

The Closure

The Newspaper of SJCS



News, views and entertainment from our community

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your company over the last few months! I can say with certainty that this is a period in time I will never forget. I hope that The Closure has enabled you to continue to feel connected to the wonderful community that is St Joseph's.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank my amazing colleagues who have given their time to contribute to the paper - too many to name here but they know who they are! Have a wonderful summer, stay safe and see you in September!



Mrs Marshall

Dear all,

I hope you and your families are all well and you are coping with what has to be the strangest of times. We pray:

When we are unsure oh Lord help us to be calm
When information comes from all sides accurate and false, help us to discern
When fear makes it hard to breathe

and anxiety seems to be the order of the day
Slow us down o Lord

Help us to reach out with our hearts when we can't touch with our hands
Help us to be socially connected when we have to be physically distant

Help us to love as perfectly as we can
knowing that perfect love casts out all fear
For the doctors we pray, for the nurses we pray

For those in our care homes we pray

For the technicians and the caretakers,
for the cleaners and the care givers we pray
For researchers and epidemiologists, for those trying to develop a vaccine
For those who are sick, for those who are grieving, we pray
For all who are affected all around the world
We pray for safety, for health, for wholeness



May we feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty
Clothe the naked and house those without homes
May we walk with those who feel they are alone
May we do all that we can to heal the sick
In spite of the epidemic, in spite of the fear Help us
oh Lord that we might help one another.
AMEN

With many blessings to you all, Mr Blaho

Mr Rooney in Lockdown

As Lockdown began to ease, I started thinking about the little habits that I've developed over the last few months and wondered if I'd actually carry on doing them once Lockdown is eventually lifted for good!

Firstly, hand hygiene! I've always washed my hands (who doesn't?) but my hand hygiene has certainly upped its sophistication over the last couple of months. A 20 second wash is standard procedure these days on entering the house after being out but there are now extras that I regularly treat my hands to. Out and about with no access to water and soap? No problem, hand sanitiser to the rescue! I think I've got through about 10 generous sized bottles over lockdown!



I've become a bit of a hand sanitising connoisseur as well; in the early stages of lockdown it was easier to find a Portsmouth fan at St Mary's than it was to get your hands on some good quality sanitiser. We had to make do with an incredibly watery mix that disobediently slipped through my fingers and on to the floor most days, but as time has gone on there's a much wider range of sanitiser about. My favourite is the gel type substance that delicately oozes out of the bottle and gently rests on your hand compliantly waiting to be rubbed in to protect from the nasty virus.

Then there's hand moisturiser; I've never really been one for self-pampering and creams (I think there's still a bottle of face moisturiser lurking in the depths of the bathroom cabinet from a Christmas about a decade ago), but I've found myself curiously applying it to my dry cracked hands from time to time to help them recover from the increased washing!

Next up is the covid-facial hair. It seems a lot of men have decided to use lockdown as the perfect excuse for attempting to grow as impressive a beard as Mr Ford.

Unfortunately, for most of us, Mr Ford's facial hair is a thing of legend that we can only aspire to have. Many males, myself included, have been left looking in the mirror with a tinge of pride of what we have been able to grow, but also simultaneously very conscious that venturing out into the world sporting our wispy patchy attempts at beards would leave us wide open to ridicule. I think I'll definitely be getting the razor out before we re-open more of the school!



Finally, I find that I have become a master at social distance exercise and etiquette! I know the best routes in Salisbury for a walk or a bike ride where I won't break the sacred 2 metre contact rule. It took a while to discover the paths that are wide enough and the trails that can comfortably hold a couple of people without straying into someone's newly accepted personal space, but I've got there – I might even write a handy guide to socially distancing exercise routes...



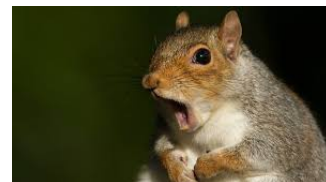
However, having said that, there's always the odd bottle neck no matter which route you take. You can picture the scene, you're walking the dog and, ahead of you walking in your direction, another person is walking theirs. There's going to be a crossing of paths at some point. What do you do? Both

parties immediately start scanning for breaks in the path or an area where one can pass by securely at 6 feet. Once the area is surveyed, if there is nowhere obvious to go, one of you stops. And waits. This has strangely introduced a new etiquette for me; no longer is it a case of 'head down and power through', now I find myself curiously turning slightly to the side to avoid breathing on my fellow walker. I also strangely take a deep breath in just before they are near me so as not to breathe in potential virus droplets. I manage to do all of this whilst also looking at them and wishing them a 'good evening' or (depending on how long I can hold my breathe for) a sympathetic smile as they pass by. I wonder how long I'll keep this ridiculous ritual up for?!

These are just a few of the things I've observed over lockdown. How long they will continue as lockdown eases is unsure. One thing that is for sure though is that lockdown has given me time to notice these strange curiosities. I hope that guarding that time and not getting too caught up in tide of life will continue for me long after lockdown has fully eased (and long after the memory of my frightening facial hair has faded).

Mr Bartel's Dad Jokes!

- How do you get a squirrel to like you? Act like a nut."



- "Why don't eggs tell jokes? They'd crack each other up."
- "I don't trust stairs. They're always up to something."
- "What do you call someone with no body and no nose? Nobody knows."
- "Did you hear the rumor about butter? Well, I'm not going to spread it!"
- "Why couldn't the bicycle stand up by itself? It was two tired."
- "Dad, can you put my shoes on?" "No, I don't think they'll fit me."
- "Why can't a nose be 12 inches long? Because then it would be a foot."
- "This graveyard looks overcrowded. People must be dying to get in."
- "Dad, can you put the cat out?" "I didn't know it was on fire."

The Island Isaac Holmes Laverick

My eyes started to feel heavy as I closed up the house for the night. As I slowly trundled up the stairs to sleep, I could feel my old, tired body aching with pains which have become normal for such an old age. As I walked up the stairs I stared at the picture of my wife Betty and our children. It had been two years since she died. When I got to my room I laid down in my comfy bed and my whole being relaxed and the pains faded away. For I know in my dreams my body will feel young once again.

I woke with a noise coming outside the bedroom door. I leapt out of my bed and sprinted to open it to see where the noise was coming from. As I opened the door I had to squint because of the blazing sun light that hit my eyes. As my eyes slowly adjusted to the unbelievable view that was before me, it left me breathless. In front of me was a vast sandy beach which sparkled like diamonds against the sun's light. In the near distance there was a forest of palm trees swaying gently in the breeze offering welcome shade. The birds sang from every tree in sight and what seemed like thousands flew around the forest, darting in and out of the trees like a swarm of bees. Beyond the forest was an enormous cloud capped mountain which had the most magical castle built into the side. It had fairy-tale turrets and what seemed like a thousand windows glistening back to me. It was at this point I could hear the slow, gentle lapping of the sea against the shore.



The sound which had woken me was coming from the forest. It was a strange low hum as though something small was singing or calling to me. I took a few tentative steps outside and stopped abruptly as I looked down at my body. I couldn't feel the horrible pain in my joints. Just then I realized I was my 20 year old self again. I stared at my hands in wonder and they were no longer old and spotted with age but smooth and strong once again. I looked at my feet and legs and again they were strong and pain free. I cried out with joy as I jumped and ran along the sand. All of a sudden the noise I had heard started again and I realised that the gleaming diamonds of the sand started to rise into the air and dance at the entrance to the forest. They looked like fairies or sprites changing to every colour of the rainbow and slowly one by one they disappeared into the darkness of the trees. I had to follow to see what they wanted to show me.

The forest was dark and cold compared to the heat and light of the beach. The noise of sea and the

bird song had disappeared and now there was nothing. Everything was silent apart from my own breathing which was becoming quicker as I realised I was now completely alone. I could no longer hear or see my colourful guides. I felt like the forest was enclosing upon me like a fly flying into a spider web with no way out. As I walked on I suddenly felt isolated with no one coming to help me out of the dark prison. I started running around helplessly trying to find some way out of the leafy cage, like a trapped tiger at a zoo. From the corner of my eye I saw a figure talking and laughing near a clearance out of the forest that led to a park, a park that I recognised. It was the park me Betty and our boys went to. I saw them on a picnic blanket under a massive tree and I quickly ran over to them. I hugged them all very tightly, tears of joy running down my face. I looked at Betty smiling and hugged her again. Suddenly I heard an enormous, thunderous rumble and the whole ground shook. "It is time for you go now" Betty said smiling up at me. I looked all around and realised the whole area was starting to crumble away. I heard another loud crash and looked towards the mountains and saw the once magical castle starting to fall away. "Go now we'll see you again". I waved to my smiling wife and ran back to my doorway on the shore and opened it.

I woke from my sleep breathless. A mixture of feelings inside me. But then I smiled, because I have had a wonderful life. What a magical dream I've had and now I'm ready to sleep.

Jessica's Jewellery Venture Jessica Rebbeck

I was inspired by people on the app depop to make my own earrings and I've so I did. It's super fun to make them and I'm hoping to make more and make necklaces and earrings soon including some new designs. Depop is available on the App Store if you want a closer look!



The War of Algeria

Clement Franco

In this piece Clement recalls his grandmother's retelling of war, in his second language. Highly impressive Clement!

Here, I am going to talk about the horrible war of Algeria, between the French and the Algerian. My grandma lived through these horrible years to tell me this:

" In 1948, the Algerian were horribly jealous because 10 percent of the population of Algeria was french and they had better house, more money, good lands... The French were racist and took all the control over the Algerian. So, lots of terrorist attacks started. Every year their were more and more terrorist attacks.

The first November 1954, called "La Toussaint rouge", because they were about 30 terrorist attacks all over the country, killing hundreds of policemen and military. This attacks were directed by the generals of the FLN= "Front de liberation National", the secret army of Algeria to make it not anymore a colony.

The 5th November 1954, the french send military reinforcement, because they didn't want to leave Algeria.

The 12th November 1954, the French president came and say

The Algerian had an advantage, they knew their territory compared to the French who were always lost. e.g. One day, a squad of the French Army crossed the mountains without knowing where they were, the Algerians jumped on them and killed all of them.

The 2 teams, tortured people to know secrets, killed innocent people, did atrocity like in all other wars.

In 1957, the FLN massacre an entirely village called Melouza, which had about 800 people, because this village has been suspected to be part of the MNA which means "Movement National Algerian". The FLN did this to: kill the people in the village, to denounces the French so that the MNA will be with the French, and kill the MNA slowly without the French knowing it.

The newspaper didn't always told the truth, just good news, half of everything.

One day with my sisters, we were going to the cinema , at the end, one step outside the cinema, we heard something flying toward us, someone pushed us down and we heard the cinema explodes in flames with the rest of the people who didn't go out screaming, dying in the flames. We were very lucky.

In 1958, the French chef, Mr Gaulle, came in Algeria and said that he understood that the French who lived in Algeria didn't want to go back to France, and Gaulle said that he will send more military to continue fighting and win, but after a month, the reinforcement didn't arrive. The Generals understood that Gaulle been lying, and he wasn't going to send reinforcement, because he knew that the Algerian will revolt. The Generals angry because they have been fighting for years, they seen friends die under they own eyes, and they have done all of this for nothing, so they created the OAS= "Organization of Army Secrete". So their was a part of French who fight to get Algeria and another part who didn't care, what a mess!!!



In 1962, the French Generals and the Algerians' chefs signed a treaty, but all the French people in Algeria had to go back in France. Their has been about 25 600 French military who died and about 65 000 injured. About 250 000 Algerians who died.

After that the treaty was signed, there were lots of terrorist attacks on the French who lived in Algeria and also on the Harkis, an Algerian army who was on the French side and helped them.

You see, my dad was working and created furniture. He had an assistant who was Algerian and said "I am happy that you are going away. The treaty said that you need to leave everything. I will be the boss, I will have your house, your money. If you don't go away, I kill you. " So my Grandma and her sisters got back in France, but they had just a little luggage, not a house, anything. Luckily, They all had a job. Their parents stayed in Algeria desperately trying to sell the workshop. In 1963, they had no choice, so they came back in France.

Unfortunately, the French government didn't prepare anything for the return of the French in Algeria, so they had to do everything on their own."

A Thank You from **Jake Cunningham**

This letter is to show my appreciation for the teachers that have helped me in my time at St Joseph's Catholic School. For a start I would like to make a special note towards specific teachers. Mr Bartel has helped me through my time at St Joseph's especially during Covid because I found out that we have similar interests such as cricket. He is good on a trampoline, half of my tricks I can do now he has taught me, he's always going on about new tricks as well, so thanks.

Mrs Evans has been there for everyone and has just always had a solution to everything she would let me stay back instead of getting in trouble in the bus queue. We would do lino prints and paintings that I would go home and show to my mum and dad and sometimes they would not even believe that it was me that made them so I would like to say good luck with your baby and thanks so much for everything. Alongside them are people who have helped me as well like Miss McFarlane and her crazy drama classes, Mrs Cullis and Mrs Marshall in their wacky English lessons, Mr Blakey in his music lessons teaching me how to play multiple songs even though he didn't really have to. I enjoyed Miss Moss with her PE lessons alongside Mrs Goulding and Mr Ball and let's not forget Mr Brown. I would just like to say many thanks to you all, even the teachers I didn't mention - thank you and keep being bubbly and crazy. Thank you for everything. I will miss you.

Signing off, JC!

Defining Hate Speech. **Miss McFarlane**

As more and more of our communication moves to social media platforms, messenger apps, videos, podcasts, even emoji's, we are forced to consider how much of our speech (if it can indeed be considered speech) is a true reflection of our thoughts and opinions and how much is for "likes", "shares" and "retweets". No doubt the human races embrace of all things digital has given us the opportunity to be creative and supportive in ways we have never achieved before, but this freedom has also given the select few

the platform to be hateful and dangerously anonymous.

To help combat this innate flaw of human design to be horrible to each other, most social media platforms have a terms of use agreement that we all agree to (but don't read) when we sign up for the service. Most, if not all, of them contain rules against direct Hate Speech or posts that could be considered bullying which are fantastic when the person writing the post names an individual or a group of people specifically. The difficulty in persecuting acts of hate speech under these conditions is that it is difficult to recognise what is Hate Speech and what is hyperbolised personal opinion posted purely for shock and awe.

Under Article 10 of the Human Rights Act 1998, "everyone has the right to freedom of expression" in the UK. The law also states that this freedom "may be subject to formalities, conditions, restrictions or penalties as are prescribed by law and are necessary in a democratic society". Violation of these conditions is more commonly known as Hate Speech, and there are countless laws against individual types of Hate Speech- from those that threaten groups and individuals on the basis of race of sexuality to those that seek to glorify acts of religious extremism. Social media platforms also have their own rules and regulations which seek to



establish the boundary between Hate Speech and opinion, for example Facebook's terms and conditions defines Hate Speech as any attack on an individual's "personal characteristics"- race, ethnicity, religious affiliation, national identity, sexual orientation, sex gender, gender identity or serious disability or disease. With a policy this comprehensive, you may begin to question why we are still seeing examples of Hate Speech across our social media- and rightly so.

Let's look at the case of Katie Hopkins, for example. Since the last instalment of The Closure, online social media platform Twitter made the decision to permanently suspend right wing commentator Katie Hopkins for violating their hateful conduct policy. While many were not surprised to hear that one of the most outspoken and controversial members of the British celebrity had finally had her public platform pulled from under her, many began to question whether or not she had been robbed of her right to freedom of speech. Hopkins has been heavily criticised in the past for her comments, including comparing migrants to cockroaches and claiming the photograph of a dead Syrian boy lying on a beach that sparked a wave of compassion across Europe was staged, as well as stating that people with dementia should not "block" hospital beds. However, Hopkins controversial views and inflammatory posts are nothing new- so what exactly sparked this response from Twitter?



Twitter's statement in response to the ban read "Keeping Twitter safe is a top priority for us. Abuse and hateful conduct have no place on our service and we will continue to take action when our rules are broken". This is the same justification they have used for previously temporarily suspending Hopkins account in January. Many questioned why she was allowed back at all, as it appeared she had not learnt her lesson as she continued to criticise the Black Lives Matter movement as well as the government's decision to offer free meals to children during school holidays, a campaign driven by the Manchester United footballer Marcus Rashford. Her final Twitter altercation saw her telling Rashford to "kneel and kiss my ring" - arguably one of the least offensive things she had tweeted in a long time but evidently the final straw for Twitter as her callous ramblings finally began to draw too much negative attention to the app.

There are very few arguments that justify the existence of people like Hopkins on our social media. They reign seemingly unchecked and are given the platform to spew hate to millions of people including children. The issue of freedom of speech is a key one when considering the silencing of these opinions but I urge you to consider the possibility that we learn more about the issues of our society because of people like Hopkins. Don't get me wrong, her politics and influence should terrify us all but without her constant, exaggerated commentary it's possible we would never know enough to question her. Because of her inflammatory views we are forced to conduct our own research and reflect on our own morals and principles so that we may respond and argue. We must remember that without the bad, we cannot have the good- but perhaps we could keep the bad on a slightly tighter leash.

Reunited with Harry!
Miss Jones

On Wednesday June 10th, the Prime Minister announced, that it would soon be possible, for a grandparent to visit and stay with their grandchildren!!!!!! This was the announcement, I had been so desperate to hear..... after 15 long weeks, I would soon be reunited with Harry and his mum and dad too!

The morning of June 13th, couldn't come quickly enough! I packed my car up with present's and drove to London. The journey took forever, the butterflies in my tummy seemed to be doing somersaults, I was so excited.

We had been fortunate enough to have been able



to face time regularly, I was able to see that Harry was developing quickly, sitting up on his own, crawling, pulling himself up and walking around the furniture! He always smiled when he saw me on screen but suddenly, as I drove closer, I began to have doubt'swould Harry remember me? What if he should cry, when he saw me again?

I needn't have worried though, Harry smiled and chuckled when he saw me, even babbling 'nan, nan'!

Words were and still are, not enough to describe one of the most precious moments, ever- a memory I will treasure always.

Mrs. Cullis Gets the Lowdown In Lockdown: Dr. Ann Monahan

To the irritation of family and friends, I am not someone who generally relies on my mobile. I will happily leave the house without it and only realise it's not in my bag when I need to call the AA as my car's broken down. Not for me is it the appendage that it is to many although, that is something that is changing. I've been much more likely to reach for my phone since the pandemic although whether that is because we have all been relying on devices for information during lockdown or whether it is because it is now much more a form of communication as I cannot physically talk to people, I am not certain. So when my phone 'pinged' about a month ago, I was on it in a flash and amused to see a photo of my chum Ann wearing a visor which she had been reliably informed was supplied, along with many others, from our very own school. It seemed like the perfect opportunity to trace the effects of the labour of the amazing team who managed to supply Wiltshire and beyond, so I asked Ann about her work during the past few months and about the role of the visors.

Many in Salisbury will be familiar with the 'Walk-in Clinic' (Millstream Medical Centre) near to the central carpark and its convenience when there is no chance of an appointment with your GP without a two week wait and you can't face the queue at A and E. As the name suggests, you can literally walk-in during after-hours and see a doctor or nurse whatever your medical needs. Dr Monahan has worked at this clinic for several years after a more traditional role as a GP with various Salisbury practices. I am told that part of the attraction of this job is the fact that absolutely anyone with absolutely any medical condition or concern could come through the door. This unpredictability makes the job stimulating and interesting. People from every echelon and of every age come, sometimes with a medical emergency which requires immediate action with all the drama that involves.

In March, it became apparent that there was national shortage of PPE. Hospitals had

(appropriately) first dibs at equipment that was available but surgeries, clinics and small units and cottage hospitals missed out. This is where the team at St. Joe's got into action and filled the gaps. Several visors found their way from school to the Walk-in Clinic to be worn by all the staff and made processing the patients arriving feasible.

I asked Ann how her job has changed over the past four months. 'Initially we were all nervous about the high chance of patients with injuries unwittingly carrying COVID 19 but as time passed, and the PPE was clearly doing its job protecting us, we gained confidence. There is a tremendous effort made to protect not just ourselves, but the people who visit. The clinic has been rearranged so there are fewer chairs and they are socially distanced. There is segregation and no magazines or toys; all soft furnishings have been replaced with hard ones. Patients and carers are offered hand sanitiser and masks as they enter, they are shown to a seat which has been cleaned (and I mean cleaned!) and they will not touch anything, pens, door handles etc that is not thoroughly washed between visitors. There is a strict system to be adhered to and this seems to be working. Before a new patients arrives in my surgery, I clean the desk, chair they sit on, change my apron, gloves and mask for fresh ones and then replace the good old St. Joseph's visor having sprayed it down with sanitiser. If only you knew how often we mentally thank all those at the school who gave up their time to provide for us. It is inadequate to say we are all really grateful to your school for all it has done to help us keep Salisbury healthy. Please extend our heartfelt thanks to everyone a hundred times over.'

So for all of you who have been involved with the phenomenal production of the visors, here is the story of where one of the thousands produced found its home. And as you can see, it is well loved.



Good Food, Good Mood with Mr Sibley

We have seen how food is key to so much of what we see and do in life and good food can make all the difference to how we feel and who we are. In these strange times there have been links drawn between the pandemic and the amount of Vitamin D that somebody consumes. Eggs are one of the few foods that contain naturally occurring vitamin D. Many others have it fortified and the main source for us is the sun. This is fine now but once the nights start drawing in then our supplies will diminish.

One of my favourite breakfast is eggs Benedict. They do take a bit of practice, but if you can master this then you can master most things in the kitchen! Good luck!

For the Eggs Benedict

- 2 tbsp white wine vinegar
- 4 large free-range eggs
- 2 toasting muffins
- 4 slices Parma ham or crispy bacon.

For the Hollandaise sauce

- 125g butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tbsp white wine vinegar or tarragon vinegar
- ½ small shallot or ½ banana shallot, very finely chopped
- 5 black peppercorns
- 1 bay leaf
- lemon juice

1.Fill a large pan just over one third full with boiling water and the vinegar. Bring the water to a simmer.

2.For the hollandaise sauce, melt the butter slowly in a medium pan over a low heat, stirring occasionally. Do not let the butter burn or discolour. Pour into a jug.

3.Put the vinegar, shallot, peppercorns and bay leaf into a small saucepan over a high heat and bring to the boil. Cook for 1–2 minutes, or until reduced to 2 tablespoons of liquid. Remove from the heat.

4.Put the egg yolks in a heatproof bowl and place over a pan of simmering water. Do not let the bottom of the bowl touch the water. Whisk the egg yolks with the salt and sugar until pale.

5.Pour the vinegar mixture through a fine sieve over the yolks and continue whisking until well combined.

6.Slowly add the butter in a steady stream, whisking constantly, until the sauce is smooth, thick and shiny. Keep warm until ready to serve.

7.One by one, crack the eggs into a small bowl and gently tip into the simmering water. Poach for 2–3 minutes.

8.Toast the muffin halves and spread with butter.

9.Put a muffin half on each plate and top with ham or salmon (if making eggs royale). Place an egg on top of each muffin and spoon over some hollandaise.

10.Enjoy your good food as it will certainly put you in a good mood!



Mrs Miller Facey's Flapjacks

Flapjacks are my boys preferred school desert. I had to learn how to make them at home during lockdown! I particularly like this dessert because it does not use any flour. This recipe is from BBC Good Food website. I also love a good energy bar and these flapjacks can be pepped up. This recipe makes a good base for an energy bar. It is a fantastic snack for those students, parents or family who enjoys going out for long walks, a picnic day out or sup boarding like myself. *You only need to add to this recipe dried fruit, chocolate, coconut flakes seeds and/or nuts.*



Flapjacks Flapjacks Ingredients

- 250g jumbo porridge oats
- 125g butter
- 125g light brown sugar
- 2-3 tbsp golden syrup

Preparation

1. Heat oven to 200C/180C fan/gas 6.
2. Put 250g jumbo porridge oats, 125g butter, 125g light brown sugar and 2-3 tbsp golden syrup in a food processor and pulse until mixed, but be careful not to overmix otherwise the oats may lose their texture.
3. Lightly grease a 20x20cm baking tin with butter and spoon in the mixture. Press into the corners with the back of a spoon so the mixture is flat and score into 12 squares.
4. Bake for around 15 minutes until golden brown.

Dogtastic Snacks for our Best Friends

Ingredients

- 1 beef stock cube
- 350g wholemeal flour, plus extra for dusting the worktop
- 1 egg

Preparation

Heat you oven to 200c,180 fan or gas mark 6. Line a baking tray with baking paper.

Put the stock cube into a measuring jug and add 125ml of boiling water. Stir until the stock cube is completely dissolved.

Put the flour, eggs and stock into a food processor and blend until it forms a ball. You can also do this in a mixing bowl with a wooden spoon and a touch of elbow grease...

Dust your work top with flour then roll out the dough until it is 0.5cm thick.

Cut out the biscuits and put them onto your lined baking tray.

Cook in the oven for 30 minutes until golden brown.

Make sure they cool completely before you give them to your dogs!

