

## "'Twas the Week Before Christmas"

By John Watkins and Bill Taylor

'Twas the week before Christmas, and in the homerooms  
The students were ranting, "Let's escape from this doom!"  
We're tired of school; We can't take it no more.  
It's time for vacation. Please show us the door."  
When all of a sudden, and not a second soon,  
Who pops through the door, but Mr. Fortuna.  
He says, with a vein popping out of his neck,  
"Why are you eating? Oh no! What the heck?  
You all know my policy. You all know my rule.  
Don't eat in my classrooms. Don't dirty my school."  
Then the teachers being cruel (They were trying their best.)  
Wishing us, "Merry Christmas," as they pass out a test.  
When out in the hall, we heard such a clatter.  
We flocked to the door to see what was the matter.  
There was music coming from straight down the hall.  
It was "Jingle Bell Rock" to the surprise of us all.  
I ran out of the classroom to see who it was.  
It was Submental - my favorite band, cuz!  
Too little too late, I was already caught.  
I hoped this wasn't all that Santa Claus brought.  
As I walked the Green Mile all the comments were mocking.

It looked like detention would be stuffed in my stocking.

Three hours detention I recieved for my wrong.  
It was making me nervous. "I can't wait that long."  
This school's driving me nuts, and I'm going insane.  
I need a vacation to relieve my over stressed brain.  
If I don't leave soon, I'm gonna do something naughty.  
I'll go to the bathroom, but I won't flush the potty.  
The bell's gonna ring, get outta my way, fool!  
I'm leaving for good. I'm leaving this school.  
"Bye Johnson, bye Gurdish, bye Areford, bye Blasko  
Bye Krupa, bye Baker, bye Watkins, bye Laslo."  
Through the cafeteria in a flash past the gym  
Past the auditorium, hey wait, look at him.  
Who is that kid in the purple zoot suit?  
Dancing like James Brown, man what a hoot!  
I stopped in my tracks to ask, "Who are you, if I may?"  
He said, "I'm Saint Nicholas, a.k.a., Dante."  
"Old Saint Nick, you don't say. May I ask, where is your sleigh?"  
"It's in Stevenson's workshop where my elves are working today."  
Elves, yeah ok, pull them out from your hat.  
"What you talking bout, Edith. Your're such a dingbat."

The authors of "The Week Before Christmas" are **Bill Taylor** and **John Watkins**. Although they take school seriously, it is not their only interest. Both enjoy most sports, hunting, camping, and fishing. **John** thoroughly enjoys taking long walks on the moonlit beach on warm summer nights. **Bill** likes to shoot stuff, and is also a valuable asset to the Bentworth High School Baseball Team's corps of benchwarmers. As far as their future is concerned, both are undecided.



As we passed Mr. Jan's room and into the shop  
These little green midgets dropped everything, just stopped.  
In the middle of the table was an unbelievable sight.  
To my eyes disbelief was the sleigh, "Man that's tight."  
"Sure is dog. It's state of the art.  
The only thing missing is the imported part.  
We have a ten-disc cd changer, sub woofs in the back,  
Twenty inch dubs and even a place for my sack.  
Enough of the traditional sleigh, this one's fully loaded.  
I even have a laptop with my Christmas list encoded."  
"But one thing I don't get is why you're dressed like a zoot."  
"Get real, this is suede. Forget that old wool suit.  
Hey man, listen up now and listen up good.  
How would you like to come back to my hood?"  
"The North Pole? You don't say. Is it really that cold?"  
"Find out for yourself. Hop in and take hold."  
As we took off I thought, "I've never seen such a sight.  
Merry Christmas to all. Whoa this beast gets some height."

## The Case of the Missing Short Story

By Zach Stechly

It was Thursday, December 5<sup>th</sup> 2002. I had just finished my English short story, *There and Back Again; A Sean O'Brien Tale*. In it, everyone's favorite protagonist, Sean O'Brien, found an airship that could travel through time. It was a story of many a zany adventure. Having just printed my final copy, I noticed that it was 12:45 AM; time for breakfast. I went upstairs to the kitchen and got myself a snack. On returning to my basement, I noticed something odd; a kangaroo carrying an old man was hopping out the back door. I thought nothing of it, as it was late and the kangaroo was a living creature; it has rights too. What happened next was alarming. My paper was missing. It took me two weeks to think up a topic, let alone write a paper!

"That's the last time that kangaroo gets the best of me." I stated, forgetting that it was also the first. I took little notice to the old man at that point.

Not knowing anything about kangaroos, I began to consider taking back my previous statement. Luckily, that kangaroo did not account for the power of the internet.

Apparently, kangaroos are mammals of the marsupial group. They carry their young in pouches, hop around and are native to Australia.

"Right, Austria, from the Austro-Hungarian Empire! I should buy an airplane ticket right now."

Do not worry; I did not buy anything. Airplane tickets are expensive, plus they do not sell tickets to the Austro-Hungarian Empire anymore for some reason. I wanted the man and the kangaroo that stole my paper, not one straight from the source.

Luckily, kangaroo, even with passenger, leave pretty distinct markings. Why the old man did not choose a better mode of transportation is still beyond me.

I followed the tracks around for most of the morning. "Why wasn't this paper assigned during a warmer month?" I asked myself. Then again, why didn't I lock the door or just print out another copy of my paper? The time for questions was at an end.

I followed the tracks to the abandon warehouse in the Abandon Warehouse District of most stories. Inside was the man whom I was

...continued on page 13