

Clowns: No Laughing Matter

By Hunter West
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The clown-spotting hype has died down but the effects of the creepy clown craze might last awhile longer.

Maybe some of you didn't know that the sightings of clowns with creepy facial makeup have disturbed many people across the country. These infamous clowns have been so malicious, the regular clowns you might see at circuses or little children's birthday parties are getting a bad reputation.

Many of us have known clowns as hilarious characters with colorful masks and animal balloons. However, now that creepy clown sightings have been reported across

the country, people's feelings have shifted. The clown controversy erupted a few months ago when police began reporting that people dressed as clowns were trying to lure children into wooded areas.

According to an article from CNN, schools have warned students and parents about creepy clowns roaming neighborhoods. This past Halloween, many schools across the country banned students from donning clown costumes. This included the Cherry Hill School District. In addition, stores like Target removed clown costumes from their shelves.

Time will tell how long it will take for clowns to regain their reputation as traditional makers of mirth for children and adults alike.

Open here I flung the door,
when, with many a serzech
and roar,
In there stepped a stately
Raptor of the ancient days of
yore;
Should I eall Mrs. Moony
for hallucinations truly or
the helpful Ms. DeMonte for
her administrations to
implore?
But I saw the Raptor perch
above my classroom door—
Perched upon a bust of
Farkas just above my
classroom door—
Perched, and sat, and
nothing more.

And the Raptor, never
quitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Farkas
just above my classroom
door;
And her eyes have all the
mystery of Mr. DeRossi
teaching history ,
With homework tasks aplenty
for everyone, for all,

Meanwhile, I think of this, this
drudgery, this never-ending
drudgery
And my mind remembers
Montessor methodically
building his murderous wall;
And I ask with trepidation, as
my lips finally form the
question
Will this schoolwork ever
end?
Quoth the Raptor,
Nevermore!

The Raptor

A parody of The Raven by Edgar Allen Poe

By Ryan Console
Grade 8

Once upon a school day
dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and
curious volume of scholastic
lore—
While I nodded, nearly
napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of Mr. Guy gently rapping,
rapping at my classroom
door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"tapping at my classroom
door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it
was in the bleak September;
And each single classroom
member was bored bleakly
through his eore.
Eagerly I wished the morrow
— vainly I had sought to
borrow
From Mrs. Brooks a Spanish
book for the scholarly señor
For the rare and radiant
teacher whom the students
named Señor
Teaching Spanish evermore.