

Northwestern Monthly

MARCH



Editorial

As I was thinking about what I was going to do for my editorial this month, I hit a roadblock, well rather writers' block. We all have experienced in our lives one way or another when you just can't get your creative juices flowing. Whether it is at your house doing a personal project, in the classroom writing a narrative, or in the art class trying to draw, we all can't think. So, why is this relevant right now? Because this editorial is on criticism both coming at you and from you and is writers' block not just your criticism of yourself keeping you from being great?

I am definitely not the first or last to say that my criticism and judgment of others has no end. I admit it is a bit of a problem. When I walk through the halls, I am constantly, unconsciously, judging their appearance. I see their fashion, I see the slight bend in their posture, I see the little twitch of their finger, aching from staying up late doing homework because they skipped class. But I also notice when someone's head is down and their eyes are red from shedding tears, and when I notice that, I try my best to help.

There are two types of criticism, constructive and destructive. The example I gave about my critique of other students' fashion or posture would be defined as destructive. I never tell anyone my criticism but the fact that it is there makes it destructive. Constructive would be me helping a friend or one of my sisters on their homework, I tell them what they do good and upon what they could improve. Once again, I am very critical so don't take this lightly.

So, why should you, a student or a teacher or a parent, care? You have heard this talk a thousand times, "Put it in a compliment sandwich." Here's why you should care: because you unconsciously judge others. Whether at the workplace or school or home, you judge and critique others. And what's worse, others critique you.

How can you stop judging? By looking at the reasons why you are judging them and the reasons behind the things you're judging. Let's go back to my example in the hallway. Let's say the kid I see in the hallway is slouching, his fingers are

twitching, he has bags under his eyes, and his shoes are untied. I am going to invent a scenario that explains why he looks so worn out and then I won't judge him.

The student's name is John. He lives with his single mother and three sisters, all younger than him. He skips class every day to pick his sisters up from school while his mom works. During the night, he sneaks out of his house to work part-time at a 24-hour diner. His slouch comes from him carrying around all his textbooks because his family couldn't afford a locker. His shoes are untied because he is so tired from only getting three hours of sleep a night.

Now, you feel bad for John and you don't judge him. Even if that story isn't true, it could be. Your classmate, co-worker, or neighbor could be going through something and judging them doesn't help. When you judge others unjustifiably, they judge you justifiedly.

Be yourself and think of others as you would want them to think of you.

Have a good March!

March Recipes Based on National Holidays

Peanut Butter Lover's Day - Peanut Butter Cookies

- [Click here for the recipe!](#)

Cereal Day - Homemade Rice Krispy Treats

- [Click here for the recipe!](#)

Pi Day (the number) - Glazed Peach Pie

- [Click here for the recipe!](#)

Potato Chip Day - Homemade Potato Chips

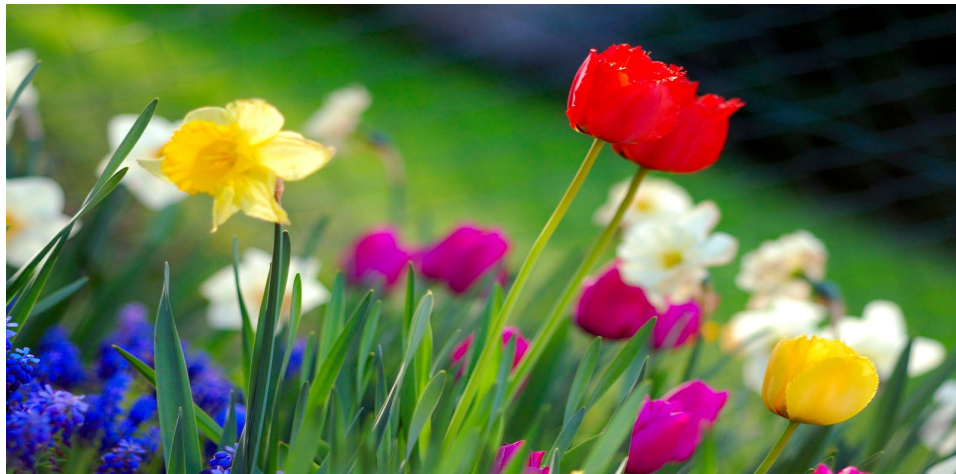
- [Click here for the recipe!](#)

Pecan - Day Pecan Crescent Cookies

- [Click here for the recipe!](#)

Oatmeal Cookie Day - No-Bake Oatmeal Cookies

- [Click here for the recipe!](#)



Spring Survey!!!

Click [HERE!](#)

CLICK [HERE](#) for a fun quiz on march!

Facts about Saint Patrick

- Saint Patrick was born Maewyn Succat to a Christian family in Roman Britain in the late fourth century AD.
- Shortly before he was 16, Patrick was captured from the villa of his father, Calpornius, by a group of Irish raiders who took him to Ireland and forced him into slavery.
- He is the primary patron saint of Ireland, the other patron saints being Saint Brigit of Kildare and Saint Columba.
- By the time of his death on March 17, 461, he had established monasteries, churches, and schools
- He ministered Christianity in Ireland during the fifth century.

Coronavirus - A simple breakdown

Hunter Davis

Wuhan, China has a problem. A fast-spreading virus is spreading throughout the city. Schools have been closed. Entire cruise ships have been quarantined in Japan, but what is this virus?

Coronavirus is a family of viruses. Some coronaviruses cause cold symptoms, but others, like the current one, are much more dangerous. The virus is giving people flu-like symptoms, and in severe cases, can evolve into pneumonia. Severe cases are very rare, the AP reports that 80% of cases are mild.

Q&A about the Wuhan coronavirus

Q: How many people have been affected?

A: As of March 3rd, over 98,000, over 3,000 deaths.

Q: Can the virus affect us in the U.S.?

A: There are 209 cases of the novel coronavirus in the United States. The CDC has confirmed two cases in Fulton County, the people infected are at home isolated and the kids in the household are homeschooled.

Q: What has been happening on the cruise ship docked in Japan?

A: Lots of things. 696 cases are all on it, the fifth largest concentration (In order the countries are China, South Korea, Italy, and Iran). 6 deaths have come to passengers on the ship. Ominously, some crew members have been infected although they should've been safe. Some passengers were released last month.

Q: How is it spread?

A: To quote news site "Vox", "That's just one of many basic, unanswered questions about this latest pandemic threat." Our first idea is that it spreads through coughing and sneezing. Other theories exist, but this is the most plausible.

Prevent the spread of COVID-19 and protect yourself by refraining from touching your face, cleaning all of your devices, and cleaning your hands. Fulton County Schools posts daily information at fultonschools.org/coronavirus.

Waffle Recipe

(for Waffle Day on March 25th, of course)

Website: <https://www.tasteofhome.com/recipes/fluffy-waffles/>

Ingredients:

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 large eggs
- 2 cups of milk
- 1/4 cup canola oil

Cinnamon cream Syrup:

- 1 cup of sugar
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 can (5 ounces) evaporated milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Directions:

1. In a bowl, combine the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Combine the egg yolks, milk, and oil; stir into dry ingredients just until moistened. In a small bowl, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; fold into batter. Bake in a preheated waffle iron according to the manufacturer's directions.

2. Meanwhile, for syrup, combine sugar, corn syrup and water in a saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat; cook and stir for 2 minutes or until thickened. Remove from the heat; stir in the milk, vanilla, and cinnamon. Serve with waffles.

Freeze option: Cool waffles on wire racks. Freeze between layers of waxed paper in a resealable plastic freezer bag. Reheat waffles in a toaster on medium setting. Or, microwave each waffle on high for 30-60 seconds or until heated through.

Nutrition Facts:

1 waffle with 1/2-2 tablespoons syrup: 424 calories, 12g fat (4g saturated fat), 94mg cholesterol, 344mg sodium, 71g carbohydrate (41g sugars, 1g fiber), 9g protein

An Unexpected Visit

By Caroline Netto and Sriya Karnik

“No, I won’t go to the end of the rainbow with you, Chloe!”

“Please, please, PLEASE!!!” Chloe whined. I rolled my eyes and went back to my book. The book was amazing! Dramatic plot twists and numerous characters overflowing with-

“MOM!” Chloe yelled to the kitchen.

“Jess, please go play with your sister.” My groggy-eyed mom groaned. My mom worked so hard and she took all the night shifts she could for the hospital. Yesterday was an emergency late-night shift. Our Dad is away at the army, so mom is taking on the workload while he’s away.

“Ugh. But she always gets her way.” I answered back. My mom must have popped her earbuds back in because she didn’t respond. Chloe’s the younger sibling so of course, she gets her way. When Dad was home, mom was more energetic, Chloe was with mom, and Dad and I would cuddle up and read our favorite book together, Artemis Fowl. I must have read Artemis Fowl with my dad at least 10 times. I haven’t read it since Dad left, for fear it would ruin the sentimental purpose.

“YAY!!!”

“But... only if you stop yelling.”

“Hmph.” My sister stomped over to her rain boots with a scowl. I trudged over to my rain boots and coats as well.

“Why is life so unfair?” I mumbled under my breath.

Chloe and I walked out the door; I look back at my book on the couch sadly. Why couldn’t I just sit down and read with a cup of hot cocoa? I closed the door behind me- otherwise Chloe would claim a ‘dwarf’ was going to come into our house because of all the silverware shiny. Little kids’ imaginations were crazy. Dad said that “I was a grown-up in a kid body” because I always had my nose in a book. I missed Dad so much, but I had to stay strong for Mom.

“We are almost there!” Chloe said as she skipped ahead of me splashing in puddles. I looked up and saw a rainbow fading towards a bush. A little bit of hope and a child’s imagination popped out in my mind. I put it back where it belonged...forgotten. I pushed through the bush after Chloe. I looked around as I plucked the twigs from my hair.

“Chloe!” I called out. “Wait!!” I picked the last twig out of my hair. “Ugh! CHLOE!!” I was turning around to go back, then I snapped my head back as I heard a small commotion in the

brambles. My heart was racing. What if she's lost? What if she's hurt and can't get to me? What if she's... **no**, I can't go there.

"Mmm. These are good Ian." A high-pitched voice squeaked. I peeked through the hedge and saw Chloe.

"Chloe Elizabeth Brooks!!! DON'T EV-" I looked down and saw a little man wearing a green suit and hat sitting down, no taller than 3 feet when he stood up.

"Hello!" The man jumped to his feet holding his hand out. "I am Ian, Ian Redmond. A leprechaun as you can see (motioning to his body). Would you like to join us?"

"Um. Um. Um." I stuttered. "Uhhhhh..."

"Please!!!" Chloe pleaded. "He's really nice." She gave me her puppy dog eyes begging for me to stay with a so-called leprechaun.

"How do I know you're a *real* leprechaun and not a fake?" I inquired. Staring him down with laser eyes ignoring Chloe.

"Look towards the rainbow." he replied calmly.

I lazily rolled my eyes towards the rainbow.

"Mhmm...it's a- a-" I stuttered.

"POT O' GOLD!!!!" Chloe yelled at the top of her lungs while jumping up and down. My jaw must have dropped like 50 feet. I saw a pot that was like 5 feet wide and 3 6" tall, which was full of shining gold.

"Woah!" I thought aloud.

"Meh, Ian's cupcakes are better. They're *chocolate!*" Chloe said, completely ignoring the big pot of precious gold, emphasizing the chocolate and rolling it out on her tongue.

"I also have chamomile tea in a steaming pot if you would like some." Ian said sitting back down and on a velvet rug. Chloe soon followed him and started shoving full cupcakes in her mouth. It was disgusting with all the crumbs falling out of her mouth and onto the velvet.

"Only 5 minutes," I said sternly to Chloe.

"But why???" Chloe whined.

"Chloe, I have to go to the store soon," I said absentmindedly ignoring Ian.

"Why do you have to go to the store?" Ian said, interrupting our conversation.

"I have to get new shoes, these shoes-" I pointed at my shoes. "Are getting old and have a hole at the top."

"I'll fix them up, brand new, no charge," Ian told me with a suspicious smile.

"They do not have a hole," said Chloe as she reached toward my feet.

"Chloe!" I exclaimed as I jumped back completely ignoring Ian.

"Oh *wow*, look at the time!" I dramatically sighed. I started turning Chloe around. "Chloe, we should be going now. Mom will be worried about us."

"But it hasn't been 5 minutes, barely 5 seconds." Chloe said, turning back around.

“Ahem....I happen to have a way with luck, make a wish.” Ian interrupted pulling a 4-leaf clover from his pocket. I slowly took it cautiously from him and whispered sweet nothings at the clover. I took hold of Chloe’s hand and walked away from Ian and the rainbow. As I walked in the house, I heard sniffing coming from upstairs.

“Chloe lock the door behind you.” I said walking up the stairs gently. I tip-toed toward the source of the noise- my parent’s room.

“Okay.” I heard my mom’s voice waver. I walked in just as she shakily put the phone down. She had fresh tear streaks down her face with new ones forming.

“Mom...what happened?” I said, trembling.

“Your...your father-” My mom said, startled.

“Your father is... he’s coming home.” My mom said, spouting out more and more tears. I looked down trying to hold back my tears and be brave. My mom took a few steps towards me and lifted my chin. We fell into an embrace in each other’s arms. Chloe stepped in from eavesdropping in the doorway, and she joined us in embrace.

“I must have missed the call a few days ago.” My mom said walking over to the phone holder looking down the base of the phone stand. The doorbell rang just at that moment. I looked down at my hands holding the now crushed clover. We all ran downstairs and I reached for the doorknob as my mom cleaned her tears to look presentable to her visitor.

I opened the door to find...

“DADDY!!” Chloe yelled at the top of her lungs.

“Hey little bear.” My dad said using her nickname that makes Chloe giggle.

“Henry!” My mom gasped tears forming in her eyes again.

I ran to my dad in the doorway hugging him as hard as I could. My mom and Chloe soon followed suit. I glanced over past my dad and saw the rainbow. Ian was right after all...

The End.

Newsies: A Historical Retelling

By: Georgia Davidson

SPOILER ALERT!

As the sun rises showing another bright day in 1899 New York City, Jack Kelly and his best friend Crutchie, accidentally waking up early. After a casual conversation, Jack starts expressing his wish to hop on a train to Santa Fe, New Mexico with Crutchie. As the morning bell rings, Jack has to give up his big dream for the day and focus on his real reality, being a Newsie in Manhattan. As this is happening we are introduced to his fellow newsies Race, Specs, Albert Elmer, and Finch, along with many more. As they start their day they run into the influential Katherine Plumber, an aspiring journalist for the famous newspaper "The Sun", who rejects Jack after he tries to make advances on her. After shaking off their brief rejection, the Newsies head over to their newspaper, "The World", in which they meet Davey and Les Jacobs, who are new to being a newsie. As Davey notices a mistake in the number of newspapers he has and Jack stands up for him, a new friendship is born, with an alliance between the Jacob boys and Jack. After this, we cut to see the owner of "The World", Joseph Pulitzer, who is having a temporary crisis over what he should do to make more money off of his newspaper, and comes up with the bright idea to charge the newsies an extra ten cents per a hundred papers, which would severely hurt the Newsies everyday life. Before this is announced, it is the end of a hard day of work for the Newsies, Davey is left with one more paper, which Jack suggests he give to Les to sell which he does, and soon after the 3 boys are met by the infamous Snyder, as Jack calls him "The Spider", who runs a "refuge" for under age kids, but does not use the money that is given him appropriately. As they make a run for it, they find a safe space in Miss Meddas theatre, and are accompanied by Mrs. Medda to see her performance "That's Rich". After, Jack pays a visit to the private box, where he finds Katherine once again, and gets into a spiel that ends with Jack professing his love to Katherine through a drawing of her. The next day, The Newsies arrive at the world to the surprising news that the cost of papers has gone up 10 cents. With everyone agitated beyond belief, Jack proposes the idea of a strike, which the newsies agree with. Katherine soon learns of this strike, and shows up at the Newsies "headquarters", and expresses her idea of putting them in the newspaper, which makes the Newsies ecstatic. As Katherine returns to her typewriter she expresses her doubts of this article, and her views on her struggle in her profession as a woman. The next day, Jack organizes the strike, with poor results, but Davey uses his inspiring words to inspire the Newsies to rally for what they believe in, leading to the iconic song "Seize the day". The rally is cut short when the boys are attacked by Pulitzer's workers and the police. While everyone seems to make it out, Crutchie has been taken to Snyder's "refuge". With Jack feeling horrible for his so-called "stupid idea", he conveys his anger and plans to leave New York once

and for all and go to his happy place, Santa Fe. The next morning, Katherine visits the Newsies at their headquarters, and tries cheering them up by showing them that they have been published in the newspaper. We then are transferred to Crutchie, looking horribly beaten up and depressed as he writes a letter to Jack about his experiences in the Refuge, (Which have moved me to tears once or twice). Les, Davey, and Katherine find Jack painting and hiding at Medda's theatre, where they express their next move, rallying all the newsies in the theatre and organizing their strike, but Jack has severe doubts on the Newsies well being, but with little persuasion is convinced to join the protest again. At the World, Pulitzer meets with Snyder and the Mayor over Jack and his strike, with Katherine also being there unwillingly. Jack soon comes to boast about his strike, but receives devastating news about Katherine. Katherine is actually Pulitzer's daughter. This shocks Jack, and makes him burst out in anger, and is offered the amount that is needed to go to Santa Fe if he stops the strike, which he reluctantly agrees to. Katherine tries to reconcile, but is not given the time as Jack is transported down to the cellar. While this is happening, The rally has been organized and Brooklyn has arrived, getting all other Newsies excited. As the rally begins, Jack arrives, with bittersweet news. He is there, but explains to the Newsies that he has been persuaded by Pulitzer, and had made deal with him, to the newsies horrible reaction. With the Newsies feeling betrayed, Jack runs away again to his "penthouse", where he finds Katherine, and the two bicker. After some time, Jack finally gives up his argument and kisses Katherine, and she kisses back. After, she tells him her idea of "The Children's Crusade", where all kids 18 and younger are allowed to come to The World and strike. Jack reluctantly agrees and finds a place where they can print the news. Jack, Katherine, Davey, and the rest of The Newsies head down to the cellar to print the paper, expressing their want to change what has happened to them, and end it once and for all. Once the paper is printed, it is morning, and the kids have come down to The World. As this is happening, Jack, with Davey secretly, refuses his offer of Santa Fe, and shows Pulitzer what he and his daughter have done. While this is happening, the governor, Teddy Roosevelt, strides in, expressing his anger towards Pulitzer, and demanding that the Newsies price be put back. With the pressure finally seeping in, Pulitzer finally agrees to lower the price. With the strike settled, Jack starts trying to hit the road, with The Newsies disbelief of why he would leave them. Lucky enough, both Katherine and Davey convinces him to stay with his real family, the newsies.



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