

## STUDENT REPORTERS

### FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

Asiya Ahmed  
Jeffrey Artola Garcia  
Kaycee Bahnemann  
Chloe Bollman  
Arlo Cox

George Dahmeh  
Juliet Fillmore  
Adiam Gebrhiwot  
Isla Gruebele  
Elizabeth Hanson  
Maliyah Henry  
Kayla Lakhomone  
Vee Larsen  
Daphne Martin  
Anissya Martinez

Dane Masich  
Fernando Ramirez Gonzalez  
Anastasia Reeck  
Milo Ruff  
Abby Schwab  
Wyatt Strese  
Naimah Thomas  
Blessing Unamba  
Viviana Wanner  
Chloe Willhite

## SIXTH ANNUAL PHOTO EDITION

The Spartan Newsflash was born out of the pandemic. Students needed more opportunities to share their voices, and more spaces to feel seen and heard. Each year the student staff has grown in numbers, and in the strength of their voices. Students are given freedom to write, draw, and create based on the topics that are important to them.

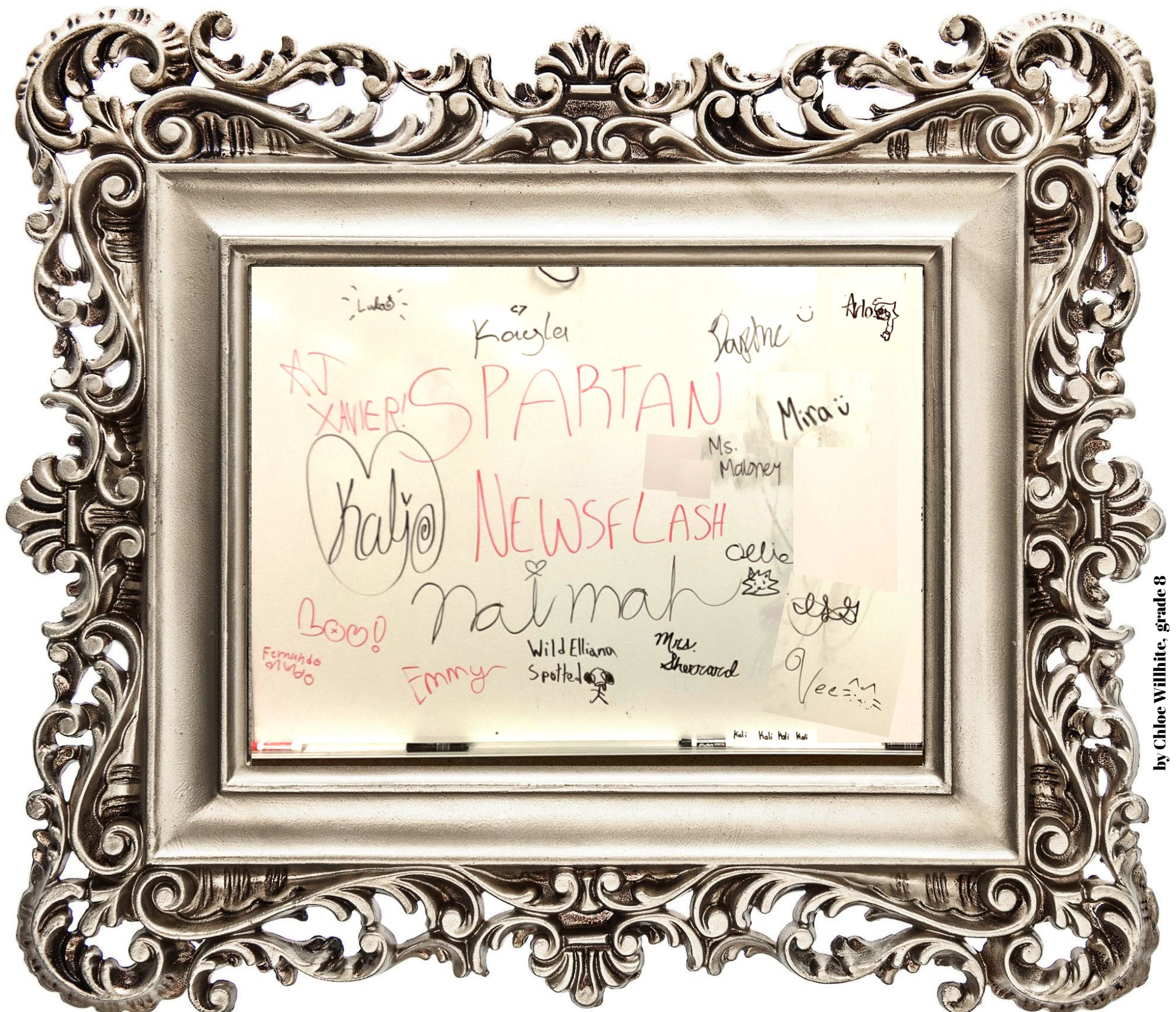
Every year a challenge is presented to the newspaper students to create an edition that focuses on the idea of "photojournalism." Students are encouraged to tell a story with as few words as possible, or no words at all. This is

that edition (with a few articles sprinkled in).

I would like to congratulate the Spartan Newsflash staff on creating an incredible sixth volume. The infectious excitement from last year created the largest number of newspaper staff this year: 60 students. This year has pushed me to be a better leader for the newsies, and continues to reinforce the deep love I have for this publication.

Have a safe summer and I know the seventh volume of the Spartan Newsflash will be amazing!

- Ms. Maloney

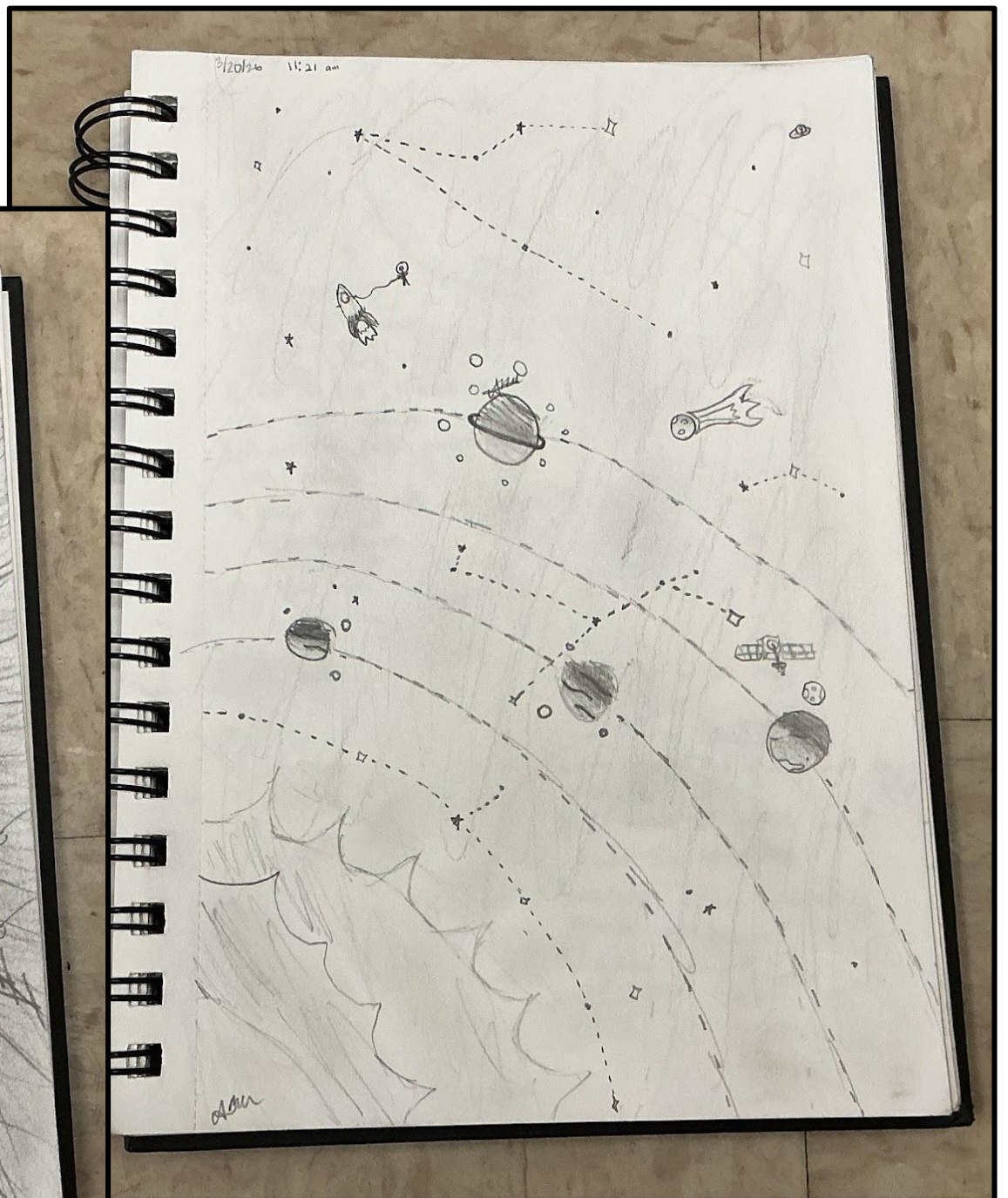
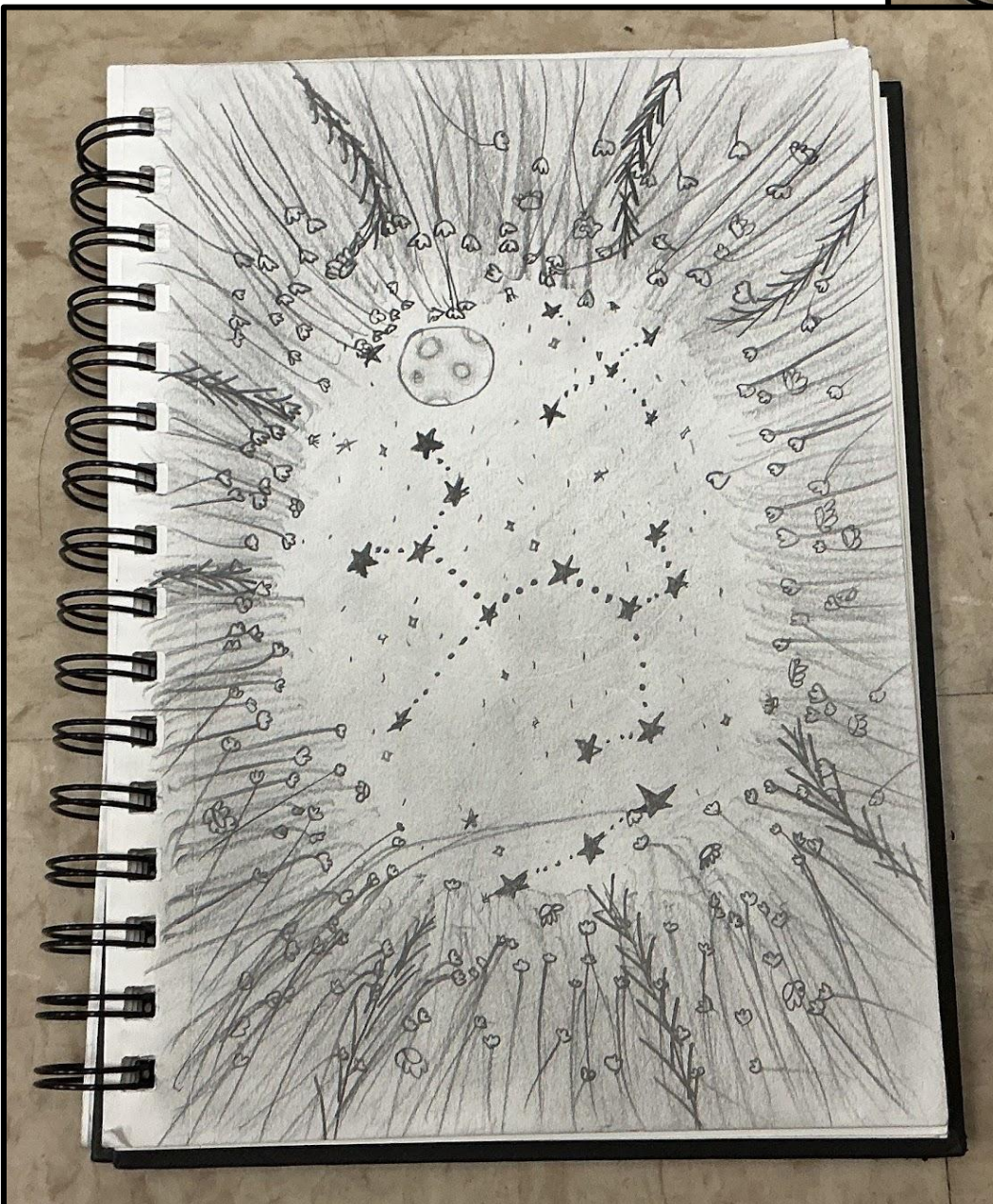


by Chloe Willhite, grade 8

**THE POWER OF THE PENCIL**



by Arlo Cox, grade 8

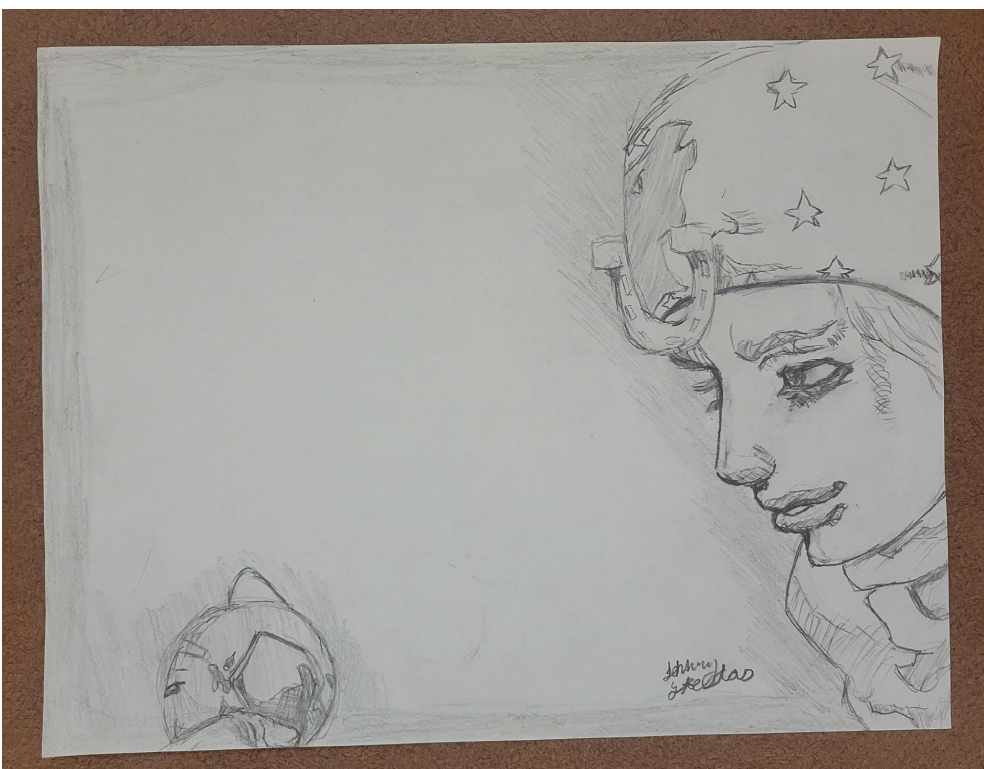


by Anastasia Reeck, grade 6

**THE POWER OF THE PENCIL**



by Vee Larsen, grade 8



by Jeffrey Artola Garcia, grade 7



by Viviana Wanner, grade 6

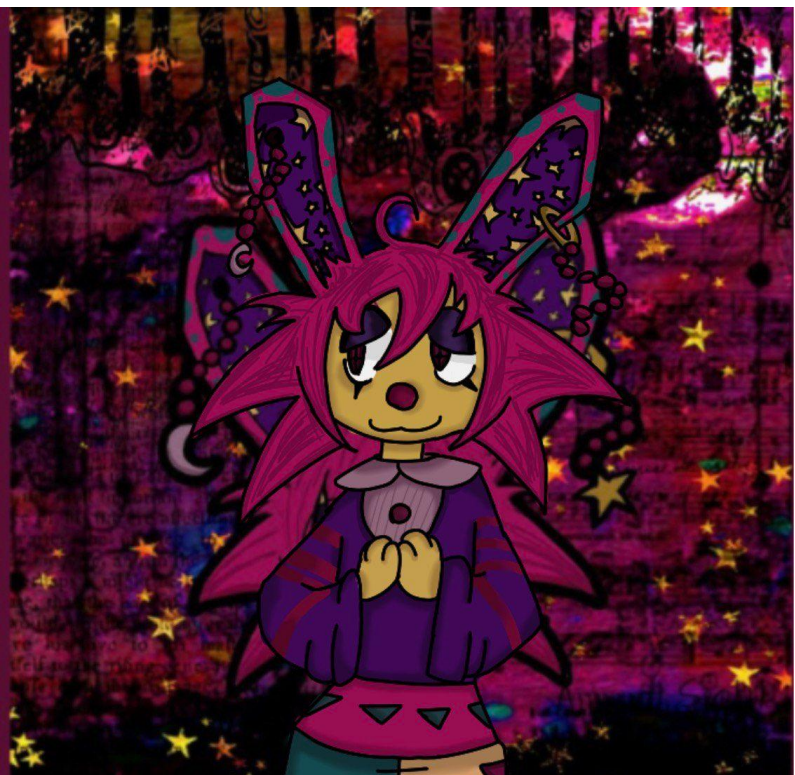
**THE POWER OF THE PENCIL**



by Chloe Bollman, grade 7



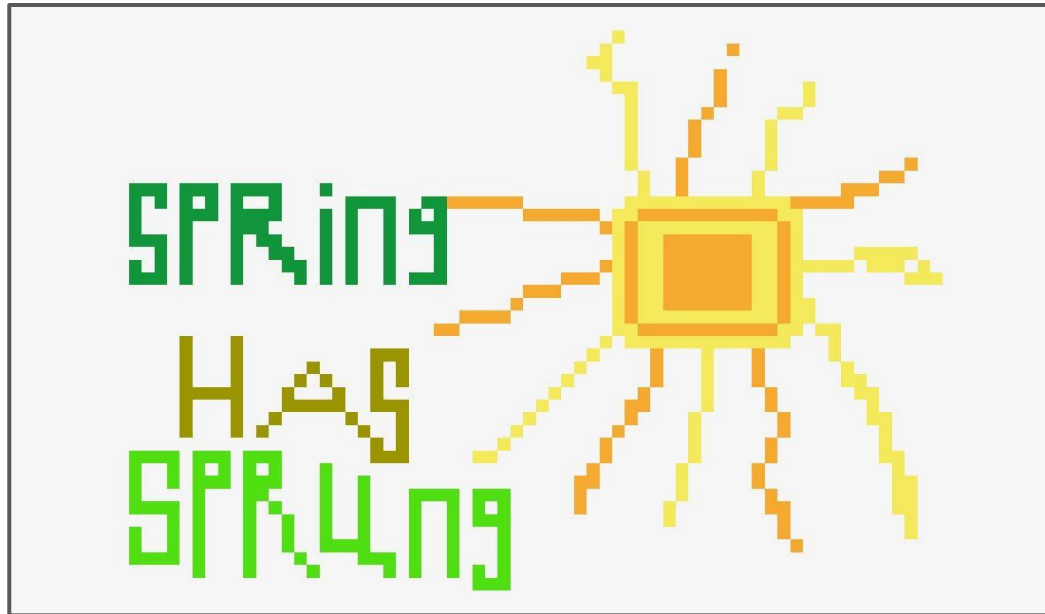
by Naimah Thomas, grade 8



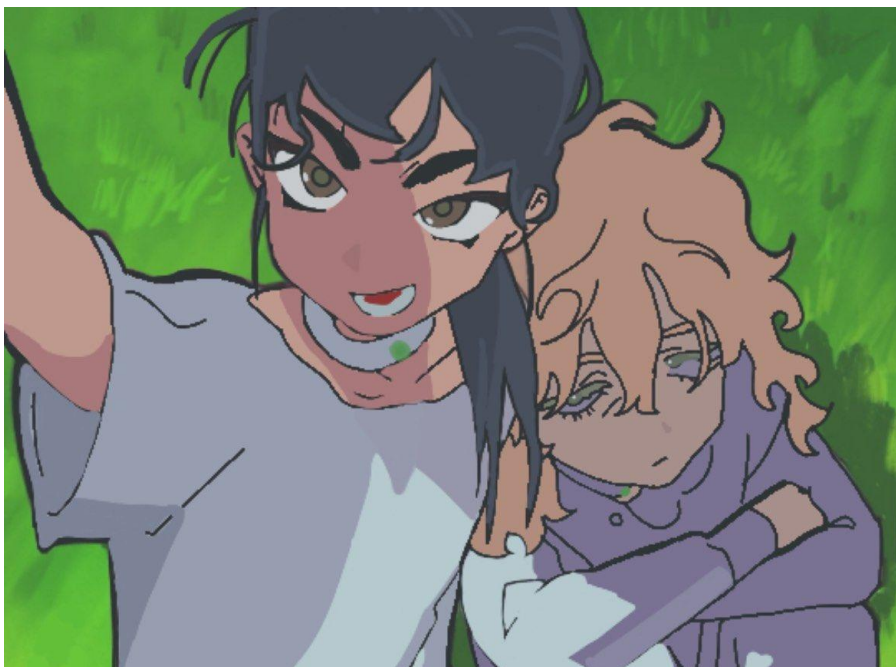
by Adiam Gebrihiwot, grade 6

**BEYOND THE BRUSH**

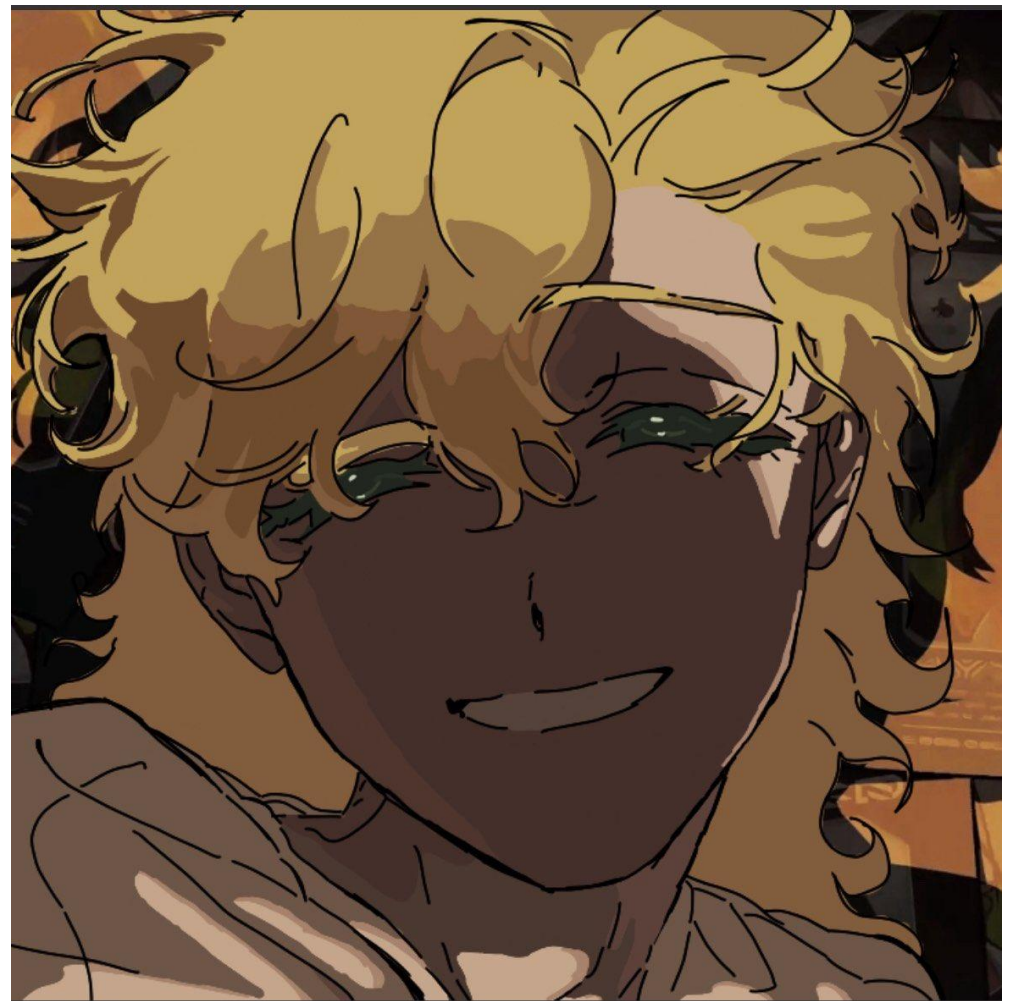
## BEYOND THE BRUSH



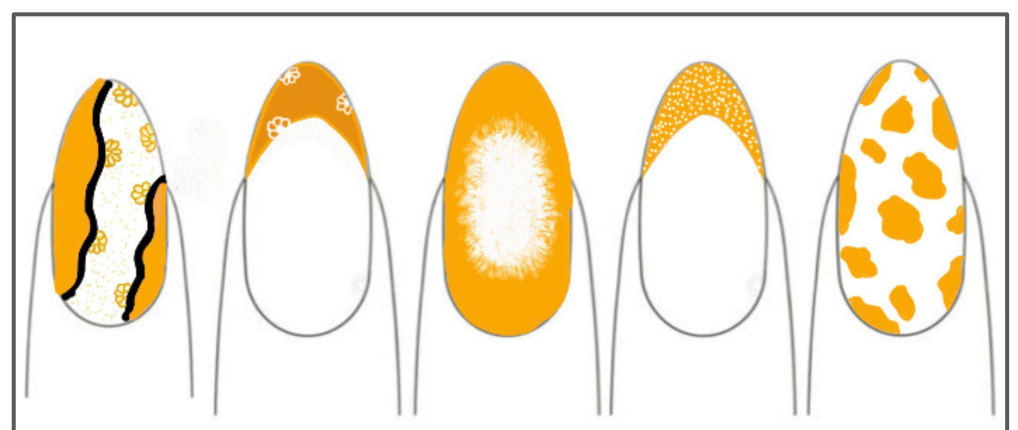
by George Dahmech, grade 6



by Kayla Lakhamone, grade 7



by Abby Schwab, grade 6



by Asiya Ahmed, grade 6



by Blessing Unamba, grade 6

# CRAFTED ON THE SCREEN



by Chloe Bollman, grade 7



by Isla Gruebele, grade 7



by Kaycee Bahnmann & Anissya Martinez, grade 7



by Fernando Ramirez Gonzalez, grade 7

CRAFTED ON THE SCREEN



by Isla Gruebele, grade 7



by Elizabeth Hanson, grade 6



by Abby Schwab, grade 6

## TIKTOK KNOWS YOU

by Daphne Martin, grade 8

That's right. TikTok could be tracking your health diagnosis, sexuality or gender, and immigration status, and sharing it without your knowledge. I'm sure we all know that TikTok will store information about you based on what you post and interact with. But how much do you think TikTok knows about you? How much privacy do you have?

TikTok recently changed their privacy policy. It says it will now store the following information based on your activity on the platform: racial or ethnic origin, national origin, religious beliefs, mental or physical health diagnosis, sexual life or sexual orientation, status as transgender or nonbinary, citizenship or immigration status. This is not new. Many platforms have begun implementing new privacy policies or regulations that can be a major breach of privacy.

Starting around December last year, platforms have started enforcing age checks and restrictions to keep younger users safe on the platform. Usually, this requires sending a photo of your government ID or your face to an AI to scan and verify your

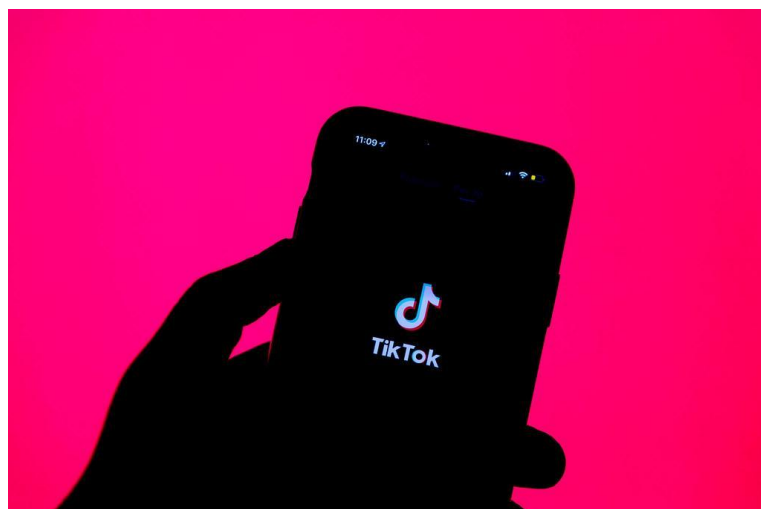
age. Some of the notable ones are Discord, Roblox, and Instagram.

Many people online don't feel safe sending their data to an AI company. Where is all of this information going? Is it guaranteed to be safe? Most companies are storing this data, but it might not be safe. In 2025, 70,000 IDs were exposed by hackers through Discord, a company who claimed they did not keep that information. People are still feeling the effects of this today.

Recently, one of the major AI age checking companies, Persona, had their data leaked by hackers, potentially exposing them for storing data in a surveillance network without consent. Nothing was accessed illegally, it was all exposed for anyone to find. Persona's API documentation reports a complete identity file about everything we've stated in the second paragraph; including your current

address, email, phone number, and government ID number.

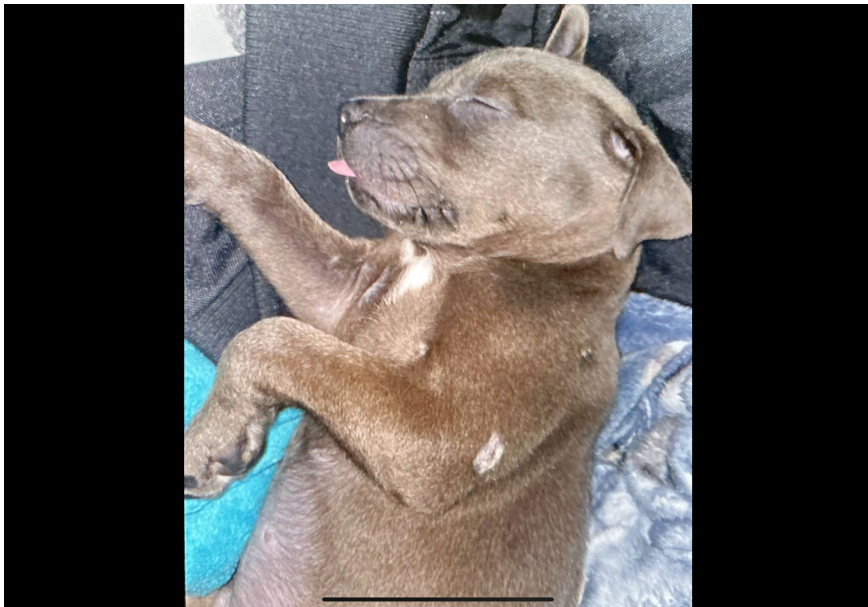
Staying anonymous and having privacy security on the internet is becoming harder and harder. Before you share any information on the internet, ask yourself, where is it going? Who will have it? Is it secure? We all have to take steps to stay safe online.



**PAWSITIVELY PERFECT**



by Abby Schwab, grade 6



by Maliyah Henry, grade 6

**ANIMAL OF THE  
MONTH**

by Juliet Fillmore, grade 7



by Dane Masich, grade 6

# DAY TRIPPING

## CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS EDITIONS

by Milo Ruff, grade 7

### Chapter Three

#### Across the Universe - The Beatles

Ringo, still looking at Emily questionably, raises an eyebrow as his question gets ignored by Emily who is now just sitting silently, still looking a little bit stunned but deep in thought.

"If ya already know us, what's yer name then?" John softens a bit, wanting to meet the mystery girl. Emily is thankful for the topic change and answers the question, her eyes lighting up.

"It is Emily; Emily Lane!" Emily says with enthusiasm, but is a bit embarrassed after saying it so excitedly. It is a contrast to the lads' more mellow demeanor at the moment and her cheeks flush a light albeit noticeable pink.

Ringo asks his question once again, now looking a bit annoyed because he was never answered and only ignored by Emily who is busy chatting the others up. "You never answered my question: who is *Nirvana*?"

"Blimey! Leave the poor lassie alone, would you, Richie? Let the girl *breathe*!" George snaps at Ringo and stands up. Emily blushes harder at the defense, and gives George an appreciative nod.

"If you'd like to come with me, I'm goin' out for some fresh air," George offers to Emily and walks out the studio door. Emily gets up off the ground and walks out, following George who's long legs carry him faster unlike her shorter ones.

Emily stands up, her expression staying the same even as her legs ache. George isn't bothered to hold open the door, so it almost slams in her face but she catches it with her arm. The strong wind hits her as soon as she steps out.

"George? Where are you going?!" She yells but George continues to walk away. Her words are stolen by the harsh gusts of the unmerciful wind. She quickens her speed in an attempt to catch up with the retreating George, pulling her coat tighter against herself as she shivers and repeatedly blinks.

"George!" Emily finally shouts, maybe a bit louder than she needs, which makes her face flush beet red in embarrassment. She finally catches up to George and slows down to capture her breath.

"Good God, Emily. You could'a just came up to me," George mumbles and leans against the wall in the alley, blocking the wind from hitting Emily. Intentional or not, it makes Emily feel at least a little

better about the door situation.

"Where are we even? Are we in London?" Emily is still trying to steady herself after running and shouting at the same time, her breaths coming out in short pants. It feels almost as if she is suffocating.

"You really are lost, aren't you? We're in *France*! We've been here for 18 days!" George answers. Emily's heart drops. She doesn't even have a passport, and being *this* far away from home makes her feel like she's across the universe!

"And when are you going back?" Emily asks, looking down. Tears well at the brim of her eyes, ready to spill with just a blink. She knows that if she lets herself cry she will only end up embarrassing herself more, so she doesn't.

"We will go back on February fifth, in 6 days." George tries to look at Emily's face, but fails to get a glimpse of her at all as her head is hung low with her hair covering her face. He can only see her quivering lips.

"Oh, okay." A stray tear falls from Emily's eye. *Is she stuck in France forever?*

### Chapter Four

#### Something - The Beatles

Emily has to build up the courage to say something. Not exactly that she is from the future, but that she doesn't have a passport. *Did something like that even exist in Paris during 1964? Hopefully.*

Emily rubs her tears away. "But I don't have a passport. I lost it. I don't know where it went," Emily lies through her teeth, hoping it convinces George. He gives Emily a skeptical look but doesn't press further.

"Alright then, how are you going to go back to—" George stops and pauses, thinking for a moment as he catches his mess-up. *He doesn't know where Emily is from at all.*

"Where are you from, anyway?" George asks, giving her a sidelong glance of curiosity. Emily freezes, weighing her options on what she can say and what will be most believable.

"Liverpool, yeah. I just moved there recently though, so I don't know my way around quite yet," Emily answers. *It's a lie.* Emily has never been out of America in her life.

George's eyes soften at her words, remembering when he was a small Liverpoolian boy. Emily notices the change in George's expression and gives him a

confused, questioning look.

"Why are you smiling?" Emily asks as she moves her head to look up at him. Although her tears are now wiped away, her cheeks are still flushed pink and she's softly sniffing.

"Just thinkin' of the old days, when I was a young lad in Liverpool," George answers in a daze as his lit cigarette rolls out from between his fingers and onto the dirty, grainy pavement.

"Um, you've dropped something," Emily states as she looks down, making George snap his gaze back down to Emily with brief annoyance.

"Oh, bloody... We best be going anyway," George mutters before pushing himself off of the wall, starting his way back to the studio without realizing Emily wasn't following behind.

"George, *wait!* I need to tell you something!" Emily calls, finally being able to breathe normally. She stands up straighter, ready to chase after George if he keeps walking like last time.

George stops in the middle of the sidewalk, pausing in his steps to take a quick breath before he slowly turns around, facing Emily. He starts walking back to the alleyway and stops where Emily stands.

"*What?*" George asks impatiently, his brows furrowing. He taps his shoe and runs his fingers through his hair before his arm falls still to his side. His expression scrunches up in irritation, and it is obvious he just wants to return to the studio.

Emily pauses, feeling a weight in her pocket. She puts her hand in and feels like a leather-like book as she pulls it out. It's a passport, filled out with Emily's full name, birthday, and other credentials that a normal passport from the United Kingdom during the sixties would have.

"Oh, hah—there's my passport then," Emily mutters, looking stunned before relief makes its way onto her face. Emily lets out a satisfied sigh.

"Hey, Em. You look lost. Why don't you stay with us?" George looks up from Emily's passport to her eyes. Her heart skips a beat.

"Sure, if you'd like me to," Emily pushes the words out of her throat as her voice almost abandons her in this time of need.

*George Harrison just asked Emily Lane to stay with the Beatles.*