

Gibbons **W** Gazette

Issue 3

A Paper for the Students, By the Students

June, 2018



In The Spotlight!



Meet Mrs. Avery!

By: Sage Ellison and Emily Coffey

Mrs. Avery is the 7th grade math teacher on the Red Team

Who is in your family?

I have three children: a daughter named Caitlyn, another daughter named Alison, and a son named Alex. I also have one brother, two sisters, and my parents.

Where did you grow up?

Worcester

What was your childhood like?

I think I had a pretty good childhood. There were lots of kids in my neighborhood. We went on vacation to Maine every year with cousins, and I was a girl scout.

What is your favorite color?

Green

What do you like about being a math teacher?

I love the subject math and I love helping students. For students who already like math, my goal is to show them how wonderful it is, more than they already know. For my students who don't like math or think they're not good at it, I try to help them see that they can be good at it. I want everyone to love math like I do.

As a kid, did you know you wanted to be a teacher?

Yes and my college professor also influenced me to become a teacher.

Where did you go to college, and what did you study to become?

I went to Bates college in Maine and I was a math major with a music minor. I almost double majored in music and math.

Did you take any other classes or have another job before this one?

I earned a masters degree in math at UMASS and I was a high school math teacher for two years. I went back to grad school for two years and then worked for the Department of Veteran's Affairs as a statistician in health economics for a long time. (That's why Mrs. Avery runs the Valentines for Vets project!)

What do you like to do in your free time?

I like to go to Maine and the beach, I like to ride my bike, be with my family, play board games with my kids, walk with my friends, and snowshoe in the wintertime. Also I like knitting.

How long have you been teaching in general?
I have been teaching for 16 years, not counting the years at community college.

How long have you been teaching at Gibbons specifically?

I have only been here for six years.

Do you have any pets?

Yes, I have two cats, Pippin and Caspian, and I have a dog named Jules.

What is your favorite school event?

The talent show at the end of the year because the whole school comes together on the last day to celebrate the year and the students' talent.

What is your best advice to give students about math?

Math is full of patterns, so finding them will help you become successful at math. Stay organized and pay attention to details! Most of all, don't give up.

Three interesting facts about yourself that most people don't know.

I ring hand bells in a hand bell choir.

I have played piano since I was eight years old and someone played a song that I wrote.

I like to mow the lawn, and I would even go and mow other people's lawns when I was a kid.



Mrs. Avery (far right) with her children.

Photo to the right: Bella and Jonathan tape kind messages and sweet treats to lockers for their fellow students to discover the next day.

Best Buddies Interview with Ms. Basta

By: Sage Ellison and Emily Coffey

1.) **When does the best buddies club meet?**

We meet every other Wednesday after school.

2.) **What is the main goal that you want to achieve for the best buddies club?**

Best buddies is a club where all students form friendships, and typical students make friends with the students who have special needs.

3.) **What do you do in the club?**

So, the club is really student-led, and they plan the activities we do; it could be games outside or inside, lots of different activities, etc. Right now we are working on kindness notes. We like to just to start friendships and include everybody.

4.) **Who do you work with? Is there a program?**

We work with the kids in the school who join the club.

5.) **Do the kids do work outside of school or attend different events?**

In middle school, the only time we meet is once every other week at this club, but in high school, they run lots of different activities, like going to the movies, dances, and apple picking.

6.) **How long have you been working in the best buddies club?**

This is the third year of the best buddies club and I have been here for all three years. Ms. Grilli has also been with best buddies, but for two years.

7.) **Do you have any connection to the club? Why did you choose to run this specific club?**

My class is a special education class, and to me it's important that students have friendships with kids throughout the school.

8.) **How many kids are in best buddies?**

We probably have about 30-35 kids that come every other week, and some show up different times when it fits with their schedule.

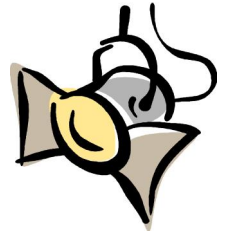
9.) **What type of activities do you do in best buddies?**

We do projects, play games and cooperation activities. We go outside and work in the courtyard as well.





In The Spotlight!



A Foster Home for Turtles

By: Emily Coffey and Shannon Clark

Have you ever seen turtles like these ones? Would you like to be able to foster a few of these guys for a year? These are the Red-Bellied Cooter turtles. The Red-Bellied Cooter turtles are an endangered turtle species that live right here in Massachusetts. One of a few reasons the Red-Bellied Cooter turtles are endangered is that their predators, specifically birds, take advantage of how small and innocent the turtles are. As a result, the Red-Bellied Cooter population was steadily decreasing until the Headstart Program began.

The Headstart Program, run by MassWildlife's Natural Heritage and Endangered Species Program, was founded in 1984. Since then, over 4,000 Red-Bellied Cooters have been brought back to their natural habitat. The Headstart program allows participants to raise these baby turtles until they are ready to be released into their natural habitat. The Red-Bellied Cooter turtles are placed in their foster home for approximately eight to nine months out of the year and the caretakers have complete authority and responsibility over the turtles.

The Red-Bellied Cooter turtles start out "walnut-sized" yet some can grow to be "the size of a grapefruit". The foster homes of the turtles help the turtle mature and grow larger than they normally would in one year on their own in the wild. The advantage of being bigger like a "grapefruit" is so that their predators, the birds, cannot get to them or eat them because they are too big to swallow. Participants in the Headstart Program may include individuals from museums, schools, and non-profit organizations.

Mrs. Casale and Mrs. Greenwald, two seventh grade science teachers, participated in this program. There are a lot of things that they had to do in order to properly raise these turtles. First, they had to feed the turtles. The Red-Bellied Cooter turtles in Mrs. Casale's and Mrs. Greenwald's rooms ate Romaine lettuce. It was hard at first for the turtles to eat big pieces of lettuce, but towards the end of the year the turtles could eat whole leaves of lettuce.

Another important job was to make sure their water was clean, replenished, and at the right temperature. The water had to be very warm and because of this, the water evaporated. Every so often, more water needed to be added to the tank.

Finally, Mrs. Casale and Mrs. Greenwald had to weigh and measure the turtles at the end of every month. This data is collected from all of the foster homes and is given back to the program. This is like a monthly check-in to see how the turtles are doing and maturing.



Photo by Emily Coffey

When measuring the turtles we had to put gloves on and try to keep them still. Although this might seem simple, the turtles got panicked when removed from the tank and squirmed the whole time. Mrs. Greenwald had two turtles in her classroom and Mrs. Casale had three. Mrs. Greenwald's turtles ended up being bigger than Mrs. Casale's turtles. This is most likely because turtles will grow to the size of the tank and there was a lot more room in the tank with one less turtle.

We had the turtles for almost nine months and just recently said goodbye to them. They were tagged with a microchip chip and, along with 48 other turtles, were released into various ponds throughout Plymouth County. Having turtles in our classroom really helped a lot of people learn about endangered species and what you can do to help them.

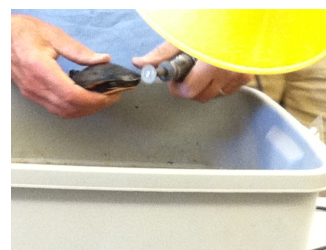
Fun facts:

"This [past] year, [2017], is tied with 2001 for raising the most baby turtles since the Headstart program's inception 33 years ago" (Endangered turtles get a head start on life).

"Since NHESP began the Headstart Program in 1984, over 4,000 Headstart cooters have been released back into the wild" (Endangered turtles get a head start on life).

*NHESP = Natural Heritage and Endangered Species Program

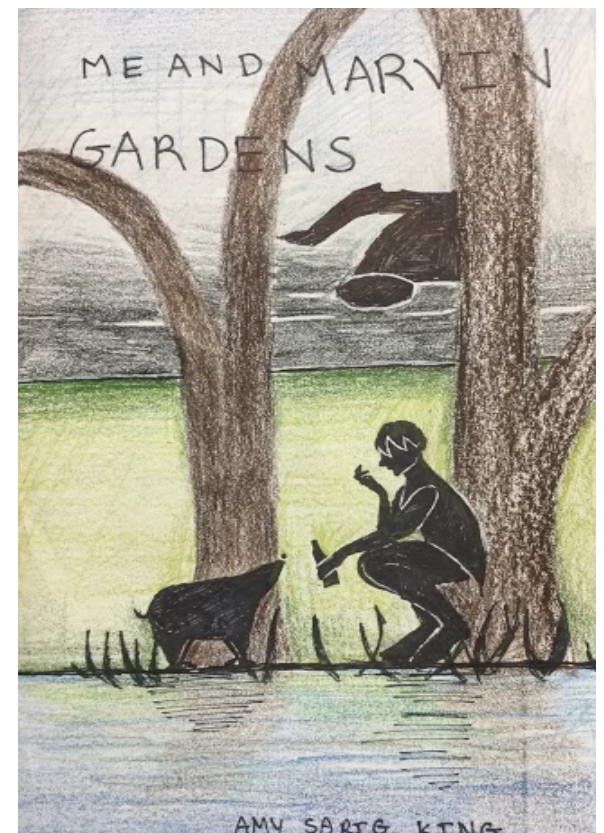
"This year, 26 partnering institutions from across Massachusetts are fostering turtles" (Endangered turtles get a head start on life).



Judging a Book by It's Cover

The students in Mrs. Ryan's reading class recently read the book called *Me & Marvin Gardens*. It is a story about a boy named Obe Devlin who is worried about developers who are taking over his family's once beautiful land. Then one day Obe befriends a plastic eating creature!

Each student was challenged to create a new cover for *Me & Marvin Gardens*. The cover needed to be different from the one that was already published and it had to connect to the story in some way.



Jessica Gu's book cover

During the Skype session with A.S. King the students were surveyed and asked to pick the alternative cover that they felt was the best. A.S. King was also asked to pick the best cover. Jessica Gu was chosen by both the students and the author. Jessica received a \$10 prize for this honor! Congrats Jessica!

Writers' Block

To Dance

By: Rachel Martin

Inspiration seems so far away
The world around is black and white
Life goes on just day after day
I've lost the will to put up a fight

For what's the point of hoping
If you're always let down
What's the point of swimming
When you're just going to drown

But maybe it could change
Maybe there's a chance
And instead of crying
We could stand up and dance

So just let the rain pour down
I know I can take anything
Since I can learn to dance in the rain
I might even learn to sing

Ode to the Pages of a Book

By: Jayden Thomas

Without the pages in a book,
I would be nothing.
Each word more meaningful than the last.
Each page a new number of imagination.

Millions of people flipping pages beyond
compare.
Without them not a single sound in the air.
Fantasy at its finest hour.
There is nothing warmer than having the
feeling of reading a book.

Books are the adventure to my life.
They are the water to my pond.
They get more love than most ever have.
I could read millions of books over and over
again

Mangoat

By: Jayden Thomas

Living in the steaming sun on a summer
sunset kind of day
You hear hooves buckling on the heath of
hay.

You hope it's not the Mangoat.
They're as slippery as soap.

With it's tangerine fur and thorns.
It's born with its thorny horns.
Getting ready to charge.
Roaming across the plains of starch.

The Traveler

By: Eamon Hilferty-McMahon

The old, resource-rich world is gone. In its place is a new husk. This hellish apocalypse started from an unknown place at an unknown time. Because many of the agricultural ports were destroyed, people who depended on those resources swiftly perished. However, pockets of survivors, like my friend Philip and I, lived off of scraps, like rats. After we regain our strength and gather intel on the source of the apocalypse, we will try our best to band together the survivors for help and defeat whatever evil caused this. You know, easy stuff.

"Yo Django, you got any matches?" Philip asked raspily.

"Yeah, I got some leftovers from last night's fire." Fishing through my pocket, I retrieve and light a match. Soon a hearty fire is ablaze next to our tents.

After an hour, a worried look swept over Philip's dirt-caked face.

"Uh... Django, we need some kindling for our next fire. Or else some wild animal might attack us by surprise. And we need the kindling soon." I glanced at the sky. The sun was dipping into the landscape with a deep purple aura. Barely any time was left before light faded into opaque darkness.

I dashed throughout the skeletal forest, practically scooping up sticks as I jogged. Finally, just as the last light dissipated, I trekked on to our campsite. A dove sang his mournful song. Some twigs cracked.

"Hello?" The sound of a high pitched voice made me jolt. Next, I tripped over a root and my carefully organized kindling cascaded to the ground. Upon looking up, I saw a sight that would be forever etched into my memories. A young boy, maybe six, stood above me. He almost looked normal. However, running across his face was a red gash as deep as a canyon.

"Let me help you pick those sticks up," the boy offered cheerfully. He bent over, then crumpled to the ground. He didn't move.

"PHILIP!" I screeched. "I FOUND A SURVIVOR, BUT HE'S IN CRITICAL CONDITION. BRING YOUR MEDICAL KIT QUICK!"

The sky was consumed by the violet of midnight. An impenetrable void. I was firmly pressing a damp washcloth against the boy's wound.

Philip had already tended to it. I was just trying to make the boy comfortable.

After another hour of tense waiting, Philip and I heard a groan. The boy had opened his eyes, instinctively touching his stitches. We approached him slowly.

"So, little boy, where is your camp?" I asked tentatively. The boy swallowed, fear filling his eyes.

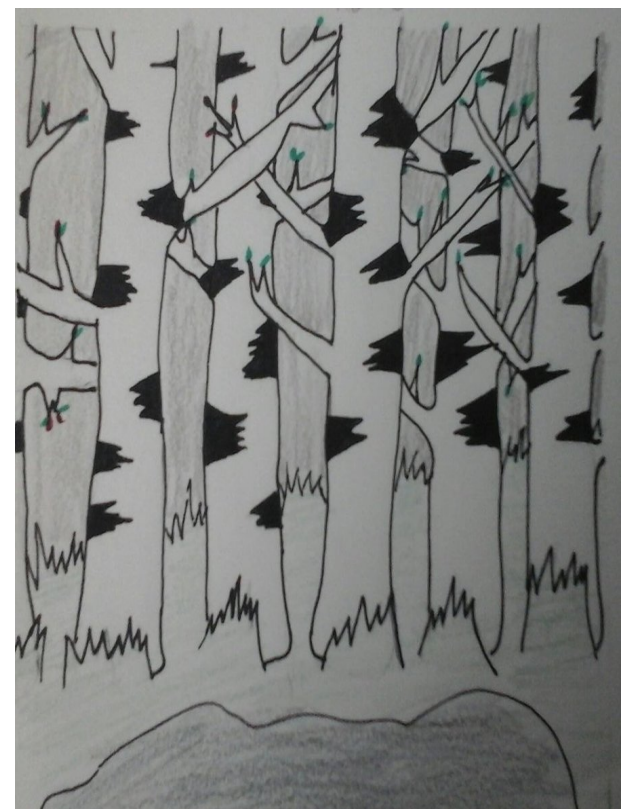
"Gone," he shuddered.

"Is there anyone left that you know. Parents, friends, siblings?" I continued, trying to phrase each question so as not to upset the boy. However, I had failed my task, for tears were glittering on his cheeks. His anguish made me feel remorse for even probing him in the first place. So, to try to comfort him, I reached over to wipe away his tears.

My hand reached him, and I made my gesture to wipe away the tears. However, the tears felt hot, like a stove. Feverishly hot. This discovery made me look nervously over at the whimpering boy.

Maybe he was really sick and needed help.

Suddenly, through the slits of the boy's fingers, a red glow emanated. My mouth unhinged in horrifying realization. This boy wasn't a boy. He was what started the apocalypse: a monster.



Drawing by: Ava Menezes

Writer's Block

A Forgotten Memory

By: Ava Menezes

The old, broken house looms; a piece of the past frozen in time. The grey sky makes it look sad and forlorn. You gaze up at it. You should remember. It was yours once. But all you see is the fading blue paint chipping at the edges. You hesitate before entering. There is a tree, worn and old next to the entrance. It's the only thing in the garden that has stood the test of time. You see an old swing hanging from a branch, rocking back and forth in the wind. You must've played there once. But you don't know. You take a deep breath, then step inside. You listen to how the tired, dirty floors creak. There is a small table in the foyer, with a large square of paint that is even more faded than the walls. A missing photo, you think absentmindedly, as you walk into the kitchen. The rush to leave is evident in this room. The pantries are left open, and there is shattered glass on the floor from a broken jar. You step over it cautiously. There is a dinner table too. The chairs are pushed out frantically, and there are plates on the table. It is covered in a fine layer of dust. It seems they got the warnings while eating dinner, you think. You walk into the living room next. It is common and everyday. A couch, an empty bookshelf. Nothing special. You move on quickly. There are no large rooms left on the ground floor, so you decide to go upstairs. As you walk up, there are similar squares on the walls as in the foyer. You wonder where the pictures went, and if they were left. Much like the floor, the stairs creak under your weight. There are two large rooms, so you start with the closest. It is yours. Yours and someone else's. If you had known, you would have prepared yourself. But you didn't, so now you stand still in the doorway, gaze locked on the toys on the floor, and the bunk bed, and tiny clothes in the small wardrobe. You shake yourself out of your stupor and slowly make your way through the room. You touch everything, the beds, the toys, the clothes. Even the squares of faded wall, where pictures were ripped off.



Drawing by Beatriz Santana

You walk along what should have been your room, and, as you do, you almost hear the faint sound of children's laughter in the air. But then it's gone, swept away by the passing wind. You sigh, then move on. The next room must be your parents. This time you prepare, but it is unnecessary. The room is practically barren, aside from the furniture. No pictures, either. You turn to leave, vaguely disappointed. You are stopped by something peeking out from under the bed. It is an old box, seemingly forgotten in the haste to leave. It is shut, but the lock on it is old and rusted and comes off easily when you yank it. You open the box slowly, then cough as a plume of dust reaches your face. You look inside, and hold your breath. The missing pictures. The box is full of them. Some still have plaster from where they were ripped off the walls. You take them out gently, like they are rare and precious jewels. To you, they are. You still have no memory of the people in the pictures, but you can guess. There is your mom, with the same hair as you. She stands next to your father. You have his nose. There is a boy, too. A brother maybe? His eyes are closed in every photo, with a shiny happy smile. You shared a room with him, you are sure. And then there is you. You may be younger, but it is undeniably you. You look the same, although the haunted look from your eyes is not there. That came later, when your world fell apart. A tear falls from your eye onto the paper, splotching a balloon your brother is holding, narrowly missing his face. You hide the picture quickly, trying to save your treasure. You put the photos gingerly back in the box, then hoist it onto your shoulder. You exit the room, and gaze in the direction of your own. You can see the fading yellow walls from here. You feel your eyes sting. You shake your head to clear it. No time for tears. You walk down the stairs slowly, then stand in the entryway. The door is still open where you left it. You now see and hear the rain that must have been pouring for a while. You sigh, then adjust the box on your shoulder. You step outside, shutting the door gently. You exit and walk along the worn stone path, letting the rain fall against your face, mingling with the tears that no one can see. You stop and turn to look at the house one last time. A moment passes when everything is frozen in time. Then you focus all your energy and the sky splits open with a fierce roar. The blinding power of lightning strikes down on the house with all its might. You do not flinch. The light disappears, leaving the home burning in its wake. Even with the rain, the fires are too large to be put out. Soon the home will be nothing but a pile of ashes. And the only thing that would tell you that it was there at all is the box of pictures, resting on your shoulder. You turn and leave, without looking back.

The Outsiders Fanfiction

By: Shreya Vaidyanathan

From the perspective of Dally:

"Whirling suddenly, he slammed back against the wall. His face contracted in agony, and sweat streamed down his face. "Oh, Johnny, don't die, please don't die..." He suddenly bolted through the door and down the hall" (149).

"Oh, Johnny, don't die, please don't die..."(149). I touch Johnny's hair. Caressing his cheeks, I hug him, telling him how genuinely proud I am. He coerces a grin but it takes up much more energy than it should. Watching someone you love so dearly crumble in pain is the worst thing to intake. He's cold. I hope with all my heart that he miraculously survives. Begging him to stay with me a while longer, I wring my hands. I reiterate my words again and again, pleading with him. I stare helplessly as his breaths get more inaudible. I slam back against the wall as I see the color in Johnny's face drain away. An invisible force pushes at me until my whole back contracts. Johnny closes his eyes and they give a last light flutter. His chest ceases to thump in a ragged pattern. I can't breathe. All I feel is the numbness. As his life flies away, all I feel is the urge to die myself. I feel wrecked, like I'm going to drown in all the tears bundled up inside me that just won't emerge. I run out of the room and into the hall, the tears finally erupting and running down my face. I hit the wall and hunch against it. All I asked for was to spare the only person I truly loved. Was that too extravagant to ask for? I think of life without Johnny and my heart feels like it's been torn apart. I couldn't go on. I was broken. Johnny was more important to me than my life itself, and if he was to die, I would too.

I rush to shovel items into my bag until I perceive a store worker yell "THIEF" and pick up the telephone. I leave the store and stop at a phone booth to call Darry. I tell him what I did and I hear his voice, horror struck, yelling into the phone. He swears at me and I listen carefully knowing it would be the last time I would discern his rough voice yelling at me. I want to laugh but it feels wrong without Johnny there. The police are nearing and I know that the worst they'd do was arrest me, so I pull out the gun from my pocket. It isn't loaded, of course, but it's enough to trigger the police to shoot at me. I see the gang had rushed to me. I give them a miniscule smirk. I see the horrified look plastered across Pony's face as my intentions finally dawn on him. I turn to his direction, nodding once, noting that I'd be in a better state once I was dead. A handful of bullets come at me and I greet them like a friend, knowing that Johnny and I would be in a better place sooner or later. I'm not afraid as it hits me and a triumphant grin flits across my face. I am Dally and I get what I want, and at that moment, the only thing I wanted now was to die with Johnny. I don't feel the burning pain shooting all over me. The only thing on my mind is Johnny.

Middle School Scoop

Election Results 2018

The campaigns were lively; the speeches were moving. Alas, in the end only one can win (per office held). And here they are, your newly elected student government:

President - Sasha Wilkinson
 Vice President - Andrew Chen
 Treasurer - Melissa Kuang
 Secretary - Lexy Ladas

Student Council:

1. Brendon McDermott
2. Skylar Gravell
3. Elsi Aires
4. Kevin Xu
5. Liam Johnson
6. Julia Desmond



Campaign posters covering the halls during election season.

GIBBONS ON TRACK

By Shreya Vaidyanathan

Congratulations to the Gibbons Track Team on an amazing season! After winning all four meets- two home and two away, You could say that the team has made quite an achievement. Even better, lots of personal records were beat, showing how much everyone improved. Personal records are used to judge a good season. Many members on track were qualified for the state meet which was on Saturday, June 2nd. Riley McNamara came in 8th in the girls 100m hurdles. Adam Steinberg came in 1st in the boys shot put. Emma Kris came in 3rd in the girls shot put. Desmond O'Reilly came in 6th in the boys mile. Will Collins came in 2nd in boys 100m hurdles. Eli Westfort came in 9th in the boys turbojav. Good job Gibbons Track!

Meet The Staff!



We hope you've enjoyed this year's editions of the Gibbons Gazette! Sadly, there are no more editions for this year, but we'll be back with more during our next school year! If you think working on the newspaper might be fun, be sure to join us next year, and if you don't want to join, feel free to give us feedback or suggestions for future issues!

STAFF:

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 Sage Ellison
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 Prerona Dey
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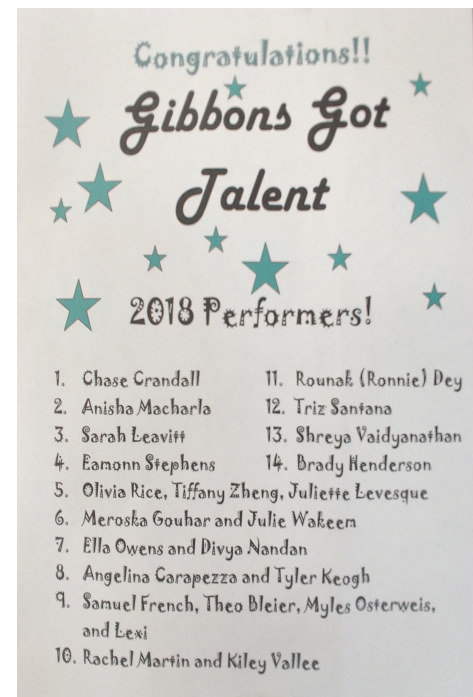
- Mrs. Nottingham
 Ms. Fridley



COMING SOON!

Gibbon's Got Talent:
 June 22, 2018

You Don't Want to Miss This!



Writers' Hall of Fame

Congratulations to the final round of inductees into the Writers' Hall of Fame! You should be very proud! A reception to celebrate and honor all writers chosen this year will be held on June 18th!

Yellow Team:

- Marissa Walsh
 Will Plunkett

Orange Team:

- Ella Silverberg
 Hannah Kenny

Red Team:

- Emily Coffey
 Julio Varella

Maroon Team:

- Liam Johnson
 Rebecca Sherr

Blue Team:

- Abigail Thompson

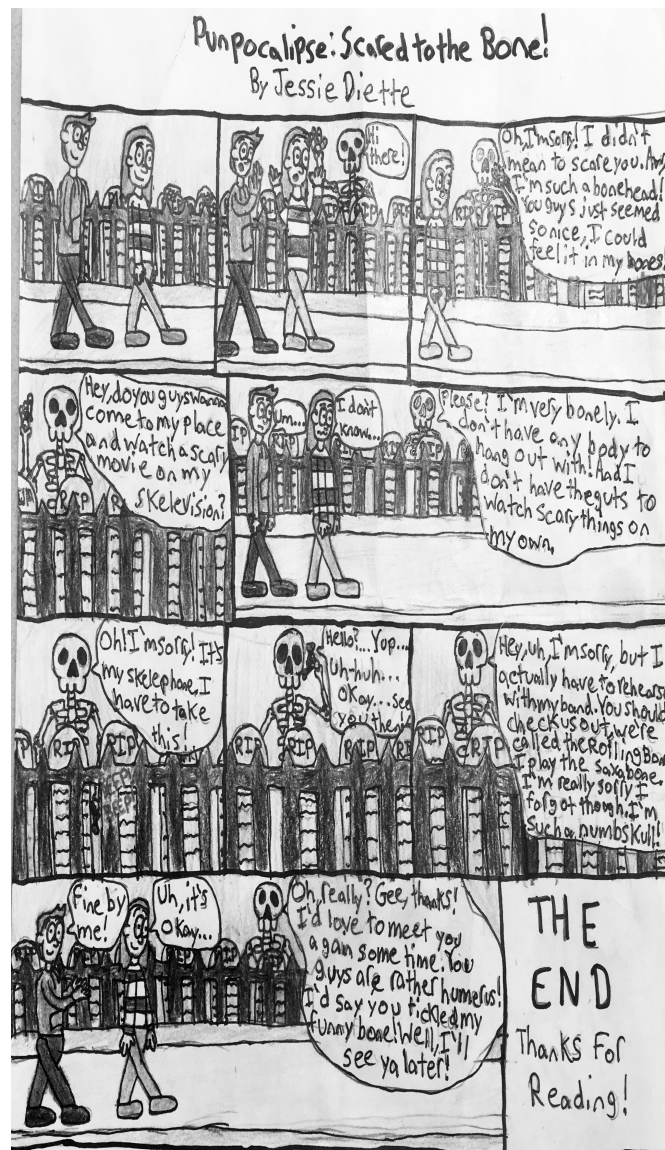
Purple Team:

- Celeste Morais

Green Team:

- Viola Li
 Kiley Vallee

Puzzles, Puns, and Fun



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Rocking Riddles

by Abhishikth Chillara

1. It is what every human hides, but never admits. It was what the human has evolved through. It has caused disasters first, but peace is always the result. It has always failed humans but improved the humans. What is it?
2. These reversed the human evolution. These became more active, and sleeker as we got lazier and fatter. These interest every person in this world except for the old. These also improved times as well as saved time. What are these?
3. A boy kicks a ball and it travels 10 feet and comes back to him. He did not hit it towards any wall. How is this possible?
4. What belongs to you but you almost never use?
5. What is so fragile that it is broken when spoken?

(Answers pg. 8)

Puns By Lara

By Lara Roche-Santos

1. Grab a highlighter, go up to someone and say "You're the highlight of my day."
2. Pizza is so crusty.
Then you would say "That was so cheesy"
3. Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He's all right now.
4. Why don't some couples go to the gym? Because some relationships don't work out.
5. A friend of mine tried to annoy me with bird puns, but I soon realized that toucan play at that game.
6. Have you ever tried to eat a clock? It's very time consuming.
7. I once got into so much debt that I couldn't even afford my electricity bills, those were the darkest times of my life.
8. The experienced carpenter really nailed it, but the new guy screwed everything up.
9. I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. It's impossible to put down.
10. I relish the fact that you've mustard the strength to ketchup to me.



Art by Rebecca Frogel

Critic's Corner

DIY Ice Cream With Only 2 Ingredients!

A review by Rachel Martin

When I saw a recipe that promised ice cream with only two ingredients and no machine, I was skeptical. I didn't think you could make ice cream with just cream, sweetened condensed milk, a mixer, and a freezer. Boy, was I wrong.

The prep time for this ice cream was about 40 minutes. It seems like a lot, but it's really fun if you have a friend to make the ice cream with. First, you have to whip the cream with a stand or hand mixer until it forms stiff peaks. This took around ten minutes with a hand mixer, so I recommend using a stand mixer if you have one. Next, you add the sweetened condensed milk and keep mixing it. It took a while, but eventually, I had made the base for the ice cream. Since I didn't want plain vanilla ice cream, I crushed some mint Oreos and folded them into the ice cream base. The cool thing about this recipe is that it is customizable. You can add anything you want to your ice cream. After that, I had to freeze it for six hours, but I just left it in the freezer overnight. Overall, the prep time for this dessert wasn't too long, and making it was pretty fun.

The finished ice cream was delicious. It was smooth and creamy. The flavor of the mint Oreos mixed in well and made the ice cream both minty and chocolatey, while also giving it some texture. My mom and I both tried it and loved it. Also, it was nice and easy to scoop, not hard like other ice creams that you can buy at a store. I would definitely use this recipe again and I recommend it to anyone who wants to try making their own ice cream. If you want to recreate this recipe, you can find a video tutorial on the YouTube channel Gemma Stafford.



Black Panther Movie Review

By: Jessie Diette

80%

Overall, I thought Black Panther was a pretty good movie, but I haven't seen many superhero movies so I don't have much to compare it to. The fighting scenes were cool, but there were a couple of outdated jokes/references that I did not like. For example, there is a scene where one character points at another character's shoes and says, "What are those?", and that joke is just too old to be funny anymore, not to mention that it's never funny when movies try to use memes as jokes. There was also a scene where a character sang the song "What is Love?", which I didn't find funny at all. Some of the tech in the movie was a little confusing and could have been better explained. There were some small parts of different scenes when characters would speak the Wakandan language, and it wasn't subtitled, which annoyed me because why include something in a movie that the audience can't understand? I didn't care much for the romance between Nakia and T'Challa, but luckily the movie didn't spend much time on it. There was a cannibalistic joke later on in the movie that I thought was kind of funny.

SPOILER ALERT! Now I'd like to discuss some things that may be sort of spoiler-ish, so if you don't want to have the surprise "ruined", skip to the third paragraph to see my final rating of Black Panther. The flashback thing with the father killing the uncle or whatever was really confusing, and I couldn't understand it well; it could have been better explained. It annoyed me that the Wakandans brought the CIA guy into the lab, basically letting him know all of their secrets. They could have just brought him to one of the huts in the village that we saw earlier in the movie, and let him keep believing that Wakanda was a poor, impoverished country. The main villain, Killmonger, didn't really seem very "villain-y" to me. He just wanted to take back what was rightfully his and what was wrongly taken from him. It really reminds me of the Meteora character from Star vs. the Forces of Evil; it's kind of hard to truly hate them. It was very cliché of the movie to have Black Panther "die", have everyone think he's dead, and then he turns out to still be alive. The use of spaceships at the end of the movie seemed a bit too "Star Wars-y" in my opinion. It also seemed kind of unlikely/hard to believe, in my opinion, that both of the Black Panther suits got broken at the end.

Okay, no more spoilers now. Overall, I think I'd give Black Panther a 6.4 out of 10, but that's just my personal opinion, being someone who's not that into superheroes. If superheroes aren't your thing, like me, you might want to check out my A Quiet Place review, and maybe watch that instead.

A Quiet Place Movie Review

By: Jessie Diette & Lucas Halem

100%

This was a really good movie. If you get bored easily you probably won't like this that much though. There is almost no talking throughout the movie which is cool but could make some people bored very quickly. Although this movie was really good if you are looking to watch something scary you may have picked the wrong movie. It is more meant to be creepy though than scary. Unlike some horror movies this was not that predictable. You almost never knew what was going to happen next unless they wanted you to. The idea would not have been original if it weren't for the apocalypse tone the movie had. Surprisingly this was a good family movie (not for families with young kids ages 10 and below obviously), as the heartwarming themes of family are heavily present in the movie. The music in this movie is excellent. There are also a lot of jumpscare, so be aware. There were a couple of times in the movie when you could hear the characters whispering, even though they were also doing sign language, and it seemed kind of stupid that they would make noise to talk, even though they were already communicating silently, through sign language. However, that's the only thing that kind of annoyed me about this movie. Everything else, including the ending, was fantastic.



Image source: www.rottentomatoes.com



Image source: <http://www.marvelicioustoys.com>

Critic's Corner cont.

Fire by Kristin Cashore
a book review by Kaitlyn Hu

The book Fire is about a girl named Fire who has special abilities. She's the last of what they call monster humans and the book is about some of her adventures. Even though the main character isn't on the front line of many battles, the book still grabs the reader's attention. The book is definitely a young adult book as in some parts it deals with a part of life not normally on books. It definitely more fit for a sophisticated mindset. This book does contain some romance as well and for those who don't like romantic books, this may not be the right book for you. I did feel the ending was a little bit rushed. I think the whole problem took too long to arise and it would be better if this book's story were continued in a sequel. Overall, I really enjoyed this book and would rate it a 7/10

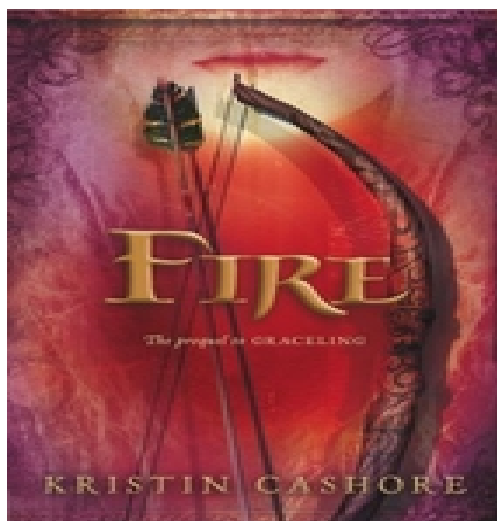


Image source: www.librarything.com

Ready Player One by Ernest Cline
a book review by Kaitlyn Hu

Ready Player One is set in the future where the world has fallen to a worse place. Our main character, Wade Watts, devoted his life to solving puzzles in this video game, set by the creator of the Oasis. The whole book is about his adventure to solve this huge easter egg hunt. I found this book very interesting. The plot and characters was developed very well. This book does contain quite a bit of profanity but I didn't mind this, and even found some of the lines funny. I thought the book was wrapped up quite abruptly though and in my opinion, a little more falling action could be included into this portion. In the story, the characters had only met in the Oasis and in the end of the book they met in real life. I felt as though there should have been more about the characters interactions with each other. Especially with the main character and another character named Art3mis. Overall, I enjoyed the book and would give it a 8/10

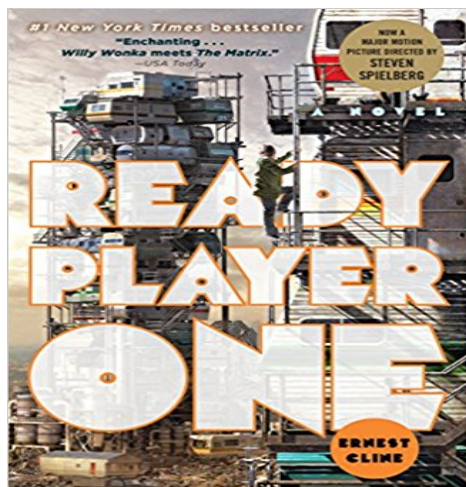


Image source: www.amazon.com

Mind of the Middle Schooler

LIFE'S GREAT QUESTIONS VOLUME 2:

A LONG TIME AGO IN A SCHOOL CALLED GIBBONS...
HOW WAS THE UNIVERSE CREATED?
By Lucas Halem and Jessie Diette

How was the universe created? This is yet another of life's greatest questions. To answer this question, many people turn to their religions; many turned to science. But we know the true way to find the answer: by asking the students of Gibbons! So that's exactly what we did. Here are the answers we got. We hope you enjoy!

'The all powerful toast created the universe'
Our all-powerful lord Cthulhu brought life to us all and we must praise him.- Anonymous

Someone farted AKA: "The big bang" -anonymous

Spongebob Kraft mac n' cheese created the universe.
It's not Cthulhu, because Cthulhu is fake.-Abe

The universe was created by the universe to create the universe.- Anonymous

The universe was never created; it's just a loop- Abhi PC

When a human was born- Sri

42- Some person who didn't understand the question.

I blame god for the horrible misery of life.
The theory of relativity.- Another person who didn't understand the question.

Simon's brother created the universe -The simon's brother cult

Satan and god had a baby, and it was the universe- Anonymous

Curry-Tarun
Spongebob Kraft mac n' cheese created everything - Devin

Spongebob Kraft mac n' cheese- Ruben
Doomcannon - Levi

Spongebob Kraft mac n' cheese- Brandon

A group of potato hackers created the universe- Mr. Anonymous



Art by Rebecca .Frogel

Life's Greatest Questions Volume 3:

WHY WAS THE UNIVERSE CREATED?
By: Lucas Halem

We now know how the universe was created and the meaning of life but why was the universe created? Let's hear what some students from our school have to say.

The universe was a boring place. Mostly because it wasn't there. So it was created and then it wasn't boring anymore. But 50,000,000,000 years later it got boring again. So the universe was destroyed all over again. Also 3 years from now the 50,000,000,000 will be up.

So in conclusion WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!!!!!!!

God created people TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE GREAT AGAIN!!

The universe isn't real it's just a figment of the universes imagination. -Lucas Halem

Which universe -Sri

It was never created, it was just there. -Abhi

So mushrooms could exist -Tarun

Because it wanted to -Noah

42 -Tophat Clan, Kari, Roni

So that the hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy could be created so people could know the meaning of life -Levi
Because dank memes were needed to make the non universe a danker place -the guy who wants to make you all cringe

So we could have memes- Veronica

Science- Rosa

Spongebob Kraft mac n' cheese- Abe B.

So there could be an Earth and people could do good for our world- Jayden T.

I don't know- Christian

Two particles collided and stuff- Caleb, who didn't pay attention to the first word of the question.

Why not?- Miles

So aliens could take over- Olivia A.

27- Ankitha

56- Triscilla

11- Ava M.

So people could wear top hats and eat avocados- Finn
Because- Devin B.

So our government could mess it up.- Aritrika.

LIFE'S GREATEST QUESTIONS 4:

WHAT IS THE TRUE DOMINANT LIFE FORM?

By: Lucas Halem and Jessie Diette

Most people believe that humans are the dominant life form, because of their intelligence and communication skills, but we at the Gibbons Gazette feel that there's a different dominant life form. What is it? Well, we decided that the students of Gibbons should answer! Here are their responses:

Ducks- Tarun in 96 font

Turtles- Alex H.

Potatoes- Levi M.

Vloggers- Eamon

Mice- Alex W.

Sponges- Abe B.

Pickle Rick- Anonymous

Milesaurus- Miles

Timofey- Timofey

Illuminati- Olivia A.

Shrek- Caleb

Dogs- Ava M

Monkeys- Potato (Yes, this person told me to put their name as potato)

Katz- Nathan M.

Blobfish- Anonymous

Cars- Anonymous

Memes- Devin B

Blue footed booby- Olivia Lee

I have no idea- Manisi

Dolphins- Riya

China- Tim

Avocados- Finn and Aritrika

Bacteria- Jayden

Mythological creatures- Triscilla

Babasquash- Andrew N. and Noah

Answers for Rocking Riddles:

- 1.A mistake
- 2.Computers.
- 3.He kicks the ball upwards,
- 4.Your name
- 5.Silence