

The Voice

Winter 2019



Ej t kwo cu'ht qo 'vj g't ggau'kly r qkpvt'

By Ashlyn Houghton

My name is Adam. I am a concord fir tree at Donaldson Christmas tree farm. It was that time of year again. Snow was falling as I waited in dread for the time to come when people would be coming to the farm to cut trees down for something called Christmas. As cars revved on the road, I hoped that they wouldn't be coming to the farm for a tree. Around noon, I could hear cars pulling into the lot. *Rrgcug. 'r rgcug'rgv' vj go 'pqv'eqo g'ht 'o gOI* think. I had good luck so far. People did not come to cut me down. But, unfortunately, my luck was not everlasting. At some point in the day, I heard people coming straight towards me. Children were shouting, laughing.

"Emily, Isabella, calm down!" a man shouts to his children. *Wj 'qj. 'kko 'kp't qwdrg"* *pqy OI* think to myself glumly. Boy was I right. A family of four soon came into view.

"This one, this one!" a little girl yells pointing at me.

"Alright, Izzy. Girls, do you want to help me cut the tree down?" the father asks.

"Yes, daddy yes!" the other girl, Emily replies. I close my eyes, hoping this wasn't happening, hoping this was all a dream. My eyes suddenly snap open as a sharp pain starts in my trunk. I look down in horror as I see the father and his two girls kneeling underneath my branches, cutting away at my trunk. *Qj 'i quj. 'r rgcug'pqOI* silently scream, hoping it would stop. Suddenly, I am tilting violently to one side,

as the father and his children start to count down.

"Five... four... three... two... one..." they say in unison. I feel my roots pull up out of the ground as I topple with a crash onto the ground. The family then pull me to the sled waiting and load me onto it. The mother pulls ropes from her purse and the family uses them to bind me to the sled. I close my eyes as I bump along the trail back to the lodge, where the family pays for me. I have to wait though because the girls want hot chocolate, so the father goes into the lodge and buys hot chocolate for the girls. After the girls are done drinking, the family lifts me up and carries me to the car where they, again, bind me with the ropes to the roof. As the car bounces along, a bad feeling comes up in my stomach. I am scared, not knowing what will happen to me. Soon, we arrive at the house. The family unbinds me and carries me into the house. The mother brings a tree holder for me and together the father and the mother put me into it. The mother then goes downstairs and brings up red, gold and white balls. The family hangs them onto my branches. Then, they put a yellow star on top. *Y j {'ct g'vj g'f'f geqt c'kpi " o g'y kj 'c m'ij ku'i rkv' A'kko 'c 't gg. 'pqv'O kuu" Wpkxgt ug#"*

"Time for bed, girls." the mother says, getting up.

"I am so excited for tomorrow." the little girl, Isabella, says.

“I know me too. I can’t wait to spend time with Grandma and Grandpa.” says her sister, Emily.

The next day comes. It goes by very slowly.

“When will Grandma and Grandpa come, mommy?” asks Isabella.

“At 4:00, sweetie.” replies her father. Soon 4:00 comes. The doorbell rings.

“They’re here, they’re here!!” yells Isabella.

“Calm down, Izzy!” says her mother, as she opens the door.

“Happy Christmas eve!” Grandma says.

“Hi!” Isabella says excitedly, as she bounces up and down. After a half-hour of fun with the grandparents, they leave for something called church. I am all by myself in the dark house. I look out the window at the beautiful snow-covered world, wishing I was back at the farm, with my friends and family. But I am not. Instead, I am at a house, decorated for Christmas. *Kco 'uq" rypgrf . 'Ky qpf gt 'y j cv' b { 't k p f u' c p f 'l c o k f "* think. The family comes back, snow-covered. They sit down to a deliciously looking Christmas dinner I wish I was able to eat. After dinner, the girl’s parents give them new pj’s. Their smiling faces make me homesick all over again.

“Okay girls, time for bed.” their mother says.

“Already?” whines Isabella.

“Yes, Izzy. Don’t worry. You will be able to see Grandma and Grandpa tomorrow.” her father says.

“Oh, alright. Good night Grandma, good night Grandpa.” Emily and Isabella say in unison. Christmas morning, I wake up with a ton of presents under my branches. I also have a nervous feeling in my stomach, again. I am remembering something that the father said yesterday night. *Kp'c 'eqwr r g' qh' f c { u. 'Ky kn' d g' r w w k p i 'y j g' t g g' k p' y j g" E j t k w o c u' t g g' i t c x g { c t f O' Y j c v' k u' y j c v' u w r r q u g f ' q' b g c p A' Y j c v' k u' y j g' E j t k w o c u' t g g' i t c x g { c t f A o* I ask myself. The family comes downstairs talking. When the girls see the presents under my branches, their eyes light up and get so big, it is adorable. After the girls open their presents, they leave again, this time to their grandparent’s house. I am by myself again. I think some more about the graveyard and what it has in store for me. Forty-five minutes later, the family comes back home. The girls play with their new toys very excitedly. I wish that I was able to play with them, or, at least, get some gifts myself. But I can’t and it makes me sad. Again. Three days later, the father comes downstairs and takes me out of the tree holder. *Qj 'f g c t 'k o g' h q t 'y j g' i t c x g { c t f . "* *KluggOI* was right. The father takes me out in the woods and throws me into the ravine. *Vj k u' k u' j q y 't g g u' b g g v' y g k' g p f " c r r c t g p w { O' "* I think to myself as I rot and die, with no sunlight, soil, or minerals.

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Hæxqt u'qhl'Y lþvgt "

By Cameryn Bauman

Creamy hot cocoa

Sweet tasting sugar cookies

Snowflakes on your tongue

Y j { 'Ucþv'kl'Uect { "

By Violet Peck

Most people would agree that stalkers are creepy, but why is it that when a fat old man is constantly watching you it's fun? So let's be real, Santa is terrifying. There is no denying that fact no matter how hard you try.

Let's look at the facts. Santa watches us constantly, he knows what we are doing at all times. To make matters worse, one night in the middle of winter, in the dead of night, he breaks into your house while everyone is asleep. But, it gets worse! This creepy old man had the audacity to steal our food. I mean, how can a sane person know that and still trust him?

Another thing, Santa is very judgy. All of your actions are good or bad to him.
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So if your alignment is anything other than lawful good problems begin to arise. For example, I am chaotic good so my actions may not be amazing but the end results are normally worth it. And in some decisions, there isn't a good option. I am going to bring up the trolley scenario for this. Let the trolley go straight and kill one person you know or turn and kill 10 people you have never met before? The right or wrong decision is based purely on opinion.

In conclusion, there is no reason to like Santa at all. He is a judgy old stalker who continues to bribe children.

Vqr 'Vgp'J qrlf c{ 'Hko u'

By Jack Accurso

10. Black Christmas

The film will eventually be destroyed by the sequels, however, it's the first film truly brings to simplistic nature and the fear of isolation and to be too far away to call for help. With a cast that gives a great performance throughout you can truly understand the fear that these characters go through as they don't know what to do and where to go.

9. Christmas Vacation

This film is a funny take on Christmas break with an amazing actor in the leading role as good as Steve Carell which can keep you entertained throughout. With the jokes and main character being very similar to a Michael Scott from The Office vibe, it makes you love the comedy even more than the actual plot.

8. Die Hard

First of all, YES THIS IS A CHRISTMAS MOVIE AND IF IT ISN'T THEN NEITHER IS HOME ALONE!!!! The story follows Bruce Willis who is a New York City cop. He goes to a Christmas party that night and accidentally winds up becoming a hostage of a group of terrorists. He manages to break from though must save his family and those who were also taken. The film is very interesting and entertaining throughout with several amazing action scenes and one of the best lines ever.

7. How the Grinch Stole Christmas

The Grinch is a much better film than many people might believe. The story follows a traumatized kid who is picked on because he is different, and is greatly affected and hopes to one day get revenge on everyone who made his life hell before having a change of heart and forgiving the people of Whoville. When watching the film it makes you hate the main character though when actually looking into it, the film makes you feel sorry for the Grinch who is played amazingly by Jim Carrey. Both as the revenge filled monster we all know and the changed tragic hero at the end.

6. The Polar Express

This film also makes you think a lot. The story follows a train that takes children to the North Pole on Christmas Eve night to meet Santa. The story truly follows a child who feels neglected by his parents and unloved compared to his sister. And due to this neglect, he doesn't believe in many things such as Santa or hope and the whole trip on the polar express brings him closer to others through different experiences along with finally overcoming his depression of neglect by believing that no matter what life throws at you, you can always overcome.

5. A Christmas Story

The story is a true classic displaying how a child is hoping to get a very special present, even though he knows he might not get it because he is too young, the entire film follows his determination to never give up hope and continue to wish and pray for the gift that he will most likely never receive.

4. Home Alone

The story of a boy being forgotten and having to defend his home from robbers already sounds amazing. Though it is made perfectly with several forms of foreshadowing to events that

will come and the ending scene with the old man who they believed was evil to have actually been the hero all along. It also displays the same form of the child feeling neglected and unloved, even though at the end the mother makes up for it by making the long trip back to save her son.

3. Elf

Just to start off this is one of the greatest comedies ever. With the amazing Will Ferrell as the manchild Buddy the Elf and directed by Iron Man's own Jon Favreau. It follows the story of a baby in an adoption center who accidentally crawls into Santa's sack and is raised as an elf in the North Pole his entire life. He eventually discovers the truth and goes to New York City in order to find his father. Throughout the film Ferrell gives an amazing performance of a manchild with no outside knowledge of the real world, including eating gum off of the rail, snowball fighting with kids, covering spaghetti with anything sugary, and even wrestling a wild raccoon. It's also a great film about family, friends, and loyalty.

2. A Christmas Carol

This picture is a true classic and really brings out the true nature of human reactions. The story follows an old man who is fed up with the idea of Christmas and doesn't believe in the spirit of the holiday anymore. On Christmas Eve, he is visited by the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future who truly teach the grumpy old man how to enjoy life again and truly understand the spirit of Christmas. It is truly very interesting to the genre and really makes a big stand on character development by transforming a grumpy old man who only cares about himself into a humble and caring man who would rather give than take.

1. Miracle on 34th Street

This is a very incisive film following a man who claims he is Santa Claus and is taken to court on the belief that he is with the main character being the man's lawyer and the lawyer's daughter who plays a very big role in the entire film. It is filled with a lot of character development including giving the lawyer a new sense of belief along with the fact that during the ending scene the daughter gives the judge a one-dollar bill with a circled part of the phrase "In God, we trust" giving the judge a realization that this nation was built on belief so therefore it would be unconstitutional to not grant this man the belief that he is Santa Claus. A truly amazing ending to an already amazing movie.

Vj g'Ej t kwo cu'Ugcupp''

by Cameryn Bauman

Christmas is nearing

Families are gathering

Memories are made

Hi q| gp'KKO qxlg'T gxlgy "

By Jack Accurso

The holidays are here and what better way to celebrate them than to go see a movie with the family. An amazing new family movie that was just released is the sequel to the highest-grossing animated film ever made, Frozen 2. Without further ado, let's just review this actually brilliant film.

To begin with, the characterization of this movie is mostly where the film struggles. Obviously, you have Olaf there again for the comic relief, but the film mostly focuses on a man vs self-conflict with the past being the true villain to this film. Kristoff is fighting the self battle of building up the courage to ask Anna to marry him, while Elsa is attempting to fight her own battle by truly discovering the past in order to save the future. And Anna fighting the battle of her own to save her sister from going off the deep end in order to find answers.

To move onto the imagery of this film, it is breathtaking. Each and every scene in the Enchanted Forest is a new form of art. When they reach the barrier of the forest, the sky is a nice shade of early

morning brightness, though as they make their way through and to the shipwreck of their parent's boat the sky displays more of a gray and dark area building tension and giving the mood of a sad and depressing scene that is about to take place.

Another very important form in this movie is the symbolism. The entire film focuses on destroying the dam of the North Aldra and finally freeing the forest of its barrier. The dam symbolizes the atrocities of the past and destroying it at the end represents apology and forgiveness from what occurred in the past, as well as peace for what will occur in the future.

That is all today on this movie review and remember that even though you may think that you're too old to see this movie, it is a great take on a heartfelt story with sisters who love each other and don't want the other to get hurt while the film also can easily balance the action, comedy, and sadness all together with a conclusion that will blow your mind and change the way that this Frozen universe will forever be affected.

Fgego dgt '423; "

Dear Reader,

Can you believe it's nearly Christmas Eve? For many, the night is

simply... well, the Eve of Christmas, a precursor to the excitement of the coming

morning. But in a Polish household, Wigilia (vee-gee-lee-ya)*, or Christmas Eve, maybe the most joyful day all year! Everything begins with the first star seen on December 24th. Known affectionately as *i y k/f nē*, this symbol of the Star of Bethlehem serves as the “kick-off” to the festivities of the night! So, every year, we go for a walk around our street, squinting for a better look at the sky- but we always know that we’d come home to presents piled around the tree. That’s right- Polish Santa, aka *O kŋqrl*, gives presents a whole 12 hours early! Funny how we never questioned that both our parents never went on the walk with us...

After we return, and after many joyful exaltations radiating from each child, we gather around the table and listen as my father reads us the Christmas story from our family’s *Dkrlk* (Bible). Then, we break a thin wafer called *qr nē vgnl* (op-wah-tek), sharing it with everyone at the table along with hugs and blessings for the new year. It must also be noted that no matter how many of us are piled around the table, we always make room for one extra spot, which is always left empty. Traditionally, this is a seat for the “lost traveler”- any lonely or wandering person who may be in need of food and shelter on this night of celebration. Although we haven’t had an unexpected guest at our table yet, I’m sure we’d be fully prepared to welcome them into our house if he did show up!

Then comes the feast- and boy, can Poles feast! To symbolize the 12 apostles, we enjoy 12 dishes, all meatless as a sign of fasting. Although 12 may sound like an

enormous amount, we usually consider bread and horseradish dishes in themselves, and deserts make up half the quota. To start, one simply *o wŋv have ŋrgf/kg* (herring- pronounced “sh-le-dje”) and gefilte fish, which is a Yiddish ground carp. Of course, these dishes must be served with strong *ej t/cp* (pronounced hshan- horseradish) which we always pass around the table to take big whiffs of, clearing our sinuses but also showing our bravery, because- well, horseradish is painful!

Then comes *dct u/e/*, a beet soup known to some as borscht, served with *w/nē*, which literally means “ears” but are actually miny tortellini with mushrooms. Apart from being delicious, the bright red color of the soup always looks beautiful splashed onto our best white tablecloth... and on my white sweater... and on the freshly cleaned carpet. Then, we have a “big fish”- usually cod, but like to make it Portuguese style with potatoes, which is known as *dcecŋ cw*. Because we *ctg* Polish, *r kgt qi kare* a must, with either potato, cheese, or cabbage on the night’s typical menu.

By this time, when our stomachs nearly burst at the seams, we break for presents! Of course, we sing plenty *nqrgf {* (Christmas carols) while we’re at it, jumping and dancing and generally having a merry time! As per Polish tradition, we get our *ej qkpnē* (Christmas tree- pronounced hoy-ing-ka) right on Christmas Eve, so that our whole house is filled with the scent of a freshly cut pine. We gather near the *u/qrnē* (shop-ka), or nativity, and drink in loveliness of it all!

Before we get too comfortable though, it's time for dessert! Along with a myriad of cookies like pierniki (gingerbread), we make sure to have *o ciqy kge* (poppy seed cake), an apricot and plum drink called *nqo r qv*, and sometimes even *ugt plm* or Polish cheesecake! Then off to bed we go, considerably rounder but full to the brim of joy and celebration. However

you celebrate your holidays, I'd like to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Reader!

Wesolych Swiat! Yours truly, Mary Kalinski :)

*No, Wigilia is not pronounced Wiggle-yeah. Apologies for any bubbles burst.

Ej ggu' 'Nqyg'Gpvt lgu'

By Schnozz

We all heard there are no snowflakes that have an identical pair. That they all are different. What if there was one snowflake that had a match. Just one. And say they were told they were different, but they knew there had to be someone. They searched their whole life, however long a snowflake lives, and it found the one snowflake. People say they do not have a match. They believe they will never find their snowflake. But there is more to this story. With each day, the snowflake grew smaller and smaller until

it almost melted away completely. It did not lose hope. One day, they were on the verge of disappearance. They heard a faint voice over the sound of their tears saying, "Hello. I have been searching my entire life for someone or something that I resemble. I believe I have found you. You are the one I have been searching for, my match." It had finally found the one. People give up too quickly, too easily. Keep trying because one day, they will come, and you will find your snowflake.

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C'Xgt{ 'Rqkuj 'Ej tkwo cu'Y qtf 'Ugctej "

Try to find every Christmas word listed in the word bank below!

APBLLKOIYCNBOJU
CKQEOXXKESMMRAS
DMNLBGWIAZDKALX
YPEIGOWNHKAZE
JDOSOOKRYIZDSKU
YXOPKHWELSZSJIS
PBLALOCIKIHVUMH
IOMAJAGPECHRZAN
EXMHRITAKPOZSSX
RXBSWAZEKSAIWEC
OZCZSRABKOCRERH
GJNZEBSXYLMWONV
IORDIRHMNGJPLIP
RQFKSDZOILCOOKN
SZCQHRSTGEKKGTO

Word Bank
BARSZCZ
CHOINKA
CHRZAN
GWIAZDKA
KOLEDY
KOMPOT
MAKOWIEC
MIKOLAJ

OPLATEK
PIERNIKI
PIEROGI
SERNIK
SLEDZIE
SZOPKA
USZKA
WIGILIA

Y l'pvt 'Uk j w'

By Cameryn Bauman
Snowmen are smiling
Colorful lights are twinkling
In the dark they shine

Vj g'J qkf c{ 'Hgnpi "

By Cameryn Bauman
Cold slush filling our boots
The snap and glow of the hearth
Joy filling our hearts

**Vj g'Rqubkkl{ 'Ræeg<'
I kxg'vj g'I Hw/Vj cv[qwEcpİvY tcr'''**

By Emma Dolan

Who else can't believe that its the holidays already? Its my FAVORITE time of the year!!! Everyone is listening to cheery music and hustling and bustling around to get presents for their loved ones. I absolutely love it, but some people get a little cranky or even sad, all the gifts for all of the people. ALL OF THE PEOPLE!!! Aunt Trish with her itchy, hand-knit sweaters, Uncle Jordan and his constant "caroling"-its very loud, and little Addison the half-cousin who loves to play tickle fight a little too much. They come all at once in a wave of cheek pinching, "Honey, you grew!!!" (Haha no I did not) madness. It is totally overwhelming at times but there is another reason people get grumpy or depressed. Memories. What? Why would memories make people cranky or sad? Remember last year... you refused to put Aunt Trish's sweater on for the annual holiday family photo. In the picture, you were the only one in a shirt that wasn't covered with pompoms and glitter. Whatever, right? This year Aunt Trish is snowed in and won't be able to come to the party. You are so lucky, no Aunt Trish, no sweaters. Phewww. Wait, no Aunt Trish?

Being a teen, I understand that is sometimes hard to resonate with them as an audience but I think this idea is really important so I am going to share something a little personal. As funny and light as I try to make my writing, sometimes it needs to be real. Last Thanksgiving, I had to leave

my family party because I could not stop sobbing. Only my mom, sister, and aunt knew why I left. My aunt lives right across from my uncle's house, where the party was. I went to her house and sat with the doggie. My mom came to check on me after a little while and begged me to come back but tears were still streaming down my face and I did not go back. I could not face it. I could not face the holidays without my Babcia (grandmother in Polish). She was the one who would secretly tap my toes under the table, she was the one who would refuse to eat turkey because she did not want me to feel alone as a vegetarian, she was the one who was my part buddy, my best friend. Then, this year she was gone. Nobody tapped my toes under the table and I was the only person who had no turkey. I could not do it, and I broke. As I sat with Honey, the dog, that night I came to a realization. I could not let another holiday go by without loving my family with every ounce of love I could give. The year before was my last year with Babcia and I did not know it would be. Little did I suspect that one year later I would be sobbing on the floor with her dog just wishing for a hug from her or just one moment to tell her how much I loved her.

Whether it's your Aunt Trish or my Babcia, things happen and change. That is everything in life though. You cannot change the past or due course of life, but you can make the present the best it can be and

help to create a future that you will never have any moments that you wish you could change. Put the sweater on and smile.

I can tell you, this year I am going to hug my mom and sister so many times, even the greatest athlete could never count. I am going to carry my aunt's veggie platter across the street for her. I am going to let my relatives tell me I have grown (Even though I have not. WHATSOEVER!!! Can they see how short I am? I can be the Elf on the Shelf twin.) This year I am going to tell my Babcia, in heaven how much I love and miss her.

Please, please, please enjoy the crazy family that the holidays bring in. They are

very special, in more ways than one, so show them you care. Smile, laugh and joke around with them. Give them your time of day, some of them you probably only see once a year, so make it count for all the other 364 days you don't see them. They definitely want to spend this time with you. Even if they make you "sample" their mushroom soup (That happens to me and I actually HATE mushrooms so much) its just their way of sharing and loving you. Your good attitude (even as you choke down the soup) would be the greatest gift to them. Give it. There is no hustling or bustling required.

Vj g'Ngi gpf u'Ct g'Vt wg00Uqt v'Qh00'

A Christmas Short Story

By Colin Jones

Believe it or not, I've met Santa Claus. He wasn't exactly what I expected, which is why haven't really talked about it until now. I'll put it this way- the stories about him aren't *wxmf* wrong.

It was about December 20th when I met him- the Thursday before Christmas break. I was heading home from school, trudging through the deep piles of snow, which soaked through the tops of my boots and chilled my feet. My nose dripped relentlessly, and I was half-starved to boot. Knowing that the closest place where I could grab some cheap food and not die of

hypothermia was the convenience store a few blocks away, I took a detour.

When I got into the store, I noticed something was off immediately. The place was freezing. I knew the convenience store didn't have a world-renowned heating system, but it felt colder inside the building than in the outside air. The reason for this was plain to see- snow was all over the place. The floors, shelves, even the unmoving ceiling fans were piled up with several inches of fresh powder. There weren't any open doors or windows, so the snow seemed to have entered some other

way. No workers even stood at the counter. I was about to turn to go when I heard a metallic crash and a loud shout from further back in the store. Then there was only silence.

“Is someone back there? Are you okay?” I called nervously, ready to run at any sign of something suspicious. I’ve seen enough horror movies to know that anyone stupid enough to stick around after a strange sound usually gets killed. When there was no immediate response, I was about to bolt, when I heard a deep coughing. A low, but non-threatening voice called out to me from the back of the store.

“Help me up, would you?” the voice sputtered, before lapsing back into heavy coughing. I hesitantly made my way to the back of the store. As I passed snow-filled racks of snacks, I could see that one of the shelves, in particular, had collapsed on top of something- or someone. “Come now, be quick about it!” The voice snapped. I quickened my pace, reaching the back of the store and finally laying eyes on the owner of the voice.

Beneath a thin layer of snow and the metal wiring of the racks was a heavysset, fairly elderly man dressed in a faded red suit. His eyes shone in a peculiar fashion, but not in a menacing way- it was almost more of a twinkle. A thick gray beard with assorted crumbs hid most of his face, and his cheeks, while not rosy red, were certainly flushed. I knew almost instantly who I had happened upon.

“Santa?” I asked, feeling nervous and foolish as I did so. This could be some stranger, and I had just asked him if he was

a magical figure in Christmas lore. To my surprise, the man only sighed.

“All right, you’ve found me out. What’ll it take to get you to pretend you never met me? You want a Nintendo Switch? How about one of those Hydroflask water bottles everyone seems to love so much?” I only stared.

“Nah, I’m good with...both of those things,” I replied. The holiday icon heaved another sigh.

“Well, what DO you want? You must want something. Everyone wants something for Christmas. And please, DO NOT ask for world peace, if I had the ability to grant that I would.”

My first impression? Ol’ Saint Nick was a lot more curmudgeonly than expected. At least he got right to the point. Plus, he clearly was willing to give me some good stuff if I was willing to keep my mouth shut.

“Got any...Visa Gold Cards I could have?” I asked, a hopeful smile on my face. St. Nick facepalmed and sighed.

“Are you kidding me? You meet a magical figure that no one has ever seen proof of, he offers you a gift, and the best you can do is a CREDIT CARD?.” He seemed to wait for me to suggest something else, but I only waited. With another heaving sigh, he reached into his belt and pulled out a shimmering credit card and a wrinkled contract. “Sign this so that you’re magically bound to keep me a secret”, he said. “You hooligan.” I quickly signed with the pen he handed me, and he put the contract and pen away. “Alright. Help me up.”

I helped Santa back into his sleigh. A couple of reindeer bit me, but it went smoothly enough, all things considered. When he was fully in his sleigh, he turned back to me. Looking back on the incident, I should have seen that the twinkle in his eyes and shifted from kindly to sly. “May I see the card for one second?” he asked. “I need to check to make sure I gave it enough...magic.” And like a fool, I gave him the card. With a triumphant “HA!”, Santa cracked the reins of the sleigh and shot into

the air.”That’s what you get, you little brat! Expect coal in your stocking this year!”

The moral of the story? Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth. Or at least make sure you can keep the gift horse away from your Visa Card.

4242'PJ N'Y l'pvt 'Ercule'c'pf 'ku'J kvqt { "

Aidan Salerno



Photograph By Emily Kaplan

Tis the season for another action-packed NHL Winter classic. This time the Dallas Stars, which will be held at the Cotton Bowl Stadium located in Dallas, Texas. To understand why the NHL has the Winter Classic we must take a look back in history and go back to 2008 which was the first Winter Classic game that was ever played in the NHL.

The two teams that played in this game were the Buffalo Sabres and the

year the Nashville Predators will be going against

Pittsburgh Penguins which was held at Ralph Wilson Stadium in Buffalo New York. Over the next couple of years the NHL Winter Classic became an annual event which was played every year on January 1 except during the 2012- 13 season due to NHL lockout. Each year the Winter Classic has been played in many famous stadiums including Wrigley Field in

