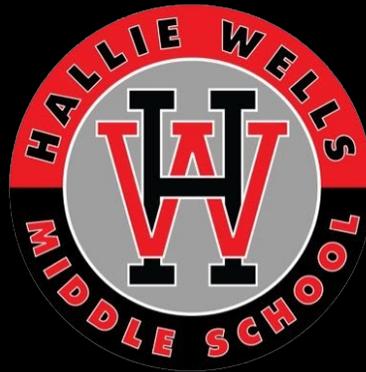


# The Wells Street Journal

Winter Edition 2020



# Forward

Thank you for reading The Wells Street Journal! We are excited to release our second edition and hope our readers enjoy it!

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# School Happenings

## Navigating Through Virtual Learning

*Isabella Ugalde, Staff Writer*

Hello Staff and Students! As you may know, this year is a bit different than others. There is virtual learning and students are attending school from home. It may be harder for you because you don't know what to do. Many students are having trouble with virtual learning. If so, don't worry because I have some tips for you.

Having trouble on Zoom? Maybe your teacher technology is glitching. Maybe your teacher froze. Maybe you can't hear your teacher. What if you can't get on Zoom? Did your teacher share their screen but you can't see it?

All these problems have a simple solution. Remember, in **MyMeps Classroom** there is a recorded video of the class lesson in **Modules/Weekly Learning**. There, you will be able to watch the lesson and learn all you missed from class.

Are you having trouble understanding the teacher? Do you have any questions to ask? Do you need help with an assignment? These problems can be easily fixed. There are Wednesday check-ins so that you can ask your teacher questions about an assignment. Your teacher will surely help you with any problem you have on a specific assignment. You can also send them an email through Gmail or Synergy if you are shy.



### **Upcoming Holidays:**

December 24 ,2020 – January 1, 2021

### **Winter Break**

January 18, 2021

### **Martin Luther King Jr. Day**

February 15, 2021

### **President's Day**

March 29 – April 5, 2021

### **Spring Break**

# School Happenings

## New Club Highlight:

## Rainbow Mustangs!

*Cindy Bagheri, Staff Writer*

**When:** Tuesdays at 3:15-4:15

**Where:** Mrs. Marcoux's Zoom Room

**What:** The Rainbow Mustangs is the HWMS Gender Sexuality Alliance (GSA), where students learn about gender identity and gender expression. The Rainbow Mustangs is a safe place for students to talk and learn that they are not alone.

**Who:** Mrs. Marcoux is a 6th, 7th, and 8th grade Health teacher. She used to teach at Montgomery Blair High School, where she taught one health class. She transferred to a middle school and taught two health classes. She now teaches health full time.

**What does a meeting look like:** “We are all trying to figure it out together especially because it is virtual” They first play an icebreaker, then do introductions, review ground rules, and dive right into learning about the LGBTQIA community.

**Mrs. Marcoux** - “ There was no GSA, and I was like, well, I'd like to start one!”

# Creative Writing



## Scrabble

*Anshi Purohit, Staff Writer & Editor*

You never gave much thought to those afternoons in Mexico—you and your aunt sitting opposite one another with a game board set on a table between yourselves.

It was always scorching hot outside, but without fail every morning, Tia Elena would set up the game for a quick round of scrabble. You always took a fancy to the word game though you got beaten each time by family members—even today.

This morning, you were up earlier than usual, breathing in and out, in and out. Soon, your kids would be tugging on your new green dress, waiting to get on the school bus. Rosalie, your youngest, was up as well, practicing the alphabet in her room. "A, b, c, d..." She recited them over and over until you gently tapped her on the shoulder.

"I think your mail is here my princess!" Rosalie hugged you fiercely and jumped in place excitedly. Her hazel eyes smiled at you as Rosalie's twin ponytails swung wildly from side-to-side.

"Is it really here mom? I want to see my grades!" Upon saying this, she returned to her letters and numbers, leaving you to attend to the mail. Always the competitive one, little Rosalie. Nothing in the world could compare to this happiness, nothing in the world.

Standing on your driveway, you saw a group of middle-aged women walking and talking on the sidewalk. Behind them were two boys with big backpacks riding on skateboards to the middle school just a 3-minute walk away. Yes. Today was going to be a good day, and you knew it.

The mail was shoved in the back of the rusty metal box, and you had to stretch your arm to grasp the small bundle of papers. You sifted through bills and magazine ads to find Rosalie's report card along with a white envelope that caught your attention. There was no postage stamp or return address, just the words, "I hope you enjoy my gift." It was definitely junk mail, but a small voice inside your head left you looking at the front porch, and you listened. The sound of your footsteps racing across the lawn getting louder with each step.

Sitting on the front porch was a small package, thin but long. You sat right there on the porch and tore it open right away to find a small game board inside, surprised and confused at the same time. What you had to believe was the truth, and the truth was an old, worn, loved board game, Scrabble.

You waited until Rosalie and Frida left for school to open the envelope, afraid of what it might conceal. You knew what it was in the bottom of your heart, but your hands still shook as you opened the envelope. Only Tia could've written this, but she had died 2 years ago. You knew she had died of cancer; you knew this and refused to attend her funeral.

You shut your eyes and squeezed them tightly. It wasn't fair—for all this time she couldn't be alive, right? The Scrabble box lay untouched beside you as you slumped on the couch, ready to read Tia Elena's letter.

Dear Juanita,

Hello, my dear child. Oh, how I have missed our daily conversations and scrabble games. No, my dear, I am not alive, but that doesn't mean my spirit can't write to you!

As you read, you felt tears beginning to prick up, but you refused to cry. You had gotten over this two years ago and as promised, never spoke Tia Elena's name again. You picked up the letter and once more begin reading.

# Creative Writing

Of course there is much for us to catch up on, but why do you forget me? Juanita, I loved you like one of my own, but you were the one who never mourned me, cherished my memory, or the memories we made together-as family. Is there something you would like to tell me? I'm always here, so don't think we can't chat every once in a while. Oh dearie, you have grown so much over these past two years! Don't worry, I am not gone, and I don't think I'm ever going to forget you. Just look within yourself and you can find me-or just send me a letter; that will go faster. I love you...always.

Sincerely,

Your Tia, better than ever.

You had to re-read her letter four times, pausing at the end each time, being hit with so much at once. After putting the letter on the kitchen counter, you let curly brown hair fall to the cold stone marble, gazing at the box containing a scrabble set. Was this really the same set?

Carefully, you opened the box, and there it was-a drawing of you at nine years old, holding Tia Elena's hand. It clearly resembled the drawing Frida, only 8 years old but an amazing artist, drew a year ago with the four in your own family. In that picture, Rosalie grinned happily while you and your husband stood still, a straight line etched across your faces. Why you had held back, even you yourself didn't know.

Suddenly, your husband came downstairs for his morning coffee. "What's that over there honey? It looks familiar-and do you know where my car keys are? I seemed to have lost them-"

You cut him off mid-sentence, staring down at Tia Elena's smiling lips. You headed for the fridge and pulled out some tape from a nearby drawer.

"Oh hey, hon. This is-um- a memoir. I'm going to tape it on the refrigerator, that's all. Enjoy your morning."

"That's the scrabble box, isn't that there?" He stared, transfixed, at the game board. You hugged him tightly and picked up the board.

"Yes, it sure is. Maybe one day we could play sometime-maybe teach it to the kids, right?" He nodded and left for the kitchen. You went to get a pencil and a piece of paper from the living room and sit down once more, Tia Elena's note sitting beside you.

It was time for you to write a letter you should've written a long time ago-because love is not something easily broken. Love was like a scrabble game to you. A game where you made your own way- you made your own letters-and maybe played with someone you loved more than anything. Yes. Today was going to be a good day. A Scrabble game kind of day.

# Creative Writing



## Rainbow Road

*Neil Panchal, Staff Writer & Photographer*

I woke up in a place that I'd never seen before. I got out of my bed and \*oof\* I fell right down on the hard surface. Or maybe it was right up. I was kind of unsure because I fell on the ceiling fan. I looked up and my bed was also on the ceiling.

I tried to go outside, but I went up fast. I grabbed onto a pole and swung back into my house, which as you must have already guessed, was upside down. I tried to find a way out of this mess but I just couldn't seem to find the way. Then, I saw a box on one of the ceiling lights. On that box, it said "Magic Road."

I opened the box and inside, there was a tiny rainbow button. There were no instructions in the box, so the only thing that came to my mind was to push the button. I pushed the button but nothing happened. I pressed the button a second time but nothing happened, so I gave up and opened the door to take a look outside. Outside, there were magic rainbow roads everywhere. People were walking and jumping on them. Some people even played games like tag. It was a miracle, but not for long.

Just then, a portal opened up and from that portal, lots and lots of soldiers came. It was like Medieval times. People were fighting instead of playing, people were running for their lives. It was a bloody war. Then, I heard a clanking sound and a sword fell right in front of me. On that sword, there was a note stating, "Heads up, your death is near!"

I took a look around me and I saw nothing suspicious until I heard someone say "Ahhhh!"

I took a look behind me, but it was too late. The man had already thrown his spear and it was coming to me fast. I closed my eyes only to wake up on my bed. My mom had called me for breakfast, so I went downstairs and saw a box in the kitchen.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Oh, that? It is just a package that came this morning!" My mom answered.

I picked up the package and read, "Magic Road."

I gasped and everything started to spin. I knew that the medieval knights were going to come soon, so I got ready. I took some of the old pretend-play armor that I used to play with as a kid and wore it. I didn't know if it was going to help, but it was the only option I had. I went outside and as I figured, a portal opened up, and out came evil knights. Then, in no time, the note arrived and it stated the copy of the other note in my dream. I knew what was going to happen next, so I ducked and the spear went past me from above. I had been saved, but I did not know what to do next because my dream had stopped there last night. I kept hearing faint noises calling my name.

"Alex, Alex, are you there?" it screamed. "Alex! Wake up, Alex!!!"

It felt like I was being lifted, but I fell back down and my eyes opened to see my mom!

# Creative Writing

## The Owl

*Nia Abraham, Staff Writer & Photographer*

The loud sound of the new school bell startled all the students at Stone Hill High School. This school had been a work in progress for 2 years and now it was finally finished. Students started running to their clean lockers, eager to go home and play video games. Katrina Mathew, an honor roll student, quickly ran to her locker and grabbed her stuff. Her friends Athena, Hannah, Alesha, and Meera came to her locker, all ready to go home. Katrina didn't notice and ran off to the lockers of the popular kids, impatiently waiting for them. The other four walked away silently like a ghost.

"She doesn't even say hi to us," said Hannah sadly as they exited out of the school.

"I thought we were her best friends," Meera sighed.

Two minutes later, a crowd of students circled around three girls—Diana, Kayla, and Elle. The "cool" kids at Stone Hill. They opened their lockers while everyone stared. Diana Willows, the prettiest girl at school, began fixing her lipstick using the huge pink mirror in her locker. Elle Robin started bragging about her "A" in science, and because Elle was the most intelligent girl in the school. She had 100% in every class and was the only one. Kayla Lance pulled out a small, musty ferret out of her bag. Everyday, she would bring a new animal to school with her, and her love and affection for animals made everyone adore her. Katrina watched in awe as the girls handed their bags to Katrina. She started to think that she was like one of them.

They walked to the bus stop, and went back home. Once Katrina got home, her mom asked whether Katrina wanted to go to the mall. She agreed, so her mom got dressed and they got in the car. Katrina played her favorite songs throughout the car ride until they eventually reached the Aurora Bridge. Katrina had heard many things about the water that runs under the bridge.

There was traffic, so her mom asked, "How are your friends? Athena, Hannah, Meera and Alesha?"

"Fine, I think. We don't really talk much anymore," Katrina responded.

"But you guys were always so close. You should talk to them," her mom encouraged. Katrina wanted to change the topic.

"Why is the water so special?" asked Katrina.

Smiling, her mom responded, "The water is called the Aurorian. This river can make people see and hear the impossible. They just have to get into the water my little owl."

"First of all, please stop calling me your little owl. Second, then why don't people go in the water? What's the point of having the bridge if this magical water exists?" Katrina asked, rolling her eyes.

"Because the water decides your fate. You could either get good powers or bad powers. No one has gotten the good power. That is why we have so many mental hospitals. People who get the bad powers start to go completely insane. That's why no one wants to go in the water," her mother informed.

"Wow. That's so scary. I can't believe people actually believe that," said Katrina sarcastically.

Katrina looked at the beautiful water as they patiently waited for the cars to start moving. She started hearing faint police sirens, and thought someone was speeding. As she continued to watch the water, the siren started getting louder and louder. She and her mother turned around and saw a brown, beat-up car, driving straight toward them. Katrina was terrified. The car wasn't stopping. Her mom tried to find a way to get out of the way. CRASH. The last thing they remember, was sinking in the Aurorian.

On Tuesday morning, 12 days later, Katrina slowly woke up. All the doctors, her mom, and friends stood around as she opened her heavy eyes.

"Oh my! My child!" shouted someone who had a voice like her mom. She heard a gentle voice continuously saying "Incredible!" She also heard a lot of voices saying, "I hope she is ok." Once her eyes fully opened, she saw everyone staring at her. But something was strange. She could still hear people talking.

*What in the world?* she thought. One of the doctors finally spoke, asking her if she was ok. She just laid there, on the soft, white bed, confused because no one was moving their mouths, but she could hear them talking over each other.

# Creative Writing

“She just needs space. She did just wake up from a coma after all,” explained one of the doctors. Everyone walked away. Katrina looked around, but she didn’t see Meera, Alesha, Hannah or Athena. She asked her mom where they were, but she didn’t know. She said that she had called them. Katrina went back to sleep, praying that all of this was a dream. She woke up that afternoon, and her mom was next to her, looking at her phone. Once again, she could hear her mother praying in her head. She was praying that things would be better.

“Honey, you ok?” her mom asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine. What about you?” asked Katrina because she remembered that her mom went down with her too.

Her mom responded, “I’m fine. Just a wrist fracture. Not as bad as you.” But she could hear her mom in pain, because one of her muscles tore and she didn’t tell the doctors.

“I would recommend that you check on that torn muscle,” Katrina suggested.

“How did you know? OH NO!” her mother exclaimed.

“Yeah, that stupid story you told me is true,” Katrina explained.

Her mother asked, “How did you find out?”

Katrina responded, “I woke up and I heard people screaming. But no one was actually talking. Please don’t tell the doctor. I don’t want them stressing out.”

“Um, ok, I won’t tell. My little owl,” her mom promised. Katrina smiled.

Meanwhile, her friends arrived at the hospital, and were right outside the door, listening to their conversation. They walked in. Katrina and her mother tried to act like nothing happened, but they told them that they were listening to them the whole time. Katrina’s mom left the room, allowing Meera, Alesha, Hannah and Athena in the room. The room became dead silent. Katrina listened to their thoughts.

“I’m sorry,” Katrina said. “Oh, so you read our minds. Nice power,” Athena said quietly.

“No, I really am sorry. You guys are always there for me, but I’m not always there for you. I always run after the popular people. I don’t even know what they even think of me. I was so interested in being popular that I wouldn’t notice anything that happened to you all. While you guys were standing by the door, I could hear you. I could hear you guys were confused on whether you thought that we were friends or not, and I feel bad that it had to be a question. Can we still be friends?” Katrina explained, starting to tear up.

They all exchanged looks. Alesha responded, “Of course. You realized you made a mistake and your taking initiative to fix it. We will always be there for you. Also, you can hear what they think about you. Wink wink, nudge nudge.”

They all laughed and hugged each other. Katrina asked the nurses to bring the three popular girls in. They went around Katrina.

“You ok? We were so worried. We wouldn’t want anything to happen to one of our best friends,” Diana said, trying to sound sympathetic. Meera rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” responded Katrina.

Hannah tried to distract the girls so that Katrina could have time to read their minds. Hannah asked Elle if she could tutor her, Athena asked Diana if she could recommend some makeup brands to her and Alesha asked Kayla to show some pictures of her animals. While Katrina’s friends were stalling the girls, Katrina got a chance to hear what they were saying in their minds. She heard all of them thinking how annoying Katrina and her friends were. Katrina felt betrayed, but she tried to listen to them one by one. In Kayla’s mind, she only heard the names of her animals. In Diana’s mind, she could only hear how annoying Athena was. But in Elle’s mind, she heard something that could ruin her reputation and popularity.

In Elle’s mind, Katrina heard, *Jeéz. GiveMeAnswers probably left my home. I NEED those answers for my reading project. If not, people are going to see how dumb I am. Please just be quiet, whatever your name is.*

Katrina secretly showed a thumbs up to her friends. They stopped talking and they asked whether they could talk to Katrina privately. The girls left. Katrina told her friends what she heard in Elle’s mind. They all came up with a plan.

# Creative Writing

On Monday, a few days later, Katrina was allowed to go back to school. Everyone stared at her as she walked down the hallway. She met up with her friends, and they all went to their first period class. During lunch, they discussed their plan to get revenge.

Katrina repeated the plan, saying, "Tomorrow, our reading assignment is due. So, tonight, I will call GiveMeAnswers and I will pretend to be Elle. I will tell them to bring the assignment to school at 1:35 sharp. That's when we all have reading. So all of us can see her grade get crushed."

That night, Katrina called GiveMeAnswers. She pretended to be Elle and asked if they could send an employee to school at 1:35, and they agreed. The next day, Katrina and her friends eagerly waited, but minutes felt like hours. They finally went to their 6th period, which was English. It was 1:33. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. TICK, TOCK. Three minutes passed.

"Hello? Is there an Elle Robin in this class?" asked the employee.

"Yes, that's me," Elle responded.

"Here are your answers for your really important reading assignment," he told her, handing her a piece of paper.

Elle said, "What are you talking about? You gave it to me yesterday- Uh oh."

She realized she made a big mistake. The whole class gasped. The teacher stared at her. Katrina and her friends smiled as they exchanged looks.

"Ms. Robin. What is going on. You pay people to do your assignments?" the teacher asked with disappointment.

Elle told the teacher, "Of course not. I don't know this man."

"You get a 0 on the assignment. Go to the principal's office. And you, young man, get out of my classroom!" the teacher shouted. The employee left and Elle went to the principal's office. The teacher went back to teaching her class. Elle got detention.

By the end of the school day, the only thing students were talking about was about Elle. Slowly, with the help of her friends, Katrina was able to expose Diana and Kayla. No one knew who was the mastermind behind this. Just like Katrina's mom, her friends gave her a nickname. Owl.



# Creative Writing

## Bird Watching Part I

*Anshi Purohit, Staff Writer & Editor*

Medina gazed out the open window into their new starlit world, with Lillian at her side, waiting impatiently. With a sigh, Medina closed the window and attended to Lillian's cluttered papers strewn all over their shared room.

"I never asked you to pick up my papers," Lillian murmured, still tapping her toe impatiently. "I asked you to take me on the main deck!" Lillian spoke a little louder, arms crossed in defiance.

Medina placed the messy papers on her desk and slipped on her shoes as slowly as she could muster. Then, she took Lillian's hand and guided her up two landings, past the maintenance workers and onto the main deck. Eagerly, Lillian broke free of Medina's grasp and pressed her binoculars to the thin layer of glass separating them from the void.

"There aren't any birds in space Lillian." Medina tried to chide her younger sister into submission, but Lillian kept her eyes on the empty sky, not moving from her spot on deck.

"I can see them, but you can't!" Lillian fingered an oval-shaped rock strung around her neck longingly, from the adventures they'd been on into the void before.

Annoyed, Medina left her sister and walked along the main deck until she was at the opposite side, where there was a small door leading to the emptiness for small repairs to their pod. Medina stood close to the glass, her breath fogging up the clear substance. Bored, she drew a small smiley face on the edges, attempting to keep herself busy until Lillian was done with her bird-watching session.

"One day, the moon will sink below the stars to greet you around the world...we'll dance and sing and explore the world from end to end," Medina hummed herself a song that Dante used to sing on the pod's radio. He used to sing of the moon and the stars, exploring mountains, but Medina couldn't ask him about the void anymore. There were new rules, new customs, and places she wasn't allowed to go near.

"Lady Esmeralda! E sectors aren't allowed to be here. They're on a shift change at the dining hall today."

Medina jumped in shock upon hearing her real name, remembering Lillian all alone on the main deck where she wasn't supposed to be. She sped past the guard, hoping she and her sister would be at the dining hall before their parents noticed, but it was Lillian who found Medina, tugging on her sleeve.

"Medina look! I found them! The birds!" She clapped her hands with glee as Medina led her down to their shift change location, but the smile instantly vanished as Lillian checked her pockets.

"Oh no, Medina! We have to go back!" Medina ignored her sister's pleas until Lillian yanked her arm angrily.

"My binoculars are up there; we have to go back for them!" Lillian pouted miserably and slumped against the stairs, rooted to the spot. Medina couldn't care less about Lillian. She had to get to the e-sector before their parents found out they'd been venturing out on the main deck. Then, the minute when Medina looked away, Lillian started to run towards the main deck.

"Wait; Lillian!" Medina shouted, but Lillian didn't stop running. Medina tore through the door to find Lillian peeking out of the glass with her binoculars, a sheepish grin on her face.

"Lady Esmeralda, you must go down-" Medina shoved the guardsman against the glass, running for her sister.

# Creative Writing

“Look Medina! I told you there were birds!” Lillian removed her binoculars to reveal a flaming red bird with golden wings drifting by their pod like it was perfectly natural for it to fly near the void.

Medina gasped, struggling to control her excitement. They both pressed their palms against the glass, wanting to stay there forever, entranced by the gold blur, gliding gracefully from side to side, but the guardsman were still lying, sprawled on the floor. He rose from the ground slowly, kneeling over, using his hands to stand up as he slipped. The guard fell, pushing the door into the void open. Immediately, helmets and protective gear latched itself onto Medina and Lillian, launching them into the empty void.

“Medina?” Lillian shook Medina awake, staring into her eyes curiously.

The red, golden-winged bird was still flying, hovering in mid-air. Medina opened her own eyes to look into Lillian’s, then closed them again. When she finally realized what had happened, Medina sat upright, looking at her partners for a while before the golden-winged bird flew deep into the void.

Lillian turned to look at Medina for instructions as Medina watched the pod stay right where it was for a long time. Thoughtfully, Medina watched the bird vanish slowly from sight and decided to follow it, right as it neared a corner.

Bird Watching Part II will be released in the spring 2021 edition.



# Reviews

*Kaitlyn Choi, Staff Writer, Critic & Krithi Anandvel, Staff Writer, Critic*

## Secret Society of Second Born Royals



This movie is about second born royals that don't get any attention. It all goes to their older sister or brother when they become king or queen. Sam finds out that her and a bunch of second borns have powers and have to prove that they are worthy to join a secret society. They find out that there is a murderer on the loose and need to team up in order to stop him. Instead, they find out that one of their own is teaming up with the bad guy. Will they stop them from doing something that can destroy everything? Watch *Secret Society of Second Born Royals* on Disney + to find out!



## The Willoughbys



Imagine having parents that don't care about you. That's how the Willoughbys kids feel. Having bad parents means not eating much and having timeout in a pit of coal. One day, they have a plan to become orphans so they won't have to live with their parents anymore. They send their parents on a vacation only to find out that they have a nanny to watch them. Will they ever become orphans? If they do become orphans, how will they feel? Watch *The Willoughbys* on Netflix to find out!



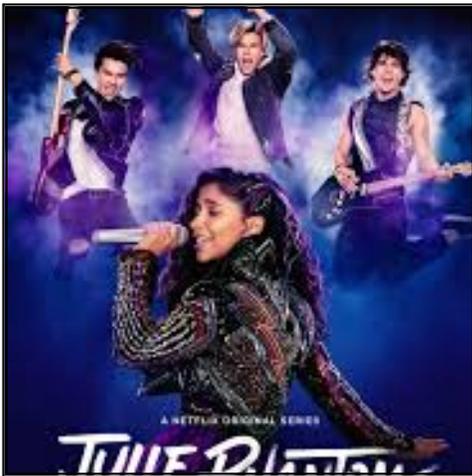
# Reviews

*Kaitlyn Choi, Staff Writer Critic & Krithi Anandvel, Staff Writer Critic*

## Julie and the Phantoms



Even though this is a show, it's really good! A girl named Julie, who lost her mom, is shut down from the rest of the world. One day, three ghosts, who were in a boy band, came back somehow as ghosts that only Julie can see—unless they all play together in a band. They find out that they were sent down to help Julie. Another ghost magician named Caleb wants them in his band and threatens to use his power to make them join. Will the three ghosts have to join Caleb's band? Watch *Julie and the Phantoms* to find out!



## Over the Moon

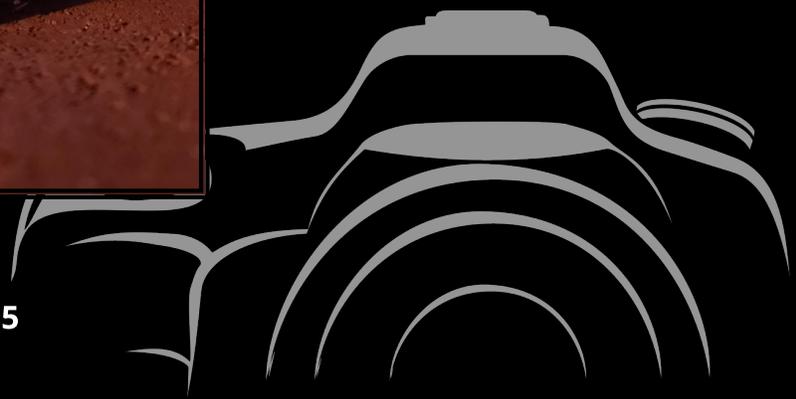


If you like a movie with magic, myths, and music, this is the right movie for you! It was rated #1 on Netflix at one point! A girl named Fei Fei always believed in a myth about a woman named Change-e, who lost her true love by eating an immortality pill and floating to the moon. After Fei Fei's mother dies, her dad starts to date another woman with an annoying son who Fei Fei is not fond of. The myth of Change-e starts to not become believable to everyone so Fei Fei decides to fly to the moon to prove it. Will she ever make it? If so, is Change-e like she heard in the stories? Watch *Over the Moon* on Netflix to find out!



# Art

*Neil Panchal, Staff Writer & Photographer*



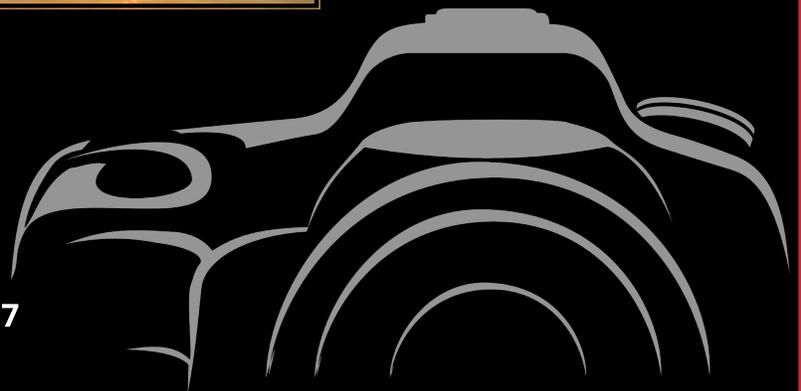
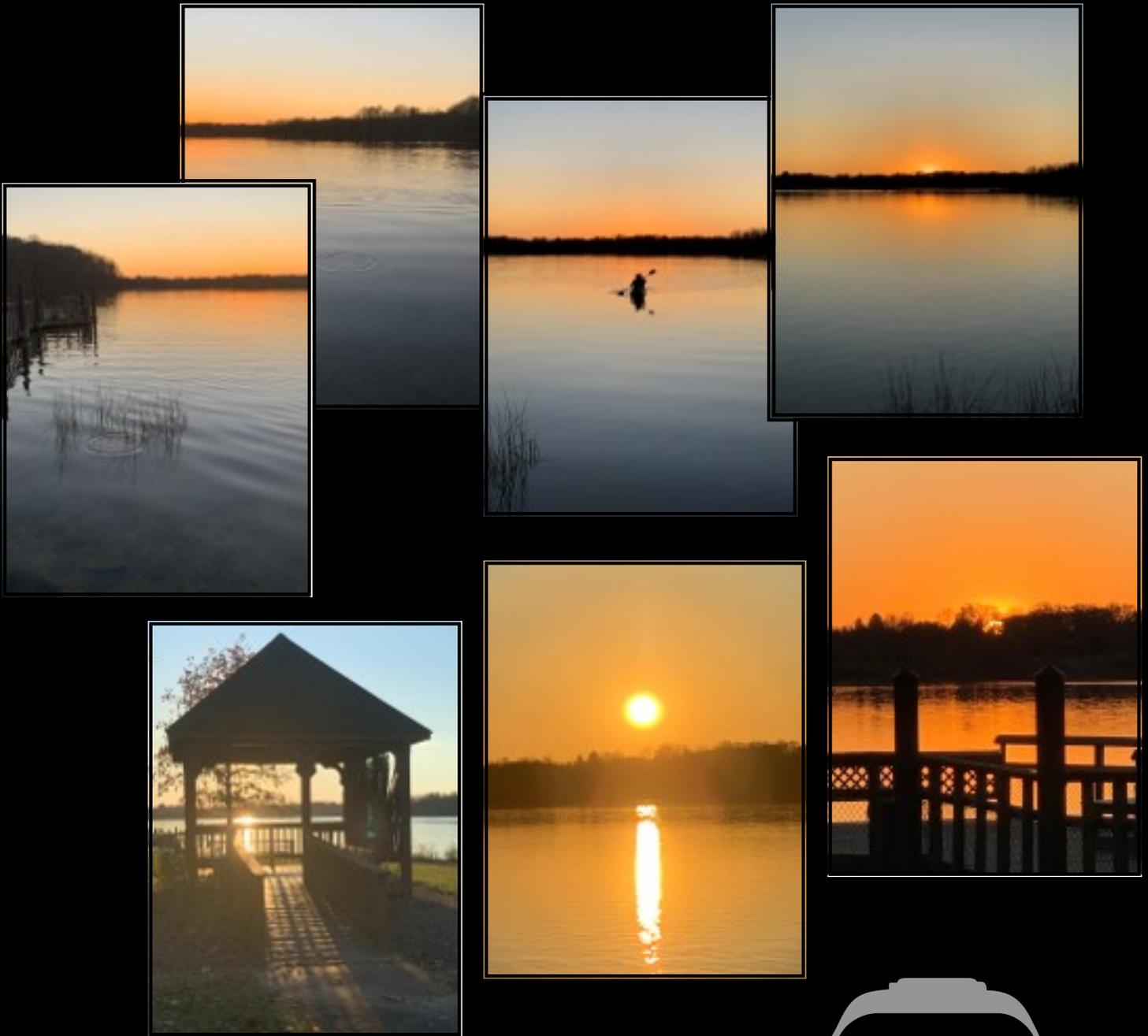
# Art

*Nia Abraham, Staff Writer & Photographer*



# Art

*Nia Abraham, Staff Writer & Photographer*



# Comics

Simonetti Gianfranco, Cartoonist



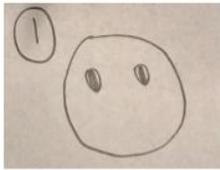
# How to...

*Kaitlyn Choi, Staff Writer & Critic*

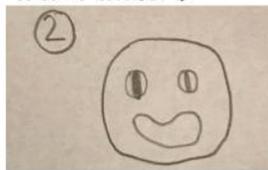
## How to draw your teachers!! By Kaitlyn Choi

### How to draw Mr. Crawford

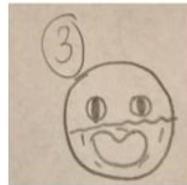
1. Draw a circle  
For the face and eyes



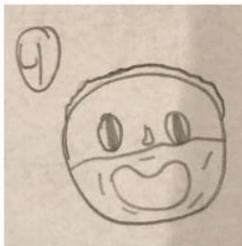
2. Draw a nice big  
smile because  
Mr.Crawford always  
has a smile. :)



3. Add a curvy line for  
the beard and some  
lines for detail



4. Add a nose  
and hair!



5. Finally, add color!!



vs.



# How to...

*Cindy Bagheri, Staff Writer*

**Yield: 40 shells/20 Macacons**

**Prep Time: 2 hours (Not including rest time)**

**Bake time: 10 minutes**

**Total Time: 3 hours (Including rest time)**

## **Ingredients For Macaron Shells:**

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup almond flour or almond meal

1  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup powdered sugar

3 room temperature egg whites\*

3 tablespoons granulated sugar

## **For the Salted Caramel Buttercream Frosting**

1 stick room temperature butter

1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup powdered sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup of homemade or store bought caramel  
(see below for recipe)

## **For Homemade Caramel**

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup granulated sugar

$\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt

1 cup heavy cream

1 teaspoon vanilla extract



## **Steps for the Macaron Shells:**

1. Place the almond flour and the powdered sugar in the blender or food processor and blend until fine and smooth. Place aside.
2. Separate egg white from yolk, and blend egg whites and salt with an electric mixer on medium speed for 1 minute. Switch to high speed and beat for 3 minutes, just until stiff peaks form. **DO NOT OVERMIX.** Gently fold in the granulated sugar, a few teaspoons at a time.
3. Very roughly\*, fold in your powdered sugar/ almond flour mixture,  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the mixture at a time. Once combined, let rest for 20 minutes, uncovered. Meanwhile, fit your piping bag with a piping tip.
4. Fill your piping bag with the macaron batter after it has rested. Pipe  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch circles on a tray with a sheet of parchment paper. Hit your tray on the surface to release air bubbles. Let rest uncovered until you can rub your finger on the surface of the cookie, and none of the batter rubs off, normally 45 minutes-1 hour.
5. Preheat the oven to 325 degrees Fahrenheit. If you have an oven thermometer, now is a good time to whip it out to ensure the temperature does not rise to high or low.
6. Bake your macarons for 10 minutes. **DON'T OPEN THE OVEN DURING THIS TIME!** It will release the heat.
7. Allow to cool completely before frosting.



# How to...

*Cindy Bagheri, Staff Writer*

## **For the Salted Caramel Buttercream:**

1. Cream room temperature butter until fluffy and smooth with an electric mixer. Beat in powdered sugar until you have a crumbly mixture. Mix in vanilla extract. Add in salted caramel (see recipe for homemade caramel below). Beat until completely combined and set in the fridge.



## **For the Homemade Caramel:**

1. In a saucepan, pour in water, sugar, and salt and melt on medium heat until it comes to a boil. Make sure you continuously stir with a fork or rubber spatula. After, simmer without stirring until the syrup is light amber colored. Shake the pot a lot, but DON'T MIX.
2. Continue simmering until the color is darker amber. Reduce heat and add heavy cream IMMEDIATELY!
3. Keep simmering and knock back all foam and bubbles on the surface. Don't leave the stove, or else the bubbles will overflow the pot. After about 3 minutes, turn off the stove, and pour syrup into a heat-resistant container. Leave uncovered and let it cool. The syrup may still be runny when hot\*, but once it's cool, it should be thick and sticky.



## **Assemble and Enjoy!**

- \* The egg whites are best when cool so that they whip easier. It's suggested that you leave it for about 2-3 hours out of the fridge and cool to room temperature.
- \* If you roughly mix in the almond flour and powdered sugar, it will create a thicker batter, which will make it easier to pipe,
- \*The syrup will still be hot for a while, so let it cool completely before adding to the frosting, or else your frosting will get runny. If the caramel doesn't thicken up, it means the syrup did not get hot enough, so just pour it back into the pot and simmer, knocking back bubbles.

The Wells Street  
Journal staff would  
to wish all of our  
readers a relaxing  
winter break!



**MUSTANGS**

## Stardust

Anshi Purohit, Chief Editor

Galaxies above me,  
reaching out,  
stars swaddling me like,  
a warm blanket.  
An overlooking canyon,  
soft whispers,  
grazing dust from the whittled sky.  
The second time I have found,  
stardust,  
riveted to the twinkling canvas of stars.  
through icy streams,  
billowing clouds,  
journeys I have taken in my subconscious,  
To the ends of the earth,  
lying on the scaffolds,  
of rolling hills,  
stardust rains over me,  
cleansing the streamlined confetti.  
Galaxies, nebula towering,  
cityscape of stars.