



The Lunden
Tree

The Linden Tree

The Literary and Arts Magazine of St. Stanislaus School

In Poland, the linden tree is known as the tree of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In medieval times, a tribal leader, who had been pardoned by the Teutonic Knights, placed an image of Mary in a linden tree. Pilgrims who prayed before the image experienced miraculous healings of body and soul. Legend tells us that the Blessed Virgin hides amidst the branches of all linden trees, revealing herself to children, showing them the way to God himself.

It is our hope that, as our students share their talents through The Linden Tree, they will, like Mary, point to the Creator who is the origin of those gifts.

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Fall Poetry

Fall Haikus

By: Sophia Camara

*Leaves beneath my feet,
A parade of autumn air
Trees bare their covers.*

*A morning shiver,
The flag dances with vigor
As the wind bellows.*

*As it becomes fall,
all the leaves turn bright colors
red, orange, and all.*

Fallen

By: Lauren Northrup

When autumn arrives

The leaves gradually fade,

Then get blown away.

Striped Sweater

By: Lauren Northrup

Stretched, torn, and worn out...

Sitting in my closet and

Waiting to be worn.

What Happens in the Fall

By Alex Costa

Fun Pumpkin Picking

Ferocious trick or treating

Harvest time is Fun!

A Fall Poem

by Ashley Valliancourt

*I stand there, in the darkest of night.
I see my breath. As the trees waddle through the
windy air,
I say to myself what would it be like without wind
in fall time?
I imagine it in my head. The wind stops and I have
a daydream.
When I open my eyes I notice the wind has
stopped.
I ask a question to myself, did my daydream really
happen?
So I start to walk home and I keep on asking
questions until I fell asleep.*

The Fall Kids

by Quinn Sullivan

*The leaves are very dry.
The kids are going to fly.
When they make leaf piles,
They jump with great big smiles!*

*The pie is really great.
The kids, they'll say, "I eat
only one piece of pie!"
But that is a big lie!*

*Fall is their favorite season,
the kids can't find a reason
to like winter, summer or spring,
so the rest of the time they're real boring.*

Fall Short Stories

Fall Trouble- by Rachel Medeiros

Maggie and Luci were two nine-year-old girls who were on the Little Acorn Basketball Team. Luci was the best on the team. She took practicing very seriously and almost everyday after school, her and Maggie would go to the public courts and play a one-on-one game. Any kid could join from the ages 7-10 and the team was co-ed. One day in the fourth week of practice a new girl showed up. She was 11 but because she was so short they let her on the team. For some reason the 11- 14 team had height restrictions. Everybody was very impressed to be in the midst of an older kid.

She called herself Pear. Yes, Pear. Nobody on the team knew if that was her real name or not. Luci wasn't impressed. She had to see this girl play. At the first game Pear played terribly. You couldn't count how many times she traveled with the ball and she was extremely slow running back and forth. She blocked her own teammates and caused the other team to win by a landslide.

Luci didn't want to be mean but this was quite weird. Luci thought that if she could get Pear to come with her and Maggie after school to the court she could help her get better and practice. Pear was stubborn when Luci wanted to teach her something new. Pear kept doing things her way. She didn't pick up the hints when Luci was frustrated with her and she assumed she was doing everything perfectly.

One day at Little Acorn practice, Pear went around to everyone and said that she was a best friend of Luci's. Maggie was angry and she told Luci she hated Pear. If Luci was going to keep hanging out with Pear she would never talk to her again. Luci was sad and confused. She wanted to help Pear, but Pear was weird. She didn't want to hurt her feelings but she didn't want to be considered friends with her either. She was either going to lose her best friend, Maggie, or be hated by the new girl who has nobody else.

You decide! What should Luci do?

Have you tried to decide what is the best choice for Luci? Write in for a chance to be featured in the next issue of Linden Tree.

Have you ever been chilled to the bone and started to crave a warm beverage? You are then faced with one of the most difficult decisions that you have had to make all day... Which do you choose? Coffee? Tea? Hot Coco? Your friendly writers here at the Linden Tree have done all the heavy thinking for you. Here are two arguments for the best fall beverage:

Tea- by Lauren Northrup

Tea and hot chocolate are different, yet they are similar in many ways. They are both popular to drink, especially in the fall or winter. They are delicious, but definitely have their own tastes and textures. Hot chocolate and tea are quite traditional, but tea is more sophisticated. It is delightful and complementing for any occasion. Tea can make every gathering complete.



Tea has all kinds of different flavors to choose from. The flavors vary from mint, to lemon, to chamomile, to black tea. Tea is practically just herbs, some spices, and added boiling water. Some people also add sugar or milk to their tea, also. Placing in a pinch of sugar to anything can make anyone's life a little bit sweeter. Adding milk to tea looks like creamy white streams flowing in a river filled with soothing, warm tea, ready for someone to take a sip. There are even certain kinds of teas that help people sleep, like calming tea.

Teas are also used as home remedies for healing minor aches or pains. To heal a sore throat, a lot of people mix black tea and honey and I bet the warmth of the tea and the thickness from the honey makes their throat feel nice and smooth. People usually drink mint tea to soothe a stomachache. It also helps with digestion. Mint, in general, is supposed to help with stomach problems or pains.

Having tea is a wonderful way to have a small time to yourself and enjoy the warmth of the beverage. You can have it with any snack, especially in the cold weather, cuddled up in your sweater. Personally, I think tea and sweaters represent the meaning of fall. Remember, fall is the best time to have tea.

Hot Chocolate- By Zachary Mylnek

Hot chocolate is my favorite fall drink because it brings me warmth when I'm cold. After a long day at school or an hour of leaf pile jumping I love to have a cup of hot chocolate. Tea and hot chocolate have different textures. Tea is sharper to drink for me, where as hot chocolate is smooth and rich with the taste of chocolate. There are different flavors of tea and hot chocolate as well. Some for tea are green tea and I don't know a lot of the others, but, I do know different hot chocolate flavors include pumpkin spice, caramel, white chocolate, hot chocolate, raspberry flavor, peppermint and many more.

People think that because older people like tea that it is more sophisticated, but I don't believe that! If you like tea I would recommend you try hot chocolate. You never know, you might just like it! This fall or even this winter when you come inside ask your parent for a cup of hot chocolate!

The Life of a Pumpkin- by Megan Driscoll

I started as a seed then I grew and grew. Now I'm a gigantic pumpkin. I lived a happy life on the farm. Then I was purchased on October 6th 2014. I was so happy they took care of me very well until the day that everything changed. The first bad thing that happened was they drew on my skin with a smelly marker.

Then it got worse. They cut my stem off! Then they took my insides out and scraped my insides with a spoon. Then they continued to cut me even more! They cut my beautiful face. My worst nightmare came true. They warned me about this on the farm. I'm a jack-o'-lantern. Then they cooked my seeds in the oven. Then they put my stuffing in a shell they called a pumpkin pie. I was like... oh my gosh. Then they threw me out the door it was honorable. It was dark and scary. The only thing I had to make me happy was a tiny candle that they put inside of me. I sat on the stoop waiting to dry up like a raisin.

The Kelsey Show: Interviewing Pumpkin- by: Kelsey Kusnitz

K- Hello there! Today, I, Kelsey E, am interviewing the fabulous, most famous celebrity in all of America! I have here today Ms. Pumpkin, wearing her signature perfume, Spice! Smell that cinnamon!

P- Oh hello there world! Yes, it's me, the one, the only. Pumpkin Spiced! I would like to thank you Kelsey E., for mentioning my perfume, Spice, which I never stop wearing, and which you can purchase. Now, can we get to the questions? I have a modeling gig later on.

K-Oh, why yes! Why don't we talk about the photo-shoot you did last week?

P- Last week... hmm... Oh yes! I did a photo-shoot with my new latte flavor. It comes in small, medium, large, and pumpkin sized. (That one is for sharing). wore my black sequin dress, with a purple boa, and of course, my black Aviators. I had to lean up against the latte, then hold one, and drink it. After that, I did a sweet interview with Potato, Tomato and Carrot saying they were jealous they didn't have a whole season dedicated to them!!

K-I'm sure they were very jealous! Now, why do you think everybody likes the pumpkin flavor in the fall?

P- I'm amazing, that's why! And I think pumpkin just describes the season,. That nice smell when the pumpkin pie is cooked, it smells like fall. Pumpkin Spice latte, it smells and tastes like fall! And of course, my perfume, Spicy, smells like cinnamon which smells like fall!! There are a million possibilities! Kids go to pumpkin patches in the fall, and makes faces on pumpkins and jump in leaf piles that smell like fall and fall smells like Pumpkin and pumpkin smells like fall!!

K- I see, I see. I understand. I always make giant leaf piles and drink the latte's and go to the pumpkin patches. Now I understand, that you have a fashion collection? Enlighten me.

P- Oh, yes. My fashion collection started with a trend I created, then I decided to make it open to the WORLD! Each style comes with a colored boa, sequin dress, and Aviators. You have to match the colors up. For example, you have a yellow sequin, a dark green boa, and Aviators. Or you have a red sequin, an orange boa, and Aviators. Pretty easy.

K- Umm, sure! That makes sense. Now tell me about your enemy, Gingerbread Man.

P- Ugh, the sound of his name makes me sick. He thinks that because he is the favorite character of the Christmas season, that he is the most favorite character in the WORLD. With his licorice lips and his M&M eyes and gumdrop buttons, that evil little dessert.

K-Okay!! We get it. Well thank you Ms. Spiced! Be sure to join us next time when we sit down with the Gingerbread Man!



I

Sweater Weather- by Alex Costa and Brianna Yost

- From closet sweaters to runway style, it's all right here.
- This week on Sweater Weather we will be talking about sweaters!

Did you know there is more than one way of wearing a sweater? Well you don't need to "sweater" it because we will tell you all about it here! Now enough talk lets "sweater" it up. Personally, I, Alex, love a little boat neck and pocket on the side. What about you Brianna? I, Brianna, love sweaters because you can wear them many ways. My favorite way is to wear it like a cape. We both love pockets in sweaters. Pocket sweaters are really great for the boys. What you need to remember is that anyone can wear a sweater well with the right attitude!

Signed, The Sweater Weather Team

Thanksgiving Disaster- by Maria- Paula Ferreria

"Prepare the chicken, mash the potatoes!" My mother yells as she run around the house. I walk towards her cautiously and see her opening the cabinets and grabbing so many things! "Mom what are you doing?" I ask her while I walk to the kitchen table. Of course she doesn't answer me, so I do what every other eleven year old would do, be sarcastic. "Okay mom! It's totally fine that you're not answering me!!"

I place my hands on my hips while tapping my foot against the ground trying to get her attention. I watch as she continues running to the cabinets and taking out random things. She notices my foot tapping and stops in her tracks. "Oh! Sorry honey, what was your question?" She says as she slows down her pace. "Forget it" I sit in a chair at the table. "ITS CRAZY! The whole family is coming over in three hours for dinner, and no one, and I mean NO ONE told me!" she explains. I nod my head "WELL THAT IS ABSOLUTELY PREPOSTEROUS!" I say in my best dramatic voice. My mom rolled her eyes and huffed as she grabbed the sack of potatoes and began peeling them. "Fine I'll help you." "YES! THANK YOU!" my mother practically screamed.

"Start making the dough for the apple pie!" My mother said as she shoved a bunch of ingredients towards me. "WOW these are a lot of things," I said. "Just stop complaining and help me!" My mother said clearly annoyed. I put my hands up in surrender. "Okay, okay!" I began following the instructions my mother told me. As I was about to start placing the apples in the center of the pie I heard a "BANG". I jumped from my seat. "Great! Just what I need!" my mother mumbled. "Go see what's happening please." I got off my seat with a huff. "I NEED TO DO EVERYTHING!" I said to myself. I walked down my stairs to see my brother and sister clawing at each other! I swear sometimes I feel like I'm living with a bunch of animals!

So after 2 hours of calming down my brother and sister, and helping my mom cook and clean the house, family members started arriving. The chicken wasn't even finished! And let's just say when my family doesn't eat it's no good for anyone. Let's just say it wasn't a good Thanksgiving at the Ferreira household, in fact it was a Thanksgiving disaster!

The Great Pumpkin of Paris - by Angeline Costella

Hi, my name is Isabel Lynn Green and I am 25 years old, living in the nice town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I just finished college. My three friends from college, Abbey, Erin, Samantha and I decided to go to Paris together. We plan to stay for the whole month of October.

We met at the airport and were so excited; we were tired so we slept for a couple hours. They said the flight would be 8 hours but it felt like millions of hours. We were so tired when we got to Paris that we didn't even eat dinner and just checked into our fancy hotel and plopped down onto our cozy beds. The hotel was called Mercure Bar La Rossini.

The next morning for breakfast we had a crepe with strawberries and whipped cream. We walked around Paris and went into some shops. Some jewelry shops, a hotel and some really yummy chocolate stores. We bought a huge bar of chocolate that was five pounds. We tried the sample and it was the best chocolate ever. Then, someone gave us a flyer of the Fall Festival. It said all these crazy things about what time and all that stuff. Right before they threw it out, Erin saw a part at the bottom, which she knew one person, would love to do.

I gasped, "I want to do it, I want to do it." I was going to try out for the play called, The Great Pumpkin of Paris. It said the auditions would be at the Theatre de La Ville. The play would also be at the same place. The auditions were at 1:00 on Oct. 2nd so I had plenty of time since it was September 15. We had heard that the Theatre de La Ville was beautiful.

Before we had lunch they decided to go shopping. We went to American Apparel. We bought a lot of nice clothes and jewelry for the auditions. Even though I was the only one going to audition everybody purchased something. For lunch we went to Patio Des Champs. It was a nice place. The waiters were nice and so were the people who came. We were waiting for our food when we saw these people who just came in. They sat at the nicest table and the waiters came right away. Finally we got our delicious lunch.

A couple weeks later . . .

"Oh my gosh, I'm so nervous. The auditions are today!" I said. I have done this kind of thing before except now it's different. Now we are in Paris! We all arrived at the theatre and saw all these people . One person in particular was familiar. Then I remembered when we saw that person at the restaurant. She was auditioning for the play too? I tried to walk over but everyone was blocking me. So I went back. Finally the auditions started. I was one of the last so I had to wait a pretty long time.

I came back feeling very confident that I would get a spot, but when the places were passed out, I wasn't the lead. I was so sad and went to the hotel slowly. Then, right after I told my friends that I didn't get the lead, I got a phone call.

I was so excited. I was going to be the lead because the lady we saw at the restaurant broke her foot. I told my friends that I now have the lead. They said that they were going to buy the tickets right away. They went online and bought 5 tickets because they knew that my parents would come. They didn't tell me that they bought 5 tickets, two for my parents. They called my parents after the long wait to get the tickets. They told them to get ready and to come the day before the play.

Several weeks later...

Finally the night before the play came and I was so nervous. I went to bed early because I had to get there at 8:00 and I would usually get up at 10:00. The play started at 2:00 and ended at 5:00. I went to bed thinking about me on the stage, and it all faded away. They all came into the room to make sure that I was asleep. And then my parents arrived.

The day of the play came. I got to the Theatre De La Ville and everyone was there. I saw my mom and dad and was soooooo happy because I didn't think they would come. They were waiting for me at the entrance of the museum. They got me some lunch because I had already had a blueberry muffin for breakfast.

Soccer Rivals- by Zachary Reis & Zachary Mylnek

“Boom!” My foot hit the ball with great power; it felt like I had kicked it in half! The goalie froze, staring at the soccer ball streaking through the air, sweat dripping down his cheek. He dove toward the ball, everyone held their breath. His glove skimmed the ball, but it kept its momentum, the soccer ball hit its target. The crowd roared with excitement as the ball hit the back of the net. I ran to the net and picked up the black and white soccer ball. I ran with it under my arm, waving my other arm back and forth. I riled up the crowd and had them asking for more. I brought the ball to the center and motioned for the referee to start up the game again. “Hey amazing shot, dude,” my friend Riley said, smiling. I grinned back, “Yeah, I don’t know how I did it.” Riley kneeled down and checked my foot, “Nope not on fire,” he said laughing at his own joke.

Jerry!” shouted Jack, the goalkeeper. I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted back, “Yeah!?” “Nice shot!” he yelled, then grinned. He gave me a thumbs up. “Ok Riley, let’s go,” I said, staring at the other team. The referee blew the whistle. Itari FC started out by just doing simple 1-2’s, passing the ball between two people a lot. Then they started going towards the wings, switching plays, and crossing! “Guys, pull it together they’re tearing through our defense!” I saw one of the players on Itari FC and almost fainted, “This kid is definitely not in our age group,” I thought. He has chin stubble and he’s like 6’1! They had a corner from our goalkeeper making an amazing save. “Guys tighten the defense!” I yelled, motioning with my hand. Every defensive player had a player to block, there was no way they were going to score. Or so I thought. The ball sailed through the air. It connected with their star player, Marshall. His head hit the ball spot on, the ball flew towards the top right corner. It hit the post and bounced in. Jack didn’t even have time to blink. He laid down on his back, and put his hands on his face. The turf hugged his back, and stuck there. “How?!” he screamed. Marshall was celebrating, he slid across the ground on his knees and made an imaginary bow, and shot it into the crowd. “Ugh, it took them two minutes to make a comeback, ... two!” I said punching myself. “It’s not your fault dude,” Riley said putting a hand on my shoulder. “I’m the captain it’s always my fault,” I said, my eyes darkening. I brought the ball to the center once again, “Play ball.”

The other team started up with the ball I automatically went in for the steal. I got the ball and started on a breakaway all I could think about was how much of a rivalry we had and the score which was 1-1. If I got this goal we would be in the lead. That was all I could think about and it stressed me out. When I finally hit the ball I aimed for the top left corner since I came from the right side. I heard a “BANG” and all I thought was that it hit the post, but it went in off the top crossbar! The score was now 2-1 and Itari FC (my team) was in the lead. Everyone came and cheered me on for a minute and then we got back to the game. There was 5 minutes left until half-time. We couldn’t let them score another goal or else it would be tied. “Tighten our defense and loosen our offense” I shouted out. We needed to keep the ball from getting past our defenders. Now we have a 2-2-4 lineup. “We are to use this lineup till halftime” I let the other members of Itari FC know, and they all nodded in agreement.

The other team Canary Tree FC Went straight for the breakaway but soon found that wouldn't work. They passed back the ball to a defender who booted it up the field. One of their team members had better pace than ours and was able to get through to the ball. “Oh no” I thought to myself. They are going to score. Their team member got close and took the shot and our goalie, Cliff, dove and blocked the ball right as the half-time whistle blew.

Thank goodness I shouted and huddled up for our half-time meeting.

To be continued....

Shake or Bake- by: Leah Medeiros

Once upon a time there were twin sisters who loved to dance; yet they also loved to bake just as much. Both girls had been dancing and baking for a number of years. The twins' names were Christine and Melanie, and they were 13 years old. Christine and Melanie were very happy people. The twins were in 8th grade and had a lot of friends because they had great personalities.

Their parents were named Maria and Luke Malik. Christine and Melanie's family were not very wealthy, so the twins had to choose between dancing or baking lessons. Their friends are trying very hard to help the sisters make a decision. Christine wants to dance, but Melaine really really wants to bake. Melanie says, "What are we going to choose? We are in such a pickle!" Christine said, "I know right?" "Come on Melanie we need to go to school, if we don't hurry up we are going to be late!" says Christine. "Okay, okay! I am coming," said Melanie.

RING!!! "Finally!" says Sara, Christine's best friend. "School is over! It has been a very long day," Melanie said. "Sara, I have a problem. My family doesn't have enough money to do baking and dancing lessons, so Melanie and I have to choose to bake or dance, I really want to dance but Melanie really wants to bake. What do you think we should choose?" said Christine. "Well I can't choose for you. So, talk to Melanie and try to decide which one both of you could do and enjoy it together," Sara advised. "Okay thanks Sara. Thanks you're a great friend!" Christine said. "No problem Christine. Isn't that what friends are for?" Sara asked. "Ya, I guess. "We have got to start our homework or our mothers are going to be angry." "So what are we waiting for?"

"Christine, Melanie come down stairs please." said Luke Malik "Coming, Dad!" said the sisters. "Guess what." "What?" "Well I talked to my boss and I got a raise!!!" "So that means we don't have to choose between dance and baking?" "YES!!!!"

Ant Survival Story- by Aiden Morley

10/3

Dear journal

This is the day every one is talking about! **FALL!!!** They're saying this is terrible. The leaves are changing all different colors: red, orange, and yellow. There is no longer **GREEN**.

10/4

Dear journal

It's getting colder and colder by the day. Today I almost died!!! I was doing my daily scavenging for seeds. All of a sudden my friend Smith said "look out and pushed me to the ground and a giant acorn fell and crushed Smith.

10/7

Dear journal

I have not been journaling for a while because the colony is on high alert. Another colony is stealing our food supply. They have been tunneling through the dungeon and up the stairs and into the storage room. We think it is a lone ant.

10/10

Dear journal

We found the thief. He is a younger ant, a little younger than me. He is tall and has a broken antenna. He won't tell us anything but the colonies want to fight.

10/15

Dear journal

All of our forces are lined up. We can see the enemy. Most of us are farmers, but some of us are still in college. Those are the ones who are most scared.

10/18

Dear journal

Lots of our soldiers are down. Some are dead. There is still a couple hundred left but there are so many more enemies. That is all for now. I hope I can write again soon....

Suspenseful Stories

That Night- by James Cabral

It all began one night, a quiet calm night, which is hard to believe that this horrible event began on such a calm night. So, my friend Frank and I were up late playing a video game with the chat box on. We were searching for a good place to build a base, and as we were walking he just stopped. I said his name in the chat, but he gave no response, I began calling in capitals but still no response. I began calling his house but still all I heard was the ring, then out of nowhere he began walking again, but it was as if he had never played the game. I asked him why he had not answered but he just replied with IDK. He said his parents weren't home till 3:00 tomorrow, so because it was still summer and my parents would be at work, I said he could come over, and that I would leave the door unlocked, he then said he would be off for the night, so I got off as well.

The next day I woke up to the sound of the phone ringing, I had slept in and it was about 1:30 pm. I answered the phone and found it to be Frank's parents, asking me where he was. I said he was probably coming to my house now, then silence. His dad broke the silence, "get out of the house now!" "Why," I asked, because we found him tied up in the closet, as they said this, I heard the back door creak open, and then I remembered I had left the door unlocked. I hung up and hid under my bed with my sticky dart gun, better than nothing. Every step I heard, it made me more nauseous. I then heard the laugh only a cold- blooded person could ever make. I only remember taking 5 breaths in this amount of time, then I saw them, the feet the bare feet, and at this point I gasped I couldn't hold my breath any longer, it just came out. Then the feet turned towards my bed, he began moving at the bed. I aimed my dart gun and shot it. He ducked down and I looked in his eyes, his black eyes, his voice then creaked in a low tone, "I found you." I rolled out from under the bed I climbed out the window, and ran as fast as I could, in the middle of the street. I turned back and saw him still coming out the door, then he stopped and looked,

I stood frozen looking back at him, he was an evil man, I could see it in him. He began moving closer, I still couldn't move, but when he got about 10 feet away, he began to pull out a rope. I began to run again. I came to the tip of a forest, so I ran to hide in a tree trunk. I waited for hours, but the sunset began to go down so I crept out of the trunk, and went across the street from my house to look in. I saw him, but he hadn't seen me, I couldn't make out what he was doing till I saw him..... Flip a pancake? He had been cooking this whole time, but why? I started across the street, and right as I put my foot on the sidewalk, he looked at me, it was as if he had sensed me. He held up a knife and a drumstick and took a bite out of it, and as he was chewing he grinned at me, I turned to go get help, but when I was across the street, I looked at him again, but he held up a controller with one big button and clicked it, then every street light shut down, he had made a blackout.

I ran into the darkness again,” run, run, run, faster, faster, faster,” I couldn't even turn my head around. I came to a point where I couldn't go anywhere, I had fell into his trap, I was cornered against a brick wall. I turned with my back against the wall, and I saw his pale face come out of the darkness with an evil grin, but this time, I couldn't even see those black eyes.

I'm Gone- by Nate Klein

Last time on Everybody's Gone: Super handsome muscular Nate was the only person in his town. Then he saw a shadow in one of the houses and tracked it down. He stopped him in his tracks but he was tricked. The person he found was Doctor Noah. But got sacked by Ant+Mike to go to Doctor Noah's lab. Then he escaped his prison in Noah's lab and found his mom. But his mom was hypothesized by Noah and now she thinks that she is married to Noah. Then Nate was dropped into a room with superheros. A robot named Roberto, Princess's Peach long lost sister Princess Sunflower, a guy named Super Ham Boy, and free bird. They found this microwave that was actually a metal dragon and beat it. Then they found Nate's mom and helped her remember her son. Then it was quiet and Nate got captured by Nurse Noah. Now this is where we left off, Nate going to the worst place possible...SCHOOL!!!!

“How is it down there Nate?” Nurse Noah said. “It's great down here, so where are we going.” Nate said. “We are going to school.” “That's not so bad” Nate said. “Not just any school a prison school” Nurse Noah said. “How can school be a prison it's great.” (Miss Willis don't be mad) Nate said. “Well let me tell you, it has horrible teachers” “NOO!” “It has bars for windows.” “OH GOD!” “Yes, and it has the worst possible principal in the world.” (Miss Willis we all love you in this school) Nurse Noah laughed and laughed. “Teachers, bars, and principals OH MY!” Nate said. “Now lets get to this beautiful school called Kid's Resort” Noah said.

The Cursed Vacation- by Kayla Pacheco

Chapter 1: The Plane Lands

“ Mommy, I’m scared!” said Rosie, as the plane lifted into the air. “It’s alright, Rosie, we’ll be there soon, It’s only eight hours.” said Leean as she held her daughter Rosie’s hand. Rosie’s eyes drifted



slowly.....slowly into slumber. “Rosie, wake up!” “Were in Bermuda!”. Rosie felt herself being shook, back and forth in her chair. “Huh? What?” said Rosie as her

eyes slowly opened. She stared into her older sister Jamie’s maple brown eyes. “Come on! Mom and Dad are already getting our bags! “Okay, okay I am.” Rosie tried to unbuckle her seat belt, but it wouldn’t budge. “Oh no.” said Rosie. She tried again and again, but still, no progress was

made. As Rosie struggled to break free from her seat belt, she noticed that her open bottle of red Gatorade. The open bottled tilted from side to side, making the liquid splash inside the bottle. “ NO!” yelled Rosie as the bottle tilted all the way over, drenching her cream white dress. Rosie’s mother helped her get out of the chair. It turns out the Gatorade loosened the seat- belt.

Chapter 2: The Island of Bermuda

I arrived off of the Southeast airplane into The Bermuda Airport. The airport smelt strongly of coconuts and pineapples. Rosie: “Janie, are we gonna be there yet? I wanna change! My clothes are all red from the Gatorade! “I dunno, maybe we’ll get there faster if you are quiet. I have a massive headache.” I said. So, my parents wanted my little sister Rosie and I to get along better. They decided we should go to Bermuda. Good thing I could bring my iPad, I would’ve been bored already. My Dad keeps stealing it to play Sweet Crusher so, now I’m thinking I shouldn’t have brought it along. I helped my mother, Leann carry my heavy bag. I could barely even stand with that burden on my shoulders. All Rosie had to carry was her tiny doll she calls “Emmy”, and a tiny bag of quarters, probably for a vending machine of some sorts. We got into a bright red and blue taxi, it didn’t take very long until we were in front of a tiny orange hotel. “ What? Are you sure this is Ferguson hotel?” said my Dad. “Yes, this is Ferguson hotel, not Fergun. That one is located on the other side of the city.” said the Taxi Driver. “You must be mistaken!” said my Mom as she handed the taxi driver a picture of a giant fifty story building covered from roof to floor. “This is the Hotel we booked. It says Ferguson” she said. “No, miss this is the Ferguson hotel.” the taxi driver said as he pointed to the orange building. “ You must’ve booked the wrong one, I’m sorry.” he said. “Alright, lets go girls.” said Dad as he pulled open the door. As we stepped out of the car, we heard a Mariachi band playing inside. “Janie! Come on! It’s lunch time!” said a familiar voice. Janie eyes jolted open. “Yeah mom! Coming!”. Janie walked into the kitchen. “So, how was your nap, sweetheart?” said mom “Oh good but I had a weird dream about you, Rosie, Dad, and I.” Janie said. “Oh, what was it about?” asked mom. Janie explained her dream, which is the story you just read.

Tears- by Danielle Aiken

October 2, 2018 A girl named Jade Johnson is helping her stepfather cut the crops on their bright red farm in Montgomery, Alabama. All of the sisters did not go to school because they worked full time on the farm. Her stepfather looks like a rich guy. Her stepdad wouldn't even let her have a glass of water and yet she does everything he says: washes the dishes, feeds the animals, and makes dinner. EVERYTHING. Jade has three older stepsisters from her step dad named Emma, Ally, and Jenny. Emma is the tallest and the prettiest. Ally is the smallest and the oldest. Jenny is the smartest and outgoing person. They were so mean to Jade. Her stepfather did not care. Their mother died in a car accident 2 years ago; it was devastating, that was Jade's only person to look up to. Jade's dad always treats her sisters like they were Princesses but yet every night Jade ends up in her room crying.

October 29, 2018 Jade had a doctor's appointment today and her older sisters made fun of her because she was always scared that there is something wrong with her (which there never was). They get there at 1:00, Jade goes in, and she talks to the doctor and comes out bursting out loud crying. At 1:30 her stepfather asked what was wrong and she said "I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!" So her dad yells at her to tell him and she just kept walking and walked all the way home. She got a suitcase and packed her clothes, food, and water and ran out of the house and kept running until it got dark. She found a little tree to lie under and started to get some rest.

October 30, 2018 I....I.I can't believe I have mysterious sickness and I only have a few days to live. I can't think about this right now, what I have to think about is how to survive the forest, certainly if there is wild animals around me. So thinking of that I packed my stuff and started running for my life, nothing except one thing was going through my head at that one moment: Am I going to survive?

Corn Maze Terror - by Zachary Mylnek

It was a dark, scary night when my friends thought it would be a good idea to go to a haunted corn maze. They each paid their \$5 to get in and when they finally got in they saw Kelsey, their other friend, working there. Everybody said, “KELSEY!!!!” She said in a glum voice like she was tired, “Hey guys, yeah I work here.” I asked her, “Is this like a really boring job?” She responded, “Yeah, well you guys go enjoy the corn maze”

“Okay” we all replied. We went on and through the corn maze. Not even a minute in, we came to a fork in the path. We had to decide which way to go. I pitched in and voted to go right, but Reis had to explain the theory of mazes where going left is always the better idea. Since Reis is the “smart” one in the group they all went with his idea. As we walked along through the corn maze we found out why they call it a haunted corn maze. It was very, different, awkward maybe. Things were groaning and even once a scarecrow jumped out at us. I, of course, made a rhetorical comment: “Maybe that’s why they call it a Scare-crow.” Then Mikayla pointed out that maybe it would’ve been better to go right. And of course there weren’t any forks in the path, so we couldn’t go right. Then James saw something up ahead. He said it looked like a building. Then we came to a fork in the path and all I said was “Reis” and he automatically knew because he went right. It was better on this side until it got windy. The corn started blowing back and forth. Then Reis points out another rhetorical comment “Maybe the corn is alive”, and then all of a sudden the corn spoke! It said, “We are alive and we are going to scare you! BOO!” We all started running and somehow we split up, the two groups were me Reis and Mikayla and then Carley and James.



Reis and Mikayla started to panic and were wondering what happened. So I suggested that we should get to the end and maybe we would see them there. They both agreed and we walked along the path. Every now and then a scarecrow or something else would jump out. Though they were only the, fake rigged ones, they scared the living daylights out of Mikayla, and we had to push her to keep moving. Every once in a while out of the corner of my eye I would see a scarecrow the same exact one every time and it seemed as if it was moving. But I thought not of it. We kept moving and then one corn piece said to us you’ll never make it out, EVER. Mikayla slapped that corn so hard, it hurt me. After that incident we kept moving and I kept seeing that scarecrow so I pointed it out and they saw it too and then it started walking on it’s own legs. toward us slowly and none of us could move. I grabbed the nearest corn and started slapping the scarecrow with it and it fell to the ground. We kept moving and I thought I saw the end and I pointed it out and they noticed it too we all started sprinting and then the worst thing that could happen, happened.

We stepped on some sort of pressure pad and fell into a pit. We were stuck! Then I used my quick thinking skills and scouted out a way to climb up. I showed them and I went first. When I finally reached the top I helped them out too and then I looked around and I saw a sign that said FINISH on it. I walked very carefully this time and made it there and when I looked to my right I saw another path and I thought maybe That's where Carley and James are, and sure enough they were there fighting off the now, EVOLVED, corn with legs and arms with regular corn, and I said "HI" Reis and Mikayla slapped me at the same time. They said we needed to help them so we each got a corn and started to help fight the evolved corn off. Eventually, we fought them off and when we turned to bolt for the exit but it wasn't there! Then it started raining even more evolved corn and now they had arms legs and were using the first of their evolution to fight instead of just hands. Then I had an idea, we lead them back to the pitfall trap, went around it and started to push them in. Then we had defeated most of them and it was almost over. We shoved the last few in and the sky cleared out and it was like nothing ever happened. We looked around to see what had happened now but the exit was there again and I pointed it out saying "hey guys look there's the exit!" this time everyone slapped me though it did not occur to me to duck. We all walked cautiously to the exit and as soon as I crossed it, I kept hearing my name "Mlynek? MLYNEK? MLYNEK?!?" and I awoke from my slumber.

It was all a dream. I fell asleep in English class and had the weirdest dream ever and the weirdest place for it too. Ms. Rosati warned us not to doze off and dream about corn mazes, but I guess I didn't listen.

Superheroes

A Quarrel Among Three Associates

by Carley Medeiros

“That’s disgusting!” Glacial Freeze exclaimed.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” Doctor Occipital stated

“No way, it’s delicious!” Laceration insisted.

“How can you stomach that?”

“You must be crazy”

“I’ll make some for you! First you have to heat up the-”

“You put it in the microwave?!”

“It’s better that way...”

“If by better you mean worse”

“I can’t look at you right now”

“You’re a doctor, how does this disturb you?”

“I think I’ll need a therapist after watching this”

“I know someone who can help you”

“I don’t need any help!”

“Apparently, you do”

“This is insulting!”

“We’re just here to help you through this rough time”

“What the-”

“Don’t worry, it’s going to be just fine”

“*Stop!*”

Blink

Blink

“Good. Now just let me enjoy my pickles and nacho cheese. Please.”

Whisper “I’ll call my friend tonight”

“Good. He’s getting worse. Look at him devour that. It’s horrifying.”

“I can hear you both! Now go!” *Slams door*

“Finally, some peace and quiet”

Munch

Comic Strip- by Jacob Torres

