



Carver Chronicles



Celebrating the literary and
artistic talents of G.W. Carver
students.

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Letter from Editor

I would like to start, once again, by saying that it has been an honor to partake in the making of this magazine. I've had an amazing time working with my coeditors, Ana Gonzalez and Julissa Santana, and my wonderful teacher Mrs. Fletcher. It been yet another great semester, and I've thoroughly enjoyed planning and editing this booklet.

I would like to thank my writers in my creative writing class for being there and helping me by sending in their stories. I would also like to thank the language teachers for their cooperation and support, and my astounding editing team for their never-ending assistance and help. Finally, I would like to thank my parents and friends for always being there for me.

-Editor-in-Chief

Paz Babirecki

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No Way Home

by Emma Bello and Victoria Bussert

Four kids walked up and knocked on the house. It was Halloween and they decided to go to the far side of town at 11 pm.

"I told you guys that no one would answer the door. It's eleven! Just because that one time someone answered the door for you, Jack, doesn't mean that anyone will do it again. Plus, we have to get home soon." Olivia said.

"Why! Our houses are only 30 minutes away!" Jack replied.

"Yeah, by CAR! If we want to get home soon, we HAVE leave soon. I just want to go home!" Emily complained.

"And we have that big test for science tomorrow. And if you want to play in the next football game, you have to pass with a B." Mateo replied.

"ONE MORE HOUSE! ONE MORE HOUSE- "

"Fine. We'll go to one more house. Just please STOP yelling!" Yelled the girls at Jack like it's the last thing they'll do.

The four kids walked to the old house at the end of the street.

"What's that over there?" Jack asked.

"Focus Jack! Just this house, and we're only doing all of this because of YOU, so I think we've done enough to please you for the night." Emily said.

Knock. Knock. To the kid's surprise, an old woman opened the door.

"Hello. I have all the candy right here. Give me a minute to get it from the kitchen." The woman said.

"I TOLD YOU SOMEONE WOULD BE HERE!" Jack exclaimed.

While the woman went to get the candy, the kids waited impatiently. Then, Mateo saw something he had to share.

"What's that glowing thing over there? I want to go to see!" Mateo said.

"Ooooooh yeah let's go see what it is!" Emily replied.

"Jack, you coming?" Olivia asked.

"No, I don't know about you, but I'm not missing out on more free candy. Go check it out and just tell me after!" said Jack.

Emily, Olivia, and Mateo walked over to the glowing things. As they got closer, they realized they were flowers.

"These are really good decorations! I love them!" Emily exclaimed.

"Huh, this is strange. It's like there's a vent coming up from the ground." Mateo said.

"Move the flowers out of the way! Maybe the vent is under!" Olivia replied.

They rushed to move the flowers out of the way, but they just found more, and more, and more flowers. Then suddenly the ground fell out from underneath them. They were falling slowly. It took about thirty seconds before anyone could gather their thoughts and speak.

"What's going on?!" They all screamed in unison.

"Where are we? What is this?!" Olivia asked.

"I think it's some sort of tunnel!" Mateo replied.

"I see something! Is that a forest?" Emily said. Gradually they started falling faster and before they knew it, they landed with a gentle thump on the ground.

"Um... why did we land so softly?" Olivia asked.

"Are you seriously asking that? The real question is, what just happened? Where are we? What is going on?" exclaimed Emily with a concerned voice.

"Guys, I've read many fantasy books, but I've never read something like this." Mateo replied.

The kids looked around. All they saw was a crazy world with weird animals. They saw flowers, long rivers, and cute mushrooms. A bush behind the kids started shaking. Mateo was the first to notice and once he did so did the girls.

Suddenly, an unknown, high-pitched voice from behind the leaves said, "Be quiet! We only have one chance to do this! Behave for once will you!"

"Guys, what is that?" Mateo whispered.

"RUN!" Olivia screamed. Before they could, butterflies flew up to the three kids and started dancing and singing a joyful song.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome to Enchantaland! Everybody's happy, but we live on demand. Don't go to the forest, or past the queen's land. Welcome, welcome, welcome to Enchantaland!"

The butterflies suddenly realized who they had just sung to and exchanged frightened looks. Screams filled the air in high-pitched voices. All the butterflies flew up into the air and into the sun.

"Here's your candy." The old lady said as she reappeared through the door, "Where are your friends?"

"Oh, they're just over there, but... I'll take their candy!" Jack replied.

The woman filled Jack's candy bag, and Jack left, thinking more about the candy and not about his friends as he walked away. "Hey guys! I got the candy!" he said. No one responded.

"If this is a joke just tell me!" he said starting to yell. Again, no one responded.

He walked to the edge the flowers and again said, "Where are you?" He leaned over the flowers and saw a large opening in the ground. Before he could catch it, his bag of candy fell into the hole. Is that where you guys went? just get an Uber and go home.

"Ow! Is it raining candy?" Olivia said.

"Grab it!" Emily replied.

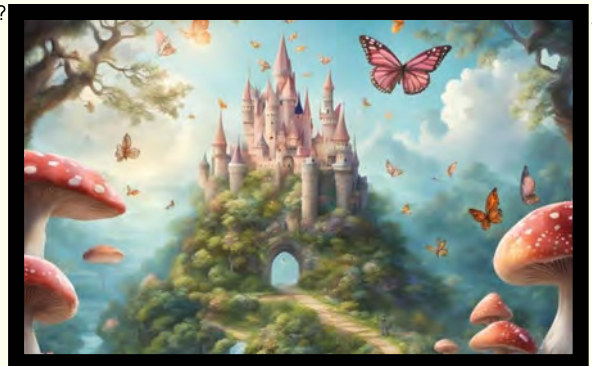
"No! Get under the trees!" Mateo exclaimed.

After a few seconds it stopped, and a pillowcase fell like paper from the sky.

"What is that?" Mateo asked.

"Is it raining candy?" Emily asked.

"Girl,



"That looks like Jack's pillowcase. You know, the one Olivia made for him for Secret Santa last year." Said Mateo. Olivia started to blush. Her whole face turned into a tomato. Before anyone could notice, she signaled to the others to start picking everything up and take the pillowcase. Then they started walking.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome..." Olivia sang.

"Please don't sing that weird song." Mateo said.

"If you think about it, the butterflies said something about a forest, and we are coming close to one." Added Emily. They started to approach a forest. They were about to enter it when suddenly something jumped in their way.

"Where do you think you're going? No one but the queen's servants are allowed through here. Only we know how to get past the monster plants..." said a Rabbit.

"Um, who are you and...wait did you say monster plants?" Mateo asked concerned about the things that were lurking in the forest.

"Me? Well, my name is Stotaodie Fotha Mällemes Goliry. And yes, I did say monster plants." The Rabbit answered.

The three kids exchanged looks.

"WHAT?"

"Just call me Toad." The rabbit said. Toad looked up to see who he was talking to. His beautiful green eyes widened, and he fell back.

"Oh my! You're- HUMANS!"

"Yeah..." Answered Olivia.

"I've been waiting for this day! The queen banned all humans, so she was the only one left. She hates them." Replied Toad.

Emily started, "Are you guys like..."

"Against us?" Mateo finished.

"Why of course! Before the queen came, life was splendid here in Enchantaland. When I was just a wee bunny, there were humans everywhere, and a wonderful queen. When the current queen arrived, Lady Night, everyone became afraid. One day she walked towards the castle and had the queen executed. Lady Night was crowned queen. That same day, she banned all foreign affairs with other lands, including the human world, and all left quietly at night. It is just an unspoken rule to mention those times that are so far away yet feel so close and dear to my heart. No one says, but everyone fears Lady Night. It has been a dream of everyone to see her in pain, yet she has never broken, rain or sun." Toad said.

"Geez..." Olivia said.

"Anyways, although I despise her, I work with the queen. It's the safest yet most unreliable job in the land. My wife and kids too. It's a hard life here in Enchantaland." Toad said.

"Let me get this right, there's an evil queen that everyone hates," Emily said, "But you work with her..."

"Correct!" Toad said with a big grin on his face.

"I'm loving this story time, but we still need to figure out how we're going to get home..." Emily said.

"Oh yes! That's right... Follow me I know just the thing!" Exclaimed toad.

The kids looked at each other. Mateo's encouraging it's worth it, we need to get home nod got them going in a steady tread behind toad. The four were walking in the direction of a thick forest that seemed to never end. The kids were scared of it and Olivia and Emily held hands, and they got through it.

After about 10 minutes of awkward silence and walking Toad spoke up.

"Actually, let's not risk it. If anything, the queen will make your situation worse. Let's head to my house, I have a book there that will for sure have a way to help you home!" Said toad.

"Toad," replied Mateo, "We're in the middle of nowhere, all due respect, but do you know where you're going? Do you know what you're doing? The last thing we need right now is to get lost and stuck here forever."

"MATEO! Don't be rude to the poor guy!" Exclaimed Olivia as Mateo hid behind his hands.

"Sorry..." Mateo replied.

They followed Toad through the ups and downs of the forest and reached his mushroom house. Without even saying anything, they walked inside, Toad quietly sat down in a corner with a book. The house was small, looking a bit just like a library. There were stairs leading to a loft that seemed to be the actual house. The kids silently watched him read and after five minutes he stood up in a loud grunt.

"Grab these tools. We are going to dig!" Toad said.

"Dig?" Olivia asked.

"We fell from the sky, how is digging down going to get us up?" Mateo asked.

"You'll see soon enough!" Toad exclaimed. Before the kids could get up from their tiny mushroom chairs, Toad was out the door. It took about five minutes of running for the kids to catch up to him.

"Where are we going?" Emily asked.

"You'll see!" Toad replied. They kept walking for what seemed like eternity. When they passed through the town, everybody looked at the kids as if they were angels.

After a while, they reached a meadow with beautiful flowers and rounding hills.

"Are we there yet..." Emily asked.

"Emily, be patient. This is the only way we'll get home!" Olivia said.

"Ok, but seriously, we've been walking for an hour..." Mateo complained.

"Don't worry! We're here!" Toad exclaimed, "Oh, I've always loved this place. I used to live in a town around here. Ah, Sunny Valley, how I've missed... Anyways, let's get digging!"

Everyone immediately started digging not even thinking about how weird it was. That's when Mateo took a moment to look at Toad.

"Hey Toad, you never told us, how is this going to get us home?" Olivia asked.

"When we were walking to the castle, I remembered about a book one of my children once pointed out. The day after she showed it to me, I read it and I remember seeing a way to get to other worlds. The book says that if you dig deep enough, a force will somehow pull you down into the hole and you'll get pulled back to your world." Toad said.

"Alright, I guess we could try..." Emily said. Everyone started digging. The four found it fairly easy to dig into the soil.

"Why is the ground as soft as ice cream? It's making me hungry!" Olivia said.

"Just DIG!" Emily screamed. Before long they found the long deep tunnel again. The kids felt the strong pull pulling them down.

"Why does this feel like that? It's so weird..." Mateo said.

"Bye Toad! Thank you so much for everything!" Olivia screamed as they gradually began falling faster and faster again.

They suddenly stoped seeing the tunnel but the same glowing patch of flowers. They fell headfirst into the flowers and took a minute to lift up from the floor. Olivia stood up and looked around. She shook of the dirt on her clothes and helped Emily up. Mateo got up by himself, fixing his glasses and looking around. That's when they saw Jack walking away.

"Jack! You will not believe what just happened!" Olivia screamed, "Oh by the way, here's your candy!"

Killer Virus

By: Elena Ralph and Amaya Arcila

January 2nd, 2053.

Dear Diary,

My name is Alana Blackwood and I'm 19 years old. It has been three years since we were forced into this basement with my best friends and my family. There is a virus that a mad scientist created; it has wiped out the whole human population. Everything, and everyone is gone. No food, no water, no wildlife. We are the last humans on the earth, we think...

Since it all started, we have been prisoners in this basement. It all happened because a mad scientist named Persis Coldwater was making medicine for a sickness, but something went wrong in his laboratory, and it exploded. The explosion transported the virus into the air. It infected everyone who came into contact with it. It was named after Persis Coldwater, P.C. Killer Water Virus. Since we got the news, we have been hiding in the basement. It has not been going well.

In the beginning, I was with my parents, my sister, and my best friends, James and Ana. Now, it is only James and I. My family went looking for human life, but they never came back. I asked Ana to try out my mask and she did. What happened to her? No one knows. I have been trying to make a new and improved mask. I finally did it, but I am afraid to try it after what happened to Ana. We are running out of resources. The animals we saved, two stray dogs and an orange cat, need food and water. Without supplies, we cannot stay here for long.

I finally decided that I am trying out the mask, tomorrow. If it works, I'll go search for

January 7th, 2053

Dear Diary,

We arrived downtown; we are taking shelter in the building where my mom used to work. On the way, we did not meet any weird people, just one: Ana. She was infected. There was only one thing we could do. Kill her. She wanted to hurt us. What else were we supposed to do? Now I am sitting on the floor crying next to rusty buckets and boxes. I mean she was my best friend. But now she is gone forever, and it is my fault.

January 10th, 2053

Dear Diary,

It has been three days and there is a huge problem, James has been infected. At first, I thought he was just playing with me, but he was acting suspicious. He did not eat, never drank water. The only time he talked to me was when I asked him if he was okay, but he only answered, "I am fine." He was not. His skin changed color and that is when I noticed he was infected. I was scared, after all he has been the only person I have talked to in a long time. I loved him. But I had to lock him in a room to keep myself safe. There is still a chance for me to save him but that means I have to go by myself to the lab and create a cure.

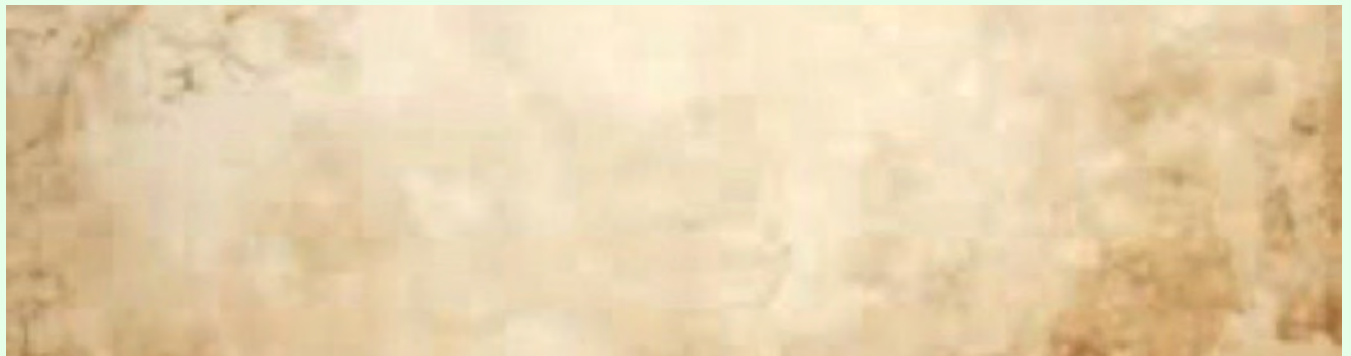
January 14th, 2053

Dear Diary,

This is James, I don't know what happened to me. One day I was normal and the next day I was locked in a room. I didn't know how to get out, but I saw an axe so the only thing I could do was break the door. I started looking for Alana but all her stuff was gone. She would never leave like that without telling me. I started looking for something that told me where she was. Finally, I found a note that said that she went to the lab to make a cure. On my way there, I was surprised to see healthy people who had come out of hiding. They were shocked to see other humans too. When I got to the lab, all I saw was her laying unconscious on the floor. She had made a cure. She saved us all. I took her to the hospital. Luckily there were plenty of people. The doctor said she would be fine. But how did she make a cure? What happened?

20 years later...

Yes, I was scared. Yes, I lost my best friend. Yes, I lost all my family. Yes, I almost lost my lover but if that didn't happen what would the world be today? - Alana Blackwood.



The Water Rippled

By Natalie Chen and Delilah Frieden

Scene 1

In Sky Valley, deep in the desert, three fifteen-year-olds, and a baby pig named Billy, find an oasis after walking for hours. The oasis is very green with lots of palm trees and a sandy floor. There is a pond in the center with trees around the bank providing shady cool spots to rest.

Lola: (Collapses on the cool sand under a palm tree) Finally water.

Larry: (Walks to the pond) Don't just lie there, come on!

Nick: (Sprints to the pond) Oh my Twizzlers, it tastes amazing! Billy, come take a sip!

Everyone eagerly drinks from the crystal-clear pond. Night comes very fast which brings a bright, full moon and a clear, starry sky.

Larry: Guys, we should head back now.

Everyone looks at him like he's lost his mind.

Billy: (Oinks in disapproval)

Lola: WE'RE HOURS AWAY FROM CIVILATION! ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE STAYING HERE.

Larry: (Puts his hands up in surrender) Okay, okay! Geez, take a chill pill.

Nick: Lola's right, we are so camping here. My legs feel like Jello, and there's no way we're walking all the way back now.

They make camp under the palm trees by the water's edge. It is pitch black outside, except for the full moon rippling across the water's surface. The night is silent. Something is moving in the water. The kids haven't noticed yet.

Larry: (Takes out a jacket from his backpack). Ha! I told you this would come in handy!

Nick: I can't believe you, bro. Seriously, a jacket, but no food or water. Like, what is up man?

Lola: For real. What is it with you and jackets? We've been sweating like pigs for hours! No offense Billy. But why did you bring a jacket?

Larry: Because I thought we could lay on it?

Lola: If you thought we would need to lay on something, why wouldn't you bring a blanket?

Larry: (Shrugs) I don't know. I have two more if anyone wants.

Nick and Lola: No, thank you!

The three kids lay down to sleep under the palm trees next to the lake.

Scene 2

The scene opens with ominous music playing. A loud splash in the water wakes up Lola and she turns toward the rippling lake. A pair of bright yellow eyes stare at her from the water.

Lola (Whispers): Guys...Is it just me or are there eyes staring at us from the water?

Nick: (Groans) Oh man. I see them too.

Larry (Startled): WHAT? WHERE?

Lola (Eyes widen): Larry, you must be quiet.

Nick: Yeah dude, seriously you've got to stop doing that.

Larry (Scratches his head and whispers): Yeah, my bad.

Lola: The eyes are getting closer...

Nick: What are we supposed to do?

Larry: Okay guys, do exactly what I do...

Larry screams very loudly and then they all scream loudly.

The set of eyes moves closer to the edge of the lake, with an amused look. A strong glare, issued by the moon, reveals the monster's identity to the audience for a moment. It is equipped with a set of sharp teeth

too big for its mouth, vicious claws, and a pair of bright yellow glowing but saddened eyes. If it wasn't for these features, it looks almost human.

Larry: (Gets grabbed and pulled into the water) WHAT THE ACTUAL *BLEEP*?

Lola: LARRY!

Larry: (Shouting from the monster's grasp) Guys, guys I love you, you were the best thing that has ever happened to me. Can you do one last thing for me? Tell everyone that I was the funniest person you've ever kn-

And with that he's gone. The monster ate Larry. The only thing that remains is his blood around the monster's mouth. Only three are left.

Nick: (Sobs) LARRY NO- (The monster grabs him.)

Lola: (Cries) NICK! (She grabs on to Nick's hand.) Just hang on-

Lola gets shoved back and just like that there is only one traumatized person left.

Lola: (Laughs) This must be a dream or a prank? (Shouts) Okay we've had enough! (Bravely approaches

the monster) Is this a hologram or something- (She screams as she is being pulled into the water.)

Lola's scream is sharply cut off.

The monster, retreats to the bottom of the pond. Everyone is gone except Billy and the pond is still again.

Billy: (Oinks.)



The Worlds Combine

Idea by Charlotte Mercadalparra, Writing assisted by Gauth Ai

It all started on October 19th, 2011. Things got weird, really weird. The sun, our giant star that keeps us all warm and alive, started to act funny. It wasn't a big, boom-like explosion, nothing dramatic like that. It was a slow, gradual dimming, like a lightbulb slowly losing its brightness. And the first ones to notice? The Sunset People. Now, the Sunset People aren't your typical aliens. They were not little green men or slimy creatures.

They were made of pure sunlight, living inside the sun's blazing corona. Think of them as giant, glowing energy beings, their whole existence tied to the sun's fiery heart. As the sun weakened, so did they. Their bright, shimmering forms started to fade, their energy draining away like water from a leaky bucket.

For centuries, maybe even millennia, the Sunset People had lived a pretty awesome life. They were like the ultimate artists, using solar flares to paint breathtaking pictures across space, composing incredible symphonies using the sun's own energy bursts, and even philosophizing, their deep thoughts carried on the solar wind itself. Their whole society was like a beautiful, shimmering dance of light and energy, perfectly balanced. But that balance was shattering. The sun's slow fade was threatening to wipe them out completely.

And that's when they reached out to Earth. Not with spaceships or lasers, but with whispers. Tiny, faint signals hidden within the static of space. They sent these whispers across the vast electromagnetic ocean, hoping someone, somewhere, would hear their plea for help.

A small team of astrophysicists, working late nights at a super-secret observatory, picked up those faint whispers. They weren't sure what they were at first, but something about the patterns, the desperate energy within the signals, made them sit up and take notice. Leading the team was Dr. Aris Thorne, a brilliant but somewhat quirky scientist who had a past failure haunting him. He initially dismissed the signals as random space noise, but the more he looked, the more convinced he became. He dedicated himself to understanding these alien messages, spending sleepless nights deciphering a language made of light and sound.

Finally, he cracked the code. The message revealed a terrifying truth: a colossal, unknown space thing – something unimaginably powerful – was draining the sun's energy. It was like a giant cosmic vampire, slowly sucking the life out of our star. The Sunset People, with all their sun-powered superpowers, were helpless. They needed help, and fast. Their message offered a solution, a crazy, risky plan that would require technology far beyond anything humanity possessed.

The solution involved specific frequencies, special sounds, that could potentially redirect the space vampire's energy away from the sun. Dr. Thorne, fueled by a sense of responsibility and the urgent pleas of the dying Sunset People, rallied the world's scientific community. He gave presentations, explaining everything in clear, simple terms that everyone could understand. It was a race against time. There was initial skepticism, but soon everyone realized how much danger they were in. Even countries that usually fought constantly put aside their differences. The fate of Earth, and the Sunset People, depended on it.

The world's smartest people pooled their resources and knowledge. The plan was insane: they needed to build a massive device, a gigantic harmonic resonator, a super-powerful sound machine capable of emitting the exact frequencies needed to divert this cosmic energy thief. It was a monumental task, requiring global collaboration on a scale never before seen. The success or failure of this incredible project, this fight for the sun, hung in the balance. The future of Earth, and the last embers of the Sunset People's light, depended on their ability to come together.



Past in the Present

Olivia Iannelli and Silvana Sanchez



January 24, 2069

Beep! The alarm clock wakes Peter up with a deafening sound. It's Friday, thank goodness. Just another super boring day, and Peter knows it. He gets up and makes his way to the kitchen. Light pours in through the windows. The chattering in the room fills his ears. His 15-year-old sister says, with a smirk, "Well lookie here, the zombie awakens."

"Sure, you're not talking about yourself?" He replies with such force. His mom, Ama, looks over at the arguing siblings and sends them a disapproving look.

"Peter, dear, will you go downstairs and fetch me the new packet of dryer sheets?" she asks, sweetly.

"Ugh fine," he responds.

He makes his way downstairs, then opens the basement door with brute force. It slams open and the basement is revealed. He sees the dryer sheets on top of the washing machine. Something is off. The washing machine is rumbling and shaking. Now he is, too. Peter makes his way to the machine and opens the lid. A strange force pulls him in. It is alive and pulling him into another dimension. He tries to scream, but nothing comes out of his mouth. Everything goes black.

He opens his eyes. Slowly, he sits up. Strangely he is in someone's bedroom similar to his. How did he even get here? The last thing he remembers was getting the dryer sheets and looking in the washing machine! Wait a second. There was a flash when he poked his head in the machine. On top of that, there was glowy stuff and a strange pulling force.

As he's sitting on the bed, he notices a banner hung on the wall that spells out "MAX" in capital letters. *Am I dreaming*, he thought to himself. My name isn't Max, where am I? He ran to the living room confused about what was going on. "Mom, dad, Sara, where are you?" He wondered. A teen with sandy hair and tan skin and beautiful hazel eyes runs into the room. "Who are YOU? And what are you doing in my living room?" Peter shouts out. They both stare at each other for a minute, in silence.

"What are YOU doing in MY house? What is your name? How did you get here?" The kid's questions tumbled out of his mouth. As Peter glances at the coffee table, he notices a newspaper with a headline "Kendrick Lamar's Stunning Halftime Show."

"Wait! What year is it?" questioned Peter.

"It's 2025," the kid looks at him funny.

Peter scared and confused, mumbles, "I think I traveled here!"

The kid stares at him, as white as a ghost.

"How did this happen and how are you here? What's your name?" The kid says flabbergasted.

"Um...I don- oh wait I was getting dryer sheets for my mom and all a sudden I felt this potent force that pulled me in in what? Oh, yea the washing machine... I started to flip and turn through this magical tunnel that was dark with little lights that looked like stars and then I landed in my- well your bed. Also, I'm Peter, nice to meet you."

"I'm Max. But how do I know that you are telling the truth? I mean, I just met you and I don't even know your name. How do I know if I can trust you?"

"Well, I can't really think of a reason you should trust me, but please, I need your help to get back home! Just get me through this day and tell me what's going on!"

"Well, I'll think about it, but for now I have to go to school," said Max, glancing at his watch.

"Can I come with you? I have nowhere else to go!" exclaimed Peter.

"Oh, um- well, sure but we have to hurry up, I can't be late."

When they arrive, Peter sees that the building has sleek walls, painted a navy blue, and golden banners streaming down the sides that say, "Apex Academy." Peter's mouth drops with disbelief at the giant academy.

Max's first period is math, and they sat at a table close to the door. The class was fairly small and not many kids in it. the bell rang and all the other kids rushed in the room, then a really beautiful, tall, brown haired girl sat next to Peter, the odd thing was she seemed very familiar to Peter almost as if he knew her his whole life!

The teacher started calling attendance, and Peter heard the girl's name. It was Lily, which was really strange, because that was his mom's name. But there are more Lily's in the world, too. The lunch bell rung and the kids made their way to the cafeteria. Everyone was starving, and Peter sat next to Max, and found out that Lily and Max were really close, and after a long conversation, Peter discovered Lily's last name is Sancelli! And whose last name is that?

Peter's

Australia Social Media Ban

By Ana Gonzalez

On November 28th, the Australian Parliament passed a social media ban for all children under the age of 16. The ban is applicable for platforms including Instagram, Snapchat, TikTok, X, and others. However, in our contemporary world where social media plays a significant role in teens' social lives, it will be hard to imagine the effects of going cold turkey, and if social media detoxification will offer the benefits Australia's parliament hopes it will.

Australia's attempt to swim against the tide of omnipresent ideas may not be the smartest plan. There isn't always a positive response to withholding kids from things they're not ready for, especially considering the obstinacy and perseverance of the average teenager. Despite the fact Australia has been the first country to act on these contentious ideas, other countries have had the same notion. France has passed a law to limit the amount of access teens have to social media without a parent's consent. However rather than Australia's law punishing underage social media users and their parents, the law focuses on the platforms themselves. The corporations could be fined up to 49.5 AUD, \$32 million, for failing to execute age restrictions. According to Leo Puglisi, a 17 year-old who runs 6 News, "None of the harmful content would be removed. It just kicks the can down the road and throws you into the deep end at 16. It might sound good on paper, but in reality, it's not practical." Kylea Twink, representing North Sydney in the debate in the lower house on Tuesday said, "They are not fixing the potholes; they are just telling our kids there won't be any cars."

To some, however, the new law is an incredible leap forward. Sonya Ryan described the Senate vote as a "monumental moment in protecting our children from horrendous harm online." Sen. Maria Kovacic said, "This is a responsibility these companies should have been fulfilling long ago, but for too long they have shirked these responsibilities in favor of profit." Meta Platforms commented on the law, saying, "Naturally, we respect the laws decided by the Australian Parliament. However, we are concerned about the process which rushed the legislation through while failing to properly consider the evidence, what industry already does to ensure age-appropriate experiences, and the voices of young people."

Meta is not the only one who thinks the decision was rushed. Many people are complaining that the law was rushed through Parliament without sufficient scrutiny. They also fear that instead of having a positive effect on teens' mental health, there will be a negative one. The policy may target vulnerable teenagers by stripping them of their sense of community. There are definitely pros and cons to social media. It has never been perfect, and to this day there are countless flaws and heartbreaking incidents that happen due to precarious safety measures. However, Australia's law doesn't seem like the right way to take a step towards a safer social environment.

Only time will tell how Australia's law will be dealt with by social media corporations and teenagers who can no longer own an account, either positively or negatively. However, I believe that the hurried decision will have an abrupt impact on the teenagers' reactions to the law and will not aid society in the way Australia's parliament hopes it to.



Famous World War I Battles

By Ivan Gonzalez and Andrea Eguren

The Battle of the Marne

The Battle of the Marne was one of the most important battles of the Great War because it ended the German sweep in France and started the trench warfare that made the base of this conflict. What happened in the battle? How many people died in the fields of Marne? Let's find out. On the 5th of September 1914, the Battle of the Marne started as France tried to defend Paris from German's rule. Also, they wanted to free Belgium and Luxembourg from enemy occupation. The battle only lasted 7 days before the French and British won, but it came with a death toll of 522,733 which makes it one of the bloodiest battles of the first world war. Curious fact: after the battle, France called it "Miracle on the Marne" because it saved France from losing their capital Paris.



The Battle of Amiens

On August 8, 1918, the battle of Amiens began. This was an important battle for two reasons: 1- It started the Allies' Hundred Days Offensive on the west front of Germany. 2- It was the first major battle to include armored warfare with tanks. The battle began when British troops invaded the northern part of the city of Somme at 4:20 AM while the rest of the Allies' forces (France, Australia, Canada) were in the southern part of the city. The Germans were caught off by guard, the allies attacked their position and by 7:30 AM the allies penetrated the rear of the German lines. By 11:00 Canadian and Australian forces pushed the lines 4.8 km forward from its starting point. A curious fact: some German officers and some divisional staff were captured while eating breakfast. By the end of the battle, 91,434 soldiers died

The Battle of Somme

On July 1, 1916, the bloodiest battle happened. This was the Battle of Somme. In only four months, 1,264,000 soldiers lost their lives fighting. By the end of the first day, 21,000 soldiers lost their lives which made it the bloodiest day in the first world war. This battle made a turning point for the allies. It took place near the Somme River in France. The British needed to hold the line, so they attempted to take out enemy fortifications but failed. Next, they began to go to “No man’s land”, this is the land between trenches where they got shot with machines guns by the Germans. Allies only advanced a meager 10 miles while the Germans fell back to make a stronger more manageable line, but Allies still won the battle. Each nation was hit hard with the death



Battle of Verdun

The city of Verdun is located on steep hills along the east bank of the Meuse River. The Germans thought they could win easily and eliminate the French from the war by killing a large number of soldiers in the city of Verdun, this way, France would be forced to sign the peace treaty with a low death toll of German soldiers. After eleven months, the battle ended. Both sides combined a total of 724,000 soldier casualties, and many more were reported injured or missing. This was the first battle that included the flame thrower which would be a deadly weapon in the future.

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The Brains Behind this Operation: Paz Babirecki

by Emma Bello

Paz looks at the ball in her hands. She feels her heartbeat. Bum-Bum. Bum-Bum. She takes a deep breath and serves the ball with all the strength in her.

"Great serve Paz!" says her coach.

Her teammates are cheering, "Yeah Paz!!!"

On the drive home her mom asks, "How was practice?"

She responds, "Excellent! I did a perfect serve!"

When she gets home, her brothers are running around screaming

"I'm not giving it back!" and "No! It's mine give it back!" It doesn't even bother her; she's used to it.

Then, she showers, has dinner, and heads to bed. But before she can turn out the lights for the night, she must continue reading her book! When she starts to get sleepy, she closes her book, turns off the lights and falls asleep. In the morning, she wakes up, has breakfast and gets ready for school. It's a regular day until Creative Writing, when she puts her "Editor-in-Chief" hat on and gets

At Home and Abroad

Paz Babirecki is an eighth grader here at GW Carver. She is originally from Uruguay but moved here when she was 9 with her parents, and her two brothers Francisco (10) and Juan Ignacio (7). Her brother Francisco, in 5th grade, plays baseball competitively, and her brother Juan Ignacio, in 2nd grade, does soccer. She says that she finds them a bit annoying, but she still loves them. She has only lived in Miami and in Uruguay, but she has visited Argentina, Brazil and Panama. Her family used to own a little farm in Solis, Uruguay. She would love going with all her cousins and riding the horses and feeding the little sheep. Which brings me to my next topic.

Getting to Know Paz

She likes being with her friends, reading and learning in general, animals, and, because of her love for biology, dissecting animals. Some of her hobbies are volleyball, acting, singing, reading, and doing homework. Paz also really likes volleyball, which is one of her favorite sports, and horseback riding which she did back at her family's farm. Her all-time favorite subject is biology because she wants to be a pathologist, a doctor who studies diseases. Interestingly, she is already CPR certified. In addition to science, she also likes History and Language Arts. Over the summer, she took singing and acting classes. She admires her aunt, a cardiologist, because she is like a girl's girl but chill. Additionally, she admires her parents and grandparents for providing her with such an amazing environment to grow up in, and she especially admires all the women who have been denied careers because of their gender but still managed to become famous for persisting. She dislikes being mad, strong scents, bright lights because they give her migraines, migraines, and the fact that she gets so many projects in her Spanish 1S class. She fears horror films and flying cockroaches because "why do they

The Editor-in-Chief

Paz is editor-in-chief of Carver Chronicles. Organizing and putting things where they belong makes the job fun for her. With the help of her co-editors Anna and Julissa, she trusts we will put together a memorable magazine. She applied for the position because she wanted to help middle school writers with all their stories, poems, interviews, reviews, and fiction. Additionally, she knew that it would be fun.

“I believe that everyone is born a blank page, and that over time we get to add to it. Some people choose to write things others think are cool, and some people choose to write what they think is cool. Some people’s pages are a little rumpled, some people’s pages are a little you know, crumpled and torn, others are completely torn up, but it’s okay because I feel like over time our pages get a little bit of, you know, character, just like us, and we build up on our trauma until, you know, we make us.”



High School Alumni Day

By Giovanna Fronefield and Charlotte Mercadal

We are so grateful to be able to participate in this event. It was magical to see all of the successful Carver Alumni gather together and celebrate Carver spirit. The anthem, Lift Every Voice, began the event. It was very beautiful to hear everyone singing and showing their spirit. After that, Mrs. Arca's Musical Theatre students performed a motivating Black History Month skit. Each performer played a famous African American from history.

- Narrator: Sofia Bonnaud
- Dr. Martin Luther King: Julieta Menotti
- Maya Angelou: Daniella Kanzki
- Carter Woodson: Teal Walter
- Katherine Johnson: Charlotte Martin
- Ruby Bridges: Annaë Roumain

It was a touching performance highlighting equality and determination. Then, we heard a heartwarming speech by Anya Davis about motivation and not giving up. "We must differ or die...Let's not just grieve but give... Let's choose our children over chaos... When everything hurts may everything change..." are just a few inspiring lines from her speech. After Anya's performance, the following Alumni spoke about their experiences such as sports teams, teachers who inspired them, and their academic competitions.

- Shama Madison Withers, class of 1955
- Arnold Brundage, class of 1960
- Georgia Smith Marshall, class of 1965

Following their speeches, it was time for Mr. William Berry Jr and Mr. Leonardo Da Vinci Stark to be included in the Carver Hall of fame. They spoke about their life journey throughout Carver, how it affected them, and how they moved on to become successful businessmen who each own their own companies. At last, we reached the end of our soul filled journey on memory lane. The event ended on a high note with a beautiful closing song sung in harmony by our past Carver Alumni.

The event was a great one, filled with memories, laughter, and gratitude. We learned a lot about the school's history and loved every bit of it. Though we were disappointed that it had come to an end, we were still so appreciative that we had the opportunity to witness one of the best Carver events so far in this school year.



Saying bye to familiar faces!

By Ana Gonzalez

Mrs. Basso has been working at Carver for 21 years. Before Carver, she was an elementary school teacher at Winston Park Elementary. Mrs. Basso loves her career and says, "I think it's a wonderful career; [teaching] has been a wonderful career from the beginning." Mrs. Basso started her career teaching special ed students, students with unique needs. She also went to regular elementary school and taught gifted students, which she also really enjoyed. However, although she has had multiple responsibilities at Carver, Mrs. Basso believes, "This lead teacher job is the best job in this system." Mrs. Basso's favorite part of her job is to recruit new students to come to our school, which she does with complete pride. When she leaves, she will deeply miss the people she's met while working here. Mrs. Basso is also the sponsor for the National Junior Honor Society, another one of her favorite parts of her career. When Mrs. Basso leaves, she plans to travel the globe. Carver wishes her the best of luck in her future plans!



Carver will miss you!

Mrs.Peralta has been working at Carver for 32 years. Before she came to Carver she worked at another school for 8 years. She didn't like the other school very much, so she wrote a grant to have a position here at Carver. The grant was accepted. Mrs.Peralta loves her job and says, "Stay strong, stay positive, we've gone through a lot of changes through the last few years, but it can only get better." Her favorite Carver memory was when she and other Carver students traveled all around Europe, "I've gone all over Europe with Carver." She also had the most educational experience with Mrs.Basso as they worked side by side. When Mrs.Peralta leaves, she plans to have a house at the Palm Coast, and she will always be either in her garden or at the beach. She also plans to explore the grand world more. Mrs.Peralta, we wish you luck in your future plans, and wish you all the very best as you work toward your retirement goals! - Interview by Olivia Iannelli



The Lasting Legacy of William Shakespeare

By Maria Abuin

Born in what scholars believe was April 23, 1564 in Stratford, England, is one of the most influential figures in the globe; William Shakespeare. From starting in a humble home to writing and performing plays in the Globe Theatre, April 23rd might have signaled the coming of a wordplay master...

Shakespeare grew up in a modest household with mostly just his essentials. He developed a fondness for writing at an early age attending the local grammar school in Stratford, upon-Avon. In 1582, he married Anne Hathaway, and had three children, who were Susanna and twins Hamnet and Judith. Many believe that grief and sadness over Hamnet's unfortunate death (one of the twins) may have encouraged Shakespeare to write the play, Hamlet. However, this is just a false myth.

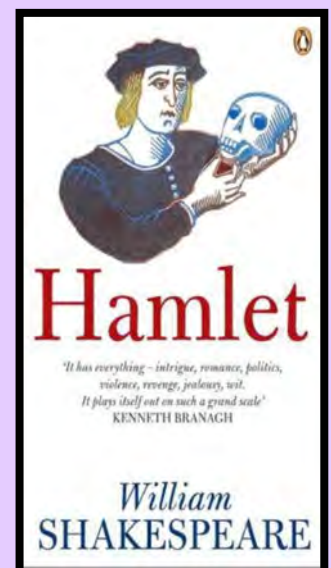
In the early 1590s, Shakespeare moved to London and begun his career in the theater. He took part in the Lord Chamberlain's Men, an acting company. Together, they founded the Globe Theater where his early showcased work included comedies and histories, such as A Midsummer Night's Dream and Henry IV. Shakespeare's ability to work with complex characters and inquisitive themes made his plays stand out from most at the time.

During the Renaissance, people became more curious about the world and the human body. They were daring to look further into the universe and beyond the boundaries of, for example, doctors, who due to their ignorant ideas, had certain views on how the human body functions. With Shakespeare, we were able to go beyond what we already knew, and into the feelings and deep emotions of fragile human beings. Realizing this, an increase of self-awareness and knowledge eventually was what dragged us out of the Medieval Times and into the modern.

In 1599-1608, Shakespeare became immensely successful. Plays like Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, dug deeper into human emotions and the purpose of life. In the perspective of the past, people must have been teleported to a whole new world, probably getting an emotional rollercoaster of feelings from reading his meaningful plays about the stages of humans and the world.

Shakespeare lived a quiet life after retiring in 1613, until his death, which experts believe was on his birthday; April 23, 1616. Yet, his impact didn't fade. Over four hundred years later, his work still inspires creators, writers, and dreamers around the world. His plays have been performed in many languages and settings. Shakespeare's legacy reminds us that storytelling unites people, their imagination, and builds connections and relations.

Through his creativity, Shakespeare demonstrated how language can be shaped into a tool for beauty and meaning. As he states in one of his most famous plays, "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go." (Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3)

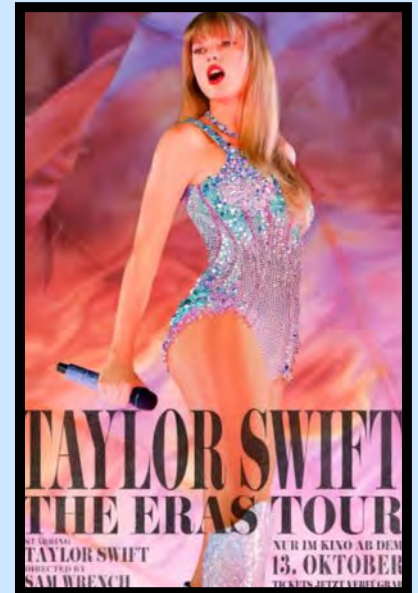


Truly Taylor

By Giovanna Fronefield

All throughout her life, Taylor knew she wanted to be a singer. Although she did not do it for fame, she did it for success. Taylor Alison Swift was born on December 13, 1989, in West Reading, Pennsylvania, to parents Andrea and Scott Swift. She also had a brother, Austin Swift. Her house was perched on a huge Christmas tree farm, which she wrote about later in life. At an early age, she started writing songs and would sing all the time. That is when Taylor's parents knew their daughter had a future in the music industry. Right after she learned to play the guitar, her first instrument, Taylor and her family moved to Hendersonville, Tennessee when she was 13 years old. Though it was a sudden change, she had to move there to pursue her passion for music.

After focusing on music for another 3 years, Taylor announced her debut album, titled Taylor Swift. At that point in Taylor's career, she didn't have many fans. Or at least not as many as she has today. Even though a lot of people don't make it in the music business, she persevered when she released her second album, Fearless on November 11, 2008. Fearless skyrocketed and was the bestselling album of 2009. She won a grammy and a VMA for the music video, You Belong with Me. However, that was when the tension started. She was about to give her speech when Kanye West hopped on stage and said that Beyoncé should have won the award. That was when years of hatred started between them.



Since Fearless was such a big hit, Taylor decided to release another album named Speak Now on October 25, 2010. She went on a tour for the album from February 2011 to March 2012. Next, she released Red. After that she released 1989, which was an album named after the year that she was born. During her 1989 era, Taylor got a lot of hate, and people told her to change her style. As a result, she stopped making music for a while. During her break, she released an album called Karma. Unfortunately, her management quickly withdrew the album because they felt it was too gay, and they didn't want people to think that she was gay, even though she just wanted to be an ally to LGBTQ community. Then, she released Reputation which is known as her revenge album on all the hate that she had gotten and feuds with celebrities like Kanye West and Calvin Harris, her ex-boyfriend.

Everything from then on seemed fine until something terrible happened. Scott Borchetta, the CEO of Big Machine Records, sold Taylor's albums to Film Producer, Scooter Braun. Taylor was outraged and took another break for a while. However, little did Scooter know, she was about to make one of the best comebacks in Pop Music history. After her hiatus, Taylor came out with Fearless (Taylor's Version) on April 9, 2021. It was the first re-recorded album to debut at number one on the Billboard charts. In just a short period of time, she came out with her own version of Speak Now, Red , and 1989. Now, her fans are anxiously waiting for Reputation (Taylor's Version).

Between the years of 2019 and 2024, she released Lover, Folklore, Evermore, Midnights, and Tortured Poets Department. However, fans were upset when Taylor did not do separate tours for Folklore, Evermore, and Midnights. To resolve that, Taylor announced the Eras Tour in March 2023, which had a little bit of every album on the tour, as well as some surprise songs in the middle. Fans were so excited and buying up all of the tickets.

During the summer of 2023, Taylor started dating football superstar Travis Kelce. Today, the couple are thinking of getting married and settling. Yet, Taylor had other things to worry about like her new album. During the European leg of the tour, Taylor announced that her new album, The Tortured Poets Department, combined songs about Matty Healy and Travis Kelce. The Eras Tour took her around the world and had so many fans in each town. Her last Eras tour performance was on Sunday, December 8, 2024, at BC Place Stadium in Vancouver. Fans are still looking back on glorious memories they made with her during the tour and are all ready for their next adventure. Even though it might seem over, the journey with her record-breaking pop music has only begun.



시리얼 킬러

By Peter Wisniewski



12:00 AM

A man is lying on a mat in his small Korea apartment. You can see stains of blood and alcohol all over the floor. He is groaning and clutching his blanket. He tries to get up but fails miserably.

3:00 PM

The man gets up and grabs his chest. He stumbles over to the kitchen for a rag. He pulls his shirt up and reveals the blade of a knife lodged into his appendix. He takes the cloth in one hand and rips the blade out with the other. Wrapping the rag around the cut, he applies pressure. There's a deafening knock on the door and in a deep voice someone yells. "Eun-seo." The man's hands start to shake. He grabs a revolver from one of the kitchen cabinets. "Eun-seo" someone says with a faux cheery voice. Staggering over to the door, the man still clutches his chest. Once he reaches the door, he takes his hand off his chest and struggles to open the door.

5:00 PM

The man is lying on the floor dead, blood dripping everywhere. Someone in a suit tower over him with a friendly smirk on his face. He pats down his suit and steps over Eun-seo leaving his lifeless body behind.

시작

9:00 AM, 3 WEEKS BEFORE

"Eun-seo!!" We hear someone yell across the bullpen.

"What is it, Ju-won?" The man replies in a groggy voice as he looks up from his desk.

"I have another case for you. This one will surely wake you up," Ju-Wong replies with a genuine smile on his face.

He hands Eun-seo a surprisingly light folder with the tittle “시리얼 킬러.” When Eun-seo opens the folder, he sees nothing besides a picture of a man in his mid 40’s covered in blood, ragged clothes and lying on the floor of a café.

“Where’s the evidence?” Eun-seo says with an unsure tone in his voice.

“That’s the fun part. There is none,” Ju-Wong replies in the same cheery voice.

“Ju-Wong, I said I needed an important case or I would be fired from the force.”

“This is a good case,” Jun-Wong says.

“I said important, not good,” Eun-seo replied, annoyed.

11:00 AM

Eun-seo is at the crime scene searching the café up and down for evidence. There is nothing besides a note from the killer in the kitchen. When he held it up to the light, he was shocked.

13:56

44. Magnum

Hollow (12)

Do-Yun

투명인간 시리얼.

A full confession to the crime but no name. Eun-seo slams his hand into the café counter, then asks the owner to see the security footage. As he’s watching, he realizes it’s the same 10 seconds throughout. An empty café.

2:00 PM

Eun-seo is sitting in his office when his telephone starts ringing. He slowly picks the phone up, still disappointed after finding absolutely nothing.

“Eun-seo speaking, how can I help?”

“SIR, SIR! There’s another murder and they think it’s the same guy.”

“What?”

“The murder! It’s all the same, it’s spotless, there’s another note and...”

“Just please stop talking,” Eun-seo says cutting him off, “just send me the address.”



Dawn to Dusk and Dusk to Dawn

By Victoria Bussert

Dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn,
The Sun will appear and then be gone.
The Sun will seem still and unmoving,
But it will never stay, always moving.
The Sun is shining high above,
Flying with birds like a white dove.
It will not set yet.
Not until dawn and dusk have met.
The Sun will set soon enough,
Even though no Sun is tough.
It's so beautiful with nature's essence,
The ocean will glow soon with
bioluminescence.
The birds will reach their comfortable nests,
And all the animals will take their rests.
Homes' light will soon turn dark.
As the day ends making its mark.
Then in the morning, the Sun will rise,
As you awake with open eyes.
The Sun will appear and then be gone,
Dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn.



Summer's Snack

By Ruth Jean - Jacques

The Sun's Rays seemed to be
aiming for me
Sweat was constantly dripping
down my face,
The once cooling breeze of
winter disappeared
Now came the fiery breath of
the summer.

I grabbed myself a green and
pink treat
The flavor was unforgettable:
Sweet, watery, and refreshing
A real delight.

Confined

by Fernanda Ramirez

I search with eyes that do not see -
the mirror casts a spell on me,
I want to run away and flee,
But I cannot so I will be.
I search with eyes that do not see,
all I want is to be free.
There will not be any ease,
For my family I will miss.
I search with eyes the do not see,
guess I'll never be able to be me
That's okay though soon...
I'll find the key.



my prize of Light

the point of no return,
i yearn for my prize of dazzling
Light.
the point of no return is far
behind me,
and the Light is getting closer.
the car speeds up,
farther away from the point of
no return i go.
i have won my prize
by julissa santana



Artistic Talent



"My friend was talking about bananas and I thought it would be a good idea to mix that with a fish. I used watercolors and brushes for this piece." - Paulo Ceyte

"Ms. Sellem told us it was going to be a hybrid piece, and in seventh grade, I did a piece of a jellyfish, so I decided, hey, why don't I just do one with a jellyfish and a butterfly, since butterflies are one of my favorite insects. So that was what inspired it. I used only watercolor for this piece." - Elena Buda



Alive at Carver



“I got the mushroom idea from my friend and I used that to mix it in with the frog. I just used watercolor for my art and pencil for the sketch.” - Karina Sisak

“What inspired me was that I just really like cats, and my cousin has a pet cat which is really cool and sharks are my favorite animal, and I thought it was kind of boring just like that so I decided to add bird wings. I used watercolor for the final and pencil for the sketch.” - Sonia Royer



SPANISH

EL Show de Talentos

Ser parte del Espectáculo de Talentos de la Sra. Noa fue un honor. Todo, desde los trajes típicos hasta el baile energético de las porristas, estuvo planeado cautelosamente por la presidenta y vicepresidenta, Carla Acosta e Ivana Gonzales, con la ayuda de la mismísima Sra. Noa. Yo fui presentadora y participe en los bailes de Mi Gente, Rompe, y Salsa. Todos los participantes tuvimos que practicar mucho, algunos varias danzas al mismo tiempo, otros solo una. La mayoría de la gente se tenia que cambiar dos o más veces, así que estuvimos todo el tiempo corriendo para ponernos los zapatos. Yo también, estaba corriendo. Una vez, tomé tanto tiempo para cambiarme que perdí mi entrada y alguien más tuvo que presentar por mí. También perdí mis medias, lo que hizo que ponerme los zapatos fuera más difícil. Tuve que salir del vestidor descalza y ponérmelos en el auditorio. Yo fui la primera que hable, porque anuncie los trajes típicos. Tenía que gritar, ¡Colombia, Venezuela, México, etc....! Después de eso no presente más, pero si baile en las 3 danzas que les conté. Mi Gente es una canción de J Balvin y Willy William y Rompe es de Daddy Yankee. En la primera, baile con mi clase. En la segunda, baile con un grupo de mis amigas. Fue bastante divertido. Los bailes no fueron nada especial, pero pasar tiempo con mis amigas fue lo que realmente algo que me encantó. Después de todo, el baile de salsa sucedió. Era lo más esperado de toda la noche. La salsa era lo que habíamos estado practicando durante la última semana, perfeccionándola hasta que quedó más afilada que una cuchilla. Obviamente, somos niños de secundaria, no profesionales, así que hubo algunos errores. Una vez me dejaron bailando sola en lugar de con mi pareja, así que tuve que improvisar. Para ir terminando, quiero decir que esta noche fue muy divertida. Fue una de las mejores noches que he tenido







FRENCH

Le Petit Oiseau



Il y a bien longtemps, dans la ville de Tukque-Tukque, vivait un petit oiseau nommé Tilcone. Tilcone était un paria parmi le reste de son troupeau à cause de son terrible bec long et déformé. Tout son village d'oiseaux se moquait de lui et le châtaient, le laissant constamment en détresse. Après une journée particulièrement impitoyable, Tilcone décida qu'il en avait assez. Il avait passé trop de temps à essayer de couvrir et de traiter sa difformité et cela prenait le dessus sur toute sa vie. Il décida que c'était assez et rechercha la terrible Sorcière des Saules. Tilcone avait entendu des histoires sur sa nature terrible et son visage encore pire, mais il avait de l'espoir. Il s'éloigna le long de la route en direction de sa hutte. Il fut dérangé par l'odeur misérable et l'atmosphère marécageuse mais frappa à contrecœur. La méchante sorcière sortit avec un sourire encore plus méchant montrant chacune de ses dents pourries, elle parla d'une voix basse et rauque, "Eh bien, bonjour petit oiseau avec un bec plus long que ses propres jambes, qu'est-ce qui t'amène dans mon humble demeure ?".

Tilcone couina de peur mais répondit timidement, "Bonjour chère sorcière, je viens avec la plus désespérée des demandes. Chaque jour, je suis hanté par ma propre difformité". dit-il en caressant tristement son bec "J'ai peur de ne pas pouvoir continuer comme ça, je demande désespérément un remède pour me guérir de mon mal". La sorcière sourit diaboliquement, "Ne t'inquiète pas mon petit oiseau", croassa-t-elle "J'ai la solution à ton problème, le seul problème est que je suis une femme très fragile et que je ne peux pas chercher en dehors de cette maison. J'aurai besoin que tu me trouves des ingrédients". Immédiatement, Tilcone hocha la tête avec enthousiasme "Oui, n'importe quoi ! Je suis plus que disposé". La sorcière répondit : « Alors très bien, j'ai besoin d'un pied de crapaud, de poils de singe ivre et d'une plume d'oiseau. » Volontairement, Tilcone arracha une de ses propres plumes et la tendit à la sorcière avec gratitude. « Oh merci chère sorcière ! » dit-il en trébuchant rapidement hors de la porte et dans les bois à la recherche d'ingrédients.

En marchant, il remarqua un singe qui se balançait des branches et s'écria : « Excusez-moi singe, vous semblez avoir besoin de fruits. » Le singe le regarda d'un air confus : « Des fruits ? De quelle sorte ? ». « Oui, des fruits ! » s'exclama-t-il, pensant sur ses pieds, il se souvint du jardin des anciens raisins et répondit : « Oui, oui, suivez-moi ! ». Le singe, se sentant très affamé, le suivit, une fois qu'ils atteignirent le jardin, Tilcone ramassa une vigne de vieux raisins fermentés. « Tiens, ce sont les meilleurs raisins du pays ! », le singe, lorsqu'on lui tendit les raisins, commença immédiatement à les consommer, devenant rapidement ivre. Voyant l'opportunité, Tilcone arracha rapidement un cheveu de son cuir chevelu et s'enfuit avant de pouvoir réagir.

Tilcone continua son voyage à travers la forêt dense, le cœur battant d'impatience. Il arriva bientôt devant un étang serein, dont la surface scintillait sous la lumière tachetée du soleil. En s'approchant, il remarqua un gros crapaud à l'air sage assis sur un nénuphar, croassant doucement pour lui-même. Tilcone prit une profonde inspiration et s'approcha du crapaud avec précaution. "Excusez-moi, M. Crapaud", commença-t-il, sa voix tremblant légèrement. "Je suis venu vous demander votre aide. J'ai besoin de votre pied pour une potion que la Sorcière des Saules est en train de préparer pour moi. Elle a promis qu'elle guérirait ma difformité." Le crapaud leva les yeux vers Tilcone d'un air entendu. "Ah, la Sorcière des Saules", croassa-t-il. "Elle est connue pour sa ruse et sa tromperie. Tu dois faire attention, petit oiseau, elle n'est souvent pas fidèle à sa parole." Tilcone hocha la tête, les yeux écarquillés de peur et de détermination. « Je comprends, monsieur le crapaud. Mais je suis désespéré. Je ne peux pas continuer à vivre comme ça. » Le crapaud soupira profondément. « Très bien, dit-il. Je suis vieux et mon heure est presque venue. Si vous tenez compte de mon avertissement et restez prudent quant aux véritables intentions de la sorcière, je vous autoriserai à prendre mon pied. » Le cœur de Tilcone se gonfla de gratitude. « Merci, monsieur le crapaud. Je promets que je serai prudent. » Avec un hochement de tête solennel, le crapaud étendit sa jambe et Tilcone retira doucement le pied. Il remercia une fois de plus le crapaud et se précipita vers la hutte de la sorcière, serrant fermement le précieux ingrédient dans son bec. Alors qu'il se frayait un chemin à travers la forêt, Tilcone ne put s'empêcher de ressentir un sentiment de malaise. L'avertissement du crapaud résonna dans son esprit.

Tilcone retourna à la hutte de la sorcière, serrant fermement les ingrédients. La sorcière l'accueillit avec un sourire sinistre. « Ah, mon petit oiseau, tu es de retour. As-tu les ingrédients ? » Tilcone hocha la tête et lui tendit les objets. Alors qu'il entra à l'intérieur, la sorcière lui jeta soudain un sac sur la tête et le poussa dans une cage. Tilcone se débattit, mais la prise de la sorcière était trop forte. Elle commença à remuer le chaudron, fredonnant une mélodie sombre en ajoutant les ingrédients. Depuis sa cage, Tilcone regarda à travers les barreaux et vit le livre de sorts de la sorcière. À sa grande horreur, il réalisa que les ingrédients n'étaient pas ceux qu'elle lui avait dit. Au lieu du pied d'un crapaud, des cheveux d'un singe ivre et d'une plume d'oiseau, le sort nécessitait le pied d'un crapaud, les cheveux d'un singe ivre et un oiseau. Comprenant les véritables intentions de la sorcière, Tilcone commença à crocheter la serrure de la cage avec son long bec. Après quelques instants de tension, il réussit à se libérer. Silencieusement, il se glissa derrière la sorcière et, d'un mouvement rapide, lui poignarda les deux yeux avec son bec pointu. La sorcière hurla de douleur et Tilcone, battant furieusement des ailes, réussit à la pousser dans le chaudron en ébullition. Les cris de la sorcière résonnèrent dans la hutte alors qu'elle était consumée par la potion bouillonnante.

Tilcone retourna dans son village où, ayant retrouvé confiance en lui, tous les oiseaux du village lui demandèrent où il était allé et il raconta fièrement comment il avait vaincu la sorcière. À partir de ce moment-là, Tilcone ne fut plus jamais humilié et fut célébré comme un oiseau courageux, et il apprit à aimer sa difformité malgré tout. **La fin**

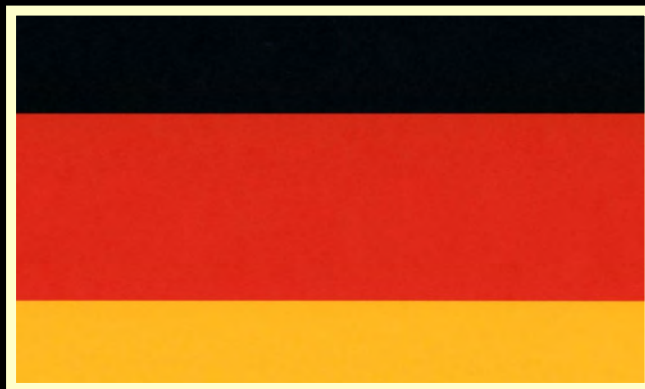
GERMAN

Winterfest

Das Winterfest von unseren Deutschklassen hat sehr viel Spaß gemacht. Wir waren in Dr. Boelsterlis Unterricht und gingen dann in ein anderes Klassenzimmer. Das Zimmer war sehr hübsch und hatte jede Menge Weihnachtsdekorationen. Sie spielten auch deutsche Weihnachtsmusik. Es gab leckeres Essen wie zum Beispiel Brezeln, Weihnachtsgebäck, Zuckerwatte und Gummibärchen. Wir haben Spiele gespielt und Christbaumkugeln dekoriert. Und dann war alles sehr schnell vorbei. Ich freue mich schon auf das nächste Winterfest!

-Amelie Strachan, 6IE





ITALIAN

C'è una donna nella tua vita che ammiri molto? Perché?

C'è una donna nella mia vita che io ammiro molto, è la mia mamma. La mia mamma è sempre stata presente per aiutarmi da quando sono nata. Lei ha un cuore enorme, pieno di gioia e felicità. Ha sempre questo sorriso grandissimo sulla sua faccia che fa sempre sorridere tutte le altre persone intorno a lei. Io la ammiro molto perché lei pensa sempre a tutti gli altri prima di sé stessa e questo lo ammiro molto. Lei è anche una donna molto coraggiosa e non ha paura di niente. Le difende sé stessa e tutte le persone a cui vuole bene. Io sono così fortunata ad avere lei come la mia mamma e non avrei potuto chiedere una mamma migliore.

-Azzurra

Invernizzi



La donna che ammiro di più è mia mamma. È una persona forte, gentile e sempre pronta ad aiutare. Quando c'è un problema riesce a restare calma e trova sempre una soluzione. Mi fa sempre sentire amata e sicura e lei fa tutto per rendermi felice. Quando le cose sono difficili, mia mamma non si arrende mai e mi aiuta sempre. La cosa che ammiro di più di mia mamma è l'amore che mi dà. Mi ama sempre in ogni momento e mi fa sentire importante. Grazie a lei ho imparato a crescere e a diventare una persona migliore. Per tutto quello che fa per me e per la mia famiglia, la mia mamma è la donna che ammiro di più.

-Valentina Cecchi

Oggi voglio parlare della donna più importante per me: la mia mamma, la donna che mi ha visto durante i momenti più tristi e felici, praticamente tutti i giorni della mia vita. Per 12 anni, lei è stata l'unica persona che mi ha fatto felice in ogni momento; anche se sono arrabbiato con lei, sa cosa dire e sa sempre cosa fare. Per me lei è l'unica persona che mi capisce veramente, in un

modo più profondo. Lei vuole sempre aiutarmi, capire le cose, e farmi capire ciò che non capisco. Senza mia madre non so cosa farei. Mia madre è la donna che mi ispira

-Maurizio

Io ho una zia, che è anche la mia madrina di battesimo, e che è una donna eccezionale. Lei è innanzitutto molto dolce ed ogni volta che io sto con lei mi sento felice e coccolato.

Sembra che lei non si arrabbi mai e vive tutte le cose con una grande bontà. Zia è anche una mamma molto brava di tre figli maschi, i miei cugini, che ora sono tutti laureati e realizzati.

Zia Sasa' è la sorella di mia madre ed il suo vero nome è Marisa. Lei è anche un giudice del tribunale di Roma. Lei si occupa di casi molto difficili ed alcune volte mi racconta quanto sia complicato il suo lavoro. In realtà io sono andato anche in tribunale a trovarla.

Zia Sasa' riesce a fare il suo lavoro con gentilezza ed anche determinazione. Io ammiro molto zia Sasa' per tutte queste doti e le voglio molto bene e sono contento che lei sia nella mia vita.

-Lorenzo Vendrame



8th grade in 8 words

"Fun, laughter, and acting made Carver Theatre unforgettable."

-Laura Martinez

"Leaving Carver legacy doing everything that is possible."

-Catherine Umpierre

"Volleyball and hanging out with friends was amazing."

-Samantha Oppenheimer

"Performing on closing night; makes me feel alive."

-Sabrina Berardi

"Carver has taught me curiosity about the world."

-Elissa Raphael

"Friends have made me who I am today."

-Matisse Perez

"Time moves, friends come, time moves friends go."

-Lucia Fletcher

"The lows in Carver are worth the highs."

-Gabriela Sardinas

"Waiting in line for the rides at Islands."

-Julissa Santana

8th Grade in 8 Words

"This school has given me many lifelong friendships."

-Sophie Fidler

"Friendships blossom and shrivel, but are always there."

-Ana Gonzalez

"Change is the most beautiful thing humans do."

-Leonardo Cartaya

"Middle school is challenging, doing well feels accomplishing."

-Daniela Fernandez

"Sixth grade outfits aren't talked about, absolutely atrocious."

-Catalina Lerona

"Falling, twirling, spinning on the Velocicoaster at Universal."

-Angelique Gignoux

"Winning 3rd, smiling wide, watertower in our hands."

-Claire Chormanski

"A queasy feeling as I'm falling; Hagrid's Motorbike."

- Andy Wei

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