

THE CORRIDORS

Issue 1

PROCTOR HIGH SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

2023-2024 School Year



Attention Students!

All senior pictures, quotes, and baby pictures need to be submitted to Google Classroom by December 1st in order to be included in this year's Yearbook.

Yearbooks are available for Pre-Order. The price for the yearbook is \$65 (plus tax and fees) until December 31, 2023, then the price will increase to \$75 (plus tax and fees) starting January 1, 2024. The last day to pre-order a yearbook is February 29, 2024. ***Pre-ordering is the only way to ensure you receive a yearbook.*** There will be no extra copies available after pre-ordering has ended. Yearbooks can be purchased online at jostensyearbooks.com or by bringing the order form and money to C135. Order forms can be picked up outside room C135.

#yearbook



Welcome Back!

By Maddi Smith



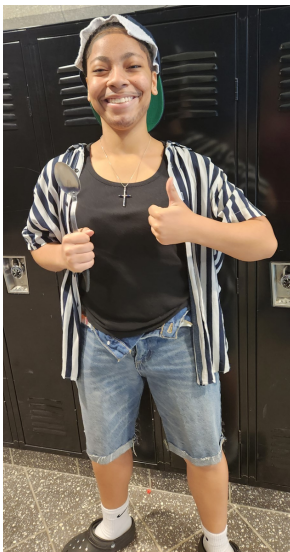
Welcome back Proctor students! We hope your year has been good so far. We at Proctor are very excited to meet our new class of students, and to be reunited with our peers as we return to school.

Here are some tips for the upcoming freshmen students, and for any newcomers that may need them.

- Take your ID card out and have it ready before you reach the ID scanner terminal upon entering school or scanning in for lunch.
- Make sure your phone, air-pods, or anything else with metal is in your bag or ready to be placed into the bowl when you reach the metal detector.
- If you're leaving your class to go to the bathroom or to another teacher, make sure to get a pass before leaving so that security will know that you aren't skipping.
- Ask your teachers for their grading policies, before assuming that each teacher uses the same.
- If a school Chromebook you are using has a screen display that is too small or too large, use ctrl + alt, and the plus or minus sign to enhance or de-enhance the size.
- Write down your combination, and practice locking and unlocking the lock that you have.



Spirit Week



Pep Rally Photos

By Sarkanyaw Chit



Homecoming Game

By Geri Teal

Let's go, Raiders, let's go! On Saturday, October 14th, the Raiders went against CVA in our homecoming football game. The turnout for the game was amazing, and a shout out to all the senior football players and cheerleaders! Good luck to you with all of your future endeavors! The cheerleaders did a wonderful performance during halftime. Their cheer was contagious throughout the progression of the game. The Raiders football team gave their best shot at the game, meeting CVA head-on. Good game, Proctor Raiders!



Homecoming Dance

By Jazzmine Medina

The 2023 Proctor Homecoming was, yet again, a great dance with high attendance. The snacks, ranging from candy to tomato pie, were plentiful and accessible for everyone. Gorgeous outfits of all types were on display. It was evident that the students and staff put forth their best effort into unique decor and refreshments, and the attendees reflected that energy. The DJ catered to many students' music tastes, playing a mix of classics and contemporary artists. Based on everyone's enthusiasm, this year's homecoming dance was a success!



Scary Story Contest

By Corridors Staff



Mrs. Pflanz held a story contest for her four sections of 9th grade Language Arts Lab students. Each class began a story together and it was up to the students to finish. When they were completed, Mrs. Pflanz picked finalists and each class voted on their favorite. The following story is written by our winner, Arren Tamang. Congratulations!

It was Halloween night and I was home alone. I was munching on a bunch of candy corn and starting to not feel well. I was feeling a little upset because my parents went out and left me home alone to hand out the full sized candy bars to the trick-or-treaters.

The doorbell rang. Annoyed, I walked with the bowl of candy bars to the door. When I opened the door, there was a spooky sight. It was someone dressed as a clown covered in blood. I was so taken aback with the blasphemous costume that I was startled and slammed the door before giving the candy.

Suddenly I heard laughter ringing out from the other side of the door. Curious about the laughter, I opened the door again, but was met with a spine-chilling sight. The clown, still drenched in fake blood, stepped forward with a ghostly, unsettling grin. His voice, filled with a sinister tone, echoed through the Halloween night.

"Trick or treat," he hissed, as his friends in ghostly costumes revealed themselves from the shadows. Their faces were painted in ghostly pallor, and they gave out an aura of warning: something bad was going to happen.

Fear surged through me, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. Something about their presence sent shivers down my spine. As I slowly extended the bowl of candy bars, their laughter took on an unsettling, almost reckless quality.

I was on the edge of a scream when suddenly, the clown reached into a tattered bag and produced a blood-red, flickering candle. He lit it with a match that seemed to materialize out of thin air, casting a strange glow over their haunting disguises.

In that sinister light, the group began to chant in an unknown, ancient language. My heart pounded in my chest as the ground trembled beneath me. It felt as if the very fabric of reality was warping.

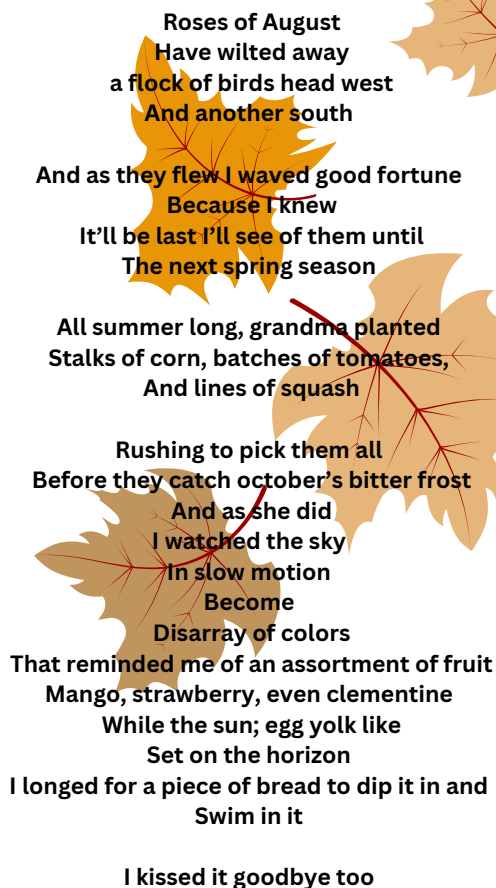
Terrified and entranced, I couldn't look away. Just when I thought I couldn't bear it any longer, the clown blew out the candle, and the haunting ritual ended. The group of sinister figures dispersed into the night, leaving me trembling and bewildered.

I never found out who they were or what their intentions were that Halloween night, but the memory of that encounter haunted me for years to come, turning every subsequent Halloween into a night of true, spine-tingling terror.

Corridors Staff

Untitled

by Mahalia Starling



Roses of August
Have wilted away
a flock of birds head west
And another south
And as they flew I waved good fortune
Because I knew
It'll be last I'll see of them until
The next spring season
All summer long, grandma planted
Stalks of corn, batches of tomatoes,
And lines of squash
Rushing to pick them all
Before they catch october's bitter frost
And as she did
I watched the sky
In slow motion
Become
Disarray of colors
That reminded me of an assortment of fruit
Mango, strawberry, even clementine
While the sun; egg yolk like
Set on the horizon
I longed for a piece of bread to dip it in and
Swim in it
I kissed it goodbye too

President: Sarkanyaw Chit
Vice President: Sawyer Goldman

Secretary: Jazzmine Medina

Treasurer: Geri Teal

Sameera Ahmadi

Howara Amayahi

Amina Cavcic

Noriele Culver

Wilmarie DeVargas

Nataleea Dingle

Ku Htee

Jointly Htoo

Emma Kerber

Sanoe Oo

Mercedes Rhoades

Maddi Smith

Myah Smith

Mahalia Starling

Dashawn Underwood

Jesalina Walton