

SONIC BOOM

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If you would like to submit a written article, art, or a video submission please email newspaperclub@seal-il.com by October 26th.

Remote Issue #1 September 2020

Upcoming Dates:

**October 12th Indigenous Peoples Day
- No School**

**October 19th Teacher Insititue Day -
No School for Students**



Princess Jobs
by Jonathan S.

If the princess
had a job what
would it be?



Anna



Sports instructor or
coach



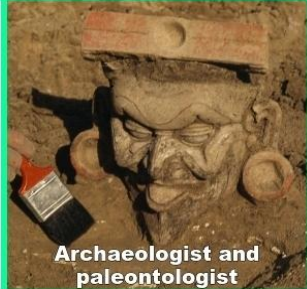
Merida



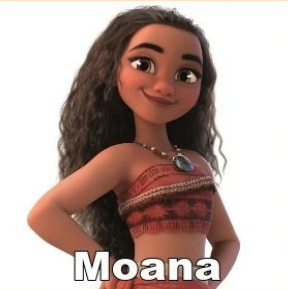
Archery coach



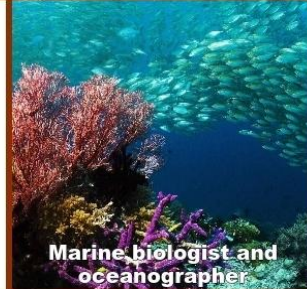
Ariel



Archaeologist and
paleontologist



Moana



Marine biologist and
oceanographer



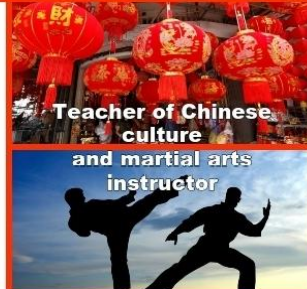
Aurora



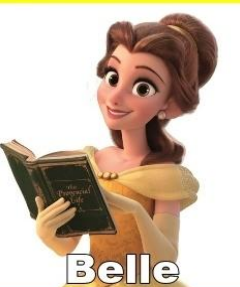
ASMRtist



Mulan



Teacher of Chinese
culture
and martial arts
instructor



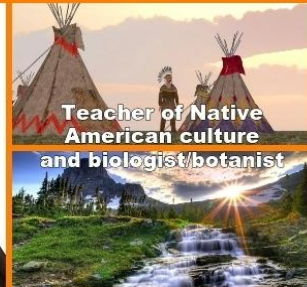
Belle



Librarian



Pocahontas



Teacher of Native
American culture
and biologist/botanist



Cinderella



Boutique shop owner and
seamstress



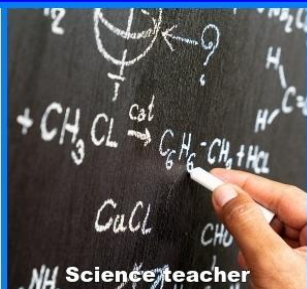
Rapunzel



Painter



Elsa



Science teacher



Snow White



Cosmetics model



Jasmine



Supermodel and runway
model



Tiana



Restaurant owner



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
By Amara A.

(petrochemical)

Working at a gas station obviously isn't the most exciting job. 9-5 shifts, borderline minimum wage, and the ever present buzz of fluorescent lights are just some of the constants. Other perks include the lingering smell of gasoline, no matter how many times you run your clothes through the wash. On days when I only work the register, I almost actually enjoy my job. Today was one of those days.

I live in a pretty small rural town; think 'Twin Peaks', but with more farmland. Because of this, I get fairly regular customers, and they're all fairly familiar to me. Plain people; not too remarkable on the surface, but each clearly having their own stories to tell. One of my regulars, Mr. Willis, a sixty-something former trucker-turned-handyman, is someone who enjoys sharing. He usually comes in, rambling on in that way older people have, and I always seem to have time to listen. We talk about the general state of the world, whatever sitcoms are currently airing, and if he's not in a hurry, he'll tell me about his earlier days, driving coast to coast. These stories can range from the plausible, to the debatable, to the downright ridiculous. Regardless of their credibility, they entertained me, and I found myself looking forward to them often.

Getting back to the present day; I found myself back at the counter once again. There was a slow stream of customers, but not enough to keep me completely occupied. Most of them had also been using the self-service pumps, so I didn't even wind up outside for the majority of the day. I used this newly found free time to do some of my favorite on-the-clock activities; checking the inventory, organizing magazines, sweeping, ect. The hours went by without interruption for the first half of my shift. Then came noon.

The door chimed while I was away from the counter, putting a rogue straw back into its container. "Oh-" I muttered, shuffling out from behind the slushie machine. I was prepared to give my usual greeting to whoever it was, but as soon as I saw them, I paused for a moment. It was Mr. Willis; which wasn't too special, but I could tell something was wrong. "There you are!" he said cheerfully, his voice not matching the anxious look on his face. "I was just stopping by for a lotto ticket and a quick fill. I came by to say hi." His tone earlier seemed too striking for a brief greeting. "How's it going?" I asked. He waved me off as we made our way back to the counter. "Fine, fine. Say, have you seen any redheads lately?"

This was an odd question. I furrowed my brows as I handed him the lottery ticket. He answered me before I spoke. "It's a bit strange, I get it." he laughed. "It's just-" His sentence trailed off, I guess as he tried to remember one of his stories. It was a habit he had. "Do you remember my cousin? The one who lives in North Dakota?" To my surprise, I did actually remember. "Was he the one who almost caused that wildfire?" When I expected a larger smile, I only got a slightly panicked look. "Hah, yeah that's the one! I guess he wanted something to go with his hair for once, hah!" His laughter was nervous, almost to the point of unnerving me. "But," I started to ask. "Wasn't he blond? Like the "rind of a lemon", or something like that?" Mr. Willis laughed again, wiping his forehead. "Wrong cousin! I got many, you know." Alright. This conversation was...different. He handed me the money for the gas and the ticket. "Keep the change! I don't have any singles on me right now." Looking down, I saw a \$50 bill. A "quick fill" wouldn't cost \$50. Especially if you drove an old pickup that seemingly only needs gas every couple of weeks.

I would've handed him the change anyway if I weren't so confused. "He should be coming up here soon, my cousin." Mr. Willis said suddenly. "Is that why you want me to keep an eye out for redheads?" "Yep! He might stop by here on the way, so I wanna know before he gets into town." "Okay," I said. "Can you tell me anything else about him, so I'll be sure?" "Hmm," he sighed. "Do you have a pen I could use?" I grabbed one from the jar behind me, and passed it over. "Thanks!" Mr. Willis was now hunched over, scratching off his lottery ticket. He answered my question once he got to work. "Oh, you know, we're family! We've got approximate builds. You know what I look like, don't you?" He let out a string of laughs after that. "Yeah, I do." I half-chuckled. In the moments following this exchange, only the mechanical hissing of the fluorescent lights was audible. I was surprised at how quiet that seemed after all of Mr. Willis's guffawing.

“Aww.” he huffed. Once he straightened back up and sighed, I knew that his ticket didn’t amount to anything. “No dice. But hey; there’s always tomorrow, right!?” I nodded and laughed, giving him my best “maybe next time” look. “Well, I guess I better be going.” he said, looking up at the clock on the wall. I noticed that his face was anxious again. “Remember; he’s got the reddest hair you’ve ever seen!” he called, walking towards the door. “I got it!” I waved to him, and he waved back. Watching him leave was almost...relaxing? I don’t know how to explain it without sounding rude, but, as he left I felt a sort of calm, like I had just finished a daunting task. I thought about that as I watched his still truck, stationary on the lot, for a minute. His taillights finally came on, and, in a slight cloud of dust, he was off. I could hear the motor running for a few more minutes; the truck was old and loud, which was a good match I guess.

I almost shook off the whole interaction afterwards. The cousin, the weird looks, and the loud laughter. I almost shook it off. As I turned from the window, I saw that Mr. Willis had left his lottery ticket on the counter. No big deal, we watched the fruitless results together; maybe he thought I’d just throw it away at some point. I was going to, until I noticed what I thought was his writing on the front bleeding through to the back. I had nothing better to do, so I flipped it over and read it. My heart quickly dropped as I made out through the smudged ink:

“DO NOT LET HIM IN. NO MATTER WHAT HE SAYS.”

Alright then. My hand shook as I placed the ticket back down on the counter. I lived in a small town, remember? I worked at a small town gas station; where the *worst* thing that happened was a shortage of coffee creamer at 9 AM. A *small* town, with *small* people. Mr. Willis *was* one of those people. I couldn’t be wrong.

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	9			5		6			
	6	5	4			3	9		
8		2			3	5	1		
						4			



FALL WORD SEARCH

Fall Word Search

C U W V B F K S Q S W H A R V E S T H G
 O Y S M A N T A T O U U O G K R P M L E
 A C F D F O O T B A L L W B T Q W O Z B
 S E E Z Z A G E R Y N T U E N I B E X R
 W J P N X T B U W A A P P L E C I D E R
 E A U O A H U D C N U T U U U N C T A Q
 A P R V S A U U R K K P P Z M H R B C T
 T P L E A N N O J Y S R P C U P A G I C
 E L E M J K C A D B E F W K E U K Y M K
 R E A B U S K F Y O P L I O H Z E I Y B
 P S V E L G P H L N T Z H P S J S Q N O
 Q Q E R S I Q A W F E Y E M U W E Q J O
 J N S O M V V C N I M C O Q N R M W K T
 T B M E K I F Z B R B R Y C F K N L J S
 V Y A P N N Q K G E E A V G L U T A A O
 V N R R D G H N A B R U Q T O O N I G V
 C Y A O O P I Q O N H T X F W J Z Y P E
 L C X F E A L T K O E U W Z E S U P P B
 R D E F I D C W K O Q M Z Q R B F Z U S
 D R Q R J O V Z O Y W N C J G R K N E U

CORN
 AUTUMN
 BONFIRE
 BOOTS
 OCTOBER
 RAKE

THANKSGIVING
 HARVEST
 LEAVES
 CARNIVAL
 APPLES
 APPLE CIDER

PUMPKIN
 FOOTBALL
 SWEATER
 NOVEMBER
 SEPTEMBER
 SUNFLOWER

