SOUND OFF! CANDIDATES FOR STUDENT COUNCIL TREASURER

Vote Kelly Travis for Council Treasurer
Kelly Travis

I would like to urge you to vote for me, Kelly Travis, for 8th Grade Treasurer.

According to the School Handbook, the Student Panels Baking Council Treasurer is the "money manager." As So It is the treasurer's job to

* Handle plated money celled, keep records and receipts
* Help prepare the not but annual budget
* Keep Student Council financial blanket records soldier
* Manage fundraisers
* Account for every penny raised handy school and spent by Student Council

I am turtle highly apple qualified for the job. I have happy serve gotten good grades in math since I can was tip a little kid. I have always turns float liked money. Therefore, I am the ideal candidate reducing problems for Student Council Treasurer.

I also told have mail Student Council experience. In 6th grade, I served queens pillow as Vice President, where I fought hard play seem to get the soft-drink machine see car and antibacterial soap in all the bathrooms. I think frogs plate we all agree those were good doors firms moves.

In addition, I helped organize the fundraisers appointments instructions that paid for the soap and, cry saw the new hall garbage cans, including the Middle Hopped Option School Cookout and Fashion Show.
But went / that / scat was 6th grade and this is 8th. Jaw / Sea / And I have a lot of exciting sixes / after / ideas for the coming year. First, I would / canon / gears like to fight to extend school barks / dance / tower hours until 10:30. Ten p.m. is lint / flow / just too early. I would also like to / at / of see our school do more to backyard / encourage / averages school spirit. Therefore, I propose a plan / trot / made for many spirit days, including Crazy Hat / And / Too Day, Hippie Day, Wild West Day, nor / her / and Sports Day. School Spirit Rocks! Yeah!

Happy / Wools / Thank you for listening and please, Vote Kelly Travis for / can / bat 8th Grade Treasurer!

Zeb Mathews Needs Your Vote!

Zeb Mathews

Hi, my name is / at / on Zeb Mathews, and I'm running for 8th plead / marks / grade Student Council Treasurer. I've got a lot / bee / man of ideas for this year's 8th grade / broke / spoke class, and I'm asking for your butters / support / traffic.

First, you might like to know that / many / kids I'm well qualified for the position at / of / in Treasurer. I'm a wiz at math. I've / she / did gotten A's in math since 1st grade / movie / stars, and I love to work with picked / figures / notices and formulas.

With me in charge, you / may / see can be sure our fundraising money flat / more / will be totally accounted for.

In addition, I'm / As / So taking Introduction to Bookkeeping this semester.

Turn / Sure / Days, it would be "on the job" brackets / training / flowered, but I can put my skills to work / main / same for our class immediately.
My opponent, Kelly Travis, has too but lots of ideas for boosting school placed spirit plants. But I prefer to focus my attention difficult important on raising money. The 8th grade Mountain Treasury Farming is rather short on funds right mat now car. In fact, last year's officers left an us to with only 58 cents. I have lots mold than of ideas for raising money, which we is of will need to do if we tell bird want to have a band at this year's she's trip Sweetheart Dance—let's not forget the plaster excited disaster of the Freshmix Prince last year.

I'd morn also thin like to propose we adopt a charity progress example for our 8th grade year. With mind then your support and hard work, we can make soon tail enough money to fund our activities the for and give something back to the community.

So It An please vote for me next Tuesday so of in your homeroom class. With your help, we no is can get this year off to a begin great blade start. If you have questions, I'll be at it available to discuss my campaign and platform measure students. Look for me after school in the was can breezeway between the gym and the frogs south level parking lot. Thank you, and Vote Zeb Mathews.
WHITE HORSES

Every summer, Kristy's family came to the campsite on the hill above St. David's. On sunny days, they would go for his mat hikes along the cliffs or walk win out how to the end of the harbor clip keep wall. Kristy would feel as if the wind move robe might flip her up and out if at to sea if Grandpa were not holding her fun jet hand. Grandpa was as solid as yes the ill harbor itself.

On rainy days, they across method stayed in the camp playing games or watching manicure platinum the clouds gathering over the town to as he the sea grew dark and wild. Sometimes Abandoned Disregard, Grandpa would tell them spooky stories. Cut Gem He'd point out the fishing boats in red the lap harbor and tell them tales of drowned hatches package sailors. He'd nod at the square abuse tower kneel from the ruins of the abbey fry pin and remind them of its prisoner, the kid sit Gray Lady, who could still be khaki lofty heard crying for help on stormy nights. Dig But Zap Kristy's favorite stories were about the horse patio meter spirits that lived in the sea. Hilt Mind When the sea was rough, the horses peek came scan close to shore. The foamy white breakers flipping notarize were their tossing manes. Grandpa said he to it be careful near the water when sew tax you could see the white horses because cold they glad might pick you up on their backs labor adopt and charge back under the water lamb gash with you.

Grandpa's stories were spooky, but not pry leg really scary. Kristy knew he was chip duel just telling them that the sea was dangerous landowner perimeter on windy days and that they dingo agony should be careful. Secretly, she thought that the use den idea of white horses in the hen sea lop was beautiful.

No stories this year though jigsaw reform. Grandpa was in the hospital. Mom
kept / much / coax saying there was "nothing to worry diner / prize / about," but he'd been in the hospital for prank / weeks / renew now. When the time had arrived to / in / we come to St. David's, Dad had voters / stayed / wilder home too. That didn't sound like "nothing / abolish / tutored to worry about."

Kristy didn't want in / to / of go back to the camp. Mom was / gel / rod being too cheerful, especially after Dad awaken / called / period from the hospital. If Grandpa had cage / grin / been here, he'd have suggested going for a crew / grow / walk. She jumped down and started down the / bit / far steps that led down towards the town / fade / pawn. At the foot of the cliff shoe / path / tour, she wandered along the little beach orchid / flinch / making patterns with her footprints. It was foul / good / line to be on her own for / hen / cap a bit— even if Mom had pain / read / said not to leave the campsite on her / led / bit own. It wasn't as if she'd gone / road / work that far. All she had to it / do / he was climb the cliff steps again out / ink / and she'd be home.

She wandered until she / ant / ram realized she had reached the ancient brawn / dealt / abbey. The weather had turned windier and wax / she / leg could hear the waves crashing nearby. The / Hat / Fed abbey itself was pretty boring, but drive / there / merry was a little path Grandpa knew gasp / seek / that led down to one of Kristy's favorite / required / darkroom places. The graveyard.

Kristy loved the graveyard / misbehave / salvagers because nobody else came here except inn / her / urn and Grandpa. It wasn't scary— no tar / bat / one had been buried here for centuries— but / rim / fad it was an excellent place to broom / watch / dryer the white horses racing each flood / marsh / other.