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The 2022 World Cup Comes to a Close in Qatar

by Willow Swan

The 2022 World Cup, hosted by Qatar, has concluded after an exciting 29 days of competition. Among the competing countries were Argentina, who won, France, who came in second, Croatia, who came in third, and Morocco, who lost to Croatia for third place. Some star players during the World Cup were French player Kylian Mbappé, who scored the most goals in the World Cup with 8 goals, and Lionel Messi of Argentina who scored 7 goals.



Argentina, 2022 World Cup Champions

[Photo credit npr.org](https://www.npr.org)

Messi, who has been a star soccer player for a long time, finally won his first World Cup. “...We demonstrate once again that Argentines when we fight together and united we are capable of achieving what we set out to do. The merit belongs to this group, which is above individualities, it is the strength of all fighting for the same dream that was also the dream of all Argentines... We did it!!!” posted Messi on Instagram. Argentina fans came together to celebrate the big win, with 2 million people celebrating in the streets of Buenos Aires, the capitol.

Among future soccer events for excited fans are the 2023 Women's World Cup in Australia and New Zealand, and the next Men's World Cup, taking place in the US, Canada, and Mexico in 2026. "Together with our good friends in Canada and Mexico, we couldn't be more excited to work with FIFA to host what we think will be the greatest World Cup in history," said US Soccer President Cindy Parlow Cone.

The World Cup concluded shortly before the death of legendary Brazilian soccer player Pelé on December 29th, 2022. Soccer players and fans worldwide paid tribute to Pelé, including Kylian Mbappé, Cristiano Ronaldo and Messi, who posted "Rest in Peace, Pelé" on Instagram.

With many equally exciting and tragic events in the soccer world lately, we can count on more excitement related to the sport soon.

Sources:

[Pulse Sports's WORLD CUP '80 Superbowls, 80 finals' - Quotes as FIFA Reveals Cities for Historic 2026 48-team Fiesta](#)

[2022 World Cup Players](#)

[Bleach Report's How Qatar Won the Right to Host the World Cup](#)

Thanksgiving

by Nadia Zorina

Thanksgiving's history in North America is rooted in English traditions. Thanksgiving also includes parts of the harvest in New England, which happens well before the late-November date on which our modern Thanksgiving is celebrated.

In the English tradition, days of thanksgiving and special thanksgiving religious services became important during the English Reformation in the reign of Henry VIII.

Before 1536, there were 95 church holidays, along with 52 Sundays, when people were forced to attend church instead of work. The 1536 reforms in the Church of England reduced these to only 27 holidays.

Days of Thanksgiving were special blessings thought of as comings from God, which were celebrated by Christian church servings and gatherings.

For example, Days of Thanksgiving were celebrated following the victory over the Spanish Armada in 1588 and following the deliverance of Queen Anne in 1605. A unique yearly Day of Thanksgiving was created in 1606 following the failure of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. This became Guy Fawkes Day, celebrated on the 5th of November.



A Thanksgiving Feast

[Photo credit economictimes.indiatimes.com](http://economictimes.indiatimes.com)

Some historians think that the first-ever North American Thanksgiving took place in Canada in 1578. Others say, though, that there is no evidence of this.

French settlers celebrated harvest festivals. These kept going through winter. Sometimes they were even shared with natives!

As settlers arrived in Nova Scotia from New England after 1700, late fall Thanksgiving celebrations became typical. New immigrants including the Scottish, German, and Irish added traditions to the harvest celebrations. Most of the U.S. Thanksgiving traditions were brought into the holiday when United Empire Loyalists began to flee from the United States during and after the American Revolution, settling in Canada.

Sources: [Wikipedia's Thanksgiving](#)

Runes

by Karina Mansilla

Runes are letters of an ancient Germanic alphabet, related to the Roman alphabet. They are a mark or letter of mysterious or magical significance. Small stones, pieces of bone, etc., bearing runes, can be used as divinatory symbols.

The Casting of the Runes

Runes are phonetic. This means that each rune represents a specific sound that you can make with your mouth, instead of the Latin letter to rune letter. For example, the rune þ makes a sound similar to the English letter "th". In English, we need two letters to express this sound. Differences like this exist even now between some languages. For example, the English letter A and the Estonian letter A - although they are written the same, they express different sounds. This should be kept in mind when using runes: They are better conveyed when used phonetically. In addition to representing a phonetic noise (a phoneme), runes can be used to represent the concepts after which they are named (ideographs).

Alphabet

The runic alphabet is 24 letters and is also called Futhark. Futhark is a writing system of uncertain origin used by the Germanic peoples of northern Europe, Britain, Scandinavia, and Iceland from about the 3rd to the 16th to 17th centuries AD. The runes are different from the English alphabet. For example, instead of the letter "C", speakers of Futhark used "K"!



Runic alphabet and its latin letter interpretation vector image

[Photo credit vectorstock.com](https://www.vectorstock.com/)

What is the oldest runic alphabet?

The oldest version of the runic alphabet is thought to be Elder Futhark, which was used in the parts of Europe where Germanic peoples abided, including Scandinavia. Other versions probably stemmed from the original. The names of the letters are shown in Common Germanic, the reconstructed ancestor of all Germanic languages.

Runes were used for different language

Runes were used for various Germanic languages before the adoption of the Latin alphabet, and for specialized purposes afterwards.

Sources: Google, [Valhyr's Rune Translator](#), [Britannica's Runic and ogham alphabets](#)

Sophia's Short Stories My Life as an Amateur Detective *by Sophia Schelino*

The rain poured down. The wind howled. The typewriter rattled. "Wow! The rain is louder than a group of Amazonian frogs!"

"Uh, first of all, aren't they called dart frogs? Second, how do *you* know if they're loud or not?" James replied.

"Because I've been to the Amazon *with you* and every night I heard them! Duh! Plus, they're called Amazonian frogs and that's that!" Sally answered vigorously.

I sighed. It was a mistake to hire two moody *teenage* twins to be my assistants. "Will you stop arguing about frogs!?" I hissed, "Or at least get away from me!?"

The twins lowered their heads and backed into the kitchen, where the argument promptly restarted. I rubbed my temples. I was trying to write a book of my detective antics. A rival detective named Carl Sandberg had written a very popular autobiography this month. It involved a lot of insulting people, and praising himself. He only solved like, one case! Sure, it was a murder- but I solved mysteries too! Like the case of The Missing Shoe, or The Footsteps At Night (just the client's daughter, going to the bathroom). Unfortunately, I had a strong dose of writer's block.

"Yo Messmore! What're we having for dinner?" James's voice echoed through the room, calling me by my last name. I groaned. I did not want to cook on a day like this.

"You know what," I called back, the fog in my head slowly melting, "I think we'll order pizza."

“Yes!” Sally came into the room, pumping her fist. “Pizza’s the best!” I rose, smoothing the folds of my dark blue dress. I always dress fancy, it’s my nature. I stretched, yawning. I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror and recoiled in shock - I really must have been slumped in my armchair for a long time. I grabbed a brush and started combing my brown, spiky hair. In the kitchen I could hear James ordering a pizza.

“I’ll have half plain and half-What? You don’t have peanut butter pizza!? What kind of restaurant is this?” I laughed at James’ strange tastes. Peanut butter pizza?! What kind of food is that! Just then, I got a good idea for my book. I lowered myself back into my armchair and continued to tap at the typewriter. Ding! Ding! The sound of the doorbell echoed throughout the house. The pizza was here. I must admit it was some of the best pizza I’d ever had. Feeling a lot better, I leaned back in my chair, relaxing. Suddenly, I heard a loud crash coming from upstairs. *What was that?* Both Sally and James were startled too.

“What was that noise?” Sally asked.

“I don’t know.” I replied, “But I’m going to find out. Stay here.” I walked quickly up the stairs. As I reached the upstairs, I thought I saw a figure. I blinked, but it was gone. I peered into my room. I saw what had made the crash: a wardrobe had fallen. “A wardrobe can’t fall on its own.” I said out loud, “So *someone* must have pushed it!” As I was wondering who could have done this, a figure all in black rushed at me. With a gasp, I dodged the person in black. Then, as if they were never there, the person jumped out the window onto the roof of the nearest house. I looked out the window; they were gone. I panted, wondering how this mysterious person could have broken in, and why they had escaped so quickly.

I ran downstairs to tell Sally and James what had just happened. Surprisingly, when I got back into the dining room they weren’t there. With rising dread, I yelled: “Sally! James! Where are you?” No reply. I checked the entire house but they were nowhere to be seen. I was pacing nervously, wondering where they could have gone when a thought struck me. The masked figure. He wasn’t trying to attack me, he was trying to distract me! That’s why he pushed the wardrobe! Someone else downstairs took Sally and James! Which meant that person *kidnapped* them! This was not good at all. I buried my face in my hands. My assistants had been kidnapped! But... there was nothing I could do. I couldn’t even call the authorities until I had evidence.

Then I realized, I’m a detective! I could hunt for clues or evidence around the house. So I began my search. Twenty minutes later I wasn’t any closer to finding any clues. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my typewriter. For some reason, I was compelled to walk toward it. A new paper had been typed on. It read, ***Ha Ha Ha loser. If you ever want to see your assistants again then pay me bigtime! A million dollars is good. Otherwise, your assistants will be trapped here forever!*** I gasped. Sally and James really *were* captives! Just then, I realized something. That writing style was familiar! It was

something Carl Sandberg would say! Could he be the kidnapper? Yes! He was definitely one of the options.

Now that I had a solid theory, I could phone the police. But just as I was calling their number, my computer made a strange sound. As I stared at the screen, a face suddenly appeared like it was on facetime. It was Carl Sandberg! He grinned, a stupid oily smirk, and adjusted his device. As he did that, I noticed that in the background were Sally and James, in a *jail cell*! So he was the kidnapper! But I just couldn't believe even a jerk like him would be evil.

"Surprised, aren't you?" He asked maliciously, "Well I realized my true passion was crime, after I-"

"I don't care!" I interrupted, "Why have you kidnapped them?!"

"I have realized that with assistants, you might exceed the skill of even *me*! I have to be the most famous detective!" He twisted the screen, and two black clad figures came into view. "Say hi boys!" He said in a fake voice. The two black wearing people waved, a small, slow wave, and I could tell under their masks they were both smirking.

"But the message on the typewriter said that you would return them!"

I exclaimed

"Yeah, sorry, not sorry." He replied looking bored, "But even if you paid me money, and you got your assistants back you'd still be a good detective. I have to take out the competition!" This was so dumb. I couldn't believe that he kidnapped the twins just so he could be a better detective. "So now, I'm keeping them. And no one can stop me!" Then he laughed a really pathetic laugh. I mean, it sounded like a weasel, all high and reedy. I grinned, *oh, he was going down*. I held up the telephone, smirking as I did so.

"Did you catch that Sargent?" I said to the phone. The police officer I'd dialed right before Carl had hacked my computer replied.

"Yes I did. And I will be sending officers to his location." All the blood drained from Carl's face. On the screen, he stepped back.

"But- you- thats-" He stuttered, before regaining his composure, "You don't know where I am!" I rolled my eyes.

"We do! It says the location on your server!" His smirk quickly faded.

"No! No!! This can't be happening!" He cried. But even as he said these words, I could hear police sirens in the distance.

Twenty minutes later, Carl Sandberg, author of *My Glorious Life*, detective "extraordinaire", was held captive, to await trial. I smiled. I had really done it! I would finally get Sally and James back!

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Ding! Ding! *Was it them?* Ding! Ding! I opened the door. An officer was at the door with Sally and James behind him. They rushed forward to greet me. I almost toppled over by the force of their hug.

“I’m so glad I was able to rescue you!” I exclaimed, with tears in my eyes. “I missed you.” We hugged once more. “I almost forgot, I have a gift for you!” I handed James a jar of peanut butter. “It’s for the pizza.” I told him.

“Finally!” He exclaimed, “I’ll be able to have peanut butter pizza!” As we walked inside, the argument Sally and James had restarted.

“Dart frogs are different from amazonian frogs!”

“Dart frogs are from the Amazon!” James argued. I sighed. *Oh, well.*

Share Your Favorite Holiday/Winter Traditions!

by Noah Solano

I love winter! Winter traditions are an annual highlight for many people. Share your favorite winter and/or holiday tradition in the below Google Form. I’ll publish them in the next issue, and we can all enjoy seeing each others’ traditions! Who knows, maybe you’ll even find your next favorite winter tradition!

[Share your tradition here!!!](#)

I’ll start off by sharing one of my favorite traditions (this one is specific to Christmas, but feel free to share traditions for any holiday, or a non-holiday winter tradition):

Every December, I go to Bell’s Tree Farm with my family, my best friend, her parents, and her younger sister. Both families pick a tree, and then we all go to a restaurant called Arrowood for food and drinks. My friend and I play with her sister and look at the ducks, and then her dad - who owns a truck - drives our Christmas tree home. We all say good-bye, and then my parents struggle to put it up.

Yours can be as simple, short, and plainly written as that, or something longer or more complicated.

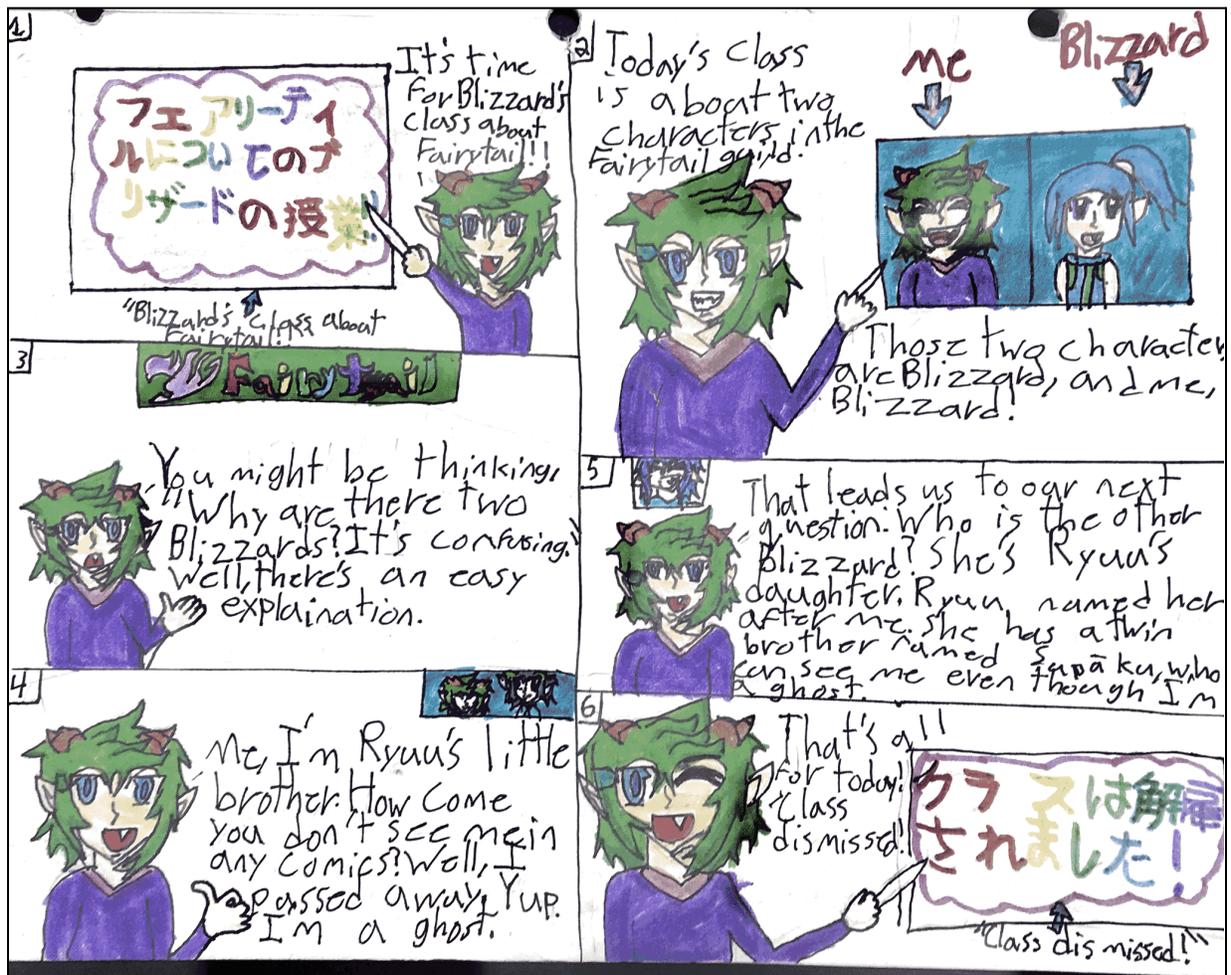
Tatsumaki in a Santa Suit

by Jena Chamas



Blizzard's Class about Fairytail

by Zoe Curtis



The Mirror meets after school in Room 22.

Upcoming meeting dates in January are:

Friday, January 20, 2023

& Friday, January 27, 2023

New contributors are always welcome!

Join us!