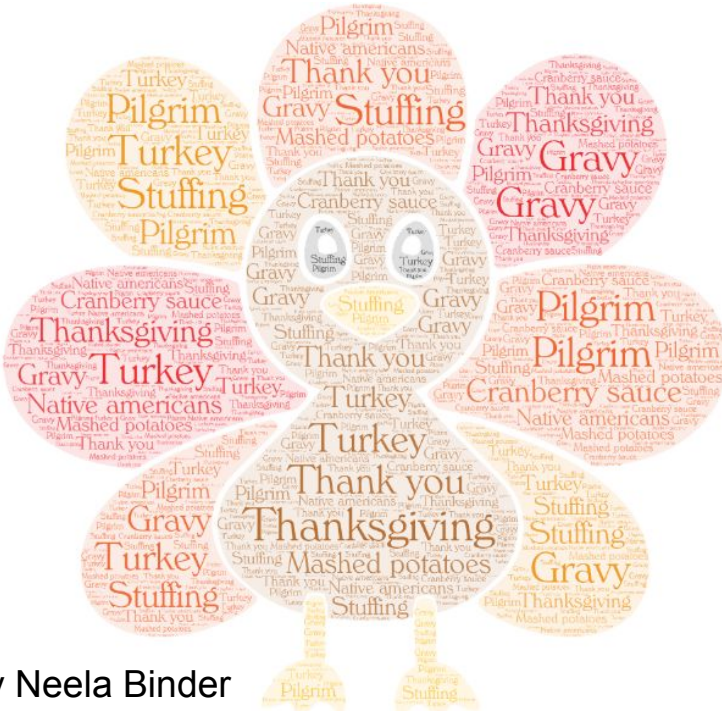

MOUNTAIN VIEW PRESS

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MOUNTAIN VIEW
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Happy Thanksgiving, Mountain View! Thanks for reading the second edition of the 2022-2023 *Mountain View Journal*! We have had some updates on our editing staff. We have three new amazing junior editors who you can email with any questions you may have!

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Congratulations to the three of them! If you are interested in joining the *Mountain View Journal*, you can talk to Mrs. DeMarco, and Mrs. Faulkner, or email any of the editorial staff. Our senior editors are:

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We hope you come back for the next issue of *The Mountain View Journal*! Enjoy your reading!

-The editorial staff

The Cornucopia

By: Alyssa Wenger

Thanksgiving day started off fine. Mom was cooking, Dad and I were decorating for Christmas (because we're proactive like that), and the twins were playing pilgrims in the parade. The kitchen smelled like turkey and stuffing when dad walked inside.

He grumbled, "Stupid Christmas lights. Burned out...Twist this...Plug that...Just one more...URGH! THESE THINGS WON'T WORK!"

"Dad? What's wrong with the Christmas lights?" He looked up and tossed the strand of colorful bulbs onto the couch.

"Sorry, Theresa. They just won't turn on this year and that's AFTER it took half an hour to untangle them. Maybe tomorrow we can go get some new ones," I smiled and nodded my head. It wasn't a big deal; we could still decorate the inside of the house.

"That sounds fine, but for now-" I grabbed a heavy plastic tote and plopped it down on the couch next to the lights, "We can do the rest!"

The home phone rang. Once, twice, three times it went. They hung up. The phone rang again. Once, twice, three times, four! Then whoever it was hung up. But the phone rang once more. My mom emerged from the kitchen mumbling.

"Don't they remember it's a holiday?" She sauntered over and hastily picked up the phone, "Hello?... Yes...Mhm...Oh no!... Yeah sure, I understand. Of course! It's perfectly alright," She put the phone down and looked up at dad and me. "So I know this is bad timing...but Emily's grandfather is in the hospital. He had a stroke...her mom asked me if Emily and Braylinn could come over so that she and Jeff could go to the hospital. I said sure. They'll be here in ten."

"Oh no... Well, that's okay. We can entertain a six and eleven-year-old girl for a few hours," Dad looked over at me and could see the disappointment I had been working so hard to hide.

It was selfish of me to be upset over the fact that we couldn't decorate for Christmas. "Hey...Hon, we can decorate tomorrow."

"Yeah Dad, I know. It's fine. I should go pull out my old box of American Girl Dolls."

I smiled sadly and walked down the stairs into the back of the kitchen. I squeezed past my mom who stepped back towards my dad. They started whispering about something, but I just kept walking. The door creaked as I turned the knob to head upstairs. I reached the top and turned the corner towards my room. Stepping through my already open door, I looked around at the piles of decorations that were set out just for today. *Focus on the dolls. Just find the dolls.*

I dug through the piles; pushing boxes to the side, moving lights all wound up, and stepping over piles of Christmas stuffies. I finally got to my closet and went to open the door but it was stuck. Of course. I jiggled and shook it, but nothing. I kicked it and yanked at it, but still nothing! I repeated the process; jiggle, shake, kick, kick, yank. The door didn't budge. I tried sliding it sideways calmly, thinking that maybe it was like a locked seatbelt. The rougher you are with it, the less likely it is to release. I pulled and pulled and pulled and pulled some more. The next thing I knew, my hand slipped and I flew towards my bed, but landed just short. I fell smack on my butt, and my head bounced back into the frame of my bed. I could already hear the ringing. Already see the shooting stars swirling around the back of my eyes. I felt my heavily lidded eyes fall shut as I slumped backward and the world became black.

I don't remember when I woke up. Or how long it had been since I passed out. What I knew was that I heard screaming downstairs. I stood up, or attempted to, and stumbled in the general direction of my door. My head still hurt and my ears were still ringing, but worst of all, I forgot about the piles of stuff on my floor. I tripped over one string of lights and fell flat on my face. I looked up from my position on my stomach, and suddenly there were no other piles to trip over.

The Cornucopia, Continued . . .

It was all just...gone. I shook my head thinking that maybe dad took the stuff out of my room while I was asleep. I tried the standing-up thing again.

Another shriek from downstairs.

The smoke detector went off. The incessant beeping made my head pound even harder as I failed to run, putting my hand out to catch myself on the wall as I started to tip again. I steadied myself and started speed walking to the stairs. I could see smoke snaking up from under the doorway. I tried to call out to dad or the twins, but the sound got swallowed in my head. I sped downstairs, simultaneously crashing into and opening the door, and dashed into the kitchen. The oven was open, leaking gas. Every stove burner was on, with nothing on them. The flames were blue and you could smell the gas in the air.

“MOM! MOM! YOU LEFT THE STOVE ON! DAD!” I screamed. No response. I went to turn off the stove, but the second I touched the dial, my hand felt seared. A welt was already starting to form. Stepping back, I gasped and turned on the cold water. I ran my hand through the streams of cold, clear water for about three seconds before the water sputtered out for a millisecond. The water turned back on, coming out a murky sort of gray. I whipped my hand away, hoping that whatever that was didn’t touch me.

Kicking the oven closed, I ran out to the living room. The Christmas lights from earlier were plugged into the wall; flashing, smoking, and electrifying everything around the bulbs. I unplugged them hastily and looked around for whoever had been screaming, but I didn’t see anyone.

“MOM! DAD! LUKE! LORAINE! WHERE ARE YOU?!” I frantically dashed to the dining room; maybe they were in there. I crashed through the doorway and ran into the table. I smashed my knee and dropped to the ground. As I stood back up I saw the table. The disarray.

The table was empty. Cracked down the center. The plates were on the floor, the chairs were overturned. And there was nothing I could do anymore. The silverware was scorched and my family was nowhere to be found.

I could hardly see through the smog coming from the kitchen. All I could see was a cornucopia spilling onto the floor. The fog intensified. The oven! Running back to the kitchen, I began coughing. The oven was smoking, the stove still glowing blue and leaking gas. Any second the combination would cause an explosion.

I reached toward the dials to turn off the stove and once again I was burned. I yelped, turning to the oven dials. I grabbed one and felt a searing pain, but not nearly as bad as the welts from the stove. I abruptly yanked the dial from 475 to 0. I suddenly could smell something crisping and it dawned on me. *Where’s all the food?*

Mom had been prepping food for the last two and a half days. So where did it all go? I ripped open the oven door and a wave of heat rushed toward me. And there it was. The source of the smoke. Burning turkey, melting spatulas, caramelized cranberry sauce and so much more. The rolls were cooked down to Scruton size, and the potatoes expanded so far that they touched the top of the oven.

The smoke alarms started going off violently and I tried to run. But I was overwhelmed and could hardly see anymore. I couldn’t find the fire extinguisher, and I realized that one of the burners on the stove was still at full power. I dropped to my knees and just sat on the kitchen floor. I couldn’t find my family. They had either left me here or disappeared. I didn’t know which would’ve been worse. But then I heard the faintest whisper...

“Theresa...Thereeessaaaa...honey...Theresa...Get up...Come on, they’re here now!”

I opened my eyes and found that I was still on my bedroom floor. My closet door was open with the dolls in plain sight. There was no smoke. It was easy to breathe. Nothing smelled like it was burning. I found my dad standing over me mumbling on and on about how the girls were here. I saw Brailynn poke her head into the corner of the room. And everything was fine, it was just a dream.



Holidays Around the World

By Charlotte Chang

When October ends, we enter November. When thinking of November, most people think of turkey dinners, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pie. You may think of the very first Thanksgiving. However, for some people, turkey dinners, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pie might not be the first thing that comes to mind.

Some people might think of Shichi-Go-San. Shichi-Go-San is a Japanese holiday celebrated on the fifteenth of November. It's a celebration of children, their future, and their well-being. Shichi-Go-San translates to seven, five, and three which makes sense knowing that this is a celebration of children that age. On Shichi-Go-San, girls the age of three will wear a kimono with shoulder tucks and no obi. Girls who are the age of seven will wear a kimono with a sash. The boys will usually wear a haori jacket and hakama trousers. During the celebration, families will often take pictures of their children, and visit shrines to pray for health and prosperity as they grow.

Another November holiday is Bonfire Night. Bonfire Night is celebrated on the fifth of November. People celebrate Bonfire Night with their families. They set off fireworks, start bonfires, and eat toffee apples. Bonfire night began in 1606 when a Catholic man named Robert tried to blow up The Houses of Parliament to rebel against the King but ended up lighting up London with bonfires. To commemorate this day Catholics across the world celebrate Bonfire Night.

In addition, the Day of the Dead is a November holiday. The Day of the Dead is celebrated on November second. People believe that on this day, their dead loved ones will come and visit their living relatives. On this day people make a lot of food and sing songs. Families might also visit their relatives' graves and tell stories about them. Members of the family will spread out Marigold flowers to attract the souls of their relatives and lead them to their offerings. The offerings left out are usually related to what the dead family member loves. The offerings that are mainly left out are food and sweet candies.

All of these November holidays are important. Even if they aren't relative to you, they might be important to someone else. Knowing about other holidays is important because it can help you develop an appreciation and understanding of what is important to your friends, neighbors, and classmates.

Canned Food Drive

By: Nora Limann, Ava Butler, and Hannah Blocher

In hopes of providing a thanksgiving meal for over 40 families, students turned in cans, turkey coupons, or even monetary donations to help!

At the beginning of November, students brought in cans, turkey coupons, and monetary donations to their homerooms. The student council was taking donations from your homerooms until Thursday, November 10th.

The number of cans donated to your team was counted and 1st, 2nd and 3rd in your grade get points counted for their Team Turkey Bowl score. The highest amount of cans got an additional 3 points while second place gets 2 points, and third place receives 1.

If you donated a turkey coupon, you would get 30 points added to your score for your team toward winning the food drive (not the Turkey Bowl). All students should be able to have food on their tables for Thanksgiving, so thank you for donating to Mountain View students! Also congratulations to the winning teams!

My Travels Around the World

-By Nadia Abel

Every year my family and I travel to Europe to a little town in Croatia called Rovinj. Rovinj is located on the western coast of the Istrian Peninsula. The flight from Pennsylvania to Rovinj is 9 hrs 30 min long, but it's so very worth it.

My favorite things there are paddle boarding or kayaking at the beach, swimming, and walking around town. The town is charming and sort of like a small mountain on the water, perfect for fun activities to pass the time.

At the ground level are all the cafes with live entertainment where people sing wonderful songs, as well as lots of shops to get cool souvenirs and docks where all the boats are kept.

Then there are the gates that connect to the stone streets going to the top of the town. The streets are made of a stone polished by centuries of people walking on it. When you walk up to the top there are lots of art galleries full of beautiful art to look at, and nice restaurants with an overview of the Adriatic Sea. Once you are on top of the town there is also a quiet little church, St. Euphemia. The church is named after a legendary girl (Euphemia) that got tortured by the Romans, and then fed to lions in a coliseum because she refused to worship a pagan god (Ares). The church was erected in her honor in the fifth century. She is remembered by the church and is on local calendars and postcards. If you visit the church you can learn more about her and see where her remains are kept.

Once you get outside the church there is a very nice view of the Adriatic sea where you can end your night with some ice cream. Rovinj is just a great place to visit because there are so many things to do. Swimming, boating, shopping, eating at restaurants, seeing nice art, and learning history are just a few of the wonderful things you can do here. It's a perfect place to go, relax, and enjoy the view.



Greek Mythology of the Month: November

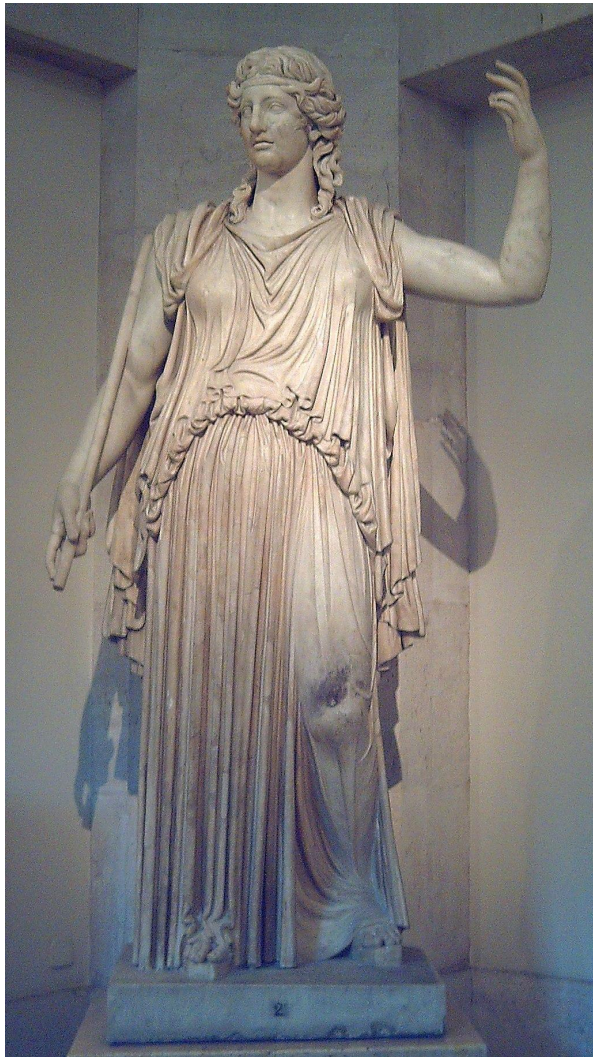
By Nichole Butterfield

November is here! And so is a new thing to be excited about: Thanksgiving. A purely U.S. holiday, Thanksgiving is a time of delicious food, thankful gifts, and... politics? How about we don't go down that road... either way, Thanksgiving, as I said, is a time of joy and celebration! So much food to feast on comes on November 24th, and with that food is another God, or Goddess in this scenario.

Demeter is 1 of the 3 daughters of Kronos, although she also has 3 brothers. After Kronos had been defeated by the brothers, Demeter became the Greek goddess of Agriculture and the Harvest. The goddess had control of different crops, seasons, and the success of the harvest, as well as having some control over the weather and she could make people hungry.

Demeter has lots of contact with Earth. The fields of grain and the threshing floor were under her protection. There were temples at which she could occupy at any moment, so she could be practically anywhere. Thesmophoria, a fertility festival held in honor of Demeter, was another example of how popular Demeter was. Although only women could attend Thesmophoria, there are other different celebrations to honor Demeter. Another example is her "Chief Festival." Her chief festival came at harvest time, it began as a humble feast and over time morphed into a mysterious worship. This great festival occurred only every five years. These festivities didn't happen for no reason though! Demeter revealed to man the art of growing and using corn. And, if you didn't know, many studies show that in the US corn is one of the favorite vegetables this year! Sweet corn is also one of the most produced veggies in the states. Although, potatoes still beat corn in both categories.

Demeter isn't the only "Earth" god. Besides Gaea, who is, quite literally, the Greek personification of the Earth as a goddess. Dionysus, the Greek God of winemaking, insanity, ritual madness, religious ecstasy, festivity, and theater—I'm getting Apollo vibes over here—is also the God of the grape harvest, orchards, and fruit, and vegetation, naming him another "Earth" god. Although Demeter is much older than Dionysus, they are still the two great gods of the Earth. Both Demeter and Dionysus were praised highly in many locations, one of which was Eleusis.



Roman statue of Demeter

Luis García, CC BY-SA 3.0

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Greek Mythology of the Month: November (Continued)

Eleusis is a little town near Athens. Here, their worship was referred to as the Eleusinian Mysteries. Demeter actually came to Eleusis during the reign of King Erechtheus of Athens. She went to Eleusis in search of her daughter, Persephone, who had been abducted by Hades, the god of the underworld. Befriended by the royal family of Eleusis, she agreed to raise the queen's son. You see, when Demeter's daughter (Persephone) was abducted by Hades, Demeter went into eternal grief. As she searched and searched, she began neglecting her crops. After awhile, most of the crops on Earth were dead or dying. At this point, Zeus had to intervene and send his messenger Hermes to the underworld to bring Persephone back and prevent the extinction of all life on Earth. Hades agreed to both Demeter and Persephone's relief but gave her a pomegranate as she left. When she ate the pomegranate seeds, she was bound to him for one-third of the year. Demeter was granted four months per year with Persephone; her daughter would remain with Hades for the remaining months.

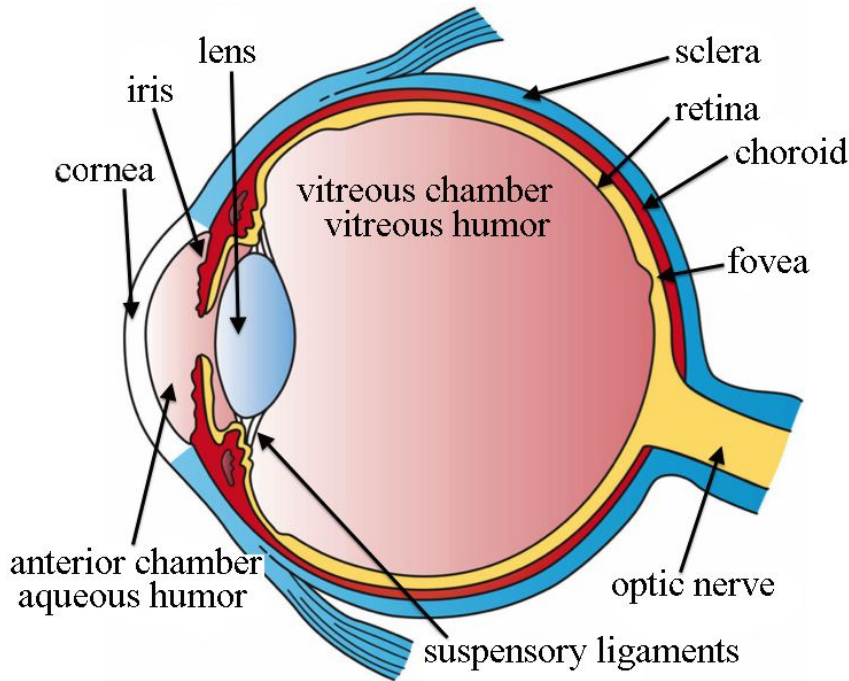
Triptolemus was the demi-god who presided over the sowing of grain seed and the milling of wheat. He was one of the Eleusinian princes who hospitably received the goddess Demeter when she was mourning the loss of her daughter. She (Demeter) cared a lot for Triptolemus and all mortals for that

matter. The caring goddess teaches Triptolemus the art of agriculture and bids him to go far and wide spreading the wisdom. To Celeus and the Eleusinian, she teaches many sacred rites that later became known as the Eleusinian mysteries. But she can also be savage at times. When she was living in disguise at the house of Mteneira she grew to love Demophon, her host's baby boy. She loved him so much that every night she would hold him in the fire to make him immortal. One night, however, his mother walked in and, fearing for her baby's life, cried out. Demeter was so angry at her lack of trust that she left immediately, leaving the child mortal.

Demeter is both calm and caring, as the fields, and just, as the thorns in the bush. She can be a caring mother who loved her children so much, to a distrustful goddess who punishes anyone who opposes her. Creator of winter, and mother of Persephone, Demeter is not one to mess with.

Different Colors?

By Nandhu Kumar



Three Main Layers of the Eye

Artwork by Holly Fischer, CC BY 3.0

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Blue Butterfly

Emmanuel Huybrechts from Laval, Canada, CC BY 2.0 <<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0>> , via Wikimedia Commons

In the vast world around us, we have yet to discover many things, but some things we do know about are colors! The whole world would be different if it weren't for colors. Do you truly know how you see colors every day?

Let's start searching from the place we see things, our eyes. They are our mini cameras recording everything we see, from the fovea to lenses; they contain all the necessary parts to let us see. Even though they help us see things, they only absorb what comes through; although they aren't the cause of the colors we see.

Now we know that the eye only absorbs light, we can tell that the differentiation between colors occurs before the light gets to our eyes. Let's see if we see different colors because of the way light affects the object itself.

When we do some research, we can understand that color is reflected off of the object's surface. If color is reflected off of the object's surface, then why do we see only specific colors and not random ones? A specific object can only reflect one color and has to absorb all the other colors.

Now let's focus on colors that are special cases. Black is a special case because it doesn't reflect any light at all, it only absorbs! White, on the other hand, completely reflects all colors that come at it and absorb nothing at all! Blue is also a special case because only some blues follow the rules. The blue patterns on any butterfly would break the rules because it doesn't reflect any light! Instead, it creates color using texture! Other shades of blue tend to absorb most colors and reflect the shade of blue that they (the color) want.

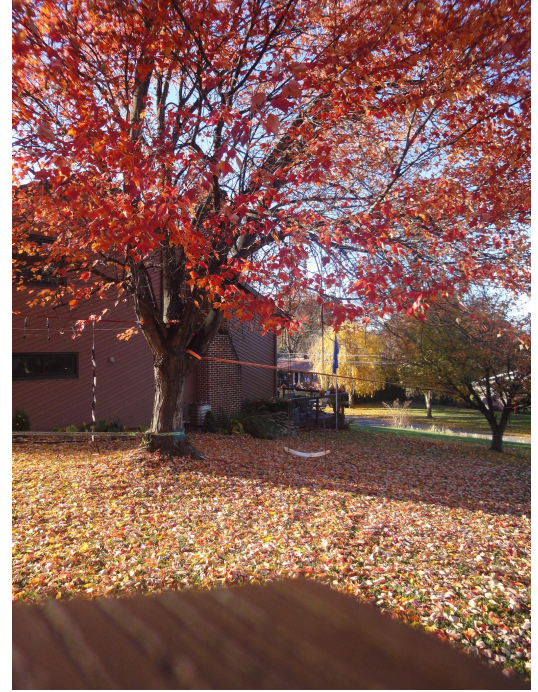
This is just brushing the tip of an iceberg, as there are thousands of different colors, each unique in its way.

How to be Thankful This Thanksgiving

By Saketh Pochiraju

You might know that Thanksgiving is a time to give thanks, but you might be wondering how to do it. There are many people you might be thankful for, right? Well, here are a few ways to give thanks and help make your community a better place.

First, you could volunteer at a food bank or soup kitchen, both of which have many opportunities for middle schoolers to help out. Moreover, you could buy a coffee or a meal for someone behind you in a fast food line. In addition, you could be thankful for the environment, and help nature out by planting trees, and by just acknowledging its beauty. You could also donate items that you have but don't use, including food, toys, clothes, and much more. No matter what you do, be thankful for the people around you, and try to spend as much time with those you love as possible, and try to be kind to everyone. A little kindness can go a long way. Happy Thanksgiving!



Photography by Libby Dietz

Thanksgiving Poem

Natalie Deschane

Mashed potatoes, soft and creamy,
Sipping hot chocolate, warm and steamy.
Crowding around the oven waiting
For the turkey and greens to be ready for plating.
Gathered around the table, beaming
Everybody's eyes gleaming.
Thankful for friends, family and food
Everyone's eyes to the turkey glued.
Golden and seasoned, a perfect delight.
"My goodness, we'll all sleep well tonight!"
Full of cranberries, pumpkin and spice,
Turkey and stuffing and cider on ice.



Art by Mya Hunt

Upcoming Events

- December 1st;
Chorus Concert at 7 pm
- December 2nd;
Student Council Movie
Night at 3:30 pm
- December 8th;
Orchestra Concert at 7 pm
- December 12-16;
Scholastic Book Fair
- December 17th;
Band Concert 7 pm

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