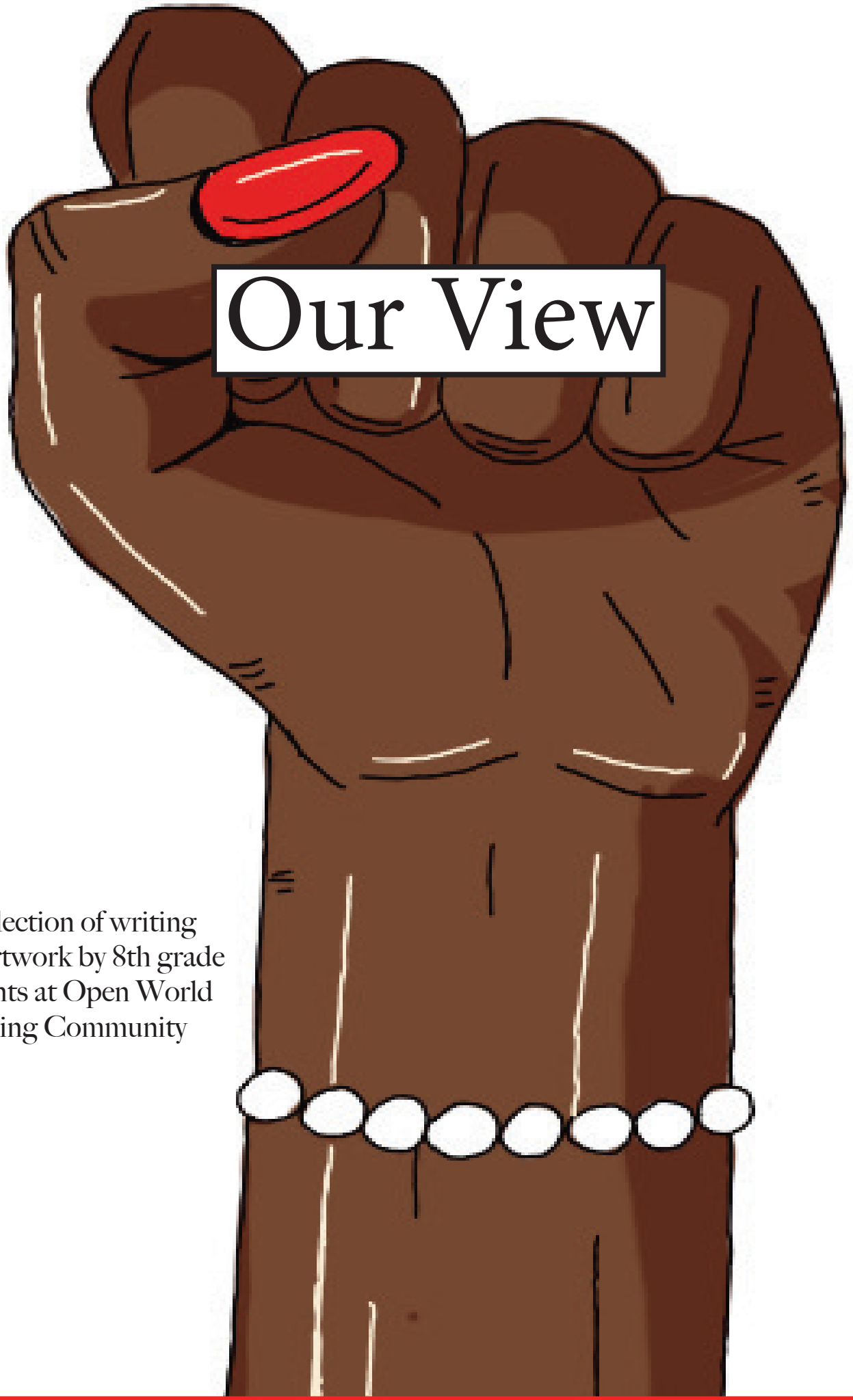
Our View



A collection of writing and artwork by 8th grade students at Open World Learning Community

Foreword

While the 8th graders studied many topics this year, the focus of this year's expedition was justice. For fall fieldwork, we invited a series of experts into the school. The focus was on people who have made a difference on the West Side of Saint Paul, and the assembled panel included Saint Paul mayor Melvin Carter and City Council representative Rebecca Noecker among others. We asked panelists to talk about a time in their lives when they have fought for justice and won, and a time when they have fought for justice and lost. The panelists also took time to answer student questions about justice-related issues.

Another important component of the justice expedition was our study of Angie Thomas's The Hate U Give – a fictional but all-too realistic account of the murder of a young African American man at the hands of a police officer. Students also selected novels to read in book groups that have justice-related themes.

The final writing piece of the year asked students to focus on a social justice issue that they consider important. The way I approached this was to ask them think about a cause they would donate to if they had time or money to do so. They selected an issue, then engaged in research to develop an informed opinion, and wrote argument papers about what matters to them and why.

This publication is an effort to showcase student writing over the course of the year, from the justice expedition and beyond. Students played with point of view by retelling an existing story from a different perspective, wrote memoirs, dabbled with poetry, and constructed arguments. It is my hope that they are now prepared to take on the writing challenges of high school, and that this magazine reflects the voice and talents of this group as they prepare to move on.

I would like to thank Tom Totushek for not only hatching the idea of a justice panel in the fall, but also having the diligence to track down each individual panelist and convince them to come in and talk with us. I would also like to thank Caryl Mousseaux for helping me to find a variety of helpful readings about justice to help students become more immersed in the topic. Finally, I would like to thank my publication team – Claire Hulson, Ghost Olatunde, Fiona Curran, and Titus Gallbreath – for devoting their interim to all the nuts and bolts of gathering material, assembling and editing student work, creating relevant artwork, and laying out the final product using Indesign. Without their help, this publication would not have been possible.

Leo Bickelhaupt
Open World Learning Community

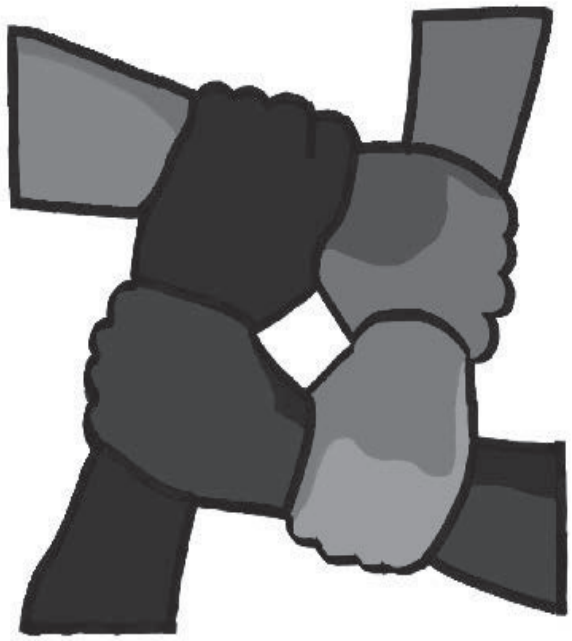
Our View

8th Graders share their voice

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Justice

In the fall, we read about the topic of justice from a variety of angles and brought in guest speakers who have fought for justice on the West Side. Mayor Melvin Carter headlined a group of panelists that also included City Council member Rebecca Noecker and retired OWL teacher Bridget Martin. We interviewed the panelists about times they have fought for justice and won, and times they have fought for justice and lost. Third quarter we delved further into the topic by reading and studying Angie Thomas's fictional account of a police shooting The Hate U Give. This spring, I asked students to pick one social justice issue that they consider worthy of their attention – what matters to them – and then write about that issue and articulate why it deserves the world's attention.



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Roe v. Wade

Ghost Olatunde

Let's talk about the leaked document.

You might be asking what the leaked document says or is about. The overturning of Roe vs Wade, a landmark 1973 Supreme Court decision that gives women the right to choose whether or not to have an abortion.

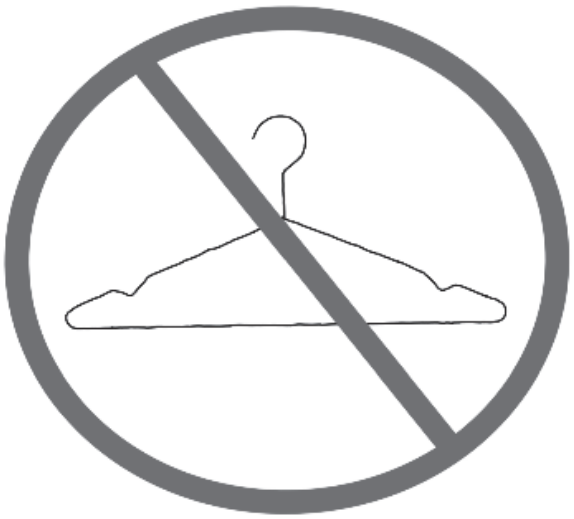
Roe vs Wade has been protecting the rights of women/people with a uterus for a long time. The leaked document has a different standpoint. The leaked document is saying that they plan to overturn Roe vs Wade. Each year 68,000 people die a year from unsafe abortions. So what do you think overturning this law will do?

There are a lot of different laws against abortions in different states, so here are some stats and their different laws. In Texas on September 1st, 2021 they changed the rules making it so you can't have an abortion once there is a detectable heartbeat, which can be up to six weeks pregnant. This law is possible because of the Texas heartbeat act. Ohio has the same laws on Abortion as Texas does if they can hear a heartbeat then they will not be able to do the Abortion making it so all abortions are illegal, regardless of whether the person is raped, a victim of incest or, bearing a child that may have Down Syndrome.

This issue is a huge threat to justice, not just because I am pro-choice but because it is affecting people's lives. When someone says they are pro-life they aren't they are just against abortion but once that baby is born they do nothing to help. They sit back and watch as if the life they made someone keep is nothing. What those people care about is the fetus but not the human being. When making this law they will not be talking about abortion they will be taking away safe Abortion and taking it away from the poor, because rich people will always be able to have an abortion. This will cause people to have at-home abortions and practice unsafe things to help them. This will cause a huge rate of death and depression. This law will not help anyone not even the pro-life people because this is a threat to you and your children.

Self-induced abortions are more common than you might think. Around 73 million self-induced abortions happen a year, with 30,000 people dying from them a year. The methods of these abortions vary, with some people just taking drugs or drinking heavily, which is not a very safe or effective way. This can cause severe lung and kidney damage and can make the child be born with a huge defect or illness or both. People say that eating certain fruits can cause a miscarriage, but the average pregnant woman can consume up to 4 1⁄2 pineapples and still be fine. Lots of people like to use herbs and make-at-home medication to try to have an at-home abortion by mixing random herbs they find hoping to have a miscarriage. We all probably know about hanger-at-home abortions.

Looking at all the facts, this problem is huge. When people stand up to say my body is my choice, it's more than that, it's the right to be a human. So when talking about or asking what we can do there isn't that much. We can protest and tell our truths but it won't change the fact that a bunch of white men are in power and controlling us. We need to be leaders even if that is hard or scary we need to speak up no matter our age. Things will never change until the system changes and that will take years on end until that can happen but until then we need to fight for our rights and a livelihood.



Immigrating

Claire Hulson

Looking back on four years of Trump, horrendous policies, and one of the U.S's biggest social justice issues, immigration is one of the sore spots of American policy.

We all know not a lot of people don't like former president Donald Trump. But it makes sense for us to not like someone who has no clue what they're doing, has unjust motives and is leading our country into a downward spiral. For someone who hates illegal immigration, you would think that supporting and assisting in the amount of legal immigration would be the right move? This was not the case. During Trump's term, legal green cards were reduced by 50%. Smart huh.

Now while making over 400 executive acts and orders, you might think that /Trump wouldn't have time for hobbies, but you would be wrong. They include golfing, being a steak connoisseur, separating families, and trying to build walls. As for current president Joe Biden, his hobbies include being too old for hobbies and cleaning up other people's messes.

Would you agree it's not the best idea for a president of the U.S. to support an Act that would hurt so many lives that he relies upon without knowing or recognizing it? One of Trump's most infamous acts was something which has many names, such as unethical, unjust, or even inhumane, or the RAISE act. Close to 1 million people immigrate into the U.S. by green cards or Visas, The RAISE act will cut 50% of these Visas by eliminating categories like the diversity program, the current family Visa, and if you think it couldn't get worse, it would cap the number of refugees seeking shelter in the U.S. allowed, at 50,000 annually.

Another one of Trump's most damaging policies was the dismantling of DACA (Deferred Action of Child Arrivals). DACA is a policy that helps undocumented minors who were brought to this country stay in the U.S and eventually earn citizenship. This policy was implemented during the 2012 Obama presidency and was around for five years before Trump ordered the Department of Homeland Security to "begin an orderly transition and winddown of DACA." Yes, he spelled winddown instead of wind down, which makes sense for someone who can't give anyone space, especially women. He does, after all, have rape and sexual assault allegations against him. Dismantling DACA was a bad idea for the 800,000 refugees that have used DACA and the 690,000 who are currently enrolled and using DACA to get jobs and stay in this country safely.

Now whether Biden is 100% good or not is up for debate, but he has managed to undo huge problems Trump caused during his presidency, including stopping the building of the Mexico border wall, Executive Order 13815 to Resettle refugees, and Executive Order 13993 that stopped noncitizens who did not pose any threat from being deported for 100 days, and undoing Executive Order 13780 which banned people from African or Muslim countries from entering the U.S. for 90 days.

Overall Biden is on the path to setting up the next presidency for a productive term, but it will be challenging because he will spend much of his energy undoing harmful acts and orders Trump made.

Adam's Story

Amya Wright

Adam had an amazing uncle he loved spending time with. When he was just 14, however, their normal fun activities turned abusive. For the next four years, Adam was raped against his will and was forced to engage in sexual activities. "I took steps to prevent the pain, but a part of me thought this was how he loved me." This abuse has had serious effects on Adam's life to this day, including weight gain, a hard time maintaining relationships, and suicidal thoughts.

Adam's advice to all survivors is "Do not internalize the abuse, because that will make it seem that the abuse is happening all over again."

Every 68 seconds, an American citizen is sexually assaulted; it takes just 68 seconds for another survivor to become a victim of sexual assault. About 17.7 thousand American women have been victims of sexual assault or rape in the last couple of months, and about 2.78 thousand men in the U.S. have been victims of sexual assault or rape in the past year. Ages 12-34 are the highest at risk for rape and sexual assault. On average there are 1,463,634 victims (age 18 and younger) of rape and sexual assault each year in the United States. Sexual assaults don't just mean rape, it also includes child sexual assault, incest, sexual assault by a spouse, unwanted sexual contact, sexual harassment, sexual exploitation, exposing one's genitals without consent, masturbating

in public, watching someone engage in private acts without their knowledge or permission and non-consensual image sharing.

Many people in the US do not acknowledge consent, consent must be freely given and informed, keep in mind a person can change their mind at any time. Consent is more than just no or yes. It is a dialogue about desires, needs, and levels of comfort. If at any point someone disrespects your levels of comfort and consent it can be considered sexual assault.

In many cases, a person may choose not to report to the law for many reasons, including a fear of not being believed, being afraid of retaliation, the shame of fear of being blamed, pressure from others, or even a desire to protect their attacker from other reasons. These victims also suffer from Long-term effects: 94% suffer from PTSD, 33% of women contemplate suicide, 13% of women attempt suicide, 70% have started using drugs and drinking heavily, and 5% percent have conceived from being raped.

The #me too movement has become a huge movement during the pandemic. What started as just a way for survivors of sexual harassment, sexual assault, and sexual bullying to bond and share their stories has become a global movement that has sparked significant changes, both social and legal. Tartan Bruce, an advocate for women in New York, started the #MeToo movement in 2006. She aimed to empower women who had endured sexual violence by letting them know they are never alone through their journey.

This is a freedom issue. If a person does not give consent, it is a violation of their freedom. I know people that have been sexually assaulted and how it still affects them horribly to this day. They have hard times just getting out of the house from the fear of it happening again.

The only way we can change this for our future is by teaching our future that it's not okay, we need to educate these kids and these people that it's not ok to forcefully make someone engage in sexual stuff. People don't just become horrible monsters, they grow up around people teaching them it's not a big deal. The only way we can stop this is to block it from happening to our future generations.

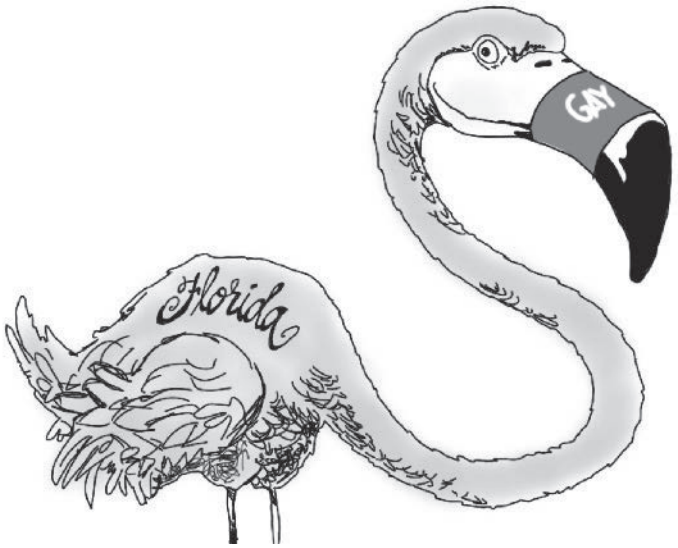
Don't Say Gay

Halie Karre

The "Don't say Gay bill" is a Florida bill now signed into law that restricts education about Gender Identity and Sexuality to students in kindergarten through third grade. This law will be hard to enforce, because all humans have gender identity and sexuality, meaning that schools wouldn't be able to teach hetrosexual relationships either. The bill's intentional vagueness contributes to teachers being more wary. It also removes certain students' rights to privacy, essentially forcing schools to out a student or face the possibility of a lawsuit. It contributes to LGBTQ erasure by not properly educating kids.

The governor of Florida pushed for the bill to be passed, saying "First graders should not have woke gender ideology imposed in their curriculum, and that is what we are standing for." Other Republican senators seem to agree, Senator Dennis Baxley stated that allowing LGBTQ education in K-3 is "social engineering."

Even though the bill specifically states K-3, due to its vague language it could also apply to higher grades. Specifically the sentence "In kindergarten through grade 3 or in a manner that is not age appropriate or developmentally appropriate for students in accordance with state standards." The last part makes it sound like it could apply to any grade, depending on what is "age appropriate or developmentally appropriate," which is undefined in the bill and left up to the discretion of the courts.



My Body My Choice

Elinor McApline

Norma Mcorvey became pregnant with her third child in 1969. She did not want this child, but lived in Texas where abortion was illegal. So she and her lawyers took this to court in 1971. Abortion was legalized later in 1973. On May 2 2022 documents from the Supreme Court were leaked that stated that abortion rights will be up to states to decide if it is legal.

The people who really want abortion to be illegal are generally Christian people. They say that it is against God's will. Interestingly enough there is no passage in the Bible that says abortion is wrong. There is however a passage that says we need to cherish children. Many many women and men and everyone in between feel that taking away the right to abortion is unconstitutional and against bodily autonomy.

The fact that the Supreme Court thinks that they can make women carry out an unwanted pregnancy is against bodily autonomy. This is not truly an issue that could bother others because it does not involve anyone who does not want to be involved. It has nothing to do with religion, it is simply about taking women's and AFAB's rights to control their bodies. It feels like they are punishing women for wanting to have sex which is a completely normal thing for most humans to want, and then making them have the children they don't want. Sometimes even if you use birth control it still doesn't work. And if you are not in a good financial or mental place to have kids, that can ruin your life and the child's life.

A possible solution to these problems is to mind your own goddamn business. The thing that really bothers me about people saying abortion is wrong is the fact that it is really none of their business. It seems like they care more about the life of a small group of cells the size of a gummy bear than the black men and women and children being shot in the streets. Or the women being sold into sex slavery all over the world.

Global Warming

Meara Gunderson

The 10 warmest years recorded have occurred after 2005. Earth's temperature has risen by 0.14° F per decade since 1880. If the climate increases just a few more degrees, it will make many areas uninhabitable. Earth's climate is steadily increasing, humans are the main reason for global warming, and many seem unwilling to do even the simplest things to help with the current climate crisis.

There are many facts and many pieces of evidence that show just how bad the earth's climate is getting, including that the average 2020 surface temperature was 1.76° F warmer than the twentieth-century average of 57°F, and 2.14 ° F warmer than the pre-industrial period, 1880-1900.

Global warming connects to all kinds of things, including wildfires. If the world warms just another 1.6 degrees Fahrenheit, the amount of land burned by wildfires globally will increase by 35%. Methane is also a huge cause of climate change. Methane, the primary component of natural gas, is responsible for more than 25% of the climate increase we are feeling today, and the main reasons for methane emissions are all man-made. Most methane emissions come from landfills, coal mining, wastewater treatment, energy production, agricultural activities, oil and natural gas systems, and specific industrial procedures.

As the general population has increased, pollution rates and the global climate are steadily increasing as well, partially because of the amount of trash that the 7.8 billion people on earth are producing. There are many things that add up as to why the climate crisis has gotten so bad, including the fast fashion industry. Fast fashion has a very large effect on the total amount of global pollution. As citizens buy mass amounts of cheap and poorly-made clothing items from fast fashion companies, they are sure to wear out and become unwearable after a much shorter time than if they bought better made clothing at the start.

Once the clothing is unwearable, or even if the owner simply doesn't want to wear it anymore, they commonly throw the article of clothing away, which contributed to the 13 million tons of fast fashion pollution produced in 2018, compared to the 1.4 million tons of pollution produced in 1960, and the amount might

be much more now, in 2022.
Better made clothing might cost more, but it will be worth it in the long run and if you can't afford more expensive clothing, thrift stores are a great option because you can find a great amount of high quality clothing, clothes are generally cheaper than most companies, and instead of buying something new you are reusing something that someone else already had, and not creating unnecessary waste.

This topic is a huge threat to justice as it applies to welfare. Climate change is something that makes the general public's lives worse and everyone would be a lot better off if citizens started doing something to help the climate crisis. If they don't, it will keep getting worseuntil there is no longer a solution. The fact that countries now need to reduce emissions by 7.6% every year until 2030, but if they had acted as citizens urged them 10 years ago they simply would have to reduce emissions by 3.3% every year shows that climate change is steadily getting worse, and people still want to ignore it.

It is unjust to keep doing nothing and leave this crisis unattended for future generations to deal with, essentially simply passing current problems down to other people so they have to deal with our problems instead of companies and civilization just taking a stance now.
While climate change cannot be solved overnight there are simple things you can do to help this issue. Some things are as easy as replacing items like paper towels and grocery bags. Instead of buying and using up paper towels, buy cloth rags or use old clothing articles that are unwearable now. Instead of getting plastic bags every time you buy groceries, bring your own reusable bags. If you have the opportunity, look into some peaceful protests around your area and make your voice heard. Try to do more, most, or even all of your clothing shopping at thrift stores or second hand clothing stores. If you have to get somewhere but it's not very far away, you could walk or ride your bike. If you have the space and materials you could start a garden and try to eat more organic and homegrown food. Even something as simple as switching off the light in your home when you aren't using it can have an impact on global warming.

So while it might feel like you can't do anything, if everyone made some simple changes to their lifestyle, the world would thank us.

Sexual Assault

Kate Houle

"How much is a little girl worth?" After an internationally famous 3-week court case Racheal Denhollander approached the stand and asked that question to the hundreds of people watching. After she and more than 200 other young women testified against Larry Nassar; a prominent gymnastics doctor who now has over 250 reports of sexual assault. He was sentenced to 40 to 175 years in prison.

Now, what do I mean by sexual assault? This refers to multiple things- child abuse, domestic abuse, groping, rape, and sexual harassment. They're all pretty similar, but share the common trait of a person receiving unwanted sexual touch or fondling by someone else. Sadly 2⁄3 of rape cases are committed by someone known or trusted by the victim, and 1 in 6 people have been sexually assaulted at least once in their lifetime.
That's about 23 million women and around 2 million men who have been victims of attempted or completed rape. There are multiple groups within that number. When it comes to race, black and Native American groups are most at risk. People in the age range of 12 to 34 have the highest case rates. And of course, trans women are disproportionately affected.

Lately, a lot of focus has been pointed to this subject. In 2017 the hashtag #MeToo went viral on social media, connecting victims of sexual assault and letting people know they were not alone. It's been used over 20 million times in the past 5 years. Between that and the Larry Nassar case in 2018, sexual violence reports are more important than ever before.

And for good reason. Sexual assault is a violent attack on people's humanity. Ninety four percent of rape victim's experience some sort of PTSD, and until recently it was a forbidden subject to even talk about. Attackers take away their victim's rights and dignity, and too often society brushes it away. I'm sure you've heard the phrases ``well she shouldn't have been wearing that '' or "she probably liked it!". Rape and other forms of sexual violence both affect victim's liberties and overall women's welfare. Most girls are taught at a very young age to never walk alone at night and what to do if you suspect you're being followed.

They should not have to worry about that. Attackers (whatever their gender) should be the ones

learning at a young age. Learning how to ask for consent. Learning how to respect people of all genders. Learning why this issue can not continue. For too long, sexual assault victims have been silenced. Society as a whole needs to understand the terrible things that these cases bring about, and need to hear survivors' stories. Numbers are not enough. Even though they are unbelievably scary, people (especially younger men) must hear why this is happening and how they can individually help to decrease this alarming trend.



The Wall

Blue Norde

The Trump administration built 455 miles and 49 miles of barrier in an area that previously had no fencing. Construction started in 2018 and it cost $15 billion. Yes, it was funded by the US. Also, the fencing varies in size and sometimes appearance, but it's still tall in parts (30 feet). Trump called it "impenetrable" but it had been breached 3,200 times by the time
Trump left office in 2021.
But there is an environmental impact from building a wall. People have raised concerns about local species like the monarch butterflies and local Wildcats. In the last 7 to 8 Years the US has seen a rise in migrants (because of worsening living conditions in other countries) and is seeing more unaccompanied minors .

Violence, gangs, rising poverty, Government corruption, and climate change are some of the reasons forcing people to flee from Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador, other Central American countries, North-South America and Caribbean islands like Haiti, and even people from African countries -- and some Ukrainians in recent months.

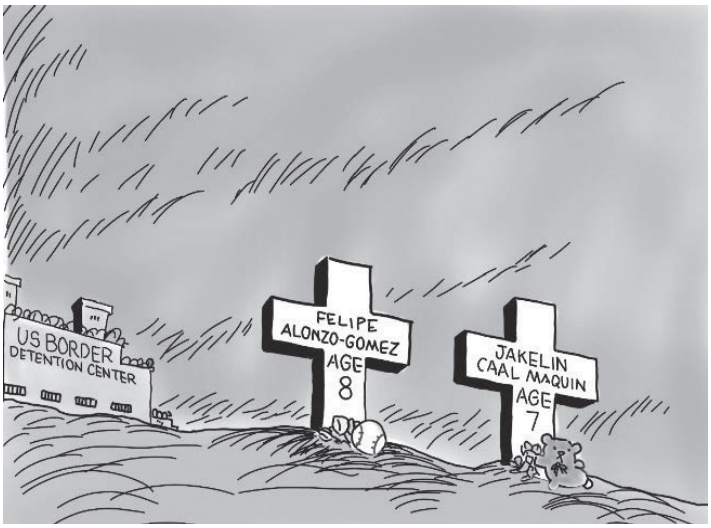
When the Trump administration was in power it made it hard to get an asylum. Bills like the "zero-tolerance policy," which divided families, in some cases parents being deported without their children and an estimated 3,913 children have been separated from their parents at the border. There is also the "remain in Mexico policy" which forced asylum seekers to wait in Mexico for their US immigration hearing.

The Biden administration signed an order to pause all wall construction and also suspended the "remain in Mexico" policy. After public backlash, Biden raised the number of refugees to 62,500 coming from the Southern border, originally keeping it at Trump's 15,000 refugees, a historical low.

Just because things might be getting a little better doesn't mean things still aren't bad as far as some of the camps. Where they keep children by the border have pretty bad living conditions, and staff members have reportedly been sexually assaulted. sickness is very common because of how cramped they are, but other "camps" living conditions are unknown.

Hundreds of migrants die per year trying to pass the border, but in 2021 it was 581 deaths. The year 2021 also saw 139 get injured which is higher than the 41 in 2020 this is Partly due to the higher border wall.

Ways that the government could. Make sure that the camps have better living conditions, that people that need asylum get asylum, and make sure that people aren't stuck at the border for months.



Police Brutality

Teddie Lopez

Brutality

Police Brutality is a big issue around the world, involving police officers murdering, arresting, or charging black individuals unfairly because of their race. Black individuals by the names of George Floyd, Eric Garner, Michael Brown, and hundreds more have been victims. Police Brutality has led to riots, shops being closed, and buildings being set ablaze or destroyed by protestors.

George Floyd was brutally murdered by a police officer in Minneapolis during an arrest after a store clerk had suspected that Floyd might have used a fake 20-dollar bill. A white police officer by the name of Derek Chauvin had arrested Floyd, but he resisted being pulled into the police car, because he was claustrophobic. Derek Chauvin then pinned him to the ground for 9 minutes and 29 seconds, kneeling on his neck as Floyd could not breathe.

Many people were watching in horror and recording the event. Floyd was unresponsive when an ambulance arrived, and he was pronounced dead. On April 20, 2021, Derek Chauvin was found guilty of all charges, which were second-degree and third-degree murder, as well as second-degree manslaughter, and was sentenced to 22 1⁄2 years in prison. This may have been the largest protest movement in U.S history. The protests that had come out of this were extremely damaging, as many things were burned and destroyed, approximately 1,300 properties were damaged and nearly 100 were fully destroyed.

A very popular Twitter hashtag called #BlackLivesMatter hosts protests for the black individuals that were treated unfairly by police officers. Many other hashtags like #nojusticenopeace, #justiceforgeorgefloyd, #icantbreathe, and many more support the BLM topic. This is a threat to justice because police officers are mindlessly abusing power against people to be racist and it's not okay. African-American individuals are being unfairly wiped out because police officers and white people get the upper hand.

There are many examples of solutions to police brutality, like a psychology-informed "hands-off" policy for foot chases for the Las Vegas Police Department, which reduced the use of force by 23%. In Seattle, police officers trained in a "procedural justice" intervention designed by psychologists used force up to 40% less. These are important steps, but we have a long way to go.

#Me Too

Margret Moe

"If anything like this happens to you again, yell and call attention to yourself." This is what my dad told me after I explained through tears the time somebody at a protest for Amir Locke slid their hand down the back pocket of my jeans. Directly outside of the Minnesota governor's mansion is where I became a part of the 80 percent of women who experienced sexual assault. I turned to my best friend and asked her if we could switch spots. Before I could see what this person looked like, they were gone. All I was able to see was a figure with short red hair walking toward the sound truck. Almost immediately after, I sent a text to two of my friends saying "something happened, can we go to ur house?"

In 2021, a study was done in the United States to find out the percentage of women that experienced sexual violence in their lives. The percentage evened out to be roughly 80%. Within the borders of the US, there is a significant gap between women who experience sexual violence versus men who experience sexual violence. This may stem From the way most girls were brought into a society that objectified them from such a young age.

Because of the long term trauma people are left with after being assaulted, there isn't much we as a community can do to help those dealing with that excess trauma. The most we can do is teach youth about how large of an issue this is, instead of avoiding it. Talking a bout sexual assault can be frowned upon, and it is more common than not for cases cases to go unreported for months if not years at a time. Young boys becoming aware of sexual assualt and its impact is almost always beneficial. We shouldn't be shaming women for being victims, we should be teaching men not to turn women into victims.

One of the most important movements related to sexual harassment or violence is the "#me too" movement. This movement has helped raise awareness. The "me too" movement is a hashtag focusing on sharing experiences with the world. More specifically, the hashtag targets "rape culture." The Me too movement also strives to teach youth about these internalized issues like sexism or misogyny.

Sexual assualt is a threat to justice, because we too often avoid the topic. I am a 14-year old girl who has been forced to work and fight against being sexually harassed while doing normal things like going to the store

or hanging out with my friends. My safety is threatened daily because of the fact that I was brought up in a society that frowns upon asking the doctor questions about female and male anatomy; a society that continues to shame women rather than hold men accountable. Nobody should have to be silenced for speaking up.

GSA

Lillie Eiken

At OWL, there's both a middle school and a high school GSA. Preston West, the sixth and seventh grade English teacher, leads both. In them, he talks about queer issues and leads student discussions of them. This is a weekly occurrence here. However, in Floridian schools, that sort of thing might not happen anymore. Ron DeSantis, Florida's governor, has signed a bill into law that will restrict instruction at school about queer issues. This happened earlier this year. Instruction on sexual orientation or gender identity is going to be banned from kindergarten through third grade, and when it's not "age appropriate or developmentally appropriate for students in accordance with state standards" (quote from the bill) for older students.

This is and the definition of instruction are left vague, which opens possibilities for any talk about queerness to be considered inappropriate. Even if this interpretation does not succeed in a court of law, the process of being sued for a school would have serious monetary and reputational consequences. The bill will also make schools notify students' parents about any changes or problems in their childs' mental health, which includes if they are questioning if they're queer.

The driving forces behind the bill have been the Republicans in the Floridian legislature, and DeSantis. The law's sponsor is Republican representative Joe Harding. The driving opposers to the bill have been queer activists, along with Democrats like Biden, and educational advocates like Andrew Spar, president of the Florida Education Association.

This bill is a threat to justice because it will harm queer students' mental health, and hurt their chances at being accepted and understood. It will also impact the freedom of teachers and students to talk about their lives and factual reality. This fits into both the welfare framework of justice since queer peoples' mental health will be hurt by their identity being forcibly hidden (one part of the bill says any problems with mental health a student may have will be told to their parents, and that includes if they're questioning their romantic/sexual orientation or their gender identity), and the freedom framework since queer teachers and allies might not be able to talk about what they want to teach about, or about their personal lives in the way allocishet people might.

Closeted students and those with families that aren't willing or financially able to move will be trapped in schools that threaten and hurt them. Teachers who are unable or unwilling to move will also be hurt. Also, no one should have to move away from their home because of persecution.

The law will likely lead schools to stifle most discussions and mentions of queerness for fear of being sued by parents. It'll lead to students not realizing there are other people like them, and that there have been forever, and it'll lead to teachers' feeling constrained. How much of the truth will they be able to talk about? This bill might set a precedent that leads to other restrictions on education, both in and out of Florida. One first grade teacher, Paula Stephens, wondered in an interview what will be discriminated against next.

Some possible solutions to the problem include a court striking it down because it violates the equal treatment that is mandated in the Constitution, or the bill being repealed by the Floridian state government. The federal Department of Education is watching how Floridian schools are being treated, and say that they will step in if there are any infringements of rights. These solutions will likely only happen if there is public pressure on judges, elected officials, or the federal Department of Education. Public pressure can be done by criticizing the law on social media, but it's much more helpful if a physical protest is done.



Attack on our Bodies

Fiona Curran

Roe vs Wade may well be overturned; that is what the United States has come to.

Politico, a website, published the leaked draft opinion on May 2nd that stated Roe vs Wade would be overturned. On Tuesday, May 3rd the Supreme Court stated that the draft was real. There were protests in front of the Supreme Court and cities like Phoenix, New York City, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Seattle, Kansas City, and Missouri.

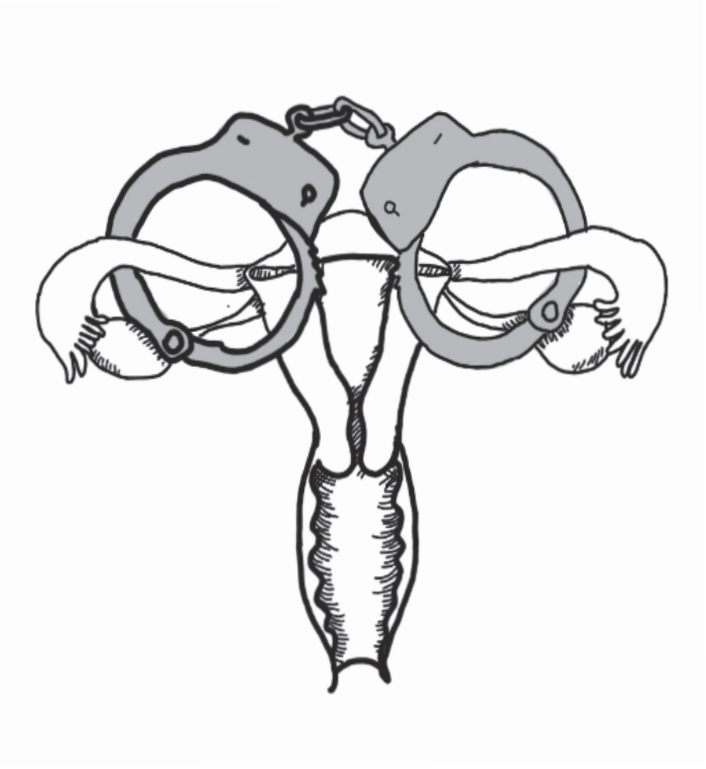
Roe vs wade has been the law of the land since 1973, when the Supreme Court legalized abortion across the United States. The Supreme Court had stated that abortion is implied in the 14th amendment of the constitution. Even though the Supreme Court made abortion al in all states, many states have made restrictions. Before abortions were made legal many women got 'back alley' abortions or tried to perform self-induced abortions. For example, many women use hangers which are extremely dangerous and life-threatening. These abortions are very very dangerous, 68,000 women die each year because of unsafe abortions, still to this day.

Today, The Supreme Court completely changed its opinion on Roe vs Wade. They are saying that even though safe abortion is implied in the 14th amendment, the constitution has no physical evidence stating that abortions should be legal. This leaked draft sparked up a lot of anger and outrage throughout the country. There were protests in Huston, Chicago, San Jose, California, Kansas, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Orlando, and Oklahoma City. One rally in Chicago attracted more than a thousand people.

The overturning of Roe vs. Wade is a major justice issue. It is taking away the rights of every single person who has a uterus. Roe vs wade was the law of the land since the 1970s, it protects so many people. It makes it possible for women to have a choice in what they do for their bodies. This is a huge attack on liberty; it is taking so much away from women or anyone who has a uterus, for that matter. So many people depend on abortions, there are so many reasons for that. So many people are going to die if this gets overturned. Forcing parents to have a baby is unethical and preposterous. A study showed that every year, for 100,000 births, 17.4% of those people will die because of childbirth. Many people face difficult decisions, for example, if you have a disease like cancer and you find out you're pregnant. The baby can be harmed by the treatment for cancer, but if you get off the meds you have a very high risk of dying after or before the baby is born because cancer has gotten so bad.

So if, or when Roe vs Wade gets overturned, the parent would either have to decide to keep the baby or risk dying. Or the parent would have to make the decision to keep taking the treatment and either, get a 'back alley' abortion, or fly somewhere to get an abortion. If that person does not have the resources to fly somewhere, they are endangering their life greatly.

Not only will the overturning of Roe vs Wade have a huge negative effect on people with a uterus it will also affect other laws. One example is gay marriage. The draft says abortion is not directly on the constitution therefore there is nothing protecting abortion. This statement could have major effects on many laws, for example, interracial marriage, gay marriage, the right to use birth control without government restrictions, etc... To protect almost more than half of the United States population you can go to rallies, go to protests. If those are not available for you, you can educate people on the problem. The more people that are educated on this justice issue, the more people who can help stop the overturning of Roe vs. Wade.



Theme

After reading Angie Thomas's The Hate U Give, students examined and discussed various themes that guide the story. Students then selected a theme they thought was particularly important to the work, and then wrote short essays that analyzed how that theme develops over the course of the novel.

Justification.....Rayne Van Guilder.....15
Speaking Out.....Kendra Jackson.....15
Reocurring Racism.....Kyler Aldridge.....16
Police Brutality.....Sir Nakhai Guy Cornelious.....16-17



Justification

Rayne Van Guilder

An important theme in the hate you give is racism. In the book, the main character Starr witnesses her best friend Khalil get shot by a white officer. She deals with racism at her school, with her friends, and with the police while trying to get justice for Khalil. The story shows how racism still affects people of color.

At the beginning of the story, Starr witnesses her friend get shot and killed by the police for supposedly reaching for a weapon. Starr gets questioned by detectives but the questions are mainly focused on if Khalil had done anything wrong at the party before the shooting. It seems like they are trying to justify the fact that he was shot and find a way to blame it on Khalil doing something wrong.

Throughout the story Starr deals with a lot of racism with her friend Hailey, in one part Starr and Hailey are talking at school and Hailey says "he was a drug dealer and a gang banger, somebody was gonna kill him eventually", She also gives sympathy to the police officer and what he's going through. Hailey was trying to justify Khalil's death and say that his life didn't matter because he was a drug dealer, and also make it seem like the officer's family is the ones who are grieving and need sympathy.

Near the end of the movie, Starr and Carlos have a conversation where Carlos explains what goes through a cop's mind when they pull someone over. He says that if the person they pulled overreaches for something they are probably reaching for a weapon and most cops don't hesitate to shoot. Starr asks Carlos "what if you were in a white neighborhood and it was a white man in a suit driving a Mercedes would you shoot him or say put your hands up?" Carlos says " I would say put your hands up." That scene shows that the way cops react depends on someone's race even though that doesn't define someone's character or what their actions will be. It shows that their reaction is also determined by the vehicle and area they live in which is based on stereotypes.

The story shows us how bad racism affects people. The police officer that killed Khalil never gets convicted. People tried to justify his murder by saying he was in a gang and did drugs. The story shows us that racism still affects people of color.

Speaking out

Kendra Jackson

In the book The Hate U Give speaking out is a very important topic. In the beginning of the book after seeing her friend get killed Starr doesn't feel very strong about talking to the police but by the end of the book, she ends up speaking out against what happened to Khalil.

In the beginning, Starr is hesitant to speak to the police about what happened to Khalil because she's scared, half because of what King said, the other half is just because she's actually afraid to speak out. She also was afraid that the kids at her school would only see her as "poor Starr who saw her friend get killed."

When Starr and Maverick had the conversation in the car, they talked about the drug industry and how it destroys people's lives like Khalil and how he sold drugs to make money for his family and his mom, Brenda who thinks she needs drugs to survive.

They talked about how the Brendas need to be clean to get jobs and can't pay for rehab unless they have jobs and then the Khalils who need to sell drugs to survive and when the khalil's get arrested for selling drugs and spend most of their life in prison, they have trouble getting jobs. That's the trap they are talking about and how it's designed against the people in garden heights.

In the end, Starr decides to speak out against what happened to Khalil. She spoke about how Khalil lived instead of died. What I think she meant by that was not to talk about the fact Khalil died, but how he lived his life, and how he was more than just dead. She also talked about how Officer Cruise was the criminal instead of them. The first thing she said was how she was the one who saw what happened to Khalil, which was what she was most scared of in the beginning.

To Summarize, in the beginning of the book Starr does not feel strongly about speaking out, but in the end, she does. Speaking out is a big part of the book because it shows that you should always speak out when something needs to be said. That's pretty much it for speaking out, the end.

Reocurring Rasicm

Kyler Aldridge

In the book The Hate You Give, racism is a reoccurring and important theme. The main character Starr witnesses and experiences racism many times throughout the book. Starr being a black woman in a small-minded world has experienced racism since she was just a kid.

The story revolves around the killing of Starrs friend Kahlil. Kahlil and Starr are pulled over, the cop forcefully pulls Kahlil out of the car and searches him 3 times and finds nothing, soon after the cop wrongfully assumes that he was reaching for a gun and shoots him without hesitation, the police officer was never convicted.

This shows how people with power will always believe the other person with more power in the system. Starr goes to a predominantly white private school, and most of her friends are white. Throughout the book, Starr slowly realizes that one of her closest friends, Hailey, is racist through the things she says and does to Starr and others.

When she and Starr are playing basketball she tells Starr to chase the ball like fried chicken, when Starr calls her out for it she denies her comment being racist. She also said that Khalil's death was bound to happen sooner or later because he was a drug dealer. This shows that people blindly believe the media without doing any research of their own.

In the movie, Starr is talking to her uncle Carlos who is a cop, he and Starr are talking about what he would do if he was in the cop's situation. Carlos says "if I think I see a gun I do not hesitate, I shoot" Starr then asks "what if it was a white man wearing a suit driving a Mercedes would you shoot him or would you say put your hands up" Carlos then says he would tell him to put his hands up. This proves that most cops make decisions based on the color of someone's skin, or where they live.

This book teaches us about racism and stereotypes, it shows how hard someone with black skin or someone living in the projects' day-to-day life can be.



Police Brutality

Sir Nakhai Guy Cornelious

An important theme in The Hate U Give is judgment. In book the main character's friend died from a police officer shooting him but officers and people who know the main character's friend judge him for his decisions. The story seems to show you can not judge someone for a decision they made without knowing why they did it.

Around the halfway mark of The Hate U Give Starr and her friend Hailey got into an argument over why the school was protesting and it has evidence of the theme. "I mean it's kinda messed up were protesting for a drug dealer's death. Like, I mean, if he was a drug dealer that explains why."

"So it's cool he got killed?"

That argument shows someone judging a drug dealer and kind of justifying his death even though she doesn't know why he made the decision to sell drugs. That made Starr mad, because she knew him and knew he didn't even want to sell drugs.

There is more evidence of the theme around halfway in the book, when a King Lord named Devante and Starr have a conversation that switches to talking about Khalil.

"Khalil wasn't a King Lord Starr."

"But at the funeral, King put the bandanna on him."

"He tried to get Khalil to join, but Khalil said Nah . . . He didn't wanna sell drugs, Starr. Nobody really wanna do that.

That conversation shows that Khalil didn't even want to do it and still got Judged for being a drug dealer in other parts of the book and movie.

Another piece of evidence is around a quarter way through The Hate U Give, where the main character Starr and her dad Maverick talk about 2Pac's quote "The Hate U Give Little Infants F's Everybody" also known as Thug Life. In the book, it said "why was he a drug dealer? Why are so many people in our neighborhood drug dealers?"

"I remember what Khalil said he got tired of choosing between lights and food."

"They need money, and they don't have a lot of other ways to get it."

This shows even more about the theme, because

it shows that they don't have many other options to make the money they need to survive, so they deal. This story shows an important life lesson and the theme of judgment. Hailey, the cops, the news reporters, and more all judge Khalil for selling drugs and his "gang infiltration" without asking why Khalil did it.

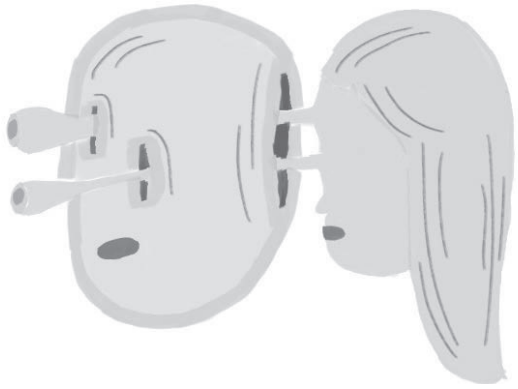
Everyone who didn't know Khalil thought of him as no good drug dealer, but people who knew him said he was a good guy. Khalil turned out that he didn't even want to, he just did it for his mom.



Alternate Narative

This writing assignment is all about point of view. We selected key scenes from short stories we studied, then asked the question: what happens if you shift the perspective to a different character in the story? How does it change? Read the following selections to find out. Stories we used for this unit:

- Charles by Shirley Jackson
- Lamb to the Slaughter by Roald Dahl
- Seventh Grade by Gary Soto
- High Horse's Courting by Black Elk Speaks



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Kindergarten.....Nina LaFerla.....20
Classroom.....Rainboo Fox.....20
Laurie.....Jensina Eccles.....21
High Horse.....Lana Stevens.....21-23
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Life struggles.....Brandon Xiong.....29
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A Bit of Trouble

Anson Lind

I never liked PTO meetings that much. They're just a bunch of endless suggestions that the school board never accepts anyways, and nobody talks about the important things.

Like Laurie, for instance. The kid's helpful sometimes, but mostly he seems incapable of doing anything other than cause trouble. Of course, in my experience, kids can't really be blamed. Maybe Laurie's mother or father is setting a bad example for him? Or maybe it's just a troublesome friend? Whatever the case, I need to talk with Laurie's parents soon.
He's starting to get out of hand.

"I'd like to propose a bake sale to raise profits for a school field trip!" Mr. Hansen proclaims, but several members of the school board shake their heads.

"No, a field trip would be too distracting for the school." Principal Dundale says. As they debate the pros and cons of a kindergarten field trip, I look over the faces attending the meeting. Is one of them Laurie's mother or father?

"Oh, we're out of time," says Ms. Cleo, an English teacher. "If you'd like to meet with myself or any of the other teachers, feel free!"

I get up with the others attending the meeting, and take a piece of chocolate cake and a cup of tea. On the other end of the room, a woman who I don't recognize waves me over. She's holding a plate of marshmallow cake. I take a sip of tea and weave through the crowd up to her.

"I've been so anxious to meet you," she says. Oh, what have the kids been saying about me this time? Before I can say anything, though, she continues."I'm Laurie's mother".

I'm a little shocked. Why didn't you say anything at the meeting, then? "We're all very interested in Laurie," I say cautiously.

"Well, he certainly likes kindergarten. He talks about it all the time" says Laurie's mother. And I bet he tells you all sorts of things about me, doesn't he, I think bitterly.

"We had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or so, but now he's a fine little helper. With occasional lapses, of course" I hastily add at her confused look.

"Laurie usually adjusts very quickly," Laurie's mother says. "I suppose this time it's Charles' influence." Now it's my turn to give a confused look.

"Charles?" I ask. Maybe there's a Laurie in a higher grade, and his mother has gotten me confused with another teacher?

L aurie's mother laughs. "Yes, you must have your hands full in that kindergarten, with Charles."

Not a different Laurie, then. "Charles?" I ask again. "We don't have any Charles in Kindergarten." You'd have thought I had told her the sky was red with the look on her face.

"But… Laurie's been telling me all about Charles. He said nasty words, and had to stay late after school… you have to remember him?" Laurie's mother asks.

Finally, everything makes sense. I look at Laurie's mother and tell her very seriously, "your son has been lying to you. All those things you described? That was Laurie, not Charles." Laurie's mother just stares. Her marshmallow cake begins to slip toward the edge of the plate.

> "You'd have thought I had told her the sky was red with the look on her face"

"Your cake is falling," I say, and that startles her. She readjusts her plate.

"You're completely sure?" Laurie's mother asks.

"I know this is hard for you. We have a great child psychologist at the school. I can introduce you to her, if you'd like," I say. "I'm sure she will be able to help Laurie. If he's been lying to you, I'm not sure what else he might have lied about."

"Uh… yes, where is she?" Laurie's mother nods slowly.

"Over there," I say, pointing to the child psychologist. Laurie's mother thanks me, and walks over to where I had pointed. I take another bite of cake and make a mental note to watch Laurie more carefully in class.

He's a bit of trouble, I think to myself, but that's what I have to put up with for this job. Once I see Laurie's mother find the psychologist, I wander back over for another cup of tea.

Kindergarten

Nina LaFerla

I glanced around nervously looking for Laurie's mother, But none of them looked to me haggard enough to be the mother of this crude boy.

I finally decided on one woman who sat in her chair uncomfortably and kept scanning the room with a look of immediate terror as soon as I locked eyes with her.

After the meeting ended I managed to grab a slice of marshmallow cake and a cup of tea. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Laurie's mother cautiously glancing at me. She had a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of tea.

I smiled at her as she began to approach me."I've been so anxious to meet you," she said, "I'm Laurie's mother." She seemed nice,

"We're all so interested in Laurie," I said

"Well, he certainly likes kindergarten," she sighed "He talks about it all the time."

"We had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or so," I said primly, "but now he's a fine little helper. With occasional lapses, of course."

"Laurie usually adjusts very quickly," she said. "I suppose this time it's Charles's influence."

"Charles?" I asked, Who is she talking about?

"Yes," she said, laughing "you must have your hands full in that kindergarten, with Charles."

"Charles?" I said slowly "We don't have any Charles in kindergarten."



Charles?

Rainboo Fox

The classroom was dimly lit by the setting sun outside, casting golden light and streaky shadows dancing across the floor and desks. Each desk was either askew from its properly marked place with tape, or supplies were messily stacked and piled on top of them. The multi-colored chairs had been pulled to form a circle around the earth map rug in the middle of the room, like a rainbow wrapping around the Earth.

All the parents of the children in the class were hunched and smushed into these chairs, like giants gathered for a meeting on where to cause the next natural disaster. They were taking turns speaking about the feedback they'd been getting from their children about school. Each pair of parents had traits of their children, like Alvin's mother had his chestnut brown hair, and his father had his emerald green eyes. Or Justice's mom had her silky blonde hair and hazelnut brown eyes, and her other mother had her fiery attitude.

Ms.Daisy realized there was one mother scanning the room, hunched over in her tiny beetle-green chair, her long hair drooping down to her scrunched knees. She was looking at each individual parent's face, and concentrating intently on what each one had to say. Her intense concentration was strange, but not the strangest thing Ms.Daisy had seen.

Later, when all the parents were chatting, The odd mother walked toward her, so she decided to see what she needed. "Hello. You must be Laurie's mother," she said, glancing down at the 'hello my name is' tag stuck to her shirt.

"Yes, I am! So sorry I couldn't make it last time," the mother responded.

"I am a bit concerned about Laurie," Ms.Daisy said, remembering the trouble he got himself into the other day. And last week. And two hours ago.

"Oh, yes, quite fair. However, he does adapt to new places quite easily, so I wouldn't worry too much." Laurie's mother responded, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "Besides, You've got your hands quite full with Charles, huh?"

Okay, now what in the world is she talking about? Who is Charles? she thought. "Charles?" she asked uncertainly.

"Yes," Laurie's mother said. "Quite the troublemaker he is, isn't he?"

Are you Serious?

Jensina Eccles

Today was the parent teacher conference. I cleaned my room and rearranged tables to make room for a circle of parents and kids. We had snacks like coffee, cake, cupcakes. I was so excited to meet the parents of all my class, especially the parents of Laurie. I was wearing some jeans and a green dress shirt. I had brown shoes and my hair was in a half up half down style.

Laurie was a handful at school by hurting the children and not following the rules of the classroom. I wanted to know what his parents would say, what they wouldn't say and most importantly if his parents would apologize for the way their child was behaving.

It was time all the parents started to roll in. After a couple minutes I saw Laurie's mom come in. She was wearing a blue dress and didn't look guilty or embarrassed for the way her kid was acting. I felt like going right to her to tell her the way her child was acting. I was also wondering if she would come up to me and apologize right away but she didn't. The entire time I went over how school had been.

All the kids' parents had the coffee and snacks that were there. she never said anything, just sat and listened. Then it was time to go. Then his mom came up to me and said,"Laurie has loved being in school!"

I thought about telling her what he was doing and how that should not be a thing to "love" about at school, I just didn't want my first impression to come off rude so I just said, "Yeah he has had a little trouble in the beginning but now he's the class helper."

I hoped that didn't come off rude. I didn't really want a parent to yell or get mad at me for the way their child was acting. I mean after all it's not my fault it's their fault for raising their kid like that. All she said was, "Yeah, I bet it was the influence of Charles I bet he's a handful."

Charles, who the heck is Charles?? I've never had a kid named Charles before. I hope she wasn't the mom that made excuses for their kid by making up things, she just didn't look like that type of mom to do that, not let her kid have to take responsibility for things.

"Charles" I said "who is Charles?"

I didn't want to sound rude to his mom especially not in front of other parents. "You know the kid in your class?"

I just knew in her face and the way she said it that she was genuinely asking. I just knew that Laurie did this. I wanted him to learn a lesson so I just thought not to tell her it was her kid but just that I didn't know a kid named that nor that there was a kid named "Charles".

"We don't have a kid named Charles in this class."

Her face immediately dropped at the sound of my words. I felt worse than I ever have telling a parent how their child has been acting. I mean it's not like he's like that anymore, but he definitely shouldn't have lied.

"What do you mean there's no Charles," is all she could shudder out with the shock of my words.

"I don't have a student in this class or any class named Charles," her face became as red as a tomato with embarrassment.

"I am so so so sorry." In that sentence I knew she put it all together. Why Laurie was late, why Laurie had no one to talk to when he came cause no one wants to play with a mean kid. "I will make sure he never acts that way in your class again and I hope we can put everything aside and he can continue making friends in his class and continue being class helper." I felt bad for her, because she was being told a lie her own kid made up all this to cover up what he was doing. I am glad it all got discovered and figured out. I just hope Laurie got what he needed to be a better student in my class because I know he's a good kid. Just having troubles.

High Horse

Lana Stevens

The Girl was an ordinary girl in the village. But one day, she saw a man, a very handsome man at that. He was called High Horse. He had long, dark hair, and even some freckles sprouted along his copper face. She noticed the way his skin crested a bit beside his eyes when he smiled, the way his dimple deepened. She often saw him looking at her, but every time she looked at him back, he quickly averted his eyes, as if embarrassed.

> "The next night, she was restless, dreaming of High Horse."

When High Horse finally caught up to her without her overly-protective parents around, he asked her questions.

She answered confidently, although feeling sick inside, praying her parents would give in and they would get to be together. She was sure of it now;

the Girl was fond of him, and He was fond of her.

Later that week, she saw High Horse and her father talking. High Horse seemed less confident each time he came back to talk to him. Oh father, please let him have me!

One day, she was picking some berries from a blueberry bush. The wind rustled through the trees and a few gentle rays of sunlight shone onto the undergrowth. Birds were chirping and there was the faint rumbling of the brook nearby. All of a sudden, High Horse walked out from behind a bush, during the rare instance in which her parents were not around. He asked her to run away with him.

"I will not do that," she said. However much she felt sick with envy for High Horse, the Girl wanted to be bought like a fine woman. She wanted him to win her fair and square. High Horse's shoulders sagged, but didn't argue. He obtained a look of determination on his face, and started walking back to the camp. The Girl hummed, content. He really likes me so much, he'd do anything for me!

One night, she was sleeping, and she was awoken by a sharp stinging cut on her thigh. She woke up and gave a big, loud yell. But whoever it was had already sprinted out of the teepee. Half of the ropes holding her to her bed were cut, and the small cut on her leg was beginning to bleed. It wasn't very deep; Just a nick. It would heal quickly. Her father rushed out, chasing the man. Her mother asked her what happened, and the Girl just answered, "I'm not sure."

"Thank you father"

Later that day while helping fetch water from the creek with some other women, she was absent-mindedly thinking about the odd event. As she dipped her bucket into the cold, rushing water, it came to her and she stifled a gasp. It must have been High Horse! It only made sense. High Horse was the only one who would risk coming across her father all for her. But what was his plan?

The next night, she was restless, dreaming of High Horse. When the first light began shining down into the teepee, the Girl blinked open her eyes. She sat up, only to find a horrible animal, all white with black stripes on it, lying asleep beside her bed. Her first instinct was to scream. It jumped up and bolted out of the teepee as men with guns and bows and axes chased after the creature. The Girl was utterly confused, sitting up in her bed. Why had there been some sort of spirit beside her? Was it a blessing or a curse? Was it about High Horse?

Her people decided to switch camps. As she went around helping pack up food and medicine, she did not see High Horse. This made her feel so sick in the stomach one of the women asked if she was well. She said she was fine, and she went on carrying the supplies to the waiting horses. When the men got back from chasing off the creature, they said it had disappeared by the creek. The Girl sighed, feeling awful with worry. She had thought that maybe High Horse had been with the men, chasing off the creature, but he was still nowhere to be seen.

They arrived at the camp several days later, and still, no High Horse. She asked one of the women about it who was next to her and she only said, "Let the men handle it, cousin. I'm sure you just haven't seen him in all the rush of the move."

This did not comfort the Girl. She worried all throughout the unpacking, and then afterwards.

The sun began to set, the crickets began to chirp. As the camp settled down and started disappearing into their teepees, she waited until every last teepee's flap was closed. She did not see High Horse. She went into the teepee, feeling defeated. She got under her rawhide covers and closed her eyes, waiting for sleep to come.

She was woken up by the sound of hundreds of hoof beats in the distance. As they got closer, her and her parents came out of the tent in confusion. What they saw was about a hundred horses, coming right toward their teepee. The Girl squinted in the misty morning light, and she realized it was High Horse and his friend, Red Deer atop the herd. High Horse halted the horses right in front of their teepee. The dust and the smell of the many horses wafted into her face. She looked at her father, but he was silent, gazing up at High Horse.

"Is this enough Horses for your girl?" He called to the old man. She looked at her father, her eyes shining with hope and pride. High Horse liked her so much, he would give a whole herd of horses to be with her!

Her father gave a small nod. "Young man, it was never the horses I wanted. I wanted a son who is a real man and is good for something."

The Girl's heart leapt with joy as High Horse dropped down off of his horse and thanked her father. Then he came to the Girl and kissed her. She felt eyes in the camp watching her, but she didn't care. High Horse had won over her father, and that was all that mattered. Over High Horse's shoulder, she saw her father watching her. She beamed at him.

Thank you, father!

Mr.Bueller

Gretta Ljung

The bell sounded and I looked up and met eyes with some kid in my class. His name is Victor I think? I smiled at him and then gathered my books to head to French class.

By the time I got to the classroom, all the good spots in the back were already taken so I had to sit in the front. As Mr.Bueller wrote on the board the bell rang and he turned to face the class. "Bonjour," he said.

"bonjour," a few students responded Mr.Bueller said that if the students studied hard at the end of the year they could go to France and be understood by the populace.

Mr.Bueller asked if anyone in the room already knew French. Victor, the kid from earlier, raised his hand and the teacher smiled and said "Très bien. Parlez-vous Francais?" Victor stayed silent. Mr.Bueller asks him something else in French. The room grew silent, all eyes on Victor.

"La me vave me con le grandma," he said. I'm not an expert, but I don't think that's proper French. Mr.Bueller seemed confused as well and asked victor to speak up. Victor turned bright red and muttered something under his breath. Mr. Bueller asked him to speak up yet again. "Frenchie oh wewe gee in September," Victor repeated.

By now I could tell Victor didn't know any French and I think the teacher noticed too because he just turned around and continued the lesson.

Soon the bell rang for fifth period and victor ran out of the classroom at the speed of light. But he forgot his book and walked back in with his head down to get it. Me and Mr.Bueller were the only other people left in the room. Victor turned to me and he looked like a deer in headlights. I decided to joke around a little and said "I didn't know you knew French, that was good." He blushed and ran out of the room again, this time with his book.

5th Period

Nino Vasquez

I was walking to Mr. Bueller's French Class, which is my class in the middle of the school day. I kind of wished the day was over, because I really do not know that much French.

As kids were entering the room, they were saying, "Bonjour". I did not feel like saying it because I cannot speak French that way.

"Bonjour", Victor whispered.

I heard Victor trying to impress Mr. Bueller and I could care less. I think that Victor thinks he is so smart because he talked to the teacher in French.

Mr. Bueller said if the class studies hard, at the end of the school year, we could go to France and be understood by the "populace". Whatever that means!

"I kind of wished the day was over, because I really do not know that much French."

One kid raised his hand and said, "What is Populace?"

Mr. Bueller said, "The people, the people of France".

Mr. Bueller asks if anyone can speak French. That annoying Victor raised his hand. The teacher said, "Tre bien. Parlez-vous francais?"

I thought in my head that tis sentence probably is not even French. Maybe it's Spanish. Who knows. All I know is that it did not sound right. Not right at all.

Everyone was waiting on Victor to say something else. All of the students were staring hard at him. I was thinking Victor is such an idiot. Why raise your hand if you don't know the answer? He just made himself the joke of the class. If he was thinking he was going to get one of the girls in class to like him, this was not it.

The room was silent and everyone was staring at Victor. "La me vave me con le grandma," he said uncertainly.

Mr. Bueller wrinkled his face, all curious, and asked him to speak up. He knew that it was wrong. That sure was not French. Mr. Bueller could not believe his ears. He did not have a response to that.

Victor turned all red with embarrassment. I bet that his hands were turning sweaty. Gross. He should be embarrassed. Why does he not stop? This is getting more uncomfortable by the minute.

Victor says, "Frenchie oh wewe gee in September".

That sounded so dumb. There is no way that this is French. Come on, man!

Mr. Bueller turned away because he thought that Victor had to be kidding. This had to be a joke! No one would want to embarrass themselves like that, would they? It is better to just change the subject. Move on. Save face.



Darling

Alice Weiland

He heard the small pebbles under his tires as he made it home onto his driveway. He was hesitant to get out because she was there. She is his wife.

The wife he'd decided to divorce. He opened the car door and walked slowly, taking every step with precision, like they were his last. He made it to the front door and she jumped at him and pecked his cheek. She didn't know. All she knows is that she has a husband and a future father. The father that's supposed to take care of her child. He didn't want to.

"Hullo darling," she said

"Hullo darling," he replied, trying not to make it sound like he was dreading this moment for a lifetime. She took his coat as if he wasn't planning on leaving anytime soon. He could tell she'd been waiting and done nothing but sew all day long. The tips of her fingers were red if not already bandaged, and her quilt was nearly completed which wasn't the case when he was home last. He could even sense the pure bliss that emitted from her because he was home while she fixed him up a strong drink.

They sat down in the living room across from each other. He tried to avoid eye contact with her because he didn't want to talk. If he did he would tell the one thing he wanted to do last. But he wasn't sure what to tell her yet. Because of my job, he thought to himself, except his job was far from the real reason.

He couldn't take it anymore.

He couldn't handle the feeling as if she was watching, studying, or even savoring his every move in a creepy way. From the way, he sat in his chair to when he walked across the room he could feel the glances she gave him, every time those looks sent shivers down his spine. He was ready to end the one-sided relationship that felt unsettling in all kinds of ways. But he was afraid to tell her about getting divorced.

"Tired darling?" She said. He jumped when he heard the sound of her voice, suddenly breaking the silence while he was deep in thought when she was sewing. He gulped down all of his whiskey as it slowly and painfully went down his throat.

"Yes," he said. "I'm tired." She watched him with a concerned look but was quick to get him a new one when he stood up. He was tired of her taking care of him the way she did.

"Sit down," he said.

He poured himself his drink, stronger he thought as he kept on filling his cup. Stronger so he could face her. His mind wandered to a cold case he worked on at the station as he sipped his new and stronger drink.

A few years ago a man who lived in town was murdered. He was happily married but they hadn't been married long. Just over a year. His friends reported that he was nervous or simply not at ease whenever his wife came up in conversation and real-life but they didn't know why. Even so, he refused to leave the relationship and was eventually murdered; the wife was the only suspect and there had been no evidence at all. So the case and everyone involved were left alone.

Did she stop? Is she just standing there? Or—

"Darling," she interrupted. "Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday."

"No," he said, hardly listening to what she was saying.

"If you're too tired to eat, it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair." She said,

He didn't move an inch. He started to get annoyed. But as he grew annoyed he became more paranoid about being in the same room with her.

"Anyway," she went on, "I'll get you some cheese and crackers first."

"I don't want it," he said.

She watched him carefully as she shifted in her seat. Her still eyes rested on his with one of those looks that unsettled him. But it only made him more irritated for some unknown reason. He started to get impatient, he was ready.

"But you must eat! She said, "I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like."

She stood up putting her things down by her chair. "Sit down," he said. "Just for a minute, sit down." She turned pale at the tone he used.

"Go on," he said. "Sit down."

She slowly sat down and locked her eyes on him. Another shiver down his spine. He was ready.

He froze, the guilt started to weigh on him before he even began speaking. But thestress and annoyance still grew.

"I'm afraid this is going to be a bit of a shock to you," he said. "But I've thought about it a
good deal and I've decided the only thing to do I'd tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much."

It went smoothly, the lies and words full of nothing just slipped out of his mouth as if it was the way felt. He wished everything he said was true. Relief swept over him. It's done. He looked up and saw that she was as white as a ghost.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course, I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

The last part was just more deceitfulness trying to make things easier for him and not her.
He watched her sit there staring into space almost as if she no longer had a soul. She stood up.
"I'll get supper," she said, just barely audible leaving the room dragging her feet behind her. He felt relieved. He realized why he was so irritated minutes before. It was because of her. The way she acted was so childlike or like a puppy following its owner. He couldn't help but think of the cold case again. The wife did it. That's what he thought anyway. But he thought that the husband wouldn't have been murdered by his wife if he just divorced her when he started feeling nervous alone with his wife.

Mr. Maloney was proud of his decision. The distant footsteps coming up from the cellar made him snap back to reality. He realized that she was still planning on making him supper. He'd better get out soon.
"For God's sake," he said, "Don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

No response. He stood there waiting to hear her steps turn around and the creaking the stairs made when someone went down them. Instead, he heard nothing. He thought to himself. Did she stop? Is she just standing there? Or—

After Work

Seth Juvland

He had just finished his day at work, and at 10 minutes to five, Mister Maloney pulled up into the driveway, gravel crunching under the tires, and headed inside. His wife, Mary Maloney, was calm and happy, having prepared for his arrival with their usual routine. This, however, would not be how it went. He had news, and his wife would not be happy.

She greeted him like usual, going to give him a kiss, and said, "Hullo, darling." So did he, and she took his coat to hang it up. He watched her go over to make the drinks, a strong one for him and a weak one for her. He thought about how much would change after he gave her the news. She went back to the chair, making small squeaks with every rocking motion. He thought about how this was her favorite time of day, and how much she loved spending this time with him.

"Tired, darling?" she said.

"Yes, I'm tired," he responded. As he said this, he downed his glass, whiskey burning his throat. Something seemed quite unusual to his wife, but to him, it was just a matter of preparing himself for what he had to say.

"I'll get it," his wife said as he rose to get another glass.

"Sit down," he responded. He came back with his new drink, this one being a dark amber color, because of the quantity of whiskey in it.

"Darling, shall I fetch your slippers?"

"No," he said. He knew he had to tell her soon. He began to sip the drink, which formed swirls because of the intensity.

"Darling, would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper since it's Thursday."

"No," he responded. He knew the time to tell his wife the news was coming, and it was making his head swirl like the whisky he was drinking.

"If you are too tired to eat out," she continued, "it's not too late; we have some meat and stuff in the freezer, and you could eat it here without needing to get up from the chair." He still didn't respond.

"I'll get you some cheese and crackers first," she said.

"I don't want it," he answered, this time more agitated. He needed to tell her now, before she went on

with all of this.

"But you must eat! I'll fix it anyway, and you can have it or not, how you like," she said, unknowing of what her husband needed to say.

"Sit down," he snapped. "Just for a minute, sit down." He had finished his second drink, and knew it was time to tell her. He inhaled sharply through his nose. "This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid, but I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to do is to tell you right away."

And he told her. It only took 4 or 5 minutes, but he felt bad for almost every second of it. Even then, he still knew that it was the best thing for him to do.

"So there it is," he added, relieved that he had gotten through it. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after, but there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not, anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Heartless Monster

Maren Sletten

The car ride home was a tense one. As he pulled into the driveway he wasn't surprised to see the lights on in the house and his wife sitting in the living room. He hated to admit it, but he was going to ruin his wife's good mood.

Ten minutes to five o'clock every day, his clean black shoes clacked against the gravel driveway. He began to walk with each step the nagging anticipation of the situation digging in.

With every 3 steps he reminded himself why. Why he was doing this, why he needed to.

This relationship wasn't a happy one. It was toxic. Sure he had loved the woman and still did deep down, and that's why he was willing to pay child support. He slid his hand in his pocket after stepping onto the wooden porch of the suburban house, the one they had bought because they knew the yard was big enough to entertain three kids.

He paused outside the door key in lock, he let out a sigh of fear as he opened the door.

"Hullo darling," she said.

She was calm and now she wore a happy smile. She was relaxed and expectant as he walked into the living room where she sat in her chair working over her sewing machine. She stood up taking his coat, but her approaching him was making him more scared. A shiver ran down his spine as she hung his coat.

Soon the clinking of ice in cups brought him back to reality as she placed the amber liquid filled cup on the side tabule with the lamp of the living room being the only thing to illuminate the scene playing out in front of him. They sat there quietly for a while, the nagging feeling bubbling up becoming stronger as he watched her work, her hands gliding with the needle piercing the fragile fabric.

He finally took a deep breath and downed the entire drink. Her eyes snapped up to him. Before he could start, she cut him off with questions of her own.

"Tired darling?"

Her Sickeningly sweet voice ran through his ears, her hair bobbing as she smiled at him; he hated it that he couldn't read what Ashe was thinking.

He looked away from her, his eyes distant.

He lifted the empty glass again for causing the tiny cubes of frozen water at the bottom to hit the sides of the glass as he let a far away smile grace his face.

He hated it. He hated how this felt. The divorce papers he sat in his pocket as he looked up at her. He didn't see her making any movement so he landed forward getting ready to get up to fetch another drink. He told himself he didn't want her to feel stressed. She needed to be comfortable when he gave her the news, that's why he chose today.

"He told himself he didn't want her to feel stressed. She needed to be comfortable when he gave her the news, that's why he chose today."

When he got up he went to drink from the cupboard in the kitchen, fetching the bottle as he thought of what to say again, he didn't care what bottle it was he wanted to get rid of this terrible feeling. He couldn't think straight when he sat right in front of her. He poured another glass and once his thoughts were straight and he had what he wanted to say he entered

the room. He looked at her watching her analyze what drink he had and what his demeanor was like.

"Darling, should I get your slippers?"

"No…"

He took a sip of the yellow liquid and as he drank it the familiar taste of whisky burned the inside of his mouth.

"If you're too tired to eat out I could make something. There's plenty
of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair."

He continued to look at the glass and her burning gaze made his skin crawl. Why couldn't he just say it, why couldn't he just get it over with?

"I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He had now become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the
light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow.

There was a stiff silence before he continued.

"This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid,"

And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, the room stiff as he began to scoot away from her because the fear began to build. Her face seemed drained ghost white. He watched the way her face morphed horror then pain then hate and then neutral. He shuddered as he watched her almost lifeless eyes

"I'll get dinner," she said, hands shaking.

He took a deep breath as she walked past him. He sighed as he turned his chair to face the window. He could see his car and the trees they had planted all across the front yard to create some kind of privacy.

It wasn't weird to feel good after a stressful situation and as he sat in the chair without a care in the world, until his breath caught in his throat as time seemed to slow down. Everything went in slow motion and fear spiked for only a second as he watched in the reflection of the window as his wife slammed a leg of lamb down on his head.

He didn't feel it for a second, before time sped up again and he let out a strangled noise. His eyes rolled back until everything went dark. It hurt. It stung and his brain felt like it was throbbing like thinking about something really hard. He felt so lost as he left . He's gone.

He didn't know why he felt so at peace but he did.

His body is dormant, not a worry in the world.

I am Myself

Pain Kyaw

Life has been a crystal stair.
nothings in my way.
I am free, listening to my child.
I had no hardships, Taxes are nothing, life has-
been a crystal stair for me.
I feel no hardships nor do I have any regrets.
I am walking up the crystal stairs step by step.
I am myself.

Life is Scary

Elinor McApline

My love sit down,
Life is scary,
It's hard to see the end,
Life's a winding path in a dark forest,
Dark, cold, unforgiving,
But you have to keep walking, you have to find a stick, to push back plants and fend off animals, You have to step over the puddles, you've got to make your fire,
My daughter, it's hard, yeah it is but it's worth it in the end,
You will get out of the forest one day,
And it will be a good day when you do,
You will have happiness in the forest too,
So don't be to scared,
Somewhere along the way you will find others to walk with you, And then you will get better at walking,
You will get faster and stronger,
So walk through the forest the way you like,
Don't be like your dad here,
Don't let others tell you how to walk,
Walk at your own pace,
And as long as your moving you will find the end,
Sure life is scary,
Sure the path is long,
But you, my dear, are the strongest person i know.

Life Struggles

Brandon Xiong

Life's dark and unknowing,
it comes attacking or shinin'.
It takes multiple forms
and it'll destroy you or bring joy towards the end.
it shines in all directions that you don't even know,
and you'll have to accept
it through where it shines best.
It takes time taking it in, but you'll have to accept the pain,
life drops and break
struggle's life.
Sometime you'll have to take leaps,
think of what could support your path for success.
And you'll have to move on.

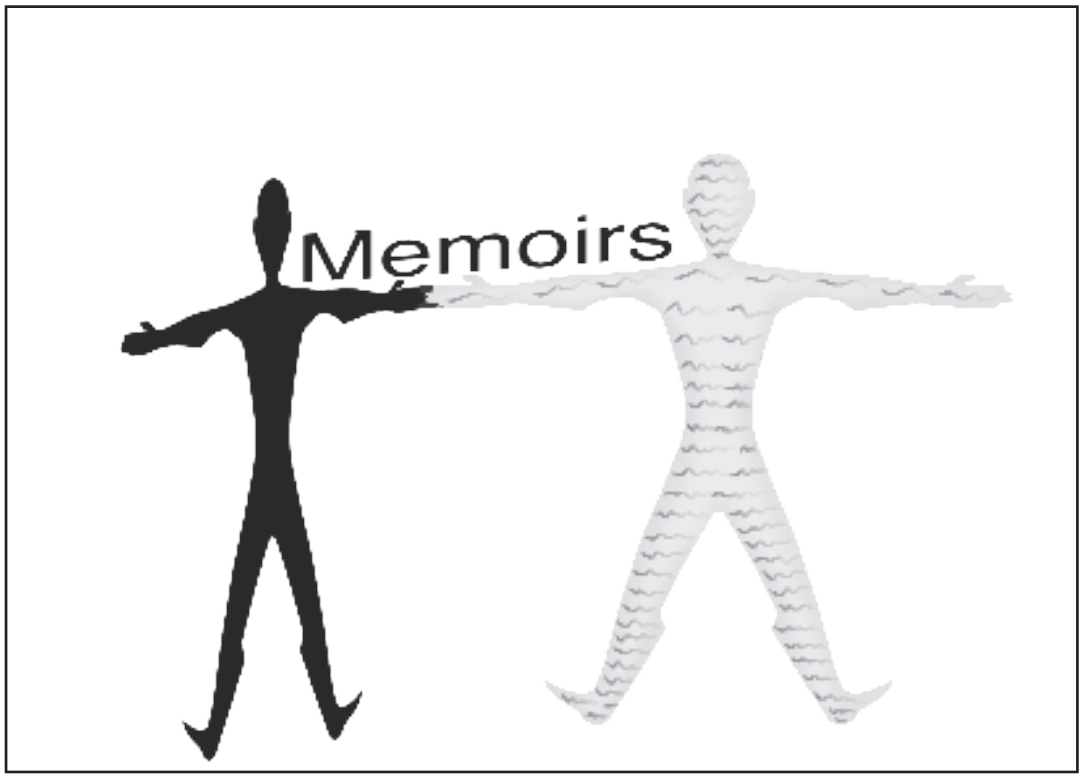
Unlike Me

Moss Windingstad

I'm sorry Daughter
Your life isn't great
Unlike mine
Life for me has been an escalator
So light and easy
No need for more
Growing up a single child
Rich from my fathers fame
Everyone loved me
As though he and i were the same
Gaining all his money when he passed
But you and i are oh so different
You shall be poor when i pass
For your older sister will gain the fortune
For she is like me and the first born
Your stairs will crack and shatter
Falling down the crystal glass
Your life will crumble to the bottom
And you'll have to crawl your way back


"Tastes like all my trauma!
Loved it!" - William T. F
Un Healthy
$.68
Limited time offer
Fake ad By Mona W.
Moldy bread
If it doesn't taste horrible
nor almost kills you,
we'll give you a full refund!
Yum.
Moldy bread
Yum.
Moldy bread
Yum.
Moldy bread
Yum.
Moldy bread

Memoir



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Love You

Violet Baer-Benson

"Ready," I say while giving him the thumbs up to start the boat. It speeds up and starts to bounce along the waves, the water splashing in my eyes, my hair flying in my face and my head jerking with every bounce, and yet I love it. I love the sun on my back and the great big smile on his face when I give him the go-to speed up. I love the cheers when I stay on longer than my brothers and the feeling of lifting in the air while clutching the tube handles for dear life.

Then when we would get back to the lake house I would go take a warm shower and put on my matching blue and white striped pajamas. I remember going upstairs and seeing the red cups of popcorn sitting on the kitchen counter and the TV already on. We would all curl up by the fire watching our movie but never got to see the end as I would fall asleep in his lap and wake up bright and early in the morning ready to watch the hummingbirds with him and my grandma, to do it all over again.

That's why it was so hard to let him go. I remember driving up to his white and brick house knowing it would be my last time with him alive. I remember him still smiling as much as he could as we walked in, seeing his fragile body trying to remember me with all his might and not letting it get the best of him. He opens his arms and I give him a long hug. As he tries to get his words out through his stuttering, I start feeling the lump in my throat that I feel when I'm about to cry. I try to fight it to be strong for him, to show him I'll be okay with out him and he can go peacefully. We get up to leave and we have our last hug. I feel the tears start rolling down my cheeks as I whisper in his ear "Bye grandpa, I love you."

Time Flies

Za'im Dennis

When I was in first grade I always thought about fifth grade, and how distant it is. How life would be the same, but I would also think about growing up. I would talk to my mom about it and she would tell me how "time flies." Each year I thought about it more and more.

As I reached fifth grade the idea of a transition gave me a whirlwind of feelings, I felt excited, discouraged, and uncertain as to if I didn't know what could happen. But, I found that fifth grade was not as difficult as I expected and that I had friends to converse with about middle school and how they felt about the transition that they would go through as well. But still, the idea of going to a different school frightened me. I was uncertain if I would be able to maintain a friendship. Due to the fact that all my friends were at Adams and that I was going to a different setting than most of my peers.

During the summer I filled my brain with films and videos about the transition I was going through, thinking they would be able to fulfill my need for knowledge. But when I arrived at Owl, I found that not to be true. Because I realized films are just dramatized, and that was the difference between them and real life. On the first day of sixth grade, I already made a friend, and I thought that maybe I could handle the uncertainty and change of the 6th grade.

The Big Scrape

Wyatt Kessler

Today, I got up and dressed out of my pajamas. I wore my tractor T-Shirt to match my blue jeans, and I ate my breakfast of one pop tart and peeled apple slices.

I asked my mom, "Would it be okay if we rode our bikes to school today?" And she agreed. I was excited about the bike ride, as we don't do it that often. As we went to grab our bikes from the den, I realized I forgot my helmet in the basement. I went to go and grab it, and we were all ready to head out.

On the way there, we decided to take the route to the right because we had been taking the left path more frequently recently. This meant we probably wouldn't take the hill to get to preschool, and we would go down the sidewalk. I was afraid of the hill at the time since the ride down seemed so scary. Anyways, we made our way down the sidewalk on our bikes and we stopped at the small intersection on Edgecumbe and Jefferson.

We made it past the intersection, and for some reason, I decided to speed up. This was a huge mistake I made. One small crack and I completely tumbled right off my bike. My knee was scraped badly, and like any 5 year old would, I bawled. My mom was right behind me though, so she got off her bike and came up to me. I

yelled out, "I DON'T WANNA GO TO PRESCHOOL!"

We made our way into the preschool, snot dripping down my face and my eyes blurry from the tears. I got a band-aid from the front office, and after that, I kind of simmered down. My teacher said to my mom, "If it starts hurting again, we'll call you". To nobody's surprise, she didn't receive a call from the preschool that day.

SPLASH!

Arlo Northtrop-Keil

I got dropped off at my friend's house, we were going to the zoo! I was so excited I had been wanting to go to the zoo all week. We got in the car and started driving. Once we got there I wanted to see the gorillas, but they weren't very interesting. Next, we went to the zebras and then the giraffes, I even got to feed one. We also saw polar bears, seals, and bison.

Then I saw that they had a petting area where you could pet sharks. We had to go. I was so excited as we walked, I could pet an actual shark I thought to myself, trying to imagine how they would feel. When we got there I went right up to the pool of sharks and reached out to pet some. They didn't come very close that much, and me being 6 years old I didn't have the longest arms, but when they did I reached out as far as I could to pet them.

Just then I saw the coolest shark, it had spots and was a slight tan. I thought it was awesome. I reached out but it would not come close enough, I stretched out my arm as far as I could. I stretched and stretched but then, just as I was about to reach it I started to feel myself falling. I had gone too far. I started to feel myself falling into the scary, shark-infested waters, and then... Splash! I had just hit the rocks and the bottom of the two-foot-deep water filled with harmless tiny sharks.

I quickly got up out of the water and jumped out of the petting pool. I was dripping wet so some employees there got me a towel and asked if I was okay. I told them I was fine and thanked them for the towel. Then I went over to my friend and we started laughing about me falling.

When I got to school the next day I told everyone that I knew that I fell into a shark tank. I exaggerated of course because falling into a tank full of tiny harmless sharks isn't as interesting as falling into a tank with a great white shark in it. I still like to tell this story to people now and start by saying "I fell into a shark tank when I was 6." But then tell them the full story of what really happened.

A Trip to Puerto Rico

Joel Ortiz

When I was 11, I went to Puerto Rico with my grandmother and my sister, Gizelle. The trip was planned to celebrate my Gizelle"s birthday. It was the middle of summer and the thought of going to Puerto Rico then sounded like fun. It was my first time ever on an airplane. We would be gone for about a week. My first time on the plane wasn't too bad. When the plane took off it was fast. When the flight got going, We had to find things to do because we would be on a plane for 5 hours. One of the things you can do is have a snack. Sometimes on planes, they give you snacks or things to drink. But we did not need any snacks because we brought our own snack.

My favorite thing ever is Pringles. The flight to Puerto Rico was really long, five hours. What can you do on a plane for 5 hours? Besides eating snacks, I watched a movie, but I no longer can remember the name of the movie. I also spent some time sleeping, because what else do you do when you are on a plane?

When we got there, the weather there was as hot as it was in Minnesota. We left the airport and went to the hotel. Since it was summer weather there too we could enjoy a lot of things outdoors. I went to see the jungle, went swimming in the ocean, saw a castle, and visited relatives like my grandma's sister. One of the most interesting things was meeting family that I had never met before.

I am always nervous about meeting new people. Even though they were family, I did not know them. They were really nice. They spoke mostly English rather than Spanish. I got to eat a lot of Puerto Rican food that I had never eaten before. After being there for a week, we went back home to Minnesota.

Red Snow

August Cheney

It was a very cold snowy day and I had been sitting inside all day and my parents looked to be sick of it. They sent me outside to do whatever, of course coincidentally none of my friends were around, so I had decided to just go to the local park by my house. There had been a couple of the Neighborhood kids whom I didn't know sitting around by the park who seemed to be doing nothing, so I decided to just try to hang out with them.

As I went to talk to the group, one of them threw a snowball at a car. As I got closer I could see a huge pile of snowballs ready to be thrown at passing cars. Being a 10-year old I thought that looked cool so I decided to join them

"could I join you guys" I said, they all agreed. aThey then said "sure". As time went by our stockpile of snowballs went smaller and smaller but we would just make more, we had all day figuring it was winter break. Most of our snowballs would either miss the cars or hit the driver's wheel. Although some of the throws would hit, the drivers wouldn't notice. But this one car, in particular, seemed a little 'off', its doors hung loose, the paint was all worn and most of the car had been rusted off. The other kids wanted to try to knock one of the doors off or break part of the car off because of the rust making the car weaker. All 3 of them threw their snowballs, 2 of them hitting the car, one on the window and one on the side of the passenger door.

There was a sudden screech and the car came to a stop. I saw that and thought of the consequences and just bolted to a large mound of snow nearby in the very snowy parking lot, the others just stood there, most likely in shock. As I hid behind the mound, covered in snow, I could hear yelling, lots of yelling such as "Why did you do that!" and "sorry I'm so sorry it was just a misunderstanding". I just wanted none of it, so I just cowardly hid behind the snow mound.

A few days after the event I returned to the park where it all happened and there was no sign of the kids that were there. I also noticed the kids' parents' cars were gone too. And to this day I swear I remember seeing a faint red color in the snow where the yelling had taken place.

Make-A-Wish

Elijah Horn

I was in elementary school in north field Minnesota. I had been watching my piers run knowing that they would always be ahead because of my heart. I looked normal from the outside but I was keeping my feelings of sadness inside. I was going home when my mom was talking about Make A Wish to me and all the wishes they fulfilled for people like me and I wanted to have a make a wish. I asked my parents to apply for one for months and months.

It was a warm summer day I had come downstairs to see a person with a binder and a make a wish shirt, and then I realized why they were there. I talk with them they had a smile and sweet tone in their voice as they asked what I wanted they came back every other week bringing toys. I wanted to go to Disney World and one day I learned that they were going to pick us up and drive us to the airport. When the day came to pick us up they brought a limousine for us and took us to the airport. We left the limo and went to the airport and got onto the plane it was my first time riding one. As we took off I saw the gold sun hit the ground below.

After three hours the plane landed and we got off got our luggage and got on a bus to give kids the world a village. There were TVs on the bus talking about Disney World. The bus ride felt like it took hours. When we got there they took us to our little house that was in the shape of a mushroom but by the time we got there we had to go to bed.

When we woke up we walked down to the restaurant that served us a nice breakfast. We went to Disney world magic it was like being transported to your favorite movies. We walked around it smelt like fresh soft pretzels with creamy cheese dip until we got to splash mountain. Splash mountain smelt like a salty mist of water. On the way through the line was quick but on our way up I was riddled with anxiety because of the height compared with first grade. When we got on and started to get going my heart dropped hearing the machines click as it was pulling us higher and higher. In the middle of the ride, I started to feel less anxious because of the cute animatronic animals and the song that plays but I could still the bit of pressure from the GeForce on the middle of my chest eventually we got to the top of it than through the clearing you could see the drop as

we inched closer and closer I got more and more scared and wrapped my hands around my dad's arm squiring with all my might and than we dropped and I closed my eyes and screamed I felt like someone was pushing right against my chest and a little on my heart. SPLASH! I reopened my eyes as my dad was laughing and mist swirling and water splashing around like it was a warm mist shower.

Learning Lessons

Maddie Linstad

Everyone has a place they've gone to ever since they were little, and it became your favorite place. Maybe it was your grandma's house or an ice cream shop. Mine is an island. I remember going to Bay Lake Camp when I was little. All of the kids would bolt across the long hallway in the loft, laughing and tagging each other. We went there in the summer and the winter, with our church, which was just my neighborhood. I went to an overnight camp there as well. Even when the island was frozen and coated with snow, or sticky and humid with buzzing mosquitoes in the air; it always felt so different and special.

When I was 9 and fresh out of third grade, summer had made its way into my life once again. I was going back to the VIBE camp for the second time. I first went there the year before, and I met Sophie and Taylor. We were too young for cell phones, so we just had to pray that all three of us would return to the island for another year of camp.

After hours of playing card games with Sophie on the bus, I hauled my black and bright blue duffle bag that was older than me, off the school bus and trudged towards the pontoon that would take us to Bay Lake Camp. Sophie and I were overjoyed to see our friend Taylor sitting towards the front with an orange life jacket that looked like it had seen much better days. I sat next to Sophie and Taylor and put on a soggy life jacket that smelled like mold. I couldn't have been happier. I spot the rusty metal dock as we pull up to the island, the motor grumbles into a slow stop and I step out into my new home for the week.

The next day, all of the campers were walking the sandy trail that leads us to the sandbar. It was mid-morning, sun rays peeking through the tall trees above us, and birds tweeting and zipping through the sky. I, Sophie, and Taylor were trailing behind, colorful towels wrapped around our waist and our sandy flip-flops squeaking after every step. We were picking the little bamboo-like plants that are all over the island, and making bouquets. When we noticed the trail getting thinner, we knew we were there.

We approached a tiny beach shaded with trees, the sand was littered with all the other campers' flip flops and towels. I kicked off my flip-flops and took off my towel to hang on a tree. The three of us wadded into the cold water, slowly getting deeper until it reached our hips. The water at Bay Lake has always been much clearer than any water I've seen back home. I could still see the chipped nail polish on my toes! Sophie, Taylor, and I began swimming deeper until we couldn't touch the bottom. We were treading water and talking, when all of a sudden without any warning, Sophie got plunged underwater. At first, I thought Taylor pulled her down from underwater, then Sophie came back up to the surface looking confused.

"Which one of you guys did that?" Sophie demands. Taylor and I both shook our heads no. We assumed it must have been a different camper so we waited for them to resurface, but nobody did. Who was it then? Before I could think harder about what happened, Sophie got plunged into the water once more. Sophie's eyes were filled with fear after she resurfaced moments later. The three of us were looking at one another in confusion. Our arms slowly glide across the surface of the water to stay afloat. I kick my legs fast underwater, worried that I might be next. We all unspokenly decide to swim around instead of staying in the same place. We swam towards the volleyball net that nobody uses. We're in a shallower part of the lake and I swam ahead so I could touch the smooth sandy floor. I turned around just in time for a glimpse of Sophie before she got plunged into the water once again. Now all of us are worried, we tried to swim to different parts of the lake, but wherever we go, Sophie still seems to be the victim of some cruel camper. This keeps happening every so often, then Taylor started getting pulled under the water, and then I did too.

Our fear faded into fun now that Taylor and I realized Sophie was tricking us, and the three of us made a game out of it. We decided that we were being pulled underwater by a ghost. We agreed that he was named Alden, and even came up with a backstory about him. For the rest of the morning, Sophie, Taylor, and I swam around the lake looking for clues about Alden's existence. We kept on looking for clues (and plunging ourselves underwater every so often) for the rest

of the week when we returned to the sandbar. I felt so full of joy, I didn't care that my shoulders were getting cooked by the sun or that the three of us were scaring many campers that overheard our ghost investigation.

That week on the island with Sophie and Taylor taught me something. We were so happy and having so much fun, that we forgot to care. We didn't care what anyone else thought about us, or about how strange our ghost hunt was. I didn't even care when I cut my toe on the camp's rusty dock one day, red dripping onto the dock while my foot started to sting. I still hopped into the canoe with my friends, not worrying about the bandaid I'd need, or how the canoe was going to end up looking like a crime scene. We didn't care because we were happy. It was just Sophie, Taylor, and I; and Bay Lake.

In the Middle

Pat Toohey

I was around the age of three. as I was probably hangin' out with my invisible friend, playing some Wii sports, or setting up the toy train track. Going along with my day as usual. When suddenly I was confronted by a sound in the room next door over "REAAAOW" immediately I dashed over, having watched a slightly sad amount of movies at the time, I knew that the cool hero always ran towards the loud noises. Opening the door, as I stood there, in what I can only imagine as a cowboy standoff pose, I assessed the situation. There was my brother's dog, and our family cat, Mots, a pretty fit cat that would've been fine without me. Although I can only remember bits and pieces of the story, I know how it ended. I leaped towards our dog Remmington, Remmy for short, being twice the size of my small body. I pull once on his neck, he turns his head slightly, I pull again, and this time he turns around more, maybe a few pulls later, and "AAAAAAAOUCH."

At the time my sister and my other sister's boyfriend were babysitting me, they quickly called my mom and dad and strapped me in the front seat of our car with my sister, they sped to the hospital, and from that point, I can only remember them putting and pulling the Scotch tape off my face. And when I woke up in the hospital one morning a big service dog came in (which wasn't supposed to happen due to the circumstances of the injury) but I said "come here puppy." And before the doctors could stop it, I was over here vibing with this dog. I think that without this exposure to a dog right after I would be pretty scared of dogs (which would be embarrassing).

A lot of my memories at the house this story takes place consist of watching Family Guy with my parents, so obviously, because that show was like- a precursor to the real world I assumed that our dog could talk because one of the main characters in the show was named Brian and he could talk. So, the obvious thing to do was tell remmy to say he's sorry, I can't remember if he ever did but I can only assume that he eventually gave in. My last memories with that dog were sitting in the backyard on the swing set asking my mom why we had to get rid of him, as we watched my dad sell him to a few college cross country runners. Looking back at the ordeal it's mostly a blur, a lot of it being filled in with what my family had told me and then a few key memories like the bite itself, and waiting in the ER. Everything kinda continued as normal after that, I did have (and still do) a scar on my right cheek, which looks cool and is one of the only big grand stories I have. Overall the experience left me pretty unaffected, other than that I can say without lying that I have had plastic surgery.

The Game

Alex Perez-Salazar

The season was 20/21. It was my first high school season for Humboldt because I'm an 8th grader and I go to OWL. I was nervous because at tryouts John Pucci the varsity coach said "you can only participate in today's tryouts because you're an 8th grader." I got a little frustrated because my friend is an 8th grader too and he was fine with it but then after that day's tryout coach Pucci came up to me and said: come tomorrow I like what I saw today." I was really happy that I was able to play this year and brag to my friends that I played in high school and I was playing soccer for my grandpa who passed away last year and that gave me the motivation to play for him.

Leading up to one of the hardest games my team played was against Central High school. It was a home game for us hawks on the grass field and I was nervous because they were the best school in our conference. They haven't lost a game and we wanted to give them their first loss it was really hot that day but something happened to me that changed that game entirely. It was the 30th minute in the first half and me and number

20 on central and he was at it tryna get the ball but I won the ball and at the same time his cleat sliced on the top of my foot and I fell to the ground in a matter of seconds. The game stopped for me and I was carried off and I was able to play until the 2nd half.

At the end of the season, we came third place. With central first then Como park then us in third place. The season was really good. I learned a lot from my coach and how to play the game better. It was a hard season because of the different play styles each school has and I needed to adapt to them in-game. It was fun to play with my teammates. I made a lot of new friends who are always gonna have my back and I'll always have theirs.

The Possum

Issac Wencel

It was a calm winter night. I was eating dinner with my family, with no energy since I hadn't gotten that much sleep the previous night. I heard my dog whine near the back door. Immediately I knew what he wanted, so I sighed, and mumbled "I'll get it as I stumbled towards the back door. I unlocked the door with a "click" and opened it. My dog walked through the door, and then, in a split second, he whipped his head to his right, started to growl under his breath, and lunged towards something. A shock of panic ran through my body. I swung the door open while trying to grasp the collar of my dog, who had just chased this thing into a corner behind a railing. I didn't know what he found, but I didn't want him to possibly kill it. I pulled him back while yelling his name out of panic, and rushing him inside.

At this moment, I felt more confused than scared. My dog lashed out at something and chased it into a corner, all within a fraction of a second, and I didn't even know what it was. I looked outside the window on the door and there it was. A possum, hiding in a corner, probably scared for its life. It was still a statue. It didn't even look up or down, it just sat there. The thing must have been terrified if it didn't even try to run away. When I looked to my right where my dog had found it, I realized we'd left some food outside, and that was probably why the possum was there in the first place. It left some torn-up wrappers and cups behind. I really didn't want to get bit, so I just left the food and other wrappers. After standing there for a few seconds, I yelled over to my family, telling them about the possum. They all came over, took a couple of pictures, and that was it.

The next morning I checked in the same spot the possum had been hiding. It had obviously scurried off somewhere, leaving only the torn wrappers and cups behind. I realized that might be the first and last time I would see a possum in real life. If it wasn't, the other one wouldn't have as much of a story behind it as that one.

Stage Fright

Alastor Patterson

I was at my mom's school called Phalen Lake Hmong Studies Elementary Magnet on the Eastside of Saint Paul on the morning of the first day of school at 7:30 am because I ha to go with my mother to work early in the morning and without any coffee. It is very depressing. My mother starts work while I wait inside the office until it is time to go to my bus stop at 7:45. I was nervous about school, meeting friends, and the beginning of 8th grade. I was scared of 8th grade because of new experiences and new people- it wasn't a panic attack but I was very nervous.

The clock hits 7:45 and I had some panic and a little bit of excitement. I packed up and got ready as fast as I could. I put on my backpack, hugged my parent a hug goodbye, and walked out of the building to the bus stop. As I walked I thought to myself "today is going to be a day of new experiences." And then I waited for the bus. I waited for a few minutes and watched a bus drive by. It just drove by! I thought "eh, it might not be the right bus." It was 7:51. So I kept waiting for my bus. Then someone from the school came outside so I yelled across the street and asked them to call my mom Katie. A few minutes later she came running outside with surprising info- I was at the wrong bus stop! Dun dun DUN…

My mom forgot to read the email that the bus stop location changed and I was standing at the wrong corner and watching my bus drive past me. My mom ran outside with her keys and had to drive me to school. We laughed a lot. 15 minutes later we arrived at the school but the buses were already there. Technically I wasn't late, I was right on time. As we were driving up my mom was like "Have a good day and if you need anything, email me!" and I was like "okay"- with a peace sign- and I put on my backpack and walked in for my

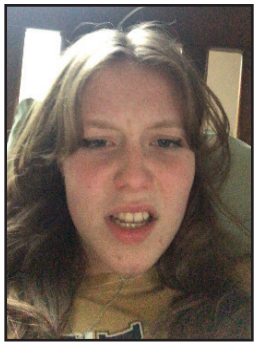
first day. Missing the bus put a lot more pressure on me and my morning and the day hadn't even started yet.

While walking in I saw one of my friends, we both said hi and chatted about our summers. I said hi to the teachers. We walked up the stairs by the front door to go to World Issues, then we sat next to each other and my friend introduced me to a new person. We weren't right away besties, but she is hilarious and we became friends. At the end of World Issue, I walked up to my friend and her friend to Algebra because we all had the same next class together. When I sat down in Algebra, I sat down in my assigned seat, surrounded by new people. I was thinking "Oh god, oh god". I was very anxious and tried to hide in my sweatshirt. One of the people that were next to me asked me "are you ok?" and I was like "yeah". The math teacher Tom had us make name cards as a first activity. The next thing we did was a math review and I was being really quiet and was being very silent doing my math work.

When it was time to start answering, Tom asked me to come up to the front and share, so I said "Sure" and came up to the front of the class. I walked up very slowly, but at the same time at a decent speed, and as soon as I made it up there, I hesitated to grab the iPad and answer the question. But I just grabbed it and answered it without hesitation after that and the teacher was like "umm… no, the wrong answer, but at least you tried." And I was like "Oh Sugar Honey Iced Tea". There was a moment of silence. Then the classroom and also the teacher started chuckling and then burst into laughter. I had a little anxiety because I wasn't sure if they were laughing at me or my joke, but then the teacher was like "you're funny" and I was thinking "oh dang, they were laughing at my joke" and I was smiling a little bit under my mask and I had some joy. The teacher told me that I could go sit down and when I got to my seat somebody told me "that was hilarious." I had some positivity and joy for the rest of my algebra class. I still had some anxiety about the day, but I had some joy. Toward the end of the class we were all Igetting packed up, then Tom was like "good job everybody, see you tomorrow" and then the bell rang. Everybody was dashing out of the room like they had been stuck in there for years and I was among those people because I still felt embarrassed about the joke.

Throughout this day I had a lot of experiences with new possibilities and friendships and one of the things I did find out is that I can be me without judgment. And if I learned one thing, no matter even if I am feeling insecure I can still show little parts of myself that I am proud of without judgment from others because I can relate to them and still feel safe at OWL. One thing I did learn over this first day is that I feel more comfortable with my friends because I have had longer and more trusting relationships with them and not seeing them for a while made my anxiety worse. In conclusion, friends are my cure for happiness, calm, and serenity. "Friends are the key."

Layout Team
(bbg club)

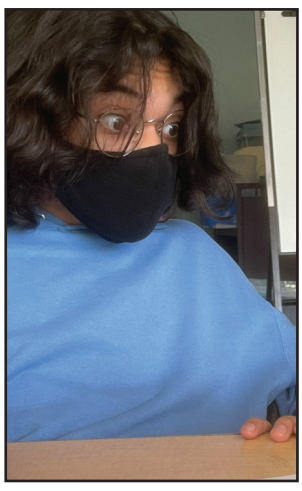




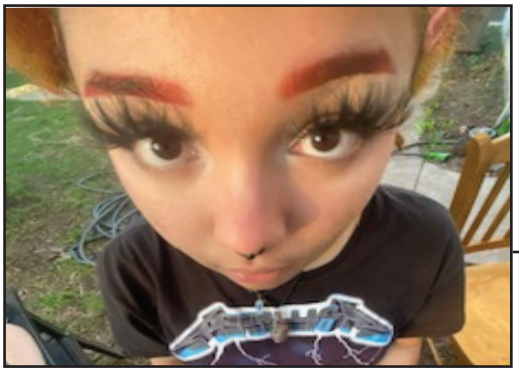




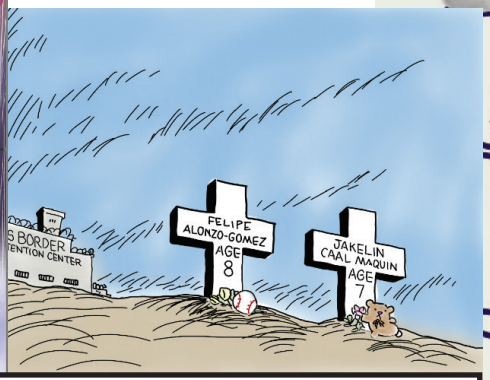


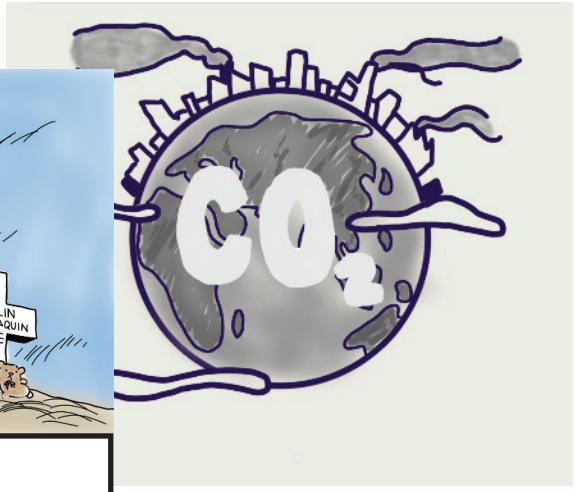




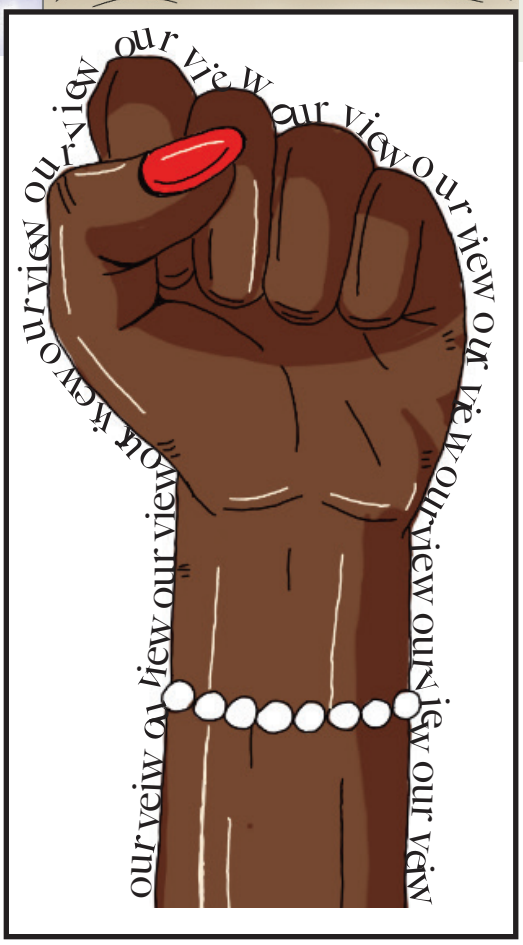





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