

New teacher enjoys all aspects of mathematics

By Alec Thomas

From Camillus to Central Square and now in Fulton, a love for math has carried new teacher Mrs. Cretaro to the front of the class in Algebra 1 and Algebra B.

The Camillus native and West Genesee graduate made her way to G. Ray Bodley High School by way of Paul V. Moore High School in Central Square where she taught Geometry.

So far, Cretaro says that she loves the school, stating that there is, “a great feeling of school pride here.” She sees GRB as a wonderful place to further her career and feels very accepted here. She also says that the student body and faculty have played a key role in making her feel at home.

As a math teacher, some people might think there would be a driving force as to why she chose such a stressful career, but Cretaro states that she has always loved

math, and was merely just good at it, which gave her the driving force to teach the subject. She enjoys teaching math so much that when she was asked that if she had the chance, would she change anything in her job description, she answered with an easy, “No, I wouldn’t change a thing.”

Mrs. Cretaro has no favorite math target, as this self-professed “math geek” enjoys all aspects of the subject and seems to have a sparkle in her eye! She is very passionate about teaching math and says that the best part of teaching is getting the opportunity to make a difference in her student’s lives.

What’s happening at G. Ray Bodley High School?

Varsity boys and girls bowling practice will begin today, November 12 at 3 pm at Lakeview Lanes.

Quirk’s Players will be holding an informational meeting about this year’s spring musical on Wednesday, November 13 at 2:30 pm in the chorus room, 104. Interested students are urged to attend.

HOPE Club meets every Monday in room 119.

Future Business Leaders of America meets every Monday in room 116.

Fultonian Yearbook meets every Tuesday in room 102.

GRB Journalism Club meets Wednesdays in room 102.

Today’s lunch menu: Chicken fajita wrap with cheese and salsa, refried beans, carrots, fresh apple and whole fruit cup with the alternative of tuna fish on whole grain or fish sandwich.

College representatives from the College of St. Rose will be in the guidance office on Wednesday at 11 am to meet with interested students.

Boys basketball tryouts will begin on Monday, November 11. Varsity tryouts are from 8-10 am at the high school and JV tryouts are from 10:30-12:30 at the War Memorial. Players must have an updated physical in order to participate.

The Red Raider Den has seasonal items to get you into the fall mood with Little Debbie Pumpkin Delights and Apple Delights for 50 cents and pumpkin pie poparts for 75 cents. These are available for a limited time only.

What’s for lunch?

Today: popcorn chicken, tomato soup, crackers, broccoli, peaches, WG cookie with alternative PBJ sandwich.

Wednesday: Max Cheese pizza, dark green salad with dressing, baby carrots, pears, berries with alternative diced chicken on whole grain wrap or rotini with meatballs.

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Fracking is a lose-lose situation all-around

By Jack Ryan



The gas and oil crisis is an undeniable issue in most of our everyday lives. Recently the greedy corporate oil companies have discovered large oil and natural gas wells beneath the beautiful Finger Lakes region of New York State. The first thing that comes to some people's minds when they hear of this valuable resource under our feet is "start drilling!" but what a lot of the public does not know are the consequences of retrieving these precious commodities.

The method used to retrieve the evil liquids and gaseous substances under our feet is called hydraulic fracturing or the commonly used slang term fracking. The basic concept of fracking is the procedure of creating fractures in rocks and rock formations by injecting a slurry of harmful chemicals and an unbelievable amount of water down into cracks to force them further open. The larger openings and crevices allow more oil and gas to flow out of the formation and into the wellbore, from where it can be extracted. The results of all that work are approximately 300,000 barrels of natural gas a day, but for the severe consequences to attain this fossil fuel it is simply not worth it. This might not seem like too big of a deal or problem but there are a large slew of negative impacts on surrounding areas from fracking; from the flammable tap water to the ravaging fracking induced earthquakes.

During the process of fracking the harmful slurry of water and chemicals seeps into the surrounding water table and has been reported in over a thousand locations surrounding fracking areas, spreading its evil roots miles beneath our feet. Drinking water in surrounding regions have seventeen times higher methane concentrations than an average water well. These reported cases of contaminated water has also been followed by people suffering sensory, respiratory, and neurological damage from ingesting these toxic substances.

Studies in Colorado, Louisiana, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas have shown that livestock and many other varieties of wildlife are also negatively affected. The case studies include reports of hundreds of cows dying as well as stillborn and stunted calves after exposure to hydraulic fracturing spills from dumping

of the fluid into streams and from workers slitting the lining of a wastewater pond so that it would drain and be able to be filled up again.

By affecting livestock it in turn comes back to us, as dairy products have been found contaminated as well from contaminated livestock. Luckily it was caught before released to the market. The companies declare that they reclaim the sludge they pump into the earth to retrieve her precious locked away gases but 30-50% of this non-biodegradable substance is left behind. The fluid that is collected is then left in big open pits to evaporate VOC (volatile organic compounds) into our atmosphere causing contaminated air, acid rain, and ground level ozone.

In 2011 a Pennsylvania well managed by Chesapeake Energy Corporation had a blowout and spewed water and its chemicals for over 12 hours. The Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) ordered EOG Resources to suspend drilling in the state after a blowout at this site. According to the DEP, "the incident presented a serious threat to life and property."

Another issue this contributes to is the ever-growing problem of global warming. Before hydraulic fracturing was founded Methane gases that have naturally leached out of the shale layers of earth contributed to roughly 1.4-2.3% of the methane content in the atmosphere. Since fracking has taken place levels released by the sediment below our feet has climbed to approximately 3.6-7.9%.

Because of the potential dangers to the water table, the atmosphere, and all living creatures, people included, is it worth the risk for a little bit of gas? The answer, simply put, is a resounding NO to hydraulic fracturing.

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Reflections

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The Sweet Side of Life:

Portuguese apple fritters

By Tevin Simard

These light, decadent creations combine several ingredients to bring out tastes and smells of fall: apple and cinnamon. Portuguese styled Apple Fritters are known world-wide for their goodness; see what you think by making them on your own.

Ingredients:

3 large Golden Delicious apples

3/4 cups sugar

1/4 cup anise liqueur, such as Anisette or ouzo

2 tbsp fresh lemon juice

2/3 cup milk

1/3 cup plus 1 tbsp olive oil

2 large eggs

1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour

1 1/2 tsp baking powder

1/4 tsp ground cinnamon

vegetable oil, for deep-frying

confectioner's sugar, for dusting

Yield: 4 servings

Directions:

1. Peel, core, and thinly slice the apples into rounds about (4mm) thick. Toss the apples, 1/4 cup of the sugar, the liqueur, and lemon juice in a bowl. Let stand for 30 minutes.
2. Meanwhile, whisk the remaining 1/2 cup sugar, milk, oil, and eggs together in a bowl. Sift in the flour, baking powder, and cinnamon and stir until smooth. Set aside for 30 minutes.
3. Pour enough oil to come halfway up the sides of a large skillet and heat over high



heat to 350°F (180°C). In batches, dip the drained apple slices in the batter. Deep-fry about 3 minutes, until golden brown. Using a slotted spoon, transfer to paper towels to drain. Serve warm, dusted with confectioner's sugar.

Recipe courtesy of The Illustrated Kitchen Bible: 1,000 Family Recipes from Around the World by Victoria Blashford-Snell, copyright 2008.

The Fugitives part 4

(continued from page 3)

more sleep, and then get the ship ready.”

“Sounds like a plan,” the azure robed figure replied before laying back down.

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After two hours of being whipped, Lupo was dragged by the masked men back to her cell. “Sleep well, pathetic wolf girl,” one remarked as they threw her onto her bed. Then they both laughed as they slammed the door and locked it.

Once she was sure they were far enough away, Lupo grabbed the barley stuffed pillow and began to cry into it. She had completely lost all hope now. It had been dashed to pieces against the jagged rocks of never ending despair.

Then she felt like someone was placing their hand on her back and heard Opol telling her, “C’mon, this is no time to get all wishy-washy! You have to be strong! We’ve been in bad situations before and we still fought. This is no different!”

Lupo didn’t reply.

“Lupo do you hear me?!” Opol demanded.

“Yes, I hear you,” Lupo replied, taking her face from the pillow.

“Well then?” Opol asked her, her voice a bit calmer than before.

Lupo rose into a sitting position before replying. “I know I have to be strong. But, I just feel so hopeless.”

“I know,” Opol told her with an unusually comforting voice. “But you have to be stronger than the hopelessness. Otherwise you’ll always be depressed and full of despair.”

Lupo sighed. She knew that Opol was right. She had to be stronger than the feeling of hopelessness inside her otherwise she’d never get over it. She stood up and walked over to the sink looking into the cracked mirror above it. For the first time, she hated what she saw. She saw a pathetic little girl, one who was not strong enough to go on. Deciding she wanted to rid herself of that image for good, Lupo slammed her fist into the mirror as hard as she could. Cracks splintered in all directions before the glass completely shattered. Her hand was cut by some of the pieces and the sink soon filled with shards of glass and drops of her own blood. Seeing her reflection break to pieces like that did make her feel somewhat better. She felt as though some of the hopelessness had shattered along with the glass.

“That felt good,” she said to herself. Though she did feel a little better, deep down she was still afraid of what was to come when she reached Olympus.

What will Lupo’s punishment be? And what about the group of hooded figures? Who are they and what connections do they have to Lupo? Find out next week when The Fugitives returns to Raider Net Daily.

Quote of the day:

“His morality is all sympathy, just what morality should be.”

-Oscar Wilde

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The Fugitives part 4: Lupo's torture

By Neal Burke

Last time on The Fugitives: To fight a robot known as a Juggernaut, Lupo reluctantly allowed her other self Opol to take control. Though she managed to defeat the robotic terror, she was pursued down the escape pod deck and as she tried to escape, she was hit over the head with something and fell unconscious. This caused her to change back into Lupo.



When Lupo awoke, she found herself hanging from chains on her ankles and wrists a few feet above the floor in some kind of torture chamber. She felt stinging pain in her arms, legs and back and when she looked, she saw blood leaking from several whip marks. She also saw that her pants were in even worse condition and that she no longer had her tanktop on, just a black bra.

"Well Lupo, that wasn't much of an escape attempt, now was it?" she heard someone say. Looking to her right she saw a creature in a grey officer uniform. He was a creature that was regarded with much contempt throughout the galaxy.

A human.

Humans came in many varieties which could be differentiated by their skin color and in some cases their eye size. They also were very hateful creatures, with hate for many of the galaxy's other creatures as well as each other. They were horribly violent, with a history of wars with other species but most often with each other. They were very greedy creatures as well, needing a constant, never ending, supply of resources. About 10,000 Standard Years ago, the race of humans known as "The Pale Faced" or simply "White" humans, staged a coup and successfully gained control of the galaxy. Establishing a totalitarian rule with a single regent at the throne, they now held the galaxy in a grip of hate, greed, and fear. They were also responsible for cooking up the rumor about the Yowlumne race's second personalities being pure evil.

Lupo looked at the man with utter disgust. "Your kind is a plague on this galaxy," she told him.

"I could say the same about yours," he replied as he pulled a remote from his pocket and pressed a small black button.

A split second later, Lupo felt an electrical current course through her arms and legs and she screamed in pain. In her head, she could hear Opol screaming too.

"Now tell me Lupo," the human officer began as he switched off the current. "Where did you get the foolish idea to attempt to escape the IES Cyclops? The most secured prison ship at our disposal."

"Because, I've been trapped in this hellhole for six godforsaken

months!" she shouted at him.

He only twisted the button a few times and pressed it again in response. Then the electricity returned, more painful than last time and she screamed in agony.

Switching off the current again, the man taunted Lupo with her punishment. "I'm going to make sure you suffer during your time on Olympus," he began. "You will be put on one of the most dangerous and stressing jobs available. Not dangerous enough to kill you of course, just enough to make you suffer." Then an evil smile crept its way across his lips. "But first," he said before snapping his fingers. A split second later, two men wearing black masks appeared from the shadows, thin diasteel whips in each hand, and began to approach her. As the officer turned to leave, he told the masked men, "Give her a few more lashings then take her back to her cell. But make sure she really feels them." Then he walked out, slamming the door behind him.

The two masked men readied their whips. Lupo closed her eyes as they struck her again and again, trying not to scream. She couldn't hold back forever though and soon began to cry out in pain once again.

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Meanwhile, in another part of the galaxy, a trio of hooded figures was sleeping in a small clearing of a forest planet with a purplish

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sky. In the center of the clearing were the smoldering remains of a campfire. Each of their hooded robes was personalized with different colors and trim. The smallest of the group had a deep purple robe with black trim. One was clothed in an azure colored robe with gold trim. He was bigger than the purple robed figure but not by much. The third of the group who was no doubt the biggest out of them was wearing a deep green robe with

black trim.

Suddenly the purple robed figure shot up with a scream, something having terrified her in her sleep. This sudden scream woke the other two figures.

"What is it?" the green robed figure asked her. His voice sounded like it was both organic and mechanical.

"Lupo," she replied still trying to catch her breath. "She...she's in pain. Terrible pain." Sorrow was evident in her voice. "I have to help her."

"No," the azure robed figure told her. "We can't yet."

"But she's my..." she started before the green robed figure cut her off.

"We know," he replied. "But we can't just break into the IES Cyclops. That would be suicide and you know it. Besides, the ship is almost to Olympus. We'll be able to help her when she's there."

The purple robed figure sighed. "I guess we should get a little
(continued on page 2)

How much snow do you think we will get this year?



"Hopefully more than last year, for good skiing and a white Christmas."

Mrs. Tyler



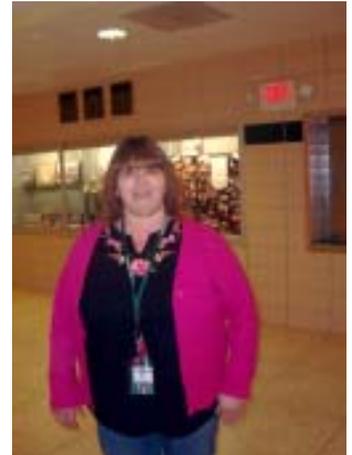
"Four inches total, only on Christmas"

Taylor Simpson



"Thirteen feet."

Danielle Parker



"Exactly 230 Inches."

Mrs. Wilmot

Meteorology and you

By Carson Metcalf



Today:



Mostly cloudy.
Chance rain
showers.

36°

Average: 50°
Record: 71° (1964)

Tonight:



Mostly cloudy
with rain.

26°

Average: 34°
Record: 20° (1983)

Tomorrow:



Sun and clouds.
Chance rain.

40°

Average: 50°
Record: 67° (1992)

Former GRB student and current SUNY Oswego sophomore Carson Metcalf is an aspiring Meteorologist. Look for his daily weather forecasts for Fulton on RaiderNet Daily.