

failed to recover from the chills and fever that developed immediately after the speech, he died. He died in 1841. One month after he was elected.

Here's the real reason.

One day Harrison was playing football in the White House and he broke a window. "Oh no!" He said, "What should I do? There's no way of fixing this without my wife knowing!"

"Yo dude, chill," said Michael Jackson (William H Harrison's football buddy). "I got this all under control. Chillax, man." Michael Jackson went to a desk, found a piece of paper and one of those bendy pencils, and wrote down an address. "Here dude, go see Mr. Quackers."

Mr. Quackers is a legendary duck known for telling people why a duck's quack doesn't echo. And so Willy went.

When he got there, he yelled to the duck. "Mr. Quackers?"

A small duckling came up to Harrison's feet. "Hi, Mr. Hawwisom. Do you wamma know why my quack doesm't echo?"

"Why sure, Mr. Quackers!"

"But them I has to kill you."

William H. Harris thought about it for a second. "Oh, whatever, Mr. Quackers. Tell me."

"Ok. A duck's quack doesm't echo because ... its doesm't."

And then Mr. Quackers took out his machine gun.

THE END



Earth on Fire:

Chapter Four

By Jake Weiss

Reminder: We walked about halfway around the ledge, and we saw an opening. We were facing away from Annapolis now. Nervously, we walked towards the cave. Then something unexpected happened. A man walked out of the cave. Not just any man. A man with wings. And *very* sharp claws.

As we stood there, petrified, the birdman made a loud squawk. Then it began to speak.

"I am the birdman, the first curse of the Cave of Fire," it said in a pitched, scratchy voice. "I am the guard. It is difficult to fight me because I am able to fly, and, as you have probably noticed, I have very sharp claws. I have stood in this spot for thousands of years waiting for explorers to find this cave. Most of them were searching for gold. Only few passed through me. None passed all of the curses. I will ask you something very important now. Would you like to fight me, or would you like to turn back towards whence you came. You would be better off with the latter. Oh, and excuse me if my modern English isn't very good; my native language is Swahili. When I learned English, it was very old English."

"What should we do?" asked Will. "Should we turn back?"

"Never," I said. "We will *never* turn back. If we turn back, our world shall be destroyed. We must go on. I can't believe it. Now I'm starting to sound like him."

"Very wise words, boy," said the birdman. "Very brave, too. But I am not sure if that is the right decision. If you say you must fight me, though, I'd be very happy to fight you. I am a bit out of practice, but that should not matter. Let us duel."

The birdman went into his fighting stance. So did all of us. He began to charge. Will kicked him in the stomach.

He said, "Beware! I had chicken for breakfast!"

"Yeah, I can tell from you breath," I said.

"No more silly business!" yelled the birdman.

He charged again, just to be kicked by me. Then again, this time getting kicked by both Caroline and Elizabeth.

"You children are better than I thought," yelled the birdman. "But not good enough!"

He flew up into the air. He held out his claws and then lunged down at us. His face then fell into surprise. He was flying up, about to land on the top of the hill. He had been kicked at full speed by Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth!" yelled Caroline. "I never knew you could do that!"

"I used to take karate lessons," said Elizabeth, calmly. "I never thought my skills would be useful, but now I'm really glad that I took karate."

We all gave her high-fives. At this point the birdman had landed on the peak of the hill. He looked unconscious, but he didn't look dead. I don't know how I could tell the difference, but I just felt it.

"Let's go inside!" said Will, excitedly. "There's no time to waste!"

"Definitely," I agreed. "Let's go."

So we walked into the cave. It was dark, and some areas were red. I really hoped that the red wasn't lava. I didn't want to have an encounter with lava. We walked and walked for what seemed like miles. It wouldn't make sense. How could we walk this far and not reach the other side of the cave? Then suddenly I understood. There were many little turns. Each of them turned us a little bit, but the turn was so gradual that we didn't notice. We must have been heading at least the opposite way from when we started. I told this to my friends and they understood.

Suddenly, there was a drop. We went down a steep ramp and found ourselves in front of a branch. There were three roads all going in different directions. One looked very old. It led into a straight corridor. The second looked very fancy, like a ballroom with marble floors and a glass ceiling. Following the big ballroom-like space was a long, brick corridor. The third path led into a pitch black space. Nothing could be seen.

"I don't know," said Will. "They all seem kind of freaky to me. I would take the fancy one. It's a little bit lighter than the other two."

"Will's got a point," said Caroline. "It's best to be able to see."

Elizabeth and I nodded. We stepped forth onto the fancy marble. We walked through the big room and into the brick corridor. At the beginning of the corridor there was a turn. We went around several turns. After about five minutes of walking, we saw a room, much smaller and less extravagant than the other one. We walked inside.

"ROAR!" growled something as we entered. "ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!"

We were petrified. A creature then came out. It was a bull with a lion's mane, a horse's tail, and a condor's wings. The wings were *huge*. The creature's wingspan must have been at least seven feet.

"I have a feeling we should have taken another path," said Caroline nervously.

"ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!" bellowed the monster.

"It's the Vinkolor," said Will. "A legendary monster believed in by many cultures. It breathes fire, just to warn you."

"We'll have to fight it," I said. "Then we can turn back and go on another path."

"Alex is right," said Elizabeth. "It will chase us forever if we don't fight it."

The monster opened its mouth. And then it inhaled. And then it exhaled. And then a ball of fire came flaming towards us.

Dalton Star Raffle

Cut out this slip of paper, enter your name and house,
and hand it to Jake Weiss.

Prize: Pick from Ms. Younge's Prize Box!

Name: _____

House: _____