

# Scarlet Quill Jr.

April 2021

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## Diversity Reflections

Heidy Velazquez, Evan Fanara, and Joseph Dolch, Lincoln School

Sixth graders reflected on the following questions after reading a chapter of their historical fiction novel *The Watsons Go to Birmingham- 1963* which takes place during the Civil Rights Movement.

- How would you feel if you were separated from your peers or denied certain rights because of the way you looked or because of a set of beliefs you had?
- What are ways that diversity actually makes our lives better?

If I were separated from my peers or denied certain rights because of the way I look I would feel very disgusted and disrespected. I always stand up for what's right so if I were being separated I would most definitely be fighting for equal rights. People shouldn't be treated differently because of their background or appearance because, at the end of the day, we're all human.

Diversity makes our lives better because it allows us to be more open-minded. My friend group from my old school was diverse. I'm Dominican, one of my friends was Korean, another was half Puerto-Rican and half Italian, another was Puerto Rican, another was Chinese, and another was Arabic. Because the friend group was so diverse, we got to learn a lot about each other's background and heritage. Diversity helps us understand more about history in other countries.

-Heidy Velazquez

I would feel sad that people would judge a person just by their skin color. Diversity can help show others that your color doesn't matter and that you can show people some stuff that would amaze them even if you are different.

-Evan Fanara

I would feel angry and sad at the same time if I could not be around my classmates because of the way that I looked. I would also feel mistreated if I could not do the same things as other students in my grade because of the way I looked or what I believed in.

Diversity can make our lives better by being with others that could be just like you that have the same problems or personalities even if you are all different. You could end up being really good friends if you spend a lot of time together.

-Joseph Dolch

## Brother and Sisters of All Color Unite Once Again

By Ashley Pujols, Lincoln School

Brothers and sisters of all color unite

<p>Peer Reviewed</p> <p>Roosevelt School: Afreen Akhtar Layan Nashawi Julianna Ricca</p> <p><b>School Newspaper Advisors</b></p> <p>Grant School: Mrs. Barrera Mrs. Gerard</p> <p>Lincoln School: Mrs. Suarez Mrs. Centrella</p> <p>Roosevelt School: Mrs. Argila Mrs. Haase Mr. Kenny</p> <p><b>Final Edits by:</b> Mr. Cata Dr. Ferraro Mrs. Hernandez</p>	<p>Brothers and sisters of color please talk Don't give each other a nasty look Don't move your child to the side Brothers and sisters of all color stop the violent protests Brothers and sisters of all color I beg stop fighting Brothers and sisters of all color people all over the world will see you destroy this nation Brothers and sisters of all color don't you see that even children are seeing you do this with horror in their eyes? The choices you've made weren't the best can't you see? Now is the time to change who you are for the better Brothers and sisters of all color we must take care of one another in these dark and sad times We must lift each other up when we can As Martin Luther King Jr. once said, we should be judged by the content of our character not by the color of our skin. If our nation thought like this, our nation would be incredible.</p>
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**Ms. Know-it-all**  
**An Anonymous Roosevelt Student Whom Knows It All**



Dear Miss Know It All,  
What is 5th grade like?  
-Jordin

Dear Jordin,

Well, 5th grade will move smoothly as long as you work hard! Make sure you always understand the lesson. Ask questions when you need to! Pay attention. With this virtual learning program, school is so much more difficult! Each teacher will have a different way of teaching, so you must adapt, and learn at the pace the teacher is teaching! Try and finish all work in class! Do not be on your phone, or be doing anything else while in class. As long as you try your best, and work hard, 5th grade should be a breeze!

-Miss Know It All

Dear Miss Know It All,  
Is 6th grade hard?  
-Julianna

Dear Julianna,

Well, 6th grade is in fact harder than grades before. You still have to work hard and try your best. It all depends on whether or not you pay attention. If you're always on your phone, (or doing something else in class) when you should be paying attention, you're not going to understand the lesson! You might be completely confused, and sometimes, the teachers will explain once to the whole class, and not again. So, make sure you pay attention and don't be on your devices. 5th and 6th grade are the grades that try to prepare you for high school. The lessons will very much be more complicated (and confusing). Other than that, 6th grade is pretty cool!

-Miss Know It All

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Dear Miss Know It All,  
What are ways to handle my anxiety?  
-S

Dear S,

This pandemic has surely caused anxiety. *Try and stay active.* Regular exercise is good for your physical and emotional health. *Get some sleep!* Try doing these things before you sleep: keep your room dark and cool, write down your worries before going to bed, go to sleep at the same time each night, only sleeping at night when you're tired, don't read or watch television in bed, don't use your phone, tablet, or computer in bed, stop tossing and turning in your bed if you can't sleep; get up and go to another room until you feel sleepy. *Meditate.* A main goal of meditation is to remove chaotic thoughts from your mind and replace them with a sense of calm and mindfulness of the present moment. Meditation is known for relieving stress and anxiety. *Practice deep breathing.* Shallow, fast breathing is common with anxiety. It may lead to a fast heart rate, dizziness or lightheadedness, or even a panic attack. Hope this helps!

-Miss Know It All

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Dear Miss Know It All,  
Ms.Know-it all , could you please tell me if I'm going to pass the grade ?? Yes or No ?  
-Y

Dear Y,

I cannot tell whether you will pass or not, that is up to your teachers and you! But I will say this. You must work hard, and do your best. Don't be on your devices, or be doing something else during class. These things result in failing. Good luck!

-Miss Know It All

Dear Miss Know It All,

I'm having some problems with my cousins. They never seem to wanna talk to me. Half the time when they want to talk, I'm busy. What doesn't help is that they live in Egypt which is halfway across the world! So our time zones are very different. Please don't email my parents, but helping me out in a different way would work! How do I get my cousins to talk to me?! It breaks my heart when I can not speak to them. I mean most of the time, one of my cousins will talk to me. But like I said, sometimes I can't talk. He's usually the one that hangs out with me though! He's like my big brother. Literally half the time I say "Hey big bro!" He's the one who showed me such good songs and made me laugh with tears of joy!

-Contact Trouble

Dear Contact Trouble,

I bet your cousins want to talk to you, who knows? They might be busy when you're not! Try talking / texting / calling them between 11 AM - 2 PM. The times there should be between 6 PM- 9 PM. Make sure, next time you talk to them, to try and set up days and times whereas you talk over the phone. If you're busy one day, let them know. If they're busy, they should let you know. Make sure to let them know how you're feeling as well. Let them know that you miss talking to them, and wish they could talk more.

-Miss Know It All

Where are they now?

Scarlet Quill Jr.

February 2021

## Where is he now?

By: Jillian Wagner, Grant School

### Drew Wagner, Class of 2018

After Drew left Grant School, he attended RPJSHS until the 8th Grade. In 2020 he started at The Applied Technology High School located on the campus of Bergen Community College in Paramus. Drew is studying Engineering.



(Drew at Grant School in 2018)

Food Review

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**Bob-O's Review**

**By Roni Tamsen and Andrew Alonso, Lincoln School**

Bob-O's is a relatively new cheesesteak restaurant. This new restaurant located at 252 Main Street has a lot to offer. While I haven't tried everything on the menu, I have tried the classic Bobo. This cheesesteak is rather good in my opinion and costs \$11.99. If you are a vegetarian, they also have "The Veggie" (\$11.99). It offers eggplant and roasted sweet peppers, as the name implies. One of the most unique sandwiches is "The Ron Man." It features shaved ribeye, chicken fingers, mozzarella sticks, honey mustard, and American cheese all stuffed into a single sandwich and is also the most expensive item on the menu (\$13.99).

The Bob-O's menu is not just full of sandwiches. Instead of only serving sandwiches, the menu includes appetizers, kids' meals, and salads. The kids' meals have proportions appropriate for children and provide options such as grilled cheese and chicken tenders. Although, I do think that they could have added a little more seasoning on the grilled cheese and chicken tenders. They offer some healthy options as well. Some salads are "The Iceberg salad" and "Mixed greens Bob-O salad."

When I say this is a new restaurant, I mean it is new! In fact, it opened approximately three to four months ago and has gotten its fair share of attention. This proves that Bob-O's is a great addition to our neighborhood.

*Biography*

*Scarlet Quill Jr.*

*February 2021*

## **Oprah Winfrey**

**by: Cyan Harewood Akinrele, Grant School**

Oprah Winfrey is a talk show host, media executive, actress and billionaire philanthropist. Oprah is well known for her talk show "The Oprah Winfrey Show" it was around for 25 years from 1986 to 2011. She started out with a poor, hard childhood and now is world wide known.

Oprah Gail Winfrey was born in the rural town of Kosciusko, Mississippi, on January 29, 1954. She had a rough childhood while living in a small farming community with her mother, Vernita. So, Oprah moved to Nashville to live with her father Vernon who was a barber and a businessman. In 1971 Oprah went to Tennessee State University. Then she began working for the television broadcasting in Nashville. Oprah never got married, but at the age of 14 gave birth to a child who sadly died at a young age. Winfrey is the richest African American Woman on the planet. She is also this first black female billionaire.

### **Fun Facts**

- She has Globophobia, a fear of balloons.
- Her first job was working at a grocery store.
- She hates gum chewers. She once told People Magazine, "It makes me sick just to think about it. When people chew loudly or smack it and pull it out their mouth, that's the worst."

*Poetry*

*Scarlet Quill Jr.*

*February 2021*

## **Snow Reflections**

**By Angelyna Baffo, Lincoln School**

Around 2 days ago,  
At this very moment,  
I really thought that  
We would get snowed in.  
It fell and fell,  
The never- ending crystals,  
There was so much,  
No matter how you tried,  
You could not miss it.  
While shiny icicles hung from rooftops,  
Snow kept coming down,  
A white blanket, enveloping the world.  
Would it ever stop?  
Night and day, from twelve to twelve,  
I sat and watched it drop.  
But in my head I kept wondering,  
Would it ever stop?  
The next morning I woke up,  
And to my surprise,  
The snow had really died down,  
Pushing back my surmise.  
Not again did I have to wonder,  
About the horrid thought:  
"The snow is so much,  
Icy cold to the touch,  
Would it ever stop?"

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## **Snow**

**By Mateo Millon, Lincoln School**

Soft white covered stairs  
All the snow falling so fast  
Scraping to the side

**The World In Today's Eyes**  
**By Afreen Akhtar, Roosevelt School**

The world today is not pretty,  
It's quite a pity,

People get shot for no reason,  
And others are held for treason,  
Some are being treated unfairly,  
And others are letting it happen,  
Our freedom is being challenged,  
Our rights are being violated,  
Our characters are being concealed,  
Our globe has been taken over,  
By an invisible foreign killer,  
Millions of people have lost their jobs,  
Where millions other lost their lives,  
Kids haven't seen their peers,  
Nor have gone to school,  
Nearly one year has passed,  
And normalcy has not been replaced,  
This is what we see in the eyes of today,  
It's all up for display.

**Quarantine**  
**By Bretlee Rodriguez, Roosevelt School**

This past year has been rough.  
Quarantining can be tough.  
Week after week, month after month.  
Busy doing nothing from morning until night.  
Our life feels detached and it is not the same.  
Feeling alone, what a shame.

One thing that helps me not feel alone is to remember that the key is self love. You have to love yourself first before loving anyone else.

Being alone is temporary and staying safe and saving lives is primary.

We are all in the same storm but not the same boat.

Reminding ourselves to help each other and sticking together will help us keep afloat.

*Letter to a Former Teacher*

*Scarlet Quill Jr.*

*February 2021*

## **Letter to a Former Teacher**

By: Tianna-Marie Mejias, Grant School

Dear Ms. Teacher,

Hope all is well during this pandemic. This is Tianna-Marie, your favorite student. I'm currently attending Grant School in Ridgefield Park. It's a bit different since we are learning from home. My reading has improved a lot. I know you like the sound of that. In my reading class we are reading a novel called Frindle. It's a funny book about a boy who called a pen a "Frindle." I thought of you while reading this book and made many connections.

The teacher, Mrs. Granger gave the student, Nick, a hard time. You did the same, but in a sweet way. You challenged me to the next level in reading. You never gave up on me. Now, I enjoy reading and my grades have improved so much. My new teacher, Mrs. Barrera introduced me to Raz-Kids which I enjoy so much. I'm able to gain points and design my own avatar.

While I was reading Frindle it reminded me of your class and how you used to give so much homework. Even though I was buried with homework, I realized that it made me a better student. The same way Nick realized Mrs. Granger was on his side in the end. I love being your student. Your class was very memorable to me.

Sincerely,

Tianna-Marie Mejias

*Historical*

*Scarlet Quill Jr.*

*February 2021*

## **A History of Roosevelt School**

By Reiarina Singh, Roosevelt School

Have you ever wondered about Roosevelt School's history, like who built it or how old the school is? Well, the school was first built on March 30, 1920. In February 1921, about 250 students were enrolled in the school. Then, in 1953, the school added a gymnasium and eight additional classrooms. The first principal was Mr. S. Ellen Hancy who held the position for about a year. By October 29, 2002, Roosevelt school added thirteen new classrooms and became a school for grades K-6. Since 2010, the school has had over 300 enrollments yearly. As for school activities such as field day, field trips, etc., they all started from the early 2000's. And....that's a fun fact!! Hope you enjoyed our amazing school's history and learned something new.



## First Day Jitters

By: Aki Mihara, Grant School

It was a cold crisp morning and Sasha was so nervous about going to school. There was nobody she knew, and there wasn't anybody to stand up for her. Her legs twitched as she hugged her mother good-bye and slowly got on the bus. On the bus she slid into one of the empty seats for two people. She put her backpack on the seat next to her hoping that nobody would sit beside her. In her old school she was nicknamed Miss. Shy. Although Sasha hated that, it also meant that teachers would keep an eye on you and she liked that because then nobody would bully her. When the bus arrived at school, they lined up and walked into the gymnasium. Suddenly, one of the candidates for the school captain noticed her.

"Are you new to the school?" she asked, and with a brief pause she said, "Well hi! My name is Yshe Yoek. I am running as a captain, you see. I will create the best class in the world. I will make everybody stand up with me to argue with each other, teachers, principals, counselors, and superintendents to determine if we are right or wrong. Kids must have equal rights; just as adults do, right? Well, are you going to join my VFYY group? It stands for Vote for Yshe Yoek. Well if you want to join; come to my desk in the classroom and sign an oath; it's simple.... Want to know what the oath says? Here, take a copy." Yoek then gave her two Princess YY flyers. Note of Yshe Yoek, as it was titled said,

*"Note of Yshe Yoek- "Sign this piece and you will get rewarded; find this piece and fortune will come; follow this piece and you hope will appear. Trust your fine, magnificent, elegant adviser, captain, and president but side with them or you will receive torture."*

The other note, titled Oath for all residents of Fieldside Elementary School, said

*Oath for all residents of Fieldside Elementary Schools, I proclaim from this day and forever that I will live under Yshe Yoek's ruling and will obey anything she wants I, \_\_\_\_\_ to do. I can not go back or flee from the empire, now that I signed the oath.*

*Name printed: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_*

*You must bring this slip with you to Yshe Yoek's desk and sign it there.*

When Sasha had just finished reading that slip of paper, a girl with dark, brown hair, nice brown eyes, someone Sasha guessed to be in 6th grade, came up to her with a binder tucked nicely under her arm and a pen neatly folded in her hand.

"May I have your name?" asked the girl, in a sweet, soft voice. She flicked to a page in her binder with her smooth, white fingers and her hand drew up to a writing position.

"M-My name is S-Sasha," answered Sasha trembling. The girl scribbled her name on a loose leaf paper that was assembled on her binder. Looking up, she noticed that it would be better if she gave Sasha a slip.

"Here, take this paper. If you are interested, please come to my desk. I am in 6th grade and have Mr. Joseph Meadow for homeroom. Recess is the best time to come." Then after there was a twinkle in her eye, she said,

"Did Yoek give you a "Princess YY flyer" as she likes to call it?" When Sasha nodded with guilt in her eyes, the girl said with a mysterious twinkle, "Yoek and I are running against each other. She is one of the most popular girls in the whole school. I am not popular; not in that way, but I hope you won't go on the bad side; although that's your choice."

After giving Sasha a slip of long paper, a homemade candy bar, and a few more directions, the girl headed off towards another loner student. Taking a quick look at the schedule she made at home when classes were posted, Sasha noticed that there was a good half an hour before she needed to head to homeroom. "I guess I'll get a snack and read this slip," she thought. After buying two apples and a fruit container, she sat at a far away table for one person. Gently putting the backpack on the floor, and her coat on the back of the seat, Sasha got a fork out of

her bag and opened up the fruit container. She started eating the peaches, grapes, pears, and apples, some of her favorite fruits. Then she started reading the slip.

*Dear Reader,*

*If you are reading this slip, it means that I choose you to help me campaign for the captainship for the year. I hope you are going to side with me to be more loyal to teachers, and staff who work in our great school. We need to help our school stay open because many other schools near us are shutting down to virtual and that is stressful. If we want to stay in person with our friends, we ought to protect our school.*

*My name is Minerva Andrews. I am in sixth grade. I hope you will help me fight some unfair rules and change them into more "approvable" rules. If you find anything that you think is unfair come to Mr. Joseph Meadow's home room.*

Sasha stopped reading and looked up. Yshe Yoek was sitting at a table that was only three feet away, but she didn't see her. A relief smile spread across her face. Although there may be enemies; school seemed to be better off than she ever imagined.

Fiction: Thriller

Scarlet Quill Jr.

February 2021

## A DAY

by: Mila Beltre, Grant School

One day I was walking by my old school, you know, taking a morning jog, but something seemed off. I usually see no one around the school but the door of the school was open. Since it was open, I thought I'd leave it alone, but then I heard a lady screaming in fright. I went in, while I was walking towards the entrance, I asked myself, "What the heck is going on?" or "Maybe the lady was just watching a scary movie with the kids since they have aftercare."

I knew something else was going on. I saw a red stain on the door that I don't remember ever being there. I didn't have time to think about that because I was startled by the pounding sound of footsteps. "Hey Ms. London," said the voice. I turned and there was Mrs. Shidoo, my 3rd grade teacher. I couldn't believe she was still working as a teacher in the same school. There was a rumor going around town that Mrs. Shidoo wore a pendant that looked like an upside down cross.

I answered, "Hey Mrs. Shidoo, How are you? How's the baby?"

"Oh he's great, excellent actually, he just turned one two weeks ago. I sent you and your family an invitation to his party. "Why didn't **you** come?"

"I was actually busy with my baby nephew, and with all due respect, Mrs. Shidoo, please don't yell at me."

"My darling, you will regret saying that. I suggest you sleep with one eye open tonight," she warned.

I turned and walked away, when I looked at the entrance again, she disappeared. I wasn't scared, I knew Mrs. Shidoo played pranks a lot, so I walked back home in peace, until...

I woke up, and realized I was in the hospital. The doctors told me I had been hit by a car. I was fine, and luckily, I was able to leave the hospital later that day.

In the car, on the way home, I heard the radio go static and then, a voice singing on it.

"One, two Shidoo's coming for you, three, four better lock your door, five six grab some sticks, 7,8 gonna stay up late, 9,10 never sleep again."

I thought the tune sounded familiar, but instead, it said Shidoo. Thankfully, the radio turned back on, and "She's a Little Runaway" played.

I got home, made myself a protein shake and had a banana. Night came, and I went to bed. Oh, no! There was something under my bed. I looked under and gasped. A lady that resembled a Samara came out from beneath my bed and closed my bedroom door. I tried reaching out towards her so many times and missed. After what seemed like an eternity she vanished. Was she somewhere else in my house? Will I ever know? Hmm...

## Across the Country

**By: Ariana Salas, Grant School**

My name is Cassie, short for Cassandra. I have a sister named Rose and my mom's name was Bella. Our last name is Valentine. Rose and I are 15 and we are twins.

I have a baby white labrador named Ellie and a black and white horse named Midnight. Rose has a black and brown Yorkie named Bear and a white and gray horse named S'mores. They are pretty much all I have. My dad lives somewhere in Washington and we live in Maine. We have never met him because he left when we were still babies.



My puppy, Ellie



Rose's puppy, Bear



This is Midnight



This is S'mores

I have dirty blonde wavy hair with blonde highlights and hazel eyes. I think my dad has hair and eyes like mine. Mom didn't look like me and I have never met my dad. Rose looks like a miniature version of mom. She also looks like our Aunt Dahlia, mom's sister.

You might have noticed that whenever I talk about my mom I say "was" because she died 3 months ago. Rose and I believe that our aunt poisoned mother, so she could have all of mom's money. Unfortunately, she is our only living relative because they couldn't find my dad, so we had to go live with her.

Our Aunt Dahlia lives in a big mansion but is very greedy so she makes us live in a small basement room that only fits 2 sleeping bags for us, Ellie and Bear.

*Okay so let's start the story:*

"Come on," Rose said, pulling my arm. "Okay, Okay." I answered, "but we have to be careful."

"Mhm, yeah," she said, already putting the leash on Bear. I rolled my eyes disregarding her carelessness. I pulled on my sweater and took out Ellie's leash. I whistled for Ellie, who was lying on my sleeping bag. She lifted her head and came bounding over. I bent down and clipped her leash onto her collar. She barked and jumped around, knowing that we were going outside. "Shhhh," I said as Bear started barking alongside Ellie. I put my hair into a ponytail and sighed.

"Okay let's go," I said carrying Ellie, "and quietly."

"Yeah, we know Cass," Rose said innocently.

Last time she was too loud and got us caught. We tiptoed out the door and into the corridor. We reached the back door without incident. I slipped a bobby pin out of my pocket and into the lock. I twisted it until it clicked and swung open. We were all so glad to be outside. "It's a nice day," Rose said.

"I know," I replied, taking a deep breath. I took a few steps down the pathway leading to the woods. Rose grabbed my arm and shook her head. "No one is supposed to go into the woods."

"I know," I said, before she could reprimand me from even thinking about going down there. She sighed and said, "Let's go visit Smores and Midnight."

"Okay," I said happily, glad to take my mind off the woods. We walked down the slope to the barn where eight horses were grazing. On our way down I picked an apple and took a bite from it, the sweet juice from it making my mouth water. By the time we reached the barn I finished half of it.

None of the horses that were outside grazing were Midnight or Smores, so we went into the barn. Luckily, the stableboy was out with a fever today so it was empty. Inside the barn were five

different pens, each fit two horses. Inside the only occupied stall were Midnight and Smores, sleeping soundly. I gave a low whistle to let them know that we were there. They lifted their heads and trotted over. I gave the rest of my apple to Midnight.

As I was about to take Midnight out of her pen, we heard the crunching of leaves. I pulled Rose behind a tree and motioned for her to be quiet. We peeked out from opposite sides of the tree. It was only our aunt. I had to clamp Ellie's mouth shut so she wouldn't bark and growl. I was afraid she might notice us, but she was too busy talking on the phone. "Yes, yes" she was saying, "They will be at the school by tomorrow night, I am sending them off in half an hour." There was a murmur from the phone before she said "They are fifteen, the school should make them miserable." She laughed (or more like cackled). At that moment I realized that we were going to be sent off to a boot camp. Oh, no! Suddenly, I knew what we had to do, we had to run away.