

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

Black History Month: Amazing African Americans

By Abby Arroyo-Mark and Jaleel Cardoso

Black History Month is a time to notice extraordinary black people who have done extraordinary things. It shows how they have tried to end slavery and took risks doing it by protesting, boycotting, using their voices, and marching.

One of the extraordinary things African Americans have done was start the Black Panther Political Party. The Black Panther Political Party was founded by Huey Newton and Bobby Seale. Huey Newton was the leader of the Black Panther Political Party.



Tupac's aunt was in that political party; her name was Assata Olugbala Shakur. The Black Panther Political Party was a party for self defense. The incident with Assata Olugbala Shakur showed what self defense meant. She used self defense because the police were trying to blame her for a murder.

An officer who was chasing members of the Black Panthers and the police were trying to shoot at them, but the officer shot his police

partner. The police were saying that the Black Panthers had guns so they blamed it on Assata Olugbala Shakur because she was black and in a group trying to end racism. Although some people still think she is guilty, these are the events from Assata's perspective.



There are many little known facts about Black History Month. Everyone knows who Rosa Parks is and what she did, and many think she was the first to not give up her seat. There were many who did the same before her.

In fact, Ida Wells-Barnett was one of the women who did the same and not many people know that. She was known as a journalist, suffragist and many more things.

One day on a train Ida Wells-Barnett didn't give her seat up to a white person and the conductor went up to her and dragged her off the train. She then sued them and won.



BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

Another courageous African American was Ella Josephine Baker, also known as "Fundy." She was born December 13, 1903. Ella Baker was a civil rights activist and human rights activist. She was one of the leading figures of the civil rights movement and doing work for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Ella Baker was also one of the founders leading the Southern Christian Leadership Conference with Dr. Martin Luther King in 1957. Ella Josephine Baker did a lot of things for the world that keeps on living and freedom to African American that keeps on living. She died on December 13, 1986. What she did was such bravery.



Another brave African American was Hiram Rhode Revels. Revels was born September 27, 1827. Revels was the first African-American elected to the U.S. Senate. He represented Mississippi from 1870- 1871. There are many more facts about Black History Month but these are just a few.



We interviewed a few teachers to see their opinions about Black History Month.

Ms. Sylvestre:

Q: Were any of your family members in any protest and what did they do?

A: I don't think so, but I'm from Haiti and it was the first non-slavery country. There might be some family members down the line who were in a protest.

Q: What do you think Black History Month is?

A: It's really important. I also think we should talk about it all the time.

Q: Do you think it's fair to celebrate Independence Day even though African Americans weren't free?

A: We celebrate freedom from Britain. I know that African Americans didn't have their freedom. I understand why some people wouldn't want to celebrate Independence Day.

Ms. Duggan:

Q: Is it fair that that we celebrate Independence Day even though African Americans weren't free?

A: I think that it's hard because you want it to be fair for everyone and and also, thinking it could celebrate progress because that was a step for everyone to become free. I don't think everyone is treated fairly or equally yet, but without that step we wouldn't be where we are. Also, now I think it's important to celebrate people who sacrificed their life for their country with the ideals for everyone being free.

Q: Do you think Black people should only be celebrated one month out of the whole year?

A: I am happy we have Black History Month, but I think Black History Month should be throughout the year.

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

Diversity at BCCS

By Maida Mohamed

At BCCS, I feel like no one really notices or talks about religion. Many people think that just because someone is a certain race, they have a certain religion. However, there are a lot of students who might be the same race but have different religions. I was interested in this, so I decided to ask people some questions. It turns out that a lot of students here are Catholic or Christian, but there are other religions too. Even though not all religions were put in this article, it represents some of the diversity that we have here.

Q1: What religion are you?

Kevin M.: My religion is Catholic.

Mabel: My religion is Christian.

Lila: I am Catholic.

Claire: I'm Catholic.

Shamilah: I am Christian.

Mary: I am Catholic and Christian.

Abdi: My religion is Muslim.

Q2: What is one thing in your religion you are FORBIDDEN to do?

Abdi: Eat pork.

Mary: Eat meat on Friday.

Shamilah: Put your elbows on the table.

Claire: Nothing bad, I guess.

Lila: Trust the devil.

Kevin M.: During Lent, you can't eat meat on Friday.

Mabel: I am forbidden to swear because it is disrespectful.

Q3: What holidays do you celebrate and not celebrate?

Mary: I celebrate all holidays, some of them with church.

Mabel: Everything except for Halloween, and I only celebrate Valentine's Day in class.

Abdi: I celebrate Eid, and I do not celebrate Christmas.

Kevin M.: I celebrate all the holidays except for Hanukkah.

Lila, Shamilah, and Claire: We celebrate everything.

Q4: Is there anything else you want to share about your religion?

Mary: I go to church to practice prayers.

Abdi: My religion has a special holiday called Ramadan.

Lila: Every month, I go to rosary.

Q5: Do you know anybody who has the same religion as you?

Claire: My family.

Lila: My sister and my family.

Kevin M.: Isaac, Isabella, and Ronan M.

Abdi: Aayah, Maida, and Ibne.

Mary: Shamilah, Callie, Ella, Ava, Katherine, and Chloe (6th grade).

Mabel: My family and Kafendel.

This is the end of this interview. But, before you go, whenever you see somebody, I want you NOT to assume that just because someone is a certain color/race, they're a specific religion. Instead, you could ask them what religion they are and you could learn a thing or two.

The students interviewed were in the 5th grade advisories (UVA, American, Wisconsin, and

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

Bates). Special thanks to Isabella Murray, Mabel Rodriguez Salas, and Audrey Baehrend.

Super Bowl - Or Not So Super?

By Ayden Cardoso and Ronan Mitchell

WAHHHH WAHHHH WAHHHH! For some people this is a WAHHH WAHHH because the Patriots lost the Super Bowl and some people are so happy the Eagles won. The Patriots had five wins and it would have been their sixth win. Some people thought Bill Belichick made stupid plays on purpose and some people were mad. There were riots in Philadelphia because of the win, which was their first win. Anything they could find was put on fire, such as trash cans and anything else that could catch on fire. Imagine if they had lost! But the Eagles beat us 41-33 for their first win in all history. Even though they have made it there before, the Eagles have never won a Super Bowl before and beat the all-time winning champions.



Here are some questions & answers from different sides of the game:

Liam K. (UVA)

Q: How do you feel about the Patriots losing?

A: I feel sad but happy.

Q: How do you feel about the Eagles winning?

A: I feel happy because it's their first Super Bowl win.

Q: How do you feel about how Tom Brady played in the Super Bowl?

A: He didn't play his best. He was better when he started.



Nate B. (Haverford)

Q: How do you feel about the Patriots losing?

A: I feel disappointed because they tried their best and some plays should have never happened.

Q: How do you feel about the Eagles winning?

A: I feel like they also played hard and came out on top.

Q: How do you feel about how Tom Brady played in the Super Bowl?

A: I think he put in an amazing effort because he threw over 400 yards

Carlos H. (Harvard)

Q: How do you feel about the Patriots losing?

A: I felt sad.

Q: How do you feel about the Eagles winning?

A: At least they got their first win.

Q: How did you feel about how Tom Brady played in the Super Bowl?

A: He runs too slow and he is too old!

All in all, there are a lot of people that are happy and sad about the Patriots losing the Super Bowl. While some are very enraged or upset about the Eagles winning, it is okay because



BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

this is the Eagles' first Super Bowl win.

Bring in Those Box Tops!

By Morine Mawenya and Ariana Wilson-Elysee

"I found a boxtop, but I bet this is just worth a cent," said Morine.

PPSSHHH..... A genie appeared out of nowhere.

"No, no, no girl you can get more than just a cent with that," suggested the genie.

"Yeah he's right, it's actually worth 10 cents. All you have to do is turn it into the main office," Ariana added on.

"And at least 100 of those add up to \$10.00," said the Genie.

Yup you heard us right, all you have to do to turn these things in is bring them to the main office. There you will find a box with a big label on the front that says "Box Tops." Box tops can help raise money for the school. In our case, they can help buy better gym equipment. If you're wondering where to find them, here are just a couple of places where you can find box tops:

- Cereal Boxes
- Food Storage
- Canned foods
- School+Office Supplies
- Bakeware
- Frozen Food
- Snacks
- Frozen Meals + Sides
- Waste Bags
- Household Cleaning Products

If schools participate in getting boxtops and turning them into the office, then they can enter into the box top program. The box tops you turn in must not be over the expiration date, or else it won't count towards the 10 cents of it. If the box top is damaged it can be turned in, as long as we can read the expiration date on it. As some of you may know already, boxtops are pieces of paper you can find printed onto the products above.



Did you know that there was a rock band group called The Box Tops in 1976? Also did you know that box tops were created in 1996 in California? All in all, try telling your neighbors and family members to try collecting box tops and turn those in to earn us some money for gym equipment!

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018



Babies at BCCS

By Aneesah Edwards and Lucy Heffernan

At Boston Collegiate we have some tiny geniuses-in-training at our day care. That is where our amazing teachers who have children keep their little cuties all day. We interviewed Ms. Loring and Ms. Porter about their kids who are in the day care.

Interview with the babies' parents:

Q: What are your kids' names?

Ms.Loring: Cole and Lincoln Loring.

Ms. Porter: Nora Jane Porter.

Q: How old are your kids?

Ms.Loring: Cole is 3 and Lincoln is 1.

Ms. Porter: Nora is 18 months old.

Q: What is their favorite food?

Ms.Loring: Cole likes raw tofu and Lincoln likes strawberries.

Ms. Porter: Nora likes avocado and cheese.

Q: What can they do?

Ms.Loring: Cole just learned how to use the potty. Lincoln just learned to walk.

Ms. Porter: Nora is able to sing the ABCs and Twinkle Twinkle Little Star. She also knows parts of her face.

Q: Any interesting facts about them?

Ms.Loring: Cole is the only person who will pick on Lincoln; otherwise, he is very protective of her. They love school.

Ms. Porter: Nora wakes up singing in the morning and she loves puppies. She chases them around. Also, she now loves to color.



There are many awesome people who work with these children, such as Ms. Vardaro.

Interview with Ms.Vardaro:

Q: How long have you been working here?

A: I have been working here for two years this April. I have had a daycare at my house for fifteen years.

Q: What is your favorite part about working here?

A: My favorite part is I still get to be around babies even though my kids are all grown up.

Q: Is this your dream job?

A: I always wanted to have a lot of kids and I wanted to be a teacher.

Q: Why did you start working here?

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

A: I was looking to have a daycare but it had gotten very crowded at my house. I thought a school setting would also be better.

Q: Do you have any kids of your own?

A: Yes, 2 sets of twins (Anna, Adam, Jenna, and Jonathan). 3 of my 4 kids go to BCCS.

Q: How old are they?

A: The younger two are 14 and the older ones are 17.

The Shadow

By Isabella Murray

It all started one beautiful night when three girls were walking around in a dark alley. It was past midnight - 3:35am. "Isn't this a beautiful night guys?" Elena asked. We stared at her shocked.

"Are you crazy? It is three a clock in the morning, and you think this is great? This is terrible, and I am so tired. I feel like I'm going to die," Alisha yelled. I agreed with her. We saw something weird like a shadow.

"What was that?"

"I do not know. Do you think something is following us?" I muttered.

"I'm leaving you guys here," Alisha said.

"What a baby Alisha," Elena teased.

She left, and I tried to walk away, but the shadow grabbed me and Elena. We got grabbed into a closet, and the shadow locked us in.

"What is going on? I am nervous."

"This was your idea, but I am kinda nervous though. Should we call 911?" I asked.

"Probably so, but let's not jump to conclusions here. We have to think about this. First, let's try to get out, then call 911," Elena demanded.



"We cannot call 911 because we need the location first, duh," I said.

"Let's try to get out first though," Elena demanded. We got out a hair clip from Elena's hair. I unlocked the door and saw something odd. I saw three people hanging on the wall, but not dead.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I was captured by Ben," a man mumbled. He tried to get out but he stood there like a glacier, frozen. We heard footsteps coming from a brown door. "Oh no! He's coming because you guys left. Now you guys are going to be one of us."



"I HOPE THOSE TWO GIRLS AREN'T OUT OF THE CLOSET!!!!!!" Ben shouted. I got worried, real worried. I didn't want to be like them, but we had to make a move quick.

"Elena, listen to me now. First, hide under the desk. Next, you three weirdos put your feet in front of the desk so Ben won't see

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

us. Then when he passes us we make a run for it. Ok?" I demanded.

"Ok Izzy B," Elena whispered.

Then he walked in. He froze because of a sound. Someone came, we knew who it was. It was...

TO BE CONTINUED

Young Photographer

By Claire Amador and Audrey Baehrend

Everly Greene woke with a new start. Her legs felt more stiff than usual in this new bed. Her nose was stuffy, her legs unnaturally lain. The mattress where she laid was starchy, and stiff, and her back was cramped.

She took a deep breath and looked at the teal walls of her room. Her rabbit Hops chewed the cage door with her powerful teeth. Her fur was brown but she had white spots dappled along her coat. She seemed to smile at Everly and in spite of herself, Everly smiled back. Today was the first day of school and Everly was very nervous.

She took another deep breath and reached for her teal wheelchair. It had a black armrest and a huge black side pocket where she always kept her camera. Her photos, astonishingly, lay strewn across her desk. Other photos unprinted were on the desktop of her computer, still opened from a night filled with editing.

Moving herself into the chair, she took another deep breath and rolled herself down the dark hallway. Her one story house was filled with natural sunlight and the smell of

maple syrup and eggs filled Everly's nostrils. She rolled her chair toward the bright kitchen.

"Good morning honey," said Everly's mother. Her hand was moving rapidly. Her mother was better at sign language than her and Everly struggled to come up with a response.

"Hi book-no-M-Mum," Everly said, struggling to show what she meant.

Everly's mother smiled and through her intense nerves, Everly forced a smile back.

...

Everly rolled off the little wooden ramp "See you later," her mother signed. Everly just waved. Rolling on the ground, she saw a little blue bird. Flying into the tops of the trees, she brought out her silver and black camera. She lifted the bold camera to the blue bird angel, and she snapped a photo. But when she lowered the camera, the bird was gone.



BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

Looking at the photo all she saw was a blue blur. Disappointed, she put the camera away.

She felt a vibration and pulled out her phone. It was a text from her mom. She had sent a picture of a newspaper with a photo. Everly blinked repeatedly but it was still there. **Her** photo was still there. It was still there.

As she rolled toward the school. She wondered, **Why was her photo in the newspaper?**

TO BE CONTINUED

Murder Mystery - The Finale

By Sophia Carter and Wesley Ekes

Up on the doorstep, Dejah and Reagan were looking at the rotted, petrified door. Reagan looked like she was going to faint. After all, she was within a traumatic experience here.

There was no verbal sound between us, but from the looks of our faces, we knew we were scared as heck. I was sick and tired of looking around for clues. I didn't want to find myself in a ditch where there was no way out. This was the only way to get back our friends.

"Are you sure this is the only way, Grace?" Dejah asked me. I nodded and he looked at me. His face was sweating with fear, but I knew that inside those dark eyes of his, he had the blaring glaze of hope. Hope that we would retrieve our friends back.

"Creek..."

The echo of the door opening made my backbones felt like they were cracking one by one.

I took a sniff of the disgusting smell of the room. The last time I'd been here, it was night

time, and I couldn't see anything of the house, but only with the small flashlight. This time, I could see everything.

Although I hadn't noticed it before, from the limited vision that I could see from my flashlight, there was a velvet wooden spiral staircase going up to what seemed like only one room. I couldn't believe the height of those stairs! One step missed and that would be the end of you!

"Alright guys, you ready to go?" I asked, as I took a big gulp. The lump in my throat still didn't go away.

The half broken wooden floor splintered up as if to stab my foot. My mouth became dry and my hands sweaty and shaking. I had half a mind to turn around and bolt out of there. My mind told me to leave but my feet wouldn't listen. This place sent chills down my spine and I felt a dampness on my cheek. I couldn't help myself from crying, and I couldn't stop it. There was a huge lump in my throat and no matter how many times I swallowed I couldn't get it out. The walls **screached** at me the memories of my friends. Now, enough talking about this - I could go on and on about this creepy place.

Each step I took on the rotted floorboards gave me a rush of fear that I would fall through the hollowness. I closed my eyes and clenched on the hand-railing, too fearful to look behind me of the distance from the ground. At last, I had reached the top of the stairs. Cold air filled the entire hallway. I soon realized that the window was open...a window that had been closed when we arrived here. Someone else was in the house. I then heard loud, deafening footsteps from my right, and a large shadow above me. I was absolutely petrified with fear. I was standing face to face in front of a monster. **Death**, some may call it.

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

I looked into the creature's eyes. I was suddenly not afraid. Something about the creature's face looked familiar.

"GrACe.. Is ThAT yoU...?" The creature asked me. It seemed as if it were dying for help.

"Yes, it is me. Who are you?"

"YOU dON't remEMber me? IT's ME, REgGIE."

My stomach completely dropped and my eyes felt heavy. "Reggie...What d-did they **DO** to you?"

"I DOn'T know... Please HEIP ME."

How was I supposed to help him? He was in pain, for sure. In a flash I knew what to do. His head nodded. He knew what I was going to do.

Reggie pointed to a closet next to us. I walked over to it, and in the closet, there was a pile of clothes. I took out the clothes and there lay a silver, polished Glock 19. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I loaded the gun. I walked up to Reggie, and handed him the gun. He smiled at me, and said, **"Thank YOU, Grace."** I didn't even have time to respond back, because I had run as far away from the area and into another room. I then heard the single shot, and a thud. I had still been running into a hallway when I realized that it was endless. There was **no exit**.

In a flash, behind me, there was an old man with a cane. He then threw his cane and clapped in a very slow motion. I knew who it was. It was the demon who had captured my friends. My face turned from pale to blazing hot red.

"Let my friends go!" I had gritted my teeth saying that one.

The demon responded, "I'll make a deal with you, Grace. I'll let them go, even Reggie,

that wasn't actually him. It was just a clone with a camera that I could see through."

"You're lying, where are they?!" I demanded. Even though I knew he was probably lying about making a deal, the thought of finding my friends overpowered me.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I knew that it wasn't going to happen, but I thought that maybe, just maybe if I focused really hard on the man not being there, he would disappear.

"Why did you do this, and what do you want from me!" I realized that I was shouting.

"Well I can answer both of those questions with this simple answer." His face went from a serious position to an untamed grin.

"FUN!"

At that moment, a huge explosion came from downstairs, followed by screams. I remembered that both Dejah and Reagan were down there.

I ran down the spiral staircase to the kitchen to find both Reagan and Dejah's bodies sprawled out across the floor. I couldn't even manage to scream before the old man started to talk again.

"You see Grace, I have no real reason to be killing you and your friends, but since I already murdered your friends in front of you...You see my dilemma here, right?" he said.

With every breath that he spoke came out a fiery sensation towards my neck. I was sick and tired of running away from this beast. I turned around and met him face to face. Human to demon. Grace to the devil himself.

This was my fault that everyone was in this position, some people may be **dead** because of **ME**. I had to do something about this. I took a deep breath.

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

"I'll make a deal with you. My friends for me. It's my fault that they are in this situation and I can't bear the fact that some of them could die." I then heard a voice next to me, a little below me. I looked down and saw Dejahn, crawling to me.

"Grace, don't do this. Please don't do this. There has to be another way!" He managed to speak with his staggered voice.

"It's going to be alright, I promise." I tried to smile but my stomach turned and made me refuse. I guess the pressure of only being 12 and making these life or death decisions really had gotten to me. How were we trick-or-treating a few months ago, with not a care in the world, to now, where we are in this situation?

I stepped away from Dejahn and back into the stare of the demon.

"Well, we got a deal or what?" I said to him. The demon laughed uncontrollably.

"Alright, let's do this."

In a heartbeat, the demon's eyes turned bloody red, and the whole room turned dark. I couldn't make out anything but a red glow in the center of the room. I walked toward the glow. Was the demon sparing my life and leading us to escape? I touched the red glow, and a flush of pain shot at my abdomen. At a blink, everything was visible again. I looked down, and I could see something going through my stomach. It was painful, for sure, but it was kind of warm. Heh, I guess I'm not that good at describing my own death.



There was a blade through my stomach, connected to the demon's arm. What a freak, his arm could transform into a blade. My hearing was fading away, but I could faintly hear the screams of Reagan and Dejahn, running towards me. This time, I actually smiled. I remembered when every Halloween, we would watch a scary movie, and there would always be that one hero, that one sacrifice. Well that was what I felt at that moment. Like a hero. And that was what I said as I fell to the ground as the demon retracted his blade.

"Like a Hero."

"Like a Hero."

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

The footsteps of the gang echoed through the school hallways. As they passed

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

through the class doors, students tried to peek through as the teachers tried to close as much as possible. There was everyone in the gang, except Grace of course. She had sacrificed her life for the others, and there was a funeral held in her bravery against the demon who had taken her life. Without the actions that Grace had taken, there would have been no other people in the gang. This may not be a happy ending to the usual stories that you may read, but that is what makes a story unique, and that's what makes Grace's story unique.

outside Ms. Smith's office. The best jokes will be read on the morning announcements!



JOKE CONTEST!!

Want to hear a great joke?

What did one tomato say to the last tomato in line?

KETCHUP!

Get it?!? Funny, right? Or...do you think you can tell a better joke?

In honor of April Fool's Day, we are running a joke contest! Write your best joke in the box, tear off this back page, and submit it to the bin

Name: _____

Advisory: _____

Joke:

BCCS Lower School News

Issue #3

March/April 2018

