

The An-n-gelic Times

October 2011 – Edition 3

Student Council Race

By Aislinn

It's been a long week for those running for the Middle School Student Council. The week has been spent with the words "Vote for me" ringing through the halls with candy, hats, and even bubbles being given to all the voters. Then finally on Monday, September 26, wonderful speeches were given by all the candidates. The two presidential candidates, Mary and Danny, were neck and neck through the whole election. Eighth graders Owen and Haley ran for vice president. The two Jacobs (White and Thornton) along with Jessica Lupo tried to convince undecided voters that they would be the right choice for eighth grade sports coordinator by bringing in candy. Seventh grade treasurer candidates Laura, Steve, and Enzo creatively brought in fake dollar bills with the words "vote for..." written in black marker. Sports Coordinators running in seventh grade, Tayler and Gabby, came up with unique speeches along with the candidates for secretary: Elliot, Olivia, and Patrick. Finally, first time runners in the Student Council Race for homeroom rep. were the sixth graders Alexia, Christian, Kevin, Melanie, Paige, and Griffin. But only two candidates could be chosen. Eagerly the candidates waited what the votes would reveal. Finally, the votes were counted and results were announced. As realization hit, shock, joy, and disappointment were visible among all. The Middle School winners are Mary (President), Owen (Vice President), Jacob T (8th Grade Sports Coordinator), Enzo (Treasurer), Olivia (Secretary), Gabriela (7th grade Sports Coordinator), Christian (6th grade rep.), Paige (6th grade rep.), and Melanie (alternate rep.). Thank you to all of the candidates who ran. The Student Council is devoted to service projects, social activities,

spiritual development, and raising our school spirit. Let's hope our Student Council makes this year even more fun.



St Ann School Family Picnic

By Daniel

On Wednesday, September 21, 2011, St. Ann School celebrated their annual back-to-school picnic at six-eight P.M. in the school yard. The families who attended brought food, drinks, and blankets to sit on while they enjoyed the



evening socializing with their friends. The kids especially loved going to it, too. "I loved it, it was so fun dancing at the party," said Eve a fifth grader at St. Ann's, "I also loved hanging out with my friends." Abbey, a fourth grader at the school agrees, "I loved dancing because of the cool music that the D.J.

played!" The picnic displayed face painting, disco lights, dance games, a sausage stand, fried dough, a uniform swap, St. Vincent de Paul clothing thrift store, four square, and many more. Father Kiley, the new priest at St. Ann's Holy Parish, also attended the picnic as well as Ms. Butler, the new principal of St. Ann School. Thanks to the PTO of St. Ann School, we are fortunate enough to have this picnic. Everyone was sad when the event ended, but were very glad to have gone.

Intentions

By Paige and Laura

- For those who are starving, may they find dinner on their plate.
- For our new teachers and principal, that they may have a wonderful first year teaching.
- For new students, that they may be welcomed to the school.
- For trick-or-treaters, that they may trick-or-treat safely on Halloween.
- For those affected by floods, earthquakes, and other natural disasters, that they may find relief.
- For anyone else who needs prayers at this time, that Jesus may help them.

Find REX

The newspaper mascot, Anngelicsauros Rex, is hiding in the paper.

Can you find him?



Interview with Our Newest Art Teacher, Mrs. Gemma Flavin

By Aislinn

Aislinn: Why did you decide to become an art teacher at St. Ann's?

Mrs. Flavin: Well, I've been an art teacher for around twenty-three years, and I thought it would be nice to go to a school that I had art at. It's just kinda cool.

Aislinn: What were you doing before you became an art teacher here?

Mrs. Flavin: I was painting, painting, painting. I'm also in the process of moving so lots of packing - not my favorite thing to do.

Aislinn: Who are some of your favorite artists? Why?

Mrs. Flavin: Vincent Van Gogh. I like him because of the textures and colors he used. My new favorite artist is Lisle Hall. She's just crazy. She does a lot of different art. She paints and does these crazy videos of her singing, which she is not very good at. Oh, and she also collects sweaters with gems on them.

Aislinn: Can you tell us what projects are in store for your art students?

Mrs. Flavin: As soon as the art supplies get here, we're going to use clay. We're going to be doing pottery, lots of painting, and sculpture. My favorite holiday is the Day of the Dead and we're going to be doing sugar skulls and more to celebrate it.

Aislinn: What do you like to do in your spare time?

Mrs. Flavin: I read a lot, paint, hang out with my daughter, Sophie, and my husband. I like to make bread, too. I really love to cook.

Aislinn: What was your all-time favorite art project in high school?

It was probably when I got to work with clay in high school.

Aislinn: Do you have any interests besides art? If so, what are they?

Mrs. Flavin: I like to make quilts and cooking. Oh, and I love the beach. Sometimes I like to look at the moon and stars. I love astronomy, and I love to read.

Aislinn: Can you tell me anything about your family?

Mrs. Flavin: Yes. I have a twelve year old daughter named Sophie. She's very musical and artistic, and she plays softball. I have a husband named Neil. He's kinda cartoony. He is a gardener and he's funny. I have a puppy named Captain Jack Sparrow. He's a Yorkie-poo.

Aislinn: Do you have a particular style/object you like to do?

Mrs. Flavin: Well, I like to use acrylics. Lately I've been painting on wood pictures of fish. I did an owl painting a while back. I love to polemore clay.

Aislinn: Have you ever wanted to be anything but an art teacher? Why or why not?

Mrs. Flavin: I would probably be a tornado chaser or an astronomer. If I had been good at math, I would have been an astronomer. I love weather and storms. It's interesting the way tornados form.

Aislinn: Thank you very much for your time

Review on Artists and Songs

By Olivia and Patrick

Genre: Pop

Artist: Avril Lavigne.

Recommendations:

My Happy Ending,

Complicated,

I'm with you,

Wish you were here,

When you're gone.

Rating on artist: 4 stars - Patrick

Votes: 9



Genre: Pop

Artist: Rihanna

Recommendations:

Umbrella, Sky,

Russian Roulette, Shut up and drive,

Don't stop the music.

Ratings on artist: 5 stars- Patrick

Votes: 7



Genre: Pop

Artist: Justin Bieber

Recommendations:

Love me, Kiss and tell,

Never say never, U smile,

Next 2 you

Ratings on artist: 4 stars – Olivia

Votes: 8



Genre: Pop

Artists: Adele

Recommendations:

Rolling in the deep, Rumor has it

Ratings on artists: 3 stars – Olivia

Votes: 10



Ann-Gelic Advice

Dear She Who Shall Not Be Named,
My friend is always calling me for homework answers. I tell them the answers, but then I feel guilty.

Dear No Name,
Your friend needs to realize that they are cheating by asking for answers. Instead, try helping them get the answers. That way they can finish their homework and you can not feel guilty.
Love,
She Who Shall Not Be Named

Dear She Who Shall Not Be Named,
I've been doing really badly on tests this year. The highest grade I've gotten is a seventy four. I hate studying, and I think I might be failing.
From Scared

Dear Scared,
Whoa, you got it bad. Try getting a few friends together and have a study group a few times a week. That can make studying fun. Another good study tip is to keep the TV turned off, or find a quiet place to work.
Love,
She Who Shall Not Be Named

We are looking for questions for our advice column. Please put your questions in the newspaper box in the office

We're Still Here (Part 3 of the Excalibur Chronicles)

By Mary C

Here we are, the hot days gone
We've been thinking of Excalibur all summer long
You thought we were gone, didn't you?
Well, we aren't, so boo-hoo
Here is our latest defense
We hope it makes sense:
Excalibur was named after a great sword
King Arthur was its lord
How could you not want a name with origins like that?
On the throne of greatness Excalibur would've sat
But we will never stop the great name fight
Not until the Ann-gelic Times sees the light

Optimistic Owen

“Your only source of good news”

1. Ms. Butler has joined the St. Ann School Family.
2. Father Kiley and Father Green have entered The Holy Family Parish.
3. The school has begun with a good first month.
4. A wrangler saves boy by charging a bear.
5. Thirty gifts were sent to thirty random people in Australia by some guy who loves his life.



Illustration

By Patrick



National Sports

By Kevin

Over the summer, if you didn't know, the National Hockey League (NHL) had another Stanley Cup winner. The Boston Bruins from Boston, Massachusetts hadn't won a Stanley Cup in many years until last summer. They came out of the regular season with an explosive offence,



protective defense, and a great goalie, Tim Tomas. Many of the opposing team's fans thought that the only reason the Bruins won was because of their goalie. It is very possible but I think the whole team deserved the win. Some of the Bruins fans wanted to win the Stanley Cup for Mark

Savard (Bruins Forward who got a serious injury earlier in the season) and Nathan Horton (Bruins forward who got very injured during the last round of the playoffs). The Bruins



won in a heart pounding game of a score 4-0.

The Boston Red Sox reacted poorly when they lost 4-3 for the wild card against the Baltimore Os with a walk-off single in the ninth inning. The Red Sox just fired the head coach Terry Francona.

Marcus Cannon the New England Patriots offensive tackles who is on the reserve/non football injury was benched for at least for seven weeks. Now here is the big question for all you pats fans. If you see me after this news paper, I want you to tell me if Chad Ochocinco should play for the New England Patriots or go to another team???

Messi vs. Ronaldo

By Gabby and Enzo

Cristiano Ronaldo (Portugal)

- Fifa world player 2 times
• Plays for Real Madrid
• Scored 52 goals last season
• Led his team to the Copa del Rey
• Knocked out of the 2010 World Cup by Spain in the round of 16 in a 1-0 loss.



Lionel Messi (Argentina)

- FIFA world player 2 times
• Plays for FC Barcelona
• Scored 50 goals last season
• Helped his team win UEFA Champions League Cup
• His team was knocked out of the 2010 World Cup in the round of 16 in a 4-0 loss to Germany

News Team

This edition of the Ann-Gelic Times created by:

Handwritten signatures of the news team members: Melanie, Cameron, Gabby, Olivia, Galina, Harde, P.S., Alexia, Taylor, Laura, Jessica, etc.

Part 2 of Fred and Jim's Adventures

By Owen

Jim and Fred went out of the cave to investigate with Jim's dad, SureLuck Holmes. SureLuck and Jim checked the bushes while Fred ate the peanut butter sandwiches. He exclaimed "Look over behind that ice cream truck!" We went over and a hairy-looking guy gave us a map. Jim was starved and ate the map while the rest of the gang yelled at him. Luckily, the hairy man had a spare and he gladly gave it to us. Scripted in ink the title of the map was *How to find your grandfather*. While the police were looking for the pirate, we followed the map through extremely tough challenges like answering a riddle. The riddle was "What is an orange fruit that is called an orange?" Jim exclaimed "a pumpkin!" and a random pie hit him in the face. After everyone stopped laughing, Fred answered "orange" and



suddenly a secret manhole was uncovered. Unluckily for Jim, it opened up beneath him and he fell down it. Fred jumped down and as did Homes. When we searched around with a flashlight, we found a door that was locked, but the door was so old it looked as if it could be knocked down. Fred said "Let's think...let's use own heads now." Jim then darted down the narrow passageway and head-butted the door open. After several long minutes, Jim recovered from his nausea. Fred then walked in, and suddenly, tripped and slammed into a man. Fred was dizzy and asked "Are you my mommy?" The man picked Fred up and said that he was not his mom, and he threw him into Jim and Homes. He then pulled out a baseball bat, and he swung it at us. Jim was known for super duck at school because he never got hit

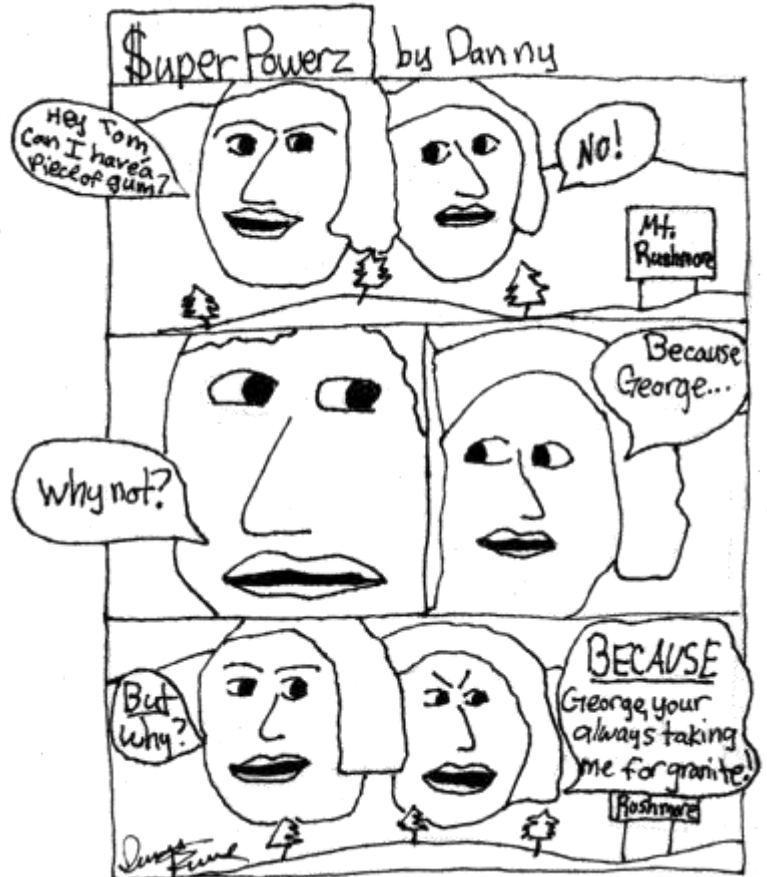
by a dodge ball, so he ducked and lunged himself at the man. While the man fell, a key was dropped from his pocket and Fred picked it up. Just then the police barged in and handcuffed the man. The police explained he was a criminal, and he was wanted for stealing people's grandfathers. The key Fred held unlocked yet another door, and in it were two hundred old men, including Fred's grandfather and their friend Xavier's. It was said in the news that two brave boys and one of their fathers had saved old men from unknown terror. Many people over the town of Mystery City built a statue in their honor. SureLuck Holmes is now solving greater mysteries, like the lost gold in the bank.

Look for our next episode "The Christmas Caper"

The Mini Pancake Part 2

By Jacob W.

(When we left our hero: Waffles had taken over)
I was walking to school one morning under supervision of Waffles when I heard about the resistance group. I approached one of the pancakes I heard talking about it and asked how to join. He said, "Go to the old abandoned theater and knock three times. Then say, 'pancakes rule.'" That night I went to the theater, knocked three times, and said, "Pancakes rule". Instead of the door opening, a small side one opened and I walked through. To my surprise, I was greeted by my dad! He said, "Welcome aboard son." I asked what we planned on doing, and my dad, who seemed to be the leader, said that they planned to drown one of the waffles' main command buildings in maple syrup. "How can I help?" I asked. My dad answered that I was going to have an important role, for I was going to plant the hose. The next day I was ready since my mom did not know that I joined the resistance. My dad had said he would bring me to "school" today. As soon as we were out of sight of the house, we took a sharp left to a main building. We found everyone else was there. The grown up pancakes then went to attract the guard's attention. I went to put the hose in. **FIND OUT NEXT TIME...**



The Story of the Iron Pendant

By Enzo

Vladimir Grobchevnei walked along the boulevard and looked calmly at the water. When he had come here from Barentsburg, Russia, one of the northernmost Russian cities, he had been amazed that the water was not frozen. Still, after 20 years, Vladimir was still transfixed by the Gloucester sea. Today, however, he had not come for reminiscing. He came because of the apparent kidnapping of his boss, Pet'r Bin Shahkir. It had all began a week ago. Vladimir had arrived at Gorton's warehouse and wanted to tell his boss he had arrived, but Pet'r was not there. At his desk was a hand written note:

*Dear Vladimir,
If you have reading this note, I bein taken.
Worry you not shouldn't, for the people will
hurt me not. Probly not, that I Hope.this
has bein set up by the Haperchz, a
Mongolian bandit groop. They are enemi of
Shahkir family for many jenirations. Help
me, Vladimir, please!! I am probly hidin*

*underneath the greasy pole. This is the
hedquarters of the Haperchz.*

Pet'r

Pet'r, being Arabic, was also an immigrant and could not write English very well. Vladimir also picked up a book. It also had a note on it:

Read passage 170, chapter 19.

The book's title was –
**GROUPS OF EVIL-
DIABOLICAL
ORGANIZATIONS AND
TRIBES**

The passage read –
The Haperchz are an old
tribe of evil people.
Their headquarters lays
in Sharyngol, Mongolia,
but there are members in
many cities around the
world. The most common
branch is located in
Gloucester,
Massachusetts. This

branch is more commonly
known as the Definitely
Good Group of People.
Their headquarters in
Gloucester are unknown.
This particular branch is
very diabolical and sly.

That had led Vladimir on a chase, but he had not found the mysterious Definitely Good Group of People. He had just had about given up when he had remembered the sentence on Pet'r's note and how he could be hidden underneath the greasy pole. So here he was, with a kayak, ready to go to the pole. Vladimir rowed to the pole and thought out loud, "This doesn't look like an entrance to a diabolical headquarters!" Suddenly, the pole part swung down and a loud "**click!**" rang out. Vladimir looked down the pole and found that it was connected to another tunnel leading further down. A ladder led down. Vladimir started down...

To be continued.

Fall Animals

Coloring Page

By Gabby



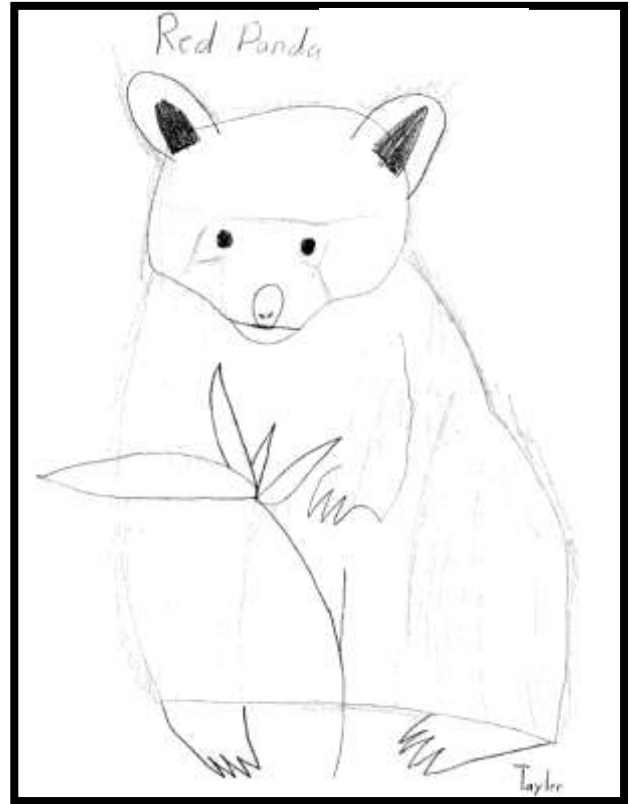
Famous Artist Series

Pablo Picasso
By Tayler



1. He had a name of 17 words.
2. He was a very good painter even when he was a young child.
3. He founded the type of painting: Cubism.
4. He was the most-well-known artist and the richest artist of the 20th century.
5. His style changed when he came of age because he started exploring new theories and ways of painting.

The Red Panda
By Tayler

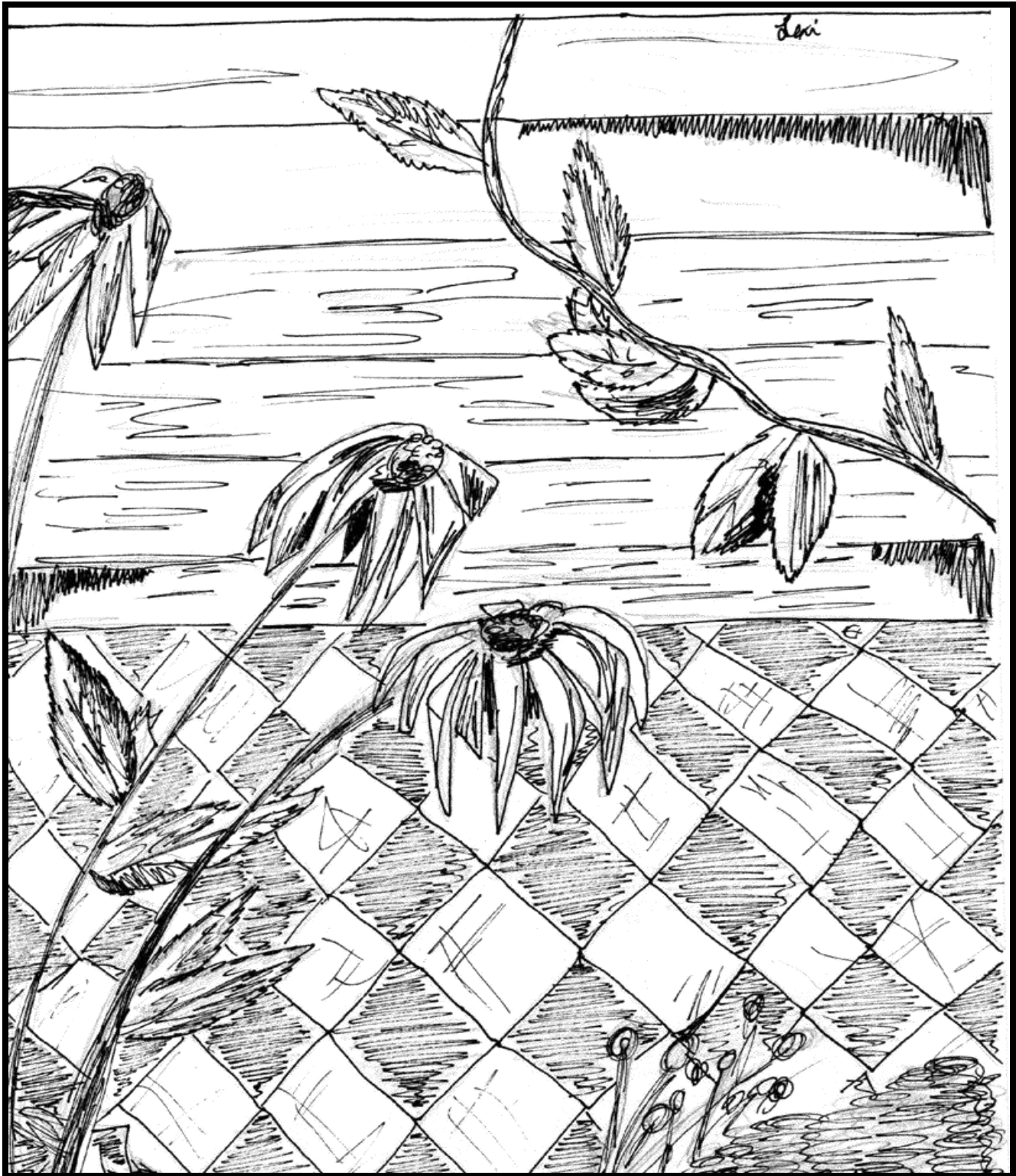


1. Unfortunately, red pandas are an endangered species.
2. They live in the bamboo forests of central China.
3. They are fun-sized at about two feet and up to 15 pounds.
4. They live to about 15 years.
5. They look like another cool animal...A CAT! It is sometimes called a fire cat.



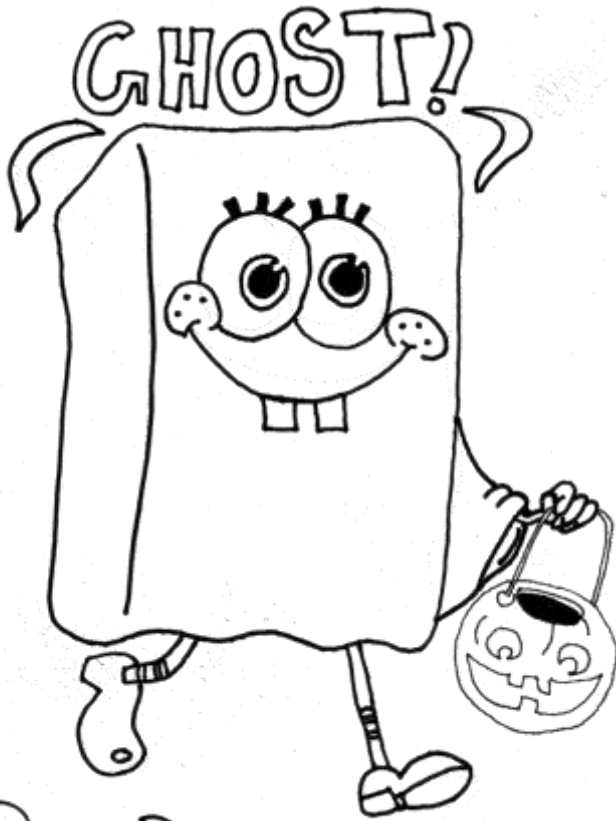
Illustration

By Lexi

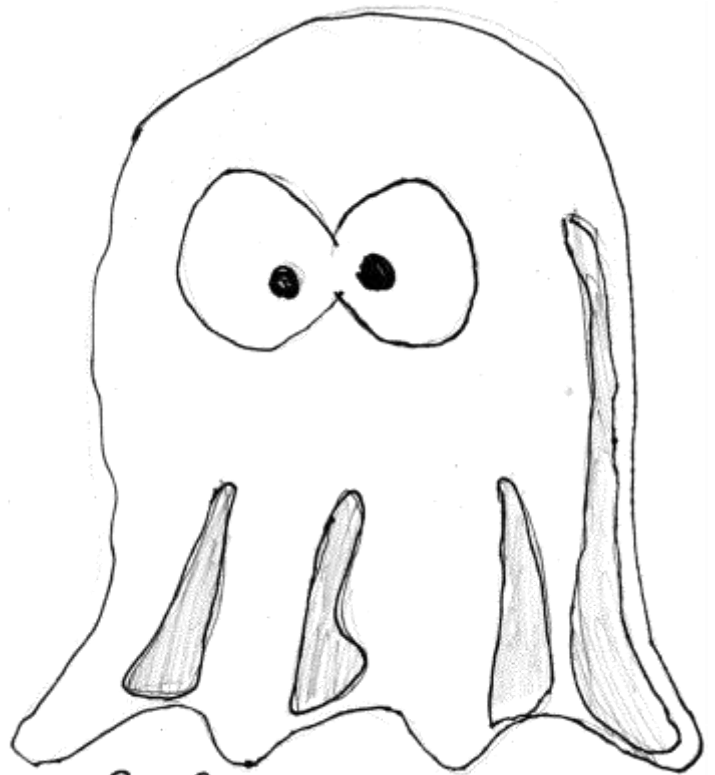


Halloween Coloring Page

By Daniel and Cameron



Danny P.



By: Cameron

Color Me!



Cameron

Word Searches

By Mandi

T	H	Y	J	H	N	C	D	S	K	D
R	J	Z	D	F	J	K	J	C	U	G
I	P	W	X	X	B	F	G	A	Y	O
C	B	U	B	N	M	V	B	R	T	B
K	N	U	M	A	D	M	O	E	C	L
O	Y	J	N	P	D	M	H	C	Y	I
R	G	H	T	H	K	R	H	R	H	N
T	B	D	G	F	K	I	M	O	K	J
R	F	H	K	G	J	B	N	W	Y	N
E	D	S	J	U	L	J	U	U	U	L
A	H	A	L	L	O	W	E	E	N	S
T	D	F	C	O	S	T	U	M	E	G

C	J	H	F	W	S	J	B
H	A	Z	X	Q	C	U	L
J	M	N	N	M	A	I	A
M	N	J	D	I	R	J	C
U	K	N	N	Y	Y	M	K
M	J	M	E	R	T	M	C
M	M	U	M	M	Y	N	A
K	J	M	J	K	B	M	T

Pumpkin
Goblin

Scarecrow
Trick or treat

Halloween
Costume

Candy
Scary

Black Cat
Mummy



Word Scrambles

By Jessica

TCA

HOSGT

DYNCA

CRSAY

YAZRC

ECERYP

KPMPUNI

BLINGO

WROESCACR

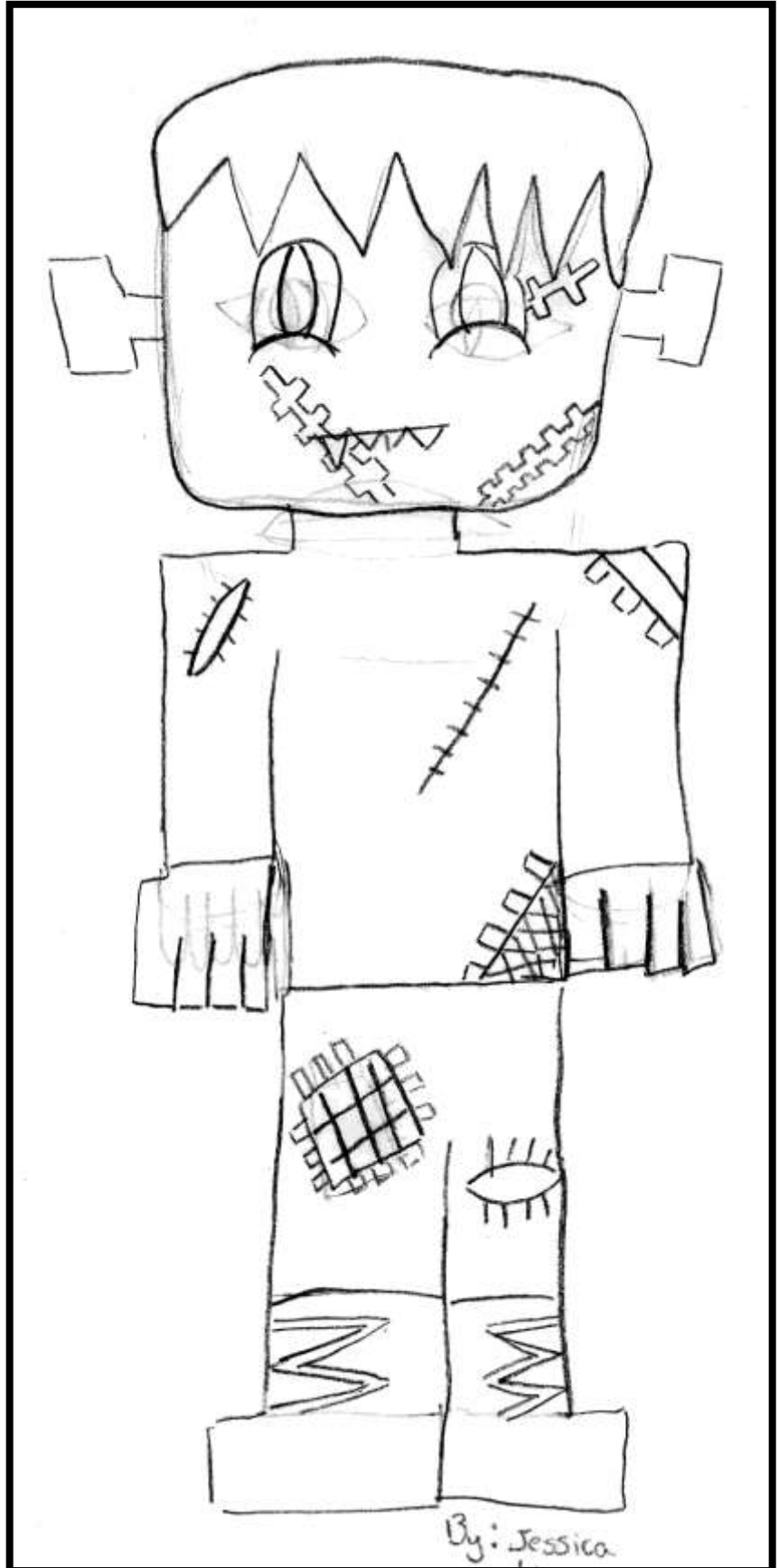
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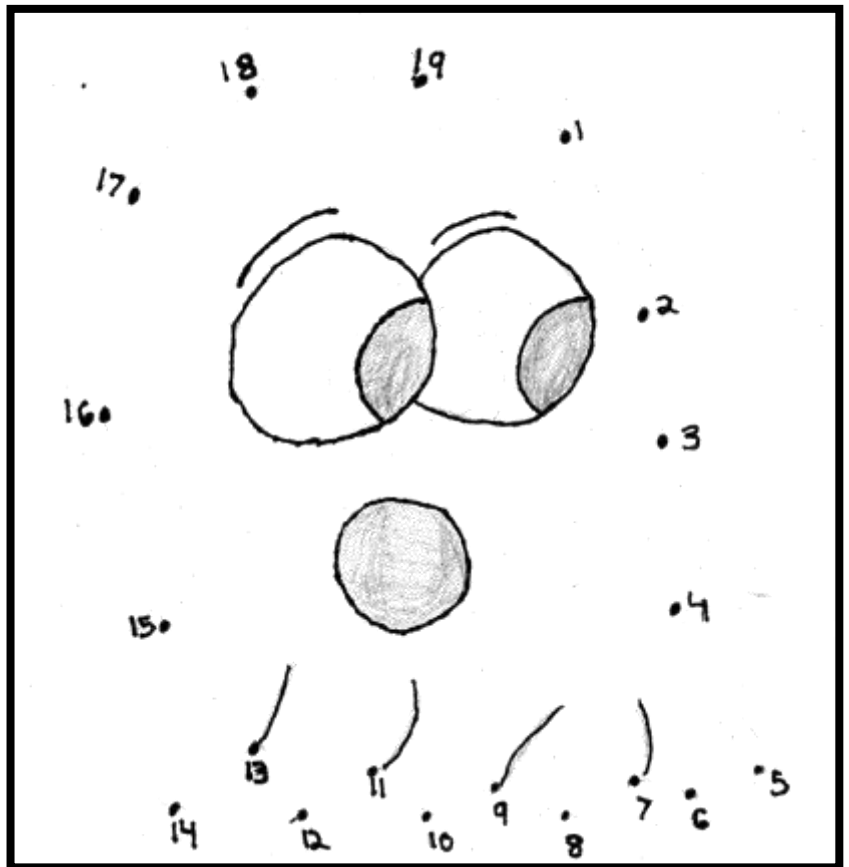
YMUMM

PREIVAM

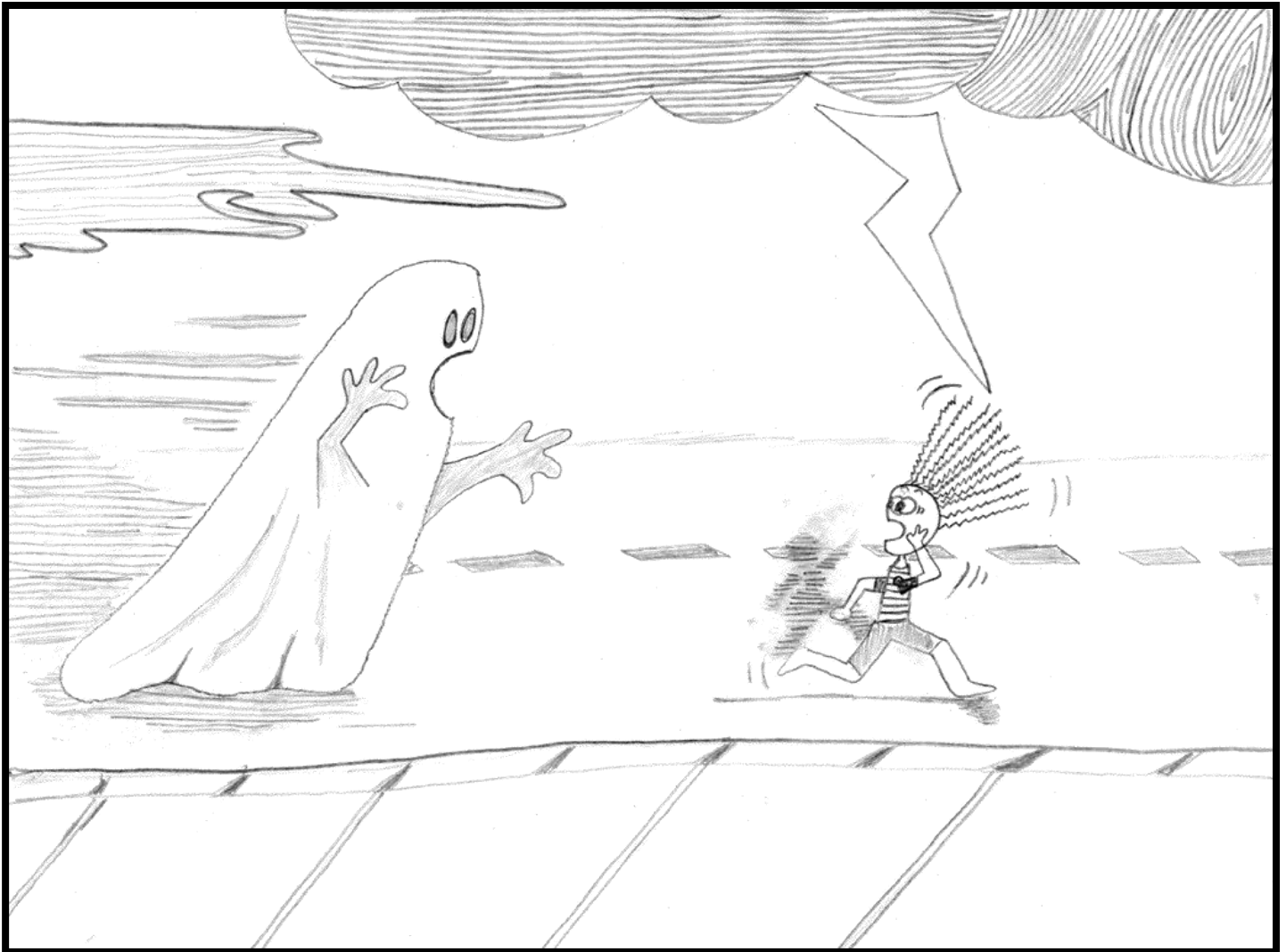


Dot-to-Dot

By Melanie



HALLOWEEN STARTS HERE (CHILDREN BEWARE!)



Should students be able to wear costumes to school on Halloween

NO
By Alexia

I think kids should not wear costumes to school. Some costumes might be too scary for the little kids. Ghosts and Ghouls strolling in the halls is my idea of something frightening to younger grades. Things like gloves, hats, and tails would be a distraction during classes. Parts of costumes are sometimes not safe (capes, fake weapons, masks, etc....).

YES
By Paige

I think kids should wear costumes to school. In my opinion wearing your costume to school and showing it off to other classmates would be a blast. Scary costumes should not be worn. Just as you test a car before driving it, you wear your costume to school before the actual Trick or Treating.

What do you think? Let us know. Put your slips in the newspaper box in the office.

PLEASE VOTE: YES NO

The Ann-gelic Times

The Haunted House

By Jessica

The one day a year when kids are actually handed out candy turned into a nightmare for two kids. They were Lukas and Hayden, both of them ten, out by themselves for the first time. One street they walked down, their parents had warned them not to go down, but of course they did. When they went down it, all they saw was pretty lame decorations and cats sitting on fences. Soon they got to the end of the street, and it happened to be a dead end. Then, they realized why their parents had warned them about Spaghetti Street: it was the house at the end. It was all broken down and creepy. As they were walking down the street toward the haunted house, they heard noises coming from the house. Of course, that just made Lukas and Hayden more curious. To them, it sounded like a strange, creepy laugh. They finally came to the front gate of the house. When they went to push the gate open, it fell apart. Now that they were terrified, they walked to the door. On their way to the door, they did not give a thought in the world to turning back. Finally they were at the door, Hayden opened it, but Lukas was the first to go in. When they were both

inside, the door slammed shut behind them. Both of the boys jumped. Lukas accidentally jumped into Hayden's arms because he was so scared. They sat there and stared. When they turned around to try to leave, the door was locked. They were terrified. Now there was nothing to do but go forward. Lukas decided to go up the stairs, but Hayden had gone into the next room. When Lukas finally noticed, he was alone. He ran down stairs and looked in every eerie room. It was too late. He couldn't find Hayden anywhere. Something caught Lukas's eye. It was a book in the bookshelf. He noticed that all the other ones were dusty, but the book he noticed wasn't. Lukas went over to the book and tried to take it out, but instead the bookshelf turned around. There was a secret passage way behind the bookshelf. Slowly and quietly he walked down the spiral, rock stair case. When he got to the bottom, he fell on his face. After he got up, he realized he had discovered a secret lab. Terrified, he walked to the only door he could find. It was a closet. When he opened it, he found Hayden. Lukas was so happy. He wasn't alone in the eerie house anymore. They got out of the closet, but

there was a vampire staring right at them. Both of them looked at him, and he looked at them. He was terrifying. Lukas and Hayden got by the vampire, but by no surprise he ran up the stairs after them. When they got to the top, they realized the bookshelf was shut and they were stuck. They pushed, and they pushed, but it didn't budge. As the vampire got closer, they pushed harder, and finally it opened. Hayden darted for the door, but Lukas had gotten stuck. He ran back to the bookshelf, and Lukas got loose from the vampire. Still the vampire chased them. Both kids darted for the door, but they stopped short. The vampire ran into them, and the door broke off its hinges. It went flying with the kids and the vampire hanging on. Finally, it crash landed and they all jumped off. Lukas and Hayden fought the vampire and won. They ran home, but they wished they were still in the haunted house. Their parents were furious with them. The two ten year olds had the worst nightmare of all - the next Halloween their parents came with them. Dun Dun Dun...



The Wicked Witch's Tale

By Aislinn

Trick-or-treaters could barely see two steps in front of them, even with their flashlights, yet they still were running door to door, squealing with delight as random strangers dumped goodies into their bags. But one house that was made out of candy was not bothered with the constant door bell ringing. For this house belonged to me, the Wicked Witch of the West's second cousin.

"One small mix up with drowsy apples and candy ones and people start to think you're some kind of maniac." I said as I took a peek through my curtains to see nothing but an empty yard.

"Yes, I have *no idea* what they're thinking," said a voice.

"Dusk, any visitors?" I replied, ignoring his sarcasm. Slowly, a small black cat appeared from under the dinner table and sauntered over to the couch.

"It looks like two children are coming, one boy and one girl."

I looked out the window again. It was true! Two children were walking up to my door. I rushed up to the door and opened it before they even opened the door.

"Happy Halloween!" I said as I magically had a bag full of candy appear in each of their hands.

"Can you tell us how to get home?" the little girl asked. "We can't find our parents anywhere."

"Come inside and I'll see what I can do." I said as they cautiously walked inside. I had never met many people, especially children, so I didn't know quite what to do, but I was certain I wanted them to stay for a while. I magically produced cookies, ice cream, and cake, things I'm told children mainly eat. Dusk stayed with the children as a stirred my cauldron to see who was missing two children. As I stirred the green liquid I saw different images of parents, but none of them looked worried or concerned. Just as the images started to fade, Dusk appeared once more.

"How are the children doing?" I asked.

"Besides being uneducated about cats, they're just peachy." he replied sourly. "At least the boy knows

something. He keeps muttering that no witch has good intentions." he finished with a grin

As Dusk exited the magic room, I followed him until he stopped in the kitchen to announce that he would be gone for awhile at a Halloween party. As he left through the back door, I made my way back into the living room. The children were whispering but stopped as soon as I entered. I noticed that the goodies were untouched.

"Sorry children but I haven't found them yet," I said as I sat down on the couch with them. "Maybe if you gave me a description or your names I could find one of them."

"We aren't supposed to tell strangers that," he said suspiciously before his sister could speak. "And if you don't mind, we really should be going."

"Nonsense," I said quickly, afraid that they would go so soon. I was becoming fond of the girl although I wished her brother would leave. "You'll only end up getting more lost. Besides you two haven't even had dinner. Help yourself to whatever you can find." This was enough for the girl to grab a small cookie, but the boy didn't touch anything.

"I'll go get you some refreshments." As I walked into the kitchen, I pressed my ear against the dividing door to see what they had been discussing behind my back.

"We should leave. I just know she is trying to fatten us up with all these sweets" said the boy.

"You're being silly. Why would a witch live in a house with chocolate door knobs?" *Crack.* I didn't know why a child would eat a chocolate door knob instead of ice cream, but it seemed to make sense to the girl.

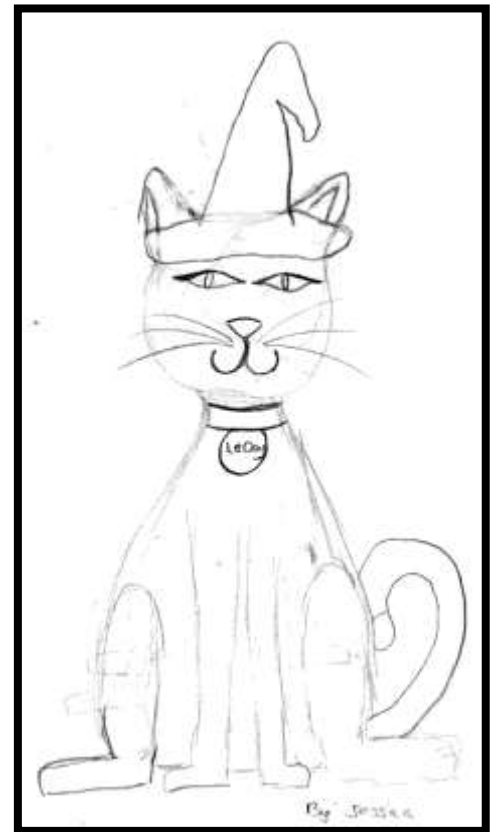
"To attract kids. Here, I have an idea of how we can get out with our lives." I heard footsteps, but then all I could catch were the words "oven door...why.. 'cause I said." Oven door, I thought for a moment. They must have meant the giant fireplace. It could fit a dragon with ease and it had a door. I mainly only used it when I was baking for dragons, but maybe children could eat as

much food as a dragon. Quickly, I grabbed two glasses of lemonade and hurried back to them. The trays of all the goodies were empty, but the children's pockets were bulging. I sat the lemonade glasses down on the trays.

"Um, miss," the girl said taking a glance back at her brother, "could you make us some cake in that oven of yours.

"Sure." I said. The children *do* have the stomach of a dragon, but I was wondering what they were planning. I magicked some cake batter, put it in a pan, and walked into the oven to place it inside. Just as I was about to leave, the door closed. I tried to open it, but it was locked from the outside.

"Run!" I heard the boy scream and then I heard footsteps. It took four hours for Dusk to let me out. When I finally got out, half of the gingerbread wall was missing along with the children. And that is why I know live in the forest in a brick house, I don't ever answer the door to children, and I no longer cook for dragons.



Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

By Mary

Wind moves through the graveyard, quiet as a snake and just as cool. Dying leaves rustled, clamoring to fall. A crow explodes from a tree and flies away in a flurry of feathers. And, in the midst of the crumbling mausoleums, a party sits down to their meal. There are no sounds, only the indistinct grumblings of women in ball gowns and men in cloaks, indignant at being upstaged. Their fangs clicked menacingly, their violently red hair was pushed back in frustration. All of them seemed to be considering leaving, but you don't miss a Hallow Ball. Especially one with guests like these. When one woman demands her glass be filled, I glare at her, annoyed, and she immediately falls silent. I turn back to my conversation, silently fuming. Vampires and witches bored me- the whole lot of them were self-involved and temperamental. The ghosts were much more interesting. For I, through means I prefer not to divulge, have raised the dead from their graves.

My family has been hosting Hallow Balls for as long as we have existed. Every generation has tried to upstage the last, making them more and more elaborate as they became more powerful. My Great Aunt Opal once possessed the Royal Russian Ballet to perform, and my own mother mixed a potion into her guest's drinks to make butterflies leap from their fingertips. That was entertaining. But I have decided to outdo them all.

Five of them sat around me, seeming insubstantial and anxious and unsettled, probably wondering why they weren't in the ground. I toasted to them. "Welcome, my friends. On this great Halloween night, you have come back to dine with the living. I hope you have all had the opportunity to introduce yourselves? No?" I say, looking around the hollow faces around me. "Well then, let me introduce you to His Majesty, King Tutankhamen of Egypt," A sickly teenager looks up, his elaborate headdress getting in the way of his

angst-y expression. "William Shakespeare," The bard glances up, his clever eyes missing nothing. A smile plays on his lips. "Joan d'Arc." The ancient hero of lore smiles gracefully at everyone, but not everyone returns the gesture. "Edgar Allen Poe," He doesn't move, making me wonder if I actually raised him from the dead. But the raven on his shoulder, hovering like a witch's familiar, squawks in recognition, so I assume he's conscious. "And of course, the ever radiant Amelia Earhart." Amelia nods briskly to everyone. I turn to King Tut. "Your Majesty, how are you faring this evening?" He starts talking in a dead language, so I mutter a spell and his words become as clear as ice to us all. "...Inconvenience, absolutely ridiculous, I was perfectly fine in the Underworld, me and my ka were doing very well, thank you." I try to smile, but it falters. "What is a ka?" Amelia asks, trying to overcome the awkward moment. "Idiot girl, my ka is my soul. Silly woman." With that, Tut falls into sullen silence. Shakespeare snorts. Everyone, including me, turn to him, sure we have been insulted. "The course of true love never did run smooth." He says dreamily. Amelia protests (though Tut remains quiet) throwing subtle insults in the King's direction. In the midst of her hollering, Shakespeare remarks, "The lady doth protest too much." I smother a laugh at this. I've always been a fan of Shakespeare. From his master's shoulder, Edgar's crow croons one word over and over again. "Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore." Joan of Arc seems perplexed, and when I ask her what is wrong, she replies, "I have met Monsieur Poe before, but he never says a word. And all his raven says is, and I quote, 'Nevermore'." For a minute, we all try to decipher what the bird might mean. Shakespeare thinks it's a widower's lament; Edgar's wife died a few years before he did. King Tut says the only thing it can be is a metaphor- the raven is symbolizing dark times ahead. As she said, Joan doesn't know

why he croaks 'Nevermore'. Amelia and I think the Raven is irrelevant, and it is what the rest of the poem "The Raven" says that matters. Suddenly, a lone crab apple from the trees above falls down, hitting Poe's raven on the back. He falls down, squawking. I stand up and go to him, kneeling in the dirt and looking at the fallen bird. Unlike everyone else at the table, Mr. Poe seems quite unconcerned. The Raven starts to cough and hack, and we hear "Nevermore." once again. Then, he coughs up a tiny black box. I pick it up, glad I am wearing gloves. The box has a speaker that keeps repeating, "Nevermore." The Raven stands up and says crossly, "About time someone figured that out. That box has been stuck in my throat for the past two centuries!" He flies back up to Poe's shoulder, muttering, "Saved by an apple tree... knew that wasn't a berry." I sit on the ground for moment, speechless. How do you respond to something like that? Then, I start to laugh, my giggles bursting through the eternal night, my ridiculously stuffy Hallow Ball shattered by laughter. And so there I was, Halloween night, laughing in a graveyard with a smattering of witches and vampires, five ghosts, and an irate raven. Now *that* is how you have a party.

"Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" is an interactive story. Put names of famous people or even characters from books that you would like me to "host" at a dinner party in the newspaper box.

