

The Brighton Star

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Thanksgiving Giving

Emma Pell
Reporter

Early November, Mrs. Kanaga called me, and explained that a couple of students at Brighton were in need of help. She asked if I would organize a fundraiser to raise \$1300 to help two students who could not afford the tuition to take important and required courses to graduate high school.

I will admit that at the beginning of the fundraiser, I had my doubts. I did not think it was possible for Brighton students to raise that much money, in a little less than a month. However, I was wrong. In just one week, Brighton raised over \$1000 dollars! I learned an important lesson: Never doubt the amazing power of God!

I thank the Lord for the wonderful family we have at Brighton Academy. BIG thanks to all, for your generous giving. ▲



Photograph by Emma Pell

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BRIGHTLY LIT(erature)

Spotlighting Student Writers & Literary Critics

Zombies Vs. Unicorns A Book Review

Timothy Meigs
Columnist

Here's my review of Zombies vs. Unicorns. All-in-all, it's a good book and worth reading, but there are a few stories (at least) that are incredibly disturbing, containing mature content and language. The violence could also be a potential issue, but I think that if you're reading a title called "Zombies vs. Unicorns" you're probably prepared for it.

Good, now that the overall bad points have been covered, let's move on to its literary points. Zombies vs. Unicorns presents a splendid argument on both sides of the issue, exploring in great detail the aspects of both zombies and unicorns. In addition, the friendly banter between Larbalestier and Black (main authors) before each short story helps to create the competitive atmosphere without either of them blatantly flaming the other or trash-talking; a good old-fashioned debate at its finest.

I will now move on to the individual short stories. Coming from different authors, it is only natural that each story will have both good points and bad, the specifics of which vary rather largely from one story to the next. One should not feel that he or she is obligated to read every story within Zombies vs. Unicorns, as missing one or two (or even three or four) of the twelve total stories is not going to decrease your ability to make a sound judgment regarding the issue (and reading a story with which you have objection will quite possibly only serve to decrease your general enjoyment of the overall work).

In summary:

"Highest Justice," by Garth Nix - Good, well-written story and fairly clean. Worth reading.

"Love Will Tear Us Apart," by Alaya Johnson - Sick, twisted, foul language, and not worth the paper it's printed on.

"Purity Test," by Naomi Novik - A good story, albeit an annoying main character and Unicorn.

"Bougainvillea," by Carrie Ryan - One of the best inside these pages, relatively clean and satisfyingly Zombie (though not necessarily anti-Unicorn-lover).

"A Thousand Flowers," by Margo Lanagan - Too much focus on the body and its functions, but overall a pretty



good story, and unique.

"The Children of the Revolution," by Maureen Johnson - Very good setting and plot, very well-written, very creepy, very awesome. Some language issues, but worth reading.

"The Care and Feeding of Your Baby Killer Unicorn," by Diana Peterfreund - Interesting philosophy presented, vivid descriptions (sometimes good, sometimes bad), worth reading.

"Inoculata," by Scott Westerfeld - Some language issues, annoying homosexuality, unique plot and generally worth reading.

"Princess Pretty pants," by Meg Cabot - Skip it and feel good about the money you'll save on therapy.

"Cold Hands," by Cassandra Clare - A Zombie romance, strange as that sounds. Relatively clean and very unique, very much worth reading. Also, anti-racism point.

"The Third Virgin," by Kathleen Duey - If you like a murderous, manipulative hero with a lot of power, this story is for you. If not then feel free to skip it.

"Prom Night," by Libba Bray - Rather pointless, some language problems, very helpful in pointing out the usefulness in adult supervision.

And here I will close my review. A good book overall, Zombies vs. Unicorns, but not without some very annoying, twisted stories. Some are better off not read, some are definitely better off being read; hopefully this review will help you determine which stories are which.▲

Nassutta's Thanksgiving

Timothy Meigs

Nassutta stood behind Chief Massasoit, who sat on a wooden bench behind a raised table made of square wooden planks. On the table were many dishes of food: several kinds of fish including lobsters, venison, rabbit, chicken, turkey, corn, squashes, beans, radishes, carrots, to name a few!

It was a regular feast, Nassutta thought to himself. And why not? The white men did not seem to possess a good deal of the knowledge that the Indian tribes did. If Chief Massasoit had not chosen to help the white men, these pilgrims, they would likely have not survived at all.

Yes, decided Nassutta, crossing his arms over his bare chest, this was a good time for a feast.

The white men gave credit to the Great Spirit for providing the Chief Massasoit and the Wampanoag tribe to help them, and Chief Massasoit had agreed, saying that every one of them owed the Great Spirit for all, even their very lives. The white chief had insisted that their God was not the Great Spirit that the Wampanoag tribe worshiped, but a very different God of love Who cared very much what happened to His creations. Nassutta had learned a couple of things about the white men's God in past moons, and he was inclined to agree with the white chief; their Great Spirit did seem to be different from the Great Spirit that his tribe worshiped in several key ways. But he was not important enough to speak openly, and his opinion was not asked, so he had remained silent.

Now, as Nassutta stood stone-faced behind his chief and watched him and the chief of the white men converse in happy tones, Nassutta felt glad within himself. Chief Massasoit said something humorous and the white men's chief laughed, and at that moment Nassutta marveled at the rumors that they had all heard about the cruel, evil white men that killed warriors with their loud sticks (Nassutta did not think that he would ever grow used to that terrifyingly loud noise) and took children onto their ships to be lost forever.

Perhaps it was possible, he thought, for white men and indians to get along. Chief Massasoit's decision to help the pilgrims survive had not gone unchallenged, to say the least. Yet here they were, friends of the white men, and for the first time Nassutta thought he understood what Chief Massasoit had spoken of all along: that peace was more profitable than war, words stronger than arrows, and trade more valuable than plunder.

Now the voices around the table were growing silent and dying off as they all looked to the chief of the white men expectantly. Nassutta paid

close attention, wondering what was to happen here; it had the appearance of being of great importance to the bountiful meal about to begin.

The white men's chief started speaking in that strange-sounding language that they spoke. His voice was not very loud, but the silence was so complete that even the white men and Indians sitting at the far end of the table seemed to hear him.

"He is going to thank the Great Spirit for the great kindness that He has bestowed upon the white men," said Sechamo very softly, who was also standing behind Chief Massasoit with Nassutta in honor to their chief, "Their bountiful harvest and Wampanoag Indian friends, too."

Now the white chief was lowering his head in reverence and the others around the table followed his example. Nassutta also lowered his head to honor the Great Spirit and listened as the chief of the white men spoke words of thanks in his language to the Great Spirit.

As he looked at the face of the white men's chief, Nassutta saw sincerity on his face as he poured out his thanks for all of the blessings which they had received. The other white men around the table bore this same expression of sincere thankfulness.

This was not just a tradition, a routine, for the white men, Nassutta realized. When his tribe celebrated with a feast, they also would give thanks to the Great Spirit for his kindness toward them and providence of food. However, while Chief Massasoit and several of the elders bore this same expression of sincere reverence as did the white chief and the other white men, many of the other men would bow their heads and look as though the thanks were simply a meaningless ritual which was done for the sake of tradition; they did not care about wordy thanks or complimentary speeches, their main goal was to finish and begin the feasting!

But the white men were not like that. Even the young white boys that had barely come of age looked genuinely reverent and grateful for the Great Spirit's blessings. It was as if the Great Spirit were to them a real person that they could speak to and interact with, rather than a god that never spoke to them but that they must just the same never cease to worship.

Nassutta looked around at the faces before him and thought that no one could even possibly doubt the Faith that these men had in their Great Spirit. The thought that anyone would forget this fact was, to him, quite absurd."

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