



Falcon Flyer

End of School & Summer 2022

Published by the students of Stetson Middle School



Falcons Flying The Nest

Compiled by Georgia Green, 8th grade

The Falcon Flyer eighth graders have a few words of goodbye as they leave for high school.

Haylee Arabia- Take care Falcon Flyer! I have loved coming to Newspaper almost every Wednesday since 6th grade. It's always been a place where I've been able to express my creativity and loved being able to write my poems.

Manuela Dutra- It's been a good 3 years Falcon Flyer! I remember when I first came to the newspaper club scared, of what to expect, but the other students and Mrs. Claffey made me feel comfortable. It was great creating would you rather's, articles, reports, and poems. I am going to miss the club and hope it continues going strong.

Vera Flynn- Goodbye Falcon Flyer! The newspaper club has always been a place where I have been able to work with friends and create memories that have lasted all throughout middle school. I loved having the opportunity to write with my friends and express my creative freedom. I hope that Falcon Flyer will continue to be the creative place I know and love!

Jane Goodwin- Thank you so much Falcon Flyer! You allowed me to express myself through the words in our newspaper. I spent many great hours with my friends all because of this and I'm grateful. It's crazy that I'm now saying goodbye to the Falcon Flyer and



Stetson altogether, but here I am. I wish the best for all the returning and new members and hope to read some great articles in the future.



Georgia Green- Goodbye Falcon Flyer! Thank you for always being a safe space to hang out with my

friends. I've been in Falcon Flyer since 6th grade and it's always been I hope that it will always keep this energy and I know that it is in good hands! <3

Aine Harner- Bye everyone! Falcon Flyer was an amazing and memorable experience. I had a great time expressing my creativity and hanging out with my friends throughout the past 3 years! To all current, future, and past members: I wish everyone the best and hope you continue writing!



Gabrielle Kahng- So long Falcon Flyer! This club has been an incredible place for me to hang out, do some writing, and make some friends. Even though these past few years have been hard, we got through them. :)

Angelo Mesolongitis- Farewell Falcon Flyer! I have always enjoyed writing and when I wasn't given the passion necessary to write, Falcon Flyer offered me an opportunity to be creative and write about topics that actually interested me. Leaving you with one last to binge or not to binge. Go watch Columbo.

Jillian Silver- Bye Falcon Flyer! Thank you for being a place where I could improve my writing skills and express my creativity for the past 3 years. I've made so many amazing memories and friends throughout this whole experience! I can't wait to read the future editions of the Falcon Flyer!

Alena Sinton- Falcon Flyer was the highlight of my week since 6th grade. I loved sprinting to the vending machines, sneaking my friends into the club, and laughing with my friends in the hallways while Mrs. Claffey would tell us to keep writing. But most importantly, I was able to express my creativity, and learn so many more tips to improve my writing, and share it! I have made so many amazing memories through Falcon Flyer that I will never forget, thank you!

Congratulations and best of luck to all of our eighth graders as you Fly the Nest to high school!

Retiring teachers bid farewell to Stetson



Three legendary teachers are retiring this year, and we wish them all the best. Mr. Dave Kelly (Tech Ed), Mr. Greg Jewitt (English and Learning Support) and Dr. Una Martin (English Language Arts) will be soaring away from the Falcon nest. Combined they have impacted thousands of Stetson students over more than 75 years of teaching. They will be missed!

Creatures of the Deep

Vol. 5 (the finale)

By Jane Goodwin, Eighth Grade

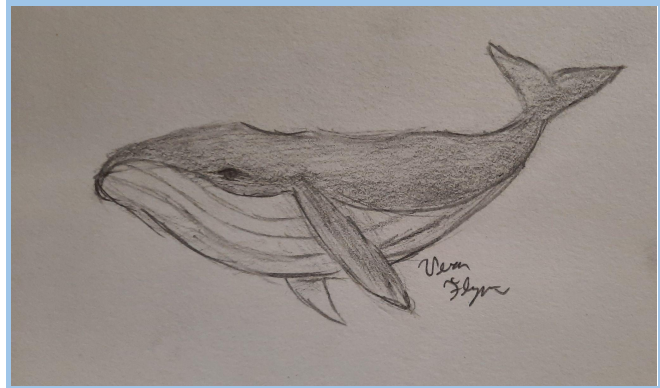
Illustration by Vera Flynn, Eighth Grade

I thought the perfect way to end this series off is with a big splash! And with that in mind, I decided that, for my last article I would write about the animals with the biggest splash in the ocean; Whales!

Also! If you would like to read more about the ocean's inhabitants, please look at previous publications! I've been doing this series for a while so if you would like to learn about other aquatic animals give those articles a glance!

Blue Whale

The blue whale is one amazingly huge animal. It is known as the biggest living animal on the planet reaching up to 110 feet long and 330,000 pounds. All five species of blue whale can be found in every ocean except the Arctic Ocean. The reason for this is their seasonal migration to warmer waters. In the 1900s the blue whale population drastically decreased to a fraction of what it was in the 1800s because of whaling. In the recent decades the decline in commercial whaling has saved this incredible animal from endangerment. Their diet mainly consists of krill, though sometimes fish and copepods are also part of their meals. Their lifespan can be anywhere from 70 to 90 years and can be determined by the amount of "earwax" in the whale carcass' ear.



Beluga Whale

The beluga, or white whale, is one of the smallest species of whale. Their distinctive color and prominent foreheads make them easily identifiable. The average beluga whale can live up to 50 years and grow up to 20 feet. An adult male beluga on average weighs about 1 to 1.5 tons. Because they are very social animals, beluga whales tend to travel in groups called pods. Traveling in groups is very common



through many other whale species as well. Beluga whales live in the arctic oceans of the world and they feed on a variety of fish, crustaceans, and worms. With traveling in pods, Beluga whales love to communicate with one another in many different ways. They most commonly use clicks, whistles, and clangs, but they also copy other sounds around them.

Narwhal

Narwhals, commonly referred to as the unicorn of the sea, are a part of the whale family. Many people recognize them for their one large tusk on their head, but there is more to this fantastic creature. Narwhals mainly live in the arctic water north of Canada. The average adult male can grow up to 20 feet and weigh 1.5 tons. This is similar to their relative and the previous topic, the beluga whale. Up to 22 pounds of this weight comes from the tusk alone that can also grow up to 9 feet in length. The tusks mainly develop for males and only occasionally develop for females. Scientists still do not know exactly why narwhals have these tusks but it is hypothesized that they are used by the males to impress females or fight other males. Their icy habitat makes these animals difficult to study so there is so much we don't know. Scientists hope that in the near future we get to learn more about these magical animals.



Websites

<https://kids.nationalgeographic.com/animals/mammals/facts/narwhal>

<https://kids.nationalgeographic.com/animals/mammals/facts/beluga-whale>

<https://www.fisheries.noaa.gov/species/blue-whale>

Mr. Low: Super Teacher or Superhero

By Liz Flood (seventh grade) and Jillian Silver (eighth grade)

Mr. Low joined the Stetson staff this year as a special education teacher who previously taught at Starkweather elementary school. Our reporters caught up with him recently to find out more about his life and teaching experience.

What inspired you to choose your career?

I have always loved working with students. I worked with students at a church and then I worked at a school when I moved. I love the idea of helping kids who need help. At that time, I couldn't teach in a public school, so I worked hard and went back to school.

What field did you go into to study this? Where did you go to college?

I graduated with a degree in youth ministry, but then I realized that I loved teaching and I wanted to be a teacher. I went to Philadelphia Teaching Fellows, and I'm not sure I would've done teaching if I didn't go there.

Did you know anyone growing up or close to you that has special needs?

My cousin has autism growing up and we spent a lot of time with him. I also have a friend from college who has Aspergers.



How has the Stetson environment impacted you?

Middle school is very different from elementary school. Middle school is more fast-paced which is very difficult for students with special needs to make friends. The goal for next year is to create more opportunities for friendships to happen.

Who is your biggest role model?

My mom is a kindergarten teacher and my mother-in-law is a special ed teacher. They are both very patient and are both big-time inspirations for me.

What advice would you give to your younger self?

I would tell my younger self to be humble, because I've learned more about humility since it makes you ask questions and for help. If I go back in time and talk to myself from college I would encourage myself to be humble.

What advice would you give to your older self?

I would tell my older self to enjoy the moment, and not rush into the next thing, since in education you tend to jump from one thing to the next. Knowing myself in the future, I will be moving fast.

What are some of your outside of school interests?

I do a lot of writing for kids. I write children's magazines and books. I especially love writing fiction and I would choose to do that with extra time. I also enjoy music, and I play music for my church.

How have your students changed your view on education?

When I see my students making progress in learning (such as learning to read), I don't take that for granted. With my special ed kids, I get very excited to see them making progress and it teaches me to be more patient.



ENTREPRENEURSHIP

WHAT IS AN ENTREPRENEUR, HOW CAN YOU BECOME ONE, AND WHAT CAN YOU LEARN ABOUT HERE AT STETSON?

BY AINE HARNER AND GEORGIA GREEN, EIGHTH GRADE

WHAT IS AN ENTREPRENEUR?

An entrepreneur is a person who owns a business that distributes products or completes services. They might sell custom phone cases, or they might edit your essays for you! Using the internet, many people provide services or products on their website, or on places like Etsy! All businesses including Tesla, Costco, American Eagle, Amazon, and more were started by entrepreneurs. Some entrepreneurs that you might recognize include Elon Musk, Jeff Bezos, Bill Gates, Oprah Winfrey, and more!

But... who can be an entrepreneur? Anyone!

HOW CAN I BECOME AN ENTREPRENEUR?

As previously mentioned, not anyone can be an entrepreneur. I highly recommend doing your own research, but here's some quick advice to help you get started.

- Establish your niche, or what your business' services encompass
- Establish your target audience
- Do you want to operate online or in person (or both)?

- Are you completing a service or providing a product (or both)?
- What do you need to provide your product or service?
- How can you reach or advertise to customers?
- Do you have any prior business experience?
- What makes you qualified to run this business?
- What is your inspiration for your company?
- What can you do to grow your business?
- Do you need to buy anything or recruit employees?
- How long will it take to start your business?

Here's a link to an article on starting your own business:

<https://www.businessnewsdaily.com/4686-how-to-start-a-business.html>

<https://www.shopify.com/blog/become-an-entrepreneur>

WHAT IS THE JUNIOR ENTREPRENEUR COURSE?

Right here at Stetson, we have a class called Junior Entrepreneur, and as the name suggests, it teaches you all about becoming an entrepreneur (in addition to stocks, making logos, graphic design, and watching lots of Shark Tank). Georgia Green and I both had the opportunity to take this class during the first marking period of the 2021-2022 school year. For this article, we interviewed Mr. Patton, who teaches this course to get a bit of insight into what this class is really about.

Question 1: What kind of lessons and projects might be included and completed in the Junior Entrepreneur Course?

Answer: There was a stock market project where stocks were bought. Logos and business materials were created. Commercials for a business are created. Social media websites will be created. There is a survival simulation at the end. Infographics and branding and marketing materials will be created. Canva and Google products will be used. You will create a business plan and watch a lot of Shark Tank videos.

Question 2: What inspired you to teach a Junior Entrepreneur course?

Answer: I was a business major and administration, I have a BA degree. I like entrepreneurship and technology and though I am not one, I am interested in entrepreneurs and entrepreneurship.

Question 3: What do you aim to teach in this class?

Answer: The big takeaways would be the option that students have to be entrepreneurs. Not all students have to go into 9-5 jobs and highlight the risks and rewards of entrepreneurship.

Question 4: What is your favorite part about teaching the Jr. Entrepreneur course?

Answer: The students' ideas. They come up with the most creative ideas that I never would have thought of and it's really interesting.

Question 5: How long have you been teaching this course?

Answer: This was the first year. It was at Stetson last year but Mr. Callahan taught it.

Question 6: What's the most useful thing a student will learn in this course?

Answer: I hope that they learn that they have the ability to, even at this age, make a difference in this world.

Question 7: Have you ever had an interest in being an entrepreneur yourself?

Answer: Yeah, but nothing serious and I never really acted on it.

Mr. Patton also included information on what opportunities that the Junior Entrepreneur course might open up:
“DECA is a competition in high school and this course might get you interested. It gives you a great opportunity to compete with what you learned.”

Looking for some summer reading options?



Keep scrolling to the Falcon Flyer Special Fiction Collection written by Stetson students later in this issue.

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Stetson baseball players pull together as a team

By Abigail Beardsley.

Photo credit to the Stetson Yearbook Staff



While baseball games come and go, becoming additionally difficult and stressful for the team, Stetson's middle school baseball players are propelled in the direction of working together. Whether they like it or not, they need each other's strengths to win as a **team** and improve as a whole. In the end, it's down to the players and their decisions on and off the field whether to work hard to be the best or not. They will sooner or later realize the hard truth that NY Yankees great player, Derek Jeter, draws into full view: "There may be people with *more talent than you, but there is no excuse for anyone to work harder than you do.*" The Falcon Flyer caught up with a few baseball players last month for their thoughts on the game.

Brady Shuffler, a seventh-grader, has been playing baseball for 11 years and is currently playing pitcher and left field, working every single day for an opportunity at third base in place of left field. Having played for the Wildcats, Militia, East Side All-Stars, and Stetson, Shuffler looks up to Gerrit Cole's (NY Yankees Pitcher MLB) remarkable pitching skills and overall performance on the field and off. As the season persisted, Shuffler toiled on, refining and enhancing his fastballs and getting generally stronger in body and spirit. Shuffler looked forward to supporting the team with his strongest sides: Pitching and Hitting. While the excitement intensified as each player reinforced their talents, the expectations of future games hit everyone with hope and promise. Many lessons come and go throughout people's athletic careers, but this has stuck with Shuffler to this day, "*No matter what there is always tomorrow.*"

Keegan McShea, a seventh-grader, played pitcher and first base at Stetson. He has also played for around eight years on various teams (Bulldogs, Playmakers, etc.). As the season started for both Stetson baseball and Chesco baseball, McShea was ready to bring the "A" game on and keep it on to the end, supporting his team all the way. Excitement



and the thrill of the game rallies up for McShea while he prepares, with mind and body, for upcoming tournaments with college scouts at them. Being one of two lefty pitchers McShea works diligently to display to his teammates his talents as a left-handed pitcher. Reflecting on his former games and knowledge of baseball, McShea has come to the conclusion that "*a lot of the game depends on mental strength,*" which



really reveals how much of a wide expanse of baseball touches the deepest parts of human strengths (and sometimes weaknesses), really testing players abilities in the best ways possible.

Zach Raihall has been committed to baseball for 10 years and played second base for the Stetson team. Raihall holds Freddy Galvis (MLB playing middle infield) in high esteem for their likeness and Galvis's position on the field. Raihall aspires that one day he will be drafted into the MLB after playing in high school and then hopefully college. Raihall has played on the Stetson baseball team, West Chester Warriors, and East Side Little League team, learning many lessons along the way. One of Raihall's most notable enlightenment throughout his years of baseball was *"Take it one play at a time,"* which reminds us that you can get caught up with the stress of the game, always looking to the future, but sometimes it is best to step back and look at what really matters which is to have fun and play the game to the greatest extent of your expertise.



Golden Knights Color Guard - Former Falcons soar in the Rustin Band

By Calista Rafferty, Seventh Grade

You know them as the flag spinners, or the dancers, or even the band nerds, but I know them as more than that. They're the color guard!

They're the Rusting Color guard, who once walked the halls of our very school here in Stetson. When they grasp their flag they do it with dignity. Did you know that they're going to spend three weeks in the summer just on making sure their footwork and spins are just right so that the viewer feels as if they're gliding with the precious silk that belongs to their flag.



They don't just stop there though. Every other afternoon in the school year that football games are still going on they pick up their flags and walk on the fields like there the confident storm troopers preparing for battle. They don't just do it for the ice cold drinks and the refreshing tans they will receive when they go to Hawaii. They do it because they love tossing the pole and seeing the bright fabric fly in the air.



An interview from two Rustin High School color guard members named Canberra Rafferty and Leah Ambrosine revealed that color guard isn't always easy. One girl implied "You have to be pretty dedicated. It's a big commitment."

Referring back to the commitment of colorguard. Another one mentioned

that she "would not underestimate the work you have to put in to be a part of the marching band." Things like doing drills during band camp in 90-degree heat are not that much fun when you think about it but all of the hard work pays off." They work as if their spirit will fade at the end of the day and so will the weight of the flags in their trembling hands. They do it through the love and they do it through the hate. The instruments that drive us in the football stadium are not



enough. The visual aspect belongs to the colorguard in the music of the eyes.

To Binge or Not to Binge?

The Prequel Trilogy

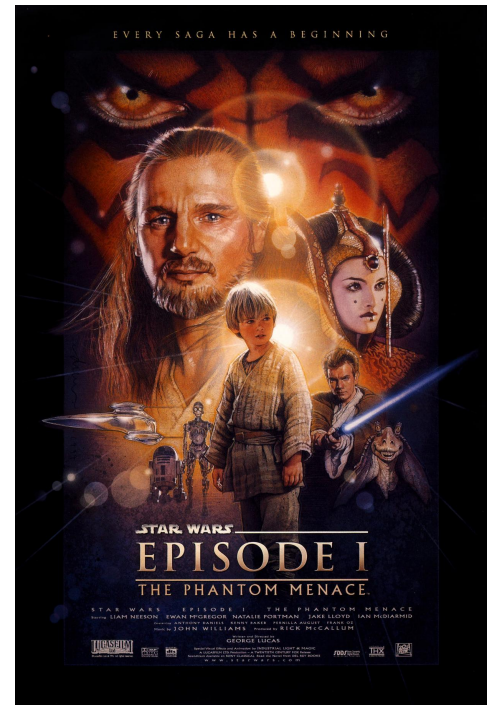
By Angelo Mesolongitis, 8th Grade

Though the first three Star Wars movies were praised for their incredible story, characters, practical effects and sets, many were left disappointed with the prequel trilogy. Starting with “The Phantom Menace” in 1999, continuing with “Attack of the Clones” in 2002 and ending off with “Revenge of the Sith” in 2005, these three movies were some of the most hated pieces of media on release. Since their initial airing however, the children that grew up with these films have risen up and expressed their love for them. As someone with no nostalgic connection to any of them, whether it be the original or prequel trilogy, I find myself fit to look at these three films and judge whether or not they truly are...

Binge-worthy. So let’s go ahead and end this series off with a bang, starting with...

The Phantom Menace

As mentioned before, The Phantom Menace debuted in 1999 with... mixed reviews. Though it can be difficult to tell what the widespread reaction to this movie was, several interviews from the time reveal that a majority thought it was “ok” while some thought it was either “bad” or “good”. Many people criticized it for its confusing plot, clunky dialogue, Jar Jar Binks, and lack of any great characterization while others praised it for its faster approach to choreography, especially during the last duel, all the new additions to the universe, the incredible soundtrack and the groundbreaking use of CGI. However, most people lean towards the former and this stigma has managed to last until today. But is it warranted? In my opinion... no. While many choices in the story feel heavy handed, they are, on closer inspection, much more well-thought out. However, I don’t want to spoil much or even any of the plot for this movie as I went into it knowing a vague summary of the plot and came out pleasantly surprised. I would suggest watching this movie as soon as possible. Though it is my least favorite film of the prequel trilogy, it is still incredible and is able to start off these three movies expertly well. In the end, I feel that the ‘criticism’ for Episode I is more so a



criticism of George Lucas' decision to create a Star Wars movie that was different from A New Hope, Empire Strikes Back, or Return of the Jedi, and while I do love these films, it is unfair to compare two completely different experiences. In conclusion... go watch this movie! It's pretty darn good!

Attack of the Clones

While this film holds the record for the second worst title in a Star Wars movie, I enjoyed it substantially more than I expected to. On release, it was hated just as "The Phantom Menace" was, but I found the film to be quite incredible! I'm actually a bit unsure on where to start here so I'll just talk about a fairly glossed-over part of the film, the soundtrack. I find the soundtrack to be the best out of any other in the Skywalker Saga. I believe this is attributed to the fact that John Williams was able to convey such varied and intense feelings, consistently, over the course of two hours. The Opening and Ambush on Coruscant sounds mysterious and full of premonition, "Yoda and the Younglings" is light-hearted and



sweet, "Zam the Assassination and the Chase Through Coruscant" is fast and intense, The Tusken Camp sounds terrifying, almost as if portraying a descent into madness, "Confrontation with Count Dooku" is frightening and eerie, perfectly accompanying the scene in the film. I could honestly talk about just the soundtrack for the rest of this article

but there are other topics to move on to. Before I do, however, I wanted to mention my personal favorite theme from this movie which is coincidentally my favorite theme from any of the 11 films in the franchise, that being "Across the Stars". "Across the Stars" is such an elegant, varied, beautiful piece of music that perfectly expresses the relationship between Anakin and Padme without any words. Even if you have no intention of watching this film, I would highly recommend giving this song and even the whole soundtrack a listen. Hey, speaking of the love story, let's talk about it. It is not very good. While I hate this element of the story far less than most other people, it still feels as if it could have



been done far more competently. The dialogue is extremely stiff and awkward and while I am glad that lines such as “I don’t like sand” exist, they don’t exactly do wonders to the story. While all of this is true, most of the complaints seem to come out of the fact that there even WAS a love story in a Star Wars film, which is an extremely childish statement. As a whole, I don’t believe that this aspect of the film ruins it. While it is quite awkward, it’s far from horrible and may even provide a way to laugh. Now onto my favorite part of the film, the settings. Though the different planets in Star Wars have always amazed me, none were as incredible as this film. From Geonosis to Kamino to Coruscant, this film has some of the most unique, breathtaking areas. Each one is more unique than the last, making this flawed but fun experience much, much more than that. Though there are a few aspects of this film that I could cover, I wouldn’t want to spoil anything as watching this movie for the first time is simply magical. Watch this one too! It’s also pretty great!

Revenge of the Sith

Revenge of the Sith is a dark, brutal, miserable experience that is almost impossible to do justice with just this article. The whole film seems like a disasterful premonition and everything from the writing, to the settings, to the soundtrack all contribute to this inescapable feeling. I would go on, talking about plot points, the finale, the characters but as I said before, I simply cannot do this film justice. This movie is simply a masterpiece. Please, please go watch it.



Concluding Thoughts

The Prequel Trilogy, though inconsistent and occasionally flawed, is simply something that *must* be experienced at one point or another. Or in other words, these films are...

100% Binge-worthy!

Author’s note: Thank you to everyone that read my silly little articles through middle school, I truly do appreciate it. See you all next year!

MORALS TO LIVE BY

Compiled by Judad Singh, Seventh Grade



J. Singh: "Be the best at what you do."

G. Green: "Don't change yourself for others."

A. Harner: "Live your life, but do it smartly."

J. Goodwin: "Honesty is success."

V. Flynn: "Be creative. It's good to have a creative output"

M. Luedtke: "One man's trash is another's treasure."

A. Abramov: "Intelligence is one's understanding of fundamental integral calculus."

N. Coluccio: "Treat others the way you want to be treated."

Anonymous: "Chicken wings. Yes."

J. Lyle: "Because they're not a friend, doesn't mean they're an enemy."

S. McNichol: "Treat others the way you want to be treated."

A. Mesolongitis: "Don't get caught."

C. Rafferty: "Always be kind."

R. Pascoe: "Don't approach unless you're approached."

A. Beardsley: "Honor your mother and father."

M. Wilhelmson: "Don't care what others think."

Falcon Flyer Staff, Stetson Middle School 2021-22

Sixth Grade

Emma Clark
Mia Colombo
Ilarlar Deng
Jett Flynn
Anyah Henderson
Addison Hurford
Eidmark Kamara
Mira Luedtke
Jack Lyle
Samantha McNichol
Maggie Perritt
Pratik Rapphadu
Matilda Senn
Kiki Simunov
Lucy Stief
Olivia Ward
Maiya Wilhelmson

Seventh Grade

Alexander Abramov
Abigail Beardsley
Zoe Case

Nathan Coluccio
Elizabeth Flood
Claire Harris
Cooper Moritsch
Reagan Pascoe
Calista Rafferty
Jugad Singh

Eighth Grade

Haylee Arabia
Manuela Dutra
Vera Flynn
Jane Goodwin
Georgia Green
Aine Harner
Gabrielle Kahng
Connor Kearns
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Anthony Montgomery
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Falcon Flyer meets on Wednesdays in Room B106, 3-4 p.m. New staff members are welcome.

Falcon Flyer

Special Fiction Collection

Published by the students of Stetson Middle School



Gerie Secrets of Stetson

By Jack Lyle, Mira Luedtke, Samantha McNichol, and Ilarlar Deng

△Disclaimer: None of these stories are true. (ARE THEY THOUGH?) They are all 100% made up, and nothing like this (probably) will happen or has happened at Stetson△

You have been warned.

Continue if you dare.



Be a do a ~
-Samantha/Samantha

The story of Belladonna is a complicated one, as we have many different stories, all painting her in different lights. We don't know how she originally came to be, but we do know how she got to Stetson. Have you ever seen the gate on the way to the field? It is lined by trees, as you may have seen. However, between two of the trees, there is a gap. That gap is more important than it may seem. In order to understand this story, you need



to understand a few things about Belladonna. In her natural form, she is a humanoid creature with hair that flows a bit past her shoulders, and long legs. However, her skin is all tree bark, and her hair is entirely made of leaves. That makes her easy to mistake for a tree, and she is practically invisible in a forest. Her natural camouflage is added to by the fact that her hair can shift appearance depending on her mood or willingness to change it, the fact that her hair can be used as a cloak when she's stalking her prey, and the fact that she can change her height at will. The last three important facts about her are that she can grow any plants at any time to disguise her or to fight, she won't move if looked at but is capable of it if in danger, and she hates and hunts all humans. Alright, on with the story. After the gate was installed, the landscapers of Stetson decided that they needed to mask the uglier sides of the gate, and so they bought some trees from a tree farm to put in, already fully grown. They chose to install the right side of trees first, because they would be the easier ones to put in. They finished the installation of those trees, and then took a break for lunch. When they came back, one tree was gone. Understandably, they panicked at the lack of a tree that they had planted only an hour earlier. After all, a tree doesn't just vanish! They investigated the surrounding area for any evidence as to what may have happened in their absence, and found footprints near the tree. They were odd and slightly warped, but they dismissed that as nothing. At first, they thought that the footprints were those of the tree thief, but soon realized that there were no footprints approaching the tree, only walking away from it. The footsteps lead into the forest, which was abnormally dark for the early afternoon. All of the landscaping staff felt a shiver run down their spines, and heard an odd thumping, rustling noise from the trees. They backed as far away from the treeline as they could, but the noise was still present. After a few minutes of the landscapers waiting with bated breath, the head of the team called for them to resume working. From that point, there was a looming sense of terror surrounding the landscapers, which carried on until the end of the day. No landscapers vanished that day, but the looming sense of terror when you're outside with a small group of people remains, and will remain for as long as Belladonna stalks the forests and fields of Stetson.

The Vending Machine Destruction

-Mira/Mira/mira



Not so long ago, Stetson Middle School had just installed two brand new vending machines to allow teachers and students to enjoy refreshments and snacks after school hours. Although, nobody knew where the vending machines actually came from.

The day the vending machines arrived, a student named Alexa

went to the vending machines after her

volleyball game. As she inserted the coin into

the machine, Alexa began to hear a rumbling sound in the school that became louder and louder. It came to a sudden stop, which caused her to shudder. After about 2 minutes of looking around to find any clues as to what happened, she finds absolutely nothing. Alexa returns to the vending machine to press the buttons to get her snack. The chips fall in slow motion down into the chute. She very awkwardly reaches out for the snack and snatches it out of the flap quickly to ensure nothing weird happens again. After a couple seconds, the machine proceeds to implode, exploding every one of its surroundings. Luckily, Alexa had enough time to barely evade the explosion and ran outside for help as quickly as possible. She ran to the nearest police station and alerted them about the situation, and to this they went to the scene. However, as the police officers went around to where the



machines exploded, they were in the same place as before, completely unharmed.

No matter how many times Alexa told everyone, nobody believed her story. She requested to see camera footage but the footage showed no evidence of the explosion. The vending machines have continued giving snacks and refreshments to everyone, but no one knows if this event could occur again.

THE SHED

-llarlar/3larlar/i^Lar^Lar

Long ago, long before Stetson Middle school existed, it was much more interesting than it is now.

In the place of Stetson Middle School was a stone wall, built completely of stone bricks. Vines snaked up the structure, clinging to the rock and giving the lone wall an eerie aura. The people in the town nearby never went near, instead whispering about it and telling their children horror stories in a poor attempt at keeping their kids away from the wall.



Nevertheless, one particular child got extremely curious about the mysterious wall in the middle of nowhere. By now, the wall was crumbling, with only luck and the ivy holding it up. There were cracks in the wall and crevices where chunks had fallen off years before. The chunks of rock that were unfortunate enough to fall off had long since dissolved, their remains dissipated and returned to the earth. It really was a wonder how the wall was kept up. As it happened, it was both luck that nobody tampered with the wall and a little bit of dimension fragment that had been left behind from the departure of the creatures

that had originally roamed the land.

Alix tiptoed down the creaky hall and carefully opened the door. It creaked slightly, but did not alert his mom to his presence.

Alix stepped outside, pausing for a moment to savor the hot afternoon sun on his face. Then he turned and carefully closed the door behind him.

Once the door was closed, Alix dashed across the grassy lawn to meet Saki, who was patiently waiting behind a row of bushes in front of his house.

Alix opened a pouch on his belt and pulled out a few wrapped sandwiches, handing one to Saki.

They stood together for a few minutes, eating the food in silence. Alix attempted to fill the awkward silence.

“So.. how’d you get out?”

Saki didn’t answer for a few seconds. “It was easy, really. I just told my mom that I was going to the garden to plant a few seeds. It worked better than I’d thought. I even slipped the tools out.” She showed him the tools she’d tucked into her belt.

Alix held a thumbs up, finishing the remainder of the sandwich.

Saki dusted her hands off, brushing crumbs off her shirt. “So, are we ready to go?”

Alix nodded.

Saki turned to him. “One more thing. How did you convince your mom to let you out?”

Alix winced slightly, already regretting his decision. “I slipped out.”

Her eyes got wide. “You’re kidding.”

Alix shrugged. “It wasn’t that hard. My sister was distracting my mom, and my dad is in town.”

Saki sighed and shook her head. “You are helpless.” Then she walked off in a brisk run.

When the two reached the grassy plain in which the wall stood, the two suddenly felt the pull of the mysterious wall and felt compelled to explore further.

The dark clouds above their heads rumbled and threatened rain. Alix looked up, confused. “Wasn’t the sun just out a few minutes ago?”

Saki didn’t answer.

Alix turned to see that his friend had pulled a shovel from her belt. Before he could ask what Saki was going to do with the heavy shovel, she turned to face him.

Her eyes reflected the dark thunder clouds hanging low in the sky, heavy with rain. Alix understood. She had always hated thunder.

The clouds flashed as lightning prepared to strike the ground.

Bright yellow lightning clashed with a nearby tree with a loud crack, startling Saki so much that she’d fallen backwards.

She held out her hands to break her fall, forgetting what she held in her hand. Before she could stop herself, the heavy tip of the shovel connected with the ancient wall.

There is a reason that parents warn children not to do anything. In this case, it was an ancient legend that had been passed down for so long that it had become mere whispers around the town.

But whispers are still whispers, and can be heard by anyone. All anyone knew was that there was something off about the ancient crumbling wall, and the townspeople were all too scared to investigate further.

The mysterious wall glowed as it broke. The moment the wall was completely broken, an ancient piece of alien matter was released into the grassy plain, sucking everything it came into contact with into a deadly void, including the two unsuspecting kids that wanted nothing but to return home. Neither Alix nor Saki was ever seen again.

Months after their disappearance, the townspeople had put up a ring of caution fences around the crumbling remains of the wall, which still flickered slightly at the best of times.

However, there came another generation where there were two insufferably curious children who wanted nothing more than to explore the forbidden area. After a few years of this, the townspeople built a shed around the site and forgot about it.

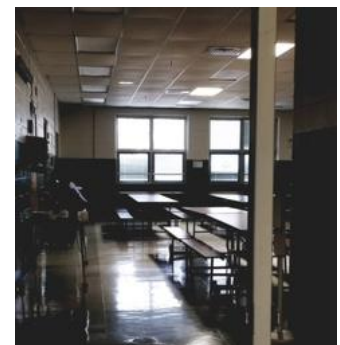
Eventually, the grassy plain was converted into a middle school.



1. THE CAFETERIA

-Jack/Jack/JACK/jACK

One day long ago, there was a kid named Timmy, Timmy Johnson. It is said that he was in an after school club, the Falcon Flyer, to be specific. He was walking around, trying to think up an idea for an article, when he noticed the Cafeteria, and thought it looked creepy with the lights out. Peering into the dark doors, he contemplated the possible



stories that he could come up with if he went in. He thought about it for a while, weighing the pros and cons in his head. So, he went to his teacher and asked her, "Can I go into the Cafeteria? I think I might be able to come up with something to write about,". The teacher denied him, telling him that he has to get adult supervision to go in there. However, Timmy was a very curious child, and even more impatient. From the cameras, they saw Timmy go into the Cafeteria, with no one else with him, but no one ever saw him come out. There are theories that Timmy was cursed never to leave, or was ripped apart, from the inside out, by spirits that live in the Cafeteria. Some say that he became one of the spirits living there. Others say that he died there, and haunts the Cafeteria, waiting for another kid to come in alone, so he can draw them to the same fate he faced. Only one other has ever tried to go into the Cafeteria alone, and after hours, but since his friends were waiting for him on the outside, and could see him, the kid managed to come out, but they were never the same as they were before they entered. I advise you to never, ever, go into the Cafeteria after hours, and alone while the lights are off. But who knows, maybe if you enter at just the right time, and the spirits are in a good mood, you will be spared, and just might see something extraordinary.

The New Golden Trio

A Harry Potter story

By Lucy Steiff, Addison Hurford and Olivia Ward (sixth grade)

You may think the Harry Potter story was over, but it didn't stop there. The new golden trio is here, Liv Weasley, Lucy Dumbledore, and Addie Potter. Lucy was Dumbledor's granddaughter. These three were to be known as the new Golden Trio. Hermione, Ron, & Harry, their parents, are some of the best known wizards and witches, and they have no idea what life will be like at Hogwarts. Lucy ended up hanging out with Liv and Addie because they used to invite Dumbledore's ghost over every Thursday for dinner (and occasionally Nearly Headless Nick). They just missed him so much and it was a chance for Lucy to see her Grandpa.



Soon they became the best of friends and invited her to join their little friend group! Soon enough they would follow in their parents footsteps and become superb witches and wizards just like their parents! Back in their first year at Hogwarts they ended up getting sorted into all different houses. Liv became a Slytherin, Lucy became a Hufflepuff, and Addie became a Gryffindor. They were nervous at first but they had all their classes together, although Liv isn't the best at magic because of her hand-me-down wand she had got from her father. I think we all know Ron was not the best at keeping wands in fit shape.

Addie is now one of the top students, and Lucy didn't really participate in class because she was still getting over the shock of her grandfather's death. She was only 7 when it happened. She loved him so very much she can't seem to relieve herself of the grief. Dumbldore died in a very brutal and unruly way. They are all in their 6th year now. Lucy still manages to get mostly A's. Soon enough their potion class was over. They scurried along the corridors until they got to their common rooms. They threw their coats on and hurried to the great hall for lunch.

After tons of running, they arrived, and the trio was separated again. None of the three had made any other friends and it was hard being lonely, so Liv and Lucy broke some rules and sat with Addie at the Gryffindor table. The other Gryffindors did not like the fact that they had a Slytherin and Hufflepuff sitting at their table. They would have to get used to it because they were not leaving. When the word started to spread about Addie being the Harry Potter's daughter everyone tried to be Addie's friends but she still kept Liv and Lucy. As the great hall started to quiet down Professor McGonagle had something to say.

"This year the Triwizard Tournament shall be held here."

Everyone screamed and yelled as Professor McGonagall quieted them down.

“Only students over the age of 16 can participate in the tournament.”

For that statement there were boo’s and cat calls.

“Thank you,” the Professor said, and she left.

“Wow the Triwizard tournament here at Hogwarts?” Liv said. “I never thought it would happen here again after my dad got selected and Cedric died,” Addie whispered.

“Yea, those were some scary times with ‘you know who’ and everything,” Liv said.

Lucy chimed in, “And Dumbledore couldn't even stop this from happening?”

“It’s too late, Lucy, people are already putting their names into the goblet of fire, and once you put your name in it can't be taken out. It's a full commitment.” Addie said sagely.

“Wow,” Lucy gasped. “That's crazy!”

Liv added “Yeah that’s why my dad had to compete.”

Addie mumbled. “Really?” Liv asked. “Yea and if he didnt save my dad in one of the challenges then I wouldn't be here today,” whispered Liv. “And don’t forget about Vicy saving your mum,” Addie laughed.

“Yeah I guess so,” Lucy giggled. “Both of you are quite sure nothing ever happened between my mum and Victor Krum.”

“Mhmmm what whatever you say my friend, whatever you say” Addie said.



Dinner was delicious and the girls were walking to the Hufflepuff common room for a sleepover when a boy with greasy blond hair, pale skin, cold gray eyes, a granny smith apple, and a smirk on his face stepped in their path. It was Draco Malfoy II, the son of Addie's dad's former enemy.” So you must be Addie Potter, the daughter of ‘the chosen one’ right?” Malfoy said with a sneer.

“Yes I am. How may I help you?” Addie said sharply.

“I was just wondering. See ya later Pottah, Weasley and whatever your name may be?” said Malfoy with a sneer.

“Loser” mumbled Lucy. They walked into the Hufflepuff common room to see a cozy room with couches and plants hanging everywhere. Addie and Liv were astonished, but Lucy just smirked and showed the girls where they would be staying.

Lucy flopped down on the bed smiling. “I’m so sad we are not in the same house. Without you guys to comfort me about my grandpa’s death it is so hard to get over it.” Lucy complained.

“Maybe you should enter!” Liv looked up with a twinkle in her eye.

“Me? I’m not even 16!” Lucy gasped at Liv like she was crazy.

“My dad did.” Addie added.

“Still I’m not that good of a wizard.” Lucy answered.

“Sure you are.” Liv encouraged. They sat awkwardly on the puffy yellow couch.

Finally Lucy declared, “Yeah, maybe I will.”

Addie and Liv stared at Lucy in astonishment.

“Really?” Liv answered, her mouth full of chicken wings.

“Yes-” Lucy said. “Now how to get my name into that cauldron.

“Just remember, once you put your name in, you can’t take it out,” Addie confirmed.

“I know.” Lucy ate a spoonful of the chocolate pudding.

“The tri wizard tournament is in a few days. We have to do whatever we can to get you ready.” Liv commented

Over the next few days the girls helped Lucy study magic and they helped her with her skills. Days passed and Lucy’s skill improved. Then the time came when it was time to get ready. Lucy had thrown up a few times but eventually she knew she could do it. “It’s not like I can back down.” Lucy mumbled.

“You’ll be OK.” Liv comforted.

“I hope,” Lucy worried.

“You will,” Addie said.

“I just found out that Ravenclaw boy Danny entered into the triwizard tournament too,” she added.

“Danny, that boy in our charms class?” asked Liv.

“Yes,” said Addie.

“Well now we know I'm going to lose.” Lucy said sadly.

“Oh come on Lucy you got this!” Liv said excitedly. “I can help you out some more with your magic,” Liv said.

“But what about your wand situation?” Lucy asked.

“Well I got a new wand and I'm really good now. I got my hands on an old dark magic book!”

Liv said with a sneer “WHAT?!” the girls screamed. “I'm not gonna do anything bad with it, I'm just gonna use it to help out Lucy so she feels confident enough for the first event later,” she said to the girls. “Well, I can't guarantee I will do nothing bad, but.... that's off the point,” she whispered to herself.

Lucy was very nervous as the first task had approached and she felt extremely unprepared. She had to face one of the scariest and most dangerous dragon breeds in the wizarding world, the Hungarian Horntail. Lucy walked into the arena and pulled out her wand and said, “Acio Addie Potter and Liv Weasley.” Addie and Liv flew through the air and landed next to Lucy. Addie was trained to ride horses since she was 2 and Liv was apparently very good at dark magic.

“Acio Aaliyah,” Addie yelled as she dodged a flame. Addie's horse came galloping through the air and the girls hopped on. Lucy was using her wand to battle the dragon while Addie and Liv were controlling the horse. The dragon shot fire every minute. Lucy's confidence raced to catch up with the speed they were going on Addie's horse. After ten minutes and at least two third degree burns, the girls got the egg and the task was over.

The second task approached just as quickly as the first, but before that task started the Yule Ball had to be hosted. All of Hogwarts, and all the people who came from the other schools for the tournament were invited even the first years. Which is amazing because that never happened. This was the very first year they did that! As the Yule Ball approached, the girls got ready! Liv wore a black dress with a green trim on the bottom, with her hair in two dutch braids with little green bows at the ends. Lucy wore a pale yellow sleeveless dress, with a slit in the leg. She wore a braid down her back with yellow flowers in her hair. Addie wore a dark red dress with gold sparkles running



down it, and her hair in a long ponytail that reached halfway down her back and made her hair wavy. They had lots of fun once they arrived. They danced all around and got some chocolate frogs (nobody rare) and got some butter beer, too! The dance music came to a stop, and the head minister closed the dance. It was time to head to the common rooms. They decided to go over to the Slytherin common room tonight, but as soon as they walked in, Liv gasped. There was a young man sleeping on the couch.

“Liv, are you alright?” Lucy questioned.

“MOVE,” Liv yelled as she pushed them out of the way.

”Wait, who is that?” Addie asked.

“No time for questions sorry! AVADA KADABRA,” Liv said as the spell shot across the room to the kid around the same age as the girls. The boy's eyes shot open just in time to dodge the spell.

“What are you doing!” the boy asked. “YOU ARE A SLYTHERIN LIKE ME WHY ARE YOU ATTACKING??” the boy yelled. “WHY ARE THERE OTHER HOUSES IN HERE??” The boy yelled again, waiting for an answer.

“ 1 - you're evil, and 2, because Professor McGonagle said it was fine!” Liv shot back. Liv pulled back her wand ready to strike.

Addie noticed something. “Girls, that boy has no nose and is super pale. You know, he looks alot like ‘You Know Who,’”Addie whispered.

“And that's why I pushed you guys out of the way. Do you guys get it now?” Liv whispered back.

“OHH YEA!!” Lucy said, not too loud though. Addie pulled out her wand and stood at Liv's side. Lucy then did the same. “AVADA KADABRA,” they all screamed at once.

Three bolts of magic connected from the girl's wand and shot at the boy. The bolts hit him right in the chest and he collapsed on the floor. He was most likely dead but you can't be too sure. Everytime you thought his dad died he found a way to gain strength. Speaking of which, he was to be known as the son of.....

Twice as Much

A short story by Alexander Abramov

In a castle upon a prairie lived the Avians. The king of the Avians was a rich fellow, with more gold that could cover the castle walls. Across this prairie was another castle, parallel to the river. The ruler of this castle had an uncountable fortune and lived



in harmony. The king across the prairie was a strange being, an intermix between a rat and a frog. Yes, this rich beast had no worries and was always, truly happy. Though the king, across the prairie, began to get bored, and was exhausted from sitting on his chair all day, eating his meals. He had once

been an adventurer, killing kings both evil and good for their riches. He had gotten so rich he could buy his own castle, one with walls that are 8 inches thick, servants of hundreds to prepare his meals a minute after his request, and an impenetrable vault that contained his gold and jewels. He had thought about the idea the night prior in his red-golden leather bed and believed that it was time for ignition. He asked his servants to build a vault a million units high, wide, and long. Then he suddenly left his humble abode.

The Avians were rich settlers, once living in the trees, poor, fragile, and weak. They had used their flight to fight the war against the ants, storing much loot across their many homes. They had learned to better survive using the bugs in the ground as food, and soon thrived as a rich nation. It seemed like they had experienced their own renaissance, for they were quite formal as well. Painting was alkali in their economy, the paintings they sold to the parrots; full of color. However, they had a weakness -- their walls were only made of sticks and leaves. To properly keep their kingdom aground they needed to reinforce these walls with the sap from the maple tree 30 feet the kingdom.

The rich king across the prairie, who I will now refer to as the beast, knew this fact and took by the tunnels. A smart move this was since the birds could not reach this area, deep beneath the castle. The tunnel was 150 feet long, though the beast knew he could make the journey. He survived mainly on beetles, which he consumed with his



powerful jaw. He had 6 rows of teeth, similar to a shark, each row having 50 teeth. The beast was constantly hunched because of sitting in his chair. He was surprisingly agile and would catch these bugs before crunching on their hard shell. He would use the leather from his apparel to hold the juices together for later on as an emergency. The tunnel was as hot as the sun, and he would frequently need to find cooling. He

used honey he borrowed from the bees to hold a mint coolant so he would not dehydrate. The journey was treacherous, dangerous, and outright mad; but he had finally seen the light of day again!

The bees were poor, for they only had one good; honey. The honey had become much too abundant, so they could not find many good deals. The Avians did not not receive this honey for they were at war with the bees, both of them being flying animals. The bees had a monarchy, the queen being worshiped and loved. She had a golden robe with small jewels encrusting the edges of the apparel. She had her own honey, called royal honey, which was the worth of an ocean of honey per pound. There was a median rank, called the bee warriors. They had a decent, middle class life which sustained them in moderate happiness; though they risked their lives. And the low class bees collected honey, every day, every week, every month, every year, until they met their end.

It was beautiful to finally see the golden ball of the sun again. The creature felt the breeze of the wind and felt humble; though he still had a lust for fortune. The beast looked around, realizing he made miscalculations and had arrived at an incorrect spot near the castle. Why, you may ask? The beast wanted to arrive near the sap tree to sabotage the walls and therefore would make it easier to arrive inside of the castle; the ground also being reinforced. He needed to get a ride, an invisible and quiet one. A chameleon could work, though there were none nearby. He pondered and pondered until he heard the rustling of a skunk. The beast had an epiphany! He would use the skunk's smell to push the guards away while still using its sense of speed to complete

the mission quickly. He created a harness using the fibers of grass and some stones as a counterweight. He tied the animal down with the weights and harnessed it, then pushing off the weights. The beast's utter power was enough to control the beast, riding it towards the sap tree.

Reptiles, amphibians, and fish were unknown to the prairie and the forest. The swamp was westward, the jungle was to the east, the desert to the south, and the arctic to the north. The reptiles and amphibians lived as one, such as male and female. They had similar traits and both followed in democracy, having oh so many children to feed and a low class income. The fish did not have a government structure. Most of them were idealist, intelligent philosophers and scientists. They lived in peace under the ocean, hiding from the predators of the sky. They did not interact with the society as they called the "above." They acted as such they were tribal, hunting with no rules, surviving with their power and will to live.

The animal was extremely speedy, the beast arriving at the enormous tree in what seemed like seconds. The leaves on the tree were of a golden-brown color, being the midst of fall. It was 20 feet tall and seemed like it was looking over the prairie; watching. The entrance to the sap cave was 10 feet from ground level. The beast already had an idea for this: using a sunflower he found he bent it into an umbrella shape and took off the seeds on top. He had laid down and began waiting for a gust of wind to carry him up. The first gust was directed downwards, which is why he tied the flower to a log. The second gust was to the west, closer but not yet the gust he wanted. Then, finally he had received an upwards gust. He quickly untied the sunflower and began flying upwards to the sap cave. A hearty leap later he landed softly inside of the sap cave, unaware of the amount of guards in presence.

A long, long time ago, when all the species were still in their primal state; rules were nonexistent. There were some things you could not do, like kill another, but even then any simple excuse could get you off the hook. The world was uneven. Innovation was improbable because no man or woman would want to work as a team with any other species. The world was still instinctual, carnivorous being ruthless killing machines, racoons being clever robbers, bugs being stomped on as worthless creatures. Until one being had a revelation, the ape. Intelligence was their main factor, being quite weak physically. They created our tools, wrote our language, engineered our great structures, and much, much more. Though one day they disappeared. Some say they ascended for a better purpose, moved away from the prairie and forests and began to build their own civilization, one built completely on one species. We thanked them for our medicine and our technologies. We prayed to them, put aside our beliefs and accepted them as the true gods. One day, they created something horrendous: a machine, many machines, that destroyed our world. Our small lungs could not handle it,

slowly we started to perish. We begged them for mercy, though they did not bestow any pity for us. Every day there are less of us. Why would they do such a thing, after all our friendship and appreciation? Betrayal? No, they don't know. Carelessness.

The beast was not afraid of the guards themselves, it was that he didn't want to alert the castle. The sap tree was enormous from the inside as well. The size was small for the Avians, and there were only 3 workers inside. A singular collector, a singular sap checker, and a singular transporter. The small size would not allow for any swift movements, meaning the beast would have to rely on something other than stealth. After some consideration, an epiphany had hit! All he had to do was to block off the sap



tree. He could collapse the inside of the tree, but the guards outside would surely catch him and report him. What if he destroyed the sap supply without anyone noticing, but what would he use? He saw something next to him; the skunk! It must have found a way up! The skunk was spooked by the beast, and had used its defense mechanism. The mist allowed the beast to hide, blinding the guards, until he mounted the skunk once

more. Soon he would be at the castle.

Living things change to adapt. They change to survive. They change to be selected in the next generation. Birds are small, easy prey, but with wings they can survive a generation more. Carnivorous animals such as bobcats adapted to this with the stealth from their ancestors. Indeed, change is what keeps life living. Characteristics of body before mind. A cycle, an infinite loop, which only ends when one species emerges. When one understands the true meaning of existence. When one understands that there is a way to exit the cycle of life without breaking it.

The beast was at the castle walls. The power of the skunk broke through their unfixed structure, which took weeks of waiting. The Avians tried to stop the beast, calling for support from other creatures. The problem about being too powerful is that people want you to fall. The skunk was quick, much too quick for the hummingbirds themselves to catch. The castle, one hundred feet tall, was not frightening to the beast. He dismounted the skunk and strided up the stairs. An Avian warrior approached him and attacked. He then was consumed in the most painful fashion possible. The kings of the Avians, a mockingbird, did not know of the situation. He was sitting on his throne. The

beast barged through the castle doors. The king took a good look at him. The beast was truly a gift of nature, one to reshape the world, to eradicate the problems before they had even begun. The king whimpered, pleading to live. That was the end of the king, or the Avian one at least. The beast looked around seeing no riches, only the crown sitting on the throne. He felt no remorse, and just took the crown and left.

A lesson can be learned from this. Throughout history, the problems of life were from three emotions: greed, arrogance, and prejudice. Humans are stuck on one planet for thousands of years. We learned how to create and innovate. We were already perfect; the needle in the haystack, the jewel in a pile of gold. Does it not mean the purpose of all things, living or not, every atom, every vacuum of space, everything, has a purpose. And if this is true, and if we live in a universe that is infinite with an endless number of possibilities, that there is more like and unlike us. Our brain already understands this, how our world is like the periodic table, put together to fit forever. There is no need to worry for a better future. Even too much hope is bad with too little do. And if animals are adapting, why won't we?

