

CRESTWOOD

“DO A GOOD TURN DAILY”

BY: JACOB HAMBLIN '14

You may have noticed some of your homeroom teachers asking for canned goods both this week and last. This is part of the Me to We-sponsored food drive Ms. Williams is running for Crestwood. “The main purpose of this food drive is to bring about awareness of the people in our community who require help, in this case, to feed themselves,” says Ms. Williams.

Me to We’s mission is to create change, beginning at the local level then continuing globally. Ms. Williams is dedicated to the cause, saying, “This club and food drive is near and dear to me because I am very aware of the many local problems in our community and to be able to participate and have a hand in helping people makes this world a much better place.”

The food drive also benefits Crestwood, Ms. Williams says: “It shows our spirit of giving. It allows us to open our eyes and realize that we are not all wealthy and well off. It allows

each individual to show support and be empathetic to others”

Service has always been a big part of my life. One of the main pillars of my faith is service and having charity. Through my church I have had many opportunities to serve. I have been a part of many food drives, service projects, clean-ups, constructions, among others.

One of the most memorable experiences I have had was going to Indiana to help those affected by a tornado. Along with fellow members of my church, the community and my family, I spent a weekend cleaning up debris and clearing fallen trees. I worked primarily on one house and the land surrounding it. By the end of the weekend, we had cleared the vast majority of this particular family’s land and the surrounding area. They were overwhelmed with the amount of help they received and were very grateful for our help. With the help of many helping hands what would have taken months for the family, was accomplished in a matter of days.

The feeling that comes from serving is one of the greatest I have ever experienced. It is true joy, and that differs from happiness. I feel happy when I do well on a test, or in a game, or see something funny on TV or YouTube, but these feelings are fleeting, and need constant stimulation to survive. However, in contrast when I serve and help others feel happy, when I generate a genuine smile, I feel true joy and lasting satisfaction, because I’ve helped ease someone else’s burdens. I am a part of the Boy Scouts of America, a great foundation that helps build boys into great young men. The Boy Scout slogan is “Do a good turn daily”.

Most people, including myself, have a daily to-do list, including such things as exercising, studying, or practicing a skill or musical instrument. Along with these things, I try to follow the slogan of “Do a good turn daily,” whether it is helping someone with a task or simply saying hello, I feel like my day isn’t complete without some act of service. I encourage everyone to follow the slogan and support the drive.

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TRICK OR TREAT?

BY: SYDNEY SWARTZ '16

Today Halloween is a holiday celebrated by children and adults alike. It is filled with smiles, candy, costumes and the popular expression, "Trick or Treat!" Children walk from door to door asking for either a trick or a treat but there is one thing that they are really there for: candy. The sinister origin of Halloween is masked by the exciting atmosphere of the holiday.

Halloween can trace its roots back to the Celtic holiday of *Samhain*. This Pagan tradition was thought to mark the beginning of the Celtic year and the approach of winter. They would bring their livestock from the pastures and gather to build winter shelters. Bonfires and feasting helped celebrate the occasion. During this time new laws were made, traditions and stories were orally passed down, and the holiday marked the reunion of neighbours. This holiday also had religious significance. Fruits, vegetables, grain, and possibly animals were burned as offerings to the gods and goddesses. Certain evidence suggests that the Celts wore costumes of animal skins.

The holiday of Samhain also had a supernatural element. On this date the barrier between the supernatural and the natural world was broken. This was a time where important battles were said to be fought and

where fairies were said to be able to cast spells. It was believed that the dead walked among the living, and were able to converse. The Celts believed that the dead held secrets to the future and were able to predict what was to come in the following year.

As the people evolved, so too did the traditions. When the population was mostly converted to Christianity, the people continued with an evolved form of this holiday known as All Hollow's Eve, which preceded All Saints Day. The Church established this holiday in the 800s.

Certain customs emerged such as feasting or leaving a lantern in a window to beacon to ghosts. During this day observers would visit the graves of loved ones and pay their respects.



As more and more cultures immigrated to the New World, the traditions and celebrations merged together to form a semblance of what we know as Halloween today. Certain traditions included feasts, dances, parades, fireworks and a variety of different

stories about supernatural beings. Halloween first became popular for children in the 1900s. This time of the year became a profitable time for a variety of industries.

Today, Halloween is celebrated by costumes, candy, and doorstep visits. Spirits both friendly and malevolent are said to roam the earth. Who will you meet?

MR. RACHLIS' SPOOKY SLIME RECIPE!

Here's a recipe for Spooky Slime, a gooey creation perfect for the Halloween season.

Gross out your friends after making this oozing, non-Newtonian fluid, with properties of both a liquid and a solid!

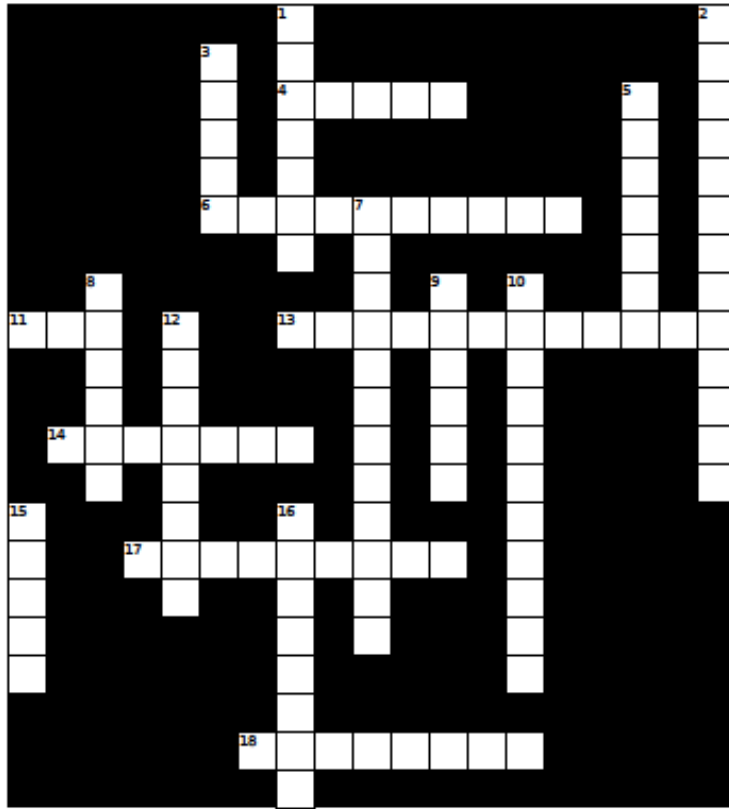
Materials: cornstarch, green food colouring, some water, a large bowl, and a zipper-lock bag

Directions:

- Carefully pour cornstarch into a large, clean bowl.
- Add a few drops of green food colouring.
- Slowly add water to the bowl. Stir the mixture with your fingers.
- Continue adding water until the substance feels like a liquid when mixed.
- Tap the surface of the substance with your finger. When the Spooky Slime is just right, it won't splash.
- If your Spooky Slime is too powdery, add a little more water. If it's too watery, add a little more cornstarch.
- Pick up a handful of your Spooky Slime and squeeze it. It should feel solid. Stop squeezing and it will drip through your fingers like a liquid.
- Carefully clean up all used materials. When you're finished, place your Spooky Slime in a zipper-lock bag and dispose of it in the garbage, and enjoy the ooze!



HALLOWEEN CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 4 A body wrapped with linen
- 6 Friday the _____ (movie)
- 11 What ghosts say
- 13 Hollowed out pumpkin (3 Words)
- 14 They fly on broomsticks and cast spells
- 17 A popular holiday in October
- 18 It turns into an animal at the full moon

DOWN

- 1 Orange squash
- 2 In what town is it Halloween all the time (movie)
- 3 The soul or spirit of a dead person
- 5 Mythological blood drinker
- 7 What kids say when they knock on a door on Halloween (3 Words)
- 8 An animated corpse
- 9 Candy in French
- 10 A famous wizard with a scar (2 Words)
- 12 It is bad luck if one of these crosses your path (2 Words)
- 15 What kids receive on Halloween
- 16 What children wear on Halloween

A DISTASTEFUL MARKETING PLOY

BY: SHELBY FEIGEN '14

As a teenager, I usually have little protest regarding Halloween being the most inappropriate of holidays; but Sarah Palin masks and sexy Ghostbuster's aside, making fun of a serious illness is not something I can stand behind. The outfit, distastefully called "Anna Rexia," includes a skeleton-print mini dress, a headband, and a measuring tape used as a belt. The package also has the tagline, "You can never be too rich or too thin."

Anorexia is a disease, and is certainly one of the deadliest. It is about a person's mental state and the consequences are more than merely physical. It can cause early osteoporosis, kidney failure, digestive system ailments, renal disease, and plenty more. Anorexia is not sexy. This outfit offends me not only as a feminist, but also as an associate of many within the eating disorder community. I find it appalling. Products like this completely delegitimize eating disorders as diseases, and

encourage people to view them as something to mock. There are no costumes being advertised like "Hot Leukemia Patient" or "Sexy Tuberculosis Victim." And why would there be? Those are real conditions.

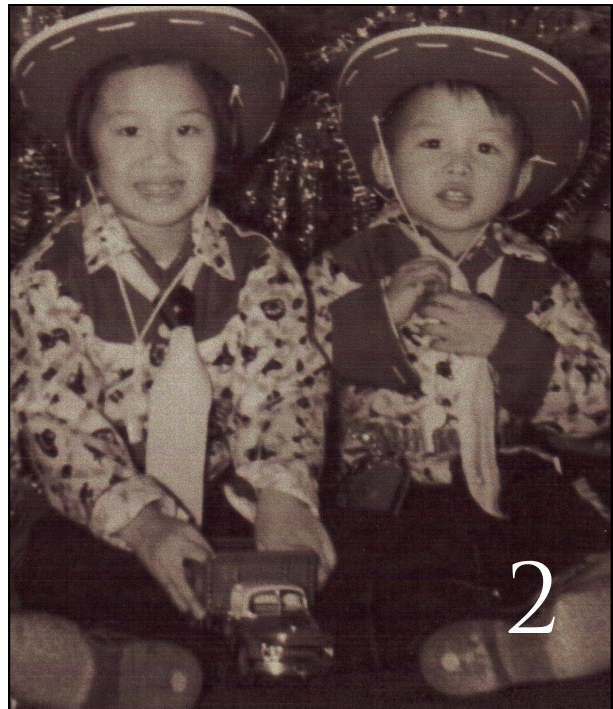
A change.org petition to have the costume removed both online and from stores has received over 30,000 signatures. The petition page includes mortality statistics for anorexia sufferers, pointing out that eight million Americans are living with an eating disorder, most of them women. The reality to anorexia is far from sexy, and this petition is attempting to send a message to the various young women who may be influenced.

Eating disorders are often glamorized by the media or represented as a choice, something to be taken lightly; that is everything they're not. Eating disorders are life-threatening, all-encompassing psychological diseases. "Anna Rexia" represents a sick perspective on illness.

TEACHERS—IN THEIR COSTUMES!

Match the teacher to the photo! Look how cute your teachers were when they were kids!

- A) MR. RACHLIS
- B) MS. SAWKA
- C) MR. DAVID
- D) MR. SCOTT
- E) MR. FONG
- F) MS. COOPER
- G) MR. JULL



TEACHERS—IN THEIR COSTUMES!

Do YOU know who is who?



SHORT STORY: THE SMILE OF TERROR

BY: JAKE PASCOE '14

A deafening silence. I strained to hear but my heart thumped too loudly against the darkness. The harsh huffing of stale breath was all that filled the hallway. The air around me was growing thick. It was slowly filling with a dense steam. My shirt was sticky. I could feel her. Feel her eyes. Stabbing, searing into the back of my wet neck.

I couldn't misstep. I moved so carefully in the dark, heels so slowly and so carefully placed in front of my toes. One after another. My skin pulled in all directions. She is here. I know that she is. I know it was such a terrible certainty.

Forty-five minutes earlier...

It was the hottest day of summer but no one inside the police station would ever know it. The marble floor and the holed ceiling panels kept the cool winter chill of the air conditioning unit a constant. The click-clack of high heels and shiny shoes made their way to a soundproof interrogation room at the end of a long factory of cubicles.

Lifeless policemen working desk jobs hammered on keyboards as absent eyes stared at seemingly pointless work. Heads leaning on hands, eyelids drooping to meet each other, back bones slouching ever forward in row upon row of rolling black chairs.

The building had a surround sound system of phone rings and printing hums. A bright green flash of the copy machine provided the only source of light other than the fluorescent fixtures fogged through a sheet of blurred plastic. They had no idea what was inside the doors at the end of the hallway.

"She's been communicating to our interrogators well but we figured we'd play it safe and bring you in." The police chief was a hilarious stereotype. A furry brown caterpillar sat on a sweaty upper lip, his suit bulged at the buttons, his voice was a low growl.

"Look, I'm honoured and all, but I really don't think I can play much of a role in helping you," I said. I believed what I was saying, but mostly I was just terrified of what was behind the doors.

"You're a linguist, you specialize in this. Help her talk to us. We need to understand." He shoved me into the interrogation room. The door slammed shut behind me and the bang shot through my body. I looked at the mirror glimmering along the wall. I gave both whoever was behind it and whoever was in it looking back at me a reassuring smile.

There she sat, wrists handcuffed to each side of the desk, her dark hair in knots covering her face. Her skin was covered in bruises, dirt and scars. Her white eyes shone through the dirty locks falling down her face. Impossibly wide, impossibly bright.

"We found her on the edge of the road," the police chief's voice echoed in my head. "We thought she was just some little girl that was lost or got hit by a car. It turns out she had been living in that forest since birth. For eight years. A feral human."

I've never used a gun before in my life. My palms squeezed the cold metal so tightly. It can't fall. I can't drop it. I need it.

The darkness that shrouded the hallway was cut for split seconds by a flashing emergency light. I squeezed my eyes shut. I couldn't look. I couldn't bear to see the darkness lit up and have her at the end of the hall. Staring at me. All hope lost.

Thirty minutes earlier...

I sat down in front of her. She smelled terrible. It was an old smile: dusty, moldy. But there was also some kind of a wet undertone to it, a rotting stench that was dark and damp.

"Hi," I said too nervously. "My name is George."

All she did was stare. Never blinking. The darkness of her pupils staring right into mine.

"Can you understand me?" She slowly nodded. "Good. I have a game that I'd like to play with you just to see if you know what I'm saying. Is that alright?" Again her head slowly craned up and down.

I took several flash cards out of my backpack. I looked at the top briefly underneath the table. A tugboat. I flipped it to her quickly.

"What is this?" I don't know why I expected her to answer. To say anything. Her dry lips remained shut. Her face unmoving. "Is this a house?" Her head slowly rotated from side to side. "Good. Is it a boat?" She nodded. I was fascinated.

I looked at the next one. A tree.

"Is this a tree?" She nodded ever so slowly, her face remaining still. I looked at the next one. A family. There was an arrow pointing to the two children.

"Are these cousins?" She shook her head, "Good! Can you say what they are? Do you know what they are?" She nodded slower than ever. "What are they? Come on you can say it. I know you can." Silence. "Br-brother a-"

"Brother and sister," she whispered low and rough like dark dry gravel.

I ran. My eyes still shut but I could feel the cool breeze of the outdoors whistle in through the broken window. I ran to it.

Continued on page 7

POETRY: A FRIGHTFUL NIGHT

BY: MEGHAN KATES '16

There are shadows lurking,
Veiled in black,
And on the steps,
Sits my grinning Jack

I walk outside,
To a cool crisp chill.
The light is fading
But I still have time to kill.

I go inside,
To wait until dark,
I watch the light of the Jack-o-lantern,
Giving off a spark.

Something is building,
Tension stretched like a rope,
A dam ready to break,
Everyone holding onto hope.

Peering from the window,
I see a frightening scene,
Monsters wander freely,
I see ogres a mottled green

The house smells of
Pumpkins seeds galore,
The sharp and pungent odour
Follows me out the door.

I'm met with the scent,
Of leaves wet with mold.
The smell of terror,
Is something to behold.
I see a ghoul and
I meet a ghost,
I can't begin to tell you,
Which frightened me the most.

There are witches cackling
And werewolves howling,
There are princesses waving
And black cats prowling.

I walk up the steps,
Of the first house,
I'm all excited,
But also scared as a mouse.

I raise my fist,
And knock three times,
The sound echoes,
As my anticipation climbs.

The door creaks open,
And all I see,
Is a kind, smiling face,
Looking down at me.

Trick or treat,
I manage to say,
She gives me a candy bar,
And all my worries wash away.

I do this again,
With each new house I see,
By the end of the night,
I'm so full of glee.

All my hopes,
For Halloween came true,
Everything was perfect
And I hope it's the same for you.



THE SMILE OF TERROR, CONTINUED

I felt the skin on my leg split, a piece of glass crunched under my foot. I didn't care. I needed to get out. I needed to get out. The silence was dying. I could hear the pitter-patter of footsteps. Bare feet. Bare hands. I could hear slobbering. The gnashing of teeth. Laughing. I had to run. I had to get out. I had to leave.

Ten minutes earlier...

"Who are you?" She stared, plainly and quietly. Her face immobile. I was growing frustrated. Scared. "Where did you come from?" Nothing. The smell of her was getting worse. The deep moist stench flooded around me. I tried not to breathe it in but that didn't seem like it mattered. It was stuck in my nose.

I stood up and walked toward the mirror. I leaned against it, looking at her. Her head didn't move.

How did she learn to speak? How did she survive on her own for eight years? Who reared her? Wolves? Bears?

Slam.

The mirror behind me shook. I jumped away from it. Staring at it. Through it. A cold dread filled up inside of me. The blood in my face fell to my feet. I turned.

"What is that?"

Her face finally moved. Her scabby lips curled into a terrible smile.

"Brother and sister."

I drove with my eyes still squeezed close, the glass still in my leg, the gun still tight in my palm, my heart still pounding against the darkness. I didn't care if I hit another car, I couldn't be there. I couldn't look into her wide, never blinking eyes. I couldn't see her staring. I couldn't bear to open my eyes and see her in the road. With her brothers. With her sisters.

So I drove. My eyes closed. I had to drive. I had to get out. I had to leave. I had to get away.



OUT IN THE BLACK AND ORANGE

BY: HAILEY FRIEDRICHSEN '14

Halloween was always one of those days you waited for all year. It was the day you could eat as much candy as possible and nobody could say anything. Picking out your costume was one of the most important events that happened leading up to Halloween; since you were going to be marching around school in it you had to look perfect. As a kid I dressed up as a variety of things each year. From being a mime to dice and even being wrapped up in a box to be a present, I have had my fair share of creative costumes!

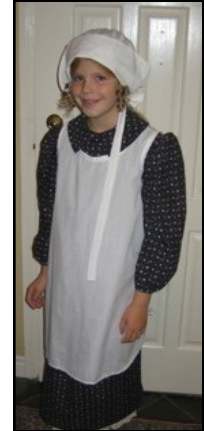
For the past two weeks, everyone has been talking about what they planned to be for Halloween. Eventually we got onto the topic of our favourite childhood costumes and since some of the pictures were so cute I could not leave them out!



Kristen Stribopoulos says her favourite costume was when she was Snow White. She remembers the minute October arrived, she couldn't wait to go and pick out her princess costume from the Disney Store and she was so excited for Halloween that she made her kindergarten teacher start a countdown, which of course she had

to be in charge of. The morning of Halloween, Kristen put on her costume and paraded off to school. Even when she came home after trick or treating she refused to take off her Snow White dress!

Personally my most memorable Halloween is when I dressed up as a pioneer. Looking back on the pictures now I cannot believe that I was so excited to go out with my little bonnet on, but I guess we cannot always explain things we did when we were little. At the time I had some sort of obsession with the whole idea of pioneers: from going on field trips to pioneer village to learning all about the pioneers. I had the whole pioneer dress and apron, but the outfit wasn't complete yet.



My mother decided to curl the sidepieces of my hair, just to add effect. As I walked around my neighbourhood trying to cram as much candy into my pillowcase as possible, I was proud to be a pioneer girl for the day.

Halloween is thought of as a day for kids and even though some of your most memorable costumes may have been when you were a kid, dressing up for a day is fun at any age! Happy Halloween!

HALLOWEEN TRIVIA

- Which of the following was the first wrapped penny candy in America?
 - Smarties
 - Tootsie Rolls
 - Mars bars
- How much money do Canadians spend purchasing Halloween candies?
 - \$500,000
 - \$19 million
 - \$360 million
- Which of the following is a sign of a werewolf?
 - Unibrow
 - Long canine teeth
 - Smooth palms
- From what country did Jack o' Lanterns originate?
 - Canada
 - Germany
 - Ireland



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