



The Redbird Report

REDBIRD REPORT

SPRING 2019

DATES TO KNOW

June 13
Last Day of
School

June 14 Summer School Begins

July 3
Last Day of Summer School

September 3
School Starts

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What to Do This Summer by S.P.

Summer is right around the corner, and you might be wondering what you're going to do with all the extra time. Here are some ideas to keep you from being bored out of your mind.

1. Start A Business

One thing that you could do this summer, is start a mini business. For example, you could walk dogs, mow lawns, wash cars, etc. Most of these jobs cost very little money, but can get you a lot of money as well as giving you something to do during the summer. In addition, this could also teach you important life skills including hard work, dedication, and managing money. Although, many of these things will require actual dedication, so if you're not up for that, I suggest you just don't start in the first place.

2. Hang Out With Friends

Another thing that's kind of a given, is hang out with your friends. Have fun! This summer only comes once so go make some memories. Have a sleepover, go to a late-night movie, go swimming, have a fire and cook s'mores, the list is endless. Just don't be boring! (And don't do anything stupid.)

3. Do A Photoshoot

Having a photoshoot is always fun when you are bored. Especially in summer because it always looks so pretty outside and it's easy to find a cute background. Plus, who doesn't want to have a super hot, aesthetic Instagram? I know I do. It's also really fun to try and make your life seem cool. I guess this one is a little more for girls than boys, but I mean, if that's what you're into.

4. Go On An Adventure

Go somewhere you've never been before, and go discover things. Again this summer only comes once, and the more fun you have, the more memories you will make. But going on an adventure doesn't mean going super far. Go on a walk around your neighborhood, do something you've never done but always wanted to, or even try a new food. Just get out of your comfort zone because that's the only way you can grow.

There's only a certain amount of time until you're back in school with no free time and loads of assignments and stress, so don't regret how you spent your time during the summer. Get out and live a little!

“I Has No Nameses” fictional story by J.V.P.

“3 murders in 2 weeks, this is getting really scary, really fast.” Deputy Samuel Holt said with a worried tone in his voice.

“Victim's name is Bart Willis Fuller, bullet wounds to the chest and lower abdomen, legs shattered to actual pieces.” Sara LaFaber announced while clicking off her flashlight. “So uh Holt, whatcha ya thinkin?” Sara asked, tilting her head.

“I think that we need to... we need to... um, to...” Holt drifted off, focusing on a bloody paper behind an old desk by the bed. Holt walked over to the desk and pulled an evidence bag out of his back pocket. “Nolan, come here, your good at figuring stuff out, I need you to look at this... note thing. It could be important!” Holt shouted behind his shoulder, hoping the Forensic Photographer was within earshot. Nolan Jaeger quickly walked over.

“Great detective words there, with the whole “note thing”. I’m not even going to dignify that with a smirk.” Nolan sighs mockingly with one eyebrow perked up a light smile playing at his lips. “It’s been a long two weeks boy, I’m ready for a break.” Holt sighed. “Let’s go back to the Department and check it out, Sara, stay here with the kid..” Holt said walking out the door. “Sure.” Sara said sarcastically, “As you wish”

Back at the NYC Police Department, Holt was looking at the evidence

board from the past 2 weeks. *They are connected somehow, I just know it, I just need to find the connection between the victims. At that moment Nolan practically ran into the room. “Sam! Sam! Sam! Sam...*

“What, what could you possibly want!” Holt yelled! “I cleaned off all of the blood and, look what was on the note, here...

9463 Wild Road

need your help

Please

Come tomorrow

If u come today I kill again
netraps

“Oh great, now there’s an address to go to, what else.” “Sam, did you even notice that he said “before I kill again”, that’s bad.” Nolan said worried. “Were going in the morning, that’s that.” Holt sighed.

That morning, Holt and Nolen ran to the police car, turned the key, and blasted off, sirens blaring intensely. The sound of the police car zooming past other vehicles was drowning out the radio chatter of garbled robberies and blotted out missing persons, which they paid no attention to.

“So... this is the place?” Nolan said cocking his head to the side, confused. “Do you see any other 9463 Wild Road’s” Holt scoffed. The house was a small stone homely

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“I Has No Nameses” Continued by J.V.P.

little place with pine trees almost blocking the front door. While walking Holt noticed six plump baby squirrels huddled around a bunch of peanuts, shoving them in their tiny mouths, like it was there last meal. *This does not look like a murderer's house, this looks like a animal lovers dominion. As Holt banged on the door he also noticed some beautiful purple and white flowers. Behind Nolan were various colors of bird feeders, along with several types of birds like chickadees and house finches. This time Holt saw a doorbell and rang it.*

“Comin.” Almost instantly after a man in a red shirt and blue jeans, holding a cute little baby turtle came to the door. “Uhh hi, may I help you with somnin?” he said confused. “Hi i’m Detective Samuel Holt and this is my... partner Nolan Jaeger and we have some questions about the letter found leading to this address at a murder scene, and we believe it has some importancince in this in this investigation, what’s your name?” “Terrell Harrison, but my friends keep calling me “human zoo” and I don’t like it, quick question, am I a suspect?” “Were not jumping to conclusions but possibly.”

After getting all the information Holt and Nolan were just about to leave... there was a scream, then a gunshot, then an explosion, an ear ringing explosion that sent Holt, Nolan, and Terrell flying into the bushes next

to the house.

Holt felt like his ears were ripped off by a bear, his whole body ached. Holt knew he was bleeding but he didn't care right now. He couldn't move it hurt so bad. “Samuel, Samuel!” “Can you hear me?!” “Call an ambulance right now!” Holt could barely hear the voice. He thought it was Nolan but he couldn't tell. Holt could somewhat hear the sirens of an ambulance, then everything went black.

Holt, was dreaming, he was dreaming about living in the country away from the mess that is known as New York City. He dreamt about waking up in the morning and eating some homemade pancakes with syrup made from his own maple trees. Then he would go feed the cattle and goats. Next he would play fetch with his little big dog Willie. Then feed the chickens and collect eggs. After Holt and Nolan would race 4-wheelers through the forest, trying not to hit trees or each other for that matter. Then he would make a big dinner, and watch the beautiful sunset with flashes of maroon, yellow, orange, pink, and red. And to finish off the day he would lay down in his bed and snuggle with the little german shepherd Willie. But then again, he was still dreaming. While outside... “HOLT!” “Holt can You hear me, wake up, now!” Nolan shouted. Yet Detective Holt was still dreaming about the perfect life in his own paradise/oasis, trapt in his own

head without himself even knowing!

Holt finally woke up in a hospital bed with nurses and doctors chattering around him, he also notest Sara zoned out on the chair next to his bedside table and Nolan completely knocked out on a bench. Holt tried to get up and say something but he couldn't move, his whole body was stiff and sore. Sara looked down at him and her eyes got wide. “Oh, your awake, um... hi.” she said awkwardly. Nolan still half asleep said “Hey he is alive, welcome to the living.” “Ow.” is all that Holt managed to say. “Hullo, It's me again.” Terrell said stroking the smallest kitten Holt had ever seen. Holt tried to ask how his animals are but it just came out as a painful groan. Then he noticed a notepad and pen and lazily grabbed it and wrote “How are the animals?” which looked like chicken scratch. Terrell looked at the pad, “Oh, yeah they're fine, actually they're not even mine, well, except this little munchkin and the turtle, i'm kind of like the vet of the neighborhood so the majority of those pets come from the neighbors.” He continued, “Sadly one of the pets got gravely injured so they needed an actual veterinarian.” Holt tried to pet the kitten but his arm would not move. Terrell noticed and set the kitten on Holt's chest. The little kitten started to purr and roll around.

To Be Continued...

Summer Fun Word Search

- BARBECUE LEMONADE
- BATHINGSUIT PARTY
- BEACH BOAT PICNIC
- CAR TRIP POOL
- CHALK SUNGLASSES
- FAMILY SUNSHINE
- FIREFLIES SWIM
- FIREWORKS TOWEL
- FRIENDS VACATION
- FUN VOLLEYBALL
- GAMES ZOO
- ICE CREAM



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

Provided By Chicken Scratch NY

The Redbird Report

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