



ABC CLARION

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Cat People and Dog People

by Victoria Tian

There has always been an ongoing debate between the people of the world about the two most popular household pets: cats and dogs. It has been proven that dogs are more popular among the general population. There are about 6% more U.S. households with dogs when compared to those with cats. Additionally, surveys consistently show that dog-lovers outnumber cat-lovers by as much as five-to-one. Cats, though, still have their fair share of die-hard followers. There are 86 million cats owned in America, compared to the slightly fewer 78 million dogs in the country. As it turns out, the animal you gravitate toward can also say a lot about you, as indicated by the facts below.

1. Personality-wise, those who prefer the warm, slobbery affection of dogs have been shown to be more sociable and outgoing. This directly resembles the demonstrative and energetic qualities that their pet-of-choice has. Cat people, on the other hand, are likely to be introverted and a bit more aloof, similar to the independent nature of felines.

2. Studies have proven that cat people are more intelligent and open-minded than dog people. They score higher on creativity and tend to hold unconventional beliefs, not conforming to the crowd. This fact is not surprising,

giving how much more popular dogs are with the general population. Cat people have also been confirmed to be more sensitive compared to their canine-loving counterparts.

3. By contrast, dog people are likely to be more agreeable and conscientious, extremely like the pets they have a penchant for. Dogs obediently follow the rules their owners set in an attempt to please them. They demonstrate loyalty to them and try to follow tasks through. People may want to own the pets that possess the traits they have and value highly.

4. Dog owners and cat owners have been shown to have different tastes when it comes to what they think is funny. Slapstick humor and impressions are favored by the former, while wittier puns and ironic humor resonate more with the latter. This means that dog people tend to laugh at someone walking into a wall or getting into an amusing physical fight, and cat people are apt to chuckle at clever wordplay.

5. The two types have different reasons for having pets. 38% of dog people seek companionship, or a sidekick to accompany them on their adventures and day-to-day life. 45.6% of cat people desire affection - someone to cuddle with when they get lonely or sad.

Save Our Trees

by Alina Peng



A Watch, a Phantom, and a Cradle

by Sydney Peng

The pocketwatch was clicking inexorably, and the mother watched the clock with a wary eye as it marched ever forward. She waited.

The clock chimed, and at precisely one hour and one minute past midnight, the phantom descended into the room with a flutter.

She stood to greet her visitor coldly, one hand laid protectively on the cradle and the other on the loaded pistol. Her visitor had eyes as black and glassy as obsidian, the only real unearthly sign; he'd even dressed presentably, if a bit pretentiously, for the occasion, his slim personage garbed in a frock coat, trousers, and gloves. A chain looped around his wrist without a watch.

"So you're here," were the opening words of the exchange.

"You'll wake her if you shoot me," he said in his low tenor. He smiled as she pointed the gun more imposingly in his direction.

"I didn't think you'd come," she said.

"Oh, have some more faith in me," he said oh-so-smoothly. "I did promise," he said, gesturing at the chain and the watch. She didn't move the gun an inch, aiming a steely glare at him along with the barrel.

The ghoul crept closer and placed a gloved hand on the cradle.

"She could have been ours," he said softly, raising his eyes and pinning her under a fearsome stare. "Your voice has gotten so rough," he murmured, raising a hand to caress her cheek; he stopped when she shoved the pistol towards him with more force. "As have your hands, my dear. They used to be smooth as porcelain."

"And just as cold and fragile," she said. "Now they're tough as leather. Stronger. Hardier." She met his stare with

her own cool gaze. "Not as clean."

"You've changed," the phantom observed at last after a long pause, and she squeezed the cradle with a grim sense of victory.

"You haven't. And I'm not coming back with you."

Another pause, another silence, another fracture in the ice.

"You like this squalor? This poverty? Working yourself to the bone for nothing? My, your standards have lowered," he chuckled. His tone turned cajoling, tempting. "Don't you remember that dreams of yours? Silver chandeliers and porcelain plates and silk dresses?" The nursery changed as he spoke and painted his illusions of bronze candelabras and crimson drapery and fleur-de-lys wallpaper. No longer dingy and dark, the room shone with a sultry light that glinted on the mahogany of the cradle and the velvet comforters.

It looked so very lordly and cavalier; the room was a child's nursery, for God's sake, not a boudoir for sensual, midnight murmurings.

"Isn't that what you want?" He made a laughable attempt at sounding enticing.

"It's what I wanted. Now leave. You could wake the baby." The dismissal grated on him, she could tell; she smiled slightly, lips tight.

"What happened to your dreams, Ida?"

Endless parties, endless riches, endless feasts; it was like gluttony, eating and eating and never satiated, forever caught in a quixotic illusion and not knowing a lick about the real world. An eternal revel where she'd go mad, quietly, beautifully.

No, she had learned how to fire a gun, how to build a cradle with her own two hands, how to tend to a garden

and coax blooming irises from unshapely bulbs. And she loved that knowledge far more than any fine dress or piece of jewelry.

He tried to cup her chin in his hands. At seventeen, it would have been irresistible. At twenty-seven, it was repulsive. She politely veered away from him and pushed him to the other side of the cradle, where he stared at her haughtily.

"You wound me," he began.

"Go on, get," she said, as if to a dog. Just like a dog, his hackles rose.

"You fool! Tossing away such an opportunity!" he roared thunderously. All bluster. "How sad," he continued, much softer, voice dripping with pity. "How sad that all of your dreams have withered to this."

"If I'm sad, then you must be tragic," she said, perfectly neutral. "Hanging onto one dream for ten years. Maybe that's only a blink for you, but that's a long time for a girl to grow up."

"Ida..."

"Leave," she said stonily. "You said your piece. Now go."

"Ida," he beseeched. The gun barrel kissed him coldly between the eyes.

He met her gaze, the gun sitting on his brow, neither of them flinching. Stepping back stiffly, he made a perfunctory, shallow bow, and vanished in a flutter.

The baby keened a little in the cradle, and she soothed her back to sleep by rocking the cradle to the tick-tock of a pocketwatch, still clicking onward despite the broken promise and the missing chain.

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