



February Newsletter 2023-2024

Featuring relevant stories, fun activities, and... dating advice?



Valentine's Day Jokes:

By: Noah Mahunik and Bill Li

How can you save money on Valentine's gifts?

Become single.

Do you have a date for Valentine's Day?

Yes, it's February 14.

Why did the dad approve of his daughter's goalie-boyfriend?

He was a real keeper.

Why did the skeleton break up with her boyfriend before Valentine's Day?

Her heart wasn't in it.

What kind of flowers should you not give on Valentine's Day?

Cauliflowers!

What do you call two birds in love?

Tweethearts!

What did the rabbit say to his girlfriend on Valentine's Day?

"Somebunny loves you!"

What did Valentine get arrested for?

For stealing someone's heart.

What did the tortoise say on Valentine's Day?

I turt-ally love you :3

Valentine's Day on a Budget

By: Trinity McFadden

Need gift ideas but on a budget? Don't worry... Take a look at these ideas that will make your significant other smile while keeping your pockets happy too.

For the ladies:

- Candy.... You could never go wrong with her favorite sweets from the dollar store
- Flowers... Give your love something beautiful to adore
- Perfume... Her favorite fragrance
- Lego Roses... Build her flowers that will last forever
- Simple Roast/Starbucks Gift Card... Give her coffee for Valentine's Day if she's a coffee addict
- Candles.... Every times she uses it, she will think of you especially if there's a power out in her house like mine

For the gents:

- Cologne.... His favorite scent
- Bracelet... Give him a simple bracelet that will remind him of you
- Beanie/Baseball Cap.... Elevate his wardrobe with something stylish
- Card/Letter... Write him a sentimental letter from your heart
- A hug.... A warm embrace is free but it goes a long way
- Fuzzy blanket... Keep him warm during this cold season
- Food... If he loves to eat with a passion



If none of these work, just remember that your presence is the true present on Valentine's Day!

Dougie2Fresh's Guide on How to Become a Lady's Man or Man's Lady or Man's Man or Lady's Lady or Others Whom This May Pertain To 🔥🔥🔥🔥

What up my fellow party people! Dougie2Fresh here, here to bring you the freshest, bestest, and smoothest advice to help those loners out there find someone special for this upcoming Valentine's Day, yo. These tips are going to make you an all-around love magnet because these pointers have a 100% success rate and I have never heard anyone fail being able to pick up some lovers (Don't fact check me, yo 😊). These tips have been passed down from generations of ballers and players and I'm feeling generous this holiday season to help out my diehard fans, yo. No more dilly-dallying, let's get into my unbeatable advice, yo.

1. Use clever wordplay (I would know because I'm a pro lyricist)

Modern-day Shakespeare speaking, yo. I know most of you are not good writers, so I am here to help with that, yo. For example, slide your POI (person of interest) a nice, little love letter, but with a twist!, yo. On the crumpled piece of loose-leaf that you grabbed out of your Staples notebook, write, "Be mine or I'm yours" on it. This piece of advice is a classic within the 2Fresh bloodline because of its guaranteed win rate, yo. Your POI will be bamboozled because if they don't want to be yours, then they are obligated to make you theirs, as stated in your love letter/contract, yo.

I know you may be wondering; "Doesn't this mean they have no choice for them to reject me?", and you'd be right, but isn't that what you wanted?, yo. If writing is not your forte, you'll never make it in the music biz, but I got you covered in the next tip, yo.

2. Flirt your way into their hearts

I ain't got time for explanations, yo. Here's the singular pick-up line to guarantee you some love and affection, yo:

"If you ain't got plans this Valentine's Day, you should come over and watch the 'Witches Be Crazy' music video by Dougie2Fresh featuring President Austin."

This is the two-in-one bundle; you get a date and the chance to listen to an undeniable banger in modern-day hip-hop, yo. Give it a listen if you haven't, yo.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iJyLCQfMF2s>

3. Put a comment on the "Witches Be Crazy" music video

If you're too lazy to do the other 2, I gotchu, yo. Put a comment in the comment section of my video and I will spend the entirety of Valentine's Day with you, yo. Disclaimer: Nothing romantic will come from this, I'm just here to support you through this desperate time, yo. I know that may be disappointing but rules are rules, yo. We can watch Netflix or play Xbox, yo. It's a "first come, first serve" sort of situation so be fast, yo.

If all else fails, you're a liar because you didn't try and deserve to be alone, yo. Peace, yo.





Familial Fields

Mitchell Homick

The fields were corrupt, perhaps infected. When Harlow Alden rolled over to see the window, he was met with utter confusion.

It was almost two in the morning when Harlow heard a giant thump nearby his farm. He had cleaned himself up three hours ago in the tub and rested in his great bed. His body was aching, his muscles crying in agony. He was only in his early 60s, but the detriment of farmlife ate away at his body with undying fervor.

Harlow was a lonesome man. His children never returned to the nest once they were met with the conviction of college. Terrence went off to the big city after getting his degree in astrophysics, and Carmine studied abroad in Spain. Terrence was studying the moon, something that he always held in highest regards. He hated the sun, which meant labor and sore fingers; the moon was everything that he wanted.

Harlow had divorced when Carmine was only four months old. Though Harlow had full custody, his children felt bitter towards the life of Cassius Falls. It was *too* basic, *too* predictable, and *too* rural for their liking.

So simple it was, in fact, to see that a large thump, almost a thunderous crack, would cause Harlow's solitude to be swiftly annihilated. As he pulled up his slacked overalls over his barren body, he pulled the curtain aside to overlook the sea of corn, to try and make out the *thump*.

The shimmering stars above echoed their light onto the crop-filled ocean below. The corn swayed in the wind, mirroring that of the moon's torrential pull. Harlow's home was surrounded by this ocean; it was like a small wooden boat in a vast expanse. He often daydreamed, thinking about being lost in this void. Losing himself was a desire, yet not anomalous.

As Harlow squinted his scratchy eyes at the vast sea of corn, he saw a faint glow. It was bright enough so that he could see it all the way from the farmhouse. It breathed *in*, and slowly, *out*. It was as if some neon sign spilled its juices over his farm, leaving a fluorescent violet glow that hummed in the night. His hatred for modernity rippled through his bones at the thought of that bright, raunchy tech. Still, curiosity pulled him closer, and the alien glow grew more tantalizing.

Harlow began to smoke a cigarette as he watched the faint glow sweep over his fields. It was as if a horde of jellyfish swam beneath the torrents, slowly reciprocating their glow. Cobs flickered in the night while their stalks became tentacles.

This old farmer knew Cassius Falls too well to simply walk out in the dark, let alone such a vast ocean. He had heard stories at the bar about people going missing here and there. Yes, Cassius Falls was basic and plentiful by day, but at night, some crude things alarmed the townsfolk. Never before had such intoxicating sights seeped into his eyes; the alienation turned alien, and his mind grew ravenous.

Like any uneasy man, he sat with his cigarette in hand, smoking. Indeed, he had overalls on, but he still did not have a shirt. He didn't expect to be up for long, yet the





subduing visitation of the fields brought an extraordinary attention that felt forbidden. He pushed his left palm against his face, up towards his eye, rubbing against the depressing stubble.

Harlow remained seated now, smoking as he looked out the window of his bedroom. His farmhouse was rather big considering his lowsome standards. He had four bedrooms, a beautiful kitchen, and rather comforting bathroom; he liked to bathe frequently and with deep precision. As of late, Harlow found himself only using half of the house. He couldn't bring himself to go out into the other rooms, for he longed to forget about his family. Harlow *had* loved them, but embittered by their departures, he couldn't help but isolate himself. Something about isolation—the very thought—impressed him deeply.

It was on a few occasions that he would go through the rooms of Terrence and Carmine and rummage through boxes of what they deemed trash. Arts and crafts, school projects, antique toys. It frustrated Harlow. They left him, *she* left him, he was left alone.

The solemn life on the farm ultimately created an intrinsic lust for Harlow. He wanted to live so desperately. He tried vicariously through his children for some time, but they soon discarded him. He was left to rot, to plant his corned feet into the ground and to root.

It was this, a culmination of circumstances, that provided the framework for Harlow's anticipation of the *thump*. He slowly twiddled the cigarette with his fingers, waiting for the purple mist to reach his house.

By now, it had truly covered the majority of his field. The crops were almost

wilted-looking. They curdled with a debilitating glow. There were some that had cobs maturing. He felt bitter toward the stalks that had filial love for the other. He noticed the camaraderie of the cobs as they all adorned their new identities. As a family, the cobs were filled with a purple mixture, emanating a blazing glow brighter than any star in the firmament.

Harlow continued to sit and observe. Part of him wanted to see what would happen if this purple mist consumed him entirely. He was hungry for some sort of touch or interaction. The sentience that was born into the ocean of corn seemed euphoric to Harlow. He wanted to feel it, to understand the comfort of attention. In a twisted way, he felt accepted by the mist as it encroached on his property.

The lavender mist was thicker now, and its wisps of fog appeared to have tentacles almost as if it *was* something to be concerned about. Harlow would delight in the embrace of such tentacles, he wondered how it would feel for the mist to encapsulate his body and entrance him in comforting abandonment. Their suckers would hug him like his son, daughter, or repudiated wife.

While his thoughts fogged up intensely, the entity condensed and spread itself out further. Outside the window was nothing but a blanket of cold magenta. Harlow continued to press his palm into his face, and he set down his cigarette. The purple mist slowly permeated through the cracks of the wall.

As the mist invaded upon the meek little boat lost at sea, the delirious captain opened their arms out with shaking hands reaching for a last bit of hope. Hazily, Harlow saw the end. Whether it were stalks or were it





some eldritch horror, too late it was as a forbidden kraken brought the rapture.

The boat was capsized immediately, and the captain was swallowed whole by the apathetic water that vehemently flooded every crevice of the vessel. Harlow's farmhouse was at capacity with the purple mist, and he accepted the alien substance as it entered through the holes of his ears, between the crack of his lips, and even through his pores.

What was most satisfying for Harlow was the mist entering through his nostrils. He could smell the foreign fog, a sharply sweet scent that knocked him out cold.

Harlow slowly lost consciousness as the thump finished what it had started. The fog clutched every organ and vein inside his body, it hijacked every cell, and at once, it cradled his brain in complete nothingness. His eternal solitude had finally been assumed; discarded by the world around him, only the externalities could caress his lost desires.

On that same night, others had heard the great *thump* that invaded Harlow's innards.

Local reporters at the big city had stated in a press release that "a strange and peculiar noise was heard in and surrounding Cassius Falls." Some reported seeing a miniscule object fall down to the earth. Others simply claimed that scientists are working to provide more information.

Indeed, it was an unidentified object that fell to the earth. Terrence Alden, a rather unknown astrophysicist in the realm of science, had triangulated the object's path, impact, and identity.

"After tremendous checking, we have come to the conclusion that what struck this isolated farmhouse was, in fact, a crystalline

rock of biological origin—alien origin—based on the contents of carbon and hydrogen. It contains large traces of fluorine that may suggest rather concerning implications for the human race," Terrence said to the *Cassius Chronicle*.

The farmhouse and surrounding fields were now immensely dense. Though the substance had stopped spreading, Alden said, they could not understand *what* stopped it from getting out of hand.

"Upon further investigation of the site, the interior was similarly crystallized; crystalline fragments were found surrounding the furniture resembling that of some alien artifact—hands, eyes, etcetera—we have taken such and are conducting more research on what this means for humankind."

One of the hand artifacts was particularly popular for its gesture. It was as if the hand had perfectly smoked a cigarette.

The *Cassius Chronicle* deemed Terrence Alden a genius; his work was passed around until the entire country would come to know him by name.

Alden studied the peculiar artifacts and began to sell them to museums. He even started up his own company to solely study this foreign phenomena. He had truly discovered extraterrestrial life, and he was wise enough to make a fortune on it.

The loss of Harlow Alden was not rippled amongst the ocean. He was just another drop in the bucket, and Cassius Falls didn't seem to remember who he was. For all they knew, that farm was just another run-down establishment.

When Terrence Alden had only one artifact left to show the public, he saved it for





when he had to give his Nobel Prize speech the next year.

As he stepped up in front of the crowd in his designer tuxedo, he held with him a crystalline artifact in the shape of two bulbous hemispheres.

“As I stand before you all today to impart the wisdom of the cosmos, I tend to express how we should forget our past conflicts as Man and step into an era of peace for when these higher beings come to meet us. Let this final work of *their* art exemplify the unity, sagacity, and compassion that we have accomplished as the human race.”

Terrence Alden held up the crystal cerebrum and it reflected the bright spotlights shone on him. As he looked at the crystal brain, it still had a gentle rhythm on the inside: a warm, familiar song.

While it festered in his hands, he tried to forget who he *was* and what it meant. After the applause and grandeur of his prize, he pulled the crystal organ into his body for a deep, compassionate embrace, feeling a sense of paternal love that he hadn't felt in years.

A Moment for Black History

In light of black history month, as well as the upcoming women's history month, it is only fair to take a moment and give some recognition to some trailblazing black women!



Elizabeth Freeman: Elizabeth Freeman, also known Mumbet, was one of the first enslaved African Americans to file and win a freedom suit in Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruling, in Freeman's favor, found slavery to be inconsistent with the 1780 Constitution of Massachusetts. Her lawsuit was a step forward, leading to the full exiling of enslavement in the state of Massachusetts later on.



Josephine Baker: Freda Josephine Baker, naturalized as Joséphine Baker, was an American-born French dancer, singer and actress. During World War II, Baker performed for integrated audiences of French and American troops. She also served as a member of the French Resistance forces and smuggled messages in her lyrics that were sent back to France from opposing

forces. She received the Croix de Guerre for her efforts.



Shirley Chisholm: Shirley Anita Chisholm was an American politician who, in 1968, became the first black woman to be elected to the United States





Congress. Chisholm represented New York's 12th congressional district, a district centered on Bedford–Stuyvesant, for seven terms from 1969 to 1983.

Super Bowl Fun

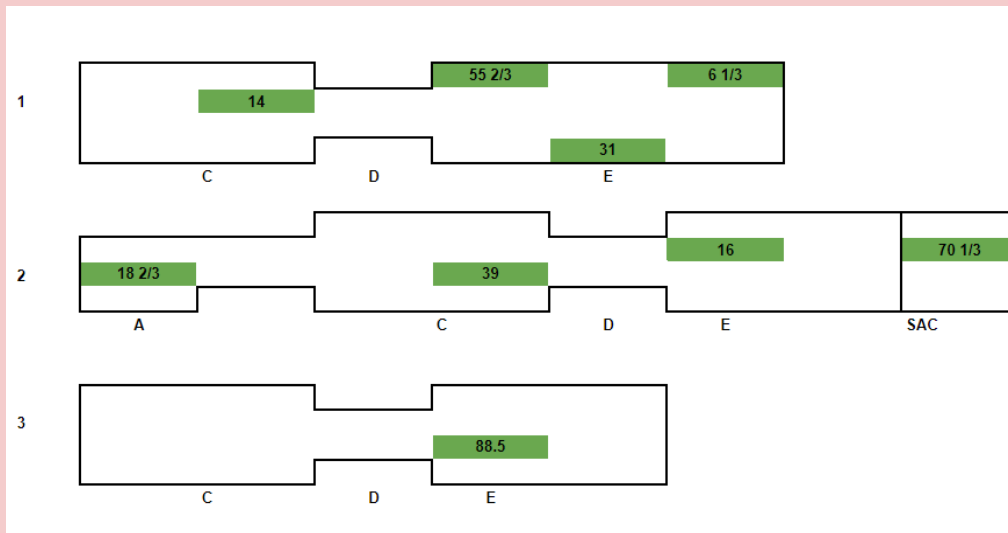
By: Grant Pinckney, Owen Mahunik, and Mitchell Homick (title)

The Super Bowl will take place Sunday February 11th, 2024. The Ravens and the 49ers are pulling away from being the matchup for the super bowl this year. Both teams are the number 1 seed in their respective divisions. The Ravens and the 49ers have already played once during the regular season where the Ravens won 33-19. However, the 49ers will have to get through the Detroit Lions in order to even make it to the big game. The Lions are the underdog for the game with the 49ers covering the -7 spread. The 49ers nearly escaped the Green Bay Packers who were the 7 seed in the playoffs. This raises some concern for the 49ers and the Lions have been playing phenomenal lately. The Ravens have to play Patrick Mahomes and the Chiefs which will be a challenge for the MVP favorite Lamar Jackson. The Ravens stellar defense held the Texans to only 10 points in their victory last weekend at home. The Chiefs however had a game that ended in a nailbiter with final score of 27-24, with the Chiefs winning because the Bills kicker missed a field goal to send the game to overtime. People predict that the Ravens and 49ers will play in the superbowl because for the past four seasons, the colors in the Super Bowl logo corresponded with the teams that played in the game.





Liam's Water Bottle Chronicles



WATER!

The number indicates the number of disposable plastic bottles saved (~16.9 fl oz)!!!

This information was collected over a period of 4 days (12/18/23 - 12/21/23)

Using these reduces the amount of plastic waste and helps the environment remain healthy!

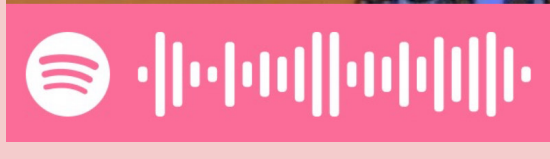
Liam Nagell,
Water Connoisseur





Playlist Recommendation

From Frank Sinatra to Tyler, The Creator, this playlist features a variety of songs about love and all of its many forms. Whether you're single, in a relationship, or suffering from a heartbreak, this playlist has a song for you!



Shakespearean Revival

Do you want to watch a 5-star movie?
No?
Well.
Here is a movie to watch anyway.

Macbeth Act V Movie

Featuring: Mitchell Homick, Noah Mahunik, Owen Mahunik, Grant Pinckney, Nate Bennett



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Try this Valentine's Day word search!!

- LOVE
- HEART
- FRIENDSHIP
- CANDY
- PINK
- FLOWERS
- CHOCOLATE
- FEBRUARY
- XOXO
- VALENTINE
- KISS
- GIFT
- TEDDYBEAR
- HUGS

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