

March 2018
Volume 7
Edition 10

Spring Break

Walk for the Arts

Nice Work if You. . .

Hamilton

Marysville Charter Academy for the Arts • Marysville, CA

Monthly Calendar

March 30-April 9	Spring Break
March 12	Community Mtg.
March 14	Showcase w/Senior Spotlight
March 18, 25	Minimum Days
March 19	Walk for the Arts
March 20-21	Great America Trip - Music

Newspaper Staff

Advisor	Mrs. McDowell
Editors	Anna Campos Montia Green
Staff	Ivette Barriga Ethan Bland Ben Hendrix Robert Keith Lucero Magana Grace Rose Alexis Sumahit

SHADY CREEK

By: Montia Green

Being a Shady Creek counselor is one of the greatest experiences I've had during high school! The fact that as a counselor, you get to enjoy the same things outdoor aspects and learning activities as the kids is one of my favorite things about the outdoor school. One of the most rewarding things that I receive from being at Shady Creek is the family vibe, whether it be with my cabin, fellow counselors, or naturalists. It always feels like home and the food is GREAT! I would encourage all juniors and seniors to apply to be a counselor whenever they get the chance, because the time you spend at Shady Creek is the one of the most healing and memorable weeks you will have throughout all of high school. BOOMSHAKA-LAKA!



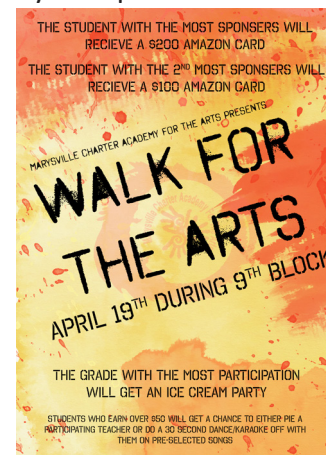
WALK FOR THE ARTS PREVIEW

By: Some Canadian(Lucey)

Another year another *Walk for the Arts*, this year *Walk for The Arts* will take place April 19 during a ninth block. It is said that there will be karaoke, dance-offs, and other activities. For the new students, Walk for The Arts is a fundraiser in which the entire school is able to participate in. The title itself explains the event, students walk to support the fundraiser. The purpose of this event it to fundraise money for PTSA who

use the money for teacher projects, scholarships, etc. Students who fundraise over fifty dollars have a choice to either pie a participating teacher or challenge them to a dance/karaoke off. Students with the highest money raised can win a two-hundred dollar Amazon gift card. The student with the second highest money raised will get a one-hundred dollars Amazon gift card. The class with the most participation is also given an ice cream party. If

you haven't begun fundraising I suggest you start, you would not like to miss out on this year's prizes.



THE UNOFFICIAL LIFE OF A PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH

Part 1: The beginning of the end

I awaken to the kitchen light piercing through the plastic that contains my life. Everyday since we left the store one of us has been taken, and now, I am the one at the front of the package. Acceptant of my fate, I am ready for whatever awaits me on the outside world. After all, this is what I was born for. I can barely see anything outside, the occasional blur of motion, I can make out figures, but nothing recognizable. Suddenly the package starts to move and then is opened, a cool breeze of fresh air fills the package as a hand reaches in and grabs me, I am ready. The hand is warm and inviting, I tried to turn and see the face of my last and final friend but I am suddenly put face down on a plate. My back is smothered with something sticky and thick, it is the best sensation I have ever felt in my life. If this is the way all of the others have gone, then I am happy for them. I feel a tingle down the center of me and I soon realize that I am in two pieces. I did not expect this, and yet I am not in any discomfort, I am just patiently awaiting my time to leave this world. My friend picks me up with such grace that it is impossible for there to be anything but peace in this world. "This is it", I think to myself. All 22 days of my life have come to a peaceful end, I am scared at first but that soon fades into excitement.

By: Ethan Barmettler,
Guest Writer

The thought of pain is muffled by that fact that I have no pain receptors. Then, I can see it, a mouth, and a face, I close my eyes and hold my breath. Then I feel a familiar feeling along both sides of me, I open my eyes to discover that I am inside another plastic bag, a smaller plastic bag. I assume that my friend wants to save me for a later time, and so my life continues. The bag I am in gets shoved into a small space and zipped up, which is frightening, because now I can no longer see anything. I hear muffled voices coming from the walls that surround me, I start to question life as I notice a smell that I have not noticed before. It smells wholesome, kind, sweet, it's intoxicating. It was then that I realize, that the smell was coming from the substance that was on my backside. "Hello", I said out loud, realizing that that was the first word I had ever spoken. But the only response was silence, acknowledging my voice for a second, then leaving the unsatisfied sound to eco in my head for what felt like hours as I drifted into the void of nothingness, and started to sleep.

Part 2: Darkness

Dreaming is the only escape from reality, it can take you away from the mind, and out of this world. You experience

things you've only ever imagined. And then when you're in a deep uncoordinated place of wonder and empty space, your thoughts get pulled back into this empty whole that we call reality, only to return when you become unconscious again. My dreams primarily consist of my life, and what it's like to be the satisfaction of others in this world. Dreaming is my favorite thing to do, but I find sleeping to be pointless. There is so much that you miss when you are asleep, but when you dream, to me it makes sleeping worth it. Black. Darkness. Empty voids. When you sleep there is nothing, so your mind creates hallucinations to play with your deadened consciousness. To distract you from the truth, the truth that lies beyond reality.

Part 3: What happens to the Peanut Butter

It's just me. My sense of time is altered by my sense of false reality, so its difficult to say exactly when I am. My close companion and I have been in this moving room for days, if not weeks. Or is this life an illusion. Am I actually the bag, the bag that contains my simple but complex life? Or bag that contains all life? So small that I am just a molecule compared to everything else. Could I be everything, the point of nothing? Is my existence worth wondering about, or is this just a beginning to an end that I can only

SPRING BREAK FESTIVITIES

By: Grace Rose

With one quarter left of the school year and spring break approaching fast, many students have begun making plans on how to spend their time away from school. I asked a few students and from what I gathered, many juniors and seniors are planning to finish up on prom shopping, some people are traveling and planning to visit family members in other states, others plan to spend time at home, and then there's that small population of juniors that plan to study for the SAT in June. Honestly in my case, I'll probably stay home during break and catch up on sleep. Even if you don't have any plans for break yet, hopefully everyone has a good time and is able to relax and enjoy their time away from school.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

By: Ben Hendrix

BIG ANNOUNCEMENT: A new musical is going to be performed soon! The Advanced Drama and Intermediate Drama students are putting on a musical on the back stage in May. The musical, "Nice Work if You Can Get It," is a amazing, comedic musical full of funny jokes and entertaining dance numbers. This musical originally came out in 2012 and has won 2 Tony Awards. Now, it will be coming to MCAA! In May of this year this musical is coming soon to a concrete slab behind our school near you. I hope to see you at this amazing occasion this May.



HOLI: A COLOR FESTIVAL IN INDIA

By: Ivette Barriga

Holi, a colorful festival that is celebrated in India, marks the arrival of spring through it's festivities throughout the first and second of March. It takes place over two days for the two events of: Holika Dahan and Rangwali Holi. On the night before, Holika Dahan is celebrated by burning wood and dung- cakes to signify good defeating evil. Than, the next morning, people gather throughout public

places and chase each other throwing colorful powders to one another as they get soaked in water. Holi is drawn by many mythologies; however, it is also seen by some as a time for people to gather together and have fun. It is the celebration of color, love, and Good vs. Evil. Holi is a national holiday, and is mainly celebrated in Nepal and India.



ZODIAC MEME OF THE MONTH: GRU MEME

By: Robert Keith

If you are an Aries, the Gru meme probably applies to you. This meme has 4 separate slides. The first three are different, but the fourth slide is the same as the third. Typically the meme incorporates other memes into it. For example, incorporating a Minecraft meme into a gru meme is something a normie would do. Edgy memes are obviously the best. Memes that have to do with historical events can be used with Gru meme for a juicy combination. Soon this meme will circum to the normies and go to the meme graveyard. Overall, the Gru meme diserges a 6/10. It's not bad, but not the best.



DON'T TRUST THE MEMORIES TO MEMORY ALONE

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SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS: WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW TO ENTER

By: Anna Campos

The Scholastic Art Awards is a prestigious recognition program open to students from grade seven to twelve. Thousands of creative works of art and writing are submitted every year, of which several thousand earn medals. This is a great opportunity for young artists to get inspired, compete, and receive recognition for their art. The 2019 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards open for submissions on September 12, 2018, at the Sutter County Museum on Butte House Rd. The deadline is December 20th, 2018. I highly encourage aspiring artists to participate in this competition. Go to <https://www.artandwriting.org/> if you're interested!



HIDDEN TALENTS

By: Alexis Sumahit

Have you ever wondered if anyone you know has any hidden talents?

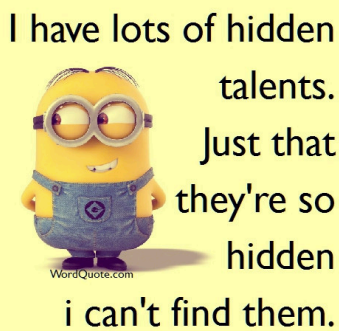
Well if you have I can help you find out. During this past week I have asked some students if they have any, the main response was no, because either they had one or they didn't want to share their hidden talent with the school. I don't blame those of you who don't want to share. When I asked some more students they said yes they have a hidden talent, so here they are:

Sofiyah Hamdan: I can fit in small spaces.

Autumn Johnson: My hidden talent is to sleep.

Desirie Jones: I can be very sneaky.

Even I myself have a hidden talent, I can do the lazy eye. Do any of you reading this right now have a hidden talent?



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

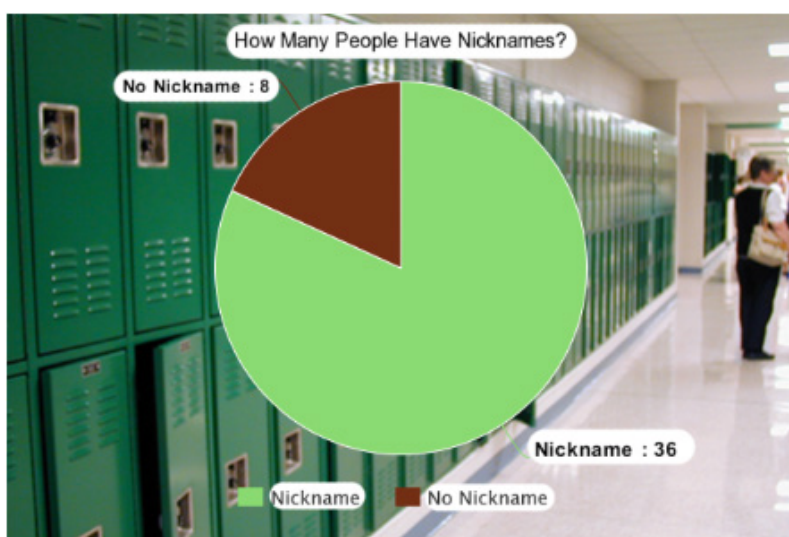
By: Coconut Head (Anna Campos)

Waffles (Maddie) Grade 10: A while back, I was put on a medication that stopped me from eating. When I got off of the medication, I had been bringing boxes of waffles to school to eat, even in class. In English, my teacher called my name and looked at me right in the middle of having, like, waffles in my mouth. Then they turned away, saying, "waffles." It was really funny to a lot of people and from then on it kind of just stuck. I think my nickname is pretty cool and it's carried with me for five years now.

Gwennhwyfarr, Grade 12:

My real name is Gwennhwyfarr. When I was younger, my little sister wasn't able to pronounce my name, so she called me Gwennybear. I have a home video of her saying it, and I think it's really cute. Now, it's carried on as a tradition- on my birthday, I get teddy bears, or cards with teddy bears on them.

Suzette, Grade 12: I've known someone who lives a very far distance away for three years. We talk online, and she calls me Suz. That nickname held meaning because hearing it from a friend who is so far away is special to me.



Life of a Peanutbutter Sandwich Contined from page 1

guess. My thoughts are halted by light maneuvering its way around my helplessness, surrounding the air that I can't touch due to the membrane that my friend has placed me in. The familiar hand that had once touched my innocent body reaches into the outside space, and grabs something near the bag that withholds my presence. And before my eyes can adjust to the bright dull light, I am closed off, resuming my loneliness in the pitch black that I have become accustomed to. "One day", I think to myself, questioning the reason why I am unneeded at this particular point in time. I wish I had someone to talk to, but if I did, what would I say. What would I do to make that individual understand my thoughts, my reasoning, my life. I wonder about this for a minute,

then two, then the smell of my companion draws me back to the present. Again I am curious what I am partnered with, this life that I was forced to accept. Then I feel a connection of which I have never felt before, as if my companion is trying to speak without using words. Using the dry space that fills the container. "Hello", I say again, realizing that was the second word I have ever spoken. And yet there is still no response, but this time the word doesn't eco in my head looking for an escape. The eco is stopped by a deep voice that I feel but don't hear, a voice that sounds like its older than time itself, but speaking for the first time just like me. Then I make the aimless silent whispers of this voice into a phrase that I have never heard before. "Peanut... Butter".

Parts 4 and 5 will be in April's paper

Marysville Charter Academy for the Arts presents

2018 Showcase

Summer of Love

Featuring Senior Class Spotlight

Saturday, April 14th 7:00 in the evening

MRS South Auditorium

Tickets: \$10 General Admission \$7 Students, Seniors and Military

For more information or to purchase tickets call 729-8122