The Inkheart Trilogy

By: Avichal Goel

The Inkheart Trilogy was written by Cornelia Funke, is an amazing book that describes the power of words. Mortimer, a main character, is able to read people and characters from books to real life, and people from real like into books. There first challenge is to defend their world from the invaders led by a villain, Capricorn, from inside the book. He is destroying their world, as they know it, and throwing into a realm of darkness. The characters go through many challenges to destroy this villain, along with his followers. After everything comes under control, they are thrown in to the world inside the book where they face the Adderhead and others like Mortola, The Piper, Firefox, and Basta who want revenge on the Bluejay (the name Mortimer is given when thrown into that world) for causing pain, killing Capricorn, and for giving hope to the inhabitants that the Adderhead will be overthrown. The inhabitants continue to praise and support the Bluejay as he plans to overthrow the Adderhead because of the songs of a writer who had no idea that the Bluejay was a real person, but thought it was just his made up character. This caused an escalating the plot along with the Adderhead’s rage. The other allies and foes give the story complexity and add to the plot. The unpredictable twists and turns the story takes, ultimately leads to an action filled adventure, which no reader should miss.

One Direction

By: Amara Patton and Evelyn Roblero Berburo

One Direction’s Harry Styles tells UK’s The Sun that Justin Bieber will NOT be in the new album, Take Me Home. The next concert is on Friday November 30, in Montville, CT. On Tuesday September 11, 2012 Baby Lux turned 1. Baby Lux is One direction’s hairstylist’s, Lou Teasdale, daughter. Niall Horan turned 19 on Thursday September 13, 2012. Give him a shout out people, let him feel good. Did you guys know Louis Tomlinson’s birth name is Louis Troy Austin? Well it is! His family changed it when his mother got remarried. Louis birthday is the last in the group, but he is the oldest. Louis birthday is on December 24, 1991. Zayn is on January 12, 1993. Harry’s is on February 1, 1994. And finally Liam’s is on August 29, 1993.
I turn over in my bed, the sheets incasing me in a cocoon. Glancing at the alarm clock on the side table next to my bed, I groan. It is four in the morning; way too early for me to be awake. Today is the first day of school, and I need rest. I look at my twin sister, Samantha, asleep in the bed beside me. I am surprised to see that she is actually sleeping, she is always nervous before the first day of school.

My sister is deaf and she faces a lot of hardships. To try and make her life more normal, my parents made sure that I learned sign language. I follow Samantha around school, translating everything for her so that she could respond when teachers or students ask her questions. She can talk, read, and write just fine, but she needs me to sign when people talk to her. Still, she dreads the first day of school. Students always notice that I sign to her, and she hates the way they whisper and point at her.

I decide that I cannot go back to sleep, so I get out of bed, still in my pajamas. I slip into my shoes and tiptoe through the room into the hallway. I close the door behind me and head down the stairs to the front door of my house. I start down the driveway, my shoes crunching the gravel. My dad’s car is gone, as usual. He leaves for work very early, we only see him at night. I turn and head into the secluded forest behind my house.

Samantha and I love to come to the forest together for relaxation. I also like to come here by myself on occasion. Although I am sure that school is hard on Samantha, I also find school difficult. I have always been a mediocre student. While Samantha makes up for her disabilities with straight As, my report cards have contained B minuses at best. But besides academics, just being social is stressful for me. After all, it is kind of hard to make friends if you spend your days following your sister around and helping her talk to people. I come to the forest alone to unwind.

Another reason that my sister and I love the forest is because we have a special ability. We never told my parents, but a couple of years ago we discovered we could transform into panthers. We like having our own little secret, which only the two of us share.
Samantha especially loves to become a panther because she can hear. She is only deaf in her human form, so she becomes a panther every chance she gets.

I stand up straight and look up into the tall trees. The sky is still dark, with the sun just peeking over the horizon. I breathe in the smell of pine needles and sigh deeply. Suddenly, a shudder runs through my body. I am shrinking, falling to the ground on all fours. My nails turn into claws, my teeth into fangs. And my clothes expand and become a warm, black coat.

I run through the forest, stretching my legs and getting rid of the nerves. Dried leaves and twigs crunch under my huge paws as I crash through bushes and trees. I feel powerful as a panther, something that I do not feel often as a human. Finally, I am tired. I find a nice spot to sit and rest, watching the sun come up, shooting yellow rays across the sky. I decide that it is time to go home, when suddenly a big ball of black fur shoots into me and knocks me to the ground.

“Caught you, didn’t I?” Samantha giggles, letting me up off the ground.

I growl as I shake leaves off my pelt. “I was just about to head back. We don’t want Mom to be suspicious.”

“No,” Samantha agrees. “I was just having some fun before.... school.”

Her face darkens for a moment, but she quickly recovers and hops around, her big body shaking the ground. “Let’s go,” I say crossly.

Samantha follows me through the forest toward our house. At the edge of the trees, we transform back into our human forms. Samantha looks melancholy as she grows taller and stands on two legs. I transform as well, feeling a bit sad as my power ebbs away. We walk to the driveway, where Mom greets us with an accusing expression. “Where have you two been?” she asks and signs at the same time.

“We just went for a walk in the forest,” I say, signing my response as well so that Samantha can “hear” what I am saying.

“Well hurry up and get ready, we are leaving in 20 minutes.”

While my sister eats breakfast, I change into my clothes; I’m still in my pajamas. By the time I am ready, it is time to leave. I skip breakfast, too nervous to eat. We climb into the car and Mom starts the engine. We drive in silence until we reach Sequoia Middle School. Mom turns to face us. “Good luck kids!”

She tries to sound cheerful, but I can tell she is as nervous as we are. I help my sister out of the car with her backpack, and we walk together through the front gate. The bell rings, and I guide Samantha to the front door, when suddenly a shadow crosses our path. I look
up, and into the face of the bully that harassed my sister and I all of last year, Mason. “Hey Mason. How’s it going,” I stutter nervously.

“Well, the deaf Samantha. I remember you guys,” he snickers.

Mason notices my hands; I have signed what we have said to Samantha so that she can follow the conversation. “And you, Will. Don’t you have better things to do then sit there and sign for your sister? Why don’t your parents just get her an aid to follow her around and sign for her?”

I gulp and look at Samantha, but she isn’t looking at me. She is staring straight at Mason, with a dangerous glint in her eyes. As I watch, I notice her shrinking, getting smaller, and my heart fills with dread. Samantha has never before used her power to get anyone back for bullying her, but Mason went too far. Aids are the one thing that Samantha dreads the most; she hates it when people mention them. “Samantha, STOP!” I yell at the top of my voice, but I know she can’t hear me.

In the span of a few seconds, Samantha has become a panther, and a very dangerous one at that. At that moment, I know that I am the only person who can stop her from doing harm, something that she will regret later. I take a deep breath, and let my inner panther loose.

To be continued...

Seabiscuit

By Kyle Thomas

Seabiscuit (May 23, 1933 – May 17, 1947) was a legend Thoroughbred racehorse in the United States. Seabiscuit was a small horse. Seabiscuit had a bad start to his racing career, but became an unlikely champion and a symbol of hope to many people in America during the Great Depression. Once the Charles Howard bought him, he became a success thanks to Tom smith. Seabiscuit had two trainers during his time with Charles Howard: Red Pollard and George Wolf. Seabiscuit had a major injury during his career. Seabiscuit recovered and he used his uncle: Man o War and won, naming Seabiscuit the best horse in America. Seabiscuit retired after the 100 grander races, which he won. Seabiscuit had many children: seven foals and more. Seabiscuit died May 17, 1947 at age 17. He was buried under a tree on the Howard's ranch. Seabiscuit was an American legend and an American symbol.

Campus News

By Helen Lu

As we all heard of on Friday, September 21, 2012 that 25-year-old Bradley Mrozek from San Francisco, California went to 3 schools (Bayside STEM Academy, Horall Elementary, and Parkside Elementary) in the San Mateo/Foster City School District including our school. He was found assaulting students from Parkside and Horall Elementary School.
He was also thought of giving alcohol to students from our school. Here are some following tips that you should do when a stranger comes up to you or anything that you feel is an unsafe environment. Here are some tips for certain possibilities if a stranger comes up with you.

**Tips:**

**If a stranger tries to pull you into the car:**

- The best thing to do is to yell really loud: HELP!
- Keep running the other direction, FAST
- When you pull free, take out your phone fast and dial 911.

**If a stranger stops their car:**

- Keep a far distance from them.
- Run fast away from them.
- Do **NOT** go in their direction even if they look innocent
- Do **NOT** be afraid to reject their request if they ask you for help. Besides, it is not right for strangers to ask children anything.
- Do **NOT** accept their candies, treats, toys, or money.

**Afterschool:**

- Do **NOT** go in dark alleys or shortcuts.
- Do **NOT** go any unsafe place where strangers might lurk.
- Go with someone when you go somewhere.

Anyways, the 6th grade girls’ volleyball team won Tierra Linda Middle School but lost Bowditch Middle Schools. The 7th grade girls’ volleyball team also won Tierra Linda Middle School but also lost to the Bowditch Buccaneers. Unfortunately, the 8th grade girls’ volleyball team lost both games so far. However, losing does not mean the end of the world. When you lose, it is something that helps you realize what you need to improve on so the next time would be better. Some upcoming games are against Cunha, Borel, Ralston, JLS, Terman, Abbott, Central, and Jordan Middle School. Hope our volleyball teams win! Go Eagles!!!

**Friendships and Loss**

**By Dani Wang**

*Chapter 1: A Bittersweet Start*

My camp was silent, and dark, except for the lone candles of a few students, finishing up homework, or practicing their talents hidden by the dark. In this world, it is a common fact that everyone has a special talent, whether it would be something as simple as
predicting weather, to something as complicated and powerful as controlling minor forces of nature. By far, the most unusual, is the ability to change to an animal or different form at will. The ability to change by the simple imaginings of the mind, are hated by the government, and as a consequence, those few who can must keep it a secret, or fear the chance of death in a dilapidated kernel. That is my talent, and no one but me knows it. I have no friends since anyone could be a ferreter, or a spy for the government. This is my second year at my camp. We chose the category of talent that we feel is eligible to bring out our own, and grow in it. I hope I will find a friend who has my talent in this dangerous world. In the form of a spider, I heard that the teachers and camp directors were talking about the darker forces rising, and how people with strong nature-talents like a few in this camp, may be victims of attacks. A government official will be stationed in our camp, for we are at least a hundred miles from the nearest location of help, and a government official is just what I need.

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As a black cat, my personal favorite animal to change into, I crept out of the building and ran into the forest. Conveniently though, before catching my first mouse of the night, I was bowled over by a red fox, err, no, a coyote, no, wolf, no... ugh, something of the sort. Anyway, speed changing into a person, incase that was a some kind of government trained creature to especially track down people like me, I whirled, knife in hand, only to see a red haired girl about my age, sprawled on the ground. This was a first, finding someone who had similar abilities like me, though the animal she turned into, wasn’t really an animal I knew, more of a mix of things.

“If you value your life, turn around, hands up, and throw your knife on the ground. Not at me though.” Said a voice behind me, male, I thought.

Turning around and smirking at my epic skills, as the knife landed on the ground, less than an inch from his boot, I asked “Why are you so protective of her? It’s not like I’m going to hurt one of my own kind.”

Shifting around his sword, he replied, “Since when do you care Annalise? Don’t you even remember me?”

I glared at him, making out the blonde hair, ocean blue eyes, and tall frame in the moonlight. Honestly, I did remember him, from grade school, when we learned the basics of almost everything. We were really good friends, until he just stopped. He wouldn’t look at me, nor talk to me, and laughed when I would be bullied by his new ‘friends’. But before him, many people had ditched me, so it didn’t bother me. Much.

I lied. “No, I don’t remember you.”

Sighing, he replied, “You can’t lie to remember? I can read your mind.”

Mentally, I cursed. I had forgot, though I wasn’t going to admit it anytime soon, if ever.
“Don’t curse Ana. It doesn’t help clean your mind, or sharpen your reflexes.”

Typical Luke. All fatherly and sappy. I wish mind reading wasn’t his talent as I watched that oh so familiar crease on his forehead appear, as it does when he is frustrated.

“What do you want? You have me weaponless, and cornered.” I spat; looking at the girl with another knife watching my back, as if contemplating where would be the slowest, most painful place to throw it.

“I want you to help me.” There, it came out, almost as a whisper.

“Ohhhh, so now you want me to help you, even after watching all those bullies against me, enjoying the scene, knowing that I couldn’t do anything, or risk being sent to a kernel? Help yourself to my talents, and let me be manipulated by you again, so I can conveniently die while you and your girlfriend here race into the sunset on a white horse after saving the world. Ha-ha, no.” Wow, I was on a roll, I usually didn’t do this, and in fact, it was quite funny watching them recoil at being called boyfriend and girlfriend, even though I knew they weren’t.

“Annalise, this isn’t a joke. Darker forces are rising, and your kind would be their targets. I know because I used to work for them. You already have mastered your talent. You can leave, join us, and,” his voice faltered. “And we can be friends again.”

Looking at him in shock, I almost died of internal laughter, and then put my walls up, just like he taught me to, when he found out I was a full blown animal changer. He taught me that to keep myself safe, if he wasn’t there to “help”. Now in my secretive thoughts, I considered my position. If I refused, I’d probably get nailed by that knife the moment after I said no, but if I said yes, then I would finally get to see the world like I wanted to, escape the constant need for alertness (Yes, we get tested on our abilities at camp. Those who are not always alert are usually the ones who get blown up or die in a bombing completely mad butterfly’s rampage, or something of the sort.), and maybe get a little sweet revenge in. Focus, I told myself, don’t let grudges get in the way for now; focus on what you want, not on what others want.

“Fine, I’ll come with you.”

“Great, go get your stuff, and-”

“No time, they’re after us already.” I said, detecting the shouts of the government official ordering people to go find me.

“Look, you won’t be able to outrun those animals that they’ll set on us, and I’m not going to turn into a horse to save your bum. Ask your girlfriend to.” I said while changing into a darker colored wolf. That was a good form for long distance running, and as I set off, I heard the clapping of hooves behind me as Luke got on the horse. Thank god he trusted
my senses. We escaped the thicket we were in just in time, as the red-eyed hunting leopards burst into the clearing, and ran almost smack into the armed official.

Oh god.