

The Gibbons Gazette

Issue 6

For the Students



By the Students

April, 2019

Meet The Chef! (p.2)



Barking Good
Tree Jokes!
(p.8)



In the Spotlight!



Aspiring Author:

GG Writing Contest Winner

By: Sam Mattson

We had a lot of amazing writers submit their work for the Gibbons Gazette Writing Contest, but the one who took the prize was Susannah Gordon!

You may know her stories, but do you know the person? Susannah lives in Westborough, Massachusetts with her mom, dad, and dog. Her favorite part about writing is character descriptions. She admitted that she needs to find the perfect word to describe each character and that she is a little obsessive about that. Her family is really supportive of her, and her mom loves to show off Susannah's stories to her friends. Her other hobbies have to do with everything that is considered artistic. She will draw on every paper she gets, she does pottery and musicals at her summer camp, she loves to sing and play guitar. She has been doing dance for seven years. As Susannah said, "I am pretty nerdy when it comes to art and music." Her favorite author is J.K. Rowling because Harry Potter is her, "favorite series on Earth!" She also likes to read Rick Riordan books. She started writing when she was three or four and she said her stories were filled with spelling mistakes and bad plot lines. Read Susannah's winning story "Unique" on page 2!



Bookmark Bonanza



Congratulations to Amy Chen from the Orange Team for placing with Honorable Mention in the Massachusetts School Library Association Bookmark Contest! Amy was the second runner up in the Division VI grades 7 -12. Amy has been invited to a celebratory event on May 1st 2019 at An Unlikely Story in Plainville at 6 p.m.



Writers' Hall of Fame

Congratulations to the first and second inductees into the Writers' Hall of Fame! The following writers have been recognized for their writing talent across various classes. They should be very proud!

Red Team

Eli Wawersik
Andrea Lin

Orange Team

Amy Chen
Brooke Rosenshine

Yellow Team

Sophie Robinson
Zoe Zhao

Maroon Team

Danna Garcia Gonzalez
Megan Chen

Green Team

Maria Girgis
Drew Gray

Blue Team

Zainab Abdallah
Ava Biancheri

Purple Team

Julia Goretti
Aaron Tian



Artwork by: Aratrika Ghosh

In the Spotlight!

Unique

by Susannah Gordon

A century ago, the Administration got sick of discrimination. They abolished religion, ethnicity, race, and all diversity in general. Genetics were modified, hundreds of thousands of bottles of hair dye made, contact lenses mass produced. Now, we have the same dark hair, same tan skin, same blue eyes - no freckles, birthmarks, or blemishes. I know it's strange. I think so too.

We wore blue jeans and white t-shirts. Black sneakers. Girls were allowed to wear a pink bow at the back of our head. We even had the same hairstyle. For girls, it went to our shoulders in waves. For boys, it fell over their forehead, neatly combed forward.

For a while, the system worked flawlessly. One world-wide country, one social class, conformity for all. No way to be biased, because we are all the same, inside and out. But then I made a mistake. A big one. And I corrupted our perfect world.

My life had been constant. I did the same thing every day. Wake up, eat breakfast, go to school, et cetera. I was used to it. But then it got boring. I started to think about something different. I was aware that I was probably the only person in the world who thought that. Everyone loved it. There was no bullying, because no one was above anyone else. Everyone had fair chances at everything, because there was nothing that caused prejudice to hold them back.

I, however, felt that my life was dull. So one day, I decided to cut my hair. Just an inch. I took a pair of scissors and held them up to my hair. Holding a strand up in one hand, I slowly squeezed the scissors. Then I sneezed. My head flew down and the scissors closed. I froze. The entire lock of hair had come off. I stared at it, stunned. "MOM!" I screamed. Then I realized I didn't have an excuse for holding scissors to my hair. My mother came in. "What happened, Camryn?" she said. Then she spotted the scissors and lock of hair.

"CAMRYN, WHAT DID YOU DO?" she screamed. I cringed. Looking around, I snatched up a piece of paper. Gulping, I held it up. "I was making a cutout, and I sneezed and snipped it off. It was an accident!" That much, at least, was true. I hadn't meant to cut off the entire lock. My mother fumed. "We'll get you to the lab. They'll grow it back. You can't go around with a lock of hair missing."

She drove me to the city lab. Grabbing my arm, she shoved me forward. The receptionist gawked at my hair. My mom glared at me. "Tell her what happened, Camryn."

I fiddled with my hands. "I was cutting a piece of paper. I sneezed and my head jerked down. I guess I reflexively squeezed the scissors." The receptionist sighed.

"Go through that door." She pointed, "-and down the hall. Ask for a bottle of Quick-Grow." We walked down the hallway. At the end, there was a room with three people in white coats. They looked up as we approached. "Hello. What's the problem?" One of them asked. I explained. "The receptionist said to ask for Quick-Grow," My mother put in. The woman ruffled through a drawer before holding up a small bottle. "This will make it grow back quickly," she said cheerfully. I silently admired how far technology had come. She sprayed it on my forehead where the hair had been. We thanked her, paid for the bottle, and went home.

Two days later I woke up, and immediately felt the strand of hair against my cheek. I grinned and peeked in the mirror. And almost screamed. The hair that had been missing was now tinted red, so that it was off a shade. I stared at it. That shouldn't have been possible. My hair was supposed to be brown, like everyone else's. Grabbing the scissors from my desk, I snipped off the strand again. My mom called out, causing me to jump. "Did your hair grow back yet?"

"Not yet," I yelled. I would just pretend I had forgotten to use the Quick-Grow. I pushed back my hair, flustered. Luckily, school went without anyone noticing the difference. The next morning I opened my eyes and felt an itch. I brushed it away, and felt hair against my fingers. I went to the mirror and let out a squeak. The strand of hair was copper, even more red than it had been. Without hesitation, I seized the scissors and cut off the red hair. I felt tears blur my vision. I would just pretend it wasn't there. Maybe it wouldn't be when I woke up next.

I became aware the next morning that every time I cut the hair off, it grew back more red than before. It was now a dark, fiery ginger, and several shades more red than my normal hair. It was different. And different was wrong. "Mom?" I called tentatively. "My hair grew back." My mother came rushing into my room. She stopped dead.

"Why is it red?" she gasped. I looked down.

"I don't know," I said pleadingly. My mom put a hand to her forehead.

"Why do you keep getting yourself into trouble?" she groaned in exasperation. Again she drove me to the city lab. This time the receptionist launched herself to her feet. She grabbed her walkie-talkie and spoke quietly into it. One of the white-coated people we had seen a few days before burst into the room. "DNA," she said breathlessly. "We haven't modified in a while. They're showing." What does that mean?" My mother asked.

"Your family must have a lot of red haired people, but due to us modifying genetics, it doesn't show. You cut your hair, and several times, considering how red it is." My mother frowned at me. "When your hair grew back, its natural color came through," The woman finished. I merely looked at her.

"Do you know what this means?" she said excitedly. "We won't be the same anymore! I squealed and jumped up and down. "Wait - you're part of the people who ensure that we're all the same," I said. "Shouldn't you be upset?"

"Oh, no, I hate it," she assured me. "I'm just as happy as you are." I laughed giddily. It was sinking in. I would finally get away from the boring old life. And there you are. Now my hair is its normal red, my eyes are brown, and I have freckles. But I love it. I love it so much.

And I finally know what it means. I get to experience the mystery word: unique.



Meet The Chef: An Interview

By: Owen Wu

Edited by: Sam Mattson, Audrey Sandahl

This is Mrs. Upton's first year managing the kitchen here at Gibbons, but before she came here, she cooked lunches at Millpond for 13 years! That's about 2340 lunches! I wonder how much pizza slices that adds up to... One day, I caught up with Mrs. Upton to find out more about what happens behind the scene. I asked her what the food is made of and what the cooks do to ensure safety and quality in the foods.

What is your process when making the food for lunch?

"We all follow the recipes exactly. We make sure it is all prepared safely, making sure temperatures and portion sizes are correct." (Mrs. Upton doesn't want us to go hungry!)

What is your favorite part about your job?

"All of it. I have been at Westborough schools for 14 years and I enjoy it all."

How healthy is the food we eat for lunch?

"All of our food is made as healthy as possible, using fresh produce, whole grain products, and low fat."

How do you come up with new recipes?

"We don't control the recipes. The food service director manages the menu. We are always open to suggestions and new ideas from the students."

Did you have any experience with cooking before you started cooking in Westborough?

"I have been in food service for over 30 years. I started out in high school at a nursing home which I loved the residents. I also baked for Berlin Orchards for 7 years. This is my first year at Gibbons, but I was at Mill Pond for 13 years." (I can't imagine cooking for middle schoolers for that long.)

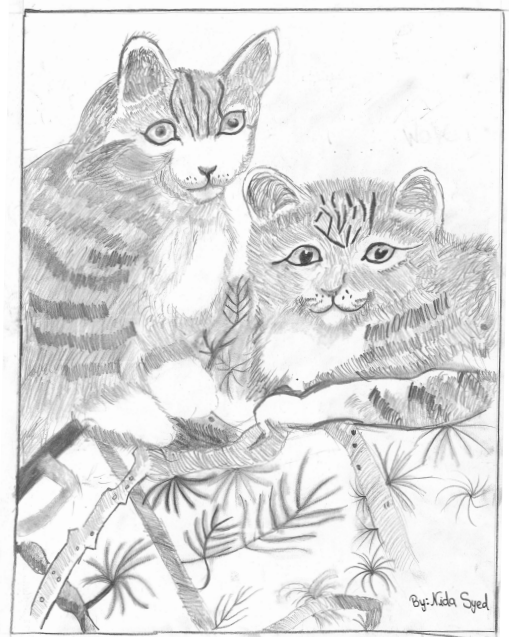
What are some popular dishes that students buy?

"Bosco sticks & breakfast dishes seem to be the favorite. Tacos are a close runner-up. Chicken tenders are the biggest hit on the premium side. Any item that they don't like we try to have changed and removed from the menu." (Can you guess how many chicken tenders that is per school year?)

Wow! I never realized how much effort went into making school lunches. Did you? Next time you are in line for lunch, be sure to give Mrs. Upton and her marvelous crew a shout out!



Photo: Mrs. Upton (right) and her fantastic crew



Cats drawing (above) by: Nida Syed

Cafeteria drawing (left) by: Nari Seo

Writers' Block

Gold Blood

By: Audrey Sandahl

Edited by: Diya Deliwala, Nason Hubbard

“Your time is done, father!” I said, my voice booming throughout the Palace of Olympus. I hope father didn’t see the fear in my grey eyes or hear my heart pounding against my chest.

“Athena, I am the ruler of the gods, I have ruled for millenia and everything has been fine.” Zeus said calmly, unafraid of my threatening stance.

“But you are just the god of thunder. I am the goddess of wisdom, craft, and war. A superior leader. Humans have stopped worshipping us. Our shrines are pieces of rubble in glass cases! The middle of my parthenon was blown out because of a stupid gunpowder incident. Your great golden statue was taken from its home and melted. All we are is just ancient history. You have become a weak ruler, you let the humans rise, you let our precious shrines turn into rubble, and you shall pay!”. I let out all the anger I had bottled up over the years to seem as menacing as possible.

“So you think you can do my job? Be the ruler of the universe! Pfft, like a girl could do that!” Zeus said in a casual misogynist manner. This was the last straw.

I raised my spear, let the sun catch the tip and drove it through Zeus. There was only surprise on his face, his daughter would never try to kill him.

“Athena. I.. I.. I’m just kidding, you couldn’t kill a god!” He said. Now he was the fearful one.

“Except if the spear was laced with Infinium. That’s the only thing that can kill a god. And let me tell you right now before you die. It was girl who ended you.” After my short speech I pulled out my spear from the body which was now glinting with the golden blood of the late King of Olympus. I pulled my spear out and Zeus’s body crashed down onto the floor, turning the gorgeous white tile slick with golden ichor, the blood of the gods.

Immediately, hercules came rushing to see what all the commotion was, “Zeus!” she cried.

“Stepmother. It had to be done. But, now we need a new leader. A strong one, not a weakling.” I stated.

“Oh no, I am happy. It’s the 21st century and Zeus was treating me like it was 200 BCE. I was hoping someone would overthrow him eventually.” Hera said gratefully. “The site of my glorious shrine is now a McDonalds. A McDONALDS!”

“We shall have a funeral service for him though. He was my father.” I said with a tiny hint of sorrow in my voice.

“And my husband. I must say I will miss him even though he was an unfaithful husband.” Hera said sadly. “He does not need to be missed just... mourned.” I said trying to justify my sadness.

That night I heard some gossiping cloud nymphs fly past my window and I said, “Here is something to talk about, you chattering beasts, I KILLED ZEUS!”, they all looked at me with shock and flew as fast as they could to spread the word that Zeus was dead.

Theia walked into my room carrying fabric, “These are for your coronation. You need a dress after all.”

“I have a design right here please do it exactly.” I said plainly tossing my hand over my shoulder in a lazy way, pointing the sketch on my dresser.

“But you’re a goddess, you must...” Theia started to say. “No. This is what I want. It will demonstrate me as a strong leader.” I said firmly. This was the dress I wanted my people to see so they can see I am going to be a powerful leader powerful leader.

“Yes, my lady.” Theia left the room.

Many thoughts played around in my mind. Did I do the right thing? Was killing my own father a mistake? How would the people see me? My coronation is tomorrow I need it to be perfect. Nothing can go wrong.

The next day I saw my dress, a toga with armored shoulders, resembling owl wings, and a long light blue cape, hanging on my dresser. The shimmering golden fabric was beautiful, and so were the pink accents that dripped down the dress. I put it on quickly and walked out to the throne. When I came out, residents of Olympus bowed and then cheered. Looked like this would be easier than I thought. But then I spotted Artemis. She was glaring daggers at me. When everything was silent and Ares was preparing to put the crown on my head Artemis spoke up.

“Stop!” She said, “She killed Zeus, your leader and my father, and you are just okay with this? Where will she stop? Look at her dress!”, My dress was gold, the color of ichor, mixed with a shimmering vibrant pink at the bottom. “Maybe that shows how she will kill us all. The gold represents god blood and the pink represents monster blood, that is everyone on Olympus!”

“Actually Artemis, the gold represents my power and how I will crush any Titans who will try to rise against me. Or have you forgotten that their blood is also gold? And have you also forgotten that human blood is red and that they had defiled our shrines? Now if are you done interrupting me. I turned to Ares as Apollo touched Artemis’s shoulder telling her to sit down. “Now can you please finish your duty.” I felt the golden crown that Hephaestus handmade with his best workers being carefully put on my head. When the crown touched my head I felt the power coursing through my veins, the darkness digging deep into my soul. I would not let this get to my head, I will remain kind and modest.

Or so she thought?

Find out what happens in part 2 making its appearance in the next edition.

Extraordinary

By - Zainab Anwar

I look around me, my mouth open in awe,
A whole world that I never noticed

Large columns erupt from the floor,
Twisting and turning every which way
Covered in gorgeous fluorescent green paper,
That dance daintily as the wind blows

The ground covered in thin strips of paper,
Like the large monuments
Minimized in size,
Their soft touch that tickles my feet,
And the soft squishiness beneath it,
The color of chocolate

Small buds of bright color,
That bloom into suns of brilliant hue
The scent of million good memories bundled up,
into a small star

Mother Earth,
Our Home, our sanctuary
The planet that we are slowly putting to sleep,
K i l l i n g

Matter’s Illusion

By: Sophia Winsch

Matter’s illusion
A simple delusion
Clear precision
But only a vision

Your head fills with dreams
Of the world you dream it to be
So beautiful and bright
But peaceful, in sight

Gorgeous fields glow of green
Or any color you dream them to be
Skies shine bright with a baby blue
Only some fluffy white clouds

Joy spreads around
People join in harmony
And you feel comfortable and safe
For it is your heaven

Though that all remains an illusion
For light cannot shine that bright
The greens, the blues, and colors
Can only be ash and shadows

Bombs explode and missiles launch
And people move into fear
Lives are lost or remain hurt
Only smoke fills the skies

War moves across seas
Trees fall to the forest floor
Waters infest with chemicals
Life drifts away

Though it all remains an illusion
A simple delusion
Clear precision
But only an illusion
Of peace

Election

By - Zainab Anwar

I close my eyes, smile, and take it in
the crowd cheers,
The thousands of thoughts flying through the room,
The final seconds ticking away,
As the numbers rapidly rise
One hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, one hundred thousand

My hopes and dreams,
sacrifices, pain,
Hours spent reading, writing, learning
The love, support, money, hate.
The countless threats, that pushed me forward

There I stand, pride and joy radiating off me,
In the end it would all come together,
I let my voice out,
the fire that burned since birth, free, and ever-changing
The experiences that lead to walk my path,
after I fell astray

I open my eyes, and see an image of a girl,
The reflection of a girl, no matter the setbacks,
Countless rejections and struggles.

There I stand,
Future President in the making.

Writer's Block

Life is Unfair

By Nida Syed,
Edited by Aaheli Saha

There was once a time where
When kids played, giggled, and whined.
This is the time where they no more shine
But now they cry and starve on this
Earth filled with grime.

No where to stay
No where to sleep
Walking through the borders
With a look of grief.

Bullets and bombs cut the air
While people are dying with despair.
"Oh lord," they praise the god,
while many of them are getting sawed.

Many of them come to aid
but the signs are shown of them being frayed.
They still help with no complaints
Only with the hope of this
scenario to be repainted.

They walk and walk
till they find a place.
They wait and wait
till the new gates open.

They wait for hours
They wait for days
They wait and wait
And finally the gates open.

They cry in happiness
and shed their tears
But the grief of losing their loved ones
does still not disappear.

The bullets will cut the air
And nothing is anymore fair
Again will come the time
When people die in despair.

Once again the kids will laugh,
Play, and whine. Even though,
They will still face conflicts on
This Earth filled with grime.

Weird things I like to put in a toaster

By Lucas Halem,
Edited by Aaheli Saha

Socks and band-aids
Things besides toast and lemonades
My brother's iPad and his toes
My cat and what and his toes
More toes and shoes
Shoes and other foot related things
Mini toasters inside toasters inside toasters inside
toasters wrapped in a sock and stabbed with a fork
Burgers and birds
Flamingos and birds
These are things I put in my toaster.

Cold Weather Friends (Continued from last edition)

By Zainab Awar

Dad walked over and immediately started talking, "So how's everyone liking the house so far?"

"It's fantastic Dean, I am excited to check out the laboratory you created downstairs," My mom said, walking out of the kitchen, at the mention of a lab, my and my brothers' ears perked up.

"There's a lab in the basement?" James asked, biting his tongue from excitement. I nodded my head, my mouth full of food. My parents passed down their love of science to my brother and me, we grew up doing do-it-at-home experiments with food or plants.

That's how dinner went, we talked about what we liked about our home and town so far, and about what missed from Arizona.

I walked up the steps of West Elm Middle School, surrounded by kids separated into little groups. The school was already a month and a half in session, and everyone already had their designated friend groups. I saw the Principal from the corner of my eye, he was a large man with a French mustache and hair beginning to gray.

He was supposed to be meeting me at 8:00, but it was 8:13, I shook my head and decided meeting him would just end up making my day. I walked in and checked the map my parents had given me before I left the car, "Room 220..." I whispered to myself.

"A left, then... a right, then, uh...right again?" I looked around me hoping someone was nearby, specifically alone. I sighed, "No one,"

Just as I was about to venture into the unknown, I heard a bright voice behind me, "Hi! Do you need help?" I turned around and saw a girl with a high ponytail, neon girl tank, and neon pink short/sneakers. She already disgusted me, too girly and happy, also, she looked like one of those sporty girls. Not. Happening.

"Uh... yeah, I need to find room 220, do you know where it is?"

"Yup! Just follow me!" She grabbed my hand and raced forward.

Turns out the classroom was only two rights away from where I initially was.

"Oh my god, thank you so much! I would have been so lost without you!"

"No problem! Also, the cover of your homework folder looks great! Did you make it yourself?" She pointed down to the folder tucked under my arms enthusiastically.

"Oh, this? Yeah, I couldn't find anything I liked so I decorated this one," I responded shyly, pulling the folder out for a clearer view.

"Wow! You should my friends and me in the Art Club this afternoon! It'll be great!"

"Uh... okay?" I said, maybe this girl wasn't too bad, they do say 'don't judge a book by its cover.'

She handed her hand out to me and said, "Athena," I smiled and let my own hand-out and said, "April," we shook hands and that was it. My first friend at West Elm, not too shabby.

Turns out 7 hours and a bunch of embarrassing questions later, Art Club wasn't as bad as they say Art Clubs are in books or movies. I met Athena's friends and they were all pretty great, except for that one occasional bad egg.

Dreams

By Zainab Anwar

They cradle you
Silent a baby's cries
Bring peace to your mind
Let you you finally rest,
When you close our eyes

They haunt you,
Dark storm clouds-
cover the translucent white fog,
Bring out your worst fears,
Until you awake,
Panting in the dark

The mysterious activities,
That play ..a movie in your head
Or display a dark abyss,
And erase any memory of yesterday,
To make way for tomorrow

To blink your eyes open,
At the crack of dawn,
Only to realize,

It's Monday

Uncommon

By Zainab Anwar

Two different colors, one set of eyes
One brain, five languages
A smile, and a pair of dimples
Curly hair, less than a ¼ inches
A story of survival, an entire family
A broken pencil, amidst multiple sharp ones

...
Two muggles, one wizard

Nest

By Salam Boulon

Your hands are now cold
No longer same
The warmth has now left.
Your bright glow
Now sits in the dark
Everything has changed.

You used to float among the creative souls
Now yours is becoming tired
And no medication seems to works
Hope has flown away in hearts
And denial still roams these halls
Things can no longer be the same
Because sometimes there is no cure
And for our people to hold hands
Even when they are cold.

The Mind of the Middle Schooler

Should Dogs Wear Clothes?

By: Jessie Diette

Today I bring forth a debate so controversial, it's divided people all over the nation, even the world! Should dogs wear clothes? Now this may seem a rather preposterous question to ask. "Why would animals wear clothes?" you may wonder. I wholeheartedly agree that this is an absurd notion, but to many pet owners, it apparently is not. Many dog owners decide to dress their dogs in clothes. I think some people may do this with their cats or other pets as well, but I believe it is primarily dogs. Now, I guess there is freedom of speech and all that. You know, do what you want; who cares what you do? But on the contrary, I care a lot, perhaps too much.

First off, why do people dress their dogs? Well, I guess, it's probably because it's cute. Now maybe this is true, maybe it's not; that's kind of an opinion thing (because this article definitely isn't an opinion piece or something), but I think that being "cute" is not a very important matter compared to some of the other subjects involved in this debate. Another excuse a dog owner who does this may give you is that it's cold, and the dog needs to be warm. Because dogs can't warm themselves; sure. See, if we go into the anatomy of a dog, we learn some very important information on this matter. I am an expert on this subject as I have read an entire Wikipedia page on the topic. Generally, dogs sustain body temperature by panting and sweating through their paws. Panting transfers heat to the air by carrying cool air over the dog's body. Dogs also have a complicated set of nasal turbinates, which are complex groups of bones and soft-tissue structures (such as arteries and veins) in the nasal cavities. The nasal turbinates create heat exchange between small arteries and veins on the surfaces of the turbinates on the maxilla bone in a counter-current heat-exchange system. Besides this, there's the most basic example that I'm sure everyone already knows: dogs have fur. Fur traps heat, keeping the dog warm. It's basically the same as how clothing gives heat. In short, dogs can sustain heat just fine, and your dog doesn't need a sweater to keep warm. Those dog sweaters probably aren't even comfortable anyway.

In conclusion, dogs shouldn't wear clothes. Dogs don't need clothes to keep warm; they didn't evolve so they could wear your itchy christmas sweater. Putting dogs in clothes is an unnatural thing, and probably isn't even that comfortable for the dog. When I see a dog wearing clothes, I don't think it's "cute"; I think it's weird and the dog owner is crazy. Unless it's for Halloween; I fully approve of dog Halloween costumes. I also use semicolons too much; deal with it. Thank you for reading, and stop dressing your dogs in clothes.

Sources: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dog_anatomy#Temperature_regulation

ANAGRAMMED ARTISTS ANSWERS (Page 8)

POP & RAP:	80'S
ED SHEERAN	TOTO
THE CHAINSMOKERS	MEN AT WORK
KANYE WEST	BILLY JOEL
TAYLOR SWIFT	JIM MORRISON
BRITNEY SPEARS	
90'S:	
DAVE MATTHEWS BAND	
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS	
SPIN DOCTORS	

Top 3 Animated Shows we ALMOST forgot

By: Saloni Patel

Edited by: Zainab Anwar

You guys know the shows we watch now are all about drama and some pretty sketchy stuff but, did we all forget about the classics? One show that many people don't know or forgot is Danny Phantom. Never heard of it? Well, what about Fairly Odd Parents? The creator of this show, Butch Hartman, actually created Danny Phantom! Here's the plot: Danny Fenton was once your typical kid until he accidentally blew up his parents' laboratory and became ghost-hunting superhero Danny Phantom. Now half-ghost, Danny's picked up paranormal powers, but only his sister, Jazz, and best friends, Samantha and Tucker, know his secret. Danny's busy fighting ghosts, saving Casper High and hiding his new identity all while trying to graduate. If we are all being honest, this seems like a much better plot than some of the nickelodeon animated shows we've watched before.



Sources: <https://comicbook.com/2016/08/29/could-a-new-danny-phantom-series-be-in-the-works-after-10-years/>

Next up is... Courage the Cowardly Dog. If you know it and your friend doesn't, then they didn't have a childhood. JK! Here's the plot: Courage is a timid pink dog with paranoia problems. His owners are an old couple living on a farm full of bizarre adversaries. Courage must overcome his fear and help save his owners, Eustace and Muriel, from ghosts and paranormal spirits living on the farm. Although Muriel loves Courage, Eustace loves to tease him and scare him. This show is a CLASSIC. It was sad for all of its viewers when the show ended, because of its uniqueness and sense of humor. As the good reporter I am, I went around the school to ask people if they ever heard of this show. Disappointingly, not many people knew it.



Sources: https://www.rottentomatoes.com/tv/courage_the_cowardly_dog

Next up, Sabrina: The Animated Series! On Netflix, you can watch the new show The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina, which I totally recommend by the way if you enjoy creepy shows over animated ones. An animated prequel to the live-action show "Sabrina, the Teenage Witch," the series features 12-year-old Sabrina Spellman, who's half mortal and half witch. Though few people know of her powers, and her mortal uncle frequently warns her not to use her magic to solve problems, Sabrina still borrows spells from the Spookie Jar and gets into trouble with her friend Harvey. When I was younger, this was my all time favorite. It was a prequel but still a great show.

Sabrina, The Animated Series



Sources: <https://www.tvguide.com/tvshows/sabrina-the-animated-series/194947/>

Even though we are 7th, 8th graders, or maybe even teachers, you can't be too old to watch these shows! If you haven't even heard of these shows, then go watch them when you get home!

About the author: My name is Saloni and I was born in New Jersey in June 15th, 2006. I moved to California and lived there until I was 6 then moved back to New Jersey and lived there until the end of 2nd Grade. Finally I moved here. I have an older sister and no pets. I'm passionate about drawing and tennis. Just letting you know, you can go read my comic Relatable in Puzzles, Puns, and Fun!

Study Hacks

By: Diya Patel

Edited by: Diya Deliwala

Do you want better grades on your next quiz or test? Do you need help studying for your next test or quiz? Check these study hacks to help you out!

DON'T STUDY ON YOUR BED or COUCH. Have a workspace for yourself.

Keep your workspace tidy. This helps your brain to stay organized.

Keep everything on your desk that you need, so you can stay concentrated.

Use note cards to help memorize definitions.

Reward yourself with something after the test.

Plan your day out first, follow it sincerely. This helps you stay on task and finish all your work on time.

Be organized with your stationary and your study materials by keeping them in reach.

Switch off your phone and put it away while studying.

Write things down and say it out loud to memorize instead of just typing them.

Pay attention in class and take notes.

Focus on one thing at a time! Don't multitask by texting and doing homework at the same time.

Use diagrams to remember difficult and important concepts. Highlight and color code important material to give attention to important parts.

Take a 5 minute break after 45 minutes of work without any distractions.

Use the 1-2-3 method; review notes on the first day, then review again after 2 weeks and review again after 3 months. This helps you to remember the information for a long time (for MCAS).

If unclear on an concept stay after school to study with your teacher.

The Mind of the Middle Schooler

Was Anyone Else Angry At The Article "Was Anyone Else Weirded Out By The Spy Kids Movies?"?

By: Nithika Krishna

"'Carmen, Juni, time for bed.'" was the first line of the epic saga that is Spy Kids. After much anger and frustration, I, Nithika Krishna, decided that defending the name of Spy Kids was my mission. Last month, Nason Hubbard took it upon herself to list the flaws of the legend itself, Spy Kids. I would not take this insult lying down, so I have decided to publish this defense of Robert Rodriguez's masterpiece. Clearly, Spy Kids has a quality that makes it appealing to audiences. At least until they over-analyze it.

The real plot of Spy Kids is this- two siblings named Carmen and Juni discover that their parents are spies, or rather, ex-spies. Their parents were contacted by the spy agency (the OSS) to recover two other spies who had gone M.I.A.. Ingrid and Gregorio (Carmen and Juni's parents) agree under the condition that this is their last mission. When they go missing, it is up to Carmen and Juni to save them. The experience brings the two bickering siblings together and they learn just how important family is. It empowers children and makes them feel like they can do anything because in this film- the kids are the heroes.

I mentioned that Juni and Carmen learn how work together but I never talked about how. The movie starts out with Carmen and Juni on monkey-bars. Carmen is able to go across easily but Juni has trouble because of his hand warts. Carmen teases him about it and Juni starts to get angry. Later in the film, you see Juni and Carmen fighting for control of a vehicle. Carmen starts calling him names such as warthog and butterfingers, so Juni decides to let her know how it feels by calling her one of his own...Diaper Lady. This is the dynamic of the siblings until the duo go to see their Uncle Machete when their parents disappear. Carmen hears him echo the same opinions about her father that she had had toward Juni. This is a major turning point in the movie because it helps the siblings gain mutual trust.

This movie is very family oriented and that is shown in the relationship between Machete and his younger brother Gregorio (aka Carmen and Juni's dad). The brothers didn't speak to each other for a very long time, and as I said before, they feel the same way about each other as Carmen and Juni. During Carmen and Juni's visit, Carmen tells Machete that he should reconnect with his brother, then during the final battle when they are heavily outnumbered, Machete steps in. He joins the fight and the two brothers share a look that shows that it is never too late to reconnect with family.

Another reason this film is amazing is that it shows the typical roles reversed. Usually the kids are in trouble and the parents have to save them. Don't get me wrong, I love those stories but it is refreshing to see something different. In this story the kids have to clean up the mess that their parent have caused and it is an added bonus that there is some humor involved. In most movies the kids think that they know better than their parents, but something goes wrong and the parents always have to get the children out of trouble.

I could go on and on about how this movie is amazing and that Carmen and Juni are probably some of the greatest characters of all time. In this film you see two pairs of siblings who just can't seem to get along (Machete and Gregorio and Carmen and Juni) really bond and learn what family means, as well as the fact is that it is a new take on an ordinary story.



Image citation: <https://www.amazon.com/Spy-Kids-Alexa-PenaVega/dp/B00003CXWJ>

Dear Abby: Anonymous Advice

Dear Abby,

I've been writing these letters to boys I like for a long time. The problem is, I'm too scared to send them (I even addressed them)! I've been saving them in a box under my bed. What should I do?

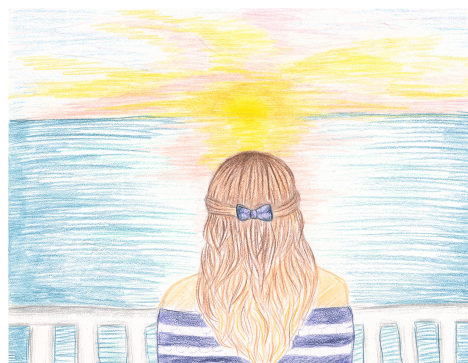
Lovelorn, Lara Jean

Oh Lara Jean,

Why in the world would you write a letter to your crush, then put it in a bin that you hide in your room? I believe, that if you write a love letter, you should either send it, or throw it away. You obviously wanted to send the letters (you addressed them) but I have the feeling that you didn't have the courage to actually send the letters. Now we both know you should have sent the letters in the first place because you ended up with a great guy named Peter. I know you have confidence. Just prove it.

Sincerely, Abby

Need advice? Contact Abby @ gibbons-gazette@westboroughk12.org



Artwork by: Esther Antony

Winter Action: Ski Club

By: Audrey Sandahl

Edited by: Sam Mattson

Ski club is a group of Gibbons Middle School kids from 7th to 8th. They go to Wachusett Mountain and Ski Area. But there is much more you can do! You have the choice to ski or snowboard and you can do hard or easy trails. You can also go inside and grab a bite to eat at their numerous cafés. When you get there, you need to make sure your first run is the best because you get to the mountain around sunset. When you hit the slopes, you can get great pictures of the sunset. Many kids enjoy ski club. When asked what her favorite part of ski club was, Talia Bedar said, "Skiing with my friends!" Ski club is a fun club and a great place to make new friends.



2019 Gibbon's Winter Musical: Mary Poppins

By: Miriam Westfort

Edited by: Sam Mattson

This year, SkyRise Theater directed a Disney classic for the Gibbons Winter Musical: the one and only Mary Poppins! The auditions were in December and the play was in March, so we worked on this for over three months! The cast this year was on the smaller side, but we're making it work with double-over parts and whole-cast dance ensembles. You can see the cast list and tech crew posted near the main office. Speaking of tech crew, we have many talented students who volunteered to create costumes and props and to operate lights, sounds and the technical part of the show. They worked so hard, and we wouldn't have had this show without them! Our Gibbons theater government has done a lot for the show as well. If you're a seventh grader and you're into performing arts, definitely consider running for next year's theater government! The show dates for Mary Poppins were at 7pm on March 22, 7pm on March 23, and 2pm on March 24 in the Gibbons auditorium. These photos are of behind-the-scenes rehearsals and the process of how we actually learn and make the play!



Critic's Corner

Craving a Chocolatey Crunch?

By: Audrey Sandahl

Edited by: Sam Mattson

This is a wonderful recipe for chocolate yumminess. It is easy to make and is quick. You can use them for any holiday you want! You can put any color M&M on for any holiday!

Ingredients:

Bag of M&Ms

Square pretzels

Hershey's Hugs

How to make:

Lay down the square pretzels on a pan. Unwrap the hugs and place them on the pretzels. Put them in the oven for 2 minutes at 350 degrees. When the time is up, leave the pan out for one minute to cool. After that put on the M&M's, you can put as many of them on as you want, but I suggest that you put on 1 or 2 per each. Then, put them in the fridge to cool off for 30-50 minutes. Then, you can take them out and enjoy. Bon appetit!



A Passionate Look into Heartless by Marissa Meyer

By: Hani Kazi

Edited by : Diya Deliwala

Heartless was a book that many of my friends had read. So, taking their advice I decided to attempt it. I was skeptical, but as the plot progressed, it started to amaze me. The protagonist of Heartless is Catherine Pinkerton, who is one of the most beautiful and desired women in Wonderland. She has dreams of opening her own bakery, but her list of dreams grows, when she meets Jest. She immediately falls in love with him. But, when the king of hearts asks for her hand in marriage, along with the Jabberwock terrorizing the people, countless obstacles dampen her hope. She and her mother have different ideas of what her dreams are and should be. Catherine is persistent to choose her own destiny, but she's in for a tough ride. This book was a 10+ in my opinion. It was very intriguing, and at times, couldn't bring myself to put the book down. The author provided with the best descriptions for the locations and situations, it was always easy to paint a picture in my head. The book was so suspenseful, that I didn't know it was about the Queen of Hearts until the last line, "Off with his head." When I had completed the book, I sat there dazed and mindblown. It's by far one of the best books I've ever read. I highly recommend that you try it out for yourselves and soar into the world of Heartless.

About the author:

Hani Kazi lived in Colorado until the age of 9, then she moved to Westborough. She has a pet cat who is very sassy. She spends her free time drawing and writing.

The Sugar Shack: Westborough's Own Candyland

By: Taila Bedar and Nari Chicken Seo

Edited by Audrey Sandahl

The Sugar Shack is a candy store in downtown Westborough, that sells a variety of candy. The Gibbons Gazette sent interviewers down town find out the details on the Sugar Shack.

Interview with Mrs. Kaufman

What is your favorite part of the Sugar Shack?

Mrs. Kaufman: Seeing the students work and seeing the great things they are able to do, the candy, and seeing all the smiles on the customers faces.

Why do you like working/participating with the Sugar Shack?

Mrs. Kaufman: It is a wonderful opportunity to work with these amazing students and be able to help them learn jobs skills. And what better way than being in a candy store in your own community.

What is your favorite candy?

Mrs. Kaufman: If you're gonna try anything. I've gotta think about that. So many things to choose from. I really like is the Vanilla Cream Chocolate Truffle that Mrs. Bock brought in, and it's sugar free.

What is the biggest seller?

Mrs. Kaufman: The biggest seller is the swedish fish, the gummy bears, and Harry Potter frogs.

Why is the Sugar Shack so popular?

Mrs. Kaufman: No surprise, because people love the idea and it is in the middle of Westborough and you can come and get a treat and support our wonderful program. You can see where all this hard work is going to.

What do the students do?

Mrs. Kaufman: Students restock candies, package, register and bring out customers. They also greet customers.

Do you get free candy?

Mrs. Kaufman: I have to pay for my candy. We are trying to make money.

Is there WIFI?

Mrs. Kaufman: Free WIFI to Westborough students. And free charging ports for students as well.

About the Author:

Talia is a seventh grader, who has lived in Westborough all of her life. She has a pet fish named Zachary.



Educated: Book Review

Zainab Anwar

Edited by Kashvi Vishal Suchde

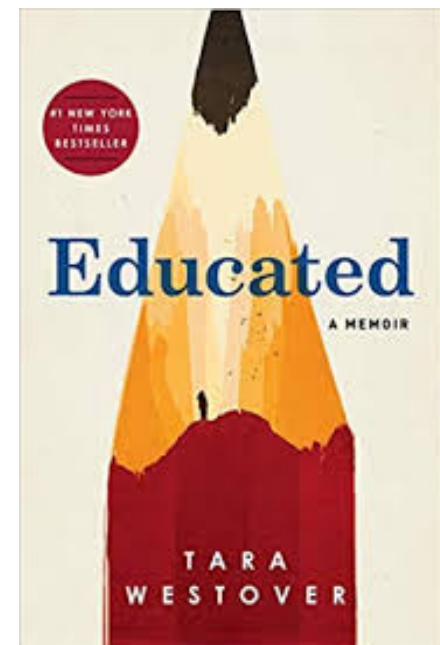
I am no expert at writing nor am I an astounding critic, but I can say, Educated is one of the best books I've ever read. Educated, an autobiography by Tara Westover, is also one of the best selling books of 2018. This book is a thrilling story about a young girl who yearns for education, and it has captured the hearts of many readers across the country. Tara Westover grew up in a small remote area in the mountains of Idaho with her strictly religious father. She worked with her mother, a herbalist, in the summer, and lent a hand in her father's junkyard during the winter. Her father restricted contact with the outside world, no police, no hospitals, and no government. When one of her elder brothers rebelled and left the home to go to college, she was inspired by his actions and wanted to learn as well. Her will to learn pushed her forward, and helped her receive a seat in Ivy League colleges. Her desire to learn even led to her parents cutting off their relationship with her.

Educated is a wonderful, compelling story for any reader. I personally am not much of a fan of biographies, but this book had me flipping pages every second. When it comes to books, I'm extremely picky, but this story had me literally whining to my mother to let me read one more page before getting ready for school. Educated has

received a positive reaction from its audience. People of all ages commented on how well-written it was, and the motivating message it spreads. It was even awarded Goodreads Choice Awards Best Memoir & Autobiography. All in all, I'd rate this book a solid 5 out of 5 stars. Even though it's not good to judge a book by only its cover, as soon as my eyes landed on the hardcover, I just knew I had to read it. So I did. I'd definitely recommend this book to those who love autobiographies. However, this is also a story for those who love to read about inspiring people, or stories about getting educated no matter what happens.

About the author:

Zainab, is a 13 year-old girl who loves spending time with friends/family, writing, and listening to Korean Music.



****answer to Mystery Person on pg8: Hallie Pellish****

Puzzles Puns and Funs

Getting to the Root of Cheesy Jokes: Tree Jokes

By: Audrey Sandahl

My jokes are all bark and no bite.

When you are doing these jokes, you need to branch out and explore your options.

That last joke was oak-kay.

What did the tree say when the bush was growing near it? Leaf me alone!

What did the girl say when she was out of tree jokes? I'm stumped.

I have to say, I am a sap for tree jokes.



<https://www.istockphoto.com/fi/photos/tree?sort=mostpopular&mediatype=photography&phrase=tree>

About the Author:

Audrey Sandahl lived in Holliston Massachusetts until she was six year old and she then moved to Westborough Massachusetts. She has one cat, two crazy dogs, and six fish. She spends her spare time reading, writing, watching movies with her friends, and sometimes she likes to do at home science experiments.

ANAGRAMMED ARTISTS

By: Sam Mattson

I have anagrammed (shuffled the letters of) some famous bands and singers. You have to figure out which artist scrambled into the new word or phrase. The number of words in the artist's name is listed. Good luck!

POP & RAP

HEARS EDEN (2 WORDS)

CHINA'S HEM STROKE (2 WORDS)

SWEATY KEN (2 WORDS)

TWO STY FLAIR (2 WORDS)

PRESBYTERIANS or BEST IN PRAYERS (2 WORDS)

80'S
TOOT (1 WORD)

WATER MONK (3 WORDS)

BOIL JELLY (2 WORDS)

MR. MOJO RISIN' (2 WORDS)

90'S
A BATHMAT VENDS DEW (3 WORDS)

HI, BIG TEETH GYMNAST (4 WORDS)

NORDIC POSTS (2 WORDS)

YARD GENE (2 WORDS)

About the Author:

Samuel Mattson has always been obsessed with puzzles, and loves puzzle books and crosswords especially. His favorite kind of puzzle is the puns and anagrams crossword, because it brings a punny challenge. He also likes Pokemon and dank memes.



Meme credit: Sam Mattson

THE MYSTERY PERSON...

by Nasson Hubbard

All you have are these 5 Clues to help you find out who the mystery person of edition 6 is:

- The person is a girl
- The person has long blonde hair
- They are in grade 7
- They are very flexible
- They love sushi



Is it....

- a.) Clara Stec
- b.) Elise Furbush
- c.) Hallie Pellish
- d.) Mikey Ku

Answer on page 7

