

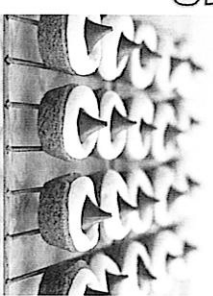
# Fun and Games

## Halloween Word Search

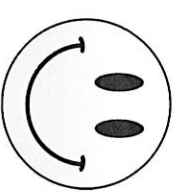
T R C X K Q E I L I Y V V A  
 L O C B M C C L E A V E S Q S  
 W V M Y P U A B J M F O R M H  
 M Y A P U Z O L H H R S E A G  
 E C U M M J N O B A B A T Y H  
 H B A N P W C L B L O W A S O  
 P A O H K I O W T L I G E B S  
 F I U E I V R R A O L C W N T  
 E K N N N H I E C W K M S W D  
 U N M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

Halloween	Ghost	Witch
Fall	Vampire	Spider
Pumpkin	Leaves	Autumn
Spooky	Sweaters	Scarecrow
Boo	Black Cat	Haunting

## Mini Smores Cookie Cups



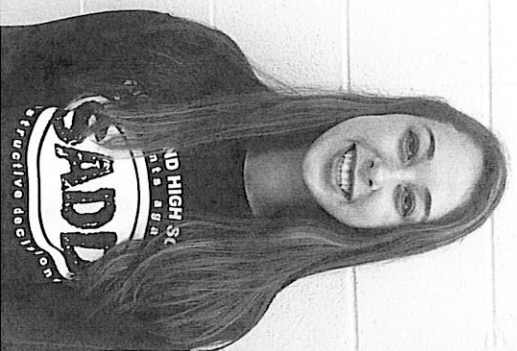
**Ingredients:**  
 -1/2 cup of graham cracker cookies  
 -24 Large Marshmallows  
 -48 Hershey kisses



**Directions:**  
 1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.  
 2. Scoop 1/2 tablespoon cookie dough into the cups of two nonstick mini-muffin pans. Use your thumb to create an indentation in the center of each. Bake for 8 minutes.  
 3. Remove the pans from the oven and place 1/2 marshmallow, cut side down, into the indentation of each cookie. Return to the oven and bake for two more minutes, until the marshmallows are slightly puffed.  
 4. Remove the pans from the oven. While the marshmallows are still warm, press a Hershey's kiss into the center of each marshmallow. Let cool for 15 minutes before removing from pan.

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## Olivia Iskra



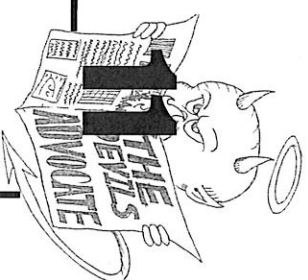
Star Student  
 of the Month

- 1. Role Model:** Her dad because he's in the Army.
- 2. Greatest Accomplishment in High School:** Getting all A's.
- 3. Favorite After School Activity:** Key Club.
- 4. Favorite Year of High School:** Senior year, because she's getting ready to go to college.

## Noah Schroeder



- 1. Role Model:** Austin Gumber, a dancer in California.
- 2. Greatest Accomplishment in High School:** Getting an acting award from The Aud that was named after him.
- 3. Favorite After School Activity:** Theater.
- 4. Favorite Year of High School:** Senior year, because he got more opportunities.



# Creative Writing

## CREATIVE CORNER

### Benny's Bakery

By Heidi Elizabeth Dailey

I wake up before the sun to start my work  
I walk downstairs into the little bakery  
beneath it  
Soon enough, my tired muscles start to fill  
the kitchen  
With the scent of fresh made dough  
Flour covers my hands, arms, table and  
bread  
Pushing down gently, but firmly, I knead  
the soon to be fluffy bread loafs  
Just like he taught me  
I take the slightly different dough of the  
flakey croissant  
And twist it into a perfect crescent moon  
Just like how he taught me  
I apply a layer of glossy icing, frosting, or  
sprinkles on the donuts  
Just like he taught me

As the pastries rise from the heat, the shop  
becomes like a toaster  
I wipe droplets of sweat beading on my  
forehead  
Batch by batch the steamy pastries pop out  
of the oven  
Once they cool I set them on the racks in  
the front of the store  
By the time the sun starts to show its full-  
est shape,  
Each rack and display is filled with my  
best work  
The browns, tans, and creams of the  
breads and croissants  
The red, yellow, blue, orange, green of the  
sprinkles on the donuts  
The swirling patterns of chocolate syrup  
on the pies and cupcakes  
I smile proudly at another morning's ef-  
fort

After a quick sweep of my sleeve to my  
face,  
I walk out into the cool air and flip the  
Closed sign to OPEN  
Once more I step back and look at my lit-  
tle shop  
The shop's name gleams from the top of  
the door  
Benny's Bakery  
His beloved shop name rightfully sits big  
and bold  
Hanging over the window filled with his  
pastries  
The sun shines on the name like a spot-  
light,  
And I remember why I try so hard  
I try so hard for him,  
So his bakery can go on in his absence  
Because I am  
The Baker's Daughter

### TOES

By: Emma Brockett

I remember my bare feet,  
the bottoms of them brown with earth,  
slapping against the pavement,  
bouncing off the grass.  
My toes danced into your yard.  
My toes propelled me up your porch  
steps.  
My toes finally rested in front of yours,  
wiggling in anticipation of the day.  
My brothers and sister were there too.  
We all settled onto the porch swing,  
which cradled our bodies many times be-  
fore.  
Our Kool-Aid man cups,  
filled to the brim with a sugary, sweet  
peach juice,

were gripped tightly in our tiny hands.  
It was the drink of champions.  
You sang nonsensical songs with us,  
you made curious crafts with us,  
you laughed along like you were young  
again with us.  
My summer became filled with  
fruity drinks coating my teeth with a  
sweet dye,  
dried glue on my hands,  
and your crazy, vibrant hats covering your  
bald head.  
I knew what you were sick with.  
I knew it wasn't a bug  
that we made out of pipe cleaners and  
googly eyes.

I knew it wouldn't go away  
by throwing it in the trash.  
I knew it was the reason your hair was  
gone.  
I knew it was the reason you weren't al-  
ways on your  
porch swing waiting for us.  
I just didn't know it would get you.  
I remember my dress shoes,  
the bottoms of them were clean and pol-  
ished,  
shuffling against the carpet up to your  
boxy, wooden bed.  
My timid toes finally rested in front of it.  
Yours were nowhere to be seen,  
tucked away in your cold, dark casket.

### A Colorful Dance

By: Angelica Barrows

Ideas racing through my mind  
Left and right and all around  
Like a dog chasing its tail  
Overflowing with bright colors and scents  
of flowers  
Even dark pigments as black as a freshly  
opened ink bottle  
The paint's aroma intoxicates me  
Lifting me up into the clouds  
My feet twinkled around the canvas  
Whipping giant strokes of acrylic to white  
space  
Smooth and steady, like a ballerina soar-  
ing through midair  
I dance, I sing, I paint until the white is  
truant  
Stand back  
Take a deep breath  
Gaze at the masterpiece of layered emo-  
tions created

### Looking At Yourself in the Mirror without Hating What You See

By: Emily Kazmeirczak

Add your canvases, a featureless blob, it  
will become exactly what you want to see  
Make it how you wish, your ideal  
self  
Picture it, mold it, perfect it  
Now, take that image and throw it away  
Perfection doesn't exist in the  
physical realm  
Someone will always find some-  
thing wrong  
Take your body now  
Picture your physical features:  
A forehead that is always the star  
in any picture  
Plain, boring eyes  
A mouth that never ceases to  
spew words into the void  
Nose: too big, obstructive, and  
massive  
Lastly, take these things and accept them  
They may be flaws but they are  
*your* flaws  
Embrace them

### The Escape From School

By Johnnie Chesney

End day transit,  
bad sweat smell,  
Migraine stuck again.  
Heavy heavy eyelids.  
All I see is black.  
Awake to pain in my back.  
Poor positioning made me slack.  
Destination made,  
back home,  
off the bus.  
Smell of nature,  
hit me hard.  
Welcome to  
my front yard.

