

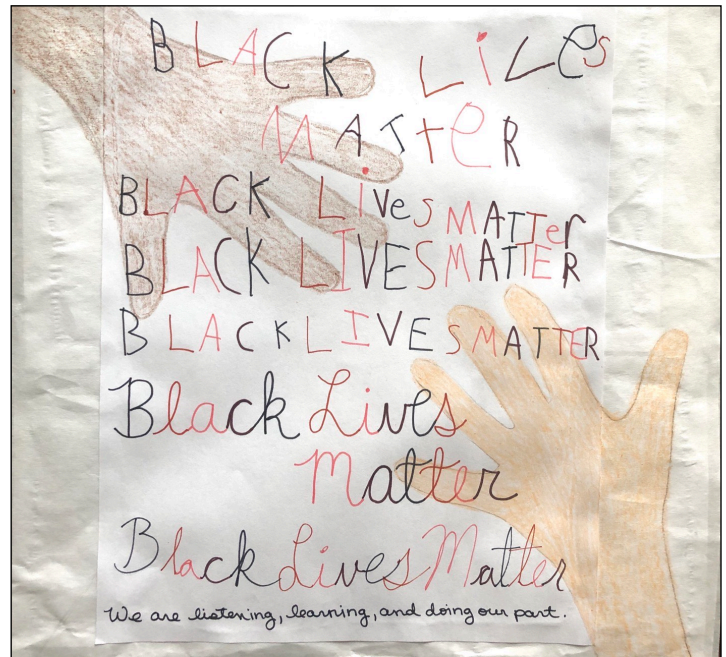
KINGSTON CHASE

KID NEWS

TUESDAY JUNE 9, 2020

Kids walk in local Black Lives Matter events

Kingston Chase families participate in demonstrations in Herndon including a car rally on Thursday, march on Saturday and a kids walk Sunday in support of Black Lives Matter. Artwork by Elodie W.



Jovie's Weather Forecast

Wednesday, June 10

93/70

40% chance of rain



Thursday, June 11

84/64

65% chance of rain



Friday, June 12

86/61

25% chance of rain



Saturday, June 13

82/55

30% chance of rain



Sunday, June 14

76/54

30% chance of rain



Monday, June 15

78/58

30% chance of rain



Tuesday, June 16

80/60

9% chance of rain



(The first number is the high temp, the second is the low temp)

Source: accuweather.com

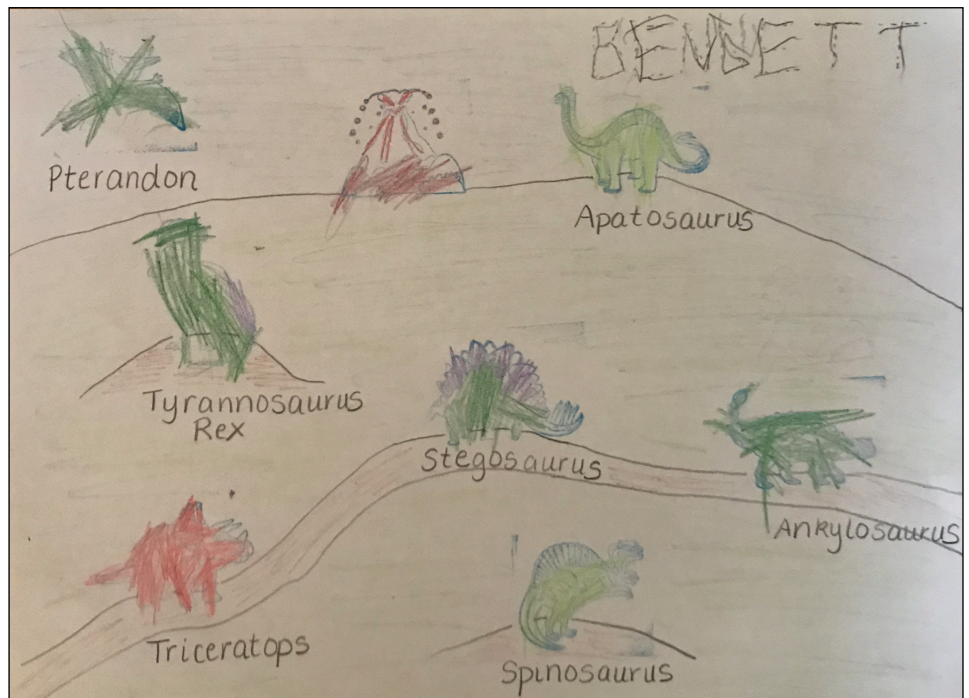


KC sixth graders graduate

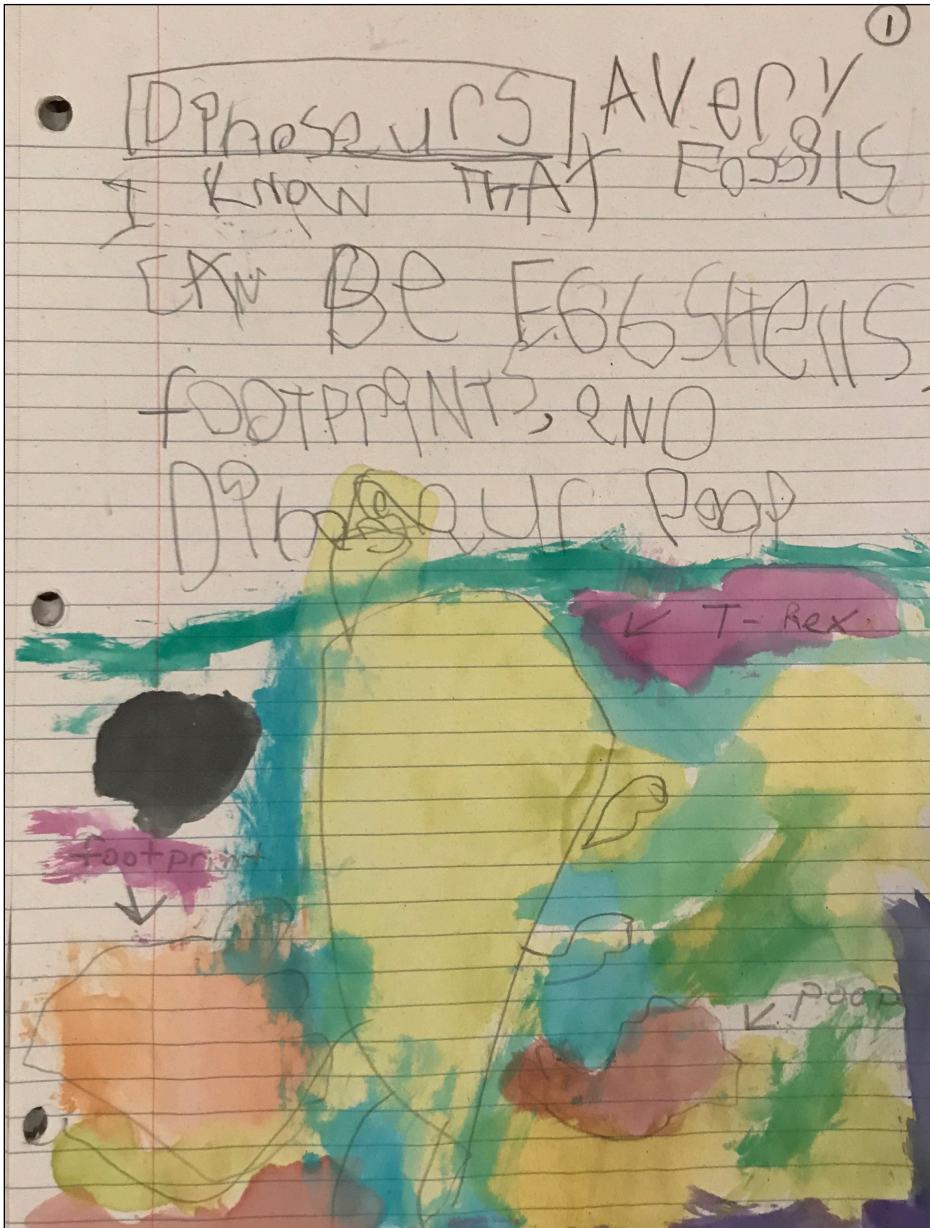
Adrianna Kollar
 Marcus Jacinto
 Christopher Bunnell
 Ben Caldera
 Hayden Kapushoc
 Alex Hall
 Gage Edwards
 Ben Hart
 Leora Catullo
 Laila Tomhave
 Tessa Lamoureux

Rafe Baez
 Ray Schrock
 Amir Hluchan
 Cora Kasper
 Allie Landrum
 Clayton Smith
 Rizian Robinson
 Isaac Morris
 Gourav Regmi

- Submitted by the Kollar family



By BENNETT G., preschool



**FICTION: WARRIORS
POCONO FOREST
Chapter 6**

By LILY J.
Third Grade

“WHAT!” Bluestar hissed back at ShadowClan’s leader.

“Yes. You are hunting in our territory,” Brokenstar sneered.

“How does that make us traitors?” Bluestar gave a questioning hiss.

“You have also brought a kittypet into the forest!” Brokenstar announced.

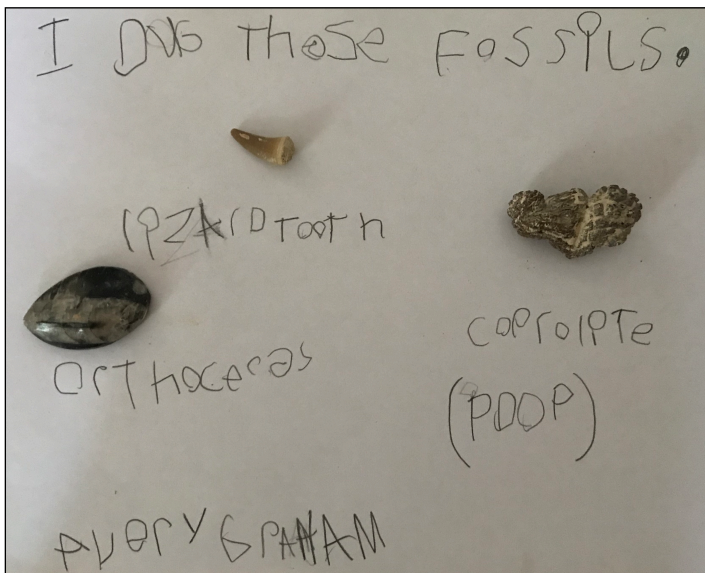
“Yeah. But that is not against the Warrior Code!”

Brokenstar was about to say another thing, but Crookedstar, the leader of RiverClan, spoke first.

“We have some news. Our deputy, Oakheart is now an elder. He was hurt in a rock fall and cannot fight anymore. But we have new apprentices that will make up for that.”

“Yes. Us too,” Tallstar meowed.

The rest of the Gathering was a little uneasy. But then again, Graypaw told Treepaw that Brokenstar had always been uneasy. But Treepaw knew something was wrong. And that battle would break out soon.



By AVERY G.,
Kindergarten

FICTION: THE PONY ON SAINT STREET

Chapter 10

By **ELODIE W.**

Third Grade

Late that night Nickie and Pearl again snuck into the ship but this time knowing where everyone was. We quickly located the jail, Lurie and King Ezmond were grinning and holding a set of keys in their hands.

“Did you get the keys?” I asked.

“Yea, we tricked her into giving us the keys and she didn’t even understand there is only one problem.”

King Ezmond nudged Lurie as if to tell him something.

“OK there are two problems, one we can’t reach the keyhole, and we don’t know what key is the one.”

“Oh I see. You two have what you need but you don’t know what the right key is, and to add to our problems you can’t reach the keyhole. Oh well you can give the keys to Nickie and she can find out.”

Little did we know that the king of the unnamed island, King Ravenis trapped King Ezmond and Lurie to distract me and Pearl so that they could steal the magical apples and become the most powerful island.



The Wileys celebrate the library opening for curbside pickup.

We also didn't know that King Ravenis had an army and it had strong and powerful bears, hawks, buffalo and lots of other animals you probably don't know like, Dragons that have feathers and growl so deep that only a lion could have made the sound, they are called the growling dragons. There are griffins that can burst into flames.

“As soon as we get out we can feed Pearl a golden apple and you can go home.” I tried to look excited but all the time I spent

here had made me love Horseshoe Island and I knew I would miss it a lot.

“Let’s try the keys,” I said glumly.

“OK, I’m so ready to get out and stretch my legs,” exclaimed Lurie. But when I tried the first key it wouldn’t even fit in the keyhole the next one fit but wouldn’t move in either.

See **PONY**, Page 6

From **PONY**, Page 5

I kept trying and trying but the last key still wouldn't move. I tried them another time but they wouldn't even move a tiny bit. "Are we going to stay any longer? I can't stand it," groaned Lurie.

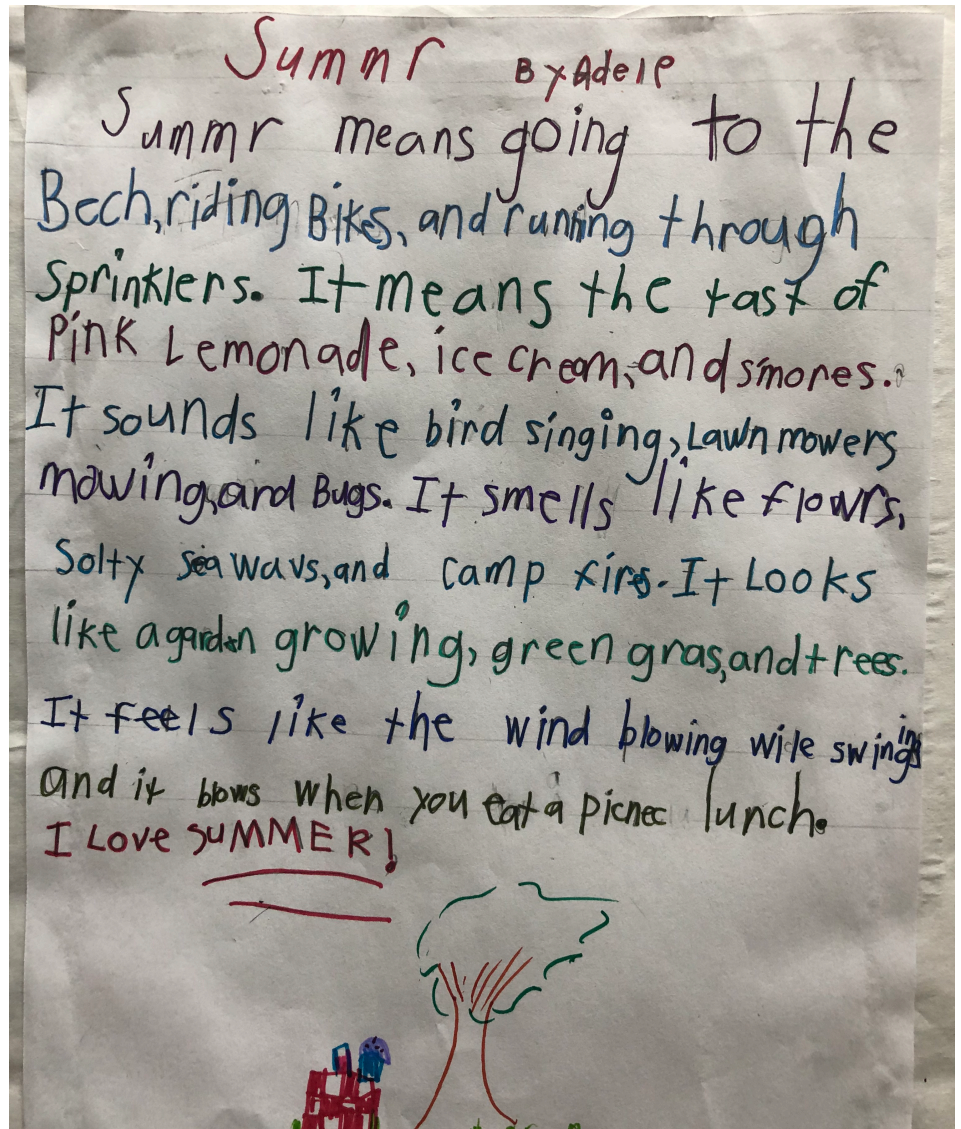
"King Ravenis must have known we were trying to escape and gave us the wrong set of keys," sighed King Ezmond who was being very quiet.

"You mean King Ravenis gave the keys to the stupid troll," Lurie corrected King Ezmond.

"Well King Ravenis is a shapeshifter and no one knows his real form but me I'm sure you three want to know I will only if you don't tell anyone it is a banana slug and he tries to avoid being close to turning into something like it and he carries a staff that helps him from doing that but if you cut his staff he will turn back into a banana slug for as long as he lives which I don't know how long they live, any questions?"

"Yea one, how come you know all that stuff about King Ravenis?"

"Good question Nickie. He and I were brothers and were also best friends but when father died five years ago and the throne was handed down to me because I am older. He went on a trip across the still waters to see what was there because the people that go there never return. I thought he had died and was concerned.



By **ADELE W.**, First Grade

When his men said that they were working for King Ravenis I had no idea who he was but when I saw him I knew he must have changed his name from Prince Samson James Smoose of Horseshoe Island Jr. to king Ravenis of the Unnamed Island. He was a junior. because father was the senior."

I winced at the people that never return King Ezmond must have noticed because after he finished telling his story he turned to me and said, "There is no need to worry about the people that have

never returned because you have something great to protect you. You have magic that means you can say spells that either rhyme or don't rhyme. I've known this for a long time ever since I first met you and meant to give you this."

He took a foggy glass ball out of his satchel. I knew instantly that it was a farseeing ball just like it The Frog Princess you say a spell into it and it can show you things you ask them. But I can't believe, me a witch.

FICTION: THE ELEVENTH HOUSE ON BUTTER BILL STREET

Chapter 1: The Unknown House

By JOVIE J.

Second Grade

It was a wet and rainy day. The Plums were getting ready for a wet walk. As Olive got her boots on, her brother Michael just came in with mud on his boots.

“Are you ready?” Michael asked in excitement. “I have to show you something.”

Olive zoomed out of the house. Michael followed.

“Where are we going?” Olive asked as the rain hit her.

“The 11th house on Butter Bill Street,” Michael said proudly.

Olive looked confused.

“Why?” she asked. “We don’t know anyone there.”

“I know! Can we go now?!” Michael yelled.

“Sure,” whispered Olive.

“OK,” Michael said.

Two blocks up was Butter Bill Street. As they walked past the 10th house on Butter Bill Street, Olive started to worry. Her mother told her not to go into strange houses. As she walked



By JOVIE J., Second Grade

along, Michael said, “We’re here!”

Olive followed Michael into the unknown house’s porch, she walked up the creaky steps and reached the door.

“Are you sure about this?” she said, worried. As Michael started to walk in, he noticed the

worried look on Olive’s face.

Michael put his hand in front of Olive. As she came to a stop, Michael said, “Don’t worry, I’m 14 and tomorrow you’re going to be 11.”

This was true. Olive was turning 11 tomorrow.

See **OLIVE**, Page 7

From **OLIVE**, *Page 6*

As she followed Michael through the dark house, she stepped on a broom that was left on the floor. Someone said something.

“Who goes there?”
The voices sounded so creepy-like a witch. Olive hated witches. “Michael!” shouted Olive. There was no answer. And that was when she remembered her family was going on a walk. Just at that second there was a thunderstorm.

“I can’t go out now,” said Olive. She walked in a little more to find Michael. “Michael!” she shouted. Still no answer. And that’s when the voice was there again.

“Come in this room my dear.”

“No!!” Michael heard and ran in the room. Then a white cat came out of Michael’s arms.

“What are you doing?” Olive asked Michael.

“This is Snowball. And THIS is Miss Cherry,” Michael said.

“Hello,” Miss Cherry said in a kind, quiet voice. “You can stay here until the storm passes.”

The storm went on for hours. Olive hadn’t talked to Miss

Cherry yet, but then she spoke up.

“Miss Cherry? There’s this weird voice. It sounds like a witch.”

“Oh no!” yelled Miss Cherry. Olive had never heard the woman’s voice get so loud before. “It must be my house witch. She’s mean and she doesn’t come out a lot. Oh! This is why I don’t let little girls in my house. She must want you! And... and ... and!”

Michael spoke. “Don’t worry! Take a deep breath. In and out.”

“OK, so what?” asked Olive, who had been shaking.

“The witch believes girls are powerful, so she wants YOU to come to her so she can make you fall asleep and get your powers. How old are you?” Miss Cherry asked.

“Ten,” Olive said. “Tomorrow I’m turning 11.”

“When you turn 10 you get powers.”

Michael looked afraid, sad and worried. “So I don’t get powers?” he asked.

Miss Cherry looked at Michael’s frown.

“You don’t,” she said.

“B-but, why?” Michael asked. “Boys have powers. Boys DO have powers, But not in the magic kind of way,” Miss Cherry replied.

Michael’s frown turned upside down. He was smiling from ear to ear.

“I’ve never seen him so happy,” Olive said.

And that’s when Olive saw a green light. She wasn’t sure if the others could see it. She walked in the room to see what was there, but when she reached the room the light was gone. Then she heard the witch noise again.

She screamed, thinking the others would come storming in. They didn’t. She ran out of the room into the living room. They weren’t there. She searched the house.

No one was there.

Continued in the following edition

Kingston Chase Kid News

During the summer,
Kingston Chase Kid News
will publish monthly. We still
want to read your stories.
Email them to
kingstonchasekidnews@
gmail.com.

FICTION: THE LONE ISLANDS

Chapter 7: Robotic Hands

By **AXTON W.**

Fifth Grade

Sara Holman

I watched Matt battle the oldish guy- apparently named Crusty Lopez- I also saw Matt push Crusty off a cliff, and I also watched Matt's hand get chopped off. I don't know if I'll ever get that image out of my head. Then Matt fainted. A legitimate faint. I've never seen someone faint for real except if it counts for *me* to faint. I mean you can't really watch yourself faint, but whatever. All of a sudden I heard sirens and saw a bunch of people with megaphones from earth with the siren noise on.

"WE HAVE OUR WINNER!" the Announcer said.

"MATT MURPHEY!
CONGRATULATIONS!"

"He can't hear moron," someone from the stands yelled.

The siren people had swarmed around the unconscious Matt. Through a gap I saw one person pick Matt's arm up and then the guy took something out of his pocket-and-the gap was blocked by another person who just got there. The thing the person pulled out of his pocket looked like a hand.

"Were they going to put the thing on Matt's hand?" I thought, *"Was Matt going to have a robotic hand if we get home?"* Apparently they always had robotic appendages on hand (pardon the pun).

"ONCE WE GOT ALL THAT HAND DRAMA OVER AND MATT WAKES UP WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE PRIZE!" the Announcer said.

"Is he gonna be OK?" I asked the king.

"We'll soon find out," the king answered.

About an hour and a half of waiting Matt started to stir.

"ATTABOY GET UP!" said the Announcer. He got up.

"Did I win?" he asked. Then I realized if I ever want a chance to go home this would be the perfect time to escape. I quietly slipped away.

I didn't know my way around the castle or palace whatever you want to call it but after a bit of opening random doors I found the kitchen. I went in and realized that it didn't have a back door but it had about a dozen fireplaces and only about half of them were lit. There were servants everywhere. I had to be really careful with the stupid plan that I had formed, I couldn't be

seen by the servants, and I couldn't fall otherwise I would probably get put in the dungeon or die.

"AAARRRRGGGHHH!" I think that was the king, he must have realized that I'm gone. OK gotta hurry up. The closest fireplace was probably about ten feet away from me. I just had to make a break for it.

"One, two, three!" I thought as I ran to the fireplace.

"WE HAVE A MISSING PERSON!" the Announcer said. "SHE HAS SHORT BROWN HAIR, AND IS SHORTER THAN AVERAGE!"

"Wow what a nice way to describe me," I thought with a lot of sarcasm as I climbed into the fireplace. I've always been the best person at climbing I know. In P. E. when we have the thick rope hanging from the ceiling I can always touch the ceiling, I can even beat the P. E. teacher when She demonstrates how to do it. So this chimney was *easy*. I just shimmied up. There was no grate on the top thank goodness. I hadn't thought of that.

So I'm now on the roof of a hundred foot tall building surrounded with guards, what do I do now?

Continued in the following edition