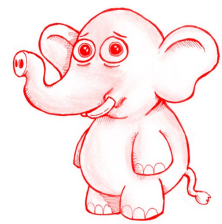


The Tusker Tribune

The Student Newspaper of Somers Middle School



Issue Number 35

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

Spring 2017

SMS Advisory Wrap-up



By Skylher Reyes
Tusker Tribune Staff
Writer

May 31 was our last day of Advisory. If I could change anything in Advisory I would want to have more interactive activities. I liked most of the things we did. I would just like to do more than just sitting in the classroom writing on a paper. Overall, I enjoyed the year of advisory but I think it could have been better.

My favorite part of Advisory was how every Wednesday, you were with the same group of people and you got to do school based activities. It was very fun because the groups you were in were all chosen randomly so you could become friends with new people and not the people you usually talk

to.

My least favorite part of Advisory was the work we had to do. I'd rather have fun activities to start off the day rather than things we would do in any other class.

This year, I also really liked my Advisory teacher. Her name was Mrs. Wisla and she was very nice. She always tried to make advisory more fun. We did a food drive and a book collection for kids in hospitals. We decorated

cards for veterans and watched many videos.

She also liked to bake so occasionally she brought in treats for us to have while we did our work. My teacher personally always tried to make Advisory as fun as she could including parts to the activities given.



End of Year Calendar

June 16th: 6th Grade Math final
June 16th: Geometry
June 16th: 7th Social Studies final
June 16th: 6th & 7th Grade Health final
June 19th: FLACS Exam
June 19th: 7th Grade Splashdown trip
June 19th: 8th Grade Graduation practice; 8th Grade Graduation Dance @Villa Barone (7-10pm)
June 20th: *Raindate for 7th Grade Splashdown trip
June 20th: 6th Grade Social Studies final
June 20th: 8th Grade Lake Com-pounce trip
June 21st: 6th Grade Science Final
June 22nd: ½ day (dismissal at 11:30AM)
June 22nd: 8th Grade Graduation (2:00PM)
June 23rd: Last day of school for 6th/7th Grade (1/2 day – dismissal at 11:30AM)



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Eli Yates
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**Thank you to ALL of
our terrific writers!**

**Have a Great
Summer!**

**See you in
September!!!!**

**—The Tusker Tribune
Editorial Staff**



My Weekend Tribute



By Maria Klimentova
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Dear weekends, two days of happiness;
after long boring school days, you are the greatest.
Stay in bed, watch Netflix, eat lots of food;
you let me do anything I could.

Dear weekends, you really are the best;



Instead of waking up early, I can sleep in and rest.
Ride my bike, go outside, feel the breeze;
there are so many endless possibilities.

Dear weekends, so much fun;
During you there is no school, and all my work is done;
watch Netflix, play lacrosse and swim.
If you don't realize how fun this is, you truly must be dim.

Dear weekends, you give me a break;
I'm fine with two days, that's all it takes!
I can relax, eat ice cream;
all my free time makes me want to scream.

Dear weekends, please never end;
But we have to get back to our other "friend;"
Back to school.



School Daze! (or Days)



By Brandon Armstrong
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

O delightful school!
How I cherish the soothing sound of my alarm
That's like a tuba blasting in my ear.

O delightful school!
How I worship you
With your periods that last

for years.

O delightful school!
How I treasure the thought of chairs chaining me down
As I travel from room to room like a broken record.



O delightful school!
How I am enchanted by hours of homework.
Homework that feels like it will never end.

Ode to Spring



By Skylher Reyes
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Ode to you,
The bright spring day
Brighter than the yellow of the sun
Ode to you,
The sky,
With your hot, breezy days
Better than ever
Ode to you,
The sun,
Smiles down on you
While nurturing the things that grow
Ode to you
The flowers,
Grow bigger than a cow after 10 years
This is how you know
Spring has sprung



The Soccer Ball's Allure



By Allison Zattola
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

I want to make you score millions of goals,
My coach taught me how to take care of you,
You make me feel like I'm famous
You're the soccer ball
I need you



For you I will win games
For you I will practice
For you I will buy anything to play with you
You're always on my mind
You're the soccer ball



“Uranium”— Chapters 16-17

A NaNoWriMo Story



By Nitin Seshadri
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Editor's Note: Somers Middle School Eighth Graders wrote novels during the school year for the NaNoWriMo program.

The name is short for National Novel Writing Month. Nitin Seshadri, a Tusker Tribune Staffer, has been presenting his NaNoWriMo entry chapter by chapter in the Tusker Tribune. Chapters 16 and 17 of his novel, “Uranium”, appear today.

Chapter 16

Chris, the other BlobBusters, and the Wok ground team had come back to the committee building. They stormed in the doors, tense with anticipation.

"Okay, Derek," Jose said. "This is the moment you make or break your life. Take this cell phone—it's connected already—and dial this phone number: 201611. I repeat: 201611."

Derek dialed the phone number and his finger hovered nervously over the Call button. Out of the corner of his eye, Derek saw a giant mass of green thundering towards the Committee building. Derek put the phone down.

"What's that outside the window?" he asked, distracted.

"Irrelevant—actually, not! Sound the alarm; we've got an alien invasion on our hands!" Chris exclaimed in fear. The aliens were on the offense.

"Battle officers! Man your stations!" a man with a British accent barked. "There's a lot of rubbish on our hands right now. Let's go!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Gunshots flew through the air as the BlobBusters mowed down the Cannibals row after row after row. They were extremely vulnerable to bullets and they never learned. Suddenly, they were no more. The battle officers sighed.

"Whew. It's done," one of them said.

"Wait! It can't be over! That army was way

too small to be an entire alien species. Maybe they were just testing our firepower! There have got to be some more aliens in the hideout! Maybe they're making a separate approach from behind. Derek, mash that call button like it's the end of the world," a familiar voice exclaimed. "Actually, it is the end of the world," it added.

Derek turned around and saw Andrew, standing. He was alive, no doubt, but had a series of massive scratches going diagonally along his face that just missed his eyes. His hands and chest were plastered with bandages and his bare, swollen legs were wrapped in medical tape.

Derek ran over to the window. There were two giant masses of Cannibals approaching at a menacing speed from left and right. "Yep, Andrew, you're right," he said.

"We got company! From left and right!" one woman announced. "Get those battle officers back out there!"



"Oh yeah—there's another one coming from the back! Calling all Woks! Kick those alien butts!" exclaimed Andrea.

The Woks rushed to the back of the committee building, pulled out their weapons, and charged into the incoming Cannibals. They mowed them down like a lawnmower mowing grass on a yard. One by one, the Cannibals dissolved into a giant blobby mass and died.

From the left and the right, the battle officers painstakingly sent the Cannibals running for safety and massacred the last hordes one by one.

Derek noticed that the last alien was still alive and it was holding something in its hand. "We should go out there. See that thing that Cannibal is holding? It could be something important," he said.

"No, that cannot be anything important," Jose said.

Continued on page 9

Soccer Sets Me Free!



By Dan D'Ippolito
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Soccer oh soccer,
You let me
free,
Like a tiger
being
let out of his
cage

Soccer oh soccer
Your green pitch



And white are just...
So satisfying

Soccer oh soccer

The ball is a lion
Soaring in the
wind
With your ball's
white and
black stripes like
a zebra

Soccer oh soccer
You let me free.

Anticipating Summer



By Nick Ferraro
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

So much fun
Swimming every day
No more thinking
Running through the night
Beaches pools swimming every day

No more school
Summer time
Best time
Summer is great.



Starbucks' Siren Song



By Samantha Fabry
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Let's seeeee... AH menu..... options.....
Coffee.

Coffee..... my one weakness in the morn-

ing

I always need to have another sip once I
finish one or two or five
Frappuccino's cold like Antarctica.
If you have one, your tongue will freeze
and transport the feeling to your control center
The brain is now cold and became an ice cube



I'm a Starbucks
lover

Next, a hot chocolate I ordered moments after the
magic trick properly worked.....gone
The frap was no longer with us, rest in peace
Hot Choco burns my taste buds—sizzle sizzle
The smoke is slowly demolishing the roof of my
home in my mouth
5 minutes went by and the burning
sensation ended
The hot chocolate was no longer hot
"You need to stop drinking coffee!"

I tell myself
But just one coffee wouldn't hurt

A Tribute to New York!



By Arun Ranmarace
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

New York with your
busy streets and side-
walks

New York with your loud days
and nights
New York with your light shining through my
curtain;

New York with your bright array of light;



New York with your sirens wails every two
minutes;

New York with
your buses and
train rumbling
through, making a
racket;

New York with your
wonders that await us;
We love New York!



7th Grade . . . Summed Up in 7 Sentences



By Anthony Mancuso
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer
Oh 7th Grade you taught me much, I
learned from my mistakes.

I learned that no matter how hard you fall, you
have to get back up.

7th Grade

I learned mistakes will be
made.

I learned the consequences of not studying that
last 5 minutes.

I learned to understand the importance of doing
everything you do, the best you can.

I now get that I mustn't dream but do.

I learned so much, I hope I make more mistakes,
so I can learn from them, too.

Food!



By Dani Cicogna
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Food is flavorful,
Food is

tasteful.
It is like an explo-
sion
In your mouth.

Food is the best
thing when
You are hungry;
It is like a life raft when you
Are Starving;

It is like a coat.



“Weather” You Like It Or Not, It’s Here!



By Martina Adornetto
**Tusker Tribune Staff
Writer**

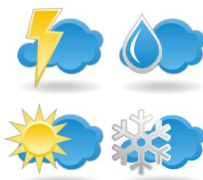
Oh weather,
You drag me down
You lift me up like a sprouting flower
reacting to the sunlight;

You make me angry when you're an-
gry;
You're mean or you're nice but some-
times I just don't understand you;

Sometimes you are so cold that I see
polar bears wearing jackets!
It's like you're the boss of EVERY-
THING that happens out there!

Most of the time you make me tan;
Sometimes you make me feel like a
pale fisherman;

Ode to you weather for your
fabulousness.



A Summer ‘Summery’



By Chris Festo
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

Summer—the best time of year.
Summer—hanging out in the pool.

Summer—quadding in the woods.
Summer—DeMatteo football camp.
Summer—golfing with friends.
Summer—hanging out with friends.
Summer—4th of July.
Summer—99 degree weather.
Summer—walking around with no worries.
Summer—no homework to worry about.
Summer—Sea Isle, New Jersey.
Summer—the best time of year!



‘Normal’ Defined?



It is what it wants to be,
You have people who ruin
it,
And people who make it a
better place,

Life can be
loveable,
Life can be
hateful,
Life is life,

People,
Most of
what is
life,
But not
all.

The word "LIFE" in a bold, white, sans-serif font, tilted slightly to the right, set against a dark red rectangular background.

To reach the level of
“normal”,

You must strive to
be someone else.
It's not who you are;
It's who you think is normal.
You dream about it;
You dream of who you could
be.

But if you just thought you were great, you would realize “normal” is boring.

Soon you'll be unique, but that'll fade,
Everyone will want to take your look, so
Who's "normal" now?

SOMETIMES
I PRETEND
TO BE
NORMAL.
but it gets
boring.
SO I GO BACK
TO BEING
me.

The Leaf



Helpful to the tree,
providing nutrients
shining a brilliant shade of red

When days get cooler and
night creeps in earlier,
the leaf drops

Twisting and turning in the crisp breeze,



coerced in different directions,
settling on the sharp grass

Crumpled and rotting
and dusted
with delicate snowflakes

Each snowflake gently resting itself on the
listless leaf,
obscuring it

all that remains is hope of a better year

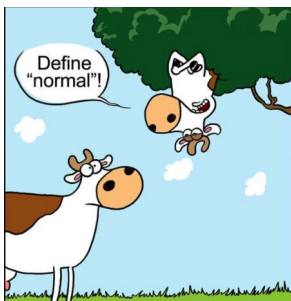
What is 'Normal'?



Many people try to achieve

Maybe phones with no case
Only if normal wasn't de-
sirable

Normal, what is it?



Is it achievable?
Maybe shoes with-
out a lace

Is this normal?
If only we were all
ourselves
Would there be a
thing as normal?

 Maybe just maybe
some of us would find comfort

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

Spider-Man Swings By Theaters

This Summer

By Sara Vala
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

If you're as big of a Marvel fan as me, you're probably eagerly anticipating the next block-buster, action packed movie. Unfortunately, while it'll be a while before Infinity War comes out, there is another movie that you cannot miss. A movie that fans around the globe are dying to see.

And that movie is Spider-Man Homecoming. (For those of you who have no clue what I'm talking about, let me break it down.)

Taking place after Civil War, Peter Parker (Played by Tom Holland) goes back home to New York.

And now he has to go on with his life.

Girls, high school, crime fighting. You know. The typical, normal, teenage life. But now, there's a new villain in town, and this time, it isn't your ordinary, regular villain like the previous movies. This time, we've got Michael Keaton playing, The Vulture.

Now, the Vulture is that villain that's as old as the Spidey comics, but is new to the theaters.

Also, there are some new changes here. For one thing, Gwen

Stacy and Mary Jane Watson, are gone. Completely, utterly, gone.

Instead, we get Liz Allen, a popular, senior girl. And in the comics, they were never actually a thing. Peter just had a love interest in her. There's also Peter's new bestie, Ned Leeds. In the comics, Ned was a reporter for the Daily Bugle,



later becoming the husband of Betty Brant (Another one of Peter's love interests). Only this time, Ned is a teenager, same age as Peter. And they're both huge nerds. Move over Osborne, the new age of nerds has arrived.

Now, another HUGE change we see, is that Peter Parker is a teenager! Well, the actor is. In fact, he's now 20 years old. Compared to Tobey Maguire (26) and Andrew Garfield (27), he really does have that teenage feel.

Also, this is the first time, that Spider-Man hits the big screens with his own movie, in the Marvel Cinematic Universe! He'll finally join the other Marvel heroes we've all learned to love. The movie hits theaters July 7th, so be sure to check it out.

As for the trailers, don't watch all of them. Maybe, the first and third one. The second reveals too much. In my opinion of course.

So what are you waiting for? Go! Join the fandom! I'll be there soon.



People Are . . .

(Read this poem from the beginning, and then read it starting at the end.)



By Emma Chandler
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

People are...
people are bad
and don't try to convince me that
there is a heart in every person;
because when you look closely,
emotions can be a scary thing.

However, people can prove to be trustworthy;
I mean it when I say



connections won't last
and it's not true that
love is real,

because
true love can be obtained
only for cheap thrills.

And you will never in a million years hear me say
that people can be good

(now read starting from bottom)

Music in the Night



By Jaewon Yeo
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

The music hums
softly in the still
air,
Like a pleasant dream
after a frightening
nightmare.
The full, silver, moon
shines high in the sky,
The diamond stars shin-
ing along
with the
glittering
fireflies.

The mu-
sic hums
softly in the still air,
Flowing its graceful
beauty everywhere.
The cool wind cooling
the day's hot heat,
The lights illuminating

against the very dark
street.

The music hums softly
in the still air,
The tone of its voice
ranging from happy to
despair,
Reflecting emotions of
the composers long ago,
Or the modern ones that
go along with the flow.

The music
hums softly
in the still
air,
There is
nothing

that could be compared,
The music that silences
everything in sight,
Humming softly in the
warm summer night.



Sports Update



By Eli Yates
Tusker Tribune Staff Writer

It's all over in NHL and in NBA. This week in the NBA in game 4, the Cavs took a win with a score of 127 to 116 over the Warriors. In that game many records were broken, including LeBron James on the list of most 30-point, 10-assist games. He also achieved his 9th triple-double of his NBA finals career, moving past Magic Johnson into first place of all time. LeBron also is now 3rd on the NBA final's scoring list. He now sits behind Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who is in 2nd place. The Cavs also set a record for most points in a half with 86. In game 5, the Cavs lost but hit 24 3-pointers, which is the record. They passed the warriors, who hit 18 3-pointers in game 2. Kevin Durant got MVP.



In the NHL, the Penguins beat the Nashville Predators in game 5 and in game 6, they won with back-back goals. Sydney Crosby won the Conn Smythe Trophy for the 2nd year in a row.

In Tennis, Rafael Nadal won the French open, beating Stan Wawrinka in 3 sets—6/2, 6/3, 6/2. With this title, Nadal has now won 10 French Opens.



Uranium

From page 3

What if it is calling for more help? We have to activate the device before they come or else we could have a full invasion on our hands." "Yeah. Push the button on my count," said Chris. "3...2...1...NOW!"

Derek pushed Call.
The phone dialed. 201611.

A few miles to the west, a homemade cell tower routed a signal to a cellular device inside of a Cannibal's body. The device activated. It picked up the call and sent test tones back over the wire. The radio waves perpetrated throughout the Cannibal colony.

Slowly but surely, each one dropped to the ground. The Cannibal leader, a yellow blob, turned a shade of milky green, fell over, and died.

The device, monitoring all the Cannibals' vital signs, deactivated when it detected all of them dead. It sent a last test tone back over the wire and disconnected the call to signify that the mission was complete.

It was over. Done.
The Cannibals were dead.

Chapter 17

It was a time to celebrate. The humans and the Woks had finally defeated the Cannibals. "Is there anything that you needed from Earth?" Jose asked the Woks.

"We didn't come here for food. There is plenty on our planet. All we needed was the friendship. We hope that our children will live together in harmony. And of course, we came here to help defeat the Cannibals. Thank you, Earthlings. We'll now take our leave. We'll stay in touch via teleportation. I've added the Earth's coordinates to the ship's GPS system." Captain Paul said.

"Well, at least, stay here and celebrate for a day. Come on, we just beat an entire alien species! Here, have some champagne," Chris said.

"I'm afraid that our digestive system won't react well to champagne, but...yeah, of course, we can try some. Not a problem. Give me a little bit." Chris handed Captain Paul a glass of champagne and Captain Paul drowned it in a few seconds. "That was good," he said. Then he burped loudly. "Well then, I must go. There's a lot of matters to

tend to back home."

"Wait, take this!" Derek said as he handed a box over to Captain Paul.

"What is this?" he replied.

"A cell phone. Keep it as a memory of Earth."

"Won't you need it?" the Wok asked.

"No, we won't. There's so many of them. It's just a matter of charging them up."

"Well, how would you charge it?"

"I put a solar charger for the phone in the box. It should charge off of the energy of your Sun or similar star."

"Well, thank you! I guess we can develop a way to charge it off the ship's power as we make our way home. You Earthlings should really come visit us at our home planet.

Next time we visit, we'll tell you how to get there. Bye!" Captain Paul said as he mounted the stairs to enter the Wok spaceship.

"Farewell. Just don't develop a habit of eating humans as food!" said Andrew. Everyone chuckled.

"We won't. Don't worry." Captain Paul said as he closed the hatch.

Epilogue

Captain Paul had just taken off. Derek now began to hear a series of beeps. *What is that?* He thought.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP BEEP
Derek had woken up extremely late this morning.

"DEREK!" his mom yelled.

"Yes, what?" Derek replied, waking up with a start.

"Get up! You're extremely late for school. Come on! By the way, It's going to be very hot. Wear a T-shirt."

Derek looked outside. There seemed to be a big fiery object in the sky. It was so bright, Derek could not look at it directly. What was it? It was the Sun.

What about the asteroid? Derek thought as he glanced over at his bedside table. On it was a book, entitled Uranium. It was the sci-fi novel he had been reading the night before about asteroids and aliens.

"Derek, what are you doing? Are you going to get up or what?" his mom yelled.

It had all been a dream.

