Are you ready for the scare of your life? It’s our first edition of the Bobcat times, and we are producing not just a scary, but a terrifying newspaper!

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Author’s Note

I am Anneke Ryan. I am in 6th grade at boynton. I am the founder and editor of the newspaper. In fifth grade I came up with the idea to start a newspaper. My goal was simply to bring a newspaper to my school but once I started I found that it was my passion. I continued all year and brought it with me to boynton. My goal for the newspaper now is to make a fun student run club for students where they can hang out with friends while magic. Our main goal is to come out with an edition every month.

Fiction

The Gray Wolf
By Leo Levy and Matthew Wirtz

I heard an awful, sickening scream that made me want to puke.
It filled the woods with a devastating howl. The trees wavered and turned white with fear, my horse bucked me off into the mud. As the startled creature ran away, I swear I could hear my horse, Hamilton, saying “He’s here, he’s here!” Me and Hamilton have been best friends since I was little.

“Hamilton, come back!” I shouted.

I ran off into the woods, for I am very curious and worried of what might have happened to Hamilton and the screamer. After that yelp, another one soon came. It vibrated the very earth, with a horrible, dark, and white, sound as if it was unbalanced, as if two people were screaming themselves to the death. At this point I’m not sure if I’m more worried about Hamilton’s life or mine. Less than a second later I heard thumping. I could feel ground shake. In the back of my head, I think it could be Hamilton. But the again it could be a bear, or even worse some kind of monster. My heartbeat felt like it was going faster than the speed of light. I back away slowly, just to be on the safe side, hoping I’m not about to die because of a bear, or even worse some kind of monster. Moments later a stampede of elk run past me making an oval around me. I feel like I should run with these elk. But I hesitate. I feel like I should be worried. But I think of Hamilton, and that time that he saved me from drowning, by lifting me out of the lake, and that gave me the courage to go on.

Suddenly a huge gray wolf appeared from the shadows, a scream came out of me as if I was being strangled, I whipped around and ran into the dark woods, with my feet pumping, I could hear leaves and sticks crunching and breaking before me feet. I couldn’t see a thing, but that didn’t mean I stopped running. I tried to avoid all the thorns and needles. I ran into a small clearing, where the trees seemed to bend down, making it seem as if I was in a small dark tunnel of death. It wasn’t perfect, but it was a place to hide; for now. I slowed my breath and walked to the center of the clearing.

“It was just my imagination making fun of me.” I slowly say to myself. But deep down something tells me that my imagination was not making fun of me. Something tells me everything is going to get much worse. Then I find I am lost. None of these woods look familiar. And it is not helping that I feel as if someone is watching me. All of a sudden a low growl seems to echo in the woods behind me. I whip around. No one there. Then the growl comes from behind me. I slowly turn around… and I am face to face with a gigantic, gray wolf, I could see him giving me the death stare with his big black eyes bulging out of his head. But the wolf is not what is scary. It is the dark red BLOOD dripping down the wolf teet. Horse blood.

“HAMILTON!” I scream. The woods seem to go dark, all I can see is the blood dripping from the wolf’s teeth. “The horse was scrumptious.” he says in a black gurgling voice. “But the second course is looking nice and tender..” I look on the ground, and see a sharp, heavy stick. Perfect for cracking skulls. I jumped and rolled over grabbing the stick as quickly as I can, every moment hoping the the next I won’t spend in a giant wolf mouth. As I stand up again, the wolf lunges. I toward him blind with rage. With my stick in hand, the bloody teeth come for me.

See the december edition for “The Gray Wolf” in comic form!

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**When the Orange Juice Came to Life**  
**By: Divya Raina and Claire Kwak (inspired by Anna Fuchs)**

This might not be the creepiest story you have ever read, because it’s about Orange Juice. Now, that might sound very boring, but it actually is a very creepy story (actually it’s not really creepy). It all started when the orange juice carton in my hand exploded all over my face. At my own 12th birthday party.
Then people started asking questions:

“Are you okay?”

“Do you want a napkin?”

And on and on. Everyone was in such a hurry they didn’t even notice a small figure form out of the juice. But I did. Out of the spilled orange juice, *a small figure came alive.*

I quickly grabbed a napkin, lunged for the little figure. But that thing danced away, and I thought I heard it say, “You think I’m nothing? I’m worse than a zombie gingerbread man. Just wait.”

I looked to see who heard that or saw. Only my friend Maggie had that perplexed look I had. “Just ignore it,” she said, waving it off. “It’s nothing.”

I did *not* agree with her.

The next day, my mother rushed in to my bedroom. “Isi, we’ve lost ten cans of peaches. They’ve just disappeared in the night. We know no one ate them at your party. We would’ve known if George ate them because he’s so noisy. You hate them. Your brother George is whining that he wants some,” she said in one breath.

I shook my head. “I know nothing,” I said.

If it weren’t for the huge fact that the cans were lost, I would’ve groaned and rolled my eyes. I don’t know why, but my nine year old brother George *loves* canned peaches. My brother *LOVES* canned peaches so much, he just can’t live without them. So if we’re out of them—


“Oh, please be quiet, George! You know Isi wouldn’t DARE touch canned peaches!” my Mom shouted back. “You know she hates them!”

“But what if she actually likes them!”

“Forget it George!” Mom said. “Don’t you like anything else?”

“NO!”

“I’m going to the market on Saturday, George.” Mom said. “So you’re going to have to wait.”

“But PEACHES ARE THE BEST!”

“Too bad,” said Mom crossly.

“But…”

“George, you’re going to have to live without peaches.”

“But I can’t…”

“URGH! George, you know it is going to happen eventually! So deal with it!” I snapped.

Mom sighed.

“But, could’ve Lexie the border collie have stolen the canned peaches?” I asked.

“Honey, there is no way Lexie could have jumped that high. We always keep them really high. Besides Lexie hates peaches.”
"PEACHES!!!!" George shrieked so hard, I'm sure they heard him all the way in Florida, even though we live in Rochester.

"WELL, TOO BAD!" I screamed.

"WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON HUMAN BEINGS?" I asked.

"FINE! I'm supposed to spy on human beings." Bootoogoonoopoo said.

"But I have some questions to ask you... WHY DID YOU COME HERE?" I asked.

"I DON'T CARE!" Bootoogoonoopoo said.

"I would reveal my identity if I told you!" Bootoogoonoopoo replied.

"I cannot tell you," the figure said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because." Bootoogoonoopoo said.

"Because what?" I asked.

"Because I was told to." Bootoogoonoopoo replied matter-of-factly.
“Well, don't listen to whoever is giving you these instructions.”

“If I don't listen, I’ll be punished severely, and I’ll lose my job.”

“Well, then lose your job!!!!!”

“ISI! Are you shouting at you little brother! Unacceptable!” my mother yelled from her bedroom.

“No I’m not! I'm shouting at the Orange Juice!” I replied.

“Isi, I don’t want any of your nonsense right now! Who is the orange juice supposed to be anyway?” Mom said.

“Um, no one…”

“Just please go back to sleep… both of you” Mom said.

I turned back to the Orange Juice and hissed. “I thought you said our parents couldn't hear us!”

“Well….”

“Isn’t it obvious he wasn't telling the truth! The ways he sounded when he said that! Believe me Isi, I know when someone is lying!!” George said. I whirled around. I just remembered that George was still there.

“Well, it didn’t sound like it,” I said defensively.

“Also, have you and the Orange Juice, met before?” George said.

“Yeah, he was the one who made the orange juice carton I was holding burst back at my birthday party!”

“Hey! The orange juice was getting too hot!” the Orange Juice said defensively.

“How would it get hot? It was just in the fridge until my mom took it out, I was about to take my first sip before you burst the carton!”

“It’s just an orange juice carton…”

“But, why is just a bit of warmth make you too hot?

“My kind lives in cold places not hot places!”

“Then what are you doing here?”

“I told you already, I’m on a mission to find out more about human beings!” the Orange Juice said. “My boss will kill me once he finds out that I’ve revealed my mission to the subject... hmm.... That’s it! I need to get rid of you... both of you! That way, no one else will know about my mission perfect... tomorrow at around the same time... that’ll be a good time!”

“What?” George and me shouted. Then the figure disappeared.

“Wait, if the Orange juice cannot take even a bit of heat, then how is he still alive?

“I Don’t know.” George said.
“FOR GOODNESS SAKE!” Mom screamed. “GO TO SLEEP!”

George and I looked at each other, and then we walked to our respective rooms.

The next day was a nightmare. I couldn’t look at anything without seeing that shadowy figure. George told me he had been fearing the return of the figure too. I don’t see why I’m so scared, it’s just some weird figure that claims it’s going to take me and George somewhere where we won’t tell anyone what the figure/Orange Juice’s mission is.

It’s time the figure is going to come, but why should I care? The Orange Juice can’t come into my room or George’s. I’ve stuffed the crack under the door with blankets. I feel like I’m overreacting.

“Isi?” George had just come into my room.

“What?” I said, clearly annoyed.

“It’s just, do you really think the Orange Juice is actually real?”

“Well we saw the Orange Juice didn’t we?”

“Well, what if we were just imagining?”

“If we were just imagining, how could we both see it?”

“I don’t know, what does the figure look like to you?”

“George, it probably looked the same for me and you, it looked like dark any you know, always blending in with the dark.”

“Really? The figure was orange for me. I thought it was why you called it Orange Juice.”

“But how’s that possible?” I asked.

“How am I supposed to know?”

“Because you’re the one who said-”

“Why aren’t you two asleep yet?” Mom had just walked in my room.

“We…” George said

“I want you back in your own room George,” she said. She then turned to me. “You know you have school tomorrow.”

“Mom!” I said just as she had turned to exit my room. “I need to tell you something” And I told her all about the Orange Juice and what he had said, and how looked different for me and George.

“Isi, I don’t want to hear any of your nonsense right now.” She checked her watch. “It’s way past your bedtime, its 3:00 am!”

“But…”

“NO.”
“WHY DID YOU TELL HER?” the figure was back as tiny as ever though still an inch tall, his arms were waving with rage.

“Well why wouldn’t I tell her?”

“Isi, who are you talking to?” Moms said scanning the room for any sign of who I was talking to.

“See Mom, right there!” I said pointing to where the Orange Juice was standing.

“Are you ok Isi?” Mom said looking concerned.

“Yeah I’m ok, I’m telling you to look at it!”

“Look at what?” Mom said her voice getting higher.

“RIGHT THERE!” I said pointing at the Orange Juice again, mad that she couldn’t see the Orange Juice. “Wait a second are you making yourself invisible so that my Mom can’t see you?” I said to the Orange Juice.

“Grownups just can’t see me, that’s just the way it is.” the Orange Juice said.

“Was it true?” I said.

“What?”

“You said that you were going to, take us somewhere so we won’t tell anyone, was it true? How’re you going to do that?

“I’ll put you into a trance, or something like that.” the Orange Juice said.

The next thing I knew, everything went dark. I opened my eyes, I was in some kind of room, the walls were white, the lights very bright, but there was no sign of Mom or the Orange Juice.

“Isi?” The voice had come from behind me, I slowly turned around, it was George, he was sitting the corner, looking tense, and a bit nervous.

“Yeah?” I said.

“Where are we?” George said his voice higher than usual.

“Don’t know,” I said looking at the room again, scanning for a door or a window. It was a big room, but nothing inside of it.

“Why are we here?”

“You know why,” I said.

“How long are we going to be in here?” George said.

“Probably until we forget about the Orange Juice and his mission... that’ll be a long time away.” I said, feeling homesick.

“Isi? George?” It sounded like mom’s voice.

“Isi, was that... Mom?”

“George be quiet!” I said running to where the voice was coming from.
“Why?”

“George, the voice is coming from here!” I said, my ear pressed against the wall.

“MOM! MOM! We’re here!” George and I said. There was no answer.

“George, I don’t think Mom can hear us…”

“So we’re going to be stuck in this room forever…”

“Yeah, I think so…”

There were stomping noises.

“I think someone’s coming…”

The stomping noises were getting louder and louder. Then they went away.

A few hours later, a small basket of food appeared out of thin air. Then a tiny voice came, seemingly through the very wall....

To be continued...

Non-Fiction

The History of Ghost Stories
By Astrid Braddock

Imagine yourself on a camping trip. You and your family are gathered around the campfire roasting marshmallows, singing songs, and best of all, telling ghost stories. We all love the creepy stories that send shivers down our spine, but few of us know the real history behind ghost stories.

Many ghost stories have subjects who died from either early, violent, or mysterious deaths. Ghosts, also called spectors, are based on an ancient belief that a person’s spirit exists separately from the body, and when the person dies, the spirit continues to exist. Because of this, many communities started to perform funeral services, so the spirits would not come back and haunt them.

Places that are haunted are often where the ghost died, or their former home. Besides from actually seeing the ghost, supposed witnesses have claimed to hear strange noises, see strange lights, smell strange things or feel breezes. They may blame ghosts for the misplacement of objects, or the ringing of bells or the playing of instruments.

The first known ghost stories trace back to the first century A.D., when Pliny the Youngster wrote them in his letters. In 856 A.D., the first poltergeist sighting was reported. A poltergeist is a ghost that makes loud noises, or moves/throws objects. They have been said to torture people by throwing stones or starting fires.
In conclusion, there is probably a lot about ghosts that you don’t know. There are many types of ghosts, many different reasons there are ghost stories and many types of ghost stories. So, next time you and your family are gathering around a campfire telling spooky stories, think about this!

Interview

Featuring - Mrs. Amici, The 6th grade Earth team english teacher

By: Astrid Braddock, Anika Rassnick, and Chloe King

Q - Why do you like this job?
A - “It’s not about the money, this is what I was meant to do.”

Q - Why did you choose to teach?
A - “I have worked with children for my whole life. It was just a natural thing I fell into.”

Q - What do you do when you find out that bullying is happening?
A - “I try to take care of it by investigating and then asking if the victim is OK. Finally, I make sure the administration knows what’s happening.”

Q - How do you like to teach?
A - “I use humor and sarcasm. I like to vary projects and be creative. I like to have fun when teaching skills.”

Q - What do you feel your relationship is with your students?
A - “I like to interact daily with my students. I think it is important to show respect in order to get respect.”

Q - How long have you been teaching?
A - “I have been teaching for 15 years. 14 at Boynton.”

Q - What do you do outside of school?
A - “I play the violin, I box, and I do ballet. I love to read and snuggle with my dogs.”

Q - Can you tell me more about your job?
A - “I have taught in every subject. I was hired in math, but now I teach full-time English. English is my favorite. I have even taught college math, but I like English the most.”
School Events

**Let me hear you scream!! This is the to the Boynton Pep Rally!!**

The pep rally lit the gym on fire with all of the school spirit erupting from the students perched high on the bleachers this year. We thank the teachers and students who helped the pep rally carry on and be successful. Congrats to 8th grade for claiming the position of the overall winner and ecstatic job to the other grades for playing. A lovely performance from the band and orchestra. The 8th grade won Knockout, Mummy Wrap, Dizzy Deans and Tug of War. 7th grade won Musical Chairs and 6th grade won the Three Legged race. Congratulations to the teachers for winning Hungry Human Hippos. Find photos in the photo gallery.

### Halloween Dance

The famous Boynton Halloween dance has arisen from the dead! There were many outstanding costumes at dance but only a few were fortunate enough to win the contest. There were around 14 lucky students who won the contests. For the ‘Best duo’ we had Astrid Braddock as a “marionette doll” and Claire Park as a “witch”, for ‘most original’ we have Alice Burke as a “Tree Spirit”, Phoenix Delmage with the ‘spookiest’ costume of a “Zombie prom queen”, and for ‘most timely’ we have Charlotte Byrne as “Jackie Kennedy”, Elle Decatur as “Ruth Bader Ginsburg” and Gianna Varma as “Audrey Hepburn”. Nora Coch as a “light up jellyfish” for ‘most technologically advanced’. Will Preheim as “chicken on my head” for ‘I am wearing that next year’. Frieda Bernstein as a “raven” for ‘most beautiful’. For ‘Is that really a Costume?’ We have Linnea Kelly and Sabetha Hersini as “When life gives you lemons”. Liam Sparks, as Bob Ross For ‘Funniest’. Finally, “Mr. Universe” for ‘Best in show’. We send our gratitude for the chaperones who helped out and made the Halloween dance possible!! Thank you to Mr. Taylor for taking the responsibility of the music. The spooky decorations were wonderful around the cafeteria. Thank you to everyone who came to this year’s spooky halloween dance and we look forward to the next one!

Photo Gallery

Knockout

Three Legged Race
Hungry Human Hippos  
Dizzy Deans

Mummy wrap  
Tug of War

Musical chairs  
Most Timely
Dear Readers,

We need you to work on the newspaper! If you are in 6th grade you can join the newspaper and if you are in 7th or 8th grade you can submit work. Or you could just spread the word! Questions? Comments? Suggestions? Email anneke.ryan@icsd.k12.ny.us, or astrid.braddock@icsd.k12.ny.us. Thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed. See you next edition!