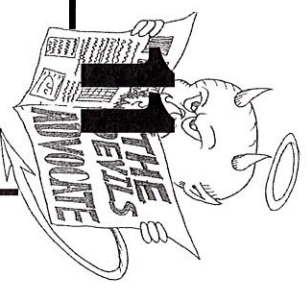
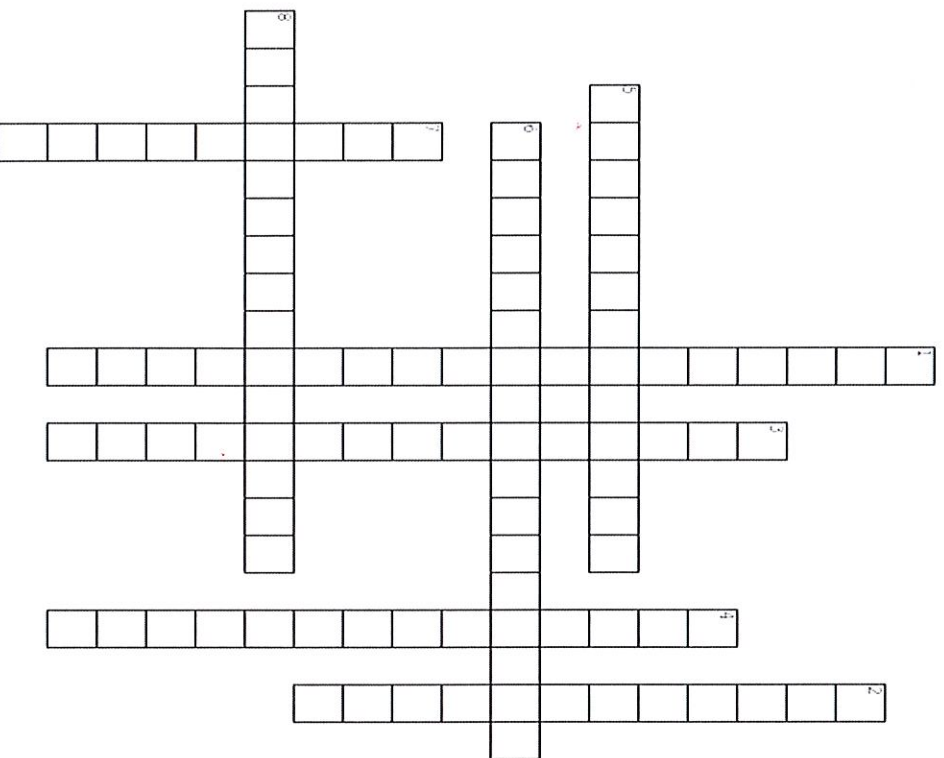


Fun and Games



President's Day Crossword

Complete the crossword below



Created with TheTeachersCorner.net Crossword Puzzle!

Across

- 5. Former movie star
- 6. Had wooden teeth
- 8. The youngest president

Down

- 1. Speak softly and carry a big stick
- 2. First president from Hawaii
- 3. Tallest president
- 4. President during 9/11 attack
- 7. The first vice president and the second president

Pecan and Chocolate Chip Cookies



Ingredients:

- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour, spooned and leveled
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 cup (2 sticks) unsalted butter, at room temperature
- 1 1/4 cups packed light brown sugar
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- 2 cups semisweet chocolate chips (12 ounces)
- 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans, coarsely chopped (optional)

Directions:

- 1. Heat oven to 350° F. In a medium bowl, whisk together the flour, salt, and baking soda.
- 2. Beat the butter and sugars. One at a time, beat in the eggs, then the vanilla. Gradually add the flour mixture, mixing until just combined. Mix in the chocolate chips and nuts.
- 3. Drop heaping tablespoons of the dough onto baking sheets, spacing them 2 inches apart
- 4. Bake for 12-15 minutes.

Buy a 2016-2017 Yearbook! Write a check for \$80 out to Richmond High School

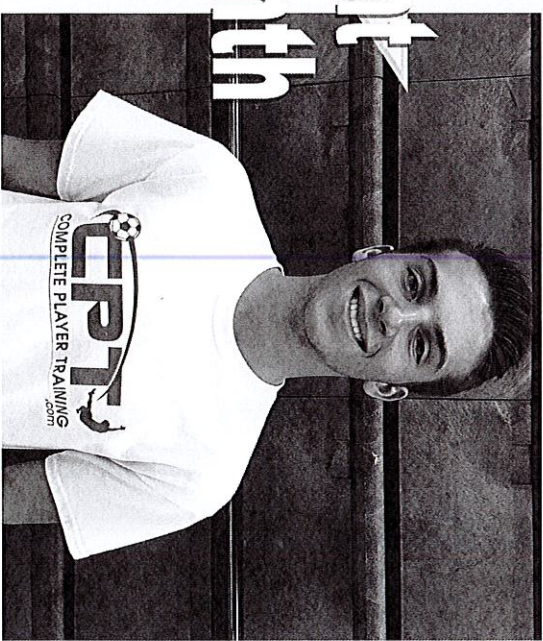
Rachel Rigole



Star Student of the Month

- 1. Dream job: Doctor or flute player
- 2. Favorite after school activity: band or orchestra
- 3. What college do you plan to attend: University of Michigan
- 4. Who is your role model: My mother because she encourages me to strive for the best

Brandon Vangorp



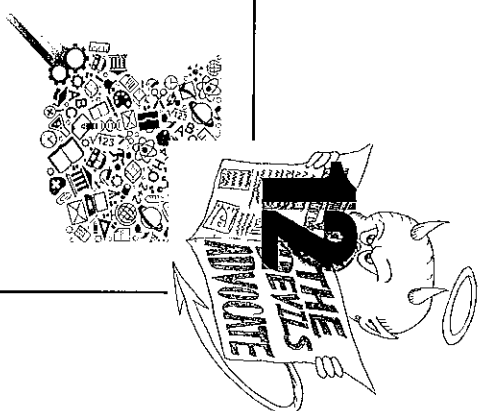
- 1. Dream job: Nurse practitioner
- 2. Favorite after school activity: Soccer, key club, and hanging out with friends
- 3. What college do you plan to attend: Wayne State
- 4. Who is your role model: My dad

Features

March 3, 2017

Creative Writing

CREATIVE CORNER



A Head of Lettuce

By: Heidi Elizabeth Dailey

Her tears went through a cycle of falling from her eyes, drying on her cheeks, and being rewet by new streaks. She shook with the kind of anger only possible for a child of her maturity. This was the kind of wet anger with tears, a shaky voice, and a feeling of complete weakness. Step after step she stormed down the sidewalk, pushing her un-brushed hair out of her puffy red face. Salty water flowed from her eyes as she thought about the argument she had just had with her sister. The amount of rejection spat her way made her feel there

was no reason to be around. Without the acceptance of her beloved older sister, she was useless and just a waste of space. Lost in thought, she tripped over her pink, rolling backpack that she had grabbed before departing. Choking on sobs from physical and emotional pain, she unzipped her bag and pulled out her only source of food. It was the only thing that came to mind when she thought about survival on her own. The plastic crinkled as she uncovered the green plant. With scrapped hands she peeled it leaf by leaf, sitting on the warm summer sidewalk.

Knowledge > Power

By: Rebecca Guiney

At a ripe young age when you're allowed to wonder
Not too far from home
But over yonder
Were the fields lay vacant of green souls
Fresh with upturned soil
And sun smiles down
An old friend of mine
Accompanied me to this field
Of squishy soil
To bring home to my mother
'You'll be doing the farmer a favor, re-movin' unwanted pests'
And with the satisfaction of being an underdog
I began my quest
Feeling the soil swallow my foot I thought
'Why fight my shoe when I can take it off'
Bare foot I marched through the muddy ground
With my friend in tow
Finding two big ones a snail and a toad
Carrying one rock each
Proudly came back home,
Mom was red faced with disgust
It might be because we weren't just covered in muck
Field was vacant that much was true
Only because it was fertilized with poo.

Running with Stars

By: Angelica Barrows

He was running. Running from something? Someone? I wasn't sure, I just saw him running - crying. He stopped a few feet away from my house, so I figured he didn't know I was outside, watching him. There was no light besides the moon's haunting glow. He was out of breath, collapsed to his knees, then lied onto his back spreading his arms out. I wasn't sure if he was okay, so I quickly got some water to bring to him - then I stopped. For a split second I thought I saw him sit up and look at me when I opened the door, but then I remembered there were no lights on. He was probably just looking for the noise, and I hoped he wouldn't run away.

Luckily he didn't, and once I got the water and opened the door quietly to head out again, I saw he sat up and stretched for a moment. After, he lied back down to look at the stars. I saw him moving his hands in front of his face, playing with the twinkling patterns in the sky. I almost didn't want to disturb his peace just to give him the water, already turned warm from the summer night's heat. But, I felt it to be more important he's okay than to just leave

I walked up him there alone. "Hey, you. Need some water? I saw you running earlier." For a moment he just sat there looking at the sky, not even glancing in my direction once. Eventually, he sat up to say thank you, and drank the water. I asked him if something was wrong, but his answer shocked me. He said, "No, not really. Well... there was... but not anymore. Your kind heart and the space all around us reminded me there's still good in the universe." I don't know what happened to him, or why this affected me so much. All I could do was stand there and look like an idiot, trying to understand his existential statement.

Lying in bed later that night, struggling to keep my eyes closed, I thought to myself how vast this universe is. Open and explosively silent - harmony and chaos - ever changing and evolving. Endless, mysterious, and magical. When you consider things like the stars and planets and galaxies surrounding us, our affairs don't seem to matter very much anymore, do they?