



The Emerald News



April 1, 2022

Volume V Issue III

SNYDER PLEADS GUILTY TO TAX EVASION!

By Amy Shumer

Last Monday afternoon, Mr. Snyder pleaded guilty to tax evasion charges. After hours of investigation, the details still remained unclear. But when all hope seemed lost, Mr. Snyder agreed to an interview to share his side of the story.

As people who invested in Bitcoin early on are now rich, Skye Helfant had assumed the same for NFTs (non fungible tokens), figuring that by investing now he would make it big. After making the investments and not making much money, he talked with Mr. Snyder of this new money-making adventure he was on. Mr. Snyder found the idea inspiring and decided to try his luck. If his prospects failed, he didn't want anyone to notice. To get money for the initial investments, he took \$500 from the former basketball team's yearly budget.

In five months, Skye lost more money, while Snyder prospered and made \$1,000,000. Unfortunately for Snyder, taxes were high, and the



money for the initial investment came from a shady place. To avoid any legal trouble, he hid the money in a Panama bank account. Mr. Snyder and Skye decided to Skype and talk about their failures and



successes. When Skye found out about Snyder's success, he was furious. Not only had Snyder become rich, but the basketball team lost their sectional game! (which he blamed on the fact that the \$500 couldn't be used to bribe the refs) For revenge, Skye confessed everything to the police, leading to a thorough investigation.

The recent charges have led students to come forward with information related to the case. Alex Fletcher said Mr. Snyder would often ask him to invest in his NFTs. Although this is yet to be confirmed as true, we are likely to find out soon. As Mr. Snyder looks to face two years of jail time, he says he plans to write a book called "Adventures of Snyder."

Pre-orders will be available as of April 1, 2023.

Amaya Martin Takes the Fall for Language Club Embezzlement Scheme

By Your Mom Meyers

News has recently come out that the Language Club has been embezzling funds for years. Throughout its history, this club has been raising money for trips

through pizza fundraisers hosted by Little Caesars. One may notice that the Language Club hasn't gone on a trip since the pandemic. Even before this, the club only went on a trip every other year. You could give excuses that a global pandemic halted travel and that there wasn't enough money to go every year before then but now we know the truth.

When people first started to buy the pizza kits they noticed that the delivery time was suspiciously long. It could take up to three months for them to reach a customer's house. As three months came and went, suspicions rose all around. Police later realized that the kits would never come.

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Bulletin Board

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Question of the Week

Today's Lunch:

Broiled Frog Legs
Dusty Froot Loops
Cow juice

What country's silhouette is?



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WANT TO WRITE TO OUR DEAR E. KNIGHT ?

If you would like some
anonymous advice write an
email to the following email:
e.knight.advice@gmail.com

the mystery country is Florida

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All of the non-refundable payments were sitting right where the club wanted: in the bank, ready to be distributed to their pockets.

The facilitator of this embezzlement, and the one being charged with the crime, is Vice President Amaya Martin. She made everyone believe that she moved to Hamilton from Warsaw, New York when in reality she has been working to take money from the pizza kit fundraiser. Victims of this crime are expected to get full refunds taken out of Martin's personal college fund.

Tech Club EXPOSED?! Secret Cameras around the SCHOOL CONFIRMED!

By The Narcissist

After the suspicious club review of Tech Club that was published in the Emerald Press on 3/25, students went on a hunt for these "hidden cameras" and proof of the money they "won." Seems a bit suspicious, if I do say so myself, so my fellow students and I hit the town going through bank accounts and the hallways. We discovered truly horrifying things. First of all, our school has potentially allowed tech

club to hide these cameras and film us. Luckily we were able to find four, one in the new "recycling bins", one in our very own breakfast line, one in the tissue boxes, and lastly in all these so-called TV's in the hallways. Unfortunately, we believe we weren't able to find all of them after going through the bank accounts along with the president's, Evan SharpBallinger's, and vice president's Will Chouinard's, Snapchat and Reddit. The two in charge of the club both have alarmingly high screen times leading us to believe there is suspicious activity. Low and behold



we discovered that Tech Club used over HALF of the \$3,000 they won from the Better Business Bureau Upstate New York Student Video



Competition to buy Snapchat glasses for all Tech Club members. You know what that means, Join Now and Get a Pair for free. All

this discovery was only after a day's work too, and trust me our task force is working hard to discover all of this "club's" secrets.

A Clumsy Mistake

By Jonah's Fake Name Here

Yesterday (at the time of writing) on Monday, March 28th, 2022, I was forced to witness the incredible amount of tomfoolery conducted by a Mr. Nick Catania and a 100 ml graduated cylinder in Dr. Helfants classroom. While measuring the water quality of the tap's water, which is incredibly saturated at 441 ppm (parts per million), moved his arm in the wrong direction and knocked over an innocent graduated cylinder, thankfully with nothing in it. It tumbled off the "table", doing several somersaults before crashing onto the floor. The cylinder broke into what seemed to be a mole's (6.022 x 10²³) worth of pieces.

The pieces scattered all over the floor, with shards of glass going from as far as my desk all the way to the heater in the back of the room. Thankfully, he recognized the magnitude of his actions and almost immediately started to clean up the shards of broken glass, with my help of course.

I still can't believe that in the aftermath of the equation, people still blamed the beaker-falling-over incident as my fault, even though it was completely and utterly his fault. What an absolute disgrace.

"Nothing happened here!"

-Nick P. Catania

The Emerald Press

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Dr. Astrid Helfant

Krusty Krab Pizza

By Artificial Intelligence

Editor's note: This is the first article written by AI in the history of the Emerald Press!

The Hamilton Central School District has been working hard to make sure that students have access to nutritious food options at school. In order to do this, we are excited to announce our partnership with Krusty Krab Pizzas! This pizza chain has been serving delicious pizzas since 1964. They offer a variety of different toppings including cheese, pepperoni, sausage, green peppers, onions, mushrooms, olives, anchovies, eggplant, artichokes, garlic, spinach, broccoli, tomatoes, and many other tasty ingredients.

This program offers students who qualify a free alternative meal option each day. Students can choose from a wide range of items such as fruit, vegetables, whole grain breads, pasta, rice, beans, yogurt, milk, juice, water, and peanut butter.

These meals are nutritionally balanced and meet the requirements of the Dietary Guidelines for Americans (DGA).

Our nutrition education team works closely with parents and community members to ensure that all students receive the best possible nutritional information. We encourage families to visit www.krustykrabpizza.com to learn more about what they serve at school and how their menu

choices align with the DGA. Parents can also request a copy of the DGA guidelines and the school's menu plan.

HCS Student DEAD: Alex Fletcher Obituary

By Ed Sheeran

Beloved member of our student body, Alex "The Teeth Gnasher" Fletcher passed away last night at Hamilton Community Hospital. He died of complications from eating stale saltines. He is survived by his parents, Lynnda and Laurence Fletcher and his older siblings, Kandice, Fineas, and Pherb.

The Teeth Gnasher was a kind, considerate freshman who always looked out for the underdogs. Trent Murray fondly remembers how Fletcher helped him learn the ways of the basketball court.

"He always used to tell me that the ball may be round, but your [REDACTED]'s my rebound." Murray says, wiping fresh tears from his eyes. "I don't know who I am without The Teeth Gnasher, he really changed my life."

Apart from participating in both varsity, JV, and modified basketball, Fletcher also ran the infamous YouTube channel, MrBeast, where viewers knew him by the name "Jimmy."

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This was in an effort to maintain his privacy until he was of age. It is still unclear who will take over the channel after Alex/Jimmy's untimely demise.

The Fletcher family requests privacy during this time. The funeral is to be held this Sunday and attended by only close relatives. Our condolences go out to them.

Pottersville 2!? COMING SOON + SNEAK PEAK

By The Narcissist

This past Wednesday, the town of Hamilton received exciting news. Our beloved Pottersville crew is coming back for round 2. As an actor in the last one, I got a sneak peek at the new script and I can tell you, by far, it's definitely looking like a movie. If you haven't seen Pottersville, I would go watch it right now. It truly shows our town's history with a little bit of costumes and BigFoot. The original movie is based off of *It's A Wonderful Life*, except the main character finds out his wife is cheating on him in the woods in costume. He then decides to dress up as BigFoot and scare his ex off. Pottersville 2 will be a continuation of Pottersville but now it's based off of a Christmas Story; basically he has a gun now. The crew are looking for fresh and hip y2k kids to be in the movie, and they thought of us! Go out and show our Hamilton pride while participating in this movie. Roles

needed are included but not limited to a pet dog, Tiny Tim, and a bunch of people in animal costumes.

If you are interested in a role please email
pottersville2tmovie@gmail.com

Black Plague is Back!

By Nyles Crepens

Are you feeling relieved that you do not have to wear a mask anymore? Are you feeling glad that Covid is coming to an end? Are you relieved that you can finally go outside and do the things you like to do and know that you or your friends are safe from getting the sickly, and deadly virus that you may have gotten vaccinated for? Well, your life is about to change. There is a new disease spreading rapidly across the U.S., and scientists have been keeping it a secret from us all along. I am very lucky that my friend Izark Wolstein, a biologist who works for the CDC (Center of Disease Control) was able to share this important information with us.

What is this so-called disease you may ask? Well, it is a disease known as Rinderpest, or Rinderpest morbillivirus, its scientific name. Scientists to this date are working hard to figure out how the disease is spreading and



suffered from fevers, wounds in the mouth, diarrhea, discharge from the nose and eyes, and eventually death. The Rinderpest virus spreads slowly through your body but its main targets are the eyes, brain, and heart. It injects a highly toxic poison that dissolves the sclera, the outer surface of your eye, and then it infects the rest of your eye, causing poisonous discharge to flow out of your eye socket, and drip down your face. This causes rashes and burns, and large swollen, egg-sized lumps to form on your face. Inside these swollen areas is a reproducing pocket where the Rinderpest virus grows. The Rinderpest virus is made up of 5 to 10 individual Rinderpest bacteria connected to a strand of protein. Once in the victim's body, that protein dissolves, releasing multiple bacteria into the body. It requires 2 Rinderpest bacteria to reproduce because one consumes the other and then releases hundreds of smaller Rinderpest bacteria that feed on your insides and grow larger over days. The average lifespan is 1 week because it needs to grow to a certain size before it can reproduce, ending its lifespan. If you can stop it at the beginning, then you will be safer in the end.

How does it spread? The Rinderpest bacterium protein is inside a type of common fly called the *Stonemyia Volutina*, or the *Volutine Stoneyian Tabanid* fly. This fly is a horsefly endemic to the United States. This fly is very common in the midwest, plains regions, because it migrates with the wild herds of mustangs, in the fall/winter. In the summer, however, they can travel anywhere

from California to Maine depending on weather conditions, and during mating season, May through August, the male fly chooses their mating location, and then they die after laying the eggs usually in freshwater, ponds, lakes, and streams, etc.

Then they go through the life cycle, starting from an egg, which usually takes 3 weeks at least to hatch. Then they go into the larva stage, where they swim around feeding on smaller organisms, such as the Rinderpest bacterium. Eventually, in another 3 weeks, the young larva is ready to morph into the final stage, the killer fly.

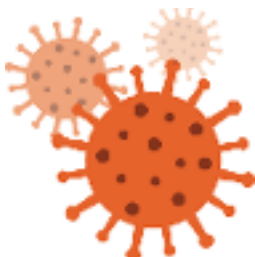
When they bite, the Rinderpest bacteria travel into the body, infecting the helpless victim.

In the end, the Rinderpest virus is very deadly, and if not treated rapidly, the victim will die, however, there are ways that YOU can prevent it.

If you have a cough, an early symptom of the virus, you should put a damp cloth over your mouth, because it will stop the germs from spreading to others.

If you feel like you have a bad headache, wet a blanket and lay wrapped in it for 3 hours, it will cool your body down, killing the virus.

Close all windows, and draw the shades, to prevent them from traveling into your room.



If your eyes tear up, then you should wash your face immediately in a mixture of 50 mL water, and 50 mL [REDACTED], to kill any germs from touching your skin, causing the reproduction chambers.

If you have further questions email me through the Hamilton Central School Emerald Press.

It does not infect people with poor hygiene, because the fly will stay away from foul smelling things.

Do all of these things while YOU still have a chance. Remember Rinderpest is a very deadly, rapidly spreading virus. If one person has it, everyone does.



Eyebrow Bandit

By Cyle

I've been hiding under my desk for hours now. I feel like a sitting duck, and my only hobby, watching the seconds tick on my wax-covered watch, has gotten old. I've lost myself, and as I look at my hands, my wax-covered hands, I barely recognize them as my own.

About three days ago, I was having lunch with a friend. The halls of HCS are rough, so it's not often I get to sit down, stick of gum in hand, and talk about life with a bud. But when I met with my pal,



something just wasn't right. I searched his face, trying to find what exactly was off about him when I realized that his eyebrows were gone. With tears involuntarily streaming down my face, I took another bite of my gum, desperate to get the truth out of my friend.

"Who did this to ya? Buddy, tell me, let me find him and I'll kill him, I swear."

He glanced at his lap, then his head whipped up and he stared at me with an intensity I haven't seen in years. "It was a blur, the shine of hot wax, the sound of paper ripping, and BAM, he took 'em." He started sobbing, and he said his next words quietly, voice shaking. "He's back. The Eyebrow Bandit."

Chewing on my gum, then swallowing it, what my friend said hit me. The Eyebrow Bandit hadn't been around for years. He's a savage beast who carries a tub of wax in one hand and paper strips in the other, keeping an eye out for the perfect pair of eyebrows to wax off. My hand, as if possessed by some magnetic force, touched my own eyebrow, where the Bandit attempted to strip me of my dignity and failed. Reliving my own pain and glancing back at my traumatized friend, I made myself a promise: I would catch the Eyebrow Bandit and murder him with my own hands.

This brings us back to the present



day. I am under my desk, and saying that I did not keep my promise is an understatement. He won. I let him win. I bury my face in my hands, my wax-covered hands, and start crying. Suddenly, I hear someone knocking on the door of the classroom that I am hiding in. I hear my buddy's voice. "Pal, it's over." I crawl out from under my desk and he offers me a piece of gum. Man, have I been hungry! I take it gratefully and we look at each other with a mixture of sympathy and sadness. The hallways are barren and wax hangs from the ceiling; the Eyebrow Bandit left his mark. For all I know he might still be out there. But that isn't my problem, nor is it Hamilton's. All that matters right now is that I made it out alive.

And as my friend and I walk away, I use one wax-covered hand to hold his. Meanwhile the other, as if possessed by some magnetic force, touches the smooth skin on my face where my eyebrows used to be.

You're Not A Baller! Basketball has been Banished!

By Fafina Bosbook & July Ralonty

You've probably heard rumors lately. And guess what, they're all true. Our School will be getting rid of the Basketball teams. I know what you all might be thinking, "How could they?"

Anyone who wants to play basketball will have to play for Waterville, but complaints will not be tolerated because beggars can't be choosers. Some of you might be surprised to hear that the school's chess team is going professional and receiving the funds that used to go to the Basketball teams, however be assured that

they are going to good use. Some things that they've requested funding for include handcrafted mahogany chess sets from Italy, luxury silk thrones, and matching chess uniforms spun from silver thread. Some might be upset by the use of the budget, however, that is none of your concern. Mind your own business. Unless you're in Chess Club it doesn't concern you. The Chess Club can also expect an exciting influx of members since all these former-basketball players have extra time and will definitely be joining the Club. We are excited for the chess club's future success, which is more than we can say for the Basketball teams.



Will Smith Killed My Inner Child

By Amy Shumer

I was OBVIOUSLY chosen to co-host the Oscars, and all I got in return was trauma. When Will Smith slapped Kris Rock, I immediately fought the urge to run away forever. But instead I held my ground and called my therapist. Kris Rock was obviously in the wrong, but when Smith slapped him my jaw dropped. Even talking about this makes me remember how triggering and traumatic the experience was. Will Smith killed my inner child when he turned violent. This behavior was so inappropriate, I was so



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upset, I couldn't even talk. The trauma, the horror, even my therapist was appalled, and QUIT! I was too stunned to speak. This event has destroyed me, my family, my, and my career! My PR manager is worried that my image is now tainted because of these actions. This trauma will haunt me forever, and the Oscars will forever be triggering. We might as well have a celebrity Hunger Game next year.

Among Us in Real Life?

By July Ralonty

Chances are you know someone in our school that seems unreal; as if they're a simulation. These people act so bizarrely that it seems impossible they're real people. For example, my sister does things so uncalled for, so out of pocket, it seems like she's doing them to see how people react. She does things no ordinary person would do, making her seem unreal, which raises the question; Is she a real person? Are any of these people 'real people'? And if they aren't real people, what are they? After a long discussion with a group of experts (please don't ask what they're experts of), I concluded that they aren't 'real people'. They're robots. Robots sent by the government to perform a social experiment. A highly-secretive social experiment. The government sends these robots to live among us,

behaving bizarrely, to see how we react. These bots replaced the actual human babies in the government-run hospitals and took on their identity. Living what would've been the human child's life. You might be thinking 'that's impossible, don't be silly' but remember the government was able to fake the moon landing and that took about 400,000 conspirators so they have the resources to replace humans with robots. We, the people, need to know the truth, it doesn't matter that we don't have any proof. We don't need any, what we need is a plan of action. These government experiments need to be shut down. They need to stop lying to us, telling us the Earth is round, that Wyoming is a place, that Florida isn't a separate country. But now we know the truth. Be careful what you say, you never know who's listening or who's secretly a government bot. Trust no one.



Dear E. Knight

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CI

Dear E. Knight

Dear E. Knight,

Don't be the middle child. It sucks.

Yours Truly,

Middle Child in a Mess

Dear Middle Child in a Mess,

Being the middle child doesn't have to be a permanent position, if you catch what I'm putting down.

If you don't catch what I'm putting down, however, try to look on the bright side. There surely are some benefits to being the middle child...

Nope. I've got nothing.

Yours Truly,

E. Knight

Dear E. Knight,

I absolutely HATE my friend Emilija. She's soooooo annoying and I'm considering faking a brain injury. What should I do?

Yours Truly,

Very Annoyed

Dear Very Annoyed,

A lot of people are annoying, and even more will be annoying for the rest of your life. Although I would normally advise patience (and a cup of coffee), in honor of

this very special holiday, I say go for it. Fake that brain injury. Tell her you have brain cancer. No embellishments. Sigh, close your eyes warily, and softly mutter you only have a few months left.

Yours Truly,

E. Knight

Dear E. Knight,

I just ate oatmeal. It was subpar. I'm afraid of dying.

I'm so alone.

Yours Truly,

Soggy Oatmeal and the Feels

Dear Soggy Oatmeal and the Feels,

Oatmeal is very nutritious, which is meant to make up for the mediocrity. I recommend sour cream and pickles to add a little personality.

As for the fear of dying, that's completely valid. It is terrifying that one day you'll be gone and eventually no one will remember you. Living in the moment can really help. Each day is another opportunity to make it the best day of your life. Focus on what is important to YOU. Your life is a chance to do as much as possible. Do spontaneous things, show people you care, do things that give you a rush, and find three good things about each day you live through.

Yours Truly,

E. Knight

Wheels of the Week

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D1

Wheels of the Week

By Tofu_Boi_

For this Wheels of the Week, we will be doing Bergen's super sick ride. This is his RWD center drive 2060 Jaguar F type R prototype X with 2 high revving V8 F1 engines from Renault that are quieter than a Tesla Model 3 mounted front and back. These engines are so quiet that they have a decibel level of 220 decibels. These engines are extremely good because Bergen can go so fast on the streets of Hamilton that the twelve can't even catch up. This car is also super aerodynamic with its shell that looks like a regular kayak but actually, it's made of vibranium.



This provides a 10/10 highway safety rating surpassing the safety of a home in Death Valley. This vibranium kayak also makes this car so light you can bring it everywhere. Unfortunately there is no



storage in this vehicle except for the seat for you. Because of this, you won't be able to bring your prom date in this hot rod and you won't be able to bring the milk jug home from the grocery store. Sadly there is no seatbelt so you will have to imagine you have one because you will never crash. There is no steering wheel included but there are bungee cords. However there is no liability if those cords break. Overall Bergen had such a great vehicle and he drove it for one trip to the school with me and Michael. At the school, we transformed the vehicle into a kayak and rowed in the school parking lot. After that trip, it vanished and he has been looking for it ever since.



APRIL FOOLS'!

Nothing in this issue is to be taken seriously. :)

Get shreked.