

BCCS Lower School News

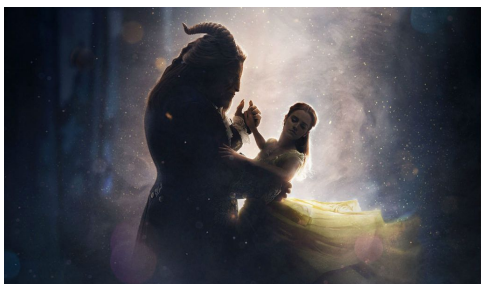
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Behind the Curtains: Beauty & The Beast

By Abby Arroyo-Mark and Grace Harrington

“Tale as old as time...” Do you know where that line came from? It came from BEAUTY and THE BEAST, the play! The play is coming up very soon and the cast and instructors are working very hard to help it come together.



Beauty and the Beast is a play about a prince, Beast, whose servants in his castle fall under a spell and so does he, which turns him into the Beast and his servants into antiques. He is a beast until he learns to love and be loved by someone else. Belle's father is imprisoned by the Beast in his castle and she returns to the castle to go save her father. Then she begins to fall in love with the Beast and he begins to fall for her. With the help of the servants, Belle begins to bring the Beast out of isolation.

The Beast is played by Ayden Cardoso, and Belle aka Beauty is played by Ruth Reid. The roles are being played by 5th-8th grade students. Ms. Herron and others are instructing the play and are working very hard to make the play PERFECT. The cast has been rehearsing for months. The lower school is working with the middle school to put the play together. Many of our newsletter people are in the play such as Grace Harrington playing one of the silly girls, Jaleel Cardoso playing Gaston, and of course Ayden Cardoso playing Beast.

The entire cast is working 5 days a week now to get everything done. The cast

has been rehearsing for about 4 months! As you can tell that's a long time and when you see the play you're going to see how hard they've worked to make it come together. Our cast members tell us that you are in for a very funny show! The cast only has a few more weeks to practice because the play is on May 24th- 25th at Hibernian Hall.

Interview with Ms. Herron

Q: How did you choose this play?

A: I chose this play because I connected with its theme, and I felt that many students could probably connect with it too. Just like Belle and the Beast, I think there are many people who sometimes feel out of place, misunderstood, and not accepted by others. Through the story of these two characters, *Beauty and the Beast* explores how hurtful it can be when we are made to feel ostracized. This musical shows how important it is not to judge or reject others because they might seem different. Instead, it shows that we can learn a lot from people who are different than us, and that we can develop great friendships across lines of difference if we learn to treat everyone with kindness and respect.

Q: What other plays have you done (either at BCCS or elsewhere) and how many?

A: Wow, what a great question. After you asked this I tried to count up all the plays I've ever done, and I came up with 52. I've done four plays at BCCS, which were *Into the Woods*, *Footloose*, *Radium Girls*, and now *Beauty and the Beast*. Some of the plays that I did before my time at BCCS which stand out to me are a play called *Stop Kiss* (a story about two women who fall in love with each other) that I did in college, and a play called *Blood from a Stone* (a story about a young man trying to reunite with his family after years of being apart from them) that I did in New York City.

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Q: How did you choose the cast?

A: We had 2 days of auditions, one day where students sang a song from the show and another day where they acted in a scene or scenes from the show. During auditions, the biggest thing I look for is how students used what actors call their "instrument," meaning their voice, their body, and their mind, to figure out and convey the thoughts, feelings, and intentions of the character they're portraying. Different actors use their instrument in different ways, meaning they make different choices regarding what a given character might be trying to achieve in a certain scene, how that character might be feeling, and how they as an actor should use their body and their voice to portray these things. Similarly, different characters require different approaches, different physicalities, different vocal qualities, etc. I use auditions to match up students with the roles they'll be best able to perform, and that's how I chose the cast.

Q: Are you happy with your progress with the cast?

A: I'm very happy with the progress of the cast! They've been working so hard and they're doing a great job. They're already running through the full show at rehearsals, and now we're at the point where we're tweaking things as we go to make the show better and better!

Q: How long have you been working at BCCS and how long have you been doing plays?

A: I've been working at BCCS for two years, and I've been doing plays for twenty-two years.

Q: Was there a point when you wanted to give up with this play?

A: No, there wasn't. Every play has its challenging moments, but also every play has its really successful moments. I've been doing plays long enough to know that you have to push through the challenging moments to get to the successful moments, and those successes are even more rewarding when you

realize that you had to work hard and overcome difficulties to achieve them. Also, I just love theatre. I love the whole process, from the first rehearsal to the final performance, and because of that I would never give up on it even if it got really difficult. Even during the toughest moments of the process of putting on a play, I still remember how lucky I am to do what I do.

Q: Do Ayden, The Beast, and Ruth, Belle, work well together?

A: They do work very well together! They are both really good actors who make strong choices for their characters, have a lot of fun playing their roles, and give 100% at rehearsal every day. When you have actors who enjoy the acting process and always come to rehearsal ready to work hard, that's a recipe for success.

Q: Do you plan on doing other plays in the future? If so, what other plays?

A: I definitely plan on doing other plays in the future! But, I don't know what plays those will be. It takes me a long time and a lot of thought to pick a show. Each time I direct a show, I spend a month or two reading different plays and weighing the pros and cons of each before I actually pick one. I'm in the process of thinking about plays for next year right now and I'm open to suggestions!



Ms. Herron, BCCS Theatre Director

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Art Updates at BCCS

By Aneesah Edwards and Isabella Murray

Art Slam

Imagine you were there at the fantastic, unbelievable Art Slam!!! Where the people are cheering, and the crowd gets wild. The performance get crazy. This is what it was like at the Art Slam on Thursday, April 5 in the multipurpose room at the Lower School.

We interviewed the acts from the lower school, Gucci Girls and Ruth Reid, before they performed. Here's what they had to say:

Q: Are you nervous?

Gucci Girls: Very nervous!!!

Q: Are you confident and positive you will win?

Ruth: YES!!!!!!!

Q: Are you excited to perform?

Gucci Girls: We are very excited to perform.

Q: What inspired you to perform this act?

Ruth: I love to rap.

It wasn't only lower school students, there were upper school students too. There was singing, rapping, dancing, spoken word, and food. A lot of people had favorite performances. For example, Elena Callahan from Bates5 enjoyed the Gucci Girls because they did really well. Elena also said, "The Art Slam was fun because it was cool to see different talents people had." Abrian Pimentel from Wisconsin5 agreed and said, "It was fun because "there was a lot of music."



Art Auction

Imagine if your art was in the art auction. The beautiful art up there, representing you. People buy your artwork. When you walk in the room the first thing you do is grab a pen to start bidding. Then you look at the art pieces and decide which one suits you and best inspires you. Then there are many different stands where people set up fun and cool activities that are art related. When you finally are done you sit down and wait for the live auction because the silent auction will be done. When the live auction comes then the bigger pieces are sold for a bigger prize. We were inspired to write a poem about this event.

Forever art you will peek
sniff the art and you will seek.
You won the art on money
the frame smells like honey.
Don't do it for the fame
just do it to let out the pain.
It can inspire you wherever you go
and challenge you to never say no.

March For Our Lives

By Jaleel Cardoso and Serginho Lunche

A march called March For Our Lives happened in Washington, D.C. on March 24, 2018. More than 200,000 people marched to protest against gun violence and school shootings. They had a lot of signs and posters. One poster said, "The only thing we should be scared of are tests, I don't feel safe in school." The demands of the students who were protesting and their supporters are to stop gun violence and demand stricter gun laws which is the same as gun control. There were a lot of rallies in other places such as Boston. Boston had over 50,000 people at their rally.



The Washington, D.C. march was organized by the students that were victims of the shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas (MSD) High School and MSD corporations organized it as well. The lead speaker of the march was Emma Gonzalez who was one of the students from MSD. She also gave a moment of silence for the students and teachers who lost their lives.

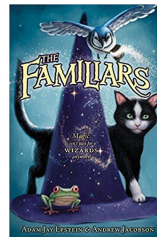
Amal and George Clooney and Oprah Winfrey donated \$500,000 to March For Our Lives. There were more celebrities at March for Our Lives like Andra Day, Kim Kardashian West and Kanye West, Common, Paul McCartney, Jimmy Fallon and especially Yolanda Renee King, granddaughter of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Coretta Scott King.

When we say especially Yolanda Renee King, it's because her speech was powerful and inspiring. One of her powerful quotes which was in her speech was, "We are going to be a great generation!" When she says a great generation she is referring to the children, us.

Do You Want Your Head in a Book Over Break?

By Terryan Gonzalez and Ariana Wilson-Elysee

Do you ever get bored over summer vacation? Well if you do, then you should try reading a book. When you get back your teachers will most likely be asking what book you read over break. If you want to avoid looking totally confused, and don't want to lose all the knowledge you learned this year, then READ these wonderful books that will keep you interested and that you would love to read.

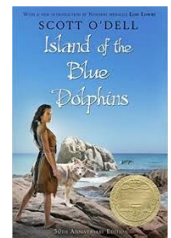


The Familiars by Adam Jay Epstein and Andrew Jacobson

A children's fantasy book that has a lot of adventure and magical mysteries that you would love to solve.

Island of the Blue Dolphins by Scott O'Dell

A story about of a young girl who is stranded alone on an island with dolphins.

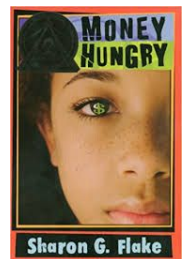


A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L'Engle

A story filled with adventures and sad mysteries about a girl losing her father.

Money Hungry by Sharon G. Flake

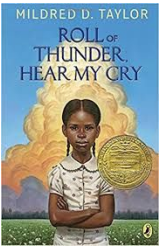
A book about a girl who lives in the projects with her mom and tries to scrape up money for them at the same time.



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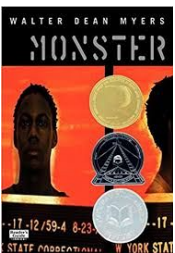
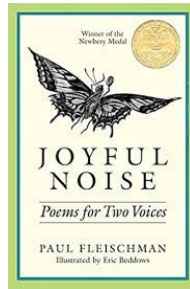


Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry by Mildred D. Taylor

A book that takes place in the time of segregation and deals with racial issues.

Joyful Noise by Paul Fleischman

A story about a girl who has a passion for singing and a boy who discovers his passion for singing as well.

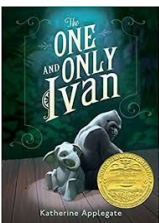
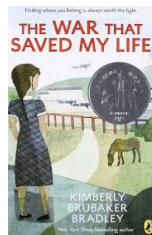


Monster by Walter Dean Myers

A story about a black boy named Steve Harmon who gets put in jail for being part of a felony.

The War That Saved My Life by Kimberly Brubaker Bradley

A book a girl with a clubfoot named Ada is stuck in World War 2. There is also a sequel called *The War I Finally Won*.



The One and Only Ivan by Katherine Applegate

A story about a silverback gorilla who lives in a cage in a mall.

Young Photographer, Part 2

By Claire Amador, Audrey Baehrend, and Maida Mohamed

“When I hear somebody sigh ‘Life is hard,’ I am always tempted to ask, ‘Compared to what?’” - Sydney Harris

School had been awful for Everly. Her “buddy” had been sooo rude. She had made sure that Everly knew that she had better places to be and that she was only being Everly’s buddy because Ms. Murphy was making her and she was the best at sign language. Becca was really good at sign language.

The school was big and empty except for the students who swarmed the long, wide, blank hallway like bees. Becca was deaf too, but that was her only disability. She doesn’t understand how hard it is having a wheelchair. You get used to it but the stares people give you, they laugh, they sneer. That part Everly never got used to.

When Everly gets home from school, she wonders if anyone understands. Her mom does her best, but even she will never understand. Everly sighs. She wants to go talk to her but talking is so hard and she is so tired so she just lays there on the oh, so comfortable couch editing pictures she had taken last weekend.

We hope you will love reading one of these books over break and will be able to enjoy it. Then you will get used to reading books and become an amazing reader, and you will be able to impress your new and old teachers.



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About an hour or so later, Everly's mom wakes her up. Her legs are cramped because she has not done her exercises, which are more of just very simple stretches. She bends her left knee, then her right. This may sound easy, but it is soooooo hard. Everly turns her head from side to side. She doesn't know how that helps, but it does.

Everly thinks back to the highlights of the day. She had met Carter, a boy Becca bullied, a 6th grader everyone called brace face. He was the only person that wore braces in 6th grade. But he was normal to Everly.

Over the next few weeks, there was some bad stuff that happened. Becca had been causing Everly so much trouble that one evening, Everly decided just to tell on her.

At first when Everly told the teacher, she didn't believe her. The teacher also thought Becca was a nice student and all that fake stuff about her. After a lot of convincing, she decided to take Everly's word. Becca wasn't excited when Everly told on her, but who would be? Everly would never tell on someone but she had to this time around.

Becca snickered at Everly when she rolled out the door. She just sat silently in the office chair, in a comfortable way like this was her daily thing. It was so strange, how often is your bully right there, but Everly rolled her wheelchair outside, watching all the kids run to their moms and dads.

Her mom was always late to everything, even work. Everly knew she tried to be there, but there's really no difference. About ten minutes later, Everly's mom had arrived in the car. But when Everly looked inside, she screamed...

To Be Continued

Bad Babysitter, Part 2

By Ayden Cardoso

****WARNING: Story contains violence.****

When we last left off, my parents left and the bad babysitter was going to kill me because I locked her out so she came at me with the pocket knife. Then I banged her head into a vase and all I saw was her going down. I was scared I might have killed her. I ran upstairs.

I heard the door open and my mom say, "Guys where are you?"

I ran down stairs. I said, "Mom WAIT!!"

All I saw was my mom go down and then it was stab in my heart - the girl stabbed her. Then my dad came and another stab in my heart - she stabbed him too. My parents were dead. That girl killed my parents and imma kill her. Who does she think she is, killing my parents? Now imma show her who this family is. I am not going down without a fight.

All of a sudden, she came running at me. I ran upstairs and went to my parents' room for their gun. She was coming. I was shaking. She came running at me like a beast. Then BOOM! I shot her once. She was down. I think I killed her. I am not happy for what I did but I did it.

I went to my parents and wanted to check if they were alive. My mom was gushing out blood and my dad was dead. I wanted to die with them. I couldn't live like this. I put a rag on my mom to stop the blood and dialed 9-1-1.

While I was dialing the number all I felt was pain shooting through my body. The girl was alive! She shot me from the steps upstairs. How did she get to shoot me? I let my family down. I didn't save my mother. We got in this situation because of me and now my family and I are dead.

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Sophia & Wes: An Interview

By Ronan Mitchell

The dynamic duo of Sophia and Wes has been creating a multi-part murder story all year and they are now sitting together to answer questions about how they thought of this amazing story idea! Also, at the same time they are going head-to-head in a contest to see, once and for all, who is the better story writer. Here are some questions I asked them about their amazing thriller-murder story:



Q: What gave you the idea to create a multi-part murder story?

Wes: I don't know.

Sophia: I don't really like writing fantasy and lovey and sappy stories. I like horror and blood and gore.

Q: Who does the most typing for the two of you?

Both: Wes!

Q: Who came up with the main idea?

Wes: At first, Sophia's idea was nothing like the actual story.

Sophia: It was just a mixture of a bunch of ideas. At first my ideas were a bit scattered,

but then Wesley joined me and we made the story the main article of the newsletters.

Q: How did it feel to work together on this story?

Wes: Kinda weird.

Sophia: It felt good to sort of have someone to collaborate with.

Q: What gave you the idea of the characters you chose?

Wes: The kids who were in our grade.

Sophia: Well, usually I don't have a hard time coming up with characters and I wanted people to be able to relate to it.

And that's how this amazing story came together. Whether you read this before or after the other parts of their stories, they were an amazing dynamic duo throughout the year that we will be sad to lose when they go to the upper school. Read on to see their latest stories and decide for yourself who is the top horror story writer!

EXTRAOrdinary

By Wesley Ekes

****WARNING: Story contains violence.****

"Splat! Splat! Splat!"

My footsteps thumped on the rain as I was trying to get to the other side of the road. It was pitch black, and the only thing that I could see were the car lights that stopped before me as I was running. Every 5 to 10 minutes, I would look back. There were cops tailing me.

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You might think that I might have done something horrible to have 5 cops running after me. Well, it turns out, I didn't do anything at all. I was **born** like this.

I was born on September 9th, 1996, in a petrified shack in Alabama. Sounds pretty dirty to be born in, doesn't it? As a child, I wasn't that ordinary. No, not at all. I was **extra**ordinary. When I was born, the doctor knew there was something wrong with me. At that moment, my body flipped out, and I was choking him. Can you imagine that? A newborn baby, **CHOKING** a doctor? Well, welcome to my reality.

Because of that little incident, my parents had to give me up and a rush of backup doctors and S.W.A.T. had to detain me. I've been kept in an asylum. Most days, I've been looking out a window, planning my escape. Other days, I'd bribe the officers to get me some GOOD food, considering that asylum food is disgusting.

My main goal is to escape this death hole. I've memorized the whole layout of the asylum ever since I was here. But enough talking about what I want to do - and let's talk about what I'm ACTUALLY DOING.

Remember? It was night-time. Yeah, let's get back to that story.

"Stop right there!" an officer told me. I just kept on running, knowing that it was going to be my only chance to escape. Then, I heard an officer pull out a weapon. I thought it was going to be the end. No, I knew it was going to be the end, but I kept on running. Running into an endless cycle of captivity, a cycle of survival of the fittest.

I closed my eyes shut, and I expected to die there, but instead, I heard a sound of a buzzer. It was coming closer and closer. In a few seconds, I felt excruciating pain on my

back. I threw myself to the ground, unable to do anything else. I had a faint sight - everything was so blurry. I saw the police car sirens around me, along with the 20 officers around me, handcuffing me in the same disgusting chains as I was handcuffed in when I was an infant. Man, this world is horrible. In a second, I blacked out.

When I woke up, I was chained to a hospital bed. Surprising, considering that I was a threat to society. I tried to move my wrists, but I could not seem to break out of its tight hold. I looked down at my feet - they were also chained.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" I asked. There was no response. I knew there would be no response. I was in a room with nothing else but this bed. I used all my might and I looked to my right arm. There was an immense source of heat coming from my wrist. In a few seconds, the handcuffs snapped in half, and in an instant, there was a gush of pain throbbing. I figured that however long I was in this room with the handcuffs, there was no blood going through that spot.

I grabbed a little key that was on the other side of the bed, and slowly uncuffed myself. When I was done, I slowly got off the bed. As my feet reached the floor, I immediately rushed to the ground, yelling in pain. There was no one at my aid, so I had to crawl to the door. I opened it.

I will never forget that day. That day, I saw something worse than I had ever seen in my life.

"Welcome home, I guess," I said to myself.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Birth to Death

By Sophia Carter

****WARNING: Story contains violence.****

Steven

Birth. People say that we come into the world and everyone loves us. That wasn't the case for me. I came into the world and I was abandoned. My father was a killer. He got a job from his boss, the leader of his gang, and he would carry it out, no matter who it was that got in his way he would kill them, murder them. For all he cared it could have been his wife that he killed. In fact, it was.

I'm 24 now and I have never forgiven my father for what he did. Because of him I grew up without a parent. I don't consider my dad as one. I was only fourteen when he killed her, 14! For years I have plotted my revenge. I want him to feel the pain that I felt when he killed my mother. I want him to feel regret for what he did. I want him to DIE.

So far I have gotten his address, and I followed him every day, and I know his schedule inside and out. I have a notebook full of ways that I could kill him. No, torture him. I stand outside of his house every night. Sometimes I climb the fire escape and watch him sleep. I watch him with his smug smile while I plot what I'm going to do to him. Every time, I feel the hatred and anger boiling up inside of me and I just want to break the glass of his bedroom window and strangle him to death! But then I laugh, because I know that one day I will watch the life leave his eyes. And just like him, I will kill anyone who gets in my way.

Rebeca

I still haven't come to terms with my whole family dying. I have been living on the street because I can't bear to go back to the house where my family was murdered. Sometimes I wish that it was me who was home the day that we were broken into. I wasn't home but someone broke into our house and once they found out my family was

there, he stabbed them to death. He went to jail for a couple of months and posted bail. I know who he is, and I want revenge.

Right now I am standing outside of his door listening to him snore. Then I feel a pull on my shoulder. I spin around and see a young man staring at me.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he said.

I don't know if I should tell him what I am planning to do. But he seems like a freak, like me. I decide to tell him.

"I want to kill the man inside this apartment," I say calmly with a bit of attitude.

"What a coincidence," he said. "I'm here for the same reason. He killed my mother, his wife. And I want revenge. How about you?"

My palms started getting sweaty. "He is your father?" I contemplated whether or not I should tell him about me. I mean he is telling someone who can see his face about murdering someone. Then again, so am I.

"He stabbed my whole family to death while they were at home. He broke into my house and killed them while they were sleeping." It feels good to tell someone this instead of keeping it inside.

"What's your name?" he asked me

"Rebeca, what's yours?"

"I'm Steven." He is still smiling at me. "Do you want to do this together?"

"Any real killer would know that a heavy sleeper like him won't be happily dreaming until midnight. Do you want to meet here at 11:45?" Now I'm smiling too.

"Sure," Steven said. We parted ways and met back at his dad's place at 11:45 just like we had planned. For the time that we were apart, I went back to the alley that I sort of live in and I got a couple of knives, some rope, duct tape, scissors, a lighter, and a stick of TNT that I have been saving for this exact moment.

For a couple seconds I was hesitant. I was thinking logically for once. I mean I am about to go and kill someone for goodness sake. What if we get caught and go to jail! Then I turned back into myself

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and those logical thoughts just vanish from my head.

“Hey, you ready?” he said when he saw me. We were crouched down in the alley at the fire escape by his dad’s apartment.

“Yeah sure,” I said taking a deep breath. We broke into the apartment with ease. The guy didn’t even keep his bolt locked! I was a little bit worried about Steven though, he got this really weird angry look in his eye.

“You alright?” I asked him.

“Hey! What the heck are you doin’ here?” a scream came from the other room.

“Crap,” I said to myself. This is NOT good.

Steven

“Crap,” I said to myself. I was in the living room looking at the pictures of me and my mom and the man whom I’m going to kill. I still can’t call him my father yet. I was murmuring to myself when I guess I got too loud and I must have woken him up. He jumped right up off the couch and straight up tackled me. For a couple seconds I was just wrestling him. He pulled a gun out and pointed it at my head.

“Who are you and what do you-” He stopped speaking and stared right into my eyes.

“Hello Dad,” I said with kind of a frown. I wanted to stab him right then and there, but I hate to admit that I kind of wanted to jump right into his arms and give him the warmest hug ever. But I do. But I didn’t.

“Are you okay?” Rebeca said, storming into the room.

“Leave. Now,” I said to her without taking my eyes off of my father.

“But-” she said with a confused look on her face.

“Look, I said LEAVE!” I am screaming now. I saw tears start to form in her eyes, then she ran away. The only thing I heard after that was a door slam shut. Then my emotions got the best of me. I fully regret what I did next. I turned back towards my father and shot him right between the eyes.

Next thing I knew, I was covered in blood and running down the street. I ran past about a dozen alleys before I heard sobbing coming from one of them. Cautiously, I walked into the alley. I didn’t know who I was dealing with. It might not even be Rebeca in here. But it was.

“What do you want?” she said with a loathing look on her face.

“Look I’m sorry I yelled at you, but I was overcome by my emotions, and-” My voice trailed off. “I killed him...he’s dead.” Her eyes had a hatred in them that no one could describe. For a couple seconds she just stared at me. She didn’t take her eyes off of me.

“You killed him... and now I am going to kill YOU!” Then, while I was off guard, she took a gun out from under her jacket and the last thing that I remember was a faint scream. Then I was gone.

Rebeca

I shot him. I shot Steven. I was so angry that I shot him. That was the first time that I had ever killed someone. Guilt, regret, and sorrow overcame me all at once. I didn’t want to live anymore. I didn’t want to live with this feeling for the rest of my life. So once I came to terms with myself, I did something that I thought that I would never do. I raised the gun that I had in my hand up to my head and pulled the trigger. I barely felt anything. Just a little sting in my ear and that was that. I was dead. But I wasn’t feeling incomplete, I felt rather satisfied. I felt that I had lived out my life completely. From birth to death.

