



The Junior High Informer

Jan. 17, 2003, Southeast of Saline, 5056 E. K-4 Highway, Gypsum KS 67448, No. 2



Stuco member Shayla Seim limbos with Matt Hettenbach and Sarah Anderes holding the pole at the Stuco-sponsored dance Dec. 14.(Photo by Mr. Gary Mclure)

The Junior High Informer

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This issue of the JUNIOR HIGH INFORMER has been produced by the first semester Creative Writing classes.

Students in the two Creative Writing classes have written all the stories in this newspaper. No attempt has been made to balance news coverage; students have chosen their own topics.

Writers' editorial opinions expressed through this publication do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the entire class, the advisor, or the administration.

Students suggest ways to deal with budget crunch

By Alex Earles

The State of Kansas may be \$800 million short next year, and since education funding comprises more than half of the state's budget, this shortfall is likely to hurt schools.

Our school has already taken one noticeable hit from previous government cutting. School budgets were trimmed by \$17 million earlier this year, and if a bigger cut comes next year, this cut will definitely affect Southeast of Saline somehow.

I took a random poll of 13 junior high students and teachers asking them this question: "With the recent budget cuts, should the government raise taxes of the citizens, or is it up to our school to find ways to save money and, if so, what things can they change?"

Three out of 13 students and teachers said that taxes should be raised.

"Our school has already cut and changed so many things," one said.

"Having people pay more means our teachers wouldn't have the risk of getting fired," another added.

Ten out of thirteen students and teachers believe that our school should attempt to find ways to save money. They suggested a few ways they feel our school should change in order to save money.

Included among their suggestions were the following:

"Charge an out of district fee to those students who come from out of our school's district."

"Have students who ride the sport bus pay a seasonally fee."

"Pay more money to get into sport games."

"Stop the district newsletter that we send out monthly."

"Charge students for yearbooks, student planners, and rule books."

These were only a few suggestions made by junior high students and teachers, but I did notice that no one suggested to firing staff or eliminating sports programs. That obviously shows what is important to the students and teachers who were polled.



Haven't you heard? Good Charlotte rocks

By Katie Waddle

Haven't you heard about Good Charlotte? I recently took a survey of music preference and Good Charlotte and Eminem won.

But because some don't approve of Eminem and his hatred lyrics and repetitive cursing, and since I like Good Charlotte better anyway, I decided I would do a story on Good Charlotte.



In case you haven't heard much about GC, I can give you some info. They consider themselves a punk band.

I would say they are a mix of punk and pop. Their first hit single was "Little Things" in 2000, which you won't hear on the radio.

But their latest hit you will. "Lifestyles of The Rich And Famous" has made GC go gold and platinum.

You won't hear GC sing about drugs or sex, but most of their lyrics are inspired by tales of adolescent anguish. They had many negative teen experiences. For example, their father suddenly walked out, leaving the family in a blunder and prompting the twins to stop using his last name when they were sixteen. Some time later, some kids called their house pretending to be record executives offering a profitable deal.

The song "Little Things" on their first album was about their high school

horror, and "Hold On," on The Young and the Hopeless, their second album, is about the suffering Joel and Benji went through in high school. It tells about how Benji and Joel dealt with thoughts of suicide. "We all bleed the same way that you do and we all have the same things to go through," Joel sings on the album.

In case you want some stats, the lead singer is Joel, Benji and Billy play guitar, and Paul plays bass.

Joel and Benji are 23 and twins. Billy and Paul, both 21, were befriended by Joel and Benji in high school. The band was formed when Joel and Benji were seventeen.

This is a group that teenagers will like, and if their parents don't mind an occasional suicide reference, they'll probably allow the CD in the house.

Two seminar trips is too restrictive

By Skylar Nosker

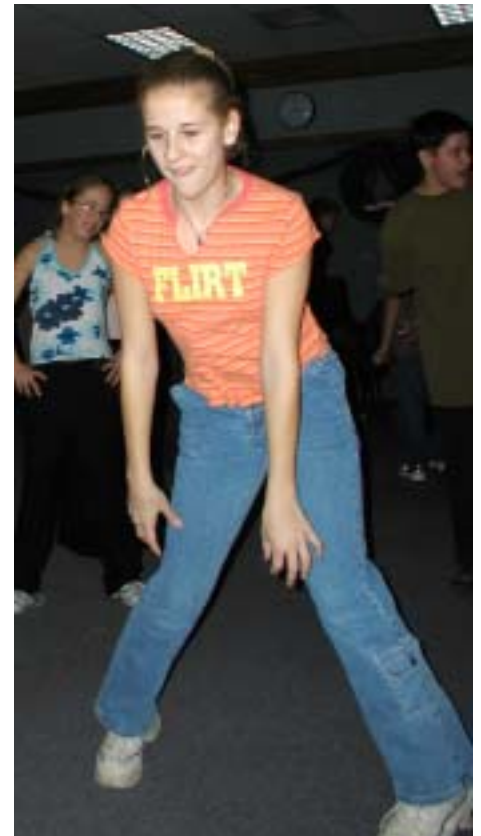
When that bell rings at 1:45 on Tuesday or Thursday and you rush out of the classroom to your locker, grab your homework, and head to seminar, you realize that you have to go to a couple of classes to get help, but then you realize that you can only go to two places.

You go to your two main places that you need the most help. Then, you get back to your seminar trying to do your homework but you just can't figure out what to do. Right then and there, you wonder why you only get two trips during seminar...and you keep wondering that for the next 45 minutes because you can't do your homework without the help of the teacher who assigned it.

Teachers have said that we only get two seminar passes because when they allowed us to go as many times as we wanted, kids were abusing that opportunity and were just hanging out or not going to the places they said they were going to.

We should be given at least one more chance. It probably wouldn't work to allow unlimited movement, but if you allow us one more trip, it would do me and a lot of other people a lot of good.

So, Mr. Couchman and teachers, especially the ones on the seminar committee, if you read this, please take it under consideration and change the seminar passes so we can go to more than two places.



Seventh grader Chelsie Green goes solo at the December Stuco dance. (Photo by Mr. Gary Mclure)



Double Faced

By Aaron Plymell

She is beautiful.
Her blue eyes flow like
the ocean
Her touch is smooth as
silk,
Her lips as red as a rose.
On the outside, she is
beautiful
But
I know she is ugly inside
Like a garbage dump
Because she walks by
me and stares
With a look that tells me
to go bungee jumping
without a cord.

Surrounded in Darkness

By Meaghan Ryan

*The days seemed to never end.
She was drowning slowly in her sorrow.
She looked at him and knew,
That they had to tell the truth.*

*They couldn't reverse what happened
And it came so fast. They were so young
But the blade was so sharp,
The room was so cold.
The innocent baby never had a chance*

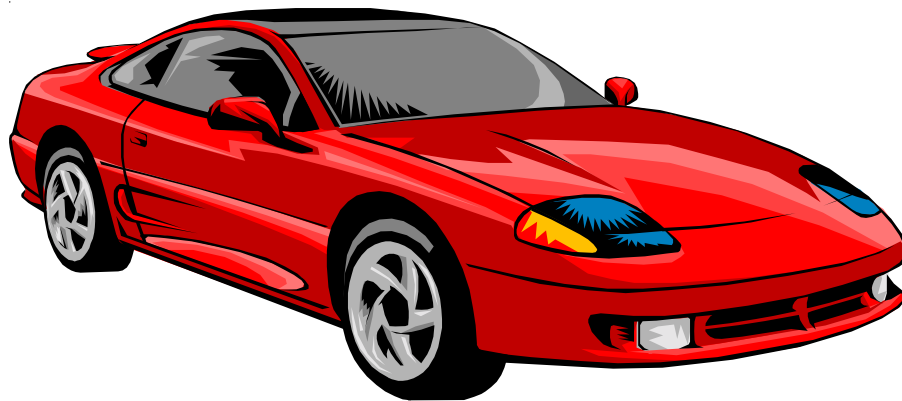
*Telling no one,
They held the bundle of pain inside,
And discarded the miracle of life.*

*They sat alone with their heads hanging,
Empty and cold,
Trying to figure out,
Who should say the first word.*

Car Shopping

By Joel Pengra

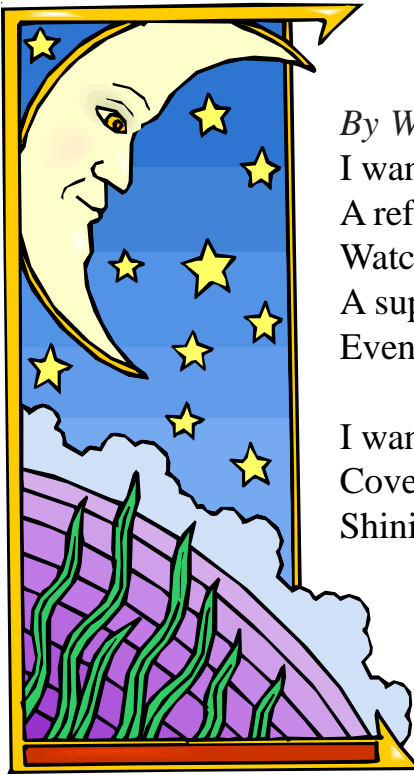
Looking through the windows of the new shiny cars, I could see the untouched buttons and the brand new leather covering on the seats. My hand gently opened the door as a wave of the fresh scent rushed through my nose. My nostrils took in the soft and luxurious aroma of the driver's seat that had been locked in the vehicle. The black steering wheel and the buttons were shiny with green letters that were in mint condition like the car. I tapped the pedals with my feet. Gently getting out of the car, I went around to the back to admire the trunk. I popped it as the same wave engulfed me. I could almost taste the scent as I stared at the clean brown fabric in the back.



"Let's go; we are only window shopping!" my dad yelled.

So I closed the trunk and walked over to meet my dad. I opened the door of our 1983 Chevy truck that had rusty doors and had a cracked windshield. An odor emanated from the truck, but it wasn't fresh like the other. It was the dirty smell of grime and oil. The faint smell of cigarette smoke loomed in the air.

My dad twisted the key as the whole truck vibrated and took off down the road. My thoughts were not on the old beat-up truck. They were on the beautiful car that just passed out of the rear window.



Free Verse

By Wyatt Hill

I want to be like the moon,
A reflection in the midnight sky,
Watching the geese flicker and fly,
A superior being shining so bright,
Even though I'm so out of sight.

I want to be like the moon,
Covered in clouds, in the darkest of nights,
Shining my brilliance upon the world of lights.

Male

By Aaron Appleby

Boy
Small, gentle
Working learning, fishing
Games, toys, guns, tools
Hunting, fixing, shooting
Big, rough
Man

Haikus

By Tim Nicholson

She stands there staring	The doe lays there limp
Her hair blowing in the wind	Her heart pierced by one bullet
Her heart is broken	She can love no more

The Volleyball Game

By Chelsey Kincaid

"Ball's up," I hear everyone on the other team shout as I serve the ball over the net.

Smack! The ball hit someone's forearms and went off to the left of the gym. I hear people shouting, "You can do it! Just one more and we will win," as I got the ball to serve again. All of a sudden, the gym got so quiet I could hear my heart thumping in my throat. It was thumping now more than ever because everyone was depending on me.

I stood there tired and sweaty, holding the ball, waiting for the referee to give me the okay to serve it. I threw the ball up and — wham — I hit it with all the force I could.

Boom! Someone on the other team hit it. My heart is racing as we start to volley.

"Got it" and "mine," I hear people say.

Finally the ball gets to me and I spike it right down the opponent's throat. Boom! It goes crashing to the floor and all of a sudden I hear the crowd scream! I feel my teammates huddle around me and we do our victory cheer. Victory is sweet.



The Moment

By Bryson Flax

"Strike three! You're out!" yells the umpire with all his might, as Joel stomped back to the dug-out and throws his helmet against the bench.



Now it was my turn to step up to the box and swing away. It was zero to zero in the bottom of the ninth inning. Both pitchers had thrown a no hitter up to this point. I pace into the batters' box and tighten my grip on the bat. The pitcher steps onto the mound, ready to throw the hardest pitch of his life.

The catcher gives the signal. The pitcher takes a step back to start the wind-up and chucks it his hardest. The pitch is inside so, I decided to lie off.

"Strike one!" the umpire screams.

"Dang!" I said to myself as I step out of the box.

As I step back into the box, gritting my teeth, and gripping the bat even harder than before.

The pitcher winds up again, throws... I swing with much of my force.

"Strike two!" yells the umpire.

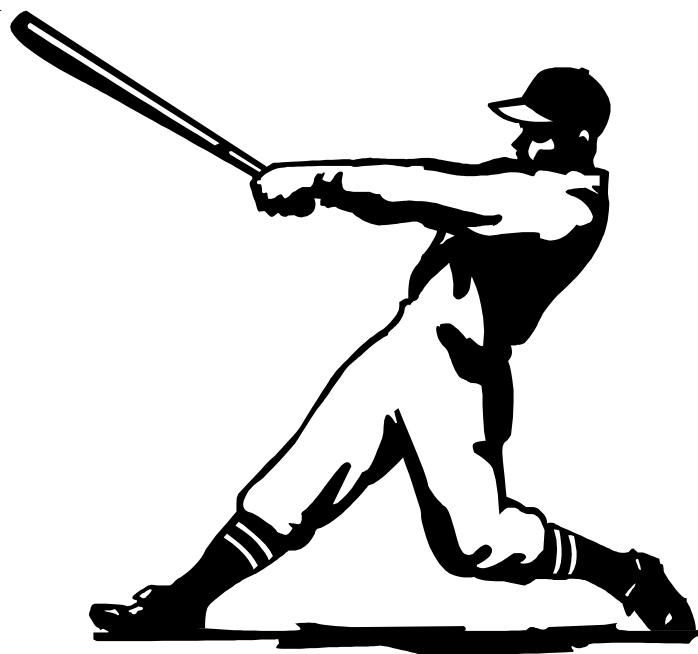
"C'mon man!" shouts an exited fan in the stands.

"You can do it!" shouts another.

This time I loosen my grip on the bat, relaxing, not trying to be the hero but just to put the ball in play. The

pitcher starts his wind up one more time. The pitch is thrown, and all of the sudden the blare of the crowd goes absolutely mute.

SMACK! The ball screams off the sweet spot on the bat. The next thing I know, everyone that is cheering for our team, erupts in an extreme screaming chorus. I felt a chill rush up my spine knowing that I just had hit the game-winning, walk-off homerun!



The Field

By Danny Clifford

The ever constant winds of Kansas sweep by me and make the wheat and wildflowers in the field flow in perfect harmony as I leisurely walk through. The orange sun hides behind the horizon as it ever so slowly sets. Deep blue skies rain in perfect contrast with the fiery colors of the sun. Dark green trees off in the distance create small shadows, like soldiers watching over the peaceful valley. A meadowlark circles slowly high in the sky, its sharp eyes taking in the beautiful scenery. Tiny honeybees buzz around the variety of colors in the tall flowers. Small field mice go about their little lives. Birds chirp off in the distance, searching for something only they know why. The field glimmers around me, and I feel at peace with the world.



Cliff jumping

By Brandon Boyd

The tension in my body grows bigger as I look over the cliff toward the crystal clear water, looking at the tiny bodies below, bobbing up and down. I turn around and walk back to my dad and say "I'm going for it."

I start to run, my feet hurting while I'm running on the rock. I jump out as far as I can and look down at the water. My stomach feels like it's in my throat. My hands, and feet beat against each other.

I try to grab the rocks while falling. I closed my eyes, and tighten up my body before I hit the water. A sharp pain overwhelms me as the water consumes me.

I gasp for air, and all there is, is water. I swim towards the top. My hands start to tingle. I then swim to the bank, knowing I'm going to do that again.



Coach Douglas

By Meaghan Ryan

"Come on Ryan, KILL THAT BALL!" Coach shouts. I sigh and back-peddle to the spiking line to "kill the ball." I jump and smack the ball with all the force I have in me.

"Good, good," she hollers. I give her a smile and run to the end of the line.

Every day she's the same. She'll yell at you if you don't give everything you can. She expects the best, and if she doesn't get it, you're going to run. You have to admire that about her, though. We need discipline, and she gives discipline.

I watch her jet black hair hit her face as she demonstrates to some of the "clueless" sebies how to spike. Her shoes screech against the court as she attacks the ball and slams it into the floor on the other side of the net.

I've got to admit, she knows how to play the game. Her serves are flawless and her passes are angled perfectly to the setter. I can tell that the rest of the team, as well as me, admires her. We want to make her happy, so we try the best we can.

Here I am again, at the front of the line ready to spike once more. Wanting to get her approval, I start my approach and smash the ball onto the other side of the court.

"Ata girl, Ryan!" she exclaims with a smile. "That's what I want to see!"



Toddler/Teenager

By Christina Platter

Little hands, Big hands

Nick Jr., MTV

Lego's, Play station 2

Pull-ups, Underwear

Tricycles, BMX Bicycles

Preschool, Junior High

Lullabies, Pop/ Rock

As my baby sings the lyrics of a teenager

I sing the Blues



Childhood

By Emily Alexander

Mommy stays after hours to perfect her work.
 Mommy, please come home?
 Daddy works in the yard with hard and
 calloused hands.
 Daddy, would you like a glass of water?
 Avery gets a girlfriend and begins to stay out
 late.
 Avery, does she still play Barbies?
 Alden with his bloodshot eyes glued to the
 computer screen once said that if I
 got a Ken doll he would play with me.
 Alden, do you remember that I got one last
 Christmas?
 I'm downstairs playing with my Barbies with
 my childhood still clinched within my fingers.
 Will anyone come and play with me?



How Come

Restaurant's Kitchen

By Gary Hemmy

My first day on the job as a waiter; I opened the squeaky old rusty door and was accosted by the clashing sounds in the kitchen. People are yelling at one another, saying, "Hurry up! Let's go. Get a move on it." Dishes smack together as the dish washer gets ready to wash them.

The cook yells, "Take this to table 5!" So I grabbed the orders and went out the door and then went to table 5.

The guy griped, "Finally, slow poke! I've been waiting for 45 minutes for my food!"

Then I went back to the kitchen and the cook yelled at me and said, "Take this to tables 1, 2, and 3 ...and be careful – that's 15 orders of food." I went out. The food was awfully heavy, and it was just being crunched with so much weight and when I was five yards away from the table, I slipped and the boiling hot food went all over a guy in a black suit.

"You idiot!" he screamed. Every eye was on me and the boss was running toward me.

I considered my options, then wadded up my apron, threw it, and said "I quit."

By Katie Waddle

How Could You?

How could you,

Go out with that boy?

How could you,

Stay out late?

How could you,

Do this to yourself?

I screamed,

Veins popping at my temples.

My eyes bulging,

As she stood cringing like a scolded puppy,

And whispered with raging fury,

Hot tears burning down her face,

"I knew I shouldn't have told you,"

And then slipped silently to her room,

Leaving me to wonder,

How could I have let her,

Go out,

Stay out late,

And how could I

Have let her do this to her self.

How could I?

And,

Have let her do this to herself

How could I?

The Knife

By Kelsey Colby

Glaring eyes stared at me
like sharp glass as I
stared into the mirror.
I stood there,
unable to help myself.
The knife slid gently over my wrist.
Then harder.
The blood oozed from the cut.
My life seemed to flash before me.
“I hate you. You can’t do anything right,”
Dad screamed at me.
“Hey, you stupid loser,” kids yelled.
Chills went up and down my spine.
Shaking, I dropped the knife.
I do this all the time,
but something isn’t right.
My head is spinning.
I lie down smiling, as the echo
of my parents fighting...
slowly... slowly...
fades away.



If I Could

By Zach Bradrick

If I could take back what happened that day,
The planes hitting the towers,
The images of fire and smoke,
If I could only take back the towers falling,

If I could take back the destruction of the Pentagon,
The people crying,
The city in the dumps,
If I could take back us going to war,

If I could, I would, but I can’t,
God controls those things,
To test out faith.

FAR AWAY

By Chris Shields

I wish I could just run away.
Run away and leave all my troubles behind.
Run away where I don’t have to worry about what
people think of me.
Where people like you for you.
And no one feels left out.
I wish I could just go and stay in that happy place.
Never come back,
I feel like my life has no meaning.
I’m just here to make life hard for other people,
I feel I’m in a hole too deep and there is no way out.

The Ride

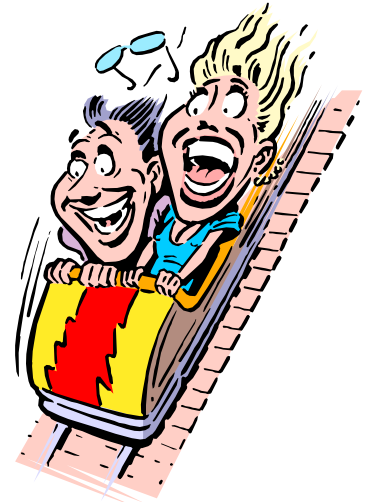
By Miranda Everhart

“Oh it won’t be that bad, until the cars fly off the top,”
my dad told my brother and me.

It seemed like my feet were just starting to burn
when we reached the front
of the Detonator line. I
could hear the screams of
the people already on the
ride. My hands began to
sweat as my dad emptied his
pockets so he wouldn’t lose
any of his possessions. I
watched the wide eyed
people get out of their seats
by now my hands were
shaking. Everyone
scrambled for a seat.
Thankfully my dad and my
brother were in the seats
next to me. My heart began
to race as the workers strapped me in. I tried to swallow the
big knot in my throat but was interrupted by a jolt and a loud
hiss. We shot into the night sky. My stomach stayed up in
my heart. When I looked over at my brother his eyes were
as big as saucers. I was trying to catch my breath when we
shot up again only this time we only went up half way. Finally
the ride was over. We stumbled out of our seats.

“Hey, Dad, the cars didn’t fly off the top and I really
liked that ride.” I said.

“Well let’s see how you feel about the Boomerang
then!” teased my dad.



Wrecked



By Kent Windholz

I slid out of the turn and into the straight; my tires flinging up dust and dirt on the riders behind me. Sweat flowed into my eyes like a salty waterfall as I peered through my dirt-covered goggles down the track at the first jump. It stared back at me, a six foot mound of dirt, welcoming any challengers, willing to take him on.

I pulled the clutch and rose into third gear, my four-wheeler screaming beneath me. My heart began to race as I neared the jump. I reached its base as I clicked up into fourth gear. I jammed my thumb into the throttle until it wouldn't go any further. My tires clung to the mound and catapulted me off the top and through the air causing me to slip into the back of my seat. This forced my front end to rise skyward. I was riding a wheelie through the air, in short, this meant disaster. I felt my body tense up as I approached the track like a jet coming in for a landing, a crash landing that is.

My back tires hit first and then my front slammed into the ground causing me to rocket forward. I clung to the handlebars like a mountain climber gripping the side of a cliff. The forward motion of my body and my desperate grip forced me to crank the bars left. The back end of my four

wheeler whipped around and the entire left side came off the ground. I was thrown from the seat as if I had been placed in a giant slingshot. I landed directly on my head cracking the back of my helmet.

A white flash came before me like I had just gotten my picture taken by a million cameras all at the same time. Suddenly everything was black. I woke up with a crowd of people around me. Every muscle in my body ached. It was like being stabbed to death by a thousand needles. I sat up and looked around. My head felt like it was going to explode. My heart fell into my stomach when I saw my four-wheeler. The rear axle was bent into a "u" shape and the handlebars were snapped like a twig. The back part of the frame was crunched like a tin can and the smell of gas filled the air as it leaked out of the demolished tank. It looked like something out of a train wreck.

I walked off the track as two guys struggled to get my once- four- wheeler-now- giant- piece- of- scrap metal into the pit area. I walked away with a minor concussion, a broken thumb, and more scratches and bruises than I could count. It may sound bad, but it could have been a lot worse.

Between him and his goal

By Skylar Nosker

The dad as he rides his limo to work
He's living his dreams
And bathing in a tub full of money
He is a star
Living his life like Donald Trump
While his son lives at home
In a crappy, broken down trailer
Hoping that one day his dad will come home
Because he is on the streets
Playing the game his dad plays
On a old, broken down
basketball goal
Hoping those gun shots
Won't come
Between
Him and his
Goal



She is so popular

By Alex Earles

She is so popular,
everyone knows her
Both men and women
fight for her
We bear her flag every day
God bless the U.S.A.



Wake Up

By Christina Platter

She's using you,
Can't you see?
She's all over them like a bee on honey,
While going out with you.
Open your eyes so you can see,
Like a cat in a dark alley.
Turn and Run!
From that vicious Pit Bull
Baring her fangs,
Ready to hold and crush you in her vise-like teeth.

Never Leave Without Saying I Love You

By Kyle Lawson

As my Mam-ma and I sit down and talk, she tells me how all the cute boys were always chasing her around because "I was what they call today a hottie."

She'd say, "Them boys loved to chase me around the whole town." After that story, we went inside to go see if her "Cowboys were beating the socks off them Redskins" as she would put it and to our surprise her Cowboys were winning. I always like when Mam-ma's Cowboys are winning.

She'd take us to the candy shop on the corner of the street. As we were walking, we had to stop three times because she said that "Your Mam-ma's ticker isn't as good as it used to be." She always said that line. The candy shop was great; she got me lots of chocolate, and I loved spending time with Mam-ma. She was fun and loving.

When we got back, my dad said, "We have to go say good bye to Mam-ma." As my dad and my mom and I get ready to board the airplane, we said goodbye to Mam-ma. We leave on the plane heading back home to Salina as we enter the house our phone starts to ring. We didn't hear the phone at first but mom hears the phone and, drops the suit-

case she was carrying in. She ran in the house, and mom answered the phone. After she hung up she started to cry. We walk in, my mom couldn't face us; she was trying to hold the tears that were welling up in her eyes.

I asked, "What's wrong, mom?" She tries to speak those ungodly words that no one would ever want to hear. She couldn't speak.

After an hour or so, she finally said, "Mam-ma has passed away."

Those words cut through us like a knife cutting through a block of cheese my mom and I just sat there and hugged saying I love you.

Crush

By Megan Luthi

He just sits there starring at me
And I secretly admire him but
I feel my friends watching me
So I slowly turn away from him

Freedom

By Kent Windholz

"Do the dishes, take out the trash, clean your room!"

I walk out to the shed with my fists clinched,
angry at my parents for giving me so many
responsibilities.

I open the doors.

My four-wheeler sits in front of me
waiting to be ridden.

I pull it out into the yard and start it up.

I put one foot on the foot pegs
and swing my leg over the black, cushiony seat.

I drive away on my four-wheeler,
leaving responsibility behind.



Two Haiku

By Brittani Butler

Brown leaves are falling,
In the midst of the morning,
Now, the tree is bare.

The baby hangs limp,
In a hungry lions mouth,
As they go to hunt.



Hardesty doesn't just work hard on the field

By Danny Clifford

How would you describe an outstanding student-athlete? What immediately comes to the minds of most people is the athlete that scores the most points for their team. However, they're missing out on perhaps the most important word in that phrase: student. SES Junior High is fortunate to have the ultimate student-athlete in their eighth grade class – Nick Hardesty.

No matter where you see Nick, he's always hard at work. You may have seen him playing quarterback on the football team or point guard on the basketball team. Most people, though, don't see him diligently working at his job as a student.

Hardesty believes that he can achieve great things with his sports talents, but he definitely emphasizes the need to



work hard in school.

"In order to go far in sports, you need to have a good education," Hardesty says. "Education is still important, even if you don't play sports."

Nick's leadership abilities are evident both on and off the field and court. His strength of character allows him to share the credit of successful moments with his teammates.

"I try to be a leader and get my team pumped up," explained Hardesty, "but I never do it alone. We have many other great leaders on the field. It's one of the greatest parts about playing sports. You have to achieve things as a team."

Although it's still early in his sports career, Hardesty works hard every practice to be able to give his best effort. He hopes that he can continue to be an effective team player and help guide his team through many seasons of victories. The combination of Nick Hardesty's sports talents, his work ethic, and his dedication as a student, will make his name well known as a Southeast of Saline student-athlete.



Kyle Schmid kicks off to start another victorious SES Junior High football game. The Trojans went 7-0 on the season. (Photo courtesy of Alex Earles)

Volleyball team wraps up season

By Chelsey Kincaid

"You didn't lose; you just ran out of time," is another one of Mr. Kevin Noonan's infamous quotes. And that was how the junior high volleyball season went.

The Southeast of Saline girls ran out of time in all games but one which was against Marion.

"It felt good to finally win a game," said Miranda Everhart.

Kelsey Colby agreed but said she wished her team would have been more gracious as winners.

"It was pretty cool and exciting to win, but I felt kinda stupid when we were jumping around and stuff at the end," she said. (See scores on facing page.)

Football players go undefeated for first time in 25 years

By Joel Pengra

"The Junior High Trojans win again." The junior high boys that played football this year on A team got used to hearing these words. They had a perfect winning percentage, going 7-0 for the season.

This was the first time it happened in 25 years.

The Trojans were packed with a big offensive line and defense.

Coach Todd Baird insisted on perfecting the line and making them the best in the league. Their defense had four shutouts and allowed 24 points.

The offense had an outstanding ground game with Bryson Flax and Kent Windholz as running backs and Brandon Boyd at fullback. They also had a good air attack with Nick Hardesty at quarterback and a good group of receivers.

Players said that another factor in their winning was that Coach Baird lived by his quote, "Nobody outworks us."

Following are some of the players' comments:

"(Coach Baird) went over techniques everyday in practice, and by the end of the season, we had our techniques the best we could get them" said Brandon Boyd.



Defensive tackle Kyle Moyer, 73, bears down on Bennington's quarterback, preparing for a slobberknocker. (Photo courtesy of Alex Earles)

"Coach Baird worked us hard every practice and pushed us to our best," said Flax.

"All three coaches did their part in shaping us into a great team. They worked us hard everyday and it paid off."

A few junior high players put in the extra effort by going to weightlifting in the morning at the school this summer. They went from 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. They worked on conditioning and lifted weights.

The A team was all eighth graders, and the B team was mostly seventh graders and a few eighth graders.

The B team record was 4-2-1. The coaches hope that the seventh graders will keep the successful streak going next year.

Like the high school team does, the coaches kept track of a slobberknocker for each game.

Slobber Knockers

Lindsborg-Kyle Moyer

Bennington-Ross Terry

Kannapolis- Zach Bradrick and Danny Clifford

Sacred Heart- Kent Windholz, Bryson Flax, Kyle Moyer, and Aaron Plymell

Delphos- Nick Hardesty and Bryson Flax

Ell Saline- Brandon Boyd

Marion- Kent Windholz and Bryson Flax

"All in all, I think that every boy that played football would call it a successful season. We made a record that can never be broken. It could be tied, never broken. Hopefully the success carries on into next season when the eighth graders play as freshman. It was a fun season with everybody working as a team. It's a shame that it had to end so soon," said quarterback Nick Hardesty.

Volleyball Scores:

Sacred Heart 0-15, 4-15

Lakewood 1-15, 7-15

Manhattan 5-15, 4-15

Bennington 11-15, 7-15

South 3-15, 7-15

Lakewood 15-11, 11-15, 7-15

Ell Saline 7-15, 5-15

Kanopolis 7-15, 4-15

Delphos 9-15, 5-15

Delphos 10-15, 1-15

Bellville 16-18, 3-15

Rupenthal 10-15, 7-15

Ell Saline 7-15, 7-15

Lindsborg 11-15, 7-15

Sacred Heart 6-15, 12-15

Stingrays earn fifth in national tournament

By Kent Windholz

Last summer Nick Hardesty, Joel Pengra, Jordan Pengra, Tim Nicholson and the rest of the Salina Stingrays baseball team earned a fifth place finish in the 13-year-old and under Hap Dumont World Series national tournament.

The tournament invited in teams from all over the U.S. to play in Casper Wyoming. In all, thirteen teams arrived.

The Stingrays played seven games and won four of them.

They had two amazing comebacks. One was against the Dallas Mustangs. In this game they came back in the bottom of the seventh (the seventh is the final inning) from a score of 8-3 to beat the Dallas team 9-8.

The other comeback was against the Casper Renegades when the Stingrays came back from 7-5 in the bottom of the seventh to win it 8-7.

The Stingrays ended the tournament with a 6-8 loss to the Colorado Rebels. They were making a slow comeback but unfortunately couldn't get the lead.

Besides just playing baseball in Wyoming, the team enjoyed free meals, banquets and an opening ceremony before the tournament began which included guest speaker, Vida Blue, the 1971 Cy Young award winner.

The SES players man the following positions: Hardesty — catcher, pitcher, short-stop, and first base; Joel Pengra — third and second base; Jordan Pengra — second base and right field, and Nicholson — first base and pitcher.

"It was cool that we got to go, but I think we were very lucky to have been able to play in the tournament. I enjoyed the free food along with the banquets and ceremonies, but I think that the tournament was stretched out too long," said Nicholson. He was 8-23 at the bats with an average of .347

"I think we did really good, but we could have done better. We needed to place fourth to win one of the huge trophies, but we missed out when we lost to the Colorado Rebels for the second time by two runs. The tournament inspired me and hopefully my teammates to work extra hard this coming season so we can make it at least as far as we did last season. I'm looking forward to playing in the tournament next year," said Hardesty, who led his team in batting throughout the tournament by going 9-18 for an average of .500.

"I thought it was a once in a life time experience. I didn't expect to win more than one game, but once I got a

chance to size up the competition, I thought we could place in a high spot," said Jordan Pengra.

"I thought it was exciting and an honor to have been invited to play against such good teams," said Joel Pengra.

The team is coached by Don Simoneau, Mark Crawford, and Dave Burnett. The Stingrays have a winning reputation, which they plan to keep alive in their upcoming and final season.

Sting Rays Scores

<u>Team Played</u>	<u>Score</u>	<u>Result</u>
Colorado Rebels	8-2	Loss
Dallas Mustangs	9-8	Win
Casper Wildcats	16-11	Win
Sheridan All-Stars	11-0	Win
Casper Renegades	8-7	Win
Redmond Rockets	10-1	Loss
Colorado Rebels	8-6	Loss
Record: 4-3		



Shannon Wilson looks to pass inside at the B-team girls' game Monday, Jan. 6. (Photo by Mr. Gary Mclure)

Girls hold heads high even through losses

By Brittani Butler

"That's alright girls; we'll get 'em next time."

This sad and untrue remark is what every junior high girls' basketball player hears after each game. Even though they work hard and beat Herington Jan. 6, the basketball team generally seems to have a difficult time winning.

Although this may seem to be depressing, the girls have learned a positive experience from their losses. Following are a few of their comments:

Miranda Everhart: "When we lose, it's just showing us that we need to work harder. Basketball is supposed to be fun, and I think we've forgotten that. Maybe with our new attitude towards basketball, we can play better and maybe win more."

Kayla Hemphill, injured reserve: "I think we need to just focus on playing basketball instead of on our losing streak."

Katie Waddle: "We need to work harder and focus on the game more, and kick some tails!"

As you can see, the girls have maintained a positive attitude throughout their losing streak and just want to have fun.



Nick Hardesty penetrates and dishes in the boys' A-team game against Herington Monday, Jan. 6. (Photo by Mr. Gary McClure)

Girls' A Basketball Scores

Nov. 18 – Council Grove – 15-26
 Nov. 21 – Kannapolis – 23 – 49
 Nov. 25 – South MS – 8-36
 Nov. 26 – Sacred Heart – 10 -35
 Dec. 2 – Lindsborg – 16-32
 Dec. 5 – Delphos – 13-39
 Dec. 9 – Abilene – 10-36
 Dec. 12 – Lakewood MS – 6-45
 Dec. 16 – South MS – 17-43
 Jan. 6 – Herington – 26-22

Boys' Basketball Scores

Nov. 18 – Council Grove – 43-34
 Nov. 21 – Kanopolis – 57-20
 Nov. 25 – Hays – 38-43
 Nov. 26 – Sacred Heart – 36-27
 Dec. 2 – Smoky Valley – 30-38
 Dec. 5 – Delphos – 42-23
 Dec. 12 – Lakewood – 46-25
 Dec. 16 – South MS – 35-37
 Jan. 6 – Herington – 50-38
 Jan. 9 – Abilene – 38-25



Eighth grade volleyball player Kelsey Colby prepares to receive a serve.

Myers welcomes foreign siblings

By Kelsey Colby

"Kanitchsi Wa no me eh Sadie des," Sadie easily says. I've just asked her to say a phrase in another language. She translates it for me as, "Hello, My name is Sadie," She also informs me that "Arigato" means thank you. She learned these words from former Japanese exchange students that have stayed with her.



Sadie Myers poses with Japanese "sibling" Wako during spring break last year.

Sadie has had about six exchange students that have come from all over the world. There were some from, Japan, Germany, Denmark, and her current exchange student is from Ukraine.

Nataylia Chornak is staying with the Meyers family this year. "She's very nice, and Nataylia is very thrilled about being

here, but she hates the subject of American History," Just recently the Meyers took a family trip to New York. "Natty loved going there. She liked the scenery," Sadie laughs. Nataylia gets along really well with Sadie and her mom, Vicki Meyers.

Sadie and her family feel like their exchange students are part of the family.

"I really only have one sister and two brothers, but I feel like I have many siblings with all of our exchange students," Sadie said.

This summer, Sadie plans to visit her "siblings" in Japan. She said that she knows lots of Japanese and feel pretty comfortable about traveling there. However, even though she likes to visit her former exchange students, she doesn't want to be one.

"Maybe for a month (I'd want to), but it would be hard staying away from my family and being confused with the language," Sadie said.

She said she enjoys it very much, though, when previous exchange students visit her family.

"They do visit," she said, "and all of them are coming to my sister's wedding in May," she said.

She said that most of the exchange

student shave their own customs and they share them with the Meyers family. Usually they cook some type of customized meal from their own country. They might even celebrate their own holidays.

"We learn a lot from them and we love to host them," Sadie said.

Bees buzz in to Southeast

One bee has already buzzed and another will soon fly into SES. The geography bee was completed Thursday, Jan. 9, and the spelling bee will be Jan. 28.

Seventh grader Mitch Mugler won the SES geography bee and eighth grader Tim Nicholson was the runner-up.

Mugler will now take written test to see if he can qualify in the top 100 out of 385 to advance to state in Abilene in April.

All seventh graders competed in the SES geography bee. Eighth graders had the choice to compete or remain in seminar. Approximately 10 eighth graders competed.

The upcoming spelling bee will have a similar format in that students will have to qualify to get the chance to compete. This is a change from previous years when all students were encouraged to compete and given extra credit points for competing.

"We're just trying something different," said English teacher Mr. Gary McClure. "We observed that some students were intentionally misspelling words in early rounds. They seemed to be participating just to get extra credit points."

He said that Stuco will provide prizes to the top three spelling bee contestants – a \$25 mall certificate to the winner, a \$10 mall certificate to the runner up, and \$5 in cash to the third place contestant.

Students who do not plan to participate may go to watch the spelling bee or remain in seminar.

Students earn movie, buy gifts for needy

By Christina Platter

The Southeast of Saline Junior High has completed a couple events this past Christmas season.

When the Junior High students returned from Thanksgiving break each student received three tickets, two tickets were green and the third ticket was red.

Each time the student had an incomplete assignment that student had a ticket taken away. If the student has at least the red ticket on Friday, December 20, 2002 then that student got to go see the Santa Clause 2.

If the student didn't have any tickets left they stayed at the school and

worked on assignments they had missed. If the student still had a green ticket or two the tickets went into a raffle drawing for a few prizes.



The Junior High also went Christmas shopping for kids in elementary who are less fortunate than others and who might have had many Christmas presents under the tree if the teachers and staff at Southeast of Saline hadn't let the Junior High students go shopping for them.

The Junior High went Christmas shopping on Tuesday, December 10, 2002 from 1:15-3:00. Then the students came back to the school and wrapped the presents they had just bought.