

Salvation Army seeks help for annual Red Kettle Campaign

The Oswego County Salvation Army kicked off its Red Kettle Fund Raising Campaign on Friday, November 15. The bells will be ringing Monday through Saturday until December 24. The goal this year is to raise \$110,000.

There is an ever increasing need in our

county for the services provided by the Salvation Army. The success of the campaign depends upon groups and individuals giving an hour or two of their time for a very worthy cause.

Volunteers are desperately needed. Groups,

organizations and individual volunteers can call 207-3367 or e-mail oswegocounty salarmy@gmail.com to become scheduled at one of the many locations throughout the county. Stands are located inside or outside.

Please help make the season bright for those in need.

RaiderNet Daily

G. Ray Bodley High School, Fulton, NY

Volume 4, Number 49 Tuesday, December 10, 2013

'tis the season for GRB holiday concerts

Not feeling in the Christmas mood? Visit G. Ray Bodley High School for the Music Department's annual Holiday Concerts! There are several opportunities to come and listen to some wonderful holiday tunes played by talented students in the chorus, band, and orchestra.

The GRB Chorus, under the direction of

will perform on Tuesday, December 17, also at 7:30 pm.

All of these concerts will take place in the GRB auditorium and are free and open to anyone who would like to see them. The stu-

dents have worked very hard to set up this concert to entertain those willing to come. These Holiday concerts are coming up quickly, be sure to stop in and listen!

By Emily Hyde

Holiday concerts

7:30 pm in the
high school auditorium

Thursday, Dec. 12

GRB Chorus

Monday, Dec. 16

GRB Bands

Tuesday, Dec. 17

GRB Orchestra

all concerts are
free to the public



Members of the Class of 2014 took another big step toward graduation last week by ordering caps, gowns and announcements for the big day in June that every senior is eagerly looking forward to. (Jon Noeller photo)

Mr. Tom Nami, performs Thursday, December 12 at 7:30 pm. Mr. Caviness and the GRB band is set to perform the following week on Monday, December 16, also at 7:30 pm and the orchestra, directed by Mrs. Edele,

What's for lunch?

Today: chicken nuggets with sweet potato puffs, tomato soup and crackers, fresh apple with alternative of PBJ or meatball sub.

Wednesday: Max cheese pizza, broccoli, baby carrots, strawberry or peach cup with alternative of PBJ or meatball sub.

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

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.

HOPE Club is collecting hats and mittens during GSH all this week. All donations will be distributed throughout the community. The GSH with the most donations will win a breakfast, courtesy of the HOPE Club.

Kids Helping Kids is a collection to help support children admitted to the Golisano Children's Hospital for the holidays. Check out the donation bag in GSH for needed items. Your donations will help make their hospital stays through the holiday a little more cheerful. See Mrs. Hyde in the guidance office for more details.

The Fugitives-part 6.1: Lupo Enslaved

By Neal Burke

Last time on The Fugitives: The IES Cyclops had arrived at Olympus and Lupo was assigned to fusing lava drainage pipes. However, during her work, a giant lava monster attacked the site and it took the combined might of four Juggernauts to bring it down. We also figured out that the trio of hooded figures is planning to rescue Lupo but how and why are still a mystery.



After what seemed like an eternity of backbreaking slave labor, Lupo was sent to the barracks for the night. It was next to impossible to sleep because the barracks were hard as rock and were extremely crowded.

“ATTENTION!!” Lupo heard Bala bark early the next morning. “C’m on ladies, le’ts get out there and get to work.”

Lupo groaned as she and the other prisoners pulled themselves from the barracks. Here was day two of her new life as a slave to

the Aeterna High Command. So she tiredly dragged herself out of the building and out into the sweltering heat of the Olympus air. Bala led them back to the steep bank to continue their progress from yesterday. Lupo hoped that they would take more precautions because of the attack yesterday but she knew that was very unlikely.

“Now,” Bala began. “During the lava monster attack yesterday, we lost Bruno, our best worker.”

Lupo bowed her head in sorrow. True she had just met him when he was killed, but his vain screams for help haunted her like an evil spirit.

“In light of that,” Bala continued. “You will all need to work twice as hard to reach our quota.”

“Great,” Opul said sarcastically.

“You know,” Lupo muttered in response. “Your sarcasm doesn’t help matters.”

“What was that?” Bala inquired angrily. “Lupo?”

“Uhh nothing,” Lupo quickly replied to avoid getting in trouble. “Good,” Bala growled. “Now get your butt working before I flog you.” She indicated her whip.

Lupo nodded in agreement as she picked up a fusion welder and proceeded carefully down the sloped bank to a new set of pipes. Just as she started to weld them together, she saw what appeared to be a shooting star streak across the sky.

“Interesting,” Lupo thought. She hadn’t seen a shooting star since she had been captured. She had always loved watching them on her home world and seeing one now gave her a slight feeling of happiness.

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Meanwhile, on the other side of the facility, a midsize freighter landed at the gates. The four Arachnoids standing guard growled at it. The camp had not ordered a new shipment of freight or any other cargo for that matter. They approached the mystery ship with caution, not sure what to expect. Suddenly the ship’s ramp hissed as it began to lower and almost instantly, the four Arachnoids raised their

poison electro-spears to attack positions. But no one came down the ramp. Instead, a small pellet rolled down it and stopped at their feet. They stared at it with confused expressions which quickly turned to ones of surprise and fright as the thing unleashed a green plasma ball that engulfed them in a matter of seconds.

Seconds later the ball and

the pellet from which it came vanished completely and down the ramp came the hooded figures. The azure robed one now had a large black sheath, in which he carried a broadsword, strapped to his back and the purple robed one had diasteel claw extenders on her fingers. Her skin was revealed to be chalk-white, just like Lupo’s.

“That was impressive,” the green robed one remarked about the pellet. “That little device was just a prototype.” Suddenly he began

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**Suddenly, she cried out in pain before she was pushed away to the ground. Standing in her place was a female figure in a purple colored robe with black trim. She was a little taller than Lupo and had metal claw extenders on her fingers
Lupo backed away. She wasn’t sure she wanted to know who this was.**

**Look your best for
the holidays!**

Reflections

-THE- Salon & More

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*Proud 20 Year sponsor
of GRB Journalism*

Fiction

The Fugitives-part 6.1: Lupo Enslaved

(from page 2)

to wheeze and it sounded like it was coming out of a ventilation system. "This heat," he managed. "It's not good for my cybernetics."

"We'll make this quick then," the purple robed one assured him. Then she walked to the gate and used her claw extenders to pick the lock. With a click, it popped open and the gate slowly slid open, its rusty old hinges groaning and creaking.

Almost foolishly, she proceeded into the facility without even making sure if the coast was clear. She had to save Lupo, no matter what the consequence.

"What are you doing?!" the azure robed one called after her while trying to keep his voice down.

She didn't even reply and just continued into the dangerous unknown. When a Korbian crossed her path, she wasted no time and snapped his neck with ease before he could make a sound.

Her two companions were shocked. But then they remembered that her connection to Lupo was very personal and they simply followed after her. When they caught up to her, they all stopped for a moment.

"Now," the green robed one asked her, trying to keep his wheezing under control. "Can we not do something like that again?"

"You know how much she means to me," she replied.

He placed a hand on her shoulder. His hand had chalk white skin like hers; only, it seemed to be a burnt and scarred mixture of flesh and machine.

"I understand that," he told her. "But that does not mean we should stupidly barrel in like that without making sure the coast is clear."

"You know Lupo would do the same thing if she were in my position," she told him.

"Just like you would if I was in hers."

The green robed figure sighed. She was right. If she had been captured, he would no doubt charge in and try to save her regardless of his own safety.

"You're right," he said, nodding his head in agreement. "But we still need to find out where Lupo is. After all, this place is one of the largest prison camps in the galaxy."

The purple robed one thought on this. True the place was very big, but they had to find a way. Seeing a small building a few meters away gave her an idea.

"Ordin" she said to the green robed one. "See that building over there?" He nodded. "Try and get up there and use your augmented eyes to scan the area. Maybe, just maybe, we can find Lupo."

"I'll do my best," he replied and with that, he scouted ahead. He ran and leaped with his enhanced reflexes careful not to grab any attention.

Reaching the building, he leapt onto the roof and activated the scanners in his eyes. His eyesight changed from normal to computer blue-green and a crosshair appeared in his line of sight.

"Find Lupo," he said and instantly, the crosshair began to move around trying to locate its target.

When nothing came up, Ordin magnified his vision by fifty percent and continued to scan. But still, nothing came up. Still not

willing to give up, he magnified his vision a hundred fold and still scanned. Finally, the crosshair locked on to something. His vision zoomed in a little more and after smoothing the image, he saw her. Turning around, he waved his companions over. After helping them up onto the roof, he pointed in the direction his scan had led him to.

"There," he told them. "About a hundred meters that way."

"Then let's go!" the purple robed one said as she slid down the other side of the build-

(continued on page 4)

This week in Raider Sports

Today: Girls Bball vs. Fowler (JV-5:30/V=7 pm); Boys Bball @ Fowler (JV-5/V-6:30); Hockey vs. West Genesse (6 pm).

Wed. Dec. 11: Bowling vs. Chittenango @ Strike n' Spare Lanes (3:30); Indoor track @ CNYITA meet (4:30 @ OCC); Wrestling @ J-D (6 pm).

Thurs. Dec. 12: Bowling vs. CBA @ Strike n' Spare Lanes (3:30).

Fri. Dec. 13: Girls Bball vs. Corcoran (JV-5:30/V-7 pm); Swim @ B'ville (5 pm); Boys Bball @ Cortland (JV-5:30/V-7 pm); Hockey vs. IHC (7 pm).

Sat. Dec. 14: JV wrestling A Blindman's Tourney (9:30 am @ C-NS); V restling @ DeMaco-Trainer Tournament (8:45 am @ Churchville-Chili).



Quote of the day:

"Anyone can do something when they want to do it. Really successful people do things when they don't want to do it."

Dr. Phil

Time is running out! Only 9 school days left to order!

Order your 2014 yearbook by Friday, Dec. 20 and save \$10

Pay \$50 instead of \$60 and save some \$\$

A minimum \$10 down payment reserves your book at the reduced rate!

See Mr. Senecal in room 228. Order forms available in the office.

**Submit yearbook photos online at www.hjeshare.com
our school code is: fultonian Fall sports photos needed!**

Fiction

The Fugitives-part 6.1: Lupo Enslaved

(from page 3)

ing and began to run in that direction.

"Damn it Crystal," Ordin muttered to himself, once again not impressed with her choice to just barrel in. Still, he and the azure robed one followed after her.

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"Faster!" Bala shouted as she whipped Lupo's back.

Lupo hissed in pain but said nothing. What could she say? That she hated it here? That she didn't belong here? While both of those statements were true, they wouldn't help her situation. If anything, they would only make it worse. But she still gave Bala Death's Stare. It was a look common to her people that represented pure hatred for the individual it was directed at.

Bala laughed before backhanding her across the face which caused her to fall to the ground. Before Lupo could get up, Bala placed the heel of her high heeled boot right over her heart.

"You really think a dirty look is enough to scare me?" she laughed as she applied more pressure to Lupo's chest. "If it wasn't against regulation, I would kill you right now!" She laughed even more as she taunted Lupo by applying even more pressure on and off.

Lupo knew it was a bad idea, but she was not going to allow herself to be humiliated like this. So she grabbed Bala's boot and pushed it away, causing her to lose her balance and fall on her back. Lupo got to her feet quickly, but not quickly enough. Bala was already on her feet and in one swift move, whipped Lupo across the face. This time she couldn't hold back a cry of pain as blood leaked from a long thin wound on her cheek.

"I'll have you tortured for this!" Bala growled angrily as she raised her whip again.

Suddenly, she cried out in pain before she was pushed away to the ground. Standing in her place was a female figure in a purple colored robe with black trim. She was a little taller than Lupo and had metal claw extenders on her fingers.

Lupo backed away. She wasn't sure she wanted to know who this was.

"Lupo," the figure said in a very familiar voice. "It's me."

"No," Opol said in disbelief. "It can't be."

The hooded figure then reached up to remove her hood.

What happens next? Be sure to be on the lookout for Part 6.2 of The Fugitives!

Meet the Reporters

Adrienne Perry senior

Adrienne prefers to write articles that "no one would think about." During the summer she really enjoys fishing. She also likes turkey and deer hunting as well.

Something people might not know about Adrienne is that outside of school she doesn't talk to anyone because she is always at work.



Seeking advice for
any problem or concern
you
may have? Just e-mail
me at
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I hope to hear from you.



Have
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RaiderNet

Daily

with you and get your picture taken for next
year's Fultonian Yearbook feature

"Where in the world is The Raider?"

Keep in touch with the Fultonian Yearbook by liking
us on Facebook. Free yearbook drawing at 200 likes!



School of Thought compiled by Seth Miller and Jack Ryan

What are you going to do on your first snow day?



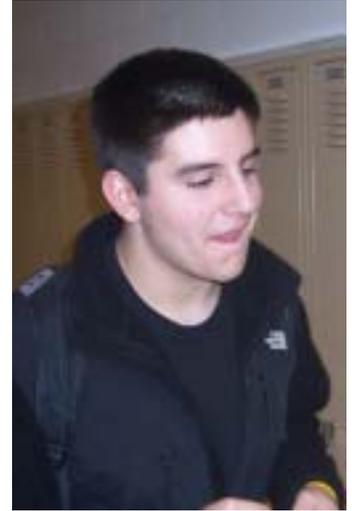
"Sleep in. "

Amanda Abraham



"Probably go sled with my mom."

Tanner Gorton



"Shovel some snow and put it on your doorstep"

Michael Brooks

Meteorology and you

By Carson Metcalf



Today:



Snow north.

28°

Average: 38°
Record: 70° (1966)

Tonight:



Snow showers,
2-4" possible.

20°

Average: 25°
Record: -1° (1982)

Tomorrow:



Snow showers,
2-4" possible.

26°

Average: 38°
Record: 63° (1979)

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.