



# HONEYCOMB

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## Honeycomb

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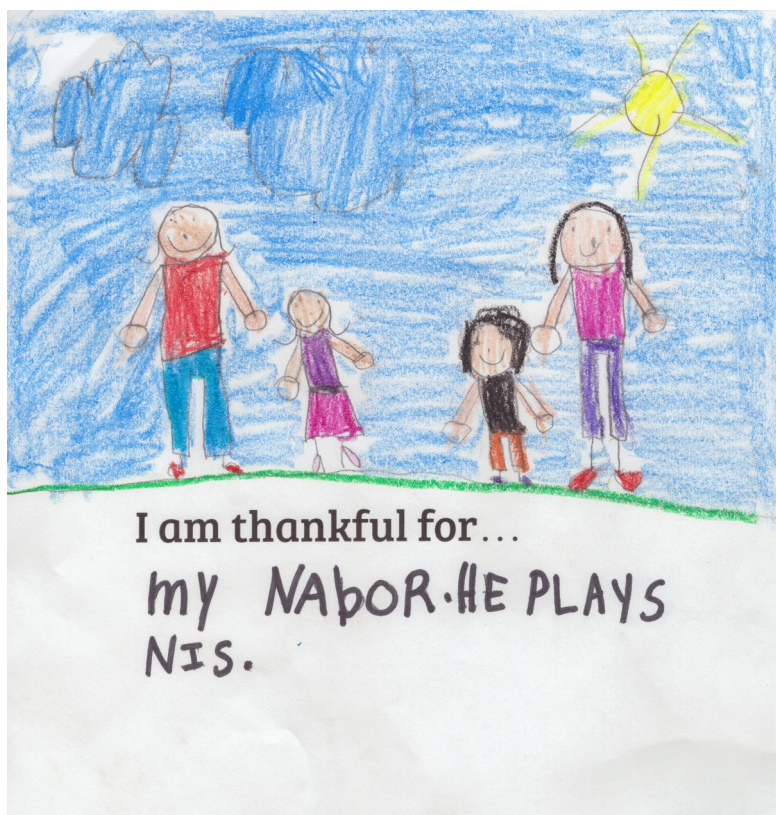
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## Monthly Message

Olivia V.

Kindergarten  
Mrs. Piesik



## The Editors' Corner

Teachers recently collaborated on writing a vision statement for Bonita Canyon. What is a vision statement? It's a statement of an organization's ideal objectives. It helps people decide what is important to accomplish. Certain words were repeated often: "community," "collaboration," "risk-taking," "empowerment," and "life-long learning" were some of those words.

What's your vision for Bonita Canyon? What do you want our school to strive to accomplish? What words would you use to describe the future of Bonita Canyon?

# My First Swimming Lesson!

Maryam H.

Third Grade  
Ms. Dent



I touched cold water when I was first learning to swim. As I touched the water again, it felt like nothing but air. I was scared so much, that I could scream out loud. I was only four or five years old, and I was wearing my pretty pink swimsuit.

The swim teacher said, "Don't be scared." But that didn't help when I finally got in the freezing pool. The water was the coldest, deepest water in the world! Then I realized that it would be awesome to try to swim. But I still felt a little scared.

When the swim teacher said, "Now, we go deeper!" my heart felt terrified.

All of a sudden, out of nowhere, I started to cry! "No, no, no, no!" But the strong swim teacher held me up high. Drip! Drip! I was dripping wet. As we got deeper...Splash! The swim teacher just dropped me into the cold deep dark pool water. "AHHH," I screamed. Then, all of a sudden... In a splash, I started to swim! As I kicked gracefully... Splash! Splash! I was swimming!

"Hooray!" my mom shouted happily!

"I'm swimming, Mom! I am!" I was so, so, so happy that I was swimming. Then I heard it. Ding! Ding! That was the bell. My heart sank very low. It was time to go.

When I got out of the cold pool water, my mom gave me a yummy snack and said, "I'm so proud of you!"

"Thank you, mom!" I replied.

Finally, my dad arrived and asked, "What did I miss?"

I giggled and said, "You missed a lot!" When we got out of the pool place, and got in the car, I asked, "Can we go out to eat to celebrate my learning how to swim?"

"Sorry, not today," replied my mom.

"Where should we go, then?" asked my father.

I sat in the car thinking, *where to go?* Then I knew. "Swimming pool, please!"

"Okay, okay!" replied my mom.

"Let's go!" I yelled. About four or five minutes later, we were there. My big brother and little brother were there, too. When we got to the pool, we had an awesome time, and now I LOVE the pool!



# Living History

Ken T.

Sixth Grade

Mr. Dodge



“Caw! Caw!” I woke up to the sound of crows screeching. The world was bright and blurry, and I felt like a sack of wet cement. Reluctantly, I got out of bed and looked at the calendar. At first, I couldn't see, but then I saw the date. A warm shivery feeling ran through my body and filled me up with excitement. “It's the day of the Civil War reenactment!” I thought to myself. This day had been beckoning to me ever since I knew about it. The sky looked as if somebody had spilled ink all over it and I had no intention of going back to sleep. I took out a book, and as I began to read, my dad came in.

“Why are you up so early?” my dad asked with a look that matched a ruffled llama.

“I'm excited about the Civil War reenactment,” I replied. My dad grunted and went back to sleep. I kept on reading my book under the warm glow of the light and waited. Last year was a disaster. It was a bright and sunny day and we got in the car. The cars were zooming past us on the highway in billows of exhaust fumes, and I was very sleepy. I took a nap, and when I woke up, a field plastered with tents greeted my eyes. There was something wrong, though. Everybody was clearing out. We went up to a group of red-coated men with rifles and asked them what was going on.

“The show was at 12:30. You missed it,” he said with a look that looked like pity.

“What! I thought you said the show was at 2:30, Mom,” I said, clearly annoyed.

“Yeah, I thought it was,” my mom said as she pulled up the schedule on the phone. The screen was reflecting the sunlight so it was hard to see, but when I saw it, I knew the problem. It was 2:30, but that was for Friday and today was Sunday! We went home after that and I was super sad because I had missed it.

This year we got there at the right time, and the field looked beautiful with the white tents contrasting the green field. We walked through stand after stand with guns on tables, and when we got to our spot in the audience, I had already gotten a devil's smoking pipe. The show was exhilarating with each gunshot piercing the wind and every cannon exploding in my ears. The last cannon shot through the air and rang in everybody's ears. My heart was pounding from the blows to my ears. It was a hot day, so we went to the bright red food stand. We got a couple of drinks: a Gatorade for me and a Coke for my dad. The refreshing drinks helped cool us down, and then I noticed a little stand with an old fashioned camera.

I went up to the stand that had this camera and asked if we could take a picture with it.

“Sure! For seventy dollars,” the lady answered with a smile. I was surprised at how willing my dad was to pay for this. He took out his blue crocodile skin wallet and payed the woman. I was given a choice of which side to choose, North or South. I chose North and immediately regretted it. It had two woolen coats, a jacket, a metal water canteen, and a rifle with a bayonet. Once I got over the heat of the costume, I stood still. The photo took five minutes to take and smiling was just too tiring, so I just relaxed my face to the point where it was sagging. After the picture was taken, I watched as the photo was developed in cyanide, and I felt like I was five again, rushing down the hallways. That sort of feeling was a simple sort of happiness that came from something that I didn't realize then. Only now do I realize what it was. It was a sense of nostalgia that made me so happy. It reminded me that we'll never be forgotten as long as we leave our mark on the world.



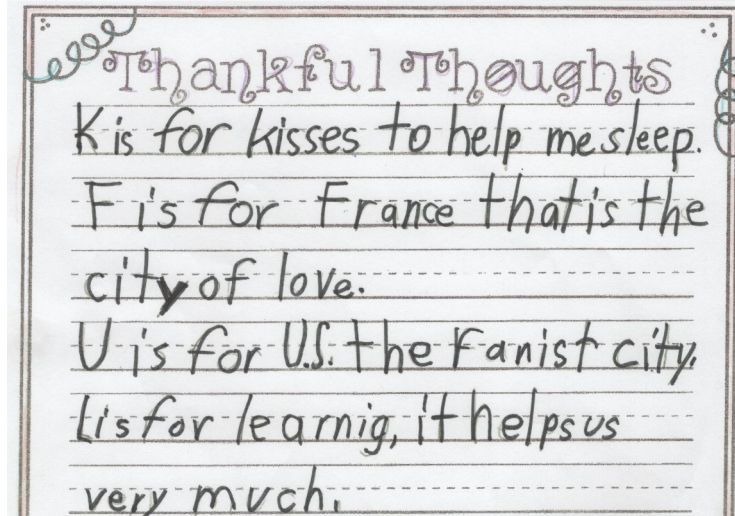
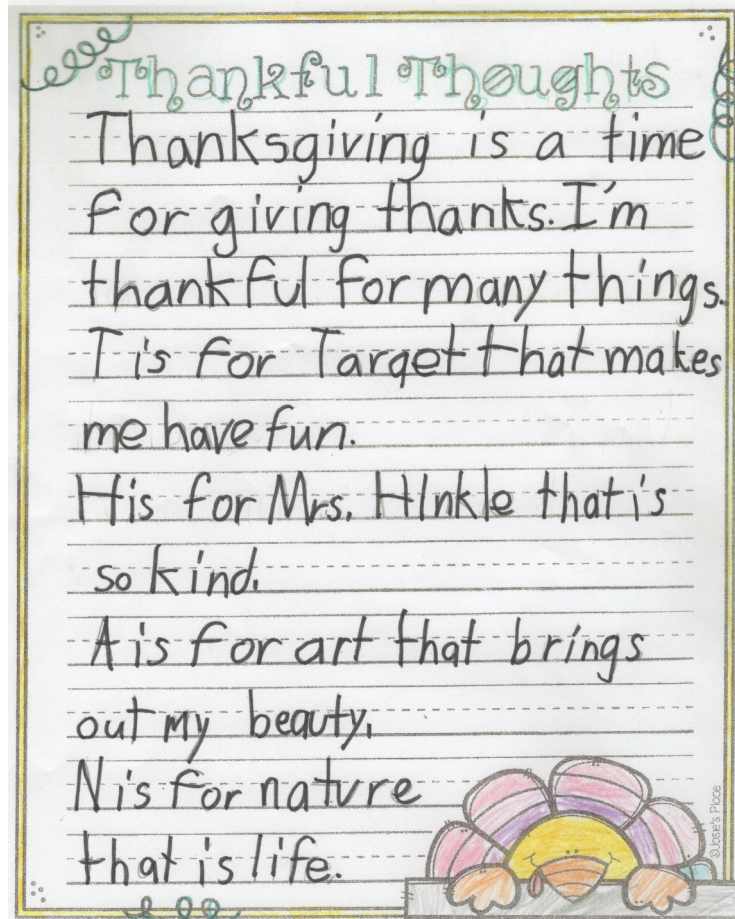


# Thankful Thoughts

Maneli R.

First Grade

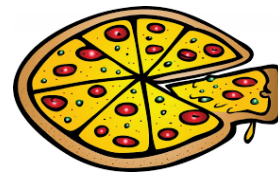
Mrs. Hinkle



# Dinner with a Friend

WenWen P.

Fourth Grade  
Miss Kayashima



As a black car pulled into my driveway, I could not stop thinking about the meal with my friend. My heart was beating with excitement and anxiety. My thoughts were interrupted by Nicole's knocking. I hopped up and down as I advanced toward the door.

While I led Nicole through the kitchen, I smelled burned food. My heart nearly stopped! "What were we going to eat now?" she asked, worried. Luckily, I had some pizza my mother left for me. I grabbed that and chopped it into slices. Nicole told me it tasted absolutely great!

"Oh no!" I cried as my mother's car appeared. We wavered as it started pulling in. Nicole grabbed her bags and mysteriously disappeared. (I invited her since she has a mysterious sense of humor, but always has something to talk about.) Nicole is always prepared.



# Trick or Treat

Asher S.

Second Grade  
Mrs. Pursley



Today is Halloween! I am so excited. I am going to be Harry Potter for Halloween. First, I put on my glasses. Then I put on my robe. Last, my mom gave me my trick or treat bag. While I waited to go to Jack's house, I watched a movie. After the movie was done, I got in the car and went to Jack's house.

When we got there I realized I left my trick or treat bag at home. "Oh no!" I yelled. *Without a trick or treat bag I can't go trick or treating*, I thought. My dad went home and found it. I was so happy. I ate dinner and then lots of friends came, like my friends Tae and Konoa. Now that they came, we could go trick or treating! I felt so excited. I went to 100 houses, but got 160 pieces of candy!

When I got home, I got to hand out candy. I saw some of my friends from Rainbow Rising, and I gave some candy to them. It was so much fun.







# My Teacher is Missing

Stella Q.

Fifth Grade

Mrs. Wu

Ding ding ding! The bell rang to announce the beginning of the school day. I waited patiently in line outside Portable 2 to go into class. When the classroom door swung open, I expected to see my old, angry teacher, Mrs. Wu. Instead, a nice young man with black hair greeted our class. As I shuffled into the classroom, and nervously sat down, I was wondering what had happened to Mrs. Wu.

"All right class!" the strange sub announced. "My name is Mr. S. and I have a surprise for you...it's time for Math!" He looked at the notes and murmured, "Let's see here.... Well this is a truly boring schedule," and threw away the notes. "You know what? We'll just play Prodigy until recess."

"YYYYYAAAYYY!" screamed the entire class. Meanwhile in Mrs. Derby's class..... "Okay," said Mrs. Derby. "Take out your M---" then Mrs. Derby was interrupted by a loud "YYYYYAAAYYY!" Then she said, "Yeah, I don't know who that is." We played and laughed until, "Ding, Ding, Ding!" The bell rang for recess.

After recess, we were supposed to have writing. Nobody liked writing. We thought it was boring, so Joseph thought of something clever. "We don't want to do writing," Joseph said to Mr. Stranger. He blinked.

"Well, I suppose you could just do Prodigy for the rest of the day." And we did, the entire day was a blast! The next day was the same thing, except we all thought one thing; we miss Mrs. Wu. We thought what would have made her leave.

"Maybe she was examining mold and it got on her hand and decomposed her," said Max, one of the boys in my class.

"Maybe she was kidnapped by aliens," claimed Joseph.

"Maybe she went away to teach us a lesson," said my friend, Cole. We all stared at him.

"NO," we all said together.

We thought all lunch, until Joseph said, "Hey! I know. If Mrs. Wu is really out there, we should annoy the sub so he asks Mrs. Wu to come back." So that was the plan.

As we left, Cole shouted, "So I was right!" In class we went crazy, literally. We asked for candy and had so much that we were all over the place.

Joseph was running around screaming, "WI-FI!!!!!!!" Casey was trying to retrieve Sam, the 1 year old melted gummy worm stuck on the ceiling, by climbing on top of the desks. Stella and Cole were stuffing their faces with marshmallows, chocolate, and bubblegum. We misbehaved for the entire day, until school was over.

We repeated this behavior for three days until the substitute looked so tired he said, "This class is exhausting to teach. I'm afraid I have to ask Mrs. Wu to come back." We tried to hold back our excitement. We didn't want to offend the substitute. The plan worked! After school was over, we all screamed with excitement. We would not have to see this crazy substitute anymore.

The next day, we all came early and waited in front of the classroom. Tension was in the air. We did not leave the classroom door. We just stood there, wondering if Joseph's plan actually worked, wondering if Mrs. Wu wanted to come back. Then the bell rang. We all jumped. The door slowly opened. And on the other side was..... Mrs. Wu!!! "Hello class," she said. We screamed.

Meanwhile... in the other fifth grade classroom, "Turn your Math textbooks to page---"

Then, once again, Mrs. Derby was interrupted with a loud, "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

(Continued on page 7)

## Monthly Message 2

Julia M.

Kindergarten

Mrs. Watson



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## My Teacher is Missing

*(Continued from page 6)*

"Will they ever be quiet?!" said Mrs. Derby getting annoyed.

"Where were you when the sub came?" we asked.

"I will never tell," she said. "How did you convince the sub to quit his job?"

We looked at each other and said, "We will never tell." We tried to behave for the entire day, until class was over.

As soon as the class left, Mrs. Wu packed up and headed to her home on Wind Clover. She read until it was time to go to sleep. Then, Mrs. Wu heard a knock on her door. "Come on in." The door opened and outside stood her brother.

"Goodnight," he said. "Goodnight Mr. S.," replied Mrs. Wu. When her brother left, she turned off the lights and said to herself, "I will never tell..."



# May You Be Carried Back...

Quinne D.

Sixth Grade

Miss Kreher



The brilliant tip of the candle flame danced nimbly, casting barely a shine on the plate before me. Chicken and potatoes, their warm aromas blanketing my face, was a silly dinner to eat without utensils. My hands were already messy, and my sister's grinning face beside me was smothered in food. *Well, this is how they had it all the time in the old days.* I thought to myself. We had gotten great seats in the stands, and were impatiently listening to the before tournament music playing. The light up swords and shields blinked and hovered in the dark stands on the other side. In the dim light, I could just

make out the yellow and red crowns on the heads of the audience in the stands across. I adjusted the green crown on my head. *Go green knight! Woohoo!* I waved my own toy sword around, my excited laughter mingling with the buzz around me.

"I'm so EXCITED!!!!" My sister yelled beside me. All of a sudden, intensely bright lights illuminated the whole arena below us, and cheers erupted in the stands. Suspenseful music began bursting, and a spotlight traveled up, up, up, to a tall podium on the edge of the dusty arena. A single man stood at attention behind it. *Is it starting?*

"Let us begin!" His voice rang through the crowds, the voices falling away like a fan being switched to zero. "Welcome, friends, to our special dinner and tournament. And tonight, may you be carried back to Medieval Times ..." The four curtains, lined up neatly on the arena's wall, fluttered in the silence. "And now, we shall introduce...THE KNIGHTS!!!!!!!!!!!" *Oh boy, oh boy, yes, yes, the knights!!!!* Out of nowhere, it seemed, the yellow curtain blew up into the sky with a crazy flap, and the sleek, beautiful, shining pale legs of a horse emerged. Thud THUD, thud THUD, thud THUD. A knight in full body polished silver armor crouched low, followed on the back, and the tail came flipping and flying into sight last. *Wow. Wow. Wow. Wow!* Was all I could think as the pair, knight and horse galloped full speed around the arena and skidded to an impressive stop. The horse had canary yellow cloths on his back. There was utter silence for about 2 seconds, but then, the yellow-crowned guests completely cracked. Those cheers were so loud you could have heard a whisper of them in Texas. The blue and red curtains followed the incredible warriors and steeds seeming to enter in slow motion.

*There's only one curtain left, and it's GREEN!! That can only mean -* With an impossible flourish, our knight gallivanted through the curtain, dust billowing behind him like a mysterious mist, skill and pride floating around him like a cloud. "WOOOOOOOOOOOHOO!!" I screamed, so loudly I could barely hear the rest of my family screeching beside me. I could hear enough, though, to know that a Texan would have heard us as if we were inside his ear. Our knight rode a glossy, chestnut steed draped in green gold-rimmed cloths, lifting his hooves high and proud, prancing with confidence. He slid into line with the rest.

"The knights have entered! The first event shall be... Javelin hoop throwing!" Applause rained through the crowd. *Javelin hoop throwing?* Soon enough though, the horses trotted daintily over to a wall heavy with weapons, equipment, and armor. The knights dismounted, each choosing a long, painted, pointed stick after weighing it and examining the point in their arms.

*(Continued on page 9)*



# May You Be Carried Back...

(Continued from page 8)

*That must be a javelin.* GRRRRRate, GRRAtic, CLick. The clinking of armor against javelins was broken by a rough, grating noise as sets of chains were lowered from the ceiling, a hoop dangling on each chain. I watched carefully as the horses stepped back into their perfect line with knights riding again. “Ladies and gentleman, the hoops have point values, as you can see.” *Oh, they do have numbers on them.* “Throughout our tournament, the knights will earn points. Javelin throws and jousting will be our two events tonight. The leading knight in the end will be our champion. So, again, let us begin...”

The announcer’s voice slowed to a stop. The knights snapped to attention. The green knight and his steed moved forwards. The remaining knights moved away into the shadows of the arena. *Our knight is first!* He gently nudged his horse from one side to another, lining up with the hoop. At last, he leveled his javelin, aiming. He was probably squinting with focus, but I couldn’t see because of his helmet. Dust settled. The arena was stretched with silent suspense. “Aiiiii!!!!!!” The piercing cry cut the air into shreds as a blur of silver, green, and chestnut surged forwards, pushing, pushing, and- “Whiiiiiiwz, click.” Our knight had let his javelin fly. The dust circled. Through it, I could barely see the path of his javelin. *He made. HE MADE!*

“WOOOOOOOOHOOOOOO!!!” We all had to cheer at his amazing performance. The rest of the performances were impressive as well, but they went by quickly. Only one other knight made. *Yes!* Then, though the knights had a break before finishing up the first event. Our dessert, vanilla sundaes, came. The cool, sweet cream was refreshing, as the candle’s warmth was strong. “This is so cool!” I said to my sister.

“I agree, and the horses are so beautiful-”

“And the knights so talented-”

“And the dinner so good!” I finished. We laughed. *This is the best night ever!* “I’m so happy our knight is winn-” I started to tell my parents. I was cut off, though, by the bold music starting up again. The knights trotted gracefully out of their curtains, looking recovered and ready.

“Our next event, ladies and gentleman, will be JOUSTING! Knights, choose your weapons!” The knights again visited the far wall to choose their weapons. *Jousting is a sword fight. Won’t they hurt each other? Is one of them planned to win? Is it our knight?* “First up, the red knight opposing the yellow knight!” The other knights trotted out of the arena. The knights red and yellow stood on opposite ends of the arena on their horses, circling each other. All of a sudden, they charged. Cling. Clack! Block. Jab! Click. *The knights look like they are dancing.* The knights wobbled on their horses. *First to fall is out.* It was as if my thoughts controlled the action. The red knight toppled. Yellow-crowns, again, erupted in cheers.

“And, the yellow knight has claimed victory. Now the other pair will battle, the winner facing the yellow knight. Enter knights, green and blue!” This time, the knights came in at a canter, starting to circle right away. Charge. Click. Clank. CRASH! “WOOOOOOHOOOOOO!!!” *The amazing skill and power of our knight let him win at once!* My sister and I shared delighted looks. “Our green knight has dominated,” the announcer intoned. “Enter knights, yellow and green!”

The entrance was just like before. But, unlike before, there were long minutes full of clicks, clacks, blocks, and jabs. The knights stretched it out, suspense on everyone’s faces. But, then, CLAAAANGGGGG..... That final ring echoed around the arena. Through the swirling dust, I saw one knight on the ground, with green cloths around him. No... Even though the yellow knight ended up with victory, that night was a special memory and an amazing time. Messy faces, loud cheers, exciting moments, happy smiles. Weave them all together, and you’ve got a recipe for perfect.



# Tornado

Connor C.

Second Grade  
Mrs. Hinkle

Tornado  
Scary, windy  
Crashing, damaging, smashing  
Hail, blizzard, flood, thunder  
Blowing, clashing, smashing  
Cold, windy  
Storms



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# My First Home Run

Haoqi W.

Third Grade  
Miss Diaz



CRACK!!! Owen hit the ball high and far into the air and it was an out-of-the-park homer! “Nice job, Owen!” I said, as he stepped foot into the dugout. Now I was on the dirt platform, practicing swinging my Easton bat hard. The Cubs pitcher wound up his arm and threw the ball to the catcher. Whoosh. Vinny swung very hard, but missed the ball.

“Strike one!” called the umpire. Then, the pitcher threw a curveball. CRACK!! The ball went straight to first base. The first baseman missed it badly and suddenly it was a triple.

After that, it was my turn to bat. I walked to the batter’s box and prepared to get a powerful hit like Owen. The pitcher wound up again and threw the ball. I swung like the wind. CRACK!! The ball went past the second baseman and fell onto the wet, damp grass rolling right up to the wall.

It was an inside-the-park home run! It was my very first home run of the season. Plus, it was two runs with Vinny scoring, too. It was the miracle in baseball.



# A Monstrous Day

Owen C.

Fifth Grade

Mrs. Derby



I am watching Christmas specials at home with a mug of hot chocolate and toasted marshmallows warming my hands. A minute later, I see a mini spaceship crash on my front yard. I am so terrified that I spill hot chocolate on my pants.

“Ow, it burns!” I yell.

I quickly run to the restroom to clean up. As soon as I am finished, I go outside to investigate. I see a strange alien walk out of the aircraft juggling six balls.

I slowly approach the spaceship, terrified but curious.

“Ah! Hello? Who are you?” I asked.

“My name is Geebo. Is there something wrong?”

“No,” I said in a trembling voice.

Geebo tells me he is an alien from the planet Goofy Goober. This planet is millions of miles past Pluto. Geebo tells me Goofy Goober has a reputation for the best clowning school in the universe.

Geebo has a white face with a big red nose like a red bouncy ball. He also has a big mouth with eight sharp teeth like shark’s teeth. Geebo has two oval-shaped eyes and two small triangular horns on the top of his head. He has red puffy hair like cotton candy on each side of his ears. Geebo is wearing a green tee shirt, purple pants with polka dots, and purple suspenders. Oversized, brown fuzzy slippers cover his feet. Geebo has three blue octopus tentacles with suction cups on each side for arms. He is as cuddly as a teddy bear and as funny as a dancing penguin with headphones. However, if you hector him or make fun of him, he will throw a pie in your face.

“Do you want to come inside with me?” I ask.

“Sure! Why not?” Geebo says calmly.

I scoop up the tiny monster, who easily fits in to my two hands, and we walk into my house. I’m tired, so I ask Geebo, “Do you want to go to sleep?”

“No,” he replied in a serious voice.

“Why not?” I wonder.

“Because I want to watch TV,” he demanded.

“Sorry! You’ll have to wait until tomorrow,” I said in a parent-like voice.

“Fine,” Geebo said in a disappointed voice.

I walk into my room, but there is a serious problem. I don’t know where to tuck him in. I walk into my closet, and grab one of my sweaters and a pair of scissors. I cut out a piece of my sweater for a blanket. Then, I wrap Geebo in my sweater and tuck him in carefully in my desk drawer.

“Good night, Geebo!” I said.

“Good night,” he replied.

I wake up in the morning and dress quickly while Geebo is still in bed. “Geebo, rise and shine,” I said in a whispered voice.

“Okay,” he said.

I put Geebo in my pocket and walk down the stairs to eat breakfast.

“Good morning, Mom.” I said.

“Good morning, Owen. What would you like for breakfast?” my mom asked.

“Eggs and bacon, please,” I said in a sweet voice. I walked towards the table and waited patiently for breakfast. Finally, breakfast was ready. My mom placed the plate full of bacon and eggs on the table. I tore off a piece of bacon and placed it in my pocket for Geebo. I ask, “Mom, do we have any plans today?”

*(Continued on page 12)*



# A Monstrous Day

*(Continued from page 11)*

"We are eating with Uncle Steve at lunchtime," my mom said.

"Oh yeah," she said in a jolly voice.

My mom and I walked into the car along with Geebo, who was still hidden in my pocket, and we drove away. An hour later, we finally arrived at the restaurant. Before I entered the restaurant, I warned Geebo to be quiet.

"Geebo, you have to be quiet in there. I don't want people to see you," I said in a quiet voice.

"Okay," Geebo said.

Mom and I entered the restaurant filled with excitement.

"Make sure to say hi to Uncle Steve," she reminded me.

"I will, Mom. You do not have to tell me every single time," I said in a whiny voice.

The minute I saw Uncle Steve, I said hi and gave him a big hug. "Hello, Uncle Steve," I said.

"What's up, Owen?" he answered back.

The three of us sat down and started to order our food. There were many people in the restaurant, so I started to worry that they might find out about my alien friend. The waitress finally came to take our order.

"Hello, my name is Emma, and I will be your waitress for this meal," Emma said. "Would you like a drink?" she asked.

"The three of us will have a glass of ice water," my mom said.

She took our order and walked into the kitchen. A minute later, she came back with the glasses of water and placed them on the table.

"Here is our order for today," my mom said.

It felt like a regular lunch until I felt something sharply poke my waist. I resisted the urge to scream.

"I need to use the restroom," I said, trying to find a place to talk to Geebo before he was discovered.

I sprinted to the restroom, but I smashed into a waiter. We both fell to the ground and food was splattered all over our bodies.

"Are you serious, kid?" the waiter screamed.

"I didn't mean to," I said.

"I don't care! You will exit this restaurant and will be never allowed here again!" said the waiter.

My family walked out of the restaurant. My mom was angry.

"Owen, you are grounded for a month!" my mom screamed.

"Okay," I said in despair.

I said bye to Uncle Steve before I entered my mom's car. My parents drove home silently.

We arrived at the front yard. I walked out of the car and snuck Geebo out to the front yard.

"Geebo, why did you do that?" I screamed.

"I was bored," Geebo complained.

"Don't you dare do that to me ever again!" I said in a mean voice.

The next few days, I took care of Geebo and fixed his spaceship. It was surprisingly fun and interesting.

Finally, the spaceship was ready, and it was time to let him go back to Goofy Goober.

"Geebo, it was nice playing with you, but you have to go back to your original planet," I said.

"I know. And it was nice playing with you, too," Geebo said.

We both shook hands, and Geebo climbed into his aircraft. We both waved at each other one last time, and he took off.



# The Unusual Substitute

Ava D.

Fourth Grade  
Miss Porter

I was patiently waiting outside Room 209, as the classroom door swung open and we were greeted by the most hairiest, plump lady I've ever seen! My teacher wasn't at the door smiling like usual, but I was sure that she lived here. I skipped into the classroom, nervously sat down, and started wondering where my teacher was. Everybody's faces looked so scared and I could tell by their eyes that they were saying, *Help! Who the heck is she? MISS PORTER!* I was rummaging through my backpack, when suddenly I realized that every single thing in my backpack was gone! The whole thing, empty! "Read pages 30-143 in your textbook NOW!" Miss Mushca Pushca demanded. I started to panic. My hands were getting sweaty as if I just ran 10 miles. Oh yeah, and did I mention she smelled and looked horrible! H-O-R-R-I-B-L-E! She had black messy hair, a pointy nose, a ginormous mole at the bottom of her cheek, an ugly Christmas sweater, shoes with curves at the end, pompoms, and torn, greasy jeans.



Everybody immediately took out their textbooks except for me! Miss Mushca Pushca started to get suspicious. "Where's your textbook, you monkey! Are you deaf?!" She yelled in front of the whole class. Later that day, kids kept making monkey sounds when I passed by. But, I'll get to that later in the story. Her nose was so long that when she yelled at me I could feel the tip rubbing against my cheek!

"Ohh, ohh, ahh, ahh?" I said cluelessly.

"Go to THE CORNER!" she screamed at me. I had no idea what she meant when she said, *the corner*.

"Ohhhhhhhhh! Ava, the monkey, is going in the corner!" students murmured.

"What did you say?!" Miss Mushca Pushca yelled. "Anybody else want to join the monkey?" Everybody except for my friend Katherine was silent.

"Okay, Mushca Pushca, Mickey Mouse!" Katherine whispered.

"CORNER, MICKEY!" Miss Mushca Pushca screamed at Katherine, too.

Later that day, people walked by the corner while making monkey sounds, and saying, "Mushca, Pushca, Mickey Katherine!"

The corner was in the back of the room with cobwebs, cockroaches, and rats crawling on the walls. She gave us a list of stuff to do for her. 1. Fix the clogged toilet in the shed. 2. Brush her hair! 3. Scrub off all her blisters! 4. Scrape off toe fungus! Lastly, 5. Count her moles!

After that nightmare was over, all the kids and I set off to the officer's office to find out where Miss Porter went. Just for your information, every person the officer saw, he would say, "The name's Officer Oni. First name, Pepper, last name, Oni, and no middle name. Ha!" And of course he said that whole sentence to each student.

When he was done talking, I shouted, "Miss Porter is missing!"

"Your quarter is hissing? Strange case," he blurted.

"Now we only have a mean teacher!" Katherine yelled.

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# Student Council Elections

Delilah F.

Sixth Grade  
Mrs. Arledge

It was the day of the student council elections. At first, I was not interested in participating. I was not very confident in myself because I was not a popular 5th grader. My mom encouraged me to try something new, so I did. I decided to run for president because I felt like I would be a good leader and I spent all of my elementary years at The Ontario Center School. I participated in a lot of things, as well.

When I arrived to school that bright, warm morning, I hung up pretty pink and blue posters with glitter around my silly selfie that read, “Vote 4 Delilah for President” in hopes that it will make people want to vote for me.

After I hung all of my posters around the school, I returned back to my small classroom located in one of the three portables on the right side of the school. The class was full of noisy and smelly 5th grade students. When the teacher instructed the class to silence, I read a book for 30 minutes. I usually don’t have a problem concentrating, but I was restless with anticipation for the election speeches. Reading was over when my teacher, Mrs. Krueger, said, “Line up, time for student council elections!” As the class was lining up to go to the auditorium, my best friends Jaidyn, Bellen, Lucy, Angela and a few other classmates were cheering me on and telling me not to be nervous.

We arrived to the auditorium located in the center of the school which also served as a lunch room when it rained outside. The cafeteria was right behind the stage. We were one of the first classrooms to be seated on the cold, hard tile floor. As the teacher led the class to our spot, I was comforted when I saw my mom and my two year old brother in the seats in the back of the room. She waved to me and gave me a thumbs up as if to say, “You’ve got this!” I sat with my class in the audience and as I watched my fellow peers say their speech. The wait for my turn to say my speech seemed liked a long time. I was so anxious about hearing my name to be called, I could not concentrate on the words of my competition. I practiced my speech in my head over and over as I sat there with an overwhelming feeling of butterflies floating around in my stomach.

The silence broke in my head as I heard the words that I wish had never come, “Up next, Delilah Flores... Boom, Boom, Boom, the pattern of my heart was beating loudly throughout my body. My blood was rushing to my head, my hands were full of sweat, and my throat felt tight as I walked toward the right side of the stage. As I stepped upon the old steps, I could hear the creaking of the old wood beneath me. I saw a small bright stage and I could hear loud clapping while I made my way to the podium. As I stepped up on the stool awaiting me, my legs instantly felt like jello. I could see and hear my family cheering me on in

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# Student Council Elections

*(Continued from page 14)*

the distance chanting my name, “DE-LI-LAH, DE-LI-LAH!”

I adjusted the microphone while smiling in embarrassment. I could also hear the chatter of my peers as they impatiently waited for me to speak. I looked out into the auditorium filled with 4th and 5th graders, and their parents and teachers, who sat behind the scenes. I could smell the delicious aroma of the buttery potatoes and crispy chicken cooking in the cafeteria behind the stage. I stood there in a pretty, navy blue dress with pink flowers around my waist and black flats as I worked up the courage speak the first word of my two minute long speech. As I started to speak, my heart was pounding faster than before. They were short, rapid beats that had me short of breath. I started my speech of with introducing myself and explained that I had been a student at that school since kindergarten and I was a hard worker who stood by our school values. I promised to do my best as president and my main theme was anti-bullying.

The crowd clapped during my speech and it gave me confidence to speak louder. I gave that speech my all. I told everyone that I was afraid to run for president because I wasn't very popular, but I decided to run anyway, because I felt I was good enough to run. I encouraged everyone to believe in themselves and to take risks because your size, color of your skin and the amount of friends you have does not matter. Everyone is special and deserves a chance and if they chose me I would make sure that we would work together. The crowd stood up and clapped. I heard my family in the back, yelling my name in excitement. I could tell they were proud of me. After my speech, I walked down the stairs with my head held high, as I made my way to sit down in an old peach chair that was waiting for all 16 student council runners.

After the hour long assembly, my class and I went back to our room and voted with the rest of the 4th and 5th graders. Our teacher reminded us to not vote for our friends, but to vote for who we felt would make a good representative for our school. After we voted, we resumed normal classroom learning as I anxiously waited for the announcement of the results. We did math, social studies, and a huge writing assignment which was only 30 minutes long, but felt like hours! All I could think about was wondering if I was going to win or lose. I really wanted to win, but I reminded myself of what my mom told me. She said if I don't win, to be happy for who did win and to be proud that I tried and gained a good experience.

During class I heard the screech of the microphone on the overhead speaker come on. It was time. Mrs. Cindy from the front office read the results of our new council members, as I sat nervously with my fingers crossed tight. She left the president announcement for last and said, “And finally, please welcome our new student council president...Delilah Flores!” At that moment I was overcome by joy. I could not believe I actually won! The whole class clapped loudly and said congratulations and chanted my name. My teacher personally congratulated me and said I was picked because my speech was so powerful. She told me she received an email from the superintendent of the school saying that my speech was great and that she was proud of me. That day was the proudest moment of my life.



# Trip To Sea World

Nora G.

Second Grade  
Mrs. Moghaddam

Last year I went to SeaWorld with my family. I went there because we were celebrating my birthday. We saw baby penguins, small sharks, orcas, and dolphins. The first thing I saw were penguins. A baby penguin was learning to swim. It was very nervous to dive down into the water because it was its first swim. The water was a little too deep for her.

The next thing was the dolphin show! I loved it because I saw one jumping on its tail, one spinning when it jumped in the sky, and one was swimming in top speed! It was so amazing! I can't wait to see another sea animal show!

The last thing was the killer whale show. It was just like the dolphin show, but I saw an orca swimming around. Then when it was ready to swim straight, it swam really straight! It was so amazing that I couldn't believe what I was seeing! Last year was so amazing. I cannot wait to go there again!



# The Unusual Substitute

*(Continued from page 13)*

“Now you only have a bean creature? You kids are weird.”

We soon realized that he was no help at all. Then, we went to Starbucks to see if Miss Porter was there. We looked everywhere in Starbucks, but we just couldn't find her anywhere! We had no choice, but to sneak into her house and rescue her. Once we got there, we saw her eating candy! Just eating candy. Her eyes were blank, and she had a big bowl of candy in front of her and she just kept eating. “Miss Porter!” we shouted, but there was no response. “Miss Porter!” we shouted again. But it seemed like she was in some kind of magical trance.

Katherine said, “Wait a minute, it's the candy. There's something wrong with the candy!” I quickly ran over to Miss Porter and grabbed the bowl of candy and threw it into the fireplace. It exploded like a giant firecracker. The blast knocked us all back onto our behinds.

When the smoke finally cleared, Miss Porter said, “Wait, what's going on, why is it so smoky in my house?”

“Miss Porter! Is that you?” I said.

“Ava, of course it's me. Why aren't you in class? Why aren't I in class?” Miss Porter said like she was waking up from a long nap.

The blast woke Miss Porter up from the spell that Miss Muscha Pushca had put on her. She was actually really a witch, and part of a large group of witches that were taking over classrooms all over the world. They were feeding teachers magical candy that put them into a spell, where they could never stop eating the candy. With the help of all the students in the world, we were able to beat the witches and get all the teachers back. School was in...again!



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## My Trip to the Pumpkin Patch

Max Z.

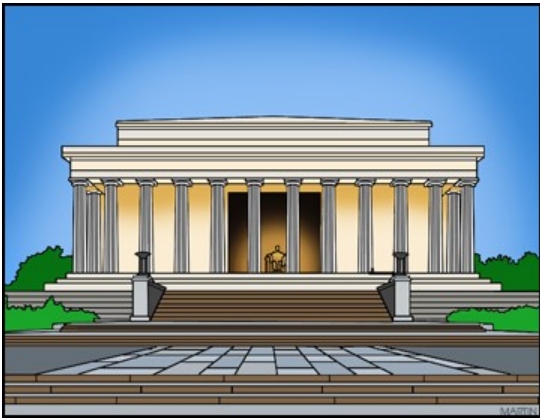
First Grade

Mrs. Oehlman

A few years ago I went to a pumpkin patch with my family. When we arrived, I felt happy because I saw a big slide. I went on the slide and had a lot of fun! Then my mom found a large pumpkin and bought it for me. Last, we got into the car and went home. It was a fun trip to the pumpkin patch.







# Thankful

Jack C.

Fifth Grade  
Miss Porter

It's Thanksgiving morning, and I'm stuck. I need to figure out something I'm thankful for. At that moment, I remember what I did two weeks ago. Two weeks ago, I made a million memories. Two weeks ago from today, I went to Washington D.C. Now, I will tell you about the best week of my life.

I woke up excited and nervous. At lunch, Mr. Nelson would announce who he was taking to Washington with him. 87 kids signed up. He was selecting 5 to bring with him, but it wasn't a raffle. No, it was students who he thought were intelligent and who could stay on track.

Everyone lined up single file to walk in. As we sat down, Mr. Nelson (our science teacher) without hesitation, started naming the people he was bringing.

"Coby, Balin, Riley, and Hunter," exclaimed Mr. Nelson.

"There's one more!" Cruz shouted out!

"Oh yeah, and Jack C.," he said.

I was shocked.

So, we ended up in the airport. My stomach was killing me, because sometimes I have separation anxiety from my parents. As we were boarding, Mr. Nelson was saying why he picked us.

"Coby and Balin, you guys are very intelligent. Riley and Hunter, you guys have a great sense of humor. Finally, Jack, you're just a really great kid," Mr. Nelson said truthfully.

I felt myself start to blush. I turned as red as a tomato.

When we arrived at the hotel, we all got our own room for the week we were spending in Washington. Every day when we were there was better than the last, but the last day was the best! We saw all the monuments. Also, the highlight of the trip for me, was when we saw the Lincoln Memorial. I was standing there, thinking, *he is a reason everyone has the same rights*. Martin Luther King delivered his speech right where I was standing. This made me realize there's a cooler place than Disneyland: Washington D.C.

When we woke up to go home, I had to be practically dragged out of the hotel. We arrived home, and after, I thanked Mr. Nelson for the 1,000<sup>th</sup> time. I was with my parents again! This made me realize I'm not thankful for my video games. No, I'm thankful for all the American heroes, who are the reason I'm happy and free.

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