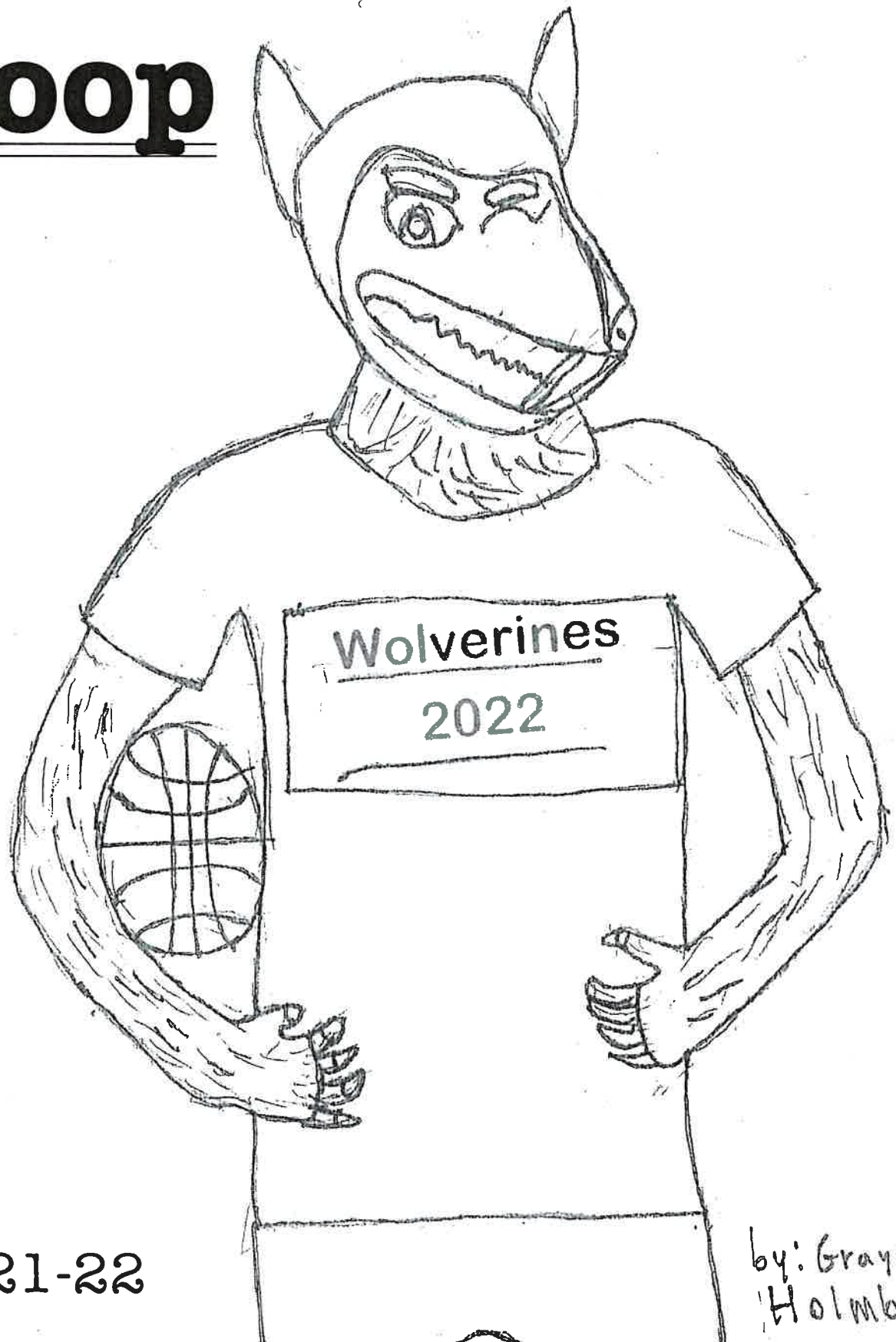


# The Wolverine

## Scoop



Issue  
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by: Grayson  
Holmberg

# Welcome Back to Our Second Edition Wolverine Scoop

Hey! Welcome back C.K.E.S.

It's a start to a wonderful spring so to bring it together we have decided to do another Wolverine Scoop newspaper.



While you read and learn please acknowledge that we teach and learn on the traditional territory of the Kwanlin Dün First Nation and the Ta'an Kwach'an Council.



In this newspaper, you will explore poems, recipes, prayers, book reviews, and lots more! We would also like to make a thanks to Ms. Voss and Ms. Lee for and taking time out of their lunch on Tuesdays to make our ideas come to life.



Your Wolverine Scoop team!

## What's Awesome

By Aliya, Eby and Danica 7B

We have lots of great things in life that makes our world great and enjoyable. But do we really know where they came from, or how things started? Probably not! So, pay attention as we teach you about some of the great things in life created by First Nations.

Let's start with the kayak or hunter's boat. A kayak is a type of boat that glides easily through water. You control it with a paddle. The kayaks we know today are mostly made out of wood and sometimes metal. But originally, they were built out of wood, bones, antlers, or even animal skins! Kayaks were made by people who were born and lived at the cold waters of the Arctic. They were built to provide transportation when people were hunting.

Next, we will introduce goggles, Snow goggles. Snow goggles weren't always used for reasons we use them today. This generation uses these amazing contraptions for skiing, sledding, ski-dooing tom keep the snow out of our eyes. But they used to protect people from snow blindness. Snow blindness is, when the light reflects of the snow or ice and blinds someone. The First Nations cut little slits in big pieces of wood, so that only a little light gets through.



### A Wintery Night



The sky is dark and the ground is white.  
The world is peaceful on this wintry night.  
No one around not a sound to be heard,  
Not a laugh not a car not even a bird.  
For a moment it's just the snow and me.

I smile inside,

I feel so free.

Danica Johnson



# Would You Rather... (Spring Edition)

By: Erica 6A

Would you rather eat Dandelion greens or Lavender for dinner?

Would you rather be a squirrel for a day or be a frog for a day?

Would you rather be a slimy caterpillar or a tiny tadpole?

Would you rather have to be allergic to grass or allergic to chocolate?

Would you rather live in a rabbit hole or live in a bird's nest?

Would you rather jump in a big muddy puddle or a puddle of rainwater?

Would you rather waddle like a duck or hop like a bunny?

Would you rather have plastic Easter grass for hair or have a large plastic egg body?

Would you rather find chocolate or toys in your Easter basket?

Would you rather ride the Easter bunny or fly on a butterfly?

Would you rather hunt Easter eggs in the dark or under water?

Would you rather go to a friend's house or the park to go Easter egg hunting?

Would you rather eat a mustard Easter egg or a ketchup Easter egg?

Would you rather wear rain boots that are two sizes too big or two sizes too small?

## Adventure Time

By Sylvia 2A

Hi, my name is Sylvia Petro and I am in grade 2A at CKES. I would like to tell you about my experience with trapping and hunting in the Yukon.

My family owns 2 trap lines, 1 in Mayo, Yukon and the other in Goose Bay, Yukon. I am writing this article, because I feel like trapping and hunting is important. It's important because when we trap or shoot animals, we then use the fur to make clothes. My family has made ruffs, pompoms, slippers, hats, mitts, earmuffs, boas and bracelets.

Some animals we have trapped are wolverines, lynx, martin, foxes, and wolves.

Some animals we have hunted includes moose, bison, caribou and sheep.

We use many different traps such as wolverine coney bear, martin boxes, foot holds, stucko sets or snares. We use guns to shoot the moose, bison, caribou and sheep. I am learning to shoot a .22 caliber gun!

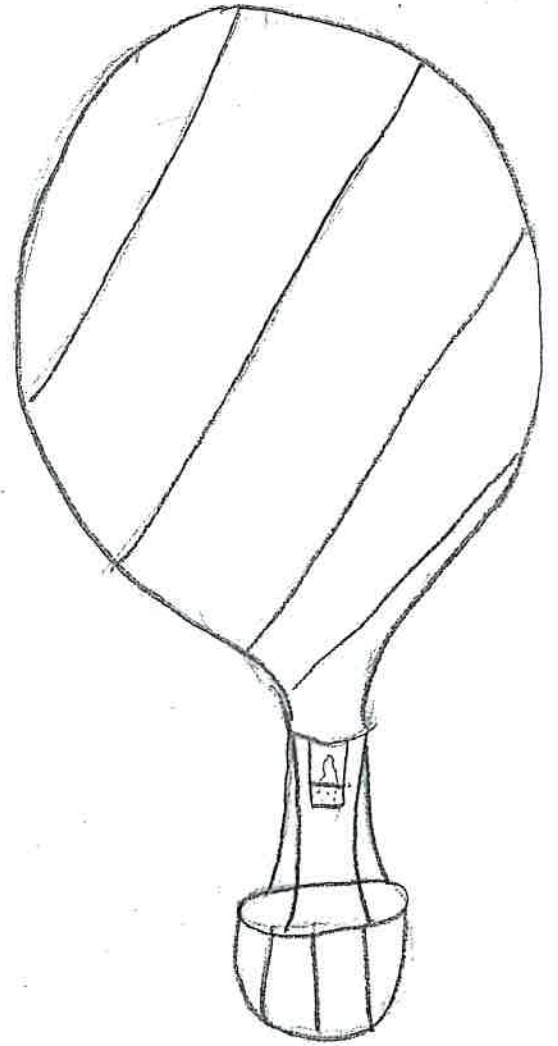
Hunting is important because it gives us humans food, bait, fur and quality time with family.

Be

Kind

to

Other's



# Sour Cream Banana Bread

Prep time: 10 mins, cook time: 50 mins, Resting time: 10 mins, Total time: 1h 10 mins

This is the best recipe for delicious sour cream banana bread; sour cream may sound a bit odd to put in banana bread so the sour cream can be substituted with Greek yogurt.

## INGREDIENTS

- ½ cup (1 stick butter) butter, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 ½ cups flour
- 1 tsp. Baking Soda
- ½ tsp. Salt
- 1 cup mashed bananas, about 3
- ½ cup sour cream or substituted Greek yogurt
- 1 tsp. Vanilla
- 1 cup walnuts, chopped (optional if allergic) and chocolate chips (optional)

## Instructions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour one 9-inch loaf pan (or 3 small ones). Pan should be ¾ full of batter.
2. In a large bowl, cream the butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and mix well.
3. Whisk together the flour, baking soda, add salt; combine with the butter mixture.
4. Add the sour cream or the Greek yogurt, bananas, and vanilla; stir well.
5. Pour into prepared pans and bake in preheated oven for 50-55 minutes
6. Cool and let stand for 10 minutes and then turn loaf out onto a rack.

This banana bread recipe was tried by the members of the Wolverine Scoop club and they gave it a five out of five-star rating. Everyone thought it was delicious! If you have a chance to try this recipe, we would love to hear feedback.



By Brenna, 7B & Kassia, 7A

# The Worm Who Loved

By: Callie and Aila, 7B

Once upon a time, there was a worm. A worm who observed EVERYTHING. His name was Mr. Woggle, the lesser-known cousin of Mr. Wiggle. But instead of devoting himself to being a bookworm (no pun intended), he was deadset on finding love. One day, Mr. Woggle bumped into Mr. Wiggle, who was taking a break from yelling at kids for indulging in literary ruination, A.K.A. the WORST sort of vandalism.

"Ah, still searching for your so-called 'true love', are you?" inquired Mr. Wiggle.

"Undeniably, I am," spat Mr. Woggle.

"You know, worms don't fall in love," insisted Mr. Wiggle.

Mr. Woggle huffed. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Wiggle, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and with that, he turned his back on Mr. Wiggle, and attempted to stalk off.

Soon after, he found himself wandering the halls of CKES. Suddenly, there was a loud "Brrrrnnnnnggg!", and children stampeded, screaming and shrieking, out of multiple doors. "Ahhh!" exclaimed Mr. Woggle. As the masses began to thin, Mr. Woggle lay curled, and trembling, near the corner of a locker. "Infuriating youngsters..." he grumbled, adjusting his glasses with his tail. Suddenly, Mr. Woggle spotted something out of the ordinary. It seemed to be a beautiful, angelic, translucent, green and yellow lump. A gummy worm. It was love at first sight. He rushed over to the gummy's side immediately. "Arise fair lady!" he cried with vigour. After 30 seconds of pointless shaking, Mr. Woggle decided he needed help. Fortunately, Mr. Wiggle happened to slither by right at that very moment.

"Wait! Cousin! I require you!" shouted Mr. Woggle.

"What is it THIS time?" asked Mr. Wiggle.

"Can you not see the limp body of this fair maiden decomposing upon this dusty floor?"

"Well- I..."

"What are you waiting for?! Go villain, fetch a sturgeon!"

"Okay, okay Mercutio. I'm going. Oh, wait—I forgot, we're worms! We don't have surgeons!"

"If you want something done properly, you have to do it yourself," grumbled Mr. Woggle exasperatedly. "Besides, that isn't even what I said."

And so, Mr. Woggle set off for the local aquarium, where he was sure to find said fish. The aquarium wasn't that far away, in fact, it was just down the hall. Mr. Woggle always remembered where it was, because it was absolutely GIGANTIC! It was also across the hall from his favourite couch. Grumbling to himself about incompetent cousins, Mr. Woggle arrived at the couch and slithered up its leg. After pausing for a moment to appreciate the sheer comfiness, he took a deep breath and hollered at the top of his esophagus (worms don't have lungs), "Rise and shine! Wakey-wakey!"

The enormous fish slowly opened one eye. "Who DARES awaken me from my slumber?"

"Tis I, Mr. Woggle! I have come to—"

"How DARE you disturb me at this UNGODLY hour, you... you... CREAM FACED LOON!"



Mr. Woggle was shocked into submission for a couple seconds. "I apologize, your...um...sturgeon...ness? I have come in need of assistance."

The sturgeon sighed. "I presume necromancy is what you're asking for. You want to bring someone back to life?"

"Exactly! I knew you wouldn't let me down. Now, what do I have to do?" asked Mr. Woggle.

"Traditionally, these rituals are performed in melancholy places," said the sturgeon.

Mr. Woggle pulled out a sketchpad. "Okay... noted. I know just the place! Math class is the most depressing place in the world."

"You will also need a talisman of some sort. Something holy and inscribed with words of wisdom."

"Got it! There are lots of encyclopedias in all the classrooms," exclaimed Mr. Woggle.

"And... that's it. Good luck."

Mr. Woggle rushed off to collect the items he would need to perform the incantation. First, he headed back to the library to get one of the better encyclopedias. But once he got there, he was dismayed to find that the books were for reference only. With barely contained tears, he decided to break the second rule of the bookworm code. The first is obviously to protect the books from harm at any cost. He climbed up the side of the shelf, heartbroken, only to realize there was no possible way for him to carry this encyclopedia. Stricken, Mr. Woggle began to weep in earnest. In his grief, he failed to recognize the edge of the platform. He screamed as he fell what seemed like stories. Obviously, this fall did not injure him. He landed safely on an open textbook. Abruptly, he heard a cry. He turned to see a human running in the opposite direction.

"Oh, woe is me! Not even the humans can stand the sight of me! Even the equations seem to be mocking me!" he sobbed, sinking down on his face. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him. "Equations! This is a math textbook!" Mr. Woggle's face lit up with joy. He immediately rushed to find his beloved. "This is perfect! A book *and* encyclopedias everywhere!" he exclaimed elatedly.

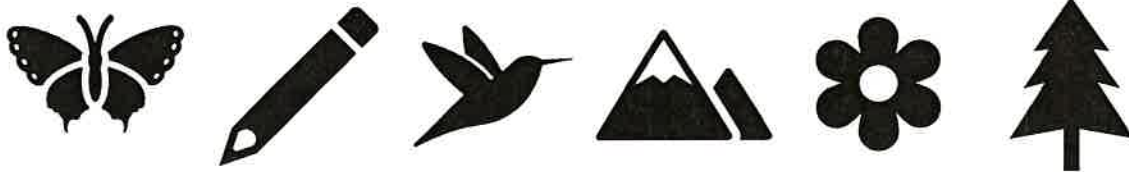
Once he reached the spot where his heart's desire lay, he troubled himself with spreading her across his back. He traveled post-haste back to the library as soon as he had secured the gummy worm. Mr. Woggle gently tugged her up the table, then onto the math book. He started dancing in a circle around his victim- sorry, beloved. He chanted ancient words of wisdom, like 'Carpe Librium'. He continued doing so for exactly 333 seconds, but nothing was happening.

Suddenly, the shape of the gummy worm started distorting, and it grew larger and larger. Then the math book started to change, too. The papers whirled around, transforming into what seemed to be the trunk of a tree. It completely encompassed the gummy. Mr. Woggle began to shriek. "Let go of my beautiful bride-to-be!" he shouted. But it was of no use. She was gone. The whole room went silent, and tiny yellow and green leaves sprouted from the tree. Then limes and lemons sprung to life, bursting forth from the tree. It seemed the gummy worm was fruit-based. Mr. Woggle gazed upon his true love's new form, and nearly fainted with adoration. This tree was much smaller than the ones that grew outside, but Mr. Woggle still loved it with all of his heart. They then lived happily ever after, till death do they part. For there never was a tale of more ecstasy, than that of Mr. Woggle and his citrus tree.

The End

# Thanks Be To God

Thanks be to God for all good that happens in life. Even if we're in the wrong you give us light and happiness to the world. We pray that you forgive our sins. As long as you take care of us, we will continue to take care of others. We are thankful to have such a great education here at Christ the King Elementary School. Praise to you lord Jesus Christ.



Amen

By, Kassia 7A, Aliya, and Brenna 7B