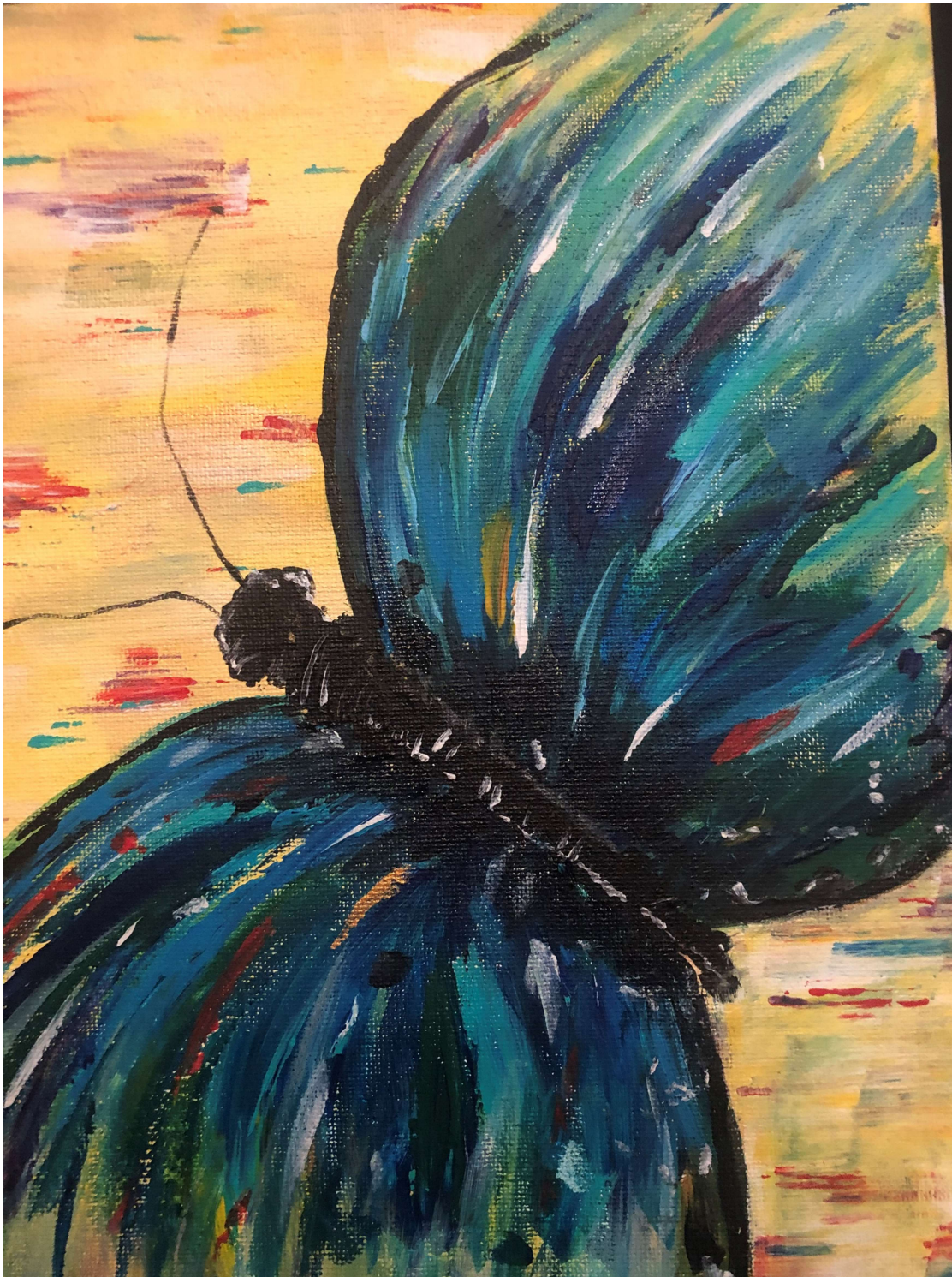
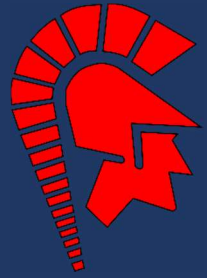


Trojan Horse Magazine

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News and Notices

Technology Troubles?

If you have any problems with your technology, like a broken stylus or your computer not working right, contact the SW Tech department at SWCSTech@swcsk12.org

Reply All – Please Don’t

Some students’ and teachers’ email inboxes are getting filled with people hitting “reply all.” This makes it harder for everyone to find their assignments and important information. Show respect for your friends and teachers by just clicking “Reply.”

Nonfiction Buddy Reads

Looking for something fun to do with a friend when you can’t meet in person? Try buddy reading a nonfiction book.

On Sora, there is a large collection of books that you can read the same time as your friends. Try reading a cookbook or drawing book together. Then send each other photos of your drawings or the meals you make.

To find great nonfiction buddy reads:

- Go to Soraapp.com and log in with your computer log in.
- Click “Always Available” to see the books with unlimited copies.
- At the top, you can narrow the book selection. Click “More,” and then choose “Juvenile nonfiction” from the drop down menu.

Resilience – Word of the Month

Our PBIS word of the month is “resilience.”

What is resilience?

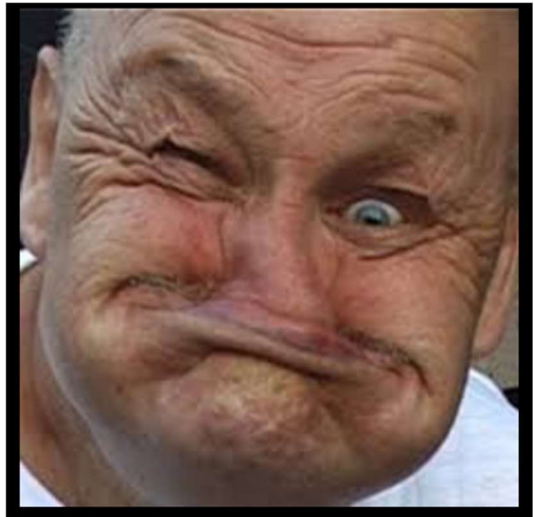
Resilience is the ability to recover quickly from difficulties and challenges.

In life, we all face many challenges and difficult situations. Resilience helps us use those challenges as an opportunity to grow.

Here are some strategies to help you build your resilience:

- Form relationships with friends who help bring you up and when you’re down
- Practice mindfulness and being aware of what you’re doing and feeling
- Help others
- Maintain a hopeful outlook
- Learn from the past

Look for more about resilience from the PBIS team coming soon.



**That moment when you
realize it's April Fools' Day**

Meme by Chase Kartesz

GUESS THE PET!

Guess which pet belongs to which member of the Southwestern Middle School community!



1. Bunny



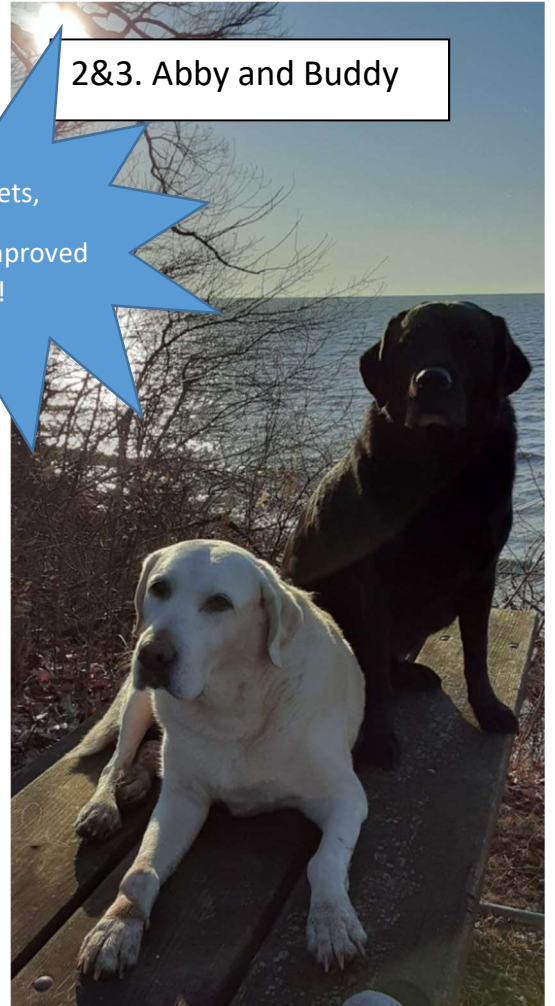
4. Minnow



6. Fenway

2&3. Abby and Buddy

Same pets,
New and Improved
Quiz!



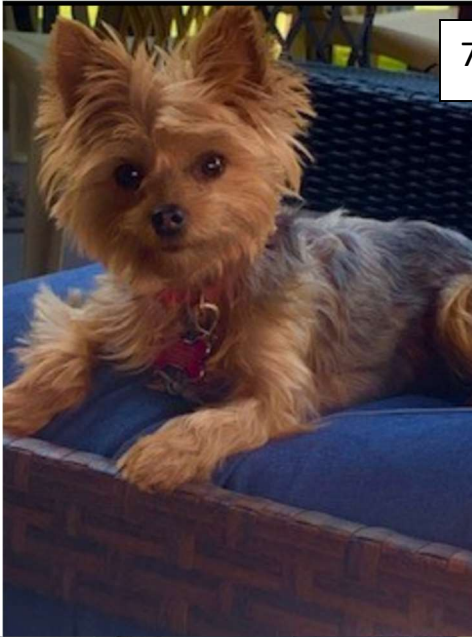
5. Wrigley



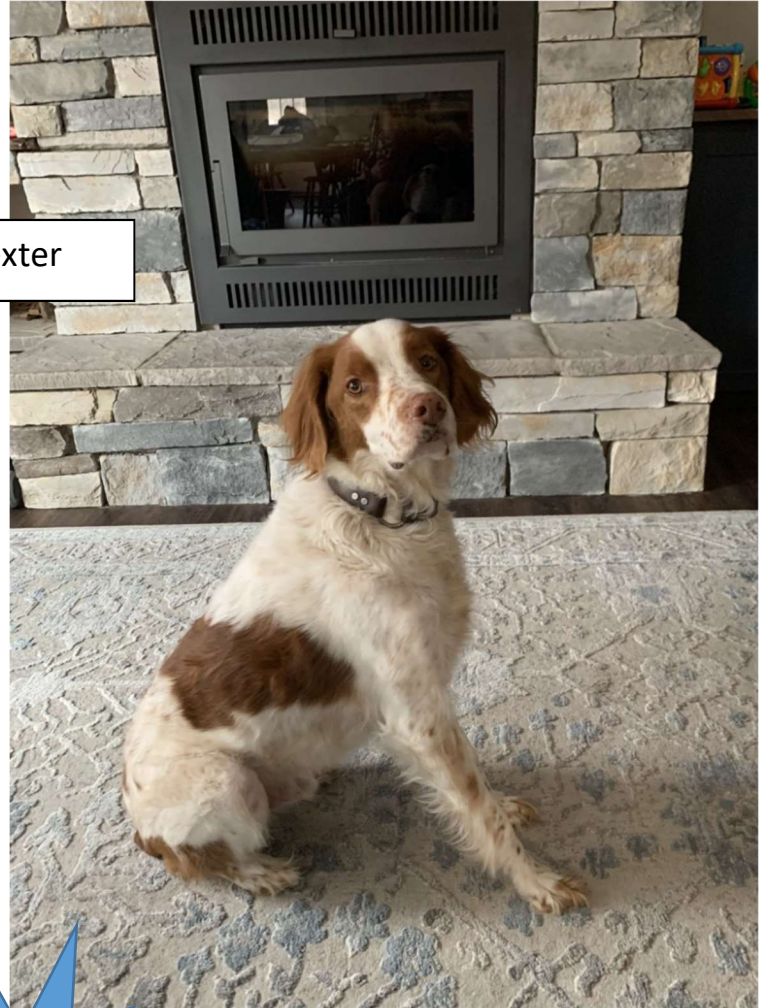
Yes, they're the same as last week! Our quiz was too hard! Try again with our new and improved multiple choice form!

[Fill out the form here](#) or find the link in the email that brought you this magazine.

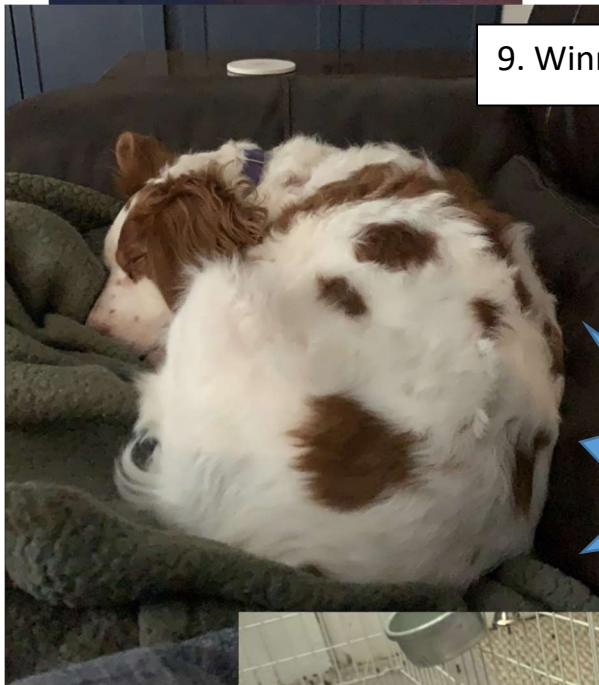
Answers will be posted in next week's issue along with a new set of pets!



7. Mollie



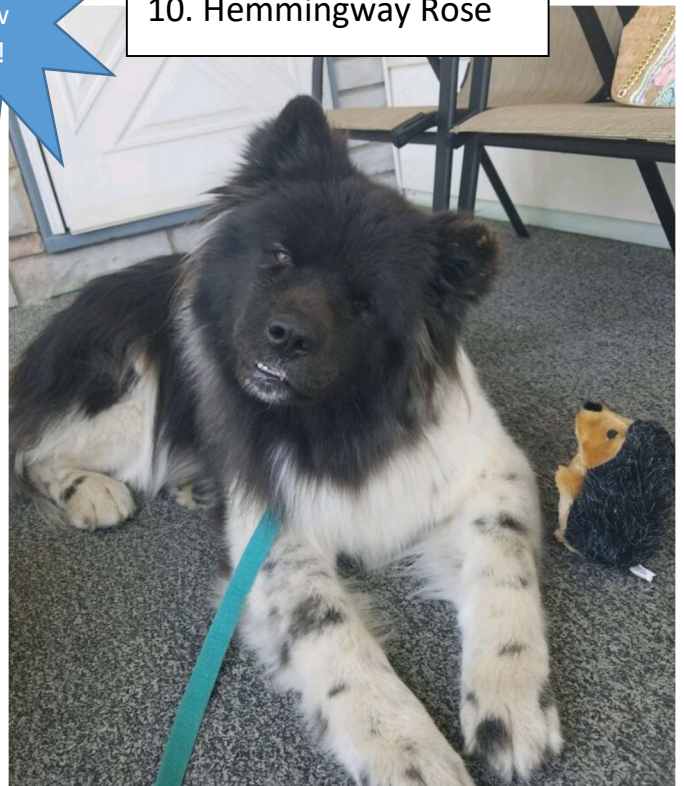
8. Dexter



9. Winnie

Go to the
form now
to guess!

10. Hemmingway Rose



11. Rory Arthur
Williams III



Commotion in Arrowburg

By Ethan Lohnes

Introduction

It was a bright, sunny evening in Arrowburg, a small town in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It is home to 1,252 people with no access to the outside world. Arrowburgians live off eating a fixed diet of bread and bananas. It is home to a great detective named Gerald Jenkins. He's 45 years old, his height is 6' 11", and he weighs 273 pounds. He started his job at 21. His first was when there was a commotion at a bank. A robber had stolen some cash and Detective Jenkins was put to work. Jenkins found many clues to consolidate in order to find out who the robber was and where he or she was. He eventually got enough clues to find the robber. Being a detective was Gerald's destiny.

Chapter 1

Just Another Day

In Arrowburg, Gerald Jenkins, the greatest detective in Arrowburg, walks to his home in the dark, looking up at the night sky and seeing the millions of twinkling stars. He had just gotten out of work when he finished Case #164 and had figured out the culprit of the crime, Judice Lamprey, who robbed a jewelry store and was hiding out in the basement of a friend's house. Detective Jenkins went to Judice's friend's house and arrested Judice and her friend and put them in Arrowburg Jail. Closing the barred doors was closing his 164th case and he will wait for his 165th case in his house on Elm Street.

The next day, Gerald looked at the Arrowburg Gazette, the only newspaper that is produced in Arrowburg, and he read the front headline: DETECTIVE JENKINS DOES IT AGAIN! He smiles and reads the rest of the article. "It was just another day doing detective work," Jenkins thought happily, sipping his banana smoothie. He wore the regular garb, a Hawaiian shirt and khaki shorts. He was slightly tan, had a sharp pointed nose, and seaweed-green eyes. Detective Jenkins always carried a pencil and a small, black, notepad in case he had to quickly go to the Arrowburg Agency of Detectives or the AAD.

Of course, there were other detectives in Arrowburg like Detective Jonson and Detective Sampson, but Detective Jenkins was their first resource to call if there was a case since, he was the best detective on their small island. The other detectives were there in case Jenkins was being held captive or just missing or sick etc. Jenkins specialized in just about anything any detective could do, he could solve any crime. Some people even call him Just Right Jenkins! The AAD had a hotline to the residence of Gerald Jenkins.

To Be Continued...

Artwork by Gavin Anderson



IN THE NEW YORK COUNTRYSIDE

By Addison Brassard
March 17, 2020

Winding roads take your beat-up Honda through the hills as the sky clears itself of clouds. The trees to your sides offer shade from the sun's incoming beams, but as you turn you're forced to pull on your sunglasses anyway.

As you make the final turn, your car's tires squeal in protest. You lean back against the headrest with a huff; the car needs some new parts, you know that, but you have neither the time nor money to do it right now, so you'll both have to suck it up. Besides, that was the last bend until the house, and you'll do much better on smoother roads. Heading out of the hills, an angry ray of light aims for your eyes, and you blink hard to clear your vision.

It's almost as though you've entered a whole new state: the shade and narrowness of the hills' close roads give way to open fields framed with vibrant red, orange and gold trees. Occasionally you see a small house, usually all by itself, with shutters waving in the wind or neat yards boasting crisp, healthy flowers. You spot a few deer grazing lightly about a dozen yards to your left, and they lift their heads as you pass. The yellowing tallgrass blows for miles.

Twenty minutes of driving eventually leads you to your location. You pull into a dusty dirt driveway and kill the Honda's engine, then reach for the bottle of Pepsi you bought at the old corner store just before hitting the hills. The sweet liquid hits your mouth with a sharp fizz, and you down nearly a third of the bottle. It's not your favorite drink, but it was what the store had, and you need sugar to get through this trip. You set it down, swallow hard, and with shaky hands you open your door.

An ancient two-story looms over your head. The grey paint on its exterior peels after so many

years of weather have passed it by. The shutters are off their hinges and falling, the windows are caked in dust and the porch looks to be two steps away from giving out, but that doesn't change anything to you. To you, it's still as beautiful as it was twenty-eight years ago. It's still as lively as it had been before your parents sold it, insisting they no longer needed a big house if you were heading to college. Somehow, a piece of you still calls it home, even though you haven't been here in a decade.

Maybe it's the adrenaline or the Pepsi's sugar that help you move, but you start walking across the unruly lawn toward the door. The wooden steps creak as you climb them, threatening to give way, but they hold for you. You pull the old key off your keyring and jam it in the lock with a wobbling hand. Above you, the sky turns the lightest of blues and the horizon glows a soft yellow, a sure sign the sun's setting soon. You give yourself a half hour, tops.

The massive wooden door lets out a groan as you push against it. When it opens, you stop short. The house's open floor plan feels so small to you. The wood floors are coated in a fine layer of dust, having been undisturbed for years. Old moth-eaten curtains hang limp from the windows looking out on the back fields. From what you can see, no furniture remains, having been taken by your parents all those years ago. You shut the door and walk forward into the living room.

Cobwebs hang from the ceiling and brush your shoulders as you walk into the room. Even now, you can still distinctly remember where everything went: couch on the old maroon rug in the middle, TV on its stand by the opposite wall, plush armchairs on either side, soft bench by the large picture window. You feel a longing for the furniture, because the room just feels so lonesome without it. It doesn't feel right. Your

memories of the living room don't match this barren den: all the movie nights you had with your friends, coming home from school and procrastinating on your homework as you watched TV with Mom, wrestling with Dad on the hard floor and laughing when he tickled you so he could win. An ache fills you, and you hurry out of the room.

Before you know it, you're in the kitchen. Nearly bumping your hip on the counter, you take a survey. One of the windows is cracked, and a bird sits on the ledge. A cardinal. You smile; cardinals were your mom's favorite birds. You remember an afternoon spent sitting at the island as your mom cooked in the light-soaked room, hearing her talk happily about the group of cardinals out by the birdfeeder. Like every night, Dad came downstairs and gave you a hug, you got up to set the table, and everyone leisurely talked about their day over a bowl of soup. Or was it pasta? Could've been casserole, for all you knew. The memory fades and you're back in the empty room, still looking at the cardinal. With a wave, you head to the stairs.

Upstairs, you stare through the doorway to the bathroom. You remember sitting on the counter by the sink as your mom got ready for work. She would always hum a song as she put in her contacts and put on her perfume, and she'd run a hand through your hair when she was done. You'd often hug her to breathe in her familiar scent of roses and vanilla, and it'd cling to your clothes long after she'd left for work.

Down the hall was the office, where your dad tended to work in the afternoons. You'd go in asking for help on a math question and leave knowing how to build a staircase. Dad loved woodworking, and because you were a curious kid, you'd always ask what he was making next. Sometimes, if you were good, you could watch him work. For a big man, he was surprisingly precise and gentle with his movements. The room still reminds you of his ocean smell and joyful laugh.

Your bedrooms were across the hall from each other. So many nights were spent next to your dad, listening to his stories as you lay in bed. Watching the stars from the big window next to your rocking chair. Sneaking into your parents' room to sleep next to your mom when nightmares scared you awake. When you got older, it became a place to do work and let out emotions. You'd always grab a stuffed toy and sit with it close to your chest as you calmed down from awful days. Your parents' faint knock would sound to make sure you were okay. After a good talk, you always were.

A grip of emotions paralyzes you, and you notice hot tears running down your face. God, you just, you want it all back. You want your family here, in this house, where everything felt normal. You let yourself sink to the floor and feel the memories. After a while, they don't hurt as much. They still sting, sure, but they're a dull pain.

When you can bear it, you stand again. You brush your hand against the doorframe, pause, and head downstairs. If you could, you'd stay the night, but you only have the weekend off and the drive back to campus will take you most of the next day.

Outside, the sky is still that shade of pale yellow. New York sunsets always take their time in late September. Reaching your car, you turn back to the house. It was a shame that no one bought it after your parents put it on the market; maybe they could've made memories, too. With a smile, you raise your phone and take a photo. The wind picks back up.

The Honda's door squeaks as you open it and sit on the cold seat. Welp. That certainly wasn't just half an hour. You pull out of the driveway and drive away from your home in the New York countryside.

COPING CORNER

Feeling anxiety, stress, or other unwanted emotions?

Try this 5-4-3-2-1 strategy from Mrs. Fisher.

Start with deep breathing. Breathe in for 5 seconds, hold the breath for 5 seconds, then breathe out for 5 seconds. Continue until you feel your thoughts starting to calm down. Then go through these numbers in order:

5—Notice 5 things you see around you.



4—Notice 4 things you can touch.



3—Notice 3 things you can hear.



2—Notice 2 things you can smell.



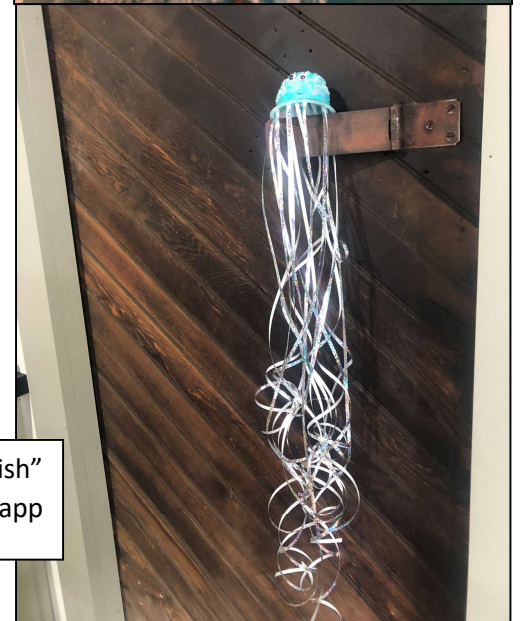
1—Notice 1 thing you can taste.



Adapted from Jordan Killebrew

Remember, you can email Mrs. Fisher or Mrs. Lindquist at any time if you need help with coping strategies or managing anxiety or emotions!

"Watermelon," "Splatter," and "Jellyfish"
by Caidence Rapp



THIS WEEK...

Today, April 1st – **April Fools' Day**

Tell some jokes and play a harmless prank on someone.

Remember—safety first!

https://safety.lovetoknow.com/Kids_Practical_Jokes_and_Harmless_Pranks

Thursday, April 2nd – **National Burrito Day**

Maybe make some guacamole to go on top.

https://www.dltk-kids.com/world/mexico/easy_guacamole_recipe.htm

Friday, April 3rd – **International Kids Yoga Day**

Try some yoga with YouTube.

<https://awakeandmindful.com/best-kids-yoga-videos-on-youtube/>

Saturday, April 4th – **National Play Outside Day**

Of course, stay in your own yard and use social distancing!

Try to jump rope with these old fashion jump rope rhymes:

<https://www.verywellfamily.com/old-fashioned-jump-rope-rhymes-1696145>

Sunday, April 5th – **Geologists Day**

Try making your own stalactites.

<http://www.sciencekids.co.nz/projects/stalactite.html>

Monday, April 6th – **National Tartan Day**

Wear plaid and learn a Scottish dance.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x7vSWqgd6kw>

Tuesday, April 7th – **National Handmade Day**

Learn to crochet some handmade Easter eggs.

<https://www.thesprucecrafts.com/easter-egg-crochet-patterns-4126630>

Q: What do kids play when they can't play with a phone?

A: Bored games.

Q: What do you call two monkeys sharing an Amazon account?

A: PRIME-mates.

Q: Why are penguins socially awkward?

A: Because they can't break the ice.

Be part of the Trojan Horse Magazine!

Email your submissions to
mzdrojewski@swcsc12.org

What can you send?

Stories
Poems
Artwork
Crafts
Comics
Recipes
Activities
Jokes
Reviews of books or movies
Photos
Ways to deal with stress

Our meme theme for next week is anything related to spring. Memes should be your original work, but they can use photos or images that were created by someone else.

Send all items to
Miss Zdrojewski by
12 noon each Tuesday.



Jokes from:

<https://www.scarymomm.com/best-jokes-for-kids/>