Martin Luther King Jr. Poem

By: Alyssa Hogan

Martin Luther King
He had a dream
With a noble scheme.
No violence
Only peace.
Fighting for freedom
Rights for everyone.
No more segregation
Across the nation.
Everyone equal
Everything fair.
Who will win
At the end?

Back to School With a Bite – The Ending

By: Jessica Beskind

As soon as Samantha drags me in the doors of the hospital, the nurses swarm me. Maybe it’s the blood, or my groans of pain, or Samantha’s frantic waves, but as soon as my sister sets me down, all I can see is white. They load me on a stretcher and roll me through the hospital. I watch the other hospital patients. Some of them are sitting up in bed, too injured to move any farther. Others walk around with nurses monitoring their every move, while some patients sleep. Maybe they are unconscious, but I don’t know for sure. I’m too far away to tell.

I get my own room, away from the sorry sights of the other patients. A band of nurses lift me onto the bed, and I let my tired, burning muscles relax. And that’s when the pain starts. As far as I can tell, all the nurse is doing is cleaning the wound with a towel, but my leg feels like it’s on fire. I can’t help myself from crying out in pain. The nurse pays no attention to me, and she
doesn’t stop. All I can think about is the burning sensation as my muscles tense up and I move my legs back and forth in fast, jerking motions.

The nurse glares at me, and she walks out and into the hall. I sigh and rest my head on the hospital bed. Then she comes back in accompanied by two men. The men grab my leg and hold me down as the nurse finishes cleaning my leg. At this point, unable to move, I just scream. I scream until my voice is horse, and then I cry. And as I watch the nurse hold up a shiny needle as long as my pinky finger, I groan and cry some more.

The nurse looks up from the needle, shakes her head, and whispers something to the two men. They nod, and walk over to me. They hold out my arm and attach me to a machine. Next, they fill the machine with a milky liquid. “What is that?” I manage to say, and then my eyes close and I fall into a deep sleep.

When I awake, the nurse and the two men are gone. I am alone. I am still hooked up to the machine, but it no longer has any liquid in it. I try to sit up, but my leg protests so I lie back down and stare at the ceiling. A knock on the door startles me out of a trance, and I jump and look toward the entryway. “Who is it?” I ask tiredly.

The nurse pokes her head in. “Not you again,” I mutter.

“Your family is here and would like to see you,” she says, ignoring my comment. “May I bring them in?”

“So now you’re going to ask me what I want. Sure, whatever. Let them in.”

Then it occurs to me that she said family, not sister. “Wait!” I call, “My parents are here, too?”

The nurse looks at me in surprise. “Yes, of course.”

As I watch her close the door, all blood drains from my face. It hadn’t occurred to me that I might actually have to explain everything to my parents.

And then the door opens again. My parents run into the room, crowding over me and wrap me up a huge hug. “Will!” Mom says, “What happened to you!”

“Well I…”

And then I see Samantha. She stands behind my parents, close to the door. Her hair is tangled and she has bags under her eyes. She is shaking her head. She signs to me: No Will. Don’t tell them. They won’t believe us anyway. Make something up.

I look back at my parents. “I can’t really remember, everything seemed to happen at once…”

“Of course, Will,” my father says. “You can explain everything when we get home.”

“We will give you some time to rest, OK Will?” my mother smiles at me and exits the room with my father.

I look at Samantha. Thanks Will, she signs.
No problem, but we still have to come up with a story to tell them.

I think I already have one. When they ask, just go along with what I say, OK?

Sure. By the way, what happened to you?

Samantha smiles. I spent the night in the waiting room.

I laugh. See you soon.

Bye Will.

Time flies when you aren’t having fun. I spend the night in the hospital, and my mom comes to pick me up in the morning. As I drive up to our house, I realize that I have really missed the room that I share with my sister. Suddenly, all I want to do is curl up and go to sleep. But my parents have questions for us. My mother leads me to the living room, where my father and sister are sitting. I sneak a glance at my sister, but she doesn’t look at me. I sit down next to her.

“All right,” my mother says. “We will sign and speak so everyone in the family can participate in the conversation.

She looks at Samantha. “Your father and I want to know what happened yesterday.”

Samantha starts to sign. Well mom, do you remember when I told you about the animal control officers that patrol close to our school?

Mom nods, and I try to get Samantha’s attention. Where is she going with this? Well yesterday, two panthers from our local zoo got loose. They ran through town, and actually came into the schoolyard. Will and I were just getting ready to go inside for our classes when the two panthers jumped the fence and ran into the yard. Everyone started running around and screaming, but the panthers really paid no attention to the kids. One of the teachers called animal control, and within minutes the officers were there to help us.

I smile. Samantha had really thought this through. I feel like I know her story well enough to take over. “The officers couldn’t find a way to get the panthers away from the school, so they decided to shoot them.”

Mom interrupts the story. “Isn’t shooting a panther in the midst of all those kids dangerous?”

“Yes, but they really had no choice. So anyway as the officers were shooting, the panthers started to run around to escape the bullets. One of the officers shot a bullet that went way off course, and I could only try to jump out of the way to avoid it from embedding itself in my leg. As soon as they saw that I was hurt, the officers stopped shooting and ran over to help me.”

“And they just left the panthers?” Dad asked.

No, Samantha saves me. Some animal experts from the zoo came to collect the panthers, so the officers took Will and I to the hospital.
Dad nods, but Mom looks skeptical. “Well, I guess we should be thankful that you are safe and sound, Will,” Mom says.

“You should get some rest,” Dad tells both of us.

He leaves the room, and Samantha, mom, and I stand in an awkward silence. “Alright kids,” mom says, “I think I understand that you don’t want to tell us the whole story, and I will accept that.”

She looks both Samantha and I in the eye. “But please be careful, both of you.”

Then she turns and exits the room.

I don’t go to school for a week after the incident. Then one morning, mom gets me up bright and early. “You are going to school today Will,” is all she says.

On the way to school, I imagine all of the comments my classmates could make about me. I doubt that very many of them actually saw Samantha and I turn into panthers, but many of them noticed that we were not at school, at least in human form, during the incident.

Mom drops Samantha and I off, and we slowly walk up to the front door. Most of the kids ignore us, which is normal for my sister and I. And then I see Mason. He stands in front of the door, and I gulp. But when he sets eyes of us, his face opens in horror. He tries to run away from us, and I laugh and call out to him. “Hey Mason, come here for a minute.”

He slowly walks over. When we are face to face he hisses at me. “I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing, but it isn’t cool. You scared the heck out of everyone!”

Inside, I am laughing. Mason is probably the only person at school who knows for sure that we turned into panthers, and it is going to haunt him. I realize that I can use this to my advantage. “Yes, and if you bully either Samantha or I ever again, we will make sure that you never forget what happened. So just stay out of our way.”

And then I walk away, feeling more powerful than I have ever felt before.

The End

History of Christmas

By Kyle Thomas

Christmas is a sacred religious holiday. Christians celebrate Christmas Day as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus. Some of the customs include exchanging gifts, decorating the Christmas tree, attending church, sharing meals with friends and family and, of course, waiting for Santa Claus to arrive through the chimney. December 25, Christmas Day, has been a federal holiday in the United States ever since 1870.
Diary Entry 1

Since I was little my father told me that I wasn't fit to be a samurai. I wasn't fast enough, strong enough, and I didn't show signs of being fit for battle. So when my father retired from his job as a samurai, and I was done with my training, he sold his estate and the family from the island of Hokkaido to a village near Mt. Fuji on the island of Honshu. We lived there as peasants for many a year. My father just died today. I am overwhelmed with sadness. And even worse, my wife is pregnant. I can't feed my children with my peasant wage. I was smaller and weaker than the other kids. I was a late bloomer. In his will however, my father blames himself for my failings. My uncle died before I was born, so he could not train me as is done traditionally. My father trained me, and he thinks he went soft on me, which is probably true. Now I know that I am one of the strongest and biggest people on this island. Being a late bloomer caused me to not be a samurai. Now I can't provide a better life to my unborn son. Who my wife Akemi and I (which means "bright beauty") haven't even named yet

Diary Entry 2

I saw an old samurai near the lake today. I was thinking while sitting in a tree and I saw the reflection of him practicing. I realized I still have my father's swords beneath the floorboard in the main room. I can become a samurai. I am now strong enough, and fast enough to be a samurai. I however must remember my childhood. I must remember my training. To remember the intricacies I will write them down here.

I live in a relatively peaceful time. Since 1360 when the treaty was signed with the Mongols. Although the Mongols have sent emissary's who ask for a tribute they have been sent back empty handed. The Japanese are a proud race and won't live in fear of a nation far to the West. The Daimyo I shall pledge loyalty to is Satake Engo. He is very forgiving, and extremely powerful. However, now matter how forgiving he is, I imagine he will find difficulty to justify assigning a samurai that appeared out of nowhere and just assign me a job as samurai.

When I turned 5 my father began my training me. Traditionally I would first be a servant for 3 years building up muscles through strenuous tasks before beginning actual training. I however acted more as a glorified secretary. I helped my father with his work. I became extremely adept at culture, religion, and handwriting. I was a master of the mental part of being a samurai. However even by this point I was already behind in my physical traits. This was extremely detrimental, because I was already small and skinny anyway. I will write more tomorrow. For now I must stop to sleep.

Diary Entry 3

Calligraphy is a fine art. It is the art of beautiful writing. I love writing this way so I decided to keep writing these entries to practice. Calligraphy is written in our language
If I recall correctly the way my father put the uses of calligraphy was, "Calligraphy is a delicate art, my son. It is used in all sorts of poetic art forms including Haiku, and my favorite Tanku which you know about already." All though there are many more those are my favorite and are commonly used in Zen Buddhism," I will also write some poems in here. Here is one from an ancient style known as Tanka:

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Through day and night

No matter how big the fright

I will always love you

This is the one I gave my wife before we got married. I am very proud of it. I wrote in my gardens while meditating. As a Zen Buddhist I meditate often in my garden, which I take very good care of my garden. I designed it off the Fuji Mountain. My house is the mountain, and through my various hikes up the mountain I have made the trees, bushes, and other physical aspects of the mountains with scaled plants and rocks. I feel am I am nearing enlightenment.

Diary Entry 4

While training with my father he didn't do quite a few drills properly. He didn't whack me hard enough with the stick so I didn't learn to always be ready like I was supposed to. He also didn't train me enough in martial arts. As I was small he decided to wait until I was older to train me for this. However he never actually taught me as much as I needed to know about this. This led me to be a bad martial artist, but amazing with the use of a sword. I excel at almost every weapon. But, without a weapon I am very weak. Fortunately I can use almost anything as a weapon.

Diary Entry 5

I would have gone to Satake Engo yesterday, or today but he has been gone on a business trip so I won't be able to talk to him until tomorrow. I have taken my inherited samurai swords: the katana and wakizashi out from under the floorboard in my father's room.
Diary Entry 6

Today I met Satake Engo in person. He was extremely generous. He told me that he believed me but he was also a little worried that I might be out of practice. He decided to send me on the one training exercise I never did as a samurai, while also acting as a sentry near the edge of Hakata Bay. The exercise I didn't do was an extended trip to the woods where I would survive completely on my own resources. Our agreement was that I would find food, and water for the other sentry's to prove myself worthy while still taking shifts. I will show the other samurai that I am strong enough, and smart enough. If I succeed than I will be given land and will be completely trusted by him. Tomorrow I am meeting him for a tea ceremony. The day after that I leave at dawn to my post.

Diary Entry 7

Today I went to the tea ceremony. It is a common way for a Daimyo to accept a samurai as his own. We went to a local tea master and were invited in. We crawled through the extremely low door, which is traditional to the Japanese tea masters. He made the tea and I was given the tea caddy; a small bowl. I drank a sip, than used a paper towel to wipe off where I drank from and handed it too my new master. After a short while we left and I packed for tomorrow.

Diary Entry 8

I traveled with two other men and our horses to my post, which is about two days away from our village. They are named Kusen Ryuujin, and Kin Hachirobei. Kusen is slightly younger then me at the age of 19, which he shared very excitedly, and Kin looks to be in his late 20s but he didn't offer his actual age. I set up camp and made a fire for us. I also caught a young and small deer with my bow, which will probably feed us for the next 4 days. The other men were impressed that it only took me an hour to hunt it down.

Diary Entry 9

Today we got to the post. It was like an extremely large tree house on a gigantic tree. Nearly 50 feet in the air a spiral staircase was built around the tree. I barley even noticed it though because it was so well camouflaged. This structure would be nearly impossible to see from farther than 50 feet even if you knew where it was. Kusen didn't even see it and walked right past until Kin called him. This tree literally 30 feet from the coast is a brilliant sentry spot and is a marvel to gaze at.

Diary Entry 10

Today I found a drill I excelled at. I carried a log on my back and ran up and down hills around the coast of the bay. I had a lot of fun working on it. I was even better than my instructor on the drill Kin.
Diary Entry 11

Food began to run scarce, as the deer I caught earlier was small. I went off hunting on my horse. I found a cave. As I thought I heard a noise I got out my Katana and lit a torch. The cave was dark and creepy. Spiders scuttled away from me to the safety of their webs. The cave had a turn and as I turned I found myself face to face with a bear. I thanked the Buddha that I had decided to wear my armor on this hunting trip. I immediately tossed my torch into the bear's face, which he swatted still a little startled by the fire. When he realized I was his dinner was getting away he ran toward me. I quickly mounted my horse and got out my bow. I shot the bear as my horse bolted. I hit him in the right shoulder and left hind leg. By this time the bear began to retreat. I turned around my horse and dismounted. I took out my katana. The bear now realizing that off my horse he could catch me charged. He was a good 50 yards away and I realized, I couldn't fight him like this. I made a mistake.

Then a bird whizzed past me. Only the Peregrine Falcon could have possibly reached that speed. It was about 5 times as fast as my 40 mph horse. I saw its prey, a measly squirrel wait until the last second and dodge out of the way. I realized the bird and the bear might not be that different. I dived out of the way of the bear at the last second and noticing the heavy limp slashed at it's left hind leg on the opposite side of the leg of my arrow had hit him. He had fallen over. I jumped on him and taking out my wakizashi slit his throat. However, I was injured in the process. He had clawed my weaker left wrist. It was broken and badly bleeding. I jumped on my horse and quickly rode back to our tree. I got the two other samurai to help mend up my wrist and I brought them to the bear. Not even the three of us could lift it. We tied it to our horses and dragged to our tree where they cut it up while I nursed my wound, so I wouldn't lose the hand.

Diary Entry 12

Today, because of my injury the other two men helped out a lot with daily chores like going to the well. I spent most of the day on sentry duty. They often praised me on my great job taking down a fully-grown bear by myself. It would feed us for weeks.

Diary Entry 13

Today was rather uneventful. I did sentry duty again for most of the day due to my injury and while writing this entry caught Kusen sleeping on the job. I was extremely annoyed. He worries me.

Diary Entry 14

By now most of the flesh on my wrist has scabbed or healed. I am glad the flesh wasn't too badly damaged. However, my bone is still broken. Kin found some pain relieving herbs to help me, and found out that it was a pretty clean break. He also brought me some foods with calcium and vitamin d.
Ancient Egyptian Diet, Health, and Treatment

By Jana Ghaddar

Introduction

Health is what holds you together and keeps you from falling apart. Doctors are there to assist you with the right health decisions, and medicine is there to support your body’s medical needs. Mahatma Gandhi once stated, “It is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver.” This quote proves the importance of health in order to live a peaceful and happy life. This report will cover the ancient Egyptian lifestyle, which includes dietary and medical practices. It will show how health and dietary practices of the Egyptian lifestyle have changed over time. I decided to choose this topic for my report because, from my prior knowledge, I knew that the dietary and medical practices of the ancient Egyptians were different from ours today, for example their diet mainly depended on starch, which wore down their teeth, and Cleopatra’s Arabian eyeliner was used to help prevent eye infections. I became interested in learning more about this topic, and soon became inspired to extend that thought and make my report about diet, health, and treatment of the ancient Egyptians.

Ancient Egyptian Diet

The Ancient Egyptian’s diet was very different than ours today. Theirs mostly depended on starch and the use of the Nile. Scientists today believe that some of the ancient Egyptians were even overweight due to the amount of food that was provided for them.

Egypt had a fairly well amount of agriculture. This caused the Egyptian diet to mostly depend on starch, such as bread or cereal. Bread was mostly eaten with spices like salt, or mixed with other ingredients like milk, butter, and eggs. The bread was later put into molds to be cooked. The pre-heated bread molds that were used in the Old Kingdom often had oil or grease on them, which added more fat to their diet. Many fruits and vegetables were also part of the Egyptian diet. Chickpeas, lentils, and green beans were all very common. Leaks, Egyptian lettuce, garlic, and onion were also very popular in their diet, but were also eaten for medical purposes, such as to help prevent diseases and illnesses. Despite all the healthy fruits and vegetables, the Egyptian diet was filled with fat and oil. Many common fats in the Egyptian diet are still common today, including beef, goat, and pig fat. Common oils in Egypt are also still used in our cooking today. Scientists lately have discovered 21 different kinds of oil used in ancient Egypt. Many of them were made of sesame, caster, flax seed, radish seed, horseradish, safflower, and colocynth.
Doctors and Specialists

In ancient Egypt, doctors were called specialists and were specialized in different body treatments. Specialists who treated the Pharaoh were called “Palace Eye Physician” or “Palace Stomach-Bowel Physician”. Specialists in ancient Egypt went to a school called Houses of Life to learn their specialty as a doctor. The first medical school known to mankind dated back to the first Dynasty, later followed by other medical schools in the New Kingdom. Specialists studied out of a written document, written by earlier specialists. They treated people with studied treatments written in the law by older and more famous specialists. Besides the ordinary doctor and specialist, there were also Senior Doctors, Inspectors, Overseers, Masters of Physicians, and the Chief of Physicians of the North and the South. Some examples of specializations were eye treatments, head treatments, teeth treatments, and abdomen treatments. Others specialized in hidden diseases in general. Just like today, it took a lot of time, practice, and schooling to become a doctor.

Health Concerns

The people in ancient Egypt suffered from a lot of diseases and illness due to the harsh climate and limited diet choices. The Egyptian diet was mainly dependent on starch, which also developed problems with wearing down their teeth. The most common diseases that spread through ancient Egypt were eye, stomach and lung diseases. Coughing was another common disease that was caused by Parasitic worms in their lungs. Parasitic worms sometimes spread into their bodies and ends up in their legs. Scientists believe that “due to the hot weather and the lack of precise medical knowledge, some of the inside body parts of the ancient Egyptians slipped out of place and needed to be directed back in place.”

Ancient Egyptian Lifespan

The ancient Egyptian lifespan was believed to be very short. It was considered very lucky if a newborn survived its first year. Mortality was also very common. About 60% - 70% of the children were born with some kind of mortality, congenital defect, or mutation. The women were believed to live an average of 29 years. The men were believed to live an average of 33 years because of the hard work men normally have to go through. If a man makes it to 40 years old, it was considered a blessing. Because of their short lifespan, the children were encouraged to get married when they were fairly young (boys: 15 to 20 years old, girls: 13 to 15 years old), and they finished their education at around the age of 12 to 16 years old. After that they were allowed to get a job and live their life as a poor or wealthy.
Medicine and Treatments

There were many dangerous diseases that spread around ancient Egypt, so people had to find many ways to threat them. Over the years of development, people became more experienced with medical practices, and treatments were discovered for many common diseases.

Goose grease, honey, or animal fat were used to make creams and ointments for patients. Ground mummies were also used as ointments for common skin complaints. Medicine was also used and was mostly made from plants or things found in nature. The most commonly found medicine in ancient Egypt was made from anise, cumin, poppy flowers, liquid copper, sodium bicarbonate, birds, pigs, crocodiles, and ants. Because of the hot weather, the inside body parts of the ancient Egyptians slipped out of place and the doctors put the patient on top of a hot fume to draw the parts back in place. When the patient was sick and there was no treatment for them, the doctor would recommend prayers, “magical potions”, and amulets to the patient to heal it.

Conclusion

Your life and survival depends on your health. Doctors are people who support you along the way. In ancient Egypt, doctors were called specialists and were specialized in a certain part of the body. The ancient Egyptian diet mainly consisted of starch with added fat, and a little amount of vegetables and fruits added to it. Ancient Egypt started medicine with prayers, “magical potions”, and amulets. As Egypt developed more, it created medical treatments out of nature that helped prevent against diseases. Soon it developed to modern days with treatments that nearly save people’s lives. Although the overall ancient Egyptian lives were very different than ours today, it helped create ours in many different ways.

Giants Hot Stove

By Nicholas Dal Porto

It’s spring-training time for the Giants, and pitchers and catchers report today, and position players report Friday, but several will not be there. Many Giants are on their country’s World Baseball Classic rosters, including Angel Pagan, and Javier Lopez, which are playing for Puerto Rico, Ryan Vogelsong and Jeremy Affeldt, who are playing for Team USA, Pablo Sandoval, Marco Scutaro, and Jose Mijares, who are playing for Venezuela, and Sergio Romo, who’s playing for Mexico due to his father. Even though several pitchers are playing in the World Baseball Classic, they will be limited to a certain amount of pitches, so they don’t get exhausted, or injure their throwing arm.

Also, many of the Giants attended FanFest on Saturday, and were interviewed about the upcoming season, and about last year’s championship season. Matt Cain was not at
FanFest, but had one of the best excuses to not be there. Matt Cain played in the 2013 AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am. Although he and his partner did not make the fourth round playoffs, they did shoot 11 under par, which is very good. The Giants will take the field in just 11 short days, in Scottsdale Stadium in Arizona. One thing is for sure though, the suspense is building!