



THE MUSTANG GAZETTE

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MALTA HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER 2017

VOLUME 10
ISSUE 2

FACEBOOK.COM/MUSTANGGAZETTEMHS

In This Edition

On the Cover:

Mr. Ebert's junior study hall class diligently created the winning entry in the Malta High School door decorating challenge organized by the student council. Ebert's juniors brought home the win with a life-like gingerbread man. Excellent work!

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Chinese Media- The freedom or speech or the lack thereof. **Pg.5**

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Ray J's Pizza- Mustang Gazette journalist, Annabelle Giblette, reviews Ray J's latest menu item. **Pg. 12**

And Much More!

Contact Us:

Want to share your thoughts or ideas? Send us a message.

[facebook.com/MustangGazetteMHS/](https://www.facebook.com/MustangGazetteMHS/)

Teacher Trivia

Using the hints given, determine the teacher that provided the hint below. Submit your responses to Mrs.Pankratz. First and second place will earn a prize.

- I had a boxer named Duke growing up.
- I got lost in Rome and had to spend the night on a bench.
- I was once on TV for winning an Easter Bunny Coloring Contest.
- I served as the student body president my senior year of high school.
- I am the youngest of seven in my family
- I worked on a dairy farm with my grandparents while growing up.
- My band has over 18,000 Facebook followers.
- I attended five different colleges to obtain my teaching degree.
- I am scared to death of tornadoes, snakes, spiders, and water.
- I once dyed my hair bleach blonde.
- I was an accomplished pugilist.
- I held the Dawson County High School record golf score for one week.
- I have voluntarily experienced the 50,000 volt shock from a police taser.

Toys For Tots

Spreading the Christmas Joy

Leslie Young & Annabelle Giblette
MG Staff

During Christmas time, less fortunate children are given gifts through the Toys for Tots program, distributed locally by the 4-H club, donated by the community, including Builders Club. According to the Toys for Tots website, “The mission of the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve Toys for Tots Program is to collect new, unwrapped toys during October, November, and December each year, and distribute those toys as Christmas gifts to less fortunate children in the community in which the campaign is conducted. The primary goal of Toys for Tots is to deliver, through a new toy at Christmas, a message of hope to less fortunate youngsters that will assist them in becoming responsible, productive, patriotic citizens. The objectives of Toys for Tots are to help less fortunate children throughout the United States experience the joy of Christmas; to play an active role in the development of one of our nation’s most valuable resources - our children; to unite all members of local communities in a common cause for three months each year during the annual toy collection and distribution campaign; and to contribute to better communities in the future.”

To gain further insight on the “Toys for Tots” program, we decided to interview Ann Shettel, the Phillips County administrative and 4-H program assistant. Previously involved in the Malta Women’s Club organization, she continued to help the Toys for Tots program by involving 4-H into it, totalling 10 years of actively participating in the program. When asked why she was so interested in promoting the program, she responded genuinely, “I feel that each youth deserves to have a nice Christmas - no matter what.” She gives credit to the local 4-H leaders for their aid, but mostly the entire community for their time and donations to the cause. She continued to describe that Toys for Tots is an exceptional program that can help individuals to become successful. She gave special thanks to Jared Eggebrecht,



Featured above: MMS students, Jared Eggebrecht, and Spencer Gibbs. Photo courtesy of Giblette & Young.

and Spencer Gibbs for volunteering to collect the boxes full of toys from the businesses in order to further distribute them to those in need.

Our second interviewee was Mrs. Lynne Brewer, which began her responses with “Builders Club is like a donor for Toys for Tots, and is a service organization. I feel it is very important, anything to get the kids involved.” Mrs. Brewer has been the adviser for Builders Club for about 5 years. Mrs. Brewer works with Mr. Sean Estill and the Kiwanis Club, including Mrs. Rosemary Veseth. Builders club hosts a fund-raiser called candy cane sales to benefit their club, but the other fund-raisers they do are nonprofit. This year Builders Club has 35 members. When asking her how she is involved in giving the gifts, she stated “ Our executives vote on how much we are willing to spend on the gifts at Hardware Hank. We purchase local toys, leave them at the store where we bought them, then the volunteers from the 4-H club come pick them up at the store.”

If you would like more information on donating, or have further questions, feel free to contact the Phillips County extension office at: 654-2543 or P.O. Box 430. The deadline for gift donations was December 15.

Science Olympiad, Round Two

Evie McCorkle
MG Staff

On November 20, Mrs. Tangedal took fourteen students from Malta High School to Montana State University, Bozeman to participate in the 33rd annual Montana Science Olympiad. We work as a team to compete in events. There were 54 schools from around the state. This year there were 14 events and students from our school participated in all of them. In attendance there were five seniors: Adessa Judd, Evie McCorkle, Bella Mackey, Macy Knudsen and Billie Orahood. There were four juniors: Reese Sjoström, Raina Mortenson, Lily Maxie and Chloe Hunter. There was also six sophomores: Tyler Arnold, Macy Williamson, Bonnie Jones, Ezra Judd, Keith Epperson, and Ben Costin. There are five categories that the events are categorized into: Life, Personal and Social Science, Earth and Space Science, Physics, Chemistry, Technology and Engineering, and Inquiry and Nature of Science.

Under the Life, Personal and Social Science category, the events are: Anatomy and Physiology, Ecology, and Herpetology. Knudsen and Jones participated in Anatomy and Physiology and they placed 17th. Mortenson and Hunter participated in Ecology, and Knudsen and Orahood participated in Herpetology. In Anatomy and Physiology there is a written test that the participants took on subjects they have been able to prepare for, they were able to bring one page of notes. In Ecology the participants answered questions about North American biomes and the relations to ecology. They are allowed to bring one page of notes. Finally, in Herpetology students were supposed to answer taxonomy questions relating to amphibians and reptiles, they were allowed to bring a three ring binder in it with anything they may find helpful.

Under Earth and Space Science the events were: Astronomy, and Rocks and Minerals. Jones and Mackey participated in Astronomy. Hunter and Williamson participated in Rocks and Minerals. In astronomy the students did activities and answered questions relating to stellar evolution and type II supernova. In Rocks and Minerals participants do task-oriented activities to show their knowledge of

the given rocks and minerals.

Under Physics there are two events: Hovercraft and Optics. Arnold and Sjoström participated in Hovercraft where they placed 13th and Arnold and Ezra Judd participated in Optics. In the Hovercraft event students are judged on their knowledge of mechanics as well as their ability to make a self-propelled air-levitated vehicle that moves down a track. In Optics they are tested on their knowledge of geometry and physical optics by participating in an



Left to Right: Macy Williamson, Raina Mortenson, Lily Maxie, Ben Costin, Chloe Hunter, Bella Mackey, Evie McCorkle, Keith Epperson, Billie Orahood, Reese Sjoström, Macy Knudsen, Tyler Arnold, Ezra Judd, Mrs. Tangedal. Bottom: Adessa Judd and Bonnie Jones.

activity that involves positioning mirrors to direct a laser beam to a target.

In the Chemistry category the events were Forensics and Material Sciences. In Forensics students are to use tests and obtain evidence to solve a crime. Mackey and Mortenson participated in Forensics and Epperson and Maxie placed 8th in Materials Science. In Materials Science, the participants participated in lab activities and had to answer a series of questions relating to polymers and plastics.

In the Technology and Engineering category there were three events: Helicopters, Mousetrap Vehicle, and Mission Possible. Costin and Maxie participated in Helicopter, Williamson and Costin participated in Mousetrap Vehicle and Ezra Judd and Sjoström placed 11th in Mission Possible. During Helicopters, students constructed and

test a helicopter for the maximum time aloft. In Mousetrap vehicle teams constructed a vehicle using one or two snap mousetraps as the only propulsion. Finally, In Mission Possible students constructed a Rube-Goldberg like machine that completes a required action.

In the last category, Inquiry and Nature of Science the events were Experimental Design and Write It, Do It. Evie McCorkle, Adessa Judd, and Orahood placed 17th in Experimental Design. During Experimental Design, teams were given items and must construct and experiment with the given objects. In Write It Do It Evie McCorkle and Adessa Judd participated placing 10th. Overall our team placed 19th out of 54 teams. Last of all, in Write It Do it, one student had to give a written description of how to build an object, and another student had to make the object as closely as possible.

Throughout the day as we participated in our events, we got the opportunity to explore the Bozeman campus also. In Between events we reported back to our headquarters where Mrs. Tangedal sat waiting in the Sub to hear about our events. We also attended lectures held by professors in the school. Overall our team placed 19th out of 54 teams, the trip was a fun experience and I am sure that we will keep improving as a team.

MALTA HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 2018 PRESENTS

THE ENCHANTED WINTER BALL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH

MUSTANG CAFETERIA

PICTURES - 5:00 PM - 7:00 AM

GRAND MARCH - 8:00 PM

DANCE - 9:00 PM - 12:00 AM

Getting to Know Our Foreign Exchange Students

Joanie Sjostrom
MG Staff

This year, in recognition of having three foreign exchange students attend Malta High this year, we interviewed them to learn a little bit more about themselves and their American experience. I interviewed Shozaburo Mine, a junior from Japan; Magnus Franzen, a junior from Denmark; and Brenda Roozendaal, a junior from the Netherlands.

Joanie Sjostrom: Which town in your country are you from and who do you live with there? Tell us about your family.

Shozaburo Mine: I live in Tokyo, Japan. I live there with my mother and sister. My father is living near his office, and my oldest brother is at Singapore University. I don't know what my second brother is doing now.

J.S.: What has always fascinated you about the United States?

S.M.: Hunting. Guns are illegal in Japan. It was a new experience for me.

J.S.: How old were you when you first started learning English and how long did it take you to learn it?

S.M.: I have been learning for two years.

J.S.: What made you decide that you wanted to come over and live here in the United States?

S.M.: My English teacher's experience and I want to go on a trip around the world. I'm studying English for my dream and my future job a little.

J.S.: What do you miss the most about home?

S.M.: My dogs and I want to talk to my father about my experience a little.

J.S.: What is your favorite part about America?

S.M.: The large ground and Dairy Queen. The people are funny. I like America.

J.S.: What is your least favorite part about America?

S.M.: Traffic. I can't go anywhere without a car.

J.S.: What surprises you the most about the United States?

S.M.: The use of cars. And I thought more people in America would know more about Japan. I want them to understand Japan.

J.S.: If you could change one thing about America what would it be?

S.M.: I wish people looked up to each other.

J.S.: Tell us something interesting about your country that most people might not know.

S.M.: We use the trains when we go somewhere most of the time and you might be surprised when it comes to Japan's technology.

J.S.:What are some similarities both our country and your country share?

S.M.: We have McDonalds, but we don't have Dairy Queen.



Shozaburo Mime - Photo by Joanie Sjostrom

Joanie Sjostrom: Which town in your country are you from and who do you live with there? Tell us about your family.

Magnus Franzen: I come from a little town in Denmark called Ølhom. The population of that town is about 2000 people and I live there with my mom, dad, and brother who is three years older than me.

J.S.: What has always fascinated you about the United States?

M.F.: I've always been fascinated about different cultures and America seemed really fascinating.

J.S.: How old were you when you first started learning English and how long did it take you to learn it?

M.F.: In Denmark you learn English in third grade, but I learned English earlier than that by playing video games. I think that I had all the basics down in 5th grade, but I'm still improving my vocabulary.

J.S.: What made you decide that you wanted to come over and live here in the United States?

M.F.: I wanted to go see the world before I started on the next step of my education.

J.S.: What do you miss the most about home?

M.F.: My friends and family. But I don't spend that much time thinking about it. I try to do as much here as possible.

J.S.: What is your favorite part about America?

M.F.: That there's a lot of sports. I really enjoy trying as much as possible.

J.S.: What is your least favorite part about America?

M.F.: I don't think I have something I dislike about America.

J.S.: What surprises you the most about the United States?

M.F.: I think what surprises me most is the long distance there is between everything.

J.S.: If you could change one thing about America what would it be?

M.F.: I would change America just to make it easier.

J.S.: Tell us something interesting about your country that most people might not know.

M.F.: In Denmark we have a royal family. But we do not have a king because the last king didn't have a son. The royal family doesn't really do anything, they're just there.

J.S.: What are some similarities both our country and your country share?

M.F.: The thing that is really different is the distance, everything is a lot further away here, where in Denmark, everything is really close.



Magnus Franzen - Photo by Joanie Sjostrom

you wanted to come over and live here in the United States?

B.R.: Last year I graduated from my high school in Amsterdam and I didn't feel ready to go to college, so I decided to take a gap year.

J.S.: What do you miss the most about home?

B.R.: My friends and family!

J.S.: What is your favorite part about America?

B.R.: All the new people I get to meet here.

J.S.: What is your least favorite part about America?

B.R.: That everything is really far away from each other.

J.S.: What surprises you the most about the United States?

B.R.: There are way smaller towns

here than I thought.

J.S.: If you could change one thing about America what would it be?

B.R.: The long distance between all of the places.

J.S.: Tell us something interesting about your country that most people might not know.

B.R.: There are more bikes than people in the Netherlands.

J.S.: What are some similarities both our country and your country share?

B.R.: Back in Amsterdam, they sell some American food, like super overpriced Pop Tarts, Reese's, Hershey's, and here they sell some Dutch food, like Stroopwafels and Gouda cheese.



Brenda Roozendaal - Photo by Joanie Sjostrom

Joanie Sjostrom: Which town in your country are you from and who do you live with there? Tell us about your family.

Brenda Roozendaal: I'm from Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and I live there with my mom, dad, two older brothers, one older sister, and one younger sister.

J.S.: What has always fascinated you about the United States?

B.R.: How big of a country it is. The Netherlands fits 237 times in the U.S.A.

J.S.: How old were you when you first started learning English, and how long did it take you to learn it?

B.R.: I was twelve when I started learning it, but it took me about two years to say most things.

J.S.: What made you decide that

The Other Great Wall of China

Joanie Sjostrom
MG Staff

The Great Wall of China isn't China's only great wall; over the past several years, China has been in the works of creating a new version of the Great Wall: the Firewall of China.

Over here in the United States, one of our most cherished rights is the freedom of the press. We can say anything we want, post anything we want, and search anything we want. There are pretty much no restrictions to what we can't access and look up. We as Americans take this for granted, but little do we know how lucky we actually are. The people of China, have never had these kinds of rights.

When most people think of China, they think about the fact that it is a



China's President, Xi Jinping. Photo credits: CBNC.com

strict communist country and that the citizens there have almost no individual freedom. China has always been strict with its people, but over the past several years, China has crossed a new line into personal freedoms. They have started taking complete control over the media of their citizens. They've blocked foreign sites and can control what people search and see on the internet. China calls this new wall of internet censorship and surveillance the Golden Shield.

According to BBC News, China's president, Xi Jinping, has been described by Reporters Without Borders (RSF), as the "planet's leading censor and press freedom predator." China does not allow the viewing of many American websites such as, Instagram, Facebook, Twitter, YouTube, or even Google. The bigger cities, like Beijing, try to restrict the access of viewing foreign news sites by blocking websites, restricting the use of satellite receivers and rebroadcasting, and by jamming shortwave broadcasts. The Chinese government has many cyber-police watching the web and monitoring it and may filter whatever they feel is deemed politically or socially sensitive.

China has been in the works of strengthening their Golden Shield since the internet first arrived to them. They first got the internet in January of 1996,

and in August of that same year, they began to block certain foreign websites. The Washington Post explains that the censoring system that they have now, really began to be created in the early 2000s. Because of the amount of freedom we Americans have on the web, there is a lot of potentially dangerous

information on the communist party posted by us, that is out for viewing to almost anyone who has access to our internet sites. The Communist Party does not want risk having any outside information harmful to their party, to be let in and seen by the common folk. Therefore, the first major American site to be blocked was Google in September of 2002, followed by YouTube in 2008, and Facebook and Twitter in 2009. Some international English websites like the BBC are very often available for the citizens to access and view. However, the Communist Party rhetoric is filtered and so are the English websites if the government officials feel there are times of tension.

For the most part, all of China's news forms are regulated and controlled by the government. The government chooses what is sent out over the TV programs,

radios, and newspapers. China has the largest internet-using population in the world and with this, over 90 percent of these online users can access the internet using their smartphones. Baidu is the name of their local search engine which is heavily censored in its results. Whenever someone searches

the internet in China, there is a web filtering system called the "Great Firewall of China", that extensively blocks tens of thousands of websites using keyword censoring and URL filtering. You

can search whatever you want, but there is no guarantee that you will be able to view true information or any information on it at all.

In 2015, the Chinese brought the "Great Fire Cannon" into effect. This is an addition to their firewall that allows it to intercept data coming to and from individual IP addresses. Because of this, it is now much harder to use circumvention tools, such as virtual private networks (VPNs). Few people have worked their way around this firewall, but for the most part, it keeps the general public hidden. The people can only see what the government wants them to see.

"China calls this new wall of internet censorship and surveillance the Golden Shield..."

MHS Student



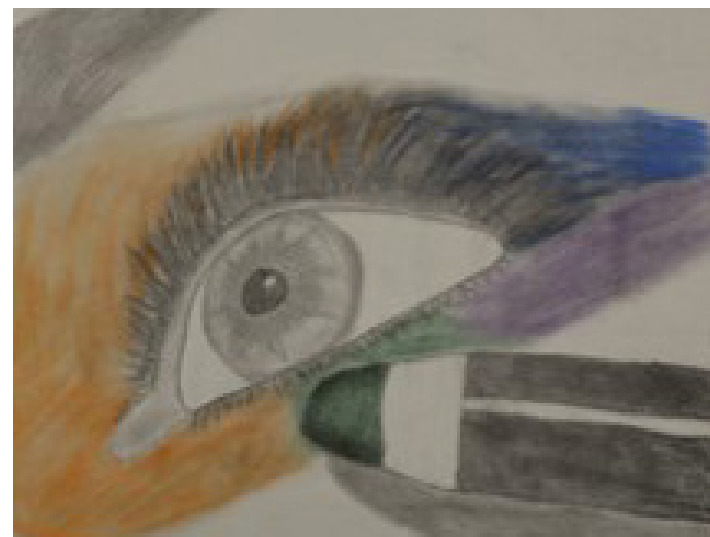
Submitted by Evie McCorkle.



Submitted by Ella Schye.



Submitted by Erika Nagy.



Submitted by Ella Schye.

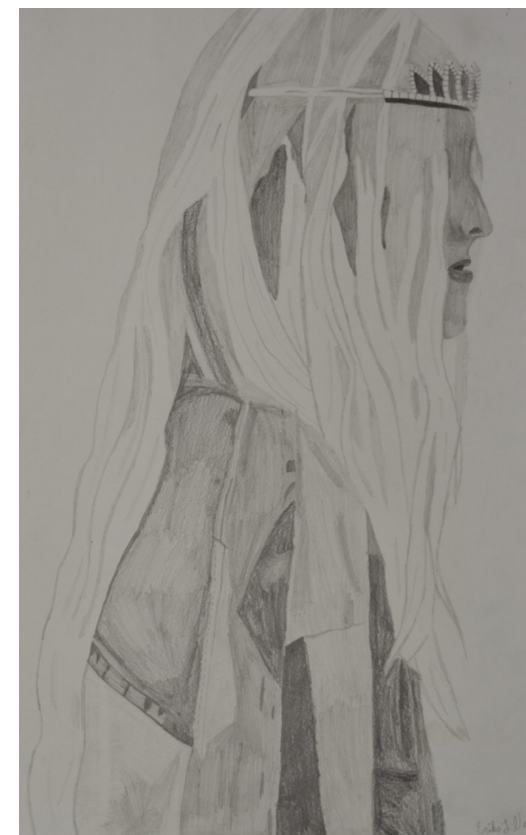


Submitted by Reba Doucette.

Art Work



Submitted by Erika Nagy.



Submitted by Ella Schye.



Submitted by Adam Mummey and Dawn Jenkins.



Local Arts Fair Competition

Evie McCorkle
MG Staff

With over one hundred entries from around our county, three awards were given to 3 age groups for the Art Spot's Arts Fair Competition. With influence from Mrs. Labrie and the sponsor, Kathy Bagley, students entered their two dimensional artwork for the opportunity to win cash prizes. The first place winners won \$50, second received \$40, and third received \$30. In the elementary school group Jade Imlay won 1st and 2nd place and Hailey Judd placed 3rd. In middle school, Tia Siewing took first, Ashlynn Morser took second, and Lauren Tuss took third. Finally, in the high school category, Evie McCorkle took first and second places and Erika Nagy took third.



Walking

Submitted by Billie Orahood

For me as a child, special considerations had to be taken when buying me clothes, so other people wouldn't see this knock-kneed, marionette look-alike with a metabolism that was too high, and think her parents had maybe forgotten to feed her once or a few times in a row. This was a disadvantage I shared with none of my sisters who I was otherwise nearly identical to. It caused me not only to get more than a few worried glances from strangers, but also made winter-time excursions possibly life-threatening in my eight-year old mind's eye. It also resulted in a dresser drawer full of long john's, under armour long-sleeve shirts, and plenty of fuzzy sweaters, all of which did no good to me put neatly away in my room when I was out.

One of my more vivid lapses in judgment was made notable by the day our '92 bedless Chevy pickup decided that three out of the six miles to school was good enough, and quit the day the snow measured around 3 feet deep. We were on our way to school and were the

usual ten minutes late already. I thought this meant that we would wait for our Dad to come with our bi-directional tractor and we would just scrap the idea of school for the day.

"It's closer to school than it is to home, we could probably just walk," said my sister Jessie. I never really liked Jessie.

We could cut the rest of the trip down to a mile and a half if we went across the pasture and go through a, luckily empty, creek bed. My mom decided on this course of action, and I shot Jessie a glare as my heart sank. So, my mom, my three sisters and I began to trudge through the chilly snow that was mid-thigh.

"Billie, you remembered your long johns



today, right?" my mom inquired, having learned from past experience my disdain for actually taking care of myself. She had seen my fingers turn purple and my face pale, even for me, more times than she probably would've liked.

"Yep," I replied. I had learned nothing. I was at the back of the procession, keeping my face down and eyes closed, so they wouldn't hurt from staring at the glittering white that surrounded me.

I thought about maybe taking a brief siesta and trying again later. The thought of just lying down in the fluffy powder seemed like the best idea in the world. My pace slowed and I

glanced around, looking for a decent sized mound. My mother must have guessed this idea, because soon my oldest sister, Jessie, came to the back and began to trail me, keeping me from falling behind. We got to the small, two-room schoolhouse around an hour and a half late, and I immediately began to take off my soaking winter layers with almost unbending fingers. I pulled my desk in front of the stove and stayed there until after lunch. Eventually, my toes got feeling, the frost melted from my eyelashes and my mind wandered to the dresser drawer full of cozy clothes all neatly put away. That was the last day that they went unused that winter.

"It's closer to school than it is to home, we could probably just walk," said my sister Jessie. I never really liked Jessie.

Malta Jazz Shenanigans

JOANIE SJOSTROM
MG STAFF

The jazz concerts are one of the most underappreciated components of our music system here in Malta. They do not get the recognition that they deserve. Their concerts are shorter, more laid back, and contain some really interesting music. You never know what you will get when you go to the jazz concerts. You'll hear slow jazz, upbeat jazz, rock songs, and in this year's case, a little bit of rap.

For this year, our jazz ensemble is made up of Blake Chambers on the trombone, Reese Sjostrom on the bass, Tyler Arnold on the guitar, Raina Mortenson on the tenor saxophone, Bella Mackey on the flute, Shozaburo Mine on the drums, and Travis Epperson on the bass clarinet. The group played many of my favorite songs this year, including, Cold Duck Time, Seven Nation Army with a jazz twist to it, and Cantaloupe Island.

Each song is kind of set up the same way. It contains the head, which is similar to a chorus, and a solo section. With these solos, there is no music to follow along with, so the person playing the solo makes up their own from a certain set of notes. Again, you never know what you will hear. Each instrument and song is different, so no two solos will be the same. There was a lot of variety in solos at this year's concert. I heard many fast and slow solos, and many high and low solos. Every once in awhile, Mr. Engebretson even stepped in to play his own solo.

I have to say that Cantaloupe Island was by far the most interesting. Besides the music and solos that go along with it, it had an interesting kick to it. Travis Epperson was the star of the show on this song. He achieved this by making up his own rap to sing with the song. It was so good, that he had the whole audience laughing with him. When he was finished rapping his part, he had another special treat for us. In his black duffel bag, he had fresh bananas that he chose to throw out at the crowd. It took everyone in the audience by surprise, but they all loved it. It was nothing like I had ever seen before.



In early November, I had the opportunity to attend the jazz concert here at Malta High.

The Box of Tacks

Submitted by Joanie Sjostrom

Terrorizing my sister as a child was always one of the things that brought me the most joy. That is until my mom had scolded me for it. There were many instances that ended in my sister crying, me laughing, and me getting into trouble.

My room was located upstairs near the back of the house, but I spent most of my time downstairs playing in the cold basement with all of our various toys and dolls. The basement also contained a few spare rooms and my mother's sewing room. I do not know why, but as I played with my frizzy, orange haired Cabbage Patch doll, I suddenly felt compelled to go take a look in my mom's sewing room. I left my doll carelessly on the ground as I started to walk toward the sewing room. When I got there, I flicked on the light switch, and the bare, single bulb illuminated the room. As my eyes drifted around the room and settled on a small, clear box filled with colorful, shiny little tacks, a lightbulb went off in my head. A small smile creeped across my face as I snatched up the little box, shut the light off, and ran for the staircase.

As I scurried up the stairs, I could hear my mom shuffling around the kitchen and cartoons playing loudly on the TV. I could smell the warm, gooey, scent of chocolate chip cookies baking in the oven. I approached the top of the stairs and stopped. I could see my sister sitting to the left of me on our cushy, dark brown couch. My mother was to the right of me running around frantically trying to get the cookies out of the oven before they started to burn.

I hid the cool, little box of tacks behind my back as I walked quickly over to my sister. She heard me coming and she turned her head to stare at me with a troubled look on her face. It was as if she knew I was up to no good. Reese looked so innocent sitting there with her messy, short blonde hair, her small blue eyes, and her sky blue footie pajamas. And for a split second, I almost felt bad for what I was about to do to her.

I slowly brought the box of tacks from behind my back for Reese to see. She didn't know much about what was in the box except that the colorful little things inside were sharp. I started to shake the box back and forth. The tacks started rattling around like crazy. "You better run," I told Reese with a sly voice. She hopped off the couch and ran for



Photo taken by Greg Sjostrom.

it. I could hear her feet thumping along as I turned and started chasing after her. Shaking the little box, I ran past the living room and into the kitchen where Reese decided to stop and hide. "Ha!" I shrieked as I looked under the mahogany table, "I found you!" Reese screamed and scrambled out from under it and made a break for the living room again. Again, I started after her. We could hear my mother yelling at us to stop making so much noise, but neither of us paid any attention to her. As I ran into the living room, I whooped with laughter. I was having the time of my life terrorizing Reese. I was laughing so hard that tears were running down my face, clouding my vision. I halted to a stop to take a breath and clear my eyes.

When I opened my eyes, I realized that the tacks were no longer in their little box, they were littered all over the brown carpet. I saw them before I felt little stabbing sensations in my feet. I managed to hop up on the couch and sink in besides my sister who also had what seemed like a million tacks embedded in the soles of her feet. Fat tears streamed down her face from her watery blue eyes as she wailed a cry to my mom for help. Annoyed as I was for her to call to mom, I did feel the tiniest bit bad for her. That ended quickly though when my mother came in and started to scold me for what I had done. As she plucked the tacks from our feet, I was told by her that I was going to have a serious timeout.

It wasn't the pain for the tacks in my feet that bothered me, but the fact that I had gotten into trouble once again. I was only trying to make some fun for myself and it wasn't my fault the tacks flew out of their box. After I spent a while in the corner, "thinking about what I had done", I realized that I should always take caution of others, even when it seems no harm can be done.

"And for a split second, I almost felt bad for what I was about to do to her."

A Series of Unfortunate Concussions

Submitted by Adam Mummy

I found out about pity at a young age. This was a time of endless wants from me, and a place where the word "no" was seldom used by my parents. I learned that I could use their feelings against them. I learned that being in pain makes them want to ease it. So by causing myself pain I got what I wanted, and my instrument of this deed was a metal light pole. I deliberately bashed my head onto its dull surface that allowed me to revel in the riches I won afterward, with a slight headache. This went on for a most of my early childhood, until that fateful day.

The last time happened on a winter day, one so cold in mid January. I ran from inside the house to the door and push. A crude push only a young child such as I could have done. The abrupt air began to freeze my young face, with red eyes and rivers flowing down. They freeze in the exposed environment. I scan to spot my instrument, the metallic light pole. In its dull surface, I can see everything I have ever gotten from it. Luxuries only a toddler can find comfort in such as toys and candy, and in its surface I now can see the next luxury. A steadfast dash to my instrument, my excitement outweighed my perception, I lose footing on the iced sidewalk and slip into the dull surface, headfirst and much more forceful than intended.

The world began to melt into an abysmal black and a spreading red. My eyes began to come back and the black faded away, but the red remained. That red came from my nose, a broken faucet of blood. This is not right, my instrument has turned on me. The luxuries in the pole shifted into a horrific symmetry, but I did not care. This would be my best prize yet, my best performance in my pain, their feelings will be tremendous, their pity a bountiful harvest for me to reap. Rising from my fall I perceive more of the world around me, hunting for where the door went. With target sighted I dashed back to the house, only to be felled once again by that fiend, the slippery sidewalk. This time the red was flung around my crashing sight, a snow pile. More blood flowed out and coated the front of my clothes. All I thought

was that this was even more for them to feel sorry for. Rising for the second time I look back to the pole, it was obvious where my journey's path was. The red dotted my track such as a pirate's map to treasure, that treasure leading back into the door.

Upon the arrival to the foot of the door, this time more careful of my footing, I shouted to my mother, "MOM! MY NOSE IS BLEEDING AND I SLIPPED." Reaching the handle I twisted

and in anticipation to try to open and enter, I crash headfirst into the door. Trying again I twist, pull, and shove at the handle to no avail. I was locked out, in reply to my struggles, I heard on the other side, "If you are going to just hit your head on that pole to make me feel sorry for you, then you have another thing coming mister!" I pound hard into that door, "Please mom I'm hurt and bleeding and I slipped and I want to come inside!" With this there was no reply. I sink down and curl on the doorstep, waiting to hear the unlock, to hear my mother gasping and coddling me to health, to hear their pity once more.

Eternity in a toddler's mind can consist of a window of just 5 minutes, and my eternity on the doorstep consisted of 15 minutes. By now the bleeding has stopped, but the cold has crept as an unwavering force. Staring back at the pole, between my shivers, I can no longer see the riches that it once had shown. Its appeasing glamour has faded and I see that it no longer has anything left for me. At this I finally heard the door click and I see my mother's face emerge from the other side. A face that grew into one of shock. She brought me quickly to the bathroom to wash off all the blood, and she begged me for forgiveness. She repeated her penance, asking for my forgiveness. My shirt definitely looked worse than the nosebleed actually was, but isn't that what I wanted? To exploit their feelings was my goal, to get their sweet pity, but this was bitter, and I can never taste pity as the same sweet ever again.

"...my instrument of this deed was a metal light pole."



The Addiction

Submitted by Bella Mackey

That day, in late April, my fleeting childhood was stolen from me, by the face of addiction.

The sepia tinted sunlight illuminates the hazy, straw-dust air of our brick red and banana-runt-colored barn. Time spent in the barn was nothing out of the ordinary for me; that day, however, my innocence, young and fragile, was destroyed. That day, that late April, my fleeting childhood was stolen from me, by the face of addiction. As all addictions do, mine started with nothing more than wide-eyed curiosity. Docking lamb tails was nothing unusual to me. In fact, the process of placing that little rubber Cheerios, colored as vividly as the spring leaves, made perfect sense to my five year-old mind. Completely logical. But, to leave the severed tails, why, it seemed unholy, such a waste. These beautiful, fuzzy, pure white lamb tails strewn about the property, I couldn't bear the thought of it! Not just the tails either, wherever I saw tails, I also saw lamb testicles. So I grabbed a handful and stuffed them deep into my pocket, hidden from the watchful eyes of my mother. I slunk to the kitchen, crawled on the counter, and opened the corner cabinet. A lazy-susan of options greeted me. Spinning the tiers of empty plastic containers, my wandering eyes searched for a home for my beloved new companions. I finally found the perfect thing: a Jiff peanut butter jar. I need a place to store them, I thought to myself. But where? My first thought was my bedroom, underneath my mattress, but the prying fingers of my brother swayed my mind elsewhere. I couldn't risk his nosiness. In addition, the four inch lump created could possibly alert my parents to my guilty pleasure. I gently place my lamb tails into my jar- severed side down, of course- close the lid, and tuck it inside my Carhartt coat. If I can't keep them inside the house, I'll have to settle for the next best option. As I walk down the path to our bum barn, I found more and more tails. I grabbed them all, shoving and stuffing them all in, like people crowding into a Tokyo subway. When the

Blurryface Review

Isabeau Markuson
MG Staff

"Blurryface," a Twenty-One Pilots album released in 2015, is an astonishing work of art created by two amazing young men, Tyler Joseph and Joshua Dun. Both are best friends who made it big. I personally enjoy their music, it's a mix of dealing with anxiety, depression, love, and fight. One line sung in the album is "I wanted to be a better adversary to the evil I have done." This shows how one wants to fight off the bad things and wrong that he has done in his life. One song on the Album is titled, "We

don't believe what's on TV." This is one thing that stands out. It shows how many people see things on TV that influence them to be something they aren't or what others want them to think in certain situations, and Tyler changes it into a work of art. Through the album there are different emotions for each song and that's being one downside due to the realization of how some people truly feel and being flooded with all emotions in a two hour period. You feel the way he feels when he is singing and it strikes you pretty hard at first. All in all they are an amazing alternative rock band, I would give five stars. If given the chance sit down, relax and listen.

bum barn finally crested the horizon and entered my line of sight, my giddiness did not wane. This covert habit continued for months, until the weather began to turn, and the bitter elements began to creep into my precious tail's home.

Once again, I needed someplace to stash them. The red pickup.

So I crept to the pickup and opened the driver's side door, then I shoved my arm underneath the seat, fishing around for anything that could ruin my perfectly chosen haven. Nothing was there to stop me. I slid the peanut butter jars (my collection had now grown to three packed jars) under the seat, slammed the door, and waltzed back to the house, beaming with pride from my sly operation. Everything was perfect. That was, until the day my dad needed the pistol out from under the seat.

Fear coursed through little heart as he climbed out of the pickup and reached under the seat. I will never forget the look of puzzlement on his face as he pulled out not one, but three full jars of lamb parts. My addiction was revealed. He looked at me as if to say something, but nothing came out besides an astounded "whaaaaa" as realization crossed his face. After what seemed like hours, but couldn't have been more than a minute, he looked at me and asked: "Do you have any idea how these could have gotten here?" I sensed that the question was rhetorical. I looked down and shuffled my feet. "They're just so... pretty. They shouldn't have to stay out in the cold all winter. They'll get covered in snow and, and, and we can't ever find them again!"

The image of my father's disgust and shock has never left my mind. He never spoke to me about the incident again; he just gave me back my jars and told me to find a new home for them. That day I learned that an addiction, though harmless, can certainly leave an impression on people.



Bicycle Mishaps

Submitted by Zach Drabbs



Photo Taken By Joanie Sjostrom.

thoughts that went through my head. Laying there in that loud, brightly lit space known as the E.R. , getting the short, deep canyons of flesh sewed back together.

"Man, this is fun!" one of the other kids shouted. On that hot, stuffy, June day. There was nothing better to a group of young kids trapped in a yard than a bike. No one cared how bad it was. We were just happy we got to use it. "It" referring to the

old, chrome pedal bike that had existed for as long as we knew. Everything on it was either falling off or broken. But to us, it was a symbol of summer, an actualization of responsibilities left to come. "Woo Hoo!" another would shout, as we sat on the steps in front of my house talking about others and what we hoped was for lunch. There was a very delicate system in place as to who went next. It consisted of whoever called next and could hop on the bike the fastest. But those steps, they were cool, a dark grey. They were a meeting place of our young minds, and the way everyone took to go into the house. So we would often have to scoot to the sides, as people would walk in and out. "What a great day!" someone else shouted. So as we sat there thinking about how we were going to waste the rest of the day, we all heard "How do I stop this thing?", as the brakes no longer worked. We told them the only way was to stop pedaling, and fall into the grass. Then, my mind went into overdrive as I attempted to figure out another solution to the problem of stopping. Soon, the rest of the kids on those front steps knew what was about to happen, and how sweet it would be. When the kid finally fell, I leapt up off the top step, shouted "Next!" and took off running. I grabbed the bike and told the kids to get off the steps. Those concrete steps were going to be a perfect stopping block. Soon I started pedaling, faster and harder than I had ever pedaled before. To those sitting on the steps, there was just a blur of silver

STUBBY

Submitted by Evie McCorkle

I can see the scene unfolding before me. A dorky four eyed, first grader with uneven, straight across bangs who just wants to help a kitten in this unfortunate event.

It all started with my brothers cat, Stubby. We called her that because of the short stub that was her tail. She wasn't very big or very old when she had her first (and last) bunch of kittens. She had six newborn kittens, some calico, and some black and white. The kittens had a bed in the hallway next to my room, and they stayed there almost twenty-four hours a day with their mom. On this particular day, Stubby was not with them. I was playing with the kittens when I wanted to take one to my room, but as I closed my flimsy wood door, I heard a pitiful cry. A kitten had gotten its tail stuck in the door. I bent down to make sure he was okay when I heard a looming hissing, quickly making its way towards me. When the kitten cried, Momma cat responded. As soon as I realized what was

happening I tried to push my way into the nearest room, to escape before this beast reached me. I would have made it in time, but my snobby sister would not let me in, no matter how hard I tried. The way she looked through the crack in the door at this terror happening, it seemed like a movie scene.

I don't remember the actual attack, I closed my juvenile eyes and hoped for the best, I was already crying at this point. My tears flowing like Alice's in Wonderland. After it was over my seemingly giant dad attempted to take me to the emergency room. But I noticed something that made me so very upset. My brand new, pink strawberry shortcake backpack, that had wheels like a suitcase, was splattered in my blood. I put two and two together. My mother had beaten the cat off of my head with my favorite backpack! I could not believe it. My anger for that cat, and what it did to my backpack has never dwindled. Another thing that haunts me to this day was that in the living room, merely 40 feet from where this brutal and bloody attack

and person. Soon, three laps around the yard were completed. There was never going to be a better time to attempt what is now known as a very stupid and childish idea. Halfway through the fourth lap, I made a sudden turn. A sharp turn, straight towards the house and those unassuming, cold, gray steps. The rest of the kids made a run for it as I made the final approach. Before anyone knew it, the already slightly misshapen front tire made contact with the strongest part of our play area. Then for what felt like an eternity, nothing but a silent blackness that enveloped all. When my eyes finally fluttered open, the bike was on its side, and unable to be ridden anymore. Everyone else was completely frozen in shock, unable to process what just happened. Only half of vision was usable, the other half was covered in a thick, red substance that was completely foreign to an eight year-old. It took many minutes to reach the door, only a few feet in front of a broken body, as there was no sense of direction, time, or distance. An hour later, we learned I had split an eyelid and broke my nose clean open.

After that, I had learned that all bikes are evil and should never be messed with again. From then on, my campaign to rid the world of bikes began. It never made it far. Too many were already engrossed by their ease of transportation. Bikes are evil. They will always end up hurting you. Do not attempt to use on. They only end in pain. Also stay off the highway.

had just happened, was my newborn baby sister. It disturbed me to know that the little ball of innocence was that close to a horror scene.

I eventually made it to the emergency room. I complained the whole time. It was way too bright, and I was way too cold. Turns out

both of these symptoms were from the excessive amount of blood I lost. I can't remember the doctor, but I know what he did. He took his blue gloves, and what looked like a tube of Super Glue, he glued my face together in two places. I had two cuts on my face that were both about an inch long. One was on my forehead. Stubby took part

of my bangs. I also had a deeper cut on my chin. Aside from this, I also had to get stitches. On the top of my head, I had 5 stitches. I was so upset, he had to shave my head there too. My haircut went from bad, to wretched in merely a few hours. It's weird to think all of this could have been avoided, had my rudely obnoxious sister let me in the room.

"I heard a pitiful cry. A kitten had gotten its tail stuck in the door."



JOURNALISM SENIOR SALUTE 2017 EVIE McCORKLE

Isabeau Markuson
MG Staff

“My favorite part of high school was being able to graduate early.” After early graduation, Evie plans to head out to Oregon to attend Portland Community College to study business. Evie’s artistic and writing skills made her a perfect fit for journalism.

We all love her strong, bold character. She will be dearly missed here, but we wish her the best in the future.

“ We ain’t picture perfect
but we worth the Picture still’
~J Cole

Evie McCorkle, a senior states while saying her farewell to Malta High school. Evie was involved in journalism for four years, PCN intern, cheer for three seasons, and Science Olympiad for two.

MALTA HIGH SCHOOL SEMESTER TEST SCHEDULE-DECEMBER 21-22, 2017 <i>STUDENTS ONLY COME DURING SCHEDULED TESTS</i>			
Thursday, December 21st			
Session 1 8:15 - 9:45	Session 2 10:00 - 11:30	Session 3 12:15 - 1:45	Session 4 1:45 - 3:00
Chemistry S. Estill Rm 301 - S. Estill	English 10 K. Ebert Rm 212 - B. Bruce Rm 205 -G. Messerly	US History S. Beth Rm 211 - S. Beth	Economics S. Bleth Rm 211 - S. King Rm 212 - D. Henry
English 9 A. Pankratz Rm 210 - B. Benton Rm 212 - A. Schye	Algebra I N. Oxarart Rm 207 - N. Oxarart	US History T. Somerfeld Rm 209 - T. Somerfeld	Biology K. Tangedal Rm 305 - B. Bruce Rm 305 - K. Ebert
Geometry B. Galt Rm 208 - B. Galt	Forensics S. Estill Rm 301 - S. Estill	English 12 A. Pankratz Rm 210 - A. Schye Rm 205 - K. Tangedal	Algebra II B. Galt Rm 208 - A. Schye Rm 201 - J. Benn
	AP English A.Pankratz Rm 210 - A. Pankratz		
Friday, December 22nd			
Session 1 8:15 - 9:45	Session 2 10:00 - 11:30	Session 3 12:15 - 1:45	Session 4 1:45 - 3:00
Geography T. Somerfeld Rm 209 - B. Benton Rm 211 - L. Swigen	Pre-Algebra B. Galt Rm 208 - B. Galt		
Earth Science K. Tangedal Rm 303 - E. Engebretson Rm 305 - G Messerly	English 11 K. Ebert Rm 209 - G. Messerly Rm 212 - B. Bruce		
Calculus/College Alg N. Oxarart Rm 207 - S. Estill Rm 202 - C. Costin	Business Math N. Oxarart Rm 207 - N. Oxarart		
CLASSES NOT LISTED -TESTS CAN BE GIVEN PRIOR. SCHOOL DISMISSED AT NOON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22ND. SCHOOL RESUMES TUESDAY, JANUARY 2ND.			



GAZETTE STAFF

Annabelle Giblette
Leslie Young
Isabeau Markuson
Joanie Sjostrom
Evie McCorkle
Mrs. Pankratz

Sudoku Challenge

Submitted by Leslie Young

5	3			7				
6			1	9	5			
	9	8						6
8				6				3
4			8		3			1
7				2				6
	6					2	8	
			4	1	9			5
				8			7	9

Ray J's Newest Edition

Annabelle Giblette
MG Staff

Who knew Ray J's BBQ would begin making pizza? Walking through the doors of the rustic-style family restaurant, I was informed that even though they still have their classic menu items, they had now recently added pizza to their broad menu.

I decided to order a classic, one-topping personal pan pizza, even though you are able to order almost anything you would like on your own pizza. The pizza was very tasty, filling, and very well cooked. My order, although made for

one person, was surprisingly bigger than I had expected. They also have a very broad selection of beverages, of which I chose a medium lemonade, and I absolutely loved it. Their service was very quick and efficient, and they were all very kind.

In closing, consider Ray J's when in need of a good meal. Whether you decided to order from their classic menu, or even wanting to try out their newest addition! Their address is 2nd West Box 976, N 1st St E. They are open Monday-Saturday, from 11AM-10PM. Phone: (406) 654-2159.