

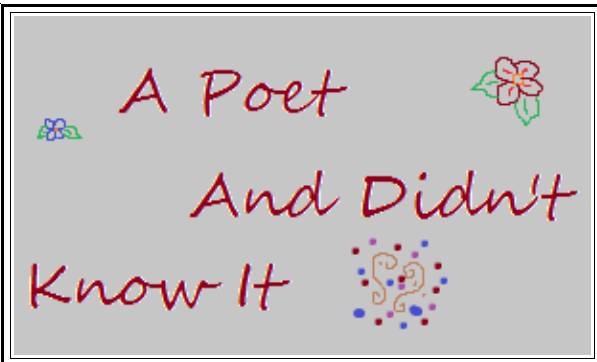
Animalzanian Times

January 2014

News of Interest

The staff of the *Animalzanian Times* are on vacation, but Elyzabeth McDunn has decided to continue writing the Writer's Nook so that you readers can enjoy some stories and poems. The rest of the newspaper will be back in May.

Thank you so much for reading this newspaper!



“How His Love Is Strong”

The waves of life,
Are swift and
Deceivingly sweet,
But Jesus' love
Is sweeter,
His undeceive-able
Love is stronger
Than any other.

His love grows sweeter,
Day by day,
As we fellowship.
Every moment,
Every hour, every day

Bible Verses of the Month

“Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good.”

-Ecclesiastes 9:18

He shows me all the way:
How his love saved me,
How His grace sustains me –
The way His love
Is truly sweet.

-Elyzabeth McDunn

“Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

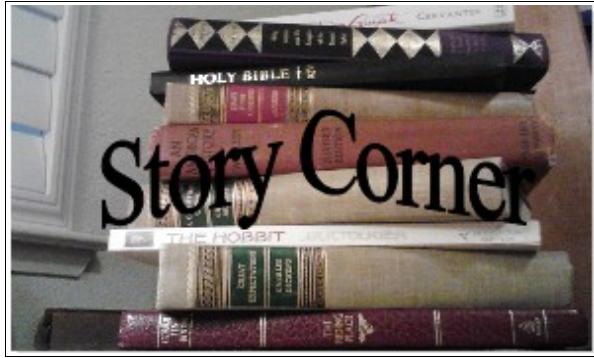
-Emma Lazarus

(This is the poem written on the Statue of Liberty)

“And if I were called upon to identify briefly the principle trait of the entire twentieth century, ... I would be unable to find anything more precise and pithy than to repeat once again:
Men have forgotten God.”

-Aleksander Solzhenitsyn

(Can that be said also of the twenty-first century?)



Title: “What Is Christmas?” Part 2

Author: Elyzabeth McDunn

Polly Walker, an eighth grade student in Heartland Middle School, asked her teacher a question: “What is Christmas?”. This question caused her to be moved into the rehabilitation facility of the school. Though the school administration is hoping that she will stop thinking about the question, Polly finds herself thinking about it all the time...

By now, I had spent a week in the rehabilitation department. I saw no one except for when I went to classes and spoke to no one at all. It was a dreary life as I swiped my ID card to enter and exit my room.

Cameras in my room made me less inclined to speak my thoughts aloud so I often sat sullenly on my bed lost in thought.

Obviously, I was being observed by the administration because of my question, “What is Christmas?” They were possibly hoping I would forget the question, but my new solitary life only increased my contemplating on the controversial subject.

Why the administration – and the government – saw my question as suspicious made me wonder. I knew that my question had caused them to see an error in their system because I never saw or heard of any of the books in which I had discovered the forbidden word *Christmas*.

Often I wanted to just ask my question again so as to get more information, but the penalties and consequences of such an action

always scared me (I knew I was a coward).

I had tried looking on the Internet “What is Christmas?” but the administration must have expected it and blocked my access to the Internet. The next day, they took away my iPad and phone. I had to control myself to keep from laughing at how they “tried” to keep me from finding answers. I knew I was no where close to finding them, especially in Heartland Middle School.

As two more weeks passed, my brain finally couldn't handle it. After the usual classes, I marched grimly toward the principal's office.

“Come in, Walker,” she said.

I walked up to the desk, refusing the seat she had offered me.

“Why do I have the privilege of your presence, Walker?” she asked with a look of interest and, could I say, a gleam of happiness as if she enjoyed the plight I was in.

“I have come to make a statement,” I said.

“A statement,” she said looking at me with more interest.

“Yes,” I took a deep breath and blurted out what I had meant to say. “I can no longer keep myself from seeking answers to my questions. It is clear that I cannot find answers in Heartland so I must find answers elsewhere. What is Christmas? I must know what it is! You say that students here are free to receive answers to *any* of their questions, but it seems as if it is only questions that are relative to your agenda that get answered. That is my statement.”

I paused, breathing hard. The principal's face was pale, and her eyes smouldered. I was sure she never expected any of her students to say what I had said to her face.

Like a storm, she rose from her seat, but seemed to find control over herself as she did. “You may leave, Walker,” she struggled.

“Yes.”

As soon as I turned my back, I heard her dial some number on the phone and say forcefully, "Utter failure. Better watch her."

Who she was, I would have to be dumb not to know it was I. I wondered what "better watch her" meant and thought about buying a laser gun, but then I remembered that the government had banned the civilian's use of weapons.

"Polly Walker," I heard over the school intercom, "please meet the receptionist in Hall A."

I obediently headed to Hall A and went up to the receptionist, but was unable to get there before two armed officers grabbed me by the arms and began to escort me out of the building. It had been a planned trap.

"Young lady, said the officer on my left as soon as we were out of the building, "you are expelled from Heartland Middle School for asking unnecessary questions and disobeying severe rules. You have five minutes to leave the school's grounds, and we have free authority to shoot you down if you are not out in the allotted amount of time.

"The time starts now," said the other officer starting her watch timer. Immediately, they let me loose, and I shot off at high speed for the gate.

Behind me, I heard the snap of the safeties being unlocked on the guns and knew that they were aiming at me. I realized what might have happened to inexperienced students who had to run like this after being expelled. The thought made me sick to my stomach.

From previous PE exercises, I knew that it would take around five minutes to run across the lot to the gate so that meant I had to force myself to top speed or else I would find myself vaporized by the guns (our technological advancements were soaring).

I ran and ran, straining my muscles to their fullest extent. Heart pounding, knowing

that any second, I would hear the sounds of the guns going off and no longer being there.

No longer being there! Where would I be after that? We had been taught all our lives that this life was just right now and then we would become dust. Our lives would be over. There would be nothing more.

Nothing more? I almost tripped. I had never thought about an afterlife. And even now, it struck me that I should never have thought about a god?

Was there a god? What if the teachers, government, the administration were all wrong, totally wrong? If there was a God, He would be wanting me to know it. Was He?

I saw the gate coming nearer. I was a few hundred yards from it.

How many questions had I thought of? What is Christmas? Is there a God? If so who is He?

I reached the gate and passed it. I was safe! Looking back, I saw the officer's putting their guns in their holsters. Hastily, I got out of sight by hiding in the nearby woods.

Here I was expelled from my school and all because I asked the simple question "What is Christmas," and now I wanted to know if there was a God. I was now seeking for answers.

The End of Part 2

To be continued next month...



**Thank you for reading our
newspaper!**

We hope it has been a blessing!

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If you would like to become a member, have a question or comment, or want to send in a fiction article, story (one with morals), or poem to the newspaper, please email:

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Next month's is coming soon!

