

Odyssey

Ontario Middle School Newspaper January 2015

OMS Losing Counselor to Retirement

Ontario Middle School will be losing our long-time guidance counselor who will be retiring March 1st. Mrs. Diane Cunningham will travel with her husband to Florida and maybe to Scotland, Ireland, and England. Mrs. Cunningham likes to go to antique shows and enjoys playing golf. She also likes to watch her four grandchildren play sports.

Mrs. Cunningham has two grown daughters. The oldest is named Lisa and the youngest is Amy. Lisa has Mrs. Cunningham's only granddaughter, Hannah. Amy has three sons named Jacob, Logan, and Matthew. Mrs. Cunningham's husband Lee taught at Madison for 36 years and has been retired for three years. Mrs. Cunningham also has a sister named Joy. Mrs. Cunningham surely loves her family.

Before coming to OMS, Mrs. Cunningham was a teacher at Madison Junior High and Madison South. She says, "I felt that being a school counselor would be a way to help students with their concerns, whether it be academic, personal, or social." She says she had wanted to teach since she was in first grade. When she became a school counselor she was worried about how she would manage all the parts of the job and still have enough time for students. "The job involves parents, paperwork,

and working with the teachers and principal," she states. She adds, "I really love being a school counselor! I enjoy our students and teachers, and I feel fortunate to have had this experience at OMS."

We wish Mrs. Cunningham the best of luck in retirement and thank her for her many years of service.

Claire Henige

Student Council

Student council is a great way to get involved in Ontario middle school. We do many fun activities that benefit our school in many ways. Student council takes a lot of responsibility but is a great club to join. You can join student council by filling out an application, and basically telling us a little bit about yourself and some things you've done to help others. We recently just finished our Christmas project where we bought many things for kids in need. Then, we went to Crossroads Community Church and delivered these presents to the families. It was such great joy to see the look on these families faces as we delivered these gifts to them.

We are having a 3 on 3 basketball tournament February 27th. Everyone is invited to come and support these teams as they battle for victory.

We are also having a talent show coming up, where we encourage

everyone to watch and support these many brave students showing their talent. There will be further information on the events to come. We hope to see everyone there!

Alex Reed and Grace Miller

7th Grade Girls Basketball

The seventh grade girls basketball team is coached by Alishia Schlamo. Schlamo has coached the girls to a current record of 5-4. The team players consist of; Nakieya Anderson, Grace Miller, Quazya Leech, Lexi Roth, Mecca Sewell and Ashten Vavra. The girls play again on Thursday, January 15th at home against Shelby.

Quazya Leech

8th Grade Boys Basketball

We are a team of 15 and coached by Andy Kurtz. As of the date of January 16 our record is 5 wins and 2 losses with having 2 games being canceled. So far this season we have played Sandusky, Bellevue, Shelby, Tiffin, Lexington, St. Peters and Mansfield Christian.

Our most devastating loss was to Lexington having a final score of 54 to 32. Our biggest win was to St. Peters with a final score of 52 to 29. To finish out our season we have 7 games left.

Starting with Bellevue January 20th, Shelby January 22nd, Sandusky January 24th, Tiffin January 26th, Ashland January 29th, Norwalk February 2nd, and ending the season playing Willard February 5th. Tournaments start February 7th.

Garnet Miss

Wrestling

The sport of wrestling is the only sport where you are faced with an opponent all by yourself. No team, just one on one. This is frightening to some people but not the Ontario Middle School wrestlers Ty Spencer and Colton Turnbaugh.

The middle school wrestling team is coached by Chad Campbell. The team has been to five previous events in which both wrestlers placed. The East of Chicago invitational was the season opener in Upper Sandusky; Ty placed first in the eighty pound weight class and Colton placed third in the one hundred and six pound weight class.

The following week the team wrestled at home; Ty placed third and Colton second. One week later the team traveled to South Central where both wrestlers placed first. The Warriors traveled to New London two weeks later where Colton placed first and Ty second. The current record of both wrestlers is 13 wins and 2 losses. The Warriors will wrestle in the Junior High Gorman on January 24 and then they will wrestle in the NOL tournament in Shelby on January 31st.

Ty Spencer

7th Graders Share Exciting Life Events

Seven years ago I attempted flight. I was only 5 so my head hadn't yet grasped the concept of gravity. Anyway, I grabbed a blanket from my bed, stuffed two ends of the blanket into my socks, and held the other two. Feeling ecstatic, I tumbled out of my room and dashed halfway down the hallway. Standing there I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and got into a running position.

Swoosh! I was off sprinting towards the cliff like stairs. Everything moved slowly when leaping into the air. Unfolding my wings I shouted “wee!” Noticing that I was falling made time speed back up again. When having no time to react, I slammed into a chair. Grasping my shoulder with tears flowing from my eyes, it felt like I had just been hit with a hammer.

Aleah Koehler

Ribbit! My cousin, Sabastian and I were in my great grandpa’s woods in Kentucky catching frogs in the creek. We had caught almost 5 frogs when Sabastian noticed a frog go under a very large rock. The rock was practically a ton. It was so heavy that we had to lift it together. Sabastian said he would hold the rock up while I got the frog. I couldn’t catch the frog because he went further under the rock, so I stood up. Suddenly I heard a loud plop .Then I noticed that Sabastian had slipped but he blocked the rock from breaking his leg. I lifted the rock off of him, then he stood up so I pushed the rock aside. The rock crushed the frog. I saw another frog on the bank of the creek so I rushed toward it. Splash! He was already in the water by the time I got there. I found him in the water but he fought me like he was Chuck Norris! He was too slippery so he wiggled free. We trudged on a little further but didn’t see anything so we headed back to the house and fried frog legs for the family reunion! Frog catching can be frustrating or sometimes painful but it’s always fun!

Carl Schuster

I sat there on the block observing the faint ripples of water waiting for the ref to get ready. I thought about how I was going to position my arms. Then at that

moment the ref started pronouncing, “Event 3 - Heat 1, 50 meter butterfly; swimmers take your mark.” I clasped the end of the block with my head down. I started to study my wrinkly fingers from the water. RRRRRR! The buzzer went off and at the last minute, I glanced at the other competitors. As I dove into the cold, deep water with my hands going first then my feet pursuing, I felt the rush of the thin water splashing my face. Next, with all of the swimmers neck and neck, the fans were roaring like lions. I began to kick harsher, with all force. We were so close that I could feel my heart pounding as I kick into the wall. With the Ontario fans blazing with noise, my hands connect with the wall taking 1st place by a tenth of a second! At that moment I thought to myself, Did this really just happen? It took me a few minutes to fulfill that this really happened. This was the best swim meet ever.

Liz Burson

Excitement rushed through me as the plane took off to Florida for my first time. The sun let out a fusion of vivacious, vibrant, and vivid hues of gold and pink making it the ideal night to go flying! Even though the plane was far from the dancing ribbons in the sky, I felt as though I could touch the swirling colors! As the air grew thin and the plane soaring above the cumulus, tangerine clouds, it made me think that nothing could get me from that high up! Then when the sun was out of sight, do you want to know what I saw? Trillions of twinkling lights! Atlanta’s lights were almost as luminous as the stars that I couldn’t help myself from gawking! I took one last look at the shiny, sparkly, silver moon and put the blind down and faced my sister. She had drool tumbling

down her face from slumber! Giggles escaped my mouth as the captain said, "Please fasten your seatbelts. We are now descending." Do you know what that means? We will be arriving in Florida very soon! When the plane started going down, I couldn't stop bouncing and contemplating about the adventures my family and I will have over the next few days!

Caitlin Fanello

My dad and I were waiting in line at Cedar Point for 2 and half hours. All I could think about was riding the tallest ride in the park, the Top Thrill Dragster! All I heard as the cart shot up into the sky was the people squealing at the top of their lungs. The wait felt like seconds and I was boarding the cart. I sat right next to my dad I was pumped but also frighten. I buckled up and waited again in suspense. We pulled up to the starting lights. When we did a girl that was way older than me said and I quote "you're a brave little dude." By then I was blushing. The lights started to flicker red, red, red, yellow, yellow, green which meant go! We drove off at 117 mph. AHHHHHH! I was screaming like a little girl and so was my dad. The ride was over in maybe 8 seconds. We were stuck to the chair like a magnet stuck to a fridge. When we got off we were extremely dizzy from the amount of turns we did at the top of the ride. In the end we could both agree that the Top Thrill Dragster was the best ride we rode that day.

Ethan Hedrick

I leapt over the boards into the early, yet still intense hockey game. There were twenty seconds left in the first period with no score. Receiving a lead pass from my teammate Sam, I charged

up ice with snow flying off my skates like little grains of rice. I glanced quickly at the clock. Six seconds. I wound up to take a slap shot, but brought it back to create a fake one. Sure enough, he was fooled. He left the corner wide open for me to take a wrist shot into the top corner. The net rippled like water when you skip a stone. Goal! There were three seconds left when the goal was scored. It was an important goal, because it gave us the lead going into the locker room. In the game of hockey, that's a momentum booster. Fifteen minutes later we returned to the ice. My line was starting the second period, so I positioned myself to the right of the center man. Five minutes into the period, we had to take a face-off in our zone. We won the face-off, and immediately started rushing up ice toward the opponent's goal. My teammate cleared the puck in when he got to the center red line. Positioning myself in the high slot, I waited to be seen by my teammate. He sprinted to that puck as fast as a cheetah. He recognized that I was in a high-percentage scoring area. He wristed the puck from his tape to mine, and it was a beautiful pass. SLAP! My stick made that beautiful slap shot sound, and the puck went as fast as if it were shot out of a gun. SCREAM! My teammate yelled when I had scored again. Heading back to the bench, I heard Coach Greenburg say: "Nice shooting tonight, kid." It was my best game I've ever played. As we headed home from the Wooster Arena, I was as pumped up as I've ever been before. I was very sluggish and tired, but definitely ready for my next game. Before the season I was apprehensive about what was to come, but now I'm always prepared for game time.

Gabe Collura

My family and I were about to embark the airplane; I was seven years old and had never been on one before. My hands were shaking with nervousness and my heart was hammering like rabbit's feet against the forest floor as it sprints away from a predator. As I carried my bag onto the plane I stumbled and fell in the middle of the aisle. I got up; clutching my bag and sat in my seat for what felt like ages but was merely five minutes. Then the static came over the speakers of the plane and the pilot proclaimed that we were ready for take-off. My stomach was doing flips and I grasped onto the arms of my seat as the plane's wheels left the ground. Whoosh! I felt like my heart was going to pound right out of my chest and do an Irish jig on the head of the person sitting in front of me. As the plane continued to rise and I released my death grip on the arms of the seat a flight attendant offered me some snacks. I turned to my mother with a grin on my face and said, "I'm gonna have to fly more often!"

Lancy Grimwood

8th Graders Illustrate Their Impressions of a Story

Eight grade literature students were asked to read short stories, and work in groups to make some visual representation of the plot, theme, or characters. Here are some ways they interpreted the task.



