

STUDENT REPORTERS

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

Noor Aldali
Angelica Benson
Chloe Bollman
Peyton Butler
Rosenda Carrillo

Luka Catlin
Juliet Fillmore
Adiam Gebrhiwot
Isla Gruebele
Hunter Hallermann
Alice Hager
Nolan Henry
Vincent Herrera
Bella Hull
Aisha Jama

Yui Keindl
Kayla Lakhamone
Erica Lemke
Ivan Meza Rojas
Ameesha Ohneswere
Emilynn Parent
Milo Ruff
Abby Schwab
Elliana Terlinde
Giana Uebel

IGHMS STOMP TEAM

by Nolan Henry, grade 7

I had the opportunity to sit down with Katie Loveless, one of the coaches of the STOMP team. Our conversation follows with minor editing to ensure clarity.

Q: For those who don't know, what is the STOMP team?

A: The stomp team is basically a mix of dance and cheer.

It is a way for kids to create movement with their bodies and sound with their bodies, but also vocally. We use cheer and perform specifically at basketball games and football games to basically try to get a rise out of other teams a little bit, but also support our team and try to hype them up as well.

Q: Did you create the STOMP team?

A: A student wanted a STOMP team at our school and decided that they wanted me to be the coach. I think I got about 20 emails asking me to coach it and then I think Mr. Voss got about 50 emails asking for it to be made a thing and eventually we both said yes and STOMP was born.

Q: How long have you been coaching the STOMP team?

A: This is the second year that I've been coaching STOMP. I also have 15 years of dance experience as well as five years of dance coaching experience.

Q: Does the STOMP team compete?

A: As of right now, we are not competing against other schools. We're just performing at our games. We haven't really found a lot of other middle school teams that are local to us. A lot more of them are high school so it just doesn't make sense to have sixth graders go against seniors in high school.

Q: Do you have any advice for kids who are nervous about joining the STOMP team?

A: Come to practice and give it a shot. It's super fun. You don't have to be loud.

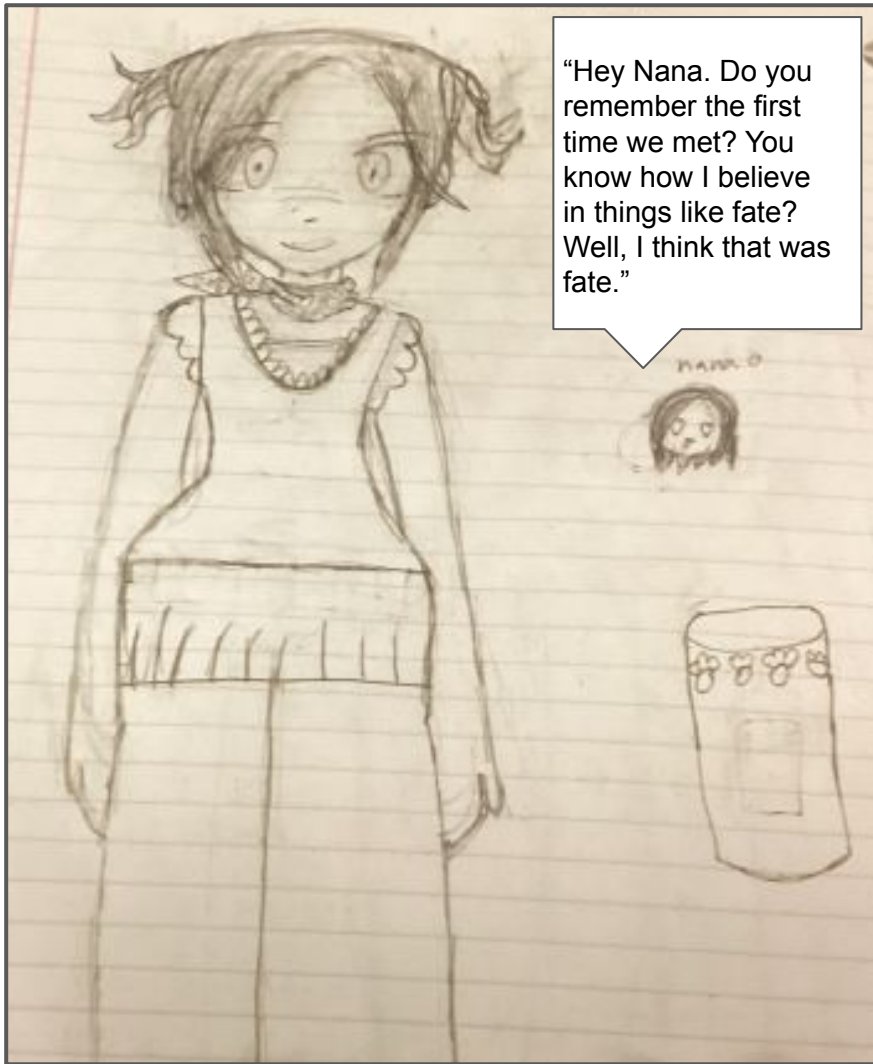
You don't have to be an extrovert. We have some of the quietest kids I know on the team but when you're surrounded by 15 or 20 other kids who are all shouting the same thing, doing the same thing, you really feel unified as one and so it's just a really good team environment. If you have no dance experience, that's totally fine because the routines are short. They don't require a lot of memorization so if you can

memorize a TikTok dance, you can easily memorize a STOMP cheer.

memorize a STOMP cheer.

If you're interested in joining the STOMP team, email Ms. Loveless at lovelessk@isd199.org or Ms. Delmont at delmontm@isd199.org.

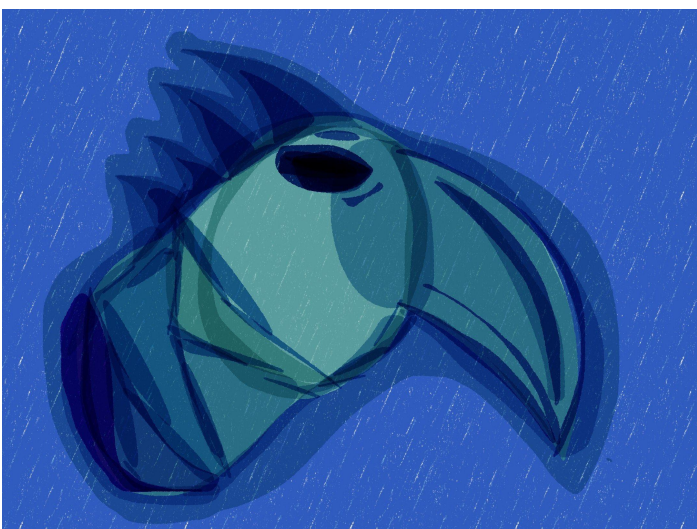




Hachi by Bella Hull, grade 8



by Chloe Bollman, grade 7



by Elliana Terhinde, grade 8



by Ameesha Ohneswere, grade 7

WHY

by Erica Lemke, grade 7

Why?
When did it become this?
When did the world become this?
Why should we have to worry?
Why is the world falling apart?

We have drills to protect us
From school shooters
Why would anyone
Want to shoot up a school?
I see my classmates
Huddled in the corner
Practicing for something that should never happen

Why?
Why when they say
"You have the freedom
To practice your own
Religious beliefs"
Should someone be captured
And forced to change their beliefs
For practicing
A different religion
Than someone else?

Why?
Why when they say
You can believe politically
But when you believe politically
And it's the "wrong" party
You're hated

Why?
Why should you be judged?
Why should I have to dress in a way I won't be judged?
Why should others dress in a way they won't be judged?
Why should anyone have to worry about what others think?

Why?
Why would wonderful
people
Bully or judge others?
Why are students
disrespecting their
teachers?
Why do I hear it happen
everyday?

But
Maybe the answer isn't
loud.
Maybe it starts with us
The ones who question,
who notice,
Who refuses to look away.
With listening instead of
judging,
With choosing kindness
When hate is easier.

We've seen what's broken,
So we know what not to
repeat.
And maybe the world
changes
When our generation
decides
To do better than what
hurts us.

LOGAN AND LO'AK

by Luka Catlin, grade 8

Logan felt his love run his hands over the bandages on his eyes. He could picture the worried frown on his face, the pinch of his brow. Logan reached out to touch the other's face, and smiled as he found he was right.

"Lo'ak. I'm ok."

"You're blind. You're freaking blind Logan!"

"Could be worse," Logan said in a light tone, trying to break the tension. But that just made the muscles in Lo'ak's face grow harder.

"She- *he's* only *mostly* blind. One eye has some function left in it. With proper care and some work, we might be able to get its function up to half its normal rate," one of the scientists piped in. Norm's voice.

"Lo'ak. It's going to be ok," Logan tried again, but he felt warm tears against his hand.

"But your *life* Logan. You said the forest is your home. Your life is gone."

That made him pause. He had been thinking about what to do. What could he do? No tribe would want him. It wasn't like he had anywhere to return to, other than the scientists. He'd rather pull out his semi functioning eye then go back to the scientists. Norm probably knew that too, because he was yet to offer, even though it was an obvious solution.

"It's not your fault," Logan started with the easy part. Then..."I- I want- would like to...stay with you. Here. But they won't take me. Shouldn't take me."

"They will," Logan heard from off to his left. That was where the doorway was, right? He didn't turn his head for fear of looking dumb.

The voice was higher, and Logan knew he recognized it. He wanted to say her name. But what if he was wrong? Luckily, Lo'ak had eyes and spoke for him.

"Tsireya," he heard his lover yip.

Logan let his hands slip down into his own lap, allowing Lo'ak to stand and greet her. Lo'ak hesitated before doing so, and he heard the pair seat themselves in front of him. Logan didn't know Tsireya as well as Lo'ak. He had an image in his mind of her expression, but he wanted to reach out and see if he was right. His hands clenched into fists in his lap.

"Logan," she said softly, taking his hands into hers gently, making him flinch. "We will take you. You can become Metcayina. We can find strengths of yours that don't need your eyes."

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"Logan," she said softly, taking his hands into hers gently, making him flinch. "We will take you. You can become Metcayina. We can find strengths of yours that don't need your eyes."

With that, Logan let himself reach out and hesitantly touch her face, which she allowed, holding still. She had a soft smile. Unlike Lo'ak, her brow was resting comfortably. Everything about her expression felt gentle, and kind, which made Logan smile.

"You are good, Tsireya. You have a good heart." He reached down and pointed at her heart.

With a small giggle, she said back, "and you have an old soul, Logan. You talk like

an elder."

Logan thought that Lo'ak would tense up at that. He reached over and grabbed the other's shoulder, finding that he was right. He smiled and brought his hands back to Tsireya.

"I was practically raised by one. An old woman who had too much spare time on her hands. Although she only did part of it. The rest of the raising I did myself."

"Logan-"

"Oh, shush. She can know a bit of my history. Just keep this here, yeah?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Tsireya responded, nodding so hard Logan could feel it with his hands on her arms.

"Norm, shoo now. We'll call you when you're needed," Logan added, remembering that he hadn't heard the man leave. "Keep the info here or else you'll end up as deaf as I am blind."

"Oh-" he said with a crack in his voice, "yeah yeah, sorry I'm going."

Once his scuffling was far enough away, Logan broke out laughing. As did Tsireya. Eventually Lo'ak joined in as well.

Logan couldn't see the chiefs stare, but he could certainly feel it. He suppressed a shiver. The eyes of a man who just lost his wife and is now being asked for more. What a horrifying picture.

"Please father," Tsireya begged, hand on Logan to keep him stable. Lo'ak was holding his other hand.

"Why do you ask, child? Do you not have your own tribe to return to?"

Tsireya started to speak, but Logan squeezed her hand, stopping her.

"Sir. I have nowhere to return to. My eyes are gone, and I cannot care for myself without them. I ask- beg that I can stay here. I can find a way to be useful. I will not be only a burden."

"Surely you understand why I hesitate," he says gruffly, and Logan nods. "We must care for each other. Another will be hard, especially considering your lack of sight."

"I could help your healer," he blurted suddenly. He cleared his throat and continued more calmly, "I have experience bandaging wounds. I could help without my eyes. I'd only need a little support."

There was a pause. It took a few moments to realize that the chief must be giving him a skeptical look. He fussed with the bandages over his eyes. The chief cleared his throat, remembering Logan couldn't see his look.

"*How* do you have such expansive knowledge?"

Another pause. Loak's grip on his hand grew tighter. Tsireya could obviously sense the tension.

"I used to be close with an elder who knew about these things," he said finally. That much was true. "She taught me some. I practiced on myself and animals."

Continued on next page

LOGAN AND LO'AK cont.

by Luka Catlin, grade 8

Continued from previous page.

"You've never worked on another Na'vi?" The suspicion in his voice felt like a blade.

"I ask that my history not be brought into question," he says with a facade of confidence. "I tell you now, I have never killed one of our kind. I have only ever done what I needed to survive. I am not asking for you to judge my past, but to read my current person and allow me to join you. If you cannot allow me to stay, I will leave and figure out something else."

His voice cracked at the end. He wouldn't be able to find something else. The best he could do was find a cave and hope it was far enough away that Lo'ak wouldn't find his body.

With a sigh, Logan heard a muttered, "alright."

Logan and Lo'ak let out a breath almost in sync. Tsireya clapped and ran towards her father- probably hugging him.

"But," the chief added, "if you show any signs that make me believe you may betray us in any way, I will have you leave. You are not Metcayina yet, boy."

Logan nodded again and again, unable to keep the small smile off his lips. He leaned into Lo'ak. Lo'ak thanked the chief. Tsireya yipped. Logan felt as if he was floating. *Life with Lo'ak.*

Logan could tell it was dark out. There wasn't any light coming through his bandages, unless he pointed his head a certain way towards a torch. Even then it was faint.

He thought about what Norm had said. *Mostly* blind. He would never be able to see perfectly again. But at least he could still see.

"Logan, what are you doing so close to the edge? If you fall in, no one is going to help you. They see your hands and are

suspicious."

There was Logan's beloved. He felt Lo'ak sit next to him and grab one of his hands.

"That would be a silly way to go out after surviving that epic battle," he laughed.

Lo'ak laughed too. They stayed like that for a while, just close, talking quietly. Logan felt safe here. Not here as in with the water clan, he felt more out of place than ever with them, but here with Lo'ak. He had a way of making Logan feel more comfortable. Sneaking past his walls and helping him relax. It was infuriating at first, but now he let it happen.

After a while, Logan reached up and touched his bandages.

"The scientists said I have to be careful. Too much stress on my good eye could make it worse. Get it as bad as the other one. But..." he slowly started unraveling the cloth, trying to be gentle. "In the dark like this, I could try, as long as I'm careful."

Lo'ak started helping, and soon the bandages were off. He had a small tunnel of vision through one eye. It was unsettling. He turned towards Lo'ak, facing him head on, and focused hard on his face. He looked worried. Logan put a smile on his face.

"Is it just me or are you even uglier now?" He quipped.

Lo'ak shoved him, and he chuckled. Then the worry returned on his lovers face, and he frowned again, concerned.

"Lo'ak. What's wrong?"

"I wanted to be with you," he said into the quiet air, "but not..."

"Not like this?" He finished.

Lo'ak nodded solemnly. Logan looked down at the bandages in his hands. They probably needed to be replaced anyway.

"You don't *have* to be with me," he whispered. Lo'ak looked up, but he kept his good eye locked on the bandages. "I would understand if you didn't...plus, she's a great girl."

He finally risked looking up, focusing on Lo'ak's face. His expression was...confused?

"Tsireya," Logan added with a forced smile. "I can tell she likes you. And with this," he gestured to his eyes, "it would be

understandable."

"No- no no no no," Lo'ak said finally, with an urgency to his voice. "I meant I didn't want to uproot your life, everything you stand for, and have you basically forced to stay here. I don't- Tsireya is nice, sure, but I love you."

Logan felt himself start to tremble. He didn't let himself admit how much it would have hurt if Lo'ak really had liked Tsireya before that moment. Now he could feel tears welling up in his eyes. Well, one of them. He didn't realize the bad eye could even produce tears until that side of his face was wet.

"O-oh," he choked out. Lo'ak looked surprised, awkward, and a little worried.

Eventually Logan just pulled him close and cried into Lo'ak's shoulder. Lo'ak wrapped his arms around him and set his chin on top of the others head. They sat like that for a long time. Even when Logan was done crying, he didn't let go of his lover. He just needed him there.

"You won't leave me, right?" Logan finally whispered into the chill air.

"Of course not, why would I-?"

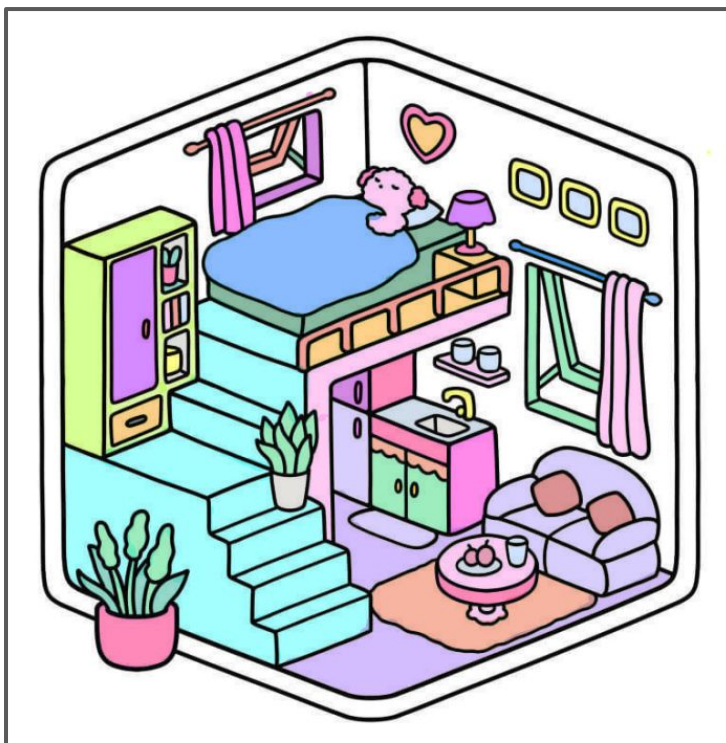
"They told me about what happened. How you almost took- took your-" Logan cleared his throat, unable to finish. "You have to promise. Like I promised you. Stay with me."

He pulled away, just enough to look Lo'ak in the eyes. (Well, eye.) Lo'ak looked shocked, and guilty. Logan smiled, only slightly.

"I'm not mad. I'd be a hypocrite. I just need you to promise me you'll never do that, ok?" He made his voice softer, more gentle, and Lo'ak eased.

"I-I promise. I'll stay if you do."

They hugged again, staying as close as possible, like they were trying to merge into one being. They both allowed their breathing to slow, almost as if they were going to fall asleep right there. Relief flooded Logan, as well as exhaustion. They separated, and wished each other a good night. Logan could rest easier, knowing he wouldn't be alone. Never again. He would never be alone again.



by Noor Aldali, grade 7



by Hunter Hallorman, grade 7



by Yui Keindl, grade 7

100 reason why i love Akutagawa

1. His eyes
2. His love for his sister
3. His chibi version
4. His manga version
5. His gender-bend version
6. His smile
7. How he hates baths
8. His dedication
9. His respect
10. His toes
11. His clothes
12. His love for figs
13. His coughing
14. His paleness
15. His hate for Dazai
16. Him coming back to life
17. His voice
18. His sass
19. He's stubborn
20. Him being a very nice person
21. He has no parents
22. Him trying to find a reason to live
23. Him yelling
24. Him be obedient
25. His hair
26. His love for art
27. His paintings
28. His gacha version
29. He's the mad dog
30. He saved a lady bug
31. Him in his knight outfit
32. His power
33. Protecting the kids he lived with in the slums
34. Him being a gardener
35. Him not going to school
36. Him training
37. His advice
38. Him being hypocritical
39. Him trying to change
40. "Call me Diablo"
41. Him being a goth princess
42. His head-canons
43. Him not liking oranges
44. His hate, love with Atsushi
45. Him being vulnerable
46. His undiagnosed BPD
47. His missing eyebrows
48. He's strong
49. Him trying and trying, again and again
50. His neck
51. Him turning into a vampire
52. Him being gullible
53. His actions (not all of them)
54. Him being the only person having bottom lashes
55. His walk
56. His glasses
57. He looks feminine
58. Him being honest
59. His jealousy
60. Him sharing a house with his sister
61. Him trying to get approval he'll never get
62. His fighting style
63. "Did you just call me bro?"
64. His job
65. His lifestyle
66. His decision
67. His fingers
68. His zesty poses in canon art
69. His hairline
70. He's brave
71. He's caring
72. Him having hard time communicating his emotions
73. Him taking out all his anger on Atsushi
74. His white tips
75. Him not realizing hinghu likes him
76. Him not liking dogs
77. Him being helpful
78. Him being the best big brother
79. His merch
80. His personality
81. His character
82. His pros
83. His cons
84. His voice actor
85. He's silly
86. His faces
87. He's childish
88. He's mature
89. His waist
90. His eyeliner
91. His thoughts
92. Him
93. He's me
94. Him having 1000+ different personalities
95. His hate
96. RĀSHOMA
97. He runs with a lung disease
98. He doesn't know what to be
99. He has no shine in his eyes
100. He's Akutagawa

by Rosenda Carillo,
grade 6



by Ivan Meza Rojas, grade 6

*Editor's note: Conferences are in the evening on March 4th and 5th, and during the day on March 6th.

INVENTION OF UNO

by Giana Uebel, grade 7

How was Uno created, when, and for what reason? Uno is a fun game for all ages. There have been so many versions of this game. This article will explain all about the billionaire who's big idea changed the way we play card games.

Merle Robbins was born on September 12, 1911. He was always very creative, growing up with lots of big ideas. He later married Marie and had a son named Ray.

Merle didn't invent Uno until later in his life, he was about 60. One evening at his home in Reading, Ohio, Merle and his son were playing crazy eights. They were arguing about the rules and how to play. Later Merle decided that crazy eights was too confusing, especially for younger children, so he created Uno as a simpler version of crazy eights. They came up with the name Uno to symbolize that you call out "Uno" when you have one card left.

Merle decided that people of all ages would love this simple

game, so he mortgaged his house for \$8,000 to produce 5,000 copies of his game, but he was only able to afford to produce it in one color. He chose avocado green because he wanted to go with a popular color.

He started out by selling them out of his small barber shop and his son would give them away to his students. During the summer he and his wife drove across the country trying to sell their revolutionary game. They would go to campsites and teach people how to play, then after playing a few games hopefully the campers wanted to buy it.

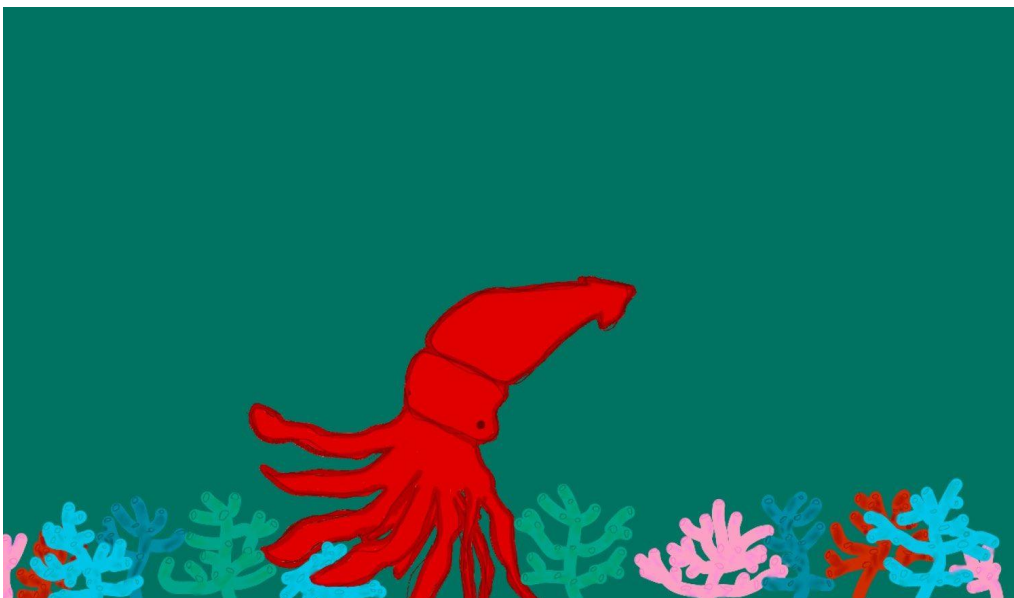
He later sold the rights to his revolutionary game to Robert Tezak for \$50,000 plus royalties of 10 cents per game. Tezak founded the company International Games, which was sold in 1992 to Mattel.

Uno changed the way everyone played card games. It was a big part of my childhood and probably part of yours too.

ANIMAL OF THE MONTH

by Juliet Fillmore, grade 7

Vote for the next
animal of the month
by scanning the QR
code:



Art by Abby Schwab, grade 6

YOU

by Peyton Butler, grade 7

I am a real person
I wonder why people treat me like something they can copy off
i hear "your" hobbies and interests
but really
they're mine
the interests the hobbies
my identity my sexuality
you stole
"But what if they just have the same interests,
or feel the same"
No
they don't it's been years of this
im tired

i see the you act
stealing others jokes
and style
And so much more
you've stolen from people
I feel like im being walked all over
i feel like im just air to you
i feel like a book you read and study
to just copy it word for word

i was a sweet bubbly person until you came along
and took advantage of me
i wonder why just why
why cant you be original
I wanted you to stop
before I snapped
but you didn't
i tried to not tell you stuff about me
i tried to lock my life away

i dreamed that it would all go away
i hoped and wished
but you still kept crawling back
i don't understand how you didn't understand
that i didnt like you

when id go home i could finally breathe
in a heap
i would lay my head down to sleep
my pillow like a soft fluffy cloud
i dreamed of a sunny place
i could smell the sweet sweet smell of the ocean air
I could just lay there and relax
the beautiful swirls of colors in the sky
the beautiful blues in the ocean
but nothing lasts forever
im awake again
another day with you

maybe one day i could break free
from these hand cuffs
and life freely

IT WAS JUST YESTERDAY

by Milo Ruff, grade 7

Chapter Two

Emily soon falls into a weightless sleep.

Suddenly, a bright studio light shines in her eyes, making them flick open. She looks around but only sees a bright white light around her as she continues to fall into nothingness.

“What the heck,” Emily mumbles as she squints her eyes.

As the light dims, she sees four men looking at her, but not any men; these are the famous *John, Paul, George, and Ringo*. The four Beatles are in front of her, crouching down to her level on the ground. She is in the place she'll remember **all her life**.

“Wait... Wait! I know you! You're *The Beatles!* The one and only!” Emily gasps.

“Oh? You know us then, luv?” John asks as Ringo oddly looks at Emily's slightly messy hair.

“You could have dressed properly before randomly appearing in our studio room,” Paul remarks. Emily looks past the four and on the wall hangs a calendar that reads ‘January, 1964’.

“Did I actually. . .” Emily stops herself from saying the rest of her sentence, because if she finishes it, she is bound to be thrown into an asylum. You know, it's not everyday someone magically time travels to the 60s, let alone right in the Beatles studio.

“So, did I just appear?” Emily asks, her

gaze shifting back to the lads.

“We were all talking to each other and when we looked behind our backs you were just *there*,” Paul answers.

“And that doesn't creep you out at all?” Emily questions, now a bit worried if this is actually real or not, and how to tell them it is.

“We'd hope to make a good first impression on the girl that appeared in our recording room and not scare her half to death,” George speaks up from behind Ringo. After a long silence, Emily speaks again.

“Are you going to kick me out? Am I disturbing you at all?” She says quietly, now terrified that if they do, where she will go, and how will she actually *get home*.

“Why don't you stay?”

“Want a cuppa tea?”

“Are you. . . *comfortable?*”

George, Paul, and Ringo all speak at the same time. John looks her up and down and says nothing.

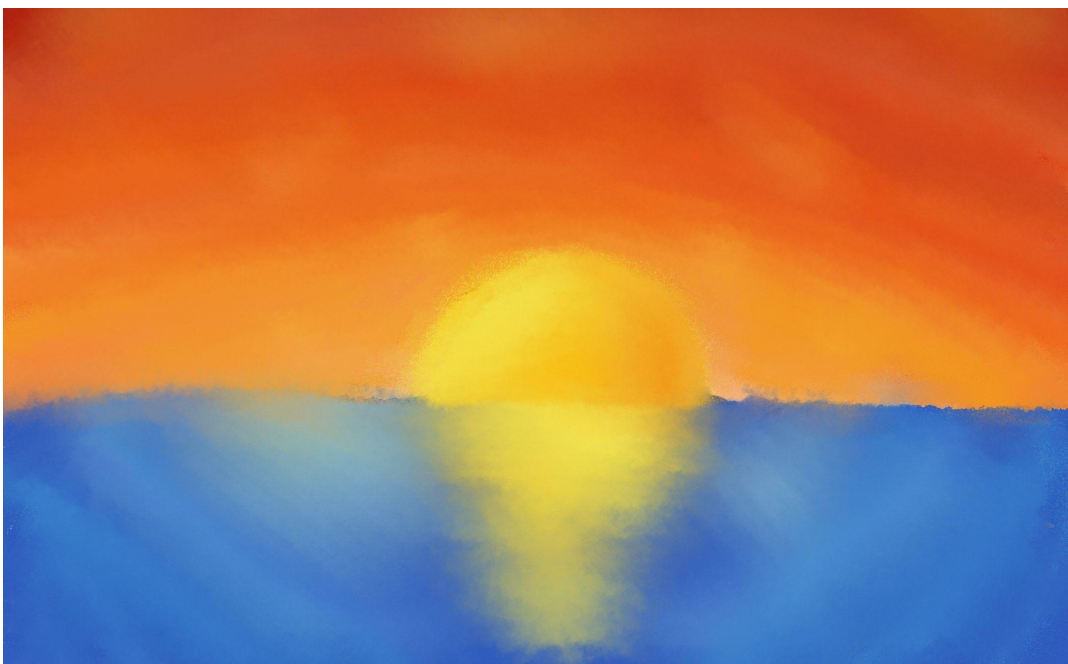
“Aw, John, why the frown?” Paul's eyes flick to John's stoic face. John looks to Paul and sighs.

“She can stay if she likes,” John says while eyeing Emily's Nirvana shirt.

“*Nirvana?* Who is that?” Ringo questions curiously.

“Um, well,” Emily stutters, now wondering how she can make up some excuse.

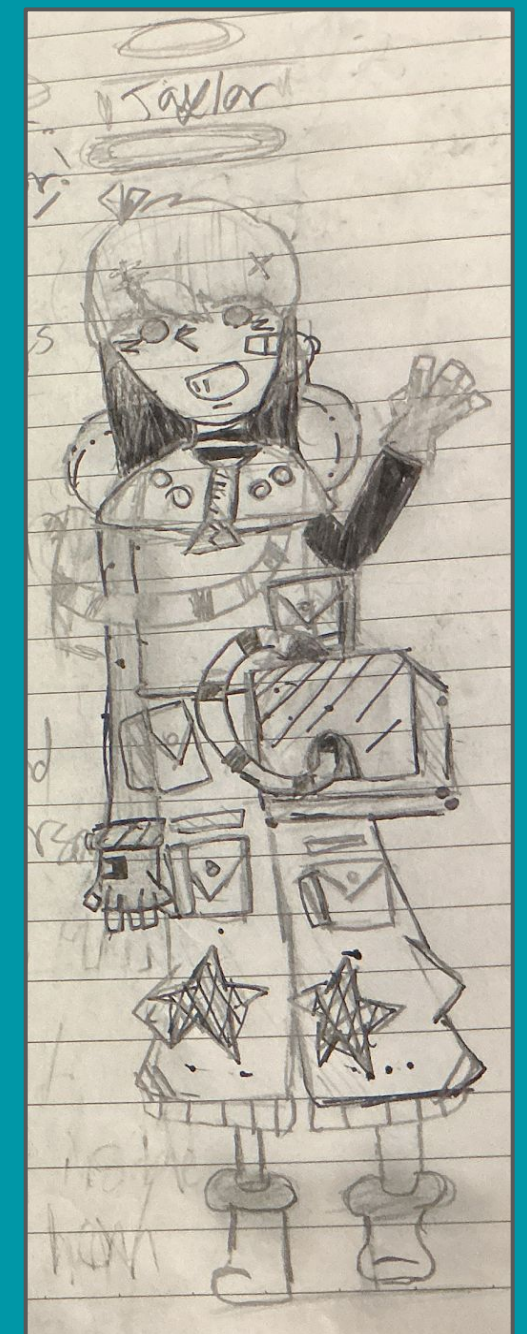
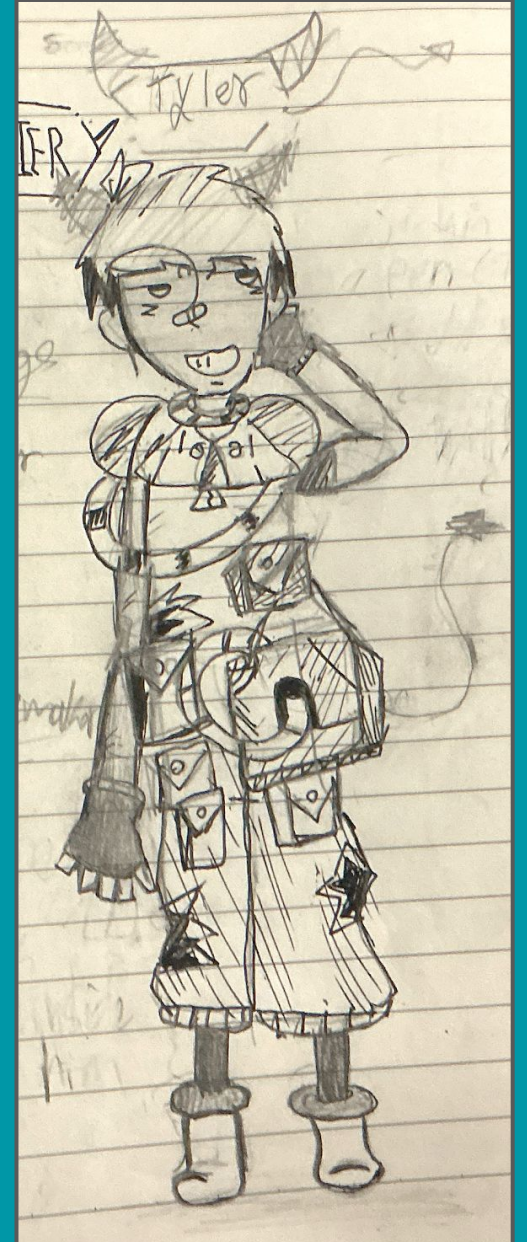
Long Beatles



by Elliana Terlinde, grade 8

GACHIAKUTA

by Aisha Jama, grade 6





by Isla Gruebele, grade 7

STARSTRUCK AROUND NILLOW HILLS

by Isla Gruebele grade 6

"I still don't get it," Cie says. Cie is 17 and goes to a private school, Nillow Hills. The school is for outcasts to learn about the abnormal and magic.

"What kind of spell did he expect us to use? Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious?" Ron says as they walk out of science class covered in ash and dust. Ron is 17 and is Cie's best friend.

The two were scolded by their science teacher, Mr. Friday, for using the wrong spell and making a cauldron explode. This is not the first time Ron and Cie had gotten into trouble. In fact it was the 16th time they have been sent to the principal's office this year, and it was only December.

Mr. Smith, the principal, was sitting in his leather chair with his arms crossed. "Well, well, well. Now isn't it my two favorite little trouble makers. You know, if this keeps happening you're going to be expelled," Mr. Smith said while gritting his teeth.

"It's not our fault," Cie said.

"Yeah," Ron managed. "Mr. Friday didn't tell us what spell to use. If he did, it was impossible to say."

"Is that so? Apparently everyone else in the class managed to say it perfectly and passed." Mr. Smith sighed. "I understand if it's hard to say a spell but that's been your excuse twice now."

Ron and Cie look down at the floor. "Sorry, Mr. Smith. We'll be better students," says Ron.

Mr. Smith gives Ron and Cie a stern look. "This is your final warning. After this you'll be expelled from this school."

Ron and Cie walk out of the principal's office and closed the door behind them. "Talk about strict," Cie says.

"I know right? You don't think he'll actually expel us right?"

"Psh, nah"

"People don't joke about being expelled. Especially not at a private school like this with magic."

Ron and Cie start to walk to their dorm. Suddenly Ron is on the floor with a boy they had never seen across from him. Papers and books scattered everywhere and the new kid looked like he was going to pass out.

"Oh my god. I'm so sorry," Ron says suddenly on his feet helping the new student up.

"It's ok. My name is Odysseus, I'm 17. But please call me Ody. Do you know where dorm A-2 is?"

Cie's jaw tensed after hearing that name. His cousin, a cyclops, was killed by a 20 year old named Odysseus 4 years ago. Cie glared at Odysseus as he grabbed Ron's

hand. "Come on Ron, we should get going."

"What about Ody?" Ron questioned.

"I don't care, let's go," Cie said angrily.

"Ok," Ron said with a sad look in his eyes. He knew about what had happened to Cie's cousin.

"Nice to meet you uhh...?"

"Ody."

"Yeah whatever," Cie said rolling his eyes

"Good luck finding dorm A-2 Ody!"

Cie opened the door to their dorm and dragged Ron in still, holding his hand.

"Why were you so nice to him?" he asked.

"Why were you so mean to him?" Ron said abruptly.

"You know I have something against that name," Cie replied.

"So? That doesn't mean you can just be mean out of nowhere!" Ron said with obvious anger still lingering in his tone.

"I know, I'm sorry," a tone of genuine shame and apology washed away his anger as he spoke. "Let's just go to bed, it's late," Cie said.

"It's only 9:30 PM?" Ron said, confused.

"To bed!" Cie replied, tucking himself in under the covers of his bed.

"Ok," Ron said, pulling up the covers on his bed. He turned off the lamp and they went to sleep.

To be continued...

PERSEVERANCE

by Emlynn Parent, grade 7

I am a black belt
I wonder about the future
I hear sparring
I see friends
I want a 2nd degree
I am a black belt

I was a white belt
I wondered how long it took
I heard the instructors
I saw young children, like me
I wanted to be a black belt
I was a white belt

I will be an assistant instructor
I will wonder about college
I will hear respect
I will see students growing
I will want to be a fun assistant
I will be an assistant instructor



by Adiam Gebriwot, grade 6



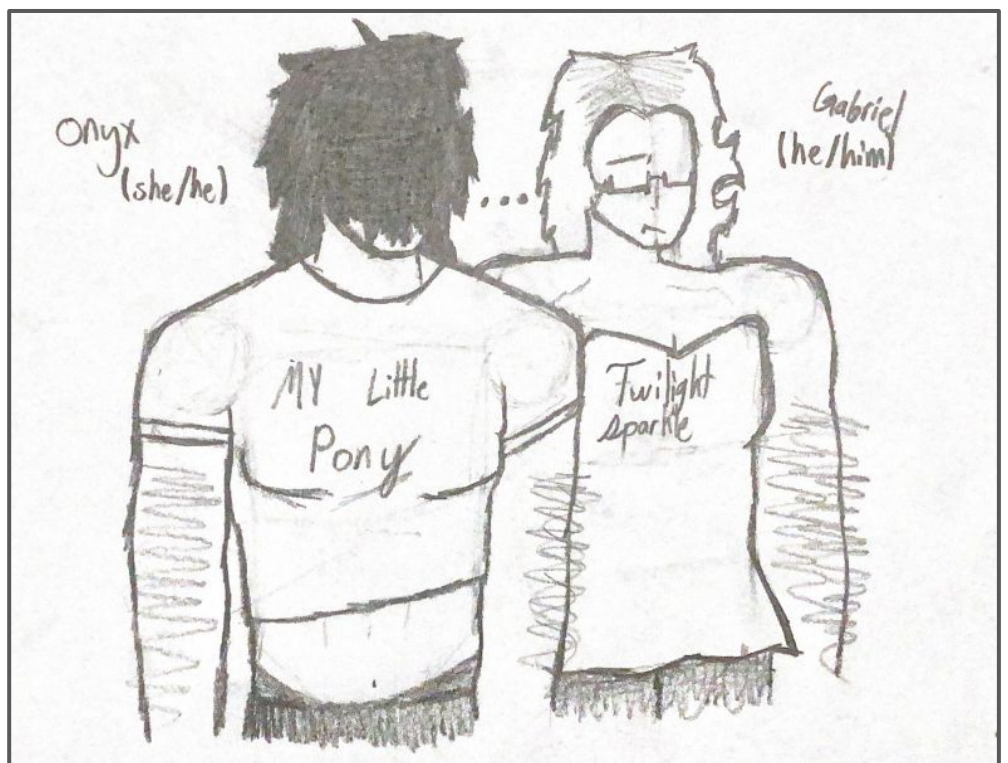
by Kayla Lakhamone, grade 7

HARRY POTTER HOUSE QUIZ

by Alice Hagar, grade 6



by Vincent Herrera, grade 6



by Angie Benson, grade 7