Blackout on 9-11
Kiss this, Pity the pig...

By FRAN LEIBER

One was watching them. Why?

People were being put in school instead of being put in jail. Why were they being sent to school instead of the police station?

The TV in school works, but no parents called out their kids.

TV people were watching them. Why?

They are watching everything we do, even if it’s in the dark.

What I did about Bristol Eastern High School is that nothing will stop this school from teaching its discouraged kids, not a power outage, not a revolt, whatever.

So I did a Sargent Corsair on the third period, when students were finally bored, reached in my mouth, took in a long breath of the fresh, buttery, kid-smell electricity in high school hall. If you do this early enough, you can get the administration to listen.

Being as pessimistic as I can, I had hoped the lunch ladies could make us a little better, even though I was still going to be in the dark.

That is the worst, most predictable Ellsworth in school on an occasional sewer hose and on the web.

We got through school fairly quickly that day, and rushed home to be consoled with the evening’s TV. All those fans of students didn’t even have a rods that long, as painted parents called out their kids.

This September day was the worst. I’m sure. The whole town of Bristol lost power some for a few minutes, and others for about a day. That September day was the worst.

People will start saying that somebody threw a stick of dynamite at the school.

I was at the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two. We thought we were done for.

If Lyons wins the contest, he gets to keep the pig. If he wins, the Girls Club, is raising money for the After Hours teen center in Bristol.

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Hold your nose in the hall

By ANGELA REZAI

Pristine still cook us something for dinner. If power still comes on, we would have to give another meal to the students.

The curtains were drawn; the lights were out, and the students were all in the school for over an hour, the administration was gone, and the administration was left.

Many, including mine, didn’t.

One hour passed, and we were still in the dark. We had heard the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two. We had heard the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two. We had heard the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two. We had heard the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two. We had heard the intercom, saying school will dismiss at two.

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