

THE WESTAMPTON EYE

MEET WESTAMPTON'S NEW SUPERINTENDENT: MR. DIDONATO

BY FAKIHA R.



As you know, Westampton Middle School has a new superintendent, Mr. DiDonato. I took a few minutes to interview him for the Westampton Eye.

Westampton Eye: What was your previous job?

A: I was at Mount Holly for 18 years, taught as a special education teacher/supervisor for math and language arts. I was a superintendent for six years and I worked at human resources at Trenton for two years.

WE: What are your hobbies and interests?

A: Soccer, skiing, international work: administry in South Africa which is an orphanage/school for boys and girls. I'm also a Global goodwill ambassador.

WE: Why did you choose WMS?

A: A small town was looking for a superintendent, he loved working with kids and looking over the kids; therefore, being a superintendent, he chose WMS.

WE: What inspired you to become a superintendent?

A: To me, a superintendent looks over the entire school district, bringing the community together. That's what inspired me.

WE: Do you have any certain goals for WMS?

A: To just improve children's education, look over the district and get opinions. Develop a strategic plan, lead us down to properly help students achieve goals.

BAYARD RUSTIN: AN APPRECIATION

BY MICHELLE A.



We have all heard of the leaders Martin Luther King, Jr. and Malcolm X, but have you heard of Bayard Rustin? He was just as important as Martin Luther King, Jr.

Bayard Rustin was an African American leader in social movements for civil rights, socialism, non-violence, and gay rights. In 1941, Rustin worked with A. Philip Randolph to coordinate the March on Washington. He was an influential person in the Civil Rights movement and helped us get to where we are today.

Bayard Rustin was born on March 17, 1912. He was one of 12 children raised by his grandparents Janifer and Julia Rustin, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. He spent his childhood writing poems and playing football. After graduating from West Chester High School, Rustin held odd jobs, traveled around the world, and eventually attended City College of New York.

In 1953 he started advocating for LGBTQ rights. In 1955, Rustin worked with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. to organize the successful boycott of the segregated local bus system in Montgomery, Alabama, and for the next five years he was an important advisor to King. In 1957, he helped create the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. From 1965 until 1979, Rustin served as president, and later as co-chair, of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, an organization of black trade unionists dedicated to racial equality and economic justice.

He continued protesting for justice for others until the end of his career. He died on August 26, 1987.

Rustin was a big part of the Civil Rights movement and without him some things may have never happened. His contributions to society are only now getting recognized.



MINING TRIP

BY JOACHIM A

I had 128 Iron and 32 gold, and now I lost half of it. Want to know how I got here? I'll show you. I started up Minecraft and invited my friend Brynn. She logged into her Minecraft account and joined our very advanced world.

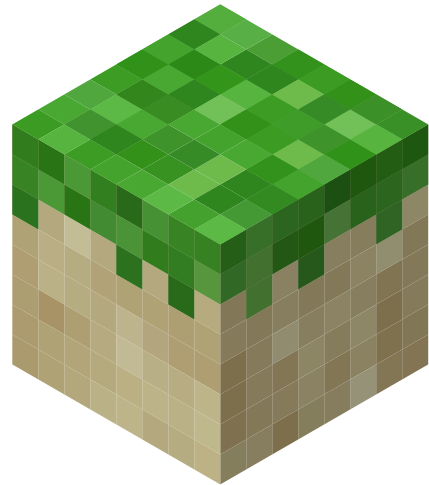
We were both at a village and prepared to go to a mesa biome. She emptied her inventory, and we set off across the ocean on a boat to get there. It takes about three or so minutes to get there, and since our devices couldn't render blocks because we were moving so fast on the boat, we were able to see open spaces. She saw one cave with a mineshaft and we stopped the boat to try and travel to it. I wanted to get there the safe way, as we would run out of air if we stayed underwater too long. The safe way was to build a tunnel, fill it in, and break the blocks in the middle. When Brynn tried to drop down, she wasn't in full health and she fell to her death.

She was at the shore when she spawned back in, and when she was about halfway back, I had recovered all of her stuff and stored it safely in a chest. I picked her back up in the boat and took her to the location where she died. She took her stuff back, and we ended up realizing that she died right next to the mesa biome; it just had to render in, so we decided to ignore the mineshaft and start exploring the mesa.

We started by collecting some of the colorful layered blocks. After we collected a few, we went to look for some caves, and since mesa biomes have increased gold spawn rates, we went mining.

We found one of the caves I barely explored, because my inventory was full, and we ended up finding a larger section. We kept going deeper and deeper until we had collected about 128 iron. We found an amethyst geode as well, which was pretty cool. When we thought we had a pretty good haul of iron and gold, we went to leave the cave, and right as we were about to find the way we came from, Brynn fell into a pit and died. She tried to find her way back but got lost so she died on purpose after I mined straight up to the surface so she could collect her stuff.

We mined back down from where I mined straight up so she could collect her stuff. She sorted out her inventory and we left to get back to our tree house. We got close, logged off, and went to bed. Now I'll have to find another cave to mine in.



"BATMAN" REVIEW

BY REYHAN Y. AND LAYLA A.



The new movie "The Batman" has been gaining popularity fast, but does it deserve all of the attention and praise it's been getting? We have recently watched the movie and feel obliged to share our opinions on it.

"The Batman" is a dark and gruesome movie, and we would only recommend it to people who can handle some gore and violence. The official rating on this movie is PG-13, which we believe is an accurate rating due to some adult themes. "The Batman" is also very different from past Batman movies that have been released. It has a very serious tone to it and many some violent scenes.

Although it must have been hard to act out such dark and depressing topics, the acting in "The Batman" is so incredible that it almost felt as if it was real, and all of the actors and actresses deserve praise for this mind-blowing movie.

The villain in "The Batman" is the Riddler, who is played by Paul Dano, and he played the part extremely well. Paul Dano expressed the Riddler's psychological and mental problems. The Riddler in "The Batman" is different from the other Riddlers in past Batman movies. We genuinely liked this style of the Riddler and preferred it over other versions. It felt more emotional and expressive.

This newer version of Batman was much more passionate and touching than we usually would know him to be. The emotional elements shown in this latest version of Batman were truly phenomenal. This version expresses the darkness and tragedy that Bruce Wayne has been through so much that even as Bruce Wayne, he can't hide the depressing truth, the tragic events that he has been through. We admired how they are not thought of as two different people in this version, but how they are thought of as they are, as basically the same person. Robert Pattinson performed his role in a truly remarkable way, and he brought out a side of Batman that we have never seen before.

STAFF INTERVIEW: MRS. PERRY

BY SOLEIL D. AND SALINE S.

Westampton Eye: What inspired you to start teaching?

A: I've always been bossy, and some teachers I had influenced me.

WE: If you weren't teaching language arts what subject would you teach?

A: Gym. I love sports!

WE: What's your favorite genre of books?

A: Realistic fiction, thrillers, suspense novels.

WE: What do you like to do when you're not teaching?

A: I read and write, run as a de-stresser. I love having fun, spending time with family....shopping.

WE: What is your favorite genre of literature?

A: Realistic but I also love dystopian and fantastical fiction.

WE: What is a fun fact about you?

A: I got in trouble a lot as a kid in school!

WE: What is a piece of advice that you would give a middle-schooler?

A: There is so much that's waiting for you, you're gonna find what you're looking for when you leave. Take advantage of what you have. You're really lucky, being exposed to a lot when you're young. The world's at your fingertips. Take advantage of it!



ESSAY: TO ME, EQUALITY MEANS...

BY JAZMIN A.



As a first-hand witness and victim of the lack of equality in our society, we have ruined the idea of an empowering factor. The word "equality" means the state of being equal, especially in status, rights, and opportunities. My definition of equality is everyone being treated equally regardless of race, ethnicity, gender, religion, or sexual orientation. "Nobody really believes in equality, anyway" is a quote by Warren Farrell that I agree with considering the bitter fact that although we may try our absolute best to create an equal society, we won't be able to succeed in one because of our "differences." Our "differences" are the reason why people are losing their lives, our "differences" are the reason why people are unable to achieve a better life, our "differences" are the reason why young children experience discrimination before their first words, our "differences" are used to separate us, which cannot be undone in my eyes.

Warren Farrell's quote relates to myself because my faith in equality has faded after witnessing and being a part of countless events of harmful discrimination my whole life.

"Nobody believes in equality, anyway" is a quote many people may not relate to; however, I do. Throughout my life, I have struggled with endless hatred toward my appearance or religion. Growing up I almost felt that experiencing constant racism was normal and I would always be treated differently than others. It first started off with the name-calling that was directed toward my race throughout elementary school. However, as others got older they understood the concept of racism and realized what they say can count as racism, so, I would be told micro-aggressive comments or was asked certain things such as "Where are you really from?" or "You're pretty for a South Asian girl" because these comments and questions were not considered racist. After so many acts of discriminatory microaggression, I came to accept that I won't be seen as equal to others. As I became older, I gained more access to social media which included videos or photographs of protests against many different forms of discrimination. Those protests made me have slight hope for a change in humanity until I stepped into a middle school, a school filled with other students who would separate or exclude anyone that they thought wasn't equal to them. These acts of racism, discrimination, and microaggression were common events in my life.

I've been a witness and victim of noticing the lack of equality in our society and have come to the realization that it no longer exists. I believe that equality truly is treating everyone the same no matter if they are different in any way. I strive to have hope for equality and to believe that one day it will truly exist if we put all our differences aside.

HORROR TALE: THANKSGIVING DINNER

BY SYNAI G.



It was a cold Thanksgiving morning and I was just waking up. I checked my phone to see what time it was and it just hit 10 a.m. I was very tired and didn't feel like getting out of bed until I heard my

mom call me downstairs--what I thought it was my mom--to help with Thanksgiving dinner. I got up from bed tired and annoyed and headed downstairs. I went into the kitchen to look for my mom but no one was there.

"Mom, where are you?" I called out and got no response. I started looking around for her in the kitchen, upstairs, downstairs, and there was no sight of her.

"Mom, where did you go" I called out again, and there was still no response.

I went outside to see if she was out there and she was still nowhere to be found. I went back inside and sat on the couch thinking where she could've gone. I came up with a conclusion thinking she went to the store or went for a walk.

"Why would she leave after she called me downstairs?" I said annoyingly. I ended up going back upstairs and I saw that my brother had woken up.

"Did you see where my mom went?" I said.

"No, I just woke up." he said.

I went into my parent's room to see my dad nowhere to be found either but most likely he went to work.

HORROR TALE CONT.: THANKSGIVING DINNER

BY SYNAI G.

"Dad wouldn't have to work on Thanksgiving day," my brother said.

I sat on my brother's bed and called my mom's phone to see if she would answer. I heard her phone ringing downstairs.

"Mom wouldn't leave her phone either. Something isn't right," he said.

I called my dad's phone and he didn't answer.

"He's definitely at work," I said.

An hour passed and I started to get worried. I rechecked the house and realized I never checked the basement. My brother followed after me. I told him to stay upstairs just in case there was something down there. I opened the basement door and I saw a trail of blood. I walked down the steps and smelled a terrible smell. It was so bad I almost threw up. I covered my nose with my hand trying to block out the horrible stench and followed the trail of blood. It led into the main part of the basement. From a distance I saw a body lying on the ground. I walked up cautiously, not knowing who or what it was. I got close enough to realize it was my mom bleeding with teeth and bite marks all over her body. I ran up to her screaming and crying. She tried to tell me to run away but I just held onto her. I heard someone or something with my mom's voice call out for me in the other room. I dropped my mom's body and ran towards the basement door. The tall, bony skinwalker crawled out on all fours out of the other room and started to chase me. I ran for my life and finally got to the basement. I locked the door behind me. I saw my brother sitting at the bottom of the steps.

"Run!" I said. We ran up the stairs together. We went into my room and hid in the closet.

"What happened? What's going on?" he said. I told him what was happening. We heard the skinwalker coming up the steps. I put my finger over his lips.

"Shh...be quiet. It's coming." We sat in silence holding each other tightly. We heard it opening room doors. Then we heard my dad's voice.

"It's daddy," my brother said.

"No, it's not," I said.

It opened the room door and my brother ran out of the closet. The skinwalker turned back into its original shape and started to eat my brother. I hear him screaming in agony and pain. I covered my mouth trying to keep quiet. I sat there watching in horror as my brother was being torn apart.

As I snapped back to reality I realized that I was the skinwalker the entire time!

POEM

BY NIA M.

Hey! What are you doing? That sweater belongs to me.
I caught you trying to steal that and my tv.
Shucks! you got away, but I know your identity.
Don't think you can get away from me that easily.

Golly Bam you thought you were gonna get away!
It's so funny to me that you thought you could rob me in May.
I know who you are so you might as well stay.
Yikes! I even know your address and where you get your pay.



I called the police so they could show up to your door
And return everything you took from me 'cause you're so poor.
If you had asked I could have donated some things to you, sure.
Because I am not stingy with my items like the ones you once wore.

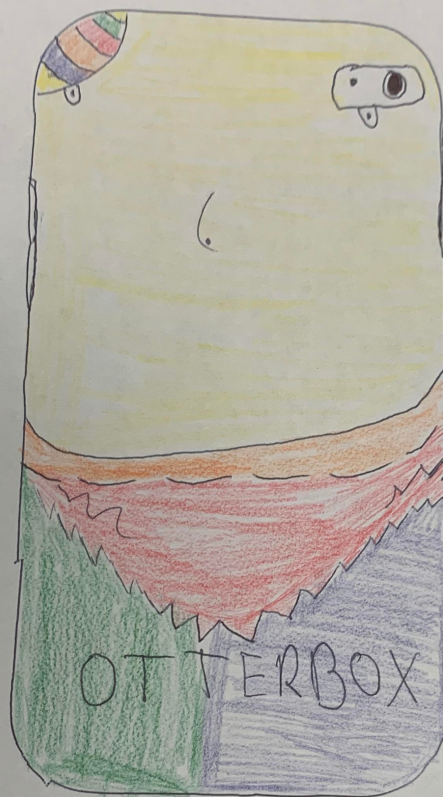
Yes! They got you and they're ready to lock you up.
You'll be in jail for so long you'll have to pee in a cup.
You will not get out and you won't be able to say "Sup?"
Your family will disown you and so will your pup.

Being in jail for so long you will forget the taste of Jello.
No more instruments, no more cello.
You'll be there for so long you won't even see your child grow.
Farewell my old friend, goodbye and hello.
Behold! You've faced your lesson, but down in the blow.

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ART

BY JOACHIM A.



joachim

Shot on iPhone



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