

Yearbook group, poll photos today at GRB

Today is the day for the annual club, class officers and senior poll photos that will eventually find their way into the 2014 Fultonian Yearbook.

Pictures will be taken in the auditorium all day long. Students need to obtain a pass from their class or club advisor, and are urged to be on time as there are a number of photos being taken.

The schedule for today's photos is:

Wednesday, Dec. 18 in the auditorium

Bell 1) 7:35-Sr. Class officers; 7:40-LMC Club; 7:45-Technology Honor Society; 7:50-German Club; 7:55-Spanish Club

Bell 2) 8:15-Freshman class officers; 8:20-poll (best dressed); 8:25-poll (best eyes);

Bell 3) 8:55-Outdoor Adventure Club; 9:05-Youth 4 Youth; 9:10-poll (most musical); 9:15-poll (best hair)
GSH) 9:40-poll (class clown); 9:50-poll (textaholic)

Bell 4) 10:10-FBLA; 10:20-Student Senate; 10:30-poll (best smile); 10:35-poll (most artistic)

What's for lunch?

Today: Max cheese pizza with spinach, baby carrots, mixed fruit cup with alternative of diced chicken and cheese wrap.

Thursday: Sliced turkey with gravy and dinner roll, whipped potatoes, butternut squash, cranberry sauce and apple crisp with alternative of PB&J or chicken nuggets.

Bell 5) 10:50-Chess Club; 10:55-Christian Club; 11:00-SADD; 11:05-Jr. Class officers; 11:15 - Ski Club

Bell 6) 11:30-HOPE Club; 11:40-poll (most athletic); 11:45-poll (teacher's pet); 11:50-poll (senioritis)

Bell 7) 12:20-French Club; 12:25-Senior poll (worst driver); 12:30-Yearbook; 12:35-The Raider; 12:40-sophomore class officers

Bell 8) 1:05-Math Club; 1:15-poll (travel the world); 1:25-poll (reality show)

Bell 9: 1:45-Dance Team; 2:00-Science Club

It is important that everyone is on time as we have a tight schedule to follow. Thanks for your help.

Questions or conflicts? Contact Mr. Senecal ASAP (room 228-GSH) room 102-bells 4 & 7 and after school

Only 3 days left to preorder the 2014 Fultonian Yearbook and save \$10

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

Club, Class officers, and senior poll winners will be having their pictures taken today, Wednesday, December 18 in the auditorium for this year's Fultonian Yearbook. Check with your advisor for a pass. Schedules are posted throughout the school. Sophomores need to turn in their Savearound orders ASAP to Mr. Lacey in room 227. Anyone who has not returned the booklet they signed out needs to turn in the booklet, or \$20 to Mr. Lacey.

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.

The French Club will hold a King's Day celebration on Monday, Dec. 6 after school in room 125. Interested students are asked to sign up with Mademoiselle Coleman or Madame Honeywell no later than Friday, Dec. 20.

The Environmental Club will meet after school on Wednesday, Dec. 20 after school in Mr. Mainville's room.

The Freshman class will hold a meeting after school on Thursday for all class officers to discuss the next fundraiser.

Opinion

Applying for college is a class all by itself

By Alexis Lastra

I remember shopping for my senior year school supplies at the beginning of September. I color-coded and labeled all my supplies, anxiously waiting for the first day of school. I neatly laid out my outfit and packed my bag, but no amount of preparation could have prepared me for what was to come.

I'm the type of person who likes to plan and be in control of everything. I plan my afternoons down to the last minute, from estimating how long each homework assignment will take, to how long it will take me to eat dinner. Yet, with the college application process, there is a lot that is out of my control. I can decide who to ask for recommendations, but I have no control over what they write about me. I can study my butt off for the ACT and spend hours



What I wish is that my guidance counselor would have added another slot in my schedule called "college application 101." The application process is like an extra class that nobody reminds you about, and the final grade is way more important than just getting an A.

doing practice problems, but it all comes down to how I perform during those three hours on one random Saturday afternoon.

The whole application and process is that way: You can put all of your hard work into it and try to present yourself in the best way possible, but after you submit that application, your future is in the hands of the admissions counselors or at least that is how it feels to a first-semester senior. Now that all might sound terribly pessimistic and a little scary, but let me clarify: It's not that I'm completely hopeless and expect the worst, it's just that the college process involves so many external factors and, as the control freak that I am, that is not something I handle very well.

When I received my class schedule in September, I thought, not

bad. I'm taking two AP classes, which are challenging and consist of a tough workload, but, other than that, my schedule is filled with electives. What I wish is that my guidance counselor would have added another slot in my schedule called "college application 101." The application process is like an extra class that nobody reminds you about, and the final grade is way more important than just getting an A.

As you can tell, I'm the perfectionist that usually hands in her homework early, but there is no such thing as being "ahead" in the college process. As soon as I finish my schoolwork, I start working on applications. When I'm not editing an essay, I'm filling out endless questionnaires about my family background and extracurricular activities or send my recommenders emails to remind them of deadlines. It never ends. No one warns you about this, but even if they did, no matter how much you prepare for it, you won't be ready.

Despite all this, the application process has taught me that I can't control everything. Sometimes you just have to do your best and trust that everything will be alright and you'll end up where you're meant to be, and maybe that's not so bad after all. Despite all of my struggles and fears, I'm extremely hopeful, and I know I've done everything I possibly could to ensure that these tough few months will be worth it when I get that "Congratulations!" email.

Going someplace cool? Take

RaiderNet

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

"Where in the world is The Raider?"

Quote of the day:
"Every artist was first an amateur."
- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Time is running out! Only 3 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!**

In the News

Advantages of diesel automobiles being touted

The diesel fueled vehicle industry has really been booming lately. It has many benefits to gasoline, which is why the production of these vehicles has increased. While diesel fuel used to be mainly based on construction vehicles, large towing vehicles, industrial vehicles, public service vehicles, and powerful trucks, it has now taken a shine to smaller cars and other such vehicles.

The benefits of diesel fuel are better fuel economy, diesel cars have much better fuel economy than gasoline vehicles. This is because diesel engines generate more power out of less fuel due to the higher compression rate. This produces more horsepower per liter of fuel. By adding a high pressure injection system it is possible to get even better fuel economy. A turbocharger can also improve the performance and fuel economy.

Lower emissions, because of the type of compression and air to fuel ratios, a diesel car produces fewer emissions. This is mainly due to the fact that diesel is burned in excess air. With proper tuning of the ignition and using new filters, these are some of the lowest emission vehicles that still use an oil based fuel.

Lower taxes, because of how the road tax laws have changed, a diesel vehicle has a lower road tax than gasoline vehicles. The tax is based on the CO₂ emissions of a vehicle. Because diesel has lower emissions, it will have lower taxes. Lower maintenance, Diesel engines work differently from gasoline engines, are easier to main-

tain and have a longer lifespan. The main difference is the lack of an electronic fuel ignition system. The absence of this system reduces repair costs, eliminates any possible electrical failures, and produces a very reliable engine. The time between required maintenance services is also much longer.

Lower fire hazard, the chance of the fuel igniting when an accident occurs is very low with diesel because diesel is not ignited by a spark. Diesel ignites when it hits hot compressed air. Greater torque, the design of the diesel engine produces greater torque than other engines. Most drivers are focused on horsepower, but torque relates to the ability to pull loads and accelerate. Therefore, diesel torque can easily overcome other vehicles and also have a lot of power for low to mid RPM. Additional tax incentives, the government offers tax credits for clean diesel vehicles. These can be as much as a \$1,300 credit on income taxes. The amount depends on the make and model of the vehicle. There are some regulations and guidelines to the credit, for instance it only applies to a new vehicle. The credit is based around the date of purchase and there are other guidelines that apply as well.

Some companies that make some clean diesel fueled cars are Chevy, which has the Cruze, Audi, which has the TDI, and Mercedes, which has the BlueTEC. These are just some of the new innovations in bringing clean diesel to a smaller car.

By Brandon Ladd

This week in Raider Sports

Today: Girls V Bball vs. CBA (5 pm); Girls JV Bball @ CBA (5:30); Boys JV Bball @ CBA (7 pm); BoysVBball vs. CBA (7 pm); Boys Indoor track @CNYITA Meet @ OCC (4:30).

Thurs. Dec. 19: Wrestling vs. Cortland (6 pm); Bowling vs. ES-M @ Mattydale (3:30); Swim @ Pulaski (5 pm); Hockey @ Syracuse (Meachum Rink-7 pm).

Fri. Dec. 20: BoysBball @Bishop Ludden (JV-6/V-7:30).

Sat. Dec. 21:Wrestling @ Montgomery Co. Duals in Amsterdam (9:30 am).



Send us your pictures of the Red Raiders in action

theraider@fulton.cnyric.org

Seeking advice for any problem or concern you may have?

Just e-mail me at askmyrtle.raider@gmail.com.

I hope to hear from you.

Look your best for the holidays!

Reflections

-THE- Salon & More

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Call for an appointment today!**

Phone: 592-4415

**Proud 20 Year sponsor
of GRB Journalism**

The Fugitives-part 7.1: Bala's resurrection

By Neal Burke

Last time on The Fugitives: The hooded figures, who were revealed as Crystal, Ordin and Silver, succeeded in rescuing Lupo from Olympous. However, Bala, the female officier and supervisor over Lupo at the camp, tried to intervene and only succeeded in getting herself burnt to a crisp. Yet somehow she survived and she herself was rescued by galactic troops to be taken to a medical facility.

Location: Mordris, Capital of the Aeterna High Command.

The troops rushed Bala's burnt form to the medical facility of the Capital Building and doctors immediately set to work. To insure her survival, they placed her in a stasis tank where she would remain in suspended animation while they provided the necessary genetic compounds to strengthen her back to full health and reconstitute her original youthful feminine beauty. They knew however, that she would also need some cybernetic implants in many of her vital organs including her heart and her brain.

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Meanwhile on the other side of the galaxy, Lupo and her saviors had just made it to Oceania, a planet that was a giant ocean with multiple little islands. They had set up camp for the night on an island that was completely covered in forest. Silver had revealed his face to her when she asked if it was really him. He had shorter hair and a pair of icy blue eyes. He was in shape but not too muscular.

Unlike the green robed one, who revealed himself as Ordin, Crystal's long time boyfriend was very muscular, and when he revealed his face, Lupo was shocked. While she recognized his face and his blue green eyes, something was also different. It was now a mix of machine and flesh, and when he took off his robe completely, she saw his entire body was a scarred mixture of organics and cybernetics. He still had some hair that was styled in a short mullet in the back and came out in three points in front.

"What happened to you Ordin?" Lupo asked him.

Ordin sighed as he put his robe back on. "You remember when



the galactic troops invaded our home planet," he asked. "Six months ago?" Lupo nodded, that was the day she had been captured. "We managed to escape the onslaught, your sister, Silver and myself. But during it all, something exploded that sent me falling down a jagged rocky cliff. My flesh was torn severely and many of my bones were broken." He stopped for a moment to catch his breath. "The explosion left severe burns as well and I lay at the bottom of the cliff wondering if I was going to die. But thanks to Crystal and her expertise in cybernetics, she was able to save my life." He then leaned over to Crystal and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. "I love you." he told her.

"I love you too." she replied kissing him back.

"Ugh," Opul said in disgust. "Get a room!"

"Shut up Opul," Lupo replied.

"Opul's been her usual self I presume?" Silver asked with a chuckle.

"Yup," Lupo replied. "How have your other selves been?" She knew all of their other selves' names. Crystal's was Bloodstone,

Ordin's was Fenris, and Silver's was Nightclaw.

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"Well," Crystal suggested. "Why don't we let them out to talk amongst each other for a while? I think they've earned it."

"I guess a little while won't hurt." Ordin agreed.

"I guess not," both Silver and Lupo agreed.

So they all let their other selves take over and soon their bodies began to change until they were coated in fur, had wolf like

snouts and long black claws on their hands and feet.

"Oh, does it feel good to be outta there," Bloodstone remarked before she and Fenris began to passionately make out.

"I agree," Nightclaw replied as he clenched and unclenched his fists a few times. Then he looked over to Opul. "Well well, long time no see," he told her with a sly grin.

"Yes it has been awhile," Opul replied with a hint of sensual pleasure in her voice. "Why don't we catch up on old times hmm?" She then leaned over and gave him an affectionate lick on the cheek.

Nightclaw licked her cheek in response before replying, "I think that's a good idea." Seconds later, Opul tackled him and pinned him to the ground.

"Remember the rules," she told him with a grin. "The winner gets whatever she wants."

(continued on page 5)

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Fiction

The Fugitives-part 7.1: Bala's resurrection

(continued from page 4)

"Yes, I do remember," he replied grinning as well. "Only this time, I will be victorious." Then he pushed her off and they began one of their "play fights," something that they used to do at home whenever Lupo and Silver let them out.

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Back on Mordris, Bala had been moved from her stasis tank to an operating table and was lying unconscious in a hospital gown. The operations were complete, she no longer showed any signs of being burned, and her hair had grown back to its full length. Due to the genetic compounds used to strengthen her, it had changed from its darker tone to blonde. Cybernetic implants had been placed in her heart and brain and even some of her bones and muscle tissue had been replaced cybernetically.

Suddenly, her blue eyes snapped open.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You're on Mordris," a female voice replied. Bala looked over and saw a nurse who appeared to be in her mid twenties with brown hair tied in a bun and standing over her.

"Who are you?" Bala asked her as she sat up.

"That doesn't matter," the nurse told her. "What does matter is that your operations were a success."

"Operations?" Bala wondered. Then she remembered her little "skirmish" with Lupo on Olympus and how she had been burned alive. She had to admit, she did feel different. She felt like she wasn't fully human anymore, that she was something more.

"What exactly has been done to me?" she asked the nurse.

"Well," she began. "We had to supply you with various genetic compounds to strengthen your cellular growth and other body functions as well as reconstitute your youthful beauty. Even still, some parts of you were so damaged that we had to modify them cybernetically. We also took the liberty of bringing you a change of clothes." She pointed to a coat hanger on the other side of the room.

Looking in that direction, Bala saw a replica of her old uniform, but in black. Hanging on it and standing under it was a new pair of leather, thigh high, high heeled boots. A pair of leather gloves was hanging out of one of the boots.

"I guess I'll leave you to it," the nurse told her before she left.

Bala stood up and stretched a little before walking to her new set of clothes. Slipping out of the hospital gown, she began to put them on. When she pulled the gloves out of the boots, she saw that their finger tips were pointed. This caused her to grin with sinister glee. Placing one on, Bala scratched at the wall and was somewhat surprised that the gloves left scratch marks.

"Interesting," she said to herself before she slipped the other glove on and slipped her feet into her new boots. As she put her belt on she saw that she was now armed with not one, but two electro

diasteel whips. "This day just keeps getting better and better."

Then Bala began to think about her new "form" so to speak. She felt like she was more than human, that she was stronger. Deciding to test this, she walked back over to the operating table and slammed her fist down on it as hard as he could. The table snapped in half almost instantly. This made Bala smile; she truly was more than human now.

Suddenly the door opened and the nurse's head popped in.

"Excuse my interruption," she apologized. "But Commander in Chief Solomon wishes to see you."

"Excellent," Bala thought to herself with an even more sinister grin. She had plans for him.

"This way." the nurse told her as she led her out into the maze of busy hallways of the Capital Building.

After being taken down multiple twists and turns, they came to a set of doors elaborately decorated with skulls. Standing guard were two of the Royal Guard, tall and ominous looking figures who wore hooded robes colored deep red and who wielded large battle axes. All Bala had to do was salute to them and they opened the doors for her. As she walked in, the doors closed with a few loud creaks.

The throne room was a huge place with black stone statues of skeletons and skulls and rows of torches on either side of a black and gold carpet that led to the staircase toward a massive throne. Upon it, sat Solomon, Commander in chief of the Aeterna High Command. While his word was absolute and final, he actually had a council of advisors, much like a senate, that helped with decision making and made up the rest of the High Command. A man well into his nineties, he had white hair that stood out against all the blackness in the room. His body was connected to the ceiling by massive cables that supplied him with nutrients and other vital things. His skin was wrinkled and grey, and physically he looked like Death in human form. The only scrap of clothing that he wore was a simple black robe.

Bala could almost swear that his bones cracked when he lifted his head to look at her.

"Bala," he said with his raspy breath of a voice. "You may approach."

Slowly, Bala made her way down the carpeted path to the Commander's throne. After ascending the staircase, she got down on one knee and bowed her head. The first part of her plan, gain his trust.

"Rise," he told her. "I see you are feeling better."

"Never been better," Bala replied as she rose up and clenched one of her fists.

"Good," Solomon continued. "With your new abilities, you will be able to better serve the Aeterna High Command."

To be continued on Friday in RaiderNet Daily!

**Have
YOU got
something to say?**

Do it in a letter to the editor!

theraider@fulton.cnyric.org

School of Thought compiled by Emily Hyde and Alec Thomas

What's the *weirdest Christmas present you have ever given or received?*



"I gave my daughter a Tigger's Tail."



"I received a trash can and a fire escape ladder."



"I received a box of bras."



"I got bubblewrap once."

Ms. Link

Ms. Patrick

Victoria Gillette

Cheyanne Castle

Meteorology and you

By Carson Metcalf



Today:



Lake-effect
snow redevelops.

28°

Average: 35°
Record: 50° (2006)

Tonight:



Snow showers.

22°

Average: 22°
Record: -2° (1979)

Tomorrow:



Chance rain/snow.

38°

Average: 35°
Record: 59° (1957)

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.