



New York’s Own Cookie Monster-Dead

BY ETHAN PIERCE

FOREST PARK JUNIOR HIGH

GRADE 7

Few knew his story, but we invite you to come celebrate his life on January 6, at the New York Public Cemetery. Mark J. Cookie, age 128, was pronounced deceased after a New Year’s celebration out on the town. The cause of death was an overdose of America’s favorite, chocolate chip cookies.

He was an orphan mysteriously found in an Oreo Factory at eleven years old. His only memory was his birthday, April 5, 1906. Many had their doubts, but about two months after being sent to an orphanage, the blue, hairy cookie lover was adopted. The old, green, angry garbage monster by the name of Oscar the grouch signed the papers, and for the rest of his childhood, Mark spent

his time sleeping in a garbage can.

Mark became known as a world-wide icon in the late 90’s, playing a role in a popular children’s television show, “Poppy’s Place.” However, the six-foot five-inch beast began a downfall when he was caught ransacking a bakery. He apologized, claiming the diet he was on (cutting out his daily cookies) was making

him insane. His statement made no effect on the media; the local newspapers had headlines containing, “Blue Hairy Beast Attacks Local Bakery” and “Alien Monster Terrorizing New York.” But the most popular headline was the one people know him by today, “New York’s Own Cookie Monster.”

Although the “Cookie Mon-

ster’s” fame was short, he became a millionaire. Not two months after buying his first mansion, his father had a stroke. Oscar was declared dead the next morning. Mark wasn’t seen again until his friends finally coaxed him to come partying with them. Of the few pictures that were taken of Mark that night, the most popular was of his cold body lying

on the concrete floor of the same bakery, performing the same crime.

Mark’s last wish was to not be mourned but to be celebrated. The NPA (National Pastry Association) asks you to inform your peers and come join together on January 6, 2034 at the New York Public Cemetery to remember a once great American hero.



Twilight in Distress

BY KAYLA FISCHER

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Forks, Washington- Most fans are now saying that Twilight finally went into darkness, but others are rejoicing when this special event occurred. Now the question is, are you?

On June 17, 2010, Bella Swan and Edward Cullen were supposed to get married in the Cullen’s backyard. Fans were lined up in the driveway to wish them luck after the wedding was over. Jacob Black, however, came right before they said the “I do’s.”

“It was a fantastic surprise!” Bella exclaimed.

Apparently, Jacob had been gone for several months. Team Jacob

fans started screaming in joy. Some were even said to have cried tears of happiness.

Suzy said, “This was the happiest moment in my life!”

The other “team,” Team Edward, was shocked at the arrival of Jacob.

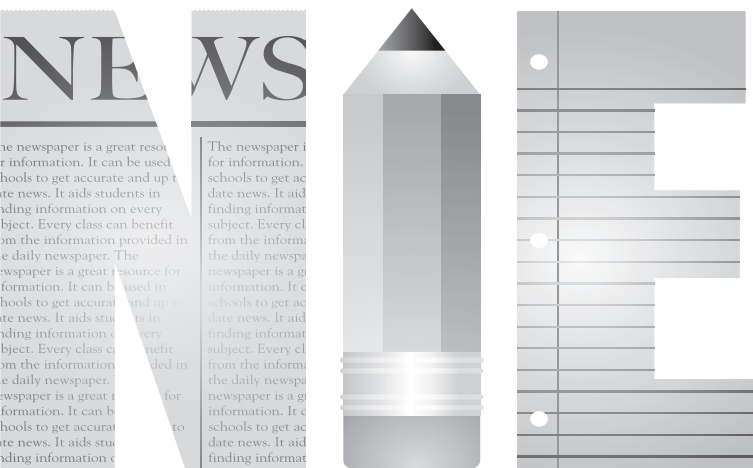
“I can’t believe Jacob actually had the courage to show up,” Sally (Suzy’s twin) said. “Also, I don’t even know why Suzy came; she doesn’t even like Edward, so what’s the point?”

Bella ran up to Jacob with her arms wide open to give him a ginormous wolf hug. In that moment, Bella knew she was making the wrong decision by marrying Edward. She canceled the wedding at once. She ran away with a werewolf instead of a vampire. This was a complete plot twist for Twilight fans everywhere. For many it was a disaster, as for the others it was a new dawn.

Alice Cullen yelled in frustration, “How come I could not predict this? Oh, wait! It was because it had to do with that horrid-smelling werewolf!”

Edward is still standing in the same position, stunned; he thought she actually loved him.

Hopefully Jacob and Bella can successfully run away together, never to be disturbed by anyone and to live happily ever after.



The Sponge’s Absorbent Death

BY NICAYA HOPF

FOREST PARK JUNIOR HIGH

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The fateful death of Spongebob Squarepants, the best krabby patty flipper of all time took place at Blue Lagoon around 5:00 p.m. on Friday, July 15, 2000. He died of age 100 by accidentally suffocating himself with a kid’s floaty. “My daughter kept repeatedly telling Spongebob he was short sighted,” says a man who saw what happened while letting his well-taught daughter call people names with a clammy attitude.

Spongebob was a hot shot at the Krusty Krab; he was also a great

dancer and singer. He was born on Wednesday, June 7, 1900 at the Bikini Bottom Hospital. Sandy Cheeks, Patrick Starr, and Larry the Lobster are Spongebob’s friends who are at a loss after hearing about his passing. While his parents Barbra Jean Squarepants, age 212, and Bobby Jo Squarepants, age 214, mourn the death of their child, the Bikini Bottom Choir and the International Krabby Patty Flipping Association are teaming up to make a special gravestone for Spongebob. The funeral will be held at the Krusty Krab at 1:00-3:00 p.m. on June 18, 2000. After Spongebob’s funeral, he has said he wants to be used as a cleaning sponge because he has always wanted to help people in his afterlife.

Celebrating the Life and Death of Patrick Star

BY LEO ALVIS

FOREST PARK JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

GRADE 7

Today the world of stardom is a little less bright, as we mourn the death of well-known animation celebrity, Patrick Star. Star has been “cut from the show” as of January 1, 2018, in Barnacle Valley, on the outskirts of Bikini Bottom. Mr. Star suffered major jellyfish stings during the annual Bikini Bottom Jelly Catch-a-Thon. He was thirty-one.

Mr. Star was born on September 16, 1986 to parents North and Eugene Star, in a tide pool near Bikini Bottom. Even though His mother North Star is his only known family member still with us, the Star family will live on in our hearts forever.

Patrick was preceded in death by father Eugene Star and grandmother Granny Star. Although he lived under a rock for most of his life, Patrick was known as an

outgoing, happy guy who enjoyed every minute of his life. Patrick’s mother North is quoted saying, “My son could squeeze into just about anybody’s heart.” How true.

Although Patrick’s death is tragic, he died doing what he loved; he was an avid member of JCOE (Jellyfish Catchers, Owners, and Enthusiasts). Patrick Star briefly worked at the Krusty Krab, but was unemployed for most of his life. A loyal pal, he was known for his ability to really stick with his friends. SpongeBob is quoted as saying, “Patrick didn’t have a mean bone in his body. A real invertebrate!”

The funeral will be held January 14 at 4:00 p.m. at the Bikini Bottom Body Burial Building. If you want to drop off food (which would be what Patrick wanted), deliver it to the Bikini Bottom Burial Building by 3:30 pm on the same day. We hope to see all the residents of Bikini Bottom there; if you can’t make it we will have it recorded, and you will be able to watch it in the “Special Features” section of season eleven.

Girl and Dog Gone with the Wind

GRACE HAAS

FOREST PARK JUNIOR HIGH

GRADE 7

Early Thursday afternoon, a tornado came upon Ferdinand, Indiana. A girl named Dorothy and her dog, Todo, were said to have been inside a tornado from Kansas. They came in a house. It landed on Virginia Street, blocking everyone’s

way to the other side of the road.

Dorothy says her neighbor, Miss Gulch, took her dog, Todo, and rode off with him in her basket on the back of her bike.

“I was running away from home because Auntie Em gave Todo away to Miss Gulch. Luckily, Todo had jumped out of the basket and came to me through my bedroom window. When I was on my way, I found a fortune teller, and he told me Auntie Em was sick. She had missed me dearly,” reports Dorothy. “I ran home as quickly as I could. I couldn’t find anyone

inside our little farm house or outside in the barn. I could not find them anywhere. I had gone into the house and looked. What happened was just this. The house began to pitch. The kitchen took a slitch, then the hinges started to unhitch. I tried to get out of the house but realized the house was inside a tornado.”

The house and area around is under investigation and will be until further notice. Dorothy and Todo have been taken into custody of the child protective services until a guardian is contacted.

Missing: In Search of “Spots”

BY DANIELLE ECKERT

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Our city’s beloved “spots” have vanished as of Tuesday, January 15. Fifteen missing Dalmatian puppies were reported stolen. Roger and Anita Dearly of 739 Timber Street, London, England, and the pups’ parents, Pongo and Perdita, have been frantically scouring the city for three continuous days. Police and investigators have been interrogating potential suspects; pinpointing those lost puppies is their last wish.

Investigators consulted to Roger, Anita, and their nanny the day following the pup’s disappearance. Though a broken-hearted presence hovered over them, we were able to catch their side of this inconvenient story.

Anita informed in a hushed manner, “Roger and I just went out on the town the night of the kidnapping, but nothing had been suspected. We were-”

“Now that is not right! I know it was that devil woman! She-she

took our puppies. She cannot be trusted!” Roger interrupted.

“Why Roger, we don’t know that. This is just a misunderstanding. Now as I was saying, we were peering over the city lights at the Fairfield Park when Pongo and Perdita started becoming awfully restless. They were listening attentively and started barking like there was no tomorrow. Pongo and Perdita gave a fierce yank at their collars and fled like lightning bolts toward our home. Roger and I hunted after them, though our arrival was too late. Oh my, the scene was appalling.”

“Oh, my-my heart sank to the floor within the exact moment we arrived. The front door was swung wide open, the act of a careless individual. We dashed toward the commotion, only to find Nanny sprawled across the kitchen tile, wails and all. I couldn’t bear the heartbreak from then on.”

Investigators tried their attempt to nanny’s side of the story, but she was still dazed from what had taken place. “It was them; those hoodlums! They knocked on our door about 9:00, posing as plumbers. If I recall correctly, there was a short, plump one

along with a tall, lanky one. Those hoodlums barged into this place like they owned it. Impelled me all the way up the stairs and trapped me in the attic, they did. I pounded and howled as if my life depended upon it. I was barely able to hear them rumbling throughout the house. That’s when I just lost it completely. I rammed myself against that door with every ounce I had; tearing the door lock clean off. But, by the time I stumbled downstairs, it was too late. Every last puppy was gone; disappeared without a trace. I was able to gulp down my unbearable heartbreak and run outside, screaming and flailing, for any help. Anyone...oh my.”

Since this tragic event has struck upon our city, police and investigators have been in full-force. The search remains unresolved and will continue to be an ongoing investigation until further evidence is collected. Authorities request anyone with further information or leads to please contact the pups’ owners at 812-740-6583 or The Twilight Bark newspaper. We ask for any possible aid in this tragedy.

Pigs in a Blanket Refuse to Lie Down

BY SARA HAMILTON

FOREST PARK JUNIOR HIGH

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JULY 5, 2018—Charges have been filed in the ongoing case of the Three Little Pigs versus the Wolf. Earlier this week, Officer Pablo Sanchez filed a police report outlining the harassment the Three Little Pigs have accused the Wolf of.

The pigs claim the Wolf is knocking down their newly built homes. They say the Wolf is using a tank to destroy their properties. The two entrepreneurs are competitive home making companies. The Wolf has had a thriving home making company called, “Huffin and Puffin to Build your Home” for ten years, until The Three Little Pigs all invested into their own home making company known as, “Nothing’s going to Blow your Home Away.”

So far 3 houses worth approximately \$100,000 each have been

demolished by this act of rivalry, and 5 civilians have been injured with 2 hospitalized; 1 of the hospitalized patients was a pig. Here’s a statement from the injured pig, he quotes, “I was just a pig in a blanket when I felt the floor collapsing and heat rising all around me, I thought for sure I was bacon.” Luckily for him, firemen arrived in time to carry him out of the buckling building.

Police are searching around the clock for the perpetrator; they believe he has gone into hiding.