I will briefly tell you all about the upcoming Robotics competition happening at our school on Sunday, November 5<sup>th</sup>. First let's talk about the name of the competition, which is a mouthful, FTC Spencer League Meet 1. FTC is part of FIRST (For Inspiration and Recognition of Science & Technology) Robotics, which is an international organization which seeks to further education in STEM & Robotics through competition and Gracious Professionalism™. There are three levels of competition in FIRST, which are FLL (FIRST Lego League) (Which is made up of FLL Discover for ages 4-6, FLL Explore for ages 6-10, and FLL Challenge for ages 10-16 (In theory)), and involves the construction of a Lego robot and an innovation project, FTC (FIRST Tech Challenge, in which students aged 12-18 construct robots out of metal parts and electronics, and FRC (FIRST Robotics Competition), where hulking behemoth robots are constructed by high schoolers from various parts. BLMS's robotics club fields 3 FLL teams with about 10 people per team & 2 15-person FTC teams. These 2 FTC teams, which are team 15337 Alpha Intelligence and team 17595 Beta Bionix, will be competing in a series of 2 competitions within FIRST Washington's Spencer league, a division made up of 16 teams from the state. Both of these competitions will occur in BLMS, with the first on November 5<sup>th</sup> as previously mentioned, and the second on December 3. The teams have been working on their robots since September, and hope to match the success of the school's teams last season, in which, for those of you who don't know, both of the teams were part of the winning alliance in Washington state.

Hope to see you there!

## **Israel and Palestine War updates**

**By: Aryan Mundru**

- At least 8,306 people in Gaza have been killed in the conflict and more than 21,048 wounded, the Gaza Health Ministry said. The Israeli death toll reported by Israeli authorities has not increased since at least Oct. 16, hovering around 1,400 people killed, with more than 5,400 injured.
- The Biden administration said it would not support a cease-fire now because it would benefit Hamas, National Security Council spokesperson John Kirby said Monday. "Hamas is the only one that would gain from [a cease-fire] right now as Israel continues to prosecute their operations against Hamas leadership," Kirby said at a White House news conference.
- Hamas released footage on Monday that appeared to show three Israeli hostages delivering a statement critical of Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. The date the video was filmed

remains unclear, although one of the hostages says it is 23 days (about 3 and a half weeks) after the Oct. 7 Hamas attack.

- The Israel Defense Forces has “expanded” its operations in the Gaza Strip in recent days, pouring in troops and armored tanks to conduct “coordinated attacks from the ground and the air,” spokesperson Daniel Hagari said.
- Israeli tanks pushed toward the edge of Gaza City and fired on two civilian cars on coastal Salah al-Din Road on Monday morning, according to eyewitnesses in Gaza, in the deepest incursion to date since Israel expanded its ground operations late Friday (10/27/2023).
- Around 3,200 children have been killed in the Gaza Strip in just three weeks, surpassing the number of children killed annually across the world’s conflict zones since 2019
- Catherine Russell, executive director of the UNICEF, said that “more than 420 children are being killed or injured in Gaza each day.

## Citations

Cho, Kelly Kasulis, et al. “Israel-Gaza War Live Updates: Israel Increases Troops, Tanks in Gaza as Part of ‘expanded’ Operation.” *The Washington Post*, WP Company, 30 Oct. 2023, [www.washingtonpost.com/world/2023/10/30/israel-war-hamas-gaza-news-palestine/](https://www.washingtonpost.com/world/2023/10/30/israel-war-hamas-gaza-news-palestine/).

## Teacher Interview with Ms. Pullins

Interviewed by Amna Ahmed, Shruti Sridharan, and Yara Rustum

**Q: What is the best part of being a teacher?**

A: Watching students have those aha moments.

**Q: Why did you want to be a teacher here at BLMS?**

A: I heard about the great students and staff and wanted to be part of the team.

**Q: What do you think is the best part of math?**

A: Everything! The best part of math is not having to spell. Math just makes sense to my brain.

**Q: If you could teach any other subject, what would it be?**

A: A cooking class; culinary arts.

**Q: How would you describe your style of teaching?**

A: Engaging with each other, collaborating with each other.

**Q: What is life like outside of teaching?**

A: Hang out with family, baking, Netflix once in a while. SLEEP. Definitely sleep.

**Q: What's your favorite movie and book?**

A: Elemental! It was really good. I liked it. Book: Harold and the purple crayon. Math book: Sir Cumference.

## *The Headless Horseman (Happy Halloween!)*

*By Ember*

It was a cold wintry night. Lights flickered through windows, and you could hear the hooting of owls in the quiet town. A breeze drifted through it, rustling leaves. Nobody knew what happened that night.

*6:00 pm*

A man trotted on his horse, leaving the party. He was the first one to leave. An elderly man had warned him, on his way out, to not leave alone.

"Beware... don't go out alone," he had croaked, "The headless horseman. I am warning you... you'll be caught. But if you insist... you will be... safe as long as you are on or past the bridge... good luck."

Of course, the man hadn't listened. Why would he? It was just an old man's ranting. But as his gaze flicked nervously over the dark looming pine trees, and not a sound echoed through the forest besides his own horse's hooves on the hard cobblestone path, he began to wish he'd listened to the old man. Then there was another clapping of hooves. He sighed in relief as he looked back. But there was nobody there.

"Hello? Is there anybody here?" asked the man, uncertainty creeping into his voice.

The forest felt too quiet for the man. Then, a black stallion's head appeared. The man relaxed.

"Oh! There you are! Why didn't you -" The man cut off and screamed. "T-the old man w-was correct... the headless horseman."

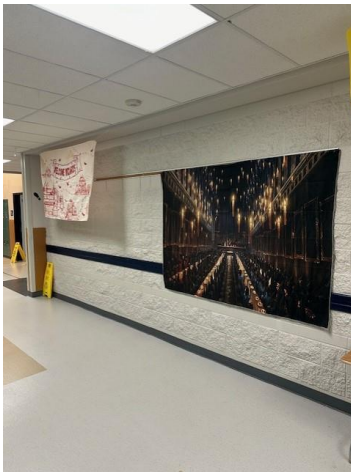
The man riding the black stallion was headless. On his hand, he held a carved pumpkin that glowed. The man screamed again and urged his horse on. "Come on! Come on! Faster, faster!"

The man looked back to see the headless horseman riding after him. An eerie cackle echoed from the pumpkin. The man swiftly looked back. The bridge was only a few feet away! But when the man looked back, the horseman was coiling his arm back, ready to throw. Then the man was across the bridge. But the pumpkin touched him, and he disappeared, not having enough time to even make a single sound. The headless horseman stopped, inches away from the bridge. He turned around and left.

**Scroll down to the next page for C Wing Halloween photos!**

## C Wing Harry Potter Halloween!

A big thanks to all the teachers in C-Wing for making this possible! Lots of fun was had by all!





**Until next month...Woof Woof Bulldogs!**