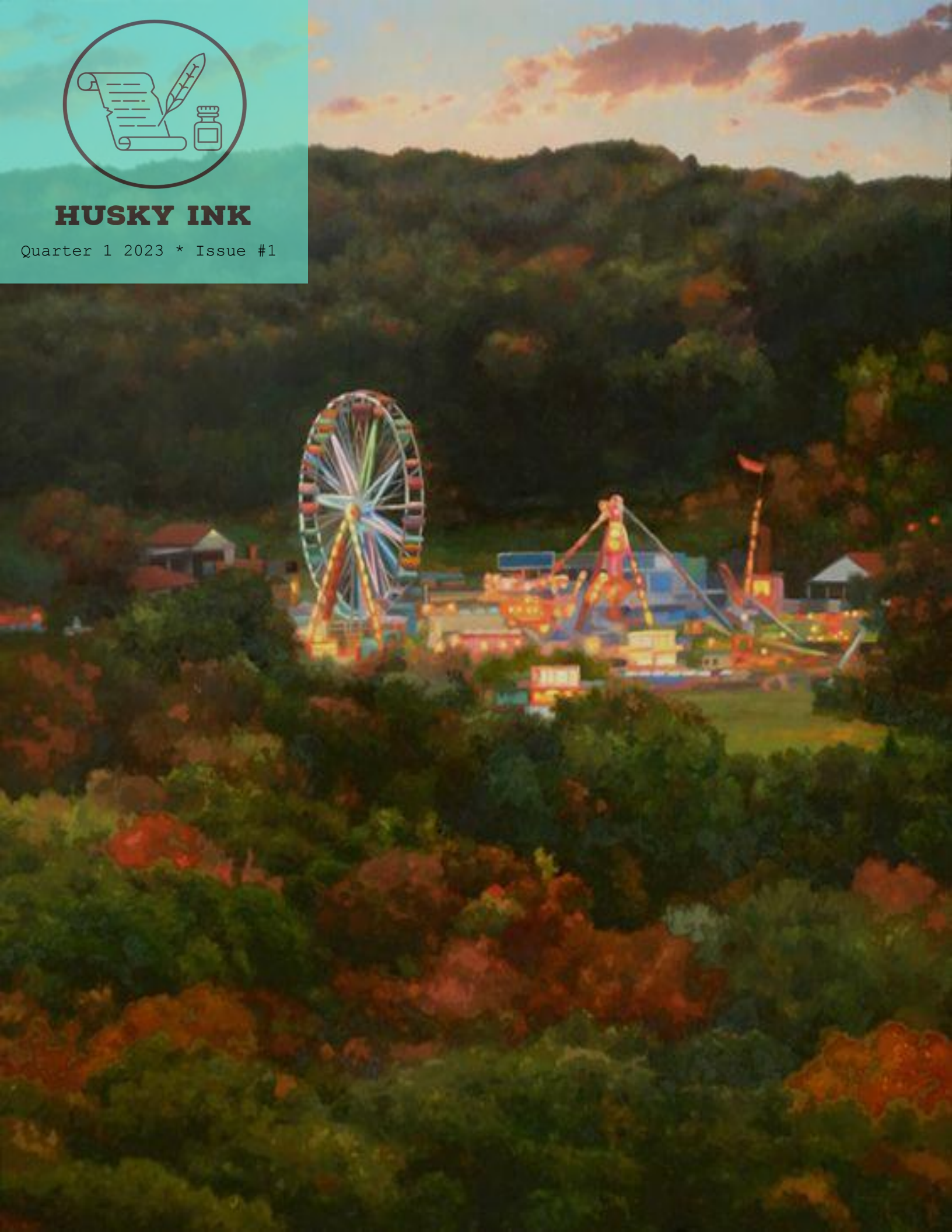




# HUSKY INK

Quarter 1 2023 \* Issue #1





# The Dog Eared Pages

There is a hidden Husky! The first ten people that come to Mrs. Kalafatis and show her get a prize :)

Fall is Late

Turkey and Chicken Wars

Summer Refuses to Depart

Fall Haiku

Bluegill

Goodbye Summer

Quarter 1 Husky Ink Writing Competition

Winners

Summer Won't Leave the Party Dictionary

The Last Words of Summer

Turkey Turns into Spiderman and Saves

Thanksgiving

Summer Story

A Fall Memory

Melody

Summer Won't Leave the Party

A Haiku Has to Have a Title?

His Name is Autumn

How Beautiful is Fall

Autumn

Ready to Eat

Turkey Feathers

Love in the Fall

Truth or Lie

Fall is Late

Fall is late. Where did it  
go?

Nobody knows.

Maybe it is still at a party,

Or maybe it's just sleeping.

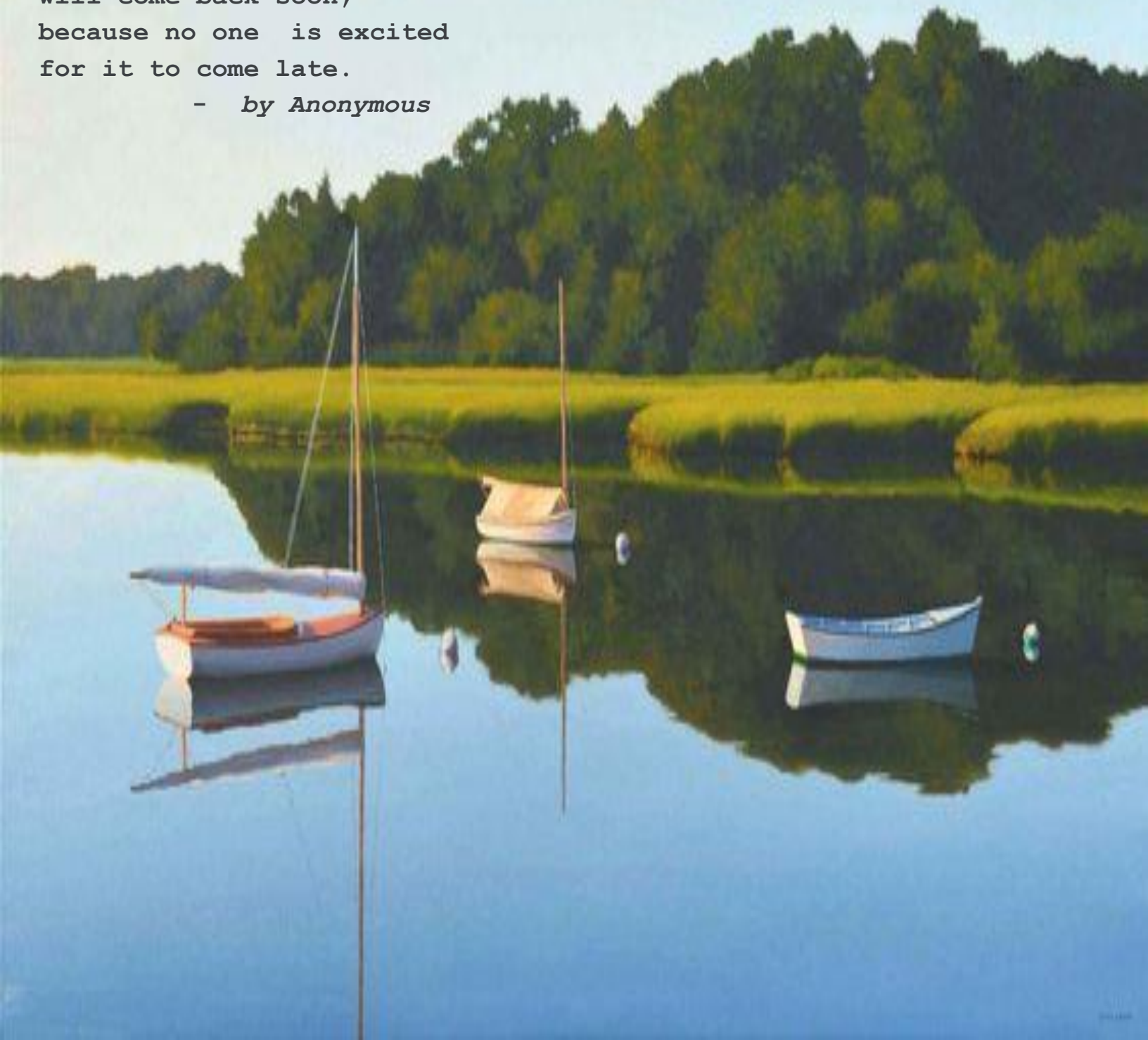
But everyone hopes that it

will come back soon,

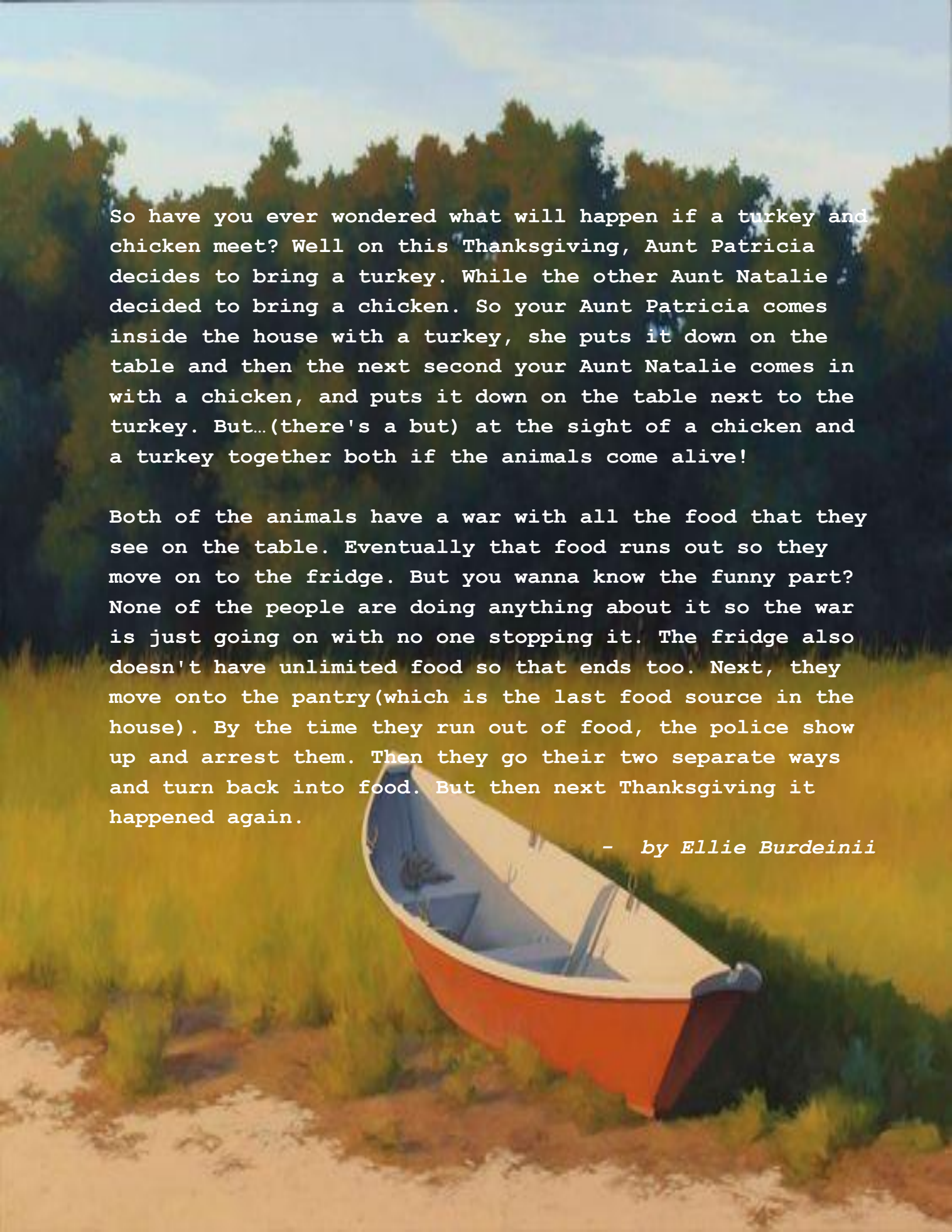
because no one is excited

for it to come late.

- *by Anonymous*



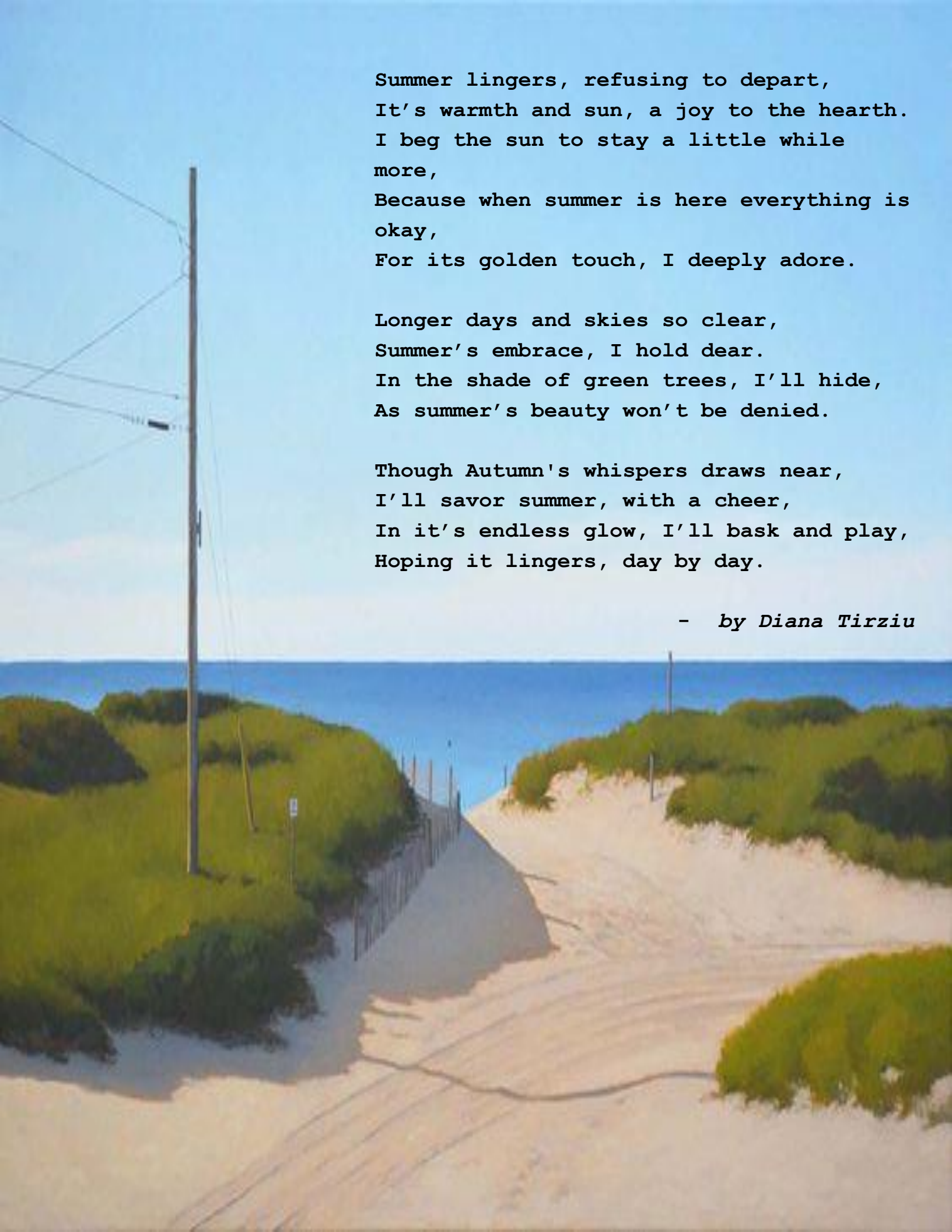


A painting of a red and white boat on a grassy bank. The boat is tilted, with its bow pointing towards the right. The background shows a line of trees under a blue sky. The overall style is impressionistic with soft colors and visible brushstrokes.

So have you ever wondered what will happen if a turkey and chicken meet? Well on this Thanksgiving, Aunt Patricia decides to bring a turkey. While the other Aunt Natalie decided to bring a chicken. So your Aunt Patricia comes inside the house with a turkey, she puts it down on the table and then the next second your Aunt Natalie comes in with a chicken, and puts it down on the table next to the turkey. But...(there's a but) at the sight of a chicken and a turkey together both if the animals come alive!

Both of the animals have a war with all the food that they see on the table. Eventually that food runs out so they move on to the fridge. But you wanna know the funny part? None of the people are doing anything about it so the war is just going on with no one stopping it. The fridge also doesn't have unlimited food so that ends too. Next, they move onto the pantry(which is the last food source in the house). By the time they run out of food, the police show up and arrest them. Then they go their two separate ways and turn back into food. But then next Thanksgiving it happened again.

- by *Ellie Burdeinii*

A photograph of a sandy beach path leading to the ocean. The path is made of light-colored sand and is flanked by green dunes. A utility pole stands on the left side of the path. The ocean is visible in the background under a clear blue sky.

Summer lingers, refusing to depart,  
It's warmth and sun, a joy to the hearth.  
I beg the sun to stay a little while  
more,  
Because when summer is here everything is  
okay,  
For its golden touch, I deeply adore.

Longer days and skies so clear,  
Summer's embrace, I hold dear.  
In the shade of green trees, I'll hide,  
As summer's beauty won't be denied.

Though Autumn's whispers draws near,  
I'll savor summer, with a cheer,  
In it's endless glow, I'll bask and play,  
Hoping it lingers, day by day.


- *by Diana Tirziu*





Orange brown colors,  
Leaves falling down everywhere.  
Cold breeze fall is here.

- by Aulket

A painting of a rural landscape. In the foreground, a winding asphalt road curves through a field of tall, golden-brown grass. In the middle ground, there are two houses with blue roofs and light-colored walls. To the left, a tall utility pole with cross-arms stands prominently. In the background, a blue body of water is visible under a clear sky. The overall style is that of a soft, painterly illustration.

Me and my dad went fishing together but not often. One day we were called to go fishing with my dad's friend. We drove and drove until we got to a river. It was a calm river and it had a log right next to it.

We were fishing for 10 minutes and I caught a small Bluegill. They were making jokes about it and I was going to the fish in the trap. Five minutes later I went to check on the fish but I fell in.

It was funny because I went face first and I was half in and half out of the water, my head was just in the water chillaxing. They pulled me out and thirty minutes after that I went to reel my fishing rod in but there was a snake right next to it.

In a split second I said in my head, "Nope, not today or ever."

I sprinted to the car and locked it. It was so funny that my dad and his friend fell off their chairs. The snake swam to the tree and climbed up the branch. Two minutes later it came out of the log with another snake and one swam across the river and the other went back under the log. We went home with only a Bluegill in the bag.

- by Mark Dalekorey



I will miss the breathless  
summer.

The ember glow of films  
unfinished.

The turning down the lonely  
road.

The midsummer rain outside while  
you sing in the morning.

The crash of the wave- running  
towards the shoreline.

Towards the beginning of the  
fall.

Miss our friend's laughter  
bouncing off of the fire flames.

And the summer night closing.

- by Mrs. Kalafatis





**Quarter 1  
Husky Ink Writing  
Competition Winners**



## Summer Won't Leave the Party Dictionary

August 30

It was a beautiful day when my friends seasons of the year invited me to a party on September 1 in honor of Auttie or The Fall taking over. There will also be our other friends like the geosphere (Georgi), hydrosphere (Henry), biosphere (Bella), and atmosphere (Abby).

I was getting ready for the party. I didn't know what to wear so I called Sarah "The Spring" who told me that I should wear a yellow top and short white skirt with two ponytails that will be tied up with pink ribbons.

Later in the day when I was getting ready for school, Winnie "The Winter" called me. She told me that she can't wait for the party. We talked with her a little, but now dear diary I am going to bed good night.

August 31

Today, Dear Diary, I went to school, but the day wasn't so much fun. I would even call it the worst day of my life. Today I came to school early and I was waiting for Winnie and Sarah to discuss the party, but when I came up to my locker I saw Georgi and Henry pointing at me and laughing. When I came up to them they said that they felt sorry for me that I won't come to the party. I told them that I didn't know what they were talking about and that Auttie invited me, too. Then they said the biggest lie I ever heard. They said that no wonder Auttie didn't want me at the party because I was bossy. However, my dear diary is not true.



But, the worst thing happened later. Auntie came up to me and said that it was mean of me to gossip about her to all the people at this school. I answered that this was some kind of mistake but she just ran away.

At lunch Sarah and Winnie came up to me and asked me if it was true that I gossiped about Auntie. I told them I didn't gossip about her and that I think it was Georgi and Henry that spread rumors. They said that they will talk to Auntie and try to figure things out. So, for now I can only hope.

September 1

Dear Diary, I am so happy, because I actually went to Auntie's party. So this morning I woke up feeling sad, but then surprisingly Auntie called me. She said that she was sorry for not believing me and that it was now Georgi and Henry the ones who are not going to the party. Actually they also spread rumors about Auntie so they got into trouble, but for me I went to the party and enjoyed it and I am happy for the friends I have.

- by Yuliia Ivaniuk



## The Last Words of Summer

In summer's realm, where words do play,  
A vibrant chorus, in sunlit display.  
They dance upon the breeze, soft and sweet,  
Unveiling secrets, the world to greet.

First, the word "breeze" whispers by,  
Caressing cheeks with a gentle sigh.  
It rustles leaves, making trees sway,  
And brings a coolness on a scorching day.

"Sunshine" is a word that brightens the skies,  
Golden rays that warm and mesmerize.  
A word that paints landscapes in dazzling hues,  
Filling hearts with warmth and chasing away blues.

Then comes the word "laughter", full of cheer,  
A melody that brings delight and good cheer.  
It echoes in parks and through meadows wide,  
Spreading joy and mirth far and wide.

"Beach" is a word that conjures delight,  
Feet in the sand, a soothing sight.  
Seagulls soaring, waves crashing on the shore,  
A word that evokes memories forevermore.

Now, "picnic" brings forth thoughts of delight,  
A feast of flavors under the open sky.  
Blankets spread with love, surrounded by friends,  
Sharing laughter and stories that never end.

"Fireflies" flicker, a word that delights,  
They twinkle and glow, like stars in the night.  
Their luminescent dance, a magical sight,  
Guiding us through summer's enchanting flight.



In twilight's embrace, as sun starts to fade,  
Whispering zephyrs tip-toe through the glade.  
The last words of summer, an enchanting sigh,  
A symphony of echoes as time slips by.

Golden hues of evening, a canvas divine,  
As lazy days surrender, summer's final line.  
Leaves rustle softly, a gentle lullaby,  
Whispering secrets as they bid goodbye.

The cricket's serenade mingles with the breeze,  
A delicate lullaby beneath ancient trees.  
The last words of summer, a bittersweet refrain,  
Fading memories that dance on nature's plain.

Gone are the days of laughter and delight,  
Replaced by nostalgia, painting the night.  
A twilight chorus, a melodic embrace,  
Serenading nature's transition with grace.

As days grow shorter, and nights stretch long,  
The last words of summer echo in song.  
A season's finale, a brief moment in time,  
Leaving us yearning as summer's chapters chime.

So let us cherish these final words so dear,  
Embracing the memories, holding them near.  
For though summer's ending may bring a new start,  
Its last words will forever echo in our heart.

- by Artem Shambra



## Turkey Turns into Spider-man and Saves Thanksgiving

Once upon a time there was a turkey named Peter Turker who lived out in the farm by the city. One day, he was pecking on his food when he heard his friend Tony Stork arrive with the newspaper that read: BIRD HUNTERS HAVE ARRIVED IN NY CITY TO HUNT TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING. As he read it, he heard a few shots in the distance, at first he thought it was nothing, but then a giant flock of birds came flying out of the city!

"We have to leave!" said Tony.

"But it's our home town!" said Peter.

"We have no choice!"

"But what about the other birds? We need to save them too!"

Tony knew it was the right thing to do so he agreed to save the other birds.

*BANG BANG*

Just as they were about to leave for the city, they saw one of the hunters aiming at them as they were flying!

"Mighty nice dinner I got myself right here," he said as he pulled the trigger.

*BANG BANG*

Luckily for the two birds, he was a very bad shot and missed. They flew closer to the city, away from the hunter.

"Hey!"

"Come back here!" he shouted as they flew further away.

When they arrived at the city, they saw many cages - all filled with birds. As it turns out, the hunters used tranquilizer darts so that they could have fresh meals. They will cook them when they are ready. The ones that are going to be eaten right away are shot at with real bullets.



"We have to help these birds," said Tony.

"But how?" said Peter.

"I think I have an idea..."

*OK... Does this fit right? Yes? ...Ok...let's see...*

"Wow! Thanks! Thank you Tony!"

"Your welcome."

"Now let's go save some birds!"

FLICK

FLICK

"There."

"All done?"

"Yup."

Peter Turker got a new suit that hid his identity so that no one knew who he was. They didn't really think about the fact that most turkeys look the same, but it didn't matter because he looked cooler than a regular turkey. Peter actually had a web shooter that he used to connect all of the cages.

"Ready?"

"Let's do it."

"Ok, let's pull on three."

"ONE.....TWO.....THREE!"

CLANG

The cages fell down causing a loud noise.

"Hey, who's there?" called one of the hunters.

"Wait, come back birds!!!"

"Quick, let's get out of here!"

They all flew to Ohio where birds talk and the MCU doesn't care about a wrong multiverse that isn't supposed to exist... no, not at all.

The next day was Thanksgiving and all of the birds were there. They all had the best Thanksgiving ever! They had many things to be thankful for, but one special reason: they were all alive!

And that is how a turkey (PETER TURKER) became Spider-Man and saved Thanksgiving - at least for the birds.

-by Alex Trikolich



A day of summer left, all the other seasons waiting for fall to arrive the next day.

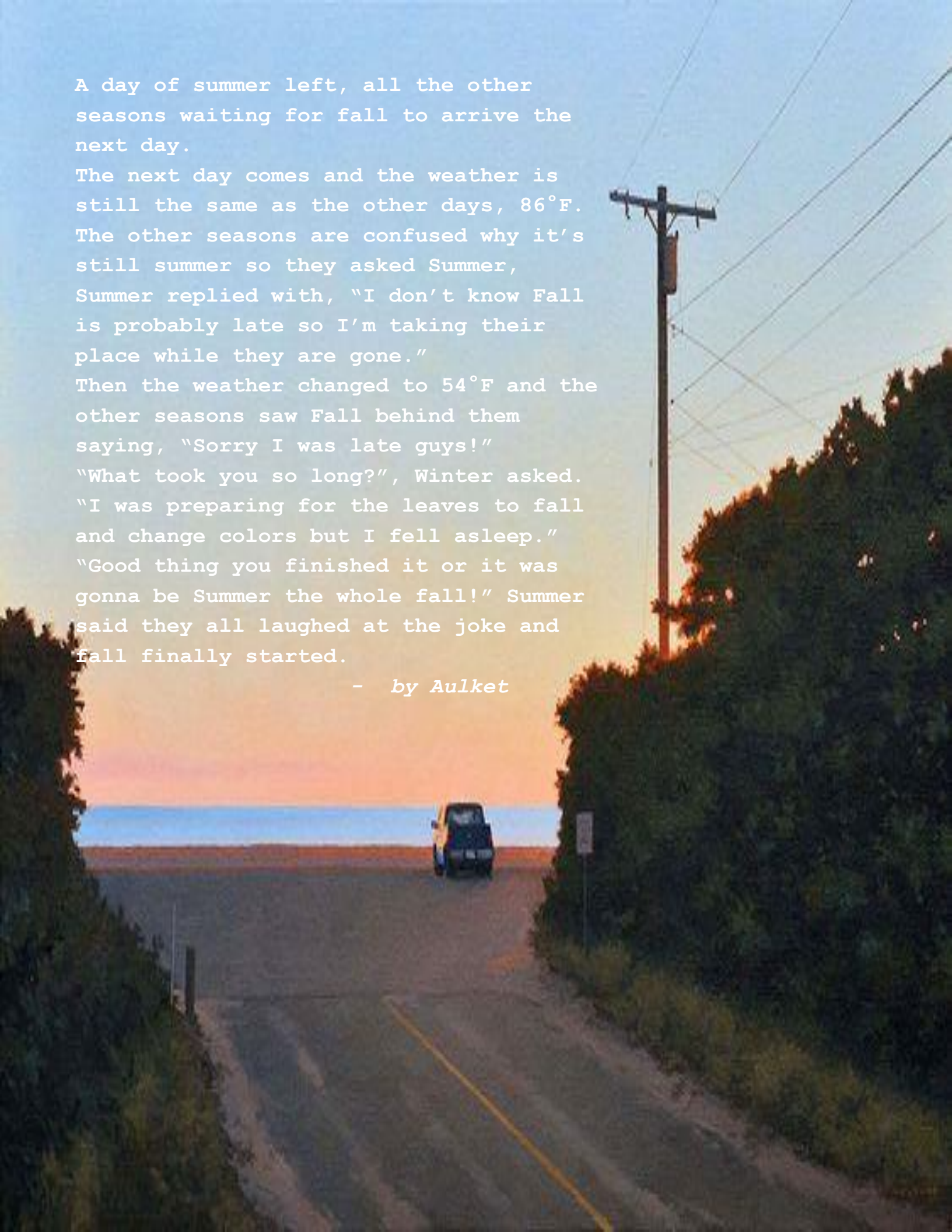
The next day comes and the weather is still the same as the other days, 86°F. The other seasons are confused why it's still summer so they asked Summer, Summer replied with, "I don't know Fall is probably late so I'm taking their place while they are gone."

Then the weather changed to 54°F and the other seasons saw Fall behind them saying, "Sorry I was late guys!"


"What took you so long?", Winter asked. "I was preparing for the leaves to fall and change colors but I fell asleep."

"Good thing you finished it or it was gonna be Summer the whole fall!" Summer said they all laughed at the joke and fall finally started.

- *by Aulket*

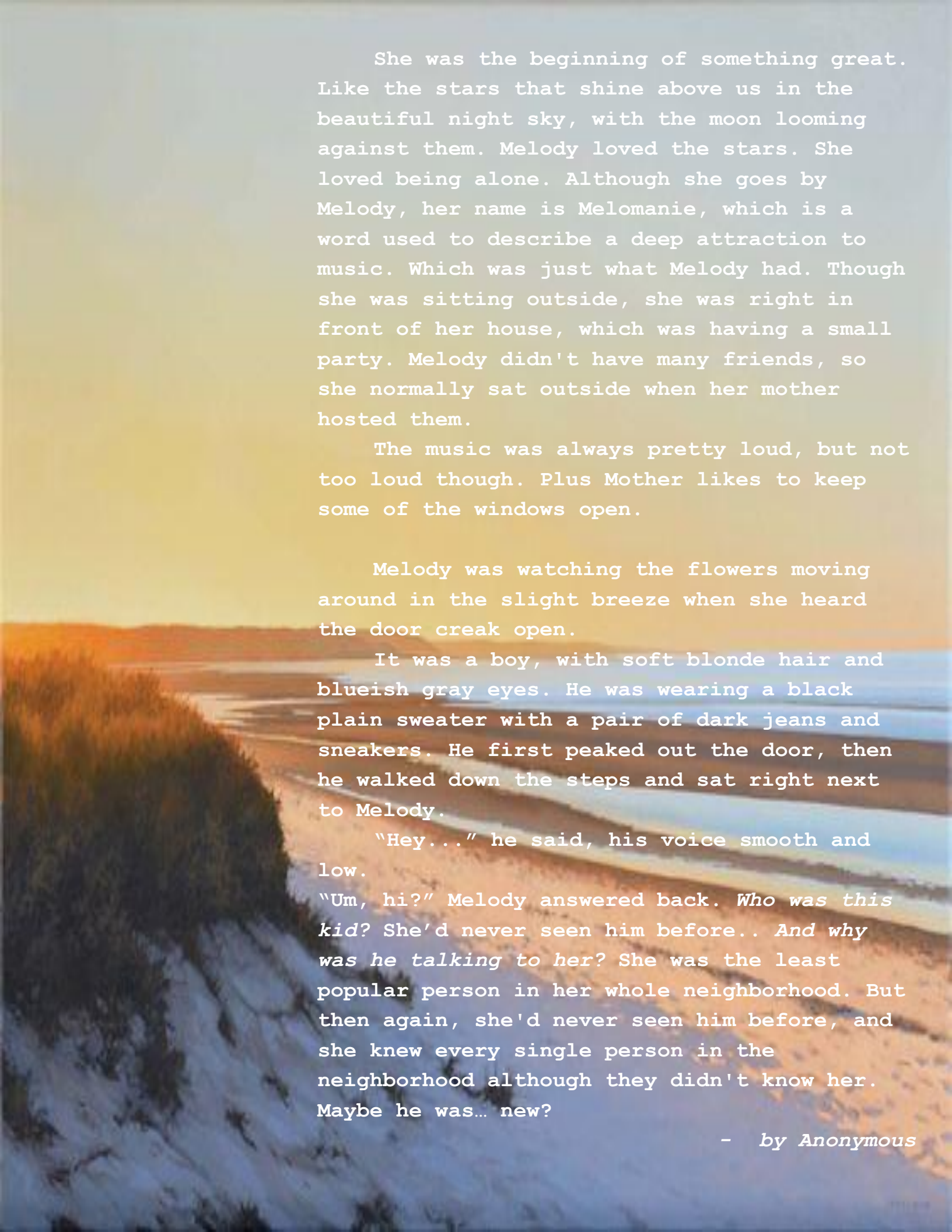






We were playing in the leaves,  
Throwing, scattering, and piling it everywhere.  
Laughing, running, and playing with each other.  
Laying down on the piles while looking at the sky.  
Clouds looming over us as we smile at each other,  
Letting the rest of the day get carried by the wind.

- *by Aulket*



She was the beginning of something great. Like the stars that shine above us in the beautiful night sky, with the moon looming against them. Melody loved the stars. She loved being alone. Although she goes by Melody, her name is Melomanie, which is a word used to describe a deep attraction to music. Which was just what Melody had. Though she was sitting outside, she was right in front of her house, which was having a small party. Melody didn't have many friends, so she normally sat outside when her mother hosted them.

The music was always pretty loud, but not too loud though. Plus Mother likes to keep some of the windows open.

Melody was watching the flowers moving around in the slight breeze when she heard the door creak open.


It was a boy, with soft blonde hair and blueish gray eyes. He was wearing a black plain sweater with a pair of dark jeans and sneakers. He first peaked out the door, then he walked down the steps and sat right next to Melody.

"Hey..." he said, his voice smooth and low.

"Um, hi?" Melody answered back. *Who was this kid?* She'd never seen him before.. *And why was he talking to her?* She was the least popular person in her whole neighborhood. But then again, she'd never seen him before, and she knew every single person in the neighborhood although they didn't know her. Maybe he was... new?

- by Anonymous



A carousel with a purple and blue color scheme and warm orange lights is the central focus on the right. To its left is a large, colorful abstract mural with vibrant green, red, and blue patterns. The background shows a sunset sky with soft orange and blue tones, and silhouettes of trees.

Summer won't leave the party.  
Summer won't go.  
Summer brings people joy and happiness.  
She doesn't wanna go.  
Winter pushed her out the door.  
Fall talking nicely to her...  
But they just can't make her go.  
Finally, they closed the door and said,  
"Summer, I'm sorry but it's time for you to  
go."

- *by Anonymous*

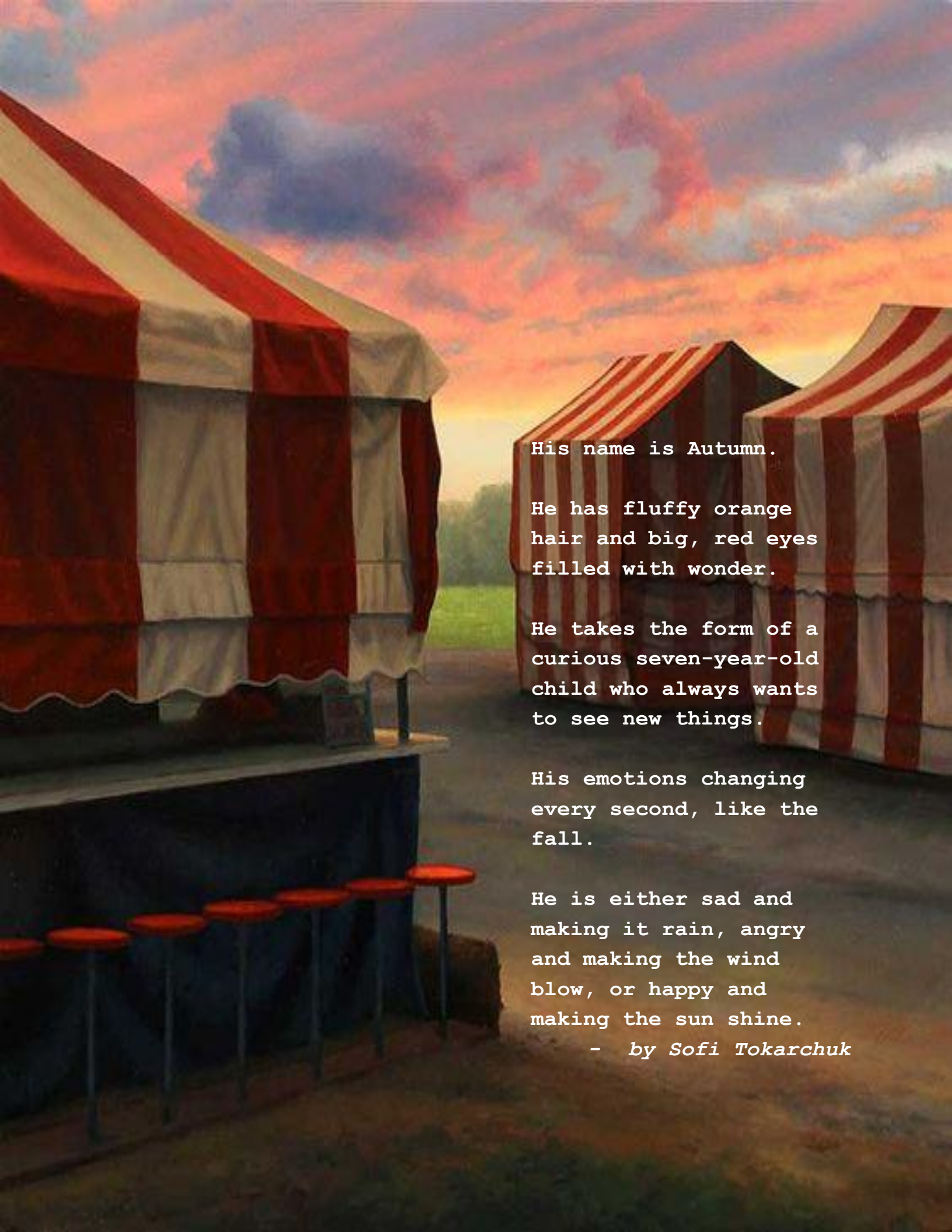




Summer is coming.  
Summer is not getting out.  
Summer is leaving.

- by Mark Dalekorey





His name is Autumn.

He has fluffy orange hair and big, red eyes filled with wonder.

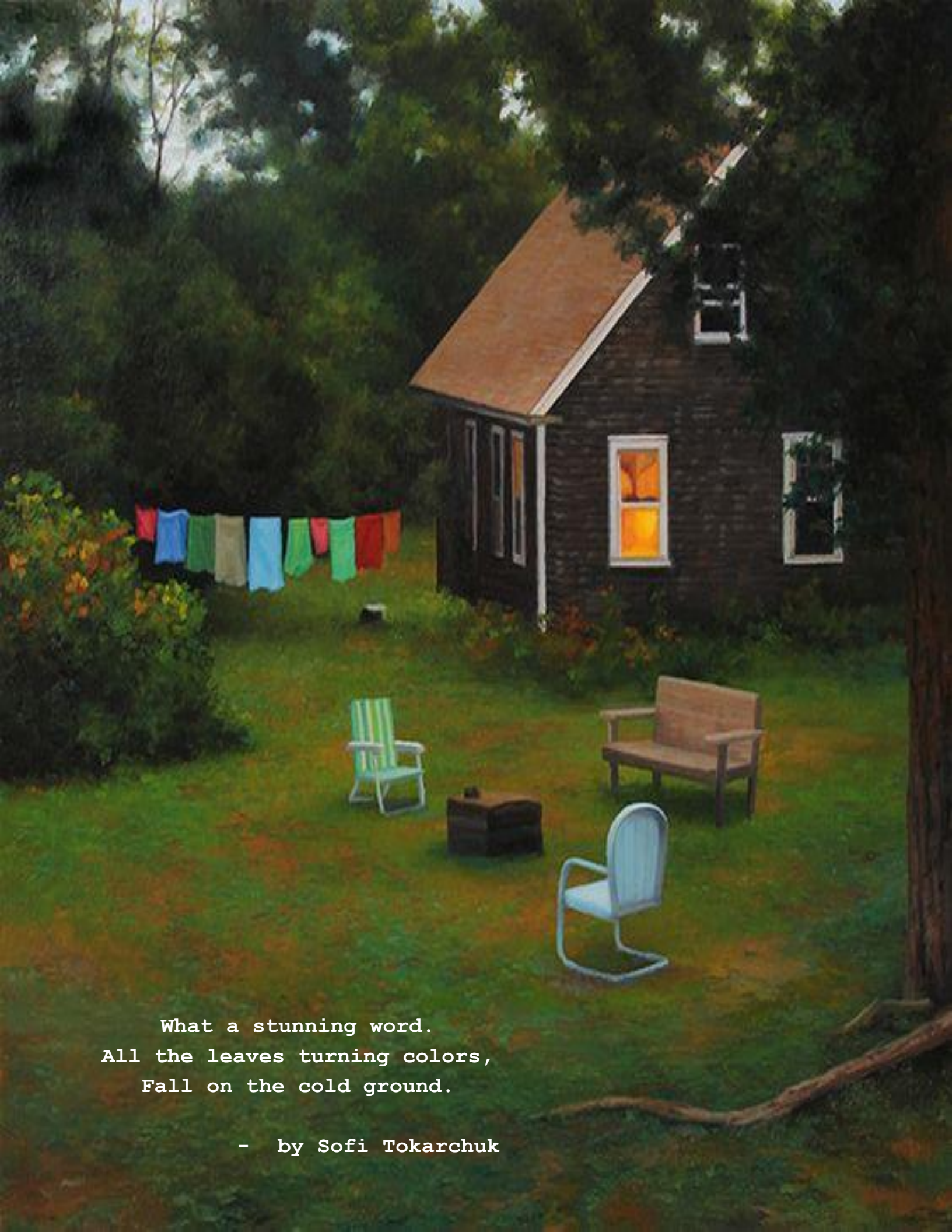
He takes the form of a curious seven-year-old child who always wants to see new things.

His emotions changing every second, like the fall.

He is either sad and making it rain, angry and making the wind blow, or happy and making the sun shine.

- by Sofi Tokarchuk





What a stunning word.  
All the leaves turning colors,  
Fall on the cold ground.

- by Sofi Tokarchuk





Autumn's leaves fall gently to the  
ground.

Nature's artwork all around.

Cooler days a cozy call.

In fall's embrace we find it all.

- by Mirriam Kadyra

Human Perspective: Family gatherings are always good. Especially if it is for a holiday like Thanksgiving. You just gather, eat, have fun, play games, or do any other traditions that your family has. How fast time flies by when you have fun! Then you will wake up the next day you will want to go back to Thanksgiving. So just gather with your family and enjoy the fun.

The Thanksgiving dinner is ready, you go to the front door to get the guests, you return and the turkey is...GONE. The most important part of the dinner is gone. Did it run away, fly away, or maybe it didn't want for you to eat it? Then the next day you go outside to the park and see the turkey just having the time of her life. You go up to it and rub your eye but the turkey is still there standing and shocked that you found it. Then you take it home and EAT IT.

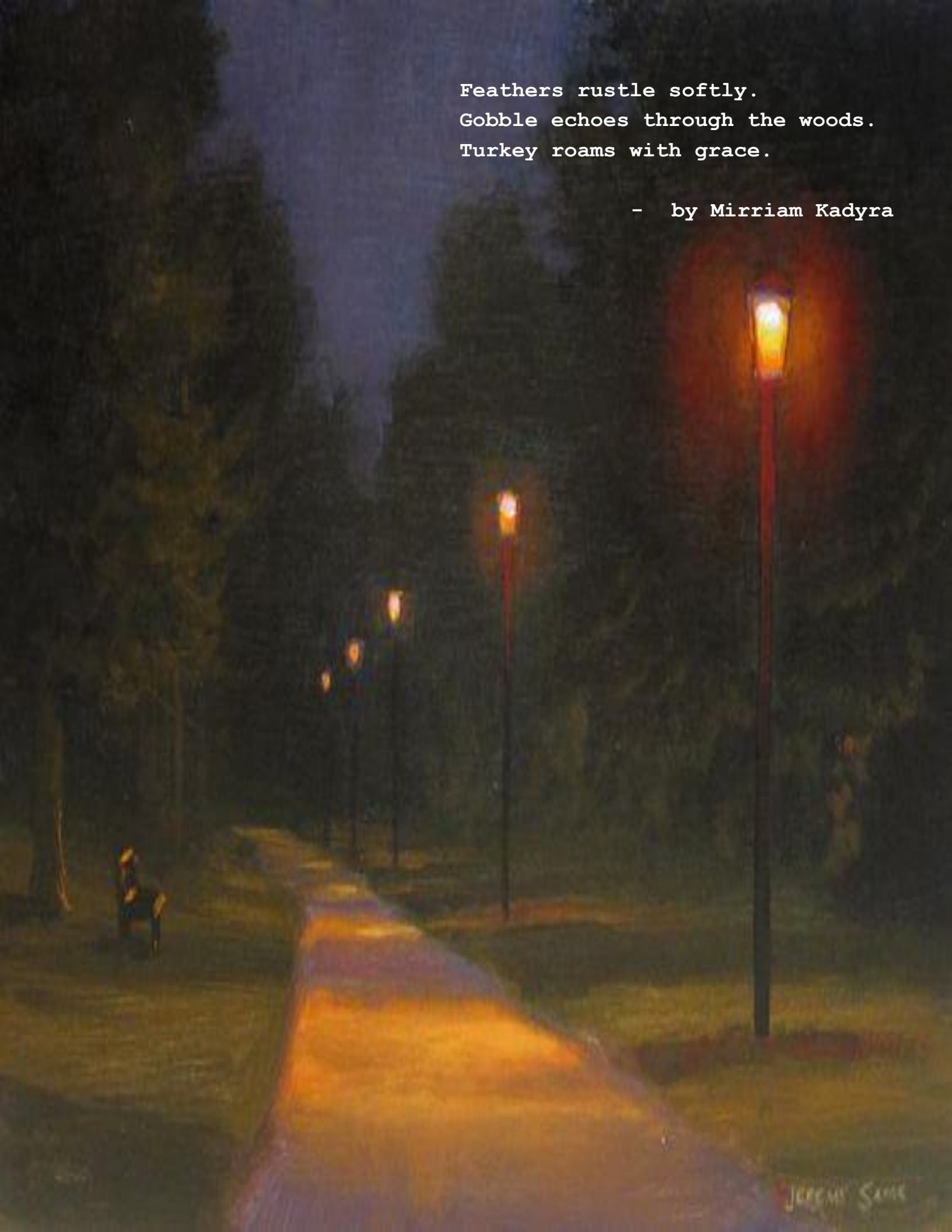
Turkey's Perspective: *Uh people kill me eat me. Guess what holiday I hate... it's THANKSGIVING. That's the season of KILLING turkeys and EATING them. I mean I am marinating in the fridge and getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner but we turkeys have to fight for our life. You may ask how well we can run away, or hold spears and protect ourselves, maybe put on a mask and not look like turkeys, or be KARENS and go to the police station and have a drama in the news, journals, newspapers.*

- by Keira Topov




Feathers rustle softly.  
Gobble echoes through the woods.  
Turkey roams with grace.

- by Mirriam Kadyra



Jeremi Sime



Summer ending,  
Leaves falling.  
The days cutting short,  
Fall is calling.

The crisp autumn leaves,  
The darkening sky.  
Looking around the place,  
I see summer saying goodbye.

As I smile slightly,  
I see the leaves in the air.  
I see a boy near me,  
The wind in his hair.

His smile,  
So warm and bright.  
Just like the sun,  
Glowing with delight.

I smile back,  
A look of love in my eyes.  
Not realizing,  
How fast time actually flies.

One more gaze,  
One more smile.  
One more look,  
My heart racing a mile.

Fall is coming,  
Creating a rather calm atmosphere.  
One that me and you,  
Can always share.

- by Sofi Tokarchuk



I saw him right there, standing beneath the  
fall-colored trees.  
His smile was so bright, pure, and welcoming.  
He's alive! He's well! He's been found!  
The bracelet I gave him, still on his wrist.  
His hands stretched out wide, as he called my name.  
I ran faster than I ever did and hugged him tight.  
I was never ready to let go.  
I looked into those eyes, the ones I missed for  
years.  
Everything was finally alright. He was here and  
alive!  
But wait, something here doesn't seem quite right.

His eyes looked empty, almost transparent.  
And what was that annoying ringing sound?  
I looked around as the trees seemed to melt away,  
The leaves crushed into bits and flew away,  
The buildings began to fade and turn to dust.  
It all started to fly away, right out of reach.  
Panic arose in me as I yelled for him to stay.  
But all that was left was the empty bedroom.  
All dark, lifeless, only the sound of the alarm.  
I banged the alarm clock 'til it silenced.  
It had been all a lie, just another dumb dream.  
He was still gone, but alive in my dreams.

-by V <3



