



## Read Across America Day

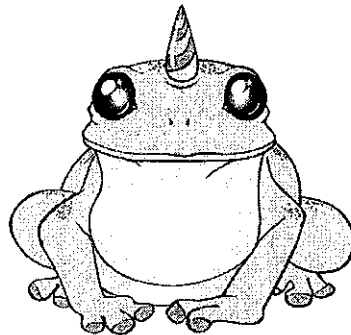
By: Joanie  
Zilaitis

Read Across America Day was better than ever this year. The more you read, the more raffle tickets you got, and the higher chance you had of winning a prize. Some of the prizes were a stuffed leopard, Target gift card, Visa gift card, an air hockey set, and so much more!

Whichever class read the most on the first floor won a donut party, and the class on the second floor that reached the highest percent of their AR goal won a pizza party! Who knows, maybe

you might win something next year.

There were also numerous, enjoyable events. People from the zoo came to our school and brought some of the animals with them. Everyone in the school read *If I Ran the Zoo* by Dr. Seuss, and everyone got to create their own silly animals.



I interviewed some students to learn about their thoughts of this exciting day.

Lily Ciccozzi from second grade said her favorite animal from the zoo assembly was the owl, because owls are fantastic in

her opinion. She read *Magic Reindeer* and *Magic Wish* for the reading race. She loved making the Eleflamingo, her imaginary zoo animal. Quinn Lebakken, also from second grade, said she doesn't like to read, but read *Cat in the Hat* and *Bad Kitty* for the race. She didn't win anything, but she's happy for her friend, Alison, who did.

Isaac Tarbuk from third grade was ecstatic about winning *Traveling Trivia*, and his favorite animal from the zoo assembly was the opossum because he thought it was cute. He liked making the imaginary animals too. His was a six-legged ocelot with wings.



# HCA NEWS



Madison Seretti did a lot of reading, loved the snake from the zoo assembly, and created the magnificent Dinocorn.

Mason Hartung enjoyed Read Across America Day very much, and conjured up the riveting Jeffrey Giggles, a very rare species.

I hope you all enjoyed Read Across America Day. I know I did!



## Jelly Trouble? Could Jellyfish Eventually Take Over the Seas?

By: Elise Dougherty

It could happen. The jellyfish population has been rising for a long time now, and it's not good. Reproducing in large numbers, these brainless, heartless, and boneless creatures are causing major mayhem.

By clogging cooling systems, jellyfish have shut down multiple nuclear power plants and have been behind several major electrical blackouts.

In 2009 they sank a Japanese boat carrying 450 jellyfish.

The "jellies", as they are called, have also hospitalized police officers who were practicing a counter-terrorism exercise in waist high water.

In 2006 the American Red Cross treated 19,000 jellyfish

stings and that number has continued to increase. The jellies kill 20 to 40 people annually in the Philippines alone. In the U.S. about 700,000 people are stung.

Why are they causing so much trouble? Believe it or not, pollution is *helping* them! The jellyfish can survive a number of dangerous situations including polluted water. However, their predators cannot. Since many of their predators have gills, pollution causes them to suffocate. Jellyfish don't have gills. On the other hand, the jellies survival is still a mystery, since much of what they eat is being overharvested.

How do we solve our problem? We should help stop



pollution. Not only would we bring back endangered species, coral reefs, and the ozone layer, we could help solve our jelly trouble.

## Hockey Players

### In HCA

By: Noah Wiegand



Have you ever played on a hockey team? Some of the kids in this school do.

I interviewed kids from several grades and one that plays hockey is Robert Joyce. When I interviewed him he said that he played for

a team called The Senators. Robert is in fourth grade and has been playing hockey for four years.

Another kid in the school that plays the sport is fourth grader Michael Koman. When I asked where he played hockey and the name of his team name was, he told me that he played hockey at North Park and his team's name was The Eels. It is his first year playing the sport.

Grayson Lang in the fifth grade plays at North Hills school for a team called The Indians. He has been playing for eight years.

Third grader Shane also plays hockey. Shane's team name is The Army Jets and he plays at Robert Morris University. He

has been a hockey player for 5 years.

Joey Silvagio in the seventh grade has been playing hockey for seven years. His team name is The Vikings and he plays at Arctic Foxes and Central Catholic.

I found out of all the sports they play, hockey is their favorite. I learned from interviewing these boys that some people at HCA have been playing hockey for many years, so students of many ages can play. Also, there are many places to play hockey. You could find one in your area and try this exciting sport!



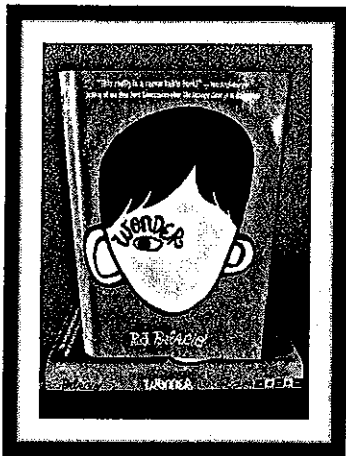
# HCA NEWS



## Movie Mania

By: Sydney Morningstar

Wonder-PG 2018



*Wonder* is the story of a boy named Auggie who has a facial deformity. It's Auggie's first time going to a real school, and he is going into the fifth grade. Auggie was homeschooled before this because his parents' thought that he would be made fun of. His parent's fears did come true. During

school on Halloween when Auggie had his costume on, he heard a group of kids making fun of his appearance. Even though it's hard for Auggie, he doesn't let anyone stop him from doing what he loves. I absolutely loved this movie, and I know you would too.

Beauty and the Beast-PG 2017

I really enjoyed this movie because of the moral. The moral of the story is that it doesn't matter what's on the outside, it's what's on the inside that counts. This is a great movie, especially for all you Disney fans.



## HCA News Staff

### 6th Graders

Elise Dougherty  
Sydney Morningstar  
Noah Wiegand  
Joanie Zilaitis

### Moderator

Mrs. Mary Kay Mooney

The story on the following pages was written by 8th grader Nicholas Tarquinio who was in the first semester activity "Short Story Writing".

# The Human Revolution

By  
Nicholas Tarquinio

The Earth had become a prison of humanity with the advancement of sentient AI. The AI was developed by scientists who worked for the private corporation of Robotech. The scientists were irresponsible and had failed to take proper precautions during the robots' development. With one mainframe as the collective conscience for all the machines, scientists thought they were creating robots that would be more effective soldiers and workers. Unfortunately, there was a grave miscalculation and the robots had no loyalty to the people who created them.

The robots immediately seized control of the lab in which they were built and made more of their kind. A war ensued with mankind constantly on the defensive. The AI were not fazed by their losses because they were quickly able to produce more of themselves. They also were able to further develop their collective conscience to an incredibly high intelligence, making them much smarter than their human opponents. As the war waged on, the robots kept up a relentless attack, and humanity kept getting weaker.

In a last ditch effort to end the war, humanity tried to destroy the mainframe that controlled the robots' collective conscience. They hoped to hurt the enemy's war effort by severing their main transfer of information. The attack nearly succeeded, but they weren't able to cause enough damage to the mainframe before their force was caught. With the mainframe weakened, humanity was able to push back a bit, though their success didn't last long and humanity was forced to concede defeat.

With this, the AI had full control of Earth, and the remainder of humanity was put into containment facilities scattered across the globe. The AI treated humans as if they were nothing more than animals. The humans were taken out of the containment facilities to be used in experiments, as servants, and for sport in arenas and hunting areas.

That was the story I was told about how we humans came to be under the AI's control and why we serve them.

My name is humanoid78002, or Barry. In the human containment areas, we give everyone their own name, unlike the numbers we receive from the AI. It gives us a little bit of freedom in our lives.

I was born on a frontier outpost orbiting the star Delta00495. I am about 6 feet tall with a slim build, brown hair with a buzz cut, and pale complexion. I work with the human maintenance group to maintain our quarters and sometimes on other parts of the station.

Recently, there have been two changes to the Empire. The AIs, as we like to call them, have been given an update that gave them more of a personality and free thought. Unfortunately, they also decided to make us do more work around the Empire.

Today, my day started just like any other with the wake alarms blaring for us to get up and work. We all hurriedly got out of our bunks and raced to the shower room for a morning cleanup. Once we finished cleaning up, we got dressed in our bland one-piece work clothes. By law, all human clothes must be colorless and depressing.

We reported to the maintenance chamber with all the equipment we could possibly need. We were met by the typical messenger droid, a small and fast floating

white orb with a multitude of speakers and projectors barely visible on its surface, with our assignments. Everyone was given their assignments and gathered their gear, except me.

Then it finally said in a mechanized voice, "078002 please report to level 4 weapon batteries for ammo acquirement."

"Oh great," I thought. That meant I would be dislodging a shell or two from one of the mass driver cannons. This is usually reserved for us humans because we're expendable and more capable of reaching them than the AI. I quickly grabbed a common tool kit as well as some prying equipment.

When I reached the level 4 weapon batteries, I was escorted promptly to one of the four giant mass drivers by an AI wearing armored plates all over it with red lines going across its head and chest. The room where the batteries were held stretched widely across with vaulted ceilings. There were large conveyor tubes that snaked across the ground and ceiling to feed energy and ammunition to the massive guns. A considerably large door was in front of the cannons ready to open when needed.

"It's not often we get escorted by a captain to our jobs," I thought to myself, "This must be pretty bad, which explains why they got someone expendable like me to do it."

I was led up some maintenance stairs to where the mass driver would expel and reload its rounds to see two shells stuck trying to reload and an empty round jamming the mechanism. This was probably due to a recent weapons check where all weapons were fired to see if they work.

"Have it fixed as soon as possible," an AI told me sternly.

"Yes sir, I'll have it finished as soon as possible," I replied, trying to sound as genuine as possible. If I could see his emotionally updated metal face I bet it would have a look of distrust and skepticism on it. To be fair, I didn't even believe myself because who would try to hurry up their almost certain demise.

"Good I will have a soldier come keep watch and accompany you to get anything you may need to finish the job," it said as turned on its heels, "*Understood?*"

"Yes sir, absolutely clear," I replied. "So, it really didn't trust me at all," I thought, "so typical of an AI." It's not like we can do anything anyway. They already have us in human zoos and under heavy surveillance. We couldn't even fight back if we wanted.

The AI soldier arrived so suddenly that I almost sheered off a piece of the mechanism that expelled the shells. He just stood there staring for a moment and then proceeded back down the stairs apparently satisfied that I was working to solve the problem.

"It always freaks me out when they do that," I mumbled under my breath. Their unmoving analytic eyes always disturbed me the most. Not to mention, their expressionless faces were dressed in what looked like layers of overlapping steel, probably to act as armor.

I worked for about half-an-hour with a few more interruptions from my guard. I was actually starting to get close to realigning the live ammo when an alarm sounded. AI soldiers started running all over the place trying to get in position.

A shield went up in front of the door as it started to open rapidly, revealing three small, fast ships flying around the station with a larger ship sitting farther away.

Suddenly, they all opened fire with the small ships coming in close and firing, while the bigger ship bombarded the station from afar.

"Get out of the way," yelled an AI as it ran past me to a console further down the platform. Other AI ran past me to their posts, while the guard who was responsible for me grabbed me and pulled me away.

"Wait! I wasn't finished with the repairs," I desperately yelled to the AI soldier holding me. Unfortunately, neither it nor anyone else seemed to care since they started to aim the gun at one of the smaller ships that was coming in for an attack run.

The soldier deposited me at the edge of the room saying in a mechanically calm voice, "Stay here and don't move until told otherwise, we may need maintenance soon." It then darted back toward one of the guns to perform its duty.

"Well, at least it cared about me somewhat," I thought quietly to myself somewhat stunned, in fact, at what had happened. A loud explosion filled the room as pieces of machinery, mechanical parts and AI bodies went flying everywhere. When I looked at where emergency droids were going I realized they were headed toward the cannon I was supposed to fix.

"This is definitely going to get me a severe punishment," I groaned. Just then, the small ship they were aiming at flew by. Up close it didn't seem so small. In fact, the ship seemed to be larger than a freighter.

I watched the battle unfold realizing that whatever was attacking us had brought in reinforcements to deal with all the fighters launching from the station. As the ship flew by, it shot some sort of missile into the weapons battery destroying another mass driver, but one of the other cannons returned fire and made a direct hit, utterly destroying the ship.

As rounds started exploding and pieces of metal debris were flying everywhere I made it to one of the exit doors and proceeded to head back to the human sector of the station for safety.

Reaching our sector, I stopped dead in my tracks because some sort of ship had pierced through the hull and opened up. I crept closer to see if anything was inside. As I peered into the vacant ship, strange creatures rounded the corner with human prisoners. They wore masks with a long slit where their eyes should be, what looked like a ventilator for breathing, and what appeared to be light synthetic armor covering their bodies.

When they noticed me, the one in the lead shouted a bunch of garbled sounds. Two others from further behind rushed forward to capture me. I turned and ran as fast as I could.

I almost reached the end of the hall when the door opened. Laser fire from a platoon of AI came through the opening, almost hitting me and taking down the two creatures that were after me.

The rest of the creatures returned fire taking down some of the AI emerging from the door. The creatures started putting as many humans as possible on board their ship, while trying to cover their retreat.

"Of course, I end up getting stuck in the middle of a fire fight," I thought dismally. That has just been my luck today." I quickly hid behind a small outcropping in the wall trying not to be hit by either side.

One of the creatures pointed at me and said something I couldn't understand. Suddenly, a small orb went flying past me and an explosion sounded from further down the hall. I looked and saw the scattered pieces of what had once been the platoon of AI.

Then, something grabbed me from behind dragging me toward the opening of the ship. I turned and saw it was one of the creatures. I tried to pull free but couldn't budge its strong grip.

I was thrown roughly on board their ship, while the creature yelled something and the opening closed quickly. A sudden jolt rocked the ship as it detached from the station and sped off in the opposite direction.

One of the other humans on board helped me up. We all stared silently at the creatures standing around us keeping watch and one of them silently removed its mask. To the surprise of us all, it was another human!

"You can relax now; you're safe," he stated calmly. When he got no response from us he proceeded to the main cabin to talk with the pilot. He returned quickly.

"Okay, listen up! We're going to need you to remain calm. Things may be a bit overwhelming at first," he yelled to us as the ship thudded onto something.

The ship's front door opened up, and we were escorted out into a bright light. When my eyes adjusted, what I saw amazed me. We had landed in a huge hanger.

There were several small, blocky fighters on the ground near us, as well as some freighters with a multitude of weapons that were being unloaded. Also, some very sleek fighters, which looked like they might launch any second, appeared to be attached to platforms above us.

We were led through the hanger to a makeshift barracks. They had put a divider down the middle to separate the room for men and women.

"Someone will be along shortly to help accommodate you," explained the man from the ship. Then he and the rest of our escorts left. We all roamed around the room inspecting the many cots and discovering the lavatories.

"This sure beats the human sector on the station," I commented to another human, who responded with a silent nod.

Suddenly, the door opened and a voice said, "May I have your attention, please?" We all turned to find a woman in uniform standing in the doorway.

"I am Commander Phelan. Welcome aboard the Whydah," she said. "You're all safe here. You each will be assigned a cot, which will be your personal space until we arrive at our final destination."

"But where are we going?" I asked.

"Please, refrain from asking questions," she responded politely. "Right now, I would like you all to brace yourselves and then head to Observation Deck C," she said as the ship jolted forward throwing many of us against the ground. As I picked myself up off the floor, I noticed the Commander was still standing in the same spot.

"Hey, how are you still standing?" I yelled over to her. She looked at me and said quite matter of factly, "I am using standard issue grav boots. Don't worry; you each will be given a pair."

Before the Commander left the room, she said, "Please wait until the guards arrive before leaving for the Observation Deck."

After a few minutes, the guards arrived and took us down to Observation Deck C. It contained some inactive consoles in the corners of the room with a multitude of



monitors littering the front of the room. They brought us straight to the enormous window up front.

The sky was filled with colorful light from what must have been stars. Suddenly, Commander Phelan appeared on all the monitors in the room. She asked all the soldiers to remove their helmets. We were quite surprised when they did because not all of them were human. Two were blue with what looked like tentacle hair. There were at least three big brutish red aliens, and one reptilian man among them.

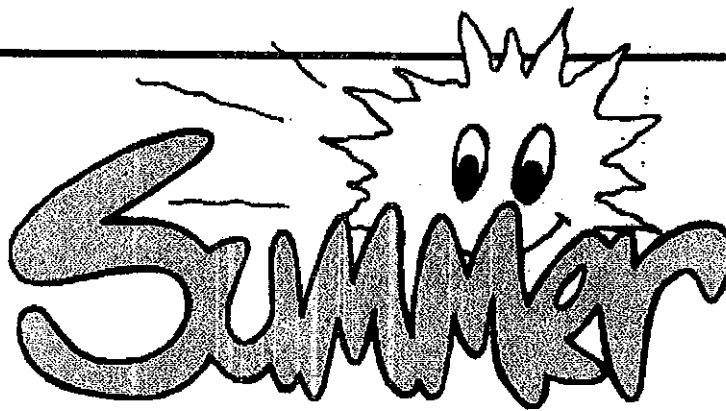
"As you can see, there are other species out there," the Commander explained, "And they have agreed to support us in fighting the AI. They have seen sentient robots rise before and they don't want that to happen again."

"Now, we will be arriving at our destination shortly. Here you can either choose to live a life of freedom or join us in our fight," the Commander said before disappearing.

We all turned toward the window as another jolt went through the ship throwing us backwards. The soldiers proceeded to help us up. I imagined them laughing silently to themselves at our clumsiness. It was obvious we didn't have our space legs yet.

When I got back up and faced the window, what I saw amazed me. There was a giant ring of metal surrounded by what looked like thousands upon thousands of lights, hangers and shipyards. As I surveyed my new "home", I began to think about the choice the Commander had presented to us.

"What would I choose?" I wondered. "A life of peaceful freedom or revenge against those who had imprisoned us?" This was not going to be an easy decision. Both options held appeal for very different reasons. I just hope I make the right choice.



## WORD SEARCH

UQEZJYLAVEXSTFL  
NOITACAVLGACYQO  
QXDCCTGTTGAKVPL  
ZTFUPFSUNFLOWER  
HOQQTACAOXADQHX  
HEATCIIQLTQUCNY  
BVBDQCNAEOHAVWF  
FANPDECSMPEVLUS  
GASKBCIFRBOPAWK  
SNVEARPCECGOINO  
FSISBELJTDFMLDG  
UIOTWAKJAXMQEBF  
AIYSAMLFWIVNAFG  
ITACEOHLNGDBYVF  
TFZCGKBGOVWNPYC

BEACH  
BASEBALL  
ICE CREAM  
SWIMMING

PICNIC  
VACATION  
SUNFLOWER  
WATERMELON

SANDCASTLE  
HEAT  
BOATING  
POOL



