March of Dimes
By Nicolette Carbonetto

The March of Dimes fundraiser helps babies born with all different kinds of birth defects. The organization helps prevent them from happening, but if they do, they help to pay for finding cures or to pay for medical treatments when parents can’t. As a school, we are doing some school-wide fundraisers and some individual cycle fundraisers. Donate money to help the babies!!!!!!
Monsignor (Mon Don) Donovan High School Hosts Scholastic Academic Olympics!

By: Ricky Wu

The 7th grade teachers of TRIN selected 7th grade students, who excelled at a subject, to participate in Mon Don High School’s Scholastic Academic Olympics. This competition’s purpose is to test and recognize academic excellence in students. There were many categories, including: math, science, history, language arts (critical reading and grammar), spelling, technology, and art. This test was different for each subject. Math, science, history, language arts, and technology tests had multiple choice questions as well as short answers/essays. Spelling was a spelling bee, and art was drawing still objects (in this case, it was a wooden dummy). Math and Science allowed calculator use. One student is only allowed to do one subject. Nine medals were given out for each of the subjects, 3 for every division. Division 1 included small schools, while division 2 incorporated medium sized schools. TRIN, of course, belongs to division 3, where well-populated schools are located. In total, they gave out 63 medals, excluding the ties. Congratulations to the participants of this contest. They include:

- Math: Christine Apostolico (2nd place) and Ricky Wu (1st place)
- Science: Mark Baker and Michael Amabile (2nd place)
- History: Justin Farley and Dan Baxter (1st place)
- Language Arts: Sarah Callazzo and Cameron Previte
- Spelling: Nishaan Porwal and Sean Sia (3rd place)
- Technology: Rob Kauffman and Matthew Signorelli
- Art: Stephanie Javier and Evelyn Velazquez (3rd place)

First place winners received a gold medal and five credits. Second place winners earned a silver medal and three credits. Third place winners got a bronze medal and one credit. Also, the school received two trophies: one for taking first place in our division and another for being second place overall. In fact, this was one of the few times we beat the Howell schools. Congratulations to all participants!
# Science Fair Winners 2012!

**BY: ALEXA RAMLALL & NEHARIKA PITTA**

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<td>2nd: Connor Strack</td>
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<td>3rd: Daria Husni</td>
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Toni DePalma Visits Intermediate North

On Friday, Feb. 3, classes from cycle 71 were visited by a special guest. They were visited by the author of *Under the Banyan Tree*, Toni De Palma. The classes had read the book in language arts prior to the visit. The students really enjoyed the visit. Toni De Palma talked about how she became a writer and what inspired her to do so. She also spoke about how her life influenced the story of *Under the Banyan Tree*. There are some pretty surprising reasons for what's in the book. Perhaps, if you're writing a composition for a class, you can add something from your own life. You will be surprised that things in your life can make great details in your stories.

Also, Ms. De Palma said it took her about eight times to write her book until she could publish her final copy. In addition to speaking about *Under the Banyan Tree*, De Palma talked about her new book, *Jeremy Owl*. *Jeremy Owl* is about a boy named Jeremy, owl pellets, a flying pig, enchanted pies, a cuckoo, and science. These two books should definitely be on your reading list. Toni De Palma is one great and kind author.

Off to High School!

By Heather Lavin and Michelle Wang

The teachers here at Intermediate North have been so kind and considerate towards us. We will truly miss them. We would like to thank them for putting up with us for the past three years through projects and assignments, which weren’t all too pleasing. Through celebrations and field trips outside, our time here at Intermediate North has been unforgettable! But now, it’s time to move on to… high school. Our eighth grade teachers, as well as our administrators, have prepared us thoroughly for the journey that is to come. In fact, we would like to thank ALL of our previous teachers for preparing us for each grade ahead. Without them, we would not be where we are today.

We’re so excited for high school, but we’re nervous at the same time! From general studies to honors, there are just so many courses to choose from! Don’t even get us started on electives! The fashion, business, marketing, music, finance, web page design, and architectural design electives are only the start of available courses. There are so many more, too! Six hour days, one-hundred eighty days a year, and yet, our time here at Intermediate North has flown by! Yes, we will be leaving our beloved middle school soon, but we will also take many fond memories with us. It feels like just yesterday, we walked into Intermediate North as sixth graders, and now we are leaving as rising ninth graders.
Spring
By: Frances Sunga

We say our last goodbyes to snow
For we won’t be seeing its glow
Because spring is finally here
The cottontails, the groundhogs, and the blue jays
Come out of their homes to soak up the sun’s rays
Because spring is finally here
The flowers are blooming and their smell is so sweet
Making a beautiful surrounding in the new season’s heat
Because spring is finally here
The sky is now bright and everyone comes out
Coming together, hand in hand, to shout
"Spring is finally here!"

Spring Fashion

Top 8 Spring Fashion Trends according to People Style Watch

1. **Colorblocking** - Miss-matching bold colors (top and bottom). Wear with neutral accessories.
3. **Mint Green** - A mint green outfit should be worn with simple black accessories.
4. **Leather** - Wear one piece of leather in an outfit, but have it be a bright color.
5. **Blue and Green Jewelry** - Earth inspired pieces that worn differently for the time of day.
6. **Florals** - Big and bold print, especially on flowy dresses and tops (only one piece).
7. **Peplums** - Tight and fitted until it comes to the hips, then it pops out and continues to be fitted.
8. **Neon** - Bright, electric pieces and could be worn with other neon or neutral colors.

Written By:

Jianna D’Addario and Nicolette Carbonetto
The Egg Theory
By: Jenna Stragapede

It is a well known urban legend that you can balance an egg on its end on the vernal equinox. The vernal equinox is March 20, which marks the first day of spring. The vernal equinox is one of the two days of the year that the sun crosses the celestial equator, and the Earth's axis points 90 degrees away from the sun. What does this have to do with an egg? The premise is that aligning the gravitational pull of the Sun with that from the center of the Earth should somehow make it easier to balance any object. If you don't believe it, try it! It actually works. If you can balance this egg on any day easily, then you have proven this theory wrong. Test it out, and see if your egg stays up. Remember, no salt on the bottom to help it stay up!

CONGRATULATIONS MISS GINGERELLI ON BEING NAMED TEACHER OF THE YEAR!!!

Who is Miss Gingerelli, and what does she do here at Intermediate North? Miss Gingerelli has been a staff member at North for the past five years and is our school Psychologist. She is also part of the Child Study Team, and although she does not have a structured classroom, she has approximately 85 students that she helps throughout the school year. Miss Gingerelli became a school Psychologist because she “likes working with children.” Her important roles are to communicate with concerned parents, work with teachers, and counsel students to help them work out their academic problems. On a normal day, Miss Gingerelli starts her morning at 5:30 am, doing paperwork and then spends the day meeting with students, speaking with parents to discuss their concerns, and also meeting with teachers to be sure her students are getting the help they need. She also gives IQ tests.

The requirements to be nominated for “Teacher of the Year”, according to our principal, Mrs. Fronzak, are that the teacher must be a certified teacher and they have to work in the Intermediate North building. The staff nominate different teachers who they feel should be named “Teacher of the Year”. The principals tally the votes and announce the winner. The new “Teacher of the Year” is surprised with a bouquet of flowers in her office or classroom. Miss Gingerelli said she was “shocked, honored and surprised”, when the Principal came into her office with the bouquet and told her she had won the nomination. The “Teacher of the Year” is given a bouquet of flowers, a special parking space, a free breakfast in her honor, and a seat on stage at the 8th grade graduation.

When asked, Miss Gingerelli said the most rewarding part of her job is “getting to see kids learn and work through their problems.” To conclude, Miss Gingerelli encourages students to “work hard in school, believe in yourself, and never give up!” For those of you who don’t know, her office is on the first floor and marked CST for Child Study Team. Stop by and congratulate her.

By Jenny Miles
This year, Cycle 73 hosted a Zumba Afterglow Fundraiser. The fundraiser was held in the cafetorium. The goal was to raise enough money for four bulletproof police dog vests. They sold preordered tickets for $10 and up front tickets for $12. They also had stands outside in the hallway to raise extra money. They raised over $4,000, enough to buy all four vests for the dogs. Cycle 73 got to meet the dogs that they were raising money for. They played merengue, salsa, cumbia, reggaeton, samba, and flamenco. The fundraiser was an overall success!!

FEAR

By: Alexis Gebbia

There are many things that people say they are afraid of, whether it is spiders, heights, or maybe a fear of flying in an airplane. But my fear is probably very common among many athletes around the world, a fear that is deadly for some, and for some it could work well. My fear is the fear of failing, the “if” in life that could mean not succeeding in what matters the most.

The fear of failing has not always been there for me because when I was younger, they did not keep score of our soccer, basketball, and softball games. I remember that if we scored a goal, made a basket, or caught a softball, we were great. But then, as we got older, maybe around 4th grade when the light of the sometimes dreaded scoreboard turns on, the fire is lit, and now it is war. The fear of failing comes in now because if we are passionate about what we are doing and care about the game, there is no losing. All we want to do is win, nothing else. Then, if we are one of the lucky ones who has a true passion for what we do, we don’t want to fail and that is what creates my fear- the fear of failing and not succeeding.

My fear appears every time I walk onto that soccer field, basketball court, and softball field, but there are times when it is greater than at a regular club soccer game or maybe at a tournament for my travel teams. For example, my friend and I attended a week long soccer camp at Princeton University. The experience was amazing, and an event we participated in was a 3 v 3 tournament. We were paired with random girls from throughout the camp. I was with two girls from Vermont and New York; when we were together, our team was something to fear. So then, we got into the finals, all 150 campers watching our game. The pressure of failing was almost unbearable, but this was the time I faced my fear. We pulled through, and we won 3 to 1, myself scoring 2 of the goals. It was a rush. This showed me that my fear was nothing compared to what I was capable of, and that will be with me forever.

In the end, we all have different fears, some small, some big. But no fear is too big to be overcome.
The scent of barbecue from the tailgaters starts to slowly fade away as I enter the Giants’ football stadium. After climbing the seemingly endless concrete stairs, I finally find my seat. For one of the first times since summer ended, I am extremely grateful for my sweatshirt to keep me cozy and protected from the new fall weather. With the cold, rough seat penetrating my back, and the crisp fall breeze blowing by, I examine the field. The vibrant green, artificial turf draws my eyes towards the players warming up. The fans speckle the stadium with team colors as the rise and fall of the gigantic human wave circles the stadium. Music is blasting from unknown locations as the echo of snack vendors barely reaches my ears. When the game begins, I can smell the excitement in the air as the spectators jump and scream, rooting for their favorite team. The clashing of helmets and the whistle of the referee is multiplied from the jumbo-tron overhead giving everyone in the stadium a different view of the game. As the yellow flag is thrown onto the field, the stadium becomes eerily silent, waiting for the outcome. While we wait, I anxiously eat my newly bought pretzel, which warms my cold hands, and wish for a cold soda to quench my thirst from the salty snack. The crowd erupts into cheers and my hand stings from the high-five I received from my dad sitting next to me since the call gives our team an advantage. When half time comes, the players slowly walk off the field, and the hungry and anxious fans crowd the stairs. They try to be the first on the snack line that will soon twist through the arena like a snake and will seem to go on for miles. I stay in my seat with my family and think joyfully to myself, “This is a Giants Football Game.”

NEW YORK GIANTS

By: Cara Sciorilli

As many as one million Giants fans roared at the parade in the streets of New York City on February 7th! They had just won the Super Bowl two days prior and the city celebrated their victory with a ticker tape parade. The crowd was wild. Some fans even got there as early as 7am, and the parade started at 11am. Our heroes came down the streets on floats, each fan thrilled to be so close to the players they loved. Looking around seeing the helicopters overhead, dropping loads and loads of confetti added to the excitement of the event! We were jealous of all the people with the best views up above that were throwing any type of shredded paper they had out their windows onto the crowd down below. Most of all, the memories of this day will never be forgotten by any fan. New York Giants are 2012 SUPERBOWL XLVI CHAMPIONS!!!
A Night to Remember

By: Taylor Roncin

“Ring-Ring”. Oprah’s voice filled the speaker. I hung up smiling because tonight I would have a spectacular dinner with three amazing women. They all had just finished responding, Amelia Earhart, Harriet Tubman, and Oprah Winfrey. Tonight, we would meet at the Lobster Shanty at seven. It would be an interesting night. I quickly jumped into the shower and got dressed before my limo arrived.

I arrived a little early to the Lobster Shanty, so I decided to get out of the limo and wait because it was a nice breezy night. As I turned, they arrived. Oprah arrived in a white, stretch limo. Then, from the corner of my eye I saw Amelia`s plane swooping down from above. And lastly, down-to-earth Harriet decided to walk.

When we finally sat down on the champagne colored seats, I ordered a Sprite, with a salad, and a buttery, red lobster. Amelia had the same as me, but Harriet and Oprah just got lobsters and drinks. After the waitress left, there was an awkward silence, so I had to speak up. I knew it was hard because I knew everyone, and they didn’t know each other.

“Why don't we all get to know each other?” I asked.

So then, Amelia was first to speak. She explained how her plane crashed while flying around the world. She explained how she was held captive a while, almost to death. But, the FBI finally found her. Even though she was found, she decided to keep her disappearance still going because she didn’t want to get attacked by reporters and such if they found out she was home. I could tell Oprah was getting into her reporter mood when she finally said rudely,

“Why didn’t you ever tell America? We have been searching for you all of these years, everyone. And some people probably still are!”

They kept on bickering and I just sat there slurping on my Sprite, knowing it was none of my business. Harriet did the same. Finally, the smell of lobster and butter filled the air. We knew that our food was headed towards the table so the two stopped arguing. Eating was long and quiet and I finally said, “You know what Oprah, just mind your own business. It’s Amelia’s decision what she wants to do. The president and the FBI know! Now get out of your reporter mood!”

Finally, the two apologized. Harriet then told us about how she followed the North Star, and Oprah decided to talk about her experience with the school children in Africa. She told every detail, from the child`s smile to the fallen apart town. Finally, our dessert came. I got chocolate chip mint ice cream, as did Oprah, and Amelia and Harriet had chocolate. Finally, we got the check and decided to head out. I realized that I could do this more often, listen to the tales of three courageous women.
Jess was so happy to get off the school bus. Everyone was so loud, obnoxious, and mean. All the kids would make fun of her because it looked like all the color washed out of her hair and skin. When she got off the bus today, she ran off. When she got to her front door she reached into her pocket for her keys, they were not there. She must have forgotten them inside. She went to the back to see if her brother left the door unlocked. When she got to the back she noticed that her dogs were not outside like they always are. As she got closer to the door, she saw that it was open. She didn't know what to do.

Jess called her mom to see if anyone was home. Her mom told her no one should be home. Jess was so scared. Now the only color that was in her face was gone. Her freckles were the only thing in her face that had some color. She crept into the house. All the family photos were smashed and ripped. She heard something coming from her basement. She called the cops and told them she didn't know who or what was in her house. They said they'd be there in about 20 minutes. She crawled into the basement and found a family of raccoons in the guest room.

She walked upstairs and found footsteps leading into the kitchen. She thought maybe it was her mom. She walked into the kitchen and saw a strange man looking for something. She ran and then called the cops again. When they got there they ran in and didn't see a man. When she tried to run, he said, "I know you're there. There's no point in running." He turned around with a photo of Jess' mom. "Do you know this lady?" Jess hesitated to answer she was scared to. "Well do you?" Jess saw him before, in front of her house. Her mom would tell her to get away from the windows and duck down so he can't see her. "Stupid kid, do you know this lady. She is the love of my life. I met her in high school. She said I was too attached to her. I searched her and it said she lived on Battle Drive, house 163. Do you know her? This is her house right?" the man said to Jess. Before answering she thought what she would say, but just before she was going to answer she saw the cops outside and she said, "No, she lives in 164 not 163 Battle Drive." As he walked out the door she yelled as loud as she could.

"Cops! Cops! That's him! Lock him up, lock him up! He's a stalker! He stalks my mom. I see him almost every day. Please, he's just going to come back," yelled Jess. One of the cops asked her, "Sweetheart, where are your parents?" Jess was scared to answer. Whatever she tells the cop might get her in trouble.

"Um, well not home yet, but I'm fine." Her mom drove up that moment and ran to Jess and asked if she was ok. Jess explained everything. "Jess thank g-d you're ok."

In the end, the man was sent to jail. Jess' dad called animal control to get the raccoons out. Jess' mom never let Jess stay home alone again. It was a happily ever after. =-}
My Dinner with Three Famous People
By: Dylan R.

Today was a strange, but great day. It all started when I went to get the mail this morning. I couldn’t believe it. I won a chance to meet three famous people from history! I screeched so loud, everybody stopped and stared. For a brief second, it was like the world froze. As I darted for my room, I thought about who I’d invite. I was obviously bringing President Obama. Then, I decided on Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Lastly, I wrote up an invitation for Tony Hawk. The invites said the time, 7:00 PM tonight, the place, Olive Garden, and the RSVP, even though they had to come. I couldn’t wait to meet the first African-American president, the famous Civil Rights activist, and the best pro skateboarder ever!

It was 6:59 PM and I was already at the Olive Garden waiting. They’d be here any minute! They all came in and sat down. The second I spotted them, my heart skipped a beat. The waiter was at our table in a flash. He already knew about the guests. The contest did rent out the whole restaurant. I ordered penne for everybody. Then, we all ordered water. The first to speak was Martin Luther King Jr. He couldn’t believe what he had helped do to racism. He just gasped.

“It is so different.” he said “When I was a boy, it was never like this.” Martin was also shocked when he saw President Obama.

“You even have a national holiday, your birthday.” Tony said.

“We are all proud of you!” President Obama cheered.

“Agreed!” I chimed in. “So Tony, you’ve skated, been on TV. What’s next?” I questioned.

“Well, I think I’ll continue my passion, skate boarding, and maybe do some more TV. Dylan, do you skateboard?”

I shook my head. “Not really.”

“I’m going to teach you one day.” Tony said smiling. The food was now here. We all enjoyed the pasta. It was delicious. I next questioned the president.

“So Mr. Obama, do you plan on winning the 2012 election?” I asked sprinkling some Parmesan cheese on my food.

“Well, it’s really not up to me. I can only promise so many things. Not everything I say gets passed.”

“You’ve got my vote!” the other guests and I gladly said simultaneously. Last up was Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.’s question.

“Martin, I see you’re excited about today’s civil rights. Are you going to miss it?”

“Are you kidding? I’m not leaving to go back to heaven!” We were all confused. The dinner was going crazy! Martin dashed out like a mad man to stay away from, as he said, “death”. The other guests and I exchanged glances. They just said their goodbyes.

“See you later Dylan. I’ll be sure to teach you the art of skateboarding!” said Tony leaving the restaurant.

“It was great meeting you Dylan. You’re a great young boy,” said President Obama, shaking my hand. After he left, I kept thinking about Martin Luther King Jr. I hope he knows he can’t escape death. For about a week he crept into my dreams. It was shocking, but kind of funny seeing a man start prancing around at Olive Garden. Well, I told you it was a strange dinner. It was also the best day of my life.

My Mother’s Injury
By: Muskan Chander

My heart was pounding against my chest and I honestly did not know what to expect. All I knew was my mom was wounded and she needed surgery. At this point, negative thoughts had just gotten the best of me. Will she ever be fully healed? What things will she miss out on? While my brain was in “panic mode”, the shiny, golden tint of my father’s car gleamed in my eyes; she was home.

Right when the automatic door slid open, I stood there and froze as she walked with crutches. My mom was as unstable as a glass of milk in a four year-old hand. As I held back my emotions, I opened the door and helped her get in the soft and plush bed.

“So, what’s wrong?” I asked, fighting the tears.

“The doctor said I tore my Achilles tendon,” my mom replied weakly. I winced as if I were feeling her exact pain. As the smell of latex gloves and a freshly sanitized hospital room, I just sat there plainly … wondering. I hated the dull scene before me. What could I possibly do in this situation? Truthfully, my brain was screaming don’t do anything, yet my heart said to take this head on. Instantly, my sad and depressed feelings were eradicated and I was transformed in Miss Optimistic. Even though I was a bit reluctant to sit on the bed, I just lay there, explaining to my mom how she didn’t have to worry about dishes, cooking, and work. Also, how she could just lay in bed while everyone else was her servant. We shared our laughs, and I immediately fell fast asleep, knowing with my cooperation and love, she would be back on her feet before I noticed.
A Night to Remember
By: Layna Flores

I stepped from the spiral staircase out the front door, into the cool night air. A strange letter had awaited me, telling me to be at the Inn House, a dining room made for special occasions, at 7:00. I was instructed to wear my best clothes. Making my way against the cool pavement, I felt extremely anxious. The quietness and stillness of the air was like a baby’s breath during sleep, soft and gentle. I stepped through the door of the Inn House and was taken by what I saw: a beautiful dinner, lit candles, and a diamond chandelier hanging from the dome shaped ceiling and to my most surprise, Eminem, Jackie Chan and Walt Disney.

The shocked feeling splashed over me like a tsunami, leaving me paralyzed and unable to speak. They all got up and we shook hands.


“Why don't you sit?” Jackie Chan asked me as he pulled up a chair. “Thank you,” I said politely. “So, tell me, what has brought you all here? There must be a reason,” I asked. “Well,” Walt Disney said, “of course you must be our number one fan.” “Absolutely!” I gushed.

The dishes were all the best gourmet pastas, fish, chicken, steaks, salads and soups. The desserts included ice cream sundaes, cakes, cookies and chocolate fudge. We spoke of the art of music and rap, strategies of martial arts and accomplishments of movies, shows and production films.

“I love your music” I told Eminem. “You are very intelligent with your words and smart in how you bring life stories into songs.” “Yes,” said Jackie Chan, “I agree. It’s very good workout music.” We all laughed. “The beat of your music brings life. Great for short films,” said Walt Disney.

“So,” said Jackie, “I hear you are interested in martial arts?” “Yes,” I told him. “You are truly amazing, very focused and determined,” he smiled.

“Mr. Disney,” I stated, “I'm afraid Disney movies are not the same. We have missed you. But your classics are priceless around the world. We would never be the same if it weren’t for you. I love all the stories.” We spoke of life stories and funny memories and shared new ideas and skills. Sadly, it was time to go.

“I am terribly sad to leave. It was an amazing time, perhaps one of the best nights of my life,” I said. “Amazing to meet you all.” As I walked out, I couldn’t help but think how much these people wanted their career. A dream they chased. It was truly amazing. If only everyone else with a dream could meet their idols and talk with them, and have hope. I smiled to myself, and thought about the dream I would go chase.

St. Patrick's Day
By: Shawna Vice

Do you remember when you were really young and actually looked forward to Saint Patrick's Day? I do. It used to be so much fun because you would get little chocolate coins and money from your family, and have a party in school. But as soon as you hit age 9, you were too old for leprechaun coins. Now, all you have to look forward to is either your younger siblings getting chocolate or nothing at all! Saint Patrick's Day parties are apparently banned for grades 4 and up. It’s just not fair. So kindergarteners, enjoy your leprechaun chocolate while you can, because soon enough you’ll be sulking on Saint Patrick’s Day too.
The Hunger Games has hit the Big Screen!

By: Neharika Pitta & Alexa Ramlall

The highly anticipated movie phenomenon “The Hunger Games” is now showing in theatres all across the world. I watched the movie three times so far...yes I said so far! We can say it had exceeded our expectations and left us speechless. The movie was gripping, suspenseful and in all ways epic. Rolling Stone raves that the Hunger Games, “delivers in suspense that won’t quit.” At this moment, it holds the coveted title of the #1 movie in the world! Jennifer Lawrence’s performance was astonishing, leaving us at the corner of our seats waiting for a dramatic turn of events. Lawrence fits the role of Katniss Everdeen by bringing edge, strength and confidence to the big screen. Josh Hutcherson who plays Peeta Mellark had us in awe as well. His acting is superb and makes you feel as if you are actually in the Hunger Games arena. When Amandla Stenberg, who plays Rue, died in the movie, you could hear the entire movie theater sobbing. (But if you sat next to Neha, you would hear non stop crying and weeping, while trying to comfort her.) The movie stayed extremely true to the book even though there were cuts and little additions. All of you Hunger Games book fans will not be disappointed at its clever interpretation. But, in conclusion, I would advise that everyone see this movie at least once. It is definitely worth a trip to the movie theater with your friends and family! You will be at the edge of your seat, anticipating every next moment in the movie! 😊

Happy Hunger Games!

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Large bushy tails. Small nibbling teeth. To the average person, squirrels seem to be the most adorable creatures ever. Squirrels are known to scurry down large tree trunks and collect dozens of abandon acorns. I have a totally different view when I glance into the eyes of these rodents, EVIL is what I imagine. Fear frequently seems to plague me when contact is created between the two of us. Everyone is scared of something deep inside, so I guess my biggest fear is getting attacked by one of these master manipulators. Of course, there is a reason why fear seems to be following me around like an irksome person and the encounter occurred just a year ago.

It was a blazing hot, summer day and my brother and I were at the park. We were swinging on the swings when suddenly a large, gray squirrel trotted to the left of my leg. I suspected the squirrel would scurry away as soon as any sudden movement was put into action, but that wasn't the case in my situation. The squirrel just stood motionless, so I decided to take a chance and go pet it. This was probably not a good idea on my part. As I walked towards this peculiar animal all I could see was the glare in its eye. Then out of nowhere, another squirrel appeared and took its place next to the first. For what felt as if it was an hour later, the squirrels watched us and looked ready to attack! All that was on my mind was; do squirrels even attack? That thought stood glued to my brain as a nightmare would.

After these events occurred, curiosity hit me so when I arrived home, I pulled up my computer and searched "recent squirrel attacks." I was bewildered by the information and videos that appeared on the screen. Turns out that the squirrels that I've known and loved all these years are impostors! These fury creatures attack people and even spread rabies from bats! I guess their teeth aren't only used to pop open acorns, but are used as weapons as well.

This is why I keep at least a ten foot distance when a squirrel is in bird's eye view of me. I've learned everything cute is not always kind and whole heart-ed. These little animals seem to be the root of most of my nightmares. I never know when they may take off their masks and attack! I believe that forever this fear will be stuck with me and I never plan on encountering one again. Many people may laugh at my fear and think that I'm exaggerating, but how about you encounter a vicious squirrel!
Some people are asking me about my last article about my sugar bears. When they started to ask questions, I grabbed a pencil and quickly carefully wrote them all down. Here are some of questions they asked me.

QUESTION #1: Are they aggressive?
ANSWER: No, as a matter of fact they aren’t…they are actually fairly sweet.

QUESTION #2: Are they wild?
ANSWER: Yes, they live in Australia and they are fantastic creatures to see and hear.

QUESTION #3: What are their necessary needs?
ANSWER: All they need is food, water, attention, and most of all, love!

QUESTION #4: What toys do they play with?
ANSWER: They play with many kinds of toys. They play their big wheel, their small hamster ball, and each other.

QUESTION #5: Why did you name them Yogi and Boo-Boo?
ANSWER: Very good question! I named them Yogi and Boo-Boo because you have to name animals that since they are together; a pair. Ex: Before my family and I adopted them, their other names where Oaky and Doky.

QUESTION #6: Where do they sleep?
ANSWER: That’s easy! They sleep in a type of T-Pee. Like the ones Indians sleep in.

QUESTION #7: What do they eat?
ANSWER: They eat fruits. They absolutely love fruits! For basic food, they eat mealworms. It might sound gross, but it really isn’t.

QUESTION #8: Do they smell or leave a scent?
ANSWER: YES! They do...they leave their scent EVERYWHERE in my house!! You can smell them for a mile away!!

Well, that’s it for now! I hope you enjoyed my article about sugar bears!!