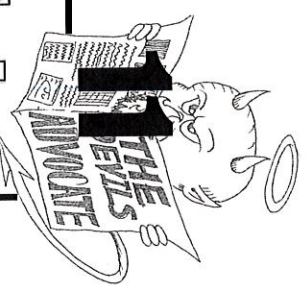


# Fun and Games

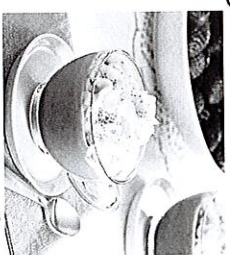


## Valentine's Day Word Search

D V H U O S G J K Q A H V K R  
 A C E Z N H L N O H E W L Z L  
 V A L E N T I N E A S V V E V  
 B K A Z Q P R I R W X U N E O  
 M U N J S I I T U D I R R Y K  
 T E H E F S L T T K H J M C W  
 R O S E N E C R M D H Y H R H  
 C W X R U O O H P J A V W O M  
 A C P Y Y E Q I O F G T J M G  
 U G P Q U V E F T C R T X A Q  
 M O H L G O X N W V O V E N G  
 Z Q I H M L K K D T W L J C G  
 P D I P U C X I O W K X A E V  
 U T R Z V G L H S N M D F T W  
 K V G Q U U F Q I S Y T K K E

Valentine	Cupid
Heart	Chocolate
Love	Romance
Pink	Crush
Rose	Kiss

## Strawberry Hot Chocolate



**Ingredients:**  
 1 container (12 fl oz each) strawberry lowfat milk (14 ounces = 1 3/4 cups)

2 envelopes of Swiss Miss Milk Chocolate Hot Cocoa Mix

Reddi-wip original dairy whipped topping

Sprinkles (optional)

**Directions:**

1. Heat milk in 2-cup glass measure in microwave on HIGH 2 minutes or until hot. Stir in cocoa mix until blended.

2. Divide mixture between 2 mugs. Top each with a serving of Reddi-wip. Add sprinkles, if desired.

## Valentine's Day Special!

**Order a slush for your crush at The Devils Den today! Sold during 3rd hour, lunch, and after school until 3:15.**

### Nathan Ryan



Star Student  
 of the Month

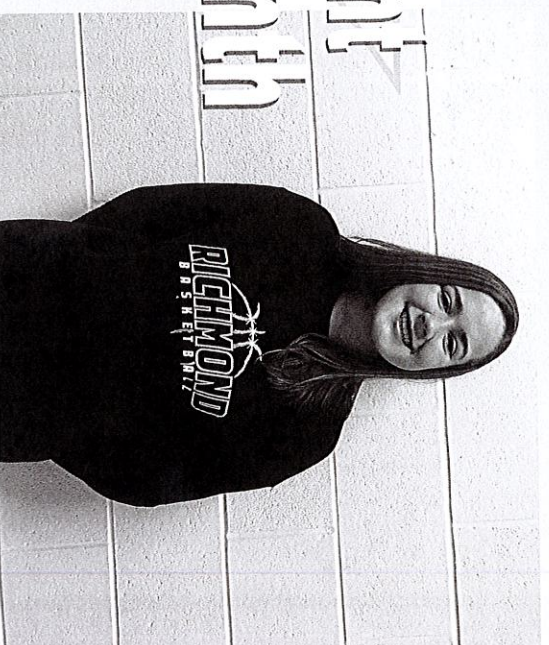
1. Favorite thing about high school?  
 More independent

2. Favorite class?  
 Dr. Ladd's World History

3. Favorite after school activity?  
 SADD

4. Favorite teacher?  
 Mrs. Schack

### Lexie Radjewski



1. Favorite thing about high school?  
 More organized

2. Favorite class?  
 Dr. Ladd's World History

3. Favorite after school activity?  
 Dance

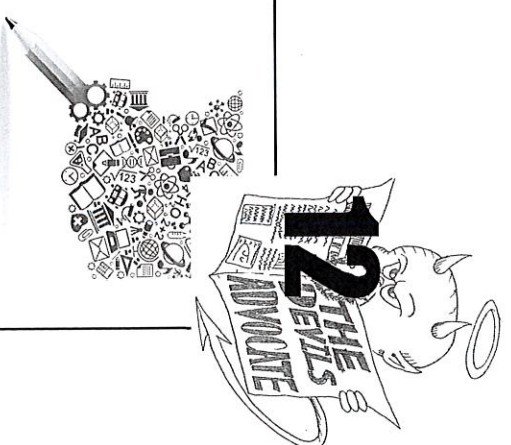
4. Favorite teacher?  
 Mr. Roodbeen

**Features**

**February, 10, 2017**

# Creative Writing

## CREATIVE CORNER



### Ignorance

By: Emma Brockett

It was the time of year when the leaves begin their journey to the ground. Their floating, fluttering, flipping forms was always in sight. It felt like a red, orange, yellow snow storm. Or like red, orange, yellow confetti being thrown in celebration of the changing of the air. For that air carried not only leaves, but something else. A whiff of it was like biting into a crisp, autumn apple, there was a twang to it, a bite at the end. This breeze was what carried the leaves and me so high.

My siblings' and my job was to rally the red, orange, yellow into big, excitable piles. Even in herds, they shimmied and shook in the wind. It was the biggest dance party of the year. It was a goodbye party to the thick, warm air. It was a welcoming party to the thin, fresh air. My brother, my sister,

and I brought in more guests to the celebration, all the while lapping up the atmosphere ourselves.

On that same day, I looked up from my pile of joy to see a family—a mom and her two daughters—taking a stroll down the sidewalk. I looked closer to see if they were invited to join the red, orange, yellow ruckus. I looked closer to see if they were watching the leaves dance to the ground. However, their eyes only spanned the screens in front of them. Every one of them clung to a harshly glowing device drowning the loveliness surrounding them. They marched past our plush party piles. They charged through the leaves in the air, ignoring their romantic waltz. They pushed through the air head on, inhaling and exhaling, chewing it up and spitting it out.

### Title

By: Johnnie Chesney

Label me  
I dare you  
Play god and mold me  
What I become is on you

Give me a title  
I dare you

I'll accent that title  
A piece of art made by you

Give me prophecy  
I dare you

It'll be a self-fulfilling prophecy  
Written by you

But I can give labels too

I can give labels to you  
I can give labels to myself  
I can give labels to replace yours

I can write a story for myself  
It'll have its own title

### The Breaking of a Bond

By Rose Walgenbach

The details are reluctant to recall,  
fuzzy like the edges of an undeveloped polaroid.

But the words, the tone, the emotion, the pain  
the pain! the pain  
the pain alarmingly clear

It's the dull ache after choking on a chunk of  
food  
it's the faint burn of a paper cut  
it's the tightened muscle after receiving a  
charlie horse

It sticks like a never-ending tune in the recesses  
of the mind  
playing over and over and over

Not always obvious, but always in the back-  
ground  
subtly lurking like a sadist,  
never satisfied with merely recalled pain.

It's the scorching sun,  
allowing a blood-red rose to blossom in the  
spring  
with thorns to cut and grate against nerves  
at the drop of a word, at the hinting of sympathy.

But it's not the burn of the goodbye that hurts  
most;  
no —  
It's the bittersweet taste of the knife of never  
letting go.

### Splish, Splash

By Hailey Knoblock

They ride next to the boat,  
making chirping sounds as they  
swim.

Splish splash go the dolphins.

Dark as a rain cloud,  
they race the vicious waves.

Splish Splash go the dolphins.

Having fun while they do it,  
they smile at the crowd above.

Splish splash go the dolphins.

When the waves finally stop,  
they squeak goodbye and are off.

Splish splash go the dolphins.

### Precautions and Prevention

By: Emily Kazmeirczak

Brown Exterior, Tan Interior  
messy and dirty  
Uneven seat, worn from use  
Cassette player and crank win-

dows  
Books and notebooks for different classes  
A home away from home

Sitting Idly in the Parking Lot  
The constant hum of the engine

P R N D 3 2  
The loose exhaust pipe rattles  
P R N D 3 2

A belt under the hood screeches  
A jack-rabbit start, a symptom of impatient youth,

Fire extinguisher, jumper cables, tire iron  
A sign of a concerned father  
Only trying to prepare his  
youngest daughter

For all of the possible dangers that lie ahead