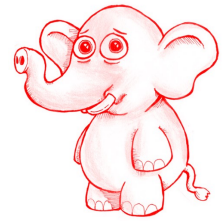


The Tusker Tribune

The Student Newspaper of Somers Middle School



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Fall 2016

How Did Thanksgiving Start in the U.S.?

By Robert Gaudioso
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

How Did the American Thanksgiving Start?

Many Americans may question the origins of Thanksgiving. In my search to learn more about American History, I began to think about Thanksgiving and what it meant.

Turns out, Thanksgiving has been celebrated in America since 1621 when the first settlers came over on the Mayflower and landed in Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts.

To celebrate their harvest in the New World, the settlers and Native Americans gathered around a feast and ate and gave thanks for three days straight. This tradition continued for years and spread throughout the colonies as more people moved to the New World.

As the Colonies progressed, Colonists realized it was time for independence from England.

The Revolutionary War began. Upon America's Declaration of Independence, and winning the war in 1792, General George Washington was elected as our first president. As president, Washington himself declared The First National Proclamation of Thanksgiving so that citizens would look back at the revolution and be grateful for our new country.

The official Thanksgiving holiday was established by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the fourth Thursday of every November.

Traditionally modern Thanksgiving meals include a turkey, stuffing, vegetables, cakes and pies and many other delicious foods and desserts. Traditional Thanksgiving meals were different for the early settlers.

Their harvests included seafood, deer, vegetables, corn, quail, and any other foods that were provided or grown.

Although times have changed, Thanksgiving and its purpose will always be about thankfulness.



Volkman's Music Mayhem!

Chart rankings as of 11/25/16



By Evan Volkman
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Top 10 Songs as of 11/25/16

1. **Black Beatles (feat. Gucci Mane)** – Rae Sremmurd
2. **24K Magic** – Bruno Mars
3. **Closer (feat. Halsey)** – The Chainsmokers
4. **Broccoli (feat. Lil Yachty)** – D.R.A.M.

5. **JuJu On That Beat** – Zay Hilfigerr & Zayion McCall
6. **Starboy (feat. Daft Punk)** – The Weeknd
7. **Starving (feat. Hailee Steinfeld)** – Zedd
8. **In The Name Of Love** – Martin Garrix & Bebe Rexha
9. **Let Me Love You (feat. Justin Bieber)** – DJ Snake
10. **Bad Things** – Machine Gun Kelly & Camila Cabello

Behind Bars—A Prison Drama



By Hunter Duffy
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Chapter 2

Officer Cane wasn't back until the next morning. I barely slept and I knew it wasn't because of the bed. He thinks I helped them get out.

Why would I help people who were so mean to me? Maybe he thought it was an act. That we all were friends. If it's an act, it's them hiding how much they hate me.

I know I must sound crazy. Ever since I got here I've been extremely paranoid.

"Well your plan worked; are you happy?" he said.

I shook my head but apparently I wasn't convincing.

"I see your frown on the outside but I know you're smiling on the inside."

"I'm not" I replied "Why would I be happy to be alone in a jail cell?"

"Then why'd you do it?" he yelled. "Maybe you should be moved to a different cell."

He opened the door and picked up the handcuffs. We walked down the hall and we

stopped at a smaller cell.

"Figured you'd be more comfortable in a single cell."

I looked at my new cell number: #716. Why did it look so familiar? Then it hit me—761-671-716. I needed to get a phone.

"Can I make my call now?" I asked.

"Sure I've got nothing better to do." He walked me to the phone and let me sit down.

I dialed the number and waited for an answer. "Who is this?" I said.

"It's Mikey, about time you called. Your folks are worried like crazy. Where are you?" a boy said. He sounded like he was my age.

"Who am I?" I asked.

"Maggie, what's going on? You're making me worried!" Mikey said.

I wasn't sure what to say. I just found out my name was Maggie and I knew someone named Mikey.

"I'm in jail." I replied.

"Where is the jail?" he asked.

"I don't know."

A Suspicious Soup Saga



By Jack Silverman
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

On quiet lunch day, Daniel got up to go get a spoon. As he left, his soup spilled on Jaden, who was sitting at his table.

Jaden was very disturbed and grossed out. Daniel came back and argued that it was not his fault.

Eli, Jack, Jesse, Hudson, Jaden and Michael were there to witness the crime. Still while Daniel was gone, another boy named Declan came over to give Jack a Switch Soda, but when Declan tossed it Jack, the soda was so shaken up that it exploded everywhere.

10 seconds after that occurred, the soup spilled. Daniel came back and yelled at Jaden.

Jaden said, "I did not do

it. If I did, I would have spilled it the other way and not on myself."

Everyone agreed that was true. Michael said it was not him because he said he does not do mean things like that.

Even though it was not him, he bought Daniel another bowl of soup. No one really knew who spilled the original soup, so everyone started looking at what happened.

"Daniel at the time was wearing a sweatshirt rolled up like a ball under his regular shirt, so when he got up, he could have knocked it over with his sweatshirt," stated Jack.

Everyone agreed that it was Daniel for many other reasons, not just that one.

Case closed. Daniel is guilty.



Love Can Overcome the Biggest Challenges



By Sabrina Cheung
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Love passes around, forever and always. That's what mum has told me.

My name is Eddie Dorkman. You can stop laughing now. I have a twin brother named Scott and we were born two seconds apart.

Most people think of us as the cutest twins they have ever seen, as they scrunch our cheeks and we pretend like we don't care. Of course, having a sibling means fighting. And well, there is a lot of that. At the age of 6, my brother and I turned against each other. We both thought of it like looking into a mirror of horror. Our parents kept trying to get us to be nice to each other but it was no use. We had to share a room together, a couple classrooms together, and even some of the same shoes and clothes. I can't stand being near him.

April 16th 2012, my brother and I were in a major fight about who was going to eat the most candy. My mom decided to keep us away from each other as I stayed home and watched Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and Scott went to the park. When Scott ran to the car, he fell on the ground. Next of course he started screaming and crying as my mum saw a huge blood stain dripping down his forehead. At that moment, I actually felt bad for him.

Mom jumped into the car and sped off not realizing she was going 20 miles faster than the speed limit. She skidded out of the driveway, and once she left, a feeling of love for my brother ran through my body. Dad took me inside but as the door closed, we heard rough and loud, CRASH! My ears pounded as I turned around to where the door was. Dad stared out the window in disbelief. Mum and Scott had slammed into a truck.

"DAD! DO SOMETHING!" I shriek. I begin to cry and cry, pounding my fists against the window. I picked up the house-phone and called 9-1-1. "COME TO 9 WILLOWHEAD STREET NOW! MY MUM HAD A CAR ACCIDENT! PLEASE



COME BEFORE THEY DIE!"

I hang up the phone and run to dad. Tears poured out of my dad's eyes as he knew he couldn't do anything to save Scott or mum.

"I-I-I love you Scott," I whisper under my breath crossing my fingers for them to be ok. We drive to the scene where emergency trucks were taking two people. Scott was dying, but mum looked much worse.

"MUM, SCOTT!" I scream at the emergency people to save them. I started crying more than ever. Dad and I arrive at the hospital as we wait for four hours for a procedure to be done. A nurse comes out with sadness in her eyes. One last tear drips out of my eyes as she told us the news.

"Your wife will be ok sir, but she has to stay here for four more days to heal, and for you son...he has been seizing for the past 10 minutes. You both need to make a decision whether to pull the plug or have us try again."

I beg her to please try, but dad pulls me back. "Why don't we go in the room to see how he is?"

I walk in and look at his face. Blood from his forehead is still dripping and his bruises makes him look like a blueberry. I sat down and held his hand crying for hours. The nurse looked in disbelief. She told me he was going to be ok!

I started smiling and crying, and my emo side of me came in. I choked out the words: "I love you." He awoke and we shared a smile.

"I love you too little bro." he smiled.

"I'm not that little, only 2 seconds smaller than you!" I say.

We both laugh as we continued to smile. I think, *You will be ok, and so will mum.*

We lived our lives happy as we could be. He was first in a wheelchair as he transferred over to crutches, and then he walked again. And that is the love that spread throughout the family. We are both happy now, and that's all a little boy could wish for:)



Editor's Note: Periodically, the Tusker Tribune will run student-written narratives as part of its content.

Your Choices Can Have Consequences



By Nicole Fasone
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

It all changed in one day, 24 hours. Well, it actually started a couple months ago. It's not like I did it because I wasn't allowed to, I did it because it was the only way. Or so I thought...

"Time for school Alexis," my mom yelled from her room. I got out of bed excited because today was the day that I was going to find a way to get into Plie's and Turns Dance Academy. It's the best dancing school in the country. I found out about it when I was three. It was my first day dancing at Sandy Rose's dance Academy,

"When taught right you can do extraordinary things, like getting into Plie's and turns Dance Academy." Sandy always telling us to work harder. Her goal for us is to get in so her school can become more popular but, that's going to take a while. All the other girl thinks they have no chances of getting in. I'm a little more optimistic about getting in than they are.

I knew that the director of the school, Mimi Kays, worked with Tommy Jordan, Betty West, and Lucy Smith. So if I were to dance in one of their music videos I would have a definite chance of getting in. I asked my friends Kate, Jenna, and Marissa to help me find ideas to get their attention. It took a while but today during lunch Marissa pulled me aside and told me about a social media app. "It's called Musical.ly and you can post videos of you dancing." Marissa told me.

"I love it," I said without even thinking about my parent's rule. No social media until you are 13 is their rule. If they find out I'll just tell them that I did it for my dancing future.

The second I got off the bus I downloaded Musical.ly. I choose "Don't Let Me Down" because it was the most popular song and Marissa said that more people would see it. I'm not used to making my own choreography so I just used parts of the contemporary dance were learning. It worked out pretty well, I thought.

All of a sudden my phone buzzed. I picked

up my phone and it was a text from Marissa. *Penny did you get Musical.ly. If you did, then what is your username. I'm thinking of giving you a shout out on Instagram to go follow you.*

I quickly texted back, *my username is 23Penney23.*

Ok, Marissa texted back.

"Penny! Time for dinner!" my mom called out.

The rest of the night was pretty usual I ate dinner, brushed my teeth, washed my face, and went to bed. It was like that for the next week. Everything was going great I now have 201 followers and mom and dad don't know anything about the account. It all changed when Kate put a flyer outside of Mrs. Beaches room.

When I first saw the flyer I didn't mind it. It was a good idea to get my account more known. The first 2 days the flyer was up I was getting 20 or 30 followers a day.

On the third day that the flyer was up was when it went all downhill. It all started when a group of people from The California Science Center came to talk to us in science. I was walk-

ing to science when I saw a guy looking at the flyer.

"Hi." I said to the guy looking at the flyer. He didn't say anything back so I just walked into Mrs. Beaches' room.

After the second bell rang Mrs. Beaches started talking. "Today class a group of people from the California Science Center is going to talk to us. Now considering that they came here from California I expect complete silence."

That's all I remember from that period because I was looking at the guy who was looking at the flyer earlier. He was looking around the room, wasn't a part in explaining to us, and he refused to answer any questions. I didn't care as much as I should have.



Continued on page 5

Consequences from Page 4

Later that day when I was home I got an email from Gmail. I opened it up and read:

Hello Penny,

We are saddened to tell you that of 3:23 on Monday March 15, that your musical.ly account has been hacked would you like to change your password? If so then click the link bellow.

I was so shocked, I couldn't click the link. "Penny!" my mom yelled. "Come down here." I quickly got out of my bed and walked down the stairs. I saw my mom and dad sitting in the living room. Once I saw both of them I couldn't keep it in any longer.

"I got a Musical.ly account and it got hacked. I wasn't trying to break the rules I was trying to get into Plie's and turns." I blurted out.

"Penny Susan Jones you are grounded, and you will not get your phone back until we feel we can trust you again." my dad said in a

YOU HAVE BEEN
HACKED !

voice that I never heard him talk in. I didn't even try to argue to argue with him. I just nodded and went to my room.

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SPORTS UPDATE by Eli Yates

On Monday night football the Oakland Raiders were playing the Houston Texans in Mexico City Aztec stadium. This was the first ever game played on Monday night outside the United States. Then the Houston Tex-

ans went on the field in the 2nd quarter with 2:41 left, on third down with 9 yards to go. Brock Osweiler, the Houston Texans quarterback, called "hike" and then a green laser was flashed in his eye from someone in the stands! However, this is not the first time there's been a laser pointer issue at Azteca Stadium in Mexico City. United States men's national soccer team goalie



Tim Howard once received the same treatment. The Texans lost 27-20.

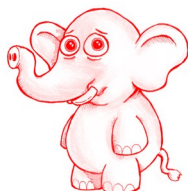
Odell Beckham Jr is setting more records. After Odell Beckham Jr's 149-yard performance in Week 13, he is up to 2,459 total receiving yards -- the most of any wide receiver through his first 24 games in NFL history.



Somers is going to states for the first time in football!!! Last Saturday Somers played Burnt Hills and won 48-24. This Saturday they play in Syracuse. Go Tuskers!

The Tusker Tribune Staff

Nicole Fasone
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Evan Volkmann
Robert Gaudio
Eli Yates
Hunter Duffy
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