

The Tusker Tribune

The Student Newspaper of Somers Middle School



Volume 1, Issue 4

<http://somersschools.org/domain/995>

Fall 2016

SMS Advisory Focuses on Positive Messages for Kids

By Tusker Tribune Staff

In yesterday's Advisory Session, students were introduced to the "I Am Above the Influence" program of positive messaging.

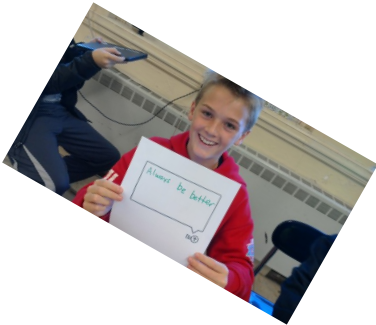
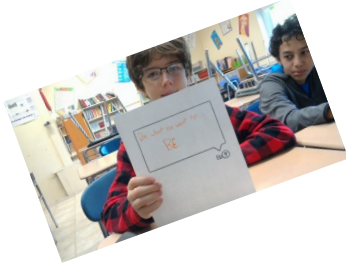
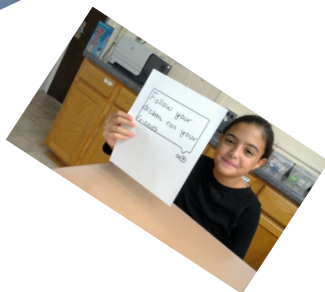
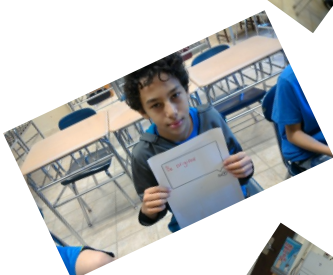
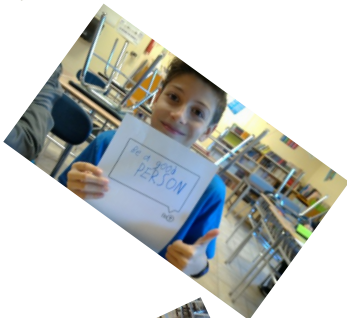
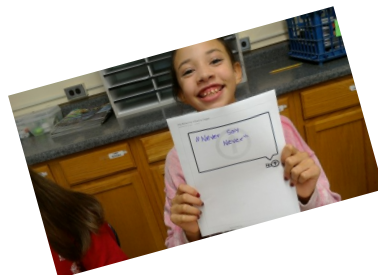
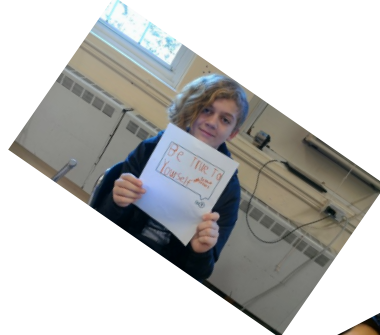
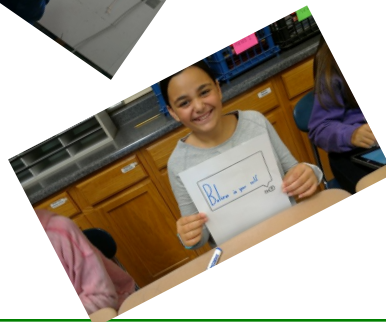
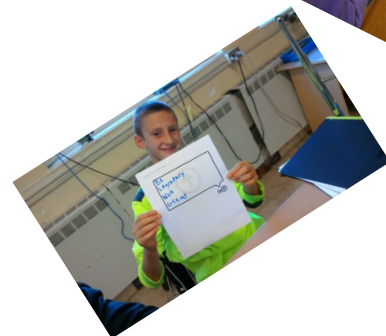
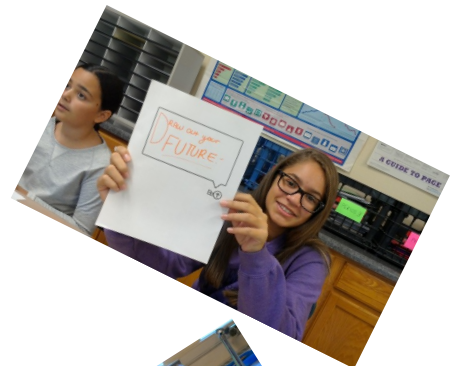
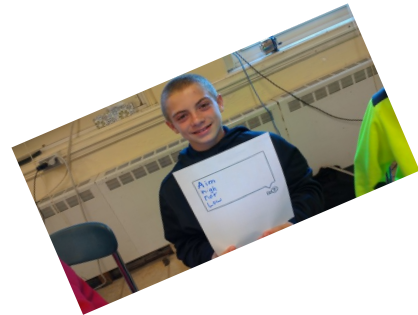
Each child came up with a personal one-line slogan of six words or less.

The slogans showcase what makes each student unique, or reflects something they are

proud of, or expresses how they would want a friend to describe them or what they want to be known for.

Slogans are catchy, straightforward, easy to remember, hard to forget, and most of all—*positive*.

On this page is a sampling of some of the slogans students came up with.



How to Make Slime

By Caitlin Stellwagon
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

If you're looking for something to do this long weekend and you don't have any religious obligations, this is a fun project to do right in your home! Follow these simple steps and you will have gooey slime at your finger tips!

What you need

1. Elmer's white glue or Elmer's school glue gel
2. Borax (found in laundry detergent isle)
3. Water
4. Two bowls
5. Food coloring (optional)



What You Do

In one bowl mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (4 oz) glue and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Add food coloring if you want colored slime.

In another bowl, mix one teaspoon borax with one cup

water until the borax has dissolved.

Add the glue mixture with the borax solution. Stirring slowly.

The slime will begin to form immediately; Stir as much as you can, then dig in and knead it with your hands until it gets less sticky (no one makes slime without getting a little messy!) Don't worry about any leftover water in the bowl, just pour it out



What happened

The glue has an ingredient called polyvinyl acetate which is a liquid polymer. The borax links the polyvinyl acetate molecules to each other to create one large, flexible poly-

Random Thoughts

By Hunter Duffy
'Fall'



There is a chill in the air;
There is a leaf on the ground;

Trees are now bare, and it's so quiet you cannot hear a sound.

No more splashing and swimming all day;

And the birds have a lot less to say.



And on the trees there are no leaves at all.

Not during the season of fall



Shanah Tovah! (Good Year to You!)



By Ray Mandel Mueller
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Editor's Note: While this October means a couple of long weekends for a lot of people, for those who adhere to the Jewish faith, the extended weekends are due to two holidays that are very significant. This article concerns Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year.

On the beginning of Tishrei lies one of the most holy days in Judaism, Rosh Hashanah. In Judaism, Rosh Hashanah is the day in which God created the world. Also, Rosh Hashanah marks the first day of the Ten Days of Awe, in which God judges all living creatures. Rosh Hashanah consists of a temple service and a meal.

The meal begins with the lighting of two candles. Then, they eat apples coated in honey. Apples were said to have healing powers, and the honey rep-

resents a sweet year. They also throw bread into a body of water, which represents throwing your sins away. After that, the main meal is served.

Rosh Hashanah was most likely created in 600 B.C.E. The calendar starts with Nisan, but because Rosh Hashanah is in Tishrei, it can be seen as the birthday of the universe for the Jewish people. It is actually not mentioned by name in the Torah, but it is in the Bible, even if it is called by different names.

All in all, Rosh Hashanah is one of the holiest days of the year. God judges all

living things in the ten days in which it is the first. Also, the meal has much symbolism. L'shanah tovah tikatev v'taihatem. (May you be inscribed and sealed for a good year).

L' Shanah Tovah
Have a sweet year!



The Man on the Bench—A Mystery of Sorts . . .



By Sabrina Cheung
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

I got up, got dressed, brushed my teeth, did my hair, and all that boring stuff. I run downstairs and grab a box of fruit loop cereal and ate it out of the box.

Once I finished eating, I ran back upstairs to go and see if mom was awake. I open her door but nobody was there. Maybe she just went to work early.

I walk to my brothers' room, but they must have gone with mom too, because they weren't there.

I walk back down the stairs to go and grab my backpack but something didn't feel right. In the city, everyone is noisy but for some reason, today nobody was on the streets.

I walk outside and wait for the bus. There were no cars on the road.

"Hello?" I call out. "Is anybody here?" I hear a small crinkle which sounded like a piece of paper.

"Quiet down your voice little girl."

I was so confused. "WHO SAID THAT?"

A man looks up, who was reading a newspaper on a bench.

"Where is everyone, and why are you telling me to quiet down my voice?"

He snuffles his nose and starts reading again. "Let me just tell you that everyone is gone. Dunzo, dead, not here."

My mouth drops open with a look of astonishment. "De-, de-, dead?" My eyes start to water thinking

of what to do next.

"You should know this already. This happened 43 years ago!"

I took out my phone and check my camera. I face it toward me, and I look the exact same! I then, try to call my mom but there was no service. Was I in a coma?



"Where am I supposed to go?"

He hid a slight grin under his newspaper.

"Now, that is one huge mystery isn't it."

I stare at him wide eyed. *What happened, am I going to ever see my family again?*

I walked, and walked, and walked, away from the creepy man on the bench. Should I just go home, or find somewhere else to go.

CRRRRR. A loud noise pierces my ear.

"Hello?" I look right and left. "Must have just been the wind," I sigh, but I heard the noise again.

This time it definitely wasn't the wind. "He-, he-, Hello?" I am, scared out of my mind.

Cars start appearing vrooming loud, kids are screaming, people are talking, dogs are barking, alarms are going off, wait what? An alarm is going off?

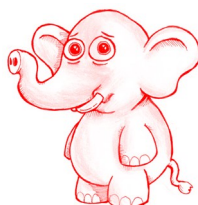
I wake up to the sound of my brothers screaming, my mom shaking me, my dog barking, and cars honking. I am back and it feels great. I get ready for school, and wait for the bus. I look onto the bench the man was on, and he was still there, with a huge grin across his face.

The Tusker Tribune is published online and is featured weekly on the Somers Middle School Website. It is entirely student-written by 6th, 7th and 8th grade students from

Somers Middle School
250 Route 202
Somers, NY, USA.

Any SMS student is eligible to write stories. If interested, please e-mail Advisor Dean Pappas at

DPappas@somersschools.org



The Tusker
Tribune Staff
Sabrina Cheung
Ray Mandel-Mueller
Hunter Duffy
Caitlin Stellwagon