

THE DALTON STAR

GARTH ON FIRE: CHAPTER TWO

By Jake Weiss

Reminder: I sat bolt upright in my bed, and I realized something horrifying. I wasn't in a bed. And I was not in my house either.

I opened my eyes as wide as I could, trying to get a glimpse of where I was. I calmed down when I found out where I was lying. I was on the sidewalk, but not right outside my house. I was at the corner of the block.

I remained calm for about twenty seconds, and then I started to panic. I realized that I was very lucky. I could have been kidnapped. Maybe I was kidnapped. But I didn't think so. It must have to do something with the dream I had just had. But I thought dreams were all just in the mind. The being that caused the voice in the dream couldn't have just brought me out here. It would have to be supernatural. And when I said that, two things happened in my mind. A bell rang and a light bulb turned on.

On the news the previous day, I had heard about the mysterious natural disasters happening on the face of the earth. The voice in the dream must have been talking about that. But why? Did it expect me to go on a quest to find what was wrong? Actually, it did.

It was too cold out to think. I walked quickly back to my house and stepped inside. I went onto my bed. It was a joy to see that it was there! I thought and thought. What did the voice mean when it said "orb?" What was the cave of fire? Could I go by myself, or would I need people to go with me? How had I gotten outside? All of these questions surrounded me in my head. And it wasn't too easy to answer them, because it was the middle of the night, and I was incredibly tired.

I started off with the simplest and most important. Would I go on the quest? I thought and thought, for what must have been half an hour, but seemed like few minutes. I finally came up with the answer. Yes, I would go.

Next question. Could I go by myself? No. I would have to bring people along with me. I would figure that out in the morning. Next question. How did I get outside? It is a very difficult question, at least for a human to answer. It was probably just sleep-walking. My parents sometimes tell me that I talk in my sleep; maybe I can walk in my sleep, too. I had never considered that. Maybe my mind was trying to lure me to something. Or maybe something supernatural...

"There is no use bringing up this supernatural topic," I told myself. "It'll just get you more confused."

But I somehow knew this had something to do with everything. The other questions I left for another time. I went back to sleep.

* * *

"Wake up, Alex, wake up!" yelled my mom. "You need to get ready for school! We're going to be late if you don't get out of bed now!"

"What time is it?" I moaned. In the morning, I never wanted to get out of bed. That was the reason I loved weekends.

"It's 7:10! We need to be out of this joint by 7:30!"

"Chillax, Mom! I'll get out."

"Chillax? What does that mean?"

"It doesn't matter! You are totally last century."

I then got out of bed. I quickly got dressed, ate breakfast, and brushed my teeth. I walked out the door with my Mom. We strode briskly to school, and I got there just on time. I waved my Mom goodbye, and I went into the building.

As I arrived, I saw my best friend Will. I told him the whole story; about the news, about the dream, about how I woke up outside of my house, and about the quest that I was going to take. To my surprise, he decided to come along with me.

I then talked to my friend Alan, who did not agree to come, but told me that he knew someone who was willing. He left and came back a minute later with his sister, Caroline. She readily agreed.

I decided I needed one more person. I went into my classroom and announced in a scary voice,

"Who is ready for danger? Stand up if you are."

A lot of people laughed and sat down, but one remained standing. One that I least expected. It was Elizabeth Copperman, the quiet girl in the class.

After class, I explained the story to her. She smiled through the whole thing, and after she agreed. I had three people, and I was ready to enter the Cave of Fire. But first I needed to find it.

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE RESTAURANT REVIEWS

By Jack O' Brien

	Price Range	Food	Decor	Overall Rating
Absolute Bagels	Inexpensive	*****	***	10
Toast	Moderate	****	*****	9
Tomo Sushi Bar	Moderate	****	****	7

Locations:

Absolute Bagels: West Side, Broadway & 107 Street

Toast: West Side, Broadway & 104 Street

Tomo Sushi Bar: West Side, Broadway & 109 Street

ESCAPE FROM SHAMALOONICONK: PARTICLE ONE

By Teddy Katz

Hello! My name is Binka and my friend here is Shinka. We are beings/aliens from the town Labionashing (Lab-ee-oh-na-SHING), on the planet Shamalooniconk (Shamah-LOON-ee-conk). The radio signals that I will send about my current trip to Earth will be sent and will reach your satellite dishes five seconds after this story actually happens. Therefore, I will refer to the events in past tense. So here we go.

To take off, we will have to have a lot of power, because the gravity on Shamalooniconk is stronger than on earth. We have been trying to upgrade the use of the basic arrow shape for a space shuttle over a long stretch, and we have discovered a very aerodynamic way of making a rocket. The take-off will happen in five seconds, so as you read this we will be taking off. 4... 3... 2... 1... BLAST OFF!!!!

We've broken the gravity field! I tried to raise my arms in triumph, but the acceleration was too strong and my arms are pinned to the seat. It's physics. Look it up yourself if you're interested, because if I said it right now the story would be VERY BORING. After the acceleration died down, I started to control the shuttle. The distance to Earth is about 1 light-year, but in between articles I will skip the boring bits. Anyway, once we were in space, I saw how

beautiful my planet Shamalooniconk was, and I almost regretted leaving. But I imagined Earth being even more beautiful, so I gritted my teeth and took the controls. I drove the ship out of the atmosphere and immediately collided with a meteor. Oops, did I forget to tell you? Three layers of asteroids surround my planet. I kept driving through the belt and then I took a space suit and I went out to see the damage.

What I saw shocked me.

The article-ending machine today is a triangle (the musical instrument, not the geometrical shape).

Ping! Ping! Ping!

WORDS OR NUMBERS

By Wolf Hertzberg

For many years I have been observing, and it has come to my attention that there has been considerable argument about which are better: words or numbers. So I decided to do a poll. Here are the results.

Numbers	Words	Neutral
3	11	4

REMINDER®

Current events articles are due on Monday! Please hand them to in to Ms. Younge or email them to her. Thank you!

HAPPY NEW YEAR