

The Brighton Star

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Brighton Academy has Kicked-Off the School Year to a Great Start!

Sarah Wacker
Reporter

Brighton Academy's 3rd annual Kick-Off party was a great success! Around 100 students and Brighton alumni gathered together the evening of Saturday, October 2nd for good food, and great fellowship. Students enjoyed a wide range of activities; from playing volleyball and frisbee, to paddle boating, to soaking up the warmth of the bonfire in the company of great friends. One of the highlights of the evening was taking a hayrack ride through the woods while belting out Christmas songs at the top of our lungs. Familiar camp-out-style food was served buffet-style by our wonderful chaperones. This year, the event was held at a different location in rural DeSoto; we'd like to thank John and Debbie Tann for the use of their



Photograph by Sarah Wacker

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property. We would also like to thank Mrs. Jarrett, The Gorhams, Kanagas, Degisis, Clarks, Mrs. Current, Mrs. Hoff, Mr. Cook and Mr. McMullen for their hard work and support.

"It was really fun; lots of good companionship," said 10th grader Emily Wilson. "Everyone was friends, the environment was fun, and food was good. I just thought it was great! Whoever wasn't there completely missed out."

Seventh graders Matthew Gramling and Brennan Prinzing both agreed "Let's do it again!"

I believe their enthusiasm speaks for all of us. It was definitely an evening to be remembered. ▲



Photographs by Sarah Wacker



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BRIGHTLY LIT(erature)

Spotlighting Student Writers & Literary Critics

Leviathan A Book Review

Timothy Meigs
Columnist

"It is the cusp of World War I, and all the European powers are

arming up. The Austro-Hungarians and Germans have their Clankers, steam-driven iron machines loaded with guns and ammunition. The British Darwinists employ fabricated animals as their weaponry. Their *Leviathan* is a whale airship, and the most masterful beast in the British fleet.

Aleksandar Ferdinand, prince of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is on the run. His own people have turned on him. His title is worthless. All he has is a battle-torn Stormwalker and a loyal crew of men.

Deryn Sharp is a commoner, a girl disguised as a boy in the British Air Service. She's a brilliant airman. But her secret is in constant danger of being discovered.

With the Great War brewing, Alek's and Deryn's paths cross in the most unexpected way...taking them both aboard the *Leviathan* on a fantastical, around-the-world adventure. One that will change both of their lives forever."

The book flap on Scott Westerfeld's *Leviathan* reads so. Using a style known as "steampunk", which combines science fiction with the loud, inefficient, constantly-smoking machines of the Industrial Age, Westerfeld spins a compelling tale telling an alternate history of World War I. This novel is especially unique because it carries with it neither excessive romance nor violence nor even much bad language, making it a particularly family-friendly read.

Aleksandar, unrecognized heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne; Deryn Sharp, girl



airman in the British Navy with a secret it is imperative that she keep; how will these unlikely acquaintances fair in their individual quests? How will they meet each other? And how will their combined actions affect the outcome of the Great War? ▲

Announcements:

Mark your calendars now for Brighton events!

Nov. 1st and 3rd – Spirit Week! (all ages)

Movie Nights! (Jr. and Sr. High, 6-9:00pm)

Featuring Star Wars: The Original Trilogy

Nov. 5th – Episode IV: A New Hope

Nov. 13th – Episode V: The Empire Strikes Back

Nov. 19th – Episode VI: Return of the Jedi

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It Started Out Like Any Other Day... (A Continuing Story YOU Can Help Write!)

PART TWO!

Onnie M. Bigg
Columnist

Last month...

During a class cake-baking project, Jackson cracked an egg, only to find a large rat inside...

Translucent yellow slime clung to the rat's dark fur. The thing squealed and managed to jump out of the sink.

Mrs. Crabapple pulled a flyswatter off of the wall and slapped at the rat. Jackson grabbed the bowl of flour and sugars and trapped the rat under it. He could hear it clawing at the plastic dome. It pushed at the sides of the bowl. Jackson wrapped his arms around the prison and kept it stable with all of his might. The rat still clawed. Jackson knocked on the bowl, trying to push the creature away from the sides of its Tupperware cage. The rat still clawed. Jackson listened to the footsteps of his fellow classmates echoing down the halls. The rat still clawed. Jackson held tight, but then relaxed a bit. He felt no resistance. He could hear no clawing. He looked at the side of the bowl. A large hole gaped in the place of orange plastic. The rat had escaped.

Jackson jumped in surprise, dumping the bowl of flour onto the carpet. He looked around for the rat, but it was gone! Mrs. Crabapple returned to the classroom with the martial arts instructor. She looked at the flour on the floor, then at the bowl with the hole, then, finally, at Jackson. Her worried expression drooped into an angry frown. Jackson gulped.

"So where is this...rodent?" asked the sensei who had accompanied Mrs. Crabapple.

Her gaze snapped back to the man. "I don't know," she said. "Maybe it was my imagination."



The sensei left, disappointed. He had looked forward to karate-chopping something.

Mrs. Crabapple's lips pursed and her eyebrows furrowed.

"Where is it?" she asked Jackson.

"I...I..."

"Complete sentences!"

"Um..."

"Um' is not a word."

"Gone?"

The teacher sighed, but her expression didn't soften. She glared at her student. "You'd better catch that rat...or else."

Jackson shrank into the corner. "Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Look at me when you speak!" she demanded.

Jackson looked up. A thick string writhed in the tangled mass of his teacher's dark hair.

"What do you say?" she asked.

"Whuh? Oh, um...yes...yes, ma'am."

The string vanished, sucked into the hairdo like spaghetti.

Jackson blinked. He saw a shiny black thing, like a bead, within the folds of his teacher's hair. It blinked back. ▲

What happens next? Send your suggestions to:
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