

# THE RIVER HAWK REVIEW

## The Recycling Team is Making the School a Recycling Friendly Environment!



Image Courtesy of SAHS Recycling Team

By: Devon Wyman

The Recycling Team is a new group that was formed at the end of 2023 with the goal of making recycling easier and accessible for everyone in our school. Recently, we have been working on making new signs for the recycling stations in the hallways. The purpose of these signs are to encourage people to recycle, but also to make them easier to understand. Therefore, we are making signs with more pictures to achieve our goal of recycling more. This group is a community service project and counts as community service hours. We meet during CSI on Day 2's. Anyone and everyone is welcome to join!



What can be recycled in Skowhegan?			
Magazines	Newspapers	Tin & Aluminum	Glass
#1 & 2 Plastics	5/10 cent Returnables	Mixed Paper & Paperboard	Corrugated Cardboard

Image Courtesy of SAHS Recycling Team

## Hope Blooms in the Courtyard



Image Courtesy of Danielle Dennis

By: Danielle Denis, Dyllan Foster, & Joshua Bloom

Hope is taking root at SAHS in the form of yellow tulips. These flowers are at the heart of the now worldwide Yellow Tulip Project (YTP), a youth-led movement to break the stigma around mental health issues.



YTP founder, Julia Hansen, has experienced first hand struggles with her own mental health and at the age of 15 lost two close friends to suicide. She started the project in her hometown of Portland, Maine in 2017, using the yellow tulip to represent hope and new beginnings. Yellow is the color of hope and tulips are some of the first flowers to bloom in the spring after the long winter, showing signs of beauty after the long, cold, dark winter months.

In 2022, community members came together to purchase and plant over 2,000 yellow tulips locally as part of YTP's mission. This fall, Wood Shop students constructed flower beds specifically for YTP tulips in the SAHS courtyard. Members of the Civil Rights Team, Your Mind Matters, and JMG planted 200 bulbs that will bloom in May.

“I hope these beds show students that there is hope and people who care. We’ve had too much loss here, and I want to show that there is hope,” said Meadow Swanson when asked why she got involved in this project.

SAHS is not immune to mental health struggles that YTP seeks to address. According to the 2023 Maine Integrative Youth Health Survey, nearly

40% of high schoolers in Somerset County report feeling so sad or hopeless that they stopped doing some of their normal activities and 20% have considered suicide in the last year.

The yellow blooms in the courtyard this spring represent hope and that things can get better. Julia Hansen formed the nonprofit so no one feels alone in their mental health struggles. The yellow tulips remind us that even in the darkest places, hope is always there and we too can find the strength to reach out for support and know brighter days await.

If you or someone you know is in crisis, help is available 24/7 by calling or texting 988. For more information on the Yellow Tulip Project, visit [www.yellowtulipproject.org](http://www.yellowtulipproject.org).



## Students Gain Seat at Policy Table

*By: Danielle Denis, Dyllan Foster, & Joshua Bloom*

For the first time ever and after nearly 3 years of efforts, SAHS students will now have a voice on the MSAD #54 School Board. In May of 2023, the school board approved a policy that created two non-voting student positions to bring student perspectives to district decision-making.

On January 18, 2024, senior Carly McCabe filled the first seat. "I am excited to represent students' perspectives and bring those to the board," said McCabe at the business meeting of the Board. She is the only current student serving on a School Board in all of Somerset County.

McCabe's appointment comes amidst a broader ongoing initiative to expand student leadership opportunities and empower student voices in MSAD #54. Since 2020, student and adult partners have been working to elevate student voice and empowerment, and expand leadership opportunities.

Research shows that students thrive when schools foster connection, engagement and a strong sense of belonging. Student leadership helps build critical real-world skills and mindsets in students across the district so they can help lead MSAD #54 now and also be ready to be the leaders of tomorrow.

McCabe will participate in all open board meetings and have a seat on the Education Program & Policy Committee to provide the viewpoint of the education consumer. By opening seats at policy tables, MSAD #54 pioneers more opportunities for students to have a voice in and shape their own education.

If you are a current sophomore or junior with an interest in applying to become a student representative, Mr. Bellrose encourages you to stop by his office and discuss the opportunity. The district is looking to fill the second open seat with a current junior and will soon be seeking out a current sophomore to fill the vacancy when McCabe graduates in the spring



## The Yellow Sleeves Pt. 4

By: *Sam Philpot*

The Yellow Sleeves were the origin of this thing. Yes, they were the end, the general essence, they are the present of this thing. Most activities within the Growsia nation and consequently Mr. Tin Cobbler's household - which was known at the time as Emberly - involved them. Emberly was a towering structure. It was the color of an assortment of metals, yet it still held an essence of purity. On this particular day, it was sunny, and as he does on days such as this, Mr. Cobbler was relaxing in his garden. He had purchased a new armchair just the day before, as his previous one had been destroyed by the rain. He anticipated this chair would be destroyed by later tonight, so he already had another on pre-order. But no matter, it was sunny now, and Mr. Cobbler could retire to his chair after a long day of tape splicing in the upstairs bath. Looking out into his garden, he realized his loneliness. It was nearly overwhelming. Even the daffodils were next to others of their sort - he had no one. None of his sort had remained in Growsia, because they found the introduction of Oddities to be "repulsive and decadent". He would have to settle for inviting a set of Oddities over to his home for the evening - and possibly they would remain for the seven suppers! He walked back to the upstairs bath, past his spliced tape, and climbed inside of the tub. Using the showerhead as a microphone, he made a command to the operator.

"Operator, please connect me to The Yellow Sleeves."

"I'm afraid they're quite free at the moment, sir. Do call again when they're busy."

At that a click sounded from the tap of the bath, indicating that the operator had disconnected. In dismay, Tin exited the bathtub and returned to his back garden. The rest of his house was in neat clutter.

Everything was where it was supposed to go, surely a revolting idea to his new colleagues, the Oddities. Now, he was back in his Armchair. His eyes traced his swimming pool, down its corners which were tiled an impressive blue, and up into the smaller pool which rested on the back edge, from which water spilled below. How he wished he had a swimsuit.



## A Tale of Shadows

### Chapter Five: The Monster with a Pure Soul

By: *Joshua Bloom*

\*Present time\*

Skamos wandered through the woods on a search, and a strange creature followed him through the trees, silent and curious of Skamos' intentions. Stone, Skamos' dwarven friend, had demanded him to search for food to bring on the road. They had a long road ahead of them, and they began to prepare for their departure. As he walked, Skamos couldn't help but study the area around him.

'The forest really is beautiful, huh?' He gazed at the trees, spotting all the little things that no one else would give the time of day, like a bushel of green bulbs along his path, or the little plain white flowers growing among the autumn leaves of an oak above him.

He even noticed a little white cocoon for an even smaller bug, or similar creature, hanging from a branch with leaves of shiny sunset yellow or dark crimson.

‘I wonder if there are any...’ His mind paused as his tail tapped something warm, and he stopped moving. Suddenly, the creature that followed stopped as well, and disappeared into the brush of the tree. Skamos turned to the source, a strange plant with green leaves that glowed along their veins with orange.

‘Oh, there they are!’ He quickly, but gently, plucked a handful of leaves from the plant, and studied them closely, feeling the warmth emanating from the leaves. The strange creature peeked through the brush at Skamos, and the leaves in his hand. It looked confused.

‘Perfect! These are perfect.’ He pulled out a small pouch, and dropped the leaves into it, watching them glide down like feathers. He put the bag away, and continued walking. The creature disappeared again, and followed, jumping from tree to tree. Skamos went back to thinking.

‘I wonder what the kingdom is like, if Hailstorm seems so eager to return.’ He remembered the invitation that Hailstorm had, it was written in draconic language, and requested Hailstorm to go to this kingdom. Ever since he met us, we’ve been on a mission to see the kingdom. ‘Must be beautiful. If carved ice can be pretty- that is.’

Skamos noticed that a bright light shined through the trees, and realized that he was almost out of the woods. The strange creature above winced at the light, yet still followed. With a smile, Skamos walked into the light of the clearing.

Finally, Skamos left the dense woods, into a wide and peaceful field in the middle of the forest, which held a flock of large beasts, specifically boars, and one lone fox with ruffled strangely violet fur on Skamos’s side of the flock, nibbling on a berry.

Skamos stepped onto the grass, and moved carefully, yet nonchalantly towards the flock. He looked in his bag for something.

‘Alright, I just got it, where is it... Aha!’ He pulled out a leaf, one of the leaves from the plant he harvested. He held it out, and grabbed his slightly worn spellbook, flipping it over to a page with a sketch of raging flames pouring from a wizard’s hands. He gripped the book with his thumb on a realistically illustrated leaf that had embers swirling around it.

‘Ok, it’s ok, if this goes perfectly, it’ll be scorched boar... but if it goes wrong... add a tiefling to the dinner table... with a side of charcoal.’ Skamos nervously held the leaf, and closed his eyes with a deep breath in. As he breathed in, cold, crisp air blasted through his lungs, but as he caught his breath, a certain power burned inside his chest. He exhaled sharply, with tiny flames spitting out his mouth. A warm feeling zapped through his bloodstream, and gathered in his hand. Suddenly, the leaf in his hand crackled, as if being singed by a spark. His eyes shot open, and he closed his hand quickly, and felt his fist burn with scorching flames.

He opened his hand, feeling sweat trickling down his cheek, and felt a sort of panic pierce his soul as the fire exploded into a raging blaze in his palm.

‘AHH!’ ‘T-TOO HOT!’ The fox looked over in fear and ran away, yet the boars seemed unbothered and oblivious. Panicking, he dropped his book onto the grass and used his other hand to hold the flames, as if it were too heavy for one hand to carry. His face turned away from the blaze, and felt great pressure in his mind to cast the spell correctly. He realized that the forest was at stake here, and if this went wrong, everything might die. Rather than being filled with fear, he felt something different. He felt confident.

“No, I won’t mess up this time!” His sudden confidence surged into his hands, and the wild flames suddenly calmed, and became a blaze the size of a torch’s. Skamos looked back at the fire. He went from afraid to proud and excited with a blink of an eye. “I... did it? I DID IT! I FINALLY-” He noticed the boars and stopped. Now was not the time to celebrate, he needed to kill the boars before they could notice his struggle and flee.

“Right... kill first, celebrate my first successful spell later.” He moved his hands around the flame, now having hands on each side of the flames, and he clashed the bottoms of his palms together, and thrust his hands forward.

But a sudden chill ran through his arms to his hands, faster than ever before. He realized the familiar chill in an instant. **‘Oh no.’**

*\*One day earlier\**

Meanwhile, in Shadowfell, the realm of darkness. Unexpectedly caught in a fight against an unruly foe, Nightbringer, founder and Grandmaster of the monastery of the mysterious shadow people, goes against a wolf-like beast of terrifying power and fierce fighting spirit. After seeing the beast’s power and unfamiliar fighting style, Nightbringer uses his power and distorts the surroundings, turning the blue flames and tan painted room, into blood-red flames and darkly bluish-gray room, and the creature of black fur and quills became snow white.

With his eye a mysterious violet, Nightbringer is no longer holding back.

“I haven't seen something like you before, I’m impressed.” He thrust his claw-like hand towards the beast, and shadows appeared on the walls on the left and right of him, and massive four fingered claws outstretched from them, both towards the beast. The beast lept back, into the wall behind it, and the claws collided, creating a space between them.

Suddenly, the beast lept from the wall through the opening, at Nightbringer. Nightbringer managed to burst into a cloud of raging darkness and dart out of the way, to the other side of the room. The beast thrust its claws into the wall, and created an explosion on impact.

Nightbringer reformed in his place, unscathed. His fist clenched and flinched at his side.

“Though I must admit, you’re really making me angry...” His eye glowed brighter. As his eye glowed, it suddenly shined brightly for a brief moment, and when it dimmed, two more of himself appeared, except they each had an azure eye- his normal color- rather than his current violet one. The wolf looked back, and growled with frustration upon seeing three Nightbringers.

“If I have to nearly kill you to calm you down, so be it.” The two blue-eyed Nightbringers disappeared, and reappeared behind, and to the left and right of the beast, like three points of a perfect triangle with the beast in the center. They all conjured yellow flames, and shot them at the beast from all three angles. They traveled at such a speed that the wolf couldn’t even react, let alone avoid the attack. The beast roared in pain and anger as golden flames cloaked its body. Its anger burned brightly, and the beast’s eyes sharpened. Stiffly moving in the flames, the monster let out a ghostly howl, and suddenly, the flames burned with a bluish-purple blaze, and seemed to no longer affect it. Nightbringer- all three of them, narrowed their eyes as the beast still had its fighting spirit. Soon enough, he will crush that spirit.

‘This won’t work here... Dang it. I’ll just have to change the atmosphere a bit.’ “Fine! Meet my Dark Void!” The Nightbringers raised their hands diagonally up to the sides, and a large shadow appeared on the ground between them. As the wolf gazed down, a massive beam of liquid darkness erupted from the shadow, engulfing the wolf as the blackness filled the room.

When the darkness faded, they were gone, and the torches flickered and died out slowly. They had disappeared without a trace.

To be continued...

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## Mr. Skowhegan Seagull's Horrible Advice Column

DEAR Seagull,

I don't have snow... but I have water! Do you have any ideas on how to make a snowman with water?

- Wet Student

DEAR Wet,

Head to the North Pole. It's very nice and chilly up there, and you'll have some snow to work with to make a snowman. All you have to do is wait for Christmas Eve and take the Polar Express™ to get there. Make sure you have your ticket!

DEAR Seagull,

How do I get a permanent pass to the media center? I like going there once a month.

-Demanding Junior

DEAR Demanding,

To get a permanent pass is no easy task. First you must criticize Mr. Laflamme and poke fun at him. Once you have done this then make sure to bring opened sugary drinks to the library every day and refuse to put them on coasters. After this make sure to bring lots of snacks that are extra crumbly like cheez its or crackers or extra sticky. The last step will require some fellow students. You must all come in at the same time with passes that are illegible. You must joke and yell very loudly with your friends, and you must remove as many books from the bookshelf as possible and put them backwards and upside down. Doing this will ensure you get a permanent pass.

DEAR Seagull,

My friends keep bothering me about my grades. I don't want to be bothered by him anymore. I want to fail in peace. What should I do?

- Failing Sophomore

DEAR failing,

If I was you, I would fail him at being a friend, so he would worry about that grade instead of you.

- Mr. Seagull

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## Join or Write for The River Hawk Review!

If you are interested in news, stories, graphic design, or are just plain nosy, join the River Hawk Review staff! We primarily meet once a week for an hour after school to create the school newspaper. Come see Mr. Smith in O6 or Miss Johnson in P4 for more information. No skills or experience necessary!

Not interested in joining, but have a great idea?

Submit story ideas (or stories, or articles!), responses to Mr. Seagull, and anonymous tips to our Google Form. The staff will review responses each week and make a decision on what to write about or include in the next issue. Use the QR code below!

