

The Bulldog Bark



Advisor: Mr. Barnes

Principal: Mrs. Chamberlain

Your Middle School News Unleashed!

Winter 2016

Pushin' up for a good cause

By Patrick Hollenbach

Team 8 Barker

About 22 veterans commit suicide per day due to the trauma of war. Veterans do so much for us and what do they get? Vets get one day of "celebration" for risking their lives for us. All we have to do is say two simple words, "Thank you," when they risk their lives.

The good news is that Mr. Herzog wants to help people become aware of this situation with the 22KILL Push-Up challenge. Not only is *he* doing it, but four volunteer students from each class are "pushing up" the 22 as well.

This event will be going on



"C'mon! You can do it, buddy!" Steven Hoffman pushes up for a good cause during the 22KILL challenge.

See Push-Ups, page 2

Missing Pride: School Rescue Needed

By Nick Miller and Elija Albert

Team 8 Pride of the Packers

I'm sure a lot of you have heard about "Take Back Your School" on DNN. There is also a social media account on Instagram @save_nlms, and a recently discovered fake account created to scam other students @save.nlms. We know that some

kids either don't quite understand it or don't think it's going to work. Well, we are here to help you get a better understanding about what to do and what it is.

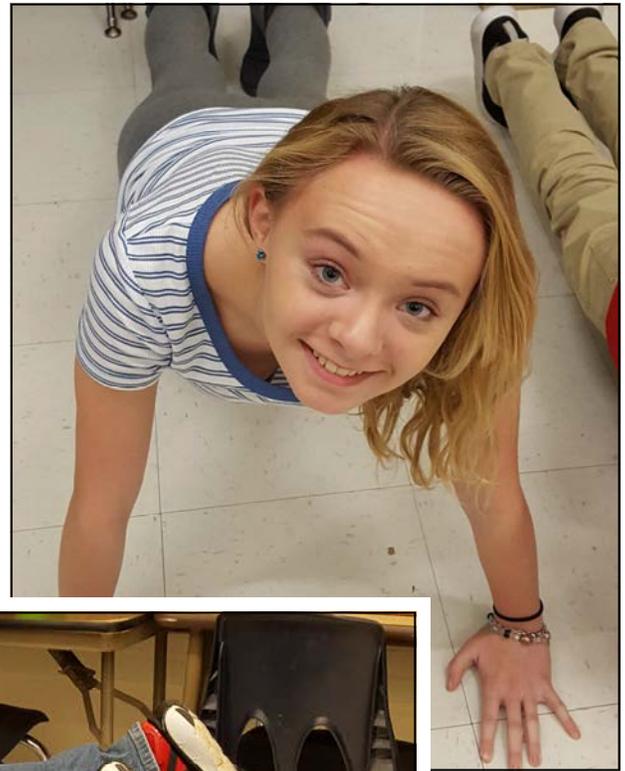
Are you tired of being pushed around by "entitled" idiots? Do you hate getting punished because of kids ruining class? Then this is for you. Our objective is to isolate the problem and put them in their

place. We need to stand up for ourselves and take back our school from them!

We interviewed Mr. Reinhard, the phys. ed/health teacher in our school, on the subject to see a teacher's point of view on this. We asked him the following questions and got his answers.

See Take It Back, page 3

Pushin' Up for the 22KILL Challenge



(Clockwise from top-left)
Blake Sterner,
Corinne Verba,
and a Brad
Horn-J.D.
Hunter combo
push-up for
veterans.

Push-Ups, from page 1

straight for 22 days. So to actually help the vets, the students are asked to get sponsors to donate \$22. Are you seeing a trend? Even Mr. Herzog is donating. The hopeful amount to raise is going to be about \$500. The money will go to veteran help centers so they can get the help they need.

More good news is that the Veteran Bikers Association, one

of the sponsors, decided that they would match the dollar amount raised and give us the money. This means we would have about \$1,000 to give to veterans.

This means fewer suicides and more help. If only everyone could know about the vets and how they are feeling. If only more people would act on their thoughts, we would have much more help for our veterans.

I, for one, think this challenge

is a great thing. It's not only going to raise awareness, but also to raise the money to get veterans better care. Also, this may seem like a small act, but it is actually extremely large in the long run.

I asked my family and friends, who have never heard of the 22KILL Push-Up Challenge, and they said "It's a good thing. It's a nice thing to do."

Middle School Health News/Happenings

Students and parents can now sign up to take the American Red Cross CPR/AED class that is offered here at NLMS after school in January. You might need this for a future part-time job or to help save a life in your family. The registration forms are located outside of the gym by the bench. See Mrs. Raber or email mraber@nlsd.org if you have any questions.

8th graders in Health class recently had guest speakers. Mr. and Mrs. Hankee, retired teach-

ers, presented information on Organ Donation. Stephanie Chicas, student intern for Susan Bahnick from our Food Services Department, taught about healthy snacking and nutrition for teens.

Anee Reiser's father talked to the 7th graders about his occupation in the heart department of Lehigh Valley Hospital. We thank all of our speakers for coming to NLMS.

7th graders are presently learning about the American Red Cross First Aid curriculum.

Steppin' Up, Standin' Out and Taking' It Back

Take It Back, from page 1

Q: Do you feel this can help our school?

A: Yes, I think it can empower the students to make a change in their lives.

Q: When do you think it will finally help?

A: It will actually help when a majority of the student population realizes what they need to do.

Q: What do you think about the fake @save.nlms account?

A: I think it's a weak attempt by some peers to deflect the blame away from them.

Q: How do you feel about the students in our school?

A: I believe that the majority of the students in our school are nice kids.

Q: How do you feel about bullying in our school?

A: I think it is probably the same as any other school, but I am glad to see some kids ready to address it.

There are correct ways and wrong ways to handle this. What we want is for kids to stand up for themselves. If someone is be-

ing disruptive in class, just stand up and tell them to stop so that you and other students may learn. Don't disrupt the class even more though.

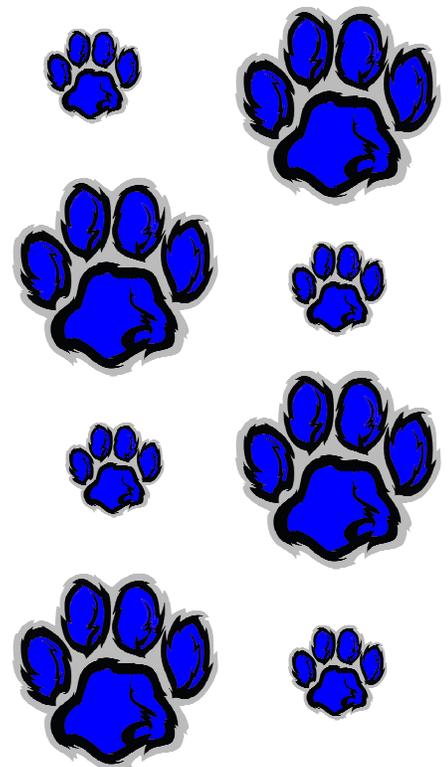
If someone is being disrespectful or mean to you, we don't want you to think that fighting them is what to do. We want students to approach them verbally, without inappropriate or disrespectful language, and to report them to the teacher.

If you think this won't work, then it won't. We need everyone to join us and stop them from taking over our school. Trust me, they are not as tough as they think.

They only think they are because we allow their behavior. We need to knock some sense into them because school should be a place to learn and socialize; not to bully and blurt out memes in class. We have heard some of the kids that don't believe in this complain about this school, and it bothers us.

If you don't like it, then you should help fix it. All we need for

this to work is trust, loyalty, and determination. We know that a lot of you reading this deep down inside like this idea, but you don't wish to share it. Don't let anything discourage you to stand up for yourself. This can work, and the numbers are in our favor if we can get them to join us. Stand up and take your school back!



The Election Roller-Coaster Has Stopped

...But America is Still On a Ride of Political Uncertainty

By Kristen Guelcher
Team 8 Future Voter

The 2016 Presidential Election — a crazy rollercoaster of all sorts of emotions that felt like it took a million years.

I was very confused when I found out that these were the two candidates we had to choose from for our President. Most people I talked to said they were voting for the candidate they hated less.

This was disappointing for me to hear because I realized that my future would be impacted by one of the candidates in a negative way no matter what.

After what felt like 200 debates, the President was chosen. I wasn't happy with the results but I knew I wouldn't be happy with either candidate. This election was the first election that I was old enough to understand. I am glad to be able to remember this election but I'm not happy at the same time.

I was happy to know that I had been alive during a pivotal time in this country's history. However, I only wish I didn't have to remember these two particular candidates. Watching the election, I was honestly scared.

I knew that part of my future was going to be in one of their hands and I was not particularly happy about that.

There were some good things about each candidate, but I mostly only heard of the bad things. From most of the adults I've talked to, they've said that the 2016 Election was the most negative one in America's history. Be-

lieve that it can be changed for the good of our country.

I think that Americans, as a whole, should be a direct part of choosing the President instead of just 538 votes. Also, with the Electoral College, not every



President-Elect Donald Trump surprised many people by winning the Electoral College to take office Jan. 20 as our next Commander-in-Chief.

ing that this is the first election I can remember, I have nothing to compare it to. However, I do agree that both of the candidates could have focused more on their own advantages other than their opponents' disadvantages.

Additionally, I still do not fully understand why we use the Electoral College to choose our President instead of the popular vote. I realize that this was a part of the original Constitution, but I

American's vote is equal depending on what state you live in. I believe that all votes should be treated equal.

The election is about who America wants as President, not just 538 votes. Overall, this election left me with so many emotions, questions, and just plain confusion. All I hope is that the 2020 election will be just a little less dramatic than this one.

Is Kaepernick doing the right thing?

By Kendall Heiney

Team 7 Barker

For these past three months the 49ers quarterback, Colin Kaepernick, has been kneeling in protest during our country's National Anthem.

It started in August when he felt that other races weren't being treated equally as others, and how some police men/women are getting away with shooting innocent African-Americans.

Kaepernick says to NFL Media, "I am not going to stand up to show pride in a flag for a country that oppresses black people and people of color. To me, this is bigger than football and it would be selfish on my part to look the other way. There are bodies in the street and people getting paid leave and getting away with murder."

I feel Kaepernick is doing the right thing about protesting, in a non-violent way, about it. On the other hand, I feel he could do it another way than kneeling during the National Anthem of our country. There are soldiers who fought for your rights and you're kneeling toward them, but you also have the right to kneel.

Kaepernick is even influenc-

ing others on his team, other teams, other sports, and even marching bands to join his Anthem-Kneel. Fellow players Eric Reid from the 49ers, Jeremy Lane from the Seahawks, Brandon Marshall from the Broncos, four Dolphins players, and many others joined. There was even a women's soccer player, Megan Rapinoe, who was kneeling.



Instead of kneeling, many are linking arms with each other, which is the non-controversial way of doing it. Martellus Bennett, Devin McCourty, Eli Harold, Antoine Betha, and others, raised their fists during the anthem.

Even in small towns, people are following Kaepernick's lead.

At a Garfield High School football game, all of the players and coaching staff knelt during the National Anthem.

At ESU, the marching band performed the Star Spangled Banner before a football game, some of the marchers knelt during the song and still played. In a video I watched, you could hear the people in the stadium booing the kids

because of their decision to kneel.

So I'm torn between right and wrong. No harm or offense was meant to happen, he's just getting his point across in a way people will notice. It's great he's making a statement, but not too great he's kneeling during our country's National Anthem.

Will America Become Great Again?

By Owen Levan-Uhler
Team 7 American

In my opinion, (also the opinion of many other Americans) America has always been great. America was great even before it was its own country.

What I mean is that everyone who participated in the Revolutionary War fought for our own government, justice, and freedom from Britain's iron grip on our 13 colonies.



Anyone willing to fight for these makes us great.

We made a Constitution to secure our freedom and rights. Then we made (and are still making) Amendments to that Constitution, which makes our country even greater. Look where we are now. We rose to be one of the best countries in the world in less than 250 years.

I don't want to sound patronizing, and I respect him as our president, but Donald Trump is

now our President-Elect, and he says we need to "Make America Great Again!"

But here's the thing — America's already great. Sure, we have a lot of national debt (and we can definitely work to get rid of that debt) or we can work to secure our borders.

Though, in my opinion, no matter how much debt we face or how many illegal immigrants come into our country, America is the greatest country I've ever known.

Walk-a-Thon Winners Got Shady at the Nook



Mr. Herzog accompanied the 8th grade's Walk-a-Thon winners to Suzy's Shady Nook. Pictured from left to right: Evan Horninger, Mike Adams, Evan Zambo, Chucky Wilk, Josh Sollars, Brady Hanzarik, Emily Hunsicker, Hailey Evans, Billy Muthard, Jeremy Brensinger and (in front) Caleb Richards.

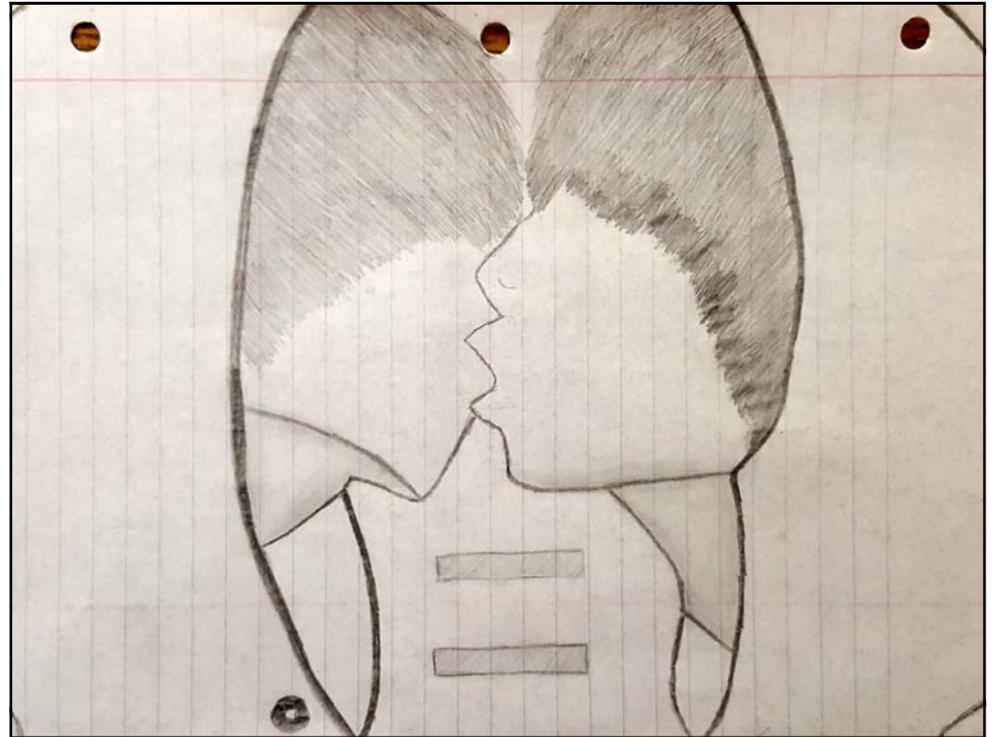
Why Do I Draw This?

By Lizzy Panetta
Team 7 Barker

“Why are you drawing that?” is a question that I hear almost everyday by someone when I draw this photo. You could call me obsessed, however, you don’t know the true meaning behind why I draw this.

That’s what I’m here to tell you. Most people can assume, “Oh, she only draws it for her brother.” I’ll stop you right there. It’s not only for my brother, it’s for everyone who’s lost their lives for “not being straight.” It is a symbol to all of my friends, from Jacob to Carter, and from Corey to Ryan. These are people I’m very close with, and yes, they’re all gay.

They don’t exploit the fact, they appreciate it. That’s what you should do. The main reason people today are afraid to come out is because they don’t want to be harmed. You should be proud of the fact that humans are all differ-



ent. Yes, everyone is human. We all have apparent “sins” but at the end of the day we’re all just people. We all should accept the fact we’re all human.

Frankly, if you care that I draw this photo all the time, you’re wasting a thought. This simple photo means more to me

than your entire existence. To how many people it symbolizes, it’s too many to name. Don’t judge a book by its cover, that isn’t the right quote for these paragraphs. Don’t judge a masterpiece by its creator.

2nd annual TT Award Up for Grabs

For the second year in a row, the Bulldog Bark editorial staff (that’s Mr. Barnes, by the way) will be issuing an award at the end of the year, after all four issues have been “unleashed.”

The *Tyler Trumbauer Award for Middle School Journalistic Consistency and Integrity* will be awarded to one or a few middle school writers who have displayed consistent,

dependable and professional work that has been featured in at least three of the four issues. Recipients will be chosen for their dedication and will be recognized at our middle school Awards Night at the end of the year.

Tyler Trumbauer is a 2013 graduate of Northern Lehigh and is credited with changing the name of this student newspaper

from the Bulldog Times to the “BARK.” He covered sports for all eight issues of his middle school career, in addition to an opinion column called “What Curdles My Milk.” Tyler now holds positions throughout the Lehigh Valley as a photo journalist, on-air broadcaster, freelance writer and more.

PJ Day



NLMS recently held its PJ Day — the first one in a while. Students had a comfortable day, while sleeping was still not allowed in classes. (Right) Some people have an Elf on the Shelf. We have an Amorim in the Hallway.

Never too late for the origins of Halloween

By Dylan D. Miller
Team 8 Barker

It's interesting to think how these shenanigans about costumes and candy came into reality. For as long as I can remember Halloween existed, and everyone was making a big hubbub about what they would be that year. But after a little research I've found that there is an origin to this ridiculous holiday. So without further ado, it's time to find out how the festival of kooky character costumes started.

As I've found out it used to be a holiday about celebrating the dead called Samhain. It was celebrated by the Celts 2,000 years ago in what is now Ireland, the UK and Northern France. The Celts' new year and their first day of winter was on November 1, so "summer's end" was on the 31st of October. This day marked the end of harvesting and the beginning of the cold winter, which was usually associated with death.

The Celts believed that it was the day when the spirits of the departed came to earth and caused trouble and damaged crops. To celebrate they would light bonfires to burn crops and sacrifice animals. They would also wear costumes usually consisting of animal heads and skins. Their priests, called druids, would also make predictions of the future. It was a fine and dandy holiday, but then the Romans came.

By 43 A.D. the Romans had conquered most of the Celtic land and in the 400 years they ruled,



two of their original festivals were mixed with Samhain. They were split up into two days which were the Feralia and Pomona.

The first day was Feralia, which was celebrated late October in which they commemorated the passing of the dead. The day after they would celebrate Pomona, the Roman goddess of fruit and trees.

After a while in 609 A.D., due to religion, the two days were now Christian and the first one was on November 1 called All Saints Day and the second was on November 2, which was All Souls Day. All Saints Day was also called All-Hallowmas and the night before it All-Hallowmas Eve, later resolving into Halloween and Hallow's Eve.

Finally, Halloween came to America and its first colonies. At first it was just harvest festivals and ghost stories. In the early 1800s the first immigrants

brought more of their culture and mixed it with English traditions.

Americans then started wearing costumes and going to people's houses and asking for money and food, thus starting trick-or-treating.

Later in the 1800s it started more parties and celebrations. After a while in the 1900s started more and more community-wide events such as parades and trick-or-treating but with candy this time.

About 2,000 years of Halloween leading to now, starting with humble beginnings to the world's second largest commercial holiday.

Who would have thought that some tribe (or something) called Celts would start one of the largest commercial holidays to date (and a basketball team). So there you have it folks: the origins of Halloween.

Ask Brooke: Advice Offered for those in-need

By Brooke Delancey
Team 7 Barker

Dear Brooke,

My school work is OK but not OK. It is 50 percent good but 50 percent bad. I am good in some subjects, but bad in others. How can I keep my grades good?

-Worried Worker

Dear Worried Worker,

First of all, take a very deep breath. Second, think and study more, ask the teacher[s] for help, try to pay attention more. With that, you should do very well.

-Brooke

Dear Brooke,

I am 14 years old and my parents will not let me babysit my 10-year-old brother. I do not understand why. It's totally UNFAIR!!!!

-UNFAIR

Dear UNFAIR,

Your parents probably have some decent reasons for why you

cannot babysit your little brother. My opinion is that you should ask why you cannot babysit, and give a good list of reasons why you should. Then list a few faults and make them good. Here is an example. Less money to pay a sitter.

-Brooke

Dear Brooke,

Thank you for the mirror tip in the last article thing! Here is a question for you. It is real though. My Mamma loves my pet dog, but was really mad when she found my pet worms in the fridge. Why should she be mad?

-JK curious

Dear JK curious,

Your mamma probably likes your creative minds about your "pets," but she was probably upset that you put your buggy pets into her fridge without permission! Ok, like Mr. Barnes says "Sarcasm is free." YOU PUT BUGS INTO A FRIDGE

WHERE YOUR FOOD IS!

-Brooke

Dear Brooke,

Knowing you, how do you survive without playing video-games or without electronics?

-How

Dear How,

I find better things to do with my life.

-Brooke

VOTE: Give me your votes on 3 simple easy questions.

Do you talk to your pets or parents more...

Do you like your friends' stuff or friends in general...

Do you talk to yourself or parents more...

Anyone needing advice, put your questions in my "Brooke Delancey" locker 345, g-mail me at Bd5075@mylnsd.org, or give them to me in person. Names will be confidential.



22KILL

Brenden Smay and Brad Horn pushed up for veterans, sponsored by an idea of Mr. Herzog's.

doghouse fiction



The toughest three words to say

By Lizzy Panetta
Team 7 Writer

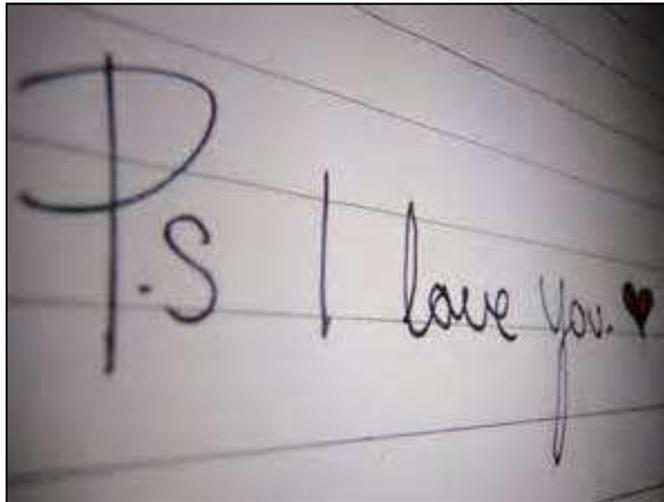
“I love you. Three words, and eight letters. Sometimes it’s the hardest thing to say to someone because you know you are going to get rejected, so the word just sits in your mind, until you buckle up the courage to say these three words.

I’ve felt the pain of watching the one I love float away, never to be seen again. That was because, I didn’t say the words soon enough. It’s only these four walls that bound us to see each other every single day for 13 years out of our lives and the humongous world to tear us apart.”

I smile nervously as I felt the gargantuan lump begin to form in my throat as the teacher asks me if the poem was written for anyone in the grade. I nod as a couple girls snicker, some boys held in laughs and only one person encouraged me. That one person was my best friend, Khione. “You did great, Khodis!” Mr. Shilla stated as the bell rang for us to go home. I grabbed my stuff and walked out of his class.

“Who was the poem written for?” I hear Khione ques-

tion curiously, as I blushed. “It was written for my crush silly!” I smiled, he didn’t know I had a crush on him. He’s the only person that didn’t look at me differently when I came out as a gay transgender boy last year. “Well, whoever the boy is, he’s quite lucky.” He wrapped his arm around my neck from behind me, “cause he has my little Khodis’s heart.” I



turned into a red tomato as he messed up my hair. As soon as he came to the realization of what he said, he quickly let go, moving to the end of my bed.

“Do you wanna sleep over tonight?” I asked sliding off my bed onto the floor. “Sure! I mean, nothing is going on tomorrow so I’m good!” I heard Khione exclaim loudly, tonight was going to be fun... “Truth or

dare?” “Dare!” “Tell me who your crush is!” “Khione, for the 2,534,233,423 time, I’m not going to tell you.” “Give me a hint!” “He’s really attractive.” “That doesn’t help.” “Fine. He’s the only one I hang out with.” “It is me?” I bite my lip harshly, as I nodded, my head soon came in contact with the hard floor as Khione bounced on me. “Khodis you could’ve told me a long time ago! I always had a crush on you, but I never wanted to tell you because I didn’t want to ruin our friendship.” I looked at him shocked, and did something in the 17 years I’ve been alive I’d never thought I’d do. I kissed him.

“This marked the day my whole world came together. Everything was stronger, and what was once broken soon was fixed. All it took was a matter of time. The only time something went wrong was the day.....”

“Papa! Please tell me. What happened to Papi?” “It’s not what happened to Papi, it’s what happened between us.” I smiled down at my grandchild Shiloh, telling him about the day that changed my life forever.. *To be continued.....*

doghouse fiction



To Figure Out This Mystery, Pt. 2

By Cydney Krause
Team 7 Writer

“Tell us the truth!” bounced off the walls of the rundown house. I inched closer to the door, cautious of where I stand.

One wrong step...one bad ending. I may be certified, but it's none of my business. “B-But-” “No ‘buts’ about it!” One of the investigators yelled. “You’re not in a good situation *Johnson.*” “They’re here...” the older man whispered. The blinds shuttered. The curtains fluttered. Lights flickered.

I stood still as a board. I peered into the room seeing the investigators back up from their chairs. Wisps of white mist showered into the room. “THEY’RE HERE!” Johnson yelled.

Scrambling panicked wasn’t a great decision. You could hear the doors slamming downstairs. I was waiting for the worst, ya’ know...the possibility of death. That’s why I objected this case! We always get them!

My thoughts are interrupted by the door in front of me slamming shut. Screaming emerged from the room. “Help!” I hear. “The-They’re-



...HELP ME PLEASE.” was begged from the other side.

Scraping on the door was hard to ignore, but other than that the room was silent. I didn’t hear the investigators anymore.

“Let me out!” Alec Johnson demanded. “It’s locked!” I retort wiggling the door knob. “Kick it down!” the man advised. “I-I can’t...” “Get the key.” “What key?” “Just look.” I search for the key, unlucky I was. “I can’t find your so-called key!” “Look up above the door,” he said anxiously. “How tall do you think I am!?” I inquire. “Grab a chair!” he

yells annoyed.

I do as he says and I grab a nearby chair. I go to step up, but screeching deafens me as they’re brought through the door. “YOU WILL PAY!” whines multiple voices. The voices are raspy, almost in a dry state. “YOU’VE PROMISED US JOHNSON!” “I did fulfill my promise!” Alec shouts horrified. “What’s going on?” I think to myself. I quickly grab the key and try to unlock the door. “Hurry!” “I’m trying...” I grunt. The door wouldn’t budge. “Nice try *girl,*

See Cydney, page 14

doghouse fiction



The Underground Kingdom

By Trent Herman
Team 8 Writer

I'm Sam, the psychotic Sunday School teacher. This is my first page in my first journal. I was born December 11th 1976. Tomorrow marks my 40th birthday. I live in Stockholm, Maine. Every Sunday morning I lead a Sunday School class at a church very close to the edge of the woods.

Whoever is reading this in the future must use this map attached to this journal and start to walk the red stone road all the way to the end. Everyone thinks I'm the strangest man on the face of the planet.

However, I think of myself as daring, brave, and unique. As I said before, I lead a Sunday School class. But, this class is not the Sunday School class you're probably thinking of. In this class I take the kids to the woods in the morning to dig underground.

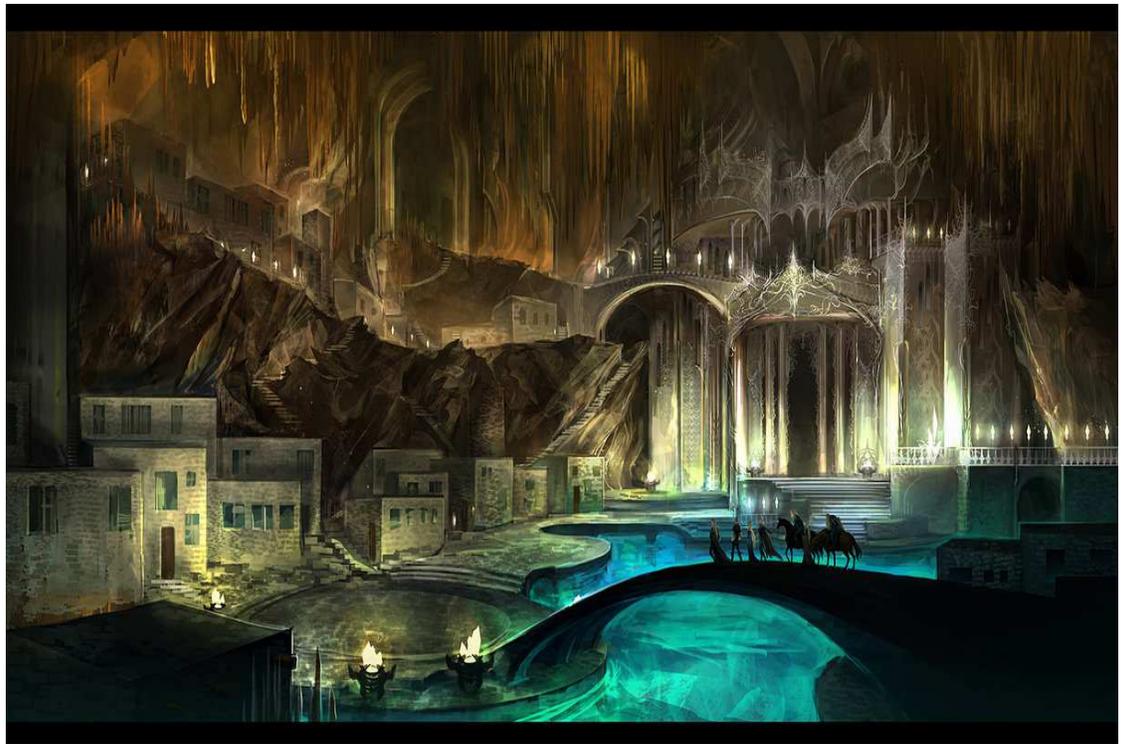
I've been doing this for the past 25 years now and my underground world is almost complete. You are probably

thinking I am crazy. However, I created this for myself to be king.

This is an underground country where I gather a group of people who have a bad life and people that don't have enough money to survive from all over the world and bring them to my land.

Tomorrow is the day that I bring millions of people to live 5,000 feet under America. It either will be a success or it won't be. When I die, the person who reads this must disappear from his or her homeland and become the king or queen of my underground kingdom.

Also, the United States



Over the years, I built towns and cities for people to live. My dream is now a reality and all it's missing is the people. So, I go all over the world and search for people who want a better life.

Government doesn't know about this so it must stay a secret. It's finally the day that my country becomes populated.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

To Figure Out This Mystery, Pt. 2

Cydney, from page 12

but you can't stop us! Not now!"

The voices speak at once. "You're powerless, useless to say the least! You couldn't even complete your case! And if you can't do that, what do you have against us?" I taunt. "I can try!" I shout through the wood. "You're funny Alice! You're the only mortal who's made us laugh in a very long time. Indeed you are something, but nothing special," it spat. "I refuse to go back to your definition of an underworld.

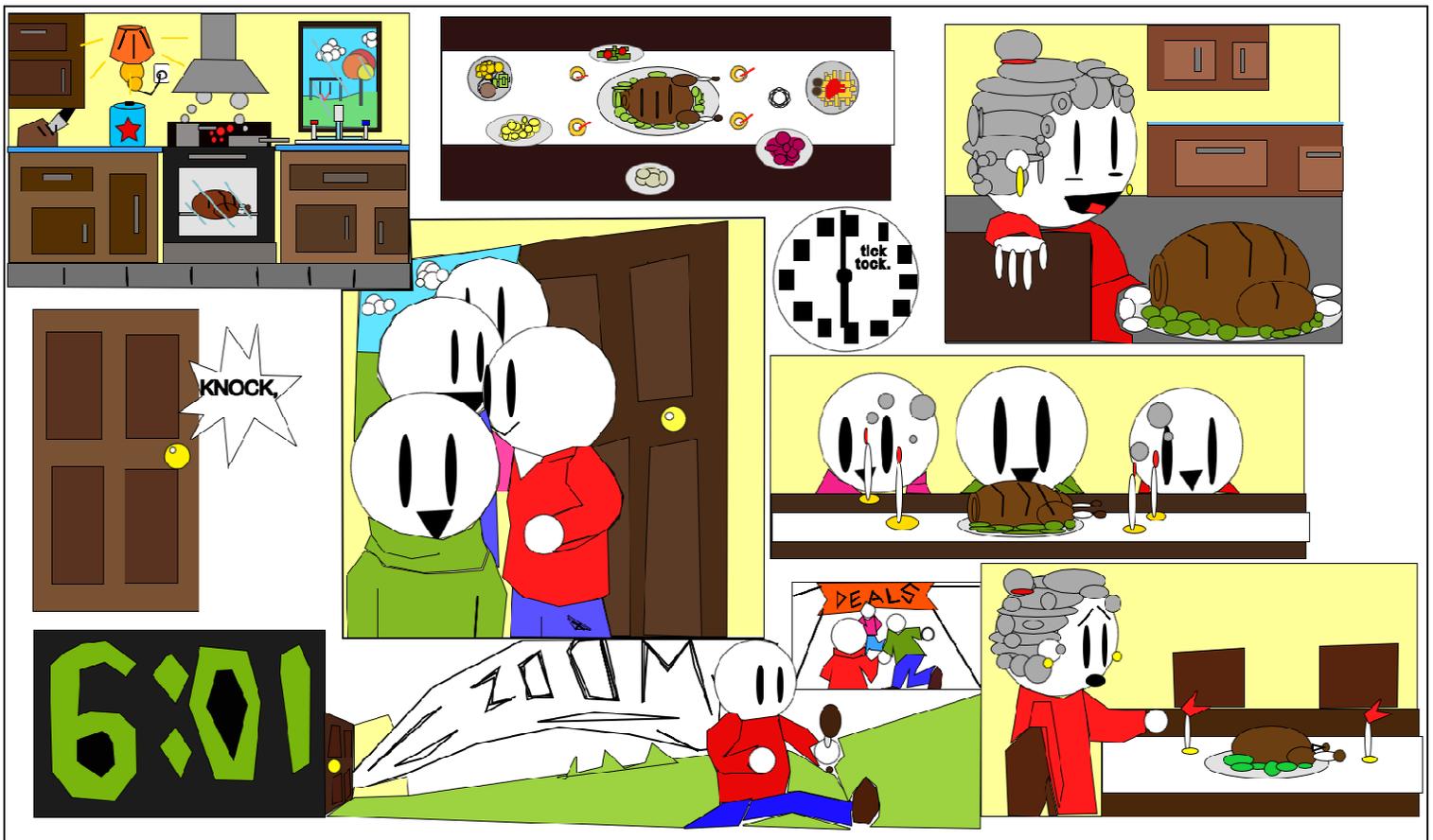
Ruthless, cruel, and about every single word to describe me -uh, us! Yes, us!" the main speaker broke in triumph. "You can't stop unless you're stopped, and you never said you were unstoppable! There is one way to get rid of your filthy self!" I challenge. "You're smart, but foolish. You shall be banished like the ones before you!" as the spirits uttered in the back of the main voice, small black voids appeared. They were rapidly stretching.

I backed up into one of the walls. I'm going to die here...as soon as the thought entered.

Blackness enveloped my sight. I was done for.

"Alice?" someone in the distance called out. "Uhhh..." I mumbled. "You're running late." They scolded. "Huh?" my eyes shot open. There Sara stood, peering over my sleeping form. "You're going to be late for work again!" she rebuked. "I-I...do you know Alec Johnson?" I inquire shakily. "I've never heard of a name," she retorts. "B-B-But-" "No "buts" about it. Get ready!" She exclaims leaving the room. It was all a dream...

"Black Friday" by Aiden Pesesko



doghouse fiction



The Man From the Portal ...

By Maggie Reitz
Team 8 Writer

Have you ever wondered what it was like to be in two different places in one lifetime? Well, I've lived it. My name is Shelby Blaxwell and I have discovered time travel! You're probably very confused, so I guess I should start from the beginning.

Let me start by saying I am 15 years old and I've recently moved to Virginia from San Francisco. I'm also very quiet and not a whole lot of people even know that I exist.

One day, I was helping my mom unpack boxes until I decided to go outside to get some fresh air and go for a walk. May I remind you that I just moved here so I'm not very fond of the area. Let me tell you a little bit about where I live though. In my neighborhood, there are a lot of alleys and small houses with garages that lead to the alleys. So since I don't really like to be around people, I decided to walk in the alleys first.

It's fall right now so it's kind of cold outside, but at the same time it isn't. Most of the leaves have fallen off of the trees. So pretty much everywhere you go, you're stepping

on leaves. I tried to avoid people at all costs, so I kept my sweatshirt hood up with my earbuds in and I tried to walk where there weren't any leaves. I was doing a pretty good job until I saw a sophomore from my school walk out to his garage. His name is James Hauss.

This was one of the first people I talked to when I moved to this school. I've been going to this school for like a month now, and it's been kind of hard to adjust, but this guy is one of the only reasons why I haven't had a mental breakdown yet.

Now if you're thinking this is going to turn out to be a mushy gushy love story, you're wrong. He's just a friend. Thankfully, he didn't notice me and I just went on walking. I must have been walking for a few hours because it got really dark, and when I checked my phone, I had 13 new message notifications from my mom. So I decided to call it a night and started to head home. Then it hit me; which way was home?

Okay, we have another problem. Not only am I lost, but now it's cold out, dark, and my phone is almost dead. I guess the only thing that I can do is call the police and tell them the details of where I am.

Well, I tried that, but they said that there was just a major house break-in and they needed all of the cops to go to the scene.

Great, now I really am stuck. I guess I'll just have to retrace my steps. I actually think I was going in the right direction, but then I saw a lever which I hadn't noticed before. I, being the stupid and curious teenager, decided to flip it. I was a little disappointed when nothing happened, but I wasn't expecting anything big. I just continued walking until I passed James's house. Yes! I knew where I was now! I continued up the alley and then I found my garage. I took the path to get to the front of the house because I knew the door would be open.

My parents were waiting in the living room and they looked very worried. When I opened the door they both jumped up and just burst out with questions. I just told them that I took a walk and got lost. Now I'm not allowed to walk by myself for more than two hours. About a month passed and we were all unpacked and settled into our new home.

I've made a few more

See Portal, page 16

The Man From the Portal

Portal, from page 15

friends but I've also memorized where the lever was. I went to it after school today, and tried to find out more about it. I must've been there for two hours because my mom started texting me. So I started to head home until I ran into some kind of shield. This wasn't good.

I tried to walk again, but the same thing happened. Now I was beginning to panic. Maybe I needed to flip the switch again, so that's what I did. It didn't break the shield, but it caused little purple and blue sparks to start forming.

Now I was really confused. And I guess the action started to attract people, because some people were watching me from their windows. I couldn't help but try to yell to someone. No one could hear me though, so I didn't know what else I could do. About five minutes later, a portal looking thing appeared in front of me. I closed my eyes because it felt like it was just a dream. Unfortunately, it was reality. I couldn't do much but go through it, and that's what I did. The first thing I saw was a panel with three buttons.

They were labelled *past*, *present* and *future*. Oh no, this was not real. This couldn't be real! There was no way! I hit present and then backed out of the portal. I was frozen. I called the police and told them what I had seen, but guess what they

said. There was a home invasion and that's where all of the cops are. Yay! Now I'm in the middle of the alley with a shield around me and a portal inside of it! So I just decided to test out the portal to see if it worked. I jumped ahead one hour and saw that I was in my bedroom.

My parents left a note on the fridge that said, "We went to the store to get some food. Be back soon." Well at least I was home and safe. I looked out of my window and noticed some cop cars out front of my neighbor's house. Oh man, was this the house with the break in? I hope not. However, it had been a long day, so I decided to lay down and take a nap. I woke up to the sound of someone banging on my bedroom door. I opened it and saw a police officer. Oh great, now they're at my house. I asked him if he needed something and he told me to follow him downstairs. I did and to my horror, everything that my family owned had been stolen, windows shattered, cabinets broken, and dirt everywhere. We had been robbed.

I found a watch on my wrist and assumed it was for the portal I ran back up to my room and pressed present and a portal appeared. I jumped through it and thankfully the shield was gone. I darted home as quickly as I could and my mom was on her way out the

door until I stopped her and told her that we would be robbed. She laughed it off and told me that I needed to stop watching horror movies. I told her I wasn't kidding and she told me to go to my room.

I didn't argue with her and headed upstairs so I could call James. He told me that I needed to text him if anything happened. I told him that I would, but he seemed concerned that I was home alone. I told him that I would be fine and that he didn't need to worry about me. He asked how I knew and I told him about the portal. I know it probably wasn't the best idea, but I just knew from the start that I could trust him. I told him I'd call him back because I was gonna call the police station to see if they could send someone over to keep an eye on my house. Mainly because I was too scared to go downstairs.

They said they'd send someone over and not to worry. I knew I didn't have anything to worry about, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I called James back and we started talking about random things to take my mind off of the incident. I actually calmed down until I heard something hit my window. I looked outside and saw a man.

He had a sign that said, "I came through the portal"....

doghouse fiction



'Mood Eyes,' Pt. 2



By Camryn Torres
Team 7 Writer

Chapter 1 Hallway Mayhem

"It's over for me, just leave me. Save yourself!" Jamie screamed. Jamie is my over-exaggerating, and annoying friend. "Jamie, we've been through this many times, and we can make it out of here," I calmly stated. "No, I can't jeopardize your life just to save mine."

"Jamie, we are in a hallway, how in the world could my life end because of a hallway."

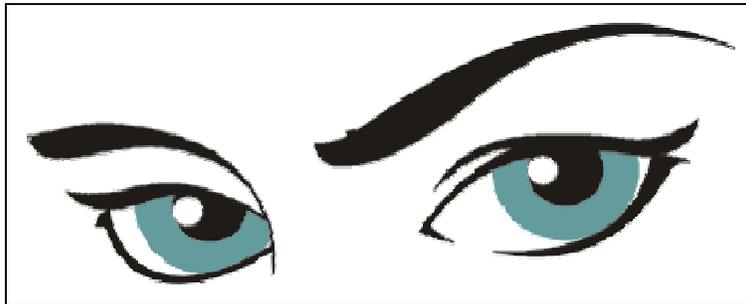
"Melanie, you don't understand, it's not just a hallway, it's the Death Hallway!"

The Death Hallway is the hallway straight to the cafeteria. If you leave any of the classes in that hallway when the eighth grade lunch bell rings, I hope you told your family you love them. Jamie and I are both in seventh grade, so it's really hard to get to your classes when this happens. Unfortunately, Jamie and I were in the middle of the Death Hallway

and it was eighth grade lunch time.

I was watching all the other seventh graders scramble for their lives, by the time I looked back at Jamie, she was in the janitor's closet crying. What a baby.

"Jamie Verswitch, why in the world are you in a closet!" "I'm just going to wait until all of the eighth graders are out of the hall. You know, when it's



safe!

"Wow, that is the dumbest thing I have ever heard!" "It's not dumb, it's logical." "Using big words doesn't make you smart."

"Whatever."

Later in class

"Alright class that's all for today. Stay in your seats and wait for dismissal," our teacher, Mrs. Smock, had said.

Ring!

I started to head home thinking to myself about last night. What had happened couldn't have been a dream, but when I got out of bed this morning, everything was normal, including me. *I need to be free, I need to be free, I need to be FREE.* Ah, quit it. Nothing happened, everything's okay. Yet I still feel like it wasn't a dream. *My eyes were glowing, the fire started splitting into a path for me. It was weird, it's like my eyes are somehow connected to my feelings on how I want to get out of here.* Ughhh. Why won't I get over this? While I was distracted talking to myself, I had run into a pole, luckily no one was around to

watch me epically fail at life. As soon as I get home, I'm going straight to bed.

When I got home, what I saw was unimaginable, it was awful, my house was ruined, and there was an ambulance loading up my.... Parents!

"Hey, what's going on, what happened?" I said confused.

"Oh, you must be their daughter, Melanie, right?" a policeman asked.

See Mood Eyes, page 18



“Robin”

By Naac Roania

Mood Eyes, Pt. 2

Mood Eyes, from page 17

“Yeah, can you tell me what happened; are my parents okay?” I questioned.

“Your parents are fine, they just got hurt by a fire that had started. The cause of the fire is unknown. That’s why we have investigators here now, so they can figure out the cause of this,” the policeman explained.

There was so much damage. Plus neighbors

gathering around to see the tragedy.

“I wanna go with my parents to the hospital, please,” I said.

“Alright, please, watch your step,” the policeman instructed as he put me in the ambulance.

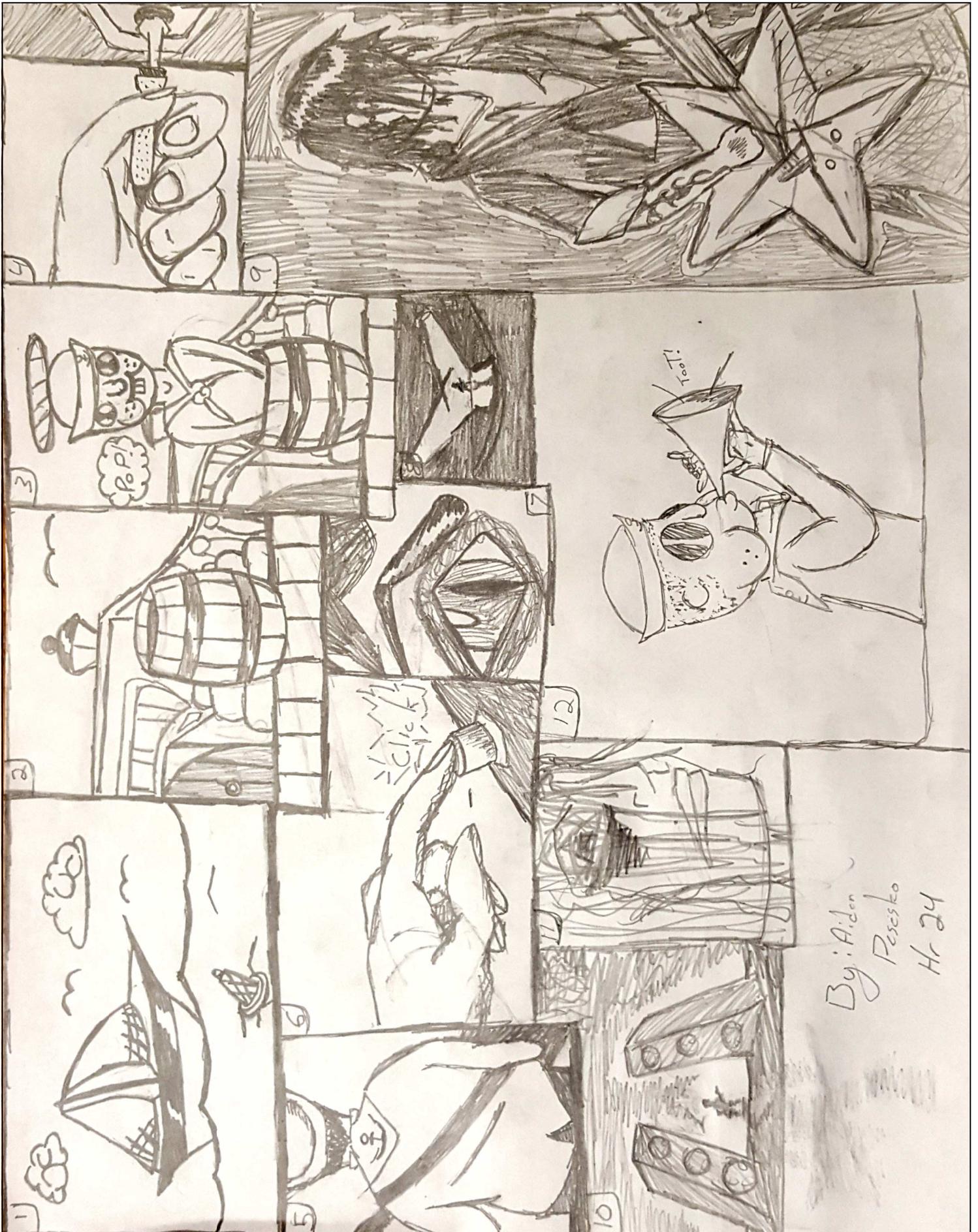
I sat in between my parents, they seemed to be okay, but it never hurts to make sure. As the ambulance started to head to the hospital, I started to think, this was no accident, someone did this on purpose and if those investigators won't

Merry Christmas-oween

By Tabitha Thibault

**Yes, spelling errors are intentional. Leave us alone.





The Night Guard, continued...

By Chase Jones



Mad Science...By Aiden Pesesko

