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SVSD

Seneca Scout

# A night under the stars: Homecoming 2025

By Aurora Amelio

HARMONY, Pa. — Orchestrated by our 2025 senior high student council, our homecoming was a time to remember. Kicking off the festivities on Friday, SV's pep rally showed our school spirit. The band filled the gymnasium with powerful and energetic music, while the cheer and dance team lit up the floor with their routines and smiles. The football team had the crowd roaring, amping them up for the football game that night. The teachers joined in on the fun with musical chairs, though Mr. Lowe put up a strong fight, Ms. Finch gained victory.

Following the pep rally, the Seneca Valley football team played against Mt. Lebanon. The pre-game celebrations were thrilling, with seniors Mia Gant and Micheal Cheeseman winning homecoming court against 24 other participants. The student section was full of raider pride in their best "white out" attire.

The following Saturday, Seneca Valley students from 9th-12th grade go to enjoy a night of fun and new adventures. This year's homecoming had a great turn out, the line for the senior high was nearly out into the parking lot. Thanks to student council, our school lit up for a night under the stars. The cafeteria was decorated head to toe in beautiful decorations, and the gymnasium had fun lights to great music. Ranging from Pink Pony Club by Chappell Roan to Lover by Taylor Swift, the DJ read the room well and made the basketball courts into a dance floor.




Photo Credit: @senecavalleysd on Instagram

Thanks to the immense support and raider pride from SV's very own students and staff, homecoming 2025 was one for the books. From the high-spirited pep rally to the unforgettable dance, the whole week was filled with lasting memories. This year's student council worked tirelessly to make this one even better than last years, making every event more exciting and creative. Teachers and staff helped to make the celebration possible. Their support and dedication helped to make each activity run smoothly and safely. Together, SV's community made this years homecoming a great example of what school spirit really is.

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**Upcoming Events:**

- *November 2: Daylight Saving Time ends*
- *November 4: Election Day*
- *November 11: Inservice Day (No school for students)*
- *November 19: FLEX Day #3*

# “Detective in Deception: Before the Blood”

## A short story series by Julia Brisco

My heart pounds and my breaths fall short. Footsteps ring out as the leaves crunch under my feet. My partner, Cole, runs alongside me, his gun drawn as we track down our latest unsub. He’s responsible for the murder of two teenage girls and dumped their bodies in the river behind their school. How could he have missed the cameras? That’s how we caught him. We reviewed the security footage, and a student was able to ID him. It’s the perfect case. We have stone-hard evidence.

“Stop! Police!” Cole shouts as we catch up to the man, weaving through trees in the woods. The night sky twinkles in the full- moonlight. The man is perfectly illuminated in our line of sight. The man keeps running and running before ultimately falling. How cliché.

“Get him!” Cole exclaims as I tackle him to the ground. I cuff the suspect’s hands behind his back while reading his Miranda Rights. The entire time, the man scowling at me. He grunts as I pull him to his feet.

“Another one down,” I sigh as Cole, and I start to escort the man back to the squad car.

“None to go,” Cole replies, “we’re finally done for the night.”

Once we arrive back at the squad car, the man settles in the back without protest. At least he knows he’s caught. Cole drives as I drum my fingers in my lap, my mind drifting to our latest big case, the Twilight Killer.

He’s a cold-blooded killer who’s insanely talented at cleaning up after himself. He has a very specific MO, carving a crescent moon into his victim’s forehead and leaving a mocking, red rose on their body. The Twilight Killer is a sick bastard, and his day will come by my hand.

“What’re you thinking about?” Cole asks.

“The Twilight Killer,” I sigh in response.

“We will catch him, Eliza, I promise.”

“I know we will.”

Once Cole and I book the latest suspect, we settle in our shared, bland office. Neither of us are one for décor, so the walls are still white and blank. Then, we start to go through the paperwork. It’s a long, tedious process, but one that’s necessary.

“You doin’ anything after work?” Cole breaks the silence and I perk my head up from my desk.

“No, I’m going home and going straight to bed. It’s almost midnight,” I reply. Cole shrugs in response.

“Personally, I’m going to the bar. Do you wanna ditch your bed and come with me?” He asks.

“Absolutely not,” my answer is definite. I need my beauty sleep, especially since my next shift is at six in the morning, but I like to be early, so I show up at 5:45AM.

“Suit yourself,” Cole concedes with a huff. I shoot him a smile, letting him down easy.

“Maybe next time,” I say hopefully.

“Sure,” Cole says with a grin.

We wrap up for the night before going our separate ways to go home. Cole, as usual, walks me to my car. He hasn't let me walk by myself since the Twilight Killer first struck. The problem is that the Twilight Killer doesn't discriminate. Men and women are being killed.

"I know what you're thinking, Eliza. Stop thinking about it. I can hold my own," Cole reassures me as he opens my driver-side door.

"I know, but what if you can't?" I ask.

"That's all the more reason to have a drink with me," Cole says with a smug smile.

"Yeah yeah, goodnight, Cole."

"Goodnight, Eliza."

The nightly city passes me by, neon lights flashing in my rearview mirror. My mind so lost. We've done so much investigating of the Twilight Killer, yet we *still* haven't found any leads. We're missing something, but what?

The second I get home; I'm greeted with my massive evidence board on the wall across from the front door. Red string connects to various photos on the wall, connecting the imaginary dots of this case. It's not like it matters much anyways. I've hit so many dead ends. This case isn't going to be solved any time soon.

I decide to stop racking my brain and driving myself to the point of no return. Instead, I shower and go to bed to clear my mind. Maybe I'll find something tomorrow.

Once I'm ready for bed, I lie down in my room and glance at the photo on the wall ahead of me. It's of my mom and I before she died. After she died when I was twelve, my father became abusive and would often beat me. He'd also blame me for her death. She committed suicide and left no note, so by default, my father blamed me.

The second I look at the picture for too long, I start to feel drowsier. Every night I stare at that picture and picture the lapping waves on the beach behind us. It's beautiful, especially with my mother's smile. It's the final image in my brain before I ultimately fall asleep.

The next morning, I wake up on top of the covers, my alarm blaring as I groan. I hate early shifts. They're going to be the death of me. It's around five o'clock, so the sun hasn't risen yet, keeping my small, cozy house dark.

I maneuver through my house and take care of my morning routine before standing in front of the Twilight Killer evidence board for at least ten minutes to see if anything catches my eye. Surprising to no one, nothing strikes my attention, so I call the quits and step outside, the cool, early morning breeze smacking me in the face. The morning air is so refreshing.

I lock up my house and freeze as I face my yard. My heart pounds and my breath catches in my throat. Blood covers the green grass, turning it deep red. A woman lies face up, hidden in my bushes.

With collected steps, I keep calm and step forward. I am trained for this. I can do this. When the woman comes into view, I notice her long, pin-straight blond hair and thick lashes, but her eyes are closed. Her face is pale, yet normal, aside from the crescent moon carved into her forehead with a single, red, rose between her lips.

This isn't just a random body. This is the body of a victim of the Twilight Killer, and it's *right* outside my house…

Come back next month for the next installation!

# “The Midnight Visitor” by Rachel Bornes

Every Halloween, the old Carver house at the edge of town sat silent and empty, its windows boarded up and its yard overgrown with weeds. The townsfolk whispered about what had happened there years ago—a terrible fire, a missing child, and a family that vanished without a trace. No one dared go near it after dark.

But Lila didn’t believe in ghosts. She thought the stories were just old legends meant to scare kids. So, when her friends dared her to spend Halloween night inside the Carver house, she accepted without hesitation.

Armed with only a flashlight and a pocketknife, Lila slipped through a gap in the fence just as the last rays of sun disappeared. The house loomed before her, its blackened walls and shattered windows like hollow eyes watching her every move. Inside, the air was thick with dust and something else—an odd, coppery smell that made Lila’s stomach churn.

She moved through the rooms, the floorboards groaning beneath her feet. Shadows stretched like fingers across the walls, and the wind outside howled through broken glass. Lila told herself it was all in her head.

Then, at exactly midnight, the house went silent. No creaks, no wind, no distant sounds—just an eerie, suffocating stillness.

Suddenly, a soft tapping came from the staircase behind him. He spun around, shining his flashlight up the steps. The beam caught nothing but darkness. The tapping grew louder, faster, as if something was climbing.

Lila’s heart pounded. She wanted to run, but her legs felt frozen.

From the shadows, a pale hand emerged, gripping the banister. A small figure followed—a little girl in a singed white dress, her eyes hollow and dark, her skin as cold as ice.

“Why won’t you play with me?” she whispered, her voice barely more than a breath.

Lila stumbled backward, but the door slammed shut. The temperature dropped, and the air filled with the smell of smoke and ash.

“I’m alone,” the girl said, her voice trembling with sorrow. “No one remembers me.”

Lila’s flashlight flickered and died. In the pitch-black room, she felt cold fingers brush her arm.

Desperate, she fumbled for her pocketknife, holding it out in front of her. “What do you want?” she asked, voice shaking.

The girl smiled—a sad, twisted smile—and whispered, “To be found.”

Suddenly, a flash of memories flooded Lila’s mind—images of a fire, a child trapped and calling for help, the family who vanished, the secret the town had buried.

When the sun rose, Lila stumbled out of the Carver house, pale and shaken. In her hand was a small, burnt ribbon—a child’s keepsake.

From that night on, the house was quiet. The tapping stopped. And Lila never doubted the stories again.

SENECA SCOUT

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