

MG-ISC

CHARGE

MAGAZINE

Chapters

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QUARANTINE EDITION

Editor's Letter

Thank you, Puppies of the past, present, and future; none of this could have become a reality without you. It is incredibly difficult to put together a publication of this magnitude when we only meet for an hour once a week, and yet we somehow managed to make it work.

This is my first year with the baton that is being the Lead Editor, and it pains me to say that this will also be my last. But, before I hand off this baton of this incredible honor off to the next generation, I would like to share a few words. There have been incredible changes to Pub since it was first established in 2007; the change in editors and contributors, the migration from Pilchuck to Getchell, the merging of the SLCs, the retirement of the original advisor. Despite this, the club has persevered. Writing for Publication is an undying spirit, and it grows stronger every time it is faced with adversity. I feel nothing but pride when I look back at how far we have come, and I look forward to what crazy feats the future of the club has in store.

It has always been a struggle for me to say goodbye, so I won't. Instead, I'll thank you for helping me grow throughout my years of being with you; you all have always been a family to me. I know I've never said it, but I know I wouldn't be where I am today without all of your love and support. There is no limit to what we can achieve if we just put our minds to it.

NGUNNGU, Writing for Publication.

Mickey King



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Why Chapters?

At the beginning of the 2019-2020 school year, we had no idea how much the theme “Chapters” would apply to the insanity we were about to endure. As a club, we chose chapters because it not only represents the changes in Getchell (As the last of the SLC students graduate), but the shift in the Writing for Publication Club. As long as there has been WFP there was always a good spread of Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, but last year the club was made up mostly of Seniors who then graduated dropping our numbers to a total of two. Coming into this year, we had two people with experience, but lots of new members full of new and interesting ideas for our club.

But then the COVID-19 virus hit, and the world turned upside down as we all began a new chapter of our lives.

Quarantine affected not just our daily lives but how we valued those closest to us. Our club has maintained communication throughout this life-changing event, and we began to focus on the new chapters in our lives related to quarantine. From the graduating seniors who didn't get the bells and whistles of normal graduation to how we keep ourselves entertained in our homes, we have tried our best to cover all sorts of angles on this strange new chapter of our lives.

I hope we are able to memorialize this time, are will be able to look back at this all with fond memories.

-Kendall Leonard, Co-President

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Artwork by: Jaelin Schaeffer

An In-Depth Look into MGHS' ASL class.

Written by Camila Sidoine
and Jaelin Schaeffer

Photography by Jaelin Schaeffer

When asked about his goals in ASL, student Josh Lievense commented, "The goal for our class is to learn ASL (American Sign Language) and use it in real-life situations."

Joining the list of languages taught at MGHS, American Sign Language (ASL) is making its mark within the students learning it, thanks to Mr. Harms. It's a very important way of communicating between the deaf students here at MGHS, as one can always see an interpreter at most assemblies. For anyone else hoping to learn the language, and have it on a resume or college application, ASL gets filled up quickly every year. Students rush to sign up for the class as soon as they get their class registration papers.

As the years passed, and the United States witnessed major changes in its communities, languages such as Spanish, French, and Latin became prevalent in students' education. Students wanted to learn sign language, maybe as a way to communicate with other friends, hard of hearing or not, or to have the skill for life. Many students have shared that ASL is their favorite class. If you want a better viewpoint on ASL's impact on students, just take Mr. Harms' experience.

A former ASL student, and now a teacher here at Marysville Getchell, Mr. Harms was asked in an interview how he felt about teaching the language, "I love it! ASL has been my passion for a long time. That one class got me through high school and influenced me to become a teacher."



Tristan Smith signing 'chicken' in ASL.

As class officially begins, Mr. Harms starts by signing to his students as a cue for them to pull out their notebooks. The

class quiets down and begins conversing in sign, talking to each other, and discussing grammar, among other things. You can tell that in this class, silence is important and watching for hand movements and facial expressions are the key to good notes and understanding.

When asked about the normal flow of the academic day in the class, Kenny Erickson responded, "It depends on the day. Mondays we work on the classroom, or we work on the culture behind ASL. Tuesday and Thursday we work on learning new signs. Wednesdays are our silent days so no talking. Fridays we play games, so charades, things like that."

The process of learning sign language has other effects on students, "I hope to become more comfortable with being in front of a group of people. Since one of the things we do is sign in front of the class," Kenny stated.

In most classes, students are asked to present or talk in front of their peers, but since sign language involves signs, students have to sign to the class more often, increasing their confidence in a positive manner. We watched as Mr. Harms

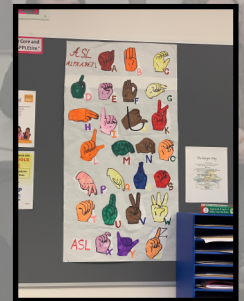
asked the students to sit in rows facing each other, they were asked to sign to each other. The rows change after a bit, and the students sign to each other again. The teacher then goes around to catalog the sentences.

"I'm learning a lot faster than I thought I would be. I'm actually pretty surprised and proud of myself because I picked it up kinda fast. And I also made some pretty cool friends too."

- Josh Lievense

Kenny also reinforces the fact that this class is more comfortable to be in, especially with Mr. Harms' teaching style. "I like how he teaches us signs so we actually pay attention. He doesn't say 'this is the sign for talk' he shows it then explains what it means in sign or writes it on the board."

In classroom B-319, posters about sign language and encouraging words are displayed along the walls, making up the interior of Mr. Harms' ASL classroom. One of which, the ABC's in ASL poster, was created the previous year by one of Mr. Harms' deaf students.



The soft and inviting atmosphere of the classroom can be seen in both the interactions of the students and the teacher. For example, in most classes, the students converse with each other, whether that be verbally, or through ASL.

Students are eager to learn the new language and they are willing to practice at home, or in in some cases, classes outside of ASL. At home, students are assigned videos and presentations, which they present in class, all done in ASL. According to Mr. Harms, "The biggest surprise has been student engagement. There are many students who are excited to start a club, students who practice at home willingly, and students who practice in other classrooms and annoy their teachers. (Sorry to other teachers) ASL feels like a secret language and it's fun to get to see the students develop that connection and culture with each other."

After the winter long break, Mr. Harms decided to go through a review, where students then signed different words and phrases brought up on a Google Doc over the projector. Family, baby, student, teacher, different subjects, and numbers are among the many different things the class reviewed.

Things that happen within the classroom may also dictate what they are learning. A student noticed how hard it was snowing, causing the class to peek



through the window at the icy flakes, slowly descending from the skies, and landing on the ground. Mr. Harms took the opportunity to teach them a few new signs, including rain and snow, which in turn both bring the class back on track, as well as enthruses their interest in the flakes outside.

During their first semester, students grew closer with their silent language and they seem to enjoy each other's company as Josh explains "I like how fun it is and how close we are. I'm in the 4th period so our class is one of the smaller ones and we have a pretty cool class environment going on. We learn a lot of signs and have fun too."

As the students are finishing up their day, Mr. Harms explains to his students what is going to happen the following day, then proceeds to ask if any of them have any questions.

Okay, let's get a little more historical with ASL for a minute. Early in the 1800s, there were only a few thousand deaf Americans, however, no standard sign language existed at this time, but various signing systems were created in deaf communities. The history of ASL began in 1814 with Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Let's travel back to when Alice Cogswell, a two-year-old girl, came down with 'spotted fever', a type of meningitis. She lost her



hearing and speech as a result, but at nine years old, Alice met a man who changed everything. This man was her father's neighbor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who pushed aside his current aspiration to serve as an itinerant preacher, and started a new goal, which was to teach Alice how to

communicate. At the age of nine you don't exactly think about making history, however, Alice became Gallaudet's first student, in what would motivate a wave of rising education for the hard hearing. While Alice was having some success learning how to spell and read from Gallaudet, he didn't know the most effective way of educating a deaf student, however, a school for the deaf did not exist in the United States.

Consequently, Gallaudet traveled to Europe to learn the most successful methods of teaching a deaf student. He found the Braidwood family in England, but they were unwilling to share their knowledge of their oral communication method. While still in Great Britain, he met the Abbe Sicard, the successor of Abbe de l'Epee at the Institut Royal des Sourds-Muets in Paris, and two of its previous students turned faculty members, Laurent Clerc, and Jean Massieu. Sicard invited Gallaudet to study the school's method of teaching deaf students using manual communication. This impressed Gallaudet, who then studied teaching methodology under Sicard, while learning sign language from Clerc and Massieu, who were both highly educated graduates of the school.

Incidentally, when he returned to the U.S, Gallaudet brought back Clerc, who was one of Sicard's best instructors and Gallaudet knew he would be very helpful in starting a deaf school in the U.S. They established the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes, which was later renamed as American School for the Deaf. This school was established in Hartford Connecticut, 1817. Alice Cogswell was the first to enroll. Just like it was at Abbe de l'Epee's school, the students took the signs they had been using at their home for communication to school with

them. American Sign Language stemmed from these signs and the signs from French Sign Language that Gallaudet learned from Clerc. Alice Cogswell graduated in 1824 and she traveled to many places. In 1830, Gallaudet retired and Clerc taught at the deaf school until 1850. When Alice was 25, her father, Mason Cogswell died on December 10, 1830. After his death, Alice suffered from delirium and passed on December 30, 1830. Then, by 1863, 22 deaf-schools in the U.S. had been established, most of them founded by former students of Laurent Clerc.

However, ASL is not the first version of Sign Language to exist. As stated above, French Sign Language, influenced how students in the U.S. first studied ASL. Sign language was one of the earliest and most basic forms of human communication. People use signs to wave hello or point at things that one desires as well as use body language to emphasize the idea. Sign language, in the deaf community, is a form of visual language that uses hand gestures and body language to convey meaning. Many examples of people using visual gestures to express themselves long before a formal sign language was established. One example if Native Americans, who utilized simple hand signs to connect with other tribes and to help ease any trade with Europeans. Another example of the use of sign language is with the early settlers of Martha's Vineyard, which is an island off the coast of Massachusetts. These settlers carried the genes for deafness. Since this island was separated from the mainland, the trait quickly spread among the inhabitants and a large deaf population was established. A sign language was developed for the region so that the deaf could communicate with each other, as well as with the hearing residents.

Another well-known figure from the past of ASL is Alexander Graham Bell, who's known for inventing the telephone. His views on immigration, deaf education, and eugenics all overlapped and/or intertwined. Back in 1884, Graham Bell published a paper "upon the Formation of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race." A paper that Graham Bell uses to warn people of a "great calamity" facing the nation. This "calamity" was deaf people forming clubs, socializing with one another and marrying other deaf people. The yearly growth of the "deaf race" would only grow larger and more narrow-minded people were underway. Graham Bell noted that "a special language adapted for such a race" already was in existence, "a language as different from English as French or German or Russian."

However, he rejected legislation on intermarriage by deaf people but proposed a few steps. (1) Determine the causes that promote intermarriages among the deaf and dumb; and (2) remove them.

Additionally, the sources he desired to remove were sign language, deaf teachers, and residential schools. Graham Bell's solution was to create special day schools taught by hearing teachers, who would enforce a ban on sign language.

Thankfully, the National Association of the Deaf, as well as other community organizations, rose to the defense of the teaching of sign language in the classroom, calling sign language, the "natural language of the deaf". They argued that having a reliance on oral communication alone would be absolutely disastrous in the educational field for deaf students.

ASL is much better than drilling into the heads of deaf people and putting horns in there and shock them in electrical chairs. Also, deaf people didn't have rights until the mid 1950s.

Hopefully, students have positive responses to future language classes, some been quoted as wanting to learn another language besides, all too common, Spanish. If you happen to ask fellow classmates, you will find that their answers range from Arabic to

Times are crazy in Hawkins, Indiana. To explain, how about we go back to the year 1983. Everything started with a boy named Will Byers who went missing for a week. His friends and family searched for him everywhere, but he was nowhere to be found. A concerned group of friends, Mike Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, and Dustin Henderson went searching for Will, but instead of finding him, their flashlights landed on a girl dressed in only an over sized, yellow shirt. She was known by the name the scientists she escaped from gave her, Eleven. A week was spent, searching far and wide for their friend, only to find he was on the other side, in a place so much like home but dark and empty--where monsters roam.

Will was rescued by Chief Jim Hopper and Joyce Byers, his mom, while Steve Harrington, Nancy Wheeler (Mike's Older Sister), and Jonathan Byers (Will's Older Brother), attempted to kill the monster they call, "Demogorgon" in the lit-up Byer's home. The monster was only defeated when Mike, Dustin, and Lucas were all unable to stop Eleven, known as El to her friends, from sacrificing herself in order to defeat the monster. The boys were soon back to playing D&D and having fun while waiting to go home to celebrate the holidays with their family.

About a year later, another issue occurred. Mike Wheeler still in mourning of the girl he lost the past year, and annoyed with the new one who Lucas Sinclair and Dustin Henderson welcomed into the group. Will Byers, still haunted by that week, became possessed by something known as the "Mind Flayer." A few days later finds everyone at the Byers, now paper-covered, mourning the loss of Bob Newby. They wake up a possessed Will and interrogate him for how to stop the Flayer.

The answer was given: "C L O S E G A T E" - tapped out in Morse Code. The Flayer sends his demo-dogs in defense at this action. Huddled in a corner with their weapons raised, the group was surprised to find the monsters to be killed, by a still alive El. After the revelation that Chief Jim Hopper had her in his custody in secret for 327 days. A huge part of the 353 that El spent separated from her friends was when El and Chief Hopper went back to Hawkins Lab to close the gate, the one El accidentally opened the year before. Hopper and El had a tearful conversation on the ride there, where El revealed she had run to find her birth mother, Terry Ives, where she met her aunt, Becky Ives. El found her mother alive, but in an unresponsive state, thanks to the now deceased Doctor Martin Brenner.

They discovered Doctor Sam Owens alive on the floor with an injured knee before continuing to the gooey portal. deep in the woods on the other side of town, Joyce, Jonathan, and Nancy burn the Flayer out of Will, while Mike, Lucas, Dustin, Steve Harrington, and new girl Max Mayfield set ablaze the tunnels underground. The was gate closed; Will was no

longer possessed; the Mind Flayer was supposedly gone; they all are able to enjoy the Snowball, a cheesy school dance.

However, that summer, struck an ominous power outage, all throughout Hawkins. Of course, it didn't seem ominous to the residents, but the remnants of the Mind Flayer that was still in Hawkins activated in an abandoned Brimborn Steel Factory. He possessed a passing Billy Hargrove, Max Mayfield's older Step-Brother, who in return did the Flayer's dirty work--bringing other citizens of Hawkins to the Flayer's cause: taking down El, now legally known as Jane "El" Hopper.

El discovered his activity early on when spying on Billy during a game of spin the bottle, superpower edition. All of those people now possessed, except Billy, together morphed into the Spider Monster, the Mind Flayer's physical proxy. After they had completed that, they attacked El Hopper, Mike Wheeler, Max, Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers, Jonathan Byers, and Nancy Wheeler (Griswald Family) at the cabin hidden in the woods.

They escaped to Starcourt Mall in time to save Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington, Erica Sinclair, and Robin Buckley (the Scoops Troop) who were being attacked by Russians. The Russians had used the mall as a front for building a new gate deep underground where the Scoops Troop had spent the week navigating. After a reunion with Chief Jim Hopper, Joyce Byers, and Murray Bauman (Eagle's Nest), all three of which have spent that week figuring out the science Russians were working on, with help from a deceased friend Alexei.

After separating again, Scoops Troop headed to the hill, nicknamed "Weathertop," where Dustin had built a radio tower to direct Murray through the vents of the Russian Base. Joyce and Chief Hopper were tasked with getting the new gate closed, which had a dead man switch. The Griswald Family was supposed to be going to Murray's home, but were stopped when Billy found them at the mall and had sabotaged their escape. Instead of following the original plan, they battled the Mind Flayer using fireworks inside the mall while an injured and powerless El was able to free Billy from the possession.

In return, Billy saved her from the fate he was unwillingly trying to bring upon her, by sacrificing himself to the Mind Flayer. At the same time, we lost Chief Hopper, who sacrificed himself for the same thing Billy Hargrove did, everyone's safety.

Tune into Netflix for more....

FAST-TRACK YOUR STRANGER THINGS KNOWLEDGE

Written by: Jaelin Schaeffer

Background taken by: Shannia Crafton

Writer's Block Mad-Libs

Fill in the blanks with your own words
and create your unique story!

"_____, " Mary _____, "I can't figure out what to write
Random Word Form of Speech

for my _____ in (Mr./Mrs./Ms.) _____'s class, and it's due
Writing Assignment Teacher's Name

this _____!"
Day of the Week

"Wait, since when did we have an essay in that class?" Josh

questions _____ as the _____ Mary _____ passed him.
Adjective ending with -ly Adjective Verb

_____, Josh _____ over to join Mary.
Emotion Verb

"What is the prompt?" Taylor asks as Mary _____ at the blank
Verb

Google Doc with _____.
Emotion

"It's supposed to be about a _____ a _____, but I
Noun Adverb Noun

just can't figure out how to _____!" Mary _____.
Action Form of Speech

"_____!" Tom _____, _____ over to the
Random Word Form of Speech Adverb

_____ group. "I am here to _____ you!"
Adjective Action

"Thank you, Tom!" Mary _____ Tom, and the team gets to
Interaction between two people
work on their _____ together.
Adjective Writing Assignment

Created by Mickey King

High School

By: Mickey King

In the middle of this school year, history was made when the COVID-19, or the Coronavirus as many refer to it during this time, pandemic swept across the world. Hundreds of thousands of people fell sick to the virus, prompting schools all across the United States and the world to close down for a long period of time. On March 12th, 2020, following recommendations from Washington State Governor Jay Inslee, our very own school closed down, leaving our wonderful teachers, staff, and students at home for the remainder of the school year.



Ms. Hines (Special Education Teacher)

"I bought the silliest pair of heart-shaped red glasses and I wear them while I work at home and on 'online' meetings," says Ms. Hines, "They're fun and remind me to look at the situation through 'rose-colored' glasses."

Her optimism and amazing sense of fashion has not gone unnoticed!

Bevin Collazo (Junior)

"I've been ... writing way more," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "but I've also been working on my Animal Crossing Island!" Knowing Bevin, she's probably been hard at work throughout this quarantine to get ready for her senior year.

Mr. Hollstein (Art and History Teacher)

"The Coronavirus Zombie Apocalypse has hit our state and the survival of the human race depends upon finding toilet paper!" exclaims Mr. Hollstein, "What I have learned is to be thankful for my family and friends, and to hold on to what is important."

That is a valuable lesson to be learned, and one that is shared by many people as we go through these times. At least we can hope the toilet paper shortage will become less of a problem as time goes on.

Hiatus

Some staff and students spent the seemingly endless amount of free time getting some much needed work done, while others had more creative ways of passing the time while in quarantine. Here are a few wacky ways some of Getchell's greatest spent their *extra* long spring break!

Tucker Lindop (Sophomore)

Tucker created a very elaborate *Home Alone*-like trap to catch his cat trying to steal his chapstick.

"It didn't work out great," he admits, "but it was fun, and a great way to use my last three brain cells to do something funny."



Mrs. Schmoe (Math Teacher)

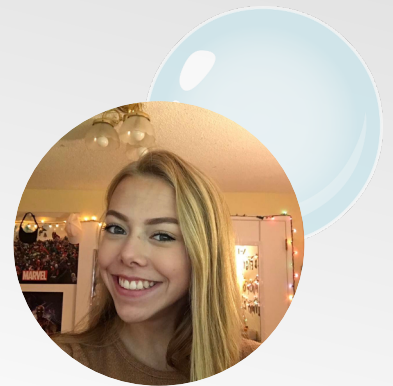
Along side maintaining a firm routine throughout the break to help keep her daughter active and learning during the long break, Mrs. Schmoe has been able to get back into gardening.

"It is something I used to love to do," she says, "but have not set aside time for in recent years."

Julia Rea (Senior)

"I've been working on a quilt," Julia, an incredibly athletic student here at Getchell, told me, "My grandmas have been teaching me how to make it. I can't wait to see how it turns out!"

Julia also celebrated her eighteenth birthday within this whole quarantine fiasco, which is awesome!



Mr. Horrер (English Teacher)

While being at home for such a long period of time, Mr. Horrер has taken on many projects to keep himself busy.

"I have created a throwing knife/axe target in my backyard," he told us, "I have also restored an old dirt bike and completed a supermoto conversion on it."

Sophie Mejia (Senior)

Between her time of getting Victory Royals in Fortnite solos and trying to pay off her crippling debt to Tom Nook in the new Animal Crossing, Sophie taught herself how to longboard.

"I got really bored and wanted to do something outside to keep my mind off of the end of 'Senior Season,'" Spohie explains, "It took a full week of practicing everyday to be able to get it down and start getting good at riding a longboard."



Madison Dawson (Junior)

Madi has been using this time to get back into painting, and has even created at least five new art pieces!

"I've been watching a lot of Bob Ross lately," Madi says gleefully. "This time has also brought me into learning how to embroider, but that's still a work in process."



Mrs. Stevenson (Office Assistant)

"We've been cooking a lot," Mrs. Stevenson explains, and boy was she not kidding. "Making sourdough bread from scratch (my daughter and I have a year old starter we've been keeping alive), making lemon and berry ice cream, roasted chicken, morning muffins, cookies, smoothies, blueberry pancakes, etc. Having a blast cooking with my kids and teaching them to cook new things, and making good use of my cookbook collection during this break."



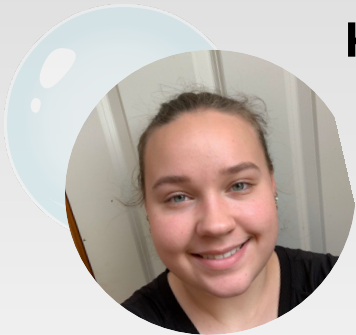
Adeline Warner (Freshman)

"I have a horse that I show at fairs and do 4-H with." 4-H is a cooperative effort between hundreds of different public universities around the United States that works to help kids learn and grow within their communities. "Most of the shows we participate in are canceled, so I have had extra time to train..." she goes to train with her horse over three times a week!

Mr. Marsh (P.E. Teacher)

During the quarantine, Mr. Marsh has been sending funny memes to his friends and family.

"In many of my friend circles, I'm the guy with the jokes," Mr. Marsh explained, "so I felt it was important to continue bringing people a smile and a laugh during this time." He has also found the time to continue learning Spanish, but he has said that he will "probably need ten more years of quarantine to be successful."



Kassidy Short (Sophomore)

Kassidy made some bracelets to pass the time during quarantine, usually taking around one to hours to make each one.

"I've been to summer camps for most of my life, and making bracelets are a treasured tradition at the camps. I wanted to keep up the tradition, and I felt like this was the best way to do it!"

Now, when you're trying to make a magazine when you aren't able to see your fellow editors in person to make sure you all are working efficiently, we of the Writing for Publication Club had some interesting ways of communication with each other to get this magazine out to all of you amazing readers. From text messaging and Zoom meetings while eating quesadillas, to emails and Discord interviews, we found ways around the Stay at Home order. Personally, one creating thing I have done during the quarantine was start writing short stories again. It was a great opportunity to strengthen my writing skills, and explore what I can do through a pair of "creative sunglasses." It's always great to find positive ways to pass the time when you're at home for long periods of time. Whether you learned a new hobby or a new language; worked on my your summer-body aesthetic; or if you just binge-watched everything on Netflix, Hulu, and Disney+ before moving on to YouTube in desperation; thank you for staying inside and saving the lives of all those who are at a higher risk of contracting the virus.

Now that you've heard all of these stories, what do you think? Were you able to do any creative or fun things while under quarantine?

CHAPTER 19: QUARANTINE

Toilet Paper

Zoom

Sneeze

Hand Sanitizer

Bored

Cough

Quarantine

Essential

Pandemic

Six Feet

Food

Fever

Face Mask

Water

COVID

Corona

Soap

Online Learning

Twenty Seconds

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

Hint: "Toilet Paper" is not in the actual search, to show that it may be on your list, you cannot find it in stores.

PING PONG OFFICIAL

Ciara Rich

If you were here as a student in recent years, chances are you have seen the Bearded Men playing Ping Pong at an assembly. Along with the assemblies, there is also a club after school every-other Monday where students can have fun and play the sport with each other. The Bearded Men consist of four teachers, Mr. Knowlton, Mr. James, Mr. Lambert, and Mr. McTee. These four run everything Ping Pong related at our school, so I wanted to learn more about their motivations and background in the field of this sport. In an interview with Knowlton and James, many fun things were revealed among the topic of Ping Pong, and the motive and hopes for the club.

When asked how they decided to establish the club, Knowlton shared that after a few years of the ASB having Staff versus Student tournaments, the Bearded Men decided to establish a club after school for students to play the sport on days other



"The Bearded Men"
Mr. Knowlton, Mr. Lambert, Mr. James,
and Mr. McTee

than assemblies. In terms of hopes for the long run of this club, Knowlton and James had very similar responses. Knowlton hopes for people to have fun,

kids to meet one another and form friendships, and to have something to do after school. James also hopes for more people to stop by and see the club while waiting for sports and such after school. They both agree the club is a great opportunity of something for the students to do after school.

Knowlton's favorite part of having a Ping Pong Club is being able to hang out with the Bearded Men. His other favorite part would be there is never a regular set of people, whoever

is there in the gym the day of meetings tends to join in. James agreed and said he feels the same way.

Mr. James' best memory in the club was the first time they held a meeting. Over 20 students showed up, and he said he'll never forget it. Knowlton remembers all of the great rallies, and will always remember when their new table broke.

When asked whether or not he considers himself good at Ping Pong, Knowlton responded that yes, he did. He believes this because he has the evidence of winning the best staff member to play two years in a row. Mr. Knowlton started playing in the Air Force. He played in the shop during downtime. He got competitive quickly where he learned to get good by playing better players. Mr. James started playing in college as a break from studying, but he says he never got good.

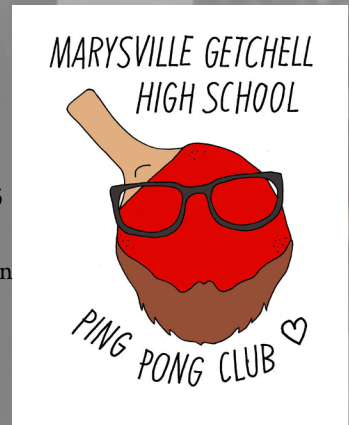


In the interview, I also learned the Bearded Men have shirts! The design on the shirts being a Ping Pong paddle with glasses and a beard. They never have competitions, but have been planning a tournament with both doubles and singles.

Previous tournaments or competitions were only in assemblies or planned by students. With only four to five regular members, they encourage you to stop by. You don't have to be good, and if you don't like it you don't have to come back. Perhaps in the new school year after this time in quarantine, it'll be fun to go play after school every other Monday with others. They hope to see you there one day!

THE BEST PING PONG PLAYER IS FROM SWEDEN!

A Swede named Jan-Ove Waldner is often recognized as history's best Ping Pong player. Thanks to his multiple Olympic and World championships medals, he's called the "Mozart of table tennis."



PING PONG LIKELY BEGAN IN ENGLAND!

Most historians of the game say it began in Victorian England as Lawn tennis had taken Great Britain by storm, and aristocrats wanted to play the game indoors, so they transformed it into a parlor pastime, using the backs of cigar boxes as paddles and stacks of books as improvised nets.

PING PONG IS PLAYED IN THE OLYMPICS!

Ping pong became an official Olympic sport at the 1988 Summer Olympics in Seoul. Currently, there are several event categories, including men and women's singles and team matches.

YOU BURN CALORIES WHILE PLAYING!

According to Weight Watchers, Ping Pong is a calorie-burning sport. Beginners can expect to burn between 200 and 350 calories per hour of play, and advanced players can burn up to 500 calories per hour, depending on how active the match gets.

SENIOR SEND OFF

Shannia Crafton and Desmond Sanders

Life has been hectic these past few months due to the lockdown. Though it has affected everyone, it has hit the class of 2020 particularly hard. Most of the typical senior activities, such as prom and senior assassin, unfortunately had to be canceled. In an attempt to honor the seniors, we wanted to feature what they had to say about their time here at MGHS.

One of the hardest things about being in high school is staying motivated all four years. Seniors are especially prone to lose motivation since it's their last year in high school. However, it's important to persevere until the end. Even with quarantine, here are some ways that the class of 2020 have been able stay on top of their work.

Alexandria Mizell: "I've just been keeping my long-term goal in mind to remind me why I need to keep pushing through school work."

Anahi Valdez: "I have been writing all the things I am thankful for during these past years in high school. I have also kept myself busy setting goals for future years involving what I've gained these years."

Sofia Lopez: "At first I lost complete motivation, but I started making schedules for certain days so I can devote my time on doing homework."

High school is a great place to create unforgettable memories that you'll cherish forever. It's a time to make friends, discover who you are, and find your passions. While everyone has different experiences, these seniors had some honorable memories to mention.

Destine Rae Nunez: "Throughout my years in MG I really liked the experience of going to homecoming because each year. It was a different setup, and I met a lot of new people during homecoming season. Another memorable moment in MG was the moving up assembly; it always gave a lot of nostalgia and memories when I look back when I was either a junior, sophomore, or freshman. I would literally just go really deep to how different each year hit me personally."

Zonya Zaldivar: "Berry bowls were always a good time to hang out with graduated students. My FBLA Conferences, my late nights during yearbook, [and] the next day we would sleep on the floor while staff was doing other work. Editors usually have time to spend ... for our last deadline."

Nikolette Poll: "I remember just being able to see my friends at lunch and hang out with them. If I had known it would be the last time all of us would see each other there, I would've held on a little tighter when we hugged goodbye."

Alyse Ward: "I've been doing my best to find motivation and reason to keep going; even though I've been slacking, I'm doing my best to recuperate"

Yosteen Ledezma: "To be honest, it has been an adventure a little weird, but overall work don't stop--got to keep going with the flow!"



Chase Knutson: "When I wrestled for the last time of my life at Getchell, it was the best season I ever had in my entire wrestling history, as stated by my coaches themselves. I also had a fantastic football season, we went 5-5 which is the second time in Getchell history to have had a winning season in almost 10 years. Thank you, coaches, for the best and toughest experiences of my life. I needed them."

Mickenzie King: "Oh boy, where do I start? My freshman year, there was the House Sorting Assembly, the legacy assembly, and the Decade of Chaos ISC special assembly. Sophomore year was the Murder Mystery Night ... Junior year was the Lip Dub (No matter how badly put together it was, it was still fun to make). Finally, I have to say one of the best highlights from my senior year would have to be all of you from the Writing for Pub coming to every meeting!"



Life can present you with a plethora of challenges and high school is one of them. Oftentimes, advice from someone experienced can be beneficial, so who better to ask than the ones who've successfully tackled high school?

Ange Juarez: "Advice I can give to the lower classmen is work hard, don't mess around, and do your work. Do your work, be focused, and get good grades because it's gonna matter. Work your hardest and be around positive people. Don't fail any of your classes because when it's your last year you're going to need to figure out how to make that credit back, and you don't wanna have to worry about the classes you failed plus the classes you already have to pass. So work hard and enjoy high school."

Devina Largent: "Don't let falling behind set you up for only negativity. There is always a way out and you can find that way out if you really want to--it just takes effort and asking for help."

Amanda Warren: "Get a planner and use it, treat every assignment with importance and take care of yourself. Surround yourself with supportive people"



Alicia Perez: "Get involved. Don't skip assemblies because your friends do. Go to football games. Do the spirit days. Join clubs. Play sports you've never played before. Do not miss on the best four years of your life because you want to be "a cool kid." Make memories, lots of them! And finally, take lots of pictures. They're going to be reminders of all of those memories you've made."

Claudia Villagomez: "Don't let procrastination take over you, it's gets really tough being able to get back up if you let yourself go into a dark hole; just because it's Senior year doesn't mean you should start to loosen up--it's the other way around: you should get stronger!"



There are many valuable takeaways that people will carry with them beyond high school. During their time at Getchell, the seniors have grown and learned concepts that they'll hold onto as they go their separate ways. These are some of the main takeaways given by the seniors.

Justin Nelson: "A take away from my senior year is you never know what you have until it's gone (referring to Covid taking away our senior year)."

Makenzie Wride: "Not everything always works out as planned, but you have to be okay with that."

Joseph Gabriel Ecolango: "To continue looking to the future, but to enjoy every single moment I have everyday."

Divine Bayya: "Listen to what other people have to say, but never feel like you have to base your decisions off of what people want you to do. There's a difference between being pressured into following the crowd and someone trying to stop you before you get hit by a bus. The only way you can find that difference is by being honest with yourself."

Nevaeh Burton: "Some of my best friends that I've made, even those who have now passed away, are worth holding onto."

Senior year is truly the most memorable part of high school and it is a shame that it had to be cut so short. However, these seniors are resilient and are able to see the light in the situation. We wish these graduates the best and we know that the years ahead of them will be bright. We also want to say thank you for helping our community stay strong and healthy. If you have one takeaway from your time at Getchell, let it be this: "Make everyday, a great day the Charger way!"

Farewell and good luck, Seniors!

PROS & CONS OF ONLINE SCHOOL

BY KENDALL LEONARD

The 2020 spring quarantine will live in infamy for several reasons, one of which is the worldwide shift to online school. Of course, online learning is not a new concept, as there are many completely online schools and several colleges offer online classes. Before the COVID-19 pandemic, University of the Potomac did a study about online learning and discovered that "77% of educators believe that online learning is just as good as traditional learning." So while online school was seen as equal to typical school before COVID-19, opinions might have changed with the mandatory schooling. So here are some of the pros and cons of online schooling according to high school students.

PROS

A benefit to online schooling is the increased flexibility in daily schedules. The staggered three classes per day schedule we use(d) is perfect for getting a good balance of school work and free time. Since school no longer takes up the majority of our waking hours, students are able to work when they feel most productive or when they aren't working if they are employed.

In-person school rules don't apply when you're Online. Want to eat in class? Your teacher can't stop you. Want to drink something other than Water? Go ahead, what are they going to do? Send you home? You can go to the bathroom whenever you want (as long as you turn off the camera and audio) You don't even have to wear pants! They can't see your legs!

Another benefit to online learning is the exposure to new tools, such as Kami, as well as several new skills like time management. Through the transfer to online school we have been awarded the opportunity to learn lots of new tools or perfect the usage of others. With programs such as Kami, it has become easier to do online worksheets, and with the reduced structure of our days, we have had to perfect our time management skills or nothing would

CONS

A con of Online school though, is the lack of focus. Unless you just so happen to have an empty room or an office to yourself, there are a thousand different things going on, in both our own homes and in others. Like hyperactive squirrels, it becomes difficult to pay attention when the plant on our desks becomes more interesting than another dead president.

Another con is the fact that deadlines are no longer being shoved down our throats so it becomes much easier to forget about assignments. As assignments no longer have much weight to them, it becomes a lot easier to shove off assignments for later or even forget about them. It becomes increasingly easy to say "Oh, I'll just do that Friday!" but when Friday rolls around, that new season of your favorite T.V show is a *whole* lot more interesting.

A con of online school is the toll it takes on students' mental health. Although we may deny it, we teenagers still like people, but only sometimes and when we feel like it. Also, this trying time of not connecting with others physically can have horrible consequences. Most of us love our families a ton, but being trapped in a house with them for weeks at a time really grates on nerves and tensions run high. Being unable to travel into the outside world takes a serious toll on mental health.

Photo Credit: Kendall Leonard

WHAT YOUR FAVORITE CLASS SAYS ABOUT YOU

Math

Are you sure you're not just a calculator with legs?

Science

The Mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell.

English

What's your opinion on Grammarly?

Gym

"No pain, no gain!" is likely your life mantra.

History

Heed my warning, all those who enter APUSH do not leave the same.

Art

Are you secretly Bob Ross?

Music

Do re mi fa sol la...

Foreign Language

¿Dónde está la biblioteca?

Created by:
Mickey King

Genetically Modified Children: An Epidemic Starting in China

Ciara Rich



Would you let someone modify your DNA if you learned the consequences? Scientist, He Jiankui, is a geneticist, biophysics researcher, and professor at the Department of Biology of the Southern University of Science and Technology in Shenzhen, China. He was unknown until 2018 when he globally announced his work using CRISPR/Cas9 to genetically modify twin embryos to prevent them from getting their father's AIDS. His accomplishments have been debated globally because of the ethics surrounding them. Children prone to medical disabilities and diseases should not have their genome structure changed because their human rights will be lost, how they reproduce will change our society and the next generations' DNA and genome structure, and it's dehumanizing.

The modern genome editing technology CRISPR is a bacterial defense system recently discovered and used initially for good, but has recently become controversial for misuse in an attempt to revolutionize our society's science knowledge. The technology "can be programmed to target specific stretches of genetic code and to edit DNA at precise locations"(1). This definition showcases how revolutionary this technology is, and has great potential to help those with genetic diseases. Although, many are using unknowingly of the consequences. "We do know that using CRISPR to edit a gene can have unintended, negative consequences on health in other ways."(2). The concept of off-target effects is a known negative respondent not publicly talked about. In some cases these effects are small, but others great as later discussed. The initial discovery of CRISPR could be used for the good, but not in this case.

The progress made using CRISPR is revolutionary, and this specific case seemed like a wonderful idea to work on and has taught us more about the technology. On the 28th of November, 2018, Chinese scientist He Jiankui

announced he has done editing to the humane genome and has genetically modified children that have already been born in China saying "Guess what, everybody? I'm the first to engineer a human being! And the kids are already here – they're twins!" in his video he uploaded to YouTube titled 'About Lulu and Nana: Twin Girls Born Healthy After Gene Surgery As Single-Cell Embryos'(3) This statement was big news in science, and anyone outside of the science world was equally impressed. Jiankui opened the door for other scientists to look at what exactly CRISPR can do. The genetically modified twins had their genome structure changed because their father, Mark, and his wife, Grace, has always wanted children of their own despite Mark having AIDS. Jiankui "used CRISPR-Cas9 to disable copies of the CCR5 gene in human embryos, in a bid to prevent the embryos' father from transmitting his HIV infection." (4). This use of CRISPR has been theorized by scientists before but never done for the basis of ethics. By Jiankui doing this, he has caused many problems for himself and the twins. Despite himself seeing this usage of gene editing as a success, the ethics and issues with rights prove otherwise.

The ethics and potential side effects of this case was the downfall of Jiankui and his teams work on gene editing. With the announcement of his work, Jiankui began getting negative feedback for the ethical wrongness and possible off-target effects of his self-claimed success. Phillip Murphy, an immunologist from the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in Bethesda, Maryland, who helped discover CCR5 in HIV cautions that He's editing could have created altered proteins that do damage, or nothing at all in terms of HIV loss and said: "This is a potential complication of editing that gets much less attention than



potential off-target edits and effects,”(5). If other scientists who study different parts of Jiankui’s experiment claim error, can the birth of these children really be considered a success if what he aimed to do couldn’t have even happened?

The statements made by other scientists on this project not only suggest failure but also discuss the ethical wrongness. Another scientist, Ainsley Newson, an associate professor of bioethics at the University of Sydney spoke out against Jiankui on the unnecessary need for his experiment. She claimed “Editing the DNA of healthy embryos to reduce the risk of contracting HIV is neither necessary nor appropriate.” and says there are other more precautionary ways to stop HIV spread (6). With this experiment being known unnecessary, what did Jiankui want other than fame? This spoken criticism proves this gene-editing phenomenon is not needed and should not have been done. If the almost certain failure of the usage of CRISPR-Cas9 and unnecessary need for this experiment to be done were known, what did Jiankui want from this other than popularity?

He Jiankui should not have done this experiment as a geneticist who has the knowledge of the potential side effects and moral wrongness of his work and with such carelessness. On January 3rd, 2020, He Jiankui was sentenced to three years in prison and fined 3 million yen, which is equivalent to about \$560,000 USD “for practicing medicine without a license, violating Chinese regulations on human-assisted reproductive technology and fabricating ethical review documents.” (7).

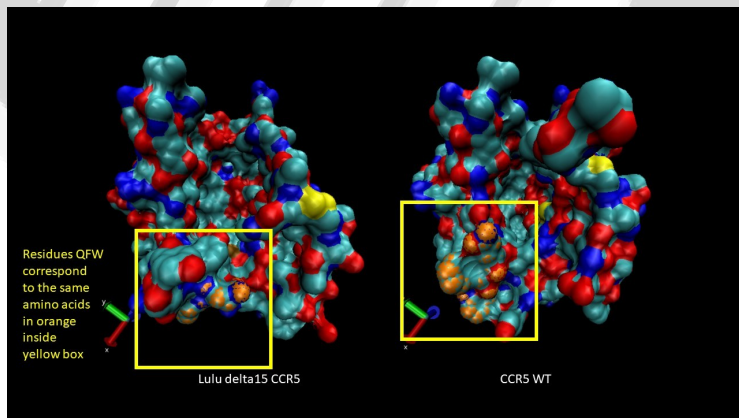
The punishment for the crimes of Jiankui was decided over a year after he had opened up about his work, and those working to get him punished are wishing he had a more intense imprisonment time or fine. Like others in the same category of research before him, “Dr. He was roundly condemned for his secretive recklessness”, many called him irresponsible after he discussed his experiment, and many suggest he removed the wrong chunk of DNA; thus after his announcement in 2018, the Chinese government opened an investigation on his illegal procedure (8)



This proves once more that Jiankui should not have done his project, or should have kept quiet on it. The project was likely done for popularity, not efficiency, and his failure is biting back at him. These statements on the legality of his work and known criticism will leave one wondering how the parents, Mark and Grace, let this man work on their children.

Gene editing is a dream fulfilling process for those with genetic diseases. “Mark and Grace had always wanted to have a family.”(9). He’s work to help this family is amazing motivation. He has supposedly granted Mark and Grace’s dream of having children of their own through his accomplishments in gene-editing. “The babies are home now with their mom Grace and their dad Mark, a happy family exists,” (3). With the babies being born healthy, the parents live content knowing their newborns are free of HIV. He Jiankui and his team have faced a lot of backlashes, but for the sake of the family, he has succeeded.

Through the initial work to help a family with an HIV positive father, succeeding in gene editing illegally, and facing punishment, He Jiankui has done a lot for the modern scientific world of gene-editing. The carelessness in his work is what has resulted in such a crime as illegal workings on the human genome. Despite his efforts to do good, he has done more harm. His work will be reviewed in further understanding how to safely accomplish genome-editing on humans, specifically dealing with HIV. Children prone to HIV should not risk the mutations and off-target effects that come with using CRISPR. Despite much more information coming out in the media, this is the basics of this epidemic. By understanding CRISPR and it’s long term effects, we can work more efficiently on the prevention of genetic diseases.



1)(www.broadinstitute.org/what-broad/areas-focus/project-spotlight/questions-and-answers-about-crispr.)

2) <https://www.theverge.com/2018/11/29/18116830/crispr-baby-he-jiankui-genetics-ethics-science-health-mutation>

3)www.youtube.com/watch?v=th0vnOmFltc

4)<https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/monkey-cage/wp/2018/12/06/a-chinese-scientist-says-hes-edited-babies-genes-what-are-the-rights-of-the-genetically-modified-child/>

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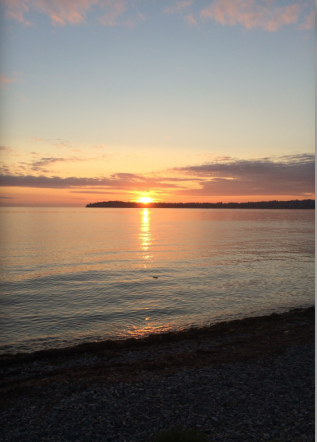
5)<https://www.sciencemag.org/news/2019/08/did-crispr-help-or-harm-first-ever-gene-edited-babies>

6)<https://www.newsweek.com/gene-edited-babies-5-experts-condemn-chinese-scientists-experiment-1233701>

7)<https://theconversation.com/prison-sentence-for-creator-of-first-crispr-babies-reignites-ethical-debate-129268>

8)<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/12/01/sunday-review/crispr-china-babies-gene-editing.html>

9)<https://mitpress.mit.edu/blog/youtube-persuasion-and-genetically-engineered-children>.





Photos taken by: Shannia Crafton, Jaelin Schaeffer, Desmond Sanders, and Bevin Collazo

What Did You Say?

By: Kody Reno

What did you say?
I blinked so I didn't see your lips move.
I'm deeply sorry but please repeat.
I've been stuck... Stuck in this limbo
can't you see?
And I must say, here it gets hard to hear.
These damned voices can derail your
brain and hit you even harder than a
train.
It makes it impossible to stay sane.
So please, just repeat what you said.
Instead of beating me over the head
thinking that I must be dead.
Don't hate me... I'm just... Confused.
Confused about why these demons
sound like you.
Did I die?
Or maybe I'm now realizing that you
never cried.
So can you just repeat,
I'm sick of sticking to this beat.
Why did he die?

Broken

By Zachary Webster

As glass shatters
Time is tattered
The world spins
As space bends
Glass breaks like us
Fast and forever.

Human Nature

By Colton Lindstrand

Neighbors, a collective people, living in unity.
Worldly neighbors,
all with a common interest in mind.
Order among people has yet to be established,
Reflected by the discrepancy among nations.
Do not forget we are one in the same,
All searching,
All seeking,
All pining
Not only for safety,
But we are searching,
For people to call family.

Eerie Feeling

By Carlos A Moreno

The eerie feeling
No one knows where it came from
Yet it follows me everywhere I go
It travels through whispers
It goes through social media
It follows through the looks in people's eyes
It always made my hair stand on end It takes the
appearance of nothingness
Yet I still feel like I hear footsteps coming
towards me
So many bodies follow along with me
Yet I feel so alone
Walking an endless path
Until I can walk no longer
The feeling always kept up with me
Racing to reach me
While I hide away in the dark

Picture by Hannah Ludwig

Brainwaves

By Bevin Collazo

Music Helps
when it's long
and slow
When it's short
and fast
Enhances Daydreams
Enhances Thoughts
Enables the void
Enables the feelings
Music enables
And it's always
Unstable

Why?

By Byron Jeter

What will we do without you,
Why must I feel so blue,
Life is a gallery of happy disasters,
Then we just end up dead;
That's the truth.
What is the point of all of this,
What is the meaning of life,
We grow, learn, love and play the
game,
Until the day death calls our name,
Why?

Dear Fast Walker,

By Jaelin Schaeffer

Could be like the Tortoise,
Slow and steady.
Stalling not on purpose,
Not winning until you're ready.
Could be like the Hare,
Fast and quick.
Running without a care,
Not taking time to think.
Dear fast walker,
You're like the Hare.
As a slow talker,
I'll be the Tortoise.

Darkness

By Daniela Ramos Reyes

Murderer,
I see you for what you truly are,
Darkness, hopeless, feared. First
gaining our trust,
Then tearing it down.
You see our light,
And you snuff it out.

Sarcasm

By Liz Avis

Not necessarily ironic or a honest
response
I give you a sarcastic remark It is
revealed as my humor
It promises the opposite of what's
true like, " Well, what a shame"
Here
It will be greater creativity like
an exchange
It will make a contradiction
between intended meanings
I am trying to be funny
Not used with care or in
moderation I give you a
humorously thinly veiled scorn
Its disapproval will make a
statement
sound more critical
as we are
Take it
It's a constructive behavior
If you like
misinterpreted
It's scent will cling to those
engaged
cling to each and every
conversation

The Words I Didn't Say

Shannia Crafton

Trapped, captive, locked away

This is how I'd describe the words I didn't say.

To my dismay, simple things such as "my name is" become hard to mouth

And everything goes south when I attempt to get it out

Due to this, I often keep to myself.

Zero

Tyler Killham

Not a hero or a villain

I give you a bone

It is an inadequate dream

It promises crime.

Here

It will fester at the bottom of the pit like a rat

It will make you shatter like glass

I am trying to be gone

I will give you a bone

It's spitting image will reflect on your life,
fierce and honest

As I am not

Take my lies

It is the dust of the bones.

The dust will cling to you like my words.

Who is Hera?

Kassidy Short

Hera

Motherly, sophisticated, jealous, protective

Daughter of Chronos

Lover of Zeus, cows, peacocks

Who feels extreme emotional pain

Finds happiness with her family

Who needs respect

Who gives her loyalty

Who fears her family falling apart

Who would like Zeus's loyalty

Who enjoys items of lavish

Humble, vengeful

Woman of Wrath

Morning Sun

Dawn Peterson

It means kind, compassionate, friendly

it is the number 1,000

It like a clear summer sky It is going fishing at
Blackman lake

It is in memory of aunt Jennifer

Who taught me patience and honesty

When she watched my brother and I

My name is Dawn

It means starting each day like a brand new sunrise

Picture by Hannah Ludwig

We Know Nothing

Ciara Rich

Wanna know what scares me?

We know less about our seas

Then the great skies above

With 71% of our planet being water

And 96.5% of that being the sea

5% is all that we know

Leaving over half of the great depths below unknown

In what we know

228,450 species roam

Swimming, crawling, jumping, inching

And still

Doing the math we know that means

Approximately 3,243,990 species are unknown

Wacky

Now, what do we know of the stars?

We know how it all began

The distances between

Even what it's like on far away grounds

But do we know that we're truly alone?

Thinking as if we're on our own

Influencing the growing knowledge of our home

You would think to realize we're alone,

Supposedly,

Would influence studying a bit more of what is on this planet

Coconuts kill more people than sharks

Yet which do we fear?

440 species of them have been identified

Leaving 228,000 more creatures to fear

It's strange that I fear the sea more than space

I seem to fear what we know about our oceans

But what scares me more is what we don't

I have found our galaxy to be interesting

I like discovering what we know about the other planets

I like theorizing why things are

I like admiring our stars and the colors of our solar system

But this liking never crosses my mind when I think of our waters.

Perhaps this is why we continue looking for more out there

Rather than studying what we have here.

So until this fear of what we have goes away

It is a bit comforting to know that we know nothing.

Shooting Star

Bevin Collazo

She's a shooting star

She grants wishes,

And gives help

Even to those who don't deserve it

She's a shooting star

She's flown too far

She's burning

At the hands

Of those

She has helped.

Sisters

Kendall Leonard

We fight

but we just can't seem to go without saying
goodnight

We don't see each other all the time

But we know,

No matter the distance,

We have each other's back.

No matter what,

We will always be sisters

Lived Just to Die

Liz Avis

Is it worth anything
Leaving everything
Is this worth anything
Leaving everything
Just to see if your life will change
Thinking everything is better on the other side
Depending on a low possibility
That might've lived just to die

Empty

Liz Avis

Scared to live, scared to die
Faked many smiles before
Always feeling empty in the inside

Sunshine

Kendall Leonard

A momentary break from the never ending
dreariness of the sky
If only for a moment
The powerful star illuminates the dew drops
Covering the world, from the grass to the
flowers
And even when the sunshine disappears,
It reminds us all that the sun will continue to
shine
And will remind us to appreciate the little
things

Black

Araya Roberts

There is no light
in this house
Only Darkness
Without a spouse
Taking over
Pure and strong
Is the sound
Of my lonely song
I've been singing
For a while
Yet I cant see
Not one smile
Dreams of sight
In this darkness
Can I find light
Or is this hopeless

Feelings of Blue

Desmond Sanders

There are many shades of blue
Whether it be the soothing flow of the ocean waves
The chills that crawl down your spine
The courage from within
Or the eternal dread that never ends
A protective shield
Of love and trust
Or a piercing blade
Of loneliness and dismay
There are many forms of blue
It's all up to perspective
What shade you'll behold

Human

Mickey King

I am Human, I can see, I can hear
I can think and smell and feel...

I can think,

So I can remember, I suppose.

Billions of electrical pulses travel between the neurons of my brain,
Firing again and again and again and again

Forming caverns and canyons engraved within the fabric of my mind

Memories such as,

"I before E except after C."

Or,

"The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell."

These memories are engraved,

Hardwired into my skull,

Programmed to be part of my being, I couldn't get rid of them if I tried

They're engraved, entangled into my existence

Almost like a computer,

Perfect, punctual, precise.

As if my brain was a database,

ready to answer every question that may come to mind.

Calculated, clear, concise.

With every word I say and every movement I make, I must be *Perfect*

But you see, unlike any computer,

We cannot auto correct every mistake we make.

We can't delete all of the harsh words we say,

Or Control-Z every time we break a promise.

We have to live with all of our mistakes,

And the memories that come along with them.

Because, unlike a computer,

We are Human

Stamina

Colton Lindstrand

Steep rocky trail.

30 in my back,

30 in his.

His legs quiver;

A strain is apparent.

40 on my back,

20 on his.

His eyelids are heavy;

He's grown tired.

50 on my back,

10 on his.

My legs quiver,

But he is tired.

I fall to my knees.

This operation must end.

Constellation: Roasty-Toasty Marshmallow

Kassidy Short

There was an Empire of Marshmallows; they were more advanced than the humans who lived on their borders. The humans became jealous and attacked. The Emperor decided the only way to prevent the humans from stealing their knowledge is to consume it. Everything that existed in the Empire was consumed. Then the Adviser of the Emperor said it wasn't enough and the Emperor must devour his subjects in order to save them. One by one he ate everyone. When the humans invaded and found just the Emperor and discovered he contained all the knowledge, the leader of the humans thought eating the Emperor would give them access to the information. The humans stuck his majesty onto a stick, roasted him, his people, and all their knowledge. The humans ate the mallow and found there was no knowledge. The Marshmallow was put into the stars because of his sacrifice.

Components

Tucker Lindop

They say the eyes are the window into the soul

That the mind is what makes decisions based on evidence and reasoning.

That a mirror will reflect the body.

It is these three components--the mind, the body, and the soul--that make up the shenanigans that is me.

Curiosity

Aaliyah Emery

There was once a curious girl who lived near the edge of the woods. She would always let her mind carry her away to the unknown. She would often lose her way without ever being truly lost. Whether it was in the forest, which she had wandered through many times, or the mountains, or even the sea, she would always find something to be curious about. One day she was taking a stroll through the forest when she saw a blinding light coming from behind a rock. It was glowing pink and blue, maybe even green, and it was almost like it was moving. She walked towards the rock, which turned out to be a boulder taller than she was, and she found a portal. This being something she had never seen before in a place that she knew like the back of her hand, she let her curiosity get the best of her. She walked through the portal and she was instantly transported to a place like nothing she had ever seen. She was in a large, pink, grassy field with colorful trees, and purple sky. She started to walk towards one of the trees and a house came into her view. She decided to go see what the house looked like up close. She soon saw that the house was changing, it couldn't decide what to look like. Being the curious person she was, she walked into the house. The house, feeling that it finally had something in its mouth, changed back into its true form. The giant monster, being so hungry from not eating in five years, gobbled the girl up and no one heard of her ever again.

Everyone is Addicted to Something

Shannia Crafton

Addiction. This is a word that usually has a negative connotation but it's all in perspective. Everyone has something that they can't even imagine living without. This could perhaps be a TV show, sport, or even a subject in school. Initially, positivity being associated with addiction was a foreign idea to me. I couldn't wrap my head around the thought until I viewed the word in a new way. I came to the realization that music is my addiction. I honestly don't know who I would be without it since it's such a huge part of who I am. My earliest memories consist of me singing my heart out just because it brought me extreme joy. It's just thrilling to burst out the lyrics of a beloved song. A little later on in my life, I picked up my first instrument. After all, it would be another good way to express my passion for music. I started with the piano and went down many rabbit holes since then. I started to play the clarinet and I still play today. I also am experimenting with the guitar, ukulele, and bass. You might notice that those are all stringed instruments and that's because I wanted to combine my two passions, singing and playing instruments. For a while, I only learned familiar songs and that satisfied my wishes. One day, I had an idea. Why not write a song? I combined my love of instruments and singing into one new thing. Not to mention, I loved writing so song-writing was an amazing fit for me. Overall, music is something that defines me. Without, it, I don't know what I would do. Music is my addiction, now what's yours?

The Title of Best Friend

Jaelin Schaeffer

If the term “best friend” means “closest friend,” why do elementary kids use it so loosely? I’ve had three in my lifetime, so I’m not being hypocritical. It took a while to meet the first person I considered my best friend.

You see, I had switched schools during the summer of 2012 and was technically considered “the new girl” at the beginning of the school year. I remember a girl, whom I met that year in third grade. She gave me a notebook when I needed another for the new class. We had our petty, elementary fights that were considered huge to us at that age, but we were close enough that I considered her my best friend--that is until we started growing apart as the end of our time in elementary school arrived. In middle school, we barely spoke. Now, in high school, we still hold each other in our hearts as good friends, and we’ll chat on the topic of other things, or schoolwork, in the one class we share(yes, we should be paying attention).

Toward the end of third grade (2013), a new family moved into the house next to me. I became really close with the middle child, who was only a year younger than myself. As I spent more time with her after school, during the summer, and during recess, once school started up again, she started to claim the title of “best friend” for herself, and she reciprocated. We even started referring to each other as “sisters” and were nearly inseparable for years. Our way of coping during the fights we had in 2017 was ignoring/silent treatment until the person angry was able to forgive. I’m not going

to go into detail on the fights. However, our personalities and interests collided with me graduating into High School, and with the change of grade/school, resulting in us growing apart. The last time I had a one on one, face to face conversation with her, was December 31st, 2018, and by then, I had moved on.

In eighth grade, there was a new group of kids in my band class. One of which played the same instrument as me and was in my math class. It took a month before we actually met, then we were quick to discover shared interests and passions. We made games where she would steal something of mine in Math class, whether it be my instrument or coat, and she would run off with it to Band class. She and I were separated during most of our freshman year, with no classes together since I was in Choir that year while she remained in Band. We only shared our Friday Lunch, however, with the need to make up the hours taken away from the Snow Storm of 2019, that lunchtime together disappeared, causing me to start hanging out with her in the morning before class. This year, in our Sophomore year, I’m back in band class, but she moved up into Wind Ensemble. We still don’t have any classes together, but we share all of our lunch periods, and both joined Writing For Pub, in order to hang out more often. I now consider her more than just my best friend. She’s my platonic soulmate.

The best thing about life is, as you grow, your friendships, your perception of what that is, evolves. Helps that you can have more than one close/best friend.

Anxiety

Mickey King

Time seems to be standing still. My palms are sweaty, my fingers are shaking, and my heart is racing as I look out at the class. Classmates are looking at their laptops and phones, talking among themselves instead of looking up at me and my presentation. I should be fine, but Anxiety came to visit again. Anxiety has been visiting me for as long as I can remember-- making me feel as though I would never fit in with the rest of my peers. When the class finally quiets down, I stutter through half of my presentation. Anxiety has always made my speech impediment worse. The class gives me a lackadaisical applause and I take my seat near the front of the class. A freshman sits next to me; their turn to present is coming up soon. Anxiety gives me a little wave goodbye and takes a step to the left. Left, to visit the freshman beside me. “I can’t do this,” the freshman states, “I’m going to mess up and everyone is going to laugh!” Anxiety lets out a bellowing laugh at the freshman’s statement. This is what fuels his power over teens. I take a deep breath and flash the freshman a supportive smile. “Anxiety is visiting you, isn’t he?” I ask, turning toward the freshman to give her my full attention. “Anxiety? Who is that?” she asks, looking at me in concern. “Anxiety is the hardest thing teenagers like us have to deal with. He likes to loom over your shoulder and make you too scared to do things.” I point at Anxiety, who flashes me a deadly glare. “If that’s true, how can I get rid of him?” The freshman asks, her eyes widening in fear. Anxiety’s gaze narrows at me as if he also curious as to what I have to say. He knows I always try to give people advice about this kind of stuff. “I don’t think you can ever ‘get rid’ of Anxiety,” I admit, “Sure, he is the worst thing we have to deal with as teens, and maybe even as adults, but I also find that he can help us with discovering what the best part of being a teen is.” “And what might that be?” Anxiety asks, finally speaking up. His question was intense and surprising--he was angry that I was confronting his presence, but he also sounded curious. “The best part about being a teen is finding out new things about our selves and the world around us, but we can’t experience that without taking a risk and letting Anxiety know that he isn’t needed.” I smile at the freshman and pat her on the shoulder as the teacher calls her name; it’s time for her to present.

Don't Leave the Window Open

Liz Avis

The crisp air of an October night is coming to an end. There's a hint of dullness in the dark surfaces as the sky is spangled with stars. Side streets are found empty in the suburbs of Pennsylvania. Where do you go when death is lurking? A killer walks. Closer and closer he comes, wandering down the cold pavement into the shadows. Surrounding a small cul-de-sac, a gray split-story house sits. Thick shrubs outline the front yard. His knees are scuffed, deep within the thorns of the dense shrubs. His head peering over. The bedroom front window is visible and in reach. His eyes are straining to find the figure in the subtle lit room. His desire of inflicting pain is growing. The curtains are open, he steps onward to her window. She's removing her clothing piece by piece until she hears a loud snap from the near outside. She turns facing the window cursing herself, forgetting to close the blinds. Goosebumps form on her pale skin. An eerie feeling subsides and she's not sure if she's just imagining things. Peeking through the window her surprise turned into horror... A tall white male figure watching her. Everything becomes clearer as she understands her faults. Reaching to close the window latch but it's too late... His hand covers her mouth. She tries to break out of his grasp but her muscles fail as he roughly pulled her down by her hair. She's thrown to the floor clothless, and screams out in pain, but it's only muffled. No one could ever hear a thing. The clock strikes twelve. The soulless coming for a soul. He's been watching her for months, he knew her routines, and where she lived. Coming for the innocent with pleasure. There was nothing she could do to save herself. She felt his fingers dig into her cheek forcefully until the moment where she found herself on her stomach wincing in pain from the impact of falling upon the hardwood floors. Blood pooling from her yet minor wounds. She's out of breath and left with nothing to defend herself. The worst is yet to come. He gains confidence in his motion. Nothing could interrupt his thirst. He feels his lips curling into a smirk as he advances towards her. He starts stabbing her in the back repeatedly with a large knife. Her body turns numb amidst the pain but still instinctively tries to grab the knife out of his hands to avoid the stabs. This makes him more aggressive. He keeps stabbing, now at her

Play Your Game

Kaya-Marie Solomon

For approximately four years, I hardly ever played my game, like a true follower who let others walk on me, slowly developing unattractive scar tissue. Until the day one of my most considerable role models threw me my first life line; one that would not only change my perspective on the world around me and the people in it, but cause a ripple of deep reflection of myself as well.

Eldon Moore had been my soccer coach for five years and, as time progressed, I could feel myself gaining more knowledge with every interaction I had with him. He was average height for a man his age, had hair like that of a raven's, and his skin was the color of dark chocolate. Eldon claimed he used to be a hippie long ago. I'd say he still was one. He had several scars on each earlobe caused by ear piercings from his prolonged rebellious teen phase. He meditated.

Others thought Eldon was constantly serious and didn't understand our generation's interpretation of the word "fun". But he smiled... and laughed... often. I was able to enjoy the sport on a new level because of the relationship I had with my coach. He presented his ways of showing that he cared at the rate a sloth runs. He always seemed to have his own realm of energy that he carried with him. He was a dove.

fingers and backs of her hands. Multiple blood vessels break and pour out like a red, veiny egg yolk. She's screaming now, louder than ever. He starts going ballistic, aiming every part of her body he can find. More and more, within every inch of her figure. There's still parts left of her, clinging on for dear life. She can't move, her legs now paralyzed. Her body three feet beyond the radius of the door. It had been too long. All she wanted was for her pain to stop. By now he couldn't stop thinking about getting caught, but the rush was worth the risk. Killing just for the sake of the kill. Ready to end it all, he leans down and crouches next to her body. Her breaths are shallow but still present. His right hand grasps her fragile throat and applies harsh pressure until there are no more sounds or movement. Her body now just lifeless, lying limply. The ends of her auburn hair dried in blood. Her previous screams and shrieks echoing in his ears. He can't help but think he doesn't regret a thing. The cries, the blood, the agony- has now relaxed him. He thinks of when the police will arrive and he will flash that sadistic grin as he is handcuffed and dragged away, heels digging into the concrete. His greatest ambition: to kill more people-more helpless people-than any other man that has ever lived. For him, it's not a game, it's a necessity. It's an impulse he can't control.

"Well you got me. How come it took you such a long time?"

No matter what, Eldon Moore always wanted the best for me. He was always challenging me and pushing me to my limits both physically and mentally during trainings. Eldon said he wanted me to be better than he was at my age. I noticed how whenever he was talking to the team, he would stare directly at me. He said it was because he knew I was listening. He had raven hair.

Eldon had dealt with a history of alcoholism and drug abuse. We were able to have in depth conversations on the topic due to indirect relation. He was a construction manager who supported two daughters on his own and coached a select soccer team for four years. He was a butterfly.

Though I had only known Eldon for roughly four years at the time, my mom had met him many years before. Their relationship was strange. They had known each other for a decade, yet were new friends. Because of me.

One crisp summer morning, I was having a conversation with Eldon when the thick summer breeze and dense air hit my face. It gave me goosebumps. In that moment, we were talking about the upcoming afternoon game. It was against a tough opponent and I could feel my nerves tingling. Then it started raining.

Overthinking was one of my worst habits. My mind was going crazy thinking about all the worst situations that could occur during the match. I knew I would find a way to mess up.

"I'm not ready for this," I stated.

His reply was, "yes you are."

"But what if I mess up or I let a forward go through me or-"

At that instant, Eldon grabbed my shoulders and looked me square in the eye when he said, "Play your game."

As I went out onto the field, I no longer felt the intense weight on my shoulders. I was no longer micromanaging myself or critiquing every single movement I made. For the first time, I could see myself through an outsider's perspective. I was no longer on the inside looking out, but, rather, on the outside looking in. We won that game three to zero.

Scared to Joy

Dawn Peterson

Scary. That's how I always described a single house on Maple Street. Appearance wise, the street looked like any other average street, but appearances were often deceiving. The houses were identical and everyday children came out to play at the same time. At one house however the children never joined in games like tag or hide-and-seek. At this one house the little boy bounced his rubber ball and the little girl skipped with her jump rope, both to a rhythm.

Bounce, click, bounce bounce, click, bounce, click, bounce bounce click.

At night when it rained, this one house never saw a single drop. You might think everyone saw this. You might think everyone knew of this odd place. You might think this house was labeled as "The Freak House" by the younger generation. You would be wrong. I was the only one who noticed, and to this day I don't know why I did. I do however know why this one house was so strange. It happened on my last night in town.

I was walking home from work because I missed the city bus. The skies were clear, the stars shining, and the full moon lit my path. Normally I would walk through Adams Avenue, but it was blocked off for construction. So here I was, walking down Maple Street. Everything was fine and I was getting closer to that very odd house I was afraid of, when the sound of an engine made me stop in place. I looked down the street but no cars were on, and the sound was only getting louder and louder. I covered my ears as the engine now sounded like a constant thunderstorm. I looked at that house to see fog? Smoke? Seeping out from underneath it.

I watched, frozen in both awe and horror, as the entire house lifted off the ground like a giant rocket. Then in the blink of an eye the house shot up into the sky and disappeared. The only thing it left behind was a square area where the house once sat. Not a single tree was broken or shifted, it was perfect. It was a perfect liftoff.

Slowly, I looked up and down the street to see who else had come out from their houses to investigate. There was no one. I was alone in the street. I ran home to call my wife in New York and tell her what I had just witnessed.

"You just had a nightmare love," She reassured, "Get some rest and I will see you tomorrow."

I tried to do as she said, but I couldn't stop thinking about what happened. It was a long night, and an even longer flight. In New York, I tried to tell others my story. To warn them, but I was brushed off as crazy and a madman. Only one person believed me.

The next door neighbor. She was a wonderful lady with two children, a boy and a girl. Everyday they went outside to play with their rubber ball and jump rope. They played to the most beautiful rhythm I have ever heard.

Bounce, click, bounce bounce, click, bounce, click, bounce bounce click.

Once upon a time I had been afraid of this rhythm. Now, whenever I go home it brings me nothing but joy to hear two kids playing. Perhaps my experience was one of a nightmare. A fiction I made myself believe. Or maybe, I am so scared of this repeating scene that I find joy in it now.

Scared to Joy, who would have thought?

Camaraderie Cross Country

Desmond Sanders

Sports are one of the many ways that we get through the grueling process of high school. Through sports, we not only keep ourselves in shape, but we also build connections and make new friends. Choosing a sport, however, is difficult, especially with all of the options here at Marysville Getchell, but if you were to ask me what sport I would recommend, I would have to choose cross country. Not only does cross country improve your health, both mentally and physically, but you'll also be a part of one of the best sports communities at Marysville Getchell.

One of the most noticeable benefits of cross country is the one involving health. I've personally noticed that during the cross country season, I've had more energy and been in an overall better mood while competing. However, you don't have to take my word for it. Many studies have shown that long-distance running can reduce knee injuries, help you sleep better, and improve mental health. These benefits have helped me and my fellow teammates with both our physical health and mental health alike, both of which are

extremely beneficial for inside and outside of school

However, the number one reason to join Getchell's cross country team, has to be without a doubt, the community. If you join cross country, you can be guaranteed that you'll be a part of a supportive and encouraging team. Whether your goals is to advance to a varsity level, or you just want to play the sport casually, you can be assured that both coaches, Mr. Ryter and Mr. Edens, will push you to your full potential and will help you reach your goal no matter your skill level. I cannot express the level of appreciation that I have for my teammates. Everyone there is extremely welcoming and caring, and they really made me feel as if I am a part of a family.

Getchell's cross country team is a great way to introduce yourself to the sporting community. Not only is it good for your health, but the community is one of the best Getchell has to offer. So, if you're considering joining a sport for next year, you should definitely consider joining Getchell's cross country team.

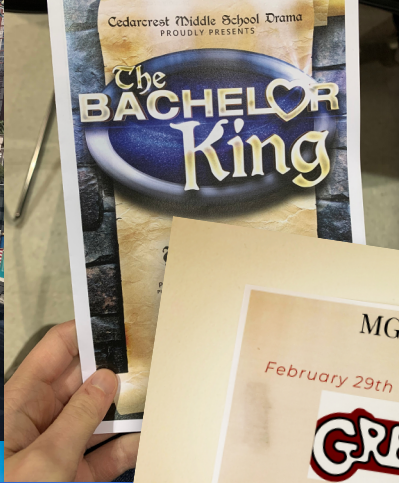


ZOOM BINGO

How many of these awkward situations you been in while in a video meeting with your classes?

B	I	N	G	O
Bad Virtual Background	Your Internet Dying	Robot Voice	Teacher doesn't know how to run the meeting	"Your internet is unstable"
Students Having an Off-Topic Discussion	Unflattering Camera Angles	Technical Malfunctions	Pet Interruption	Everyone has their camera off but you
Sibling Crashing/Joining the Meeting	Younger Sibling Throwing a Tantrum	Awkward Silence	Minecraft Server Links	Awkward Heavy Breathing
Can't Hear Anyone	Forgetting to Mute your Mic	Parent Interruption	Animal Crossing Friend Codes	Someone's Camera is On, but They aren't Showing Their Face
Messy Hair	Someone Obviously Texting While Teacher is Talking	Arriving to Meeting Late	Still Wearing Your Pajamas	Embarrassing Pictures Behind You

Were you able get a BINGO?



Photos taken by: Shannia Crafton and Jaelin Schaeffer

