

The One and Only Edison
Newspaper! It's Everything Edison!

We're Baaack!

All the news that's
fun to print!

The Edison Examiner

Edition V, Volume I

December 2021

Edison Elementary Community Newspaper

Edison Building Site Progressing on Schedule

Soon, Edison students will be back at our original location 1328 East 22nd. The days of the old 1926 building are gone, but the new expanded building is rapidly progressing with students moving back starting Fall 2022.



You can see updates to the Edison rebuild at www.4j.lane.edu/bond/projects/edison/

IN THIS EDITION

- Edison Building Update
- What's Happening at Edison
- Medieval Castles
- Harlow Wood: Chapter 1
- Anastasia
- The Lollipop Apocalypse
- Gurgle the Screaming Goat
- Mind in the Making: No-Bake Cookies
- Mind in the Making: Ice Cream Catastrophe
- Holiday Word Search

Whats happening at Edison

- 20 December** - Winter Break Begins
- 3 January** - No School: Professional Development
- 4 January** - Student Resumes
- 17 January** - No School: MLK Day
- 21 January** - No School: Grading Day
- 21 January** - Treetop No-School Day Camp
- 28 January** - No School: Staff Work Day
- 28 January** - Treetop No-School Day Camp

A Treetop Academics Publication





Medieval Castles



By Winslow Lange

There is more to castles than most people think. Today I will tell you all I know. Enjoy!

Castles were not always stone. Villages surrounded by a fence were called motte and bailey castles, which were used by England and were used mostly in the ten-thousands. Outside the village is a big hill that gives the advantage of high ground to the defenders. This was the motte. The village and fence was the bailey. On the top of the hill was a house. When it was under attack, people would go up to the house for safety while the warriors defended the castle. After that time stone castles were built, and they started to be in use in the 11,00s. They were made of many kinds of stone, cobblestone, and bricks.

Ranks were important in the castle. The highest rank was the king, of course. After the king came the barons; very wealthy noblemen who swore alliance directly to the king. In exchange, the king gave them big areas of land. The barons had to keep their land under control so they divided the land between knights, the defenders of the castle. Following knights were freemen; normal people who live in the castle. After that came peasants; very poor people.

Armor and weapons were important. They were essential to keeping the knights alive during battle. Chain mail was common armor. It was tiny links of iron mail. Believe it or not, many people think mail was better at stopping arrows and sword blows than plating!

Plating was also common. It was solid iron that knights would wear. The armor did stop sword blows, but arrows and bolts could usually snap or crack the armor.

Weapons were also important. Some weapons were the two-handed sword, which was swung with both hands to make the blow more powerful. The mace was a spiked ball on a chain that you could swing at your enemy. There were also maces on sticks, without a chain and the javelin, which was a type of spear you could throw at your enemy. Weapons were what gave the castle knights, or attacking knights even a chance at defeating the enemy.

The moat was usually a man-made ditch that was filled with water. Enemies tried to fill the moat up with anything they could get their hands on. Once the moat was filled, they could cross the moat much easier and the castle would sometimes be destroyed. Still, the moat prevented the enemy from using siege equipment. (see what a siege is at the end of the article.)

Sieges were attacks on a castle that lasted months. Often special tactics were used in a siege. One tactic was digging a mine under the castle. The mine was supported by a frame-

work of logs. People who did this were called sappers. When the sappers got out of the mine, the framework was burned, causing the mine and wall to collapse. Another tactic was climbing up the castle latrine pipes. The enemy usually did not choose this tactic. Another was by catapult; flinging dead animals over the castle wall. The enemy hoped the dead animals would spread disease through the castle.

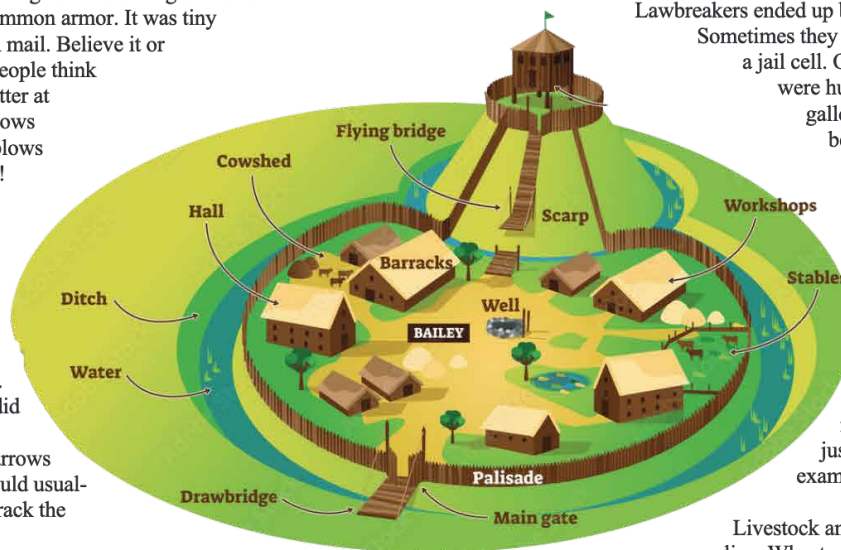
Warrior training started in boyhood. The knights trained by doing acrobatics, throwing and shooting bows and javelins, wrestling, fighting with sticks, etc. After long training, they became pages; people who served knights. After a long time being a page, pages turned into squires. Squires served a specific knight. They helped their knights get his armor on, and often went into battle with their knight. After that, they finally became a knight.

Lords and kings needed to be entertained, so entertainment was popular. One form of entertainment was jousting. Simple entertainment included card games, juggling, and many other games. The jester, or fool, was the main entertainment. He juggles, dances, tells jokes, and many other things. He could also get away with saying things disrespectfully to the king, since he was thought to be a joke and no one took him seriously.

Lawbreakers ended up being punished. Sometimes they were simply put in a jail cell. Other times they were hung from the gallows, which means being hung from a tree or pole. They could be put in the pillory; a wooden structure that holds you in place, or they could be burned. There were many more forms of punishment, but this is just a simple example.

Livestock and crops kept everyone alive. Wheat, carrots, potatoes, etc. were some of the most common crops. Hoes, pitchforks, rakes, shovels, etc. were used to farm crops for the castle. Many times these simple foods were regarded as peasant food, for the king's feast was amazing. Peacocks, deer, cattle, and pigs were feasted on. Spices were plentiful, and sugar too. Potatoes, carrots, and other root vegetables were nothing compared to the lord's feast.

That is all I know about castles! I hope you liked this article! I got this information from a book called *Steven Biesty's Cross Sections Castle*, by Richard Platt.



Anastasia

By: Ruslana Gossett

The cartoon *Anastasia* tells the story of the last members of the Russian royal family. However, the story told in the movie is not completely true. I became interested in Anastasia's story after watching the movie. And since my mom is from Russia, I have always been interested in Russia and Russian culture. Anastasia's story touched my heart because a young girl died along with her family. I will tell you about Anastasia and her family.

Anastasia's early life was filled with joy and happiness. She was born on June 18, 1901, in Peterhof, Russia. Peterhof is a palace right outside of Saint Petersburg where Russian royal family members would spend their summers. Anastasia had three older sisters, Olga, Tatiana, and Maria, as well as one younger brother, Alexsei. Anastasia and her older sisters called themselves OTMA taken from the first letter of each of their names.

Although people assume the life of a princess is glamorous, Anastasia's parents raised her similar to other people in Russia at the time. Her father even made her take cold baths! Anastasia shared a room with her sister, Maria, where they had to make their own beds. And the family even had dogs, like many people do today. So, although she was from a royal family, she lived a fairly normal life.

Life for Anastasia and her family changed when a revolution happened in Russia, and they were arrested. First, the family was jailed in one of their own palaces outside of the city. Later, they were moved to a different city in

central Russia now called Ekaterinburg. Life at this time was hard for Anastasia and her family. Her mother spent a lot of time in bed as she was worried about the safety of her family. Because of the war in Russia, life for Anastasia was like a crumbling tower ready to fall on them.

On July 17, 1918, Anastasia and her family were told to prepare to move to another jail. They were gathered in a room in the basement and told to pose for a picture. Gunmen announced to the family that they were to be shot. Anastasia's father was shot first and died immediately. Anastasia and her sisters took longer to die as they had sewn the family jewels into their dresses and the bullets bounced off of them. The bodies of Anastasia and her family were thrown into a mineshaft until they were found in 1991.



When the bodies of the last Russian royal family were found in 1991, there were two bodies missing.

Many people believed that one of the bodies was Anastasia. Many people at the time claimed to be Anastasia. One person, Anne Anderson, knew the nicknames of the pets and other family secrets, so a lot of people believed that she was Anastasia. However, this woman died before scientists could do a DNA test. The bodies of Anastasia and her family were finally buried in Peter and Paul's Fortress in Saint Petersburg.

The movie *Anastasia* shows a fairytale life for the last Grand Duchess of Russia. However, Anastasia's life was similar to other young girls at her time and ended in tragedy. And although scientists are not sure of where her body is, you can visit her family's grave the next time you travel to Saint Petersburg.

The Lollipop Apocalypse

By: Ella Diment

Once upon a time there was a little girl who only ate lollipops. Her name was Graceavige. One day her teacher said that she thought that Graceavige should try something called a potato. Graceavige thought this was an absurd idea and refused to try it. The next day she was very curious about the potato and wondered if it tasted better than a lollipop, so the next morning Graceavige asked her mom to buy her a potato.

Her mom was thrilled and said that when Graceavige got home from school that she would have a baked potato with butter on it ready for her. That afternoon, her mom went to pick her up from school, the whole day Graceavige had been thinking about the potato. She had so many questions, but before she had the chance to ask them, they were home. She jumped out of the car and ran into the kitchen and on the table, there was a potato. She grabbed her fork and took a humongous bite.

Yumm, it tasted amazing! All of a sudden there was a loud sound coming from the lollipop cupboard. She walked over and opened it and out popped 3,042 lollipops. They were furious because Graceavige had betrayed them for a potato. They all started attacking the potato with toothpicks.

Luckily, before the potato got hurt Graceavige yelled "stop" at the top of her lungs! Everyone froze. Graceavige then said, "I can like both potatoes and lollipops!" They all liked the idea and everyone helped clean up, even Albert Einstein.

Gurgle the Screaming Goat

By: Grace Phillips

So, we need to talk. This whole *Three Billy Goats Gruff* is all a myth. I don't know who told you, but they were wrong. I'm Lord Gurtrude the 8th, and I'm an American Pygmy, NOT a Billy goat. That's strike one. The main bad guy, the troll, is really just Gerti. He's an old goat who got stuck under the bridge a long time ago. No one knows how he survived.

As me and my siblings, Guster and Gurgle, walked over a goat-made bridge, Gerti was waiting for his McDonald's delivery. Gurgle is the youngest, and he forced me and Guster to walk over some bridge to get green grass. Even though the grass probably had some bug killer stuff on it. Anyway, Gurgle has a bit of a temper. Anywho... we were walking across the bridge. Like I said, and Gerti was waiting for his delivery. I was getting mad at Gurgle because this unnecessary trip was taking too long. Again, like I said, Gurgle has a bit of a temper. He started screeching, bawling, and lastly screaming. Because of Gurgle's temper tantrum, the bridge had been shaking so much that when Gerti's McDonald's arrived, he dropped it in the rushing stream. Now Gerti was so mad!

"Who's that screaming over my bridge?" Gerti bellowed.

"Oh, it is only I Gurgle, the tiniest American Pygmy, and I'm going up the very flat field to eat."

"Well now I'm going to gobble you up." Gerti threatened, and to his word, he gobbled Gurgle up.

THE END

Mind in the Making: How to Make No-Bake Cookies

By Maeve Barfield

Here is a little bit about me. My name is Maeve, and I like to make stuff. This year I will show you how to make food and dessert., but I also like to write stories. I really like this recipe. My aunt gave my parents this recipe for their wedding.

Preparation:

- Mix Cocoa Powder, Sugar, Butter, and Evaporated milk in a medium saucepan.
- Cook over medium heat to a gentle boil for about 2 minutes. * If boiled too long, the mixture will become grainy and not creamy.
- Remove from heat
- Add Vanilla, Peanut Butter and stir until combined.
- Add 1 TBSP cocoa powder
- 1 tsp Vanilla
- 2 Cups of Oats and stir well.
- Drop spoonful's onto sheets of plastic wrap/wax paper.

Ingredients:

- Cup Sugar
- ½ Cup Peanut
- 1 Stick of Butter
- 3 Cup Quick Oats
- ½ Cup evaporated milk

* Work quickly because the mixture cools fast! *Stick in the freezer to cool faster!

Happy cookie eating!!!



Harlow Wood: Chapter 1

By Grace Phillips

Harlow ran as fast as her legs could run. She couldn't let them catch up to her; she knew her life depended on it. As she ran she felt fear crawling up her spine like a cold, icy finger. She kept going, she had to, she didn't exactly know why, she just had to.

The trees slammed into her face. She was in pure, harsh pain, but she couldn't do anything about it. They were gaining on her, and if she stopped to pause, and catch her breath for only a minute, they would catch up to her. If they did catch up to her, Harlow's entire family roots would be destroyed, maybe even all her kind.

The blackness in the sky darkened, as if the whole world was being wrapped in a large black blanket of nothingness. She could barely see, all she could do was listen, and that she did lots of. She could hear their voices, they whispered whispers that would forever be lost in the dark world around her.

Harlow could feel her sweat beading on her forehead and trickling down the side of her face like a small, salty waterfall. Eventually Harlow slowed her pace from a run to a jog, estimating that they would be far behind; she had been running from them since sundown.

She knew that somewhere near the edge of the forest there was a small river, but she could be miles away from that river. Rivers were very common around this dark forest. The howling winds made her think about them, and how they had come out of nowhere. She pictured them in the back her mind, the whole thing. She went back to the camp, and nothing had felt right; it almost looked abandoned, she remembered the feeling of being watched.

They had followed her home, chased her through the woods until sunrise. They were still coming for her, and they had weapons. Weapons that were made from the ancestors' age, the ancestor's age was when the world was in only two categories either good or bad, metal or physical, and potions or power. These weapons were created to kill her ancestors, and now her. Or at least that was what she was told from her fathers.

She kept jogging, but as soon as the blazing hot sun touched her skin she realized that they would not come for her when the sun was up, for they would only come for her at night. Yes, they would not come for her now. Only watch, just watch, "Yes.." she thought as she jogged on.

Her legs felt as if they could break off as easily as a thin, crisp cookie. Harlow was in so much pain, till the point she couldn't move, but something was pushing her to keep moving, pushing until they couldn't push anymore.

Finally, she got to a river- not the same river. The river she was used to is purplish and brown, and the only fish that had ever lived there had floated to the surface when the river sucked the life out of them. This river was different, fish swam happily downstream and the water was as clear as the sky. But when she got there, she felt a small feeling of being seen. All eyes on her. She thought that maybe it was them, but it didn't feel like it did when they watched her at home, or what was of home.

It felt like a mortal creature was watching her. She looked around and saw a young boy about 13, per say, swimming in the river. His clothes were soaked to the brim, but his hair was practically dry. Interesting she thought, his face expression was calm, almost eerily calm.

"Hello," he said. He had an accent that was unrecognizable but had some sweetness to it.

"Yes hello," Harlow said, mumbling. She wasn't so sure if she should trust him, he could be one of them.

"My name is Asher Saint, yours?" Asher asked.

"My name is...." She thought up a quick name looking at her surroundings.

"My name is Autumn Stream." This wasn't her real name of course.

"Well Autumn, how do you do?" Asher said.

"I'm fine," she said more politely than I wrote.

"So, what are you doing here?" She questioned him.

"I live here," he said.

"I've never seen you around" Harlow said, but of course she'd never seen him, she had never been to this river.

"I go here every day," she said with a frown as if she thought he was lying, trying to throw the boy off track. She knew that if they -the followers, their real name, had enough anger stored in them, which most of them commonly do, they would dust away if they detected a lie. Don't ask me why, it's just the way that they work.

"Well, that's strange, I live in that bear skin teepee, over there. I used to live with my sister, but she left to join a large city," the boy trailed off.

"Are you sure you know this place?" he asked as he walked out of the river. She realized that he was a cunning and trusting boy, but it was exactly the kind of person they, the followers, would make; someone too kind looking to resist. He had grey/blue eyes and strikingly smooth strawberry blonde hair that flowed in the wind as if he was underwater in the sea.

Asher broke the strange silence when he said, "So I live here, but what are you doing here at the river?" She realized that this was something they would say.

"Well, I live close by here, but I got lost." This was partly true, considering the fact that she purposely had gotten lost.

"I thought you said you came here every day," he questioned.

She stuttered. "Wh-what I meant was I was on a walk and I got lost, but I found this river; a place I knew." She said nervously. He gave her a sly grin fighting a laugh.

Harlow sighed. "Actually, I liv-" her voice was cut short when she heard a whoosh out of nowhere. It was around noon at this time, and the sun had already gone down. They could come out.

"They found me!"

"Who?" Asher said.

"No time to explain, just RUN!!" screamed Harlow.

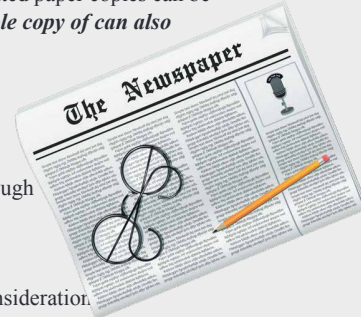
The two kids ran behind an enormous rock by the edge of the river. The rock had a piece of bark laid down on it, with bits of what seemed to be halfway cooked salmon and chewed pine leaves (apparently, they taste like mint gum.) An arrow shot out from behind the huge oak tree. The arrow shot out and hit her arm. It didn't hurt her, it merely injected something into her, and the point of the arrow cut her. Out of the small cut in her flesh and out of the rounded tip of the arrow a gleamingly mysterious maroon substance poured out. Soon the substance reached the cocoon of her powers, and eventually Harlow became unconscious.

To be continued...Wait for Chapter 2!



The Edison Examiner How to Get involved

The Edison Examiner is a student run newspaper designed to be a source of Edison information for parents, and a publishing platform for student contributors. The Examiner features a full range of subjects Edison students and the greater community may find interesting. The publication is written, administrated, and sponsored by Treetop Academics through our after-school programs. The after-school newspaper publishing class is held on Fridays directly after school in the Edison Cafeteria. Edison will email parents a color PDF of each edition and limited paper copies can be found at school. A fell color copy will be posted in the Edison hallway. *A downloadable copy of can also be found at www.TreetopAcademics.com as can past issues of The Edison Examiner.*



*** Interested in becoming a student Editor?**

The Examiner needs student Editors to help design, become contributing writers and investigative journalists. This opportunity is for students 3rd-5th grade and is an after-school class through Treetop Academics. If you are interested, please sign up through our registration page on the Treetop website.

***Making a guest contribution?**

The Examiner will include and publish student guest contributions. Please take into consideration your target audience & appropriate subject matter. Guest Contributions will need to be emailed to Jason@treetopacademics.com for consideration. If you have an idea, Go for it!

Need care for no-school days?

Treetop Academics is hosting eight STEM focused no-school day events to coordinate with the Edison conference, in-service, professional development, and grading days.

The Edison Hackathon is an exploratory time for K-5 students in a fun-directed environment perfect for a useful and educational no-school day camp.

Care options available from 8am-5pm. Different price/time options based on the schedule you need.

Please visit us online at www.treetopacademics.com for full details



JOIN THE HACKATHON!

Oct 15/18 Nov 10/12 Dec 6
 Jan 21 Jan 28 March 18
 April 15 June 10

Treetop Academics Enrichment Programs

2021/2022 Edison On-Site Childcare and After-School Programs

Treetop Academics has a long-standing relationship offering high quality programs to Edison. As part of our on-site M-F regular care until 6pm, Edison students get our our best classes and most diverse selection of affordable academic enrichment opportunities anywhere.

Come join our after-school classes in:

- Art
- Science
- Robotics
- World Languages
- Programming/Electronics
- Maker-Space/Engineering
- Publishing the Edison newspaper

Need care during no school days? 'Join the Edison Hackathon'

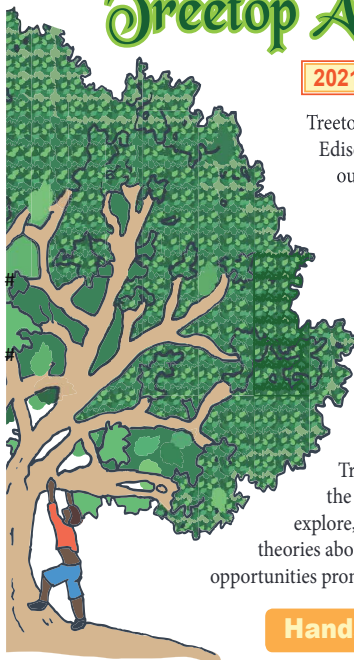
Registration: Online registration is always open and can be found on our website www.Treetopacademics.com

Treetop Academics is dedicated to providing academically enriching opportunities that put students at the center of learning. While providing the tools for learning, our programs are designed to inspire kids to explore, create, & use their faculties to the best of their individual ability. We encourage students to test their theories about their own learning through practice, exploration, and support. Our unique variety of class opportunities promotes a Science, Technology, Engineering, Art, Math (STEAM) experience, and beyond.

Hands-on

Project-Based

Student-centered



MIND IN THE MAKING: ICE CREAM CATASTROPHE

Help the kids decide what flavor they want using the code below

By: Maeve Barfield

ICE CREAM FLAVORS

- Chocolate
- Peppermint stick
- Cookies n cream
- Strawberry
- Vanilla
- Peach
- Marionberry
- Neapolitan
- Green tea
- Butter pecan

CODE

- | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|
| Z = A | Q = J | H = S |
| Y = B | P = K | G = T |
| X = C | O = L | F = U |
| W = D | N = M | E = V |
| V = E | M = N | D = W |
| U = F | L = O | C = X |
| T = G | K = P | B = Y |
| S = H | J = Q | A = Z |
| R = I | I = R | |

ANSWERS

- Mary wants NZIRLMYVIIB ice cream

- Timmy wants XLLPRVH M XIVZN ice cream

- Lila wants KVZXS ice cream

- George wants XSLXLOZGV cream

Who's Who

Reporters & Writers

- Audrey West
- Ella Diment
- Ella Lissman
- Ella Sykes
- Evan Fleshman
- Grace Phillips
- Liam Stiles
- Lilyan Sykes
- Petra Alsmadi
- Maeve Barfield
- Molly Meyer
- Ruslana Gossett
- Scarlet Duke
- Violet Lillegard
- Winslow Lange
- Zahara Zarala-Hinosh

Editor:
Jason Aulicino
jason@treetopacademics.com

We'd like to thank

- * Our Pets...because they love us and we love them!
- * Our Teachers for showing us how to read, write, and learn so we can do this kind of thing!
- * For all other Edison staff for helping us everyday! We appreciate everything you do for us!
- * Parent Council and parents for providing so much time, effort, and resources for students!

Holiday Word Search

- Celebrate
- Family
- New Year
- Hanukkah
- Solstice
- Joy
- Los Posadas
- Christmas
- Snow

- Kwanzaa
- Winter
- Presents
- Soyal
- Diwali
- Holiday
- Los Posadas
- Love

U C Q Z F C Y A B Y D Y W O O D I H S S

U K D G Y Z O S V K L I A D I L F T A O

L U V W O K V N G H N I S D A Q N H D L

V O C U J M O B Y T K W M W I E O V A S

R E T A R B E L E C W Z I A S L A T S T

J P M H A X Z R N D A D G E F Y O I O I

S O Y A L V A Y A U N I R H V H B H P C

K A V R Y W A C K R Z P M W S N C Y S E

N J J V Z E R A L H A C M Q V S M N A E

C S K Z F G B T G Z A V T G V F Z L L F

J P H Q L M F M U M K N D F A D Y B L J

I N H A E O Y T Q U A E U B Z R E C S N

C M Z O T F V W G U Q L K K T D X O F C

W I I M C I O E R M D U V D K L K L T D

N U S Z T W E I C H R I S T M A S W Z X

S Q S C G V W X H G I V I N G N H R D Z

U X N Z V H E U I G B B U H O E O X S F

K K A Z T W U X E E X F E W G V Z W T N

C S O U V I R A E Y W E N G W Y T I K X

B U X Y T T K Y C J V K T G L N E V D Q