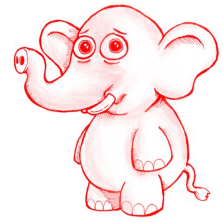


The Tusker Tribune

The Student Newspaper of Somers Middle School



Volume 2, Issue 2

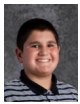
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Fall 2016

Special 7th Grade Narrative Edition!

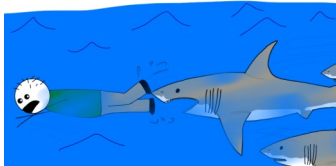
Editor's Note: This issue is primarily devoted to featuring various narrative essays written by 7th graders as part of a Narrative Writing Unit. Future issues of the Tusker Tribune will feature more narratives, along with our usual blend of news and features.

A Scary Shark Situation



By Brian Luciano
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

A shark was racing me right to the beach, but I couldn't get any closer. The tide was too strong for me to get any closer and I was running out of air and quick.



I can see on the shore line everyone watching the one kid who is in there and he's stuck. I was wondering what was I trying to do to get in this spot.

Oh yeaaaaah! I got mad at my family for making me go to the beach. My brother and sister treat me like they're my second parents, boss me around and punch me.

By the way, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Jeffery. I am seven years old and I hate my family. I was

forced to go to the beach today. I really like to swim though. I have been taking lessons since I was four. I have also been able to practice because I have a pool in my backyard. And one day my mom was watching and she gave me a compliment that was, "Oh gosh honey, you are going as fast as a fish."

But this was a different thing. I had current going against me and while I could ride the wave, I was barely keeping up. At least I could touch the sand.

I could hear my family howling frantically, "C'MON SWIM SWIM SWIM!!!"

I felt so embarrassed with my family screaming so loudly. I could see people moving away from my family.

Continued on Page 4

Hacking A Hacker



By Nick Cirillo
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

"Leo. Where is your HOME-WORK!? This is every. Single. Day. Do you want to fail my class? And... All your other classes!?" Mrs. Hobbley demanded.

True to her



name, she was an old, wobbly math teacher who liked to punctuate individual words as sentences. And she never believed Leo when he told her he had been hacked.

"Mrs. Hobbley, I swear! I do the work, but I keep getting hacked!"

Leo said, just as exhaustively as every other day he told her.

"Enough excuses! After-school detention until 4:00. You may go to the assistant principal's office to tell your mother," Mrs. Hobbley yelled. Leo didn't budge.

"That was a command, Leo." He got up, left the room, and called his mother.

"Leo... Are you sure that you aren't making excuses?"

"Mom. I'm not making excuses. I showed you when Seymour hacked me! It's so stupid!"

"Alright... I'll pick you up around five after four."

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One Kid's Experience Standing Up to a Bully



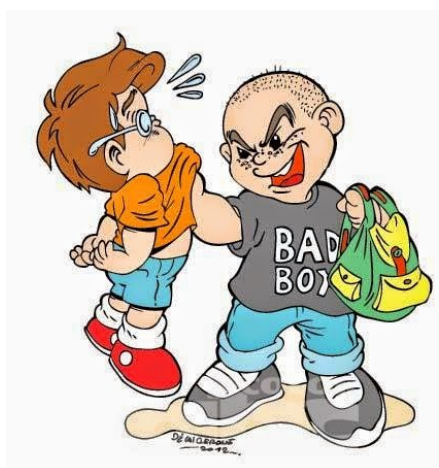
By Brandon Armstrong
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

On the bus I prepare myself for torture. I sat as close to the driver as possible so no one can get to me. But when we arrived at school, my heart pounded louder than an elephant stampede. I scrambled off the bus and tried to get to my locker. But they still got me.

"Hey Tommy, where's my money?"

I'm a 12-year-old boy named Thomas, but everyone calls me Tommy. Eighth graders bug me for being 4' 2" and the smartest kid in school. My parents are constantly work late, which leaves me always home alone. And lucky me, I'm an only child, so I've got no one to look out for me. Every day those charming eighth graders steal my lunch money, so I'm being to look like a Halloween skeleton. To add on to my likableness, I like to read really thick books, and I always get high honor roll.

"In my bag" I say wearily. They grab me and search through my bag then grab the money and walk away laughing hysterically. I drag my feet a walk upstairs to my locker. I slowly open my locker and saunter to my class. As the day drags on I go from class to class getting tortured at every turn.



Weeks pass as I get bullied left and right and soon after I can't take it anymore.

One weekend I say to my mother, "Mom, I am getting bullied in school."

She stares at me for a minute then says, "Why don't you stand up to him?"

he next day on the bus I am confident that I can stand up to him. When I get off the bus I saunter down the hallway searching for eighth graders. As the day goes on no eighth graders try and torture me. After last period, he comes to get me. As they get closer I get more and more nervous about how I can stand up to them.

"What am I going to do? How can I stand up to him?" I frantically ask myself.

"Hey look, it's Thomas the Train!"

When they say that anger boils up inside me. "What did you call me?" I ask.

"Thomas the Choo Choo

Train!"

"Why are calling me that?!" I yell. Before I can think I jump up and punch him in the face and he starts bleeding and runs to the bathroom.

On the bus ride home I am satisfied with myself for standing up to him. When I get home I tell my mother what I did and she is overjoyed. The next day he doesn't bully me. I guess I will be fine.

Teen's 'Delicious' Idea Helps Family



By Zoe Rubin
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

"Oh no."

"What's wrong mom?" Victoria asked worried.

"I don't have enough money to pay the rent this month, hon," said Natalie tearing up. "I am already working 40 hours a week and dad is out on a business trip."

Victoria is a junior in high school and one of the most popular girls in the school. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Victoria wears

dressess every day and they are almost never the same. She lives in New York City with her mother, Natalie, her father, John, her brother, Joseph, and her sister Lily.

Even though it sounds like Victoria has the best life and she is the richest girl in town, her parents don't have money to pay their rent.

Continued on Page 3

'Delicious' from page 2

Victoria wants to find a job to help her parents out.

"Mom. I'm going to get a job and help you pay the rent."

"Aww honey you don't have to. I can work all night tomorrow and hopefully I will get enough tips for the rent."

"No mom. You work enough around here. It's time that I help. I am 15 years old, and I am more than capable to find a job."

"No honey, you need to enjoy your childhood while you still can. I can't stand the thought of you having to get a job."

"Okay mom." But deep down inside, Victoria knew she was going to get a job.

That night, late after her mother and siblings went to bed, Victoria knew she had to get a job to help her family. After she knew her mother was definitely sleeping, she called a dress design company and asked if he could have an interview at 6:00 AM.

Victoria went to bed with a smile on her face. She had her first interview the next day. Victoria also had a little bit of a worried feeling in her stomach because she didn't tell her mom.

The next morning, Victoria wakes up very early for her interview. She gets up out of bed with a tired, gloomy look on her face. She really wants to go back to bed.

Victoria quietly opens her door and slowly walks to the bathroom to shower. Just before Victoria walks into the bathroom, she hears her mother's voice. "Hi honey. I missed you so much."

Victoria realized that her father, John had just gotten home from his business trip. She sprints back to her room and slams her door. As Victoria is getting changed, she remembered that her father would have heard her door slam and immediately panics. Victoria jumps into her bed as her bedroom door is opening.

"Hello? I know you are awake, I heard your door slam," said John "I was just talking to your mother and she said that you wanted a job to help pay the rent." Victoria doesn't move a

muscle.

"I know you want to help, but you are too young and I want you to have the childhood I never had."

Victoria is as still as a rock but thinks about what her father had just said. She turns around and stares at her father. "What did you just say?"

"I said that I want you to have the childhood I never had." John is now sitting on Victoria's bed staring at her.

"What do you mean you want me to have the childhood you never had?"

"I mean that my family was in the same situation as we are in now. We were living in a small apartment with three kids, my mother and my father. The month after I had turned 15, my mother told me that she couldn't pay the rent. I decided to get a job and help my parents."

Victoria is now in a full stare with her father. "After I had found a job, I had no time for friends and barely enough time for homework. I just want you to have a better life than I did and your mother and I will figure this out on our own."

"Well, dad . . ."

"What?"

"I kind of sort of made an appointment for an interview at a dress design place at 6:00."

"PM right?"

"No AM. Like in 5 minutes."

"Oh ummmm well you better call them and cancel. I will give you some time to do that."

"Okay thanks dad. Love you."

John leaves the room and Victoria takes a breath of relief.

Victoria hangs up the phone and frowns. She had just cancelled her one chance to help her parents. Victoria wanted to get her mind off of the situation so she called her friend Julia and went over to her house.

20 minutes later, Victoria arrived at Julia's house.

"Hi Victoria. What's up?" Julia asked.

"Ummmm.... I ummmm..." Victoria mumbled.

"Come on just tell me, I'm your best friend. You can tell me anything."

"Okay. Ummmm... Well my mom ummmm... told me that ummmm... she didn't have enough money to ummmm... pay the rent."

"WHAT? OMG I feel soooooooo bad."



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Continued on page 6

Shark from page 1

I was swimming really hard now because I was gaining ground but I was already tired. My hands got more numb and my mouth was so salty I barely could breath. I looked back and saw the shark gaining ground on me. But I thought I would be safe because I would hopefully be too far in for it to get me, so that was one thing off my mind.

Needing to get to shore quickly, I looked around as I stroked as hard as I could. And I saw a pretty big wave that was forming. So my goal was to swim over to there and ride it a decent way in and hopefully wash me up on the beach. So I raced to it because my



life depends on it. So I am about three or four seconds before it comes to me and I ride it in. I am riding it and it was fun too. I was on top of the wave almost the whole time. I could see people on the beach who were amazed on how I was riding the wave. The wave was

pushing me very hard that I felt that I was going faster than a racecar.

CRASH! I still wasn't all the way to the shore line. I still had a bit to go before they could get me. The current was very gentle now so I swam very easily on to shore.

I was EXTREMELY tired. I fell instantly down to catch my breath. My mom and dad came over so quick that was the fastest I ever saw them go.

She hollered "Are you okay baby? Don't Ever do that again. I thought you were going to die."

I wanted to pass out of exhaustion and embarrassment.

My sister and brother slow jog to me. They say together, "HOLY CRAP! That was sick dude."

My mom replies "This is not a funny matter! Jeffery almost died."

I yelp "Everyone shut up. You guys are like the bicker twins. Oh my gosh. I am safe now. So stop arguing. Now, how about we go back to the hotel so I can sleep."

My dad replies, "Sure, I guess" and there's the end of that.

I am not lying that was kind of fun. But wasn't very safe. I never want that to happen again. My parents have never made me go to the beach again. And my brother and sister no longer bossing me around is the best thing.

Soccer and School: A Tough Balance



**By Danielle
Grillo
Tusker
Tribune Staff
Writer**

School. Grades. Failure. Those are the three words that are constantly running through my mind. At school, at home, at soccer, and even when I'm sleeping.

I'm Mia Parker and I am a failure at school but a champion at soccer. I am 15 years old and I have a younger sister named Isabel. She is a high honor student, the total opposite of me. She is 12 years old and has never had to be told to go see a teacher for extra help or to get her grades up, and that makes me extremely jealous.

I looked at my test grade that I just got back and it was a 63 (failing), and I already knew what my Mom would say. Right then she burst into my room. "What were you thinking getting a 63?" she yelled.

"I studied a lot. I even went for extra help every day during lunch," I said.

"Well you have to try harder next time, and now your stand-

ards are 85's or higher," she replied back lowering her voice.

"I will," I said really meaning it. Later that afternoon, I went to soccer practice, and right when we started my mind immediately cleared of all the things that happened earlier that afternoon.

Soccer is kind of my life. I've been playing since I was five and I've never have not wanted to play it. Every day, every week, every month, every year I



play soccer. Every time I play it, it relaxes me and takes all my stress and

worries away. You know when you do something you love and you always want to do it? That's soccer for me.

So, back to the soccer practice. Olivia, my best friend, walked over and asked me, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong, I'm fine," I replied.

"I know that not everything is fine, I have known you since preschool, and I know when you're upset. So start talking."

**Continued on
page 7**

Hacker from page 1

Momspeak, Leo chuckled to himself, momentarily forgetting his troubles. *They just can't say 4:05.*

Leo walked into the library. The “Welcoming” pineapple sculptures, the little kid-dy drawings, and the strange multi colored lights made it seem more like a playroom with a “Shush”-ing old lady and a bunch of rotting leather-bound thin sheets of dead wood. Not to mention the smelly ink made from librarian-knows-what. He grabbed his work, and had an idea. What if he came to the library every afternoon and *printed out his work?*

An ink cartridge later, Leo had all his homework done – all except one. The one assignment that could not be printed. The almighty Online Interactive math page.

Mr. Frae walked in at about 3:55, just as Leo was finishing his work. Leo printed out the completed math page from a screenshot and added it to his mound of papers.

“Leo... Why is all your work printed? You do have a tablet, you know,” Mr. Frae questioned kindly.

“So it can't be hacked away from me.”

“Hacked? Leo, you must be kidding. Let me see your tab–”

Commencing Trojan/Win32:Seymour. There it was. The moment of truth Leo had been waiting for.

“You... You really *are* being hacked. By... Seymour!?” Mr. Frae whispered. “Is this a trick, Leo? A made-up *joke?*” Then all Leo's files simply blanked out. Gone. Blue screen of Bye-Bye Homework.

Leo simply closed his eyes and sighed, then said, “I think he does it from inside the school. I have a hunch.”

Mr. Frae clicked on the PA system as Leo glanced around the room. The attendance office was bland, a stark white-beige that didn't deserve to hold something as majestic and powerful as the Public Announcement System. Or whatever PA stood for.

“Seymour Charleston, please report to the attendance office to retrieve a lost item, Sey-

mour Charleston, please report to the attendance office.”

Two minutes later, Seymour was standing in front of Mr. Frae, suffering a stream of verbal teacher abuse, with a dark look Leo had only seen the likes of once before.

Leo, standing next to his beloved contraption, one that could purify the most stagnant water, and inject a bubbling geyser of carbon dioxide, making fresh sparkling water. Leo, trying and failing to comb his wild black hair to the side as the announcer called his name. It seemed that his smile could rival the sun. Seymour, hunched over his little unfinished “super”-computer, glaring with the most intense hatred. A fiery, burning anger. But Leo disregarded him and turned to the judge, receiving his prize as first place in the National Inventing Prodigy Association...

Leo handed in his work to Mrs. Hob-

bley.

“It's on paper... but it *is* done. I don't want any more slacking off, young man,” Mrs. Hobbly said, the word “man” only a nanomilli-whateversecond before the lights started flashing. The automatic doors slammed open and shut. Tablets everywhere blew circuits – a computer fan went flying through the room.

“Holy Lord, what in the name of–”

“What the–” Students screamed as light-bulbs burst and fell. But there was Seymour – on his tablet, calm in all the chaos. *He had hacked the school.* Leo knew what to do, though. He booted up his tablet, opened up notepad, and used what little coding knowledge he had and typed up a simple algorithm that did the stupidest thing ever – then emailed it to Seymour. The idiot never saw it coming. His tablet opened exactly 273 windows on Chrome, all playing that stupid “I Play Pokémon GO Everyday” song, and then the tablet shut down. The school immediately turned back on (or something), but just in time, Leo snapped his tablet shut – so hard it cracked – and shoved it in his desk before anyone could see.

Let's just say Seymour... He won't be back from that isolated little town in Kansas.



The Tusker Tribune Staff

Brian Luciano

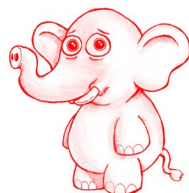
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The Tusker Tribune is published online and is featured weekly on the Somers Middle School Website. It is entirely student-written by 6th, 7th and 8th grade students from

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

'Delicious' from page 3

"No, it's fine. I just wanted to get a job to help my family but my dad told me that he didn't want me to have the same childhood as he did." Victoria is starting to tear up.

"He told me that he was in the same situation as we are now. I really want to start a pastry business because my mom has a degree in pastry and it would help us pay the rent. The problem is that I don't have enough money to buy the shop and all of the supplies."

"Well, you might have a friend that is really nice and will help you. *Cough* *cough* me *cough* *cough*."

"No, you don't have to do that."

"Yes, I do."

"Okay. Thank You soooooo much."

Victoria walks home with a smile on her face. Julia is going to help her create a business. But Victoria has a sick feeling in her stomach because she doesn't know how to tell her mother that her best friend and her family are paying to start a business to help pay their rent.

When Victoria gets home, her mother is waiting for her in the kitchen. "Hi honey" Natalie said.

"Hi mother. I have a surprise for you."

"What is it? Please don't tell me you got a job."

"I kind of did."

"What? I told you that you were too young. Why did you not obey my rules? Who hired you?"

"Umm.... Well I said that I kind of got a job. Okay so I was at Julia's, you know, and I was telling her how you told me that we didn't have enough money to pay the rent. I also told her that I wanted to start a pastry business because that was your dream when you were my age and that you have a degree in pastry."

"Oh honey. That was my dream, it didn't have to come true. And besides who is going to pay for the space and the food and everything else?"

"Well.... Julia and her family said that they would pay to start us off."

"No you cannot take other people's money to create a business that we don't need."

"Mom. They offered and we do need the

help just admit it."

"Okay. I'm going to call Julia's mother and see what she has to say about this."

"Okay go ahead."

Natalie gets off of the phone and smiles. Her childhood dream is going to come true.

The next morning, Victoria and her whole family wake up very early. They are going with Julia's family, The Stone's, to find a store front to start their business.

After seven straight hours of looking, they think they found something. It is a store front that is 1,500 square feet with a kitchen in the back. The store is only nine blocks away from their home and is \$15,000, which leaves just enough money to renovate it.

"How about we all split up and do all of that at the same time. It will be easier because we could open the store next Monday. I already ordered the sign. I am keeping it a surprise what it says until it gets here." Victoria said excitedly.

After about 10 minutes, the two families decide that John, Victoria, and Julia would go shopping for paint and start painting the store right away. Natalie, Evan, and Joseph would go shopping for all new appliances. And George, Anna, and Lillian would stay back at the shop and create the menu.

Back at the store, everyone meets up to see the sign. "OMG I'm so excited to see the sign!" Natalie says with a gigantic smile on her face. "This has been my dream to own my very own sweet shop."

"Okay guys I'm sorry but I can't wait until it is hung up to tell you what it says." Victoria says with pure joy. "I drew up a quick sketch of the sign last night and I want to show you."

The sign is a large white sign with red lettering in cursive that says Rose + Stone = Delicious.

"Whoa this is so cool Victoria." Julia says with her mouth wide open.

"Thank you. But this is enough of a break, we need to start working."

"Let's do this thing!" Everyone says excitedly.

After about an hour and a half, the menu is done and the first coat of paint is drying.

"Great job today. Tomorrow we will do the last coat of paint and the appliances will be installed. After that we can relax and our Grand Opening is on Monday!" Victoria shouts over everyone.

Continued on page 7



'Delicious' from page 6

The next day, Thursday, everything is done by 3:00 PM. The sign is up and bright, the paint is done, and the appliances are installed. They are all ready to open up on Monday.

Monday morning there has to be 150 people up and down the street waiting for the ribbon to be cut.

"Attention everyone." Victoria screams over a microphone. "I would like to thank everyone for coming to support us today. This is a very special day for my family and the Stone family. I don't want to keep you waiting much longer so let's cut this ribbon and eat some sweets!"

"Yay. Woo." Cheers fill the air.

The ribbon is cut and everyone files into the bake shop. All you hear is "whoa, ooo, ahh," all around the store.

The whole next year, Rose + Stone = Delicious, has been a hit.

The Rose family has earned enough money to pay their rent and sell it. The Stone family also sold their apartment.

The two families then bought a large house in the center of New York City and are now living together right next to their bake shop.

Balance from page 4

"Fine, I'm really stressed out about my grades, and my parents are now raising the standards I have to reach from a 75 to an 85." I knew that she was going to get an answer out of me because we are two peas in a pod. We even have the same face when we are upset.

"Well, right now we are not at school, we are on the soccer field, so don't think about grades, think of soccer. Go play soccer because the scout coming later this season, will not be looking for a soccer player that doesn't play soccer."

"You sound like our coach."
"Ha ha very funny."

Just then a soccer ball darted at my feet and WHAM!! I kicked it as hard as I could. The soccer ball soared across the field like a bird and went straight into the goal.

Later when I got home, I opened up my laptop and an email popped up, and it was from Lakeside View High School (my school). It read:

Dear Mrs. and Mr. Parker,
We just wanted to let you know that your daughter, Mia Parker, has not been doing very well in school. In fact, she is failing almost every class. I had wanted to know if you were interested in a tutor, or an extra teacher to come with her to every class and help her. If you are not interested, (KIND OF CONFUSING) we would like you help her to reach our school standards.

Sincerely,

Principal Greene

I had no idea why they sent that to my school email, but I didn't care because now I know that I may have a tutor or an extra teacher to help me with every class. I know you are probably

thinking that it is not that bad to have a tutor or extra help in classes, and it's not, when you are in elementary school. I mean I will look totally dumb if I have a teacher helping me do my classwork. On that thought, I got ready for bed, went in my bed and fell asleep.

The next morning, I got ready and went to school, like always, but it was when I got home, when there were some changes with my day. When I walked through the doorway, my mom was in the front hallway of our house. You are probably saying to yourself, *oh that's normal my Mom waits for me to get home from school every day*, and that does sound normal, except my Mom is never ever home before me. In fact, she usually gets home about three hours after me. That's why I knew something was wrong, and I was right.

"I got an email from the school yesterday, and they want me or them to get your grades up to school standards," she said.

"Like a tutor?" I asked, even though I knew about the email.

"Either that or an extra teacher will help you in your classes."

"But..."

She cut me off mid-sentence. "Before you say anything, I would like to say that I have not yet replied to the school, and that I thought it over. I'm going to let you improve your grades on your own for now. Meaning at the end of this quarter, if you don't have your grades at an 85 or higher, you are going to get extra help. Whether that means a tutor or an extra teacher in your classes. Also, you will not be able to play for the scout, because I will take you off of the soccer team."

"But you know that playing for the scout is my dream."

Continued on page 8



Balance from page 7

"I know but school is more important than soccer, so the choice is yours: get good grades without a tutor and not get kicked off the soccer team, or not play soccer anymore and have a tutor."

"Fine, I understand."

Then I went up to my room to brainstorm ideas of how I could get my grades up without help from my parents or from the school. Then the idea hit me, I would ask Isabel to tutor me. I mean she is extremely smart and even though she is in 7th grade and I'm in 9th grade, she probably already knows what I'm learning in school. When she got home I went in her room and asked her and this is how she responded:

"You want me to tutor you?" she asked.

"Please, I mean I'm failing and Mom said that if I don't get my grades up I have to have an actual tutor who I don't know and I will get kicked off of the soccer team," I replied.

"Fine, I'll do it but you have to pay me back with something."

"Okay, once you think of what tell me, and when can you start?"

"Tomorrow."

"Thank you so much Isabel."

"You're welcome Mia."

By the next week, Isabel had been tutoring me every day, and I know I said I didn't want a tutor, but Isabel has transformed my brain so much. In fact, I'm now getting 75's on tests instead of 63's. At this rate, I know that I will get 85's on tests and quizzes by the end of the quarter.

I was right. With only 5 more days left of the quarter, I was getting 85's on tests and quizzes, and I was so cheerful. The weekend after the quarter ends, I have my soccer game where the scout is coming, so I need to practice for that too. All this stress is weighing down on me like a bag of cement.

Today is the last day of the quarter, which means that tomorrow is my big soccer game. I can't wait and it is taking up most of my thoughts.



Which is annoying because I'm trying to concentrate and focus on the 33 multiple choice question algebra test in front of me.

When I finally finished with it I raced to my locker and SLAM! I shut it. I got a window seat with Olivia on the bus, and I noticed that it was a beautiful spring day. The dazzling sun was glaring in my eye, kids were laughing and talking and the playground, and the smell of freshly-cut grass filled my nose. I never usually notice these things, but today I was thinking what the weather would be like tomorrow and I started to observe today's weather. Just then Olivia shook me and I bit down so hard on my peppermint gum that it went from flavorless to infused with flavor.

"What?" I said.

"I'm just so excited for tomorrow!" she replied.

"Me too, I can't wait."

"Do you know what school the scout is coming from?"

"No, because they never told us."

"Well I found out."

"What, how?"

"I'll tell you after how I know, but I found out that she is coming from Stanford University."

"Oh my gosh!"

"I know right."

Then I got off the bus and ran to my house.

The next morning, I jumped out of bed, got ready, and raced down the stairs. I ate breakfast so fast I thought I would choke.

Before I knew it, I was on the soccer field. I was so nervous I thought I would pass out. Then I saw her, the scout from Stanford. My nerves right then went from 100 to 125. Just then someone yelled through a megaphone, saying that all players have to report to their coaches. After my coach gave us a pep talk, we were out on the field. We all got into our positions, and the game started.

After about 20 minutes, the score was 7 to 3, with us winning. I scored 3 of those goals, not to brag, and Olivia scored 2 of them.

At the end of the game we won, 12 to 5, and I was so happy, but also nervous for what the scout would say. Just then she walked over to our team and said: "You all have been astounding, but there are two players who really stood out. They have showed me that they know techniques, and that they are quick on their feet. It would be an honor if these two players played at Stanford during this summer and next summer. Those players are Mia Parker and Olivia Wilson." We ran to each other and hugged each other so tight.

I was so honored to get to play with the college soccer players at Stanford, that I still couldn't believe that it was actually going to happen. I couldn't wait to go, but the best part of it was that I was going to do it with my best friend. This was a day I would never forget.

Tusker Tribune **SPORTS UPDATE**



By Eli Yates
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

SOMERS WON STATES!!! This week, the Somers High School Soccer team beat Middletown 2-1 in overtime with John Riina scoring with under 3 minutes to go. This is the 1st time Somers had won in states.



Hills High School at 8 p.m.

College basketball is here. This weekend the Duke Devils played the Kansas Jayhawks and lost 77-75. Duke is now 2-1 and Kansas is now 1-1.

Not only did Somers win in soccer, they also won in Somers High School Football. But they didn't win the states yet. Just last weekend, Somers played Cornwall in the State Regional quarterfinals. They beat them 28-7. Tonight, they will play Burnt



'Hat Trick'

Members of the SMS Tech Club have been making hats to donate.

The project is part of an ongoing campaign called **STACK THE CAPS**

Students donate new caps or hats. The donations are stacked on a pole in the main lobby of each school.

The goal of **STACK THE CAPS** is to send the donated caps to children at Maria Fareri Children's Hospital